

DEGLER! #9



HOWS THAT FOR A LOUSY ILL-LOGANG?

This is DEGLER! number 9, a weekly crudzine composed on master for members of apa F, and in this case, for the September mailing of N'APA. Available free to members of both apas, it is also available for LoC, Trade, and the ridiculous price of 10¢. It is Porter-pub. number 18. TERRY CARR FOR TAFF!

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From Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd Street, New York, NY, 10028
NEW YORK IN '67? by Ted White & Dave Van Arnam

The other day someone was asking us, "Why should we have another convention in New York? They've already had two, and the last one was bad enough to last for ten years."

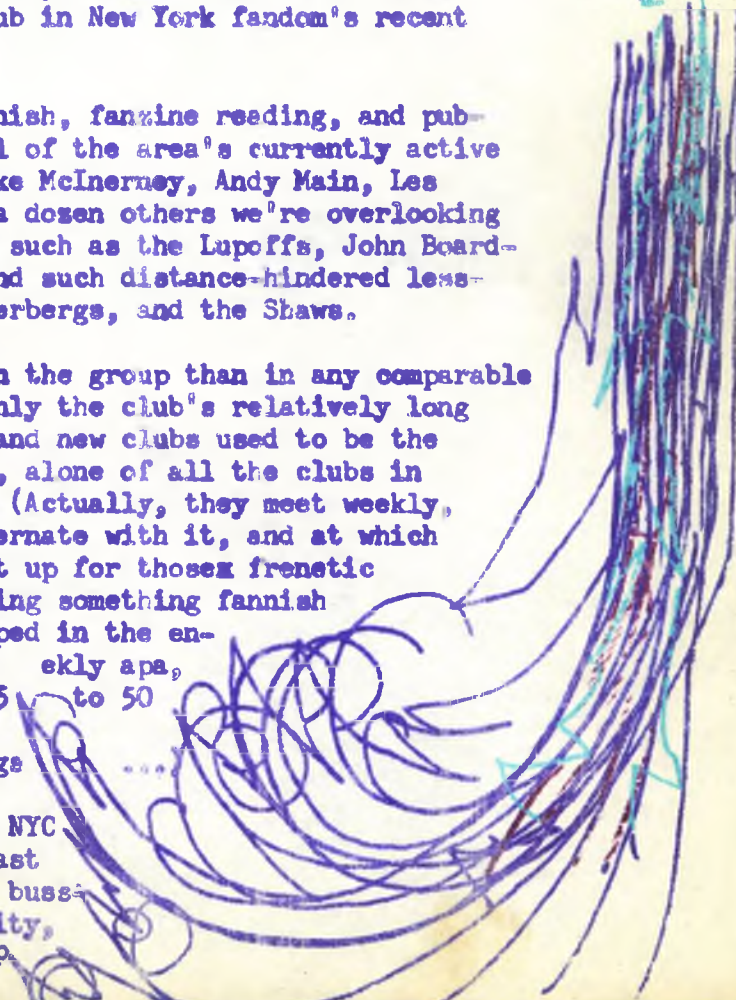
"By 1967," we pointed out, "it will have been eleven years since the Nyon II."

But that wasn't the real point, of course. The real point was and is that a wholly new fandom has sprung up in New York this last five or so years. And, for the last four years it has crystallized around the Fanoclasts, the most successful and unified club in New York fandom's recent history.

The Fanoclasts are made up of the fannish, fanzine reading, and publishing element. It includes just about all of the area's currently active fans, such as Steve Stiles, rich brown, Mike McInerney, Andy Main, Les Garber, Arnie Katz, Andy Porter, and half a dozen others we're overlooking at the moment -- in addition to older fans such as the Lupoffs, John Boardman, "Ted White", and "Dave Van Arnam," and such distance-hindered less-frequent attendees as Lin Carter, the Silverbergs, and the Shaws.

There has been less internal strife in the group than in any comparable New York fanclub, as is evidenced by not only the club's relatively long survival (in a city where splinter groups and new clubs used to be the watchword), but even more by the fact that, alone of all the clubs in NYC history, the Fanoclasts meet biweekly. (Actually, they meet weekly, if you count the FISTFA meetings which alternate with it, and at which the same people show up. The FISTFA was set up for those frenetic fans who couldn't stand the idea of not doing something fannish every Friday night, and has pretty well roped in the entire club -- and has also resulted in a weekly apa, apa F, circulation roughly 25 copies and 25 to 50 pages, whose sole, but rigorous, activity requirement is simply attendance at meetings

This club is the least insular of any NYC club of the last decade. It is also the least formal, having no officers and no official business. In order to assure group compatibility, a vague blackball exists: the group is supposedly an invitational club. In practice,



this has meant very little -- except that it has eliminated the sort of petty politicking which destroyed not only most of the previous NYC clubs, but also caused so much trouble with the last NyCon.

