

HURKLE

"THE HAPPY BEAST"



NUMBER
EIGHT

HURKLE

is the informal publication issued occasionally
for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Redd

Boggs, 2215 Benjamin street N. E., Minneapolis 18, Minnesota. This issue, volume I,
number 8, is intended for the winter 1951-2 mailing. "The prettiest of the hurkle
are blue." -- Theodore Sturgeon.

A Gafia Press publication.

SECOND ANN-ISH

With this issue, Hurkle begins its third year. No changes of policy should be anticipated for the next annum, however, though in a sense becoming two years old is attaining one's majority in the fanzine field. Hurkle is one of the few fanzines to state, quite frankly, in its first issue, that it was pretty much of a "requirements" publication, and perhaps it is the only one to reaffirm that statement on its second birthday. I herewith paraphrase one of my opening remarks in issue #1, January 1950: "I must admit that my primary purpose in remaining in the SAPS is to obtain that handful of sterling mags that appear here."

Many of you, I greatly fear, consider Hurkle an inadequate return for the privilege I hold thereby of reading your sapszines. As far as Hurkle's material goes, perhaps you are right that it is subpar. But in regularity of appearance, Hurkle takes a back seat to few sapszines. It has appeared in eight of the last nine mailings.

However, since it seems that Coswal intends to try bimonthly mailings, Hurkle will not appear so frequently hereafter. If the SAPS goes bimonthly, Hurkle will appear only every other mailing -- i.e., three times a year. I haven't time to publish a bimonthly Hurkle, and an every-other-mailing schedule will be the best way to publish at regular intervals.

Aren't editorial pronouncements like this annoying? Nobody's interested except the editor himself. It's a good thing I publish mostly for my own amusement.

THE ETHER SHUDDERS

Here is Virginia Blish with some comments on comments referring to "Once Over Lightly" in Hurkle #6. I'd rejected Bob Pavlat's notion of reading Cannery Row for the poem "Black Marigolds" with the remark, "Yeah, and drink a cocktail for the olive," and in another connection commented that I hadn't been able to finish Fritz Leiber's Unknown novel, "Conjure Wife."

I drink the cocktail for the olive. Not only that, I'm a connoisseur: it needs to be an olive stuffed with tiny little pearl onions -- three of them. I like gin, and I like almost any gin drink, but no matter how expertly dry it may be (and it had better be), I wouldn't drink a Martini if it weren't for the olive (olive-stuffed-with-pearl-onions, that is, of course).... As for "Conjure Wife," Redd, do please try to read past whatever it is in the opening sections that throws you off. It is the best Leiber, in my opinion, that there is. Not brutal -- at least, not in its preoccupations -- like the famous (and deservedly so, at least within the sf frame) fish-hooks story, but very damn good and exceedingly convincing. At least for me. There is one passage where the heroine ties rapidly a series of complicated knots, where the excitement engendered is almost too much to bear, and where the words almost move on the page (or something does) to give a kind of visual dimension to the description of

her hands. "Conjure Wife" is one of the three or four stories I have excerpted and wouldn't be without.

I wrote to Joe Kennedy, apologizing for absently using an all-cap heading on his article "Where the SAPS Came From" in Hurkle #7, not only fouling up the centering problem but crowding out his byline, so that I had to stick it at the end of the article. JoKe replied:

Thankee a lot for the Hurkle. Honest Injun, I wasn't the least bit nettled, incensed, inflamed, enraged, envenomed, embittered, infuriated, or even rankled (handy thing, this two-bit Roget!) by your placing the byline New Yorkerishly. It is too bad, tho, that Alpaugh has gone and re-joined SAPS, drat him, for this fouls up my statement about the club being utterly free of its creators. Foo!

SACCO AND VANZETTI: 25 YEARS AFTER (Part One of Two Parts)

Foreword: It was 25 years ago in April that Judge Webster Thayer pronounced the death sentence on Sacco and Vanzetti, and 25 years ago this summer that they were executed. These actions hardly ended the controversy that had raged for more than six years previous to these climactic moments, but the names of Sacco and Vanzetti no longer dwell on the lips of our contemporaries. Only among a few hoary radicals, recounting the martyrs for a lost cause, and in the poems and stories of the remaining members of the not-quite-lost generation that grew up in the 1930s, do their names appear. There is a hollow sound to them from the way people talk of the fabulous 1920s, that era that is more legend than memory to many people these days. Sacco and Vanzetti are among that cast of strange characters that includes John J. Raskob, Shipwreck Kelly, Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith, Peaches Browning, John Thomas Scopes, Floyd Collins, Emile Coué, Jack Dempsey, and Al Capone -- players in a drama called "the roaring twenties" that like "King Lear," we have all heard about but some of us have never seen.

