



SATURA

7

May 1964

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PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria,
Australia. Satura is available for
trade or comment. With this issue
many people will receive the 'So
Long, Chollie'. First run was pink,
second, yellow. Those not receiving
same should check their status as
under -

SAFE

I PRESUME WE TRADE

A FEW ISSUES COMING

I OMITTED SLC BY ACCIDENT

.....
That's me over there. Lee Harding
is photographer and printer.
.....

LETTERS IN EXILE - PART V - 370

(editor's note: we last left 370 partway through a discussion of recent issues of SATURA. We also left the reader guessing why there was a change from 703 to 370. This is the result of promotion for services rendered. I just thought you'd like to know.)

I thought your little paragraph in S1 ON NOT KNOWING WHAT ONE IS TALKING ABOUT was v. true, v. good. But I have some disagreements. The average fan in your opinion is a pretty uneducated nit (which is oh-so-lamentably true) but this is not as you will have it solely through youth or through the attempted assimilation of much undigested and intellectually poisonous pap, but, I feel, also because the average fan is pretty much a moron. But a clever moron. And his cleverness is exemplified by his skin-deep skimming of many, many topics ... his unintelligence is apparent when it is noted that he is incapable of differentiating between Joe Crackpot's ideas and those of someone with a bit of sense.

This espousal of a spurious dilettante attitude is not, however, confined to the SFan; it is merely more easily discerned by reason of the poor man's low intelligence. Wander around the University some day, and you'll see what I mean ... 90% of the students there are clever, unintelligent fools: they will acquire there degrees because the examination system is directed towards the claw-like, adhesive

mentality. Some 30% of the students will appear at first glance to be intelligent ... but be careful, be very careful. Meeting two people casually in day-to-day contact, and speaking to them of the prosaic and the not-so-prosaic, and of books, music, films, art, &c., will in general not enable one to say which has the IQ of 120 and which that of 160. Especially if 120 is clever as well. This difference can only be found by close contact, by repeated exposure, and by an undefinable aura which surrounds the intelligent one. (I am assuming here that Mr IQ160 is more intelligent - a few intelligent people may occasionally score low on IQ tests) The cleverer the less intelligent person, the more intelligent he will seem, and all too often the majority of people mistake false genius for the true.

And I'm brought to Thomas Mann's DR FAUSTUS, a novel which deals with, amongst many other things, the relation between true and false genius. Very early in the book this motif is sounded through a description of butterflies. Some butterflies avoid ingestion by other life forms not by camouflage but by advertisement. - by "their striking beauty" which masks "secretions ... foul to taste and smell". "And what was the consequence? - that other kinds of butterfly tricked themselves out in the same forbidding splendour and flew with the same heavy flight, untouchable, though perfectly edible". In the same way a clever person cloaks himself with the mannerisms, thoughts and actions of the intelligent man, and is safe until a venturesome lizard strikes. Well, I have bitten you and SATURA and quotes and beauty - I await the taste. (From a later letter:- On more prolonged reading I find that DR FAUSTUS, while retaining its undisputed aura of intelligence, has now succumbed to the taint of cleverness. A pity. For this snacks of self-indulgence, narcissistic pamperings, on the part of T.M. But then, I daresay all books - whether fiction or not, are more or less onanistic ejaculations... one feels sorry for any author inasmuch as until he ceases to write he has little chance of developing to the extent which his "unproductive" readers may. The truly great men of whom we have information, and who have changed the world for the better, have very seldom left behind their own words. Witness any of the seminal religious figures of the past)

To get back to SATURA - though I don't think I've strayed very far from it or the subjects it has raised in my mind - a little query on SATURA}. You and Lee were only joking ... weren't you? Lee had some points, and I've commented on some, but was too harsh.. your humorous hysteria was delightful, though. And as for Bob Smith's closing line ... is 'owari' some highly clever Oriental saying, or was he merely casting pebbles into our pits in an attempt to empty his and thus win the game? (Vide: ETBell: BOARD & TABLE GAMES FROM MANY CIVILIZATIONS)

..
..
I loathe the odour of semen ... and I smell of rotten fish after

I've been fertilised. No, not me, but the heroine of Bergman's THE SILENCE. I shall tell you of it in a moment - first, some comments. So you want me to cut down on the volume of sensitive, pellucid outpourings I send you from time to time? Well, it's one way of telling me that either my writings are pure crap, or that you don't appreciate them* - whichever the case, I shall endeavour to comply with your wishes: after all, you have the right of editing and censoring them. Of course, I cannot promise that I shall succeed in my artistic and humanistic endeavour ... I have visions of this bulking large. But never mind - of interest to your many readers may be the reviews - brief, I trust - of THE SILENCE and DR STRANGELOVE: OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. And that's all there'll be ... no world-shattering thoughts or awesome concepts to disturb, dissociate and develop the intellect.

On to SATURA: and the comments here will be largely narcissistic - that is, will pertain to ME, 370. Oh, Lord ... Bob Smith again, and some more quotes from sources Oriental. Will say nothing this time except what may be offered in this quote: (I really might as well get on the secondhand-thoughts bandwagon, and use the ideas of others possessed of more intelligence and originality** - it saves so much wear and tear on one's own mental processes, and besides it is smart and mirrors, hopefully, the user's infinite conceptual horizons)

When you arrive at the sea, you
do not talk of the tributary.

