

Volume One

April 1974

Number Two



# Fangle

CROSSTALK, an editorial + + + + + 2

THE FANGLOFILE, letters from readers and recipients of FANGLE #17

David Burton . . . . .	31	Jim Meadows . . . . .	41
Hank Davis . . . . .	30	John Pigott . . . . .	35
David Emerson . . . . .	32	Dave Piper . . . . .	25
Mike Glicksohn . . . . .	28	Larry Propp . . . . .	15
Larry Herndon . . . . .	24	B. Alice Sanvito . . . . .	13
Terry Hughes . . . . .	7	Jeff Schalles . . . . .	27
Dave Hulvey . . . . .	36	Bob Shaw . . . . .	17
Jonh Ingham . . . . .	23	Rick Sneary . . . . .	8
Richard Labonte . . . . .	12	Rick Stoker . . . . .	37
Lane Lambert . . . . .	26	Will Straw . . . . .	18
Dick Lupoff . . . . .	15	Aljo Svoboda . . . . .	31
Seth McEvoy . . . . .	31	Roger Waddington . . . . .	34
Loren McGregor . . . . .	39	Harry Warner Jr . . . . .	20

FANGLE, Vol.1, No.2, is PondeRoss Publication No.58, dated April 1974. It's intended for bimonthly publication. This issue's printed through the agency of the Mighty Katz Publishing Combine. Me, I'm Ross Chamberlain, and my address is 339 49<sup>th</sup> St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11220 for those of you who wish to send LoCs, tradezines or, for first copy only, sticky 35¢-pieces (barter is best; no subs). Contributions such as articles or columns are welcome and will rate copies, but publication is subject to Ye Whim of Ye Editor; rejects will be returned with explanation. Preferred tradezine policy is all for all, but I will be guided by your policy. This issue is coming to you courtesy of the former POTLATCH mailing list, updated as far as possible, or to those who sent me fanzines in the last year or so, or requested, one way or another, either FANGLE No.1 or this issue. If you're none of these, either I know you personally, or you're mentioned herein... or you're looking at someone else's copy. A further copy may follow, but after that, whether you get FANGLE or not will probably depend a lot on you.. RC.

# CROSS

GEE, FOLKS, I hope you haven't been holding your breath.

For a while, there, I thought I was going to start doing Fangle alternately with Lee Hoffman's Science Fiction Five-Yearly—if I ever did Fangle again.

I dunno—I'm not sure that I ever did have any real doubts about putting out another issue. When—that's another matter. But I did have the beginning of a story by Bill Kunkel on stencil. That story, however, will not be gracing these pages, I fear, for I have decided to take my fanzine in another direction.

Not long ago—as such things go—Arnie Katz and I were talking about fanzine publishing. He had an idea or two about plans for new fanzines to replace the defunct Focal Point—I think this was prior to Wooden Nickel, but that began with an inspiration, not a plan—and it may even have been as far back as the germinating period of Tandem. But be that as it may, he happened to mention how Potlatch had been so overloaded with letters that Joyce had considered publishing an all-letter issue.

This sounded intriguing to me as a concept, and I thought about the LoCs I'd received on Fangle #1—together, I thought, they would fill up more pages than the fanzine itself, which was, to be sure, very short: 18 pages, plus the cover.

But I was not yet psyched up to publish anything, and I still had undigested ruminations on what I wanted to do with Fangle. I felt guilty about not publishing the second issue when I'd intended to, or even a little later, but the malaise, or apathy, or whatever it was that fell on the whole Brooklyn Fandom Publishing Empire had affected me along with the rest. While stirrings were already beginning which would result in a few dribbles of fanac from various of those we considered in the "circle"—and then, later, Wooden Nickel and the return, eventually, of Fiawol—still I, who had really to psych myself up for the first Fangle, did not yet feel the clutches of the dreaded fanac bug. Oh, I did a bit of art, here and there—mostly for Arnie, as usual (perhaps, as I look back on it, entirely), but then, I'd been doing that all along...

And then, too, there were other forces at work. Mundane forces, such as affect us all. I'd moved to my present fine fannish address—Ted White lived here for years, and Steve Stiles for a while. And those of you who do remember my editorial pages in Fangle #1 may recall that I'd mentioned a young woman who'd gone out of my life—well, it was with her that I moved in, here—with intentions of connubial bonds that never got around to bonding... She nonetheless remains, and while my relationship with Joy is now Platonic, still there is something about sharing an apartment with a non-fan that is not conducive to fannish creativity.

These things, plus a good job with a trade magazine, sapped a good deal of my time and energy and creative output—when I was not glued to the hypnotic silver cyclops, that is.

# TALK

This year, there was a change in my job situation. I didn't lose the job—in August I had been moved up from Editorial Assistant to Assistant Editor, which is still my title—but the editorial hierarchy changed, and I was now working for some new people. Not really new to me—I'd started working for the magazine with them, the magazine was sold, I stayed with it, they didn't. Now they're back.

Okay. The trouble was that during that interim period, especially after I became one of the editors, and no longer a glorified secretary, I had gotten lazy. This year, the adjustment I had to make was one from a near sinecure (not really, but I was beginning to treat it as such) to a situation where I was going to have to put in some real work—not the easiest of adjustments to make!

In the long run, I'm glad it happened. That "sinecure" job would not have lasted much longer in any case; the magazine would have folded before long, and whether I went with it or was thrown out in its last struggles, I'd've been pounding the pavement again. As it is—the magazine has a new lease on life, and only recently have I realized that I do too: It makes a great deal of difference when one learns how to hold up one's end...

Meanwhile, though, during that period of adjustment, before it reached the "Shape up or ship out" crisis, and I was wondering if I was going to be able to muddle through—and this gives you an idea of my attitude at the time, that I thought of it in terms of "muddling through"—somehow my creative energies here at home took on an added burst.

And, during another conversation with Arnie, the concept of a "letterzine" again came up. And—it Seemed Right.

So—that is the new direction for Fangle.

All right and good, so far. But my letters, my LoCs on Fangle #1, were now two-and-a-half years old. The original contents of Fangle #1 are but dim memories in the minds of those who saw it. True?

Should I do a new issue, outlining my new plans, and try to start off with a new quantity of editorial material that I might think would spark commentary, and let Fangle #1 rest in Limbo?

Or should I say what the hell—LoCs were written to be published. Publish the ones I've got, regardless of their age, and try to reply to them in such a way that at least the essential points of what the letters were commenting on will be brought out, if they aren't inherent in the LoCs themselves.

And that's what I've decided to do.

If all goes well, and I get letters from you folks out there in Fandom and related provinces, and those letters have the desired effect of sparking more letters, then Fangle will be well launched. Ideally, it will be something of an amalgam between a genzine and an apazine—you might consider it a sort of open, general, letter-type apa, with me as Official Editor and constant publisher...and without dues, or activity requirements.

Uh...without dues, that is, unless it gets too big. I don't think it's conceited of me to at least consider the possibility that Fangle might just happen to hit a responsive chord in Fandom, a need for a forum that isn't being met currently—I don't know; quite frankly, I've been a little out of touch with what's happening along this line currently. After all, in the first issue I suggested that a proposed fanzine of my own might be characterized as Unlikely and Presumptuous—though for different reasons.

Anyway—Initially, I'll not be editing too heavily—in fact, very little, save in trying to put the letters in some kind of relationship to each other, along with my commentary, much as I have done in this issue. I don't like to cut any more than I have to. Of course, I won't include obviously personal comments or others that would have no place in general circulation (and I'm not talking about moral or controversial issues, though I will exercise my judgment in regards to taste, which is pretty open—I'm talking about: “Oh, buy the way, I meant to send you a copy of Fuzwitch last week, but I ran out of postage, so I'll get it to you in a day or so.”), but most of the body of the LoC will appear. If I do, happily, start to get more letters than I can handle (i.e., afford to publish) and it gets so that I can't edit (cut or WAHF) them without leaving out good publishable material, then I may begin to look for some kind of funding. Probably I'd start out by offering to publish ads; if that doesn't work out then—and only then—I might begin to start asking for some kind of subscription money, but making it as minimal as possible: not so much to break even, as to keep from going into the well-known hole. Warning will be given well ahead of time if begins to look like this is necessary, however—Who knows? It might even have the effect of making it not necessary after all...

Fangle will be bimonthly. This provides good turn-around time for keeping up conversations by mail. It will provide me with a lot of work, but a missed deadline will see you letter in the next issue, not dropped. Deadlines will be roughly 2 weeks from receipt of this issue, but don't worry about it if you can't make it—say if you live in Europe or Australia—because it will most likely make the next issue. Mail lag may even make some letters from nearer home have to appear in the second issue after the one being commented on, anyway.

As I've pointed out in the colophon, while basically I want letters, Fangle remains available in trade for your fanzines and, for a first copy only, 35 cents or equivalent. Articles or columns may be accepted, but will be subject to stricter choosing and editing. Art work—the same; however, if you choose to illustrate your own letters, that's cool, and I will use the art therewith—I don't use electro-stencils, however, so don't send anything with heavy black areas or half-tones that can't be hand-stenciled (I can use shading plates, though, so bear that in mind).

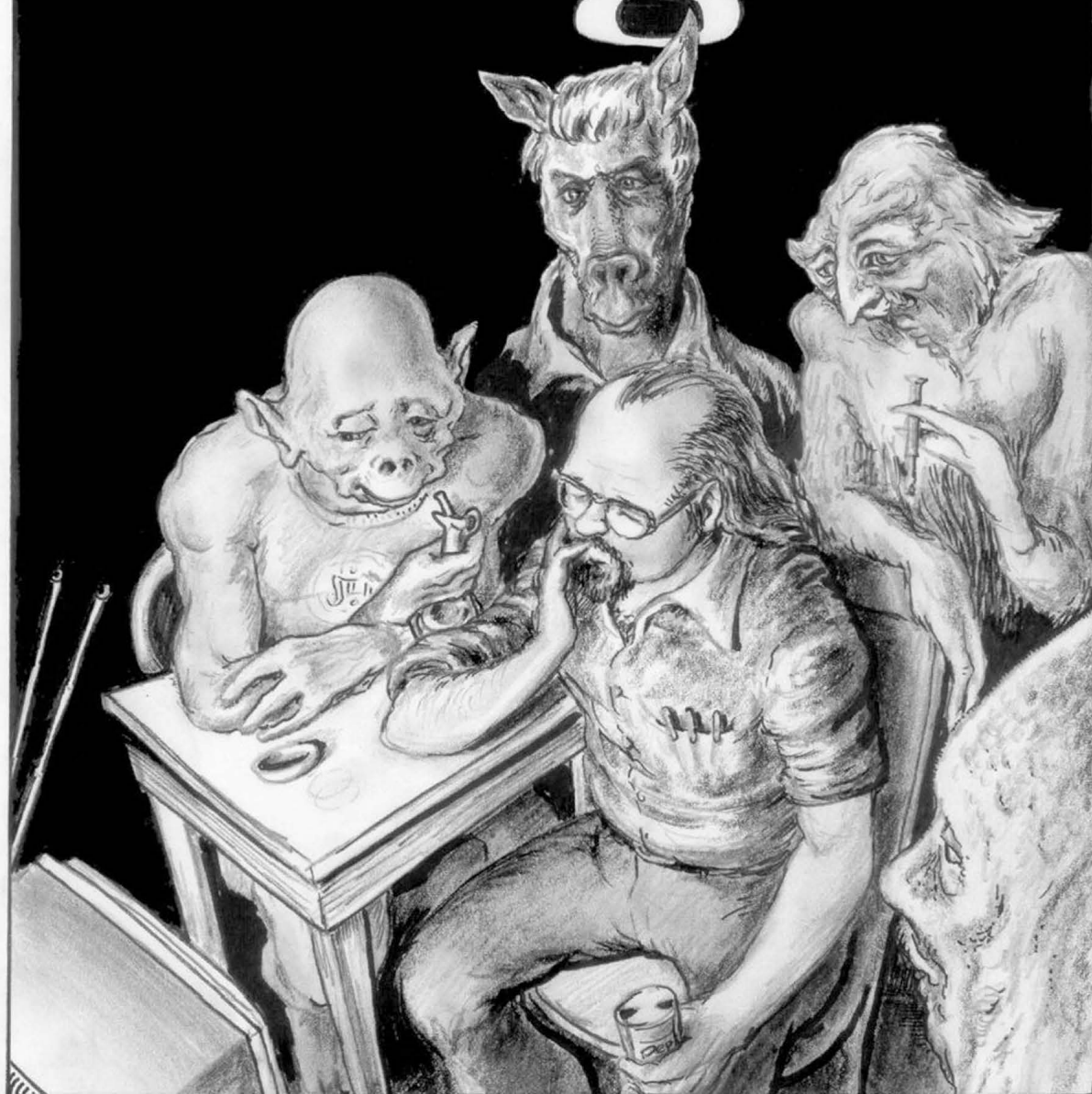
By the way, in case anyone wondered about it, I chose to call this issue Vol.1, No.2 for a couple of good reasons. First, the letters herein are based on the first issue, and second—in spite of the new direction of the fanzine, and the precedents set for starting a new volume series after a publishing hiatus, I think it would look kinda silly to have a one-issue “volume” or to call this issue “Vol.2, No.1, Whole No.2” And a third reason is, I already have the cover printed up, with “Vol.1, No.2” on it...

So. Let's hear from you.

Ross C.

NEW!

# Fangle



VOLUME ONE

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[Ed note from the distant future—2006, in fact—to point out that this page was originally the reverse of the original cover of *Fangle* #1, and, as it was thin paper, left intentionally blank.

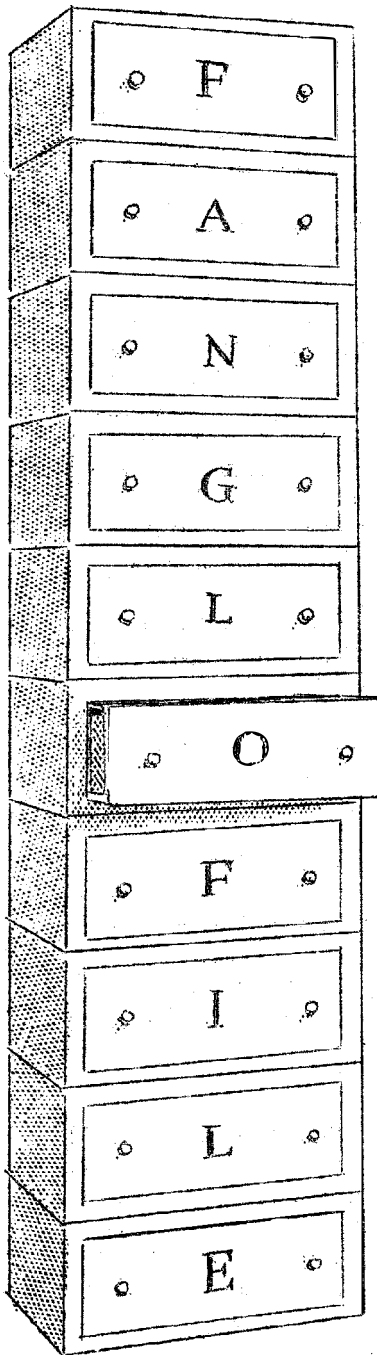
Dunno 'bout you, but I always hate those official publications, usually governmental, in which certain pages that could've remained blank, have instead inserted on them a note stating

“This page has been left intentionally blank”

(or similar terminology)

thus presenting a bald-faced lie to their reading public. Never mind their excuses that some idiot constituent would think they'd been deprived of some valuable information on those pages. *Sheesh!* No wonder it's hard to find trust in government authority in some circles. Okay, back to your originally scheduled fanzine reprint.]





**A** CAUTIONARY NOTE before we begin. Due to the passage of time, I am omitting addresses from this set of letters. There have been many CoA's twixt then and now, and I feel this is a safety measure against confusion and possible wasted postage. In future issues, addresses of writers will be included, unless I am asked to omit any by the correspondent involved.

