

SPINNAKER REACH

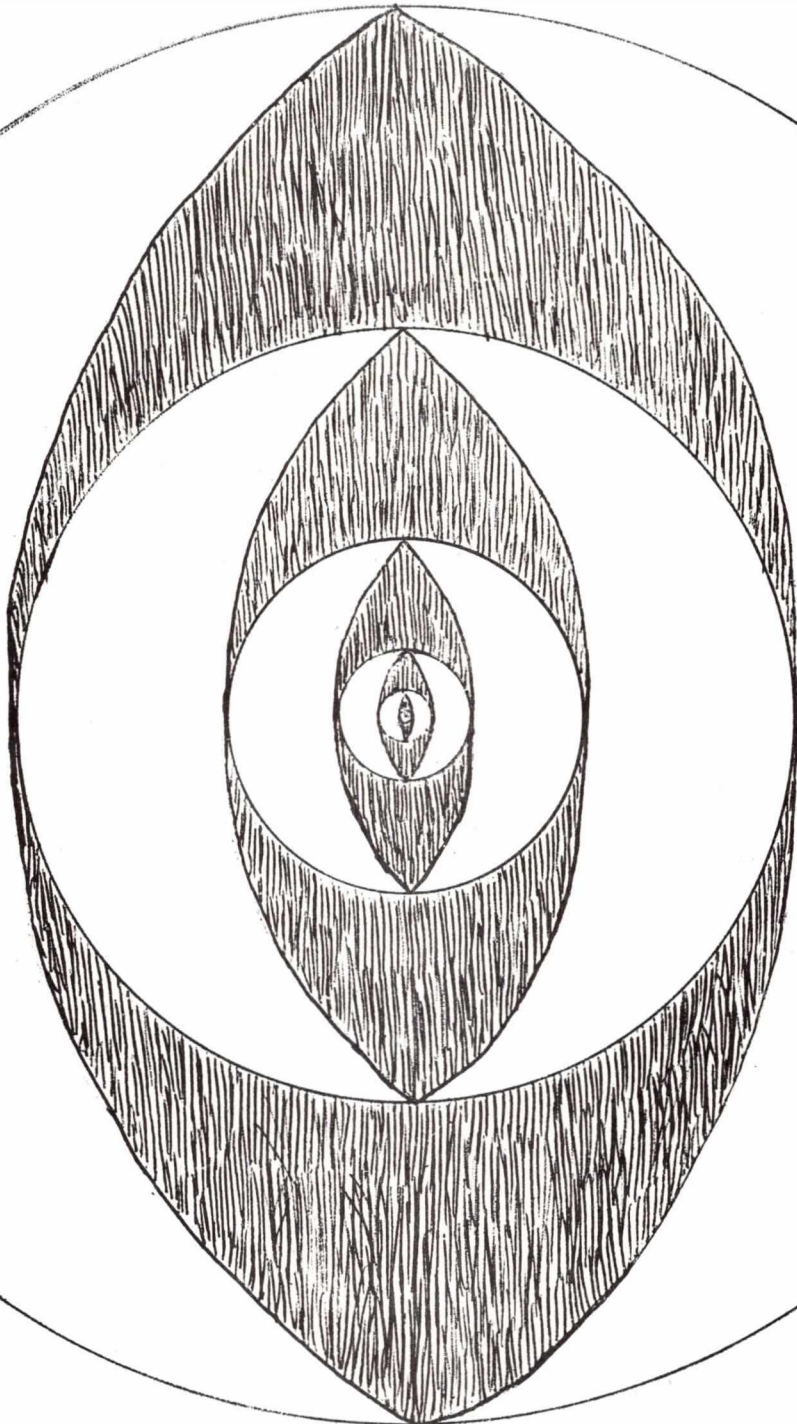


NS.V3 N3. #7

FEB. 1967 FAPA 118

ANOTHER EUP

Russ Chauvenet 11 Sussex Rd. Silver Spring. Maryland 20910



On the York River (II)

The weather was ominous and threatening and, although not heavy, the wind was variable and puffy during our sail to the starting area. In the back of our minds was the 20 to 30 mph north west winds promised by the marine weather forecaster. It was obvious that the cold front, due the night before, hadn't arrived yet. The sun shone on occasion but it wasn't long before the predicted weather pattern made its belated appearance by throwing a few mild squalls at the fleet. We flogged through them without much trouble as the race committee wisely postponed the start to see what was going to happen.

