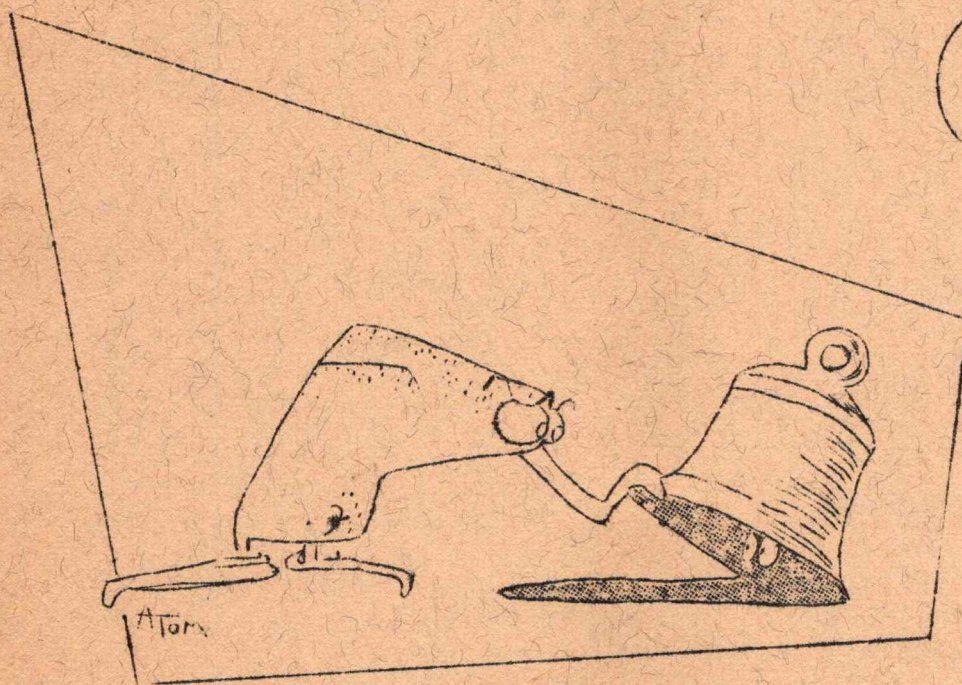


D E A L S

no.  
C



Belle C. Dietz  
Apt. 1N  
1721 Grand Avenue  
Bronx 53, N.Y.







Back in June I bought myself a car. Well, actually, I asked a friend to buy it, since I didn't know too much about cars. I had a driver's license but I hadn't used it for years and I merely told the friend - I have such an amount of money to spend and get me the best and latest model car you can with it, with automatic shift.

The car I got turned out to be a huge, two-tone blue 1956 Pontiac sedan, four doors, with white wall tires, power steering and power brakes and was, in 1956, the most expensive model Pontiac sold. Whoever bought it brand new had all the little gadgets installed which gladden a gadget-lover's heart (I'm a gadget-lover, by the way), and the thing runs very nicely. Of course, I had to get Max Phillips to re-teach me to drive but that didn't take too long. Apparently, when you have once had professional lessons and pass your driver's examination the lessons are absorbed and only have to be gouged up to the surface.

Just to be safe, I bought seat belts and had them installed in the front seats. I found I needed them - the power brakes are potant and when I jam on the brakes that monstrous car comes to a really short stop. It's called the Star Chief model but I merely call her The Star. (S'matter, never heard of Belle's Star?)

From the beginning, she behaved like a woman - doesn't mind going forward on levels, hates hills, very sluggish when it comes to reversing herself. She's very expensive to run but I'm sort of fond of her because she's my first car. I'm aware that I should trade her in a small foreign car which would give me 3 times the gas mileage but she's

THE STAR  
AND I  
WITH ELLA PARKER  
on the side



too close a friend. The Sandersons and I have enjoyed many weekend trips in her and she's only broken down on us twice, once when her fan belt snapped and her battery ran down. Obliging though, she responded to a quick charge from the nearest service station and got us all the way home before collapsing. After a short session with the mechanic who fixed her belt and recharged her battery, she did fine. (The other time she broke down is described later on.) No, it's me who has trouble. I have absolutely no sense of direction and I keep getting us lost. I bought a car compass (another lovely gadget) but apparently car compasses don't work too well in cars (which seems damned peculiar to me) and it doesn't help. I even get lost trying to find Manhattan from the Bronx, the way I did the Saturday Ella Parker was arriving in New York.

