

(...AND HERE SHE IS!)

OH THANK YOU THANK YOU! YOU CAN'T KNOW
HOW PROUD I AM TO BE HERE TONIGHT, A
SINGULAR AND INTREGAL PART OF THE BRAND NEW

MOTFA

I WANT TO GIVE SPECIAL THANKS TO MY PRODUCER,
MR. DOUGLAS LOVENSTEIN, FOR HIS UNLAGGING FAITH IN
MY TALENTS — IN SHORT, WELL, MR. LOVENSTEIN HAS
BEEN A PERFECT DOLL! AND I'M HONOURED TO BE
HERE, ETC., AND JESUS SAID "IF A FROG HAD WINGS
HE WOULDN'T BUMP HIS ASS SO MUCH." ALSO,
HELLO TO GINGER, MY CAT, IN SAN DIEGO, ETC.



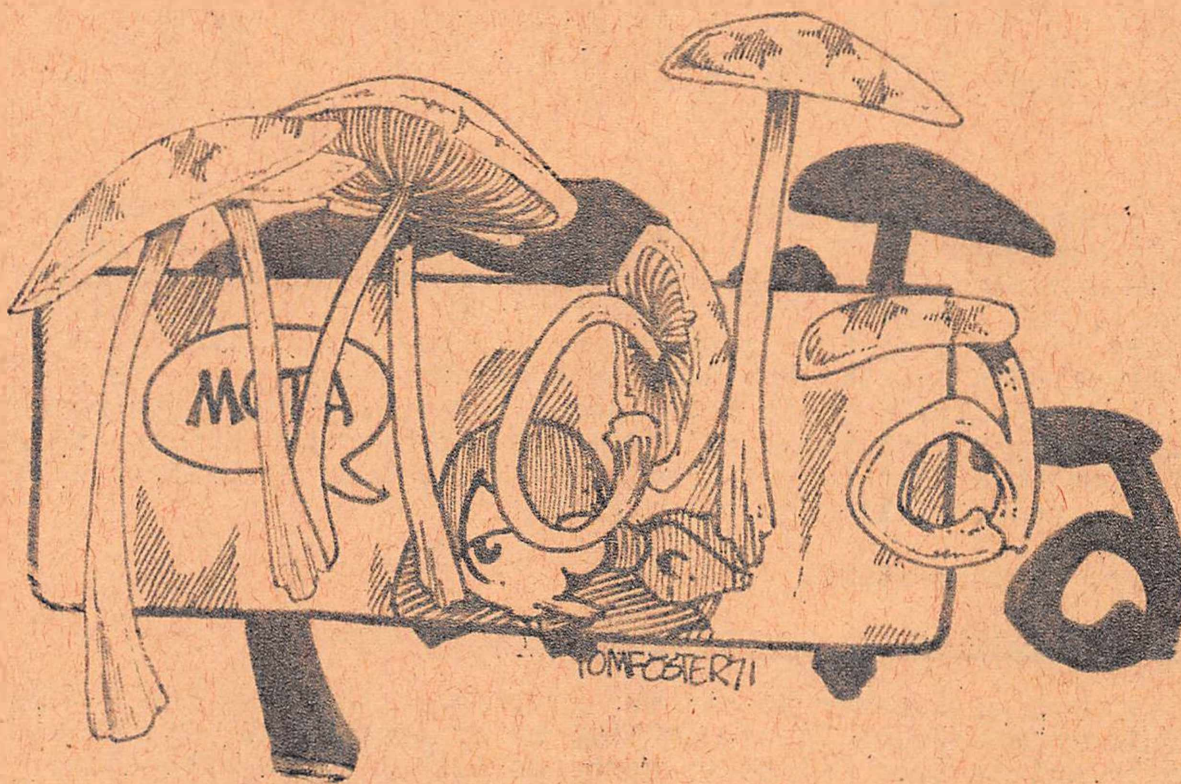


Table of Contents.	page 1	Doug Lovenstein.	cover
Cowabunga (editorial).	2	Craig Hughes . 4,15,19,21,23	
Oh Will He Ever Return (world- conferent by John Berry) . .10		Tom Foster	1,17
The Captain's Tower (column by Creath Thorne)	14	Dan Osterman	28
Drinking Christmas Dinner All Alone (Jim Turner confesses)18		Ray Nelson	13
Good Vibes (lettercol)	21	John Berry	11
		Jim McLeod	2
		Bill Kunkel	6,7
		William Rotsler	bc

MOTA #3 edited and published by Terry Hughes, 407 College Ave., Columbia, Mo. 65201, USA. This is the last thing being typed for this issue on my trusty typewriter on Nov. 27, 1971. Put out bi-monthly, though this is early. See you in January. Printed on Big Huge by Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell. This fanzine is available for trade, contributions, letters. No subs, but I will accept 25¢ for a sample copy. Several copies of #1 left, just a couple of #2, write if you want them. This time I'm regretfully going to have to start dropping people off my mailing list unless they Respond Quickly check the little Box of Doom on the back . . . if it's checked you are in danger. Please let me know about your change of address!!! MOTA is a phannish phanzine, which means it covers whatever interests me, nothing is taboo except amateur fiction.

T
E
R
R
Y

COWABUNGA

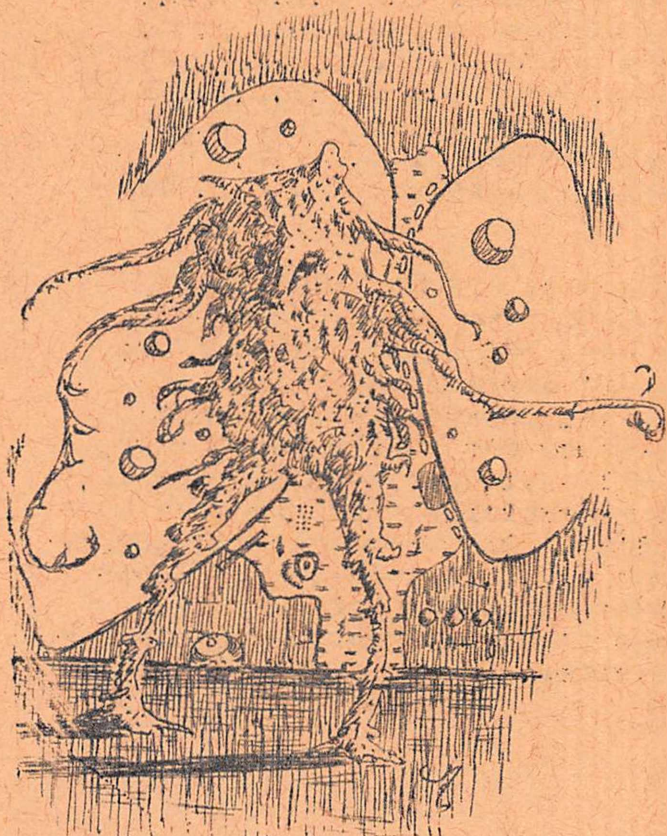
H
U
G
H
E
S

Okay, I confess, I am an addict. I'm a fanaddict! A few letters and zines have come in since I did MOTA #2, I guess there really hasn't been enough time to allow a large response (if there's going to be one), and I know how slow most fans are about responding. But my fingers are itching to caress the typewriter keys again. I have an uncontrollable urge to Pub Another Ish! Thinking about other things doesn't help; nothing I try seems to work. My body is racked with the pains of withdrawal and I just don't have the stamina to go through with this cold turkey stage. So . . . Hand me that stencil! Give me my typer! I'll show the world!

Typewriter, do your stuff.

The Rise and Fall of the Great Pumpkin.

On the evening of October 30 and the morning of the 31st the Second MoSFA Halloween Costume Party was held in my apartment. No one was allowed in unless they had their costumes either on or with them. Many of the attendees did indeed wear their costumes on the streets of Columbia on their way to the party -- which took courage since I live near several fraternities and since it was football homecoming night. With a couple exceptions, MoSFA does not contain football fans. It especially doesn't contain University of Missouri football team fans. And unlike most of the people of Columbia, we are not drunken football fans. No sir, MoSFA contains drunken science fiction fans!



About 20 people showed up for the party. Besides the horde that lives here in Classy Columbia, members-in-exile and their friends attended. This included Roger Vanous who took a break from teaching economics to college students in Pittsburgh (Kansas) to attend; and Bill Merrell came in from St. Louis with Linda, his sister Barbara, and Carol. Mike Couch deserted Arnold to attend. (Well not really deserted: Norbert brought him here and Leigh sent some wine and cokes with him.) And Anita Brown and Rosie came down from Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Since it was a fannish Halloween party, the decorations were appropriate. For example, I had carved a fairly defenseless pumpkin into a jack-o-lantern that had a beanie cup propeller on it. There were some excellent costumes for the party, along with some average type costumes (Well, I didn't want to make the others feel bad by showing them up with a super-fantastic costume -- besides, what's wrong with being a pale, puny version of Brak the Barbarian? Okay, so there's lots wrong with it. Would you believe I came as Bruth the Barbarian, thustotic?). The best costumes were: Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell who came as Bodô creatures, Hank as a Deadbone lizard and Lesleigh as a Bodô sexy lady; Harry Squires who came as a well done insectman with four ping pong ball eyes; and Anita Brown came as a harem dancer. Besides these, Mike Novack came as a vampire, Doug Carroll came as a cowboy angel (from a Dylan song), and Rick Stocker came as the Submariner. Rosie walked through the door in a genuine Chicago police officer's uniform, which really freaked my mind I assure you, until I found out she came to attend the party. John Goldmacher came as F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Jim Turner came as Ernest Hemingway -- Jim's was an okay costume, but some folks were disappointed since I had assured them that he was coming as Shirley Temple and was going to enter tapdancing and singing "On the Good Ship Lollypop"! I just made it up out of the smoke filled air, but they believed me since it would be a Turner-ish thing to do. And there were many other nice costumes that I just won't list. Oh yeah, Roger Vanous came as Jim Turner! He made a surprizingly good dopelanger except that he didn't consume enough alcohol -- though he tried manfully.

