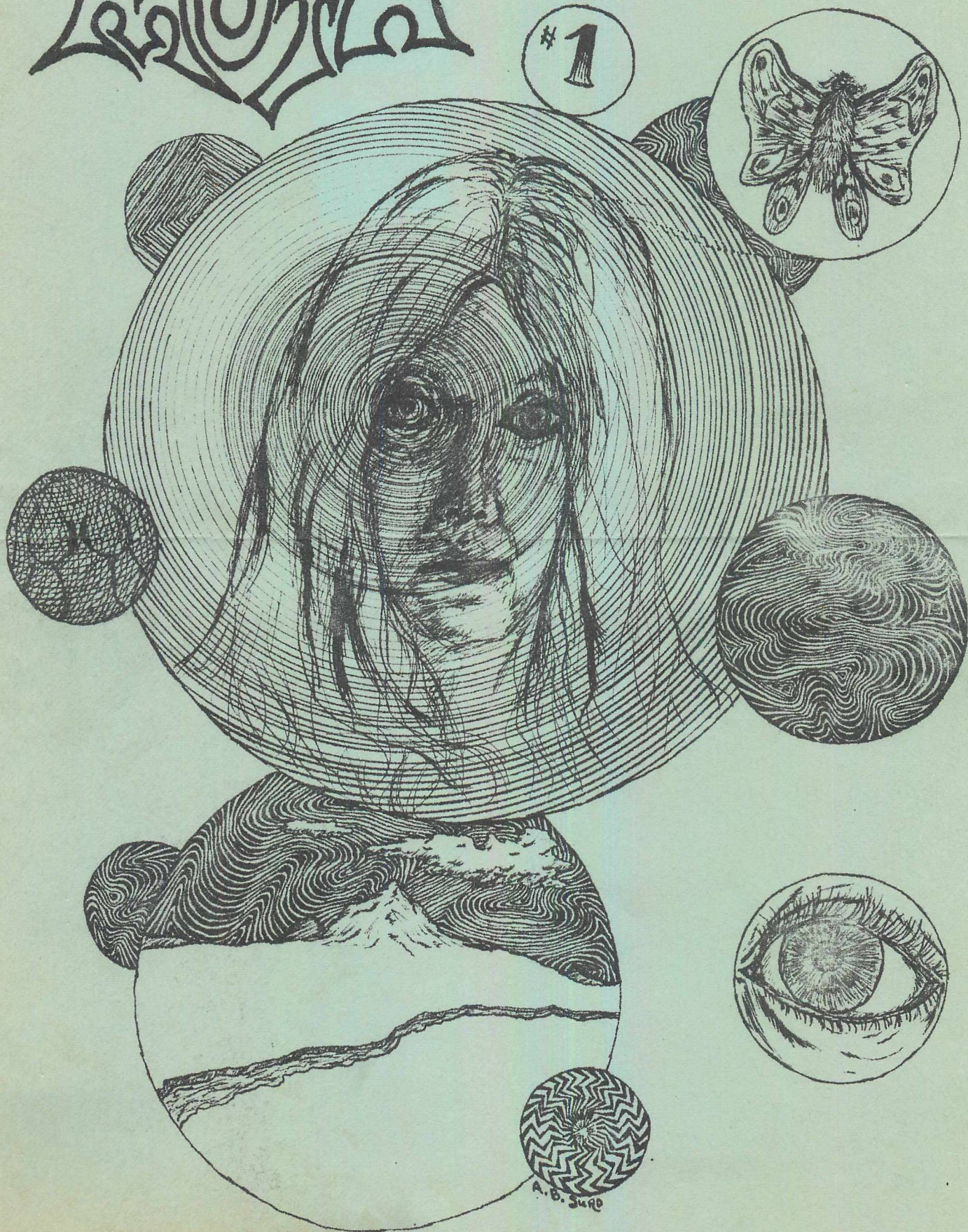


# MOA

#1







Yes, this is yet another fanzine to come out of Columbia, Missouri,  
. . . this one answers to the name of MOTA.

MOTA #1, July, 1971, is edited and, this time, completely written by Terry Hughes. My address untill May, 1972, is 407 College Ave., Columbia, Missouri 65201. A permanent address where mail can be sent to reach me for ever and ever is (my name, of course) Route 3, Windsor, Missouri 65360. All artwork signed A. B. Surd was done by my brother Craig, whose work I really like, even though he is currently hung up on drawing magic mushrooms; all the other artwork was done by me. Many thanks to Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell for running this off on their rollicking Ronco and helping to collate the scattered pages. Hopefully this fresh young fanzine will be put out four or five times a year by Freebie Firesign Features, Ink. It basically goes out for free, though hopefully in return for fanzine trades, letters of comment, and/or contributions.

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Ah!, you sneer, just what fandom needs -- one more fanzine. And why, you wonder, did you get this? Well, you got this because I know you and/or I have enjoyed what I've seen of your work and/or you're a member of APA 45, but mainly you got this ish because you are the type of person I would like to see appear within these pages. If you got this in the mail, you'll probably get at least the next issue even if you don't do anything; if you write a letter of comment, you will be assured of getting several future issues; and if you contribute something, you'll never be able to get off my mailing list. I would also very much like to trade copies of my fanzine for copies of yours, preferably all for all.



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Serutan spelled backwards is Natures!  
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If you are looking at someone else's copy and didn't get one of your own, it's probably because I couldn't get your address or else I may not be aware of you, but regardless, just send me your address along with your comments on what you are holding in your hands, or else send a copy of your fanzine, and you'll start receiving it right away.

