



This is DEGLER! #5,  
typed on master for  
APA F by Andy Porter,  
a fannish type who lives  
at 24 E. 82nd St., NY 28  
It is available free to  
APA F, and at a cost of  
1¢ to others.

This here thing is being typed with very narrow margins mainly because I just discovered that it's my last master. I guess I'll have to buy some more, some day soon. I left a large blank space above this, so I could experiment with certain techniques I've been thinking of using in ALGOL. They may work out, but then again don't be surprised if your copy has a large multicoloured smudge across its' top. It'll just go to show you that the best laid plans of mice and fen can go awry.

I've sorta been thinking that maybe I won't have an issue of FORTRAN coming out, but will instead merge it at the start with the next ish of ALGOL; but on the other hand, it could serve to fill up the month of August with a bit of recognizable fanac other than AFA F crudzines like this. And it'd be my last true fanac before I start school in September.

I've got, in my humble opinion, a good title for my editorial columns in the future, a darn sight better than "Manhattan Mutterings"((Yech!!)). How does Thought T.O.M.B. sound? The TOMB stands for: Typed On Master By, and is followed by my name. Ghod knows I've got a lousy title as it stands for the editorial space, and anything would be an improvement.

Matter of fact, speaking of lousy, how did you people go for the layout of the editorial page in the last ALGOL? Not so hot? Well, at least I've learned not to have a lot of info and the editorial on the same page. Besides less strain on the eyes, it'll make for a roomier mag.

But that's really enough jabbering about ALGOL. On to the cruddy part of this mag, talk about the APA.

Mike and I went to the 8th annual Village Voice Auto rallye, beforewe headed out to ~~the ESFA meeting in New Jersey.~~ the ESFA meeting in New Jersey. wow. What a thrilling time was had by all. If it weren't for the fact that I had to go to the john, and had to restrain my bladder with conscious thot, I would've ~~gone~~ gone to sleep before the thing even started. At 5:30 I woke up Mike and we left, 15 people showed, and I lost a buck fifty on the deal. At the rallye before leaving, I gave Jean Sheperd a copy of Radio Electrics, or Short Wave Craft, edited by Gernsback & circa 1936. I forget the title. I think I shoulda stood in bed that day.

You know, I'm finding it very hard to make two pages of stuff for this mailing. Oh, sure, the MC's will give me one page clear, but even so I'm finding it difficult to fill this page. I will now lapse into open synaptic tumbling of words from my brain onto the typer through the complete relaxation of all conscious or unconscious controls of output and the freeform world grabs hold. It's really good to be alive because some day we may not be infact, we definitely won't be, if we live long enuf to become dead, that is dead in the purely realistic way of all flesh, otherwise known as slowly but then again not so slowly rotting into little heaps of decayed matter in the universe gone mad with a frenetic joy of death and entropy, wotds pouring from the top of my head and forever soiling the master they lay on, engaged in ritualistic orgies of perverse nature, though known only to other fen and BEMS as orgies, looking instead like silly frogs playing at death in the greta frog pond that is the world of business in the world of the here and now. I saw an article in the NYTimes today(5th) about scientists worried about the afect on natural laws if they reverse the time stream in actuality. All they have to do to find out their theory is build a time machine to turn time back, but they don't know how. Hello bottom of page, I am Grand Master of nothingness...

insane logic of death  
and bordering on

Well folks, it looks like I've boiled all the fungus out of my system. This, incidentally, is being typed on Thursday nite. This page will consist of Worthwhile Comments On Life and Eternity as well as Mailing Comments.

Last night, I turned my Sprint upside down to see what I could do about fixing the something that prevents the fluid from flowing freely onto the felt. When I pumped the button, air pressure went down enough for the liquid to travel about 2 inches thru the plastic pipe towards the felt, but then it fell back again. I'm now sure there's no air leak around the cap to the tank; I think it may be in one of the plastic tubes, but I know of no way to get them off without cutting them, which would defeat my purpose.

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Mailing Comments from Burlington House:

cover, Stiles: At this rate, the CDL is gonna raid the meetings!  
The Amateur Effer, TWhite: Yes, it looks like we've found a motto  
F#1, TWhite: MCs noted; gee, I guess I gotta lot to lern about OEing.  
Poor Richard's Almanac#17: But rich, you've got MCs for the wrong apa in that thing!  
OPO#4, Lupoffs: It seems that you can't write anything for Katz or anybody else, 'cause anything you can say has already been said in the current Ace book.

If you bring anymore of them records to, the meetin's, Dicky, you is gonna be smear-ed all over the place by some of us what don't go in for that stuff.

Talking about teeth, I'm teething. I guess a wisdom tooth is coming up in the back of my maw.

Hydra#8 & AOFFF#7, McInerney: Noted.  
TTNTGTTM#3, Stiles: It is amess, this whole affair with everyone yelling at everyone else, but I really think that it's necessary, in a certain way. I outlined the situation to one of my teachers in school, telling him I was for Walter, and he replied that he had known of a similar case in his school, Boston U., in which the person involved had been forced, pressured rather, into quitting school and moving from Boston, where he lived. And the tragedy of the thing is that this guy is now one of the most brilliant gas station attendants in the world-and that's all he'll ever be, now.

Wiggle-Miggle Remembrancer#1, Wilimczyk: Welcome back aboard, Frank!  
FanoMatic#3, DVArnam: No, it wasn't very good Dave, but on the other hand, I didn't find your comment at all bad, especially because I didn't read it until 5 minubes ago, and also probably because I don't know what we re talkng about...

Old Sock, DVArnam: **Noted.**  
Happy Birthday#21, DVArnam: Hiya, you old fossil, you!  
Degler#4, Me: that semi-artwork was apiece of master-carbon glued to the master, and was an experiment. Oddly eough, the part already used came out darker than the rest of the carbon.

ALGOL#7, Me: ALGOL is in the same catagory as MINAC, a zine produced not specifically for APA F, but appearing at the meeting. Contribs for # 8 are now being solicited. I will, incidentally, pay\$1.50 an hour to any femme fan who solicites for me.

And that is about it for this ~~kn~~where DEGLER!, unless I chose to fill up space. I chose to fill up space//////////  
In the forests of the night lay golden men, once in flight/ now has come their last twilight. Long and far, have they flown/ Long and hard the adventures known. Softly waning is their sight/ These golden men in silence of night.

Can anyone identify the poet who wrote those words? They were written in the past 20 years by an American poet, but beyond that I know nothing of him/her.

Burning the brains of the mind lost soul wandering Bards of Egypt was the sole occupation of the priests in that far day. Where the fools found no souls, no brains to warp and destroy, the snatched the genitals from their rightful owners and gave them to other, higher ups in the hairarchy of madness. But the same agonies that were the results of the senseless slaughter touched of the worst pogram that Isis had ever seen, and in a fortnights' time all that remained of the once all powerful Gods was death and blowing dust.

**TEARY FOR TIFA!**