

---

DECLER! #239 (or thereabouts) is published by Andy Porter, P.O.Box 4175, New York NY 10017, Usa, for the citizens of this, the FaNation, who are temporarily residing at the Midwestcon, 1974. Doompub. #365. Montreal in '77!!!

---

TEN YEARS, THAT'S NOT TOO MANY: The date is rapidly approaching July. Ten years ago the members of FISTFA and the New York Fanoclasts conceived the idea of a Weekly Apa, to be called Apa F. Or as we wittily said, too many times, "Apa F is FAPA Spelled Backwards."

What's ten years among friends? Nothing; among enemies though, it's a pretty long time. And among people who used to be friends, but have since Gone Away, it's also a pretty long time. Where is Dave Van Arnam? Back in January he spent several weeks with fan friends Felice Rolfe (another name to conjure with) and Dick Lupoff in far-oof California. Dave reported that his familiar crewcut had gone the way of the Nixon tie-clasp and bottle of bheer. Imagine, if you can, Dave Van Arnam with below shoulder-length hair.

The mind croggles.

Arnie Katz is still with us, still publishing, not going to conventions any more, but still active. Ted White is Alive and fair-to-well, living in Virginia and fan-publishing not very much at all; AMAZING and FANTASTIC take up too much of his time, and offer him too little in return. That's how I see it, anyway. Mike McInerney, who used to stop the traffic at Midwestcons (not too long ago it was that Cincinnati was very straight indeed) is living in San Francisco, and reports say that he's okay, as always. But gafia these several years. Owell. Rich Brown lives in the Slanslum-by-the-Potomac, Falls Church, and has just dropped out of Fapa. Again.

There are a lot of other people who were active at the outset of apa F. Steve Stiles, myself, John Boardman, Frank Wilimczyk, etc.

Etc. covers a lot of ground. Rather than making an ass of myself and my maudlin feelings about this fannish anniversary, which changed my life, in some small measure, this will circulate to the very few people who might care enough to think about apa F, and then ten long years since those halcyon days when we were younger, fannishly and mundanely speaking; when the Nycon 3 was but a distant dream on our fannish horizons; when everyone knew, unfortunately, what the Boondoggle was; when Worldcons had 600 attendees; when not too many people knew where Vietnam was; and the big circulation fanzines had press-runs of 150 copies.

Now, things are Different. A newer generation is growing up without knowing who Walter Breen is, and what was said about him; a generation of fans who feel at home among 3,000 other fans at the worldcon, and with the 1500 members of their local regional convention; a generation who started reading SF because of the Lunar landings, and not to spite their elders; a generation which can point to the esteemed Doctor Wertham, who is in favor of fandom and fanzines, and who can -- and probably will -- use his book to prove to their parents that fandom is better than playing baseball.

It's a different world. Not better, not worse; different. And isn't that what life is all about -- these ten years post apa F.

-- Andy Porter

---

The right to make typos is the right to be free

---