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You are now shuddering through the third issue of MINIMAC, the TED WHITE appreciation Fapazine. MINIMAC #3 is written by Lee Jacobs, Box 80, Marietta, Georgia, for the 109th FAPA mailing. This issue of MINIMAC, (the TED WHITE appreciation Fapazine) is stencilled and published by DAVE HULAN, may his Beer always flow with consummating grace, who is faunching in the waiting list. MINIMAC #3 is written only to satisfy Fapa Mailing Requirements, and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of either the originator or the rest of the Fapa membership. MINIMAC is a TED WHITE appreciation Fapazine.  
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IN THE BEGINNING A hearty compliment to the rest of the membership on the previous mailing. Combine all of the superlatives you can think of (including "groovy", ANDY MAIN, and "wizard", RON BENNETT) and you can only begin to approximate my appreciation. From the excellent WALTER BREEN article in Lighthouse (boo, CURT JANKE) to SPEER's thought-provoking "Trial by Fanzine"; from the intellectual brilliance of Terry Carr in Aspic (boo, RUSS CHAUVENET) to the wry satire of Warhoon; from the spectral appearance of GRENWELL and HOFFMAN to the consistency of WARNER, the 108th Fapa Mailing was the most entertaining in my fifteen broken years of membership. Thank you very much!

APOLOGIA Missing from the Mailing is the Ballard Chronicles which was scheduled in all good faith just three months ago. I can only plead a slow recovery from relocating to Georgia as an inadequate excuse. But I promise to get to it Real Soon Now. Meanwhile, I trust BRUCE PELZ is storing the Chronicles cover by BJO TRIMBLE in the same temperature controlled air conditioned vault in which he keeps his copy of the first Bradbury Futura Fantasia, and his complete runs of Vom, Le Zombie, Spacewarp, Quandry, and Cry. It deserves it!

A RUMP CONVENTION The World Convention was held in California for the first time since South Gate in '58 (attendees will remember that the Solacon hotel was officially a part of the city of South Gate, not Los Angeles) so naturally I relocated to the Deep South only two weeks before San Francisco. Going to the Bay Area was impossible - I'd only worked eight weeks out of the previous 52, and I had scarcely enough money to pay the tax on a six-pack in Atlanta. (We use identical measurement criteria, ART WILSON) But Washington, D.C. was within travelling distance; so Fapa members EVANS, PAVLAT, and myself, together with non-members Peggy Pavlat and Buddie McKnight, had a convention of our own in Washington D.C. over Labor Day - sort of a Discon Revisited. Unfortunately DICK ENEY was unable to attend. The Convention Suite, selected by EVANS the day before, was a little cramped, but very quiet and quite conducive to faanish conversation. Everyone remained remarkably sober, although not necessarily vertical - in fact, EVANS spent the entire con in bed. The attending Fapa officers (EVANS and PAVLAT) were prevented from disbanding the organization by a watchful Fapa member (me), but I don't think they were really serious. Just typical con activity. Naturally, science fiction was not mentioned, although all phases of fandom were discussed. Since this was a fan-oriented convention, no formal program was necessary. EVANS had the Convention Banquet all to himself. When the con concluded, PAVLAT and myself sent a copy of the Convention Proceedings to ED COX. We thought our convention

was probably more enjoyable than the one in the Bay Area, and subsequent Bay Area convention reports only confirm our belief. However, next year is London. See you there?

FOR WANT OF A VOTE "Congratulations on your easy victory," I said to BILL EVANS at the Rump Convention on Labor Day. When I filed for President of the Fapa last Mailing, I had no idea he would be running. When I found out, I automatically assumed he would win by a prohibitive margin. So, "Congratulations on your easy victory," I said to BILL EVANS at the Rump Convention, on Labor Day, which was almost a couple of weeks before the polls would close. But I was very pleasantly surprised when the Starspinkle bulletin noted that harsh-eyes AL LEWIS was required to break a 17-17 tie vote. My sincere appreciation to all of you who voted for me, and I only hope you repeat next year. But I needn't have lost. It was really all my own fault...