I did this first issue of MOTA virtually by myself, which is the main reason why it is somewhat short in length. Since I wanted this one to be solely my own work (which was a good way to get back in the groove for writing for fanzines), that being a good way to begin a new publication, I didn't request any contributions other than art from my brother since I'm such a mediocre artist. That policy was only for the first issue, and now I'm actively seeking contributions. I have no backlog of material, so I desperately need articles, art (all sizes, including cover art), columns, and letters for future issues -- please contribute. MOTA is not restricted to any certain topics, it's open for anything so long as it is well done and enjoyable, faanish or sercon or whathaveyou. The only thing I out and out refuse to publish is fan fiction; I really don't enjoy or even read it, besides there are plenty of zines out now which will publish it. The next issue won't be out until I have good material to put in it, so I'll be watching my mailbox.

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Tums spelled backwards is Smut!  
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Before we decided to each put out a current fanzine of our own, Jim Turner and I were thinking and talking about joining forces and publishing a zine together. We were over visiting Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, telling them our plans. We had just about decided to put one out in just two days time by typing directly onto the stencils in shifts, one typing while the other slept or ate and then switching places. Upon hearing this Hank cried out, "A typathon!" The four of us kicked the notion around until it evolved that we would do it at a convention, recruiting other members of the con to help us out, and maybe have an occasional pro type a sentence. Carrying this a bit further, I have come up with some ideas about such a special convention fanzine stencil typathon. It would be mc'ed like this: "Terry Carr will type a paragraph with one hand tied behind his back!" Not to be out done "The next paragraph will be typed by Ted White with both hands tied behind his back!" And we could have "J. J. Pierce will now write out his definition of science fiction!" immediately followed by "Next Harlan Ellison will type his definition of J. J. Pierce!" Hmm, that's such a great temptation that maybe it will take place after all.

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Sominex spelled backwards is Xeniros!  
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It's Hugo final balloting time and I'm going to do my bit to influence you and, at the same time, make some comments on the Hugo's.

First of all I'll tackle the short story division, where the final nominees were a great disappointment to me. There were much better stories than these published during the year, but evidently they didn't get sufficient nominating support. These Hugo nominees clearly show the sad state of short story reading in fandom -- people just don't read short stories any more to any great extent. They must feel that there are too many short stories being published to try to keep up on them, and admittedly hardly anyone can read every short story published, but it hardly seems unreasonable to expect that people would have read a large number of shorts during the course of a year. And certainly there are a lot of poor stories being churned out that one would have to wade through, but that is true in all categories, and besides, it is worth it to come across the many gems that can terrify, delight, sadden, revolt, shock, surprise, thrill, or mystify in a span of a few pages. Short stories are an important, vital part of science fiction as a whole and should be treated as such. So please try to read as many short stories as you can during the year, and then go back over them and select the ones you enjoyed and nominate them -- don't just wait and see what was nominated and then just read those stories! And this year I voted for no award.

For novella I'm supporting ILL MET IN LANKMAR by Fritz Leiber. Actually I thought that the SNOW WOMEN was a better story, but Fritz withdrew it, and this one is a fine story and easily the best of the lot. Anyhow, I've always had a soft spot for Fafhrd and Grey Mouser and by voting for ILL MET IN LANKMAR you would honor the whole series as well as a deserving story. Ellison's story is more memorable for its graphics than its text, and Koontz had a poor story and the other two nominees were only of average quality.

STAR LIGHT can't match the quality of the other four in the novel category. RINGWORLD is a hard-science fiction novel, but it kept reminding me of a modern type of A MARTIAN ODYSSEY with its now-let-me-show-you-this attitude. Anderson's fine TAU ZERO may draw votes away from RINGWORLD (and vice versa) since I believe they share common supporters. TOWER OF GLASS was enjoyable with its entirely too obvious

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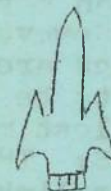
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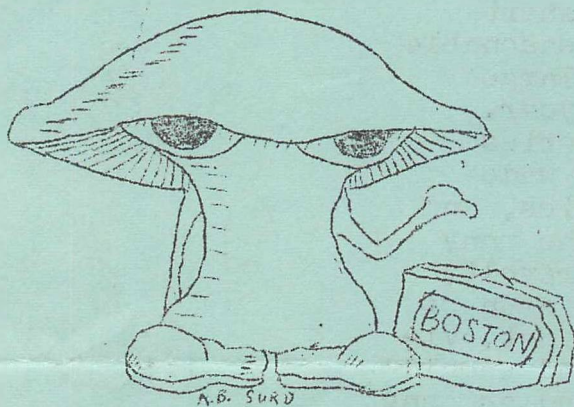
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symbolism, but it had too many disturbing flaws -- flaws in the details of the plot, aspects of the future society were unconvincing, and the humans didn't seem as real as the androids. Like a lot of Silverberg's works, this book seems hurriedly done; it would have been much better if he had spent more time polishing it. I feel many people have been over-rating TOWER OF GLASS. That leaves the excellent YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN which I enthusiastically support. The characterization is very well done, there is a good rhythm to the book, and it was thought out in great detail -- obviously a labor of love on Tucker's part. Bob Tucker always handles time travel stories convincingly, and as an added bonus into this adventure he wove a mystery element, and readers really should have figured out the answer from all the clues before it was spelled out. YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN: the best and most delightful novel of the year.



