

MoTe



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Re:MOTE

by the editor

This is the last issue of MOTE.

I've been considering folding MOTE for some months now and have finally managed to convince myself that it's the best thing to do. Sad but true. I still have enough affection for the zine to regret having to fold it, but just don't seem to have the old enthusiasm over it that I used to have. And when the publishing of a fanzine becomes more work than pleasure there is indeed something wrong. So, with this issue, MOTE makes its farewell bow to the fanzine world.

I want to make one point clear though. I am still interested in fandom and fan publishing and, with the experience gained in publishing MOTE behind me, I hope to take another lick at fanzine publishing before too long. Plans for a successor to MOTE are pretty vague as yet, but it will probably be an entirely different type of zine.

All who have cash subs to MOTE will be getting a refund shortly after you get this issue. Also, the material still on hand which hasn't been used will be returned to the contributors shortly.

A special note to all the fan-editors with whom I've been trading---I'd like to keep on getting your zines and hope that all trades can be continued with my forthcoming zine. If you've any objections to this, let me know.

So now, for MOTE---Adieu!

Bob Pentzowsky

"a fanvariety enterprises publication"

MOTE

Issue No. 9

November - 1953

"The de-Preciation Issue"

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All interior illos by Dave English

MOTE has been edited and published by Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr.
This is the final issue of MOTE.

HOW TO HOLD UP UNDER A SAGGING FLOOR

by Wrai Ballard

Many sfen are collectors and many more, though not 102% collectors, save every copy of sf mags they get. This naturally leads to a problem. Usually a limited amount of floor space is available for storage of mags. The way to utilize this floor space to the best advantage, is to place one magazine above another until the upward progress is limited by a ceiling. This gets the most magazines into the smallest space.

Since every action has an opposite reaction (popular rumor used to "explain" how a rocket-ship works in a vacuum) the end result is that after a few happy years of collecting, a collector will notice that no matter where a marble is dropped near a stack of zines, it will find a downhill to run to. Every fan having a collection large enough to cause this phenomenon is at least a 90% collector type, so this article is aimed at 90%, or more, collectors.

One of the worst catastrophes that a 90%, or more, collector can imagine, is a collapsing floor that spills his collection into lower depths, wrecking his den, splintering the floor and causing hard feelings between fan and family, or fan and landlord. There is the danger that part of a prized collection may be damaged and there also is the danger that opposition to collecting will be such that the 90%, or more, collector will be forced to give up collecting.

This article is not an article on how to brace up a floor, but an article on how to brace up the 90%, or more, collector so he can face the possibility of a collapsing floor that will leave him a 90%, or more, collector with no collection.

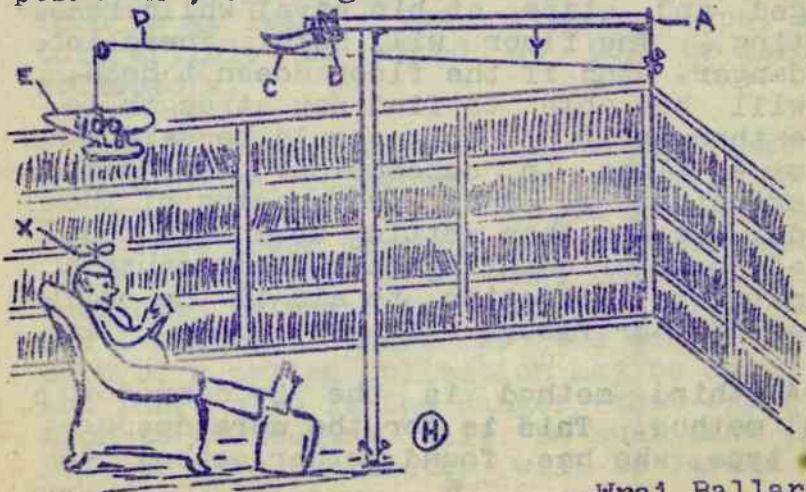
The primary method is for the naturally cheerful type, and is called the "Sans Souci" method. It rarely works for collectors much above the 90% bracket, but is worth a try. Its simplicity is best applied to those who can convince themselves that the fun of collecting was the main reason for collecting. With this attitude the fan following the "Sans Souci" method seldom worries. His attitude is, "The floor will hold. If it doesn't, I can always start a new collection. If I can't start a new collection, I still will have had the fun collecting this collection." There will be few collectors who can benefit by this method.

