

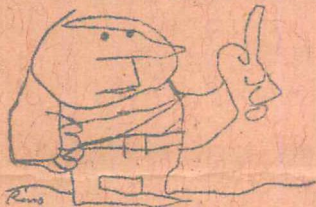


MINAC II



is edited by Les Gerber (201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11226) and Ted White (339, 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220), and is published frequently, if irregularly, by the QWERTYUIOPress. :: Copies may be had for frequent LoC's, trades, or subscriptions (rates: three 4¢ stamps, one unused legalength 4-hole stencil, or \$1.00 per issue). :: Terry Carr reviews fmz sent to him at 41 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. :: This issue was published on January 20th, 1964.

LESS
GERBER



—LES GERBER—

IN WHICH KING UBU INSFIRES WARREN BRICK: A small

but enthusiastic contingent of New York fandom traveled to Brooklyn College last Wednesday night to see a performance of Alfred Jarry's pataphysical drama King Ubu. If you've been re-reading your FLYING FROG file recently, you know all about Alfred Jarry and Pataphysics. If you haven't, suffice it to say that Alfred Jarry was funny, and as I had expected King Ubu was a riot. It is considered (by people in the Brooklyn College Department of Speech and Theater, anyway) to be the first work in the Theater of the Absurd. The play has two acts, 31 scenes, and 40 characters, if you

count the Disembraining Machine. Needless to say, things are always happening, and most of them are funny. The production was excellent, too. Liz Stearns, who directed it as a graduate thesis project, can be proud of herself.

We sat in the first row so we could see and hear everything. It turned out to be a wise decision, because we caught a lot of little things which undoubtedly got lost further back in the house. We also saw close-up one unfortunate occurrence, the partial breakdown of the Disembraining Machine. Someone pulled too hard on the handle and it broke. Thereafter, it moved only sporadically, but evidently well enough to disembrain people.

Anyway, we all had a gas of a time and left chuckling and muttering to ourselves. We went into a nearby luncheonette for malteds and stuff (I had my first frosted ever), and I delivered to Esther Davis the copy of FANAC #97 (the "real" FANAC) which Walter had sent me in a bunch by first class mail. Esther, as you will know if you've ever met her, loves to act, and she did a beautiful job of reacting to FANAC. We play a game with Esther at times like this; she tries to provoke a reaction from us, and we try our best not to react.

At one of Esther's exclamations, I asked what was up. Warren Brick, who was sitting next to her, looked at the page. Esther pointed. "Oh, it's nothing," said Warren. "Ted Johnstone is going to get married last month."

Finally, Esther resorted to her trump card. She looked at one item, began to sniffle, and screwed up her face as though she were about to cry. "Oh, dear," said Warren Brick. "Something terrible just happened six months ago."

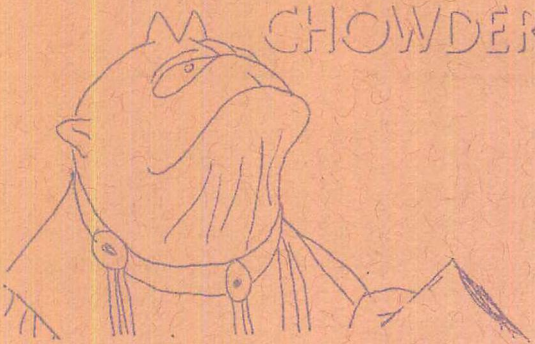
MAILING LIST DEPT.: It's time to weed our mailing list again. Just to let you people know where you stand with us,
____ You have a safe position on our mailing list.

X You have a lifetime subscription.

