

# SATURA

SATURA 9 JULY 1964

SATURA is published monthly by John Foyster, PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia. SATURA is available for trade or comment. Lee Harding has taken a powerful grip on the office of Staff Photographer, Printer, &c, but insists that Mrs. Carla H. be given credit as assisting in the production line. Heading by J. Bangsund and back page by W. Rotsler.  
\*\*\*\*\*



## I RODE PILLION WITH MERVYN BARRETT, AND LIVED

I am not what one might term, in one of one's pedantic moods, an expert pillion passenger. Not only that, but the thought of travelling on just two wheels is somewhat terrifying. I wouldn't like you to think that I am an out-and-out coward when it comes to wheels; indeed, I know that on four wheels I am usually happy, happy, happy. I don't drive, you see. Even on three wheels, I suspect that there may be just a dash of suavity added to the Foyster figure. I can clearly remember cutting a great figure on my new, red, shiny, and just postwar, tricycle.

But my most vivid memory comes from an earlier, darker time. A time when the world was plunged in chaos, and I was plunged from an outsize bicycle into an outsize puddle, which was nonetheless hard, when you got right down to it.

It is not unreasonable to say that I viewed the opportunity to ride pillion with Mervyn Barrett with some hesitancy. To be sure, a year or two earlier I had accepted a similar ride from Ian Dixon, without any serious mishap, but I am not sure that I knew what I was letting myself in for on that occasion. Besides, Ian's scooter was much bigger than the one Mervyn was using.

I think Mervyn must have seen my difficulty, and in his most calming way (Mervyn was a scientologist, you know) he told me that he had never carried anyone pillion, and that HE wasn't  
(continued on page 20)



Well, I suppose I'd better reply to your reply to some of my letters, though God knows it's going to be a bit of a bore - after all, John, do you think any of SATURA's readers are the least bit interested in what I have to say, or, for that matter, what you have to say in reply? Surely, if they did, then it's up to them to draft some sort of coherent note and send it to you ..... I certainly don't think a petulant flouncing away from the mailing-list, or the application of pressures upon you, constitute in any way logical actions on their part.

So ... this will be as short as I can possibly make it, and it will probably be the only such letter I will write to you. Frankly I don't see any point in endlessly writing to correct misunderstandings upon my, or your, or their, part, especially when your misinterpretations appear so gross as to be ludicrous. In fact they were so incredibly off the ball that I can only assume that your page or so in SATURA 7 was not meant to be taken seriously. In case I'm wrong, however, I will for the moment accept your words as though they were representative of your rational thinking. I must apologise in advance for what may appear to be a hopping from subject to subject: I do not want to write this as a draft and then correct it, so that I will be discussing points in the order in which they appeared in your reply.

And, naturally, the first thing is MARIENBAD. Yes, indeed, you have misunderstood me, and your latest comments leave me somewhat appalled as to your capabilities of comprehending the meaning of the word 'objective'. Being drawn into the film, sandbagged into a stupor (perhaps an ill-chosen phrase in the present company) is most certainly not a 'circumlocution for plain old-fashioned identification', and your contention that it is and moreover is supported by my phrase 'my identity was forced into abeyance' merely displays an Aristotlian thinking on your part. I meant: (a) I didn't think of myself as occupying the centre of my thoughts, emotions, feelings (and everyone does, you know, whenever they engage actively in any pastime) (b) the film impressed itself upon me without any conscious effort on my part, (c) I was, in some way, merely a receptacle for the film, (d) I did not have any identification whatsoever with any thing whatsoever (e) I viewed the film objectively, that is, without any interpretations or judgements on my part (f) the film managed to break past the rationalising, analysing part of my mind and strike straight at the more basic, higher centre of pure experience. And there are points (g) ... etc., but this must be short. So now you know why the hell I



didn't just say plainly that I identified with the film or any aspects thereof. Really, John, just because one's identity is temporarily subdued does not mean that another must take its place - if you cannot understand this then any worthwhile appreciation of the important religious teachings of any faith will be beyond you. I refer to the esoteric core, naturally.

Then you make some wild and nebulous remarks concerning the manner in which I formulate statements and which confirmed the impression I was slowly building up; that jumping to conclusions is the only mental exercise you indulge in. I am a trifle bemused as to what you could possibly attribute your opinions to, apart from your fantasies on what you thought I was trying to say. I cannot, therefore, discuss this point any further until I have more information, but I would like to draw your attention to the fact that, as a scientist, my training has been to deal with precise words, and formulae. And this leads me to a slight digression which will have bearing on some later remarks.

Words, as you are aware, deal with concrete objects, feelings, concepts, emotions, and so forth. Precision can thus be a property of words only when these words deal with things which, themselves, are capable of being perceived with precision. Objective things like: book, table, chair..... Feelings and emotions common to the vast majority such as: red, cold, hate, gentleness..... Concepts such as: circle, number, space..... It is only when we get onto those ideas etc which acquire their meaning by virtue of their ambiguity (eg: God, love, mind, identity....) that the demand for precision is not only meaningless but is also indicative of a naive thinking.

