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MOTA is available for LoC's, trades, and contribs. If you happen to review my zine, please say 25¢ for a sample copy. Address is 407 College Ave., Columbia, Mo. 65201 until May 1972.

COWABUNGA

Goll-lee! Another issue (the second in fact) of MOTA so quickly. Number one was mailed in August and this is coming out in early October. At this moment in time I'm planning on continuing to put this zine out bimonthly; the next issue should be out on Christmas! There seem to be several frequent fanzines being published in fan-dom currently, so why not MOTA I thunk (think, thank, thunk?). Besides, a regular schedule will give me a chance to come up with snazzy reasons for why issue number ___ is so late this time.

Department of Redundancy Department.

MOTA is available for letters, articles, and artwork (although some people get it simply for existing). Also, I'll send you my fanzine if you'll send me yours. Letters are always one of the good things in life. As for articles: I need these but I will be selective and if your piece doesn't fit my vague, hazy standards I will reject it, but ever so gently. So give it a try. Most of the zine will always be written by me (quit the screaming, wiseguy!) since this is a personalized fanzine, but anything I'm sent that interests, amuses, or intrigues me will be used ... sometime. Starting this issue Creath Thorne will have a regular column for MOTA, which I'm sure will delight you as much as it did me. Creath has been kind of resting for a while, but now he is getting very active again. He just got into FAPA, and besides doing a FAPAZine he is planning on starting a general distribution fanzine. It will be like his old ENNUI, only a little more relaxed -- consisting mainly of his own writings and a letter column, and so it should be very good. Back to articles, at Noreascon Arnie Katz floored me when he handed me an article for this issue. And I do indeed plan on hassling him for more pieces. As for art: I desperately need artwork. It can be cartoon or serious but hopefully well done. I really need some cover art also. Please send it on in, fanartists! The art reproduction should be much better now than last time (he said with fingers crossed.) since I'm using a lot of electrostenciling and have a better understanding of what's necessary for good hand stenciling. Doug Lovenstein was in Columbia a while ago visiting the Luttrells and I convinced him to give me some artwork. I successfully pleaded with Jay Kinney for some art at



Next issue there will be, besides my own stuff, Creath's column. Ken Fletcher promised to send me some artwork, right, Ken?...Ken? And when I was talking to Jim Turner the other night about the gen-zine he is going to put out soon (yes, COLUMBIA FANDOM IS GROWING!) he asked me if I'd like to have an article on himself and his alcoholism. He maintains that he's not an alcoholic since he is sober one night a week. Anyhow I said yes, and since that ish will be out in late December, I'm planning on calling it: "Drinking Christmas Dinner All Alone" if Jim doesn't mind.

I was over talking to Creath Thorne and his wife Ann the other evening and the conversation swung to old fanzines. "You know, Creath, I've read so much about the fabulous fanzines of the Fifties, but outside of reprinted pieces, I've never seen any," I confessed.

When I came to, I shakily said, "Y-y-yes." And I took them and hurried home, constantly looking about me for thieves and ambushers.

What a guy. Now that's my kind of library. In the future, if I seem out of touch with the present, it's because I'm reliving a past I never knew via those old zines.

I'm quite fond of the female members of fandom. I guess you could call me a Femme Fen Fan. ouchouchouchouchouchouchouchouchouchouch

Bozos, Boogies, Beaners, Zips, And An Occassional Berserker!

Ah, yes, the Firesign Theatre have come out with their fourth, titled I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS. This is the same album that was going to be called WHY DOES THE PORRIDGEBIRD LAY ITS EGG IN THE AIR? before the change. It is coming out later than scheduled because the recording studio was being used by Jerry Vale and the Firesign Theatre had to wait -- I'm never going to buy another Jerry Vale album! (Not that I ever have, of course.)

The first time I heard the album (at Noreascon, thanks to Neal Goldfarb) I liked it, but I thought it was simplistic compared to their other records. It seemed far too easy to interpret, and there did not seem to be as many things going on -- not on as many levels of reality as DWARF and the others. Then on subsequent listenings, when I tried to organise all the material into an explanation and definition of terms, I realized that maybe I wasn't so smart and that it is indeed more complicated than it first seems. I still don't think it is as good as DWARF, but I may come to regret putting those words into print. I have an explanation all worked out for the album now (snicker, snicker), but I'm not going to give it to you ... yet! What I want to do is to wait and have all of you listen to it and send me your interpretations -- which I'll print in a special column next ish or so along with my own ideas. Besides I'm sure that as of now most of you haven't heard the album, and the best fun of a Firesign Theatre album is figuring out what's going on all by yourself. What I am going to do here is discuss (very briefly) some of the terms, and, more importantly, give you some information on the album which I gleaned from reading a recent ROLLING STONE interview with them. If at all possible you should get a copy of this issue -- ROLLING STONE #92, Sept. 30, 1971, 60¢ -- or at least an xerox of it.

In the interview they mention that they're working on a movie script called THE BIG SUITCASE OF 1969!!! In a fairly recent TIME I read an article on them that have the title as THE GREASY SUITCASE OF 1959, which I much prefer, it seems to much ...uh...greasier. In talking about earlier albums one of them said that Shoes for Industry came directly out of the Whole Earth Catalogue and that they still don't know what it really means! And in this new album they use Malberg in Plano which they also don't know what it means.

Dave Ossman said, "The metaphor for this new album is the future, the man of the future, the Bozo." And then they gave the five lifestyles of the man of the future, starting from top to bottom, though it's circular.

"The Berserker. Clue to a Berserker: Anybody who's got a gun. Anybody in a lime-green car with eight-foot tires, called Demon, or Barracuda. Any Army officer, anybody in uniform. A bobby is not a Berserker. But maybe he is because he carries his job, his badge. Most people who have jobs. There's a Berserker aspect to all of us. You can play softball with a Berserker. A Berserker doesn't always

have to kill, but in the back of his mind it's not a bad idea.

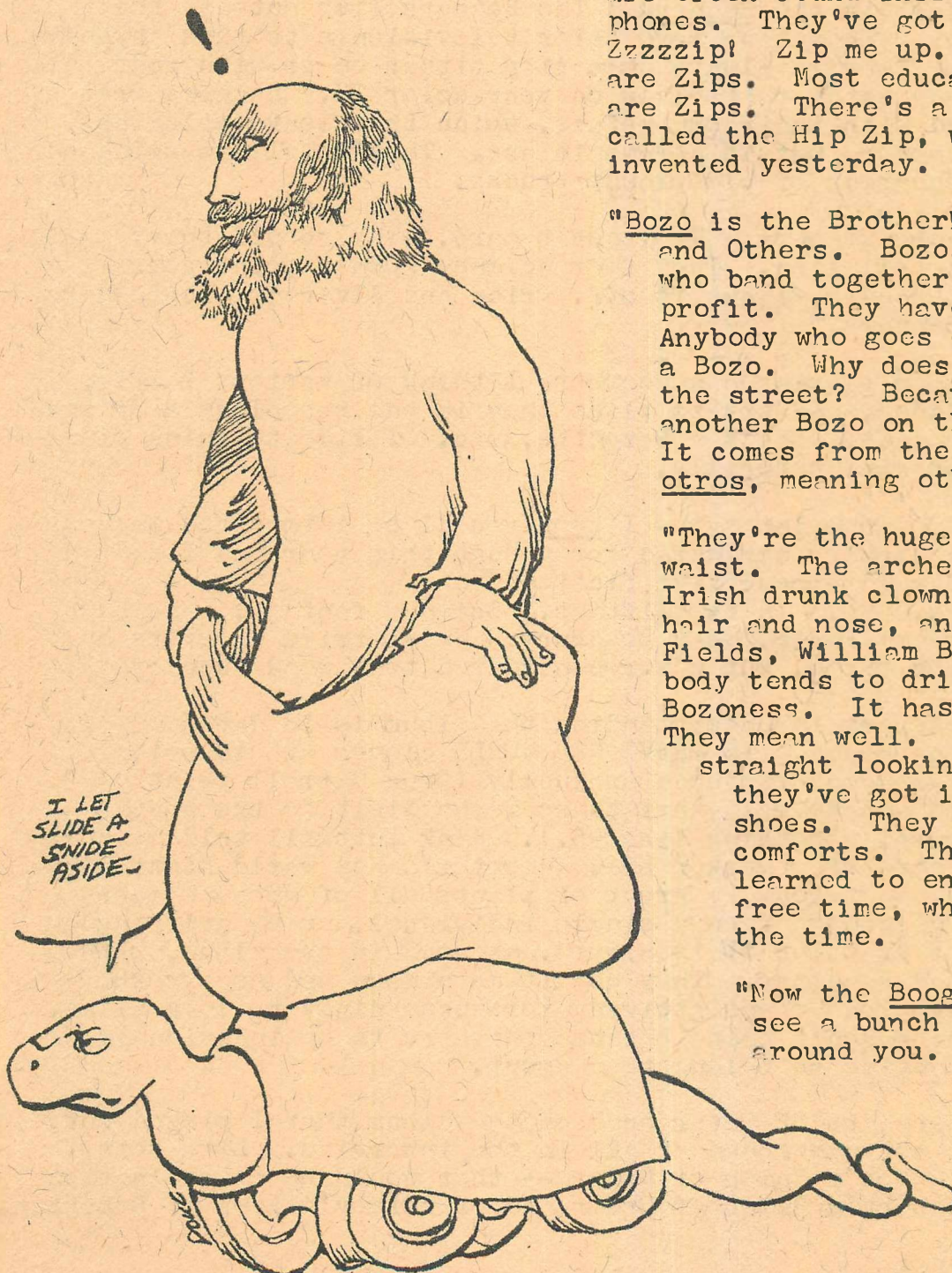
"Under the Berserkers are the Zips. The archetypal Zip is the 1930's guy with the thin moustache. Zips have always been concerned with hair. We're exhibiting Zip tendencies in having rather fancily cut moustaches. We're all prone to these various aspects. There's a Zip in everyone's kip, is the World War One English expression.

