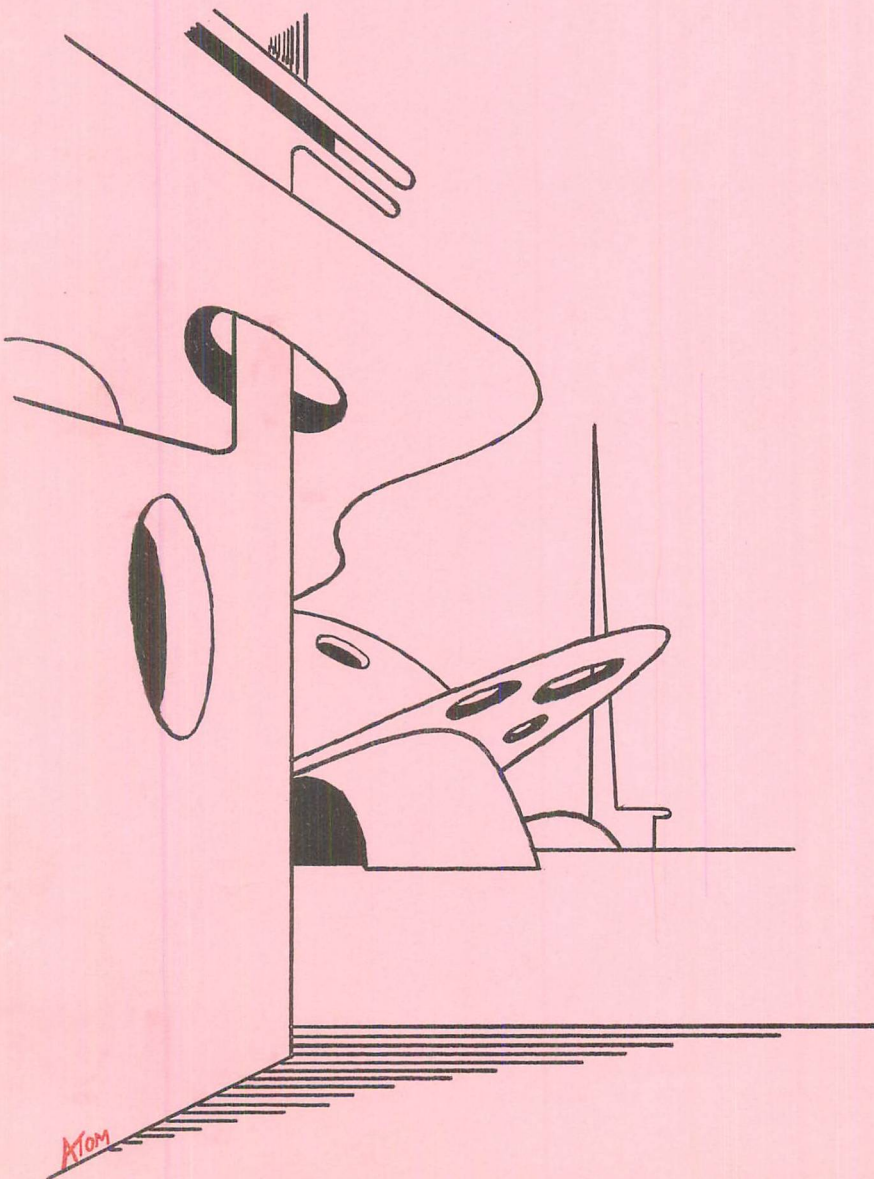


Safari

JANUARY 15, 1960

SAPS # 50



SAFARI

NUMBER FOUR, published January 15, 1960 for SAPS # 50

is edited by Earl Kemp and published with the assistance of Jim O'Meara and Nancy Kemp. SaFari is NOT for sale. Outside SAPS SaFari serves as a letter-substitute to people who would not otherwise hear from me. The views and comments expressed in the contributed pieces in SaFari do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editor/publisher. The editor/publisher assumes no responsibility for content of material other than his own.

This 'editorial' is being written on December 2nd, 1959. Everything in this issue, except this page, has been stenciled and run off for several weeks. It is something quite new to me, to work ahead of schedule. Before there has been a last-minute rush, long nights of stencil cutting and longer nights of coalating and stapling in order to get them mailed before the deadline. This time I had no wish to let SaFari interfere with the holidays and deliberately planned the work to avoid any such possibility.

The architecture on the cover is the work of Arthur Thompson. The two unsigned illustrations on pp.23-24 are the work of William Rotsler. These three pieces were contributed by Dean Grennell in response to a very touching plea (my knees are still sore from staying on them so long, begging). The sketch by Richard Bergeron, p. 25, is a legitimate contribution to SaFari. The front cover, and p. 21 were multilithed from paper masters. All else in this issue is mimeod, ABDick #960 stencils on an ABDick #450 mimeo. Page 2 is blank to eliminate the possibility of show-thru onto the cover. Page 22 is deliberately blank because the possibility of having backside copy transfer onto the dayglo (p. 21) was inconceivable. The paper used in this issue is 20# Alpena Bond, manufactured by the Fletcher Paper Company of Alpena, Michigan (excluding the 20# sulphite covers and dayglo red p. 21). The paper stock was cut from 24# to 20# with this issue in an attempt to ease the mailing cost outside SAPS.

NOTE to Twig, I bettered my "50 for 50", did you?

Due to the early closing of this issue there will undoubtedly be many overlooked items needing comment between now and 1/15/60. I will mention here my candidacy for SAPS O.E. (see p. 20), and the fact, evident from the running foot, that Chicago is in a GO mood for 1962. This will be the last convention before SFandom comes of age. Won't you give us your support now, to help make this one last pre-adult fling really the big 20? The password is "Bjo sent me"!

With the next issue, SaFari will be one year old, it hardly seems that long... Disguising as an Annish I have some rather grandiose plans of a sercon nature, with which to dazzle you about April 15th. Wish me luck on this, and if everything goes as planned I think issue #5 will both please and entertain you, as well as find a place of permanent importance on your library shelves. BUT, if plans go astray, you'll have to make-do with another run-of-the-mill issue.

There are NO copies of SaFari #s 1 or 3 available, please do not ask for them, I have even robbed my own mailings of these copies.

I was very pleased with the way the artwork turned out in this issue, it was my first attempt at stenciling art (the bit on p.4 is stolen from a clip-book), consequently, SaFari would take delight in receiving contributions of artwork, Rotsler and Bjo, please take note!!

The secret word for today is, "There is something in fanlife bigger than MCs." Remember this, and devote a little time to something else...

we ARE



fished for

by P. H. ECONOMOU

Timidly, tentatively, Charles Fort expressed the above theory. Timidly, tentatively, a few have accepted it. For the most part with reservations. Fort offered a few isolated examples of odd disappearances to bolster his theory -- not nearly sufficient evidence to gain him general credence. Perhaps Charles Fort did not know the staggering truth -- more probably he dared not reveal it!

If the facts were divulged to the world at large, it would create unimaginable panic. It is my belief, however, that science fiction devotees as a group are realistic, mature and level-headed enough to receive this information with calm intelligence. And intelligence we need, my friends, if we are not all to vanish from the face of the earth!

I am a magazine editor. In the course of my business there has been gradually revealed to me a diabolical pattern. This pattern must also be evident to all others who do a substantial business through the mails, but it is not the sort of thing you can present to newspaper reporters or the United Nations. You bottle it up, bury it deep and deeper, until you can't quite remember why your nightmares are slowly crumpling your mind. As the horrible pattern clarifies, your refuge is finally obtained in the blessed oblivion of madness.

This then, explains the constant turnover in publishers and editors. If you are skeptical, compare any 1948 listing of editors and publishers with the 1952 listing. The exceedingly few duplications are accounted for in the main by the desperate practice of certain magazines to assign staff names such as Johahn L. Stromberry -- Art Editor; which name is passed along to the 30 or more holders of that position during the ensuing years.

Let me not digress. I am exceedingly fortunate in being a stf fan. To fandom I can unburden my dread secret, and thus -- perhaps -- retain my own tenuous hold on sanity. To fandom I can at last offer the incontrovertible proof that we are being fished for -- apparently by commercial fishermen, for a wholesale fish market!

My awareness developed gradually. The first indication was the small but steady trickle of magazines returning to us with the post office stamp "UNKNOWN" or "UNCLAIMED" across their labels. Who were these subscribers, I wondered? Why were

Reprinted from PEON, August 12, 1952, by permission of the author.

they "unknown" at the address they had confidently given us? Did they know they were "unknown"? Did they think we were keeping their money to be mean? It was vaguely sad, I felt.

I became more disturbed as I checked back on the original subscriptions to be certain errors had not been made in addressing. Here was (where is?) Martin Jacques, of Shreveport, La. On May 4th, 1950, Martin sent us five dollars for his subscription. His first issue was mailed to him on May 8th. On May 16th the magazine came back with the bleak stamp "UNCLAIMED". In one corner someone had scribbled "Moved - left no address." Obviously a cover up, I realize now. At the time I merely thought it unusual and rather unlikely that a person, sufficiently settled to subscribe for a magazine for two years, should in the space of 12 days or less remove himself with such finality.

As this circumstance became duplicated over and over, I was forced to a reluctant conclusion. To multiply the unusual by the unlikely until it resulted in the commonplace was impossible. Therefore, these poor people were not removing themselves -- they were being removed!

As the months passed I came to accept the growing file box of "return" cards with some indifference. A small core of uneasiness remained but it was so easy to shrug and say - "Oh, People!" Until April 19th, 1951, that is.

On that fateful day, the part of me that takes over on automatic, routine tasks was filling out a card for Donald Caron, 1446 Albrecht Ave., New York, N. Y. Again, it was a first issue returning -- poor Mr. Caron would be receiving nothing for his money. I came to the space marked "reason for return." I filled it in from the post office stamp and then stared dumfounded at what I had written! There was no mistake. The mind staggering reason for return was; "NO SUCH STREET IN CITY NAMED!" I screamed aloud!

Then sanity took over, the whole thing was obviously a typist's error. I would find the subscriber's original letter, make the correction, and send the magazine on its way with a letter of apology. I went to the files and pulled out the original. In sick bewilderment I stared at it; clutched it until my shaking hand blurred the neatly printed letterhead that read, "Donald Caron, 1446 Albrecht Ave., New York, N. Y." Idiotically, the first thought that came to my numbed brain was "What did he do with all his other letterheads?"

And then the thunder in my mind: "WHAT HAPPENED TO ALBRECHT AVENUE -- AND ALL THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE???"

I wrote a frantic letter to the New York Postmaster. I sent him the letterhead to impress him with the fact that Albrecht Avenue MUST exist. I pleaded with him to tell me Albrecht Avenue had been right there under their noses all along -- that their harried employees had made a mistake. I received in reply a curt note to the effect that Albrecht Ave. did not, and had never, existed in the boundaries of New York City.

That was when I fully, for the first time, realized the presence of the FISHERMEN. Realized Their growing boldness - ruthlessness. And realized my own helplessness. Individual people have disappeared and few think of the strangeness of it beyond the moment. But what was the full scope of Their power when an entire city Avenue with all its inhabitants, could vanish, not only physically, but from the minds and records of all mankind! Where - if anywhere - were the Albrecht Avenue citizens? I wondered -- and trembled.

Once, They grew careless. A gap appeared in the veil and it seemed to me that I could almost -- but frustratingly not quite -- touch hands with the vanished. I will relate this eerie series of incidents chronologically.

His name was George Kotowski. In December of 1951 he sent us a subscription containing three dollars. We mailed the first two issues which promptly returned marked, "UNKNOWN". Another "catch". Stoicly, I relegated George Kotowski to the limbo of the lost.

In April of 1952, four months after his subscription had been received

and returned, the veil swayed aside and the spectral hand of Mr. Kotowski tapped me on the shoulder. It appears that in some way, somewhere, Mr. K. came to realize that he had not received his magazines. We received a letter from him asking if we had received his subscription. When I came across his name in my routine check of the "return" file I realized the implication of what had occurred. For the first time one of the lost had returned!

I wrote to Mr. Kotowski, explaining -- a clever letter that attempted to draw an explanation from him. My letter came back at once with that familiar stamp that froze my marrow -- "UNKNOWN".

Two months later, we received yet another letter from Mr. K! It wrung my heart. Its tone was plaintive. He had sent us \$3.00. No magazines. He had written. No answer. Wouldn't we please --. Yours sincerely, Mr. George Kotowski.

