

# MOTEA

HANSEN '79—





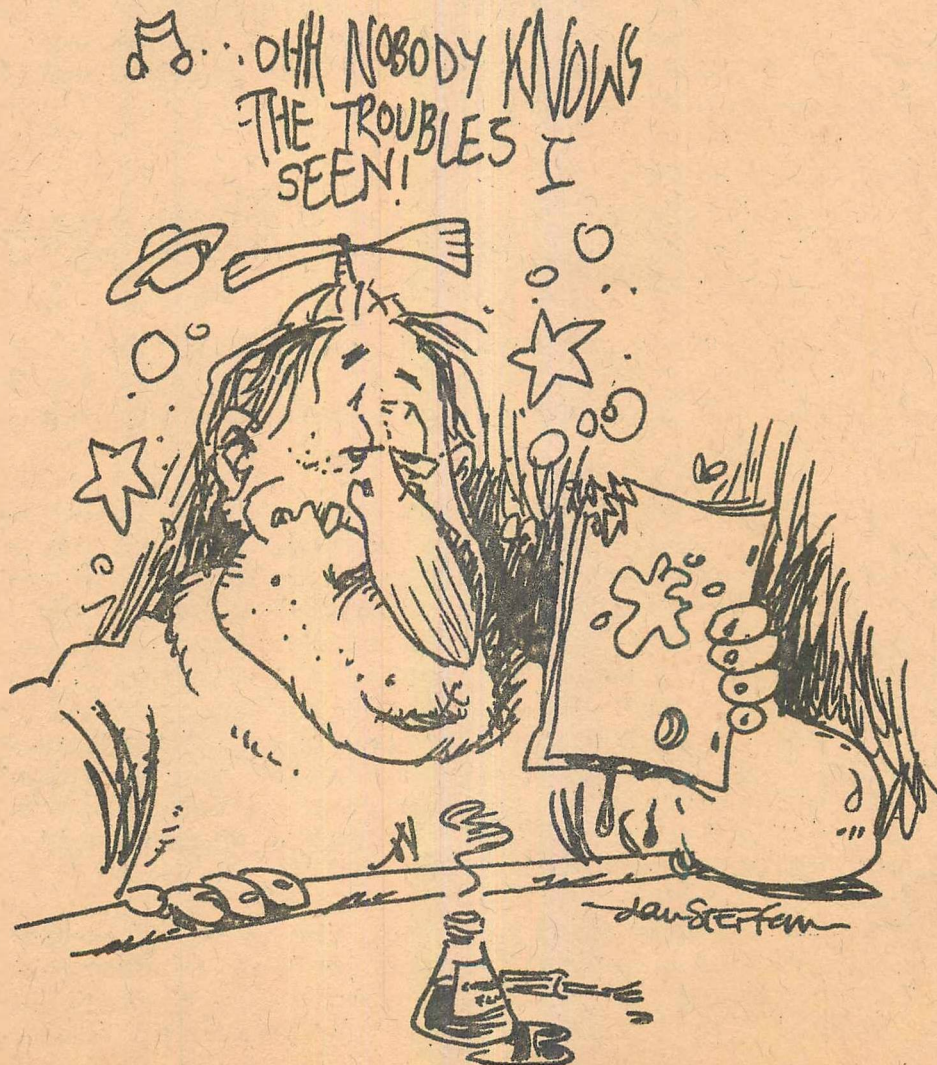




Welcome to the 31st issue of MOTA, the fanzine you thought you'd never see again. However, before I go into that subject, I want to tell you the Big News: Dave Langford has won TAFF for 1980 and will, therefore, be at Noreascon Two.

By winning TAFF, Dave Langford has caused me to completely rewrite my editorial for this issue. Of course, if my mimeograph hadn't broken down, then I could have published my old editorial back in February as I had started to...until disaster struck (I'm talking about the mimeograph, not Langford). That old editorial was full of lavish praise for both Dave Langford and Jim Barker, the two candidates for TAFF delegate this year. I also implored all of you to vote for one or the other of these well-qualified men and thereby support the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Despite the mimeo breakdown I was able to distribute TAFF ballots to those of you living in North America. In mid-April the voting was over and Dave Langford had won and the repair company celebrated by returning my mimeo in working order. So you will be getting this and several other MOTAs and Dave Langford as well.

Dave Langford makes an excellent TAFF delegate; he's a talented writer, proficient fanzine editor, and delightful conversationalist. Be sure to meet him at the worldcon (& ask him about his TAFF report).





Why did my mimeo break down? I don't know, but I think it had something to do with Chris Couch. His Iquanacon report was originally scheduled to appear in HWA!, but the editors Vicki Carson and Kathy Bobel seemed to lose all interest in publishing fanzines after receiving Chris' contribution. Since I saw both of these lovely women at Seacon, I can only assume they left the US shortly after getting the piece from Chris. So he sent it to me and I accepted and my mimeo broke down. Sheer coincidence? I think not. The break down of my mimeograph was due to the Chris Couch Contribution Curse. (It certainly wasn't due to the fact that I hadn't cleaned the machine in several years.) "Deranged in a Strange Land" is the first Iquanacon report to appear in MOTA (and may be the last since it did take place in 1977). The other contributions in this issue are reprints from Terry Carr. They originally appeared 20 some years ago in a fine fanzine called CRY OF THE NAMELESS. The fanzine is no longer being published but this has very little to do with the fact that it published these Terry Carr pieces.

Did you know that I am a force to be reckoned with? As I was putting the material for this issue together back in January, I received a complimentary copy of a book along with a letter from the executive editor of Ace Science Fiction hinting that I might review the book and thereby help it garner a Hugo nomination. Clearly Jim Baen realizes the enormous power I have to influence fans' minds as well as the ability of the vast horde of MOTA readers to affect the Hugo balloting. I guess everyone knows you and I have this power. Unfortunately he forgot to include a little something extra, like a case of Scotch whisky, an assortment of \$100 bills, or a bottle of correction fluid, and even if he had, it's too late to influence the nominations now (all we can do is determine the winners). So I will ignore that book and instead mention another book by another publisher in the form of:

#### Another Bloody Book Review

FUTURE TENSE: The Cinema of Science Fiction  
by John Brosnan (St. Martin's Press, New York)  
\$7.95 paper.

