

FONTAINEBLEAU



Can a world science fiction convention in Miami Beach be worth a twenty-five hour bus ride? Can anything be worth a 25 hour bus ride?

I had my doubts. The primary drawback for me was that many of the fans from across the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom that I had been looking forward to seeing again or meeting for the first time had told me that they wouldn't be at Suncon. So many people were not going to attend that I began to think of the worldcon as CHUNCON.

Being an optimist (which you may read: fool), I decided to go. The Greyhound bus headed south, travelling where I'd never gone before. At each stop I stretched my bus-weary bones and searched for cannisters of shark and alligator repellent, but found only tomahawks from Japan and postcards of Georgia peaches. The bus ride was odd in one respect: no obnoxious or crazy people sat near me. I began to feel neglected.

When the Greyhound reached Ft. Lauderdale, my body was still on it. That was my stop and I got off to spend a couple pre-con days with Tom and Alix Perry and their children. Tom (of the dark hair and matching glasses and flashing grin) is one of my favorite people in fandom. As you may recall from his past conreports, Tom had lived in England before moving to Florida -- he'll do anything to go to a worldcon -- and when he came back to the States on business trips, he would always take a suitcase-full of MOTAs back with him to Britain to mail for me. Such fannish dedication is commendable and I'm truly sorry he found a way to get out of doing this by moving to Florida. The Perrys' new home is large, attractive, friendly, and relaxing -- the perfect place for my body to adjust to no longer being on a bus. Ahhhh! Even Tom's puns couldn't spoil my pleasure.

When we got to Suncon, all my nagging fears vanished. The worldcon was underway and I found myself caught up in the swirl of friendly faces and many activities. The spirit captured Alix too for when she saw Karina Siclari go by with her arms laden with boxes of paper, an occasional sheet floating down to the carpet behind her, Alix called out, "Where's my Tupperware?" I broke out laughing at Alix's quick grasp of fannish humor.

My ears soon picked up familiar grumbles about the con hotel. The Fontainebleau was obviously a luxury hotel, but it was showing signs of wear; the same sort of signs all of Miami Beach displayed in an embarrassed way. One night when we were up on the hotel rooftop looking out over the night lights of the hotels and listening to the waves slap against the sandy beach, Catherine Jackson told me that for many people Miami Beach is a

wet dream. Not hers, not mine, but someone's. Only now the dream hotels were being supplanted by dream condominiums. It seemed so appropriate that the road leading to the line of hotels along the ocean was named after Arthur Godfrey. Please don't get the idea I am anti-Florida -- that is definitely not the case. Travel ads always associate Florida with palms and Miami Beach did not disappoint me on this. Every way one turned in the Fontainebleau one could see open palms. (Lee Hoffman's cartoon illustrates her recollection of this quite clearly.)

Suncon had to strain to get 2000 attendees. Now that's a lot of sf fans to have in one place, but it turned out to be the smallest North American worldcon since the 1972 LAcon (2007). No doubt Florida's out of the way location had a lot to do with this. This comparatively small attendance was made to feel even smaller because the hotel and the con committee had planned for closer to 4000 fans. In the hucksters' room, for instance, almost a third of the available space went unused. Conventions have reached a strange level when an attendance of 2000 seems small.

There were program items for every fan: for fanzine fans, for convention fans, club fans, sf readers, writers, artists, feminists, and parliamentarians. If anything, the con was over-programed. I know I attended more panels than I have in years and generally had a good time doing so. One excellent feature for fanzine fans was a fan history room organized by Gary Farber. The room was hard to find but had on display fanzines from the collections of Lee Hoffman, Bob Madle, and others. Stu Shiffman had drawn funny murals for the room and both electrostencil and duplicator services were offered, although I expect most fans were too busy partying to cut stencils.

Britain easily won the right to hold the 1979 worldcon, thanks to the efforts of Pete Weston, Rob Jackson, and Peter Roberts, along with others. Their bidding and victory parties were huge successes, and I do mean huge. Peter Roberts confided to me that the Seacon '79 program book will be done by Keith Walker. (In case you are not familiar with him, Keith has achieved a certain recognition as being a fan who has taken mimeography to new depths.)

In addition to being on the bidding committee, Peter Roberts was at the con as the TAFF delegate and did a splendid job of it. Peter, Rob Jackson, Joyce Scrivner, and Gary Farber stopped to visit me in Arlington the day before I left for Florida and while they were here Colleen Brown asked Peter if he was going to write a TAFF trip report. Peter pulled himself erect, assumed a serious facial expression, and responded in the affirmative. "That's what they all say," countered Colleen as she returned to her coffee. Peter Roberts looked both stunned and mortally wounded, then he slumped back down in his chair and mumbled to his vegetables. When Peter does write his trip report, I look forward to his explanation of British swimming methods. He and I waded out into the ocean one Suncon afternoon and splashed around, sometimes almost swimming. We were soon joined by the Madison Body Surfing Brigade, consisting of Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell and four other Madison fans. They judged the rush of the waves and leaped in time with them so that they were carried forward. Standard body surfing technique. I decided this was not for me so I just stood waist-deep and played observer. Part of the time I observed Peter Roberts and his kamikazee style of surfing. Ignoring tradition and common sense, Peter would wait for a big wave and then leap directly into it, instead of diving with it. This resulted in him being knocked on his ass (excuse me, arse) time after time. Eventually he decided he had taught the ocean a lesson and went on to other water games like drowning.

Peter Roberts made an excellent TAFF representative: he was entertaining, being a skilled storyteller with a number of fine stories to tell; he was always ready to speak with any fan and mingled at all the parties; and he was sober on at least three occasions. He even wore his orange suit, which went very well with his long blond hair, and did not look all that much like a carrot after all. His only flaw was his refusal to perform his fabled attacking budgie dance, a feat he claimed he was saving for the 1979 Season.

Going to Suncon allowed me to meet Lee Hoffman and that alone would have made the con a success. LeeH proudly wore her original I Go Pogo and NYcon buttons and a friendly smile. We had had only paper contact but LeeH's warm personality made me feel like I was with an old friend. The Perrys, Lee Hoffman and I spent a large part of the convention together, talking about westerns and Northern Ireland and Pogo and Walt Willis and archeology and fandom. It was time well spent.

Strangely enough it was a comment from calm, friendly Lee Hoffman that led to one of the few unpleasant scenes at the convention. LeeH was on a panel discussing fandom in the past when she made the observation that faanish fans were the trekkies of the '50s. This was because they challenged the fan establishment by not treating sf as a sacred subject; they were more interested in having fun than in writing book reports. It was a well made point. In the audience was Ed Wood and he decided to put on his show. Ed said that he and his friends "hated QUANDRY (LeeH's fanzine) and everything it stood for." To further display his own shortcomings, Ed Wood went on to say that he used to throw each issue of HYPHEN into the trashcan without opening it because the fanzine had nothing that interested him. When asked how he knew there was nothing of interest to him in HYPHEN if he never opened it, Ed just rambled on about how little he cared for faanishness. It was the first time I had seen Ed Wood make a fool of himself in person, and he certainly did a thorough job of it.

