

MOA

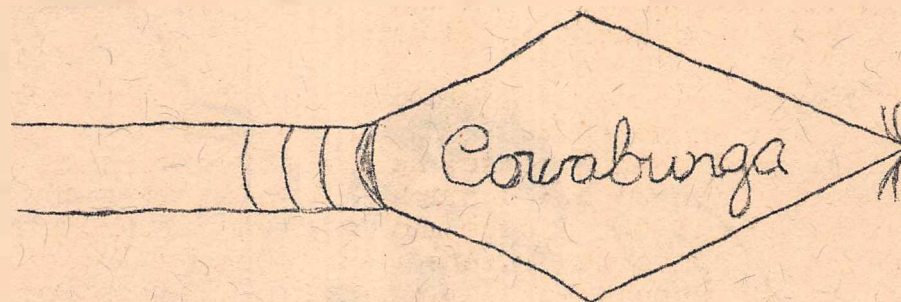




Table of Contents.	what?
Cowabunga (editorial).	2
The Captain's Tower by Creath Thorne.	6
An Open Letter to Alvin Toffler by Ray Nelson	9
Drinkers' Delight by Jim Turner	11
Basement Tapes by Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell.	12
Good Vibes (letters)	16

artwork by Tom Foster: cover, 1, 20, 21; Bill Kunkel: 4, 7, 25;
John D. Berry: 18; Sheryl Birkhead: 2, 6, 16; Doug Lovenstein: 12

MOTA #4 is edited and published by Terry Hughes, 407 College Ave.,
Columbia, Missouri 65201 on a bimonthly schedule. This
issue was printed on Big Huge by Hank Luttrell. Encouragement was
provided by the members of the Missouri Mob. The pages were jumbled
together by the Columbia Collators (fast and funky). Tonight is
February 14, 1972, and this is my Valentine to you. MOTA is an
irreverant, irrational, irredeemable, irregular, irresistable,
~~irrigated~~ irrelevant fanzine that is also irremissibly irremediable.
Copies may be had for a letter of comment, tradezines, contributions,
good looks, and a sample copy will be sent for 25¢.



Please note that when I use "cowabunga," I do not mean the old surfer war cry -- I am not now nor have I ever been a surfer. Instead, I mean the magic word Clarabelle used to say on the Howdy Doody Show.

Anyone trying to liken me to Clarabelle will be Dealt With Severely.

"touche' or not touche' . . ."

WARHOON

Faithful readers, I'm sure you will remember how two issues ago I decided to "expose" the various members of MoSFA. I tried to tell all about two members in just one piece. Well, it didn't work.....you can't give a personality that way. So instead I decided to tell various stories -- true stories -- about the fans in the Missouri Mob. This time I have a story about Creath Thorne and Jim Turner.

But before I start, I'd like to say that Creath doesn't always act like he does in this story. . . well, not very often. And lately at MoSFA meetings I have been giving Jim a lot of shit, and because of this, he has Threatened me. So let me just say that Jim Turner is polite, rarely uses obscene words (correctly), has never had a drop of alcohol pass o'er his lips (only between them), and would no more fire a civil war musket within his apartment than Hank Luttrell would bite a candle in two. In short he is a dimpled darling of fandom. *ahem* There is no need to expose Jim Turner, since he has been exposing himself for years ~~with the innocent young girls~~ in fanzines.

Hmmm, my nose doesn't feel any bigger.

It was very late Saturday night (actually very early Sunday morning) of the 1970 Ozarkon and almost everyone had left the party in my room. Creath Thorne, Doug Carroll, and I were paying for the room and we were tired and wanted to go to bed. But Jim Turner had passed out on my bed in my room. It was really a wonder that he was able to stagger to my room, and he passed out long before the party broke up. Creath climbed into his bed, Doug jumped down onto his part of the carpet, and I tried to wake Jim up. And tried. And tried. Everyone thought this was very funny. I was so tired

that I just pulled the pillow out from under Jim's head and grabbed a blanket and stretched out on the floor. We were all just about to fall asleep when Jim started snoring.

Now most of you have never heard Jim Turner snore; you are very fortunate. Jim snores LOUDLY! It starts out loud and each snore gets louder. And what's worse, he doesn't establish a rhythm. There is no pattern to his snoring. When he does start to snore in a rhythm, he all but chokes and changes his snoring rate again. It is enough to drive men insane. It is enough to make men lose control. It was enough to keep us awake. It was enough to irritate Creath Thorne.

Every few minutes Creath would scream, "Wake Up, Turner!" or "STOP SNORING, TURNER!!!" Naturally those attempts failed, and my laughter didn't help any. Creath wrapped his pillow about his ears to deaden the din, but to no avail. Finally in a rage possessed only by men who are being denied sleep, he grabbed hold of a three foot long foam rubber pillow and leapt from his bed screaming "IT'S ME OR YOU, TURNER!" Then he pounded and pounded on Jim with the pillow. The pillow rebounded just as soon as it made contact, and, irritatingly enough, it didn't affect Jim. He didn't blink an eyelash, he didn't move. What he did do was to snore even louder -- which I frankly thought was impossible. Eventually Creath stopped slamming the pillow into Jim's body. A defeated man, he grabbed his pillow and sheets and stumbled into the bathroom. There he settled down in the bath tub. Just as Creath was about to drop into slumber, Jim woke up and staggered over Doug's and my laughter-convulsed bodies to go into the bathroom to....ah....answer nature's call.

Creath Thorne would have made an excellent study subject for a case of frustration.

"Fandom is a nocturnal emission."

Walt Willis

As most of you know, Jay Kinney does excellent work in the underground comic YOUNG LUST (if you see any issues of it, read them!). The Student Store here in Columbia recently started selling underground comix in addition to records, becoming the fourth outlet for them in town. But none of the others carry YOUNG LUST. So when I wandered into the store and saw YL #1 (I already had #2), I quickly bought it. The girl who took my money said, "That's a great comic. I took it home to my parents and they read it and loved it too!"

Wow! Just think: by doing underground comix, Jay Kinney is helping to bring families together again, right here in America. Far out!

ALSO if you like rock'n'roll, you should get WHO PUT THE BOMP, Greg Shaw's rockzine. 50¢ an issue.....see his letter in thish.



HUGOS THERE?

It's Hugo nominating time once again, and so I'm going to give some *suggestions*. Some of the past winners haven't really pleased me, so I'm making an effort to put the WHOOPIE! back into the award. To help get the winners of your choice, please whip out your typewriter and nominate the things/people that turned you on in this past year, even if (sob, sob) they aren't the same choices as mine.

You will probably notice that there isn't a nominating form enclosed and that I don't discuss the pro cate-

gories -- I can't slip anything past you eagle-eyed fans. This is because most of you who are eligible already have the form. However, in a few weeks I will mail out that form along with my pro recommendations; it will go out 1st class and there'll still be lots of time to vote/nominate. The main reason for this is that I want to review the pro stuff I've read and read what I've stacked in that dusty corner over there. One thing though, is Philip K. Dick's A MAZE OF DEATH eligible? It is copyrighted 1970 but the paperback came out in 1971 and I haven't read anything about the book being out in 1970. A quick response would be appreciated. If it did come out first in 1971 I will nominate it. In the fan sections the first name listed is my main choice and the others are in no particular order, just people who should be considered. Remember: you get to nominate 3 in each category!

