

SATURA 3 April Fool's Day, 1964 // Satura is published twice a month by that fun-loving soul, John Foyster, from PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia. It is available for trade, comment, and Aussies may obtain 5 issues for 6.5d stamps. Elsewhere a copy of any one of THE INCOMPLETE POGO, THE POGO PARTY, POSITIVELY POGO or the POGONORILE will get you a 2d issue sub (ha!). Better write first, to check. Notwithstanding this guff, within a short time of ignorance (you ignore me) you will receive the Foyster 'So Long, Chellie' Accolade, in the same way that the Aussiefans who aren't reading this got theirs last time. The xx mailing list crept over 50 last time, but it is being shorn.*****

IN THIS ISSUE - SATURA GOES LARGE SIZE. Masters are foolscap size. Carbons are foolscap size. Why waste carbon and/or master?

IN THIS ISSUE - I EXPLAIN WHY THE LAST ISSUE LOOKED LIKE IT DID. It is really quite easy. All you do is take some mimeo paper and try to ditto on both sides of it, flood the machine with fluid and be short of time. Any more questions?

IN THIS ISSUE - I RECEIVE TWO LETTERS FROM KEVIN DILLON. I suppose it doesn't seem very momentous to you, but you haven't finished reading this article. This week (which is some weeks before publication date) I received two letters from the aforementioned. The first was as follows:

The envelope was an old one from SF Review and on the outside was scrawled, as only KJ Dillon could scrawl, 'Start from front and work in. Bon Voyage.'

I opened the envelope. It contained the following.

One full page ad. for the Australian radio station which introduced the Beatles.

One copy of UNDER 21, a liftout magazine with stories about the Beatles.

One cutout featuring a story about the writing of a Beatle hit and a story about a dj called Mad Mel.

One cutout with a story on how the Beatles helped Australian pop singers. (Same cutout has an article titled 'The Swinging J.S.BACH')

One cutout with a 'Success hasn't spoiled us' story about the Beatles.

One small piece of paper with NO PARKING PROBLEMS engraved upon it.

One cutout featuring a story called 'Durable Del's new deal for housewives.'

One cutout featuring THE BEATLES US DIARY, By George Harrison.

One cutout featuring a Beatle contest (518 prizes).

One cutout featuring a story in which the residents of a NSW town laying a wreath to commemorate the death of good, clean swimming (on the opening of a sewerage pipe.).

One cutout with story entitled "Pommy becomes an honest word". Local Appeal.

One cutout with story on Beatle-loving daughter of English PM.

One piece of paper on which were pasted the following - a review of THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH, with a note by Dillon (Just another proud and lonely reader, me. With a copy of Cedric Belfrage's "Abide with me." @ 1/6 (cheap), pub. 1950, Secker and Warburg. 10/6. Lil Ol' esoteric me. Tho' of course I haven't read it.),

@ clipping (humourous) about an invasion by the Indonesian Navy, a clipping (not humourous) about modesty in victory, an Art Buchwald comment on youth and age in Hollywood, an ad. for LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE (Dillon: But Mr. Lawrence, after all, A rabia's just a used-camelot!), one cartoon with esoteric stfnal comment by Dillon, another lot, one ad. for a movie called WESTEND JUNGLE, one picture of 3 girls and a boy, one picture (very small) of a man's face (Dillon: I had a 'New York Diary' drug piece re World's Fair to go with this and all like good li'l pieces, one ad. for LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE (D: Nothing like it! Anytime!).

One clipping on Australia's economic expansion,

One letter (with attachments to be described later) which reads pretty much like:

Day after Groundhog Day, 1964.

--from inside a reversed Paul Brague Secret compartment, while preparing to eat grapes, and watch pits and falls, etc.

IN AWE SOMEWHAT !

and similar, too used fannish expressions or something, since I've received your Sapzines, and this seems to call for a comment, say a Zapzine letter with eside-pieces, from this distance. And an explanation - to say

-----Potter shots, anyone?-----

I am sorry not to have returned your light blue cry 171 or a reasonable facsimile of same by now, but of course as usual, I have all those long, fulsome, boring excuses, reasons and explanations and thanks for your patience, tho' I suspect the

obvious now, that you were busy, truly a symptom of many things. Please for grapes
a peek at mags and playful dirtying of hands w/ ribbon.

