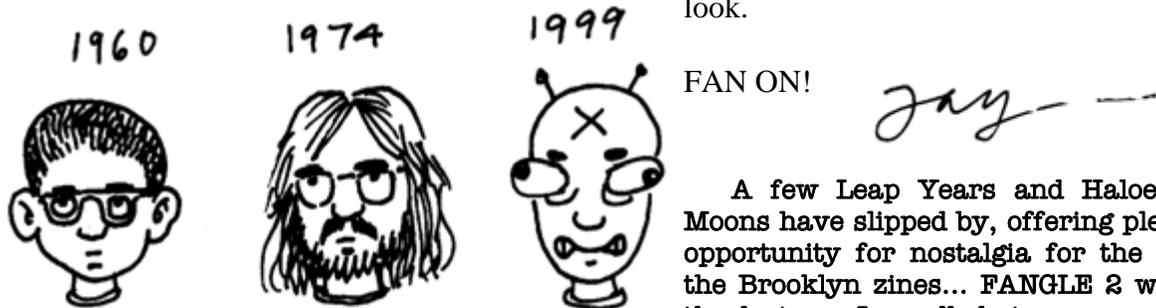


when I was in the 5<sup>th</sup> Grade—(not my affairs of the last 10 years). I've been forced to do numerous drawings of myself in the course of the strip in my 1960 crewcut-fleshrimmed glasses appearance; certainly a fine meditation on where I've been and, comparatively, where I am now. At least appearance-wise. 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