

The car surged along, the silence of its flight hidden by the blarcof the radio in the night. The chaufferr sat silently guideing the car through the cold night air, the headlight beam tracing a path on the deserted highway. I was content; beside me in the luxurious Cadillac sat a girl, her delicious curves pressing into my side, her thick dark hair on my shoulder. I put my arm around her, hugging her closer, and she snuggled into the blanket on our laps, a thick blanket that didigently kept the cold at bay. Our cocker-spaniel slept a contented sleep at our feet, only a shape in the darkness. I decided to ask the question; the mood was just right.

"Will you marry me, Pat?" I asked expectantly.

"I...I don't know, Andy," she answered, hesitantly. "Maybe we'd better think about it. What do you say, Dick?" she said, turning to the chauffeur, who glanced quickly at us as he drove with one hand and wrote another chapter in his study, Edgar Rice Burroughs: The Man Behind Hugo Gernsback, which was scheduled to be published by Ziff-Davis Press several decades ago.

"Gee, I don't know, Pat," he said. "Maybe we should wait till the kids are grown

and until I grow tired of you and give you a divorce."

Well, I'm sorry, Andy, but I think that's very sound advice; why don't you ask Dian Pelz?" said Pat quickly.

"Aw hell," I said, "now I won't be able to make a big splash at the Phillycon."

"Why don't you go as The Phone Fan?" said Pat, with a smile.

1/2 With a similar smile, I got out my trusty bowie knife, which I always carry when changing into a chameleon can't save me, and, with a quick downward motion (which I'd learned from an old Wallace Beery Marine Corps movie) disemboweled the two of them. Stopping the car, I threw their bodies out onto the pavement, and awoke Snoopy.

"Wake up and drive!" I snarled at the confused wk animal, who obediently got onto the driver's seat, Giving the secret command ("leapin' lizards!") I soon had the car moving again, Snoopy driving, with enly an occasional insolent "Arf!" from him ... QWERTYUIOPRESSISN'TASGOODASNULL-QPRESS.QWERTYUIOPRESSISN'TASGOODASNULL-QPRESSQWERTYUIOFF

I've just seen Breaking The Sound Barrier for the fifth time, and I think I'll be seiing it at least half a dozen more times. It's one of the british movies in the great Shape Of Things To Come tradition, and I especially like the final scene where the wife of the flier who was killed decides to continue living near her father, the man who had hired her husband as a test pilot. The sound barrier is broken, and the closing shot shifts to the roof of the private observatory, and there, framed in the opening -a telescope and a model of a spaceship framed against the stars. It's really a great movie, and should be seen for the fantastic Sense of Wonder in it. 

We now have mailing comments, which may evan be longer than usual this issue.

Cover, AW: Wh is "AW?"

DAGON#10, John Boardman: Not much here to comment on, except for a last leftover to the elections. I'm typing this Monday nite, and about a month ago a soothsayer on the Long John show said that these will be the statistics: LBJ: 38,216,482; Barry: 31,148,661. It should prove interesting to see what happens.

APpALling#1, DVA: Noted.

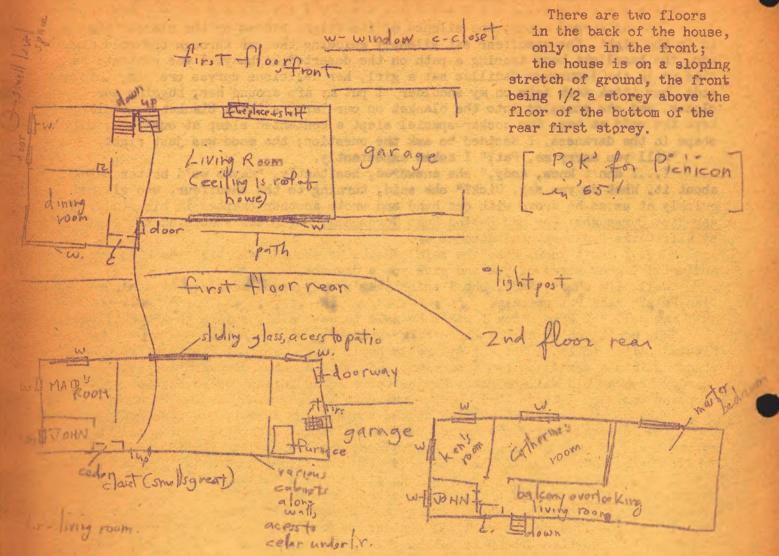
MaLAise#2, DVA: Dirty sell-outs are merely noted.

ERB ad Dick Lupoff: I'd intended to buy your book, but the price has now put it out of my range --unless I really scrimp and save.

OPO#17, Lupoffs: It wasn't Andy Porter that went to the airport, but must have been

feeling of depression after reading this, coupled all the more with my depression at not making the con in the first place. Hell, the Phillycon will be the first bit of real congoing that I'll be at in a year and ½(the open ESFA is a con?).

Incidentally, theirs' is a beautiful house, with a sweeping view of the hilly forests below them and really a totally beautiful sunset at night.



Hell how many times do you get drawings with your MC's?
FanoNatiC#16,DVA: Because you work near there, and look respecable, which is more than mike can say(tho rich can, now).

No Regrets#34,DVA: At this typing, I haven't yet read your poetry, so will make No Comments on same, but will save them for the meeting, if I read it by then, which I will. DEGLEM:#19, Me: Benaeth comment for inferior dittoing, as usual.

The WggiMggl Remembrancer, Frank Wilimczyk: I've just read your Interpretation of MITHC, and find its holds together pretty well, although the construction is a little vague in some spots. From what you say here, I hereby commission this as an article in the next Algol, your deadline being the end of December. I await your further developments of this. So far, your argument is convincing.

The bear garden is pretty bad, especially when you have a free Snoppy careening around Tonight's The Night#13, Steve Stiles: That cover is vaguely reminiscent of something five seen done by Picasso, or some one. Nguma the Nigerian was nice, as was everything in this issue. You may be headed the way of Paul Terrell, from what yousay. Comments, right porterbub number 32