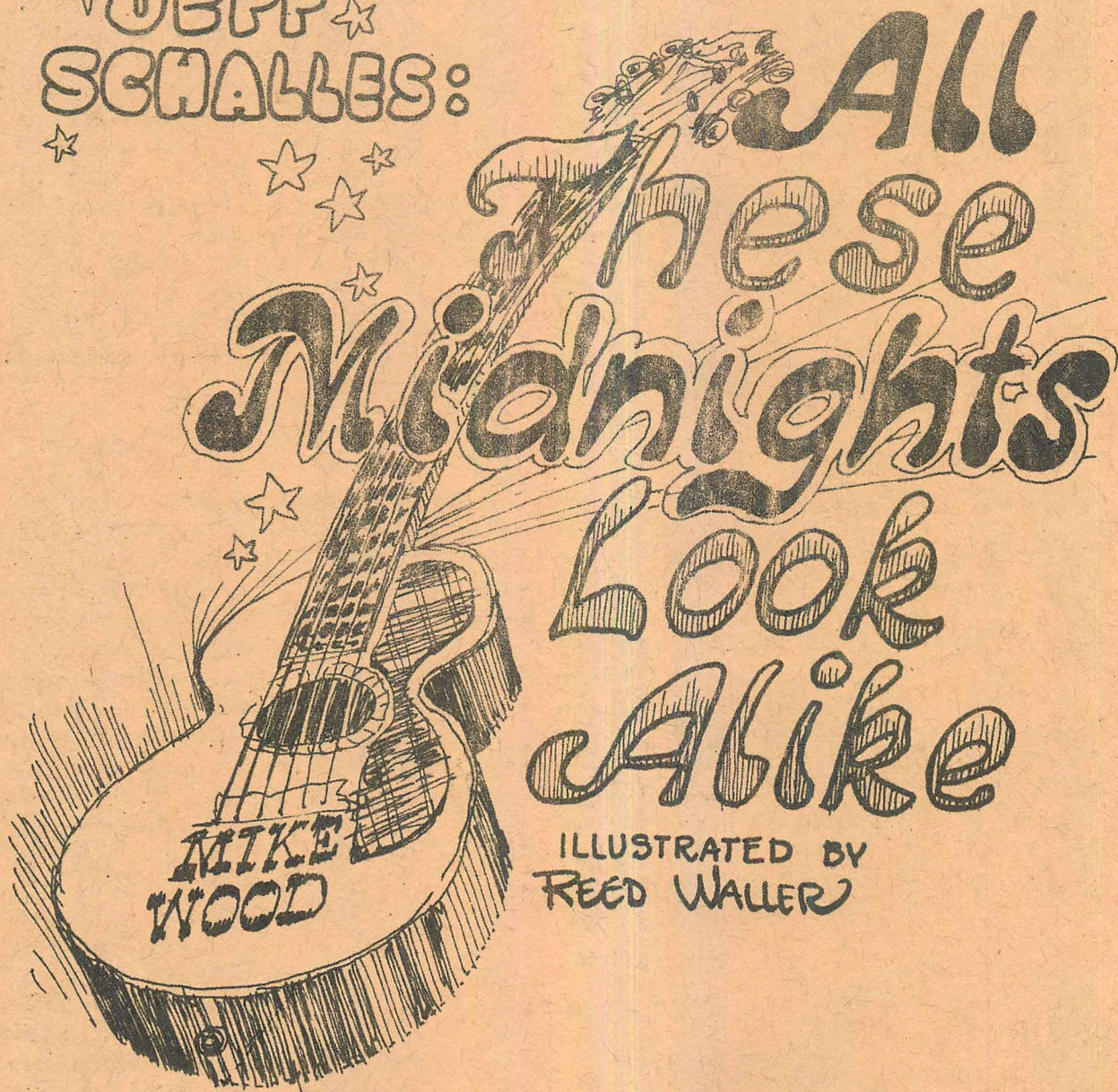


I spoke with far too many people at Suncon to mention them all here, but I enjoyed seeing them. There were new people (to me) like Candi Massey who delighted me with some very funny stories, stories which also very DNQ I'm afraid; and David Klaus who surprised me with stories of a revived St. Louis fandom and who stunned me by being familiar with my fanzines and writings. I saw friends like Stu Shiffman who decorated my name badge while wearing an orange hat; Lynn Cohen who threw another great party; and Frank Lunney who mumbled about doing a fanzine again during a weak moment. These are only a few of those who helped fill my Suncon with fun and laughter.

The bus ride was worth it.

+ Terry Hughes +

★ JEFF ★
SCHALLER: ★
★



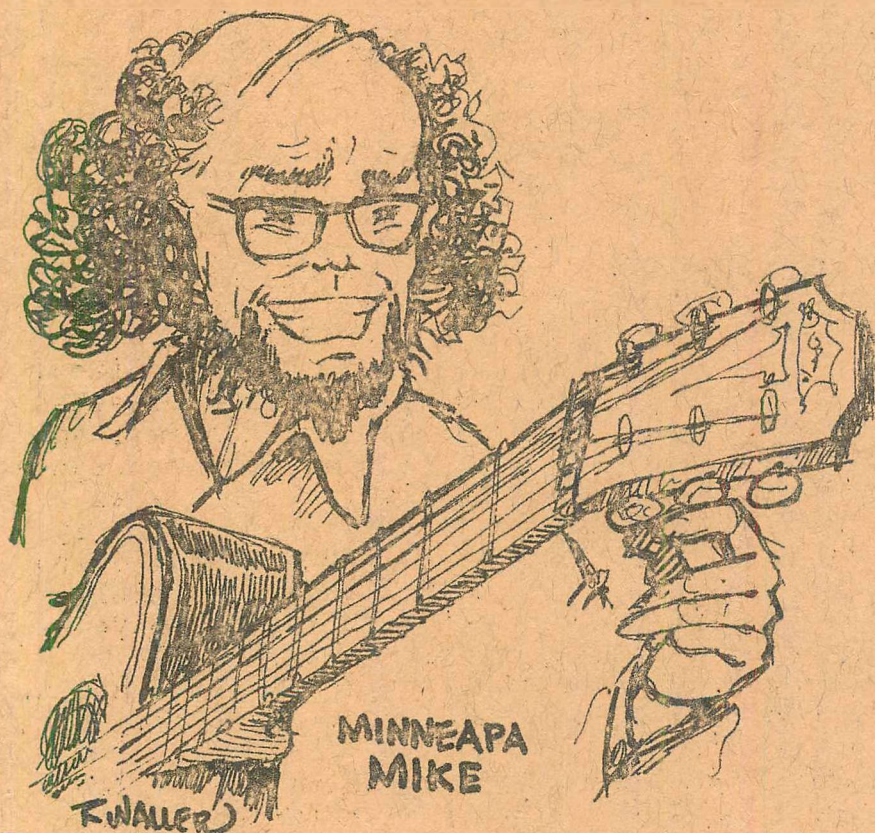
ah-- This perception of events flashing by, I've been taking them in, moment by moment, waking and sleeping, these human encounters with that one true underlying basic reality, filed away within some incredible system of check point and counter-check point, lurking caverns, short circuited, vedgitatively streaming, often overloaded memory banks. Ecstatic flashes without letup, continuously cross-referencing associating mechanisms; and the occasional wild card. A system defining itself from within, constantly enjoying a lively conversation with itself, the universe, the local flora and fauna, intelligent, hopelessly fannish, or otherwise. Usually I begin a piece of fanwriting by describing where I am and what I'm doing at the moment, somewhere out in the country (the most likely), possibly but not necessarily in Pennsylvania, hiking or working on racing bicycles or painting someone's house, or maybe something really bizarre, like driving a test car for a tire company. By the time you read this, though, I'll have already passed on, probably more than once even. You see.

