

# DEGLER! 235

DEGLER! #235, the fabulously unfannish anti-newszine, appears after a long hiatus to astound & dismay the fabulous world of fandom.

Gosh. This special issue is brought to you through the enthusiasms of Andy Porter, stirred out of a gaffatic blight by the youthful cheerfulness of Jay Kinney, who is Right This Very Moment ~~running off~~ running off the very latest issue of NOPE, the fanzine of ~~the~~ urbane Wit For The Discriminating Fan. Andy Porter lives at 55 Pineapple Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201, and this issue is Doompublishation 331.

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A LOAF OF BRIDGFORD BREAD, A JUG OF ORANGE PLUS, AND THOU: Gosh, it certainly is a wonderful thing being right here in the same room with Jay Kinney and his youthful enthusiasm. It certainly is, Yes. Boy, only 57 more lines and this page will be filled up. Well, anyway, about the title up there, we work at this thing called Quick Frozen Foods Magazine, which is a magazine about (you guessed it!) Quickly Frozen Foods. Not to mention careless people. And part of our duties at this magazine is to do layout and paste-ups so that people will like what their ads look like and pay the company money for their inclusions in afore mentioned magazine.

The other day, as days go, we came across a feature for the October issue of QFF, which had been done by the editor. Now, this feature needed some illustrations, not to mention a layout, and so we complied. Digging into our vast artfile, we came up with the following: a full page Frank R. Paul illo and a still from "2001." The feature is titled "Death of A Dinosaur" and is written by that erudite Talmudic scholar, Sam Martin. Not to be confused with that erudite Sense of Wonderite, Sam Koskowitz. Well, anyway, we made up the Paul illo k as a full page illo, and floated the "2001" still across the bottom of the last page of the story. Content of the story isn't bad, incidentally, and you can read all about it in an upcoming issue of Locus.

While we were there, siving away over a hot layout, who should be in an adjacent room (read "next door") bjt Arnie Katz. Arnie Katz, as you all know, is a fabulously fannish fan who puts out QUIP, the fabulously fannish fanzine of fabulous fannishness. Anyway, Arnie Katz, good fan that he is, has a weakness: a craving for the root of all evil, money. And so Arnie Katz came to be in the next room, reading galleys for QFF. While not a fabulously fannish occupation, it was a moderately fannish one. And besides, the place has a lot of pretty girls walking around.

And, too, John Giunta, formerly of fabulously Old and Tired First Fandom, was a frequent visitor to old QFF to do artwork and graphs and things for the magazine. In some cases all this concentration of fannish talent might be questionable; but at good old QFF we have a hearty cheerfulness about the w ole thing (duly enforced by liberal draughts of quick-frozen 4 roses) known as spreading the wealth. It certainly is, Virginia, a Wonderful thing.

Our exklusive scoop-Locus event for this issue (and this year) is that Good old trustworthy, sober and industrious Andy Porter has been named by Edward L. Ferman, or "ELF", as we call him behind his back, as Assistant Art Director of Venture Magazine. When queried about this point, Cowles Publishing, which puts out Venture, a well-known travel magazine, denied ever hearing of anyone named "Andrew Porter," but that's just typical unknowingness of the Giant Publishing Empires. On the other hand, Edward L. Ferman dâniees ever hearing of the existence of Cowles publications. Or may be not.

For a fabulously short second page, please turn over the sheet you are holding in your hand.

Well, here it is, fans, the second page. And very short, too -- less than 12 inches long. How about that -- less than a foot! That's not very much paper at all, is it? Why, some people we know expect to turn a page over and see another 20 or 30 feet of frenetic meaningless chatter, and yet here we are, promising less than 12 inches of the stuff. I'd say that's pretty damned nice of us.

