

112A
FREEDOM CAUSE



GREAT BRITAIN.



FRANCE.



RUSSIA.



BELGIUM.



ITALY.



JAPAN.



SERBIA.



ROUMANIA.



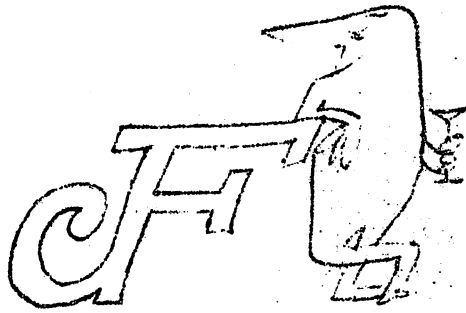
PORTUGAL.



U.S. AMERICA.

SATURA 11 SEPT 64
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or comment. Avoid
So Long Chollie
when possible.
Lee Harding and
Mervyn Barrettare
Staff photogs. (ret.)
Illustrations by
J Bangsund, J Baxter,
C. Bennie, HE,
W K McLelland,
Wm Rotsler,
RIP Schultz & Bob
Smith, together
with that old
master, Anon.
This is a special
"To hell with the
expense, let's get
rid of the backlog"
issue. It is also
the final issue.
307 is herein
stripped of his
anonymity and
retired. All
contents totally
repudiated by
authors. New title
is THE GRYPHON.
Same place, same
time.





SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

In a sense I will only be repeating here what has certainly been said by some person in some other place. But because I have not seen such a writing, and because even if such a writing had appeared it would most assuredly not have been seen by the few Australian readers of this magazine, I feel constrained to write a few words about SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW is useless. It serves no purpose. I cannot see that a retelling of any story constitutes a criticism, nor even that lesser vehicle, a review. It may be claimed that, say, SATURA, is useless, but then SATURA does not make any claim to being useful, in the sense here employed, nor does SATURA have a subscription rate. And SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW will most definitely crawl under the wire in the guise of Art.
not

It may be claimed that SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW helps the subscriber to select the best in current science fiction. This is false, on at least two grounds. First, the two issues I have here (which are so alike as to present a clear picture of the totality of the thing) give no more information about the contents of the magazines or paperbacks than could a 30-second glance at the newstand by a person whose IQ exceeds 80. Second, the issues which I have here present information about the issues which would have just gone off the stands when SFR reached its US readers. The situation is not so bad in Australia, because magazines arrive on sale more slowly than does ordinary mail (a fantastic achievement in itself). The reviews in SFR do not even describe all stories in the issues listed. To quote an example from home, even ETHERLINE had more competent and complete reviews. In the two years that I bought ETHERLINE, however, I did not read the mag/book reviews - I bought E/L for the AUTHOR'S WORKS LISTINGS.

It may be claimed that SFR keeps a record of what is published. This is nonsense - SFTimes does this accurately.

The claims I have considered above are listed on a flyer distributed with copies mailed to Australian fans as samples. In addition to those claims, SFR is described as "potentially... a very valuable publication for its field". But just what is its field? I have considered the specific claims of SFR as a device for providing information for SF readers, and have suggested that it is probably failing in these ways. I wish to extend this argument to the whole field of science fiction fanzines, but obviously this can only be hinted at in a short article of this kind.

Training authors? Cowdung! No - the sf fanzine today is not published by the sf authors of tomorrow, but by the failed sf authors of today. Perhaps someone would like to compare the average ages of today's amateur sf authors with those of a decade ago.

To me the whole concept of publishing a magazine full of amateur sf, or of bibliographic material, seems completely out of this world. From this I can except only Don Tuck, who is producing a definitive bibliography - I can see some use in this. What I should really like to see is a defense of this, to me, foolish habit of publishing fanzines about science fiction.

I have not here gone into any of the more dubious thoughts I had about SFR and its origins.

The above should not be interpreted in any way as an attack on the Australian agent of SFR, Graham Stone. Graham and I have had virtually no contact because of the opposition of our viewpoints. I admire his enthusiasm and concentrated effort, as most recently exemplified by the AUSTRALIAN SF INDEX. Graham has a right to his viewpoints, and I have the right to knee him in the groin whenever he stands up to express them.

ART

I have always thought Keith McLelland to be the best Aussie fan artist ever, and it has been one of the disappointments of my fan life that I've never been able to persuade him to draw for me. I recognize and understand these, but I've been able to get the illustrations used in ETHERLINE and other AFPA pubs. Watch for them



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REQUIESCAT IN PACE: Dick Jenssen,
 nee Morton Kruss, T.L. Martin,
 de la Faye, Martin James, etc.,
 who passed away from the science
 fiction ~~fandom~~ firmament on 1.7.53
 His poor tormented soul has
 departed to the post-fan world of
 square-dancing, zoot suits, and
 the soda fountain. May Ghu protect
 him in his living hell and speed
 him on his way with a good kick in
 the a—.

AMEN

LETTERS IN EXILE PART VII DICK JENSSEN

new york diary

FRIDAY

By 'bus from Madison to Chicago - Cumberland Av., to be precise - and from there to O'Hare airport, and to an awesome, unnerving, shock. For, as the vehicle was disgorging its passengers at each terminal in turn - there are apparently an infinite number of these dotted over the field - I was horrified at glimpsing, outside the way-station for EASTERN AIRLINES, a group of pickets parading righteously in front of the lobby and carrying placards bearing the legend:

EASTERN AIRLINES
12 Accidents!
87 Killed!!
Flight Engineers on strike.
Don't Fly EASTERN!!!

Thank God, thank God, I breathed, I'm flying AMERICAN..... Even so the sight thus forcibly impressed upon my quivering memory, coupled with my preconceived notions regarding the appalling safety record of airliners in the States, threw me into a state of profound shock from which only the squeal of tyres on the tarmac at La Guardia Airport aroused me.

A 'phone call to those with whom I was to stay, and a taxi trip there. Unpack the case. And, evening by now, to Times Square and Broadway.



Rechy lied. It's worse, far worse.... An endless variety of tight-jeaned, vicious-looking youngmen desperately waiting for a pickup and a few bucks. I made the mistake of actually looking at one for a period longer than a few nanoseconds, and he smiled (showing what appeared to be filed teeth) and advanced with eyes hard, hard... I fled.

I paused outside HAMLET to catch a glimpse of Dickie and Liz, but it was too crowded. (By the way, a friend of mine tells me that while he was in Singapore at the height of the Burton/Taylor scandal a local newspaper came out with the headline, in defiance of colloquial English, WILL

ELIZABETH GET DICK?). A brief look at the pornography displayed in some shops, and then back to the home of the next few days.

SATURDAY

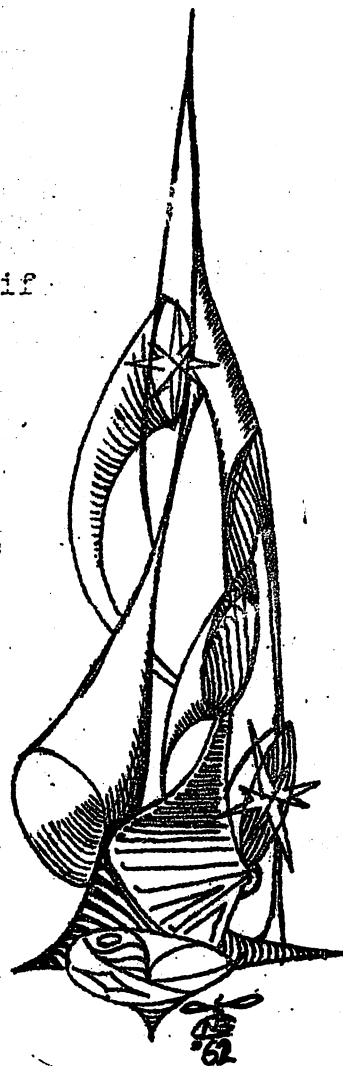
Up reasonably late. Then to lunch with B. (my host), C., a friend, and D., another, at the Russian Tea-Rooms. D. was delightful. A negress, now a Swede with a Swedish husband, visiting a land which had done its best to crush her, but completely free of any bitterness. Very intelligent & witty. After lunch, to C.'s apartment for a few drinks, then to the World's Fair. What a show! A great gob of concretised fairy-floss, melting ubiquitously into sticky pools of commercialism, but unable to conceal objects, here and there, of pure confectionery delight.

Such as the Spanish pavilion - more later - and the General Motors exhibit. This was marvellous. A wide, lengthy queue, which moved surprisingly quickly, leading directly into a long train of moving seats, three abreast. Seated, one is carried (earpieces ceaselessly disgorging an all but redundant commentary) past completely believable models depicting space stations, life on the moon, under the sea, in the jungles and in the Arctic, until one is finally borne into a breathtaking panorama of a city of the future. Seeing this I felt not quite so disgusted with modern architecture and town planning. Whether the avarice and graft-prone qualities of councillors and politicians will ever allow such a city to be built is questionable, but at least the goal is there to be worked towards.

The Japanese pavilion is also splendid.

The Unisphere is ghastly by day, rather beautiful by night. Darkness transforms it from a grey, oppressively heavy object into a light, mauve, floating globe suspended above a lucent green pool.

It was July 4th., and there was a great fireworks exhibition. I hate this sort of thing usually, but it was



uncommonly well done - apart from the strident music - and I stayed with the others, watched, and was captivated.

Fought our way back to the trains - subways full of switch-bladed, leather-jacketed young punks and rioting negroes, blood and broken beer-bottles, crippled old ladies having their crutches kicked out from under them and bicycle chains smashed into their faces ... all in all, a regular night - then back to the apartment. What I objected to most on the subways was the filth there; I don't mind a few lumps of chewing-gum on the seats, or half-dried icecream on the floor, but things are bad when one has to wade knee-deep through used condoms to find a seat.

SUNDAY

A visit to THE DEPUTY on Broadway. Very disappointing. The play might have been elevated to a good bit of theatre, but the direction was so bad (many different styles of acting ranging from hysterical Methods to matter-of-fact oldtimers all clumped together with no attempts to bind them into any sort of coherence), the staging so bare, and the acting so uniformly poor - even Emlyn Williams - that one felt slightly cheated. A Pity. But, even if all had combined in unison, I feel that the play itself would have prevented it from being completely satisfying, for it had, I thought, an air of spurious polemic about it, of a vision that saw the problems of the church in a wholly secular light.....

To Greenwich Village for a meal. Passed by THE VILLAGE VOICE offices, and almost bought you a couple of copies of the paper, John, but it was closed.*

After the meal, to C. & H. for drinks, chat; music, etc....