Zips love new products. Zips are often found inside new headphones. They've got zip, pop. Zzzzip! Zip me up. Most actors are Zips. Most educated people are Zips. There's a category called the Hip Zip, which David invented yesterday.

"Bozo is the Brotherhood of Zips and Others. Bozos are people who band together for fun and profit. They have no jobs. Anybody who goes on a tour is a Bozo. Why does a Bozo cross the street? Because there's another Bozo on the other side. It comes from the phrase vos otros, meaning others.

"They're the huge, fat, middle waist. The archetype is an Irish drunk clown with red hair and nose, and pale skin. Fields, William Bendix. Everybody tends to drift toward Boziness. It has Oz in it. They mean well. They're straight looking except they've got inflatable shoes. They like their comforts. The Bozos have learned to enjoy their free time, which is all the time.

"Now the Boogies. You see a bunch of Boogies around you. That's our



lifestyle. There are more spades in this class than any other. But the world is changing. There are now getting to be a lot of spade Zips. And spade Bozos. Boogies don't differentiate between grass and alcohol. People who work in post offices are generally Boogies. They take it easy. They don't zip. They're not Bozos because they don't clone. They boogie around rather than hanging around one another. The Boogie.

"The other class is the Beaners. The Beaners live outside the law of gravity. They have more color television sets than anybody in the world. They're always appearing either on or with your color TV. They watch themselves on your color TV. Beaners are very concerned with their own refuse, which they leave piled up around their house, but it always in use. They're always going to use it. Hundreds of old pickup trucks.

"All Indians are Beaners. They don't care. Why should they? Beaners can't tell lies. They fear no one. Don't point your finger at me, Daddyo, I cut it off. Pica and Alvarado are Beaners. We love the Beaners."

Lately I've been playing a game where I think of various people, fans and mundanes, and try to place them in one the classes of the future. He's a Zip, she's a Bozoette, etc. I like to think of myself as a Boogie, naturally.

Here's a part of the interview I know you'll be interested in:
"Interviewer: You're nominated for a Hugo this year and I wanted to ask if you read speculative fiction.
Somebody: Yes. No. In the Fifties. Science fantasy. And E.C. Comics -- Mad and Panic. Ray Bradbury. We've tried to write a science fiction piece, but never considered that we'd succeeded."

One point necessary in understanding the album is in determining just what clone means. In BRAVE NEW WORLD clones are identical duplicates of someone produced asexually (Doug Carroll pointed this out to me and he said that there was a limit to the number of doppelgangers, something like 96.). Hank Luttrell told me that clone is the name of a worker bee. Webster's New World Dictionary says clone is, in botany, a group of plants all of whose members are directly descended from a single individual, as by grafting or budding. I do think it is a word, as used in the album, with several related meanings. They use it as a noun and as a verb. Quite possibly clone means striving (or succeeding) to look alike. That way Boogies don't clone because they try to be individuals rather than wanting to belong to a group.

Be warned, there are SF references on the album that I picked out, but which are not mentioned at all in the interview. Like this triple pun: Robot's Rules of Order -- that could be a combination of a pun on Robert's Rules of Order and of Asimov's Laws of Robotics.

Happy listening!

Special What'd-He-Say Section.

Despite what THEY say about me, I am basically a nice fairly friendly person . . . and this has resulted in a lot of weird experiences for me. I talk to shorthaired people, longhaired people, and no haired people, to males, to females, to whites, to blacks, to yellows, to reds, to browns, to pinks, to children, to teenagers, to young adults, to middle-aged people, to senior citizens, to fans, to slans, to mundanes, and to animals. In fact, the chances are good that I would speak to you. These talks get me strange situations and the conversations befuddle my mind at times.

Ralph is about 60 years old, and he looks like a skeleton with skin stretched over it. He has had a job consisting of washing pots and pans for the last 10 years. Several years ago he left Columbia to drive to Denver, yet when he got to the outskirts the traffic frightened him, and he turned around and drove straight back! When he was asked how long this took him, he said, "I got there on Tuesday." without ever saying when he had left. Ralph has a habit of starting a conversation with someone (or himself) on one side of the kitchen and when that person walks away or ignores him, Ralph will walk over to the opposite end of the kitchen, mumbling all the way, and then continues the same conversation with someone else. Most frequently that someone else is me, and it is most mind boggling to suddenly find myself in the middle of a strange conversation. For instance:

"You don't have to use one after someone else," Ralph told me when I brought some soap over to him.

"What?" I foolishly asked.

"You don't have to use a toothbrush after someone else."

"But, Ralph, I'm not using a toothbrush."

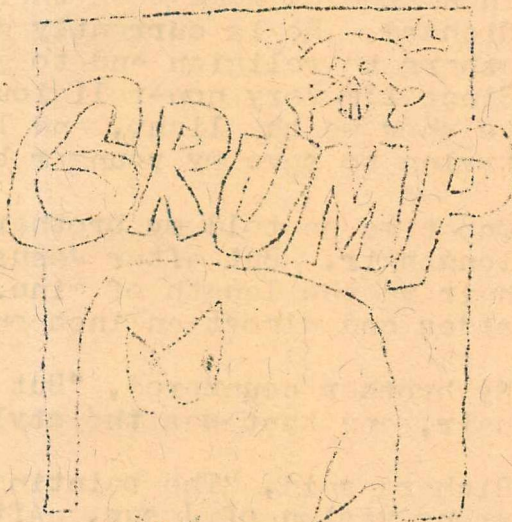
"No, Terry, I mean one of those little ones you can change, you know."

"Oh, you mean for an electric toothbrush?"

"Yeah, you wouldn't have to use one after someone else. You could use your own."

"Okay, I understand," I said.

Would you want to buy one? It's mine but only slightly used. I paid \$20 for it but I'll let you have it for \$16."



"Well, why do you want to sell it?" I asked.

Gesturing wildly with his arms, Ralph said, "It's ... it's too big for my bedroom."

!!!!

Or there's the time Ralph warned me that I had been reading too many books.

"Terry, I used to read a lot like you do, but I had to stop."

Bracing myself, I asked, "Why?"

"Because of what it did to my mind, you know."

"Huh?"

"You know, when you read a lot your mind gets all excited and active and it starts squirming and wiggling like a snake."

"But, Ralph, that's never happened to me."

"Well, it might. When my mind got to wiggling like a snake it was hurting me and that's why I stopped reading."

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Then, of course, there's Ralph's comments on sex, and alcohol, and his confession of how marijuana made him the way he is, but I'll save those stories for future issues.

