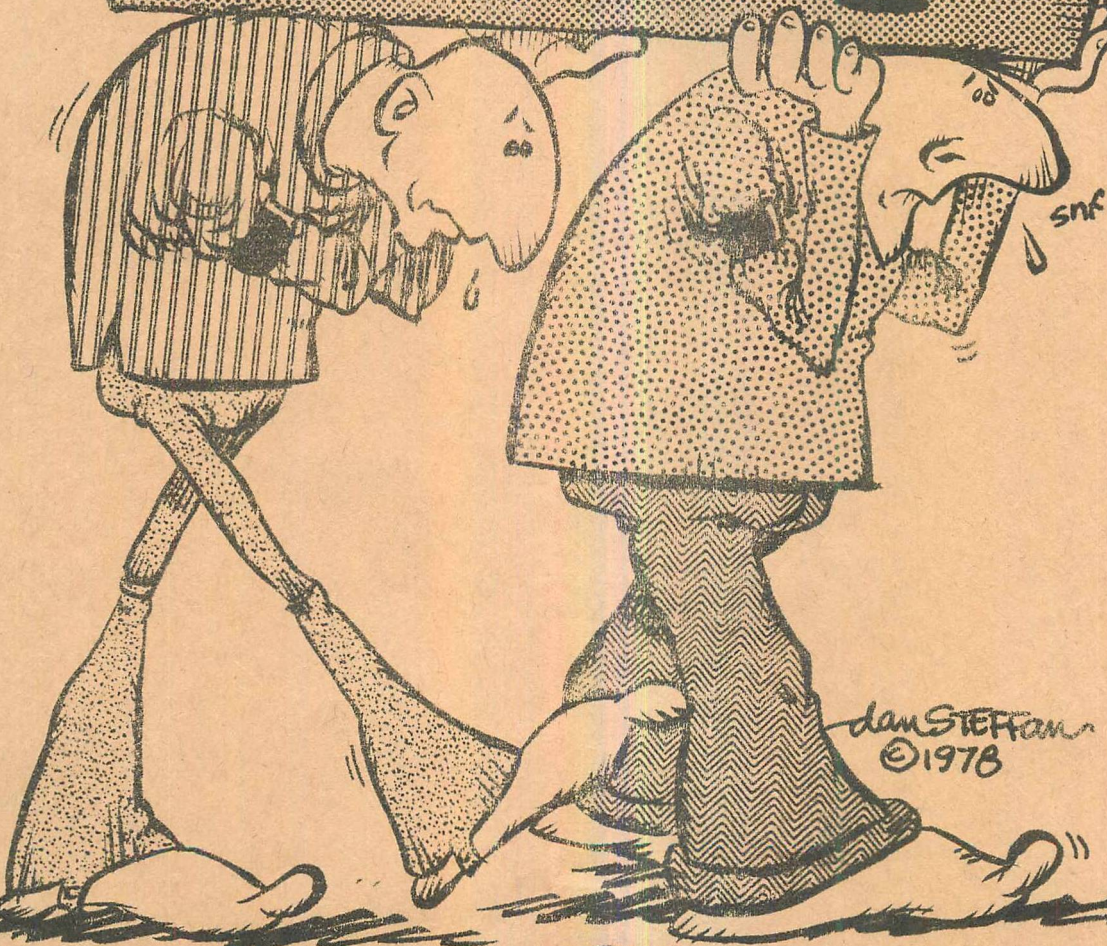
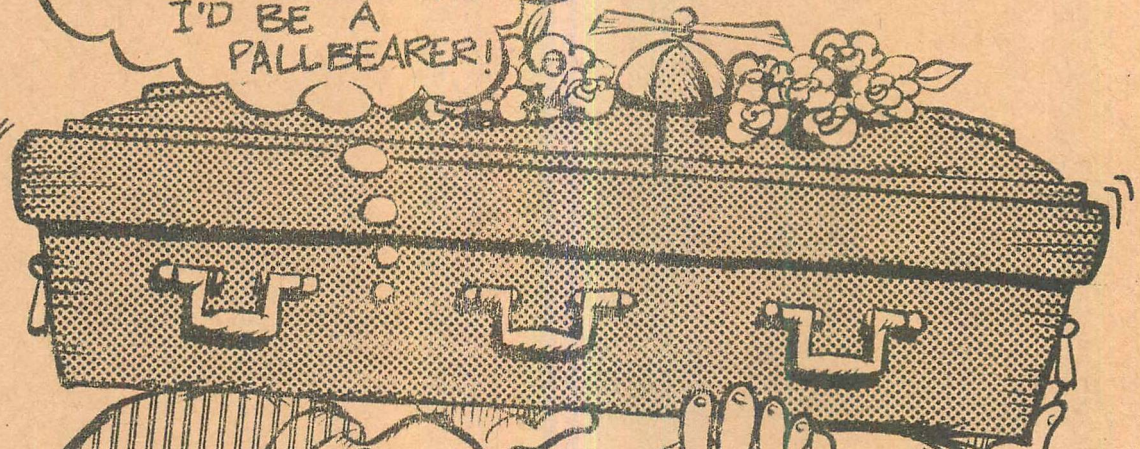
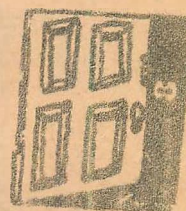


MOTA

SHEESH!
I OFTEN THOT
THAT THINGS LIKE
STAR TREK, THE MAN
FROM ATLANTIS and
STARLOG MAGAZINE
MIGHT BE THE DEATH
OF FANNISHNESS—
BUT I NEVER THOT
I'D BE A
PALLBEARER!



dan STEFFAN
©1978



HUGHES?
THAT
YOU,
HUGHES?

The last time I wrote a book review was when I cut the stencils for the very first issue of MOTA. At the time I felt that I had important things to say about some books and that first issue seemed like an excellent place to make some revelations. The main revelation turned out to be that I could write a book review column that was every bit as dreadful as those that can be found in most first issue fanzines. (This is something I try to bear in mind as I read the fresh new fanzines that reach me. I know that one day those fanzine editors will be every bit as embarrassed about such early efforts as I am.) By the time I was working on my second issue, I had already decided that my opinions on books would seem considerably more profound if I kept them to myself, because as long as I kept my mouth shut there was very little chance of getting my foot caught in it. I learned from my experiences and no longer discuss books. Nowadays I just express my not-so-profound thoughts on fanzines like the two recent fanthologies.