____ You have a lifetime subscription, but if we don't hear from you soon we will kill you.

____ This is scheduled to be your last issue. Do something fast!

MINAC GOES LEGAL LENGTH: Well, the truth of the matter is that we are just getting into practice for the forthcoming Moskowitz vs. White court battle, but I thought to myself about this for a few months and realized that nobody would ever believe it. So I decided to concoct some more believable lies to satisfy the curious. My favorite, to date, is that my grandfather died and left me a dozen reams of legal length mimeo paper. But that would never go over. My grandfather did die last month, but it was only temporary; he was revived with a shot of adrenalin into the heart. A few days later, he was operated on and fitted with a pacemaker. We are told that, once he
(continued bottom of next page)



SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #67, November-December 1963. 25¢, 5/\$1.00 from Redd Boggs, 270 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles, Calif., 90057. 31 pgs, mimeoed. Redd Boggs' first issue of Shaggy more than fulfills my hopes for the zine. Boggs is, of course, one of the finest editors fandom has ever had, and though some of his recent FAPazines have seemed comparatively diffuse and pallid, he's near the top of his form with this Shaggy.

Physically, the zine is an interesting mixture of the previous Shaggy and Boggs' own style. Boggs' dummed edges are in evidence almost throughout (excepting only the lettercol, edited and stencilled by Ed Cox), as is his fine, careful layout. However, a breath of last year's Shaggy remains in the lack of slipsheeting and consequent offset. It's a reminder I could do without, but it doesn't materially harm the zine. The contents continue Shaggy's recent concentration on s-f reviews, but the contributors are drawn mostly from Boggs' own stable rather than Shaggy's: Virginia Kidd Blish, Jim Harmon, Edith Ogutsch, etc.

The lead article by Harry Warner is a holdover from the SKY HOOK files, and a fine one. A lot of Harry's stuff recently has struck me as substandard for him, apparently rushed out, but this is a vintage Warner piece both literally and figuratively: a survey of how the early s-f pulps seem on rereading some three decades later. Harry makes some excellent observations not only on s-f but on literature as a whole.

There's also a very fine article by Alexei Panshin, Heinlein: By His Jockstrap. I don't know much about Panshin, other than that he's a friend of Joe Hensley's and reportedly had sold chapters from a single novel to such divergent markets as If and Ladies' Home Journal, but if this article marks the beginning of a series of contributions by him to the fan press I'm delighted. In analyzing the sexual and ideological motifs in Heinlein's fiction, he exhibits not only a strong hand with a bludgeon but also a beautifully sure touch with the scalpel.

There's also poetry by Blish and Ogutsch, reviews by Harmon, Don H. Nabours and Cox, and an article by Harmon titled I Call On Carlton E. Morse which is just what it says. It's all fine stuff.

Boggs' editorial, The Shaggy Man, is headed by a drawing of the Jno. R. Neill Shaggy Man by Bjo (who signs the drawing "Bjno"), and it's a fine Boggs-style essay on the past, present and future of Shaggy. Cox's lettercol is short and pretty well done, but I'd still rather see Boggs handling the department himself: the superb lettercols in SKY HOOK and DISCORD could easily be revived here.

All in all, it's an issue which would seem to herald one of the best eras in the history of a major fanzine -- easily the best since the days of Burbee's editorship, and probably, for consistency, better.

RATING: 8

TURNING ON #2, October-November 1963. 20¢, 5/\$1.00 from Sandi Bethke, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220. 20 pgs, mimeoed and dittoed.

Termed by the editor "The magazine of psycho-synthesis and modulated mysticism," this is Theodore Sturgeon's favorite fanzine,

MORE LESS GERBER

recovers completely from after-effects of the operation, he'll be in much better condition than he was in before his heart stopped.

Anyway, that will never fool anyone. So I'm holding another Gerber Contest—MINAC's first, I think—for the best reason any reader can think up for MINAC's going legal length. Contest closes February 30. Real prize awarded! (Anyone want a recording of Scheherezade by the International Concert Pops Orchestra...?)

RECORD DEPT.: I am currently intensifying my search for the many out-of-print records I would like to own, and have compiled a tremendous list of such records. (It fills a notebook.) The thought occurred to me that MINAC readers might be able to help. If you have a collection of any kind of records other than pops, started three years ago or longer, and in good condition, please let me know. I'm primarily interested in making tape copies, but I might also want to buy or trade if you prefer. I'm interested in 78's, too.