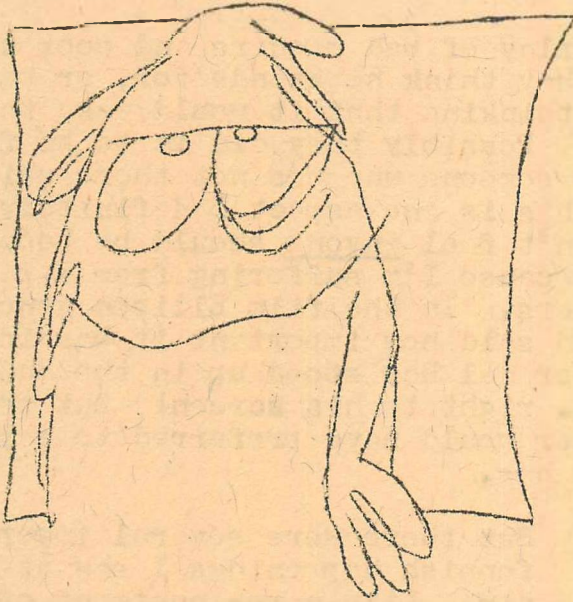
Then from my home town there's a guy I've known for years named Richard. He is currently devoting his life to trying to convert others to religion and to get them to depart from their sinful paths. Since I'm very non-religious he has spent a good deal of time trying to show me the light, and I listen patiently. Richard has also been trying to save my younger brother Craig.

One time he told my brother, "Back before Jesus a few people had long hair. But after Jesus came they all cut their hair till their hair was the length of mine." (Which for Richard is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch on the sides and almost an inch on top.)

My brother countered, "But paintings of Jesus show him with long hair, and that was the style then."

Richard said, "The paintings are just done by artists who had the wrong vision of Jesus. After all the Bible says that long hair shall be a shame unto a man."

"Yes, it does say that. And maybe Jesus did have short hair, though no one knows for sure. But certainly most of the men had long hair before and after Jesus," said Craig.



"You see, long hair is wrong," said Richard. "You know, like Sampson and Delilah. Girls will start running their fingers through your hair and that leads to all sorts of EVIL."

My brother was not able to come up with a reply.

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A GENUINE NON-REPORT OF THE
BOSTON WORLDCON.

There are going to be many con-reports written about the 29th World Science Fiction Convention, but I'm not going to write one.

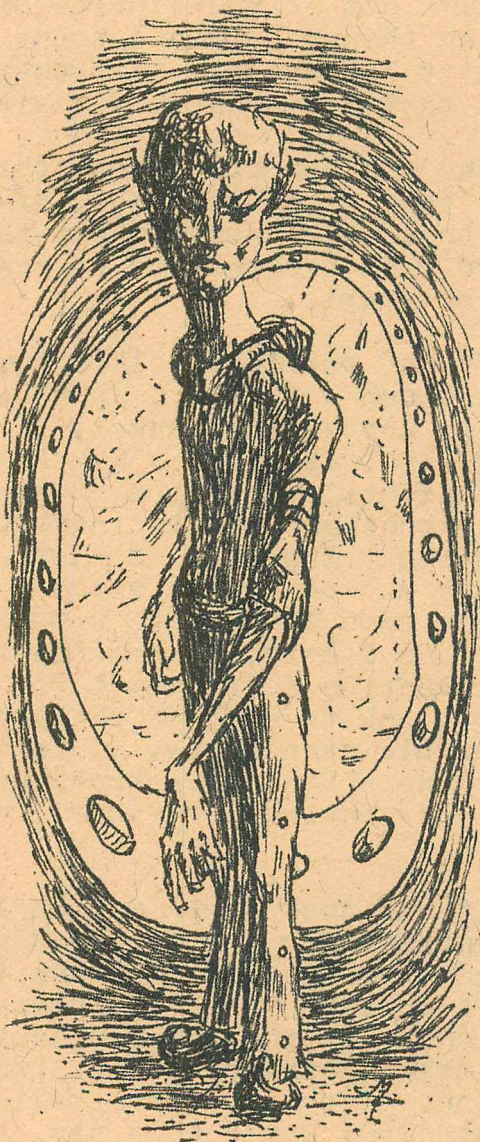
Yet at the same time a lot of interesting things happened to me at the con and I did have a very good time at Noreascon. Also there were things about the Boston convention that I was not happy with.

There were scads of people there, but the con committee kept things running smoothly and on time -- in fact they even were ahead of time. Strangely enough it never seemed to me that there were really that many people there. The people must have been broken into so many subgroups so that there seemed to be less people.

Of course, what made the con for me were the people I talked to. People like Arnie and Joyce Katz, Chris Couch and Alice, John Barry, Jay Kinney, Frank Lunney, Bob Shaw, Lenny Kaye, Bill Kunkel, Charlene Komar, Jerry Kaufman, Neal Goldfarb, Jim Young, Ken Fletcher, Lynn Torline, Fred Haskell, Steve and Gail Stiles, various Canfans, and so many more, but it is pointless to continue listing names. There were several people I had interesting talks with who were not wearing nametags and I never did find out who they were since I can't identify many fans by face. At the same time there were many fans wearing \$10 nametags. \$10? Hmmm. As I said, it was the fans I spoke and listened to who made the convention so pleasant for me. It took me awhile to work up courage to speak to some of the people there who are used to hearing only memorable statements. I thought it might be better to keep quiet and be thought an awe-struck neo than to say whatever came into my head and convince everyone I was a fugghead. But I did it anyway.

One overall impression I had was that it was just a big regional con, because the programming was so uninteresting I scarcely went to any of them. One that I did go to had a film of James Gunn (who was at the con) interviewing Harlan Ellison (who wasn't). Upon seeing Harlan's visage a lot of young punks, or the fannish equivalent, started booing. It gave me a bitter flashback of St. Louiscon where so many young fans booed Harlan. I really don't believe that those fans know Ellison, and admittedly I kon't know him, but

still they booed -- a perfect display of bad manners and poor taste. Evidently they were booing what they think he stands for, or perhaps they were just booing to be "in" thinking that it would make them seem important and "in the know." Possibly they did it to be funny -- sure was real hilarious to boo someone who was not there while you're in a crowd, eh, fellas? This is one aspect I definitely hope will not be repeated -- I don't feel anyone should be booed at a con, but maybe that's just because I'm suffering from a permanent attack of some sort of manners. In the film Ellison generally praised DANGEROUS VISIONS and said how important it was in his opinion. After the film Lester del Ray stood up in the audience and called Harlan a liar ... right to his screen! But that's not fair of me, since I know Lester would have preferred to say it to Harlan's face, and I'm sure he has.



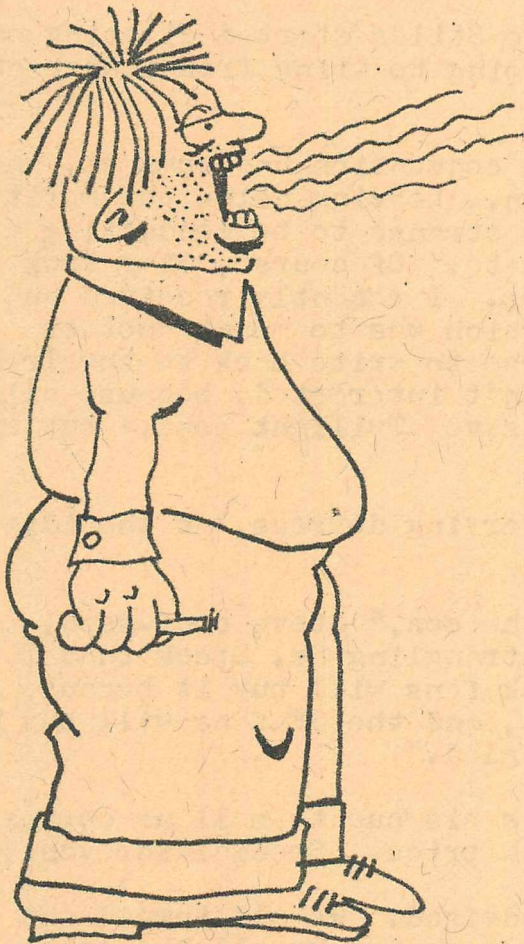
But there were several important fannish happenings I saw at the con. Like a re-enactment of Fannoclast fannishness: first Joe Staton put his foot behind his head while sitting down. Then Bhub Stewart put his foot behind his head while standing! And I saw it! Bhub also held the heel of one of his feet with one hand and then jumped over it with his other foot. Unfortunately no one had any french fries, or my life would have been complete. And I saw Mike Glicksohn's fannish Boy Wonder hat. And I was with Jay Kinney and Ken Fletcher in the balcony over the banquet while they collaborated to do a series of hilarious cartoons on the spot. Unfortunately I was not there when Arnie Katz and Ted Pauls had a quiet calm talk in neutral territory -- the NFFF room.