I was confused -- hopeful -- puzzled. This was unheard of deviation. It seemed that, although I could not reach Mr. K., yet he was aware of his past actions, and could reach us through the mails! Once more I tried -- praying. If I could just get in contact with Mr. K. he might possibly be able to explain some of my intolerable bewilderment. My last letter -- and all my hopes -- winged back with the cursed stamp -- "UNKNOWN"! Twice he had returned and twice retreated -- it was too bitter!

I wrote a final desperate letter to the postmaster of his city and received back the most chilling answer of all. The letter from the postmaster revealed to me that Their influence was infinite, extending even to our civil servants. The postmaster "explained" the matter carelessly -- not even bothering to make it logical. The insolent, obviously phony "explanation" that I received was that Mr. Kotowski's landlady had a grudge against him and had been returning all his mail for the last eight months!

I was directed to continue to send the magazines and the postmaster would be personally responsible for their delivery.

Mr. K's magazines go forth regularly and no longer return. But I make no further attempts to reach Mr. K. It is futile.

I have become a shell -- a stone. Incapable of further emotion I have accepted with fatalism the latest development and enlargement of the diabolical pattern. With increasing frequency my magazines, mailed to hopeful subscribers, have been returning with the latest, most appalling, rubber stamp of all -- "NO SUCH CITY IN STATE NAMED"!

I write no more frantic letters. How can you write to the postmaster of a city that is no longer in existence -- with, I know, no record of existence?

I check no more original subscriptions. I know, from shattering experience, that the name of the non-existent city will be clearly printed or typewritten by the vanished. Significant it is, that never, with the one exception of Mr. Kotowski, have we received a query from any of these lost subscribers. What human being, free and walking this earth, would accept without complaint or question the loss of his dollars? Ask of yourself if this is not the most telling point of all.

For the examination of the skeptical we have on file the complete records of these occurrences -- records of the Vanished, growing, burgeoning. Records that gibber of lonely souls -- neighborhoods of lost souls -- villages, towns and cities of our forgotten, forsaken brothers.

Editors of fanzines, look bravely at your own records. In miniature, I am sure they will duplicate the pattern I have outlined.

Perhaps, it will come to pass, that when man finally reaches the mysterious, unattainable stars, he will truly find life on other worlds. Life scooped up in the seines of the unfathomable Fishermen -- set down intact in another of Their celestial fishbowls. Allah grant that this be so!

-- So be it --

Sidney Coleman
Pasadena, California

To Science Fiction Times, Inc.

Sirs:

The notion that the New York World's Fair impells fandom to hold the 1964 convention in New York is one of those strange ideas peculiar to certain segments of fandom that (I hope) will never cease to amaze and delight me.

The overt arguments for giving the 1964 convention to New York are not even specious, they are ridiculous. As stated in SFT #322, they are:

(1) Fans will be coming to New York to see the Fair, anyway. Anyone who has the energy to take in a competently-managed science fiction convention and still have either the time or the energy to engage in tourism has my admiration, but I will not imitate him.

(2) A panel of three New York magazine editors approve the plan. This is nice, but until I know their reasons, I see no cause to support their policies. I have voted against magazine editors at previous conventions (albeit under cloak of anonymity) and will most likely do it again.

(3) The World's Fair will afford an opportunity to get publicity for fandom. Like the sort of publicity the first convention got in Time? The idea of a science fiction display at the Fair is an idea that may be good or bad, but in any case has no observable connection with having a simultaneous convention.

(4) The 1939 World's Fair inspired the first convention. "The happy coincident of fate must be taken advantage of as they only happen once." No comment.

And against these are balanced such overwhelming disadvantages as:

(1) Breaking the rotation plan, which means either shafting (pardon the vulgarity) the West Coast or removing the opportunity of other East Coast sites to bid on the convention.

(2) The 4th of July weekend, since the 4th falls on a Saturday in 1964, and most companies do not give their employees Friday off under such circumstances, is only a two-day weekend. As is known, most fans do not attend a con on their vacations; this is the reason for holding conventions on the Labor Day weekend. A two-day convention is not much of a convention.

No, no, none of these reasons is the real reason for supporting New York in 1964. The real reason, the compelling reason is more visceral: the convention will be associated with the World's Fair--something BIG.

The urge to tie conventions up with something BIG is the fannish version of original sin. Without naming names (a procedure that is not only ungentlemanly but financially dangerous), we all can think of conventions that have fallen into this trap and failed thereby. This desire has no rationale behind it, it is as unthinking as the mythical one of lemmings to plunge themselves into the sea. I don't know why some people get so much joy out of entangling conventions in various organizations and practices whose only attractions are that they are BIG-time and have the magical stamp of power (although a Freudian might make some interesting analyses), but the observed fact is that they do. And the conclusion is that all of us, normally active or not, who do not share their strange preferences (apologies to Berkeley Books) must stir ourselves to step on them, or we will find ourselves enmeshed in their gummy toils some Labor day. I so step.

And besides, must is not a word one uses to fans, little man.

(signed) Sidney Coleman

Published in the general interest by Earl Kemp for SAPS and Larry T. Shaw for FAPA, and distributed at the Philadelphia Conference, November 14th, 1959.

Lewis J. Grant, Jr.
Chicago, Illinois

To Science Fiction Times, Inc.

Sirs:

Mr. James V. Taurasi, SR. has demanded that we change the entire laboriously worked-out structure of the convention rotation plan, to give New York another try at producing massive mediocrity. Actually mediocrity is the wrong word, since it connotates a rather drab colorless atmosphere. New York's last convention was not mediocre, it was the World's Greatest NOTHING!

First, and foremost, New York doesn't have the World's Fair as yet. Of course, it has -- there are still a few kinks to be ironed out -- but as Heinlein wrote, in 1964, kink may be a dirty word.

Secondly, what percentage of fans will go to the world's fair anyway? Especially over the Fourth of July weekend. I spent three days in Detroit recently and never did get over to Canada. And, from what I heard of the last New York world's fair, it was just like the last New York convention, with \$130 million instead of \$3,000 to spend.

New York in July is a miserable place, to be compared favorably with equatorial areas of the venusian jungles, and perhaps Washington, but not much else. Of course, we will have air-conditioned rooms available (as well as ventilated pocketbooks), but perhaps a little firmer restatement of this premise, plus a little firmer documentation might be in order. With thousands of well-heeled Americans (not to speak of Texans) pouring into town for the fair, just how many rooms (with and without air-conditioning), closets, cabinets under sinks and lobby chairs will there be for rent? New York is a big place, but I understand five million people got there before us. However, I am sure that any hotel will be more than glad to guarantee a block of rooms (complete with plate number).

If this sort of thing is to be allowed, will Washington demand equal time in 1965, since it's the hundreth anniversary of Abe's bump-off, and some fans might like to visit Ford's Theatre!

For one thing, I would like to demand that Chicago get the convention in 1962; after all, it's the fiftieth anniversary of the Titanic going down.

On second thought, it might be like old times to have the 25th anniversary convention in New York on the July Fourth weekend. I suggest we again put Sam Moskowitz in charge, and he can re-enact the pleasant old custom of throwing some New Yorkers out on their gluteal muscles.

Why doesn't Mr. James V. Taurasi, SR. ask if fandom would like to come to New York just because the World's Fair will be stealing our publicity space. I don't like the word must either. All fans have to do is die and pay taxes, and when last heard from, L. Ron Hubbard was working on the first problem.

Mr. Taurasi, you ask for acid letters, well, here's H₂U₂. All you have to do in the next five years is to prove that New York can put on something several orders of magnitude better than the last mess, and perhaps we'll consider your idea. But until then, all I can say, (while swinging my Air-Wick) is: AND AS FOR YOU, THOU GREAT NOTHING, THOU SOOTY SPIRIT FROM SECACUS, I CAST THEE DOWN INTO THE INFERNAL KITCHEN, WHERE THOU MAY MEDITATE UPON THOSE \$7.10 BLOODY CHICKENS!

(signed) Lewis J. Grant, Jr.

MCs

DEAR FRIENDS OF FANDOM:

Regarding the SAPS # 49 Mailing

FROM ALL THE Bitching spewing forth from some SAPS-members one would be led to believe that it was exceedingly immoral, to say the least, to miss an installment of mailing comments. This is absurd! So much so, in fact, that with this issue of SaFari, I'm instituting a new department, under this column, to acknowledge those members of SAPS who comprise the:

FRIGID FACTION

These are members, whose SAPSzine consists almost totally of mailing comments. These zines are about as appealing as yesterday's spaghetti warmed over and have about as much sex appeal as a hernia on wedding-day. These are also members whose zine (or one-shot) has about as much reason for existing as a ground rattler. Here then, dear friends of fandom, are those lucky persons awarded the FRIGID FACTION seal of disapproval for Mailing # 49:

WALTER COSLET, Bible Collector #2
EVA FIRESTONE, Bronc #14
ED COX, Maine-iac #18
WRAI BALLARD, Outsiders #37
GUY TERWILLEGER, Sapling #2
NANCY SHARE, Ignatz #22
WALLY WEBER, Creep
OTTO PFEIFER, Bog #11

BOB LICHTMAN, Here There Be Saps #1
DURWARD & LICHTMAN,
Captives of the Thieve-Star
ED COX (again), Maine-iac #19
RAY SCHAFFER, Vonset #8
ELINOR BUSBY, Fendenizen #14
MARTY FLEISCHMAN, " "

On the other hand, to offset the above goof-offs, are the following:

JOHN BERRY, Pot-Pourri #9
HOWARD DEVORE, Collector
ALAN J. LEWIS, When the Gods Would Sup
RICHARD BROWN, Poor Richard's Almanac

DON FULANO de TAL, Pencil Point #2
NAN GERDING, Nandu #23
JACK HARNESS, Sap Roller #17

These seven people were able to put out completely entertaining zines, completely WITHOUT RESORT TO MCs, and should therefore be congratulated with long and loud trumpet tooting.

AND, last but not least, two members deserve extra special recognition because they were able to put out a large quantity of superior material that was still entertaining DESPITE THE FACT THAT THEY INCLUDED mailing comments:

BURNETT R. TOSKEY, Thrilling Green Science Fiction, Flabbergasting, Flabbercon
BJO WELLS, Gim Tree #3.

THERE ARE, of course, exceptions to all the above. Personally I feel that Elinor is about as frigid as Jayne Mansfield, and Howard got on the second list strictly because this particular issue of Collector was so interesting, BUT he has goofed-off much too long now, & should finish the job or get off the pot.

I intend to continue this battle, whenever I have time and space, in future issues of SaFari. But kindly understand one thing. I am not against mailing comments, per se, I am against those members who will not, or can not, dig up material TO BE USED AS SPRINGBOARDS FOR MCs. Comments, on comments on comments ad nausea are boring as hell. Comes the revolution and every SAPSzine will have more (volume) and more (entertaining) contents.

political
"TORQUEMADA" TOSKEY: Spectator #49. 704 pages, my God, what is this Assn. coming to? I read, and read, every available minute for days and days, & thought the end would never come. Regarding your MORALS: #2 note, I think you are much too easy on Big Hearted Howard, assess him an additional 6 pages next mailing, just for getting me into all this work. I agree with you completely on allowing Djinn Dickson and Klaus Eylman additional time for acknowledging Spectator.

NC ART RAPP: Fapa Echo. NC.

WALTER COSLET: The Bible Collector. No, you should not have said "Library rate," I believe the correct phrase is "Educational Materials Rate." The bit about it taking 45¢ to get the mailing to you doesn't hold true at all, unless I'm badly mistaken, it's 45¢ (or whatever it happens to be for the mailing) ANYWHERE, continental U.S., probably cheaper outside U.S. (At least it certainly is using Educational Materials Rate, as does ADVENT:.)

BOB LICHTMAN: Here There Be Saps #1. I would love to retain the photo covers for each issue Bob, but unlike our honored Dr. Toskey, I don't have the scratch. That one cost \$10.00 for 100 copies, or as you can plainly see, 10¢ a copy. I couldn't maintain that pace, plus this joint, plus groceries, plus children. I'll have to disagree with you about L.A. being target #1. One single egg dropped on metropolitan Chicago would kick a hell of a hole into Argonne Labs, the Gary-Hammond Steel works, the Whitting Oil industries, not to mention severely crippling Milwaukee to the north, and the effects could even reach Detroit to the east. The transportation (entire United States continental transportation, I mean) system would be fouled up no end.

JOHN BERRY: Pot Pourri #8. I'm so sorry to hear you have earwigs playing hide and seek in your underpants. I wonder if Howard knew this before he slept with you in Detroit. Good heavens, earwigs aren't contagious are they? On parachuting: Modesty prevents me from asking for further diagraming on the "first finest sensation in the world!", mostly because you'd probably comply. However, I'll have to agree with you completely on both sensations, especially as to what is the first finest, unless I'm allowing my dirty mind to deceive me, and as to parachuting. My very limited experience has been restricted to the parachute jump (controlled with guide wires) at Riverview "the world's largest" Amusement Park. For just a few seconds after the chute falls, before the guide wires take over, there is a sensation resulting from the free-fall that would take a poet to describe. It is delight, pure and simple. I love it, but cannot describe it.

