

I find the accused a veritable worm!  
 Sweet Thames, run softly, till you end your term.’  
 ‘Lord preserve us,’ moaned Keats.  
 ‘Or: Bid daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
 For thou art in the jug for fifteen years.’  
 ‘Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!’ sobbed Keats.  
 ‘Or: The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea,  
 But winding slowly o’er the rack’s for thee!’  
 ‘Enough! Enough!’ cried Keats.  
 ‘Really?’ said Chapman. ‘Do you accept my hypothesis?’  
 ‘Oh, certainly,’ said Keats, in a rare outburst of sarcasm. ‘I don’t know how to thank you for this brilliant conjecture!’  
 ‘All retributions gracefully conceived,’ murmured Chapman modestly.

I wish I could find my copy of *Fangle* #1. It must have arrived about the time I was packing to move from Melbourne to Canberra—which is my excuse for not writing a letter of comment at the time. Walt Willis’s analysis of punning (its history, significance and abiding worth) would be most useful to me just now. On the other hand, four fingers and a thumb. Sorry. On the other hand, his thoughts on the subject would undoubtedly make me feel dull and insecure, and I would scrap the idea of writing that editorial, so I’m sort of happy that *Fangle* #1 is out in the garage, in one of the forty-odd boxes I haven’t unpacked yet.

Concluding this letter of thanks/appreciation (as distinct from letter of comment), may I quote as something approaching my own desire a sentiment attributed by Charles Lamb to Dr Parr: ‘... that he wished to draw his last breath through a pipe and exhale it in a pun.’

Cheers,



Oh, my! This was a letter I remembered through most of the 33 or so years since I received it—not memorized, y’unnerstand, just recalled both as a delight and an unconscious but nagging prod to get this third issue put together and out into the world. But it, along with the other letters received, were (like the copy of *Fangle* #1 that I hope was in that box in your garage) in storage or on some obscurely placed container, remaining so after several moves from one place or another. I still have such boxes yet unopened over decades.

In any case, I can only hope that that issue of *Fangle* #2 was indeed of help in preparing that talk on ‘Why Bother?’ But somehow, I suspect the intervening years have returned that titular phrase to its original meaning, insofar as it may be inferred that it might refer to me and my fanzine. \*sigh\*

In my life, however, the quote regarding the “divinity that shapes our ends” has often referred to an unholy albeit heavenly tasting candy that consists of 2½ to 4 parts sugar plus another part or so of corn syrup, with egg whites, walnuts and other ingredients in lesser degree. Many a personal end has been reshaped thereby.

