



SATURA 8 JUNE 1964

SATURA is published monthly by John Foyster, PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia. SATURA is available for trade or comment. There has been little of these. Lee Harding continues as staff photographer, printer, et cetera, and much thanks are hereby tendered. One day there will be illustrations. Take care to avoid the 'So Long, Chollie', by commenting often.

FOR ME

In Hermann Hesse's great novel MAGISTER LUDI (though I think one could argue convincingly that the original title, THE BEAD GAME, is better; the book is as much concerned with Joseph Knecht's relation with the game as with his understanding of his place as Magister Ludi), which has generously been provided by that agent of agents, 370, our present time is referred to as the Age of the Digest. Whether this was the origin of the term or not, I cannot help but feel that here, in a book dealing with the wideness of man's experience, it was most fittingly so described. Mass culture continues to flow through the world, and though there be no fault specifically in this, it is easily seen that there must be a dilution, a weakening, and in this lies the fault.

But additional to this can be discerned a further danger, another meaning to that most commonly used. With Pound and Hemingway has fallen the time of expansive writing. Since the 20s the accent has been on the rapid expression of an idea, with any beauty, formerly concomitant with good writing, a waft of perfume for the cognoscenti. No greater harm can be done than to limply accept this situation. Therefore expect in here do digest of idea or expression, no watered-down matter for the masses.

True it is that one must be intelligible, but to be intelligible to all is degrading, not to say impossible. In explaining to the moron we lose the genius. For the main we may strike that so poorly-named "happy-medium" and hope to reach as wide a band as is possible. And 'degrading' because, like it or not, there are some things of which a large fraction of the population is oblivious.

But to conceal the meaning - there's the rub.

PREWAR FANZINES IN AUSTRALIA

BILL VENEY

Every now and again you will read an article by one of the deep thinkers in our ranks on the subject of amateur publishing. One such writer will say fanzines are a fine thing and help fandom a lot. Immediately some equally deep thinker will jump to the nearest typewriter and say that fanzines are a bad thing, and cause no end of trouble. I'm not going to buy in on that fight. I do know, however, that a large percentage of the Australian fan population read and enjoy fanzines. I also know that fanzine editors get a lot of enjoyment out of producing their brainchildren. I think you'll agree fandom would be a very dull place without them.

Perhaps the first Australian attempt to produce an amateur publication devoted to science fiction took place at Randwick School, Sydney in 1937. Several of the students were caught up in the first flush of discovering the US professional magazines. Two, Bert Castellari and I, had been on the staff of the regular class magazines and decided to try a private one of our own. It wasn't intended to be anything more than an outlet for our writing and illustrating efforts, but that didn't quite work out.

SPACEHOUNDS, as we called our magazine, was a handprinted weekly journal with a circulation of one. Bert Castellari was editor, and I was assistant editor. It was intended to be handed around for general reading under the watchful eye of one or other of the editors. We didn't think more than a handful of other students would be interested.

Within a couple of weeks it had a following far beyond anything visualised by either of us. As soon as each issue appeared, it started on a round of readers that often took three or four days to complete before getting back into our anxious hands. By the seventh or eighth issue, it received official recognition by going into the staff room. (The recognition, by the way, took the form of congratulation to Bert for his energy, and severe criticism to me for my spelling.)

SPACEHOUNDS lasted 10 weekly issues and a 'quarterly' before falling victim to examinations. However, it had a profound effect on the thinking of the science fiction circle and made us realise quite a lot of people could be reached by medium of even a small periodical. We were agreed that this wasn't the end of our publishing efforts.

1938 was final examination year for the Randwick readers, so there wasn't time for any more experimenting. There was much talk about magazines, particularly after Eric Russell and his brother, Ted, became known to us as fans. I had know both of them for many years,

but only introduced them to science fiction about this time. It wasn't exactly my fault. Both contributed many good ideas and entered the spirit of fandom. We laid plans for 1939 and letters were sent to AMAZING so as to appear on the Australian market when we were over the examination hurdle.

