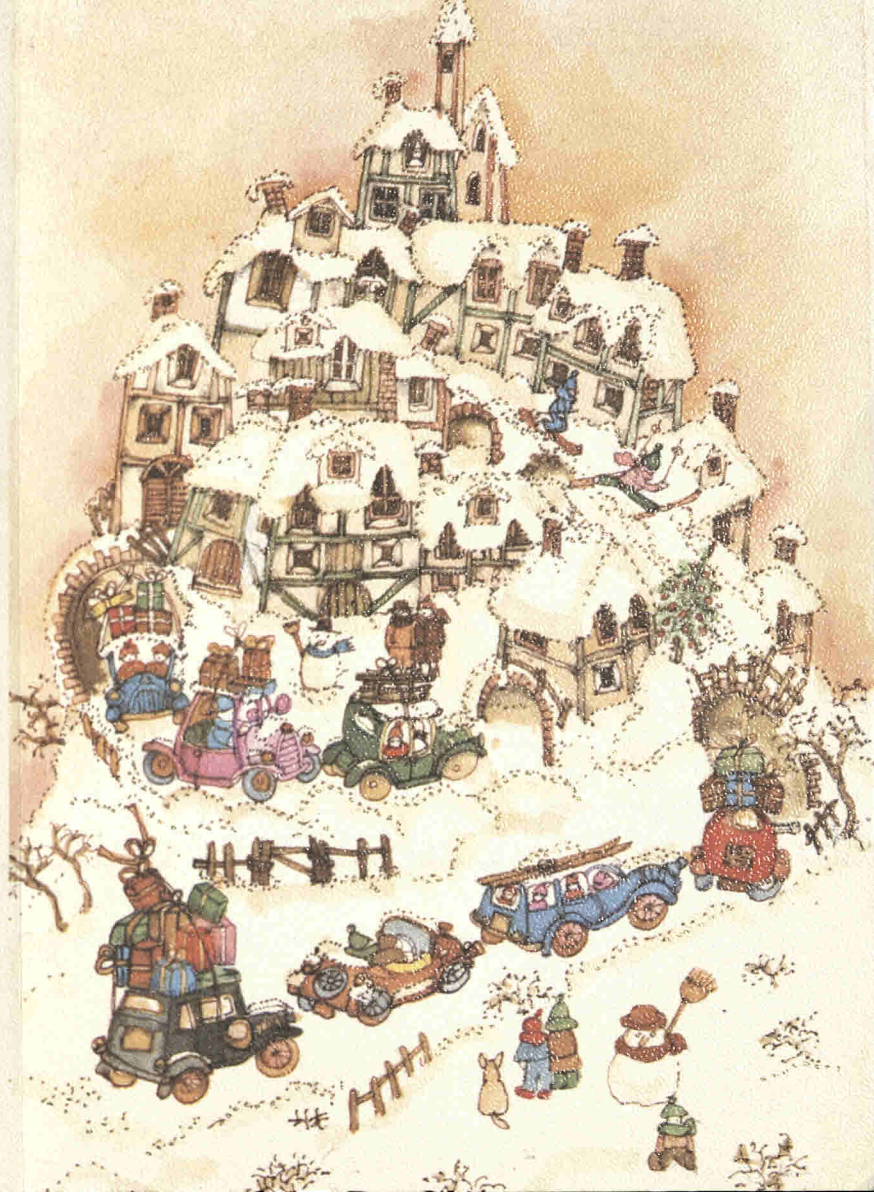


Αγγρινά Τεργεία

Βαγγο-Αγγος αγγρινός, γίγας
τα Νυκτός Νίξου και τα
Χείρου Μίξου.

Εμφανίσθησαν Κερύναρα γίγας, τα
εμβόλια τα ~~α~~ 1974.



WHSMITH

MLC8-85-1557
MADE IN ENGLAND

30/11/85

Dear Ethel,

Just had your card. Congratulations to Melina. When you next write to her ask her to send me a Post stamp from Moscow. A little boy next door has a collection and I'm sure he'd be thrilled to have a Russian current stamp

Thanks in anticipation

— Anne

Time flies and we fly
with it -- Με έρωτα ειχα
και αγάπη
Yearz

Best Wishes
for
Christmas
and the
New Year

from, Anne

— and
Fred

P.S. Will be writing to you
at greater length after the
Xmas rush is over.
—

31, Rossetti 9th Mansions

Flood Street - Chelsea,

London, S.W.3.

17th July, 1973.

Dear Panikos and Elli,

Many thanks for sending me copy
of Νέα Εποχή, which arrived a few days ago.
My article on Henry Miller sounds even
better in translation than in the original
English.

Haven't yet read much of the rest,
but I liked Elli's Κλωστήρες very much.

I think I'll have something from
Henry Miller for one of your future numbers.
Did you send him a copy of the magazine?

Hope you've had a good holiday.
Did you look up Durrell?

Don't know yet whether I'll be
going to Paris - probably not unless Henry
Miller isn't there.

Have another small book coming
out in London next month. A copy of
it is earmarked for you. The publishers are
giving me a party on the occasion - first

Monday in September. Wish you were here for
the event. And on September 6th we're flying
back to Cyprus. It's been raining here a lot
the last few days, I wish the rain had fallen
on the Μεσογία instead.

Hope you're both well and in good
spirits. Ποζι ζυδων και φηγιά δωο τα συο μας.

Fred

Sender's name and address

Afred Paulin to Bishop
31 Rossetti G^d Mansion,
Flood Street - Chelsea
London S.W.3.

An air letter should not contain any enclosure

By air mail Air letter
Par avion Aerogramme

REMEMBER
to use the
POST CODE!



Mr. + Mrs. P. Paionides
27 Naxos Street,
NICOSIA 114
CYPRUS

στ. Αρχαγγέλου Πυλαία Αρ. 15
Κυρήνεια - Κύπρος

6. 11. 1972.