\* \* \* \* \*

T E R R Y H U G H E S

Columbia, Mo., Dec. 12, 1971

I was delightfully surprised several days ago when I went out to my mailbox and found that it was inhabited by FANGLE #1. Many thanks for an enjoyable fanzine! I've really enjoyed your artwork in the past, but I only saw it in the Katz-zines and not nearly frequently enough. I recently read a bunch of QUIPS and I really loved your covers for them. . . in fact, I was hoping you'd be doing multi-page covers for FANGLE (subtle hint). The cover on this issue is really fine. I can tell it's yet another picture of New York Fannish Fandom—I recognized you in the middle, surrounded by Arnie, Chris, Jay and Bill, but where are Joyce and Charlene?

Your reference to "Sticky 35¢-pieces" was great. Crap, wish I would have thought of that. Your editorial gave me an insight into Ross Chamberlain the fan rather than just CRC the artist. A good thing to do in a first issue.

Arnie's piece is so true. Anyone who admires and enjoys art and especially fanart must have had (or still possess) an urge to Draw. I find myself doodling quite a bit, and coming up with ideas for cartoons but lacking the ability to really do the proper drawing. People like you make us so jealous, especially when you also demonstrate that you can write enjoyably as well. Shit, ain't there no justice anymore?

Bill and Charlene's account of how the ghetto youths attack buses that go through there really brought to my mind the Ron Cobb cartoon of the future society where the buses are armor-plated and mounted with guns.

I'm afraid I'm going to have to register a complaint though. In the Incomplete Fangler you are talking about puns. Now I haven't been around fandom long, but still I've run into a large number of puns therein. I always fall for the ones that sucker me in by talking about anything, just pleasantly rambling along, and then ZOWIE! When my defenses are down a pun pops up and hits me in the face. I love them though. One that really got me recently was one by Elmer Purdue about this dude Shelly who was playing baseball for a Catholic school and it ended with "Wait till the nun signs Shelly." Chris Couch always sneaks a few puns into his editorials for CIPHER. Since this happens all the time, and since you were writing about word-play, I just knew you were going to fill the piece to the brim with subtle sneaky puns. I was ready for you! But...but...when I read it the first time, I couldn't find any other than the examples you gave. So I read it again, still no luck. And just now I read it once more and I can't find any. That's pretty low of you, Ross. Here I was expecting you to trick me and you didn't do it. No fair, foul, I cry. But maybe I should have known that you knew that I knew that it would be a good place for puns, and out of your inhumanity you decided

TERRY HUGHES—Contd

to give my nervous system a shock. Poison Ivy! Oops, you made me say a rash word. (That's a Lou Costello one for you.)

Thanks again for this fine zine; I hope #2 turns up soon. / Keep on Truckin'!

P.S. Give my regards to the Brooklyn Fangler.

§§ He thanks you, and returns same (with a faint twitch of his muscular fingers...)

I'm sorry you weren't content with the content of my puntification on paronomania. Not that I'd've been unwilling to punctuate it with puns, but despite my fondness for word ploy, the ability to spuntaneously pun does not come opun me that often—and was not operative at the time that I wrote that article. It's kinda like a little mental door that closes out the ability to indulge in that kind of whimsy; sometimes it's not quite wholly closed (All together now: "When is a door not a door?—When it's ajar!"), and sometimes it's opun all the way... You may not like it when the door is opun, I adore a pun— You may think the little door idea is hogwash; I only partly agree, I think it's adorable... Now aren't you sorry you brought the whole thing up? (After that nauseating display, dis play on words has gotta stop!)

You recognized the gang on the cover, eh? See Larry Herndon's letter later on...

Multi-page covers on Fangle? No way! Never! HMMMM....

§§

R I C K S N E A R Y

South Gate, Calif., Jan. 12, 1971

As I've been recovering from a cold I have ben devoting the day to writing LoC's to First Issue Fanzines... (So far, Godfrey Daniel and Warm Heart Pastry). It seems a simple minded enough activity to get by at...but the result may be more simple minded than is my wont.. But then, I'm willing to make a small wager that there is a less than 50% chance that all three of you reach a second issue.. Such are the facts of life, as I have observed them in this cold Whorld.

I had wondered why I got the impression that half the active New York fan crew had small beards and moustaches... I see now that their prime artist in residence has one, and with usual fannish modesty has worked himself into a number of his own drawings. Or, is it something catching?— As I have a small beard and moustaches too (the area limits are about the same, as well as length, but the form seems more dense), I take it as a very exceptable style.. I might even blend into the group..as long as I didn't say anything.

The words about yourself, and how you found Fandom, were interesting, and useful to me as I have not much information stored on what a "Ross Chamberlain" is like, even if I do know what one looks like. A thousand words are worth one picture, I always say.

You're right, it always takes a few issues for a fanzine to take form. The old magic number was five.. That was, if the zine got past the fifth issue there was some hope that it would have a longer life.. Also, that the roughness, and vagueness had worn off.. The feedback having well started, the particular circle was being established. I hope you do carry through.. There is a subtle difference in your writing than that of the rest of the Katz school of Fanac...(which is not meant as a criticism, but as a funny).. Maybe being a little older..who knows.. I'm a little surprised that as an artist your layout looks so much like the current NYC zines...but then—it may be, as artist, you are the one responsible for the others, and are

only now coming into your own.. I find it pleasantly informal...but most fan artists seem bent on trying out something new, for its own sake, that I'd started to expect it.

If you don't write letters of comment, you may be the one that editors hate, and it may be hard for them to write for you.. As I'm only a letter hack, it doesn't matter to me.. But, you should do unto others as you would have them done onto you...

Yours is the first mention I've seen since my return to fuller activity in July, of splits in the New York groups.. Quiet un-naturally it didn't seem to get into print...or maybe there is so much print that it didn't get on to me. There are few trends that really apply to any area of Fandom, but New York fandom does seem to have, in its many branches, more fussing and feuding than any area. It has been sad that some of the very old Guard, going back to before my time, still seem to carry grudges, and pass them along to their crop of neo-fans. I suppose the only good thing to come out of this is that no one with even a fanatical mind can accuse fans in New York of all being alike or under the control of just one fan.. A fate that has befallen Los Angeles areas any number of times, by fans who should know better...and it has always been just as equally untrue... and it has always kind of burns us independents to be tarred with the same brush as someone else, for something we might not even know about.. How 200-400 fans, in an area over 60 miles across can be thought to be part of one homogeneous mass mind is beyond me...but I've seen it happen.

Arnie's article is amusing, and has a familiar ring in it for me. Not that I really wanted to be an artist, though I drew a lot as a kid.. But not more, apparently, than most fans.. I was drawing spaceships a good 15 years before I read anything I knew was science fiction (one reason I took to it so fast). I liked Flash Gordon and tried copying the drawing.. Not well, though.. Partly I think because I hold my hand wrong.. (the handwriting is bad too, though there is no candycap in the right hand-arm at all). I did learn to trace though... And made up new drawings, from figures I cut from other comics...adding my own poor backgrounds. When I got into Fandom I even sent some of these out to fanzines and had them appear.. I did a cover for Shangri-L'Affairs that way...long before I learned it was both unethical and plaigerism... Of course, there was a hack artist that worked for Thrilling Wonder that did the same thing, and got paid...so I felt a little less bad... —what I really wanted to do was design buildings. I've been a frustrated architect as long as I could remember.. I have the temperament for it too...having enjoyed to some degree being a bookkeeper for a few years. But while I could draw pretty straight lines with a ruler, I never could think of original designs, and all my plans looked like boxes.. I decided that if I didn't have a well spirit of inspiration there was little point in polishing the point... As I decided about writing fiction later.. As long as I could do something else, why strain to compete with people who were hag-driven to write... And besides, could think of beginnings and endings...which I never have..

The Kunkel-Komar essay didn't tell me much, and I'm not sure how much was true and how much was writing style... Do you really have fog in New York? As a sea port it would seem logical that you did, but I can't remember any writer, professional or fan, mentioning it before...whereas I can think of reference to fog in a lot of other places... We have fog in L.A...like this morning the airports were closed... Odd, the things you don't know about other cities.. Well, I'm not as interested in New York as I am London... Which isn't really a slam, as anyone can tell you there aren't many cities I'm more interested in than London—outside of the Greater L.A. area, which I'm interested in mainly because it is where I am. If I lived in Tucson or Albuquerque, I probably wouldn't be much interested in L.A. either...

Obviously other fans have already told you everything about fannish puns and punsters that I could.. I like them, to a degree, and can sometimes turn one.. But usually in conversation I think too slowly to think of them.. -There is one other thing about a high-class pun..in that it has a certain snob appeal.. It pre-supposes certain knowledge in common between the teller and the told.. One reason I believe that the Wheels of IF were so high-powered artists at it.. They all knew just about the same references and information, so puns were also a kind of shorthand.. And, of course, if you are around anyone doing it, you start thinking in that line, and can learn to stir the conversation into the right course, so that it may give you the right opening... —Regretfully for all this, I lack the certain knowledge or toneal reference... the point of your great pun is lost to me.

Hopefully you will publish again anyway...

§§ Hm, 'til now, I'm not too sure I'd've been too willing to cover your wager about reaching a second issue. Warm Heart Pastry, I know, did go on to an issue or two more (Hi, Neal!). I don't think I ever saw Godfrey Daniel...

I still sport the small beard and moustache, and have for—oh, maybe a decade, now; certainly before it became fashionable to be facially hirsute (outside of the bohemian set—or among fans). Now it's just past the "in" stage, I think, with possibly an incipient trend away from it—and although I am no longer among the avant garde, I don't care. I think people who know me now would find me hard to get used to without it. I know I would, and have no plans to find out. I have, however, given up on letting what hair I have left on to grow as long as it was when Fangle #1 came out, or longer—Much as I liked the sort of Shakespearian effect, it was definitely a case of too little too late. Some balding men can get away with it, because the hair they have is reasonably thick, but mine just didn't have the bulk. I've never, happily, felt the despair that so many evidence about balding, and have only now and then momentarily considered the use of a hairpiece—and that not too seriously—but I think I felt closest to it in those days when I stayed away from the parlors with the candy-stripe poles.

Amongst the others of New York Fandom, and Brooklyn Fandom in particular, there is much long hair in evidence, though fewer beards than at one time. Those that do have beards tend to have the full beard. In the Brooklyn group, at least, both in 1971 and now, I have been the only one with anything close to my style of beard. Ted White long gave it up for sideburns, though back in the earlier Quip cover days there were times that people would confuse me with him in my own drawings... Not vice versa, though.

Yes, I do, regularly, put myself into a good many of my fan-art illos and things; also I have a tendency to do so in my mundane art projects, like greeting cards and the like.

My layout— Well, no, I didn't create the Brooklyn Fanzine Look; I think you could blame Arnie Katz largely for that, if you remember Quip... Of course, Joyce's fine sense of page design influenced it and reinforced it to some considerable extent. On the other hand, looking back, it seems to me that Rats! and Cipher had their own styles to a considerable extent. I think the Katzian style influenced mine the most; layout isn't my bag, really, as this will indicate...

While Bill and Charl did exaggerate a bit in their tale of the trek through Bedford-Stuyvesant, the essence is true. I've never taken that route, but a few years go now I did a stint as a taxicab driver, and I've been through that kind of neighborhood many

a time... Terrified? I had my off-duty sign on (illegally) and aimed with grim determination in the direction of mid-town Manhattan again.

As to the fog—yes, in shore areas, particularly along the southern reaches of Brooklyn which front on the ocean rather than the bay and harbor area, there is often quite dense fog. I have seen it heavy even in Manhattan, but much more rarely, and seldom a real pea souper. Just a decade ago I lived on Staten Island, and there were times it was quite exciting to ride the ferry in to work, with the fog-horns blaring or beeping or booming—there was (and I guess still is) a horn—if you can call it that—on Governor’s Island, which is off the southern tip of Manhattan Island, to the east of the ferry route—the voice it had was, I swear, something in the range of 40 to 50 hertz: one felt it is much as heard it. But fog is nowhere in this area as the London fogs are reputed to be—nor those in L.A., where I gather that the combination of the hills and the bay create a pocket to hold the fog in... In the Brooklyn Heights area, site of the Katz domicile, situated as it is a little south of being across the East River from Manhattan’s southernmost point—the Battery and Wall Street and all that—I couldn’t say whether it is often foggy. I’ve never really seen it so, and that was a bit of hyperbole on the Kunkels’ part (then Kunkel and Komar). But I can imagine it there, and it was appropriate —poetic truth, I think you might call it...

\*Sigh\* Yours is one of several letters that mentioned missing the point of my final pun, so—let me admit that it was not true to the point of the article, that a good pun should be appropriate on both or all levels...or at least on the two major levels. To recapitulate it—it has been two-and-a-half years, after all—:

“Some years ago, in April, 1965, in fact, when Apa F and APA L were both going strong (or just beginning to fray at the edges) and material from one appeared in the other on a more or less regular basis, Bill Blackbeard—himself a punsmith of some ability—folded an APA L zine called CAULDRON BUBBLES to start one called SCRIMSHAW. ...I often wrote comments on APA L stuff even though my fanzine, CROSSOID, wasn’t sent to LA, so I’m sure he never saw my m.c. addressed to him, in which I said, ‘...I look forward to what will undoubtedly be the greatest fanzine of all time. How can it miss? Knowing your penchant for the entendre diable, it will have to be known, in time to come, to all fen everywhere, as Fandom’s SCRIMSHAW...!’ — Perhaps I should explain something about me before I explain the pun; I was very gung ho about fantasy and SF when it was originally written, and assumed all other fans were the same. In using it to cap off the pun article, I was expecting most fans to catch it for the same reason that I thought they would when it was first written, I guess—the idea that any fan would recognize a reference to R. L. Stevenson’s “Phantom Rickshaw.” No? Well...

Epilog—from Journeyman Blues, by Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar, in Fangle #1

\* \* \* \* \*

The running-off, collating, stamping and labeling has ended (not to mention the smoking and eating) and we prepare for the trek home. As we step from the building, we realize that the fog has once again rolled in from the nearby East River and obscuring Brooklyn Heights. With Ross, who is heading for the subway, we turn toward our bus stop. \*\*\* Just before we reach Fulton Street, we turn to say farewell to Ross and find—nothing. Fearing that he’s been ripped off, we call his name, and as he steps out of the fog we realize that he’d only been hidden by the murky atmosphere. Soon, we bid farewell to him, and as he once again disappears, so vanishes the rest of Brooklyn fandom, the civilized world along with it, and we’re left to our mid-night ride through Bedford-Stuyvesant.

Well, anyway, the lead-up to it wasn’t that bad. “Entendre diable:...I like that!

§§

Very cleverly, I was going to take myself and my trouble-worn body and a massive stack of uncommented-on fanzines up to a Northern Quebec farm for a couple of weeks of rest and relaxations and loc-writing.

It never occurred to me that I might need a typewriter, of course; so here's a hand-written and well-nigh illegible, I'm sure, letter of comment on Fangle.

I hope you find the communication you want through Fangle—as much from what you put down of yourself on paper as from what people write you in what you so aptly call the medium of exchange in fandom, the letter of comment. I've been receiving fanzines now, too, for a couple of years, and responding not at all to them. What made me feel good about fandom was that most people, knowing or hearing from others that I was tied with being a students' council president and Leader of Many, kept sending me their fanzines. I appreciated that extension of credit. In the middle of my hiatus from fandom, though, I published one issue of a "search-and-find-myself fanzine," and while I published only one issue, I pulled myself out of a deep, deep depression, partially just by publishing the thing and partly because I got back some comments which were remarkably in tune with what I felt.

Since I've been so abominably long in responding to Fangle, of course, I doubt that you are now what you were when you published.

What I enjoyed most was your writing—Arnie and Bill and Charlene were equally as pleasurable, but you had the virtue of a different style, a different voice in the New York Fannish Whirl.

And I'm sure you'll be flooded with samples of puns, and examinations of same, because of your article on them. It will serve you right.

Right now the scrabbling of the mice in the farm house walls is dying away, as the winter chill sets in and they curl up or whatever for the night. So I'm going to move down to the kitchen, where the wood stove is keeping everyone rosy warm, and ease myself into the talk. I'm searching out and finding myself too, during these quiet days when a couple of strangers have become friends and the radio, newspaper, or TV haven't intruded.

Again, I'm sorry about the handwriting, which makes me blush. It all started when, as the left-handed one of a set of twins, I encountered a second-grade teacher who was sure being left-handed would give me pimples or warts or make it fall off of something; so she cowed me into right-handedness, and spend the year cursing at me for sloppy penmanship. I've typed most things since.

