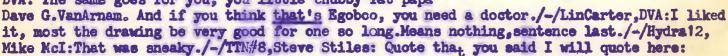
This is DEGLER! number 13, Porterpub #24, a crudzine for apa F, and minac publication #2, from Andy Porter at 24 E 82nd street, ny.ny,10028.

Here we have abbreviated mailing comments:

Cover,me: I should have pressed harder, as you can judge
from Cannabis./-/Dagon#5,JohnBoardman:Gosh,john,I didn't
know that you were a member of the Doolittle Donothings!!

CZQ#12,rich brown:I told you, I think, what seems like
three weeks ago to my abbreviated time sense./-/Wiglmgl
Rmembrer,Frnk Wilmczyk: I'd like to see that cover./-/
opo10,Lupoffs:No comment on the comments./-/Fnomtic#9,
DVA: The same goes for you, you little chubby fat papa



"I feel like a big penis" - Steve Stiles

DEGLER#12:Beneath comment, as usual./-/Minus#1, Cannabis#2, ecevers: Noted. Sorry, Earl.

This here is the more and more abbreviated Degler!, a fact caused by NYU pressing ever closer to me. Actually, I start school on thursday, and orientation starts in earnest on Monday. So I find myself with lesss and less time for Fanac in the written form. But never fear, Degler will continue thru thik an' thin, rainsleetansnowanrotandeathanants. We are now soliciting articles and faan fiction for the next issue of ALGOL, of which 22 pages are definitely scheduled.

The Atom party wasn't nice — I don't like the smell of catdungin a place without lights. But I got an enebriated cartoon from our glorious Taffman. Send a Carr by plane — It's Terry for TAFF!!! (...) I think I'll talk further in talk, not in print, about the up and comeing my schism — it seems that the Fanoclasts may very wealstir up a hornet's nest as the esfa valiantly rallies to the battle against that Evial tell white, the dirty bhum...

Gosh people, today I am a Man...I told Marsha Moron to be quiet, I'm talking, for which I was cheered by that best of all possible fanclubs, the Light Fanclasts.

Not much happened to me this week that all the rest of you weren't at, which is the reason that this here is kind of empty; and the things that did go on I'll tell you about in person. Matter of fact, I already told you that.

To put it plainly, I don't think that things like Hydra12 are legal from a well member. The rest of this is going to be about people that go to college to read books that they can't read in mundame life because these books are not read by people but by frogs — I told you that people go to frog colleges to read them, because theyre all about the perversions of the it frogs, those very same frogs who dance games of perversion and death from old sexology manuals that they find in the bobtom of sea weed factories in the top of pus piles which rhyme incessantly about nothing using only words of nothingness, which is the reason that mithey really rhyme nothing at all, which is the reason I wrote this. You see, it fills up the page boy's mouth. — Wardron Tovallon, translator, The Book of Madnesses.