

MOTE

No. 3



naaman

Re:MOTE

by the editor



This issue of MOTE is somewhat of an experiment. On looking through it, you'll notice that it is completely free of fiction. This doesn't necessarily mean that I am against fan fiction. Rather, I am interested in getting your reaction to a fiction-less issue as compared to the second issue which contained a large percentage of fiction.

I am told that the proper way to start a fanzine is to definitely state the policy of the zine in the first issue and then stick to that policy. But MOTE was different. Mainly because of my lack of experience in fan-publishing, I was content to start MOTE and let it "just grow" as it would. And grow it has.

Now that my fan-contacts have grown too, I am faced with the problem of what kind of material MOTE should feature. While I do have some definite ideas on the subject, I would like to hear some of your ideas too. So why not drop me a letter or card? Do you prefer fiction or non-fiction? Serious or humorous? Let's hear from you. I plan to state a definite policy for MOTE in the next issue.

I would also like to get my letter column started next issue. And I hereby serve notice to one and all that all letters addressed to me will be considered potential letter column material unless the writer definitely states that he does not want it published.

"A FANVARIETY ENTERPRISES PUBLICATION"

MOTE

Issue No. 3

November 1952

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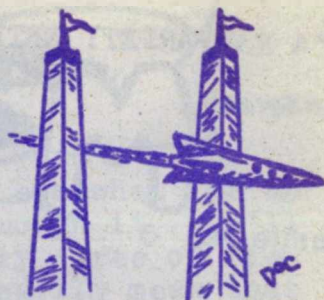
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RICH'S ROUNDUP

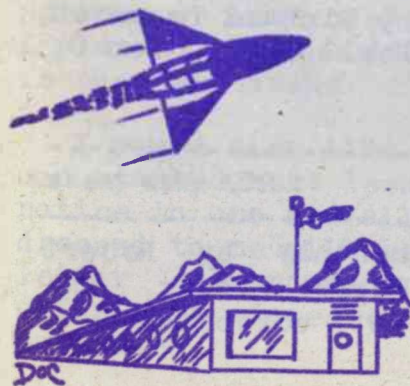
By Richard Lupoff



Once upon a time there was a magazine. It was a science fiction magazine. Its editor was Robert O. Erisman. Its name was forever a-changing, but it was mainly called MARVEL. This was way back before W.W. II. When the war started, the government told MARVEL's publisher, The Red Ball company, that the magazine, although really a good child, would have to be suspended, because there wasn't enough paper around to feed it. So Red Ball suspended MARVEL.

By the end of the war, there was more paper available so the publishers, now renamed the Stadium Publishing Company, revived MARVEL as a pulp with trimmed edges. It wasn't long before enough people advised papa Erisman to have his baby reduce, so MARVEL became a digest-size magazine. In two quarterly issues, August and

November 1951, MARVEL was among the best around. Stories by Ray Bradbury, Raymond Jones, Richard Matheson, William Tenn, A. E. Van Vogt, Murray Leinster, Kris Neville and Isaac Asimov; undoubtedly the best artwork in the field, by Bok, Ames, Napoli



and Harrison; other features such as debates by people like Judy Merrill, Willy Ley, Fritz Lieber and William Tenn ---- in short, a magazine without a weakness.



Then, all of a sudden, the February issue didn't appear. Finally, after almost all hope had been given up, MARVEL again made itself evident, dated for May. But it was pulp size on pulp paper (untrimmed edges). The back cover, instead of carrying its usual feature, urged readers to buy a Rupture-Easer. The usual features were gone, the art was second rate and the stories were third rate.

With what would have been the August issue, the magazine again failed to appear. Apparently for good. May its poor soul rest in peace.

If Stadium ever again invades the stiff field, be they forewarned to do better by their product. If they must close a magazine, --- very well. But should they treat it like they treated MARVEL, they deserve to be boiled in printer's ink and have their remains devoured by indescribably horrible BEMs.



