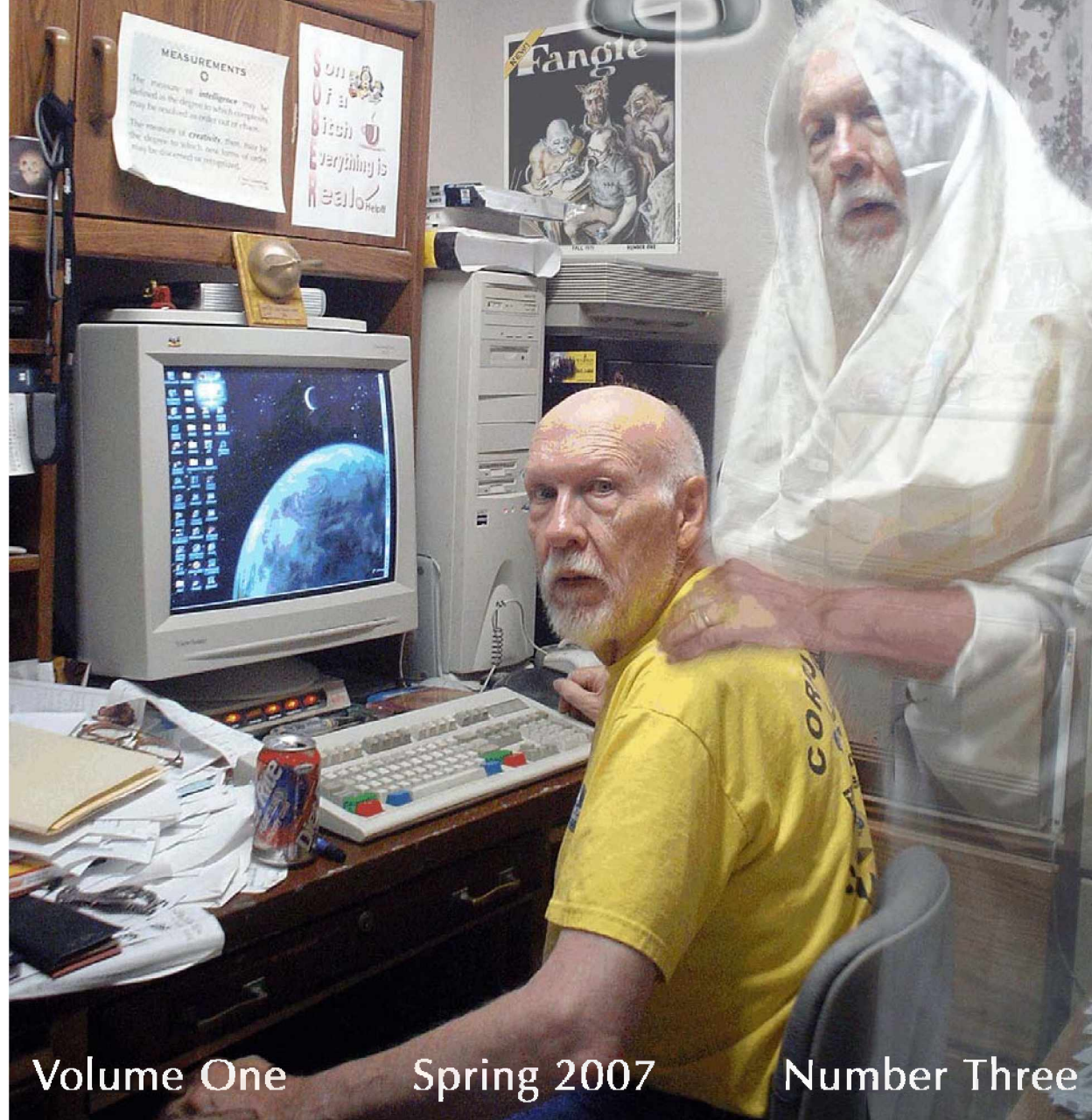


Ross Worx  
presents

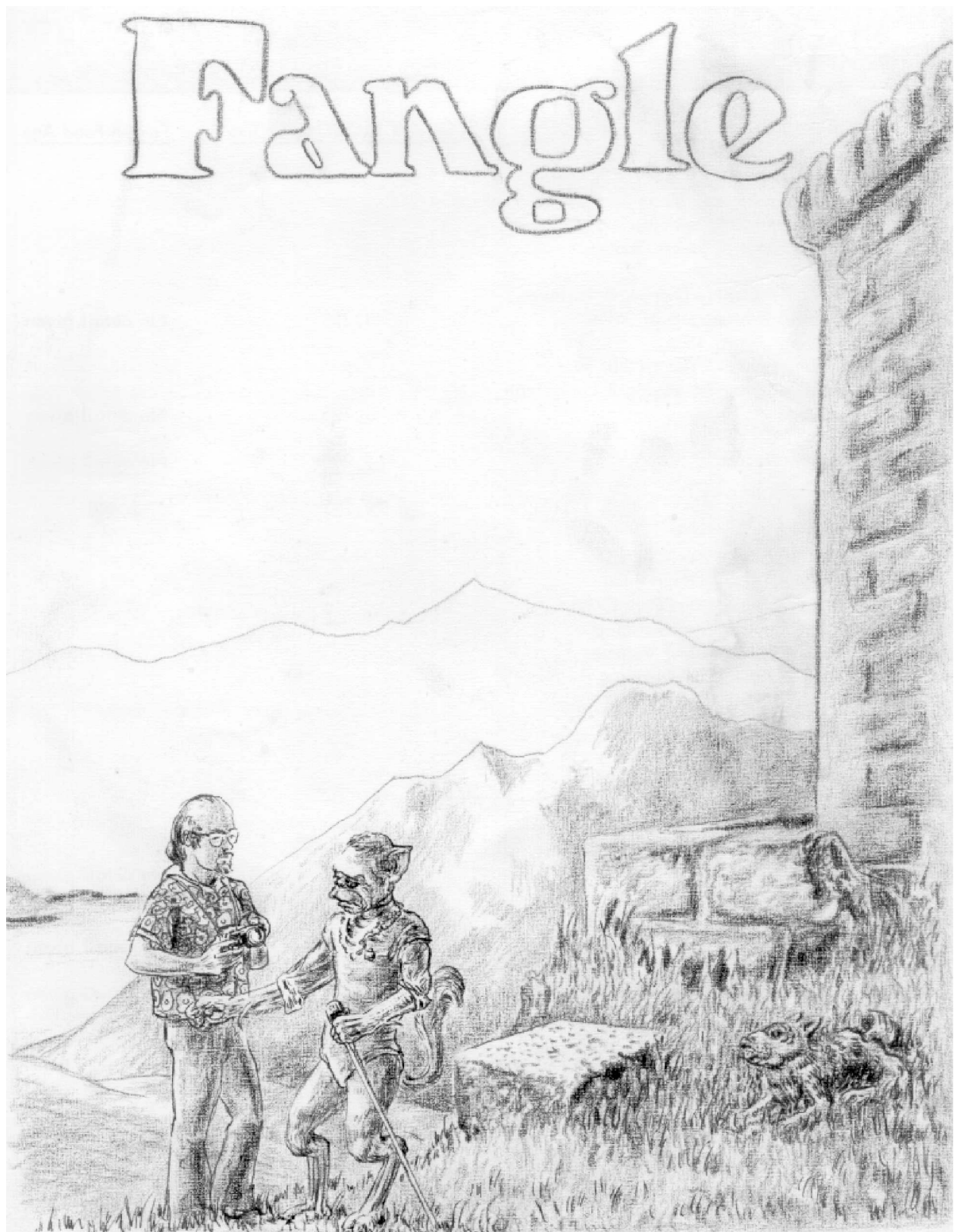
# THE GHOST OF Fangle



Volume One

Spring 2007

Number Three



This was an idea for an early cover for Fangle that never made it past the drawing board...

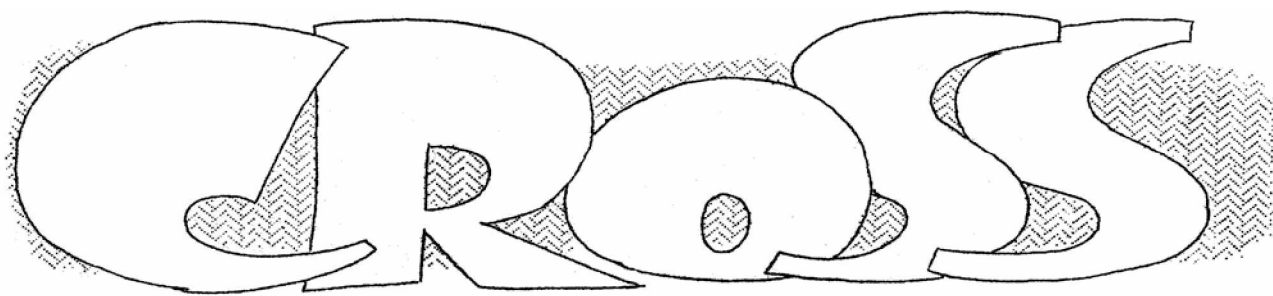
# Fangle

FANGLE No. 3 (and still part of Vol. 1!) is PondeRoss Publication No. 78. — Well, so began my original colophon for this issue, typed when I still lived in Brooklyn, NY, some 30-odd years ago (and some of them were pretty odd all right). I long ago lost track of the PondeRoss sequence, so we might as well keep the originally intended number. Why not? I suppose I could use my more current RossWorx, but there is no numerical sequence for that. However, the colophon went on to say, “Once again the Good Intentions Sweepstakes are in for this to be a bimonthly publication (and that’s once every two months, folks, not twice a month), Grid willing.” Grid regardless, doesn’t look like that’s going to happen. And there’s no point in continuing with the options for you, gentle fen, to receive further issues by trade, barter or even for sale for sticky 35¢-pieces (somehow unavailable, as it turns out, and we’ll learn why later in this), since in this glorious future year of 2007, it’s all going to be Free-for-View on the Internet. In .pdf format, yet. Hard copy’s up to you. Or, if you’re not on the Net, then hopefully a friend who is can help out. « » Tell you what, let’s get the amenities over with. Since the last ish, my home and, not particularly coincidentally, my mailing address, has slid over to nearly the other end of the country, at 6200 Old Trail Rd., Las Vegas, NV 89108-2531. Might be easier to get word to me at rossworx@cox.net, at least electronically. And you can visit my website (ain’t that science-fictional?), where I show off a lot, at <http://rossworx.net>. « » Okay, so much for this colophon thing. Why don’t we just get on with the ToC and editorial stuff, what’s say?

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[editorial stuff starts over there... *no, no, ya gotta turn the page...*] (



**G**EE, FOLKS, you can stop holding your breath, now... Folks? I said, last time, I hoped you hadn't been holding your breath, but jeez louise... Stop looking at me like I'm the ancient mariner and you're the unlucky one of three... I've never been to sea. Well, unless you count the ferry to Nantucket, but that's a whole nother story.

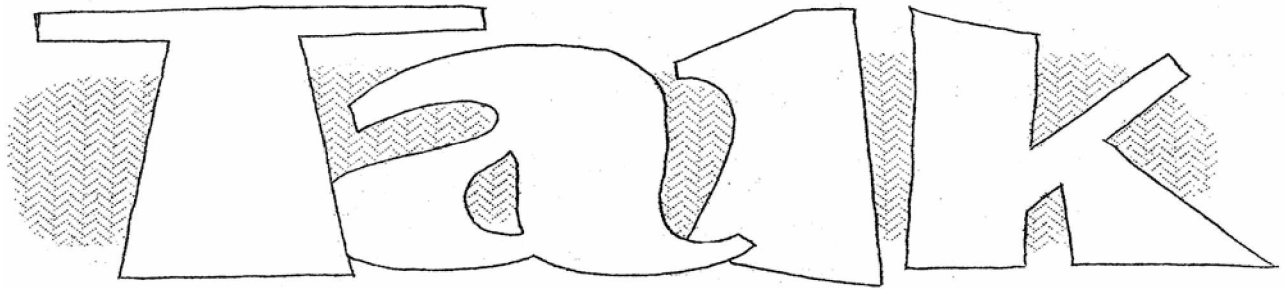
No, the fact is, it's reaching that point in my life when I have to start thinking, if I don't do it now, when am I going to? No, no, at 69 I'm not counting myself out of the game; rather I'm thinking that if I want to get *into* the game, I'd better make some room, and my room is chock full of kipple, folks. Yeah, I know, don't get me wrong, it's the Fannish Way. But even the staunchest fan has to find a path to his or her Things-To-Do pile once in a while, and even the RSN stack should be reviewed every lustrum (thanks, LeeH! Wish you were here to see it) to see if mice have nested there yet. Uh, no, I mean, to clear out the rats nest for more recent entries. GIGO—Good Intentions, Garbage Out.

But, as in this case, when one really feels that that's *not* garbage one's been harboring in the TTD, and realized that even though much of it was created by folk who are not still around to look back on it either fondly or with horror (and a fair though not large enough remainder by some who are) it remains cool stuff that should be shared in fandom. That's despite the chidings of some that 33 years is maybe a bit too long. Still, just think, if I'd waited another 4 or 5 months I could have pointed out it's  $33\frac{1}{3}$  years, and I could think of it as my long-playing issue— Maybe it's just as well I'm getting to it now before that could even come up. Gawd, some of the younger folks won't even get the reference.

Obviously, as noted earlier, we're out of the barter realm in this particular niche of fandom; it's more of a broadcast model. Arnie likes to call the evolved fanzine fandom "core fandom" now. There are still some who can only partake via paper, but strangely enough, I no longer have the means to reach those directly. Perhaps some of you who see this and would think to share with such fen could do a printout for them. This supports the fen who believe the .pdf approach to presentation fanac (as opposed to on-the-fly fanac) is the core of its future. I have mixed presentiments, but in this case, anyway, I feel this is the appropriate approach.

In addition, plans for the future are not what they were, quite aside from the question of frequency. I'm seeing thish as a closing door on FANGLE, but not necessarily a locked one. If THE GHOST OF FANGLE should actually spark a response, I have no intention of ignoring it. Of course, it depends a little on whether responses indicate a desire for continued correspondence or, alternatively, an exorcism.





Should someone leap to any conclusions about the cover-title of the fanzine, THE GHOST OF FANGLE was selected soon after the 2<sup>nd</sup> issue was completed. It is only a sad coincidence (mea culpa) that by the time I'm getting around to producing it so many of its participants have moved on, some to the Glades of Gafia, too many to the Last, Enchanted Convention.