(Sufi Hakim Sanai, THE WALLED GARDEN OF TRUTH)
Ah, Bob, don't take my words as harshly as they may sound ... it is the substance and not the emotion which I feel to be of import. And another quote:

He who is fortunately enlightened
knows that sophistry is from the devil and love from Adam.
(Jalaluddin Rumi)

And again:

Life is like golden beach,
Full of broken glass.

(Unknown: from film A GLOBAL AFFAIR)

What else? Yes... thoughts on 370's film comments - rather, on 703's words. Well, I have a craving, a desperate need for reassurance which borders on the neurotic, so that I shall have to assume for the sake of my sanity that he did not include me amongst those who forget De Gustibus etc.: whether he did or no, his comments were very, very perceptive and apposite: "best" and "opinions" etc. must be in quotes, for there's no absolute standard, in general and on a relatively mundane level, for such terms. I qualified the last statement because I feel that in the final analysis there must be a best and a most valid for the intelligent human. (I do not under any circumstances wish to present any

*Wrong again, Watson. Long letter = long time typing.

**Have you heard of Original Sin?

appearance of claiming that my words in any way define these qualities.) must point out that a typewriter is quite distinct from an electric light bulb: press a bulb and it will not produce letters, it cannot, that mode of functioning is not part of its structure: it may be used to communicate thought, however, (eg. flashing the light on-off will send information across any distance within certain limits). But this is a gross travesty, a malfunctioning prostitution, of its fundamental role. And in the same way the human brain must have certain "natural", possible, paths of behaviour. I have said this before, but I repeat: the more a person's mind is capable of operating in this "true" modality, the more likely he will be able to apprehend the "correct" meaning of best ... and truth and beauty ...etc... if he is, at the same time possessed of intelligence. It is a sad fact, a tragedy really, that not more than one human in 10,000 is capable of being even dimly aware of these qualities.

Now what's all this about "the average man" and the movies? Certainly Bob Smith cannot be using this term with any relevance to what I said in the pages of SATURA: I never, would never, refer to such a creature in such a context. Though a potent force (alas!) U.C.Mits (or the celebrated man in the street) has held little attraction for me, snob that I am. But, no contrition on my part.

And B.S. has not heard of THE UNFORGIVEN, eh? Well, Bob, it was released somewhere around 1960, with, as I recall, the following credits: directed by John Huston, music by Dimitri Tiomkin, photographed by Fritz Planer, starring Audrey Hepburn, Burt Lancaster, Lillian Gish, Joseph Wiseman, Albert Salmi, Charles Bickford, Audie Murphy, Doug McLure. A sample of the dialogue follows. Audrey Hepburn is riding her horse Ripargo (or Rebargo, or.....): it starts and shies... AH: Giddap, Ripargo, there's nothin' to be scared of. It's just a lil' ole skein o' geese. They's human, just as we are...fly a little higher than us folk, that's all.

Suddenly ahead she is startled to see a gaunt dusty figure, pathetically thin, wrapping itself in motheaten dignity and a faded Southern uniform. AH: Howdy stranger ... (no response) ... we got vittles down in the soddy, if you'd care to partake(long pause).

Retribution: What's your name, girl?

AH: Rachel

R: Rachel what?

AH: Why, Rachel Zachary.

R: You're no Zach'ry.

AH: Well, not a Zachary born and bred, but Ma says it no different if

Ah were flesh and bl.... say, who are you anyway, mister?

He rears himself tall, good eye glistening - a fearful scarecrow of conviction.

R: Ah am th' sword of God - the fire and the vengeance, whereby the wrong shall be righted and the TRUTH BE TOLD!

AH: Well, Ah declare.

(wheels the horse and rides off.) End of extract. Joseph Wiseman was

superb.....

Ah, LJH looms o'er the page. With some interesting comments, and perpetuating misunderstanding over the word "bound". I feel, somehow, that you, Max, and he should get together and sort out a common vocabulary sometime* - it would leave so much more space free in SATURA for struggling agent simulacrum-Bond. If I'm not mistaken you used the word in the sense of being compelled to, of objective commitment, while Lee meant the freedom to choose what one wishes to be bound to, subjective commitment. Between the two of you, I think, you managed to produce your quota of two intelligent sentences, even though seeming (to the reader) to be at odds. I must disagree with LJH, though, on better things do: surely he doesn't think building an H-Bomb is not "worse" than producing, or attempting to produce, a work of art, no matter what the circumstances may be regarding the construction of the weapon, and no matter what definition of "worse or better" is chosen within logical limits? Anent my comments on the "natural" functioning of the mind, it is a simple matter to enlarge these to include the apportioning of value-judgements to human enterprise, in accordance with the normal mode of the brain. Think about it, Lee. If 703 sounds a reasonably intelligent chap (though I fear Bob Smith's use of 'clever' is more correct), what is 370 like? Anyway, he loves you too, Lee. As for diagnosing HOW THE WEST WAS WON ... its technique was faultless, its standards, though naive and thin were nonetheless inoffensive and sound, it entertained - Lord! but it did - and I think that deep within its mammoth frame, beating oh-so-faintly, it had a tiny heart. I think that perhaps I should add another criterion to the list of what constitutes, for me, a good film. Does it succeed in accomplishing its pretensions? These pretensions are, naturally, closely linked with its sense of values but are on the whole relatively independent. Here again, one must ask oneself whether the purpose, didactic, edificatory or merely to entertain, is of value before attempting to decide whether it has been fulfilled or not. In this respect HTWWW scored top marks: it didn't aspire to anything more than to provide first-class entertainment, and this it gave us - in full, full measure. Please, Lee, don't confuse a deliberately cliched script with poor entertainment, for this is like the man who expects to see the Mona Lisa every time he scans the comic strips. But maybe you can't stand POGO or PEANUTS or OUR BOARDING HOUSE.... Finally, your conclusion was rather unfelicitous: "Or maybe I feel like a bog". It's remarkable..... from what I remember you give a creditable performance as a homo sap., and never have you looked like a bog, though there have been times.... Sorry, not quite final - you use the word "dilettante" in what can only be described as a derogatory sense: shame! A writer who uses words with the meaning given to them by the plebeian vernacular! The word comes from the Latin root "to delight" and is, moreover, closely tied to the Medieval English "to illumine". A dilettante, then, is essentially one who delights in knowledge, in doing things, in enjoying objects for