Thanks for Fangle; hope you're well.

§§ Thank you. Yes, I think I am—and was when you wrote this, too.

It's true enough—I am not now what I was when I published; I dare say none of us are much the same—I question that you, for instance, are still burdened with the presidency of your student council (or at least not that one). Are you still seeking yourself? I am, I think—I've found some answers to some of my questions in this interim—one of them quite recently, as I mention in Crosstalk—but I expect that the search will always continue... We are all an army of people, you know—so that though we occasionally find ourselves in some fashion, there are others of us yet to look for. It's a good quest to undertake, and I'd as soon it lasted my lifetime—It's such a

pleasure, sometimes, to meet ourselves coming around some unexpected corner! Of course, there are times we meet one of ourselves we're not so fond of, but even then—it's better if one can come to recognize that one...

I dunno if I'd have found the communication I wanted in the original concept of Fangle—maybe yes, maybe no. In its present incarnation, I do look forward to it, because that's what it's all about— If the communication fails, the fanzine fails, almost by definition. Or—it takes another tack.

Just out of curiosity—Did you ever try to return to writing left-handed? Or is it long too late for that? I didn't really have all that much trouble deciphering your handwriting—not as much as I sometimes have with my own when I've been writing in a hurry. §§

B . A L I C E   S A N V I T O

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 11, 1971

Thank you for sending me Fangle. It's getting so exciting I can hardly stand it, getting fanzines in the mail. It's a pretty unique experience for me, to start getting fun mail.

I was really surprised to get Fangle; you're right, it is a pretty Unlikely fanzine. In fact, I'm sort of wondering if it isn't a hoax or perhaps a practical joke being played upon me by Brooklyn fans because I'm new and naive. I bet someone just wrote it up, put your name on it, and sent it to a few gullible people like me just to get us to write LoC's to a non-existent fanzine. Or maybe Arnie is playing a joke on you. That's probably it. He wrote up this fanzine & sent it out with your name on it so you'd get all these letters about this fanzine that you never did. Then, thinking that you must have forgotten that you put out a fanzine, you'd get around to putting out your own issues. That's how Arnie gets people to publish fanzines.

Oh-oh

Dear Ross . . .

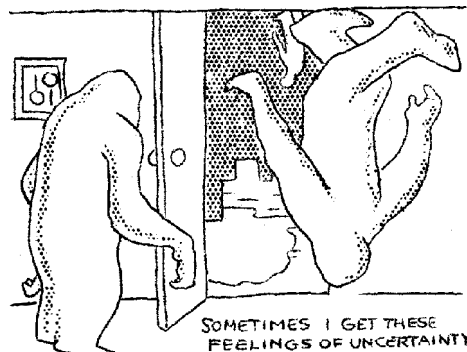
Guess what, I got this fanzine today called Fangle that you supposedly put out. I think it's a trick by Arnie Katz to get you to publish your fanzine. So beware of a deluge of letters concerning the first issue of your non-existent fanzine. Don't fall for it.

Wow, I feel pretty weird writing to a non-existent fanzine, but if you'd like I'll tell you about the thing that I got in the mail. First of all there was this "Crossoid Reprint." I think it was stuck in so that young fans would not give in to the belief that all reprints are called Terry Carr's Entropy Reprints.

It also mentioned, in the editorial, that you . . . hard time finding words . . . Perhaps the somewhat serious tone of it, makes me get the feeling that Fangle will probably be pretty different in content from the other Brooklyn fanzines. I guess it's hard to judge what a fanzine will be like before it gets going, especially when the editor himself is still feeling around to see what he wants from his fanzine. But I do think that Fangle is different from the other Brooklyn zines. You do not seem to be exclusively faanish and I'm looking forward to seeing what will come. So far, I have only been exposed to faanish fanzines—or I guess I should say that of the fanzines I've been exposed to, only faanish ones have appealed to me. You said, though, that you'd like to be able to more or less cross any borders that may interest you, be they fannish or sercon or mundane, and since I've never read a fanzine like that, I'm really looking forward to future issues.

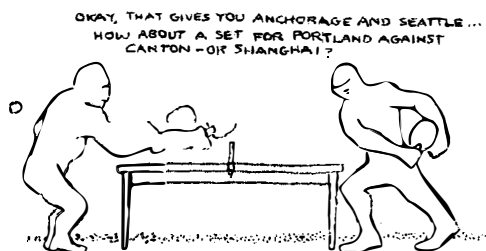
Wow, you know, one thing I really liked were your cartoons. I've seen some of the covers

you've done for the Katzes and some cartoons you've done, but I suddenly just realized how much I really like them. I especially like the one about "Sometimes I get these feelings of uncertainty . . ." and the one with the ping-pong game. You know, I liked them so much I showed them to a friend of mine who I thought would enjoy them. She didn't understand them at all and I really thought it to be strange. I mean, neither one of them rely on any knowledge of fandom for their humor. I was wondering if fandom, like the Firesign Theatre, *perverts* changes your sense of humor so that different things not even connected with it seem funny. Or maybe my friend is just not particularly given over to that type of humor.



Poor Arnie and his spaceships. Maybe you should have a special non-art issue for Arnie's spaceships. I've watched Jay Kinney draw headings for Focal Point and almost get the impression that Jay closes his eyes and the stencil draws its own heading. It's so aggravating to watch something like that. I think that Bill Kunkel is another cruel joke. It's just no fair that Bill should be an instant cartoonist and be good and everything all at once.

\*sigh\*



Bill and Charlene's story gave me the chills. They must be truly courageous and stalwart fans to make that perilous trip every week. To have been in the company of fans so valiant and unfailing is an honor indeed. And they seem like such gentle people. I'm glad that Charlene and Bill are writing for other people besides their own fanzines. I always enjoy reading their accounts of Everyday Life in the Junkie Capitol of the World—true to life stories of working class people as told by rich

Hollywood stars. Bill and Charl can turn the most mundane activities into an adventure.

By the way, something very strange happened to me this afternoon which I interpreted as a sign from ghod that I should get a few letters written. Just a gentle reminder that there is more important business than Christmas shopping to attend to. Anyway, I was walking through this huge toy department in a store in downtown St. Louis and you won't believe what I saw—a "goodmitten" set. Som idiot misspelled it, but it was there. It consisted of a pair of stiff mittens which were worn and used to bat around a birdie.

As a last thought, I wanted to tell you that I liked your cover, but I've been very curious to know what happened to the one with all those flying matchboxes on it?

§§ Between then and now, Alice, you've wandered away from the Faanish World, but I hope at least this issue of Fangle catches up with you somewhere. This was such a marvelous faanish letter—such a marvelous letter, period—I think Fandom misses you. I really regret that I didn't publish Fangle #2 when it was supposed to, if only to have replied at a more seemly date.

The flying matchboxes never made it to the cover of anything, though for a while Arnie had an idea of using it for the cover of SF World—or Jay did, I forget. But since that fine stfnal tabloid never made it beyond the early planning stages, the matchboxes rest upon my living room wall in effigy (a photostat), the original (or rather, a large photostat, the real original having been drawn in reverse polarity—negative, as it were) having disappeared into some limbo... That's—uh, Ross's living room wall...I



wouldn't want you to think that Joyce and I Arnie would allow such stfnal tidbits wall space... §§

L A R R Y P R O P P

Peoria, Ill., Jan. 12, 1972

Thanks for Fangle; it seems that Joyce and Arnie have been responsible for quite a number of fanzines coming my way recently. For which you may please pass on my thanks to them.

First issues of fanzines put me in a quandry of sorts because I seldom find hooks for letters in the body of fanzines. With a relatively few exceptions, I generally base my own letters on letter columns. But first issues don't have letter columns. \*AUGH\*

Fangle has a nice easy feel to it—the kind of thing I like best. Actually, I'd like to see more of your writings in it; Crosstalk was just about the best written piece in the zine (sorry about that, Arnie). I said best written, please note—while it is obligatory for faneds to talk about “Where I Am and Where I'm Going” in their initial issue, it all happens so often that it sort of bores be to tears. But the style was interesting, and you seem to be the sort of person who'll have something interesting to say once off the new-faned syndrome.

Forget Bill's ability to “Art”—he had unheard of talents besides which mere artistic expression pales. He himself admits that he eats and then puts together puzzles from Cracker Jack boxes. Think about it...

And Bill, I've got one better for you. One of the firm's better clients is officially known as God's House of Prayer for All Nations Interdenominational Church, Inc. “Inc.” no less!

“Waiting for a bus is a pretty boring procedure, but I endured it by thinking of the past, and by eating and by putting together the jig-saw puzzle that was inside my Cracker Jacks box and, what do you know, but before I could even finish it there was the bus.” —Bill Kunkel, from Journeyman Blues, in Fangle #1

Yech. I'm at the end of the zine, and this is all I've found so far? Oh well, I promise more next time (Famous Last Words, etc.)

§§ If you like to base your LoCs on letter columns, here's your chance! That's what Fangle is gonna be all about—I hope.

Sorry that I had to again bore you to tears with my current Crosstalk, but in a way I've had to return to the new-faned syndrome for this issue. Better luck next time.

FYI—That was Charl who described the store-front religion area in the course of their bus trip through the ghetto, and mentioned the “Wings of Faith Church of God in Fire Baptized.”

Hey, LeeH—any ideas why fans have this tendency to misspell “quandary”? §§

D I C K L U P O F F

Berkeley, Calif., Dec. 6, 1971

Umm, thank you for FANGLE #1, which arrived today. Another emanation from the new New York fanpublishing empire of Kata/Katz/Kinney/Kunkel/Komar etc. Frankly, I don't see how you can make it in that company with a last name starting with any letter other than K. But I guess you know your business...

Anyway, yes, I read the issue, rather enjoyed it (no, I'm not bounding around the room with joy, but I liked it). It was, as common with first issues, kind of light on content, as if the

A P R I L 1 9 7 4

Page 15

editor were sitting around thinking, Gee, I'd really like to publish a fanzine, it would really be groovy to publish a fanzine...by damn, I will publish a fanzine. And he did. But what to put in it? Well, that's another problem.

One characteristic that seems to be common to the whole multi-K publishing enterprise (FOCAL POINT, RATS, POTLATCH, now FANGLE) is the strong feeling on the parts of the perpetrators that what they're doing is worthwhile. This whole fannish thing is super-groovy. It's FIAWOL made real: as Walter Breen put it in an article over ten years ago, Fanac is distinguishable from and superior to mundane activities.

Is it actually?

Well, I think that it is, yes, as long as one is convinced that it is. Some people never become convinced of that, and it's their loss, in my opinion. Some become convinced of it for a while, then lose that conviction and go on to other things. (That's how it was for me, briefly for a while in the mid-to-late-50's and then again in the early 60's.)

Some folks, I guess, never do get over the notion, the prime example being, I suppose, Forry Ackerman. Well, more power to him.

So what I guess it means for you guys—you, Ross, and the rest of the New York publishing empire—is that what you are doing is very worthwhile and rewarding...as long as you think it is.

God bless yez all, and send me more FANGLES from time to time, willya?

§§ From time to time...yes, I hope to do so. With a little less time between time and time, hopefully.

Something I have never been able to quite pin down, Dick, is whether you found it worth while—"it" being, number one for me, Fangle, and number two, for you, fanac... at the time you wrote the above. Or now, for that matter. The closest you came to any comment on the content of Fangle was, "Well, that's another problem."

Your description of a fan in the throes of incipient fanedship strikes home, indeed. That was just about the way it was for me. There was, however, in this case, not a little of the element of "Hey, Ross, why don't you..." that helped to push me over the edge.

I would hesitate to necessarily disagree with Walter Breen. I've only had any contact with him on one occasion, when I agreed to help him run off an issue of Pennoncel (sp?), the SCA organ, once, long ago, on my spirit duper... It happened to be a dreadfully muggy, humid day, and the pages kept sticking together, and the whole thing became a ghastly hassle, with his irritation and my desperation mounting until it was at last completed: I suspect that his impression of me from that experience was likely quite disagreeable, but that's another problem I'm unlikely to solve immediately.

In any case, to get back from digression—I dunno if I can really consider fanac superior to mundane activities. I realize you were not wholly behind the concept yourself, but just quoting him. Still—The trouble with the statement, of course, is its generalization. There are forms of fanac that I certainly would consider superior to many forms of mundania; and naturally the reverse is also true—probably in some proportional fashion to the relative ranges of activities in each. I'm not fanatic about fanac or fandom. But I do

consider most forms of fanac equally valid alternatives to many mundane activities and, since I seem to have found a congeniality within fandom that I've not found elsewhere, I do find myself choosing to perform a considerable amount of activity within the microcosm as opposed to out of it.

And, of course, FIAWOL has indeed now been made real by none other than the AK of the K's. Well—okay, calling a fanzine Fiawol doesn't necessarily make FIAWOL real, save insofar as the acronym is not, after all, just FIL. §§

B O B S H A W

Belfast, N. Ireland, 12 March 72

Many thanks for the copy of FANGLE. I really enjoyed reading it. As everybody in the world knows, I am not much of a hand at locs, but I thought I'd mention your piece about puns because it touches on a subject near to my heart.

You went, of course, straight to the heart of the matter when you said that a pun must be spontaneous and pertinent. This is why Feghoots and other forms of set-piece puns aren't really funny—one groans as a tribute to the painstaking craftsmanship involved, but one hardly ever laughs. It's like watching a recorded sporting event on TV, knowing the result, knowing there'll be no flash of spontaneity, no sense of happening.

Pertinence is equally important, although it is too much to hope for that perfect pun situations will crop up often enough to be of real value to a humorist. (e.g. I was in the Sultanate of Oman a while ago on a writing assignment. The sultan is called Qaboos, and he is rarely seen because he spends most of his time in his palace away behind the mountains in the south, but unfortunately from my point of view he is violently anti-Communist—other wise I could have called my article, "There's a Little Red Qaboos Behind the Terrain.") In practice, therefore, the punster may nudge the conversation in the direction he wants it to go, and in the old Irish Fandom meetings people used to be on their guard against obvious manipulations—in the middle of a discussion of QUANDRY, for instance, it was no use saying, "And while on the subject of sanitation problems in 15<sup>th</sup> Century Tibetan monasteries..."

I used to wonder what it was that made the spoonerism funny. The term we used in Irish Fandom for that general class of pun was "mechanical pun," and that's what they are—a computer could turn them out better than a human—yet at the same time we knew they were truly funny (often) because they made us laugh. The answer is, as far as I can divine, that we laugh out of a sense of relief that our language, that vast and intricate tool for the weightiest of philosophies, is just like any other complex instrument in that it can slip a cog and make itself ridiculous in the process. Somehow it seems to provide a way out, an escape hatch, for anybody who is beginning to tire of the pride and loneliness of being a man.

In The Enchanted Duplicator, by the way, the idea was not so much to create punning names as to provide recognisable labels.

It was good meeting you in New York, Ross, and I hope you'll get over here some time.

§§ Looking back on my article on puns, I have repeatedly kicked myself for having somehow managed to only speak of WAW, not only in relation to puns in general, but in my reference to The Enchanted Duplicator. I remember, clearly, having both of you in mind while I was writing it...but when it came to the point of re-reading it after the fanzine was already run off, the omission at last came to me, too late.

I'm glad that you found the opportunity to use the "Red Qaboos" story in one of Arnie's

Focal Points (I think), so that its being buried here in my hitherto unpublished LoCs did not deprive fandom of it. I recall that when I first read it here, I was watching so hard for something to come out of "Oman" that the actual punch line caught me by surprise—even more than it would have ordinarily.

Further, I've been racking my brains trying to think of what could have followed the lead-in about sanitary problems in 15<sup>th</sup> Century Tibetan monasteries... Of course, you were simply offering an example of a too-obvious shift in—or, rather, attempt to shift—the subject of a conversation (you were, weren't you? You didn't have a horrendous pun in mind did you, that you neglected to include because you thought it was too obvious...?). (I'm sure I've mentioned somewhere, though perhaps not to you or where you might have seen it, that, as a religious agnostic, my beliefs do not follow any pre-set dogma, and even worse, have a tendency not to follow one upon the other. Therefore, any church I would seek to join should have to be non-sequiturian.) ...Still, the Tibetan idea seems to me to have possibilities... The best I could come up with, however, is dealing with the present, or at least recent, situation there, since the Chinese Communists took over, and the capitol is Lhasa the Red, not Lama's. \*sigh\* As to spoonerisms—see the next letter.