Naiveity lies at the heart of your query 'who, today, but a scientist would ask anyone to define their terms?', for 'such a question, as you well know, is meaningless'. Well, I do NOT know, and neither would you if you devoted an hour - instead of five minutes - to the subject. If words are defined only in terms of other words, then certainly your idea is valid, but the trouble is that this is not the way definitions evolve. Sure, this is what a dictionary does, but no child learns words from a dictionary alone: no, certain concepts, emotions, things, are expressed in words by the growing infant through experience. 'Red' would be a meaningless experience to the average person if only a minority were capable of perceiving it. (Substitute 'mystical experience' for 'red' and my point will emerge). A dictionary is utilised for such words as 'house', 'blue'..... only by the foreigner wishing to learn our language. Words are just shorthand symbols for certain concepts - and, as I've already pointed out, the precision of the words depends on the



precision of the concept - and to ask for a definition of one's terms is therefore asking for a clarification of the concepts one is using. It is not asking for the complete specification of that concept only in words. Scientists realise this, John, and credit must be given to them for it, and I suggest that you hie yourself to Vol. 3 of THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS and read "GOEDEL'S PROOF" by Nagel & Newman, starting on p. 1668. You will find a demonstration that no logical system can explain all the axioms within it in terms of that system alone.

Definition of one's terms is neither meaningless, nor does it lead 'nowhere' as you put it. A moment's reflection should convince you of the absurdity of this position, for if it were true then definition of everyday things and concepts would also lead nowhere and communication would be impossible, (It is obvious from our correspondence that this will occur no matter whether your position or mine is taken).

And now for your defense of Lee Harding's use of words in their common sense. Again I confess to a feeling of bewilderment, for how anyone could construe my remarks as being in the nature of an attack is beyond my comprehension, especially since I prefaced my statements with "shame!" But then perhaps this was too subtle a method of indicating my tongue-in-cheek intentions for you. Even so, your comments require some further discussion. Once again, you have failed to think through all possible alternatives to a concept, this time to usage of the vernacular. These are: to be intelligent and intelligible to one's peers, but perhaps not to the masses, to be intelligent and intelligible to one's peers and to the masses, to be intelligent and intelligible to the masses, but not, perhaps, to one's peers, and to be intelligent but unintelligible to both one's peers and the masses. There are also four alternatives with 'unintelligent' replacing 'intelligent', but these are too ridiculous to consider. Of the four above, the last is a highly-non-desireable goal, the third implies some measure of rejection of one's gifts, the second is undoubtedly the most desireable, but I feel, and shall attempt to show below, also requires incomplete usage of one's talents, whilst the first appears to be the only case in which one is true to oneself, the English language and the thoughts one is expressing.

To reach the masses means using the words of the masses, and with the meanings given them by the masses. Now, I sincerely doubt whether a worthwhile work can be created employing only those words which may have precise meanings ascribed to them, so that some nebulous and ambiguous phrases must be used. But there is also no doubt in my mind that these phrases are less equivocal to intelligent persons for they, by virtue of their



gifts, have acquired greater vocabularies and are able to distinguish subtle shades of meanings between words which are generally accepted as being synonymous. If the intelligent person uses these words and hopes to have the desired nuances attached to them he will be writing for his peers; but if he uses these words and does not require their meanings to be differentiated then either he must use far more words than are necessary (and even then he may not have reduced the ambiguity) or not hope to express his thoughts with any precision. (In this respect, John, circumlocutions are sometimes necessary if the concepts being written about are not easily describable in words of normal usage). If one is intelligent, then one must primarily direct oneself to those of equal intelligence: if one's meaning becomes plain to others, then one is extremely fortunate, or has expressed thoughts common to all human beings.

The rich variety of human experience needs usage as precise as possible if such words as intelligent, clever, smart, intellectual, brainy are not to be degraded (as they tend to be by popular utilisation of these terms) to the level of a broad haze of semi-incoherence. If part of this refusal to lower similar but disparate words to a common denominator can best be stated by the reinstatement of the original meanings to the words, then this should be done. More especially if the original meaning cannot be found in any word of the popular vocabulary.

I agree with you that 'thorough' knowledge of a few thousand words' is of primary concern in good writing, but here again, I feel you have failed to follow up your own thoughts. For such knowledge implies the grasp of the nuances which originally gave rise to the distinction between those words, and of knowing that there are times - even now - when this distinction exists and needs to be expressed. In such cases the words are no longer obsolescent. You claim, further, that my use of the word 'clever' is new (of course I could have misinterpreted you but this is what I infer from your remarks). But this usage was NOT new, just an attempt to express concepts as briefly as possible without creating artificial words, and without violating the essential meaning of the word employed. Most certainly I could have 'expended a little more energy and (got) the right phrase', but would I have to use this lengthy phrase every time I could use instead the word 'clever'? Besides, aren't you being just a trifle inconsistent here, for such an expenditure of energy would inevitably create a 'circumlocution' - a device to which you evidently have an intense allergy. 'My' use of 'clever' moreover has never been misunderstood, or queried, previously either in conversation or prose when I have used it to intelligent people: for nearly every intelligent person soon learns of this distinction for himself, between those



who are intelligent and those who, to their peers, appear so. I can only draw three conclusions from your inability to understand this distinction: you have not found this distinction for yourself, yet; you are clever; you did understand my meaning, but felt I should have used some other word or words to express my meaning to your readers. But I do not consider the last alternative valid, inasmuch as I went to great pains to define my use of 'clever'. Perhaps there is a fourth: you merely object to 'obsolescent' words and phrases. Oh well...

