

DEGLER! 73

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#37. TRICON, NYCON, And SOUTHGA

This Degler! is being written one week after the experiencing of my first MidWesCon; it's being written in a state of flux, mainly because the various members of apa F are in various places at the moment, and as a result there is no mailing for me to comment on, either F or L. The result of this is to make a very skimpy Degler! this week. Dave Van Arnam, usual staunch contributor to both apa's, will have been and gone from the LA fannish scene by the time these words are written, or rather read. I suspect that just about this time Ted will be pulling the chevy into the LA area, at the height of the rush hour. He should have lotsa fun trying to find Silver Lake Playground in the mad melee that LA highways become at this time. Which is tough luck for him.

As a result, I don't have the past apa F mailing handy, ~~nor~~ nor the apa L mailing, which I usually get from Dave at his office. I did get the several LA zines from Tom Gilbert, and have here the Lupoff's OPO as well as a pre-run-off bunch of First Drafts that Dave gave to me. Beyond that, all is chaos.

My usual mailing comments are lacking, resulting in a one page Degler! this trip around, unless I decide to type up something else and run it off tonight.

The next Algol is shaping up rather nicely, as I told Owen Hannifen. The next issue will be smaller than the last; cost of postage and paper will result in anywhere from 6 to 10 pages less, not really a significant number as the size of the last issue was 56 dittoed pages.

As usual, the editorial balance is all screwed up. Last issue had too much fan and faan fiction; this issue will have too many ~~more~~ (I seem to be making a lot of typos tonite) columns. I would like a convention report from one of you midwesterners or westerners, and someone will get a letter to that effect by the middle of the month. I hope to start production by August first.

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The MidWesCon was a fun affair for me, even tho the trip back was no joy, It began Thursday night when I got to sleep at the unghodly hour of 11 PM, the first time I had done so since I gave up on warm milk and cookies. I awoke, just barely rested, at 4:45 AM Friday, and groggily got dressed and trotted down to the subway, my suitcase full of fannish goodies and a liberal supply of Algol #9, as well as miscellaneous things like Trumpet and 5 ditto masters (I was hoping for the appearance of Joe Staton, who unfortunately didn't make it).

I discovered that there is no rush hour at six in the morning, and made it to Ted's apartment by 6:50. When I got there, I sat around on the doorstep for ten minutes waiting for someone to wake up. When Ted himself finally began to stir at about seven, I gaily clumped in and set my case on the floor with a loud thump. (Thieves please note: Ted usually doesn't lock his door at night; this is how some interesting females and robbers have entered his life) Ted put on his clothes and then wandered into the living room, where he turned on the stereo with a good loud thumping jazz record. At this point Arnie Katz got up, and with Arnie, Dave Van Arnam, and Mike McInerney all dazedly waking up and start-

ing to wander around it looked like the wildest sort of orgy that Jack Speer could have ever dreamed up.

After one fully awake look around, I cut the scene and went to the local grocery store for a carton of milk to sooth my mothball filled mouth. By the time I got back, we were almost ready to roll. So, piling assorted boxes, suitcases, banners, and bedding into the car we were off, and at the unheard of (fannishly speaking) hour of 7:30 AM. The trip out to Cincinnati was long but smooth, save for one rather harrowing incident: barreling along at 70 mph we suddenly came upon the scene of an accident. Five cars had collided and spun off in various positions on the road. This had evidently just happened, and the cars occupants were still sitting in their cars, evidently dazed.

And we came barreling down on this chaos at 70+ mph. Well, there was a space about 2 feet wider than the car, between the center rail and this car sitting sideways to the flow of traffic, and somehow, ted White (who is a damned fine driver in my opinion, mainly because I'm still here to tell about it), well, after leaving a strip of rubber 30 feet long on the road, we sailed thru that gap with fewer than 12 inches on either side to spare. I wd estimate that we were doing 40 mph at the time. Other than that, the trip out was fine with Dave getting in his first highway driving with all of us scrunched up in the back with suitable crash gear on.

After a gory day of driving we get to the Holiday Inn, a fine motel with swimming pool, cheap diner nearby, large meeting halls, and fine rooms, much cheaper than those at the Disclave. And most of all, a management which I saw neither hide nor hair of for two fine days. We staggered in and registered, and I was fortunate enuf to get, with Arnie, a room but 20 feet from the convention suite. I barged through Bill Mallardi, Lou Tabacow, and a bunch of Heaps from Rochester to get to it. The turnout that first evening was about 50 or so, and after leaving my bags in my room and freshening up, I folded up 30 or so copies of Degler! #72, my NYCon Propaganda sheet, and went to the fun and games.

Fun and games that night lasted until 3 or 4 AM; we got there at 11 PM, local time (Midnite NYTime). And I was immediately plunged into the thick of midwest fandom. I met several good people there such as Bob Tucker, and remet Bob Coulson (who narrowly missed slugging me when I gave him a Hug from Pat Lupoff. Topic A wasn't discussed at all; evidently Speer's postmailing hadn't reached many of the attendees (I was the first one in NYC to get it, evidently) and that was just as well, too. There was so much to say and talk about that was just friendly. I had a long conversation with Ben Jason about the problems our two cities have had, and discovered that our problems have not been TriCon(s) problems, and vice versa. For instance, we have active fanzine fans here with mimeo, ditto, and offset available at nearly any time; they didn't. We also have mucho artistic talent here for ads and the like, while they've had to resort to lots of outside help. We also have the publishing capital of the world here, so that any publicity, and printing, and any emergencies that wd arise can be handled with scarcely any confusion. Ted had flopped down in the other room of the convention suite and held forth long and vocally on all sorts of matters fannish and mundane; he later told us that the first night had almost ruined his vocal cords, but fear not! he was good for the entire weekend. Lots of NY fans showed up, as well as many supporters of Syracuse in '66; Dave Kyle, the Heaps, and JKKlein showed up. The only Baltimoreans who were there were Ron Bounds, and I believe Banks Mebane and an oldtime fan (1st fandomite, can't recall the name rite now. And here I end this. More next week, maybe.