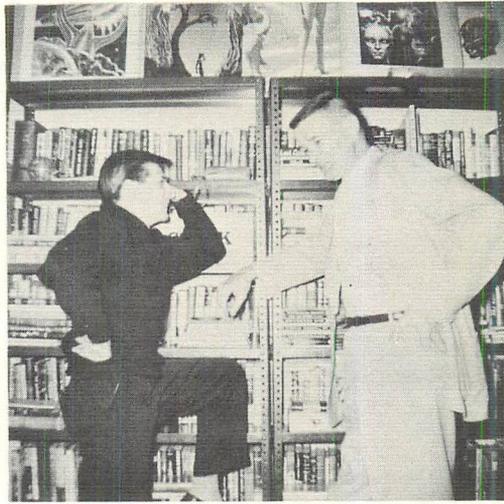




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Safari

SAPS No. 48

July, 1959



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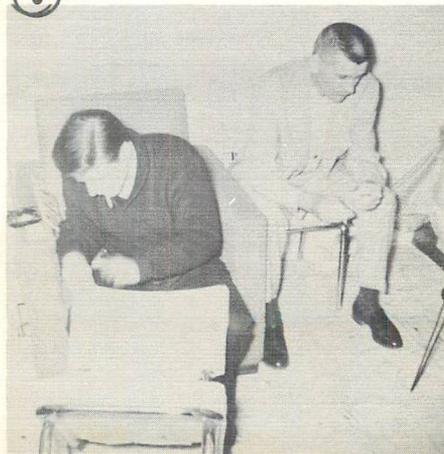
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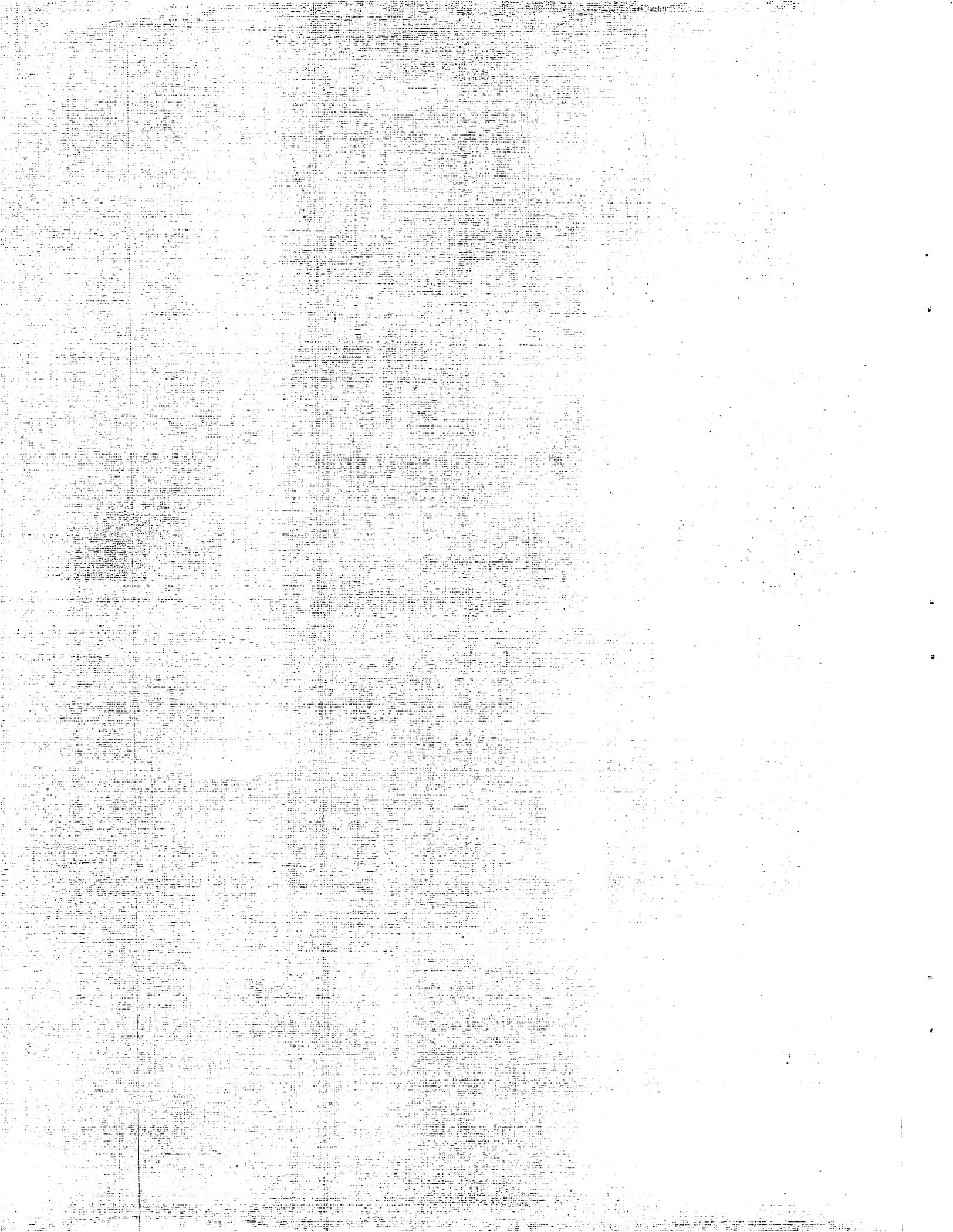
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SAFARI

NUMBER TWO, published July 15, 1959 for SAPS #47

is edited by Earl Kemp and published with more than the normal amount of assistance on the part of Jim O'Meara and Nancy Kemp. This issue, like the first, will have the bulk of its pages duplicated on the JOE-JIM mimeograph, courtesy of Joe Sarno (See cover, picture 11.) and the above mentioned Jim O'Meara who is doing the bulk of the crank turning.

