



SATURA 10 AUGUST 1964/

SATURA is published monthly by John Foyster, PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia. SATURA is available for trade or comment. Lee Harding and Mervyn Barrett are Staff Photographers, on occasion. Carla Harding is a Production Assistant. Other odd bodies are occasionally involved. Illustrations by J. Bangsund and Wm. Rotsler. Avoid me, I bite**

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by

Mervyn

Barrett.

There were approximately four thousand of us. Three quarters of an hour had gone since the advertised starting and we had sat, bludgeoned by the sound of Winifred Atwell records coming from the P.A. speakers, that fine feeling of anticipation now completely gone, and wondering what was going to happen. Then an announcement - "she's almost here", then, "she's just arriving", a flurry of activity at a side door, "and here she is".

Her entrance was made while the orchestra was still playing an overture made up of songs that are associated with her. She came on stage and strutted around letting herself be seen, conducting the orchestra for a few bars and mugging at the audience. She'd come straight from the hotel without changing and her makeup under the illumination of spot and foot lights looked stark, and wrong. My first impression though, concerned her stature. 'My God' I thought 'how thin she's become.' The white dress she was wearing accentuated this thinness.

Her first song, "When You're Smiling", drew applause but not in the volume that would have been expected. But then, she hadn't apologised for being late. Her reply

to a shouted "Where have you been?" was only a disjointed disclaimer of responsibility - "I just couldn't get out of that ~~darned~~ hotel - honest". But that was not good enough. An audience kept waiting for 45 minutes feels that it is entitled to an explanation somewhat less cursory: feels perhaps that the artist who has kept it waiting should show some sign of being sorry for having done so; should be apologetic to the audience, even downright humble....

I doubt though, that Judy Garland could ever be humble. When really "on" she is willing to tear herself wide open and expose and share all her feelings, emotions and experiences with her audience - but on her own terms. She was not - obviously - at her best this night. Her stage manner was a curious mixture of uncertainty, seeming propitiation, and defiance. Some of the motivating factors for her stage manner could have been the obvious ones brought about by her immediate circumstances - her lateness, the now near-hostile attitude of the audience and so on. But Garland is a deep person and who can really say what set her off on the course she took?

There were interjections from the audience for the entire length of the performance. I can't recall having ever encountered before an audience so lacking in savvy. For the most part they seemed completely unaware of how she works and I'm sure that a lot of people were annoyed with her for not matching up with their personal image of her. They shouted requests, (... "sing 'Meet Me in St. Louis'" ... "sing 'Over The Rainbow'" ... "sing 'The Trolley Song'") and Judy Garland, who should have known better, made some effort to sing the songs requested which usually resulted in a mad scramble by the orchestra, since the arranged sequence of tunes had been disrupted. There was even a disastrous attempt to sing, with only a rhythm accompaniment - obviously she had no arrangement with her - "A Foggy Day". This was abandoned after three false starts.

After an interval of twenty minutes she came back on stage wearing slacks, a sweater and the correct makeup. I hoped that this might be indicative of a more coherent approach to this half of the program but alas, 'twas not to be. It just degenerated into a series of sequences consisting of

verbal
exchanges with the audience,
some general
fooling around, including some business with the microphone's
seemingly endless cord,
and finally, a song.

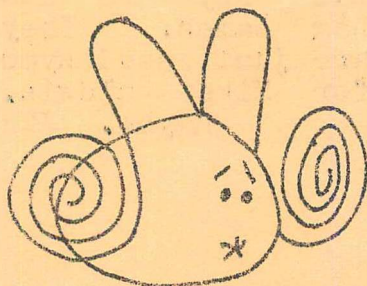
And for this person the songs, while they were being sung, made all the annoying parts of the programme recede far back until they became nothing more than a vague and slightly unpleasant blur. Her singing was good on all these songs, and on some was really brilliant. When she sat and sang a slow treatment of "Do It Again" it was pure magic.

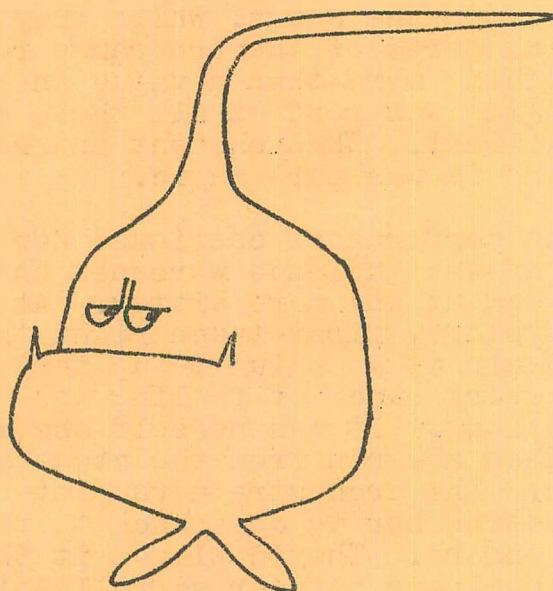
But as the performance continued her relations with a large segment of the audience worsened and exchanges of words became more frequent and more bitter. At 10:45 she sang "I'll Go My Way By Myself", first taken right through slowly, and then through again at a medium to up tempo. She sang with all the force and every ounce of feeling and meaning that could be crammed into a song. It was herself she sang of, and she meant every word. Then she ran from the stage and the houselights were turned up. The orchestra moved into "Over The Rainbow", obviously expecting her to come back to the stage for what is a traditional encore. They'd played it through four times before Judy's business manager signalled to the conductor, from the side of the stage, that that was it - there would be no encores.