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: FOCAL POINT, POTLATCH, STARLING, ENERGUMEN, METANOIA, ALGOL, EGOBOO

BEST FAN WRITER: Terry Carr, Robert A.W. Lowndes, Arnie Katz, Bob Tucker, Joyce Katz, Joe Sanders, John D. Berry

BEST FAN ARTIST: Jay Kinney, Doug Lovenstein, Tom Foster, Bill Rotsler, Steve Stiles, Grant Canfield, Arthur Thompson, Ken Fletcher, Tim Kirk, Ray Nelson

 "Hell hath no fury like an apa scorned." Richard Bergeron

LESLEIGH LUTTRELL FOR DUFF!!! To mundanes a duffer is a golfer, to fans a DUFFER is the person chosen by fandom to be sent to Australia's convention this year (the Down Under Fan Fund). A ballot is enclosed with this issue; if you already have one, give one to a fan friend. Lesleigh is a delightful and entertaining person; the Australian fans (you know, those dudes who would fall off the globe if not for gravity) would love to meet her. Besides being an excellent writer, editor and OE, she is a helluva collator! So I urge you to vote for her. Please support DUFF!

"I am not very hard to please, Santa; I want to ask you for a few things for Christmas." Hoy Ping Pong (Bob Tucker)

This certainly was a fannish Christmas of 1971. To begin with the Luttrells gave me this letter:

"A PERSONAL message to YOU from SANTA CLAUS:

"All of us, even I, find ourselves at the tender mercies of the Post Office. I'm sure you understand this, as my elves have told me that because of some of your hobby interests, you also from time to time find reason to wish the P.O. more efficient. Which brings me to the point of all this -- certain supplies here at the North Pole have become depleted, and though ordered in plenty of time for the Holiday Season, they have not yet arrived. Now, my elves and I had long ago determined that this particular item was to be your Christmas present -- again, because of your highly unusual hobby interest.

"THEREFORE:

"as soon as the stock arrives, you may expect delivery of two (2) quires of Roneo mimeograph stencils."

THANK YOU, Hank & Lesleigh! They also gave me a bottle of stencil cement and a bottle of correction fluid (Was that a ~~hint~~ hint?).

My brother Craig gave me a large, heavy duty stapler, for which I thank him greatly! Not long before I had named Hank's heavy duty stapler "Bam-Bam" and then Hank named his medium stapler "Thumper." So now I've named my Christmas stapler "El Ka-Bong!"

"The road to gafia is paved with margin notes." Terry Carr

Greg Shaw, a Very Ghood Man, recently sent me a box full of old fanzines (duplicates he had) including such gems as FLYING FROG, FANAC, Carr's Boob Stewart zine, APORRHETA (lots of lovely ATom artwork)(and this was the first I'd heard of H.P. Sanderson.... where is he now?), and lots of others. Thank you so very much, Greg! This is a good place to mention that if you have any old zines and/or duplicates that you don't want, I'd sure like to have them! If you'd like, I can pay postage...maybe a little extra too. Of course, if you do this, you will be on my mailing list forever (that's not supposed to be a threat but a benefit).

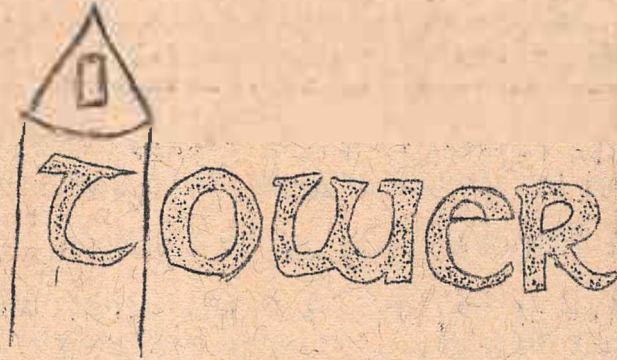
"Why does the porridge bird lay its egg in the air?" FT

I'd like to thank all you fine contributors for your stuff!

+++ Terry Hughes +++

the

Captain's



THE SHEEPHERDER HEARD

In the Anatomy of Criticism Northrop Frye says that sheep have traditionally been used as an archetype of the domesticated animal world because they are "stupid, affectionate, and gregarious." All this shows is that Northrop Frye knows more about literature than he does about sheep. Stupid? Yes. Affectionate?

Part of my job includes feeding sheep, which means that I have to get into their pens and mingle with them. The problem here is that the sheep also want to mingle with me. There are various stratagems that the feeder can employ to ward off those sheep who have delusions of grandeur and imagine themselves to be great-horned elk in the rutting season. I've found the most effective method is to constantly pivot on my right foot making 270 degree sweeps and thus warding off surprise attacks. If a sheep does charge the best way of stopping him is a quick kick to the nose. Unfortunately, this tends to break up the toes of boots, so you have to suffer the additional calumny of being accused of tripping up old women, little children, etc.

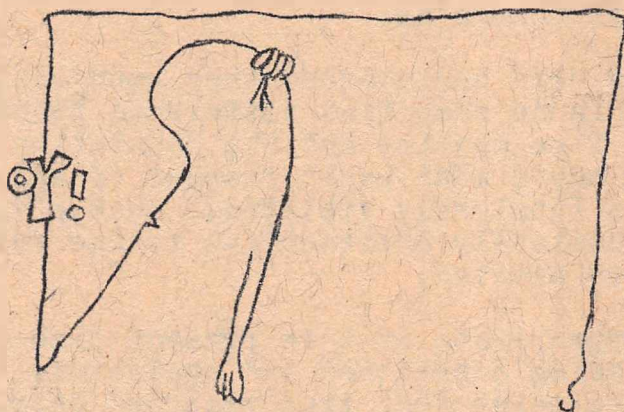
Yet, despite all their perverseness, I've come to have a grudging respect for at least one sheep, #79. #79 must be old as the hills and has the face of a withered-up old man who's just hiked fifty miles through a Siberian snowstorm. #79 has seen a lot of shit go down, and yet he's managed to maintain his own sheepish integrity through it all. I've only known him for a few months ever since Robert Tao, a grad student, began a series of experiments trying to bypass the rumen (a bunch of stomachs which account for the fact that sheep and cows can eat grass (cellulose) and we can't) and maintain his sheep's life by intravenous injection. Robert hasn't

CREATH THORNE

perfected his technique yet, and the sheep have been dropping like flies. Twenty-three dead at the last count, and one in his death-stall as I write -- Robert keeps on trucking, but his sheep don't. All except #79. What an animal! Sometimes I feel he's like the last leaf in the O. Henry story. If #79 should ever die Robert would probably wither up too and drift away to the no-man's-land where ex-grad students go. But there's not much chance of that happening -- the years come and go, but #79 just stands there and glares at you.

PUBLIC SERVICE SECTION

Just recently I read John D. MacDonald's DRESS HER IN INDIGO, the latest in the seemingly interminable series of books about Travis McGee. A fascinating book. It's all about a girl who becomes hooked on the demon weed, marijuana. As a result, her pusher boy-



friend robs her of her inheritance, she loses her mind, and she finally becomes the lesbian plaything of a rich, wicked woman who is the great mystery of Oaxaca, Mexico. And you always thought that first toke wouldn't do you any harm!

In addition to the pot-crazed girl, there are other interesting characters: for instance, the balmv English lady of nobility who has devoted her life to the mastering of the techniques of

love-making and has become such a master that she lays waste to McGee. (His ego is restored, however, when he lays a Mexican chick and discovers that she "like some familiar, faithful, trusty, loyal little machine" helps him reach the sexual point where "this became the reality, this became the life-moment, this became the avowal, the communion, the immortality." And all this from one "tireless, tawny, loving engine.")