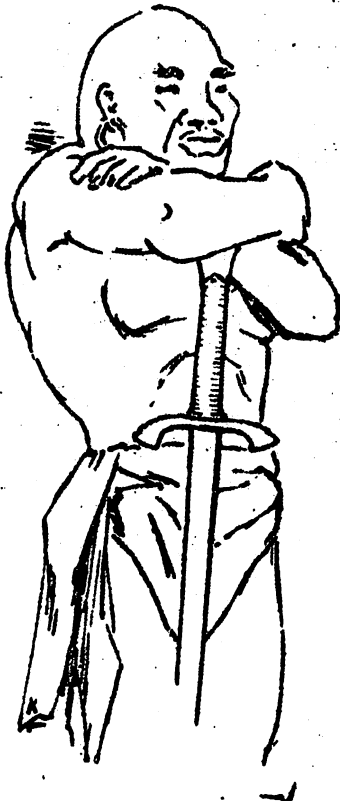
Ventured out later on our way back home, and took in a bit of the local colour.

Drab grey.

Again pros of both sexes, mainly male. I was amused by the antics of one. Wearing the inevitable crotch-tight jeans, indecently clinging, he had become aware of the interest of a middle-aged passerby who was slowly decreasing the gap between them. The youngman turned his back to the older one, and on the pretext of examining the wares in the window he had been leaning against, apparently caught sight of an object demanding closer

*You might have asked them just what the hell they've done w. my sub!

attention at the lower edge of the pane. He bent. And displayed to the audible, panting lust of the stranger now swishing at an incredible speed toward him, a perfectly formed pair of nates limned against the pants now tightened by more than his doubled-over posture. Why they didn't burst, I'll never know.



New York needs a good cleaning-up. Thank God we haven't that sort of character in Australia.

MONDAY

My birthday. The morning and afternoon spent at the Metropolitan Museum - a few blocks away from the apartment. Just as the Chicago Fine Arts Institute was all over the National Gallery of Victoria, so is the Metrop. over the Chi. FAI. It really doesn't do much to catalogue a list of artists save that it may show you what delights are to be had theré. Seven el Grecos, including the view of Toledo, a VAST room of Rembrandts, Tintoretto's THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES plus four others, and works by Batoni, Rigaud, Vermeer, Steen, Botticelli, Bronzino, Verrocchio, Veronese, Burne-Jones and Zurburan. But, apart from Dali's CORPUS HYPERCUBUS, the main attraction for me was the early work there: Bosch, Gerard David, Petrus Christus, Massys, Martini, Cranach, several Flemish masters-of, Duccio and there were also Moreau, Redon, Rosa de Bonheur, Titian, la Hireetc. Then again we had the Rodin sculptures, Egyptian relics, Orientalia, Byzantine mosaics, medievallarmour, tapestries, altar-pieces, and an overwhelming set of friezes from Assyria. But this only scratches the surface.

The evening was devoted to a meal.

Ever since THE FORUM OF THE TWELVE CAESARS opened and was scathingly attacked for its obvious appeal to the tasteless masses by TIME magazine (which singled out the dish Truffle-stuffed quail CLEOPATRA, wrapped in Macedonian vine leaves, baked in hot ashes (\$9.00) for particular contempt) I have longed to be there for a meal. Being of the masses, and having a taste for the tasteless, I had promised myself that if ever I was in New York I would unfailingly visit this place of the

overblown gustatory gesture. And what better time to indulge in an orgy of monumental vulgarity than on one's birthday? Accordingly I invited B. to be my guest and dine there with me on the 6th - to repay the kindnesses done me. I must confess that it was somewhat of a shock to discover that evening that two other guests had been invited on B.'s insistence. "Don't worry, 307" B. said, "R. has a six-figure bank balance. He won't let you pay". Thus reassured we went.

More than slightly tipsy when we arrived (E. had prepared two gigantic 100 proof Martinis for us to consume in as many minutes) we nevertheless managed to pour ourselves into our seats and somehow blurt out to the waiter that I was not only from Australia, but from Australia and on my birthday. His eyes above the highly supercilious nose blinked twice and apparently our phrases, like so many others he must have overheard in his long career, slipped swiftly from the surface of his consciousness into a Limbo of irretrievably forgotten words. And yet not so. For promptly the Captain materialised and proceeded to shower us with delicate concern, and overpowering service.



The meal was, to a simple unsophisticated Australian, outstanding. Another Martini to start off with and then into Great mushrooms stuffed with snails, Gallic cheese and walnuts; a Gaspacho Andalusia; a Noblest Caesar of Them All Salad (lettuce leaves covered with a manna-like dressing made from cheese, garlic, herbs, oil, vinegar - and note that here in the States the salad is eaten before the main course); and..... what else? a Truffle-stuffed quail CLEOPATRA, wrapped etc. With the quail a Pouilly-Fumé.

Then the surprise.

To a ghostly blare of Quo Vadis (Rosza) trumpets and a half-heard clash of cymbals, the Captain, proceeded by a bevy of half-naked, undulating Trimalchian belly-dancers, bore in a

frozen cream-cake, candle burning brightly, with the legend HAPPY BIRTHDAY emblazoned thereon. "Compliments of the Chef" he murmured discretely, dismembered it expertly, and poured a thick mousse-like sauce over the unexpected delight.

Having despatched the dessert, came the inevitable coffee and liquer. A Strega.

The bill arrived and as expected R. picked it up, glanced at it, distended his eyes considerably and paled, then pulled out his Diner's card and covered the chit.

There was a moment's embarrassed silence from the Captain before, bending low, he apologetically conveyed to us the information that the FORUM did not accept Diner's cards.

There was an even more deeply felt embarrassed silence from the three sharing the table with me, coupled with faces that blanched instantaneously upon feeling empty wallets.

"Shit!" I thought. Aloud: "Never mind, I - haha - have my Traveller's cheques with me. Hahaha." Thinks, on seeing the bill and after five seconds' induced catatonia "Omigod \$90.40! With tips that'll be - God!! - \$110!!" Aloud: "There - haha - all fixed".

I needed a drink. So there came a half-remembered trip (in an alcoholic daze) to the Beekman Towers and thence to the bar/lounge on the roof. Although the building is small by New York standards, being a mere 27 (about) stories tall, it is nonetheless situated on a not-inconsiderable rise, and from its summit affords a splendid view of the lights on Manhattan. Which this evening were glittering in a paroxysm of joy over the celebrations of the anniversary of my natal day. (It was also the birthday of the Dalai Lama, who, coincidentally, is my age exactly, but I put this down to mere chance and rejected any connection between it and the unwonted beauty of the lights) I daresay you've seen these lights in movies. The photos are nothing. Mere phantoms. The reality is infinitely more brethtaking and stimulating. We stayed up there for an hour or so, drinking and getting drunker and my mind, at least, was suffused with the realisation that this was surely the best birthday I'd had. Even though it had cost \$110. Worth every penny.....

TUESDAY

More Metropolitan - and this time I'd discovered the exhibition of Fabergé work in a lower gallery. From memory about 15 cases of his work-shops' output: Easter eggs for the Csar

Nikolai II, programmes, cigarette cases, jewelled plants in jewelled vases, small animals modelled in precious stones, umbrella handles all very beautiful. Wandered around. Lunch there. Wandered some more.

To Columbus Circle and the Huntington Hartford Gallery of Modern Art. \$1 to get in, but I had half-an-hour to kill..... and knew I'd like it. This gallery was savagely attacked by the local critics who heted its monolithic apotheosis of out-of-fashion painting; but since I have a penchant for the overdone, the theatrical, the grand sentimental gesture, the terminal whirl of Romanticism, Art Nouveau and Surrealism, I revelled in it. Interesting canvases by Corot, Landseer, Courbet, Millais, Burne-Jones (a set of paintings for the Perseus series), Doré, Moran and Sargent. Plus some, I thought, truly outstanding works by Puvis de Chavannes, Vuillard, Moreau (Salome dancing before Herod), Burne-Jones (Laus Veneris, The Sleep of Arthur in Avalon - I'm wild about the Pre-Raphaelites too, you see), and two huge, wonder-full painting by Salvador Dali: THE BATTLE OF TETUAN and THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Also in the gallery was an exhibition of works by Maxfield Parrish. I cursed the fact that I had only half-an-hour, and resolved to return as soon as possible.

Evening meal with friends, then a late show - THE SERVANT. A good film, but only fair Losey. Bogarde fine.

WEDNESDAY

A mistake. I went to the Guggenheim, which was within walking distance. An intensely ugly building to look at, and frighteningly empty inside: a great vacant cavern enclosed by conical walls on which are displayed the worst of the neuroticism of modern artists. And I use the word 'artist' loosely, very, very loosely. Bacon, Appel, de Kooning, Nolde, Munch.....

Having survived this I went to the Museum of Modern Art, stopping momentarily at the Whitney. Ugh! Just as bad as the Guggenheim in art. Worse, really, because it contains more than the G. and only American stuff.

The Museum of Modern Art is pure crap (now there's a contradiction in terms) for two of its three floors. Albers, Ensor, Picasso (rooms of his muck, including the GUERNICA), Kandinsky, Kokoschka, Seurat, Soutine. UGH! But the third floor displayed the one outstanding painting in the gallery: Antonio Tapies' GREY OVER BLACK RELIEF. There were also mildly amusing things by Ernst, Klee, Dali, Magritte, Duchamps, Tanguy. On the whole the Museum was disappointing, and I have become a

member mainly to buy their publications -- which are very good -- at a whopping 25% discount.

That afternoon.....

That evening, after a late meal, to Broadway for a late show, THE CARPETBAGGERS. Very suggestive, very vulgar, very enjoyable. Then a late, late show, ZULU. Blood and gore and worth a visit.

