

JOURNAL OF THE HENRY JAMES APPRECIATION SOCIETY

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by John Foyster, 12

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receiving SAPS 83 on May 30, 1968. Sapzine number 42 (Ta, R-T Rapp!).

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The only good OE is an ex-OE...

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HALF A COUGH IS NAT DED

It is just hibernating until I can get this mailing schedule
straightened out. At the moment, however, let us consider AIR MAIL
SPECIAL 2 to be grounded. Let us also hope that this appears in mailing
84! Back to the subject that raised my ire in AFS 2. I guess I can
see, Dave, why my mailing was despatched so late last time (what about the
16 days this time?) but not why you didn't answer my letter. I note that
John Berry has again, in the Hulan reign, (or am I wrong there - check
with Rappdex: sorry - filthy lie, I withdraw that!) missed the mailing.
This didn't happen in Bruce's time, by golly.

Let us all stride forward into a glorious future, with our oeditorial
fingers out.

PUNCHING BAG

Fight fans will become all churned up if I do not report the latest
doings of Australia's pugilistic marvels. Bobby Dunlop (light-heavy)
was dumped in six rounds by former champ Jose Torres. If you examine the
last HALF A COUGH you will notice that I called The Round. Lionel Rose
(bantam) beat an Italian boxer who was about 5 pounds heavier on points,
dropping him in the tenth and last stanza: a KO would have followed in
the eleventh. Johnny Famechon (feather) won on disqualification from
Bobby Valdez. Valdez was certainly punching low: a commentator remarked
that Famechon would have bruises on his thighs quite early in the bout.
However, the disqualification was for butting. This would put Famechon
quite near a world title.

SAMUEL R. WHOM?

Quite obviously there is some amusing saying with which I am not
au courant, and which has caused so many people to spell the name as
"Samuel R. Delaney". Ace spells it 'Delany'. Gollancz spell it 'Delany'.

Even Delany spells it 'Delany'. But Lee Harding (never a great one for names, admittedly) called me to task for 'misspelling' The Name as 'Delany'. In the current (83rd) mailing, several people refer to Samuel R. 'Delaney'. OK - I'll bite. Or did P S Miller once misspell his name, giving rise to all kinds of incredible illusions?

MI FIRST CONRIPOT

I attended an Australian SF convention in 1958, and for some reason which now completely escapes me, enjoyed it. The program consisted of two movies, an auction, and a talk on the canals of Mars, if memory serves. Over the next few years I urged for another to be held, but at last, in 1965 I realised that the only way to attend another would be to run it myself. So I did, and in 1966 there was a smallish gathering in Melbourne. As Fuehrer I didn't see many of the people I'd have liked to see, but what I did see I liked. Fans came from the Woodvork Oudt for that one, with oldtime fans from Sydney and Melbourne milling around just as though they were on speaking terms.

Well, in 1968, and at Eastertide, they done it again. This time I was smart enough to stay off organizing committees so that I could really enjoy myself. Ah, what grand delusions!

What I should do, of course, is write a tremendously lengthy and boring conreport to get my own back for all this six years of suffering I've had to do. But I am not a patient person, and will settle for a short and boring conreport.

Although I'd carefully kept off the committee, I managed to acquire a couple of small chores. I was to introduce the programs on the Saturday and chair a discussion on the Sunday, besides being O/C of the auction (fortunately not having to do the actual auctioneering, though). The Wednesday before the con was to start, I trooped in to the site (clubrooms of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club!) to see what progress was being made. The con booklet had not been completed: so I played with that for a while. Then I noticed that no master lists had been prepared for the auction, and that many items had not had a reserve fixed. That took a while, too. Then there was ... but let us simply say that I arrived home tired that night!

Nothing was listed for the Friday morning, so I waited until afternoon to go, for this was when the first segment of the auction was to be conducted. I arrived about an hour before time, to discover a few fans who looked vaguely hung-over. I was informed that a great morning had been had by all. Apparently about forty people had turned up, and instead of

listening to highly-stfnal tapes from Delany, Elish, Ellison and Aldiss and others, they'd all gotten high on old Goon Shows.