What were YOU doing at 2000 hours PDST on 13 August 1964? I don't know. It was 11 PM in New York, so TERRY CARR was probably reading the manuscript of an Ace hopeful (his days are occupied with Entertaining Writers in Fancy and Expensive Restaurants). It was 10 PM in Wisconsin, so DEAN GRENNELL was probably reading a bedtime story to his numerous offspring ("Fout," cried the little neo as his stencil broke, smearing ink all over the rollers of his duper...). It was 9 PM in Denver, so CHUCK HANSEN was probably planning his trip to Oakland (will that bellboy wearing the four-rotor beanie really be a bellboy, or will he be a detective in drag...). But it was 8 PM in Los Angeles, and I knew what I was doing. I was at the LASFS.

Isn't every fan in the Greater Los Angeles Area on Thursday Nights?

It was a typical scene at the LASFS that 8 PM. LASFS Director TED JOHNSTONE was vainly rapping the table with a gavel, trying to get the meeting started ("He's out of his mind," said SYLVIA DEES. "So what else is new?" smirked BOB LICHTMAN). ED COX and JACK HARNESS were exchanging scholarly views on imaginative literature. ("Superduperman versus Captain Marbles in Mad were better than the original," shrugged ED COX. "Does that mean you wish to get rid of your Action Comics collection?" murmured JACK HARNESS, stealthily maneuvering his shirt for maximum reflection. "Great Ghu, no," said ED COX. "I want to reread them as soon as I finish with your Wonder Woman's!") RICK SNEARY, LEN MOFFATT, and myself were playing the Old Fan's Game. ("Box 260," said RICK. I answered correctly. "303 Bryan Place," said LEN. "That's too easy," said RICK, "how about East Greenwich, N.Y.?" ) JANE ELLERN was explaining the technique of child raising to expectant parents JOHN and BJO TRIMBLE. "You only lose sleep the first six months, but after that watch your corflu. They'll drink it.") WILLIAM ROTSLER was showing proofs of his week's shooting for technical comment to selected LASFS members (if the members were married to a person of the opposite sex and could prove they were over 21). Shaggy editor REDD BOGGS was discussing a future issue with former editor AL LEWIS. ("AL, my problem is I don't know if I should run the Poul Anderson article, or the Blish review." "Save 'em both for the next issue, REDD, and run the Leiber this time. After all, Fritz is a member of the club.") ELMER PERDUE and RON ELLIK were rehashing last week's fanac. ("I had a lock by the sixth card, Meyer." "But, Ghod, you had a pair showing on that lobe hand.") And, it being the Thursday after the second Saturday in August, Waiting List-

ers HANNIFEN, PATTEN, FITCH, WOOLSTON, HULAN, RUSSELL, and BLACKBEARD were looking longingly at BRUCE PELZ stacking up the Fapa Mailings for LASFS distribution. Waiting Lister DIAN PELZ just looked prettily smug...

But the LASFS meeting finally got underway.

The main part of the program was, of course, the distribution of the Fapa mailings to those Fapa members in attendance. The Waiting List made everyone uncomfortable by their faunching. Audibly.

"Skip me for the nonce," I said to BRUCE PELZ, when he came to me. "I'm leaving for Georgia in a couple of days. Send me the Mailing when I have a firm address."

This was the first mention of my leaving to the other LASFS members. Naturally, there were comments. KATYA HULAN offered to construct my own personal Yankee/Southern Dictionary. Most members thought I was boycotting the Bay Area Convention. A non-Fapan thoughtfully volunteered to donate a white peaked robe.

"Don't you want to vote in the Fapa election?" asked BRUCE PELZ.

"You have the OE," I said. "ENEY and HEVELIN are both Good Men, but BOB PAVLAT is a Favorite Unsung Fapan, and will win the Sec-Treas office. ALAN LEWIS is commuting from the East to the West Coast, so JIM CAUGHRAN with a new wife to do his thinking, should win the Veep. Of course I don't have a chance for the Presidency against BILL EVANS. I don't see any reason to vote right now," I said, "send me my Mailing in Georgia, and then I'll vote."

