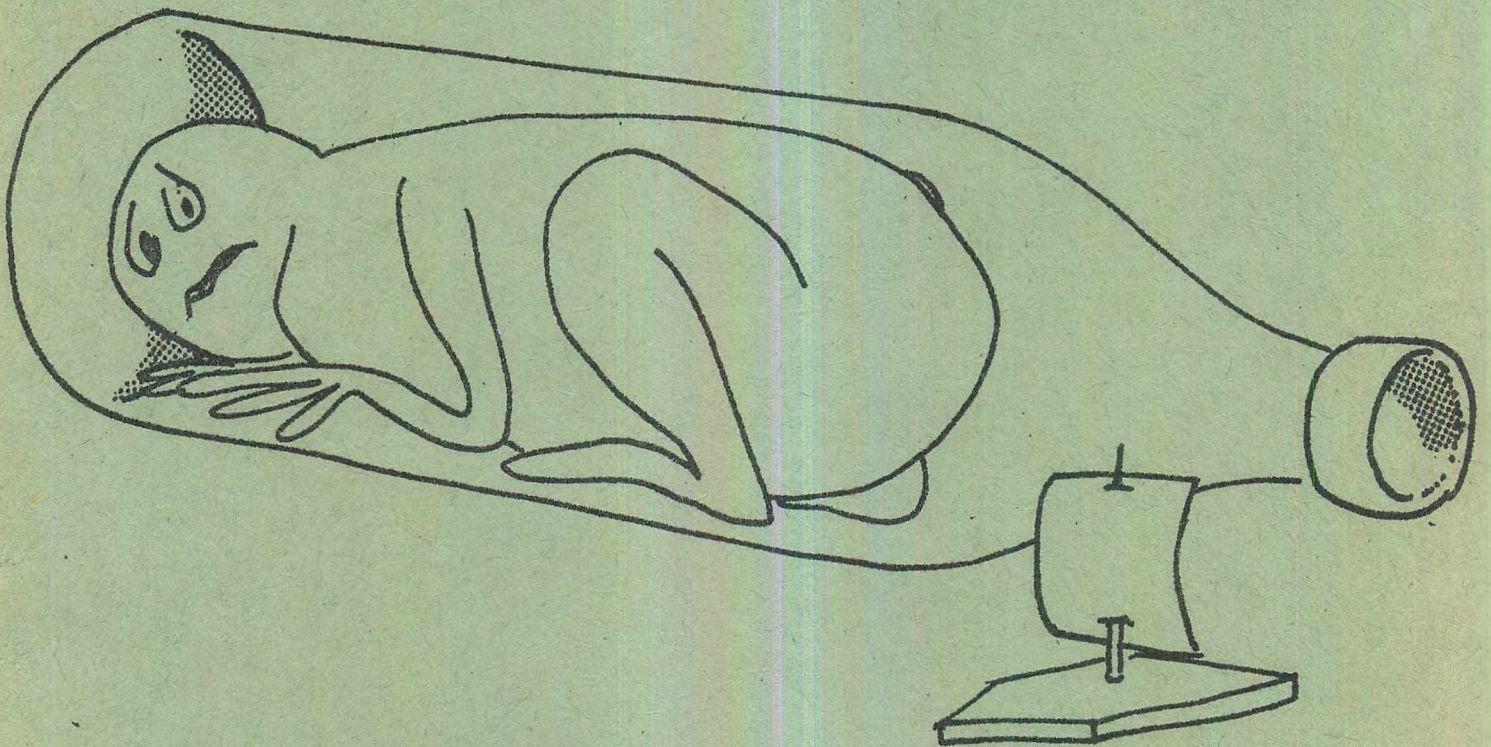
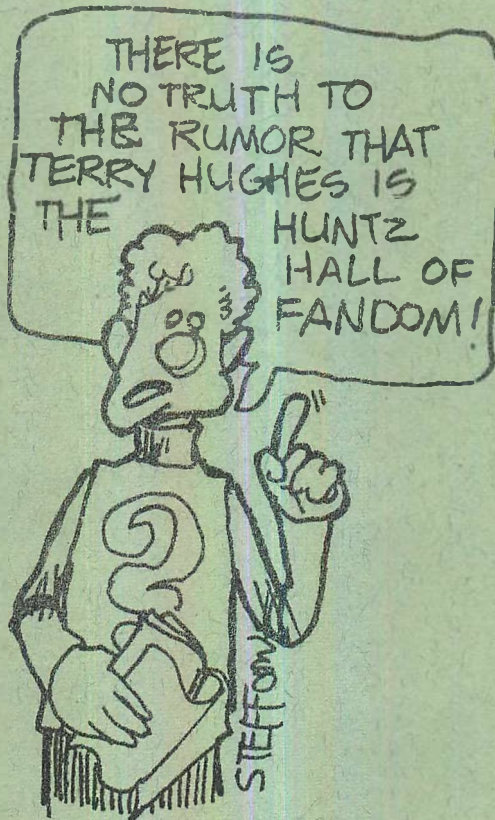


MOTA thirteen



I THINK SOMETHING WENT WRONG



There are those who say "13" is an unlucky number, but I am beginning to have my doubts. This thirteenth issue of MOTA is coming out just six weeks after number twelve, which is a feat I haven't been able to accomplish before. This just goes to show that good intentions are not nearly as effective as the threat of a postal increase. So perhaps it is not such an unlucky number after all.

On the other hand, this 13th issue is unlucky in that I find myself with only this one page for my own writings. The carry-over of letters from #12 and the fine letters commenting on #12 make for a fat lettercolumn and I sacrificed my space to it. On yet another hand -- but since I have two hands, not three, that should be foot -- some of you may consider a decrease in the amount of material written by me to be quite lucky indeed.

