

CROSS

GEE, 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 this 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.

TRAIL

Should someone leap to any conclusions about the cover-title of the fanzine, *THE GHOST OF FANGLE* was selected soon after the 2nd 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...