

PANTOPON 14



DLP

The Master of the Avicorn

Pantopon 14 comes from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55417, in the 114th FAPA mailing, February, 1966. Cover by Diana Faxson.

INDICES AND SURDS
mailing comments

Target: Fapa--Dick Eney

Enjoyed your account of your flight and John Boardman's Gordian history.

Ayorama--Bill Morse

So you like the Lord Peter Wimsey stories. Me too. Dorothy Sayers' versatility amazes me. Aside from her detective stories, she did excellent translations of The Divine Comedy and The Song of Roland (so far as I can tell without knowing the originals), a book of essays called Unpopular Opinions, and how much more that I don't know?

The Vinegar Worm--Bob Leman

Enjoyed your Miss Muffet and synopsis-of-books parodies. I was surprised that you didn't like The Hobbit, but recently I ran across another person whose judgment I respect who felt the same way. Like you, she complains that Tolkien talks down too much. I didn't find the apostrophes annoying, or feel that he was talking down, however. Certainly apostrophes can be enjoyable; I don't know of anyone who objects to the apostrophes in the Alice books, such as "Fancy curtsying while you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?" That ought to be cutely repellent, considered out of context, but it works in Alice and so, at least for me, do those in The Hobbit. I don't know any small children who know The Hobbit. I first read it when I was in my teens, so perhaps your children would still ~~xxxxxx~~ be able to like it.

Damballa 8--Chuck Hansen

And another Sayers fan. I think Gaudy Night is one of my favorites, too.

Celephais--Bill Evans

I see by your interlineations that you have also been enjoying the teapot tempest over proof that Leif Ericson made it over here after all. The coverage in Minnesota, of course, has had a much cheerier tone than, say, in New York.

Asp 7---Bill Donaho

I suspect that there should be no "maybe" in your "Maybe it's nostalgia, but I think that in general radio programs in days of yore were better than television programs are today." I re-print from my Apa-L zine a letter by my grandmother, Sarah Berman, on the golden age of radio--written during that golden age.

October 9, 1944

Tho I like this new work [wiring radios] which is more interesting than any other work I've done so far [she worked on various defense projects throughout the war], there is one great drawback to it, and that is that I am forced to listen to the dratted thing all day long--every day! I never used to listen to the radio during the day, and didn't know what piffle they feed the listening public. The ads are couched in terms to fit a nine year old mentality, and I am so fed up with them that I would rather starve than eat a morsel of "TastyBread," or drink a drop of the "Pause that refreshes" etc. As for the so-called entertaining programs I am so weary of them that the mere mention of the "Heart" sends up my blood pressure. All day long someone is bel-lowing or moaning about his heart. Why do't they ever sing or talk about some other part of their anatomy? It would be a refreshing change to hear about the condition of their liver or kidneys, or even kishkes [guts], and any information about their gall bladder would be of paramount interest, but no! It is always the heart, and that in connection with someone of the opposite sex. And then their harping on the one bodily function of sighing. A person can always control a sigh. After all, it is mostly an expression of self pity and in the interest of a healthy generation sighs should be outlawed. Now if they would sing about such uncontrollable functions as belching or hiccouging or even sneezing and make these manifestations more respectable they would be benefactors of the race, for they would ameliorate many an embarrassing moment for many a hapless offender against the mores of good taste.

The Beginning of a Long Something or Other or Something 1--rich brown

Thanks for the account of Apa-F. And here in your Poor Richard's Almanac 20 Steve Stiles says, "I remember Terry Carr once complained about his humor being taken seriously. He was quite bitter about it too, unless he was just kidding." Then, just a little way down the mailing comes proof that Terry was not kidding, in

Synapse---Jack Speer

"Terry, i'm surprised at your comment: 'Who the hell says a

paranoid isn't able to function? Stop making cracks like that, or next time I'll cut your letter.' It doesn't sound like you're joking, but Ryan's remark, even if ill thought out, hardly seems to justify such a reaction." Of course he was joking--or were you joking in seeming to misunderstand the joke?

Persian Slipper 4--Ted Johnstone

I thought your "Spotlight" show very funny. I wish I could have seen it. You and your ad-libbing cast obviously did a good job. Why not cast Blake Maxam as the Tramp anyway and count on his acting to give the impression of being about six inches shorter than he really is? Does Paul Stanbery happen to be short enough?

Kim Chi 7--Dick Ellington

You categorize people according to how they like The Man From U.N.C.L.E., you say--but what are the categories? and which answer goes into which category?

SPRING

I saw a cardinal in the swamp today,
And suddenly remembered
the island,
the forest,
and the hill,
Those trackless wilds where I used to roam.
Although ten trees no longer make a mighty wood,
I climbed a birch tree---
just to show I could.

AUTUMN

Now the land salutes life, laughing at death, denying winter.
Air dances across the hills to meet
Colored leaves climbing the bluffs by the river:
Leaves like fireworks, like flags,
Lit by the morning sun,
Bright against the sky.
The river races away from the ice,
Shouting over the falls,
"Ave, Hiems! Te morituri salutamus."