*What, And Spoil The Whole Bit, or,
His Vocabulary Is Common Enough For Both Of Us.

themselves, and for illumination. A person who is bound subjectively
life - not, as I feel you would have it, a parasite. My Webster's
DILETTANTE - 1. an admirer or lover of the arts, 2. a person who
discrimination or taste, esp. in aesthetic matters, 3. a person
cultivates art or a branch of knowledge as a pastime without
pursuing it professionally, 4. a person who pursues an art or branch
of knowledge sporadically, superficially or frivolously. Meaning 4,
the bastardised interpretation, is the one you were using, no? And
perhaps 3, if you are also of the opinion that a non-worker, a non-
professional, is of a substandard species: if so, tut-tut.....!

And the only thing that's left is Ian Dixon.

It is awful.

Chunderous.

But thank you I.D., for now

I know what intellectual shit is like.

What a pity. I'm not

Coprophilic

Once again, I don't really mean it.....

THE SILENCE was advertised when I saw it in Chicago as 'uncut,
uncensored'. Bull, unless, of course, I'm less shockable than I
thought, or that most people are more sensitive than I thought. Let's
see now, objectionable scenes: masturbation, female, clothed. Her
hand moves under her pyjama jacket and fondles her breasts, working
herself up in the foreplay ... the other hand moves in under the
pants, wriggles down, CUTCUTCUTCUT. Suddenly she's in orgasm, face
contorted, mouthing incoherently, mumbling, sobbing, sighing, sinking
into sleep. Then, a passionate couple in a theatre, fondling,
squirming, masturbating each other, kissing hotly and fired by lust.
Perhaps 30 seconds of this. A night of intercourse, unclothed, partly
draped, heterosexual. Everything was so dark, quick, confused that
it was difficult to tell what was going on. The rest of the film I
liked ... and this is remarkable, since I am usually most, highly,
repugnantly averse to Mr. Bergman and his heartless films. This one
too suffered cardiac trouble - if its absence may be so deemed - but
the technique was so very, very good that it cast an hypnotic charm
over me for its duration. When, if, it comes to Australia, do see it.
It will make no difference if all the above scenes are excised, though
I hope not.*

DR. STRANGELOVE: OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE
BOMB is one of the most important films produced in the last decade,
for it contains the most terrifyingly accurate portrait of the
essential scientist that I have ever witnessed. It strips bare the
dehumanised thing which constitutes the quintessence of this type of
so-called human being (and I do not exclude myself from this
category ... a bitter pill to swallow, and it still sticks in my t
throat, but is going down). Strangelove, a German now an American

*This paragraph has been bowdlerised by the editor.

(but a Kraut by any other name ...) physically dehumanised on his right side, a half of him which leads a separate existence, threatening to strangle him, refusing to obey him, this is not only the scientist but science itself. A mind which conceives the destruction of all but a handful, a pitifully small clutch, of men as an interesting phenomenon, one which will be useful for study..... The film has been referred to as a comedy. Laughter is there, yes, but it is born of hysteria, and it is not sides which ache on leaving the theatre, but wombs. I thought that the motto of SAC displayed in the film - Our Profession Is Peace - was a sick, but telling, joke on Kubrick's part: but lo and behold! the very next day I visit the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry (a bloody awful place, by the way) and what do I see? That's right the phrase is for real. God! There are private jokes also, of an esoteric type: the president (Peter Sellers) is yclept Merkin Muffley (and FILMS IN REVIEW paid him a back-handed compliment without realising it when they complained that he played the part making the First Man rather effeminate) - merkin being an old English term to the hair of the female genitalia. There are marvellous performances by Sterling Hayden, Slim Pickens, and a fairly good one from George C. Scott, though he tends to ham it up a bit. I urge you to see this, for while it is a horror film, a terror film, and is sick, disturbingly, inhumanly sick, sick, sick, it is no more so than our society now. And I can make no more depressing statement than that.