Overtone of anger coloured the conversation that hung above the sluggishly moving human mass making its way out into the cold May night. So many people were so angry because they felt they had been cheated. My own feelings were rather mixed. I felt annoyance and sadness, anger and depression. I didn't feel that I had been taken because there had been times when Judy had reached a peak of communication unlike anything I'd ever experienced before.

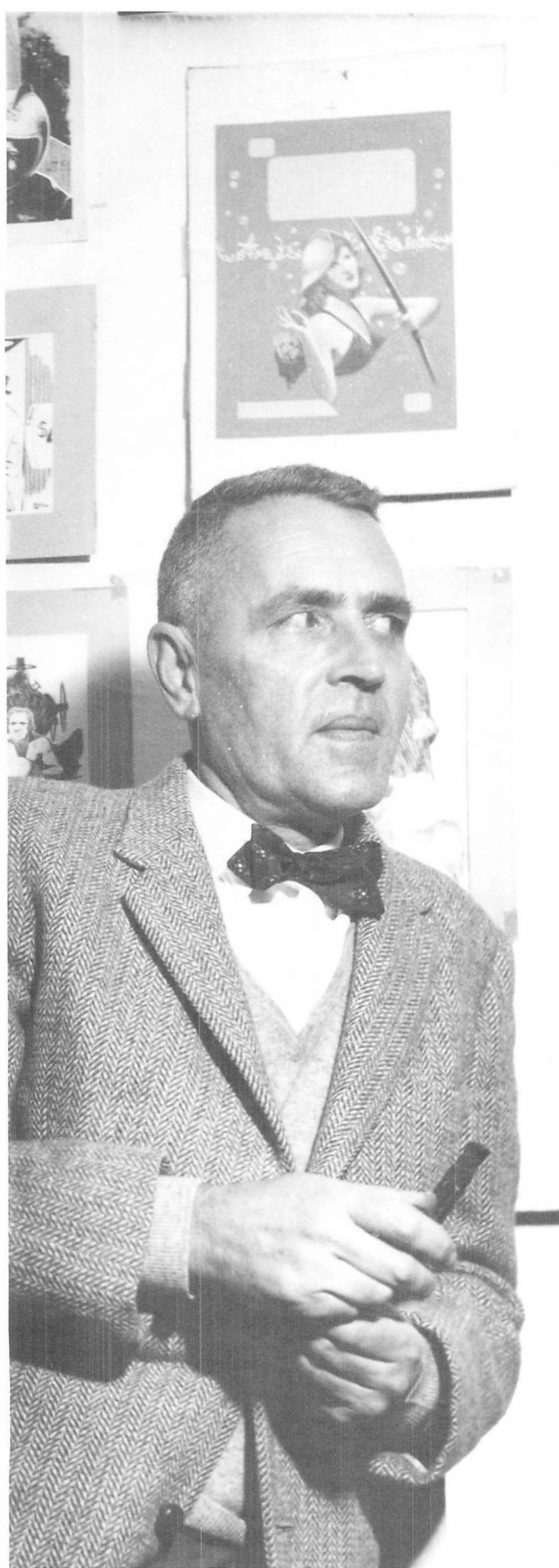
Perhaps some element within this 80 lb. giant had for some reason decided for her that she couldn't be bothered doing what she can do so much better than anyone else and so she had left herself open to being pushed around by an audience she could have handled easily if she'd really tried. Whatever element it is in her that so often seems to move her along the path of self destruction tried this night to bury her completely but, because of that tenacious and wondrous quality that is the essence of Judy Garland, it didn't fully succeed.

Mervyn Barrett
June 1964





Those two men over there are science-fiction writers. They are Australian science fiction writers. The big one is A B Chandler and the little one is Lee Harding. They are friends. See them smile. Lee Harding thinks of how he is rising in the pro field. Bert is thinking of his latest cheque from Ace. There are other sf writers in Australia, such as John Baxter, Damien Broderick, Kit Denton & Jo Friday. But they are not Big Names. They are just pseudonyms for Mike Baldwin. Maybe. JMF



In the beginning was Adam
who thought his world was incomplete
so he made himself a daddy
one God by name, and
(not knowing about bad manners)
asked this God to make him a wife
for him to make

Which god, out of his generosity
(and not surprisingly) did.

