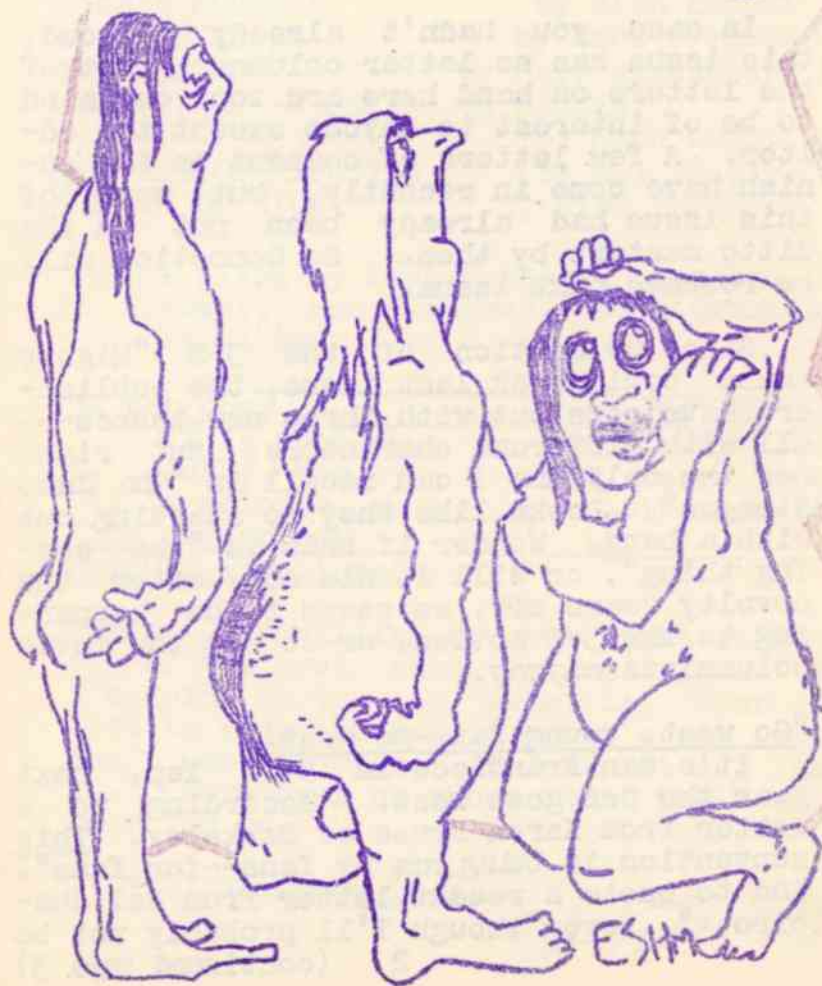


MOTE



re:mote

...being
mostly
editorial
prattle...

In an effort to get back on my regular bi-monthly publishing schedule, this issue of MOTE is coming practically on the heels of the Annish. Now, if I can just get the "November" issue out by November, I'll be all caught up again.

In case you hadn't already noticed, this issue has no letter column. Most of the letters on hand here are too outdated to be of interest to anyone except the editor. A few letters of comment on the Annish have come in recently, but most of this issue had already been put on the ditto masters by then. So Commotion will be resumed next issue.

Since my mention of the 3-D "Mighty Mouse" comic book last issue, the publishers have come out with three new issues---all with different characters. But right now the only one I can recall is "The Three Stooges". Looks like they're starting out with a bang. Wonder if this is "the coming thing", or will it die out after the novelty wears off, as seems to be happening to the 3-D movies, or so say the movie columnists anyway.

"Go west, young fan--go west!"

It's San Francisco in '54. Yep, next year the Con goes west. According to a letter from Karen Kruse of Berkeley, "This convention is being run by fans--for fans". And to quote a recent letter from Hal Shapiro, "...even though I'll probably not be

"a fanvariety enterprises publication"

MOTE

Issue No. 8

September - 1953

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Re:MOTE (continued)

there, I'm willing to bet that it'll be one of the best cons fandom's ever seen. I'm going to try to make it, even if I have to ride the rods. ...it's one con I don't want to miss, if I can at all help it." Move over on those rods, Hal----make room for me.