Prize character of all, however, has to be McGee. One of his lady friends describes him: "'You disconcert me,' the woman said. 'Perhaps it is part of your cleverness, part of practicing an illusion, to be so muscular, so fit, and to have about you a kind of indolence, a flavor of amusement. You are more complex than the kind of man who is paid to strike a ball with a stick or to fly to another star.'"

Can you dig it?

KNEE-JERKS

While home over Christmas vacation I was languidly reading through my brother's back issues of BOY'S LIFE when I came across a science-fiction story, "The Time Machine and the Generation Gap" by Donald Keith in the September, 1970 issue. The story is about a Boy Scout troop that's managed to acquire a time machine. They have one anti-social member in the troop, Nick, who's always causing trouble, so they bundle him into the machine, buzz up to the future, and get Nick straightened out. As Donald Keith puts it: "Curing whatever was kinked in Nick's head turned out to be just a matter of a few pills and a nap in a special room. When Nick came back he sounded like a different person altogether." Was the room number 101?

Aroused from my languidness I dashed to my typewriter and, addressing the editor, churned out paragraph after paragraph of indignant, liberal prose, saying such things as:

"When American prisoners of war were brainwashed they sounded like different persons also. There is no essential difference between the two cases. The story "The Time Machine and the Generation Gap" pictures a dystopia where one's most basic freedom of all, the freedom of his own mind, is ruthlessly violated. Such a violation. Such a violation is completely antithetical to the freedoms supposedly guaranteed us in America.

"The story is particularly inappropriate at this present time in history when social norms are being questioned and evaluated. The story does not bring out the point that free reasoned intelligence must lie behind our actions, but instead encourages its readers to blindly accept social and moral norms without thinking and also to reject others who do not live in accordance with these norms."

Oh, believe me, I felt satisfied as I notched their ears to their heads. But after I finished I felt depressed. I went ahead and mailed the letter, but I knew it wouldn't do any good, and I felt that by reacting as I did I was implicating myself in their absurd game. What I mean to say is: when it comes to the point where we have to defend freedom and dignity, can much of either of the two be left in the world?

+++ Creath Thorne +++

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Lesleigh Luttrell for DUFF!

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An Open Letter to Alvin Toffler, author of FUTURE SHOCK.
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Ray Nelson
333 Ramona Ave.
El Cerrito, Calif. 94530

Dear Mr. Toffler,

I have just finished reading your brilliant book, "Future Shock", and, while I am overwhelmed by the mass of data you have successfully worked into an organic whole, I feel that in your strategies for survival you have missed one very important point, i.e., the need for a base-line for measuring change, and the need for a common culture-of-reference.

Every living culture has some period in the past that serves as a culture-of-reference. Ancient Greece had the culture of the Trojan period, and the culture of the Minoan sea-kings of Crete. This historical period in the past, enshrined in mythology and the works of Homer, provided the later Greeks with a rich source of reference for use in their present, even when one city-state was at war with another. For the Imperial Romans, the Athenian Greeks provided a culture-of-reference. For the Middle-Ages, the Christianity of the First Century AD, the Imperial Period, provided a culture-of-reference, and when the Renaissance came along, it was felt to be a Renaissance or re-birth of the culture of a specific period in the past, the Imperial Roman and, to a lesser degree, the Greek Period. The Victorian Period, in turn, reached into the past in order to move into the future, beginning with the deliberate re-creation of Imperial Roman architecture and costume in the Napoleonic Era and moving forward into the Industrial Age without ever really breaking with the "Golden Past."

Each era has a deep-seated psychological need to step back before leaping forward, a need to tie the future to the past and to find a base-line for progress and a culture-of-reference in the past. Instead of recognizing this as a natural human way of dealing with the future and avoiding future shock, you seem to have found something sick in the widespread fad for "nostalgia," though you seem to have made concessions to this sickness in your "enclaves of the past."

Walt Disney, when he designed Disneyland, recognized the importance of the Culture-of-Reference. Right down the center of this super-funhouse runs a Main Street that is a systematic and deliberate recreation of a small town from the Victorian Era, and almost everything to the left of this street is also drawn from the Victorian Era. Thus, when we turn to Fantasyland and Tomorrowland, we have a baseline and a culture-of-reference to return to. Fantasyland and Tomorrowland do not seem too frightening, not even the Monsanto trip into the world of micro-reality, because in the back of our minds we know that Victorian Main Street is still there, and that it will serve as a kind of decompression chamber through which we will pass as we return to "reality."

The First World War was a cultural shock from which the creative-intellectual class has not yet recovered. Because all the wisdom and culture of the past had not been able to prevent this war, the intellectuals revolted against the very ideas of art and culture and wisdom, creating a kind of anti-art and anti-culture full of anti-plays, anti-poems and anti-heroes that has lasted almost unchanged down to our own day. It is this anti-culture which has, in turn, produced a cultural shock of its own perhaps deeper than any the world has ever known before. Even during the fall of the Roman Empire, some feeling of unity with the glorious past was preserved; the anti-culturalists categorically rejected the entire past of Western Civilization, and thus robbed all those who followed them of any sort of baseline or culture-of-reference. Particularly they rejected the Victorian Era, yet for them, and for us, the Victorian Era is the natural culture-of-reference.

Very few people understand this on a conscious level, but on a subconscious level a great many minorities and, in some ways, even masses understand it perfectly well. The period of the Wild West was the Victorian Era, and the Wild West is the baseline of the American movie industry. The Gay Nineties is the Victorian Era, and there are societies for the preservation of Babershop Quartets, banjo playing, and dixieland jazz. The Victorian Era is the setting for the majority of so-called Gothic Romances. There are model railroad fans who devote themselves to the creation of "period pikes," faithful miniature reproductions of the railroads of the Victorian Era. There are the fans of the "Forsyte Saga" and "The French Lieutenant's Woman." There are the collectors of Art Nouveau, and those who not only collect it but re-create it under the name Psychedelic. Even science-fiction, when presented to a mass audience, is often presented in the form of adaptations of the works of the greatest science-fiction writers of the Victorian Era.

I'm sure you could add to my list without any trouble, from the fields of ballet, opera, classical music etc. etc. The towering importance of the Victorian Era as a culture-of-reference is one of those facts that is so obvious that nobody ever looks at it.

It is important, however, to look at it, particularly if you are trying to deal with future shock. The Victorian Era, coming as it does right before the First World War and the so-called "general strike of the arts" (A term taken from a Dadaist slogan.), is the sum and pinnacle of all Western Civilization up to now. To reject the Victorians is to reject all hope of an underlying unity to our society as it grows more and more diverse. To reject the Victorians is to reject the only gut-level way we have of measuring progress; without them we find ourselves as adrift as a note in atonal music. Even rebels need the Victorians, if only to have something to rebel against.

It is my conviction that all efforts to deal with future shock will fail unless they take into account this need to step back in order to leap forward, this need to have a common past, a common literature, art, culture and philosophy from yesterday, a common heritage. It is my conviction that without these things,

people will not even be able to talk to each other, let alone co-operate in dealing with the future.

Do you agree with this... that the first step in dealing with the future is to develop a strong Neo-Victorian movement? If you don't, I'd like to hear your reasons.

Your friend,

Ray Nelson, professional Science-Fictioner.