Finally, as the wind seemed to have settled down, guns began to pop and the races were under way. The catamarans, first to start, were already around the weather mark, the Flying Dutchman were well on their way and the 505's and Jolly Boats had just started when a mean looking cloud came charging across the overcast horizon. It looked like it meant business so I yelled to have the mainsail lowered.....then the jib.....then the anchor....then all hell broke loose!!!

I have been in some pretty nasty squalls in many years of sailing, but with the exception of the 83 mph line squall that hit Long Island Sound on the Fourth of July in 1948, this was the worst. Like a huge knife spreading butter on a slice of bread, everything on the water was flattened. Our yacht soon headed out to sea on a bare pole plane as the hook lost its grip on the bottom because of an overly short anchor line.

I was most impressed by young Bob Hallissy who was not only cool, calm and able in the screaming wind, biting cold and driving rain, but was more worried about his worried mother on shore than his own welfare. In no time we added the spinnaker sheets, the jib sheets and even the boom vang to the anchor line. We finally got it down and hooked only to find ourselves hiking like Finn sailors to keep the boat upright, even under bare poles, as she skated from side to side. Sue had seen to it earlier that our life vests were on.

The violent part of the storm lasted for about half an hour before the wind moderated to a gentle 30 mph and we could raise the main and head for home. On the way we witnessed the most enormous yacht rescue operation I have seen in many years. In the over 60 mph blasts (official Coast Guard) it was estimated that about 104 boats had capsized, many under bare poles. It was quite a sight.

Back at the ranch and fortified with many hot toddys we found out what an unselfish bit of co-operation us sailboat drivers had gotten from the power boat members of the club. Having received a telephone warning about the violence in that last big black cloud, they all rushed to their craft and headed for the disaster area before it actually hit. I cannot praise too highly their work and that of the Coast Guard in preventing an awe-inspiring pile of wreckage from being spread all over the banks of the York River. At that it took until the next day to collect all the capsized yachts. When all personnel were methodically accounted for, Bob Seidlemann commented that it was a miracle no one was lost.

HIM

Stand up, stand up, for Wallace, ye burners of the cross;
 Elect His loyal help-mate, she must not suffer loss:
 From schooldoor unto schooldoor State Troopers shall He lead,
 Till Katzenbach is vanquished and White supreme indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Wallace; the midnite call obey;
 To kill and do by moonlight what can't be done by day.
 For our sake He opposes the Red conspiracy,
 So slay we His detractors in anonymity.

Stand up, stand up, for Wallace; stand in His strength alone.
 Pinkos and coons surround you, ye dare not trust your own.
 Join a citizens council to fight the heathen packs;
 Make them niggers read to vote and raise the State poll tax.

Stand up, stand up for Wallace, and for our sovereign State;
 God gave us the right to scorn and to discriminate.
 Don't let the agitators subvert our youth to sin;
 Strike back by bombing churches, and pristine White shall win!

---Lon Atkins (1966)

Ist nicht so, gejagt und dann gebändigt diese sehnige Natur des Seins?

En Passant

Beyond the isles, beyond the reefs
 Where shatters now the swinging wave,
 Beyond the solace of beliefs
 There is a peril that I crave.

The anchor's down. Along the shore
 The ripples die, the sea-birds feed
 And sunset flames, yet it is more
 Than peace and beauty that I need.

Shines from the sky the Southern Cross
 And, long recalled, an ancient faith;
 Strange that no threat of endless loss
 Deters me from a different wraith.

Stir in the night the tropic trees,
 An isle to love is here at hand
 Yet, far as any stars, these seas
 Summon me to another land.

The danger's there, within, without;
 Why I must go, I cannot say,
 Yet when it dawns I have no doubt
 My ship shall sail a distant way.

---Russ Chauvenet (1967)

Alles das Eilende wird schon vorüber sein; ++++++++
 ++++++++ denn das Verweilende erst weiht uns ein. ++++++

ANNAPOLIS YC FALL SERIES Oct. 12-13, 1963

1.	Dick Heintz	1070	1	1	4	-	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	
2.	John Rusling	790	3	2	8	-	26	
3.	Russ Chauvenet	900	7	6	1	-	25 $\frac{1}{4}$	
4.	Pete Ballantine	61	4	7	5	-	23	
5.	Johnson Harriss jr.	513	6	3	7	-	23	
6.	Ned Sherrer	610	2	#	2	-	22	# DSQ
7.	Ted Stevens	551	5	4	9	-	21	
8.	Jane Schnell	563	x	8	6	-	12	x DNF
9.	Bill Williams	851	8	10	10	-	11	
10.	Bruce Zeisel	320	10	5	#	-	11	. DNS
11.	Bob Carico	55	9	9	11	-	10	
12.	Wally Crook	1081	.	#	3	-	10	
13.	Lee Edwards	554	x	.	.	-	0	