THURSDAY

Up late. Then to the Museum of Modern Art - it was amongst the shops I'd wanted to see. Confirmed my opinion of the previous day. Wandered around the streets, which were filthy, bustling, impersonal and alive. Developed a sore neck craning skyward, so I decided to look down on the city, rather than up. A decision reinforced when at Rockefeller Center (American spelling) a tour to the top of the RCA building was offered at a mere \$1.15. The elevator shot one up at a heartstopping speed -

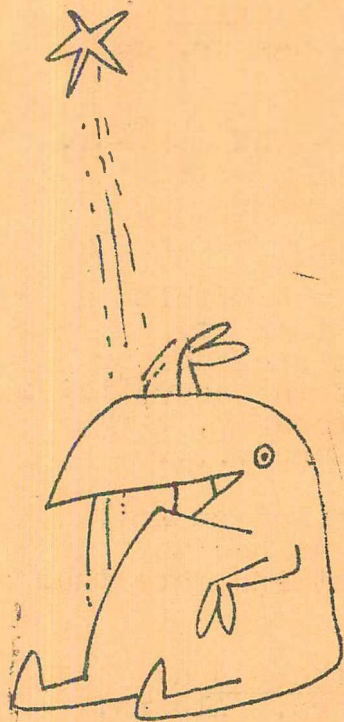
I didn't time it - and with a change of lifts, the observation floor was reached. Worth it. A perfect day, but hot, with a minimum of haze. The two rivers (Hudson? & East?) flowing past on either side and meeting in the distance; the concrete topless towers of new Ilium cleverly clawing at the sky below; in the vague distance another group of man-made monoliths, which I assumed to mark Wall Street; on the far sides of the rivers, industry. Only the Empire State was taller.

I timed the lift on the journey down. 65 stories in 40 seconds. A controlled free-fall. Had I known in advance the speed at which one is hurled into the Empyrean and dashed down again, I would have had serious reservations about venturing upon the journey.

Evening meal with friends in Greenwich Village. More sights on exiting.

FRIDAY

Late rise. Lunch in 45th Street. Back to the Huntington Hartford, for a good, long, leisurely look. I found it difficult to tear myself from one



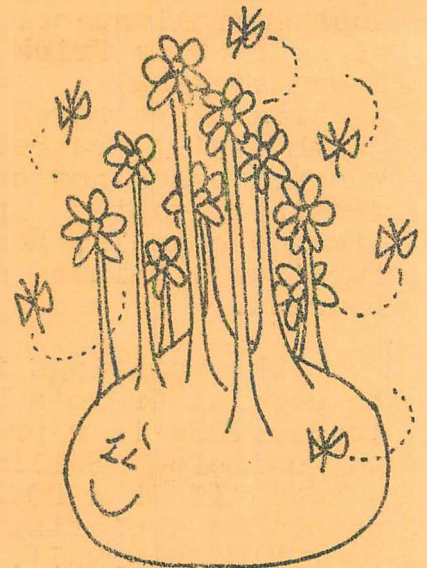
painting to another? and gave up in the Dali room, where I sat in mute adoration for the better part of 90 minutes.

And if you like Hannes Bok, then you'll immediately place Maxfield Parrish in the firmament of proto-geniuses. I was immensely struck by the resemblance between his work and that of Bok, which I discovered on reading the August F&SF to be no mere coincidence, for Bok and Parrish were pupil and master. One case where the master was still vastly superior.

More wandering of the streets. Late evening meal.

The glimpses of decadence in the Village had aroused my curiosity, and having studied Rechy's tome on American degeneracy, I was eager to find out more at first hand and, so to speak, enlarge my horizons. I persuaded an acquaintance to take me to a camp (or as they say here in the States) a gay bar. So we went to one on 57th (?) called THE COAT OF ARMS. Well-dressed, aloof, insecurely sure, hard men, young and old. We watched for some time. The observations were broken for me while I fought off, verbally and as politely as I could (after all I was in their ground) a rather unattractive youngman who wanted me to come to his apartment and have some drinks. Poor soul - he must have been drunk to approach me.....

Then to THE COLONY in the Village. Here we had the hard-faced youngmen again, blatantly thrusting their padded crotches and curvaceous arses at equally hard-faced youngmen apparently possessed of some money. By this time I had absorbed some eight Scotches-and-water, and, bored with the endless, depressing parade of commercial lust, I plucked up courage and accosted a languid, intelligent-looking youth at the bar. It was easy. To get to talking, that is. I was fortunate in that I didn't interest him and he proceeded to let me know, as quickly and as tactfully as possible, that I was wasting my time. Since I didn't want him, this suited me; and he could, I was sure, spare me half-an-hour of his time. He was intelligent, very much so - in fact, the first such individual I had met in America - and needless to say was only half Yankee; the other half, 'my maternal half', as he put it, being English. He was a pederast in search of a boy's



school. And at that age when the underlying truths of Existentialism force themselves upon one with desperate clarity, but not yet old enough to see that these 'truths' are but the first steps towards affirmation and a detached, yet terribly involved, viewpoint of life. I hope he finds his school.....

SATURDAY

A re-examination of the Metropolitan, and the Huntington Hartford. A quiet evening at the flat.

SUNDAY

Discovered the prize museum/gallery of New York - the Frick. This surely is the most remarkable collection I have seen so many masterpieces - a word which I normally use sparingly - and works of art of near first-rate quality in such a small space. The Gallery is actually the old residence of Henry Clay Frick (5th Ave., at 70th., a few blocks from where I was staying) and at the core of the collection are the works he himself gathered during his lifetime. Additions since his death (1919) are relatively few, and it is obvious that the man was possessed not only of great wealth but also of a finely developed taste. Apart from paintings there were to be found Limoges enamels, Renaissance bronzes (Pollaiuolo, etc.), Boulle furniture, Chinese and Sevres porcelains, busts by Houdon and Laurana.

The paintings include the best one it has been my privilege to see: el Greco's ST. JEROME. I'd willingly sell my soul for it He is represented by two more canvases: other major works include Bellini (Giovanni - ST FRANCIS IN ECSTASY, Gentile - PORTRAIT OF A DOGE), Fragonard (a room full of huge wall paintings depicting the progress of love), Boucher, Bronzino (LODOVICO CAPPONI), Corot, Gerard David, Duccio, van Eyck, Holbein (SIR THOMAS MORE), Ingres, la Tour, Veneziano, Piero della Francesca, Rembrandt (SELF-PORTRAIT & THE POLISH RIDER), Tiepolo, Titian, Vermeer, Veronese, Vivarini and Whistler. These, of course, are only the best: at least a dozen others should have been included.

Back to the Fair that evening, and to the Spanish pavilion where Dali's BASKET OF BREAD (1945) and his new GALACIDALACIDESOXYRIBONUCLEIC ACID were, together with an el Greco and Goya's NAKED & CLOTHED MAJAS, being exhibited. Plus some modern junk. Spent a few minutes - 15 or so - explaining the iconography of GALACIDALACI-DNA to a young girl and her companion before paying some 50¢ to see Dali's ART-IN-JEWELS exhibit.



Well now, I'd been charmed by the Fabergé collection at the Metropolitan, but by comparison with the Dalis they seemed positively tawdry. For the Fabergé items were essentially static in that a change in one's viewpoint showed another aspect, a glimpse at a new facet, of the object, allowing one to slowly build up a three-dimensional composite of the jewels. But Dali's compositions were dynamic inasmuch as shifting one's position, or even one's eyes, brought into view a new object, one subtly connected to the old by materials and organization. The light from this new facet (which brings to our eyes the image) was almost magically transposed in quality and quantity, so that what was seen was apparently a new thing bearing but a distorted relation to that observed when the eyes moved slightly in space. It felt as if in walking around the work one was moving through the fourth dimension and glimpsing the multifarious sides of a many-dimensional object given partial representation in our continuum. Accordingly it becomes impossible to build up a composite, rounded mental picture - one can merely think of each aspect in turn Anyway, they remain the most beautiful things I've ever seen.....

A meal at the Indonesian pavilion - paid for this time by R., who was immensely relieved when assured that Diner's cards would be honoured here. The food was fine, but the entertainment - Gamelin music, a danced excerpt from the RAMAYANA - proved to be one of the rare experiences of my life. It is a feat beyond my powers to describe adequately the grace and fluidity of the dancers, the intricate weavings and colour patterns produced by their costumes, and the transcendent quality of the music. It must be seen.

MONDAY

It rained.

Evening meal at a small place somewhere in the city - Pierre au Tunnel. Then to Philharmonia Hall to hear Seiji Ozawa conduct the Toho String Orchestra in works by Mozart, Vivaldi, Tchaikovsky and the Japanese composer Koyana. A very high-powered performance of all pieces, staccato treatment, infinitesimal pauses all very exciting to the emotions, but not the way, I feel, to interpret Vivaldi, who needs a graceful, more leisurely approach. The Tchaikovsky (SERENADE FOR STRINGS), though, thoroughly deserved the ovation it received.

Backstage afterwards for a few brief words with Ozawa - a delightful little man, full of energy, very bright and intelligent, with a charming, totally graceful porcelain wife.

Back through the rain to the apartment.

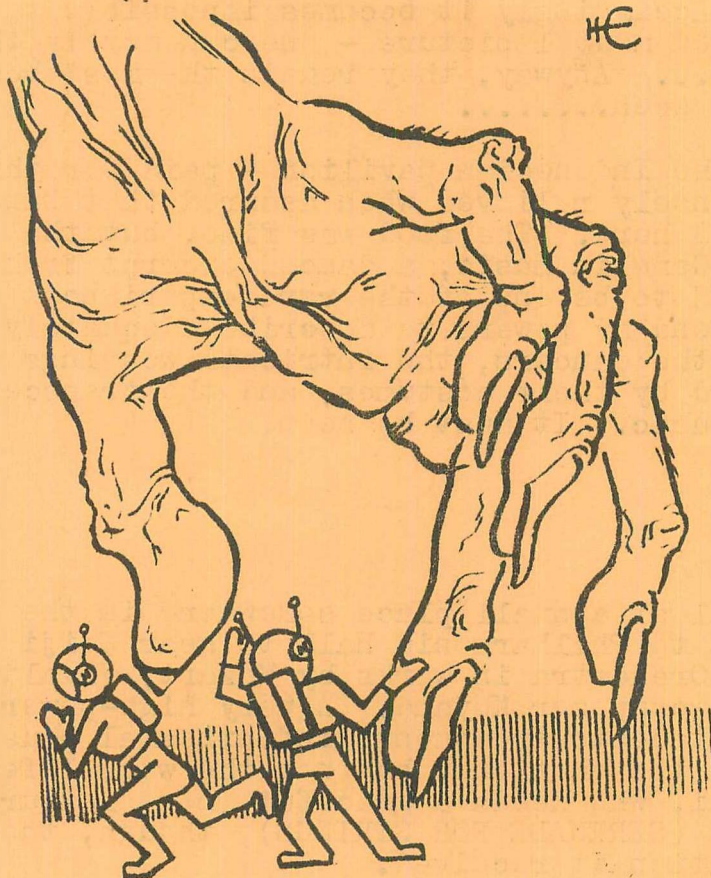
TUESDAY

A rehash of the Museum of Modern Art, the Huntington Hartford (the Frick was closed) and a view of the streets. The afternoon and evening must remain a closed book.

