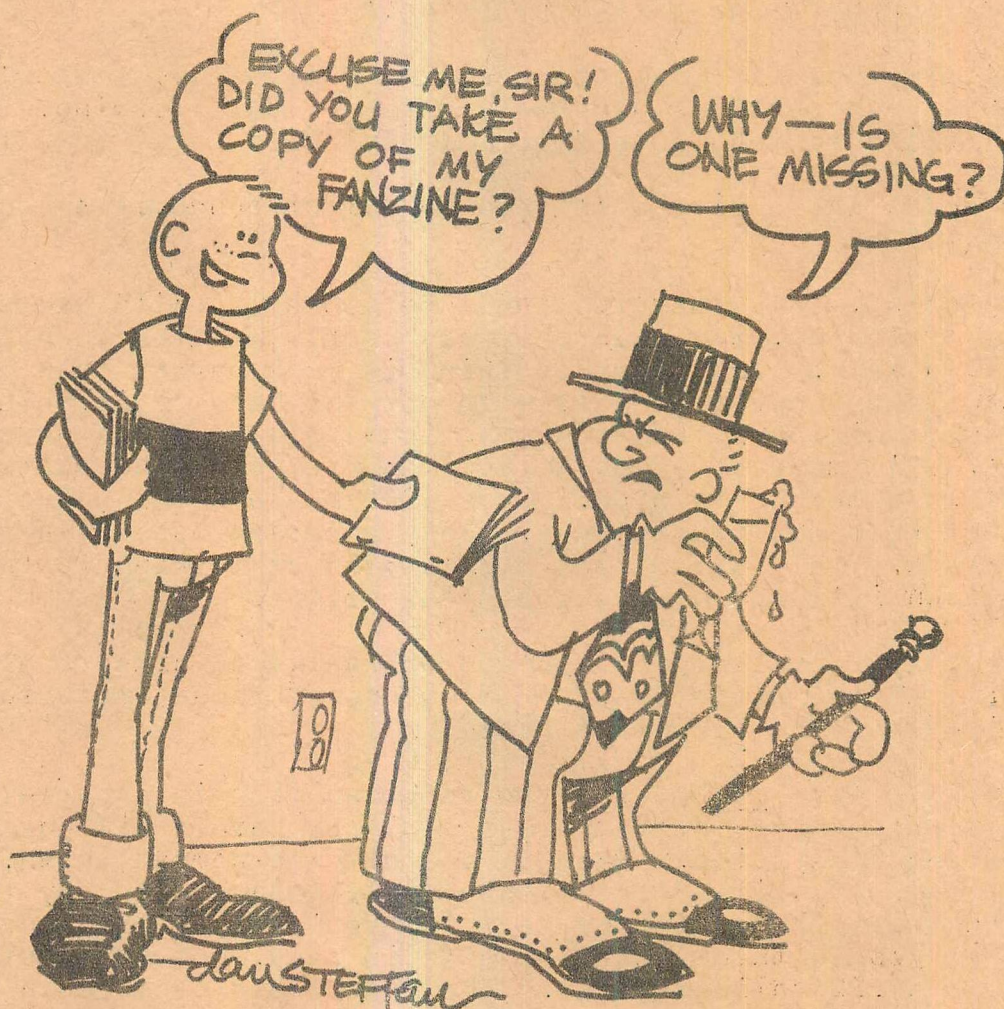


MOTA



"The last issue of MOTIA was Extremely Late, Terry, even for you."

"Who is there?"

"It's I, Terry, your ultra-ego. All you fanzine editors have one; I'm yours."

"Of course. How silly of me. May I call you U-E?"

"No! Now, I repeat: the last issue of MOTIA was Extremely Late, even for a Terry Hughes publication. Why?"

"It was all part of my master plan, another thing that all us faneds have. Since MOTIA #24 was so tardy in making its appearance, everyone will be simply amazed at how quickly this issue came out. It's what we faneds call a trick of the trade."

"You seem to be much faster at coming up with excuses than you are at publishing your fanzine. 'Trick of the trade' isn't the most common name for your lax behaviour. I thought that you should have included a section in the last issue in which you would have explained the long delay. Your readers aren't so dimwitted that you can slip that kind of schedule aberration by without them noticing."

"That's rather difficult to explain. Basically, I didn't provide excuses because such sections generally make for dull reading. Is there anything more boring to read than "Why This Issue Is Late" in a fanzine?"

"How about those pieces wherein an editor conducts a conversation with himself?"

"Good point. Any conversation a person holds with himself can make for tedious reading, and when they are poorly written then they can be positively deadly. That sort of thing is much harder than it looks like. I know I have never been able to get the hang of it. The whole style hinges on dialogue, and conversational dialogue has never been my strong point. I'm more of a man of action: ray-blasting multi-tenacled slime molds in a Nordic fashion. Guys like me save the universe (as we know it) but keep our mouths shut. Many a person has lost a foot by opening his mouth. Only a few fans are skilled at talking to themselves, and even then it's not always worth the effort."

"Terry, are you crazy? A person who talks to himself holds complete control of the situation. Writing one of those editorial dialogues would be like shooting fish in a barrel."

"Oh yeah? Have you ever tried shooting fish in a barrel? If you miss, you'll put a hole in the barrel and your carpet will get soaked with water and fish juice. Even if you hit the damned thing, you can't be sure if you've killed the fish or only wounded it. By the time you pump enough shots into it to be certain, you're left with one very messy fish. Lots of people think shooting fish is easy, but it's not, especially if you use a .22 caliber rifle. The odds would be more in your favor if you were to use a shot gun. Of course, there would still be an element of risk involved, so as not to take all the sport out of it."

"If I understand you correctly, Terry, the last issue of MOTA came out behind schedule because you were busy shooting fish in a barrel with a .22 caliber rifle. Right?"

"More or less. Except that the fish in the barrel didn't have a .22. Actually there were no fish involved, with or without arms, and, frankly, I don't remember any barrel either. It might have had something to do with my bicycle but for the fact that I don't have one at the moment. Not that it was stolen, mind you; more of a case of it not having been purchased in the first place."

"Are you trying to tell me that a fanzine without an editorial dialogue is like a fish without a bicycle?"

"Well, I just think that it's mighty suspicious when an editor has to talk to himself because no one else can be bothered."

+ Terry Hughes +



STAR WARS

IN THE WILD, WILD WEST

GARY DEINDORFER

I would like to be a professional science fiction writer. The trouble is I can't think of any ideas for stories that haven't already been used. I know the ideas are there. After all, talented writers keep churning out brand new sf and fantasy material, some of it good. But I can't come up with ideas for stefnal stories that haven't already been used, sometimes again and again. (Love that word "stefnal".)

A couple days ago I was paging through some old copies of Galaxy. Remember that old ad they used to have? The beginning of a Western story and, in a parallel column, the same story translated into science fictional terms. And the proud statement that you wouldn't see any Westerns translated into science fiction in the pages of Galaxy.

The lightbulb lit up above my noggin (that beloved cliché image of getting a bright idea). I can't come up with any new science fiction ideas. But there are all these old science fiction ideas and all I have to do is translate them into Western stories. If I can't become a Dirty Pro writer of stef, then I can become a Dirty Pro writer of Westerns.