Another method is the "Yogi System". This is self-hypnotism. It is not necessary but is suggested that a fan sit cross-legged and stare at his navel while repeating, "The floor will hold. There is no danger. And if the floor doesn't hold, I will be able to find new strength to live through it." This should be said at least 41 times in succession. Care must be exercised to vary the spacing of the words, rather than setting up a measured, steady beat of chanting that might cause a sympathetic vibration to aid in the collapse of your floor.

A third method is the "Be damned to you" method. This is for the more desperate type, who has found other methods to

fail and has finally acquired a fatalistic attitude, and now dares the floor to collapse. He adds new zines to the piles with a sneer and looks happily towards the collapse of the floor as a release which will leave him cleansed of all fears and worries, and ready to face life boldly. Happy is the fan who has attained this state. He may be abberated, but he is anesthetized.

Finally there is the hopeless case, a fellow who cannot live without his collection. For him there is nothing we can do but furnish a swift and painless end, that will, if possible, put an end to his sufferings before he knows he has anything to suffer. For this I suggest a mechanical device be built as shown in the following sketch. It works as follows: Beam "Y" is hinged at end "A". On end "B" is fastened knife "C". The collapsing floor, "H", pulls down beam "Y", causing knife "C" to cut rope "D". Rope "D" supports anvil "E" which, when rope "D" is cut, falls to point "X", crushing skull of 102% collector.



--Wra1 Ballard

Mother

by Fred Chappell

He thought that perhaps today the Strange Woman would visit him; so he played diligently with his toys all through the morning. They were new toys, shiny and bright, for he never liked to use them much. He was, perhaps, a bit afraid---or, at least, he was in awe of---the new, new machines she brought him. He was certainly afraid of her; when she came into the room, she became so different. She clasped with everything in the room. She smelled too sweet---stickily sweet; her mouth was red and greasy; and she talked too fast. She babbled on and on and for him it was hard to understand much of what she said.

But he played dutifully with the new toys, so that if she came she would be very pleased to see him enjoying them. But, of course, he did not enjoy them---it would be hard to, for, after all, she had brought them in, touched them, bundled them in her fat-rolled arms.

At noon-time he ate the meal which his mother made for him. He enjoyed the meals his mother brought him. So hot they were, so steaming and wholesome that he sometimes asked for more. But, of course, a second helping was never forthcoming.

And just as he finished---the dishes

were not then put away---the door opened and the Strange Woman entered. She had with her more toys, just as bright and shiny and new as the others.

"Look," she said, clattering like rain on a window, "look at all the toys I brought you. Now what do you say? Say thank you---come on, say thank you."

"Thank-you," he said gravely.

She smiled a flash-bright smile at him and turned toward his mother and started talking again. He watched her, fascinated, but he could not comprehend her meaning or her intent. After awhile she stopped talking to his mother and said, "Well, I've got to run." Then she bent over him and kissed him with those greasy lips.

"Good-bye, Bobby," she whispered in his ear. "I might bring you back something nice the next time I'm here---if you're a good boy."

"Thank-you," he said gravely.

Then she stood up and left, in a flurry of words and accents. He stood staring at the door she had closed for a long time, thinking only that it would probably be a long, long time before she came again, and he was glad. Then the fright reached him and he realized how very, very scared of her he was. Trembling, he ran to his mother for comfort.

The robot reached down and picked him up and tried to soothe him.