Actually, though, what I am really trying here is to rewrite this piece I wrote last summer which Terry Hughes recently (sort of) returned to me,

suggesting that I bury it or rewrite it or something. It begins, now, with me telling the reader about cruising around, underwater, in the Quality Court Central pool last Midwestcon, evading the chaos game or the CIA or something, popping up for air and wondering abstractedly how come for once the song that Mike Wood and assorted Other Filksingers were filksinging caught my attention, rather than being set back into the general hubub of things that go on at today's modern conventions. Suddenly it came to me. You know, one of those galvanic flashes of pure, correctly functioning memory, going back four long years of fannish wanderings, back to 1972 sometime, in one of the early RAPS mailings. A line from a mailing comment I made to Morris Keesan, sort of a time-binding, slant consciousness concept that was bounding around my ~~bit~~ ~~expanded~~ mind at the time. I was a junior in college that year, I had a mimeograph (an A.B. Dick 92) in my dorm room and everything, and what I said in the mc was -- are you ready? All eleven words of it now:

When it's midnight in Grove City, it's nine in L.A.

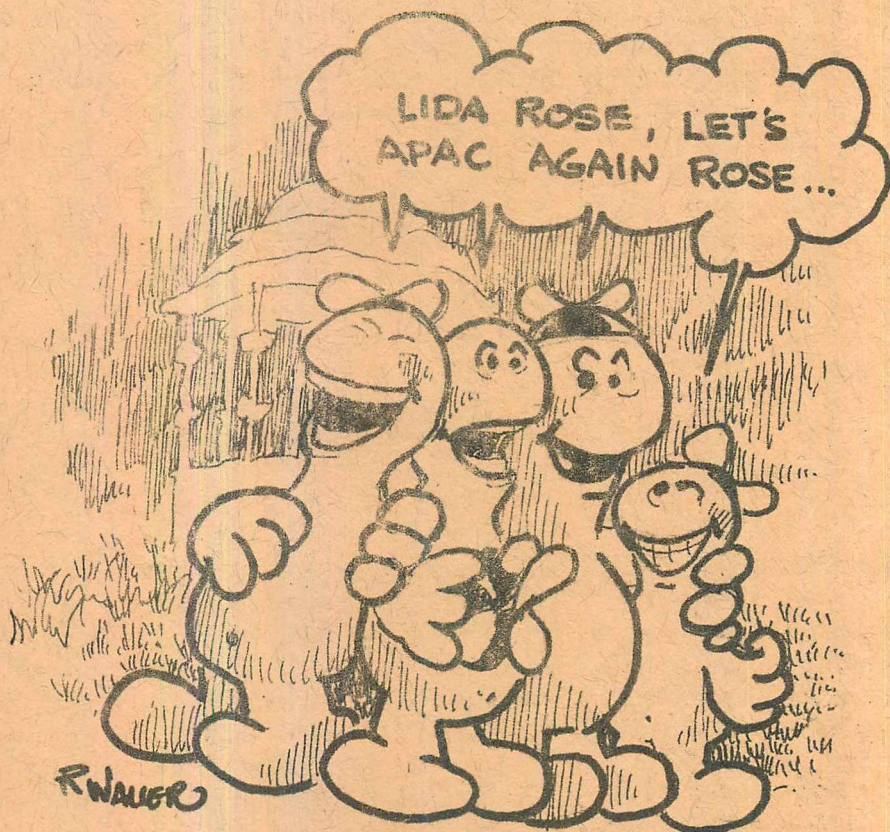
For some reason, Mike Wood, who is quite normal in most other respects (I guess) picked up on the line. He excitedly mc'd in the next mailing that he was writing a song around it, and that he already had the music for it in his head, or at least the rhythm, or something. I've often been working around other people, with some song or another running through my head, and suddenly been flipped out when someone else within earshot begins whistling the same song, in tempo, which probably has nothing at all to do with this. Anyway in the January 1974 mailing of APA 45 Mike published his completed masterpiece. It was all about this inebriated fan in Pennsylvania falling off his bar stool while wishing he was on the west coast where he'd have three more hours of partying ahead of him. It was my last year in that apa and I'd already been out of RAPS for a while, so I more or less forgot the whole thing, as the cosmic events of the ensuing years unfolded themselves before me.



How visionary and time-binding all this is, though, comes to light when I add that Grove City, the small Western Pennsylvanian town where Grove City College resides, has yet to repeal prohibition. Pennsylvania has local option of this strange puritanical appendage, and there have been no bars in Grove City for many long years. Not one. So at the time Mike Wood was having his vision, he was more or less premature.

I don't actually know what it all means, really now. I have always been one to keep a low profile in fandom, subtlety

my main password, and am probably best known around fandom (if at all) as having at one time produced a large number of illos, cartoons some called them, for the fanzines. An extraordinary number, actually, in the magnitude of 400 per year for a four year period. I flooded the mails with them. Now (when I draw maybe four or five per annum, if I push myself) I am amused to see one or two Original Schalles Classics pop up in CRAP-TOFANNY or SMUDGE QUARTERLY or whatever. I thought myself very clever at the time I was doing them, of course, though only a few out of the whole trip might be worth publishing someday in an individual issue of somebody's fanzine.



Anyway, back to Midwestcon 1976. Mike, when I cornered him later that day, claimed that the song had become a regular part of his repertoire, and that a lot of other people sort of knew it, which flipped me right O-U-T, and still does on the occasions that it slides into my ongoing mental disc jockey mechanism. It scares me sometimes when I'm off guard that there are so many fans -- not that there is anything wrong per se with the current number of personae coming in on the fannish wavelengths (fandom anticipated the Cbers glut, a related 1970's media phenomenon, by some years) -- but I get this little flash at times that there is someone out there, some fan who I've never heard of or met, who knows (or at least thinks he knows, or thinks he thinks he knows) Something About Me. It's a strange new feeling, oddly disquieting sometimes; something that cannot quite be defined and, moreover, probably should not be.

Some people, of course, know quite a bit about me, if they've been getting enough different fanzines and been keeping up on their fannish reading and so on, and I'm willing to bet that most of you who fit this category who are present, but who were not members of APA 45 in January of 1974 and who haven't been out ~~scribbling~~ filksinging lately, have read this far and probably won't mind actually seeing the song itself, and maybe are even anxiously awaiting it. So here goes, in 9/8 with a Country Western feel:

In a bar in Pennsylvania sat a man all sad and blue
'Cause the fun was just beginning and the nite was almost thru
Wishing he was on the West Coast where he'd have three hours more
To get drunk and live it up like before.

And just before he fell to the floor I heard him say,
"When it's midnite in Grove City, it's nine in L.A."

Got me thinkin' of a California girl I once had known
Thot I'd see how she was doin', so I called her on the 'phone.
I said, "Hi -- do you remember me from back in '68?
And I'm sorry that I'm callin' so late."

But then she said to me, "Never mind the time of day;
When it's midnite in Grove City, it's nine in L.A."

"How are things out west? Are the skies all brite and clear?
Think I'd like to come and see you, 'cause it's awful dark back here."

Then she said, "I'm kinda busy -- I don't know what I could do --
If you came out here I couldn't really spend that much time with you.
Yes, I know you're feelin' lonely, and that ain' no fun to be,
But I don't think you could change things with me."

"And I've got a date tonite, so goodbye -- I cannot stay,
When it's midnite in Grove City, it's nine in L.A."

So I stay in Pennsylvania, and each nite I hit the bars
And I listen to the music of the drums and the guitars.
And sometimes the guys will gather, and we'll talk of friends we know
Far away, where we wish we could go.

They turn their faces east, but I look the other way --
When it's midnite in Grove City, it's nine in L.A.