It's simple really. And since different writers may treat the same idea in completely different ways, I offer here some keen ideas for rip roaring Westerns, if any of you want to write them up too. Science fiction, after all, speaks of a future that is a foregone conclusion, because we all know that there will be some kind of a future. But Westerns, they harken back to a mythical past, the America of old Hopalong Cassidy movies. Fallow land for a transplant of ideas from the Land of What If?

A lone rider comes into the frontier town of Dogbone. He is there to kill his grandfather. He does so. He does not cease to exist. He doesn't realize that in order to cease to exist you have to go back in time to kill your grandfather. You can't commit suicide at one step removed by killing him in a shared present. Thus this hoary time travel cliché becomes, in Western terms, a stark and stupid murder, and no suicide at all.

I've always liked Generation Ship stories. It's time for the wagon train to set out, from Hope, Ohio, all the way across the great plains and the Rockies and the Sierras to the Golden Land, Californyee. One of the wagons gets separated from the others. The family in the wagon happens to have a lousy sense of direction. They keep going around in 2000 mile circumference circles. But they are determined to get to Californyee. The parents die. The children grow up, have children of their own. The beginning of the journey in Hope, Ohio, is now lost in myth. The end of the journey in Californyee is now lost in myth. The only reality is life aboard the Generations Wagon, going around and around in giant circles.

The oxen have little oxen, grow old and die. The little oxen become big oxen who keep pulling the wagon. They have little oxen. And so on. Round and around. Then one day the strange boy, Hathor, is born. He questions everything. He questions the mythical nature of the great journey of the generations and the sole reality that is the Generations Wagon. By denying the stranglehold of superstition and stopping in a gas station to ask directions, he brings the wagon at long last to Californyee, where it shows up in time for a Bicentennial celebration.

How about an alternate worlds story? There is a town in old Nevada called Dadgum. It lies nestled under a mountain. Nestled under the mountain on the other side is a town called Gaddum. Everybody in the town of Dadgum has his and her doppelganger in the town of Gaddum. One day a lonesome cowpoke, Pard Naylor, leaves the town of Dadgum on his trusty horse Spud to see what lies on the other side of Lone Mountain. He meets someone who looks just like him at the top of the pass, a lonesome cowpoke named Nard Paylor who has left the town of Gaddum on his trusty horse Spad to see what lies on the other side of Lone Mountain. The channel between the alternate towns has been opened!

Clifford D. Simak's novel City tells of a world where dogs have inherited the earth. Now, imagine a town in old Montana called Quitclaim. It is a mining town. But the gold is all gone. The mines have become mined out. This once rip roaring town becomes a ghost town, almost overnight. Only a few stray dogs are left behind. They breed a whole bunch of pups. These pups grow up to be orphan dogs, roaming the streets of the ghost town of Quitclaim. They don't learn to talk and develop a canine civilization. After all, Simak has already used that idea. Anyway, that is okay for a science fiction story, but it would be out of place in a Western. I think of this story, tentatively titled "Town", as a little mood piece, implying Deep Truths.

First contact between planet earth and mysterious aliens -- always a stefnal theme fraught with sansawonder. Let me take you to a town in old Arizona, Noches. It is a lonely town. Its citizens, immigrants from Massachusetts, sometimes sit around and wonder aloud whether there are other towns nearby with other WASPs very much like themselves. One incredible day, the Aliens arrive: a bunch of people in a pickup truck from a completely different land completely outside of the ken of the citizens of Walden, a place called Mexico. Artifacts are exchanged. A sombrero is presented to the WASPs of Noches. A model whaling boat is presented to the aliens in the pickup truck. As for why the transplanted WASPs from New England happen to have named their town Noches....well, I'll have to work that one out.

The possibilities are....finite! You too can become a Dirty Pro writing Westerns. There are hundreds of stefnal ideas to be clumsily transplanted into this alternate genre. Well, time to saddle up my trusty horse Poke and ride off in the direction of Procyon, my fingers tapping away at the portable typewriter on my lap...

+ Gary Deindorfer +

Copies of THE HAT GOES HOME are still unavailable from Mike Glioksohn.

the DEMO- LISHED FAN

MICHAEL DOBSON

I first heard of Edward R. "Edsmith" Smith in 1968 through a review of his fanzine Alpha #21¹ in Ned Brooks' The New Newport News News. I particularly noted his address: 1315 Lexington Avenue, Charlotte, North Carolina 28203, as I was living in Alabama at the time but had grandparents in Charlotte whom I visited frequently.

"My goodness," I mused. "This person must be Some Kind Of Fan! Twenty-one issues!"²

I assumed this Edsmith must be some sort of College Man³ and looked forward to visiting this fannish elder statesman during my next trip to Charlotte. Little did I realize the true importance of this unrecognized (until now) seminal BNF: Edward R. "Edsmith" Smith invented Fandom.

It was in the sixth grade when Edsmith first created the idea of fanzines. He was still basking in the glow of his accomplishment

of a few months previous, The Seversville Elementary School Science Fiction and Science Fact Club.⁴ In a flash of inspiration⁵ Edsmith published the first issue of The Seversville News, which contained an editorial, some amateur science fiction, and the contents of next month's prozines, copied from their "Coming Next Issue" sections. The Seversville News was handwritten on notebook paper, and each copy was individually produced.

The circulation was not large.

The Seversville News gave way after a few issues to The Daily Rocket, which did not come out daily. With this, Edsmith invented the unique fanzine publishing schedule standards followed by BNFs like Terry Hughes to this very day.

¹It was once pointed out by a teacher of Edsmith's that he must have been very clever to think up a brand-new name each issue, e.g. "Alpha #18, Alpha #19, Alpha #20," etc.

²I have never published a fanzine numbered higher than #2. If I ever start publishing again, I plan to start with #17.

³Actually, he was fourteen. I was fifteen.

⁴Three members.

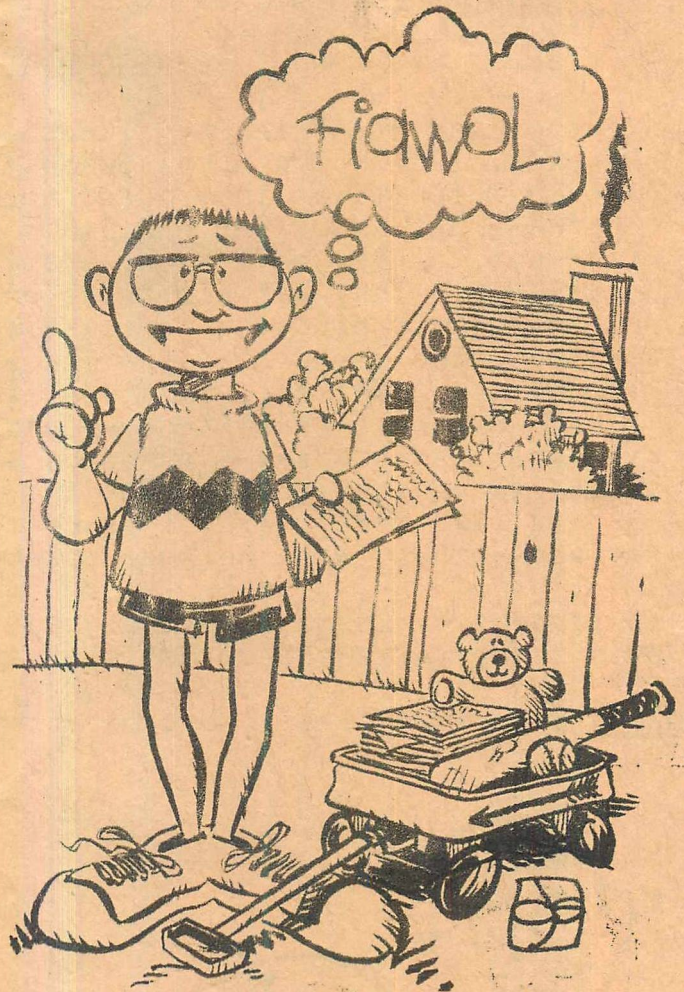
⁵Actually, only 10% was inspiration. In the tradition of Thomas Alva Edison, 50% was perspiration. The remaining 40% was mimeo ink.

