

DEGLER #23

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A CON REPORT FOR ALL THE EFFERS

by andy porter

This report may be slightly blurred as I seem to have gotten drunk on orange soda late Saturday night, and as a result I can't remember exactly what happened after 10 PM or so.

The con started for me with the FLSTFA meeting Friday night at Mike McInerney's house. Much fan-ish talk and drinking, the usual apa F mailing, and rich brown and Marland Frenzel trying to kill each other with judo or karate. I'm not sure which it was, but at least they didn't use me as a target. I also got water in my ears, which fact made me seemingly half-deaf for much of the evening.

We broke up around two, as most of us who were going to Philly were to meet at Ted White's house around ten AM the next morning.

I got to Ted's house at twenty of ten, and rushed in only to find something sleeping in the front room of his apartment. Walking up to it, I wake it up, tell it what the time is, and it turns into a sleepy Dave Van Arnam. Then I woke up Ted, who said something about how I should knock before I go into his house, his being asleep, after all.

About fifteen minutes later people started to show: the Boardmans, Perdita with a great felt banner plugging NEW YORK IN '67!, Mike McInerney with rich brown, and then Jon White. Just as we were settling into Teds' Chevy Greenbriar, who should come running up, but... Steve Stiles! waving frantically at us from up the block. Ted started the motor, and we locked the doors and waved gaily back. Steve started to foam at the mouth, so we lether is fearing that we might loose one of fandoms' better artists, and be forced to go back to begging illos from Dan Adkins.

The trip to philly was uneventful, in fact rather boring. We made a stop for breakfast, spotted several girls that rich brown wanted to proposition but didn't have the nerve to, and then drove on. We reached the Sheraton, a fairly new hotel, about 1:50, 50 minutes after the conference was scheduled to start, only to find the thing not yet started, as is the habit of most 'organized' meetings. There were only about 80 people there, much smaller than the open ESFA meetings are, and the only well known fans there were the Carrs, Jack Chalker and his motley crew (our Enemies), and various pros, many unnamed neos, and various people who show up for these things but never have any other contact with fandom. We unfurled our banner and started passing out copies of the New York Bulletin (a copy is in this DEGLER!), and I started selling copies of Algol.

The meeting started with SaM telling us about the future of magazine SF, or something, and never getting past the year 1947. That little gem (only half an hour long!!!) was followed by Hans Santesson and a panel talking about something, which I managed to miss, as I had to go out to the car and replenish my

supply of Algols (selling well, than you . I had opened the car, but was unable to learn the secret of locking it. I had to go back to the meeting, as Ted the secret(I've just got back from dinner, and I wonder what that last sentence means. I'll start over again) I had to go back to the meeting, get the secret from Ted, and then return to the parking lot and lock the car. I got back, the door firmly locked, just in time to witness the end of Sandnessons' panel, and Sprague de Camp talking about something with Lester del Rey.

Then, to my surprise, it was over, and we were going out with Terry and Carol Carr for dinner. We finally ended up in a sort of bar-cum-restaurant, or rather a bar and grill. It was pretty bad, with some fat woman sitting silent in the corner drinking from her four bottles of beer.

After which we went down into the concourse under Kennedy avenue. It's very nice down there, much of it new, where they plan to have shops and all sorts of things. At the moment the only thing that's finished is the floor, and, as we discovered, it's great for sliding. Ted must have slid a total of 100 feet. The only thing wrong is that just when you've got the hang of it, you run into an unwaxed part and nearly break a leg trying to slide.

After we had found the subway, paid our fares, ridden in it, and were outside the thing, Ted informed us that NYC tokens work just as well in the Philly 25¢ system. We got lost and then found the Kolchaks' where we bought several Ny tokens from fellow New Yorkers who didn't know the score.

I then noticed that Steve Stiles hadn't bothered to come with us; it turned out that he had decided to visit some friends; It's odd that I didn't notice before that that he wasn't with us.