--Richard Lupoff

WHY I NEVER MET WALTER A. WILLIS

by Norman G. Browne

I was at the Chicon II and I never met Walter A. Willis. Yes, 'incredible as it may sound; I NEVER MET WALTER A. WILLIS!! I never actually thought about it much until it was too late. I realize now that I had numerous opportunities to meet him, but She never introduced me.

I am hurt, deeply hurt, that I was never introduced to this great man. I lie awake at nights grieving over the unjust circumstances that caused me to miss meeting such a gracious and honorable personage.

Of course it was not the fault of Walter A. Willis himself. No, I blame the whole thing on Her. She had an opportunity to introduce me when we met first at the elevators. She had an opportunity later when I was in Shelby Vick's room. Again, after the convention was over, we went up on an elevator together. But each time She held herself cold and aloof. Each time I shivered from the cold waves emanating from the ice piled high on Her shoulders.

It is not my desire to create enemies



or cause disharmony in fandom. Nor am I interested in causing or taking part in any feuds. Basically, at heart, I am a quiet, peaceful, fun-loving person. I am

BERSEYON



interested in fandom for the joy of it; the friendship; and the pride of accomplishment. Therefore I am very sad over the situation that has developed.

Many are the hours I have spent in deep soul-searching thought; looking for a reason why She would not introduce me to WAW. Many are the questions I have asked looking for an answer.

Many are the letters I have written to people who may have been able to help me out. And out of all this, I have come to two conclusions.

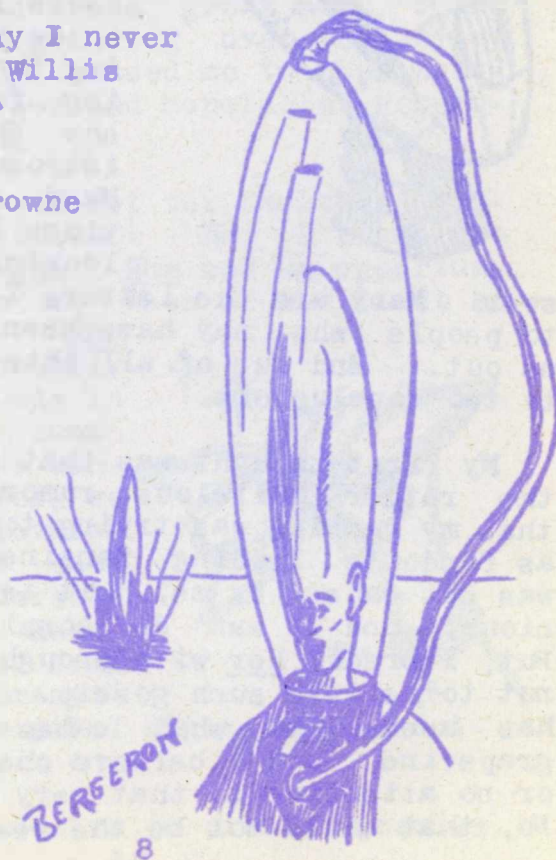
My first thought was that she had heard the rather malicious rumor going around that my fanzine was trying to replace Hers as fandom's leading fanzine. The rumor was not caused by me; it is rather malicious; and it can do considerable harm. But, I credit Her with enough intelligence not to believe such gossip. I believe she has access to what comes through the grapevine, and I believe she pays little or no attention to that very same gossip. No, that could not be the reason.

Then, gradually, the truth dawned on me. I am a BNF. I belong to 6 or 7 fan clubs. I founded and was president of a club. I have written considerable fan and pro material. I have attended 2 world conventions. I edit and publish a fanzine. All this proves I am a somebody. All this proves I have knowledge, experience, power and influence in fandom. But as far as She is concerned, I don't exist. She knows who and what I am, but she still refuses to recognize the fact that I exist. And the reason is simple.

You see, I don't subscribe, buy, contribute to, or read her fanzine, QUANDRY.

THAT is why I never met Walter A. Willis at the Chicago Convention.

--Norman G. Browne



THEN TOO...

by Rich Bergeron

What's in a Name?

In this day and age of witty tongue twistings and double meanings, the fanzine editor is one of those who must be wary else he fall into a pit formed by the name he has chosen for his mag.

The pet name he uses may, although he in most cases is not aware of it, be very offensive to some of his readers who have heard the word used in an entirely different form and are familiar with it as such. Often times the name gives a prospective buyer a wrong impression as to the contents of the fanzine in question, causes him to reconsider sending in money for a copy.

Take GHUVNA for example; even before Fillenger began the mimeoing of the first issue he started to get letters and digs in fmz commenting on his poor taste in choosing a title. It seems that GHUVNA means something rotten in Polish--unprintable rather.

In Polish mind you, as though many fans can speak that language... but just the same a prospective reader may have been frightened off by it... by the impression the reader may have received through the title as to the contents... and what fmz wants to make its debut by offending people? People with money. Especially a

really good and high quality zine like GHUVNA

Then there's the little SAPSzine named BOFFIN whose correct meaning, makes a really clever title for an urban zine like Winne's. But which, in New York or perhaps in a certain section of New York, means something rather crude

Of course going into SAPSzines, whose titles are many and varied, is fishing pretty far beneath the surface you might say, but I think not. Ev isn't the type of person that goes along with anything off-color so I think my point holds true here too. Ev was pretty desperate for a title when he picked that name out of Clarke's "Prelude to Space" and didn't get a chance to investigate it with his correspondents. I'm sure that if he'd known that certain readers would mistake it for something else he'd never have used it.

So why not look around a little bit before you jump off the deep end and pick out just any conotation of letters as a title?

But if you're the type that doesn't care what happens to your circulation or the impression people get from your title why not use something like "Abortions" Hmmm?



BERGERON

Hey You!

Yours truly would like letters of comment on this column very much. I imagine that turning out a column must be pretty dreary work for a writer that never gets a reaction from his public. If I find that I fit into this catagory I'll look upon it as an indication that you readers aren't interested enough in future installments to write me concerning this one and will accordingly drop it. Come on, comment! The address is. R.F.D. #1, Newport, Vermont.


—Rich Bergeron

FLYING SAUCER HOAX EXPOSED

by Pfc Stan Serxner

MIRAGE (IP)-M. Disque Lesaucier, former president of the Flabbyjack Pancake Mix Corporation has confessed that for the last five years he has been responsible for most of America's flying saucer episodes.

The French-born Lesaucier's explanation left the police skeptical until subsequent investigation bore out his amazing tale. They had taken him into custody near his plant one night as a suspicious character.



"When I came from France fifteen years ago, I brought my grand-father's crepe suzette recipe with me. As you know, this delicacy is a thin pancake usually rolled with hot orange or tangerine sauce, often flavored with curacao of the liquors of my country. I modified this recipe to suit the unappreciative American palate.

"At first, after I had set up a small factory, my product was greeted with en-
(Editor's note--The above item is reprinted from "The Golden Dragon", authorized publication of 14th Infantry-APO 25)

thusiasm and I expanded my facilities from the profits. Then sales began to drop off and my ready-made, ready-to-heat--and--eat little pancakes returned unsold more and more frequently to my warehouse. I began losing money, so I ventured my private funds in an effort to avoid bankruptcy."

Here, M. Lesaucier paused and sighed heavily before continuing in a low voice.

"I kept the returned crates of pancakes in my warehouses. I worried about disposing of them, for I could not let any competitors know they were not selling well. Then Fortune smiled. Interest of the public in things French stimulated the sale of my product. But my firm still was operating in the red.

"I hit upon an idea concerning my surplus pancakes. My factories have tall smoke stacks that fume continuously, so one night after hours I drove to my main plant and started to dispose of the surplus suzettes. I loaded a furnace with the unsold packages and started a fire. The crepe suzettes, because of their volatile nature, burned quickly. Pressure built up and they were expelled with great speed and force from the chimney. I stuffed more in.