The Sandersons had telephoned Ella in Cincinnati, finding her at Stan Skirvin's home, and invited her to spend her stay in New York City with them. She called them from Washington, D.C. and said she'd be arriving on the 6:45 P.M. train on Saturday, Oct. 7th.

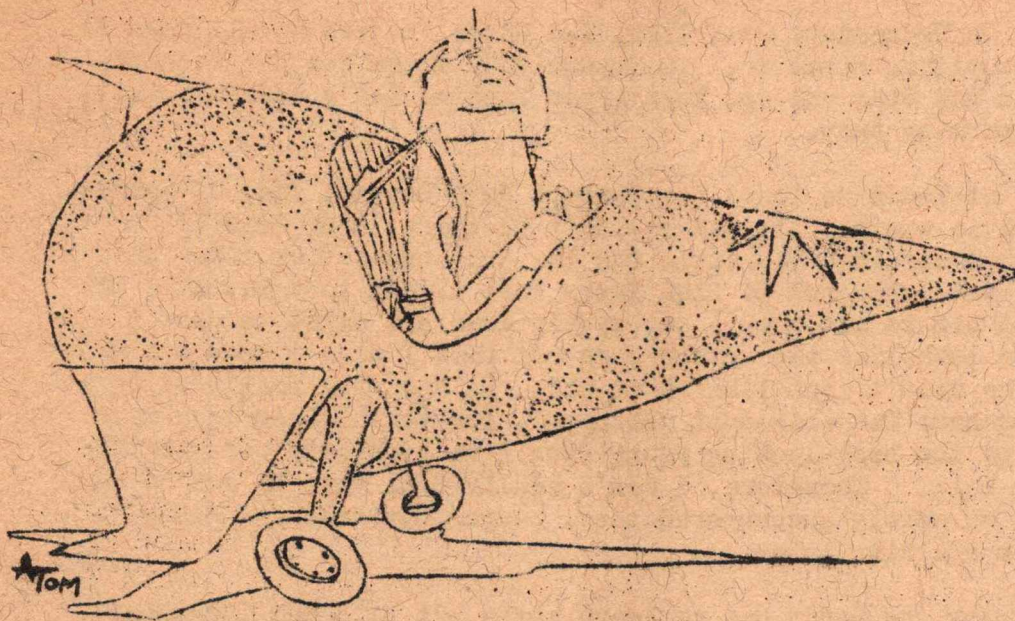
I picked up the Sandersons in The Star and we started down to Manhattan. Ella was arriving at Penn Station which is closest to the west side of Manhattan and there are two highways running the length of the island; one on the easternmost portion, called the F.D.R. Drive and one on the westernmost side, called the West Side Highway. I could find neither, even with Joy and Sandy trying to map-read and help me.

We ended up going straight down Broadway, right through the middle of the Isle of Manhattan, and we found every single traffic light all the way was red for us. We must have stopped at least 30 times. It was a good thing we'd left more than two hours early for what should have been a 30 minute drive.

We met the 6:45 train all right, but Ella wasn't on it. After having her paged over the loudspeaker system and assuring ourselves she wasn't anywhere in Penn Station, we went to the nearest telephone booth and tried calling Bob Pavlat in Washington (whose mother said he was then in Pennsylvania) and then we tried Bob Madle (there was no answer). It occurred to us that she might have missed the train and taken the Greyhound bus. Off we went to the Greyhound station. No Ella.

Back to the phone booth. It was now 8:00 P.M. This time we called Dick Eney, found him home and discovered to our delight that he was the one who had put Ella on the train. It turned out he'd quoted Eastern Standard Time to Ella while she was telephoning the Sandersons to say on what train she'd arrive and N.Y.C. was then on Daylight Time, an hour later. That meant her train had arrived at 7:45 and she must be somewhere in the station. We did more frantic rushing about but found no Ella Parker. I went and had her paged again with no result and we were standing around wondering what to do (N.Y.C. Penn Station is a huge place) when it suddenly occurred to me that she might be waiting in another





waiting room. I went to see and sure enough, she'd been there since 7:35 (her train was early) and had been waiting, had just heard the last paging and was trying to find us. "Stay put, Parker!" I ordered and I went back to locate the Sandersons.

