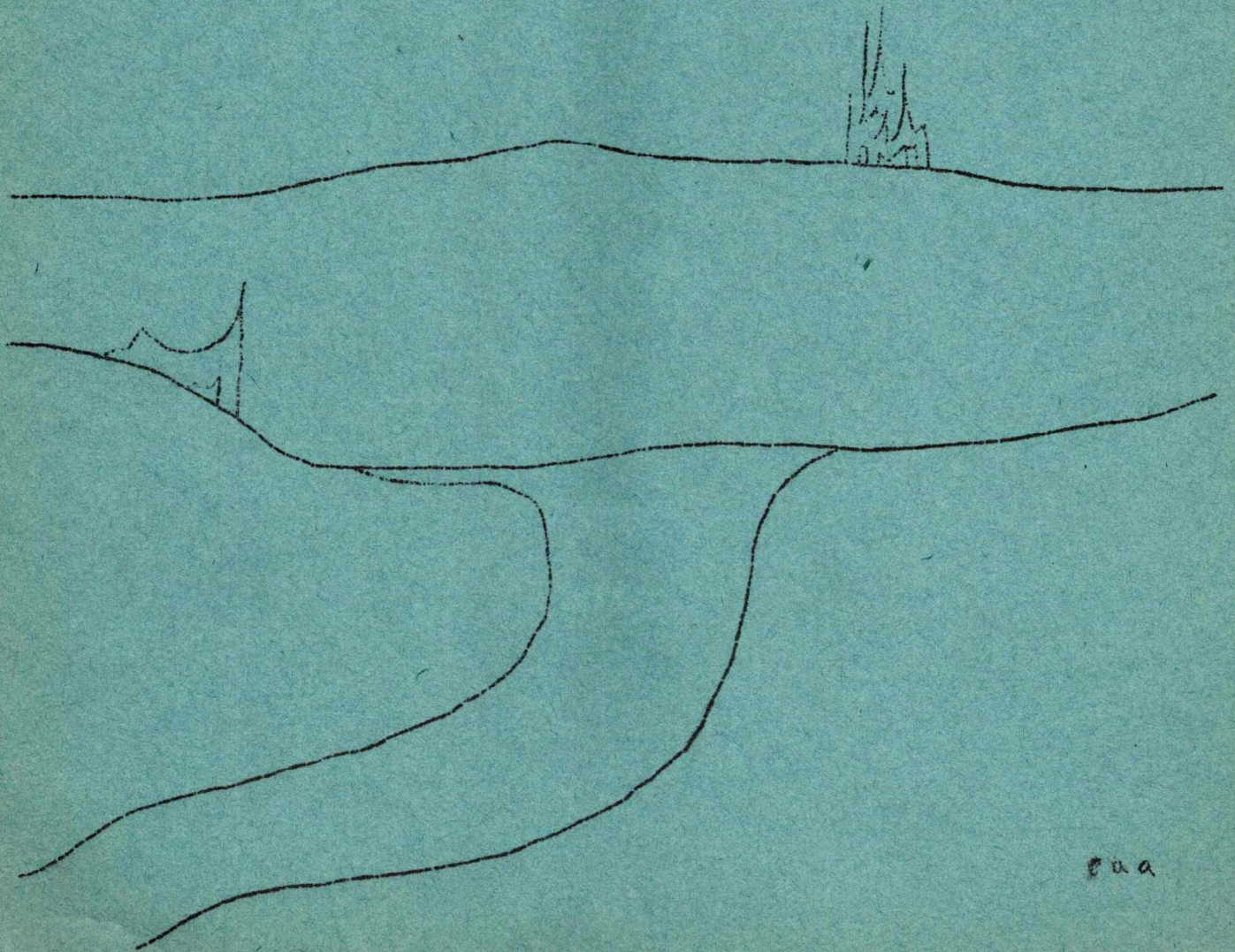
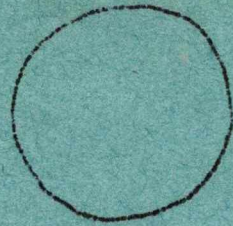