I do hope I will be able to get over there e're too much longer. My roommate, Joy, had the opportunity to travel for a while in Europe last summer, primarily on the Continent, but with intentions of spending a couple of weeks in England and Ireland with a hired car. Unfortunately, she discovered that Paris winnowed her finances down a great deal faster than she had expected, and by the time she reached London, she had to stay there with friends for a week, and then catch an earlier plane back.

I would not wish to receive the opportunity in the same manner as she, since the money she used was a settlement she received after an auto accident, which put her in a leg cast and arm sling for a month in the hospital. Still, one day... §§

W I L L S T R A W

Fort Erie, Ont., Canada, Dec. 14, 1971

Thanks for Fangle #1. The thing which makes all the Brooklyn Insurgent zines appeal to me so much, and which stops them from all looking like different issues of the same fanzine, is that, even if the rest of all the Insurgent zines are written by the same people along the same type of lines, the editors themselves are different and interesting enough to change the whole personality of each zine.

It's interesting that you refer to the Letter of Comment as the "basic currency of Fandom," as I'd always assumed that trades took more copies of a fanzine than did letter of comment writers. Now that the word is Out, I'll expect hyperactive letterhacks to start doing things like selling gift certificates for so many locs to neofaneds who can't get letters any other way, or a Committee to be formed to decide whether Harry Warner should really be allowed to continue, since it's fairly obvious that he's inflating the market and ruining the economy. (Neofaneds can usually count on him for at least one letter regardless of how small their effort is, so we're reaching the stage now where people are sponging off society by getting paid for more than they're worth.) And those damn n----- in their ghettos will start complaining that fandom owes them a living, and that they should receive at least a letter of comment each month, with more coming at a rate depending on how many children they have. And a revolution will follow, after which everyone will be in local apas, where the only thing they can do is publish their own fanzines if they want to get anything in return.

For about my first year in fandom, I was under the impression that artwork was the only true vehicle to any sort of fame at all, and I tackled it with much the same enthusiasm Arnie mentions. I still doodle over any blank piece of paper I see, and have been told that it

indicates a form of nervousness, but I'm not at all serious about becoming a fanartist anymore. (My friends tell me my fetish for not allowing any piece of paper to stay blank is almost a sickness, so I can plead Criminal Insanity when Ed Cox takes me to court for doodling in spaces reserved for his use only.)

Journeyman Blues sounds like a parody of Stagecoach or similar western films that revolve around a train or stagecoach travelling through hostile country, though I confess to having been one of the attackers in my youth in Hamilton, when any bus that came along meant an interruption to our games of street hockey. I've been fascinated by all that Bill and Charlene have been writing these days about life in New York, though I doubt very much that I'll ever get all the different parts of NYC sorted out in my mind. (This turned up in a dream I had the other night, no doubt inspired by this article—all I can recall was that I was in Brooklyn trying to get to the ocean, and that everyone around me was hostile. And the whole New York area appeared as being hundreds of miles long, with nothing but one district after another and no apparent end.)

I favor the Spoonerism over almost all other forms of the pun as far as getting laughs is concerned, though I think a truer, more subtle word play is probably the result of a sharper wit. And Spoonerisms are often dangerous, as I use them very frequently without planning ahead—I was at a very formal occasion the other day and told the people I was going to shake a tit. Or, more embarrassing, I've had the experience of trying to spoonerize two words that I wouldn't say at a similar occasion the right way, and discovering when doing so that they both start with the same letter, so that the original phrase comes out.)

I don't think having not read In Defense of the Pun hindered the Incomplete Fangler at all, since you mention having noticed the same ease of punning that WAW strikes me as having, and that ease was the main impression In Defense of the Pun left me with. I think there's only one pun WAW's used in anything I've seen that stood out as forced and thrown in apparently because he wanted to work that particular play on words into something he wrote, no matter how appropriate it was to the text. That was in the Harp Stateside—I can't recall the specific occasion but it was the remark about a baker being what he was because he "kneaded the dough", which is older than Bob Tucker, and which stopped THS from sticking in my mind as Perfection.

And there's not much more I can say, beyond the fact that I enjoyed all your cartoons.

§§ I dunno about trades taking more copies. It's possible, I guess, but my impression was that there were more letterhacks (to use that as a generic term for LoCers) than faneds. It may vary from time to time. I'm open to revision on what I wrote on the spur of the moment at the time, not having really given it that much consideration...

Your dream has a ring of reality about it; there are times when wandering about this city—and particularly in Brooklyn, though similarly in other boroughs—when one can certainly get the impression that it will never end. As I've mentioned in my reply to Rick Sneary, I used to drive a taxi cab (the job lasted me only about six months) here. I was constantly getting lost in Brooklyn or the Bronx, with an occasional bewilderment in Queens. I can remember driving for what seemed like hours through strange tenement canyons and ghetto shopping districts and ominous warehouse or manufacturing areas between infrequent brightly lit sections of shopping life or tree-lined residential streets; up and down brief hills or along streets that arrow to the horizon like practice perspective sketches... A crow could fly over 35 miles in a straight line from the Queens-Nassau County line to the tip of Staten Island and, save for the small stretch across the Narrows, where the Verazzano Bridge crosses from Brooklyn to Staten Island, be over a crosshatch of pavement and buildings all the way. On the streets it could be over 50

miles, without much changing of general direction...

Although, as Bob Shaw says a page or so back, spoonerisms (more properly capitalized as you wrote it, that type of word-play being named after a Rev. W. A. Spooner [1844-1930] of New College, Oxford, who was famous for his inadvertent spoonerisms; however, my dictionary, Wold college edition, lower-cases the word) are a more mechanical type of word play, I think it may be that they are an easier laugh because one does not necessarily need special information to catch the point. Like regular puns, however, they are better when, like your "shake a tit" example, either version consists of viable words, and best when both phrases make sense...again like your example. My dictionary gives an example of what I gather is one of Rev. Spooner's, which is of low-grade quality: "It is kisstomary to cuss the bride." Lowest grade spoonerisms, of course, have no meaning in the interchanged version ("I had tee martoonies, but I'm not so drunk as some thinkle peep I am.")... That is saved a touch by the meaning of "peep" but the humor is entirely in the recognition that the speaker is, after all, that drunk or more—not in the word play itself. And again, spoonerisms should be spontaneous—at least, not obviously led up to. §§

H A R R Y W A R N E R

Hagerstown, Md., Jan. 5, 1972

I should have expressed much sooner my amazement and expounded my praises for Fangle. The amazement is the kind that always comes when I find yet another artist doing a good job of writing. I can't get it through my stupid head that the inability of most fannish writers to draw should not be accompanied by an equal inability of artists to write. It results from the bad habit of considering myself as representative of mankind in general, I suppose: I gave up any effort to draw things after the usual boyish attempts to copy comic strip panels and the discovery that it took me three or four hours to get six square inches even remotely recognizable as derived from the model. The praises should go for the general good impression of informality and relaxation you got into your first issue. First issues are often as hard to combine with those characteristics as the opening night of a play. You also deserve particular credit for keeping the issue down to a humane size. These two-pound fanzines are terribly hard on people who earn a living by writing locs and I hope you don't succumb so soon to the urge to expand, expand, and expand that people will recall your first issue as the littlest Fangle.

The reprint from APA F was appreciated. Municipal apas' mailings seem destined to be among the very rarest items for people who collect fanzines, and even small snippets of reprints from them are welcome since most of us will never see complete mailings. Or distributions or whatever the favorite terminology may be now.

Only one consolation occurs to me about the splits and defections that have been plaguing New York City fandom. This has been going on now since the 1930's and New York City fandom always keeps going because new fans inevitably appear from mysterious sources to take the places vacated by those who have moved away or gafiated or retreated to their tents to sulk. I've always had this theory that fandom is something like an old rainbarrel, which hold just so much water and then expels the remainder: as soon as more fans appear in one area than the available supply of egoboo and elective offices and special distinctions can cover, some of them squirt through the bung hole, and if there's a temporary shortage, previously inactive fans scent the chance for instant fame and move in.

I assume that Journeyman Blues is pretty much a true story, with just the amount of exaggeration and imagination sanctified by the Willis-Berry-Charters tradition. It's very well done, making me feel that the bus rides are almost as much a part of my own memory as bus rides in Hagerstown became before the transit company ran out of money

several years ago. But it isn't just in Brooklyn that large vehicles become targets. A truck driver from the midwest was killed last year only a few miles from Hagerstown, when someone dropped a 19-pound rock off an interstate highway overpass onto his vehicle. It went right through the windshield. One kid was eventually convicted and sentenced to a year in jail, and another who was charged with helping got off scot free. The moral, I suppose, is that it's better to kill people with large rocks than to smoke a reefer, if you must exhibit your contempt for the law, because you're less likely to spend a really long term in jail.

Long ago I got into deep trouble with none other than Walt Willis for clumsily expressing much the same opinion of puns that you relate more clearly in Fangle. It's the obvious puns and the completely irrelevant ones that I dislike, not the inspired kind, and my complaint was that most people laugh or groan indiscriminately at any pun, no matter whether it's a good one or not.

But I do think you have the shaggy dog story mixed up with puns, because the former rarely or never depends on a pun. In fact, the shaggy dog story is distinguished for the very fact that it doesn't have a logically made punch line or the type that is necessary for the feghoot. It's hard to define exactly what shaggy dog stories are, but they are usually considered to be jokes in which the punch line is funny because of its unexpectedness, not because it's funny in relation to what has gone before. The genre got its name from a good example of the type: This man found a scrap of newspaper while walking down a street in Manhattan and found on it an advertisement from a lady in London who had lost her shaggy dog. He looked all over New York City for the lost pet; when he was unable to find it, he took a train to Chicago, and there he spotted a very shaggy dog. He brought this pet to LaGuardia Airport, got into an England-bound plane, and it was hijacked. In Cuba he was separated from the pet, while the secret police tried to find secret messages that it might be carrying, but he finally got it to England where he ran out of money and was forced to walk, carrying the dog, the last fifty miles to the palacial dwelling where lived the lady who had inserted the advertisement. When he asked her if she had lost a shaggy dog, she took one look at the animal and said: "Yes, but dear me, not that shaggy."

The illustrations are splendid throughout. You have the same knack that Ejo used to demonstrate of making real fans instantly recognizable without including all the fine detail that would make their faces look like photographic-type portraits. It's probably ungrateful of me to look a gift horse in the mouth, but I can't help thinking how many minutes of pure, unalloyed happiness I would have enjoyed if you'd used the money you spent on that front cover for a multi-page mimeographed front cover like those that made you famous in Quip. That's the only innovation I can think of in fandom that nobody ever had the courage to imitate and it would be dreadful if the artform died out because you don't do it any more after doing it too well for the good of fandom.

§§ The Littlest Fangle...! Glory—I may begin to wish I'd never introduced the subject of puns in that issue. But Not Really.

Your pointing out that people do tend to laugh or groan indiscriminately at puns, good or bad, brings up an aspect of them that I've wondered at from time to time myself. I haven't figured out whether it's because people are embarrassed to laugh at a pun, because of that kind of humor's reputation, or if it, like the elephant jokes and the shaggy dog stories—the true ones, as you describe (and thanks for telling me the Original Shaggy Dog story; more on that in a moment)—belongs to some special category of humor to which we react from a different kind of psychological basis than the kind we laugh at, or the kind we 'merely' find delight in, such as Thurber's.

While, in fact, I had heard, somewhere, the outline of the original shaggy dog story, and considered the type that ended with an almost pointless punchline—not really that, but compared to other types of stories it is; call it a too-simple-type punch line, for the build-up, wherein lies the humor—the true samples of the genre. But, to me, I had considered the category as defined by its over-blown build-up, generally left up to the story-teller, and merely based on a kind of outline, which is the only part, with the final punch line, that stays the same from retelling to retelling. Thus I included the “It’s a long way to tip a rary,” “I wouldn’t keep a knight out on a dog like this,” and “People who live in grass houses shouldn’t stow thrones,” as being part of the genre because of the long-drawn-out build-ups that those stories usually receive...or at least as I heard them. And again, this type, with its pun-finish, is separate from the feghoot by the irrelevance of the major part of the build-up to the basic outline of the story and its punch-line, whereas the feghoot is the epitome of the carefully-planned build-up. The definitive feghoot, of course, also requires that the protagonist—Ferdinand Feghoot, under any of a number of names, usually consistent with a particular writer of that type of story—to solve a carefully explicated problem, his explanation of which is the punch line.

As a letterzine, Fangle is inevitably going to be larger than #1 was—I’ve already surpassed it in number of pages, and I still have a long way to go. I’ll never be able to manage to afford a two-pounder, either in terms of the money to produce it, or in terms of time, especially on a frequent schedule. I hope I shall be able to continue the relaxed atmosphere, however, since that is by all means the image I wish to project, it being that which I most enjoy myself. I may have to edit future issues more heavily than this one, however...

One of the nice things about New York fandom is that it generally consists of several autonomous duchies or factions, which may be joined or left by almost anyone within the area, so that Nyfen have a choice of the kind of group or groups he or she can be most congenial with. Not that there isn’t now and then some friction between factions, but as it stands now each seems to let the others pretty well alone, with some communication being maintained by those who do overlap in attendance at the various meetings and gatherings, including regional cons. I get the impression that it is primarily the quality of mundane life in the same area that tends to put the strain on various fannishly sensitive faces, and the itch in their shoes.

Your story of the truck driver who was killed has sadly seen its counterpart in multiple this winter, with more generic malice aforethought involved. I’ve not followed the news closely enough to hear about the aftermath results in individual cases, however.

It’s a little late to do so, but I should point out that the Quivers were reprinted by offset, not mimeo. The only multi-page mimeographed cover that I ever did was for the Katz’s Tandem last year. It was, of course, as far as I know, Ted White, Bhob Stewart and the other Void boys who initiated multi-page covers, which were mimeographed. So it was, in fact, Arnie and I who did have the courage—or gall—to imitate them (It was Arnie’s idea—possibly in conjunction with Len Bailes—and I just went along with it. I Was Only Following Orders...). That we did move away from their original concept, in form and arrangement, was to our credit, I think—like all Good Things, they were made to build upon—but we always acknowledged our debt to Void. As to future multi-page covers...we’ll see. If Arnie should ever revive Quip, or do a retrospective or nostalgia-kick issue of it, certainly I’d be willing to do one for that, though if he continued with further issues, or further issues of Tandem, they would not see the same kind of continued effort on my part. For Fangle, I presently have only in mind putting in some special effort on single-page covers, such as the one for this issue. §§



Thanx a lot for FANGLE, which I found very enjoyable, but not much in the way of comment hooks. I daresay I could add some comments re Willis' defense of the pun, but I'm sure there must be half a hundred people who have already done so. I must agree with him though when he calls it the highest form of humor. (If this sounds disjointed and odd, I'm watching A DAY AT THE RACES. It doesn't have Groucho's surreal raps, but it has some good slapstick.)

"A Drawn Out Story" kind of took me by surprise. I'd never really thought about people who want to draw, but never got around to it, either because they believe they can't draw, or actually can't (something I don't believe possible), or whatever other reason said people come up with. Obviously, Bill Kunkel is a case in point—if you want to Art, you start Arting. My own case has been somewhat similar to Bill's, tho I have been doing art of one sort or another most of my life. But I'd never tried cartooning, and Doug Lovenstein's illos used to knock me out so much and make me want to do similarly astounding drawings so badly that I up and copied his style until I had it pretty much together, and now I look at every cartoon I come across, from the stuff in Playboy to Rotsler to Stiles to you to Kinney (especially Kinney). In fact, just as soon as I get my ever ill Rapidograph repaired, the world will soon be staggering under the cosmic insight afforded by my newly attained level of cartooning whereby I attack shading and other heretofore unattained artistic achievements. And since this has turned into a mailing comment of sorts, and there's a mild chance that Arnie or some other aspiring artist might see this, I might as well offer the rather tired advice which is always so true: keep drawing. And above all remember—It's just lines on paper.



And while on the subject of art, I might add that I really enjoy your all too rare fanzine art appearances, and am madly envious of your ability to capture people's (and peoples') likenesses on paper.