WEDNESDAY

I'd gone through some \$300 in 12 days, and that was that.

Packed my bags, to the airport - Kennedy, this time - and to Chicago. 'Bus to Madison.



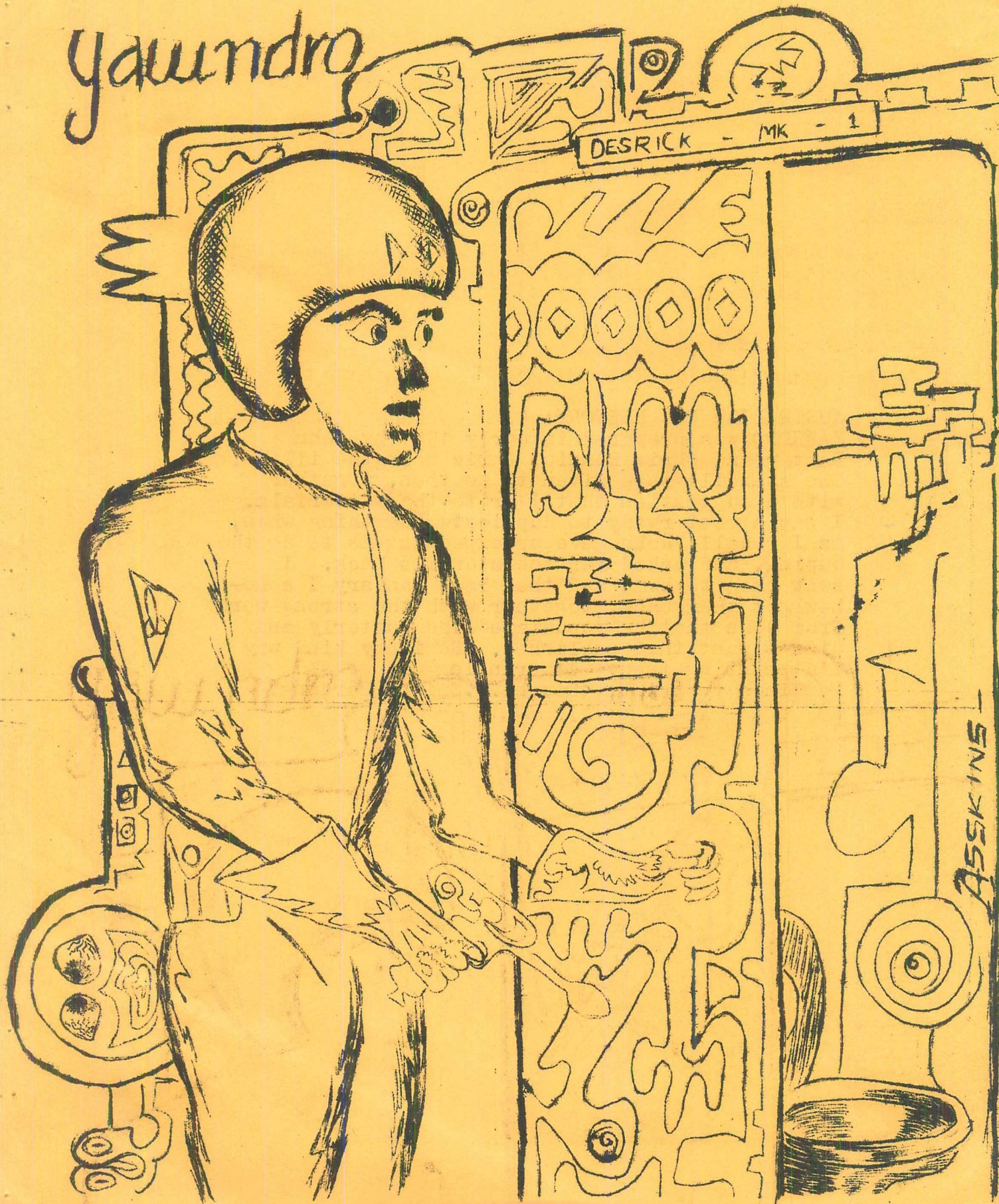
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ASSKINS -



AUSTRALIAN FAN HISTORY: 4.

YAWNDRO was prepared in early 1961 by John Baxter and Chris Bennie, Chris doing the illoes. The stencils were given to me then, together with a suggestion that I write the editorials. I was almost ready to duplicate the thing when, as I recall, John gave up expecting me to do the duping, and asked for the stencils back. I sent them to him, and then last January I somehow got them back, together with the strong word from John that he repudiated them utterly and didn't want them published. So in my kind way I'm printing them. I'm running out of old fanzines to print, though....Smith? Harding?

YAWNDRO—#192

september '66

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3 chickens and half a grunch for 5 copies.
Antarcticans can get their copies in trade
for ice blocks in summer, bear furs in winter.

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We support Rehorst for TAFF.

.....N3F Council.

Favourite Fan Misspellings LIIV by Bob Liethman

One of the most badly misspelled words in fandom is ~~principle~~ principle and principal. The ~~principle~~ principle difference between principle and ~~principle~~ principal is principally a matter of the final syllable, which is like different in each word. For instance.....aw, the hell with it.

"Once the rules of good letter-writing are understood and adopted through steady practice, you will discover that correspondence can actually become a pleasure instead of an ordeal, and may open up new interests which make life fuller and more varied in many unsuspected ways."

The Home Letter-Writer. Newnes. London 1939.

If the fan who sent the above quote to me in an anonymous envelope will come forward, I shall be pleased to push his face in.

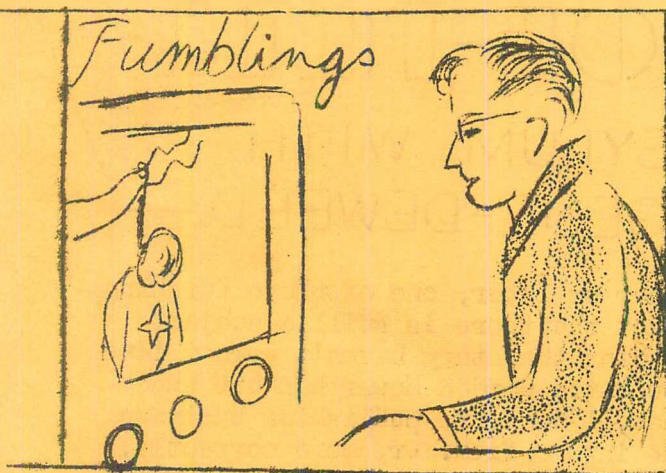
Robert F. Foulson.



NO

O





The mail since the last issue has been particularly heavy. Almost all of these comments have been directed at the results of the Eegoboo Pool. It seems that the positions of my columns, Fumblings and Strained Fruit, are doubted by many of the readers.

Something had to top the poll. The fact that my columns did so does not surprise me and I didn't think it would surprise anyone else.

Geo. P. Wollick commented that he felt the fact that I sent Juanita off for a refresher course in English Literature (and I thought your comment that she "certainly needed it" was in poor taste. I will defend your right to any opinion, but, after all, this affected me and I think a little mature consideration on your part might have altered your views on the matter) while the votes were coming in and being corrted should have been more widely publicised.

I hadn't intended to mention this happening - after all 't can't affect the results - but under the circumstances a few rationalisations of my own may lend light to the situation.

The Eegoboo Pool is conducted by this fanzine, and fairly obviously most of the votes will place YAWNDRO at the top of said pool. (If I were foolish enough to allow anyone to compare anything with YAWNDRO that is.) The Fact of the results of the pool is not affected by who counted them or under what circumstances. Frankly, Geo., I don't follow you on this point at all.

This issue is a little on the thin side. This is due to a great deal of work on our CRAPzine FANNY. By next month however the situation should be back to normal.

YAK-YAK is the magazine of the month. It's not often we get a competitor to FAD which is so virile, empathetic and mature with its first issue (the competitions are interesting too). And have you seen my letters in the last few issues of Sam Melvin's PLUP!

The mailing list is up to 47 and unless some of the deadwood drops off we'll have to hike the price again. I don't think the present price, nor the one I have in mind, is excessive, but, unless the present trend is discontinued, the price will have to go up. YAWNDRO has always been edited for the uninitiated and I am therefore unwilling to take this step. Anyway, I won't need a new rifle for a few months yet.

Incidentally, owing to the popularity of Strained Fruit and Fumblings in the last Eegoboo Pool there'll be a few changes in the upcoming issues of YAWNDRO. Mainly, Fumblings will take over Shamblings and Strained Fruit will take up the rest of the zine.

Thank Ghu, the bottom of the page approaches! Have fun until next month, when another issue of YAWNDRO will (choke!) arrive.....jmf

NEW MAPS OF HELL

ONCE ROUND THE ASYLUM WITH KINGSLEY AMIS — by — GENE DEWEED —

Well, it had to happen sometime - sooner or later, one of those furshlugginer Hollywood studios would wake up to the fact that there is still a subject untapped of it's slimy lifeblood, still something that they haven't turned into syrupy grist for it's commercial mill, and now Metro Garden Mower has hit the jackpot. Friends, science fiction - and by that, I mean the publishing business and not the material published - has been made into a film. Or, more correctly, George Pall has been blessed/cursed (check one) with the job of turning Kingsley Amis's recent "survey of science fiction" into a dramatic movie. NEW MAPS OF HELL becomes NEW LAPS OF HELL, an alteration motivated by the charactersitic Hollywood desire to get an advertising gimmick out of every movie title, even if it means featuring Jayne Mansfield against the appropriate word on a poster advertising WAR AND PIECE.

Dadda go blabber blabber blabber blabber blabber.....ouch! Why'd you hit me,
Dadda? R.J. Coulson, Jr.

Anyway, it's now NEW LAPS OF HELL, subtitled "a brisk trot around the world of Buck Roger's", with Jerry Lewis starring in the role of Harlan Ellison, America's Number One fan and editor (this job was obviously given him after his success in VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET), and Forry Ackerman roped into the vital position of "technical consultant", whatever that may be. Whether this film will be big box office, I don't know, but the producers are already pushing it big with a remote coverage on colour tv of the Albuquerque Con masquerade ball (with long lingering close-ups of Sylvia White, who went as "Juanita Coulson In An Unusual Plastic Disguise", but which was titled by some witty fen as "Nude With Guitar"). But all this is beside the point - I haven't even started to describe the film.