—Les Gerber

and it's easy to see why. It's an intelligent, unpushy zine devoted to such subjects as psychology, mysticism, philosophy and so on. It benefits from excellent editorship on Sandi's part and some of Ted White's very best layout and reproduction.

The major item in this issue is a reprint of a talk by Abraham H. Maslow on Lessons From The Peak Experiences, a preliminary study of a phenomena previously regarded primarily as "mystical," treated here from a psychological standpoint. It's fascinating stuff, even if largely inconclusive to date and sidestepping (consciously and openly) some apparently contradictory points.

There's also a two-page 'pataphysical cartoon sequence by Ray Nelson which doesn't move me, a brief editorial by Sandi which is pleasant if not earthshaking, and the beginning of what should develop into an excellent letter column.

This is not really a fanzine, though it makes use of many fanzine techniques; more correctly, it should be called a parafanzine. Fanzine completists need not apply for trades, by the way. Sandi's no crusader, but she's serious about the zine and wants it read by people who are honestly interested in its subjects.

No. Rating: SPECIAL INTEREST

FRAP #2, November-December 1963. 25¢, 5/\$1.00 from Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90056. 21 pgs, mimeoed.

The list of contributors to this issue of fandom's newest fannish fanzine reads almost like a Who's Who of the best fannish talents around: Calvin Demmon, Greg Benford, Redd Boggs, Norm Clarke, Elmer Perdue, Ray Nelson, Bill Rotsler... All this considered, this issue of FRAP may set a new record as the most disappointing fanzine of the decade.

Calvin's OgdeNashish poem on Movies For The Whole Family is the only really good piece in the issue. Boggs and Clarke flail around striking out for a funny line, but never manage to hit one. Perdue's piece isn't bad, but it's just a half-page feghcotism. Benford manages to be amusing for about a third of his two pages, and the cartoons are unfunny.

On the credit side of the ledger, Lichtman has some very good stuff in his editorial, and the lettercol is pretty good too (particularly Madeleine Willis' letter).

All in all, though, it's a depressing performance from the fanzine that hopes to revive some of the fannish quality of years past. Lord knows that if this is the best fannish fanzine that can be produced these days, fannish fandom is done for. (Fortunately, as HYPHEN and others attest, this isn't the best that can be produced now.)

RATING: 4

THE PROCEEDINGS; CHICON III. \$3.50 from Advent: Publishers, P. O. Box 9228, Chicago 90, Illinois. 210 pgs, photolithed.

I bought this book at the Discon, and have been meaning to get in a few words edgewise about it in this column ever since. I don't intend to review it, really, since it doesn't need it. It's a fine record of the events of the Chicon III, containing most of the formal program (though heavily edited in places, I understand) and many photos.

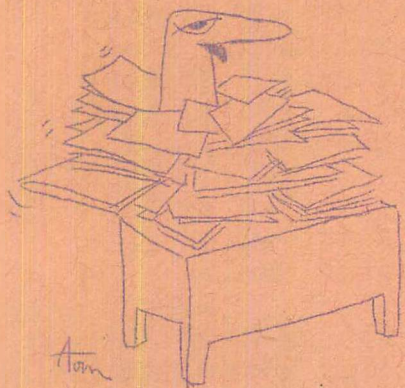
What I wanted to say, aside from get-it-if-you-haven't, is that despite its excellence I note a continuing tendency in this as in a number of other fannish publications featuring transcriptions of speeches and panel discussions and the like to what I think of as court-reporter-ese. Court reporters apparently aren't aware that when people talk, even in a formal situation like giving testimony in a trial, they use contractions, so that transcripts of trials almost invariably have witnesses saying things like, "I had not noticed that he was not there, and she will tell you the same," which nobody says.