In January 1939 we had our first contact with U.S. fandom. Harry Warner Jr., prominent fan at the time, and editor of SPACEWAYS, noticed Bert's name in the reader's columns of one of the professional magazines and dropped him a letter. Shortly afterwards he sent a copy of SPACEWAYS. The impression it created when it arrived was terrific. We had never imagined an amateur publication had such possibilities and our thoughts turned to how we could emulate it.

Our opportunity came when Frank Flaherty, a non-fan, offered to do our typing and duplicating. The three most active readers, Bert, Eric and I, were to do the collecting of material and general editorial work. For juniors on junior pay, it was a big job, but we went about it as efficiently as we could under the circumstances. We didn't have a clear idea what we wanted other than a name - AUSTRALIAN FAN NEWS.

Before we could get started, John Gregor of Adelaide brought out his SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. The first information we had about John was an announcement appearing in the Science Fiction League section of TWS. This also carried the information that John was the editor of Australia's first fan magazine. Eric Russell made contact with him and John later entered into a short but furious correspondence with several Sydney fans.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW eventually arrived in Sydney. It was a sixteen page octavo effort done by hand and produced on a hektograph. It didn't impress us very much at all. We lost touch with John after this as he joined the army. To add to the confusion and make locating him even more difficult, he had used the pen-name of 'John Deverne'. Years later when in Adelaide I spent many fruitless hours going through the South Australian electoral rolls looking for the name 'Deverne'. I thought that he probably had some relatives who could help me.

After a lot of trouble AUSTRALIAN FAN NEWS finally appeared. The first issue was dated May, but it didn't get into the mails until August. It was to have been a twelve page foolscap bi-monthly. The problems involved made us realise we had attempted too much, so our further activities were to be much more limited. This didn't apply only to AFN. We were trying to organize a national club and a local club, as well as maintaining contact with America and bringing out the magazine. A mighty effort when you remember that our oldest fan was only 16

Even before AFN was posted, we decided on our next step. Eric, Ted, Bert and I had a serious discussion on fandom generally. Eric wanted to try a small magazine that wouldn't cost too much or be too much trouble to produce. I wanted to get started on organising a local club. We weighed everything and agreed that the best thing would be to try one thing at a time. Eric had the clearest idea of what was wanted so we marshalled our efforts behind him.

Eric and Ted went to work and in October the first issue of ULTRA appeared. It was a carbon-copied 12 page typed magazine featuring articles, fiction and general news. Circulation was around thirty. The whole thing was produced on a shoestring and looked it. We were very proud of it, mainly because we had kept faith with our overseas friends. Also, the cheapness of production ensured that we - or rather the Russell brothers - could produce a second issue.

Vol Molesworth had become known to us in the early part of that year and gradually gravitated into our circle. He was a ball of energy and couldn't quite see the reason for our slowness in many matters. To his credit, he swung into line with the rest of us and helped with our various projects, particularly the very pressing problem of keeping contact with America. However, when ULTRA appeared and the local club had been established, he started making plans of his own.

His LUNA appeared in December. It was almost a second issue of AFN in many ways and had the same format. There were improvements in layout and a more fannish approach to the subject of science fiction. Also Vol was able to display his natural journalistic ability, giving LUNA a sense of continuity no other fan publication had achieved until that time.

December also saw the second issue of ULTRA. It appeared in much the same form as number one, but was vastly improved in layout. Eric had already made plans for the third issue to be duplicated, so this was the last of the carbon-copied issues. He announced that a new fan, Ralph Smith, had joined the staff as art editor and we could expect illustrations as soon as duplicating details were finalised.

