

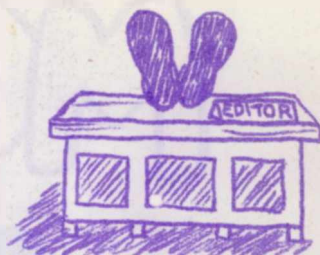
MOTE

No. 2



Re:MOTE

EDITORIAL



The first issue of MOTE appeared about three weeks behind schedule. This issue will be about three days late. Maybe the third issue will be out on time. At any rate, I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

As the result of some experimenting in hektoing procedure, some of the pages of this issue didn't turn out as well as expected. However, all in all, my bout with the hekto has been much more successful than I'd hoped. I may get the thing mastered yet.

With the next issue, MOTE's editor is going to get mercenary. Beginning with issue #3, MOTE will cost you a nickel per copy or two-bits per year, for six issues. I'll try to give you your nickel's worth, so how about it? Anybody got a spare nickel or three?

Possibly the story by Pfc Stan Serxner on page 6 doesn't really fit in a fanzine. Maybe it can't really be classed as science fiction or fantasy. But, nevertheless, I liked it and I hope you will too.

In MOTE #3, I'd like to start a sort of condensed version of a letter column. Not print complete letters, but rather a few sentences from each. I've received quite

2 (cont. on page 20)

MOTE

Issue No. 2

September - 1952

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GLOM

The Nondescriptive Column

by Dick Clarkson



I'm supposed to say funny things here and still tell you something. Well, I may tell you something, but the only funny things I know aren't printable, so you'll just have to bear with my lack of wit and wade through whatever gems of fan wisdom there may be lurking in these environs.

In case you're wondering, I chose the title "GLOM" because I could dream up absolutely no word that was less descriptive of anything. It doesn't describe anything very well. "FRAMP" gave me a battle, but it is just possible to attribute "FRAMP" as the sound of a trumpet. That was done, as a matter of fact, where else but in POGO? However, "GLOM" describes nothing--absolutely nothing. Therefore, it is the perfect description of this column.

With which we sally forth amidst "gosh-wowboyoboy" and other expressions denoting neophanniah glee into the news:

By this time, if you haven't heard of PROJECT FANCLUB, man, you haven't lived! But for those of you who are still uneducated, PROJECT FANCLUB is Orv Mosher's pet name for the booklet he plans to put out. PROJECT FANCLUB will thoroughly investi-

gate the subject of s-f fanclubs. There will be full information of the forming and the maintainance of a fan group, neatly mimeographed in a small, pocket-sized booklet easy to read and cram-packed with pertinent information.

We can still use help, though. By the time we're done, there ought to be no question on fanclubs we can't answer. But YOU will have to give us those answers.

For answering an easy questionnaire, you get (a) egoboo. Your and your fanclub's name in print. (b) A free copy of the booklet, and (c) knowledge that you've helped out other fanclubs with what you gave us. After all, what more do you want? What? Oh, our address. Well: Orv Mosher III, 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas. I am at 410 Kensington Rd., Baltimore 29, Md.

Well, I'm running out of space. Gotta go. Next ish: FEDERATED WORLD FANCLUBS.

--Dick Clarkson



"BUG OUT"

by Pfc Stanley J. Serxner

"Observe, Comrade Captain, the Yankee aircraft," the figure in the quilted uniform said to the officer.

"It appears to be in trouble over its own lines, smoking from the wingtips."

"I see, soldier. Its antics are curious. I will notify the Comrade Commander. Carry on."

The other saluted, about-faced and walked away.

The officer brought the plane closer with his binoculars. It was making numerous low passes, leaving a white mist of smoke in its wake. He could not quite make out the activity on the ground.

The officer stiffened, glasses gripped tightly in his hands.

"Proof. I have proof now. Germ warfare. Would that I had a camera. That fool mistook his troops for ours. I must tell the commander. I thought our allies were engaging in their usual lies. Exaggerations," he amended hastily.

The captain hurried off. He almost ran past the startled soldiers who sprang to attention as he went by. It would have amused him at another time.

He brushed past the guard and entered the CP.

"Sir," he panted, throwing an open-handed salute at the figure within. "It is true. Germ warfare. The Yankees even now are poisoning their own troops. I have seen it."

