
This is Degler! #50, published for apa F by Andy Porter, 24 east 82nd street, New York 10028 NY. The last Degler! was incorrectly numbered as #48, shd hv bn #49::



I have been waging a verbalwar with a person at the office who is past-oriented. This person insists that if the Russians had had any failures of their rockets, we would have heard of them. And since the Russians haven't announced any failures, they haven't had any. Simple logick...

And besides, we can't go to Mars, because it's too hot there. And even if we did get there, we wouldn't be able to take off again. Not enuf fuel. Yeah.

So tomorrow I take in to the office some NASA plans for a 1985 manned expedition to afore mentioned planet; I then take a look at a certain person's face. Should be an interesting reaction: personal dogmatism meets up with scientific fact. I wonder which will triumph? With this person, it shd be the dogmatism...

I had a rather interesting trip Tuesday afternoon. A friend of the family was using some furniture of ours, but had to move out. So the idea was to rent a small van and pick up the stuff, then I and this fellow wd follow my parents out to our summer cottage in Huntington, where we wd pick up the key to the place at the real estate office.

Driving through Long Island City, we suddenly come on a hole in the traffic (it being about 4 PM) and zip the truck through, passing my parents in the other lane. As we went by, we honked the horn.

They didn't hear us.

As a result, they thot we turned off the Expressway, and stopped at the side and prepared to wait for us. Meanwhile, we were getting further and further away. By 5PM they had gone home, and started to call half the police departments on Long Island. Meanwhile, we turn off the Expressway at Huntington, get lost, stop in a real estate office, locate the house, find the house, and sit there, parked, waiting for my parents. It starts to rain. We sit there 2 hours, no parents. Meanwhile parents are having fits; they think we got lost, engine busted, flat tire, drowned in the Sound, drove to Montauk, turned off highway at wrong exit.

Two hours later, we decide to leave a message with the people next door (all year houses around there, some of them), and head into town to look for real estate office. All I knew about it was that it faced the street, was part of a two ~~storey~~ storey high building, and was near two lumber companies. We found it, the key that was supposed to be in the mailbox wasn't there. Decided to call real-estate man, but first wd call parents, on possibility that they had returned home(which they had). Called 4 times, but line was busy (they must have called an awful lot of police depts.) But we finally got them, got the key, unloaded the van, and got back to NYC by 11:30 PM.

Hell of a note to celebrate my birthday with, isn't it? And the cops are probably still looking for me.

Mailing Comments flow on. Nice show-through, no? No? Good. No show-through courtesy the best spirit dupper in NYFandom. Name of Fred.

Cover: That I take to be symbolic of Ted, casting his lecherous eyes on any piece of young flesh that happens to come by. And holding ~~some~~ an ms. in his sweaty palm.

Focal Pint #5: Personally, I don't think Charlie Brown is "narrow and unpleasant;" his wife, maybe. But I like Charlie.

Dagon #15: Your hypotheses about increased fanaticism doesn't hold up, in my case. I've gone from a 20 page fanzine (before NYFandom and apa F) to a 60 page fanzine and a weekly or more often fanzine. And the quality of both has gone up muchly, especially of Algol. /-/ I would say that 4 to 6 years is plenty of time for a fan group to evolve in an area, especially when the fans involved are generally experienced in fandom. Witness Baltimore, where there are very few experienced fans. Of course, in that case I suppose the experienced fans are the Washington Area fans.

The Fanoclast Weeklys Vol 1-2, Arundel #1: That comment about the Zambians sounds vastly pitiful, somehow. Wanting to meet the people in the movies... and then, of course, they aren't there. It must generate a tremendous inferiority complex, I think. Somehow...

Degler! #48: I have since learned from Don Wollheim that I need the publisher's permission to reprint from City of A Thousand Suns, also, and thus have Given Up; it's too much bother (and besides, I prolly wdn't get the permission, this being rights for pubbing in a amateur magazine, like) and too unlikely. Maybe, or Maybe Not. But at the moment, no.

Gallant Gallstone #20: Your comment that certain people shd be excluded from con comms because of past actions in fandom wd exclude me! After all, there are many stories circulating about how I made a pest of myself in fandom several years ago. Not actually fandom, tho. More actually among the pros. And would you exclude me, the way I am now? I've changed, after all. Comment? /-/ Gold Fang? I saw Soupy Sales when I was living in Detroit, almost 10 years ago. Then he came to New York, then went out to the Coast, but now he's back, and I understand the Mouse is 'sweeping the nation.' Can anyone out there do the Soupy Shuffle? /-/ And I wd like your art, 2.

malaise #21: Dave: Yeah, well. Ted: And nothing really here, either. Usually with your comments to LA fans, I add my own observations or try to clarify a point from my own viewpoint. But there's not too much here I can comment on without the mailing.

Wait One #54: And I await with glee FD #55. "This is the baker of Spotted Town/ His bakery known with wide reknown." Or Something. I saw a history of advertising in the 50th anniversary issue of Advertising Age, borrowed from the garbage of my next-door neighbor, who works for an ad agency. It had all sorts of ads and ad history in it, including that jingle, which is from a Sapolic advertisement from the late 1920's.

Croissod, or even Crossoid #4: Hope you do well with the SADA (and you are, I know, because I just called you up). The only huge invasion fleets I've ever seen are the tremendous fleets of bi-planes and B-17s that you see in early WW2 movies. But they're enuf for any sense of wonder. I suppose you might see some sort of good shot in an "Astro-Boy" sequence, the Jap cartoon now on channel 5 at 5:30 PM, I think. They always have very imaginative shots and sounds, example the opening with good old Astro-Boy smashing all the renegade robots. As I explained to you in person, you are only a fair artist in comparison with Steve Stiles. But as far as ability to mix colors and blend them, you are an Artist of the first rank. This is one ability Steve doesn't have, or at least has never displayed, judging from the paintings of his that I've seen.

andy P.