

[illegible]

MINAC CN TIME

As usual, and unlike our Unter den Linden imitation which is currently a month behind date, this issue of MINAC is on schedule. Because the matter has come up once or twice in querulous letters from Jack Weidenbeck and Oliver Wendell Holmes, we feel obliged to take up a little space to explain that this MINAC, the one in your green-dripping hands, is the original MINAC.

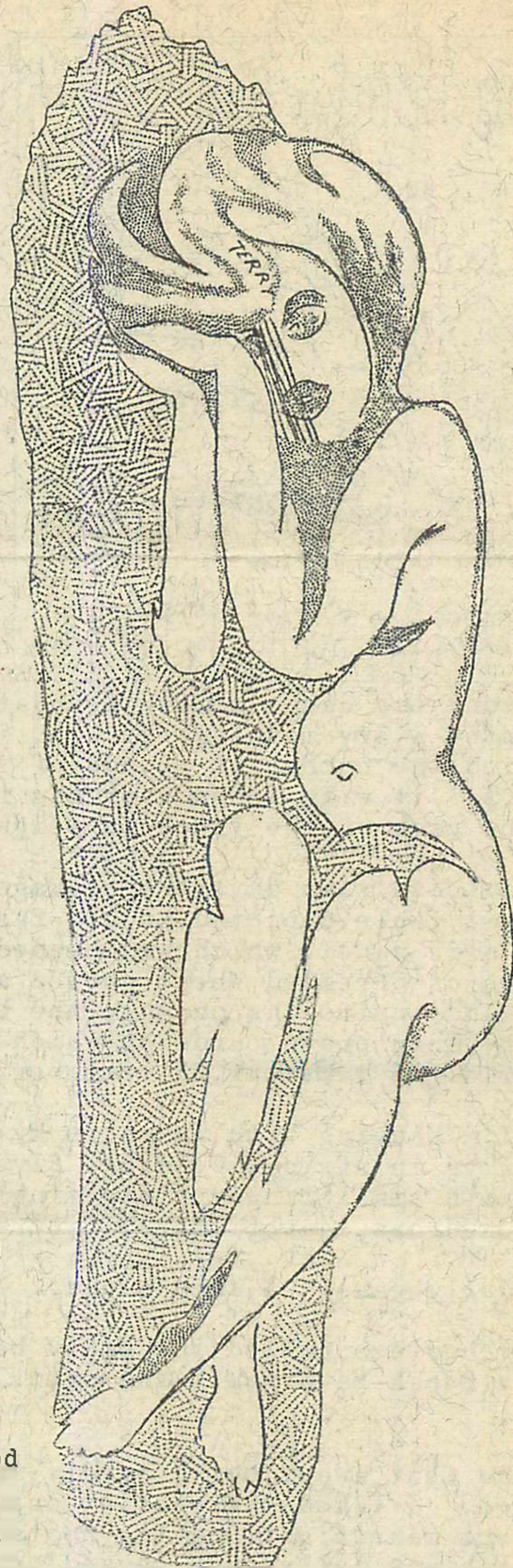
As most of you know, MINAC first appeared as an individual publication in late 1960, thru the auspices of the Far Hillton group, and was later continued by Bruce Pelz. Its title, from inception -- to those who may reasonably prefer pronouncing it with a "hard c" -- was MINAC OF THE LASFS. It appeared with stern regularity during the ensuing years and the last issue (published a few days ago) was numbered #80.

Our laggard Flatbush-whacker mimic appeared in mid-'63, and its half-forgotten last issue was #7, dated October 11, 1963.

To establish the authenticity of this publication beyond cavil, we have shortened the name to MINAC and at the same time slightly altered the spelling to correspond with the optional "hard c" pronunciation. We have, as well, adopted a new numbering to keep a half hop ahead of our aping name-jumper (who just may surprise everyone and come up with a #8 of their pub any son now), and we have accepted Walter Breen's generous invitation to be circulated on an experimental basis with FANAC for a while.

We will continue thus unperturbed into our fourth year of publication under our amended title, with our new riders and features, so long as FANACessary...and that "c" gentleman, is best pronounced softly, but firmly.

etc.