Eventually we got her and her luggage into The Star and started trying to find the Bronx again. (I've only lived in the place all my life, you see.) We made a number of detours, some intentional - to show Ella what Times Square on a Saturday night in N.Y. looked like - and some unintentional. What a difference there is between getting into a public conveyance and letting the driver worry where you're going and being the driver who has to worry.

The next day we took Ella about 30 miles upstate in New York to Bear Mountain Park where, as she put it, "we walked her bleedin' legs off" all over the park, which was really lovely at this time of the year, culminating in the Sandersons treating us to an excellent dinner at Bear Mountain Inn. Joy managed to get Tuesday and Wednesday (Oct. 10 and 11) off from work and took Ella sightseeing around the city, and my boss graciously gave me Thursday off (which was Columbus Day in N.Y.C. and they had a parade down Fifth Avenue). I took Ella down to see it and we sat on the curb and she snapped color film of the marchers, saying they'd be most interested in it back in London since they didn't have parades in which girls dress up in fancy uniforms such as the one we were watching. There was only one decorative float and it obligingly stopped right in front of us. Ella was keen to get a good snapshot of it and had it centered beautifully but just then the rookie cop who had been keeping order at the curb moved into her camera's line of sight. Without even looking up, she ordered him the hell out of there while I tried to make



myself as small as possible and pretend I didn't know her). To my surprise, instead of giving her what-for, he obligingly moved away with an amused look. I realized that her British accent must have achieved what no New Yorker would have dared attempt - the successful sassing of a N.Y. cop!

On Wednesday, Oct. 11th, Ted White invited us all down to his shop (Metropolitan Mimeo Co.) in Greenwich Village for the evening. We went down in The Star and got lost after finding Ted's address, while looking for a parking spot.

At Ted's we found Les Gerber, Pete Graham, Ted, of course, but without Sylvia who was ill and couldn't be there, Andy Main (on crutches - he had sprained his ankle for the 3rd consecutive time) and Terry Carr. I was surprised to find Terry Carr didn't look anything like what I expected him to and when I sat myself down and asked me what I had expected him to look like the answer came out that I didn't know but whatever it was...he didn't look like it at all. He did practically no talking nor did Pete Graham; Ted (pleasant urbanity), Les (enthusiasm incarnate) and Andy (one of the best-looking young fans I've ever met) carrying the conversational ball. Therefore, I don't really feel that we got to meet Terry or Pete; we merely encountered them. Avram Davidson and Randy Garrett came in a little later.

Joy and Sandy had to leave early but Ella and I remained, gabbing away. When we finally left, we gave Avram and Randy lifts home and accepted Avram's invitation to stop and have some tea at his apartment. We spent quite a pleasant hour talking with Avram and Randy and when we finally got back to the Bronx it was 4:00 A.M. Ella stayed the night with me, not liking to disturb the Sandersons at that ungodly hour.

On Friday evening (Oct. 13) I took Ella to the Empire State Building and we went up to the 86th floor main observatory as well as to the one higher up. I had never been there before myself (naturally, what native New Yorker ever gets to see the sights of her own city except with out-of-town guests?) and I was so fascinated with the view that Ella had to drag me away. We went after dark and the city spread out before us like colored jewels on black velvet. Wow! I really must go back sometime when the next out-of-town visitor comes through. We finished up the evening by stopping at a small restaurant opposite the back end of the main New York Public Library (5th Ave. & 42nd St.) for potato pancakes with applesauce and cups of tea. I found Ella pleasant and stimulating company and we hit it off very well. We both took great pleasure in exchanging friendly insults all during the time she was in New York. I realized with a jolt that these insults might not sound so friendly at times because I once caught Ted White and Andy Main exchanging startled glances after one of these slanging matches. Thereafter, I tried to keep it more casual when anyone other than the Sandersons was around.