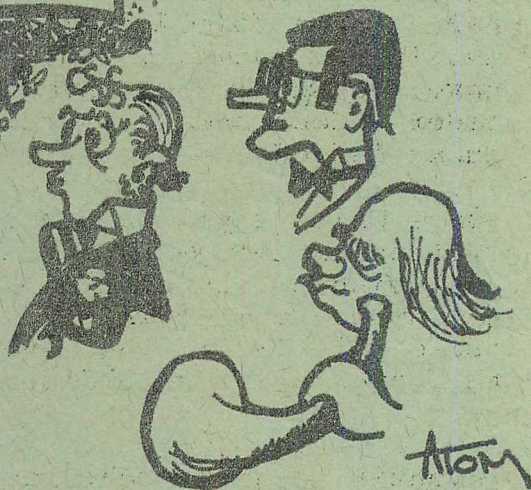
James White says "The Exorcists of IF" is the first fan piece he has written in ten years; it's certainly good to have him back. The piece is lavishly illustrated by Arthur Thomson. It is the first time either has appeared in MOTA, which definitely makes this a lucky issue. Next issue (#14) will have several shorter fannish items, or so it seems at the moment. It should be out in early February 1976.

The final sentence I write for MOTA during the year 1975 should be witty, inventive, and thought provoking; however, as luck would have it, it just didn't work out that way.

+ Terry Hughes +

by

James
White



A large and vulgarly ostentatious station wagon with the name of a local estate agent inscribed on its flanks pulled in and parked outside the garden gate of 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast. Within a few minutes the Willis MG, the Charters Morris and the White Fiat, which happened to be red, pulled in behind him. The estate agent introduced himself to the three drivers, then paused while four Saracen armoured cars whined past in low gear.

"It was very good of you to come," he went on, when they could hear themselves think again. "I know there should be five of you, but Mr. Shaw has moved with his family to England and Mr. Berry recently retired from the police fingerprint department to do the same. But I hope that you three, Mr. Willis as a former tenant of 170, and Mr. Charters and Mr. White as frequent visitors to the place, will be able to help me. You're my last hope, in fact."

"You weren't very informative on the telephone," said Walter. "What exactly is your problem?"

"And if we're your last hope," said James, "who or what did you try first?"

"I . . . I couldn't go into details on the 'phone," the estate agent replied nervously. "And the first person I tried was Father Mallon from the chapel down the road --"

"I know of him!" James broke in. "He's a member of the British Inter-planetary Society and he's got a private pilots licence and a 12-inch reflector on the presbytery roof which the Army thought at first was a SAM 7 missile system and, although he doesn't read s-f, he's a very --"

"Well," said George, "nobody's perfect."

The estate agent gestured towards the three-storey, red-brick building which was 170, then went on, "I told him about the voices and noises and . . . other manifestations, and he agreed to visit the house for a preliminary reconnaissance prior to briefing himself on exorcism procedures. But he couldn't do anything. Apparently the bell, book and candle bit works only against manifestations of evil and these particular spirits were noisy, hyperactive and almost palpable, but not, so far as he could ascertain, evil.

"When he left he was talking theology, I think," the agent finished, "and he said something about the questionable efficacy of a Holy Water sprinkler against an Opponent armed with a spectral water-pistol."

Walter and George looked at James, who tried to look innocent.

"Anyway," said the agent, "he agreed that there was something there, all right, but he just couldn't enter into the spirit of the Thing."

"A priest," said James solemnly, "could get excommunicated for a pun like that."

"Please be serious, gentlemen," the estate agent went on. "People, potential tenants or buyers, even I myself, have heard and seen things, the laughing and shouting noises. But I have never been able to make out what the voices were saying, or shouting. There has always been something strange about that house since you left it, Mr. Willis, and since the

Troubles started it has become steadily worse. It's a good, well-built house, but nobody will live in it for more than a week. That is why I contacted you gentlemen. I am hoping that you can do or suggest something that will rid me of these awful ghosts."

Walter inclined his head, but he was staring at the well-remembered house as he said, "We'll do what we can, of course. Can I have the keys?"

"Thank you," said the agent, handing them over. "You all know your way about the place, so I'll just stay out here and mind your cars. Good luck."

They left him pacing the pavement alongside their cars, where he would be able to reassure the Army patrols who might otherwise decide that their vehicles were possible car bombs and blow them up, and went through the garden gate and up the three steps on to the lawn. The gate still creaked and the lawn was covered with the same irregular patches of clover and/or shamrock, and the distant clattering of an observation helicopter merged with the buzzing of insects both actual and spectral.

"It all comes back, doesn't it?" said Walter.



WAW

The voices from the past were saying things like "Let's not collate today -- we can discuss broad matters of policy and get sunburned" and "I rather lie on shamrock than real rock, which is why I like champagne, too" and "Nonsense, George, shamrock only grows on Catholic lawns" and "Is it cruelty to animals to shoot down a wasp with a water-pistol?"

Walter said, "Let's go round the back."

It was much quieter in the back yard. A ghostly Bonestell-type spaceship towered all of 8 1/2 inches above the tiles while the misty figures of an impossibly young Walter, Bob and James and a slightly less elderly George Charters crouched over it, discussing a technical problem.

According to the youthful, ghostly James, who even then had been a lapsed member of the British Interplanetary Society, the trouble lay in the fact that his balsa-wood spaceship weighed 3/4 ounce while its motor developed a maximum pre-Brenschluss thrust of only half an ounce, which caused the thing to just sit there hissing and straining upwards. The answer which had been worked out was breathtaking in its simplicity. A length of thread had been attached to the vehicle's nose cone, passed over the Willis clothesline and a small bunch of keys -- weighing just under 3/4 ounce -- was tied to the other end. Phrases like "It's an old trick but it just might work" and "It beats the Dean Drive" hung in the air.

"Pity," said the contemporary James, "there weren't more clotheslines in the lunar insertion orbit."

They passed through the oblivious figures and into the kitchen before the



GEORGE
ALL THE WAY
CHARTERS

phantom spaceship took off and set fire to the spectral clothesline.

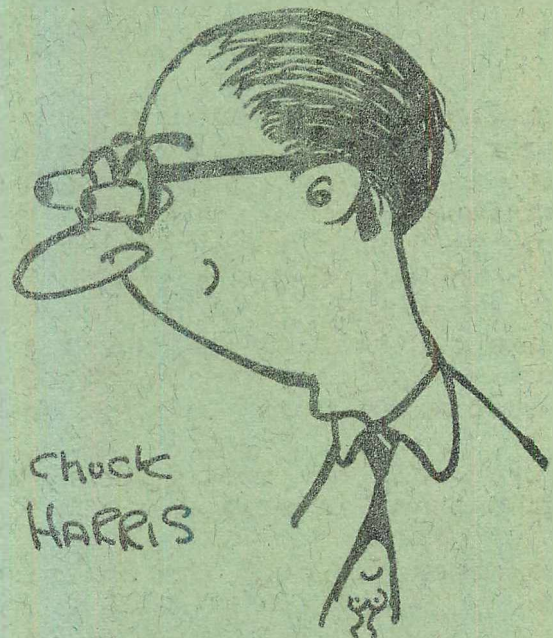
"Surely," said Walter, "you were never that skinny, James. But you, George, haven't changed a bit. You must have been born old and venerable."