Ah yes, al-co-hol. Doug and I supplied vodka and rum and apple cider and soft drinks, Leigh Couch, as I said, sent down some wine, and several attendees brought in bottles of various proofs . . . and all of it Vanished Mysteriously! During the course of the party almost everyone got really drunk (I and a couple others didn't drink alcohol but we were still zonked), because I had taken precautions -- like plastic glasses don't break very easily -- and they were good time drinks, so the apartment was only slightly demolished. Someone had brought a squirt gun and Jim and Rosie were running around "assassinating" monsters -- Doug, inbetween sips of his rum&coke, complained to me that every-goddam-time he turned around some-goddam-one shot him in the goddam-face with goddam-water. The potato chips and pretzels and popcorn didn't seem to be enough for some of the hungry inebriates, as Jim Turner had grabbed Linda's leg and gnawed on her ankle. Before she left Anita had several of us searching the place for her car keys until she discovered she had hooked them onto her belt. Slowly people left the party a few at a time, and around 4:00 or 4:30 or some such a.m. Doug dropped to the floor and either went immediately to sleep or passed out, so Barbara, Carol, and I decided we had better end the party since we were the only remaining ones who were awake and/or alive.

It was a fine party and a huge success, even if I do say so myself. I sure had a ball and I'm definitely going to be throwing some more large parties. And coming up is the large party connected with the MoSFA Thanksgiving Feast, which may be over at Turner's. I can hardly wait!



In a recent issue of FOCAL POINT Arnie Katz said that I (among others) was a promising new fan. Yes, A Promising New Fan! From now on it's Terry Hughes, PNF to you folks out there. *sigh* Besides being an Arnie Katz Approved Neofan, I have also become a Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell Approved Neofan, and a Creath Thorne Approved Neofan! If you want me to, I'll lift up my beanie and you can see where I've been Touched. Ah, sweet egoboo!

Electric Terry Hughes & his Expanding Ego.

Yes indeed, I started out without a nickel in my pocket, and today: today, I have a nickel in my pocket -- Marx (not Karl, Groucho).

Ain't nothing worse'n an uppity neofan.

The Vietnam War has really messed up things. Ignoring the morality of the war and such things, why the expense alone for this credit card war has all but totally ruined our economy. It's what ruined the balance of trade. And it caused the inflation, which caused strikes and raises which have caused more inflation. Vicious Circle! Practically every trade has had several strikes, affecting all of us in America. But one has gone too far and caused Too Much Trouble. Yes, you know the one I'm talking about: the dockworkers strike. It has resulted in the overseas surface mail embargo. In fannish homes around the country fanzines are piling up that should be mailed overseas, but the fans (that's you and me) can't afford to mail them air-mail. 21¢ per ½ ounce! So they sit. And collect dust. And take up space. And, even worse, multiply. If the embargo doesn't lift soon, we will have to take Drastic Action!

Never fear, for I have come up with a plan. The Terry Hughes Plan for the Salvation of USA Fandom goes like this. All the fans in each section of the country should pool their resources and rent a large truck. Then they choose one of their number to drive it from house to house and slant shack to slant shack, collecting all the fanzines and letters to be mailed out of the country. Then each truck would head toward Our Friend to the North. They would form huge truck caravans from the east, west, midwest, south, and anywhere else. And they would take the zines to various Canfans and mail them from Canada since they don't have an embargo. The cost of mailing them in Canada is less

than in the US regularly and the cost for the trucks would still be cheaper than airmail when figured on an overall basis. Perhaps, it would be most convenient to select a certain Canadian fan to be the central mailing house for US fandom . . . oh, let's say Mike and Susan Glicksohn. Now I'm sure they wouldn't mind if a bunch of trucks drove up and dropped off several thousand fanzines at their house. They're trufans aren't they? The zines could be stacked so that there would be small pathways so that they could get around the house, though all the rooms but the bathroom and the kitchen would be filled up with fanzines. Then they could truck on down to the Canadian Post Office and mail them. (Ho, ho, that's a funny -- "truck on down" ho, ho.) It should break the Glicksohn's in for the worldcon. Oh yeah!

Well, fen, shall we do it? Why don't we make it Toronto in '71? The Glicksohn's House or Bust!

--*--*--*--*--*--*--*

I's the Faner and You's the Fanee

Fairly recently, while I was having some nostalgia flashes, I started thinking about the old Amos 'N' Andy Show on TV. It was one of my all time favorites -- each show would have me doubled over with body-wrenching laughter. But I'll never get to see those shows on reruns though, because some civil rights have gotten very up tight about the show. I really feel that they're making a mistake and not really taking a good look at the show. Sure it was an all black show, and the characters were made fun of, but not because they were black. No sirree, it's because most of the people in the masses are stupid and comical in many of their actions. It was a comedy, don't forget. Did the Irish get mad because of Life with Riley? Maybe they did, I don't know, no one has said that they did. It was just good fun. Like the Honeymooners. Did that show irritate bus drivers and sewer workers? Or did people just accept it as a good piece of comedy? And that's what Amos 'N' Andy was: a good piece of comedy. What with the great Kingfish, Sapphire, Amos, Andy, and all the others.

Remember the great lines like: "If all the women in Texas is as ugly as Sapphire's mother, the Lone Ranger's gonna be alone for a long time!"???

I've also had the pleasure of listening to some of their old radio broadcasts on my brother's tape recorder. The stuff there was just as funny as TV, and they had to rely solely on words and not be able to use pictures as TV did. Like there was the time Andy had fallen for a young flirt, but when he went to see her, she was discussing great books with one of her cultured boy friends. So to get into the conversation, Andy said, "Say have you seen the fix Little Orphan Annie has gotten herself into?" That wiped me out.

Or there's the time Sapphire is talking about a wedding she went to and how the couple couldn't afford rose petals, so they painted potato chips pink and used them. She said it was so lovely to see the bride and groom crunching down the aisle.

The show made fun of the faults of human nature -- the greed, the pomposity, the ignorance, the various things that make the animal a human being -- but it also showed the kindness that is in the human nature.

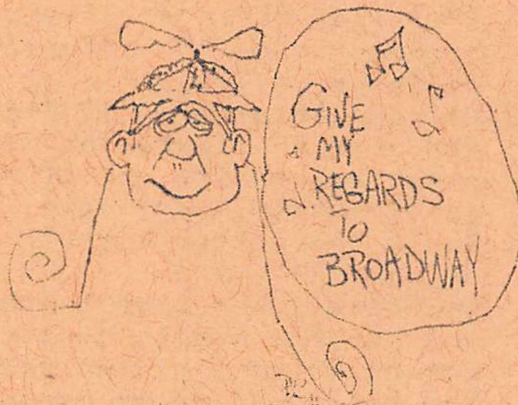
Amos 'n' Andy, I loves you all.

I am not a bigot! Why some of my best friends are clods!

Don't Try to Lay No Boogie Woogie on the King of Rock and Roll!!!

The trend to talk about what each fan does or does not like in terms of music is still very evident in fanzines. And in a letter Dan Goodman asked me "Does your interest in Fifties fandom extend to the music which interested that fandom? Or does your devotion to rock exclude contaminating contact with folk & jazz? Or (whisper it) Gilbert & Sullivan?" Well, readers, I bet you can guess what's coming up next. Uh huh, I'm going to give out some of my musical views and maybe go into my music and culture talk. This will probably bore some of you older-types who prefer to listen only to the clacking of typewriter keys, so you have permission to skip down to the part where I talk about the Fate of the Universe and the shocking youth.

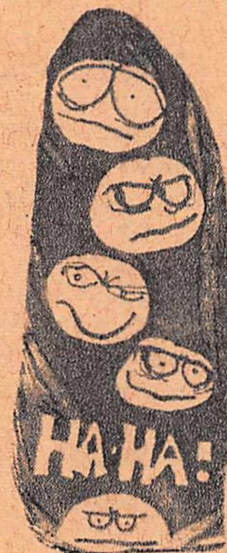
I have what I think is a wide variety of tastes in music. I like classical, folk, blues, country-rock, folk-rock, acid rock, and rock and roll music, among others. I like most of the works by Beethoven, Mozart, the Russian composers, and many others. I don't like most Bach, or his imitators, or most of the new composers today. Most folk appeals to me: Judy Collins, Bob Dylan, Eric Anderson, Gordon Lightfoot, Joan Baez, Chad Mitchell Trio, Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie, and the rest. I don't like Rod McKuen, Odetta, Leonard Cohen, Oscar Brand, Ed McCurdy, and some others. I like most all country-rock and folk-rock: The Byrds, Burrito Bros., Commander Cody, Neil Young, the Band, Crazy Horse, etc. Kris Kristofferson has the country-folk field to himself. In country music I hate all the the real country female vocalists; they all sound like Kitty Wells who I hate and have that whiney voice. I don't like Bill Monroe and his type of bluegrass, or Ernest Tubb and his type of standard country sound. I do like the Dillards, old Merle Haggard (about prisons, not Okies), Hank Williams, and old Johnny Cash. I love the blues I guess most of all. Especially by folks like John Lee Hooker, Canned Heat, John Mayall, B. B. King, Willie Dixon, Mississippi Fred McDowell, Johnny Winter, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Brownie McGee, Sonny Terry, and on forever. I love '50s rock like Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, and if I really start listing I won't



be able to stop. I like some of the punk rock of the '60s like the Standells, and Paul Revere & the Raiders (pre-bubblegum), but not the Seeds and such. I don't like Bobby Vinton and the others like him. I hate surf and hot rod music (if Jan and Dean recorded it, I probably hate it), and stuff like Pipeline and Wipeout. In rock I like the Rolling Stones, the Grateful Dead, the Jefferson Airplane, Traffic, Cream, Beatles, Hot Tuna, the Animals, John Baldry, Earth Opera, Yardbirds, etc. I don't like Led Zepplin, all the super-heavy unimaginitive groups like Iron Butterfly, Vanilla Fudge, Grand Funk Railroad, Bloodrock, Black Sabbath, etc. I don't like any of the Soul Sounds by the Supremes, Temptations, Jackson 5, etc. I hate Bubble gum music, that's you Bobby Sherman, Ohio Express, 1910 Fruit-gum Co., Osmonds, David Cassidy, on and on. And I don't like Andy Williams, Blood, Sweat & Tears (after Kooper left), Vic Damone, Jerry Vale, Dianne Warwick, Glen Campbell and the rest of the dentist office type of music. Get the idea? Wide likes, wide hates.