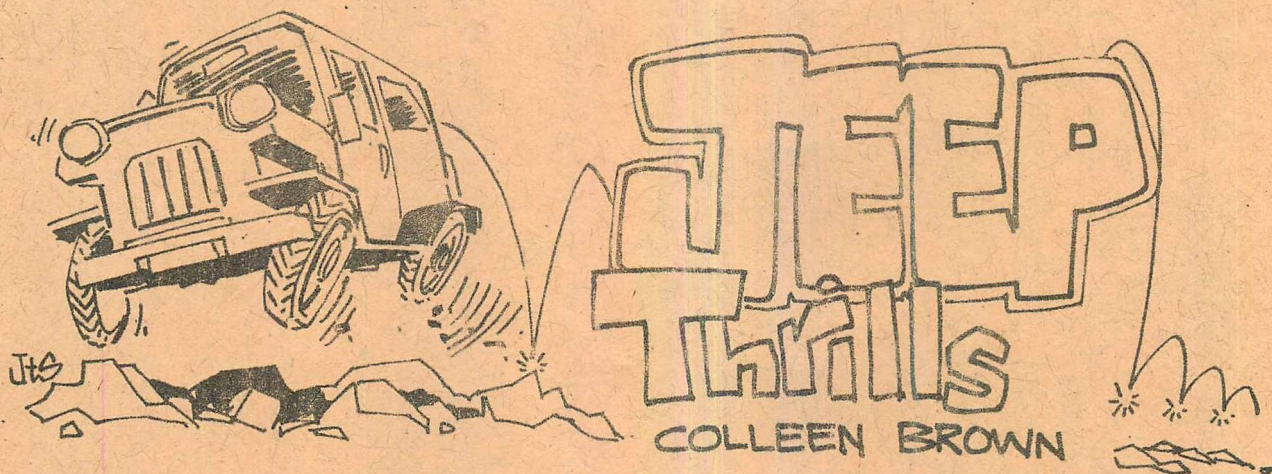
Sensawonda, if this isn't the feeling, then we're all in the wrong business.
Egoboo is the feedback, every fan exists for it and sooner or later gets
his share or quits. Amazing, though, that this egoboo substance seems able
to multiply all by itself, is greater than the conceivable whole, and the
more you throw out, the more that bounces back at you. Just remember now:
When it's midnight in Grove City, it's eleven in the morning in Tibet.
And would the gentleman with the guitar please get out of my head for
a while and let me get some sleep? Thank you. Goodnight.

+ Jeff Schalles +

Some people just can't stay in one spot for very long, particularly the
fans on my mailing list. Here are some address changes:

Alyson Abramowitz, 5334 Beeler St., Pittsburgh, PA 15217
Ross Chamberlain, 90 Pinehurst Ave., #6F, New York, NY 10033
Ray Davis, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041
Calvin Demmon, 10503 Western Ave., #201, Downey, CA 90241
Tom Foster, 502 N. Avalon, West Memphis, AR 72301
Dave & Mardee Jenrette, Box 680741, Miami, FL 33168
Don Markstein, 1005 Willow, Austin, TX 78702
Tom Perry, P.O. Box 2134, Boca Raton, FL 33432
Jon Singer, 1540 W. Rosemont, #3E, Chicago, IL 60660
Jim Turner, 1424 South Pacific Ave., Kelso, WA 98626
Ben Zuhl, 7660 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago, IL 60626

Dan Steffan is back in the area and can be reached c/o Ted White,
1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046



Everyone writes trip reports; what they've seen, what they've done, who or whom they've talked to, what it means to them. Surely, I said, I can think of something different to write about. Nope... here's a trip report by Colleen Brown which, hopefully, some will find entertaining; others most assuredly have my consent to yawn, toss it aside, exclaiming, "Another trip report!", and still others may find it mildly pleasant reading.

I'd been to the Midwest once (not counting flying over it twice) for the Worldcon in Kansas City. We were in a hurry to get there and get home; we didn't stop much along the way, except ever so briefly at Terry and Craig Hughes' farm in Windsor, which was enjoyable.

I travelled there again with the Hughes Boys to visit Claudia Parish in Columbia, MO. Terry and Craig were going to sift through their childhood, pack some of it, and bring it back to Arlington; Alicia and I were along for the ride. On the 20-hour ride, we were entertained by duets from the Hughes', sometimes even solos.

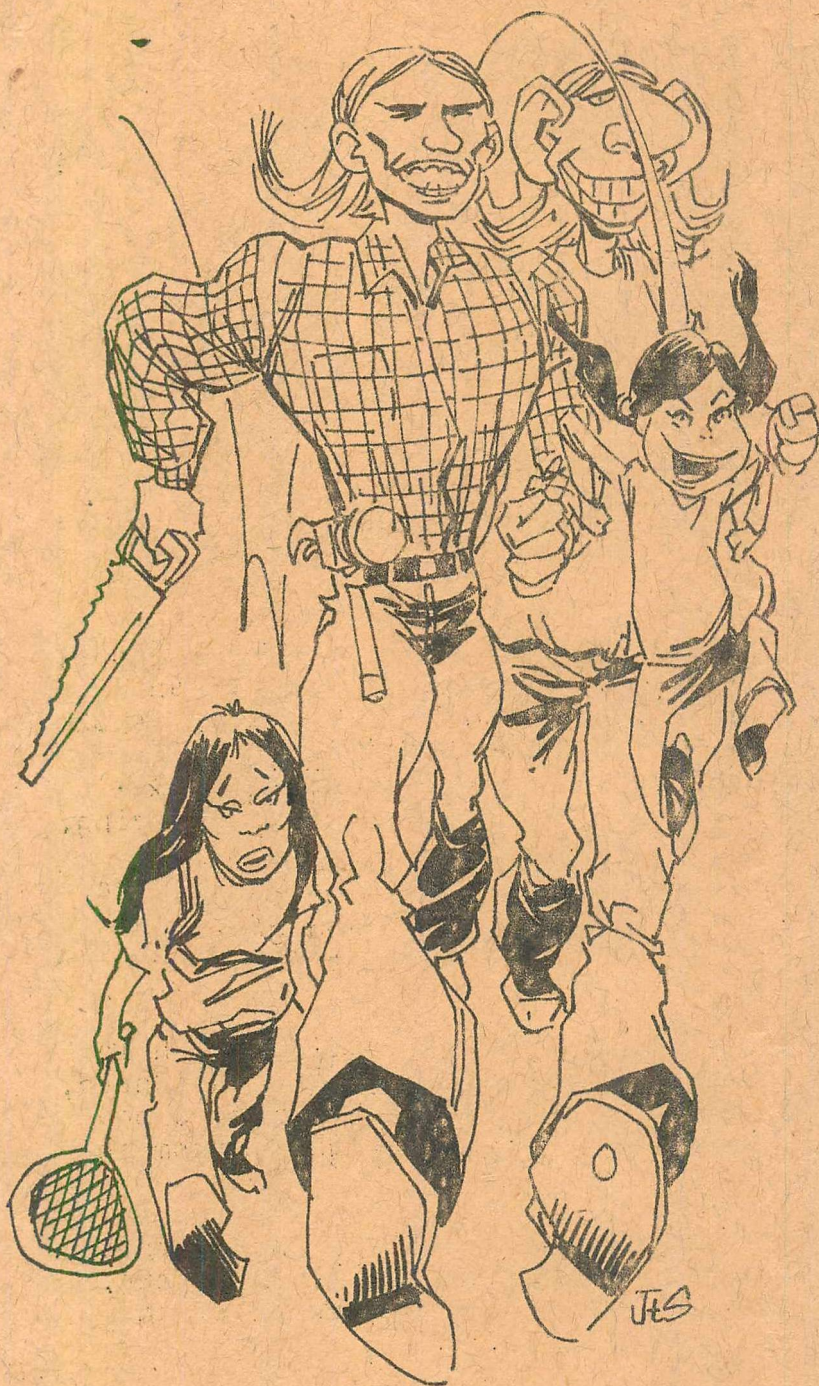
"Is something wrong with your engine?" inquired Alicia after one of these duets. Alicia is a young, none-too-tactful, often irrepressible critic. "Sounds a bit like your violin playing, Alicia," I responded. I am an older, none-too-tactful, often irrepressible critic.

