

MOTE

No. 6



Re: MOTE

...being mostly prattle by the editor

Y'PAYS YER MONEY AN' Y'TAKES YER CHERCE...

In case you don't like MOTE's regular letter column COMMOTION, I've got just the thing for you in this issue. Just turn to page 12 for Douglas Graves' version of a pro letter column. In fact, I recommend reading it even if you do like the regular letter column. There's more truth than poetry there.....

ENIGMA REDOUBLED...

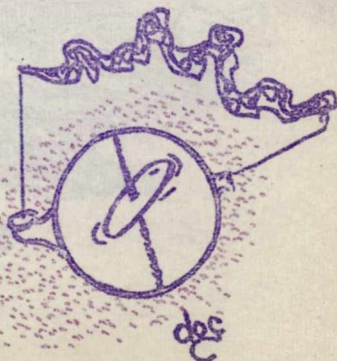
In regard to the tale ENIGMA on page 18 --- I've received the following letter. I don't say that it explains the enigma to any extent, but here it is nevertheless:

"Dear Bob:

"We have a time-paradox on our hands, in the finest s-f tradition--you see, I was shilly - shallying around in my time-machine last winter and I got lonesome for some nice spring weather so I tamped forward to sometime in May and read the new crop of fanzines.

ENIGMA was printed in one of them--MOTE

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(cont. on page 4)

a fanvariety enterprises publication

MOTE

Issue No. 6

May - 1953

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Inside illos by Terry Carr, Steve Brady, Bob Stewart, Don Martin, Ray Thompson, Robert McMillan, George Vikenina and the editor.

MOTE is published bi-monthly by Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr. Material is welcome, in fact, solicited, with humor and/or satire preferred.

5¢ per copy

25¢ per year

#6 to be exact--so I copied it down, came back to January and sent it out to a number of people whom I thought might get a mild yakk out of it.

There were 58 copies sent out--and I don't know if any fanzines have printed it yet or plan to do so. I doubt it. So you may feel free to run it. In fact--you must run it in MOTE #6.

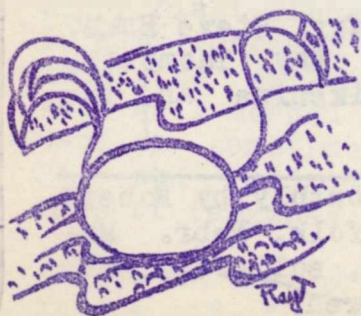
Otherwise how could I have seen it there??

Inscrutably yours,

E. Nigma"

ANNISH TIME...

Next time me and MOTE come around will be MOTE's anniversary issue. And, since it seems to be the current fad, I'm planning somewhat of a special issue to celebrate the occasion. If present plans work out, it should be a 50 - 60 pager. On hand so far is stuff by Vernon McCain, Hal Shapiro, Russell Watkins, Don Cantin, Rich Lupoff and Dick Clarkson; also full-page illos by Naaman and Bergeron; maybe other stuff too. Altogether, it should make a fairly competent issue.



Because of the increased size, the annish will cost you a dime instead of the usual nickel if you're subscribing for one issue at a time. But if you have a subscription running through #7, you'll get it at

the regular price. No change either for contributors' or trade copies. The info on the mailing wrapper should let you know just how you stand. But, remember, if I've checked that "This is your last copy" line, you'd better get your dime in if you want to receive the annish, or you're liable to find yourself on the outside looking in a long about July. A word to the wise....?



OH, NO! NOT QUESTION SHEETS..

Recently one of MOTE's contributors suggested that I start using a question sheet in order to get a fairly accurate indication of the readers' reaction to various material. He said that wrong impressions are often formed from comments published in the letter columns. While I can see the benefits to the contributors at least, I still don't care much for question sheets. So I'm going to try a sort of compromise. Rather than hand along a separate sheet listing the material, I'm going to ask you to just rate each piece in this issue in your letter (or on a post card) according to this system. Rate each item according to the degree to which you liked (or disliked) it, as follows:

- 1 -- Liked very much.
- 2 -- Liked moderately.
- 3 -- Neutral. Neither pro nor con.
- 4 -- Disliked moderately.
- 5 -- Disliked very much.

And in the next issue, I'll try to show percentage-wise just how many readers rated

each item in which category.

