

DEGLER!

DEGLER! no. 244, the fanzine that's published in spite of itself (and a broken xerox machine), comes from the fevered mind of Andy Porter, P.O.Box 4175, New York NY 10017, this 11th day of October, 1974. Montreal in '77!

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OFF TO MONTREAL IN MY AEROPLANE: Rather than attend the Pghlange, where a well-known group of NSF members and otherwise malcontents was to have brought all fandom to its knees feet with a thunderous applause for "My Fair Femmefan," and other musical inventions of Queens fandom, I set off on the treacherous journey across the towering Catskill mountains, beyond the turbulent waters of the great St. Lawrence, to fabled Montreal. A promise of free room and board at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, plus the key to the city was more than I could resist.

Donald Lundry, captain of the good ship 777, inquired incredulously that I should journey to Montreal. "Our hotel representative," Mr/ Lundry reported resoundingly, "always comes up to see us."

I should perhaps have retorted, "With good reason, sir. For to see Orlando is to forget it." Alack for misplaced and unused opportunities, I say to myself.

The purpose of the trip was manifold. Of primary endeavor was the search for additional space for the Montreal in '77 worldcon bid, and of secondary essence, though naturally high in my inner esteem, was to Have A Good Time.

The city being Montreal, the explorer being myself, my accomodations being what they were, in this best of all possible worldcon sites, I found myself having a rollicking good time, and even accomodating a little business in between attending the finest bistros, shops of literary fortitude, and searching out the wild inhabitants of the surrounding forests, plains and mountains. We have signed a tentative contract for more than 60,000 square feet of space at the Place Bonaventure, a noble and upstanding emporium which caters to every wish of the seasoned convention goer. This great expanse, suitable for accomodating more than 6,000 persons in comfortable lounging positions, is the merest walk from the Queen Elizabeth and in fact connected directly to the hotel through a clever and ingenious series of tunnels and spacious excavations underneath the streets of the city. A wonderful race, these Canadians.

A gathering of the denizens of the city Friday night brought out an even dozen of the locals, with interest in our anticipating convention running at quite a good pace. After the formal affairs were concluded, several of us including Donald Kingsbury of McGill University, Wendy Smith formerly of Calgary, an upcoming city in the western provinces, Maurice Trudeau (accompanied by his device for making lantern slides), myself, and our man in Montreal, Bruce Robbins, went out to a local eatery for a splendid meal of the Italian persuasion. Our appetites were not stifled despite Ms. Smith's informing us that the establishment was undoubtedly owned and run by the notorious and sinister Mafia.

Saturday Bruce and myself, in a rented carriage, drove up to the petite town of St. Jovite, where we rendezvoused with Norman and Gina Clarke and daughters. The Clarkes, fabled citizens of the Canadian nation, and fans of long standing and fabled repute, proved to be most charming, despite the rather inhospitable weather the region was going through that day. We had a fine is somewhat dampened time, and Bruce and I returned to Montreal later that evening. The rest of my journey was uneventful, and I arrived back at the aerodrome rested and confident that the course of fandom was safely in hand once again.