I drink, therefore, I am. (hiccup)

DRINKERS' DELIGHT

More Tasty Recipes by JIM TURNER

Ming the Merciless' Own Summer Cooler

3 gallons of lemonade, ice cold
2 quarts of white rum
1 pint of grain alcohol
3 pounds of salted peanuts

Combine liquid ingredients over ice and stir thoroughly. Eat peanuts before drinking. Serves six.

Orange Overkill

frozen orange juice
orange soda
orange sherbert
maraschino cherries
bourbon or blended whisky

Make orange juice with orange soda instead of water. For each gallon of orange juice thus created, add one fifth or quart of whisky, according to taste. Add the cherries and drop a small scoop of sherbert into each drink atop the ice. For an added taste treat, put in a six-pack of beer for every two gallons of juice. Deelish!

Helpful hints: when using packaged mixes, try adding $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the liquor called for Keep a card with your name and address where you can find it easily A gentleman always holds a lady's hair out of the toilet bowl when she is throwing up When unsure of where to pass out, it is quite proper to ask the advice of your host. MUGS UP!



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BASEMENT

TAPES

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

fanzine
 reviews
 by

HANK & LESLEIGH
 LUTTRELL

 !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

In Starling 19, about half a page of editorial was concerned with the unfortunate fact that there aren't as many fanzine review columns around as would seem justified by the large number of fanzines being published, and that those columns which do appear are usually not as satisfactory as they might be. This naturally led a number of Starling's readers to ask why we didn't publish a fanzine review column. Since none of these readers were rushing to volunteer to write the column, presumably we were supposed to write it. Well -- we really don't have time, not for the amount of work which would be necessary to produce the "perfect" fanzine review column discussed in that editorial. Our fannish activities are already heavy, not to mention Lesleigh's school work and Hank's professional writing and full time job. But continued consideration of the topic has finally led us to attempt this column -- it won't be comprehensive, and the criticism will at best probably be less than detailed -- but we hope that it will help provide some of the feedback and comment fanzines seem to need.

And we are happy to be able to write this for Terry's Mota, by the way. Mota will be coming out more often than our quarterly Starling, and we are quite sure that no column could hope for a more congenial home.

ENERGUMEN 10 (Michael and Susan Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Avenue #205,
Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada. 50¢ an issue; no checks or
US stamps)

Energumen is arch-typical of the mainstream of fandom. In most issues, much of the material is concerned with science fiction, but at the same time there are always some pieces which are purely fannish -- and all the material tends to be somewhat informal. This most recent issue is somewhat atypical, however, in that almost all of the articles and columns are fannish. The only real exception (surprise) is Terry Carr's "Entropy Reprint" which features a very interesting piece by E. Hoffman Price about his meeting with Robert E. Howard. Perhaps rather than being atypical, this issue signals a change in editorial policies, but we suspect not. Perhaps the problem is that Mike and Susan may count upon such talented regular contributors as Rosemary Ulliot, Arnie Katz, Terry Carr, Susan Glicksohn (herself) and many others for pieces generally not concerned directly with science fiction, while for articles or reviews concerned with science fiction they have to generally turn to less talented contributors like Ted Pauls and Darrell Schweitzer. The future issues of Energumen to contain a lot of serious science fiction pieces; obviously the Glicksohns are interested in that type of material. But they are also interested in publishing the best possible fanzine, it would seem, and most of their best writers aren't interested in writing about science fiction.

This issue of Energumen features Jerry Lapidus' fanzine reviews. Lapidus seems to be becoming a self-proclaimed expert on fanzines, as he is on the Hugo awards; this is only one of many of his fanzine review columns which have been popping up. This column goes on about illustrations in fanzines; to us it seems rather narrow minded. Not every editor is interested in doing the same thing with his fanzine's art or lack of art.

BEABOHEMA 19 & 20 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown,
Pa. 18951. 50¢)

Now here we have a fanzine that has undergone a remarkable change -- from a Hugo-nominated shadow-SF Review to an informal-fannish shadow-Brooklyn fanzine. Not exactly true, but close enough. Editor Lunney hints in an editorial that yet further changes are coming soon. For the better, we hope, because these two issues are pretty distasteful.

#19 features Darrell Schweitzer with a "humorous" article -- having found the fanzine market for his book reviews not as great as it once was, this article is perhaps the fannish D. Schweitzer. One of the most often mouthed attacks on fannish writing is that it is "pointless" -- which certainly applies to this piece, about a Hugo hoax Schweitzer says he planned one time -- you never heard about the hoax because his partner in the joke didn't do his part due to apathy. Yawn.

Also featured is a hipper-than-thou column by Justin St. John, who writes a lot about all the weird things he has been doing. He also suggests that if fans really had their stuff together, we would hold our conventions out of doors, Woodstock fashion. If you ever visit Columbia, Justin, you may sleep in our back yard.

Lapidus has another of his fanzine review columns here. This time he puts forth an active/passive fanzine editor theory -- one solicits the kind of material he wants while the other prints what gets mailed in. A rather obvious idea, we think, and one which explains nothing, especially since very few fanzine editors are completely one way or the other.

Beabohema #20 features a graphic experiment -- all the art was done by Dick Flinchbaugh, who worked closely enough with Lunney to come up with illustrations for all the features, plus a two color cover and backcover. Flinchbaugh is a talented artist, but currently he seems to be using every ounce of his talent in producing ugly illustrations, and succeeds very well.

Lapidus also has a fanzine review column in Bab 20. This is mostly devoted to comparing Granfalloon and Energumen. It is nice to see fanzines getting this much attention -- fanzines are one of our main hobby-interests, after all -- but it would be more interesting if the attention were a little less pretentious. Fanzines just don't need vast nebulous critical philosophies.

FOCAL POINT v3n4 (Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt 6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201. 3/\$1)

Lately one really strong point for the Katz family fanzines has been their covers -- remarkable jobs by local artists Jay Kinney and Ross Chamberlain. Columbia fandom, without a single resident artist, is envious. This cover is particularly nice, recreating that scene familiar to all readers of Brooklyn fanzines, eating around Joyce's table. In case you may have any trouble in identifying the faces, here is a key: the girl in the foreground is Joyce (of course); Chris Couch is next (with the funny looking Couch-nose); then Bill Kunkel (with the strange, true-to-life Kunkel smile); Charlene Komar; Jay Kinney (you've seen his picture in Young Lust Comics!); Ross Chamberlain, Mr. Q's arm, and the back of Arnie's head.

This is sort of a post-flu issue, with editorial, Harry Warner and Terry Carr columns and not too much else. It wasn't as interesting as some past issues, but future issues will probably be right in there setting new standards of fannish excellence.

YANDRO 212 (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348. 40¢; 4/\$1.50)

We think of Yandro as an institution and a service. Buck's fanzine and book reviews are indispensable; constantly useful, which is

something that can't be said of any other column of this sort, definitely including the columns in Locus. Buck's reviews are prompt and pertinent, and his tastes and prejudices are clear and frequently articulated. Even while we may disagree with him often, we can always appreciate his viewpoint.

The rest of Yandro -- the editorials, the letter column -- it all seems very much like a regular visit from good friends. After a while we may take it for granted, but its arrival is always pleasant, and it would be painfully missed were it to stop visiting.

THE ESSENCE 4 (Jay Zaremba, 21,000 Covello St., Canoga Park, Ca. 91303. Normally 50¢; issue #5 will be 25¢)

What can we say? Excellent reproduction, and what little art there is here is fine, but most of the pages are full of big empty boxes and lines drawn this way and that -- this is "layout" you know.... or perhaps "graphics." Non-artist Zaremba is obsessed with art to the point where the boxes and empty spaces have taken over his fanzine. What is even more amazing is that most of the text consists of nebulous discussions of "graphics." Yawn.