But by the time I got my Mailing, the polls were closed. EVANS had won. But just think, if I had voted at LASFS, the harsh-eyes AL LEWIS would only have tied the vote for the Presidency, and for the first time since the now-departed Rapp and MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY (BREEN) shared the Presidency long ago, we would have split the office. It was really all my fault... But tnx a meg, anyway!

HOW'S DX There have been other radio amateur operators in our micromacrocsm. SPEER's idol, JWCJr., is a ham. And one Ed. Martin, who has been featured in almost every Fapa Mailing in the last couple of years, is a ham. And, while he is not strictly a member of our group, PETE GRAHAM's idol, Barry Goldwater, is a ham. And, of course, I've been a General Class ham for thirteen years. My current call is K6EYH.

I was a fan before I became a ham. I had attended a convention (the Norwescon) and had joined both Fapa and (shudder) SAPS, before I got my ticket. For eight months before I left the Signal Corps in 1952, I actually got paid for operating amateur radio as a station operator at Military Amateur Radio Station K4WAR in Camp Gordon, Georgia. Since I was a fan first, I naturally used the station to run phone patches to such diverse West Coast fans of that era as RICK SNEARY and Don Day.

This is 1964, and 1952 was a long time ago. But suddenly the situation is almost similar. I'm not in the Service, and I'm not getting paid for operating ham radio, but I do have access to ham equip-

ment. The Lockheed-Georgia Company (for whom I spend my time) has a radio club which has all sorts of Fancy and Expensive Equipment, capable of coast-to-coast communication. Naturally, I joined.

It was almost like a time machine. The first phone patch I had was with RICK SNEARY. This was followed with a contact (under poor conditions) with ELMER PERDUE, and a solid half-hour patch with BRUCE and DIAN PELZ. This is only the beginning. If ever you are jolted out of bed or out of the bathtub by a phone call, "This is Amateur Radio Station -----, I have Lee, K6EYH, in QSO, and he wishes to talk with you," please don't be shocked. It's really PELZ's fault. He published your fone number...

Es mni tnx fer vfb QSO, OM. Hpe wk U agn sn es, CUL...

What else can I do on Thursday Nights? LASFS us 2500 miles away...

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...Damned If I'll Waste All This Stencil; or, The Publisher Speaks...  
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In the letter wherein was enclosed the material which you have just read, LEE JACOBS said "If there's room, you can always add a line or two." I don't think he really had 2/3 of a page in mind for me, but he didn't allow for my format (58 lines per page) or for some deleted lines, and I didn't redummy his material to see how it should balance out to four pages, so here I have a lot of space to fill. But I never pass up a chance to appear in an apa for nothing, and except for half a page in one one-shot I've never appeared in a FAPA mailing before.

So I'll write Mailing Comments - and since I don't have the last mailing, I'll comment on this issue of MINIMAC (dirty pool...)

I saw the last FAPA mailing and read most of it. If it was the best mailing in 15 years, this sure is an overrated organization. I not only liked the last SAPS mailing better; I liked the last SFPA mailing better. Tastes differ, I suppose, but I found that 101 rehashes of L'affair Breen began to pall pretty soon even to a gossip-loving fan such as I. Maybe because the same things, only more so, had been seen already to the point of barfdom in SAPS and the Cult. (Which may be why I enjoyed the last SFPA Mailing so much...) Surely there must be something better than all that to justify such a long waitlist? That was the first mailing I've looked at in any detail; maybe my tastes are sufficiently different from Lee's that what he thinks were inferior mailings I would have thought excellent. I'll agree that you can't judge an apa by one mailing.

I think that most people who didn't go to the Pacificon with the idea that they were going to have a rotten time and do their best to see that everyone else did too enjoyed it. I know I did. The only two things that were bad from my standpoint were the Indian dancers at the Costume Ball and the overlong speech by SaM at the Banquet.

That was a delightful account of the August 13 LASFS meeting, even if hardly a word of it was true.

You might consider the Pelz method of getting phone numbers - dial an area code and 555-1212 and you can get information on many cities in that area. For free.