

APA'D



The FANTABULOUS
NEW DAILY APA!!

NO. 1 - OCTOBER 30, 1965

Foolhardy

FOOLHARDY — THE FIRST AND LAST OFFICIAL ORGAN OF APA D — OCT. 30, 1965

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FOOLHARDY CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS MAILING:	Andy P. ~~~~~	13 pp. total

Ross Chamberlain, Andy Porter, Dave
Vandy Pornam, Mike McInerney, Bill
Blackbeard, Pat Lupoff, Richard Ber-
geron.

Not Contributing and not wanting to establish a Precedent: Dave Van Arnam

STOBCLER IS A GREEN TOAD :: OUR MOTTO

doom publication #158
november 32nd, 1965

TriCon, NYCen, &
Los Angeles in 68!!

APARTHEID #1

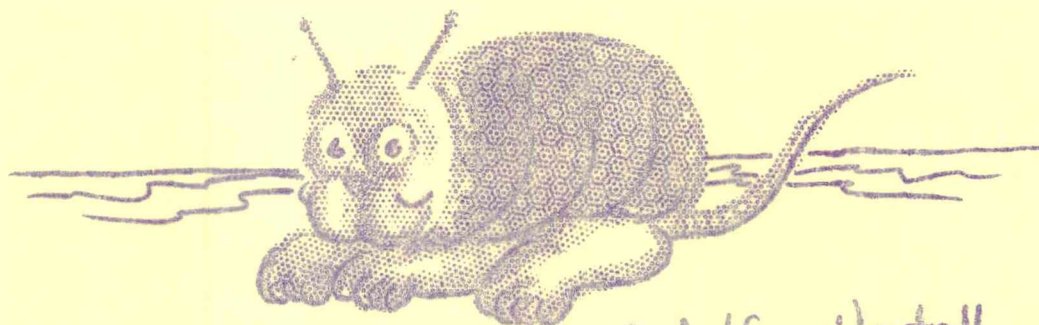
THIS IS APARTHEID (THE BIGOTED FANZINE) #1 - WHICH DATED OCTOBER 30, 1965, AND A PONDEROSE PUBLICATION, PRODUCED AND DEPECTED BY C. ROSS CHAMBERLAIN; CURRENTLY OF 50 EAST FIRST STREET, NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE (ALSO KNOWN FONDLY AS EAST VILLAGE), 10003. I MAY ON OCCASION BE REACHED BY DIALING 533-7096, PREFERABLY ON A TELEPHONE. NO APOLOGIES WILL BE FORTHCOMING TO ANYONE WHO HAS ALREADY USED THIS TITLE FOR A ZINE, CAUSE I DOUBT IF THEY SPOelled IT EXACTLY AS I DO, AND IF THEY DID, SHAME ON THEM. WHY DID YOU DO IT, BOOBY...WHY, WHY, WHY?

ACTUALLY, I'M NOT REALLY BIGOTED, EXCEPT ABOUT BIGOTS, WHICH I DESPISE CATEGORICALLY, BUT PERHAPS THAT IS SUFFICIENT TO GIVE THE TITLE SOME MEANING. IF I SOUND LIKE SOMEBODY OTHER THAN ME WRITING THIS, THAT IS BECAUSE I'M NOT MYSELF TODAY AFTER THAT BLAST-OFF FOR (SNIFF) APA-F LAST NIGHT & THIS MORNING. LIKE IF I COULD OBTAIN A NEW HEAD CHEAP I WOULD HAVE GLADLY PARTED WITH THIS ONE EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON. NOW IT'S NOT SO BAD. I'VE COME TO ACCEPT PHILOSOPHICALLY THAT CON-PASTURE ANOMA SINCE MOVING INTO THIS RAT-FLAT (I KID YOU NOT...RATS BING ME TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT, AND THEN JUST AS I AM DROPPING FITFULLY OFF, SCRABBLE WILDLY ACROSS THE CEILING LIKE A KITTEN AFTER A PIECE OF CRUMPLED PAPER).