--Fred Chappell

THE TECHNIQUE OF CORRECTLY CONTRIBUTING TO FANZINES

by Ray Thompson

Several months ago, I wrote an article for MOTE, about how NOT to contribute to a fanzine. Inasmuch as there has been quite a mixed reception to said article, I feel it necessary to write a sequel, as it were, which bears the above title.

When contributing to a fanzine, there are, of course, a few things to remember. They are such easily-remembered little rules as; Always Type Your Manuscript Double-Spaced, On One Side Of A Sheet Only. This, supposedly, is to be for the benefit of the editor or typist who makes up the dummy sheets. Actually, however, the editors use the blank sides of the manuscript sheets for doodling, not wishing to use up good letter stationary for that purpose, and being too cheap to buy scratch pads.

Another rule is, be sure to include return postage with your manuscript. It is not specifically required, in most cases, but it always bolsters the ego of a fanzine editor if such is included; it makes the editor feel like he is running the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Then, too, always address the editor as Mister, for the same reason, and address correspondence; FOOT, Ignatius K. Skomfergooble, Editor; this also helps in egoboosting.

A major consideration in contributing to fanzines is, after you have sent in your contribution to an editor, how do you get said editor to accept said contribution?

There are several ways to accomplish this. If you have some secret knowledge about the editor, which he would not care to have circulated through fandom, the answer is simple. (The only thing wrong with blackmail is the jail term therewith connected.) Most of the time, it is hard, however, to get anything on an editor. And, in some extreme cases, it becomes downright impossible. If this is true, other means must be employed.

If the editor is your brother, you will have very little trouble, You can always beat him over the head, if he doesn't accept your contribution. An editor who is your brother is, however, somewhat hard to find. If the editor is your friend, a bit of coercion helps. But sometimes, after a few too many bits of coercion, your good friend ceases to be your good friend, and you may end up with a feud on your hands.

There will come a time, when you will run out of editors who are your good friends, your relatives, or who owe you money. You are going to contribute to a stranger, or to someone with whom you have only a passing acquaintance. Or maybe some neofan of whom you've never heard has written to you and asked you please to write something for his new fanzine. The problem of what to do here becomes somewhat knotty.

In the case of the neofan, you can

probably pass off any kind of crud on him, and he will publish it simply for the name value of the writer. However, you may come across a neofan editor who is a bit more discriminating than the average. You must be careful there. You cannot have your manuscript full of typos, single-spaced on both sides of the paper (this editor has learned to doodle early in life), and smeared with strawberry jam. It must be done correctly. This sad state of affairs cannot be helped, more's the pity. It is, though, the exception rather than the rule.

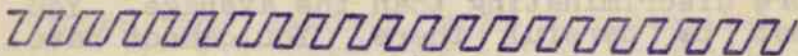
But suppose you are going to write something for an editor who has a very good fanzine, has an extensive following, is quite well-known, and reproduced his fanzine by photo-offset, or multilith, or some other means equally expensive. Here, all rules of caution MUST be followed. Even if the editor in question has asked you if you might like to contribute to his fanzine, he will most likely throw your contribution, over which you have worked so hard, into the nearest wastebasket if it isn't 105.9½% correct typographically, and follows the editorial policy of his fanzine to the letter. If there is the slightest grammatical error in your contribution, he will send it back and ask you to correct it before he will even consider it.

All of which goes to show just how independent a fanzine editor gets after putting out three or four issues.

About the only thing you can do, actually, to insure getting your contributions

accepted for a fanzine, is to get an editor who is either your good friend, or your brother.

--Ray Thompson



Alexandre Sketch III

How to be a _____ *

by Maril Shrewsbury

There have been quite a lot of books and articles written on how to be successful, how to win friends and influence people, how to lose weight, how to gain weight, how to build model airplanes, how to get model airplane dope off your fingers, and many others far too numerous to mention here. However, I find that no one has ever written a book or article on how to be a _____.

