

DEGLER! 103

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AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU:

I've not yet received the apa L mailing, resulting in the necessity to type this up and run it off tonite, Tuesday the 21st of December. I'll mail it tomorrow, the 22nd and give it plenty of time to reach Fred Fatten. What with Christmas and the usual millions of pieces of extra mail, this will be several days slower getting out to the Coast.

The usual Christmas decorations are up in Rockefeller Center and along the length of Park Avenue; no snow yet, but it's expected any day now. There's not much use to cold weather without snow, after all.

There's a troop of cavalry riding by under my window; about twenty men on horseback with their weapons. They're being drowned out by the noise of the busses, though.

The filing urge seems to have hit rather heavily in New York; Both Dave and I have gotten loose leaf holders and we're both busy sorting out old fanzines and putting them away. I've decided to have a file of my stuff because I'm starting to lose count and control of all the piles of doom publications that are taking up space all over the room. Besides, I need the space to store things that I'll be throwing out in a few months time. Ted, as far as I know, doesn't throw out anything at all except the kitchen garbage; he's thus in no danger of losing file copies of all the things he's published. In fact, he still hasn't mailed out MINAC #15...or was it 13?...

No mailing comments this trip; a one-page Degler! for all of you to sneer at and the like. Dave's not received the apa L either, even though he has his sent by air...a worrisome business, that...

Nonstopparagraphing is rather interesting, even if Andy Porter doesn't always do it. In fact, ~~well~~ I've never done it. Fred Fatten may take a look at Degler! this disty and decide that Andy Porter's not done it at all. Fascinating to find out who is doing it, I'll wager. Certainly not who'd you expect. Interesting perspective one gets writing, or rather typing like this. Would anyone care to place a wager on who's the culprit really doing this? A bronze figurine with oak leaf palm to the first person who accurately guesses who the guilty party is.

Ted White remarked earlier this night that Dave Van Arnam's not doing any more 1940's-ish PLANET STORIES writing... "He's up to 1950's-ish PLANET STORIES writing, now," remarked the author of When-In-Come (working title only, I'd suppose). A great roar of protesting laughter came over the telephone from the background. Poor dgv; he has been trying so hard, but after all, the man is fat, and what could you expect from a fat man. Everybody loves a fat man, but Dgv isn't getting any, as the expression goes. The poor man. It's affected his writing, also.

I don't suppose that I can keep this up much longer, but then again the page is about to run out. I hope that this stencil comes out all right; it would be a shame to waste such deathless prose as is filling up this page. I wonder what has been happening in apa L; I must admit that this is the first time in several months that I've gotten the disty later than Tuesday. Too bad for me, I suppose. And this is Andy Porter telling you to let your knees be loose. See you next disty, lads --

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