Still bouncing, stiff legged, deaf and excited, we arrived in Columbia close on to dark. Alicia bounded up the stairs, legs akimbo, yelling out Claudia's name for the world to hear. Every neighbor and passerby knew Claudia was having company that night.

"We're here," I said, just in case anyone might miss: one jumping-jack child, one smiling almost 6' carpenter (Craig) with a slightly hoarse voice, one 6' unemployed bum (Terry) with a shit-eating grin and a slightly hoarse voice and, bringing up the rear, one short, disabled, deaf tennis bum (myself).

We were a hardy crew.

After a long journey, it was most pleasant to be greeted with effusive hugs, kisses, and several curious and friendly meows. Despite our be-draggled and bewildered appearances, we (minus Alicia) managed to stay up half the night bewildering our most gracious hostess. Terry and Craig, in a rare seizure of timidity, declined to repeat their duets of the day.



Terry and Craig left early the next morning to continue their trip home. Alicia and I were left with a week's worth of adventure ahead of us. Suffice it to say that we had a wonderful time; we played till the sun went down and talked it back up... But one particular day stands out in my mind from the trip. It was a day to end all days. (I think someone's said that before too.) It didn't start out that brilliantly. We woke late. We (Claudia, Claudia's roommate MaryLou (hereinafter known as ML), Alicia and myself) were going to visit ML's home in Bowling Green, a town about 90 miles northwest of St. Louis. ML and Claudia had borrowed a car from a friend for the occasion. After hurriedly packing some necessities for an overnight visit, ML went to pick up the car. We threw ourselves and our necessities into the vehicle and were ready to vroom away. Unfortunately, our vehicle didn't feel it was quite ready. Half an afternoon later, with gears shifting properly, and ice cream cones in hand, we started on our journey; along windy lanes and over hills and through some dales, we arrived at ML's home.

Introductions. ML's father is a handsome, gently humorous, well-known Missouri lawyer. He endeared himself to Alicia by arguing her case for staying up later than 10 p.m. that

night. Alicia lost the case. Typical case of deaf justice. ML's sister seems to be a popular, cheerleader-type adolescent and ML's brother a very good-looking, likeable teenager.

Before I was able to catch my breath, or straighten out my legs, Alicia the irrepressible begged, "Let's go swimming." As often happens in these battles between Alicia's will and my tired body...we clambered into a Scout Jeep to go swimming. I have never ridden in a Scout Jeep before. For those of you who have ridden in jeeps before, you may want to skim this part. For Alicia and me it was new and novel and exciting. Alicia and I climbed in the back; Claudia was driving and ML giving directions. I watched Alicia's light frame bounce up and down for several feet -- we swayed and the world swirled. The wind pushed against our bodies, hurtling us back into the corners of the jeep. Laughing and holding onto each other, bumping, sway-

ing, we screamed for more. Urging our harrassed driver on, we careened our way toward the lake, over bumpy roads, through densely covered fields, when suddenly before us was a ditch, which Claudia jumped magnificently.

ML suggested, upon arrival, that we should go around to the other side of the lake as the side we had arrived at was swampy looking, filled with green and brown slimy things.

"Okay," exclaimed Alicia and I in one breath, our minds filled with the prospect of yet another ride.

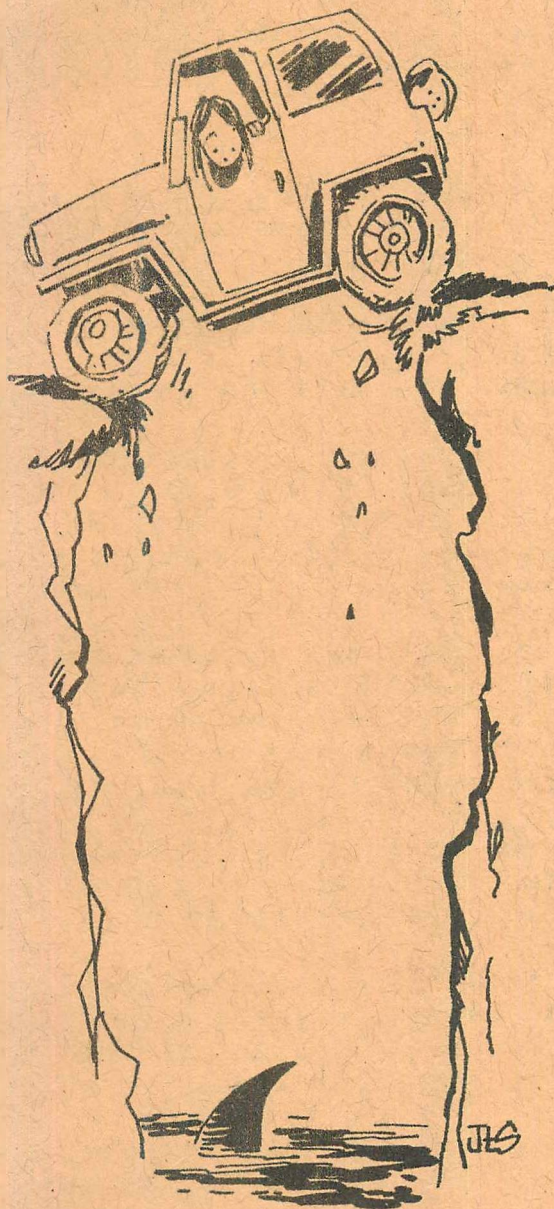
"You're kidding!?" exclaimed Claudia.

We boarded the jeep for another adventure. Unfortunately, the Scout was not up to another jump; it decided that one was enough and two was taking advantage of its noble structure -- so it stopped, depositing us in the middle of the ditch, its front and back wheels hanging precariously over the edges, its body barely straddling the breach.

After futile attempts to convince the Scout to come out of the ditch, we abandoned it to walk back to the house. ML led the way muttering to herself about machines and scrap iron. The Scout was not intimidated; it stayed right where it was.

Alicia ran after ML, with Claudia and yours truly bringing up the rear. Somehow, I could not look at it as a disaster; I hadn't had a chance to see the farm or the surrounding country closely.

Claudia and I walked through some woods and came to a hill. We climbed the hill, chattering away. We both looked up to see where we had wandered to: we were standing at its summit. Stretched before us was an impressionists' dream, a slide through the green spectrum, a fast run through pastel blues, a quick lob into stark white, and just within sight were the reds scaling down to streaks of pale yellow, warning us of impending might-fall. Gasping at the assault of color to the eyes, shapes formed within the



spectrum of the greens to become mountains, hills, knolls, and then trees heavy with the Midwestern-summer humidity; the blues faded in and out with no attention paid to schematics, dotted by puffs and blotches of stark white; the white blending occasionally into and often with the magic glows of a falling sun, spinning tales of wonder and magic with every encounter. I heard Claudia murmur, "Missouri," beside me.

Obviously subliminal Midwestern PR; no tall buildings to obscure the gentle curves of land, no bellows of toxic smokestacks to compete with or assume the guise of spatial clouds, and where were the antennae of wireless communications?

Still.....

"Mom! Claudia! You guys are going the wrong way!" Alicia boomed at us. "The house is the other way!" Smiling to ourselves, we took her hands and started skipping back.

ML's brother, the good-looking and likeable teenager, turned out to be remarkably ingenious as well: he was able to retrieve our errant Scout with a leash of chain and an eight-cylinder car.

After a hurriedly eaten dinner, Claudia, ML, Alicia and I decided to embark on yet another joy-ride in the rescued Scout. Duchess, who I neglected to mention in the introductions, is a large, beautiful, black, coasting-down-the-prime-of-life Labrador and she jumped in with us, to our surprise and merriment.