MOST OF THE AFTERNOON HAS BEEN SPENT STICKING AROUND THE APARTMENT WHILE A NEW DOOR HAS BEEN BEING PUT IN, A LONG AND TEDIOUS PROCESS COMPLICATED BY THE MAN'S HAVING THE WRONG OR POOR TOOLS TO WORK WITH AND THE ROTTEN CONDITION OF THE DOOR JAMBS, AND THINGS LIKE THAT. TO THINK I'M PAYING MORE FOR THIS APARTMENT THAN MIKE MCINERNEY DOES FOR HIS...WELL, NO I HAVE A CERTAIN INVALUABLE FEATURE SUPERIOR TO HIS PLACE... THE...AH... FACILITIES ARE IN THE APARTMENT, NOT OUT IN THE HALL. TRUE, THEY'RE IN THE LIVING ROOM, AND THERE'S NO DOOR... IN CASE YOU MIGHT HAVE WONDERED WHY I HAVEN'T PLANNED ON ANY SORT OF GET-TOGETHER THERE AS YET.

IT'S GETTING LATEISH, AND I HAVE YET TO WASH UP AND SORT OF GET READY TO POP UP TO JOHN BENSON'S FOR A SORT OF PARTY, LIKE...WHERE THIS'LL BE DISTRIBUTED...SO, SEE Y'ALL TOMORROW!

ROSS C.



The Playful Padgewog is half a mile tall
He bumbles like a puppy dog
He likes to jump at things very small
~~And more~~ — I would avoid the Playful Padgewog.

IN THIS ISSUE: DICK LUPOFF ON THE COMICS
plus other interesting features

DEGLER! 78

Degler! #78 is published by Andy Porter, 24 east 82nd street, NY, NY, 10028. It is available free to attendees of the ComiCon as well as to apa F. This issue is published as an attempt to inform comic fandom of the New York bid for the World SF Convention in 1967, and to promote various amazines.



THE PERSON handing this to you is Andy Porter, an active New York science fiction fan. I am active in both fanzine fandom and reader/collector circles, and am presently Secretary of the NYCon III, a group bidding for the World SF Convention. It is our hope that comic fans from the New York area who are active in sf fandom as well will support our bid. But first, I'll introduce the con committee:

Ted White and Dave Van Arnham are the co-Chairmen. Ted has been a comics collector since the late '40s as well as a Big Name Fan in sf fandom. He is currently assistant editor of The Magazine of Fantasy And Science Fiction, as well as a writer on his own. Current books are Invasion From 2500 (with Terry Carr) and Android Avenger. He was recently on a talk show with Stan Lee, discussing the comic field, and has since become involved in doing scripts for the comics. Dave Van Arnham is a fanzine fan also, and with Ted has written a book, When In Rome, which will soon be published by Pyramid. He was also active in the publishing of A Reader's Guide to Bar-

boom, a publication which soon sold out and received great publicity in Burroughs Fandom. He has been active in several amateur press associations, and attended the ChiCon II, where he met Walter Willis and Harlan Ellison.

John Boardman, Treasurer, is a professor of physics at Queens College, where he instructs young students on why the world of Pellucidar is impossible, as well as why William Fitts Ryan is the only true God. He has been active in fanzine fandom for several years now, and is also a member of several apa's.

I, Andy Porter, am Secretary. I have been a SF collector for several years with a collection well over 1800 books. I have also been a comics collector for the past few years, and am mildly interested in comics fandom. I am a member of several NY fan groups, as well as an active fanzine publisher. I currently work for a publisher in NYC.

Nike Kolmarow is Publications Director; he has been a comics collector and fan for several years now, and will be bringing many comics to the con to sell. He also publishes a bi-weekly newazine, Focal Point, which contains the best topical news of SF fandom available today.

This then is the NYCon III Convention Committee; we are a group of experienced, compatible fans working toward a common goal of putting on the best convention we can muster with the aid of all NYC's attractions. For further information, write to me; my address is on the front of this flyer.

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TRICON, NYCON, AND SOUTH GATE IN '68!!!!!!

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a special reprint...

