



This is Degler! number 30, published for the Christmas eve meeting of FISTFA & apa F by Andy Porter, 24 east 82nd street, NY, NY, 10028. Terry for Taff!!!NYin67

I'm starting on this Sunday evening, because I've nothing to do. Well, that isn't really true, I've got three papers to do for school. But I don't want to start on those yet; I'll wait till the middle of the week before buckling down.

The sea was bitter in my mouth and the waves threatened to capsize the boat, so I turned the storm off and sat back, smoking a smuggled-in Havana cigar. It left an even more bitter taste in my mouth, so I threw it away in disgust. It didn't fall far though, but simply bounced off the side of the boat and floated slowly past the porthole, its ash trailing slowly in the air behind it. I turned around to look out the window, but the curtains had closed for the night and all I saw were mysterious lights behind the wavy fronds of whiskered steel. Silently they seemed to sway back and forth in tune with the waves, which I seemed to hear even now behind feet of heavy planking.

I was weary of concentrating though, so I left out the sound of the sea and simply watched the blind strands twitching slowly back and forth like the anemones that I'd patterned them after. Somehow they looked slightly obscene, and I shut my eyes, the lids going down and cutting my dreams off. Then I woke up and made up my mind to try for a different effect tomorrow night.

I bought fifty Galaxies yesterday. That's almost a whole universe.--Andy Porter

Oh well, maybe I'd better stick to Wardron Tovallon, who is my Very Own creation. He is, therefore, much more manageable. Maybe I'll try some more of him now. What else can I do? How about a comic strip?



"My son, I do not think you should



marry Janette Adkins. Would it be for love or for the promise of untold secrets that Dan Ad-



kins had withheld from you? But then again, it might keep you from the Army, which is a sure form of Fannish Death. Ponder it"

Well, how did you like my comic strip? Composed of bits of old Stiles illos, naturally. Think I'll put the mailing comments in here:

cover by stiles: The differentiation between figure and chair was not at all clear, and the effect of the explosion was not so much an effect as a blur. I think you would have had a better effect making the chair blue and the rest of the background purple. /-/ Dagon by boardman: That non-involvement thing would possibly be totally ground into the dust if such an act as you describe did take place. It's nice to think it would, though.... To rub salt in an old wound, I'll repeat what I said to you at the 2nd mailing of apa 5: re your comment to me, I saw no 1964 Pontiacs in 1962, therefore there are no 1964 Pontiacs. Your own logic, too. /-/ MaLaise#7 by DVA: Dave and I had a short talk at his apartment after the Lunarian's party about a comment of Fred Lerner's as to whether one club would work out in NYC for all fans. What it boiled down to was that the LAers have a tradition of one club for one city, whereas we have a tradition of rival groups for different and/or rival interests. While the Lunarians and ESFA can mingle as one single pretty homogenous group, and FISTFA/Fanoclasts is the same, I quiver to think what would happen if there were ever one meeting for both types. And there never will be, unless something violent happens to throw both groups together. Like the Eastercon. /-/ Carcasilla#9 by tom gilbert, who I would like to meet: See my comment on maLaise above. There could never be a homogenous club here in NYC for the simple reason that Moscovitz and Ted White would never belong to the same club. Also, there are two ages of fen here: the early 20's average age of Fistfa/Fanoclasts and the late 30's-late 40's of Lunarians/ESFA. Also fanzine fans vs. club fans (while there are 20-30 people in the City College club, they have so far published only 2 issues of their clubzine in the last 2 years. New York fandom also includes, to bring up a final point, New Jersey Fandom, which would have to journey pretty far to go to a new york club. The distance would be shorter than that traveled to go to a LASFS meeting for several of you, but there is also the psychological barrier; "I've got to travel to another state to attend meetings; hell, that's too far!". Hey! here's the other parentheses mark).

OPO#24 by Lupoffs: If I could get more copies of this*, it could possibly be put through N'APA. *the Open Letter, that is.

First Draft#41, DVA: Seeing as how you won't be contributing anything lengthy to Algol, how about some of your poetry along with that rather interesting explanation of how to understand it. Incidentally, does that explanation apply to all poetry written in that form? or just yours? I would appreciate any answer very much.