The result was a poor attendance for the action that afternoon, but none of my books were for sale then, so I didn't mind. I should explain that instead of direct huckstering, most material for sale is auctioned by the convention for 10%. Prices weren't bad. Some of the interstate visitors had arrived: Kevin Dillon's beard was now about a foot longer than it had been in 1966, making him a fearsome sight. Pat Terry had also arrived from Sydney, this being the result of the first Australian TAFFlike effort. Jack Wodhams from Queensland wasted a good deal of hard-earned (from JWC) cash by flying down. A GoH who lost a lot on the arrangement, I would say!

I think I had dinner that night with Wodhams, Bangsund and Harding. Damien Broderick was along, too. Maybe it was here that the scatter-brained idea for an all-Australian stf novel hatched. I suspect that dinner consisted of an omellette for me and coffee for the others, but don't quote me.

The first of the almost interminable film shows followed. This one consisted of three episodes of Republic's UNDERSEA KINGDOM, Chris Marker's LA JETEE (No- scratch that, LA JETEE was on the Saturday night) and Godard's ALPHAVILLE. My stomach was giving me hell, so I left before the next three episodes of the serial. (Note: I was being treated for a stomach ulcer at the time, and this made some of the program quite unpleasant). ALPHAVILLE was, and is, the only genuine science fiction film I have seen.

Next morning (Saturday) the tapes from overseas were to be officially played. I turned up looking rather bright, and was greeted by the sight of Jack Wodhams staggering out of John Bangsund's car, looking as though he had not slept all night. I charitably ascribed this to his journey from Brisbane. When I got up to the consite I felt sure that I had reached the wrong place. There were a few more or less helpless bodies scattered around the room, but no sign of any real activity. Another interstate fan, Micheal O'Brien, was there, with bright shining eyes, and now that I think about it John Brosnan from Perth had been there the day before, too. I think that some more people from Sydney arrived late on the Friday night, but the fact that they had driven meant that they were strictly non compos that day. In fact, one bloke didn't recover until Sunday night, just before he was due to return.

Eventually the number of attendees reached double figures, and the tapes were officially played. Wodhams continued to be disinterested, and

lay, in a largish heap, in one of the small rooms off the main one. Pours of aspirin into him began to take effect during the afternoon, and by evening he seemed almost human.

Meanwhile Aldiss and Blish were explaining the dangers facing science fiction. I don't recall too clearly what they said, but might be able to run it through SAPS before next year... Again the Goons were preferred to Ellison read from his works and Delany's THE STAR PIT as dramatised by WBAI (I think?).

The afternoon session involved auction and a business session. I ate alone in order to gather my thoughts, as the business session looked as if it could be tricky. I was running the business session, but had a few matters to raise myself: it was agreed that we would adjourn the meeting until the next day at a suitable point, ostensibly so that the auction could be continued. Well, thanks to an alert member of the convention, this was achieved. I called for reports from all the organisations that could reasonably report, added a few reports on the spur of the moment myself and then, glancing at my watch (carefully adjusted for that purpose) I drew the attention of the convention members that it was now the scheduled time for the auction, but that I was sure that there would be other business. A quick-witted member obligingly moved for an adjournment. Naturally the quick-witted member had been tipped off in advance: I don't suppose US business sessions are quite as organised as that.

Well, the auction carried on: I got a Finlay-covered WEIRD TALES for \$2, and sold about half my own books (bringing in about \$30). Then everyone huffed off for meals. I dined with the same mob as before, minus Bangsund.

Back at the con, more movies. Three more episodes of UK, LA JETEE and then Fahrenheit 451. Again I quite before the last three episodes of the serial. The evening was enlivened by a far too awake Wodhams who insisted of making up limericks and whispering them to Damien Broderick or me. I don't mind a pun now and then, but limericks?

The Sunday program was to be held out in the country, for some reason I still haven't fathomed. Some thirty miles from the centre of Melbourne, in a small hall, the final sessions of the con were attended by about forty people. Sixty had been about the mean for the other film shows.

The afternoon program was to consist of a GoH speech, an Author Panel and the adjourned business session. Wodhams had by now become a complete

write-off as a distant professional, and devoted himself to swapping gags with the audience. He was a thoroughly successful GoH, the first ever at an Australian Convention. It's unlikely we'll ever have another as good.

