



MINAC is edited by Les Gerber (201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn New York, 11226) and Ted White (339 - 49th St., Brooklyn, New York, 11220) and is published on the QWERTYUIOPress once every two weeks. Financial Support continues to come from Esther Stanton Davis.

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Zanzines for review by Terry Carr must be sent to him at 41 Fiorreponi St., Brooklyn, New York, 11201.

We are dating MINAC beginning with this issue, which was published on September, Friday the 13th, 1963.

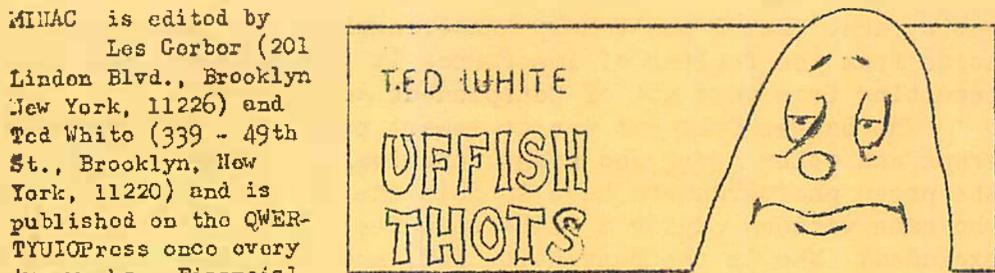
When we handed out copies of issue #4 at the Discon we did our best to keep track of all our regular readers. But if we missed you both there and by mail, let us know.

MINAC 5

Calvin Demmon christened them -- this name caught on so completely that later I heard them using it themselves), a uniformed guard had been posted at the door to the room in which our ball was held, and admission was by convention badge.

Gary's two friends hadn't paid three dollars each for the privilege of briefly joining him, and Philip N. Bridges, who has read science fiction since the first AMAZING, was exercised over the fact. With an unctuous smile he happily chortled, "You'll have to leave. If you haven't paid your three dollars for a convention membership, you'll just have to leave." And at this point the guard unceremoniously ushered the couple from the room.

Now of course Bridges was completely in his rights here. Anybody not flaunting a badge was fair game (but how had Deindorfer's friends originally gotten in?), and I'm surprised other non-members of the con, like Lee Jacobs, weren't also given the



TED WHITE

UFFISH THOTS

NULL-C: I'm not writing a lengthy con-report this year -- although John Koning has asked me, along with a dozen or more others, to do him an incident for his Instant Conreport -- but there are several situations and incidents I shall include below.

I enjoyed the Discon, despite two heavy drawbacks: Sandi cared for very little of what went on, and it's hard to keep from empathizing a loved one's point of view to the point where it becomes one's own; and too both of us caught heavy colds (flu, actually) which were aggravated by the smokey rooms and too-cool air conditioning and which cost me my voice on the final night. (As Don and Maggie Thompson and I sat about in the DC suite our talk became quieter and quieter as our voices began to slip, and I had just whispered "I must cease talking," when Ron Ellik showed up and dispensed Succrets to all of us. A Fan In Need...)

Only one unpleasant incident marred a portion of the con for me, and this occurred during the masquerade ball. Gary Deindorfer had invited two friends, a quiet young couple, to join him and a group of us were standing amidst the crowd watching the final costume judging when Phil Bridges, a WSFAn and Con Committee member, strode up with the uniformed guard in tow.

I should explain, at this point, that inasmuch as three other cons were being held simultaneously in the hotel, one of them a national high school fraternity, the Sigma Alpha Rho (or "Sigma Frap" as

bum's rush. But I can't help wondering what was proven by throwing out that couple. Aside from the feeling of importance it gave Bridges, was there anything constructive resulting from that act of Conspicuous Authority?

The Badges Only bit was to thwart people who had no business there -- the Sigma Fraps and other types who might conceivably disrupt things. But now I wonder...: did the press photographers have to join the con at \$3 a head? How about bonefide fans who came without paying a membership fee? Have they any right to be there? --Or to be excluded? Who is the convention for, and just what does that \$3 buy, anyway?

