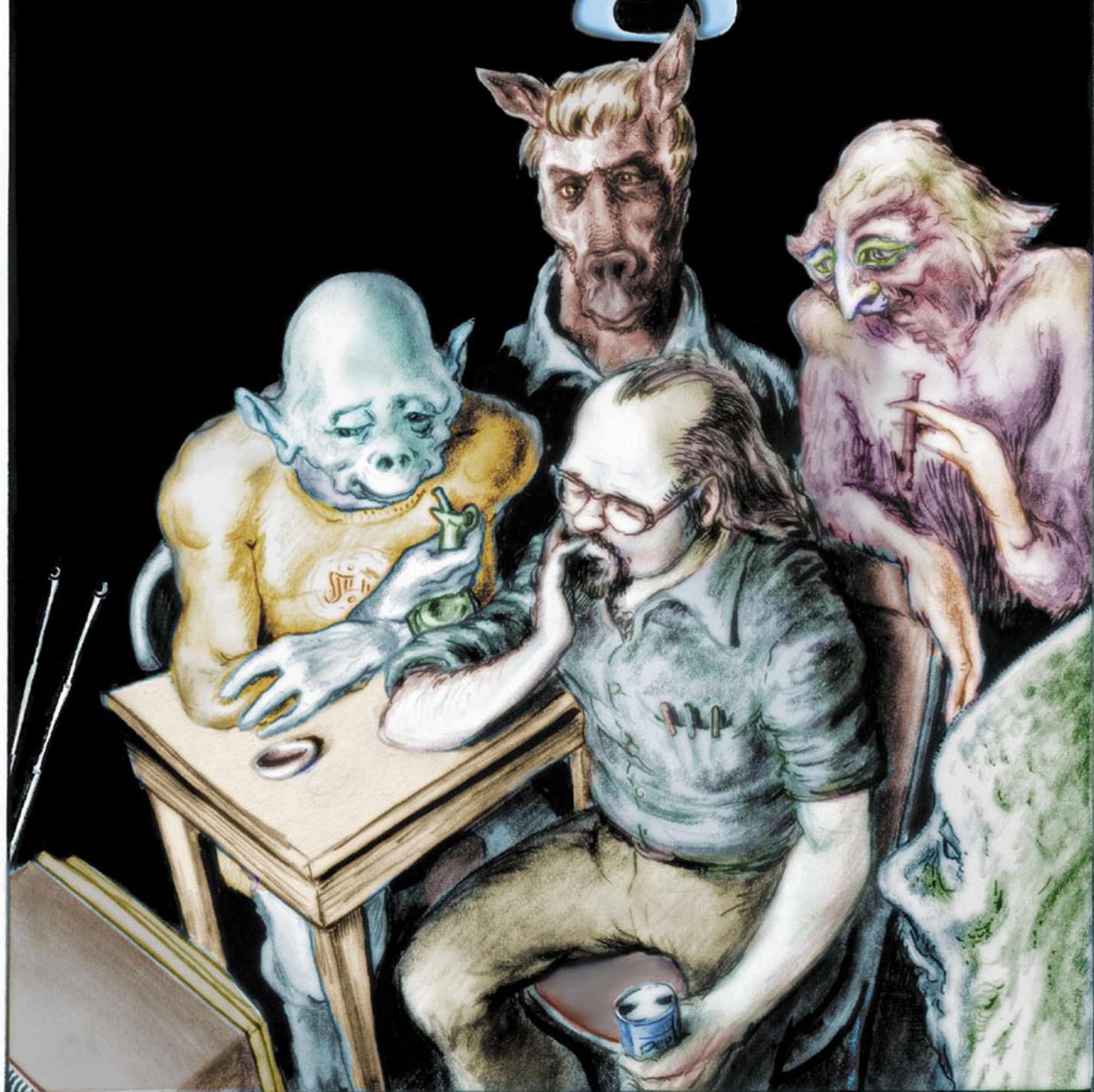


NEW!

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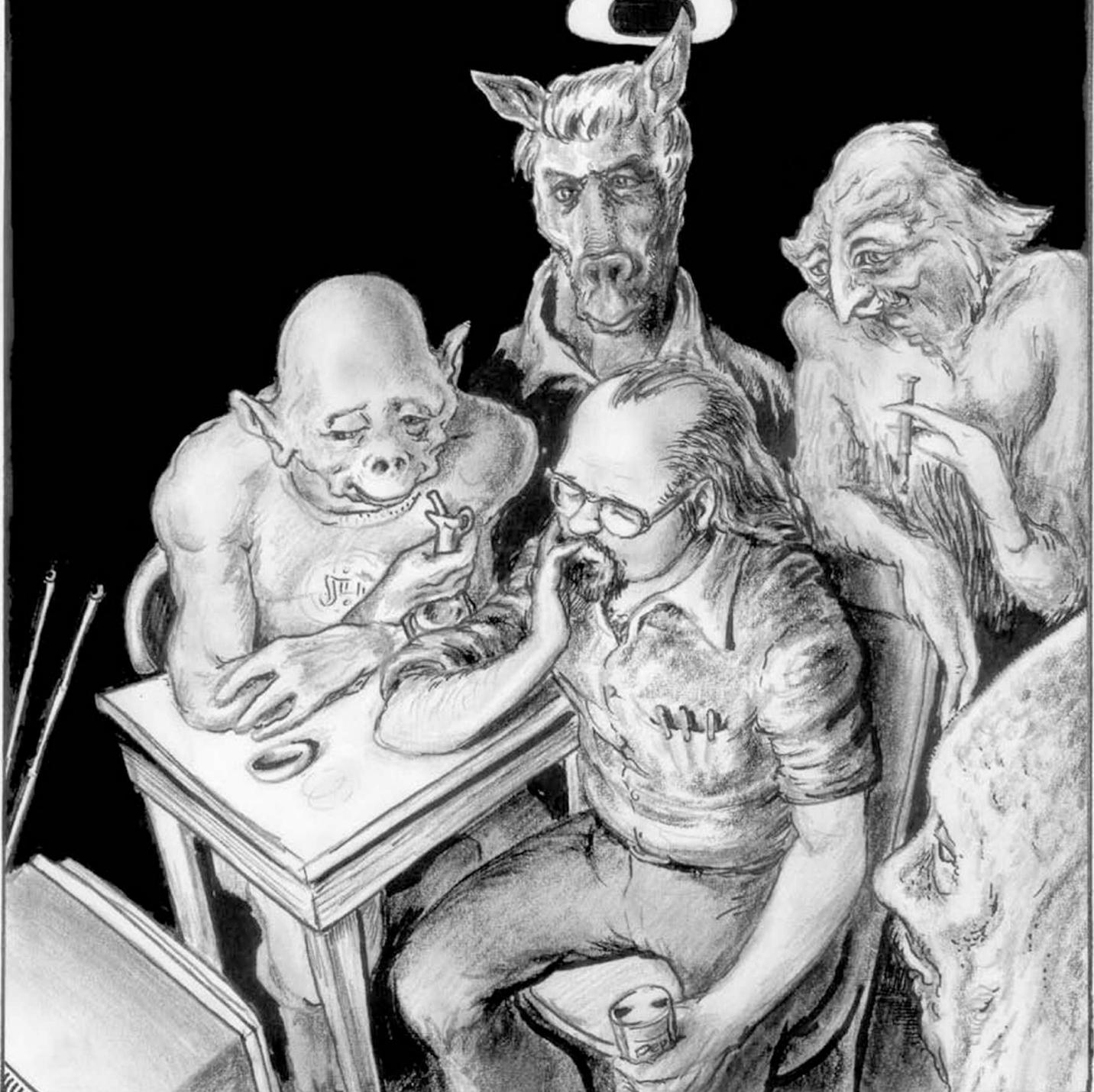
VOLUME ONE

FALL 1971

NUMBER ONE

NEW!