Butter review, read and liked. I have just bought 5/- copy. I notice A&R
here have dozens at 7/6. Who'll luckster? Punter-offer, me. Good old
Australasian Post sold me with their review last year. And u nu, of course, of
their review or Micheal Baldwin's MIRACLE JACK****, of which they think highly
and I wonder about his 1st book. But no more peeking, for I have a time limit
and a need to do cry loc before rearrival of transport.

((**** Editor's note; I very much doubt if that Baldwin is our Baldwin. You
know him, of course, but from what I've seen of Baldwin's work his highest
creative work (literary-wise) would be signing his name on a cheque))

Speaking of which, 'Ware Baldwin, who once wore what he called beanies. Ask
Doug sometime of the Vodka he, M. B. and Chester distilled and of Chester's trips
around the ASSEMBLY with his finger stuck. Thirsty. I am. Over.
to more but later, in fact well after business day off work in order to leave olde
small portable typer for repairs (hope it works better than this, but that's mainly
displaced ribbon) anyway I have some regard for this particular lil typer and it's
not costing me much, I hope.

Yes, well, I've read most of the 2 'zines and found myself learning somewhat.
Some things I will craftily not comment on, of course. What with all these new
fans spirited, (uh)bonded and otherwise, I fear vertigo. Can I be Sydney Spy?
Or maybe, Secret Agent XXX13 (a fine old Mercier character.) I'll settle for I-0,
an oldy, surely known overseas. And tell me, does 703 become 307 on return trip?
Seems reasonable to get that far?

((Ed: Question is whether 703 returns at all, isn't it, 703 old buddy??))

As a means of answering the 'zines, perhaps, I've had to resort to "pasteups".
Well, these were at my elbow as it happened, and the feeble excuse is that this was
far easier than any other effort I could manage at present either at home or
elsewhere. Things are much worse than impossible but I'd rather skip the details.

What should I say with all this serious conservative Melbourne type (Tourism
rears something) readable criticism confronting me. Especially as I've had to
retype 2 or 3 times over that faded ribbon and the days go on, & I'd rather go
home, maybe to reread quickly or other things which call, still that's politesse

4th part, to finish. Tonight, a repeat of 'the man who could work miracles'
and tomorrow a version of "Thief of Baghdad" W'els? form for 2nd edition of
'Who's who in fandom.' Decisions! Since our daily Sun carries little on present
Scientology case (I've the Tues. Melb. Sun only) I'd like anything u might
(easily) find. I can visit library sometime, tho'. Before I get too thissty
tonight, let me ask do u know of Pochitt? (Time, Jan 3) Williams did, long ago &
he a teacher, too. Now to do some'it about drying up, KJD.

Attached to this, a clipping headed A GREY-HEADED STOMPIE WOMPIE REAL GONE
SURFER BOO, and a small cardboard disc from the Rome Olympiad.

One clipping - a letter from New York, discussing, cigars, murder, police,
Dame Nellie Melba and Cassius Clay.

On pasteup - one ad. for The Haunting, one small ad. for This Angry Age, one
FOUR D. JONES comic strip, one ad. for Fellini's 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, one photo of Barry Goldwater
(I think) above the words THE PRESIDENT, a drawing of a spaceship by Chester
Gould, a cartoon, a photo of Jane Russell, and Dillon scrawl.

Roughly, that's the first letter, E & OE.

KJDILLON'S SECOND LETTER came in a much smaller envelope - that of the
FUTURIAN SOCIETY OF SYDNEY.

It contained -

One comment on Australia by John McLeod.

One small piece of paper showing a man blowing a baritone sax (of sorts) with
much gusto.

One cartoon on censorship.

One cartoon on Noah's Ark.

A further comment on Australia by John McLeod.

A similar lot.

Another lot.

One clipping of weak jokes called Birmingham flatties - sample: Q - What's
purple and shocking? A - An electric prune.

One clipping with story on Chester Barnes, table tennis player, together with
supposedly humorous, but undecipherable quote from the Bible.

One clipping - heading is £310 fine over "indecent" books.

