

MINAC'S MARAUDERS

number one

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Published for the February 1970 mailing of ANZAPA (Australian and New Zealand Amateur Press Association) by John Foyster, who lives at 12 Glengariff Drive, Mulgrave, Victoria 3170, Australia.

Show a bullet up your spout

Shortly after the deadline for the October mailing of this organization (shortly, that is, in the cosmic sense) I wrote to the then official editor (my, they do change, don't they?), Leigh Edmonds. It was a rather brief note, expressing my views on his performance of the duties attendant upon the office of Official Editor rather forcefully. I added that I was resigning.

Only a few days later, and certainly no more than a fortnight after the deadline, the seventh mailing arrived and I was, lo, mightily surprised to discover that Leigh Edmonds was resigning his post. My reason for resigning had ceased to exist.

Like most people, I have brief moments of lucidity, and at this point I did the most sensible thing I have ever done in my life: I stayed out. No matter that John Bangsund was now the OE. I was free, and I intended to stay that way.

Besides, I argued (or so it seems now), you are going to be busy in 1970. It is far, far better for you to keep out of ANZAPA. Maybe in '71. And this, I think, was my folly. I allowed that at some unspecified time in the future I would rejoin ANZAPA. I even said as much to several people. Especially I said words of this nature at the SYNCON, a small gathering I attended with a few friends in, er, Sydney I think. Some of these Sydney fans, as I shall call them (in view of the laws relating to obscene libel), read science fiction and some of them read comic books, neither great faults in themselves, perhaps, but definitely dampening, dampening.

You see, our conversations were limited. So somehow the subject of ANZAPA came up rather frequently, like an ill-digested meal, and each time I made much the same sort of remark: "In 1971 I'll join. Not until then." It seemed the right thing to say.

But life can be boring, and I should hate to bore the many fine people (quote) I met in Sydney, nor yet some of those I re-met in Sydney. I'd especially hate to think that Gary Mason didn't have someone to annoy him.

So here I am back in ANZAPA, and considering how much of this stuff you have read already, I'd say that was just about the weakest punchline in history.

Sappho

The poetess Sappho, who was born in or near 612 BC, has almost been reborn in the last fifteen years. It was probably the publication of two books in 1955 which gave rise to the flood of translations since that date. Previously many translations of her work had been published (many of them are collected in THE SONGS OF SAPPHO, Peter Pauper Press), but POETARUM LESBIORUM FRAGMENTA (Edgar Lobel and Denys Page) and SAPPHO AND ALCAEUS (Denys Page), both Oxford: Clarendon Press, were so thorough-going and scholarly that even now there are few if any challenges to their authority.

Since 1955 there have been four 'complete' translations of Sappho into English - before that date less than a dozen.

Sappho was born on the island of Lesbos, off the coast of Asia Minor, probably in Mytilene, which is where she seems to have spent her later life. The details of her life are uncertain, but at that we know more about her life than about her poetry. Years after she died her work was collected into nine books, of which the first contained 1320 lines; of the five hundred or more poems which existed then we now have about 700 lines.

But many other authors, of lesser repute, have survived the ravages of time more completely. Sappho's work, however, did not meet with the approval of the Christian Church, and on at least three occasions her books were publicly burned. Perhaps we are lucky to have so much. What we do have left is there by chance - collected "from the scholia of ancient grammarians", "the mummy wrappings in Egyptian tombs" and other places such as clay pots.

Certainly the present sad state of affairs was not brought about by disinterest on the part of ancient scholars. In response to a classification of Sappho with eight male poets the statement was made that she was not the ninth among men, but the tenth Muse. This sentiment was echoed by many writers, including Plato. Maleager suggested that her poems were "few, but roses". And of course her work survives partly because it was so often quoted by admirers. Gilbert Murray, whose remarks should be of especial interest to Australian readers, said: "a dispassionate judgment must see that her love-poetry, if narrow in scope, has unrivalled splendour of expression for the longing that is too intense to have any joy in it, too serious to allow room for metaphor and imaginative ornament."

And she is frequently referred to as the only woman to have written unquestionably first-rate poetry.

Catullus copied her.

And so on.