Well, it opens with Jerry Lewis as Ellison, taking over the editorship of ANALOG from aged John W. Campbell Jr., who has been demoted for printing too much fiction and not enough fact articles. The scenes where Campbell (Spencer Tracy) waves goodbye to a tearful staff do have some shred of artistic merit, but it is spoiled by Lewis, who got involved with a souped-up Dean Drive mechanism and skitters about a few inches from the ceiling until retrieved by a fire-engine ladder. This is the keynote of NEW LAPS OF HELL - pathos and pratfalls in equal measure.

There are some scenes of merit, as I said - the farwell of Campbell, for instance, and a sequence in which Cele Goldsmith (Va Va LaVoom), clad in skin-tight gold lame tracksuit, arrives at the offices of ANALOG with a suggestion that the magazine amalgamate with AMAZING, and publish a composite periodical called AMANALOG STORIES. But it isn't enough to save the film from it's watery tomb, and NEW LAPS OF HELL remains just another Hooeywood "epic".

STRAINED

FRUIT

Reviewed
by R.S.F.

SIGH-FAN #1 (Terry Page, 111 Clattery Place, NE, Atlanta 9, Georgia - 15¢ or trade for corn pone - irregular? Weekly? Annual? Non-existent?) Once again, the journal of Southern or cottonpickin' fandom appears, with lotsa interesting material (interesting to me, anyway - like, this sort of thing is good reading (if you like the kinda material they publish in SIGH-FAN (which is mostly stuff about old pulps and like that))).....huh, where was I, now? Oh yeah, well like I like SIGH-FAN like and as Jerry Page is a nice guy and subs to YAWNDRO, I'll mark this issue of S-F.....Special Interest.

TURNIP #7 (John M. Bugstar, 29 Forden Road, Barrell, N.S.W. Australia - 1/6 or trade for US food (says he's sick of kangaroo tail soup) irregular? Bi-monthly?) Another of those overseas fanzines who try to emulate the American pubs and even occasionally have the audacity to succeed! Like, this is unbearable, so we'll call TURNIP.....Dubious Ancestry.

Lots of fanzines here this month so we'll just run through 'em quickly, thus avoiding the necessity of offending any budding editor by panning his pub.

ROSCOEVILLE (one-shot from Bill Donaho, 1234 5th Street, New York, New York) Issued on the occasion of the birth of Bill's tenth cat (well, not his actually - it belongs to another of his cats (real cool cat, eh? Ha Ha)) Rating.....10 (Well, he took out the FANAC award this time, didn't he - we have to be careful about who we pan)

SCIENCE FICTION ANALYST #1 (Charles L. Fauntleroy, 7 Langdon Street, Preston, New Jersey. 25¢ per copy) Impeccably multilithed new sercon fanzine by a young editor who has managed to assemble material by Heinlein, Bester, Tucker, Bloch and many other proauthors for his first issue. But like I've never heard of the man so why say anything further? Rating.....0

Ummm, maybe I was too hard on SCIENCE FICTION ANALYST back there. Like, after all, he's young and, well, we'll make that:- Rating.....9½

REMANATION # 77 (John M. Cloister, 4 Robert St., Fadstone, SEll, Victoria, Australia. 25¢ or trade) Crap. Rating.....10

THE PLANETEER # 12 (Ted Johnson, c/o Indian Hemp, 2019 nO. Tipple, Chicago 47, Ill. Irregular? 25¢ or 18¢ to Ken Chislein, the British Agent) Weird... Rating....3½

MAGGY L'AFFAIRES # 99 (USAF Ted Johnstone, 9805 White Skull Drive, Los Angeles 56, California. 50¢ or free for comment) They didn't print my letter, and I never liked the editor anyway. Rating E for Effort.

CRY OF THE BLAMELESS, # 11129 (The Nameless Ones, address not known (well, they're nameless, aren't they?) Monthly (approximately (depending on how much money they can drag in)) 25¢ per issue, ten for a dollar, or trade for other fanzines if they have more than 600 words per page and are produced within ten days of the last phase of the full moon, or trade for loc providing it's written on five-copy bond paper with red ribbon between the 5th and 16th of the previous month if it has an "r" in it). Huh? Rating.....6½

STUMBLINGS

LES IRONBERG, 1217 Eastern Road, Toronto, Ont., Canada. I really don't see how you could have sunk so low as to publish Mike Wreckinger's REALIZATION in the last YAWNDRO. Buck, don't you have any taste at all? Sure, it's all very well to joke about religion, but to actually present it as desirable....well, it's lowered YAWNDRO and yourself quite a bit in my estimation. Now, don't get me wrong - I don't think that Mike doesn't have the right to hold his opinion, but why does YAWNDRO have to feature this sort of junk? Don't you have any respect for fannish feelings at all, Buck? /OK, Sure, you've got a right to dislike REALIZATION, but I liked it, and hell, you don't have to read the thing.RSF/

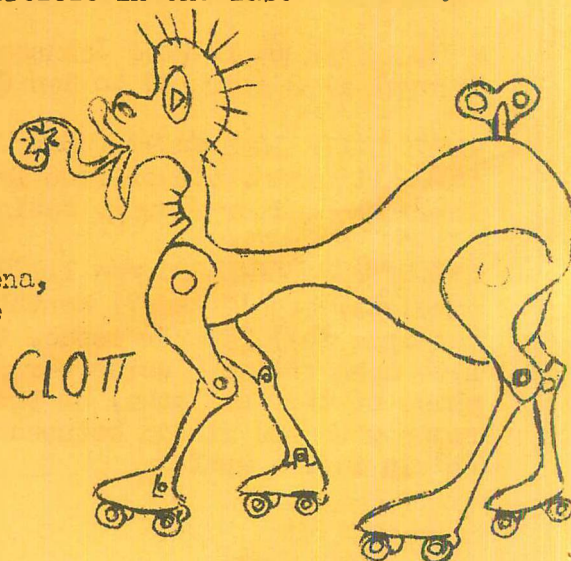
BETTY KUJAWA, somewhere over the US of A on her way to a skeet shoot. Honey Darling, that Wreckinger article was like too too much. Absolutely. How on Earth did our Mike get converted to Zen Buddhism, of all things? Well, I'm not about to give up mundane life and set off after Wreckinger in a saffron robe, and I think Mike's a fool to suggest that anybody would be stupid enough to.

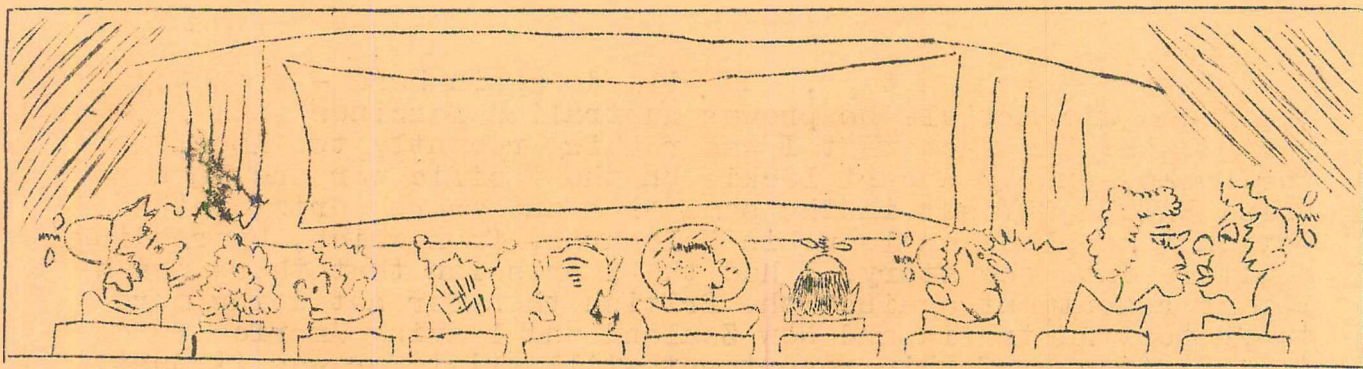
JACK L. CHALKER, 6111 Bondage Heights Ave., Baltimore 7, Maryland - Bob, can you tell me where I can buy a saffron robe?

CRAIG COCKLIN, 467 W. 2nd St., Scottdale, Arizona, USA.-Hey, the weirdest thing happened last week. I was climbing around in the local mountains when I saw this character sitting up on top of a peak. So naturally I climbed up there and do you know who it was? None other than Mike Wreckinger, looking real stupid with a reddy-coloured robe, a turban and some mangy old flower that he sat there and stared at. He wouldn't answer when I talked to him - just sat there looking at his navel and this old flower. Apparently (I got this from one of the natives), Mike arrived there one day last week with a copy of some book about Zen Buddhism, bought a plank and some nails from the local hardware store, had his hair shaved off and then hotfooted it up the mountain. There was a howl from him later that morning - guess beds of nails take some getting used to - but since then, he's just sat up there contemplating the infinite or something. I asked him if he was going to put out a one-shot (the first ever produced on top of a mountain while sitting on a bed of nails) but he didn't answer. Surely this isn't all for real! /According to all reports, it is. Mike has been "saved", apparently by an article in the last HABAKKUK. Another crime laid at Donaho's door.RSF/

REDD BLOGGS, 123 Highland Place, New York, New York, USA. After reading your disgusting Mike Wreckinger story in the last YAWNDRO, I've decided that you needn't send the magazine to me any longer.

SID COLDMAN, Saxon Bridge Lab., Col Tech, Pasadena, Colorado. - Mike Wreckinger's REALIZATION in the last YAWNDRO was undoubtedly the most tasteless, ill-written, clumsy, stupid, illogical piece of juvenilia that I have seen in any fanzine ever./Thanks for your comments, Sid, and I'll send out those extra twelve copies to you as soon as I can pack them up.RSF/





GHOD! IT'S DODD -

and OTHERS OTHERS OTHERS OTHERS

ALAN DODD 77 Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon Herts. England

..... Then at the end of last week I received from you the yellow SATURA with the inflated tyre photo on it which was addressed in your own fair handwriting to "77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts" and beside it was a Post Office stamp in red saying "TRY:- "Hoddesdon, Herts." Which struck me as a little odd at the time, but nevertheless. Then this morning I received the pink SATURA with the "cradled in the tree" photo and I'm prompted by this sudden onrush of material to write to you at last. I think, by the way, the reason you've been neglected in seeming to never get any CAMBERS is purely due to our lack of personal contact. I usually get letters from most of the other fans in Australia I send CAMBER to, but I never heard anything directly from you except partially on Merv's tape and now these two fanzines, so perhaps this will help remedy it.

