

# Panorama 12



Lake Nokomis: remnants of the tornadoes

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Feedback is comes from Ruth Berman, 8680 Hennepin Ave. Boulevard East  
Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55417, in the 11th PAPA mailing,  
August, 1968.

THE FIFTH A MENDMENT  
mailing comments

Horizons 102--Harry Warner

I doubt that self-consciousness about deafness is trumped up by advertisers; the ads respond to a self-consciousness which has been around for centuries. One of the stock comic figures is an old man wandering around with an ear trumpet saying "Eh? What say?" at inappropriate moments. I suppose people laugh at deafness and not at blindness because deafness does not interfere so obviously with survival--no one laughs at a dying man, unless he is so detached (by hatred or distance, for example: like the school-children who laughed at the news of Kennedy's death) that the other's death does not remind him of his own. Blindness used to be thought funny, and glasses are sometimes mocked, especially among children. Since most people (even most children) have learned to feel sympathy instead of mocking detachment for poor vision, they may learn it for poor hearing soon, and then hearing aids would be as un-noticed as glasses are now.

It may not be any comfort to you, but I frequently have trouble remembering words. For example, in the paragraph above, I could not remember the word "detached." After coming up with "distracted" several times I gave up and went to the Thesaurus, looked up "remote," which sent me to "irrelation," and there found my word.

Damballa 7--Chuck Hanson

It's odd that Shakespeare's history plays seem to have become so popular nowadays (yes, I love them, too). Used to be they were rarely performed, except for Richard III, which has a grand Star part. A friend of mine, Eleanor Arnason, thinks the Olivier film of Henry V started the revival (and she points out that the Guthrie Theatre's three Shakespeare productions have been the three plays Olivier made into films: Hamlet, Henry, and Richard). Even old Henry VI, Parts One, Two, and Three, has been successful at the Royal Shakespeare Company, cut down to one play called, I think, The War of the Roses; and the BBC's Age of Kings presents the full series of eight plays, Richard II through the Henries to Richard III. I wonder why they are popular now.

Project Report 1--Lee Hoffman

I hope you do continue your speculations on Gilgamesh.

Kim Ché: 5--Pat and Dick Ellington

Re: "The Magic Tree on Mulberry Street": and to think that Marie saw it on Mulberry Street! You have read her the Dr. Seuss book, haven't you?

Synapse--Jack Speer

The ' in 'Pantopon was a poorly-drawn P, poorly erased. No, there was no reference to atomic doom in "Winter." It was about a mood of futility which winter weather often produces, and the idea of dropping dud bombs seemed to fit in--not that the idea of dropping live bombs would fill me with enthusiasm, come to think of it. The Baum Bugle is the only Baum fanzine, so far as I know, except for a "newspaper" put out by the Reilly & Lee Company now and then to advertise new Oz books, the Ozmapolitan. Baum used to write it.

Ah, you quoted Dorothy Parker's "Fighting Words." That's been one of my favorites since I first read it (in a letter from Ted Johnstone). This is an excuse to quote it fully:

Say my love is easy had,  
Say I'm bitten raw with pride,  
Say I am too often sad--  
Still behold me at your side.

Say I'm neither brave nor young,  
Say I woo and coddle care,  
Say the devil touched my tongue--  
Still you have my heart to wear.

But say my verses do not scan,  
And I get me another man!

100% Whole Wheat--Miriam Knight and Bob Lichtman

Bruce Peiz, how did you ever manage to transliterate that title? People who make double-yous out of double vav are sneaky, especially people who don't put vowels beneath the line so I can't tell whether it's a louble vav, a vav-o, or an o-vav. By the way, did you sneaky people have a lettering-guide for those Hebrew letters? and, if you did, where are they sold? Since the vav in hay-aleph-vav-lamed is not really a vav but an e, you don't need the aleph. [a comment from Nitpicker Ltd]

Salud 21---Elinor Busby

Aside from the possibility of Shaw's being worried about illegitimacy in real life, I've always felt sure that, in at least one case, Shaw was making fun of his favorite dramatist, Ibsen: the ridiculous young man in love with his illegitimate half-sister in Mrs. Warren's Profession parallels the tragic young man in love with his illegitimate half-sister in Ghosts exactly--except that Ibsen's young man is profoundly shocked when he finds out, where the reaction of Shaw's is on the lines of "Oh well, so long as it's all in the family...."

Pantopon 11---me

Thanks to Bjo for the unicorn and to the society to prevent too many blank apazine pages (otherwise known as the Pelzes) for putting it here.

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July 4, 1965

(July 5, actually: the city held the Fourth on the fifth this year)

Tonight my father and I went to see the fireworks. In past years there have been many more of us, but as the two oldest are married, my mother and my younger sister are in Winnepeg helping my older brother drive home from California (why Winnepeg? Well, why not?), and my younger brother didn't want to go. So there were only the two of us to watch the chrysanthemums, cones, and lightning bolts spreading over the sky in red and gold, blue and green and silver. All the while Sam's verse for Gandalf ran through my head:

The finest rockets ever seen:  
they burst in stars of blue and green,  
or after thunder golden showers  
came falling like a rain of flowers.