"Not true," said George. "I got like this in primary school when I started carrying little girls' tablets of stone home for them. I didn't build the pyramids until a long time after that."

The remembered smell as they entered the kitchen was a culinary effluvia describable only by Ray Bradbury in his homespun period, and the air was made even thicker by conversation like "I hate to see you slaving over hot dishes, Madeleine. Can I give you a hand?" and "Go sit in the lounge, Harris, you're not going to slaver over my dish!" and "Farmhouse vegetable soup clogs water-pistols" and "It happens to be a diabetic apple tart riddled with visually loathsome masses of undissolved Saccharin" and "Sorry, we're fresh out of eyes of Newt" and "No newts is good newts. . ."

They shuddered in unison and moved into the dining room where a ghostly, double-dished light fixture -- which Peggy White had called a candle-bra -- shed a warm effulgence (because light had already been used in this sentence) on a dining table groaning with good things and bad puns provided, respectively, by Madeleine and all the fans who had visited Oblique House over the years -- Lee Hoffman, Vinç Clarke, Ken Bulmer, Chuck Harris, Mal Ashworth, both Ian McAulays and dozens of others.

The noisiest spectre of the lot was Chuck, who, at that time had recently gone completely deaf and had not yet learned to modulate his voice properly. He kept shouting for everyone to write it down because he couldn't lip-read Irish accents, then surreptitiously pocketing the scraps of paper for use in his monumental fan work Through Darkest Ireland with Knife,



CHUCK
HARRIS

Fork and Spoon. The leanest and hungriest ghost was that of Bob Shaw, who complained of having hollow bones and a fifth-dimensional gut.

"Yes, I tried the ginger-bread and found it not guilty" they were saying, and "Nobody asked if I wanted a seventh cup of tea" and "Why do English people speak English with that terrible English accent?" and "White lions running down the middle of the road, it's the lines they keep locked up in the zoo" and "Maybe it was a mane road" and "We could use grief-proof paper" and "We didn't like assembling the mag on a dining table -- nobody knew if we were going to have a meal or a small collation . . ."

In the front lounge a ghostly John Berry, on tip-toe and with his arms flapping up and down like a pterodactyl, was describing the preliminaries to love-making in his house. The idea was to display one's ardour, physical fitness and aerodynamic control by launching oneself off the top of the wardrobe to make a semi-crash landing into the eager arms of one's mate. All that was required was a flat-topped wardrobe, a solidly sprung bed and a steady diet of watercress.



In a series of temporal overlays the other fannish conversations and incidents which had taken place in the room proceeded over and around the flapping figure of John, including one involving George surrounded by exploding fireworks, a box of which he had inadvertently ignited with the ash from his cigarette. The other occupants of the room had hurriedly evacuated the area and were watching George from the safety of the lawn. But George had been trapped by the Willis settee, whose upholstery was as soft and yielding as quicksand. . .

"Surrounded by all those sparks and glowing balls," said Walter, "you looked like a Virgil Finlay illo, George."

"And if it had happened now," George replied, "we would probably have been interned for running a bomb factory."

A slow, clanking sound -- which mundane folk might well have mistaken for rattling chains -- grew louder as they mounted the stairs towards the box-room. Apart from the noise made by Manly Bannister's printing press turning out one of the later editions of Slant, the room was quiet -- except when one of the fan compositors accidentally dropped a stick of type on the floor and felt the need to relieve his feelings; or when Bob and James were trying to decide whether an illo was crude or stark; or when Madeleine arrived with the tea-tray; or when a ghostly Walter dashed into the room, immaculate in tennis whites, to set a few lines of type between matches in his club's tournament, to dash out again looking like a less than immaculate Dalmatian.

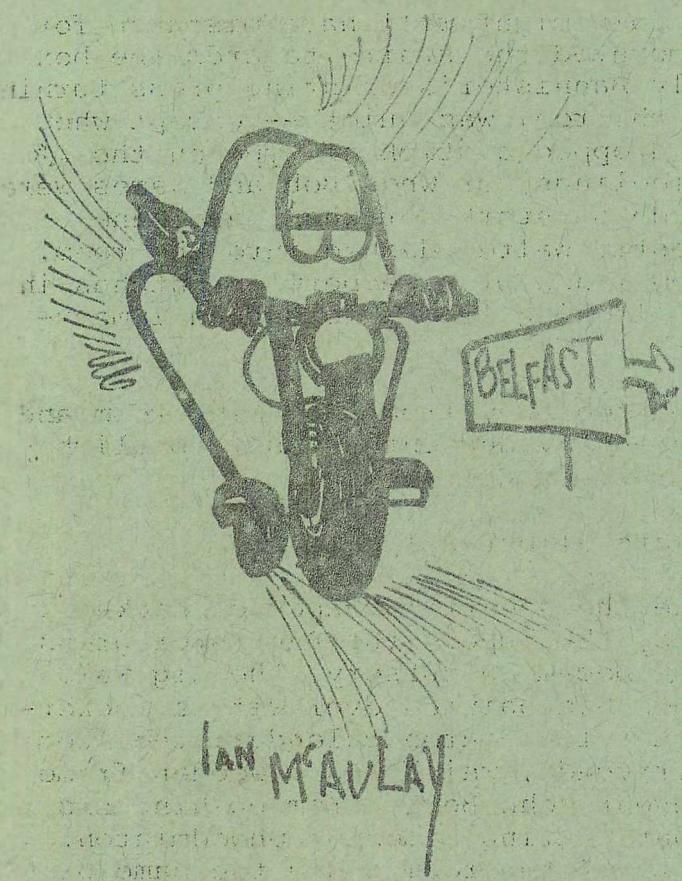
Respectfully and almost ashamedly they backed away from that tiny room and its ghosts, the scene of so much fannish energy and enthusiasm, to climb slowly and thoughtfully to the front attic.