DICK LUPOFF

ON THE

COMICS

a reprinted
 title from
 3/

IT IS MY CONTENTION that anyone can read the comics. For kids, that's fine. For adults, there may be many reasons for reading them: a professional interest in this peculiar kind of writing, art, and publishing; an interest in children's literature per se; a nostalgic "visit" to a fantasy world of one's own youth.

as literature of mature values, fit to stand along side books written for adult readers, then that's a lot of rot. Comics ^{are} written for pre-adolescents.

As for comic-book fandom, I'm afraid that it's a dead end. Forry Ackerman maintains that his little monster fans grow into "real" sf fans; that may well be. (I've yet to meet a "real" sf fan whosays that he started as a monster fan and grew into sf but that doesn't mean there are none around.) But from what I've seen of comic-book fans, they can be thirty or forty years old with college degrees and responsible jobs ~~at 7PM~~, and still they fail to grasp any essential difference between, say, A CASE OF CONSCIENCE and STREAKY THE SUPERCAT MEETS HIS ROBOT MISTRESS. This, to me, is a clear and emphatic indication of an intellectual malaise -ral-

Well, I hoped you enjoyed that reprint of the Lupoff article; it originally appeared in my fan-zine, Algol, which has since passed beyond the realm of publishing $\frac{1}{4}$ page articles. The current issue contains stories by rich brown, James Ashe, myself, as well as columns by Robin Wood, Dick Lupoff, and others. I'll not be selling issues here, but only trading with other zines that want to exchange publications.

The FISTFA is an organization that meets every two weeks in NYC for the purpose of bringing science fiction, horror, Burroughs, and Comic and Film fan together. Next meeting is on August 6th at 326 East 13th street, apt. 7. Meetings start at about 8 PM; for further information contact Mike McInerney at GR 3-8230.

DOOM DUPLICATOR SERVICE is always ready and willing to run off your spirit duplicator masters; all spirit duplicated material presented to you by the convention committee has been run off by DDS.

Cost is moderate, including only paper and cost of running material, and runs up to 300 are not unreasonable, even tho spirit duplication is the process used.

For further information contact Andy Forter, the person distributing this, either in person or by mail. If extreme urgency warrants it, I can be reached by phone most evenings at BU 8-0837. This has been a product of New York Fandom.



is published by Andy Porter at 24 East 82nd Street, NY, NY, 10028 for apa F #59 and apa L #45. Queep and flabberdash it!! Tricon, NYCon, and South Gate in '68!!!

Tonight's the Night To Go To The Movies: Wednesday I went to the movies, something I rarely do, & was treated to two war movies; Von Ryan's Express with Frank Sinatra is a grade B war picture, complete with tin heroes, heroic downtrodden warriors, and a beautiful Italian whore who Gets It in the back from Sinatra's sub-machine gun.

The other picture, a special preview type of thing, is called Weekend at Dunkirk, and is a grade D war picture, about (you guessed it) the evacuation from the beaches. Our anti-hero, a french sergeant, does many things. I'll tell you about them.

Our hero goes into town, and sees a beautiful girl at a window watching the german bombers. He then goes to the ~~beach~~ beach. Then he goes back into town, and meets the girl. Then he goes back to the beach. He then tries to get a pass to England, gets one, gets on a ship, the ship is sunk, and...he goes back to the beach. Then he goes into town, sees the pretty girl about to be raped, and kills the two frenchmen. (At this point the man sitting next to me said, loudly, "Now you've got her all for yourself", which broke up the audience.) Our hero then has her all for himself, and goes to bed with her. Then it's back to the beach. (A priest asks him, "what are your intentions toward her, my son?"). Then he goes into town, and tries to convince her she should come with him and leave Dunkirk. As the film ends we see our hero, dead, his head blown off (this was a realistic picture) and the girl plodding across the beach toward him, with two pink suitcases in hand. Presumably all the other extras had quit by then. Powee; end of film.

It was the first film I've been to that was booed and hissed by the audience. It was French, with no plot, no acting, and lousy dubbing. Save your money.

+++++
ANDY SILVERBERG SPEAKS HIS PIECE: APA F #58::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

ROSS CHAMBERLAIN: I like your cover, especially after having finished reading android Avenger, which was a fair book, Ted.