Who were Sacco and Vanzetti, and what was the Sacco-Vanzetti case? In the following two-part article we'll turn the pages of time back to the 1920s for a quick look. This report is based on accounts in at least five books and a number of magazine articles and pamphlets, but in the interests of non-scholars footnotes are dispensed with. If anybody's interested, a bibliography will be published with part two. This, then, is the story of Sacco and Vanzetti....

* * *

In the celebrated Sacco and Vanzetti case, two dark currents of American life in the 1920s flowed together, making at first a little eddy. Scarcely a ripple in the beginning, the eddy grew swiftly into a whirlpool, deeply - hollowed and foam-crested, with a powerful undertow that was felt in many parts of the world.

At the very center of the whirlpool were the two men: Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, Italian immigrants, poor workers who made their living in the "shoe towns" around Boston. Nicola Sacco was born in 1891 at Torremaggiore, Foggia -- a southern Italian province -- and migrated to America in 1908. After working awhile at various jobs, he became a shoe worker, learning the trade of edge-trimmer. At the time he became involved in the case in question, that black whirlpool, he worked at the 3-K shoe factory at Stoughton, Mass. He was married, and had a son named after the poet Dante.

Bartolomeo Vanzetti, born in 1888 at Villa Valletto, Italy, in the Piedmont hills, came to America two months after Sacco. He worked at an amazing variety of unskilled and semiskilled trades in and around Plymouth, Mass., finally becoming a fish-peddler and a "familiar figure" in the streets of that city. Previously, while working at a rope factory, he had led a strike for higher wages and was blacklisted for his unionist activities.

Both Sacco and Vanzetti were philosophical anarchists. As C. E. Bechhofer Roberts expresses it, "they considered all governments of every kind to be antagonistic to the higher nature of mankind and to the creation of a nobler civilization -- and in consequence they were pacifists." When the United States entered the first world war, Vanzetti led about 100 other Italian pacifists from Massachusetts in a flight to Mexico to avoid conscription. In that group was Nicola Sacco. Ironically, this flight was unnecessary because, as Italian citizens, they were not subject to the American draft law. Sacco and Vanzetti met and became close friends while in Mexico and after returning to Massachusetts and taking up their former occupations, they remained friends, though they lived in separate towns.

Soon after the war, the two dark currents that engulfed Sacco and Vanzetti began to move toward each other. One of these somber currents was the "Big Red Scare" of 1919 and 1920, in which attorney general A. Mitchell Palmer led an hysterical witch hunt for supposedly dangerous aliens -- Bolsheviks, Socialists, anarchists -- suspected of plotting against the government. The area of Boston was one of the worst centers of such hysteria. When some of his friends were caught up in the police net and were about to be deported, Vanzetti went to New York to see what he could do for them. While there, he learned that new raids were expected about 1 May 1920, and he was advised to warn his friends.

Vanzetti had hardly returned to Boston when word came that Andrea Salsedo, one of the radicals being held, had jumped or been pushed to his death from the fourteenth floor of the department of justice's New York offices. ~~Thor-~~ WAS HE PUSHED? oughly alarmed now, Vanzetti's friends decided to gather up and hide ~~all~~ radical and anarchist literature they possessed. For this job they needed a car, and they sought out one Mike Boda. He owned a small Overland car, but it was out of commission and had been in a West Bridgewater garage for several months. On the evening of 5 May 1920 Mike Boda, accompanied by three other Italians, appeared at the garage to claim the car.

Meantime, let us examine the other murky current, so typical of the 1920s, that was already surging over postwar America. That current was gangsterism. The passage of the Prohibition act, the release from the army of thousands of men accustomed to danger and violence, and the availability of such handy new tools as the machinegun and the fast car -- these factors joined to launch America into the wave of crime that culminated in Al Capone and the flamboyant gangsters of the 1920s and '30s.