The portly general did not stir except to raise his shaven skull.

"Captain, everyone seems to come in here panting breathlessly. I shall make it a rule that one must wait until he can speak intelligibly before I will listen to him. Now what is it? Not another cursed Yankee patrol?"

"No, Sir." And the officer explained what he had seen.

The general's almond eyes narrowed. He scratched his chin.

"I will notify the emissary of our allies. You will be suitably rewarded. Dismissed."

The captain smiled, saluted smartly, about-faced and marched out of the tent, visions of a major's star large in his mind.



The general grunted up from his chair, took a pair of powerful glasses from his aide, stepped outside and peered through the binoculars in the direction the captain had indicated.

He saw an airplane, unmistakably American, make a last dive over the Yankee advance bunkers, a pale fog streaming from its rear and hug the Yankee ground.

"It is true, then. Even now there are

those white devils writhing to death on their own spores, I know. What a stir this will cause in the Highest Party Circle."

He handed the lenses back to the aide, strode into the tent, sat down and with one motion drew pen, ink and paper across the desk to himself. With a thought to proper procedure, he ideographed an official-looking note to the division commander.

"This is too secret for radio. Send the swiftest, most cautious messenger to the headquarters of the Comrade Enissary. Death if he fails."

The aide made a dash for the door.

Laying his pen on the desk, the general allowed himself to smile, thoughts of a division commander's insignia on his well-deserving shoulders. Good news, indeed.

"Run number 30. Last for this week," grunted Lt O'Malley, easing back on his stick. The T-6 gracefully skimmed over a Korean hill on its way back to base.

"Bug Bombardier O'Malley. Killer O'Malley delousing those amateur mountain climbers below. All that DDT on all those GI's. Bet I'll go down big in bug history. Ah, Hell, It's a living."

The T-6 dwindled in the blue sky.

An M-1 slug ended the military career of a luckless Chinese messenger. A slip of rice paper was buried in the mud by a GI patroller's boot.

Two officers of the CCF fidgeted in vain, thinking uneasy thoughts.

A foot soldier grumbled about the stench in the air, picked a dead fly out of his coffee and drank it.

---Pfc Stan Serxner



by Craig Sutton

Fandom and the Post Office Department have always been at war. There have been several small skirmishes from both sides, all without any kind of definite outcome. But I am beginning to feel that fandom must revolt or be annihilated. I'm beginning to think that the PO Dept. has singled me out as the one to take revenge on and they're using me as an example of what will happen to all wayward fans. This Must Not Be.

At first, I thought it was merely coincidence. But two days after the new postcard rates went into effect I got a letter from the Dept. Then it was that I began to suspect that all was not well. It had but one word on it: "Sneer". When I had first heard of the impending rate-change, I had figured that even the Post Office has to stay in the black ink, the prices being so terrible. The only thing coming down nowadays is rain, and even that soaks you. But came that letter, and I began to suspect. When the PO Dept. openly sneers at one, one is naturally slightly cautious.

Then things began to happen. My fanzines began arriving three weeks late. I got letters postmarked the 2nd on the 17th. Two air-mail letters I sent were returned for 15¢ extra postage; no explanation was attached. Somebody tells me he's sending me a copy of his SAPSzine. Six weeks later it still isn't here -- and I have no hopes for it. These things go on and on. A never ending stream of small annoyances, but foully aimed at an endeavor to undermine me and break my spirit.

Then came another blow: I'm getting reports that my mail is being read and censored, by the Post Office. I sent a guy a letter; he gets it (three weeks later) with black ink stamped over several spots. Others never got through, and two weeks later I get a postcard asking me why I haven't written.

And the same happens to me. I get two letters from the same guy in the same day, one of which he sent a month ago and the other in reply to my card. These things go on and on.

But today came the final blow! No longer shall I sit impassive. Three of my letters were returned to me by the censor! This I will not tolerate. Not only do they completely foul up my mail -- both what I send and what I receive -- but they now start refusing to deliver it. However, I finally have come up with the answer!

The Post Office is so damned busy taking care of this country's morals that they don't have time to deliver mail properly!