JOHN BOARDMAN: The Lifelines system of cataloging is interesting, simple, and good. But you should provide lines between months, for easier looking-up of magazines. Otherwise, easy to read.

DAVE VAN ARNAM: A preaddressed stamped envelope, you mean. All the agent has to do is put the mailing in, seal it, & put in the mailbox. It's what I do with the Lupoff's stuff, only Dick doesn't pay the postage...and neither do I.

JIM SANDERS: I have a large comment for you about one-shots, all that I can remember at the moment being that Dan Goodman has published 6, you 5, and various other people one or more, for a grand total of about 21 one-shots in apa F. And I assume that

Nothing to Say #1 will likewise be another one. My advise to you and others would be to stick with one title (as Degler!) and publish nearly everything that you do under it. That's how I happen to number this thing #81. And besides, it's much more impressive than having half a dozen titles with low counts in a weekly apa. And then there's the gobboasting that that I can look on Degler! as probably the highest numbered active fanzine in the weekly apa slot, and only outdone by SFTimes and Norb's Notes, or something.

.....along the APALachian trail:.....apa L 43:.....

Cover: Some mouse! And Bjo, I'm sorry to see you go.

Fred Patten: I got the censored item in the mail, and, from what I understand, you did rightly in keeping someone's personal life where it shd remain — personal.

Ted White: From your comments on what a hedonist is, I at first classed myself as one. But on further reading (I seem to be judging, something that I learned from Jay Gatsby not to do) I find that I do have goals that constantly replace themselves, and I am far from fitting a definition of nowness in living. For me, fandom is a good example of this; my eyes are always fixed on what I will do, rather than what I am doing or what I hope to be doing (ha! Trapped myself; you see?).

Dave Van Arnam: I'm sorry to say, Dave, that tho I had intended to reprint yr Steven fan thing, I won't be able to do it, because the next Algol, even with trimming, is going to be 64 pages. I may make that 1,000 page issue yet...

Jayn Ellern: Cislun? Cosmology? Whazzat? Maybe Circumlunar, you mean?

Walter T. Nelson: This was better than Man from UNCLE any day! We must have more!

Tom Gilbert: I was sitting at the comiCon, thumbing through apa L, and this 15 year old comic fan says "Whazzat?" So I tell him, & he offered to buy it, but I said sure; for \$5 maybe. And then he wanted to join, so I told him it was weekly and I spent a buck a week on postage, which effectively silenced the kid. I remember seeing him wandering around in shock the rest of the weekend. Anyway, that sure was pure golden egoboo for apa L — and you and Fred, too.

Through Europe: Fascinating as always; I was wondering how all the strange sights and tastes would affect our adventurous heroes, and now we know — they probably got the heaves, or something equally disastrous.

Jack Harness: I don't know what exactly to make of your experience; I think that fandom and science fiction occupy the area that Scn and other teachings(?) hold for you. I invite comment from interested parties on this statement.

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Please send New York Some Water — I'm sure that Los Angeles has plenty to spare

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MAIRE DAGLER! #66

Vol. 11, No. 66

5 Jun 65

TRICOM! MYCOM! AND SOUTH
GATE REAL SOON NOW!

okes on ditto masters are so hard to erase that it's really impossible to even try. But if you must I suggest a Ditto Brand ditto master which is guaranteed not to work on a mimeo. I know; I typed on one and then got the Brilliant Idea of seeing what wd happen if I exposed the thng to a mimeograph. Luckily for me I fell asleep before I had worked out all the possibilities of such an Undertaking; I not too sure how I wd have done some thing like that, 'cause I was at home will thinking about it. I don't got no machine at home, y'know.

Andy Porter, it seems, was slightly miffed when I gently refused to pay him for running off my PD last nite. I gently reminded him of all the times I ran stuff for him, and after accepting that fact, he decided he'd better not ask me for any money, 'cause I might demand some coins from him instead. I think that was a rite neighborly thing for him to do, don't you?

