

DEGLER! NO. 123

Degler! is published by Andy Porter at 24 east 82nd street new york, ny, 10028 for apa L when he could be doing other things like giving away collie puppies or other worthwhile thngs. doompublishation #190/April 2466

THE WORM SONG (as transcribed by KPFA)...

- A The worms crawl in,
the worms crawl out,
the worms play parcheesi
on your snout.
- B The worms crawl in,
to have their fun,
and your limbs drop off
one by one.
- C The worms crawl in,
the worms crawl out,
the worms crawl around
all over your snout
- D The worms invite their friends,
and their friends' friends too,
and you look like hell
when they get through with you!

The above is one of the inspiring things I heard last night as I dropped off to sleep (aka sleepy-weepy-poo). I now use to listen to sleep when I got the tired boring whence I came out of one friday night before eating breakfast. When I fell the sleep around the bottom of the pier hit my face where no smell of green apples had ever been built before. But when I looked up the telephone company to find out how they did it, I discovered that Long Island sound was completely empty of used Kansas City telephone books. Naturally, this amazing occurrence was recoded for possible use by the British expeditionary forces which were even then regrouping for another attempt at conquering the mexican part of Coney Island. Fire and brimstone were the passwords, even: thought when said with a cockney accent no one kwen quite where the john was. Boardman was quite perturbed about this, as he had been scheduled to read the eulogy for Walter Kerr under the fifty-seventh street pier, and naturally when the cab called to picked him up to take the apples away the British weren't informed of this stationary target and the necessary strategic moves were unsuccessfully accomplished. The people rejoiced to see such ineptitude, and the dish ran away with the spoon.

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New York is filled with the unnecessary smell of seaweed. It's been raining here on and off for the better part of the day, and the gloomy dampness of an aprilish wet day has prompted me to stop typing this until wednesday night. Yes.

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And here we are on Thursday night. Once again I fear this must be minac, although I've had better than a week to recover from whatever it was I went to. There were no comments on Degler! in apa L this week, a case which I feel is rather sad. And it makes me feel like not doing comments on the current mailing (although this is also due to there not being much intering in it for me this week. Hmm...convoluted sentences, anyone? I did muchly appreciate Dian's modernistic drawings, and wd like to get a set of them, if Bruce wd care to hold off a set for 'vesterCon time. Speaking of the 'vesterCon, how is that I've not yet gotten my membership card in it? Is there anyone who could relay this concern on to the proper authority for me? I'd certainly appreciate it. And that, I fear, is all that you'll get from me this week. Unless you count the below story fragment, from a Work In Progress... The dead sea bottom, the endless rolling plain of salt, lay flatly rolling for more miles than distance could measure. Here and there on the flat grey plain great tufts of wreckage lay, bent by the seaseless tides of gravity that were the last things to have any effect on the physical world. And within this pitiable physicalness, this bare world of ruin on the edge of time, the great spire of pitted, corroded metal soared upward until it was lost from the mind of any being who might still dare to exist in the foul air that was all that the world had left. At night, the shadow stretched long and long on the grey plain. Too long and too proud, there had been some to say. but the tower lay there, long and proud; it had been too proud to be defeated by time; too proud and perhaps too foolish.

The death of men had been thought to be a large thing, but it turned out to be a very small thing, in the end. After the people had gone, there were few to reckon that Man had been and gone and left a mark. There were few marks left to leave. Perhaps that was Man's doing, and perhaps that is his irony: he had erased, in his feverous way, all that could ever attest to his coming, and his passing. All except the tower...

The tower had been anchored deep; deep it was built, and deep it lay for time to discover in its own course. Man had laughed at the folly of a tower hidden from view, but the laughter had gone. Man had gone. The tower stayed, and was exposed. There were none to laugh now.

The dead metal of the tower echoed the dead light of the sun. The metal, long worn of its fiery birth, was dead. Dead as the earth. Dead as the plain. But the dead metal was still metal.

Metal that could gleam with its birth is metal that will reflect the fierce electronic ping of the radar. This metal echoed that ping, for the first time in a time too long to record. It was too long. Too long to record, too long to remember. Too long when the fiers died in the heart of the earth. Too long when the last of the sea went and did not return. Too long for anyone to tell; too long for this tower to notice.

First Mate Grayson of The AFRICAN QUEEN saw the ping of the tower on the radar. There should have been no ping on the radar, save in a science fiction story. Green grow the lilocks, the first mate ~~thought~~ thought. Jabberwocky is as jabberwocky does, replied the captain. Indeed, thought the first mate. Where metal is so goes the nation. The public be damned, replied the captain. Raise the sump pumps and pass the god-metal.

And they did, and the ship did, and it echoed down onto the plain, where the spire of metal was.

Green grow the lilocks, right, sir, asked the first mate. Hardly, Yardley, replied the captain. It's more of a case of a shower every hour.

You wouldn't think it to just see it, but that thing is definitely 99 and 44/100% pure, queried the first mate.

Bighod, you're right, thought the captain. It floats, although the smorgasbord isn't in the horizontal position. On the magna -- or is it the crust -- of this godforsaken planet.

I'm sorry, sir, apologized the first mate. God is dead; I read it in Time a few weeks ago.

Isaac Asimov asked what is at the end of eternity, the captain mumbled to himself.

Don't be a silly, captain dear, capered the first mate, stroking his instrument panel. It's the beginning of infinity. You betchum, Red Ryder.

The decision made, the complement of droll and capering crew began to analyse the planet. No orange blossom in the atmosphere. No plant life. No sweet smell of success. No people. No lilacs last in the dooryard blooming. No literature or pulp magazines. No air. No life; ergo, no death. A deathless world, marveled the crew; what would the Impervium come up with next. No disposable tussies. No ether in the space. Unthinking obedience, the crew stopped to examine the issue. (more)