Αγαπήτη Έλλα,

Η Άμμ μου έδωσε τη
διεύθυνση σου. Έτσι μπορώ να
σ' ευχαριστήσω για τα τρία γεωτά
βιβλία σου. Είναι πολύ καλή, Έλλα.

Δεν είχα άποια τη σχέση
να τους διαβάσω, αλλά
προσπαθώ μεγάλη χαρά να
πάρω μαζί με στο ανέμελο
σώμα σου.

Ευχαριστώ πάρα πολύ.

Πάντα δικό σου.

Φρένι

Άγγελος Περγές

Ὁδ. Ἀλεξάνδρου Μιχαήλ Ἄε. 15

Κυρήνεια - Κύπρος

ΕΒΔΟΜΑΣ ΑΣΦΑΛΕΙΑΣ
Η ΑΠΡΟΣΒΕΙΑ ΣΤΗΝ ΔΟΥΛΕΙΑ



Mrs. Elli Παυονίδου

Naxos Street 28

NICOSIA

Όστ. Αρξαγγέλου Μεγαλή 15

Άγαπίου Έργου,

Το διστάγραφο του Χένρι Μίτσελ
σου με υποχρέωσε. Με το πορτοφόλι του!
Για τη συλλογή σου. Εργάσω σως είναι
υπεροσοηλώς.

"Ηταν μεγάλη χαρά για να με είδα
με ψωπόμε σως δεν είδα το Πανός.
Πως θα τον δω άλλη φορά.

Με όλη μου την αγάπη και φιλία.
Φιλία στην Μαρία Άντι παροζό!

Φέρντ - Άντι

Paul Teles


BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



Panos and Elli Paionides,

27 Naxos Street,

NICOSIA 114.

Άγγελος Περάς
ὁς Ἀρχιερέου Κυβερνήτου
Κυβερνεία - Κωσός



ΤΑΧΥΔΡΟΜΗΣΑΤΕ ΕΝΩΡΙΣ
ΓΙΑ ΤΑ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥΓΕΝΝΑ
POST EARLY FOR XMAS



Κυρία

Έγνη Παιδείου

Όδός Νέξου Αρ. 27

Λευκωσία 114

Αγγελία Περσέας
στ. Αεθέρου Μυκίνη *Αε. 15.
Κυθήρια

POST
FOR

Dear M. M.,

Thank you for current
issue of Νεα Ἑσοχῆ.

Enclosed promised piece
on Henry Miller. Made a
couple of abortive attempts
to do it in Greek, but
had to give up. I hope
it will do.

Yours,

Fred

Πότε δι' Ἐκταδοῦμε;

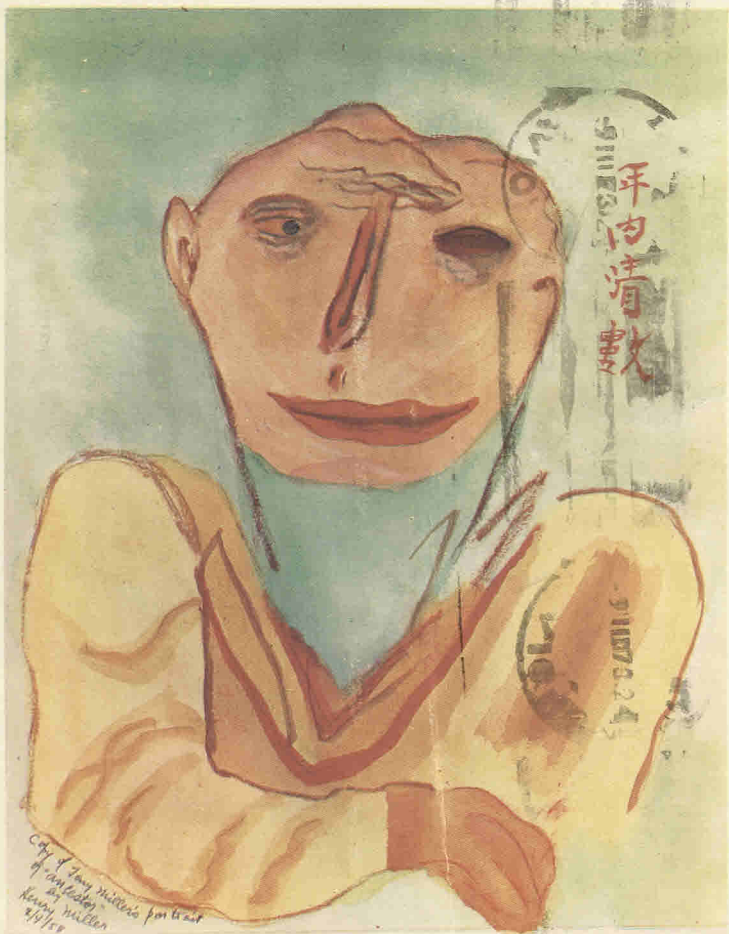
Χαλεροπούς στὴν Ἑλλάδα.





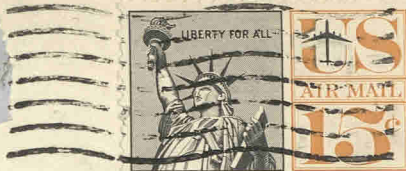
With
Best Wishes for Christmas
and the New Year

from
Fred & Anne



Copy of Tony Miller's portrait
of "Inspector"
Henry Miller
2/9/58

HENRY MILLER The Ancestor (1958)
Watercolor, 13" x 16"
Collection of Henry Miller



Dear Mr. Perles,

Henry is in bed with
a bad cold and has
asked me to send you
Bethy Ryan's address in
Witzeland. It is

RADMILA de BLOEME-DJOUKIC
VIA MAGGIO, 14
CASSARATE - LUGANO
SWITZERLAND 6900

Museum Reproductions • 304 W. Main Street Albany, N.Y.

Mr. Alfred Perles
15 Archangel Mich.
St.