One pasteup as follows - one spacely cartoon, 2 pictures of Burt Lancaster,
of differing sizes, one drawing from Lawrence of Arabia, one small picture of a

racing car, two unidentified and identical sketches, an ad. for HOW THE WEST WAS WON, Five small pieces of paper with such print as 'A tingling experience', 50/50/ Non-stop, two ads. for Fellini's 8½, two SKYLINE DRIVEIN ads., two further small pictures of Burt Lancaster, two further and different Chester Gould spaceships, a further drawing from Lawrence of Arabia, two further, and identical sketches of a baritone sax player, two illustrations of cars flying off cliffs, one drawing each of a star, a minstrel, a girl folksinger, a bus, and a parachute, a cartoon, section of an ad. for THE GREAT ESCAPE, section of an ad. for ANY NUMBER CAN WIN, one prison sketch, one ad. for The Haunting, two similar lots, small, an ad. for 8½, an ad. for Lancelot and Guinevere, part of an ad. for TARAS BULBA (with comment by Dillon), another sketch of female folksinger, section of an ad. for THE PUBLIC EAR AND THE PRIVATE EYE, a further small picture of Burt Lancaster, three small and unidentified sketches, showing much merriment, one female, one minstrel, two further unidentified and identical sketches, six small pieces of paper with words upon them, ranging in number from one to five, and a section from an ad. which is obviously impossible except in an SF movie.

A second pastep containing - two sketches of Burt Lancaster, one ad. for 8½, 6 photos of racing cars in various poses, two baritone sax players, one unidentified sketch, another but not identical, a seventh racing car, 20 stars, one sf picture, a section from an ad. which is obviously impossible except in an sf movie, a ganglion, one ad. for a TV program, six pieces of paper with up to four words on them, one short article on libraries in Australia, one airmail sticker, one ad. for a surfing dance, two cartoons, these with comment by Dillon, Melina Mercouri, a Harlem Globetrotter, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Gabin, section from an ad. for 8½, four stars, a further ad. for THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE (or is it the other way around?), two ads. for THIS ANGRY AGE, six ads. from other films, and a baritone sax player.

One letter, as under:

Dear JmF,

No. 3 Saturra, but no fanzine reviews! Obviously Haw. And Waw, and again Bvaw!!!

Charging JmB seen again at Library 2 weeks ago, and some (well I had to do an answer of some sort) posting to you yesterday and a letter to JmB posted today.

2nd time round for some things agin including job starts etc, to know more say tomorrow. Life is such, ah, well, so are friends, neighbours, enemies, etc.

Here I discover a Buck Rogers comic with change over in artist style (& artist) in middle of an unfinished idea including lil old ghost world (of ghosts), flying saucers, disc "jockey s", Martin the Martian (as in tv series (?) yet) Flame D'Amour and lots more to be continued 'Tho of course. And it wasn't. Yes, well, new developments with new style, and that was more or less that. Ah, me.

My F Martian continues well (if it returns to old standard) after stripper piece. New ABC item not seen yet, only a smallllll part of pt. 2 & parts I think I see Melbourne had it the week after us. I'll see it some time maybe, meanwhile back to - Burke's Law, Pogo and others, including any mutants, recognized by Oxford or not. that reminds me that good old Aus. Post of Mar 5 liked Sellings' new one (USA title of TELEPATH, I think) called THE SILENT SPEAKERS, and why not, indeed?

But more, Saturdays Telegraph carried a review of Soviet Science Fiction (Dobson) no better than you'd expect on any old count. Back to the comics.

Back to the city library first chance since you insist on chinese quotes (((edit!!!))). (but thoughts of my books are painful kinds, and that was another number, and you've since come out with more R.H. Blyth and what more can be said???) Ah. blythish v col. boy, beamish I expect, at least. 2 busy! I believe you! Back to the city & library at first chance anywhere for many things too many, but what the hell???

Back to the dry old desert with phantom like(?) Lee Harding who criticizes. And just because I read 703 along with all the rest I'm including a table-top item.

'Twill have to do, I fear. Did I (but I probably did) mention LIFES piece on location with LORD OF THE FLIES. As good as the film, but you should see the ad. on side St. James here for upcoming THE PRIZE (read any reviews!) with elongated hero falling from a skyscraper (one gathers) onto (maybe) unfortunate and piercing type figs.

Well, this could be the end, KJD.

Yes, that is the end. I suggest that anyone, Australians and others, who does not follow all of the above had better write to Kevin at Box 4440, GPO, Sydney, NSW, and ask him their problem questions. Just don't write for a few weeks until I get mine straightened out.

