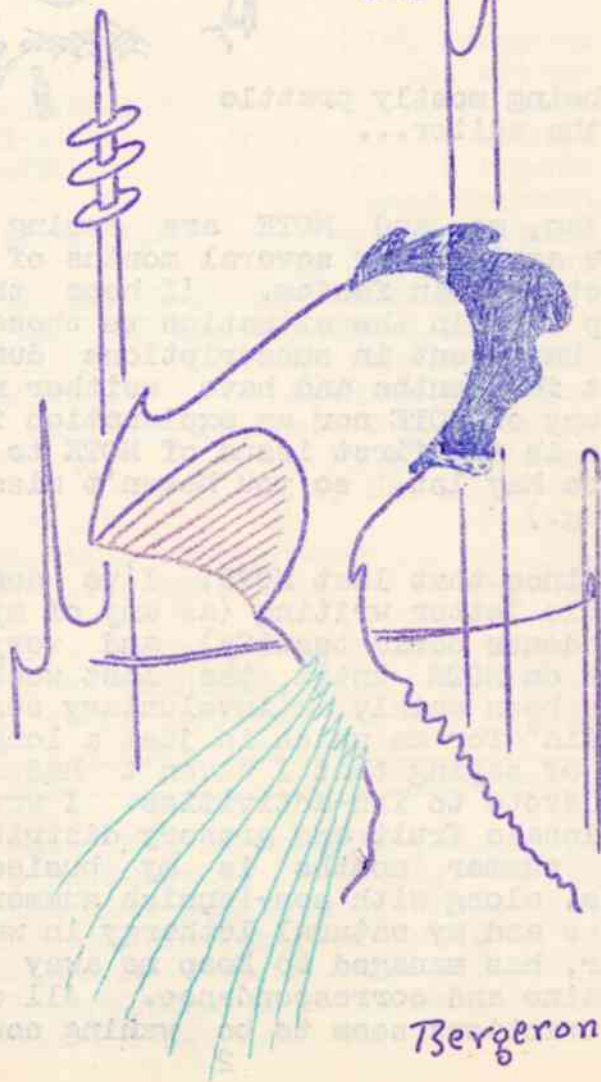


MOTE

No. 7

ISSUES



Bergeron

Re:Mote...



...being mostly prattle
by the editor...

Yep, me and MOTE are coming back to life again after several months of virtual inactivity in fandom. (I hope this will help explain the situation to those of you who have sent in subscriptions during the past few months and have neither received a copy of MOTE nor an explanation from me. This is the first issue of MOTE to appear since May 1st, so you haven't missed anything.)

Since that last MOTE, I've done very little letter writing (as any of my correspondents could testify) and very little work on MOTE until the last week or so. It's been mainly an involuntary session of "gafia" for me which is just a long-winded way of saying that I haven't had any time to devote to fan-activities. I work for a wholesale fruit and grocery distributor and the summer months is my busiest time. This, along with non-fannish summer activities and my natural lethargy in warm weather, has managed to keep me away from my fanzine and correspondence. All of these distractions seem to be waning now, so I

the fanvariety enterprises publication"

MOTE

Issue No. 7

"Annish"

July - 1953

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Full-page illos by Naaman 19, 25, 45

Inside illos by Robert McMillan, Robert E. Gilbert, Dean Grennell, Jack Harness, Ron Fleshman, Jerry Hopkins, and the editor.

5¢ per copy

25¢ per year

MOTE is published bi-monthly (supposedly) by Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr. Material is welcome, with humor, satire and non-fiction preferred.

For the information of reviewers, MOTE is now dittoed and not hektoed.

have hopes of getting back into the swing of things any time now.

This issue (the Annish) is already over two months late but I'm still dating it as the "July" issue as I plan to get back on my regular bi-monthly schedule within another issue or two. So I'll start working on #8 as soon as this one gets into the mail and hope for the best.

Material won't be too much of a problem for a little while as I have a number of pieces that were squeezed out of the Annish and these will appear in the next issue or two. There's stuff by Russell K. Watkins, Dean Grennell, Joel Nydahl, Rich Lupoff and others, so stay with us.

This is Labor Day, Sept. 7, as I'm writing this supposed editorial. (Oh, I Wish I Was In Philly, Awaay, Awaay!) By now it's rather obvious that I didn't get to the Philadelphia convention as I'd planned. Very sad situation, indeed. So I imagine I'll have to content myself with reading the reports of those who were able to attend. (Anyone care to colunteer to do something on the convention for the next MOTE?) And what will it be for next year-----Fan Away To Frisco In The Fall Of Fifty-Four?%% If so, that's just as far from here as Philly. I guess I'll have to start a campaign to bring the convention to the Mid-West to give some of the fans around these parts a chance to attend.

Latest thing in the 3-D line (around these parts, anyhow) is a three-dimensional comic book. It's published by St. John Publishing Co., 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17 and sells for 25¢ per. In case you

haven't seen it, it uses the two-color process (one red and one green lens in the viewing glasses). Some of the effects are pretty good but there is no solidity to the pictures. Looks like flat cut-outs standing at varying distances. I believe an effect of solidity could be obtained with this process, but it would involve more work naturally. This first issue features the adventures of Mighty Mouse. I don't know if he will be continued or not. Seems like the next logical step will be a 3-D Fanzine. It can be done (theoretically, at least). Who will be the first one to try it?

I think I've finally remedied most of my troubles with the ditto. I've got a solution and it's a simple one too. All you have to do to get readable copy with a ditto is to buy the best masters available and then get a new typewriter to cut them. Anyhow, that's what I did and it seems to help. The old Remington portable that I'd had before had pretty badly worn type-face which didn't help much with typing masters. Now I've got a new Smith-Corona portable and I must admit that it does a better job. So if you're using a ditto and having trouble with it, that's my advice....good masters and a new typer.

There are probably a lot of other things that I intended to mention in this issue's session of Re:Mote but they seem to have slipped my mind for the time. Maybe I'll think of them by the next time, which will be just as soon as I can get the next issue out, so till then.....

Bob Peatrowsky

F.O.B. Flying Saucer



by E. R. Kirk

At first, I thought it was an optical illusion, a bad dream or a nightmare because it left in my possession a mysterious rarity...

The little disc came whirring through the air and settled at my feet with a swoosh. I batted my eyes like a toad in a snow storm and looked again. The thing appeared horrible when I stooped over to examine it. It pulsed and vibrated like a poisonous round spider ready to spring upon me. I was terror-stricken.

Then the thought occurred to me that some neighbor's kid had been reading too many science-fiction funnies and was playing fantastic tricks on me, because the tiny pulsating disc was no larger than a good-sized metal wash tub.

But when a miniature door opened near the ringed-edge of the disc and a tiny being less than a foot tall jumped to the ground, I realized that it was neither a bad dream nor a neighbor kid's prank.

It was a real honest-to-goodness flying

saucer from some unknown planet in outer-space and the diminutive creature that controlled it now stood at my feet looking up at me like a country boy calculating the height of a New York skyscraper.

The space pilot had an ugly round head about the size of a billiard ball and about as hairless. There was only one eye placed high up on its face which dilated and contracted in a most weird and hypnotic way. It had no ears and no mouth, and for a nose there was a grotesque thing that looked like a pig's snout. But the most amazing feature about this lilliputian minikin was the twin antennae feelers up-raised from the crown of its head, like rabbit ears, for the sole purpose of transmitting and receiving...thought waves.

Th This sub-human master of the outer-space flying saucer was, indeed, a miniature telepathic robot acting upon its own free initiative.

I thought to destroy the evil-looking thing now bowing low at my feet with outstretched arms. I was the giant and it was a dwarf. I would then own the tiny flying disc and by murdering its pilot I could learn all the scientific secrets of some advanced civilization dwelling in the mysterious realm of outer void.

I raised my right foot to stomp the strange creature into a mass of nothingness---but my foot froze rigid in mid-air, paralyzed by some evil and unknown force beyond human comprehension.

"Wait---wait," the miniature creature

telepathed its message to me in clear and resonant thought impulses. "I have brought you Earthmen something...something besides war and violence..."

"What?" I flashed the telepathic question back to him instantly.

For an answer, the tiny space robot reached through the door of the miniature flying saucer with his three-fingered hand and passed up to me the most amazing and unusual rarity ever to be delivered F.O.B. Flying Saucer.

I gazed at the queer object held in my trembling hands, ornately embellished with strange and fantastic space-monsters.

"Oh, no---no, it can't be," I screamed in terror. "It can't happen here..."

I looked toward the infinitesimal space robot in horror. His thought transference mechanism had picked up my astonished words. His upraised antennae feelers were waving gleefully in the air and he was belly-laughing all over the place.

Then, as if by levitation, the little terrestrial robot entered his flying disc, zoomed straight up into space until his saucer was only a glittering streak---and disappeared.

I gazed again at the mysterious article left in my trembling hands by the tiny mentalist--the 100th anniversary of MOTE, a hilarious and bombastic fanzine edited by one Robert Peatrowsky V, and dated 2053 A.D.

--E. R. Kirk

THE MULTI-PROS



by Vernon L. McCain

One of the commonest terms used in fandom is that of 'pro'. We all know that a large percentage of pros are ex-fans and that an even larger percentage of BNFs of the past wound up as pros.

But just what do we mean by a 'pro'?

