

SaFari Vol. 3 No. 2 FAPA 266 February 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.

A memory:

"Dem bones...dem dry bones...."*

I grew up in a land-locked, southern USA backwoods sparsely populated by creeks, rivers, and lakes. Because of that, parts of my youthful fantasies always contained beaches.

The thing I had none of was the thing I most wanted. A life-long curse.

Parts of those fantasies always involved me and whoever was there with me running nude on those endless beaches. Wide expanses of inviting, comfortable sand stretching out of sight around the gently curving shoreline, backed up by coconut palms loaded with abundant seedpods. Gulls and pelicans cruising just above the gently-lapping waterline, ready to feast on the first flickering fin to break the water's surface, their constant chirping and calling almost like a pulsebeat in the caressing warmth surrounding me.

Those beaches, depending on where they were in my fantasies and how much they figured into them, changed from time to time, but I still had a favorite, the one I would click into whenever I just wanted to Billy Pilgrim around a bit.

White sand, wide and level, reaching back from crystal clear, turquoise tinted water, backdropped with lush Abyssinian bananas with their purple leafs blending in with other giant-leafed breathmakers all offering Nature's tastiest treats for free. Fluttering in and out of all that abundant greenery are flocks of multi-colored parrots, their radiating wings and tail feathers unfurled in justified pride, their sharp caws of communication ripping through the sun-warmed aura surrounding everything. From inside the foliage the breeze carries with it tantalizing fragrances of many blossoms blending together into an intoxicating musk that is impossible to resist.

Over time, I found many of those beaches and lived on them for days or weeks. I ran along them until I couldn't run any longer. I drank my fill of just opened coconut milk; and ate my fill of the lush meat. Bananas ceased to thrill me as a regular diet, and some of the sunburned areas really hurt regardless of how much we denied that they did.

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My buddy Al has a beach house in Portecitos, Baja California, Mexico, and it is one of the favorite places to visit on my all-time list. Al and I go back a bunch of years and a bunch of places, and a bunch of sunburns in the more appropriate places on beaches to die for. On one occasion when we were spending a week or so at his house, we went rideabout along the beach in his Jeep.

There, at least 50 miles from the last known civilization, right on the beach, we found a first class restaurant. Dressing just for the occasion and extinguishing the ___nth joint, we entered the place and ordered the seafood platter for two, and what a delight it was with juicy tidbits of everything in the kitchen, fresh caught just that day, and prepared to perfection. Things like that do happen, but only too rarely it seems these days.

Afterward, a good dozen miles further away from civilization down the endless beach, we encountered the grandest surprise of all...an entire whale skeleton stretched out on the beach right in front of us.

For all practical purposes, we were the first two people ever to see that skeleton. It was all there, too, every bone, laid out in proper sequence just along the sand as if awaiting a crew of specialists from a major museum to arrive, stitch it all back together, and put it on public display.

It was one of the most awesome sights I had ever seen, stretching out for a very long length of the beach. The bones were sparkling white and pristinely clean. There had not been any meat on them for many years. The discovery was almost too good to believe. We quickly began gathering up more impressive pieces, ribs, sections of the spinal column, etc., and loading them into Al's Jeep.

What we really wanted was the skull, of course, a full 20 feet long all by itself and so heavy we couldn't even rock it in the sand, much less hoist it up into any vehicle large enough to haul it away, but we really wanted that skull nonetheless. Finally, with the Jeep loaded with all the bones it could possibly carry, and looking like an African hunter loaded with elephant tusks, we headed back to Al's beach house, now almost 100 miles away from us.

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The choicest bones were used around his Portecitos house and in his landscaping there. A few of the lesser attractive pieces remained in the Jeep for the trip back to the border. Al wanted some of them to decorate his residence in Lakeside, California.

Only thing is, the endangered species act forbids possession of any whale part in the USA. When we reached the US border checkpoint at Tecate, California, with those bones in the Jeep, the Border Patrol agent wouldn't let us cross with them. We turned around and went to my house in Tecate and left them there. Right away Al and I began planning on how they could be best used there where they could be properly appreciated for their beauty and significance.

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In rapid order, The Whalebone Bar was born and came to life at my Tecate, Baja California, Mexico, residence. The bar was custom built and installed on my front porch, occupying almost half of the entire area, snuggled there, outdoors, and protected by the porch overhang, and partially hidden from passersby by a giant-leaf monstera. The bar was big enough to serve six with a seventh behind the bar as the bartender. It was decorated with bamboo mats and had shelves beneath the bartop and an overhanging glass rack complete with downward hanging stemware suitable for your every desire.