IN THIS ISSUE - BOB SMITH WRITES ANOTHER LETTER

Hmm. Seems to me I could put out a few pages of a fortnightly fanzine by



I have a cosmic mind -
what do you have?

printing letters from the 'literate' types I know, plus
throwing in the odd quotations from Blyth and Confucius
and others. Tsk.

"Poets are really not serious about ideas or people.
They regard them much as a Pasha regards the members of
an extensive harem. They are pretty, yes. They are for
use. But there is no question of them being true or
false, or having souls. In this way the poet presents
his freshness of vision, and finds everything
miraculous...." (Purserwarden, of course)

"Truth is a matter of direct apprehension - you
can't climb a ladder of mental concepts to it." (ditto)

"The sound of the nose-blowing, the scent of the
flowers, which is more beautiful?" (Blyth)

"Wishing to entice the blind,
the Buddha playfully let words escape his golden
mouth; Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars!"

(Dai - Kokushi)

In case you are wondering just what the hell all this is about, I don't really
know - but it is most satisfying!!! Like, if you have filled pages with
high-flown "thoughts", then it makes me feel like
doing just the same! (This is, it seems to me, the
only really satisfactory method of answering or
commenting on SATURA ...)

The quotations from Mencius does, of course,
apply to everything man does - not just poetry, but
you probably meant it this way, I imagine. Thus
Lactse, speaking of the man who follows the Way -
"He is like a child alone, careless, unattached,
devoid of ambition." One of the characters in that
CHINESE quotation you used in SATURA 2 was "mu",
which means "voidness, nothing, nought" but used in
the Zenish sense, as you probably know, means
absolute spiritual poverty. Perhaps the "child-
like" mind is similar to Chomel's tiny room (10
feet square and under 7 feet in height) which
contained everything he wanted, and



If you say KWATZ! once
more I'll belt yer....

In such a place there is no need to keep the commandments, for there is no
temptation to break them.

And we have good old Purserwarden, who says: -

"God's real and subtle nature must be clear of distinctions; a glass of spring-
water, tasteless, odourless, merely refreshing...."

TEN TO CHI TO KYORI JINSEI KANUTSURO

Ah! Three pages of almost nothing; S'wonderful.

1703 is letter. Hm, yes. It is a pity more fans who air their 'opinion' with
the pages of frankness don't contemplate de gustibus non est disputandum before
they crashing into the letter columns. I'm all for people's 'opinions' as long
as they don't fall over the edge into that dark, noisy void where opinions strain
to become judgements. I believe that the fact that a man makes sure we know that it's
his best; his opinion; his own; his etc. - yes, God show. A little lecture on what
good film should be. (Blyth, discussing Art and Zeo writes that: "Art
is a photograph, (and more like a photograph) that
views on the "heart" of a good film should not
be a mere technical exercise. The sympathy and feeling that his
explanation of technique, entertainment, etc. bring
forth - I wonder why? I know what the "heart", the
"remembering", of a certain film will do for me, but
certainly can't speak for the next person. Who
injects this "heart" into a film? The director?
Then the movie-going homo sap wouldn't know a "fake"
if he watched it for a week! Certainly, given
publicity, any form of fakery of creative work -
printing, book, film, etc - becomes evident, but the
average cinema-goer isn't that perceptive when it
comes to films - unless some intellectual, informed
scribe - whether it's Dargatz, Rotha, Maxwell, 703,
local newspaper critic.



He says to be like
"

The average man doesn't like the new, un-fucking "actor" or enlightenment - in fact, the average man has the slightest interest in such enlightenment - but he does go to the cinema to be entertained and - usually - relax. A childlike enjoyment of the film is rather what takes place within the average movie audience. I don't think you enjoy a film if someone has told him to look and search for "certain" symbols lurking in its flickerings, and he comes out feeling positively unhappy if he hasn't found 'em! The average man would, of course, probably agree with 703 that HOW THE WEST WAS WON was the most entertaining film of 1968, but he would no doubt be puzzled and argue with LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD as "best".

Amazing! 703 writes that THE UNFORGIVEN is the best Western ever made, and I have never heard of it!! Mata, no?



