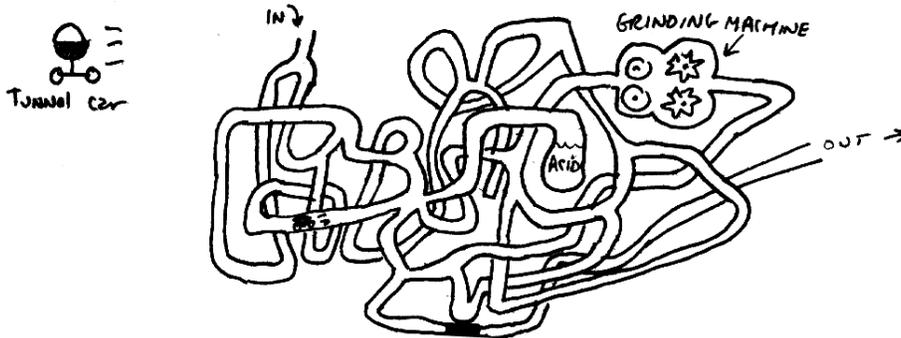


I have tried (and still do in my SAPSzine) my hand at fannish art. I still can't draw people though, and I envy those that can. I was interested in your mention of drawing the note-book pages of terrain, since I and my friends did a lot of that in 7th grade. Only our thing was tunnels, three dimensional drawings of tunnels, one set that stretched out to forty pages. The idea was to get through the tunnels without being killed or maimed by all the traps that the various artists would put in the way. Pits of acid, machine guns, grinding machines. etc. We had tunnel cars, which were the form of transport. and they provided endless hours of amusement. Here's an example.



Well. anyway, that's all I can think of. Nice to hear from you and the other voices of the distant past.

Seth

It took me forty years to write my novel, with a number of abortive starts on several other works (stories, novelettes, etc.) some of which have gone further than others, but none anywhere near completion. I never had the benefit of Clarion. I was part of a writers group that Jim Frenkel, then an editor at Dell, and his wife, Joan Vinge, were hosting somewhere along in the '80s, but that didn't last long enough to give me any real edge or impetus. They got kinda impatient with me, too, I think, for bringing in all kinds of segments, but not going on with any of them. Except *Angel Without Wings*, which I more or less completed recently and has been accepted at PageTurner Editions, who do e-books. And even then it's not really complete—it is in effect the first of a trilogy. I certainly hope it won't take anywhere near as long to do the parts 2 and 3!

I see you have a substantial list of titles to your name, of which I gather many are game titles with a variety of endings available. Looks like your dedication took you into a sustainable area of work. It's good to know. Do you think the puzzle approach was helped any by your youthful work on the maze-puzzles and games you and your friends worked on?

P E T E R R O B E R T S

30 April 1974 – London W2

Dear Ross,

Many thanks for the second FANGLE which made an unexpected appearance amongst my post last week. I'm delighted to see you've decided to continue with it, since I enjoyed the first issue as well as the recent one. Now, if you can just persuade some of the other fannish fans to revive their products ("Bring me the stencils, Igor!"), then the new millenium may

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 MOUDRY

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 faned 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

[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.

age too high. I'll do a triple collating stint next time I'm in Brooklyn). Doesn't even have to be a 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 a'gley 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.

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

24 June 1974 – Kingston ACT 2604, Australia

Dear Ross,

There'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:

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.

D A V E R O W E

20 February 1975 – Wickford, Essex, U.K.

Dear Ross,

If this was a formal letter I'd apologise for writing out of the blue, but writing out of the blue is very fannish so it'd be unfannish to apologise, so I won't.

What am I writing for? It's to ask if you would be so kind as to send me a copy of Fangle? (I'll loc it, honest!)

Well, having said that, I can now leave the rest of the page blank, and get on with something else. However, this is costing me a whole Zp, so you're stuck with reading this encyclical for the next few minutes... If I can think of anything to say that is. Trouble is nothing's happening in British fandom, nothing ever does. Maya and Ruff-Cut-Blunt should be out Real Soon Now. Both said 'in a week's time' about a fortnight ago. If anything does happen in fandom it happens slowly... for instance, last May, Gray Boak moved up to Lytham so we arranged with Meg (his then-girlfriend, now wife) to give him a surprise visit. We gave it...last weekend. At the same time my ex-co-editors received our copy of "Outworlds 20" (this is back in May/June). I finally got to see it lat Friday ... Unfortunately, I left it with my sleeping bag at my ex-co-ed's, and we didn't collect on the way back from Gray's! Also, (back in Sept) we decided (DNQ) XxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXx (end of DNQ). Brian Hampton said he'd pick up the instruction book for me. He finally handed it across at Gray's (21 weeks later).