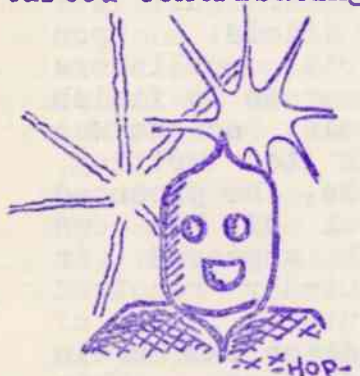
For purposes of this article alone (so please don't argue over my definition with me), I am limiting the term 'pro' to authors, editors, artist, and agents. I am arbitrarily ruling out publishers and book dealers, although many fans have entered these categories; the former because the field holds little interest in the field I intend to discuss; the latter because few make a living out of it and they are essentially parasites on the field; such prodrom has little to do with ability. This might also apply to agents but I'm including them because it makes for interesting comparisons.

What I want to examine in this article is a phenomenon which fascinates me -- that of the multi-talented person who can succeed in more than one field of endeavor -- the Orson Welles or Charlie Chaplins of science-fiction; in other words, the people who have at some time been members of more than one of the branches of pro-dom I've mentioned.

Surely everyone is aware that John W. Campbell (not to mention Don A. Stuart) was one of the two or three most popular writers of the thirties, and went on to become the most distinguished editor science-fiction has ever known; probably the most important figure in the field since H. G. Wells. It is almost as well known that Mr. Campbell's most formidable competitors, such as H. L. Gold and Anthony Boucher, were among the more distinguished former contributors to Mr. Campbell's magazines.

An endless list could proceed from there. It is traditional that editors are

chosen from the ranks of writers and a list of all past and present sf editors would find only rare exceptions who had never written science-fiction. Those who weren't part of the field formerly usually started contributing to their own or other magazines after becoming editors.



So let's just skip editor-writer combinations. They're entirely too common and in most cases too well known.

Let's take a look at some of the rarer and more exotic combinations.

Perhaps the best-known of these is Hannes Bok. To newcomers in fandom it may come as a surprise to learn that this ex-fan who now occasionally produces a cover for various magazines was once not only one of the field's most prolific artists but also a very popular writer.

Actually, his writing never seriously challenged his stature as an artist, though I understand at one time he talked himself into believing he should abandon art for writing. His output as a writer, however, isn't too spectacular. He turned out only a handful of stories during a short period during the early forties, probably reaching his peak with a full-length novel "The Sorcerer's Ship" which appeared in the distinguished UNKNOWN WORLDS. Bok's greatest weakness as a writer was that a childhood addiction for the works of Merritt had resulted in such

a thorough indoctrination in the Merritt style that he was never able to break loose from it and develop a style of his own. Since Merritt was still immensely popular at this time, Bok's stories met with a good response but in 1943 he abandoned writing and shortly after quit illustrating for the fantasy field. Upon Merritt's death, the Merritt publishers chose Bok as the logical person to finish two incomplete Merritt novels, so he was more or less dragooned back to writing. After completing these works, he produced one more full-length novel of his own "The Blue Flamingo", which appeared in STARTLING STORIES and reputedly received one of the most drastic cutting jobs of all time at the hands of editor Sam Merwin to fit it into the allotted space. This is the sole story by which many present-day fans know Bok.

One curious feature was that the story ended almost like the first installment of a serial. Merwin said Bok was to produce a sequel and promised it in the near future.

For years after, hardly an issue went by without some fan reminding Merwin of his promise but the sequel never materialized. This time Bok appears to have put away his typewriter for good.

However, he did return to sf illustrating for a variety of magazines. But in the last 18 months his work seems to have been confined chiefly to covers and it is to be hoped he is finding some satisfac-



tory substitute for the job of sf-pulp illustrating which he was finding increasingly unsatisfactory, both financially and aesthetically.

The list of artist-writers is a fairly short one. Fan Judy May did her own illustrations for her ASF lead story "Dune roller", a couple of years ago. There have been one or two other cases of which I'm ignorant or have temporarily forgotten.

One of the top artists of the '30's, Elliot Dold, had a brief fling at editing the ill-fated MIRACLE SCIENCE and FANTASY STORIES.

But perhaps even more interesting are the people who've managed to distinguish themselves not in just two, but in three of the four fields mentioned above. (So far as I know, no one ever managed to work in all four.)

Probably the most obscure person to ever hold the three-way palm was Dorothy Les Tina, a name which probably will meet a complete lack of recognition from 95% of the people reading this.

This young woman had a brief frenetic encounter with science-fiction in the early forties. One of the first prozines I ever read contained a story by Dorothy Les Tina plus at least one illustration by her. There was also a Bok novelet which he himself had illustrated. Is it surprising that I came to the conclusion that science-fictioners were surprisingly multi-talented? My interest in the matter stems from that summer day ten years ago and culminates with this article. I was somewhat

surprised to notice, just before writing this, that contrary to my general notions that Miss Les Tina had half a dozen or so published sf stories to her credit, the Don Day Index lists only one. Her illustrating, while limited, was a little more widespread. She also worked, during the same period, as an Assistant Editor on one of the sf chains; Popular, I believe.

She left her job to join the WAC's and more or less simultaneously became one of Frederik Pohl's many wives.



JH

Since the war she's almost totally vanished from the sf field. One of the writer's magazines carried an article a while back which mentioned her in a list of otherwise distinguished names of pulp writers who'd moved on to the slicks and in his FAPazine, Bob Tucker mentioned giving her a ride from one Midwestern town to another during the

winter of '50-'51.

Interestingly enough, the man who was briefly her husband, Frederik Pohl, is himself a three-timer. The first sf-editor for the Popular chain, he founded SUPER SCIENCE and ASTONISHING, probably promoting them from his position as an agent. He has a long list of stories and collabora-

tions to his credit over the preceeding twelve years, mostly under pen-names.

His partner, the late Dirk Wylie, also had a few stories to his credit.

The Futurians went in for agenting. Both Wollheim and Lowndes started out this way and managed to break into editing. Both, of course, wrote many stories though I believe Lowndes gave up writing some years ago.

Sam Moskowitz, Jimmy Taurasi, possibly other fans, had brief unsuccessful flings at agenting. Moskowitz also made a brief try at writing.

Only present ex-fan agents though, are Pohl and Forrest Ackerman. Ackerman, in addition, has made something of a career out of being an unsuccessful writer.

Another three-wayer (and this will probably surprise a number of people) is Jerome Bixby, former editor of PLANET STORIES and until recently Assistant Editor of the Standard chain. It's widely known that Bixby is a sometimes writer under a variety of names. But how many of you knew he'd



ever done any illustrating? Certainly not I, not until I happened to stumble across an illustration bearing his signature in an issue of PLANET which came out shortly before he ascended to the podium. While nothing spectacular, the illustration showed

as much or more skill than that possessed by many artists appearing regularly in various promags. As far as I know this is the only time anything drawn by Bix appeared professionally (or anyplace else) but it undeniably puts him in our limited list of three-way pros.



JW

But almost certainly the most spectacular success of any three-way operator was that of Damon Knight. Knight, like most of the rest of the pros mentioned in this article, an ex-fan, is today one of our most distinguished writers. Along with Fritz Leiber, J. T. M'Intosh, Walter Miller and perhaps one or two others, he is one of that very small handful of writers who alone are staving off the mediocrity that is tending to engulf the entire field of science-fantasy in these present days of commercial success. The rest of the people on this list, in addition to being multi-talented have one thing in common; none of them were able to do more than one thing really well and a large percentage of them weren't outstanding in any of the jobs they tried. Eliminating the author-editors mentioned at first, there isn't a single topflight writer in the list. But Damon Knight has really arrived in this field and is one of the most irreplaceable of our current assets.

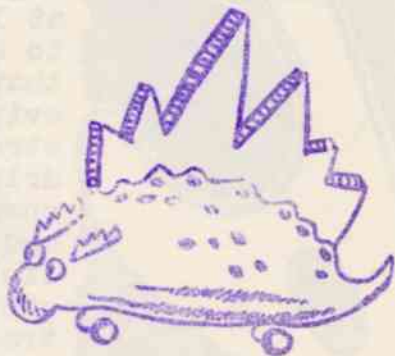
Knight also was an editor. During the mid-forties he had a number of jobs in various publishing concerns, at one time editing a Western magazine. When SUPER

SCIENCE was revived he was made assistant to editor Ejlar Jakobbson. In 1950 he left SSS to edit his own magazine, the large-budgeted WORLDS BEYOND, which lasted only three issues.

Now, frankly, I never cared for Knight's editing now WORLDS BEYOND.

But it received lavish praise from fandom, perhaps even more than GALAXY which debuted around the same time. Many were the shrieks of anguish from fandom's ranks when the magazine folded and an occasional moan is still heard for its return. One well-known fan, not known for being at all generous with praise, recently referred to it, in a letter to me, as 'uncommonly good'. So, reluctantly, I'll also have to pin a merit badge on Knight, the editor.