Jizuo
(* The Zen expression for intellect is "briars and wisterias", and a bloody good idea, too!! wfn)
(** Fascist bastard ed.)

I do occasionally write a little bit for this fanzine myself, mate, and you will not that it is maggins who scraped together all you high-power intellects. Parsecarden's second comment is just a repeat of what mystics have been saying for at least 600 years. The quote from Dai-Ō Kokushi falls in the same category (specifically, Western mystics). I most strongly affirm that the flower has greater beauty; Blyth has, I am sure, mistranslated at this point. What is really said is that these things are of equal import - beauty is useless!! I shall have to quit allowing all these foreign words in my fanzine - they may only be used when I understand them, so watch it. I suspect you are buying into an argument with LJI in your discussion of "the average man" - I can remember devoting about 5 hours of tape (altogether) to the subject, last year... I think it was last year. It seems you have another letter here.

BOB SMITH CONTINUES

You have a slight advantage over me because you can prune the letters received and leave out the portions of my letter that I would consider fairly important: the idea behind my paragraph on Hui-Nung using SATURA as "shit-paper" was, in a way, to try and "balance" things - all this highly intellectual, serene garbage may be useful and significant ... or it may be getting us nowhere - a load of painful, heavy words. Let us look at the beautiful words and the ugly words and be prepared to appreciate 'em both with wonderful nonattachment. I included that, seemingly, frivolous paragraph for a quite deary serious reason - or to give someone a belly-laugh. And what is the difference? There is no difference, but thinking makes it so (to loose up old Will).

These characters are - essentially - CHINESE, NOT JAPANESE; quoted and written by Chinese and this must be taken into consideration when attempting a translation. Incidentally, the one I included which uses the word - or the meaning of - "shit-paper" (which, incidentally, also interprets it this way, elsewhere), with his comparison quotes from Rishi and the Hakura'uten and Sodo, is pointing out that Sodo has surely attained that form of samadhi in which his mind shines now, and is, therefore, everywhere - or is he? Or is Sodo saying that material things do not matter because it is spring? Spring has entered his but has it touched him? (Corny, but you know what I mean - or do you?) Or is this similar to Chomei living in his tiny hut on Mt. Hina, as I mentioned last time? If I have to choose, I would say that the Hakura'uten is nearer to the truth of what Sodo himself meant. Anything that tells me that I can obtain everything without, occasionally, looking out of the window - even if all I can see is the sky - the brick wall of the sun or grey sky - is personally repugnant to me. I would like to think that Sodo was - at that time - nearer to Chomei. And Sodo has something that Chomei lacked, which shows through in that brief haiku: a pex on words - any words! Yours, mine, Pith's etc. - that attempt to analyse those three



"Comparisons are odious."
Let us compare this with...

lines that mean everything!

The trouble with me, of course, is that I like to think that what Pursewarden writes, or says, means something - to me, anyway - and if I compass with Durrell himself - of whom I know nothing - I only get horribly confused, and "comparisons are odious". So I forget Durrell completely. I am definitely not "Pursewarden-happy" - at times I find myself in violent disagreement with what he says - but the fellow/character is so... chill! For he is almost exactly, and goes to the devil, Feyzi! (I will cook or roast at Hainstein, and follow the path of aq... Pursewarden...)

Yes, it is a pity that Blyth comes out with these complacent, self-centred views now and then; he's almost guilty of abusing his own zen, at times. He picks on composers who, quite often, have little to offer to the "emotional psyche", (Musician Schnabel wrote that Mozart was the most "inaccessible" of the great masters...) and so I fail to see how it can be a "perfect" expression of the psyche. TURNER says something similar to 703, that "If by thinking we could analyse it (music), then also by thinking we could put it together; but this is what we cannot do and because we cannot do this we are entitled to call it a work of art" - maker a creator and not merely an intellectual.

This possibly applies to Blyth and his views on music; the sufferings of sensitive and subtle minds owing to the general shoddy use of literature, which in the past has made writers like Kierkegaard and Walter Pater imagine that the art of music was ideally free from this taint and a purely abstract medium for pure expression... W.J. TURNER: MOZART

Of course Blyth the paradoxical nature of Zen is partially solved in music. To Blyth, Shakespeare's "nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so" goes out the window when it comes to music - the mind is free from such intellectual worries such as 'is this good? is this bad?', 'is this right? is this wrong?' "We can", writes Blyth "say two things at once, and the two separate melodies become one indivisible harmony." (emphasis mine) If Pater says that "All art aspires towards the condition of music" then Blyth agrees with him and continues: "Action does the same, and when it does it, it is the activity of Zen." Is music, then, the composer leaving with us a form of "frozen samadhi"? ("Art," writes Blyth "is like a photograph and music like a film...") (Why in hell doesn't Harding come into this?)