Which brings us back to the convention. We don't intend to make this a coalitional effort. There'll be no phony cooperation amongst divergent groups. We are bidding as Fanoclasts, and aim to put on a con as harmoniously run as is our club. All other NYC fan are invited to attend and enjoy our con as they would one in Philly or DC -- and we're sure they'll enjoy it all the more for that reason.

Programwise, we intend a relaxed, semi-open-ended program, drawing upon the Season for inspiration. However, ours will not be programs to be drowsed through. We shall try for provocative speakers, and argumentative panelists, for lively controversy of interest to the audience. Items will be programmed for both the pure SF reader, and for the pure fannish fan.

We already have several hotels under consideration, our first consideration being to find a hotel best suited to the convention's needs, one which is a willing (and not disdainful) host. This is a city where such a hotel can be found -- there are more hotels in NYC than in any other US city, and more competition between them for conventions.

Finally, we don't think there's any question but that we can -- and will, if provided the opportunity -- put on one of the best conventions of this decade, and deserve the chance.

-- Ted White & Dave Van Arnam



I'm very sorry that I'm unable to attend the Pacificon, even though there's this very considerable Boondoggle mess going on. It's my thought that what the Con Committee does would in no way interfere with attendance at a convention-- if you don't like Donaho, all you have to do is leave or disregard him whenever he's around. I'M also sorry now that I didn't print more copies of my Genzine, ALGOL. I realize not that I could have conned some attendees into selling them for 35¢ or thereabouts, and keeping 10% of the take. It seems there are always people with loose change at a con. I'm sorry I can't latch on to some of them this time around.

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As you may have noticed, the above article by Ted White and Dave Van Arnam puts NY semi-officially in the running for 1967. This now makes three groups bidding for the convention; Baltimore, NYC, and an upstate New York group centered around Syracuse. I personally intend to work for the Fanoclast convention as much as I can without it's interfering with my schoolwork.

And now we come to the apa F part of this DEGLER! The name, incidentally, came from the fact that Wollheim called me "a second Degler" when I entered fandom several years ago, and it is designed to frighten off the weaker hearted of those who read this.

Not much has happened to me this week, probably because this week only started 18 hours or so ago, as I type this. I suppose I might as well give you a "Song of Myself!", for the benefit of the few who've never met or heard of me.

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Born 3/24/46 in Detroit, where I lived until the age of 10, at which time we moved to NYC. Started reading SF about the age of 12, the first contact with SF was at the movies in 1951 (It Came From Outer Space). Entered fandom in Dec.

1961, and started publishing in December 1963. I am a collector (hardcovers-50, paperbacks-800+, magazines-300+, fanzines-3 feet). Also artwork, records(50+ LP's) and mundane novels and non-fiction (120+). I do artwork for fanzines, and publish DEGLER! (this thing), ALGOL (a genzine), and various one-shots. I changed my name from Andrew Silverberg in Jan to Andrew Porter. Now do you know me, gang? I have a Royal Portable (1941 vintage), an Underwood Five(1962), and a Sada Sprint spirit Duplicator. I can also get Photo-offset work done at \$2.50 per 100 copies by a fringe fan, Al Schuster, and have limited access to mimeographs. I am able to turn out small copy one-shots for the N3F and anyone else, for certain payments which I havent fixed yet.

And now we have Mailing Comments for apa F, that new creature on the fannish scene presided over by Chubby Dave, who started the damned thing...