Before I delve into the topic, however, I should admit to being prejudiced in favor of fanthologies in general. I consider the idea of an anthology of the best fan writing of a given year to be worthwhile to both the fans of the time and to those who will encounter fanzine fandom later. When you consider that most fanzines have small circulation figures and that readership overlap between different fanzines frequently can be minimal (particularly with regard to fanzines from different countries), then it is obvious that such a collection may well contain skillfully written material that went unseen or unread by most of fandom. A fanthology gives everyone another chance and serves as a showcase for the many gifted writers in fandom. Yet there have been few of them actually published because in addition to being a great idea, fanthologies are also a great deal of work. On top of all the usual drudgery associated with doing a big, thick fanzine, the fanthologist has to go back through the fanzines published during the year under consideration and select the material to be reprinted. Ah yes, selecting the material. The editor can be assured of winning the affection of the fans whose material is included and angering the many fans who didn't make it but who thought they should have. Producing a fanthology is no easy undertaking and anyone who does it deserves a pat on the beanie.

Amazingly, 1977 saw the publication of two fanthologies: Bruce D. Arthurs came out with FANTHOLOGY 75 in the summer and Victoria Vayne published FANTHOLOGY 76 in the fall. Comparing fanthologies covering two consecutive years is more of a temptation than I can resist, but when I got down to the business of actually comparing them there were far fewer similarities than I had expected. The most startling fact about these two fanthologies is that no fan writer appears in both of them.

FANTHOLOGY 75 has reprinted material by Dainis Bisenieks, John Kusske (twice), John Brosnan, Dave Jenrette (twice), Mike Glicksohn, Donn Brazier, Jeff Schalles, Dave Locke (twice), Gene Wolfe, Mike O'Brien, Dave Hulan, Robert Bloch, D. Carol Roberts (art), Bill Fesselmeyer, Susan Wood, David Miller, Henry Holtzmann, Ed Cagle, James White, Phil Foglio (art), Bruce D. Arthurs (!), and Alexis Gilliland (new art). FANTHOLOGY 76 features Bob Shaw, Jim Barker (art), "J. P. Sartre", Taral Wayne MacDonald (art), Mark M. Keller, Harry Warner, Jr., Reed Waller (art), Linda Bushyager, Leroy Kettle (twice), Mae Strelkov, Lou Stathis, Aljo Svoboda, D. H. Carter, Bob Tucker, Dan Steffan (art), Don D'Amassa, Tom Perry, Grant Canfield (text and art), Bob Wilson, David Emerson, Lee Hoffman, and Alexis Gilliland (art). These are two impressive lists of fans. Yet, as you can see, only Alexis Gilliland is present in both volumes, each time as an artist -- the FANTHOLOGY 75 material was new while the FANTHOLOGY 76 art was reprinted. Most writers had only one piece chosen, although three times Bruce D. Arthurs selected two pieces by one person and Victoria Wayne did so once.

That no writer appears in both volumes does not mean that fan writers who were chosen failed to produce worthwhile pieces for the other year, instead it serves to show without doubt that Bruce D. Arthurs and Victoria V yne have differing ideas as to what constitutes the best fan writing of a given year. It is quite possible that they could have both covered the same year and had relatively few duplications of articles. It all boils down to a matter of personal taste. I know that both collections failed to include pieces and writers that I would have selected and both contained pieces that I would have omitted. Anyone would probably have a similar feeling unless s/he was the editor of the fanthology. For the most part though, I found the selections commendable. Both volumes contain a great deal of highly enjoyable reading material. The selections are heavily slanted toward the humorous and faanish, which is how I think it should be. I should point out that Victoria did include some serious articles, such as a discussion of the history and biology of a Poul Anderson novel and a review of a Reifenstal movie. Expect to laugh when you read these volumes and don't be disappointed that they are not made up of the best book reviews from the first issues published each year.

While no writer is represented in both collections, there is some duplication when it comes to sources. Both FANTHOLOGY 75 and FANTHOLOGY 76 chose material that originally appeared in RUNE, MYTHOLOGIES, XENIUM, KRATOPHANY, SIMULACRUM, KARASS/FALSE KARASS, and MOTA. The remaining pieces were from separate sources for each volume.

The majority of the selections first appeared in fanzines published in the United States, but fanzines from Canada and the United Kingdom are well represented. I was more than a little surprised that nothing was chosen from an Australian fanzine. I don't know if this was because Bruce and/or Victoria didn't get many fanzines from there or if either or both of them decided that nothing published in an Australian fanzine warranted reprinting. Despite this Australian oversight, has a delightful international flavor (and flavour).

It is worth noting that each collection contained a piece concerning Mike Glicksohn, written by someone other than Mike Glicksohn. In addition, there was a story in each about Bob Tucker, again written by someone other than Mike Glicksohn (or Bob Tucker). If any of you have your sights set on appearing in future fanthologies, you might want to bear this in mind. (A piece about both Mike and Bob could be a potential shoe-in.)

The difference in editorial tastes between Bruce D. Arthurs and Victoria

Vayne as evidenced by the total lack of duplication in writer selection is clearly shown by the physical appearance of the two fanthologies. The actual content of a fanthology is what matters, but while the physical appearance is of relatively minor importance, it is worth mentioning because of the dramatic difference between the two. Each is on 8½x11 paper, each has heavy weight coverstock, and each has roughly 100 pages, but the similarity in packaging ends there. Victoria has done hers in a flashy, magazine-like style, while Bruce's is more conservative and book-like. Each page of FANTHOLOGY 76 is in a box (a border on all four sides), giving a controlled/contained feel. Bruce did not bother with such borders. For a contents page, Victoria had several small boxes containing titles and authors floating on a double page spread before a background of "FANTHOLOGY 76"'s. FANTHOLOGY 75 had a simple hand-stencilled contents heading and a straight listing of contents. While Bruce had an Alexis Gilliland cartoon for a cover, Victoria simply had FANTHOLOGY 76 with two black bars that ran along the right hand edge, creating an effect that reminded me of nothing so much as of a high school yearbook. These differences are intrinsic parts of each fanthology, reflecting the interests of the editor.

FANTHOLOGY 76 stresses variety by using a number of different presstype styles and point-sizes. In contrast, FANTHOLOGY 75 tried for a feeling of consistency by having the same presstype style and layout for each heading in the volume. To further this feeling, Bruce had one fan artist, Alexis Gilliland, do all the artwork for FANTHOLOGY 75, with the exception of two one-page comic strips (one by Phil Foglio and the other by D. Carol Roberts) which were reprinted. By using this method, Bruce was able to have new illustrations done specifically for practically every selection. When it came to choosing one artist to do all the illustrations for his fanthology, Bruce made an excellent choice in Alexis Gilliland. Alexis has one of the quickest and most agile wits of any fan artist and he turns out a phenomenal number of cartoon gems each year. His humorous illustrations give FANTHOLOGY 75 a feeling of continuity and completeness within itself.

Taking the opposite track, Victoria Vayne reprinted the original illustrations for the written material, when those illustrations were done specifically for the pieces. This practice gives the impression of a truly complete reprint as well as furnishing the fanthology with a variety of art styles. It also offers artwork headings instead of just presstype ones. The artists reprinted -- Jim Barker, Grant Canfield, Alexis Gilliland, Dan Steffan, and Reed Waller -- all have very distinct styles and each is a gifted fan artist. In keeping with the variety theme, each artist appears on only one written piece. (Also reprinted was a full page drawing, complete in itself, by Taral Wayne MacDonald that Victoria used as an effective frontispiece for FANTHOLOGY 76.) The notion of reprinting the original art along with the text is an excellent one, but it has one major drawback: comparatively few fanzines have artwork done expressly to illustrate a written piece. Only 5 of the piece in this collection are illustrated and these 5 are from just 3 fanzines (MAYA, SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, and MOTIA), which means that the rest appear without illustrations. Of course, this is not necessarily a bad thing, since any written contribution chosen for a fanthology (or any fanzine for that matter) should be strong enough to stand alone, without the support of artwork.

This technique of Victoria's gave me an idea. Fanthologies are geared to present the best fan writing of a given year, but given today's access to electrostencilling there is no reason why a fan art section could not be included. This way the excellent art that does not illustrate a top notch

article, or any article, can be included in addition to those pieces of art that do go with good pieces of writing. Afterall, FANTHOLOGY 76 did not include any art by William Rotsler, Steve Stiles, Jay Kinney, Joe Staton, etc. (It certainly is a wonderful thing to come up with these suggestions, knowing full well that I will never have to do the work of implementing them.)

The major physical flaw with FANTHOLOGY 75 is that Bruce D. Arthurs failed to number the pages of the issue. It would not have taken long to have done so -- particularly in comparison with the time involved in doing the rest of the issue -- and it would have been a great aid to readers wishing to refer to particular selections. As a fanzine editor, I also wish he had listed the addresses for the fanzines that originally printed the material so that interested readers could contact the editors.

One strong advantage that FANTHOLOGY 75 had over Victoria Vayne's publication is the inclusion of Bruce's recommended reading section in which he listed a number of written pieces that he felt deserved mention even though they weren't included in the final selection. I also wish Victoria Vayne had numbered each copy like Bruce did -- this wouldn't have been too much work since each volume had a limited first printing.

On the balance, I have to say that FANTHOLOGY 76 is the more attractive collection. Its appearance invites the reader to dip into the material. In addition, its reproduction is flawless. (At times I believe that all Canadian fanzines have perfect reproduction. . .but then I remember about Garth Danielson.) FANTHOLOGY 75 is not as flashy, but it is still a fine publication and one that Bruce should be very proud of. (If I were to ever do one, mine would look more like Bruce's than Victoria's. I wouldn't be willing to invest the extra time, effort, and money she obviously did.) While both have truly excellent individual articles, I would rate the content of FANTHOLOGY 76 slightly ahead that of FANTHOLOGY 75. Of course, this is a strictly personal preference and you would have to read both to make your own choice. I highly recommend both publications to you.

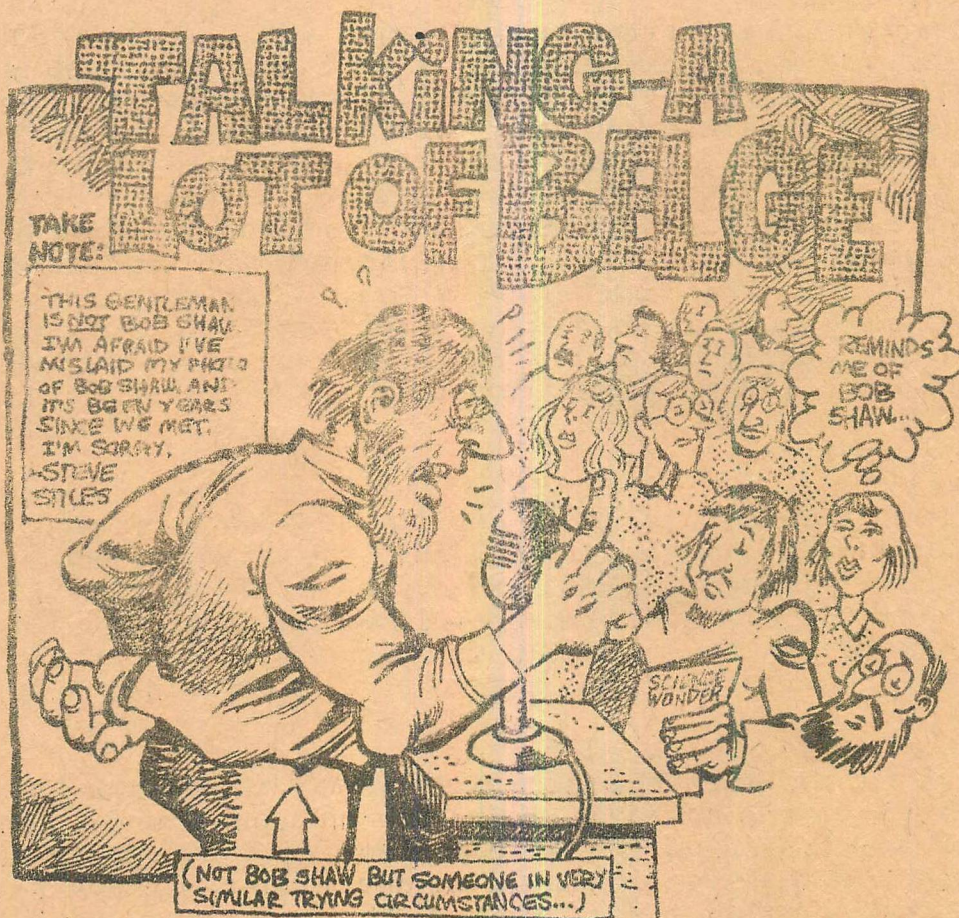
FANTHOLOGY 76, \$3 US, \$3.50 overseas, from Victoria Vayne, P.O. Box 156 - Station D, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6P 3J8. (Victoria says that all profits after costs will go to TAFF, DUFF, and the FAAN awards.) Print run: 200.

FANTHOLOGY 75, \$2, from Bruce D. Arthurs, 4522 E. Bowker, Phoenix, Arizona, United States 85050. (Bruce does not indicate what he will do with the profits after costs. He may donate the money to fan funds or he may use it to buy a whoopie cushion.) Print run: 250.

While you are spending money, you should also check out these other special fan publications:

A WEALTH OF FABLE is Harry Warner, Jr.'s history of fandom in the 1950's. This is a major piece of work that deserves a lengthy review (at a later date), but for now here is the ordering information. The 233 page, three volume, mimeographed publication is available from Joe D. Siclari, 2315 NW 98 Lane, Coral Springs, Florida, United States 33065. I am not sure of the current price -- I would assume around \$8.00 -- so please contact Joe before you send any money.