SaFari is NOT for sale. Outside SAPS it serves as a letter-substitute to my long suffering friends.

ABOUT THE COVER: By now you have all heard about Robert Bloch's new novel PSYCHO (Simon & Schuster, Inner Sanctum, 185 pp, \$2.95) and the fact that it has been purchased by Alfred Hitchcock (through MCA) for his next motion picture. To celebrate the occasion, and with the added event of having Bloch in Chicago anyway, we decided to have a small type party (details further on by Bloch and Tucker.) with the difference that Bloch and Tucker do the inviting in as far as possible, and we furnish the bottles. Some of the results are on the cover:

1. NO, No more autographs please! Wilson Tucker and Bob Bloch embrace a couple of old friends, Jim Beam and I. W. Harper.
2. Harlan Ellison and Wilson Tucker plus books, etc.
3. Bob Bloch, Frances Light (on SAPS WL) plus stovepipes, glasses, etc.
4. Barefoot Fern Tucker and Elsie Janda glance admiringly at Wilson, just out of camera range.
5. Bob Bloch swapping symptoms with Dr. Rosemary Becker.
6. Nancy and Charlotte Ellison discuss the pitfalls of marriage.
7. Nancy again, with her pitfall, yours truly, beard and all.
8. Harlan puts some new Jazz records on the hi-fi and - -
9. Makes like a bongo on the chair-back while Wilson listens to the sound of distant drummers.
10. Harlan demonstrates a joke for Bloch with Charlotte chortling behind.
11. Wilson autographs an assembly line of books as Joe Sarno passes them along to me, who will someday restore them to their proper position on the shelves.

It WAS a swell party, at least they tell me it was!

THIS IS REALLY A SUBSTITUTE SaFari: The summer slump, plus Fran Light's big party, and the Bloch-Tucker lost weekend have pushed aside the best laid plans of Saps and men. Consequently this issue will be minus the Paperback index installment for AVON titles, as I just don't have time to cut the stencils and run them off. Also I have completely abandoned any attempt at completing IN SEARCH OF BALBOA. The details are slipping far, far away.

THE INDEX will, however, continue in the next issue.

Provided, of course, there are not too many wild parties in the meantime.

MUSIC

In Phil-a-del-phia
On a recent date,
A Mr. Freeman sat down
At the eighty--eight...
HOOPLE ADDLE

I was young and the noise was horrible. It was music! It is still music to people who think of it as such. I had just passed the twelve-year mark when the realization came that there was something beyond "The Grand 'Ole Opery" as far as music was concerned. That instruments other than a Jews Harp, a Guitar, a Harmonica and an old earthen jug were quite capable of rendering pleasant sounds. With these thoughts came the urge to free myself from a monster, a radio station named "Nashville" that blanketed the south with asinine 'folk & hillbilly' music throughout the waking hours (5:00AM to 7:30PM).

A radio then served three purposes: 1. To listen to "The Grand 'Ole Opery." 2. To listen to baseball games (one a week, in season) or (championship) fights or 3. To get the weather forecast. There was nothing else "worth listening to." To me, when these things were compulsory, it was the extreme form of punishment to feel that there was more beyond this barrier, ecstasies waiting to be heard, or created or enjoyed, as the case may be.

I know, of course, that there are people who enjoy this type of music. Elsewise it would have no market, but it holds nothing but contempt for me, mirroring my feelings.

I ran from this 'music' and found in its place MUSIC, all caps. I discovered first the old dance band of Stan Kenton, way back when he recorded for Decca. I found too that when I was thirteen I could start music instruction in high school. Few things have been enjoyed as much as were those four happy years. Four years in which I ran the gamut of reed instruments-- years that did not make me a musician, but taught me instead, an appreciation for music that I would not have otherwise acquired. From this I learned the beat, the emotional 'feel,' the language. I experienced the elation or dejection--all the things that the composer had intended to convey. This era, I feel was my general education period in music.

Located just outside the city limits of my hometown was a little wooden frame church. It was a Negro Holiness Church, undoubtedly the noisiest of denominations. It was here that I gained an insight into negro religious hymns. Songs that I have later recognized from dance floors and night clubs from the Gulf to the Hudson. You could sit outside the church on Sunday -- across the dirt road, kicking up little whirls of dust -- and listen to the music. Imagine this if you can, magnified by the sincerity of the worshipers:

The beat was solid man, crazy - like gone! Listen! You can hear it now. The shrill soprano voices, with none too clear diction, shouting, "Oh, O, O, O, yes Lord," over and over. The milder male voices pushing "I believe!" over and over from the bottom of their heart. And the orchestra, superb: the solid piano, the frantic traps and the ambitious steel guitar.

Mix it up well, you have all the ingredients. Now let each member of the congregated keep the tempo going by clapping their hands and stamping

their feet, and sit back and watch the church building rock and roll (Literal term, not a contemporary music category.) for thirty solid minutes.

They were singing hymns, but it was the jazz beat that reached my ears.

I feel that this representation of southern Negro music contributed to a fuller appreciation of the blues on my part. Running the full course to date, from Bessie Smith, Ethel Waters, Mildred Bailey, Billy Holiday to Sarah, over and over again, Sarah, Sarah!