ARTHUR HAYES: Mho+Djee #2. I do not have any MCs for this issue Art. This could be because I do not have the time, nor energy to (even mentally) rearrange your pages. It was very disconcerting, attempting to retain the chain of thought and hunt for where you had so cleverly hidden the following page. For me, at least, you're going to have to go half way. . . . However I did read the entire issue, but due to all the unnecessary hop-scotch I lost all meaning from the pages.

EVA FIRESTONE: Bronc #14. Mallan's humorous "Big Red Lie" has been blown-up to book length and is available from one of the 75¢ publishers. I did not find it amusing however, merely ludicrous.

DURWARD/LICHTMAN: Captives of the Thieve-Star. NOTED! ! !

ED COX. Maine-Iac #18. About your socks not matching. I think I can go you one better than that. I hate to sound like a perenial lesson in One-upmanship but apparently I'm accident prone. When I was much younger, but old enough, I was attending a movie one afternoon, when in the midst of an air-conditioned

gale, I felt a sudden strange sensation penetrating through the fly of my trousers. The zipper had ruptured open beyond repair! (No it was a public type movie, not a stag type.) And I was something like 30 minutes away from home and a replacement pair. It was most embarrassing. It ranks in my memory along with the time I ate the box of Ex-lax and couldn't look directly at a Hershey bar for years.

JOHN BERRY AGAIN. Pot Pourri #9. So what the hell am I, the invisible man? It was Friday night, at the Cincinnati suite. I went there especially to see you, I got there early (as things are figured as being "early" at convention suite parties), was introduced to you, exchanged about a dozen words when the room suddenly filled with party seekers and we did not have time for conversation. But one of the main purposes in going to Detroit, was to meet you John, had I but known about the earwigs though it might have been a different story. I regret that the impression that I did not make on you amounted to something akin to the invisible man. But I, at least, remembered it, and enjoyed it.

ED COX. A Fanzine for John Berry, Esq. Noted.

ED COX yet again: Maine-Iac #19. Push! Push! A repeated plea for something other than MCs.

WRAI BALLARD: Outsiders #37. On the cover of your zine, I have the notation written, "My God how the Eyes do hurt while reading this." Enough said on this point. It has, undoubtedly something to do with the horrible show-through, but Wrai, it WAS painful reading.

DON FULANO de TAL: Pencil Point #2. I can see that this is going to grow on me, I LIKE IT! I Like It. . . PLEASE do not stop.

SOBER SELF: Safari. I was generally pleased with this issue, except for a few typos and mis-spells. The experiment with blue-on-blue, for the cover turned out rather nice, I think. I hope for constant improvements. This issue, you will note the appearance of a few pieces of artwork. I had been very reluctant to try to put any artwork onto stencil, but the Carrs keep doing such a superior job that I had to at least try. If it is successful, and if I can manage to get enough artwork THAT I LIKE, I shall continue to use them.

RICHARD ENEY: Spy Ray of Saps. I think you have some solid points on the Dianetics/Scientologists/Thought chain for Busby. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it. BURNETT TOSKEY AND THE FORTY HUCKSTERS, was read with much enjoyment. Even though you did goof, like. Back in 1985, when you wrote to Advent:, requesting permission to reprint this, you will recall that permission was promptly granted, along with copyright clearance, with the special stipulation that you FOLLOW STYLE IN THAT ADVENT: IS NEVER, NEVER SPELLED WITHOUT THE COLON.

HOWARD DEVORE: Collector. I wonder if this "I Slept With John Berry!" cry will reach the magnitude of those who have "Met Djinn in bed"? For further comments regarding the contagion of earwigs consult John Berry. On your point #9, back page. I think you did us, at least, an injustice here. Chicago fandom and/or Advent: has an impeachable reputation of "paying their own way" not to mention paying others and other things as well. You should probably point out that WE ASKED YOU FOR A BILL, which was PAID IN FULL as quickly as you could supply it to us. I, naturally would be interested in knowing who these deadhead fans are, goodness knows we encounter enough fuggheads in fandom who can't, or won't pay their bills in Advent:. BUT KINDLY LET IT BE KNOWN THAT CHIFANDOM's BILLS ARE ALWAYS PAID.

DON DURWARD: Bump. Why is it, that when you pass through Chicago, you don't mesh like with the gears? Make a note, SPaulding 2-7387, for next time around. Never feel bad about MCs, just keep putting something else in each issue.

TERRY & MIRIAM CARR: S--- #3. You must allow me to digress for a moment. I recently read KLEIN BOTTLE #1. Now I don't know, nor care, if it's kosher to MC a FAPA zine in this column or not, but I simply must congratulate you, Miri, on "Old Fogey." This was superb, one of the best, and to me, funniest things I've read in years, especially the bit about "playing Doctor." Nancy and I read it and roared aloud, actually for hours, discussing many similar occurrences in our pre-teens. Thank you for the delightful experience of reading this, congratulations on having written it. PLEASE, do more like this, only do it in SAPS, please, where I can be sure of reading it. To S---: Terry, "Forever and Fandom" was a delightful title, and delightful writing. Miri, "Guilty Conscience" I hope strikes home, and I hope it doesn't strike me. It should be a sort of marching song, sung very loud. I'm looking forward to the results of your S*A*P*S*U*R*V*E*Y, I trust you did receive my reply? Your "How to Talk to Big Names" reminds me of Detroit. We had a new convert to actifandom from Chicago, a charming young lady named Josephine Knuth, who was going to meet us there and join us for breakfast the first AM. We were seated around the table in the hotel coffee shop, Phyllis Economou (unforgivable to split a name!), Bob Bloch, Marty Greenberg, Evelyn Paige, Nancy and myself. Joe walked in, joined us, and I made the introductions around the table, Phyllis, Bob, Marty, Evelyn. . . . Hours later she captured me with several verbal thrusts about don't you ever do that to me again. . . Having breakfast with Bloch/Greenberg, etc., & not knowing it.... Terry, p. 12, "postage bills are mounting"...Do you, too, have the feeling that you're subsidizing the post-office, double-handedly (counting Miri)? I do, and the "typer's in hock" hit home too: Once, when things were very tough, I took my \$100 Underwood (long since discarded) to the hock shop, and much to my surprise, the best I could do with it was \$8.00, but I took it and was glad to get it. But I was lost without the typer. ### Course I remember "The Man Called X" and "Sam Spade". But do you remember "I love a Mystery?" Loud praise for your "SAPS-emphasizes mailing comments to the neglect of other types of good material." ### Terry, the fact that we never actually had any conversations at the Solacon was definitely no fault of yours, nor was it any kind of avoidance on my part. But then maybe it was, you see I have the damndest kind of personality you ever saw. I suppose I can call myself an introverted extrovert. I want to be out-going, but overwhelming anything in this direction is a fear of rejection. If I know anyone, rather well, through correspondence say, or SAPS, then I have no fear of meeting them, and, in fact, feel that they are old friends. On the other hand, If I do not even know them through letters, etc., then I have a morbid fear that they will not like me. This is entirely in-congruous with my personality say from the years 13-16, wherein I underwent a definite "theatrical" period wherein I emoted like a seasoned performer from the stage (high-school). This is a 99% rule with me, as in the case of Ronnel, all my FANAC letters were addressed to him consequently when I did finally meet him, it was like homecoming. I should qualify this to mean that I have this personality quirk only in the case of people I want to know (for the same reason I didn't meet Rotsler in L.A.) which means you are/were someone I wanted to know. In the case of people who want to know me (should there be one?), and comes to me, this condition does not exist at all, because there is no fear of rejection. I do not feel that there will be the slightest doubt that we will know each other the next time we happen to meet. What say you? ### Miri, was it intentional that you used the Rotsler portrait of Howard in mentioning your DeVore nightmares?? ###

Miri, your bit about "reader identification" in picking scenes set in familiar locales surely struck home. This is one reason why I enjoyed Robinson's The Power so much. Also Fritz' Conjure Wife & You're All Alone. Cody's Witching Night. All set in Chicago, around the University of Chicago, the Indiana Sand Dunes, etc. ## Your pic (Rotsler's) of the Hula Hoop reminds me of a similar type hula hoop cartoon, privately printed, of course, and circulated around the office where I work. You can use your own imagination, because Evil Old Dr. Tork would undoubtedly rip out the page if I attempted to print it. Sap's loss, too. ### I can't stand quinine water at all, give me Vodka and, every time. Preferably Grapefruit drink. ### REQUEST: Will you please send me, at least that portion of the issue of INNUENDO, or the whole issue, containing the Bloch "Lefty Feep" bit? PLEASE!

GUY TERWILLEGGER: Sapling #2. I'll have to disagree with you on the clean up the newspapers bit. Chicago, being politically Catholic, suffers from the largest assortment of censor boards that have ever congregated in one ares for the purposes of dictating to protestants. Our newspapers are constantly undergoing suppression (and cries of cut them all out) of movie ads. To the extreme. Don't you really know why you got those pictures, Guy, it was because you were supposed to hustle them after class. You are a teacher, aren't you, don't you remember the Leahr, "he sold the most amazing photographs..." As to where the models (sic) come from, I can assure you, not here... There is a book I'd like to RECOMMEND TO ONE AND ALL SAPS, which just comes to mind, by Guy's remark, because it contains a chapter called "Supersexed Males." The book is: PORNOGRAPHY AND THE LAW, by Drs. Eberhard & Phyllis Kronhausen, Ballantine # S346K, 75¢, paperbound only. READ IT! I now claim title of the filthiest mind in SAPS, Pelz, you're out-dirtied, this is the absolute end in filth, of course from the clinical standpoint. ## I, too, dig Wagner. Tristan and Isolde, specially, like that crazy Isaac Stern sound track album from Warner Bros "Humoresque." The wildest. Thank you for reading SaFari, that was damned nice of you, but if you want to call it fa-art, go ahead, I'll think up a choice name for Sapling. ### Robert Gibson Jones, man you're not with it, he was SUPERB, before he went into the drippy, splashy period. I particular remember an Amazing (I think) cover of a giant white mastadon, with riders. . . ## I enjoyed the Flash Gordons the first time around, as serials, and found the chopped-up-for-feature-length double bill at the movie houses faintly amusing, but have tired completely of the television re-runs of the serials. BUT, in all fairness, the children dote on this TV serial, & complain bitterly if they happen to miss an installment. ### I don't quite understand your bit about Canadian-Mexican-United States/Americans. We were planning a trip to Mexico, and in studying the literature supplied by the Mexican government, the one point, stressed more than any other was "Don't forget, Mexicans are also Americans. The average Mexican citizen takes offense at references to United States citizens as being Americans. Attempt at all times to remember to refer to yourself as 'North American'."

BURNETT R. TOSKEY: Thrilling Green Science Fiction. I did not check-mark this one, because I wanted to preserve all its pristine beauty intact. That makes it difficult in commenting on, because without a check to set off the chain of what I wanted to say, I'm helpless. Tha cover, Tosk, I had only received the mailing, looked at the cover, before I wrote you that letter, it would seem that you could have assumed that much and not been so damned snotty in your reply. But you still left some questions un-answered. Nevertheless I think it is one of the few full color (yet it is not full, only 3-color) covers I've ever seen on fanzines. The reproduction was of excellent quality. I like the whole idea of the issue. I particularly enjoyed reading "Back from the Stars." I think you captured the 'feel' that you wanted to show com-

NC
pletely. It was like turning back the pages to yester-year. The interior illustrations were all of superior quality, the reproduction was excellent. I found myself thinking about "Back From the Stars" for days after reading it, this, from me, is high praise. I'm genuinely sorry that I could not retain anything to comment on (without checking) regarding the shorts. But they were all read, enjoyed, and carefully put away for posterity. If I were more of a freudian than I am, I would have a delightful time tinkering with your wish-fulfillment. . . but you better be thankful that I'm not, otherwise you'd have to start pulling out censored pages about right here . . .

~~NAN GERDING:~~ Nandu #23. Read, enjoyed, but no check marks.