Fangle



VOLUME ONE

FALL 1971

NUMBER ONE

Fangle

CROSSOID REPRINT, an Introduction	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	2
CROSSTALK, an Editorial	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	3
A DRAWN OUT STORY, an Article by Arnie Katz	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	7
JOURNEYMAN BLUES, a Chronicle by Charlene Komar and Bill Kunkel	+							10
THE INCOMPLEAT FANGLER, a Column by Your Host and Editor	+	+						15

+ Art Credits: Bill Kunkel, 10, 11, 12, 13; I did the rest in this issue.

+++++

FANGLE, Vol. 1, No. 1, is Pondeross Publication no. 32, and is dated "Fall, 1971" even though it is intended for an approximately sesquimensal schedule of publication, or semi-quarterly, or eight issues a year--whichever comes first. Printed copies will magically appear the night before Halloween through the agency of the Mighty Katz Publishing Combine*. Who me? I'm Ross Chamberlain, and my address is 50 East First Street, New York, N.Y. 10003, for those of you who may wish to send LoCs, contributions, tradezines, sticky 35¢-pieces (barter is best; no subs), and the like. This initial copy is coming to you through the courtesy of the POTLATCH mailing list; another may follow but chances are future issues will depend on you.

+ *being, besides Joyce and Arnie themselves, Chris Couch, Bill Kunkel, +
+ Charlene Komar, and Jay Kinney; stalwarts all! Don't stop reading-- +
+ this footnote has more to say, namely, that due to viral toxins beyond +
+ control of the Katzes, publishing will have taken place November 6th +
+ instead of Halloween-een, as previously reported... OK, that's it. RC ** +
** Bless me, that's not it-- other problems brought the date to Nov. 20, & Jay didn't make it.

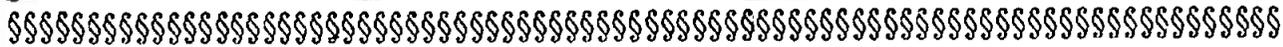
CROSSOID REPRINT — The following material is taken from my very first fannish writing; I think it appropriate to use this sort of by way of an introduction to those of you who were not involved in APA F or who otherwise do not know me; the fact that it was written in early 1965, when I was *sigh* 27—older than Arnie Katz is today—should not put you off of the fact that in a good many ways I was as naive as someone half that age or less; particularly in terms of fandom. I'd guess I'd fit the "absent-minded professor" image of naivete; then I hope more than now, but still to this day to some extent.

In 1964 I was working in the office of a wholesale book jobber, Bookazine, for whom several fans have worked; at that time Mike McInerney was working in their stock room...

When Mike McInerney noticed this guy from the office coming up to the stock room every once in a while to look for science fiction, and on inquiry (which is inquiry under most circumstances) discovered that this character was an addict of the stuff since childhood and with a collection of some six or seven hundred SF paperbacks was on the way to having a fair start on a SF library, the subject came around to the fact that a small, informal group of SF enthusiasts met occasionally at Mike's place, and an invitation was extended and enthusiastically received. This occurred in early November of 1964. Thus, the Fistfa meeting of November 13 was my (for indeed, this mysterious stranger was none other than yr hmbl & obt svt) introduction to a world new and strange yet tantalizingly familiar (to use a rather tired old cliché I just made up). My only previous contact with this fan-world was a copy of DIMENSIONS given me by Alice Norton once about ten years ago. Otherwise what little knowledge I had was gleaned from references in the prozines (I hope that's right - "prozines" - I should perhaps hesitate to attempt to use fannish terminology as yet only half picked up through perusals of APA-F's and conversation).

As yet this "strange new tantalizingly familiar" world is still somewhat surrealistic to me. That's fine - I don't pretend to understand Max Ernst or Dali either, but nonetheless I find myself enraptured by their works. Something resonates within me to, say, Salvador Dali's "Metamorphosis of Narcissus" as to nothing else I've ever seen or experienced...with the possible exception of during the attainment of subjective identification in the course of reading a good novel (SF or otherwise, but since I hardly ever read anything else the question is relatively irrelevant).

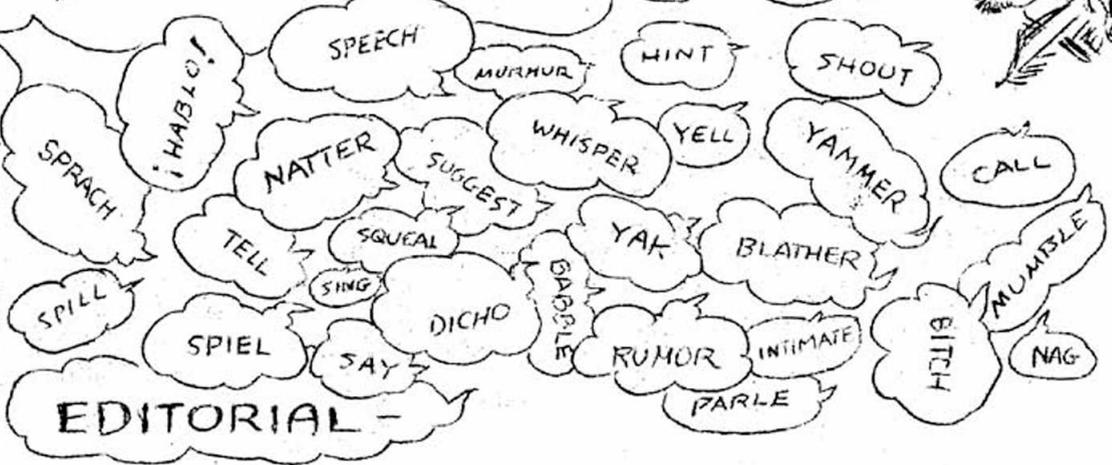
One thing is, of course, fairly clearly understood: I am not a Fan, merely a fan—a fan of science fiction and fantasy as a genre. I read the stuff omniverously (though with a preference for novels and novellas to short stories—I only take one magazine, F & SF— not counting PLAYBOY of course), from ERB to Thorne Smith to H. G. Wells to E. E. Smith Phd. to Philip K. Dick to Karel Capek to...well, no point in listing everybody, the point is made and the spectrum too wide. The point is, though, that while I practically eat, sleep, and breathe "imaginative and speculative fiction", I am only just beginning to realize the abysmal ignorance in which I have been wallowing all unaware, of what has



continued on page 14

CROSSLALK

CROSSLALK



EDITORIAL -

THERE WAS ONCE a very famous fabulous fannish fanzine for which I did all the covers save the last two or three (I've never claimed that there was any sort of connection between that fanzine's demise and the cessation of its Chamberlain covers...). This fanzine proclaimed itself as Vulgar and Ostentatious, and got away with it. Leastways, I understand Arnie Katz avers he got away with it, and I guess he oughtta know.