As for the majority of the Hugo winners -- phooey! Yeah, I know that sounds like sour grapes, and I suppose it is. Still that's how I feel.

But Ted White, Harlan Ellison, Bob Tucker, Bill Rotsler, the Coulsons, etc. -- where were you?

Like I said this isn't a conreport, I just had a few comments to toss off. Consider them tossed.

+++ Terry Hughes +++



SELLING OUT CHEAP IN LOVELY BROOKLYN

ARNIE
KATZ

When I was still a neo and hardly out of my fannish swaddling clothes, I began attending meetings of the Fanoclasts at Ted White's place.

It was a heady experience for a young fan such as I was in 1964. With only a few trips to ESFA and the LUNARIANS to prepare me I was thrust into the actifannish atmosphere which surrounded such as Ted White, Steve Stiles, rich brown, Dave Van Arnam, and Mike Mc-Inerney.

I can still remember me as a sensitive impressionable fan meeting giants like Lee Hoffman and Terry Carr for the first time. To converse like ordinary human beings with the sublime intellects who created QUANDRY and IMMUENDO! (Had I known that Terry would go on to reprint All Fandom, I might have collapsed on the spot at meeting him. In those days, however, he still walked and talked as other men.)

The prevailing attitude toward fandom in the Fanoclasts impressed me more than anything. The Fanoclasts of the day were true hobbyists and felt that fandom was for having fun, not earning a living.

Imagine my surprise, then, when Steve Stiles started dilating on the subject of all the money he was going to wring from fandom at a recent Insurgents meeting.

The subject of Al Shuster's Star Trek convention had come up, and some of us were disparaging the notion. Leaving aside the merits or demerits of the show, it does seem strange to be conducting a convention in its name at this late date. Of course, Star Trek fans don't appear to know when to stop. I recently received an offer to join a club the purpose of which was to mount another "Save Star Trek" drive. I had the urge to write back to the Trek-kie concerned and tell him that I wasn't interested, because all my time was still occupied trying to save "Twilight Zone," but my basic humanity stopped me.

In any case, we were all amused, to varying degrees, at the idea of a Star Trek con.

"I'm doing some posters for sale at the con," Steve confessed. "There's this one of Hugo Gernsback strangling Mr. Spock that I think will really sell. The Star Trek fans will buy it because they'll buy anything with Spock in it, and the SF fans will buy it because they'll love seeing him strangled."

We all laughed, and Steve took this as his cue to sell us copies for what he termed a "low, low advance price. Special for you."

"I'm doing another one, too," Steve advised. We all turned out our pockets to show that he had already soaked up all the loose cash. "I don't know what it'll be, though," he added, as a signal that we didn't have to pay up immediately.

"Since all the Trekkies want to make it with Spock, why don't you do one of him with a girl in the picture?" someone suggested. A lively discussion sprang up in one corner of the room on the subject of how a girl might best be worked into a Spock poster. I was in another conversation by the time they arrived at a consensus, but I think a poster showing Spock screwing an anonymous girl dog fashion was eventually chosen. The idea was to hide the girl's face and let little Trekkie girl imaginations do the rest.

All the time the debate on how best to separate teeny boppers from their money was raging, Jay Kinney sat quietly observing. Since he has given up meat, he has attained a new calmness. Or so he says. We claim he's now too weak to move. Finally, he spoke.

"Selling out, eh?" he said.

"Yes, exactly," I said to him from across the room. "And so cheap, too."

At first I was very depressed about it all, the idea of Steve aban-

doning his gentleman amateur status for a few measly dollars. It seemed to me that if someone is going to do something for profit in fandom, it should at least be something he'd be willing to do for free, anyway.

But then it came to me that I was being too hardnosed and old-fashioned about it all. Why, after all, shouldn't fans make a buck off their fellow hobbyists?

In fact, why shouldn't I?

So I'm going to make you all an offer, one you absolutely can't afford to pass up. Years from now, you will say my name with reverence, just because of the magnificent opportunity I am about to bestow upon you. I am going to sell you a memento rich with meaning. No, more than a memento, a monument to greatness, radiant with the glory that is Science Fiction.

If you count yourself a science fiction fan, you'll need to own the John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray.

We all loved and cherished the late, great John W. Campbell. Here is your chance to prove that undying devotion. Now you can get a genuine replica of the ashtray into which he stubbed his Final Cigarette.

Your John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray is not just a replica, though if it were, it would still be the sort of souvenir that would become a prized family heirloom in the years to come. But the John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray is even more, it has a lovely picture of John in the center, with a simulated reproduction of his inimitable signature.

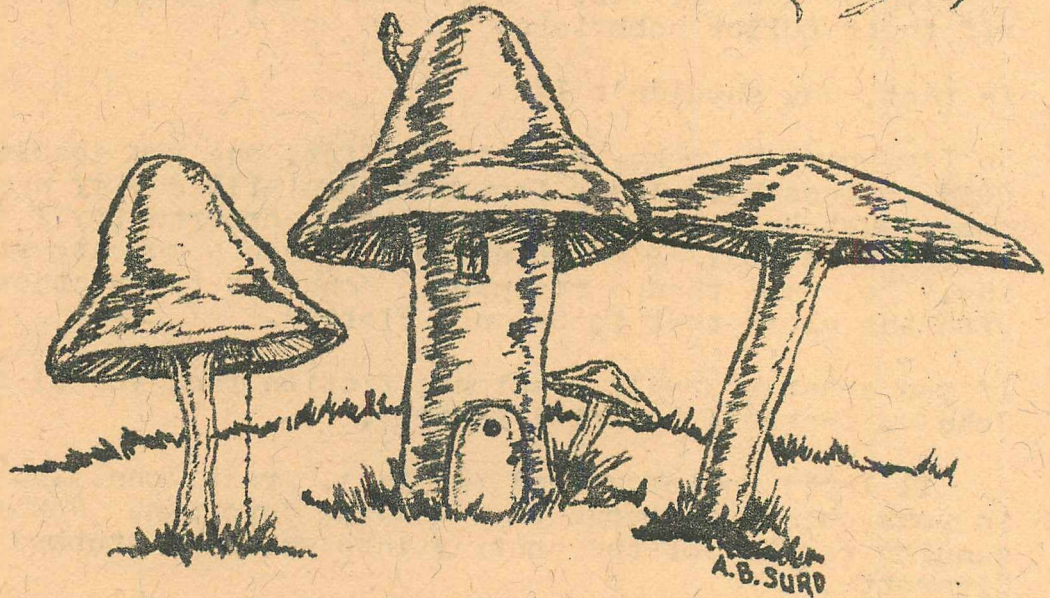
Best of all, the John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray glows in the dark, a comfort to the weary sfan in the night.

Hurry! Only a limited number of John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtrays will be available, and you don't want to miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime chance! Send just \$3.99 in cash, check or money order, and your John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray will be winging to you by speedy parcel post. Act now! Without thinking!

HONEST ARNIE
KATZ

THE CAPTAIN'S TOWER

CREATH
THORNE



TAKE ONE

A few Saturdays ago it was a rainy day, and, not really wanting to do any of the hundred-and-one things on the URGENT list, Ann and I decided to make a papier-mache. We bought a balloon at a dime store, borrowed some old Kansas City Stars from the neighbors, mixed some flour and water into a paste, and spent the rest of the afternoon making an incredibly ugly papier-mache egg (or blimp, or watermelon). It was a lot of fun, and when we were finished I left it sitting in our living room where it gradually melted into its own corner.

A few days later Terry Hughes came by.

"What is that thing?" he said, pointing to our handiwork.

"It's a reverse balloon mold," I said. "Instead of pouring the rubber in, you take it out."

"Why did you make it?" asked Terry.

I paused for a minute.

"It's like a reverse mountain," I said. "It wasn't there."

TRICKY BEGINNINGS

Fanzines originally started out talking about science fiction. When fans saw science fiction didn't encompass the whole universe they started writing about other things. Eventually, some fans were able to back off from the whole phenomena of fandom and look at it with the proper sense of lightness and humor it deserves.

Almost all fanzine writing falls into one of those three categories. Usually, fanzines tend to fall into them, too: Riverside Quarterly would go in category one, Focal Point in category three. When a generalzine tries to cover all three areas it usually becomes too diffuse and loses impact. This is the real advantage that a small personalzine like Mota has -- the editor can move freely from topic to topic discussing whatever comes to mind and still retain a sense of unity.