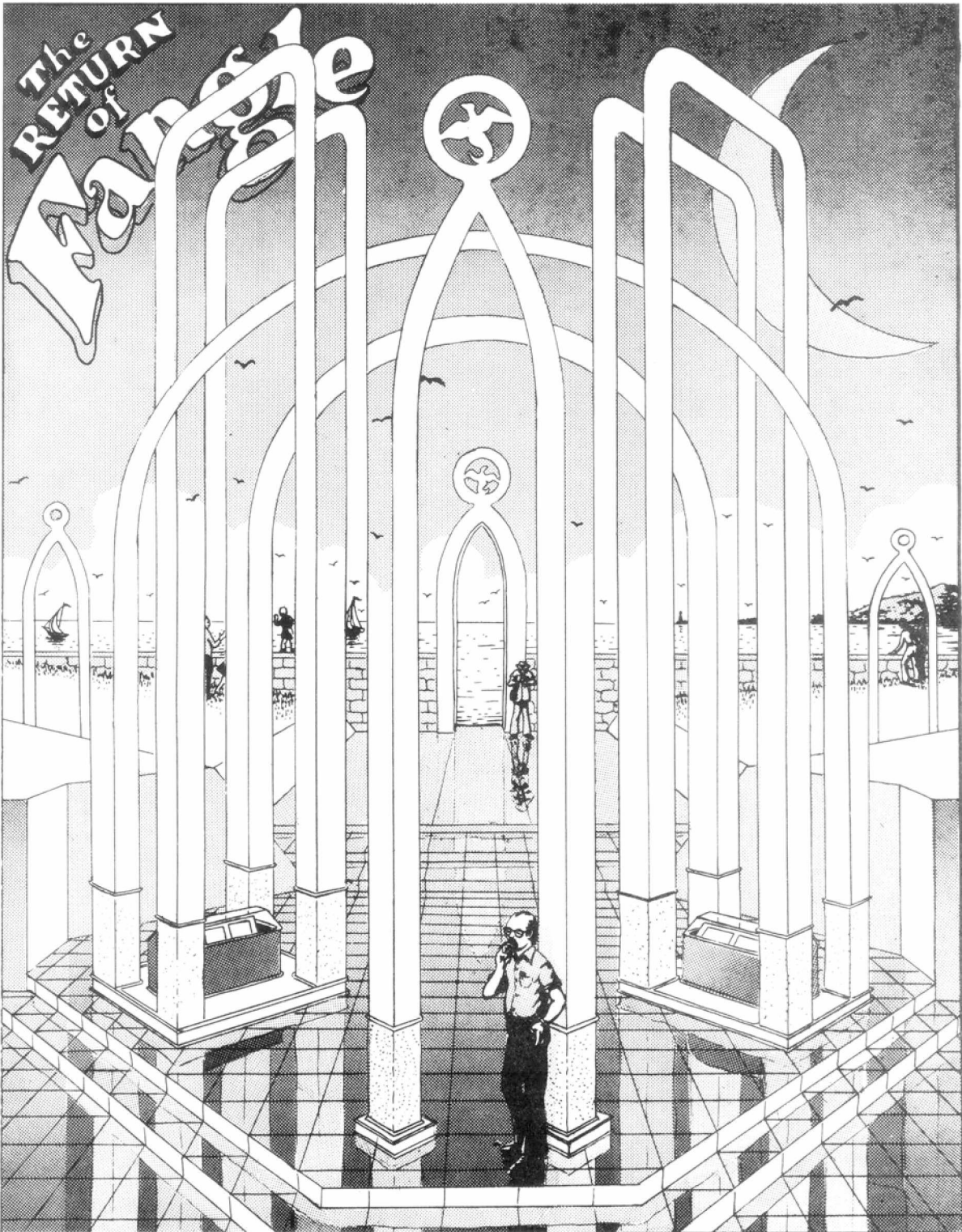
I've skirted close enough to those enticing glades over the years since 1974, though I've hung around in physical reach of fans and fandom for the most part, save for a few years in the early-mid-80s when we — yeah, I got married in the interim — lived in the Cleveland, Ohio, area, where I was workin' for the man. In this case, the "man" being Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Publications, which was the company I'd been working for in New York, on *Quick Frozen Foods* magazine. They moved, they took me with them—though it was a close call at one point. I'm sure there were fans who lived in the area, but I gather no particular club or the like was then extant, and, yes, one could say that the trend to gafia was for me an element that kept me from putting forth any serious feelers.

In 1985 or so HBJ dropped *Quick Frozen Foods* and I went back to New York to work for its one-time sister publication, *Quick Frozen Foods International*, leaving Joy-Lynd to her well-under-way (and eventually successful) continuing education quest for degrees at Cleveland Community College and, later, Ohio State. She lived in public housing; I found a single room for twice what she was paying for a small apartment. The boom in the cost of living in NYC was well under way by then.

In 1992 we both moved to Las Vegas, the cost covered by my new employers, Katz, Kunkel, Worley, to work on the revived *Electronic Games*. This went relatively well for a little while, though they and I found, unfortunately, that I was a better friend than journalist. But the magazine, though it was doing well and getting better, was taken essentially out of their hands by their publisher back in Chicago, who "improved" it out of existence... So I went on to a variety of temp jobs, a period in customer service for ADT Security, and, most recently as a sales associate at Fry's Electronics.

This did not prevent me from remaining with Arnie and Joyce as friends and joining with them in some of their various adventures in fandom here in Las Vegas. And the fanac they have engendered here, and caused others to learn to love, has brought us to the moment. And, finally, this rather unusual approach to fanedmanship...

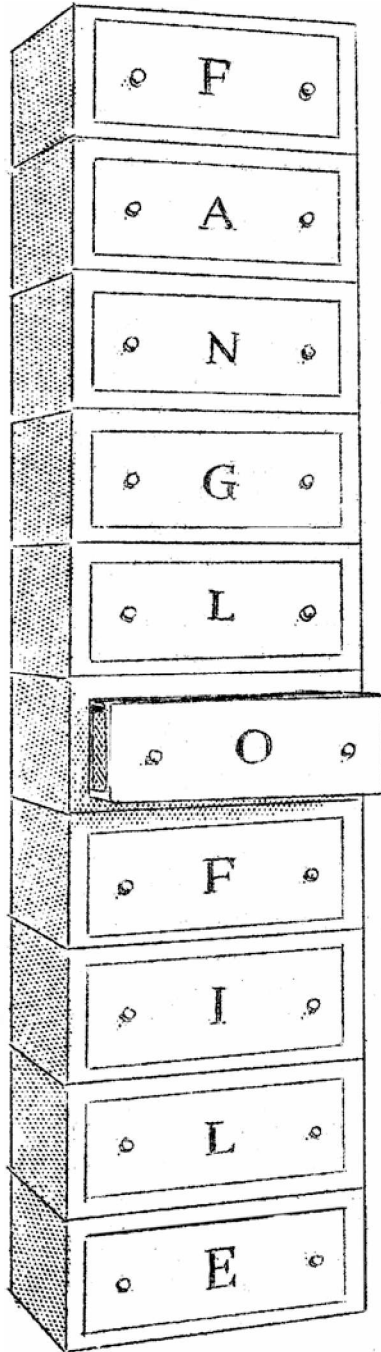
Let us then leaf through some LoCs on FANGLE #2, THE RETURN OF FANGLE, that are only now stumbling, like the 4400 (whatever happened to...?), through a veil of time, and if they have special and mysterious powers for you, then I'm glad to be the agency to bring them to you at last...



Volume One

April 1974

Number Two



To repeat from FANGLE 2 a cautionary note before we begin: Due to the passage of time, I am omitting street 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. Now, originally I stated that in future issues, addresses of writers will be included, unless I am asked to omit any by the correspondent involved. But that option is rendered remote and unlikely, now, and in the nature of the times, probably undesirable in any case.

I've decided to lead with a letter that in part addresses some issues that faced me in producing this time capsule—

\*\*\*\*\*

JAY KINNEY

July 8, 1974 – San Francisco, CA

Well Hey, Ross!

Thanks for the 2<sup>nd</sup> FANGLE! I must say that you caught me by surprise with that one! I was presuming that FANGLE had gone the way of most other Brooklyn zines—a cheery blurry memory to pull out on Leap Years and haloed Full Moons and wax nostalgic about. And yet here is a new issue, with a superb whasit cover that defies my efforts to consider FANGLE a thing of the past. Congratulations!

A regular letterzine is, I wager, just what Fandom needs right now. In one fell swoop you can avoid the inherent limitations of a closed apa, yet provide an arena for discussions of subjects dear to the hearts of today's fans. Just what these dear subjects are, I'm not too sure at the moment but if FANGLE does continue (or else, Ross!) We'll find out soon enough.

The majority of the letters in FANGLE are pleasant enough, their impact weakened only by the fact that a number of the people writing have since seemingly gafiated (Jonh, Lane, Alice, Dave Hulvey, and David Burton). I do wish that #2 had a few more pages of controversial matter to stimulate my adrenalin and make this letter worth more than on reading. Perhaps if you had made some totally outrageous statements there in the middle of CROSSWALK—er, CROSSTALK, you could assure a flurry of adamant letters. Come to think of it, though, there are no doubt sufficient numbers of seasoned letterhacks around who'll be able to begin in Warneresque

fashion: "Hmm, I note you have a silhouetted gull against a light crescent moon on your cover, which reminds me of the inherent need for polar opposites to..." and so on—on into the night.

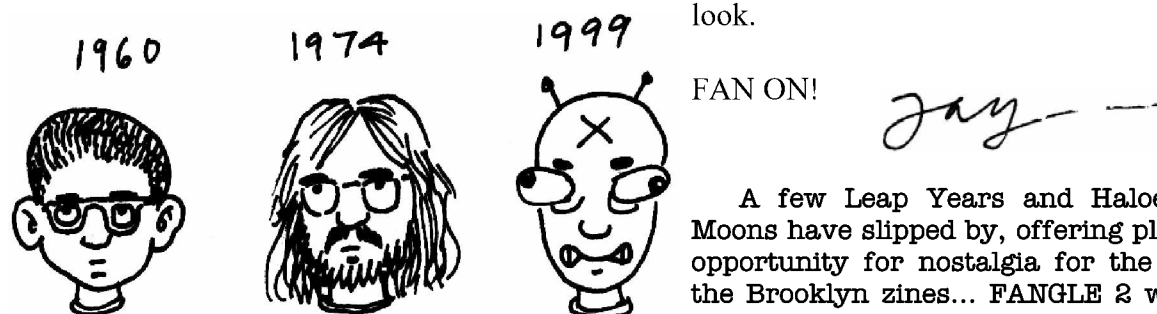
I will encourage you, though, to exercise a certain amount of editorial control. Letters, like everything else, benefit from certain amount of pruning, and without some blue-pencilling here and there you may soon be drowned beneath a torrent of words and paper.

The talk of hair, beards and self caricatures in #2 relates to the comic strip I'm now finishing off. It's a 4-page anecdotal piece on my 10 year old sex-life (as it were) ... i.e. my sensual existence

when I was in the 5<sup>th</sup> Grade—(not my affairs of the last 10 years). I've been forced to do numerous drawings of myself in the course of the strip in my 1960 crewcut-fleshrimmed glasses appearance; certainly a fine meditation on where I've been and, comparatively, where I am now. At least appearance-wise. The story will be in YOUNG LUST #4, out this fall (also 2½ years in the making!) And includes such incidents as the case of the drooled-on pencil, the snake-cow joke, and cement rituals.

Meanwhile I look pretty much the same now as I have for the last 3 years, with a brief hiatus around Christmas '73 when I shaved off my beard and moustache and immediately felt as naked as if I were Adam and Eve and had just eaten an apple pie. Consequently I spent the holiday season looking like a crook while I grew it all back.

As you can tell from the sketches here, I am essentially the same ol' person no matter how I look.



A few Leap Years and Haloed Full Moons have slipped by, offering plenty of opportunity for nostalgia for the era of the Brooklyn zines... FANGLE 2 was not the last, as I recall, but my memory is

hazy and lazy. Listserves and the like have pretty much taken over any need or desire for a letterzine, I wager, though this pretty much retains the format originally intended for it.

Incorporating outrageous statements amidst my editorial matter—nah, I'll save those, too, for the listserves, where the flames are generally sooner subdued. And I prefer to go easy on the pruning thing; I agree it's necessary content-wise, though not so much required now in regard to constraints due to limited stencils, paper and weight re postage.

As to the evolution illustrated, as I recall from the last time I saw you, I don't recall that x on your forehead...

F . M . B U S B Y

July 11, 1974 – Seattle, WA

Dear Ross,

Thanks for FANGLE #2. Maybe I should also be thanking you for FANGLE #1, because I have to admit that any fanzine that arrived here in the fall of 1971 probably got buried in The Stack without reading or due recognition. There are times like that...

What hooked me on FANGLE #2 was taking a second look at the cover, with a little bit of vertical scan. "Hey," I thought, "this guy *has* to be an Escher Freak—and anyone who digs M.C. Escher is probably worth reading." So I read, and was proved correct, whether or not you really *are* an Escher Freak. (Are you?)

Although I love that cover, you have a slight glitch in the perspective, right in the middle. The gap in the wall makes the floor look sloping-down and the water behind it sloping-up. Up the middle the perspective seemed to fall apart just about at head level of the foreground character, but it really doesn't; all that's wrong is that you didn't shade the risers of the steps differently from the treads, so that it *looks* as though you blew the floor-perspective. Just for kicks I shaded the bacover risers



darker with pencil and that takes care of the floor-slant, but somehow the water still doesn't work in that center gap. I don't know why; it's fine at the sides. Anyway, I really love the way you did those quick-changes from top to bottom of the drawing, or vice-versa.

A good letterzine is a good thing indeed, and FANGLE #2 is one. Brief comments:

TERRY HUGHES: Bill Broxon will be chagrined to learn that Elmerghod was telling a "Wait till the nun signs Shelley" Feghoot in 1971; Bill reinvented the line last winter and (with a totally different background-buildup) won 2nd Prize in an F&SF Competition (#6?). (I got a runner-up slot with "it looked as if Suzah was going to play this Tarzan's tripe forever," but Bretnor really butchered my buildup.)

RICK SNEARY: LA fandom gets a monolithic image because a few vociferous types occasionally come on as if speaking for the entire area ("all LASFS condemns this decision and will fight it to the end") and the independents are never heard from. I've been on the receiving end of this and I know what it feels like, circa 1961, when Bill Ellern & Co (I hold no residual gripe at good ol' Bill Ellern) disapproved our choice of the Sea-Tac Hyatt House as site of the WorldCon and threatened Total War if we didn't knuckle under and change the site. My answer was brutal and to the point—that we were committed and would not change, and if LA tried to fuck us over in '61, God help LA's bid for '64, because I sure as hell wouldn't; quite the opposite, in fact. (And, as you know, it all eased off.) But that's the sort of thing, RICK, that makes LA sound like a total Mob Scene. The monolithic image is by no means an Outside Job.

RICHARD LABONTE: I switched from left to right hand for writing also, about 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, but can't recall if it was compulsory or voluntary. Anyway, my penmanship was lousy; later I switched to printing, and when that deteriorated also, to typing which is ambidextrous and the hell with it.

DICK LUPOFF and maybe Walter Breen: Fandom is of course superior to any other activity that you don't *enjoy* as much.

ROSS YourSelf: Was Ingham's cartoon supposed to be FDR? Looks more like Phil Silvers. I thought it was either a TV network executive or a White House aide.



DAVE PIPER: Hoppy Uniatz has nothing to do with any "Cheyneys"; he was a Chicago hood (or maybe NYC) who found himself in Saint stories by Leslie Charteris.

And that's it; thanks again.