Which greatly pleased Adam -
he was creative then.
His wife had ideas too;
talked to strange serpents
climbed the wrong trees
ate unbalanced foods
and generally did Adam wrong.

But dont get her wrong
she loved him (besides, she had to)
and wanted to do things
for the best. She
was wellmeaning
and so exempt from pity, blame
or praise.

However there was only one serpent
(ask any Freudsman)
and good apples are good for you
anyway.

So - or but - god in his infinite wisdom
tapped them on the knuckles

- so -
and, saying 'naughty' (a small and awful voice in their heads)
kicked them up the arse and into the bush
to raise cain

and abel
and us
and aren't you glad?

ian dixon

THE GRABS OF GRIME

by A B HANDLER

Filth is everywhere. The world is full of it today and it's my job to handle it. I'm an A. B. Handler. My name doesn't really matter; our Team Motto is "It's Shifting Dirt That Counts!", but since you ask, I'm known as Boof, since I'm related to the Old Hero of that name who once saved the Univer Universe*, and I'm proud of it, let me say. I went to school, you see, and know he was called Boofhead. I'm really called B - Ooof. Oh, yes, and I've got a cousin in the trade. Same name, but he's G - Ooof. He's not as strong, and light-coloured, even white-haired, and he's related in line to same sort of relation of Boofhead. Yes, it's funny, I guess. We're right proud to be part of a famous family, too.

My job, Handling? Well, it goes back a way. We learn to use our Dozers and Grabs as kids, and by the time we've grown up, why, we're experts. Your audience want to hear how we started? Why, sure. We've been doing this, following the Trade in the family for so long now I've almost forgotten when it first started. Must have been in the family since that time old Boofhead way back saved the Universe**, you see, because our Pappy told us it was a big Honour given to the family because of what Old Boofhead did, way back then.

Yes, we learnt all that at school, or I did. I was the only young one who won the right to learn then, since only one space was all there was. Not many have that same luck now. Oh, yes, I know we were trying to leave Old Earth then and just starting to do big enough to help, but what went wrong was that we were loosing ground too fast. Everybody knows that we had a Disaster they called the Population Explosion, and we had to leave anyhow, and same time we lost the Garbage Race or the Rubbish Explosion. Some call 'em the Rubbish Race or the Garbage Explosion, tho', and that's what I favour. Anyone who knows anyone who went to School knows something about it. Way back there, they say Experts warned us, you know and then it was just too late. Experts, like our Team Experts who decide to move stuff where and how, you see. Way back then, but too late. So now we move it, compress it, pack it and handle it. We're all experts in our trades. We've got a real good team here, all expert.

Our problems? Well, we need to use Research, that's the crew with maps who save us doing double work, you see, finding places and then we need to work out what's the best way to stack the stuff where we put it. It takes a lot of work believe me. We're sort of dedicated you could say. Way back

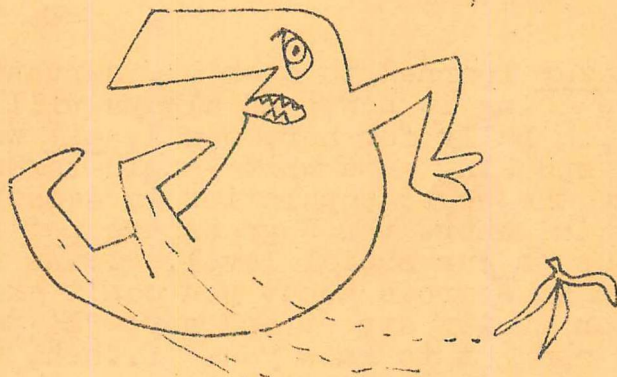
when all that plastic and stuff started cluttering up all our space even the stuff that died quick was a real nuisance even then and still more was coming. So when some of us slowly left we took some small problems like that along too. But the worst part came when we had to dig deeper and deeper to bury more extra-hard packed stuff, and pack what we dug out. It's a real hard Trade, believe me, all the way.

Well, yes, I guess I can say there's plenty of hope. There's always plenty of hope. Why, there's plenty of everything in this world. We got schools, lots of people, lots of food, everything grows fine; we got more land from filling up the Oceans until They stopped us. We got great machinery still, some Robots left too, and some of us leave Earth every so often. Our Politicians take care of things living way up there in Satellites and places where those tourist aliens visit and everyong knows there's such a lot of Space out there we can all go in time. Somehow, tho', I hadn't planned on leaving the Trade. It's a family Tradition, you see, and that's a big Honour too. So I think I'll stay on working just as long as I can. Got a lot of years left yet, yes sir, and besides, I wouldn't rightly know what to do outside of the Trade. It's a special type of work, Expert almost, and I just think it's only right that I ought to stay on. For the family name, too. Well, thank you, too, I'm real glad to be able to explain things to your audience. Just remember, any time you want a special job done, just call us, we're about the best there is, and we'll only be too glad to help out. If we're not too busy, that is. We are real busy.