TOMORROW AND. . .8 (Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, New York 14534. 50¢ or 5/\$2)

Dan Steffan saved this issue of TA almost single handedly. For all of Lapidus' discussion of fanzine layout in those fanzine review columns, the only interesting layout here is the unique contents page. Steffan's cover, though, is handsome, and his art throughout the issue is excellent. Steffan's "Salute to Fan Artists" is remarkable. In this he parodies various well-known artists such as ATom, Steve Stiles, Dick Flinchbaugh, Bode', Jack Gaughan, Tim Kirk, Bill Rotsler and many others, and only hits a few false notes -- his Doug Lovenstein is way off. We don't like the layout -- three pages of material is arranged on four pages along with some columns of typing and even some illustrations which aren't part of the feature -- but despite this problem Steffan's artwork is very impressive.

This fanzine allows us to gripe about a recent unfortunate tendency of fanzine editors: supplements. Lapidus came up with two things he couldn't fit into his fanzine proper: book reviews and his letter column. We hope that he realizes that many people will lose these supplements. He could have at least added a line or two telling to which fanzine these things are supplements, so when they become separated from each other it will still be possible to file them correctly. Actually though, if something isn't good enough to put in your regular fanzine, it should be put in the wasteban.

+++ Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell +++



GREG SHAW
64 Taylor
Fairfax, CA
94930

Forgive me for not
responding to MOTA
#2 sooner. I have
no excuse, except
that I've been plenty

busy getting out a 106-page issue
of WPTB--which should have reached
you by now. I've gotta put out
another issue in December too,
running 2000 copies this time to
take care of all the people who
are sure to eagerly rush me their
50¢ as soon as they see my address
and the glowing words about my
fanzine on the inside cover of a
Fats Domino album for which I wrote
extensive liner notes, due to be
released in January. They even
put in a biography of me, it's
pretty neat. But anyway my fanzine
is getting out of hand (bulk mail-
ing permits, addressographs, ghod

knows what else) and it's a relief to pick up a nice unpretentious
zine like yours and envy the lucky editor who can put out such an
effortlessly enjoyable magazine.

I really like the work of A.B. Surd, especially the cover. It's
like a merging of the Great Psychedelic Poster effect of 1967 with
the Robt. Crumb underground look of today. This kid shows promise.

Arnie Katz's piece wasn't bad. Reminds me of a poll a local radio
station recently took to determine its listeners' favorite TV shows
this season. The most votes went to Star Trek. And as for the
John W. Cambell, Jr. (he forgot the "Jr.") Memorial Ashtray, that
ain't such a bad idea. I'd buy one myself, though not for \$3.99.
I don't smoke, but it's the sort of thing I'd just like to have,
the same way I'm glad I never parted with my "The Love Generation
Is Everyone" button--which I've taken to wearing again with pride,
pinned onto my Firesign Theatre "Art is cheese made visible" T-shirt.
And I bet all sorts of 101% Fandom types would snatch such an item
right up. Every aspiring neopro could keep it on his desk and
fantasize, as he flicks his ashes in, that he's facing John W. Ghod
himself across that desk and receiving the advice that will make
him another Piers Anthony. You'd sell a million of 'em.

((From a later letter)) Really liked Mota 3 and though I don't
have time to write you a really long letter, I am sending you a
box full of old fanzines, some duplicates, some copies of things
I've published.

I do have a few comments, though. Firstly, your remarks on music
show you to be a man of strange taste indeed. I go along with you
most of the way, ((....)) probably no one would go along with all

of your preferences. Your new rock fans, who picked up on it thru Sgt. Pepper or whatever, will hold their noses at Little Richard, your Neil Young fans will throw up at the idea of somebody liking the Standells (and we Standells fans feel the same way about those whining folksingers, bub!)

I also made a mark by something in Don Fitch's letter. My sympathies go out to Don for attempting to find fault with some of the more distasteful trappings of the hippie movement. I've been fed up with hippies for a long time, even if I do look pretty far out myself, but people, especially some fans who seem to get a vicarious charge out of identifying with the hippies, get very upset at any criticism of the little darlings. Phooey. I'm not surprised that many of them are shocked by the things Don says--he has thought more deeply about a lot of things than the people who coined the catchphrases and cliches used in place of thought by so many of these "hippies." I think the tide is turning against hippies among the intelligent segment of the "counter-culture." If I sounded harsh above I don't feel that way, I'm sitting here having a good chuckle over the whole thing, as most of the people I know nowadays (mostly writers for the underground press) do, only derisive laughter and the sort of contemptuous ethnic humor that hasn't been heard since black people and Polacks became exempt as topics is more common. It's easy to make up jokes about hippies. "Why does the hippie cross the road?" He heard the grass was greener on the other side. I just made that up. Hippy new year!

* THANKS a lot for those old zines, Greg! I talked about them
* earlier this issue. /// Yeah, we tell hippie stories around
* here too, though most of them are true (like the hippie girl
* story I wrote in #2). Just because I have long hair doesn't
* mean I approve of the stupid things some long hairs do; you must
* feel the same way. Though if I were telling your joke, I would
* have the grass was golder on the other side.

JONH INGHAM

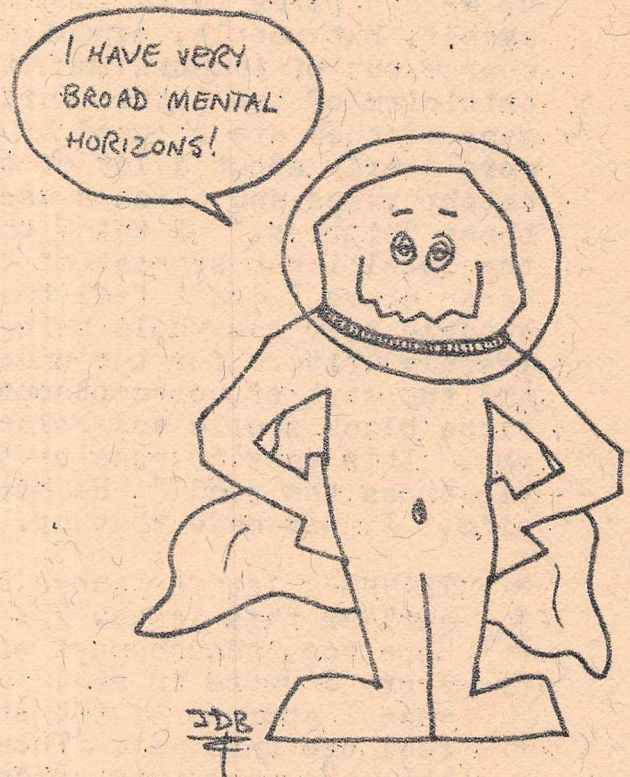
21157 Kingscrest Dr.
Saugus, CA 91350

I really enjoy MOTA, and will indeed send some art just as soon as I can get my Rapidograph repaired. This has been a chronic condition, but now it has really decided to die for good. I think I got a lemon. (And you know why it's a lemon? Because the windows don't work. No-one buys a car to go anywhere, man...You can't drive anywhere fast--there's too many cars on the road. No man, you buy a car for the windows and the air-conditioning.)