I want to look fairly closely at one of her poems (the one Catullus pinched) to see if I can help you to see what is there. William Carlos Williams has done a translation, but I shan't be minac's marauders 1/2

quoting that here. And now - the translations.

First a prose translation by Walter R. Agard from his THE GREEK MIND:

That man seems to me like a god who sits beside you and listens to your sweet chatter, and your lovely laughter, which sets my heart beating wildly. For when I look at you my voice leaves me, my tongue is frozen and a piercing flame pervades my flesh, my eyes are blurred and my ears ring, sweat pours down me, I tremble all over, I become paler than grass, and I feel I am nearly dying.

Here is a second prose version, from T.S. Dorsch's translation of ON THE SUBLIME (Penguin), which is the source for this poem.

A peer of the gods he seems to me, the man who sits over against you face to face, listening to the sweet tones of your voice and the loveliness of your laughing; it is this that sets my heart fluttering in my breast. For if I gaze on you but for a little while, I am no longer master of my voice, and my tongue lies useless, and a delicate flame runs over my skin. No more do I see with my eyes, and my ears are filled with uproar. The sweat pours down me, I am all seized with trembling, and I grow paler than the grass. My strength fails me, and I seem little short of dying.

Apart from illustrating the problem of writing even a prose translation of the poem, I think these two versions will help you to see what lies within Sappho's work.

Next I have three non-prose translations of recent vintage. Mary Barnard's (University of California Press) was published in 1958.

He is a god in my eyes -
the man who is allowed
to sit beside you - he

who listens intimately
to the sweet murmur of
your voice, the enticing

laughter that makes my own
heart beat fast. If I meet
you suddenly, I can't

speak - my tongue is broken;
a thin flame runs under
my skin; seeing nothing,

hearing only my own ears
drumming, I drip with sweat;
trembling shakes my body

and I turn paler than
dry grass. At such times
death isn't far from me.

Two later translations are those of Willis Barnstone (1964) and Paul Roche (1966). In chronological order, then, we have:

To me that man equals a god
as he sits before you and listens
closely to your sweet voice
and lovely laughter - which troubles
the heart in my ribs. For now
as I look at you my voice fails,

my tongue is broken and thin fire
runs like a thief through my body.
My eyes are dead to light, my ears

pound, and sweat pours down over me.
I shudder, I am paler than grass,
and am intimate with dying - but

I must suffer everything, being poor.

And:

He is a god in my eyes, that man,
Given to sit in front of you
And close to himself sweetly to hear
The sound of you speaking.

Your magical laughter - this I swear -
Batters my heart - my breast astir -
My voice when I see you suddenly near
Refuses to come.

My tongue breaks up and a delicate fire
Runs through my flesh; I see not a thing
With my eyes, and all that I hear
In my ears is a hum.

The sweat pours down, a shuddering takes
Me in every part and pale as the drying
Grasses, then, I think I am near
The moment of dying.

The last line of Barnstone's version (Anchor-Doubleday) is the only surviving line (or partial line) of the fifth stanza. Roche (Mentor-NAL) gives a prose translation as follows:

But I must bear with it all because now I'm
a beggar.....

I shall come back to discuss those later. It is clear that the three translators had slightly different aims. But before examining that let us see how Catullus and his translators fared.

Just in case there are any Latinists reading, here is Catullus:

Illi mi par esse deo videtur,
ille, si fas est, superare divos,
qui sedens adversus identidem te
spectat et audit

dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
cripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi

lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
flamma demanat, sonitu suo pte
tenteinant aures, gemina teguntur
lumina nocte.

And now a couple of translations. First that of Peter Whigham in his Penguin Classics translation of Catullus:

Godlike the man who
sits at her side, who
watches and catches
that laughter
which (softly) tears me
to tatters: nothing is
left of me, each time
I see her,
... tongue numbed; arms, legs
melting, on fire; drum
drumming in ears; head-
lights gone black.

And then Vincent Buckley's version (Melbourne University Press, 1966):

Surely no one but a god
(Or Adversary) could sit like that
Opposite you, watching, taking in
Your pleased laughter,

When I, torment, feel my whole body
Lapse out at the first sight of you.
My mouth is drained of voice, my tongue
Stooped; where I watch

A flame steeps in secret down
Under my limbs, my ears ring
With their own sound, my eyes crouch
In double darkness.