Now to begin with, being a _____ is relatively simple, but first you must decide what kind of a _____ you want to be. You can, if you are ambitious, be a capital letter, every day of the week and twice on Sundays _____ and have everybody hate you, or you can be a plain ordinary everyday _____ and have just a few select people hate you. This article will deal with the latter type, inasmuch as beginners should begin at the beginning.

If you have a naturally nasty disposition, you should grasp the fundamentals of _____ism very quickly, but if you are cheery, and think that the world is a fine place, you may have a little more trouble, and I would suggest the six-months course in _____ism (\$49.84 complete). However we are herein concerned with the first rules, and anyone who has even a small streak of disagreeableness in his system should be a first-class _____ in no

*Unprintable--the Post Office, you know.

time at all.

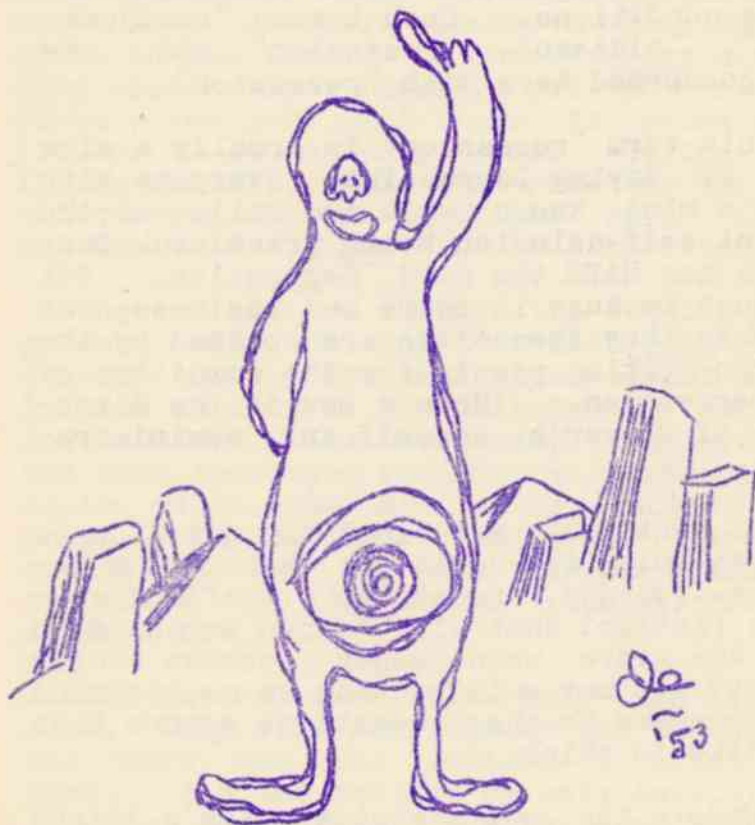
The first rule is "Never smile", and if you practice diligently, I'm sure you can acquire a really hateful scowl in a very short time. The second rule (and these first few rules are negative) is, "Never be helpful". If you see a little old lady trying to carry a heavy sack of groceries across a busy street, don't help her, push her! The third rule is, "Never tell the truth", and one of the best ways to practice this rule is to stand on the street corner and wait for out-of-town motorists to ask directions. Rule four is "Never step to the back of the bus, and always pull the buzzer when the bus is ten feet past your stop. (This is to give the driver ulcers). One other little thing to remember in riding busses, never have less than a ten-dollar bill for fare.

Now for a few affirmative rules. When you see a small child drop a toy, step on it, and when he starts to cry, step on him too. When driving, if someone tries to pass, step on the gas, or keep your car well over the center line. Mixing up your hand signals is always a feasible plan, and always screech to a halt just inches from the crosswalk. When walking, be sure to act as if you just got hit over the head, and don't know where you are going. This will drive the motorists crazy.