But since I don't like superheavy stuff (except by Johnny Winter And) and bubble gum, you can see that I disagree with most of the people a few years younger than me, and quite a few my own age. I think there is even a bigger difference culturally than musically between me and the younger group (though the culture and the music are related). It is really stunning to find myself saying things like "Well I never did anything like that when I was their age." Imagine, radical leftist me on the older end of a generation gap! Black Sabbath is strictly for the former greasers who now have long hair and are on strictly suicide stuff -- using downers and alcohol. Some of the kids eat tabs of acid like it was candy. One trend is to wrap a tab in foil and swallow it so that one doesn't know when it is going to hit. Shee-it! That doesn't sound at all wise to me. And they are so violence prone. My generation is anti-establishment, but we are basically of a non-violent nature, unless we feel cornered. The younger kids seem to use violence to release any irritations that they have at all. It isn't directed at anyone to accomplish something; just random violence. It reminds me very much of the 1950's JDs and bikers and chain fights and zip guns and all that stupid violence.

Examples? Black Sabbath played in St. Louis recently and I almost went because John Mayall was the warm up show. I figured I would leave after his show. But I decided I wouldn't go, and I asked a Black Sabbath fan how the concert went. He said that the crowd was unbelievably bad. The audience was throwing things at the stage and the performers! Black Sabbath stopped the show and one of the group told the crowd that they wanted "to really get it on" for them but they couldn't do it if they continued to throw shit at them. And so someone threw something and hit the performer on the head! They played some more anyway, but when the barrage continued they ended the show. Then the crowd had the gall to stomp and shout for more. When one



of the band walked out on the stage, he flipped the audience the bird and stalked off. Then the crowd started calling the show a rip off.

No sir, things don't look good for the future. It looks like there will be a whole lot of senseless violence coming in the streets. Okay, class, that's the serious thought for the day.

Don't look now, but I think a paranoid is watching me!

Yesterdays fanzines

I'm still pawing my way through Creath Thorne's collection of fmz, loving every minute of it! It really fascinates me finding out what the big issues were in past fandoms and comparing those eras to this one. All of which brings me to this point: if any of you out there have any vintage or not so vintage interesting fanzines that you would like to give to a good cause, send them to me. I will happily (and greedily) accept them. I still want to get the current fanzines you're putting out as well. Because I like present day zines!

In order to convey egoboo to the editors I made out a list of the most enjoyable ones I've read so far. These are all from Creath's collection and the dates of these range from the late fifties to some rather recent issues and zines. Now where did I put that list? Oh...

HYPHEN #20, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31, 33, 34 -- really fascinating. There really wasn't much by Willis, a few editorials which were good and a good convention report, but I was expecting more by him. There were many good pieces by Bob Shaw, his column was truly fine. James White and John Berry gave me some laughs as well. One of the most enjoyable zines I've ever read. Arthur Thompson did hilarious cartoons.

HORIZONS #89, 92, 94, 96, 97, 100, 102 -- I enjoyed this other view of Harry Warner, Jr., I'd only seen his letters and fan history. It showed me that he is good at anything he does. Shame more people don't get this FAPazine.

LE ZOMBIE #66 (30th Anniversary issue) -- I finally got to read a Bob Tucker zine. Hey, Bob, isn't time for an other issue??????

QUARK #? (three issues) -- Tom Perry put out a fine zine; I greatly enjoyed his writing, what is he doing now? It also had the excellent The Harp that Once or Twice column by Walt Willis.

FRAP #2, 5 -- delightful Bob Lichtman's fanzine. Besides great stuff by Bob, it had Calvin Demmon and a long Elmer Perdue pun. #5 is one of the strangest zines I've ever seen, the whole issue was taken up by Ray Nelson's Burp said the Turtle -- not what I'd guess to be in a fanzine. FRAP had lots of funny Ray Nelson artwork.

The one issue of Bob Lichtman's and Miriam Knight's FAPAZine with a title in Hebrew characters that I couldn't decipher was fun.

KTEIC Magazine (several issues) -- William Rotsler's FAPAZine shows that this fantastic artist/cartoonist can write just as funnily as he draws (hmm, let me rephrase that: his writing can be as hilarious as his cartoons). This includes The Tatooed Dragon!

QUIP #2,3,4,5,6,8,9,10,11,12 -- edited by Arnie Katz and a cast of thousands. I haven't seen any copies of VOID which this zine is supposedly somewhat based on, but I did enjoy it. I loved the multiple covers and panels -- this should be used on some current zine. Maybe Ross Chamberlain will do it for his new zine. Arnie did lots of writing for this zine and he had several top flight contributors. The zine was charged with enthusiasm, it could have been better, but it was fun. Nice to see some past efforts of AtheK who has to be the most prolific fan writer currently.

A SENSE OF FAPA -- I'm just part way through this monumental work, but it sure is loaded with fanhistory information that I hadn't known.

NOPE #4,5,6,7,8,9 -- one of the best dittoed zines. Jay Kinney filled the pages with his thoughts and adventures. He used a lot of underground artwork by himself, Robert Crumb, and Jay Lynch. John Berry had an entertaining diary/column in it. It is a shame Jay has said that he is going to stop putting out this fanzine.

FOOLSCAP #1,2,3,4,5,6 -- John D. Berry decided to put out a faannish fanzine and by doing so he demonstrated that he has a light, interesting, faannish touch on the old typewriter keys. I can't help but think that he chose this name just so he could put out a FOOLISH. The passing of this zine is bearable since he gave it up in favor of:

MAVERICK/EGOBOO -- this started as a letter substitute by John Berry but when Ted White became co-editor, Maverick became the title of John's editorial, and EGOBOO became the title of a genzine. This zine is characterized by enthusiasm, good faannish writing, and irregularity! It is to continue, since I got the double-ish recently, which is good news. It may not be out often but when it is, it's enjoyable!

WARHOON #11,15,17,18,19,20,21,22,23,24,25,26,27 -- Ghod, what a fanzine!!! I haven't read these entirely yet, just bits and pieces, since this was in the most recent bunch of zines he lent to me. Creath told me that he thought it was the best fanzine ever. From what I've read I must say that it's definitely the best zine I've ever seen. Brilliant writing throughout. There aren't many graphics, but what Richard Bergeron does do are very effective. You don't see art like this in fmz except rarely and it adds to the personality of the zine. But everybody knows about this one (and the others too, but this one especially) and how fine it is. I wrote to Richard and asked if he had any backish and if so how could I get some. A few weeks later I got a package from him containing seven issues. Richard, you're a fan among fans! WARHOON is GREAT!

OH WILL HE EVER RETURN?

JOHN D. BERRY

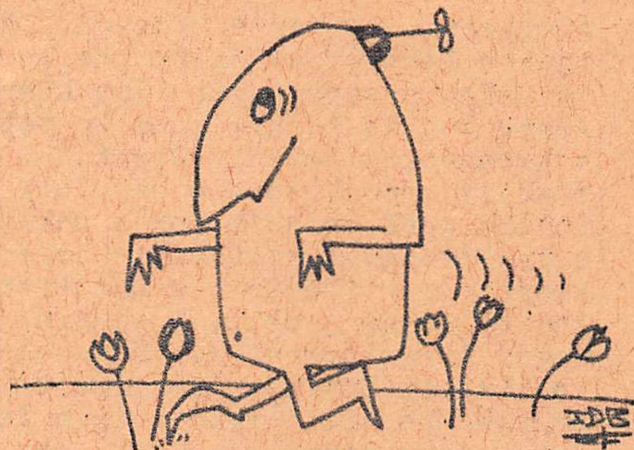
On the way back to the United States after nearly six months in France, I passed through a middle ground, a sort of frontier on the edges of reality: the 29th World Science Fiction Convention in Boston. My plane from Paris got into Logan Airport sometime after three p.m. Friday; I changed some money, tried to unpop my right ear, and headed for the subway. Since I hadn't intended until a few days before to attend the con at all, I had no information about it beyond the dates, and I had to call the Christian Science Monitor to find out what hotel the con was in. ("What's that? The Gay Liberation Convention? Oh...science fiction!")

I found the right hotel and walked into the lobby carrying my backpack, typewriter, and Turkish rug. The first people I saw were all total strangers. The hotel seemed to have two solid floors of what could be called "lobby," which left no central place to find everyone. The first person I ran into was Terry Carr, closely followed by Carol, but they soon disappeared again after assuring me that all kinds of good folks were around someplace. The first evening was a lot like that. The whole con was, as a matter of fact. I was tired and overworked, and I couldn't manage to adjust quickly to a five-hour difference in time; instead of going to parties I kept falling asleep. For the first time in my experience with cons, I kept seeing people briefly that I wanted to talk to and then not seeing them again. I'm told it was a good con, and I'm told it was a soulless con. You tell me. I wasn't really awake that weekend.

In one of the many hotel corridors I ran into Alex Panshin, who promptly invited me up to his room for a Pepsi. That's what I needed, a chance to sit down someplace and drink something cold and talk quietly. As we talked, I felt a little bit more contact with American life, as he showed me the newest underground comix and told me about recent music. Cory came in, and we made plans to go out to Cambridge and eat later; I had to cancel out on those plans, though, when I decided that it was me, not the building, that was vibrating. (It turned out later that the building really was vibrating.) I went down to the poolside party, where people I knew started showing up. That pool was quite an affair. We were sitting by the poolside, five storeys up, in the East Coast late summer heat under a full American moon. The Prudential Building towered over us from just a block away. The fans milled around, and I knew I was back in fandom.

Mike Glicksohn was inviting everyone in sight to the Toronto party, so I drifted up there along with several New Yorkers. It was a crowded party, and I found myself jammed into a corner in the suite talking

to people as they passed. Later a bunch of us went to Arnie and Joyce Katz's room for a quieter party. I met Terry Hughes, the editor of this fanzine, sometime in here, and he offered me floor space as soon as I mentioned that I couldn't afford things like joining the convention and paying for a room. (Don't you think \$10 is a little silly for a science fiction convention?) Soon I went up to use that floor space for a short rest, but as soon as I lay down on my Turkish rug I fell asleep and did not wake up for hours.



The next day Terry managed to get a second key, which he gave to me. Fine fellow. We woke early in the morning and ate an organic peanut butter breakfast with Chris Couch and Alice Sanvito, who were also sharing Terry's floor. The room looked out over Boston, so I did the same for a while.

Ghod knows what happened during the day. In the evening I went out for dinner with Buz and Elinor Busby and Sid Coleman. We ate at a seafood restaurant across the street from the hotel, where I had scrod for the first time, discovered the joys of clam chowder, and found, to my satisfaction, that California chablis can stand up to French white wines. It was the first time I had ever exchanged more than a couple of words with Sid Coleman, and I found him to be every bit as interesting as Terry Carr describes him. Terry would have come away from that dinner with several good lines and Sid Coleman stories, but I can never remember things like that unless I write them down. After dinner we split up, and I ran into Rich and Colleen Brown, who were on their way to set up the party Bob Shaw was hosting that night. We went up to Bob's room to wait for him, and I noticed that the BoSh fund provided none but the best liquor.