ART RAPP AGAIN: Spacewarp #64. Re Lutheran schools. Our children were all christened Lutheran. We attempted to enroll them into Lutheran schools here last year, because it was closer than the ChiPublic. The tuition was completely out of hand-outrageously so. Not only that, but there were all types of demands on the parents too, night-classes on theology, etc., which were not the least bit appealing to me. (Tuition in Catholic schools is apparently lower than Lutheran, however I refuse to have them indoctrinated into Catholicism.) ### On Cow-nure. I'll be glad to contribute to a collection to buy Tosk a bag of this stuff, it seams he could use it... ### Loved your Alaskan bear joke. ### I have a blank page between the Retro and Poor Richard's Almanac comments. Was this deliberate or am I missing a page? ### Yes, I am very familiar with the tax-deductable convention. However, you must remember this is only applicable if you use the long-form. And at that it is extremely wise to retain your hotel receipt, membership receipt, etc., just in case you're ever asked to prove it all...## I am against proxy votes for world cons to my last loud scream. Don't you realize that this would result in BUYING conventions. HE WITH THE MOST MONEY BUYS THE MOST VOTES AND GETS THE NEXT CON, or EVERY con, if he felt like purchasing it. NO, NO Proxies, please. But, you will find it a legal point, should you care to locate it, and per-sue it (which could be expensive) that ANY incorporated convention committee HAS to honor proxies from any legal member not in presence. Thank God you did not (I don't think) approach the membership with this idea at Detroit.

RAY SCHAFFER: Vonset #8. That I grew a beard was not entirely sex. It was more amusement, or exerting a complaint against conformity, etc. And all completely enjoyable. If you have built-in radar, then maybe you are the principal perpetrator of the Bat-guano business?? ## "what am I offering an apology for....I only needed two pages this mailing." Brilliant, now that you exerted yourself long enough to get the 6 pages out I suppose you'll relax for several mailings. I wonder if it ever occurred to you to do MORE that those "two pages", like stretching your undoubtedly overworked mental processes long enough to turn out something other than mailing comments...

BURNETT R. TOSKEY AGAIN: Flabbergasting #12. I love your cover, it deserves putting in a frame. You really should have sent copies of this to Gaines and Freas. Precious! ### Horshair worms, this was a persistent myth with my infancy, I remember attempting to cultivate my own, I would watch them for hours on end, day after day, but no worms, I'm sorry to report. ## Tosk, I'll convey to Ann Landers that you're spurning her affections. You could do a lot worse, while I only know her through television, etc., from the local view point, she is a living Doll, her column a daily must and her activities like going around to the high-schools to try to beat some common sex-sense into the over-activated cohabiting teens is more than praiseworthy. You SHOULD love Ann Landers. ## Yours to Miri about snow in Seattle. I always thought that country was blanketed half the year. I've been extremely cold in Chicago, but actually the coldest I've ever been has been in Atlanta, Ga, the sunny south.

I had a check mark to say something about the "shell-Toskey" bit, but I can't think of it now, sorry. ### Thanks for the compliment, Tosk, "It takes all kinds." I'm genuinely sorry that I give the impression of being a name dropper. My key-word, as you rightly surmised is variety in the issue, to hell with just mailing comments. I enjoy, by far, the meatier zines, Carrs, Bjos, and, as surprising as it sounds, yours...### Mars postoffice. There is a Mars, Illinois. It is here, within the city limits of Chicago, and is the private postoffice of Mars Candy Company. ###

LEE JACOBS: MRAOC #3. There are no "exotic processes" being used in the reproduction of Safari. By far the greatest part of it is done by plain old ABDick. Only a very small portion multilithed from paper masters, and there was the one offset photo-cover. There is nothing exotic about an ABDick mimeo, I assure you, ### Jovial Joe McFann was very good, enjoyed it muchly. ### There is White Lightnin in my background too, I remember it as going down like pure fire, the results, however, were pleasant. I often wish I could get ahold of some more, just for kicks, to distribute at a local fan-party. Home-brew is a little more in my line, more about this later, maybe. ### You damned right I take "this crazy Buck Rogers stuff rather seriously.." I am of the belief that fandom IS a way of life, science fiction is respectable and praise worthy, I'll do everything in my power to promote science fiction and the intelligent aspects of fandom.

BURNETT R. TOSKEY YET AGAIN LIKE: Flabbercon #2. I enjoyed your convention and/or trip report very, very much. It was the first thing I read in the mailing, and in view of the fact that I've already talked to you much too much already I'll cut it short with the one request you made. Fran Light: Fran is very definitely married. But on a separate maintenance type basis. I will not elaborate on this because it is much too close to home for comfort, and besides, we like Jack Light too. Fran has two lovely boys, Steve & Gary, which together, would make about 3 and a half Toskeys, that is if you still have the mold handy. She is charming, she is beautiful, and she would be an extremely good asset to any apa, I am so sorry that work now prevents her from frantic fanac, but separate status more or less requires separate incomes and she works long hours..... Too long... She should fanac much more....

ALAN J. LEWIS: When the Gods Would Sup #1. Good heavens, this infant is only 17, this surely makes old bald me feel my age. Especially in view of his apparent extensive delving into yesterdays kiddie books. I remember them all with much pleasure, especially the Swifts, the Hardys and especially too the Nancy Drews, I remember too that I was sort of ashamed to read these, so I would give them to my cousins who would in turn give me Hardys and we would exchange. ### You have an amazing general knowledge of fandom and the history of same. DO NOT stop here, go, man go. You could be a definite asset to fandom. Why don't you and Al Lewis put out a Lewis-Lewis zine. I think it would be great fun.

NANCY SHARE: Ignatz #22. Read, enjoyed, but unfortunately no spring-boards.

BRUCE PELZ: The Speleobem #5. Like, look to the future, you're wrong on two counts: 1962 = Chicago. 1964 = Mordor. Like, get with it. ### I have made several jazz pilgrimages to New Orleans, and been completely disappointed each time. With the single exception of Al Hirt, dig him on Audio-Fidelity. ### I am in favor of your move to count freeloders. I am absolutely not against these MCs, I have already acknowledged Marty Fleischman as being of the Frigid Faction, and I have words for Dee to follow you. ### Before I forget, thank you Bruce for your letter with INDEX annotations. If you can find time to continue this, it would surely be much appreciated. ## Bravo, Bravo, Bruce

NCs only
remember

AD 05
for your anti-Toskie censorship stand (p. 20), I offer you my 100% support in this, if you need help holler. ### Do not drop non-MC material because I haven't commented on it, I HAVE read it. ### I was going to check and see if I could find anything on "Bride of the Cyclops" for you, but I'm too damned lazy to get up from the typer. ### P. 39-42 are very hard on the eyes. I did not have this trouble with my red-ink bit in Safari 2, howcome you got troubles? ### Uncultured clod I, my eye. I DESPISE, I repeat, Gilbert & Sullivan. But you do have a champion in Ed Wood, I'll venture to say, but not I. ### What's with this Ali Babi hat, like? ### About movies, I once had a friend (actually!!) who ushed. He taught me all manner of things like the change-over signals, the reasons for sudden camera-angle shifts, etc., and almost completely destroyed my enjoyment of movies. I kept watching for the signals to the projector, completely loosing thought-chain of the show in process. ### Paper masters I don't need at all, query Lynn Hickman on this point if you want more proof. ### "...been exposed to zines like Safari before" SIR, Kindly explain this crass remark in detail. ## P. 68, Kindly be advised that I was hatched in Arkansas and should be included in this from-the-south category. ### I have read Shell Scott, on & off, mostly off, but enough to appreciate it for really light reading. Sidney Coleman has described the Prather books as "ideal transportation reading." In this I agree. ### P. 79. If you don't already have a copy of IN SEARCH OF WONDER, you must know by now that ADVENT: has reprinted this title. IT IS NOW AVAILABLE, write Advent:

DEE Porque! Dee, it gives me pleasure to join Bruce's campaign to acknowledge freeloaders. You are a mighty attractive freeloader, I must admit. I'll admit too that I didn't think you were for real, and am still not completely convinced that you are not a figment of Bruce's deformed imagination. But he could never conceive you (that is not a dirty remark). ### P. (P) A local movie advertised: "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, ON STAGE, IN PERSON." Honest, I have the clipping to prove it. ### I must appologize, I read all your MCs and enjoyed them but can find nothing else to comment on. ### EXCEPT to tell both you and Bruce, that I did not appreciate the cigarette story... Not that I am against pornography, to the contrary, I thrive on it. It is just that I do not appreciate censored, expurgated, abridged stories. I have the complete story at hand, but will not print it in this family type zine.

NC
JACK HARNESS: Rap Roller #17. This was a joy to read, I liked it very much, especially the line on page 4, "What? Sorry, I can't use any book plates." By all rights, considering how much I enjoyed this, I should have more to say, but forgive me, don't. But THANK YOU FOR HAVING NO MCs, I mean this sincerely.

DE
F. M. BUSBY: Retro #14. Home Brew: Some of the very fondest memories of my not so wild youth deal with home-brew. It was a standard-equipment-piece for all high-school parties, and was smuggled in in paper bags in old mason jars. The taste was magnificent, many times have I dreamed, mouth-watering, for just one more lousey quart mason jar full of this elixer. I have never tried to make any. I did experiment with wine-making though, to no avail, I could never get up courage enough to taste the fruits of my labor. Miri, yes, yes, you must read Cozzen's CASTAWAY, genuinely terrifying, but I'll name two more to go on the must for inward horror, no three, list: Golding: LORD OF THE RLIES & THE TWO DEATHS OF CHRISTOPHER MARTIN, and BRAVO MY MONSTER, by Oscar Tarcov. ### If you liked the imagry in Phyllis' Pottiphar bit, you may have missed the WE ARE FISHED FOR! This, I assure you is more true & vastly more terrifying, READ it, elsewhere in this issue, in case you missed it the first time around. ### I tell you true, read the page-number line on all these pages. Could you want any more definite admission of our commitment? The BIG 20, GO Chicago, 1962.

ELINOR BUSBY: Fendenizen #14. Dear Elinor, I beg your humble indulgence for calling you a member of the Frigid Faction, but please include some of your material, in volume, other than MCs. ### So you are a Gigi collector? I suppose that makes me a Citizen Kane collector. I consider this as perhaps the greatest American motion picture ever made. I have now seen it unpteen times, both on the screen and on TV, there is not a single superlative fit to describe it in my dictionary. ### Glad to think that you think looking like Robert Louis Stevenson is a good thing. But thanks for the thought, I think. ### I hope you do really get to know me, but you must do it through the overall personality of SaFari, not through the MCs ALONE. If the overall personality of the magazine stinks, then perhaps I have been a failure. But Fan cannot live by Mailing Comments alone, he must have an occasional piece of ham to break the monotony of all that scrambled eggs. ### Elinor, thanks for carrying Marty Fleischman:

MARTY FLEISCHMAN: A few brief comments. Thank you sir, for the PICKLED FOR POSTERITY plug. ### About PSYCHO: I think possibly it was the familiarity with the source material from the local tabloids that brought the delight of PSWCHO to full flower. One kept reading it with a constant battle going on inside him, Bloch wouldn't do that, he just couldn't do that. No, he doesn't really mean _____, he couldn't mean _____. If you get the point? ### I'll take issue with your "common ordinary man on top" and add to your list, Tuck's LONG LOUD SILENCE, Dick's SOLAR LOTTERY, Wolfe's LIMBO, I could go on . . .

WALLY WEBER: Creep. Thoroughly read, but alas, NC. *W.C.*

RICHARD BROWN: Poor Richard's Almanac #4. I kept wondering if the "black & white" bit would get through to you, apparently it did, because Rich, I did your "nefarious one-shot men" jolt the most, like it was great. So was the entire caper. Before I read it, while flipping casually through the stack I was ready to scream bloody censorship at Tosk, about that back cover. But after reading the whole caper, I recognize the superb ploy for what it was intended to be. Rich, I loved it, it is worthy of a genius, so this catapults you into the genius class. While you may be getting your workouts from now on with the USAF, kindly do give us a thought now and then, and please, try to get an occasional message through to us. I, for one, will miss you if you do not.