Bert Castellari had watched the developments during this period without taking a leading part. He had helped Eric Russell with ULTRA, Vol Molesworth with LUNA and had been a tower of strength to me in getting the club going. Even before the end of 1939 he started making plans of his own. Without telling anybody what he had in mind, he studied the US fan publishing field, and discussed the subject with several American fans. Late in December, he took me aside and outlined his plan for FUTURIAN OBSERVER. It was to be a single foolscap sheet duplicated on both sides and appearing every two weeks. Bert thought that the most important thing about a magazine of this

type was that it appeared on time. Eric Russell was aiming for perfection with ULTRA and Bert would aim for regularity with OBS. I suggested to Bert that it would be almost impossible to keep up a regular fortnightly schedule because of non-fan matters, but he was determined to go ahead. After a great deal of discussion I agreed to join him as co-editor. We told Eric Russell and Vol Molesworth what we had in mind and both said they would help us all they could.

The first issue of FUTURIAN OBSERVER appeared during January 1940. From then on until February 1941 we never missed an issue. There was much criticism of bad duplicating, typing errors, grammatical errors, spelling errors, and general untidiness, but it didn't worry either of us. We made regularity the watchword and if it was the difference between a deadline and a dictionary, the deadline always won. We brought out OBS for our own satisfaction and it was more by good luck than good management that other fans liked it. Eric and Vol stood by us in the teething stage, both with material and know-how.

So the first quarter saw the fan publishers of Sydney getting out on their respective tracks. LUNA went through some startling changes and numbers two and three appeared in a quarto format with only eight pages. ULTRA appeared in February in a nice new quarto format complete with illustrations. FUTURIAN OBSERVER, presenting its version of the news and preaching the cause of the local club, rounded off the picture. We were all justifiably proud of our mags.

In the second quarter of 1940, there were some more startling changes. Vol dropped LUNA and brought out a new one, COSMOS. Now, in looking for copy, he stumbled on one of the periodic storms-in-a-teacup that have continuously dotted fan progress and dressed it up into a fullscale feud between Eric and me. He reported it as the event of the year. This was moonshine. We certainly spat words at each other, but both regarded the thing as a private disagreement. Castellari was still on the best of terms with Eric, and I still managed to get along with Ted Russell. No word of the disagreement appeared in either ULTRA or OBS. Both Eric and I wrote to Vol to deny the report.

The outcome of it all was that COSMOS started out under a cloud. Vol intended it to be a letter mag in the tradition of the American IMAGINATION but never managed to dispel the suspicion that he had some deeper motive. There certainly was a need for a magazine of this type to let Australian fans get to know each other better. Vol's slick journalism and goodnatured digs made Eric and I overlook the earlier mistake, but we never quite relaxed when writing to him.

COSMOS started out as a six page tri-weekly, reduced itself to a two page bi-weekly and finally blossomed out into a LUNA-ised version with anything up to sixteen or so pages. It didn't stick to any set

editorial policy (in fact it even changed editors for a couple of weeks) despite periodic statements by Vol. COSMOS had a rather unique reputation amongst the Sydney fans. It was the only fan publication that successfully managed to tread on the toes of everybody.

It was about the middle of the year that we saw AUSTRALIAN FANTASY, the Melbourne fan magazine. Warwick Hockley, its editor, was unknown to any of us and we were very surprised when we first heard about it. The first issue was a small carbon-copied one, with an undisclosed circulation. Wog, as Warwick was known to us, never did let on how many he distributed. It had the usual fan fiction, articles and news. We were very enthusiastic, mainly because it opened up a new field of fan activity. The fact that it was sloppy in comparison with the Sydney publications was discreetly overlooked. When the wheel turned and some Sydney mags were sloppy in comparison with his, Wog was equally discreet in overlooking our shortcomings. The enthusiasm in Wog's letters made us realise we had located a fan of the most active type. Being outside the centre of fan activity didn't affect AUSTRALIAN FANTASY much. Wog suffered the usual difficulty of any fan editor in getting material at first, but gradually he managed to get a backlog of both articles and fiction. Once he had this, he was in a position to demand a certain standard from his contributors. This in turn made the contributors spend more time in polishing their material and the whole magazine improved in quality.