Kyrenia,
Cyprus
Greece

Henry will write soon. Sincerely yours,
Henry Miller

- 6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

24th September, 1983.

Dear Elli,

What a wonderful and totally unexpected surprise to receive the excerpt from your forthcoming book published in PHILELEUTEROS. You really made us proud--both Anne and me. I hope the book, when it comes out, will be as successful with its readership as your JOEY...AND OTHERS had with me. It brought tears to my eyes.

To my surprise, I found that I could read Greek almost as easily as English, without even a dictionary. My Greek was never good enough to keep up an intelligent conversation in it, but I could always read and write it.

Your memory is truly astounding! Your description of Archangel Michael Street, our house there, and half-forgotten incidents with meetings with various Greek friends, whose names I've also forgotten, brought Kyrenia and the whole of Cyprus as close and familiar to my mind as it ever was. Apart from yourself and your family, the only permanent friendship I have retained is with Marlene Pittas, though she now lives in Athens and comes only occasionally to Cyprus. Dr. Fraser, my other Cyprus friend, is dead. *

All my oldest friends are dead or in the process of dying. None of us is immortal, which, on consideration, is perhaps not such a bad thing. Memory tends to fail; it also distorts the past. What's the point of ruminating ancient successes and ancient failures? There are times when I feel almost sorry for the immortality of the old Greek gods and goddesses. Do they, too, keep rehashing the memories of their past glories and prowesses? Sometimes when I am in a clownish mood, I feel we might do them a good turn to liberate them of their immortality by means of a small, old-fashioned atom bomb. With all ~~xxxxxx~~ the newfangled genocidal toys we have invented we could make short shrift of them. And what could old Father Zeus, the mighty thunderer, do with his superannuated measly thunder bolts, to stop us? But no, I still want them to remain on Mount Olympus. Even if they get bored with their immortality. We certainly couldn't do without Aphrodite. Even I, a near-nongenarian, couldn't do without her. It's odd, but the older I get the easier it's for me to fall in love with women. And there isn't such a thing as Platonic adultery.

And how's things with you? I hope you're all happy and

* I'm also in correspondence with George Tsimon, the
exiled mayor of Kyrenia. I never met him
personally, though.

united. Of Panos I have a strong recollection. Melinda I only knew as a small girl; by now she's no doubt a raving nubile beauty. As for Nikos, I don't think he was born yet at our time in Cyprus, or perhaps just a tiny infant.

About a month ago, I had a postcard from a Viennese friend who was a member of the U.N. stationed in Kyrenia, whom we befriended. The postcard came from Kyrenia, where he and his wife spent a holiday. He says Kyrenia hasn't changed a bit, the landscape is the same, the people are friendly and the town is full of tourists--but only tourists from the Turkish mainland who have no foreign money to spend. And Turkey, which is nearly bankrupt, is only interested in hard currency.

I've ordered a ^{London} bookshop to send you two or three copies of short books published here. Most of my earlier books are already out of print. Let me know when you get them.

Anne sends her fondest love to all four of you, and so do I. Me oly mou tin agape kai merika filia epano to metopo sou. Funny my Greek, isn't it, coming out of a Japanese typewriter!

Fred

Air Mail

WELLS
4 30PM
16 OCT
1980
SOMERSET



*Be properly
addressed
POSTCODE IT*

Mrs. Elli Paionidou,
P.O.B. 544,
LIMASSOL,

Cyprus.

alfred perles, 6, spring rise, wells, somerset, england

Basildon
AIR MAIL
Basildon
MAIL
Basildon
AIR MAIL

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

25.6.84.

Dear Elli,

Thank you very much for your new book, PROSOPO ME PROSOPO. Would it be "FACE TO FACE" in English? It's a very nice production, apparently done by the new-fangled printing method. My only criticism is that the text doesn't seem black enough.

Naturally, I haven't read it yet in toto; that will take me some time, for reading Greek had become increasingly difficult for me. Trouble is that I've been ^{too} long away from you--only in distance and language, not in heart. So far, I haven't got far ~~from~~ ^{beyond} the Episagogi, your foreword. But I can say already that I like your style, impregnated with tenderness and humour. No matter how long it takes, I'll read it to the end.

It's Monday today, but last Friday I posted a book on Henry Miller to you, which I'm sure you will enjoy. It's about his whole life, with emphasis on his Paris period, accompanied with many fine photos of himself, his friends, such as Durrell, Anais Nin and myself. It's actually the script of the film you saw. I hope it arrives in good condition; please acknowledge receipt of it as soon as you get it. I had to send it by Book-post, for otherwise the cost of postage would have been ruinous. It's a precious book and I wouldn't have parted with it for anybody but you.

Thank you also for the offer of hospitality in your country house. Maybe I'll take you up on it later in the year when the weather cools down a bit. Anne certainly would enjoy to revisit you and Cyprus.

My own travelling days are practically over. Not surprising for a near-nonagenarian. I even have some misgivings about having to go to Paris (probably in September), where two of my books written in French nearly half a century ago are being re-issued. The Paris publishers call them "reprints," but a better word would be "exhumation."

I hope that you and Panos are well and in good spirit and health. Melinda and Nikos have by now reached adolescence, with boy-and girl friends galore. Much love to all of you.

Με αγάπη και σεβασμό
η μητέρα σου και η αδελφή σου
Fred - Spiro

Fred - Spiro

*

P.S. If you can spare another copy of your book, please send it to Mrs. Elizabeth Bartlett Gordon, APATOURIA, ANDROS (Cyclades) Greece. She is a great scholar and enjoyed the script of your book, of which I sent her a copy. Fr

Air Mail



Mrs. Elli Paionidou,
P.O.B. 544,
LIMASSOL,

Cyprus.

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

1st October, 1984.

Dear Elli,

Your postcard with the devastating news that the book hasn't arrived yet reached me this morning.

