

DEGLER!

DEGLER! #266 (more or less) is published by Andy Porter, 55 Rue Pineapple, Brooklyn NY 11201 (but all mail shd be sent to my P.O.Box, as usual), this 5th day of November, in 1976, for apa Q and a dissolute group of Others. Yes.

MY WORLD AND WELCOME TO IT: Sitting here having appropriated another person's typewriter this week, I find all sorts of thing once again falling into their comic, or perhaps cosmic, perspectives. The job, this week, was sort of slow -- in fact my boss just came in, urging me to leave for the day (it's barely 4:00pm). The next several weeks are due to be very busy with the annual convention issue of RUDDER (the January issue, which prints in early December) the most upcoming item of business. As I've pointed out, doing the ad production on one magazine is a lot easier than doing the ad production, agency and client contact, book make-up, impositions, etc., on three different magazines, all at the same time. And they pay the same amount, too.

So, for a fulltime job, this looks pretty good. Plenty of time left over to work on ALGOL, which is nice. Today, in fact, having experienced a full day yesterday with very little to do, I brought a whole bunch of unopened mail into the office, and worked on it here. I also brought in several unpaid bills and made out checks, etc., here. Finally, I brought in all the checking copies (ie., copies of ALGOL with tearsheets and bills enclosed, which show people that not only did I run their ad, but it looks nice, too) of the new ALGOL and, using postage bought on my lunch hour, mailed them out. Now I just sit back and wait for them to send their money in -- the longest wait of all, unfortunately.

The new issue of ALGOL still isn't in the mail, for all those eager subscribers waiting for their copies. I must admit I could use some help getting the copies into their envelopes, sealed and bundled. Most of the work involved with my new (\$300.00) addressing system is taken care of, the major items being the typing of 1500+ mailing masters and the subsequent putting of the same into zip code order, and even the running-off of the envelopes is done (you'll notice, incidentally, a slight redesign of the envelopes: they say "ALGOL" on them now, rather than "Andrew Porter." This is so the USPOD will realize they're sorting magazines, not junk mail). But the final job, what with the many interruptions my life is going through, has not been done. Volunteers, anyone?

THE MAILING: Cover: Not up to par, I'm afraid. Not even up to Chamberlain... ANNA VARGO: Very interesting and long, but sitting in my office cubicle has driven all comment hooks from my mind. I have been in a DC-6, back in the late 1950's, but prefer 707's and 727's; if I wanted to fly in an auditorium I'd do so -- and do not like the 747. MOSHE FEDER: I hear Ross is reviving the Futurians...or was it the Insurgents? Why not give FISTFA to Sandy Meschkow -- again. ALYSON: You have Expired. Thought you'd like to know. LIPTON: Never go through a thunderstorm in a small plane. Unless you like Zero Gravity... And the mailing ends with a lot of record reviews, which I didn't read. Owell.

Curious -- am I written out after only two weeks? The mind boggles. The fingers curl. Why, back in the good old days (when Burbee played the Palace), I thought nothing of doing a Daily Degler! to supplement the weekly one that appeared in Apa F. Nowadays I find myself Old and Tired. I have to breath Geritol Fumes before I can even think of using my ditto machine (a Heyer Model 76 nicknamed Georgette...). I get crudzines in the mail from people who weren't born yet when I got into fandom. I get propositioned by giggling young femmefans who ask me to come up to their room so they can show me their electrostencils.

What has happened to the world? Ditto a forgotten division of Bell & Howell, the Mimeo Man being revived on Broadway as "The Xerox Man," 4,000 attendee worldcons, when it used to be a "Proud and Lonely thing to be a fan..." And whatever happened to the apa L hecto?