What was really disturbing in your paragraph was firstly your observation that I 'have no objection to tacking 'ised' onto the ends of available nouns'. I don't feel I indulge in this to excess (humanise, brutalise, sensitise...) and see no objection to it if my meaning is clear. I have never heard that it was grammatically incorrect, nor do I see any inconsistency in using it as well as obsolete words, for as I have pointed out above such obsolescence becomes modernity when it is employed to restore the full power of the word. What worried me was the thought that you were trying, perhaps, to show that my idiosyncrasy, my penchant (which I dispute), for 'ised' reflected illogical thinking. Shame! Besides, I note you have no objection to 'bowdlerise'.

The second disturbing item, and this really made me deeply review all my contact with you and to re-examine my attributing intelligence to you, was your criticism of my comments regarding THE LEOPARD. Well, thank you for the information that I'm not the first to use the word 'paradigmatic' in a fanzine, but as such it is just another piece of useless knowledge. No, I'm forced to conclude that you thought I was trying to impress with my vocabulary and that that snide, somewhat bitchy remark was designed to put me in my place and to tell me that you - John Foyster - were aware of my cleverness. But I cannot believe that this could possibly be what you meant, unless you are incapable of carrying a thought from one sentence to the next. In the succeeding sentence of the original (SATURA 6) I refer to THE LEOPARD ravings as 'a bit of crap'. The long words there were meant to seem ridiculous, clever, for the whole was a parody upon certain methods of 'criticism', especially those of the SIGHT & SOUND and MOVIE groups. That you apparently took these phrases seriously shows two things: the truth of '370 say "He who take me seriously all of the time and know not when I joke, bound to show others he is bigger jackass than he seems"', and secondly, that as only clever people blindly assume that long words are equated with seriousness, you were (for the time, at any rate) in a clever phase.

I object to your statement that the mock-clever statement was



'well-nigh meaningless'. Highly involuted, and obscure, yes, but meaningless only to those of a meagre vocabulary. (In passing, may I note that if I did misspell eisegesis it was one of those unfortunate errors bound to occur with my two-finger typing and for which I presume I may be excused). My Webster's says that an eisegesis is an interpretation of a text by reading into it one's own ideas, and this was the meaning first given to me by a divinity student at Melbourne. It is, therefore, an invalid exposition only if the accepted exegesis is assumed to be the only possible valid one.. If you care to take the trouble (though I sincerely doubt whether it will be worth it) you could discover the meaning behind my hideously phrased sentence.

'In short', by the way, is not synonymous with 'to summarise', and your implicit confusion is just another example of the difference in meaning between two phrases becoming blurred through popular usage.

As for my use of quotes in MARIENBAD, they were there to indicate that though these words have a perfectly acceptable meaning when used by the populace (intelligent or otherwise) they bear little relevance to the heart of the film which is quite apart from analysis.

The R.H. Blyth being 'taken seriously' by me is your interpretation, and once more indicates your limited abilities in remembering thoughts expressed a few sentences ago. Turn back to SATURA 6 and you'll find me saying 'Haha, I thought, Maxieboy is having a little fun', and then pointing out the ludicrousness of Blyth's expression - his apparently unfelicitous choice of words, that is. What I was worried about was that Lee, and Bob Smith, seemingly accepted the quote in all seriousness. In your reply you should have told me whether I was right in my assumption or not, rather than exposing your own misinterpretations.

Well, you seem to have really gone over the border into the realm of the illogical when you infer that I was attacking Zen, Haiku and Buddhism, and Bob Smith's espousal of them, by stating that there would be no point in anyone trying to explain these to me. Really, John, if I call someone illogical am I criticising logic or their use of it? If I say I objected to the clever manner (subjective judgement, as I was careful to point out) in which Zen and Buddhism were being presented in SATURA, am I critising these (or even the person writing about them) or the fashion of their exposition?

While I dislike doing this, time and space and the fact that



these ideas are better expressed, virtually force me to use the following quotes.

"(The essence of religious thought, its highest attainment) is like a tumor of the stomach: in the first stage the patient raves, but when the disease takes a hold on him, it makes him dumb."

Abu Abdillah al-Nibaji, as  
quoted by al-Kalabadhi in  
A STUDY OF THE IDEOLOGY OF  
THE SUFIS.

"The idea of ... a divine unity as applied to religion ... was considered as fraught with danger because its EXPRESSION was of necessity inaccurate." (My emphasis)

Alain Danielou: HINDU  
POLYTHEISM.