It is quite clear from these two translations that a great deal of Sappho has survived the translations from Aiolic Greek to the Latin of Catullus to English, at least if we compare with the versions translated direct into English. But there are many differences, and these must attract our attention as much as the similarities.

(to be continued in minac's marauders 2

A BRIEF GUIDE TO FANZINES PUBLISHED BY ME (1961 - February, 1970)

<u>Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Distribution</u>
1.	2/61	Emanation 1	General
2.	'61	Flug 1	Restricted
3.	'61	Flug 2	"
4.	'61	Smallcon Smudge	"
5.	'61	Flug 2½	"
6.	7/62?	MSFC Newsletter	General
7.	early '62	Grendel	SAPS w/
8.	7/62	Afrogiwood	SAPS
9.	7/62	The Spectator	"
10.	10/62	The Wild Colonial Boy 1	"
11.	10/62	Bob Smith Appreciation Issue 1	"
12.	1/63	Air Mail Special (with Smith)	"
13.	1/63	Meanwhile	"
14.	1/63	The Wild Colonial Boy 2	"
15.	4/63	Chastity Belt	"
16.	7/63	Toxoidal Testicles 2	"
17.	7/63	TWCB 3	"
18.	10/63	The Unnamable	"
19.	10/63	TWCB 4	"
20.	1/64	Surfer Boy	"
21.	2/64	Satura 1	Restricted
22.	2/64	Satura 2	"
23.	3/64	Satura 3	"
24.	3/64	Satura 4	"
25.	4/64	Satura 5	"
26.	4/64	A Fanzine for Burnett R. Toskey	SAPS
27.	4/64	TWCB 5	"
28.	4/64	TWCB 7	"
29.	4/64	Satura 6	Restricted
30.	5/64	Satura 7	"
31.	6/64	Satura 8	"
32.	7/64	Satura 9	"
33.	7/64	TWCB 8	"
34.	7/64	TWCB 6/9	SAPS
35.	8/64	Satura 10	"
36.	9/64	The Gryphon 11	Restricted
37.	10/64	TWCB 10	"
38.	10/64	The Gryphon 12	SAPS
39.	11/64	The Gryphon 13	Restricted
40.	1/65	TWCB 11	"
41.	1/65	The Gryphon 14	SAPS
42.	2/65	The Gryphon 15	Restricted
43.	4/65	TWCB 12	"
44.	4/65	The Gryphon 16 ³	SAPS
45.	6/65	The Gryphon 17	Restricted
46.	7/65	TWCB 13 ⁴	"
47.	10/65	TWCB 14	SAPS
48.	1/66	TWCB 15	"
49.	4/66	TWCB 16 Annex ⁵	"
50.	7/66	TWCB 17	"
51.	10/66	The Death of Saps ⁶	"
52.	10/66	Flug 3/4	"
53.	10/66	Pen Ultimate	"