If you like giant radioactive ants, you won't like this book. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that if you have a deep, sincere feeling for giant radioactive ants then do not read this book by John Brosnan or he will break your heart.

For the most part this is an excellent book; the writing is crisp, witty and informative and the black & white photographs are plentiful. The subject matter is broken down chronologically and to an extent categorically so that it reads smoothly and generally makes sense while dispensing its information. Even the chapter titles manage to be descriptive and amusing at the same time: "Yesterday's Tomorrows", "Things That Came", "We Are The Martians", "The Boom Goes On" and so forth. FUTURE TENSE provides a thorough, comprehensive review of science fiction films (it even includes a brief listing of sf on British and American television) and it will delight anyone with an interest in the subject. I found the book highly enjoyable -- except for the parts where Brosnan starts bad-mouthing giant radioactive ants. (The cad!)

In discussing Them! (which is just about the best sf movie when it comes to giant radioactive ants and also the first as it was made in 1954), John Brosnan says that giant ants are completely out of the question, scientifically speaking. Brosnan, ever the stickler for scientific ac-



curacy, refutes their existence in this manner: "One of the reasons insects have never evolved past a certain size is that they are limited by their breathing system; since they don't possess lungs, air is circulated through their bodies by air pressure alone via a number of holes on each side of the thorax -- an effective method in small bodies, but not sufficient to oxygenate an animal the size of a dog, and certainly not adequate for ants the size of elephants as in Them!" If I correctly understand the point he is making (and if I don't, please don't tell me about it), one could use John's scientific approach to prove the air-cooled engine of the 1973 Volkswagon to be impossible and to explain why the Bugs are not the size of elephants or giant radioactive ants. How can he say giant insects are out of the question? He should see the size of the cockroaches in some of the places I used to live while a student. (They used to rearrange the furniture late at night and knock eight foot holes in the walls and chew up the strong parts of my term papers.) Besides which, the giant ants in Them! were caused by H-bombs and if radiation can make a man's skin turn into alligator hide or cause a woman to grow 60 feet tall overnight or turn Peter Parker into Spiderman, then there is no doubt in my mind that it can create giant radioactive ants. John Brosnan is a skilled writer and an amusing fellow in person, but when it comes to giant radioactive ants he is a regular party pooper.

There is always the possibility that Brosnan made an error here (a slip of the sliderule if you will) just as he made an error when discussing The Fly. I am sure all of you remember the climatic scene of that movie where the half-man half-fly creature is caught in a web with a hungry spider closing in. On page 136 of FUTURE TENSE Brosnan writes: "His brother, played by Vincent Price, promptly hits him with a rock." This is obviously an error as any true science fiction fan will tell you (or at least any true science fiction fan who watched this movie with me last Thursday). In actuality it was the sheriff standing beside Vincent Price who tossed the rock. This was an important plot device in the movie because when he killed the fly-body with the human-head he knew he was just as guilty of murder as the professor's wife who had killed the human-body with the fly-head so the sheriff didn't arrest her and send her to prison for the rest of her life. Instead he and Vincent Price made up a big lie and everyone lived happily ever after, or at least until The Return of the Fly.

Don't you go talking about giant radioactive ants to me, John Brosnan.

Coming Next Issue What with me writing a book review for the first time in twelve million or so years and science fiction editors requesting my assistance in obtaining Hugo nominations, I have decided that next issue will be MOTA's Special Science Fiction Issue. This magazine has ignored SF for too long. Some of the features I hope to publish next issue will be:

"The Importance of Woman in SF" by Jessica Amanda Salmonson

"The Importance of Men in SF" by James Tiptree, Jr.

"The Importance of Sheep in SF" by John Alderson

"The Importance of Exclamation Points in SF" by Susan Wood

"The Importance of Jacqueline Lichtenberg in SF" by Chris Priest

"The Importance of Ted White in SF" by Ted White

If by some chance I am unable to run these pieces (such as if they fail to arrive in the mail), then MOTA 32 will probably run some of Hilarie



Staton's photographs of Seacon, part one of my TAFF report, and contributions from Gary Deindorfer, Dan Steffan, Bruce Townley and maybe even you.

One of the things I have learned in my years as a fanzine editor is how to steal ideas from other faneds. I don't know who really began the idea of "Instant Egoboo" (a listing of things which have given the editor (me) pleasure since the last issue), but John D. Berry is the one I am stealing this from. Here's somethings I found particularly enjoyable:

OUT OF THE BLUE from Harry Bell and Kevin Williams (especially Harry's brilliant cartoon-strip editorial and Kev's references to "The John Hall Article") -- SIKANDER from Irwin Hirsh (pieces by John Bangsund and Leigh Edmonds) -- INCA from Rob Jackson (Rob's replacement for MAYA and it's even better) -- EGEO SEXTARIUS from Paul & Cas Skelton and Mike & Pat Meara (even though they did print the piece by me that they weren't supposed to) -- TAFF-DDU from Jim Barker and Dave Langford -- THE IRON LAW OF BUREAUCRACY by Alexis Gilliland (a real book filled with the cartoons of Alexis Gilliland. \$4.95 from Loompanics Unlimited, P.O. Box 264, Mason, Michigan 48854) -- PARANOID from Ian & Janice Maule (a fistful of weekly issues about the J.L.A.S. and other matters of importance written in a wildly humorous style) -- ORNITHOPTER by Leigh Edmonds -- STARLING from Hank Luttrell -- ONE-OFF from David Bridges -- BOONFARK from Dan Steffan (at last!) -- DOT from Kevin Smith -- QUINAPALUS from M. K. Digre -- MAINSTREAM from Jerry Kaufman & Suzle Tompkins -- FAST AND LOOSE from Alan Bostick -- BRITISH FANZINE BIBLIOGRAPHY from Peter Roberts (three parts so far) -- MOOD 70 by Kevin Smith (an anthology of British fanwriting -- price unknown). And there are even more but I must leave room for:

BY BRITISH: A Fanthology of the 70s, edited by Ian Maule & Joseph Nicholas. The title really says it all; it is a choice collection of British fanwriting from the past decade. It also has fine art by Rob Hansen, Jim Barker and Harry Bell (who did the excellent cover). If you are new to fandom or have not seen many UK faanish zines, this is ideal for you and an excellent reminder to the rest of us. £ 1.50 from Ian (5 Beaconsfield Rd., New Malden, Surrey KT# 3HY, UK) or \$3.00 from me (I'm US agent).

