

DEGLER! 149

New York in 67

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You may perhaps be wondering why I persist in publishing one page crudzines for apa L and the Fanoclasts, instead of glorious two or even four pages like Dave Van Arnham, heroic trufan does. The truth of the matter is that I had planned to publish four pages for this week, consisting of two pages of bibliography and two pages of the *new* Degler!. Alas for me, after I'd run off the first page of the thing the gasket on the side of the impression roller that holds the thing in place decided to strip completely off, leaving me with absolute zero quantities of pressure when I tried to run sheets through the machine.

So Saturday I'll go down to my friendly Albright Office Machines and get the damned thing replaced. In the meantime, it being 10:30 pm of Thursday night, it's too late to really do a substitute. Instead, I'm once again reduced to a page of bare minac.

For the last 9 to 10 months the machine has been giving me trouble, and as some of you who have copies of Algol before you may notice, there has been a problem with the impression roller that has caused it to give me a great deal of show-through along one side of the page. Need I say that the side with the problem is the side where the gasket sheared off? Perhaps when the thing gets repaired I'll have duplicating like I used to get the first three or four months that I had the machine. I sure hope so.

With the next issue of ~~Algol~~ (slip of the typer, that) Degler! the thing will begin to change into a subscription zine. After October 20th Degler! will receive distribution only through the mail or in person in New York, and I've decided to make it into a newszine much like Fanac or Starspinkle were.

Problems with the management of the Statler-Hilton keep coming up, and so we've decided to have the convention at the Hotel Broadway Central, deep in the heart of Greenwich Village. There's a nut next door to the hotel who doesn't like s-f fans, but I threatened to sic Dormammu on him, so he's clamed up for the moment. Seriously, the hotel is one of the best that the Bouwerie has to offer. Hot and cold running water, steam heat in the winter, electric fans in the summer, and fresh linen on all the beds every Monday morning. And we have the guarantee of the manager that we'll be the only convention in the hotel. Matter of fact, we'll be the first convention in the hotel in over 47 years... And we have the further word of the management that there can be unlimited room parties, as long as the weight on the floor doesn't go over 75 pounds per square yard, due to fire laws... Yes, the NYCon 2½ will be the funnest convention in many a year. And you're in the sorryiest state if you believed any of the preceding lines... (Hi, Ted!).

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VOTE TRIMBLES FOR TAFF !!!
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Yes, ~~friends~~ friends, we've been thinking in New York. That's why you hear the mighty roar of gears clashing and stripping out where you live. And we decided that Dick Eney might like it over in VC-land enough so that he wouldn't want to be deported to England. And so, out of the goodness of our coal-black evial hearts, we (read Andy Porter for "we") decided that John and Bjo and Katwen should be inflicted on the fannish hordes of britain. Who knows? Walt Willis might join apa L in revenge...

This is Andy Porter, telling you to keep yours knees loosely the sane, or something like that there. Vote Thurban I for the Hugo....
Dave Van Arnham wants to say something down here:

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