

# DEGLER!

DEGLER! no. 245, the tired fanzine, is published for Fanoclasts and a few others by Andy Porter, P.O. Box 4175, New York NY 10017, this dreary 25th day of October, 1974. Rain, rain, go away!!!

MINAC COMES TO DEGLER! (AGAIN): Here we are, it's Friday night, the rain's coming down and I'm about to put in another couple of hours pasting up the new issue of ALGOL before scurrying for the (dry) subway. I've been staying late every night at work, pasting down type, doing headlines, commissioning Ross Chamberlain to do artwork, forgetting to bring Ross his check for \$10, damning Zipatone for issuing a catalog showing Peignot Medium six months before they've got the type in stock, checking Photo Lettering for a nice type style, deciding it's not worth \$160.00 to get 44 words done Professionally, rushing out to buy Letraset, and leaving every night somewhere past 8:00 or even 9:00, emotionally and physically exhausted.

Pasting up a Great American Fanzine is a pain in the ass.

ALGOL will go to the printer in another week, and, wonder of wonders, even come out on time this issue -- November 15th. Last issue came out 3 weeks late, on June 8th, and the reasons for rushing this issue into print are threefold: first, to get it back on time; second, to avoid conflict with my job, whose convention issues are looming large on the horizon; and third, to get the magazine into the mails before the Christmas Rush descends on the USPOD, throwing everything out of whack.

I may even get these things done, but at the moment I'm not facing Fanoclasts with a great deal of joy. The combined poisons of the mind and body have to be shaken loose and flushed away, and the Friday night ritual of going to the Fanoclasts precipitates the first loosening of the week's spiritual trash. Saturday morning I get a good 10 hours of sleep, and then I'm fairly well healed and looking forward to another week's work.

Unfortunately, this Saturday I plan to come back to the office to work on ALGOL again, and thence up to a fannish party. So I should come into the office not so bright and cheery on Monday.

And in the middle of typing this I've just remembered the dentist's appointment I had -- two hours ago...

In the interest of maintaining an unbroken string of DEGLER!s, dating all the way back to two issues ago, the rest of this issue is devoted to a letter from Dale Leifeste which was \*censored\* out of ALGOL No. 21.

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I am one of these people so often complained about in fandom who subscribes to a number of the fanzines but rarely if ever gets around to sending in LOC's. Thanks for the articles on Cordwainer Smith. I had never known much of the background on Paul Linebarger and now a lot of the references and background details in his stories are falling into place for me. The brief taste in *Algo!* 20 has created an appetite for more on Smith and his stories. I was particularly intrigued by Arthur Burns' comments on Smith's ESP-like communication with his cats. Somehow I knew it had to be that way, so much of the mood of "The Game of Rat and Dragon" pointed to a background of some unique relationship. While I've never been fanatic about cats, something about that story hit such a deep chord in me that even now when I'm trying to turn someone on to SF for the first time I invariably drag out "Rat and Dragon." I've only been aware of fandom for a couple of years so when I first read "The Game of Rat and Dragon" many years ago I had no idea who Cordwainer Smith was, but after the first experience I learned to look for the name as an indication of a special kind of story experience. It's good to know that there are many others out there who also knew that to experience a Cordwainer Smith story was to move into a unique world.

I read your "A Requiem for the Fanoclasts" with interest. I only discovered fandom about 1970 (growing up in Florida and only reading SF books rather than magazines had a lot to do with it) after I had been in New York for a while. My first contact came through picking up a copy of *SF Review* in a film bookstore (Cinemabilia) and in the first excitement of "How long has this been going on?" I tried to make contact with Brooklyn fans (probably some of the Insurgents guessing from your editorial) and kept getting the reaction "Sorry, this is a closed society, if you haven't been a fan since at least 1958 then forget it." Finally I said "to hell with it" and if I hadn't met a lot of nice people at Worldcons and Boskone since then I probably would have dropped out before I dropped in. Your editorial put some things in historical perspective for me.

[Unfortunately, we're being faced with several unpleasant prospects in fandom. As the groups and clubs get larger, they're being forced to limit membership to those they know, or to a certain fixed size limit, which is presumably what happened to you in your first contacts with fandom. And as the World SF Convention, and the numerous regional SF conventions themselves grow larger, they become more impersonal, harder places to meet and make friends. Should convention size and membership be limited? Can they be limited? Should clubs become a closed society, limiting themselves to those they know? These are a few of the questions that are being raised in fanzines and at conventions, most recently TORCON. I know that I saw several people for scant minutes at TORCON that I'd have liked to talk to for an hour or so, but simply couldn't. It's a problem that I can't see a solution to, for as long as fandom and the interest in SF continue to grow.]