Tom Love jr.'s entry blank for 1177 was unfortunately misplaced by AYC and the committee advised him he was not entered. It was later found that his entry blank was on the Outside Course committee boat. Thus, entrants to AYC events are advised to address their entry blanks to Race Committee, INSIDE COURSE, to prevent such an error. When Wally Crook attempted to tow one of the pilings off SSA out to sea at the end of his mainsheet, 1081 unhappily capsized, and we could therefore muster only 12 starters in the first race, compared to 16 in 1962. Bill Argus had planned to come and we might have had 15 entrants; but we cannot take a large entry for granted. It is always best to send out reminders, etc.

This regatta was sailed under clear skies and magnificent Autumn sunshine, in crisp N to NE breezes, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all participants, especially those who did not capsize. It was won in a thoroughly convincing way by District Champion Dick Heintz.

FIRST RACE: The wind was in from the North at 20 knots and the committee signaled Course 2, 1 lap, 4.1 nautical miles. The wonderful ability of Dick Heintz, Lee Edwards, Ned Sherrer, and John Rusling (Sr.) to handle their Windmills in heavy weather was soon apparent, and they sailed away from the rest of us. None would consent to write the story of the race and it is difficult give any useful or entertaining account. Sadly, a momentary lapse on the beat back to the finish line, when he was contending for second place, caused 554 to flip, and the pleasant sight of Lee Edwards' boat leaping gaily from wave to wave was seen no more in this regatta. Bruce Zeisel nearly followed suit, but jumped alertly on the daggerboard and settled for a swamping; after time out to bail, he was able to finish last. Jane Schnell broke off her daggerboard and was compelled to withdraw.

Meanwhile, behind Heintz, Sherrer and Rusling, Pete Ballantine took over 4th place followed by Ted Stevens and Johnson Harriss jr.

SECOND RACE: The wind moderated somewhat but still blew a good 15 knots with more in puffs, and the same course was signalled. Crook replaced Edwards and 12 'Mills again started, with Crook and Rusling soon putting their boats out front, but on a close port-starboard

crossing, 790 on stbd. struck 1081 on port four inches for'd of the transom, and 1081 immediately withdrew. Ned Sherrer soon thereafter experienced the grim saying "The windward mark has a way of coming up and hitting you," and after fouling this flag, he also withdrew. 790 and 1070 then led the survivors, who were not as badly strung out as in the morning race. Ted Stevens held a substantial 3rd to the leeward mark, and on the long run 320 was embarrassed by having left her whisker pole in Baltimore; on this leg 900 took over fourth when 61 and 513 decided to have a private scrap.

The beat home presented the skippers with some nice problems. Those who stood into the harbor too far on starboard suffered for it. Dick Heintz was first to see the light, and his long port board moved him into a secure first place. Rusling held second, but Johnson Harriss jr. made a spectacular gain with some superb sailing and nailed down third. We were happy to see him do so well after his enterprising 400 mile trip from Wilmington NC, the first visit to the Chesapeake by a Carolina Windmill. Ted Stevens edged Zeisel out for 4th after a close duel.

THIRD RACE: Sunday

found the wind still northerly but moderating down to 12 knots and the committee signalled 2 laps over the same course 2, a distance of 8.2 miles. Although Ballantine got the best of the start, Crook and Heintz soon sailed into the lead, and Harriss made a useful tack toward Greenbury Pt. which allowed him to tack again on a header and move into third place. Rusling managed to edge 790 about the flag barely ahead of Sherrer's 610, and Jane Schnell turned sixth in 563. Bruce Zeisel had tacked 320 too close aboard 790 on the beat, and had withdrawn from the race.

After the reach to C15, 1081 held a boatlength lead over 1070 but after the long run out to C1, the three leaders were close together with 1070 now followed by 513 and 1081. 790 still led 610 slightly, but 900, 61 and 563 were not far behind.