[Inside the house was the regular bar, The Parrot Bar, permanently featuring the music of Jimmy Buffet, but it only had room for four.]

The Whalebone Bar was decorated with whalebones, of course, big and majestic and mystical. There were also brightly colored Mexican Cocol blankets and several wind chimes to twirl and clatter in the afternoon breezes.

Some delightful drunks and world-class hangovers originated at The Whalebone Bar over time, and when I finally left Tecate and moved back to the US, leaving that bar behind was a terribly sad thing to have to do. So very much joy and goodness and companionship was built into The Whalebone Bar over a few years of enthusiastic use. One of those never-forget segments out of time.

*In memory of The Whalebone Bar and all those who sailed upon her majestic waters during her lush but brief lifetime. Dated January 2004.

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I Hear What You're Sayin'

Inspirations from FAPA 264:

The best plans often go wrong and, in my case, that cliché is right on.

I missed being included in the last FAPA mailing. It was all my fault. I do these dumb, stupid things like over commit myself time wise. There I was, near the end of last year, working my ass off on my ezine, *el*, trying to put out a year-end special with lots of goodies and hundreds of jpegs. I forgot how much time and energy doing show-off things like that can take out of me.

And it got very cold, so cold that I found it really difficult to sit at the PC and try to use my fingers on the keyboard. See, all kinds of excuses as to why I goofed and missed the last mailing.

What's worse, because I missed it, now all my notes and ready thoughts have somehow disappeared or faded off into that amorphous mess upstairs looking for a brain. Part of the problem is that I can't write. Handwrite, that is. I learned how when I was a kid in school, and then as a preteen switched to typing instead, so I forgot how to get back onto the bicycle and keep pumping until the ride is over.

That's why I print lots of notes to myself so I can remember to do lots of things that never get done. Part of that problem is, I can't read my own printing, especially if I've made those notes in a big hurry...like all the copious notes I took when I read my way through FAPA 264. Now they are just gibberish to me and I can't rely upon them for these comments I am in the process of writing. Fortunately, for a few of them, I gave myself page numbers and, upon rereading, part of whatever it was I wanted to write about has returned. I hasten to put them down for you.

As soon as I received my 264 mailing, I ripped open the package and dug out my copy of *Fantasy Commentator*. That's as good a place to begin as anywhere and a hell of a lot better than most.

FANTASY COMMENTATOR, A Langley Searles: What a beautiful piece of work, thank you very much. I read it through from start to finish, relishing in a great trip back through time. @p140 regarding Bjo Trimble and *Star Trek*. I remember being initially thrilled at the prospect of the TV serial but then, as it progressed and went rapidly from bad to worse, I gave up hope for it. I could never understand Bjo's striving so hard to try to help make something out of nothing. Then, after the big write-in campaign and the show was reinstated, it went even further downhill from there. The sets, costumes, even the lighting and the sound all went to hell...as if the money for the series was being used elsewhere. Not until Picard came on the scene did they begin moving toward watch ability.

Davin/Metcalf, you really did it up good.

@p154-5 regarding female writers. For a very long time I thought Leigh Brackett and C.L. Moore were men, and then I met them. Similarly the fan writer P.H. Economou...I corresponded with her for over a year before I met her, and discovered she was Phyllis. In those days it was commonplace to make those mistakes.

I have a note reading "Spillane" but I don't know what it means or where it is keyed into. Perhaps it was a note to myself that I finally got to meet Mickey, my early-days porn-writing hero, last year in LA. I'm really looking forward to spending some time with him again. Fantastic person!

I have a note to mention Sturgeon's "World Well Lost" again but I don't know why. Really a groundbreaking story when it first appeared.

@p163 the mention of the SF Book Club (Doubleday/Nelson Doubleday) brings back some good thoughts as well. Timothy Seldes, who edited the series for a while for ND, and I did a little business together. Once they had an unexpected hole in their schedule and they asked me to fill it. I did, with "Dikty's" last *Best* anthology. The schedule was so tight the book was being printed before all the

rights and permissions to do so were acquired. Advent made a bunch of loot from that emergency deal.

@p198 in Sam Moskowitz' article. Typo Schombe/urG.

@p221, Eric Frank Russell. He was always a personal favorite of mine. I wrote a bit about him and his being the namesake for my second son, Erik, in *el11*. It was always a pleasure working with him at Regency Books and elsewhere.