In brief: BECKET is quite excellent, O'Toole exuberant, Burton stolidly impassive, colour superb, girls delightful. CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED, worthwhile ... maybe more on this next time, if I can get 'round to SF. THE PINK PANTHER, Sellers as funny as ever, even more so, Niven suave but strangely tired, Cardinale mmmmm, v.v. amusing. THE CARDINAL? well, it's Preminger. NIGHT MUST FALL, only if there's nothing better.

370.

PS. One of the clues to Strangelove is its title: the "OR" is not used in the sense of "TWO WEEKS OF LOVE: OR A POLYNESIAN INTERLUDE" but in the sense of "is equivalent to". That is, Strangelove is the man who has learned to stop worrying and The moral being: never, never fall into this complacency as long as a spark of humanity flashes within you.

****370, by the way, received his promotion for services rendered. Messer Harding says I must reply to you. Since no one else has leapt to the task, I must pick up the gauntlet. it seems.

MARIENBAD, it seems, is the first thing I have misunderstood your opinions of. Unlike yourself I was not drawn into the film, sand-bagged into a stupor, or any other circumlocation for plain old-fashioned identification. You admit this when you say that your identity was forced into abeyance. If this is what you meant, why the hell didn't you say it? Because you are unused to expressing

yourself in terms which have a definite and precise meaning, in terms with which you make an attackable statement. You are to used to avoiding an argument as opposed to heading straight for the core. Who, today, but a scientist, would ask anyone to define their terms? Such a question, as you well know, is meaningless, and leads nowhere. Consider as further evidence your attack on LeenHarding's use of words in the common sense. One has a choice, to be intelligent, or intelligible, it seems. I disagree. To use words that other people understand is not a sin of the greatest magnitude. On the contrary, at a time when ideas themselves are disguised there seems little point in further confusing the issue by using obsolescent meanings of words which have quite plain common usage. I note, on the other hand, that you have no objection to tacking 'ised' onto the ends of available nouns. Consider further your use of clever. The meaning you want can be obtained by inflection, when speaking, but is hard to put across in print. So why not expend a little more energy and get the right phrase? Good writing has its basis not in a wide, but little-known vocabulary, but in a thorough knowledge of the usage of a few thousand words. You are not the first person to have used the word "paradigmatic" in a fanzine, either. But that you should have used it in a well-nigh meaningless sentence is interesting. I was not familiar with "eisogesis", but its obvious greek root and relation to exegesis suggested that I wouldn't have to worry about it. I made a blue. An eisegesis is an invalid exposition, so you have effectively said that the ball scene is one in which the illls of the time are delineated both validly and invalidly (which may be true, but which is not "inshort" what was suggested in the first half of this obviously "clever" sentence - yes, you could have avoided all the MARIENBAD controversy by using quotes!) 'In short' make sure, before you use them, that you know what your new words really mean.

Then there is the matter of the quote from RH Blyth. To save time, this was printed to show that even the most 'intelligent' of men can say some pretty silly things at times. This it has seemingly done with a vengeance. I beleive all generalisations to be false. Before you jump in there, let me assure you that I am aware of the implications of this. I have to assure you to avoid such an embarrassing thing, as having you take a deliberate gag seriously. (Marienbad again). Quotes are printed here in the hope of provoking thought, to borrow your phrase, which they seem to have done, though hardly sufficiently to encourage their continuence.

As you freely admit, your long absence disqualifies you from any sensible (and I mean that in both the common and correct ways) discussion of Zen, haiku or Buddhism. Which is why, by the way, Bob Smith has not replied to your comments. What sense in explaining a whole system to an unrecptive mind, and one which is self-admittedly not interested?

There are probably a few other points which the hon. Harding would like to take up himself, but I talk too much.

Vol 1
No 1

Price: FREE to selected Fans

Q U E E R T C H
the helpless fanzine

Today's weather
Fine to cyclonic
with mushroom-
shaped clouds

Editorial Explanations & assorted mumblings - This is Queertch the helpless fanzine (for helpless faans). The name, of course, explains itself and has been inspired by a certain Puckapunyal pun'shot.

Why "helpless" you ask? Because once Queertch took hold of me I was helpless to resist. So too will you be helpless. You are helpless. You can't stop reading!! Go on, stop! Turn back, you mad fool!!! STOP See, I told you helpless.

Huckstering Vile huckstering shall not be permitted within these sacrosanct pages. As everyone knows, I am a trufan, and would not know a dirty huckster if one bit me on the ankle even.

As is usual with fanzine editorials I shall now state when the next issue will appear - Queertch will be published every second Thursday in common with another pa-per for ti-nies and will be on your local newstands Friday afternoon; payday, get it? Don't forget, faans, subscription c i copies are received ahead of the newstand copies so don't forget to subscribe early (and often)

WHO EVER HEARD OF A CLOUDSHAPED MUSHROOM?

Review Dept. Smallcon Smudge. John M Foyster and Chris Bennie. oneshot. 6 pages mimeod (on paper). (NB in the interests of Aussie fandom I will not give the addresses of the above named persons. In this way I hope to nullify their efforts to rot the minds of Aussie fandom, since if you can't write them they can't write you, and a good thing too) Oh yeah, Smallcon Smudge. Well, it seems that these herefaans (5 it were or 5½, lessee).got together under the insidious influences of the trufan Bbob Smit (in my opinion they were also under the influence, period; own up, Bob, who spiked the coffee?) laboured mightily and brought forth this gnat of a fanzine. Frankly fellers, aren't you 'shamed? Oh well it is a one shot, so I guess 'nuf said. Actually Beanie's 'Report' isn't bad, it's at least coherent and does explain how the preceding four pages came to be committed. Personally, I think it was the coffee.