BJO WELLS: Gim Tree #3. I APPRECIATE WILLIAM ROTSLER. It was quite a pleasure to see all the delightful WRs from your birthday card. And I suppose it was a real rocking party, it sounds great, I'm only sorry I had not known about it before hand, not that I would have been there, but then maybe in spirit. . . ### Introduction to a Fantasy, GREAT. ### Basic Bachelor Cook book: Now, as you know, I am neither basic, nor am I a bachelor, but I'd like to say this in reply to your query. When I cook, I do it completely by taste, and to hell with books. It doesn't always turn out edible, but when it does, it's worth waiting for. Heaps and heaps of spices, seasonings, etc., try it. ### the Sheepwalking bit: I used to know someone on whom they told the following story, & swore it was true. At appox the age of 15, one AM around one (it was a hot sultry southern night & she was sleeping only in her panties) she gets herself out of bed, goes outside, across the street, wakes up the opposite neighbors and "borrows some bobbie pins." Goes back home, back to bed. And finds the bobbie pins the next AM! Distressing, no? ### BJOWELLSFORTAFF! BJO WELLS FOR TAFF!! BJO WELLS FOR TAFF!!! BJO !!! Parties are the most, we had two in rapid succession, Dr. Rosemary Becker, local like fan had an apartment-warming, and then we made our second annual TREK TO GRENNELLS which was the living most. ### GENTLY, GENTLY, BJO, PRAY: when you come out with this bit about staring at me & not recognizing me

because "You...you were NUDE!" You meaning me, and nude meaning sans-beard. No, I did nothing dramatic with it, just cut it off, much to my sorrow. ### Jewish jokes: My delightful (?) friend (??) Sidney Coleman told one such joke that was brilliant, I think, in full dialect: This man was sitting by the window in the bus, engaged in reading the daily paper when this obviously Jewish woman sat beside him on the aisle seat. She kept looking at him, and looking at him, intruding on his reading. Finally she nudged him gently with her elbow, "Say mister, are you Jewish?" To which he replied, "No" and went back to reading his paper. But she kept looking at him. She nudged him again, with the same question, and the same answer. He kept reading his paper and she kept looking at him and then nudged him again with her elbow, "Say mister," she said, "Are you sure you're not Jewish?" And he, figuring that if he said yes, would put a stop to the whole thing, said, "Well, yes, I am," and went back to reading his paper. She, however, kept looking at him, until finally she nudged him again. He put his paper down and looked at her, "Yes?" he asked. "You don't look Jewish!" The woman said. ### BJO, I liked the little portfolio of artwork very much. And if you could find the time to do me some, I would surely like to have them for use in SaFari. I was particularly pleased with the one called "Garden piece for small pool & large rock." But if you do any for me, PLEASE, remember I'm a non-stenciling man, & try to keep the detail down to a minimum. Please, Hu, BJO, do me some pichers???

OTTO PFEIFER: Bog #11. Read completely, but alas and alack, NC.

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SUPPORT PITTSBURGH NOW!

Now that the campaign is over and the 1960 Convention is actually under way it would be wise to JOIN NOW! You realize, that by joining EARLY you will be contributing towards a more successful convention in the long run.

Now is the time when money is desperately needed, to get things rolling. Progress Reports, the first of which should be out about the time you're reading this, cost MONEY, like cash. The treasurer is that beloved fan-about-town P. Schuyler Miller, and all checks should be made payable to him. The official PITTCON Address is:

PITTCON
c/o Dirce S. Archer
1453 Barnsdale Street
Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

The membership fee is \$2.00, or \$1.00 for overseas members.

You will have a chance to meet James Blish, the guest of honor, and the infamous Dr. Asimov will no doubt titilate many (in his capacity as Toastmaster, of course). Naturally there will be the masquerade ball, the banquet, panels and the like.

And lots of hucksters, huskstering.

And gallons of Vodka, Vodkaing.

As usual, Chifandom will be there en masse. This is not exactly a threat, but we would like to see all of you again.

The nominations ballots must be mailed to PITTCON on or before May 1, 1960. I would like to do a little plugging in favor of one category on the list, that of "Best Dramatic Presentation." This year, I feel that the category should finally be honored with an award. To date, there have been three outstanding contenders, in this order, in my opinion: 1. "Turn of The Screw" 2. "Murder and the Android" by Alfred Bester and 3. "Twilight Zone" by Rod Serling. May I earnestly hope that you will send in your ballots, nominating one of these three presentations for the "dramatic" category?

THE 20 BIG

GO Chicago GO

1962

Oh yes, dear Buz, it still is true,
Chicago wants a vote from you!
Make the big 20 the GREATEST, do
GO, GO, ChicaGO for Sixty-two.

THE

LET'S PUT THE MACHINE BACK INTO FAN POLITICS!

ME FIRST

PARTY ★

*Votes for Self
will not
be counted*

TAKES GREAT PLEASURE

IN PRESENTING A FEW WORDS

FROM THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

EARL KEMP

FOR O.E.

IN BEHALF OF HIS CANDIDACY . . .

ONE VOTE, no less, no more, is all I ask from you, for ME FOR O.E. Naturally, I will vote for myself, just to make it unanimous. Originally I had intended to adopt some of Phyllis Economou's tactics and run on a campaign of pure sex. This was impossible, of course, after finding my competition to be Miri Carr and Rich Eney. Miri, I'm afraid, has both of us outstripped on this score. Instead, I will attempt to contain myself with an anti-censorship campaign. I am irrevocably opposed to censorship, be it either the written word or 'filthy picture' type pornography. I subscribe to the Supreme Court ruling and their interpretations of 'contemporary community standards' and damn the Post Office's super-asinine edicts. I am on record as being in favor of more and better Lawrence and Henry Miller. I deplore the actions of our esteemed present O.E. in attempting censorship. I promise you that any censorship imposed on any zine under my reign will fall outside the category of 'contemporary community standards,' and our standards, in the exclusively-science fiction community are 'contemporary' to say the least.

I promise you also, a wide range of experimental printing with SPECTATOR, during my reign, a zine to be proud to be a part of. I promise you that SAPS will rise to greater heights, far outpacing FAPA, as if this were not already obviously the case. I further promise you a P*A*R*T*Y I*N P*I*T*T*S*B*U*R*G*H for all SAPS, with T*W*O, count them T*W*O shots of V*O*D*K*A in every glass. Now isn't this really much better than a chicken in every pot?

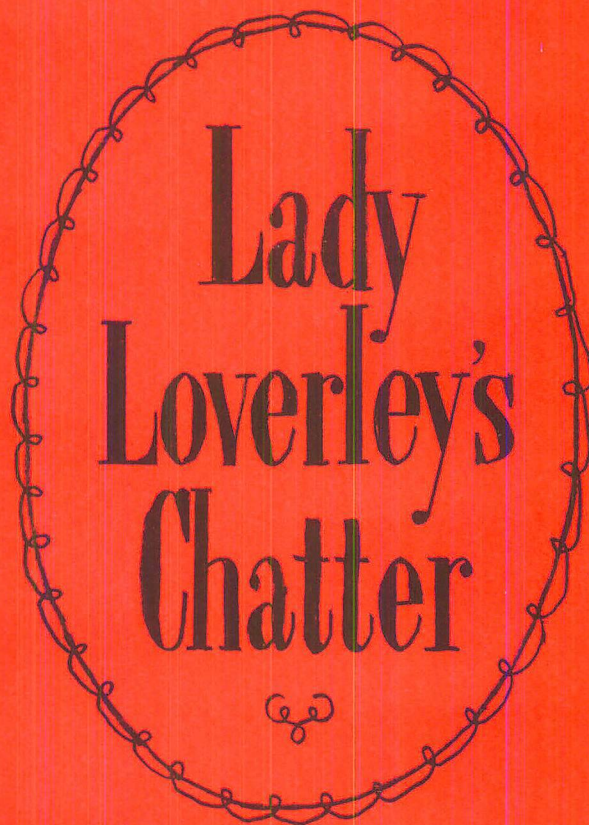
Speaking of pots, such goofing-off SAPS members as Howard Devore (loyal and true fan who will vote for me anyway), will find me a cruel (yeah, even more cruel than kind-hearted Toskey) and unmerciful task master, constantly chopping away the dead-wood to make room for eager waiting-listers.

I cannot promise you two Gestetners on every kitchen table, however much I would like to. But I will give you an O.E. reign that you'll be proud to be a part of.

LET'S CLEAN UP FAN POLITICS! REMEMBER, YOUR VOTE CAST FOR HONEST
EARL KEMP IS A VOTE CAST FOR THE RIGHT MACHINE!

*With apologies to Roger Price.

Laurence Laurence



This SaFari edition includes every word contained in Mailing No. 50 of The Spectator Amateur Press Society edition of 40 copies privately printed by the author in Chicago in 1960. It is mimeod from brand-new stencils completely retyped with clear, easy-to-read typos.

LADY LOVERLEY'S CHATTER

By Lawrence
Lawrence

Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically. The convention has happened, we are among the hangovers, we start to build up new little apas, to have new little zines. It is rather hard work: there is now no smooth road into the mailing comments: but we read on, check-marking the commentables. We've got to publish, no matter how close the mailing date.

This was more or less Bjo Loverley's position. The long-session had brought the convention down over her head. And she had realized that one must live and learn.

She married Sapsuel Loverley in the 47th mailing, and they moved directly into Torquemada Hall, the family "seat" in picturesque old Seattle, overlooking the rolling green acreage of the campus and the salmon canneries toward the west. Only when the gales blew eastward did an odiousness creep about the quaint old countryside.

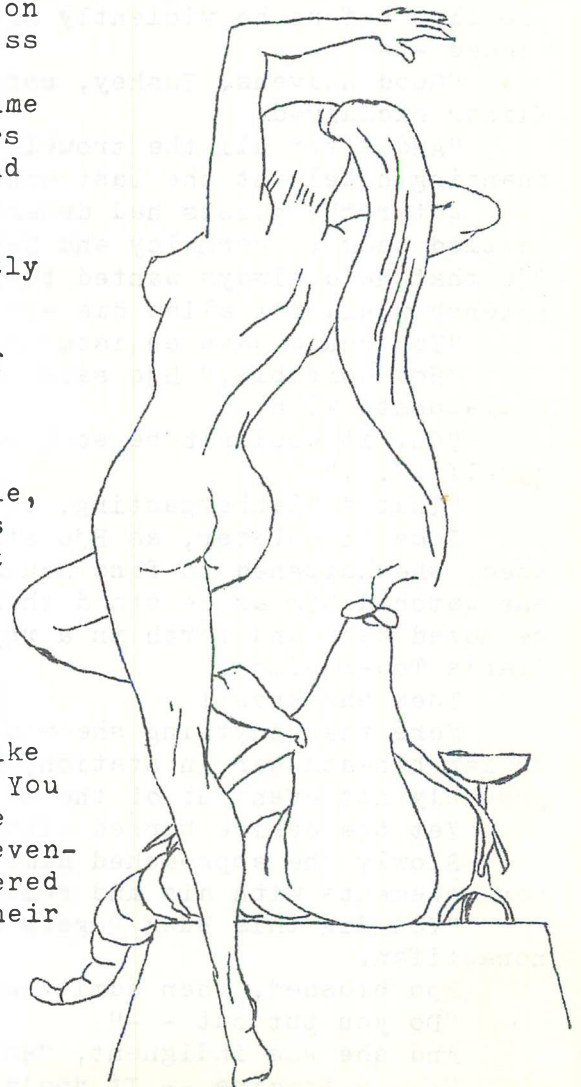
On their wedding night she discovered the horrible truth about Sir Sapsuel -- he was a complete sham, the beautifully multigraphed covers of his zine concealed only frigid mailing comments. But for Lady Loverley it was too late, there was no turning back -- ahead lay a fanlife, with no assistance from her incompetent Lord, like a tube of Gestetner indigo-blue, with the last drop squeezed out.

Little did he know about her little rendezvous, the conventions she secretly attended. Like the time at the Solacon when she wore that scandalous Lady Chudley dress -- yards and yards of transparent nothingness. Or the Westercon where she spent the entire time in bed, receiving a string of constant visitors (male of course), bearing gifts of flowers, and little mementos of their affection. Or that history-making romp in Detroit where she kept the action going for over four hours, frequently changing partners, and this one, oh horror of horrors, before an audience. It was common knowledge, of course, that she was mistress of LASFS.

Fortunately no word of her behavior ever reached Sir Sapsuel, otherwise he would never have engaged Squinky Blog, that dashing, verile, gardener to tend to the fruit trees and shrubs on the Hall grounds. But Bjo hardly knew that Blog existed, yet . . .

On cold winters evenings the Hall would come alive for a while with visitors from Fabulous Seattle Fandom, Elinor and Buz, Otto, Burnett and Wally. At times they'd even hold snob parties to entertain visiting firemen, like Karen, Miri and Terry or Ronel the squirrel. You know those infamous "closed-door" orgies where God only knows what transpires. On one such evening they were eating tidbits of chocolate covered cabbage with vodka dressing and engaging in their typical erotic conversations. "Say," Sapsuel said, "did you hear about that scandal in Detroit?"

For a moment Bjo blushed, fearing the worst, "No, what was it dear?"



"Well," Sapsuel continued, "it seems that Big Hearted Howard finally let the scandalous truth leak out - -"

"Yes, yes," said Wally, "what happened?"