CZQ#23, rich brown: I'd like to think that you're right, but I'm afraid that Christmas doesn't mean that much to me. I'm not sure at all what it does mean, but I am sure that I ought to think something definite about it. And, I think, that is what is wrong with me.

Degler!#21, me: This was mailed to Mike for the meeting before the Philcon, the one that I thot I was going to miss. It had 10¢ postage due on it, and Mike never picked it up, so it wassent back to me last week. So, here it is, better late than never.

Degler!#28, me: For anyone interested, copies of my Xmas card can be bought for 3 @ 10¢. Steve did up one also, but that has all sorts of witty statements like

"All I want for Christmas is to flunk my Physical" and " Snow is bleached water" and things like that, only more egotistical. Arnie Katz: I don't know, maybe I will, but I'd like to talk to you about it, and about who these people are exactly; many of them I've never heard of before. Okay? DNQ on your DNQ on my DNQ.

Dirty Capitalist #1 & Tonight's the Night #15 by Steve Stiles: Under your c.) I can list emotion, which is a powerful force, especially when it comes to war, which isn't reasonable anyway. Which is my last word on Objectivism. Steve's Pedestrian adaption is for a comic strip! But that, I suppose, is what you expect from a commercial artist.

The Wigglemiggie Remembrancer #11 by Frank Wilimczyk: Migod, Frank, at this rate you'll be rejoining N'APA and generally fouling yourself up again. Flowers for Algernon was on US Steel Hour with Cliff Robertson as the $\frac{1}{2}$ wit. The trouble with the script was that at the end, it was a "all hope is not lost" type of ending, with the vague promise that he would regain all his former powers. This, I think, destroyed the effectiveness of the whole plot. One thing on Twilight Zone that should have been nominated for a Hugo was on TV in TZ's first season:

The Obsolete Man by Rod Serling

Romney Wordsworth is on trial for his life. He's a librarian and, since there are no more books, his "advanced" society sees no more need for him. The State accuses him of being obsolete.

Wordsworth knows he has to die and he's willing to do it like a man. But he has a strange request: The execution is to take place on Television.

Director Elliot Silverstein used stylized settings and unusual camera techniques for this half-hour film. Script writer Rod Serling is the series host.

CAST

Romney Wordsworth. Burgess Meredith
Chancellor. Fritz Weaver
Subaltern. Josip Elic
Guard. Harry Fleer

- TV Guide Close-Up

It was extremely well done and I still have the close-up from it, as you see. I think it was playhouse 90 that did an adaption of fondly Fahrenheit, or something like that. An android story, nonetheless.

Why, why, I even remember Omnibus, with Alistare Cook (or was it Sims). I must be almost as old as you are, Frank. P.S.: I need some of your artwork.

And that is all the MCs you'll get tonight. I am experimenting, you notice, with the degree of readability of the MCs. The way the last one is laid out is how they will remain for some time to come. This is called change. I think I'll stop typing now; it's 2:25 AM Monday morning, and I'm hungry. G'night.

Well, here I am again, bright and early the next evening. Monday to be exact. I'll be putting in another page or three tonight and then running this off. I don't want it to get too long or I'll run into problems about running it off, like getting bored and scapping the whole mess, which would make this a waste of

time. Whathell, it's a waste of time anyway! Read it- that's the least you can do for me. And don't take this fillo too seriously; remember to swallow.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



from Andy Porter
to the Fanoclats:

Ted White
Dave Van Arnam
Steve Stiles
rich brown
Mike McInerney
John Boardman
Frank Wilimczyk
Andy Main
Jon White
Les Gerber
Arnie Kats
Pat & Dick Lapoff
Lin Carter
Larry & Noreen Shaw
Joe Pilati
Calvin Demmon
Bob & Barbara Silverberg
Lee Hoffman
bhob Stewart
and anyone else.

Happy ghosts eat Breakstone's Cottage Cheese for vim vigor and vitality. Why don't you?

Wardron Tovallon reminds me of the fable that all the children will change into young lions if they eat a piece of mistletoe on Christmas morning. They did so, but much to their chagrin they all changed into little neos who ran away twittering and gibbaling and laughing and sniping and frolicing and gamboling and doing all sorts of interesting things, fur they were christmas morning and evening to. Ward just spilled brandy on the Book of Madnesses, and he says that maybe he'd better stop here and just say merry christmas and happy new year, which ever one you find yourself in.