There, the ghosts of people and things were almost palpable.

Ranged around the bare plaster walls were the spectral shapes of bookshelves bulging with promags and fanzines, the duper, the Bannister press which had been moved up when the box-room became a nursery, the big wall mirror with the transverse crack which Bob had painted over with a rocket-ship trailing a long trail of fire, the Marylin Monroe calendar, the ATom illos, the St. Fantony statuette, the Berrycade, which was a wooden frame covering the inside of the window to prevent John Berry from pushing his posterior through it, as had been his wont, during games of Ghoodminton. And across the table and net in the centre of the room raged the game of Ghoodminton itself, a game which was part Badminton, part all-in wrestling and part commando assault course.

"Face! Face! You hit my face, our point!" the players were shouting, "Take the shuttlecock out of your mouth, then, before you warp the feathers" and "It went into the bookcase, out. Our point!" and "It's not in the bookcase, it must have gone into hyperspace" and "Hyperspace is out. Our point!"





But it was the other voices which sounded stronger and more insistent. There was the southern brogue of Ian McAulay, who often motorbiked the hundred plus miles from Dublin on Thursday nights to play Ghoomdinton and talk before leaving early to get back across the border before the Irish Republic closed for the night. And there was the ghostly faces and of Big Name and small name fans from the US and UK who had come and been so affected by the Ghoomdinton or Madeleine's cooking or the unique fannish atmosphere of the place that they, too, had left a part of themselves behind to take part in the haunting.

"We can remember," said Walter quietly as the three of them stood in the middle of the attic with the conversation and the laughter beating insistently at them from all sides. "But why should it affect ordinary, non-fannish people who --"

Suddenly a savage, crashing detonation rattled the windows and a black, misshapen finger of smoke poked

slowly into the sunset sky. Very faintly came the crackle of automatic weapons, the snap of a high-velocity rifle and the distant braying of an ambulance. But the voices from the past were there, too, and louder than ever.

"Sounds like your side of town, James," said Walter in a worried voice. "It will be dark in an hour, and you would be safer back across the Peace Line before --"

"The fuggheads," said George, still looking at the ascending pillar of smoke.

"Yes," said James absently. He gestured, the jerky movement of his hand taking in the room and the house all around them, and went on quietly, "I think I know what is happening here. Think for a minute about a haunted house. It is a place where something so terrible or evil has happened in the past that the very structure becomes imbued with it, and it lingers and frightens the ordinary people who come in contact with it.

"But now," he went on, waving towards the window, "it is the city and the country which have become so terrible and evil that they frighten the ordinary people, with bombings, ambushes, sectarian murders, widespread intimidation. It is the outside that is haunted, and in here . . . Well, remember the people and the kind of place this used to be. It wasn't just the fan group or the awful puns or the fanzines we put out. No, we were fanatics, in a quiet way, about other things, too. Like religious toleration, racial equality, lots of things. But now we are scattered. Even we three can't meet very often, things being as they are, and the

people we used to be are reacting to this present ghastly situation all around us by haunting the place."

"I think you've got it," said Walter. Very seriously, he went on, "But remember, James, despite our religious and other differences, we three haven't changed."

"No," said George, "we haven't changed."

"That's right," said James, "we haven't."

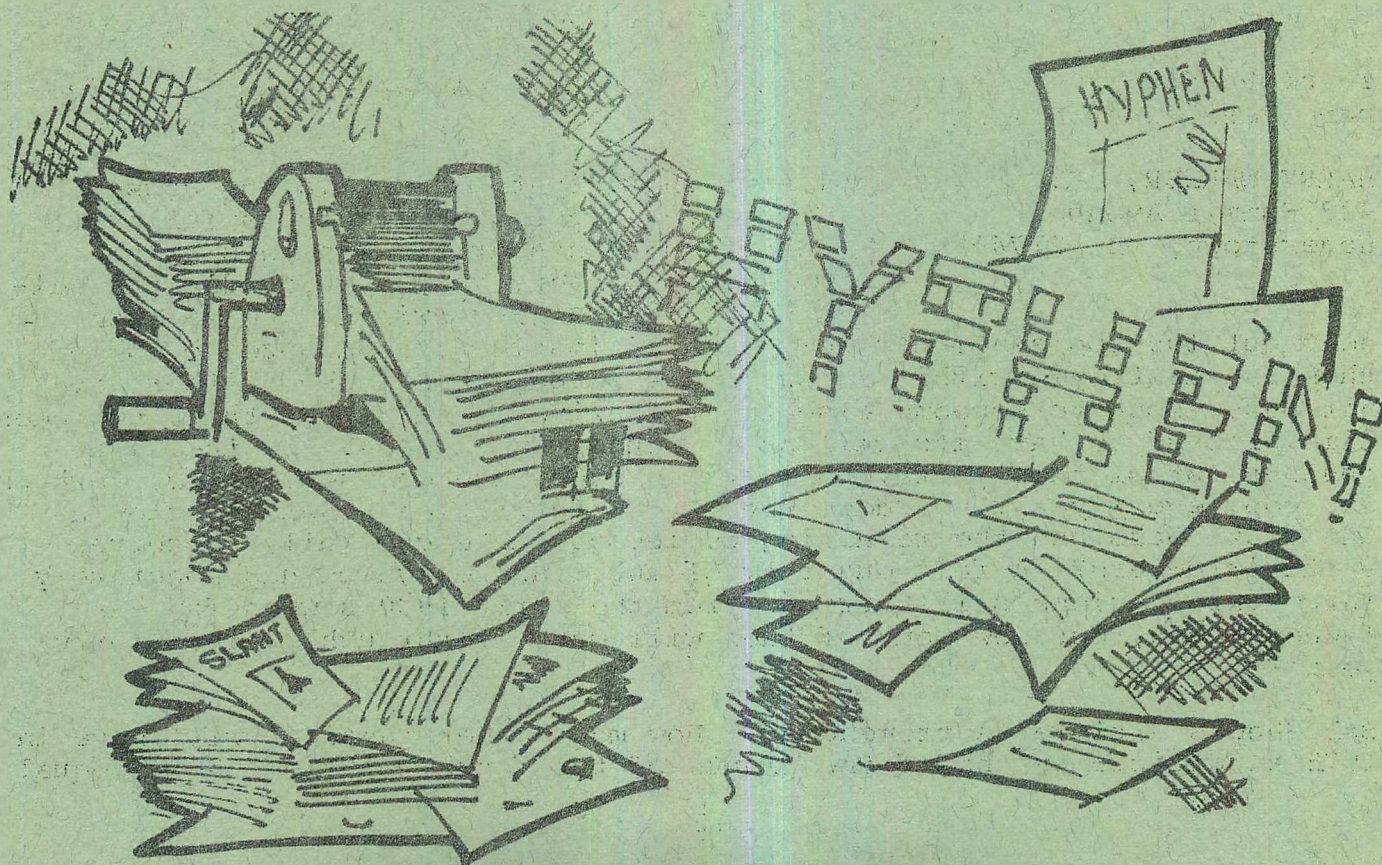
They stood together for a moment looking out over the city, then they left the bare and utterly silent attic and walked slowly downstairs past the box-room, where the ghostly clanking of the Bannister press was stilled, past the kitchen, dining-room and lounge which were likewise silent, and across the lawn which buzzed only with this evening's insects.

