

DEGLER!

DEGLER! #271 is published by Andy Porter, 55 Roo Pineapple, Brooklyn NY 11201, Friday 31 December 1976 for some others, but not apa Q. Happy '77!

THE TRUE FACTS AS I SEE THEM, MAYBE: The real true facts about this week's issue of DEGLER! (spelled with a !, as I hasten to call your attention to, for the 18th time) are that (is that?) it'll be given out to people going to Jerry and Stu's New Year's Eve party, and not to the people in apa Q.

DEGLER! was around for apa F and apa L and before apa Q, and my guess is that it'll be around after apa Q is but a gleam in the eye of a gafiated Moshe Feder. Some year now, maybe. (Or Maybe Not, as the denizens of 37th Pandom (the 17th Interregnum, following the death of Moskowitz and Katz in an explosion at the Gestetner Ink Factory, some would reckon it) are wont to say.) Anyway, DEGLER! survives into it's 13th year of noncontinuous publication, headed full speed ahead for 1977. An odd thing: I remember as a wee tad of nine a headline in the newspaper about all the kids born 4/4/44, and where they were as of 5/5/55. That's stuck with me down through the years, as we careened past 6/6/66, and here we are headed for another coincidence of numbers (reckoned either by the US system as July 7th, 1977, or that adopted by the colonies: 7 July 1977). The mind boggles. The mind also asks "Who Cares," but that's incidental.

The job continues. It's a nice thing to get paid money with which to pay the rent, spend on fancy items like socks and shirts, etc. Yes, very nice indeed. Money is not everything, we gently remind our Readers: there are other things in life like job satisfaction, and good friends over this holiday season, and having a purpose and meaning to life. At this point in my life, my job is a way of getting to where I can strike out on my own and do what I want to do. It provides a financial cushion, a base from which to advance. The idea ultimately to work myself to death doing what I want to do, rather than what others want me to do.

It's also nice being inside while the cold weather is outside. This winter, I suspect, will go down in records as the coldest New York has had in many years: certainly I'm glad I've grown a beard: esthetically it's not bad, and practically it keeps my face warm as the chill winds sent in lieu of bagels from Eli Cohen sweep the frozen streets.

The real Job, publishing ALGOL, continues. Type has come back on Jack Williamson's article on Heinlein, as well as the profile of A.E. Van Vogt. Most of the rest of this issue is being typeset; I should have Fred Pohl's column in my hands by the time you read this. Alfie Bester's story is being typeset. I'm still selling ads, and hope to have another 20 pages of same. Including ads from people not heretofore seen in the SF publishing field (wouldja believe Oxford University Press among many others?). The Powers cover may be delayed, mostly because the interview with Powers hasn't materialized -- he's mentioned obliquely in Vinc's column, but not enough to have a cover tie-in. Perhaps the Gaughan cover being held in reserve instead...

See you people in '77, in a couple of hours...