The other day, as we were waiting for our IBM Selectric to arrive (Est. ToA: 11/17/69), we had this great idea of doing up a fabulous fanzine all about what great fun it is to be ~~at SFFA~~ a femmefan among malefans. This was such a strong and worthwhile idea that we got up out of our seat and went over to the cupboard. Unfortunately, the cupboard was bare. But below, silently gathering dust for the last 9 months, we came across four ditto masters all about what a Proud and crowded thing it was to be a femmefan. Especially a femmefan with big breasts. And so, we hit on the idea of publishing this thing, which had originally been a supplement to AIGOL. (that's breasts, gang.)-/

AIGOL, as most of you know, is my genzine which will get published a short while after my typewriter gets here. After withdrawing the idea of a femmefan section from AIGOL, I next proposed it as a section in South Norwalk, my SFFAazine. Well, fannish enthusiasms being what they are, I dropped out of SFFA after only a few mailings. And then I thought of running it through SAPS, of which I'd managed to become a member. But faster and faster my fannish enthusiasms drained away -- a longterm side effect of the frenetic pace around NYCon-time, perhaps -- and I dropped out of that organization, too.

But now, after careful consideration of the idea (and the knowledge that the shelf-life for unused ditto masters isn't more than a year, and I would hate to have to retype four pages of stuff), I find that tonite is the night to go to the movies. Or, in the immortal words of Steve Stiles, "Publish."

To that end here is the long-awaited Special femmefan issue of South Norwalk. A little late, maybe, but certainly right up there in releventness to the rest of fandom. It's a little too late to think about the place of a femmefan who wanders on-to the scene from Pot Fandom, but then I really don't want to go any more into the femmefan scene. They're here, let's enjoy them, as much as they'll let us. To join fannish cliches to the elder ghods, we can only comment on Brubee's invention of sex in 1927: "It certainly is a wonderful thing."

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This issue has not been poorf-read; not at all, gang.

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We have this keen bunch of issues of New Worlds, that is, the old-style, Carnell-edited scene, which we would very much like to get rid of. Any fans with an incomplete set or some extra ~~money~~ money should write me right away about them. Please?

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This is the end of another goshwow issue of Degler!; hasn't it been fun, boys and girls? A little forced, but fun anyway. The date of this issue, for my benefit, is 8th November 1969.

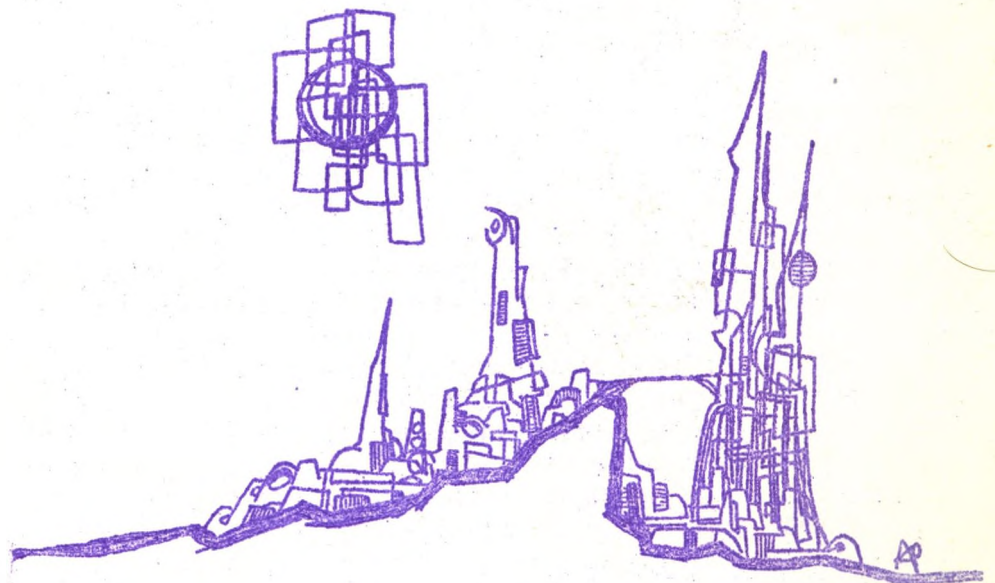
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At the rate things are going, the next issue of CONVENTION will be the last. There has been absolutely no response to the last issue, tho the circulation was almost 100. I'll be bringing some extra copies to the PhillyCon, and if there isn't any response after that I'll kill it off in a plaze of glory. And then, won't you all be sorry. Nyah!