But perhaps the most interesting facet of Knight's career to me, because it is the least known, is his artistic history. During the early forties when Bok and Finlay were riding high, completely dominating the field, a rash of Bok imitators arose. Undoubtedly the two best and most original of these were Knight and Boris Dolgov. While almost certainly strongly imitative of Bok, Knight's drawings were less stylized, and more natural. To add to the confusion, Bok and Knight were doing their illustrating during this period for the same magazines, and these same magazines were printing stories by both Bok and



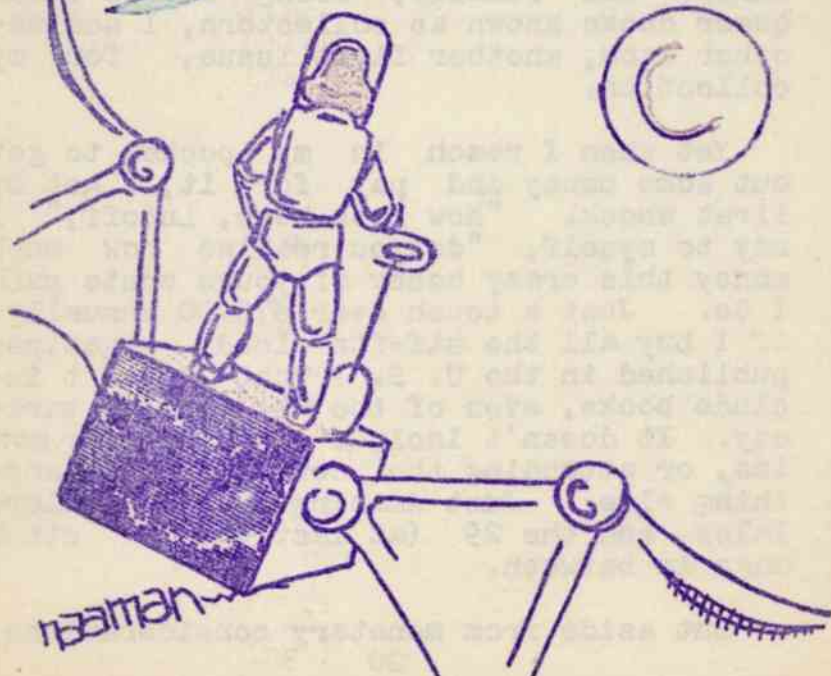
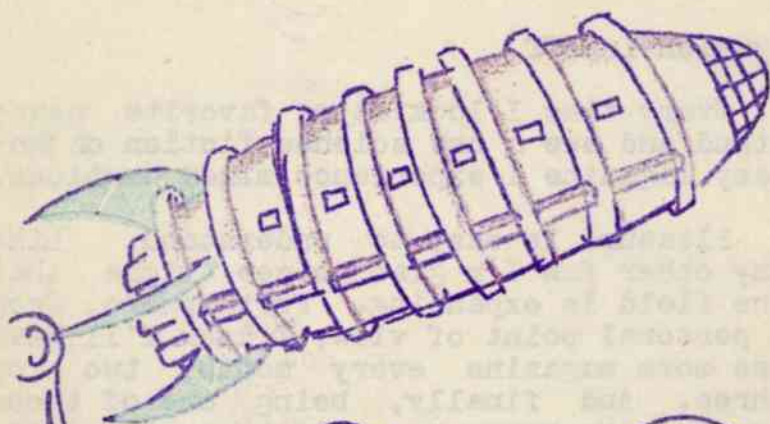
- WOP -

Knight! (This was particularly true of Lowndes' publications at Columbia.) More than once a Bok illustration has graced a Knight tale. However, had I been Hannes Bok, I would have felt highly outraged the time Lowndes gave one of Bok's stories to Damon Knight for one of his Bok-style illustrations.....like adding insult to imitation.



But, just as Bok's talents as an artist were greatly superior to his gifts as a writer, Knight's literary abilities were far greater than his artistic ones. By the mid-forties he had completely abandoned drawing.....professionally at least. I'll have to admit a regret about that. I suppose inevitably a man's strongest talent must drive out the lesser ones, as with both Bok and Knight. But the field has always been shorter of good illustrators than good writers. And while I certainly wouldn't want Knight to stop writing, it would be nice to occasionally pick up a magazine and discover a Knight illo inside.

--Vernon L. McCain



Rich's Roundup

by Rich Lupoff

Every time I look at my favorite newsstand and see a new science-fiction or fantasy magazine I experience mixed emotions.

Pleasure is easy to understand. Like any other fan I'm glad to see signs that the field is expanding. Furthermore, from a personal point of view, I know I'll have one more magazine every month, two or three. And finally, being one of those queer ducks known as collectors, I see another item, another first issue, for my collection.

Yet when I reach in my pocket to get out some money and pay for it, I get my first shock. "Now look here, Lupoff," I say to myself, "do you realize how much money this crazy hobby of yours costs you?" I do. Just a touch over \$70.00 annually, if I buy all the str-fts-wierd magazines published in the U. S. That doesn't include books, even of the 25¢ reprint variety. It doesn't include fanzines, or movies, or attending the convention, or anything else. Just Amazing Stories, Wierd Tales, and the 29 (at last count) other mags in between.

But aside from monetary considerations,

a new magazine means that the good writing will be divided one more way. There will be just that much smaller a percentage of outstanding material in each magazine. There is a counter-argument, of course; "A greater market stimulates greater production" and so on. But this just doesn't seem to work. At any rate Startling Stories, Space SF, and SF Adventures recently cut from monthly to bimonthly publication (allegedly) because there is simply not enough good material to go around.

So I pay my 26, 36, or 51 cents (DAMN this Florida sales tax!) and start for home. I'm curious. What kind of magazine is this new one? Straight sf, fts, or a mixture? All stories or a few features, or a dozen different departments? Do I know the editor? Oh, him. Well, if he can edit as well as he can write... An old-time fan, too. That's nice. Is there a bacover illo? What's his policy on serials? Reprints? What kind of story will be featured? Space opera or sophisticated; semi-technical or human?



Speaking of all these questions, I wonder what the perfect prozine would be like? Bob Tucker once wrote a famous 'letter to Santa Claus' in which he described a 'fascinating 'perfect' prozine. Only trouble is, it's awfully outdated now. He wanted it to incorporate features from Astonishing, Unknown, etc. All very nice, but who has either a long enough memory or a good

enough collection to know what he's talking about? I guess we'll have to start from scratch.

First of all, let's have a real crazy cover. The front cover has print splashed all over it, plus a picture designed to do little but sell copies. But it folds to the right instead of the left, and reveals a big beautiful picture that stretches all the way across the back of the selling cover, the facing page and around to the back cover.

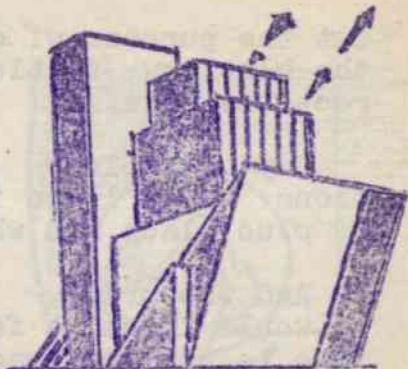
We'll have another picture-feature inside the front and back covers. A look at the contents page will show us that our monthly magazine has the 320 pages Ray Palmer used to serve up in AS and has talked about interminably in OW.

Our 320 pages will allow a full 100-page novel, a sixty-page serial installment, two twenty-five page novelettes and fifty pages of assorted short stories. The remaining hundred pages are bound loosely---not stapled---into the magazine so that anyone objecting to such features can remove and dispose of them easily.



Just think! O-n-e h-u-n-d-r-e-d pages of assorted and various features, to delight the heart of fans, and yet removable for the benefit of any opponents. What'll we do with it all? Assuming that our editor is somebody who likes to gas as much as Ray

Palmer, we'll allow twenty pages for the editor to use as he pleases. Then a letter column to match Mr. Mines' merriment, let's allot thirty pages. About fifteen pages of fanzine reviews, so that nobody, but nobody, is left out or brushed over



lightly for lack of space. Book reviews, about ten pages. Movie reviews, 5 pages, and for a special section of movie stills, another ten. Five pages of cartoons, five of personals, and there we are. Wow! That could go as a fanzine and create a sensation.

What kind of stories, getting back to our other 220 pages? Well, sf is more popular than fantasy, and blends seem to be less popular than either pure strain, so let's settle for all stf. How much "S", and how ~~much~~ "F"? That's another problem. If we please Mr. Gernsback we've sure to disturb Mr. Gold, and if we make Mr. Campbell happy Mr. Mines will definitely not sleep well.

There are those who say "If I wanted science and not fiction I'd buy Popular Science." But the obvious answer is "If you want fiction and not science, why don't you buy Thrilling Romance?" So let's just say that the science and the fiction are balanced exactly right, and let you decide what that means.

And let's not use reprints. I don't feel the way the fanatic Mr. Hamling does,

but the purpose of our zine is to present the best new fiction written, not resurrect the dead.

