

# S A F A R I

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Dear friends in SAPS . . .

With this issue I leave you with a fond fare-the-well!

This issue rounds out three complete years in SAPS for me, it should have been the 3rd SaFari Annual. I even went so far as to plot out a theme and do some basic groundwork for the introduction.

But many things reared themselves to prevent it from being. First, my assistant, my moral support, my right hand is missing. There will be no more prodding and pushing me to better things while Jim O'Meara is downstate. Second, my noble producer and beer drinking buddy, Lynn Hickman had to withdraw his support in favor of a new job and a possible move from the Midwest territory.

The result was that without these two people pulling their third of the load there could be no SaFari Annual this year.

The crowning blow to my already dwindling SAPS activity then must be a death blow. As of Friday April 20th I will no longer be at the same place of employment. I have already handed in my resignation. I leave for what might in time develop into greener fields; but certainly for work that is more pleasing to me and more personally satisfying.

But I do leave behind me, at the old place: Mary, the mimeo operator who has done such an excellent job getting my stencils run off in time, with I am sure a little extra care to their appearance than is given the run of the mill cash customer. I also leave behind Ed, the multilith operator who has done yoaman service with a few color covers in the past, with the covers for both SaFari Annuals and many pieces for the Convention Committee, including all the progress reports.

I leave also an extremely large variety of type faces, sizes, etc. with which to dress up any off-set publication. I will miss them all, even, I suppose, the constant bitches. It will cause a slight bit of damage to the Convention Committee too. Because now we will have to pay for many things that we had been getting for nearly free in the past, in the way of printing services. I trust we shall survive the blow.

Now the real thing that is forcing me to hand in this resignation is TIME. There just doesn't seem to be any of that any more. For instance, I am writing an alarmingly large number of letters these days. My parents even had to call up the other day to find out if we were still around; I have no time to write even them. I also find, much to my dismay, that I'm thinking too fast these days. I carry paper with me at all times, scribble notes, and codes and half notes to remind me of something else to do as soon as I find the time (I will never get around to them all).

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These letters are in conjunction with the Convention, naturally. And I have found there are a lot of damn nice people in this world that I would have otherwise missed. Along with a few bastards that I could have spent the rest of my life not missing. I'm sure my attorney wouldn't allow me to discuss any of them (the only times I've asked for permission he's turned thumbs down) but I can mention some of the good guys.

There is, as an example, Rod Serling. I think he is a damn nice guy. He has been helpful, beyond the call of duty, to the Convention Committee. I feel that he has a sincere regard for the field and wishes to see it prosper.

There is Alfred Hitchcock, in the proxy of Joan Harrison of Revue, who has been most helpful too.

And George Kondolf, of the Theatre Guild; Mr. Koelle of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration; Mr. Morritz of American-International; Mr. Gud of Avalon Books; the whole crew at Doubleday and the Literary Guild of America.

Most of these people have no direct relation to the field of science fiction, yet they perform, or offer, considerable services in our behalf to insure a successful convention. It is very gratifying when these pseudo-outsiders offer to help. It is only from within the field that the "gimme" is encountered.

On the personal front, outside of the new job as of April 23, we have a different car, a black, '61 Dodge. After considerable difficulties at the very first it now seems to be in excellent working condition. We still have the two cats, and as usual she is in heat, screaming like hell and he is still too young to do anything about it.

To make a road test of the car we drove Jim back to school last Sunday afternoon. We went via Bloomington and had a very delightful little visit with the great man Tucker.

I have just today finished reading The Carpetbaggers. It has made a profound impression on me, in its scope. I wish I could have written it. As I read it I kept trying to put names of real people onto the characters. I came up with Jonas, Howard Hawks; Rita, Jean Harlowe; Nevada, William Boyd. I can't help but wonder if anyone came up with similar identifications. I can hardly wait to see how they butcher it up for the movies.

I hate to say so-long in such an ignoble fashion. But this is it, my official resignation. I will not say good by. I expect to be around a while yet. I am not disbanding SaFari totally, as such. I will retain the title for future use. Who knows, I might yet find time, after the convention, to produce another study.

It has been a delightful three years, with all of you. Even the arguing and the bitching, the comments on comments and the frigid faction were fun. But I honestly believe I am not contributing anything to the organization at present in trying to meet my page requirements only. And you know how dead set against deadwood I am. Therefore I move over, and make room for a new comer. I wish him well.

I will miss you one and all, and look forward to seeing you again, soon,

Most sincerely,

Earl K.