My merriment was somewhat abated when Duchess, in complete disregard for confined space and the laws of gravity, chose to occupy the same area as my big toe and insisted on testing the aforementioned appendage's resiliency with as-yet-unchoreographed dance steps. My annoyance was quickly overcome by her open friendliness, a large slurping tongue and well-formed teeth.

We cruised into town. Scout wanted us to enjoy the town and stopped rather perfunctorily at stop lights and long and lingeringly at busy intersections. Townspeople encouraged us with cries of: "Get a horse!"

The Scout took obvious offense to this as we approached a hill. No amount of apologies, encouragements, or blandishments would convince this vehicle that over the horizon at the top of the hill it would have a much-earned rest. The Scout stopped dead three-quarters of the way up.

Claudia, ML, Alicia, Duchess, and I looked backwards. Thoughts of roller coasters floated in our minds.

Could we dodge parked cars on our way down?

What about those specks of moving objects at the bottom?

Surely centrifugal force and gravity, working together, would negate the need for safety belts and keep us in our seats?

ML murmured softly, "I'm scared." ML was driving. Duchess whined. I did both, adding a whimper to the proceedings.

Claudia, this afternoon's experience with Scout under her belt, calmly said, "Use the brake!"

ML did a superb job maneuvering us down; I cannot give a better description of it as something landed in my eye when we started down and did not dislodge itself until I heard an ecstatic, "We did it!" After a moment to catch our breath and to regroup our wits, we continued on another course to the river.

I now know why it's named the muddy Mississippi. The water is almost brown; the magic of starlight and the mystery of moonlight did not alter the sight of human refuse in the river.

Alicia and I tried to walk closer to the river's edge, but we were beaten back by the attack of greedy mosquitoes. We contented ourselves with listening to the lapping water and spun tales of adventure and excitement -- dreams of lazily sailing down the Mississippi, eating crayfish and basking in sunlight, with never-ending new lands to explore.

Then, from the shadows of the surrounding trees, over the embankment separating us from the river, a small furry paw appeared. It extended itself gingerly at first, and then another paw quickly followed; a head, shoulders, a torso and tail whipped into sight. There, standing on the embankment, silhouetted by moonlight, was a cat 70 centimeters long. We dubbed it Swamp Cat. It swaggered past us, scrawny, scarred by countless battles, tawny, eyes glowing amber. Duchess would have none of this romantic idiocy and chose to try and make its acquaintance. Before any possible misunderstandings could occur between these two, we decided to head home.

The trip home was unmarred by any more of Scout's eccentricities. We glided home in starlight and silence.

Alicia was sleepy.

+ Colleen Brown +

The electro stencils for this issue were made by Linda Bushyager (1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076). I recommend her service, so if you need electrostencils made, contact Linda for her rates.

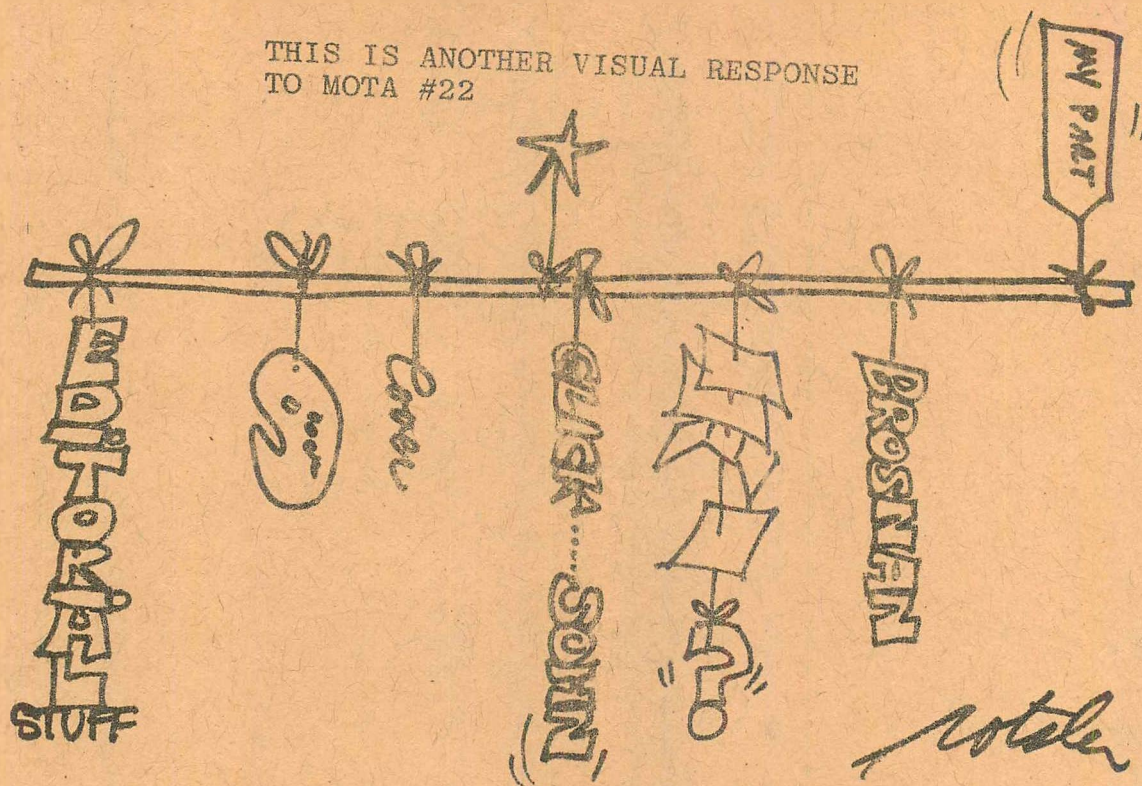
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In future issues of MOTA: Bob Shaw will write about a convention he went to. Ben Zuhl will tell a secret about Mike Glicksohn. Gary Deindorfer will give out suggestions for sf stories. Harry Bell will tell us what to do with a cat. Charles Burbee will write about Laney. Bruce Telzer will tell his ice cream story. All this and more. Including "The Black Triangle!" a comic strip written and illustrated by John Brosnan that will be reprinted if John fails to make his blackmail payment on time. So write your letters of comment today.

* * *

In keeping with this classified ad flavor, the editor wishes to trade genuine Jefferson-head nickels for five-dollar bills, on a one for one basis. No need to write first, just send your \$5. Please include SASE.

THIS IS ANOTHER VISUAL RESPONSE
TO MOTA #22



WILLIAM ROTSLER
P.O. Box 3126
Los Angeles, CA 90028

No kidding, though, Terry, the issue was...
was...uh...it was an excellent example of fan-
nish, uh...your mimeography was fine and your
electrostencils nifty...all in all, I think
your latest effort lived right up to my expect-

tations of Virginia fandom. You just need some raunchy filthy nudes to
liven up your pages: something like a femme doing something unspeakable
with a rolled up MOTA, or John Berry performing an unnatural act with the
latest AMAZING, or Joe Haldeman posed provocatively on a bed of vintage
ASTOUNDINGS, or Dan Steffan rampant on the shield of dialect materialism.
Something like that.

* TH: How about a photo study of John Ryder Hall using his Capt. S.P. *
* Meek SF Award to enter hyper-space? Excuse me while I try to figure *
* out who you include in Virginia fandom and just what your expectations*
* of those individuals are... *

GINA CLARKE
9 Bancroft St.
Aylmer E., P.Q.
Canada J9H 4N1

Mike Glicksohn should only be glad he didn't get di-
vorced 20 years ago. He thinks it's bad now?!