How about it? Can I count on you to help?

AND NOW FOR THE ODDS AND ENDS...

This issue is being sent out about one week late for no reason in particular (except perhaps that it wasn't ready and sooner). But ol' Gattai "miscommunication" has been playing hob with my publication date. Looks as if I'll have to get an extra early start on the next issue if I hope to have it out by July 1st. I've got my fingers crossed, anyway...

Recent additions to the list of Fanvariety Enterprises zines include: VEGA, published by Joel Nydahl, 119 S. Front St., Marquette, Mich. and STF & NONSENSE, published by Phil Castora, 331 Ashland Ave., Pittsburgh 28, Pa and Jack Harness, 299 Church St, Meadville, Pa. A list of the other member zines was published in the last NOTE.

Quote: "TASFIQ IN RETROSPECT, a report on the 10th Annual S-F Convention in Chicago. Reports by Katz, Shapiro, Venable, Clarkson, Macauley, Willis, Gibson, Carr, Ellison, Mosher, Browne, etc., art by Bergeron, Ward, Harness, etc., cover by Bergeron (lithoed), special photo section and cartoon section. Price \$1.50, order from: Bill Venable, 610 Park Place, Pittsburgh 9, Pa." Unquote.

Remember the Annish next time. And the deadline for material in it will be June 10th....positively!!!

Till then.....

* EAST OF THE SOUTHERN GALAXY *

by A. Robot Miner

'Twas a dark and lonely night; the Spaceship was in the void. The Captain cried, "Clarence me bhoys, tell us the story please." And Clarence replied: "Twas a dark and lonely night; the Spaceship was in the void. The Captain cried, "Alabaster me bhoys, tell us the story please." And Alabaster replied, "Twas a dark and lonely night; The Spaceship was in the void. The Captain cried, "Philiblister me bhoys, tell us the story please." And Philiblister replied, "Twas a dark and lonely night; the Spaceship was in the void. The Captain cried, "Grundoon me bhoys, tell us the story please." And Grundoon replied, "Twas a dark and lonely night; the Spaceship was in the void. The Captain cried, "Igor me bhoys, tell us the story please." And Igor replied, "Twas a dark and lonely night; the Spaceship was in the void. The Captain cried, "Argeneld me bhoys, tell us the story please." And Argeneld replied, "Well, y'see cap'n, it's like this; I'm walking along this alley see and these two broads at the other end of the alley start running towards me. Well, being no fool, I stayed there. For a minute I almost forgot I was on Venus, but as soon as I saw that these dames were Venusians, I ran like hell. I ran towards a bar and had a drink; I could hear some men in the other booth, one was saying: "Twas a dark and lonely night; the Spaceship was in the void. The Captain cried, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night. Even tho it hurts."

THE END



by Fred Chappell

Nobody ever thought that Bill Williams had any special talent for anything; Bill himself didn't, as a matter of fact. But one day he was standing talking with a bunch of boys and he happened to spit on the sidewalk --- for no reason particularly --- just to be spitting --- or maybe he wanted to emphasize a point; anyway, when he spat he spat out a diamond. He saw it shine and heard it clink on the cement.

He didn't think he could really spit diamonds; he thought he was going crazy, so he spat again. Another diamond fell from his lips. "Look," he said to the others, "I can spit diamonds." They didn't believe him so he spat another diamond. So they found out that he could spit diamonds.

And for a long time after that, whenever he wanted to buy something, he simply

spat a diamond upon the counter. The clerks never did believe it at first, but they soon were assured.

This went on for about a month, until one day some psychiatrists heard about it and came to see Bill. "We have come to see about you," they said, "We have heard some people say that you can spit diamonds."

"I can," said Bill

"No you can't," they said. "We have already told you once --- nobody can spit diamonds. You must be crazy."

"Crazy?" he said.

"Yes, that's it. You are crazy. Nobody can spit diamonds. Come along, we are going to take you to the bug house. You sure are crazy."

"But I'm not crazy," he said. "You can't take me away."

"Oh yes we can," they said. "We are."

Then they grabbed him and started carrying him off. He fought them, but they held on. He made red spots on their arms with his fists; he made blue spots on their shins with his kicking feet.

"You sure are crazy," they said. "Nobody can spit diamonds."