Flug 2 John M Foyster mimeod, irregular (no AllBran?). The local post-master carefully removed Flug 1 from my copy of Emanation when it arrived here & very grateful I am to him. Flug 2 somehow got though & I have had the PM removed from his post; but too late it's here. First off Foyster attempts to ingratiate himself with me by calling me a gentle reader. Flattery, Foyster, will get you nowhere & you will find me neither gentle nor a reader. (I have a trained nogoggin to do my reading for me). Next, Foyster sickeningly (there's a word) licks the hand that fed him & declares this a Robert F Smith appreciation issue. Next step of course is for Robert F Smith to have a John M Foyster appreciation issue of Sneeze. I see a trend here & being one who is all for trends (I love them dipped in sugar) I hereby declare this to be the Bert Weaver appreciation issue of Queertch. Anyway ol' Bob has a history of Fandom bit which ain't bad & I find myself looking forward to the next chapter to read of the downfall of Highfan John M F.

AUSTRALIAN FAN HISTORY: Above handwritten by AR Weaver circa April 1961.

Next time the Aust. Fan Hist. will consist of Bill Venay on early Aussie fanzines. Contributions are required - Dillon? Baldworm? Harding? Oates? 703? Smith?.....

NON-DIRECTIONAL AND MEANINGFUL

Kevin Dillon.

from one who would like to think on Ayer's Rock, (if I had time eno), among other things ---
the desert, for y. de carlo, Lawrence, Alfred E. Neuman, and others, but the man in the water for sheckley.
Las Vegas for Elvis, (poetic), or ego for Ann M, do, round Las Vegas, (some would think of money, here) and a critic or more seem agreed that Ann M do better than E.

Q. How far can one carry elephant jokes?

A. Further than I can carry elephants.

A. " " " " " " etc.

A. Not as far as 2 can carry.

A. Not all that far really, etc.

A. More, Obvious and otherwise.

And how would you classify -

What did the elephants say when they saw Tom Swift? (other things aside, elephants being large) something more is behind all this, no? Ah elephant questions!

Q. Whatever is he doing?

A. Look, here comes (or there went) T. Swift. (?) (consider, how would they know, how do you know? Me?)

A. What is it? (all english translations, natch)

A. Quick, back to home, here comes, etc.

A? Just a figment of my imagination.

A. I told - I needed a rest.

A. It's just a publicity stunt!

A. Don't worry, it'll go away.

A. It could never happen here, dear.

A. Some there be that speak of such things, but I -

A. I don't believe it! There!

A. Wouldn't it make a fine pet for the youngun.

A. Quick, call a policeman.

but since the subject (?) is classification, here I'd better stop, I guess, 'tho I tend to wander about, say, Swiftwistjokes, and such affairs of men as would make 1 (or more) laugh. Directions, high, and low and much else being relative with a brotherhood of man, at the least, and now after a short pause to see the end of a 4 corners show re polices(men's lot) I sneak a look at a scattered lot of reading I should be doing better at, & with, (you name it) classified easily or not; 1 lot.

returning to T.S. (&) elephant jokes by eswift ways after thinking of job hunting next week, pausing not 2 think of swifter elephants, I leap conclusively to an exercise yard, surely once owned by a game warden? no, not twice. Once, is far too much to carry an elephant!

I haven't yet mentioned the position of what T.S. may have been doing, (when seen by the said elephants) (said, did I say?) I hadn't forgotten the chances of, sad el., happy, & other, versions. (Happy) is so often a side kick name in some stories, and I'm happy to hear they say a new "Burke's Law" series is to come. They do say so much.

Q. Do elephants prefer contented carnations?

A. They seldom see them any more.

Q. What do they think of rostered hours, days of work?

A. They prefer not to do that type of crowd thinking.

Q. What do they think about the Swift family?

A. That it should hang together.

Q. What of modern technology?

A. That any earth natives should have it.

Q. What about unbirthdays parties?

A. Everyone should have 'em allatime.

- from a Hays translation (uncensored?) of Bertolt Brecht called "the Mask of Evil", something (English) so,

On my wall hangs a Japanese carving,
The mask of an evil demon, decorated with gold lacquer.

Sympathetically I observe

The swollen veins of the forehead, indicating

What a strain it is to be evil.

the rest are longer, one of a town called Mahagonny, and I'm afraid a lot of better quotes are not near -

What then remains, but well our power to use,

And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose?

Then there's much more to be said for 64s sf upcoming, and watching the mags with Bloch and Tucker & hopes of more. Time and Newsweek have conspiracy type covers, i might say, as i did say back there, LOTS more covers, just lots more of so many things. Be alive in '65. Play alive in '65. Live alive in '65. Take 5 in '65. Take 5 'til 65. '65 in '65. Marienbad in '65? 65?