And, with cons making money hand over foot (I haven't heard from the Discon, but the previous three cons all made somewhere between \$500 and a thousand bucks profit) is that \$3 fee even necessary? It's something to think about.

SCIENCE FICTION:

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Forgive my bragging it up please; I thought I could maintain a facade of modest nonchalance, but I can't. Seeing that in print is something I've yearned for, for many many years. Maybe someday I'll see one like it without the "Assistant" appended.

TIDDLYWINKS, ANYONE? The Hugo awards were a farce again this year. I won't say I'm sorry to see THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE win; I voted for it myself. And F&SF's win, while unexpected to all of us, was a pleasant surprise. But I am afraid that I cannot consider any awards which credit "The Dragon Masters" as "Best Short Fiction" to be of real objective value.

My objection to this award is very simple, and has nothing to do with the actual quality of the story in question. I maintain that by any honest criteria "The Dragon Masters" was not and is not eligible for the "Short Fiction" award.

When GALAXY printed it in 86 pages of full text, it did so as a "Complete Short Science-Fiction Novel" (cover), and "Complete Short Novel" (contents page). When it appeared as a 97-page half of Ace Double F-185, it was clearly a Book in its own right and totalling somewhere around 30-35,000 words. (The only change immediately obvious to me, by the way, is that while the magazine version ends with an exclamation point, the book ends with a period.)

Now, by me a story of 30,000 words has never been a "short" story -- even in the days of 60,000-and-up novels. A short story has always had a top limit of about 10,000 words maximum, with some setting that limit closer to 5,000 words. Novelets have not, in the last ten or more years, exceeded 20,000 words, and often the word is applied to stories in the 10-12,000 word category. In any case, a piece of "short fiction" almost axiomatically cannot be in itself a complete book -- not in the science fiction or mystery fields (and we'll overlook children's picture books, despite the fact that I think they're more suited for the average Hugo voter's mentality). It is absurd to create a competition between a story of 30,000 words or more, and stories of half or less that wordage. The forms are simply not the same.

For two years running, now, the short fiction award has not gone to a work of short fiction; last year a series -- not any individual short story -- won the award, and after it had been collected in the book, HOTHOUSE. For two years the award has gone to pieces which have appeared as complete books, prior to voting.

When I noted the inclusion of "The Dragon Masters" on my ballot this year, I crossed it off with a note that it was not eligible. I would like to know, here and now: a) why it was first put on that ballot; and b) why votes for it were counted.

I shall not be satisfied by the explanation sometimes proffered in previous years to account for Hugo irregularities (of which there have been many): that if the voters want to vote for a specific item in a specific category, then their votes will count. The awards poll is conducted by intelligent men, and it is presumably unnecessary to

point out to them the reducto ad absurdum of such reasoning. However, if I am not assured that this thinking will be abandoned next year, I shall start a campaign for "Glory Road" as "Best Short Fiction," and Calvin Demmon's F&SF Biffable, "Fred", for "Best Novel."

Nonsense of the sort which has occurred for this last two years pretty much debases any value the Hugo award has accrued, and I think that if it continues it will be time for a thorough debunking.

EGO BOOST: This issue we have a rider, Bill Meyers' EGO. Bill says he plans one of these roughly every two weeks -- which means that under favorable conditions you'll be seeing an issue with each issue of MINAC.

I take some pride in this fact since I feel it is at least indirectly my doing.

It has long been my contention that man is basically evil -- a condition alternately traced to either The Original Sin or Man's Animal Origins -- and in support of this fact I offer as evidence that despite Bill's announced desires to forever forsake fandom when he folded SPECTRE in 1959, I kept him on VOID's mailing list, made it a point to invite him to fan functions at Towner Hall when he came to NYC to study at Columbia, and even cozened from him a column for VOID, "Old Bottles". (Although only one instalment ever appeared, another has been on my desk for the last year and a half.) More recently, I dragooned him into becoming a member of the Brooklyn Heights Literary Guild, Pot Cheese and Kvetching Society, where a select number of the up-and-coming Literary Lights of this world gather to read each other their latest works of art.