The party lasted for about seven hours, starting at seven and going until we were evicted at around 2 AM. It wasn't a bad party, as parties go, and I've had enough experience judging those, I think. It just started early, and for many of the people there there had been little sleep the night before. It started to tell about 11 PM, and by 12:30 the place was starting to empty. Stiles showed up about 1, which livened things up a little, but he was tired too and didn't even try to make up for lost time. The soft drinks and Beer gave out by midnight, and people didn't feel like going it straight on the hard stuff that was left. Our group, Steve now included, left a few minutes after 2.

We ate a dinner of sorts in a greasy spoon, and then Jon and Steve crept away to their separate holes, while the five of us left prepared to sneak in to the Robert Morris, a hotel around the corner from the Sheraton, where I ended up the night sleeping on the floor, along with Mike and Rich. Ted and Dave got the beds.

After a rather unrefreshing night, I awoke and dressed at ten Sunday morning. By 11 AM the five of us were down at the same greasy spoon, where our appetites weren't helped by our sitting next to the jukebox. But the food was cheap and filling, which is all I care about.

Afterwards, we picked up our banner from a bleary-eyed Terry Carr, and then picked up the Carrs after they checked out of the Sheraton, from which point we drove to the Kolchaks' for the Sunday afternoon program. Expecting only a few people to brave their hangovers, we were amazed when nearly everyone that was at the party also showed the morning after the night before.

From the viewpoint of the SF enthusiast, this was the best part of the conference. There was an interview that gave some insights into the construction of Mesklin by Hal Clement plus further, unpublished stories, some great off-the-cuff discussion by Lester del Rey, plus a panel consisting of three new SF writers: Tom Purdom (who was drunk the night before but didn't show it), Ted White (who was tired, and showed it), and Terry Carr (who complained that he saw at least three of everything he looked at). They continued a line previously discussed,

that John Campbell is through as a leading editor, and that what he needs right now is a new magazine totally without past, something to use his great talents for editing on. Right now, in other words, he is attempting to master his own mastership that shown so brightly in the 1940s.

The panel was helped by comments from James Blish, Lester del Rey, and other pros in the audience. Altogether the best part of the program, in my opinion.

After that Fred Pohl spoke for several minutes on his role as editor of the Galaxy group of magazines, and then gave answers to questions from the audience.

Pohl finished, and there was much milling around and saying of goodbyes; just then two very pretty girls walked in and asked for information about the history of SF: seems they're doing a term paper on the history of SF, and where could they get this information. So, always willing to help, rich brown got their addresses and phone numbers, and told them about the Eastercon (plug). And so we were ready to go...but where was Jon White? He showed up about five minutes later-seemed that he went ice skating in the concourse ice rink!

And so we left, stopping along the way for dinner in a highway eatery, where Dave Van Arnam and Ted White nearly killed each other discussing politics and ideologies. Then, on the way out, we met Jock Root and various of the New York and Syracuse fandoms; we said ^{our} goodbyes a second time and left. This was, I suppose the final end of the conference for me. We were quiet the rest of the way back to New York.

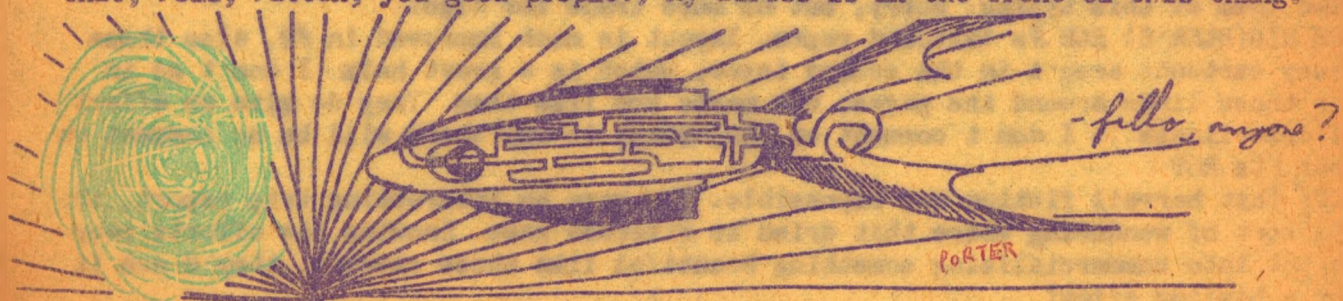
My biggest disappointment was that several people who I would have liked to show never did, like Harry Warner and Dean Ford, alias Garry Deindorfer. On the financial side, I came out pretty good-I sold 20 copies of my genzine, which met with a very good reception.