WARHOON is being revived by Richard Bergeron, 11 E. 68 St., New York, New York, United States 10021. The first revived issue will be the long-awaited special Willis issue. This massive publication is available for \$20.00



If time machines ever become a reality, one of the most practical uses for them would be that of facilitating travel between England and the Continent. I can see all the tour operators -- against savage opposition from airlines and shipping companies -- combining to set up a communal time machine on each side of the Channel, switching travellers back to an era before the Channel existed, allowing them to drive across, and then clicking them back into the present. It would certainly beat hell out of any of our existing methods of making that particular trip.

In September, for instance, my wife and I were going to the Belgian convention in Ghent, and we arranged to travel as a party with Ken and Joyce Slater and their daughter Sue, crossing on the overnight ferry from Felixstowe to Zeebrugge. There was a shortage of accommodations on the ship, so Ken, Joyce, Sadie and I found ourselves sharing a four-berth cabin. I had not expected this sort of arrangement -- especially as, soon after boarding, I had overheard the chief steward telling one of his men to give me a wide berth, and had been childishly pleased at the prospect of VIP treatment.

Another thing on my mind was that when I'm slumbering the sound of my gentle, regular breathing tends to irritate other people who don't work

A Report On Sfancon 8/ Beneluxcon 5

BOB SHAW

as hard as I do and therefore don't sleep so well. Curiously, their guilt over not being as justifiably tired as I am seems to induce a morbid sensitivity and, especially at conventions, these people can sometimes hear my gentle, regular breathing two or three rooms away. I mentioned this to Sadie one morning at the last Eastercon and she -- looking strangely tense for one who had just had a night's sleep -- said, "It's a good job you don't live near London airport -- the Concorde pilots would be complaining about the noise you make in your bedroom." For a few seconds it almost seemed she was hinting that I snore. I quickly dismissed the notion, but it must have lingered in my subconscious because, on the night we sailed for Zeebrugge, I was concerned in case I would prevent the other people in the cabin from sleeping properly.

I needn't have worried.

Joyce Slater, it turned out, hates sailing and can't sleep on boats anyway. I had dozed off almost at once, soon emulated by Sadie and Ken, but Joyce was unable to sleep and apparently the night which stretched before her seemed unendurable. Now, some people would have just lain there and suffered, others would have gone up and paced the deck -- but Joyce, being a femme fan of some distinction, hit on a truly original solution to her problem.

At about three in the morning, at a time when the captain had barely got the ship into top gear, she jumped up and announced in a loud, cheerful voice that we were arriving in Zeebrugge and were in danger of missing our breakfasts if we stayed in bed a moment longer. I don't want to exaggerate what happened, but somehow -- without actually saying so -- Joyce managed to suggest that we could easily miss the chance to disembark altogether and find ourselves on the way back to England. The ensuing panic was so great, with bodies blundering about in the dimness, that I didn't think of looking at my watch, threw on my clothes and charged up onto the deck to find the ship peacefully chugging along on the open sea in the middle of the night.

Swiftly taking my bearings from the stars (they were no use to me, but I didn't see why the stars should keep them) I dashed below again and said that in my opinion, far from being in Belgian waters, we were just off Clacton-on-sea. Unperturbed, Joyce agreed that was a strong possibility -- but that she had got us up for our own good because it would have been bad for us to rush through our breakfasts. She carried the whole thing off beautifully.

When we finally rolled off the ferry in the Slater van a Belgian customs official, his suspicions aroused by the sight of five pairs of red-rimmed eyes, tried to quiz us about the great heaps of SF books under our luggage, but Ken brandished a convention programme booklet in his face and drove on at top speed. I was reminded of Steve McQueen bluffing his way past the Gestapo with a handful of forged documents, and it dawned on me that my previous trips to overseas conventions had been altogether too sedate and unadventurous. Perhaps I'll start trying it without a passport.

We stopped in Bruges an hour later for coffee and a bit of sight-seeing. It was the first time I had walked around a Flemish town and I was immediately impressed by the fact that the bricks of the buildings had been laid in Flemish bond -- alternate headers and stretchers in each row -- just as I had been taught they would in constructional engineering classes. Perhaps those textbooks I had rarely opened as a youth had had some connection with reality, after all. In the afternoon we pressed on to Ghent,

found the university halls of residence where the convention was being held, were greeted by Andre de Rycke and Lou Grauwels.

Andre is a brewery engineer, very proud of the immense variety of Belgian beers, and on a previous meeting in Liege I had ruffled his feelings somewhat by criticising the local brews. Stung into patriotic action, he had obtained fifteen very different beers -- out of the 300+ available -- and had them waiting at the con bar to teach me a lesson. Always willing to develop my mind, I began having a glass or so of each -- light beers, dark beers, cidery Geuse, double and triple strength beers brewed by Trappist monks, beers that had been lagered with cherries, wheat beers, Duval (which means devil), export beers...

I developed my mind so much that evening that next morning there didn't seem to be enough room for it inside my head -- and the first item on the programme was a talk by me. My philosophy about convention talks is quite a simple one, based on the fact that since my first con in 1951 I must have spent hundreds of hours listening to serious talks about SF -- and can't remember any of them! This doesn't stop me having a deep admiration for people who can keep on thinking up penetrating things to say about the field and developing them into one-hour lectures, but my mind doesn't seem to work that way, and so I prefer to keep it light and frothy when I have to go on to the platform. It usually works out all right, but on the Continent people take their SF more seriously and, like Guinness, my type of humour doesn't travel very well.

That Saturday morning I was faced with a serious, constructive, trilingual audience, but -- in an effort to be true to my own lights -- I led off by ignoring SF and concentrating on a description of my various headaches, the idea being to lead up to an awful pun about how they brought the good booze and gave me aches in Ghent. Halfway through the build-up my nerve failed because I could see that the French contingent, who are the most serious of the lot, were already growing restless, and I abandoned the pun. Next I fell back on my jokes about the very bad SF I used to read in the boys' papers, then it dawned on me that the only people present who would appreciate them -- amiable eccentrics like Martin Hoare, Brian Hampton and Vernon Brown -- had already heard them at least six times over. Now in full disarray, I mumbled some stuff about how SF transcends national barriers and also conditions our minds to the accelerating pace of change, not believing a single word of what I was saying, and eventually retreated to the bar. The only comforting thing about it was that I had got my contribution over very early in the proceedings and could relax for the rest of the convention.

And a good convention it proved to be, with a little more than 200 in attendance. Ken Slater bought some rum, I bought extra Scotch, the girls miraculously rustled up a spread of foodstuffs, and on the Saturday night we held a joint room party which, through sheer force of numbers -- I think there were a little more than 200 in attendance -- developed into a corridor and stair party. What with sight-seeing, eating, nattering to fans, drinking a wide range of beers to demonstrate my hard-won expertise, and taking occasional naps to keep up my stamina, the rest of the convention flitted past as quickly and effortlessly as Mike Glicksohn writing a loc.

