

SAFARI

FEB - FAPA - 1965

4925 N. Washtenaw
Chicago, Illinois 60625

I have a strong dislike for deadwood, anywhere, any time. I consider myself to be just that as far as FAPA is concerned. Therefore, I ask that the membership accept this issue of SaFari as my official resignation, effective immediately after the mailing of the bundle following the bundle in which this resignation appears. It is with much sadness that I make this request of you; I will miss some of you painfully. It was a long, hard wait before I got in and, were circumstances different, I would love nothing better than to devote the attention to FAPA that it certainly deserves. The only honest thing is for me to move over and make room for some more worthy member.

Rigidly adhering to my non-MC position, I must say that the last mailing gave me many hours of enjoyment. Particularly Harry Warner and Buck and Juanita (and why were my two pages in Vandy not officially credited to me?), but most of all, I will miss Bill Rotsler.

In leaving the organization, I find that I have several important overdue debts to pay up first; some of them appear on the following pages. Overdue to Marlon Breen, because she asked for it, Sidney's one rational moment. To Hannes Bok, a portfolio of memories. To William Rotsler, a portfolio in payment for not having bought him the promised Margaritas at the Pacificon, an oversight I still hope to make right in the immediate future.

Topping off everything, somewhere near at hand, you should find a half-size miniature book about a curious policeman. I have had this

particular manuscript on hand for two years, just waiting for an occasion to publish it. It was conceived by a large helping of pulchritude that answers to Ann, who, sadly, doesn't dig fandom. It was written on assignment for a journalism course under the instructions to "write the dirtiest thing you can." The grade; A.

A lot of pain and eye-strain has gone into the cutting of these artwork stencils, the largest concentrated attempt I have ever made. I hope that they turn out half as well as the originals in order to do justice to the artists involved. If they do, it will be solely as a result of the tender, loving care of Juanita Coulson, with an assist from Buck, and, since I am finishing them at such a late date, I hope they arrive at the OE's in time for the February mailing.

You might say that my resignation from FAPA is only part of an overall picture of trying to find a little time where there has been absolutely none to spare in the past. Along with it, delivered separately, are my resignations from every branch of active fandom. This means from politics and from club attending on any regular basis. It does not mean a resignation from the whole magnificent farce we have. There are far too many people around our little cosmos that I love too much to lose. I will be around at the regionals and the Worldcons, and at occasional club meetings. Please don't misinterpret this; it is nothing more than a minor attempt at discovering some temporary breathing room. But for the time being, good-bye until we next meet.

by special request...

Sidney Coleman's Classic Complaint

A STORY TO BE ILLUSTRATED MAYBE

; This is a semicolon.

It is used to separate the halves of a compound sentence. Here is a compound sentence:

"This desire has no rationale behind it; it is as unthinking as the mythical one of lemmings to plunge themselves into the sea."

See how the semi-colon separates the halves of the compound sentence!

.



This is Leggett, Mead and Charvat.

They have written a Handbook for Writers. It is authoritative.

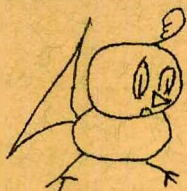
They say people who separate the halves of a compound sentence with a comma have committed the Comma Fault.

The Comma Fault is so horrible that they do not even mention it by name!

They call it 37x.

If you commit 37x too often they will send harpies after you.

THIS IS A
WATCHBIRD
HARPIE
WATCHING
YOU



This is a harpy.

#



This is Earl Kemp.

He is evil.

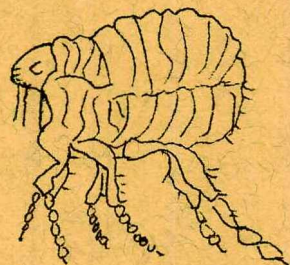
(You can tell he is evil; he has downward-slanting eyes.)

He hates everything that is good and true and beautiful.

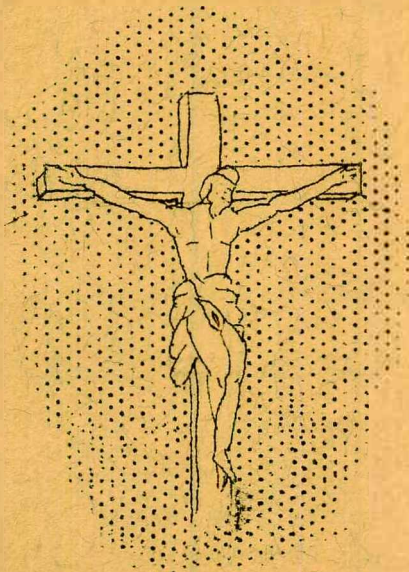
Earl Kemp DESPISES semi-colons.

He has committed 37x so many times that he has harpies like some people have fleas.

This is another view of
Earl Kemp.



#



This is Sidney Coleman.

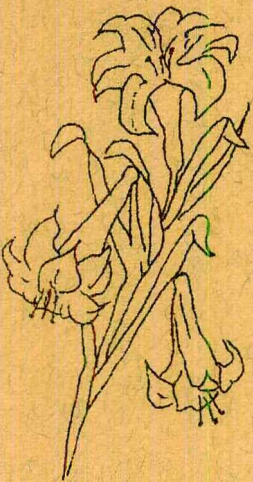
He is good and true and beautiful.

As a matter of fact, he looks just like
a semi-colon.



He would sooner join the N3F than commit 37x.

He also does at least two drafts of everything he writes.



He says he does this "to correct minor infelicities of style."

Whenever he says this his eyes go misty and he thinks of James Branch Cabell and Oscar Wilde.

Maybe he is queer.

#

Earl Kemp HATES Sidney Coleman.