I would send you a copy of TWAS EVER THUS in trade, but I'm out of copies of the current ish. Instead, some illos that have been in my folder a few weeks. (You can gird your grit for staggering at a later date.)

§§ Much as we, who can Art, may like to think so—and you may have had second thoughts about this in this long interim—I must disagree that anybody can draw if they just keep trying. It may be true that many who keep working at it may eventually discover they have the knack—but let's face it. Some folks just don't have a "pictorial" frame of reference. Which is not to say that they can't appreciate art, or indulge in it in some other way—consider Arnie's capabilities with layout, or think about Grandma Moses!—her drawing was no great shakes, but she had a knack for composition and color that I envy. We all have things we can't do that others can, and we often can appreciate what they do, but wouldn't know how to start doing likewise.

There are things, though, that we can develop if we have the start. Your 'tired advice' about keeping on drawing is valid enough that you might take it yourself when it comes to likenesses... For a long time I was certain that I'd never be able to catch likenesses of people—and I'm still far from satisfied with my ability to do so now—but I did keep up the effort of trying. I look at the numerous examples of Jack Davis' caricaturizations or—for an example that really knocked me out when I saw it—Bill Utteback's illustrations for Playboy's That Was the Year That Was by Judith Wax in the January issue—and you talk about envy! ...I haven't seen your illos for some time now, so I don't know if you are doing more in the way of caricaturizations or staying with general types. The FDR illo you sent me with your LoC, however, suggests to me that you should not have too much trouble.

In this connection, I remember once in a grade school art class that we were asked to try to do portraits of other kids in the class—I think one of them sat for the rest of us—Jerry Something, his name was. Anyway, I was always one for drawing a picture to death, with detail and shadow and stuff, and while I was maybe better than most of the others, still, I was doing grade school level stuff... But this time I just happened to manage in a few, quick lines to "catch" the guy. I had the good sense to stop and let it go—anything more I would have done, I knew, would detract, and lose the likeness. My teacher urged me to continue, put some detail, some shading, into it, but I wouldn't... Alas, I did not really learn from that for a long time, and many were the drawings that I killed after that; but the incident remained in mind as time went on, and, gradually, I think, I've come to kill fewer drawings than before... §§

L A R R Y   H E R N D O N

Carrollton, Tex., Dec. 1971

I received FANGLE #1 last week, for which thanks muchly. For a while there, I was beginning to fear that New York fandom (or Brooklyn fandom, as the case may be) had been wiped out by some terrible and awesome disaster. I mean, it's been several months since I've gotten the last issue of POTLATCH or FOCAL POINT, and I don't think I've been dropped from their mailing lists. Conclusion: they haven't been published in a couple months, right? And now that I think of it, I haven't gotten a RATS! In about two months, either. So as you can see, you're the only zine to filter out of Fabulous Fannish Brooklyn/NY in some months. (Either that or...sob...I've been dropped from ml's...)

You upheld the finest traditions in your editorial: mumble about how you came to be in fandom, say a few words about your past zines, and cast about in several directions for the paths your future issues will follow...in other words, be as vague as you can about everything! Keep the readers guessing! Never give the little devils an idea of what to expect in coming issues—an off-balance fan is a happy fan! Yes.

By the way, that was a good front cover...per chance is that a group shot of a gathering at the Katz's home? No, no, can't be, because the table isn't oval.

I found myself feeling very uncomfortable during Arnie's article. Yes, I, too, have always wanted to be an artist, and like Arnie, I drew illos in school books and notebooks and anywhere else I could lay a pencil, and before discovering fandom, always thought that I'd be a great artist, someday...ranking perhaps with Frank Frazetta and Charles Schulz—or somewhere in between. But, my first contact with fandom convinced me that there were Many Better and that perhaps I didn't have Unlimited Talent, after all. But (unlike Arnie), I didn't concentrate on my writing...come to think of it, I didn't concentrate on anything...

Sigh...

§§ Just think how long it has been now since you got a copy of Potlatch or Focal Point! And for that matter, see how I've kept the readers guessing about what was to be in upcoming issues of Fangle! I did even better than you knew! As to keeping them off balance—I always thought most fans were a little off-balance practically by definition.

Hey, does your Nostalgia Film Society yet flourish?—You wrote your LoC on the back of a printed announcement about it... I keep hoping to return to Texas, one of these years Real Soon Now, especially if the fuel situation loosens up, or they bring back the steam car. Where is Carrollton?—say in relation to College Station, where I spent many of my Growing Up Years. —Not that I plan to suddenly drop in on you; I'm just curious. I was rather sorry when the Dallascon bid dropped out—it would have made a good excuse to revisit old haunts... §§

D A V E P I P E R

Ruislip, Middx, England, 12 Jan. 71

Tanks very much for Vol I No I Fall issue of FANGLE...which I got yesterday. I've always preferred 'fall' as a word to 'autumn'....more evocative seems to me. Every time I use it though I get sidewise glances and mutters of 'yankeeluva' or some such. I wondered why you picked me out to send it to until I read your colophon... I'm very glad you did though and I hope you send me the next one. I've gotta hope as I don't have any sticky 35¢ pieces to hand. In fact, I didn't even know you had 35¢ pieces! I'm pretty ignorant about things like that y'know. But I am pretty. And speaking of my good looks...as I don't know you personally I don't know which one of the characters portrayed on the cover is THE C. Ross Chamberlain. Lessee...how about a word association-type-breakdown—

C. Ross Chamberlain. mmmm.

lain: lay down, lain, lydown, get up, getupgetoutabed, combacrossyourhead, go to work, coat and hat, or 'at as we say, 'at two of, 'ats, ATZ.

chamber: chamber, ladies chamber, inmyladiesetc, lady, ladiesandgents, boys and girls, all look the same these days, unisex and all that, uni, UNI.

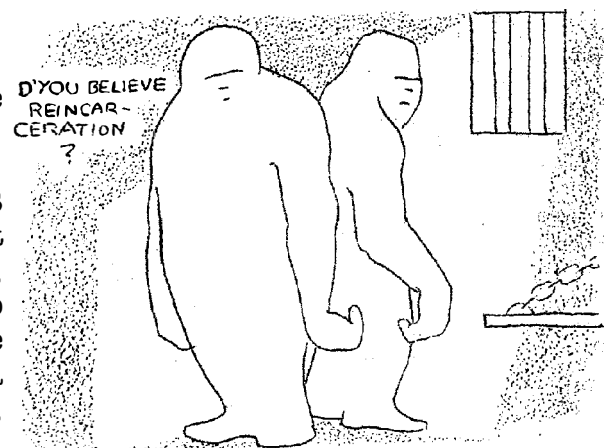
c,ross: c.ross, cross, not happy, unhappy, or happy, happy, or is it hoppy, dunno, for sure, HOPPY.

There y'go....Hoppy Uniatz (or is it Happy? Dunno, years since I read my Cheyneys)... ...obviously the C. Ross bit is a pseudonym and your real name is H. U. Therefore the self-portrait on the front cover I have brilliantly identified as the, um, would you believe, friendly looking fella on the far left. Do I pass go and collect 200? Oh???

For a 'first' issue Ross, this was a very entertaining read. Artwork, as to be expected, was excellent and I especially liked the 'uncertainty' and 'reincarceration' ones. Very funny.

Is that hint of horror in Bill and Charlene's piece for real?

If you wrote the 'Crossoid' bit any time after 28 Feb 65 then we're the same age. And look at us...there are you...a genzine publishing ghiant, an artist revered through fandom, a writer of no mean talent, a social fan who eats with The Arnie and The Joyce, and all that bit. And 'ere am I...a bleedin' nobody. And likely to remain so. Oh well,



DAVE PIPER—Cont'd

the kids'll be waking up yelling again in a moment (they're not too well) and then we'll have to start the old night-watch for the 14<sup>th</sup> day on the trot. Or should I say night. Yes, there are compensations (he weeped).

With the delay due to the dock strike I guess you've probably published No. 2 already...am I in time to get a copy? I know you say no subs, but if I send you a buck...what about a 2 copy sub?

§§ Just wanted you to know—the dock strike hasn't really lasted this long; it just seemed that way at the time... Oddly enough, I have a sort of Anglophilic preference for 'autumn' over 'fall'—or maybe it's more acrophobic...

Go to jail (or gaol), go directly to jail, do not pass go, do not collect 200 dollars (or pounds, or whatever). I'm the one on the far right foreground...or was it the back...?? never mind. I wrote the Crossoid bit February 5, 1965.

Thirty-five cent pieces are very rare, here, and it's no wonder you've remained unaware of them. Y'know, it's funny, but a lot of people over here were equally ignorant about them until I mentioned the things. They are actually worth about \$250 a piece, due to scarcity, but I wasn't going to let anyone in on that... I figured, just let'em send me the things in return for Fangle, and I'll clean up! But the nits that did send me money all sent me a quarter and a dime apiece, which I thought was pretty cheap of them. Or—maybe they know...

No subs, no how. A LoC now and then will do nicely. Verrrry nicely. Hoppy Uniatz????!§§

L A N E L A M B E R T

Boaz, Ala., 1 Jan. 72

Sitting here as I am, watching the Cotton Bowl, Fangle is the first fanzine for which I will write loc this year. Aren't you awed?

I thought so.

Your zine is highly enjoyable, even though it is just another Frothy Brooklyn Fanzine. As a firstish, it had the side effect of evoking memories of my own first fanzine: It wasn't cruddy looking, although the writing was empty and non-lasting.

Why is it that fanartists seem to write interestingly as well as draw, while we fanwriters can't seem to Get It On with sketch pads? (Oh, there's Bill, but he's an exception.) I generally enjoy reading of other fans' Entrances Into Fandom—yours was interesting. Mine was quite different—I was introduced to its sublime pleasures by John Berry's Amazing column in mid-1969. I began requesting copies of a few—Focal Point was among them—and stenciled Nexus 1 in June, 1970. Ta-da! Here I are!

You're right—I guess Neofaneds do ramble about Future Contents as a requisite. But, unless we play smart and learn a little before we make the Big Splash, what else have we to discuss? That's one question I never paused to answer.

Puns are indeed much fun; I'm cultivating a Punnish Phrame of mind now. Not long ago some unknown local member of the Silent Majority mailed me a letter care of the newspaper where I work—it read WHY DON'T YOU HAVE YOUR HAIR CUT NEAT—A FRIEND.

I told a girl working beside me that if I saw the person who wrote it I might be bushwhacked; she flashed a wrinkle-mouthed grin.

Some people like puns. Others...

You'll undoubtedly have one of the best-illustrated fanzines in the country. Your cover is finely rendered. The page-5 Interplanetary Fans illo is the best-stenciled one I've seen since your fantastic creations in The Enchanted Duplicator.



Every so often I wonder why I continue Nexus when I see zines like FP and Warhoon and Energumen. I don't come up with good answers; perhaps it's one of those Mysteries of Life that we were never meant to know...

Fangle 2 ought to be really fine. Hope you enjoy Nexus when it arrives.

Keep on Chooglin.

§§ Chooglin'? Right in front of everybody like this? I didn't realize...

Beware of getting into a Punnish Phrame of mind... it can lead to a bad rap, for which you will be punished unjustly... (and unmercifully, as I've discovered.)

I wish I could reprint Fangle #1 in toto right along with this issue—it has been so long and references to cartoons and other things are almost certainly impossible to check out, save to the extent that I can copy over some of my cartoons, at least, here. And quote a few short passages. But I can't repeat the rendering of the cartoons; the above is just an idea of what the Interplanetary Fans cartoon was about... One good thing; I won't have this problem with the next issue! After that...?? Thanks for the compliments, though.

\*Sigh\* for the problems of an inexperienced faned!

J E F F S C H A L L E S

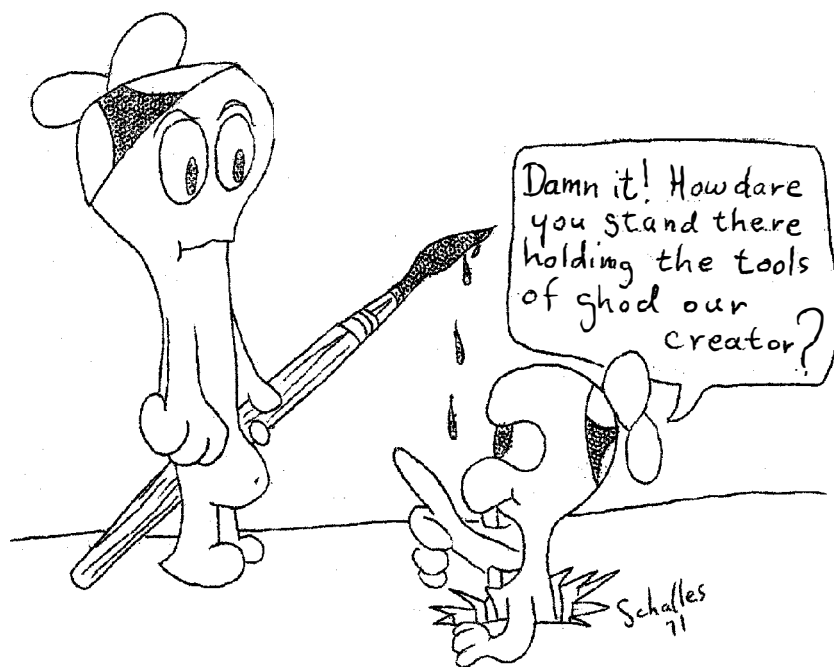
Grove City, Pa., Dec. ?, 1971

Thanks for sending me the first Fangle... I enjoyed it immensely. I picked it up while going through an inadvertent visit home after my VWbus committed suicide on the way back from Philcon, and read it while waiting for the bus to get me back up to good 'ol GCC.

At first (before I broke all my finger-nails getting the giant staple out) glance I thought it was going to be another from the line of Potlatch/FP/Rats!/Cipher stock, but I was pleasantly surprised. It was fascinating (verbally and visually) from end to end. Unfortunately, it wasn't the sort of material that would cause me to sit down and write paragraph after paragraph of illegible comments, which is a good thing at times... Sometimes I'd much rather just sit around and read Fangle-type fanzine that don't really REQUIRE fancy LoCing, than to stew about what to bitch to Lunney about this time...

§§ Hi, Jeff. Yours' is one of the few LoCs I've decided to edit down to a couple of paragraphs, since the rest involved a COA, mentioned sending me a copy of Cover and some cartoons, and then blathered out some apologies for the cartoons with comparisons to my art work... You've progressed in the last year since you did these

cartoons, and while they were among the best I think you had done up to that time, still...



I do strenuously apologize for not returning them to you at the time...while I did not intend to use them, I'm sure another zine would have been happy to.

It wasn't wholly a quality decision on my part not to use them. They were a series, belonging together, mostly (a couple could stand alone, one of which is here). And I couldn't see running them all—it would've taken up the equivalent of two pages at least.

Incidentally, since I didn't have the courtesy to LoC your personalzine WHA when I read it, let me at least thank you for sending it to me... I really

enjoyed it. Your evocations of the world about you as you experienced it struck me as little has since reading Axel Munthe's The Story of San Michele, or maybe some of the best of Jack Kerouac's stuff (as, say, in The Dharma Bums). And drat, I've messed up my clever layout. Anyway, thanks very much, and I hope to see future issues...if any are forthcoming. Next time I'll LoC directly... §§

MIKE GLICKSOHN

Toronto, Ont., Canada, Dec. 4, 1971

My thanks for including me on the m/l of your new zine, it promises to be a worthy addition to my fanzine library. Before I comment briefly on the issue itself, I'd like to thank you for the superb illustrations you did for THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. I've only recently obtained my copy and my feeling on seeing your illustrations for it was one of total awe! Like Arnie, I've always admired and envied the artists in fandom, but a special degree of reverence has always been reserved for those who can work their masterpieces directly on stencils. At various times in my brief fannish career, I've tried to trace simple Rotsler line drawings on to stencils with totally disastrous results. The lines have always been blotchy and crude and the illo came out looking like a reject from the Famous Artists School (and if you've ever seen the sort of work they say "shows considerable talent worthy of developing" you'll realize just how inept I must be!). Thus when I see someone such as yourself capable of rendering a meticulously detailed illo impeccably on stencil, I quite literally cannot conceive of how it could be done. The process is a mystical one, fraught with magic and possibly involving illicit pacts with the Elder Gods, I imagine. You and Atom stand in a class by yourselves, and the rest of us are indebted to you for the chance to observe the results of your skill. As a matter of interest, could you give us some idea of how you're able to do such detailed work? Are there special techniques that are learnable, or is it an innate skill?