Similarly people who transcribe convention and club-meeting speeches too often end up with copy that's so "corrected" grammatically that it's unrecognizable as a smooth, flowing speech. I can shrug this sort of thing off when it's in a court transcript, but in any fannish context it's ridiculous, because fans customarily write very casually in print and it's mindcroggling to see them supposedly speaking so stiltedly. This happens in THE PROCEEDINGS quite a bit, and is about the only criticism I have of the volume.

So future speech-transcribers please note, and these and others please go out and buy a copy of THE PROCEEDINGS so Earl Kemp won't think I hate him, which I don't. (This last sentence has been an example of casual fanwriting.)

-- Terry Carr

UFFISH THOTS



—TED WHITE—

AN APPROPRIATE HEADING: My office was correctly divined by Atom when he drew the illo at the left. I have become so snowed under with manuscripts, correspondence, and confetti, that my present Semi-Annual Clean Up Campaign looks like it'll take at least half a year for completion. However, as a step in the right direction, I've started building more book shelves in here to pile the stuff on...

THE FAN WHO HATED FANS: That Richard Bergeron is a recluse is no news to most local fans, who can recall the memorable occasions he shunned contact with Boyd Raeburn, Avram Davidson and, most especially, the Willis-es. The newest chapter in this saga was inaugurated by a fan new to the area, who, in his em-

harrassment shall remain nameless.

Embarrassed Fan X, as we shall call him, went up to Bergeron's apartment on 69th St., somehow evading the locked buzzer door at the entrance of the building. When his knock at the door was answered by Bergeron's roommate, he looked through to see Poor Richard sitting in a chair and a couple of girls in the background (this aspect of the story startled several would-be FTL's out of their theories about Bergeron's hermitage). "Is it a fan?" asked Bergeron. Fan X replied in the affirmative. "Shut the door, shut the door!" said Bergeron, and Fan X found himself with a slightly flattened nose immediately thereafter. On his way out, he was accosted by the building's manager. "There's been a complaint about an unauthorized person in the building," he said, and Fan X was unceremoniously given the bum's rush.

Whatever happened to WARHOON?

FANAC DEPARTMENT: T.H. White (no relation, unfortunately), died this week. :: I just sold a story which Sylvia and I wrote five years ago (and couldn't sell anywhere) to GAMMA. It will probably appear in the third issue. :: COA: Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, c/o White, 339 - 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220. (Calvin will be moving into the apartment upstairs when it's vacated at the end of this month; until then he's staying here.) :: The first instalment of Harry Warner's fanhistory was sent to Norm Metcalf in November; he's yet to receive an acknowledgment. The second instalment is all but finished now. :: In the Cult: Norm Metcalf (the very same Norm Metcalf who) refused to accept my telegram as activity credit and threw me out again. Presumably OA Tapscott will overrule Metcalf, since telegrams have counted in the past, and this one was followed (by one day) by a three-page letter. :: A week ago a "near-blizzard" hit the city. Better than three feet of snow is still blocking the sidewalk outside my door.

WE LOST OUR EGO (and other riders) DEPT.: We goofed last time, and included with the mailing EGO #7, which should've gone out with this issue. Bill Meyers left us with an extra issue when he headed south for Christmas. Somehow it got in with the stuff to be assembled with MINAC 10, and the result is that some of you were charged an extra two cents on the mailing because it exceeded the two-ounce limit. (Richard Bergeron, the Very Same Who, who has been saving his pennies to hire a secretary to produce his Hugo-winner, refused to pay the 2¢ on his copy, but everyone else has been pretty game about it.) Anyway, that did us out of the EGO which should've accompanied this, since we haven't heard from Bill since his return (if he did return).

Greg Benford wrote us to say that "SMACK resoundingly smells of H*O*-A*X. Bashlow may be real, but I'll bet this was written in part, at least by Calvin Demmon." This is not true. Robert Bashlow, a wheeler and dealer in coins and related suchnot, a close friend of Walter Breen's, and bankroller to much of NYC fandom, this very same Robert Bashlow wrote the entirety of SMACK. (The typos were mine, though; I stencilled it.) Apparently there will be no second issue; the thing was a trial balloon for him and drew too little response. And anyway, he's taken off for a year or more in England. I spent a portion of last week driving a station wagon through the slushy streets of Manhattan as we put the last of his belongings in storage, and copped for myself some handsome articles of furniture. He also left behind approximately twelve reams of legal length paper originally intended for an advertising flyer, which may help to explain the sudden change of format MINAC has undergone.