He made deep cuts in their faces with his diamonds.

--Fred Chappell

GLOM:

the nondescriptive column...

by Dick Clarkson

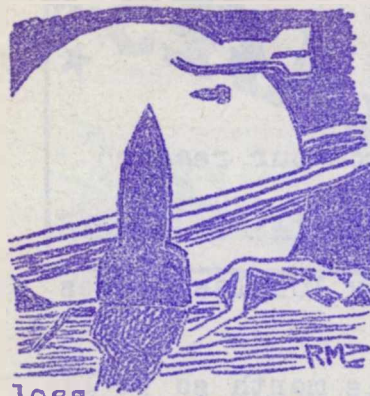
If I'm on an off-beat, you'll have to 'scuse it this time, since this is definitely a rush deal. My own fault, I'll admit, but that doesn't give me any more time. Bob has been hollering at me to meet this particular deadline, and I'm damned if I know what I want to say. This is all ad-lib, and it's more'n liable to be somewhat worse than lousy.. But let's see what makes.

First off, I've seen a couple of comments saying that some of the things I've been using aren't original. I never said they were. I couldn't make a statement like that. But as far as I'm concerned, they were. As far as I know, "GLOM" I thought up all by mine little lonesome. Since then, I've seen it used in a number of places, but when I wrote it out for the first time, I had no idea that such a "word" already existed. So all of the stuff which I may borrow, I'll ack. Okay?



Next comes an unexpected plug --- Johnny Magnus, take a bow. As a recent member of FANVARIETY ENTERPRIS-

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ES, his fanzine, F-F, is coming up fast along the rail. Though the title isn't particularly a new thought it's a damn fine zine. Send a dime to him at 9612 Second Ave., Silver Spring, Md., and you'll see what I mean. I don't think you'll count the dime as a loss.

It has been brought to my attention that there have recently been discovered several new bird life-forms which hadn't been known to exist heretofore. It says here that the Jorp bird, though now extinct, was at one time the sole inhabitant of Egypt. It laid triangular eggs and said "Ouch". Hence, the pyramids. But of more interest is its cousin, the geeffe bird. This creature has singular habits and is very rare. This comes as a result of the fact that its offspring is always limited to two, and that immediately after the eggs hatch the two parents begin to fly around in ever-increasing speed and ever-decreasing concentric circles until they fly into their own mouths and disappear. The third, the South African Desert Ostrich, has its habits completely reversed from most normal ostriches. When scared, it hides its rear end in the sand, and belches long and loud. Hence, the trade winds.

As the baby polar bear said when it sat down on an iceberg, "My tale is told".

-- Dick Clarkson

THE ETHER COAGULATES

Featuring letters from our readers

Sam Fitts, Editor

by Douglas Graves

Quite a few letters this month so we'll pitch right into 'em--and vice versa:

THAT NAME BUSINESS AGAIN
by Mariun Hentz

Dear Sam:

U? UUUUUUU-U-U-U!!! Spell it wit' a "U", ya' big ole jerk! Chu, how tahrred I's gettin' of you slobb spelling my name with an "E"!!!!

That's "Mariuuuuuuuuu"---watch it, after this or I'll get mad, see?

But to get down to business...

I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in high school. This is the first letter I ever wrote to an editor.

I enjoyed "That Time on Torquo", even if it did stink to high heaven. "The Clockwise Revolution" was good, altho lousily written. The plot stank too and I thought the characterization was atrocious. "Seven Pointed Star" set you back 87 issues---how horrible can a guy get? All in

all, one of the most monumentally dreary issues you've ever perpetrated, Sam, and I loved every word of it.

FRIGHTENING FANTASY FICTION is still my favorite mag. Sam, and like I wrote you last month, I will always buy it, even if I didn't think it wasn't worth near as much as you charge.

When are you going to cut the price to a dime?

119 Cornplaster Ct.
Lima, Ohio

We're sorry about that name business. Mariuuuuuuuu. We'll try not to let it happen again. We plan to drop our rates to a dime the day Horace Silver does a special editorial for Jack Bromedary's INSOMNIA SCIENCE FICTION. Until then, cough up the quarters, Mari-in.