PANTOPON II



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Pantopon 11 comes from Ruth Berman, International House 437, Piedmont and Bancroft, Berkeley, California, 94721, in the 111th FAPA mailing, May, 1965. The un-numbered issue of Pantopon last mailing was #10, and #9 may or may not appear in this mailing, depending on whether or not Don Fitch still has it and, having it, remembers to give it up. Come now, you Dilatory Don, you've had Pantopon 9 for a year now, and who knows if you wait another year but the ditto-print will have faded out of recognition? Cover: Eleanor Arnason. p.9 Diana Paxson

MAILING COMMENTS

Damballa 6—Chuck Hansen

Hooray for Walker's Sherlockian cartoons (also his Sir Lacksalot). Good luck to you in prying more drawings away from him. Your portraits of Roy Hunt and Bob Peterson almost make me feel as if I knew them.

The Bull Moose Vol. 3 No. 3--Bill & Maria Morse

Have you seen Richard Burton in the title-role of Becket? He's rather stiff (but so's the part—there are few artists, if any, who deal as effectively with saints as they do with imperfect men or thorough rogues), but still I think Burton the actor, not just Burton the star, is there. The movie in general is very good, especially Peter O'Toole's portrayal of King Henry, the other leading role, and Sir John Gielgud's bit part as King Louis.

Fantasy Rotator 157, Avanc 8—Dick Eney

What a pleasure to see another Cultzine! The strange thing is that I mean it. I have much fondness for that small group of ingroup fiction-writers and elegant back-stabbers. Thank you for the Honorary Membership. I enjoyed "Bridge Bucket," the second episode in Scithers' description of the Cult on the Owlswick & Line; also enjoyed Boardman's "The Other Club," although not so much, since it doesn't tell a story. Incidentally, if, as I suppose, the "shrewd and sympathetic nun" is a friend of Lieutenant Terence Marshall, shouldn't she be in the Heroes' Club, not the Heroes' Assistants'?

Horizons 101—Harry Warner

There is one case where "finish" is not quite as good a word as "finalize"—as a shorter way of saying "to put into final shape," e.g., "We must finalize next month's program," as the University of Minnesota Radio Guild says each month.

"That Bleak November" hits home to me. I think you were right in deciding not to give up work—I know in my own case I ought not to give up, and your account of how you muddled through to a decision encourages me in keeping mine.

Terry Carr for Taff and Jock Root for Taff

Both these Emsh-F&SF-cover parodies are good; so were all three candidates. Condolences to Jock Root and Bill Donaho, and congratulations to

TERRY CARR for TAFF

Kim Chi 4—Dick and Pat Ellington

I've seen three productions where the chorus was out in front of the orchestra—of necessity, since the Guthrie Theatre was built for plays, not for operas. Nevertheless, the theater (or theatre) stands empty just under half the year, and one of the most delightful of the groups which put on shows there during the fall and winter is the Minneapolis Civic Center Opera Company. It's almost entirely local talent, and their productions are excellent, even without considering that it's local talent. Their latest production, The Wise Woman and the King (by Karl Orff, I think), was reviewed (favorably, although condescendingly) by Time Magazine. The orchestra is hidden backstage. I understand that the conductor, Thomas Nee, watches the actors on closed circuit television. But in The Masque of Angels, a show written for them, the musicians were onstage, behind the actors, and part of the show. "I don't like modern music," sings the head angel, "I don't understand what they're playing. By the way, what are they playing?" Nee turns around, looks at the head angel, looks at his musicians, shrugs, and goes on conducting.

Selfpreservation 7—Lee Hoffman

Thanks, I'll look around for some Sculptstone. I've been wanting to try to make a sealstone for myself, if I ever have time.

Null-F 38—Ted White

Louisa Mae Alcott's father, Bronson Alcott, took part in an idealistic community like those you describe, Brook Farm. She described its failure in an excellent novelet called, I think, "Transcendentalism." It's as autobiographical as Little Women, but not as sentimental.

Synapse--Jack Speer

An even sharper parody of Euphuism than Osrick's (unconscious) idiocy is to be found in Falstaff's idea of King Henry's speech: "Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears."

I think the universities in Scotland give the M. A. without first giving the B. A.

SaFari--Earl Kemp

Thank you very much for the Hannes Bok portfolio. He was an excellent artist.

