

SaFari Vol. 3 No. 3 FAPA 267 May 2004 is edited and published by Earl Kemp, P.O. Box 6642, Kingman, AZ 86402-6642. Contents copyright 2004, all rights reserved. It is also distributed through <http://eFanzines.com> by Bill Burns.

I Hear What You're Sayin'

Inspirations from FAPA 266:

Nice Distinctions 3/4, Arthur D. Hlavaty: You never cease to thrill and delight me. Thanks.

Ben's Beat 75, Ben Indick: Wonderful Edd Cartier artwork. Thank you so much for doing this. He was always one of my favorite artists way back when. In fact, like most everyone I used to idolize, I thought he was surely dead by now. What a great surprise to discover that he is not only still alive but still drawing...at least for Christmas. Reminds me a little of the Hannes Bok portfolio I reissued on eFanzines.com a few years back. Also really enjoyed "Jimmy and Me" and the follow-up to it for *The New Yorker*.

SaFari, Earl Kemp: Same old crap. Yawn.

Jupiter Jump, Mark Manning via Timothy Marion: I am in agreement with your position. Man the barricades.

Exclam!, Jack Calvert: Great meeting you and spending some little time with you in Las Vegas.

@p3: "How are you?" is one of those stock expressions forced upon cashiers and clerks that bugs me. For the longest time I wouldn't respond to them beyond a blank stare. Finally I gave up and just grunted; that was enough to shut them up so they could do their job.

"You know" is by far the worst for me. It says that the speaker has nothing to say and shouldn't be trying. Unfortunately I lived with a "you know"er for a very long time and the constant repetition of that expression and little or nothing else drove me insane. That is just in case you ever wondered about that and me and why.

Edgar's Journal #1, Steven Ogden: Really nice production job throughout.

Gegenschein 95/96, Eric Lindsay: Eric, what a delight it was meeting you and Jean Weber (give her my regards please, thanks) in Las Vegas. You're a lot more fun in real life than on paper. Thanks for all your help with those photos of Corflu for Bill Burns, me and *el*, and eFanzines.

Alphabet Soup # 41, Milt Stevens: Milt, it was damned difficult reading through this mailing, even after waiting until after Corflu to make the serious attempt. Almost a lethal dose of nicotine included in the packet. Really sorry about that, and that it makes me ill to encounter it in such quantities. Help for the breathing impaired, please.

Catchpenny Gazette #1, David Burton: Well, I guess it's passable as a first effort from an old fart. Hopefully someday you'll learn how to write. How about a little humor thrown in?

Grandfather Stories, Howard DeVore: Your honky teacher daughter is lucky to have had the upbringing she did, thanks to you and Sybil. Being around you alone was enough to make handling those gun-toting, non-English speaking native borns a piece of cake.

It's Eney's Fault, Dick Eney: Enjoyed reading "Fifth Act, Curtain."

Feline Mewsings # 15, R-Lauraine Tutihasi: Meeting you in Las Vegas was quite a thrill...you surprised me with your energy and enthusiasm. Good cat talk...good cat people....Meow....

Adventures on Earth #8, Peggy Rae Sapienza: "My son, Eric Pavlat, teaches tenth grade English..." No way, Peggy. You're just a kid yourself. My second son's name is Erik...Teutonic type. As official part time Japanese liaison, can you put me in email contact with the Shibanos? Thanks.

Lofgeornost, Fred Lerner: Excellent writing throughout. Congratulations, you make it seem so easy. Next time, do more please.

The Road Warrior, Tom Feller: @p6 "Queen of Blood" This was one of our more successful fakeout paperback books back at Greenleaf Classics, Inc. It was a sort of companion volume to Ed Wood's "Orgy of the Dead." In fact, we had some troubles with it: The over-the-hill bimbo who starred in it said we ruined her "ha!" reputation and threatened to sue us for big bucks. Our attorney quickly showed her the error of her ways. Also your mention of Andrew Offutt on the same page: Andy wrote some of the sleaze paperbacks for us also. I understand that he is still around, living in a nursing home. His son is attempting to document Andy's writings and is searching for data in that regard. Can you be of any help...anyone reading this?

Terminal Eyes #11, Timothy Marion: An overwhelming piece of work. Extremely good from a number of different directions including specifically the physical production of the zine itself. @p14 Alan Hunter interview with Hunter illos. Very good. @p25 Grant Canfield's tale of working with Bernie the Creature with the odors and farts: This revived a 50-year-old memory I've not been able to forget. In the early 1950s, in Chicago, my first job as a graphics paste-up person required me to work with the co-worker from Hell. Her name was Kathleen "Rottencrotch." She was morbidly obese and had to have a special very heavy duty, quite oversize stenographer's chair all her own. She also had the world's worst vaginal odor problem. All the men who worked in the office tried to stay as far away from her as possible and pretend she wasn't there in spite of her overwhelming presence. The women, however, were relentless in their harassment of her. Not a day went by without one of them presenting her with a douche kit of some sort, having a loud, screaming bitch fight about her stench as if the whole company...the block even...didn't already know of it. Repeated complaints to management brought about no changes of any sort. Kathleen's chair, whenever anyone happened to get near it, or see it, was always glistening with fresh deposits of an aroma guaranteed to prevent lovemaking on the part of anyone still alive. @p27 The Walt Simonson portfolio is excellent. @p29, the Doug Lovenstein illos for joints that you use for a number of pages really made the whole issue for me. They are superb and seem to cover the entire glorious spectrum of pot puffing. The paper they were printed on is known as Twilltone and it was made famous by, among others, Buck and Juanita Coulson with their fantastic fanzine *Yandro*. Those are fibers imbedded into the paper that form the fuzzy background that you didn't try to remove. Those tawdry, cheap-looking, slutty bimbos you scattered throughout the issue are nice too.

Synapse, Jack Speer: Jack, you kid...I swear you grow younger day by day. What a thrill it was seeing you and your lovely young wife again after all those years. Las Vegas brings out the best in you, it seems. @p4 Prison! It began as one of those Federal catchall, leave no base uncovered, multi pronged indictments [that followed ten years of illegal surveillance]. Finally, after many months of trial, years of appeal, and a trip or two through the U.S. Supreme Court with conflicts of interest and unclean hands, it was all over and I was convicted of "conspiracy to mail obscene matter" which, you know, means whatever it is they want it to mean on that particular day of the week. There was a good bit of fraud, perjury, and outright lies done by the Feds to stretch it that far. I did the then current Federal bad boy minimum of three months and one day in Terminal Island at Long Beach, CA. I have written extensively of all facets of the whole farce from start to finish in my ezine el on eFanzines.com. Please click in and check it out, Jack, for a good time and a bunch of belly laughs.

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