Do you think that this "fixedness of ideas, of personality, of attitude" is essential for philosophical "adequacy"?

BEAUTY: Comparisons again! "Comparisons are odious" Beauty is... (that's Bob Smith speaking!) Tcha! This is an excellent way of running around in ever-decreasing mental circles and eventually disappearing up one's own insanity! I dwell on all this in absolute silence .. it is the best way.

And I can't resist this: "Perhaps the key lies in laughter, in the Hilarious God? It is often all the serious who disturb the peace of heart with their antics... I think it is matter for us to steer clear of the big oblong words like BEAUTY and TRUTH and so on..... We are all so silly and feeble-witted when it comes to living, but giants when it comes to pronouncing on the universe - suffraginatus erat"

Ovari

Bob: I should have included that page, I guess. I imagine you getting upset over such a thing. If philosophy is to be consistent and coherent, then the mind producing it must be fixed in ideas, attitude and personality". I think I think it is essential - that's why I wrote it! Your last quote is rather jolly, and your... HARDING

... Taken in the... sense... the voluntary action constitutes our most noble achievement... But consider the dilemma of the Writer: he is cursed by the necessity of earning a living. So he writes in his spare time he can grab. His ambition is to write Full Time. Perhaps through a combination of luck and sheer hard work he manages the breakthrough, he finds he is able to write Full Time - For a Living. If this isn't being bound to something I don't know what is. And once we have the... the greater the artist, the less bound he is to the... the lesser... compromise. Either way, one... the... you have an independent income one can always... it... tough. But how much art has ever been created... the... works... Don't delude... with fifth-rate... of... and... man. I sympathize with your feelings about... yourself... 'tee times over' if

... comparisons are odious... which shows... that... these three

you ever had to sit down and write a 'cruddy' piece of fiction. But what if it turned out to be something Rich and Strange and Wonderful - even readable? I sure believe you're the victim of time and pressures to produce snivelling excuses like that. But let us accept that the simple act of writing a short story is beyond you. We all have the right to think ourselves capable of something better. Consider my own feelings as I sit down to write this letter to a crummy fanzine - this is as good a time as any to invoke Baxter's Law (vide SATURA 1), which says, at the nucleus, 'There Are Better Things To Do Than Write Science Fiction'. Tilting this axiom to one side we have a succession of Betteries. i.e. There Are Better Things To Do Than Write Articles For Crummy Fanzines/ There Are Better Things To Do Than Read Crummy Fanzines/ There Are Better Things To Do Than Produce Crummy Fanzines etc. etc. Tilting towards another plane away from the nucleus we find: There Are Better Things To Do Than Write Sophisticated Fiction/ There Are Better Things To Do Than Write Successful Novels/ There Are Better Things To Do Than Write Novels For Intellectuals. And another tangent again: There Are Better Things To Do Than F**k/ There Are Better Things To Do Than Play Sport etc. BETTERBETTERBETTERBETTER. Let's chuck the shit out and return to basics. To wit: what does SATURA mean to you? Here, sir, you have a rough assemblage of words and images that presumably one must regard as a Product. Neither fiction nor poetry, but a product, nevertheless. And for this effort you desire a return. We shall call it communication. (There is always the possibility that you produce sixty copies of this fanzine in a sort of orgasmic bout of self-gratification. But I digress...) Now, there seems to be some justification in the complaint that you have received near-zero return for a ll your fanzine work. This snacks to me rather like an incident in the English musical press of a few months ago.irate letter hacks were storming the record magazines complaining of the dreadful lack of representation of English composers in the recorded catalogue. This went on for several months before some intelligent person happened to comment that perhaps this neglect was an indication of their worth (the composers, that is.) I think this is your problem. If you've gone to the trouble of producing a magazine then it is reasonable for your readers to be expecting something from you. I feel that any artist - i.e. he who creates from his own mind - is obligated to commit a portion of himself. Nay, bound, I say. BOUND! Do you hear that, laddie? Just take this letter, f'rinstance. Over 500 words so far - and all the result of two sentences in SATURA 3. Think, laddie. Think what another two intelligent, revealing sentences would bring! Or does the thought make you quite ill? Tossit out, the And read on...