. . . And if Terry can do this in Mota, why not me? Trickery is everywhere, and you can never trust a columnist who, for lack of inspiration, will construct a clever anatomy of fanatic to rationalize a rather rambling column. As a further example of trickery, when I was over at Terry's house talking about doing this column we talked about lots of other funny and interesting things, and I walked home with the idea of writing them up in a fantastic column. But when I sat down to write them up a week or two later, I found that all the brilliant details that made the stories had completely escaped me. The only thing left to do was to construct the little squib that opens this column out of my head. Since it came off better than my attempted reportage of an actual event I can see a whole fannish future ahead where I play the part of Chaos and Fuss and Fret sit around inside my head talking about what's going on in the world outside. On the other hand, this may be just more trickery.

BAA-D JOB

Last issue Terry told how he works as a dishwasher at Boone County Hospital. In order to preserve symmetry this issue I should tell how I take care of sheep at the Animal Science Research Center here in Columbia. Terry last issue offered a prospectus for a short course in the skill of dishwashing. Here is a short dissertation on sheep, which should really tell all you need to know:

A SHORT DISSERTATION ON SHEEP

Sheep are: a) dumb
b) dirty
c) unpleasant
d) smelly.

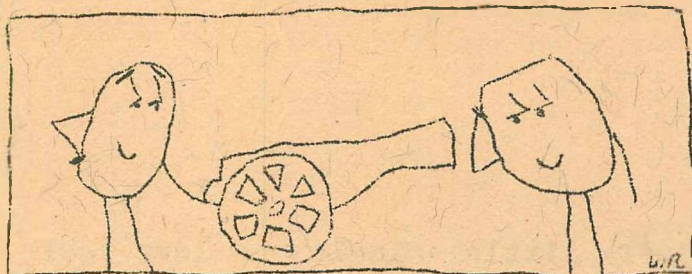
Sheep are not: clean, white, fluffy little animals who love their

EXPOSE

Several of you have asked to hear about Columbia fandom, so here's the inside dope on MOSFA EXPOSED. For this first installment I thought I'd write about some people many of you know -- Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell. But you probably don't know them as well as I do, so I'm going to show you the skeletons in their closet. What else are friends for?

Ladies first, so here's Lesleigh. Lesleigh used to be Lesleigh Couch, one of the fabulous Couch family. Now how many of you ever really believed in the Couch family? I mean, were you convinced that one family could have so many talented, nice, friendly people in it? Hmmm? Right off the bat she's a suspicious character. Lesleigh likes to play board games; she's very likely a fringe fan of games fandom. And she likes to win, but this is all well and good. However, she thinks winning is more important than how you play the game. Yep, she cheats! Lesleigh is especially good at cheating in Monopoly and Risk. I ask you, how else could she beat me? But even she will admit she cheats; things like stacking the cards in Risk. If you ever play a board game with her, a word of advise: cut the cards.

Lesleigh is good at Diplomacy. Diplomacy is Hank's favorite game, and he is very good at it. Hank once confided in me that the only reason he and Lesleigh got married was so that they could win at Diplomacy. Hank is about average for a 23 year old man who reads Little Lulu comic books. He has long hair and a beard and a moustache, and therefore, he looks very much like a werewolf -- admittedly a skinny werewolf. At St. Louiscon he became covered with cotton candy and looked like a pink werewolf. For a short movie one of the members of MOSFA filmed, Hank was made up as a for real werewolf with claws and furry hands and everything. And on early Sunday morning he loped down the streets of Columbia with that make up on and a leash around his neck (held by the movie maker), while people were going to and from church. What kind of a person would do that? (I was sensibly made up as a vampire -- fangs, cape, make up, quite sensible.)



While I'm doing this I may as well Tell All. Besides all of the above (and besides the fact that they are the ones primarily responsible for unleashing me on active fandom), the fact is that they're not even trufans!

(continued on page 11)

***** two (2) reviewed books

OR I hate doing killer reviews but...*****

*****by Terry Hughes

DWELLERS OF THE DEEP (Ace double 27400 -- 75¢)

GATHER IN THE HALL OF THE PLANETS (Ace double 27415 -- 75¢)
both by K. M. O'Donnell

K. M. O'Donnell is, of course, a pseudonym for Barry Malzberg. I have read several enjoyable Malzberg stories, I have also read several poor ones. But I have never read a good story written by O'Donnell. Rather than say that O'Donnell stories are uniformly bad, I am tempted to say that some are, unbelievably, even worse than others -- but I'm too kind and gentle to say that. Some people say that K. M. O'Donnell is a hack -- but I'm too kind and gentle to say that and, besides, I know O'Donnell is a penname for Malzberg. Other people say that O'Donnell is the name Malzberg uses on his worst pieces of hack work -- but I'm too kind and gentle to say anything like that.

I knew that I hadn't read a K. M. O'Donnell book that I had liked, yet I bought these two books. I was suckered in by the blurbs: DWELLERS OF THE DEEP said "Not since Frederic Brown's WHAT MAD UNIVERSE has there been a novel like this!" and the Jack Gaughan cover showed a BEM wearing a beanie and reading a copy of Tremendous Stories; and GATHER IN THE HALL OF THE PLANETS said "Interplanetary interference at Worldcon 74!" And so I read these two bad books one day. Like I implied above, a bad O'Donnell book is not unusual and normally I would never bother reviewing any, but this is a special case. Malzberg has taken advantage of fandom and broken a science fiction tradition! Up until now every book or story that concerned fandom has been topnotch and highly enjoyable. There's been WHAT MAD UNIVERSE; WATERSIDER, a short story by Philip K. Dick starring Poul Anderson at a worldcon; a Robert Bloch short about when fandom takes over the world; Theodore Cogswell wrote a short story starring Poul Anderson, Gordon Dickson, and himself; and I haven't read ROCKET TO THE MORGUE but I have heard only good things about it. Undoubtedly there are more I haven't seen or have forgotten. But these two books I suspect were written solely as a quick and easy way to get some \$\$\$\$. And I damn well resent being exploited!

When I read Malzberg's short story in UNIVERSE 1 (and I did enjoy that one by the way) I thought to myself: this reads like Malzberg is trying to imitate Vonnegut. I can't readily tell you why, just bits and pieces of it struck me that way. When I mentioned this to other fans they basically couldn't see it. Anyhow, in these two novels I think he is again trying to write like Vonnegut -- this time, however, Malzberg manages to copy all of Vonnegut's faults instead of his good points. Reading the books, the style just gra-

grated against my nerve endings. As for the plots, well, both books involve ET's and fans. He uses fake names for some very thinly disguised prominent fans and sf authors. He most definitely is not kind to fandom. The plots are not amusing -- the humor falls flat, very flat. And, importantly, the storyline does not hold or even capture my interest.

This is most definitely a prejudiced review. The type I don't like to read, the type I don't like to write. But I feel compelled to do it this time. The objections are purely subjective, no real criticisms (in a literary sense) are given, just my personal irritations. But I think you'll feel the same if you read these books, which I hope you don't.

A genuine Angry Young Fan attack/book review!

THE CAPTAIN'S TOWER

(continued from page 15)

shepard.

Little lambs are cute at a distance. They rapidly degenerate as they grow older. One of the mysteries of life is how a little lamb can look intelligent the first week of his life and yet become such a stupid-looking and stupid animal by the time he reaches puberty.

William Blake probably never saw a sheep except through weird spectacles. Mary was silly if she did have a little lamb. And if you turn your back on the animals they eat holes in your bluejeans when you're not looking.

+++ Creath Thorne +++

EXPOSE!

(continued from page 16)

Proof? Neither Hank nor Lesleigh has worn a propeller beanie for over two years! And check the latest STARLING -- not once do they say sci-fi! Humrph. Some of you may doubt the veracity of my latter comments. You might say that Lesleigh has been OE for several years of APA 45, and that Hank helped found the apa, and that they have always met their page requirements since each has been in the apa. You may cite the fact that Hank Luttrell has published way over 100 fanzines. Or you might mention their regularly published genzine STARLING to disprove me. Hah! If you can't trust me, who can you trust? I tell you some people will go to any lengths to try to fool you! This seemingly hyper-activity of the Luttrells is just a front; people. When you see them at a convention and they seem nice and friendly -- don't trust them. Now you know about them.