THE BEST OF THE BUSHEL & THE EASTERCON SPEECHES Both are collections of Bob Shaw material, the former from HYPHEN, the latter his famous speeches in written form. A must for anyone who likes to laugh and who appreciates superb fanwriting. Available from Rob Jackson, 8 Lavender Rd., West Ewell, Epsom, Surrey KT19 9EB, UK for £ 1.10 or \$2.20 each. A bargain and a must.

IMPORTANT NOTE: It will soon be time to accept nominations for the next TAFF race to send a North American fan to the 1981 British Eastercon (YORCON). Nominees must have 5 nominators, 3 from NOrth America and 2 from Europe, submit a platform of 100 words or less, and post a \$5.00 good-faith bond. Information as to dates will be released soon, or you can write directly to me if interested for even prompter information.

ALSO: I have moved! My new address is 6205 Wilson Blvd., #102, Falls Church, Virginia 22044, USA. Please change your address file.

\*whew!\*

+ Terry Hughes +



"Another Pygmalion" was originally published twenty years ago (egad!) in CRY OF THE NAMELESS #132, October 1959. It was "inspired" of course by Shaw's Pygmalion and Lerner & Lowe's My Fair Lady -- thus more directly by "Brandon"'s My Fair Femmefan, and there are a couple of joking allusions in it to the latter. Most directly, though, I was moved to write it because John Berry -- the Irish one -- had done a fan-story on this theme a few issues before in CRY OF THE NAMELESS, and I didn't think he'd handled the theme very well, so I wrote this to satisfy my wish for a proper story on the subject. (The Berry story was Fandom Denied, which had appeared in CRY #127, May 1959.)

I felt competent to deal with the subject of teaching a new fan the lore and ways of fandom because in January 1959 I'd married Miriam Dyches, who'd been in fandom less than a year at the time. We were copublishing regular fanzines for FAPA and SAPS, and she was publishing a fanzine of her own, each issue of which had a different title though they were numbered consecutively as "Goojie Publications." In the FANAC Poll category of "Best New Fan" that year, Miriam placed second, topped only by Bob Leman (one of the very finest fan-writers ever, from his very first fanzine!), and tied by, amusingly and perhaps significantly, Sylvia Dees/White, who'd married Ted White about the time Miriam and I were married. I had of course been prepping Miriam quite a lot about fandom, and, following "Another Pygmalion", is an excerpt from my CRY column Fandom Harvest (from the same issue of CRY OF THE NAMELESS in fact: #132, October 1959) which tells a few of the amusing and true things that happened. Neither story has been reprinted until now.

-- Terry Carr, 1979

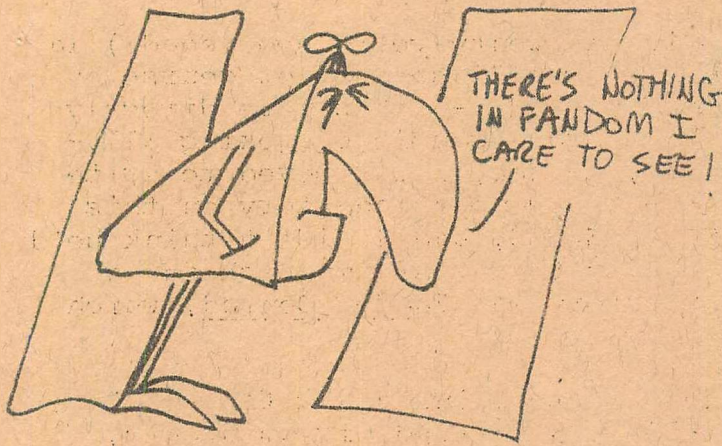
## ANOTHER PYGMALION

TERRY  
CARR

Ray Norworth was somewhat of an institution in fandom by his twenty-fifth birthday. He published three of the most popular fanzines of all time, and was an artist of consummate skill in all media, and a writer of such ability that he had been disqualified from all fannish popularity polls on the grounds of unfair competition. He had attended practically every convention in the U.S., had held important posts on the committees of five of them, had participated as speaker, auctioneer, and toastmaster on countless occasions, and had contributed to fannish culture the Egoboo Cocktail, which produced a pleasant euphoria equal to receiving unsolicited manuscripts from Willis, Grennell, Tucker, Bloch, Burbee, Meredith, Leman, Berry, and Boggs on the same day, plus a postcard of comment from Norworth himself.

Norworth regarded his fannish achievements with both pride and frustration. More and more of late he felt that there were no more roads open to him,





no more challenges in fandom. Each article he wrote, each brilliant fannish story, seemed only a variation on a theme which he had handled ten times before. He always managed to come up with a new twist, just as his drawings continued to explore some new technique, just as he managed original on-the-spot puns at conventions -- but he was deriving less and less enjoyment from his talents these days. There had to be something that he could do to revive his fannish enthusiasm before Final Gafiation set in.

Thinking thus, on his twenty-fifth birthday he shoosed fifty admiring fans from his home, complaining of a sudden attack of aching engrams. ("I washed my head today, and now I can't do a thing with it," he said.) Then he went slowly up into his Fan Attic and sat morosely before his typewriter, his eyes running slowly over the rows of his fanzine collection. Perhaps here he could get some inspiration.

His eyes lit on the blue taped spine of the first BEST OF FANDOM anthology. Yes, perhaps something in there -- wasn't Carl Brandon's "My Fair Femmefan" reprinted in that volume? He took it down from the shelf and leafed through its pages. Yes, here it was -- perhaps the only piece of fannish literature he had ever wished he'd written himself. He began to read it for the thirty-seventh time.