It was too much to expect of Bill to hope that this evil seed would not take root, and as they say of junkies, "Once on it, you're hooked." Bill Meyers, I am proud to say (as, you might put it, a close connection of his), is as addicted to fandom as the worst of us. Ted White

-Ted White

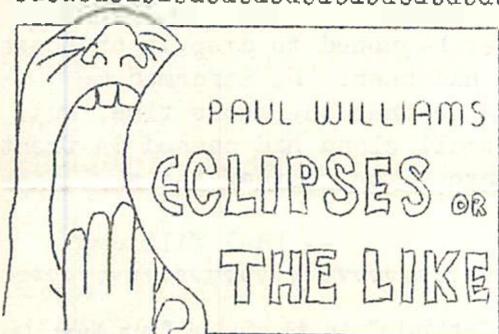
I shot a quotocard into the air;
It fell to earth I know not where --
For who could follow the phonomenon
Of quotecards being signod, passed on?
Long long afterward, with some trash
The quotecard burned into an ash --
And the quotecard's quo, from beginning to end
Was interlined in the mag of a friond.

-- from a postcard by Bodd Boggs, dated January 8, 1957.

Long long afterward, with some trash

The quotocard burned into an ash --

And the quotecard's quote, from beginning to end
Was interlined in the mag of a friend.



is so determined to see the sun blacken and vanish, I should point out that every morning your unfriendly neighborhood newspaper informs you of the exact time the sun will set that evening. All you have to do is watch your watch and, when the time comes, go out in your backyard, relax in a 1963 outdoor Barcalounger, and observe the awesome spectacle of the sun's slow disappearance. In ancient times, superstitious people thought that a dragon was swallowing the sun (nowadays we attribute sunset to sunspots), and offered huge quantities of virgins and other edibles to the dragon, in an attempt to make the beast throw up. It always did, right on schedule. The next morning (indeed, morning is an old Storish word for vomit), and people eventually came to realise that this was all a terrible waste of good virgins (and other edibles). Nowadays we know that the sun will always rise the morning after it sets, of course; indeed, due to the instinctive feeling that the sun is a (or even the!) god, we moderns generally save our sins and misdeeds for nighttime. "When the cat's away" applies here.

Sunset observers are admonished to keep in mind a few simple facts: even just before sunset the sun is still bright enough to burn out your eyeballs if you look at it

unprotected -- it is suggested that you look at the sun through exposed film (Polaroid film is exposed in only 10 seconds). Some ophthalmologists claim that exposed film will not protect your eyes sufficiently, but they are foolish louts who haven't even invested in Eastman Kodak. In addition, we must warn you not to be frightened when the sun seems to disappear. Remember, you are representing civilized man. Just say to yours self beforehand, "It's a natural occurrence and I am not going to be disturbed by its awesum splendor." As one female observer said during last night's sunset, "It's so amazing... all of a sudden, everything got so dark... it was as if the sun had been eclipsed or something... but really, there's nothing to worry about... gasp..."

But I started to tell you about the eclipse, didn't I?

Since everyone else was going to Maine that infamous weekend, we decided to go to Wood's Hole. In the town of Hanover there is a ten mile stretch of one-lane detour, and thus we discovered that not quite everyone was in Maine -- a few hundred thousand had decided to beat the rush and go to the Cape.

At about four that Saturday afternoon I was sitting inside, due to the fact that a five day heat spell had finally broken the day we decided to go to the Cape. I was informed by some clock-watcher that the eclipse should be starting, so I put down my Bitter Lemon and ventured out of doors. Imagine my surprise when I looked up and saw -- clouds!, as far as the eye could see. How inspiring. I was reminded of that thrilling morning in April of 1960 when we drove all the way out to Revere at five ayem to see the wonders of nature (and incidentally a total eclipse), and for our efforts were treated to the enchanting sight of the sky growing light, dark, and then light again! All this took place, of course, behind heavy clouds.