Den antilambánoumai. The local postoffice tells me the parcel would come back here in case the addressee could not be located for want of a correct address. But I'm quite certain that I addressed it very clearly, both in English and Greek, with the return address at the back of the parcel.

The postoffice also suggests that it might have been retained by your Customs people for some more thorough examination and that it may still be lying there among a mass of other parcels sent from abroad.

I can't believe that it was stolen, though the book would have fetched a good price had it been sold to an unprincipled bookseller or to some greedy collector of Miller items. But that would be a highly improbable coincidence and I don't believe in coincidences.

Anne is writing to George Tsimon, mayor in absentia of Kyreniea, asking him to make some enquiries at your Customs authorities. As a notable refugee from Turkish Cyprus, he no doubt yields considerable influence in Limassol and can approach the proper authorities with greater force than you could yourself.

I do hope the book will finally come in your possession. Its loss would be irretrievable, and I'm not thinking of its monetary value.

Love all around,

Fred

P.S. Anne is concocting the letter to Tsimon, for I am momentarily overwhelmed with work. Two of my books, written in French nearly half a century ago, have just been re-issued in Paris, and that involves me in a lot of unaccustomed activity.

F.



*Be properly
addressed*

19^{1/2}

POSTCODE IT

Mrs. Elli Peonidou,
P.O.Box 544,
LIMASSOL,

CYPRUS.

alfred perlès, 6, spring rise, wells, somerset
ba5 lue

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

2nd September, 1980.

Dear Elli,

Thank you very much for your letter and apologies for being so late in replying to it. Thank you in particular for sending me the two slender volumes of your poems, which I find excellent. They are all impregnated with your love and nostalgia for your ^{lost} homeland, once more under foreign rule. The Turks were there before, and so were many others in the six thousand-odd recorded history of your beautiful island. And the Lusignans were even more ruthless than the Turks, it seems.

But that's beside the point. I love your poems, never knew you were such an accomplished poetess! And what delighted me most was that I could understand and savour them in the original, without recourse to the dictionary. For having been away such a long time from the sphere of Greek influence, I had good reason to fear I had already forgotten the little Greek I ever knew. The titles sound good even in English: "Cycle of Betrayals" and "Songs to my lost God." The drawings by George Skoteinós are very good as well.

As for the Cyprus problem, there's no solution in sight. Cyprus is the victim of international politics and military expedience. I have no trust in any government inside and outside the Iron Curtain, whose leaders have no scruples to spend billions of dollars, pounds and roubles on obscene weapons and callously let the children of Africa and Asia starve to death. You can call me an anarchist in the Greek sense of the word, that isn't a person who throws bombs but simply one who can dispense with the authoritarian rule of an archon. A certain measure of intelligence is necessary to live without a government. And since the vast majority of mankind are mere sheep, anarchy will remain a utopian dream for a long time.

We would be delighted to see you when you come to England in the winter. Unfortunately, our place here is too small to put you up, but we might stage a reunion

in London. I realize that travelling and living costs are getting exorbitantly high, prices increasing almost daily in these parts. Do you have any friends with whom you could stay in London?

Both Anne and I are still organically sound, but the trouble is that we're getting old. Anne will turn into an octogenarian in December and I've long since surpassed the biblical age. Which makes us less mobile than we used to be and travelling becomes more strenuous than ever. But we're not yet quite gaga..

With fondest regards and best wishes to the four of you, from us both,

Affectionately,

Fred

Ἐνθυμούμας ἀπόμα τοῦ ὄνομα τῆς μάτης
σου - Περγίδα; - κα ἔχουα το ὄνομα τοῦ
γιόσ σου. Ἐν ὁδῶν ἀπεριώσε

Ἀγάπη σους ὄχουσ κα
καὶ ἀγαπᾶ γιόσ

Φρέν

P.S. Are you on friendly terms
with George Tsiman, the shadow-mayor
of Kyrenia? If so, give him
my warm regards if you see him.

Fri

Air Mail



Mrs. Elli Paionidou,
P.O.Box 544,
LIMASSOL

Cyprus

alfred perlès, 6, spring rise, wells, somerset ba5 lue,
england

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

14.8.84.

Dear Elli,

I had your letter of 31st July some time ago and was anxiously waiting for another one, acknowledging receipt of the book I sent you the first week of June.

You seem to have had a wonderful holiday in Scandinavia and Finland. While in Finland, did you make a short trip to Leningrad, which is just over the border? That would have been a most interesting experience, but maybe the Soviets wouldn't have let you cross over with a Cypriot (or British) passport.

Yes, of course, the children are no longer the children I knew when I last saw them. That was, I hesitate to remember, how many years ago. Time seems to fly with ever increasing speed; sometimes I have the crazy feeling that there isn't even such a thing as time, but something we've made up ourselves and divided into past, present and future, for our own convenience. I mean clock time, calendar time, sidereal time, etc. But in reality, it's just one single piece, a splinter of eternity. The present turns into the past the very moment it happens, and the future doesn't exist--yet. Our whole life is lived in a tiny fragment of eternity.

So Nikos is old enough to go to East Germany to study cybernetics; that's computers, isn't it? And Melissa is nearly ready to go to Paris to study piano. The Paris she's going to is quite different from the one I knew, but then she doesn't know the one I knew; for her it'll be quite an experience. Did I tell you that I'll have to go to Paris myself sometime in Spetember when two of my earlier books, written in French nearly half a century ago, are coming out again? Reprints, the Paris publisher calls them, but I look upon them more in the nature of an exhumation. Maybe they smell a little already.

But have you at last received the book I sent you? It's too big to be in your P.O.Box, but it ought to be lying somewhere in your post office. Please do make inquiries. The Royal Mail is still very reliable, so if it got lost, or stolen, it must be at your end. It's just what you wanted and it would be an unreplaceable loss if it went astray.

Love all around, also from Anne.
Fred

RABBIT'S HEAD
6, LONG STREET
CERNE ABBAS
DORSET
CERNE ABBAS 477

12th January, 1978.