Best,

Buz

Yeah, I've been a fan of Escher for some time, though with the possible exception of this cover I've never managed to approach his finesse (*approach*, I say, not *match*). I don't quite get the perspective problem; the steps were shaded (there are tiles between them), and while the vertical reflection of the gate posts could render a sloping effect, there are converging perspective lines for the sides of the walkway that should offset that.

Being right-handed did not prevent my handwriting from deteriorating, save when I take special care and almost treat it like a drawing. I'm capable of pretty good handwriting then, though it wouldn't satisfy a calligrapher.

Jonh claimed to be envious of my ability to capture likenesses; I'd conjecture his impression of FDR (whom I never thought of as smoking a cigar but a cigarette in a holder) may have slipped over to a Phil Silvers image in his attempt to portray the toothy grin.

As to Hoppy Uniatz, it's a funny thing, I remember semi-recognizing the name Hoppy

Uniatz in Dave's letter, but never placed it. I'd been a fan of the Saint from the George Sanders films, but never got around to reading any of Charteris' books and stories until Fiction House brought out a number of them with covers from the Roger Moore TV series. Those editions were not given printing dates, only had the original copyright dates, but since the TV series ran 1962-69 I'd have read them then, and presumably stored the Hoppy Uniatz name from that time.

---

MIKE GLICKSON

June 22, 1974 – Toronto, Ontario, Canada

A month ago at Disclave John Berry mentioned the existence of a second FANGLE (one of those new-fangled fanzines) and a week or so ago I got a copy with 65¢ air mail postage on it. (That's more than most people spend to produce a fanzine, let alone mail it out, and I thank you.) I suspect there might be some connection between these two events, and if there is, that's one good turn I owe John. When next I see him I'll spin around a few times for his amusement.

Actually, this issue more than upset my mental equilibrium. Had someone asked me when I'd gotten the first FANGLE, I'd have said "Oh, I don't know, maybe a year or so ago?" and here it turns out that the letter I wrote to it was two years and six months ago! I really find that hard to believe: Christ, I'm getting old! The years are drifting away and I'm scarcely aware of their passage. It's a wee bit cruel of you to publish the dates on those letters and bring us face to face with our mortality.

I'm amused to see Terry Hughes suggest quivers for FANGLE and to see you pretend to be immune to the idea (with a suggestion of weakening at the end) when this very second issue of FANGLE has a two-page back cover! The idea of a back quiver is a unique touch, even for you, but it's keeping me enthralled. Of course, were it any other faned, I'd assume that you'd simply put two back cover (which are also front covers, of course, thereby allowing us to read the issue in either direction according to our religious backgrounds) on this copy by mistake, but since you are who you are (and if you don't know, don't ask me) I'm sure it's a quiver and I've spent many hours looking carefully at the two back covers seeking the tiny subtle differences I'm sure must be there. I haven't found them yet, but as I said, it's keeping me amused while I wait for the phone from the travel agent to tell me whether or not he's cleared up the error some cretin made that deprived me of the charter flight I'm supposed to take to England for six weeks in ten days. Phew, didn't think I'd type all that before running out of breath. If I don't spot the changes by then, maybe I'll take the issue with me and amaze English fans with a fine American product. (Note the subtle way I work the loc around to the fact that I won't be able to respond to your third issue but would like to stay on the mailing list anyway. I wonder if Machiavelli was a Canadian?)

It's rather sad to see that the three fanzines Rick Sneary mentions writing to the first issue of (pardon my syntax) have all put out second issues while Rick himself seems to have gafiated. A lot of fannish history in these pages; whole generations of fans have come and gone in the hiatus between these issues. Why, when #1 came out, I think Arnie was still speaking to me... Of course, in the interim, he's been speaking and not-speaking to me several times, but...

(At least, I thought GD had published a second issue, but my fannish collection is in even worse

shape than my memory, so I wouldn't make book – or fanzine– on it.)

It strikes me, reading your comments on the state of hair in New York fandom, that I've had a beard for eight years now, and long hair for ten. That in itself isn't that unusual, but combined with my occupation as a high school teacher in a predominantly ethnic area, it becomes a little more unusual. Still, I've not had any hassles either from the school administrators or from the Polish or Ukrainian parents on Parents' Night. And it only takes the new Grade 9 students a week or so to get used to the sight of me meandering through the halls.

Mighod, a letter from Richard Labonte! This is an old fanzine! Richard rather beautifully expresses and reveals himself in the few letters he writes. It's something I've never been able to do, and likely never will do, as things go. When I'm depressed, I find it very hard to get started on publishing a fanzine, even though it's one thing I know I do relatively well. I have to be enthusiastic about all the shitwork before I can begin. The end result usually satisfies me, but I still don't enjoy all the dull labour that goes into it. Richard should write more, especially now that he's been moved up to editor and doesn't have to write every day for a living.

I'm surprised Dick Lupoff didn't realize you'd changed your name from Khambertlain when you moved from Manhattan, or wherever... Thought these sci-fi pros were supposed to have good imaginations?

I suspect I spend as much of my spare time performing fanac (in the privacy of my own home, of course) as most other fen. Mostly this entails reading and loccking fanzines, and I consider that a worthwhile activity. In the first place, I enjoy it, I like expressing my own opinions, and arguing with others who think differently than I do. Secondly, I like to think that the people I write to get some sort of satisfaction from what I do. And I think I owe them a certain something since they've been kind enough to send me their fanzine in the first place. And thirdly, it doesn't hurt anybody, which is a pretty good criterion for any human action. Oh, I could do other things that would satisfy those requirements equally as well, but should I feel any obligation to change my activities on such a slim basis? I don't think so. When it's no longer enjoyable, or pleasurable to those I'm aiming my letters at, then I'll stop, and take up building models of Terry Carr's old house out of matchsticks. Until then, I'll loc whenever and however I can.

A three-word title where each word could be spelt (spelled?) four ways gives 64 combinations, Ross. Maybe you should stick to...Arting?

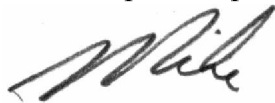
In keeping with your last paragraph, I hasten to reassure you that not only will it be all right, it'll be bloody marvellous to see you publishing again regularly. There's a wealth of fascinating information in these letters, and in your careful, intelligent and honest responses, and the brevity of this response is only caused by the lateness of the hour and the length and depth of the hassles I've been through lately. If you continue to publish letters of the quality of those appearing here, you most certainly will be driven to offset microelite within a very few issues. I also continue to stand in awe of your ability to stencil things by hand. Since folding ENERGUMEN, I've taken to lettering titles by hand using a variety of lettering guides and I was amazed at how simple it was once I got the right equipment. But artwork is still completely beyond me. Hell, I can't even *write* as delicately as you stencilled that comment to Rick Stoker's illo! It's been a real pleasure reading this issue and

following the many-sided debates on those issues from the first FANGLE. I do not envy you the job of trying to edit the next FANGLE, though, since I've a very strong feeling you're going to be inundated with first class letters...plus other ones like this one. Good luck: and if you should ever get the urge to put a little illustration with each letter the way Atom does for Ethel Lindsay's fanzines, please feel free to indulge yourself to the fullest.

Fandom may not be a way of life, but it isn't a bad way to pass the time, and occasionally there are bright moments indeed. Thanks for providing me with one such moment. Also it's nice to have a Brooklyn fan sending me fanzines again: in exchange, I'll send you a copy of the new XENIUM, which most New York fans will be getting in FAPA. I doubt that it's the sort of thing that will be of enormous interest to you, but it's something I'm pleased with and I'd like to share it with you.

With luck there'll be a FANGLE #3 waiting for me when I get back from England...along with maybe seventy other fanzines. I expect it will be put very close to the top of the pile as far as reading priority is concerned.

Best wishes,



I indulged in a whim and discovered that I have an easy way to reproduce the run-on paragraphing style used in this letter and which was popular among some in the day of typed fanzines. Where so appropriate, I'll do this for other letters as well, such as below.

I don't recall in detail, now, the insidious plan I had in mind in doubling the backcover on your issue, but I don't think I quite had the quivers as a model on that; more of a subliminal thing, perhaps involving the Doublemint twins. But I believe they retired long ago...

Acknowledged  $4^5 = 64$ , but I suspect that attempting to keep up title changes even that far might well have gotten really old long before achieving that many issues. Fortunately...

"Moved up to editor and doesn't have to write every day for a living." This nudged my skeptic button. Maybe I can get back to you on that. But perhaps a bit sooner than it took for FANGLE #3 to appear. As to publishing regularly, I regret that I failed in living up to that. I do rather miss working on mimeo stencils now, but Photoshop has provided other interesting ways to work.

---

W I L L S T R A W

July 10, 1974 – Ottawa, Ont., Canada

Dear Ross,

(Background music: Ringo Starr, *Sentimental Journey*.)

**N**ew Apa came today, reminding me that I hadn't loded *Fangle*. It's been sitting on my desk for a couple of weeks now, and I ogle at the cover every time I pass it (It's incredible, the best thing I've seen by you) and make noises about doing something.

*Fangle* was one of the most-appreciated fanzines of All Time when it came; I've gotten almost nothing in the way of good zines for months, and this one, with its contents written by what amounts to a Who's Who in Letterhacking, 1971-72 edition, was gobbled up eagerly.

Peter Bergman, of the Firesign Theater, has a theory that the response to a pun is usually a "groan" because a pun is a violation of the security of the language. In normal usage, words are supposed to mean certain things, and when a

pun tears this down, it's something akin to a social pain, consequently people "groan" in response. I guess that's why the feeling after hearing a pun is usually one of regret that you hadn't seen that weak spot in the walls surrounding the English language before someone pointed it out to you.

Toronto's transit system is either 30 or 35¢ (Ottawa's, here, is 30¢) and that includes bus and/or subway, with people being able to transfer from one form to another or from bus to bus, or train-to-train, etc. In Ottawa, last year, they instituted an all-day-Sunday unlimited-riding ticket for families (\$1 per family), and I took advantage of it once (I was hitching through Ottawa from Fort Erie, and, very bored on a typical Ottawa Sunday, decided to ride around and try all the bus routes to exotic places I hadn't seen before). They've since given it up; why, I don't know, though I don't know anyone else who used it, either. I think transit commissions should have special divisions and rates for people who are interested in Public Transit (like myself) as a form of hobby, in the same way that post offices have philatelic sections.

And some time I'll go into the whole phenomenon of Bus Driver Groupies in Ottawa, but not right now. Sorry.

I lost interest in collecting comics when it became apparent that I wouldn't be able to keep up with new stuff and complete a Marvel collection; not so much because of price, although that helped, but because the boundaries of a complete collection disappeared after a while. I have a horrible tendency to place trends in all artforms into movements and thus consume them, and when the 1960's return of the superhero to prominence in comic books was in full swing, I was happy. But when things started fragmenting in the early seventies, horror and sf comic books returning and new types of heroes (sword and sorcery, kung-fu) getting their own books, I realized that I'd no longer be able to set my scope accurately, and gave up. Like, at one time I could name what I needed for a full set of Marvel Comics; now, I can't name half the titles they publish, least of all what I consider essential for a collection.

I had less to say than I thought, but I enjoyed writing a letter of comment, the first in a couple of weeks, and hope you do, indeed, publish regularly. It's so much nicer to be able to get a fanzine from New York and see it less the work of a Gestalt and more the product of one person.

Take it easy,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, consisting of stylized, overlapping loops and a trailing flourish.

Well, here's a letter that can be especially seen with an odd perspective from—(SFX: echo chamber) The 21<sup>st</sup> century... hurry... uri... *gagarin*... (FADE SFX). I'd guess transit fares in neither Ottawa nor Toronto are in the 30-40¢ range any more (I think I'm sorry that I never got to hear more about those bus driver groupies though), and I gather that the hiatus from comics in general did not last, or was at least modified and expanded into your interest in other genres and historical periods of popular publication.

I tend to think of puns as the blunt instruments of the world of humor, where other kinds of more intellectual humor slip past the defenses (think 'rapier wit') to evoke the flip side of the shivers and shudders we know as giggles, chortles and old fashioned laughter. Not that a pun can't be sharp and to the point... (heh)



Saying that FANGLE was a surprise is like saying (supply your own cliché). But it's a welcome one; the first issue was one of my favorite fanzines for the last few years, and I enjoyed this one as well. A measure of the esteem I held for the first issue can be seen in the fact that I handwrote my letter, which is something I never do if I can at all avoid it.

As a matter of fact, when I was reading Richard Labonte's letter I had to go back and look to make sure I hadn't written it, because the same thing happened to me, except I wasn't a twin and it wasn't until the third grade. Mrs Dawson's ostensible reason for having me switch sides was that there weren't any left-handed desks in the classroom and she wasn't going to go out and get one just for me. (This all happened at St. Luke's Catholic School. For more information on Catholic schools, you might ask Bill Kunkel.)

Actually, I'm surprised that you were able to decipher my letter at all; I must have taken extra care, and lettered rather than wrote it. Sometimes I write myself notes or fragments of a story, and I have a tendency to leave out letters, syllables, words, and sometimes whole sentences.

On my own letter, "and" could have been written "&". That's what it was supposed to be, but I'm very sloppy. /c is medical shorthand, and when I wrote the letter I was working in a hospital. I'm glad you were able to figure it out. /s means without, & means before, & means after, and all of that is totally useless. "And" in medicalesse is written "et," by the way. Aren't you excited?

I once tried to return to left-handed writing as a matter of fact, and found that I couldn't write forwards, but could write backwards more legible than I could with my right hand—the "mirror-writing" thing, like good old Leo da Vinci. I've always wondered why, but never did come out with a legitimate reason.

While I was in Ohio at the Marcon (Fannish reference #1) Larry Propp was telling me about a gentleman at his office who has a sign, "Please don't tell me mother I work for the White House; she thinks I run a porno theatre in Washington DC."

On spoonerisms, there are one or two stories I could tell, but probably shouldn't. Like the time during WWII that an American announcer was introducing the British statesman, Sir Stafford Cripps, and said that he took great pleasure in presenting, for the first time on American radio, Sir Stifford Crapps. He was cut off the air, and came back the next day with an abject apology to "...that great British statesman, whose name is, of course, Sir Stifford Crapps..."

Good Lord, and you completely left out Col. Stoopnagle, who delighted in relating stories of Indercella and three sistiuglers, and The Loose that Gaid the Olden Gegg.

I've just been trying to trace the columns on your cover, and my eyes are now permanently crossed (yes, it's deliberate). You'll get the bill as soon as I can see my way clear to visiting an eye doctor.

I can tell Mike how to cut stencils; my method is quite simple. First you get a window that's facing the sun (or the proverbial "loft" with a Southern Exposure) and then you tape a stencil to the window. Then you put your drawing plate and illustration in place, wait until the sun is at the right angle, and start to draw.

Of course, you can only do one drawing a day this way—if you're lucky—but it's cheaper than a lightscope. It also makes the people in the street wonder what the hell you're doing.

Oh, and if you're in New York, try to get an apartment at the top of a building or you'll never see the sun. It's damned hard to see an illo through a stencil that's backlighted by fog.

The local university-sponsored (listener supported) radio station is still running The Goon Show,

and I can occasionally be found giggling in my living room around seven in the evening—if anyone wants to drop by, wait ‘til 7:30—and repeating lines to anyone who will listen. “Barbra, dear, I’d like 10,000 £ ... in money.”

