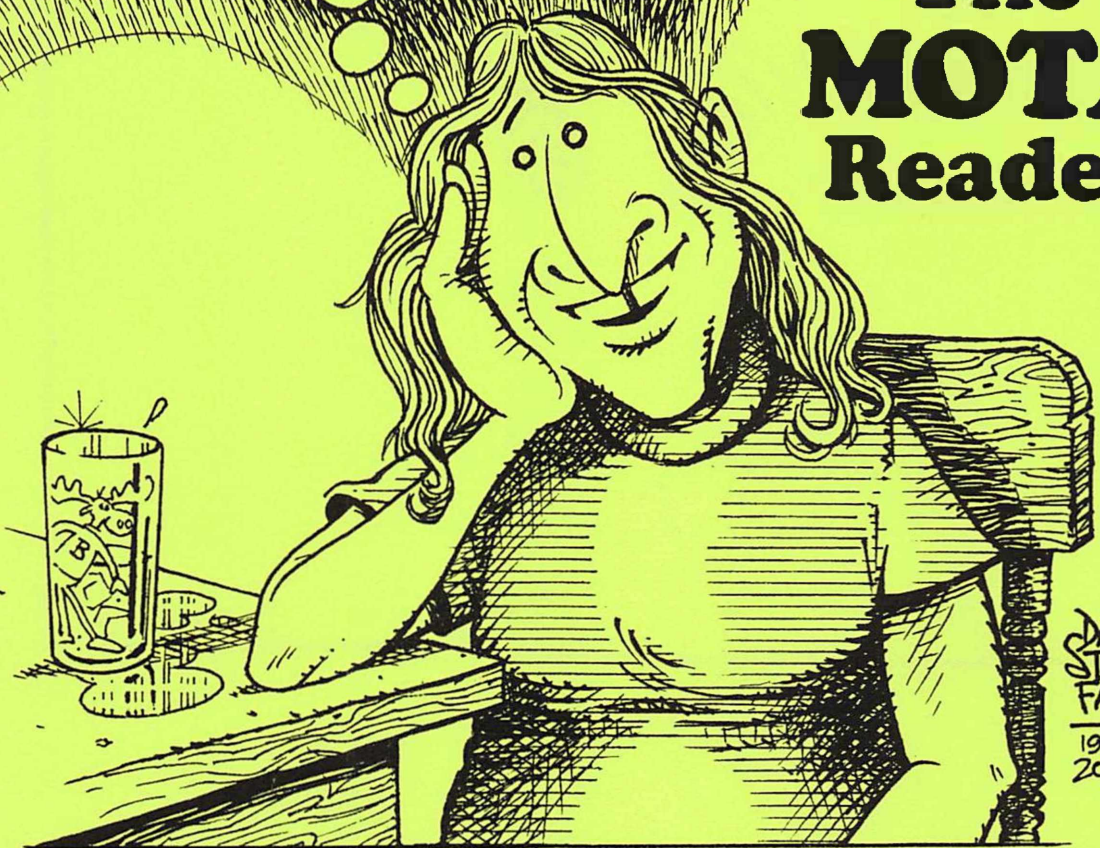


Ahhh!

I LOVE A FANZINE WITH A **SEVENTIES** FLAVOR...

JOHN D. BERRY, JIM TURNER,
JOHN BROSNAN, **DRINKING**,
GRANT CANFIELD, CHARLES BURBEE,
SMOKING, JAMES WHITE, BOB
TUCKER, LEE HOFFMAN, HARRY
WARNER JR., **DREAMING**, TOM
PERRY, TED WHITE, JEFF SCHALLES,
STAPLING, TERRY HUGHES,
DAN STEFFAN, AND *sigh*
MANY OTHERS!