On Saturday, Oct. 14, there was a Lunarian meeting at which Ella was guest of honor. For her goh speech, Parker proceeded to get up and tell the club she'd never seen so many dirty shoes since coming to New York and didn't they sell boot polish here. Since it was a very



rainy night and the polish had worn off everyone's shoes but SaMoskowitz's, I briefly considered whether to clobber her on the spot or merely poison her by serving her coffee instead of her ubiquitous tea.

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On Sunday, Oct. 15, Joy took Ella to the Haydn Planetarium and for a walk through Central Park. On the way there they passed St. Thomas' Church was apparently having some sort of ceremony called "Massing The Colors" with very colorful uniforms and participants on horseback. Joy said it was the funniest thing they'd ever seen, with some of the so-called horsemen not knowing which end of the horse was the front nor how to mount nor how to stay on once they'd finally got into the saddle. Comic opera stuff.

Ella went to stay with Noreen and Larry Shaw on Monday and Tuesday and I didn't get to see her again until Thurs. Oct. 19 when I was supposed to drive her out to New Jersey to visit Chris and Sam. As luck would have it, The Star picked that time to break down, going fine from my home to the Sandersons' but refusing to start again once I'd gotten there. A youngish blonde mechanic, summoned from a nearby service station, found the battery was run down and got the car going by using booster cables from his truck. We got out to the Moskowitzes where Ella got the guided tour through the Moskowitz sf art gallery (a long hallway lined on both sides with paintings) and saw some of SaM's sf collection and then got into a discussion about things fannish and pro-ish in London with SaM while Joy and I got close looks at Chris's overflowing elephant collection. Allan Howard, Director of the ESFA, dropped in to chat and we spent a very pleasant evening. The Star got us home all right, waiting until I parked her in front of my door to go dead again. I had my mechanic collect her the next morning and replace her voltage regulator which had gone bad.

On Friday, Oct. 20, Ella was picked up by Jock Root and Pat & Dick Lupoff in a taxi to attend a Fanoclast meeting at Lin Carter's home and told me the next day that she had enjoyed the evening immensely. The next night, Sat., Oct. 21, the Sandersons gave a party in Ella's honor which was attended by, let's see if I can remember, Hans Santesson, George Nims Raybin, Randy Garrett and his finance Connie, Ian and Phyllis Macauley, Frank Dietz, Walt Cole, Avram Davidson, Harriett Kolchak and Arthur C. Clarke, who was in town for the American Rocket Society exhibit at the N.Y. Coliseum. He had gotten the Sanderson phone # from the Macauleys, telephoned them and was promptly invited to the party. He passed around photos of his latest diving expedition on which he had unearthed some real buried treasure, silver coins and all, and on which his next book, due out very shortly, was based. It was quite a fascinating party.

Ella left New York for Monticello the next morning, to be met by Arthur Kyle (Dave's brother) and flown in his private plane up to Potsdam, N.Y. where she would spend the next two weeks with Ruth and Dave and then be driven to Montreal to catch the ship for England.

It was a hectic two weeks but a very pleasantly spent half-month, Ella!



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# SKIMMERS' GUIDE

"Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he  
be wise in his own eyes."

Proverbs 26:5

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N'APA YAP - Good ploy on Jack. Wish someone had taken a picture of his face when he found out and published it through N'APA. And a very, very cute Bjo cover.

WHY NOT #4 (Cal Lewis) A very coherent explanation of an incoherent situation. Here's to confusion!/\_/ Lucky you to have enough desk space. No matter what I do, I never seem to have enough and I even keep stuff in my desk at work. I've now taken to using the trunk of my car for some storage too. Why do fans accumulate so much stuff they hardly ever touch but can't bear to part with, hmm? Good luck in your new apt./\_/ I believe there are other color print labs than Kodak; Berkee's is one (may have the name spelled wrong) and Technicolor may be another. I'll get addresses for you and you might try one of them and see what results you get.