I moderated the Author Panel, the authors being Damien Broderick, who has had an original collection published out here, and George Turner, one of Australia's leading mainstream authors who has read science fiction for a lot longer than I've been alive. I'd sent Damien and George a list of the questions I was going to ask, so we were all set for a fine and spontaneous discussion. Unfortunately some of the authors in the audience wanted to get into the act, which upset the smoothly flowing act we had set up, even if it did enliven proceedings. Between us we managed to be uncharitable to just about every author around. There were some nasty moments when the audience looked threatening, and I didn't exactly tell the truth when someone asked me whether I thought there was something wrong mentally with people who read only science fiction; it was just too far to the nearest door.

The piece de resistance followed. John Bangsund and another fan had decided that they wanted to set up an Australian Science Fiction Society. You don't have to look far past this page to find someone bitterly opposed to this notion, and I think my two pages of adverse criticism got more distribution than John's original proposal.

Scouting around during the con, I had gathered that there were lots of people with fairly strong feelings on the matter.

Lee Harding ran (?) this session, with me running up and down to advise him on what should happen next. Bangsund spoke on his proposal, very briefly, and confusing most of the audience by emphasising a different side of the Society from that revealed by his motion for formation. The seconder to John's motion spoke very briefly, then I had about five minutes' worth. There followed general uproar in which a great deal was said, very little of it to the point. Pat Terry got on my back about things I hadn't said, and so it went on. Finally I moved for a vote, and the motion was lost. However, it was clear that many people wanted an organisation of some kind, so this was moved by Pat Terry and I seconded it. This meeting was adjourned to the Monday, ie, after the con was over.

A coupla movies followed, of which I watched one.

Next day we settled down to get matters straight. I managed to hamstring things by (a) getting to chair the meeting and (b) pre-arranging a suitable motion with Pat Terry which would satisfy us both.

This was passed unanimously. It appointed a committee to draw up a constitution for presentation at the next convention. I am pleased to report that within only six weeks this committee has begun to break up.

I've left out quite a bit of the action (like Wodhams running to the Author Panel waving his fist after some remark which was aimed at him) but I know just how long these things can seem. I learned two things: People who live in concrete blockhouses are Nice to know, and Never Volunteer.

MAILING
COMMENTS (Mailing 83)

I hope also to cover mailing 82 later. That's how we do things in the Southern Hemisphere...

HALF A COUGH 2 (me) I point out that an evil universe is now a distinct Possibility: as soon as Pepsi becomes available in Victoria, I am prevented from drinking it. Tough, eh? Someone (in Mlg 82) noted the fake ending to my quote from COLLEAGUES - will give credit in those comments.

COLLECTOR (January *1967*) (Howard) Hell, the universe is evil. I dunno about dropping you for dues, but I nearly ruined my eyes on this. 'Ted White' used a typer of this kind with rather better results...

DEADWOOD SAP 14 (Tosk) I have planted some trees, shrubs, etc., and will want admission to the Club just as soon as I'm sure the damn things are growing. Our weather this past six months has been so abnormal that all betting is off on any garden plants surviving. We had a genuine drought, followed by the wettest May on record...

MURIAS 8 (Jean) If you should go to Stanford then perhaps you could ask H. Bruce Franklin just what makes him think the stories in FUTURE PERFECT are science fiction...

SARDONICUS 5 (Milt) While your fiction was enjoyable to read, the fact that I seem to have read the same story four or five times before took a little of the novelty out of it. Try again soon, though.

SPACEWARP 87 (Art) What can I say? A monumental piece of work, which will be the foundation, I presume, for the Index to 1-100. If you don't do that one, Art, at least you'll have done most of the work!

Let's see if I can pick a few nits... AIR MAIL SPECIAL was credited to poor Gordon Eklund: isn't PLEASURE UNITS enough for him to answer for? I am sure that I put a 'zine called GRENDDEL through SAPS or postmailed to SAPS or summat. According to your listing I had an unbroken string from mlg 62 to mailing 82 (snort!) but I'm sure that I missed out occasionally. Buz publishes RETROMINGENT. I think there were a couple of minor typos, but I hope the above corrections are useful. Once again, may I say what a bloody useful item this is. Already I have discovered that there are several letters of the alphabet I haven't yet used (as witness my present title) and I've even assigned a tentative sapzine number on the outside. Gas!