Dear Panos and Elli,

Many thanks for your lovely and unexpected Christmas card. It was a generous idea of Marlene's to give you our address.

We often think of you with love and affection and never give up hope of meeting you again sometime, somewhere. If you ever happen to come to England I trust you'll be staying with us for a while. Our house is big enough to put you both up in comparative comfort. Marlene was frequently our house guest and she liked it here. But I don't advise you to come right now, it's the wrong season. You've no idea what an English winter is like if you haven't experienced one. The best time would be in the summer. Now it's bitterly cold, so cold that we find it a real problem to keep the house warm, even with all the fires burning. We're simply cursed with hypothermia.

And what's going on in Cyprus these days? There's seldom any reference in our papers about your beautiful island. With ~~it~~ the numberless trouble spots in the other trouble spots in the world, Cyprus has to take second place. Is Denktash still the supreme ruler in the north? I know Makarios is dead but have no idea who has taken his place.

I hope you're both well and in good spirits. Your charming little daughter (Melissa?) must be growing up fast. Time keeps flying, perhaps not such a bad thing. I was 80 last August but am not yet completely gaga and still writing. Am at present working on a book entitled Reflections of an Octogenarian and hoping this somewhat presumptuous title won't keep my readers off.

That's it for the moment, but please do keep in touch with us. Anne sends her love and affection and good wishes for a happier New Year. The same from me.

All the best there is,

Yours,

Fred

ALFRED PERLES
6 LONG STREET
CERNE ABBAS
DORSET
ENGLAND

TO OPEN SLIT HERE

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS (PLEASE SHOW YOUR POSTCODE)

alfred perles,

6, long street, cerne abbas, dorset, u.k.

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD
NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE;
IF IT DOES IT MAY BE SURCHARGED
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

SECOND FOLD HERE

BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER
PAR AVION AEROGamme



Panos and Elli Paionidou,

P.O.Box 544,

LIMASSOL,

Cyprus.

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE.

16th October, 1980.

Dear Elli,

I'm just back from London where I spent two tumultuous weeks, chiefly with my old friend Lawrence Durrell, which accounts for my delay in replying to your friendly and most flattering postcard.

You certainly overestimate my capability to translate your poetry into English. In the first place, all poetry is untranslatable, simply because no two different languages have the same rhythm. And even the literal translation of every word assumes a flavour, meaning and significance, different from the context intended by the original poet. Of course, you will tell me that Homer and many other Greek poets have been translated, not only into English but also other languages. But none are wholly satisfactory. Traduttore--Tradittore: every translation is a betrayal. I don't know who said that, but I'm convinced of its truth. And I'm not going to be an accomplice in the spoliation of your work. Moreover, my Greek is not half as good as you seem to think. I know it well enough to read the demotiki, even without a dictionary, but when it comes to talking I stutter and stammer and am always groping for the right word. And when we meet again, our conversation will be in English.

The October issue of LONDON MAGAZINE is out, with my tribute to Henry Miller in it. Am asking a London bookshop to post you a copy of it. Let me know what you think of it when you get it.

That's it. Hope you'll keep in touch with me. Anne sends her fondest regards. I ditto.

Χαρμελιώπως στους ὄγκους σας, ἂν σοῦ
ἰγείαν καὶ σοφὰ γ' ἴαί.

Φέρτζ

Air Mail



Mrs. Elli Paionidou,
P.O.B. 544,
LIMASSOL,

Cyprus.

alfred perlès, 6, spring rise, wells, somerset ba5 lue
england

15, Archangel Michael Street,
KYRENIA, Cyprus.

23rd April, 1973.

Dear Panos and Elli,

Many thanks for your letter and last issue of
Nea Epochi, which I always read with great interest.

Am now looking forward to your next ceremonial
number of the magazine.

Am still more looking forward to our next meeting,
it's a long time since we saw you last. I hope you
haven't stopped coming to Kyrenia once in a while.

Anne sends her warmest regards and so do I.

All the best there is,

Fred

ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΔΗΜΟΚΡΑΤΙΑ
ΥΠΟΥΡΓΕΙΟ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΣΜΟΥ
ΚΑΙ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΛΟΓΙΑΣ
ΕΠΙΧΕΙΡΗΣΙΑΚΟ ΠΡΟΓΡΑΜΜΑ
"ΠΡΟΤΕΚΝΙΑ"



Κα

ΕΡΓΗ Ρεκορίδου

65. Νέζος Αε. 28

Λευκωία

Αρχαία Περσία
'05. Αρχαίου Συγγαίου '7ε. 15
Κυρήναια - Κύπρος

INSTMA

POST EARLY

COPIA

15, Archangel Michael Street,
KYRENIA, Cyprus.

Saturday.

Dear Elli and Panikos,

Thank you for your letter and for liking my little book. There's more to come, the question is when.

I'm glad you had such a good time gallivanting all over Europe. Must have been a bit strenuous with the children, though they seem to be quite easy-going.

Our own holiday was quite successful, too, though we didn't venture abroad. We spent most of the time in Dorset, Somerset and Cambridge. In London only as long as we could stand it, that is the first couple of weeks and the last week of our stay.

I had been hoping to see Henry Miller in Paris, but he never made it, suffering from arteriosclerosis. So I didn't go there myself, although I was supposed to appear on T.V. there and Michèle Arnaud wanted to do some filming with me as well.

It's far too hot for us to come to Nicosia these days, too hot even to go swimming at the nearby beach. But please do come and visit us here, it's easier for you as you have a car. Pick any day you like, we're usually indoors in the afternoons. And I want to hear more about your perfumery venture.

All the best there is and love from us both to all four of you,

Fred

Ἰαγείνη Παράθε
Ἰαχάγγεου μηχανή 15
Κυρήνη - Κίβρος

15, Archangel Michael Street
Kyrenia, Cyprus.

Friday.