Good dope, too, although I'm not sure that came from the Fund. The party was a big one, and from the start there were The Drinking Room on one side and The Smoking Room on the other, with Bob rushing back and forth between them. I hope he wasn't so busy playing host that he failed to enjoy his own party. George Clayton Johnson was there, talking and passing the pipe and putting out energy. I got my first chance to talk with Terry Carr in a long time. Joan Benford told me about her and Greg's decision to move to Southern California immediately after the con. Bhob Stewart walked into the room and put his foot behind his head. The party wound on for hours, but my body wasn't taking the time difference well so I soon went up to bed.

By Sunday I was completely in a haze. I had spent the previous week madly writing papers and exams in order to finish up my last quarter at Stanford a week early; I had slept little, and then spent Friday

traveling. I was exhausted. The afternoon passed mostly in sitting in the lobby talking to the people who wandered by, and collaborating on a few cartoons with Jay Kinney. George Clayton Johnson invited Arnie and me to his room to tell us that he had finally put together a prospectus for his Giant Golden Book of Fandom and was going to take it around to the New York publishers after the con. I went up to the pool to swim for a while, but the pool wasn't much of a gathering place at this con; there were practically no fans there. I spent some time in the bar with Norm Clarke and Boyd Raeburn and a lot of other people, including an urbane Armenian who lives in Spain, named Aram Parsenian. He explained to us that it isn't really cheap to live in Spain unless you've been living there for many years; the people who are paying only a few pesetas in rent have been in the same place since the Civil War, when rents were fixed, but new tenants get charged a lot. He says. The only time I've ever been in Spain, five years ago, it seemed very cheap, even for tourists. Elinor Busby was gassed with him.

Sunday evening was banquet night. Of course, I didn't eat there; I skipped out to a huge deli with a few good people. But I came back in time to stand jammed in the hot balcony and watch the banquet antics. It was a disappointing set of awards and speeches, except for Bob Silverberg's toastmastering. Bob's talk impressed on me that there is a continuing consciousness from convention to convention, specifically from banquet to banquet, and that there can be a sort of fannish fandom of banquets. He referred back to the Hotel Claremont in Berkeley and to the Clarion College debacle at St. Louiscon. After the banquet I ran into Rich and Colleen Brown and went to see 2001, but the heat, my tiredness, and a filmed interview with Isaac Asimov nearly put me to sleep. I struggled out of the crowded hall and went to bed.

Monday morning I joined the Panshins and several others for breakfast at La Crepe, which amused me no end. In France, crepes are cheap; here, they cost a dollar or two each. The place was very Breton, very expensive, but good. They offered all kinds of crepes, including some I'd never heard of that constituted a whole meal by themselves.

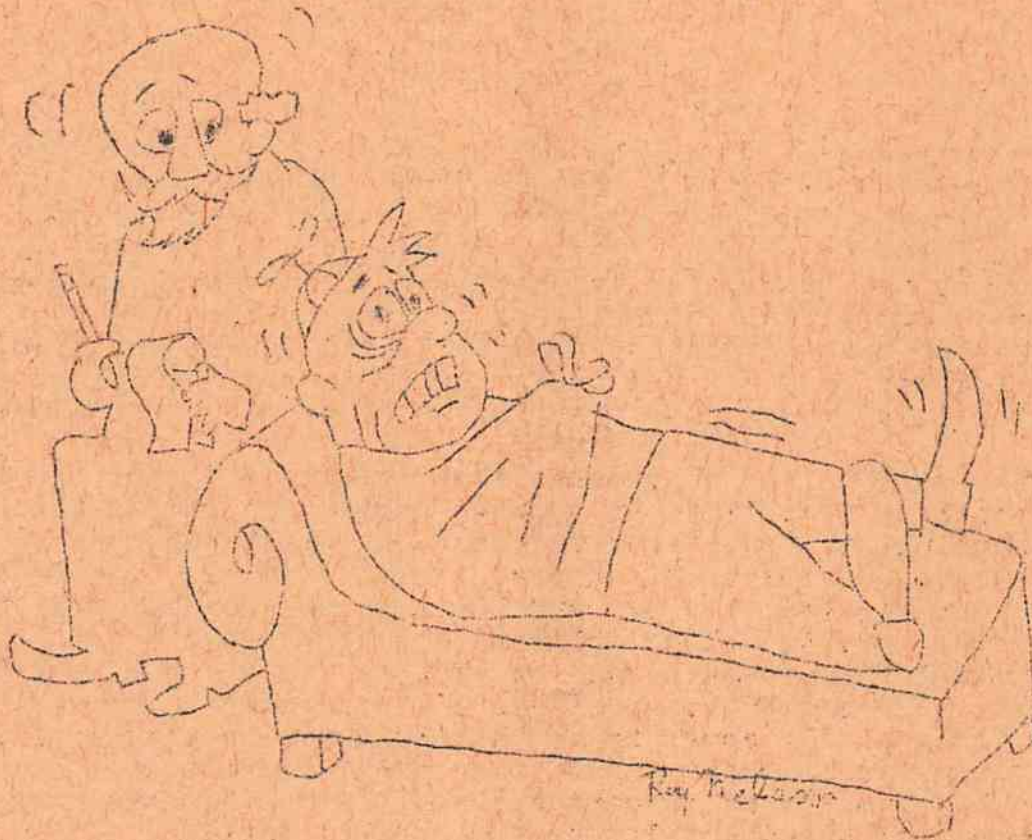
Not too long after that I left Boston for a couple of days of relaxation on Martha's Vineyard.

Everyone wants his egoboo in a conreport. If you try to work all the names into the body of the report, it makes for shitty writing. So here. This is the concentrated egoboo paragraph. The people I saw and talked to were Bob Shaw, Terry & Carol Carr, Boyd Raeburn, Norm & Gina Clarke, F.M. & Elinor Busby, Greg & Joan Benford, Geo. Clayton Johnson, Sid Coleman, Alex & Cory Panshin, Arnie & Joyce Katz, Jay Kinney, Chris Couch, Alice Sanvito, Bill Kunkel, Charlene Komar, Rich & Colleen Brown, Joe & Hilary Staton, Steve & Gail Stiles, Mike McInerney, Lenny Kaye, Bhub Stewart, Bob & Barbara Silverberg,

Terry Hughes, Jerry Kaufman, Suzanne Tompkins, Linda Bushyager, Sandra Miesel, Mike Glicksohn, Rosemary Ulliot, Neal Goldfarb, Jack Gaughan, Jerry Jacks, Larry Propp, David Hulvey, Frank Lunney, and others.

There you go. Now you can all chuckle yourselves to death.

+++ John D. Berry +++



And right in the center of the pentagon
is the King of the World, an alien
being with a ~~human~~ hands, and
with each hand it's got a general
by the balls.

CREATH
THORNE

T
O
W
E
R

THE CAPTAIN'S

Freddy the Pig

I was amazed while reading the latest issue of John Berry's and Ted White's Egoboo (#13 -- typed a year ago, but not published until this fall) to find that Cal Demmon has written a novel about talking pigs called, appropriately enough, "Pig." Demmon is a fantastic writer, but that wasn't the reason for my amazement. You see, I've just finished a story about talking pigs, too. It was written for a class in creative writing that I'm taking this fall, and if nothing else, was at least different from all the imitation Hemingway and imitation Faulkner stories that everyone else in the class seems to be writing.

My story was based on the characters that Walter Rollin Brooks used in his long series of children's books: Freddy the Pig, Jinx the Cat, Mrs. Wiggins the Cow, Peter the Bear, Charles the Rooster, Henrietta his wife, and dozens of others. Freddy and his friends did hundreds of interesting things: started their own bank, published their own newspaper, took long trips to the North Pole and to Florida, went on a rocket ship to Mars, and on and on. By far the most interesting animal was Freddy. He plays a minor role in the earlier books, but he gradually comes to completely dominate the series. He has literary interests that none of the other animals have; he writes poetry; and by a number of ingenious disguises he can pass himself off as a human being and infiltrate the peopled world.

There is a special brotherhood of people who read Freddy the Pig books when they were children. Lesleigh Luttrell did, and no doubt someday she'll write a long article for Starling about them, remembering all the details I've forgotten. Fred Patten read them in fifth and sixth grade (if I remember his story correctly) and one day made the fatal mistake of talking about them to his classmates. For the rest of the year they called him Freddy the Pig, and the memory of that rankled so much that when Jack Harness jokingly called him that he offered to punch Jack in the nose -- the first time in years that anyone had gotten a rise out of Fred. Greg Benford must have read them, too;

when the comics insanity in Los Angeles was at its height and people were going around dressed up like their favorite comics character Benford suggested that some entrepreneur buy up an old farm outside of LA and fix it up like the Bean Home Farm (where Freddy and his friends lived) and let fans go out there and play being their favorite character from the books.

Len Bailes and John Boardman read them, too; and in 1965 were suggesting forming a club called the Bean Farm Irregulars. Len suggested that potential members would have to pass a test in order to join the club, and gave a sample question: identify the Horrible Ten. I enthusiastically wrote to him: "The Horrible Ten are very clear in my mind. They were, of course, the society of rabbits who dressed up at night and attempted to scare people and animals (I wonder a bit about the obvious similarity between them and the KKK. . .). Later on the society became quite popular and was increased to the Horrible Twenty. I could think of hundreds of other questions that could go on the test. Easy ones: What two lengthy trips did Freddy take early in his career? What was the name of the newspaper Freddy edited? What book inspired Freddy to take up private-detective work? Harder ones: Sketch a map of the Bean Farm. Where did Simon the Dictator have his headquarters? Name the three ducks prominent in the stories. Who was extremely taciturn and loved to invent things? Who owned a circus? What butler appears throughout the books? I could go on for pages. Does this qualify me for membership in the Bean Farm Irregulars?" I wrote a little more to Len and ended up saying, "I'd rather not go back and reread the books now, though -- I'm afraid that I'd lose that sense-of-wonder I have for them."