What is more, for the first time I could see the lake. We always go to watch the fireworks at Powderhorn Park (not so much because it is so appropriately named as because it is nearest). There is a small lake there and a miniature headland jutting into it; the fireworks are set off there, and the crowds gather all around the lake. I had often wondered why none of the fireworks were as fancy as those in books. I did not demand specifically a spark growing "into the likeness of a golden vase, then green leaves came out, and then a crimson flower glowing on the darkness with a splendid lustre" (Eight Cousins by Louisa May Alcott), let alone any which "goes up "like great lilies and snapragons and laburnums of fire and hang in the twilight all evening!" (The Hobbit by J. R. R. Tolkien). I

certainly did not expect Mary Poppins to come out of a rocket, as she did one Guy Faulkes Day for Jane and Michael Banks (Mary Poppins Opens the Door by P. L. Traversa), or a Chinese Mandarin who could grant wishes. (The Magic Firecrackers by Carley Dawson). Still, it seemed to me that there should have been something more.

And there was. But before there were too many of us to press down close to the lake, and, in any case, when I was a child I was probably too short to see much even if I had gone as close as possible. This year my father and I went medium-close, and I saw for the first time the wide, white waterfalls lighting up the faces on the opposite shore, the whirling wheels, and the finale of the American flag: set up on the headland itself, not shot in the air, and so not visible near the edges of the park.

So we sat and watched, and were shaken by the thunder-claps of each explosion and shaken again when they bounced off the houses behind and came back through us, and when the final fire-shower had gone out in the air above and the flag had faded on the headland below to celebrate the nation's birthday, we walked back to the car, watching a softer set of fireworks: the stars, and a half-moon golden in the haze.

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FANS IN PRINT DEPT.

West by One and by One, an anthology of Irregular Writings by the Scowrers and Molly Maguires of San Francisco and the Trained Cormorants of Los Angeles County, edited by Poul Anderson, is available now from Dean Dickensheet, 1433 8th Avenue South, San Francisco, at \$5 a copy. Anthony Boucher, Poul Anderson, Fritz Leiber, and the late Robert Patrick are noteworthy in the list of authors; there are articles by FAPA members Ruth Berman and Karen Anderson.

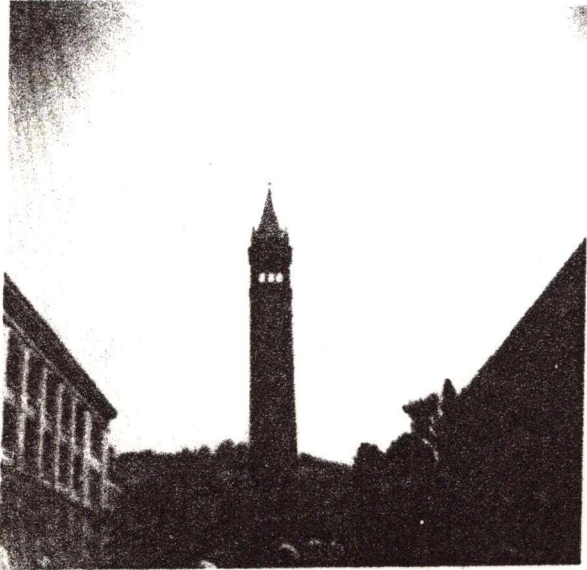
A few days ago I happened to pick up a 50¢ booklet, McCallum Vaughn. The Stars from U.N.C.L.E., put out by Ideal Magazine (295 Madison Avenue New York 10017). Any Uncle fan would find it interesting, but I suddenly gawped at finding extra interest on p. 12. A shot captioned "Bob is surrounded by well-wishers after he opened last April as Hamlet..." includes a nice view among the well-wishers of FAPA member Ted Johnstone and wait-lister Owen Hannifen. Their THURSH badges, unfortunately, are not visible.



Ted Johnstone



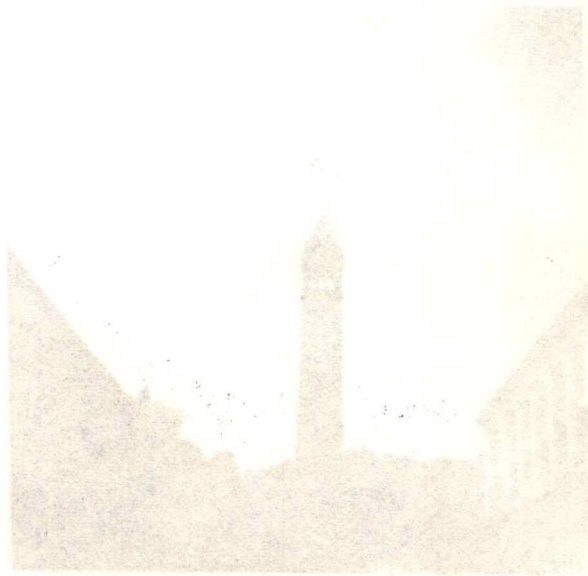
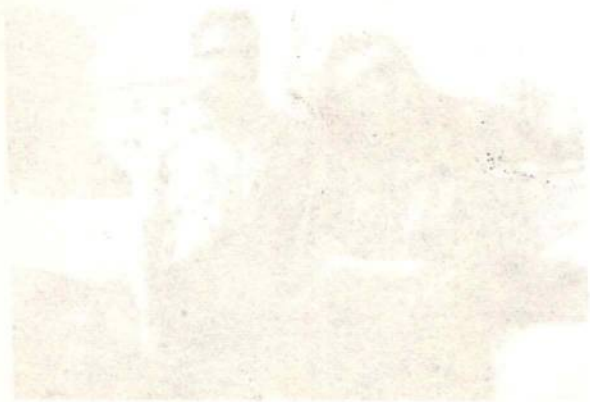
Dian & Bruce Pelz



U.C. Berkeley  
the Campanile



Disneyland  
Peter Pan &  
Captain Hook



Disneyland  
later part of  
Cousin Hank

The Company  
the Company