The black tide of gangsterism became tinged with the faintest bit of redder mud from the deportations delirium on the morning of 24 December 1919. Hardly anyone noticed the vermilion hue then, but it was there. At Bridgewater, Mass., 30 miles south of Boston, two men in a Buick touring car attempted to stop and rob a payroll truck of the L. Q. White shoe company. A streetcar blundered onto the scene at the critical moment, foiling the holdup, and the bandits fled without their loot.

This holdup, still unsolved, had been almost forgotten by the newspapers when another crime rocked the Boston area. It happened on the afternoon of 15 April 1920, a warm, drowsy spring day. Two men, each carrying a steel box under his arm, walked

briskly along Pearl street, South Braintree, Mass. They were Frederick A. Parmenter and Alessandro Berardelli, and they were taking the \$15,776.51 payroll of the Slater and Morrill shoe company from the office building to the factory across the railroad tracks. As they neared the factory, two strange men, who had been idling by the fence, suddenly leaped into action. Drawing pistols the erstwhile idlers blazed away at the payroll guards. Berardelli fell in his tracks and Parmenter was shot down as he ran into the street. While this was happening a touring car which had been parked nearby roared onto the scene. The two killers, joined by a third man who had been lurking nearby, flung the metal boxes into the car, sprang in themselves, and were driven away at high speed.

A Buick touring car was found two days later, abandoned in the woods near Bridgewater. It proved to be a car stolen the previous November, and police said it ----- was the murder car. Since eyewitnesses to the crime had claimed THE MURDER CAR? that the killers were foreign in appearance, the police turned ----- their attention toward Italians owning automobiles. According to one tip the police received, Mike Boda, owner of an Overland, had been seen riding with several other Italians in a larger car.

The police traced Boda's Overland to its storage place in the Elm Square garage in West Bridgewater, and asked the garage owner, Simon E. Johnson, to inform them when Boda returned to pick it up. A few evenings later Boda showed up, riding in the sidecar of a motorcycle owned and driven by Ricardo Orciani. There, by prearrangement, these two men met Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who had come by streetcar. Finding the garage closed, Boda called at the nearby home of the owner. While Johnson talked with Boda, advising him not to drive the Overland because it did not have 1920 license plates, Mrs Johnson slipped over to a neighbor's house and phoned the police. Boda took Johnson's advice and left his car in the garage. The four Italians left as they had come: Boda and Orciani by motorcycle, and Sacco and Vanzetti by streetcar.

Acting on Mrs Johnson's tip, the police boarded the streetcar and arrested Sacco and Vanzetti. The two were hauled into the Brockton police station and jailed on a charge of unlawfully carrying weapons -- for both were armed when arrested. One of the arresting officers claimed that they had reached for their pistols when confronted. This they denied.

Though questioned about their political beliefs, Sacco and Vanzetti were not immediately charged with the South Braintree murders. Later they steadfastly maintained that they believed they had been arrested in connection with their anarchist activities. In order not to involve their friends, they denied knowing Boda, denied having been at the Johnson home, though Mrs Johnson identified them at the police station the next morning.

Witnesses of the Bridgewater and the South Braintree crimes were taken to see the prisoners. Contrary to the practice of placing a suspect in a group and allowing witnesses to pick him out, the police put each prisoner alone in a room and required him to act out for the witnesses the actions of the bandits. Ricardo Orciani was also arrested and put through the same process. What happened to Boda is uncertain, but he was never arrested and he disappeared for good immediately after 5 May.

Several witnesses claimed to recognize Sacco and Orciani as two of the South Braintree bandits. Vanzetti was finally "identified as having been in the car after the shooting" and from then on was accused of having a hand in both the Bridgewater and the South Braintree crimes. The untrustworthiness of these "identifications"

was quickly shown when Ricardo Orciani proved that he was at work both on 24 December 1919 and on 15 April 1920. He was set free. Sacco was also at work on 24 December, and thus could not be accused of the Bridgewater holdup attempt. He first expressed belief that he had worked on 15 April, too, but later claimed to have visited the Italian consul's office in Boston on that date. His mother had died in Italy and he wished to obtain a passport for a visit to the homeland.