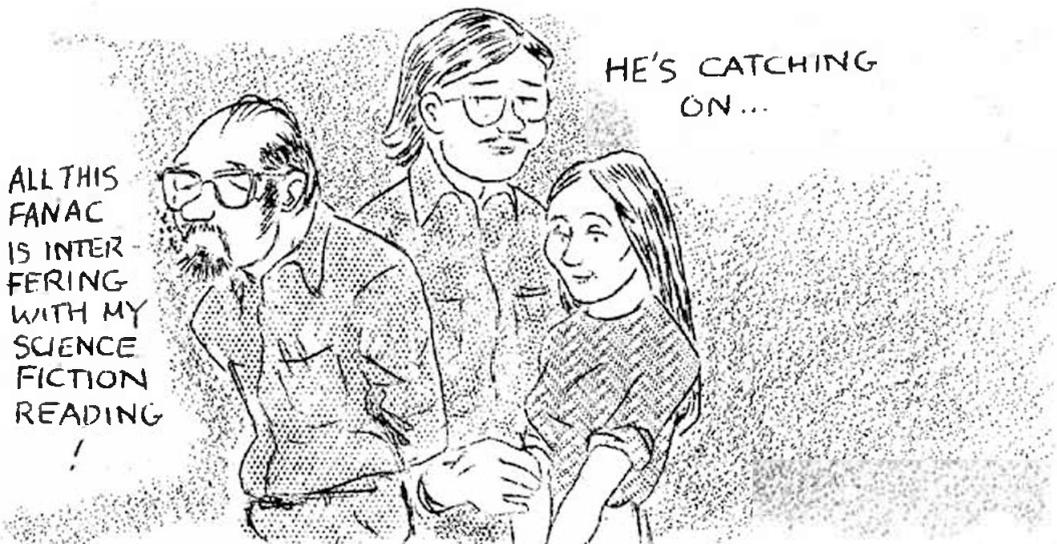
He put an awful lot of effort into QUIP, not the least part of which was the energy he spent cajoling, flattering, nudging and nagging me into getting the multi-page Quivers done within a semi-reasonable time of his deadline.

Currently he's not had quite so much trouble with me in getting his FOCAL POINT covers ready in time, but then there's a world of difference between those single-panel drawings and the multi-paneled Quivers...and even so, the famous dinners at the oval table, together with the calories-per-illo philosophy which motivates them in part, indicate considerable effort on the part of the redoubtable Katz team.

Considering the pressures it has taken for Arnie and Joyce to persuade me into doing a relatively meagre amount of fanart for them, plus the fact that numbers of other fans have found me from minimally responsive to totally unresponsive to their overtures, it occurs to me that if Arnie could characterize QUIP as Vulgar and Ostentatious, I could certainly characterize a proposed fanzine of my own as Unlikely and Presumptuous.

Yet—if, indeed, these words are being read in a mimeoed condition by good fans and true—yes, you—out there in Fandom, then I have so presumed.

It is, I have been assured, SOP to use the editorial in issue number one of a fanzine to provide its readers with a detailed and somewhat idealistic blueprint of the faned's plans for future issues, together with an explanation of what a true fanzine has to be to qualify for the name and, eventually, for the Hugo. This latter is all very well for your BNF or WKF who is in a position to know what they are talking about, but I've gathered it is also the pattern for the neofan, who is presumably either driven to do a fanzine because no one else seems



ALL THIS FANAC IS INTERFERING WITH MY SCIENCE FICTION READING !

HE'S CATCHING ON...

to be doing it right and he has to show them by example and exhortation the True Way to Fanedship, or he wants to Join the Crowd. In either case he has to do his planning out loud, so to speak, so they'll know he can and does do it...

Well, in some ways I still have a number of elements of neofannishness in my makeup. I'll try not to be as presumptuous as some...but since there is a tradition to uphold, why then...

First of all, FANGLE is going to have to take a few issues to settle into any sort of image or style, I think. Some speculations might not be out of order, however...