- Kevin Dillon

* In every life there may be one story. This is probably not it.

** See: BOOFHEAD SAVES THE UNIVERSE (unpublished)



LETTERS

BETTY KUJAWA 2819 CAROLINE SOUTH BEND INDIANA 46614 USA

Last issue received had me confused as to who was who and who was writing what ... especially the one letter from Somebody Somewhere round Minnesota or whatever there ... due to that letter we did go see THE VICTORS last week at local drive-in movie, and as it was with him, so with us. They cut the little boy sequence out completely and nobody on our screen sang any parody on "Bless 'Em All". Not too bad a film all and all tho ... Romy Schneider is always worth seeing, as my husband put it.

Last night we again took in a drive-in film and THIS I relished throughout ... FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE - just good old wholesome sex-and-sadism mit plenty action. I swear those James Bond films give you ten times your money's worth in entertainment and excitement ... happily there is no message; you aren't supposed to take 'em seriously and we find them good clean-dirty fun...

And I'd like Sean Connery for my Christmas present please, John, you needn't even bother to gift-wrap him ... just send him along, I'll take him just as he is ... Exceptionally expert belly-dancer in this last one, we thought, and maaaaan, how I like the accomodations he keeps finding at the various hotels on his trips in his movies ... DR NO with its Kingston, Jamaica locale especially. We will fly to Kingston next February for a 2 to 4 week visit ... and from all reports we'll have equally good accomodations while there ... gonna be house-guests of the Kellys ... Kellys being an Old Jamaican Colonial family who own the Red Stripe Brewery of the island plus other goodies ... got one wing of their Kingston home as our camping grounds, and since Gloria insists we'll be 'not bothered at all' due to her having 3 or 4 inside servants and ghod-knows how many grounds-servants, I'm not too worried about putting her out any by staying there...

Heh, she's never learned to cook ... servants did it when she was young, are doing it now, and always will be there to do it, she figures ... Bully for her, sez I, all we gals should live so long! ... speaking as a white-anglo-saxon-protestant from Indiana where the Negro population is less than $\frac{1}{4}$ th our city population. And where the Negroes are not (with one or two exceptions), up on our social level. ...As I once said in CRY, if there are no Negroes about you can't exactly go up to a brown stranger on a city street and say; "Hi there! I'd like to be your friend and get to know you." ...heh, well you could,

but ghod knows the results of such an act...

What I was leading up to there before I tripped myself up is that in Jamaica the whites are the tiny minority and we aill be out and about socially at all times in a ratio of about 1 in 20 ... 1 white: 20 Negroes in that level of Kingstonian (?) life ... and the attitude race-and-colour-wise is quite another from that here ... on both sides...

Wouldn't it be great if at dinners, parties and dances the the Blacks condescend and act patronizing to me, as a switch??? That would tickle me no end! After seeing one lone 'pet Negro' get asked here and there to social doings as an example and not as a real living human being ... you know? Detest such pseudo-liberal phony-baloney tactics...

Was going to tell you about CANDY ... since it appears you'll not be nuying said best-seller down at your friendly book-store down under, mate. Terry Southern, author of DR STRANGELOVE and of THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN, along with Mason Hoffenberg, has come out with this hilarious satire on the extra raw-and-lewd best-sellers of today's America ... and, while doing so, poke fun in various directions - Zen, would-be intellectuals, the lovers of the porr down-trodden workers, psychiatry ... and masturbation-permissiveness, and anti-Semitism and so forth ... the book is indeed doity ... funny doity.

All through it I felt convinced that Terry Southern is a penname of Norm Clarke's ... fannish indeed, are scenes and subject, I think. And doity. (And no, I'm not ABOUT to try to smuggle you a copy, pal.)

I take it the descriptive adjectives used to picture little old Candy's genitals (like about every other paragraph) is a spoof at the terminology I found so flowery and pretty-pretty in FANNY HILL ... what gripes me so goldern much, John, is that (sigh) (sigh) I will now mention this book here and there in fandom and get nowhere ... nothing ... no response.

Then, just you wait 'enry 'iggins ... 6 months to a ruddy year from now our fen who like to see themselves as being OH-so hip and in and 'with it' (retch) will appear in some 'zines all erudite and up-to-date tellin' about CANDY ... yeh ... and their fawning followers will be gee-whiz wide-eyed at the way Their Leaders are up on things and so so so topical ... that's the way the cookie crumbled in the past ... that's the way I expect it to go on crumbling in the future... and me? ... I'm sittin' back laffin'.....