AUSTRALIAN FANTASY will always be remembered for its climb to the top of the fan popularity ladder. The second issue appeared in September. It was hectographed. The third issue was dated December and was duplicated with the usual black on white. The fifth issue was a blaze of colour with four or five coloured inks being used in the duplicating process. Even the most conservative fan could find little fault in the Melbourne magazine.

In August 1940, six Sydney fans combined their talents to produce ZEUS! This was to be the 'balanced' magazine, giving equal prominence to both fan and professional activities. The first issue was a sixteen page one, and immediately threw out a strong challenge to the leading magazine of the day, Eric Russell's ULTRA. However the fact that it had six very interested fans on the editorial committee proved a hindrance rather than a help. ZEUS! had the unusual experience of having no less than two second issues! Two of the editors brought out an issue which was duplicated and immediately dubbed 'official', and another two came out with their version, which was hectographed and dubbed 'pseudo'. This state of affairs existed until the fourth issue. The 'pseudo' folded up and its editors assisted with the official, although never actually coming onto the editorial staff.

The final publishing venture of the year was again from Melbourne when Wog Hockley produced his MELBOURNE BULLETIN. This was an 'all sorts' with no set policy or publishing date. When some fan in Sydney became

frantic with worry over the impending collapse of something or other, then he generally dashed a short article or letter to Wog to see if anyone else was losing sleep.

ULTRA continued to appear on a bi-monthly basis all through 1940 and was recognised as being Australia's No. 1. fan publication. It was duplicated from February onwards. Many of the best-known fans had their first published works in Eric's magazine. Chas. Mustchin wrote an article that ran for three issues, Colin Roden submitted the first of his dry, humorous stories, Bruce Sawyer, under his pen name of L. Vague De Damp, appeared as both artist and author, and David Evans and Wog Hockley, and others, also contributed. In addition to the better-known fans such as Vol Molesworth and Ralph Smith developed their talents under the watchful eye of Editor Russell and before the critical audience that constituted ULTRA's readers. The anniversary issue in October ran to thirty odd pages and presented material from just about every well-known fan.

By the beginning of 1941, American and British fandom had realised that Australian fan publications were here to stay. The encouraging but condescending reviews that appeared in overseas publications turned to unqualified praise as the tiny Australian fan community continued to expand and improve their magazines. The regular FUTURIAN OBSERVER showed we had stability, the controversial COSMOS showed we were much the same as fans in the rest of the world, whilst the bigger magazines, particularly ULTRA, but also AUSTRALIAN FANTASY and ZEUS! showed we aspired to greater and higher things. MELBOURNE BULLETIN hadn't made any impression, but it was later to fill the gap between FUTURIAN OBSERVER and COSMOS.

Time out for an explanation. As I said before, I don't want to buy into any fights, but it has always been my contention that the reason fans produce these magazines was for the satisfaction of sitting on the editorial board (if such existed) and having some say in the production. I do not believe power was the prime motive. Rather I'd say a desire for recognition, an outlet for energy, but mainly a great big hunk of egoboo. It was the fun of being editor, rather than the lust for being dictator, that started these magazines going and the pride in the work turned out, that kept them going.

The first half of 1941 opened up very well. ULTRA developed a style that set the standard for the rest of Australia. ZEUS! came through its difficulties and under the capable editorship of Ron Levy and Bert Castellari started to concentrate on fan fiction. Noel Dwyer and David Evans contributed the outstanding items of a serious nature, whilst Bruce Sawyer, under his tag of L. Vague De Damp, gave us some good belly laughs besides keeping the egos of the would-be great in a suitably deflated condition. FUTURIAN OBSERVER had a change when Ron

Levy replaced me on the staff and it became 'irregular' instead of bimonthly. Vol Molesworth seemed to be in doubt and after attempting a new venture called TELEFAN, abandoned the publishing field altogether. In Melbourne, Wog Hockley quietly but systematically improved AUSTRALIAN FANTASY besides turning out MELBOURNE BULLETIN.