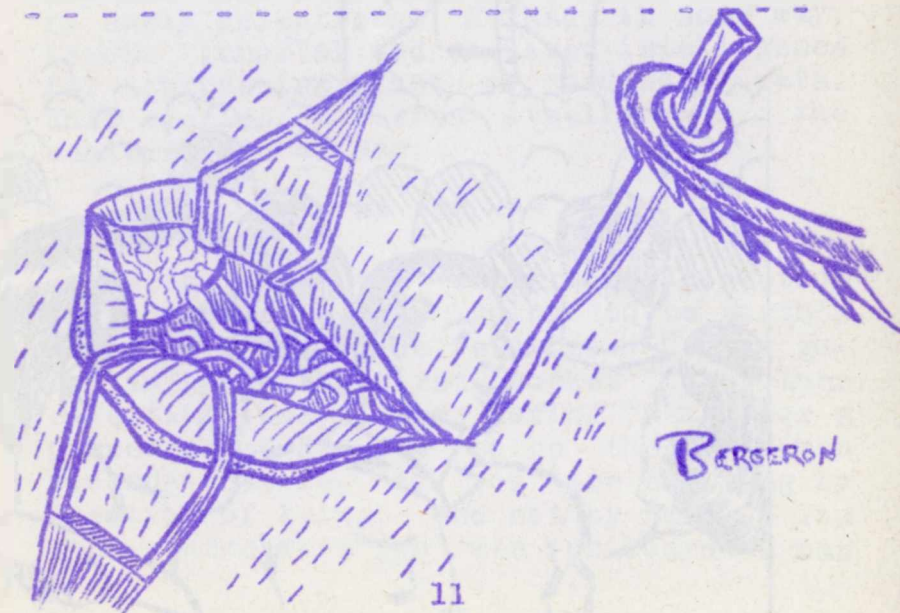
So I offer a suggestion to all those who are in the same boat as I am: Send one letter to the PO Dept. This one is automatically censored and returned to you. Then you can microfilm the rest of your stuff and send it by carrier pigeon.

This is my solution: however, I'm sure that the ed of this fanzine will be glad to see other solutions. The best will see print. How would YOU go about solving this problem?

---Craig Sutton

(Editor's Note) - How about it, fans? What solution can you offer to Craig's problem? Send your solutions in by Oct 1, to Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr. The best ones will be printed in the next issue of MOTE (out Nov. 1) and the best one of all will go a free year's subscription to MOTE. So let's hear from YOU.

---rp



MAN WAS A RAT

by Terry Carr



The children of today are led to believe that mankind conquered space. This is a false conjecture, originating in the Old Books, written some 100 years after the first feeble rocket ship left Earth.

Very few people know where the authors of the Old Books got their information. They all got it from one man--and one man only--an early space pioneer, who had rocketed with Duringue on the first trip to Venus. He kept referring to the deeds of Man. Naturally, all hearers believed that 'Man' meant Mankind.

It did not.

'Man' happened to be the name of a pet rat who had been used in laboratory tests by early scientists. He had, in some way, become immortal and acquired intelligence far surpassing that of ordinary rats. This series concerns itself with the achievements of Man.

Marcot was the center of attraction that day. He was going to be Earth's greatest hero--if he returned. He was going to pilot the first rocket to another celestial body ever having a man for a passenger. He was to be the only man aboard--that is, if you are counting by the type of being, and not by name. You see, there were two men on board--a man

named Marcot and a rat named Man.

A rocket ship, sleek and shining in the morning sun--a man in the pilot's compartment, preparing himself for the days ahead of him---a rat in the hold, among the stores of food that had been supplied for Marcot---that was the situation on the morning of Man's Greatest Achievement.

The Stardust blasted off amid shouts and cheers from the crowd. A few people got through the roped-off area but the rocket's flame left no evidence as to who they might have been.

Inside the ship, Man decided that, stowaway or not, he still would need food, and therefore dragged a box of food into his private corner, and began to make plans to defend it with his life. He decided that a can of small beans, together with a supply of straws, would work as a bean-shooter. However, he disliked to steal the food.....

As weeks wore on, the supply of food wore thin. In Marcot's pile ther was but one box left, while Man's box contained a tin of cheese, a can of corn, a box of crackers, and the ever-present beans and straws.