You've heard (since I'm writing of things sexy, I might as well go on) by now that the new topless bathing suit is now on sale here in our larger cities? Wimmen picketting one Cleveland store, they tell me ... don't expect ME to say I'll never wear one ... nor that it will NEVER catch on ... I've been stung before saying that ... I say that in 3 to 6 years bare-bosomed babes will be appearing as such on our public beaches ... ((Bergey should have lived to see this hour.jmf)) and as with the skintight pants, all the WRONG dames will be baring themselves ... only a firm young 18 yr old or younger (with some exception, says my husband) can get away with this. I hereby prophesy, John Foyster, that doctors specializing in the field of chest-colds and in cosmetic up-lift breast-plastic-surgery are gonna make a fortune!

AND also bathing-suit manufacturers may lose a mint ... cause one can wear the bottom of one's two piece suit and still be in the latest style.... right?

*****Note how I indent my comments? This is done solely to gain the plaudits of the thronging millions out there. My feelings on the negro/white attitude are fairly well mirrored in Lenny Bruce's 'How to Make Your Coloured Friends Feel At Home' or whatever. // CANDY by Maxwell Kenton, though since revised, was first published in 1958. In 1961 both John Baxter and I were giving considerable space to Terry Southern's novels, The Magic Christian and Flash and Filigree. Dean Grennell in the same year made some extensive comments on The Magic Christian. Sometimes I feel like getting The Realist to read Southern's column (if it is still running).

LEE HARDING OLINDA RD THE BASIN VICTORIA

307? You've left very little for me to add, I'm afraid. Of course I like his stuff and always look forward to it - what I objected to was all this interesting material being ignored. If none of your readers thought it worthwhile contradicting him I felt it was your place, as editor, to do something about it. This you have done with commendable restraint - and, no, I have nothing further to add. I enjoy a lot of 307's stuff, but find that I cannot take too seriously a writer who quotes Eastern mystics fervently, and whose same writings would seem to indicate that his own personal god is Stephen Potter.

*****One of the things I have found most difficult in running a lettercolumn is to refrain from libelling EACH writer. It's doubly frustrating to see no one, but no one, bother to contest some pretty silly things which are herein said.

LEE HARDING AGAIN//

A SHORT LETTER TO MY GOOD FRIEND JOHN FOYSTER ON THE OCCASION
OF SEEING BEAUTY & THE BEAST FOR THE SECOND TIME

Sir: by far the most beautiful film I have ever seen. I am continually amazed at how the growth of one's perceptions, emotions and intellect and all that sort of stuff can be so enormous over such a small passage of time as twelve months. I could not repeat NOT have enjoyed this movie one tenth as much a year ago, and I am quite sure I didn't. What I saw last Saturday was not a film but a work of art which somehow conspired to waft aside all my ideas of film making and technique. May I cease to rave now, kind sir? Nor was I alone in my enjoyment - Carla, and John Bangsund, were apparently similarly overwhelmed. The Cocteau film was on first - at interval we all got up and by common assent left BLACK ORPHEUS for the birds. "Let's go down to a coffee lounge and talk about the film instead" said Bangsund. So we went. And sat. And drank coffee - and we didn't talk about the film at all. I said to Bangsund "what can you SAY?" And we all seemed to agree so we just talked about - oh, everything, I suppose. Can a work of art liberate one to such an extent that ideas, thoughts and impressions are suddenly INCREASED tenfold, so that everything seems vastly more interesting? If you could have seen us..... and the music. Naturally I was forewarned by the fact that you had raved so much. So I tried to keep my ears open from the first reel but afterwards gave up. NEVER have I experienced such a perfect blend of sound and image. I would say that this is the most successful score-as-music that I have ever heard. So much impressed was humble I, sir, that immediately we arrived home I went straight over to the player and spun the Auric ballet (Phedre). Need I say more - ot have I convinced you that I really liked LA BELLE ET LA BETE? Now I can understand why you saw it so many times ... and although I am prompted to suggest that MARIENBAD is a load of old rubbish after this --- perhaps I should wait until I've seen Resnais's effort a twelvemonth from now, eh?

VIC RYAN PO BOX 674 MANTENO ILLINOIS USA

I have to admit to appreciating "So Long, Chollie", even though it was directed (though impersonally) at my seamer, less co-operative side. I've been badgered by all manner of forceful solicitations of LoCs in the past, but a supplement into which the editor's obviously sunk some of his creative energy is something new. You may have sent copies to everyone on your mailing list, for all I know, but at least you might be happy to learn that the effort wasn't totally unappreciated.

That innovation doesn't correct the underlying problem, however: the simple fact that Satura's a fundamentally difficult-to-comment-upon magazine. I've always been relatively unable to decipher Australian fanzines, not because of a language difficulty or bad reproduction, but simply because you chaps seem to have a code or some such thing which renders identifying the author of any particular section unnecessary. You may be fully aware that Bob Smith or John Baxter or John Foyster is writing a particular section, but I'm not so sure it's patently obvious to everyone else. When you compound the matter by introducing an anonymous writer, my simple mind boggles at the cryptology necessary.