One point that I've only recently realized is that the bearded chap in all those old quivers was you! All this time, I'd thought it was Ted White. After all, it looked just like him (before he grew his hair, of course.) How embarrassing to discover I'd been misinterpreting things all the way along the line.

It's an old truism that people who put down puns as the lowest form of humor are people who are themselves incapable of making puns. After all, the pun, even in its bastardized "word-play" form, is basically an intellectual form of humour, which is one reason I think they're so popular in fandom and also one reason why the best punsters are invariably British (or from the British Isles, I should say). When one thinks of British humour, one thinks of the "Goon Show" and "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; American humour brings to mind Soupy Sales and "Laugh-In." It's an entirely different style and emphasis as far as the humour is concerned. Surely, Willis' "In Defense of the Pun" was recently reprinted somewhere? I remember reading it, and couldn't possibly have seen the original version.

I enjoyed FANGLE #1, but don't find too many comment hooks. But I wish you every success with it and look forward to seeing the second issue!

§§ Hmm, as a graduate of the Famous Artists School...

I did try my hand at the course, their course in commercial art—sort of. I got all the books and materials, including a nice drafting table—but I never sent in the first lesson. Eventually I was able to have it transferred to their "fine art" or painting course. This I ran through without studying the lessons and achieved B (above average) grades throughout (one B+, one A- in there). This was, oh, closer to 20 years ago, now, than I care to believe...

But that had nothing to do with any ability I may have in rendering illos on stencil. I thank you for your high praise, but cannot offer any particular suggestions as to methods or techniques. I think the skill can be developed—I have been doing so since the summer of 1952 when I cut my first mimeograph stencil, doing a one-page cartoon strip for the YMCA Camp I was staying at that year. Those came out pretty well, but I have had good to rotten success at varying times, and it wasn't until—oh, relatively recently that it dawned on me that there was a considerable variation in the quality of stencils. Like anything else, if you have top quality materials, it makes your job that much easier—and in some cases, it makes it possible. A good quality stencil, such as is made by Polychrome, with a good quality drawing plate (I've noticed differences in drawing plates, although I can't name a preferred brand) provide the basis for a firm stylus-hand not to rip the stencil... After which, fine detail work just required patience, and a sort of dogged determination...

As I've previously mentioned to Rick Sneary, during the early period of Quip's existence, I was frequently mistaken for Ted in my own drawings, for that reason, that we were similarly groomed—though except for the couple of occasions when he did a Telly Savalas (or, then, Yul Brynner), he usually had more hair than I, at least on top. On the other hand, when I did do Ted in that period prior to his discarding his beard and moustache for sideburns, I don't think he was ever mistaken for me or anyone else. I didn't do that well by him, then, having used an exaggerated version of his image in Void, thereby rendering him somewhat more "cartoony" than the other characters. When the time did come that he changed his mephistophelean image—at least visually—I think my drawings of him improved quite a bit.

I've always regretted that we haven't been able to see—or hear—such things as "Monty Python's Flying Circus," although our local Pacifica station (listener-sponsored) WBAI was playing "Goon Show" transcriptions from the BBC for a while some ten years ago or so...sadly, while I had no readily available recording apparatus. I did manage to find a "Best of the Goon Shows" album, with two shows on a disc, a while back. Good show!  
§§

Thanks for FANGLE. Damned tough zine to LoC, though.

I liked the tone. Even if you have a sercon streak in you, this firstish is all fannish, yet you have none of the attacks on Charlie Brown and LOCUS, on book reviews, on andrew j. offutt, etc., which have come to seem almost obligatory for a firstish of a fannish zine, followed by a gradual mellowing into a relaxed sort of fannishness, rather than the evangelical sort. Since I have a sercon streak in myself (or maybe have myself in a sercon streak), I suspect that I will enjoy future issues even more, when your sercon side shows, giving more variety.

Sine this is my first LoC to you, I should make note of the policy I have adopted toward Arnie Katz's fanwriting, not quite as a new year's resolution, but as part of my plans for coping with 1972. I find that I take little pleasure from reading most (not all) of Arnie's fanwriting. (In that, I am obviously in the minority, but that's beside the point...) Since not only Arnie, but the faneds who publish him, will rapidly become tired of my constant reiteration, with all the musicality of an off-center buzzsaw, that "I didn't like—— by Arnie Katz," I hereafter will take note of Arnie's writings on the not very frequent occasions when I like them. Pax.

Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar's writing up the same event in alternating shots from their different viewpoints is an interesting idea, and I hope they keep it up. I particularly liked that the piece didn't end with a one-sentence paragraph, a practice to which I am rapidly becoming allergic. (It's not necessarily bad; it's just that not only is nearly everybody in fandom doing it, but the closing sentence is not always interesting enough either to stand by itself or to end anything.) The bus ride they described was quite interesting, and a little frightening. Makes me wonder what happens if the bus suddenly develops engine trouble while being strafed. After all, the driver doesn't have a radio to call back to the bus station for help. Does the enemy take prisoners? Alive? Do the rock-throwers observe the Geneva Conventions? If they catch a bus, do they later exchange prisoners with the City of New York?

Interesting article on puns, even though my taste is not only pro-pun, but low-pun; as low as it can get. I wish I could understand the pun you closed with, though.

§§ The only reason I have not attacked Charlie Brown or Locus, or book reviews, or andrew j. offutt, is that I've never had any particular desire or reason to—otherwise, I would immediately... Does that make sense? About as much as your policy on Arnie Katz's writings, anyway (which, of course, you may have revised since, who knows?—but I have to base my reply on what I have). The impression I got from this letter was that you intended to offer no insight as to what it was about his writing that you disliked—had you previously done so, without satisfactory response?

Since I hear through the grapevine (whose initials are AK) that you are now living here in NYC, you may have noticed by this time that some of our buses do, in fact, have radios—perhaps all of them, though it has only been on a few that I've heard that distinctive static-or-carrier-wave blat, with barely comprehensible voices floating through it, that such two-way system seem to have, and which must require special training on the part of the users to learn to understand.

See my reply to Rick Sneary for explication of that pun. How low is a low pun—as bad as the ones I used to reply to Terry Hughes? Worse?—or not that wretched? §§



On the day I got FANGLE, I also got FP and CIPHER, and became slightly uneasy. But when RATS! Arrived today, I realized the Terrible Realization: this was an invasion! Alas, I can do nothing about it. What else can I do but loc? (And don't say "contribute"...)

I'm not much of a punster, so when I do think of one, I'm pretty proud of myself. Somehow, though, those that I pun at don't seem to enjoy my witticisms quite as much as I do. Add to your list of Puns that are Funniest the First Time but Never Again this one: See, a man comes into a store and buys some Morton's and an Eveready. When he comes to the counter, the cashier says, "Okay, I'm charging you for salt and battery." Well, I thot it was funny, at first.

Arnie Katz, you are not alone! I too was sure some untapped artistic flood lay in me, until I put out my First Fanzine, with...well, I hesitate to use the term..."Art"? It looked about up to my talent: about a six-year-old's level. Somehow, beautiful designs always seem to turn into shapeless blobs under my Magic Touch. Remember the First Law of the Fan Artist: If at first you don't succeed, try again at your own risk.

Whatever you say, you are a faanish fan, putting out a Faanish Fmz. I can tell, I'm not sure how, but I can tell. Maybe it's the smell...? So don't say you aren't a fannish Fan. You are. And that's that.

"Journeyman Blues" was fantastic. Is Brooklyn really like that? Just think of the money the first travel agency will make that stages a safari there. "Ride through Brooklyn,,,and live!" Say, I wonder if any muggers have read FOCAL POINT? Y'know, unprotected policemen and mailmen and all... /Unsubstantially,

§§ "Contribute" — (okay, now what happens?)

Actually, with Fangle now a letterzine, that's LoCing, so you're home free...

I am a fannish fan. I am a fannish fan. I am a faanish fan. I am a fannish fan. I am a fannish fan!—It's true, it's true! Thank you, thank you, Aljo Svoboda—you have reawakened me to my trufannish soul... I am a f—— by the smell? §§

S E T H M c E V O Y

E. Lansing, Mich.

It's nice to hear that somebody still reads SF. I really like it, and may write some someday for the promags.

Anyhow, I enjoyed reading Fangle, even though if Charl & Bill keep writing that kind of stuff, I won't be very encouraged to visit New York.

§§ At this point in time, it is interesting to look back on this prediction of yours— how's your pro writing going? Any nibbles? §§

D A V I D B U R T O N

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 12, 1971

Thanks for the copy of FANGLE #1. To be honest, I have some mixed feelings about it; in a way, it's patterned after the faanish fanzines that are currently being published, and which I've become rather tired of. But on the other hand, I find your writing immensely enjoyable; you aren't very flashy, but you have a lot of common sense and you communicate

with me.

As you note, it'll be a couple of issues at least before any certain "style" will come about, but I certainly hope that you strike out on your own and don't simply follow the lead of the other faanish fanzines, especially those being published in New York. I don't think that there's anything wrong with those fanzines; they're interesting and entertaining, but they all have the same sort of material by the same people, and they all have the same look and feel about them. I guess my feelings come from being more than a little fed up with being "faanish"; if this was two years ago I'd be out there in the forefront, but now I just want to sit back and enjoy it all. I'll tell you, I'm planning to publish another fanzine in the next couple of months, probably called SNOOK, and I was wondering if you'd like to contribute?

§§ I'm sorry I haven't communicated with you for 2½ years, but perhaps if all goes well, we can recommence. For one thing, that heavy load of faanish fanzines under which you were struggling is no longer quite so heavy (...!) And perhaps a touch of that here and there might no longer be so unwelcome. In any case, I am obviously—at last—striking out on my own.

Did SNOOK—or whatever—come off? If you sent it to me, please don't be miffed that I've forgotten; as with many other fanzines, if I received it, I probably read and enjoyed it, but in my bad habit of not responding to fanzines, or LoCing them, it didn't stay with me. Worse, in going through my piles of papers and stuff, I've actually found unopened mail, including fanzines, at one time or another. But another possibility is—besides the one that you may never have sent it to me—that it was not forwarded from my previous address. I've learned that even some 1st Class mail didn't make the passage to Brooklyn, from people to whom it was returned. §§

D A V I D E M E R S O N

The Avocado Pit, NYC, Jan. 25, 1972

Here sits FANGLE #1 for my perusal, and a pleasant perusal it turns out to be. Graced as it is by Chamberlain artwork, and a few Kunkel cartoons, it starts off a promising zine a few jumps ahead of most first issues.

Arnie's piece, a familiar item of many fannish fanzines these days, is one of the best he's done recently; and it's especially appropriate, considering the fact that you, being an artist yourself, can illustrate your own material the way Arnie was longing to do. I have a penchant for quoting lines that I find striking, and I was struck by Arnie's line: "You mean you can...Art?" The illustration was particularly good, too; not only are your caricatures of Arnie and Bill very recognizable, but the batch of pseudo-Kunkels are quite faithful imitations, while still retaining a little Chamberlain quality to them.

There's been some controversy over Bill & Charl's "Journeyman Blues," but I for one: (a) think it's interesting reading; and (b) don't think it indicates any racism on their parts. When one's bus is being pelted by rocks, one has a valid reason for fearing and disliking the pelters, no matter whether they are black, white or green. 'Taint prejudice, just healthy paranoia, which as Chris Couch says is common sense in New York.

I agree with you about puns. Why, I myself have written quite a few feghoots in my time, ones whose punch lines work on both levels, so I can rightfully disdain those of the "Rudolph the Red knows rain, dear" variety, wherein the two meanings of the phrase have nothing to do with each other, and one of them has nothing to do with the story. "Quibbling rivalry" is one of the good sort; one of the best sort, in fact, since it was spontaneous. I'm tempted

to send you a collection of feghoots from PROSPECTUS—the Columbia University fan club newsletter, which has a feghoot in every issue. Some of them are just a few lines, some are longer, and one, which boasts five horrendous puns, is a full two pages, single spaced. It's quite painful, though, and I don't recommend reading too many at one sitting; you're liable to overdose and go irrevocably mad.

The variations on your title logo remind me of an idea I almost had once, that of having one's fanzine title spelled differently each issue. The one wouldn't need to number the issues, but just refer to the previous ones by their unique spelling. It didn't pan out, though; I couldn't think of any word that could be spelled more than about 3 or 4 different ways, and who wants to start a fanzine knowing you're limited to only a few issues? It would be humiliating to have to fold for lack of a new spelling.

Well, anyway. FANGLE shows a lot of promise, and I hope you keep it up.

P.S. I just noticed your colophon has justified margins but without those annoying extra spaces that are usually used to get that effect. Fantastic!

§§ For a second there, as I began to read your LoC, I thought you were sending me a copy of a review of Fangle you were doing for one of the Pitzines, or another...

I acknowledge that there are aspects of "Journeyman Blues" that could be construed as racist—the thing about the sacrifice, for instance—but it was real, and it was funny, and to me that overrides whatever uptight attitude some might find themselves partaking of in reaction to it. I say "real," of course, in the sense that it caught a reality beyond reportage, and somehow brought closer a sense of the experience.

I'm sorry that you never yielded to the temptation to send me those feghoots—as long as I don't print them here in my fine family fanzine, I don't think anyone has the right to disapprove of what I chuckle at behind closed doors in the privacy of my own home...

At first, when we looked around, there was nobody. "Charl," I said, "we are the only people on this bus."

The bus moved out and, after a stop or two, I turned to her once again.

"Charl," I said, "we are the only white people on this bus. Do you know what that means?"

She nodded grimly. "Yes. It means that if this bus is stopped by a hostile crowd and the people on this bus begin to look around for a sacrifice, guess who that sacrifice will be."

I swallowed. "How about choosing. Odd finger takes it."

"There are only two of us."

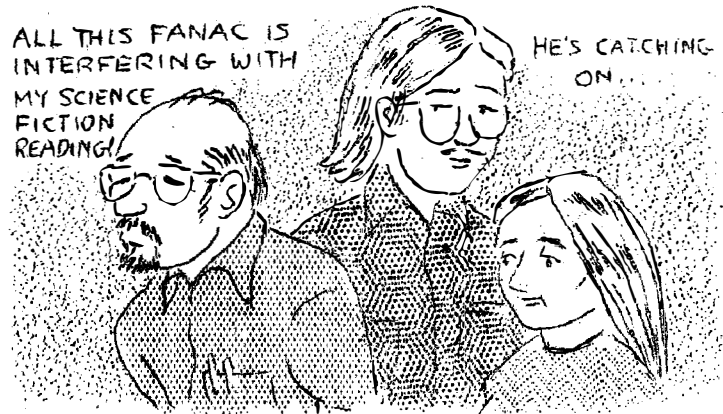
"I know, but you have very strange fingers." —Bill Kunkel, in "Journeyman Blues," in Fangle #1

As I recall, the colophon sort of began to come out justified on its own, and, hating to have it suddenly break out in bumps further on, I took special care to keep it going that way, actually choosing my wording especially for the purpose of having it justify without letter/space manipulation. I had some practice with this back in Crossoid days, when I deliberately, and not always successfully, tried to justify colophon margins, by any means available to me, whether by adding spaces or squeezing five letters into a four-letter space. I've now and then had remarkable luck in justifying lines, accidentally—see the first six lines of Dave Piper's letter herein...and it would have taken very little adjustment to justify all the lines of that first portion...

If you had chosen a fanzine title consisting of three words, each of which could be recognizable spelled four ways, you could have, I figure, 32 possible variations on the name; a fourth word would quadruple that. How many issues did you plan to do...? §§

Many thanks for the issue of FANGLE, and I feel I offer you several apologies for the lateness of this reply, but I've been swinging to and from gafiation so many times I've been getting quite dizzy! And I think it does tend to happen to more distant fen, far from the warming reach of a group maybe...but there, I'm now back to the straight and narrow path, and taking a more active part, which is maybe also part of the secret? Anyway, if I can presume to speak for Britfandom, welcome!