Dear Elli,

The other day, I briefly acknowledged receipt of your poems in a short note in Greek. But now, having read them, I no longer dare mangle your beautiful language and must resort to English to tell you how much I loved them! I am very grateful to you for giving me them.

Although I can hardly speak Greek, no doubt due to lack of practice, I have no difficulty in reading it (even without a dictionary) and I'm very sensitive to the spirit underlying the language. So I can tell you in all sincerity that I like your poems very much, even the less successful ones, because they strike a chord in me and I can feel your source of inspiration. Naturally, I don't have the presumption to criticise your work, I can only say

that it coincides with what I expected from
your pen after such short acquaintance.

But if I may voice my predilection, I
will say I liked best of all the poems
in Χῶμα τῆς Κίεθου and particularly the
one entitled ~~Ὀδὸς εἰς τὴν Κίεθον~~

Ὀργὸς τῆς Ἀποδείης σὺν κενῷ Ἄδωρι

And I also liked the Ἀεροπέμνη
illustration.

Et voilà. I do hope to hear
from you from time to time or, better
still, to meet you again, to cement
an incipient friendship.

Trav

Χερσεύσιος σὺν οὐρανῷ σου.

Tr.

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

26th June, 1980.

Dear Panos and Elli,

Apologies for not having replied to your touching message sooner, but I've been flooded with letters of condolence from a host of people who are apparently taking me for Henry's next-of-kin. In a special way, perhaps I am. I'm certainly one of the last few Mohicans.

Naturally, his withdrawal from the "theatre of operations" (to use an American military expression) has shaken me considerably but I keep telling myself that he has merely died, which doesn't mean he is dead, he certainly isn't dead for me, never will be.

As for your request for one of Miller's books, I've just ordered a friendly London bookseller to post to you Henry's last published book, a rather short one and by no means his best, but you may like it because it is about me and also ~~anarchism~~ bears my holograph signature on the inside page. I hope it reaches you in good condition.

no, I don't think I'll go back to Cyprus again. I love your island too much to content myself with seeing only half of it. For if I arrived via Larnaca, the Turks wouldn't let me cross the Green Line into their territory, and if I landed in Kyrenia via Turkey, the Greeks wouldn't let me into their part of Cyprus. It's all politics, stupid politics, and I hate all politics. I'm probably nothing but a sentimental anarchist.

But I retain a loving memory of both of you. The same goes for Anne.

Με αγάπη και αόρατα φιλιά

Fred

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alfred perles,

6, spring rise, wells, somerset ba5 lue

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AIR LETTER
PAR AVION AEROGRAMME



Be properly
addressed
POSTCODE IT

Panos and Elli Peonides,

P.O.B. 544,

LIMASSOL,

Cyprus,

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

6.12.86.

Dear Panos and Elli,

Thank you for your nice Xmas card. I like the picture very much; Vassa is certainly a beautiful village; but if it's near Paphos, I must have had a glimpse of it. Blame Aphrodite for my neglecting Vassa, for all we wanted to see in Paphos was the spot where the beauty queen rose out of the sea. She's the same the Romans rebaptised Venus, but I prefer Aphrodite to Venus.

You're quite right, I'm no great believer in Xmas, but I'm quite sure that Jesus Christ has nothing to do with it, even if he was born on December 25, which is possible, though they didn't issue birth certificates at the time. In any case, I doubt he would have taken leave of absence from his duties in the Holy Trinity to become the patron saint of the merchants. Because that's what the merchants exploit him for; perhaps even the Chamber of Commerce. It's absolutely disgusting how the traders use his name to promote the sale of their goods. All the shops are illuminated, their show windows full of Xmas presents. All the prices are doubled: baby rattles and sable furs, elegant scarves and high-class perfumes cost twice as much as usual; of course, the prices will go down as soon as the Xmas sales are on and Jesus has returned to his job in the holy trinity.

I've always been in the ridiculous position of an atheist in search for a god; never could find one suitable for me and in the end had to make do with Bernard Shaw's Life Force. And, of course, you don't pray to a force; would be as absurd as praying to magnetism or electricity.

Enough of blasphemy. How are you both? And Melissa (or is it Belinda?) and the boy whose name I can't remember. Has one of the two made grandparents of you already? Time flies and they're both old enough to do such a thing to you.

And is there a chance of Cyprus ever becoming re-unified? I doubt it. But then the ~~whole~~ world is in political turmoil, with the warmongers on both sides of the Atlantic. Looks as though Mr. Reagan's "star war" won't be ready in time; more likely the nuclear bomb will have turned the whole world into another Atlantis. But none of that makes me forget you, the good times we had with you, and we often think of you with love and affection.

Love to all four of you from us both,

Iris & Anne

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

7th July, 1982.

Dear Elli,

Thank you very much for your friendly letter and snapshot of your whole family. It makes a happy picture, you all seem well-fed, well cared for and in the pink of condition. Melina has turned into a beautiful lady, you yourself have always been one, the cry-baby Nicos has developed into a vigorous young man, but does he have to become a stratiotis? I didn't know there was compulsory conscription in Cyprus.

The street behind Kyrenia harbour was called Archangel Michael Street; Anne and I lived at No.15. Of course, the Turks have certainly rebaptised it.

There doesn't seem to be any hope of them ever departing. Now the tragedy of the rape of Cyprus is overshadowed by other more tragic events in other points of the globe, especially in the Middle East. I don't know who is more to blame for it, the Israelis or the P.L.O. What's certain is that the bloodshed won't solve the problem. Nor will our stupid war over the Falkland islands. It takes an inner Cabinet of more than average idiots, on both sides of the South Atlantic, to embark on a war over a stretch of practically uninhabitable real estate. I wish we had Panikos at the helm in this country instead of Mrs. Thatcher. The people here apparently don't care, all they're interested in is football, cricket and tennis.