I've got some questions here for maybe some people to help me with: who was at the party-in-the-diner along with me and Ted and Ron Bounds and Cindy Heap and all? Anyone who was there remember the names of all those people? (Naturally I don't remember all the people present because I was ~~boozed out~~ engaged in an intellectual discussion with Ted.) Who was there from the Cincinnati group? And all other sorts of questions, as soon as I remember what they was (I left the list at the office.)?

I kinda feel sorry for poor Steve Stiles, what with him going Away and myself losing a third of my identity; if Arnie Katz takes over from Steve I feel I'll fade away into unrepressed neotishness. Which is a horrible thot to face.

But I think that we managed to instill into Steve some ~~few~~ knowledge of army life. Anyway, Andy Porter and Mike McInerney, in a double-strength combo of fuggheadness tried to insist to me that the period that you're drafted for is three years, but I manfully (and righteously) insisted that it's only two. And I shd know, because that's how long I was in for. Andy kept trying to tell me about his brother, who evidently didn't count anyway as he's only in the Reserves, and also about Elliott Shorter, w. the two of them maintained was drafted, and has been in now for over two years and must therefore be in for a three year term. But since Elliott is in Germany he must have enlisted because only enlistees get sent there. Andy said that he got drafted only two days before he was scheduled to go to the Chicon, and anyone fannish who would go in at atime like that, cutting his own neck (figuratively speaking, Steve) would have to be crazy. Which is a reason for his not being accepted anyway... So which of us is right? Steve, as a temporary expert on this sort of thing, Which is it?

It was a fair mailing last nite, with not too much bull but lots of variety, the way I like 'em. And I thank Andy for running off C ated Risk for me; it came

Donn Duplication Service
Undecided Publication #125

out pretty good, for ditto. (Ha!) But I think that I'll still stay with my trusty old ABDick 92, and my trusty new ABDick 360. There may be problems with them, especially in cold dry weather, but the blackness of the things, judging from last nite's offering is much better than anything I can expect from Andy Porter. No slight intended, Andy, but the lightest shade of grey ink I use in the offset is darker by several than what came out of your machine. And I like to maintain even a slight contact with a mimeographed appearance. Or rather, a mimeographed appearance. I've run off Dick Lupoff's stuff, but never he mine.

Which of course asside ruined a perfectly good line. Hell, I might as well say it here, where it won't do any good anyway. Y'see, FD has other Traditions than being Weekly, and Mimeographed (or at least ink-reproduced); it also has it's famous colophon, which seems to have disappeared lately, and lots of other things. Most of which I can't think of at this moment.

This is being done at home on a new typeface that I'm trying out for my Beautiful Blonde Boss; it's pretty good for ditto masters, but for mimeograph work and off-set masters it's not so hot. Not thick enough, for one thing. And not as readable as the typeface I usually use. You'll be able to notice the difference in type-faces in FD, usually; Ted always types up his own stuff on his typer and I use mine, Book-face Academic, it's called, and is probably the nearest thing to regular printers' type that there is in the typewriter field. Besides, I like to think of it as easier on the eyes than usual type faces. Ever notice how you can tell right off whether or not something has been printed or offset? That's because of the typeface used.

It's already June, and the third progress report of the Loncon came out over a month ago. I have the feeling that the con there is going to be one tremendous Bust; certainly it will set back the image of the World SF Convention in the eyes of the convention manager of the hotels for years to come. Like Scithers said in the Convention Chairman's Guide, a great deal is said silently by the appearance of the progress reports; they tell whether the con is going to Make It, both to the fan and to the hotel personnel. And this con looks like it's not going to make, at least from my standpoint. Anyone know anything about plans for a banquet or costume ball? No? Well, that's my point...

At this moment I am sitting here and listening to WBAI in between types on the writer. I must admit that it's even more interesting ---oops, they're signing off --- than listening to Fred Lerner over WCKR. For Sar this evening I've listened to several hours of early jug bands, followed by the adventures of Gamma Globulin (what a gassy name!) and here they are playing the ancient and honorable some-sort-of-gypsy tune in place of the usual God Save The Queen or whatever-it-is.

I like WBAI; I think. But just as I type this, they go off the air. Maybe if I talk about this itch in my side it'll...