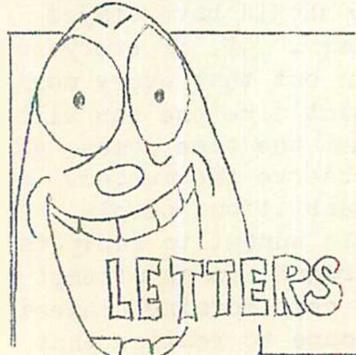
Well, 1963's heavy clouds remained over the sun and all the rest of the sky on that lovely Saturday, the twentieth of July, and at about five o'clock we were driving along some nameless Cape road. Suddenly, and for no discernable reason, there was a tiny break in those thick clouds, and the sun shown through. What there was left of the sun, that is, because a check of the watches and a glance at the sky showed that this was exactly the fullest moment of the partial eclipse, which is all we got this time in Massachusetts. Well, we poured out of the automobile, and stood by the side of the road watching the eclipse in various non-lethal manners. In two or three minutes the sun completely disappeared behind the clouds again, but we didn't care. We were satisfied. We had Seen The Eclipse. Indeed, we had seen the most interesting part of the partial eclipse! All was right with the world, and all that. We drove on, idly wondering how our friends who had gone to Maine had fared.

On the day after our return from the Cape, my brother happened to drop in on these friends, and naturally he wanted to know how the eclipse had been. He informed me later that our friends had had absolutely perfect viewing weather the whole time, but, they had complained, for part of the time of totality a small cloud had passed in front of the eclipsed sun, spoiling the view for a minute or more. The rest of the sky, they said, had been completely and utterly clear.

There's obviously a moral to be drawn here.

-- Paul Williams

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BOB LICHTMAN Regarding Ted's little "article" in #3 called "Our Next Issue": are you guys trying to blanket fandom with MINAC or something? I got the distinct feeling that MINAC is trying to be all things to all fans or something like that, instead of the happy, close-knit-group fan-magazine that FROG used to be. Certainly FROG didn't go around trying to boost its circulation; quite the contrary. Who are you trying to reach with MINAC: an audience who will dig what you're doing because they've known (or known of) you for quite a while, or a Huge Crowd who will send trades and letters and 4¢ stamps aimlessly but not really dig the MINAC scene. MINAC is pretty good (though only about half as good as a fair-to-average FROG at its best so far) and I bet it could be better if you took the first course above instead of the expansionist one. [I remember sending a copy of VOID one day in early 1959 to an unknown noo (who'd hardly known me for quite a while; he'd just entered fandom) in trade for the first issue of a then-undistinguished zine called PSI-PHI. Of course, I could've followed your suggestions for pubbing a fannish zinc... :: Bob also tells us he's starting a new fannish fanzine with Don Fitch, to be called FRAF. I guess if you haven't known Bob for about four years you'd best not ask for a copy... -tw, LETTERS are cont. on p.8/-]



MINAC #1, as some of you may (but probably don't) recall, ran the first part of my report on an Open ESFA Meeting. Part two, however, was lost by those Slimey Rats, and I find myself rewriting it, hoping I can recall all the Juicy Parts.\*

Our adventure ended last time with all the ESFA fans moving to a restaurant. It is here that we once again pick up the story.

I stood there watching the cream of ESFA seat itself. It was quite a sight; a flying squad of fans would attack a table, maneuvering it deftly near a table of friends. Not to ignore this ploy, the waitresses sprang into action, remanuevering the tables back into their original positions. Eventually someone won this game, the tables found themselves in spot disagreeable to one faction, and people began to seat themselves. The air became filled with cries of "Eliot--over here!", "No! Eliot--over here!", "Pssst!--Eliot!", and other dignitaries, BNFs like SaM, Hans Santesson, etc., were subjected to competitive summonses.

I played it cool. I sat on the outskirts of the action and as luck would have it (or maybe, hey, playing cool pays off) the sole ESFAn I wanted to talk with, John Boardman, made a beeline for my table. Accompanying John were Charlie and Marsha Brown plus a neo whose name was included in the first draft of this segment.