Among the things to which I was introduced during my fourteenth year were the classics. As well as a few other interesting pastimes and parlor athletics. I discovered for instance, that I could walk into a liquor store, unacosted and purchase liquid refreshments, being even then ancient and disipated. There were, at the time, many nights of P.M. slightly diluted with grapefruit juice and Prokofiev; I could at one time, recite Peter and the Wolf to the background music. I cried when he died, Prokofiev, not the wolf. There were too the experimental martinis and Khatchaturian. The first samples of Guinness' Stout and Tschaikowsky. We infants-of-the-experimental-classical-music-group felt at the time that the classics were more appreciated when mixed with something that had mellowed with age. Even today they are not as intoxicating as is Ravel's "Bolero," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and never as exciting as Offenbach's "Gaité Parisienne."

Fortunately for me, this disipation period was a short one and it left me schooled with a major in the classics and a minor in Jack Daniels. And with a keen appreciation of the opera -- Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungs," the haunting "Tristan and Isolde," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'Or," Massenet's "Manon" and Bizet's "Carmen." As well as an irrevocable conviction that Rise will never equal the performance on the latter that was recorded by Gladys.

Entering the year fifteen, and the senior year of high school also meant entering the gad-about-jitterbug era for me. There were trips to follow the great Satchmo as he toured the south, playing his private brand of music. My parents, more than I would like to recall, threatened to disown me if I insisted in attending these affairs. I say affairs because they could hardly be called concerts, and never would the name dance be appropriate.

You must remember this was before the days of the mighty Petrillo, before the musicians union put a damper on one's natural talents. Where the musician, under the influence of prolonged playing, several different external substances taken internally, surrounded by a fog of cigarette smoke, could play for himself, and himself alone. Who cared if there was a tune or not, definitely not I, because the music heard was simply the greatest. A pity it couldn't be successfully recorded, but for some reason atmosphere won't stick to wax.

One night I remember more vividly than the rest, at 12:00 midnight, Louis and the boys played "12 O'clock Boogie," at 1:00 AM they played "1:00 O'clock Jump," at 2:00 AM they played "2:00 O'clock Jump." They were still going strong when I left.

There were other names that I remember too, like Billy Eckstein, the band leader--later to be known as a crooner, like Louis Jordan and his old Tympany Five.

There were other little jazz combos in my background too that you have never heard of, nor is it likely that you will. Like Richard Marks' "Twilighters." They were really solid, in a cut-rate fashion. I took my jitterbug lessons, barefoot, on a floor slicker than polished glass, listening to them: "Summit Ridge Drive." And much later, "House of Blue Lights" or "Hoodle Addle."

It was then the year sixteen, and school was through with me. I left then, absconding to Chicago, to seek a fortune and a fame that still lies hidden. Me with clothes, baggage, more clothes, records, books, magazines, typewriter and phonograph. First night here I turned the phonograph on and burned the guts out; an AC machine in a DC hotel. Music: it was here waiting

for me! Nights at the Old Blue Note, Sarah, is anyone better? Dizzy, complete with leopard skins and trumpet. Art Tatum, the great Mr. G and more. And many, many times Kenton, k e n And the money was gone! After a short trip to a long hock shop I returned to the solid (non-musical term) south for more loot. After working a few months or so, I decided to give Chicago another chance to discover me. That time I stuck it out, still waiting to be discovered.

But there has been more music, much more. Take the summer for instance. Any summer! You can lie in the grass, in the fading light. You can count the lights as they go on, one by one, composing the monstrous skyline of Chicago. And over it all swells the strains of the Grant Park Symphony Orchestra, the tunes of the greatest composers, the greatest talents available.

I consider the Kenton of 1950 as my musical ideal. At one time I tried to complete my library of Kenton sides. I stopped when I had 70 sides, I thought I was getting close--then I looked through a collectors catalog and found some 300 Kenton sides available.

Lately, of course, The Music from Peter Gunn and it's TV imitators have become increasingly more fascinating to me. My taste turns to a strange mixture of experimental (both classical and jazz) and dixieland. By far the largest portion of our records are devoted to dixieland. Chicago style jazz is well represented. If it's popular, we don't want any. . .

Be sure to stop by when you're in the neighborhood (A little advance warning, please!) and we'll be delighted to blast your ears out for you, and add a running commentary over the music for no extra charge.

As most of you know, for lo these many years now, Nancy and I have given up our Blue Noting and turned over another page in favor of infant education. But we do still play the records, or even buy one on provocation. But one thing is certain, at most any time, in this house, there is music of sorts, and occasional TV noises. But not one damn reminder of "The Grand 'Ole Opey!"

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U N S O L I C I T E D T E S T I M O N I A L

Many years ago, I purchased a book from Howard DeVore called "A HANDBOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY"! This has been, and is, the single most valuable book that I have ever added to my collection. Much too shortly, it went out of print and unavailable. Now, the original compiler and publisher, Donald H. Tuck, of Lindisfarne, Tasmania has published a 2nd edition, revised, in two volumes, 396 pages of 8½ x 14 size. This edition, like the first, is extremely limited. I urge you to rush your order now, to:

Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel Street, Dearborn, Michigan.

Howard is the exclusive American distributor for this 2 volume set. I am not sure of the price (although I have my copies) but I think it is something like \$6.75 for the set. And even if it is more, it is worth it. It takes 3 months to get copies here, they are currently on sale from Howard, Ken Slater in Wisbech, Ken Chapman in London, D. Cohen in Sydney as well as direct from Tuck in Tasmania. But I must emphasize, with world coverage like this, poring out such a limited edition, there is no time to delay. At least drop Howard a note and reserve your copy.

I cannot praise the book enough, I can only repeat that I have found it to be the single most valuable book in my possession. The second edition arrived just in time to replace the dog-eared, much used old copy.