So you see my objection was not to the content of Bob's notes, but just to the fact that I do not believe words on Zen and Buddhism mean very much at all - certainly not more than a very first step - and that to imply that they may is somewhat erroneous. I am not disinterested in these subjects - on the contrary, I would like to steep myself in one of them - but interest is not enough. Nor can one merely say, "I am receptive", and approach these matters as though they were another intellectual pastime to be explored and studied for as long as one wishes. One must first empty oneself of preconceived notions and then .... and I imagine that this is best accomplished through a teacher who can give you the benefit of his experience.

I hope that the reason given for Bob's silence is wholly your own interpretation, and that he most certainly has no ideas of explaining Zen or Buddhism to me or anyone else. Such things are not explainable in words alone, and it is only the incipient sinophile - who is fresh out of the 'hao nao braon cao' stage - who will think so. He alone will mistake the finger pointing for the object at which it points. Only he will believe that the goal of such disciplines may be reached intellectually and through logic. The experiences involved are ineffable ...

"Speak not of this", Thou saidst,  
Then into speechless mysteries Thou ledst  
My wondering soul:  
Can utterance describe the unutterable?

Al - Nuri, quoted  
by al-Kalabadhi.



One final point; I apparently offended Bob. I can only reiterate that I did not aim my barbs at him or at what lay behind his words: only at his expression. I do not feel offended when this happens to me, and I suggest that a quick reading of the sayings of Voltaire may make my position clearer.

Well, in conclusion let me point out that my remarks lose all their force if my initial assumption of your seriousness is incorrect. If it is valid, then I can only say that it is to you that the old proverb applies:

The enthymem inherently concatenate with the proposition that any individuation of the totality of ~~concomitant~~ percepts implies concomitant aureality exclusively is paralogical.

And after your reply, I know how James Bond would feel if M. suddenly pulled out a pistol and ejaculated some bullets. The pay is lousy and since 007 returned from Russia with love I fear the prospects of advancement are not as good as they could be. I hereby submit my application for a raise in grade to 007, respectfully, of course.

370.

\*\*\*\*\*Nolo contendere.  
Raise granted.

.....  
Anyone wanting to know what I actually wrote in SATURA 7 may obtain same (in plain envelope) on application.

The next writer has a true name which would strike terror to the heart of the stoutest fan (or beast). To avoid such a calamitous occurrence, I give him the pen-name "Mike Baldwin".

HONG KONG HOT HARBOUR

Well, the world is a co-operative place and I received your letter, but unfortunately I'm leaving Hong Kong tomorrow. The delay in receiving that letter is my fault as I posted it in a letter box that was being painted, and it was only after I put in the letter that I thought the box might not be in use. But then I thought - "The mails must go through - let not painted letter boxes delay them etc.", but it seems I was wrong.

Well I sure could have had somebody meet me at the airport in H.K. I arrived with a friend from work, and as soon as we



jumped into a taxi outside the airport a little chiuamau jumped in with us, gave us his card, and after we checked in at hotel, he took us to the slaughter, where they extracted dough from us right left and centre for suits and shirts and things until our rapidly dwindling money caused us to wake up and cry "HALT!" From here on we learnt the secret of H.K. GO MAD. Completely demented. Scream, jump, shout, behave as a beserk foreigner and all the little chinese run for their lives, which aren't worth much anyhow. I'll leave a complete report on H.K. 'til later, as my visit isn't yet finished. But I can give a few words on Macau.

The journey to Macau from H.K. can be done in three ways: slow ferry, fast hydrofoil or amphibious plane. The hydrofoil only takes 1½ hours at most and that's the way we went. The fare is only \$HK10 on weekdays and \$HK20 at the weekend. The hydrofoil buffets its way across the South China seas with an insane hooter of about 6 different tones that it blasts every time it sees another hydrofoil or to warn a junk or sampan to get out of the way. It doesn't seem to steer very well, as they have to practically stop every time they want to change direction. The foil goes in through a breakwater to the hydrofoil wharf at Macau, which still seems to be in the process of construction. After dodging guides for the official tour and clearing customs we raced out to catch a taxi up to a hotel in the centre of Macau where the hydrofoil company have their ticket office. They have never heard of return tickets. We then picked up an obliging taxi driver who for \$60 said he would take us all around Macau. Firstly he showed us the Yellow River with Coono China on the other side, pointed out Chinese gunboat ready to shoot any refugees who tried to swim the river. The taxi driver then took us around all the notable tourist-type spots; old fort, ruined cathedral, governor's house, government house, archbishop's palace. Then he said -"You likee see blue movie,hey" and of course we said yes, and then proceeded to this house where, in a sparsely-furnished room, a bloke appeared with a projector and showed us 8mm flickery movies about before, during and after copulation. We then left this interesting place and drove down to the border where the naughty Red Chinese are. We were stopped about 200 yds from the border gate and big signs proclaimed NO CAMERAS. So our guide took us to a fireworks factory where, from in a third-storey urinal, one could get the closest peek at Red China without actually going there. Just over the fence of the fireworks factory was a round concrete pillbox belonging to the Portuguese, and about 800 yds across the rice paddies was a Chinese sentry station with nasty chinese policemen keeping tabs on the coolies labouring in the rice fields. We hastily took our pictures and pissed off.