And that cartoon on page 4 struck home straight away...I've been getting in that position, mostly due to the piles of cheap sf around (Ace, Belmont and the rest regularly dump their unsold books over here) and the amount of time that I've been spending on fanac; and as a result of going round the bookshops like a vacuum cleaner, I've got enough reading to last me for the next two years or so! But I've lately been coming to the conclusion that too much sf is equally bad for anybody; I've been reading it till I've been seeing spaceships before the eyes! So I've been turning more to general reading, with the promise of an sf title maybe once a month (and further postponing that pile of books!) Because I want to go on enjoying sf without it becoming stale...which might actually work...and of course it isn't absolutely necessary to read sf to go far in fandom, is it? Though that's one course I would never, never take.



Arnie Katz's article struck another answering chord in me, for I was absolutely hopeless at art at school, haven't improved any now; and it's one part of fanac I'd love to be proficient in; or even the occasional scrawl! And the mass of artwork that passes under my eyes running the CCP (Central Contributors' Pool; something like a fanac clearing house!) only makes me feel insignificant with my few words...Still, there would be some awfully blank pages if there weren't any words to fit around the artwork, wouldn't there? And maybe we're all serving our apprenticeship in fandom; I somehow feel that once you lose your neohood completely, you're accepted into the ranks of the Secret Masters, and how many have returned to tell the tale? But communication is the operative word, so onwards...

The buses in New York City are something I must avoid if I ever get enough money to make that fannish dream of a trip to the WorldCon come true...The only really hazardous trips around here is when they have a coach full of football fans and their team loses; but then they start throwing rocks on the inside! And of course in Ireland, you're likely to find your bus commandeered, set on fire and used as a roadblock; but with the news coming out of that sorry state, I maybe shouldn't joke about it too much... But I don't know why, our public transport is seldom subject to anger, though the way the fares are shooting skyhigh..! And there's the occasional reports one sees of someone stealing a bus and picking up passengers for free; honestly, it has happened... But there must be something in the ghetto outlook, maybe the fact that some people have the money to afford the buses? Though I wouldn't like to presume to judge or examine here, knowing so little about the situation there; but I don't suppose that's stopped any fan before me!

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And if it's presumptuous to publish a fanzine, I probably would have done years ago! The only thing holding me back, as hordes of other fen, I would imagine, being time and money, though the idea of a genuine 'own' production agrees very well; it's the pushing personality that goes the furthest in the fanzine world, isn't it though? The person who feels that he's got something to impart; and at the moment I've still got the feeling that I've everything to learn, which isn't the right spirit to publish in!

Still, somewhere in these ramblings that you might have missed is the fact that I enjoyed Fangle very much, and I would be grateful if I could see another issue...? I can't see this

excuse for a LoC making one, and the only other way I can help is to contrib; so what would you like? It's difficult to know what to send, whether to be sercon or faanish to an editor of a zine that's just extended a hand to you yet almost completely unknown (though I've got some favorite Focal Point covers now!) Though what about a Conrep? I'll be attending the annual British Eastercon, strikes permitting (the coal strike has been very crippling, and we're just managing to crawl out...) And it'll be the second Con I've been to, I might just have a new angle on the whole scene!

§§ I regret that I never replied to your Loc 'til now, nor published my 2nd issue 'til now; such a report—from you—would have been welcome. I interject "from you" there means that I'd just as soon not have had something from the CCP.

I've heard about the CCP—I think I've heard rumors about various fen attempting to set up a similar system here, but nothing about any of them succeeding. For me—I do art so rarely that I like to direct it to specific faneds, jsut as I prefer to use material that is written or drawn with me in mind. But I can see the use of such a central supply arrangement.

New York's transport system is the cheapest in this country, so I've heard tell—it is 35¢ a fare (at the moment), which I can't translate into Anglocoin offhand; but it is one fare regardless of distance travelled, and whether you take the bus or subway. It is often possible to make free transfers from one bus route to another (or one subway route to another). One may go 2 blocks or 200 on one fare (in Manhattan, going up or downtown, that would be roughly 1/10 of a mile or ten miles). Since the middle of last December, however, the Transit Authority has instituted a Sunday half-fare arrangement: effectively, it gives you a free return ticket when you buy a bus or subway fare on Sunday, good only for that day.

Also, during weekdays between rush hours, they have provided a one-fare-good-for-unlimited-riding within a certain midtown shopping area; the one fare, however, is something like 75¢, for a ticket useful on buses only. These are ideas intended to decrease the number of people driving in to do their shopping, and to help increase shopping—the Sunday fare is simply to stop as many people from driving into the city as possible, I think, as well as to promote mass-transit use and various recreational facilities available about the city on Sundays. There are still traffic jams on Sunday afternoons, but they seem somewhat smaller...

I still feel I have much to learn; but, having the time and at least adequate money to afford this kind of hobby (I would guess the relative cost of paper and mimeography is somewhat less to me than to you, all things considered), I feel that I shall gain—and learn—a great deal through publishing. There comes a point where one learns best by experience—but it takes the initial learning from observation to be able to learn from experience, I think. §§

J O H N P I G G O T T

Oxford, Gt. Britain, Jan. 1972

"An excellent first issue—not to be missed" said Ed Connor. So, indirectly, you can blame him for this existence of this letter, whose purpose is to wrest from you, by a combination of wheedling, pleading and outright deceit (if I can think of any) a sample copy of FANGLE.

Yeah, maybe it would be more conventional to offer money. There's only one problem with that idea: I haven't got any. Being an impoverished student of the classic type, I quail from sending vast quantities of filthy lucre halfway around the globe for a fanzine I've never even seen. So I'm left to resort to this peculiar variety of verbal [doodling?

doddling?] to try and get a copy of your zine.

So would you send me a copy of FANGLE, please? Of course, I faithfully promise to LoC anything you send me, and if I ever produce a significant quantity I may be able to send you some artwork... I look forward to hearing from you & thank you in anticipation.—

§§ Hullo, John—still there? I hope I did send you a copy of Fangle #1 in response to this most satisfactory reason for putting you on my mailing list. If not, let me know. Since I don't recall that I did, in fact, get a LoC from you on it, maybe I didn't.

Hey, Ed Connor—you said what JP says you said? It's nice to know...

§§

D A V E H U L V E Y

Harrisonburg, VA., Nov. 11, 1971

Alagumps Ross: // FANGLE is a friendly, human type personalzine. In fact, I immediately recognized this fact from the cover on which the author had cleverly hidden himself among various interesting caricatures of other Brooklyn fans. Yazz, I saw you immediately, even though you thought to modestly hide yourself with those large ears. Every one of the other figures is instantly known to me as they resemble the basic ego-force of some very well-known fans very cuttingly, indeed. However, I still can't quite place that slightly baleful, introspective fellow who is rather tiredly attempting to watch a television. Whoever might he be? Looks like a neat dude, whoever he is. I think I met him or someone like him at a party at Steve and Gale Stiles' home before I departed for other fannish shores—and tha worldcon. Could it be Melvin Fuggleburger? Or maybe his twin-brother . . . Hmmm.

The contents of your zine are swell. There is not a seriously bad piece among them. Neither is there an outstanding fabulous faanish masterpiece either. Owell, an evenly paced and balanced ish nonetheless.

I envy Bill Kunkel's new-found art talent. With it, he may end up doing what so many lesser fans have dreamed of doing, i.e. winning the fanwriter, fanartist and fanzine Hugo all at once. Now, I dun wanna git his hopes up unnecessarily, but if he keeps on with this fine work, he may become the workhorse of Insurgent Artistry, forcing you, Jay Kinney and Steve Stiles to merely draw fillos and underground comix. I hope not, though, 'cause good as he is I wish he'd spread his stuff around to more varied zines than he does now. He cn do it if he wants. The cover he did on CIPHER was very good indeed.

I'm enclosing an ish of AFAN, in hopes of getting one of those rare responses from you, and if I don't hear anything, I won't be overly disappointed—just crushed. Well, maybe just psychically mangled is all. With your genzine t look forward to a suitably frequent intervals . . . However, I don't see how the Brooklyn Print Mint of Arnie & Joyce can stand your schedule, what with POTLATCH, FP, RATS! And otehr sundry pubs, why they'll reach a point of no return. Even the inducement of a sterling fan toke and drink and sup will not be enough to persuade the faanish hoards to decend on 59 Livingston St. For an evening of collation, stapling and other mimeo perversions. I envision a time when the resources of that fabulous faanish crew will be strained past endurance. Then, the draft will have to be instituted to cope with the rising tide of fannish truwaters.

So, one morning in the early January daze of exams, Dave Hulvey received the following notice:

To Whom It May Concern:

You have been selected by our random selection lottery to aid in the completion of the nextish of POTLATCH, FP and RATS! Sergeant Saturn has informed us that you have exceptional abilities in the following departments, 1) collating with ink-stained fingers, 2) stapling forcefully

and decisively, 3) folding with a perpendicular and narrow zest for symmetry. You will come to us at the soonest possible moment, preferably this Friday afternoon. Bill Kunkel, our tail-gunner, has a few words of wisdom to impart should you feel reluctant to leave your home and family for the front lines of Insurgency. "Und ve haft wazes, Herr Hulvey, ve haft wazes..."

So, naturally I go to do my duty to ghod and my country. Other fen do likewise. Soon, with the periodic influx of fans into Arnie Katz's land of corflu stains on beds, he bows to the inevitable and buys a neighborhood pizza parlor, and turns it into an R & R station for fans left cut and bleeding from the arduous tasks of Making Fandom Safe for Democracy. Well shell-shocked veterans, hardened to the sound of rapid-fire dippers will gatherthere to cry in their bheer over the Ink Pad That Couldn't Be Saved, the Hand Stencil That Exploded Prematurely, the Night Joyce Katz Typed 120 Words-Per-Minute While Everyone Cowered in the Darkness as Darkness Fled—and that all-time favorite, the one and only Tall Tale—Jay Flushes The Toilet Only to Discover a Neofan Spy Paid by Alfred Ofari to Prey on Insurgent Fandom.

Ah, soon Arnie will be forced to buy a convention hotel for biweekly ~~orgies~~ parties to celebrate the completion of another 200-page POTLATCH, FP or RATS! There the inevitable will seem normal. The endless pipe will run out. Bruce Arthurs will go into an Incoherent Rage when he discovers the only thing left to eat are roaches. Bill Kunkel will take to sniffing corflu after Charl is run over by an over~~sexed~~inked mimeo drum. And you, Ross, will be blinded after doing a 20 panel cover for the lastish of FP before it goes offset.

§§ You don't get to collect the \$200 either, Dave— For explication, see letter from Dave Piper, my reply thereto, and the letter from Larry Herndon. Melvin Fuggleburger, indeed! Large ears, indeed! ...and my twin brothers' names were Clancy, Sambo and Sessue.

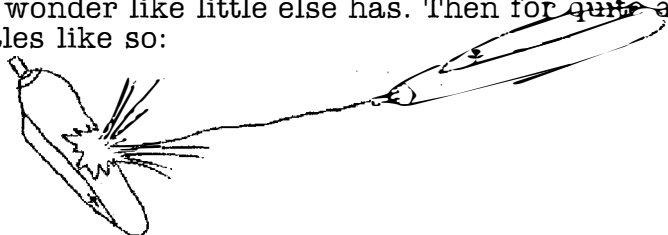
I hope you were not crushed at my lack of reply, of response to AFAN—but as we've had correspondence since that date, I guess not. This letter, above, I fully intended to edit rather heavily, figuring that at this late date the closing surrealistic rap, it being based on bygone events and situations, would not reflect your present energies and endeavors—whatever they may be. But as I typed along, I found no easy place to break off cleanly; further, and much worse, I began to understand it! I think you touched on a couple of possibly touchy places, there, and perhaps a couple more that involve people I don't know—but I trust potentially offended readers will remind themselves that the Dave Hulvey that wrote this back in Nov. '71 is not the Dave Hulvey of today... and if you're offended at me for reprinting this, go ahead—that's your privilege. Tell me about it.

It took me all this time up to this typing of the letter to realize that the R & R station whre these tall Fan-stories were to be told, and which was formerly a pizza parlor, did not have the appurtenances of a train depot...Alll 'Board! RimRock Junction next stop... Weee-Ewooooo.... Rock & Roll Station? Rant & Rave? Rife & Rue...? §§

R I C K S T O O K E R

Columbia, Mo., Dec. 11, 1971

Arnie's article brought back my own youthful indulgence in art—though I called it doodling. I read the most fantastic juvenile science fiction novel; I can't remember the name now, but Ben Bova wrote it. It was pure space opera, but the galactic intrigue and battles in space excited my sense of wonder like little else has. Then for quite a while I drew pictures of these space battles like so:



ed. Note: illustration is copied in miniature from Rick's original.-RC

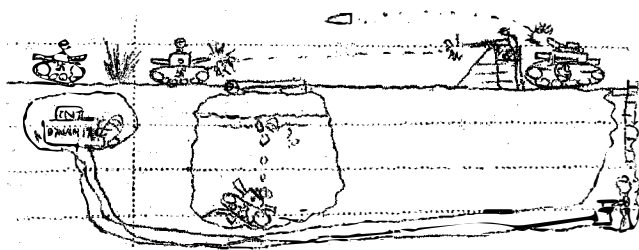
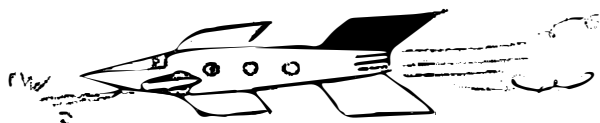
A P R I L 1 9 7 4

I used to fill pages and pages of such ships zapping each other like that. Eventually, the ships became more sophisticated than the one-gun types shown above, having special insignias for each side, and sporting as many as eight guns.

Later, in junior high, I invented my own artform to relieve the tediousness of class. You start with a triangle as your base, and start doodling or making pen strokes until you see the picture your hand's starting to form. You don't plan it in advance, but just let it become what it becomes. Mine were never good for anything more than filling up textbook margins, but I'd like to see what a real artist could do with the idea.

I take it from Bill and Charlene's article that attacking buses with fire hydrants and rocks is a common occurrence. That's amazing. As soon as I think I realize how bad things are in NYC it turns out that they're even worse. Actually, that is less dangerous than mugging, but the thought of such overt hostility going on all the time, is frightening. Don't people ever learn? I take it that the City government has yet to do anything to help Harlem, but then, I guess they never ride the bus through there.

§§ Amazing, the similarity in style between the work you show here and my similar-type doodling back at a similar age. My grade-school days were in the 40's, however, and my space-ships, when I drew them, were more like this...



What I, and other, similarly inclined kids spent a good deal of our spare time (or, for accuracy, misspent a good deal of our study-hall time) on, however, was drawing un-stfnal (and equally unpacifistic) tanks and other war-vehicles. We would paste todgether sheets of lined, 2-hole notebook paper (3-hole, with narrower lines, was for the big kids in high school) and do great, long scrolls of terrain on which the various vehicles and planes would be doing battle—with lots of dirty-trick-playing by one army (the Good Guys—Us, or The Allies) on the other (then, the “Japs” or Germans), such as pits for the tanks to fall into, wih dynamite or TNT ready to blow them up when the tank landed on it... Of course, if the Bad Guys tried ny nasty tricks, the Good Guys has some clever way of avoiding them... The nice thing about this kind of war-game (If anything good can be said about any kind of war game—and Chess-lovers: I don't mean that kind) was that we who drew these did not divide, with one artist the Cowboys or Cops, and the other artist stuck with the Indians or Robbers (these days, for sense, I could reverse the positions of “Indians” and “Cowboys”)—so to speak—but our copetition was to vie for the dirtiest trick the Good Guys could pull on the Bad Guys... Or the cleverest reversal of a Bad Guy's dirty trick back onto him by the Good Guys. Yes...

I think, unless I'm misunderstanding what you were describing, something similar to your triangle-based doodling is indulged in by a good many artists—and of course, your ordinary, garden-variety doodling is as apt as not to start out the same way, or similarly. I think it occupies the same purpose, essentially, for both, though when the artist does it consciously he may have some vague idea in mind rather than seeking serendipity (a semantically awkward concept). Also, the artist maydoodle less consciously, but still apply skills the—uh, layman?—cannot command. And he may (serendipitously!) Discover that he has the beginnings of Something Good and use it as the basis or—more esoterically—the inspiration for some finished work. At only a slight tangent, I've often



been frustrated by the fact that I've done some of my best work on scrap, or lined, or otherwise unusable paper—unusable in the sense that I can hardly include it in a portfolio... backs of old envelopes, for instance (If Abe can do it...). I think it may have something to do with the reverse coin of the Blank Paper syndrome... In fact, I know it does.