AMAZING has been criticised as being Ted White's professional fanzine, but it is those features being criticised which make the magazine so appealing to me. When I buy an issue I immediately read the editorial, the letters, Berry's fanzine reviews, and (usually) the science column. These diverse features are invariably interesting, and the other nominees can't compete with these regular departments, excepting Dr. Asimov who's the best at science columns and the book review departments. As for the fiction,

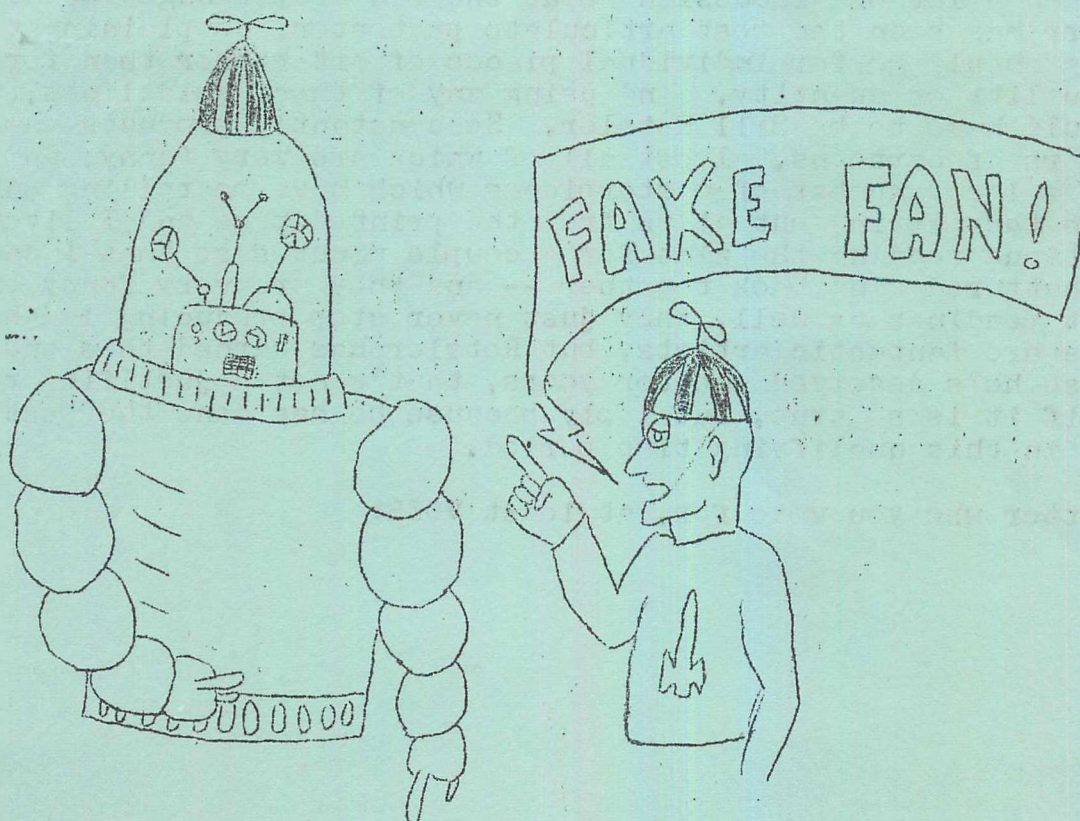
in 1970 AMAZING had numerous good short stories, as well as longer fiction by Dick, Anthony, and Shaw. F&SF comes in second with the rest in the background.

I voted for the Dillons for the professional artist Hugo. Their book jacket illustrations and covers for Ace Specials are all very well done, and there are so many that stick in my mind. But I could easily understand how you might vote for Kelly Freas and his work in ANALOG (several great covers) and on paperbacks. I like the other artists' work, but in this past year I haven't seen any pieces of art by them that I felt could match the artwork of the Dillons or some of Freas' ANALOG covers.

For dramatic presentation I'll eliminate them one by one leaving the masterpiece for last. BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE is a good album, I really enjoy listening to it, and it does do more with science fiction than most sf rock (most of them have only one sf song on an album). However, the science fiction is only on one side, and while the songs are based on a common theme, they really aren't cohesive enough to be considered as anything but individual songs. HAUSER'S MEMORY lost my interest very quickly; how'd it ever make the ballot? COLOSSUS: THE FORBIN PROJECT had an ancient plot for a book, but the computer-link-up-for-world-control idea is still relatively fresh from a movie viewpoint, and the film did handle it fairly well. The special effects in the film were above average, but still looked less



than real. The acting as a whole was competent, even if it wasn't inspired. It appears that Universal is alive and a company to watch: first this film and then they did THE ANDROMEDEA STRAIN (a good film from a bad book). One particular gripe I have about the film is the section where the computer puts the scientist under constant observation, he is even observed while in the rest room. Yet the scientist is able to convince the computer that he must go to bed with his "mistress" (really a lady scientist who is his contact with the outside group who want to overthrow the computer) and the computer Colossus decides to let them have audio and visual privacy! This is ridiculous, but it gives the scientist a chance to communicate with the outside (and it also gives the screenwriter an easy out). That is the worst fault in the movie, but there are other flaws which when added up make the film unconvincing even if it is enjoyable. NO BLADE OF GRASS was a much better book than movie, but it was a good movie. It was a close adaptation of the book, and this added to the excellent acting made the film my number two choice for this Hugo. After that compliment, I'll list its flaws: the over-emphasis on pollution, it was too heavy handed; the songs were horrible, yech!; why did all the bad guys have long hair?, honest, some of us freaks are down right friendly at times; the bit with motorcycle raiders was unbelievable -- in such a calamity gasoline supplies wouldn't last long and you need gasoline for such bikes; the flash-forwards (shots of what was going to happen) were distracting and out of place. Despite this, the motion picture did capture a convincing feeling of how society might degenerate in such a situation. The remaining nominee is (\*sigh\*) the Firesign Theater! DON'T CRUSH THAT DWARF, HAND ME THE PLIERS is a true audio novel. It is unbelievably hilarious





and packed with puns, you can't catch all the jokes even if you listen to the album five or more times in a row -- some of the jokes rely on knowledge and facts which you may not yet possess, but they are oh so funny when you do get them. It also makes comments that demolish aspects of many things, especially the establishment. SF? Yes, it's about an alternate present or a future that we won't have -- in 1970 ads for it said it was 14 years ahead of its time. I'm not about to try to explain it to you; a lot of the fun of this audio novel is in trying to figure out what it all means. Faults? I'm too awestruck and worshipful of the group to see them, all three of their albums (soon four) are masterpieces, this one I think is the best of them, and it certainly is the best of the Hugo nominees for dramatic presentation.

