

# DEGLER!



## ISSUE

This here is DEGLER! #7  
pubbed for apaF, the group  
that doesn't do much. It  
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You may notice some difference in the type face this issue, mainly because I find it easier to have a 1941 Royal Portable on my lap than a 1962 Underwood 5. You will also notice that the top of the I does not come out, the same going for the A (sometimes).

My glorious headline this issue celebrates my release from my job for this summer, a job I found particularly unrewarding and downright boring. I'm very glad that, as this is being typed Sunday nite, I have only one more week to go at my (har!) "occupation".

Pending the O.K. by my parents, the next meeting, the one that would have been held at Ted White's house will be held at mine. With the able assistance of various persons I think that I will not commit the same mistakes that I made at the last meeting. To reach my house By subway (without incident, Dave) take the IRT to 86th street. This stop is both local and Express. From there, walk west 2 blocks to Madison Avenue, then south 4 blocks. My House is on the south-west corner of the street, the second door from the end. Apartment number is 3C.

This will be a membership restricted meeting. What Ted said in F #3 goes.  
Mauling Comments:

Cover, by the grace of Ted White: Gee, Ted, there must be something wrong with Stiles. But maybe he's ashamed of his covers after that "rhomboid nipple" fiasco.

The Amateur Effer, White & McInerney: It is interesting, like you said, to see how the addition of a square alters the entire outlokk of the page, and, By George, it does make it come out even. I have to use that myself. I met Arnie at the Lunarians meeting that Saturday nite, with Len Bailes, who I thot was his little brother. The thing was such a drag that we left, and came down to my house. It had all the cozy fun of a looted crypt, and George Raybin wasn't even there so he

This here is my reg. type



could lie on the floor for us.

Dagon, John Boardman: Yeah, well...I don't know that what you say is all right. After all there are young minds at these meetings, and stuff like you have can be interpreted in a couple of very different lights from what you intended it to be. So when you write about Lovecraft, do it in print. Okay, John?

The Pointing Vector, John Boardman: That article on the London elections was certainly interesting, though the writer could have explained some of the terms she used that are unknown to us. It seems pretty much like an election here, except for the (in my opinion) rather ridiculous bans on radio and TV electioneering. In fact, TV would be the medium best suited to the politicians use in a heavily urbanized election, so I'm sort of wondering why there's a ban on its' use for such a long time before an election. I for one wan't see the Democrats getting only about 80 minutes on the air to tell their views to 190,000,000 people.

TTNTGTTMovies, Steve Stiles: Gosh, Steve, but that's sure a dissapointing output from you. And no cover, either!!! Gosh, Steve, if you gafiate, can I have all the material you're saving for Sam? And your collection of SATA? Please? Thanks, old boy, I knew you'd...hey! why are you laffing so much!?!...Can I get you a drink?? or something...

OPO #6, Lupoffs: "Pat and I make violent, passionate love together," said Dick Lupoff, "and when we're through, we put it in a chest and save it." Yep, never can tell when you'll need some of that old passion for living.

F3, Ted White: I think that scenery was originally in Call Him Joe. As I remember it, the view of Jupiter in Bridge was as a human sees it-- a frozen hell, if I can borrow an oft used cliché.

DEGLER! #6, Me: Thatrepro was a bit too well done, Andy Main told me, 'cause it smudged, which evidently spirit should n't do. But for a run of 35 copies, it's good smudgenough.

First Draft23, DFanArnam: It seems to me that most of the hill people are farmers, and it also seems that they're pouring into the North from the hills. What are we going to do with these hill people who refuse to be integrated into the society that has forced them to give up. In fact, that might very well be a major stumbling block in your suggestion-- these small farmers will give up, come to the city, and then refuse to be integrated into the mechanistic society that killed their jobs. And thus we add another burden to the already super abundant relief rolls.

FanoMatic#5, DFanArnam: Dave, don't you think that you should apologize?

The True Fan's Way, Andy ~~Stiles~~ Main: Are you wearing those Pants?

The Grudgine Quarterly, poor rich brown: So don't drink milk, you figger; drink bheer; so you still get the stones. Dave, as an expert, can you tell us what the calcium content of Bheer is as compared to milk...Dave?...Dave!!...Come on...the Table's not for sleeping on, because the walls are green. The ceiling's for sleeping on.

Hydra#10, Mike McInerney: Hey, congrats on the new Post, so start selling me. already. Matter of fact, this here's the end of the page, so save it for the meeting.



You see, I have this card, all written up with little notes on things that I wanted to do in this issue of Degler!. Like:

- 1.) Hardy Boys & Doctor Dolittle
- 2.) Sex Story--Andy Main (?)
- 3.) For Sale
- 4.) Lupoff Statement
- 5.) M/R Air Breathing Rocket

Well, these might be rather cryptic to you, but they mean something to me. I've already done the Lupoff Statement(see the MCs). The Sex Story will have to wait for next issue-probably. The rocket is a rocket that scoops in air as it climbs, combining the scooped in, concentrated air with the rocket motor in a sort of after burner. This can increase the amount of lift by 50% or so. (Excuse; that's thrust, not lift) You see, I got into SF by reading Missile Book and the like; far from being involved gradually, though that came later, my reading of SF was a direct result of my interest in space. And I still am interested in Space Travel, not just as fictional stuff. I've still got a subscription to a weekly mag, Missiles and Rockets. I'm listed as a Computer Programmer on their files, but it's a darned sight more informative than Space world, and a bit more current. I'm talking about this because I read Asimov's article in the last Sunday's NYTimes MagSection about the world of the 2014 Worlds' Fair, and Asimov has the idiocy to say "However, by 2014, only unmanned ships will have landed on Mars, though a manned expedition will be in the works...". To put it slightly, this bugs me. The Good Doctor may be great guns on some things, but about this he's dead wrong. The Air Force now has on hand plans for a manned Mars Probe, which they'll get around to as soon as they land on Venus. NASA now has commissions studying the Feasibility of Pluto-Probes, as well as those for the other outer planets. We are almost scheduled to aim for a Man-on-Mars plan for 1985. And there's Talk in M/R of Comet probes and expeditions to the asteroids, all manned, all within this century. There's also a lot of discussion of the uses of ESP for communication in space. The Russians are ahead of the US there, oddly enough. So. I say that the Doctor had better bone up on his space timetable. I'll also mention the 2,000 foot across disc shaped ship that can go to Mars and Back in 96 hours, and can make 8 trips without refueling. And Engineers at Martin Marietta say it can be built within the next ten years, tho the cost would be about 500,000,000,000 smackeros.

