

DEGLER! No. 248

DEGLER! #248 comes from the talented typewriter of Andy Porter, POBox 4175, New York NY 10017, and is published this 6th day of December, 1974, for Fanoclasts and a few others. We wish to take this opportunity to ask whether anyone has room for a rider to PhilCon?

~~~~~

THE FLOODGATES OPENED, BUT GHOD SPARED ME: Sunday night, after another battle with the piles of incoming mail, I got to sleep about 2am. I was awakened about 3:30am by someone insistently ringing my doorbell. Staggering out of bed, I was brought to complete wakefulness by the feel of cold water on my feet as I crossed my foyer toward the door. Turning the light on, I discovered a freshwater lake extending from the door diagonally across my foyer, making skirmishes toward the kitchen, livingroom and bedroom. The water had already surrounded three cartons of ALGOLs stacked against the wall.

With a cry of anguish ("Shit!!!") I grabbed the cartons and carried them into the kitchen, whose doorsill appeared a high bulwark against the flood, which had reached an inch deep in its central sections. Moving to the door and turning on the lights, I saw a continued flood coming in from the hallway. I opened the peephole and looked out.

A vast and roaring waterfall extended the length of the hall. Water was coming down from the 4th floor so fast it didn't flow down the stairs but rather over the sill from the floor above. I raced into the bathroom, grabbed the only slightly dirty bathtowel, opened the front door and jammed it into the breach as the angry waters tried to swirl into my apartment. I shut the door, shut out the water, and called the fire department. Those stalwart defenders of order told me to call the police, who in turn told me that the night's rain had shorted out most of their communications and why didn't I call back in the morning? So, putting on my pants, shirt and rubbers (but not my shoes) I opened the door, checked my hastily built dike, and started upstairs, ducking past the waterfall and going up the rapids against the stream.

Four hours later, after standing in foot-deep water on the roof looking for a drainpipe and not finding one, after trying to syphon the water off the roof into the street below and giving up, and after helping two neighbors systematically sweep the water from each floor and finally out the lobby door into the street, I went to bed.

The time was 7am; my night had been ruined, my foyer received a good soaking which would not be followed by raking and seeding, and 8 copies of ALGOL had gone to a watery grave. But the Lord Ghod, in his strange wisdom, had seen fit to spare the rest of my house and SF.

A WORD ABOUT INFINITYCON: Pffui!

~~~~~

MORE STUFF ABOUT THE BIG A: The continuing story of my favorite topic, if perhaps the story you'd prefer not to keep hearing about, i.e., ALGOL, has unfolded with another wonderful development. The cover of the May 1975 issue will be in fabulous 4/Color by none other than Mike Hinge, Fanoclast hanger-on and boy wizard. Also, our Wheeling-And-Dealing Department has come up with an article about SF and TV by none other than Harlan Ellison, the Cleveland Whiz-Kid himself. More exciting developments as they happen. We now return you to your regular Friday-night programming.

~~~~~

IMPORTANT NEWS ALL ABOUT ALICE: SF's own, Alice K. Turner, is leaving Publishers Weekly for Ballantine Books, where she will edit a non-SF line. Alice leaves PW for three weeks of R&R in California and home-for-the-holidays with the folks in Atlanta, and starts her new job in January. And that's newsnotes for this issue.

-----  
Have At Thee, Collators: Our Motto  
-----