A low pun is in the nature of the one I used in my one-shot at Torcon, describing the incredible dockside racket caused by construction at the Port of Seattle. You can see it coming, can’t you? The city finally had to put a stop to the clamor. Port Noise Complaint, and all that.

That’s a low pun.

Gee I wonder what the NYTA (or whatever they call it) would do if you stuck one of those 35¢ pieces in the turnstile... or even a copy of FANGLE. It might be a bit hard to explain, though.

I well remember those notorious Oriental brothers, Sessue and Sessme Hayakawa...

All those terrible things that people are saying about New York. I *like* New York. Of course, I was just visiting, as the old saw says, but I traveled around a lot and didn’t get lost on the subways (well, hardly ever...) And generally thought it was a nice place to be.

By the way, for those who may have read THE GOON GOES WEST, Dave MacDonald, he of the cherry bombs at John Berry’s party, is now living in Seattle. He’s recuperating from a broken leg. You see, there’s this...fire station, but it’s not a fire station any more, it’s the headquarters for this radio station, but it still has the fire pole, and Dave was in there one night looking for the john with a lady friend of his, and he didn’t have a light, and he...

Even I don’t believe that story, but it’s true. Both of them fell down the fire hole.

Would it make it any better if I told you that the station’s call letters are KRAB? I thought not.

AARGGHH you misspelled my name!

Back when I had ambitions of becoming a comic artist, I wrote a letter to Steve Ditko asking if he needed an assistant. I was incredibly fond of Ditko’s Doctor Strange, and wanted to get in on the action. Ditko wrote back that he didn’t need an assistant, and if he did hire one he would limit him to drawing noses. The idea of a career based on nothing but noses was so strange that I spent the remainder of the day in awed contemplation.

The enclosed drawing (assuming I can find it) is an example of how affected by Ditko I was; it’s the cover of my first fanzine which, thank God, nobody but me ever saw. I still have it locked in a closet, and I look at it whenever I get too cocky.

(You may dispose of the drawing in any way you see fit; I can’t imagine ever needing it again.)

If you were spoiled by the Spirit, you’re in good company; I’ve been collecting old Spirits for years. Have you seen the new Warren comic? And the underground Spirits from Kitchen Sink Ent.? Or the 1966 Harvey Comics Spirit? Or...

I dunno, I kind of thought the Barry Smith Doctor Strange was good... at least the first one he did, with Nightmare. I was very impressed by it, but hated the second one he did.

I’ll bet that’s really fascinating, isn’t it. I like comics, but hate to talk about them. Every once in a (long) while I write a letter to Marvel, it gets printed, and I get a flood of comic zines for the next several months. Bleah.

Anybody want 14 (count ‘em) no-prizes? After a while I got tired of collecting empty envelopes with my name on them.



Gertating? Gestating? Germinating?

Actually, I still have those 400 pages of notes, but I haven't the slightest idea where they are. I'm working on a story, though, which I honest-to-God think is a good idea, and almost everybody I've talked with—I only talked to "other writers" \*ahem\*—thinks so too. If I remember write, Bubble Broxon (she who the sf-reading public will know as Mildred Downey Broxon) commented, "You're damn lucky my only virtue is my honesty." Is such a simple idea, and seems so obvious to me, that I'm surprised nobody else has thought of it before. Well they have, but not in the way I've used it.

And that, too, must be fascinating to everyone. It is to me, but...

In you think in phallic terms (I do. Constantly) C. Ross' stalk comes out nastily, but I wouldn't even mention that for fear of offending...

Nice to hear from you, and sorry to ramble on at such length. I enjoyed it.

(Loren MacGregor)

Frankly, I enjoyed reading your LoC, then and now, even if it was a bit of a ramble. Many references leave me a bit bewildered now (and may have then—I only have the vaguest recollections of Col. Stoopnagle), but I got the "stalk" joke. I'm generally past blushing at this advanced time in my life, but am hardly offended. No, wait... let me rephrase that lest someone read a further pun in there that *would* make me blush. Oh... never mind.

I actually did move into a top story apartment in Manhattan after I moved away from Brooklyn, in an area called Washington Heights (an area occupied by a number of New York fen at the time), but I never used my window as a lightscope. You see, I'd actually copped a real one, kinda sorta. Cobbled might be a better term; I built it myself. Still have that, though there's not a whole lotta use for it any more.

Still have that Ditko tribute cover, too, as you can see. I hope, after these many years, you don't mind that I outed you with it. Personally, I don't think it's that bad.

And I remain a Spirit fan, though I never managed to collect the numerous comics and graphic books (now) that featured him. I gather there's supposed to be a new series starring Our Hero in a contemporary setting; I've seen a drawing that looked pretty good, but the word I've heard is that the story-telling seriously lacks the Eisner touch.

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J I M M E A D O W S I I I

July 15, 1974 – Park Forest, IL

Dear Ross,

I couldn't help noticing that Brooklyn fandom dried up soon after you published your first issue of FANGLE.

Now that I've cheered you up, I want you to know that the arrival of the second issue of FANGLE in my postal dispenser was a welcome surprise; I was weaned on Brooklyn fanzines, and they are all too infrequent now. Welcome back.

I find absolutely nothing wrong (cancel absolutely—I might have to be a court witness) with publishing old loc—it serves to keep the continuity, and the reading of 2½ year-old locs gives an interesting historical perspective. I was rather struck by my own letter: gad! That's the problem with being an adolescent: you become ashamed of your recent past. It was a little less than 3 years when I wrote that loc. I had just gotten into fandom. I was a neo, boy what a neo. The lower-case "I" was to show my low station (I think it more proved than showed it). I am surprised you printed the letter

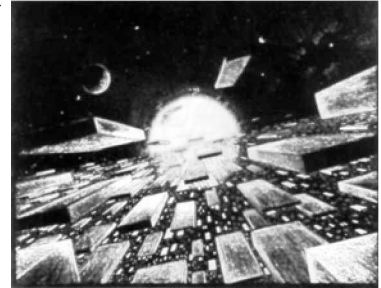
fairly intact at all (I get the feeling you had some thoughts on, as you saved it till last), but I suppose I said some interesting things—how a phrase like “an arthritic balloon, india ink trickling down my back” came to me I have no idea.

But to the rest of the lettercol, which was better written—

I’ve heard these mentions of your amazing multi-page covers (actually I mean amazing), and have been properly awed, but I really have no idea what a multi-page cover is? A cover spread over a series of pages? A wrap-around? A fold-out? A what?

Flying matchboxes, huh? Well, lessee, they must be a rather ornery beast ... probably not easily domesticated ... I bet they breed like wildfire ... that was a pun back there, but you probably missed it ... you’re lucky if you did ... next paragraph...

35¢ pieces? Get off, Ross! Now, 20¢ pieces actually existed at one time. If you hadn’t been so unfannishly money-grubbing...



From your comment on Glicksohn’s letter, where you lament the lack of Monty Python on WBAI, I get the idea that you perhaps have never heard of Monty Python, and/or know little about them. I’ll explain to you then, and if you do know it won’t hurt—honest, it won’t (would I lie to you?). The reason you don’t hear Monty Python on WBAI is that Monty Python’s Flying Circus is not a radio show, it is a tv show, which runs or has run intermittently on BBC. It has produced audio material, but only on records, much of it adapted from their tv work. I know of 4 of the albums, and at least two are readily available here. The four are “The Worst of Monty Python” (which I got hold of as an import on the BBC label), “Another Monty Python Album” available here on Charisma, “Monty Python’s Previous Album,” also Charisma, and “Monty Python’s Matching Tie and Handkerchief,” which I hear has surfaced as an import, and will probably be out in this country. The first of these albums is done before an audience, and is definitely adapted from tv material, but doesn’t contain audio portions from the show itself. As for *seeing* Monty Python in this country, one must shop. The best way (look quick) right now is on the series “Dean Martin’s Comedyworld,” a summer series which draws comedy from nightclubs, movies and British tv, in the case of Monty Python. If you don’t mind Monty being Barbara Feldon’s “discovery,” you’ll do well here. There’s also a movie by the group, called “And Now For Something Completely Different,” which has been getting bad distribution here (like none) and probably isn’t showing anywhere in NYV right now. If you ever watched Marty Feldman’s summer series for ABC a couple of years ago (the one where ABC edited the skits and inserted boring variety acts), you noticed some weird animation by a guy named Terry Gilliam—he’s Monty Python person (Spike Milligan showed up on those Feldman shows, by the way). And they do show up other places—twice on NBC’s “Midnight Special,” by my count. So what do you mean we haven’t been able to see Monty Python—or hear him?

By the way, was that Goon Show record an import on Parlophone, which contained “Six Charlies in Search of an Author” and “Insurance—the White Man’s Burden,” and was called GOON BUT NOT FORGOTTEN? Or is there another album I don’t know about?

I am in line with your dissatisfaction with comic books. I have subscribed to two in my Lifetime, and both have disappointed me. The latest is SHAZAM! Which I subbed to after picking up an early ish with a Denny O’Neil script. It was part of Billy Batson’s return to the World, and Denny mixing of the inane with decent plotting was intriguing to me. Now what I get a re 100-pagers, mostly reprint—in both old and new stories, the decent plotting is gone, and the inane is just insipid. I have

trouble getting underground, and they can dissappoint too (but look for one called MOONDOG from the Print Mint). If you want good comics, it's best to read the papers.

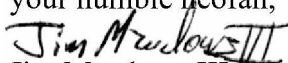
Your confusion on MOONBROTH on whether it took itself too or not enough seriously was from your labeling it a prozine. It ain't pro, it's semi-pro; and the spirit of those publications are always a bit AC/DC.

The new artwork, what little there was, was beautiful. The cover was much better than last. You used the right description in a lettercomment that fits your number one cover; you killed it, for me anyway. The Bems are just too overdone, it's hard to figure out just what they are. The cover of this ish is great, slightly maddening, and simply complex (I mean a complex idea carried out without undue ornamentation—that is, you didn't kill it). Your youthful bronto on page 43 was exquisite. You can still Art, Ross.

If the date on this is accurate, then either you've already bummed your publishing schedule of bi-monthly, or you sent me this instead of no. 2. Ork...ork?...Excuse me...(must have been something I ate) Or, you were late with thish, like the last. That sounds likely. I don't mind if you're late with FANGLE, just pub it quick. People have waited a long time before publishing second issues before (Look at Doug Carroll) but does the 3<sup>rd</sup> ever come? I want more of your zines, Ross! I'm going to wallpaper your shrine with them.

By the by, as to your policy of all-for-all... I still publish a trekzine (last ish was nearly two years ago, but I wouldn't complain if I were you), and the nextish should be out soon. If you don't mind trading with such a humble periodical as one with the unwieldy title of STAR TREK TODAY (open to suggestions as to title changes), I'll put you on the list (and if you ever wanted to art for a trekzine, Now is definitely your chance).

Pub Real Soon Now. I'm tired of holding my breath.

your humble neofan,  
  
Jim Meadows III

I remember with considerable nostalgia the adolescent enthusiasm with which your letters were written to the Brooklyn fanzines in those farooof days, and I hope that my reproducing this letter almost intact (as I have for most letters in thish, and yes, I have edited it, as the DVD introductions say, for content and to fit the format) is not annoying.

For purposes of continuity, then (whatever that may mean in this context), yes, the multi-page covers were in fact fanzine covers that spread over several (okay, usually two or three) pages, in a kind of comic book paneled format. And speaking of covers, I appreciate the egoboo on mine for *Fangle 2*, and raise an eyebrow or two regarding your remarks on the first.

Ah, yes, the famous (well, maybe not so much) flying matchboxes (and yes, I got the wildfire pun, more's the pity) illustration... It was actually done before Arthur C. Clarke's 2010, oddly enough—or at least, I believe it was; from this perspective the timing seems a bit close—and Arnie had once thought to use it as the cover for a fanzine (or maybe more of a prozine in that case) that never made it to print.

Since *Fangle 2*, of course, *Monty Python's Flying Circus* has come and gone, split and evolved into a multiple strange and wonderful variations too numerous, and funny, to count—or count out. John Cleese as Q—isn't that wonderful? Gosh, I don't know where that Goon Show record is, so I can't check which one it was.

I remember *Shazam!*, and my considerable disappointment with it. I'd loved Captain Marvel and the whole Marvel family in their oh-so-wholesome original incarnation, and still hold



resentment at Marvel Comics for pre-empting them, even trying to foist off some crummy alien under the Captain Marvel name. Cheese Louise! And I don't mean Sivana's "Big Red Cheese" either!

Oh, yeah, like I said earlier, you can stop holding your breath, now. Really!

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H A R R Y W A R N E R , J R .

July 16, 1974 – Hagerstown, MD

Dear Ross:

**T**here should be more fanzine editors like you. I could write fewer locs which apologize for failure to respond to seven consecutive issues of a fanzine. All I need do is explain I've been working on a new fan history book, and that dissipated any remote possibility of an immediate loc on the welcome second issue of Fangle.

Your cover is quite interesting. I suffered mild acrophobia when I began searching out the connection between the high arches and the ground level of the pillars. Then I started to think of old Italian painters when I noticed all the razor-sharp things you'd put in the far background. All this gives a good illusion of three-dimensionality to the composition, leaving the onlooker with the urge to move his head a trifle to see if this permits him to see things hidden behind the pillars the way you're supposed to be able to do in a laser photograph.

I'll be interested in the fate of your proposed letterzine policy for Fangle. It's been thirty years since such a fanzine was successful for any length of time. Maybe it's just coincidence, that the right editor and the correct stable of letter writers have never hooked up all those intervening years to provide a successor to VOM. Or maybe VOM's success was in part predicated on World War Two conditions under which it appeared, providing a perfect outlet for fanac for many fans who were too busy with service duties or war jobs or keeping one step ahead of selective service, and they could handle only the quick and easy kind of fanac involved in responding to a letterzine. Sometimes I suspect that failures to imitate VOM have aborted for lack of an editor who had a strong personality and the boldness to assert it in his letterzine, as Ackerman did in VOM. I hope you succeed, although I have my doubts about your ability to get lots of letters within two weeks.

Several letters in this issue bring up a point that puzzles me. I get the impression that metropolitan areas continue to have subdivisions called by their own special names, like Bedford-Stuyvesant, just as frequently as in the past. But I believe that this custom is dying in smaller cities. When I was growing up in Hagerstown, people kept talking about Quality Hill, Harriestown, Honey Hill, and the Bowery, each of which covers an area ranging from perhaps six to fifteen blocks. But by now, hardly anyone uses those old names, not even families who have spent generations in this city. It's a shame because each of those areas is distinguished by economic and social characteristics, and if you were looking for a house to rent or wanted to know what your son's new friend was like, you got a much better clue by the regional name than from the street address.

Dick Lupoff's reference to Katz, Kinney, Kunkel and Komar reminds me how startled I am every time I look through television listings and see a show called Kojak. I feel this impulse to watch it in order to see the first televised series with New York fandom as its theme. You might be able to get lots of money to buy stencils and ink if you sued the producers for plagiarism. But elsewhere in Dick's letter, I don't understand why anyone should think fandom is or is not superior to mundane activities. Why not look at it as a hobby, a way to obtain the relaxation everyone needs from

mundane duties? Some people turn to other hobbies after tiring of fandom, others stick to it, and I doubt if there is any vast difference in psychic drive or mental foibles between the two groups.