Enjoyed "Sidney Coleman's Classic Complaint." I'm sorry you are leaving FAPA.

Ankus 14--Bruce Pelz

Congratulations on your luck in getting WAW's trip report. I get a special pleasure out of this installment from his description of the Twin Cities. I wonder if the Willises noticed (and, if they did, if they were able to spend any time there browsing) Shinder's Paperback bookstore, nextdoor to the chairless diner he mentions.

Lighthouse 12--Terry Carr

"Just Good Clean Fellowship" by Gina Clarke: the joke really requires a deadpan style to be funny. This smirk and snigger style is only disgusting. Cf. Frederick Crews' The Pooh Perplex, which also satirizes the hunt-for-dirt critic, along with almost every other brand of critic. For that matter, it satirizes the editors who compile anthologies of these critics, as in the "Questions and Study Projects" which follow the Marxist critic's article: "1. In our Freshman English courses we try to show that everyone, within certain very broad limits, is entitled to his opinion on any subject. Do you feel that Tempralis was entitled to his 1939 opinions about Pooh? Why not? 2. Tempralis seems obsessed with 'fascism,' doesn't he? Look up this difficult word in your dictionary and explain its meaning to the class." Cf. also that helpful Woman's Column, "At Home with Carol Cantaloupe" for more Parodymaking Hints.

"Stuff" by Carol Carr: and I like La Dolce Pizza, too.

"The Perforated Finger" by Walt Willis: I agree with your daughter. It is disgusting that manufacturers should cash in on a "generous impulse." The generous impulse is no doubt laudable, but it does not speak well for the generously impulsive brain; wild birds have been getting along nicely without "scientifically balanced food" for several centuries.

"Comments on Comments on" by Terry Carr: I think you misunderstood the situation of forgery which Harry Warner described. I don't think he meant a forgery which is passed off as the forger's own work (to enrich the forger's reputation), but a forgery passed off as the original artist's work (to enrich the forger's bank account). Of course, the question you took up, "whether an artist must be 'original' to be good" is interesting, too. It's been pointed out ad infinitum by critics that Shakespeare stole all his plots. I've heard lectures on Dryden's "To the Memory of Mr. Oldham" from two teachers, and both pointed out that not only the elegy-form but almost every phrase in this particular elegy come from the Latin poets, yet both think "To Oldham" is a great poem. I'm not sure I think it's great, but that's presumably a variation of personal taste. The current critical fashion is to overlook the parts, no matter how lovely (or original) they are, to consider the overall shape and arrangement. "O Chestnut tree, great rooted blossomer, / Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?" (Yeats) implies the answer "all of them." This fashion favors artists who may happen to have borrowed the parts of their trees from other forests, although it is hard on the wonderfully sprawling books like Tom Jones or Boswell's Life of Johnson. T. S. Eliot, an amazingly original writer, stuffed most of his poems full of parodies, allusions, and flat-out borrowings.

A Quotation for Bruce Pelz

Of a truth, the foes of the book-lover are not a few. One of the most insidious, because he cometh at first in friendly, helpful guise, is the bookbinder. Not in that he bindeth books--for the fair binding is the final crown and flower of painful achievement--but because he bindeth not: because the weary weeks lapse by and turn to years, and still the binder bindeth not: and the heart grows sick with hope deferred. Each morn the maiden binds her hair, each spring the honeysuckle binds the cottage-porch, each autumn the harvester binds his sheaves, each winter the iron frost binds lake and stream, and still the bookbinder he bindeth not. Then a secret voice whispereth: "Arise, be a man, and slay him! Take him grossly, full of bread, with all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May; At gaming, swearing, or about some act That hath no relish of salvation in it!" But when the deed is

done, and the floor strewn with fragments of binder—still the books remain unbound. You have made all that horrid mess for nothing, and the weary path has to be trodden over again. As a general rule, the man in the habit of murdering bookbinders, though he performs a distinct service to society, only wastes his own time and takes no personal advantage.

⊖ "Non Libri Sed Liberi"

Pagan Papers, by Kenneth Grahame

Dear Assorted Relatives Dwelling in Foreign Lands:

LETTERS ^{or} FROM HOME
by Reuben Berman

January 7

David has taken up skiing using our equipment except he bought his own skis. Dr. Schultz gave us a four-man nylon tent, and there is a tale to that.