Speaking of which, what happened to that Firesign Theatre thing you were going to do? I was really looking forward to it, because I happen to know exactly what the story is in BOZOS, at least as the Firesign Theatre themselves interpret it, and it's a lot of fun to see how people interpret it under their own steam. Jerry Kaufman

is on the right track, but loses it when he tries to make "real" people bozos, and everyone else a computer. About the only way to do it is get in front of a really good stereo and listen for all the background noises, especially at the beginning and end (the part with Bela the gypsy doctor). Also, BOZOS is being released in quadraphonic in January, and the sound is spread out enough over four speakers that you can actually hear everything plain as day. But I really want to see your thoughts on it.

Jim Turner makes an excellent case for being a drunk, but I must confess that I was introduced to the horrors of the killer weed before I could pickle my liver more than once or twice. Being a journalist in the best tradition, I nowadays bend an elbow at the drop of a typewriter, but I'm afraid that I just can't get into it the way Lester Bangs or R. Meltzer or Nick Tosches (who actually waits for bars to open) do. And as a point of warning, it should be noted that the first two have well nigh stopped their alcoholic habits, Lester because he's finding it boring, and R. because he's always getting into fights, punching out sections of ceilings and kicking them around, having irate women throw gin in his eyes, etc. Bartender, gimme a shot of opium...



(Actually, it could be quite amusing to see the same type of article with drugs as the subject...)

- * Next issue I will run the FT piece; no one has really sent me
- * their interpretations, so I'll maybe two or three of my own,
- * though I will tell which of those I feel to be correct. In my
- * main idea Bela is important. And I usually listen to the FT
- * through headphones, or else through speakers turning channels
- * off and on. /// Just weeks after I ran Turner's bit CREEM and
- * another rockzine came out with alkies pieces! I didn't know
- * MOTA was that influential! Tosches piece was really fine too.

ROBERT LICHTMAN
Rt. 1 Box 197-A
Summertown, Tenn.
38483

I'm not really active in fandom anymore, but it's interesting to receive a fanzine once in a while (about one a month gets here) and see that the same movie, albeit with new names, is still hap-

pening. Your fanzine isn't really all that much different than my early publishing efforts back in 1958 and 1959.

I noticed in your letters section that one reader pointed out that "mota" is "atom" backwards. I wondered if you derived the name from that or from Mexican slang for marijuana ("mota" too)?

* Well, from now on I'll be using your idea as the source of my
* title! /// Robert also said that he is living on the 1,014-acre
* farm/spiritual community of Stephen Gaskin (MONDAY NIGHT CLASS).
* I have quite a few friends living there--in fact several of
* them are starting a smaller version of that farm not far from
* Columbia--but the group head/religious trip is not for me. I
* remain an agnostic and am very happy.

STEVE STILES
339 49th St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
11220

The Vietnam war is indeed a drag as is the dock-workers strike and the rising cost of postage. TIME recently worried in its pages about a rise in second class mailing costs affecting quite a few national magazines and even went as far as to hint that the situation might kill it. On the fandom level I'm not even sure that I can afford to produce a fairly meaty genzine. I like your solution but in view of the fact that rising costs are cutting all across the boards, for example the recent raise in bridge, tunnel, and toll fares here in New York, the cost of a fanzine distribution caravan might also be prohibitive. It would be far more economical (now here's my plan) to alter publishing schedules so that they correspond to conventions--with the really block-busting issues slated to be distributed at worldcons and other high attendance conventions, the small, chatty personality fanzines for regionals. In addition to saving money, my plan has several other distinct advantages in that conventions would be altered; why, hardly any of the *faanish* fans I know care to attend the program to learn about gravity wells, protons, and the like. These souls are reduced to congregating in the bars and spending a lot of money while they could just as well be reading fanzines in Hal Clement's audience. Going a step further, why not eventually save on paper and have faneds read their issues as part of the program itself? "Letter columns" would then become verbal at room parties. Ultimately the schism between fanzine fans and convention fans would cease to exist. As would corflu, typos, showthrough, and fan artists.

I'd really like to see the Amos 'N' Andy show again; even after all their reruns its been so many years that I've forgotten most of their plots. The one I do remember was when the Kingfish sold Andy a trailer tour of the country, kept Andy locked in the trailer for three weeks: "Better not come out now, Andy--too many wild bears aroun' here." -- but just drove around Central Park for three weeks. Frank Zappa was on the Cavett show a while back and the guests were discussing old radio and television shows. Cavett asked him about Amos 'N' Andy, maybe expecting a radical putdown reaction, and Zappa replied that he'd like to see it again, that comedy was based on the doings of fools, and that it wasn't racist to say that whites didn't have a monopoly on fools. Big applause from the audience.

As a postscript to this, I once ran into radio's Kingfish when I was a preteen and still tied up with the Baptists; he was an evangelist preacher given to recounting his life of sin when he was a star, the various suicide attempts that resulted from this, and the awful torments of eternal damnation. He also cried a lot and performed little magic tricks to illustrate his sermon.

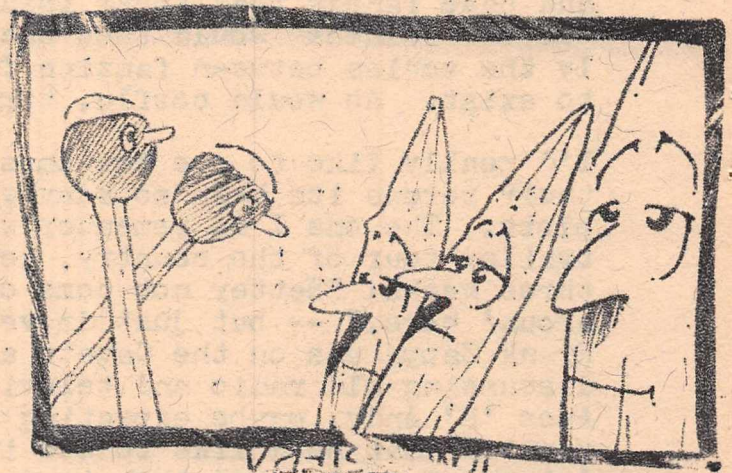
I used to read Freddy the Pig with great enjoyment. I wrote Brooks a fan letter and he sent me a copy of Freddy's newspaper, The Bean Home Journal. I've just finished rooting around for it in all the boxes of memorabilia in my basement; no luck, so I can't quote all the great stuff about life on the Bean farm, like the rooster getting laryngitis and great stuff like that.

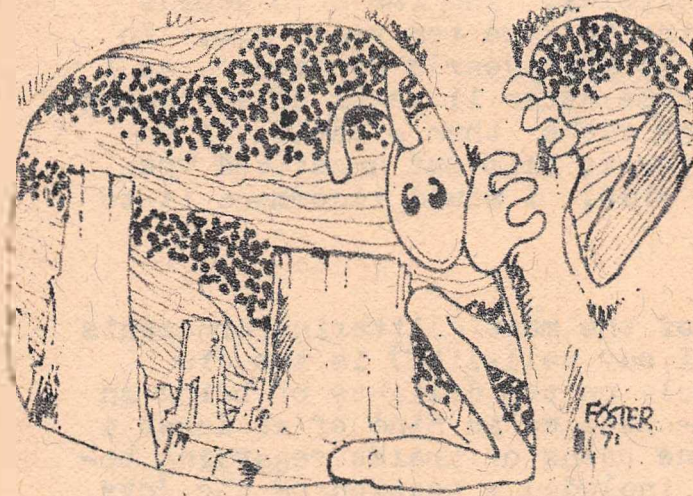
* I would never support anything that might do away with fanartists
* never. Speaking of which, Steve is working on next issues
* cover, so stay tuned art fans! /// And "rooting" is the right
* verb to use in a paragraph about a pig!