Fanzines? The fanzines I thought were the best didn't make the final ballot, but of those **ENERGUMEN** gives me the most pleasure.

The fan writer has to go to Terry Carr. He does such a variety of writings in his columns; his works in fanzines can produce belly laughs, create serious thought and discussion, and give an insight into fannish history. His competition is weak: Geis' rumblings in SFR are far from memorable; I haven't read much by Tom Digby, but what I have read was just of average interest; Ted Pauls writes mainly book reviews, lots of 'em, he's a prolific book reviewer who simply is not as good as fan critics like Joe Sanders.; Liz Fishman's writings about her experiences cause several smiles, but they don't deserve a Hugo. Terry Carr, definitely.

There's been a lot of discussion about the fan artist Hugo recently, George Barr has been the most articulate protester, complaining that the Hugo's should go for individual pieces of art rather than for overall quality or quantity. And using any of those guidelines, my choice would have to be Bill Rotsler. He constantly produces enormous numbers of cartoons, almost all of which are very funny, and he turns out a large number of masterpieces which have me rolling on the floor when they spring out at me from the printed page and I literally can't continue reading the zine for a couple minutes so that I can pull my shattered mind back together -- and they are very funny on subsequent readings as well, they just never stop producing laughs. The others are fantastic artists, but Rotsler has earned this one -- not because he's deserved one for years, that's not a justified reason even if it is so true, but imply because he has done the best work of anyone in this qualifying time period.

But no matter who you vote for, at least VOTE!



# REFLECTIONS

Many of today's films are placing heavy emphasis upon nudity. Bare flesh. SKIN! With all too few exceptions these movies are little more than skin flicks with higher budgets (ala Russ Meyer). The plots of these motion pictures are closely related to those of the romantic pictures made in the 1940's --- if you saw them in the theater or watched them late at night on the tube, you should recall that the plot went like this: boy and girl meet and kiss and fall in love; then for some reason (usually social status ... "I'm not good enough for you!") they decide to separate and go their separate ways; the boy mopes around and drinks a lot, while the girl goes around kissing every guy she meets in order to either find another love or make the boy jealous; then they meet again and realize how foolish they've been and that they care only for one another; so they come back together and get married. Now if you'll replace "kissing" with "Ball-ing" you will have the plot outline of most of the current films. Up until recently these movies were hauling in a large amount of money, so the trend spread into all types of motion pictures, including horror and science fiction movies.

Of course there came BARBARELLA, a real whizbang sci-fi pic (as Forrest J. Ackerman might say), which reaped a nice profit and proved that Jane Fonda could undress while lying on a sheet of glass. But it was something of an exception because it had a respectable budget and a well known director (Roger Vadim), as well as a name actress. Most of the early nudie horror and science fiction pictures operated on shoe-string budgets and had a cast and staff of unknowns. But these films supplied the two things dearest to an American's heart: sex and sadism!

Several years ago I went to a drive-in theater to see a monster movie double-bill. I've been going to any and all sf and horror films for as long as I can remember and probably always will -- OH, how I've suffered just to see an occasional adequate film. MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND was the first film, and it opened with a shot of a group of 1950's-styled teenagers who were also at a drive-in movie holding packets of green fluid (I got similar packets when I bought the tickets to get in.). A Mysterious and Invisible Voice (aren't they all?) warned the audience to drink the green liquid right away before the actual movie started or else they would turn into Green Blooded Monsters!!! The people on the screen hurriedly drank theirs, but I, being made of sturdier stuff, sipped my Cosa-Cola and left my packet unopened. Fade out. Fade in on the standard tropical island scenery shot. Then a girl came running across the screen. An incredibly naked girl. Her breasts were bouncing and her pubic hairs were made public. Right away the film captured my attention. I mean I was ac-



customed to the standard monster movie fare in which there are lovely young ladies with amazing bosoms wearing very low cut filmy costumes, but I was not expecting these new developments. Like I said, I almost spilled my popcorn. Then there was a shot of the monster away from whom the girl was running. It looked like a man with black and green makeup on his face; in a futile effort to make him appear scary the camera would zoom in on and then back away from him very rapidly, but this did little more than hurt the viewers' eyes. He caught the girl and killed her. As the picture progressed, it revealed that the monster was a doctor (who was mad and lived on Blood Island) who at various times turned into the creature with green blood pumping through his veins. During the course of the movie he killed several women, most of whom were naked. The heroine of the flic was a blonde beauty who had recently arrived on the island. She had bigger breasts than anyone else in the film, and for the first half of her part of the picture she was always dressed in blouses that must have been sprayed on. Amazingly the blouses supported her and didn't rip open from the stress, even though I thought they were going to several times. Later on she got to take her clothes off, right before the climax (of the movie and of her love scene). Her lover, with short hair and a square jaw, defeated the monster and the film ended.