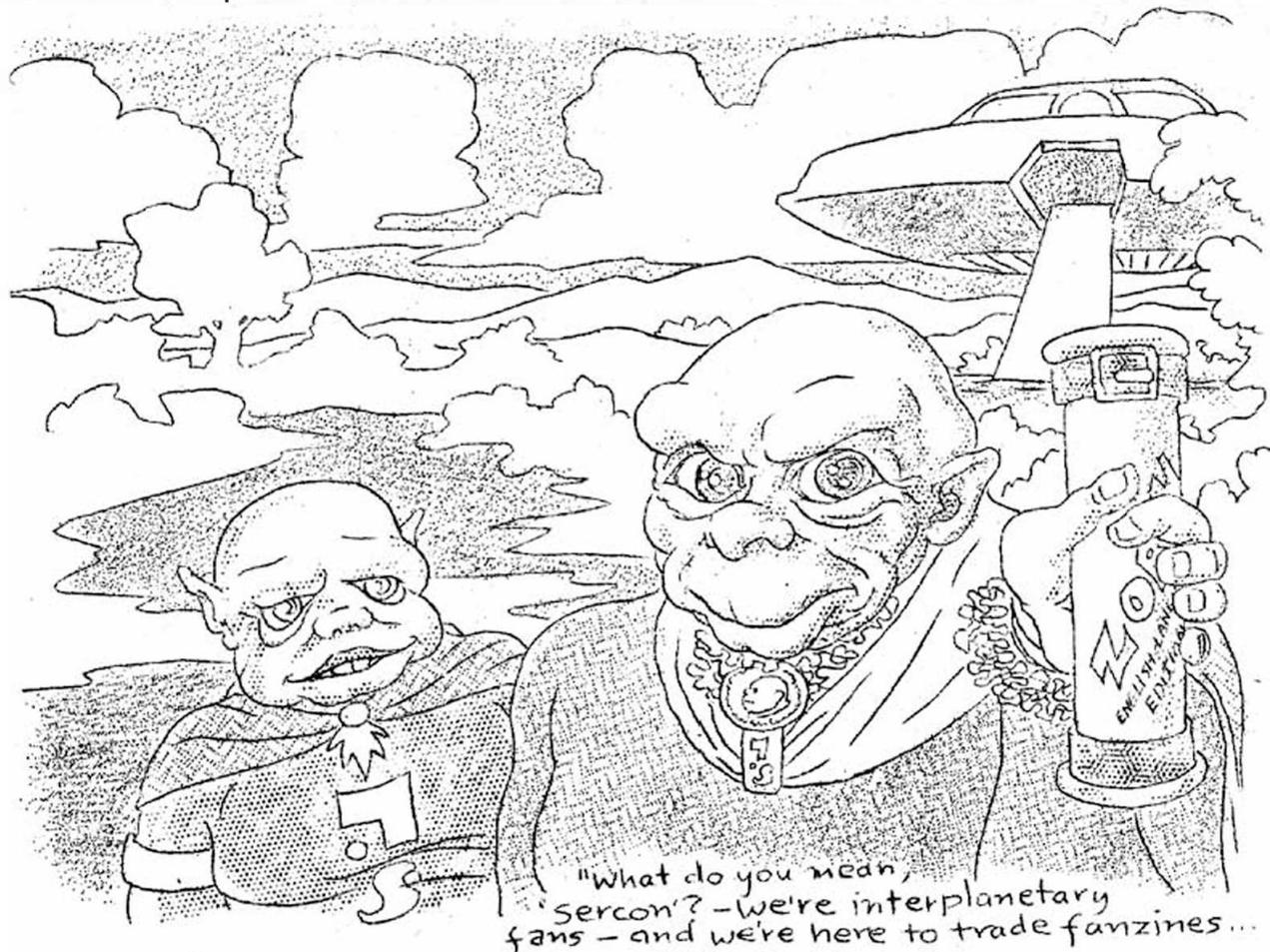
At the present point on my journey along the rocky road to Trufandom, I find myself less concerned with the dividing line between "fannishness", or even "faanishness," and "serconishness" or "stfnality" than many of my cohorts, and I may be, on occasion, accused of being sercon now and then by some of my best friends. In fact, I already have been; happily with a twinkle in the eye and a figurative poke in the ribs...so far. But FANGLE is intended to be somewhat of a personalzine, so it can only reflect those areas where my interests lie, overlapping large areas of faanish interest as well as some sercon and stf, plus snatches of mundane, and even a few pseudopodal feelers into Other Fandoms...

When I entered Fandom via the Fistfa-APA F-Fanoclast route in '64-'65, I did quite a bit of writing and art in my own CROSSOIDs, and later BLYPs, 1- and 2-page APA F zines. CROSSOID was variegated in style, but mostly was devoted to talking about my own activities in the week previous; it occasionally contained some mailing comments on the other, similar zines put out by the other members of APA F and many from APA L—I was too naive to realize at the time that since I was running off only enough copies for APA F, the mc's on the APA L material were wasted. BLYP was a dittoed, entirely hand-done vehicle for a sort of fantasy story which barely got off the ground...I was doing one sheet, both sides, at a time, supposedly each week. It got as far as BLYP #5... BLYP and CROSSOID grew with APA F, though they were late-comers to the fold, flourished briefly, then with the rest of this weekly apa, grew weak, succumbing to the congenital disease of all apas, apathy.

This repeated itself in my experience with TAPS, though of course, TAPS being a monthly-based apa, it took somewhat longer. I had learned, to some extent, with CROSSOID and BLYP, some of the arts of running off, on mimeo and spirit duplicator, the material I had committed to stencil or master. Further, I had learned some of the methods of communication-styles prevalent among fans. I stayed long enough in TAPS to twice run off the Terrean, which I published under the title QUONDAM HUTCH. Those occasions, back in the Januaries of '67 and '68, gave me my first multi-page type-up, run-off and collate experience—the first QH on mimeo, the second on ditto.

So I served an apprenticeship. After that there were several times I wanted to begin a fanzine—a genzine—of my own, probably under the CROSSOID or QUONDAM HUTCH logo—I like both names, and may yet revive them in some future incarnation. For now, though, FANGLE, being unlike either of them, will not have to answer to any unconscious images they may hold for me.

I mentioned earlier that several fans had tentatively requested art or fanac from me at one time or another, either by straight request or by sending me their zines in the hope I would contribute something, if only a(n) LoC (no, I shouldn't say "only"—the LoC seems to be the basic currency of Fandom, as egoboo is its credit system; and fanzines its negotiable securities). My lack of response to these requests has been a source of considerable self-recrimination. Would you believe that to date I have never written a genuine genzine LoC? I don't count mailing comments. Yes, I've contributed some art other than the Quivers, up to about the NyCon III in '67, plus a now and then contribution since, such as to Dick Geis' PSY/SFR. But somehow from the NyCon on I've found myself semi-gafiated.



There was a girlfriend who tended to absorb my time, interest, and creative energies, since she herself was not especially fannishly oriented—she was mildly interested in fandom insofar as it was an interest of mine, and she was a bit of an SF reader. There was also an Sfantasy novel I was trying to write, which drained some of what was left over from her and from the Quivers...which may account for its dreadful state when it was nominally completed.

Then the previously fairly regular Friday night fan gatherings became almost meaningless to me. There was a split in the circle of fans of which I was part, and while I was not involved in the split itself, so that I was able to visit both factions without strain, nevertheless there was a most undesirable tension in the air. This was not helped for me by the girl pulling out of my life.

The fan circle resolved itself briefly, though not without scars, shortly before Ted and Robin White achieved parenthood and moved south. Then, early this year, the circle split again. I'll not dwell on this here, save to express my regret at it, since I considered everyone involved my friends, and it is a painful thing to see friends fall out.

So for the most part I lived in a state of minac, ignoring most of the fanzines that came to me. No—that's too strong, for I read and enjoyed them, or most of them (sometimes I had to puzzle over one or two). But I made no attempt to acknowledge them, so I guess that fannishly speaking I did ignore them. Too, I was going through a period of neurotic depression, derived from things mentioned above and other, mundane, matters (including the strain of kicking the cigarette habit and joining the unhooked generation...); this resulted in a feeling of total inadequacy when I received an ODD, a SHANGRI L'AFFAIRS, or an OUTWORLDS (this was over quite some period of time), so that I thought myself incapable of competing...

It was a sign of my state of mind that I could only conceive of it in terms of competition.

Now, with FANGLE, it is not my intention to compete. I think I'm about ready to supplement the fan world with what I can do and say; take it as it is. I hope in the process to search out and find myself, but that is not a primary consideration—either for me or for you: communication is the vital thing.

So—we shall see.

Ross C



A DRAWN OUT STORY BY ARNIE KATZ

ALL MY LIFE I've yearned to be an artist. I was never particularly anxious to be a wizard of the oil paints and water colors, but I always felt that it would be a wonderful thing to be an illustrator or cartoonist. Even though I've developed some facility as a writer over the years, it has dimmed neither my desire to know how to draw nor my reverence for those who can.