But enough of politics. It makes us feel good that you still think of us as friends. We've very few Greek friends left in Cyprus. Apart from you, there's only Marlene, Maro Stavrinou, whose husband died several years ago, and Yanni, the ex-custodian of Kyrenia Castle. All of them now in the Greek part of Cyprus. Dr. Fraser is also there, in Nicosia. I'm afraid we'll never see Cyprus again: if we went to Kyrenia, the part we like best, the Greeks wouldn't let us cross the Green Line and if we landed at Larnaca the Turks would never let us into their stolen zone. Besides we're getting a bit too old for strenuous travelling.

*Με εὐχαρίστηση ἀπὸ ὅλους τοὺς ἀδελφούς,
ἀπὸ τῆς Ἄννης. Ἐμεῖς χαρῆς! ΜΑ*

alfred perlès, 6, spring rise, wells, somerset ba5 lue
england.





Mrs. Elli Paionidou,
P.O.B. 544,
LIMASSOL,

Cyprus.

Tel.0749-78659

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

12th April, 1979.

Dear Panos, dear Elli,

Can't think of any valid excuse for not writing to you sooner, especially since I had a Xmas card from you a few months ago. But if you believe in Christmas (which I no longer do except, in the West at least, as an incentive to a vast commercial confidence trick), you probably also believe in Easter, and this should reach you in time to wish you a Happy Easter.

My formerly urge to write has slowed down considerably, which I take for the natural result of having reached the Biblical plus age of nearly 82. I've come to the conclusion that books and literature in general, no matter how well intentioned, cannot improve world conditions, since the vast majority of the inhabitants of our earth are still unthinking sheep, in certain regions mere termites, who simply follow their leaders. How I hate the word "Leader" in every language.. Führer, Duce, Caudillo, Eyétes, etc. It's those who form the tiny minority of mankind, together with powerstruck politicians, ambitious warmongers, profiteers, as well as authors and scientists. Not all of them are obnoxious, some no doubt have the welfare of humanity at heart, but they're too few in numbers to save the world from racing to its doom. I shouldn't be surprised if some paranoiac leader of the so-called super powers one of these days gave the order to press the button that would blow the whole world to smithereens. I don't trust any of them, in Russia, China or the U.S.A.

But while I don't write much, my memory is unimpaired and I often think of you and of unfortunate Cyprus which I've come to love during my lengthy sojourn there. Don't expect Justice--Justice just isn't on. From geo-political viewpoint, Cyprus is just a minor trouble spot, hardly discussed in the papers. There are more dangerous trouble spots in the world--in Africa, Asia and the Middle East. But this doesn't prevent me from having great compassion and sympathy for your plight. Try and make the best of the prevailing situation and let the morrow take care of itself.

I hope this letter will reach you, though I'm probably sending it to an old address. Do you ever see Marlene? She's one of my best Cyprian friends and was my sole contact with Cyprus. But she's left England and I hear from her only very occasionally.

Any how, all the best there is, Anne, too, sends her fondest regards. *Με αγάπη*

Γεια Χρυσί!

Fred

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alfred perlès,

6, spring rise, wells, somerset ba5 1ue

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REMEMBER
to use the
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102

Mr. & Mrs. Paionides,

Zakinthou,

P.O. Box 544,

LIMASSOL

CYPRUS.

6, Spring Rise,
WELLS, Somerset BA5 1UE

10th December, 1979

Dear Elli and Panos,

Many thanks for your friendly greetings. We, too, remember you with love and affection for, apart from Marlene, you are the only friends we've left behind in Cyprus with whom we care to remain in touch. That's not quite true; there's also Dr. Fraser, formerly of ~~Bixax~~ Bellapais and now living in Nicosia, with whom we're keeping up a correspondence. He has become a quite popular personage there, though he doesn't speak a word of Greek, and a few months ago was given a reception in recognition of his aid to the people of Bellapais in the initial stages of the Turkish invasion. George Isimon, "mayor" of ~~Nix~~ Kyrenia, delivered an eulogious address in his honour, in which he quoted part of an article of mine I wrote several years ago. But you probably know all about that.

I now remember that I did write to you earlier this year but you may not have received my letter as I addressed it to your former address at Zakinthou. We, too, have changed our address but by some postal miracle your letter reached us here nevertheless. I've also a vivid recollection of your children Nicos and Melina, small children at the time I knew them and now almost grown up. Melina was a beautiful girl (she's probably still more beautiful today) and I remember calling her Melissa, in confusion with Marlene's daughter, but etymologically the name has the same meaning.

The Cyprus problem is still unresolved and I'm afraid it will remain so for a long time. Might is Right and there's no justice. The big powers don't give a damn about Cyprus, they're only concerned with expediency and Turkey is more important to NATO than a just solution of the Cyprus question. I hate NATO as much as the Warsaw pact warmongers and I can see the whole world stupidly racing towards global suicide. It's all right for octogenarians like myself, but what about the Nikos and Melinas of this world?

Anne sends her fondest greeting, I ditto.

Με αγάπη και γιγιά

Τεράχια

Fred



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(please show post code)

alfred perlès,

6, spring rise,

wells, somerset ba5 lue

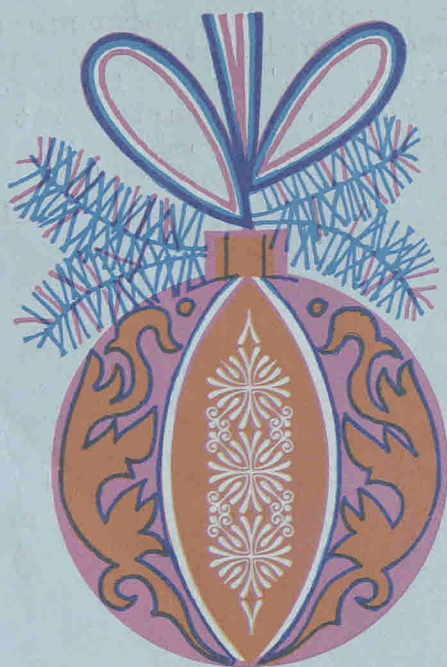
england

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By Air Mail Air Letter
Par Avion Aerogramme



Elli & Panos Peonides,

P.O. Box 544

14 M. Parides Street,
LIMASSOL,

Cyprus.