Half an hour later, he put the volume down and stared dreamily at the wall in front of him. His eyes rested on a point two inches above and one inch to the right of his 1964 Fan Calendar, with its full-color photograph of John Berry in the nude, but his thoughts were far away.

The theme of Brandon's masterpiece, the age-old theme of Pygmalion, had suddenly struck him. The idea of taking a rank neofan, teaching him all about fandom, and making a BNF of him overnight through sheer tutelage, had caught his fancy, fired his imagination. Here, by Roscoe, was a challenge worthy of him!

He thought back to the party that afternoon. Several neos had attended; surely one of them could make a good subject for the experiment. Let's see...there was Scott Alding, who had come along after seeing and admiring Norworth's cartoons in HYPHEN #40. No, he wouldn't do -- he hadn't even asked why the cartoons had had nothing to do with science fiction. A complete neofan was what he needed, Norworth decided. Harvey Lehman? -- he'd discussed stf all the time he'd been there. But come to think of it, he'd been engrossed in the political implications of Robert A. Heinlein's stories. So much for him. There'd been a man named Klaus Obrecht who'd talked about space travel -- no no no, he wasn't a neofan at all; he'd come to offer Norworth a position as public-relations man for a new missile center.

Abruptly Norworth's head jerked up from his meditations and a smile broke over his face. Larry Vaughan! Norworth had run onto him just the day before at a newstand, reading Belle Dietz's column in Fantastic Universe. Said he only bought the mag to read the fanzine reviews, because the idea of amateur



publications struck him as being far more fantastic and whimsical than any of the stories he'd read. Now there was a promising neofan!

In five minutes Norworth had him on the phone. "Larry my boy, this is Norworth! ...Oh, the engrams are much better. Just a slight headache from reading too much, I guess. Called a friend of mine who's an accountant and had him come over and audit my books. Worked like a charm...Listen, I'm feeling much better. Can you come back over? Want to talk to you."

And within the hour Norworth and Larry Vaughan were sitting comfortably in the Fan Attic, and Norworth was turning on the famed Norworth charm. "Fandom is a hell of an enjoyable pastime," he was saying. "It's a creative hobby, Larry -- gives you free rein to develop your talents. You want to be a writer, don't you, Larry?"

"Sure," said Larry Vaughan. "But I don't think I'm good enough yet..."

"Nonsense!" said Norworth amiably. "See here, I heard that remark you made this afternoon about Astounding's stories being so weak these days they ought to change the name to Campbell's Soup. You've got a fine sense of humor...not to mention good critical insight, obviously. You'd make a fine fan, and I'd like to help you."

"Help me?" said Vaughan. "Gee, Mr. Norworth, that would be swell."

"Good, good!" said Norworth. "Now, take this file of QUANDRYs home with you and read 'em. And here's a copy of FANCYCLOPEDIA II -- it's a bit outdated by now, but that can't be helped; it will do. Read this stuff, and call me when you're finished. You go on home right now and get busy."

Together they went downstairs. As he ushered Vaughan out the door, Norworth clapped him on the back and said, "And don't call me 'Mr. Norworth,' eh? The name is Ray. Listen, within a year you'll be voted the Best New Fan of the Year, and I'll want to be on a first-name basis with you! Now go on, and have fun with that stuff."

"I'm sure I will, uh, Ray," said Vaughan. "I think I'll enjoy being a fan. You see, my father was a printer, and I'm merely reverting to type."

Norworth's chuckle stopped when he shut the door. "Oh, brother!" he said to himself. "If I don't watch this guy he'll be inventing Ackermanese within two weeks!" And shaking his head he went off to bed, muttering something about Campbell's Soup as he went.

During the next several weeks Norworth kept loaning fanzines to young Vaughan -- GRUE, PSYCHOTIC, SPACEWARP, Burbeezines, Jan Hendrick's TOUCHSTONE, all six BEST OF FANDOM volumes, CRY OF THE NAMELESS, OUTWORLDS, and even his personal files of his own fanzines, FANFORAH, SATURNALIA, and NORWORTH'S FOLLIES. He explained in detail just how Tucker had managed to die so many times, why fans were always worrying about the eggplant over there, the story behind the Bheercan Tower Cataclysm of 1961, why dapper and distinguished Burnett R. Toskey, PhD, was considered evial, and many, many more such things. Larry Vaughan listened, nodded, tucked fanzines under his arm, and went home to read some more.

In two months Norworth decided that his protege was ready to contribute to the fanzines. He said, "Larry, you've got to be very careful of the things you write at the beginning of your fan career, because no matter how big a



name you get to be later, the fans will still keep digging up what you've said in years past and laughing at you. For example, when you were reading those old issues of CRY, remember, you laughed yourself silly at the part where Busby said he was tired of writing a review column. Well, maybe you'll never get to be a steady reviewer for The Saturday Review like him, but the things you write now will be dug up and quoted years from now when you're a big name."

"I'll be careful, Ray," said the young man. "Look, I've already got some ideas. I'm going to write this story about a guy who's marooned on a mining asteroid when his supply ship gets hit by a meteor. He's got supplies to last him for another month, and another supply ship can maybe--"

"Fine, fine!" said Norworth. "And to while away the time until the next ship gets there he joins fandom, eh? Of course, you might have trouble making it convincing, because if he's marooned how does he mail his stuff? But I guess you could call it 'One-Shot Found In A Vacuum Bottle' or something..."

"No, no," said young Vaughan. "This won't be a fannish story, but straight science fiction. See, this supply ship may be able to reach him in time, but--"

Norworth laid a hand on Vaughan's shoulder. "Don't write science fiction for fanzines," he said. He shook his head gravely. "Just not done," he said.

"Oh," said Vaughan. "Well then, how about a fantasy? I have this real neat idea about a vampire who joins this bloodbank..."