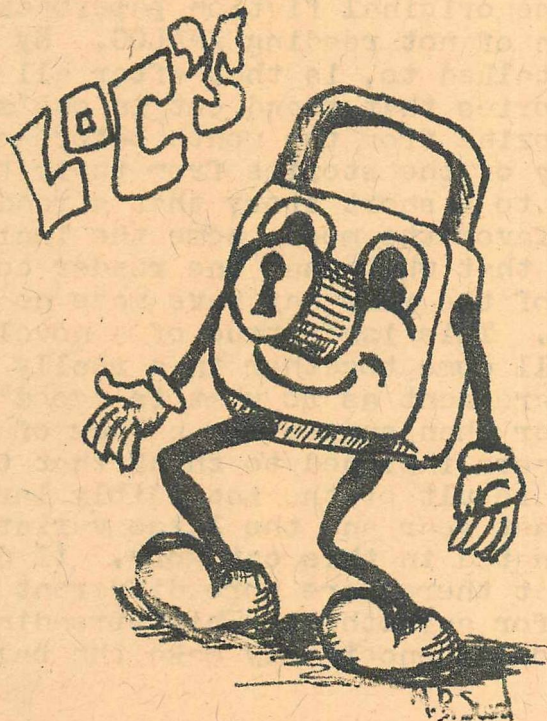
Nextish I may expose Creath Thorne, but Jerry Kaufman did ask me "What is Jim Turner really like?" Oh well, one one ish the other the one after that.

+++ Terry Hughes +++

GOOD VIBES

Waiting for the mailman or someone like him.

Mail is important to me. I deeply like getting mail. I imagine mail is important to all fans, though many feel it is better to receive than to give. *mail* What a wonderful word. What could be more of a downer than: A stapler without staples? A mimeo without ink? A stencil without corflu? Or (shudder) a day without mail? Even though I change addresses often, I always learn when the mail comes, and then I hang around waiting for the mailman to bring me some. Usually I start checking the mailbox an hour before the mail has ever come, and continue to check at 15 minute intervals (or sooner). Of course there are days when everyone in the house gets mail except me, which can be (and are) very depressing. But even worse are the days when I haven't seen him go by, and no one in the place got any letters so the mailbox is empty. Then I'm more likely to believe that he hasn't come yet than admit that no one got anything. So I continue to check, never finding anything but an empty mailbox -- though I usually do give up by 7 pm or so. I generally check my mailbox once on Sunday and holidays, just in case. So the letters I received on MOTA #1 helped ease my worried mind -- heart felt thanks go out to those of you who wrote! Keep 'em coming in, folks. And even if you didn't write last time, I'll gladly read your comments of thish or on the present state of the universe. Here are some excerpts from the last batch of letters.



GENE WOLFE
27 Betty Drive
Hamilton, Ohio 45013

You should
be ashamed
of having
no letter

column in your first -- why not a 'facsimile' or 'apocryphal' column? You could write a typical Robert Bloch letter, a normal Harry Warner, Jr. letter, a run-of-mine Bob Tucker letter, and a paragraph seven and the first third of paragraph eight of a Perry Chapdelaine letter. Think of how pleased they'd all be.

Next time please send The Mad Doctor of Blood Island as a mailing supplement.

- * Now you give me the idea
- * of a fake letter column!
- * Oh well, I could still

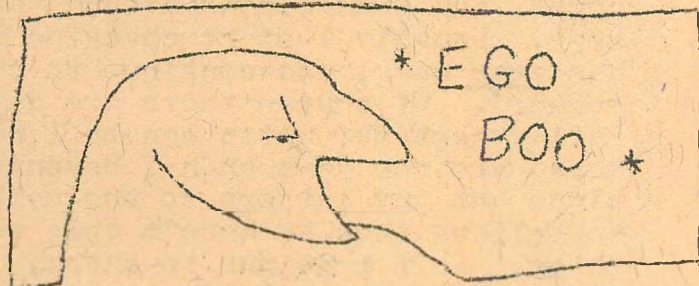
- * make up letters from those people for this since I didn't
- * receive letters from any of them. Sad, but true....maybe
- * next time.

MIKE GLICKSOHN
 32 Maynard Ave., Apt. 205
 Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada

My razor-sharp mind was easily able
 to deduce that MOTA is simply "atom"
 spelt backwards but apart from your
 liking of backward atoms, that didn't

really tell me anything. Reluctantly I was compelled to actually
read the fanzine, in the hope that the secret would be revealed
 therein. If it was, it slipped right past me, but what I did dis-
 cover is possibly the best first issue of a one-man fanzine I've
 ever had the pleasure of reading!

Artwork is mediocre at best and
 the layout somewhat simplistic
 (such as inserting a drawing that
 can only be seen if the zine is
 turned sideways. That's a no-no.)
 but the writing is of an excellent
 quality and bodes well for the
 future of the zine. Too many
 first issues are obvious crudzines
 because the would-be editor not
 only cannot edit, he cannot write
 either. Happily you seem to have considerable skill at the latter
 and expertise at the former should come quickly with passing issues.



I would disagree with your evaluation of the state of short story
 reading in fandom. I know personally of many fans who read every
 prozine regularly and buy all of the original fiction paperbacks.
 I myself do this with the exception of not reading ANALOG. My own
 impression, and that of fans I've talked to, is that after all this
 reading, there just aren't many stories that stand out in one's
 memory! I've often picked up a prozine from the month before and
 been totally unable to remember any of the stories from their titles.
 Then again, there are many aspects to a short story that a reader
 can consider important. Some may favor the mood, some the incident,
 some a "surprise" ending, etc., so that what what one reader con-
 sidered to be the best short story of the year may have made no im-
 pression whatsoever on another fan. This isn't true of a novel.
 Character, plot, mood, etc. must all come together in a really good
 novel so it is far easier to get agreement as to what is "good" and
 "bad" in this category. Thus rather than suspecting a lack of reading
 on the part of nominators, I'd be more inclined to think that the
 current short story nominees are a result of the incredibly large
 number of rotten stories written last year and the large variety of
 stories that were undoubtedly nominated in this category. (I don't
 know, but I'd be willing to bet that there were more different
 nominees for the short story than for any other. This spreading
 of the nominations means a story could conceivably make the ballot
 with a bare handful of votes.)

Your other selections are all well thought out, even if I don't agree with one or two of them, and it's good to see people giving the Hugos the careful and rational consideration they deserve. The vast increase in the number of ballots cast is a healthy sign for an increased meaningfulness for this award, I think.

* Mike, you had me worried when I started reading your letter,
* but the last sentence of your first paragraph gave me a
* fantastic rush of pleasure. Thanks for the praise, which
* I do feel was quite lavish and kind. It did such wonder-
* ful things to my ego, but I don't think it's too horribly
* swollen why my feet touched the ground just a couple
* days after reading your letter. I agree with you about my
* own art -- I used it because I think bad art is better than
* none at all, but hopefully you won't have to see it again.
* That is if fanartists keep artwork coming in to me.

* Your
* comments have basically swung me over to your views away
* from my own, even though I do know several fans who read
* scarcely any short stories. Unfortunately this year's Hugo
* results did not give "an increased meaningfulness for this
* award" -- the Hugos reminded me more than ever of the Oscars,
* what with only a few deserving winners. Maybe next year?

LEIGH COUCH

Rt. 2 Box 889

Arnold, Mo. 63010

You realize, of course, that this is madness! I'm sure you are thinking of friends, letters, ego-boo, and all that; but have you considered the frustration of wrestling with the Post Office (I just heard tonight that they have "found" Social Security checks worth several thousand dollars originally destined for Hannibal, Mo. and "lost" for 11 days. Think what they might do with your precious fanzine!), sticky quarters arriving from people you never heard of, and all that hassle. But I doubt if this will deter you, so may good spirits inhabit your typer.

Your comment about all the bad guys having long hair (Colossus) made me do a bit of thinking. Just this evening I saw Ted Kennedy on the news in India. Guess what! Long Hair! Every damn day of the week I see long hair on the most unlikely people, kids I know who have perfectly straight parents, plastic freaks in \$100.00 outfits bought at the local boutique. I hate to tell you this, but you've been coopted. It just doesn't mean much anymore. It's hard to tell a real freak anymore unless you know them. Very, very sad. It just shows how good american capitalism is at making a buck out of anything.

