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D E G L E R! 94  
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THIS IS THE NEW DEGLER!, produced for the first mailing of apa D (the Daily apa)  
by Andy Porter, well known fool and Fanoclast. This 1st  
issue is dedicated to the principle that cutting back on your fanac is damned  
foolish action to even think about.

MY WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY WITH EDGAR RICE POE:

Last weekend I decided to visit the country, and seeing as how I didn't have enuf  
money to visit Tom Gilbert, I settled on visiting Dick and Pat LUpoff. Dick was  
in New York that Saturday noon for a luncheon with a Mr. Green, author of a book  
on Kipling. Dick had a very enjoyable lunch with him, they traded books, and Green  
promised to put up Dick if he shd ever visit him. As Green lives in his ancestral  
castle in the Orckney's, Dick accepted without hesitation. Afterwards Dick picked  
me up in his new-second-hand Sunbeam, and off we went to the country.

The hills around Poughkeepsie are beautiful; they are a fine reason for never  
moving to the land of eternal summer, and I enjoyed the colors totally. I saw  
Pussycat and Snoopy and Kathy and Ken for the first time in a year when I got  
there; they've all grown so much! It was fantastic to carry on a 40% intelligent  
conversation with Ken, and to see Kathy walking around and starting to say words.

Later that night, after dinner, it was a rather idolic (or is that idyllic)  
picture: I sitting on the sofa with Pat ~~up my side~~ on my lap, I ~~was~~ ~~not~~  
massaging her ~~legs~~ ~~side~~ ...uh, 'back', and she scratching Dick's head, while  
Dick, who had the short end of the stick, was scratching Snoopy. Snoopy was look-  
ing at Pussycat. Pussycat was asleep. I wasn't, though.

Sunday morning, after waking at the ungodly hour of 8:45, we ate breakfast and  
went for a walk, and then, later, a ride in the Volvo that Dick bought after he  
got tired of getting 8 miles to the gallon with the Caddy. We went to New Paltz,  
wherein is a State Teachers college (and where all the girls wear blue bermuda  
shorts with green knee-length stockings). After that it was on to Kingston and,  
after a long search, Woodstock. Ted Sturgeon was in Michigan at the time, other-  
wise I suppose we wd have stopped by.

On the way back, Fat wanted to stop and buy a collie puppy. "I've got \$20 on me,  
Dick," is what she said. Ken, who had received careful training from Pat, was  
shouting "I wan' Collie Puppy!!!" at the top of his lungs. So finally we stopped  
at a kennels, where, although they didn't have any collie puppies, they did have  
dogs that liked to bark. They would have collies in the spring, for "about 120  
dollars." We left.

Fat still wanted the puppy. She insisted on getting one, and said, "I'll do any-  
thing you want, Dick; anything you want me to do. At night, you're the boss; we  
can do anything you want, together. Every night, if you want. But let's get a  
collie in the spring, okay? Anything. You name it, we'll do it."

"Hell, Pat," I said, "I'll get you a collie puppy!"

I think I'll end this here. Keep your knees loose -- AP

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