About efforts to make buses more popular: I've just done a newspaper column on the bus system in Morgantown, W. Va., which actually showed a profit for the first three months of this year. It offers one service I haven't seen anywhere else. You can flag down a bus anywhere in the block, just as you would a taxi, and it will stop for you. It sounds heretical at first and then you wonder why it hasn't always been that way. A bus doesn't contribute more to traffic jams than a taxi would when halting in mid-block. The Morgantown buses have an odd way of keeping on schedule, too. They're small buses and the drivers have the right to cut through alleys whenever a traffic jam looms ahead. Fare there is 40 cents. The management attributes much of the success to scrupulous care in choosing drivers who will make people want to ride buses through courtesy and high spirits.

I hope your use of Crosstalk as a department title causes lots of those radio talk shows to collapse. They are my biggest gripe against today's radio fare. I can endure any type of musical fare, I'm not interested in news broadcasts but most of them last only five minutes or so and don't bother me, but I just can't stay within earshot of a phone-in show. They seem to attract invariably the most stupid people within reach of telephones, and most of them seem to train the announcer to be as combative and rude as possible for the sake of making sparks fly. I used to listen to AM radio quite a bit after dark, when clear channel stations from far away can be picked up well in Hagerstown, but half of the stations I once enjoyed have plunged the whole way into my bugaboo.

If you have R. L. Stevenson's "Phantom Rickshaw," you have a better collection than Sam Moskowitz. And I don't think a foghorn with a 40 to 50 cycle frequency would be too bone-shaking. The bass section of a piano goes considerably lower than that. Ah, well, even mighty Jove nods on occasion. I enjoyed the issue very much, and nobody benefited more than I did from the reprints from the first issue, because I'm fandom's best forgetter.

Yrs., &c.,  
  
Harry Warner Jr.

When I think now of how many letters I saved Harry Warner from writing to me I could almost cry. Just as well there weren't more faneditors like me. Ah, well... That, and the ruminations on VOM and the perhaps doubtful likelihood of my pursuing the letterzine concept strike home. And no, I accept the fact that the chances of my getting many letters back in two weeks were pretty slim; I think I did try to explain that by "bimonthly" I did mean every two months, not twice a month, didn't I? Yes, but not in the first issue...

Giving names to subsections of cities has perhaps evolved as cities have grown and smaller towns and areas have become subsumed in the greater metropolitan milieu. This wouldn't apply so much to the greater New York area, which is hemmed in by water. Still, I think that some have held and others slipped depending on the populations of those areas. Washington Heights, the part of Manhattan where I lived after I'd left Brooklyn, retains its identity, I believe, largely due to its geographical and topological characteristics—that relatively hilly area is where the George Washington Bridge crosses the Hudson to (and let us not forget from) Fort Lee, NJ. The adjacent Harlem has a huge historical incentive to retain its identity, though I'm not sure but that its once primarily black population has now thinned to a variety of so-called minority ethnicities. I've been led to believe that the area of Manhattan called Yorktown, in the 60s or 70s (I forget) to the west of Central Park, that at one time was home to citizens of mostly German heritage, has lost much of that identity, along with some once favored restaurants that catered to that taste. Hassenpfeffer!

When I lived in the Cleveland area, although much of the population lived in suburban municipalities with their own names and governments, a street address and ZIP code in most of them, with "Cleveland" substituted for the actual town name, would readily reach the addressee. When Harcourt Brace Jovanovich brought its HBJ Publications division to Ohio, its location, where I worked, was in Middleburg, Heights, but of course its *address* was in Cleveland....at least initially.

The comments on phone-in radio shows hit home now as well as when written, and show that the trend to irritating and controversial rant was well on its way then (when "clear channel station" didn't refer to a conglomerate) to today's Howard Stern and Don Imus (okay, *yesterday's* Don Imus) and Rush Limbaugh and... who-the-heck-ever. I haven't paid attention to any of them for some time, and for much the same reasons as given. The language used has debased considerably since then, as well, I believe, as have tolerance and acceptance for it. I'm not too happy with that, either.

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MIKE GORRA

August 9, 1974 – Waterford, CT 06385

Dear Ross,

Okay, on to FANGLE. First, I really enjoyed the zine. About your editorial, there is another letterzine appearing, but its future is in doubt. It's called LOCOMOTIVE, edited by Ken Gammage (who wants to back out, I think) and Brett Cox, both of whom are younger than I, even. Discussion is mostly sercon, however, and while it is an enjoyable little fanzine, I'd have to say that you do a much better job at it than they do.

That front (and back) cover was really nice, but I think I liked the one on FANGLE #1 better.

Like Arnie, I've always had a yen to be an artist, but have never been able to do it. My English notebook is filled with sketches, stylized letters and names... but no go. It's the one thing I most wish I could do and can't. I have to agree with Terry Hughes. People like you, and Rotsler and Canfield, people who are basically artists, who can write as well, make us jealous. Bill Kunkel is a special case. I guess he was a writer first, then discovered he could "Art," so it's not quite the same as the other ones of you.

I was going to use some of my own art in my first fanzine. It was to be a very simple line sketch of a small spaceship, rather like this:



I worked on it for a little while, getting the lines exactly as I wanted them, then tried to commit it to ditto master. I botched it, and decided not to use it, but just to type out the title, colophon, and take off. I've never attempted fan art since. Some fans don't learn that they can't draw, and keep on trying to... I've gotten packets of art from people like that. One person, who has since gafiated, sent me a bunch of horrible sketches along with a letter, and I couldn't accept that they were a serious contribution. I thought they were just some sketches he'd tossed off in a light moment, and so I tossed them off too...into the wastebasket.

Since I've hardly ever traveled through a ghetto that lasted for more than two blocks, I can't comment on Bill and Charlene's experience. But I have been in bars and at amusement parks where I get the definite impression that if I bump into anybody or anything, I'll wind up on the end of a fist, or worse. Actually, I get this sensation more at a local amusement park than anything. The bar I feel

it at is just a place where late teens and early twenties go to dance, but I feel it there, probably because it is crowded and I feel a little bit out of place since I'm younger than most everybody there and legally I shouldn't be in there. For some reason, almost everybody with a moustache or beard seems bigger than me, even though, logically, I know there's not many who are. The situation of quiet fear isn't helped much by my friends telling me that I probably wouldn't stand much of a chance in a fight against anybody who's even done a little bit of it, and that my wrestling knowledge wouldn't help me at all; again, despite my size and strength. In my mind, I know that nobody's going to attack me at those places, but psychologically, I have a little bit of fear that it might happen. If you want to get Freudian about it, I suppose it comes from being picked on when I was a fat little kid.

I have a strange, but true, story to tell about puns. Early last June, I got a stack of HYPHENS from Bruce Pelz. This was practically the first fanwriting I'd read by Walt Willis or John Berry. After I read a few of them, I started to make puns more readily. I think I read about three issue in one day, and just for the hell of it, in school, I dropped a few of the puns from the zine into conversation. And somehow these got me going, and I made up more of my own, spontaneously.

That night, a couple of friends came over, one of whom had a small reputation in my circle as a punster. While the other one played ragtime piano, he and I played ping pong, but with a shuttlecock instead of a ball. I dropped in a few of the Willis, Berry, and Shaw puns. I made one of my own. Two minutes later, I made another. In the next half an hour, I must have made twenty puns, nearly all spontaneous; nearly all of them bad, too. But they were puns, and in my entire life, I'd never made so many. One a week was good, I'd thought up until then.

After that night, I was never as good, tho. I think I maybe made five good ones the next day. Pretty soon I finished most of the HYPHENS, and read the other ones at infrequent intervals. And my pun production dropped sharply off. I can make a few now and then, but the rate is little better than before (of course, the fact that during the summertime I am, because of my work situation, forced to associate with a bunch of near illiterates who wouldn't know a pun if they tripped over it, doesn't help matters. Once school starts and I start hanging around people who will recognize puns when they're dropped in, I should improve.) But I'll bet that if I went and reread those HYPHENS, like issues 16-20 or so, I'd start making them again. 'Pun my word as a gentlean I would, indeed, suh.

I can only remember one of them, one which I thought was really good. "Taking a bath has really made you \_\_\_\_\_ of destinktion." I was visiting my nextdoor neighbors, and a cute little girl about three years younger than I mentioned taking a bath or shower recently. So I threw that one in; she got all offended and said "How do you know?!" I had to explain the damned thing to the entire bunch that was sitting out on the porch. I would have thought that the parents at least would get it, but evidently they didn't. I threw in about two or three more that night, and they didn't catch those either. It's maddening when that happens.

I enjoy spoonerisms. But it's not a form of humor which I understand well at all. My basic conception of one is just a reversal of the first two or so letters of the two words being played upon, but here in FANGLE and in an old PELF, there were rather more complex ones. I'll have to study those and see if I can get the idea of it. I'd be interested in reading any good books on puns and word play? Do you know of any? And while some people say it's the lowest form of humor, I can't agree with that. It is the people who can't make them that say that. Personally, as far as I'm concerned, any kind of humor can match any other. Even slapstick—if it's done well, as by the Marx Brothers

or Laurel and Hardy. It is only when humor is handled by the humorless that one can say one form is lower than another.

I've been trying like crazy to drop a pun into the last paragraph, but I can't seem to do it. Oh well. I'd intended to write more in the way of a loc, but it's getting late, and I have to get up vry early tomorrow morning. Hope to hear from you soon.



Hmmm, okay... Got one in the last paragraph after all!

And you know what? It dawns on me that one of the reasons some people get annoyed at puns is that they amount to challenges of wit. They call for matching rebuttals, and one can't always think of a snappy play on words off the top of one's head. Grr! And when they're in print, there's no way to get back to the author with any kind of timely response. Hmph! It's like trying to take that extra step on the stairs—the one that isn't there! Ouch! Or, at least, there didn't used to be—nowadays, fast responses can sometimes be done online, under the right circumstances. One almost wonders at the once-upon-a-time popularity of the Peghoots... On the other hand, because they are best when fresh and unplanned, there is rarely so satisfying a conversational event as one in which both (or all) sides can pepper them out in punishing fusillades. (Hah! Thought I'd never get around to slipping one in there, huh!) Your experience after reading the Wills and Berry Fanzines suggests you know what I mean.

I'd say there are ups and downs within all kinds of humor, as there are in most endeavors, and tastes differ there as well. I never liked the Marx Bros.' and Laurel & Hardy's approach to slapstick as much as Buster Keaton's and Charlie Chaplin's, for example, and the Three Stooges' were definitely at the low end of the scale for me.

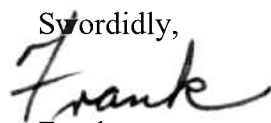
You liked the cover on Fangle #1 better than the one on #2, eh? Now if this were 30 years ago, I'd invite you and Jim Meadows III to discuss this, but it's a tad late for that now. But maybe the wrestling background might have made it an uneven match after all...

---

FRANK DENTON

August 18, 1974 – Seattle, WA

I've been meaning to write you a real honest-to-Ghu loc, but it's not in the cards. We had a wedding (daughter) and lots of other stuff get in the way of fanac, so I determined tonight to just drop you a note and tell you how glad I was to see Fangle again. I read it through cover to cover and enjoyed every bit of it. Gee, you've got a run going now. Keep it up.

Sincerely,  
  
Frank

Thanks. This run thing is not all it's cracked up to be, though. Some might say slower than a teenager in a crosswalk... (I've just been waiting for a chance to use that simile.)

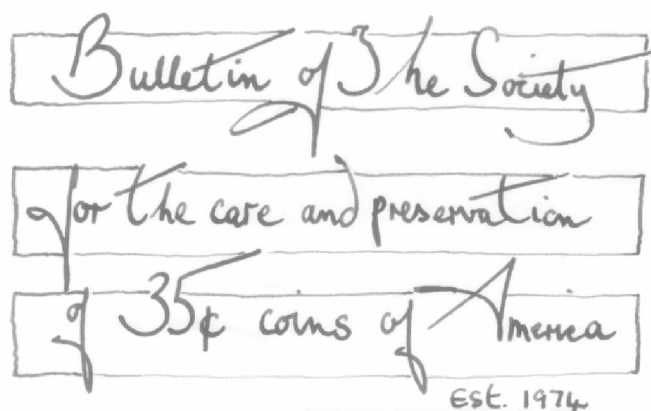
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DAVE PIPER

13 August 74– Ruislip, Middx, England

[ed. Note: This entire letter was handwritten, with illustrations. I'll attempt to capture the spirit of it without reproducing it *per se*... Well, maybe *some* of it, as follows]





VICE-CHAIRMAN: D. CHARLES PIPER  
 VICE-SECRETARY: D.C. PIPER  
 VICE-TREASURER: DAVID C. PIPER  
 RESIDENT DIRTY OLD MAN: DAVE PIPER



Dear Mr. Chamberlain:

(There is, as you will no doubt recall, a precedent for such an opening address but although my committee do have some harsh things to say to you in this letter we will not insist upon you waving this piece of paper wildly in the air whilst walking over the Brooklyn Bridge and chanting to all and sundry "Peace in our time." We cannot, also, condone your waving an article of manufactured rubber-goods above your head while traversing the Brooklyn Bridge and shouting "A piece in my time.")

It has been brought to the attention of our committee that you have been advocating the barter of 35¢ pieces for copies of your, no doubt, nefarious underground publication whose title, we understand, is FANGLE. In this day and age of numismatic enlightenment we find it simply unbelievable that even an uncouth lout from the colonies would perpetrate such a fraud on the unsuspecting public. It is common knowledge, yay— even in Wisconsin, that all 18,328 35¢ coins minted by the Kansas City Mint repose in splendid FOC condition in the specially designed vault constructed somewhere in the wilds of Nether Copping (Wilts). And we therefore feel it incumbent upon this society to inform you that unless you cease and desist this completely un-British-like practice PRESSURE will be brought to bear.

And should, by some quirk of fate, you enjoy such pressure we CAN JUST AS QUICKLY STOP SAME!

Our informant (R.D.O.M. Dave Piper) informed us of this information by Bald Headed Eagle Post this noon, informing us of the airmail arrival of the second issue of your magazine. It has been somewhat difficult to talk to him today due to his demented, contentious, incessant grinning and cries of "Yippee," "Whee," and "OhBoyohboy" and similar flabby-upper-lip exclamations. However, and notwithstanding, he has asked me to append hereunder some comments he wishes to make regarding your magazine and I will

therefore close up my part of this letter and return to cataloguing and grading our 18,828 35¢ coins. Rest assured, sir, that the eyes of the whole numismatic world are upon you this day—so I'd counsel extreme caution with regard to your further requests for the coin most dear to our, collective, hearts.

I remain, sir, your obt. svt.

*D. Charles Piper*  
*ugh!!*

Dear Ross,

Poor old D. Charles—he didn't really write the above, you know. He dictated to me and whilst signing it he happened to notice that there were in fact only 18,327 35¢ coins in the old tin box and the poor old sod expired with the shock. 'Do not put your faith in material things Dear Boy' I have often said to him. Unless it's copies of FANGLE. Hee Hee.