Suddenly it was Sunday night and almost time for the fancy dress dance, described in the programme as the Galactic Ball of the Aliens. Brian Hampton, who had no costume with him, buttonholed me near his room and said he would buy me a drink if I would suggest a humorous outfit he could rig up on the spot. I agreed to the deal, pondered for a while, and said,

"Make up a big ring out of tinfoil, walk up and down the room twirling it round your finger, and announce yourself as RING-WHIRLED."

He stared at me strickenly for a moment, then his gaze shifted to the ceiling. There was a long silence, and then he said, "Is that it? Have I to buy you a drink for that?"

"It seems a good idea to me," I replied, offended. "And I don't usually work as cheaply as one drink."

With an unbecoming show of reluctance on his part, we set off for the bar, where I was approached by Martin Hoare -- all shining with geniality the way he does -- who asked if I could think up a funny costume idea for him. Pleased at having found a properly receptive audience, I told him the Ringworld idea, but oddly enough he failed to respond as I had expected. It might have been something to do with the foreign food, but it seemed to me that he was looking slightly off colour as he hurried away towards his room. This bothered me a little because I hate to see a fellow member of the Society of Persons of Average Girth in distress, but I deduced he had been anxious to get to work constructing a tinfoil ring in the few minutes that were left before the ball.

The dance itself was an enjoyable business, with Eddy G. Bertin doing a brilliant job as disk jockey. The only thing that marred the occasion for me was that when Martin appeared in the parade I saw he had not bothered to make a Ringworld, and had contented himself with doing his corny old BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD bit -- complete with cardboard foot apparently sunk into his cranium -- that he does at nearly every convention. I don't know! If you can't trust a Person of Average Girth, who can you trust?

Next morning the Slaters and Shaws had a last walk around Ghent, drove to the coast and sailed back to England in the late afternoon. We were due in at Felixstowe at nine, but there was a union dispute among the dockers which meant that nobody wanted to handle our ship, and we were forced to drop anchor and wait outside the harbour till nearly midnight. By that time we were too tired even to do any Is-there-a-docker-in-the-house? jokes, and our spirits flagged even further when Ken discovered we hadn't enough petrol to get back to his place in Wisbech. In Ipswich we found two service stations with all-night facilities, but the pay-in machines had apparently been vandalised in each case, and they were surrounded by people we recognised from the ferry trip, all bemoaning their fate and vainly trying to stuff pounds notes into inert and uncaring robot slots. It was a pitiful sight.

There were no more large towns between there and Wisbech, which meant there would be no more all-night service stations, so it was in a mood of acute apprehension that we set out into the darkness of the East Anglian landscape, wondering how far we would get before hearing the dreadful coughing that signifies fuel starvation, wondering how long it would be before the engine began to cough as well, wondering if we could survive the cold of the night in an unheated van, wondering if we would ever see our homes and loved ones again.

At that point there came one of those twists of fate without which most adventure story writers would be forced to pack it in and take up a proper job. Unknown to us, we were following the same trail as the phantom service station vandals and were, in fact, catching up on them! This fact manifested itself when, just as the fuel indicator needle was sinking past EMPTY, miles out in the dark and deserted countryside, we saw

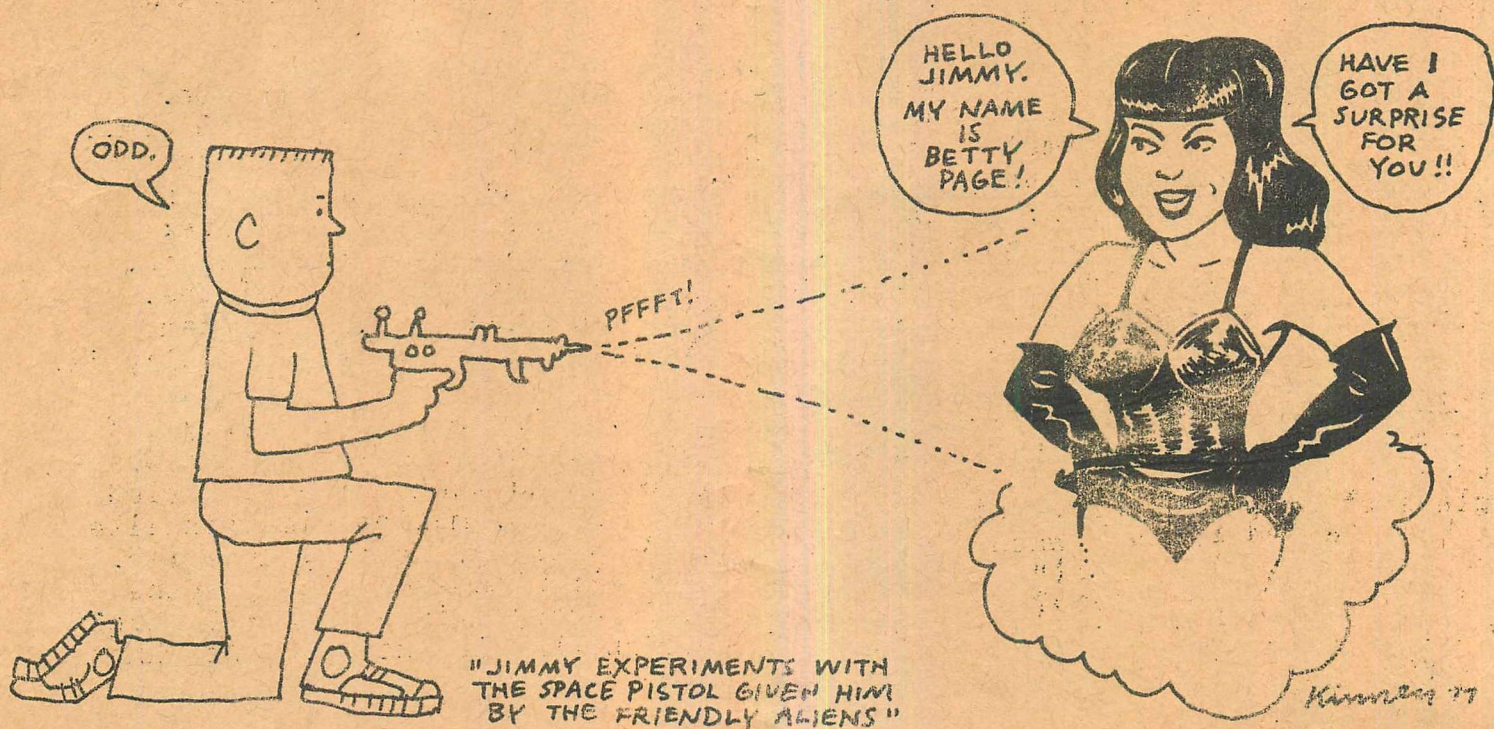
lights still lit and people still around at a tiny, single-pump service station. As it was nearly two in the morning -- and unfrequented places like that always close around six in the evening -- the brightly-lit scene seemed like a mirage. We could hardly believe our eyes, but it was all true -- succour was at hand!

Hi ya, succour, I breathed to myself as Ken drove up to the petrol pump under the watchful gaze of the owner and a policeman. It turned out that the vandals had got there shortly before us, and had been scared off by a police patrol car, and that the police had phoned the owner so that he could come and inspect the damage. Embittered though he was, he obligingly sold Ken a tankful of petrol and in a matter of seconds we were on our way again, feeling happy and secure, contented in the knowledge that Ghu has numbered the hairs on our heads (which in some cases isn't very difficult), and that he sees each sparrow fall, and that he will always come to the rescue of true fen in their hour of tribulation.

A few minutes later the van's engine blew up and we were all seriously injured.

That last sentence is, of course, an outright lie. I just put it in for dramatic irony. In fact, we got home without further incident, and we all lived happily ever after, which I suppose was pretty lucky if Ghu, instead of watching over us, was spending all his time birdwatching and counting people's hairs. Sometimes I get a little worried about Ghu...

+ Bob Shaw +



a Desperate Fan

by Ben Zuhl ~



Mike Glicksohn is known to fans for many reasons. He is known as a fanned, a fan writer, a LoCsmith and as a fan about con, but fandom doesn't really know Glicksohn the desperate man.

Another well known facet of Mike's fannish personality is his expertise at imbibing copious amounts of alcoholic beverages. From Beams Choice to Spayed Gerbils, Mike is the drinking fan's Herecles. Much of this reputation is legend: Mike can only consume a fifth or so a day. And he does...

The question that is always being brandied about by his friends is: How much of this is fannish bravado and how much does Mike really need the booze? This question was laid to rest at Marcon this year.

The 1977 version of the Columbus catastrophe was a pleasant surprise. The facilities (aside from the closing of the pinball machines at 3 a.m., an indecently early time) were excellent and the committee stayed out of the way and made it an easy con to enjoy. Unfortunately there was one problem -- the location; it was too far from the necessities of life: cheap food and a good liquor store. The last named almost did Mike in. Due to this unfortunate lack of planning on the part of the committee, Sunday morning was a dry one for a certain short Canadian. Then came his salvation and the answer to just how much of a sot Glicksohn really is.

Things came to a head at the auction for DUFF. Mike was there early and seemed to be a bit nervous. He kept shifting about in his seat and was constantly wringing his hands as if he was frisking them for a concealed glass of Spayed gerbil. His nose kept wrinkling up, making him look like a bush-hatted bunny. When I asked him what was wrong, he only muttered, "Bheer! I smell Bheer!" I tried to console him with some vintage puns ("Whatsa MOTA my friend? Is something AWRY? Are you in a QUANDRY? Don't CRY! I know you're in a DILEMMA but its RESOLUTION is Sneary. The WRRst is yet to come!" I QUIPPed.) but to no avail.

Suddenly, Mike stood up and stared around wildly as Rusty Hevelin announced, "Here's one for our Canadian friend: an eight pack of baby Coors."

Yes, Mike's nose was correct, there was beer in the auction room and, better still, it was up for auction.

Rusty continued, "The minimum bid on this is..."

"TEN DOLLARS," shouted Mike Glicksohn, trying to deter any other bids so he could get to the alcohol promised by the word 'Coors'.

"Fifteen," came from the back of the room.

"...a dollar fifty," finished Rusty. "I see we don't have to bother with the minimum."

"THIRTY," roared Glicksohn, still trying to discourage anyone from bidding against him.

"Thirty-five." From a couple of seats to Mike's left. This bidder was favored with a glare that would make Sam Moskowitz whisper, as Mike upped it to "FIFTY!"

The bids started coming fast and furiously.

"Fifty-five."

"SIXTY!"

"Sixty-five."

"SIXTY-NINE!"

"Sixty-nine sixty-nine."

"SEVENTY-FIVE!"

"Eighty."

"ONE HUNDRED FOUL AMERICAN DOLLARS!!!"

"One hundred and ten deflated Canadian dollars, or only one hundred and eight dollars and seventy cents American."

"ONE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS FOR THAT LOUSY EIGHT PACK!"

"One fifteen."

Glicksohn then stood on his chair to add tall timbre to his voice as he shouted, "ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN DOLLARS!!!!!"

Maybe it was the amount and maybe it was the look of anguish on Mike's face, but the result was a deafening silence. Rusty broke it to try for more money, "We can't let this eight pack of Coors go for a measly one-hundred-and-sixteen-dollars, can we?"

Silence.

"All right, going once, going twice, three times. Sold to the man in the hat. Make sure he pays for it before he drinks it."

Mike's victory at the auction was an illuminating one -- he proved just how desperate he can get over booze (even American bheer), and gave me an opportunity to take a twenty dollar swig of bheer!

+ Ben Zuhl +

BOB TUCKER
34 Greenbriar Dr.
Jacksonville,
IL 62650

I suspect you
will be loathe
to believe this,
but I have just
uncovered a
stack of mail

that was delivered to me the closing week of July, and guess what brilliant fanzine was in that stack? Unopened, unsullied, pristine, virginal, lacking eye tracks? Yes, of course, it was MOTA 22.

It isn't every day that I pick up a stack of typewriter paper, searching for a sheet of carbon paper that I know is somewhere on the desk, and find an unopened fanzine and several unopened letters. No, not every day. It only happens on December 12th, in

fact. I would be far more more unhappy than I am at this moment if a big fat check from a publisher had been included in that pile. I would be very unhappy to realize that all these past five months while I scrimped, wore threadbare shirts, concocted tasty supper from canned dog food, did without booze and cigars, a check for five figures nay, six figures rested unseen under a pack of typing paper. Damn good thing a check wasn't there.

It wouldn't have been a small check for two or three figures, naturally. I read Locus and the better fanzines and I know that all writers now receive nothing but fat checks for five or six figures. They all say so when they report their fortunes to Locus and the better fanzines, and writers wouldn't lie about a thing like that.

And I've made a note that Peter Roberts wants a carrot named after him. Well and good. That will require some extraordinary plotting as well as some sly footwork to slip the matter past an editor's sharp eyes (editors eat carrots) but I'm confident that I can do it. Only a few days ago I had a letter from Jay Kay Klein (his letter was not buried since last July, but was a fresh one) saying that Analog apparently intends to publish the *Chuch Harris* story in April 1978 issue. Mr. Klein wanted information to run on the biographical page, and if only I'd found and read MOTA 22 in time I could have slipped a carrot named Peter Roberts into my bio-data.

"Wilson Bob Tucker, noted author living in Jacksonville, Ill., dutifully plants a victory garden every Spring to help the War Effort. Mr. Tucker told this inquiring reporter that he always plants at least three rows of the superior Peter Roberts carrot, a carrot noted for its perspicuity and ambidexterity. Three times the carrot has won blue ribbons at the county fair."