The trip to Gray's place was fun, it's about 240 miles from here, so we (Kitten fandom) went up in a van wearing silly hats (this is a left-over from Silly Hat Fandom). At Lytham we waited outside the main door to Cecil Court (where Gray's flat is), rang his bell and pounced! Only Gray didn't answer the door, it was a rather surprised young gentleman with a suit like a upper-mid-class undertaker. Gray came up behind with a look somewhere between dumbfoundment & horror.

It was a very nice weekend and we didn't get back till 3am Monday... Yawn, Yawn!

Apart from that there's a really corny SF exhibition on in London, but I've done a short write-up on that for Donn Brasier's "Title," which should be out in April.

All the best,



Hm, thank you for this insight into the frenetic fanlife of Great Britain. Just reading it makes my head whirl. No, no, I don't mean a la Linda Blair, more like stepping off the carousel... Say, did you ever finish that XxXxXxXxXxXxXxXx?

J O H N C A R L

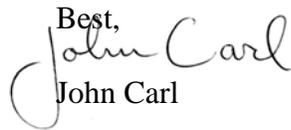
21 November '74 – Butte. MT 59701

Dear Ross,

FANGLE Vol. 1 No. 2 is indeed a fine fabulous fannish fanzine. It exhibits all the traits of that species of zine. Primarily, its natural habitat appears to be Brooklyn, and that's always an optimistic sign, for, to my knowledge, no inferior breed of zine has ever emanated from the wilds of Brooklyn. Brooklyn zines, incredible in the variability of their prolificity, are very hearty and engrossing brutes, in my opinion. I wish I had the opportunity to welcome many many more into my home.

Hmm. I see that FANGLE #1 was put out before I even entered fandom. I hope that that doesn't mean that I'll have to gafiate before you'll be able to put out another one.

People like you make me jealous. You can Write, and you can Draw. I seem to be capable of writing (note absence of cap) and nothing more. I've always been a sort of frustrated artist. I used to fancy that a great artist was locked inside of me somewhere, struggling to get out, but I no longer kid myself in that regard. I seem to be incapable of producing any piece of art with more than a modicum of complexity, and even the simplest of cartoons always seem to turn out slightly lopsided. Nevertheless, I've had some small drawings appear in several fanzines (mostly lettering; I'm capable of greater flexibility there than in any other artistic field)—but that appears to be the high point of personal artistic success.

Best,

John Carl

It's all too conceivable that you might have gafiated before I came out with this, I'm sorry to say. Might have done any number of times, in fact...

I've never worried overmuch about my illos and cartoons when they go lopsided. I either straighten them up on Photoshop or pretend that that's the way they were supposed to be. Mostly the latter. As to complexity—with all due seriousness, sometimes simplest is best. Witness the great Rotsler.

ERIC MEYER

October 25, 1974 – Falls, PA

I trust that FANGLE will come out again, soon! This is what I always say when confronted with excellent faanish zines like TANDEM, MOTA, SWOON... You can do it, Ross. I know you can!! The cover is one of the best I've seen. Original, well designed, well executed. I've spent a good deal of time looking at it. As you probably know, I, like so many of your letter writers, have tried my hand at a bit of Art. That's about the extent of it. I do not consider myself a fanartist. It just happened that at the time I was breaking into Fandom I was going through one of those "artistic phases" which seem to grip me every five years or so.

I'm not quite sure what it is that triggers these "phases." Perhaps discouragement with my writing. At any rate, most of my artistic production can be better understood in terms of psychology than aesthetics. I find that drawing occupies my mind. The physical action of scratching a pen against a piece of paper seems to have a certain therapeutic value. Therefore, the more scratching I do the better I like it. I'm sure there must be some psychological explanation of why someone feels compelled to fill whole blank sheets of paper with minute scratchings, and I'd rather not hear it.

The fact that I cannot draw also affects my artwork to a certain extent. Aliens, for instance, become my favorite subjects, since no one knows what an alien looks like. Prhaps their elbows really do flex backwards, perhaps their calves really are down around their ankles. Who can criticize my rendering of such creatures? Then there is my method of composition. I may start doodling in the center of my paper. Suddenly there appears a line which resembles a forearm I once saw in BRIDGEMAN'S ANATOMY. I take it from there. If the arm is in an awkward position I may rest

it upon something, or place something in its hand. The drawing proceeds outward from this central core, bits and pieces being added at random, to fill up all available space. This way I don't have to think about what I'm doing. I haven't yet worked out a similar method for writing which I find damnably hard work.

Art does have an advantage over writing in that you create a tangible object rather than just words on paper.

I've always drawn. I was very fond of airplanes. Being a reactionary during my youth I stuck with propeller driven planes. I wasn't much for tanks or war machines, preferring more personalized violence. My friends and I wasted most of our school tablets in drawing the adventures of a race of beings consisting of a round head-body and stick limbs. It wasn't that we were unable to draw people.