*Big Name Hog - for those not of porkomorphic knowledge

Having gained some courage in the last six years, I checked out a couple of Freddy books from the Columbia Public Library the other day. They aren't quite as exciting as they were back when I was ten years old (I remember that back then when I was reading a good book, occasionally I would have to put it down and go outside and run around the house a few times to work off my nervous excitement), but they weren't as bad as I thought they might be.

The books are peppered with samples of Freddy's poetry. When I first read the books I was a confirmed poetry hater, and skipped the poems, much as I admired Freddy. This time around I read them, and discovered I hadn't missed much. Here's a sample:

A lesson which we all must learn
Is this: without complaint
To be ourselves, and not to yearn
To be that which we ain't.

If cats had wings, and cows had claws
And pigs had shaggy pelts,
You'd never know your friends, because
They'd look like someone else.

Then be content with what you've got
And do not weep and wail,
For the leopard cannot change his spots
Nor the pig his curly tail.

As we all know, this is the golden age of literary criticism, and it's really no wonder that Freddy, competent as he is, turns out to be a critic. He says that there was one thing specially fine about this poem: "the idea and the verse had come out even." For Freddy, writing poetry is like eating bread and jam and trying to make them come out even. Sometimes "about through the third verse, there would be part of the idea left over. But maybe there wouldn't be enough idea left for a whole verse. You can't cut a verse in two, as you can a slice of bread" so Freddy "would spread the idea over it very thin. It was very easy to write verses, but not so easy to get good ideas. That is the trouble with a good many poets. They make very nice verses, but you can hardly taste the jam in them at all."

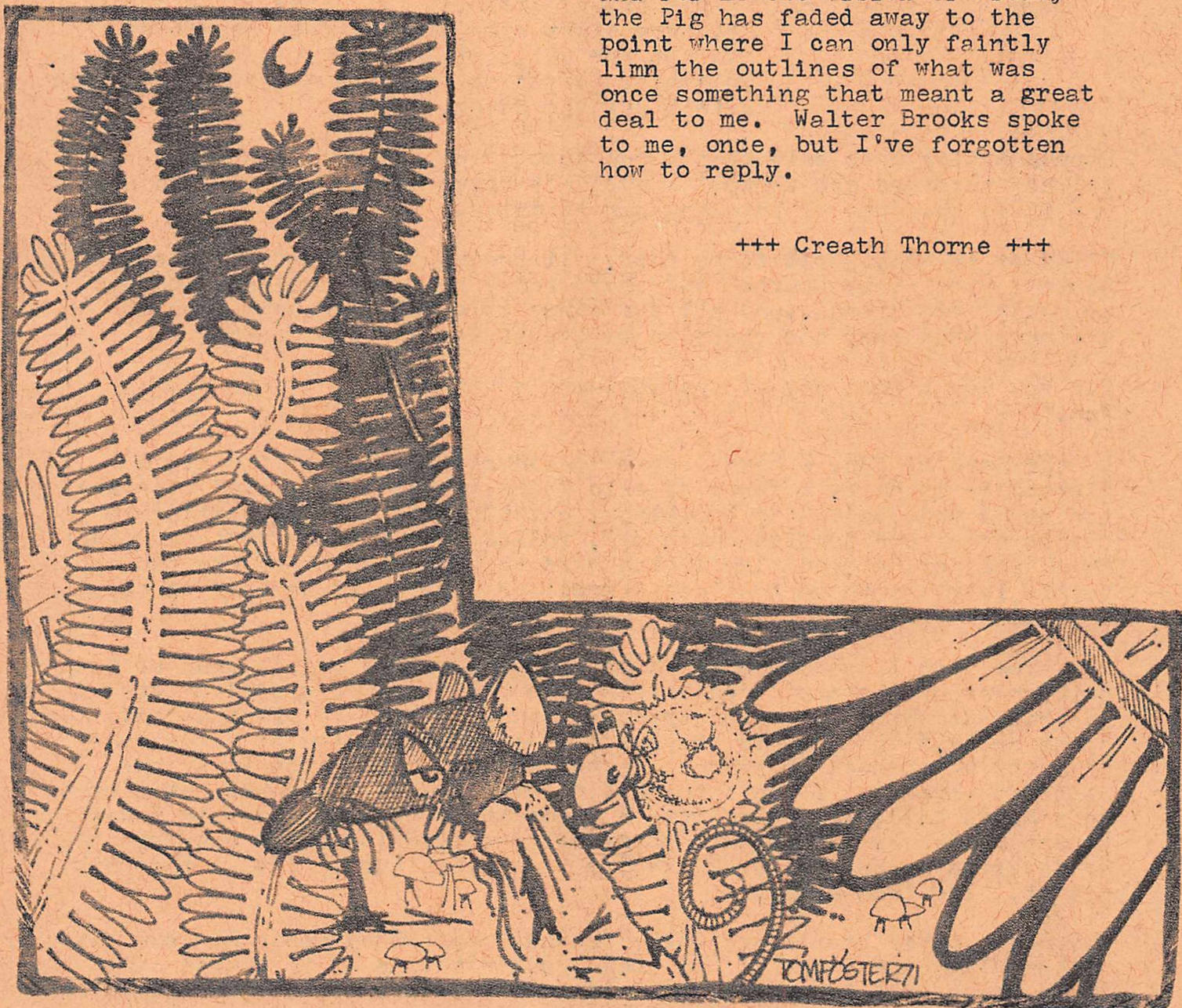
My favorite Freddy book was Freddy and Simon the Dictator. This book is still ahead of its time. After women and children have been liberated, the animal world will still be left; and that's what the book is all about. Simon, a rat, tries to take over upper New York State, and very nearly succeeds. He's a demagogue and a tyrant in the classic manner, inspiring well-meaning animals to carry out his perfidious program. Freddy, of course, comes down hard on the side of law, order, and the human world and after two hundred tense pages manages to put down the revolution. He does it in a damn didactic manner, and that's my main complaint with books as I reread them now. I suppose it's too much to expect Freddy to start growing long hair (after all, if "pigs had shaggy pelts. . . they'd look like someone else") and listening to rock music, but why does Freddy have to explain while he's doing the Right Thing just why he's doing the right thing? But I suppose a plea for subtlety is a bit mis-placed here.

When I was doing graduate work in English literature I once toyed with the idea of writing a Ph.D. dissertation on Freddy the Pig. It would have been called "The Heavenly Kingdom of Walter R. Brooks" and in it I would have made a case for Freddy being an archetypal Adam figure who gradually assumes Christ-like proportions throughout the series. Since the books always end happily, they're obviously continuations of rebirth and resurrection myths. I could have rewritten the dissertation into an article for PMLA and made my scholarly career. But instead I turned to another part of the world (for at least

awhile) and ended up feeding sheep.

Even when I was younger the difference between the Freddy books and the real world bothered me. I lived on a farm, and I knew that those hogs out in the piglot rooting and squealing all day long didn't have much to do with Freddy who spent his time writing poetry and having adventures. Still, I was able to ignore this and enjoy the books. The discontinuity bothers me more now, and that is what my story that I mentioned earlier was all about. Maybe my problem is that I've forgotten how to read fantasy. Whatever the answer, the heavenly kingdom of the Bean Home Farm is even further away for me today. I can't anticipate the man lying down with the lion and the lamb. It's too bad, because literature is finally a vision, and for me the vision of Freddy the Pig has faded away to the point where I can only faintly limn the outlines of what was once something that meant a great deal to me. Walter Brooks spoke to me, once, but I've forgotten how to reply.

+++ Creath Thorne +++



DRINKING CHRISTMAS DINNER ALL ALONE

JIM

TURNER

I am a man of principle. I drink to get drunk.

I am an alkie.

Others try to disguise it. They drink socially, have eight with dinner, take something against the chill or just to steady themselves. Bullshit. I got so steady the other night that I fell off the couch.

Norman Mailer once said that a man must drink and drink and drink until he discovers the truth. I couldn't agree more. You'll find out why it is the duty of thinking men to drink.

Think of it now. Cold foamy beer, glistening with sweat; rich smokey Scotch; fine firey Bourbon and sharp tangy gin; the delicate bouquet of mellow old wines...and all the other colorful, elequent phrases men have used over the years as an excuse for getting drunk.

But you don't need any of that. There's nothing wrong with having fun.

In the name of fun, I have: woke up innumerable times with blood clotted in my hair, patches of skin where people have played tic-tac-toe on my nude body with bootblack, shirtpockets full of vomited-up potato chips and toasted onion dip, rolled down a forty foot crevass in a field of wet red clay (being sure to keep the end of the rum bottle in my mouth so that not a precious drop would be lost to my liver.)

One time when I was drunk I kangaroo hopped around the columns of the University of Missouri's administration building and pissed on its quonset hut whilst drunken strangers danced around me singing "hey nonny nonny." On another occassion I did my imitation of a boa constrictor which must be seen to be believed (ask me about it at the next Midwestcon). I don't think I've ever worn a lampshade but I went to a MoSFA Halloween party with a bandanna on my head and said I was Ernest Hemingway incognito. At Midwestcon 1970 I was led away singing my favorite songs of the US cavalry in a Scots burr. I've got to admit it. I'm into booze.

Why not? Other people are Jesus freaks. Everybody needs his own salvation. I think a lot of God jocks wouldn't mind -- if they'd admit it -- being able to run out to Katz and pick up a six pack of holiness

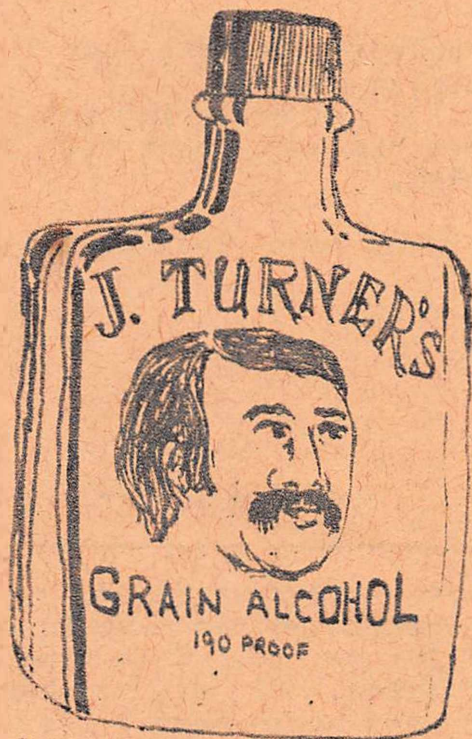
or a fifth of the Blood of the Lamb. Even J.C. himself made wine. And I'm certainly not required to pray five times a day to Jack Daniels. If they'd offered a spongeful of wine to Christ on the cross instead of vinegar, I bet he'd have taken it.