By the way, Bedford-Stuyvesant is not in Harlem... I suppose it is Brooklyn's Harlem, in a way, but Harlem itself is in upper Manhattan. Bed-Stuy (the area actually called that is smaller than the black ghetto area referred to, I believe) lies across the that section of Brooklyn between Brooklyn Heights, where the Katz demesne ponders the world and the smog, and the area of Queens where Bill and Charl lived (and live), and across the East River from that area of Manhattan known as the Lower East Side, which is also a depressed area, despite attempted encroachments of Bohemia variously titled the East Village (where I lived when Fangle #1 was published) and "Soho" which refers to the area south of Houston Street... (East First St., where I lived, was the first street north of Houston, and merged with Houston only a couple of blocks from my place.).

How's that for More Than You Ever Wanted To Know About New York's Ghettos? §§

L O R E N M c G R E G O R

Seattle, Wash.

Please excuse this primitive mode of communication, but my magic machine has gone to typewriter heaven despite my attempts @ resuscitation. \*sigh\*

...And I didn't get Fangle until Dec. 11. What time did you finally mail it? (Of course, the fact that my address has changed since you got hold of the Katz mailing list may have complicated matters some).

It was interesting reading your editorial, following right on the heels of reading your editorial. And, strangely enough, I enjoyed them both, if only because the first reminds me of a few years ago (+ still somewhat today, to be honest) + because the second was entertaining enlightening enchanting (en then what happened?) The second—Crosstalk—also summons to mind the picture of an incredible neofan who kept after me for months to do a cover for his new fanzine, when I can't draw worth two shakes + while he had a fantastic (if egotistic) artist asking him constantly for the opportunity.

So, be sercon! I should care? If it's interesting, I'll read it. If not, I'll probably read it anyway. But I never was overly concerned w/ that dividing line myself. Some people I knew once asked me how I could dare read comic books when there was so much good SF around. It's just that I'm omnivorous + read anything that interests me.

I never got involved in apas myself. My first letters were sent to genzines, but unfortunately I had a habit of writing letters + waiting a week or so to see if they were readable...and forgetting about them. So I eventually gafiated almost completely for a three-year period. When I started back up early this year, I tried to write a letter + mail within a day or two of receiving the fanzine. The letters may not be witty, but @ least they're mine.

My burning ambition has always been to be a \*Great Writer!\* I've got stories germinating in my head that have been there for ten years—some of which I've diagrammed, outlined, digested and worked on to a point of having four hundred pages of notes for a two-hundred-page book. I bubble + froth @ the mouth, itching to tell somebody these fantastic plots. + what do I get?

"Uh, gee, Loren, whyn't you show us some of those great drawings you do?" "Say, I hear

you're getting real good on the guitar—play us a few riffs.” “Well, I don't have the time to read it now, but I'll get back to you real soon now!” It's enough to make me want to go out + kick around little old ladies—except most of them are bigger than I am.

We've numerous small towns around Washington, dotted w/ scenes of Pennsylvania Dutch, French Village, Swiss Chalet living—depending on where you go. And in some of these towns, Christianity is an epidemic rather than an opiate, w/ symptoms of the disease clear + easy to name. Sunday is not only a day of rest, it's a day of fast—because it's a sin to do work, + cooking is work. It's a sin to drive your car (assuming you have one) because something unexpected might happen, like a break-down or running out of gas. This could involve stopping @ a service station, should you find one open, + if you did find one open, it's a sin to patronize someone who works on Sunday. If Sat. + Mon. Are both monsoon-rain days, + Sunday is the only day you can do the haying, then your hay will rot. And if you didn't go to the First Christian Reformed Church, you went to the Second Christian Reformed Church. And if you didn't go to the second, then you went to Hell. I prefer the “Wing of Faith Church of God in Fire Baptized” any day.

I'm addicted to the (very) lowly pun, a fact that causes my friends great distress. And which may account for the fact that they often refuse to read my stories. Ah, well—someday my genius will...

§§ While I've attempted to maintain the spirit of your hand-lettered letter by using @ for “at” and the + for “and,” I had to transliterate the symbol you used for “with” by w/ rather than what appeared to be a ¨, as I am unfamiliar with the symbol—and it's too hard to do on the typer. You aren't by any chance a 4E Acker † fan...?

I've been very disappointed with comic books in the last few years...several years...for quite a while now. Part of it has been the increasing disparity between price and size, which offends my Scots blood (from my mother's side), and part of it has been an inability on my part to accept the lack of sophistication in plots and characters commensurate with the improvements in artwork since the “Golden Age,” when was my heyday in comic book reading...and enjoyment. Even the best—Dr. Strange, for instance—of the current regulars depress me by lack of depth. I was spoiled by The Spirit when I was younger, I guess—and by recent reprints (recent! Already a matter of—well, eight years...!).

But, naturally, when I was reading comics regularly, and buying them regularly—in the latter 40's—I did get the “Why do you read those when there are so many better things to rad?” So, for a while, I went out and got “True Detective Thrilling Murder Gore & Blood Stories” which I read by flashlight under the bedcovers, or hiding out in my cubby hole in the garage attic, which was boiling hot but private—or at least, so I thought, until I found my pack of Cavalier cigarettes missing, one day... Aggh—nostalgia!

But SF wasn't that much better. My brother and my father encouraged my interest in it, by bringing home copies of Astounding and Amazing and Unknown—but Dad was usually away on field trips and my brother Hale was at college or working for an oil company out on Bahrein Island... and my mother and sister were less enthusiastic for the genre—at least for me to be reading during my formative years... Though they did encourage me with such fantasies as the Oz books, the E. Nesbitt Five Children and It & The Phoenix & the Carpet, etc.—and my sister, Elinor, wrote me several good children's fantasy stories when I was younger, that I always thought should have been submitted for publication.

Speaking of which, your ambitions to become a \*Great Writer\*—complete with

stories gestating ten—now twelve?—years (and have any of those 400 pages of notes boiled down into manuscript distillate?)—make me think of my own Novel-In-The-Works, which I began work on in 1958, and which I actually completed a version of sometime in the late 60's in a rush of work inspired by the F&SF/Bantam (was it Bantam? Dell? Ballantine?) contest; it was finished too late for that, but I submitted it to Ted White shortly after he became editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. He did not accept it—for good reason, as I finally let myself accept—and it now sits waiting for me to do some drastic revision as soon as I can face up to it (Real Soon Now). I do read it through, every so often, making notes and surprising myself with its good points and wallowing in depression at its bad... I think, someday, it will not be too bad a novel, although I recognize, now, that it will not ever make the Great Galactic Novel of my dreams—of all our dreams, we Fen Who Would Write— (there is a fannish term for this, but it eludes me at the moment—is it GAK, Great American Knovel? Something like that...) §§

J I M M E A D O W S

Park Forest, Ill., Dec. 9, 1971

Hi there! This is your humble neofan, jim meadows speaking, one of those lowlifes that inhabit the Potlatch mailing list. If you don't appreciate such disgusting neofannish scum as myself inhabiting your mailing list, I suggest you try neonix, the low suds scum killer. Just apply neonix to the next issue of your fanzine. Then, mail out the zine as you would any other. When the hidden lowlifes in your mailing list get a whiff of neonix, it'll send them scurrying back to the trekzines, with their tails between their legs. So buy neonix soon! Today! This very instant even!

Sorry about that last paragraph, but once i get started, i just had to go on with it. Now that I'm back to my normal self again, i can tell you that i have received FANGLE and i do appreciate it. I am amzed\* at your drawing proficiency. Like Arnie the Katz, i, too, have tried my hand at fanart, and have emerged as an arthritic balloon, india ink trickling down my back. But you don't seem to have that problem. Although i felt the cover was below the work you did for FP, the interior art was great, especially your white people. They have a wonder-ful whimsical Gelett Burgess quality about them. You could immortalize yourself in fandom with those.

I think that the name Crosstalk is not good for your editorial. Not the quality of the name, but I think that it might carry a bit of ill luck with it. Crosstalk, you see, is or was the name of a phone-in talk show that ran for about three months over WRHS the high school radio station i work for. Now, back in the old days, WRHS was the wonder person of 2-bit broadcasting; the station was able to outdraw all the 4 or 5 other stations in the area; all except one of these stations had a hundred times more power than WRHS. But with the exit of such pros as Eric Toll and Dale Zahn, WRHS has reached a state of semi gafiation. Making it a rotten time to pull off a phone-in show. Publicity was of little help, as the local paper (The Park Forest Star, not really the local paper, but the local chain paper, but i digress) had a habit of hiding our press releases, and leaving out certain bits of information such as the time, or frequency, etc., and misspelling names (who would have faith in a host named Scotty Wink?). So the phone calls were usually limited to those by other station personnel and their mothers. And since we had to use the same number as the rest of the station, Crosstalk was plagued by phone calls not pertaining to the show ("Hello, this is Crosstalk." "Is Bruce Beiber there?" "Yes, he is." "Tell him he's supposed to call his mother." \*clic\*) And finally the lack of guests (none of them were what you call good boxoffice anyway), turned the last few shows into an affair where Scott Witt would play ecords waiting for people to "voice your opinions on the issues of the day at 748-8998" (not an exact quote). I don't know if anyone called in or not. Anyway, i think you can see why such a name could be a little unsafe.

\* bet you think that i made a mistake and meant to type amazing. Well, i did mean amzed. Try to figure out what I mean. §§ No thanks, and you lose. §§

Besides finding Journeyman's Blues to be an interesting way to write an article, i once again felt glad that i do not inhabit a big gargantuan city. True, Park Forest is no fun capital of the Western Hemisphere; in fact, it's a plain bore. But there are some kinds of excitement one can do without.

You have got to use the logo-pun idea! You would not run out of ideas. I have sent you some, and I know a few are usable. Just keep on asking for ideas.

You could use f'rinstance:

A Fangled Tale (Lewis Carroll's A Tangled Tale)  
Fanglemania (Anglomaniacs are those who are nuts on the English and like to imitate them.  
Fanglemania (Anglomania is waht Anglomaniacs indulge in)  
Fangora Goats (Angora goats—and cats, too)  
The Fanglican Church (Anglican Church)  
Fangleworms  
Fanglephobia (Anglophobia is when you have a mad hatred of the English)  
Fangalore (after Bangalore, a city in India)  
Fanglelore (different spelling from previous; when they gather around the fannish campfire to tell stories about Ross Chamberlain's Strange and Wonderful fanzine, that's what they'll all it)  
Penfangle (Pentangle)  
A Fangling Participle (a Dangling Participle)  
Efangelism (that means to go and spread the good word of the Fanglican Church)  
The Fangling Conversation  
Fangleroos (Kangaroos)  
Fangle-furzel (mangel-wurzel is a coarse beet fed to cattle)  
Fanglesteen (Mangosteen. A fruit of the East Indies, juicy and edible with a thick, reddish brown rind)  
Fangolin (Pangolin, or scaly anteater)  
Prefangel (Preamble)  
and finally Fangerines, the wonder fruit of fandom

So, what do ya mean, you'd run out of puns?

§§ Just that, Jim—as you did early on in there... Your opener was not bad, though you overlooked Nathaniel Hawthorne (for Fanglewood Tales), but the best of the rest of them, the Fangling Conversation and Fangerines, do not qualify, because the word “Fangle” does not appear, and that was the idea of my continued pun-logos, that the standard Fangle logo would appear, having the rest sort of added on around it. Sheesh! I'm glad I decided against re-titling my zine each issue! Upun my word!

Crosstalk, of course, not only has the distressing connotations you speak of—which, as you can imagine, are news to everyone but WRHS people (and, as everyone knows, ill luck based on the titles of radio programs can only affect people and things within broadcast range of the program)—but to those of us who dabble in hi-fi / stereo / quad / audio, it has the reference to an aggravating condition when stereo (and quad) channels do not stick to the true and narrow paths that ghod and the engineers intended them to—separate but equal! He said, bigotedly. But Crosstalk serves my purpose, being not only the obvious pun on my name and talk, but the equally obvious one with the back-and-forth meaning of cross (and even the meaning f unhappy, should it suit me). I have a title for my column (when I do a column) in other folks' fanzines, which is “Crosswords.” That one has even better levels of meaning, what with “swords” getting into it..

not that I ever plan to initiate or maintain any feuds therein. (The equivalent pun, in "Crosstalk", of "stalk", has no significant relationship that I can think of...) §§

W A H F

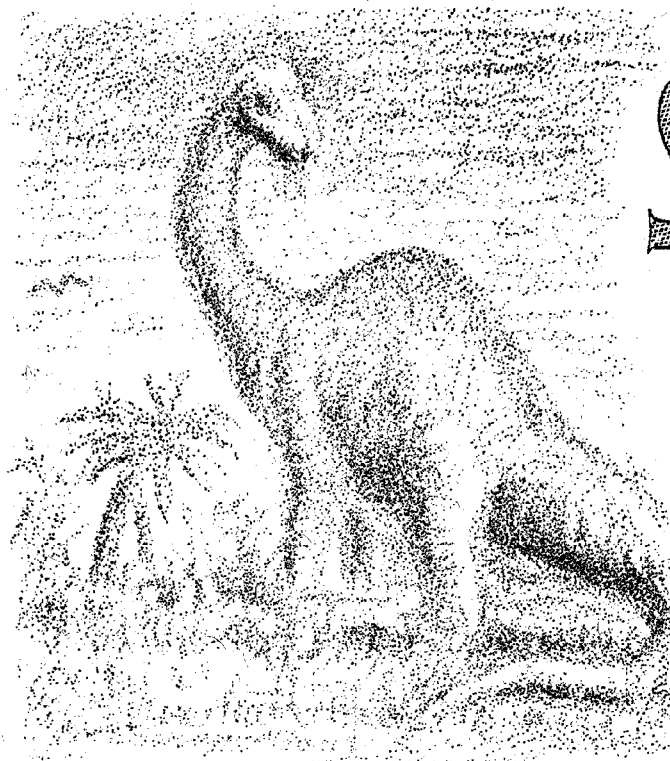
JERRY LAPIDUS, who sent a post card promising to LoC and send me copies of Tomorrow And... Thanks for the copies of TA, Jerry—and the nice review of Fangle for Ash Wing #10.

ANDRE NORTON, who sent me a nice note, but wrote mostly concerning other things than Fangle. She used to correspond with my parents, we having become acquainted with her a few years ago under non-SF circumstances.

DALE C. DONALDSON, editor and publisher of Moonbroth; Fangle was not to his taste. Unfortunately, neither was Moonbroth to mine, quite—and I think I gve it a fair trial. It's not a fanzine, folks...it's closer than anything else to a horror pro-mag, which either takes itself too seriously or not seriously enough, I'm not quite sure which.

MIKE CEJKA, who trustingly sent me art; nevertheless, I returned it to him. In a few more years, if I'm still doing fanzines (even Fangle) and he's still doing art work, he might find I would accept something from him— I'm not that good a judge of potential, but I was doing about as well as he was at his age...

Also, more or less in response to Fangle, or in resonse to a review of it in some other way, I heard from KENNETH SCHER, LINDA BUSHYAGER, MAURICE HENAULT, CHARLES CRABBE, JOSEPH PERRY, MORRIS M. KEESAN, BRUCE ROBBINS and CHARLES KORBAS.



§ § § § § §

**S**O, THAT'S IT. I hope future issues will be better illustrated and laid out; I had to sort of squeeze all these letters in to as little space as possible, and I hope I have not done so too much at the expense of readability. I'm just a little frightened of re-entering this world of publishing, fanpubbing, that is, and I'm looking to you folks and fans out there to reassure me and tell me it's gonna be all right—and the best way is to write and talk about anything you want to—inspired by the contents of these old letters or by my answers, or totally unrelated to anything here (though we've covered so many subjects, or at least touched on so many, that that might be easier said than done. In any case, let me hear from you—it's good for my egoboo; and I'll try and reciprocate...

*Ross C.*