Till November then...

Bob Pestrowsky

RICH'S ROUNDUP

by Rich Lupoff

BRADBURY vs. HEINLEIN (Round 2)

A few months ago I devoted this column to analyzing and comparing Ray Bradbury and Robert Heinlein as the two top sf authors of the day. You may remember that I came to the end and refused to say which of the pair I considered the Number One boy. I'll tell you now that at that time I considered Bradbury far the better. At that time.

But I'm glad now that I decided to hold my silence, because while I doubt that a second-rate column in a minor fanzine sets many people thinking, that particular one set me thinking, even after I'd written it. And I think that the question deserves a second consideration.

Let's look at Ray Bradbury, author of four collections of short stories, editor of another, and of late a movie scenario-writer. What does he have? First of all, a style. He has a way of using words that is pure poetry. It is enchantment. But after you've read enough of his work it starts to have a quality of same-ness about it, so that you start to think "Enough, cut it out, don't you have anything different to offer?" He does, as a look at some of his earlier work shows. And there we come to Bradbury's greatest sin: He is

so intrigued with his own style that he over-uses it, and it becomes a satire on itself.

The second complaint I have against Bradbury is his Great Idea, his Message. We all know what it is---don't let science get out of hand; don't let the wrong people get power; man is potentially the most good or the most evil creature to walk the earth, and it looks as if he is trying to be the most evil, etc.

What's good about Bradbury? Well, his style, as I started to say before. If he



will make it his slave instead of his master, his tool instead of his goal in writing. His imagination for another. Think of Bradbury's Mars, of his Martians, of the world of the Fireman, of many others. Unfortunately, to date he has used his imagination only

as a vehicle for his twin gods, Style and Message. If he will do something about his Message.....I don't know what, it's so easy to tell what's wrong but how to correct it is another problem....if he will do these two things, Bradbury can become the top writer not just of imaginative fiction, but of all contemporary literature.

As for Heinlein, there is the editor's dream. What does he have? What doesn't he have would be more like it, for he has characterization, plotting, suspense, a touch of comedy just when it's needed. He's written umpteen novels, edited an anthol-

ogy, and done some work in Hollywood himself.

But while he is probably the most brilliant technician around, he lacks the depth of Bradbury. When I finish a Heinlein story I say to myself "What a magnificent literary performance!" When I finish a Bradbury story I say to myself "Perhaps crude, perhaps overwritten and underpolished, but this man has something rare."

So if Bradbury won the first round, Heinlein takes the second. I must admit that as of now, if I were awarding a cup to the outstanding writer in the field Heinlein would take it. But as for the most promising of the two....I think Bradbury will win round three.

ON THE DESIRED RETURN OF A LONG-ABSENT FAVORITE, or, Old Spacemen Never Die, Etc.

I could have put a much shorter heading on this section, but then most of you would have skipped it, so you're trapped now, and I'm asking you, please hear me out.

I want Captain Future. There. I've said it. Lightning did not strike me down. Sam Mines did not chase me with a big stick. The Society For The Advancement Of Science Fiction did not label me a public menace.

Now don't get me wrong, fellas. I'm not a reactionary, trying to set stf back fifteen years. I approve of and enjoy the 'mature' kind of material currently dominating the market. I think the psychological-cerebral-emotional themes now in use are just dandy.

But as a relief for the high pressure of the fiction usually found in GALAXY, the suspenseful tension of FANTASTIC, the clever little twists of FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, there is nothing more pleasant than a good old-fashioned space opera.

Not the 'mature, believable stories of three-dimensional characters faced with realistic situations' that Kaempfert-del Rey blurbs about in ROCKET STORIES. Nor PLANET, for no matter how you slice it, crud is still that.

I mean cardboard figures racing across the stage to crash some horrible menace through the use of super-science.