And it's so much better than drugs. Pop tops are so much easier to find on the floor than seeds, you don't have to worry about your works getting dirty and I've gotten many a good sweet piss off beer, an aftereffect I've never heard credited to cannabis. You owe it to your kidneys.

I wouldn't lie to you. Would a man who can drink a gallon of Italian Swiss Colony Pink Chablis one night and get up at 5:30 the next morning to fix a traditional Thanksgiving dinner feel the need to prevaricate?

It's better in so many ways. Wine brings the will and takes the way, sparing you no end of paternity suits. With all that alcohol you'll never have to buy Listerine again.

Here's a simple test. Take an Old Fashioned glass. Half fill it with ice and pour over it one jigger of tequila and one jigger of gin. Salt to taste and chug it. If your face turns beet red, you choke, start to cry, tremble, cough, pound the wall and stomp the floor and grab a convenient stone pillar for support and then, as your sinuses open wider than ever before, if you can say with perfect honesty, "God! That's good," you're half there as it is. Four more and you will be.



If you pass, get drunk for seven nights in a row. If you don't really feel with it after that, drink for another seven nights straight. After that you'll have to keep on the sauce because even Superman wouldn't have the guts to go on the wagon after a binge like that. In this way you will have acquired a pleasant addiction that you can take with you throughout your life and one which will serve you well in any number of everyday situations.

After a few disgusting renditions of tried-and-true alkie social rituals you will find yourself no longer invited to boring neighborhood functions. You will no longer have to feel like a sexist pig for exploiting your wife because she will have divorced you. Your children will no longer be a burden

on your finances because the court will have passed them on either to foster homes or antique shops (depending on whether or not a drunken rage inspired you to shrink their heads and have the bodies bronzed with clocks inserted in their navels). No one will expect you to participate in a car pool because you may tend to get messy after a hairpin curve.

Remember a few items of decorum though. Try to control your bowels, especially in public places, don't attack motorcycle gangs, and make sure you have your feet when you start home. Or your shoes anyway.

(If you think that last piece of advice is silly, listen: The last time I had a Quivering Death party at my apartment, I found a pair of shoes the next morning. It had been ten degrees with six inches of snow on the ground the night before and somebody walked home in his stocking feet. He never came back for his shoes either. Some blamed it on the punch itself but I don't credit that. It's not bad: take three six packs of beer or malt liquor, add three fifths of sweet red wine, three fifths of whiskey, a quart of grain alcohol, cough syrup to taste, seven big cans of Hawaiian Punch, two sixes of 7-Up, three packs of Jello dissolved in water, and mix them all in a wastecan or clothes hamper or coffin or something. Chill and carbonate it with dry ice. Delicious.)

I would also advise the new alkies not to attack police cars. Or police dogs.

Meanwhile, back at Norman Mailer, I remember one night a couple of years ago when I was just finishing a moderate of Mogen David, I came upon the Ultimate Truth.

It was the real thing. Here, suddenly revealed to me, was that Final Concept, the Ultimate, the Inevitable Cause, a concept which not only explained the universe but made it logical. I ran screaming to the phone to call Old Norm long distance and let him know about it. My mind reeled with joy as my body simply reeled.

And then I realized I had forgotten it. It was completely gone. My mind was empty.

I haven't been able to remember it either.

But I'm still drinking for it.

+++ Jim Turner +++

(Terry here) I read recently where Ted White said that he reads fanzines by looking for his name. Well, I've mentioned his name in the past two issues and he hasn't written. I'll show him. This time I'm not going to use Ted White's name in the fanzine. Ed Cox, you can doodle in all the empty spaces where Ted's name would have gone.

LOC IT
TO ME, BABY



Last issue I meant to print this Bob Shaw letter, but since it was a reply to a personal letter and not a LoC, I had it in a different pile and didn't realize it until I had lastish done. At Noreascon Bob was having trouble with one of his eyes -- several days before the con he had temporarily lost sight with it -- and he was using medicine and rest for it. So I wrote and asked how he was doing since he had been at those all-night long con parties. His answer should relieve your worries as it did mine.

Bob Shaw
6 Cheltenham Pk.
Belfast 6
N. Ireland

It was very
kind of you to
write and in-
quire about my
health. The

eye which was giving me trouble is practically back to normal now, and it held out very well through the con -- probably because I took the precaution of getting seven hours sleep a day, even though my fannish instincts told me not to waste a minute of the action.

I too hope we can meet up again, possibly at Toronto, which I am going to make a strong effort to attend. Also you'll have to try one of our British conventions -- they're very small and homely by U.S. standards, but I think you would enjoy yourself.

Bob Tucker
Box 506
Heyworth, Ill.
61745

I didn't go to Boston because of the cost and the crowds. I hate crowded cons, and seldom enjoy anything larger than the Midwescon; I haven't enjoyed a worldcon for a very long time because of the monstrous size of them. I expect to keep on going to Pecons and Midwescons and be happy with them; they both seem about the right size for the place and the time of year. Don Blyly is making plans for yet another con (he's con crazy!) in Champaign-Urbana this coming Thanksgiving, and I may go over there (only fifty miles away) if work doesn't interfere.

So when are you and Hank and Lesleigh going to put on a con in Columbia?

- * We almost held one last summer but we came to our senses
- * in time. Unfortunately we won't be able to have one
- * this year or anytime in the foreseeable future.

GOOD
VIBES

Rick Sneary Recieved Mota last week, and my first thought was,
2962 Santa Ana St. "Yeea Ghods, Another of the Katz litter." - And
South Gate, Calif. I hated myself at once.. Makeing puns on peoples
90280 names is despicable as it is fun... But, with a
 name like mine, I feel a brotherhood for any one
with a name that gets fun poked at.. But... I can't help it.. I find
"Katz" irresistable... And, as I told Joyce.. I find thinking of her
as "Mrs. Katz" so funny I brake out laughing, all by my self. I think
at times I'm cranking up... I like the Katz's...and there isn't
anything funny about a persons name.. but.....

So "Will Straw" remembers the Cox story out of SAPS?... A nother clue
to those like Warner, who suspect he is really some one else... But,
he has obviously been around long enough to be in Canada for reasons
other than avoiding the draft.. -- Who ever, I agree about movies..
I don't even watch them on TV.. And I couldn't stand to watch Star
Trek... As near as I can explain my reason is to say that I felt em-
barrassed when I watched it.. Like watching a admired teacher being
drunk and makeing an ass of himself.

* I try not imitate anyone, but, instead, to travel the path that
* interests me and gives me pleasure. But I freely admit many things
* influence me -- the Katz family has been a strong influence on me,
* probably the strongest influences on me have been the Luttrells
* and Thorne . . . Greg Shaw's stuff is another influence. I guess
* basically every fanzine I see has somesort of influence on MOTA,
* whether it is "Gee, I'd never do that in my zine!" or whether it
* encourages me try something from a slightly different approach.
* But I do not try to copy anyone!
* While I still love movies, I do
* agree with you that TV has come no where near its potential.
* It's
* to hear from you and to get a Sneary-ism filled letter of my own!

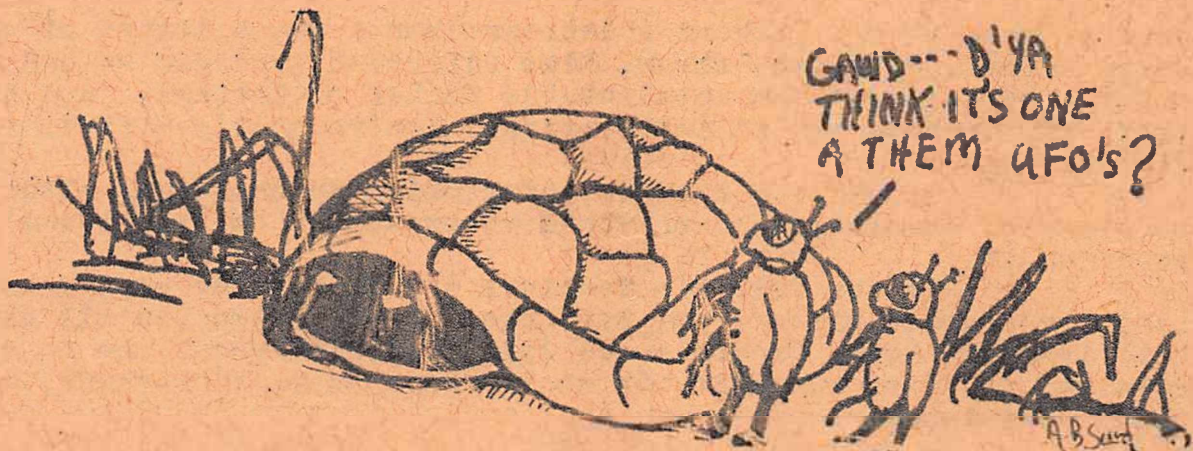
Harry Warner, Jr. I enjoyed this issue particularly for its re-
423 Summit Avenue ferences to the Noreascon. Two months after-
Hagerstown, Maryland words, it still has received only a handful of
21740 fanzine descriptions of any length, and I've
 been wondering if something unspeakable hap-
pened there which I didn't hear about, causing all the other attendees
to remain silent. I'm not sure if your reference to \$10 nametags re-
fers to the cost of membership or to the Eddie Jones creations given
to the committee members and some of us on the program. If you mean
the latter, there's a long, complicated story behind the nametags,
which weren't intended to be ostentatious or anything and which we
didn't pay for. I was terrified at the thought of losing mine and
probably failed to see a couple hundred fans I wanted to meet because
of the glances I kept throwing down to make sure it wasn't slipping
off. I didn't attend much of the program and wasn't on hand for the
del Rey confrontation with the shades of Harlan Ellison. The first
I knew about it was on an elevator when some fans I didn't know were
muttering inavded tones about what the fanzine fans would write about
the event. But I suspect that Lester was just ahead of his time, as

he usually is, when he debated with the ghost of Harlan past. Of course, the booing of Harlan was wrong, but this too may be symbolic. I think the whole basis of Harlan's anger at fandom and some fans' demonstration against him is the generation gap: he may try to hide the fact, and the other fans may not realize it consciously, but he's now a middle-aged person and the affectations of dress and speech that were proper when he was a kid are ringing a false note now. I wish I could remember who it was at Boston who drew a new and excellent parallel to the Ellison situation: Sinatra a few years back when he was so embittered. Sinatra eventually realized and acted his age and I hope Harlan follows suit. I don't have any trouble getting along with fans half or one-third my age and the only explanation I can think of for this situation is my refusal while I'm in my forties to try to act like a teen-ager.