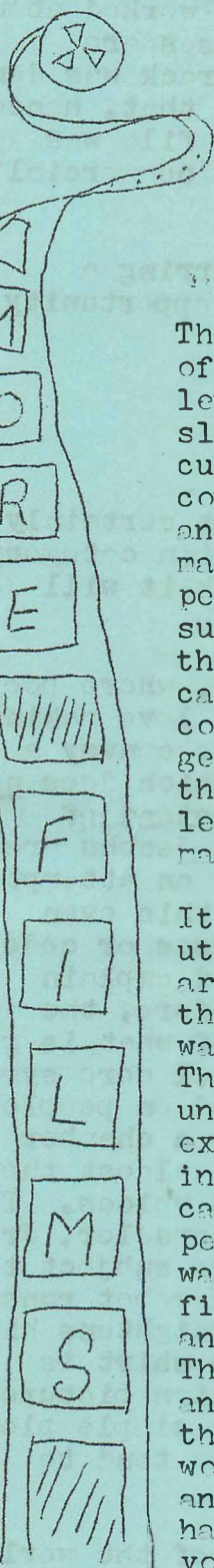
The co-feature was a German-made monster movie called BLOOD DEMON. It was very far from enjoyable and very, very close to terrible. BLOOD Demon was poorly written, poorly acted, poorly directed, poorly paced, and poorly edited. It didn't even have any redeeming nudity.

The first film, MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, was also a bad movie, even by horror picture standards. However, it was also one of the first monster movies to feature naked ladies. And that helped to change it into the kind of bad movie that is good fun and easy to laugh at. It almost seemed to be a parody of the run of the mill man-who-turns-into-a-murdering-creature motion pictures. If you missed MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, don't worry and feel bad, since it was an early example of its type, not too many people did see it. And besides, there's supposed to be a sequel out called RETRUN TO BLOOD ISLAND!

No, Virginia, I never did turn into a Green Blooded Monster!







Since I've been talking about low budget pictures, I'll continue the discussion to cover my favorite cheapie film -- EQUINOX! I went to see this movie at a drive-in simply because I heard that one of the stars was Fritz Leiber, Jr. The movie really surprised me, I went expecting to see a bad movie, but instead it was one of the best grade B films I've seen.

The film was able to be convincing and contain elements of true horror due to two main factors: 1) the excellent editing gave the picture a good sense of rhythm -- slow, leisurely cutting during the peaceful scenes; quick cutting from camera angle to camera angle, as well as contrasting shots (like from the people to the monsters and such) used during the action and suspense scenes to make them more exciting; 2) the believable way the supernatural elements were handled in the script. Those supernatural elements included a magic book not unlike the NECRONOMICON, a park ranger who was really a demon called Asmodeus who could suck out a person's soul and control their body, several monsters Asmodeus summoned to get the magic book which were superbly animated, a castle that turned invisible, inter-dimensional holes, a voiceless professor seen running with the book (Leiber did a marvelous job as this character.), and a crazed old man.

It was obviously very cheaply made. For the first minutes of the film the faces of the people who are talking are never shown while they are talking, indicating that the sound was added later and that the original footage was shot without expensive location sound equipment. This process also eliminates retakes for sound caused by unwanted noise or poor voice pickup. Also the actors, except for Leiber and Asmodeus, were quite unprofessional in their acting which was generally bad, and that indicated that the actors salaries wouldn't be a great expense. But on the other hand, the animation for the film was superbly done. Animation requires a lot of time and film, but the big expense is paying a good professional animator, who generally will charge an arm and a tenacle. Then I thought about the number of fine amateur animators and that one of them might have done it. In fact, I thought maybe the whole movie was done by amateurs -- that would easily explain the low budget, as well as the flaws and good points, since professionals probably wouldn't have handled the fantasy elements so well. But the four young people in the movie just didn't look like the type who I would expect to be associated with amateur movie making today -- they were too straight and out of style in their appearance. So these things led me to believe that it had been made several years ago, this would explain the early 1960's appearance (hair and clothes) of



the young people. I wrote to Fritz Leiber asking him about the film and giving my guesses, and here's part of his reply: "I worked about 4 days, gratis, in EUINOX, about 6 years ago. Your guesses are shrewd. Yes, it was done entirely by amateurs. Sound track was done and added about two years later. I wasn't available for that, hence my silence in the film. After some amateur showings the film was filed away, then witchcraft got generally popular and a "commercial" type got hold of it and managed to get distribution."

You won't get many chances to see an enjoyable movie starring a science fiction and fantasy author, so don't pass up an opportunity to see this fine film.