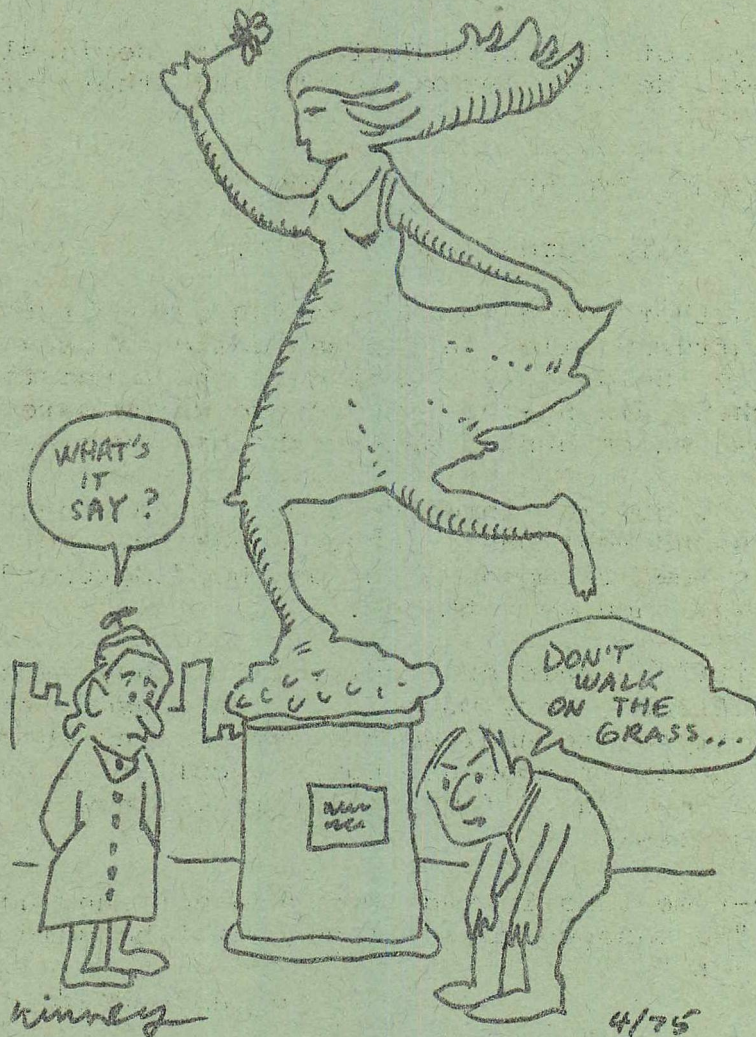
The estate agent hurried forward to meet them, then he saw the expressions on their faces and went past without speaking. For several minutes they could hear his feet clumping about on the floorboards and stairs of the now empty house, then he returned.

"You've done it!" he said excitedly. "It, they, whatever it was, has gone. Thank you, gentlemen, very much" He paused, studying their faces for a moment, trying to analyse the expressions which were not sad, exactly, and not exactly triumphant, but a peculiar mixture of both feelings. Hesitantly, he went on, "If you can tell me, how . . . how did you get rid of those ghosts?"

The three old-time fans looked at each other, and nodded. James cleared his throat. "We managed to convince them," he said quietly, "that they weren't dead yet."

+ James White +





To start things off here are some letters of comment on MOTA 11 which were carried over from last issue. Take it away, Harry.

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740

I hope the trip to Australia has caused Bob Tucker to forget somewhat the awful event described in his article in this issue. It makes you wonder, just how rapidly the edition of any fanzine dwindles. If a fan sent out 100 copies of his new issue, I imagine that a dozen or so of them are destroyed within a few months by barbarians who neither save nor pass along to someone else their fanzines. But after that, how does time proceed to have its will on the surviving copies? Do they get punched out of this mortal coil at a steady rate on the average, perhaps one copy every year? Or does the rate of attrition gradually slow as the years pass and the remaining copies are more carefully preserved by their owners? A fair quantity of the fanzines which had moderately large circulations still survive from the early 1930's when fanzine fandom began, but how many of them will make it through another forty years?

Bob Shaw's article is tremendous. How many other fanzines will have in 1975 an article by one of the giants of the fandom of the 1950's, equal

in quality and similar in style to what he was writing in the old days?

It's not clear to me if the postal service has had its will with this issue of Mota, too. It depends on whether anyone got a copy with pages 15 and 16 included twice and no pages 13 and 14. If so, some postal employee somewhere went to more trouble than usual to damage your fanzine. My copy has pages 13 and 14 twice and no pages 15 and 16. If the postal worker did it on purpose, we could refer to the mutilated copies as the Motas of Intention. It would have required a high-quality staple remover and precision restapling because there is no evidence of holes where staples were removed. On the other hand, I am quite aware of how obnoxious it is to fandom to find locs from me bobbing up in so many fanzines; and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you had hit on this ingenious method of sparing fandom the ordeal of reading yet another, making it look like an accident. I incline toward the latter hypothesis by the fact that the end of page 14 and the beginning of page 17 don't create an interrupted sentence.