In yet another blast from the mind of this tendrillless Slan, Edsmith invented the carbon-paper reproduced fanzine; and, in the process, discovered typewriters. The Daily Rocket gave way to the justly-famous Alpha. With only brief pauses out for letterhacking to Herbie, Alpha appeared for some fourteen issues on a better-than-monthly schedule.

We can only distantly imagine the shock and dismay that this unheralded Claude Degler experienced when he discovered that his idea of Science Fiction Fandom had been stolen from him backwards in time! Hundreds of other people were, even as he peeled the carbon paper from between copies of early issues of Alpha, publishing their very own, uncredited to Edsmith, fanzines. But, like Arthur C. Clarke before him, who neglected to patent synchronous communications satellites, Edsmith had forgotten to copyright fandom! In a landmark Supreme Court decision⁷ on the matter, Chief Justice Earl Warren wrote for the majority,

"As we have seen in ex. parte supra Smith nihil obstat and et. alia, in the present matter, the relevant appellate opinion and precedent cases clearly show that the historic principles of caveat emptor, in media res, and c'est la vie apply here. Tough luck, Charlie."⁸

Although shaken to the core by this experience, Edward R. "Edsmith" Smith showed himself to be no quitter. As the immortal Jophan before him, Edsmith's quest for fannish perfection could not be deterred. He purchased a mimeograph, some stencils, and some twiltone, and created the brilliant



⁶The Howard the Duck of the late sixties.

⁷Edward R. "Edsmith" Smith vs. Ray Palmer, Claude Degler, et al.

⁸As this decision was being read, Edsmith leaped to his feet and began singing "Dem Bones, Dem Bones, Dem Dry Bones", and pinned a badge with the number "6" on it to his jacket.

"I am not a number, I am a free fan!" he cried.

last few issues of Alpha. Some samples of his writing follow:

In Alpha #21, we find a classic Edsmith

"RECORD REVIEW

'Snoopy and His Friends,' recorded by the Royal Guardsmen, Laurie Records, 1967. The Royal Guardsmen's most famous record, and the one in which I was introduced to them, is SNOOPY AND THE RED BARON. Then THE RETURN OF THE RED BARON was released. The most recent (and not, as far as I know, available on a single) is SNOOPY'S CHRISTMAS. They are all three on Side 1 of this album. Each number starts off as a newscast on radio, then, about halfway through, the music starts. The songs themselves are all similar, though not identical, in style, and all have a lively, catchy tune. Stereo is excellent -- while on one speaker the announcer is--well, announcing--the bombs are heard exploding on the other. Music is on one speaker, and the voices are clearly on the other -- not like most stereo I've heard, where the two speakers blare at each other with neither speaker different from the other."

Record reviews by Edsmith were a great influence on the young Ted White, who even today reviews records similarly for The Unicorn Times.

In Alpha #22, this classic bit of oft-misquoted philosophy appeared:

"It is a proud and lonely thing to be an Edsmith."

How true.

As has been mentioned, I first heard the name of Edward R. "Edsmith" Smith in 1968. I visited him in Charlotte in the summer of that year, and joined him in celebrating the publication of the newest addition to the stable of Drunken Politician Publications:⁹ Flip.

With Flip, Edsmith's writing hit its fullest blossom. My favorite is another record review. As you can see, it is short, explicit, and to the point. From Flip #4:

"And then there's Abbey Road. If you haven't heard it by now you're probably an asshole..."

⁹From Robert Zimmerman's "I Want You" from Blonde on Blonde:

"The drunken politician leaps
Upon the street where mothers weep
And the saviors who are fast asleep
They wait for you ..."



The same year also saw Edsmith enshrined in that Valhalla of sophisticated, mature fannishness, by which description of course I refer to APA-45. It was there he received the honor of the shortest mailing comment ever made by Jerry Lapidus, in 3-5-0-0, "Err. . . Granfalloon is spelled with two "L"s. . . I think."

I moved to Charlotte, North Carolina, in the late spring of 1970. I was living with my grandmother, who showed the foresight to live within walking distance of the Edsmith manse at 1315 Lexington Avenue. Edsmith and I soon became fast friends, and much of what I am today I owe to that friendship. I am also proud (but humble) of the fact that I was allowed to participate in Edsmith's invention of the two greatest, most vital, most crifanactical ideas ever to hit fandom. Let me give you some background.

By 1970 Edsmith had published five issues of Flip, the last issue on classic twiltone in Horrible Orange. He had published several fanzines for APA-45. He had (with the assistance of budding young writer Bob Vardeman, who was later to become the Andrew J. Offutt of his generation) founded SLAN-apa. The fannish world was his oyster, and he was the pearl inside.

Edsmith and I published the first and only issue of my fanzine Random Jottings during that long summer of 1970. We had plans for a veritable armada of fanzines which would issue from our respective domiciles. These plans were never to see fruition, but all would not be lost. In a dazzling display of almost unwitting brilliance, Edward R. "Edsmith" Smith had invented the Never Completed Fannish Project!

Edsmith's last great discovery came shortly thereafter, as we were spending a summery North Carolina evening on his veranda, slowly sipping our Dr. Pepper mint juleps and dreaming of fanzines to come.

"Talking about fanzine publishing sure is a lot easier than actually doing it," he mused solemnly. Ever the faithful Boswell, I quickly jotted the solemn musing in my notebook.

"It sure is," I agreed. "How wonderfully perceptive."

"If we talk and plan long enough," he added, "we may never have to publish again as long as we live."



I quickly wrote that down, too.

"But," he mused again, "there are still correspondents to answer, fanzines to LoC, conventions to attend, N3F dues to pay; . . . a fan's work is never done."

I hesitated, trembling a little, before venturing my reply. "Why don't we just not do any of that?"

He looked at me, and paused. I felt embarrassed that I might have offended the living image of Homo Cosman.

"Not a bad thought, really." I breathed a sigh of relief, then he went on, "It is kind of hard to get egoboo for not doing anything." He took a sip of his Dr. Pepper mint julep, leaned back, and was lost a while in thought. "And what, after all, is fandom without egoboo?"