The long beat shook up the standing violently. Ned Sherrer went far into the harbor to the layline and came down on port to round with a minute's lead. 900 went way out to the Bay, gambled on crossing the bar off Greenbury Pt. at high tide, and made it, to take over second. Boats sailing intermediate courses all suffered thereby, but 1081 retained third and 1070 held to fourth. The reach to C15 cost 610 45 seconds of her minute's lead when she stood out too far in channel against beginning of ebb. The wind shifted NE making the last 2 legs reaches. 610 led 900 by 30 yards in line ahead formation, but in the course of a mile 900 gained and was eased off as she came to take the favored leeward berth. At a time when C1 was in sight, 900 luffed up, accelerated, and edged up in front of 610; she finally won by 20 yards after 8.2 miles! Meanwhile, Crook and Heintz tacked downwind without much success, but held their places. Pete Ballantine came on well in 61 to take 5th in a very close 5 boat finish wherein John Rusling's 8th place (by a few feet over Ted Stevens!) was just good enough for a well deserved series second. Though our North Carolina friends could not help being a little disappointed to wind up 7th, they were commendably undismayed and look forward to another crack at us next year. We will be delighted to see them again.

On Religion

As far as I am able to make it out, the purpose of religion is two-fold: It hopes to provide checks and controls for individual human beings to use while they are alive and in possession of a physical body; and it outlines a guide for them to follow if they hope to retain this awareness of themselves as a separate entity. Now, maybe we won't -- maybe our hope of eternity is the same as the eternity we already have in our very atoms. But Religion -- and the vast body of Mysticism which it contains -- says that there is more to it. But, if there is, it is obviously such an enormous Mystery that a mere human intellect could not hope to comprehend all of it. Look, for instance, what just one tiny fragment of a concept did to Katharine Butler .. Merely trying to conceive of the "enormity of eternity" threw her into an emotional turmoil... Still greater concepts might produce shrieking into Bedlam! Well, so we can't take our Cosmic Truths in unadulterated doses... what then? Obviously, we get them diluted in the form of Doctrine -- as powerful drugs are diluted in soothing syrup, so they can cure us rather than kill us. A teaspoon of cough syrup holds enough drug to stop our cough and let us sleep. But, undiluted, the very least quantity it would be possible to measure out for us would probably be enough to kill us -- or make us very sick. The only way it could be administered in the proper dosage, is with a whole lot of inert but tasty goo....

Frankly, I think Theological Doctrine is 9/10s "tasty goo"... Some of it mighty unpalatable goo at that! But for the sake of the 1/10th I couldn't possibly assimilate any other way, I'll swallow the stuff as best I can. True, in my case, I did the very best I could to analyze each dose as I reached it -- to try and find out the nature of the "drug" being administered for my healing. In some cases it wasn't hard to dig down and discover the psychological implications involved.... Human nature being what it is, religion has to adapt itself accordingly. Likewise, the social and economic structure of a culture has an inevitable relationship with the individual's awareness of himself and/or God. But so what? This is a limitation which stems from us -- not from Existence.

There are those who think that the essential "I" has a "second chance" in the form of various lifetimes in which to achieve its goal. Well, as to that, I find such a thought utterly repulsive -- my mental concept is that of an ant struggling helplessly up a steep rock with a load bigger than himself. Every time he falls off, he has to turn around and pick it up and start over again -- only, each time the load is that much bigger from accumulations on the journey!

But actually, this concept -- or that of Catholicism -- is merely a different flavoring to the goo. The bitter medicine is still the same in both: either we conquer our bodies and emotions, or they will have conquered us. If we have any hope of Eternity as "Heaven"-- we must work at it. And we have only this one lifetime now! Why burden our minds and dispirit ourselves with the prospect of a dreadful succession of struggles? If we do the very best we can - NOW - that's all we have to worry about. I think the Catholic religion gives a very succinct and clear-cut guide to follow. Maybe other religions do, too...but so what? The only way to get any good out of a religion is to work at it -- to put it into practice. End of sermon. ==From a letter by G. M. Carr of Gemzine memory, 31 Aug. 1960, here presented by Russ Chauvenet for FAPA and particularly Harry Warner Jr!

A Hidden Place

It was about 6:30 in the morning and the car moved across the city, toward a hidden place, a place of quiet away from reality where maybe for just one long second, time would stop.

