

DEGLER! 253

DEGLER! #253 is published this uncertain 31st day of January, 1975, for attendees of Fanoclasts and a (very) few others. Momentous events must be faced with momentous decisions, and those who read this colophon should read on. We're standing on guard for thee.

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WE INTERRUPT THIS FANZINE FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: It's hard to adjust to being a statistic, but that's what I've become. As of today I've joined the (unfortunately) great ranks of the unemployed. What this may mean, in the cosmic sense, is hard to say. What it means in the immediate sense is that I hope to break my record of three days for getting a new job; my resume is freshly typed, I'm itching to tear into the New York Times, and I sincerely hope to have another job by the end of the week. However...

If this doesn't happen, our gala Austerity Programme for 1975 goes into effect. This means no frivolous expenditures, for such frivolous things as DEGLER!, and other fanac (I'd planned to start sending DEGLER! through Minneapa). ALGOL, of course, remains unchanged: the magazine is on a Firm Footing, financially (last issue is now in the black to the tune of \$61.00; of course, the current issue is still in the red for \$700.00, but you can't have everything). The about-to-be-published First Volume in the ALGOL PRESS empire, which I'd hoped to have with me tonight, won't be ~~mak~~ out until the beginning of next week. At that time I get to send out about 250 copies to bookstores, as well as the dozen copies I've sold directly. If you're interested in a copy, I'll take ~~your~~ your money, gladly.

On other fronts, I've got about 150 paperbacks, a six year run of Analog, thirty or so hardcovers, and even some fanzines I can be persuaded to part with.

And finally, I wonder why I'm typing this at all. Perhaps in the morning things will be clearer.

Well, here we are in the morning after the night before. Going bar hopping with my boss didn't help very much, although I discovered a good topless bar only a block from the (old) office...but remind me to lay off wine in midweek.

It's funny, that the attitude I have now toward the future is a bright one; I can remember, back when I was out of work in the late 1960's, my attitude toward going out to look for a job was one of Avoiding Drudgery. Until I started to go nuts from not working and having to throw myself on the not-so-tender mercies of my stepfather...

Then again, it's hard to view the "me" of 1968 as in any way compatible with the "me" of 1975, of the existence I lead now. Somewhere back there, in the act of moving into my own apartment (this last may have been a typo, but it emphasizes another meaning of the word), in getting my own job, in living my own life, I changed. For the better, I'd hope. I think I grew up a lot in the years between 1968 and 1972 or '73.

That's what life is all about, after all. I've said it in ALGOL editorials, and I think it bears repeating here: that you can't go on, unchanging, forever. You've got to change, for the better or the worse (see my ALGOL #20 editorial), and in ~~do~~ so doing you change your universe around you. This is Andy Porter, hoping you are the sane...