I wanted a drink. I hardly ever drink, but I wanted a drink. I had been to an Open ESFA Meeting. Marsha ordered first, ordering a vodka martini. "Just how old are you, sister?" snarled the waitress, snarling in a like manner of all the other waitresses who were snarling at other ESFA people. With a rushing shock it hit me: we were in the sovereign state of New Jersey! New Jersey, where alcohol is forbidden by law to touch lips under the age of twenty-one. I am twenty and I wanted a drink, and my wanting a drink was illegal. I could be drafted in New Jersey and shot full of holes in a "police action", and if I were ever fool enough to murder somebody my young body could find itself strapped in a New Jersey electric chair. And if, sitting there, I happened to want a Screwdriver at that particular moment, they would've said "You are too young, you murderer." And then they would've pulled the switch.

The neo sitting next to us was obviously overwhelmed by being in the presence of royalty, although we were not quite as regal as one ex-prozine editor who waved away a youngster attempting to sit at his table.

Gabble, gabble, went this neo, trying to make the communication scene in a normal, inoffensive, neoish way. Marsha tried to set his mind at ease, make him feel more welcome. "I loathe and despise neos," she said sweetly. "I love nothing better than eating them for breakfast. Grr-ruff!" I continued talking to John Boardman. As was predicted the service was miserable, the food was nothing to shout about, and the price for the food was.

After having spent the price of a ream of ditto paper for limpid "Old Southern Fried Chicken, Fried to a Golden Brown," I left the resaurant with the other fans.

On the street I was continuing my conversation with John Boardman when I felt a hand on my shoulder; it was the femmefan who'd shared our table gazing soulfully into my eyes. "Steve, I want to tell you something."

"Yes?"

"Someday some girl is going to marry you..."

"One can hope." ("Gee," I thought to myself, "she is going to say something Nice!")

"Someday some girl is going to marry you, and..."

"Yes, yes?"

"And she is going to wind up mothering you for the rest of her life!" Smirking triumphantly, this Charmer turned on her heel and strode off, taking giant steps.

\*Significantly, this version of Stovo's report is twice as long as the one we lost... -tw

Ordinarily I suppose I would've been perplexed by this surprising encounter; I did not know her, save by sight, and at this ESFA gettogether I had not acted in any obnoxious or immature manner, simply talking quietly to John about Fascists and Conservatives and Barry Goldwater. I say I would ordinarily have been perplexed; fortunately, I had attended a lecture a week earlier by Erich Fromm, famous psychologist and author of the excellent "The Art of Loving". Because of this lecture I knew the score; the topic had been "Neurotic Hostility."

I boarded the bus back to NYC together with other people from the meeting, and a fan famous for making inane and pointless phonecalls (known to many as "Phonefan") plonked down beside me. "Hello, Steve Stiles," he said, "look what I copped from the restaurant." Grinning in a triumphant manner he produced a rather handsome looking glass container of some sort. "Guess tha' ll teach 'em to serve us better, boy."

Later he told me he was working as a delivery boy. I mentioned that I had done similar work once. "Ever swiped anything?" he asked, nudging me slyly in the ribs with the air of a fellow-conspirator. "Hardly. I picked up urine analysis specimens from drugstores." What the hell, I can make my own.

And right about now I am reminded of the time that I left a case of urine at Towner Hall; I cannot think of anything more to write about ESFA. --Steve Stile.



#### A SORT OF DISCON REPORT. There were a few no-good things that happened to me

during the Discon, but those were minor personal problems that really had nothing to do with the convention. The con itself was all sorts of mad fun. I never miss the banquet programs when I attend a worldcon, and this year (courtesy of Esther, who bought a ticket for someone who didn't want to go) I

even ate at the banquet. The food was very poor—I've eaten better meals for less than a dollar—but Ron Eilik sat next to me and was about \$4.95 worth of fun himself. The speeches were interesting, too, although Will Jenkins delivered a talk which was too disorganized for comfort. Asimov was his usually funny self, especially when he was surprised with an honorary Hugo after having built his patter around the fact that he had never won one. He was obviously moved, but managed to get off a superb spontaneous line: "Oh, now they've ruined the whole bit." As he said that, everyone realized the Hugo must be for Asimov, and cheered. I met Jenkins after the banquet and renewed an old acquaintance (we used to talk on the phone almost weekly, years ago, but I'd never met him face to face before), and we had an organized if short conversation about the art of short story writing. It was much better than the talk.