---

Help, I am a tourist trapped in a Macau fireworks factory

---



Now we went and saw interesting chinese-type peoples houses and general oriental skunge. From there we went to a casino where there are fruit machines, poker machines, and poker machines with fan tan symbols instead of poker symbols. I guess they call those 1 arm bandit fan tan machines.

"Mike Baldwin".

.....  
LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTER

Typing that heading reminds me that there really isn't much in the issue EXCEPT letters. It strikes me as a pretty easy way of getting material, and is particularly useful when Australian fen are having a rest from their labours.

DON FITCH, 3908 FRIJO, COVINA, CALIFORNIA, USA

370 (whose identity shouldn't be difficult for a dedicated member of the Baker Street Irregulars to trace if you did (as I suspect) publish the title of that thesis unaltered) - to begin with: 370 evidently knows you well, and probably would not, without good reason, (or perhaps a touch of acid indigestion) suggest that you are becoming just a trifle pretentious (or "artsy-fartsy", as I say when I'm being pretentiously unpretentious) as you approach ~~old~~ middle-age. I don't know whether or not you are changing - 370 may be misled by the difference between in-print and in-person personality - but the quotes you inserted in SATURA did not give me the impression of an attempt at one-upmanship - or airing your catholic, omnivorous, and highbrow tastes, or of using Famous Names, or of simply filling up space. Perhaps this is because I would do the same thing if I didn't invariably misplace the old envelopes and little slips of paper on which I've jotted down similar quotes before stencilling-time rolls around (or if I weren't so verbose as to fill every available stencil with my own words). One comes across so many things which state some little idea with ultimate perfection or which lead the mind on into expanding speculation concerning something which it would not otherwise touch upon, and one feels a sort of obligation - almost a Calling - to share these with other people.

370 is wrong, I think, in saying that Haiku, zen, and Buddha should not be used cleverly or even intelligently. It is permissible to use them thus, even though there is no cleverness or intelligence in them; the recognition of this permissibility is 'pataphysics, which is half-way to zen - it is as far as the world of Man goes - beyond 'pataphysics is Tao and zen, which include, and go beyond, intuition and even der Gotteshaken. But "cleverness" and "intelligence" (the perception of new relationships and interactions)



are a part of all this (or "All This"), and the part can sometimes come before the whole. Gee, that sounds pedantic and patronizing, but I often sound that way when talking to myself, which is what I'm doing here.

Does the average westerner really adore cleverness? If he's anything more than an unthinking clod he probably appreciates and enjoys it (I might stop and go listen to some Gilbert & Sullivan or read "Man & Superman" any moment now, just to show that I'm more than an unthinking clod), but I suspect that this is more because cleverness is the Only Game In Town, than because he attaches Great Value to it. It is, after all, something, and indicates a certain, (if minimal) intellectual involvement with the world.

You have, in 370, a contributor who outshines you, in this issue (6, which arrived yesterday) at least - perhaps because it contains only a few paragraphs of John Foyster (\*sigh\*). And in her (I suspect this is the correct pronoun) you have a treasure: a truly fertile mind, linked with a facile pen (or typer), is always stimulating, and in this instance is pleasant and enjoyable as well. More please. (But not to such total exclusion of Foyster.)

\*\*\*\*\*370, my face is a veritable poker. Don Fitch - 370, when last seen, was not a 'her'.

HARRY WARNER, 423 SUMMIT AVE. HAGERSTOWN MARYLAND 21740 USA

Obviously I can't go into full detail about each of the six issues at hand. Let's see how well I can get along by simply dipping at random into the things that were most meaningful to me. This automatically excludes such things as the discussion over MARIENBAD, which I haven't seen. However, I think that the motion picture is the form of art that is least likely to produce schools of criticism whose adherents will be found agreeing on general principles and reacting similarly to specific films. Unlike most other kinds of art, it consists of several simultaneous manifestations: the obvious one of drama, in most cases; the constantly shifting but ever present elements of art like composition and perspective; the audible element whether constant in a sound movie or something that is likely to change with every performance in the form of a background score cooked up to go with a silent film; plus something of the rhythm and harmony of the ballet in the majority of movies that actually contain movement on the screen; and perhaps some other factors that would occur to me if I were less tired and sleepy. You may find two movie enthusiasts who react similarly to the way the director has framed and cut his shots but have entirely different outlooks on what constitutes a well-made play, and the other combinations of conflict are almost endless.



I'd just read three or four pages by Bill Rotsler, enumerating things that he thinks are beautiful, when I came upon your somewhat more abstract remarks on the topic. Rotsler includes some items that positively sicken me. Either he is a much more visually oriented person or he has mistaken things he likes for things that he finds beautiful. I think that one fair test of the beautiful might be that which seems beautiful while it lacks any connotations that might sway our judgment. When I try to decide which of the women in my acquaintance are most beautiful, I get hopelessly confused by the knowledge that I like some of them much more than others for their personalities, that some of them have done me favours (of a perfectly harmless, platonic type, understand!), and some of them I knew better at specific periods of my life when I was happier than I am at present. However, when I try to sort out trees by their pulchritude, I feel myself fairly safe in making no real connections with trees: that is, none has ever caused me to be struck by lightning, I've never been in the lumber business, and no wood nymph has ever emerged from one in my presence.