--Ted White



TOM PERRY Enjoyed reading your reactions to President Kennedy's death. It's interesting that on hearing he'd only been shot you KNEW he'd recover. I had the same assurance. My ghod it's disturbing what frail animals we are after all, isn't it?

Though I liked your comments, and mean to make some of my own, I think in a way it's too bad there couldn't have been a moratorium on commenting on Kennedy's death in fanzines. Its sole advantage

is that we would be spared the two and a half pages Ted Pauls will spend on it. Almost worth it, no? [Did you see that hysterical three-sheet babbling Dick Schultz sent out? -lg]

I rather wish Bill Meyers would contribute the pieces he's been running in EGO to some fanzine. He's obviously put a lot of effort and thought into each one and it's a shame they can't appear with a proper "frame" so to speak, of lower-keyed fannish stuff. As it is I suspect Bill is getting few or no comments on it. For myself only I can say I find it difficult to comment on something that contains nothing personal, no first-person fan-to-fan type material. If these pieces appeared in the setting of another zine, I'd probably spend a paragraph commenting on them in a letter on the whole issue. [Do so anyway. We'll pass comments on to the authors of any of our riders. -lg]

Terry Carr's fanzine reviews continue to be enjoyed at this address. If a reviewed editor can comment on the reviews without prejudice, let me say that I wish he'd try to give more specific impressions of the material he covers. A general appraisal is valuable, but it seems to me it should be the conclusion of comments, sharp comments, on specific items. Also I'd like to see him sharpen the whole tone of his reviews. He has the right tack in looking for the exact adjective for G. M. Carr (though I might not agree on the same one). Elsewhere, though, he slides into the easy come-first-to-mind word or phrase: not too good, interesting, readable, effective, reasonably well done, attractive, fine, capable, lousy, blah, pretty good, amusing, fair—and so forth. The impression these give is enhanced by his flair for telling quotations from the material itself, but I'd like to see Terry work to characterize his subject with the word or phrase that is so precisely right that someone who's already read the material being covered will say to himself that that's precisely what he felt, but didn't verbalize, when he read it. [Terry Carr, the J. D. Salinger of fanzine reviewers! -lg]

It's too bad, incidentally, that Calvin's style is so readily imitated. Young fanwriters (and some older ones) are spoiling their own styles by trying to be funny with capital letters as he does, missing the point that this obvious device is only a part of a type of humour that depends quite as much on the wonderful quick inversions as on the Sarcastic Capital Letters.

On the matter of Weber winning Transfandom, seems to me your arguments against it, if you thought them valid, should have been brought up before the election. It might conceivably have changed my vote, although perhaps not. It doesn't seem reasonable to bring it up afterwards unless you feel that being well-off somehow disqualifies him in a legal sense, and you don't seem to. Or are you suggesting we should apply a "need" test to TAFF? [See my comments to Benford, below. -tw]