I'll be the fiftieth person to comment that you look like a slim Peter Sellers - that is, if you're not further confounding identity and actually running a picture of the gentleman under your name. The shot's a classic, though.

All sorts of people will today ask you, in an argument, to define your terms, even though, were you to turn around and say "Please define your terms - what do you mean by term-defining?" they'd be completely at a loss. Somewhere the popular mind seems to have picked up the notion that arguments are wholly a matter of semantics, a perfectly logical point when the participants are relatively knowledgeable, but one rather meaningless in the average over-the-backyard-fence political discussion in modern suburbia. "Define your terms!" has a sort of sophistication -by-association about it. And, besides, if nothing else it serves as a stall while you're trying to remember what the girls said about Barry Goldwater at bridge club Monday afternoon.

An idea like TOFF couldn't, I don't think, be adopted without the eventual charge of "stuffing the ballotbox" being levelled at an Aussie or a Jap who's been elected by his enthusiastic countrymen, but I'm not sure that it wouldn't be worth the stick.

Tom Collins is a comment-hook of sorts, but probably not in the sense you meant it to be. It's a popular drink in the States, at least, and the very mention of it reminds me that I've discharged a small fraction of my commenting-on-Satura duties and might logically call it quits for now.

*****I know that Australians have been accused of peculiar sexual habits in the past, but your suggestion is the strangest I've come across. Generally, Pond candidates are selected by US fen, with the others having little say, except in a minor financial way.

307 DARKEST USA

Many, many thanks for remembering me on my birthday, and for the kind thought(?) in sending me the copy of LOT'S WIFE. I hate to appear ungrateful, or to knock the present, but I was rather annoyed to find myself - anonymously, thank God - in its pages. I note from SAT 9 that you, yourself, appear somewhat discomfitted Please reassure me that you had nothing to do with it.

Let me explain: my comments in SATURA are for a very limited audience (I am assuming that SAT's mailing list is still a two-figure number) and consequently I have not attempted to polish either my thought or my prose. (I don't wish to imply that I consider SAT's readers unworthy of such tidying-up, but rather that being a specialised and small audience - I imagine from the letters a reasonably intelligent one - they will be able to perceive what faint glitter lies behind the rough uncut cabuchon writing). The larger the numbers of readers the more careful I would have to be about my expression for I would then be reaching so many more people of more and more widely diverging tastes and intellectual capabilities. If anything like this happens again, would you please write a stiff note to the offending party?

Pooh! to Terry Carr's review ((in MINAC)) ... to all that is, except one little point: my lack of communication. Here I am forced to agree with him ... I am appalled upon readin the rubbish I've written to you and which has found its way into the pages of SATURA. The prose is for the most part laboured, forced, involuted, dull, and above all unintelligible. In fact, if I hadn't written those pages in SAT 9 I really doubt if I would have had the faintest idea of what was going on. It's all terribly depressing, and one wonders if one should continue to write ... especially since even if one wades through the sickening mess of words to find the cerebrations beneath it turns out not to be worth it.

And I'm not wallowing in self-pity now, nor suffering from a post coitus triste, physical or mental - no! just being realistic and trying to make an onjective apraisal of my slop. Ho-hum ... no writer, he.

*****I did send a stiff note to the offending party, and this was printed in a succeeding issue of LOT'S WIFE. But I still had to go out and chase said copy. At least Los Cuentos Fantasicos sent you a copy, even though there might have been a bill with it. Since you are so worried about yourprose, you may like to know that the Fog Index

on one of the messier parts of your previous missive turned out to be only 14+. By comparison, the first para of my introduction to SATURATE worked out at 22+, which shows that you can be intelligent if you are sufficiently complicated. And congratulations on receiving my highest award - typos in successive words.

ROSEMARY HICKEY 2020 MONAWI CHICAGO ILLINOIS 60614 USA

((In re: WILD COLONIAL BOY 7))

Society believes that it is only safe and secure if no one thinks thoughts or communicates ideas which would effect any change from the status quo. Any laws which get on the books get there because of this fear. And laws can be changed - and much more easily than by altering this basic fear ... which is closely associated with the religious control imposed upon a societal structure. Even that behaviour which is accepted or rejected is evaluated from this fear of change.

This fear is common to all societies which have reached sufficient maturity to think in terms of the past and to fear for the future. Political labels, such as "capitalist society", are irrelevant.

As long as we permit religious precepts to enter our civil life there is going to be a constant attempt to control our behaviour (the disorderly and drunk are jailed, state laws re: firearms i.e., the Sullivan law in New York State) and our thinking by censoring movies, legitimate theatre, performers and the books in the bookstore.

All of the reasoning which you have been reporting is just rationalization from these people who feel that THEY know best what is right for you.

My solution to this problem doesn't exist - yet. The organized religions are going to maintain their strength as long as the percentage of people who need outside structuring of their lives continues to exist - and to exist in a very large majority.