This photo of the magnificent tree is very well taken and I'm wondering first of all if it's somewhere in Drouin and secondly who the cameraman was and what he used to take it with, having an interest in photography myself.

As you possibly have heard the post office has been on strike off and on here in the past couple of weeks but a series of bans on overtime, go-slows, walkouts and one day's official strike coupled with the threat of a complete stoppage and a calling out of telephone operators too has finally bludgeoned the postmaster into giving them the money we all knew he would in the first place. He might have done so right away and avoided a 35 million letter pileup in the sorting offices and a total ban for three weeks of the parcel and "Printed Matter" services.

I was asking on tape, and will do again here - prompted by the nostalgic article on prewar Australian fanzines and that period, and the fact that I was reading recently two American war books, one by Robert Leckie on the Pacific war and Leon Uris' BATTLE CRY set in the same area and where parts of the action take place on leave in Melbourne, from which, by reading a little into the story, I had the impression that there was a lot of resentment against the British then for not doing more to protect Australia and New Zealand and leaving America to do it - do traces of this resentment still exist, or was it just part of the book? I was just wondering idly after reading them, bearing in mind they were American authors.

The best selection of those elephant jokes I saw was on a clipping from John Baxter - I can't decide whether they are funniest or whether the page you dedicated to writing nice things about John Baxter was - has he offended you some way or?? But my favourite of the elephant jokes was - What carries a knife and swims underwater? - A. Jack the Kipper.

This four-language toilet in the cinema reminds me rather of the time we were looking for a toilet in a wayside cafe in Spain. We saw a sign - the only one we could find was one which pointed to "Piscina" - so we naturally assumed this was it, walked around the corner, through a gateway and came across a load of Spaniards sunbathing and looking at us most indignantly! It appears it's something to do with 'bathing' coming from "pisces", fish, rather than pi-- well, you know what I mean. In Italy the difference between the toilets was in a single letter, as I recall something like Signore or Signora and the women always got the wrong one. The best ones featured a top hat for men and a female hat for women or they showed a boot on one door and a lady's shoe on the other. Then on the autobahn it was "Damen" and "Herren" and "Caballero" I saw in some place somewhere. I expected Donald Duck and Jose Carioca inside that one. I used to collect toilet paper from different countries I visited to compare it. I can tell you that the roughest is at Bordeaux Airport, the softest in Alicante, the crepest in Belgrade and the most English at Augsburg.

I still think your name ought to be Foster. Why the y...?

*****I occasionally have a prickling at the back of my neck when people mention my writing. Are you suggesting, by any chance, that my handwriting is not copperplate? I've only ever had one fanzine returned to me, and the address on that was clear enough for a three-year-old to read. I must aim lower.// A fan who hasn't much inclination toward correspondence or fmz-commenting is a sorry fan indeed. But this is my attitude, I'm

afraid. But I reply to tapes fairly well.// The photos which appeared in SATURAs 7,8,9 were all taken near the home of Lee Harding, some 20 miles NE of Melbourne. Drouin is 60 miles E. M. Harding is also the photographer, and the photographs were taken with an extremely venerable instrument, the name of which temporarily escapes me. Consider all this to be indented.....

***** Since L. Harding makes his living by taking photographs, it is not unreasonable to expect moderate pieces of work. The business about US/British aid in WW2 is a little before my time. From what I can make out there is now only a memory of how much the Aussies helped defend England. The only resentment which might still exist would be a sexual one, against the US, but one cannot bite the hand that feeds one, as it were.// John Baxter wouldn't dream of offending anyone.// Aren't those kipper type jokes called Birmingham flatties?// What is all this about the Englishness of toilet paper at Augsburg? Is there something about toilet paper I don't know? Do the English impregnate toilet paper with some hidden and secret drug which gives them a stupified look? Does this explain all that material in PRIVATE EYE?// I once intended to publish a fanzine on toilet paper - even ran a test to make sure the duper would handle a roll. But I couldn't think of a title. Sure wouldn't need to slip-sheet.// My name is FOYSTER. Our family was originally French, took a vacation on a French Public Holyday (Saint Bartholomew's Day) and decided to stay (it was so nice in England). They settled near Wisbech, Cambs. where printing was eventually taken up as a trade. In the early 1850s (goldrush) my great-grandfather emigrated and settled in Victoria, and all the Foysters in Australia descended from him (I think). We are almost certainly related to the Borley Rectory Foyster, but that is not so hard to live down as a part of my mother's side.

IAN DIXON FLAT1 85 CAROLINE ST SOUTH YARRA VIC

Tell 307 it takes one to know one, and anyway the last thing I want to be is an intellectual anything, much less an intellectual nothing.

Joy to the world!

RON CLARKE 78 REDGRAVE RD NORMANHURST SYDNEY NSW

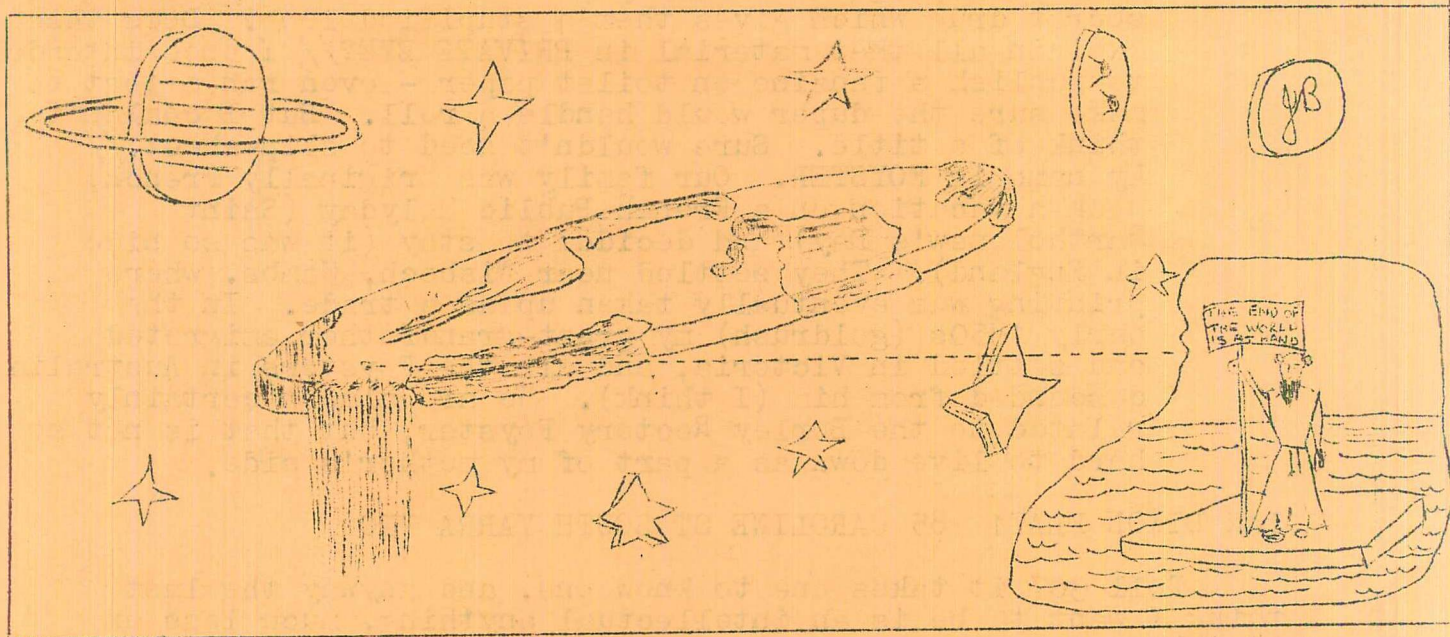
The heading (SATURA 9) is an improvement and the illo on page 20 is OK too. I too would like to congratulate Harding on the photos, SATURA 9's especially. Beautiful! (The photo I mean)((aw, shucks JF)). If you are going to have a series, how

about saying where they were taken? You're getting a lot of material into SATURA - 20 pages - must take up a fair bit of your time.

Concerning SATURA 9, I find a dinkie safer than a tricycle. Is "Mike Baldwin" going to be your "roving reporter"? If he is there should be some interesting reports from him.

By the way, don't touch those photos too much, they get sticky((JWC?? ...JF)).

Has anyone found why in so many stories future earth is "Imperial"? There are tons of stories in which earth is imperialistic - Smith's new "Imperial Stars" series, Van Vogt's "Mission to the Stars", the "Empire" in the Foundation series, etc. The funny thing is that most of these governments are fairly benign, ie not hard, cruel etc. Anyway, what other kinds of governments are there? The other two main types ...Democracy,



could be, but would it become capitalistic in an interstellar civilisation? I think communism would be too clumsy, and if it did start off communistic it would probably degenerate into a dictatorship, or open warfare would develop.

People need something to believe in (Foyle in "THE STARS MY DESTINATION") and with a king (or emperor) their object of loyalty can be seen and is REAL; while ideals, as the communists have found out, don't take on with the simple-type people too well.

They want RESULTS, tangible ones.

Anyway, it is probable that an expanding, exploring, settling "star" civilisation would be imperialistic, or have some of the qualities associated with imperialism.

I know it isn't all that simple. Is anything?

*****Monarchy is a SIMPLE and NATURAL mode of government.//
"Mike Baldwin" seems to be lost somewhere between the Imperial Hotel, Kowloon, and Ella Parker's place in London. What an unpleasant thought!!

TOM PERRY 4018 LAUREL AVE OMAHA 11 NEBRASKA USA

...Personally, I found a good deal of interest in Bill Veney's report on early Australian fandom. I'm looking forward to future installments of the fanhistory, and I'm sorry I missed the previous two. This sort of thing holds a good deal of interest for me and I only wish Bill had made his report less formal and more personal; dialogue and some notion of some of the personality clashes whose results he describes would have made it even more interesting, at least to me.

Heigh-ho, I've just noticed the "reprint" statement on page nine. It's be interesting to know what state the mss. was in before your attempts to restore it and what efforts you had to make. Why was it garbled in the first place? Malice? Carelessness?

Suggestions like that one of deep enmities underlying this wave of Australian fanpublishing make me wonder if the statement on page thirteen about John Baxter is really the friendly dig I'd supposed it at first.