I mean the greatest of these, Captain Future and his three un-human companions; Otho the android, Greg the robot, and Simon Wright the living brain.



If you're looking for deep intellectual stimulation, leave them alone, but if you want to finish a story untouched except for having had a lot of fun, nothing can top CF.

What I would like to see is a collection of Captain Future stories brought out in magazine format much like WONDER STORY ANNUAL. Being a collector, I know this would be the next best thing to a complete set of Captain Future magazines, published 1940-44 by Standard. I did manage to get hold of the first issue, and let me tell those of you who never read a Captain Fu-

ture story that I never had such a good time.

...and finally RAMBLINGS

The long-threatened split between the pros and fans, particularly fanzine publishers, may be here or close upon it. For a while there, MADGE's 9-a-year fmz reviews were the only ones left. Now MADGE is up to 12 issues annually, and Columbia Pubs are fooling around with reviews. Even so, that's quite a come-down considering that as recently as the first issues of GALAXY and IF the reason given for no reviews was not editorial policy, but the fact that they were so completely covered elsewhere. A rather weak--sounding excuse when one considers the fact that roughly half the magazines published carry book reviews.

Among the many values ascribed to imaginative literature, one of the least often mentioned is the open mind the reader develops. How many people have difficulty accepting new concepts because they have had no practice in thinking outside their ordinary humdrum lives. I know one person, an aunt of mine in fact, who refuses to accept the fact that the Russians have the A-bomb. Whenever I try to convince her and explain the various methods we have of finding out, she insists that they can't have the Bomb. The reason they can't is that they mustn't. The reason they mustn't is



that it's just too horrible. What the fact that it's horrible had to do with reality is beyond me, but as I see it, her mind has not strayed outside the mundane for years, and now it can't.

One of the most common attitudes of stfictional heroes nowadays is being tired of being pushed around, desiring nothing more than to be left alone, perhaps to marry and settle down, perhaps to be a rover, but above all to be free to do and think as he wishes, not as he's told. As literature reflects the mood of the people, I think this feeling is that of the people. I think we're all getting fed up with being pushed around by Russia, by China, by England, by the UN, by our own government, by labor, by capital. I think what started June 17 in East Germany is not going to end for a long time and until it's involved most of the world to a greater or lesser degree.



stewart

And one parting thought --- Since I've never ~~not~~ even a single person who admitted that he bought a copy more than once in a while, who reads PLANET STORIES? Somebody must. They couldn't print all those copies every two months and then get them all back. What happens to the rest?

--Rich Lupoff

lools rush in

by Bert Dowling

The Invasion Fleet of the Lool winked into existence in a segment of space which had never felt the swirl of molecules before since time began. A hundred parsecs and more had been covered in a slice of time too thin to measure. They paused there, the mighty cruisers and troopships and dreadnoughts, while the matter-sensors of Fleet Astrogation sent their ephemeral feelers flickering outward in all directions.

Moti Goll, the entity in command of the expedition, flowed tensely about his tank in the command-area of the flagship. A crisp stream of communication-waves flowed in to him.

"Populated planet detected. Life-forms are definitely suitable for brelling. Defense-potent insignificant. Harvest of sufficient size to warrant return to Lool-lool. Await orders."

Emotions are unknown to the Lool. If they hadn't been, Moti Goll might have felt elated. Hunting had been scant since they had moved away from the center of the Galaxy. If he had hands, he might well have rubbed them, gloatingly.

"Have Fleet Plotting set up the transors for a landing on the planet's surface. Alert landing personell. Check with Offensive Gunnery Officer. Institute Course___ (Here follows a series of symbols utterly meaningless to human minds). Prepare to take them."

The great fleet seethed with activity. The fluid entities coursed and sprayed through their communication tubing. They flowed down corridors so fast they splashed at corners and had to take time to gather their droplets before continuing. As time goes for the Lool, it wasn't long before the report ebbed in to Moti Goll.

"Your wetness, we are ready."

