

DEGLER! 129

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Degler! is published for apa L by Andy Porter at 24 East 82nd Street, New York, N.Y., 10028 on the purplish steel rollers of the mighty Doom Duplicator.

Pat!

Robin!

Katya!

This degler! is being produced on the office typer because there ain't too much to do at the office at the moment; besides, it means that I can do other things this evening.

The ultimate put-down of Dwain Kaiser? Well, Dwain mailed out his TT on the 8th, via third class mail. This means that Dwain is O-U-T of TAPS. And I have the unwritten assurance of a number of members that they will not sign a re-instatement petition for him. This means that good ole Dwain will be the first member of TAPS to be dropped and not re-instated. Actually, Arnie Katz wouldn't be so harsh on Dwain but for the fact that he hasn't gotten his TT yet. For that matter, neither have Alan Shaw or Fred Lerner.

Dwain Kaiser is such a lovable guy when you get to know him.



Well, anyway, on to the serious business of this apa: the egoboo:

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ALONG THE APALACHIAN TRAIL: COMMENTS ON APA L MAILING NUMBER 84
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Cover:(Dian): I liked it, but I think that girl's leg was too thick in proportion to the rest of her body.

Gallant Gallstone (Harness): Some of them there puns hurt, bigolly!

Mayhem Annex 49 (Felice Rolfe): Now I know why on two seperate occasions I've reached wrong numbers when I've tried to get Fred on the phone. On one call, I finally gave up and got my message through via Owen hannifen.

Ipziki 84 (Len Bailes): I've been going through my TAPS stuff, and about the only AS's I'm missing seem to be yours (A Message #1, 2, 3). I bought TT #2,3,4, and 7 from rich brown, who was selling them. That makes nearly a complete set of TAPS material for the first year for me.../-/Mountain Dew, purveyors of stuff in Philly and the Midwest, have launched their drinks here in NYC; the don't taste bad, but I'm still waiting for Vernor's to sell their ginger ale in NY. I've been waiting for 11 years, now #Sigh#...

Not Quite August (Gregg Wolford): I'm glad to see you back in apa L, even if your stuff is still pretty unreaable (due to repro, not content, I might add)... I appreciate your comments to Dwain. They show that the lamp of intelligence still burns brightly in apa L, or something...

Rab Rad 84 (Fred Patten): I've been wondering what's happened to San Diego. No further progress reports, no reservation cards, no program, no nothing. I suspect that I'll write the hotel myself this week and reserve a room, rather than trust to a non-functioning con committee (I have a feeling the weekend my turn out

to be one lo-q-ong LASFS meeting, with program supplied by whoever shows up there. I hope not, but the silence of San Diego isn't very reassuring...

Probably Something 26 (Tom Digby): The only way I'll undress before reading a fanzine is if there's someone (preferably female) to read it with me. At the moment, this isn't too ~~prob~~ (heh heh) probable.

Pourri 27 (Fred Whitlege): When I was down on 4th Avenue with Dick Lupoff this last Saturday, I bought a book by Myers: "Out On Any Limb," also a historic novel. He is definitely not Howard, 'cause the dustwrapper features a picture of him taken in uniform at Fort Knox. The book is also autographed, which is the main reason I bought it; it should be worth considerably more now that Ace has brought out "Silverlock."

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Well, gang, that about ends the mailing comments. This Memorial Day weekend was spent with the Lupoff's in such admirable pursuits as going to Le Cave Henry IV (scene of the Willis and Arthur Thomson fetes of long ago TAFF Trips), and then leaving for Poughkeepsie with Dick and Pat.

Contrary to what Arnie Katz thinks, I did not once during the entire weekend do anything more strenuous than Arnie would if he saw Katya (although I did rake some newly cut leafy type stuff off their lawn).

Ken is talking now, as is Kathy; I expect Ken to publish any day now on the electric gestetner that Dick is buying.

It was a very pleasant weekend: talking, eating, helping a little around their house, lying in the sun and getting a bit of a burn.

Sunday night we went to eat at the Altamont Inn, situated on top of a hill on a 70-acre estate. The place is an actual inn, with about 25 rooms as well as stables, 3 big dining rooms, and some of the most delicious food I've ever eaten. I asked what size convention they could handle: "about 90 people". That's just the size for a nice informal WesterCon, I was thinking to myself...

It was a very pleasant weekend, and I'll be back there this Sunday for the second annual Pok-Pic (Poughkeepsie Picnic, if you were wondering). The thing is mostly for Burroughs fans this year. I can just see Reverend HHWeins saying, "Dear Lord, bless this Dum-Dum...". That'd be a Gas.

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Well and Uh, this seems to wind things up for this week. Ads now being accepted for the Comicon Program Booklet; apply to Fred Patten for details. New York in '67 propaganda organs now producing heavily; be prepared for some wild parties (not to mention lots of nice looking flyers that I'll be handing out). By the way, I forgot to mention that the hotel we have is in the center of the belly-dancing segment of the city's restaurants (the Armenian eateries around there are thick and good). LeeJ, save a bottle or three for me, and don't forget to keep your knees loose.

andy P.