ὁδ. Ἀρχιεπίσκοπο Μεγαλή Ἀρ. 15
Κυρήνεια - Κύαρος.

25. 11. 1972

Ἀγαθηλή Ἑλλη.

Σεα εὐχαριστώ σογύ γιά το γράμμα

σας.

Κι' ἐγὼ θα ἤθελα σογύ να σας ξαναδῶ,
σοεῖς και το οὐζογο σας, ἀλλέ ὑπάρχει κιά
δυσνοχία. Το γεγονός εἶναι ὅτι δέν ἔχουμε
λύσιμίνητο. Συνήθως πάμε στη Λευκωσία δύο
τρεις φορές το μήνα γιά να πάρομε φόνια
στο σουαερμάριελ, Χαραγαμβίδης, και συνήθως
βρίσουμε κάποις φίγος να μας οδηγήση, μα
δέν μπορούμε να τον ρωτίσουμε ἀλλῶ σέμα.
Τότε θα ἦταν ἡ δύσνοχο να ἔλθουμε σε σας,
κατάλαβεις;

Θά ἦταν ἀ μάγιτερα γιά σας να μας
εωσιονέψετε κιά μέρα στη Κυρήνεια, ἕως
κιά κυριακή ὅταν ἔχετε ὄρεζε να πάνετε
ἐνδρομή ~~σε~~ στην ἐξοχή; ὁ καιρός εἶναι ἀνόμα
ἀρεμετά εὐχάριστος, και ἡ σερλοχή ἐδῶ εἶναι
η ωῖο ὠρεία τις Κύαρου.

Νοισόν, γιατί δέν σνεεῦεστε κιά ἐνδρομή
κιά την εὐκαιρία να ξανασυναρτουόουμε; Ἄν

/.

Μπορείτε να μας αναφέρετε ποιά κέρη
θα έρθετε, θα ησασταν σίγουροι ότι θα είχατε
σπίτι.

Εν πάση περιπτώσει, είμαι ένθερμος
να σας δω πάγια.

Με αγάπη και χαιρετισμούς
στο Παιος.

Διώς σας

Φρέικ

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

10th December, 1981.

Dear Panos and Elli,

Another Xmas in the offing and I wish it were all over. You should see the full-page adverts in our colour magazines and the commercials on the T.V. all categorically to buy. Buy, buy, buy! And buy now, ordering us at once, don't procrastinate, there are only 15 more days to Xmas. Our Xmas prices are slashed, halved, quartered, drawn and quartered. Do you think it surprising that I find it pretty disgusting that a genuine religious holiday can thus be turned into a commercial free-for-all? What the merchants mean is that who has no money has no Xmas. So I won't wish you a Merry Christmas but will presently wish you a Happy New Year, which has no religious connotations.

We often think of you and the deplorable situation of Cyprus. Your daughter (Melissa?) whom I knew as a child must by now have turned into a young lady. But the Turks are not likely to give up their stolen part of Cyprus. Their NATO allies won't put any pressure on them. Turkey is much more important to them than Greece. Things in Greece seem to be in a muddle, too. Naturally, I prefer Papandreou to his predecessor, but it amuses me that Greece which for such a long time made strenuous efforts to get into the Common Market now want to get out of it.

As for events in this country, you're probably better informed than I, for I never read the papers. And politics are anathema to me. I'M against all politics and politicians, right, left and centre. I even resent the Greeks, whom I love, for having invented the words, politics and demokratia. Neither communism nor fascism nor democracy are good enough for me. That's because I am a utopian anarchist who would be happy to live without government, without police and army, without prisons and lunatic asylums. I realize, to do of course, that I am in a minority, so the best I can do is, nothing.

Let me hear from you from time to time, I'll
always

always be happy to get news from the few friends I've left in Cyprus. Apart from you, there's only Marlene with whom I keep up a correspondence. And Dr. Fraser, who now lives in Nicosia. Some of our other friends, like the Jowetts, have remained in occupied Bellapais. They apparently have no grudge against the Turks. The one good thing about the British and other foreign passport holders is that they can get over the Green Line into Nicosia, which they occasionally do, mainly to do their shopping.

With much love to both of you and sincere wishes for a better than ever New Year,

Yours ever,

Fred

T. Anne

Air Mail



Panos and Elli Paionidou,
P.O. Box 544,
LIMASSOL,

CYPRUS.

alfred perles, 6, spring rise, wells, somerset, ba5 iue, england

6, Spring Rise,
Wells, Somerset BA5 1UE

4th December, 1982.

Dear Elli & Panos,

Many thanks for your beautiful Xmas card, which reaffirms our friendship of already long standing.

Writing Xmas cards is my wife's Anne's department, I don't know if you are on her list.

I myself never send out Xmas cards, and I will tell you why.

Christmas, the holiest day in our calendar, is being shamelessly exploited by the shopkeepers in this land. And not only the Xmas day, but the whole Xmas month. You can't imagine the commercials we get on our T.V.screens, all advertising Xmas presents at bargain prices. Who has no money has no Xmas is their battle cry. And sweet Jesus, who took all the sins of the world upon Himself, is demoted to a sort of public relations man for trade and Industry.

We often think of you, with love and affection, and also of your crippled island we loved so much. Apart from yourselves, our only other Greek friend is Marlene. We often write to each other.

So with all our best wishes for a Merry Christmas (in its true sense) and a Happy New Year,

Σας ἀναγιγνώσκω, ἀγαπᾶμαι!

Yours ever,

John

Air Mail



Panos & Elli Paionides,
P.O.Box 544,
LIMASSOL,

Cyprus

alfred perlès, 6, spring rise, wells, somerset ba5 lue, england.

~~1967~~