What a thrill it would be, to have Roberts and Harris and a horse all in the same issue of Analog!

JIM MEADOWS III
31 Apple Ct.
Park Forest, IL 60466

I think the one thing that stuck in my mind most from the latest MOTA is John Banskund's line in his loc concerning Tom Perry: "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)."

I found the piece interesting for its observation of Turner. Perhaps John is joking. But if he is really coming on straight with this, he's made an uncanny observation.

I really admire you, Terry. Not only are you evidently perpetuating a hoax with a great deal of success, but you are perpetuating a hoax which was confessed in a fanzine five years ago. This is marvelous, and I wonder how long you will get away with it.

I don't know if you'll print this or not, but I might as well explain the whole thing, in case you do. I first came across Jim Turner in your fanzine back in the early 70s, when you and a few others made up a strong coterie of fans in Columbia, Missouri. I thought Jim Turner was a funny and fascinating writer. In a letter I got from you, you told me stories about him that were funnier and more fascinating. I think I saw his stuff in print for about a year and a half (sad to say, I never saw his fanzine, GODFREY DANIEL). Then, as Columbia fandom was succumbing to terminal moveout, I received a one shot, called THE LAST SHOT, a farewell to Columbia fandom. Jim Turner had an article in it, entitled "I Am A Crock", but it wasn't the usual Turner. In the piece, Turner revealed that he didn't exist, that he was a fiction from the minds of Hank Luttrell and David Hall, buttressed by the writing efforts of other Columbia fans, and impersonated at conventions by one Junior Lee Hinkle, a hospital janitor. The article ended with "Ha Ha, fandumb! We really put one over on you." and with threats to return again. The byline attributed the piece to you, the Luttrells, Doug Carroll, Roger Vanous and Chris Couch.

The account of Jim Turner as a hoax was about as fantastic as Jim Turner as a real person, so there have been times when I have been unsure as to whether Turner was a hoax or not. Things were made more confusing with the revival of Jim Turner in fanzines recently. As a joke, I got into the thing. I forget which fanzine it was that printed my loc in which I said I had met Jim Turner in Carbondale (my college town) and that me and another fan had gone out to a bar on the strip. I do remember getting a postcard from Jim Turner, where he casually threatened to waste me or somesuch if he ever saw me, denying the whole incident. He also said he had gotten a job as part of Gary Gilmore's firing squad.

So I don't know if Jim's real or not. His last loc in MOTA gives a Washington address, and I could guess that a former Columbia fan is picking up his mail for him. I do know however that Turner himself (can you say "himself" about a potential nonentity?) has revealed himself as a hoax, and that he is now back, and no one seems to notice the possibility that he might not be real. Like I said, Terry, I really admire you.

((When temptation comes in as inviting a package as this it is difficult to resist, but that's what I will do in an attempt to present the rhine-

stone studded truth to Jim Meadows III and the others who have written with questions as to Jim Turner's reality. Yes, Jim Turner is a walking, talking, breathing Real Person. Jim is in many ways a larger than life figure for he delights in the outrageous. When readers in the early '70s expressed doubt as to his existence, Jim relished the notion and decided to agree with them. Hence the article in THE LAST SHOT. However, that tale of Jim-Turner-as-hoax has been exposed as false several times. Jim Turner truly is a talented writer, gifted storyteller, and a good friend. He's just never had much respect for reality.

Fandom almost had visual proof of his existence. As those of you who attended it may recall, MidAmeriCon's hucksters room contained a booth for Laser Books that was conducting a contest. Fans would register and later one name would be drawn. The winner's face would be featured in the Kelly Freas cover painting for an upcoming Laser Book. Of course, Jim Turner won. After a good deal of debate with himself, Jim sent off an actual picture of himself to Laser Books, who would forward the photograph to Kelly Freas. After receiving Jim's photograph, Laser Books went out of business. The book was never issued and I don't know if the painting was ever done. Laser Books may no longer exist, but Jim Turner still does.))

JOHN BROSAN
23 Lushington Rd.
London, NW 10
United Kingdom

So you met Pete Weston at the Suncon, did you? Must have been an experience for you encountering a Birmingham accent for the first time (I presume you were a Birmingham accent virgin?). It's one of the few accents in the world that sounds worst than an Australian one. Yes, I am running the film programme

at the 79 Worldcon providing my liver and eyesight hold together (I have these spots in my eyes, you see...but, no, I won't go into another medical story...and I don't want to alarm Harry Warner again...by the way, I loved his comment: "It could have been nothing worse than an infection, like the one that scared dreadfully another member of my family..." Member, get it! Nudge, nudge. He's a sly one, that Harry. But I digress...where am I? What am I doing inside these brackets?) That's better. Yes, the film programme. I'll be running a tight ship. No talking, smoking or fidgeting when the films are on, and questions will be asked after each one. I'm not going to show some of my favourite films to people who might fall asleep during them. And I intend to have a film panel consisting of Stanley Kubrick, George Lucas and Gene Roddenberry. The subject for discussion will be: "Where did Space 1999 go wrong?"

Speaking of movies (do you have trouble starting new paragraphs too?), I recently spent two terrible weeks at a fantasy film festival in Belgium. Consisted of 40 of the worst films ever made. I was one of the judges and I almost gave the grand prize to a Godzilla movie, that's how bad it was. On the final night the police raided the cinema to claim money to pay outstanding bills from last year's festival. That's the sort of film festival that has me as a judge.

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

Colleen Brown's trick of covering complicated events in a sentence or so took a little getting used to at first. But after I recognized that this wasn't going to be one of those leisurely trip reports, I relaxed and enjoyed her article

immensely. It reminds me a little of Susan Wood at her best. Colleen has the same trick of making the reader feel as if he knew perfect strangers after writing only a few dozen words about each of them, and a similar habit of shifting occasionally into poetic word-painting for a

few lines, a modern version of the purple passages which our ancestors were so fond of writing and reading.

I feel sympathy for Alan Bostick. It seems improbably that anyone else should have the terrible luck to look anything at all like me. But several times, I've found myself in trouble because someone mistook me for someone else or vice versa. Once at the Hagerstown Fair I almost had to call the constabulary for the absurd reason that a grounds employee was convinced that I had asked him to make arrangements for me to visit the model railroad display during a time when it wasn't open to the public. He grew furious when I insisted that I hadn't made such a request, and I was out there because of my job, I didn't have time to quiet him down by going along with him to look at the little trains, and he threatened to become violent. Then there was the time I was in the hospital for a couple of months with a broken hip and I started to get daily visits from this fellow who thought I was a boyhood chum of his. He thought the accident had damaged my memories and kept trying to restore my amnesia with reminders of the places we'd gone together (where I'd never been), how kind my sister had always been to him (I was an only child), and all sorts of joyous reminiscences. Eventually I began to feel rather neglected to know I hadn't done these things in boyhood. We became pretty good friends from this unpromising start and as far as I know, he is still expecting my memory to come back soon, because I see him a couple of times a week and he always has an expectant look on his face as if expecting that this will be the time I'll finally remember it all.