"He was in bed - - with John Berry!!!"

"No!" Elinor said, "why that's almost as good as what they're saying about Bruce and Dee."

"Are you sure that wasn't Djinn, in bed?" Buz asked, and reached for more cabbage to munch on, satisfying his hunger momentarily.

"No dear," said Elinor, "that was Wally and Djinn in bed."

"I beg your pardon!" Wally said.

"I wonder if it would help if I got a propellor beanie?" Burnett thought to himself, but the doorbell chimed, spoiling his vision of reaching the heights of fandom, where he too could meet Djinn on equal terms - -

"Answer the door please, Burnett," Sapsuel said.

Burnett walked across the room and opened the door wide, letting a gurgle of horror escape his lips before he violently slammed the door closed - -

"Good heavens, Toskey, not in G.M.'s face!" Elinor exclaimed.

"And after all the trouble we went to, changing hotels at the last minute," Buz mumbled.

After the guests had departed the Hall settled back to normalcy and Sapsuel confided to Bjo that he'd always wanted to produce an issue with her. But alas, his impotency would not allow his ego to arise any further than the most meager MCs.

"You could have an issue with a ghost-collaborator," Sapsuel advocated.

"How horrible," Bjo said, mentally naming all the people she'd like to collaborate with.

"Oh, it wouldn't be so bad," said Sapsuel, "I could sign all the articles myself . . ."

"That's Flabbergasting. . .," said Bjo, and left the room in indignation.

Some time later, as Bjo strolled through the fruit trees toward the tool shed, she happened to find Squinky Blog engaged in a curious pursuit. Silently she watched him as he stood there, nude to the waist, his muscles rippling as he moved back and forth in a rhythmic motion, turning the crank of an old Sear's Tower mimeo.

Then she knew!!

More than anything she would like to collaborate with this, this gardener, so far beneath her in station, why he was probably not even an apa member, probably not even out of the N3F stage . . .

Yet the desire burned within her. She must produce an issue with him.

Slowly she approached him, and carefully touched his hand, synchronized her movements with his and relieved him of the task of turning the crank.

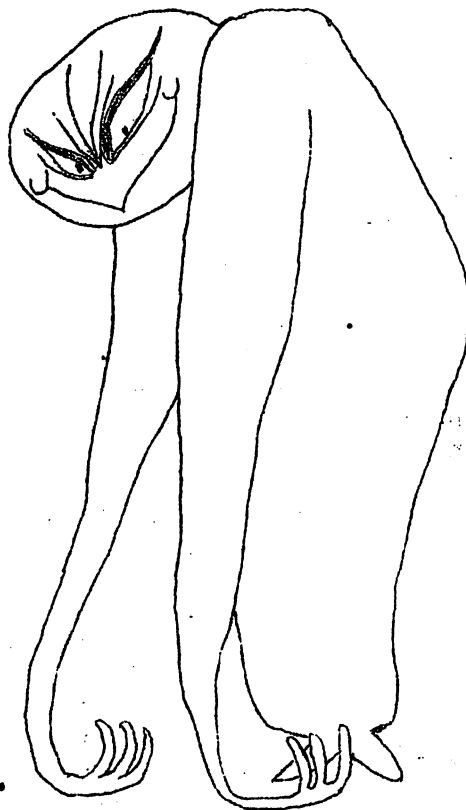
"You dig this Buck Rogers stuff?" he asked, in the crude venacular of the nonactifan.

Bjo blushed, then admitted she had secretly attended several conventions.

"Do you put out - -"

And she was indignant, "How dare you - -"

"- - a fanzine -- If you'd only let me finish my question."



"No, but I think it might be fun, I've always wanted to try it."

"We could--" but he hesitated, seeking the right words, "do it together..."

"Yes, yes," she said, her freckles flushed with job, "let's do it."

"I'll write to Es Adams, Ed Cox, Al Lewis and Twig and ask them for material."

"--and I'll write Lynn to see if he'll run off a Share picture for a front cover, and ask Eva to do a horse for the back. Art Rapp and Wrai could collaborate with Nandu about the old days and Richard Eney can index the issue."

"--then I'll write Durward, Lichtman, Jacobs and Hayes to see if they want to contribute."

"Harness could do something about a 'quick cure' and Schaffer and Lee could collaborate on a rebuttal--"

"--Ted and Larry could do the stapeling and Leslie Norris could - -"

"- - no, he's too new for SAPStyle."

"You're right, of course, but Coslet could find us a real dirty biblical quote to start a controversy with, and Rich could write about suicide in the Air Force- -"

"And Leman can satarize something and Earl can get in his plugs for that Wells girl for TAFF and GO Chicago for '62 - - But what'll we call it, we must have a name - -"

"You keep chattering so much I can hardly think - -"

"That's it, we'll call it Chatter --"

"We'll need some artwork - -"

"Rotsler, nothing but Rotsler, I'll see if he'll come over and draw us some pictures."

Rotsler came.

It was one of those agonizingly hot afternoons, made no better by the persistent drizzle that filtered through the fruit trees, but nevertheless, Bjo and Squinky romped through the trees, posing like Rotslers, picking flowers here and there. Then, exhausted from the exertion, they sat down and made little chains of the flowers, wrapping them around the placards that Rotsler had insisted they carry.

And finally the months of waiting and anticipation were coming to an end. All the material was on stencil, the article that Squinky had so secretly written under the pseudonym "Tom Johns," and her own, "Bjolita" column. All that was left were the actual birth pains. The inexhaustible cranking, the coalating and stapling.

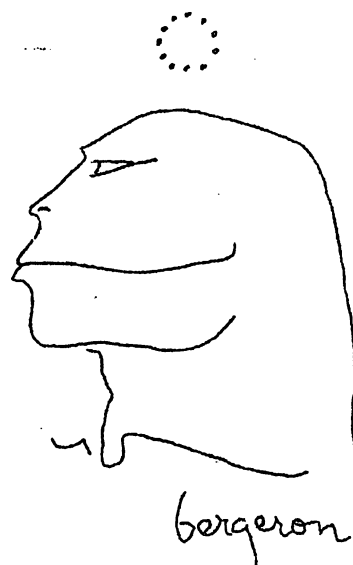
Then nothing, but the final climactic end, the publication date. Gently she and Squinky wrapped the copies in paper and made their final plans, Blog would take the mimeo, the typer and the copies on the bus to Berkeley, find a place for them to edit together.

Bjo would wait until he had time enough to make the preliminary arrangements then she would tell Sir Sapsuel! Tell him that she had to go away with Squinky. It was too big to fight, why it was all of fandom itself. And fandom would be their way of life. Just one excruciatingly delightful collaboration, producing issue after issue, like two publishing giants . . .

And the days passed . . .

It was time, she entered the room where Sir Sapsuel was fondeling his old Amazings. She could hardly wait to tell him.

She blurted the whole story, without stopping, how they had done it to-



gether. How it was all hers, hers and Squinky's; how they had done it and Sapsuel would have no credit at all.

"I'm proud we did it," she told him.

"But why, Bjo?" Sapsuel asked, "someone so far beneath your station in fanlife?"

"It doesn't matter any more. You had nothing to offer -- God knows your MCs weren't enough to quell the hunger within me. I had to have something solid and commentable in a mailing bundle."

"But the gardener, really - -"

"A fine fan, a GOOD man. Collaborating with him was ecstasy. So much so that I can't live in the Hall any more."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm leaving you Sapsuel. Together, Squinky and I -- we're going to collaborate forever. We've taken our first away already, you can't even have that."

"And what do you expect go gain by that?"

"Everything -- we're even going to apply for joint membership in SAPS, who knows, we may even run for OE."

"Then go, go and leave me with my MCs to finish, I've only started page 62 and have 572 pages left to comment on. . ."

"I'm going Sapsuel," she said, closing the door behind her, nearly colliding with the postman making his third delivery for that Sunday.

"Letter for you, Lady Loverley," he said, handing her the number 10 envelope, and walking on down the street.

Hastily she tore it open, extracting the piece of biege masterweave, and looked lovingly at the familiar typing, strikeovers and all.

She boarded the bus that would take her to Berkeley, where Squinky was waiting. Slowly, almost caressingly, she took the letter out of the envelope, and read it again, through to the end:

". . . But a great deal of us is together, and we can but abide by it, and steer our courses to meet soon. Tom Johns says goodnight to Bjolita, a little droopingly, but with a hopeful heart."

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#### QUOTABLES:

JACK MABLEY, Columnist for the Chicago Daily News, November 18, 1959:

"New York is going to hold a world's fair in 1964 . . . some New Yorkers are beginning to take a second look at their bonanza. When the '39 fair was held in New York, it was depression time. Hotels were half-empty, so were restaurants, people were begging for work. The fair was a fine stimulant to a depressed city. But now, New Yorkers are realizing their already jammed city will become even more jammed. Rooms will be at a premium. The traffic situation could become fantastic. The fact is, the summer of 1964 would be an ideal time to get as far away from New York as possible."

RON ELLIK, Columnist for the Berkeley Fanac, November 18, 1959:

"I think we could use 'No Unfaircon in 64' to good advantage. I am wholeheartedly against New York City having another convention--ever. You may quote me."

Did you notice that the 2nd October and 1st November (received 11-23) issues of SFT carried only plugs for NY64, and no mention of the discontent??



# FREE-RIDE

being mcs by JAMES O'MEARA

Well, I guess I better introduce myself and tell you a few things about me. I was born July 19th, 1938 which makes just about 21. I became interested in sf at the age of twelve and this led to the UofCSFC which I joined when I was 16. Here I met Earl Kemp who got me interested in fandom. ((Sort of like I hooked him on the habit.)) Since then I've been to 4 midwestcons, the Solacon, the Detention and about a dozen trips to see fans within 300 miles of here.

My only real fanac, besides convention-going and fan-visiting, was to put out two issues of JOE-JIM in collaboration with Joe Sarno, also of Chicago. After the second issue, Joe moved to a suburb which required a two-hour trip for either of us to see the other. This, combined with Joe's interest in writing led to the demise of JOE-JIM.

These mailing comments were written in first-draft only. I planned to rewrite them but when I brought them up here to Earl to see he said that he needed what I had because he wanted to try to run them off tomorrow. They are not in order because I did the ones that I check-marked in first. The rest I planned to re-read, then write those up and put them all in order. Since Earl needs these right away, the second batch of comments will follow Poor Richard's Almanac. If they are any better or worse than the ones here, it will be because I had a chance to re-write them.

Since Earl is looking at me to show me that he is ready to put this on stencil I'll have to close this. I want to thank Earl ((not necessary. EK)) for putting these in SaFari and letting me be a Freerider. I hope I see you all soon as a SAPS member. ((As you may surmise, anything here in double parenthesis is by yours truly, as I cannot resist the temptation to put an occasional word in edgewise, especially since I am cutting the stencils. EK))

SPECTATOR \* TOSKEY \* I see that I am number 4, so it won't be long now. This is the reason I am starting now. I'll try to get into the swing of things. The mailing comments are my first attempt at anything like this. With JOE-JIM it was all editing and the only thing I wrote was the editorial with Joe. I use the system in my MCs that where I see something that interests me I jump in with my thoughts on that subject. From reading the mailing comments I guess this is about what everyone else does. ~~##~~ This was an awfully large mailing and it took a while to get through. I enjoyed it and I am looking forward to becoming a member. ((It is my opinion that SAPS could go a long way to find such a GOOD f/man as Jim. I'll consider myself lucky when he gets in.))

FAPA ECHO \* ART RAPP \* NC, though I liked it.

HERE THERE BE SAPS \* BOB LICHTMAN \* After you mentioned your article on why you joined SAPS I went over to Earl's and got the 48th mailing to read The Bem and I. My own entry onto the waiting list was through Earl. I was over one night helping him mimeo SaFari and I said that I would like to do JOE-JIM again if I could get Joe interested in it. Earl said that I should get into SAPS so that even if Joe was not interested in continuing J-J I could keep up some sort of fanac. So I sent my request to be placed on the w-l. Now my



number has just about come up, so Earl said, "do some mailing comments to get in the swing of things when you become a member." ### Earl has some things check-marked here, and though I usually don't have anything to say at the same place he does, I do have something to say in regard to L.A. being THE target. Man, you aren't the only potential target. There are those that say that there is a fair amount of steel and other products turned out in Gary, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Chicago. The threat is no more severe in L.A. than it is in about two dozen other places. ### One more comment the first part of this was hell on the eyes.