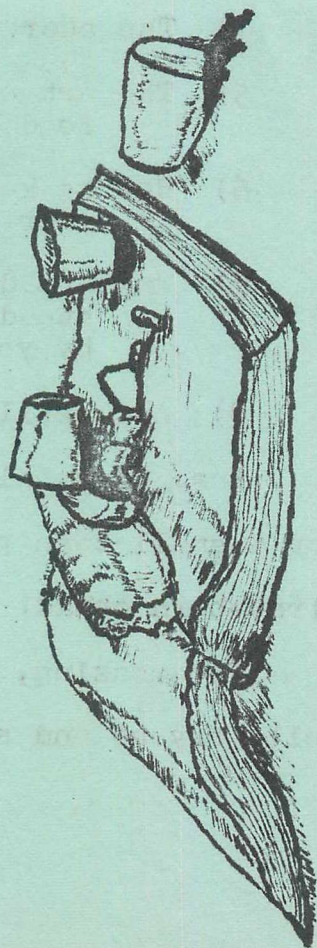
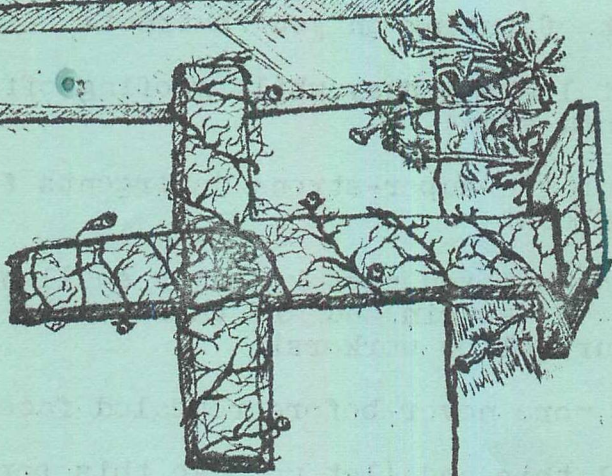
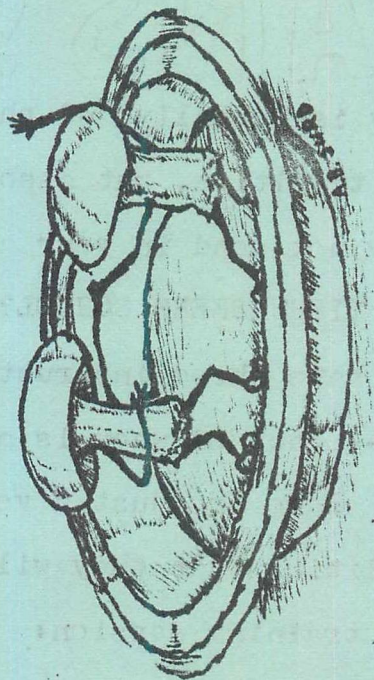
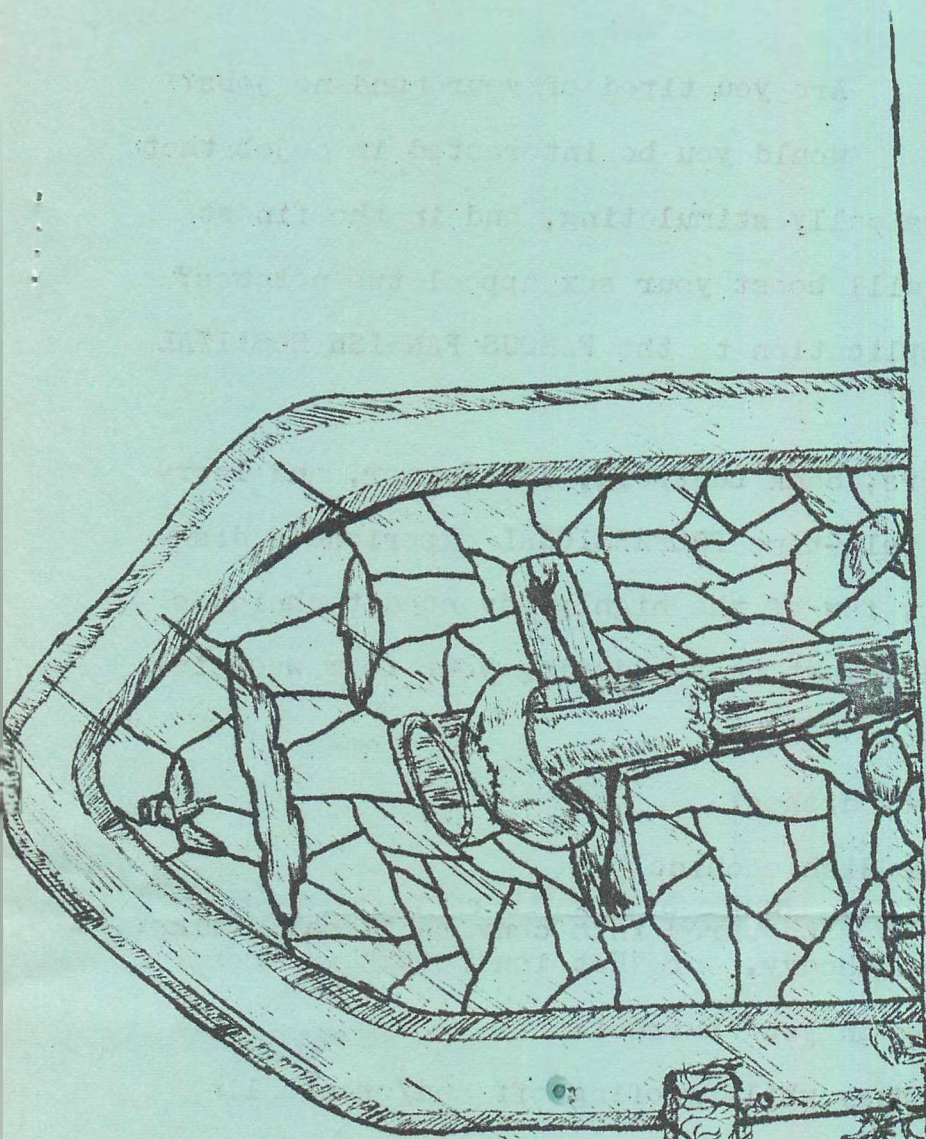
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One film, besides THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, that will almost certainly be on next year's Hugo ballot for the dramatic presentation category is THX 1138. In fact, the movie was so good that I think it will win that selfsame Hugo.

