

DEGLER!139

deglер! is published for apa L by Andy Porter at 2 1/2 east 82nd street, New York, New York, 10028 On the gleaming (well, almost gleaming) rollers of the Doom Rex rotary.

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And here we are once again, turning out pages thick and fast on the gleaming Doom Rex rotary. Yes, friends, I've gone ahead and bought a Rex, in the hope that no more "O"s will punch out than have already done so (about 5 so far this page, I guess...).

Actually, this typer isn't suited to cutting stencils, which saddens me a little, as well it might. And tonight, for some strange reason, it seems to be sticking...

There's also the goddamn fact that I can't see what the hell I'm typing, and we get a good combination of things to make me pretty damn mad. But when I do type harder, all the damn Os punch out (like just now) and I get even madder.

Maybe this will be better (altho I kind of doubt it). I'm using the writing pad, and I still can't see what I'm typing... But that doesn't matter anyway, because I'm just typing to fill up space. I still seem to be cutting out Os tho, which doesn't help the situation any...

I have had second thoughts on what I wrote last week, as is to be expected, and I now find myself in the interesting position of not being in agreement with what I said just a scant week ago.

It's not that I'm tired of apa L, but rather that I'm tired of the small amount of feedback that I'm getting for the time I put into it (not to mention the money, which is also a major portion of the tiredness. Perhaps I'll be able to get more out of magazines, or perhaps out of an expanded Degler! which could go to others than it does now. I'd make it a sort of "Daily Fanac" type of thing, with all sorts of news gleaned from Ted White and Terry Carr and like that. Actually, this all boils down to what I actually did put out at one time, a New York Bulletin (which lasted for three issues (i.e., three months) before it folded its tent and quietly stole away. But perhaps I can do something like this once again, and do it successfully. It'd be a nice thing.

And now, because I think that this thing isn't going to come out because of the really lousy typing that this machine is doing, I'll finish this off with an alle instead of mailing consents—who knows, this may have to be done all over again. Keep your knees loose, and don't put on any black face until I get there...