Unlike my friend, I am not passionate about fishing. But I am drawn to the water and the things of the water. Perhaps it is because whenever I am near a stream or a river or a brook there is this fine feeling that I am going somewhere, a place away from the sometimes dreary ritual of life. One of the saddest things is that the only thing a man can do for eight hours a day, day by day, is work. You can't eat eight hours a day nor drink eight hours a day, nor make love eight hours a day---all you can do for eight hours is work.

What I was looking for was not fish, but something else, a certain kind of solitude not unlike that of the cool, dark, lonely interior of a church on a summer weekday afternoon. I longed for a physical and geographical separation from environment and other men.

About 45 minutes later we reached the area. "We'll have to walk a half mile," he said. We walked up a little path and we talked of fishing and the smell of the woods. "It's just over the hill there," he finally said. We reached the top of the hill and looked down through the entanglement of oak. You could see parts of the water, but not much else. We slid down to the bank at the bottom and there it was.

Disappointment.

Soda bottles, like toy soldiers guarding the stream, stood on rocks. Half eaten sandwiches were strewn about the bank. All about us were signs of human waste and contamination. And finally, across the stream were men working, surveying the land.

"Once it was a beautiful place," my friend said, not knowing what else to say. We left immediately, and later at a tavern on the highway we sat in a dark corner and muttered over our beers about what a stripped down planet this earth is becoming, and he recalled the words of Wallace Stegner:

"Something will have gone out of us as people if we pollute the clear air and dirty the last clean streams and push our paved roads through the last of the silence, so that never again will Americans be free in their own country from noise, exhausts and stinks.

"And so that never again can we have the chance to see ourselves single, separate, vertical and individual in the world, part of the environment of trees and rocks and soil. Without any remaining wilderness we are committed to a headlong drive into our technological termite life, the Brave New World of a completely man-controlled environment."

=====From an article by Mark Kram, Baltimore Sun.

=====
According to an estimate by Dr. Roy G. Brereton, Aerojet General Corp. Cape Canaveral, Florida, the Earth collects approximately 5 million tons of cosmic dust in the course of each yearly orbit around the sun.
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A WINTER WALK

-Alvin S. Fick-

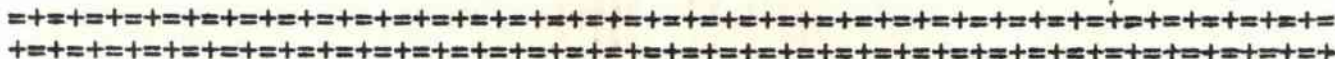
When a man who loves the land and the ways of nature goes for a winter walk, he often returns to his fireside laden with contraband from field and woods. Shrouded in snow, last summer's growth of green has here and there left an upthrusting shaft of dried stalk to remind the wanderer of the life slumbering below.

Tucking a mitten under each armpit, the winter walker fumbles through the thick layers of clothing to reach a pocket-knife stored within. Bare hands brave early February's bitter cold as he cuts a few stems of goldenrod whose stalks have a round gall-like formation near the top. He moves over to the lee side of a gnarled oak tree by the fenceline where he is more protected from a fresh-rising wind. There a man may cut a few sprigs of bitter-sweet with its orange-red berries; perhaps he will include the deep wine color of a tousled sumac head about which the bittersweet has grown in twists and whorls.

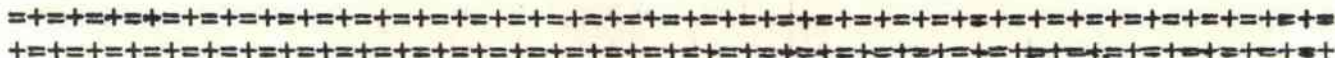
As he heads for the woodland path leading homeward, he may succumb to the lure of empty milkweed pods which last fall had spilled their silken load to the four winds. Out comes the knife again and the gracefully shaped pod-boats are added to the booty. He notes with new awareness how much like alert ears of a German police dog are the sharp-tipped pods.

By now the repeated opening of winter apparel has allowed the escape of much body heat; the mittens have lost their fuzzy warmth and fingers are beginning to feel the bite of cold moving down from tips to knuckles. The journey home through the woods is made more with haste than peceptive observation.

Once the crackling comfort of home hearth has renewed circulation, a man finds Mother's tall cut glass vase is an ideal receptacle for his outdoor treasures. On the mantel they lend a touch of color contrast; the burnished beige of the goldenrod and silver-gray of milkweed pod form a harmonizing background for the bright bittersweet. Even the shagy frond of sumac blends into the picture. So a countryman stands before his fire rubbing thick-feeling fingers together, marvelling at the devious twistings of the bittersweet twigs. But he wonders even more at the intriguing ways of nature which holds out bouquets of loveliness and tender promise in the depth of winter.