"Nor fantasy, either," said Norworth. "Just write fannish stuff, Larry. You see, if you write stf or fantasy for the fanmags they'll all say you're just not good enough to sell, whereas if you write fannish stuff they won't even stop to consider if it's amateurish. After all, where would I be today if I'd been writing science fiction for the fanzines? Fans would compare me with the pros...Poul Anderson, Robert Silverberg, Isaac Asimov. And my stuff wouldn't stack up, naturally. They'd call me The Horse's Asimov and so forth. Or the impoverished man's Poul Anderson. You see?"



"I guess you're right," said Vaughan. "Then how about a story about a very young fan who never knew what fandom it was because he didn't know how to count past ten yet?"

"Good, good!" enthused Norworth. And together they talked of other possibilities for Larry Vaughan's fannish writing. Norworth suggested humorous touches here and there, told Vaughan when a pun or witticism he planned to use had been used before, and gave him a few ideas of his own for stories and articles. It was one in the morning before Vaughan left Norworth's house, but he had enough ideas to keep him busy writing for months.



And for the next several months he did keep busy writing. Under the older fan's expert guidance, Vaughan's writing skill proved to be considerable. His writings were extremely popular right from the beginning, and as he learned more and more from Norworth they got better and better. He wrote "I Talked With A Fan From Two Hundredth Fandom," "The Poo Will Get You," "Mortimer Eggplant Saves Fandom," and such articles as "Conventions Are Fun If You Can Stand 'Em" and "Fans I'm Glad I've Never Known."

Seven months after Norworth first took on Larry Vaughan as his protege, he decided it was time the young man published a fanzine.

"Now look, Larry, the most important thing is neat repro," said Norworth. "If the zine is well-produced the top writers will contribute, but if it's messy and hard to read you won't stand a chance. Just remember that a mimeograph is an unruly beast which will overink, misfeed, or jam up at the slightest provocation. When you're running a mimeo, anything that can go wrong very definitely will. It's the nature of the beast. So be careful, and be prepared. Get yourself a big spiked club to threaten it with -- it won't do any good, but it'll make you feel better. Learn some really violent cusswords -- you'll need 'em. And above all, learn never to turn your back on a mimeo, because the moment you do it'll drip ink on your shoe."

And with such advice as this, including some choice words on stencils and correction fluid and an anecdote about a fan who had tried to use fountain-pen ink in his mimeo and was blue in the face for weeks, Norworth sent Vaughan home to start publishing his first fanzine.

Vaughan titled it NEOGLYPHICS and, in typical fashion, filled the first issue with his own writings. Norworth had taught him how to construct a fannish article, how to plot a story well, how to lead up to a punchline, how to use interlineations to best advantage -- all the things a good fan had to know -- and Vaughan had learned well. The letters of comment all registered amazement at the quality of the zine.

It wasn't long before the top writers were writing for NEOGLYPHICS. Norworth himself did a cover for the second issue and contributed an article to the third. The fanzine was becoming quite popular.

Vaughan visited Norworth again eleven months after that first night. Norworth, having invited him over, met him at the door, a slight frown furrowing his forehead.

"Come in, come in," he said. "Ah, upstairs. Have something to show you, Larry."

Upstairs, Norworth said, "Larry, you remember that when I started teaching you about fandom, I said that within a year you'd be voted Best New Fan Of The Year."

"Sure," said Vaughan. "I guess you meant in Les Nirenberg's yearly poll. That seems to be the main one these days."

"Yes, in his two-pager ATNTFWP. That stands for All The News That Fits, We Print -- but I guess you know that."

"Yes," said Vaughan. "I know just about everything one person can know about fandom, I guess, thanks to you. And of course I know a lot about science fiction, too, on my own."



"Not important," said Norworth, waving a hand in brief dismissal of science fiction. "The Point is, Larry, that I got an advance copy of ATNTFWP today, the issue with the poll results."

"Did you win some award?" Vaughan asked. "I thought they'd disqualified you because you were too good."

"Well, they have, of course," said Norworth. "That's why I was surprised when this came today, airmail, with a note written on the envelope saying 'Congratulations!'"

"Then you did win something!" said Vaughan.



For an answer, Norworth just shook his head and handed the younger man Nirenberg's fanzine. "Read that," he said, and sat back in his chair to watch Vaughan unfold the fanzine and read it, thinking to himself of his last birthday, when he'd read a piece by Carl Brandon and had first got the idea of tutoring young Vaughan. How ironic, he thought: a piece by Carl Brandon!

In awhile, Vaughan put the fanzine down and looked at Norworth. "That's quite an award," he said. And then he burst out in a full-throated laugh. "Quite an award!" he managed to say between guffaws. "I'm the Best Hoax Of The Year!"

"I'm sorry," said Norworth. "I didn't even think of this. I just wanted to see how good a fan you could be. I figured you'd enjoy it, and there'd be no harm done."

To Norworth's surprise, Vaughan did not seem at all upset. "Oh, there was no harm done," he said. "I was coming over tonight to thank you anyway. You've taught me a lot about writing, and I appreciate it. I even brought over some beer." He reached into a sack he was carrying and drew out two cans from a sixpak and opened them. "What the hell, Ray, I don't care if fans thought I was a hoax of yours. Drink up!"

Norworth smiled weakly. "Shall we drink a toast to hoaxes?" he said laconically.

"No no," said Vaughan. "Let's have a toast to the craft of writing. You remember that story I was going to write about the guy marooned on a mining asteroid? Well, I expanded it to 20,000 words, and damon knight just bought it for F&SF."

And as Ray Norworth stared blankly at him, Vaughan raised his can of beer and said, "Me and Asimov, Silverberg, and Anderson. Cheers."

+ Terry Carr +



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FANDOM HARVEST

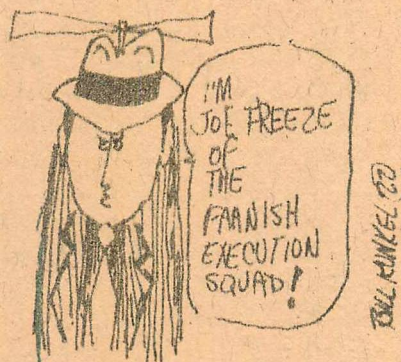
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Things got pretty confusing for a while when Miriam was reading, one right after another and sometimes alternately, issues of PSYCHOTIC, QUANDRY, LE ZOMBIE, VOM, INSIDE and THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN.