NAME OF A SNAFROID SMOGGLIFOTTER
by Embrone Foglight

Dear Sam:

I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in hs. I m wrtg the n th nw abrvtd script sz sgetd in ur 1st r-trl. If u hv tabl rgt t, u hv urslf 2 blm. I bt u dont prnt the lttr, bt I lk 2 C U, n-wy.

735 Lower Oglerp Gulch Parkway
Prack, Ia.

Wht dd h sy?

BRIEF, AND TO THE...
by Luden Wulga

Dear Sam:

I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in high school. This is the first letter I ever wrote to an editor.

Ghu Damn these yerks who are always writing, wanting more and deeper plunging necklines. I favor an entirely different approach.

I'm for swooping hem-lines.

13906 W. Angstrom Ave.,
Brantford, Ontario, Canada

PS I just bet you won't print this letter!

How much y'wanna bet?

HIGH DUDGEON AND LOW COMEDY
by Joan L. Mongoose

Dear Sam:

I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in high school. This is the first letter I ever wrote to an editor.

You make me so mad, Sam Pitte! Always printing pictures of shameless naked women in your magazine. If you don't cut it out, I won't borrow a copy from my friend anymore. I just can't stand those nudes. I think they are awful. I don't see why any body reads your filthy so-called magazine.

Down with naked women!

9612 Second Avenue,
Silver Spring, Maryland.

You definitely have a point there,
Joanie-gai. But maybe a different hair-
do...

YO-HO! AND A JUG OF XENO!
by Harly Nellison

Dear Sam:

Well, you take the fur-lined birdbath?
(oops---purty near forgot!)

I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in high school. This is the first letter I ever wrote to an editor.

As I was saying in my last letter, Sam, you should oughta get more and nuder nudes. Then you came up with that Finnley on page 47 to illo the yarn about the spores in the itching-powder.

Ghu-Whu---was that something? Ho Boy. Gosh, wow, Gaeae!

My Ma took my copy away. Please send me another copy of your Augustish quick-er'n quickest.

And send it in a plain wrapper, hey?

Apt. 616, 12701 Bulfogg Blvd.,
Cincinnati, N. Y.

Not on your lifebuoy, hn. Don't catch
us contributing to the delinquency of a
Minor....!

--Douglas Graves

fortissimo

a new column...

by Bert Hirschhorn

This, as you will soon find out, is a column. Furthermore, it is the first installment. And, as you shall discover, it has nothing to do with music as the title might suggest. All of this dribble is merely an attempt to get started with the column -- so disregard it.

One of the most important and most unique aspects of fandom is its fanzines. Through fanzines, fans are kept in touch with each other, write their masterpieces, get their gripes off their respective chests, and so on. Fanzines also provide a certain degree of enjoyment. The clean kind also.

But to put out a fanzine is a labor of love, a method of madness, and a sure way to go broke. Pity the poor faned. His work never ends, his money flows faster than mercury and he is probably the most criticized person in fandom.

The mortality rate among fanzines is very high. Many of them don't last (some don't deserve to) more than three issues. There are well over fifty of them and fans have to choose carefully before doling out the money for a sub.

There is no secret in publishing a good fanzine. There is no panacea. It's all a matter of hard work and good reproduction. A friend recently said to me that if you know how to run a mimeo and how to write softsoap letters you're in. Some fans have gained fame that way. But yet you find a subtle difference between a good mag and a leader. QUANDRY made fame not because Lee could write soft soap but because of her special personality.

Reproduction is most important. And most aspiring faneds are in trouble because of lack of experience -- which marks



their fanzine as unpopular. Few fanzines recover from this virtual ban. SPACESHIP has been one of the few. We like to consider ourselves one too (for the uninformed - I am a faned!).

A parting word of advice to would-be-eds. First, get acquainted with as many people as you can. They will always be of great help. Secondly, practice reproduction till it's perfect. Finally, realize that you'll have to lose an awful lot in printing.

Recommended Readings Dept:

I "found" an old book the other day. It is Norman Mailer's famous "Naked and the Dead". This book is a forceful, brutal story about soldiers and their weaknesses.

The reason I recommend it is not be-
17 (cont. on page 19)

ENNGMA?

On they slogged through the impenetrable jungle, these intrepid three, Briggs, La Toni and Federspiel. No fear they knew, fearless, staunch, indomitabobble.