REDD BOGGS:



HASHISH THOTS

THE RAINBOW TASTE OF JELLYBEANS:

"If you want another beer," said my hostess kindly, "there's another in the fridge."

"The wha' -- ?" I narrowly avoided hiccupping in momentary confusion. The refrigerator, stupid! an inner voice admonished sternly just in time. The icebox! a dimmer voice added even more sternly.

I know, I know. I am old enough to remember very well when it was still literally the icebox, with a shallow pan of brackish water underneath. Oh yes, and at the edge of town there was an ice-house surrounded by heaps of compacted sawdust and rivulets of seep-

age around the dank, rotten foundations. People stuck the ice card in the window every morning: 25 - 50 - 75 - 100. Whichever number was up signified the number of pounds of ice required that day. Before the iceman hefted it with tongs over his rubber-ponchoed shoulder, he dangled it from the back of the truck to weigh and wash off with a gush of water.

In those same days the packages of Kellogg's Corn Flakes on the breakfast table depicted an old-fashioned girl hugging a shock of corn on the side panel, which was headed "The Sweetheart of the Corn." The packages of Shredded Wheat showed a blue view of Niagara Falls on the front, and inside the package the biscuits were stacked in layers separated by thin brown cards on which were printed the dulllest reading in the world. I remember, I remember.

"I'm Dancing With Tears in My Eyes," Helen Twelvetrees, "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa," Flexible Flyers, stocking caps, and a candy counter grimy with small fingerprints mingled untidily in my cluttered mind. Cinnamon drops, jawbreakers, licorice sticks, peppermints,

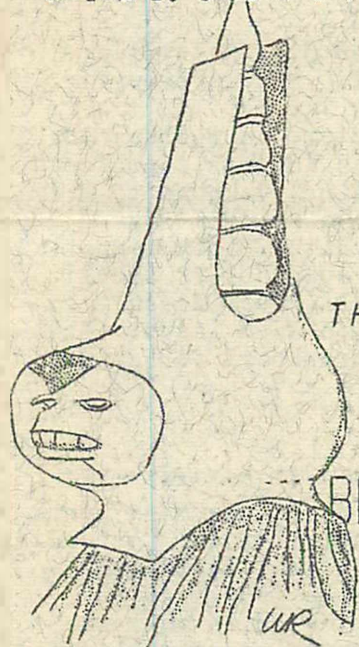
"Jellybeans!" I said aloud.

My hostess pulled the empty beer can from my lax grasp. "You want another Busch Bavarian," she said. "I'll get you one. They're in the fridge."

She went away, but I hardly noticed. Ah, jellybeans! It was long long ago. I liked the scarlet ones, and the black ones. The white ones were mere makeweight, having no taste at all. Didn't someone once tell me that black jellybeans caused cancer? A thousand people have told me that Coca-Cola rots the stomach lining, and every one of these thousand people have cited the same experiment to prove it. This one experiment (which probably never took place) must be the most famous single experiment in scientific annals since Dr Curie. In it, the lab technicians carefully submerged a hunk of prime beef in a vat full of Coca-Cola and left it there overnight. In the morning, they removed the hunk of beef and discovered that it was badly pitted and corroded from the bath. Now

of course this proves that it is not a good idea to leave beefsteak in a pot of Coke overnight -- unless you faunch for Coke-flavored steak. But it is always cited to prove that Coca-Cola will rot out your stomach if you quaff it regularly. I don't understand the reasoning. I do not believe that Coke stays in my stomach overnight. And -- is my stomach nothing more than a hunk of dead cow? Oh, Coca-Cola! Years ago I discovered they had stopped stamping the city of origin on the bottom of each Coke bottle and I suddenly realized that the world had gone to hell.

Dedicated this round
to Fan T. Carr . . .



THE FANTIC
ARTS

EARL
BROWDER

MINAC #7, October 11, 1963, \$1.00, from Les Gerber & Ted White via QWERTYUIOPress, 339 49th St., Brooklyn 11220. The buck price is Whitewash. Available for locs, trades, three 4¢ stamps or one unused legal length stencil per copy. With riders, 16 pp., mimeced.