It was just that we could whip these creatures out faster and put them through their paces with less effort. The "adventures" we drew invariably involved the protagonists in some sort of gross mutilation. They were either either stabbed, shot, burned, eaten, or blown to smithereens. I was very fond of the war motif, the bloodier the better. I believe that most of my cartoons were based on the Alamo, wherein all the heroes are slaughtered one by one. I possessed, at one time, the entire set of Davy Crockett bubble gum cards. There was one card depicting the death of each major character. Bowie, you'll recall, died in bed, knife in hand. I seem to recall that Davy's sidekick (or one of his sidekicks) was picked off by a rather good marksman. At least I remember that the card in question was called "A bullet finds its mark." At any rate, it was all worked out very neatly with a particular, unique death for each character. And this was the model for much of my early cartooning.

Strange isn't it how children are so uniformly attracted to war. That seems to indicate the whole concept is rather infantile.

Well, yes, I have copious notes for a novel myself. It's going to be a really excellent novel, until I try to write it, so for that reason I'll probably never get around to it.

Incidentally, I don't want to exaggerate the talents of fanwriters—I'm not aware of any fanish writing that could even approach the quality of your average, solid sf novel—but I have seen quite a lot of pure trash in magazines lately. In recent issues of IF and FANTASTIC for example, I've read stories that seemed to me nonprofessional and far below the quality of the best fanwriting. I'm surprised that, under these circumstances, more fanwriters haven't broken into professional print. What do you think about this? Is there some explanation? Am I prejudiced toward fans?

Well, see you next issue... right? ...right?

Ri-i-i-ght.... And here it is!

I can certainly understand about those "phases." With me it sometimes has to do with deadlines and expectations... If a piece of art is promised to a faned, I seem to have a sudden yen to create imperishable prose. Or even the more usual perishable kind, so long as it's written, not ~~stirred~~ drawn. On the other hand—you see it coming, don't you!—if I'm on deadline for an essay or article or other piece of written material, the ol' doodling pen, pencil, stylus, mouse... whatever it takes...begins to practically move itself across the sketchpad (mousepad...whatever). Nothing quite as automatic as you describe, however, in either case.

Re the fondness of children for war—I do like your conclusion. It stems, I think, from the fact that children often do not learn empathy or personal responsibility for some time. Complaints about the dire effects of this or that popular pastime, from comic books when I was a kid, to videogames in recent years, with multitudinous variations on those themes along with

rock 'n roll and hip hop lyrics and slasher movies and the current crop of horror films that glory in nightmarish torture scenarios... Well, all that stuff suggests to me that many folk who gain positions of power, be it in entertainment, business or politics, never learned either of those things either.

Woa, I coulda gotten into a serious rant, there, but I don't want to do that here. Let's just say that I ran across some of the cartoons and illustrations I did as a preteen and early teen, and I found them really disturbing (so would anyone else who saw them, so I've made sure that won't happen). I think they were a "phase" that was in many ways natural, representing urges and desires I did not understand or, because I wasn't exactly sub-average mentally, understood in a hugely uneducated way. I could never in my darkest hours have acted on any of them; these were sublimations—and I have to say that I understood that, even then. But the point is that eventually I grew out of those dark fantasies as the underlying elements of life that they represented came into context with the rest of my life.

And again, I'm laying a burden on this poor little LoC response that it shouldn't have to bear. Let me make one further note re your penultimate paragraph. There have been any number of excellent fan writers who have successfully gone into professional print—Terry Carr, Robert Silverberg, Ted White, Ray Bradbury just name a few. Good fanwriting does require certain disciplines, but they are not entirely the same as professional writers need to apply to their work. It is sometimes too easy to say that fanwriting is poor because it does not meet the standards of professional work—and it is similarly too easy to profess that fiction writers do not meet the standards of academic literature, or technical writing, or whatever... Fanwriting is relaxed; I try to be as conversational as I can, much as I do in family writing, because indeed I am writing to what I consider an extended family. Some rules of grammar may be broken here because in that context, the rules are understood in absentia. Not everything needs a strict subject and predicate with all the trimmings placed just so.