Q. What connection have elephants with castles?

A. A fair answer might be that some elephants, at least, have connections.

Q. What do elephants believe in?

A. That's quite a question.

Q. Do elephants stand for the sanctity of home, etc.?

A. Elephants try to stand, normally, as they should.

Q. Do elephants feel appreciated?

A. They generally feel with trunks.

Q. Do they believe in capital punishment?

A. "Only the best" would be their motto.

Q. Why son't elephants share their knowledge more with us?

A. 1 elephant could be above any 1 man, (with luck).

Q. Music should mean something to them, surely?

A. Trumpets have been known to them for a time now.

Q. What can civilisation offer of value to them?

A. Free carwash facilities, for one thing.

Q. What else, or what next?

A. More (and better) car wash facilities. ~~Unnecessary!~~

Q. What can I do to amuse baby elephants?

A. Let them watch Mitch Miller,

A. Let them watch colour tv, etc.

and there's a story of -

a witch, who once in days of yore,
 had familiars, two, three, four.
 when queried on't, in quite a huff,
 snapped "one familiar was not enough."

but, 'tho I've enjoyed "A Wrinkle in Time",
 and a lot more lately, I must find time to read "The Witch Family",
 from USIS Library - could "Tom Swift and the Witches" be a big draw
 title today? C.S. Lewis titles still await, too, lucky me. Ah well...

a witch there might be, of future tense,
 preferring a broom to a common fence,
 so might anyone with that much sense, no? and, of course,

Q. Are elephant old wives' tales older than human o.w.t.?

A. Very likely.

Q. Do elephants worry much about J.D.'s?

A. About as much as J.D.'s worry about elephants.

Q. Do elephants know how to grasp a thistle firmly?

A. They prefer to take a firm stand on such a question.

Q. What do elephants think about Ayer's Rock?

A. That is not a small matter.

Q. Whose side are elephants on, really?

A. They like to consider both inside and outside.

Q. What impressions have they of Hollywood?

A. If any, of sunglasses and spectacles, and streets. (They normally
 like parades and processions, but pity the cleaners.)

Q. What do they think of Gernsback?

A. They wish he'd invent something to turn pages for them, when
 reading, and wish him many happy more years.

Q. What do they think of restaurants that serve anything?

A. They're not sure whether to take it as a joke or not.

Q. What do they think is the quickest way to multiply?

A. With an abacus. (except for rabbits, rats, etc.)

Q. What of the change to decimal currency?

A. Their clothes are creased enough with carrying money.

Q. Do they like E.F. Russell?

A. What they've read of him (and he(a)rd) Why not?

Q. Do they like Blish?

A. They think "The Night Shapes" was more than satire.

Q. How about Mad, Cracked, Help, etc.?

A. Nearly everybody needs help.

A. Most of these are avoiding the most vital issues now.

Q. Will '65 be a year of peace, as Toynbee says?

A. A May day soon could make a lot of difference, as distinct from
 "7 Days in May".

Q. Why do any go to any movies lately?

A. To use the "free to the deaf" earphones, but they miss 3D spectacles more and more.

Q. What did they think of when they saw Tom Swift?

A. That depended on what he was doing, really.

Q. If they had their lives to live over, then what, the same?

A. Would you?

I can't believe all they say on tv of course since who does? I c no reason not to believe in elephants merely because I haven't (ie., lately) seen 1. I haven't seen Jm B, but that's my fault.

I wish people would stop to think of elephants.

I'm sure it would help. To stop, I mean.

and, surely, any remaining elephants would be big enough to, I believe, notice. After all, they're not that soft in the head. Big, yes, big, I think, is the word. Yes, elephants are big, enough.

Q. What do elephants have to do with waffles?

A. They can eat them or take them with flavours, etc.

A. " " " " here or take 'em away. (lucky elephants.)

Q. What did an elephant say about the Pied Piper?

A. It's too good to be true.

Q. What do elephants think of the jungle?

A. Some think there are too many visitors.

Q. Do elephants like to travel?

A. Preferably at the best season, and all dislike the cold.

Q. Are elephants much like humans?

A. Not much. They may live longer.

Q. Do elephants have pests?

A. Yes, it's the 2th century.

Q. Would elephants like to?

A. Well, they like to sleep in the bath sometimes.

Q. Would elephants like advertising?

A. Most elephants are against slavery and prostitution, etc.

Q. Are most elephants truthful?

A. More than most

Q. Why do elephants like playing bookends?

A. They've been waiting for cheap colour tv so long now....

Q. How long will elephants tolerate humans?

A. A few young ones wait for a Dumbo to lead them again.

Q. What do elephants really think of Tarzan?

A. They think a little more of Jane and Boy's girl and like the whole question of the earth, generally, would like to sleep on it, if it's all the same to anyone else, that is.

Q. Do elephants think we'll get into space?

A. They'd like us to take Bradbury when we go.

Q. Do elephants like Heinlein?

A. Heinlein is their favourite writer, briefly.

Q. Do elephants have fan clubs?

A. Elephants even have their own conventions.

Q. Do elephants have any B.N.F.'s?

A. Elephant fan's names are usually in Elephant.

Q. Do elephants give autographs?
 A. They'd rather have a drink, normally. (pause for drink.)
 Q. How do elephants rate Anderson?
 A. They think his Jovians are wonderful,
 Q. Do they like Clement?
 A. They prefer neither to charge, nor be ruffled.
 Q. Do they like lawns?
 A. Yes, but they prefer not to try to keep up with the Jones.