Your first-issue detonation about fans who get in too deep for their intellectual powers might have been more fairly unleashed at mankind in general. I'm afraid that you've fallen victim to the oldest false assumption in the long and honourable history of fan-denouncing: that fans should be damned because they do not possess abilities and powers far superior to those of the remainder of mankind. Except for a few superminds and for persons who are discussing the one topic on which they happen to be experts, the same situation prevails for fans and non-fans. Both groups get most of their information about any topic from the newspapers with the help of a few popular magazines and in some instances a book or two; it's digested with the help of an occasional conversation with a friend or the man you sit next to on the bus; a vague sort of background material emerges occasionally from the memory of what was learned in school or college; and the individual then expresses opinions with whatever philosophical viewpoints and psychological foibles he may possess. There are really only two other possible courses of procedure. One can specialize in a small assortment of specialized subfields of knowledge and interest and remain completely silent on 99.9% of the topics of the day while boring everyone to tears on the particular matters that he's qualified to talk about; or he can remain silent on all topics. I think that fandom is good because it permits the individual to express himself to a fairly large, intelligent audience without interruptions like those of bull-shooting sessions in a bar, and he can do this without the necessity to become a great writer, the only other practical way to get his ideas into print at no cost to himself.

I'll sit out the discussion of that quotation on music, or



rather I'll evade it with the statement that it's easier to write about music with musical notes than it is with words. I believe that a great deal of all the serious music in the world can be regarded as comments on the good or the bad music in which the composer was particularly interested and that a great deal of the world's musical heritage would never have been created if it were easy to comment on music in prose.

The pages by 370 are probably the best of your outside contributions to these issues. But I must point out that I'm dead set against any sort of anonymity about the authoring of stuff in fanzines, and I fail to see anything in these remarks to make a person reluctant to see his true name in print.

\*\*\*\*\*In the first SATURA I bemoaned the fact that the average fan's activity forced him/her to spread him/erself rather more thinly than would be desirable. I have seen to many fans in Australia to entertain any notions of fan as Superfan.

This is some kind of a gala occasion, isn't it, Harry? Perhaps I'm speaking too soon though - the three previous fanzine comments I've received from Harry all made it onto stencil or master, but got no further than that. I hope this doesn't mean that SATURA 9 will never appear. That couldn't possibly happen. Why, ten pages have been duplicated already.

Speaking of 307 - soft, here he comes, bearing an addendum to his previous letter:

### 307 SPEAKS

Hah! SAT8 confirms the opinion which I had formed. Namely that your 'reply' was a joke ..... for what do we see on Page 1 but: "...to be intelligible to all is degrading, not to say impossible". Which is what I tried to say so succinctly by: "A writer (should not) use words with the meanings given to them by the (masses)". Of course, I amplified this somewhat in my 'reply', by saying essentially that "in explaining to the moron we loses the genius". (Congratters for that well-turned phrase, by the way). Ah well, you must have understood me all the time - or misunderstood my shorthand aphorisms - and I conclude that your words were meant merely to stir a thickening sludge of controversy.

And I swear! a fan for 307! Ron Clarke, welcome to the I-like-307 club. The membership has now increased 100%.

And with regard to your comments on censorship, let me quote from our Eastern friends again.....

"He who spends his life without honoring the phallus is verily unfortunate, sinful, and



ill-fated. ....It is the worship of the  
giver of pleasure and liberation, the  
remover of adversity, that prevails."  
Siva Purana. (my emphasis)

Heeee .... I've been missing the lectures on do-it-yourself Zen...  
if I promise to shut up what can you do?.....

END OF ADDENDUM

ADDENDUM TO ADDENDUM

Marginal notes: by now you will have noticed - at least I hope  
you have - that whenever I use more than three long words together,  
I am joking.

My comments on writing and words must, naturally, apply to good  
writing only. And define good how you will. It cannot be applied  
to, say, SF, which is by and large written by morons for morons.  
So I read it.

OUTSIDE INFORMATION

"The Scientist is a mystic not only in a hurry, but in the dark."  
And SATURA arrived opened - here or there?

\*\*\*\*\*I hadn't intended to print that last line, but circumstances....  
I have another letter from anoizzer US fan with the same complaint.  
Now I am prepared to admit that I may not have used the strongest  
staples in the world on early issues, but SAT8 was fairly well  
stapled. And on Friday, July 3, I received my copy of THE FANTASY  
AMATEUR for May, which had been mailed first-class, opened. Not  
just a little bit torn, but opened with a letter opener. It had  
been placed in my letterbox with no attempt at explanation, which I  
am, as of now, awaiting.

But isn't it nice to think that somewhere, some big brother is  
trying to work out what all this means? I hope, o great protector,  
that this invasion of privacy is a satisfactory substitute for your..  
but let's not go into YOUR habits.