Once he got Sidney Coleman to write a letter for him.

Normally, Sidney Coleman does not do anything for Earl Kemp, because

Sidney Coleman is pure  and Earl Kemp is evil.

But this time was special. This time was for a good cause.



This time was to help squash a man who was not only evil but stupid.

Also ugly.

He is so horrible that we do not mention him by name! We call him 99z.

99z has fleas like Earl Kemp has harpies.

#

WHAT-ME WORRY?

The letter was Sidney Coleman's masterwork.

He took three drafts to write it.

When it was done, it had semi-colons like some people have harpies.

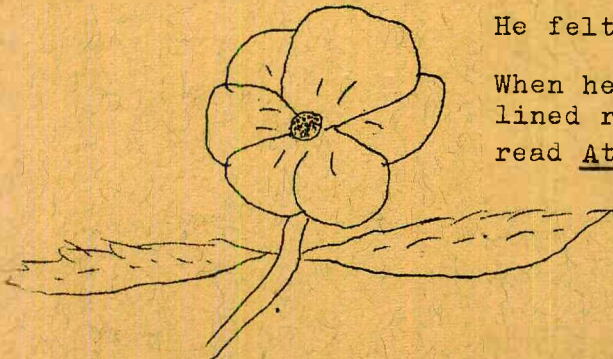
When he was done, he felt so good he called Earl Kemp hypocrite lecteur.

He felt like Voltaire, only wittier.

When he came home, he locked himself in his cork lined room with a bottle of green chartreuse and read Attitudes Towards History through three times!

He must be queer.

#



When Earl Kemp got his hands on Sidney Coleman's letter, he laughed for twenty-four hours.

He laughed like an irresponsible foetus.

When he was done he put Sidney Coleman's letter on stencil.

He put the first draft on stencil.

He left out all the semi-colons but one.



He left that one in to increase the torment.

He is subtle and cruel.

This is the Marquis de Sade.

Earl Kemp is so nasty he makes him look like Mary Worth.

When he was done, he felt so good that he spent the rest of the day pulling wings off harpies.

#

When Sidney Coleman saw what Earl Kemp had done to his letter, he said things we can not write here.

To write them would be 63r.

He told Earl Kemp, "You have set a vulture at my liver."

Maybe he is only stupid.

#

Whenever Earl Kemp does something like this, Sidney Coleman chews his right forefinger.

He now has the largest callous in the Western hemisphere.

If you buy him a drink he will show it to you.

It is a good thing he does not know what Earl Kemp is going to do next.

He is going to introduce subtle misspellings in Sidney Coleman's next story.

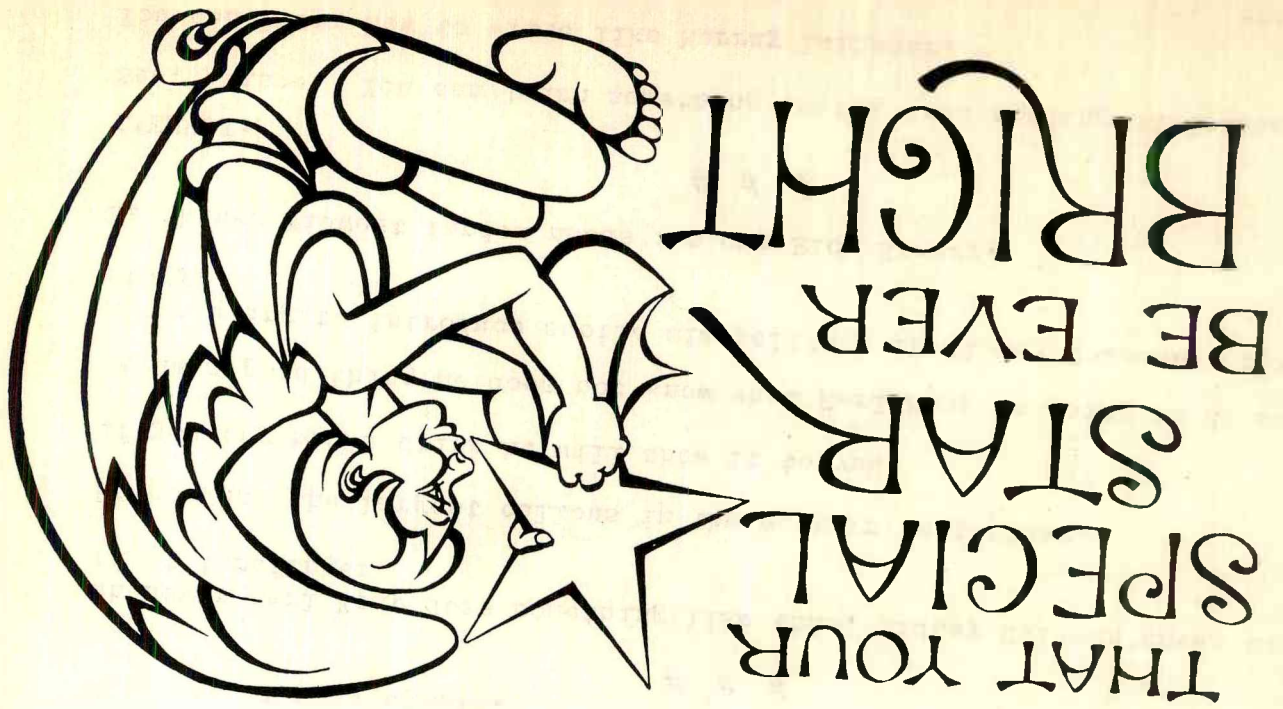
He thinks Midwest fandom needs its own Rick Sneary.