If you follow the rules and helpful hints carefully, you will soon be at the top of everyone's _____ list. If you desire further information, please send for the six-month (Elite) course, and at the end of the six-months, you will be a-

warded the gold-seal diploma certifying
you to be a full - fledged, unmitigated
_____. Remember our motto, "Be a
_____; it's so easy!"

--Maril Shrewsbury



"Ladies and Jellyrolls...."

THE COMING SCIENCE FICTION RECESSION

by Richard E. Geis

Business men, especially big business men, have developed in the last few years a series of euphemisms which describe business conditions. Such terms: "readjustment", "plateau", "recession", etc. We are concerned here with "recession".

This term "recession" is really a nice way of saying Depression. Everyone with half a mind knows this and smiles at the patent self-delusion being practiced. Business men HATE the word Depression. Not so much because it means bad business, as because they themselves are blamed by the common working people for the condition of ...Depression. (Here a bow in the direction of Hoover's Republican administration.)

A pertinent and logical question to ask at this time would be: "How will a depress...pardon, "recession"....affect science fiction? What will happen to the field and the genre when money becomes really tight? It may well be that we are to find the answers to these questions sooner than we like to think.

Under the new administration's "tight money" policies, reduced government military spending, and unwillingness to face economic reality, the almost forgotten Depression-days are looming before us with

dreadful certainty. Money is even now going more and more into food and clothing, less and less into non-essentials such as long trips, luxury items, and superfluous magazines.

With money becoming harder to get, spending money for the kids will be cut. Allowances will dwindle, and the teen-age high-schooler will find after school jobs harder to find. The inevitable result will be a calamitous fall in circulation for two-thirds of the science-fantasy magazines in the field. Of course every magazine will suffer losses, but those magazines which have owed their continued existence to loose money, idle buying by fringe readers, and fans who buy but do not read.....those magazines will fold quicker than a paper tent in a hurricane.

Those that do survive the weeding out process will cut, and I do mean cut, production costs. The semi-slick digest size is nice as long as 35¢ is being paid across the counter with heartening regularity, but when the buyer resistance is felt, then again will come the old reliables: the pulps. In all their cheap paper, hard to read type, and ads for rupture trusses, the pulps will ride again. Except for a favored few.

The favored few will keep the digest size. They will continue to pay the highest rates, and will continue to print the best. And the few may be only two....As-tounding and Galaxy. Fantasy and Science Fiction, after holding out for a while and running on its reputation, will quietly cease to exist.

One bi-monthly Palmer mag might survive if Palmer writes all or most of the contents himself. The Ziff-Davis mags, Fantastic and Amazing, will revert to pulp and try to recapture the tone of the Good-Old-Days of RAP. Science Fiction Plus will be among the first to curl up its toes and fall into the grave.

Already Startling and Thrilling Wonder are missing an occasional month in appearing. Perhaps only one will survive as a bi-monthly, or both may go quarterly.

Dead titles will litter the field like exhausted men during a death march.

In television science fiction will be a thing of the past; an indulgence of the lush years. An occasional fantasy will make a self-conscious appearance.

In the movies science fiction pictures will wither and die on the planning room floor. Stif movies will be cancelled even while in production, and the safe and sure formulas will predominate as never before. A recession is no time to risk money on anything but the tried and true. As in television, an occasional fantasy will appear.

Science fiction in all the mass media of communication, like an expensive hobby that can no longer be continued, will virtually disappear. The field will contract to less than a third its present size, and once again it will belong to the fans. The cycle will be complete...almost.

For the stories, even during bad times and low rates, will be even better than

today. The competition among the writers who produced for a much larger former market will be terrific. And no longer will it be "odd" if a fan is seen with a stf mag. The covers will be better...a little.

And the fans...the fans will be a bit more mature than might be expected. Both because the economic situation will force a maturity upon the young, and because the older fen, the Seventh Fandom of today, will still be around in large part. Too, the de-emphasis on science fiction in TV and the movies will create fewer neo-fen, and thus there will be no ever larger younger generation of fen to push out the old.