I was going to say about that that while I appreciate the joke, it seems almost immoral to publish a page of nothing in such a small small fanzine. I'm a small-fanzine publisher myself and I try to cram as much as I can into my occasional 20-odd pages; I was flabbergasted when Joe Pilati (on Ted White's advice) left half a page of his larger magazine blank so that the article heading lower down would not seem 'busy'. What waste!

Anyway, I enjoyed this issue of SARURA quite much for such a small fanzine - especially the humour, like the comment about the average reader of NEW EORLDS, and "from time immoral" and some of the inside bacover quotes (though these epigrams get rather tiresome all piled up like that - why not scatter 'em



throughout the magazine, as lino or something? Even GBS's collections of epigrams are better taken a few at a time). I only regret that Ron Clarke's statement, "I've seen a cloudshaped toadstool," anticipates a lino in a column I've just sent to Walt Willis for HYPHEN. It's interesting, isn't it, how great minds come across similar discoveries at much the same time? There's Newton and Leibnitz, and now me and Clarke.

Like too the photograph on the cover, especially after I noticed that was you in that dreary setting rather than just another bump on the log. The quality of the photo is quite good, but I don't envy you if you printed, set, washed, dries and attached very many of those to very many copies of SATURA. That's work, man!

*****That certainly is work, and you will be pleased to know that I had the good sense not to do it; not when I had that good man Lee Harding to do it.

Valiantly he battled for three issues, mounting 60+ photos as well as performing the other minor chores you have listed. But last issue he got really smart and cut down his work by just printing the 10 x 8's, eliminating the mounting process. The sepia work added a little time of course, but overall I think it fair to say that two weeks work was all that was involved. For this reason there will be no photo in THIS issue.// I hope to have the fan history continued, in the ~~Yene~~ vein you suggest. Getting fan history is indeed a problem out here, in the main as a result of these deepseated enmities you mention. There's no better way of ending a conversation than asking "what happened in Sydney in 53-or thereabouts....?" // Page thirteen-type gimmicks will be jokes for a few weeks yet.....// I put all the quotes together for a couple of reasons. It is easier - anything that suggests actual mental labour inputting together a fanzine is totally rejected by my subconscious. Unfortunately this extends to proof-reading.... Further, some of the quotes are directed at particular people, and the bottoms of pages are not so easy a place to find as the inside bacover.// And concerning "just another bump on the log", you will be astounded and thrilled to learn that many people have commented upon my likeness to my father.

NORM METCALF PO BOX 336 BERKELEY CALIFORNIA 94701 USA

.....before I forget, Lichtman is owed an apology for a typo in my letter which read "fugghead" in the original and reads "fagghead" in SATURA. I'm quite sure that Lichtman is not a "fagghead" (while I don't know of any officially accepted meanings, an obvious derivation would imply something Lichtman doesn't go around bragging about).

Smith: I used to avidly read every story in NEW WORLDS. A good many of them I didn't like after I got through but I still read them avidly. In the last year or so I've given up on a good many. When authors put mountaineous coral islands in the sea off Bermuda for no reason discernible in the plot or get involved in writing for themselves without regard for their readers who don't also happen to be their psychoanalysts then I see no reason to read such stories. But there still remains a good many worthwhile stories in NEW WORLDS. I've read the last issue from Nova but have yet to get around to reading the pb issues. I'm too busy reading William Gaddis' THE RECOGNITIONS which I hope is what has been claimed for it, one of the great novels of our times.

*****I feel that with "fagghead" I have made my first worthwhile contribution to fandom. Call someone a fagghead, and if they sue you simply state that 'twas a typo for "fugghead". So they sue you again. Norman Metcalf definitely did not call Robert Lichtman a fagghead.// The matter of reading sf mags is generally an academic one. I recall speaking of this matter with Don Tuck last week and he said ... but wait, one cannot skip so lightly over a meeting with DHTuck, bibliographer and nut. Don and I have exchanged very little in the past two years as we have gone our separate ways. Perhaps our discussion will cast some light on this Metcalf/Lichtman business. I reached out my hand and took down Graham Stone's 113 senifoolscap page Australian SF Index and suggested to Don that this was an entirely useless piece of work and that I could not see the purpose in publishing such a thing. Actually I can see a reason, but I'm not going to say so in print. Don came back that he could not see any purpose in SATURA. Subconsciously I agreed, but I feel that here Don and I reached an impasse. Neither of us could appreciate the other point of view on anything more than the most superficial level. But I think we get on fairly well.// The point of all that was that I get easily sidetracked. Don says he has read F&SF up to Dec '62 (or did he only say he tried to?) for the new edition of the handbook. 1200 pages indeed!

*****I had a funny experience with THE RECOGNITIONS. I'd been searching for a copy since mid-61 and couldn't find one at all. Then in the middle of last year I managed to get a copy in Sydney when John Baxter showed me his and indicated that the store probably still had one copy. As soon as I returned to Melbourne two copies appeared on the secondhand market - naturally cheaper than the one I bought. I don't really think a great deal of THE RECOGNITIONS. There are some very good things in it but. Harry "athews' THE CONVERSIONS, which has some points of similarity, seems to me to be superior as a novel.

ED MESKYS L 71 LRL/ the hell with it/ c/o Metcalf.

I read MAGISTER LUDI myself a few months ago, and rambled on at random on it in my SAPzine. That truly was a fine book. But as I said in the SAPzine published one month ago, I had been rather far off in my original interpretations. I am used to pulp SF where the interest is in the society depicted and not in the characterization. Therefore I had paid too much attention to the former and not enough to the latter. I hope some day to get a definitive discussion of this book for NIEKAS.

I found the ramblings on early Aussie fandom extremely interesting. It reminds me somewhat of THE IMMORTAL STORM, but you people were far less bloody in your fanac. There doesn't seem to have been the major wars that Sam described in his epic, tho (understandably) there were a few disagreements. Or did Bill gloss over those aspects because in this installment he was most interested in the fanzine aspects of fandom. But that couldn't be ... for most fan feuds are carried on in the fnz. So it must be that he decided to gloss over that aspect of Aussie fandom, unlike Sam, or there just were no major feuds.



I hope to see more installments of this history in future issues, and when you run out of ETHERLINES to reprint mebbe you can get Bill to continue it? (I have a few dozen issues of EL, but I don't think any are that old. I think I have some around Number 60, and then most of the last 20 or so before it folded. It was rather pretentious ... especially with its blurb on every page about being the top fnz.

I can see why the zines turned down your article/story ... not because

it was objectionable, but because it was rather pointless. Is it supposed to be a satire?

*****I made the comments on MAGISTER LUDI before seeing that SAPzine, and of course I have not, at this time, seen the second, or revised, comment.// The feuds in Australia were not, in the main, in fanzines. I hope to suggest the sort of thing that happened in an AFH in a couple of months. I might even have a few words about ETHERLINE in the next issue//. I suspect the reason that Bill Veney glossed over the feuds was that he would have been treated rather violently if he hadn't...//My translation was neither objectionable, nor pointless, nor satirical.

BOB LICHTMAN 6137 S CROFT AVE LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA 90057

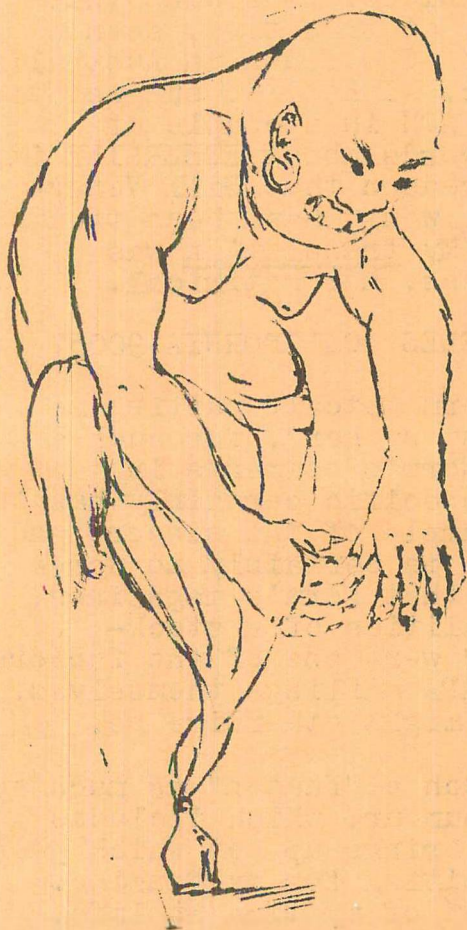
It is hardly any surprise to see Norm Metcalf putting me down after I've put him down so often and so hard, for such a long time. I don't know what provoked Norm's comments in general, but using me as an example in specific certainly has to do with the way I've used Norm as an example of the sincere and non-talented fan type. Norm's cut at me is certainly no worse than my imputation in some fanzine once that Norm's magazines, "which have all the interest-holding qualities of a stock-exchange listing in the daily newspaper" were one of the factors that made membership in FAPA, and the FAPA mailings themselves, considerably less interesting than they might otherwise be.

I don't consider myself to be so much a "faaaan" as much as I am concerned with a certain brand of humour, which includes the elements of hack-slash that Metcalf brings up but which goes much further than that, which I am soliciting for my fanzine. Considering that I spend approximately 5% of my time in life, lately, concerned in however tenuous a way with fandom in all its aspects, I am hardly the archetypal "faaaan" of whom Metcalf speaks. Honesty, sincerity, and ethical considerations are as much a part of my life as I should hope they are of Metcalf's; if I am sometimes cruel and harsh with people, and put them down, it is as much out of concern for them as for a distaste of their actions and activities.

And by saying that the "majority of fans aren't interested in faaaans or their doings" Metcalf is certainly distorting the USA fan scene, because it is precisely the faaaans to whom Metcalf refers that are of primary interest to most of fandom. It is the faaaans who have the most diversified interests and social intercourse with themselves and with non- and fringe-fans. It isn't the devoted and sincerely dedicated aficionado of scientification to whom everything ever happens. This person is

too busy most of the time organizing apas, fan clubs, and conventions, and completing his bibliography of the works of

Eando Binder to be involved in anything having to do with life. It is altogether true that by reading fanzines from "faaaans" you can become utterly oblivious to the facts of political and mass-social life; but it is even more true that by reading exclusively the fanzines, such as they are, of the dedicated stfnists, you can tend to forget that there is anything, at all, in life other than science-fiction and fantasy.



Well, this is all pretty much a digression. One asks in conclusion if Metcalf called me a "fagghead" or if that's a typographical error on your part. If the former, that makes things pretty amusing. But more about that some other time.