Vanzetti could furnish no alibi for either date, and was thus held for both crimes. On 11 June 1920 he was indicted in connection with the Bridgewater holdup, charged with "assault with intent to rob and with intent to kill." He went on trial before Judge Webster Thayer and a jury at Plymouth on 22 June and on 1 July was found guilty of the charges. The evidence against him was, however, very flimsy.

Though district attorney Katzmann has been criticized for trying Vanzetti for the lesser crime first "in order that a conviction for the Bridgewater holdup would materially lessen Vanzetti's chances in the Braintree case," others have pointed out that the Plymouth grand jury was in session at the time while the Norfolk grand jury -- which would have to find the indictments in the Braintree murders -- was not to meet till September.

No appeal was pressed, in view of the second trial coming up, and on 16 August Judge Thayer sentenced Vanzetti to prison for from 12 to 15 years. On 11 September the Norfolk grand jury indicted both Sacco and Vanzetti in connection with the South Braintree case. Meantime a Sacco-Vanzetti defense committee had been organized by friends of the prisoners, and during the next seven years this group raised about \$275,000 to carry on its efforts to free the pair. They hired Frederick Moore, a well-known labor lawyer from California, as chief counsel for Sacco, and the brothers McAnarney, Norfolk county practitioners, for Vanzetti.

The trial opened, finally, on 31 May 1921 at Dedham, Mass., with Judge Webster Thayer again the presiding judge, and Katzmann, who had been state's attorney in the previous trial, again the prosecutor -- for Norfolk and Plymouth counties had the same district attorney.

The main efforts of both prosecution and defense revolved around the eyewitnesses' supposed identification of Sacco and Vanzetti as the South Braintree killers. ----- Seven witnesses claimed to recognize Sacco, and four claimed to WERE THEY BIASED? recognize Vanzetti. The defense managed to cast some doubt on ----- the veracity of these witnesses. The testimony of one witness, Carlos E. Goodridge, was shown to be that of a man himself facing jail on a confessed charge of larceny. The defense tried to prove that "Goodridge's testimony...was influenced by leniency previously shown him by the district attorney in connection with the confessed charge of larceny," but Judge Thayer refused to permit this point to be brought to the jury's attention. In his book on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, Felix Frankfurter calls Judge Thayer's action "indefensible."

Two firearms experts were called by the state. One of them said that the bullet that killed Berardelli was fired from Sacco's gun, while the other, Captain William H. Proctor, stated that the bullet was "consistent" with having been fired from the gun. Proctor's testimony figured importantly in later developments of the case.

The defense called many witnesses, some claiming that Sacco and Vanzetti were not the men who committed the crime, and others providing alibis for the prisoners. Some of the alibis were not too successful. "One witness, for example, making an error in dates, seemed to testify that he worked on a succession of Sundays." A de-

position by a clerk of the Italian consul stated that Sacco had applied for a passport on 15 April 1920. The clerk was now home in Italy but the incident stuck in his memory, he said, because the photograph brought by Sacco was too large for passport use.

The first direct mention of Sacco and Vanzetti's political beliefs occurred on the twenty-ninth day of the trial when Vanzetti on the witness stand admitted that he had wanted to use the Overland to move anarchist literature to a safer place. But, Frankfurter charges in his book,

Outside the courtroom the Red hysteria was rampant; it was allowed to dominate within. The prosecutor systematically played on the feelings of the jury by exploiting the unpatriotic and despised beliefs of Sacco and Vanzetti, and the judge allowed him thus to divert and pervert the jury's mind.

Judge Thayer charged the jury on 13 July, the thirty-seventh day of the trial. Frankfurter notes that this charge, occupying 24 pages, contained only two pages mentioning the conflicting identification testimony and only two pages referring to the alibi testimony. These were dealt with only in abstract terms, while the state's case was covered elaborately and specifically. Frankfurter believes that Judge Thayer's numerous patriotic references were meant to sharpen the jury's indignation over Sacco and Vanzetti's draftdodging in 1917.

The jury received the case late in the morning of 14 July, and returned its verdict about 7:30 o'clock that evening: "Guilty as charged." Sacco raised his hand and cried, "Siamo innocenti! They kill an innocent man! They kill two innocent men!"

(Concluded in Hurkle #9)

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

I was a little embarrassed when I noticed the distended appearance of the envelope containing my SAPS mailing #17. "God," I said to myself, "this SAPS mailing is with child." So I cut the umbilical cord (the envelope had one of those string fasteners) and examined the offspring. Illegitimate offspring, too -- 68 copies of Richard Eney's fapazine, intended for me in my facet of FAPA official editor.