I'm tempted to write a paragraph or two about Dishwashers I Have Known but I think I rattled on endlessly about them in a loc to another fanzine not long ago and I hate to go into instant replays on material that may still see print. So I'll simply restate my conviction that no dishwasher is like any other dishwasher who has ever existed, and almost all of them are orth studying. I have the right personality to be a dishwasher, but all the skin comes off my hands if they get wet during cold weather and the Health Department would object to all the bone marrow getting into the rinse water.

* John D. Berry's Noreasconreport should satisfy Rick Sneary, you,
* and others who've asked for more coverage of the con -- thanks for
* the report, John!!! My meaning about \$10 nametags was not towards
* the committee members (that's a good idea for them to have tags)
* but about some people (not on the committee) who I heard say that
* they had paid \$10 to have a certain artist draw their nametags --
* that seems a Strange Thing to do. Harlan's "affectations" don't
* really bother me, I run into a lot people who do the same since I
* live near a college, but it does bother some folks. I get along
* well with my elders, and the ones I like best tend to show their
* real personalities without too many false fronts.

* By the power
* vested in me, I hereby proclaim you an Honorary Dishwasher!!!



Jerry Kaufman
417 W 118th St.
Apt. 63
New York, New York
10027

I thought I'd write you a few words of delerious praise and thanks for Mota. It was very pleasant to read all the easy-going stuff that seems to roll out of Columbian mimeographs. But maybe I can be more specific.

The cover was good, the best thing your bro's done, peppy and expansive and jivey. I think maybe it speaks for Mota in the best way you could have started the issue. I like the ideas a bit better than the execution, but the execution itself shows a lot more work than the interior work. I mean blacking in all those squares, I guess.

So Creath Thorne and Jim Turner are doing fanzines, and Rick Stooker has moved to Columbia? So you seem to have a leaping and bounding fandom there. And part of the greater leaps and bounds of the outside world (fan world, I mean). There is a publishing frenzy descended on us, and just the other day someone declared it the new Golden Age. I wouldn't go so far (I seldom do) to say that, but the place is jumping. Jumping with artists and editors who seem to know their shit. Now if there were just a bunch of genius writers to fill them up...Arnie trys, and Terry has the mines of time to dig in, and there are sure enough pleasant writers working (you know who you are). I worry too much though. When calculus was needed, Newton, Leibnitz, and at least one other guy discovered it; when India has too many people it also has plagues and famines. When fandom needs writers, they'll appear from somewhere.

Topher Cooper of the Pittsburgh club says that Doctor and Worker are names of artificial intelligence programs for computers, of the kind that can carry on conversations. I believe he said he'd worked with Worker but had never seen Doctor. This suggests that Doctor Memory is a program (which we already know from the album) and that Clem (Worker) is also a program (which I never thought of before). This would mean that in Bozos all the "real" people have become Bozos, and the only other "people" are computer programs, battling for supremacy.

Several of the Pittsburgh family (who now live in New York, Terry) were driving across Pennsylvania last Saturday, and saw sheep. They were a lovely, fluffy mud-and-shit brown.

* Jerry, every time I look at a lettercolumn I see a letter of yours.
* Harry Warner, Jr., Will Straw, Mike Glicksohn, and you -- and
* others, too -- write an unbelievable number of letters. And besides
* that, the letters are so interesting! You're ghod's gift to fan-
* zine editors.

* Thanks for the new information on the Bozos album
* by Firesign Theatre; I haven't had muchresponse to last issue's
* piece on it.

* All the Columbia fanzines are printed by Hank's and
* Lesleigh's Roneo mimeograph, Big Huge. By the time you all get
* this issue of MOTA, Creath's and Jim's fanzines should be on sten-
* cils and ready to run off! Or as Big Huge says, "Ker-thunk, Ker-
* thunk, Ker-thunk!"

Don Fitch Apparently I didn't write a loc on MOTA #1 after all --
3908 Frijo when one gets to be an Old Fan, and Tired, one tends
Covina, Ca. to fall into the Terry Carr Syndrome (he created a lot
91722 of Fabulous Fannish Fanzines, even down to details of
 layout & headings & artwork -- all in his head, after
which he didn't get around to stencilling or publishing them *Sigh*).

The Hippie Thing (as far as costume, hair style, &cet go) has been in out here in California for several years now, among both the young (who may be expected to follow any New Fad) and the wealthy; I must confess to finding it rather distasteful. This isn't (I fervently hope) because I'm really so dreadfully Straight (though apparently I look enough that way not only to confound the plastic hippy types by understanding what they say but also by sometimes going them one better and saying things which shock them -- either I'm something of a sadist, or I really believe that it does the Younger Generation good to get a little shook up once in a while) but rather because there are a number of aspects of "The Genuine Hippie Life Style" which I admire greatly. The Plastic types, with their great concern with things which cost Money, and their narrow and supercilious rejection of everyone who fails to conform to their fashion of dress and thought, strike me as being even more hypocritical than the Straights of the Older Generation, who don't even pretend to believe that everyone should be allowed to do his own thing.

(If that sounds a trifle Bitter it probably is. I'm close enough to being a member of the Older Generation to be Sad and Disappointed when the Younger Generation gives every indication of making the same old mistakes, and of not being any real Improvement at all.)

Fortunately, there seem to be good grounds for hoping that you will be staying around for a while; you live in Missouri. Aside from, perhaps, Needing Fandom in that situation, you also know and are in more-or-less frequent contact with Creath Thorne, Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, and the Fabulous Couch Clan. The details of my brief meetings with all those people (mostly at St. Louiscon) are Vague by now, but the memory of the warm pleasure of their company is still very strong indeed. Such personal ties are what really bind most of us to fandom, and by an accident of geography you're more fortunate than most. (And by some other chance, you seem to fit in well with the group. Lucky again; such congenial gestalts are rare.)

* Oh yes, they are truly ghoud people! And thank you very much for
* offering to send me some APA L mailings!

Ed Cox I used to be a dish-washer in a restaurant back
14524 Filmore St. when I was a teenager. That was almost too long
Arleta, Calif. ago to remember...but anyway, it was my Dad's
91331 restaurant and I figure he wanted me to learn the
 business from the ground up. But why did I start
in the sink? Well, that didn't last long. Besides, I blew all my grandiloquent wages on books and magazines and fanzines (which gives you an idea of what manner of books and magazines they were).

I guess I join the legions who prefer the editorially written material in MOTA. There have been many a fanzine in which I preferred more written by the editor if I had any druthers. Possibly the fact that a lot of genzine editors or would-be genzine editors, found themselves writing a lot less than they preferred, led to what is now known as the personalzine. I'm looking toward that route myself but probably not until after WESTERCON XXV, next July. At any rate, you have the beginnings of a nice faanish style, the proper faanish reverence for faanish things past (Old Fanzines) and a proper irreverence for most everything else. Which is the way I've always felt about things. For instance, notice how I spelt reverence two different ways just a couple of lines up there...

It is nice that Creath Thorne is letting you read old fanzines. It helps give you a perspective on what is going on in fandom today plus a better understanding of why some older fans have the attitudes they have, today. I keep looking for some promising young neo-fan in this area so that I might also let my vast knowledge and long-time experience in fandom be a boon. A sort of protégé that I can bring in the den here and teach all the lore and wisdom and such that I can. But all the young girls in fandom around here just don't seem to be interested and figure it is just another Dirty Old Man ploy. Besides, my wife always takes a dim view when I take one by her nubile young hand and say, "Hey, come on with me into the den and lemme show you my complete run of PLANET STORIES..."

I liked Creath Thorne's column better than the one he started writing for PELF 10 these many orbits ago. This is the type I like to write myself. Not too serious but of interest to, at least, me and a bit on the light side. There are plenty of columns, writers and fanzines that seem all out of breath all the time about one damn thing or another and, after all, this is just a goddam hobby, right? So enjoy, enjoy and write about that which is enjoyable. At least to you, the writer. Chances are a lot of the readers, enough of them, too, will enjoy it also, which makes the editor happy and keeps getting you copies of the fanzine, right?

How well I appreciate your attitude toward awaiting the mailman's arrival. I used to go through that sort of daily trauma. In fact, in those days, I went through it twice since it was that long ago (twice a day mail deliveries, for the real newcomers who didn't know this sort of thing ever did exist). Even today, I sort of like to know what came in the day's mail, other than bills. And ads. I guess it just goes to show how hooked I am on all this fandom jazz that I still like to get fanzines in the mail. Luckily, I still like to write to them, too....

Will Straw amazes me. He must really read all those old fanzines he keeps talking about 'accumulating'. That is mind-croggling. But on the other hand, he must miss the whole point of watching lots of the stf movies, especially the older ones. Some of them are so bad they're classic. Then there are some of the real "classics", at least they're coming to be categorized as such. Like "The Day the Earth Stood

Still", "Forbidden Planet", ~~Yttrium/Magnesium/oxide~~ and so on. One that I recommend to anybody who likes films, old films, science-fiction films and/or spoofs on all of these, is "Creature from the Haunted Sea". It is hilarious. It's a take-off on practically every aspect of a lot of things, but especially movie cliches and the pot-boiler (so-called) science-fiction movie. Watch those late night or weekend teevee listings. If it shows up, don't miss it!

* Gee, Ed, must you always be so serious??? I sure am glad you
* still like to write to fanzines; I don't see your name in letter-
* columns nearly enough, you should write more locs -- especially
* to MOTA. To keep this down somewhat, I had to omit lots of good
* stuff from your letter. Fantastic letter!

* "Creature from the
* Haunted Sea" is indeed hilarious. It is primarily a spoof on "The
* Creature from the Black Lagoon" but cuts down everything else in
* sight as well. It was done by Roger Corman (who made the Poe hor-
* ror movies). I heartily second your recommendation.

Paul Walker What's a matter with them guys Glicksohn and Davis
128 Montgomery St. not knowing where you got MOTA from anyways?
Bloomfield, N. J. Didn't them guys never read those G.P. Marwand
07003 novels or see them Peter Lorre movies? A course
 it is understandable in a way cause when I first
seen it I figured you meant that creep Long Chany played in that old
silent movie football pickure. Whas his name? Casey Mota, right?

