

HIGHLIGHTS of FAPA Mailing 242
"Today's generation is just not the same as mine" -- BEN INDICK
"Death has once agcain made my world a less interesting place." ARTHUR HLAVATY [ref. Wm. Rotsler obit.]

"I just need to avoid raising my expectations too high, because that will only disappoint me when I accomplish so much less than I really hope to do." --- ROBERT SADILLA

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"01d people are prompt." -- Boyd Raeburn [ref. planned group travel]
"The decades roll past like a pack of moose on roller blades." --- GORDON EKLUND

"The river lies in flower and fern In flower and fern it breathes a song, It breathes a song of your return, Of your return in years too long. In years too long the flowers bring, The flowers bring their sad replias, Their sad replies the flowers sing, The flowers sing: "The River lies.""

Quoted by memoryty Jack Speer and attributed to Weinbaum's short story "Pygmalion's Spectacles". Jack cautioned that his memory should be checked, so I stepped to a certain bookshelf nearby and took out "The best of Williamson." Therein I found:

The river lies in flower and fern, In flower and fern it breathes a song, It breathes a song of your return, of your return in years too long. In years too long its murmurs bring, Its murmurs bring. their vain replies, Their vain replies the flowers sing., The flowers sing : "The river lies."

The other day upon the stair I met a man who wasn't there. He wasnt there again today. I wish, Iwish he'd stay away.

# One Whitefriars <br> Conduit Hill Rye E Sussex TN31 7LE 

Tcl: 01797224557 Fax: 01797224654
4 March 1998
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Dear Russell
As I said to Steve Sneyd when he sent me a copy of his booklet, LAYING SIEGE TO TOMORROW, it made me feel a bit like Enoch Soames, having left the BM Reading Room drear of spirit and desperate for a pint, finding his Collected Works in tooled leather in a book-shop window next to the pub. How one's trivia reverberate down the years! It was certainly better than that worthy deconstructionist from Central Michigan University (the wrong Michigan $U$.) who unearthed a terrible socialist tract as my first published fiction.

I also said, commenting on his commentary, how much I admired your own early verse. Memory ebbs ineluctably away; I only recall snatches now of "The Hounds of Spring" or William's Sonnets. But "If in imaginary visions" still comes to me clear and whole. In reply, he sent me an address he had, only a few years old.

Don't know if this will reach you there, but I thought I should at least say Hi after what must be close on fifty years. Incidentally, there is a chance Jessica and I may be in relatively neighbouring Warrenton (VA) next month. visiting her son Rory (a United Airlines Captain) and his American wife and children.

Best meanwhile.


Sam Youd

With mild encouragement from Steve Sneyd, who supplied my address even tho I lost his long ago, Sam sent me Exhibit A (Above) and some agreeably friendly words aout the poetry of my youth. In response, I wrote him an equally friendly letter inwhich I told him of the shelf in my library holding, side by side some of the works of E. E. Smith, Arthur C. Clark, and (YES!) John Christopher (Sam's professional pen-name).

I mentioned that in the collection "The Twenty Scond Century" we learn that "The Prophet" establishes the center of his religion at a Greek amphitheatre in Esmont, Virginia. The piquancy of this lies in the fact that Sam perforce used this address whenever he wrote me another letter back in the roaring forties (roughly 1940--1949)

Back came Exhibit B and since I had named ten "John Christopher" books that I had bought, Sam found nearly a dozen I had missed, and excavated an appropriate pile of the JC works, albeit with the awkward instructions that I should not read or comment on them But I was so pleased that I may even answer his lettter 'B' Real Soon Now.

# One Whitefriars Conduit Hill Rye E Sussex TN31 7LE 

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27 March 1998
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Dear Russell
I don't expect to carry you the entire way with my English conviction that the French are a nation of useless rogues and vagabonds: I presume your ancestors were on the other side in that hundred years' war and may perhaps have regarded our civilizing expeditions as aggressive rather than educational. But even an Anglo is bound to concede some qualities to the once-and-future foe. Apart from some minor but quite useful culinary and vinicultural skills, the French do have a knack of coming up with striking apercus (oh dear!) on the human condition. Many are based, as one would expect, on the baser aspects, but some are quite powerfully significant. That chap Buffon, for instance. The style is indeed the man, and your letter reads as though its predecessor dated back a mere few weeks or months, rather than close on fifty years.