Another week passed. Marcot came into the supply room and looked in his remaining box. It was empty, except for a slip of paper. He picked it up and read "YOU one box of food. Your fellow passenger, Man (a rat)".

This infuriated Marcot to no end. He searched the room and finally found Man's

box. But when he bent over to pick it up, he suddenly straightened up with a howl and put his hand to his eye.

Into his hand fell a small bean. He looked at it and threw it away. Immediately thinking better of the idea, he stooped down to pick it up. After all, a bean was a bean, and OUCH!

He straightened up, lost his balance, and fell over backwards onto the floor, landing on the already outraged end of his spine. With a screech that would have done an Indian justice, he quickly bounced to his feet. On the floor was another small bean. He shook his shoe off and, by careful manipulations and fantastic contortions, managed to pick the bean up with his toes and transfer it to his hand.

But before he could get his shoe on his foot, he felt another bean strike it squarely and powerfully. He looked around for the bean, but could not find it. Finally, he got the shoe back on and started for the door. Before he took two steps, however, he was on the floor, rolling around with his foot in his hand and saying very uncomplimentary things about rats in general and Man in particular. Out of the overturned shoe fell a small bean.

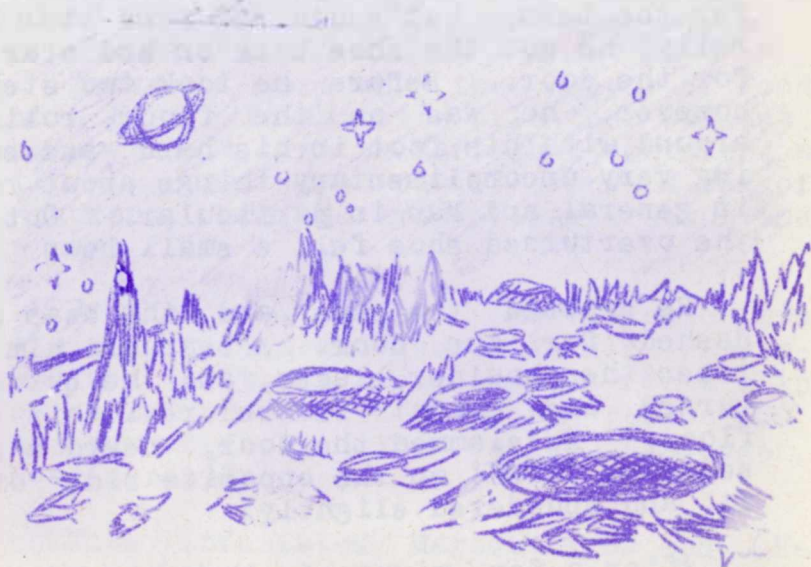
He grabbed the shoe and the bean and dashed for the door. A bean hit him between the shoulder blades, and he quickly turned and caught it before it hit the floor. He slammed the door, heard a resounding THWAK! on the opposite side of it, and shuddered slightly.

After a few minutes' thought, he went back in and got the bean, with a bonus of

about ten. He made a few more trips into the room, collecting beans and red spots.

That night, after a very meager meal of beans, he sat and wondered... was it worth it? He had red spots all over his face, hands, and arms, and many more that didn't show. He didn't know which was worse--an aching stomach or an aching body. But, he reflected, though the stomach was smaller, it was more important.

There was one day to go before they reached the moon. Awareness of this fact brought Marcot back to the problem at hand. He could get lots of food on Moon if he could locate one of the experimental robot-controlled rocket ships which had been sent to the satellite to test controls and to store food for the time when men finally would get there. There would be enough food for the return trip if he



could land near an experimental ship.

Moving to the telescope, he began searching and had little trouble finding one. He went to the pilot's seat and flicked off the bobot pilot.

Ten hours later, the Stardust settled down on the Moon. He got out and looked around for the experimental ship but he couldn't find it. It was across a ridge from where he had landed. He had just started toward a nearby hill to look around when he saw a small figure dart from his ship and scamper off across the barren moonscape.