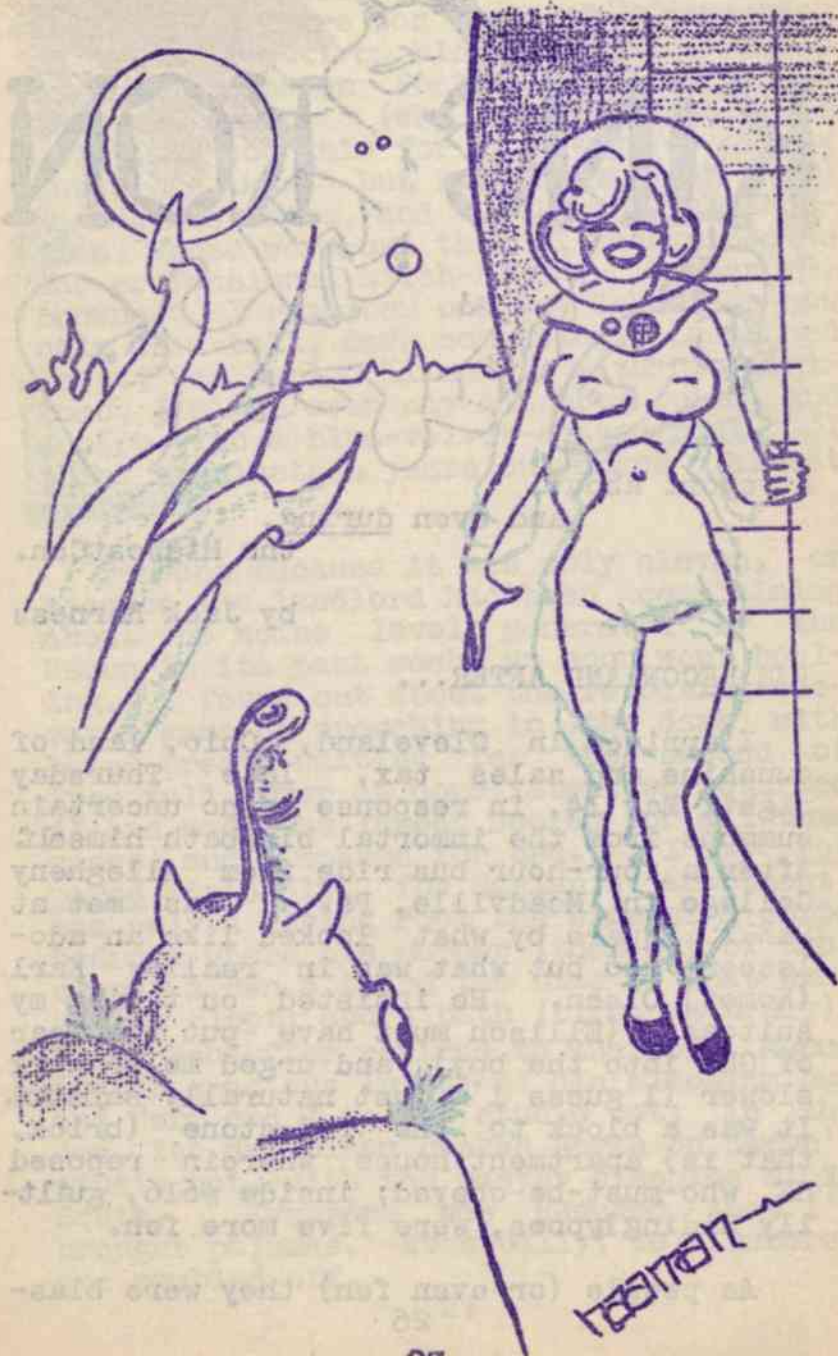
Anything else? Oh yes, the illustrations. They'll be in color. Not one color plus black and white Full Color.

And the price. Ghu, are you serious? It would cost a fortune to put that magazine out if we printed the alphabet in it. There's only one way out. Some multi-millionaire will publish it out of his bulging pocket and sell it for a nominal nickel or dime per.

Now I wouldn't run down to the corner candy store in the morning and look for this superzine. Tell you what. Go down there and pick up thirty-one magazines, there's how many stuffs zines there are, and cut out what you like from each. Staple it all together, cover the title with a piece of paper and call it what you want, write your own name over that of the editor, and you'll have a magazine that may not be perfect, but brother, have you ever tried to please everybody? And keep the wolf away from the door at the same time?



--Rich Lupoff





A report about,
and even during,
the MidWestCon.

by Jack Harness

THE HECON AND AFTER...

I arrived in Cleveland, Ohio, land of sunshine and sales tax, late Thursday night, May 14, in response to no uncertain summons from the immortal birdbath himself. After a four-hour bus ride from Allegheny College in Meadville, Pa., I was met at Shaker Square by what looked like an adolescent neo but what was in reality Karl (Komet) Olsen. He insisted on taking my suitcase (Ellison must have put the fear of Ghu into the boy) and urged me to walk slower (I guess I'm just naturally sadistic). It was a block to the red-stone (brick, that is) apartment house wherein reposed HE, who-must-be-obeyed; inside #616, guiltily hidinghypoos, were five more fen.

As people (or even fen) they were blas-

phemously indescribable. (A description follows.) There was Dave Ish, sprouting an unlit pipe from his mouth and a fuzzy something between feathers and high mold from his scalp. (Why does everyone, even with hair too thin for it, try for a crew cut?) A thin, but not gawky John (SF) Magnus was there, and a thin and gawky Canadian, whose worn-out thumb I recognized as the professional hitch-hiker, Norman G. Browne. I remember one Ray Schaeffer now only as a tall, dark something. Last, and least, was Harlan himself, with his matchless, I might even say matchbox build, and a pipe with a blue-velvet-coated bowl. I think my nineteen years outranked almost everybody.

Perhaps because it was only eleven, or because the landlord had been complaining about the noise level generated by the HEcon in its past week, we soon went bowling. I found out about the revolting elevator game of crouching in the dark with bated breath waiting for the second of free fall. Over an hour later, we returned (I had made the lowest scores for all three games) and prepared for bed. I say prepared advisedly, for Harlan's apartment has only a living room the size of a single bedroom where his mother (then out of town) slept; a den a third the size of that where Harlan slept; and a bath (bird, naturally). Thus, Schaeffer retired to the sofa, Magnus to the spacious luxury of his sleeping bag, and Norm and I to the studio cot; in the den, Ish and Olsen bunked North on Harlan's studio cot, with the master sleeping middle South. Everyone was shocked that I'd brought pajamas. Eventually, we slumbered and rumbled off.

We writhed up (officially) at ten and awaited the arrival of SFB's robot cartoonist, Bill Dignin, who turned out to be even smaller than Ellison. I suddenly discovered that Harl, who'd pawed through the stack of art I'd brought to distribute at the con, had left me stuff that was rejected once, and not too much of that. (Oh, all right, quite a bit. Are you an artist, anyway?) But it was useless to ask for any back; as a consolation, they dubbed me official artist of Seventh Fandom; I think I got the worst of the deal. In old Spanish (or is it Fannish?) custom, HE insisted that I be introduced as Magnus, and vice versa. The act failed, however --- Harl couldn't keep it up.

Packing a large Chinese Red birdbath, we left at twelve. But since we wasted an hour getting film for Harlan (Norm had to cash a traveler's cheque so that we could park in a bank's lot) and taking John's master to the Statler, Schaeffer decided to go by bus. He never did show up at the con. We were thankful, though -- we couldn't have seated all eight in John's car, the only one we used.

The trip was instructive. Ellison insisted on observing an obscure custom for going to MWCons---getting a giant ice cream cone. Norm, who had turned deathly pale when Ish said that all hitch-hikers should be shot, saw a lawn statuary shop. Backing up hastily, we found that there were enough



birdbaths to frame half a dozen pictures of ecstatic adulation; such devotion has been surpassed previously only when Clarkson, going to the Chicon, discovered FRAM motor oil. On we went, turning seconds into minutes, minutes into hours, hours into days, days into weeks -- well, minutes into hours, anyway.



THE CON PROPER...

After six hours of driving, trying to find MAD comics, and listening to my terrible (ask anyone who's heard them) puns, the group finally detected a subtle odor in the air that could only come from ~~maced~~ fen. A little driving around the lake located Beasleys, which turned out to be a pleasant, two-story place of medium size, white with blue trim. As befits a hotel (hovel?) of intrigue, non-fen guests and the house dick had been sent away for their own safety and sanity. We tried to find someone who had also heard the big news over the radio that someone had created life in the laboratory; no one believed that we had heard a d.j. announce, between records, that news as part of the headlines. (And think how terrible it was for me, a Theist, to hear all the cries of "Down with God!" the rest shouted at the news!)

We helloed fen that were already there, such as Ian (ASFO) Macauley, Hickman, and Ed Wood, before ceremoniously presenting

Mrs. B. with the birdbath. Ellison reshuffled the rooming plan so that he, Ish, Browne and Magnus were in room 37 with twin double beds while Olsen, Dignin and I were to be in 28, with the same beds. Dean Grennell, who is exactly half of Art Wesley, was then to be given the fourth space in 28. As it turned out, however, Dean slept in 37 and paid for 28, Olsen spent Friday night piloting a sobered-up Southern fan home, while someone from downstairs slept up in 28, paying for a fourth there, in order not to disturb his drunk room-mate. Oh, fan!

As we ate dinner, a Bixby, looking too meek and unmuscularly slender for his gatsby writing, played the piano, and rather well. Ellison huckstered subs for SFB like a fiend, explaining that otherwise he couldn't pay his hotel bill (we believed him there), and soliciting articles from pros like two fiends, one trying to exchange his seat on the coals. Somehow, Phillip Jose Farmer didn't appreciate my chorus of "Sib, abba; shib, abba; shib, abba and chihuahua cucalagumba", even when Randall Garrett explained it patiently to him. I slunk off to pass myself off for an artist, with a certain small success. Ish and Olsen met people, Magnus talked with them, Dignin observed them, and Harlan plotted with them. If Joel Nydahl could have attended, Seventh Fandom would have local chapters by now.



Next year, I'm bringing halizone tablets. Not only do you get Indian Lake water unfiltered from the fishes, but you can get it iced as well (also unfiltered).

Hal Shapiro checked in early Saturday afternoon, but two infamous posters, prepared by Michifen, were awaiting him. In the beanery-plus across the way, Ian in-



sisted on bringing Farmer over to observe the huge lepidoptera I'd observed on the old screening. (Moth and Rust, you know.) I managed to squelch a rumor that I was turning pro artist (all I did was eat lunch at a large table that included Tucker, Bloch,

Judy May, Larry Shaw, and Evelyn Gold). Luckily, Ellsberry wasn't around.

...AND IMPROPER...

That night, Clarke and Tucker showed slides; Art also had a one-reeler (which had to be pulled through and rewound by hand) and a tape from England. Among the slides from the "refugee from the coronation" were some of an older-than, plumper-than-photoed Heinlein, surrpunded by liquor bottles (to equalize internal pressure?). On the sound tape were various voices from White Horse Tavern in London, and an aria without music (it would have been too expensive th purchase the use of the score). The ending went:--

man:	"I die." (he is poisoned.)
woman:	"You go."
man:	"I go."

woman's brother: "You die."
 man: "I leave."
 man's sister: "He dies."
 man: "I die."
 woman: "He leaves."
 man: "I die."
 all: "Oh, drop dead!!"