Set in a future where the style is unisex and compulsory, where people are kept under control by the use of drugs, where sexual love making is illegal unless they have a permit, THX 1138 is able to convey a most chillingly undesirable view of a negative utopia, which does not seem so comfortably distant. The people have numbers instead of names, they all wear white uniforms and have short hair, deaths are treated only as statistics, . . . all of which add up as an attempt to eradicate individualism. The audience is drawn into this even more since throughout the movie, speakers blare out phrases or code sentences and this film, unlike others, does not stop and explain what they mean; it just leaves them a mystery, and therefore, the audience is left in a position where it does not know all of what is going on, creating a feeling of alienation, making them feel more sympathetic for the characters. One punishment that is used on people who have broken a governmental order is putting them into a chamber which is entirely bright white -- walls, floor, ceiling, almost the very air -- and the only sound they hear is each other's voices. The police are all robots of the same appearance (Johnny Weismueller, Jr.) and they are effective in their jobs even though they are subject to mechanical breakdown -- there is one great scene where a robot runs into a wall mistaking it for a doorway, he backs up, straightens his helmet and runs a hand around his waist to make sure his shirt is tucked in, then he crashes into the wall again. The motion picture has unconvincing parts (esp. the hairy dwarfs) and has a simple plot in some respects, but the mood and atmosphere of the film tend to overwhelm you and to obscure the flaws.

The movie made excellent use of existing things as part of the world of the future: the futuristic cars were really just advanced racing cars of today; the tunnel chase was shot in actual highway tunnels in California through a colored filter; and they used trick photography for the holograph TV images which were convincing. It was simply a well made film, well worth your time, and it seems destined for a Hugo (at least so far).







# FANS!

Are you tired of your mundane jobs?

Would you be interested in a job that

not only is mentally and physically stimulating, and in the finest fannish tradition, but also will boost your sex appeal two notches? Then why not send in your application to the FAMOUS FANNISH HOSPITAL KITCHEN DISHWASHERS SCHOOL?!!!

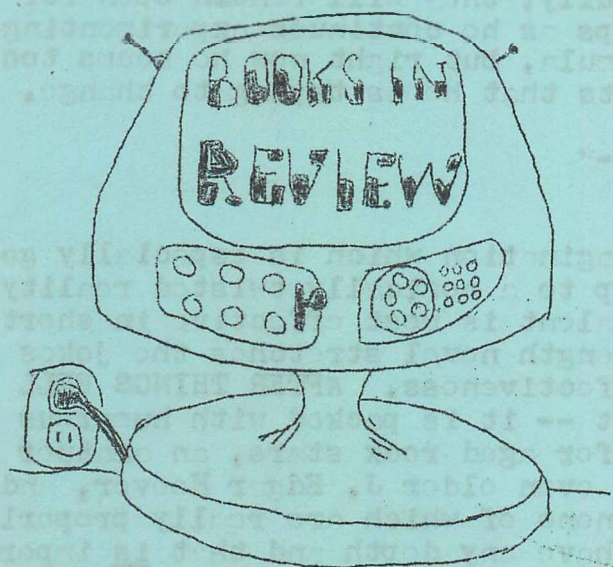
We have three instructors, Hank Luttrell, Jim Turner, and Terry Hughes -- each of whom is a full-time PROFESSIONAL experienced dishwasher. Here are just a very few of the highly advanced techniques and abilities that they will impart to you during your four week intensive training session:

- 1) What to do with dirty dishes!
- 2) How to "turn on" the dish machine!
- 3) Sure-to-impress phrases to throw into conversations! (like: "Heavy work, man, heavy." or "Hot isn't it?" and more!)
- 4) The secret of putting on your hairnet!
- 5) The art of looking busy while goofing off and/or stealing food and soda!
- 6) How to keep the super-strong detergents from eating through your flesh!
- 7) What to do when you mistakenly swallow a tab of LSD instead of aspirin and are thrown into the dish machine by your fellow workers!
- 8) And still more never before revealed facets of dishwashing!

Yes, fans, all this and (let me make this perfectly clear) more for a small cash payment and a percentage of your life income or your first-born child!

Too amazing, too fantastic, too ~~amazing~~ good to be real you say? Well, try us and see! You'll really be surprised!





1. BLACKMARK by Gil Kane  
(Bantam - 75¢)
2. AFTER THINGS FELL APART  
by Ron Goulart  
(Acc - 75¢)
3. UNIVERSE 1 edited by Terry Carr  
(Acc - 95¢)

Billed as "the new full-length action adventure in words and pictures," BLACKMARK by Gil Kane contains one or more pictures per page as well as written text. Supposedly if this book's sales are impressive, the adventure will blossom into a series (Kane has other volumes already completed.). But either Bantam decided to only market it in test areas, or else this book has had the worst distribution for a paperback since the Centaur Press books -- only one bookstore in Columbia has carried it and I haven't seen it on the racks in any other towns. So it appears that the book is going to be a financial failure -- what's worse, it is also an artistic failure. Gil Kane has worked for comic books for most of his career, and he's drawn everything from cowboys to superheroes; this is his latest effort to break free of the comic books, but while doing so, trying to elevate the graphic story technique to a higher plane. Two easily corrected faults of the book are the type size which is small and thin making it difficult to read without hurting the eyes, and the artwork is not Kane's best, but he should improve quickly and the type could be changed. If that were taken care of, then there are still the major flaws. The art and the text for the larger part of the book are describing and showing the same things, thereby making one of them unnecessary. It would seem that the real potential of this art form would be to use the text where it can best handle a scene or fact-giving and use the art where it succeeds most, and in so doing, it would combine the best aspects of both instead of using them to do the same thing. And surely the word balloons could be made considerably more effective! Besides all that, the plot of the book turns out to be third-rate: the old civilization was wiped out by nuclear holocausts on earth, but the human race survived along with various mutated beasts. The people have built up a medieval culture with knights in battle. However, there is one youth who, because of his parentage, remembers the past, and he uncovers a cache of the wonderful machines of the past. So you probably have an idea what happens in this book and what is to come in the series. Gil Kane has made a previous attempt, a brutal black and white tough-guy comic in magazine format, which failed, and, as I said, this book looks doomed.



Bantam Books should be commended for being willing to take a risk and gambling on this venture; hopefully, they will remain open for future experimental efforts. Perhaps as he continues experimenting, Kane will come across the right formula, but right now he seems too tied to the very traditional elements that he is trying to change.