Please excuse this handwritten note but, y'see, Cath is the secretary of a 'Ladies' club or somesuch and she's doing her club-work tonight and there's only one typer in the house (MINE! Dammit!!) and she's using it. So I'm relegated to me Parker. I hope you can read it. The writing not the Parker.

I got Fangle 2 this morning—and thanks very much. Especially for the airmail delivery. I haven't read it all yet but as you announce that it'll be bi-monthly I thought I'd better, at least, acknowledge this issue quickly so as to ensure receipt of No. 3.

So please just accept this loadaballs as just an acknowledgment and a big thankyou and an even bigger Welcome Back and I shall (a threat, not a promise) inflict yet another letter on you ere nonce. Or something.

Very best,



Duly noted. No further requests for 35¢ pieces will be made. At least, not for sticky ones.

After a short time an aeogramme, dated 15 Aug 74, arrived with the letter which appears on the following page.

A s threatened, a letter; yet...

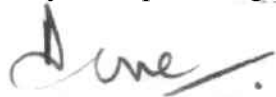
It, F2, is a really entertaining issue of a fanzine. It must have been very satisfying to you to get so many letters (and so many good letters) in response to your first issue. Considering the quantity and quality (my in-built-English-modesty forces me to exclude that which appears on pages 25 & 26) of the response I can't imagine how you managed to refrain from putting out the second issue until now. But I'm glad you did...er, put it out I mean.

The way you've used the letters as springboards to give people like me, who don't know you personally, an insight into Ross Chamberlain is obviously a carefully considered editorial plan of which I heartily approve. There are fanzines where for long-range recipients like me the editorial presence (despite considerable editorial wordage in many cases) is minimal and somehow I can never get really interested in the zine. For me, I have to be interested in the editor before I can really enjoy the magazine. Whilst I realize the way you hope/intend F to go...it seems to me that should you carry on in the same vein you'll basically be producing a personalzine. And those I love. Especially those with a humorous bent (if you'll pardon the expression?). Awry, Kwaliiojah, Scythrop, Susan's Lovezine, and even Yandro are to me personal zines regardless of the number of outside contributors because the editor is very much present. Or editors...I should say. My continuing interest in Fandom is kept alive by reading of people and their lives. Especially people who don't live next door but a thousand or so miles away. Bruce once said to me that a book review in SFC was as personal to the writer as a heart-opening editorial and whilst I admit that that's probably true I can never get away from the feeling that the reviewer is Reviewing for Publication, and it's hard enough battling thru the bloody paper/ink/typer to get to know somebody let alone fighting my way through a thick muslim veil of a book review. Cor, my brain dunn'arf 'urt sometimes!!

That's why I drool over, for example, Bangsund's publications because in some small measure they have echoesed and illuminated his life these past seven years or so. Which is why I prefer REG to SFR, and Susan's zine to...er, Algol. I don't mean to knock (for want of a better word I guess) 'sercon' fanzines as I enjoy them, but I'm happier with the (where's the bloody words?) 'fannish' type and this I've never really understood. I find it infinitely easier to, f'rinstance, write to you than...er...who(?)...Andy Porter because, in my case, the only thing I can really talk about with even a tiny bit of authority is me. So all my letters become, basically, private and personal letters from me to the editor. Reflecting my life, me, my family, interests and sense of humour, etc. If the editor isn't interested I get the message and no harm done. If he is, though, it seems to me a worthwhile exchange on a personal level which just so happens to be published for a few hundred (?) other people to read or not, depending how they feel. How do you feel about this? Am I explaining myself adequately?

In fact, what the bloody hell have I been saying? Good question that Dave, er, well I think I've been saying that I enjoyed F2 very much and thank you for sending it to me. When/if you get fed up with my letters just stop sending it. I'll understand. I'll hate you, but I'll understand.

Bestest,



Indeed, this beautiful letter breaks my heart. "I'll understand. I'll hate you, but I'll understand." For that alone, though I know he was saying it pretty much tongue-in-cheek, I wish I could go back in time and get this out a couple of months or so after the second issue was published. For that, but also because I have letters from Susan Wood and John Bangsund coming up soon in these pages... \*Sigh\*

Onward.

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G R E G S H A W

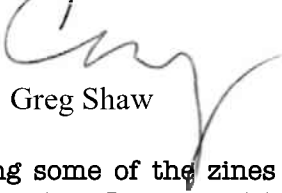
August 1, 1974—Burbank, Calif.

**T**his is a belated response to FANGLE #2, which I received awhile back and have been meaning to acknowledge. The last couple of months have been busy for Suzy and me. We've bought a house, and are getting to be pretty well settled here in Southern California. I've been working myself to death, trying to catch up on all the projects I've started and planned over the last two years, to make way for new things that are opening up, and somehow in all of it there just isn't much room for fandom. I've got a FAPA deadline coming up and unless some miracle occurs I doubt if I'll make it. Too bad... FAPA remains my only link to fandom, along with the two or three fanzines I get every year (which is another reason FANGLE gave me such pleasure...) And reading them always stirs up the old memories and makes me want to get involved again, but another hobby is something I just don't have time for.

Actually it's not altogether true that I've given up fanac. In my "spare" time I publish a fanzine with a circulation approaching 10,000. On reflection, one reason I've drifted so far away from SF fandom is that rock & roll fandom lies so much closer to my real interests & personality. I'm not what you'd call a 'bookish' person; I enjoy SF, but haven't really read a book of any kind in months—I've been too busy writing, about music. And while SF fandom is in its third year of one of its worst slumps (the worst ever, I guess, and one I suspect may be terminal...) It's been a real gas watching R&R fandom develop. I recall writing letters to a few SF fanzines around '71 talking about how I was trying to get something going along those lines; well, now it's in its third generation, there are over 100 active R&R fanzines, and all on their own these kids have 'invented' a lot of the same customs, attitudes, even the same slang, that SF fans did. Quite fascinating. I'm considered some kind of grandfather figure in the field now, they talk in their fanzines of the good old days when my zine was mimeoed and had that true fannish spirit...a couple have even said I'm getting too sercon!

This is probably all very boring to anybody who doesn't know me from my days as an actifan, so I'll cut it short. It's just that for some reason, when I get a zine like yours or the rare treats from Arnie & Joyce, I feel an obligation to explain why I haven't been more active. Anyway, give my best to everybody, and please keep sending those fanzines!

Best,



Greg Shaw

Ah, Rock 'n Roll fandom... I remember seeing some of the zines for that area and era though it would have been at other folks's houses, since I never got into it, myself. With the

exception of a few artists, groups and bands, I never really “got it” about R&R. Arnie Katz and Bill Kunkel and others could really swing into depth conversations on this group or that, and how they affected and interfaced with society at large, while I sat back and smiled and wondered what they were talking about.

Arnie and Bill tried to get something going in the wrestling area (or arena!) that might have done well but they ran into problems with chaps in the business... And Arnie was an instigator of videogame fandom a bit later on—mainly in the '90s, while he was still heading up one or two of the leading pro magazines in the field—and there seemed to be some success in that, though now, with “zines” appearing from all directions and areas of interest, it’s hard to tell if there is still sufficient interest for that to have continued. But I know that at one point he kinda ran into that “Grandfather” thing with touches of “who needs him any more” from some quarters. Of course, as with a lot of the multiplicity of fandoms, the Internet has taken over much of the self-publishing “fan” activity.

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S U S A N   W O O D

Aug. 5, '74 – Regina, Sask., Canada

Dear Ross,

I’ve spent the last 2½ months Meaning to Write to thank you for Fangle. I’ve also spent time trying to finish my PhD dissertation, by the simple expedient of throwing out 2 years’ work and starting over. With that, and other things, the locs-to-be-written have piled up, and up...

So, before I put it off again:

I like Fangle. I enjoy here’s-where-my-head-is-at zines. I want to write a lengthy loc, but I know I won’t, until my head is out of Canadian Agrarian Novels, at least. (Dulldulldull)

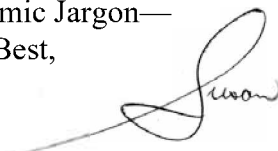
I’d appreciate the next. Hope it doesn’t take as long. Do you want review/mention?

Under separate cover cometh AMOR, which is where my head was at last May.

Lord, I really want to loc Fangle. Sigh. Was talking to Richard Labonte recently about how strange it is to see a two-year-old letter in print...

But the Land calls. There is one hell of a lot of land in Canadian novels. Which is basically what my thesis says, in 360 pages of Academic Jargon—

Best,



Well, here again... Yeah. If wishes were horses, and all that. My, my... Canadian agrarian novels. Why do I suddenly feel like I want to take a nap before I go on to the next letter...? Sorry, Susan— I rather wish I’d taken you up on that review or mention, though—perhaps it would have spurred me to work on *Fangle* #3 a little sooner.

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N O R M A N   H O C H B E R G

July 31, 1974 – New York, NY

C an I tell you a boring story? Well, I will anyway. A few years ago when I joined TAPS, Dan Goodman and some other fan were arguing over the intelligibility of the song lyrics of one Dave Mason. Anxious to show the two how interested I was in their conversation (which I was) I immediately piped up with something like “Yea, I once tried to understand the lyrics to a song



on his Alone Together album.” In the next mailing I was informed that the Dave Mason that *they* were talking about wasn’t the same one I was.

Since then, I try to keep my trap shut when entering conversations “already in progress.” Which sort of does apply to Fangle 2. Not totally, but in a way. So, for the nonce, I shall try to avoid sticking my feet into my oral cavity. It tastes bad. (It leaves a bad taste in my mouth??)

By the way, thanks for Fangle 2. I’d seen a copy at Moshe Feder’s a week or so ago in one of my very rare fan outings, and thought I’d write to you for a copy. Then, lo and behold! It arrived a little while later in my own mail drop. Thanks. The same things keeping me from Moshe’s are also keeping me from Insurgents (and Fanoclasts, and conventions, and...) And I felt sure you’d forgotten all about me.

The most comment-worthy thing to me in Fan 2 was “Crosstalk’s” mention of your lethargy. Lemmee tell you Ross, I suffer from that too, and it’s bad on the finances.

Right now I’m trying to break into the film business. And I am doing it, but things are moving slowly. I get maybe 8 days of employment out of every 20. Hardly enough to live on, regardless of the high pay for those 8 days.

So I do temporary work – typing, mostly. The temp agencies don’t pay super great but they do pay and leave me the freedom to work for them only when I don’t have a film job. It’s a nice arrangement save for one thing – I have to make the effort to call them. And sometime I just don’t want to. A lot of the time.

It’s a hard thing to break out of, but as I am learning, the film business requires hustling too. I just pray (to whomever receives this sort o nonsense) that I can make the adjustment (for the temp jobs and the film jobs) as well as you seem to have done.

There’s really not much more that I can say other then “Sure you’ll keep up your schedule. Suuuurrrre you will.”

Good luck,



P.S. Bee-yoo-tee-ful cover. I didn’t know M.C. Escher knew you. How did he put you in the picture?

How did he put me in the picture? Well, one day ol’ Maurits, he drew me aside and said, “Son, this is how things are...” It probably would have been more useful if he hadn’t been speaking Dutch, but, well, this may explain my naivete in a lot of matters.

Well, rumor has it that you’ve been doing better in the showbiz biz since your LoC was written, but under a *nom de cinema* or something of that sort, so it hasn’t been all that obvious to those who knew you when. As to the adjustments I’ve made in my life, which did include a number of temp jobs of one sort or another, they didn’t work out so well all in all. I’m still around, though, and I guess success of sorts in the fannish community has taken the place of such in the mundane. Only lately have I at last, through fandom, begun to dip my toes into showbiz myself, as I’d once hoped to do but never had the discipline and interior fortitude to follow up on. I’ve seen your website, but I dunno if you’ve been maintaining any touch with fandom—if you see this, I’d guess you have.

But in any case, you might want to check out “TheVoicesofFandom.com” and see how we’re venturing into a corner of that world of fantasy!

Schedule? Schedule? *What* schedule? It’s been so long...

Dear Ross,

**T**wo and a half years *is* a long time. I wonder how many others of the people whose letters you published have drifted away from fandom? It's hard for me to tell because I've drifted (hell, sped away at full speed would be a more appropriate description) away myself. Harry Warner is still churning out magazines. Richard Labonte was in a recent *Locus*, and Aljo was going to have me print up his fapazine but he didn't get it to me yet and the deadline is tomorrow, so perhaps he has gafiated too. The last I heard from Loren was that he was folding his zine so that he could write full time, but I also know he had lone eye-trouble and may not have been able to do any kind of writing.

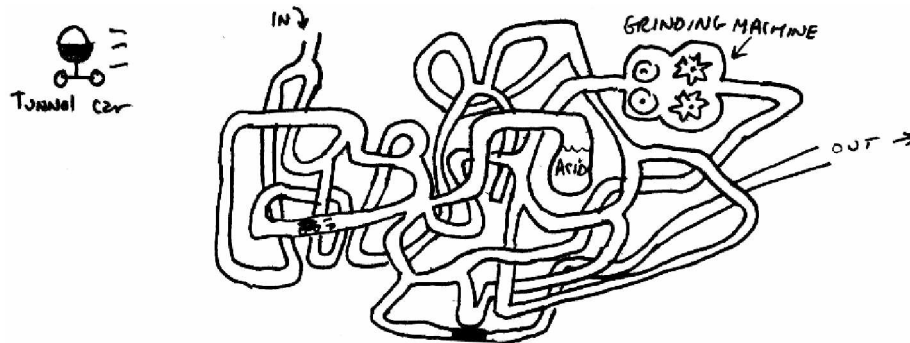
So how are things with you? I guess that the secret apa is still functioning. Both from your PondeRoss Publication Number and Ted White's latest remark in *Outworlds*. If I remember correctly, your roommate is/was a Lesbian and if she and I were still in APA I would like to talk with her because I've had my mind blown by reading Jill Johnston's *Lesbian Nation*, and it has raised a lot of questions in my Mind, some of which will hopefully be answered by the time I tackle "the question" in my novel after next. The question being, how do you relate to women-identified-women if you are a woman-identified-man! After reading Jill's book, I think that any woman who isn't a Lavender Menace ought to be. I think that men had better start getting their stuff together, or we'll be left behind.

How odd it is to read one's own old letter. Now I don't read any SF, or hardly any. I'm too busy reading my own stuff and trying to write it better. I guess I've read some stuff lately. Barry Malzberg's *Destruction of the Temple* and *Beyond Apollo*, and Gene Wolfe's *Fifth Head of Cerberus*, all of whom were read both for instruction as well as pleasure. I seldom read the prozines (promags—what an archaic word I used in that letter!) because the stories are so badly written.

