

Degler! is published for apa  
L by Andy Porter at 24 East  
82nd Street, New York, N. Y.  
10028. Bagels and lox: Wowsy!

doompublishation #174: Jan 27, 1966

### SICK TRANSIT QUILL SHORT STORY CONTEST

Shamus Slade ducked the knife and drove in with hands swinging (it was a tight turn into the driveway). There was a cold glint in his eye, and a cruel smile rippled about his thin lips. The Fat Man moved ponderously for his size, and stepped out of the line of Sham's rabbit cut. A low whistling note penetrated the air, seeming to come from nowhere, a tuneless sound that only Sham's closest friends knew occurred when Shamus was trying to whistle jauntily. The Fat Man, however, was unaware of this, and blanched. He was a music lover. "Aaaargh!" he hissed, not without some wit.

The door swung shut and Shamus turned to find himself face to face with the Kid. "Chicken," the Kid smiled tauntingly. Shamus clutched his knife. The Kid stumbled through the doorway, carefully nursing the freshly cut leg. Shamus turned back to the Fat Man. "Slade, you're finished. If you know what's good for you, you'll get out now." Shamus looked at the knife in his hand. "I mean it, Slade. You've been late once too often. I can't run a restaurant this way. You're fired." Slowly Shamus put down the carving knife, took off his apron and big, floppy hat, and started walking toward the door.

-- Little Joni

+++++

The winner of The Sick Transit Quill Short Story Contest, Miss Joni Parkwood of Sarah Lawrence College, receives as prize a collection (incomplete) of Degler!, plus the attention (complete) of Andy Silverberg, Andy Porter, and Andy Katz. She may even get one of my books, providing I can climb up and get one down.

+++++

This special issue of Degler! is produced exclusively for the Fanoclasts, apa L, and TAPS. This is AS 13.0128. Watch this space:

story continued from A Fanzine for ~~Tommy~~ Freddy Whitledge:

then with a great roar of steam driven pistons the beast was upon me. First it flashed a bold picture of Orion the Hunter at me full face, flowing out in violet passion it's message of hate and disease. Then it was followed in quick succession by scenes of New York, several dozen different clips from Destination Moon, a quick change ~~in~~ the skies as they were in the time of Jesus, and topped off with a face front Sergeant Fury shot of the Deepest view possible of the Sun, geysers spouting and corona careening. I fell back, stunned.

And yet that wasn't it; before the Browning could take off and emerge the machine in Elmer's Glue-All, the thing, sensing its sudden peril, backed off a few feet. This was what I had been waiting for. Quickly I turned the Browning on full and aimed it at the drained Zeiss projector. With all the fury of a peanut butter sandwich in an Andy Warhol picture the Browning projected a picture of the end of

the universe, the might figure of Ray Bradbury gathering all the seeds of man's mind and hurling them at the wall of matter beyond which thought itself does not dare to venture. The Flash of power turned the Browning a deep orange, the very picture of Hell unleashed.

The Zeiss staggered; it's great legs started to flake with rust.

Sensing that it had finally met its master, the machine hunched down, the great hydraulic veins standing out, the coolant pumps whirling, and prepared to accept its fate.

I met the last reserves of the Browning, and gave the Zeiss a face front idealized picture of a humanity evolved into Gods defeating the entropy of matter, willing the universe to stay alive. The face was reminiscent of James Blish's John Amalfi, and I showed the machine that the God/Man was creating new matter with the sheer power of his Scientologist brained brain. He looked like a Jack of all Harnessed Power.

With a last faint sigh of drained power, The Zeiss lit all it's projectors at once, besieging the sky with a mighty vista of planets and suns of a billion years of time, and slowly, shutting each one off, settling down into the ground. The rust etched feelers into the power supply box, and the lights dimmed finally into a dull amber glow that faded to nothing within a minute.

Slowly, softly, the night voices resumed. They had been waiting, it seemed, and I found myself welcoming them back into voice.

Silently the ivy started to grow around the fallen hulk.

--Mardron Tovallon, translator, The Book  
Of  
Madnesses