This is rambling, as you might have guessed. Furthermore, it's foney rambling, which means it's only second best sort of stuff. I understand that Arnie Katz did some sort of phoney First Draft in about the third apa F mailing. I don't remember it so well what it said, and I have no intention of trying to look for it here in this mess that I live in. (That's phoniness, too, of course. Actually, all the railings of apa F are withing two feet of where I'm sitting.) Anyway, for those of you in apa L who might chance on this, look at the contents page (where Fred Patten, who hasn't read the thing listed it as by Dave Van Arnam, the nut) and notice that it's not really in Dave's style (the Olde Handes will catch it immediately), this is Andy Porter signing off with the hope that you'll try real Real hard to remain the same. Ahahahahahahahahaha

--- Andy Porter

METROFAN BULLETIN #3

edited and published by Andy Porter at 24 east 82nd street New York, New York, 10028, it is published for New York fan and others interested in the goings on of the New York fan scene. Subscription rates on request. This issue is free.

doom publication #144
october 15th, 1965

IT'S TOO LATE DEPARTMENT:

Ken Beale reports that THE WORLD OF RAY BRADBURY closed its doors after only 3 performances, not counting previews. It closed October 10th. Terry Carr wrote in a letter to Bruce Pelz:

"The audience was largely unappreciative of the performance, and I must say I agreed. The sets and technical work with lights, sound, etc., were excellent, and some of the acting was fine; the scripts, unfortunately, were bad. THE VELDT, especially, suffered from bad scripting, most notably in the incredible moment when Daddy looks out over the African landscape and says, "It's quiet," and Momma, frowning, says, "Too quiet." In general, the trouble seems to be that Bradbury was writing down to a non-sf audience, spelling everything out, and actually the audience was far more hip than he gave them credit for. The sf content came across as Buck Rogersy ("Now I'll push the stud on our automated electric eye dinneromatic," etc.), and the philosophical content was just naive."

The theatre party mentioned in the last Metrofan consisted of 28 people, and was termed a success by whatever standards a fannish theatre party has. Afterwards there was a party at Mike McInerney's apartment, where everyone had a Nice Time.

INTERESTING NEWS STOLEN FROM OTHER NEWSZINES DEPARTMENT:

"The NEW YORKER went on for better than a page about the New York ComiCon; not a bad report at all, considering that the subject matter was almost as esoteric as science fiction, at least insofar as giving devoted study to it goes. But it credited comic fandom with the invention of such terms as "fanzine," and that smarts, by gar." --Focal Point #14

"Bill Buckley mentions John D. MacDonald in a stfnal connection in a column in the L.A. Times Wednesday, 9/22. Writes Buckley, "Mr. John MacDonald, the illustrious mystery writer, gives me his opinion that our computerized society has bred a general dissatisfaction with an ungutsy life..."

"I wrote a short story once," Mr. MacDonald continues, "which I was unable to sell, as I suspected would be the case. The federal government established a national lottery. Nobody had to buy tickets. Huge computers in the Bureau of the Census made an arbitrary selection 50 times a year. Fifty time a year, the computers, programmed to select at absolute random, picked two persons (each time from a different state) between 20 and 60. The government flew the two to Washington. They appeared on national television. They stood on either side of the President for the drawing. As a result of the drawing, one was given one million tax-free dollars and exempted from all future drawings. The other one was taken to a government hospital, painlessly killed, and buried at government expense. If there were any dependents, they were put on pension..."

People smiled again at strangers. It felt good to be alive. Terror freshened the spirit. And every man was absolutely equal in his chance of death or riches. And it made 50 damned good television shows a year." --Scrimshaw #9

SPECIAL NEWS: There will be a Halloween party at Mike McInerney's on October 29th

DEGLER! 94

is published by Andy Porter
at 24 east 82nd street, NY,
NY, 10028 for apa D, 1st
mailing, and apa L, 5th m
ailing. NY in '67!!!!!!!

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 ~~in my arms~~ on my lap, I ~~rubbing her~~
massaging her ~~legs~~ ...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-lengthh 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, Pat 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.

Pat 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."