Donald H. Tuck is deserving of the highest award fandom can offer for his services to the field. Don't wait until it's too late to get your copy.

MCS

DEAR FRIENDS OF FANDOM:

Regarding the SAPS # 47 Mailing

Nancy and I leave on vacation the 16th of this month, barring no unforeseen difficulties. Consequently the mailing will arrive while we are away. Because of the fact that time is crowding us right now, I had originally decided to forego any MCS, but several items demanded comment, and rather than attempt to catch up with them at a latter date, I would like to say to:

BJO WELLS: Gim Tree #1. Your double-cover bit was absolutely delightful, I hope you can maintain this pace indefinitely. The use of color, plus the thematic matter blended perfectly. Your first issue, to me, was the single high point of the whole mailing. By the way Bjo, would you help me pass the word along, "Bjo for TAFF"?

OTTO PFEIFER: BOG #9. liked your back-cover very much, lousy repro and all.

BOB LEMAN: Nematode. Hope you find your Titus Groan. And while we're about it, do you know who has my copy of Doomsday Morning? I almost returned your coupon, but damned if I'll deface a fanzine. Loose coupons maybe, but built-in ones, never.

JOHN BERRY: Pot Pourri. Bring the Goon to Detroit. John, I suppose you have heard by now that BHH twisted my arm into making the supreme sacrifice of offering my beard for the fund auction (Take your last look at it in picture number 7 on the front cover).

BURNETT R. TOSKEY: Flabbergasting. It amazes me, confess - - how can you find time to put out such an impressive issue. I don't even get to sleep between parties and frantic fanactivity, much less cut a stencil or two. Not to mention running off titles in color yet. I hate to cut titles, because I've had no mimeo experience, illos leave me completely at a loss. Garcone's pic of me was pretty close, just that the patch was on the wrong eye, and the beard wasn't bushy enough.

MIRIAM AND TERRY CARR: S---. Greetings! yourselves. (One "l" in Merrill). Your patience and skill at putting illos on-stencil deserves admiration. The Atoms, front and back, came over BIG on my copy. Keep up the good work!!

NORM WANSBOROUGH: Soqoth the SAP. WHY?

F. M. BUSBY: Retromingent #12. As you can see by my beard, I completed the threat made in SaFari #1 to re-grow it. The perils and jibes were the same, but somehow they rolled off the old back easier.

NO MORE MCS!!

I wanted to reserve just a little room down here to thank the people who wrote all the nice letters regarding SaFari #1, and/or the Paperback Index, Anna and Len Moffatt, Eva Firestone, Donald A. Wollheim, Nan Gerding, Jon Stopa, Tony Boucher, Robert E. Briney, Ed Wood, Louie Grant, Sidney Coleman, and all those whose letters have been temporarily misplaced. I will attempt to take your suggestions to heart and act upon them accordingly.

And some parting words, BRING THE GOON TO DETROIT, send money, ca\$h like, to: Nick Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio.

BJO WELLS FOR TAFF! BJO WELLS FOR TAFF! BJO WELLS FOR TAFF!!!!!!!!!!!!

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R.

is a Chicago fan of considerable note. He has attended a goodly number of conventions and conferences, and everywhere he goes, he puns. Or jokes. But the puns are by far the worst things ever to accost your ears. We find though, that we love him, despite all his puns. He is generous to a fault, usually a gentleman, and always willing to work for a worthy fancause.

After reading Bloch's "The Trouble With Wallpaper," in SaFari #1, he submitted the following list of signs for the walls of eminent pros and fans:

- Campbell should have "Thing!"
- For Dikty, how about "Thin!"
- Belle Deitz would go for "Inc."
- Willy Ley's sign says "Skink!"
- Venture has up "Sin!"
- Asimov's should be "Zinc!"
- Bloch's own, of course, is "Thinch!"
- And Moskowitz' "Din!"

- Gernsback's reads "Hugo's There"
- Matheson's is just "Be Were"
- "What is home without a mother?"
- for Calvin Beck, it fits no other.
- The Kuttner's had "Duet now!"
- While damon knight's, no doubt, is "Row!"

AS A FINAL INSULT TO INJURY, LOUIE WRITES:

By the way, of course you know that a Safari is an expedition, and expedition comes from Latin; ex, meaning out, and peditum, meaning a breaking of wind.

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BUT THEN FANDOM ITSELF IS A LOT OF HOT AIR!

and speaking of hot air, isn't it about time for you to join the DETROIT CONVENTION?

Send your \$2.00 to James Broderick, Treasurer, 17th World Science Fiction Convention, 12011 Kilbourne Street, Detroit 13, Michigan. That is, if you are one of those last-minuters. It really is last minute now, you know.

They are promising--literally, not figuratively, Anderson, Asimov, Campbell, Ley, Miller, Knight, Pohl, Silverberg, Ellison, Tucker and Scortia. Come on and join the fun!!

CHICAGO EXPRESS

by BOB TUCKER

Earl Kemp gave me full, complete and explicit instructions for finding his humble home. He sent me a map of Chicago with large arrows indicating the turns; he sent me a lengthy letter explaining the quaint motoring manners of the big city, and he went so far as to point out where traffic lights and potholes in the pavement may be found.

Tucking all this in my pocket, we took the train. (The train had a bar, and my station wagon did not.)

Alighting dazed but happy from the train, Kemp suddenly seized one arm while Joe-Jim seized the other. (An urchin seized my suitcase and a city-slicker -- or a white-slaver -- seized my wife.)

"Come on!" Kemp yelled in one ear. "Come on!" Joe-Jim yelled in the other.

