

THE DAILY DEGLER! 122

THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY-TODAY!!

This is actually plain old Degler! number 122, published for apa L and others by plain old Andy Porter at 24 east 82nd Street, NY, NY, 10028 on the thundering cylinders of the mighty Doom Press. Dick Eney for the Hugo for willingly going to Viet.
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"The Foundation Series began on a Subway Car" -- Isaac Asimov

And thus we fondly bid farewell to a LunaCon with an attendance of over 200, with attendees including Mike Domina, the Boston Boys (and girls, too), the Baltimore ~~Vodka~~ uh, Orioles (?), and lotsa others including Bonnie Sue Bertman (you all remember sweet Bonnie Sue, don't you gang?) who is now a pleasant to look at 20 instead of a stick figure 16, Ed Wood (who liked Algol, even if it is nominally a "faanish" fanzine), Dannie Plachta, Jay Kay Klein, Lester del Rey, Bon Silverberg and fraulein, Randy Garrett and wife, Ike Asimov, Fred Fohl, half the TriCon Committee, several dozen beautiful girls, most of New York Fandom, including Will Sykora.

Sam and Chris Moskowitz didn't make it, for some vague reason. Ah, yes: they didn't have a slide show this year.

From the woodwork out came Esther Davis, the aforementioned Bonnie Sue and Will Sykora, and a host of other mafia-ridden and nearly mafia'd people. And the Easter-Con was some of the finest partying I've been to. Lessee now, after the coke ran out, there was 7-up until that ran out, then ginger ale till that ran out, then screwdrivers till the vodka and oranges ran out, then bheer until the...wait a minute...I don't drink beer....I didn't use to drink bheer...then again, it sure tasted good, especially when I grabbed Dave Van Arnam's bottle and nigh unto drained it ~~of half its contents~~...and then there was Saturday night when I discovered the last bottle of bheer (or maybe even Bher) and gave it with a flourish to a parched Dave Van Arnam, who made me a bheer brother for life...and Jack Chalker made me a member of SKOF...and it saddened me to learn that the last holdout in the entire area from apalachians to the Rockies, Mike Domina, is switching to Mimeo with the next issue of Introspection (out Real Soon Now). Now maybe I'm the master of dittoed fandom, and Bjo is my mistress...I think that somehow that doesn't sound right...ah well, no matter (at least not 'till I get to the 'esterCon...). We will sweep the peasants into the sea, powered by duplicators running on vodka...we will make Planet stories seem a pale ghost, compared to our masterful purple Frose (and maybe even purple Passion...but that's another matter, and this is a family fanzine...). And now, onward to:

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THE FOREST PRIMEVAL ALONG THE APALACHIAN TRAIL: COMMENTS ON APA L MAILING #78...
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Cover (Dian Pelz): I liked it, I liked it, but I've not read the story nor do I dare, now that I've seen what I can expect to find inside the book.

Der Hollander 54 (Fred Hollander): You can ask Bruce Pelz whether or not apa F Lives; he can show you the 91st mailing by the time you read this. Maybe.

Nyet Vremia 78 (Brucifer Pelz): April fool on you! (And was Xero 11 really Real...).

Expletive (Bjo Mistress): Thank you very much for the info on handling oneself in hot and not friendly desert areas. Now, all I have to do is go find myself a nice desert area to explore, or whatever...

#78 (Barry Gold): Being under 21 is no drag in New York, where you can go wine-tasting as long as you're over the age of 18 (There are two areas which produce wine in the US: California, and upper New York state.)

Newsfseries (Freddy Whittle): That article from the Oklahoman paper seemingly demonstrates a rather narrow provincialism that makes me stop wondering what George Metzger found so horrible about life in the Army in Okla. By the way, Metzger is now out; have any of you pipple heard of or from him lately?

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Egoboo for Don Fitch, Jack Gaughan, Ted White, Harlan Ellison:
FSTS (Don Fitch): I find this the best item in the mailing, but it alas has few comment hooks for me. /=/ I think that the prime reason Ted left apa L was not a lack of response, but rather a reorientation of his idea of what response is. At the moment, I think that Ted is getting more egoboo from the response of professional publishers to his stuff than he has gotten in fandom. And, too, he is making aliving doing what he has always wanted to do, write science fiction (and mysteries, and westerns, and gothic novels, and juveniles, and...). But as Ted says, he has many of his friends in fandom, and will not abandon fandom because he has become a Dirty Pro. (For that matter, several people in fandom have become Dirty Pros in their own right) But time is limited as a commodity to be traded, and it is simply more profitable (Ted is married, as they say) to trade his abilities for money than for egoboo.

Of course, Jack Gaughan has re-entered fandom (yes, Dwain, re-entered) because he didn't get enuf egoboo from simply getting checks in the mail -- he has found that having hordes of little fawning acolytes in fandom more than repays his ego for the time wasted in giving them artwork...myself included (although I like to think that I can converse with him on a professional level, as well...).

And I too have taken a few steps towards converting science fiction into a living. As of last Monday I'm first reader for F&SF (altho for now on a trial basis; I hope it works out) and I think that I can balance my judgement as the reader of several hundred thousand pages of science fiction against what is demanded of me. I thot a lot over whether or not I had the ability to undertake a job like this, and in talking with Tom Furdon this last weekend, I discovered that Eigolly maybe I do. I find that when Ted, LeeH, and Dave (gv) idscuss the mechanics of writing I find my attention wandering; this isn't what I'm interested in, nor what I can influence, in my own small way. But I find that what I like to read generally is well-written, and I find myself discriminating more and more among the books that I read in this field. Maybe I'm growing old, or something...I find also that, altho it helps, plot isn't everything in a story. For instance, take "Repent, Harlequin," Saif The Ticktock Man' in Harlan Ellison's FAINGOD (an admirable book, with an admirable Jack Gaughan cover). Ted finds this a mere incident, with the absense of any general plot (or so I was led to believe). To Ted, it seems that Plot is All (and indeed, it may be; he has sold several books solely on the basis of a plot outline and a sample chapter). But to such as Terry Carr and myself (can I place myself with Terry Carr? Well, I'll be presumptuous and do so) this is a special kind of story, and Bighod Plot is NotAll. harlan has the ability to write a fine story such as this which certainly does not rely mainly on plot, and has the ability to Carry It Off. Harlan worked at being a pro, s did Ted, and has pulled it off, only he has gone in another direction from the one that Ted has taken. And what it is, I do not at this moment know. But as this is all being produced First Draft onto the Master, I find myself at the end of the page. I will continue this next week; until then, keep your knees loose, and have fun fanning.

- Andy P.