"What, indeed," I replied.

"Indeed," he said.

Edsmith said nothing for a long time, and I feared he had gone to sleep. But, I was wrong. Like Kimball Kinnison wrestling with a new device to destroy Boskonian planets, Edward R. "Edsmith" Smith was on the verge of something big. How big I did not yet know.

"I've got it!" he cried. "An idea so mighty, so wonderful, it will forever change the face of fandom! An idea so overpowering that no one who comes in contact with it will ever be the same." (Years before, as the cosmic ripples of impending change cascaded back in time, the young F. T. Laney tossed fitfully in his sleep. "Listen!" a dream voice whispered. "Listen!")

We, of course, know today of Edsmith's solution for what to do when the egoboo runs out. We use only one word, an acronym for that mighty concept.

Yes, Edward R. "Edsmith" Smith had discovered GAFIA! And he got away from it all. He stopped corresponding. He was dropped from all his apas for lacktivity. He managed to have his subscriptions to OSFAN and Locus stopped. He even tried to cash all of his checks from George Senda.

He Got Away From It All.

But, deep within, the fannish fires still smouldered.

I didn't see Edsmith much during the early spring of 1971. When I did see him, he looked harried. His fingers twitched incessantly, and from time to time his right shoulder would jerk around much in the way it would if a mimeo crank were held in the hand. I suspected he was having trouble staying Away From It All, but I said nothing. Then I saw him with a stylus in his pocket. I tried to make a light-hearted comment, but it did not work. I could tell he was locked in mortal combat with his soul. I could not interfere, even when the tell-tale corflu stains appeared under his fingernails.

The last time I saw Edward R. "Edsmith" Smith was very late at night on April 16, 1971. I was asleep. He tapped on my bedroom window once, then again. I came to full alertness instantly and opened the window.

There, in the dim light of the crescent moon, he stood, one lens of his

glasses gleaming in the moon's reflection. His hair was awry; his shirt was mis-buttoned. But his hands did not tremble, and he looked at peace with himself.

"I am returning to fandom," he said, and smiled.

I noticed the dark blue mimeo ink stain on his shirt. "Didn't those pants used to be white?" I asked, looking at his dark blue pants.

"Yes, well..." he said, grinning. "I am having A Few Problems With Pubbing This Ish."

"How wonderful!" I said with glee. "How trufannish!"

"I've only got six more stencils to run off. Can you help me collate tomorrow morning?" he asked.

"Sure," I said. "I'll see you about nine thirty."

"Okay." Edsmith turned around and I watched him walk off into the moonset. I went back to bed.

The next morning I awoke around nine o'clock, dressed, and walked over to 1315 Lexington Avenue. Edsmith kept his mimeo in back, in a porch behind the kitchen.

As I started to walk around the house, I heard a flat, dull explosion, a sort of "Blat!" I ran the last few steps to see the smoking hole, the dark blue stains mixed with growing amounts of deep red. I peered inside, then looked quickly away from the charred remains of operator and mimeo. And there, fluttering away in a light spring breeze, was a scrap of Horrible Orange twiltone, with one word in dark blue letters,

"Fout!"

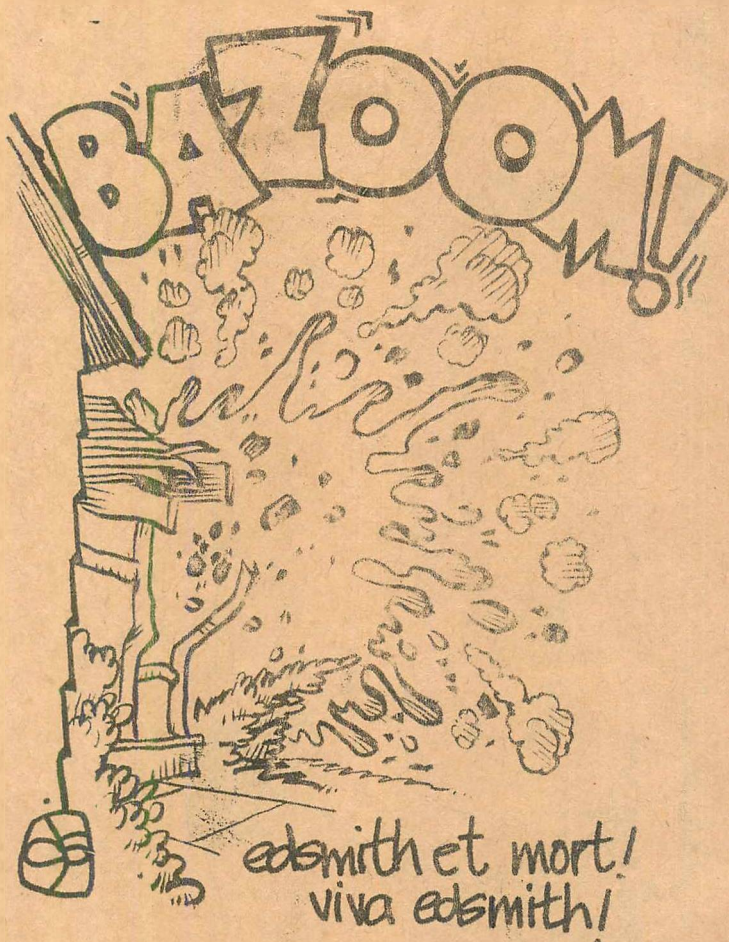
* * * * *

It was only much later that the full story came out; how Edsmith had been sold the defective mimeo ink can, how the pressure in the can from repeated depression of the ink key built up, and how finally... The memory is still too tender. I cannot go on.

I remember standing by Edsmith's open grave in the rain, unashamed tears glistening in my eyes, as his coffin was slowly lowered. A purple-robed ghughuist minister read the benediction.

"From fanzines did he come, and back into fanzines will his ashes go. But his spirit will live on in the halls of the Legion of Trufans. Mourn not.





"In the name of the Gernsback, the Palmer, and the Holy Degler, Amen."

"Amen," chorused the mourners.

I turned away from the grave and began walking. His contributions were now ended; no more would fanzines issue from 1315 Lexington Avenue. But I would go on, his shining memory ever serving as a beacon.

Alas, poor Edsmith. I knew him, Terry.

+ Michael E. Dobson +

Terry Hughes for TAFF!

Copies of Mike Glicksohn's THE HAT GOES HOME (his account of the Australian worldcon) are no longer available from Mr. Glicksohn for a dollar apiece. Copies are not even available for 50¢ each. Cheap at half the price.

AUTOCLAVE 3 will be held July 21-23, 1978, in Southfield, Michigan (in the Detroit area). If it arrives in time, a flyer will be included with this issue. Just in case, here are some particulars: Autoclave is a con geared for fandom, especially fanzine fandom. This year's guests of honor are Terry Hughes and Derek Carter, with Ben Zuhl as toastmaster. Registration is \$5.00 in advance, \$6.00 after July 1, 1978, and \$7.00 at the door. Checks should be made payable to the Metro Detroit Science Fiction Society, Inc., and mailed to: Diane Drutowski, AutoClave 3 Registration, 2412 Galpin, Royal Oak, Michigan 48073. The hotel is the Sheraton-Southfield, 17017 West Nine Mile Rd., Southfield, Michigan 48075, (313) 557-4800. Be sure to mention AutoClave 3 when making reservations. Further information can be obtained from Leah Zeldes, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park, Michigan 48237, (313) 545-1307. I am looking forward to this and hope to see you there.