Well and Ohhoy: That sort of exhausts me on that. One of my major gateways to sf was, other than nonfiction, the Hardy phoys and their gee whiz adventures. I read the whole series in a month, at about one a day, after my cousin had unloaded all the books onto me. I think the most scientificall was The Secret Hand, about a madman and his hidden base of torture cells, all set to blow the city to bits with some secret bomb. Gee, that was exciting. It was also pretty bad writing, but I didn't notice that at the time. Matter of fact, the Hardy boys are still going strong, just like Tom Swift. The writer may age and die, but those crumby plots keep marching ever onward.

Now then; the Good Doctor Doolittle was a veterinarian who could talk to animals and get an intelligent answer out of them, whic is definitely something. He also used them, which I guess isn't that nice. But his adventures were pretty interesting, at least to an 11 year old mind wasting away for some good fantasy. I think that one of the more no-holds-barred way out plices of fiction was when the good Doctor, for lack of money, had no way to get home. So he walked down to the beach, where he met a large sea tortoise with a transparent shell. It turned out that the journey hame was made several hundred miles under water, with the beast crawling over the sea bed, discussing something or other with a refined and cap-



tive audience. It seems to me that the Doctor did more wrong than good—he was always setting poor captive lions and tigers free in the lonely wastes of central London.

[illegible]

### Porter's movie week:

Wednesday nite I went to see The Chalk Garden, plus a \*Sneak Preview\*. The Chalk Garden was a fairly good British picture about the mysterious governess and the rather different child, played by Deborah Kerr and Hayley Mills. One interesting point was that she got higher billing in the credits than her father, who was also in the picture. I wonder how he feels; he's been in pictures for 20 years, she for about 4. The other picture was Send Me No Flowers, with Doris Day as the wife, and Tony Curtis as the Hypochondriac husband. Also Tony Randall as the Drunken Next door Neighbor. It seems the husband is at the doctor's, and he hears the doctor talking about a case who has only two weeks, so he thinks...yeah, you know. And here's the new twist--He thinks it's his duty to find a new husband for Doris. A lot of funny jokes, har har. But that's it. Don't waste your money.

And Guess what I Did Thursday-I was a Gigolo for The Traffic World Shippers Guide Corporation, and on the day before I quit. It seems a relative of a high up in the firm came to visit NY, taking her daughter and Friend with her. Well, my fantastic step-father had this brainstorm, see, and "Why Amdy, why don't you take the afternoon off and take the girls to the movies?" The girls were 14 years old, interested only in the \*B\*E\*A\*T\*L\*E\*S\*, and \*C\*H\*E\*V\*Y\* \*B\*O\*N\*E\*V\*I\*L\*E\*S\* and all that \*S\*H\*I\*T\* (my Personal opinion, you understand). So they wanted to go to Times Square, and shop for clothes. Will you please explain to the good eff-ers all the fabulous shops that aren't there, Pat? Well, we go to Times Square, and then North to Radio City, stopping at every record store on the way. And we get to Radio City, and I'm elected to hold a place in the 2,000 or so foot long line, because "I've seen all this before". The last time I was in Radio City, I was 10 and Visiting NY from my Home in Detroit. Those girls treated me like they were giving the grand tour of society to a leper. Never again. And I didn't even get any money for it.

And that's about it for this issue, people. I'm sorry I don't have that story about Andy Main and the trip to the Pacificon and the night in the Ozarks and all the girls and all the fun and goodbye for now. This has been a bloated issue. END

# WELCOME HOME.

# ARNIE

175

# TERRY for TAFF

A. Tomcat



# HOW TO KILL COPS

AN AYA-F PUBLICATION,

PRINTED BY  
MOBILIZATION  
FOR YOUTH  
by Andy Porter

TO MAKE A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, TAKE A QUART BOTTLE WITH A NARROW MOUTH, (A) FILL IT ABOUT  $\frac{3}{4}$ th FULL (B) WITH GASOLINE, OR KEROSENE, WHICH WORKS BETTER. DO NOT USE MOTOR OIL, THIS DOES NOT BURN AS WELL.

PLACE A LONG, TWISTED RAG INTO THE BOTTLE, MAKING SURE THE RAG IS  $\frac{1}{2}$  SUBMERGED IN THE GAS (C). THIS IS TO BE SURE THE GAS CATCHES ON FIRE.

THEN, LIGHT THE RAG, AND LET BURN FOR 1 (ONE) MINUTE. THEN THROW, HOLDING BY THE NECK.

WHEN BOTTLE HITS, (D) HEATED AIR INSIDE BOTTLE EXPLODES, SENDING GAS & HOT SHATTERED GLASS OVER A LARGE AREA.





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~~1958:~~

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For details, etc. call or write me: Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd street, Ny, NY, 10028  
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