A tape, "Impatience, or: Elron Hubbard Wouldn't Wait", was funny but too faint; too much talking made Clarke announce that it would be shown later. There was a one-shot auction, a McCauley OW cover for "Beyond the Barrier", sold for \$7, before the activities adjourned.

Not all the events were done for that night, though. As Dignin and read back issues of Grennell's MAD comics, Harlan suddenly went GAFIA because of (I'll euphonize) girl trouble. Part of it was that he had just fallen for Sally Dunn himself, after siccing Ish on her to punish her. He got over it by finally taking her away from Ish. In the rotunda on the second floor, a stationary crap game among the pros went on into the wee hours. Evelyn Gold claimed to have won and lost back Pegasus Press at the Chicon, but she didn't do too well here, losing maybe five or ten dollars. Wonder if GALAXY will fold?

We all got up just in time to get to the Sunday Luncheon at twelve. It was adequate for the \$2 admission. Bloch, again MCing, introduced the notables to us with "sensative fannish faces" who were sitting on our "sensative fannish fannies". Someone from Ballantine Books was there; he said that they would pub hard-cover and pocket stf each month. There was a one-shot raffle (pikers, we were) the IF cover

showing the robot resowing the human race, some soliciting for Fantasy Press, and introductions. It was remarkable how sober everyone was after the extended parties the night before, especially Ron Cernosky's. A rumor circulated that Mrs. B. wouldn't allow any more cons after the effects of this one, but DOC Barrett and Don Ford, who managed it, denied said rumor; at any

rate, the next MWCCA would probably be held in Ohio, most likely out of a large city, for privacy's sake.



OF THE END

The Ellison Party left at 3:30 in a fine penetrating drizzle, all with sensitive Finnish faces and inward sunken eyes save for Arthur C. Clarke, who, along with Macauley, we had traded for Ish, Olsen and Browne. Art was going to Florida by way of the North (actually, to the nearest good airport). Ellison naturally tried to get an article, finally

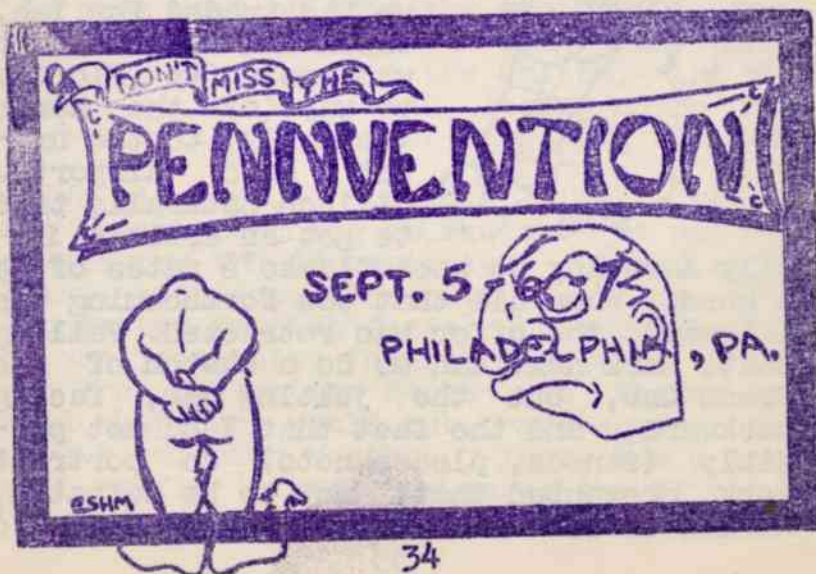
agreeing to meet Clarke's rates of 50¢ a word. When all that was forthcoming was a "Hmmm", the offer was retracted. Failing that, Harl next had me do a sketch of the Great One, but the jolting car, facing backward, and the fact that I cannot possibly (faneds, please note) do portrait work, prevented that; not to be defeated, Harlan said he'd use a large head I'd

drawn in February, an impression of a stewed Clarkson. Art took one look at the thing and -- okayed it.

Back in Cleveland, Harl tried to impress Clarke with the den, succeeding to some extent. For some reason, probably the novelty, Art agreed to autograph the Galaxy Novel of "Prelude to Space" as Arthur C. Chickenfat. Then he went to the Statler, Ian to a friend's, Dignin home, and I to drafting illos for SFB. Magnus and I spent the night in the living room because Harlan's mother had returned and naturally went into the den to give us more space for the morning. To tell whow I crawled away at twelve on Monday would be too degrading for me, but crawl I did.

Thus we finish (I hope you have, since I'd like to return to MOTE sometime) the final chapter of the Annals of Ellison, miserably coward bound in one small volume.

--Jack Harness



the ART of GETTING



Innumerable are the number of fans who edit and have edited fanzines. Infinitesimal is the number of fanzines which they have edited. It goes without saying, of course that all of these fanzines must have material. Now, obviously, outside of the a-jay zines, the majority of said material is written by others. So, the editor must ask these others for material.

Have you ever noticed, in fanzines, the constant appeal for material? Of course you have. But, it is not these appeals that brings in the quality work. This work must usually be solicited. And, when it comes to soliciting fanarticles and

similar items, no one is more versatile than the faned. He had to be if his fanzine is to be anything at all.

Recently, in going through my files of letters, I have been amazed at the quantity and quality of requests for material. Naturally, anyone who is active at all in fandom will receive requests. The more active a person is, the more requests he receives. And, for the most part, it is practically impossible to fill every request received. However, in fulfilling a commitment made to the editor of MOTE, let me go through my files and present, for your information and edification, various methods used by well-known and unknown faneds for the past five years or so.

The conventional request from an editor of a fanzine not yet published usually goes something like this: "I am starting a new fmz, and I would like to get on the contents page the names of as many famous or well liked fan writers as I can".

Note here the attempt at subtle flattery.

Or, you may have something like: "I would appreciate an article from you about any subject you choose, and make it interesting. Your article in the latest OOPSLA was very good".

Again, the attempt at flattery.

These requests usually come inserted in a lengthy letter, and are brought forth as unobtrusively as possible. The foregoing are letters from people the writer does not know and with whom he would not usually cor-

respond. What of the friend of the writer. The friendly correspondent who is starting a new fanzine! There, usually, is where you find all types of ruses used to draw an article from a reluctant writer.

Usually, the new faned will start out with a usual letter and then say something on the second page like: "By the way, I'm thinking of starting a subzine pretty soon. Think you'll be able to help out with any material?" The zine is sort of nebulous, but I may get it started next year sometime."

The writer thinks to himself, "Hell--Tovarich is a lazy fan. He won't start a fanzine. It's safe to say I'll contribute!" So, when Tovarich has enough of these idly given pledges of material, he starts his fanzine! Most fans have enough of a sense of honor so that they will ~~contribute~~ when they pledge themselves. However, that is a low trick.



Another favorite trick of faneds is to write saying: "The article about Wunkeries sure stunk in the last issue. Didn't it? I wish you would have written it."

To this, the incautious writer is apt to reply, "Yes, I probably could've written a slightly better article. But, too bad I didn't get the idea first."

Of course, the sly faned is ready with

his statement that: "Well, why don't you write one for me on the related subject of Quatts." Trapped again!

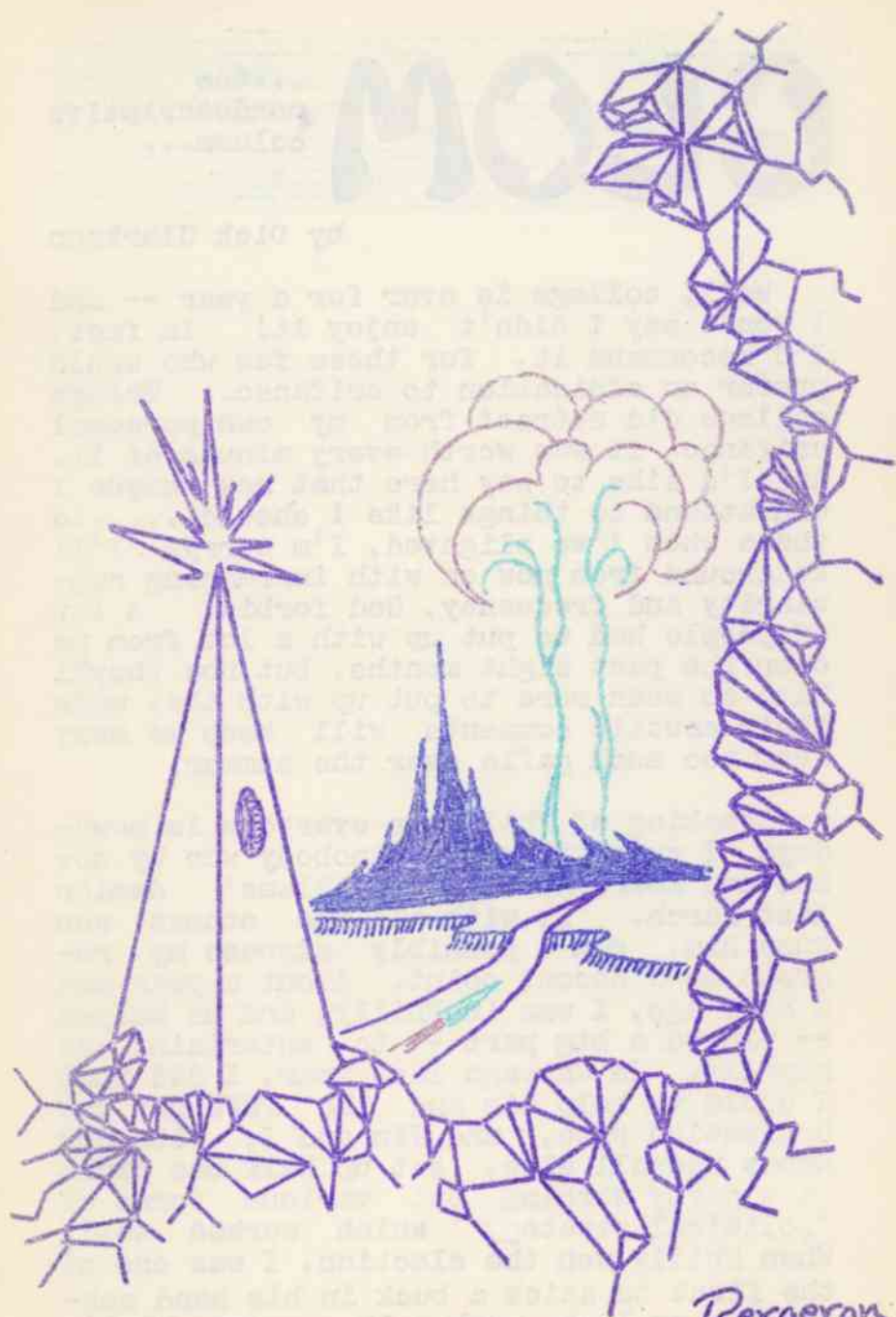
However, should the writer put off the fanned with too many excuses, he's apt to find a letter like this in the mail: "Listen here, don't give me none of your stupid excuses. (Too busy.) Did I give you all the info on my crudzine?" He does so. "C'mon, you can contribute something to my zine. . . All kidding aside, you aren't doing anything between 3:00 and 4:00 am, are you? (Even if you are, it only takes one hand, and you can write me a column with the other.)"