HALF-FOLIO PRESS PUBLICATION #9 (Fitch) May I make a slight suggestion to anyone following your advice on a homemade mimeoscope - that he invest in a piece of "frosted" glass instead of clear glass to fit over the box. This diffuses the light from the bulb placed underneath and makes for much more ease in copying. It's available at photography stores or, for special sizes, at glaziers and is a piece of glass with one smooth side and one all-over patterned side of little beads, something similar to bathroom window glass only with an evenly beaded pattern./\_/ Re a cheap perfect repro method for fans. Dammit, this is the space age. Whyinheck don't they perfect a copying machine which would copy perfectly a typed, drawn or printed, etc. original like the little photo copiers now sold for office use? This would be the best repro method, involving only doing one typed original and paste-up illo jobs for each page. What has yet to be perfected is a dry machine (most photo copiers use some sort of sloppy developing fluid); one whose brand new purchase price is \$100 or less and where the copies are sharp, clear and dirt cheap. The copiers on the market now come close but either use fluids, special costly paper or are so large that they take up a 5x7 room. Also none of them reproduce in color, which I forgot to say should also be a prerequisite to the manufacture of these copiers. (Well, as long as I'm dreaming, I'll dream big.)

RACHE #5 (Pelz) I like colored covers and congratulations on your weight loss. Now just make up your mind to maintain it (the hardest part of all).



ISHBAH (Lichtman) As everyone knows, I am a good friend of Chris and SaMoskowitz and in any argument would tend to lean toward their side of it unless I considered them entirely in the wrong, in which case I would (as with any good friend) publicly shut up and privately try to so convince them. I have, however, been asked not to discuss the lawsuit because it is not a fannish lawsuit but an entirely non-fannish private matter. I do wish to supply one piece of info. You said you couldn't think of any patients of Chris's who had received the issue of NULL-F. I am assuming this also includes those who saw it through other fen or who, though not receiving it directly, might have access to a copy, or might hear about it, perhaps distortedly. #1) me - I have been under Chris's medical care for over 3 years; #2 and 3) both Joy and Sandy Sanderson; #4) George Nims Raybin; #5) my ex-husband, Frank Dietz, on whom Chris did an operation; #6 and 7) both Max and Elaine Phillips; #8) a girlfriend of Lin Carter, plus sundry other New Jersey fans whose names I cannot now recall. Through these people others have been recommended to Chris as a doctor, and this type of thing has the effect of a pebble dropped in a pool. There are still others whom I cannot now think of for whom Chris has done minor medical work. After all, if you know a doctor or lawyer or dentist or accountant socially, when you need that sort of specialty you have a tendency to go to someone whom you know and think highly of, yes? Since doctors, lawyers, dentists or accountants can't advertise, how else do they get business except by recommendations?

Parenthetically, I might add that fans by no means constitute the majority of Chris's patients. But it does no professional man or woman any good to have doubts cast upon his/her skill and/or ability among even a small percentage of his/her clients/patients. Even in this modern age there are people who feel that where there's smoke, there perforce must be fire. In any event, you haven't mentioned what was printed in Larry and Noreen Shaw's zine AXE, which has a wide, general circulation and reaches many fen in the New York-New Jersey area directly.

/\_/You re Evilness Quotient. I should imagine the "Behavioral Age" is a strictly subjective thing, depending on who is setting it; in that case the EQ couldn't be accurate, merely indicative of the regard in which one is held by specific individuals. However, the idea of an Evilness Quotient tickles me. Care to give us some examples?



DUSK #2 (Locke) I envy you your artwork. It does dress up the zine very nicely. /\_/I've just realized you live in Indian Lake, N.Y. I spent several weeks in that area back in 1956 at a place called Wilderness Lodge, which is a lovely and very inexpensive resort hotel situated on a small private lake and which offered horseback riding, fishing, a rifle range, equipment for archery, etc. You have some incredibly beautiful country up your way. /\_/Re Xmas gifts. If you live in a city you do find yourself following the custom of giving, not presents, but tips to those in service jobs, such as the superintendent and port<sup>er</sup> of your apt. building; your milkman; your mailman; your elevator operator, etc. It amounts to only a couple of dollars apiece but it does have a tendency to add up, particularly so for employers in office buildings who tip all the postmen and elevator operators and building staff, as well as those at their homes. Generally, though, I reserve these tips for those who have gone out of their way for me during the year, such as the mailman who holds parcels until Saturday mornings and rings my bell when I'm home to receive them; my building superintendent who accepts package deliveries for me and the building porter who will do minor carpentry work when he has the time. Hmm, come to think of it, it does get rather expensive.