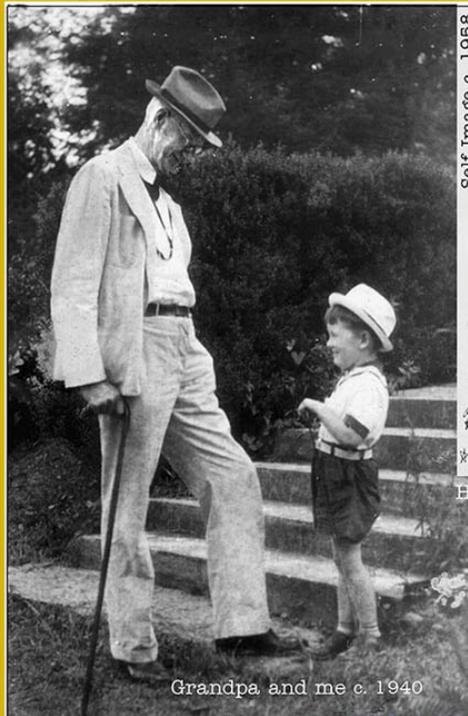
Your last question, "am I prejudiced against fans?" contains somewhere the answer, though it doesn't necessarily mean that the answer is "yes." Possibly somewhat at that time; possible, if that's the case, that has changed in the last 33 years... eh?

On that cheerful note, we come to the end of something that hardly qualifies as an era, but it is a kind of coda for one persistent background melody (but not necessarily a leitmotif) of my fannish life. As noted way back at the beginning of this, I'm closing the door, but not locking it. Gosh, if I can't avoid mixing metaphors any better than that...

I recently brought a semi-closure to my novel, *Angel Without Wings* —semi in that, in fitting with the times, it has become the first book in a trilogy, so that there are great unresolved situations hanging (and more to be raised in the second book, of course) that I only hope I can resolve before my own eleventh hour edges into view. Check at PageTurnerEditions.com to see if it's available yet.

I'm not certain I did my absolute best in my own contributions to this fanzine. I'm sorry if that's true, but the focus is, of course, on the writers of the LoCs that appear here. I acknowledge that the letters run a bit of a spectrum in and of themselves. In most of those whose writers are gone I still replied as if they would be reading this, as I'd like to think they were in some way, but occasionally lapsed into addressing them directly. I trust this inconsistency will be forgiven. What's most important to me is the small expansion of fannish historical legacy this may bring to our microcosm. And truth to tell, I don't mind also letting you in on some of the egoboo I received from some these cool people, close to one-third of a century ago.

au revoir!

Grandpa and me c. 1940

Self Image c. 1958



Hubris



Dad, me & my brother Hale c. 1943

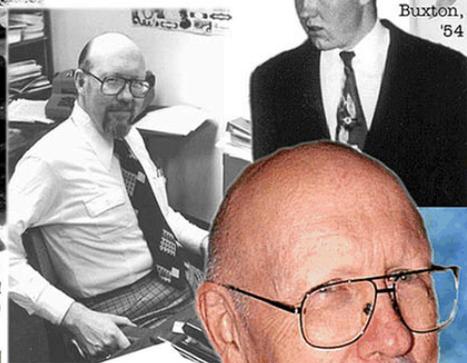
Ross Chamberlain

Lots of thens and nows...



Buxton School, 1955

What happened?



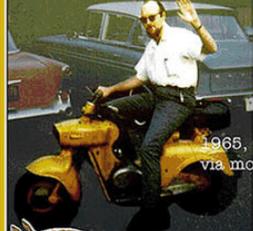
Buxton, '54



A&M Consolidated Schools, 1950



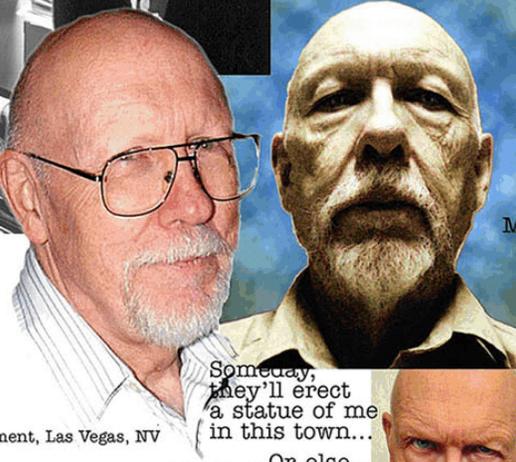
Production Mgr, Quick Frozen Foods International magazine, 1990



1965, commuting via motor scooter

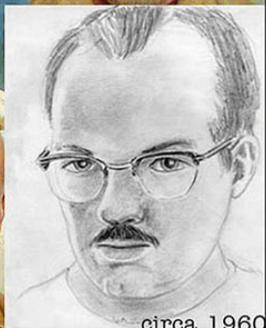
What happened? Oh, the usual... 35, 50 years.

Approaching retirement, Las Vegas, NV



Someday, they'll erect a statue of me in this town...
...Or else...

Me as Jean Luc Picard



circa 1960

Ross Chamberlain

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Hey, I'm sorry it took so long to get around to calling you in on this.

Well, can't say as I wasn't getting a little anxious. Just glad I could make it!