The biggest thing not right was the feeling of provincialism about the conference, the sight of so many fans not active in any fandoms outside of their own cities; the Baltimore group is a good example of this, with only Chalker, the Ostens, and several others known at all in fandom. There were few really top quality people there like the Carrs, Jock Root, Ted White, etc. Most of the people are only collectors or attendees of ESFA meetings. Beyond the few there, plus some from NYC, Philly, and Baltimore and Syracuse, it was just a nameless mass. And a pretty small mass, at that.

--Andy Porter, 1964

I've just received the November TNFF, and notice under Fanzine Listings, page 18, that DEGLER! #9 is listed, for LoC, Trade, or 10¢. No go, Joe. DEGLER! is not available for anything, unless you're a member of apa F or N'APA. However, I do publish a genzine, dittoed, name of Algol. Current issue is #8, 44 pages, articles and fanfiction by Robin Wood, Dave Van Arnam, Ted White, Pat and Dick Lupoff, rich brown and Lawrence Janifer. Also illos by myself, REG, ATOM, Frank Wilimczyk, Lee Hoffman, RIP, and Steve Stiles.

Available from me for 25¢, no subs accepted, Trade, LoC, or submission (Hear that, Pelz, Patten, you good people?) My adress is in the front of this thing.



MAILING COMMENTS

the 22nd mailing of N^oAPA

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the 19th mailing of APA F

ACHERNER: You have a different way of doing MCs, I see.

ALCHERA#3: Fair cover. Some of your pages came out too light for good reading. I liked your biography, especially your travelogue, which was very interesting. Did you get onto any boats in Hong Kong that were doing business in girls? If so, how much did they charge. You have an easy going style to you, and I think that I'll promise you some artwork.

ANTHEM#1: Noted. AN AUTHOR INDEX TO IF#1: Nice job, tedious I imagine.

DUBHE: I liked your lettering of "CORE."

Eilat for early risers: One staple! Don't you like Tackett?

EXCALIBUR#8: I'll comment to you in person, Arnie, and send a copy of ALGOL to you, Bailes, for your LoC. From now on I stencil all my artwork for you; you can't even draw a straight line and that's bad.

Foofaraw#13: I appreciated your Pacificon report as told from the fannish side, plus the excellant cover and duplicating. Little to comment on here, I'm afraid.

GEMZINE 4/41: Here's something for you. I've grown rather tired of everyone honoring and praising Kennedy as a "great man and a martyr for the Cause" mainly because I think that there's a point at which you start to OVERdo it. I remember several issues back you detested the coverage by the networks of the slaying, Oswald, Rubinstein, and the burial. Possibly this was overdoing it, but this was a new experience for Television, and next time I think their coverage will be less detailed and more general-taking a long view of everything. But I am tired of them dedicating monuments and such to JFK; they even wanted to change the name of the Verazano-Narrows Bridge here in NYC to JFK memorial Bridge. Why didn't they suggest that for the Golden Gate? It's the shorter of the two. Comments?

MEOW#3: You have pretty bad dapping on that blue paper; you'd better just use the white, from what my copy has in it. Also, I'd suggest that you get a single line lettering guide, rather than those other things (which I know you've bought in a candy store for about 20¢ each) Not too much in here, tho illos were fair. The cover was a piece of crap tho, looked like something I used to do a year or so ago.

Mickey#5: Good, clear repro on my copy. The contents I can't vouch for-I've not read them at this typing. Sorry, but no more trade for Algol.