# SOUTH NORWALK

## SPECIAL FEMALE ISSUE



The following pages feature what was to be the special Female issue of South Norwalk, produced for the Spectator Amateur Press Society. Rather than have them go unpublished, they've been merged with this issue of CONVENTION. I suppose that the subject of female humanity has lapsed under the heavy batterings of the thoughts and worries over the International Convention Scene. The interesting thing that links the two is that a fairly high percentage of convention chairmen and committee members have been women. Of the three femmefans in this special section, two have or are presently linked with convention committees. While fandom may treat women as objects, there seems to be no hesitation in allowing them to conduct fandom's convention. Or, in those immortal words, Maybe Not.

# ARE MALES REALLY HUMAN?—JOYCE FISHER

The question, "Are Males Really Human?", has drawn little attention in recent years; consequently, a very permissive attitude has been allowed to develop in the relationship of Men and Women. Perhaps this would be an appropriate time, at last, to finally get this matter settled, once and for all. At least, discussion of the subject has now been opened, and it seems correct to make an attempt to follow through. This attitude is evidenced by the recent unprotested tendency of male fans to produce fanzines in their own names, and without the softening influence of feminine guidance. Whether this practice should be allowed to continue must be faced; it seems especially illogical for we women to permit (and, alas, in some degenerate cases, I have heard of the practice actually being encouraged) a creature who is not yet proven to be a member of humanity, to express his thoughts. (If, indeed, men think. This matter, Are Males Capable Of Original Thought, must be further researched before acceptable answers can be framed.)

Perhaps the most important decision, the most all-encompassing question, concerns the matter of Masculine Suffrage. Should male fans be allowed to voice their opinions on the Hugo Nominations, and then actually be allowed to cast a vote on the final ballot? It is clear that the vote of any man allowed such a liberal privilege, will be influenced, if not actually dictated, by the more knowledgeable and experienced femme-fan. For this reason, it seems very unlikely that the Male Vote could have much true meaning in the final tally; many women have therefore expressed the opinion that Male Suffrage does no harm, merely doubling the number of votes cast in any elections. However, I would like to point up a result brought about by this liberal attitude: to wit, the recent and increasingly vocal part that male fans have taken in world convention site selection. Perhaps justification can be given for allowing them to cast a ballot; the only real difficulty involved in their ballots is that exactly twice as many votes must be counted. However, surely any Thinking Woman can see the inappropriateness of allowing these creatures to vocalize, when there is no firm and wise guidance provided to them in the form of a female moderator.

I encourage all thinking women to resolve that these matters be settled during this calendar year. My personal opinion is that women must continue to practice their traditional conservatism in their treatment of, and freedom allowed unto, male fans, until such time that the male fan conclusively proves by his actions that he is Human, and A Person. While it is clear that men will never attain the glorious position of inherent superiority that is born to women, it is possible that individual males will be offered functional standing in the class of Homo Sapiens.

# WOMEN IN FANDOM BY ETHEL LINDSAY

Women in fandom is a subject full of possibilities for philosophical musings. It is a wonder that no one has tackled it before Robin White did in the pages of *Algol*. Why is it that we have had no article from some cynical male fan who has had his thoughts on the subject? Goodness knows, they write articles about everything else! Can the answer be that femme fans are such a scarce commodity that they are free from criticism? You may say that such an article should not be written as femme fans are just fans like everyone else and are not treated differently in fandom. But would you be right?

Robin White does not think so, as is evident. One cannot generalize too much, however, from her story. After all, the things that happened to Robin were colored by the fact that she was young and pretty. There would be a different reception for someone who was young and plain. Age, too, alters the reception found in fandom. An older woman might get a better, or at least calmer, reception just because she is not a sex challenge to the younger members of fandom.

The fact that femme fans have always been scarce is because science fiction is not a very appealing subject to most women. I think this is changing because the subject of science itself is more studied today by women. As usual, nothing that happens in fandom happens there of itself -- it is always a reflection of our social habits in the larger world. To me, one of the most fascinating things about fandom is that whilst it may be a microcosm, it is a microcosm that imitates the world. It is impossible to study the whole world; but it is fairly easy to study it by observing fandom.