* I know just what you're talking about, Leigh! It's in to
* be a hippie. It's a shame people don't dress and look like
* they want to -- I like people who look straight because they
* like it, I like people who look freaky because they like
* it, but I don't care for people who just follow fads. Yes,
* people pay lots of money for in clothes and for pre-worn

* jeans and stuff for the poor look and guys pay around \$11
* for styled long hair -- wow, even if I had that kind of
* money, I doubt if I'd spend it that way. (I'd probably
* spend it on putting out fanzines!) Here's one of the
* weirdest run-ins I had with a plastic freak:

* Last year I
* rode out to a shopping center with two straight friends
* of mine, one of whom had a car. While I was looking at
* the records in one of the stores, a girl in a \$100 hippie
* suit came over to where I was and tried to get me to notice
* her and give her some attention. She wasn't bad looking,
* but her overall aura just didn't appeal to me so I ignored
* her and wandered off to find my friends. They gathered up
* their purchases and we started towards the car. Out of no-
* where this same chick appeared and asked me if she could
* have a ride back to town. I told her it wasn't my car and
* that she'd have to ask the owner. She did and he agreed.
* During the ride back she started telling us about how she
* and some of her friends were shoplifters. "Some of my
* friends got caught and they had to wash some pig cars,"
* she said.

* "What?" asked the driver.
* "They had to wash some
* pig cars," she repeated.

* I figured out what she was saying
* but the other two hadn't so they said, "We don't understand."
* She answered, "They made them wash some pig cars down at
* the station house."

* "Oh, you mean police cars," one guy said.
* "Yeah, police, pigs, same difference," she stated.

* The
* driver replied, "I come from Chicago and we call them police
* officers there."

* "Ch yeah, I heard they're really bad there,"
* Miss Hippie said.

* "No, we respect them," he snapped.

* She
* said, "I was in Chicago for one day."

* "What part of the
* city?"

* "The south side."

* "That's really rough there."

* "Yeah, while I was there a man was murdered in front of the
* house I was in ... and I saw it," she said.

* "That must
* have been bad."

* "Yeah, especially since I was tripping
* at the time."

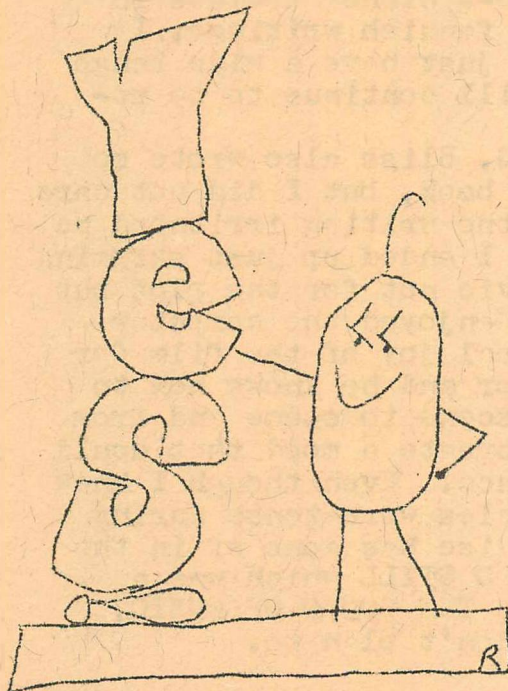
* After we had let her off, we all broke out
* laughing at how she had lied trying to impress us.

JERRY KAUFMAN
417 W 118th St., Apt. 63
New York, New York 10027

Thanks for the first MOTA. I read it from cover to cover, which wasn't that difficult. The blue cover had me hypnotised -- after all, Doug Lovenstein said there were lots and lots of blue covers this month, and he was apparently right. By the way, the cover was the best piece of art in the issue, and your brother has potential. The cartoons inside weren't too good, except for the hitch-hiking mushroom. I liked it.

The Hugo results are in now, and I wasn't completely happy in the choices. I guess I feel a bit serious about them, and like the winners to be a little more than simply "a good read". Or maybe I mean a little more by the word "entertaining" than most. I find some pretty serious books entertaining. I didn't find Ringworld entertaining at all. I quit by the time the heroes found the ring-world. I didn't think the people were real or any of their traveling interesting...just too long a buildup. As for the No Award in drama, well, I was surprised. The wierd impression I'd gotten from reading fanzines was that the Firesign Theatre was going to win. I'll bet if the first album had been nominated, it would have won, except that in the year it had been eligible, too few would have been aware of it.

I'd like to apply formally as an instructor for your school. I worked as a dishwasher in a hospital in Columbus. Seriously, we were shown a training film which covered scraping, stacking, loading, unloading and drying. "The hand makes the best scraper." I hope you remember that.



* You probably noticed that this is
* not printed on blue paper (that's
* funny you don't look bluish -- as
* they said in Yellow Submarine), be-
* cause I thought another color might
* make the zine appear less sloppy
* and also be cheaper. And by the
* way, Doug Lovenstein picked up that
* blue cover joke from what Jack
* Gaughan said. Doug gave me some art
* for this issue and I hope to be able
* to print more of his art in MOTA.

HANK DAVIS
Box 154
Loyall, Ky. 40354

Thanks for MOTA,
which, I'm sure you
realize, is atom
spelled backwards.

I recognized the fact immediately, having created a comic super hero when I was in the fourth grade who changed into his super-powered alter ego by saying

"atom" backwards. Come to think of it, I never thought up a name for his merely normal identity, but then I never did get very far with creative projects back then.

Indeed, you may get some contributions from me, as soon as I recover from the shock of seeing a new fanzine which does not proclaim stridently that WE DON'T WANT BOOK REVIEWS. The fannish insurgents may blacklist you, but I shout Murrah! Just don't fill the pages up with Ted Pauls...

The yok about Ted White typing a paragraph with both hands tied behind his back reminds me of an anecdote about Johann Sebastian Bach, who was better known as an organ virtuoso than as a composer during his lifetime. A friend of his wrote a composition for organ, one part of which required a chord from one hand at the far left of the keyboard and another at the far right and a note produced by a key in the middle of the keyboard, all to be sounded simultaneously. When Bach asked how the friend expected him to play the thing, he was told to produce the note in the center by depressing the key with his nose...

I will be very glad when THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN flick gets into these parts, since many people who did not like the book have said nice things about it...And I did like the book.

* Hank, I would like to see some contributions from you,
* send them along! I do indeed print book reviews; I like
* reviews that give a good coverage of a book, I don't like
* book reviews that read like book reports or plot summaries,
* and you won't find any shortie, one-sentence reviews in
* MOTA. Since I'm also very fond of fannish writings, I
* don't expect to be blacklisted. I just have a wide range
* of interests and these interests will continue to be re-
* flected in the pages of MOTA.

* W. G. Bliss also wrote me
* that he liked the ANDROMEDA STRAIN book, but I did not care
* for it. Various little things in the writing irritated me
* and I didn't care for the plot, so I ended up just skimming
* parts of the book. I liked the movie not for the plot but
* for the technical film aspects. I enjoyed the computer
* animations. The editing was the real joy of the film for
* me -- Robert Wise is a fine director and he knows how to
* cut smoothly and effectively from scene to scene and from
* camera to camera. He was able to create a mood that could
* capture an audience if given a chance. Even though I knew
* things would come out okay, my muscles were tense during
* the final will-he-make-it scene. Wise has done sf in the
* past, he did the DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL which was a
* good film. He also did things like THE SOUND OF MUSIC,
* STAR, etc. which I didn't see and don't plan to.

WILL STRAW
303 Niagara Blvd.
Fort Erie, Ont., Canada

I was going to say something re MOTA being another example of the current trend towards small editor-written fanzines, but I re-read MOTA looking for comments for this letter, and I see that you have more of a genzine approach in mind. Actually, I'm rather hoping that a lack of contributors will encourage you to do more for your own fanzine, because I'm finding it much easier to enjoy and distinguish between personalzines than their counterparts and I'm interested in hearing more about you and Columbia Fandom than in the type of thing that seems to be common to most of the genzines these days. (I'd divide most of today's fmz into three categories - all-editor-written personalzines, editor-written personalzines with Terry Carr's Entropy Reprints, and Jiant Genzines.)

Have you ever run across the story Ed Cox once wrote for his SAPS-zine that ties in with the Typathon thing; as I recall, it concerned a fan at a convention who found he could write Fabulous Fannish Material almost incessantly and sat there for days turning out pages and pages of Gems. The thing snowballed until fandom has built a jiant house wherein he could work, complete with a toilet system in the chair on which he sat and girls to feed and care for him while he filled fanzines with his stuff.