Fanzines, like promagazines, will fall by the score. And only a few will remain. Generally, the same forces that rule the pro mags will rule fanmags. The best will stay. Perhaps some fanzines in existence now will be among those that survive. Certainly among those that do continue will be some that even now haven't even been thought of by their now very young editors-to-be.

The vicious cycle of stf history will have completed its run and will set out for another long uphill journey. That is if the A-, H-, and C-bombs don't get there first.

Ping-pong, anyone?

--Richard E. Geis

COMMOTION

...being mostly letters from the readers

DEAN A. GRENELL, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisc.

MOTE #8 received in fine shape...

Bloch wrote that right after he got his copy, Palmer stopped in to see him and bore off Bloch's MOTE, complete with Palmer article, "in high glee and his Pontiac station wagon". So the article has been seen by RAP by this time. I doubt that you'll be hearing from Ray though--he rarely ever writes anyone.

Nice to see MOTE appearing with fair regularity once more. So few of the fzines are these lackluster days, seemingly. ... Most of the...fan-eds are suffering from annishitis--a virulent, if rare madady wherein a fan-ed suddenly announces that the next issue will be a super-hyper-ultra issue of 256 pages, all in five-color mimeo (sometimes photo-offset), featuring all of the biggest names in fan-circles, pro-circles, etc. He continues the buildup until nothing less than a masterpiece can be produced without a great loss of face, not to say cash.

Then he goes into aestivation, with occasional harried postcards to his closest friends; sometimes a dittoed openletter to his looser friends; all saying "having a

terrible time, wish you were here to help". As time goes along, the work connected with the super-issue looms larger and larger and non-fannish activities are heard raising their dulcet, sirenian tones in the distance.

Gafia beckons. And the fan-ed, being human (most are, you know) strays from the righteous path, never to be heard from again...not by fans anyhow. We have been this foul fate befall such once-great titans as Hoffman, Keasler, Laney, and other dear dead names of 6th fandom. It has already taken Don Cantin from our midst and even the indestructible Nydahl is deep in its thrall. Ellison is tottering on the brink of fandomus exeuntus as a result of the debilitating attack he suffered with his last issue. It even shooed you for a bit there, didn't it ole son?

That, my fine fatherly friend, is why you'll never see a big annish of GRUE, the lazy fan's magazine.

...Talking of fan fiction, I see you still run the stuff. Aren't you afraid that Larry Balint or Dick Clarkson will blow up your house trailer (semantic note: lately, it's all the thing to call these "mobile homes") or something in retaliation? 'Twasn't a bad little story but sounds as though it were written in a hurry and could, I think, have been given a better treatment.

Which brings us to the Lupoff vivisection of Palmer. Only it doesn't turn out to be that after all. Rich makes deft use of an old, time-tested modus operandi, the name of which I don't know offhand. But

you've seen the thing pulled hundreds of times among the non-sf mags. Their cover features a quizzical title in bold letters. ARE THE DODGERS TAKING BRIBES?---IS EISENHOWER A COMMIE?---WILL ALY KAHN MARRY MARJORIE MAIN? etc., etc. So you buy the mag if you're that simple, and you find that the answers are (a) No, they aren't. (b) Absolutely not! (c) Scarcely likely. But who am I to cast scorn upon Rich for the mere use of such a recognized style? Whom indeed?

* * *

S/SGT STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS, AF 15495905,
Hq Sq, 3750th TTW, Sheppard AFB, Texas.

... "Ray Palmer--Genius or Madman?"---An excellent analysis. The kind of fan article I like to read. It was remarkable objective--especially considering the subject under discussion. I, myself, tend to take a slightly dimmer view of Palmer than Lupoff does. Essentially, Palmer is a fan, through and through; but he also has a talent for appealing to the masses, which makes him an excellent editor for the gulps. At no time has he ever let what integrity he might have as a fan interfere with his natural desire to employ his talent in making as much money as possible. Who can imagine Palmer the fan approving of some of the things Palmer the editor has done. OTHER WORLDS/SCIENCE STORIES, to be sure, represent Palmer the fan making some concessions to Palmer the editor; but then we still have MYSTIC and FATE. Of course, Palmer may actually believe in some of that type of material, but even so, some of it...