Some things don't change over the years in fandom. If she was reading a fanzine that said Astounding wasn't as good as it used to be we could skip over that, because apparently Astounding never was as good as it used to be, and that was quite clear. But there were times when she'd come across a reference to a Ted White in an early-40s fanzine and I'd have to explain that it was a different fellow from our Ted White (he is "our" Ted White, isn't he?), or when somebody referred to a fan named Frank I'd say no, this was an older fanzine and it didn't refer to Frank Dietz but probably to Frank Paro or Frank Wilimczyk or Frqnk Robinson -- at which point I'd have to stop to explain that Frank M. Robinson was the very same fellow who is a big-name pro now and that his name was spelled Frqnk because somebody once made a typo. And then she'd say that they should have spelled Frank Wilimczyk's name that way because it would have been even more nutty, Frqnk Wilimczyk, and by that time even I would be confused.

Or maybe she'd run across in LE ZOMBIE a review of a fanzine published by Eric F. Russell in Sydney, Australia, and I'd say no, that wasn't Eric Frank Russell the pro writer, just as today's fan Will J. Jenkins wasn't Murray Leinster. And Miriam, who's been reading stf for years but never paid much attention to bylines much less pennames until she got into fandom, would raise an eyebrow and ask why in the world anybody would think Will Jenkins was Murray Leinster, like the names weren't even vaguely similar, and I'd explain that Murray Leinster was a penname for Will F. Jenkins, and she'd say oh yes, everything was clear now, Will F. Jenkins was an incredibly bad typist who had once somehow typoed his name as Murray Leinster ghod knows how and had been known by that name ever since, and the middle initial F. probably stood for Frqnk, wasn't that right?

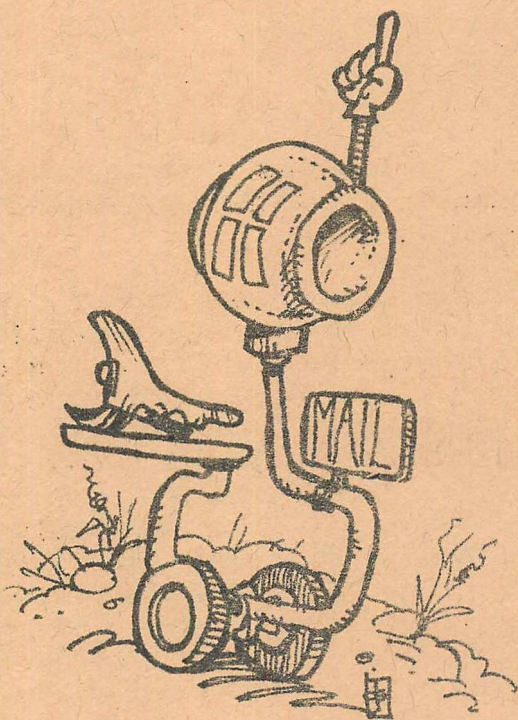
+ Terry Carr +



((MOTA will publish further faanish reprints in future issues on an irregular basis in an effort to promote fan history and to pay cheaper word rates. Some will be by Terry Carr, others by different folks entirely. The main requirement is that the piece must have appeared in a fanzine with a very small circulation or else it must have appeared many years ago and not previously reprinted. It would also help if I like the piece. So if there is something of yours you'd like to see in print again, drop me a line. With regard to "Another Pygmalion", F.M. Busby is not a reviewer for The Saturday Review but he is now a well known sf pro and his co-editor at CRY. Elinor Busby has also made some pro-sf sales, proving that fact is sometimes stranger than Terry Carr's imagination. Good thing too,--TH))

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CHUCK HARRIS  
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Daventry,  
Northants NN11 5EB  
United Kingdom

"Twenty-three  
years ago," I  
said, "on the  
strand of  
Ballynahonch or  
something, Mr.  
Walter Alexander

Willis Himself gave me his Number 8  
iron and some pertinent advice -- and  
I quote him verbatim -- 'If you would  
only learn to keep your head still  
and your eye on the ball, you will  
sometimes succeed in hitting the  
bloody thing.'

"So?" said Sue.

"Twenty minutes ago Phil the Pro  
gave me the very same advice and  
charged me three nicker for it --  
which is more per word than Bob  
Bloch gets -- and which all goes to  
show what a bargain Walt was .....  
and to provide a full and detailed  
explanation to Terry Hughes as to  
why I haven't even acknowledged the  
last three MOTAs."

"And why you didn't go the Con," she said, "and why you rushed off to your  
lesson the minute Terry arrived at the door, and why you haven't written  
to Grennell, Needham, Bentcliffe and tenzillion others..."

"Yeah, I'm a slob and an ingrate just like you told me last night and the  
night before and...but there are only two members in the club with a 24  
handicap...and Pollydog's putting is improving all the time. Sean won't  
play with me anymore, and even Samantha beat me on Saturday, and anyway  
what about you? You swear undying love for Bob Tucker. You'll see him,  
you said, even if you have to crawl to the Con on your hands and knees.  
Soulmates, you said, the most marvellous genuine person you ever did see,  
the one man who sent little tingles all up and down your spine, so who-  
happen? Where were you at Brighton weekend when you should have been  
shaking those lovely things at the mesmerised Pong? Were you sitting at  
the Master's feet, plying him with strong drink, and getting his auto-  
graph in the most unlikely places??? Hmmm?"

"Alright," she said, "so I was playing in a Stableford bogey...but say  
something to Terry. He's a Good Man, and plays golf himself sometimes."

The real reason for this note is that I wanted to say how much I liked  
"Jophan's Snowy Day". Superb piece, one of those all too few things that  
I always wish I'd written myself except that -- no shit now -- I know I'd  
never be able to write that well if I tried for 23 years. This is not  
just competency -- this is talent.