I still remember how, as a child, I would sit filling the huge white sheets of paper my father brought home, with my doodles. My father was (and is) the manager of the largest envelope factory in the country, so we never lacked for paper around our house. What my drawings lacked in quality, they more than made up for in quantity.

I drew and drew, but somehow it never clicked. I never developed that seemingly effortless ease with which such as Rotsler and Kinney render their cartoons.

As I sit by local fanartists as they etch beautifully complex illustrations onto stencils, it sometimes gives me a bit of solace to remember that I was published as an artist at a far younger age than any of them. In fact, the work of the most commercially successful of the local cartoonists has been seen by far less people than viewed the product of my six-year-old hand.

A drawing of mine, you see, once appeared in the New York Daily News. Immediately, those who know anything about New York's Picture Newspaper are thinking Strange Thoughts. Visions of spectacular car wrecks, flaming train collisions, and devastating air crashes fill their heads. You'll all have to take my word for the fact that my appearance in the News was no accident.

After a visit to a studio that was making television programs, all the First Graders were asked to do a drawing giving their impressions of what they saw. The studio picked mine as one of the three best. The News, which has a heart of purest melted butter when it isn't advising nuclear bombing of Harlem, dutifully printed it.

Despite such a promising start, lightning never struck twice. I progressed through grade school, junior high, and into high school, doodling up a storm all the way. Every margin of every school notebook I ever owned is filled with attempts

at spaceships, monsters, and other science fictional things. I got "A"s in a compulsory art class everyone took in the seventh grade, but the teacher gave me the mark more as a tribute to the unorthodoxy of my imagination rather than to any skill in execution.

I discovered fandom during high school. By that time I had mistakenly decided I was a Writing Whiz, perhaps a half-step from the lead novelette in GALAXY, but I was still scrawling spaceships on the side.

After seeing my first few decent fanzines, my estimation of my writing ability relative to such as Burbee and Willis took on a note of realism. After a few illos in my neocrudzine CURSED, edited with Len Bailes, and a few more in N'APA, I stopped trying to draw in fandom and concentrated on my writing.

I was so completely cured of any notion that I could draw that I hold the distinction of being, according to Joyce, almost the only ODD contributor who didn't at least once send an illo.

Even with the knowledge that the ability is wanting, I want to be able to cartoon as much as ever.

Just recently, Bill Kunkel, co-editor of RATS!, and I had a conversation on the enormous advantage a faned who can also draw has in fandom.

"Oh, to be Rotsler!" he moaned.

"Yes," I said, sighing for what was never to be, "to be Rotsler. To have the ability to put just that perfect little fillo exactly where you want it, exactly the way you want it."

"Articles with real illustrations," he said.

"Illustrated letter columns," I replied. We discussed collaborating with artists. We agreed that, no matter how close the collaboration is, you can never communicate exactly what you want. And, of course, the artist is another person who must be allowed his artistic expression, too.

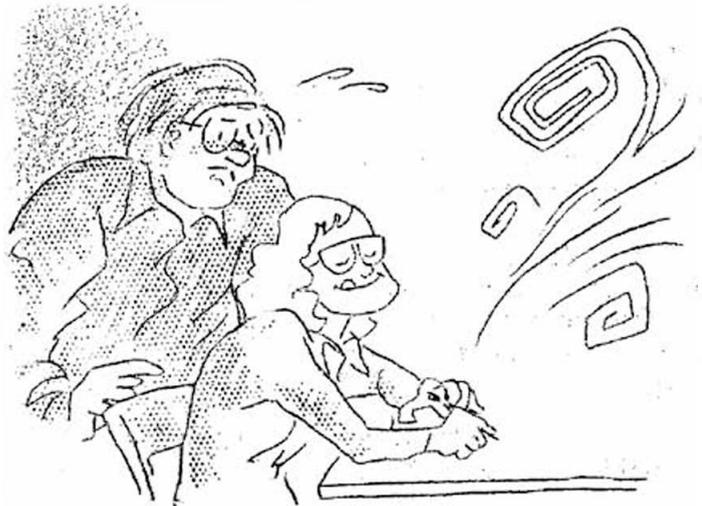
"When Jay Kinney has an illo idea, he just draws it," Bill lamented.

"And when we have one, we have to find an artist who draws the illo he perceives that we want, instead of the one in our heads," I continued.

Oh, it was a touching scene. Tears were shed, hands were wrung, and much consolation was given all around.

"You know," Bill said, as he wiped the tears from his cheeks, "art doesn't look that tough. I think I'll try it."

The next week, when he came over, he was lugging a big pad with him.





"Whatcha got there, Bill?"

"My art pad."

"Your art pad?"

"Yes."

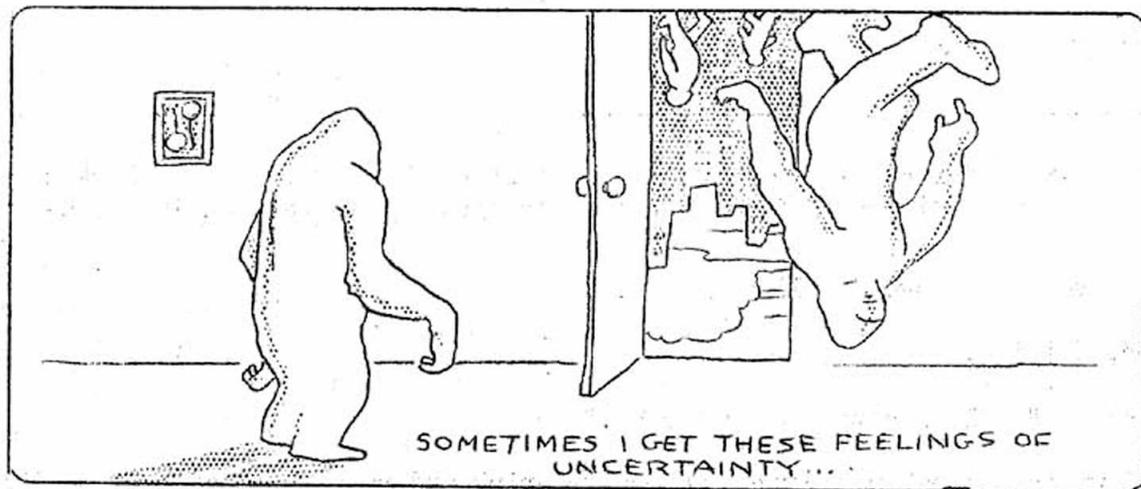
"You mean you can—" I paused, almost afraid to speak the word. "You mean you can...Art?"

"Yes."

And so saying he bent over his sketch book and drew sixty incredibly funny cartoons in fifteen minutes.

Maybe if I try one of those spaceships again...