#

L'ENVOI:

See, Prince. You can learn something useful from reading SAPSazines.

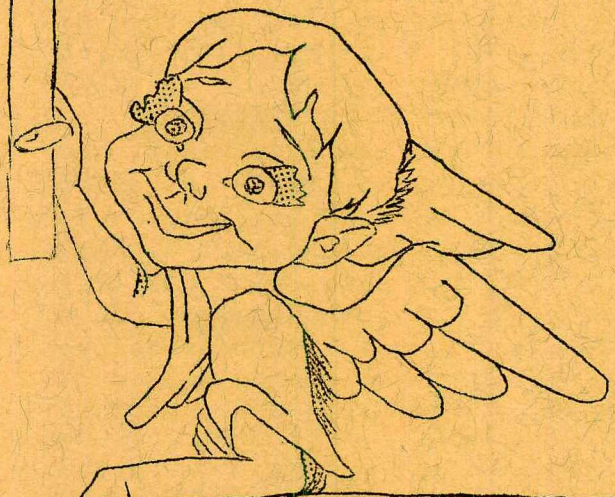
You can learn how to write like Murray Leinster.



CHRISTMAS - 1964

This card has been issued in memory of the artist, Hannes Bok, and with the thought that he wouldn't like Christmas without a Bok card.

HAN
NES
BOK



A FINAL
PORTFOLIO



ADIOS ABNER

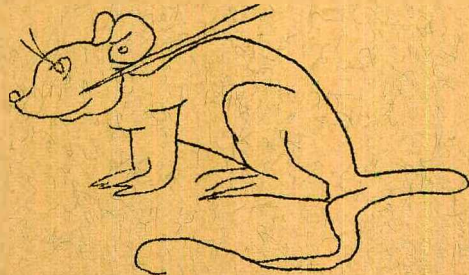
HANNES BOK was a special friend. He was the one person who had to be visited to make any trip to New York City complete for me. He was the only person for whom I have made special trips to Manhattan just to be with, however briefly. He has met me at Grand Central and taken me on harrowing subway rides at rush hour, jumping precariously from one train to another. He has led me past the public library and on to rare goodies hunts through obscure bookstores. He has been responsible for my finding out-of-way restaurants worth keeping. He has spent many hours trying to convince me that he could tell my future, or sketching Nancy or one of the kids for some never to be painting.

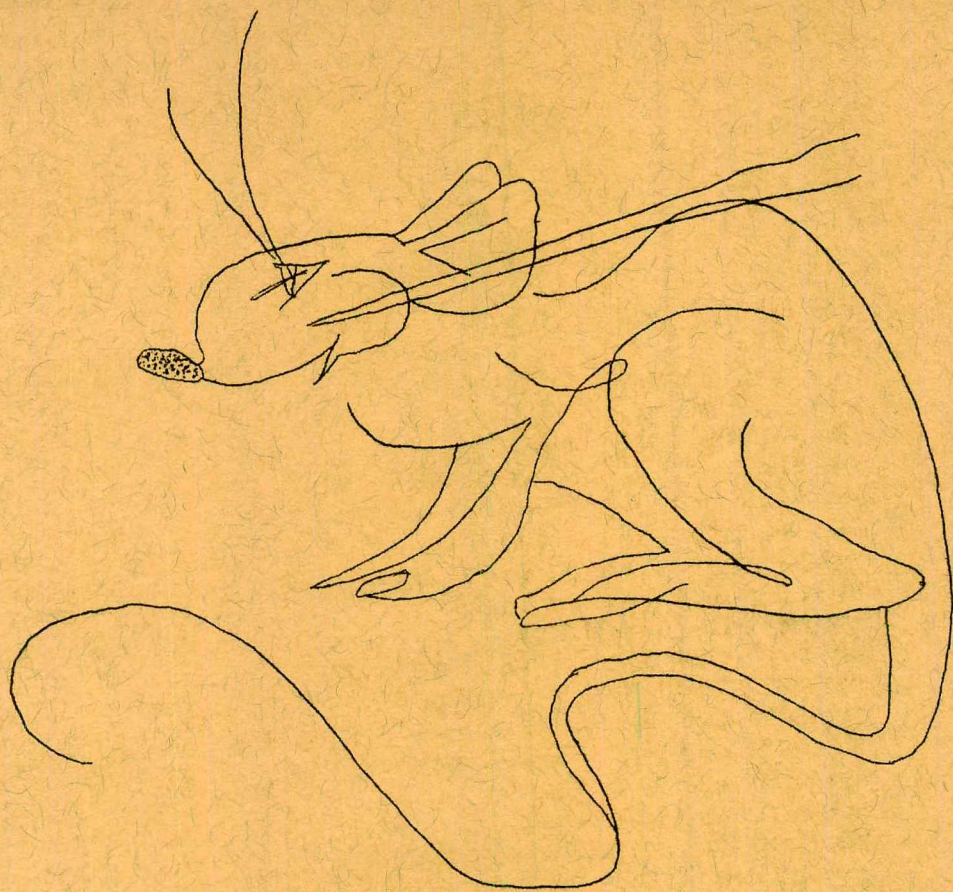
The last day, the last visit, was something special, too. A quiet visit, that Saturday in April. As usual I dropped in unexpected, hoping to drag him away with me for lunch and a preview matinee of a Bikel musical that flopped before opening. Instead, Hannes wanted to talk and finish up some routine household type chores. We sat around and I admired his newest mouse artifacts and looked for Abner, his housemouse while drinking his foul concoction of potent coffee and drooling over some Rubaiyat land-