This is the last issue received here of the East Coast or Mimio MINAC; this once "Rigidly Scheduled" chitter-chatterbox and its editors seem to have slipped into a temporal hernia, a pocket of Somewhen where it's still the middle of last month. Since the zine claims to be "bi-weekly," it is now in a SF Times-trap from which only a packet of issues or a jumbo multi-numbered issue can enable it to catch up with its own schedule. Right now, by quick finger and toe count, Les & Ted owe their subbers and loccers at least three MINAX, and up to three each of their riders, EGO, GRUNT, and the Fake FANAC.

It's hard to say what's wrong. Illness, perhaps; the idiotic Moskwitz suit, mebbe; or possibly the assistant editorial duties on a prozine plus apa re quirements have simply shouldered MINAC to the Later, Later bin. This assumes, of course, that Ted has been doing the bulk of the grubby, time-absorbing work on the zine; Gerber's courses at Brooklyn College presumably leaving him little free time for such.

The ironic twist to this odd hiatus is that the "Fake FANAC" referred to above is an ancient fan institution (about six years old) which has not appeared, due to the illness of its editor, for upwards of six months, and which Ted & Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon decided to annex for their own use. They make much point of the extreme lateness of the old zine -- and this in the #7 MINAC which was itself quite late in reaching local mailboxes.

It is always very foolish for any fan publisher or editor to point the finger of scorn at any other fan for tardiness in pubbing, or to pat himself on the back for promptness or All Bran regularity in suchac. It's much saner to quietly whisper to oneself when so tempted, "Cheese it; the croppers are coming!"

Such a cropper has come MINAC, at least for the time being.

To comment briefly: a monster letter column engulfs most of MINAC proper in #7; it glitters with contribs from the letterhack like of Redd Boggs, Rick Sneary, Don Fitch, Bob Lichtman & George Soithers. In his column -- "Less Gerber" this time -- Les profiles himself interestingly, while Ted, weary from the presumably mountainous labors which resulted in a mouse of FANAC, holds himself to a paragraph in "Uffish Thots" on (honest) science fiction. The fanzine review column suggests that at least a few current zines are worth a T. Carr's damn; when one realizes that these reviews are written out of a handful of spare minutes, their intelligence and taste are remarkable, and their frequent asperity understandable. The riders are -- two of them -- are fine things: Bill Mayer's EGO #3 is witty & wise; Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon's GRUNT #2 is -- well, Demmon, which is All Right. (No Biffables, tho: hell, Biff, F&SF can't buy 'em all...)

The Fake FANAC is pretty damned sad, all told. It contains one change of address (of Ted's boss, Avram Davidson), a little babble about the Discon, some twitter about FANNISHs (seeing's believing), a news item about Harlan Ellison galumphing back to New York, a jab near the carotid for Walter Breen, a sneer at an unnamed ex-editor of FANAC, and a sorawly cartoon by Andy Reiss. Oh, and there are some ingroup jokes about Someone named Warren Brick, who May or May Not Exist.

Which is the gist of the largely excellent bundle that was MINAC #7.

More, eh? And soon. Like six weeks ago.

RATING: EC MINAC & RIDERS..9
FAKE FANAC.....3

THE ARGENTINE SF REVIEW, April, 1963, #2, from Hector R. Pessina, Casilla Correro Central 3869, Buenos Aires, Argentina. Free for trades, loans, reviews, contributions, or costs 15¢ in U. S. or Canadian stamps; no coin of the realm, please.

Once you force yourself to start reading (the entire publication is photo-offset in capital letters) this is a competent piece of writing and editing. Terry Jeeves has contributed a cover and the headings to the fanzine & book review columns, both of which are by the editor; and there are mildly interesting letters from Buck Coulson, Dave Prosser, Alan Dodd, and others. The feature piece, a short story from the NFFF larder by "Ezekiel Scudder," is really not bad, and communicates a real chill in the Things We'd Rather Not Think About Dept. Pessina has had the novel notion of running the English text and its Spanish translation side by side, and he also gives pointers on Spanish as filler material. Aside from the inexplicable business of setting the mag up in caps, this is a Good-zine & worth sending for.