THIS IS THE TRIAL #1 (Hannifen)

#2 As tests for your two duping processes, they were successful. The illos on both mediums were very good.

SONOMA #7 (Metcalf) Although I have no specific comments, it was a pleasure to read your smoothly written zine, particularly after wading through some of the nothing discussion zines in the 11th mailing. I hope you never get too busy to stay in N'APA.

FOOFARAW #3 (Patten) That's an awfully pretty Bjo cover. I envy you L.A. fen for your proximity to her talented stylii. /\_/Your story of the mockingbirds' taming of your cat Zoop really cracked me up. One hears so many stories of cats getting the better of birds that it's fascinating to read of a turn-about. I'm a cat-lover but I'm also a bird-lover. I used to combine the two by putting birdseed on my fire escape, closing the window and adjusting the venetian blinds so my cat could peer through the slats and watch the birdies. Frustrating for her but safe for the birds. The net results were fed birds, especially in the winter,



and a cat with a hobby - bird watching. / Your zine was good reading and it was also nice to find someone who takes his own advice and actually produces one of the larger NAPA zines for which he launches.

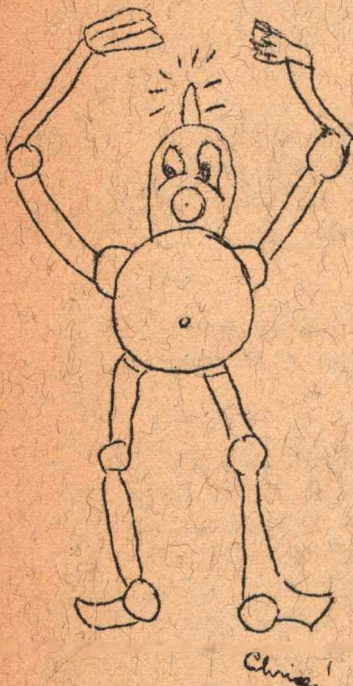
GUANO #12 (Hayes) Re electric typers. Reconditioned IRMs in N.Y.C. can be obtained for about \$100 - Ed Maskys just bought one for around that price. If you have any occasion to pass this way, you might get in touch with Ed or with me for names of reliable places to go and look at them. / I appreciate your new member listings very much.

MEGALOSCOPE #2 (McCombs) I liked your poem and the illo that went with it greatly. Let's have more of this. / The rest of your zine also was enjoyed, including the last page item by Roger Leezer.

SADISTIC SPHINX #1 (Kaye) What a title! / Your description of "On The Road" makes me more certain than ever that I don't want to read it or have much to do with characters who act that way but there again, that's what makes horse racing. / The night before I read your discussion about the commandment "Honor Thy Mother and Father" I attended a psychology class at the New School (a university for adults in Manhattan) in which this was touched upon. The instructor, Dr. Rosalind Gould, was discussing the case of a woman who was a middle child, having both older and younger brothers and sisters, who was envious of the attention given to her older siblings and of each successive younger one. At the same time, she wanted the love of her mother and felt guilty for her jealous feelings. At first she, as a child, reacted by being rebellious and uncooperative, but later in her life, turned her feelings inward, punishing herself for her conflicting feelings of love and hatred toward her mother. She then started always placing herself at a disadvantage with regard to other people so that she became, in actuality, what she had only been mentally - the object of neglect, cruelty, etc. She eventually sought therapy for her inner conflicts but in analyzing this, Dr. Gould mentioned that there must always have been conflicts in children wavering between love and hatred of parents because as far back as the Bible it was apparently necessary to have a commandment about honoring one's parents. According to Dr. Gould this is a normal state of affairs; you cannot love your parents 100% of the time but children do not always realize this and feel very guilty for moments of bad feelings toward parents. I am not now talking about abnormal parents because, of course, they are in the minority but about perfectly average/normal parents who love their kids. Dr. Gould further feels that there is nothing wrong or bad in experiencing resentments or angers against one's parents; the thing to realize is that such feelings are 1) transitory and 2) unimportant in the long run; and to allow them to work their way to the surface without feeling guilty or punishing oneself to any extreme extent because of them. Parents are only human beings and not omnipotent or omniscient gods and most of them are sincerely trying to do the best they can for their kids; once you make yourself aware that they too can make mistakes and need forgiving and loving as well as you yourself, you're on your way to a good adjustment.

