

person who's into stf (in any of its guises, including (\*groan\* Star Trek & comics)). Just wanting to share what's going through your head, be it sercon or faanish, and get meaningful reactions from people whose impressions are worth having. And. reacting to those...

Yes, KEEP FANGLE COMING! (Would it be possible for this attempt at a LoC to count or issues 2 & 3, or would you *really* like that sticky coin?) Looking forward to the next issue, & for whatever it's worth) promise faithfully to LOC it as soon as I've eyetracked every word.

Later



Joe Moudry

As we've discovered earlier in thish, the sticky coin would no longer be a viable resource for continued issues of *Fangle*, and I'm not sure that the circumstances really apply to keeping *Fangle* coming in any practical sense of the expression anyway, but here we are... Triple collating will also not be required, as it turns out I haven't been in my 40s for quite a while, either, doggone it.

I appreciate what you and others have said about how the letterzine format worked for you. I agree that the concept of repeating cartoons and quotes for reference could get complicated, though in practice the cartoon part from the original issue would have faded out pretty quickly and I'd have had to introduce new ones as time went by. Something of that sort was, I think, more or less intended—I'd had thoughts of trying to introduce an alternate version of commentary with illos in appropriate contexts, where not supplied by the correspondents, as some did in *Fangle 2*. Ah, weel, the plans gang agley all over the place. Quotes, however, should only have come from the issue being commented on.

Forry Ackerman didn't really make *all* his fortune with grade Z movie monster stills—he actually appeared in a few, too! But I'm inclined to agree with Dick that 4E, while not, as you note, necessarily the archetype of FIAWOL, remains an example of someone whose life has largely been built around fandom—even if you don't subscribe to the same fandom that he has. You glimpse this as your letter continues, though, and it appears that you were thinking on your feet, as we cliché-ridden folk like to say, even as the letter progressed. And possibly Dick misunderstood that all the K's (and this C) were working full time mundane jobs at the time, so we did subscribe to FIJAGH. Maybe without the J and the G.

Hm...as to *Star Trek*, I was always a fan, but neither a Trekkie nor a Trekker. Nevertheless, I do agree that perhaps Perry Rhodan was not the epitome of science fiction. *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, on the other hand... heh, heh.

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J O H N B A N G S U N D

24 June 1974 – Kingston ACT 2604, Australia

Dear Ross,

**T**here's a divinity that shapes our ends rough, hew them how we will. (Hamlet, v. ii. 10) For the last week or so I have been thinking about two things I have to write—an editorial for *Philosophical Gas* 28, and a (pardon me) Fan GoH speech for the 13th Australian national convention. The editorial is to be on the subject of puns, their history, significance and abiding worth, or something like that. The speech is tentatively entitled 'Why bother?' And I'm having trouble with both of these things.

Elizabeth Foyster is to blame for the title of my speech: her perfectly timed and exquisitely delivered two-word comment is probably the most valuable and memorable utterance to survive

from the Sydney convention in 1970, and it has passed into Australian fannish tradition. The only trouble is that the more I think about my speech and about fandom and ask myself 'why bother?' the more dejected I become, because I can't answer the question.

The history, significance &c of puns is cause for dejection, too. The more I think about the subject the more dismal I become, because it seems such a useless thing to be thanking about when daily I see my fellow humans being shot and blown up and starved to death, right before my very eyes on the tv set Sally and I invested in ten days ago. (I have happily done without tv for four years, but had forgotten why.)

The postmen have been on strike for two weeks. At last count, 35 million pieces of mail have banked up. Today the drought broke, and there in my box was Fangle #2. Nothing else, just your delightful fanzine. And I can't think of anything more calculated to disperse my temporary gloom than this issue. There may or may not be a 'divinity that shapes our ends'—rough or otherwise—but at times like this I am momentarily tempted to think there is. I could continue in this vein, but I realize that Fangle is a family fanzine, so let's keep religion out of it.

Anyway, there I am, see: irritably poking round and nudging at the subjects of puns and why-bother, and both of 'em getting mixed up in my quote mind unquote; and the Port Chalmers flu virus nibbling away at my innards still ( eight weeks!—hell, that ain't a bad cold: it's a Way of Life!), and my stack of unpaid bills nibbling away at my conscience; and. . . Forget the rest. Just take my word that it Isn't A Pretty Sight.

And into this primeval murk, suddenly and most unexpected, there comes a glimmering of saneness and hope and friendly good-will from far-off Brooklyn: a fanglezine! And in it some answers to 'Why bother?' and some most useful talk about puns. What more could one desire? To be healthy and fit, rich and contented, that's what—but Fangle #2 will do for today.

Ross, I don't think our malting lists overlap much (I wish they did: I feel awfully out of touch), so I intend to pinch some bits from Fangle #2 for my PG editorial. In return, I offer you the following newly-minted story which will appear in PG 28 :

KEATS AND CHAPMAN were discussing poetry.

'I have often wondered' said Keats 'what exactly is meant by the expression "poetic justice".'

'I always imagined it to be a singularly appropriate punishment meted out to some wrongdoer,' said Chapman. 'And such a thing seems to happen more frequently in poetic creations than in real life. With respect.'

'Of course. No offence taken,' said Keats.

'Nor implied,' said Chapman. 'On the other hand, it may have its origin in some historical occurrence.'

'Such as?' said Keats.

'I am thinking, ' said Chapman 'If you will forgive me, of some possible connection between the bard and the barred, the court and the caught, the ...'

'I am finding it difficult to forgive you,' said Keats sternly.

'I am sorry,' said Chapman. ' But you can perhaps imagine some learned judge, in some far-off time, handing down his decisions in verse...'

'I cannot.' said Keats.

'... and becoming known far and wide as the Poetic Justice,' continued Chapman. 'I can just see him, addressing some quivering miscreant thus: