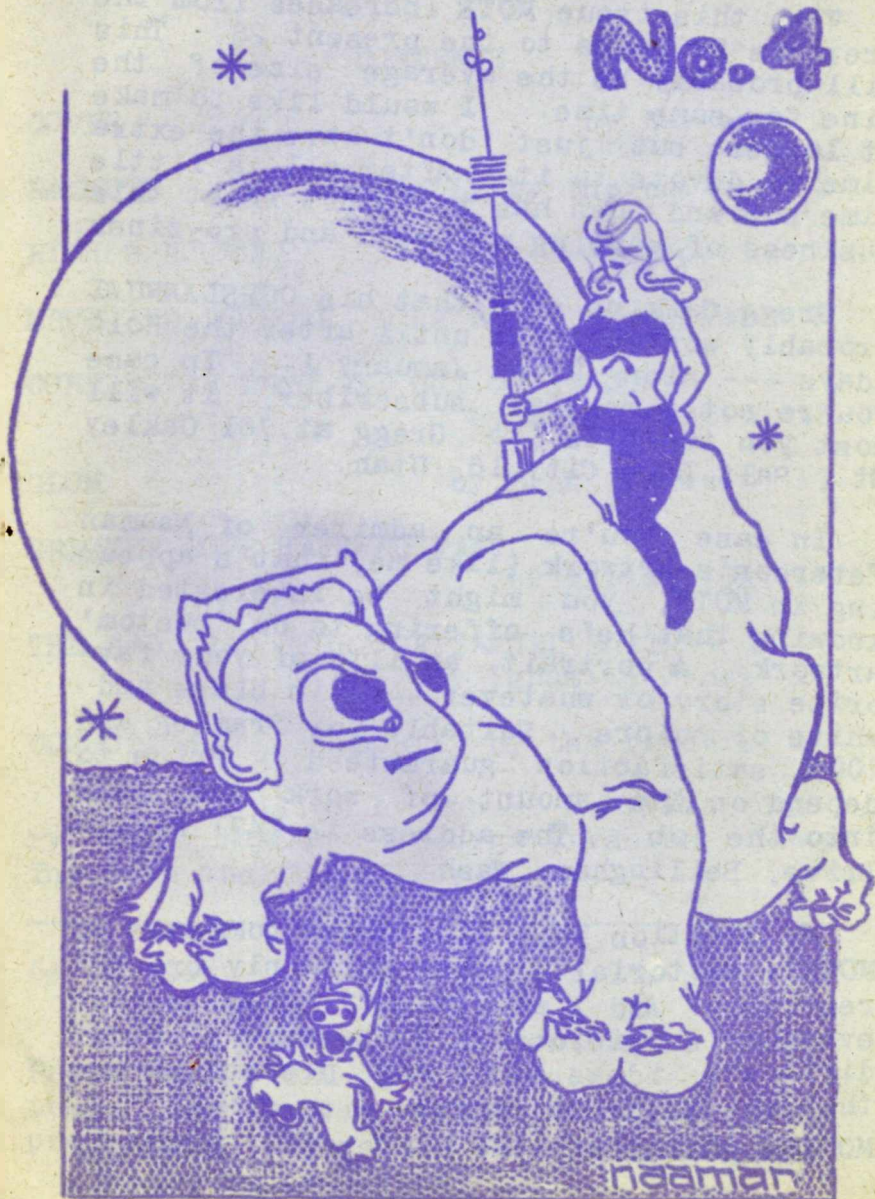


# MOTE

No. 4



# Re:Mote...etc.

...being mostly ramblings by the editor

With this issue MOTE increases from the previous 20 pages to the present 28. This will probably be the average size of the zine for some time. I would like to make it larger but just don't have the extra time to devote to it. After all, a little time now and then has to be put in at this business of earning my bread and pro-zines.

Gregg Calkins says that his OOPSLANNUAL probably won't be out until after the Holidays --- along about January 1. In case you're not a regular subscriber, it will cost you two-bits to Gregg at 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah.

In case you're an admirer of Naaman Peterson's artwork (like me) that's appearing in MOTE, you might be interested in knowing that he's offering to do 'custom' artwork. A portrait, an illo of your favorite story or whatever ---- in black and white or colors. Suitable for framing and 100% satisfaction guaranteed. Price to depend on the amount of work that goes into the job. The address is 1471 Marine Drive, Bellingham, Wash.

My question last time about comments on MOTE's editorial policy certainly brought results. And I was mighty glad to have everyone's opinions. There were a lot of different ideas but I was pleased to see that the majority agreed with my own. So MOTE's policy will be preferably humorous (continued on page 4)

a fanvariety enterprises publication

# MOTE

Issue No. 4

January - 1953

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Interior illos by Robert McMillan, Terry Carr, Naaman, George Veksine, Ray Thompson and the editor.

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Re:MOTE (continued)  
stuff and preferably a majority of non-fiction. Not completely, you understand. I'll still be using some fiction and serious stuff but it will probably be in the minority. So all of you fan-writers who have just been holding back -- well, the gate's open now. Only one thing --- I've got plenty of columns right now, but I'm wide open for articles (humorous preferred). Subject unlimited. OK?

I guess this is also the place to say that I can also use artwork --- preferably those little 2 x 2 inch spot illos, like this one right here. I don't like to skimp on them and they do count up. It's getting so I even have to do some of them myself. So maybe some of you budding Finlays will send something in just in self-defense, huh?



Is there anyone who hasn't heard of the FANNETTES as yet? (It's a femme-fan club, in case you're among the uninformed.) The men-fen can't join the club but they can subscribe to the gals' FEMZINE. 15¢ to Marian Cox, 79th A. B. Sq., Sioux City, Iowa will bring you a copy and you can see for yourself just what the gals can do to... (whoops, I mean). with a fanzine.

Apologies to Rich Bergeron for not getting his column "Then Too..." in this issue. Unknown to Rich, I've been hektoing a little ahead of my regular schedule this time, and his column didn't quite arrive in time to get included. It will be in next time

for sure, Rich.

Congrats to Don Cantin, who has an article in this MOTE. He seems to be quite the up and coming fan writer, having a piece in the current PEON. He's also having articles and stories accepted by several other zines, he writes me ---- almost as fast as he can pound them out.

Does anyone have any POGO comic books that they'd like to get rid of? I'd like to get hold of some but the stands around here don't seem to handle them. Also, can someone supply the address to subscribe to the thing? One consolation though -- the local newspaper did start carrying the POGO strip a few weeks ago.

A letter from Wilkie Conner says that the NFFF Manuscript Bureau needs manuscripts and artwork for immediate placement in fanzines. No payment other than ego-boo and a free copy of the zine that uses the material. The address is 1514 Poston Circle, Gastonia, N. C.

Oh, yes --- there'll be another fanzine coming out from around these parts before long. It's called ECLIPSE and will be put out by Ray Thompson, 410 South 4th St., Norfolk, Nebr. First ish will be out about February 1. The dummy copy I saw looks mighty good to me. A nickel will get you a copy, so give it a try, huh?

Till next ish, then.....

Bab



# RICH'S ROUNDUP

by  
Rich  
Lupoff

There are two top authors in science-fiction today. Bob Heinlein and Ray Bradbury. Supporters of van Vogt, Asimov, and others notwithstanding, any list of first-raters eventually narrows down to these two with a minimum of opposition as each name is eliminated until it becomes time to select THE number-one pen-wielder. Then the fun begins.

Robert A. Heinlein, author of the famous 'future history' series (Man Who Sold the Moon, Green Hills of Earth, more to come), several "juveniles", and an s-f anthology, tells stories about people. He seems pre-occupied with a racial-consciousness, thinking in terms of Man and of men. Not just the actions of men, but their emotions, their dangers, their adventures in dealings with each other, their environments, other races. His stories reflect an optimistic attitude ---- he looks to the future with hope and faith and Man's ultimate attainment of Great Things.

Ray Bradbury has never written a full-length novel, although he has three collections of short stories (Dark Carnival, The Martian Chronicles, The Illustrated Man), a short (25,000 words) novel, The Fireman, and a fantasy anthology, to his credit. His main interest is emotions. While he

must, of necessity, deal with beings, his interest is not in the man or Martian whom he dissects literarily, but in the love, hate, fear, hope, that he finds within. His works are pervaded by a sense of fear that Man may have taken a wrong turn somewhere along the way. Perhaps this age of science with its regimentation of body, then mind, and ultimately soul is inferior to the simple life which we gave up for it. True, the hope that springs eternal within the human breast does not fail to do so in that of Mr. Bradbury, witness the group of intellectuals who take to the woods to escape the decadence and destruction of The Fireman, and the few families who return to the red planet after its desertion in the Million Year Picnic episode of The Martian Chronicles. Yet despite this vital spark of hope, Bradbury is primarily a pessimist, and as such we must recognize him.

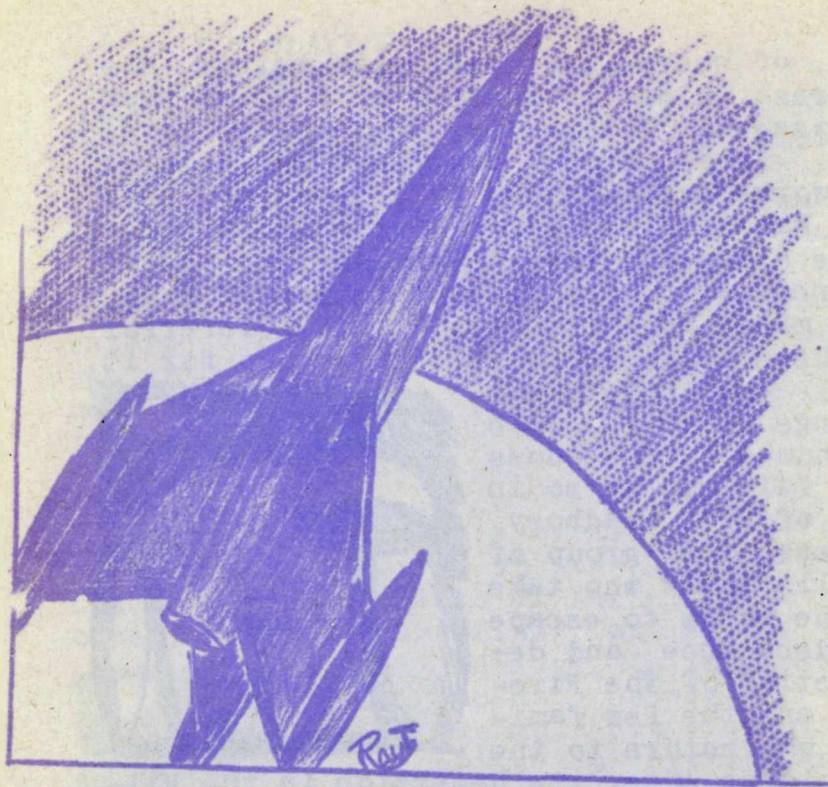


Who is THE top man in the field? Well, take your pick. Most likely you will choose the one who more closely resembles you. Are you optimistic, extroverted, physical-minded? Or do you tend toward pessimism, introspection, emphasis on intangibles? I have my favorite, and make no secret about it personally, but in this column I'd rather not say, lest I influence your choice.

Or are you an Arthur C. Clarke fan?

--Richard Lupoff





# KRUD AND THUNDER

by Robert McMillan

Krag Honsfeth looked down the long hall from the security of his hiding-place. His cold grey eyes glittered like polished steel, and the strong line of his jaw jutted aggressively from under the hood of a priest of Krud.

He had stolen the robe and hood from the priest who lay behind him in the bare

cell, bound and gagged.

At the end of the hall lay the chamber of Myrtl, the princess of Deneb. She had been imprisoned by the Black Priest of Krud, held helpless in the mighty Temple of Krud, on Nagghir's moon. Krag had been sent by her father to rescue her, and by sheer force and cunning he had battled his way into the inner chambers of the Temple.

The hall was empty. Krag felt the blaster inside his blouse, and the slap of the short sword against his thigh was reassuring. It was now or never. He quietly brushed the curtains aside, and muffled in the priestly robes, he started for the princess' chamber.

He had almost reached the chamber when he shrank back into the shadows with a whispered curse. The Black Priest had set his terrible robots, Ug and Yok, patrolling the hallway. Their photoelectric eyes glowed dully as they stalked in silence, to and fro, probing every corner and hiding place. Any moment, now, he would be discovered.

He tensed, his six-foot-four frame taut as rawhide. He would have to be quick, quicker than the electric nerves of the menacing robots. If he could dispose of one before being detected, he might have a chance to destroy the other. As silently as he could, he drew his blaster.

The nearest robot, Ug, halted. He had seen the unobtrusive movement as Krag aimed his weapon. Krag fired, bathing the huge form of the robot with an intense purple light.



If he could keep the inert form of the blasted robot between himself and Yok until he had a chance to fire again, he could hope to destroy the other monster. Using the seared mass of metal as a shield, he quickly fired again. The onrushing robot was inundated with the purple fire, but his terrible charge was not slackened.



Blinded, he crashed into Ug, and both crippled robots fell into a tangled heap on the stone floor.

Quickly, Now! The noise would bring hordes of the priests in a matter of moments! He raced to the door at the end of the

hallway.

Krag halted at the open door, frustrated. He stared desperately at the space-warp which separated him from the princess more surely than iron bars. He thrust his sword into the emptiness, and withdrew it hastily as the living blackness crawled greedily up the blade toward his hand.

Sounds of pursuit echoed in the damp stone depths of the Temple. He could expect only minutes, perhaps seconds, of respite. Desperately he stared at the space warp.

He drew his blaster and emptied it into the nothingness. The void before him absorbed the lashes of flame. He threw his blaster aside, useless, and frantically looked about the chamber for some means of escape. He was trapped.

Krag's desperate search revealed a hidden power-cable near the roof of the chamber. He realized that this was the source of the space-warp that thwarted his attempt to rescue the princess. He slashed at it frenziedly with his sword, again and again, disregarding the sparks and burning insulation that seared his hands.

Finally the cable parted, and the warp burst like a dark soap bubble, revealing the princess' chambers. He gathered his robe about him like a cloak, and stepped inside.

"I am sent by your father, the Emperor of Deneb, to rescue you, my princess," he began, then stopped, shocked with horror at the sight revealed before him.

His first impression was size. The princess must have weighed around four hundred pounds and towered a good two feet over Krag's head. Her skin was dark brown and hard, like an insect's exoskeleton. In fact, she resembled an insect in more ways than one. Her huge bald head bulged impropor-tionately over a tiny face whose main feature was a mouth shaped like a trumpet-bell. Blue silk swathings concealed her more disgusting physical charms.



"My rescuer!" she rumbled in a deep bass, and held out her spidery arms to him.

As Krag raced with huge strides over



Nagghir's moon, toward his concealed spacer, he scattered behind him the fragments of the Emperor of Deneb's letter. His stolen cloak flapped behind him, and his empty scabbard slapped his leg. He had dropped his charred sword in his haste to depart from the princess' chambers.

"Never again," he mumbled to himself as he ran, "will I go kiting around the universe on some fool errand. I should have written him for her picture before I left. Marry his daughter, indeed!" Not even for half the Empire of Deneb would I marry that monster!"

He began to suspect the whole thing was a put-up job to find a husband for the exceedingly-ugly princess. (For she was ugly even by Denebian standards.)

"I'm getting too old," he firmly resolved, "to go drifting from one planet to another. I'm going to see about that place I liked on Kyrdis II and settle down on a Gripit-ranch."

As he blas'ed at full acceleration away from Nagghir's moon, he shuddered as he thought of his narrow escape. He had almost succeeded in rescuing the princess!

Robert McMillan

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# CONVERSION INTO AND OUT OF FANDOM

by D. O. Cantin

I was thinking (I can so) on the many different ways a human can get into fandom. This treatise might prove dull and uninteresting to you new fen but it'll bring back memories to you oldsters.

The most common way a homo superior is introduced into fandom is through the review columns in the promags. Of course not all people who like stf or fts become true blue fen. Some see the review columns, send in a dime to see what it's all about, get their first fanzine, and wonder. It's pretty baffling, the first zine you receive. You don't understand most of it, you wonder if all the nuts are put away where they belong. But the persistent fellows continue to send in more money, and continue to get baffled. Finally they get the idea. Thanx to esoteric terminology, (hi Fabun) deep seated humor and the like, homo sapiens are weeded out and only the best become fen.

Then, there's the case of father to child, which is very rare. The old man used to read Jules Verne's books when he was still turning them out. The guy

13





thought that stf was the best thing ever, so he wanted to pass it on to his child. But before he does that he has to get married, so he does. She wanted a girl, he wanted a boy -- they were both disappointed, they got a fan.

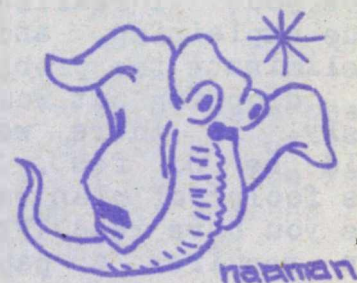
There's always the strange case of husband to wife, or vice versa. Joe Schmoe doesn't want to get hitched unless he finds a girl of his own interests, namely stf or fts. But if he can't do that, he'll do the next best thing; he'll marry any ole' thing and convert her to fandom...he thinks. On their wedding anniversary he's reading westerns and newspapers and his wife is pubbing a zine.



It's a dark evening, 3 o'clock in the morning. A lonely figure roams the streets; he spies something in the gutter. He picks it up. It's a fanzine. That's pretty far-fetched, but it'll show you to what lengths I'll go to make this article of reasonable length.

And then again you can stumble across a zine at a friend's house, but that's pretty rare. Most fen keep their sf material out of sight for fear of being called a queer, while some fen are brave; they brandish their books and zines in plain sight for everyone to see. That's what happened way back when I was in HS. I foolhardedly took some stf books to school, having nothing else to do during

history period. I opened one of my books and began to read. Alas! I was discovered. The prof was the airplane-type spaceship on the cover, and, for lack of anything else to say, said: "I knew a boy once who wanted to be a pilot and he never paid any attention in school, now he digs ditches." Now who the hell wants to be a pilot? An' what's wrong with digging ditches? Anyway, he got my dander up and I rushed up out of my seat and hit him over the heads (sic) with the mag. Needless to say, when the school board discovered the green blood leading down to the incinerator, I was suspended for a few days. At that time I was not a fa-a-a-n, altho I did have a zap gun (which zipped when it shudda zapped and zapped when it shudda zipped). I read such things as school books and newspapers, yes, I realize that it's a horrid confession to make, but I guess it happens to everyone at one time or other. But what that teacher had said spurred me on, I was going to read stf in spite of him, and I did. I finally bumped into THE CLUB HOUSE...



Course I suppose some fen got through fandom via Billy White's book ROCKET TO THE MORGUE. That helped me a bit, too.

I think I've covered most of the ways of getting into fandom, now on getting out.

The most foolish way of trying to drop out of fandom is to stop writing letters. Six months later some fan writes and asks:



"Have you got any back issues of BLANK?"  
It sometimes works. sometimes...

By far the best way to drop out is to write an article and have it pubbed in all zines telling all fen to stop writing to you. Of course running full page ads costs money, and someone is bound to write and ask you why you had that ad printed.

If you can't drop out (why should you want to?) have yourself thrown out; but that in itself is one of the hardest things to do. You can't very well have yourself thrown out for insulting a fan, fen are immune to insults, no matter how hard you try. You could stab a few BNFs and have fandom at your throat, but what fandom wants with your throat is beyond me.

As a last resort, if you really want to leave and can't leave fandom, have it leave you. I realize that this sentence needs explaining, and I shall render it. To eliminate the problem, if there were no fen, dropping out would not be necessary. Thusly, if there were no fandom, there would be no fen...is that not logical? This foolproof plan cannot be followed unless you have read THE WEAPON MAKERS: this plan requires a paper-thin bomb to be placed in the envelopes to your correspondents...don't spoil it by guessing...and when all of fandom has received your letters ---- POOF!

Last and least, you could buy out the post office and stop selling stamps.....

.....yes, the glorious end, at last....  
I'm happy too....

--D. O. Cantin

# GLOM

the nondescriptive column

by Dick Clarkson



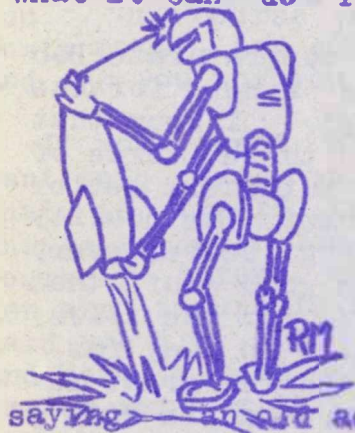
First off, I want to congratulate Bob Peatrowsky, ye ed of this zine, for the fine job he did on MOTE #3. I know that Bob will hesitate to put these words of praise into his own mag, but where better a place is there to put them? The quality of the articles is getting better every ish, but this one had such good stuff that I was really surprised. As for the illos, well...they could go well in any fmz. Good going, Bob! Keep both the great material and the big names you had in MOTE #3.

Next on the list is a correction. In my last column, I said that the BEM article by yours truly would appear in VANA-TIONS #4. Correct that to S.F #3, the November ish, from John L. Magnus, jr. By the time you see this, it will have been printed, and I'm sorry. But if any of you are interested, John still has a few issues on hand, I think. Oh, the address is 9612 Second Ave., Silver Spring, Md.

For the Department of Organized Nonsense, this time, I have discovered that we have an off-shoot from Crudcillin, which I discussed (disgust?) last time. This is: Ammoniated, Chlorophyll-ized Lanolin. The Substance was put together by the Geefle, Egli, and Gompf Company out of a tremendous demand. The reasoning goes this way: Lanolin, being natural oil of



sheep, is good for your head. It is also, apparently, good for sheep, but that is irrelevant. Ammoniated toothpaste, soaps, etc., are on the market today in vast quantities. As ammonia will clean anything, merely by eating away the first layer or two of whatever you put it on, you can see what it can do for your teeth and skin.



Which leaves us with good old chlorophyll, now found in: deodorants, toothpastes, socks and stockings, foot pads, toilet tissue, soap, handkerchiefs, underclothes, a hundred assorted varieties of pills, and occasionally in grass as well. There is a saying -- an old adage which was recently made up -- which goes:

"Why reeks the goat  
On yonder hill,  
Who seems to dote  
On chlorophyll?"

Therefore, since we are not goats, chlorophyll is just bound to do us some good. How else could it be? So when you put those three together, you will get a compound which will cure ANYTHING, from head to feet. Occasionally, advertisements have described this as one part abrasive, one part oat hulls, one part crud, and three parts pure barf. Try this, and you'll never need anything again!

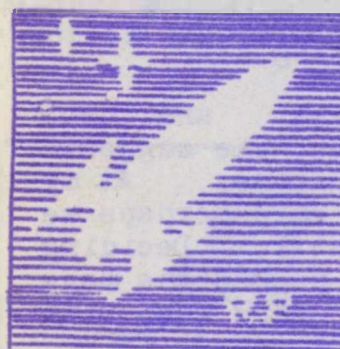
And, remember: barf spelled backwards is frab!

-- Dick Clarkson

# GREATER LOVE HATH NO FAN

by Marian Cox

There are exactly two types of magazine readers: the collectors and the non-collectors. Unfortunately, neither group understands the other. The non-collectors may have collections of anything from potted plants and unmatched socks to pieces of string too short to use, yet he always considers the collector of magazines a fool. Thus, the sad collector goes through at least the first part of his life valiantly protecting his collection of reading material from the ravages of the non-collector. And it always happens



that the collector is born into a non-collecting family, necessitating a twenty-four hour watch over all reading matter.

Speaking from my own experience---and I have an abundance of experience in this matter--I can say that collectors of s.f have a much harder time than collectors of other types of books and magazines. They have to contend not only with the disapproval of non-collectors, but also the disapproval of non-sf fans.

I can remember when I collected comic books---hundreds of comic books. Every



year at Hallowe'en, Mother donated approximately half of them to the school for its Hallowe'en grab bag. I always protested, vigorously and loudly, and Mother usually applied a hairbrush in a most tender spot. Later I graduated to Nancy Drew and The Little Colonel. I tired of these before Mother did, and gave them to my younger sister



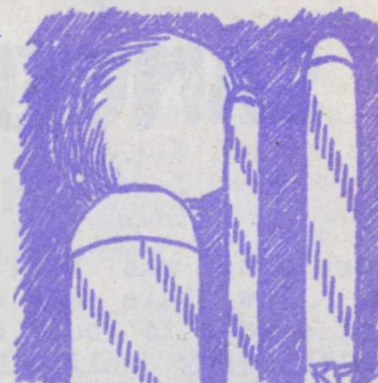
At this point I took up detective stories and began a collection of pocket-book murder mysteries. Six months later, when I discovered stf, I promptly shoved my detective stories into the closet. I began reading and collecting stf.