He asked David if he thought I would like a tent for a present. David said we never camp and it would be a wasted gift. Then David told me he could kick himself for saying that, because he, David, would like such a tent.

The next time Schultz came in the office, Florence, my jewel of a secretary who quit but was back for a few days' extra work, was there. I arranged for her to take him aside and explain that she overheard a conversation between David and Reuben, and that David misunderstood. Reuben would love a tent; he was pining away for a four-man nylon light-weight tent.

Dr. Schultz was very pleased with this information, and now we have such a tent, only David is going to have to write the thank-you note since he is going to use it. And maybe Sam. But not me. I like my camping with electric lights and running water.

February 8

This birthdate of mine was celebrated with a smallish dinner party here two days ago, preponed so that Ruthie could attend. She left yesterday for (ugh) Berkeley where the weather is always monotonously good and the clear bracing weather below zero from morning to night and the fun of melting frozen pipes isn't. The high point was a special delivery letter from Bill. For those of you who didn't know our father, Alexander Berman, I will explain that Bill's letter is not exactly Alexander's style of letter writing but very close to his way of talking. Were he alive

today and possessed of all his faculties some of which began to slip from him about our age, he would now be 96 years old, and he would say:

Veelinke, thanks for your letter and thanks for thinking of me. Don't swim out too far.

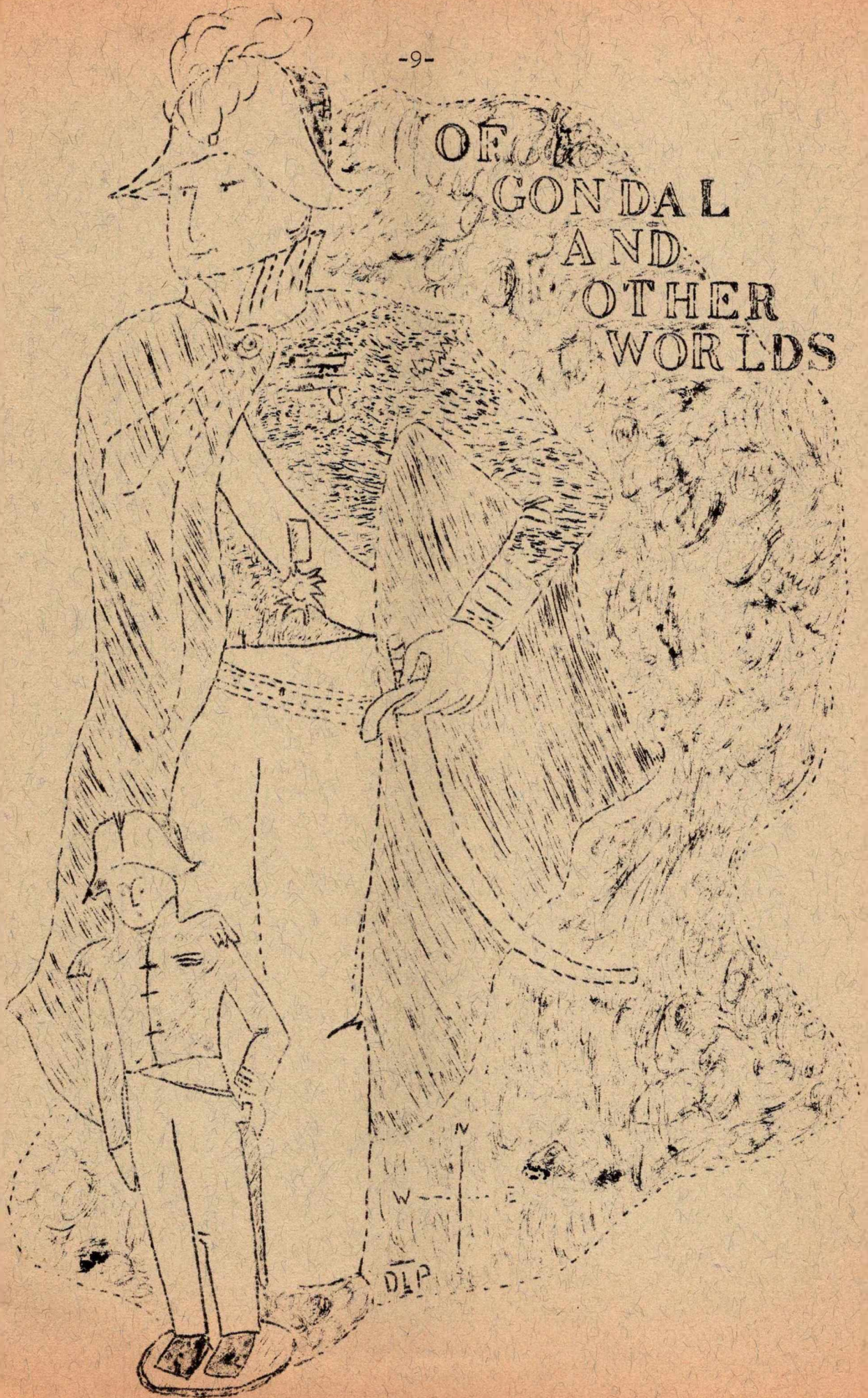
In his later years he was beset by fears. One was drowning. One was driving up a hill, the engine failing, there are no brakes (he grew up in the horse and buggy era and brakes weren't to be trusted), the car reeling back down the hill and everybody killed. The particular hill where this would happen was the Kenwood hill on the west side of Lowry hill. In our old Cadillac with Pop in the car we were not above the base trick of letting up on the gas going up Kenwood hill, losing speed, and getting a violent reaction from Alexander in the back seat. He never to my knowledge had a mean thought in his head, unless it was to beat one of his brothers or his brother-in-law, Jake Goldberg, or his father, Shmuel, at pinochle. Our family had special names for the cards, most of which I have forgotten. I am not sure I could tell a sheepeh from an eepesh today.