While I'm on this subject, I want to touch on Dave Locke's questions about his search (and the search of most teeners) for new thrills, kicks, etc.





The undertones in his statements suggest that he feels there might be something wrong in constantly seeking new impressions. I don't really think so, as long as good common sense is used. I think the teen-ager is constantly trying to discover his own limits, his own capabilities and is restless as a result. But it's all a part of learning about yourself, of exploring you-as-an-entity. There is also a sense of time being wasted - oh - you don't seem to have time to wait to do anything, everything must be now, right now!

Instead of "looking for new kicks", a better way to find out about yourself is to plunge into all sorts of activities - clubs, sports, hobbies. At some you will be darned good; at others not good enough to stay. You have to search for yourself, for where you fit in your own life and it takes a lot of looking. You also have to convince yourself that there is too a tomorrow and that in it you'll have time to try out the things that today couldn't contain. The driven sense of urgency is mitigated somewhat when you really believe in tomorrows and reserve energy for doing new things in them.

I hope all this doesn't sound corny but I went through the teen years as an extreme introvert and, usually, as an impassive observer of the other teenagers around me. I've set down how I felt then and, in retrospect, the sense that "then" makes "now", if that is clear to you. Actually, all this washes down to a big gulp of self-confidence, with a side order of don't worry so much.

Back to Lenny Kaye. Joe Casey, Jr., 608 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N.J. is a member of the Young Americans for Freedom and is strong on Birchism. Write to him for info on these; he can probably supply it by the ream (or contact him at an ESFA meeting.) And Sholem to you too.

DEVIL RITTER #2 (Eklund) I found this absolutely fascinating reading. It doesn't stir up any comments but it certainly scored some darned good points.

SAP #1 (Bowers) Very good hecto work although the left-hand pages were a bit light in my copy. The cover and interior illos were very nicely done and the bacover story is not bad for a 15 year old. It's rewarding to have fen like you pop up saying you heard of fandom through FU; makes me feel all the work I did on my column was worth it.

SKIMMER'S GUIDE (Dietz) Noted. And here's a good place to do some explaining. SG was supposed to be the last portion of a zine called "Tintinnabulations" (which I have discarded in favor of continuing the name "Peals"), the first part of which was the article "The Star And I" which now precedes these nos. I simply didn't have the money to pub the rest for the 10th mailing nor to postmail it. Sorry because some of the references in SG were unclear as a result and the numbering indicated that something should have come before it.



PESKY'S #10 (Maskys) I always find your zine interesting.//You have Ted Johnstone mixed up with another L.A. fan (Alec Eratmor, I believe) who was in the army and passing through N.Y. Ted's never been in the service, if I'm correct. And "The Small Stone Dragon" in the 1st N'APA mailing was by John Trimble.//You seem to rile up some of the fans in N'APA, still I've always found your writing style coherent and interest; but then you and I are part of that section of N.Y. fandom which gets along well together and has fun at meetings, etc. As a matter of fact, for the info of N'APAns, Ed recently came up with an excellent idea - a second monthly informal meeting of ESFA at a restaurant in Manhattan, to which all comers are welcome. Whoever feels like it wanders in and there's no business or anything, just fangab. It works out very well.

NO PLACE #7 (Busby) Wonderful, as usual, Buz, especially the "Neffers On Sunday" fanstory, which I loved.//By now you'll have realized I wasn't really gaffiating; I was just too busy with personal problems and lack of funds, for a while there. I owe you a letter but I need a further extension of time for writing it and also subbing to Cry and such-like.

FANDEN #8 (Higgs) Guess this is a good place to talk about Ralph Holland - whom I shall miss for a long, long time to come. Your discussion of TNFF brought him to mind and the excellent job he had done on the zine and on the presidency of N3F. I only met him a couple of times but I corresponded with him a great deal and I felt I had lost a close personal friend when he died. I even had a letter from him in my purse when I heard the news which I had not had a chance to answer. He had done me a favor and now I'll never be able to thank him, which is a dreadful feeling. I sent Dora Holland a sympathy card and received back a funeral memory card plus a mimeoed sheet telling all about his passing which she had done up because personal answers to the many fan and relatives who had written her were impossible. The thing that made me cry was that he had been exhibiting symptoms for quite some time which neither he nor Dora recognized as incipient cardiac failure symptoms; if he had sought medical aid he might well be with us today. Dora mentioned that he had the latest ish of TNFF almost completed and she was going to try to finish it for him. Since she's not a fan and her only contacts with fandom were through Ralph, I think that's darned fine of her. I only wish I could do something to help.//Good luck with Tightbeam.