I can't figure Jerry Kaufman, either, not liking the beginning of RING-
WORLD. I mean, I thought the beginning was great. It was the end I
hated. Seriously, is Niven going to leave the novel -- just like
that? #Gheesh#

Arnie Katz's column was excellent as were some of your ramblings.

* I'm still trying to get Arnie to write some more for MOTA!!!

Dave Hulvey I am really astounded at the faanish revival
Rt. 1, Box 198 sweeping the neon cornfields of Missouri. MoSFA
Harrisonburg, Va. looks like a veritable center of faanish fanac in
22801 the making. All those zines: STARLING, MOTA,
 CIPHER, Mike's apa thing I got, the crazy but sane
Rick Stoker and Alice Sanvito mixed up in that mess somewhere -- that
constitutes a newly hyperactive fan center. Even a Jim Turner to out-
drink and outeat John Berry. The croggles. Youse guys are gonna
challenge NY and the BArea for supremacy if this keeps up. However,
the last group of fans I said that about gaffiated in disgust -- the
Indianapolis fen, remember Indianapolis? Yes, well, Terry, tell me
truthfully, does it still exist, or is it just Sandra Miesel's alter-
ego?

* Actually CIPHER is a New York zine. I love your phrase "the neon
* cornfields of Missouri." I'll probably be using it from now on.

DISHWASHING FANDOM
invites YOU (yes!) to experience the new

legal high of washing
dishes.



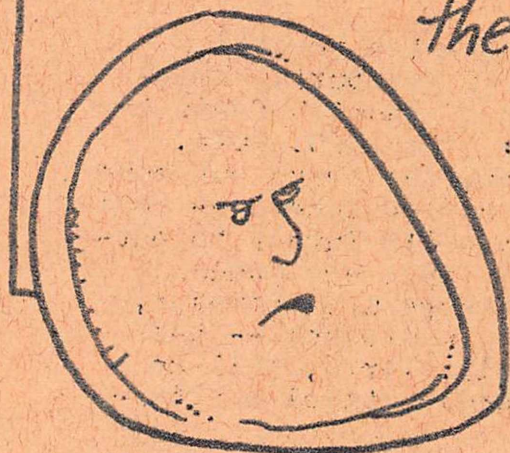
who? Me?



far out.

Under a new concept
of fellowship to our
brothers, we 'THE
DISHWASHING FANDOM'
ask you to join us
in the search for

the perfect
dish...



you'll never forget the
ecstasy of steelwooling
dried egg out of
forks and plates.

So write for more

information on how you, too! can be a DISHWASHER

the artist as he came
to be after a summer
of his favorite pasttime.
notice Limp hands and
dayed look in eyes.



Higakids: you'll never see me again so
watch me closely but don't
you find no germy on me. Restaurants
don't like their dishwashers to
complain about the conditions.
It's the way it's always been, they
say... I say: "You Are what you eat."

Dan Stevens

W. G. Bliss
422 Wilnot
Chillicothe, Ill.
61523

Good Vibes---what you need is one of my inventions which I have never made a model of. A mail box indicator. It has a small delicate platform in the bottom that operates a switch connected to an old fashioned fire gong inside the house. Of course there might be a few bugs in it that could be worked out in a few months with a field trial of a prototype. The switch could not be so sensitive a common bug like a bumblebee looking to set up house-keeping in the mailbox would set it off. The mechanical resonance of the platform would have to be of such a rate that nearby traffic or earthquakes would not trip the switch -- yet it would have to be sensitive enough to operate even from a thin postcard. And, too, the mechanism though delicate would have to be sturdy enough to withstand heavy fanzines being tossed onto it by the postman. It's far beyond the realm of current technology, but a good feature would be an insensitivity to a mail delivery of 100% junk mail. And too it would have to be very dependable as mailbox watchers would find false alarms in the mailbox unforgivable.

Will Straw
303 Niagara Blvd.
Fort Erie, Ont.
Canada

Mota looks a lot more like an average fanzine this time than the first issue did, but I'm glad you're retaining the large amount of your own writing that characterized #1. I realize now that it's the white paper that has a lot to do with my reaction to #2 -- blue was something I automatically classed as Different, and let that govern my opinion of #1, whereas white is a color used by most of the faanish zines these days.

I think the worst thing as far as no mail arriving has been the institution of a lot of semi-holidays where schools and a few other things close, but you're not sure whether mail service has been one of the services affected. If mail comes, fine, but if not, I find myself wondering like hell whether the mail man is actually on his route, late, or whether he's at home watching television. I remember being absolutely overjoyed one year to discover that, during the Christmas rush, mailmen would come twice a day. (I've always wanted to do a faanish movie with a slowmotion scene of a neofan running to meet the mailman, arms outstretched --- to parody all the lovers-running-to-meet-each-other scenes that were big a couple of years ago.)

Strange, though, the similarity of interests among the dishwashers in Missouri fandom, as you, Hank Luttrell, and Jim Turner all seemed to be keen on science-fiction, fanwriting, and old movies. Hell, I'm not going to say there is any quality in dishwashing that makes it attract people with these interests; but, considering both the above mentioned dishwashers and the number who wrote to this issue saying they've done the same, it does seem Significant. (If so, I'm a fakefan; I work at a restaurant, and if I'm there around closing time with someone else helping me clean up, I take the job of washing the floor and let my partner do the dishes.)

I think it's a Good Sign the way fans seem to be more active writing letters of comment these days than a year or two ago -- Quip and Beabohema, and almost anything that came out before this year and after, say, 1964, seemed to be distinguished by a marked lack of fan-written letter columns, but now there seems to be a fairly healthy group of letterhacks. I suppose it's more the result of fanzine material becoming more and more fan-oriented and interests them more pros to pro-oriented material.

* About my color of paper. . . this issue should be on a yellow/gold
* paper, next issue maybe on light gray. I think I'm going to keep
* trying different shades for a while, and then look back over things
* and decide what to stick with.

I'm glad you mentioned letters, Will. When I cut the first stencil for thish (page 2) I had just a few letters, and I was thinking about puting out a nice thin quick issue. WELL, I got all this great material in time to use and letters kept coming in, all fascinating to me. To try to keep things down somewhat I have cut more than I wanted to out of all these letters, and have put others on the WAHF list simply for lack of room. Thish is big....er, BIG! Consider it a Christmas present, gang. The next one should be more reasonable.

I also, besides the fine letters above, got letters commenting on #2 (and #1) from: Dan Goodman, Alan and Bonnie Cohn (ghood friends, now in Seattle fandom), Hector R. Pessina, Jeffrey May, Frank Lunney, Roy Tackett, Greg Shaw (who said he is now in FAPA and be using METANOIA as a FAPazine, Alice Sanvito, and others and I'm sure I'll still be getting some as this ish is being run off. Thank you all!

Thanks go from my heart to the contributors: Doug Lovenstein sent me this lovely cover which caused my enthusiasm to rise; Tom Foster sent me a batch of wonderful art including next issue's cover; Bill Kunkel sent me a batch of fine cartoons; Dan Osterman has given me several drawings which you'll be seeing; Ray Nelson sent me a couple of hilarious cartoons and an article which I'll use next time; My brother Craig came through again; John Berry sent me a page of cartoons besides his conreport (his new address is 625 Scott, #607, San Francisco, Ca. 94117); Creath Thorne met my updated schedule with another excellent column (his address is 1022 Colleg Ave. here in Columbia); Jim Turner (1501 Rosemary Lane in Columbia) handed me his bheer-stained pages after doing a lot of "research"! I've been getting a lot of good enjoyable fanzines too.

* * * * *

MoSFA is in no way related to the post-ST. Louiscon OSFA; we were a bastard offspring of pre-Con OSFA though.

MoSFA's Harry Squires has made three movies for his film classes. My roles in the films have been (in succession) a vampire, a ghoul, and a warlock. Hmmm. Do you think it's my breath???

futile last words...

I was going to leave this back page blank so that I could write comments on it to various of you, but I just saw how the rest of the pages ran off. My lettering is the worse yet (and from what it was on past issues that's baad) -- you may not be able to read the titles at all. I was using some new lettering guides and some old ones and...and it just didn't come through. And the art I traced wasn't to clear. And I tried to be sure that it would. Maybe I'm just too afraid of ripping the stencil and not pressing hard enough. Maybe I'm just an incompetent.

S	I'm gonna have a loong
H	talk with Hank so he can
I	tell me where I've sinned.
T	I am planning on doing
I	better lettering (buying
	some guides) and having that

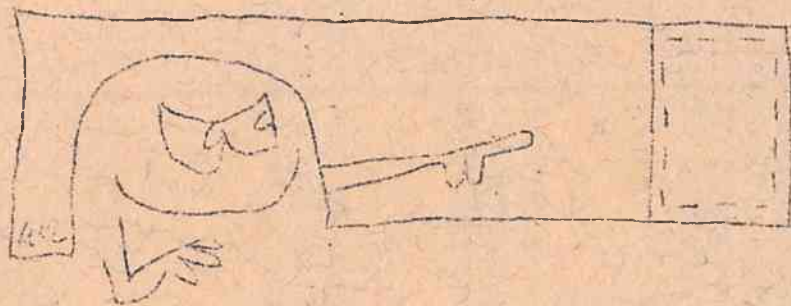
repro improve. I am downcast. Maybe, just maybe, I'll go through all the copies with a flair pen and correct things somewhat. But 200 copies is a lot.....

Love is never having to use deoderant.

Lesleigh Luttrell was saying the other day that Columbia has several well known fans (herself, Hank, and Creath), two Arnie Katz- approved neofans (Rick Stoker and myself), and one eldritch horror (Jim Turner). We also have a lot of fringe fans, like John Geldmacher who has written stuff for Turner's apazine, and Doug Carroll who is mumbling about pubbing an ish. Hank was talking about a "Paper Blizzard" the other day as well.

Next issue should be about 20 pages, I hope, and not this big. This one wasn't sup osed to be big either, though. Keep sending in the letters and contributions!!! I plan on publishings MOTA as a thin but frequent zine.

this space below is for comments to you, if you don't have any, maybe it's because I'm sending you a ltr. If you don't get a ltr. either then write to me (sneaky, eh?).



RESPOND!

Terry Hughes
407 College Ave.
Columbia, Mo 65201
USA

3^d Class
return requested!

Murray Moore
Box 400
Norwich,
Ontario,
Canada

COLUMBIA MO 65201