"Whither Wollheim?" I asked plaintively.

"Milwaukee!" Kemp shouted. "We're going to Milwaukee to see Phyllis and kidnap Bloch." And we did. All the way up to Milwaukee I kept wondering why I had left the train -- why hadn't Kemp and Joe-Jim simply climbed aboard and continued along with us? I wondered the same thing coming back, each time I peeked at the speedometer and then looked outside at the passing signs which read "Speed Limit 50 MPH."

But we saw Phyllis, and Arthur, and a nameless crittur which resembled a pony-sized dog. And we kidnapped Bloch. He did enliven the return journey, I'll admit that much. Acting like the guide on a tour-bus, he pointed out the famous landmarks we were passing. We couldn't see them for the dizzy speed, but he pointed them out anyway.

"Ray Palmer spit over this bridge," Bloch would tell us solemnly, and we would peer around seeking a bridge. "Stanley Weinbaum met Tweel in that saloon," he would say next, and we would peer desperately at (or for) a saloon. "All this was open countryside when I was a boy," he would venture next, and we peered hopefully around for Bloch-the-boy jogging along in knee pants behind a string of cows.

I managed to glimpse a neon tower which someone said was a beer tower. I suppose this was the one those chaps in San Francisco are building to the moon. Why do they need neon? But eventually the car stopped speeding and after a while someone pushed me out of it and into a room. I knew at once the locale had changed, for Harlan Ellison had not been present in the car, but he was very much present here.

"Is that you, Harlan?" I asked through the haze.

"Goshwowboyohboy!" the answer came instantly, "It's the mosta of the besta, and I do mean that great big thrilling magazine, ROGUE!" It was Harlan all right.

I listened to Harlan all night. I couldn't help it. I listened to him tell how he edited ROGUE, published ROGUE, illustrated ROGUE, and wrote for ROGUE. And I seem to have a faint memory of his saying once that he also sent a foreign correspondent to Europe for ROGUE -- something about a war, or some fool thing, that he wanted covered there. I'll miss Bill Hamling; I always miss people after they are gone. They usually slip away like this without anyone telling me until later.

But perhaps it is for the better. Perhaps Harlan will put a dash of sex into ROGUE and liven it up a bit.

The following afternoon, seeking relatively fresher air to overcome the smoke haze of the room, my wife and I strolled a few of the Chicago streets. It was a modest stroll, encompassing a few blocks and entirely in keeping with the everyday strolling done at home. We learned later that our host was on the verge of telephoning the Bureau of Missing Persons. When we calmly mentioned a section of town we had visited, our host gently fainted and had to be revived. People in Chicago don't seem to care much for the fine art of street-walking. Hell, we didn't cover more than twenty or thirty blocks--if that much, and yet I dare say our host had never seen that particular section in all the years lived there. City people -- bah.

CHICON 11½

by ROBERT BLOCH

"Come in," said Arthur Economou. "We've got a surprise for you."

I walked into the Economou living room and there sat Earl Kemp, Jim O'Meara, Joe Sarno, Phyllis Econpmou, and Fern and Bob Tucker.

"Golly Gee!" I cried. "This is indeed a surprise!"

And it was, because Tucker was sober.

The date (for the benefit of medical history) was June 13th, 1959: the time, just about a half hour after my last TV appearance of the season. The occasion; Kemp and cohorts had volunteered to come up and drive me back to Chicago for a weekend. Tucker -- Bloomington's answer to Charlie Weaver -- had come along to act as chaperone.

After a brief visit with the Economous -- Milwaukee's answer to the Arthur Murrays -- the group hemorrhoided into the car and set off for Chicago, stopping en route for food. Upon reaching the Kemp-site, I encountered Nancy, Fran Light, Elsie Janda, Rosemary Becker and Harlan and Charlotte Ellison. Among others present were I. W. Harper, Jim Beam, and Val Blatz. Owing to natural reticence on the part of all those present, we ran out of conversation around 4:30 A.M. Thereupon I hit the sack a feeble blow.

The Tuckers were staying at Fran's place, and on Sunday afternoon the Kemp menage dropped me off there while escorting Joe Sarno home, then returned to deposit me at the Park Dearborn Hotel. The ostensible occasion for my being in town was a dinner meeting of Mystery Writers of America, welcoming their Chicago chapter-founder, Clayton Rawson. Rawson was my editor at Simon & Schuster, currently traveling across-country to contact his authors, and he'd invited me down to meet him and discuss last-chapter revision on a new book.

So after changing my socks (i.e., putting the left sock on the right foot and the right sock on the left foot) I went over to Riccardo's Restaurant. Rawson wasn't there -- he'd been bumped off a plane at Albuquerque -- but I found Earl and Nancy, Fran, Bob and Fern, and Frank Robinson. We visited before and during dinner, and Rawson finally showed up at 9:30. His reputation as an amateur magician preceded him, and he proved it magnificently; all of us, plus Harry Stephen Keeler and several others, acted as stooges in various tricks which he used to demonstrate points in his talk on mystery-writing.

Robinson had left early, and now the Kemps and Fran took the Tuckers to catch their train. I stayed behind to get acquainted with my editor, and arranged for a meeting the next day. MWA secretary Kay Marten and her friend Anna Glen invited me out for a drink after the party broke up, and took me over to the Buttery at the Ambassador. We closed the joint. No small feat; we even outlasted Fran Allison.