Don Tuck of Hobart had been known to us all for some time, and had contributed to both Sydney and Melbourne magazines. We all knew Don was an enthusiastic collector, but nobody ever thought he had plans for entering the publishing side. Therefore it was with very great surprise that it was learned in Sydney that Don, with the assistance of several of the Hobart readers, had plans for a magazine. Within a week of the news reaching Sydney, Don's magazine PROFAN had turned up. The speed and efficiency of the Tasmanians quite took our breath away, even though we learned that Wog Hockley had been helping in an advisory capacity. The first issue was favourably received everywhere.

PROFAN - meaning 'pro' and 'fan', not 'for fan' - lasted three issues and featured the usual articles and fiction. Coming into the field at a time of so many other fan magazines, Don had much difficulty in getting good material. He kept at the mainlanders, however, till he received his share of the quality efforts being turned out at the time. Each issue was an improvement on the last, so it is difficult to see just where PROFAN would have ended up if it hadn't been for the war cutting short its career. As it was, Don and his Hobart Helpers did a great job under the circumstances.

The highwater mark of fan publishing in Australia was reached in the second half of 1941. The necessary 'firm base' had been provided by the comparative newcomer, Colin Roden, who taught us older fans a thing or two with his SCIENCE AND FANTASY FAN REPORTER, which appeared as a regular weekly for 34 weeks - and never missed an issue! He presented news and views on both fan and professional matters in such a way that even the most touchy couldn't take offence. He 'scooped' all the other magazines in such a gentlemanly way that the other editors actually enjoyed seeing the news appear first in Colin's magazine.

The second anniversary issue of ULTRA appeared in October with fifty pages, including printed inserts. As with the first anniversary issue, just about every fan in Australia was represented, but the improvement in the quality of the material made this the showpiece of Australian fandom. Everyone expected the effort would exhaust the Russell brothers, but the December issue appeared, although late, and showed the dependable team would still set the standard.

AUSTRALIAN FANTASY appeared on a regular schedule, but roughly quarterly. Wog, practically alone in Melbourne, was doing a tremendous

job, and every issue was a blaze of colour. His art work was undoubtedly the best in Australia. Artists Ralph Smith, Bruce Sawyer and Ted Russell all submitted their best work to Wog, and he certainly showed it to advantage. MELBOURNE BULLETIN was overshadowed by its bigger companion, but was still widely read and enjoyed.

ZEUS! aimed at the fan fiction market all through 1941. However it did blot its copybook by printing the FSS minutes. Both editors had resigned from the FSS, and it was in particularly bad taste to dig into the muddled and murky past of that organization to find copy. (An odd aspect of this incident was that active Futurian Vol Molesworth called for action against Ron Levy and Bert Castellari, yet continued to support them with material. Ex-Futurian Foundation Director, myself, refused to contribute any material for ZEUS!, but maintained the most cordial relations with both editors.) ZEUS! was at its best during the latter part of 1941.

FUTURIAN OBSERVER, after a long absence, came back to the fold. The editorial attitude also went through a dramatic change. Instead of being 'anti-fandom' in outlook, Ron Levy and Bert Castellari jumped on the band wagon of cooperation and supported the Third Sydney Science Fiction Conference which looked like being the best gathering ever attempted in the Southern Hemisphere. It was, however, still very anti-FSS. The Hobart magazine, PROFAN, was finding its feet and a place for itself in the scheme of things.