Agent 703 sounds like a reasonably intelligent chap. Rather articulate, I'd say. I like. It's nice to read some chap who has such a healthy outlook on Art and movies in general. Nearly everyone I know attends films with their latest six issues of SIGHT AND SOUND and knowing more about the damn show than the usherette. Mahself, I find it much more satisfying to have someone else confirm my ideas than to spend a lifetime confirming everyone else's. But try as I might, I cannot successfully diagnose HOW THE WEST WAS WON using 703's criteria.

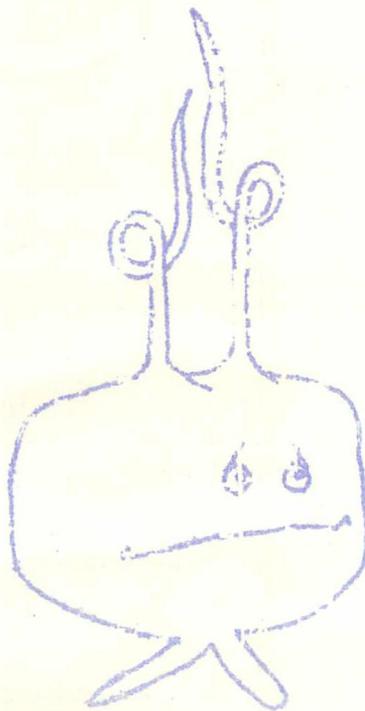
In fact, I detect the odour of The Twit herabouts. You must get a more lengthy comment on CLEOPATRA, too. As for a foto of the bearded Harding - haven't one, at the moment. But you might ask him if he's interested in a leering, leathsome 703, circa 1953, will you, Ta. I'm sure he'd be interested...

Sorry. Must go. I feel a Deep, Contemplative Mood coming on. Ir maybe I just feel like a bog.

Cheers/Ag't. 532.

****You look rather like a bog, too, from this distance. I must confess that the insertion of comment, a la Carr, has a certain advantage at times, but I am always fair, always above board.

Some examples of the part-time worker - Millet, Durrell, Burroughs, Eliot, Marlowe, Blake - oh hell - the exceptions are those who, living by their Artistic creation, have managed to produce Real Art, as you term it. Cocteau is about the only possibility I can conceive of for this century. I do not intend to investigate the relative merits of the two, except to say that I do not believe a hack has ever produced the Art of which you speak (with the possible exception of Balzac). Your whole Better argument rests on the rather simple-minded assumption of a static universe, as changeless as the plots in an sf mag. Mdear sir, of course some things



are better than others. And there are times when the order of values may be slightly rearranged (for that is, after all, what we are really talking about). There are times for reading crummy fanzines, times for P⁺King. There are times for being a developing writer, there are times to be a genius. There are times to be a child, and there are times to be an old man. These are most separate and different, and the mind which cannot conceive of change is in a most pitiable state, no? Let me solve your little troubles some time. I ignore your comment on the reason for this fanzine on the grounds that you are not sure what you are talking about. Few actions are not involved with self-gratification. I do not complain about the response or otherwise to this thing - only about some possible causes - one of which you mention. Another two intelligent sentences in this fanzine and I'll go broke - maybe I shouldn't print your letters. (The opinions expressed by the editor are not necessarily the opinions of the editor.)

IN THIS ISSUE - Ian Dixon WRITES

Dear Brother in Saturn,

It stinks.
It mumbles.
It is incoherent.
Which is just as well, because
it says nothing*
Nevertheless, unstrike me off your mailing list -

I remember the n monkeys with their n typewriters, and think what may a Foyster someday accomplish?

703 should heed the advice of ex-pfs Wintergreen (CATCH 22 for the unlettered); he also is too prolix.

(I fear, now, that visiting America would be risky.)

I have been stinky.

I have mumbled.

I have been incoherent.

Which is just as well, because

I have said nothing**

Nevertheless, unstrike me off your writing list***

* Except I only learn now of Hardened beardling.

