

PANTOPON 5

intended for the Shadow FAPA mailing of May, 1962, no. 8, FAPA mailing 98, conducted by Les Gerber. Pantopon, the narcotic zine, comes from the basement of Ruth Berman, FAPA w-ler 34 [every mailing goes higher, higher...], 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 14, Minnesota.

MAILING COMMENTS

Serapion, Razis, and Avycen,

Spinnaker Reach Vol. 2 No. 2—Russell Chauvenet

I am a little surprised that you did not spend some time as a yellow-eyed Martian of song and shadow. Or perhaps you don't like Bradbury? People seem to hate Bradbury or love him, no inbetweens. I'm nearest to inbetween, I suppose, since I love Bradbury in five-minute doses and hate him at length. It is no wonder that you became confused, in your life as a Martian, while you were on Perlandia, especially since Perelandra is the Old Solar for Venus. I've enjoyed being a Martian, too, and I enjoyed your Martiobiography.

The stories I tell myself are private both because the myth is too involved to handle (except at ridiculous length) and because the stories, as stories, are boring. Sometimes I take a good David-story and turn it into a written-down story with someone else as the hero.

Amnesia 1—Bob Lichtman

Agreed, indeed; it would have been a great pity not to have used that ATom cover.

FAPFX!—Ed Meskys

All right, I'll ask: what does the title mean? Have you ever read The Enchanted Typewriter by John Kendrick Bangs? This is a delightful fantasy about a man who puts together an old typewriter he finds in the attic, and then various spirits write on it tales of the doings in Hades (Bangs wrote several books about the doings in Hades—a wild and wonderful place for any respectable spirit to be). I thought it was sheer nonsense when the main writer, Boswell, remarks that Mendelssohn thought it was a new-fangled spinet, played some "Songs Without Words" on it, and came out with perfect words to the songs. Then I found that some early typewriters did have piano-type keyboards.

A Rubber Meatball 1—Steve Stiles

"Walter doesn't smoke." Hoog! That pun after a humorous anecdote produces an effect similar to that produced by mixing drinks.

fap 4--Les Gerber

I'm not sure if I like "The Giant Killers" or not. It reminds me of Bradbury and of Kafka. The opening bored me, yet it made the move into fantasy at the end more interesting (and more frightening). Perhaps a different selection of details would have made the opening better, so that it would seem equally realistic but fit the mood of the ending better.

the olde Esculapius and olde Ypocras,

Vandy '14--Buck and Juanita Coulson

Rafe is the English pronunciation and sometimes the spelling of Ralph. I suppose that Ralph, like ~~Fahlt~~, was originally pronounced Ralph, then simplified to Rafe and spelled that way by careless spellers, then changed back to Ralph by who knew how to read, saw the name more often than heard it, and pronounced it the way it looked.

Well, someone is listed in the phone-book as RW Boggs at the address which is Redd's, and when I call there and ask for Redd he comes to the phone (usually; sometimes he's not there). You have a phantom brother, Redd? Or perhaps RW is your wife.

Redundancies and useless phrases can become useful. "To finalize" is a useless verb meaning "to finish"—but not around the U. of Minnesota Radio-Television Guild. The head of the Guild, David Jones, is an incorrigible and unconscious neologist. "To finalize" means "to finish the final version," as in "We really must finalize the spring program next week." Another of his inventions is "radiogenic" (similar to photogenic). He seemed quite surprised to realize, when we asked him where he'd found that word, that he'd made it up.

Ankus 3--Bruce Pelz

Curiously, I like the poem "fiction," and I like the music you've written to it, but I don't like the song. The poem does not seem right for singing. Perhaps this is just because it is not in the form of anything I'm used to hearing sung—it's not a ballad, not a drinking song. You might say that it is a love song, but your tune seems more fitted to a ballad than to anything else.

Celephais 30--Bill Evans

The postage mark on the wrapper to this says, reasonably enough, FEB 22 7:30 PM 1962. The stamp says NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1939. Bill have you been saving 1939 stamps special for purposes of croggling the post office now?

Moonshade 3—Rick Sneary and Len Moffat

It's nice to see black ditto again. My copy was a little light, but, even so, I like the looks of black ditto better than purple ditto, mimeo, off-set, or (God save the mark) hecto.

The Rambling Fap 29—Gregg Calkins

Yes, and the curious part is that Canadians are Americans, as are Mexicans, Peruvians, but as Hawaiians are not. It's hard to form a word meaning "inhabitant of the United States of America," of course, but where's our Yankee ingenuity? I reckon our Tankee ingenuity's gone out to that there New Frontier, or, or, s-something.

Horizons 89—Harry Warner

Now I don't know at all whether "Whatever Happened to Charlotte" is fiction or not. I wouldn't be surprised either way: it seems too real to be fiction and too neat in plot to be fact.

Day#Star—MeZB

In this matter of do we owe military service because society says we do or not, one might quote Socrates. I would, but it occurs to me that we probably don't have a copy of the account of his death. Anyhow, I will quasi-quote Socrates, "This law is unjust, but it is the law and if I didn't like it, I should have gotten out when the getting was good, i.e. when the getting was legal." This is, I suppose, the reasoning used to support the draft. Nowadays, when there is practically no place to get to, such reasoning seems inadequate. Oh yes, it is necessary for us all to be bound by the same laws, but the lesser of two evils is still an evil.



Inspired by myself, I re-read The Enchanted Typewriter last night. Most of the charm seems to have evaporated like cor-flu. The trick of having everyone behave like a stage version of a Midwesterner seems only corny, not funny. However, the first chapter, the one which tells most about the typewriter, still seemed very good.

Great Edward's Sons and I Continued: as I expected, I did not get a part in the University Theater production of Henry IV. Instead I was assistant director for Henry IV Parts one and two and Henry V produced by the Radio-TV Guild. Yesterday (April 7), Richard II went on the air, and we taped Henry V. I can't quite believe it's finished (except, of course, to help edit the tape, dub in sound effects, and maybe even hear it on the radio). It was great fun and great work.