LETTERS

ROY TACKETT

You mentioned that you had received no comments on the first issue. It isn't likely that you'll receive too many on the second issue, either, for there really isn't much to comment on. Although I shall find a hook or two somewhere.

The illoes: look here, John, my six-year old daughter can draw better than that. We all use fan art to some extent but most of it is not worth the space devoted to it. Get ol' Bob Smith to do you some cartoons - complete with captions. He's pretty good at them.

A few of us here in the states are talking up the idea of changing TAFF to TOFF (Trans-Ocean Fan Fund) but we are in the minority and it isn't likely that we'll be very successful. I think the main problem is that Aussie fandom seems quite small and not very active. One of our talking points is Japanese Fandom, which is large and hyperactive, but it is, for the most part, confined to Japan. We see very little from them otherwise. Still we keep plugging away. There had been some talk a couple of years ago of bringing Tuck over for the Pacificon but I don't think the idea got off the ground.

You know, what you chaps need to do is make a lot of noise. Like bidding for the 1966 Worldcon (face it, London has 1965 tied up) even though you don't have any chance of getting it. You could make your bid by mail or whatever - or if there are any expatriate Aussies in London have one of them make the bid for you. The thought of seeing the Worldcon go to Australia is a most intriguing one. It isn't likely that your con would be too big but you could certainly put one on. You've a few pros down there (always 'down there', isn't it?) and I see no reason why Melbourne couldn't put on a successful Worldcon.

A bid for it would, at any rate, get you all some publicity and might tend to make the US and Britain set up and take notice.

I can think of quite a few reasons why Melbourne couldn't put on a Worldcon, but who needs my troubles? I had hoped to have someone present a bid for the '65 Worldcon, but unfortunately said party won't be making it to SF.

JOHN BANGSUND

Being a man of few ideas, though not quite in Thoreau's class of "people with one idea, like a hen with one chicken and that a duckling", I have at last bowed to friend Harding's requests to pass on my less obtuse observations to yourself, with a view to their reaching saturation point. It may be in his mind that when some of your silent readers view my efforts to join "that very large class of literary gentlemen who are in the habit of favouring the reading public with their undisguised opinions" they may beth value other contributions the more and be inspired to break their own silence.

You will find this letter rather liberally peppered with quotations - which I imagine the bearded one would say was a Bad Thing. And if it is, you, friend editor, are partly to blame. For I have noted with approval your continued indulgence in "the practice in which the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century delighted and which modern criticism feels obliged in high-minded and high-handed fashion to condemn; namely the practice of extracting beauties, tags, aphorisms, and purple passages from the mighty dead." And brother! some of the people you and I quote are mighty dead...

Having extolled the virtues of Tom Collins' SUCH IS LIFE to one who shall be nameless, he demanded to know - if I had to choose between them - whether I would prefer Collins or Henry Miller. To which in unreflective enthusiasm I answered Collins, of course. Now, after some meditation, I find the question as difficult and profitless to answer as - if I had to choose between them, whether I would prefer arms or legs. As for this fellow's derisive attitude toward Australian literature in general - and the noble achievements of Collins, Lawson, and Richardson in particular - I am inclined to regard his views as vagrant opinions without visible means of support.

How could anyone who either aspires to a knowledge of what is best in modern fiction or simply enjoys being captivated by a good story profitable ignore SUCH IS LIFE? - a book with a subtlety of construction worthy of Durrell, a story with more sheer interest as a story than stacks of novels by the "great names", a style which succeeds where Carlyle and many others failed in making inflated verbiage humorous - and moreover, a book which rivals Melville's famous opening words for the distinction of "most memorable first sentence".

Some may consider it flagrant discourtesy to introduce an Australian into the company of Cocteau, Durrell, Hui Neng, et al. - but I feel like attacking this "Can-any-good-thing-come-out-of-Nazareth?" attitude.

Now, while I'm climbing down from the pulpit you can cast your eye over some of those threatened quotations. Here's one from the review of David Storey's RADCLIFFE in "TIME":

'The love that dare not speak its name has become the neurosis that does not know when to shut up....'
Give the man a chrome-plated Oscar for that one. Next from a letter to the editor, TIMES LIT. SUPP. 2.4.64:

Sir, - The recent death of two writers at a comparatively early age due to excessive indulgence in alcoholic drinking makes one wonder whether there can be much true literary value in works produced in such conditions of life. &c.&c.&c.'

Knowing the TLS, this is likely to produce a flood of letters about Coleridge, De Quincey and so on. Not knowing the English (who does?), I'm not sure whether the letter is serious. The writer's address is "Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, London." Ah well, men will be boys.

Is this boring you? Let me tell you a tale ... A curious incident for some reason overlooked by Edmund Wilson in his "To The Finland Station". The scene: a flourmill in Brussels. 1903. In progress, a conference of Social Democrats. In a mouldy flourbag, a group of revolutionary weevils also is holding a stormy political meeting. After a particularly harrowing session, Lenin is walking about, deep in thought, when he sees one of these small creatures. He gently picks it up, places it on his upturned palm. Into his mind crowd memories of school-teaching days, nature-study classes. 'Ah', he says, 'a boll-weevil.' To his utter astonishment the creature replies: 'no! no! - a men-weevil!' 'Men-weevil?' echoes Lenin. 'Yes comrade - the lesser of two weevils!'