POT-POURRI \* JOHN BERRY \* Earl has one check in here. In regard to parachute jumping, I don't know what I would do if I had to make a jump. I think I would, but I doubt very much that I would enjoy it. ### I disagree with you in regard to educated women being more catty and unreasonable than uneducated women. It is the woman herself and not her education which causes this behavior. The most neurotic woman I ever knew was one I worked with, and she had never gotten beyond grammar school. ### "Mourne-ing Glory" was very interesting to me because my family, on my mother's side came from the country around there. I always thought I would enjoy a visit there, even if it has been four generations since my family left and came over here.

MHO-DJEE \* ARTHUR HAYES \* I've had trouble with junk mail coming from this source too. I had a subscription to Imagination and when it folded Hamling had Palmer fill out subscriptions with Flying Saucers. I didn't mind this because I didn't read them, but gave them to a friend who reads everything in the field including Flying Saucers. What I did mind was that Palmer sold the plates to quite a few quack outfits. The SF book club does this also but unlike Palmer, they wait until after you cancel your membership.

BRONC \* EVA FIRESTONE \* NC

CAPTIVES OF THE THIEVE-STAR \* DURWARD/LITCHMAN \* Your Physics teacher sounds like my senior year English teacher. He used to come into class and stare at the same guy every day. He always called on this guy, and was always patting him on the back at every opportunity. This earned him quite a 'reputation' among the students. He couldn't control the class either and had one near-riot when someone tossed an apple at him and someone else followed that with an eraser. He made for the door of the room and got out of there damn quick. He brought the principal back and the principal restored order. He was a glutton for punishment because two weeks before the end of school he gave out a questionnaire to the class in which he wanted to know what the class thought of him. About half the class disguised their handwriting and wrote down what they really thought of him. It was pretty harsh on him but he had asked for it. When he came back the next day it was the closest I have ever seen a person to tears. He gave the class a long talk, the gist of which was, "Is this what you really think of me?" I found out later from a friend that when he had this teacher in another school a year before that this teacher had given this same questionnaire and had received the same results from that class. I still do not understand why he would want to be hurt again.

SaFari \* EARL KEMP \* I've talked most of this out with Earl already but I'll set it down on paper anyhow. Let's start off with the Playboy Jazz festival. I agree with Jerry that the crowds were inconsiderate, but these people were not Jazz enthusiasts. The crowd was made up mostly of young people out on a date and they had come there just because it was something different. If there hadn't been a festival they would have went to a show, or out dancing. ### I don't dig jazz but I agree with Earl that Ahmad Jamal was good, I enjoyed his work more than anything else in the two concerts I attended. ### I don't know what happened up your way when the sirens sounded but it was awfully



calm out here on the south side. I thought that the reason for the sirens was the 'White Sox' win, but to make sure I turned on the radio and got three or four stations. I knew if there was an attack the Conelrad stations at 640 and 1240 would be the only stations on the air. ## Fairly sure I was safe, I looked outside to see if the sirens had panicked anyone in the neighborhood but all I saw were cars going down the street ignoring the sirens. The reason that people out south didn't worry as much is maybe that we are seven miles further from the center of the city than you are, and they figure if the Russians are going to do it they would at least be accurate with it, and drop it in the loop. ## I don't think that the boy who cried wolf is applicable here. If it does happen, I think it will be an ICBM and with those, they land within ten minutes of the siren. Just time enough to get nearer thy God.

COLLECTOR \* HOWARD DEVORE \* Thanks for a great convention. You and the rest of the committee did a fine job and I know that everyone who went there enjoyed themselves. Very interesting sort of con report from the con-committee point of view. Your suggestions for future committees should be heeded by all who might someday serve, because I feel they are necessary for good and financially sound conventions.

SAPLING \* GUY TERWILLEGER \* Studs Lonigan is an excellent story of the period. Of course, I've enjoyed most of Farrell's writing about Chicago. I think this is because my father grew up in roughly that neighborhood and I can check the background of the stories. ## Sleep 'Til Noon is out from Bantam in soft covers. It looks as if Bantam is going to eventually bring out all of Shulman's books. The Zebra Derby is already out from Pocket Books but Bantam occasionally re-issues books that have been published by other pb houses if it is an author that has a number of books with them already. Example: Frank Gruber western called Outlaw which I read as half an Ace, Bantam brought this out last year with no credit to Ace. ## I agree with you about the CARE and the Red Cross. The Red Cross especially. I can find noone that had any dealings with it, be it a relative that was in the Army or a friend that was in a flood, who has a good word for it.

NANDU \* NAN GERDING \* I'm caught between two faiths. Since I've been in fandom I held to the belief that Bloch is Ghod but after reading the Sacred Scrolls of Roscoe my faith has been shaken. Earl has bolstered my faith in Bloch but as I re-read the sacred scrolls I wonder though if there are other Ghods than Bloch? ## Bring on the promised third scroll and maybe you'll have a convert.

FLABBERGASTING \* BURNETT R. TOSKEY \* I agree with you on your observations on why more cats are run over than dogs. I've run over only one thing in the 50,000 miles I've driven, and that was a cat. I was coming home from a UofCSFC meeting and traveling along at 25 mph. The cat had tried to run ahead of my car but did not start until it was under the beam of my headlights, I caught a glimpse of movement to the right when I was about four feet from it, but by the time I hit the brakes I had already run over it with my right front tire. The incident shook me quite a bit for some reason. I've only got that shook once when I had a minor accident on an ice-covered street, I suppose it is a nervous reaction to the taking of life or the nearness of losing it. ## Where do you get the idea that fandom is less expensive than model railroading. I grant you that it is all the things you say, but by no stretch of the imagination is it any cheaper. If you check up on your expenses in fandom I think you'll find you could build a hell of a model railroading layout. I know that fandom is worth the money and is rewarding enough but my faith has been stretched sometimes when I've been low on cash.

FLABBERCON \* TOSKEY \* The waitress in the greasy spoon across from the Ft. Shelby didn't seem to care for having the convention across the street. I



went in for a cup of coffee one morning, without my badge, and overheard them talking about (I assume) their boss who was standing in the back of the restaurant. First waitress: Did you see how dressed up he was last night? 2nd waitress: Yeah, I wonder where the hell he went? 1st waitress: He probably went over to that Science Fiction Convention across the street. 2nd waitress: Yeah, he's queer enough to have gone someplace like that. ## This is an actual conversation that I heard on Monday morning. I guess this shows how a few people feel about sf fans and conventions in their vicinity. ## I think the main reason you didn't get any dirt on me is because you seemed to be more interested in Fran Light who you met at the same time you met me. Earl should have cleared up Fran's marital status for you so I won't bother to answer. Mainly I'm not too sure myself.

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP \* ALAN J. LEWIS \* What did Joe tell you? He didn't say anything to me about it. If it's a copy of JOE-JIM #1, I think I can help you out. There are one or two around here somewhere. If it is #2, I can't do anything for you. I mimeoed it on the day I left for the Solacon and assembled 25 which I took with me to L.A. All the rest were assembled by Joe and sent out. I got rid of all my copies rather than carry them back and found out I have just one file copy left. Maybe Joe explained this to you already, but if not, I hope I've given you the explanation you wanted.

SAP ROLLER \* JACK HARNESS \* N.C. I enjoyed it very much.

RETRO \* F. M. BUSBY \* Your comments on the Negro neighbors really strikes home here. Our neighborhood is on the verge of changing over from white to Negro. The color line is now about 7 blocks away, while it was 16 blocks away about six years ago. This moving of the line has thrown the whole neighborhood into a panic. The people feel that our neighborhood is the next in a long succession of neighborhoods that has changed from white to Negro overnight. Quite a few people that live around here have already moved from neighborhoods that have changed over. These people do not want to move again and so they are going to try to do something about it. ## They have formed a civic organization which purpose is to allow Negroes into the neighborhood on a quota basis. They feel that this is the best way to keep their homes and things they have built up in the neighborhood. The main thing that has caused neighborhoods to change over so rapidly has been the feeling among the whites that they will be the only ones left in the neighborhood. The group feels that the whites in the neighborhood will not move out in great numbers if they can be sure that they will not be inundated into a negro neighborhood. My own feelings are that the group is on the right track. So far the only integrated neighborhoods have been ones that were just in the process of changing. ## This will present no problem in our neighborhood if we can be sure that we will not be overrun and become a predominately Negro neighborhood. We have always been integrated. There is a group of Negro families that have lived a block and a half away from us for years. They were there when the rest of the people moved in and there has never been any trouble. I used to work at a news-agency with one of the boys in the family. We always got along fine. We traveled with the gang from our own block, but I know for a fact that he was accepted by the white boys in his own gang. This was integration even though it was on a small scale. I don't think that his younger brothers and sisters will find it as easy to be a part of the white group. I think that as the color line nears this neighborhood and the tension mounts that they will be forced to go to members of their own race for companionship. ## The whole thing is coming to a head just now. An old woman who hated her neighbors sold her house to colored and then called the police because she thought that her neighbors had found out and were trying to get her. Her house lies three blocks in from the color line. The neighbors went into a panic and all of them put up 'for sale' signs. Quick



action by the civic association got most of the signs taken down. The organization is now trying to get all the groups to agree to the quota plan. If they succeed they will probably take a step forward in the understanding between the two races. ## The organization faces quite a few obstacles. The biggest is the real estate dealers who make their fortunes off of what they charge. They specialize in buying one house on a block and then sell it to Negroes. When the neighbors panic they buy the rest of the houses up cheap and then turn around and sell them for a high price to Negroes. The reason they can do this is that very few Negroes can get mortgages. The real estate dealer does not care. He gets a few thousand down and sets high payments. The Negro, to meet the payments, must rent the house to more families. If he can't meet the payments he is thrown out and another buyer is found. There have been cases of the same home being sold 4 and 5 times in a single year. These merchants of panic belong to both races and make tremendous fortunes on the tensions between the two races. The organizations main effort has been to stop these dealers from panicing the neighborhood. ## The organization has been catching fire from both sides in the dispute. One group says that the organizations' aim is to keep out all Negroes from the neighborhood while another group says that the organization is a Communist front organization and all the church leaders and business men on it are tools of the communist party. The latter group will not come right out and say what they fear while the other group has not said anything about the organization's plan. ## The situation stands right there at the present time. If the organization succeeds we will continue to live here but if it fails we probably eventually will move to some other neighborhood. I hope that the organization succeeds, because I think it will bring more understanding than has been the case up to now.

FENDENIZEN \* ELINOR BUSBY \* I have already given my views on integration to Buz, above. The only other thing I have to say is that Greg Storm, though he may have the potential, will never be able to do anything with it. He is tied too much, emotionally, to the women to break away. This is based on what I know of him from the Solacon and the trip to it.

CREEP \* WALLY WEBER \* Not much here to comment on. I should know better from what Earl has told me but anyway, bring back Squinky Blog.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC \* RICHARD BROWN \* Enjoyed the story. Good luck in the Air Force.

THE BIBLE COLLECTOR \* WALT COSLET \* When you say professors, you must mean professors that are also priests. Professors, even if they are Catholic, get paid a very good salary, admittedly it is usually smaller than can be had at state schools. Your statement that they are not denied the use of anything they really want applies mostly to equipment that is used in the schools and living quarters. I've gone to Catholic schools for the first 18 years of my life and know about the priests that taught at my high school, they had everything they could ask for in the way of teaching equipment and living quarters, but had only ten dollars a month to buy incidentals such as cigarettes.

MAINE-IAC 18 \* ED COX \* I don't know exactly what information you want on smoking habits but I'll tell you mine anyhow. I smoke about a half a pack of Oasis a day. I smoke more if I'm typing something or if I'm taking a long trip in a car. On a recent trip to see Grennell I smoked two packs in the 16 hours the trip took. I think I smoke more when I'm driving because it is something to do besides looking ahead at the road all the time. ## I pretended to be at least tied for being the #1 Peanuts fan in Chicago fandom. Joe Sarno took this honor though, because I didn't have faith enough to buy the new hardcover Peanuts book. I really like Peanuts but not enough to put up the money for a hardcover that has reprints from the paperbacks in it too.



POT POURRI \* JOHN BERRY \* Enjoyed this very much. Too bad you didn't meet more SAPS and give us the lowdown on them.

MAINE-IAC 19 \* ED COX \* I agree with you that MCs are not the only thing possible in SAPS. I enjoy MCs but I enjoy a lot of things in fanzines besides them. Earl, I know, has had something to say on this earlier in this issue. I don't know what he said, because he wouldn't let me read his MCs until I finished mine. I know that he is against MCs to the exclusion of everything else and this is my stand too. I like fiction and articles and enjoy them as much as MCs.

PENCIL POINT \* DON FULANO de TAL \* N.C.