** Nothing has happened.

*** The trouble about having a letter box of your own is.....

Expectantly

id.

(****703, I always said your stories about strawberry jam would get you into trouble one day.)

IN THIS ISSUE - MIKE BALDWIN WRITES (on an envelope, a betting slip, two totalisator tickets and a bill from the NORTH SHORE GAS Co. ((paid)))

The reprint of one of the glorious tones from the now unextant EXTANT - even though it was terrible (the poem, I mean), - has at last shaken me out of the lethargy that is an occupational hazard of life at Shedforth St. Wind In The Willows and all - the new title beholden to me - Skunge of Skunge Hall - something I feel like often, and the fact that I have no ribbon in the typer. In fact no writing paper either - does not let snow sleet hail marijuana or greg dissuade me from my appointed task of writing you a letter - to inform you that I was pleased at your efforts in reprinting a portion of EXTANT; in fact you can reprint the whole lot. I used to have a flatbed, but John Baxter borrowed it. I ask you. What would Baxter want with a bed, let alone a flat - least of all a flat-bed?

The stencils of the late lamented EXTANT are a mite antique, but they contain work by now world-famous artists, authors, critics and what-have-you - in fact a sort of Van Gogh of the fanzine world minus a minus ear. They need however a very good and very gentle duplicator.

I notice that your latest publication is a little one-sided and slightly illegible, but never worry about such minor defects; these are the mark of a good fanzine.

I mean, if we could read it we'd know how bad it was, wouldn't we?

I notice you have some discussion about the film LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD. I mean, it is not so much when you compare it to something like S², which consists of a rocket which isn't there, and a lot of Italians running around spouting philosophy about nothing.

You might find this letter rather cheap, but remember, the paper cost me a fortune.

Mike.

Josh - a letter from Mike Baldwin... SATURA can now rest, having achieved the almost impossible.

APRIL THOUGHTS OF THE MONTH ... JEAN COCTEAU

For movements, respect, from schools, flight.

Do not confuse progressive science with intuitive science, the only science that matters.

Be a standing assassin of shamefulness. Nothing to be afraid of. The blind have it too.

A man is either judge or defendant. The judge sits high. The defendant stands in the dock. Live standing.

Don't be afraid to be ridiculous about the ridiculous.

What matters cannot fail to be unrecognizable since it bears no resemblance whatsoever to anything already known.

Poetry is a religion without hope.

Formerly the artist was surrounded by a conspiracy of silence. The modern artist is surrounded by a conspiracy of hubbub.

Science serves only to verify discoveries made by instinct.

Art - science turned to flesh.

Instinct asks to be prepared, but instinct alone helps us discover a method which is right for us and thanks to which we can prepare our instinct.

Groping, an artist can open a secret door and never understand that this door was hiding a world.

When a work seems ahead of its time, it's merely that its time is behind it.

The emotion caused by a work of art is truly valid only if it is not obtained by sentimental blackmail.

One must be a living man and a posthumous artist.

Today, no one is unaware that poetry is a frightening solitude, a curse from birth, a sickness of the soul. But strange to say, it seems to be a contagious sickness; for never before were there so many poets - or at least so many writers who want to be poets and profit from the collapse of style and rules in order to believe themselves poets and to make others believe it, too.

... EMIL KROTKY

Not all parrots talk; some of them write.

He slipped into literature like a misprint.

Dramas of real life are not rehearsed.

To each his own; but to some, someone-else's as well.

He was an inveterate complainer. When he entered a library the first book he asked for was the complaints book.

As a raisin to a grape, so his characters to real people.

IN THIS ISSUE - THE LAST OF THE DITTO

This may not be the last of the dittoed issues, but it will be the last until I can straighten out the use of the machine. This will probably mean that the issues either become smaller or less frequent, as I'll only be able to type stencils and run them off two days out of seven. I don't mind easing down. But this time it means that This Issue is without any Letter In Exile, which was intended. When computing the paper needs, I didn't reckon on rejecting half the copies. Hurray for us! My apologies to those whose words cannot be read... the caption at the bottom of page 4 reads 'He says The Beatles make his psyche drip.'

IN THE NEXT ISSUE - HOW TO SURVIVE IN THE WORLD OF Anthony Burgess' A

CLOCKWORK ORANGE.

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