"Rich's Roundup"---Lupoff scores again. Excellent column excellently continued. As

for his question on who reads PLANET STORIES, I do, for one. In the first place, it's the first sfzine I ever read (Summer issue 1940), and the old thrill still lingers. Admittedly, the quality, never very high, has fluctuated, and today it's no equal for the PS of the "golden age"; the three issues of Baxby's editorship. But, still, the space opera, that PS grinds out has an exotic flavor all its own and, though Bradbury is no longer seen in those parts (except reprints--Uggg!), occasional stories still come up that are well worth reading---if you like atmosphere and don't demand too much science. Yah, I like Brackett...

* * *

VERNON McCAIN, c/o Western Union, Kello Idaho.

...I feel constrained to comment on this issue because in it Norbert Hirsch-



horn comes up with one of the most fantastically asinine statements my incredulous eyes have ever witnessed in any fanzine. I quote:

"Browne has printed many an item that was aimed at a larger segment of the reading populace..... (Fantastic's) stories are well-proportioned between fantasy, stf and non-stf....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."

And unquote!

Now, the fact that I disagree almost 100% with everything else in Hirschhorn's article isn't important. They are statements of opinion and Hirschhorn has every right to his as I have to mine. But when he starts trying to support them with this sort of garbled reasoning (?) that is just a wee trifle too much.

This may be in the nature of a shock to Hirschhorn but there are other magazines published besides stf and fantasy magazines. The newsstands are full of them. And if he exhausts this supply he can go to his local library which has shelves and shelves and shelves of non-stf. No one forces Hirschhorn to read ASF or any other stfmag. Nobody twists one arm behind his back until he is forced to release thirty-five cents from his fevered little palm to reimburse the newsdealer for the latest issue of GALAXY. No community has statutes forcing purchase of the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY along with payment of your taxes. Thus Hirschhorn is free to buy stf mags if he

wishes or not and to buy non-sf or not as he wishes. He can mix the two together if he wishes. Despite McCarthy it is still a free country at this writing. Certainly I can't blame Hirschhorn for getting tired of a steady diet of sf. I do, myself. So far as I know the only individual in history who didn't was Forrest J. Ackerman. Fine, if Hirschhorn tires of sf and fantasy, let him read detective novels...."The Naked and the Dead"....Shakespeare....or Jane Austen. I can recommend them heartily. I read them myself, interspersed with my sf. But I obtain them separately. In fact, if Hirschhorn insists on having them mixed there are even magazines catering to this audience...BLUE BOOK, COLLIERS, half a dozen others which publish a percentage of sf and fantasy along with other varied typed of fare which appeal to their readers. Significantly, these magazines have much larger circulations than the sfmags.

But sf mags such as ASTOUNDING and fantasy mags such as BEYOND are published for those of us who can't get enough of this type fiction in our normal reading. They are catering to a specialized taste just as certain magazines publish nothing but western tales, others nothing but heart-throbbing pieces of fiction about suffering womankind which claim in their titles to be true; other magazines stick to recounting factual murders, and still others devote themselves to the latest and most economical methods of running supermarkets or drive-in hamburger stands. When the reader buys a publication of this sort he has every right to expect that it publishes nothing but its own specialty and related items. And when Howard Browne not

only titles a magazine FANTASTIC but makes it clear throughout that he is catering to the reader who specializes in sf and fantasy and then inserts stories such as the Budrys and Bradbury items in the latest issues (much as I liked the latter and would have wanted to read it where ever it appeared) he is as deliberately defrauding the public out of part of its purchase price as a dairy which waters its milk.