A DIFFERENT DRUMMER, Eric Leif Davin: (Besides your excellent stuff in *Fantasy Commentator*) I began my science fiction life much as you describe yours, with Burroughs and others of that type, a bit more fantasy than science fiction. It never did me wrong. See you in Vegas at Corflu Blackjack.

BIG CAT, Ray Faraday Nelson: I like your updated beret. Most of my friends with propeller beanies have now retired them for lack of hot air to keep them spinning. Your artwork, throughout, makes this zine a pleasure and I'm looking for a whole lot more of it from you.

BEN'S BEAT, Ben Indick: Loved your choice of artwork throughout.

NICE DISTINCTIONS, Arthur D. Hlavaty: We have to keep meeting like this.

SAFARI, Earl Kemp: What a cop out. Is this the best you can do? Get a life!

GEGENSCHWEIN, Eric Lindsay: I have good memories of my only trip to Australia which didn't last nearly long enough. My eldest daughter lived there for a while also. Then, when I got into the leather business I had many friends in the business from there, most notably Kakadu. We did some nice work together, including braiding with kangaroo leather. See you in Vegas at Corflu Blackjack.

BIG FISH, LITTLE FISH, CARDBOARD BOX, Sandra Bond: I hope you have now finished all your exams successfully and are a working attorney. Sipping a Nuclear Fizz insurgently, I'll repeat that I'm really looking forward to seeing you in Vegas in March.

SEXY VENUS ANEW, Bo Stenfors: Thanks for all the girlie stuff. It's reminiscent of old Vargas and Petty stuff for *Esquire*. Keep up the titillation.

SWEET JANE, Gordon Eklund: As you probably already know, I'm partial to your stuff. I hope you make it to Corflu O4 because I'd really like to meet you.

SYNAPSE, Jack Speer: Honorable sir, it is a pleasure to encounter you here. Very nostalgic. Nice choice of artwork. Great quotes.

WESTERN ROMANCE, Joyce Worley Katz: My closest fan neighbor and advisor, I'm really looking forward to seeing you again after all these years...Vegas that is. Laurraine's cat is really regal...hope she brings it to Vegas.

FLICKER, Arnie Katz: My other closest fan neighbor and hero. Less than two months, and I'm calling your bluff on those special Vegas treats. See you....

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Inspirations from FAPA 265:

20 UNANSWERED QUESTIONS, Bunch/Marion: I feel right at home with you. Nice assembly of material. Nice attitude. Nice understanding.

GHOSTS, GOBLINS, AND GODS, Helen Wesson: Very nice visual material. Reminds me of many similar pieces, all extremely erotic, that I have seen in private collections. Fabrics, fibers, woven material were

once obsessions of mine, how they are made, colored, utilized. Emphasis on silk and sensuality. Thanks for the revisit.

FISH WRAP PAPERS, Marty Cantor: Nice zine, Marty. I'm looking forward to seeing you in Vegas.

BEN'S BEAT, Ben Indick: Your "Broadway Beat" reminds me of a time when I was a fanatic on seeing every play of any significance, in its original run, two years before Broadway, in London. There were times when I would catch three shows a day at my peak.

TERMINAL EYES, Timothy Marion: What a great piece of workmanship. You've really outdone yourself here. The selection and use of artwork throughout is very special. The separate portfolio excellent. @p4 *Queen of Blood*...this was also a book, produced by Forrie Ackerman and written by Charles Neutzel. It sported a great cover painting by Robert Bonfils and was a sort-of companion book to Ed Wood's *Orgy of the Dead*. @p11 Diana Rigg...(see comments re plays to Ben Indick above.) I had the extreme good fortune of seeing her, in her prime, nude, in *Heloise and Abelard*. Nixon and "queer as a \$3 bill"...in the 1960s there was a novelty company that put out a coffee mug with a wrapped around \$3 bill with Nixon's picture on it. Nixon got so pissed at the implication that he was queer he sent the feds descending upon the novelty co. They not only destroyed all the stock of the item, but the dies and molds the cup was made from. Sort of a First Amendment violation of some sort but then Nixon had no regard for legalities anyway.

PLASMA, Arnie Katz: I really enjoyed your smutmongering story and Nelson Algren. The literary world abounds in cheap, rip-off personalities. SF has contributed a number of them.

DEVIL'S WORK, Norm Metcalf: @p719 Lee De Forest. I actually met that old fart, in Chicago in 1951?, and he wasn't long for the world then.