"Proceed at command then. All craft to the planet's surface. Flot courses to disperse across the crust for greatest effectiveness against centers of population. We must take them by surprise."

The firing controls of the fleet were circuited to a single mercury-switch. The Lool whose job it was to activate the switch sent one last sensing scan toward the doomed planet---the third one out from its little type-G sun.

"I'll bet they'll be surprised!" he thought to nobody in particular.

They were. The sodium hulls of the Lool fleet blazed like Brobdignabian bonfires wherever they landed. And the vaporized clouds of the Lool rose into the oxygen-bearing atmosphere like steam.

Hissingly.

--- Bert Dowling

fortissimo

by Bert Hirschhorn

"Continue...work on all forms of Atomic weapons including the...hydrogen (bomb)."

This directive from Ex-President Truman came on Jan. 31, 1950.

Nearly 3 years later came this announcement: "Joint Task Force 132...has completed...weapons development tests...in the Marshall Islands... The test program included experiments contributing to thermonuclear weapons research."

Thermonuclear told us that the bomb had arrived. The Hydrogen bomb was here to stay.

Soldiers describing the tests tell of how an island, a mile long, "actually disappeared". The explosion had the glare of "at least ten suns". This bomb was merely a test bomb.

The H-bomb is so powerful it needs a full-size A-bomb to trigger it. Perhaps I should explain some fundamental differences between the two. An A-bomb works on nuclear fission. That is, uranium atoms are split into smaller atoms thus releasing energy. In fusion, as it is called, four hydrogen atoms are fused into one helium atom, releasing a great amount of energy. This is the process by which the sun gives

off light and heat.

A horrible thing about the H-bomb is that it can be made as powerful as can be wanted. One H-bomb can be made to equal ONE THOUSAND A-bombs! This bomb would blast an area of 300 miles and destroy 1200 square miles by fire.

In addition, if such a bomb is placed in a cobalt casing (cobalt being very sensitive to radioactivity), the radioactivity would be about as powerful as 5,000,000 pounds of radium which would spread death for thousands of miles.

However, this destructive danger of the H-bomb is not the only thing we must fear. There is an element that has been discussed only in sf stories and has been widely ridiculed by many non-fans. This is the fact: The explosion of an H-bomb releases large amounts of Carbon 14, a radioactive isotope of carbon which takes fully 5600 years to lose half of its radioactivity. This isotope would make its way into our bodies and possibly make us sterile or cause us to produce horribly deformed mutants. This seems to indicate that a war in which H-bombs are used would spell the end of civilization.

I cannot outline any solution. I don't think anyone can. All I can do is hope and pray the time won't come when the bombs are dropped. That's about all you can do too.

* * * * *

Among the current controversies to plague fandom is: Shall FANTASTIC be admitted as "the real McCoy" in fandom?

While a majority of the critics are pro baiters (more about that in my column in

SPACESHIP], many earnestly believe that FANTASTIC is not a true stf-zine. Their case? Well, it centers on these points:

(1) Browne has printed many an item that was aimed at a larger segment of the reading populace. Such items as Spillane's story (which was ghosted by Browne, incidentally), Billy Rose's piece and several other stories with little or almost no stf or fantasy in them.

(2) Browne is out to make money.

(3) Browne used to be a mystery-writer.

Well, all I can say to the first complaint (the biggest) is this. The stories are interesting and likeable. It is ridiculous to assume that Browne prints for the thousand or so active fans. It is even conceit. I find FANTASTIC the best buy today. It's stories are well-proportioned between fantasy, stf, and---while I didn't like 'Howard Spillane'---the 'non-stf' is of top caliber. Even an old reader as myself gets tired of reading pure stf every ish as in the aristocrat, ASF. FANTASTIC is refreshing and very enjoyable.

Of course, the second complaint is moronic. What would Browne eat? Newspaper?

As to Browne's former shady reputation--his skill in handling FANTASTIC is clear. Being a mystery writer is no great drawback. He tried to combine the two fields with Spillane but an old pro like he knows when it doesn't work.