Aside from the banquet, I missed about 90% of the program, which made me quite happy. The sound system in the main convention room was inadequate and the audiences were none too quiet.

Saturday morning, I was looking around the art show when someone came in and told me John Magnus was in the next room selling a lot of old fanzines. I went in and looked, and found a copy of HYPHEN #1 which Magnus sold me for 50¢. This completed my HYPHEN collection, and I felt so fannish and overjoyed that I walked entirely out of the convention and went record-shopping.

Monday afternoon, Cal Demmon and I almost decided to chuck the rest of the convention and leave with Esther, who was going home early because she had to be back at work Tuesday. We walked over to Scholl's Religious Cafeteria (we added the "Religious" because there were religious mottoes all over the place) for a cheap lunch and talked seriously about getting out of there and the sooner the better. But then we decided it would only be rushing things, so we let Steve Stiles and Larry Ivie have the places we could have had in Esther's car and decided to spend the rest of the day constructively. The most fannish thing to do, obviously, was to see the sights.

We walked over to the White House, bought a pound of peanuts nearby, fed squirrels on the lawn, then took a bus going in the general direction of the Lincoln Memorial.



It didn't go too close to the Memorial, though, and we had to walk further than we had expected. You might know that Washington wouldn't have any buses going to the Lincoln Memorial. We walked past the Organization of American States building, and I was amused to see a list of the original members chiseled onto the building; Cuba was still there.

The Lincoln Memorial turned out to be quite impressive. But you never see in the photographs the two mural paintings high along the side walls, above the engraved Lincoln speeches. They were each painted on 600 pounds of canvas using over 150 pounds of paint, and they are just awful.

As you may know, or as you may not know, the Washington Monument is quite close to the Lincoln Memorial, with a park and a long rectangular pool between them. Cal and I walked over to the grass, took off our shoes, and walked barefoot through the park, giggling at all the NASA shacks lining the park and throwing some of our peanuts to the squirrels, who grabbed them and ran away. Washington squirrels were unfriendly in general.

When we got to the Monument, I looked up at it. "Gee," I said, "that looks awfully high." "Oh, I don't think so," said Calvin. "It doesn't look any higher than the tower on the Berkeley campus, and that's only about 250 feet." There was a fair-sized line waiting to use the elevator, so we decided to do the fannish (i.e., insane) thing and climb the stairs.

About a quarter of the way up, we got so tired that we stopped counting stairs. Finally, so worn out that I didn't think we could climb any further, we stopped and looked up the elevator shaft. We still couldn't see the top of the building. By the time we actually did reach the top, we were so numb we couldn't even look out the windows; we just took a brief glance out in one direction and then took the elevator down. The Washington Monument has 898 steps. Don't bother, if you're ever there.

There was one consolation, though. At a refreshment stand a few yards away I had the first really good milkshake I'd had since the last time I was at Fergie's Drive-In in Bloomington, Indiana. I didn't even mind being so tired that we had to take a cab back to the hotel.

The program item that interested me most was the film showing. It was scheduled to be only an installment from a forthcoming television cartoon show (originating in Japan) called Astro-Boy, but three short films (including Bhab's, described last issue) were added. I'd seen The Year the Universe Lost the Pennant three times previously, as you'd know if you'd read our last issue instead of losing it before you got home from the convention, but I was curious to see what the audience reaction would be like. Just before the showing, Bhab asked me to augment the sound track with some frantic piano-playing, so the Discon audience was the first ever to see the film with live music—about a minute's worth of the last movement of Prokofieff's Seventh Piano Sonata (which is all I can play of it so far).