SGT RF SMITH I COD SGTS MESS BANDIANA VICTORIA AUSTRALIA

Ta muchly for SATURAs 7 & 8 (I forgot to get around to commenting  
on no. 7, and don't intend to do it now). Your "Staff photographer"  
should take a bow.

Was quite pleasing to read Veney's prewar fan history (don't  
know why; my copy of that particular ETHERLINE is less than five  
feet away from me!). Now ... how about some Aussie version of a  
Moskowitz or Warner coming forward and contributing a bit of postwar  
Australian fan history? Don Tuck, for instance?

You know, looking through my copies of Harry Warner's SPACEWAYS



it's fairly easy to see how they would excite and influence those young Australian fans. SPACEWAYS still makes fairly good reading - after some 25 years - and current fanzines could take a few lessons from its excellent layout and format. (justified margins, mate!)

"Science fiction was a dessert that was in complete harmony with one's daily meal."  
(That's Larry B. Farsaci writing on the sf of 1934 in a 1939 column.)

I should show these SPACEWAYS to Les Oates or Wog Hockley and see if they would revive their "sense of wonder"!!

But I forgot; science fiction is frowned upon in SAT, isn't it?

You may recall that the translation from LES CHANTS DE MALDOROR was insidiously offered to me, for an early THRU THE PORTHOLE, and I also didn't publish it! To be honest, I still don't like it!

Are you, perhaps, becoming the house organ for the FSS? An awful lot of FSS folk getting into the pages of SAT.... Still, even I was an associate member once...

To Ron Clarke's comment on the "interest (in NEW WORLDS) picking up" I can only mutter "tcha .... interest in the mag "picks up" just as it almost folds....!" And in answer to Editor Carnell's "query" of "where have all the older readers gone?", I would imagine they have gone looking for decent, readable SF. (Lee Harding; are you writing for the 24 year-olds instead of the 31 year-olds these days?) Seriously though, I like NEW WORLDS.

Would be interested to hear from Ron Clarke what the 8 SF books are that his mates are reading.

Hmm. I don't particularly like Mr BAUR's idea of "objective criticism" (come to think of it, I'm not sure I like objective criticism...) and more or less agree with you regarding Mr INMAN.

I must try that excuse for crashing the LADIES at the SAVOY next time some pleasing charlie goes in there... Tsk. As a motion picture projectionist all I can say is that people who worry about the toilet when they visit the cinema should stay with the TV!

And aren't you being slightly nasty to John Baxter on page 14? (I scribbled all over my page)

On SAT 7 (Yes, I know what I wrote up there some place, but....): the reprint of Bert's QUEERTCH (Vol.1. No. 1) was appreciated, and



it's a pity he didn't continue to blast us - ol' Bert made me laugh, you know.... (Whatever did happen to the rest of that HISTORY OF FANDOM.....?)

(Who first used "paradigmatic" in a fanzine, mate?)

\*\*\*\*\*I think it would be quite an idea for someone to write about postwar Aussie history, and I wonder if Dillon would do that. After all, he was there. Baldworm might help when he gets back, but most likely not. Don's not been getting SATURA - I don't think it's his meat - and I've not heard from him since last year.....you? While science fiction may be mentioned in passing in SATURA, any long discussion is frowned upon.

Ron Clarke reminds me that the FSS meets at 96 Phillip St, not 90. Melbourne fans are plenty willing to soak up free copies of SATURA, but when it comes to commenting, or anything strenuous.....

I was NOT being slightly nasty to John Baxter on page 14.... read what he himself says..."Thanks for mentioning my name in SATURA - every little helps." Of course that is slightly out of context, but those are his exact words.

So far as I know, you never got around to writing more than two episodes of that HISTORY OF FANDOM. I still have the first two, and if ever you feel the urge I might find it in my heart to continue.

He may not have been the first, but Walter Breen used the word "paradigmatic" in an early issue of TESSERACT or SAPTERRANEAN.

RON CLARKE 78 REDGRAVE RD NORMANHURST SYDNEY N.S.W.

I enjoyed reading the article on AUSTRALIAN FAN HISTORY; I've got a few issues of FUTURIAN OBSERVER, but I didn't know the details about the other mags. Your comments on John Baxter were very clearly set out, and the typing seems extremely fine. Do you intend to have an article on AFH from 1955 on? (that is, if there were any mags published.)

Are we going to get a photo each issue? - ah, the nature lover, contemplating the universe.....by the way((and here this innocent lad, who started off such a beautiful sentence, suddenly rambles off into nasty questions about the financial status of SATURA readers. Sordid, I call it. Solution is really just to keep sending as much money as you can, as often as you can...jmf))

A couple of people you mightn't know read SF - Prince Charles and "Ringo Starr", - yeah! yeah! yeah! (MACBETH:Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.). The school library has a copy of the American (NY UNI, I think) translation entitled RUSSIAN SCIENCE FICTION. In about 4 months, when I finish reading it - in weekly periods of 15 minutes each - I'll think about sending you a review of it.