SEACON '79 already has 1300 members. The 37th Worldcon will be held in Brighton, England, August 23-27, 1979. You are strongly urged to join as soon as possible as hotel reservation cards will be mailed out to members in October 1978 and reservations should be made before Christmas 1978 for best results. In 1979 you will be competing with mundane, seasonal tourists. Membership rates (until Dec. 31, 1978) are \$7.50 (£4.50) supporting, \$15.00 (£9.00) attending. SEACON '79, 14 Henrietta St., London WC2, United Kingdom.

ARLINGTON APPREHENSION

BOYD RAE BURN

"I'm wondering," I said to Terry, "whether Arlington-Falls Church fandom will get the Perry Treatment at the Seacon."

"Huh?" grunted Terry, pausing in the ingestion of his first Coke of the morning, "the Perry Treatment?"

"Yes, remember how at the Mancon nobody would talk to Tom, and some were giggling and pointing at him?"

"Right," said Terry, "what one might call Close Encounters with the Unkind, but why should we get the same treatment?"

"Because we don't drink."

"Don't drink?" Terry gasped, "How can you say that? We had some wine with dinner last night, and yesterday you bought some Coors beer because you'd just finished the six pack you bought last October."

"True, but when I said drink, I meant DRINK. A six pack of beer wouldn't last a British fan one evening. That, I think, is why Tom was shunned. He was sober, and according to the British fanzines you show me, the British fans are a bunch of galloping alcoholics, all the time falling down and insulting authors and pissing on people's shoes. The presence of a sober Perry was an affront to them, and a silent commentary on their sodden state."

"So what can we do?" mused Terry, "We can't very well fake it. It would be hard to fall down and insult authors and piss on people's shoes while sober."

"I agree, and even to take on protective coloration by having a pint in one's hand could be dangerous. When I'm holding a drink, my automatic action is to sip it."

"You mean British beer leaves something to be desired?"

"You're half right. It leaves something, but it's not to be desired. The one time I tasted British 'bitter' it was warm and sweet and flat."

"Just like the NFFF. But apart from your slurs on British beer, I see a flaw in your theory. Willis doesn't drink, and he doesn't get the Perry Treatment."

"Ah, but Willis is Ghod. Robert Madle says so."

Mike Glicksohn's sole appearance in this issue follows:



I understand the deft reason for your listing THE HAT GOES HOME as a neat thing to have and I'm complimented to see it included with other Good Stuff but I promise you if I get any requests for a volume I sold out over a year ago I'm going to forward them all to you and let you take care of them! "A few copies are still available"...Pshaw! Who says so? You wanna Xerox a copy a few times to give credence to your statement? Hmmphh! And they say all knowledge is contained in fanzines...also a lot of unsubstantiated hooley, obviously. It's too bad Donn folded TITLE or I'd review MOTA 10 and tell everyone to rush you a buck immediately since a few copies were still available...

Actually, when one gets right down to it, this particular issue of MOTA goes a long way towards being a 'Let's Tell Misleading And Completely Fallacious Things About Mike Glicksohn' issue. I'm flattered and honoured by this attention and definitely consider it to be a greater honour than having a strain of rutabaga named after me in a Bob Tucker novel. Which hasn't happened. Yet. (But not as great an honor as having a brand of whiskey named after me in a Batman comic, which has happened.) It's right up there with appearing as a short, hairy alien that lives on alcohol in a Star Trek book, yessir. It isn't everyone who gets libelled by Bob Shaw in one of his more flemmatic articles right there in the pages of the veritable Bible of trufannishness. (I though Bob had forgiven me for not having his FAAN Award with me last summer after Rob Jackson had encouraged him to take a journey of several hours duration to attend a party in my honour by suggesting that I was carrying the statue with me. I can see I was wrong.)

I'm referring, of course, to his totally and completely erroneous description, "as quickly and effortlessly as Mike Glicksohn writing a loc." I haven't even gotten to the bottom of the first page of this loc to MOTA and this is the fourth day I've been typing. So that disposes of the "quickly" part. But it's the "effortlessly" that really hurts. I work when I write a loc! I sweat, and I strain, and I put every bit of effort I can into each loc I write. You have no idea how firmly the Catto people put those corks into their Scotch bottles!

Then, of course, comes the capper of the whole issue: the supposed-article that Ben Zuhl apparently wrote that purports to be about me. HA! I won't come right out and say Ben's version of fannish history tends to be somewhat on the fanciful side, that his grasp of facts is about as firm as a bowl of blancmange, but if Ben ever writes a fanhistory piece about you,

Terry, you'll probably discover that Terry Hughes was a big-bosomed brunette and a leading mid-Seventies militant feminist and that MOTA stood for Multiple-Orgasm Teachers Association.

As any fan who knows my calm and rational lifestyle and my coolly collected attitude towards alcohol would know, I'd never pay a hundred and sixteen dollars for an eight-pack of Coors. But Ben never let the truth stand in the way of a fanzine article. All I did was to pay a hundred and seventeen dollars for a six pack of six-ounce cans of Coors, which I'm sure you'll agree is a completely different proposition and a reasonable action for any thirsty fan to perform. I was also motivated by concern for my fellow fans and a strong desire to protect them from possible harm: it was clear to me that of all the bodies in the room only my own contained a liver sufficiently well-trained to consume even thirty-six ounces of so noxious and unpalatable a beer as Coors without suffering serious damage. Out of a charitable desire to save my peers from injury I voluntarily chose to drink the vile stuff myself. And do I get their thanks? Am I commended for my unselfish sacrifice? Not at all! My motives are impugned, my judgement is besmirched, and even my mythological equivalent is misspelled! I tell you, there ain't no justice!

((MIKE GLICKSOHN lives at 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3 Canada, for those of you who may wish to place an order for a certain fan publication. Thanks, Mike, for putting to rest those ugly rumors that you no longer had any copies of THE HAT GOES HOME for sale. By the way, copies of MOTA 10 are still available from better Terry Hugheses everywhere. I want to assure you that I and the vast majority of MOTA's readers are eagerly looking forward to the first issue of your new fanzine, UNSUBSTANTIATED HOOEY.))

TOM PERRY
P.O. Box 2134
Boca Raton, FL 33432

"Talking A Lot Of Belge" is beautiful Bobshavian humor at its best. The boat trips both ways ring all too true, and I love the way Shaw keeps catching the reader in little webs of words, as in the business of "taking my bearings from the stars" or the "Person of Average Girth" or "how they brought the good booze and gave me aches in Ghent." I'd like to think that he had to rewrite this piece over and over but I know better. At Novacon '76 (at a rare moment when Don West was not beleaguering me) I was in an elevator with Bob when a cough overcame him and he apologized to the other occupants by saying, "I seem to have taken a cold." One of them -- no, it was not me -- made so bold as to cross words with him: "And where did you take it from?" Bob glared at him. "From cold storage, of course," he said.