ULLY MULLY GUE #3 (McInerney) Hi Mike! Typing N'APazines at 4 ayem? Wow! That's really famnish devotion.

GEMZINE 4:32 (Gem Carr) I laughed my head off at the letter from Miles McAlpin and particularly at your comments about feeding the outworn slaves to the crocodiles. You have a whacky but, to me, enjoyable sense of humor.//I am macho simpatisee with Bob Farnham who lost 100 pounds because I'm in a similar position. I lost 50 pounds from March, 1961 to August, 1961, took 6 months off to maintain it, backslid for 15 pounds, and have just started the second phase of Project Skinny (this is Feb.), with a goal of another 50 pounds off by this coming August for a total weight loss of 95 pounds. I know it sounds like a lot of weight and it's hard to believe it could be necessary but I'm helped along by being hypothyroid and by being a collector of cookbooks who loves to try new recipes, to cook and to entertain people at dinners.//I read the two sides of the Birch Society story with great interest and look forward to the comments in



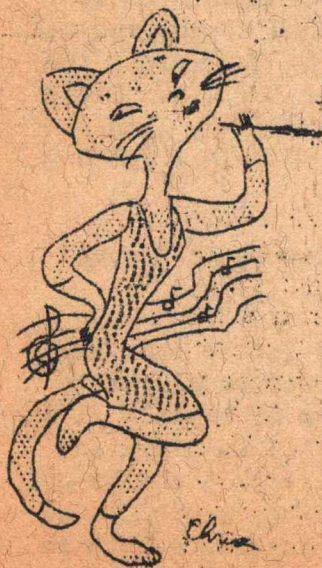
the 12th mailing about this. I thought your presentation and equal space allotment was very fairly done.

QUOTE THE WALRUS (Holland) There doesn't seem to be much point in commenting on this except I wish Ralph could know much I enjoyed his humor in what turned out to be his last N'ARA publication. If you're managing to eavesdrop somehow, Ralph, I thought your satire on putting advertising on postage stamps, coins and bills was beautifully written and very funny.

HALF LIFE (Woolston) Read with much interest and I agree with you on the smutty comic book/parental pre-scanning idea.

#### POSTMAILINGS

PLACK #6 (D.Anderson) I like the way you comment on your LOCs - at the end in one lump. I prefer this method to interrupting a letter or doing a comment at its end, somehow. / There seem to be a number of dieters in random nowadays; guess times are too good. You might ask your doctor to prescribe Dexamyl for you instead of pure Dexadrine. The former contains a small amount of sedation which tends to counteract the jitteriness produced by pure Dexadrine while allowing the appetite-depressing qualities to work unimpeded. I've been taking Dexamyl for a long time with absolutely no side effects unless I take one late in the day in which case it has a tendency, like caffeine, to keep me up at night. We oughta form a club - we could call it "The Fans With The Vanishing Fannies" or some such thing. / I wish someone would do a study on why fans who are ferocious in print turn out to be such friendly lambs in persons. Like, f'rinstance, I thought Bruce Pelz was a real horror after reading his zines but he turned out to be such a nice guy at the PittCon that I don't take his cracks seriously any more. / Very good cover, Don.



KAYMAR (Carlson) I was fascinated by your descriptions of how to make a hecto and a rubber stamp, and have filed them away for experimentation some time in the future. / I hope the rumor of an anti-radiation drug is a fact although I somehow doubt the Russians would be willing to share their knowledge about it with us. What a tremendous medical break-through and what a cold war tension-remover such a drug would be if it were really effective!

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And this ends my comments on the 11th mailing. Hail, Bob Lichtman! May your nerves remain steady and your days all have 36 hours.

Belle