The came Pearl Harbour. The entry of Japan into the war destroyed Australian fandom and with it fan publishing. There was a sense of anti-climax in the manner in which one fan publication followed another in closing down its activities. Within a couple of months ULTRA, FUTURIAN OBSERVER, AUSTRALIAN FANTASY, ZEUS!, MELBOURNE BULLETIN, SCIENCE AND FANTASY FAN REPORTER and PROFAN were nothing more than pleasant memories. It was all so sudden. It just didn't seem right.

In summing up, the efforts of the fan publishers had a tremendous effect on the expansion of Australian fandom. They made mistakes and lots of them. However, they were brought out for personal enjoyment and the enthusiasm of all concerned should make even the most critical observers view them with tolerance. They contributed a vital part to that youthful period we now call pre-war fandom.

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Reprinted from ETHERLINE 46, March 1955. Permission to reprint granted verbally, 1962 by M.R. Binns. The word 'reprint' is used loosely. Those who have seen this issue will know that. I have attempted to restore the manuscript to what must have been its original state, before the flying fingers of the AFPA boys tore it to pieces. In some places I am still not certain I've the facts straight. Lee Harding claims that a very similar manuscript was submitted to him (bounced) c. 1954.

B A N N E D I N B O S T O N ?

One of the most familiar bleats of the Australian fan is directed against censorship. Yet the Australian fan himself is not averse to a little blue pencilling. The following was submitted to John Baxter, ("You can't print that sort of thing") in the days when BUNYIP was published frequently, and to Lee Harding ("It wouldn't really go with the rest of the material") for his new 'magazine'. So here it is, translated (horribly) from French by yt, a section from Les Chants de Maldoror, by Isidore Ducasse, who used a pseudonym, but I have no accents!!

"It is essential to allow your fingernails to grow for some weeks. Then, then, o, the sweet ecstasy of dragging some beautiful youth from his bed, roughly, a youth who has not yet reached puberty and then, as soon as he is wide-awake, to make such a show of passing your hand gently, caressingly, over his forehead, slowly back into his beautiful locks and suddenly, when he is least attentive, to thrust your fingernails deep into his soft bosom, but taking care not to wound him too deeply, for then his misery will not so long endure. Now you should lick at the blood and quickly blindfold him, all the while tearing and ripping at his throbbing body. Now, being sated for a time with his so sublime weeping, now, having been at him like an avalanche, you should toss him to the next room; wait some time; then make as if to rescue him. And at this point your repentance should be genuine. This is the time when the heavenly spirit in us rises, though so rarely, and manifests itself, but oh so slowly. With a heart overflowing with compassion you can then console this child, to whom so much evil has been done..... 'My child excuse me; it is he who stands before you, before your noble and most holy body, who has done this to you, who has shattered your bones and torn the flesh of every part of your body. It is a disease of a sick mind, a thing I try to prevent which deprives me of my reason, making me commit this crime - so much like an eagle tearing at his prey; and yet I suffer as much as my victim. Child, pardon me. I want to escape this pointless life; I want our two souls to be bound as one, together for all eternity, never willing to be parted, my mouth pressed forever to yours. For this expiatory atonement I will deck my body with the wreaths of the undertaker, and we will suffer together, me, by being torn at; you, by doing the dirty work my mouth fixed to yours' Having spoken thus, you will, by this time, have done enough evil for one man, and you will have enjoyed doing it; it is the greatest happiness to which man can aspire O Thou, whose name I cannot write on this page; who has made holy the sanctity of this crime, I know that Your mercy is greater than the whole world. But, for my part - I live again."

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

RON CLARKE.

Elephant jokes: about a year ago a radio station held a contest for the best one; there were hundreds of the things, and a few were slightly sick.

Q. Why does a duck wear sneakers?

A. To stamp out grassfires.

Q. Why does an elephant wear sneakers?

A. To stamp out burning ducks.

This is probably the best known, too.

I've seen a cloudshaped toadstool.