SAPSAFIELD 10 (John) I read all of John Galt's speech, which probably explains my inability to read any further of Miss Rand's works. // The debater's trick is to concede a small point.... but to claim the rest as exaggerations. Not the way you have it. // I understood that the Virgin Mary is a ring-in to catch those who really dig female deities (which was the general trend of events a coupla thousand years ago). The male deities are the new chums. // On equality of the sexes, I'm waiting for a male to get pregnant...// Paul Klee draws for Marvel Comics, or is it Amazing Stories?

KITTLE PITCHERING HUBBLE DE SHUFF 3 (Don) Welcome. Your statement of beliefs at least puts me in the picture. I think I've heard of most of the people on the WL (probably from glancing at the WL...) but my contact with the rest of fandom is now so nearly non-existent that I just don't know from nothing. Thanks for a community service. // I was also glad that you included THE USEA JOURNAL 54. If I subscribed to fanzines I reckon I'd subscribe to this. Ted White's letter in the same struck me as somehow off-base. Surely Ted knows that it is poor form to review books when you've not received review copies? ACE send review copies all over the place, regular copies having gone to two Australian fans for many years now without a single review resulting. Naturally the fan-ed who gets some review copies has a problem when he wants to review a book he's not been sent a copy of. Personally I suspect he should review the book but mention that it weren't for free.// I've not read any of the books reviewed, limiting my response there.

IGNATZ 43 (Nancy) I suspect that some people are worried lest it become obvious that the war motivation is seen to be W*I*N WHETHER WE ARE RIGHT OR WRONG. Not at all what you suggest. I've never been able to see what being right had to do with winning or losing a war, except that the winner is always right...

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SPECTRUM 1 (Jack) Your report on the Boskone attracted my attention because I hadn't read any reports on them before (?). It sounds rather more like an Australian convention than a Stateside one.

GOSLING 8 (Elinor) Maybe I have a comment check on Milt's SARDONICUS 4, but I haven't got to it yet, so I'd better jump at the chance now. I don't quite understand this business about writers who are 'primarily interested in style'. I can't think of any other than Harlan Ellison (chortle) so I must be on a different wavelength. The idea that James Joyce could have been the person you had in mind is so unlikely that I dismiss it instantly.// I'm sorry that you didn't persevere with Barth's THE SOT WEED FACTOR. There is a kind of boredom in what he writes, but I soon found that it gave way to fascination.// I have watched occasional STAR TREKS but never found one to be worth watching. It was replaced by a BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD Theatre out here (re-screening the late thirties movies) which was much cheered by me. Later it came back on a Monday night. A committee member for the Australian Science Fiction Society claimed that this meant that Monday was no longer suitable for committee meetings. Lee Harding added that Tuesday had better be scrapped as well, in that case, since he wanted to watch GOMER PYLE...// Your comment about chicken being cheap reminds me to say something you've possibly all heard about, but don't actually believe. In Australia chicken is regarded as a rather expensive meat, and we eat steak and other red meats instead. I believe the per capita consumption is about double that in the US. Chicken is expensive, of course, because there's very little market for it, though tastes are now changing, thanks to our most common TV fare...

RETRO 48 (Buz) I'm right with you about RESIN 32, Buz. I'll never understand Norm either...// Art Wilson is still active to some extent: I know he's in touch with Ron Bennett at least.// Concerning the drop to 33 copies requirement, may I remind you of the days when SAPS didn't pay dues because enough money was made from extra bundles? It couldn't be done now, somehow, because I don't think the mailings have it. Is this a measure of the health or otherwise of SAPS? If the extra copies move fast are we well, sick, indifferent? (check one).//

BASINGSTOKE 8 (Carol Ballard) It's hard to know whether to congratulate you on changing your name or entering SAPS. I guess they are both important: I'll settle for both.// But you shouldn't have run those three pages of Wally's: it's definitely enough to scare people out of the organisation, or is that what's planned - a Seattle takeover?

OUTSIDERS 71 (Wrai) At least I know to congratulate you on your change of state.// The furthest any Australian aborigine has got in any kind of employment here would be a pastor in the Baptist Church. To my knowledge there are only two aborigin@s who have graduated from university.

STUMPING 23 (Jim) That's a great cover. In keeping with the Great Webbert Covers of the immediate past, too.//Concerning the war in Vietnam, and your comments on the best possible solution, isn't the U S trying to 'level the whole country' without moving everybody out?