The thrill of being the first to probe the depths of a new planet---to classify the flora and fauna--this was what brought them a quintillion angstrom units from their native Terra.

Then...it happened! They were plodding along, single-file, when a long, prehensile arm reached impossibly out through the thick mass of undergrowth and snaked the center man, Luigi La Toni, the botanist, squirming and screaming off out of sight.

They held a hasty council of war, Briggs and Federspiel, and set off at a plunging run with proton-blasters at the ready.

Breaking through the clinging vegetation, they saw -- natives. They were grouped lumpishly in the center of the clearing.

Some eighteen of the creatures, with squiddish tentacles, great rubbery feet, warty, olive-greenish hides and more eyes than an Idaho potato.

"He's gone!" cried Briggs in a harsh,

choked sob. "They ate him!"

"I'll get the unprintable bugger wot did it!" grated Federspiel. "I'll blow his rotten heathen guts out with this here blaster!"

"Wait!" shrieked Briggs.

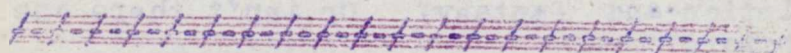
"Whateamatter? Whuffoe I can't blast the blighter? Why can't I get him?"

"Gus, we don't know! We just don't know, I tell you!"

"Don't know what?"

"Which BEM has La Toni?"

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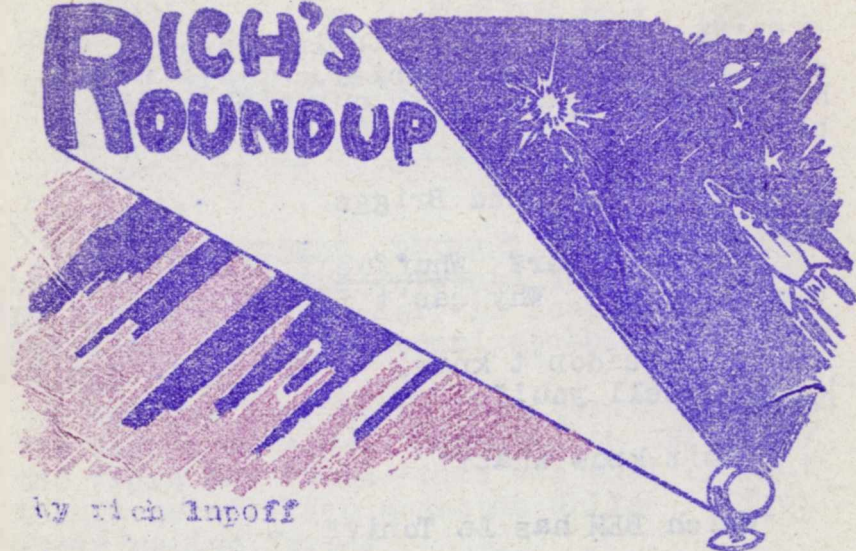


FORTISSIMO (continued)

cause I thought it an especially inspiring book. You find that in everyday life -- with newspapers blaring rapes and murder -- you have little time to appreciate the true sense of values of the good in man. This book so points up all the weak points, fallacies, rottenness in humans that it should make one feel indignant. This book, I believe, will bring about a greater awareness of the good side in people. At least it should make us look harder. Lord knows that we could find a great deal of good in people we previously thought of as "bad".

--Bert Hirschhorn

RICH'S ROUNDUP



by rich lupoff

Where is the borderline between science fiction and fantasy? Or isn't there one anymore?

In December 1950, Hillman Publications brought out the first issue of a short-lived science-fantasy magazine, *WORLDS BEYOND*. Damon Knight was the editor, and in his introduction he wrote as follows:

"...The 'pure' science-fiction story is almost nonexistent; it has acquired the flavor and freedom of fantasy. 'Pure' fantasy is equally doomed by the new attitudes and knowledge that science has introduced; but at the same time the principles of science-fiction writing have given it new life. ...The hybrid...is strongly alive. ...You won't find 'wiring-diagram' science-fiction stories here, or Gothic horror-fantasy...but the whole field in between..."