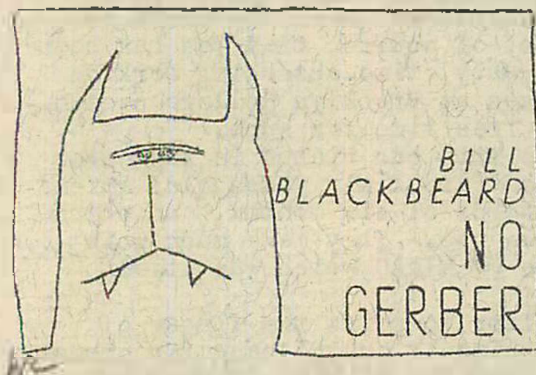
RATING: 7

FANTASY COLLECTOR, November, 1963, #61, from G. A. Bibby, 711 Pleasant St., Roseville, Calif. 95678. Different rates for third class, first class & airmail. Send a dime for details & a sample copy.

This is the Great Good Thing for the serious book and mag collector, as well as the compulsive comic book accumulator. Current issue has 24 pp of mimeoed adverts, jampacked with listings of items for sale, wants, swaps, bids, etc. It is, I find, unknown to many actifans and collectors, and this is probably because, unlike Gus Willmorth and Roy Squires, who made their Fantasy Advertiser known throughout fandom, editor Bibby is not a faanish fan with access to apa & newszine mailing lists. Ideally, I suppose, FC should have cuts by fan artists and pieces by Allen Sundry, but apparently this just doesn't interest Bibby. There is, however, an uncredited logo by Dave Prosser on each issue. This is very much worth the time of anyone who doesn't simply serve as a transport for printed matter from publisher to waste basket or Bruce Pelz. Try it.

RATING (FOR FUNCTION): 10

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THE BLOCKS OF RECOGNITION Perhaps one of the most striking fallacies of our (otherwise) fortunately democratic times is that taste and judgement in art is a thing that can be taught to any attentive person, that can be communicated in much the same manner of instruction that scientific and mathematical procedures can be passed by the learned to the ambitious unlearned. The most curious and preposterous literary edifice of our age has been erected on this fallacy: a thriving and industrious antheap of intellectuality sans any morsel of creativity or creative insight, that has produced a thousand foot shelf of often engaging but fundamentally irrelevant factual data and largely gaseous theorizing about art in general and literature in parti-

cular. This, of course, is the creatively ancillary structure of academic criticism most lugubriously typified in the work of scholastically blindered dullards like Yvor Winters and ethereally brilliant fantasists like Kenneth Burke (for whom a literary work is a springboard for philosophic mathematics, not a thing of pleasure in itself), but which echoes in the juvenile Freudian pontifications of every cheapjack magazine reviewer with pretensions or aspirations to the parasitic academic community. Aside from a handful of fundamentally creative but misdirected talents such as Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling, nearly all observations of value about creative artists are made by other creative artists.

None of this must be presumed to suggest that creators have not been wrong in verbal or printed statements of opinion on their creative peers: Raymond Chandler dismissed Ross MacDonald in a letter; Damon Knight has castigated Robert E. Howard in a review; H. G. Wells ridiculed Henry James to his face. Those errors result from three things: (1) even the greatest creators are subject to temporary or permanent loss of the creative response in both act and judgement: in our popular culture, John Huston, Chester Gould, and John W. Campbell, Jr., are among those who seem to have lost it permanently; (2) the typical creator is usually too engrossed in his own work to have time to adequately acquaint himself with all the work of his peers, particularly in those instances where such work itself reflects a loss or bypassing of creative ability: thus Knight has glanced at only the most gim-crack and least representative of Howard's work as he has that of Burroughs; (3) creative individuals are as subject to fits of pique, temper and jealousy as any other human being; so that Wells' attack on James was essentially a disguised recognition and fear of his own flagging creative powers brought about largely by his abandonment of genuinely congenial themes (the fantastic romance) for "socially important" Fabian ones outside his range and competence...