Perhaps I can tie it in to my newly hatched, world-shattering (and of course Unified) Theory of the Conservation of Personality: $\mathbf{P}=\mathbf{M C}{ }^{2}$, where M is Mind, C Character. I reserve rights in this, against possibly using it to underpin a millennial cult (Persanetics?), but remember you saw it here first.

My recollection of the Prophet and his building on the ruins of your post office is nil, but there's been a lot of water under various bridges. Does it refer to PLANET IN PERIL (title given without consultation or consent to a book I called THE YEAR OF THE COMET)? Who knows, or cares? I have a vague memory of your making a similar comment about THE WINTER SWAN. The writer's subconscious is more a meaningless swamp than a forest of clues. My inane deconstructionist professor found it significant that many characters in my books were heavy smokers and drinkers. I suggested his picking on this might call for some deconstruction nearer home, but if true the simpler explanation could lie in my misspent youth watching Hollywood movies, in which booze and fags (our slang, not yours) were de rigour. As far as personal application was concerned, while I have always drunk above the currently prescribed level. I only ever smoked for a few weeks during basic Army training - and stopped abruptly and finally when a war-time budget increased the price of cigarettes from 1 s 4 d to 1 s 6 d for twenty.

I'm sorry you feel it's unlikely you and Jane will fly the pond again. The Antient Town of Rye is one of the most beautiful in the land (John Burke was born here, but sadly now lives in Dumfries \& Galloway - Bumfreeze \& Faraway, I once ventured), and we delight in showing it off. A Hollywood producer (Jerome Hellman, of MIDNIGHT COWBOY) stayed in the Mermaid Hotel a few years ago, and was impressed by the casual statement on the wall REBUILT 1420 , and by having a room with a ghost and a stairway to the bar, which he shared
with his screen-writer, Ed (Robocop) Neumeier. They came to dinner with us, along with a couple of local ladies, one the widow of our Rye poet, Parric Dickinson, and Jerry was moved to quote in full a Shakespeare sonnet, to which Ed responded by producing a tattered cutting he kept permanently in $/$ his wallet: Kipling's IF.

But if not in the environs of the Battle of Hastings, maybe of the Civil War? A visit to Warrenton as soon as next month is now improbable - Jessica's health has been intermittently dodgy following a breast cancer eighteen months ago and the resulting radiotherapy, and while she's improving with the spring I'm looking more immediately towards a warmer and more relaxed break in North Cyprus (the illegal bit), a favourite haunt of ours. After that, though, we really must use the tickets Rory gave us, and fly United to Washington DC. We are deeply fond of our American grand-children: Morgan (8) who recently interviewed me exhaustingly for a school project, and Joanna who visited us last year, aged 3 and a half. and remarked casually: "Like your shirt, Sam." Following their return, her mother took her to the Mall and tried to educate her in eating habits. "Big girls eat mayonnaise." Joanna said, without looking up: "This big girl doesn't."

We are second marriage, and Jessica brought three children to add to my five. My (eldest) son is in your old field, with Logica in Cambridge, my girls are a) Buddhist nun, b) housewife and music teacher and Larry Saunders fan, and c/d) executives in car hire and publishing. I must say it seems strange to me, even as a fifteen year old veteran of word processing, to hear of someone being several years retired from computer programming. The sharp edge of things recedes faster by the second.

Many years ago, when middle age rather than death was the blot on the horizon (in the event I found my children's middle age far more traumatic than my own), I toyed with editing a collection of Thirties SF. But I needed to find copies of the magazines, and sought advice from Ted Carnell, who pointed me in the direction of Frank Arnold who sat, he observed, surrounded by a mountain of decaying pulp flora. It didn't work: the wordiness of the poor sods slaving for a cent a thousand defeated me. But I now have my own small mountain in the cellar, which I raided a few days ago to provide some additions to your list. No thanks, please - I'm still a long way in debt over those parcels to impoverished post-war Britain. And, for God's sake, no reading or commenting. If I can get up close to E.E.Smith in your library (Doc Smith! - my fourteen year old heart fails me) it's reward enough. I couldn't presume to match Arthur.