Spectator gives me nothing to say this time. The same goes for Hay is for Horses, Zap, and Operation Crazyquilt. Comments on Yggdrasil have been sent directly to Coslet. And of course biapan publications are reviewed -- if at all -- in Sky Hook. That leaves only about a dozen sapszines to review here.

I found Alpha and Omega its usual charming self, despite its hurried makeup. # "This is a MEgazine" reads the slogan on the cover. I claim to have coined that word "MEgazine" but I see no credit line to that effect. In my modest way, I hate to mention this, but this withheld egoboo is beginning to warp my character. Some years ago I provided Art Rapp with the name Mindwarp for his fapazine when he was trying to think of another -warp title to add to his stable of Space-, Time-, and Postwarp. But did I get a mention in "acknowledgements" on the masthead? No! Then about a year later, in a flash of divine inspiration, I coined the department title "Editor's Engrams" and generously presented it to Rich Elsberry for use in Snulbug. Did Rich remark on my brilliant originality and warm heart when he wrote the first editorial under that title? No. In fact Rich stoutly denies that I had anything to do with coining that clever title. There ought to be a law. # So I'm supposed to

tell Coswal whether or not you're a minx, Meg? Consulting Webster, I find that minx means a wan... oops! My error. That's obsolete. It means a pert girl. So I would say, yes you are a minx! # Is the god's name "Rocco-Cocco" in Bill Venable's "Vengeance" a corruption of "Roscoe"? If so, poo. Rocco-Cocco is a false god.

In The Eight-Page Hink-Cup I enjoyed Silverberg's "Great Big Paley Hoax," even though it didn't ring true. Paley has been only "semi-active" in the QSFL and hardly more so in the national picture. What would be the use of creating and controlling a mythical fan if you didn't use him as a pawn in some vast conspiracy -- to fight a feud or to dupe fandom somehow? If you'd said Russell Watkins was a myth and the CCF was a practical joke, I'd believe you. # I didn't think much of Raymond L. Clancy's "Earthbound," and where were the "hot couplets" you said he was so adept at "spinning"?

Since it doesn't look like a Spacewarp, this issue published "By Proxy" doesn't seem to fit into the Warp line, even though it was unadulterated Rapp and I enjoyed it all. # The fact that army libraries are well-stocked with sf also contrasts with the days of 1942 when I found a copy of Amazing in an army trashcan and read it cover to cover like a rabid Palmer admirer. # In a case such as you mention, where you had to jettison the FAPA and SAPS mailings because they wouldn't fit into your dufflebag, why couldn't you mail them to yourself, c/o your temporary APO number, on the night before you ship out? # "Fantheology" was fun. Your humor verse is tops.

Gem Tones' "daydreams of a past generation" issue was a good idea, I guess, but I didn't find it very interesting. Are you sure that these songs, stories, and jokes are really from a "simpler day"? We always hark back to other days with the idea that our ancestors found life and living less complicated than we do, but it seems like a distorted view of the past. # I still think you exaggerate the value of artwork in apazines. I like artwork, too, but there are better ways of improving format and appearance than by using crude drawings of spaceships shooting Marsward. For instance, readability is increased tremendously by skipping a line between paragraphs and by leaving proper margins at side and bottom. Frankly, I don't consider your frilly sketches analogous to "cellophane and tinsel" wrappings. As for Hurkle, I have no intention of changing the format: I'll use a cover when I've got an idea worth developing, and I'll use interior illustrations only rarely.