February 25

Tonight Isabel, Jeannie, Eleanor Arnason, and long-suffering I went to the U. theater. Strindberg. The Crown Bride. All about the ancient folklorische custom in Sweden of putting a crown on the bride if she be a virgin at the time. Our heroine wears the crown all right, but she has a baby hid in the woods. Only it isn't in the woods, it is drowned in the millrace lying conveniently under a trap door on the stage. Crown falls into millrace before wedding. Doing of evil spirits, of course. Search for crown produces the love child. All is lost. End of first act and end of Isabel's stomach for Strindberg, and home we go.

As for you, Sam, I was interested in your dissection of your airplane conversation with A. A. is a lovely girl, but she has never learned to define her field of authoritative knowledge. Were she in medicine she would undoubtedly have been a general practitioner. On second thought maybe a psychiatrist.

OF
GONDAL
AND
OTHER
WORLDS



I have been reading Gondal's Queen by Emily Bronte, arranged by Fannie Ratchford. Imaginary worlds have interested me for many years—I suppose, ever since my older sister read me The Wizard of Oz, before I could read. The sense of an elaborate, non-existent world seems to give a reader the same pleasure, no matter how different the worlds may be, ranging from Tollope's Barsetshire to Oz, or Gondal, or Tolkien's Middle Earth. I am tempted to add Lear's Nonsense World to the group of examples, a world consisting of a wide sea bordered by many lands; the home of the Jumblies, from which they sailed away in their sieve to the great Gromboolian Plain where the Dong with the Luminous Nose lives, and the "land where the bong tree grows," and "the Coast of Coromandel" (Coromandel is really part of India, but world-builders are notably unscrupulous in such matters).

The first mark of the world-builder is his love of maps. Tolkien's Middle Earth, C. S. Lewis's Narnia, L. Frank Baum's Oz—all show up in the fly-leaves of the books, mapped with intricate detail (not by the authors, but the illustrators follow closely their authors' descriptions). If stories about world-builders are to be trusted, the worlds come first, before the characters and the stories: Geoffrey's Geoffland in Christopher Morley's Thorofare, Veronica and her fathers' Green Dolphin Street in Elizabeth Goudge's Green Dolphin Street, or Henry's Draconia in a beautiful little horror story by (I think) Henry Kuttner.

