

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.

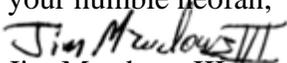
Your confusion on MOONBROTH on whether it took itself too or not enough seriously was from your labeling it a prozine. It ain't pro, it's semi-pro; and the spirit of those publications are always a bit AC/DC.

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 faroof 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, Harystown, 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