Selbst wenn sich der Bauer sorgt und handelt
wo die Saat in Sommer sich verwandelt
reicht er niemals hin. Die Erde schenkt.



FAPA 117 -- November 1966

Celephais Those unwanted outlets sticking up from the floors of new Government buildings in my experience were usually covered by upturned wastebaskets to protect the unwary.

Rambling Fap Its a public service to reprint Speer's advice, and your mc's are among the best but RF runs thin here. Fortunately, I haven't yet felt the need of arming ourselves with guns in order to feel secure in this neighborhood. Yet you'll be glad to know I'm not defenseless----on one of my walls hangs a nice pair of 2 handed Japanese Samurai swords guaranteed to remove your head without even nicking the blade. Your money refunded if, after removal of said topping, the blade does not pass your inspection.

Helen's Fantasia I can think of no good reason why we should fight a war with China either now or later. Let the Russians do it; they are the ones with a long border to defend. And the proposition that time is on China's side is not one with which I agree, for I believe our system better than theirs.....It is very simple to prepare an electronic stencil. Just hand the man \$3.50 and he will run your copy through his mysterious gadget and give you the stencil all ready to run on your machine. Many office supply centers have such a service, in big population centers..... My only acquaintance with Chinese poetry is through the translations of Arthur Waley. Your lines from Lu Yu I was pleased to quote in my other EUP, my sailing zine, Windmilling on Chesapeake Bay. For another account of the storm on the York River, see Bob Smith's article in the January 1967 issue of One Design & Offshore Yachtsman

Horib All typewriters have an umlaut. Just backspace over the vowel and strike the quotes key. a becomes ä; u becomes ü. ..And to think, I used to suspect the System 360 was so named to confuse those flirting with the CDC 3600! Mea culpa.

Vinegar Worm Yes it is possible for an omnivorous reader to include some E.R Burroughs books in his fare "The Mayor of Casterbridge" by Thomas Hardy, and "The Moon Maid" by ERB have each brought me enjoyment and interest. All facets of human thought and imagination may have a certain appeal.....Naturally, Tolkien's style is not the important thing about his Ring trilogy, other than that it is appropriate to the subject. The world of middle-earth is the important thing. I am richer for having known this realm. I don't need to wear a Frodo button.

Aliquot Betcha nickel I'm the only FAPAN who knows all the words in all 4 of the original stanzas of the Star Spangled Banner. Seems that the original 3rd verse was suppressed and the one now thought of as the third and final stanza is really Key's 4th.

Damballa. But at the conclusion of their first interview, Father Perrault rose to his feet without any difficulty other than that owing to his being 250 years old, and Conway, who had first meant to assist him, knelt down before him instead. Thus I cannot account for anything in Lost Horizons (the book) that would explain your impression the good Father lost a leg at sometime..... How well I recall Lost Horizons and Knight Without Armor; how little, So Well Remembered, Random Harvest, & And Now Goodbye!

Vandy Paint by number projects do not all turn out badly. The older of my 4 sisters did quite well and produced a rather pleasing little scene that hangs over my desk as I write, showing sailboats, water, clouds and sky....Enjoyed your keen exposition of Damballah's August cover wherein you express the feeling that the lama is pretty well fed up with work in the prayer-wheel factory!

Larean "Dates with many girls who are happy to be escorted by a mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan paper"!! Ah, there's a fringe benefit indeed.

Spiane Intriguing to find how much world-wide interest a lil' ol' bibliography of John Dickson Carr stirred up. I'm complacent about the total disinterest I feel for detective stories, but before I became Enlightened, a few JDC items came to hand and it comes to mind he was always strong on the locked-room theme.

Persian Slipper Citing the death of Lawrence on a motorcycle just to show not all motorcycles are inherently deadly to their riders is oddly unconvincing. Nice to have had you with us for awhile anyway. True, I've never felt concerned for the sanity of the guys who ride motorbikes---its natural for a man to appreciate something with a twang of danger about it---but all my life I've marvelled at the girls who can somehow always be found to ride on a precarious perch over the rear wheel with little more substantial than the driver to cling to, and no control over the mechanical marvel.

