The Fanoclast Weakly V3N4, Arnie Katz: You had amazingly good duplication in this issue, Arnie; I found I could read it with out straining. I hate to tell you, but the comment "suave" was going the rounds at Milford Prep School more than a year ago. Happily, it gradually died out around the time that Kennedy Got His. (or Bought It, if you're a fighter pilot).

remember what you were accusing me of on the way back to Manhattan, which was that I will put three words down on a page and then count it as a Degler! in order to have something in the mailing. This is not me, but was Some One Else, who did this because he was working many and long hours, a brave Thing to do. At the moment, I find that I'm down to 100 sheets of paper and 5 ounces of ditto fluid. Times are lean indeed.

malAise #8, DVA: I find nothing to comment on here, but will include a note of interest to collectors: For Sale, Triplanetary, first edition, by EESmith, no dust wrapper, \$2.00 from Vanity Fair Book store, 108 4th ave. Also 2 copies of Gather, Darkness by Lieber, with D/Ws. This store has some good buys.

F. S. T. S., Don Fitch: Gosh, the fabulous Don Fitch! If you bother to read this, how about an answer to what I sent you? it would be appre ciated muchly. I have a feeling of unreality: here in NYC the weather has terned or even turned totally inclement, especially totally cold. The only flowers blooming here are on the windows (frost patterns, y'know).

opo #26, Pat & Dick Lupoff: Keep them books coming; easiest way to write a column.

Callastheon #2, Tom Gilbert: I croggle at almost a whole page of egoboo for me. You are a saint, sir. Unfortunately, Mike McInerney brought copies of Lunazine #1 to make up the entire "first mailing." I brought an issue of Degler! to make up the "second mailing" while Mike never showed. So this will be the 3rd mailing, first official mailing; I would suggest a copy limit of 15 copies, as most of the lunarians are not even aware that such a thing as apa S exists, and if they did, could care less. I'm too poor to go to the Westercon; sorry. Did you see

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NY, NY, 10028. Forterpublication number 48. Terry for TAFF. NY in '67.Cleve in'66.

John Baxter's article in the current Warhoon? He says, among other things, that apa's have lost their purpose, LASFS is totally without formality, and that conventions should do away with programs(fanzine fen don't attend them, do they?) I was totally croggled out of my mind, and suggest you read it for yourself. You have a tradition for a single club because you have always had one single club. If you official collator would just put the mage in rows and have each person pick one copy of each up(puting cover and contents page down also) and have a couple of staplers on hand, all your problems would be solved. I think. Hey! I just noticed that I've been typing where my masthead should have gone. Damn. Also goodbye.



Happy New #13, DVA: Someone has forgotten that big Father bear may step in with 40 dozens of megakill for our bembing China; or China might counterattack in another way, by swarming over the rest of Laos and South Vietnam-they wouldn't be attacking the US, but rather spending their energies on a few of their neighbors. And I'm sure that TEJ wouldn't "escalate" the war by doing semething like that in the first place. Besides maybe getting Moscow to saber rattle a lot, we would be officially sensored by \$2 the nations in the UN, and at this date the western powers need all the friends they can get. Imagine that De Gaulle might step into the breach of departing friends and say "stick with me for a change." Besides, there would be a total nuclear war within a week if we went around bombing people because they couldn't fight back. Lock before you leap, Dave.

CZQ #21; Dick Brown: I was going to tell in public about the time that I was done to the same as dick in being now, but I just remembered that my parents may read this some day, so as a result I won't tell in print; dick knows what I'm talking about, so ask him what I mean. You are all mixed up; at times like these, I can't fathom you at all. Then again, you act normal, as if you actually were. Or are.

Hydra #26, Mike McInerney: Shucks, Mike I haven't missed a mailing since the first one. Nor a meeting, either. It seems to me you went to Mewport in July or something, and missed the 3rd meeting(but not mailing). Harhar. And that's busted egoboo for tonight. By the way, our glorious projek will have to be put off for some time, at least for me.

Dagon #13, John Boardman: If you will remember, John, nothing has been stolen in all the meetings at Mike and Dick's, when things are plainly out in the open. Some of the people there were hardly "our" friends. Fred Lerner and Ken Beale are hardly Fanoclasts. Some of the people there I didN't know at all; I'm sure that goes for the rest of the Fanoclasts who attended.

Cover, Bjo: I think it was Bjo. But it was nice. I'd sure like some Bjo artwork for my very own. Hear that, Bjo?

Special news feature: dick brown's and Mike McInernay's typewriters were stelen, along with their record player, by Work some diabolical crook. This is in retaliation for the theft of some Cult mailings. Which isn't really funny.

An answer has come from Len Bailes to my letter. Len says that we can either publish something as a plug for NY and donate it to the N3F or publish it exclusively for the N3F and thus get paid for our efforts. I'm for publishing it as a plug and keeping the rost of the copies for further use. What do you people say? A new Fanspeak would only be about ten or so pages long, and could be done within a menth. Gabble de gabble de gok the goo in the framishing filling up space.

Beyond the seas of the forgotten land of Elren there is a mysterious land of sleeping mountains and forgotten plateaus, of plants and animals that are different in shape and form. And in this lost land, this forgotten place of primieval rites and savage battles, far from the sea lanes of the modern world, there is a castle; a towering monilith of stone cut from inacessible quaries. Within the tastle is a strange dweller. Indeed, were it not for his form, one would think that he were a warped travesty of humanity, a frozen monilithic David Van Arnam.