Rawson picked me up the next day (I still lay where I'd fallen) and we went downtown to Ireland's Magic Shop, using the back room for an editorial conference. Then on to the Magician's Round Table, where Jay Marshall, Bob Parrish, and a dozen local or visiting conjurors gathered during the afternoon. Another visitor was a man I'd waited almost twenty years to meet -- Vincent Starrett. He accompanied us to the Palmer House for cocktails, where I'd already arranged to meet Ray Russell, who bounced over from Playboy at 5. When Rawson and his wife had to depart to catch their outgoing flight, the party broke up; Starrett's meetings with Conan Doyle, Arthur Machen, and James Cabell, and other esoterica was discussed by Starrett, Russell, one of the magicians and myself. Everyone agreed Yngvi was a louse.

Tuesday I put the show on the road for Evanston, to the ROGUE office, where Harlan Ellison and Bill Hamling took me to a press reception for a Corvette racer. I ended up at the lithographer's to watch the new calendar-girl inserts roll off the press and barely made my late afternoon train for home. As usual, I came away from Chicago overwhelmed by everyone's hospitality, but a week or two in an iron lung should bring me back to a hearty 92 lbs. again.

Once again Chicago fandom has demonstrated the truth of that old fannish motto, "Existence is a way of life."

in the image of MRS. POTTIPHAR

by P. H. ECONOMCU

George Pottiphar, by all rights, should have been a happy man. He enjoyed an adequate income, good appetite, a reliable digestive system, and could, without excess self-delusion, preen a bit before his shaving mirror.

Furthermore, the world of George Pottiphar was the best of all possible. Not only his personal, Here-I-Count, suburban corner of it, but the whole, lovely, green-glowing planet whirling its yearly tour around the sun.

People always smiled because -- why not? Young ladies were always willing because -- well, naturally! Thirst was quenched with pleasant potions -- what else? God was in his heaven and He never, never frowned.

But, as must always be, there was a serpent in George's Eden. Not that Mrs. Pottiphar appeared even remotely serpentine. She was -- let us be kind and say -- imposing? Grande dame? Even the purple wen on her commanding nose was impressive. Which is well and good enough. But unfortunately, her disposition was waspish, which was not.

Now everyone knows, of course, that a nasty disposition is a symptom of serious mental aberration. Normal people are pleasant. Normal people are tolerant. So, naturally, recognizing his wife's handicap, George Pottiphar made due allowances and in time even came to derive a certain fascination from the weird and outre fantasies created by Mrs. Pottiphar's poor, disordered mind.

"George," she said one cool evening, as he sat puffing his pipe on the porch glider. "I really don't think you should play golf so frequently with Percy Moorehead."

"Why not, dear?" George asked mildly.

"Because he's black/skinned."

That startled even George, used as he was to her baffling notions. He dropped his pipe and scooped it up, battling with his fingers at flying sparks.

"But what earthly difference does that make?" he asked.

Mrs. Pottiphar scowled and snapped, "Well it just doesn't seem right, that's all! White people are the best, no doubt about it. There's something wrong with people who go around all red or yellow or black. Stands to reason!"

George sighed and relit his pipe. Usually he enjoyed leading her on a bit, exploring strange by-ways so to speak. But at times she was just too irrational to be interesting. He knew from experience that it was useless to appeal to her sense of reason. Mrs. Pottiphar could disintegrate the most formidable barrage of facts, figures and common sense with a flinty glare, a twitch of the wen, and her favorite, brook-ne-argument declaration, "But I know what I'm talking about! Stands to reason."

Over the years, Mrs. Pottiphar had developed an increasing number of deviant notions to which she clung with all the tenacity of a girdle on a damp hip. George, being a kindly man, took increasing care to keep her secluded, protecting her from public contact, yet allowing her full release of her mad philosophies into his receptive ears. He frequently marveled at the strange depths of the human mind that, in disorder, could evolve such alien approaches to the established concepts of living, but never was he disturbed. Were madness all, George Pottiphar would still have counted himself among the blessed.

The grumb in the bed; the pebble in the shoe of George Pottiphar was that wen. That obscene, purple, quivering, bulbous wen alongside the nose of Mrs. Pottiphar.

It was more than mortal man could bear.

And George Pottiphar had borne it for twenty-three years.

So he did something about it.

He built a time machine.

He inveigled Mrs. Pottiphar into the time machine and propelled her, complete with wen, uncounted centuries into the past.

Then he smashed the time machine with an ax.

And he smoked his pipe.

And he smiled.

Had George given the least thought to the consequences of loosing mad Mrs. Pottiphar on an unprotected society, albeit a primitive one, he would somehow have summoned fortitude to carry him through whatever years remained to himself or the wen. But George acted in desperation, unthinking, except of the driving necessity to rid himself of the quivering purple horror that haunted his very dreams.

And he rued the day. Unconsciously, yes, but rue it he did. As we all rue the day -- every day.

Mrs. Pottiphar, after the initial shock and bewilderment of finding herself suddenly deposited in a strange, new locale, felt a quite invigorating surge of excitement. For the first time in too many years she was free, free of George and the subtly padded atmosphere in which he had enveloped her. She was free to say what she pleased to whom she pleased. To mold, to shape, to create a new public mentality in the image of her own.

It would require cleverness, great cleverness. But she was clever. During the years with George, Mrs. Pottiphar had often felt full to bursting with the need to force, to sculpt the world she visualized. Her head would ache with its burden of unexpressed ideas, or expressed only to the unresponsive lump that was George. Her hands would ache as if she could physically grasp and form misled humanity.

Now -- now was the opportunity. The padding had vanished.

Mrs. Pottiphars' hands extended, reaching, fingers working, in the direction of the city rising on the strange horizon.

