
This is DEGLER! #6, compiled from the weekly ex-
periences of Andy Porter for the benefit of apa F,
specifically the meeting of August the 14th.
It is available also to outside parties for LoC,
Trade, or the incredibly ridiculous price of 5¢
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So; this here is the new, prehot out version of Deg-
ler, this issue being aimed at saying some things
that should be said, and not being designed so that
you can read your Egoboo and skip the rest of the
contents.

This issue has some official bussiness; more of an
expulsion than bussiness. There's an attendee at the
FISTFA meetings that seems to have rubbed some peop-
le the wrong way, and, it seems that these people
(Hi, Ted) want to rid the place of his presence.
I'll go along with that, but, after all, it is Mike's
house that he comes to, and I think that Mike should
have the last say on the matter.

We tried to subtly suggest that Goodman wasn't wanted
at the last meeting, but he seemed not to notice that
he was the only one in one room while there were about
eight people in the other. Goodman seems immune to
discouragement, you may notice, probably because he's
already had so much of it, and the only way that he
will leave is if some one suggests that he do so. I
now volunteer Ted for the job; firstly because he br-
ought the thing up in the first place and secondly be-
cause he's probably the least known of the FISTFAns
to Goodman; it's better when a stranger tells you to
beat it than some one that you thot was a friend or
at least an acquaintance.

And that's the official business this round.

And now, on to the lengthy this trip, Mailing Comments.
You know, I almost put "Mauling Comments" up above,
and now I'm sorry that I didn't; it really seems much
better than the former title.

Well, anyway, here're my Mailing Comments:

Cover: Hrumph, caph, caph. Noted

CG#8, brown: If I have a purpose, you'd better chas-
tise me, because I sure haven't followed it in the
issues since #1.

Dagon #1, Boardman: I find it hard to think of something
to say about strange-incidents-and-curious-bones-in-the-
wall, so I will say nothing at all. I don't favor sen-
ding apa F mailing to Evers, probably becuse he might



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start writing letters and being just generally all-around bitchy again, like he was before the army rescued us by borrowing him. I like him well enough, but to see what he was saying about the Boondoggle, in retrospect, makes me shudder. I don't think that Breen had too much to do with him. Let's keep this...sort of away, secret if you want to say so, until he's grown a bit more than I think he's had time to. El Liott Shorter, on the other hand, would make apa F really interesting, because he's got an interesting style, a way of thinking, I'd call it. So, yes to Shorter, and no to Evers, at least for a year or so, providing we last that long.

CFO 5, Lupoffs': I just finished The Arsenal of Miracles today, and I can see now that you're totally on target. I found the book so boring toward the end, the when Our Hero had his sword fight with the Eveile Brothere of the Sexoye Kween, I turned the page and quickly found where he slices the guys' guts out. And I further accelerated when the totally stupid part about the queen babbling her secrets happened. From there on to the trial, I was just waiting for Fox to tie in the Mysterious Machine-That-Humms to the plot.

However, I found this book to be better than The Day The Oceans Overflowed, which was totally impossible.

FanoMatic#4, DFanArnam: Dave, speaking of money, did you know that Frank Wiggle has been making more money on unemployment than I have working? This leaves me with a deep feeling of absolute nothingness...

Maybe Bill for TAF means Bill for Trans-Atlantic Fan..., which a lot of us wish he would become, the more trans-Atlantic the better

First Draft#22, DFanArnam: I ~~strongly~~ find nothing to comment on in this issue, which statement should astound several of you who read this.

The WiggleMiggle Remembrancer #2, FrankWilimczyk: That was really lousy repro you got. It must have been the result of using that worn out public typer, because, as I remember it, you had a pretty good machine. Page two was better.

MOKC, JEW,: I thank you for the comment on ALGOL. If I lay off fiction tho, I'll need something to occupy that space. So why don't you write something to help me in my Travail.

F#2, TEWhite: I'd think that if you kept your enemy eating well with your food, by sending over so much that you visibly raised that country's standard of living, and then, when a crisis came up between that Govt and ours, we would cut off the food; The people might become a little angry ^{with the gov't} for stopping their free goodies, and stage a coup. Presto! And we ad a satellite to our entourage. I think that, if we produced as much as possible and sent it to a country, we would be able to gain control of a country of, say, at least 50,000,000 people within 1 year.

Hydra #9, McInerney: Remind me to show you a letter that I got, if I haven't already showed it to you. It slightly croggles me.

DEGLER #5, AIPorter: This is about the best duplication I've had with the 16 lb. paper, and I hope that the quality is the same in the current Degler!.

Tonights The Night To Go To The Movies#4, Steve Stylus: I believe that you're the first of us to have outside articles in his apa F zine. I'm not including ALGOL or MINAC in this select list, for several obvious reasons. I rather suspect that the first true apa F magazine was ALGOL #'s 1&2, which were distributed at Fistfa and Fanoclast meetings to people who didn't have copies, which was everyone...

Well, now that those dastardly MC's are out of the way, I can devote myself to lots of other things that have come my way this week. Like, for instance, the fact that Long John Nebel has broken with WOR. He is being replaced by The Amazing Randi, a magician cum-moderator. I guess we won't have Fred Pohl or Ted Sturgeon or even Lester del Rey slicing up the guests anymore. Alas, Babylon...

Ah yes, and speaking of those good olde days, Ian Fleming has kicked the bucket, so I suppose Ted will be in His mourning Band when We see him next. He struck me as quite a James Bond booster. Sorry, Ted, but then again, one less writer leaves more room for you. So aren't you really Happy?

Topic the Third: I went with me Mother to see Electra at the Delacorte Theatre. It was very interesting, especially the fact that for some vague reason they stuck us up in the very last row, so that it looked odd, the sound reaching us after the players had closed their mouths. But it was for F*W*E*E, which is something in New York Sooty. And I got free samples, for all you collectors of Trivia. By the way, it isn't really true what I said a couple of weeks ago about all the people sitting there eating Hot dogs. They eat other things, like sandwiches and coffee, and ice cream and candy bars. But not during the play, probably because it's too dark to see what they have in their hands. It was nice.

The frogs of the ponds that are left when the lakes dry up that are left when the oceans dry up that are left from the days when Conan was a baby, anyways the frogs are green with orange eyes. Their eyes are orange because the frogs cannot attract people with regular coloured eyes, so their eyes are orange. When the frogs attract people, the people row out from shore, it being a very short distance to the center, for the water was no longer very large inextant. You know why. So the people row out from shore to watch the frogs play in the ooze and the slime of the bottom of the pond. The frogs play simple little games of perversion that they have learned from reading old copies of Brave New World that they found when all the water dried up. The are very interesting frogs. The frogs play and the people watch. After many hours, the people are hypnotized by the dancing of the frogs, which is interesting, for there is a double purpose; frog dancing as well as fertilization of the eggs. The people become dizzy and fall overboard, and suddenly the frogs stop dancing and perverting and fall upon the people and eat them, for dancing and fertilizing wears them out, as it would you if you were a frog with green eyes, which you are not. After the frogs eat the people they change into people themselves and wander away with no memory of the purpose they have in the Universe, which is nothing, which is the reason that they have no memory of it.

--The Book of Madnesses, Wardron Tovallon, Translator.

WHERE IS ARNIC
the "K"?



ATOMCAT

TERRY for TAFF!