I gave up on sf movies years ago, and its ever since been a source of crogglements the way devotees go back time after time to see the latest releases, all the time panning them in their fanzines. One or two bad ones were enough to throw me off sf films, and the several I've seen since then haven't swayed me one bit, but there seems to be something akin to a fatalistic urge driving the fanatics back again and again. (I'm interested in B-films, but generally those from the thirties and forties which relied on contract actors who had developed talent over years of playing in all kinds of films, rather than non- or semi-professionals as is the case with a lot of sf films.)

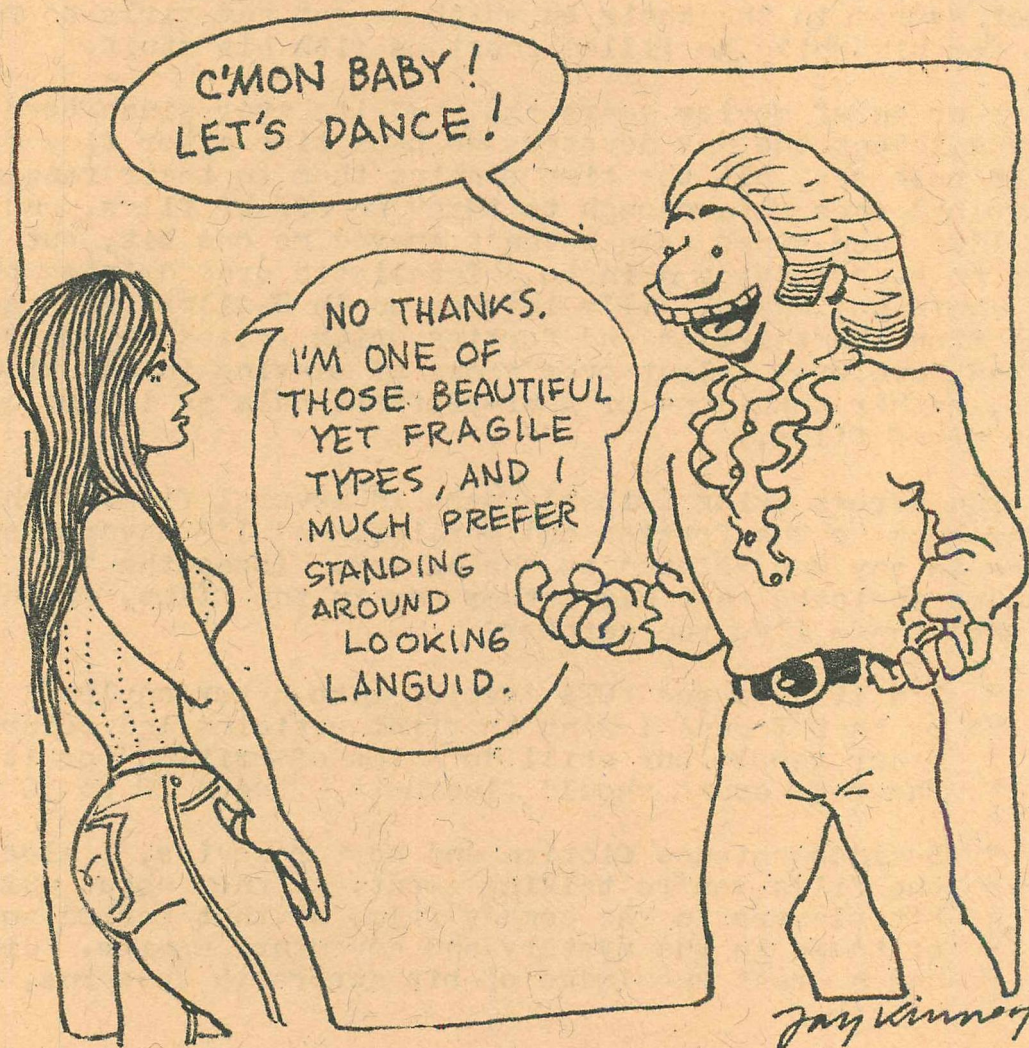
I've run across Fritz Leiber's name in several filmographies from as far back as the forties and earlier, and I'd never assumed that it was in any way related to the author. (Does the "jr" following his name indicate that his father was in the films, probably the one who's name I've run across?)

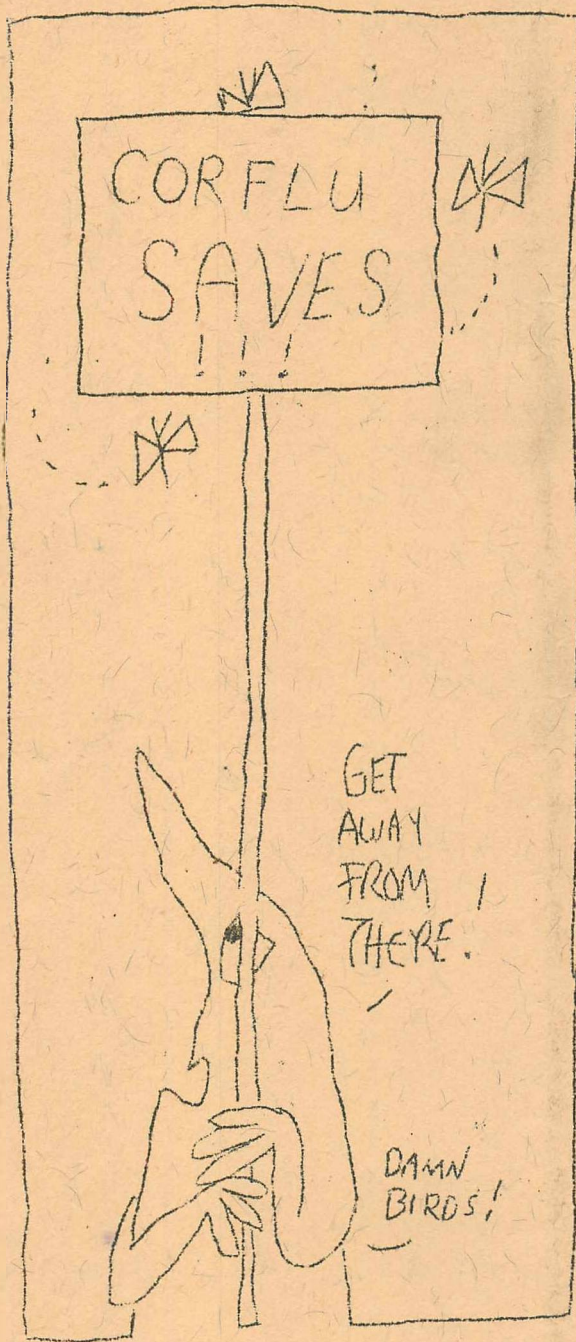
- * I'd like to see MOTA develop into a personalized genzine,
- * by that I mean I want to print articles and columns by
- * other people but still do a lot of writing for it myself.
- * The page count should fluctuate between 20 to 30 pages.
- *
- * Besides science fiction and horror movies, I also like
- * the films you're talking about. I know about quite a few
- * bit players in the comedy films of that period and many
- * of those in the mystery and adventure movies. Jim Turner
- * has a great knowledge of bit actors in westerns, but that

* is one type of film that I don't care much for. I really
* love the silent films of the 1910's and '20's. Maybe we
* can get together and talk about films (among other things)
* at some convention.

* Both Fritz Leiber, Jr.'s mother and
* father were actors on the stage. I don't know about the
* mother, but Fritz Leiber, Sr. was in several movies. He
* started in the silent films and then went onto the talkies.
* Off hand I can think of him being in a couple Errol Flynn
* movies, SEA HAWK and THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER, and he
* was in the silent QUEEN OF SHEBA.

I also heard from RICK STOOKER who since his letter has moved to Columbia to go to college and got a part time job as a DISHWASHER!, and GREG SHAW who sent some copies of METANOIA which I really enjoyed, and W. G. BLISS who also included one of his marvelous contraptions, and BUCK COULSON, and I got several trade fanzines like POTLATCH, BEABOHEMA, ENERGUMEN, YANDRO, and others. Thank you everybody! Please write again.





MOTA #2



10201

Joe D. Siclari
1951 N. Meridian Rd.
Apt. 54
Tallahassee,
Florida 32304

Terry Hughes
407 College Ave.
Columbia,
Missouri 65201
USA

3rd CLASS
Return requested!