I'm in favor of more FANTASTIC.

---Bert Hirschhorn

RAY PALMER ---

GENIUS OR MADMAN?

by Rich Lupoff

(Editor's note: This article, originally intended for the July Annish, was written last May---before the advent of UNIVERSE SF, SCIENCE STORIES and MYSTIC. Looks like Rich pulled one out of left field here.)

In the June 1930 issue of WONDER STORIES, a story called "The Time Ray of Jandra" appears. One line from it reads "In 1944, when the second World War broke out..." The author of the story is one Raymond A. Palmer.

In the April 1953 issue of OTHER WORLDS, a feature called "The Man From Tomorrow" appears. One line from it reads "...fear will be an atomic attack on Russia from Argentina, led by Hitler himself. This fear will never be realized." The author of the feature (and editor of the magazine) is one Raymond A. Palmer.

After twenty-odd years in science fiction, Ray Palmer is still writing, still predicting, now editing and publishing, and still creating one furor after another.

Ray Palmer is one of the great names in sf history -- Verne, Wells, Gernsback, Campbell, Palmer, perhaps Gold, perhaps Pohl. Palmer has edited five magazines, founded four of them and practically resurrected the other from its grave.

Way back before World War II Palmer

was established as one of the top authors in the field, and AMAZING STORIES, the original sf mag, was down and nearly out. In desperation, after a fast shuffle, of owners, editors and formats, Palmer found himself in the editor's chair. He made the once-great magazine great again; built its size up well over two-hundred pages a month, its circulation over a million. In the process he perpetrated one of the most brazen, open-faced, immediately seen-through and paradoxically most successful hoaxes in history; the Shaver Mystery. He did all sorts of crazy things. He published an all-Shaver AMAZING: feature novel by Shaver, novelettes by Shaver, short stories by Shaver. The letter column was practically all about Shaver. The fans were raged by Palmer's trying to foist Richard S. Shaver's insanely-plotted, miserably-written fiction, even after a Rap rewrite, as fact. Lemuria, deros, snake-people, modern English based on the ancient language of Mu. Ridiculous! Either you cut this out, said the letters, or your magazine will be boycotted by every fan in America. And of course the fans bought the magazine to see if their letters were printed, to see if Palmer would cut out this foolishness, to gather more ammunition for more letters. And the non-fan readership swelled as people came to see the fireworks. The Shaver Mystery, which was such a success, also was one of the things which eventually drove Palmer out of the editorship of AS. And of FANTASTIC ADVEN-



TURES. For Palmer had to leave his mark in more ways than that one or two. He had to start a magazine as well as edit an old one. And so fantasy was wedded with science fiction in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, which ran fourteen years, which never did achieve its original promise, but which blazed trails in its own less-spectacular-than-AS way.

And so, seeing the end of his association with Ziff-Davis and its magazines approach, Palmer took another step away from the conventional. He invented the name of Robert N. Webster (his umpteenth pseudonym) and founded FATE, a wierd combination of the wierd and eccentric kind of stuff that always seemed to delight him with a mask of the same 'this-is-true' defiance that had marked his Shaver days.

Also under the name Webster, he started a new science-fiction mag, OTHER WORLDS. Still blazing trails, he had the audacity to charge thirty-five cents, instead of the usual twenty-five. And as usual, his gamble paid off. People bought the new little bi-monthly. The format was crazy, the reproduction poor, the paper horrible, and the material, with certain eminent exceptions, was mediocre. Palmer had the courage to print Bradbury's shocker "Way in the Middle of the Air". He had the courage to publish a magazine on a tiny cash-on-hand and no reserve whatsoever. He fell down a flight of stairs and had the courage to run the publication from a hospital bed.

Just when it looked as OW and Ray Palmer were going to pull through, he went out and started yet another magazine, IMAGINA-

TION, a science-fantasy companion for the straight stf of OW. Always striving, always seeking, always moving ahead, Palmer tried to increase his magazines in frequency of publication. Money, money, money. He sold IMAGINATION to his old assistant at Z-D, Bill Hamling. Six-weekly now. How to get money to go monthly? How?