DANDERSNATCH 4 (Creath) Of the books you list on page one, only three are outstanding to me. Arthur Koestler gives me a pain in the gut, and Angus Wilson is about the same, wiping three. Of the others I'd only go for MATHEMATICS AND THE IMAGINATION, because it was one of the first books of that kind I read, AUEL'S CASTLE, because Wilson is so honest with himself about Joyce and Proust (quite apart from the fact that I enjoy Wilson anyway) and SEVEN TYPES OF AMBIGUITY because even though I am inclined to think that Empson does fumble in places, he nevertheless says a lot of important things: most of which are an unknown world, wouldn't you say, to science fiction fans?//Someone else mentioned the fact that hippies read STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND: I think this can be partly blamed on Ted White. In MINAC (10 these many years ago), Ted mentioned that he had visited the Kerista mob, and dropped a few words ('grok', and 'making water') which were taken up by the group. Since they've had some influence on hippiedom, I guess that this could partly explain this unexpected interest.//We heard that LBJ was not standing again on April 1: and that's just how it seemed.//

SPELEOBEM 39 (Bruce) Not many comment hooks, but perhaps you'd like to explain to me the advantages of joining LASFS Inc.? Maybe you need a branch company in Australia?

FROM SUNDAY TO SATURDAY (Don) Celtic. Hell, there's even a Scottish Association Football team by that name.// My edition of illos from THE BOOK OF KELLS is Faber & Faber - and the reproduction is none too good. Is there a better?

MEST 24 (Ted) On demolishisms, you missed out on 'Tos(anywhere)'. And Stephen / will be a member soon. //I suspect there is at least one person not eligible for the SAPS WL - but let's not start that again.// Here are some things on 'Cordwainer Smith' that you won't have read in WHO'S WHO. He always wore the same kind of tie - different coloured silks, but all embroidered with the same three Chinese characters:

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'lin-ba-leh' - as near as he could get to his own name in Chinese. This means 'Forest of Incandescent Bliss' - whence Felix C. Forest, used on some of his non-science fiction. Linebarger's calling card (I have one somewhere) has the same characters in red, plus the standard information in black. He almost invariably wore a smallish Italian hat (well, he looked smallish, for that matter). He had to drink dilute hydrochloric acid to control his stomach (which made people comment that he even acted like a martian). 'Condamine', though a river in Australia, was not what Linebarger was thinking of when he used it as a source of drugs: he was thinking of a street near the university where he taught in Canberra. He was once asked, in Australia, whether he'd like to go back to China: "Yes," he replied "I'd bomb the hell out of them.", but I suspect that this was a part of his pose adopted when baiting the left-wing liberals. He chose the pseudonym 'Cordwainer Smith' because ... but enough about that. The eleventh issue of ASBR had twenty pages on the subject (none of it above, admittedly), some of them readable.//

COLLECTOR (Howard) Good to have a Schultz cover back: even good to have a DeVore back. I didn't really believe you'd gone.

WILHEIM 23 (Dave) Sometimes the PO can really screw you, as I know to my cost. I know damn well that the time of transit on boat is 21 days from Melbourne to the US. I also know just which ship my mail should travel on. And, dammit, the thing arrives in the US, on average, three weeks before the SAPS deadline - yet the last two times I've missed. This time my 'zine should travel on the Monterey, arriving in the US circa June 28. Note that date, and also whether you are reading this in July or October...

MAINE-IAC 35 (Edco) A very fine piece of reminiscence. It's Harold W. Cheney, though, isn't it? Yes, Don Fitch, I too remember lettercols.

END OF COMMENTS:

Unfortunately this is ending on an even numbered page. If I'd finished on an odd, or further up this page, I'd really go on and cover mailing 82. But now it's ... later. Even though I didn't comment on all 'zines I must say that somehow there was a warm glow about the whole mailing: I hope it lasts. 2001: A SPACE BALLS-UP made it out here - and that's my opinion. Oh yes, and a last note to Art Rapp: Bruce Pelz castrated SAPS (and a title of one of my 'zines) changing TOROIDAL TESTICLES to - well, he just left out an ickle bit. Henry James???

JOURNAL OF THE HENRY JAMES APPRECIATION SOCIETY/FINIS, LOAD, RUN, &...