Mother stood it for a year, and then, as we were preparing to move, she suggested that I get rid of my magazines. At my horrified objections, she said perhaps we could store them in the attic. Deciding on a policy of silence, I packed the mags in cardboard cartons and took them with me. Mother withdrew her protests.

As I continued to buy magazines each month, my family grew more and more displeased. I painted wooden boxes for book-cases and continued my collecting. When once again we had to move (Not because of the neighbors. My father is in the Air Force), I was told to pack my books and zines in boxes for storage. I packed them all right, but not for storage. They came

with me.

By this time, my family realized it was quite useless to argue with me. As we prepared for our most recent move, I quietly crated up my zines and labelled them: "Magazines----handle with care". Dad asked me worriedly, "All right, so they'll all fit in your room. But will you?"



I blithely answered that where there's a will there's a way, and the moving men carried the mags out to the van. For once a collector had triumphed. Only one thing worries me. There was room for both me and my mags, but in another three months, I'll have to set up a tent in the back yard!

--Marian Cox





# THE SAD, SAD STORY OF SAMUEL SMITH

by Ignatius Jones

There once was a fellow named Samuel Smith. Now this may not seem like very much of a name to you, but it suited Samuel Smith very well. His friends called him Sammy, and he had many friends. His few enemies called him Mr. Smith, and he eluded them by saying that there were so many Mr. Smiths that they must have the wrong one.

Samuel Smith was a happy man. He had a well-paying, if rather dull, job working for a nice boss; he had a hobby, which was reading science-fiction; and as you already know, he had many friends.

One day a psychiatrist moved into Samuel Smith's home town. He was a very modern and up-to-date young man but unfortunately, not many people in town needed psychiatry. So, just to help the doctor along, Samuel Smith paid him a visit one day.

"Tell me about yourself," said the psychiatrist.



"My name is Samuel Smith," said Samuel Smith, "and that name suits me very nicely as my friends call me Sammy and my enemies call me Mr. Smith and I tell my enemies that I'm the wrong Mr. Smith because there are so many Smiths. I have a job for a nice boss and I have a hobby, which is reading science-fiction."



"Science-fiction," said the psychiatrist. "That is escape literature and reading escape literature means that you are not happy. That must be because you do not like your boss and because your name is not unusual enough to be proud of. You must quit your job and change your name."

So Samuel Smith quit his job and changed his name to Menasha O'Balogna. His friends could not find him because they looked for a man with a different name, but his enemies trapped him because there is no other man called Mr. O'Balogna. Now he had no job and no friends, and his enemies are always chasing him, but he must be well adjusted because he doesn't read science-fiction any more, not having any time to spare on a hobby.

— Ignatius Jones

((The above story is NOT reprinted from  
Amazing Stories Magazine.))



# COMMOTION

.....being mostly letters from the readers

ROBERT McMILLAN

May I second the motion that fandom go into direct competition with the U.S. Postal Department. Just think! Shelby Vick on a three-cent stamp. Of course, we could get Chesley Bonestell to do all the stamps. Then we could have a special Most-Class Mail Service, to handle all fan correspondence. Does anyone know where we could rent some old Post Office buildings?

- - - - -

DOROTHY SHISLER

Cancha read or somethin? Doncha know that "MOTÉ" is Kwakiutl for "left-horn-of-an-aged-buffalo"? And in Kwakiutl that's a very dirty word. I wouldn't even try to tell you what "Re:Mote" means. It would take a red typewriter ribbon to indicate the necessary blushes, and this one is solid black.

Needless to say, I have a solution to the problem raised by Bergeron (just call me soluble Shisler). Have Fanvariety Enterprises issue an edict to the effect that every zined must purchase an unabridged dictionary of each language in the world. (Excuse me a minute while I phone my broker to load up on Consolidated Dictionary). Then before he can print any word, he must look it up in every dictionary to make sure it won't offend anyone, from Arab to Zulu. This will necessitate

a perfectly enormous staff, thus enabling lots and lots of deserving fen to get their names on the masthead as researchers. To simplify the whole thing, all those dictionaries would take up all the space on the premises, thus making it impossible to publish any fanzines.