BoSh, superb as usual, jogs my memory when he says that "at that stage of  
his life he could hardly tell good ale from lentil soup"...but that would  
not have stopped the BoSh I know. Once, a helluva long time ago (and I  
wish it were yesterday) I was in Belfast for Christmas. Walter had bought  
a couple of bottles of wine. It was a pretty good Beaujolais. None of  
us were wine buffs, but you could tell it was upmarket plonk with a nice  
dry but fruity taste. We sat there, drinking our way through the bottles.  
BoSh, full of stories, was well into Episode 19 of the Boys Brigade saga



when he sips and pauses in mid-sentence. "Pass the sugar," he says. One, two, three heavy laden spoonful into the glass, a brisk stir, a sip again, "Ah, better," and back into the story.

Recently I saw Bob Shaw again on the telly. Sitting next to Bernadette Devlin is it -- ex-MP for Derry? Very profound chat show about books and Ulster, but that wasn't what interested me. I was hoping there would be drinks and that, once again, BoSh would pause in midflight and say "Pass the sugar."

JIM TURNER  
9218 8th Ave. NW  
Seattle, WA 98117

All I have to say about Meadows' piece is that, as usual, he got it All Wrong! Anyone who knows me is aware that any recommendation of Star Trek novels and marijuana on my part is most unlikely. (Although I notice that those who like one tend to indulge in the other. Marijuana has done more to lower popular taste than the works of Robert E. Howard or Keane family portraits of big-eyed moppets whose wholesale embuggering by Gahan Wilson-ish monsters would be a blessing to us all. As a matter of fact, if these same monsters could only embugger a large number of Trekkies the world (and the Trekkies) might be considerably relieved. Although the monsters would no doubt complain to the SPCA.) However, I am not above recommending a combination of Old Rebel Yell whiskey and the latest Doc Savage opus (which is what I suggested to Jim Meadows).

DAVID L. TRAVIS  
P.O. Box 191  
Glassboro, NJ 08028

I enjoyed Seacon very much, except for one very embarrassing moment (or several) in the "fan room" (an innovation I hope other cons will copy). While sitting with several British fans and working hard to demonstrate my suave, I carefully moved my knees so that they would miss the table where the drinks were; then I lunged to get up from those low chairs, hit the table with my foot and spilled all the drinks. And all I had had was one pint of lager. I expect Eve Harvey still remembers that "debonair" klutz.

"Jophan's Snowy Day" by Jim Meadows was almost perfect. Really captured some people in fandom. When I went to my first con -- a Philcon in the 60's -- I met a "fan" who proudly announced that he no longer read SF, he just attended cons. I said the piece was almost perfect because of that fantastic statement about you actually reading and enjoying Dhalgren.

((In accordance with MOTA's new policy on truth, honesty, and no kissing on first dates, I must confess that I have not read Dhalgren nor did I enjoy it.--TH))

BRUCE TOWNLEY  
2323 Sibley St.  
Alexandria, VA 22311

What really set me on my ass was Leigh Edmonds' mention of me in his gripping tale of dead letter boxes. Leigh really thinks that I'm the re-incarnation of Roger Bacon, a staggering inspirational flash that struck him as he sat across from me in some sleazy fast food place in Sydney in '72, when I was visiting Australia. The fact that he was eating a spaghetti sandwich might have something to do with this unlooked for insight. See, a spaghetti sandwich is even worse tasting than it sounds; what they do is take a can of Franco-American Spaghetti with "meat" sauce (they're never foolhardy enough to reveal just what kind of meat) that has been sitting in the outback sun for a couple of hours and dump it on two pieces of chalky white bread. All of this explains why Leigh is really just the doppelganger of Peter Roberts (or maybe the other way around); one is the antipodes of the other, right?

((Further examples of Australian haute cuisine should be sent to our Food Editor whose address must remain a closely guarded secret. Really.--TH))



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

I think I liked the background figures in Dan Steffan's cover more than the hero and the story line. Even though those background people are caricatures to some extent, they capture very well the impression that you get from the mob that keeps parading by when you're conversing with someone in the hotel lobby.

You must continue to publish MOTA regularly if only for the sake of the way Joseph Nicholas responds to it. It's so nice to find him writing in this satisfied and excited style, after seeing his name over so many pages of grumbling and even angry reviews of fanzines.

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

It is, I notice, getting more and more difficult to get into the MOTA lettercolumn which is becoming positively inundated with these hotshot new English fans like Alan Dorey, Joseph Nicholas and Charles Burbee. Out of deference for us old-timers who can't quite cut it any longer why not have a "Boring

Old Fart" section of the lettercolumn where you could print two or three of the least boring lines from some washed-up former letterhack's loc? I'm sure Tucker and I would greatly appreciate this small recognition of past glories. And speaking of past glories I wish I had time to tell you some of the things that went on in the room I was sharing with Bob at Brighton but I do still have thirty fanzines to read and this is going to such easily shockable neofans as Ted White and Joni Stopa so I think discretion is the better part of SEACON.

NEVILLE J. ANGOVE  
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Canberra City, ACT  
Australia 2601

Your editorial in MOTA #30 deserves some comment. Unfortunately my typer does not convey sound effects, so pretend you are hearing a rousing Bronx cheer, followed by a tremendous passing of wind.

I ALSO HEARD FROM: Gary Farber ("I thought Leigh Edmonds' piece was the best you've published in quite some time."); Paul Skelton ("At SEACON there was even one prick pretending to be you, Terry, but as his nose was merely immense rather than of truly gargantuan proportions I soon saw through him and pointedly ignored him from there on in. We Skeltons are not easily fooled."); Jim Meadows; Gary Deindorfer; Harry Andruschak; Ray Nelson; Martin Morse Wooster; J. Owen Hanner; George Flynn; Leanne Frahm; Irwin Hirsh (47 times); Chris Priest ("May I call you Chi-Chi?"); Lee Carson; Steev Higgins; Roy Tackett ("The foregoing was stolen from the old burlesque team of Tucker and Ackerman and was first performed at the Roxie theater in Peoria in May 1852."); Eric Mayer; Taral; Tim Marion; Avedon Carol; Perry Middlemiss; Barney Neufeld; Geoffrey Mayer; and several other people should be mentioned now since they sent letters and cards which were here just a minute ago but now seem to be in hyper-space. My thanks to you one and all and let's do it again soon.