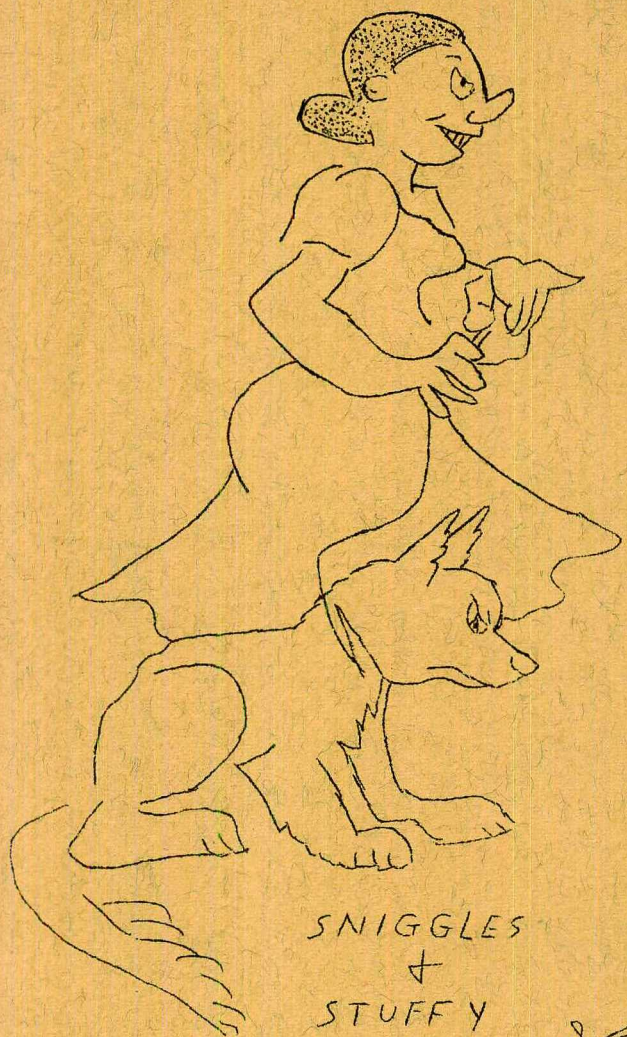
scapes, new since my last visit, and haggling over their prices. Hannes was endlessly chain-smoking my cigarettes in desperate fashion. We went out for a walk to see how much the neighborhood had changed, around to the post office to pick up his mail and on to the grocery for a few staples. Then back through the playground where some kids were playing ball where we stopped long enough to dissect the outline of the building where Hannes lived, visible from our vantage point, then on to the Chinese hand laundry to pick up his wash and visit with the aging, enormous, gray tomcat. And back to his apartment where a lady was expected momentarily for a reading. We said good-bye and I left, just making that Bikel performance, never realizing that I had made my last good-bye to a dear friend.

I have been back to New York City since then, but it is not the same. The compelling urge to rush down to 119th Street is oddly missing. I cannot help but feel that something else will always be missing, now. Please, new tenants, whoever you are, feed Abner, cherish him, love him, for both Hannes and myself.

The artwork in this portfolio is representative samples of the decorations with which Hannes adorned his letters, augmented with some tracings from three of his traditional Christmas cards.



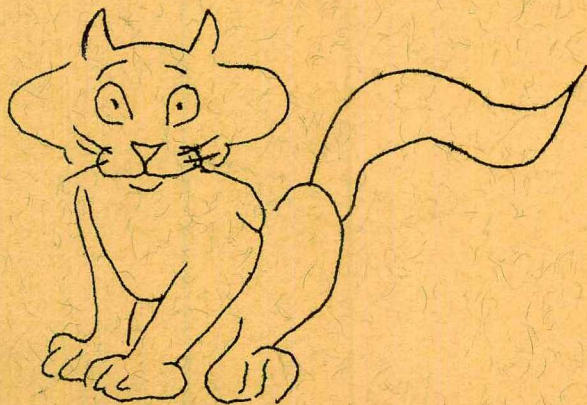
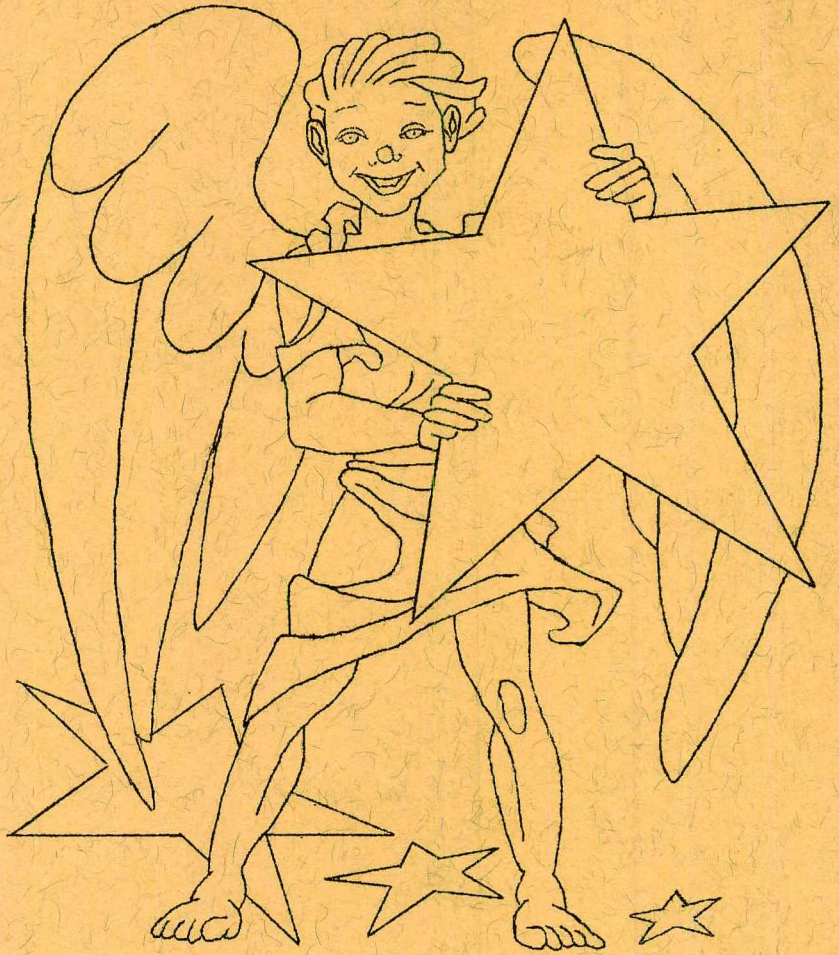