GRÉG BENFORD Your comments on Weber's winning TAFF strike obliquely at a real question in the purpose of the organization. I hope the fact that the point was made in connection with the victory of one particular person won't be considered as grounds (by the CRY fandom) (note to Elinor Busby: this is not a Put Down of CRY) for dismissal of the whole argument. When TAFF was formed, there didn't seem to be much need to ask if a candidate was unable to afford the trip, because no one could, period. But things have changed. So we should decide whether relative poverty is a qualification for TAFF. Personally, I don't altogether feel that being able to make money should eliminate one from a chance at a fandom-supported trip; this is penalized wealth. On the other hand, one can consider this as a movement on the part of fandom to buy passage for people it wouldn't otherwise see at cons, so the matter of personal finances is vital. Perhaps the matter can only be resolved by each person's voting according to which issues he holds to be the most important; I'd hate to witness the long wrangle fans could get into debating the issues. [It has been my feeling that TAFF existed primarily to give us a chance to meet a British fan whom it would've otherwise been impossible to meet -- and vice-versa. The entire tradition of the fan funds points this fact up. TAFF is both an honor and charity (in the best sense of the word -- recall that in the King James Bible "charity" means "love") -- one does not raise money for someone who has no need of it. Looking back to the 1957 elections, when Boyd Raeburn lost, he went to the London on his own money -- and in this way British fans got to meet two US fan instead of one. I am unalterably opposed to a US fan who can easily journey overseas making use of the TAFF. The honorable thing to do, if such a person were nominated and elected, would be to decline the money -- as such fans as Lee Hoffman did. Fans like Bob Bloch and Bob Tucker went further, and early in the fifties made a joint statement that inasmuch as they were pro's, and making money at it, it would be taking an unfair advantage of the other nominees to accept a nomination. Now in addition to this fact, the present winner, Wally Weber, has already attended the 1957 London, and is hardly a stranger to the British Isles. The tactics which won his election this time are not entirely aboveboard -- apparently his backers made it a point to commit as many people in the British areas as possible to his support, before any other fans were nominated, making it considerably harder for other fans to get their needed English nominators. And when one notes the fact that he was elected by the CRY sub-fandom ("a small uninformed group"), one is struck by the parallel to Dick Lupoff's attempt to have Burroughs Fandom vote the Hugo to ERB next year -- the use of a special pressure group to throw out of balance a supposedly fandom-wide vote. My objections to Weber's winning have nothing to do with his characteristics as a person, and I'm not putting Weber down. But I suspect his win may set off as much controversy as did Madle's some seven years ago. :: By the way, I wrote that squib about his win in 'FANAC', not Calvin, who has already been cast out by the Busbys for having apparently been corrupted by my evil self. -tw]

AVRAM DAVIDSON We thank all muchly for MINAC and hope to keep getting it--tho here in Amecameca.

Enjoyed all of both [5 & 6] mostly, like the articles on Calvin Demmon and the Discon, etc. The letters seem to leave something to be desired. What (in your report on John Presmont who called you The Word-Giver) is an Intentional Community? If it's anything like a kibbutz, don't look for me down there in Dominica. [It is, except supposedly a little hipper. -lg] Tho I'd appreciate more word on the Kerista People's attempt to settle on an Island which interests me--like, the only surviving Caribs in the West Indies live there, and one side of the Island can be reached only by sea even from the other side.

We like Bill Meyers's prose much. It is of c. Thos. Wolfe but is good Thos. Wolfe and ifact better than lots of stuff T. Wolfe wrote; it is also reminiscent (or as CW"B"D would put it, "Or reminiscent") of Jack Kerouac, with the added merit of being better than he is. If B. Meyers ever decides to write like Avram Davidson I'm going to have to go back to inspecting fish livers.

Paul Williams writes not badly either. His bit on the eclipse reminds me of the time a noisy

mob turned out in the square in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, to watch the eclipse. Dean Swift, annoyed, sent his servant to warn the people that if they didn't behave he would call it off. They quieted down for a while, but soon got noisy again. So Swift sent them word to go home: no eclipse. They all went, mumbling and grumbling—but one man stayed behind because, as he told the dean's servant, "Maybe His Reverence would change his mind and have the eclipse after all!"

ALVA ROGERS Now about the Hugo controversy you, Ted, precipitated. I agree completely with Redd Boggs about the rightness of Vance's getting the Hugo for The Dragon Masters. It's not just that I like Jack personally, think he is a consummate craftsman and artist; but that The Dragon Masters was so far and away ahead of any competition in its class that there was no contest. As to whether or not it classified as short fiction, I can't see that it would classify as anything but. While it wasn't a short story, it most certainly wasn't a novel and I don't imagine Jack thought of it as a novel. Even though it was published by Ace as half of a Double Novel volume, this still doesn't make it a novel in my estimation. Even if Ace had published it as a singleton that still wouldn't alter anything. The Discon committee had no alternative but to list it as Short Fiction—I'm sure that if it had been listed under the Novel category and had lost out to The Man in the High Castle, the anguished howls of "foul!" would have been just as loud from its champions as yours were under the present circumstances. As much as I liked Vance's story, if it had competed against the Dick book as a novel I would have voted for Dick.

