

yet be upon us. You ought to lean on rich brown in particular. Do you hold any power over him ? Could you not dangle some splendid artwork in front of him and hint of unknown fannish scandals ripe for exposure? Or is the trip to Falls Church too dangerous at this time of year ?

Anyway, a new FANGLE is a fine start, even with its old letters. John Piggott has been a rising star and BNF of Diplomacy fandom since he wrote you that neo's letter. Even made it onto BBC tv. Now he says he's returning to the fold, so there's a whole career gone by between FANGLE's two issues. Mind you, I fitfully think of producing the promised fourth issue of MOR-FARCH, the first fanzine I ever edited. Virtually all the locs on hand after the third issue in 1969 are from fans who have long since gafiated and the material (mostly fiction) would embarrass a good few people if it was published today. Ho ho. I might do it yet. Pity Eric Bentcliffe didn't keep the locs from TRIODE 18, for that matter; they'd have made strange reading in the 19th issue, fifteen years later.

I used to do a lot of spaceship doodling as a child too, though it was rather more thorough than margin scrawls. I used to take a large sheet of paper (usually on wet Sunday afternoons) and gradually fill it with a variety of spaceships engaged in battle. The craft were oddly shaped (none of your streamlined phallic rockets) and bore distinctive emblems or rounders to indicate which side they were on. I was fascinated with the idea of The Mothership, so each side would have one of these, bristling with guns like a gigantic flying fortress. Smaller craft would be depicted streaming out of these, each with specific functions (scoutships, battle-cruisers, and various "specialities" for wreaking peculiar havoc, like those with long mechanical grabs for clutching enemy ships). All fascinating stuff, but pretty warlike. Made a change from monsters, though, since I started off drawing imaginary dinosaurs before I went to school in 1955. And now I'm in fandom. Wow...

My 'genuine' doodling, by the way, consists of arabesques and curves which tend to spread and twine themselves all over telephone directories and the like. Perhaps I shouldn't admit to that, however, since the disciples of the Viennese witch-doctor will find some absurd meaning in the squiggles.

I don't think I like the sound of New York, somehow. The area of London I'm now living in is pleasantly cosmopolitan—thoroughly mixed, in fact. You can tell by the local newsagents roughly where the population comes from—they stock Arabic, Greek, Polish, Irish, West Indian, Serbo-Croat, Pakistani, Ukrainian, and Chinese newspapers, and doubtless others (Italian, of course). Makes it difficult to get a bloody English paper at times. The people in the other flats at this address are nearly all Greek, though there's at least one Spaniard and a couple of Persians. Fortunately this mixture seems to stop the growth of racial ghettos in the American sense, though Asians tend to stick in certain areas (Southall, for example). Even so, I don't think you'd find many areas in Britain which could be termed 'ghettos' in the Harlem sense.

Anyway, ta for FANGLE, and I trust we'll see the next issue RSN. Good luck with it,

cheers,



Well, if I may say so, the new millennium is indeed upon us, now, and I think the word is still out on what's to come of it in fandom. The official, mundane, millennium was ushered in not too long after the move to the Internet became a torrent, and rich brown among many others embraced that flood whole-heartedly. This is perhaps aptly named *The Ghost of Fangle* since it's essentially composed of a kind of electronic ectoplasm discernable only by those who have the wherewithal to exorcise its essence from the ether.

Perhaps it also appropriate for me to blush at the amusement with which the letters as much as 15 years old are considered.

It strikes me that Hollywood has embraced the non-phallic spaceships with enthusiasm, which, on consideration, doesn't seem the expected thing, does it? Maybe I'm missing a point... (uh, oh—disclaimer time)

I wonder if London retains those “pleasantly cosmopolitan” characteristics as pleasantly in the light of today's paranoia. These times continue to change, and where many of us were still hoping for a positive evolution in the '70s, disillusionment seemed even then to be steadfastly creeping in to the paradigm. One can only hope that it's only a nasty rough shell for an embryonic utopia... Yeah; I know. Hope was the last thing Pandora found, at the bottom of the box...

JOE MOURY

May 29, 1974 – Tuscaloosa, AL

Dear Ross:

The concept that you put forth in CROSSTALK sounds fantastic, and it really worked in this. FANGLE provoked more involvement/excitement from me during the reading of it than anything since REG/TAC first began sneaking into my Post Awful box.

Probably the most interesting thing about the issue is the fact that so much of you came through all those old letters, not just in your responses to each of them, but in the LoCers' interacting with your other issue, & their impressions of you gathered from it of you.

The reprinting of cartoons and quotes mentioned/discussed was also a great idea, but one that might be rather hard to continue using (that was my first thought when I stumbled over them: what a concept! And then it hit me that it could bog down if tried in the third, fourth, &c issues.) (The new fanned looking for new ideas to rip off for his rag, so's it won't look so neoish.)

Dick Lupoff citing Forry Ackerman as the archetype (my word; I realize that he didn't go that strong) struck me not too well. Any dude that makes all his money on stills from grade Z rubbermonster flicks & thinks Perry Rhodan's the greatest gift possible for American stfers has gotta have a strange head.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that he strikes me as an extremely poor example of FIAWOL. I see it as a stance toward life (awful vague there) and interacting with people that have similar karma/vibes/gestalts/whatever. Sorta like a guy in his forties publishing FANGLE (if I guessed your age too high. I'll do a triple collating stint next time I'm in Brooklyn). Doesn't even have to be a

[Dick Lupoff]:

One characteristic that seems to be common to the whole multi-K publishing enterprise (FOCAL POINT, RATS, POTLATCH, now FANGLE) is the strong feeling on the parts of the perpetrators that what they're doing is worthwhile. This whole fannish thing is super-groovy. It's FIAWOL made real: as Walter Breen put it in an article over ten years ago, Fanac is distinguishable from and superior to mundane activities.

Is it actually?

Well, I think that it is, yes, as long as one is convinced that it is. Some people never become convinced of that, and it's their loss, in my opinion. Some become convinced of it for a while, then lose that conviction and go on to other things. (That's how it was for me, briefly for a while in the mid-to-late-50's and then again in the early 60's.)

Some folks, I guess, never do get over the notion, the prime example being, I suppose, Forry Ackerman. Well, more power to him.