Lastly, we come to - CENSORSHIP. A friend of mine, who is a member of the Young Liberals (no, I'm not trying to convert anyone) tells me that in a short while a motion will go through the State Council, the gist of which is: "that all forms of censorship be abolished, except for security reasons". The catch seems to be "security". I agree with it in principle. I especially like one quoted in PLAYBOY: "What right has one adult human being to tell another adult human being what he can or cannot read." 'Adult'

\*\*\*\*\*I guess I could just about write the AFH from 1958 onwards, but you, after all, have K. Dillon, an editor of SCANSION, in your own back yard, as it were. Get him to tell you hoary old war stories. The war in Sydney, of course.

I wonder if PLAYBOY has any adult readers?

Since there are no countries which have censorship 'only for security reasons' I doubt that the motion you suggest will go through. Australia has never been very advanced in this direction. Why don't the Libs. make the same motion in a State in which they form the Government?

NORM METCALF PO BOX 336 BERKELEY CALIFORNIA USA

As for fannish mentalities, most of them are adequate. But a good many of the noisiest fans (read faaaans) are more interested in putting other fans down than in being honest, sincere, ethical or whatnot. Bob Lichtman is a good example of this and one who is proud of being a fagghead. Thus, they may be perfectly aware that what they say is stupid but they consider it irrelevant. What is relevant is the quantity of the denigrating remarks that can be made. The less basis these denigrating remarks have in reality the better. Then anyone who points out that they're stupid is put down for being sercon. Since the more stupid the remarks the more people will remark on the stupidity the more opportunity for making further denigrating remarks will occur. So the 'faaaans' are even more pleased. And this same syndrome occurs in otherwise nice people when they get into SAPS which has a tradition of not taking things seriously. Some of the members equate not taking things seriously with being stupid. Bah to them.

And the majority of fans aren't interested in faaaans or their doings. But you're gaining a distorted view since the faaaans are the loudest voices to emanate from the USA. Please don't judge all of us by the fanzines you read.

\*\*\*\*\*I must confess that Bob Lichtman has never given me that impression. Perhaps I haven't the nose for smelling them out. O, yes - that article on the Antarctic water budget in the thesis of one 307, a well-known secret agent. I think a little long for a SAPSerial.



## QUOTES FOR JULY

We need less words, not more, however. Shakespeare got along with ten to fifteen thousand words, whereas Woodrow Wilson used a hundred thousand or more.

Life has become ugly, that is an inescapable fact registered by every great artist of our time. It is testified to by the poet, the sculptor, the musician as well as the painter. But if the painter is all conscious of the omnipresent ugliness of contemporary life, if he incorporates it in his work, it is not his sole obsession, as some imagine. His real obsession is, as with the men of old, the truth of life eternal. It is through the use of colour that the modern painter asserts the validity of life and the supremacy of the inner vision. Everything can be one now as before. Everything is one, if only one has eyes to see. The division is not in nature, not in the world about, but in man, in the soul of man.

How gray, how neutral, seems the modern world! Our great figures are neither sublime nor evil in appearance; more often than not they look like exaggerated nobodies. If they burn at all it is with a cold malignant fire. The splendour of the Old World has vanished from men's countenances; soul and intellect are obliterated. In the American this absence of inner contour, so to speak, reaches the limits of nullity. We have developed the man whose physiognomy is practically featureless. Nothing is registered, absolutely nothing, unless it be the ravages of disease upon the physical organism.

Wisdom consists in perceiving the real trend of the world and living one's life in accordance with it.

If I am a dove strong words will not make me a gorilla.

We will not save the world - let us admit that immediately. If God could not do it, by sending his only begotten Son, how can we, a people swollen with pride and self-satisfaction? It doesn't matter whether you believe in the Christ story or not. The legend is profound and tragically beautiful. It has truth in it. The Son of God came to awaken the world by his example. How he lived is the important thing, not how he died. We are all crucified, whether we know it or not.

We cling to memory in order to preserve an identity which, if we but realised it, can never be lost.

HENRY MILLER.



afraid at all. What a comfort he was in my time of need. Everything went off very smoothly, in fact, and I didn't worry about pillion riding at all until last week, when, having viewed those parts of THE MALTESE FALCON which could be squeezed between advertisements, Mervyn offered me another lift home.

This time I had no fears at all. I had done it all before. There was nothing new - no thrill of discovery. I did have my moments of worry, though, when the scooter crashed and I was hurled 20 feet into the air. Fortunately a fiery chariot swept down from Heaven and I was saved.

WORRIED ABOUT THAT PHOTOGRAPH? It is really only me posing for a heading to an article about Micheal MacLiammoir's THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR which I did not get around to writing.

LOST, STOLEN, DISPLAYED A certain editor of a certain University newspaper filched a section from SATURA 7. He even changed "dilettante" to "intellectual". If something is not done about this, anonymous, I will publish a critical article of your complete professional works. And I didn't even write the bit you cribbed!!

OVERSEAS TRADES: Anyone trading with me and rating their 'zine at around 25 ¢ monthly gets SATURA airmail. Right, Buck?

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
SATURA  
from



John Foyster  
POBox 57  
Drouin  
Victoria  
AUSTRALIA

To

Ed Meskys  
c/o Metalf  
Box 336  
Benkeleg.  
California 94701  
USA.