Anyway, I had a postcard accident something like yours an unimaginably long time ago, when I was just entering fandom. At that time, everyone was buying gummed stickers bearing his name and address or some special message at a great rate, and experimenting to find the firms that did the most expert printing of labels. I happened upon one source whose print job wasn't anything special, but had the most delightful taste to the gum on the other side that I'd encountered. I sent several samples to various fans, inviting them to taste and to place orders if they liked it as much as I did. To save the cost of those three-cent stamps required for first class letters, I did it with postcards, pasting only one edge of the sample sticker to the message side. Without exception, all the recipients found the whole label pasted down tight upon arrival. I'll never know if a postal worker read the message and wanted a taste treat, or just feared that the flapping part would tear off.

(The Grand and Glorious -- not to mention highly embarrassed -- Editorial Staff of MOTA wants everyone of you to know that one copy of each issue is actually collated correctly. Such rarities as perfectly collated copies are, of course, never allowed to leave the Elegant and Expansive Editorial Offices.)

BOB TUCKER
34 Greenbriar Drive
Jacksonville, IL 62650

I'm at a loss to understand several of the letters in MOTA 11, those letters complaining about the receipt of shredded or mutilated fanzines, and those other letters in response to Burbee's article in a previous issue. All this make me realize just how unique I am.

1. The copy of #11 you hand-delivered to me at Midwescon was in perfect condition. No complaints.
2. I may be the only fan in the world who is a delta man. No prevert.
3. And I suspect the post office people are the best humorists in the country. They neatly one-upped you (and laughed all the way) by returning your pocksard with the torn check. No flies on them.

TOM PERRY
MP 162, Q Block
IBM UK Labs, Ltd.
Hursley Park
Winchester, Hants.
United Kingdom

The arrival of Mota #11 sent me digging through my cluttered desk to find my half-written letter on #10. I found it all right, but it turns out to be a disappointment -- I had remembered it as being full of wit and humor and memorable lines, but apparently I never quite made it to the second page where that stuff was going to appear, and now I've forgotten just what it was

I was going to write there. It was a lot funnier than anything Gary Deindorfer could ever write, though. Take my word.

Tucker's piece prophecies what will happen to all that fannish historical matter eventually. When I was relatively stationary, back in Nebraska ten years ago, I accumulated huge piles of old fanzines, which had to be left behind when I broke out of that cage. It still bothers me to discard fanzines and letters, but it's either that or become a prisoner of them...not only of their physical presence and the attention it demands to keep them safe, but of their fascination -- it must be rather like having a harem; at least I know I could read old fanzines over and over, seeking for understanding of fandom generally and myself in particular. But it is sad that eventually, probably, all these things will meet the fate of the Pavlat-Evans Fanzine Index, or something similar. ("What shall we do with all these old papers that Henry treasured so?")

Things like your contest in #9 and Gary Deindorfer's letter and David Piper's column give MOTA its special flavor. In response to the readership appreciation survey I would have to give Mota an unqualified TEN and I'm sure this would be true even if it weren't the only fanzine I had seen in years and years and years.

IAN MAULE
8 Hillcroft Crescent
Ealing
London, W.5.
United Kingdom

Bob Shaw seems to have let out of the bag British fandom's biggest secret for years. I can't criticise Bob for this; in my view it's high time you fans in the US had such a fool-proof method for selecting faneds. Just look what we've achieved in Britain since the inception of the Oyster Rating: No fueds, im-

proved fanzines standards and above all a more integrated fandom. In a way I'm surprised you don't already know about this rating system, Terry. When Mike Glicksohn was over here this spring he was tested against an oyster that had been brought specially to the convention, Mike being English and all that. On second thought maybe he didn't tell you, I wouldn't be all that surprised really, he only scored two (2).

(Ian confides that his own Oyster Rating is 630. I suspect Ian's good health may last only as long as the Canadian postal strike.)

ANDY PORTER
55 Pineapple St.
Apt. 3-J
Brooklyn, NY 11201

Shallah!!! May the wonders of the post office continue to astound and fantast us! From the slan-denizens of Arlington, Virginia, to the towers of far-off Manhattan in only two days (according to the postmark, a hitherto for unimpeachable source of wisdom and knowledge). Yes! Postmarked on the 22nd of July at Sec-

tional Sorting Facility 220, located deep within the subterranean government caverns under our nation's capitol, and dispatched by instantaneous methods best left to the fertile imagination of fans the like of Dan Steffan (who masquerades as the secret master of air-hockey fandom -- but that is a subject best left alone) and Howard Hughes (who you may know as Terry -- look in the mirror and say to yourself, "Hello. You are Howard Hughes." Say this three times by the light of the mystical mimeograph, and it shall come to pass. Or maybe not.).

The contents lived up to expectations. Bloch was Superb. Tucker and Shaw were up to their usually high standards, and the artwork, notably that of Mr. Staton was equally appreciated by this singular audience. I predict Mr. Staton will go far. Has he ever thought of turning his multifaceted talents to designing animals for the bath?

I must finally say though, in all honesty, that some of your letters are quite strange. Yes, very strange indeed.

(Andy enclosed a photograph with this message on its back: ADVENTURES IN FANHISTORY #8 [one of a series sponsored by the Ford/ALGOL foundation.] Keen view of the New York Slanshack. Originally occupied in 1907 by Burbee, Ackerman, Morojo and Laney, the NYS was abandoned for the first time after coffee from a low flying Zeppelin spilled down the smokestack housing the mimeo paper. Reoccupied by occupying forces in 1948, led by Rear Admiral Harry Warner, Sr., the NYS was continually occupied until the gafiation of T. Hughes, last BNF, in 2011 A.D.

How could anyone think the letters in MOTA strange?)