Arnie Katz



JOURNEYMAN BLUES

A
CHRONICLE
by BEN KUNKEL
AND
CHARLENE KONAR

(a tale told by two tongues)

I THREW OPEN the red cellar door and the big yellow Sunday Morning Sun hit me flush in the eyes. I took those few steps up to the street in one great leap, circled around the garbage cans and started up the block toward the bus stop. On the way, I took mental snap shots of middle-class America at play for purposes of future contrast, nodded a hello or two in the direction of those neighbors who were soaking up the sun on their front steps, and crossed Myrtle Avenue, chewing away on some Cracker Jacks and fumbling idly for the prize.

Waiting for a bus is a pretty boring procedure, but I endured it by thinking of the past, and by eating and by putting together the jig-saw puzzle that was inside my Cracker Jacks box and, what do you know, but before I could even finish it there was the bus. I scanned the windows to see if maybe Charlene had caught this bus, but she hadn't and so I debated momentarily as to whether or not I should wait and take the next one. On the chance that she might already be at the last stop waiting for me, I decided to take this bus anyway, which I did. And so I boarded, paid my fare, found a seat and was bounced and throttled for fifteen minutes as I watched the one or two ancient Sunday morning strollers promenading down the avenue past the darkened shoe stores and locked-up five and tens. And before very long, Charlene and I were together at Myrtle and Wycoff Avenues, the Crossroads of Brooklyn.

And already, the sun had stopped shining.

Bill was waiting for me at Wycoff Avenue as I stepped off the bus. I looked across the street and noticed that the bus to Brooklyn Heights was pulling in as well.

"Do you have any change?" Bill asked me.

"Uh, 35¢, I think."

He groaned. "Well, I better go get some."

He ran down to the bakery, bought an orange drink and raced back and across the

street, to the place where the B-52 stops, and where I was now standing.



Where you stand is very important. You see, this is the end/beginning of the route, and the buses park farther down while the drivers get out and take their breaks. The ultimate crime is to board one of these buses before that driver is ready to pull out—in-
deed, you hear about it loudly if you so much as stand further down. Then, as the bus starts on its way, the driver forgets that there are people waiting at the real and actual stop, slams on his brakes, and huffily waits as you run half way up the block to catch him.

was nobody.

"Charl," I said, "we are the only people on this bus."

The bus moved out and, after a stop or two, I turned to her once again.

"Charl," I said, "we are the only white people on this bus. Do you know what that means?"

She nodded grimly. "Yes. It means that if this bus is stopped by a hostile crowd and the people on this bus begin to look around for a sacrifice, guess who that sacrifice will be."

I swallowed. "How about choosing. Odd finger takes it."

"There are only two of us."

"I know, but you have very strange fingers."

For fun on this bus ride, I sometimes press my face up against the dirt-stained windows and watch for hostile crowds. Otherwise, I just watch the ghetto. By this point, the clouds completely dominated the sky, and a fog was beginning to roll in. I watched the dirty factories, shifting in the slum's new mist (now that previously mentioned contrast effect comes into play), and little Black kids, running down the streets carrying groceries past the ten-thousand burned-out, boarded up stores and busy bars. There are junkies in doorways, and dealers on every floor. People get off on the roofs.

As I watched the street an occasional raindrop skidded across my dirty view-screen and down the dusty tin ledge. The bus passed Victorian houses, faded brownstones and apartments washed over in garish cobalt paint, the sort of color that sociologists say is preferred by those occupying the lowest strata of the socio-economic scale.

This place is for rent.

Slowly, we make our way into what I call the store-front religion area; for a series of six or seven blocks, there's an endless series of those make-shift churches, one after another, indistinguishable except by their names. Most of the people around us are returning from services at these places. They're dressed in their "Sunday best," but that isn't quite the same in Bed-Sty as it was where I grew up: the dresses the women wear are party dresses, circa 1952. The long, full skirts and gathered tops are not the only things that reveal their age; although scrupulously clean, non-cleanable belts reveal the dirt of many years, and the wear of so many Sundays cannot be hidden. I wonder at which churches the people attend—is it the one with the plastic, light-up cross that reads "Jesus Saves" or perhaps "Wings of Faith Church of God in Fire Baptized"?

Religion is, indeed, the opium of the masses.

Next stop, be-uuu-tee-full Ni-ag-era Falls, Ladies and Gentlemen!

If you have a good enough seat, you can actually see the look of total terror crawl across the bus driver's face, like a shade being drawn across and covering something with a ghastly shadow. The bus pulls to an abrupt halt as the driver bolts from his seat.

"Quick! Quick! Close all the windows! Close all the windows!"

All eyes are upon him. In blind obedience (and since panic is contagious) everybody begins to push their windows shut. Since Charlene and I already know what it is that has our pilot so stricken, we begin to close the windows by the unoccupied seats as well.



Suddenly a scream from the front of the bus. A woman is yanking at her window frenziedly. "God oh God!"

"What's the matter?"

"My window, my window, Oh madre de Dios! I cannot close eet!"

The bus driver lends a hand and, after really throwing his shoulder into it, it snaps shut, earning him a round of applause from the passengers. We are now ready to run the gauntlet.

It begins with water. Very elemental.



A full burst of the fire hydrant splashes against our windows. Some of it gets in through the cracks, causing small pools to form at our feet. We pass under the waterfall and move into the second and more dangerous stage of hostility, the rocks.

As anyone familiar with a ghetto can tell you, there is never a lack of vacant lots. It's either a construction site or the remains of a gutted (by bomb, fire, or both) apartment building. It invariably serves as a playground and main battle station of the Bed-Sty Commandos.



In the worst of the storm, the sound of pelting becomes intolerable, rocks spatter up against the windows like echoes of echoes, drumming a cold paradiddle on the hub caps and the plexiglass. But as with all things, this too will pass, and after another block or so, the occasional sound of a pebble now and then bouncing off the metal siding of our tank-bus serves as our only reminder of what we have just come through.



Finally, we turn onto Fulton Street, and within minutes we reach the shopping district. There are an unusual amount of people on the street here, considering that the vast majority of the stores are closed. We pass the darkened windows of the department stores, decorated with mannequins wearing clothes far beyond the means of the residents of Bed-Sty. Fulton Street is very unlike, say, Fifth Avenue, but it reminds me of downtown areas in cities a bit smaller than New York, with its brown buildings that are showing their age.

A block or two after, the shopping area abruptly ends; we disembark and turn toward Livingston Street.

Epilogue

The running-off, collating, stamping and labeling has ended (not to mention the smoking and eating) and we prepare for the trek home. As we step from the building, we realize that the fog has once again rolled in from the nearby East River and is

- continued on back cover -

been and is going on beyond the facade presented to the mere reader of science fiction and fantasy. I hope to stick around long enough to at least widen my vision a bit. [I suspect that in naming this thing I chose better than I knew...]

Meanwhile, I have been happy to make a couple of contributions to a couple of the APA-F's (and, Dave Van Arnam, if you still want a copy of the cover for APA-F 19, I have one yet) and I hope GROSSOID will occur more than this once. My present idea is to make it a regular thing, most likely bi-weekly, to coincide with the Fistfa meetings.