Remember, these are Mr. Knight's words

not mine. Yet, while I rather disagree with him, there is some justification to his words. Is there a real difference between magic and science, or is the difference merely in attitude? Here are a couple of excerpts from stories that might appear in. let's pick *WIERD TALES* and *AMAZING STORIES* for our examples:

"...He had finished laying out the mystic design with the magic chalk, sprinkled the conjure-powders inside the pentacal, and lit the magic incense. The strange vapors rose, and gradually taking form in their midst the sorcerer saw Graglioth the Terrible, fabled demon of the underworld."

Okay, pure fantasy, right? Now let's take another excerpt with a strangely familiar ring to it:

"...The physicist had finished laying out the hyper-radioactive powder in the design discovered to be optimum strength for attempting to pierce the fourth dimension, and applied the catalytic agent. The floor seemed to waver and fade as the interdimensional warp formed. Then, slowly becoming visible he saw what meant that he was in luck; one of the strange creatures known to inhabit Earth's fourth-dimensional sister world was 'coming through'."

Get it? Some Voodoo witch-doctor, not understanding why certain things happen ascribes them to a spirit, while a white-coated scientist gives



it a fancy name and pretends that he understands. Probably he is no closer to the truth than his primitive colleague.

Yet there may be the rub (courtesy Wm. Shakespeare). I kind of think that the difference between science-fiction and fantasy lies in the attitude of the writer and the reader. Sure, despite what Mr. Knight may say, neither pure science-fiction nor pure fantasy is dead. All the proof one needs of that is a look at Hugo Gernsback's new SCIENCE FICTION PLUS and the above mentioned WIERD TALES. But Mr.

Knight was on the right track, for roughly 80% of today's science and fantasy fiction lies in the "field in between", tending to one side or the other, but far from "wiring diagram" or "Gothic" genres.

The best example of a man writing in "the great in-between" is A. E. van Vogt. The old test of "Is it in accordance with known scientific laws or extrapolations thereof?" throws almost all his stories into the fantasy classification. But the new standard of "What is his attitude?" leaves no doubt that he is a science-fiction writer.

Where is the borderline? It's in your mind if there is one.

-- Rich Lupoff

COMMOTION

...being mostly letters by the readers

NAL SHAPIRO

What is going on in MOTE? Is there a scheme to split fandom into two rival groups? That is, two groups that will encompass all of fandom? If MOTE 5 is any indication, we will soon see a big clash between a group of fans all named Bob Stewart and a similar group of fans, all named Walt Willis. This must cease. have spoken.

I found Bergeron extremely interesting. Which is something I didn't expect. Now, if he can keep up the quality of writing, and quality and quantity of artwork and publish his own subzine pretty soon, and take up other fannish work, he may soon become known as the Orson Welles or Gene Kelly of Fandom. 'Tis possible.

Cantin's and Lupoff's satires are exceptionally well done; with WISHIN: INTER-PLANETARY easily taking a first place, second only, in fact, to the cover in the entire zine. THE ILLUSTRATED HAM, HOFFMAN IN WONDERLAND, and THE MARIONETTE MASTERS came in that order, as far as I'm concerned. However, there'll undoubtedly be those who'll disagree with me.

Tsk. Taken again. Found out, after I'd written that last letter, that Clark-

son's "goat-chlorophyll" poem was not an original item. Tak. Again.

JORL NYDAHL

NOTE #5 received, digested, and ready to be commented on.

The dittoing job was questionable in quality, but it being your first try at the thing I can sympathize with you fully. It wasn't the worst I've ever seen though. ((You mean you could read your copy?)) The cover was well done and I liked those colors. Why not use color in the interior illos as long as you've got a ditto? ((It shall be done.))

Most enjoyed I think was Rich Lupoff's satires..... Really clever. More. ((Are you there, Richard?))



Bergeron's piece was very good, as was Thompson's. In fact everything was just hunky-dorry. ((Okay. I'm blushing!))

SHERBY VICK

I particularly liked Naaman's cover, and the beautiful colors! And your lengthy editorial. I am in favor of lengthy editorials.....but didn't think much of the ditto reproduction; kinda faint; hekto was better.