Lost in the fog banks of early history is all record of the era or area in and on which Mrs. Pottiphar descended. Nor did such matters greatly concern Mrs. Pottiphar. It was enough for her purpose that the civilization, though pleasant, was in its infancy, the people, especially the women, friendly, naive, eagerly receptive to new ideas and concepts. It was not that they lacked judgment. Rather their evolvement from semi/savagery, the use of their minds for intangibles, was too recent to allow sufficient cultural background for sophisticated judgment.

Mrs. Pottiphar moved cautiously, but with single-minded determination. First of all, she applied herself to a perfect mimicry of the modes of speech, manner of living and other characteristics of what she now considered "her" people. When she felt ready to move among them, as one of them, she set about cultivating the largest possible acquaintanceship among the ladies of the city. They were intimidated by her commanding air and both awed and intrigued by her startling logic.

"Alcoholic liquor is responsible for the mess the world is in today," she would declare in splendidly ringing tones to the more dedicated of her followers. They would nod wisely in agreement, although somewhat bewildered as to just what mess Mrs. Pottiphar might be referring to. The world seemed all right but it was very hard to disagree with Mrs. Pottiphar at any time, let alone when she spoke ringingly.

One might venture a timid comment, "But it's good relaxation, and what earthly harm can it possibly do?"

"What harm!" Mrs. Pottiphar snorted. She might well have stopped right there for Mrs. Pottiphar's snort said it all, bound it in vellum and stamped it with the seal of authority. However, proud of her platform manner, she chose to set them right with vigor.

"Problems beset us on every side. We need men of maturity and wisdom for our very survival. And where -- I ask you where do we find our men? Laughing, singing, playing cards and carrying on in taverns, minds befuddled by alcohol!" She glared around, prune-lipped, wen twitching as if plagued by fumes from spiritous bottles. "We shall suffer for it -- mark my words!"

So bewitched were the good ladies that it occurred to not one of them that in speaking of "our men" Mrs. Pottiphar actually referred to their men, having none of her own. Instead they merely nodded, if somewhat wistfully. They all enjoyed their nip or three and thus felt quite guilty, as if they too were responsible for the sorry state of world affairs. Not that said state was becoming any clearer to them, but after all, Mrs. Pottiphar was immensely clever and she should know,

So they went home and nagged their husbands.

And nipped their nips in secret.

And some husbands nipped in secret too, for the sake of peace in the house.

And others said the devil with peace and women and got stinking drunk.

Which strengthened Mrs. Pottiphar's position no end.

In time, and not too long a time as time goes, Mrs. Pottiphar's pronouncements were being trotted out as the latest fashion in thinking wherever socially prominent or hopefully intellectual women gathered.

"But if you don't know who your ancestors were, how can you possibly have any self-confidence at all?"

"Something should be done about these pretty women who carry on with every man who takes their fancy. Natural? Bah! Seems as though one man should be enough for any woman--"

"Especially when some women have such trouble getting that one man --"

"All you have to do is look at white people to see that they are naturally superior. No question about it."

"Fuzzy-minded, irresponsible sots --"

"Positively abandoned --"

"Aristocratic --"

"Social standards must be --"

"Let's ostracize --"

"Campaign against --"

"Pass a law --"

"Stands to reason!"

Mrs. Pottiphar was constantly in the thick of things, steering conversations, charging to the rescue of a floundering matron who, on meeting logical opposition to her parrotings, became mired in the sticky web of her shaky understanding. Mrs. Pottiphar considered all opposition to be George and found that once again all she need do was to heave a massive bosom, stare flintily, waggle the wen and trumpet "Stands to reason!" for the strongest opponent to crumble. In this gentle world even the toughest individuals were unaccustomed, and therefore highly susceptible to being trumpeted at.

It was a most triumphant Mrs. Pottiphar who was wending her way homeward from a meeting of the newly formed "Ladies League for the Suppression of Licentiousness," when she had her head bashed in. She was taking the long way home through the park, savoring her presidency by unanimous vote, when the fatal blow was struck. There was no pain, only a few moments of outraged,

and quite correct, surmise that she had been done in by one who presumed himself injured by the new and proper mode of thinking she had introduced.

Martyr though she was, obviously she had succeeded in her purpose. But -- she reached only a small group, in this small corner of a sinful, misguided planet. So few. Mrs. Pottiphar gave one anguished cry -- "Not enough!", coughed once and drowned in her own blood.

But how wrong she was! The impact of the mad mind of Mrs. Pottiphar on a minute circle of citizens in that distant age, was enough to change the world. Their world, your world, my world and the world of George Pottiphar.

True, the fad of Pottipharism, as some termed it, flickered and dimmed with her passing. But there were ever those who found in some facet of her varied philosophies a balm, a prop, an ego/salve which they refused to relinquish. The homely or frigid continued to denounce the sexually attractive. The insecure, able to say "At least I'm white," could puff with pride. The shunned dark scorned the darker who adopted the phrase "yellow scum." And the resentful orientals instructed their young that they were natural founts of all culture and wisdom who should hold the boorish occidentals in deepest contempt.

It took time, eons of time, but as the word spread from band to band, from land to land, we can trace its progress on the pages of recorded history. Pottipharism, although her name was forgotten, budded robustly in the post-Elizabethan era (the first) when the wonderful ribald jokes were met with a frown, men grew defiant instead of boastful about their drinking, wenches became self-conscious or secretive about their wenching, and it reached full flower with the ascension to the British throne of Victoria, a rabid Pottipharist.

In the very beginning, Nature, back to the wall, dismayed at the refutation of all her laws, and appalled at the task confronting her, fought with ferocity. The area of the Pottipharists was flooded, fired, snowed under, baked and thunder-bolted, but most of the populace survived.