I had no idea what would go into this before I started. If there is a GROSSOID #2, I have no idea what will go into that. Aimless philosophy, rambling commentary, anecdotal reminiscences, speculative musings, jokes, ~~poetry~~ verse, and drawings and sketches...nothing formal but occasional language...

Let's stop talking about me: how did you like my last picture...?

+ here there was a sketch of a cave-man type examining a ruined motorcycle; in the background a few futuristic towers emerging from jungle or woodland; title, "Discovery." +

...oh, a little too drawn out, was it? I see, and sketchy in places. Well, you'll have to expect that sort of thing in GROSSOID...

C. Ross Chamberlain

This constituted the entire body of GROSSOID number one, dated February 5, 1965, save for a cleverish-type colophon...oh, well what the hell, let's quote that too while we're at it...

" This purports to be GROSSOID #1, a Pondeross Publication designed to be slipped quietly into the 31st APA-F, this Friday, the fifth of February, 1965. The proponent of this macabre tussle with the creative and/or journalistic muse is Ross Chamberlain; from his remote, crumbling, mist-enshrouded eyrie in the wilds of Staten Island (73 Arlo Road, S.I., N.Y. 10301). "

Shoulda left well enough alone. Well, there, except for a couple of sketches (the other one was of a ghost sitting broodingly on a gravestone, with a caption, "Introspectre."), plus a bit of doodling between the colophon and the body, and of course the logo itself, there, as I say, it is. SF enthusiasts, indeed! Still—that was what I was in to in those days, and the fact is, I haven't changed in either the range nor type of reading matter I indicated... I've learned there are other things to eat, breathe and..ah..live with, since then, though, and I believe myself to be more of a "Fan" with a capital F; if only as of the last year or so... why else would I dip my toe in the cold waters of genzine publishing...?

Ross C.

The INCOMPLEAT FANGLER



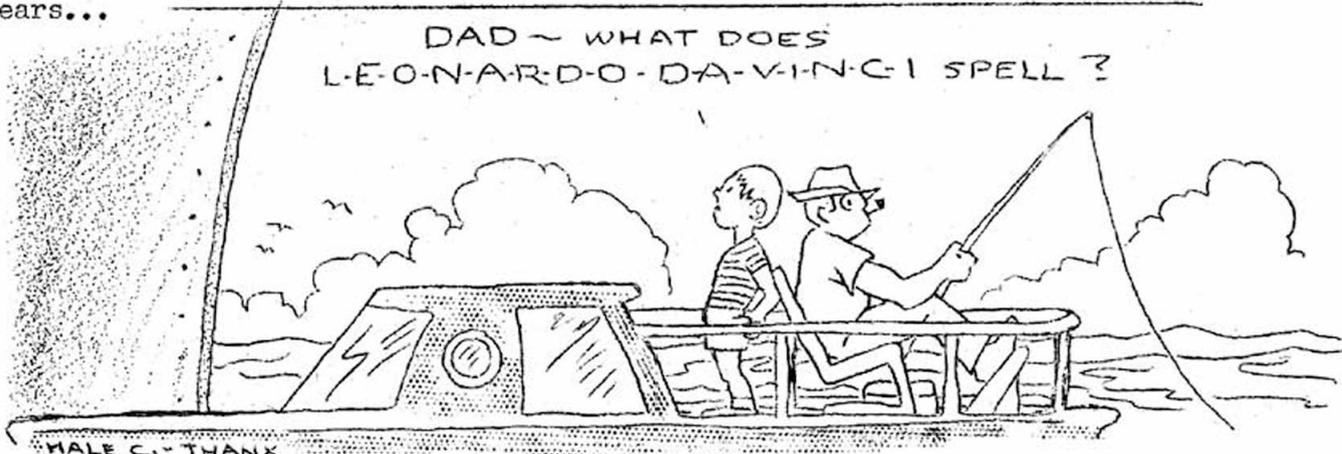
The generic title for this column, The Incompleat Fangler, was originally one of several ideas I had for using on the cover of this fanzine...all letters but those of the standard logo, FANGLE, to be shaded out, or small, or something... each issue was to involve another pun of varying degrees of groanability. I came very close to it with this initial issue as it is, but I couldn't pass up the "New!" for this first one. As it is, I understand I skirted close to stepping on the toes of a comics fanzine.

This first issue would have had "Contraption" following the present logo, and future editions were to be called such things as (brace yourself), The Far FANGLE Fanner, The Right FANGLE (or Right TriFANGLE), Spurs that Fingle FANGLE Fingle... Well, you can see how desperate I was getting already. I couldn't have kept that up a year, even on my sesquimensal schedule and cast-iron stomach.

Now I understand the pun is called the lowest form of humor. Unfortunately, it, like so many other things—SF, for instance—is often judged by its worst examples. As was pointed out in a discussion on the subject that came up at the Katz's one recent Friday evening, what is often called a pun is only word-play. Most of the infamous Feghoots, and the shaggy-dog tales such as those which are capped with "I wouldn't keep a knight out on a dog like this," or "People who live in grass houses should not stow thrones," are examples of this. I, sick mind that I am, love Feghoots and shaggy-dog stories, but I can also sympathize with those who do not, and even can appreciate the point of view of those who regard them with nothing but distaste. (Note: For this reason, don't expect to see me publish any such in FANGLE... at least, not without due and fair warning...)

Still, I remember with pleasure the occasion when I first read the "Rudolph the Red knows rain, dear," story in a Readers Digest years ago. I repeated it to all my relatives and friends until I almost had to be forceably banished. In fact, I'm not sure but that wasn't just before I went away to a boarding school for a couple of years...

DAD ~ WHAT DOES
L-E-O-N-A-R-D-O-D-A-V-I-N-G-I SPELL ?



MALE C. THANK

This type of word-play, then, is the sort of thing which ends with a punch-line that sounds like, or is a spoonerism of, some familiar phrase or expression. The whole point of the story rests in it, there is no other excuse for the story whatsoever—and moreover it depends upon the hearer's familiarity with the expression to be effective. This last, however, is a quibble, since any pun depends for its meaning on the knowledge of its multiple applications. Anyway, it is because of the lack of integration between the expression referred to and the story-line that makes the typical pun land with a dull thud, eliciting groans, rolling of the eyes, and other manifestations of pain and sometimes nausea...the results of a blow from any blunt instrument.

If, however, that final expression or phrase belongs to the context of the story, in both, or all, of its senses, then the humor begins to approach that of the real pun. Looking back at the examples I mentioned, the "knight on a dog like this" story qualifies, and indeed, I think it is funnier than the others for that reason.

The true pun, however, is completely spontaneous. It is an extemporaneous expression of wit, through word-play. Further, it must be not only meaningful on all levels, but pertinent. I believe the true pun partakes of the essence of the "you had to be there" humor; it can almost never be retold and still receive the same impact. Perhaps in the hands of a really superior story teller, but otherwise...