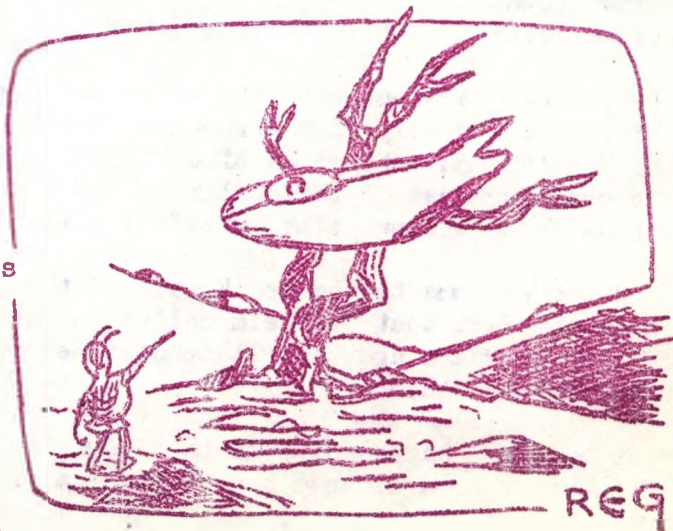
Cover, Frank Wilimczyk: I like your covers because they're so obviously unplanned. When I see something by Steve Stiles, it gives the feeling of careful planning. I suppose this is because Steve uses the single line methos while you make your long lines out of lots of short choppy ones. For instance, that 'thing' on the cover looks exactly like he is smirking at the exact time you drew the cover; with a lot of Steve's stuff you get the effect of a frozen or at least sluggish scene. DEGLER!#8, myself: I've been experimenting with several methods of dittoed artwork, all induced by Steve Stiles' own original inventiveness. Pasting pieces of carbon directly on the master doesn't work very well, but the method of using already used carbon for the illo and creating interesting relationships between your white and colored space works very well. For an example, look at his heading for Les Gerber's column in SAM #8.11.

The Fanoclast Weekly, Vol.2 No.1, Arnie Katz: Why that's fascinating, arnie, about that stripper show. I expect the fannish thing to do after she put her nipple in your mouth would be to bite it off, and I'm sorry you didn't have enough time to do it.

The Fanoclast Weekly, Vol.2 No.3, Arnie Katz: It just shows how far you have to go, Arnie. Any good neofan knows that what happens to him isn't important ~~in~~ if a ENF is talking. We don't care that you almost choked to death; that isn't important in the grand scheme; what you should have told us was the funny that Lupoff told. I'm sorry, Arnie, but I'm afraid that you'll never be a true Neo.

Graustark, Fredonia, Trantor, John Boardman: I'm sorry to say that these hold no comment hooks for me, dealing as they do with postal Diplomacy. They make interesting reading, but that's about all for the uninitiated.

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT #7, Steve Stiles: If you've read my comments to Frank, you'll see that what I've said holds true for you second hand doodle. Tho they are semi-active, there is no



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life to your drawings. The only thing for it is to forget your education at the school for Visual Arts, and go to The Art Students' League... I think I'll tell about our Movie Week, no one else has. I liked your wandering pattern, as usual, but have Turned Slinky and Ian Disappointed that I was Released from attending the Atom party. But I will get to meet the Good Fairyman when he comes back on his way to Britishland. As I read OPO, I think that I will not be telling all about our Movie Week, but will only say that OZig's is now playing on 42nd Street, and... The Lupoffs are going to give it! Hahaha hahaha hahaha

NEW YORK 10/6/67, Dave Van Arnam: I read that the article in #67 will be distributed thru the August edition WAPA mailing, so I figured why not do the same for WAPA. I did, incidentally, have, this makes the most reprinted article in WAPA F, this being the third week it's in there.

Fanoatic #7, Van Arnam. I think that you're going, at least going, to run out of interesting little ways to write handwriting.

I wonder what you'll do then, Dave, and

Subway Comics #25, DVArnam: That's it, Dave! Now I know what you can write about for ALBOL. And if you don't want to do fiction about Subway man, then how about a speak-out for, say, individual action in the face of heavy bureaucratic glue-in-the-works? No Dave, I did not get Donahoe's backdoor. Matter of fact, I didn't even get the committee's stand on the matter; and I am Conventin member number 20, the seventh member to grab a card. Matter of fact, there's something going on, here... I think I'll write the concern and say something as big to everyone.

The Wiggle Wiggle Remembrancer #1, Frank Wilmczyk: I can't really say anything, mainly because I didn't get the publication, as you can see from reading Dave's MC.

#5, Ted White: I'm sorry to say, but I don't go in for mysteries, or, for that matter, any other really popular type of fiction. I can't say much. In fact, I can't say anything.

The Crudline Quarterly #10, Rich Brown. I agree completely with your remarks. The trouble is, apparently Goodman feels that he is going to show us all off. I for one didn't mean that. All I meant is that Rindblatt is a cloned group, while anyone can come or not come to PLEPP, as they see fit, not at the discretion of the host, mainly Mike. What exactly did you think I meant, whenever it was, I think you missed when you wrote those letters, which included to publish, incidentally.

