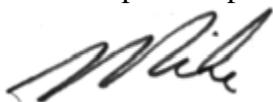


of trying to edit the next FANGLE, though, since I've a very strong feeling you're going to be inundated with first class letters...plus other ones like this one. Good luck: and if you should ever get the urge to put a little illustration with each letter the way Atom does for Ethel Lindsay's fanzines, 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 $4^3 = 64$, 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*.)

New 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 black ink, appearing to be 'WM' with a small dash at the end.

Well, here's a letter that can be especially seen with an odd perspective from—(SFX: echo chamber) The 21st 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)