ED CAGLE
Star Route South
Box 80
Locust Grove, OK 74352

A guy I know who comes here to camp every few weeks claims he can identify over 50 different types of bird dung. Can you imagine this turkey at a party?

The Shaw/Slater East Anglian Petrol Crisis reminded me of similar circumstances in my own splotchy past. Shaw's report also reminded that it is far more distressing to realize you are low on fuel before you run out than to suddenly discover your fuel gauge is approximately 50% in error on the high side. It is better to just run out -- cough, cough, wheeze, plunk -- than to sweat out a marginal traverse with minimal juice. Worry will ruin your trip. Such as ... two other types and I were on our way to the far northern reaches of Montana, in 1954, to fetch some combines and trucks back to the vast barren plains of Texas for the impending wheat harvest. We drove and drove and drove, but darkness

descended on us somewhere in the middle of Wyoming.

You may not be aware of this, but parts of Wyoming close early. Even today, in 1978. In 1954, most of Wyoming not only closed, the people who inhabited it during the daylight hours went into limbo soon after dark. For a time I thought maybe the residents were doing something sexual during their nightly disappearances, but no so; the population of Wyoming remains low.

So there we were, low on gasoline in a deserted land. Towns were far apart and largely inhabited by either a drunk or a congenital idiot, or both. The few service stations were locked up tightly and the owners all lived 35 miles out in the boonies (or so the drunks and congenital idiots claimed). There was no way we could make it through the night, and not even any rock groups to sing about it on the radio. Hard times, eh?

Around 3AM we pulled into a deserted station to wait it out, our gas gauge near the bottom and tempers below that point. For an hour we sat there and made each other uncomfortable and mildly angry (sniffing snorting groaning yawning shuffling farting, etcetera &cac). Suddenly I spied a sign on the pumps: "LEAVE MONEY HERE FOR AFTER HOURS GASOLINE."

I'll bet they don't do that any more.

I must be one of the few fans who have met Jim Turner. It happened when I lived in Kansas, and was off in Missouri on a fishing trip. At that time Doug Carroll was running the Tipton Hotel in Tipton, MO, and I stopped there to have a chat and buy Doug a drink. Turner showed up late in the evening, after much hooch had gone down, and yet I remember him well. The last I recall he was trying to enlist Doug and me in a quest to find a cow with horns, that he might prove his theory to honk them. He claimed it was all in knowing where to find the horn button.

Brosnan lives on Lushington Road? He did that on purpose, didn't he?

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

Okay, how much do you want? Five grand? Ten? I'll go as high as fifteen if you promise never to bring up the subject of THE BLACK TRIANGLE again and also inform me just who it was who squealed....Bangsund? I thought so. Actually it was quite a good comic strip -- it's only flaw being my inability to draw

properly... It was about these three super heroes who can merge into one superhero -- or was it one superhero who could split into three? The villain was interesting too -- he could warp time and space with a flick of his wrist and disappear up his own arsehole when the going got tough...

I remember on my first meeting with Bangsund decades ago, when he was visiting Perth as a travelling salesman, he complimented me on the strip. "I rather liked the title," he said, winking and nudging me in the ribs. "What do you mean?" I was puzzled. "You know," he said, "The Black Triangle... snigger..." When he finally realised I hadn't a clue about what he was talking about he was forced to explain, much to his embarrassment: "Well, you know...a woman's pubic hair...ah...it...forms the shape of...em...a black triangle..."

"Oh, really?" I said. "How very interesting..." Funny people these science fiction fans, I was thinking.

The problem with passing on information via a fanzine is that it's usually out of date by the time the fanzine appears, and that's the case with my

announcing that I was running Seacon's film programme. I was when I wrote the letter -- at least I think I was -- but now Leroy Kettle is. The committee took exception to my plans to have nothing but films at the convention -- I wanted to do away with all program items other than films. People would have been ordered out of their rooms at 6 am and assembled in the main hall. They would then have been locked in the hall for the next 18 hours where they would watch Forbidden Planet and Phantom of the Paradise over and over again. I was telling the committee this when I was struck from behind with a blunt instrument and that's all I remember...when I woke up the old boring program had been restored which means that most of the convention will consist of listening to Malcolm Edwards, Chris Priest, and Peter Weston debating on the crucial question of "What Science Fiction Is Really All About." Poot.

But I will be assisting Kettle with the film program (I get to turn the lights on and off before and after each film) along with a number of other people, including Brian Aldiss (of all people). Aldiss sent Kettle a note saying that he hoped we wouldn't be showing the usual boring films like Forbidden Planet (the cad!) and then went on to list a number of incredibly obscure Polish, Czech and Lithuanian sf films that he wanted Kettle to obtain. Sounds great. I'm thinking of telling Aldiss about a Taiwanese sf film that Mervyn Barrett saw in New Zealand recently (all the good films get shown there first). Sample of dialogue in a spaceship hovering over the moon: "Our oxygen is exhausted!" "Don't worry. We'll be back on Earth very soon."

Bob Shaw's amusing piece on his experiences at the Belgian convention reminded me of something that happened to at that Belgian fantasy film festival I mentioned last letter. The person responsible for getting me involved in that debacle was Dez Skinn, editor of House of Hammer magazine (called Hammer's House of Horror in the US...no, I tell a lie! It's had to be changed to Hammer's Halls of Horror because some American publisher came out with his own House of Horror mere days before the British magazine was to be distributed) and publisher of Starburst magazine (it's a sort of British Starlog but I won't hear a word against it seeing as I write for it.). Anyway, Dez had arranged for me to be a judge at this thing but at the last moment he decided to come along as well, which was a good thing because it meant that I didn't have to suffer alone. As I intimated in the other letter the standard of films shown there was poor and by the end of the festival we were both feeling rather pissed off. On the final night, while the bailiff's and police were counting the money in the box office (see MOTA 24), one of the festival organisers dragged Dez and me out in front of the audience and made a long, rambling speech in Flemish or Dutch or Taiwanese (I'm not very good at languages). I'd been assured earlier that I wouldn't have to make a speech so I was just standing there thinking about my next beer when suddenly he thrust the mike under my nose and said: "And now John Brosnan will give his impression of the festival." There was a stunned silence, most of which was supplied by me, as I stared at a cinema-full of expectant Belgian faces. "Uhhh..." I said, "Well, I'm afraid I didn't like many of the films..." The microphone was snatched away and the organiser muttered, "That's not our fault. We didn't make them." Then he pointed the mike at Dez and glared at him. Dez smiled, took the mike and said: "First of all I'd like to thank you for inviting me to your beautiful country and also for the honour of asking me to be a judge at this festival..." And so on. The organiser beamed and there was a rapturous applause when Dez finished. I wondered how I could kill him as slowly and painfully as possible...all of which goes to show why Dez is an affluent young publisher, adored by everyone, particularly women, and I'm a miserable freelance alcoholic.

ALAN BOSTICK
4522 E. Bowker St.
Phoenix, AZ 85040

Ah, yes. The difference between a sercon fan and a fannish fan is that the sercon fan writes long, dull dissertations about the latest sf book he's read, while the fannish fan writes long, dull dissertations about the latest fanthology he's read.