That the scarcity of women in fandom is likely to attract a woman looking for a boyfriend, a husband, or just male companionship need not surprise anyone. Folks are looking for a mate all over the world and fandom is just one of the places where they look. Still, such a woman can cause a bit of havoc among young fans, if she should be the type to get a bit carried away by all the lovely attention she may get. Yet it is difficult for a woman to fake an interest in science fiction; much more difficult than faking an interest in some sport, as often happens. So, on the whole, fandom is not too plagued with this sort of thing.

Much more likely to happen is a femme fan who joins a club and then fends off any other woman who wants to join. I have heard of such cases; it sure doesn't make for ~~an~~ ~~ix~~growing club! It is very difficult for male fans to do anything about this as half the time a woman is being snide to another woman all males in the vicinity are unable to figure out just what is happening.

Some years back a male fan, I can no longer remember who, asked why it is that femme fans were such an organizing lot. He wasn't being complimentary, either. It might be the fact that women like something they can get their teeth into...something tangible. Or it may be that they are just naturally bossy! I've no doubt I was organizing something at the time, but maybe I was when helping with TAFF. I also have no doubt that, being female, that didn't stop me reacting and blasting back some remark at that male fan.

My own entry into fandom was far different from Robin's. The small circle of male fans in which I found myself were much younger than I, so no complications arose. The only fan anything near my age was already married, and I liked his wife. Getting to know and like a fan's wife is the surest way I know to keep a femme fan like myself out of trouble.

A woman who wants to be a fan in her own right, not just as a girl friend or wife of a fan, had better take a good look at her ethics. Men have a "code" which is vastly different from a woman's...and this she should always remember.

Again, this does not only apply to fandom but to where ever a woman enters a predominantly male environment. Yet it isn't easy to try to think like a man without losing your femininity. In fact, it is a nice little tightrope to walk along! No wonder there are not many of us walking it. Note well that Robin White felt at home in fandom only after she was married.

-- Ethel Lindsay

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#### HOW I ENTERED FANDOM AND ALTERED MY DGC

by Kay Anderson

How did I ever get to be a femmefan? (If this looks good I'll write it up for "True Confessions." I'm sure it'll be more gripping than their usual "Gang-Raped By The Entire Democratic National Convention"-type stories.) I didn't get into fandom looking for male companionship. I already had plenty, in the form of a husband, and I had a baby to prove its abundance. I was working at an electronics firm called Spar-ton Southwest. SSW is famous for making transducers which make dandy paper-weights. 300 people work at SSW. Amongst them I eventually discovered 3 human beings, of which 1 responded with more than narrow-eyed suspicion when I said Science Fiction. This was Roy Tackett. I started talking to Roy, which is something that is Not Done in polite society, or something. Quick as a flash rumor had it that we were having an affair. We were news, we were watched. I felt just like a movie star. I got propositioned in the lunchroom...after all, if I was having an affair with Roy I must be sexy, right?

Things got deeper. One day They saw Roy give me a copy of Dynatron and a girl in the restroom asked me what kind of perfume I used. Later They saw me give him a loc on Dynatron and the personnel manager called me to his office and said the company discouraged fraternization between workers (fraternization?) and felt that note-passing was an invasion of privacy of the other workers because it excluded them from whatever we were talking about. This gem of logic from the personnel man of a company that bugs emplyee restrooms! So, through Roy I started sending sticky quarters for fanzines and going to meetings of the local club, which is so disorganized it doesn't even have a name. I am the only married woman in it, and I devote my time to embarrassing our 3 or 4 15-year-old fringe fans who come to discuss Star Trek.

I'm a dirty old woman at 24. We haven't any inner circles in the club; we're disorganized, I told you. We include a man of 60, 2 around 40, 1 about 30, my husband, who is also 24, 2 college students of the appropriate age, a boy and 4 girls around 15, and a hobbit around 12 years old. My being the oldest girl, the other girls try to be acceptable to me. I feel great power; I am growing long fangs. I am developing confidence.

A month or so ago our hippie asked me what I thought of her outfit: white fishnet hose, knee-high boots with spike heels, a stretched pull-over that she work as a dress and which barely covered her rump when she stood up, a psychedelic necklace as big as a dinner plate, a corncob pipe, and a Spock haircut just as short as his.

I told her. That's what fandom has done for me.

-- Kay Anderson