As the Pacificon committeeman with the responsibility of supervising the Hugo nominations and balloting I'm naturally concerned with this problem of eligibility and classification. The rules adopted at the Discon business meeting relating to short fiction states merely that it shall be "A science fiction or fantasy story of less than novel length" with no wordage limitation defined. This obviously leaves it to the discretion of the committee as to what constitutes "novel length." In the long run, it seems to me, the only thing that can guide a committee is common sense. Most fans are literarily hip enough to be able to judge the difference between short fiction and a novel when the need to make such a differentiation arises. Roy Tackett, in YANDRO #130, suggests that we specify that a novel be a work of more than a certain number of words, which seems reasonable enough. But, as Ted points out in his comment to Scithers's letter, even if you set 30,000 words and up for a novel and 20,000 or less for short stories, this still leaves a gap. [That could be solved by setting 30,000 words and up for a novel and 29,999 for short stories. But that type of classification presumes that the difference between a novel and a short story is entirely in wordage, which is not true. They have different constructions. -lg]

I have never held any brief with the philosophy that deadbeat fans are any better than any other deadbeat, or deserve to be considered as anything but partycrashers. I am completely crogged at the idea that \$3.00 is a staggering sum of money in this day and age. [I have known fans who attended cons on mighty tight budgets, and could eat for two days on that \$3.00. A lot of fans who're students have no steady or predictable source of income; \$3.00 might mean nothing in terms of a year's accumulations, but, when demanded on the spot, might break a tightly stretched budget. -tw] It seems to me that common decency is indicated here. Why should umpty-hundred fans pay their \$3.00 in good faith for three or four days of the pleasure of attending a convention; why should a committee volunteer to put on a convention, knock themselves out lining up an interesting program, and stand to lose their collective asses if income doesn't equal outlay, if any fan feels he has the God given right -- just because he is a fan -- to plead penury and enjoy that which others have paid good money for? [Come on, now, Alva. If you're smart, you've incorporated, and you don't stand to lose a penny on the con, no matter what. And if you're smart enough to take a leaf from Scithers' book, you're not "knocking yourselves out" on anything -- you're using methods which won't leave you a nervous wreck for the nine months following the con. And, finally, I doubt like hell you volunteered to put on this con solely because it was financially "safe" -- since the cons've started making Big Money less people have volunteered to put them on than ever before. Money should be incidental to the workings on the con. You're not paying your speakers, you're paying the hotel. And fans are not buying your con like a commodity -- they're joining together to defray its operating expenses. They do not exist for the con's sake, but vice-versa. -tw] Admittedly, \$3.00 is a small sum to pay for attending a convention -- but if a \$3.00 fee is not necessary, it should not be charged. (I can buy a reel of recording tape for that extra dollar.) But I think you will have to admit that it is excessive to charge someone \$3.00 just for the privilege of conversing with a friend for a few minutes after a costume ball. -lsg]

[My interest in this subject -- and all those related to putting on a con -- is not that of a bystander happily sniping at the moving targets. I fully expect to have a hand in putting on the 1967 NyCon III, and I am concerned about these subjects and how they will pertain to our Con. I am also mildly dedicated to upsetting a few traditions in conventionneering -- if we can make do with a \$2.00 registration we'll damned well announce the fact -- and I'm thoroughly in favor of Scithers' "relaxed" philosophy of con-hosting. Comments from all experienced parties on these and related subjects are earnestly solicited. Noreen, Howard, whatever happened to your projected Handbook? We'd be glad to publish it serially here. -tw]

+++++

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