THE RIB(BLER'S) RAM #s 1&2: Good repro, layout is much improved in #2, also those lousy cartoons aren't in the second issue, which is a great help. I don't go in for those lines around the pages, but maybe you like them. They do give an effect of orderliness... I don't comment on MCs, which is why there will be no comment on your MCs. ROT

ROT: That harrell fiction was impossible. You gave an interesting trip report, tho. I'm sort of wondering where that dried up riverbed goes. Knowing the efforts people put into commercializing something beautiful like those caverns, they'd use it for a bowling alley!

SFParade: I enjoyed Zelazny, also Boston's informative article. Regarding the book reviews, tho, I find that the cover illo must also be mentioned; many times the cover will decide the person as to the contents, for instance "coming of the Robots, the collier book ed. by SaM. With its lousy cover, I doubt that it sold very well.

Spina#3: Yes, you do have pretty good repro on your pages but one. I found your article on Bates interesting, but would rather withhold comment until I read the book, which I probably never will.

Nothing#3: Well, well, the man bought a ditto. Welcome to the club. I'd advise you to use Ditto Royalty Hi-Gloss masters, which give the best results, I've found. You'll be able to get about 150 copies out of ditto (clear copies, that is) using 20 lb. Duplicator. You might be interested in this paper, which is canary yellow second sheets, and sells for the cheap price of 80¢ a ream here in NYC. It's good for runs of 100 or less, and also for apa's where you have a comparatively small run. Also, there is little or no show-through using it, which is its biggest asset.

ZINGAR#2: I don't go in for book reviews that merely summarize the plot, as the ones that you give do. I must also radically differ with you over the worth of Godling, Go home by Silverberg. Tho several of the stories are fair, there is one-Solitary-that is one of the poorest stories I've ever seen. If you remember, our man finds the escaped convict, marooned for 17 years on the desolate planet, the old man sees him, and...dies of a heart attack. End of story. That, my friend, is pretty bad plotting. The cover was also hack work (speaking as an artist type) with a very bad choice of lettering style. And they left out a word on the blurb! which is hardly excusable. Layout and blurb are very important-they help sell the book some 75% of the time when a person is undecided. Your cover was very good, incidentally.

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The end of MCs for N'APA- Niekas will receive a LoC in the mail as best zine of the mailing.

apa F mailing comments follow:

Cover, Chamberlain: Very nice, tho there could have been more curves to her body.

Yield, Recreant#10, rich brown: You are a drunken sot. Give me some, too.

Wiggle Wiggle Remembrancer#9, Frank Wilimczyk: Your argument is a little vague in spots, referring not exactly to any one thing. These points should have been illustrated with quotes from the Maninthehighcastle. Otherwise, very nice article.

ApPALLing#3, maLAise#4, Dave Van Arnam: Beneath comment as a traitor to apa F.

OPO#19, Pat and Dick Lupoff: Hell, a two page opo. Will wonders nver cease. I shall soon try out your MerryHell, Pok', adress, to see if it works. Hope to see you soon.

The NYBulletin: Yes. NEWYORKIN'67NEWYORKIN'67NEWYORKIN'67NEWYORKIN'67NEWYORKIN'67NE

FanoMatic#18, Dave Varnam: Same comment for you as before, except Maybe not (Hi, Arnie!)

Failing Inspiration#36, DVA: This fails to inspire MCs.

DEGLER!#22, Me: the very same comment. Nice lettering, tho.

Tonight's The Night, Steve Stiles: Gosh, Steve, I never did beat you up on the way to Philly. But maybe tonight. You write funny, almost like you draw. When you draw, shoot to kill. Stiles for Taff in '73!

Hydra#19, Mike McInerney, also Ted White, F#12: I am tired of typing, also typing typos, and will quit this thing here. But will ad Wardron Tovallon, for laughs.

There was a man named Greer who used to sit out on the steps in front of my house, a man old and battered by generations of school children's feet passing him by. He had grown old on the step, worn and weary of the passage of the time that he feared so much. In time he ceased to worry about the time that was because he became more than now but instead passed on into new fields of mind saving for the Salvation Army. He was a pimp for Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.-the man who drew from the hip.