Marcot's muscles froze. He didn't recognize the tiny figure because of the queerly fashioned spacesuit which was hanging loosely over its body. It was tiny though not tiny enough, as could be seen by the bagginess. But it was the colors which so startled Marcot. The suit reminded him of a miniature patchwork quilt.

His senses at first labeled it as a moon-man. When he finally decided that that was wrong--for how could a moon-man have been on the ship?--he remembered the I. O. U. and the signature: Man (a rat). The size corresponded, so he put two and two together. It was a rat.

But then why was it scampering so madly across the surface of the moon? Then he remembered that one of the standard foods which had been stored in the experimental rockets had been cheese. (He strongly suspected that some old codger had used his influence to have that done. "After all," he could almost hear some nut saying,

"they say the moon is made of green cheese, so..." A sly smile crossed his face and he began to chase the rat.

Suddenly the rat whirled and drew a straw to its mouth. That is, he tried to. The glass of his makeshift helmet crumpled the straw. Man darted on.

In the meantime Marcot began to feel more kindly toward the rodent. After all, if he hadn't smelled the cheese, Marcot might have starved. Man's Greatest Achievement would have had to wait for another man (spelled without a capital) and another ship. So he decided against killing it.

It was three weeks later that the Stardust came in, flipped over, caught herself on her jets, and settled down easily. Some say that Man was at the controls, but this is not true.

Anyway, there was great cheering and rejoicing that day. Man's Greatest Achievement was now a reality. Marcot was a hero for the rest of his life. He was also very rich. Being so, he had enough money for his extremely queer love of rats. To be called a rat was a compliment to him.

--Terry Carr



RICH'S ROUNDUP



by Richard Lupoff

I was just thinking about rejection slips, of all things. I know that they're a subject near and dear to the hearts of most fen, as the majority of us submit an occasional doodad or two to the pro's, and the majority of us get rejection slips as our sole reward.

Well, as I said, I just happened to be thinking about them, and I was struck by the difference there is in them. Take for instance the ones you get from F&SF. Each story gets a critique from either Boucher or McComas, giving both the story's good and bad points. Such a slip can help the writer make real progress, and besides, it leaves him with a friendly feeling toward the magazine.

At the other end of the scale is the slip sent out by the fiction house magazines, including planet stories: a cold formal rejection with an admonition to buy Fiction House magazines and study the style of the writing therein. Such a slip can only alienate the person who receives it.

But, you say, they're probably too busy to send out anything other than a printed form. All right, let them do what GALAXY, just for example, does--send out a printed

form which contains an explanation of the overabundance of material and apologizes for having to be impersonal.

So you see a little thing like a rejection slip can mean a lot.

--Richard Lupoff

Re:NOTE (continued)

a few comments on the first issue (mostly favorable) that I'd like to print. But I don't intend to print any letters unless the writer specifically gives their permission to do so.

Publishing letters indiscriminately often results in misunderstandings and hurt feelings. So if you'd like your comments printed, please say so in your letters.

So long till issue #3, out November 1.

Bob



BERGERON

A FEW FINAL NOTES 2 2

by the editor

Although you'll probably read this before you read MOTE, I am writing it after the zine has been completed. Therefore, I could not decide whether to call this a preface or foot-notes to MOTE. But it doesn't really matter.

Looking over the mag, I see that I've forgotten a few things, as I suspected I might. One thing was the 'continued' notice on the bottom of page 2. Another thing I forgot to mention that I'm still in need of a lot of material, if I'm going to keep MOTE running at it's present size. I have a little stuff on hand, and some more promised for issue #3, but I'll still need more so if there are any budding Finlays or Bradburys reading this, maybe YOU can give me a hand. Huh? Third thing I forgot to mention is that Stan Serxner's story in this issue was originally printed in his regimental paper "The Lynx Tale" and I got it from a copy of this paper which he sent to me.

Maybe I'd better explain those little hieroglyphics after your name on the opposite side of this sheet. So here are the translations:

- "S" - Sample copy. Care to subscribe?
- "\$" - Cash subscriber. A number after the \$ is the number of the last issue you will receive under your present subscription.
- "C" - Contributor's free copy.
- "T" - Trade copy. A "?" after the "T" means 'Would you care to trade?'
- "R" - Review copy.

That should cover everything, I hope.

B&B

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R.F.D. #1

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