My personal hope is that with the growing recognition of the need of psychotherapy, more and more individuals will develop a sufficient amount of personal strength - enough so that they will not need to lean on outside structures for support. Once the numerical strength of this kind of person becomes significant, its influence will and must be felt. Then

the general expectations of society will change -- and the laws will change - and the fears for the future will be less limiting.

But I expect my solution is of the Utopian type. There are too many I.Q.'s being born today which fall under the 100 level and such as these will always need a parental atmosphere within which they can function comfortably.

Picking up a statement from your Number 7 "In Australia, which has often been likened to Eire when censorship is discussed..." Ireland is definitely a church-controlled state. If Australia is, too, you haven't a chance in a million of ever breaking through the communication control barrier. However, Australia ISN'T Eire. Maybe there's enough of a difference and that difference can be used to effect a change - maybe slowly - but a change for the good.

*****It is estimated that by 2000 AD the majority of persons in Australia will be Roman Catholics. The smallest of the three major political parties in this country is commonly believed to be a front for the Roman Catholic Church. It is many times more difficult for a non-Catholic to obtain employment with the Govt. than it is for a Catholic..... I disagree completely, otherwise.

SGT RF SMITH I COD SGTS MESS BANDIANA VICTORIA AUSTRALIA

It being one of those warm sunny afternoons I feel in the mood for commenting on portions of SATURA 9, which has been laying around here for days with a repulsive-looking Foyster slyly peering at me from the front. If you run out of Foyster fotos (you must; it's disgusting, all this Foyster profiles being uncovered to the horrified world...) I will be pleased to send you a crazy Smith foto, so that your readers can chortle instead of gagging....

Why, pray, do you suddenly decide to print my whole, official address in that formal manner? The warm friendliness of "Bob Smith" is no longer acceptable in the high-flown pages of SATURA, is that it?

No, "370", I have no intention of explaining Zen, Buddhism (or anything else) to you or anyone else, and I wish you'd return the favour by refraining from explaining to the readers of SATURA just why I don't have to. It appears to me that since that first innocent letter and discussion John and I were having in SATURA something has become (if you'll pardon the expression) lost in translation, and are you not almost as guilty as the authors who fill untold pages in their efforts to explain just

what Zen isn't and how mere words can only confuse? You most certainly didn't offend me; I became silent because it did appear that we were touching on things you were sensitive about, and I respect any person's feelings. However, this has gone on and on through several issues of SATURA, and is beginning to take on the appearance of a fairly boring lecture; this plus the "I said, you said" slant of your letters appearing in SATURA will probably lose you the title of "the contributor who outshines Foyster" or Harry Warner's opinion on the value of "370"s writing, if you persist.

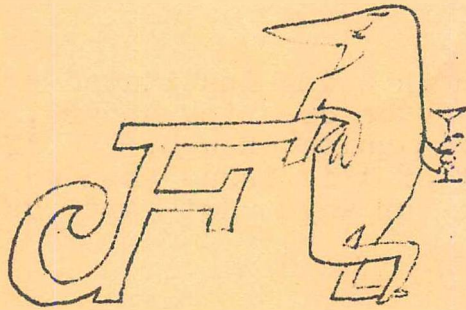
Don Fitch has a point when he writes that Haiku, Zen and Buddha may be used in this halfway step manner, and I can assure you, "370", that Foyster and I are reasonably well aware of the finger that points and the object, and were at the time of that discussion in SATURA. And ideas and thoughts stated with, as Don puts it "ultimate perfection" are worthy of discussion, speculation and sharing with others, especially when the problems of translation are included; surely one may receive as much reward as the individual mental wrestling with any koan may give?

It's a pity that Harry Warner was reluctant to add his considerable knowledge of music to the comments woven around that quote, but I agree with him; the statement in music is easier to comprehend than volumes of explanation. I'll give Blyth his due; he has included musical notation at times in his volumes when comparing musical passages or what a composer meant with Zen, etc.

It was nice of you to ask me to assist in a postwar history of fandom in Australia, but I assure you I'm quite vague on it all, especially pre-1953, when I first sniffed at ETHERLINE. You could approach ex-active fans like Bob McCubbin, Crozier, Binns (remember they did something similar, on a brief scale, for an early ETHERLINE?) and others; they might be willing to write shortish individual aspects of the fandom. Hell, even your own "370" could tackle this!

Fancy Ron Clarke asking if any fanzines were published in Australia after 1955! Why, there was...umm...and...er...well, there was dear old ETHERLING! Good heavens, mate, put him in the picture about gems like QUANTUM, THRU THE PORTHOLE, SUI! FLUG, THE WILD COLONIAL BOY, BUNYIP, et nauseam! There was a veritable fanzine publishing madness in the air in those days...

*****Indeed there was - care to try again? There are a few letters here from Clarke, Dixon, Dodd that will be printed next time (if I find your letter, Alan - Monday is a hell of a day for me to receive a letter because I invariably try to carry it around for the week.).