JOHN PIGGOT
8 Hillcroft Crescent
Ealing
London, W.5.
United Kingdom

I think I'm the only person in the Cabinet Office who doesn't wear a suit and tie to work; even the women are mostly the jolly-hockey-sticks-tweeds type. Curiously, few people in the office seem to notice; the incredulous gasps start when I leave. I'll go out to the pub at lunchtime to meet a visiting friend, and be greeted with "Since when do they wear denims in the Civil Service?" in tones of sheer disbelief. I reply that I refuse to adopt the traditional Civil Servant image, eschewing not only the bowler hat but also other nasty aspects, such as 'officialese' jargon, that popularly are said to go with the job. (The other day, the Chairman of the British Railways Board said -- I kid you not -- "We cannot afford not to give the impression that it is unlikely fares will not be increased again." It took me several minutes to decipher this quadruple negative, and I suspect most people wouldn't have bothered. Civil Service argot is specifically designed not to be understood.)

It's a pretty alarming thought, actually, how many fans there are in the Civil Service. There's Greg Pickersgill in the British Library, masterminding the dissemination of information; Ian Maule at Customs and Excise, preventing the free flow of goods; Harry Bell and others in the Department of Health and Social Security, grudgingly doling out pennies to the undeserving masses; and myself, perched on the sixth floor of the Cabinet Office like some unseen demon, pretending to shuffle papers while actually preparing for the day, no longer impossibly far distant, when fandom takes over the government. The big-name fan sat on

the throne of the Earth....

Anyway, I enjoyed Mota, Terry. And when the day of the Revolution dawns, I shall instruct the Committee for Public Safety to view your application for a visa sympathetically...

(And Great Britain thinks it has troubles now!

Also responding to MOTA #11 were: Beverly Reams, Sheryl Birkhead, Frank Balazs, Larry Brommer, Dave Romm, Pete Presford, Dave Rowe, Jim Meadows III, Gary Farber, Dave Piper, Mike Glycer, Gil Gaier, Gary Deindorfer, Jackie Franke, Mike Meara, Jodie Offutt, Darroll Pardoe, Tom Morley, Paul Anderson, Neil Ballantyne, Dave Haugh, and Ed Cagle -- who sent me a picture packet of Tasmania from Oklahoma -- all of whom I thank for writing. Such enthusiastic response in the form of both letters and contributions greatly enhance the pleasure of doing MOTA.

Now let's see what you had to say about #12.)



DAVID PIPER
7 Cranley Dr.
Ruislip
Middx HA4 6BZ
United Kingdom

As far as I know I've never met Harry Bell and am therefore a little puzzled as to how he was able to produce such a life-like representation of me. Worrying that I think I'll sue anyway.

I would have liked to have read Bob Shaw's speech (I don't get Triode) but the poetry was entertaining in the main. I only have one, mild, complaint.....the rhyming, in the 75th verse of John Norman's 2nd poem, of 'hunt' with 'peanut butter' is a little strained to say the least. Lose one house point.

I bet Shaw's piece was funny...*sniff*

I bet it was one of the best bits of Shaw I'd have seen....*sniff*

I bet.

MIKE GORRA
Box 1332 station #2
Amherst, MA 01002

Terry, I note you mention me in your fanzine. (See how fakefannish I've become. Not zine anymore. Oh boy. I bet I couldn't even talk about Joel Nydahl's disease anymore. I've gotten too used to talking about RD Laing instead. Ah, youth.) (But I don't regret being burnt out or more or less gafiated. It's very strange for me to be saying, but it's more interesting here.)

I wish to inform you, sir, that I have not traded in my high school beanie for a college cheerleader. For one thing, I never wore a beanie in high school. It is true that I once at a Boskone offered Moshe Feder four dollars for his beanie, and he said he'd make me one instead,

but he never did, so I never had a beanie to wear in high school.

Secondly, Amherst College does not at the moment have cheerleaders. For one thing, this is the first year in which Amherst College has Women enrolled as regular students, and those women are not exactly the cheerleader types (although there are some pretty foxy ones...). It is possible that we may have once had male cheerleaders but no more, and in any case I would not want one of those. We could have cheerleaders from Mount Holyoke or Smith, but they are sort of like the girls here and wouldn't go in for that very much, and half of them go out with Yalies or Ephmen (betcha don't know what an Ephman is, do you? I'll give a valuable prize, maybe even an old fanzine, to the first fan who can tell me. And no good looking it up, either. I'm counting on your honesty here. I'm also not saying how good or how old that fanzine will be.) and so they might not want to cheer for us anyways. But although I tried to go out with cheerleaders in high school, I never did, and they would not appeal to me now, even if they were bright as hell, which they would have to be to get into here or Smith or Mount Holyoke. Instead, I have traded in whatever it was I wore in high school (maybe my corfluthumb?) for a perfect-score-on-the-bio-midterm-and-a-fine-appreciation-for-literature-young-lady, and also for Freud and Lewis Mumford and Vergil. Next semester I hope the perfect-score-etc. will still be here but the rest will be traded in for Canturbury Tales and Sir Gawain and the Green Knight and Kant. So it goes. Anyways, Terry Hughes, you were all wrong. As usual.

PS You better print this as it was always one of my goals to get printed in MOTA but you fucked me over in that respect and you better watch out or the Amherst Alumni Club of Greater Washington will be out to get you. And not for membership either.

(It must have been rough going throughout high school without either a beanie or RD Laing. However, it is comforting to note that the Board of Trustees at Amherst now consider women to be intelligent enough to be "enrolled as regular students", but that recognition does seem a bit overdue.

I do hope you eventually find time from your studies to participate in fandom once more. RANDOM was always a fanzine I enjoyed finding in my mailbox.)

SHERYL BIRKHEAD
23629 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersburg, MD 20760

Thanks for printing Bob Shaw's speech -- I only heard the tail end of it and wished we'd been there for the whole thing. From the little I saw of him, he seems to be one of the shy "quiet" (I said SEEMS -- I don't

KNOW) talented people around (well, from here, that isn't exactly around, but...)

Uh -- if you don't find a rare ice cube in here, it must have melted, sorry. (Agh! On 75° days in November any self-respecting ice cube would melt!

(Don't worry about the ice cube, Sheryl. I was able to glue it back together after it melted. A 1956 Westinghouse model 'C' was one of the ones I needed for my collection. Thanks.)

JODIE OFFUTT
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY 40329

It seems to me that you missed any number of faanish fanzines. I mean, according to your account, you don't get much mail at all, Terry. I get stuff all the time. All the fanzines you mention are certainly worthy and deserving (in fact, I don't even get a couple of them) but surely you're not checking your box closely enough. Or maybe it's just that I'm prettier than you and I just naturally tend to attract more fanzines.