I know little of the development of "real" imaginary-worlds. The Coventry group, I believe, made their world, then called Mariposa, first, then their characters. The physicist described by Robert Lindner in "The Jet Propelled Couch" is a special case, since he took both his world and his characters from a series of books, and then began elaborating, with the usual paraphernalia of maps and charts and histories. C. S. Lewis's Animal Land began in drawings, but maps apparently did not come until he and his brother joined worlds to create Boxen.

I cannot think of any imaginary worlds earlier than the nineteenth century, except perhaps for Gulliver's Travels. The Utopia, although the Utopian genre shades naturally into world-building, is not quite the same thing. It is usually clear in Utopias that the world was made up to provide a working model for a social theory, whereas the imaginary worlds seem to have been built just for the pleasure of building. I wonder if readers learned to take pleasure in private worlds (and if authors learned to suppose that private worlds might be of interest and value to the public) after the Romantic Movement, with its glorification of the individual and everything peculiar (both senses of the word) to him.

To be sure, no published work gets by on world-building alone, but the pleasure of exploring private worlds explains a large part of the appeal of the Oz books, and many others. It is a pleasure which does not seem to have been felt particularly until the nineteenth century, and perhaps has only become common in the twentieth.

Part of my interest in private worlds, of course, comes from having one myself. Am I alone in having built the Hero before the World? I was telling myself Davidstories for five years or so before inventing his world, and I never have gotten around to mapping it.

I'd appreciate names of other books which take place in imaginary worlds (is Conan's Cimmeria a private world?) or which have characters who are world-builders.

Illustration of Gondal, p. 9, by Diana Paxson, showing Emily Bronte's wooden soldier and Julius Brenzaida, Emperor of Gondal and Gaaldine

SHADOW COMMENTS

Hiatus—Don Fitch

Thanks to the outgoing Shadow editor and

New York in 1967 1—Dave Van Arnam

congratulations and best wishes to the new one.

Cognate 4 and 5—Rosemary Hickey

Sounds as if you get much pleasure from your potted garden.

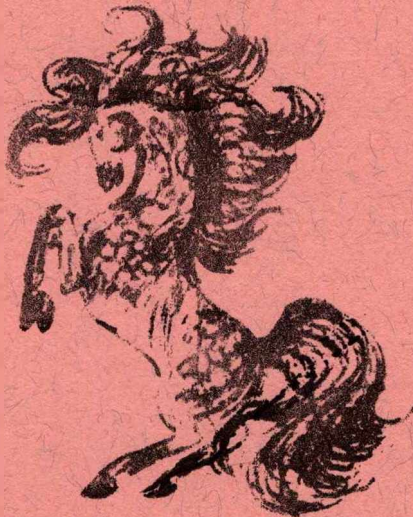
Pahoehoe 1—Dian Pelz

What does the title mean? I second your praise of Sword of Aldones. Enjoyed "Plastered," especially your description of the girl who built a plaster birdbath with plaster water.

Cosmic Raise 2—Kris Carey

I get the impression from your comparison of Orphans of the Sky and Starship that you don't know that Orphans was written many years ago, I think in the forties, although the two stories in it were hard to find until this book came out. It's more than likely that every resemblance between the two

comes from Aldiss's having read the earlier work by Heinlein. I've read "Universe," the first part of Orphans, but so long ago that my memory of it is too dim to tell me how my reactions to it compared with yours. However, I agree with you in disliking Heinlein's recent work (excepting Orphans, of course, since it's not really a recent work). Still, I count myself a "diehard" Heinlein fan. Even in Farnham's Freehold, his most recent, and, I think, his worst book, there is something (not much compared to his earlier books, but something) of the characteristic in Heinlein's writing which pleases me most, the ability to build up a detailed future society and to show it without letting description get in the way of the story. For me, and for most Heinlein fans, I think, these recent, preachy books are miles below Heinlein's middle-years books: the short stories in The Man Who Sold the Moon and The Green Hills of Earth, many of the juveniles, such as Time for the Stars, perhaps some of the novels, such as Double Star. Even at his best, Heinlein has never been good at dialogue. "You'll find the same "slippery conversation and trite cliches passed from one character to the other," but it's not as jarring in the middle books as it is in the recent ones.



(Illo by Bjo. Donated by the society to prevent too much blank apazine pages)