Should the writer persist in his excuses, the final letter asking for material will probably go something like: "How about submitting something to my mag? Don't say you're too busy or other crap like that. I'm not fooling, I'll confiscate your prop beanie. . . Look, every time I write you a letter you find time to answer (which is something some faneds don't do). Well, a column by you wouldn't have to be any longer. Or do you want me to slap a few of your letters together and make an article out of them?"

This final threat is too much. The writer capitulates and after much effort, you see something like THE ART OF GETTING in a fanzine like MOTE.



--hal shapiro, db



Bergeron

GLOM

...the
nondescriptive
column...

by Dick Clarkson

Well, college is over for a year -- and I won't say I didn't enjoy it! In fact, I'd recommend it, for those few who would prefer an eddication to crifanac. Though college did detract from my own personal crifanac, it was worth every minute of it. And I'd like to say here that now maybe I can attend to things like I should.....to those whom I've slighted, I'm sorry. I'll be around from now on with increasing regularity and frequency, God forbid! A lot of people had to put up with a lot from me over the past eight months, but now they'll have so much more to put up with that maybe their caustic comments will keep me away from too much gafia over the summer.

Speaking of Philly as everyone is nowadays, I guess there is nobody who by now has not heard about Jim Williams' demise last March. I, with all the others who knew him, can't possibly express my regrets to a decent point. About a year and a half ago, I was in Philly, and he helped -- played a big part -- to entertain me royally. In Chicago last year, I did what I could to help him and the PSFS get the Convention site, and Jim and I, with Ghu knows who-all else, sat up half one night at a party working out various forms of "political strategy" which worked well. When Philly won the election, I was one of the first to stick a buck in his hand asking for my lucky number 17. And that's

the last time I ever saw him, except for a brief glimpse as he, in one of the FSFS cars, passed one we were in on the way out of Chicago, with the appropriate loud shouts and long hand-waving.

So, though it's not much, it's about all I can do with what little I can say -- I'd like to dedicate this column, incongruous as it may be this time with my usual banal comments, to James A. Williams. Any more comments would be superfluous.

Shelby Vick has turned intellectual with his latest Cf., #15. He's inaugurated another novelty, but his one requires a lot of brain power to operate. IQ's under 140 better stay away from it; it's over my headbone. (Then what'm I doing at Harvard? As Mines so astutely commented, rather snidely, in the back of one of his many mags, they're studying me.

Ian Macauley has at last carried through his plans of moving to Cleveland; he's now no longer able to be connected with ASFO. However, he hopes -- so he tells me -- to be able to revive COSMAG this summer. Hope he does.

Well, that'll have to tear it for another column, though I have said damned little. The college hangover, in both senses, is still with me; gafia has gone the way of all good gremlins, bems, or whatever you can personify them as, but in the way of my saying anything of direct relevance to MOTE are what looks like several weeks' worth of crifanac to catch up on. See you later on.....definitely in Philly.

--Dick Clarkson

DISJOINTED 

UN-EPOCH-MAKING

FACTS

AUTHORS & EDITORS

FANPRO

by Donald Cantin

This article is assembled of bits of information which I have picked up in my reading. If you have read some of these facts before; tough. If you haven't; you haven't missed a thing. Future Science Fiction; Science Fiction Quarterly; Sports Winners; Super Sports; Double Action Western; Famous Western; Real Western Sto-

ries; Western Action --- a total of forty issues a year --- all edited by R. W. Lowndes. Little wonder pulps are pulps.

A good editor makes \$40 a week.

A good author makes \$20,000 a year.

A good fan. . .no such animal.

A fan is a fan is a fan is a fan is a fan and if he ever gets the notion that he can write fiction he invariably writes science-fiction. Why? Dedication is one thing, but when one realizes that a good stf story is hard to come by, and if it's sold, it'll sell for 1¢ per word or thereabouts to a wooden zine. If this selfsame author had written a sex-novelotte and had spent an equal amount of time on that as he had on a stf story, he would have come up with a far-easier-to-sell story ---- the better paying markets. There are markets for sex. Ask Bloch.

Only Fantastic Adventures and Fantasy And Science Fiction Mag are listed among the top hundred markets for free-lance-writers in WRITER'S year-book. Yes, s-f is forging ahead. Rapidly. What fan will scoff at that percentage?



August Derleth wrote 40 stories before he sold one. All of which means that there is hope for everyone.

In the past twenty years, 90% of all editors have either shifted jobs or

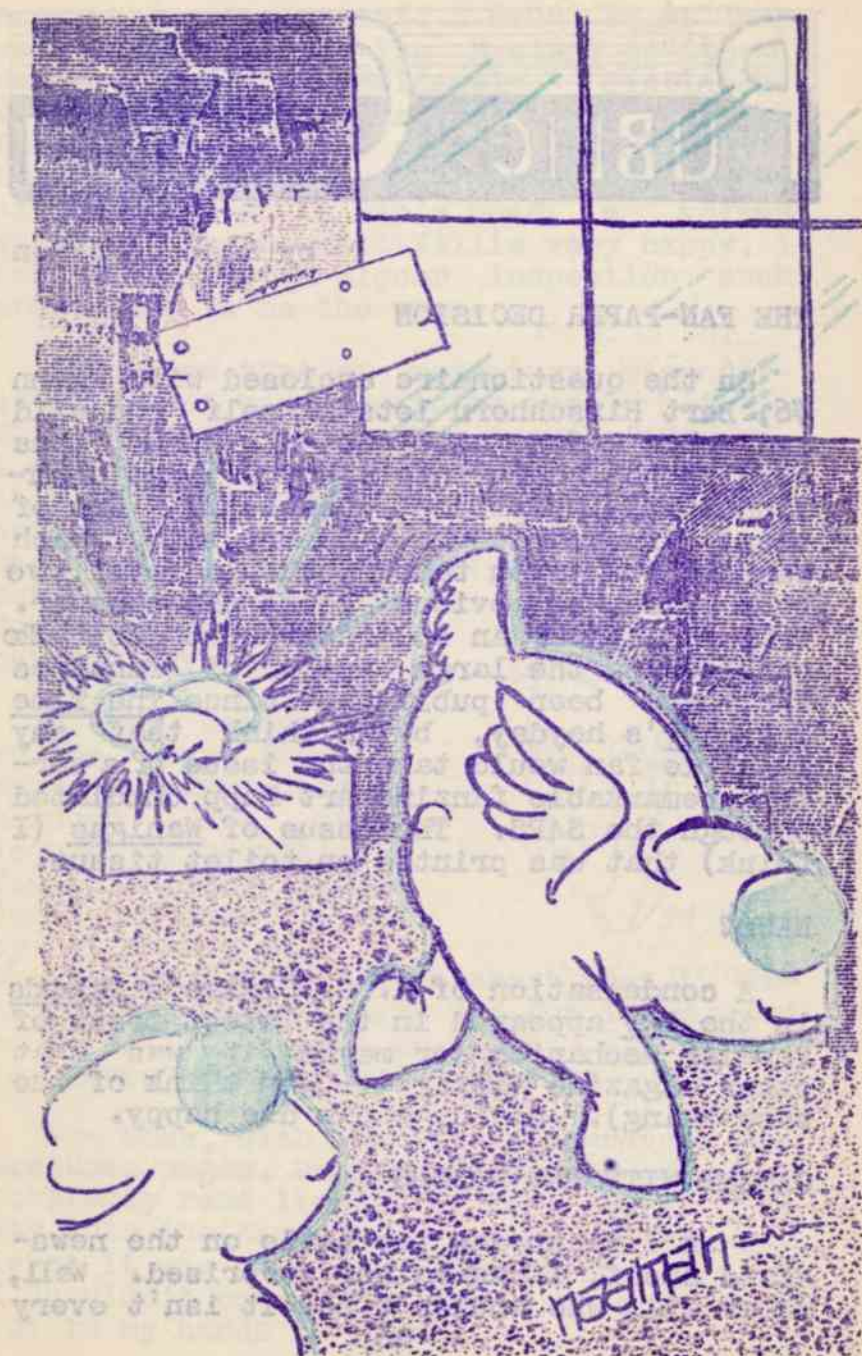
dropped out of the field altogether. This is mainly because they have slanted their publications; as if each issue had been written by the same author (as is the case with some s-f mags). Unless, of course, the editor also happens to own the mag he edits, then he can't be ousted. No reflection should be passed here upon Hugo Gernsback...