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

Several days ago, as part of the Christmas inundation of fanzines, I received a copy of MOTA. Since I'd enjoyed the first issue, I was pleased to see another and opened it eagerly. I was aghast!

This was MOTA #3! I'd been cheated!! Where was #2? I'd written a loc on #1 so should have gotten the second issue: now my record of continuous locs was shattered. My reputation as a letterhack was destroyed, years of work ruined by a callous fanned. Instantly reams of invective formed themselves clearly in my thoughts; I planned a devastating letter condemning your American imperialistic isolationism. Luckily, I didn't get around to writing it that day and hence avoided another unnecessary feud. The next day's mail delivery included a copy of MOTA 2 with a red rubber stamped message "FOUND IN SUPPOSEDLY EMPTY EQUIPMENT--MAILBAG REPAIR CENTER & DEPOSITORY EDGEWATER, N.J. 07020" Obviously, Ghu had heard my call and prompted the USPOD along but one is forced to wonder just how much mail is so treated that there's a rubber stamp especially for the situation? And what the hell was a fanzine from Missouri destined for Canada doing in Edgewater, NJ? Oh well, there are some things man was not meant to know...and one of them is how your damn postal system works. When ENERGUMEN #10 was sent out, we got letters of comment back from California a full week before copies got to Syracuse, a whole two hundred miles away!





Tom Foster's toc illo is magnificent; easily the best illo in the issue.

Your plan to save fandom from the scourge of the mail embargo is certainly a sound one and Susan and I would be delighted to give whatever assistance we could in this matter. There are a couple of things that I should point out that you apparently forgot to mention though: Firstly, through a simple oversight on your part, I'm sure, you didn't remind all faneds using the trucking route to include a case of Ballantine's IPA with each shipment of fanzines. Naturally, this small token of esteem and gratitude will be cheerfully born by all trufen who sincerely wish to preserve a united

fandom. Secondly, I ought to warn you that, since Susan is somewhat ecology minded, we have toilet trained our kitten, Puppy, and my snake, Larson E, on shredded crudzines. This not only saves us money, but also makes the first good use of much of the mimeo paper that finds its way to us. Faneds are warned that our pets would certainly be incapable of distinguishing between a legitimate crudzine that had reached its final destination and hence was available for their use, and a pile of crudzines that were merely in transit. With that in mind, we eagerly await the first truck. Oh, excuse me for a moment; Larson E had a mouse this morning and I'd better rip up another old OUTWORLDS just in case...

* Golly, Mike, I only mail fmz bound for Australia through N.J.,
 * the ones for Canada should go through Ventura, CA. My ghod!
 * What horrible, perverted things are they doing to my fanzine?

MIKE DECKINGER
 447 15 Ave.
 San Francisco,
 CA. 94118

Thanks very much for MOTA. I can comment on all of it but page 3 which came out extremely light in my copy. I can extract tantalizing bits like "Bode sexy lady," "got really drunk," "assassinating," and "onto her belt." A keen mind might piece together this fragmentation to obtain a unique case of homicide. With the accompanying matter next to illegible, any sort of interpretation would be valid.

I enjoyed John D. Berry's con account. It's a better example of his writing than most I have read. His notion of a continuing consciousness from banquet to banquet is an astute observation. It seems that one feature which will attract all the old-time regulars, who have become veterans at convention-going, is the award banquet. They don't go for the inevitable ill-prepared meal of cocker-spaniel burgers&road-tar frappes; the joy is solely in seeing the personal-

ities mounted at the head table desperately attempting to look cheerful as they gulp down these inedibles. And the Hugo awards given to someone who was just learning to type ten years ago. In my own case, I attended the banquet at this year's Noreascon, as I customarily do, but, for the first time after 11 years of world-conning, viewed affairs from the balcony rather than a table. I enjoyed it more there. It's much easier to slip out unnoticed when the speech-making turns to the dull side. I would recommend it to others.

ROBERT BLOCH
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
Los Angeles, CA.
90046

Surely one of the most glittering ornaments (or should I say well-lit?) is the Jim Turner article on the delights of being an alcoholic -- puts me in mind of at least a dozen fanzine paens of praise regarding becoming a head. Wish the author had included a section on the joys of driving while drunk, which is not the least of the pleasures your true lush seems to treasure. A fine account, however: I'll drink to that.

ED COX
14524 Filmore St.
Arleta, CA. 91331

So, why be different? I'll comment on the cover first. Nice. Also funny humorous. Reminds me of a girl I saw once. Also, I note it is by one of my former victims. Yes. Doug Lovenstein is one of those faanzine publisher victims to whom I wrote a letter-of-comment....and then they folded their zine. This has happened before when I've written columns for fanzines. They folded. That worried me. But when they started folding from a LoC, then I really got upset.

I started writing letters-of-comment to fanzines all over... Nothing much happened though, so I stopped.

When you're not home and sit down in front of a typewriter, it's either an accident or a one-shot (which some consider synonymous....)

Gad, are we oldfans getting suspicious and cranky in our old age? I recall, often, being suspicious of new by-lines in the prozines, especially in ANALOG. With reason. But some fans have lately been suspicious of new fans in out-of-the-way places. I don't know what prompted Rick Sneary to be wary of "Will Straw". Harry Warner, to answer my own question (there it is, right in Rick's letter). Will Straw, to my knowledge, is definitely none other than Will Straw. The reason he remembers a Cox story in SAPS is because this summer I sent him a wad of my own fanzines, apa- and otherwise, from about the year go. One of them contained that story. So that takes care of that clue. Also, the zines were in trade for a bunch of stamps Will sent me. Sort of a trade, anyway. Among the stamp stuff he sent were catalogs and other stuff addressed to Will Straw quite some time ago, according to the postmark. So I guess he has been in Canada for some time other than avoiding the draft here... So, Harry, and Rick, you can wipe that one off the books.

- * Ed also said that he is going to be sending me some of his old
- * fmz too, for which I say THANKS! /// Ed is also secretary for
- * WESTERCON XXV (June 30 -- July 4), which should be a fun con,
- * so if you're interested, drop him a note. /// And speaking of
- * Will Straw...

WILL STRAW I'd be interested in starting Thorton W. Burgess
 303 Niagara Blvd. fandom if I could be sure there were enough
 Fort Erie, Ont., other people in fandom who had read his books
 Canada as kids to get a group going; I can still remem-
 ber being frightened to death and hiding under
 the covers in bed because of something in Prickly Porky that I can't
 recall.

I think the spreading of this publishing urge will probably be ham-
 pered by the fact that apas these days are grabbing up most of the
 newer fans before they have a chance to get together and form Major
 Fan Centres. The West Coast is almost entirely apa-oriented, as is
 most of the South, and places like Indianapolis have already come
 and gone. I don't think I'd heard of Columbia until I started get-
 ting Starling, but it seems now to be coming close to challenging
 New York City.

- * I recently have gotten several letters from Dave Burton and he
- * says he is going to revive MICROCOSM, so Indianapolis may still
- * be alive.