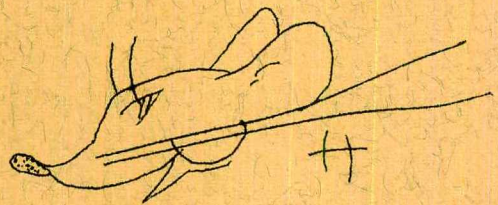
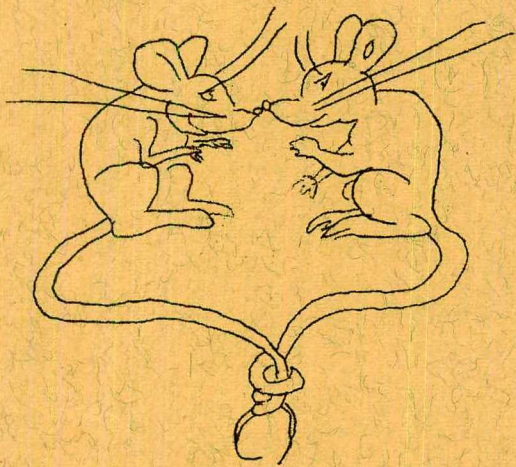
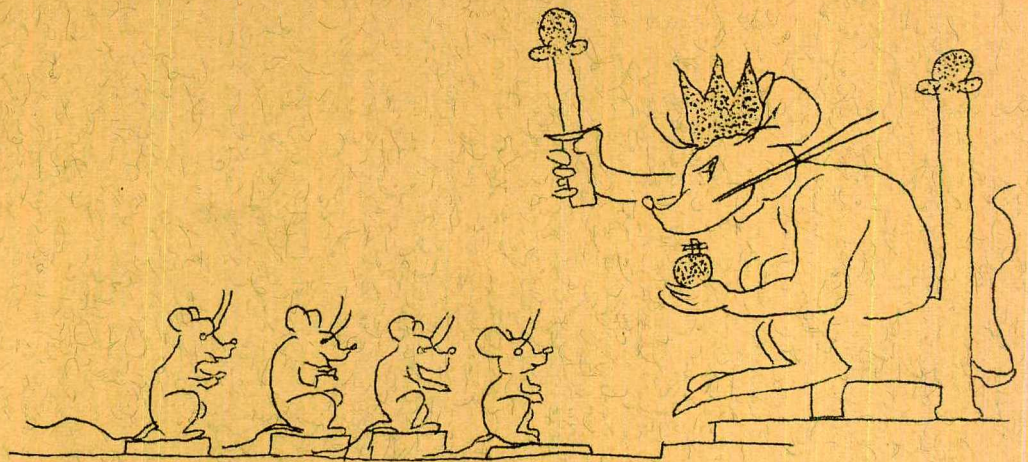