The same fate happens to fanzines; editors slant...toward rotten material...and are no more. There aren't enough Burroughsfen or Lovecrafters in fandom to support half-a-dozen zines dedicat@d to these people...no matter how good they are.

For the life of me, I can't figure out why same people (and fen -- supposedly of a higher I.Q. than the average population) would waste their time putting out an amateur publication which is losing them money hand over mimeo-crank. They could be collecting stamps.... or photographs of wrestlers....or money, but no. They write stories for other amateur publications and receive nothing for it. Professional authors waste precious word-hours writing for amateur publications while they could be hacking out slop at 1¢ a word. Serious young students who should work after school and help around the house waste their time corresponding with schizoids and introverts and Hal Shapiro. I don't know why I do it...



--Donald Cantin



PUBLIC OPINION

by Rich Bergeron

THE FAN-PAPER DECISION

On the questionnaire enclosed with Tyrann #6, Bert Hirschhorn lets himself run wild and makes a few attempts at humor, thus turning the sheet into a hodge-podge of pertinent and impertinent questions. One of them: "If stranded on a desert isle, which fanzine would you take?", should never have been asked, so obvious seems the answer. That may appear an odd statement to make considering the large number of fanzines that have been published since The Time Traveler's heyday, but I think that any sensible fan would take the issue of a certain remarkable fanzine Art Rapp circulated through the SAPS. The issue of Wanigas (I think) that was printed on toilet tissue.

NEWS?

A condensation of A. C. Clarke's Islands in the Sky appeared in the latest issue of Popular Mechanics (or maybe it was that other magazine that makes you think of the same thing). Now Hugo can die happy.

CAUGHT WITH THE MASSES

When I first saw the title on the newsstand shelf, I was rather surprised. Well, after all, who wouldn't be? It isn't every

day that one walks into a drug store and sees a title like The Mystery of Other Worlds Revealed prominently displayed. At first I thought that it might be the first effort of some naive publishing firm intent on cleaning up by making an expose of what goes on in Rap's head, a volume which would make Walt Willis very happy, I feel sure, but on closer inspection such proved not to be the case.

This same type of momentary misunderstanding had happened to me once before. While glancing through an issue of Oops!, I ran across a Calkins editorial subtitle that read: Life on Other Worlds Dept., and concerned not a review of OW by Life as I had at first somewhat incredulously thought, but a few Calkins claps for OW's improved layout and covers.

After taking the volume down from its rack, I thumbed quickly through its pages (caught my breath as a few splendidly reproduced Cartiers flashed by) glimpsing some of the items of possible interest that it contained. I paid a clerk 75¢ for it and walked home, satisfied that it might give me a few hours of interesting reading.

The book, with its 144 roto-gravure reproduced pages, would have been a most absorbingly read item if it had found its way into the hands of a member of the audience it was aimed at (something tells me I shouldn't have gone slumming that day) but in my hands it wasn't.



It turned out to be a reprint carrier, which fact I would have known before buying it if I had bothered to note the Fawcett Publications trade mark on its cover, containing some of the Sunday supplement type material concerning space flight, flying saucers, stars, etc., that has been published in the last few years, plus a few original items on fantastic movies, at least I think some of them may be original in one sense at least, but haven't checked closely with the reprint credits in the book to see if such is the case. The Cartier pics mentioned earlier turned out to be reprints also and were made up from the gorgeous group of boms Ed did for Traveler of Space, some of them given a marvelous effect by the use of a white on blue-black treatment in reproduction; the stills from several scientific films, mostly made up of slides from the more recent effusions such as DM, When Worlds Collide, Man from..., etc., though four beauties are present from Things to Come and one from The Lady in the Moon, and the Tinsley and Bonestell paintings were all very nice worthwhile items and would have made the book worth its price had I not seen them before.

Aimed at the mass audience, which doesn't automatically cancel its enjoyment for the fan, it presents a fairly well developed (though handled with a general air of "Come on up, the methane's fine") picture of progress and activities in the line of rocketry up to the present time. The material that went into the book was so well selected with an eye toward developing the theme that practically no stone in the field is left unturned. Even A. C. Clarke and the BIS are uncovered briefly.

Since I bought this item in Newport it seems rather obvious that you'll be able to find it on any newsstand. Take a look at it next time you're out hunting up the latest Marvel.

NUTS TO CRACK:

"After reading Calkins' letter in the last Postwar I had a severe case of indigestion and this letter is the result."

(Share in Postwar)

"Carol Childers of the Indianapolis group, who by sitting beside me made it rather obvious who she favored..."

(Hammond in cf. concerning the con bleeding at Chi)



ATTENTION, V. L. McCAIN

The other day while looking through a rack -
age of used New Yorkers which Dot Shisler was kind enough to send me, I chanced across an interesting bit in the May 2, 1953 issue that made mention of a new word that has been added to our language, "buscasting". The word comes from the seemingly new practice of radio reception on buses. The New Yorker columnist goes on to say that the word does sound a little as though it meant "throwing kisses".

I wonder, had he stopped to consider the word "broadcasting", if he would have attached the significance to it that Hal Shapiro probably will after reading this.

"COLUMN STUFF"

Blame this train of thought on Redd Boggs: Bob Tucker is a post-office clerk in New York City.....Larry Campbell is a muscle man who poses for Charles Atlas ads (and don't ask me how I know).....Al Rosen is a Gillette razor praiser whose acclamations are seen in Life advertisements and heard over TV.....Fred Hatfield is a big-league baseball star who gets his picture plastered on bubble gum cards.....Stewart Metchette is a man after whom one of the Navy's larger vessels has been named..... and Richard Bergeron is a track star who recently died in an automobile accident in Wisconsin.

What do you have?

POSTAL TO A NEW FAN-ED

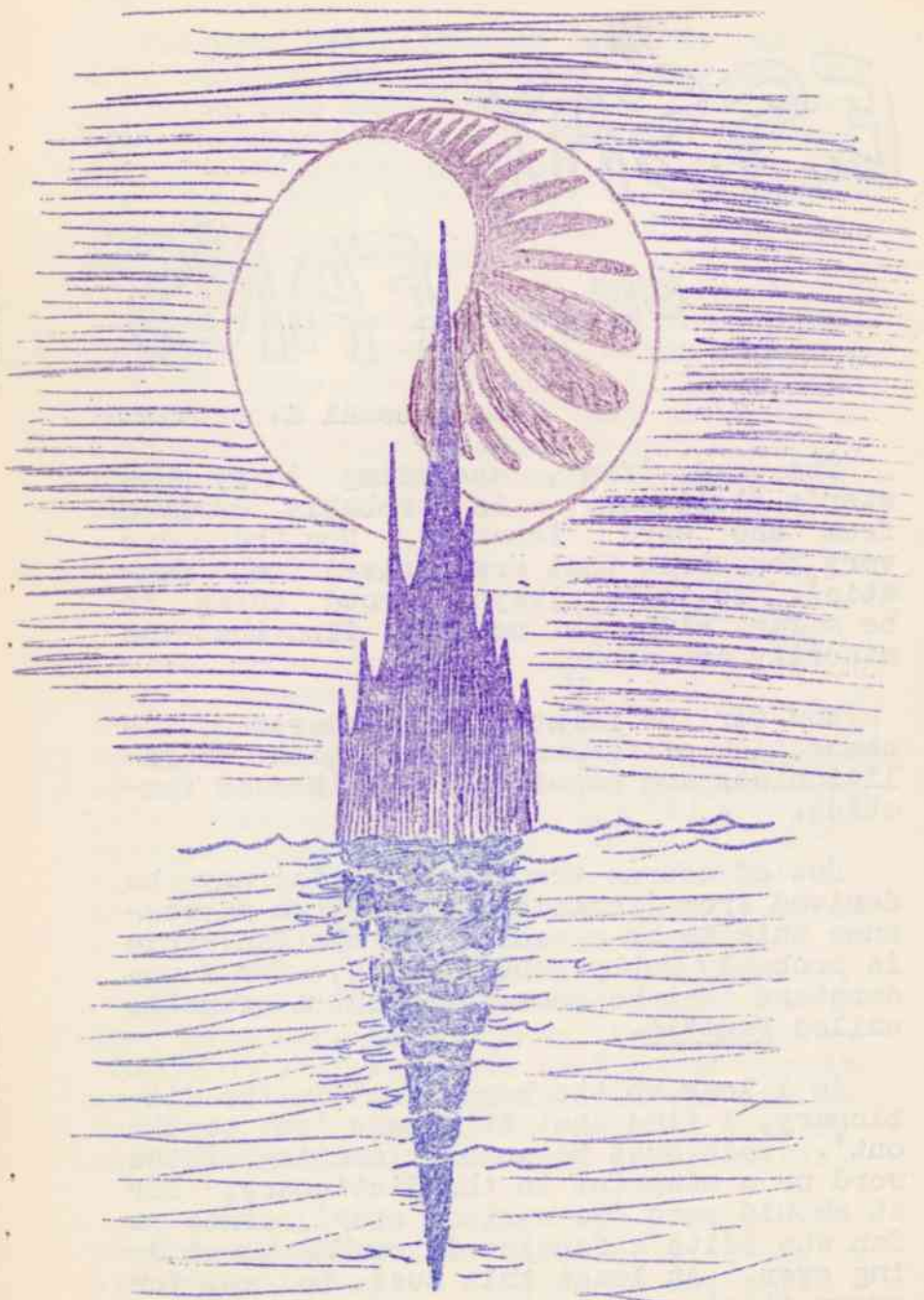
Dear Joe:

Sometime ago I dashed off an installment of a column I do from time to time for MOTE. Directly after this I enjoyed an slump period in my fan activities and just let everything drop. When I came out of the slump and back into the swing of things I decided that the installment was too stale to be of any use to Peatrowsky and knowing that he is a good self-respecting editor, knew that he would never print it. That is why I'm sending you the enclosed for publication in Imp.