NEWSFLASH::: WARHOON #28 has been published! Yes, the special Willis issue is now a reality. It is hardbound contains over 614 pages of brilliant writing. It is available from Richard Bergeron, 1 West 72, New York, New York 10023 for \$25.00. That is a steep price for a fanzine but then this is far from just any fanzine; I personally feel it is worth every cent Dick is asking (and I doubt if even that price can cover what must have been enormous expenses for publication). When I found my copy waiting for me, I felt like a kid who just learned that he'd been adopted by Santa Claus. This is Good Stuff. It makes a great gift for yourself or for that cute fan who's been on your mind of late (it also is one helluva paperweight).



# DERANGED IN A STRANGE LAND

BY CHRIS COUCH

When the Iguanacon descended on Phoenix last Labor Day weekend (in 1978), I doubt very much that residents of the Valley of the Sun, as they like to call it, had any idea what to make of it. In fact, I'm sure they didn't. I had spent the summer there, having been lucky enough to find a job there, and no one knew what to make of me. So I'm sure they were quite perplexed by having hundreds of strange characters dumped in their midst. It must have seemed like an invasion of Martians to them; and I had spent the summer feeling like an advance scout.

I'm a graduate student at Columbia University, and while I've only done one year in grad school, I've been living in New York City off-and-on for the last eight. Living here that long, one does develop certain attitudes and patterns of action that will set you off from other Americans, a certain brusqueness of manner and quickness of speech necessary for survival in the urban jungle. And while I understand that my arcane academic specialty (Pre-Columbian art history -- you know, Aztecs & Incas) is not something most people are familiar with, I do expect large American cities to offer at least something to satisfy my other tastes in cultural input. But not Phoenix. The only kind of cultural input Phoenix gets is via the tube. But that's really okay, you know. There are more exciting things to do in Phoenix than think.

Phoenix is one of the fastest-growing cities in the country, and for a while I thought I had figured out why. I didn't expect to see the kind of diversity I've grown to expect and enjoy in the city, but after awhile the endless ranks of blonde-haired and blue-eyed Phoenixians began to get to me. At first I thought I'd fallen into some kind of modern Leni Riefenstahl film. Then I decided that there must be some huge Mattel factory





out in the desert, producing life-sized Barbie and Ken dolls, using Disney-developed technology to animate them. Instant population growth.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not prejudiced against blondes; my favorite TAFF delegate this year has blond hair. But this many was just hard to take.

I think I finally figured it out, though. It's the sun. During the summer I spent there, the sun shone almost every day. The high was below 100 degrees only once -- it was 99 degrees. Phoenixians seem to love it; they spend hours laying in the sun, tanning themselves, letting their minds dissolve, growing little skin cancers. And eventually it changes their appearance as well. As soon as I realized this, I rushed out and bought a Panama hat and some mirror shades.

I didn't spend the whole summer in Phoenix. I took one week off work and flew to Mexico City. Mexico City is a sprawling giant of a city, the air pollution is awful, the streets are choked with battered cars and the sidewalks teem with people. I loved it instantly. It was just like home.

Mexico City, of course, was Tenochtitlan, capital of the Aztec Empire, before the Spanish had the bad manners to build their own city over it and slaughter most of the inhabitants. Since the Aztecs fascinate me, it felt like home in another sense, and I was lucky enough while there to get to walk on the steps of the recently-excavated twin temples, down which the Aztecs used to roll the bodies of captives sacrificed by the thousands. Unfortunately, there are not too many Aztecs in the capital these days. Most of the current residents speak Spanish, in which I am none too fluent, and Americans are not loved. This was before President Bumpkin delivered his heart-felt tribute to Mexican cooking and sanitary conditions, so I had only generalized prejudice to deal with. After spending a week taking photographs, buying books, and being ignored in restaurants (I broke down and took a Grayline tour on my last day there), it was back to Phoenix for the rest of the summer.

The weather had improved when I got back to the Valley of the Sun -- the nightly lightning-and-blinding-choking-gagging dust storms that characterize the end of summer were over. And the Worldcon was soon to follow.

In case you don't know it, I'm gafiated, and have been for a long time. Don't let the fact that I'm writing an article for a fanzine, and attended a Worldcon fool you. I gafiated, in the best fannish tradition, after publishing an annish, and hadn't been to a Worldcon for four years when this one came to me. And I enjoyed it tremendously. I met a lot of wonderful people including the ravishingly lovely co-editors of the sadly defunct HWA!, and even Hugo nominees like Jan Bogstad, saw lots of old friends (including a relative or two), and inhaled lots of interesting smoke, but I don't think that entirely explains



SEMITREKKIE



my pleasure in it. It was wonderful just to talk to people that do outre things like read books, some of whom don't even own tv's. People who don't like Linda Ronstadt. People who aren't Republicans. And it was wonderful to see the streets filled with many different kinds of people, instead of the usual wind-up dolls. Having lived in New York, I've come to like the diversity of languages and human types that fill its streets. Now I must admit Dr. Frank-N-Furter clones, men in green dresses and 500-pound women wearing "Let the Wookie Win" t-shirts are not exactly what I'm used to, but it was a delight to see Phoenix invaded.

Shortly after the convention, I returned to New York. Shortly after registration and the start of classes as well. It's difficult trying to catch up on school when it's started without you, so I found myself a bit swamped and disoriented at first. But it was wonderful to be back home, back in the stimulating environment of the metropolis. I felt lucky to have escaped the Great Southwest unscathed and with my hair still the same dark shade of brown. And now that my tan has faded and I've stopped wearing my half-buttoned J.C. Penny disco shirts and gold chains, my friends have even started to talk to me again.

+ Chris Couch +

---

WHERE ARE THEY NOW AND WHY?

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BOOKBINDING::: If you find yourself with fanzines/books/whatever that you would like to have bound ~~& gagged~~, I would recommend Patty Stratman, C/o Estate Books, 2824 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20007. She does excellent work at reasonable prices and I have been very happy with her services. Just send her a letter for additional details.



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