And they traveled away to safer and more comfortable lands.

Had there been a volcano handy--but there wasn't. So Nature, in one last vengeful gesture quaked the grave of Mrs. Pottiphar wide open.

By then it was time for her to settle down to business. As any student of such matters is well aware, intervention of such magnitude in the past was bound by the law of Nature to affect the future centuries in a mathematical progression.

Not being a mathematician, I cannot record for you the exact, decimalized digits that would convey, if not meaning, at least a timid awe.

If you must, list your own series of digits, spice them with a decimal point and call it the square of what you will. This, I have always suspected to be the method of any recorder of a figure over six numerals, especially if accompanied by pi. A harmless enough deception, and one apparently vital to certain persons afflicted with an affinity for numbers.

This, then, represented the labor that confronted the forces of Nature. The future which was already set in the mold represented by the smiling, smoking George Pottiphar had to be altered, civilization by civilization, history by history, individual by individual all the way back to his battered spouse.

Which was done, not without great fits of temper called "natural disasters" and culminating in the appalling succession to temperamental floods, blizzards, tornadoes, hurricanes, droughts, heat waves, cold waves and tidal waves that marked 1959, the year of George Pottiphar.

George sat glumly at a dingy lunch counter munching his hamburger deluxe. The long furrows in his cheeks deepened as he glanced from headline to ominous headline of the evening paper. He gulped down the dregs of his bitter coffee

and threw a dollar on the counter. "Hell of a world -- everybody hates everybody," he grumbled, going out the door into the sleety night.

The waitress clattered the dishes into the pick-up tray. "What's eating Potty?" she asked the grill man.

He shrugged and scoured grease off his thumb onto a dirty apron.

"Indigestion probly. Eatin this junk alla time."

"But how come? He's married ain't he?"

"Yeah, but he might as well not be. Yuh should see his wife. Big bulky dame, blue hair anna big purple wen onner nose. Never home anyway."

The waitress sniffed and made a virtuous face. "A wife oughta take care of her husband, feed him good hot food and make a cheerful home for him. All the columns say that. What's she do with all her time?"

The grill man scraped the crumbs of George's hamburger into a greasy heap in a corner of the grill.

"Oh Mrs. Pottiphar, she's too busy taking care of other folks. She's president of the Anti-Vice League, a big wheel in the WCTU and belongs to the DAR and the Censorship Committee." He grinned. "Like George says -- It's a hell of a world and Mrs. Pottiphar is having a great time setting it right."

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TOGETHERNESS!

STARTING AN ACCOUNT OF THE 1959 MIDWESTCON

by FRANCES
LIGHT

Chicago fandom has discovered the psychological formula for a gay, happy Midwestcon -- TOGETHERNESS -- however, this is only recommended for compatible people!

When Ann Dinkleman arrived at the North Plaza Motel by train, ahead of the six of us in the station wagon, she promptly staked out one twin bed in the front room of the suite as being hers, and fell asleep. The station wagon came rolling in at 3:00 A.M. and six hungry, wild-eyed people descended upon the room to dump the luggage and go get some breakfast. Ann was startled into a semi-awake condition and invited to come along. All she did was open her blue eyes wider, clutch the chenille bed-spread about her, and stare at us -- Jerry De Muth, Rick Prairie, Jim O'Meara, Ed Bielfeldt, Linda Lawrence and Fran Light. Before we could leave she had tipped over and gone back to sleep.

After satisfying the inner man, we returned and fought a bitter battle to divide up the sleeping spaces - fairly!

Jerry De Muth was elected to use the bed next to Ann who was sound asleep on the wayfarers' return. ### TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE: WILL THE HONOR AND DIGNITY OF CHIFANDOM BE PROTECTED? READ THE NEXT EXCITING INSTALLMENT OF "LOVES LABOUR LOST", in SaFari #3, coming soon to your favorite neighborhood theatre!

SaFari, journeys through the True-Fan jungles of darkest Metropolia.

Does anyone here want a kitten? Our cat is slightly pregnant. As a matter of fact, she will undoubtedly be a mother, several times over, by the time you get this mailing.

We are seriously considering contributing the entire litter, plus mamakat to Nick Falasca as a contribution to the BRING BERRY CAMPAIGN.

Kindly place your bids early. This prize lot will undoubtedly go at a high premium.

A LITTLE ABOUT THIS ISSUE: The front cover, picture page, is offset, the Bloch-Tucker bit is multilith from paper masters, having been typed on an IBM Modern typefaced Executive machine. The extremely crude hand-lettered titles, unfortunately the work of yours truly, was done in much haste. Superior work can be done, in the way of lettering on paper plates, unfortunately though, I am not the one to do it, since it requires, at a minimum, some artistic talent.

BIG DOINGS are going on locally. As you probably have heard the St. Lawrence Seaway has just opened and this whole town is blowing wide open with all manner of celebration. Opening today, July 3rd, is the INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR which will run several weeks. Queen Liz blows in Monday for a brisk tour of the Fair and other nonsense. Next month the Pan American Games takes place, as well as a cultural exchange bit between all the Americas.

The most culture, for my taste, that will be exhibited during this affair is the PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL. Personally, I can hardly wait for this. Even if I do have to listen to MC Mort Sahl laughing constantly at his own jokes.

Movie wise, ANATOMY OF MURDER was supposed to open here yesterday. But didn't. It seems that the local censor board wants 6 lines of dialogue cut from the film. They will compromise on two, but Preminger, bless him, refuses. Consequently, the case now goes to trial. Wish us luck in the name of Freedom of the Fourth Estate.

Earl & Nancy Kemp
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