My brother and I once shared an apartment, out on Staten Island. We have much in common, he and I, but being individuals we differ in viewpoint on a good many things as well. Occasionally we would get into arguments (or "discussions") about the most innocuous, unimportant things—things we'd have forgotten in a minute otherwise. One one of these occasions, in a moment of objectivity, I sighed, "Y'know, sometimes I think we both have a tendency to quibble too much."

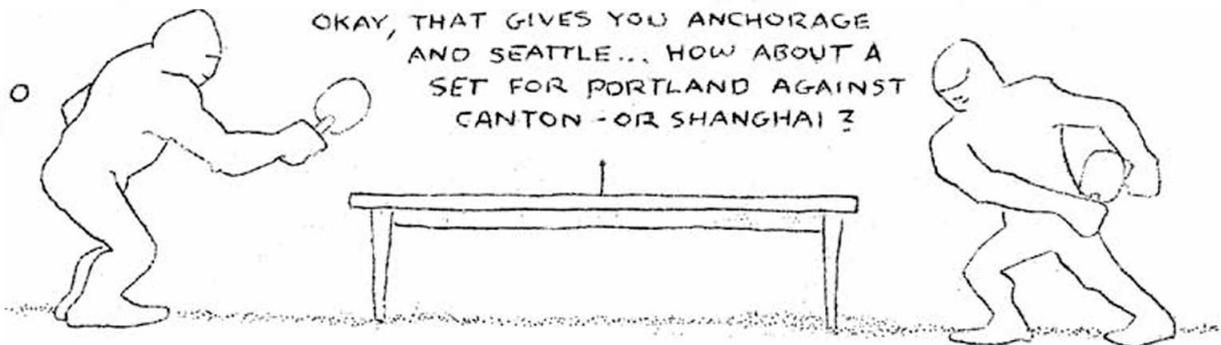
"You're right," he said. "It's called quibbling rivalry."

Well...at the time, it took me twenty minutes to recover from that. You, on the other hand, probably just smiled, or nodded your head, or some such thing. It's never the same. I think that was an example of a true pun, though.

My dictionaries, of course, do not quite look into these subtleties. The Funk and Wagnalls Standard College Dictionary calls a pun "The humorous use of two words having the same or similar sounds but different meanings, or of two different, more or less incongruous meanings of the same word; also called paronomasia."

Paronomasia? —Well, a paronym is a cognate; two words having the same root.

So?—well, okay. The definition goes on to say that the origin of the word



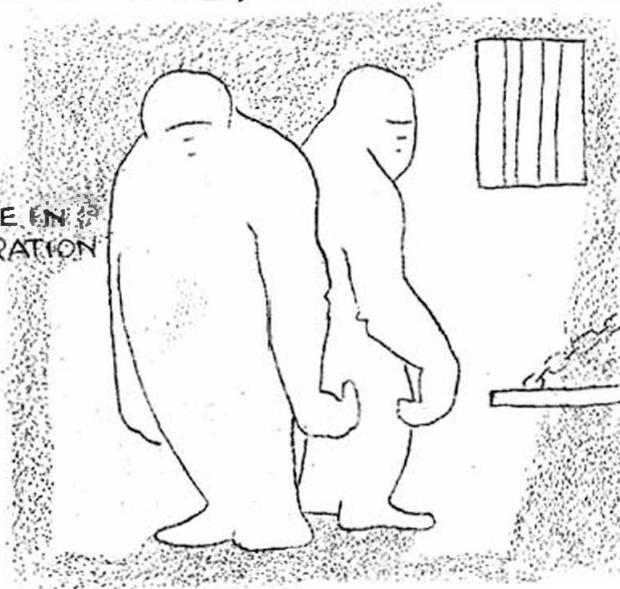
(pun) is uncertain. Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language, College Edition, does not mention paronomasia in the definition of "pun", but does give an Italian derivation, puntiglio: "Fine point, hence verbal quibble"—my brother and I used to vie for the most excruciating puns too; I guess it figures!—and refers the reader to "punctilio." The definition reads similarly to F & W's, naturally, but where F & W leaves off, World continues: "...in such a way as to play on two or more of the possible applications; a play on words."

"All play makes Jack an idle boy; all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The same can be said of fanzines, or any literary endeavor, and word-play, to some extent. One must not rely too heavily for humor on punning or word-play—it shows a certain laziness in the writer; on the other hand, it's my feeling one should not shun them entirely either—there are times when they can come naturally and almost inevitably; to turn away at such times is to be just a bit on the stodgy side. It is the contrived pun, the one that shows an obvious effort in its making and execution, that should be avoided.

I regret heavily not having yet had the opportunity to read Walt Willis' "In Defense of the Pun"—I understand he is a master of the genre, easing them so naturally into his writing that there is no break-up of thought, but only a bubbling of his wit and humor. One catches just a whiff of this in The Enchanted Duplicator, which just by its allegorical nature partakes of the nature of punship, but while it contains many plays on words, most are fairly contrived, albeit clever—sycophan, kolektinbug, aeroplanograph, etc. Perhaps I should have put off writing this until I had, in fact, read "In Defense of the Pun"—or, indeed, any appropriate example of WAW's ways with words, but that one particularly. On the other hand, when I do get around to it, I may find enough material to do another column on the subject...

Some years ago, in April, 1965, in fact, when APA F and APA L were both going strong (or just beginning to fray at the edges) and material from one appeared in the other on a more or less regular basis, Bill Blackbeard—himself a punsmith of some ability—folded an APA L zine called CAULDRON BUBBLE to start one called SCRIM-SHAW. As I mention in my editorial, I often wrote comments on APA L stuff even though my fanzine, CROSSOID, wasn't sent to LA, so I'm sure he never saw my m.c. addressed to him, in which I said, "...I look forward to what will undoubtedly be the greatest fanzine of all time. How can it miss? Knowing your punchant for the entendre diable, it will have to be known, in time to come, to all fen everywhere, as Fandom's SCRIM-SHAW..."

D'YOU BELIEVE IN
REINCARCERATION
?



Ross C.

obscuring Brooklyn Heights. With Ross, who is heading for the subway, we turn toward our bus stop. Our way takes us through Red Hook Lane. A plaque on a side of a building tells us that this lane was used by George Washington to transport troops, but fails to mention that he was transporting them away from the battle; he was losing. Still, I'm sure it was a safer place back then; today, it might be renamed "Muggers' Lane" in recognition of the fine hiding place its alleys and driveways provide for members of that profession. Just before we reach Fulton Street, we turn to say farewell to Ross and find—nothing. Fearing that he's been ripped off, we call his name, and as he steps out of the fog we realize that he'd only been hidden by the murky atmosphere. Soon, we bid farewell to him, and as he once again disappears, so vanishes the rest of Brooklyn fandom, the civilized world along with it, and we're left to our midnight ride through Bedford-Stuyvesant.

Bill Kunkel & Charlene Komar

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