Sun Shine somehow didn't impress me as forcibly as it might have if James Joyce was really the editor. Do you think Hemingway and Fitzgerald would be happy as lesser editors? # What action do you contemplate taking against people who review Sun Shine in non-SAPS publications? # "What we have to fear is not science but the politicians" is a nice vague declaration. What mean you? Would we have to fear the politicians if it weren't for science? Would you fear the politicians if this was 1352 and you were lord of a Yorkshire castle? # It seems sort of fallacious to equate artistic value and commercial appeal as you do in your review of "The Thing." What difference does it make whether the picture "is making a fortune" or whether it is flopping dismally like "Arch of Triumph"? And I take exception to your statement that "The Thing" is a comedy. MiFoo, let us not mangle that term any worse than it already has been mangled. But the point about the picture not taking itself seriously is just the reason I preferred "Destination Moon." "The Thing" was a neat, slick production, but it was about as sincere as a 5¢ valentine; like that commercial product, it was skilfully done -- and empty of heart. Even a comedy, to be a true comedy, should be a serious expression of the artist's attitude. Even a light melodrama like "The Thing" should be honest with itself, instead of shallow and trivial. "Destination Moon" did have integrity. It had artistic magnitude. It had the power to make us feel petty, and yet feel greater than we are. If I want to read a novel about a country girl's adventures in the big town, I'll take Dreiser's big, crude, but ruggedly honest Sister Carrie over any slick commercial product by Faith Baldwin

or Kathleen Norris. For very similar reasons, if I want to see a science fiction movie I'll take "Destination Moon" over "The Thing."

I liked Robert Briggs' cover for the October Sapian, and in the other issue (July) I highly admired those sharp headings and cartoons, especially those for "Things You Didn't Know..." But howcome you didn't give Meg Johns credit for the pic you traced from an old A & O to illustrate "Maid's Counsel"? # Of the material I liked best "The Bar Rag," which was clever indeed!

"The Day It Happened" in Bronx Cheer was amusing. Been reading For Whom the Bell Tolls, Joel? # The Shaumburgers' article on Lovecraft isn't very convincing. I doubt if many fanzine articles lauding HPL were written because the fan's conscience hurt him over profiteering from The Outsider and Others. "Much of Lovecraft's fame is due to skill of his imitators." Fah. I object to the word "skill," and wouldn't believe it even if you substituted the word "prolificness." A lot of Lovecraft's work has been anthologized, and a book of his stories circulated widely in the armed services edition. And besides the Tower edition you mention, there was a paperback collection, or maybe two. I doubt if these were bought for any reason but to read, and certainly aren't "making the rounds as mint editions."

Hopping over to Brooklyn, we find Z Prime. But, on second thought, I haven't anything to say about it because I intend to comment on "A History of Astounding Science Fiction" in a letter to Spaceship where it also appeared.

"This Story Was Written for SAPS" in Saprophyte was a classic! Best single item in the mailing. Clever idea. Well written. But if Ehey made up the SAPS bundles like I made up the FAPA bundles for the last mailing, it couldn't have happened that one could make sure who would get which copy of his magazine. The bundles were made up in a helter-skelter order instead of rosterwise -- for reasons too complicated to enumerate. I've only one criticism: it's "its" when used as a possessive. "It's" means "it is." # And here are some of the best mailing comments in the mailing. Everything in this issue was topnotch except the artwork, whereas in the first Saprophyte the artwork was the chief attraction. Can't you strike a happy medium, Henry?

Targets of Opportunity: Earthly hurkles are either unhappy or unblue? I don't believe it. I remember that the original hurkle kitten was definitely blue and it was definitely happy till somebody sprayed it with DDT. Explain yourself, Ehey. Anyway, who said my hurkle was an Earthly hurkle? The particular hurkle after which this magazine is named (no one, I am sure, would argue that this magazine is a hurkle, any more than Nudity was the idea nudity) doesn't exist anywhere but in my own mind. Though mind is associated with a spatially-existent brain, it's foolish to speak of mind itself existing spatially. If it doesn't exist spatially, it cannot be said to exist on Earth, and neither can the hurkle that exists in my mind. So, even if your dictum was true, it wouldn't contradict the fact that my particular hurkle is both happy and blue. # Maybe such bylines as "L'ecole" and (ugh) "Eek Hole" are identifications of collaborations, but they still strike me as affectations, whatever their utility (whew, polysyllabic sentence!). # Speaking of syllables, my "Letter to a Flying Saucer" was, I think, more Fleschian than Lovecraftian in its "perfection of prose." At least it was written with Flesch's principles in mind, just after reading The Art of Readable Writing. # What's your objection to terminating two pages of literary criticism with the interlineation "They get lost without their maps/For they are really naught but saps"? Afraid of the if-the-shoe-fits principle? Actually, that quoted passage predates the SAPS by almost ten years.

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Then there was the fan who thought Jack Speer was the guy who wrote "Romeo & Juliet"
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