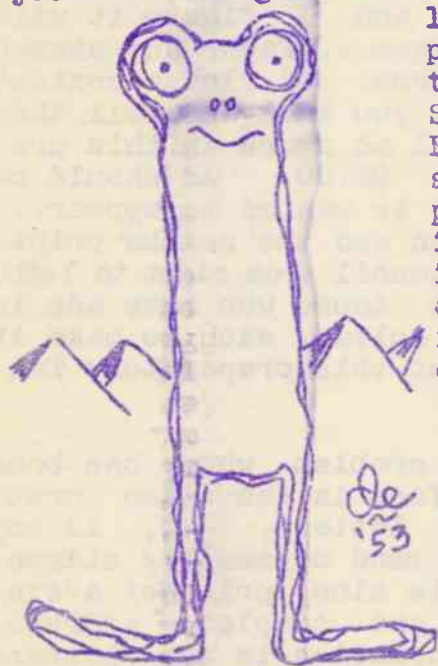
Good God, does Hirschhorn recommend that a package plainly labelled frozen peas in his grocery store should also contain a smattering of carrots simply because he also likes carrots? Should a quart of vanilla ice cream contain a thin layer of chocolate ice cream three-quarters of the way down simply because some people who like chocolate ice cream but dislike vanilla might buy vanilla in the future on the off chance they'll find some chocolate in it, irregardless of the fact that some people who bought the package labelled vanilla are allergic to chocolate? Does he suggest that when he buys a new Chevrolet it contain a few Ford parts just to provide a delightful surprise and change from the monotony of one General Motors product after another?

If Hirschhorn feels so loyal to fandom, sf, and the NFFF that he must buy every sf mag when this makes it impossible for him to purchase any other sort of reading matter, then I pity him. This is the only halfway logical explanation I can find for his statement. But there is still the free public library.

Some of the non-sf printed by Browne was excellent. Some of it was just the

opposite. But in every case this sort of thing can be obtained through normal channels devoted to it. Channels I, for one, make use of when my tastes run that way. But I do not appreciate Howard Browne's shoving thinly disguised detective stories on me in the guise of stf on the grounds that poor benighted stfans are too ignorant to acquire a liking for such fine literature in any other way. When I want to read a good detective story I buy ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE or some pocket-book, not FANTASTIC. I was a mystery fan long before I was a stf fan and I think I have a slightly more reliable knowledge of what I'll like, and when, than Mr. Browne.

Let me make it clear that I have no objection to magazines that follow a clearly



labelled policy of printing two or more types of fiction. Such a one was SUSPENSE and it had several imitators. I personally considered it excellent, catering as it did to two of my major tastes in fiction and using excellent editorial judgement. But it is significant that none of these magazines survived long indicating that the public in general refuses to support such a magazine. Thus Browne is forced into subterfuges to force his own prefer-

Hermann # 217

ences onto sf readers.

I could go on enlarging on this for pages and hours but I guess that states the basic facts and should suffice.

There are times when I begin to think the -aney-originated terminology for fandom is justified.

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ORVILLE W. MOSHER, 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas.

I've been trying to mimeograph my complete world fanclub list so that I can send it to fanclubs over the world for additions and corrections. ... Here is the rub: I've only been able to mimeograph 19 pages of the list, and I figure it will take 5 to 7 more pages... Paper and stamps are the chief problems. ... Please contact fanzine editors you know and tell them ... that I will sell ad space in this preparatory list for \$1.00. Ad should be typed up the way it is wanted to appear... up to 2" up and down and the regular printing surface of a stencil from right to left. I will explain that those who have ads in the list donated a dollar each to make it possible to send out this preparatory fanclub list.

Also, another problem which has been staring me in the face is the stamp problem for individual letters. So, if any fanzine editor will send me some 3¢ stamps, give the name of his zine, price of a single copy and sub, and complete address, I'll give this information in the letters I write.

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