



This is DEGLER!#25, pubbed for apa F by Andy Porter, 24 east 82nd street, NYC10028.
Mailing of December 4, 1964. Pubbed on Porterpress, Porterpublication number 40(!).

Well gang, here we are again, gazing out the window and contemplating the long wet march to the subway, and from there the long damp ride to Ted White's house. Tonight I will bring a stencil, so that Ted will be fixed for stencils. I think.

Our interesting experience for tonight comes from the Village Voice, issue of 3 December:

"...I arrived in Venice and hunted for Ezra Pound in the hope of showing him films. Unfortunately Pound and his companion Olga Rudge had been slapped with the last straw just before I arrived: an American university professor, having been turned away, stole into their second story apartment and waited in Miss Rudge's bedroom until she woke up in order to get an early morning interview with the master. After that, nobody got in..."

Which is definately interesting, especially to Miss Rudge, one would imagine.

The Mailing Comments will go in here. I try to cover everything, but sometimes I get so sick that so things have to go by the wayside. Which is your fault, I think.

Cover, Steve Stiles: Very good, as usual. I get this vast feeling of impotency whenever I see something by you. But then I have to look at you, and my depression blows away. Which is an interesting comment/--/Lunazine#1, Mike McInerney: What say you to something for the ESFA meeting? I plan to go Sunday.../--/WglMglRembrncr:Wilimczyk: I saw FirstMenInThe Moon, it is ~~ix~~ pretty darn good, excellent script, HarryHausen special effects, and nice, real and realistic scenery. Maybe a little too funny for my tastes, at least in the beginning(Cavor has been cast as a Funny Type of person). But the script follows the novel very closely, and the pretty girl in the picture is not attacked by the ~~Selenites~~ Selenites, mainly because she ain't a Selenite, which figures. And the technical effects are superbly done. Go see it.**The yellow paper is *cheap*, which was a factor in my using it. Like, I don't have too much moola. /--/Fanoclast Weakly,Arnie Katz: You look almost as bad in that beard as did HForman. /--/I think that you are getting kind of mad, because you keep talking about unessential things, which is a waste of paper and wrong, from my point of view. In fact, to keep harping on the same subject is a form of sickness. This last has been for X-9, rich brown/--/CZQ#20,rich brown: I have a Thought, rb, that you will publish about 20 pages a mailing in FAPA. 10% is 2 pages. Therefore, write me a two page article for the next Algol, and I will be happy. If you don't, I'll report you to Terry Carr, who will make you write his MCs for him./--/Hey! I think the bottom of the page is new. /--/Well, not that near/--/Hydra#22, Mike Mc^{NE}ner y:Speaking of parties and lust, is it alright to bring Mike Kurland to the Xmass party. Huh, mike an' Ted an' everbodee? /--/CB#4,Bill Blackbeerd:

CB#4, BB: Coupled with No Drama award is the large possibility of no "Outer Limits"-
 the is such a low rating for the show that it is probably going off the air. You
 got so much, so jammed together in this and CB#5, that I ain't gonna say nothin' at all
 about anything, except that it's fun to misspell your name, Bill Blackoheered./-/op
 #21, Lupoffs: I see your point about the balloting, and amend my position: Yes, there
 should be a larger vote needed to get a Hugo. Tho not necessarily 51%. How about 31%,
 which would eliminate any banding together of a minority against an unsettled majority?
 FirstDraft#30, Dave VanArnam: Nothing commentable here, I'm afraid./-/Degler!#24, Me:
 Nice repro, lousy content./-/Hi, Arnie!:Me: Nice content, lousy repro./-/Horsetail#5
 gretchen Shwenn: Cool it, Gretch. No feuding is allowed in these here the two most
 reputable apas. For a Lupoff con reprt, see a copy of Algol(25¢ from meself).-/Spina-
 ochete#1, Redd Boggs: You will , hopefully be getting a copy of Algol, with A Note
 Attached to it. Gosh, a Rotsler illo. How I love Rotsler illos. Especially since I
 Don't have any of my own. Oh, well...I liked that poem name of Misdirection, because
 it sort of appeals to the sadist in me. Imagine giving a fly a headache with a lot of
 silly asinine jokes, and then killing him. That's juicy, I tell you...I suppose you
 can pass as Reverend Boggs, after all, I passed as Dick Lupoff at the Philcon..Merely
 stuck his Canaveral Press business card in my plastic badge and walked around scratch-
 ing myself like I was a gorilla. Sure enough, they thot I was...Lupoff, I mean, not a
 gorilla. But /maybe that, too.

This will be ended soon, just as soon as I can think of some Wardron Tovallon
 space fillers to stick in here. Ah, yes...

Somedays it rains. When it rains the rain pours down from the clouds in the
 sky and the water that makes up the clouds comes down to the earth, where it turns
 into mud. After the mud has got good and wet it turns into a puddle and after the pu-
 ddle has got good and wet it turns into a stream and after the stream has got good
 and wet it turns into a river and after the river has got good and wet it turns into
 a flbod. After the flood has got good and wet it turns into an inland sea, and after
 the inland sea has got good and wet it turns into a outlandish sea and after the out-
 landish sea has got good and wet they write it up in all the religious books. They
 call it the Flood, and tell about t the guys in the boat business who saw it coming.
 They also tell about the guys in the money business who got all wet, right up to
 their ears. After you get good and wet right up to your ears you are pretty wet, bel-
 iev-e me. You are also dead, unless you is a mermaid, in which case you is good and
 sexy, with gills instead of armpits, which is actually kind of a disgusting thou-gh.
 But then, so much of the modern world is disgasting, expecially the thought of Richard
 Moxin runnig for the street car for Presidentville and points west. And Dave van
 arnam is disgusting because he is a undrunk lush. Or something. This is all I have
 to say tonight, because I am tired of typing stream-of-consciousness.

from "The Book of Madnesses". Wardron Tovallon, Translator...