It seems that the average age of the SF reader (of NEW WORLDS, anyway) has gone down 7 years of age to 24 years old, in six years. Looks like interest is picking up in it too. The FSS has got over 4 new associate members (including myself) since the beginning of the year that I know of, and I know of 5 readers who are not Active Fans (as if I am!), and that number is rising too. At school the interest seems to have caught on. The SF books (about 8) are being read, usually by boys in first to third year.

QUOTES:

There can be no true objective criticism until a man stands more or less indifferent to the result, and frees himself as far as possible from all subjective relations to the object of criticism. BAUR.

Hatred is generally to be measured by the mental incapacity of those who indulge in it. INMAN.

Some people will say I exhibit the typical moronic mind, but I won't be swayed! Enclosed are 3 5d stamps; if you have any spare issues of SATURA 2, 4 or 5 could I have a copy of each please.....

I like 370's letters, and I hope you keep printing them. They are, well, thought-provoking. I received SATURA 7 today; it looks as though someone's been chewing it. ((Harding!!!! ed.))

Something a lot of men and boys have a gripe about - toilet facilities at a film theatre. Notice that only the 'Ladies' is in the theatre itself. It gets some people confused. At the SAVOY last night we saw WUTHERING HEIGHTS. There was a sign over the door of the toilet, not very well lit. In four languages. The only relatively

clear one seemed to say SIGNOR. It didn't. A friend of mine (boy) walked in for a drink. Everybody laughed. A woman went in and took him out. He looked at the sign and went in again, to finish his drink.

*****Them there five asterisks mean it is I, the editor, John Foyster, writing. This note is included to give a hint to those poor souls who find themselves lost halfway through these pages, with not a guide as to who is writing. Material between five asterisks and the next heading to a letter is mine. All articles are headed with the author's name, unless I am it. Then I don't bother. So, you see, the first page of this magazine was written by me, John Foyster. The next eight pages were almost all written by William D. Veney. Page ten was written by mine unhumble self. After that it should be pretty clear. Is there anyone who is still not confused?

Your statistics about NEW WORLDS readers are pretty interesting, Ron. The way I see it, the average reader is no longer reading the magazine.

What a lovely and simple world Mr. Inman must live in!!

MISS D L HALL-CLARKE

I've been receiving SATURA by mail for some time now. Am I permitted to make a few enquiries?

- 1) Exactly what is SATURA?
- 2) Is there any connection with the FUTURIAN SOCIETY OF SYDNEY?
- 3) If a club, how does one join?
- 4) Are the discussed books, etc. available? If so where?
- 5) When joining, what 'qualification' must one have? Or, on the other hand, what preferences?

The writings contained in SATURA I find rather amusing, and witty, of a sort. Good reading, though. Keep up the good work.

*****Ahem. When I received this letter my mind went off into a little world all its own. Here, I thought, the perfect sucker's letter. But my high moral standards got the better of me (it can be healed in there). So I shall try to answer this letter, dear correspondent, straight.

O, please don't address the next letter to "Dear ?". I am rather sensitive. I plaster my name all over this fanzine. And another preliminary note - this following may not be as clear and meaningful for you as for some others.

1)

The whyness of SATURA was discussed before you got in on this. I could talk about how it all started when Ted White came up the Mississippi from New Orleans, but the hell with it. I used to read science fiction. Since time immoral sf fans have published amateur magazines, not all devoted to amateur stories and discussions of pro

dittoes. I understand that this concept of fan publishing is resurging, or regurgitating or something. 370 is my words expert. Anyway, some fanzines don't really mention science fiction very much. I very rarely do. As a matter of fact, my first fanzine was a parody (an 80 page one, at that) of the sf-type but nobody laughed. I only mention sf here because I'm forced to.

2) There is no official connection with the FSS. Kevin Dillon, that hyperactive secretary or something has just sent me your name as a suggested reader. Kevin Dillon also sent me some other names, so don't blame me, FSS members. I visited the FSS rooms early this year, but no one built an altar, so I have not returned.