Best -


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"In the tenth century, the Grand Vizier of Persia, Abdul Kassem
    Ismael, in order not to part with his collection of 117,000
    volumes while travelling, had them carried by a caravan of 400
    camels, trained to walk in alphabetical order."
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Quoted from "A History of reading" by Alberto Manguel (page 193)
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Dear Russell!
Haven't heard from you for a long time - I hope yourre all right Many thanks for another of your parcels with SF Rods, which. reached me safely and was an excellent present on my birthday, which was on the lith of February. The date wasn't "round"Jim 54 now, so I didn't make amy great celebration, just invited 4 old friends and we had a small dinner party at my place. We began with a few traditional glasses of Russian vodica and finished with coffee and sweets, meantime talking about the present of Russia (which is vague and uncertain) and its future (which is dim and obscure).

Studies at Far Eastern Cunversity resumed in the middle of February, students returned Aim their winter vacations and anothe semester Began. My lectures on American and British Sf \& Fantasy also started. This semester I have about 30 students in my class of SF, and, as usual, about $90 \%$ of them are female students of about 20-21 years of age. Americans often wonder why there are so many female students in my class. The main reason is probably not because all of them are arden SF fans, but because of the differences in Russian and America systems of University education. As I understand, in the usA the lectures of a professor may be attended by the students of different departments, whereas in Russian Universities professor work only at one department. Thus, as I work at the Engels Language department where the vast majority of students are female. I have the overwhelming majority of female students in my class of SF. I doubt that all of them are geminely interested in SF, but at least some of them really are (I hope). If I worked, for example, at the Physics or

Mathematics department, the ratio of male and female student. might be quite different.

Thank God, winter is over and people are waiting for spring and the warm days, hoping that they with boning changes for the better in the general situation in Reisfia. Spring will certainly bring relief to the inhabitants of Vladivesto Jive probably written you in the previous letter that there's a great shortage of fresh water in Vladivostok. Fresh water is supplied into the apartment houses only for 2-3 hours one in 2-3 days. The situation mill normalize in late spring, when the snow begins to melt...

Well, that's about all of my news. I wish you Good Health. Good Luck and Clear Ether in the year 1998! Hogue to hear from you soon,

Your - yurt


From The Desk of Charlotte Statland, Executive Director

The holidays have come and gone and hopefully they were shared with loved ones and enjoyed. Some of us might have enjoyed too many Christmas cake and candies, etc. I have recently found a new die ${ }^{\dagger}$ and exercise plan that I am going to share with you. A recent study reveals that many activities despite their sedentary nature, do indeed burn up calories. This chart shows the number of calories burned per hour for each of these activities. I will let you know how successful I am

Activity Beating Around the Bush Jumping to Conclusions Climbing the Walls Swallowing your Pride Passing the Buck Throwing your Weight Around (depending on your weight)
Dragging your Heels
Pushing your Luck
Making Mountains out of Molehills
Adding Fuel to the Fire
Hitting the Nail on the Head
Wading through Paperwork
Bending over backward
Jumping on the Bandwagon
Running around in Circles
Eating Crow
Tooting your own Horn Climbing the Ladder of Success
Pulling out all the Stops
Wrapping it up at Day's End
Sp luting enfintions

Calories spent

KEITH A. WALKER Walker's wails. ... Since I've travelled to ten oher countries ---viz. France, England, Scotland, Netherlands, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Mexico, Canada, and Spain, I was interested enough to track your travels to see if we have crossed trails. Yes! Ww both spent a week or so on Spanish Majorca. ... Sory for the severe physical problems you and your wife arekncountering these days.
DICK ENEY Stupefying StoRIES ... A slang dictionary! (Hardly my cup of T! P
Ben Indick ..... Ben's Beat 49 Clark Dissmeyer's short-shortsare hard to love. Like an expert juggler $U$ do a fine job keeping many topics under all but simultaneous discussion without even having to change fanzines in mid-thought.

DALE SPEIRS SANSEVIERIA \#8 I took a keen interest in your article on the rise and decline of the good old Hectogrph. ... As to the Year 00 problems in which many have taken an interest, I have several financial documents to hand with maturity dates in or beyond the dreaded 2000, indicating (to me, at least) that at least some computer systems can already deal with the problem.As a (fortunately retired) computer programmer I can say with confidence that the normal practice is to provide means of correcting data when necessary....... Don't worrry about not learning Finnish, Except for related 0ld Latvian Finnish could take the prize as hardest to learn.