Astro-Boy was atrocious, like an idiotic recasting of a bad Mighty Mouse cartoon. There were some strong visual similarities to Mighty Mouse, especially the way Astro-Boy took off into flight. You'll be able to investigate this idiocy yourself, since the program is being syndicated nationally this season. Then there was a "Dante's Inferno" segment from an ancient picture, which I learned later had been spliced in (and cut) from an even more ancient silent. I wish we'd seen the silent version, because the sound track was very bad music terribly recorded, but it was still impressive. I couldn't watch the audience very well during Bhab's picture because the piano was way back in the hall, but the final reaction was strongly favorable. There was supposed to be another film, an allegedly hilarious Chuck Jones cartoon, but it was cut so the showing wouldn't compete with a meeting of the Hyborean Legion, being held at the same time somewhere else. This was typical of the cold-blooded over-efficiency with which the entire program was run. The trains ran all right—the first session opened only about two minutes late, which must be some sort of record—but who wanted to go where they were going?

I have a lot more to write about the Discon, and if we don't lose it in Ted's office I'll try to write some more next issue. —Les Gerber

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: If there's a checkmark in the box to the right, see overpage:

TOM PERRY Strange about the August F&SF -- it didn't appear for sale in Lincoln at all. After bug-ging my newsstand man about it for weeks, I finally phoned the distributor, who assured me that I hadn't missed it -- it simply never arrived in Lincoln. This puzzled me till I read the lengths you went to to scoop fandom in reviewing GLORY ROAD.

No doubt you noticed I was reviewing GLORY ROAD in installments as it appeared. It was but the work of a moment to flash down to the mail room and snitch the copies destined for Lincoln, comma, Nebraska. That prevented me from reviewing the second installment, and the way was clear for you to scoop fandom.

Is it true you plan to publish VOID #29 soon? This I gathered, confusedly, from the Fan Poll sent out by Wells along with its errata. Well. [I haven't seen the Errata -- or anything else Wells has published recently; what gives, Charles? -- but we have hopes of getting V29 out this year... maybe.]

BILL DONAHO Thought you might appreciate a report on the Post Office. MINAC #3 arrived on Wednesday Aug. 21. MINAC #2 arrived on Friday, Aug. 23.

Anyhow, I much enjoy MINAC. For some reason or other it seems much more like the old FANAC than does STARSINKLE. Perhaps it's the absence of chitter-chatter (mostly) from STARSINKLE and its limited text. Anyhow, I'm glad you're publishing.

BILL PLOTT Hooah, Les Gorber, who do you think you're putting on? I've been a Marlboro customer for many moons. In fact I got off an order from that current catalog the very day I read your enthusiastic "Consumer Report". The Far-Out Books were indeed Far-Out. A friend of mine bought them, but I only got a chance to glance through them. I thought they were pretty clever, though, from a cursory glance. I ordered the Louis Untermeyer anthology of limericks this time -- I have a feckless mind.

ALVA ROGERS A much belated but heartfelt thanks for sending me MINAC which is read -- every blessed word of it -- immediately upon arrival. Sid also enjoys it. Now that THE FROG has made its last flight it behooves you guys to keep this thing going so the little mags don't totally vanish from the scene.

By the way, did Terry participate in the March on Washington? Sid swears she saw him on the TV broadcast of the march, that the camera zeroed right in on him. [No, and indeed Terry's been so busy that he didn't even participate in this of MINAC. His fmz reviews will be back next issue, though.]

WRAI BALLARD Boggs writing on not-poetry wins the argument, though he knew he'd won all along for around this time or before when asked for a definition of not-poetry I answered "A not-poem is just a rhyme I call a not-poem" (OUTSIDERS 12). I also agree that writing good comic verse is a serious business. Boggs wins all the way...but still "not-poetry" got some enjoyable (to many of us) poetry written that perhaps would not have been written otherwise.

ANDY MAIN About the FROG, Ted, our circulation was about 65 or 70 when we started, 80 or 90 when we stopped. But it was more a letter-substitute than a Real Fanzine, and went to a Select Audience. [Andy generously subscribed to MINAC by sending us two reams of paper (which we're using this). Speaking of which, see immediately below, gang!]

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: If there's a checkmark in the box overpage, you won't be hearing from us again until we hear from you.

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