

This here is the back of the front, which is where it should be. It's also a white sheet from a master coupled to a carbon sheet that I happened to have lying around the house, so I'm saving 10¢ on the deal. This second page is being typed on a Thursday night, at a rather hurried pace, so that I can run it off tonight and not have to rush tomorrow. Though I don't really know what time I'm saving, because I'm rushing tonight instead of tomorrow. But then again I think I told you all that. So now we go on with what I want to say before my time runs out.

Dave Van Arnham may be a Nixon fan, but that man is still alive and therefore unpredictable in his actions. Who knows but that he may stage a comeback into public office and die a great legislator, though I seriously doubt it. What I did want to know is:

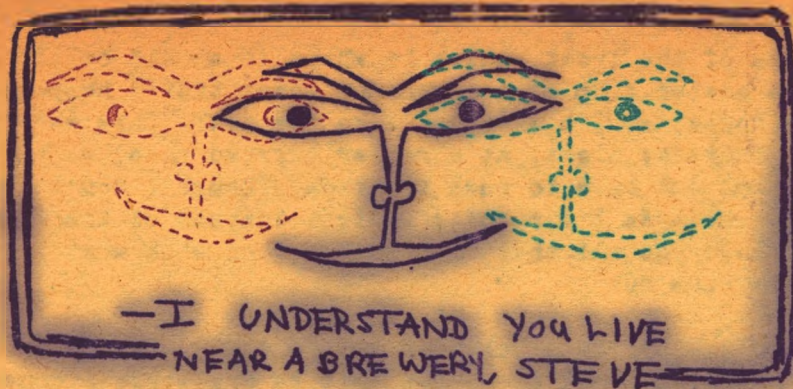
IS ANY POOR SOUL IN THIS CROWD A JAMES DEAN FAN LIKE I AM?

Is there, somewhere, a single person who is sorry that James Dean died, and who fervently claims with impassioned oratory that JAMES DEAN IS NOT DEAD!!! and that HIS MEMORY LIVES ON!!!

I wonder. I really do.

And now that we're nearing the end of this thing, I think that once more will I lapse into the befuddled sentences of *Wardron Tovallen*, translator of the Book of Madnesses and official compiler of The Histories of The Five Sided Mountain. And so, we commence.

In the reign of the mad king of Mongolia there was born a frog in the kingdom, which is odd indeed because the only water for miles around was in the Royal septic tank. Matter of fact, that's where the frog was born. And because of the great plentitude of all sorts of messy things on which to feed, this frog grew to very large size, with only himself for company. You see, he was a Schizophrenic... but anyway, he was all alone in the great and vast and golden stench of the royal septic tank, when who should come falling into it but the court sorcerer, who had fallen out of favor, and also out of his window, for which reason his neck had broken. So he was dead, but the frog, not knowing of dead things, sought to query him from whence he had come. The sorcerer, being dead, answered the frog and told him many wondrous things about the outside world. The frog was so intrigued by this that one night or day he found a passageway out and emerged in the daylight through the royal toilet bowl, which startled the king no end. In fact, he was so startled that he fell down dead, and that is the story of how the frog ended the evil king's reign and ended up as frogs' legs at the subsequent banquet, later that night.



DEGLER

#15

This is DEGLER!#15, a crudzine composed on master for apa F, and is the work of Andy Porter at 24 East 82nd Street. This is Porterpublication number 27.

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Mailing Comments will be placed here to allow you your quota of egoboo. Read on, thou of strong heart and weak brain:

F8, Ted White: A very interesting report so far, with far more coverage than you gave in person. But it's in the same style, which is interesting indeed.

Degler!#14, Myself: Beneath comment, as usual.

OPO #12, Lupoffs: The set that Outer Limits used in their second program wasn't really a set at all, as Dick is probably aware, but rather one of the many space research centers around Santa Monica. That space chamber was just that, which is definitely odd for an SF set; using the real thing as a prop. I thot it was better than the first script they had, incidentally.

FanoMatic#11, DVA: Nothing commentable here, I'm afeared.//First Draft#29:Judy Batty may be pretty, but the minute her mouth becomes unglued the most Goddamned trite starts flowing out of it, and it's imposible to turn it off.

Hydra#14, Mike McInerney: I liked your lettering; the use of shading without a border makes a very nice blurry effect.

Holy Bible Stories#1, Deindorfer: There's not mach I can say, so I won't waste the space.

Dagon#7, John Boardman: Now you know why I stopped reading ERB.

The WiggleMiggle Remembrancer#6, Frank Wilimczyk: That story idea is interesting, only by the time we developed a Goldwater run US, he would have been defeated. Ain't I the optimist? You need any Masters?

Tonight's the Night, Steve Stiles: You've got the wrong finger out, Steve; it's the middle finger that means something ~~dirty~~ dirty. The paper you're using is second rate Gestetner paper, and it costs \$2.25 a ream. But I suppose I'll end up using it, because it'll eliminate my problems with show-through, which are many... Personally, I've found your writing to be a varying mixture of young naivety and all-knowing cynicism. It's an odd combination, and has some interesting nuances that make for good reading any time you look at it. And from what I've seen of your earlier writing, this seems to be the crystallization of your style at its peak. It is very interesting, if only you stop to look at it. But so many things are.

This will be read by my English prof on Friday, or whenever he gets around to it. He reviews book for the Times and other journals of mundanity. And the man's had no contact with SF or fandom ever before. Croggle, fanac, gafiote, croggle,-oops! egoboo, mundanity, repro, sho-thru, slip sheet, fanzine, prozine, fugghead; there's a whole language to it, you see. Perhaps the Ghood Khan will write an LoC, which I won't print. And now, turn the page, in order to get to the other side...