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A memory: Flyin' Down To Rio*

The giant Caulder painting down-throttled and dropped another two thousand feet. Inside the airborne abstract, Analise noticed the descent and turned to the huge 747 window beside her seat in Braniff's first class cabin. The head stewardess was making her routine prepare-for-landing announcement in multiple languages. Analise rarely listened to the canned, half-phonetic patter, so jaded had she come by the free air travel her brother the pilot provided.

Outside the window the sharply blue waters of *Baia de Guanabara* greeted her gaze in warm welcome. Far to her left, guarding the entrance to Guanabara, she could already see Sugarloaf, *Pao de Acucar*, the 1,230-foot peak that was known around the world and, beyond that, the vast sweep of the most spectacularly beautiful city in the whole world, the glittering crown of sophistication, Rio, its alternating patches of dense greenery and mountains and connected islands and lakes and well-planned structures always a delight to see.

The huge plane dipped lower and banked steadily leftward, heading for Governor's island and the huge runways of *Aeroporto Do Galeao*, the international airport. Analise much preferred the simplicity of the other airport, *Santos DuMont*, closer into town, and tried to use it every chance she had.

The captain brought the giant Boeing aircraft down to a smooth landing. It wasn't possible to tell when the touchdown occurred. Soon the plane taxied to a stop and the passengers began unloading.

Clear of customs and immigration and awaiting her luggage, Analise walked around the terminal building, through the vast open-fronted structure, admiring the lavish murals depicting the history of flight, Brasil fashion.

Analise grabbed her luggage and a skycap helped her to get through the short line at the *cambio* window, the bank where she exchanged dollars for Cruzeiros, then to the row of taxis outside the terminal building.

Analise settled back for the long ride across town to Copacabana, Millionaire's Row, along *La Praia*, the beach, *the beach*. The trip took almost an hour as the taxi weaved in and out of frantic traffic, reminding Analise of Mexico City or, on a good day, Rome.

Her mind was filled with the city. It came to her thoughts frequently, but was really resting heavily as she sat back against the plush seat of the taxi, looking out at the teeming *favelas*, the hillside slums where literally thousands of the city's poor clustered right on top of each other.

Lyrics began appearing in her head, tunes her mind was singing to her, fragmentarily, and flickering images from old movies appeared. Things she had seen as late, late fare on television or at special theater midnight showings. Phil Silvers and Alice Faye and Don Ameche. "Hey, Rio! Rio by the sea. Flyin' down to Rio on a rainy night."

And Walt Disney's Jose Carioca, Mickey Mouse, and Donald Duck, sambaing endlessly down Rio's broad ripple-waved beachfront sidewalk, so very much nicer than any other boardwalk anywhere.

Carmen Miranda's incredible banana headdress and much touted but rarely glimpsed beaver shot.

Orpheo Negro. Luiz Bonfá; now *that's* music. A French film crew, in one masterstroke, turning the middle consciousness of the globe onto Portuguese for the very first time, as well as an unmatched portrait of Carnival. The ultimate pre-lent orgy of glitter and tinsel and flesh and uninhibited sexuality.

Analise's taxi turned left onto *Avenida Brasil* as they reached the *Bonsucesso* section of town and continued going that way until they reached *Quinta De Boa Vista* where they zig-zagged in order to take the Santa Barbara *Tunnel* through the mountains then down *Avenida Princesa Isabel* to *Avenida Atlantica* that was Millionaire's Row, fronting the mile of beachfront.

The Hotel DeBret was to their right and some distance yet, almost to *Praia De Impanema* and, more inland, *Rodrigo De Freitas* Lake.

The Brazillian soccer team had just that afternoon defeated Germany in some playoff game and there was a festive air permeating Rio, as if the city needed any excuse to celebrate.

A miniCarnival was taking place on street corners with impromptu celebrations by the Cariocas, as the citizens of Rio prefer to be called, tossing confetti and blowing horns and marching, parading to nowhere. The inevitable street bands were congregating, too, with their mostly hand-made instruments and heavy, sensual beat that, somehow, seemed to pace her heart and urge it on to greater excess.

She quickly checked into the hotel. Analise's room was on the sixth floor, facing the beach. From her windows she could see all the way down to Leme, to her left, and Devil's Point to her right, where the beach doubled back at a right angle to become Impenema and vibrate in new rhythms with Bosa Nova vocals by Astrid Gilberto.

The night was young and the music would continue and the spirits would arise within her and her celebration of returning to Rio would begin again, as always, leaving her exhausted and satiated with love and an overwhelming feeling of belonging.

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*In Memory of Mauricio Menezes who spread Rio out for me like a red carpet. Dated 1977.

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