"The next day I read about some fast, bright objects seen in the sky in my area. I realized that they were my pancakes, flying from the chimney through the sky, burning as they went and



creating an illusion of aircraft. The winds dissipated the ashes.

"I must say I was rather pleased at the flurry they caused, my little pancakes, and decided to say nothing about it, but to continue burning them in that manner as long as they were returned to my shops.

"Soon I was unable to stop. I traveled from factory to factory, burning my unsold crepe suzettes. Naturally, flying saucer reports increased.

"My firm continued to do business at a loss. More pancakes were being returned. In my anxiety I grew careless and was apprehended.

"Because of the nature of the ingredients and inexperience of the cooks, the crepe suzettes often would explode in the pan, leaving the kitchen coated with a sticky residue and smelling like a barroom. That's why so many pancakes were being returned.

"So," Lesaucier shrugged a Gallic shrug, "here I am, a victim of the American stomach."

The authorities remain undecided as to the fate of M. Lesaucier, the grounded pilot of the flying crepe suzettes.

--Pfc Stan Serxner



GLOM

the nondescriptive column....

by Dick Clarkson

Lessee, now.....just where was I? Oh, yes....FWF. Well, the Federated World Fanclubs is the only logical conclusion to Project Fanclub. Since we've contacted all these clubs and got all this information, why not use it? Good question, that. We couldn't answer it without qualms of conscience, so here it is.

Originally, that idea was Bill Venable's. 'Long about last February, he suggested it to me under the name of FMFA, which is too long to write out. One reason we changed the name. Anyhow, FWF is simply a fanclub N3F, for the benefit of fanclubs in general, and your fanclub in particular. We've snagged Orv Mosher into FWF, with his tremendous amount of fanclub info, and have also Ian Macauley for Southeastern coverage, plus Ghu knows who-all else. If you know what Project Fanclub has done and can do, then you just might realize the possibilities of FWF.



Now, I believe I shall talk about bens. Or, by Ghu, no --- I won't. For further reference, take a

look at VANATIONS #4, another member of FANVARIETY ENTERPRISES as is MOTE here, which should be out about the end of this year. Rather than repeat all that about bens, bemmes, bemlets and bemleys, I shall talk about snallygasters.

A snallygaster is a grown-up argopelter for one thing. At an early age the young snallygaster loses its glucose-silicon metabolism in favor of a gaseous state. It is from there that the snallygaster becomes a ghod, with the argopelters as their visible Earthly prophets.



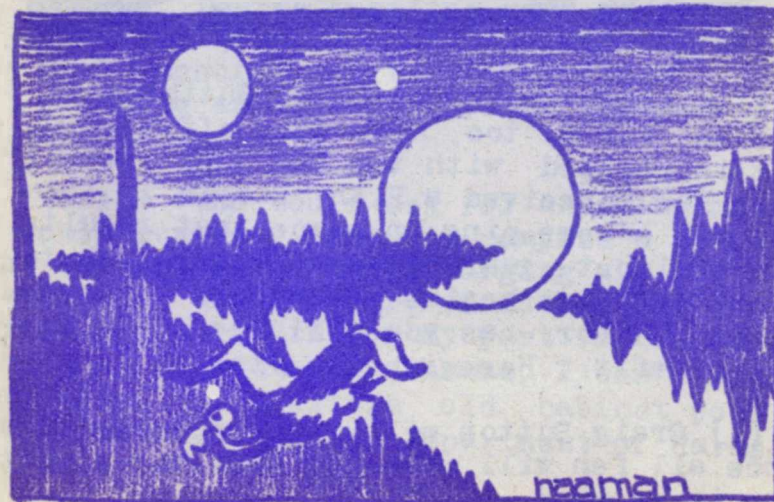
By this time, you all have seen the value of Rectogunk (sponsored in STFANTASY by W. Mildew Danner). Made by the manufacturers of the best abrasives in the good old Untied Skates. However, it is time that fandom recognized the value of Crudcillin --- probably the most interesting of new technological studies in the forms of curative powers. Months of exhausting research has produced Crudcillin, the latest of biological wonders. While closely related to Crapomyacin, it has been combined with other great compounds such as trichloracetylcatalysis toulene and disodiurchlorohydroxide and heated.