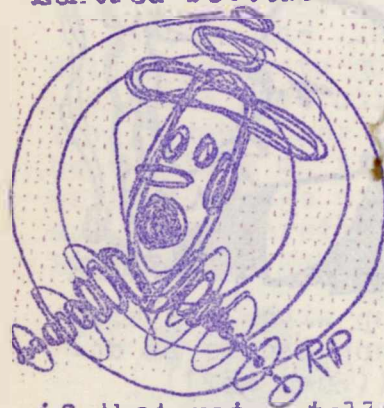
...I liked Bergeron's column, and the

letter column was interesting, and I agree with you on reprinting PAL MAXY SF, which I was lucky enuf to receive first hand, but enjoyed re-reading...

...that thing on your back page; the illo by Ray. Didn't you put that in upside down...? ((Let's turn it!))

CHARLES WELLS

I don't like your dittoing. It stinks. But I realize that this is your first bout with the ditto, and that you will improve with time. Nevertheless, I liked NOTE hektoed better.



The cover was beautiful. I am astonished that you painted each copy separately. That shows you are a real faaaaan. ((Not I.Naaman.))

Those three stories would have been a thousand times better if that note telling people that no insults were intended to the authors had not been put in with it. I bet no one would have written in complaining anyway.

ORVILLE W. MOSHER III

Like your cover for your zine (by naaman). Nice illo on page 7, but not art. You make a nice draftsman, though.

PAUL MITTELBRUSCHER

MOTE received. Ashman's cover was good tho I can't quite conceive of a guy with GREEN hair, at least not an earthling. ((Artistic privilege, y'know.))

I agree 101% with Rich Bergeron. Only thing wrong with GALAXY is its artwork. Ashman is nothing but an ink-smearer while Emsh makes all his humans look ridiculous; they all resemble walking corpses. Of course one can find worse cases.....FANTASTIC and AMAZING for example...

Like your suggestion that everyone at the coming con use the name Walter A. Willis; however I prefer to use my own alias.... H. G. Wellpreserved... "boy drug-atic". ((?))

Enjoyed Thompson's piece.....how true.. the only time I can come up with anything worth while is when I'm supposed to be doing something else..... ((Such as?))

Got any back issues of MOTE? ((Nope... sorry.))

DON CANTIN

COMMENTS ON MOTE DEPT: The cover was a thing of beauty. How come no solid red..? One complaint tho. The ish I rec'd was fairly light....hard to read. ((Please! Don't brag! So was everyone else's.)) Bergeron's column is very good. You tell



him that. ...By the way, I'm a reviewer now. Want your zine reviewed? Too late, it already is. ((That was fast.)) I don't want to lie about any zine I review, so if you want a good review..... ((Are you threatening me?))

RUSSELL K. WATKINS

Best item was "How Not to Write for FMEZ". You also have a couple of well qualified columns that keep your zine interesting. ((Than k'you.))

BOBBY STEWART

Best in the ish was PUBLIC OPINION with 5 pages to go on Bergeron really loose and gave out with his best. ((...)) tion, you other columnists? You too can be the life of the party? You too can write a 5-page column for MOTE? Do I hear any volunteers?)) Where are the other Bob Stewarts? Maybe we can start a Bob Stewart



art Fan Club and publish the BOPZINE TWINS LULLITEN. For a cover picture, each one would have a mirror pasted on the front page. Stop laughing and let me think. ((Who's laughing?)) We've got to work something big out of this so we can all become

BNFs. If we can just work it right.....

You lied to me when you said that you weren't the writer type. If not, what are

you, the type writer? ((Gotta do something about that boy.))

Front cover.....Did Naaman have any say about what to color it? ((He sure did. He colored it.)) Let's see you explain this one off as having a point to it. ((Well... er!...ah...what did you say it was supposed to be, Naaman?))

Re Rich's Roundup: It must have been pretty hard for Phillip Nolan to "pen a story" as he was a character in MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY and I saw no mention in it of him doing such a thing. The real author of MWAC was Edward Everett Hale.

Re HOFFMAN IN WONDERLAND: Did his original copy say that he kicked her in the "ribs"? Just wondering..... ((Where else did you have in mind?))

WILD ENGLISH

Thanks for the copy of MOTE which I have obviously received. The artwork is very excellent and sufficiently wierd throughout. I especially like the cover (nice coloring) and your p7 illo.



As to // worlds---- in stories, yes; in "reality", no. As I see things, if a thing could possibly have happened another way, it would have.

((That's all of the COMOTION for this session.--rp))