Quite an important difference, don't you think? It's good that the two generally don't mix very well, otherwise there would be great fights about who writes the duller trash, the serconists or the faans. Seriously, I didn't think that your reviews of the '75 and '76 Fanthologies were ~~xxx~~ at all boring. But if I didn't know any better I'd say that you were showing a definite Serious and Constructive streak. The next thing we know, you'll be sending articles to Leland Shapiro about the mythic symbolism in the work of Walter A. Willis, or some such.

Congratulations, Terry, I really admire your reaction to Jim Meadows' letter. I still can't bring myself to believe that Jim Turner is real, but I'm not sure that he's a hoax, either. Gosh, maybe he's neither. For that matter, maybe there are a lot of people in fandom who are neither real nor a hoax -- take me, for example. For all Tom Perry knows, I might not exist at all, but be an alter-ego of John D. Berry. Did you know that I have never seen John and Tom at the same time, which means that Tom has never seen John and I together. Good Heavens, maybe we're all hoaxes of each other! Or, perhaps, we're all figments of a certain demented Canadian's imagination.

((We take our humor seriously in these parts, Bostick, so don't go sticking any pins into the editorial windbag. Otherwise, the question as to your reality will cease to matter. If you get my drift. There are other people out there, people with perception, people like Geoff Mayer.))

GEOFFREY MAYER
24927 Second St.
Hayward, CA 94541

Your intro and reviews of the Fanthologies were the best part, thoughtful and thorough. I've felt for a long time that you should have a stronger presence in MOTA and I'm glad to see it happening.

Ever since you ran a letter from one of your UK correspondents discussing the Standard British Handful, I've enjoyed introducing that unit to co-workers and conjecturing as to its measure. Recently we've been loaned a few employees from a British subsidiary and we decided to find out. Selecting a rather standard British fellow, we asked him to raise his hand, cupped. At his quizzical look we mentioned the SBH to which he responded "36B". Now we know.

DAVE LANGFORD
22 Northumberland Ave.
Reading,
Berkshire RG2 7PW
United Kingdom

You cannot imagine the feelings of guilt which sweep over me and make my life as grey as Keith Walker's duplicating when another MOTA flops limply and accusingly upon the doormat. When I console my conscience with the thought that we trade, along will come another loc from T. Hughes which seems really witty and preceptive

until I spoil it all by opening the envelope -- and I begin to feel this strange urge to respond. Normally I quell this with a quick OD of malt whisky, but I suppose I really should tell you about the tortoise.

(GLOSSARY for colonials... TORTOISE (n) a non-amphibious turtle)

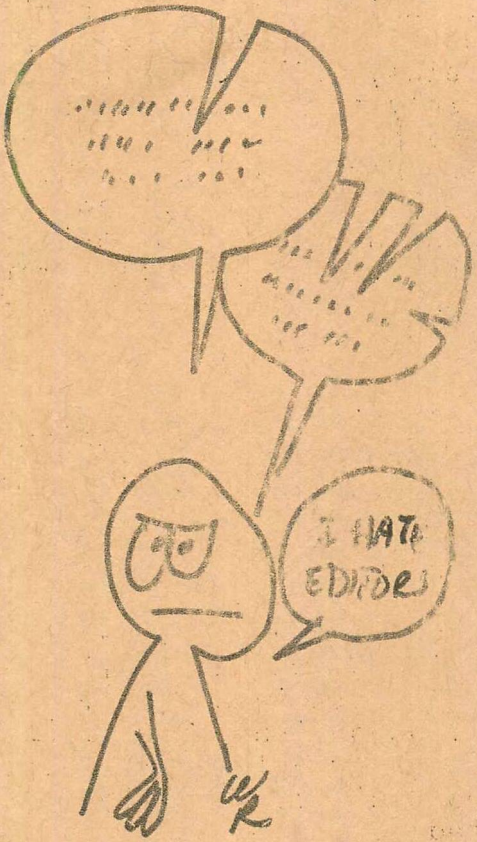
This enterprising beast appeared one day while a friend (of Hazel's) was digging her garden. Suddenly the earth cracked open before her unbelieving gaze...a mud-caked reptile burst forth like a very low budget Tokyo

monster, and sent the friend into temporary hysterics. She'd only acquired the house recently and was as affronted as if she'd found a dozen sitting tenants in the cellar; next day at work she accosted everyone with words of calculated subtlety like "I expect you've always wished you had a tortoise?" Hazel drew the short straw, and a barely animated clod of earth (the Friend hardly cared to touch it, let alone hose it down) was added to the Langford household. It was called George. Hazel explained that all previous tortoises in her life had been called George and she saw no reason to make an exception; I know that long ago when she collected snails her fourteen identical specimens were all called Fred. It simplified matters, since when you wished to summon a particular snail -- "Here, Fred! Heel, Fred!" -- there was no straining to recall its name.

George the tortoise sat around and did very little. Hazel took up tortoise-watching and would breathlessly report the beast's every move, which on the first day consisted of yawning twice (high excitement to Hazel, who as an Egyptologist has been trained in still more ascetic discipline of pyramid-watching). At first I contented myself by giving George an austere smile when I passed him (or possibly her), but presently we were forced to take action: two weeks after his emergence, George had not eaten despite being surrounded with what to Peter Roberts would have seemed a veritable feast. I spent long minutes tickling him under the chin, at which his little jaws would move (perhaps he was grinding his lack of teeth in hatred), but not far enough to permit the insertion of lettuce, dandelion leaves/flowers, bananas, bread&milk, groundsel, vitamin pills, or even the tyre lever with which I hoped to ~~XXXXX XXXX XXXX XXX XXXX XXXX~~ open his mouth a little wider. From time to time he would snort in a disgusted Pickersgillian fashion, shoulder aside the proffered titbit and wander off to stand witlessly in the bowl of water Hazel had provided. Capillary action, that miracle of science, then drew the water through the wrinkles and crannies of his fore-legs, leaving us with a dripping-wet reptile efficiently transferring water from bowl to carpet.

Of course we were showered with advice: tortoises eat when warmed up enough to set their metabolisms going, etc., but George tended to make kamikaze rushes towards the gas-fire, edging in so close that I had to wear asbestos clothing to retrieve him. The heat merely sent him to sleep. Him or her. Martin Hoare wanted to sex it with a pendulum: "if it swings back and forth over him, it's a male, and if it swings back and forth over her, it's a female."

Yesterday there was something of a breakthrough. Plainly George's look of concentration over the weeks had been the outward expression of mystic tricklings within, for quite suddenly he delivered himself of an enormous flood urine. Perhaps part of the strain had been due to a concern for our carpet, since this did not occur until we had experimentally put him out in the sun. Having irrigated the back yard, he stalked purposefully onto the lawn -- into is more descriptive since it hasn't been cut for over a year -- and bogged down like a lonely wanderer who had strayed into the great Grimpen Mire or a BSFA meeting. Hazel put him back in the outdoor pen she had contrived from bits which had fallen off our house; he made a purposeful circuit of the walls. Satisfied of privacy, he flung himself upon a passing dandelion and devoured it utterly. A swathe of devastation was cut through clover, vetch and grass; George, displaying a startlingly pink tongue, was actually foaming at the mouth. This taught me a deep moral lesson which I shall never forget; I was going to write it up for Readers Digest but couldn't think of a good punchline, so I thought you'd like to know instead.