Anyway, you ask if I got any nibbles. Yes, lots of them. As well as two sales. I sold a Captain Future novelet to a small book publisher who is reprinting Captain future stories and needed a new one! I also sold a story to *Orbit*, which is slightly more respectable. My second novel is off at market and so is my first one. Barry Malzberg even liked my second one but couldn't buy it, so I think I have a chance with that one. At present, I'm working on a third novel (with the weird title or *Willy the Worm*) and am working out plans for a fourth (Man in the Plastic Suit) and a fifth, which I call my Amazon novel. I would say that my pro career is off to a good start, after a year. In the year that I've been out of fandom, I've written five short stories, one novelet and two novels, all of which are marketable. So I'm not sorry I left fandom (and fandom is probably not sorry to have seen me leave). Every once in a while I get an urge to start up *Amoeboid Scunge*, just because putting out that mag was so much fun, but I resist it strongly. I keep up my FAPA and SAPS Membership, but those don't require much attention, and I don't get very many fanzines these days, unless you count *Locus* or *Commentary*, both of which I pay for and read for professional reasons. I even go to Octocon, Midwescon, Mich-i-con, and Marcon, so some would say I was still a fan, but I'm not really because I don't think of myself as a fan and I don't really think about fandom any more. I used to think about fandom all the time.

I see that Loren MacGregor (and you) had ambitions to be a great writer. I don't think I have that ambition. I just like to write and hope that I can make some money at it, because it beats working. Clarion gave me a strong push toward being a good writer, as well as a strong push.

I have tried (and still do in my SAPSzine) my hand at fannish art. I still can't draw people, though, and I envy those that can. I was interested in your mention of drawing the note-book pages of terrain, since I and my friends did a lot of that in 7th grade. Only our thing was tunnels, three dimensional drawings of tunnels, one set that stretched out to forty pages. The idea was to get through the tunnels without being killed or maimed by all the traps that the various artists would put in the way. Pits of acid, machine guns, grinding machines. etc. We had tunnel cars, which were the form of transport. and they provided endless hours of amusement. Here's an example.



Well, anyway, that's all I can think of. Nice to hear from you and the other voices of the distant past.

Seth

It took me forty years to write my novel, with a number of abortive starts on several other works (stories, novelettes, etc.) some of which have gone further than others, but none anywhere near completion. I never had the benefit of Clarion. I was part of a writers group that Jim Frenkel, then an editor at Dell, and his wife, Joan Vinge, were hosting somewhere along in the '80s, but that didn't last long enough to give me any real edge or impetus. They got kinda impatient with me, too, I think, for bringing in all kinds of segments, but not going on with any of them. Except *Angel Without Wings*, which I more or less completed recently and has been accepted at PageTurner Editions, who do e-books. And even then it's not really complete—it is in effect the first of a trilogy. I certainly hope it won't take anywhere near as long to do the parts 2 and 3!

I see you have a substantial list of titles to your name, of which I gather many are game titles with a variety of endings available. Looks like your dedication took you into a sustainable area of work. It's good to know. Do you think the puzzle approach was helped any by your youthful work on the maze-puzzles and games you and your friends worked on?

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P E T E R R O B E R T S

30 April 1974 – London W2

Dear Ross,

**M**any thanks for the second FANGLE which made an unexpected appearance amongst my post last week. I'm delighted to see you've decided to continue with it, since I enjoyed the first issue as well as the recent one. Now, if you can just persuade some of the other fannish fans to revive their products ("Bring me the stencils, Igor!"), then the new millenium may

yet be upon us. You ought to lean on rich brown in particular. Do you hold any power over him ? Could you not dangle some splendid artwork in front of him and hint of unknown fannish scandals ripe for exposure? Or is the trip to Falls Church too dangerous at this time of year ?

Anyway, a new FANGLE is a fine start, even with its old letters. John Piggott has been a rising star and BNF of Diplomacy fandom since he wrote you that neo's letter. Even made it onto BBC tv. Now he says he's returning to the fold, so there's a whole career gone by between FANGLE's two issues. Mind you, I fitfully think of producing the promised fourth issue of MOR-FARCH, the first fanzine I ever edited. Virtually all the locs on hand after the third issue in 1969 are from fans who have long since gafiated and the material (mostly fiction) would embarrass a good few people if it was published today. Ho ho. I might do it yet. Pity Eric Bentcliffe didn't keep the locs from TRIODE 18, for that matter; they'd have made strange reading in the 19th issue, fifteen years later.

I used to do a lot of spaceship doodling as a child too, though it was rather more thorough than margin scrawls. I used to take a large sheet of paper (usually on wet Sunday afternoons) and gradually fill it with a variety of spaceships engaged in battle. The craft were oddly shaped (none of your streamlined phallic rockets) and bore distinctive emblems or rounders to indicate which side they were on. I was fascinated with the idea of The Mothership, so each side would have one of these, bristling with guns like a gigantic flying fortress. Smaller craft would be depicted streaming out of these, each with specific functions (scoutships, battle-cruisers, and various "specialities" for wreaking peculiar havoc, like those with long mechanical grabs for clutching enemy ships). All fascinating stuff, but pretty warlike. Made a change from monsters, though, since I started off drawing imaginary dinosaurs before I went to school in 1955. And now I'm in fandom. Wow...

My 'genuine' doodling, by the way, consists of arabesques and curves which tend to spread and twine themselves all over telephone directories and the like. Perhaps I shouldn't admit to that, however, since the disciples of the Viennese witch-doctor will find some absurd meaning in the squiggles.

I don't think I like the sound of New York, somehow. The area of London I'm now living in is pleasantly cosmopolitan—thoroughly mixed, in fact. You can tell by the local newsagents roughly where the population comes from—they stock Arabic, Greek, Polish, Irish, West Indian, Serbo-Croat, Pakistani, Ukrainian, and Chinese newspapers, and doubtless others (Italian, of course). Makes it difficult to get a bloody English paper at times. The people in the other flats at this address are nearly all Greek, though there's at least one Spaniard and a couple of Persians. Fortunately this mixture seems to stop the growth of racial ghettos in the American sense, though Asians tend to stick in certain areas (Southall, for example). Even so, I don't think you'd find many areas in Britain which could be termed 'ghettos' in the Harlem sense.

Anyway, ta for FANGLE, and I trust we'll see the next issue RSN. Good luck with it,

cheers,



Well, if I may say so, the new millennium is indeed upon us, now, and I think the word is still out on what's to come of it in fandom. The official, mundane, millennium was ushered in not too long after the move to the Internet became a torrent, and rich brown among many others embraced that flood whole-heartedly. Thish is perhaps aptly named *The Ghost of Fangle* since it's essentially composed of a kind of electronic ectoplasm discernable only by those who

have the wherewithal to exorcise its essence from the ether.

Perhaps it also appropriate for me to blush at the amusement with which the letters as much as 15 years old are considered.

It strikes me that Hollywood has embraced the non-phallic spaceships with enthusiasm, which, on consideration, doesn't seem the expected thing, does it? Maybe I'm missing a point... (uh, oh—disclaimer time)

I wonder if London retains those “pleasantly cosmopolitan” characteristics as pleasantly in the light of today's paranoia. These times continue to change, and where many of us were still hoping for a positive evolution in the '70s, disillusionment seemed even then to be steadfastly creeping in to the paradigm. One can only hope that it's only a nasty rough shell for an embryonic utopia... Yeah; I know. Hope was the last thing Pandora found, at the bottom of the box...

---

JOE MOURY

May 29, 1974 – Tuscaloosa, AL

Dear Ross:

The concept that you put forth in CROSSTALK sounds fantastic, and it really worked in this. FANGLE provoked more involvement/excitement from me during the reading of it than anything since REG/TAC first began sneaking into my Post Awful box.

Probably the most interesting thing about the issue is the fact that so much of you came through all those old letters, not just in your responses to each of them, but in the LoCers' interacting with your other issue, & their impressions of you gathered from it of you.

The reprinting of cartoons and quotes mentioned/discussed was also a great idea, but one that might be rather hard to continue using (that was my first thought when I stumbled over them: what a concept! And then it hit me that it could bog down if tried in the third, fourth, &c issues.) (The new faned looking for new ideas to rip off for his rag, so's it won't look so neoish.)

Dick Lupoff citing Forry Ackerman as the archetype (my word; I realize that he didn't go that strong) struck me not too well. Any dude that makes all his money on stills from grade Z rubbermonster flicks & thinks

Perry Rhodan's the greatest gift possible for American stfers has gotta have a strange head.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that he strikes me as an extremely poor example of FIAWOL. I see it as a stance toward life (awful vague there) and interacting with people that have similar karma/vibes/gestalts/ whatever. Sorta like a guy in his forties publishing FANGLE (if I guessed your

[Dick Lupoff]:

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.

age too high. I'll do a triple collating stint next time I'm in Brooklyn). Doesn't even have to be a person who's into stf (in any of its guises, including (\*groan\* Star Trek & comics)). Just wanting to share what's going through your head, be it sercon or faanish, and get meaningful reactions from people whose impressions are worth having. And. reacting to those...

Yes, KEEP FANGLE COMING! (Would it be possible for this attempt at a LoC to count or issues 2 & 3, or would you *really* like that sticky coin?) Looking forward to the next issue, & for whatever it's worth) promise faithfully to LOC it as soon as I've eyetracked every word.

Later 

Joe Moudry

As we've discovered earlier in thish, the sticky coin would no longer be a viable resource for continued issues of *Fangle*, and I'm not sure that the circumstances really apply to keeping *Fangle* coming in any practical sense of the expression anyway, but here we are... Triple collating will also not be required, as it turns out I haven't been in my 40s for quite a while, either, doggone it.

I appreciate what you and others have said about how the letterzine format worked for you. I agree that the concept of repeating cartoons and quotes for reference could get complicated, though in practice the cartoon part from the original issue would have faded out pretty quickly and I'd have had to introduce new ones as time went by. Something of that sort was, I think, more or less intended—I'd had thoughts of trying to introduce an alternate version of commentary with illos in appropriate contexts, where not supplied by the correspondents, as some did in *Fangle 2*. Ah, weel, the plans gang agley all over the place. Quotes, however, should only have come from the issue being commented on.

Forry Ackerman didn't really make *all* his fortune with grade Z movie monster stills—he actually appeared in a few, too! But I'm inclined to agree with Dick that 4E, while not, as you note, necessarily the archetype of FIAWOL, remains an example of someone whose life has largely been built around fandom—even if you don't subscribe to the same fandom that he has. You glimpse this as your letter continues, though, and it appears that you were thinking on your feet, as we cliché-ridden folk like to say, even as the letter progressed. And possibly Dick misunderstood that all the K's (and this C) were working full time mundane jobs at the time, so we did subscribe to FIJAGH. Maybe without the J and the G.

Hm...as to *Star Trek*, I was always a fan, but neither a Trekkie nor a Trekker. Nevertheless, I do agree that perhaps Perry Rhodan was not the epitome of science fiction. *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, on the other hand... heh, heh.

---

JOHN BANGSUND

24 June 1974 – Kingston ACT 2604, Australia

Dear Ross,

**T**here's a divinity that shapes our ends rough, hew them how we will. (Hamlet, v. ii. 10) For the last week or so I have been thinking about two things I have to write—an editorial for Philosophical Gas 28, and a (pardon me) Fan GoH speech for the 13th Australian national convention. The editorial is to be on the subject of puns, their history, significance and abiding worth, or something like that. The speech is tentatively entitled 'Why bother?' And I'm having trouble with both of these things.

Elizabeth Foyster is to blame for the title of my speech: her perfectly timed and exquisitely

delivered two-word comment is probably the most valuable and memorable utterance to survive from the Sydney convention in 1970, and it has passed into Australian fannish tradition. The only trouble is that the more I think about my speech and about fandom and ask myself 'why bother?' the more dejected I become, because I can't answer the question.

The history, significance &c of puns is cause for dejection, too. The more I think about the subject the more dismal I become, because it seems such a useless thing to be thanking about when daily I see my fellow humans being shot and blown up and starved to death, right before my very eyes on the tv set Sally and I invested in ten days ago. (I have happily done without tv for four years, but had forgotten why.)

The postmen have been on strike for two weeks. At last count, 35 million pieces of mail have banked up. Today the drought broke, and there in my box was Fangle #2. Nothing else, just your delightful fanzine. And I can't think of anything more calculated to disperse my temporary gloom than this issue. There may or may not be a 'divinity that shapes our ends'—rough or otherwise—but at times like this I am momentarily tempted to think there is. I could continue in this vein, but I realize that Fangle is a family fanzine, so let's keep religion out of it.

Anyway, there I am, see: irritably poking round and nudging at the subjects of puns and why-bother, and both of 'em getting mixed up in my quote mind unquote; and the Port Chalmers flu virus nibbling away at my innards still ( eight weeks!—hell, that ain't a bad cold: it's a Way of Life!), and my stack of unpaid bills nibbling away at my conscience; and. . . Forget the rest. Just take my word that it Isn't A Pretty Sight.

And into this primeval murk, suddenly and most unexpected, there comes a glimmering of saneness and hope and friendly good-will from far-off Brooklyn: a fanglezine! And in it some answers to 'Why bother?' and some most useful talk about puns. What more could one desire? To be healthy and fit, rich and contented, that's what—but Fangle #2 will do for today.

Ross, I don't think our malting lists overlap much (I wish they did: I feel awfully out of touch), so I intend to pinch some bits from Fangle #2 for my PG editorial. In return, I offer you the following newly-minted story which will appear in PG 28 :

KEATS AND CHAPMAN were discussing poetry.

'I have often wondered' said Keats 'what exactly is meant by the expression "poetic justice".'

'I always imagined it to be a singularly appropriate punishment meted out to some wrongdoer,' said Chapman. 'And such a thing seems to happen more frequently in poetic creations than in real life. With respect.'

'Of course. No offence taken,' said Keats.

'Nor implied,' said Chapman. 'On the other hand, it may have its origin in some historical occurrence.'

'Such as?' said Keats.

'I am thinking, ' said Chapman 'If you will forgive me, of some possible connection between the bard and the barred, the court and the caught, the ...'

'I am finding it difficult to forgive you,' said Keats sternly.

'I am sorry,' said Chapman. ' But you can perhaps imagine some learned judge, in some far-off time, handing down his decisions in verse...'

'I cannot.' said Keats.

'... and becoming known far and wide as the Poetic Justice,' continued Chapman. 'I can just see him,

addressing some quivering miscreant thus:

I find the accused a veritable worm!

Sweet Thames, run softly, till you end your term.'

'Lord preserve us,' moaned Keats.

'Or: Bid daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
For thou art in the jug for fifteen years.'

'Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!' sobbed Keats.

'Or: The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
But winding slowly o'er the rack's for thee!'

'Enough! Enough!' cried Keats.

'Really?' said Chapman. 'Do you accept my hypothesis?'

'Oh, certainly,' said Keats, in a rare outburst of sarcasm. 'I don't know how to thank you for this brilliant conjecture!'

'All retributions gracefully conceived,' murmured Chapman modestly.

I wish I could find my copy of *Fangle* #1. It must have arrived about the time I was packing to move from Melbourne to Canberra—which is my excuse for not writing a letter of comment at the time. Walt Willls's analysis of punning (its history, significance and abiding worth) would be most useful to me just now. On the other hand, four fingers and a thumb. Sorry. On the other hand, his thoughts on the subject would undoubtedly make me feel dull and insecure, and I would scrap the idea of writing that editorial, so I'm sort of happy that *Fangle* #1 is out in the garage, in one of the forty-odd boxes I haven't unpacked yet.

Concluding this letter of thanks/appreciation (as distinct from letter of comment), may I quote as something approaching my own desire a sentiment attributed by Charles Lamb to Dr Parr: '... that he wished to draw his last breath through a pipe and exhale it in a pun.'