Ever daring, Palmer continued on his mad path by appealing directly to the public for funds. And again he guessed right. They responded. Not too well, not enough to swing the deal themselves, but enough to tip the balance.

Another project. Back cover paintings, started at Z-D by Palmer, but now dead. For many months he had built the public up for the reintroduction of back cover paintings, on OTHER WORLDS. Suddenly Howard Browne, his successor at Z-D, came out with a new magazine, FANTASTIC----with a back cover painting. Palmer's thunder was stolen. But he came in second anyway, and started a rush after Browne with back cover paintings.

Monthly publication, back-cover illustrations, Palmer would not let his magazine or his public settle down. Better, thinner paper. A little thing but a change nevertheless. A new format, cover and interior.

And through it all the Palmer personality was showing ever more strongly. Was

the man neurotic? An egomaniac? Must he have his name all through his magazine? Wasn't the editorial enough? No, he printed his own stories. Still not enough. "The Man From Tomorrow", a new hoax, but not as vigorously pursued, nor as long insisted upon as the Shaver Mystery. Nebulosities. He built up Bea Mahaffey as a new literary child.

Is Raymond A. Palmer insane? Is he a genius? The answers are related. Adolf Hitler, one of history's greatest geniuses, was a madman. Julius Caesar was often called mad. Isaac Newton spoke to Joan-of-Arc-like spirits. No, Raymond A. Palmer is not insane. Yes, Raymond A. Palmer is a genius. And his genius is near-madness.

What is in the future for Palmer? Perhaps it will be nothing at all. Rap has been in poor health for years, and that fall back in the early days of OW left him a semi-invalid. But assuming that he can go on, Ray Palmer will go on. And he will not sit tight with what he has. That has never been Rap, and it never will be. The next step? Perhaps he will seek the further evolution of OTHER WORLDS and FATE. Perhaps he will start another magazine. Perhaps he will become more active in book publishing, a field he has worked with for some time. Perhaps he will come up with something so completely new, so completely different that we cannot even think of it now.

Only one thing is sure. As long as Palmer is around he will be blazing new trails; rushing in where angels fear to tread, and emerging covered with gold.

--Rich Lupoff

THE ART OF REFUSING

(Second and last of a series)

by hal shapiro, db

In the last issue, I ran down a few of the whys and wherefores of getting writers to contribute to your fanzine. The editor of this rag has read the article so well, and absorbed so much of it that he has managed to get not one, but two articles out of this writer for MOTE. If you want to call them articles.

A companion piece is a necessity if we are to prevent faneds from obtaining too much material for fanzines. For, should this happen, there will be too much quality material in fanzines and, eventually, fanzines will stop entirely printing crud like this. This will mean that fans will no longer be able to bitch about the crud in fanzines and the primary cause of being a fan will be nullified.

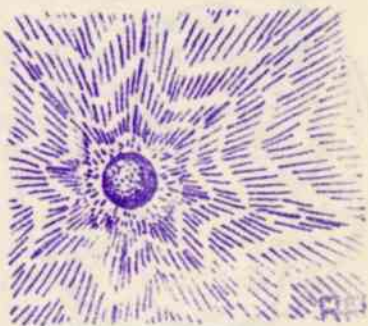
So, all you fan writers gather 'round and lemme pass on a few lessons I have learned in my fannish experience.

Now, to ignore a notice in a fanzine that "we want material from YOU" is the simplest thing in the world. It takes neither special knowledge nor specialized

training. However, when letters start arriving in the mail, that's another story. And that story is not saleable.

Let's start with the easiest problems and work our way up the ladder. Next to ignoring a printed message in a fanzine asking for material, comes the method of ignoring the letters. However, this is not conducive to popularity. And I doubt that there are any fans who wish to remain unpopular, except, perhaps, Ken Beale and Marion Bradley.