3) One joins the FSS by toddling along to a little room somewhere in 90 Phillip St., if said 90 Phillip Street is still in existence. With the heavy rain Sydney has, one never knows. Otherwise you can receive SATURA monthly (I was going to say regularly) simply by writing every now and then.

4) Some of the books discussed are available, in your local bookstore. Well, if you try hard enough. On the other hand, other books just ain't available. One may not borrow book from the editor. Not since a couple of Sydney residents seem to have done a bunk with some books loaned personally.

5) The qualification? - the real ... temptation, I suppose. No you just need a little patience. What does help is a willingness to put up the editor (John Foyster, in case anyone has lost the place) when he comes to Sydney. This is an immensely satisfactory qualification, but not one likely to be called on in the near future. The matter of preferences lies in your own hands.

MIKE BALDWIN*****
(Mike Baldwin will be a new overseas correspondent, if he ever gets around to writing.)

I thank you for the May issue of SATURA with photo. I found it by accident; someone had taken it out of the letterbox and hid it on the floor. How can anyone expect me to find it on the floor. Still, if it were left in the letterbox I would never find it. I never look in letterboxes. Very nasty things live in my letterbox.

I read in the satirical magazine OZ in one of its issues before it was seized, a letter from Roger Dard, where he complained that when he saw the film BUTTERFIELD 8 in Australia, he found it censored in comparison with the version he had seen in Hong Kong in which Elizabeth Taylor explained how much she liked to be raped at the age of twelve. Me, I think the censor in Australia lets in too much of this nasty sex stuff, what I don't like is the way the beaut horrid, nasty depraved films are banned from this country. There is nothing a horrid, nasty, depraved person like myself can enjoy. However I
(cont. p. 16)

TRIBUTE TO JOHN BAXTER.

On this page I would like to say a lot of nice things about John Baxter.

QUOTES FOR JUNE

(this lot are for you, Bill)

In the beginning was the word - but the end is the world.

Where man is the end, or the means, all men are mean.

The man just is, but clothes are becoming.

Politicians believe man is many and that his behaviour should be one.
Hence totalitarianism. I know he is one and believe his behaviour
should be millionfold.
Hence freedom.

Art is not an anaemic cult but a dynamic culture.

What would it profit a man if he kept his soul and lost the whole world?

Altruism is greater selfishness.

Minds are vulgar, common; they are like artsouls - everyone's got one.

Violence may be admission that our ideas are weak, but not that they
are wrong.

Pure idealism is retreat from reality, as realism is refuge from
thought. Our ideal is pursuit of the real - and the realisation of
ideal things.

The genius is a man who will talk, listen to anyone, everyone, no
matter how stupid they may be - he knows how stupid he himself can be.

If a thing is hard to do it isn't worth doing.

Guilt is the feeling you aren't doing what you want.

Religion is the opium of the people? And why shouldn't the people have
opium, drugs, alcohol, anything - everything?

The mystic is a scientist in a hurry.

Biased people listen; the unbiased aren't interested.

It is only matter which hurts - and only matter which cries.

ALL QUOTES FROM HARRY HOOTON

hope to rectify this once I leave these azure shores, or whatever they're called.

What I want to say is: is there anybody you particularly hate in Hong Kong, England, or New York that you would like me to call on personally - the worst thing that could happen to them. Or perhaps you would like me to deliver a magazine personally, at great saving of postage stamps. Better still; do you know any sinus fiction groups in England or New York.

I hope to leave next Monday 1st June, so please do not send any more mags to Shadforth Street for a while after that because otherwise they will be eaten. The people around here will eat anything, even sf fanzine

*****Letter received May 31. All you lot miss out on getting personally delivered copies. Watch out for Mike though, I may blab your address.

So ends another SATURA, on the note that this one may have been boring and uninteresting, but wait 'til you see the next. John Straede assisted in collation and Lee Harding in posting of last issue. Ta, lads.

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