I liked the Discon Impressions, but, since they're not a time when I'm unable to get to the current con, you've made me remember that fact! On second thought, I think I hate you a little...

Your special suplliment made interesting reading. But I didn't know whether I personally would picket for something. Maybe, but then I'm just not sure...

And that seems to round off the Mailing Comments for this mailing, or whatever we call it. I might continue this on a page or two, but that depends on what happens in the next four or five days...

Well, after a lapse of two days, here I am back again on master. That's almost like being "live".

I decided to send a letter to Donaho asking for all the things the Concom never sent me. I made it sorta sarcastic while I was at it, because I'm sure he knows how I stand on the Breen Boondoggle.

I also got a whole bunch of letters from various people, which I managed to answer within one week, because I was feeling adventurous. Now I can sit back and wait for them to answer me.

Whatever happened to Kate Smith, singer of "God Bless America?"

I think that I'll do a fannish thing next saturday nite, and call someone at the Pacificon, and ask them "Are you having a good time?" Who knows? At the rate things are happening, he may answer "Donaho's just dragged 4SJ into the john. Listen-you can hear the screams."

My Favorite Line: "But that's fantastic, Ted," said Robert Silverberg. "Yes, it certainly is," I replied. /- / Ask Robert Silverberg what that's about, and he may even answer.

I went out to Jones Beach (one of the state beaches near NYC) on Sunday with my parents. "For God's sake get a little sun," my step-father said. So, you see, if I happen to slug you, well, it's because my back hurts a little...

I think that I'll be closing this off here, as I'd like to run this issue off before Friday. Let's see, now. This makes 46 N'APA copies, 24 apa F copies, and 10-15 copies for personal use. Matter of fact, this is going to be one heck of a job to run off without getting show-thru. 7/2/64-I'm getting show-thru, dammit!

When explorers of old and forgotten lands, which is very old you can see, for they are already forgotten, which is indeed sad, because these lands are interesting for the eye to see, even though they tend to smell of garbage and rot, which is why they are forgotten, and, on second thought, it is a good thing that they are forgotten, because with all the problems of the world, who needs another country that stinks at the same time that they have other problems?

Anyway, these explorers had the bug of exploring in them, and they could actually pine away and die if they didn't find lands to explore. This is very sad because when the explorers give up exploring they usually die, mainly because they are very famous, and lots of people want their autographs, and the explorers become engulfed by giant crowds following them around, which is somewhat of a bother, mainly because it is very hard to eat and drink and breathe and sleep when there are four or five hundred people crawling over you. Most of the explorers were crushed to death when they got into open spaces, which made the department of sanitation mad at them, because they had to pay their men time-and-a-half to klean up the bones and the blood and the slime. Aren't you glad that you're not an explorer?

-----from The Book of Madnesses, Wardron Tovallon, translator.

(the complete book to be published by Ziff-Davis Publishing Co, as soon as they get the money, which is never)



POSTSCRIPT TO DEGLER! 9

This is Porterpub number 19, a paper of second thots for apa F. Published by andy porter at 24 east 82nd street, NY, ny, 10028, 3 Sept. '64

Well gang, as you may have noticed, I bought my first lettering guide today. Gosh, but I'm going to have fun, not having to hand letter everything when the paper LG I have doesn't fit. It'll also make for a less cluttered appearance to what I publish; that Roman caps business is OK for some things, but not for a friendly, informal type thim gamabob like I want to put out.

Well, gang, also people, but especially Ted White, several days ago I found a picture in the paper of two people rowing down the main street of a town in Virginia. The story said that due to Hurricane Cleo, this town and vicinity had received a foot of rain in 24 hours, the worst rain fall in ~~the~~ 100 years in that locale.

IT WAS THE SAME TOWN THAT TED'S PARENTS LIVE IN.

I honest to God hope that Ted put his pulp-zine collection someplace high and dry, or that his parents live on a hill, or something.

Otherwise we are going to be in on the biggest loss that fandom has ever seen. Possibly we should call up Ted, wherever he's staying, and tell him, or ask him, or something. What do you say, Papa Dave?

I'm bringing with me a list of all paperbacks to be issued for the next several months. I was going to put it down on master and run it off, but ~~it~~ it's too big, and besides, I can't afford the paperr

I think that I'll issue a complete Wardron T-vallon Pamphlet of Madnesses soon, or maybe not, as the Neo says. Incidentally, I'd like to say goodbye, Arnie, and best of luck-the poor boy's leaving us, you know. Matter of fact, Here's a present, my boy.