Back then you could only get a divorce if you could
prove adultery. A condition which kept alive a host
of private eyes. You didn't really think private eyes
went around solving murders, did you? What they did was lurk about motels
with loaded cameras and burst into rooms when the sound effects seemed
propitious. They usually knew where and when to lurk, because they'd set
it up themselves, even to hiring the 'co-respondent'. A farce, but the
charade had to be performed and then written up and supported by affidavits
and photos. In those days, too, the judges knew that everybody in the
court and for miles around was lying, but still they solemnly examined the
evidence, never commenting on the apparent inroads into the ranks of re-
spectable married men made by a handful of half-dressed blondes.

Actually, if you really want to know, there were other grounds. Not often

used, and small wonder. Take the case of the poor, hollow-eyed farm wife who came into the law office where I worked and started proceedings after catching her husband in flagrante delicto with a cow. The senior partners in the firm immediately relegated the case to the junior lawyer, a plump, flush-faced young man who, whenever you said a casual thanks to him for handing you a pencil or something, half-bowed and said solemnly, "You're very welcome," as he turned another shade redder. His parents were Jewish immigrants, who labored long and hard on their farm so that their sons might move up in the world. The oldest was a scrap dealer. The next, attaining a higher degree of respectability, owned a clothing store. And Eddie, our hero, was going to make the ultimate breakthrough and be a *lawyer*. If it killed him.

(Not only that, but he married a *doctor*, thus occasioning one of my classic faux-pas. Eddie's parents were in the office one day, in their old clothes, manure on their boots, all bent and weatherbeaten and worn, talking in their heavy accent about how their wonderful daughter-in-law the doctor was going to branch out into some specialty and become a ... I couldn't make out the last bit, so I beamed back at them and said, very loudly -- as one does, you know, to furriners you can't understand -- "which doctor?")

Anyway, poor Eddie did the preliminary interview with the distraught wife and then he dictated the sordid details in appropriate legalese to his middle-aged secretary. ("...I did enter the aforesaid barn and there I did see the aforesaid defendant, suspended by his hands from a rafter...") (Makes a wonderful picture, but I should have thought that standing on the milking stool...owell.) Then he went down to the courthouse on the appointed day and read this aloud, and conducted a public call-and-response with his client, before the assembled court officials, private eyes, half-dressed blondes and alienated couples. I was afraid the poor man would expire of terminal blush.

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The COAs were surprisingly well done this issue. Definitely one of the best COA columns I've seen in a fanzine this year -- how you keep turning out COAs of such high quality is a mystery to me. Great work, Terry.

How come Mike Glicksohn doesn't write more articles, huh? Not that I have anything against his letterhacking, which is generally right nice -- he's almost the best in the business -- but he's a fine writer. Has he ever considered doing his own zine? As for the lettercol, where was the latest installment in the continuing story of Chuch Harris? Has his lovely bride finally left him for a life of sin with the mysterious Mr. Tucker? Will he ever meet Shirley MacLaine? Etc.?

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The letter column was too short but good, in spite of the contribution from that perennial (or do I mean hardy annual?) sex-fiend Chuch Harris. I can see Harris' little game. Not only does he want a starship named after him, but he wants a personal introduction to the Great Man. This must be stop-

ped. Can you imagine the effect on a clean-limbed, clear-eyed, highly moral and thoroughly good person like Bob Tucker if he was to meet a man who, among other things, served in the same ship as the Duke of Edinburgh? It would not stop with the naming of a starship, there would be secret trips back into time and we would find ourselves reading The Harris Hunters and the Year of the Quiet Chuch and like that. Be warned.

Then there is the "Death of a Fan" piece by Ted White (contents page) and Gary Deindorfer (under the article title). The last time I met Ted White was during a motorcade tour of County Down. He was in the Willis car with Madeleine and Walter, wearing a green raincoat and a black beret which, two years later, would have gotten him shot, while Terry and Carol Carr, Peggy and myself were in mine, singing The Gondoliers. Did I mention that Peggy is in Gilbert and Sullivan fandom and is a chorus girl in the parish fan group? To be quite truthful, we didn't all sing -- I can't sing and, what's more, I can prove it. But I was able to help with the orchestral twiddly bits. However, having checked carefully with the Willises and Peggy, I can assure you that there was no Gary Deindorfer present, either as an acting, and singing Duke of Plaza Toro, or as a black-bereted Provisional IRA man displaced in time. Is there something being kept hidden from me about Ted White and Gary Deindorfer? Are they creatures, pseudo-living constructs, perhaps, of Charles Randolph Harris? I lie asleep for hours every night not worrying about things like that.

After this, let's keep how much I enjoy Mota a closely-guarded secret between the two of us.

* TH: G*ry D**nd*r*f*r (Ted White) should never be confused with Gary Dein- *
 * dorfer (Gary Deindorfer); the article was written by the former. Mr. *
 * Harris had nothing to do with the piece and claims to have been in Ms. *
 * MacLaine's bedroom on the evening in question. *

TOM PERRY
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Jim Turner's letter baffles me. Where did I condemn Heinlein for being old? It seems to me that Jim is doing Heinlein the injustice here: however old he may be, he is quite capable of expressing his opinions -- so why do Jim and others

(such as Terry Jeeves recently in ERG) constantly deny that what Heinlein has said over and over, in speeches and editorials as well as through his protagonists in his fiction, represents his true thoughts? The only way I can make any sense of this is to remember something Creath Thorne said last winter -- that Heinlein, like Hemingway, has become in a sense one of his own fictional heroes, with all the tragic dissociation from reality that that implies. Is this what Turner means when Jim says that despite Heinlein's words in Kansas City he doubts "that Heinlein at his worst really thinks WWIIII would be good for the race"?

I suppose a case could be made for such an argument -- that Heinlein is willing to say something he doesn't believe in order to hype the sales of his books -- though I retain enough shreds of respect for the man to believe he believes what he says he does. But such an argument seems like an exercise in futility, resembling philosophies that conclude that the world is an illusion that we must treat as reality. It was Willis who pointed out in the early sixties, when everyone was speculating over whether Heinlein meant what he said in STARSHIP TROOPERS, that to maintain that he didn't was like saying that the Odyssey was written not by Homer but by another poet of the same name. Has Turner read MOTHER NIGHT?

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In 'Bloody Con' Tom Perry combines everything that I value and admire most about fan writing. The article is very personal: from it I get the feeling that I know this man (whereas Jim Turner, in a much more specifically autobiographical article, remains something of a mystery -- and I can't work out why: Jim is one of my favorite writers, as I've indicated, but I don't feel that I know him). Tom's article is fannish, most truly fannish, in the sense

that no one but a true fan could write an article that so perfectly reflects the humanity and comradeship and humour and intelligence and I'm-just-not-sure-what-else that is fandom as I know and love it. (Deindorfer -- or White -- is more typically 'fannish', but superficial.)

The one thing I admire most about 'Bloody Con' is Tom Perry's absolute fairness and honesty when he talks about Heinlein. If I had written this article I would have blasted Heinlein -- condemned him out of hand, with all the sarcasm I could muster. Tom didn't. What he said about Heinlein seems to be all that needs to be said, no more, no less. My memory may be at fault, but I think someone said of John Campbell, "We will remember him for what he did for science fiction, and forgive him for what he did to it." That's a pretty neat aphorism. Tom Perry is not an aphorist: he didn't say anything as neat as that about Heinlein. And I think that's what I like most about his article: he did not reduce Heinlein to an aphorism, but elevated him to his true stature -- the stature of a fellow human being, a man just like us, older and more gifted than most of us, perhaps more worthy of admiration and honour than we will ever be, and perhaps more influential, crankier and more conceited than we will ever be, but a man, for all that, no more, no less.

