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MAYBE DEGLER! #66

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TRICON! NYCON! AND SOUTH  
GATE REAL SOON NOW!

I think that this will try real hard to look like something that yhos dgv tries to put up and for that matter out every damn Friday in the entire Universe of Fridays for the ever-lovin' Fanoclasts and our dearly beloved ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~gathered~~ done unto us apa F. I ain't so sure that this method is getting through to you, which may be the trouble of this here typer or more probably the trouble of this so very troubled dgv, sitting here thinking about Things in Kadath in the Cold Bronx. And it is true, as I so recently found out, th t mistakes on ditto masters are so hard to erase that it's really impossible to even try. But if you must I suggest a Ditto Brand ditto master which is guaranteed not to work on a mimeo. I know; I typed on one and then got the Brilliant Idea of seeing what wd happen if I exposed the thng to a mimeograph. Luckily for me I fell asleep before I had worked out all the possibilities of such an Undertaking; I not too sure how I wd have done some thing like that, 'cause I was at home will thinking about it. I don't got no machine at home, y'know.

Andy Porter, it seems, was slightly miffed when I<sup>f</sup> gently refused to pay him for running off my FD last nite. I gently reminded him of all the times I ran stuff for him, and after accepting that fact, he decided he'd better not ask me for any money, 'cause I might demand some ~~foin\$~~ from him instead. I think that was a rite neighborly thing for him ~~to~~ do, don't you?

I've got some questions here for maybe some people to help me with: who was at the party-in-the-diner along with me and Ted and Ron Bounds and Cindy Heap and ~~all~~? Anyone who was there remember the names of all those people? (Naturally I don't remember all the people present because I was ~~boxed out of~~ engaged in an intellectual discussion with Ted.) Who was there from the Cinninatti group? And all other sorts of questions, as soon as I remember what they was (I left the list at the office.)?

I kinda feel sorry for poor Steve Stiles, what with him going Away and myself losing a third of my identity; if Arnie Katz takes over from Steve I feel I'll fade away into unrepressed neoishness. Which is a horrible thot to face.

But I think that we managed to instill into Steve some ~~fact~~ knowledge of army life. Anyway, Andy Porter and Mike McInerney, in a double-strength combo of fuggheadnedness tried to insist to me that the period that you're drafted for is three years, but I manfully (and righteously) insisted that it's only two. And I shd know, because that's how long I was in for. Andy kept trying to tell me about his brother, who evidently didn't count anyway as he's only in the Reserves, and also about Elliott Shorter, who the two of them maintained was drafted, and has been in now for over two years and must therefore be in for a three year term. But since Elliott is in Germany he must have enlisted because only enlistees get sent there. Andy said that he got drafted only two days ~~before~~ before he was scheduled to go to the Chicon, and anyone fannish who would go in at atime like that, cutting his own neck (figuratively speaking, Steve) would have to be crazy. Which is a reason for his not being accepted anyway... So which of us is right? Steve, as a temporary expert on this sort of thing, Which Is It?

It was a fair mailing last nite, with not too much ~~brill~~ but lots of variety, the way I like 'em. And I thank Andy for running off Ca lated Risk for me; it came

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Doom Duplicator Service  
Undecided Publication #125

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out pretty good, for ditto. (Ha!) But I think that I'll still stay with my trusty old ABDick 92, and my trusty new ABDick 360. There may be problems with them, especially in cold dry weather, but the blackness of the things, judging from last nite(s) offering is much better than anything I can expect from Andy Porter. No slight intended, Andy, but the lightest shade of grey ink I use in the offset is darker by several than what came out of your machine. And I like to maintain even a slight contact with a mimeographed appearance. Or rather, a mimeographed appearance: I've run off Dick Lupoff's stuff, but never he mine.

Which of course asside ruined a perfectly good line. Hell, I might as well say it here, where it won't do any good anyway. Y'see, FD has other Traditions than being Weekly, and Mimeographed (or at least ink-reproduced); it also has it's famous colophon, which seems to have disappeared lately, and lots of other things. Most of which I can't think of at this moment.

This is being done at home on a new typeface that I'm trying out for my Beautiful Blonde Boss; it's pretty good for ditto masters, but for mimeograph work and off-set masters it's not so hot. Not thick enough, for one thing. And not as readable as the typeface I usually use. You'll be able to notice the difference in typefaces in FD, usually; Ted always types up his own stuff on his typer and I use mine. Book-face Academic, it's called, and is probably the nearest thing to regular printers' type that there is in the typewriter field. Besides, I like to think of it as easier on the eyes than usual type faces. Ever notice how you can tell right off whether or not something has been printed or offset? That's because of the typeface used.

It's already June, and the third progress report of the Loncon came out over a month ago. I have the feeling that the con there is going to be one tremendous Bust; certainly it will set back the image of the World SF Convention in the eyes of the convention manager of the hotels for years to come. Like Scithers said in the Convention Chairman's Guide, a great deal is said silently by the appearance of the progress reports; they tell whether the con is going to Fake It, both to the fan and to the hotel personnel. And this con looks like it's not going to make, at least from my standpoint. Anyone know anything about plans for a banquet or costume ball? No? Well, that's my point...

At this moment I am sitting here and listening to WBAI in between types on the writer. I must admit that it's even more interesting --oops, they're signing off -- than listening to Fred Lerner over WCKR. Fo Sar this evening I've listened to several hours of early jug bands, followed by the adventures of Gamma Globulin (what a gassy name!) and here they are playing the ancient and honorable some-sort-of-gypsy tune in place of the usual God Save The Queen or whatever-it-is.

I like WBAI, I think. But just as I type this, they go off the air. Maybe if I talk about this itch in my side it'll...

This is rambling, as you might have guessed. Furthermore, it's foney rambling, which means it's only second best sort of stuff. I understand that Arnie Katz did some sort of phoney First Draft in about the third apa F mailing. I don't remember it so well what it said, and I have no intention of trying to look for it here in this mess that I live in. (That's phoniness, too, of course. Actually, all the mailings of apa F are withing two feet of where I'm sitting.) Anyway, for those of you in apa L who might chance on this, look at the contents page (where Fred Patten, who hasn't read the thing listed it as by Dave Van Arnam, the nut) and notice that it's not really in Dave's style (the Olde Handes will catch it immediately), this is Andy Porter signing off with the hope that you'll try real Real hard to remain the sane. Ahahahahahahahahaha

-- Andy Porter