Cheers,



Oh, my! This was a letter I remembered through most of the 33 or so years since I received it—not memorized, y'unnerstand, just recalled both as a delight and an unconscious but nagging prod to get this third issue put together and out into the world. But it, along with the other letters received, were (like the copy of *Fangle* #1 that I hope was in that box in your garage) in storage or on some obscurely placed container, remaining so after several moves from one place or another. I still have such boxes yet unopened over decades.

In any case, I can only hope that that issue of *Fangle* #2 was indeed of help in preparing that talk on 'Why Bother?' But somehow, I suspect the intervening years have returned that titular phrase to its original meaning, insofar as it may be inferred that it might refer to me and my fanzine. \*sigh\*

In my life, however, the quote regarding the "divinity that shapes our ends" has often referred to an unholy albeit heavenly tasting candy that consists of 2½ to 4 parts sugar plus another part or so of corn syrup, with egg whites, walnuts and other ingredients in lesser degree. Many a personal end has been reshaped thereby.



D A V E R O W E

20 February 1975 – Wickford, Essex, U.K.

Dear Ross,

If this was a formal letter I'd apologise for writing out of the blue, but writing out of the blue is very fannish so it'd be unfannish to apologise, so I won't.

What am I writing for? It's to ask if you would be so kind as to send me a copy of Fangle? (I'll loc it, honest!)

Well, having said that, I can now leave the rest of the page blank, and get on with something else. However, this is costing me a whole 7p, so you're stuck with reading this encyclical for the next few minutes... If I can think of anything to say that is. Trouble is nothing's happening in British fandom, nothing ever does. Maya and Ruff-Cut-Blunt should be out Real Soon Now. Both said 'in a week's time' about a fortnight ago. If anything does happen in fandom it happens slowly... for instance, last May, Gray Boak moved up to Lytham so we arranged with Meg (his then-girlfriend, now wife) to give him a surprise visit. We gave it...last weekend. At the same time my ex-co-editors received our copy of "Outworlds 20" (this is back in May/June). I finally got to see it lat Friday ... Unfortunately, I left it with my sleeping bag at my ex-co-ed's, and we didn't collect on the way back from Gray's! Also, (back in Sept) we decided (DNQ) XxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXx (end of DNQ). Brian Hampton said he'd pick up the instruction book for me. He finally handed it across at Gray's (21 weeks later).

The trip to Gray's place was fun, it's about 240 miles from here, so we (Kitten fandom) went up in a van wearing silly hats (this is a left-over from Silly Hat Fandom). At Lytham we waited outside the main door to Cecil Court (where Gray's flat is), rang his bell and pounced! Only Gray didn't answer the door, it was a rather surprised young gentleman with a suit like a upper-mid-class undertaker. Gray came up behind with a look somewhere between dumbfoundment & horror.

It was a very nice weekend and we didn't get back till 3am Monday... Yawn, Yawn!

Apart from that there's a really corny SF exhibition on in London, but I've done a short write-up on that for Donn Brasier's "Title," which should be out in April.

All the best,



Hm, thank you for this insight into the frenetic fanlife of Great Britain. Just reading it makes my head whirl. No, no, I don't mean *a la* Linda Blair, more like stepping off the carousel... Say, did you ever finish that XxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXx?

---

J O H N C A R L

21 November '74 – Butte. MT 59701

Dear Ross,

FANGLE Vol. 1 No. 2 is indeed a fine fabulous fannish fanzine. It exhibits all the traits of that species of zine. Primarily, its natural habitat appears to be Brooklyn, and that's always an optimistic sign, for, to my knowledge, no inferior breed of zine has ever emanated from the wilds of Brooklyn. Brooklyn zines, incredible in the variability of their prolificity, are very hearty and engrossing brutes, in my opinion. I wish I had the opportunity to welcome many many more into my home.

Hmm. I see that FANGLE #1 was put out before I even entered fandom. I hope that that doesn't mean that I'll have to gafiate before you'll be able to put out another one.

People like you make me jealous. You can Write, and you can Draw. I seem to be capable of writing (note absence of cap) and nothing more. I've always been a sort of frustrated artist. I used to fancy that a great artist was locked inside of me somewhere, struggling to get out, but I no longer kid myself in that regard. I seem to be incapable of producing any piece of art with more than a modicum of complexity, and even the simplest of cartoons always seem to turn out slightly lopsided. Nevertheless, I've had some small drawings appear in several fanzines (mostly lettering; I'm capable of greater flexibility there than in any other artistic field)—but that appears to be the high point of personal artistic success.

Best,  
  
John Carl

It's all too conceivable that you might have gafiated before I came out with this, I'm sorry to say. Might have done any number of times, in fact...

I've never worried overmuch about my illos and cartoons when they go lopsided. I either straighten them up on Photoshop or pretend that that's the way they were supposed to be. Mostly the latter. As to complexity—with all due seriousness, sometimes simplest is best. Witness the great Rotsler.

---

ERIC MEYER

October 25, 1974 – Falls, PA

I trust that FANGLE will come out again, soon! This is what I always say when confronted with excellent faanish zines like TANDEM, MOTA, SWOON... You can do it, Ross. I know you can!! The cover is one of the best I've seen. Original, well designed, well executed. I've spent a good deal of time looking at it. As you probably know, I, like so many of your letter writers, have tried my hand at a bit of Art. That's about the extent of it. I do not consider myself a fanartist. It just happened that at the time I was breaking into Fandom I was going through one of those "artistic phases" which seem to grip me every five years or so.

I'm not quite sure what it is that triggers these "phases." Perhaps discouragement with my writing. At any rate, most of my artistic production can be better understood in terms of psychology than aesthetics. I find that drawing occupies my mind. The physical action of scratching a pen against a piece of paper seems to have a certain therapeutic value. Therefore, the more scratching I do the better I like it. I'm sure there must be some psychological explanation of why someone feels compelled to fill whole blank sheets of paper with minute scratchings, and I'd rather not hear it.

The fact that I cannot draw also affects my artwork to a certain extent. Aliens, for instance, become my favorite subjects, since no one knows what an alien looks like. Perhaps their elbows really do flex backwards, perhaps their calves really are down around their ankles. Who can criticize my rendering of such creatures? Then there is my method of composition. I may start doodling in the center of my paper. Suddenly there appears a line which resembles a forearm I once saw in BRIDGEMAN'S ANATOMY. I take it from there. If the arm is in an awkward position I may rest it upon something, or place something in its hand. The drawing proceeds outward from this central

core, bits and pieces being added at random, to fill up all available space. This way I don't have to think about what I'm doing. I haven't yet worked out a similar method for writing which I find damnably hard work.

Art does have an advantage over writing in that you create a tangible object rather than just words on paper.

I've always drawn. I was very fond of airplanes. Being a reactionary during my youth I stuck with propeller driven planes. I wasn't much for tanks or war machines, preferring more personalized violence. My friends and I wasted most of our school tablets in drawing the adventures of a race of beings consisting of a round head-body and stick limbs. It wasn't that we were unable to draw people.

It was just that we could whip these creatures out faster and put them through their paces with less effort. The "adventures" we drew invariably involved the protagonists in some sort of gross mutilation. They were either stabbed, shot, burned, eaten, or blown to smithereens. I was very fond of the war motif, the bloodier the better. I believe that most of my cartoons were based on the Alamo, wherein all the heroes are slaughtered one by one. I possessed, at one time, the entire set of Davy Crockett bubble gum cards. There was one card depicting the death of each major character. Bowie, you'll recall, died in bed, knife in hand. I seem to recall that Davy's sidekick (or one of his sidekicks) was picked off by a rather good marksman. At least I remember that the card in question was called "A bullet finds its mark." At any rate, it was all worked out very neatly with a particular, unique death for each character. And this was the model for much of my early cartooning.

Strange isn't it how children are so uniformly attracted to war. That seems to indicate the whole concept is rather infantile.

Well, yes, I have copious notes for a novel myself. It's going to be a really excellent novel, until I try to write it, so for that reason I'll probably never get around to it.

Incidentally, I don't want to exaggerate the talents of fanwriters—I'm not aware of any faanish writing that could even approach the quality of your average, solid sf novel—but I have seen quite a lot of pure trash in magazines lately. In recent issues of IF and FANTASTIC for example, I've read stories that seemed to me nonprofessional and far below the quality of the best fanwriting. I'm surprised that, under these circumstances, more fanwriters haven't broken into professional print. What do you think about this? Is there some explanation? Am I prejudiced toward fans?

Well, see you next issue... right? ...right?

Ri-i-ght.... And here it is!

I can certainly understand about those "phases." With me it sometimes has to do with deadlines and expectations... If a piece of art is promised to a faned, I seem to have a sudden yen to create imperishable prose. Or even the more usual perishable kind, so long as it's written, not stirred drawn. On the other hand—you see it coming, don't you!—if I'm on deadline for an essay or article or other piece of written material, the ol' doodling pen, pencil, stylus, mouse... whatever it takes...begins to practically move itself across the sketchpad (mousepad...whatever). Nothing quite as automatic as you describe, however, in either case.

Re the fondness of children for war—I do like your conclusion. It stems, I think, from the fact that children often do not learn empathy or personal responsibility for some time. Complaints about the dire effects of this or that popular pastime, from comic books when I was a kid, to videogames in recent years, with multitudinous variations on those themes along with rock 'n roll and hip hop lyrics and slasher movies and the current crop of horror films that glory in nightmarish torture scenarios... Well, all that stuff suggests to me that many folk who

gain positions of power, be it in entertainment, business or politics, never learned either of those things either.

Woa, I coulda gotten into a serious rant, there, but I don't want to do that here. Let's just say that I ran across some of the cartoons and illustrations I did as a preteen and early teen, and I found them really disturbing (so would anyone else who saw them, so I've made sure that won't happen). I think they were a "phase" that was in many ways natural, representing urges and desires I did not understand or, because I wasn't exactly sub-average mentally, understood in a hugely uneducated way. I could never in my darkest hours have acted on any of them; these were sublimations—and I have to say that I understood that, even then. But the point is that eventually I grew out of those dark fantasies as the underlying elements of life that they represented came into context with the rest of my life.

And again, I'm laying a burden on this poor little LoC response that it shouldn't have to bear. Let me make one further note re your penultimate paragraph. There have been any number of excellent fan writers who have successfully gone into professional print—Terry Carr, Robert Silverberg, Ted White, Ray Bradbury just name a few. Good fanwriting does require certain disciplines, but they are not entirely the same as professional writers need to apply to their work. It is sometimes too easy to say that fanwriting is poor because it does not meet the standards of professional work—and it is similarly too easy to profess that fiction writers do not meet the standards of academic literature, or technical writing, or whatever... Fanwriting is relaxed; I try to be as conversational as I can, much as I do in family writing, because indeed I am writing to what I consider an extended family. Some rules of grammar may be broken here because in that context, the rules are understood in absentia. Not everything needs a strict subject and predicate with all the trimmings placed just so.

Your last question, "am I prejudiced against fans?" contains somewhere the answer, though it doesn't necessarily mean that the answer is "yes." Possibly somewhat at that time; possible, if that's the case, that has changed in the last 33 years... eh?

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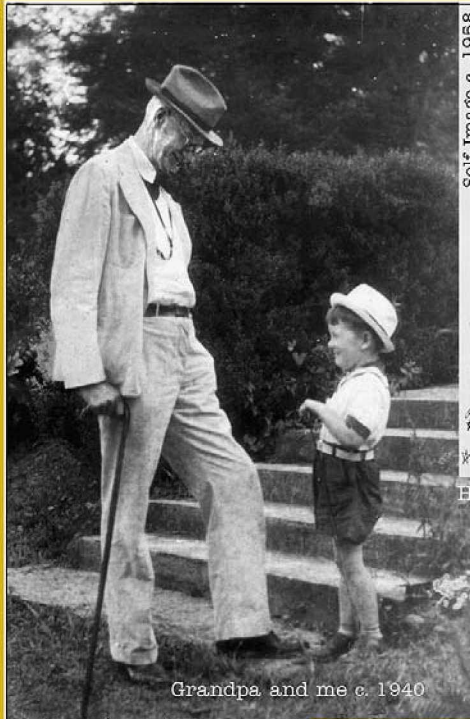
On that cheerful note, we come to the end of something that hardly qualifies as an era, but it is a kind of coda for one persistent background melody (but not necessarily a leitmotif) of my fannish life. As noted way back at the beginning of this, I'm closing the door, but not locking it. Gosh, if I can't avoid mixing metaphors any better than that...

I recently brought a semi-closure to my novel, *Angel Without Wings* —semi in that, in fitting with the times, it has become the first book in a trilogy, so that there are great unresolved situations hanging (and more to be raised in the second book, of course) that I only hope I can resolve before my own eleventh hour edges into view. Check at [PageTurnerEditions.com](http://PageTurnerEditions.com) to see if it's available yet.

I'm not certain I did my absolute best in my own contributions to this fanzine. I'm sorry if that's true, but the focus is, of course, on the writers of the LoCs that appear here. I acknowledge that the letters run a bit of a spectrum in and of themselves. In most of those whose writers are gone I still replied as if they would be reading this, as I'd like to think they were in some way, but occasionally lapsed into addressing them directly. I trust this inconsistency will be forgiven. What's most important to me is the small expansion of fannish historical legacy this may bring to our microcosm. And truth to tell, I don't mind also letting you in on some of the egoboo I received from some these cool people, close to one-third of a century ago.

*au revoir!* 





Grandpa and me c. 1940



Dad, me & my brother Hale c. 1943

## Ross Chamberlain

Lots of thens and nows...



Buxton School, 1955

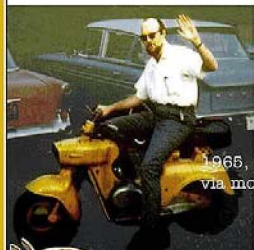
What happened?



A&M Consolidated Schools, 1960



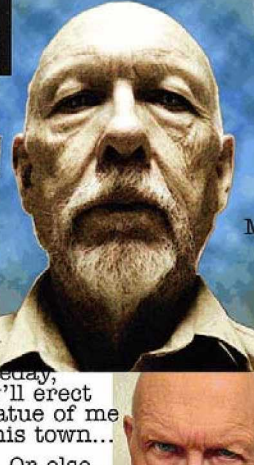
Production Mgr, Quick Frozen Foods International magazine, 1990



1965, commuting via motor scooter

What happened?  
Oh, the usual...  
35, 50 years.

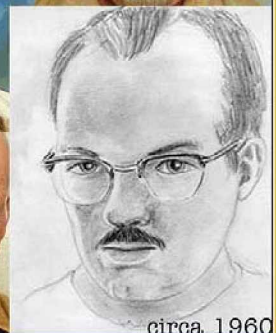
Approaching retirement, Las Vegas, NV



Someday,  
they'll erect  
a statue of me  
in this town...  
...Or else...



Me as Jean Luc Picard



circa 1960

**Ross Chamberlain**  
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**Ross Worx**





Hey, I'm sorry it took so long to get around to calling you in on this.

Well, can't say as I wasn't getting a little anxious. Just glad I could make it!