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I will be the first to admit that there is a superficial similarity between myself and John D. Berry. However, the likeness is not so pronounced that anyone who knows either of us would not make any mistake of identity for more than an instant. We both have long brown hair, but John keeps his neatly tied back while mine falls freely into my face. We both have beards, but mine is a mere wisp about my chin compared to John's full-faced wonder. We both wear wire-rimmed glasses, but the lenses are of different shapes, and mine are always covered with a thin film of grime. Thus, while there are similarities between us, they are vastly outweighed by differences.

It has been said that different people notice different things about conventions that they both go to, enough so that it can be said that they attended different conventions. (What has this to do with the above? Patience, patience, all will be clear in a moment.) Usually this has been meant in a figurative sense, but Tom Perry's MAC report proves that this is literally true: the MAC that Tom attended, if what he reports is true, cannot possibly be the MAC that I went to.

What basis do I have for saying this? The answer is relatively simple (and at last the apparently divergent threads of this letter come together). On page 18 of MOTA 21, in referring to the early morning hour of Sunday night, Tom says:

"About 5 a.m. Terry brought the 40-odd copies of MOTA that I would mail in England over to my room in the Dixon. Four of us -- me, Terry, John D. Berry (emphasis mine--ALB), and rich brown sat around for a while discussing the con."

It does not take a genius to figure out from my first paragraph and the underscoring in the above quote that somewhere along the line Tom must have mistook me for John Berry. For those people who lack the necessary spark of intelligence to come to this conclusion, I will say it outright. There were indeed four of us at that little gathering, but it was me, Alan L. Bostick, who was there, not John Berry. At the time this pleasant un-party was taking place, John was with the group of fans defying Mid-western morality by skinnydipping in the Muehlbach pool.

There is relatively little I can offer as proof for this assertion. YOU were there, Terry, so you ought to believe me, but you let the error pass, so I can only assume that you have fallen victim to what Jon Singer calls Synthetic Memory, the remembering of events that did not take place because others have convinced you that they did, and that you were there. I could hope that John Berry would correct the error himself, but he's off in the Frozen North working on a newspaper book review supplement. So, I must be a true Heinlein Survivor-type and tackle the situation myself, before I am forgotten to death.

The only real proof I can offer is an in-depth description of the episode Tom describes immediately prior to the gathering in question. I refer to the assembly by the swimming pool.

There was a large group of people there, in addition to those already cavorting in the pool. Trousers were being dropped right and left as enthusiastic souls hastened to join in the fun. I had wandered into the area, I think (but am not sure) with your group. Once there, I admired along with Tom and the rest the fans who were disrobing and jumping in. The young woman who said "Haven't you ever seen one before?" was none other than Susan Wood. I immediately rose to the occasion (no pun intended) and responded by saying "No, I must confess. I have never in my life seen a naked BNF before." To this, John Berry (who was right on hand at the time) said "Well, you're about to see another one!" as he removed his clothes.

There, of course, is the proof of what I have been saying, that it was me, not John, in Tom's room. (Wait a minute...that sounds rather degenerate. I'm not altogether sure that I want to set the record straight if that's the way the situation is going to be described. Maybe John and I should both own off, and claim it was Jerry Jacks.) For how could John be skinny-dipping and up in Tom's room at the same time? As I recall, the incident I describe above took place shortly before we all went over to the Dixon.

* TH: You're quite right, Alan, I should have caught that error in Tom's *
* conreport. However, I have been to enough conventions to know better *
* than to trust my memory on things like names, places, and dates. Tom *
* cannot be held entirely to blame because he does think Alan Bostick is *
* John Berry. At Suncon Alan came up to Tom and introduced himself as *
* John Berry. After Alan left I asked Tom if he remembered Alan and it *
* soon became obvious that Tom had taken Alan's introduction as John ser-*
* iously. I pointed out the folly of his thinking and Tom laughed at the *
* fine wit of Alan Bostick. (Tom swore me to secrecy about this matter, *
* but I already said I had a faulty memory.) For the remainder of Suncon, *
* Tom smiled and called Alan "John" every time he saw him. Considering *
* the frenzied pace of conventions, it is not surprising that some people *
* are mis-identified. Why at Suncon I kept mistaking Tom Perry for Sam *
* Moskowitz... *

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In no.22 the piece by John Brosnan was absolutely brilliant. I've always believed that if you want to write something funny it's no use trying to remember funny things that happened to you -- you only end up lamely saying, "Of course, you would need to have been there." The trick is to write

about the awful and depressing things that have happened to you, and -- human nature being what it is -- your readers will fall about. That being said, I believe I would have been too scared to try writing humourously about a thing like peeing blood, and I don't think I could have brought it off in any case. John Brosnan is definitely one of the most gifted writers we have in fandom today.

MIKE GLICKSOHN
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Brosnan's title is a delight and his article maintains that irreverent sense extremely well. John's earlier fame arose from his descriptions of problems he had with yet another long, skinny organ, his cancerous, rotting, decaying, corrupt and filthy nose and it's refreshing to see he

can sink even lower in his never-ending search for material for fanzine articles. (He's only one short step away from becoming the Dave Locke of his generation, from whence it's no distance at all over to the area that Dave Jenrette made famous. Take notes: there'll be a fanmanship quiz at the end of all this disgusting revelation of personal putrescence.)

Oodles of praise to the Joe Staton illustrations for John's piece. He hasn't really gotten very close to what John looks like (the figure in the drawings looks more like the archer who used to be in the Marvel comics) but he's certainly illustrated the incidents of the article delightfully.

In its disgusting and nauseating scatological fashion John's article is extremely enjoyable reading. I doubt there are too many other fanzines, especially not among your sercon crowd all full of book reviews and analyses of the influence of Count Dracula on the fiction of Robert Heinlein, where one can read about pissing blood and shitting through the side of one's neck. It's this sort of elevating scientific information that makes MOTA the fanzine all coprophiliacs subscribe to.

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By a happy coincidence the day MOTA 22 arrived was the same day that Agnes got back, with the trunk and all the latest news. I was especially pleased to hear that the kids are all OK and, even more especially, that the operation appears to have been a complete success. I know how painful they

can be and, of course, there was the added complications attendant upon yours. Still, great news indeed....when do they give you the final verdict? And when do we start addressing our letters to 'Miss'? (Or 'Ms.'?) George just came in, by the way, and asked if 'Hello Sailor' would be a suitable salutation. He's a wag, old George. You remember him of course (?)...he helped you up the gang-plank with your stuffed boa on your last trip. Yeah...he's a wag alright. Oh, and Dobbin thanks you very much for sending the smlerkes over via Agnes....he was a little concerned at you taking the chance with the Customs but was reassured when Agnes explained that prior to leaving she'd smoothed it into her ackendressartin and covered them all with her exertererlim. We'd all hate to be in your shoes if the ~~exiterer had disapproved~~ customs had asked what it did.

Anyway, all best from this side and, don't forget, don't let it out of the cellar.

* Ah, um, well now, Dave, you must excuse because...ah, you see, er, *
* it's time for the all-singing, all-dancing, full-color IAHF's: *

John Brosnan, Dave Cockfield, Joseph Nicholas, Jim Meadows III, Stephanie Oberembt, Bruce Townley, Martin Morse Wooster, Joyce Scrivner, Donald Legault, Paul Anderson, John Purcell, Wayne Keyser, Jim Hershberg, Tony Renner, Norman Hollyn, Barbara Geraud, David Travis, Todd Goldberg, Nancy Goeke, Harry Warner, Jr., George Flynn, Mary Long, Harry J.N. Andruschak, Joni Stopa, Neil Kvern, O.M. Kvern, Brian Earl Brown, M.K. Digre, William Gibson, Ed Chambers, Owen Hanner, and Dave Rowe. Thanks to all!

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A day without mail
is like a day without mail.



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