CRAIG HUGHES A local theater had 2001 for a short stint recently.
 Route 3 On the first night things went well, the fact that
 Windsor, Mo. half of the first reel was shown out of focus could
 65360 easily be overlooked when one became thoroughly
 absorbed in the intricate patterns made by the
 scratched print but on the second night I began to get a little bit
 out of sorts. Sure, I realize I had a headache at the time and
 watching Frank float off into space with the bottom foot or so of
 the film appearing at the top of the screen didn't help things any
 (although it was a novel idea the split screen effect didn't enhance
 the film at all), but I must admit I totally lost my cool when the
 projectionist inadvertantly skipped straight from Hal's lobotomy to
 the pod sitting in the Victorian dining room--leaving out the entire
 Trumbull section. I was deeply sorry to bother the manager while
 she was drinking coffee but she was nice enough to explain all about
 how new the projectionist was and after a few choice words on my
 part she went on to explain that unfortunate though it was, it was
 indeed tough shit none the less.

- * Punk kids, ain't got no respect! /// Thanks for the letter, baby
- * brother, but how about some art too?
- * Lesleigh Luttrell for DUFF!!! Vote soon, please.

DON FITCH I'm beginning to get a feeling/theory that fandom is
 3908 Frijo headed for a new Era (9th? Fandom) in which being
 Covina, CA. (to put it vaguely and subjectively) a Good Person
 91722 cuts across Sercon/Faanish/Club/Fanzine & other
 traditional dividing lines -- a scene in which people
 are close enough and tolerant enough to (for example) disagree
 strongly with (and even get mad at) one another once in a while,
 without becoming Enemies. (Another aspect of this fandom, as I
 see it growing, is that many of the members have even less interest
 or background in science fiction than fans used to.) Missouri fan-
 dom would seem to be in the forefront of this, along with fans like
 Greg Shaw, Alpajpuri, Tom Whitmore, James Langdell, Jeff Cochran,
 Earl Evers, Fred Hollander, &cet.

* This is from a personal letter, but I'm sure Don won't mind,
 * since I think (and hope) the point Don makes is quite valid.
 * I know that I sure don't want to get into feud fandom; I like
 * idea that if I can't avoid an argument at least it won't be a
 * grudge-type of thing. Most of us are in fandom for fun and
 * pleasure, hopefully it will stay that way!

JOHN BROSNAN Thanks for sending me copies of MOTA 2 & 3,
 62 Elsham Rd., flat 1 though I'd read Pickersgill's copies before
 Kensington, mine arrived. How come Pickersgill got
 London, W 14, UK copies before I did? What's he got that
 I haven't got, apart from an extra 100 lbs
 and an obscure skin complaint?

Of course the highlight of the issue (no 3) was big Jim Turner's
 article on boozing. A fellow spirit! A brother boozier! Yes indeed,
 booze IS beautiful! It's good to see someone still championing the
 cause in print. What with dropping acid, smoking weed and popping
 pills being the trendy things to do these days I've been feeling
 almost a reactionary by sticking to good old fashioned alcohol. It's
 high time the boozers of the world stood up and let themselves be
 counted, high time they showed everyone they weren't afraid to reveal
 their true love! Booze forever!

Enjoyed John D. Berry's con report. I met him a couple of times
 over here in England and he struck me as being a nice bloke. Though
 I suspect he got an entirely different impression of us (ie: Kettle,
 Pickersgill, me, etc.), especially after a certain incident with a
 soda siphon at Chancery Lane tube station. Where did you disappear
 to that night, John?

* Jim Turner's additional recipes this issue should please you,
 * if you survive trying them! I enjoy printing and reading
 * drunk stories even though I'm not a Booze Buff myself -- in the
 * last six months I've had maybe two glasses of wine and a can
 * of beer.

* What was the Soda Siphon Story?

DAN OSTERMAN
1 Elbow Lane
Cherry Hill,
N.J. 08034

Dishwashing: When I did my bit for the furtherance of the only real experience a man can have utilizing his physical neccessitys I was starting on a search for Christ. This was July or so. At some points in my 82 an hour -- every other day job

I might leave the lunch counter and to the escape of the sufficient-ly big men's room across the way at this Dept. Store which housed us all. In the cubicle I would pray & really communicate with the Lord. And I would be able to come back to my duties in the kitchen, set to work laughing in joy and everything was cool. You believe that? It's the truth.

((from a later letter)) last ish: Turner is a slight bit cracked. "...Pray to Jack Daniels 5 times daily." I'll pray for him. You to, brother. Jesus loves you! find out who He is! His Peace,

Derek Carter sent me the only very dissatisfied letter that I've received, he strongly dislikes MOTA and so I cut him from the mailing list as I'm sure he'd want it. Since I made up my mailing list from various sources others of you may not enjoy or not want to receive my fanzine, if so please drop me a card and I will strike your name as well. This will save your time and my money. With this issue I've also dropped several people for lack of response. At the same time I've added several names to the mailing list, since I have received several requests for issues



and about \$2.25 in sticky quarters -- as H.P. Sanderson once said, "I'm snake hip deep in subscription money..." About half the money came from Freddy the Pig fans (I've got to read the Brooks books someday.). Lots of people said they loved the books in their locs, so if anyone wants to form a Freddy fan club, drop me a line and I'll send you names and addresses. Anyone who wants to get on my mailing list can write a loc about a friend's copy or add to my sticky coin collection or send a tradezine.

The lettercolumn is quite long so I'm forced to leave out many good letters and edit out lots of stuff in the letters I used. Here are most of the people I heard from: Leigh Couch; Roger Vanous ("I hope this is at least a start at re-establishing myself as a fringe fan instead of a fringe fringe fan."); Alan and Bonnie Cohn; Alpaipuri; Ian Maule (who sent some nice art); Grant Canfield (who sent several fine drawings and promised more); Loren MacGregor; Aljo Svoboda; Tim Kirk; Vincent di Fate; Dave Hulvey; Frank Lunney (okay, see);

Joe Staton (who sent two fine drawings);
Alice Sanvito; Lane Lambert; Joe Perry;
Nick Shears; George Senda; Bill Bowers;
Walt Lee; Dave Burton (who will be
publishing again); Gordon Linzner;
W.G. Bliss; Paul Walker; Paul Anderson;
Andy & Jodie Offutt; Lonnie Whittedge;
Seth McEvoy (who sent his SAPSazine);
Jim McLeod (who sent art); Gray Boak;
Jim Meadows III; David Emerson; Neal
Goldfarb; Ed Conners; Jeffrey May;
Bill Kunkel (who sent scads of hi-
larious cartoons and is writing a
a piece for MOTA); Sheryl Birkhead
(who has done several fine headings);
Lynn Torline; Tom Foster (who has
sent lots of lovely art); Doug
Lovenstein (who has/will be sending
great pieces of art); and others
who I can't find right now. I've
also gotten several good tradezines.

OOPS!, I left Greg Shaw off the fan
writer list, add him onto it!

Once again, my thanks go out to the
writers and artists in this issue!!

Columbia has had several very inter-
esting visitors recently: Chris
Couch was down from NY for several
days; Alice Sanvito was here for a
couple days--in time for Hank & Les-
leigh Luttrell's Firesign Theatre
party; Nobert & Mike Couch were in
town, and Leigh Couch was just here.
Visiting fans are fun -- especially
when they are such good people as
these! Lots of fans have talked
about dropping into Columbia for a
summer visit. Whoopie!



If this box is
checked you had
better respond
if you want to.

continue to get this bundle of
typos in the mail.

That's all this time. Write!



Murray Moore
Box 400
Norwich,
Ontario
Canada

TERRY HUGHES
407 COLLEGE AVE.
COLUMBIA, MO. 65201
USA

3rd Class

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