Your correspondent, 370(307), is going along all right when he says that "to reach the masses means using the words of the masses, and with the meanings given them by the masses," but he seems to contradict this when he later says, in regards what I call the "flattening"

of meaning by the reduction of synonymous, or nearly synonymous, words to the same ~~hazy~~ base of non-communication (as he cites in terms of words applying to intellectual capabilities or skills of one gradation or another), that this can be remedied by "the reinstatement of the original meanings to the words."

This is interesting theory, but I find that in practice once a word has been "ruined" by being flattened in meaning, it is impossible to revivify it by simply "reinstating" its original meaning. Thus can be done, to a degree, between a small group of people, ideally a couple living together, by reinstating great meaning to something that in America has become utterly meaningless, like the word "nice". But on a mass scale, once a word has become flattened, devalued, it is next to impossible to do anything about it. The best thing to do is find some new

word to mean what the old one used to mean; this becomes a cyclical thing because words are continually losing meaning, especially in America where forces like advertising and politics latch onto a word and wring it dead.

*****My editorial comment is not linked in any way with your discussion with Metcalf. That typo has been worth quite a few lines of comment.// In THE NECESSITY OF ART, Ernst Fâscher prints Louis Aragon's

Je dis avec les mots des choses machinales
Plus machinalement que la neige neigeant
Mots démonétisés qu'on lit dans le journal
Et je parle avec eux le langage des gens

Soudain c'est comme un sou tombant sur le bitume
Qui fait nous retourner au milieu de nos pas
Inconscient écho d'un malheur que nous tûmes
Un mot chu par hasard, un mot qui ne va pas....

Que je dise d'oiseaux et de métamorphoses
Du mois d'août qui se fane au fond des mélilots
Que je dise du vent, que je dise des roses
Ma musique se brise et se mue en sanglots

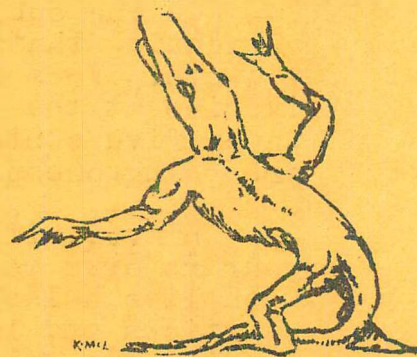
then comments "The poet abhors the word that passes from hand to hand like a copper coin - yet suddenly it falls ringing on the ground, no longer a coin but pure metal, and its resonance rouses associations long buried under the dross of everyday language. ... Many words in a poem spring as it were directly from the 'source' - and their effect is that of having been spoken for the first time here and now, in this particular context, with this particular meaning. A word in a poem is young, clean, untouched, as though a piece of hidden reality has only just crystallized in it."

BOB SMITH, BANDIANA HEALTH & STRENGTH CAMP,
(Incorporating ex-members of the Hitler
Youth still able to wield a mean shovel.)
Hachi-gatsu, Ni-ju-ni-nicji. 1964 *

Shalom John,

I thank you for SATURA10 and
especially for the photos of authors

*Bloody show-off; it's Aug. 22, of course.



Chandler and Harding; worth removing carefully and perhaps displaying in fairly prominent portion of this person's humble but bookish type hut.

Mervyn's account of the Judy Garland messup I liked, even if a trifle ... over-emotional, in places. I would like to see someone put down in print their reactions to the Peter, Paul & Mary concert* at Sydney Stadium; the two-part TV coverage impress-me very much.

The page of Ian Dixon (which, unlike Anthony Boucher, gives me no thoughts about whether I'm a cockroach or not, unless he - Dixon, that is - can give me a reason for the lower case) leaves me cold, I'm afraid. (I've gotta lot of time for that serpent...)

Now I expect you would like me to be honest and bare my innermost thots on the Kevin Dillon story? Damn right I will: "What a load of shit," I thought, and of course that is just what Kevin has done ... in a page and a half.

Betty Kujawa has mentioned to me about her upcoming trip to Jamaica and her reactions to hobnobbing with coloured people of equal social level etc., and I will be interested to learn how she and her husband got on. Recently I heard about the more ...umm... earthy side of Kingston from a young Lieutenant, a likeable Irishman, who spent a few years there during his service in the British Army. The picture he painted was enough to have this writer drooling on the spotless green of the snooker table (I was about to pot the black, which seems somehow significant...), for he was an expert in describing the females of Kingston and their friendliness. I do not mean the normal snutty "man talk" about women either.

On the subject of colour, I note Ted White in a recent YANDRO commenting that in New York one can find everything - too right you can! From Monk at the Five Spot to Duchin tinkling the ivories at the St. Regis, from the hideyhole that sells duplicating paper five cents cheaper to the choice riots of Harlem where lives are going cheap.....

Hmm.... if I'm still around in 2000AD, old as I'll be, and your remarks on the amount of Australians who will be Roman Catholics holds true, then I may (if I'm allowed, that is) pull up sticks and leave this fair land.** And I must admit that leading the relatively sheltered life that I have done for thirteen years within the army I was not aware that non-Catholics had

*No religious discussions in SATURA, please

**Mervyn Barrett will arrange that

difficulties in entering government service, or that the political party you didn't mention was a "front" for this religion. Now that I am aware I couldn't honestly care less, although it would explain why we have so many gormless types in responsible positions in government jobs.

And that's about it, mate. Not an easy issue of SATURA to comment on, I thought.....

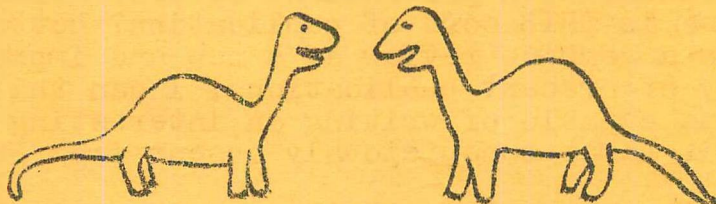
RON CLARKE AGAIN

Wow! a lovely full page photo of two Great (...) Australian Science Fiction Writers. Good photography too - congratulations to the person who took it. The only thing needed to cap it off would be their signatures (well, you can't have everything). Little staples again? Presumably the pink full page "cover" was an effort to get SATURA 10 posted flat, in order not to spoil the photo? - well, mine nearly made it; only a slight crease.

Good article by Mervyn Barrett - I wondered just what really happened, after those newspaper reports.

Oh, an SF story! Seems Kevin should send a couple of stories to the prozines. The Grabs of Grime reminds me of some of Kuttner's "Neanderthal Man" stories. I agree with you about having at least two pages for yourself, after all, it's ^{3/4} your fanzine. Changing SATURA? Since next issue is the last, how about giving us an idea of what your editorial policy was; I don't remember any concrete statement (other than "If you can't beat them, join them") of what it was.

*****My editorial policy is worth £2000 to someone unless I'm killed by war, invasion, act of foreign enemy, hostilities (whether war be declared or not), civil war, rebellion, revolution, insurrection or military or usurped power, riot or civil commotion.



- Who was that dinosaur you with last night?

- That was no dinosaur: that was the gryphon

A SHORT LETTER FROM LEE HARDING COMMENTING ON CERTAIN GOODIES
RECENTLY RECEIVED :

(This is an independent opinion. I didn't even stencil it.)

Thanks for the copies of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW so kindly forwarded. I have seen some peculiar publications come out of fandom but nothing quite so worthless as this four page product of misdirected illiteracy. Am I really supposed to take this thing seriously? Fritz Iciber apparently does : in issue No.15 dated March 16th. he appears to have taken exception to certain remarks made about "The Wanderer" in a previous issue - perhaps I have missed out on the really interesting issues! The nos. 12 and 15 which I have appealed first as very clever hoaxes - a second, closer reading has made me suspect otherwise.

Who is this 'Robert W. Franson' character (pardon my ignorance) who has the gall to COPYRIGHT this garbage. Do his contributors actually exist and if so how can the man be crazy enough to pay a cent a word for contents listings? (Those crummy 'ratings' scales are the sort of thing one expects from high school magazines...)

I can recall many a harsh criticism directed at Graham Stone and the AFPA boys in the past, but even at its lowest level S-F NEWS presented an adequate and interesting standard of journalism - and within the pages of ETHERLINE people like Bob Mc.Cubbin did actually review magazine stories - not simply list a few from each issue. Why, I can remember an early attempt by Armak at a definitive review of the Vargo Statten paperbacks. But I digress...

The point is, are fans really going to shell out ten cents a copy for this - I cannot, in all honesty, consider it a 'review' - this pathetic newshort? I can't see any use for it - not even as a NEWSZINE. You find out what's featured in the latest s-f magazines by going down to the newsstand. What bloody use is a list of As and Cs and Vllls and e-c-ds printed in a four page fazine with pretentions of professionalism? Of what possible use is THIS sort of publication? Better four pages devoted to a genuine review of a new and impressive paperback or a survey of recent publications. I can think of very few American fans capable of writing an interesting book review - but why are their names conspicuously absent from Franson's cent-a-word pages?

The unpleasant coping stone to this whole venture is Graham Stone's local agency - whatever prompted HIM to represent such a useless publication?

I think that something should be done about hucksters like Robert Franson.

QUOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

A man must insult himself before others will. A family must begin to destroy itself before others do so. A State must smite itself before it is smitten from without.

Man's weakness is his passion for teaching others.

The great man makes no effort to be sincere in his speech nor resolute in his acts; he simply does as his conscience prompts him.

Ambitious talk in a humble position is wrong. To stand in a prince's court without seeing one's principles put into practice is a cause for shame.

Everything has its own destiny, and it is for us to accept our destiny in its true form. Thus, one who understands what destiny means will not stand under a tottering wall. One who meets his death pursuing the path of duty has achieved his true destiny, but not so one who dies as a malefactor.

To act without clear understanding, to form habits without investigation, to follow a path all one's life without knowing where it leads :- such is the behaviour of the multitude.

A man engaged on any piece of work may be compared to one digging a well. If he digs nine fathoms deep, and gives up before reaching a spring, he may be said to have lost all his labour on the well.

To feed a person without loving him is to treat him like a pig. To love without respecting him is to treat him like a domestic pet. Honour and respect come before the presentation of gifts. But if it is only sham honour and respect, the higher type of man will not be taken in by them.

Men of worth used to shed light on others out of their own enlightenment. Now they would shed light on others out of their own murky ignorance.

For mind-development there is nothing better than restricting one's desires. A man of few desires may fail to preserve certain qualities of the mind, but they will be few; a man of many desires may succeed in preserving certain qualities, but these again will be few.

- MENCIUS.

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