Sincerely,

B. N. Phann

--Rich Bergeron



ESSAY

ON FANS

by Russell K. Watkins

The word 'fan', according to my Webster's dictionary, is probably derived from the word 'fanatic'. Now there are very few words that are derived from 'fanatic'. So it is always a proud thing to be a fan, since we usually find that the minority are proud.

Now for the first time I understand the connection of fandom and religion for religionists are sometimes described as fanatics.

But of course the word 'attic' may be derived from 'fanatic'. If so, we may assume this to be a cool attic of a fan. This is probably Bobby Pope's attic, for I understand that he once put out a fanzine called Fanatic.

As I look up the word 'fan' in the dictionary, I find that it means 'to strike out'. This must be an old meaning of the word or a misprint in the dictionary; for it should read 'to strike over' since a fan who edits a fanzine is continually striking over. At least this must be so, for every fanzine I receive has strikeovers.

The next definition of 'fan' is 'an ardent admirer or champion'. Now this may apply to some fans but not all. There are some champions of fandom who make fandom a way of life and a crusade, but these are very few. Most fans do fit the former for the majority of fans are enthusiastic admirers of science-fiction.

Then there is the 'electric fan'. This is a fan for cooling off other fans who are hot under the collar and begin fan fueds. The electric fan may be used to cool off over-enthusiastic fans and it has likewise been known to cool off fan champions, not to say anything of fanatics.

This is a fan belt...

The next fan we come across is a 'revolving vane'. However I feel that this should be spelled 'v-a-i-n', for of a surity a fan's life revolves about vanity. Fans are definitely vain, and it is true that their vainness does revolve from a great desire for egoboo to modesty.



I'm wondering if the word 'fan' (in regard to a S.F. fan) comes from the word 'fanciful', for I find that means 'imaginary'. It is certain that all fans are imaginary, for there is no real fan (but except Ed Wood). All the rest are fake fans.

A 'fantail' is shaped like a fan. Tho what fan I don't know (unless it would be Richard Ellsburly). I hear he has quite a fannish tale.

I don't know of any Chinese fan, but in case there is one, I would like for us to get together some 'fan-tan'. Also if there are any Spanish fans I would like to ask them how often they do the 'fandango'.

Many egoboo-seeking fans would like to blow themselves a 'fan-fare' for so many of them are 'farons', but they cause themselves a lot of 'fantigue'. However I'm glad to say that most of us are 'fanatics' which makes fandom the great thing it is.

--Russell K. Watkins

These fanzines are members of
F-A-N-V-A-R-I-E-T-Y E-N-T-E-R-P-R-I-S-E-S

- 1 - STARLANES--Orma McCormick, 1558 West Hazelhurst St., Ferndale 20, Mich.
 - 2 - TYRANN--Norbert Hirschhorn, 853 Riverside Drive, New York 32, N. Y.
 - 3 - PROJECT FAN CLUB--Orville W. Mosher, 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas
 - 4 - SCIENCE-FANTASY BULLETIN--Harlan Ellison, 12701 Shaker Blvd. Apt. #616, Cleveland 20, Ohio
 - 5 - CHIGGER PATCH OF FANDON--Nan Gerding, Box 484, Roseville, Illinois
 - 6 - THE PENDULUM--Bill Venable, 610 Park Place, Pittsburgh 9, Penn.
 - 7 - ASFO--Jerry L. Burge, 415 Pavilion St. S.E., Atlanta 3, Ga.
 - 8 - VEGA--Joel Nydahl, 110 South Front St. Marquette, Michigan
 - 9 - THE PIT--Donald Susan, 706 Grant St. McKeesport, Penn.
 - 10 - FANTASIAS--David English, 63 West 2nd St., Dunkirk, N. Y.
 - 11 - MOTE--Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr.
 - 12 - SF--John L. Magnus, Jr., 9612 Second Ave., Silver Spring, Md.
-

And now, last AND loudest, here is...

COMMOTION

...supposedly being the letter-column

Most of the COMMOTION this time is made by Harlan Ellison----for a number of reasons----but mainly because I'm crowded for space and couldn't squeeze in any more letters. And I did want to print his letter as I thought it was a rather interesting (if not so complimentary) comment on the last issue. So, without further comment, here's...

HARLAN ELLISON...

Ah, Robert Comrade,

MOTE the sixth flitted into box 616 today and was instantly read. I read it in approximately 4.8 minutes, which is a record for anyone. However, I fear I must reveal the truth and let you in on a secret. C'mere, and I'll whisper in your pinkly shell-like ear. I READ DEAN GRENELL'S! I read it at the Midwestercon (which, I am clever enough to notice, you did not attend).

Comments pertaining to MOTE may sting like veritable barbs on a ten foot spear, but here they come for what they're worth (hoist the mizzen, lower the topsail, raise the poopdeck, call a plumber...blub, blub...):

The general run of MOTerial seems to be

very slight. That is, perhaps, the best word for it. Slight. In other words, if I had not read any of the things in MOTE #6 (with one exception) I would have been as well-off as before. Nothing therein has any great import. Nothing was solid or substantial enough to warrant any rave notices (with, as I said before, one or two exceptions).

The cover was atrocious. It was horrible. It was ludicrous. It is without a shadow of a doubt the worst bit of scribbling to ever come out of Dave Hammond's flaccid pen. Or was it the stencilling? I am halfway led to believe it was, but even so, the drawing is a masterpiece of crud and crapation.



Editorial: Took two pages to say exactly nothing.



Correction old top: four pages.

EAST OF THE SOUTHERN GALAXY: sounds of retching, and thunder bucket being replaced under the bed. What a pointless, asinine, worthless bit of residue. Why in the name of Chu, Foo, and Ellison did you ever think that slop was worth printing? I have nudes for you, boy: it weren't!

Chappell still retains his crown (undisputed, at that) as the most competent author in the fan ranks. There is little doubt but that Fred could sell at will to the pros if he stopped his extensive fan output. I feel very strongly about Chap-

pell, for, unlike every other fan writer, he consistently turns out top drawer stuff. Chappell never goes halfway on a story, but puts his all into it. THE BOY WHO HAD A TALENT was, if I'm pardoned an unintentional pun, a gem. May I raise a hue and cry for a great deal more of Chappell. (Oh yes, as long as I'm talking on the subject of Chappell, you might watch out for one of his best works to date, THE WORLD ABOARD, in SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN #14. No plug intended, just a natural abhorance of readers missing a good thing.)

GLOM: When the hell is Dick (who is a good friend of mine, and that's why I say this in all sincerity) going to stop writing crud and do something good. And shame on you too Robert the Peatrowsky, for accepting the thing. There was an opportunity for you to exert the qualities of an editor. It doesn't take much to put out a fanzine, but it does take talent to be a good editor. Accepting anything just to beat an ominous deadline, or for the name alone, is the most immature form of editing and cannot be condoned in any case at all. Select your material in a more discerning manner, and start by getting Dick to write in the manner of which he's capable.



JH

Graves let me down, even with Harly Nellison therein. It was poor.

My apologies for saying it (though true)

to Kirkwood, Wesley, Graves, Fzot, Grennell, Shellane, et al.

FORTISSIMO: oh jeezus, not another column by Bert. Again, jeezus.

ENIGMA: Having been one of the 58 to which Niggy was sent, I was happy to see this elaborate pun in print. But why no author credit? We all know who wrote it don't we....hmmm?

I thoroughly enjoyed Lupoff's column. I have a particular affection for lucid writing, and Rich managed to carry off same most beautifully. I could still say, however, that his work was shallow also and that he did not reach anywhere near his potential in that column. Perhaps the short format of MOTE prevents the author's from delivering their best works. It might be a good policy to try a number of longer pieces. Nothing very (I trust you'll pardon my bluntness) good can be developed in two pages, small-size.

COM.MOTION: most enjoyable though not overly innovating.

Illustrations were competent, but generally undistinguished with the exception of MacMillan's tremendous Wallaby--eyed critter on the back page which set me to howling, he looked so normal.



This bit of panning has been delivered in the best of moods, with an eye to not

crossing you up and making you mad, but getting a viewpoint I treasure across. It could all be summed up by saying, repetitiously, your material is?

SLIGHT!

Yours very Birdbathly,

Harlan Ellison

(At first I was greatly tempted to load your letter with a lot of those "cute" little interpolated editorial comments. But my better nature finally won out and printed it uncut and uncontaminated. I do appreciate your frankness even though I don't share your opinions. There are a couple of points that I would like to clear up here, though;

Firstly, the cover---Dave Hammond's original cartoon was certainly a much better looking piece of work than that which finally appeared on the last cover. But I botched it up in the process of enlarging it and putting it on the master. So I'll take all the blame there and Dave can have any spare praise that might be floating around.

And secondly---I never have and never intend to limit the length of any contributions. Everyone has free rein in that respect. Most contributions are short but longer pieces are always welcome. Contributors, please take note.---rp)

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