

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.

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