Personally I prefer Clarkson facetious. However, I won't scream the place down if he continues to divide up "Glom" (Swahili for "the chief's pig has two feet in the trough" or how dirty can you get?



BOBBY STEWART

Re Re:Mote --- I'm for humorous fiction and non-fiction, very little serious non-fiction and no serious fiction. If I want serious fiction, I'll get myself a prozine. It's much better there.

My only complaints against MOTÉ are:

- {1} small size
- {2} delay in letter column
- {3} violet illos when you could have them in 4 colors.

((I guess this is as good a place as any to answer those complaints, as there were several who complained of the same things. (1) The small size is helped a bit with the addition of 8 more pages in this issue. It probably won't get any larger for some time, due to lack of more time to devote to it. (2) The delay in getting the letter column started is cor-



rected right here. (3) No 4-color illos in MOTE for the present at least, as I'm not satisfied with the results obtained with colors on a longer hekto run. Purple is the strongest hekto color, so I'll stick to it for now.--rp))

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#### DON CANTIN

Rich's Roundup I just didn't care for. No mag is perfect, and since I'm no collector, his last column didn't interest me at all... and a column should have universal appeal. Browne's bit was self-egobooing, and had no story to tell, but it struck me just right and I liked it. Bergeron's column is good, but I've asked a few Polish people about the word "Ghuvna" and they say it doesn't mean anything. Is Serxner a relative of yours? I dunno, but I can't latch on to him. GLOM I like muchlyer. Contest winners.... Dot's is logical, but the thing I like best is fandom's own postal system.

-----

#### VERNON L. MCCAIN

This Naaman is certainly muchly superior to some of those other artists you've been using. And even Bergeron turns in probably the best illos of his career, to date.

Lupoff impresses me as someone who should be forcibly restrained from his typewriter until he has had considerably



more time logged both as an sf reader and an sf writer. A person is justified in reaching any conclusion he wishes. But if he wishes those opinions to be taken seriously they should be accompanied by details as to why he feels as he does.

Browne, acceptable.... Ditto Bergeron. Stan Serxner's story is superior for fan-fiction.

Re previous use of the completely 'original' word GLOM. It was used as a title for a fanzine published by that very obscure fan, Forrest J. Ackerman. Ran for several issues.... around '47 - '48.

But, all in all, your appearance is still miles ahead of your material.

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#### RICH LUPOFF

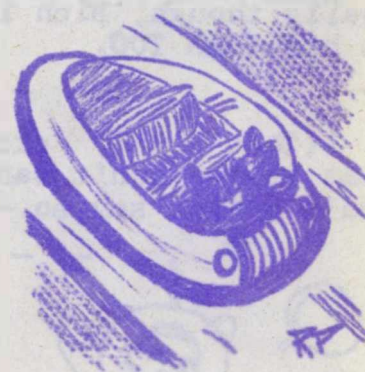
..... One gripe, though ---- Don't cut out fiction. Keep to short stuff or go for long ones or even serials; publishe light stuff or heavy, but don't cut it out altogether.

Of course just what is fiction can be debated. In your supposedly fiction-less third issue, you may say that the flying saucer piece was an article, but to my way of thinking it was fiction, all fiction, and nothing but fiction.

-----

#### RAE SHAFIRO

Liked Lupoff's disertation on the fate





of Marvel, but think that the writing could have been improved a bit. It read well, but should've read better.

I thought you said, in the editorial, that Mote #3 had no fiction. But what do you call Browne's offering? Certainly, had he wanted to meet Willis, he could have. Walt, although a bit bewildered and baffled by some things, was more than glad to meet any and all fans who wished to meet him.

As for Bergeron, he's a damn good artist, but suffers a bit when he uses a pen to write rather than to draw. For instance, GHUVNA is not a cuss word in Polish, as he states. Fillinger's zine's name was comprised of the two words 'ghu' (who is a fannish ghod) and 'vna' (which is only part of a Polish cuss word). Actually though, Rich is never given a chance in his THEN TOO. It's too short.

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((That's all, except to warn everyone that if you don't want your letter printed, you'd better say so.--rp)).

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