MICHEAL MACLIAMMOIR

I have remarked (I think on the back of SATURA 7) that very little artistic good comes out of Australia. I am now prepared to believe that occasionally some artistic good comes to Australia. I cannot now recall just what it was that enthused me to the point of paying cash money to see an Irish actor of whom I knew practically nothing. I have always been interested in Oscar Wilde's writing, and this was perhaps the lever that sent me to a late afternoon session (there was no other) of MacLiammoir's THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR.

Certainly I was out of place there, for the audience seemed to be limited to just two groups - those over fifty, and those under nineteen. The first group was predominantly female - it is not my place nor my intention to comment on this. The second group, presumably, were schoolchildren studying a Wilde play, which is all, strangely enough, of Wilde that is studied in Victorian schools.

The lighting was green, and soon after MacLiammoir appeared he attached a green carnation to his lapel. But it was from the start, and not from this point, that Oscar Wilde lived again, on a small stage far from England. Wilde's life, magically spun by this good fairy, soon trapped this heterogenous audience, and as MacLiammoir wove fact and fancy he revealed things which can never be read from a book. To see a giant walk the earth is a tremendous shock in this pigny world. I shall never again read Wilde without thinking of that magnificent figure preening himself in front of we ordinary mortals.

LEBENSRAUM

I do really think I should have some space in this fanzine, and I intend to keep these two pages to myself, jealously and zealously, come what may. Sure hope I can fill them.

CHOLLIE DISTRIBUTION

Chollie distribution is being instituted agin with this issue. Too many freeloaders have been creeping aboard, and printing about 80 of these things is quite enough. So if there is or was a pink sheet at the front of this issue (headed SO LONG CHOLLIE No. 2) then this is where our ways must part, unless you suddenly wax enthusiastic.

TRADES

Many thanks to those kind and trading fen, some of whom don't wish to increase their circulation. I don't intend to pay cash for anyone's fanzine, no matter how good, in the future. If we cannot arrange a trade of SOME kind, then I feel that maybe you aren't publishing for the fun of it.

NEW FANZINES IN AUSTRALIA

Ron Clarke and Co. in Sydney have started THE MENTOR as a fortnightly. The first issue was 3 pages 16" x 10" which is pretty big, in a way.

Lee Harding keeps promising a fanzine ("for love") - I suggested that he call it TOMORROW, but he only glared. I b'lieve he's going to call it CANTO, but you can never tell with Australians. Look at me, here I am writing in the second-last issue of SATURA and I haven't told anyone yet. I am changing title with issue 12.

TYPOS

I can spell.

JOHN BOARDMAN

sent a pc. "The elephant joke section is about 3 pages too long. 'How can you tell if there's an elephant in your bedroom?' 'If your wife is pregnant for 22 months.'"

LOOKING BACKWARD

Ten issues is pretty good for an Aussie fanzine. Last generalzine to top this was ETHERLINE (ulp!). I promise to quit before issue 101. But SAT, or whatever it is called, may last a few months yet. I am sometimes tempted to reply too strongly to letterhacks (eg. Rosemary Hickey or Betty Kujawa in this issue) but most of this spleen is being saved up for the January 1965, immediately prior to the Annish, ish.

I DON'T SEE WHY AUSTRALIA NEEDS A FOREIGN POLICY. AMERICA'S HAS ALWAYS BEEN GOOD ENOUGH FOR US IN THE PAST.....

QUOTES FOR AUGUST

Anything can be acquired in solitude, except character.

One sign of the birth of love is that all the pleasure and all the pain which all other human passions and all other human needs can give a man, cease in that moment to affect him.

Prudery is a species of avarice, and the worst of all.

Nothing is so interesting as passion, because everything in it is unexpected, and the active partner falls victim. Nothing is so insipid as elegant love, in which everything's calculated, as with all the prosaic matters in life.

Solitude is needed to enjoy the heart's emotions and to love, but be out and abroad in the world to find success.

In love, we often doubt what we most devoutly believe. In any other passion we no longer doubt a thing once it is proved.

What greater reproach can be ours than the thought that we are letting ideas of honour and justice arising sometimes in our hearts fade away like the shadowy phantoms born of sleep?

Sappho saw in love only frenzied delight for the senses, or physical pleasure sublimated by crystallisation. Anacreon sought in it a diversion for the senses and the mind. There was too little security in ancient times to give leisure for passionate love.

The more people one attracts, the less deeply one attracts them.

Ridicule scares love.

True love makes thoughts of death frequent, comfortable and free from terrors, a simple object of comparison, the price we would pay for many things.

In Europe desire is sharpened by restraint; in America it is blunted by liberty.

What degrades women of easy virtue is their own idea, and everyone else's idea, that they are committing a grave fault.

Love is the sole passion which pays itself in coin minted by its own hand.