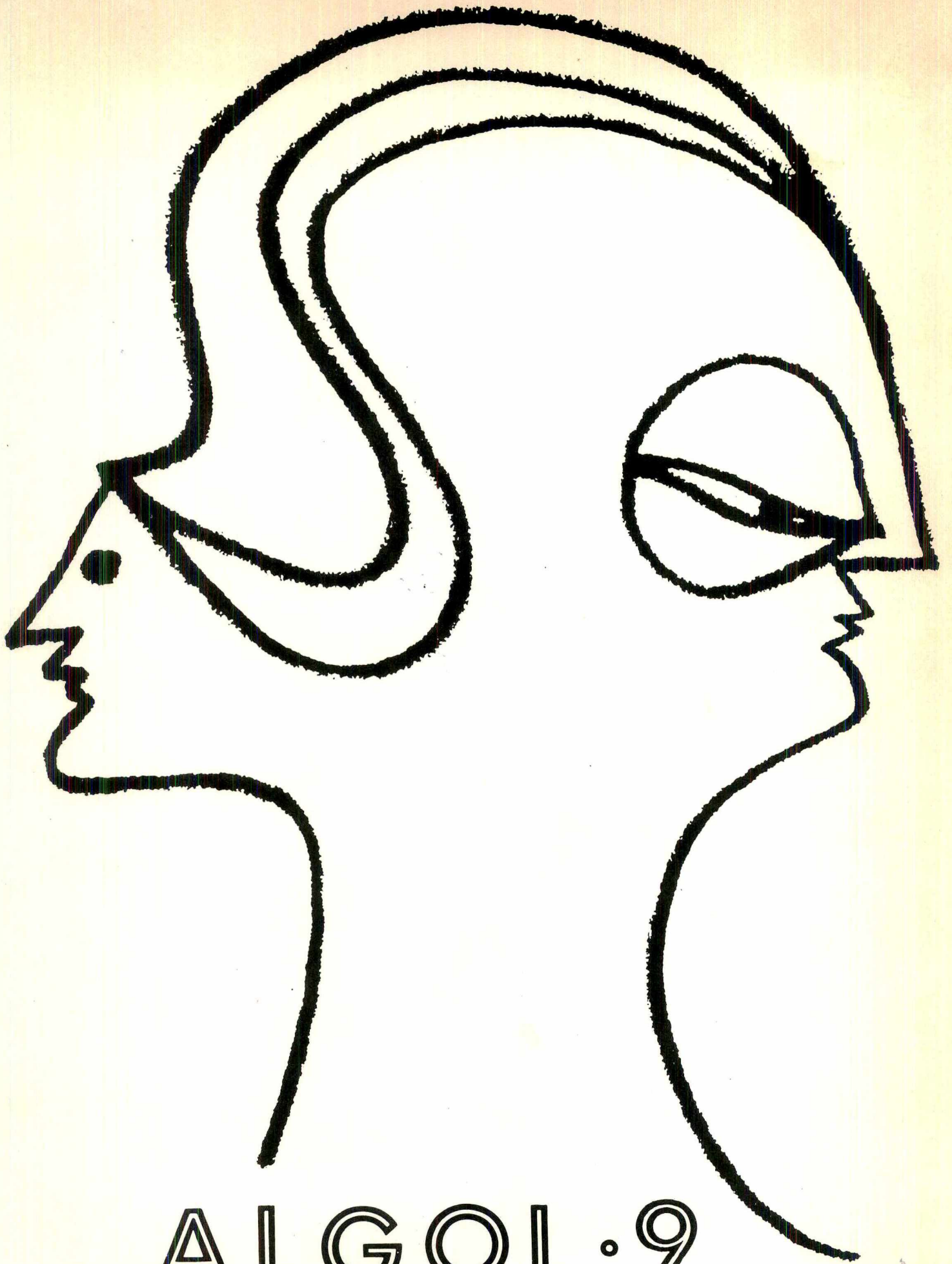
"Hell, Pat," I said, "I'll get you a collie puppy!"

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

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doom publication #150(?)
30 october 1965
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ALGOL • NO. 9





ALGOL.9