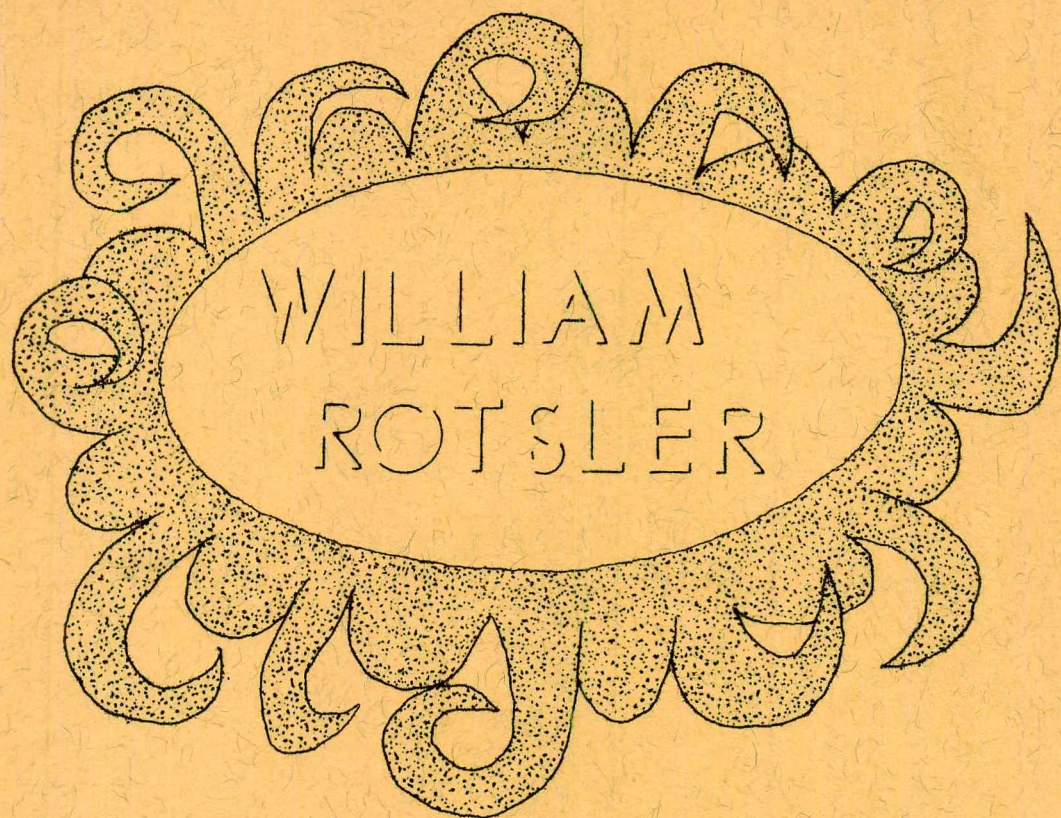
SNIGGLES
+
STUFFY



SCHMANGLE
+
POODLE

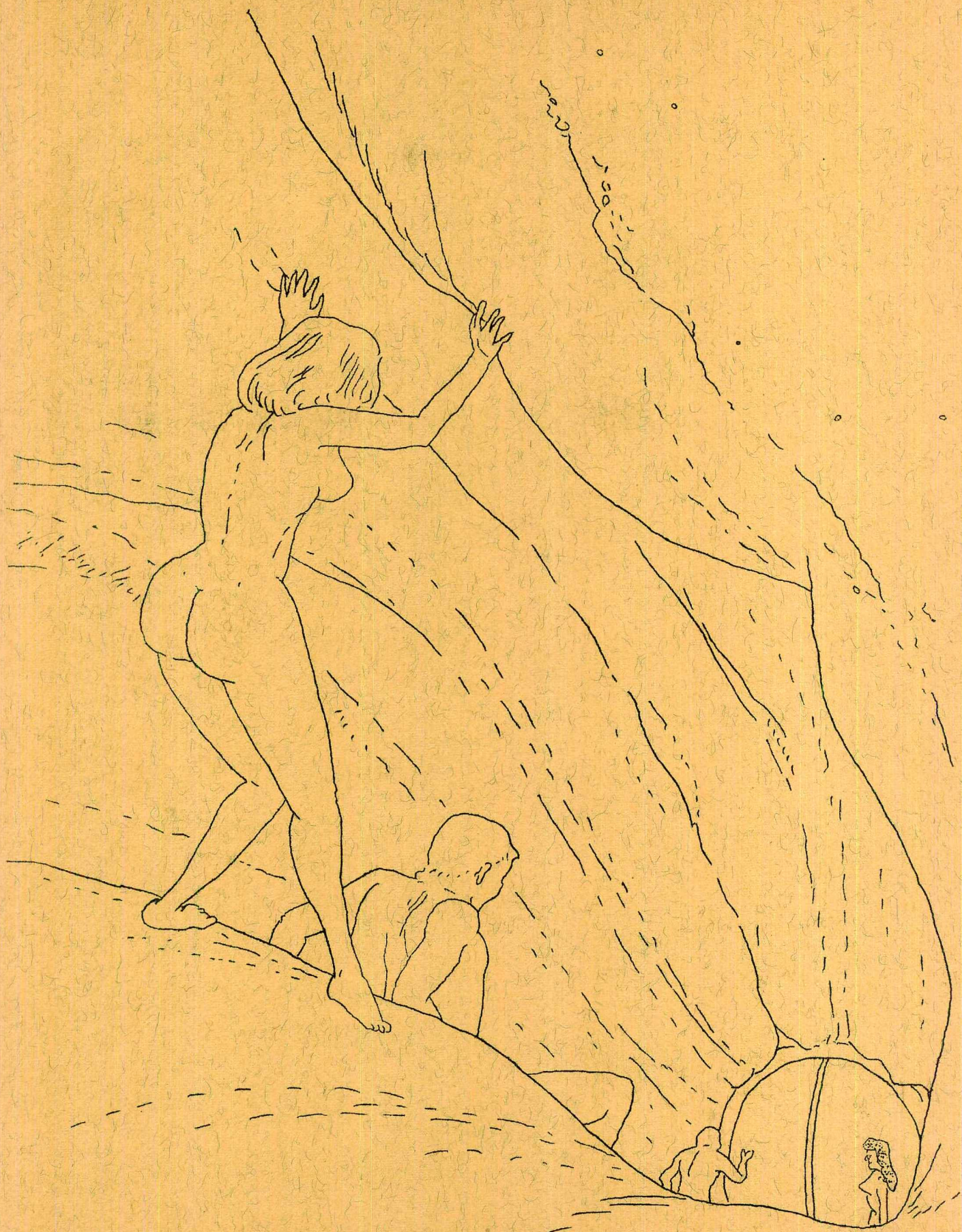




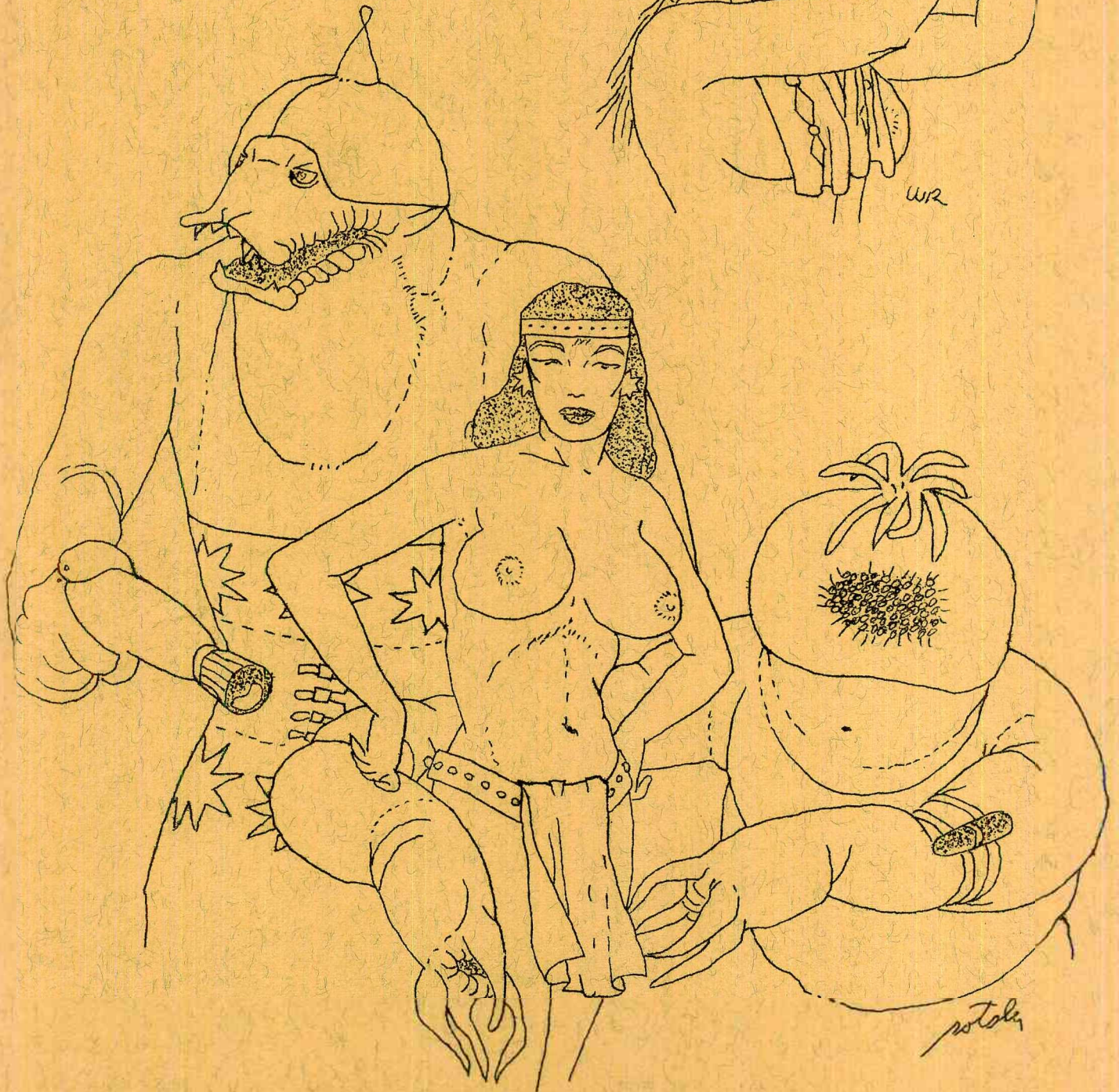


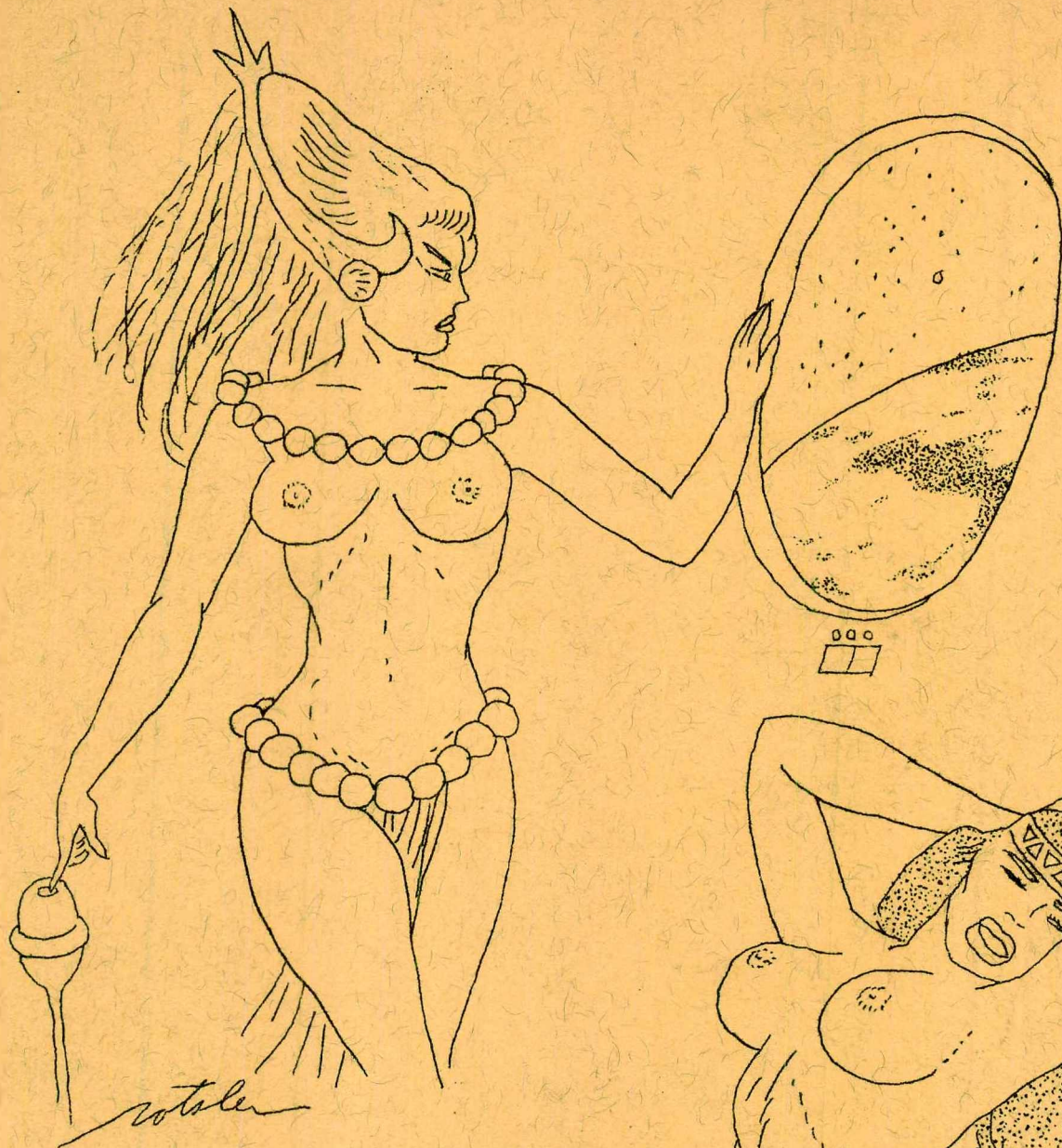
appre
n
oitai c

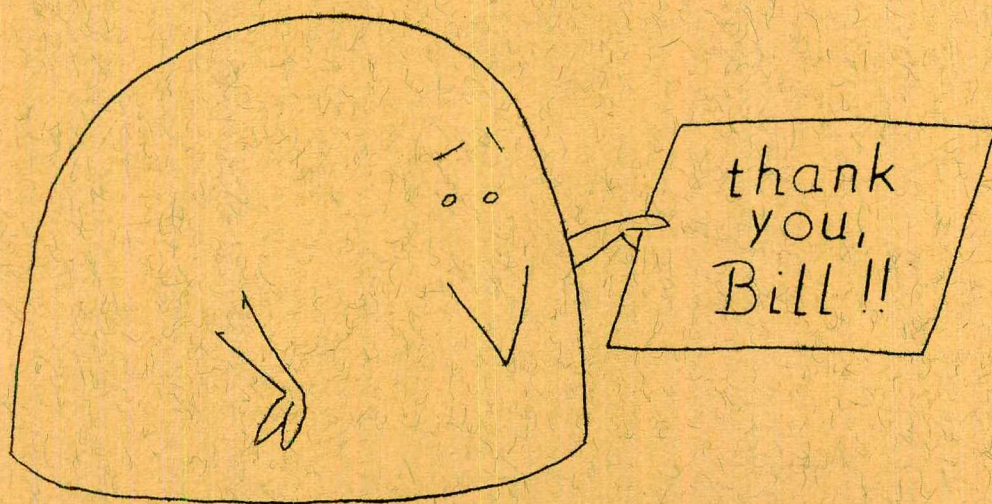












now available

THE ISSUE AT HAND, by William Atheling, Jr. (pseudonym of James Blish). Critical discussion of the American science fiction magazines from 1952 to 1963, with particular emphasis on the essentials of good writing and editing. Cloth only; \$5.00

THE EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM, by Robert Bloch, with an introduction by Wilson Tucker. Selections from 25 years of writing about science fiction and the sometimes odd people who produce and read it. A variety of fact and fiction, humor and social criticism, with special emphasis on the science fiction fans and their amateur magazines. Cloth, \$5.00; Paper, \$1.95

THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL, edited by the Advent staff. Introduction by Basil Davenport, with widely ranging essays by Robert A. Heinlein, C. M. Kornbluth, Alfred Bester, and Robert Bloch, on the role of science fiction as social criticism. Based on a series of lectures delivered at the University of Chicago. Cloth, \$3.50; Paper, \$1.95

THE PROCEEDINGS: 21st World Science Fiction Convention, edited by Richard Eney. The complete transcript of all the speeches and discussions on the program of the 1963 convention in Washington, with behind the scenes highlights, the business meeting, and the new Constitution and By-Laws. Profusely illustrated with photographs by Klein. Paper only, \$3.50

OF WORLDS BEYOND, edited by Lloyd Arthur Eshbach. Essays on the art of science fiction writing, by Robert A. Heinlein, John Taine, Jack Williamson, A. E. van Vogt, E. E. Smith, Ph.D., and John W. Campbell. A re-issue of the Fantasy Press collector's item that has been long out of print. Cloth, \$3.50; paper, \$1.95

A PORTFOLIO, by Frank Kelly Freas. Reproductions of artwork by Freas, winner of the Hugo award for best s-f artist. Sixteen black and white drawings, 8½ x 11, on fine paper suitable for framing. With autobiographical sketch and photograph of the artist. Paper only, \$1.50

THE PROCEEDINGS: 20th World Science Fiction Convention, edited by Earl Kemp. Complete transcript of the program of the 1962 convention in Chicago, with behind the scenes highlights and the business meeting. Profusely illustrated with photographs from many sources. Paper only, \$3.50

A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING, by Alva Rogers, with editorial comments by Harry Bates, F. Orlin Tremaine, and John W. Campbell. A nostalgic history of Astounding Science Fiction magazine from its birth in 1930 up to its metamorphosis into Analog in 1960. A penetrating analysis of the pulp era in all its garish glory. A run-away best-seller with rave comments by science fiction professionals. Cloth only, \$6.00

In preparation; Do Not Order:

A FAN HISTORY, by Harry Warner, Jr. In two volumes. No date, no price.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY, by Donald Tuck. In at least three volumes. No date, no price.

ADVENT

POST OFFICE BOX 9228
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60690