Vukat Comes as a shock to find Doc Lowndes is adding yet another prozine (all-reprint at that) to the long list of such (doomed) efforts. He must have resisted the aging process rather more effectively than I, in order to retain the youthful optimism which alone would spur such a venture..... Your selections for FAPA anthology, other than "Plague" and C.L. Moore's tales, don't call up any of my memories, but I'm glad you've made a start.....In last SR I absently referred to "A Martian Odyssey" by the "new" title, "Tweel", which only goes to show which of the characters interested me most.....While reading Vukat, I've stolen an occasional glance at rain falling in IA upon the last mad remnant of the proffotball season, just to show them that all prose and no poetry makes a dull game (a thing believed by few).

SYNAPSE Breathing cold air tends to constrict blood vessels and contract membranes, and this is why it becomes harder to breathe.....You'll be glad to know my parents (in their 70's) share your enthusiasm for Dr. Pepper. Now we know who's in the Dr. Pepper generation!....To me the account of Oswald's attempt to murder Gen. Walker, as recounted by his wife, indicates that he was insane and had a terrible urge to kill someone important, never mind who, and the more important the better. Therefore I doubt his involvement with anyone else, and I would be surprised if he gave the remotest thought to the political and other consequences of having Johnson replace Kennedy as President. But we will never be "sure", of course.A 7 year old son of a friend had pictures of the Presidents, and was dumfounded that I could identify President Roosevelt (FDR) merely from the picture. To him, that Rooseveltian age lies in the remote past. Somehow I felt suddenly older..... Norm Stanley is my idea of a down-easterner, and there was nothing lacking in either his talkativeness nor his warmth and hospitality. Its the stranger who gets the taciturn treatment, I suppose.

Synapse seems to have gone down especially well this time, perhaps due to being accompanied by a dish of pineapple sherbet, several dried apricots, and abundant drafts of Golden Gingerale, a tippie of the Elder Gods.

Supplement to Vinegar Worm

Its encouraging to see you try your hand at mcs; they are a necessary feature of FAPA, and usually an enjoyable one. For even if one has contributed nothing to a mailing, it remains interesting to compare various reactions to the items in it. Surely you are aware that Ob Lemoundsman, inventor of the stone ax and Father of the Mound Indians, published the first fanzine, "Mammoth's Moonings" in the third mound from the left hand corner of Moundville, W. Va., on or about 8 of the Wolf, 9500 BC. As his Gestetner (Mark -1) would not accept stone tablets, your priority claim for publishing on a Gestetner in Moundville remains technically correct.....I will disagree with your premise that human beings are by nature and instinct "sons of bitches." I won't disagree that training can make them so. The people I have known, with but a handful of unfortunate exceptions, have struck me as likeable, kindhearted, decent and friendly people. They have all generally had the benefit of good "training." They have had a favorable environment in which to grow up; they have known love and security when they were young and helpless. They have been well-fed and well-treated. And the results have been generally excellent. We know very well how many humans are not thus favored. Be sure that the human character is not in itself evil---but it can be corrupted by environment, and all too often is.....Your rebuttal of tired old Andy Main's arguments is well put, but somehow I think you are kidding us when you slipped that red herring on the other foot in order to gore a different ox!I enjoyed your account of how for a while you believed you had met "Dutch" Masters himself at the Tricon.

On the Mailing as a Whole

Seemed of good quality and perhaps long on quantity. Unfortunately for the proper balance to my mailing comments, the longer and heavier the fanzine, the less attention I am likely to give it, and while I leafed through "Lighthouse" in a stunned sort of way, it won't get on my list of things to read from cover to cover until after I have translated the works of the Hon-in-Bo from Japanese to English (which will be never; I haven't even finished translating "Quinzinzinzi" from French to English, tho FAPA may yet see the latter project any decade now).

It is true that Harry Warner rightly accused me of a certain inconsistency when he contrasted something I said on departing the fan world in 1945 with my somewhat different attitude today, but if one never changed, how could one be said to learn ? (There is the implication, perhaps readily granted, that one never does become perfect). I think it is better for me to respond actively to a mailing, than passively absorb the works of even the most distinguished authors. Cruel though it may seem to the waiting list, I rather like it here, appreciate the part Bob Pavlat played in inducing me to return to the fold, and have no immediate intention of creating a vacancy for even the worthiest and noblest of shadow fapans.

And, of course, I still think a judicious blend of seniority points and preference points would be better than absolute seniority on WL, when it comes to selecting new members from the WL. Lon Atkins in FAPA200?