HELEN WESSON What, you tell us that "Now through 1997" you are accepting bids for RARE items of Lovecraft collections. What happened to 1997 so quickly?

BO STENFURS FAPA views......I think I liked the parts in Swedish best.
ROBERT SADILLA ...... VISIONS OF PARADISE 75 Your mailing comments are humane and agreeable to read. Even your comments on DETOUR 63 al, tho left out entirely, would have beenpleasant, had they appeared. [Keep the Faith!!]

But why not "help the students plan their lives" instead of struggling around in the singular as in your example (UGH) "help a student plan their life ?
] think that bird you saw was calledswarbler,
in full, "prothonotary warbleri"
ROGER WELLS Voice of the Habu.......... Sorry for the consequences of your electrical storm. My 1988 Radio Shack computer can't run WINDOWS but the first thing I did with it was to have a surge suppressor installed. None of the storms around here have damaged that computer.

HARRY WARNER Ur. HORIZONS 227. You are perceptive inyour literary feelings. Jean Young has losdt nothig in enthusiasm or self-expression. I am at fault for not priting her complete letters (as well as for the errors hat I introduce when I do convert written letters into typed ones). For instance I don't need a spell checker to type "printing" I just need more nimble fingersto avoid ""priting"............ The average member who comments on the mailings at all makes between 10 and 20 references to the work of other members (I counted 14 in HORIZONS)

Embroidered on an old pillow: "Dust is a protective coating for furniture."

The following poem was written by John David Williams for his father, Boyce, and read on August 6 on the occasion of the father's retirement from 38 years of government service to the deaf people of this country. We feel it says a lot about the man and about the world of deafness:

## BEYOND SILENCE

Deafness is soundless sight
Music frozen in paper
Air with no sound
Rhythm with no beat
Rushing bodies in the street
Bumps of surprise
A tap of disruption.
Mouth and lips move against the
Glass of isolation. .
Words emerge: Life's stream of bubbles
Crystal spheres, hollow of meaning,
Break and ripple at the surface of reason,
While silent, on the sandy floor,
Deafness sways in mute incomprehension.
Invisible to most
Embarrassing to some
Deafness hides from the social stare
Huddled in ghettos from the listening ear.
Talents wither in the soundless air;
Each hope blooms and dies in dumb despair.
What once seemed only a Quixotic joust
To turn the Public Ear
And see the Deaf as fellow men
-One Deaf man tried for forty years
to show the world the Deaf belong
As humans do, in the Grand Hall of all creation.
No more must the deaf man
Stand outside, on tiptoes,
To see life's grand commotion
But step up to the dance of life
And sing the song of strong emotion.
My Father within his own
Soundless world and intense frustration,
Smashed the locks on a million
Cells of desolation.
He set free, by single purpose
And tenacity of mind
The human force locked up in
A silent scream:
He leaves the deaf
Not wishing
But living
The impossible dream.

Russ Chauvenet
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March 5, 1998

Dear Russ,

My comments are more poetic this time around, Russ. You quoted Kipling.
"On the haft and hilt of the khyber knife
and the wondrous names of God."
"Wondrous names of God" reminded me of a passage I found that was attributed to a 17th Century book on exorcism.

> "In nomina Pa + tris et Fi + lii et Spiritus + Sancti! + Hed + Heloym + Sother + Emmanuel + Sabaoth + Agla + Thetragrammaton + Agyos + Otheos + Ischiros... ."

It is Catholic and contains Latin, but also contains the Hebrew Divine names, which were reputed to have magical power. Normally these words would be considered demonic magic, but I guess the priest who composed this ritual thought he needed all the armament he could muster against Old Nick.

Also, you quoted the ditty, which I guess is entitled, "Latin is a Dead Language." That reminded me of my father's version of it.
"Latin is a Dead Language; as dead as it could be.
It killed the Romans and it's gonna kill me."
What this version loses in prosody, it makes up in directness. I think the original beats around the bush a little. My father also had his own, more candid, version of the poem "The Purple Cow."
"I've never seen a purple cow; I never hope to see one
But from the milk we 're getting now, I think there is one."
That's it for this time.

Yours,


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