54.	10/66	Pictures	SAPS
55.	10/66	Smoke of the Kangaroo	"
56.	11/66	The Horrible Voyages ⁷	ShadowFAPA
57.	4/67	The Last of the Just	SAPS
58.	7/67	Ahem	"
59.	10/67	Half A Cough 1	"
60.	10/67	Thoughts of Prime Minister Holt	"
61.	4/68	Half A Cough 2	"
62.	4/68	Campaign Litter	"
63.	4/68	Exploding Madonna	Restricted
64.	7/68	Half A Cough 3	SAPS
65.	7/68	Journal of the Henry James Appreciation Society	SAPS
66.	7/68	Airmail Special 2	"
67.	7/68	Exploding Madonna 2	Restricted
68.	10/68	Ecchtoplasm	ANZAPA
69.	10/68	Half A Cough 4	SAPS
70.	10/68	Exploding Madonna 3	Restricted
71.	12/68	Hold High the Great Red Banner (etc)	ANZAPA
72.	1/69	Sand out for two more reams (etc)	SAPS
73.	1/69	Exploding Madonna 4	Restricted
74.	1/69	Exploding Madonna 5	Restricted
75.	2/69	Blindworm's Sting	ANZAPA
76.	3/69	Australian Science Fiction Review 19	SAPS/General
77.	4/69	Exploding Madonna 6	Restricted
78.	4/69	The Daily Planet 1	Eastercon
79.	4/69	Vomit	SAPS/ANZAPA
80.	4/69	The Incredible Gall of Q.Q. Fubar	SAPS
81.	6/69	Short Rations	ANZAPA
82.	7/69	The Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology 1 (Restricted)	FAPA
83.	8/69	Blush	"
84.	8/69	Tranquillity Base	"
85.	8/69	How are they all on Zubenelgenubi IV?	"
86.	8/69	Spunds	ANZAPA
87.	8/69	The Bloody Oaf	" pm
88.	8/69	The Bloody Oaf 2 (with Dangsund)	"
89.	9/69	Straight Talk 1	"
90.	10/69	JOE 2	Restricted
91.	10/69	Supplement to JOE	"
92.	10/69	REPORT on ANZAPO POLL	ANZAPA
93.	10/69	A First Blast of the Trumpet (etc)	"
94.	10/69	Half A Cough 7 (?)	SAPS
95.	10/69	Mailing Comments	"
96.	1/70	How To Vote In Australian	"
97.	1/70	I Can Pagecount Anyone In The House	"
98.	1/70	The Daily Planet 2 (with Ryan)	Syncon/SAPS
99.	1/70	The Daily Planet 3	"
100.	1/70	JOE 3	Restricted
101.	1/70	WORLDCONsiderations 1	General
102.	1/70	WORLDCONsiderations 2	"
103.	2/70	Altjira 1	FAPA
104.	2/70	Mimac's Marauders 1	ANZAPA
105.	10/66	The Gryphon/TWOO 35	SAPS
106.	10/66	Winter Games (with Elizabeth Foyster)	SAPS
107.	'64	So Long Chollie	Restricted
108.	'65	So Long Chollie 2	"
109.	8/69	Bitcher	ANZAPA
110.	4/68	Comments on the Bangsund-Thomas Prop. Convention	

Notes to the Guide

1. I don't think this was the real title, but it is the one which Art Rapp recorded in his SAPS Index.
2. This was run off by Bruce Palz, who abbreviated the title, on the cover, to "TOROIDAL TEST".
3. This issue was edited with Carla Harding.
4. At this stage I began preparing for the 1966 convention, amongst other things, which explains the lack of material in following months.
5. Married 3/66
6. In this mailing I had 217 pages of material. At that one of my fanzines arrived late.
7. In 1967 we decided not to go to Europe after all. I was to go to Monash University instead.

Any additions and corrections to the above list naturally welcomed.
Distribution: restricted means available only to friends, not to subscribers, traders etc.

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THE OE SPEAKS

Gary Mason's little note of 4th January includes lots of information. A couple of points: the words making up the Constitution, and to that extent the Constitution itself, are correctly spelled. Gary's cuteness about Edmonds's mis-spelling is amusing, but insulting to members of ANZAPA.

I cannot see that Gary has the power to require material by the 1st day of the months in which ANZAPA mailings are distributed. There is really nothing in the Constitution itself specifically giving the OE the powers Gary has assumed, and there is no precedent for this action. If Article VI (3) and (4) may be interpreted as giving the OE such powers, they can also be interpreted as giving him the power to insist that all contributions be prepared on violet triangular paper.

Gary then outlines the members' possible comeback to his action. He suggests calling for a Special Rule - which takes six months to take effect.

But I can see Gary's problem - getting the mailing out after the deadline is a tricky business, and the fact that American fans have been managing it for years should not prejudice our views. After all, anyone who takes ten days to mail an apa mailing is obviously the sort of bloke you want on a Worldcon committee.

Dues are payable by the deadline, according to the Constitution. As things now stand, Dues are required by the first of the month. Is this correct, Gary, or are you going to do some more juggling?

THE SYNCON

It was great, fellas, great. We love you all. But two lines isn't enough space, though it's more than there'll be on Eastercon. minac's marauders 1/8