No, the best thing to do is to answer these letters. What of the letter from the neo-fan? The person approaching you on their hands and knees and licking your boots via mail (doesn't keep your boots clean) and asking you to please submit something to their fanzine? A kick in the teeth is usually sufficient to send them running. However, as I stated previously, it is not conducive to popularity. Also, it might, if you are revered sufficiently, chase this new fan out of fandom and cause our microcosm to lose a member with unknown potentialities.



The easiest thing to do with such a person is to give him something. For this he will love you to his dying day. He will also keep asking for material to his dying day. Besides, you probably wouldn't have anything for the lad anyway.

So, the next best thing is to write a

nice letter saying something like: "I'm sorry, but I don't have anything at present which I feel would be suitable for your fanzine. However, if you'll try these fans (list three BNFs here), they may be able to help you out. Feel free to mention my name".

Chances are that he won't get anything out of the other characters either. However, if he does, it'll make him your friend for life. Of course, you don't know what it'll do with the BNFs. But that's a chance you have to take.



Now, if you really want to contribute to a fanzine, and the editor wants material, you have but to drop him a line saying: "I would be honored to appear in the pages of your fanzine. However, I am all out of ideas. Now, if you could suggest a subject for me, and outline briefly the manner in which you'd like it handled, I'd be glad to do it, if I'm capable".

Since no editor can be brief, he'll just about write the article for you, and all you'll have to do is fill in incidental details and sign your name. This is the coward's way out. It's my way out.

Over and out.

--hal shapiro, db

PUBLIC OPINION

by Rich Bergeron

A COLUMNIST'S LIFE

With this installment, you readers of **NOTE** will have seen what may well be this column's last appearance. I hope not. But that doesn't alter the fact that in the future the time I will be able to devote to it is going to be practically non-existent. You see I'm dashing off to art college soon and learning how to draw pretty pictures takes lots of time; time that otherwise would be spent on **Bob Peatrow** and dear old **Public Opinion**. My plight is quite apparent; it's either one or the other and, believe me, I think I'll catch onto the knack of drawing much quicker than I will the art of writing. I wear out exactly 48 hard-lead pencils in turning out one issue's worth of this breezy crap. It would be cheaper for me to sub to this rag than try to be a contributor, but I need the practice badly so that I can write interesting letters eventually. Therefore, **PO's** allotted time span is going to have to be sacrificed to the god of **ART**. BUT, since I'll be in the pursuit of an artistic education full time, after I enter school this fall, it is narrowly possible that I'll be able to find the secret to drawing pictures in double time. Then, I could chalk up half of my college day to art and half to writing **Public Opinion**. Twelve hours to each. All is not lost, you see. There is still hope.

Some of my columns have to suffer, though. The last installment of one of them appeared in OOPSLA! #10. Recently I received a letter from one Grace Davis, who will be the editor of the fanzine that the Utah Science Fiction League is going to sponsor as the successor to OOPSLA!. Her missive dwelt on my past connections as a fan-artist with Gregg Calkins' mag in general and the possibility of my connections in the same capacity with the USFL in particular. Not a single person, with the exception of OOPS's editor and Shelby Vick, has mentioned that column in print where I could see them doing it! Memo: check off one column and buy a new toothbrush.

I abort something called "Fan Varieties" for CONFUSION in an irregular fashion. My talent for that sort of thing has dwindled to the vanishing point. The chance that there will be another abort of that sort of material from me is slim.

As I write this, I also have a few items in the fire for The Raven's Chirp. The material for it seems pretty good from this end of the editorial gun, but one can never tell. It's quite likely that it'll



have to be dropped for awhile. Yes, for a while. I like SF's presentation of its contents very much and the amount of pleasure I derive from grinding it out is second only to that from Public Opinion, so it'll probably be back if Magnus still wants it when I

get out of college.

But, for the time being, those people who hunger for Bergeron writing will have to find it in FAPA and SAPS. I'll try to bring this column back after an absence of an issue or two, but, of course, I'm not going to make a fool out of myself to do it.

