

The Owl and the Pussy cat
went to sea in a

beautiful *****

boat

They took some money
and plenty of honey
wrapped up in a

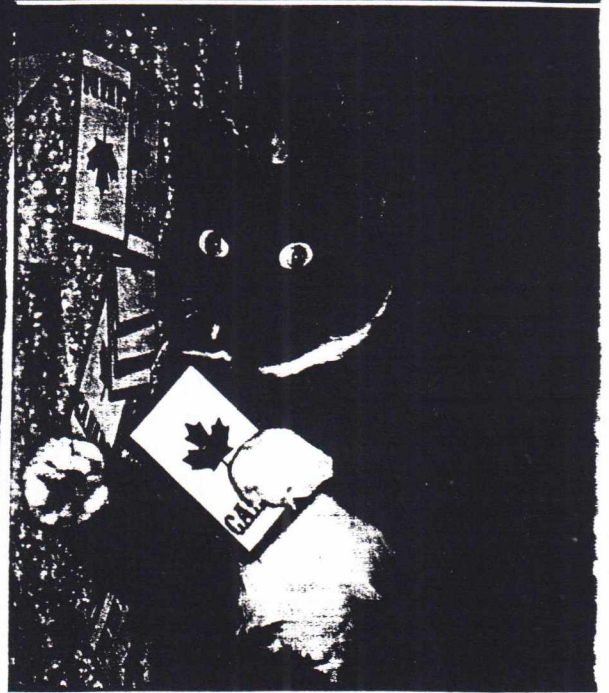
Five Pound Note

SENSATIONAL CONTEST

Name color of Boat

Win Amazing Prize

Color is



DETOURS 65

One Whitefriars 3
Conduit Hill Rye E Sussex TN31 7LE

Tel: 01797 224557 Fax: 01797 224654

4 March 1998

Louis Russell Chauvenet
11 Sussex Road
SILVER SPRING
MD 20910-5436

U.S.A.

EXHIBIT A

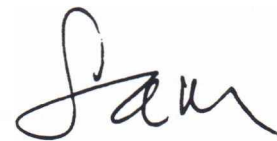
Dear Russell

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 letter 'B' Real Soon Now.

-- Russ C

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One Whitefriars
Conduit Hill Rye E Sussex TN31 7LE

Tel: 01797 224557 Fax: 01797 224654

27 March 1998

Russell Chauvenet
11 Sussex Road
SILVER SPRING
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U.S.A.

EXHIBIT B

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 *aperçus* (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: $P = MC^2$, 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 rigueur*. 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 1s 4d to 1s 6d 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

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February 26, 1998

Dear Russell!

Haven't heard from you for a long time - I hope you're all right. Many thanks for another of your parcels with SF books, which reached me safely and was an excellent present on my birthday, which was on the 4th of February. The date wasn't "round" - I'm 54 now, so I didn't make any 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 vodka 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 University resumed in the middle of February, students returned from their winter vacations and another 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 ardent SF fans, but because of the differences in Russian and American 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 English 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 genuinely interested in SF, but at least some of them really are (I hope). If I worked, for example, at the physics or

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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 will bring changes for the better in the general situation in Russia. Spring will certainly bring relief to the inhabitants of Vladivostok. I've 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 once in 2-3 days. The situation will 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!
Hope to hear from you soon,

Yours - Yuri.

To Russell,

As promised
Margaret

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 diet 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!

Charlotte Statland

<u>Activity</u>	<u>Calories Spent</u>
Beating Around the Bush	75
Jumping to Conclusions	100
Climbing the Walls	150
Swallowing your Pride	50
Passing the Buck	25
Throwing your Weight Around (depending on your weight)	50 to 300
Dragging your Heels	100
Pushing your Luck	250
Making Mountains out of Molehills	500
Adding Fuel to the Fire	150
Hitting the Nail on the Head	50
Wading through Paperwork	300
Bending over backward	75
Jumping on the Bandwagon	200
Running around in Circles	350
Eating Crow	225
Tooting your own Horn	25
Climbing the Ladder of Success	750
Pulling out all the Stops	75
Wrapping it up at Day's End	12
Spitting my Injustices	30

KEITH A. WALKER Walker's wails. ... Since I've travelled to ten other 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! We both spent a week or so on Spanish Majorca. ... Sorry for the severe physical problems you and your wife are encountering these days.

DICK ENEY Stupefying StoRIES ... A slang dictionary! (Hardly my cup of T!)

Ben Indick Ben's Beat 49 Clark Dissmeyer's short-short~~s~~ are 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 worry about not learning Finnish, Except for related Old 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 STENFORS 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 altho left out entirely, would have been pleasant, 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 called a warbler, in full, "prothonotary warbler"

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 Jr. HORIZONS 227. You are perceptive in your 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)

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
 11 Sussex Road
 Silver Spring, MD 20910

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! + Hel + 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.

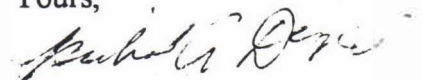
*"Latin is a Dead Language; as dead as it could be.
 It killed the Romans and it's gonna kill me."*

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,



Rich Dengrove
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 Alexandria, VA 22306