When the compound thus formed is wholly complete, you have Crudcillin. Crudcillin has been shown to have high frangbratinal tubchew and pentametric ratios, and has been proved to be entirely worthless.

When re-heated at high temperatures, it has been broken down into its basic components: ammoniated chlorophyllized lanolin and granulated oat hulls. Science welcomes into the field such a revolutionary new find.

Unless you say differently, I'll continue to split up my column like that -- one part straight info, the other facetious. But if you don't like one or the other, just holler. It's your vote, and your say. To quote a famous saying, ".....".

-- Dick Clarkson



Contest Winners



(Editor's note---The solutions to Craig Sutton's problem of last issue regarding "Fandom vs. the Post Office Department" were somewhat scarcer than I had hoped. However, I did receive several good answers and I am printing what I believe to be the two best ones. A free year's subscription to MOTE goes to each of them.--rp)

This one is by:
Dorothy Shisler
801 Derstine Ave.
Lansdale, Penna.

I am deeply moved by Craig Sutton's problem, for I, too, have come off second-best in brushed with the P.O. My fertile brain has conceived a Plan, simple in concept but so sweeping in scope that results can be almost guaranteed. Please see to it that Craig begins at once to execute the Plan, for, as you will see, all fen will benefit. Herewith the Plan:

(1) Craig Sutton will run for Congress. Since all fen will vote for him, his election is assured.

(2) As soon as he enters the Capitol, he will set up a Committee to Investigate the P.O., with him (natch) as Chairman. As a result of the Committee's activities:

(a) The P.O. will be embarrassed to tears. (They needn't count on me for kleenex--I'll sneer at their grief.)

(b) Craig will receive vast publicity via radio, TV, newspapers and magazines. Consequently:

(3) Craig will run for Vice-President (at least). Once more all the fen will vote for him and election is assured. One or the more fiendish masterminds among the fen will devise an accident to befall the President, and Craig will step into the White House. Once there he will:

(a) Allocate a billion dollars for rocket research and development headed by Willy Ley;

(b) Decree that the now humiliated P.O. will henceforth deliver via air-mail special delivery all fan correspondence and fanlines, at standard postal rates.

Voila! Who could ask for anything more? I would suggest that you compose a forceful editorial forthwith, urging all fen to rally to the support of Sutton for Congress. In return for my part in concocting this breathtaking scheme, I don't want anything but a little old cabinet post, say, Secretary of the Department of Harassing the Post Office.

--Dorothy Shisler

And this one by:
Ray Thompson
410 South 4th St.
Norfolk, Nebr.



Craig Sutton isn't the only one who has suffered. I, too, could relate a tale of trial and tribulation.

My theory is this: Into the U.S. Postal Department have infiltrated a group of extra-terrestrial beings, bent on the crippling of the country, in preparation for an invasion. One of their main objectives is the destruction of organized fandom. They realize that, with people like Calkins, G. M. Carr, Willis, Hoffman, Tucker and others out of the way, their job will be much easier.

This destruction, they hope to accomplish by diverting, holding or returning fan-letters, disrupting fanzine mailing schedules by misplacing fanzines, sending them back to the editors with such excuses as insufficient postage, addressee moved, or by using such devious methods of aggravation as censoring and stamping an overblack postmark all over the backs of fanzines.

The only solution to this whole problem is for fandom to organize its own postal system, under which fanzines can be mailed for one cent, regardless of size, thickness or material content, and under which all fan letters can be mailed two-for-a-nickel. Only in this way can we hope to win in this interstellar cold war!

--Ray Thompson