

DEGLER! #265

DEGLER! #265 is published by Andy Porter, 55 Rue Pineapple, Brooklyn NY 11201, for Apa-Q, this fine 22nd day of October, 1976.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SUN: DEGLER! returns from the grave, compliments of the xerographic facilities at Fawcett Publications. My job, curiously enough, coincided with Moshe Feder's leaving the scene of the ~~crime~~ proofreading. This is called either manifest destiny or the law of equilibrium in the Universe. Something like that.

And of course, because no one bothers to see what you're duplicating on the xerox (actually IBM) machines on each floor, this earnest publication is now possible. Again.

What I'm doing is ad production for RUDDER Magazine, a national newsstand publication (buy copies early and often); this is different from previous jobs in that it's newsstand rather than a trade mag: there's a price on the cover and whenever they don't have too many ads they have to run a big issue anyway because the public can't be expected to shell out \$1.00 for a mere 60 pages or so. Also, the mailing dates are different: the publisher has to deal with newsstand distributors, and the magazine gets shipped from the printers two to three weeks before it appears on the newsstands.

Something like F&SF, but different: circulation is about 150,000. The big magazine here is Woman's Day, with a circulation of 8.5 million. About a third of the people working here (3 floors and a floor of photo studios, plus computer operations downtown and other offices in Greenwich, Connecticut) are on Woman's Day.

Fawcett also does paperback books (I've already called Fred Feldman, the Fawcett SF editor) and some hardcovers, and many small spin-off publications (Woman's Day CB Handbook & Crockery Cookbook Guide: learning 10 easy recipes for the barbeque, good buddies. 10-4. Yes indeed.) Unfortunately (or perhaps not), I won't be involved with those aspects of what is basically a very large corporation.

Oh, and CBS is buying Fawcett at the end of this year for something like \$60,000,000.00. The times, they is gonna be interesting indeed. The person I share the office cubicle with is Mary Ellen Buckley, a spirited and small woman who somehow reminds one of a non-fannish Ella Parker. The word is feisty, I think. But we get along well, and know that space salesmen have to be put in their place periodically. It's gonna be an interesting job.

The only thing wrong with the situation is the locale of the offices: 1515 Broadway, between 44th and 45th streets. The heart of times square. This is one of the few office locations where you can get both a sandwich and VD on your lunch hour... But the view from my window is nice: uptown looking out toward the MONY Building and Essex House in the distance, with the many low roofs of the theatre district in between. Also the Americana Hotel and the office towers along sixth Avenue, and a few porno movie houses in the distance. Scenic...

Comment to John Boardman re: last mailing: Sid Rogers died a year or so ago.

Ghu willing, this will continue in two weeks (though I'll probably type it at home and bring it into the office for xeroxing). --A.P.