SPY RAY OF SAPS \* RICHARD ENEY \* I had the same type of experience with a TV commercial. I saw one of the few showings of a 7-Up commercial before the FBI had it pulled off the air. It involved this cartoon character named Freshup Freddy. I think he is an old Disney character, but I'm not sure. This commercial was a satirical interview of a glamorous type hollywood movie actress. The last line however got the FBI burned up. Freshup Freddy closed the interview with the line "and don't forget to see Bjo Loverley in her latest movie, I WAS A TEENAGE MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE FOR THE FBI. The FBI went to the agency that handled the account and told them there was a law preventing the ridiculing of the FBI in the entertainment media. The agency was forced to withdraw it. ## By the way, do the Freshup Freddy commercials find their way beyond Chicago. I know the agency is a local agency, but I don't know if 7-Up uses them elsewhere. I enjoy them tremendously and endure part of the local Dick Clark type program to see them. My own favorite is the one that uses the film clips from old silent movies. There are three or four scenes from old movies used but only two come to mind: One is a clip of a house burning down with people standing around, watching. The dialogue is, "Housewarming, get 7-Up." The other one, which I like better is the mob scene from Phantom of the Opera. You see the mob coming down the ramps and the leaders with their torches and determined looks starting to wade through the sewers. The dialogue is, "Unexpected guests, 7-Up will always please them."

BUMP \* DON DURWARD \* Interesting report of your trip. If you are in Chicago again, at least call up Earl or myself. Earl is better situated for entertaining than I am but I would like to see any SAPS who are passing through. The reason I can't do much entertaining is that I live a Ghodawful way out on the south side and live with my parents, who just tolerate this crazy Buck Rogers stuff.

S--- \* TERRY & MIRI CARR \* I agree with Miri about religion. I was raised a Catholic and went to Catholic grammar and high schools. In my senior year I decided I could not accept quite a bit of what had been taught to me. I am now an agnostic, with quite a few Christian tendencies. This, I think, is because quite a bit of what I was taught, I believed. The proof in school, that there was a God was something that I could accept but the proof that Jesus was the son of God and that the Catholic Church was His only church was not something that I could accept. Earl accuses me now and then of still being a Catholic, because I still hold quite a few of these teachings because they were things I could figure out for myself and believe in. ## This to Terry: I am a very poor speller, but this has nothing to do with my reading ability. In grammar and high school I was always a better than average reader and always had a high score on word meaning tests. I just couldn't spell. ((This I can testify to, I am typing the stencils, but still lots of them are getting by me.)) I could read a word and understand what it meant but if I was asked later to spell it, I usually couldn't do it. I really don't know why this is because if I read a word often enough I surely should be able to spell it too.



VONSET \* RAY SCHAFFER \* According to Nick Falasca, Galac-Ticks is a for-real type magazine. Nick says that it is done by some people that used to be around the Cleveland club for a few meetings about the time of the Cleveland convention. He said that the people who do it really believe what they say in the issues. The article done by Nick and Schultheis was apparently written only to see if they would print it. According to Nick, these people accepted the article as Gospel and told him that they were sending a representative to the Detention to contact him. Earl said that someone did contact Nick ((Helen Urban??)) from the group that publishes G-T though I don't know for sure. I don't know of any reason to discount Nick's statements unless it is he, publishing G-T and this I don't believe.

MRAOC \* LEE JACOBS \* Enjoyed Jovial Joe McFann and the breakdown of the mailing. It seems to me that it could be a little more balanced in regard to MCs but I'm not a member yet so I won't give my views on what the perfect balance would be.

IGNATZ \* NANCY SHARE \* N.C. I just couldn't find anything that I could comment on.

THE SPELEOBEM \* BRUCE PELZ \* DEE, \* First, I'll comment to Bruce. The cover could be better, reproduction wise, but the subject matter makes up for the repro. I agree with you about motorcycles. They are fine around here in Chicago, especially if you have to use the outer drive. There are rush-hour traffic jams about 10 blocks long every other day. It used to kill me to see a friend on his motorcycle weave his way by the stalled cars while I had to sit there for half an hour. The only drawback here is Winter; you'll either freeze to death or kill yourself on the ice. ## Keep up the fiction. The only thing that I have to go on is the 77 SAPSet Strip story but I enjoyed the ending, even if I missed the beginning. ## If you're interested in the song that goes "When I was a lad in 1906..." and other songs of this type, they can be found in The Socialist Song Book, 64 pages of Socialist type songs including a section of satire and another of traditional type folk songs. It is published by the Young People's Socialist League, 303 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. I bought mine from one of the members of the Chicago branch of the YPSL when they were selling them on the street in front of a Pete Seeger concert. It cost me 50¢ and I imagine that you could get a copy for the same price if you send the money to them. The mimeo work is very good. The only complaint I have with the book is that it was intended to be bound along the side, like normal, but when the time came to staple it they found the margins were too close to the paper-edge and had to staple in across the top. This makes for hell, reading through it. ## The elimination of Albuquerque wouldn't bother me one bit either. Earl wouldn't mind too, since it was his car that got sick there. On the way back from the Solacon the car gave out on the outskirts of town. After getting to a motel and leaving Nancy and the kids to dirty up the swimming pool we went looking for someone to repair it. The guy we found must have been one of the last great robbers of the Old West. After leaving the car in his care we went back to the motel and I went to sleep for 14 hours. When I woke up it was time to go back and pick up the car. We got to the repair shop with our luggage and were ready to leave when this guy tells us he can't get a part. He says he thinks he can have the car for us at 6:00 that evening (5 hours away). We decided to go into the main part of town and see what we could do to pass the time. The only thing apparently worthwhile was to go to a movie. The only thing playing that we had not seen before was The Vikings; we went to see it. It was a movie I could have done without. When we got back and got the car we left Albuquerque as fast as we could. We only stopped to eat, gas-up and Carrzine title (( )) from that point onward and we pulled into Chicago about 32 hours later with quite a few unpleasant memo-



ries of Albuquerque. ## Now on to Porque by Dee. I don't know if you really exist! Earl told me once that ((he thought)) you were really Bruce and then he changed ((?)) his mind. If that is your picture on the cover then you are for real. Like, WOW! ((!)). ## I don't have any check-marks on things to comment on but I do have a helpful little hint to pass on -- Instead of drinking Coca-Cola ((are you listening Juanita?)) use it to clean the rust off the chrome on your car. -- The hint above is the best and only use I have ever found for Coca-cola. If Coke would bottle it as such, they could probably sell more and it would be labeled for what it really is. ((I disclaim any responsibility for this statement. EK.))

BOG \* OTTO PFEIFER \* As you say, why should they retire a man just because he's been with the company 47 years? My big boss at work has been with the company for 47 years and is not planning to retire. In fact, he divorced his wife a year ago to marry a 32 year old woman who worked here. From the way he talks, he is still interested in all the things that a bridegroom should be interested in. ("Let's act with agility, while we still have ability.")

GIM TREE \* BJO WELLS \* Enjoyed the explanation of how you got the name for Gim Tree. The story you told was just wacky enough to have a ring of truth. Sounds like it was a great birthday party. ## The only thing in the mailing-- comments that I find I have something to say is on the subject of model railroading. Since my early teens I have been interested in HO railroading. I didn't have the money to finance a layout but I used to buy Model railroading every month. I lost whatever interest I had though, when I went to work for a real railroad. Working for a real railroad took all the adventure out of it. I could see what an inefficient mess the railroads were. The idea of working all day for them and then making a hobby of them just didn't appeal to me.

SPACEWARP \* ART RAPP \* I would just like to say that I enjoyed the fiction and poetry that you reprinted. The article on the significance of ESP tests was very interesting. Someday I'm going to find out if I have any ESP ability. I think Earl has already answered you about the chances of fans getting a tax deduction for attending a convention. My own opinion is that fandom, as it is now organized, will never qualify for a tax deduction and that the changes necessary to make it qualify will never be accepted by most fans.

OUTSIDERS \* WRAI BALLARD \* Your theory of life is the same as mine. Where I work they preach this every day at a safety meeting. They do get very put out though, when you put it into effect and it costs them some money for equipment. It always gets me that they keep telling us to report any injury no matter how small and then read you the riot act when you do report one.

SO ENDS the comments for this mailing. I really don't know what to think of them since I've never done anything on this order before. I think they will improve as I go along. So see you next mailing. Maybe as a member. . .  
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#### QUOTABLES:

I sent the following quote from Sheilah Graham's "Hollywood Chatter" column in the Chicago Daily News of November 18, 1959 to Robert Bloch:

"Janet Leigh has her shortest role in the Alfred Hitchcock "Psycho" thriller. She is killed by Anthony Perkins in the second reel."

and received this from Bob Bloch:

"As you can see, I'm still out here and in a small place of my own. Have finished the 2nd script and will probably do another...I have seen all the folks at Hitchcock except Hitch himself...it is being shot at Paramount."



# LIKE

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all the trichotomy  
of a subline  
but not the  
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## JERRY DEMUTH

CONTRIBUTES A FEW RETROSPECTIVE REMARKS REGARDING HIS PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL ARTICLE IN SAFARI LAST.

### A

### Z

### Z

((This article is appearing exactly as was submitted, in its entirety. The opinions and views expressed therein are exclusively those of the author and the editor/publisher assumes no responsibility of any sort for these remarks. Kindly address your replies directly to the author. E.K.))

IN MY REPORT ON THE PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL in the last issue of Safari, I said, "Since tenorist Bill Perkins and trombonist Jimmy Knepper left the organization, Kenton now finds himself without a decent soloist." And added, "Maybe in the future he might have to (if they want any part of him) hire a Negro." Earl footnoted this statement which evidently shocked him, saying that Candido had appeared with Stan and Nat Cole and Kenton had recorded together. But recording together -- Kenton and Cole are two of Capitol Records biggest artists and that they should be recorded together by the company's executives is natural -- recording together is entirely different than Kenton hiring Cole. And Candido may have been hired by Kenton -- but then how many white congo players are there. ((Jack Costanzo??))

Let's look at a few examples from Kenton's past. Except for Candido and a couple extremely light trumpet players, all of Kenton's sidemen -- and there have been hundreds -- have been white. Kenton exclusively featured white musicians again in his "Kenton Presents" jazz series on Capitol which incidently was a failure.

Kenton's own words have been even more revealing. Returning from his first European tour, he told Nat Hentoff, "It seems the Kenton band means more in Europe than any other band -- more than Basie, Duke, Dizzy all Negroes... It would appear that the reason is that we had taken Negro jazz and put it in European terms. The harmonic structure of Negro Jazz was not enough to satisfy Europeans... Our tour proved to Europeans that white musicians can play jazz, too."

But Kenton sounded even more racially snobbish in his telegram to Down Beat concerning the magazine's jazz critics poll in 1956. (Race prejudism had existed in the early days when Negroes were excluded almost totally from the winning positions but now, thankfully, musicians were picked on talent in the voters' opinions not race. But evidently Kenton favored the old days.) "JUST SAW YOUR FOURTH JAZZ CRITICS' POLL," he wired. "IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THERE IS A NEW MINORITY GROUP, 'WHITE JAZZ MUSICIANS.' THE ONLY THING I



Kenton had never questioned the polls when he was always in the top positions nor did he reply to the shocked statements from jazz critics and fans who couldn't believe that he would ever take such an anti-Negro stand.

Also the phrases Jamal tosses around are pure cliché -- there isn't an original thought behind any of them.

[illegible]

The big 20 - - 1962



Continuing the EDWARD WOOD-EARL KEMP INDEX OF PAPERBOUND SCIENCE-FANTASY

++ Installment III ++

PLEASE, if you can add any single piece of data to the index, write either:  
Edward Wood, 424 Macassar Drive, Pittsburgh 36, Pa.  
or Earl Kemp, 2019 N. Whipple Street, Chicago 47, Ill.

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*really!*  
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*interested*  
*could send*  
*you a*  
*card*



- Playground, The - from Esquire, Cotober, 1953  
 And the Rock Cried Out - from Manhunt, , 1953
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 Breaking Strain - from TWS, Dec., 1949 "Thirty Seconds-Thirty Days"  
 History Lesson - from Startling, May, 1949  
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- Everybody Loves Irving Bommer - from Fantastic Adv., August, 1951
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  - Snulbug - from Unknown, Dec., 1941, F&SF, May, 1953
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  - Secret of the House - from Galaxy, March, 1953, H. H. Holmes
  - Sriberdegibit - from Unknown, June, 1943, F&SF, March, 1954
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- Crowd, The - from DC &
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- 165 I, LIBERTINE - Frederick R. Ewing (Non-fantasy)  
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- 174 BIG BALL OF WAX, THE - Shepherd Mead  
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