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# DEGLER! 3

And this is Degler! number 134 plus one (read 135 in there, fellas) published by Andy Porter at 24 east 82nd street, New York, N.Y., 10028 for apa L, mailing of July 14th. This issue not published on the gleaming steel rollers of the mighty Doom Press. This issue is instead being run off by Dave Van Arnam (who, posing as a mild mannered super hero named Zantain the Magnificent, fights a never-ending battle for Truth, Justice, and the New Yorker's way...) on the ikky-stickey drum of the Null-Q Press (Dave told me not to go beyond the border of the stencil, and I is following his wishes, even if it means cut-off-at-the-arm justifying).

Following the longest colophon in the history of Degler! we have another stop-gap issue, batted out at Dave's office while waiting for Milt Stevens to battle his weary way down to \*Times Square\*, the center of the Universe. Milt says he may be arrested for carrying a saber in the streets, but that the police won't really have any charges: it isn't automatic, and no violation of the Sullivan Law...

The trouble with doing a Degler! like this is that there ain't too much you can say without seeming repetitious. Namely, whatever I had to say was said last week, and the week before, and the week before that...

#### THOTS ON SEEING AMERICA:

Thots I have on seeing America are many. They include the foolishness of commenting on the beauty of Grand Canyon as seen from 40,000 feet through 5,000 feet of haze and cloud. Really, the only way to see the US of A is by car, or preferably by low-flying helicopter. And I hope to see a hell of a lot of the US before I venture off into the wilds of foreign lands and uncharted shores. Although I have been in Canada, and have found that country to be a land that is vastly more unspoiled than most of the land in the US can boast of beeing. Why, they've even got a Northwest Territory, somewhere to go when you're in trouble with the law, or you've been going downhill in business and you don't have the ability or the know-how to pull yourself up where its cultured, and refined, and...settled.

I do look forward to seeing spots that have never known buildings, never seen the destructiveness that people can unleash when they don't care or know how to handle the forces that they have at their fingertips. I'm looking for areas like that. And I'm looking for areas that are dead, and that we have to flee through, as it were, till we come to life and the next town, the next outpost of life and kids and the civilization that people have come to demand.

These words are, of course, entirely First Drafted onto stencil, using an unfamiliar typewriter, and I would perhaps have the ability to make them live perhaps a little better were I to say them rather than write them. I'd like to express them better, and I will, or will have, if I've had the opportunity to corner you good people at the WesterCon.

And so, I'm not looking forward to the WesterCon so much as I'm looking forward to exploring a little bit more of this fantastic country we live in. This'll be my first trip west of Chicago (and I was in Chicago in 1950; there's been a hell of a lot of change in the intervening years).



And this is Andy Porter, telling you to keep your knees loose, and keep on searching, keep on looking, because you may find yourself yet...