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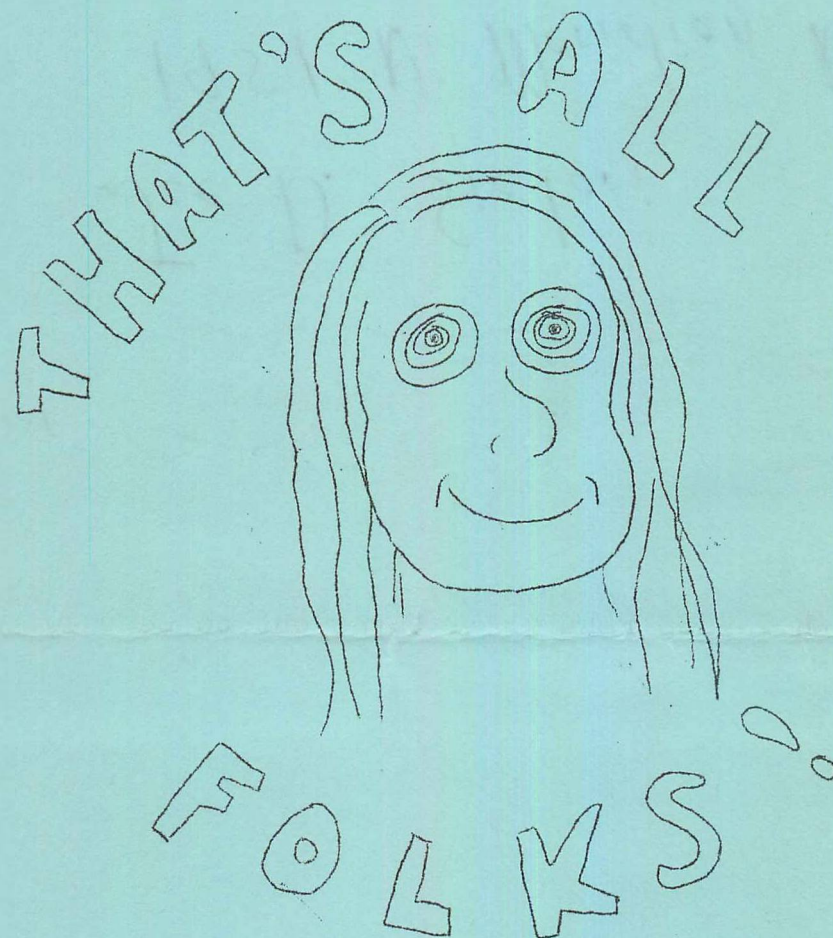
Ron Goulart has a very inventive imagination which is especially good at coming up with things that add up to a comically twisted reality. It seems to me, however, that his talent is most effective in short story or novelette length, a full length novel stretches the jokes out too long and they lose their effectiveness. AFTER THINGS FELL APART is a very good example of that -- it is packed with humorous concepts such as a Nixon Institute for aged rock stars, an amateur Mafia that won't admit Italians, an even older J. Edgar Hoover, and a projection of California's future, none of which are really properly exploited. None of the characters have any depth and that is important in spoofs just as in serious fiction; one poor secondary character is an ever-horny guy named La Penna (oh come on!). The book reads like it is supposed to be a spoof of the spy/detective stories although it is set in the future, but there have been sooo many versions of that type which have turned this into a greatly overworked idea, and this isn't one of the better spoofs besides. My enjoyment of the novel was really marred because I saw so much unrealised potential. AFTER THINGS FELL APART turns out to be only an almost-successful comedy novel.

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Terry Carr has come out with the BEST all-around anthology of first-run stories to come out in ages, it easily surpasses the other paperback original story collections, even ORBIT. UNIVERSE 1 seems even more like a paperback magazine than the others because of Carr's editorial introduction, story introductions, and beautiful Alicia Austin illustrations (one per story). The book has a broad scope: fantasy and science fiction, humor and deadly seriousness, and a wide variety of Waves. And all the stories are good, an outrageously high number of excellent pieces along with some spectacular gems . . . in fact, my least favorite one, a fantasy by Joanna Russ, is well above the average story in most collections. My favorite was MINDSHIP by Gerry Conway, who really astonished me since I have read his wretched comic book stories. Bob Tucker turns in a sf mystery that is great and doesn't cheat (of course not, Tucker did it!) -- I wonder if you can guess the solution? I did!!! (boast, boast) Ron Goulart has a hilarious short about a government-controlled soap opera with lizards and people. And it's so nice to read an Edgar Pangborn story, even if it turns out only to be a statement of his faith in the youth of today. Bob Silverberg has a fine humor piece about a robot Pope and robots and religion which obviously occurred to him while he was writing TOWER OF GLASS. Oh hell, the other stories are all so pleasurable as well -- stories by Edward Bryant (2), Barry N. Malzberg, Gregory Benford & Gordon Eklund, George Alec Effinger, and R. A. Lafferty. Run out right now and buy it!

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#### COMING NEXT ISSUE!

MOTA will have more pages and maintain its 225 circulation.

There will be a long, hopefully in-depth look at the writing of Theodore Sturgeon, discussing his various periods from *ETHER BREATH* on up to his latest works.

And MOTA will feature the thoroughly enjoyable work YOU will be sending in, in this, our hour of need (see how I will flatter you?!).

HAPPY TRAILS! to you all.



Florida 32304  
Tallahassee,

Apt. 54

1951 N. Meridian Rd.

Joe D. Siclari

COLUMBIA MC 65201

UMBIA

Terry Hughes  
407 College Ave  
Columbia, Mo 65201