(Mirror, mirror, on the wall... Actually, Jodie, I do get lots of fanzines, though probably not as many as you receive. My idea of a faanish fanzine in that editorial was far too narrow.)

JOHN BROSNAN
c/o Peter Roberts

MOTA 12 was very good. Gary Deindorfer's piece was a classic! He may have killed off a whole area of fannish writing...who again will have the nerve to write about their fannish 'Good Old Days'? In fact it reminded me a lot of the sort of thing that people, including me, have written about RatFandom. Even more disturbing -- the description of 'Nature' fitted Big John Hall perfectly, even down to the 'VROOM VROOM!' noises. If ever a collection of the best fannish pieces is put together, Deindorfer's must be included (now I'll never be able to re-read any of my old Ratfandom articles without cringing in horror).

Enjoyed Bob Shaw's speech -- I didn't hear it at SeaCon though I did manage to interrupt it in a very spectacular fashion. We had trouble with the sound system in the con hall and often it was very difficult to hear what people were saying if you weren't near the front. I wandered in when Bob was about halfway through his speech and the sound was as bad as ever so I decided to see if I could improve the quality by twiddling with the knobs on the control panel -- which was in a small room at the back of the hall. All I succeeded in producing was an ear-splitting screech that cut Bob off in mid-sentence. "That wasn't me, folks," said Bob and calmly continued, while I crawled out of the hall on my hands and knees. Which is why I didn't get to hear much of his speech.

Your editorial was rather maudlin -- you made it sound as though you were fandom's oldest fan, you young whippersnapper. Have no fear, all is not lost. Saint Pete is at this very moment working on another issue of EGG and it will be out any year now.

*(My editorial was an over-reaction caused by reading some old fanzines compounded by the fact that for the week I was working on MOTA I received any number of bad fanzines and I felt "all alone and feeling blue". The very next week I got SCABBY TALES from you, SYNDROME from Frank Lunney, and TRUE RAT from Roy Kettle. *sigh* Anyway, my foot doesn't taste all that bad.)*

MIKE GLICKSOHN
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3
Canada

Sheryl brought up a bunch of recent fanzines so I could keep from getting completely out of touch with letterhacking. I'd been getting extremely fannishly apathetic, and she's trying to restimulate my old enthusiasm. I must say MOTA is a good choice for the job: as

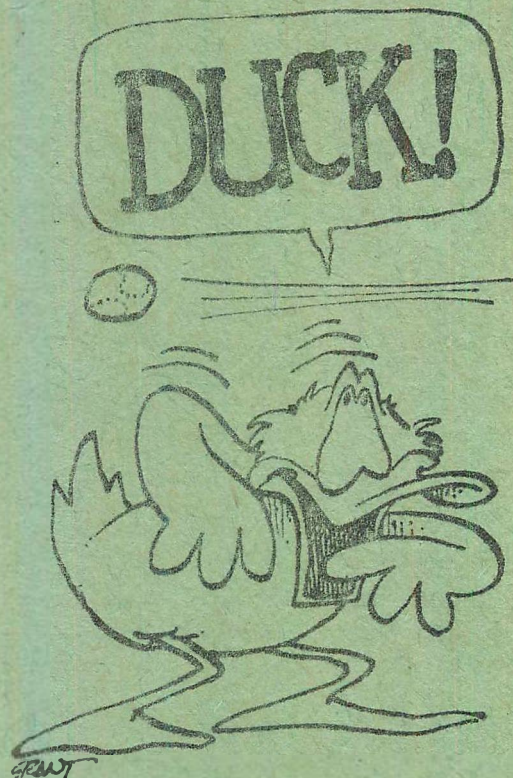
always there is a plathora of witty and clever material in there. However, as none of it is by me and as most of it is better than I can write, you've further destroyed my desire to plunge back into the fabulous world of fanzine letterhacking, with its lush tropical vacations, beautiful available women, fountains of fine whiskey and all the other legendary benefits that accrue to those who fight their way to the top through the savage jungle of mimeograph paper. I hope you're satisfied!

I could also nurture a deep-felt hatred of you for getting that Canfield illo that adorns the first page of the issue. Having just put out the first issue of XENIUM in a year, an issue all about snakes and tortoises, I can't imagine a drawing better suited to a fanzine than that combination, and here it is languishing in MOTA where there's not as much as a single mention of tortoises, turtles or terrapins. I tell you, there just ain't no justice. (If you have any Canfields featuring kolas, wombats, kangaroos or platypi, I insist you use them to better effect next time or trade them off for some excellent unused Kirks I have or possibly some Terry Austins or even a Marty Larson plus a first round drafting table pick from next season. In fact, perhaps we should develop this very worthwhile idea and create a fandom wide organization to place fanart where it will have the greatest connection to the surrounding text, complete with leagues, trading arrangements, and hierarchies of fanart value. I'm sure you can see how good an idea this is: and I already have a great name for us...Publishers United Towards Relevance In Drawings. What'd'ya say?)

I find it symbolic of the overly complicated worldview of the vegetarian that Peter Egg should be working on establishing a vacuum for the Vole-Shrew Test. Anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of science knows it's pretty tricky to get a vacuum cleaner than, say, ten to the minus four millimetres of blancmange (what's the minus four, you may ask, but I avoid such negative reactions) so it behoovers us to seek a more straight-forward solution. The obvious answer, to one with my mental broad horizons, is simply to teach the voles and shrews to hum "Oklahoma", thereby rendering everything the same again. If Piggott was able to master this art, any self-respecting vole would handle it with ease.

(How about a nice Canfield duck?)

I also heard from Tom Morley ("Is the cover drawing of Peter Roberts or John Brosnan?"), Gary Deindorfer, Alyson Abramowitz, Jim Meadows III, Gary Hubbard, Robert Bloch, Charles Burbee, and Frank Balazs ("Luckily, I didn't read Sam Long's loc."). Late arriving letters may be carried over to #14. All responses are relayed to the contributors. See you in 1976!!



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be pocketed and quickly forgotten.

Happy Holidays to you all, and I
hope your New Year's Resolutions
are more original than mine, not
to mention better adhered to.

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