I ALSO HEARD FROM: Harry Warner, Jr.; Gary Deindorfer; Curt Stubbs--"Why were half of the pages of my copy still in order but upside down? Is it not a subtle hint that you are getting a little tired of carrying deadweight like me? Anyway, after trying several methods, standing on my head, using mirrors, and hanging by my knees from the rafters, I discovered that the easiest method was to turn the zine upside down when I reached the upside down half, and thus were none of the words of wisdom able to escape me sharp mind." ((I just hope that you didn't read the upside down section while you were in public.)); Eric Mayer; Ed Chambers; Mary Long; Leah Zeldes--"Has Ben ever written an article that doesn't mention Mike Glicksohn?"; Victoria Vayne; David Travis; J. Owen Hanner--"You can't trust a machine; but if you did, would you let your sister marry one?"; M.K. Digre; Joseph Nicholas; Steve McDonald--"I refuse absolutely to trust anybody; after all, John Thiel generally publishes my locs almost in entirety, and after that, you get suspicious."; Wally Stoeling; Kevin Easthope; Glenn Garrett;

Candice Massey; Taral Wayne MacDonald; Frank Balazs; and David Hull--"I really dig those dented o's." Letters of comment are always appreciated and even encouraged. Who knows, maybe the subtle approach will owrk.

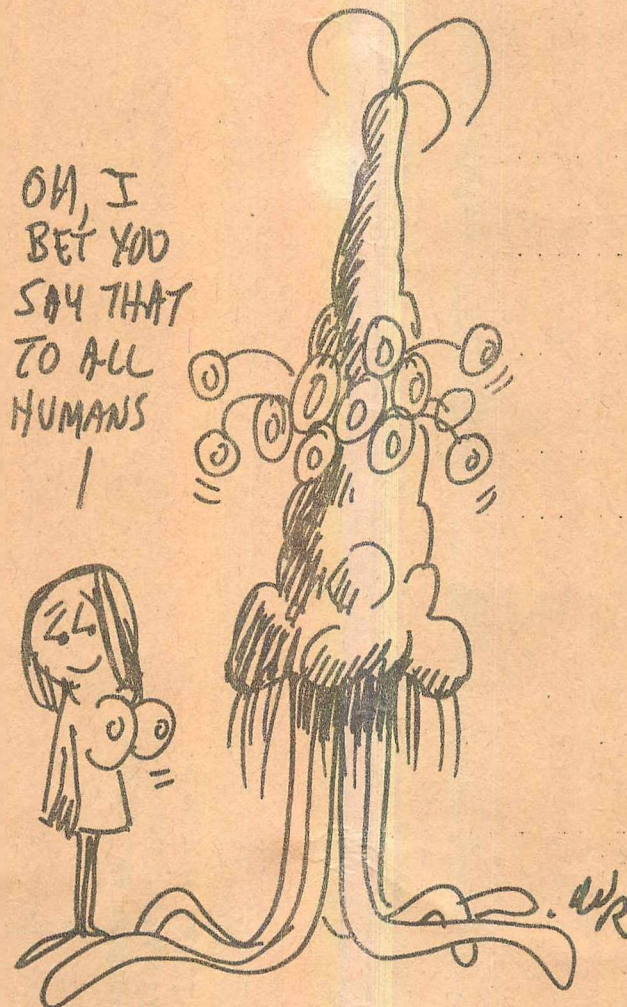
Now for the latest entires in the MOTIA change of address sweepstakes:

Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd., #207, Detroit, Michigan 48219
Glenn Garrett, 13700 Gamma Rd., Dallas, Texas 75240
Jerry Kaufman, 303 16th Ave. East, #102, Seattle, Washington 98112
Leroy Kettle, 8 Hendale Ave., London NW4, U.K. (temporary)
Sam & Mary Long, 1338 Crestview Dr., Springfield, Illinois 62702
Dan Steffan, 5218 N. 12th St., Arlington, Virginia 22205
Curt Stubbs, 5239 N. Central, Phoenix, Arizona 85012
Jim Turner, 531 Nevada Dr., Longview, Washington 98632
Leah A. Zeldes, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park, Michigan 48237

The Tucker Transfer is a special fund with the purpose of sending Bob Tucker to the 1979 Seacon in Brighton. Donations should be sent to Gale Burnick, 2266 Jackson, Dubuque, Iowa 52001. In addition, Ben Zuhl, 7660 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Illinois 60626, is preparing a special fanzine to raise money for the transfer; please contact Ben for further details.

As you may have noticed, there are no whoopie cushion jokes in this issue of MOTA. This has been due to the efforts of Tom Perry who protested when I worked one into last issue. Tom feels that I have gone to the well once too often by allowing yet another one to surface in its mixed metaphorical fashion (whoopie cushions are like that). I consider jokes about whoopie cushions to be an integral part of MOTA's sophisticated style of humor. Tom and I have begun a series of Strategic Whoopie Cushion Joke Limitation Talks. While we are both staunchly opposed to whoopie cushions themselves, we differ as to the whoopie cushion joke (WCJ). Tom Perry feels that to mention whoopie cushions, even in a joking fashion, is to in effect increase their popularity and demand. I would classify this reaction as extreme and have to attribute Tom's viewpoint to the fact as a young child he was bitten by a whoopie cushion -- an experience he has never forgotten. My own course of action to combat the alarming proliferation of whoopie cushions is to keep making whoopie cushion jokes as long as "they" keep making whoopie cushions. We hope that the SWCJLI sessions will produce a compromise that enable us to combine our efforts to leave no seat unturned.

I am U.S. agent for Eric Bentcliffe's TRIODE, one of the most enjoyable fanzines being published today. Copies are available for \$1 each.





MOTA 25 (May 1978) is published,
edited, collated, and smeared by
Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington
Blvd., Arlington, Virginia 22205,
United States. Copies are avail-
able for contributions of text
and/or art, letters of comment,
most fanzines in trade, and for
old faanish fanzines. (CHUCK
HARRIS did this recently and he
just got his written in all caps.
The same could happen to you!)
One sample copy for one simple
dollar. After the sample issue
you are encouraged to use one
(or more) of the above methods
and thereby save your money.
Contributions in excess of \$100.00
will be spent foolishly. Ahem!
This is the twenty-fifth issue
of MOTA. To celebrate, the drinks
are on you. I am waiting.

Editorial Talk
by Terry Hughes.....2

Star Wars in the Wild, Wild West
by Gary Deindorfer.....4

The Demolish Fan
by Michael Dobson.....6

Arlington Apprehension
by Boyd Raeburn.....13

Letters and stuff.....14

William Rotsler:
cover logo, 14, 20, 21

Dan Steffan:
cover illo, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12

Hughes for TAFF!

Joe Siclari
2315 NW 98 Ln.
Coral Springs, FL 33065

TERRY HUGHES
4739 Washington Blvd.
Arlington, VA 22205

THIRD CLASS MAIL