No, don't give me credit for it. Such story-telling ability is quite beyond me. I merely translated it from last week's "SOVIET BOY'S OWN COMIC", and I fear it loses in translation. Original is by Ungkvar Ahschalnikh - a really gifted chap. Strange: when I first met Ahschalnikh in Korog (Tadzik SSR) he didn't speak a word of Russian. Nor English, of course. Fortunately I was able to carry on a halting conversation in the Tadziki tongue and soon discovered real talent in the lad. With the aid of my tattered Russko-Tadziki dictionary I taught him a little of the imperial language and so set him on the path to the literary heights which today he occupies. You may well ask what I was doing at that time in Korog. It's a long story.....

Roll out the Durrell Dept.: here's a bit I liked - from near the end of the Book, which proves I've read it, and please may I join the fan-club now? The Master says: "The best thing to do with a great truth, as Rabelais discovered, is to bury it in a mountain of follies where it can comfortably wait for the picks and shovels of the elect." Hmm. Shall we take another look at religion perhaps?

While on religion, and by way of conclusion, thanking you for your patience and may I come again? I sometimes recognize myself in a remark by Mr. Hilary in Peacock's "NIGHTMARE ABBEY":

"You talk like a Rosicrucian, who will love nothing but a sylph, who does not believe in the existence of a sylph, and who yet quarrels with the whole universe for not containing a sylph."

Hush! careful....I feel it coming, comingah!

A fowl-keeping writer named Proust

Had his cook feed his birds in their roosts:

Wond'ring at the delay

He went down one day

And found that his cook had been goosed.

(concluded on page 18)

QUOTES FOR MAY

Anyone who renounces the world must love all men, for he renounces their world too. He thus begins to have some inkling of the true nature of man, which cannot but be loved, always assuming that one is its peer.

Our art is a way of being dazzled by truth: the light on the grotesquely grimacing retreating face is true, and nothing else.

"Know thyself" does not mean "observe thyself". "Observe thyself" is what the Serpent says. It means "make yourself master of your actions". But you are so already, you are master of your actions. So that saying means: "misjudge yourself! destroy yourself!" which is something evil - and only if one bends down very far indeed does one also hear the good in it, which is: "in order to make of yourself what you are".

Evil is whatever distracts.

Art flies around truth, but with the definite intention of not getting burnt. Its capacity lies in finding in the dark void a place where the beam of light can be intensely caught, without this having been perceptible before.

The point of view of art and that of life are different even in the artist himself.

Contemplation and activity have their apparent truth; but only the activity radiated by contemplation, or rather, that which returns to it again, is truth.

Franz Kafka.

To mount the skies it is not necessary to have the most powerful of motors: one must have a motor which, instead of continuing to run along the earth's surface, intersecting with a vertical line the horizontal which it began by following, is capable of converting its speed into ascending force. Similarly the men who produce works of genius are not those who live in the most delicate atmosphere, whose conversation is brilliant or their culture broadest, but those who have had the power, ceasing in a moment to live only for themselves, to make use of their personality as of a mirror, in such a way that their life, however unimportant it may be socially, and even, in a sense, intellectually speaking, is reflected by it, genius consisting in the reflective power of the writer and not in the intrinsic quality of the scene reflected.

Marcel Proust.

This issue is dedicated to RON CLARKE, who paid money for it.

SATURA seems to be the name of a beauty cream. What do I do now?

Where are you, Maris Ciszevskis?

JOHN BANGSUND CONTINUES:

Nearly finished Charles Morgan's "Sparkenbroke". A tremendous novel. If you actually publish my remarks on Tom Collins I may be inspired to give a burst on Morgan. Both "merit more; nor could my Love do less."

.....
And that is just the trouble - you have simply remarked upon Tom Collins - what you have said is, presently, an unsupported opinion. I should hesitate for quite some time before stating categorically that something good must have come out of Nazareth. Certainly, when we consider matters apart from sport etc. it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find anyone worthy of compare with artists in other parts of the world; just as it is extremely difficult to do so in the USA.

And please do not refer to the USSR in this flippant way.

BOB SMITH also wrote two letters - the first saying he wished to be removed from the mailinglist, and the second clamouring to be returned. (well, mildly suggesting that it might be possible.)

PLEASE CHECK your status. To those for whom this is the last issue - farewell.

.....

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SO LONG CHOLLIE

FAREWELL TO A FORMER PATRON

gall
bitter bitter wormwood
general feelings of disappointment
you
an important cog in my organization
a big weal amongst big wheels
have deserted me.
i banked on your support
and now
bankrupt
my gorge rises
at my own fate
I SHALL BE AVENGED.....
fear not little one
the mighty cogs of destiny shall roll on
on
without your help
and while the circulation of SATURA
approaches the dizzying heights of o
i shall laugh
scoff
make fun of you ordinary mortals
who see not the grandeur of this thund'rous fanzine
yes
yes indeed
yes
un
er
you wouldn't change yourmind by any chance?
just a teensy weensy comment
a sparkling gem of wit
trade your N'APA 'zine
old fanzines
bottle tops
huh would ya huh?