GARY DEINDORFER
447 Bellevue Ave., #9-B
Trenton, NJ 08618

Harry Bell's cover is a good idea very well executed. I would have to name Harry Bell and Dan Steffan as two of my favorite fan artists (humor category)...and I'll throw in Steve Stiles as the third, and maybe as a third and a half Alexis Gilliland.

I thought "All These Midnights Look Alike" was a nice piece of writing. I liked the loose but at the same time precise way Jeff Schalles got around to the culminating quotation of the song. And I think it is a... good song. I'd like to hear it sung by somebody who has talent and with a fitting melody. Perhaps this Mike Wood fellow could do a good job with it. As for the song itself, it has Poignant Reverberations for me. I was born in Pennsylvania and spent my first 18 years there, and still have a warm feeling for it that I don't for New Jersey. (But then, who ever heard of anyone with a warm feeling for New Jersey?) And I have lived on the West Coast and knew a Girl there who I was crazy about for a while. Ah, it's all so beautifully tragic and sad and mixed up and....whoops, I'm getting carried away. Anyway, you get the picture that the song has fantastic Poignant effect for me...by damn, I really liked this article.

MIKE GLICKSOHN
141 High Park Ave.
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Canada

Much as it causes me to blush, I have to admit that Mr. Davis isn't the first person to suggest that I ought to try my hand at writing for fan-zines or even at publishing my own zine. I wasn't going to let this little secret out just yet but faced with Ray's insightful suggestion

(he isn't the Ray Davis who used to be one of the Kinks, is-he? If he is, I used to have his picture on my wall when I was a teenager and now here he is saying nice things about me! I think I'll put on my shortie Beatlewig, go picket the American Embassy and listen to "A Dedicated Follower of Fashion" so I can wax nostalgic about sixties hip radical) I guess I can spring my little surprise on fandom. So many people encouraged me to

do a fanzine (both of them) that I decided to try it! But I didn't want to venture forth naked and unadorned into the arena where such giants as Pete Presford, Keith Walker and Bill Bridget held court so I made up a hoax fan just to test the water and see what sort of reaction I'd get. For over a year now I've been publishing a fanzine called BOOWATT under the pseudonym 'Garth Danielson' and I'm starting to get a lot of really positive egoboo for my work. I guess I can forget about the maildrop in Winnipeg now and start standing on my own two feet, letting my talent speak for me. If Ray would like to get a subscription, I'd be happy to sell him one...

CALVIN DEMMON
10503 Western Ave., #201
Downey, CA 90241

He hurried to finish his work because he wanted to get out of the cellar, out of the darkness and back into the world. This was too far from the world, he thought. These chickens, this hot water, these scattered feathers and dank walls, he must hurry and get out. His outside world meant work too, but his while life was associated with work, and everything he knew he learned indirectly through work by noticing current good and bad effects on business. For instance, there were still a great many people unemployed -- that was bad because there was less buying power and prices were low. Hitler declared war on Russia -- that was good; we would feed England and the price of food would go up again.

Other than that, everything is fine here. Thanks for the fanzine.

P.S. Forget that part about Hitler. I think it was Roosevelt anyway. Or was it Sartre?

((I also received letters from Jay Kinney, Grant Canfield, Dave Rowe, Eric Lindsay, Dick Bergeron, Ed Chambers, M. K. Digre, Michael Dobson, Jodie Offutt, Nancy Goeke, Judy Renee Pope, Ben Zuhl, Tom Perry, Alan Bostick, Marc Ortlieb, Sarah Prince, David Travis, Victoria Vayne, Taral, J. Owen Hanner, Sam Long, Mary Long, Dean Blakely, Robert Bloch, Harry J.N. Andrushek, John Purcell, Marty Helgesen, Glenn Garrett, and others.

Now for the Bill Collectors' favorite section -- c.o.a.'s:

John D. Berry, 1203 18th Ave. East, Seattle, WA 98112
Alan Bostick, c/o Arthurs, 4522 E. Bowker St., Phoenix, AZ 85040
David Bridges, 130 Valley Rd., Meersbrook, Sheffield S8 9GA, U.K.
Charles Burbee, 9781 Acacia, #8, Garden Grove, CA 92641
Gregg Calkins, 5691 Chelton Dr., Oakland, CA 94611
Graham & Pat Charnock, 4 Fletcher Rd., London W4, U.K.
Kevin Easthope, 113 Abbey Rd., Erdington, Birmingham B23 7QQ, U.K.
Dave Locke, 3650 Newton St., #15, Torrance, CA 90505
Ian Maule, 18 Hillside, 163 Carshalton Rd., Sutton, Surrey SM1 4NG, U.K.
Darroll & Ro Pardoe, 38 Sandown Ln., flat 2, Liverpool 15, U.K.
Jeff Schalles, 5840 Alder St., Pittsburgh, PA 15232
Joe & Hilarie Staton, 130 Esopus Ave., Kingston, NY
Leah Zeldes, 4438 Markley Butler, Ann Arbor, MI 48109

Thank goodness fans move in alphabetical order!

-(continued)

- ✓ (a flyer for this Willis issue should be included with this issue if Dick gets them to me). This should be published soon.

THE HAT GOES HOME is the title of Mike Glicksohn's account of the 1975 Worldcon in Australia. Sales of this have raised \$116.00 for DUFF, but a few copies are still available for \$1.50 from him at 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6P 2S3.

If you are in a serious sf frame of mind, then I recommend JOHN W. CAMPBELL; AN AUSTRALIAN TRIBUTE, a few copies of which are still available from John Bangsund, P.O. Box 434, Norwood, South Australia 5067, Australia, for A\$5.00. John also publishes what I consider to be the best personalzine going: PARERGON PAPERS. Issues can be obtained for A\$10.00 per annum or for whatever "the usual" is in Australia. Those of you in Australia are urged to buy John a drink for every typo you find in this issue because John is MOTA's Down Under associate.

Those of you in Britain should buy drinks for Pat Charnock, MOTA's Over There associate. While you at it, ask her how you can get a copy of The Astral League Tape, which features music that is a cross between Bob Dylan and the Bay City Rollers as filtered through the mind of Graham Charnock. Write to Pat Charnock, 4 Fletcher Rd., London W4, United Kingdom, to find out how to get on the mailing list for the excellent WRINKLED SHREW.

Tom Perry used to be MOTA's British agent but he now lives at P.O. Box 2134, Boca Raton, Florida 33432, United States, and publishes a fanzine devoted to the NBC sf series QUARK. Tom's fanzine is full of information that is sure to delight fans of STAR TREK and SPACE 1999. Tell him the Force is with you.

+ Terry Hughes +



MOTA #24

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