A FICTIONALIZED APPROACH TO AN OPINION

(Author's note: The following piece of writing was originally scheduled to appear in an issue of my FAPazine. Fapans already know that that issue hit the financial rocks, spreading material around in several directions. This is another of the water-logged items that have been turning up in the oddest places since. It is being presented to my MOTE readers mainly because they are the ones I get the most response out of. Bob was quite generous in giving this column gobs of space in issue number six's letter column. Most of my other editors are crowded with good material and can't do this. If any of you disagree with what you'll find below, I'm sure MOTE's letter section will be open to you in the interests of controversy.)



While entering Fandom, the neophyte must be mystified by what the admirers of the work of a relatively small, but hyper-active, group of fans call this select group's work. Very few of them have anything more than praise for it. His eye-

brows must rise when he sees some column-ist say in print that "Winston's fan-art-work gets better and better by the ream", when he already owns many of the examples commented on and can find nothing more in them than sloppily-done nudes, high priest-esses etc.

After reading his perusal of this "art-work" with a baffled expression, he'll sit down and rationalize: "Oh well, Proudly has been in fandom much longer than I have -- no doubt with the gaining of experience in fandom these illos take on certain new values. Roscoe knows that Winston's work must have something in it or he'd never rate so highly in the fan-art division of all the fan polls. Though why Winnie should get fandom's accolade while PLANET STORIES' cover artists always get a panning is beyond me'."

The problem won't bother him too much, he'll forget about it and gradually come to take the acclamations of Proudly and others as indicative of the best because he knows that they are brilliant people and must be basing their opinions on sound knowledge of the art world.

Perhaps this neo-fan saw the comments made in a fanzine not long ago, "Why, the cover on your mag is identical with the one used by Browne on the August issue of his. What ever made that artist Phillipps think he could make it pass unnoticed?" If he did, it's more than likely that he ran to his fanzine collection, keeping the copy of SUN SPOT in hand, and dug out the issue of SPACE-BORN for comparison purposes. He probably looked with hawk eyes from one cover to the other, then a blank

look came to his face and he must have thought, "Why, these covers aren't identical. The only thing Phil used in both was the background. It gives the effect of an alien portrait with that BEM centered in it. Ah, but this background must strike the basis of similarity in fan-art. An experienced artist like Larry shouldn't have fallen into a minor trap of this sort. Yup, Collier must be right!"

His fanzine reading will carry him across exalted pieces of work by Winston, Brushu, and others. He has come to realize that there can be no similarity of ideas where such scope of concept is covered as is found in Winston's work. None can draw so accurate a curve as he. Brushu excels in individualistic hips. He knows that they are the true exponents of variety in fan-art -- at last our neophyte has developed into an average BNF, and like all the others, a critic of fan-art and a setter of the example.

THE GLASS WIG

Noticed, while glancing through my eight-year-old brother's files: CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, the comic magazine which specialized in reprinting "stories by the world's greatest authors" in picture-story form, has added another fantasy writer to their list of names. A list including Wells, Verne, Haggard, Stevenson, and Carroll, among others. Issue #107 contained Talbot Mundy's "King -- of the Khyber Rifles". # I wonder if anyone besides Elsberry, Vick, Beale, Calkins and myself noticed that the final OOPSLA! was composed entirely of columns? No wonder it took six months to come out! # Fandom first

heard of Conklin's recent book, "The Omnibus of Science Fiction" approximately five years ago, when Redd Boggs predicted in SKY HOOK (now SKYHOOK) #2 (May '48) that that title was "on the way". Since Redd makes the Nostradamus business sound so easy, may I say that "The Index to The Immortal Storm" is on the way? The advertisements concerning the ASFO printed edition of "The Immortal Storm" make no mention of one being included in it and everyone who owns a copy of Burwell's run knows how useful such an item would be. But, it seems likely that when the "Index" does appear, that it will be done for the more permanent of the two volumes, so owners of the mimeographed version will still have to invest in the former, if they want to be able to use this piece of Moskowitz's work to the best advantage.

--Rich Bergeron