The **MOTA** Reader

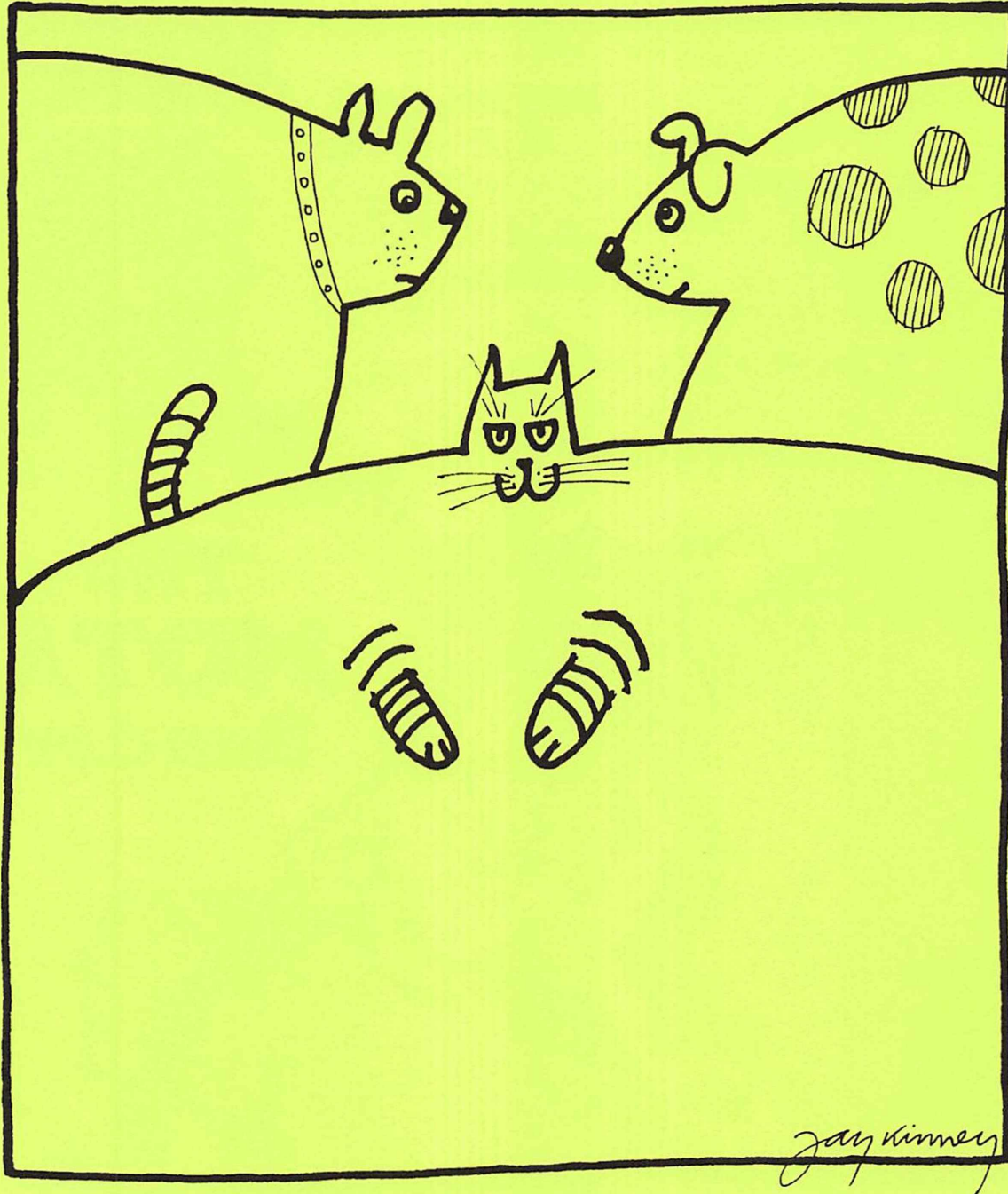


DAN
STEFAN
1976
2014

NUMBER
NINE
OR
TEN

MOTA!

THE
FANZINE
FOR
ANIMALS



Front cover art based on the cover of MOTA 19 - 1976

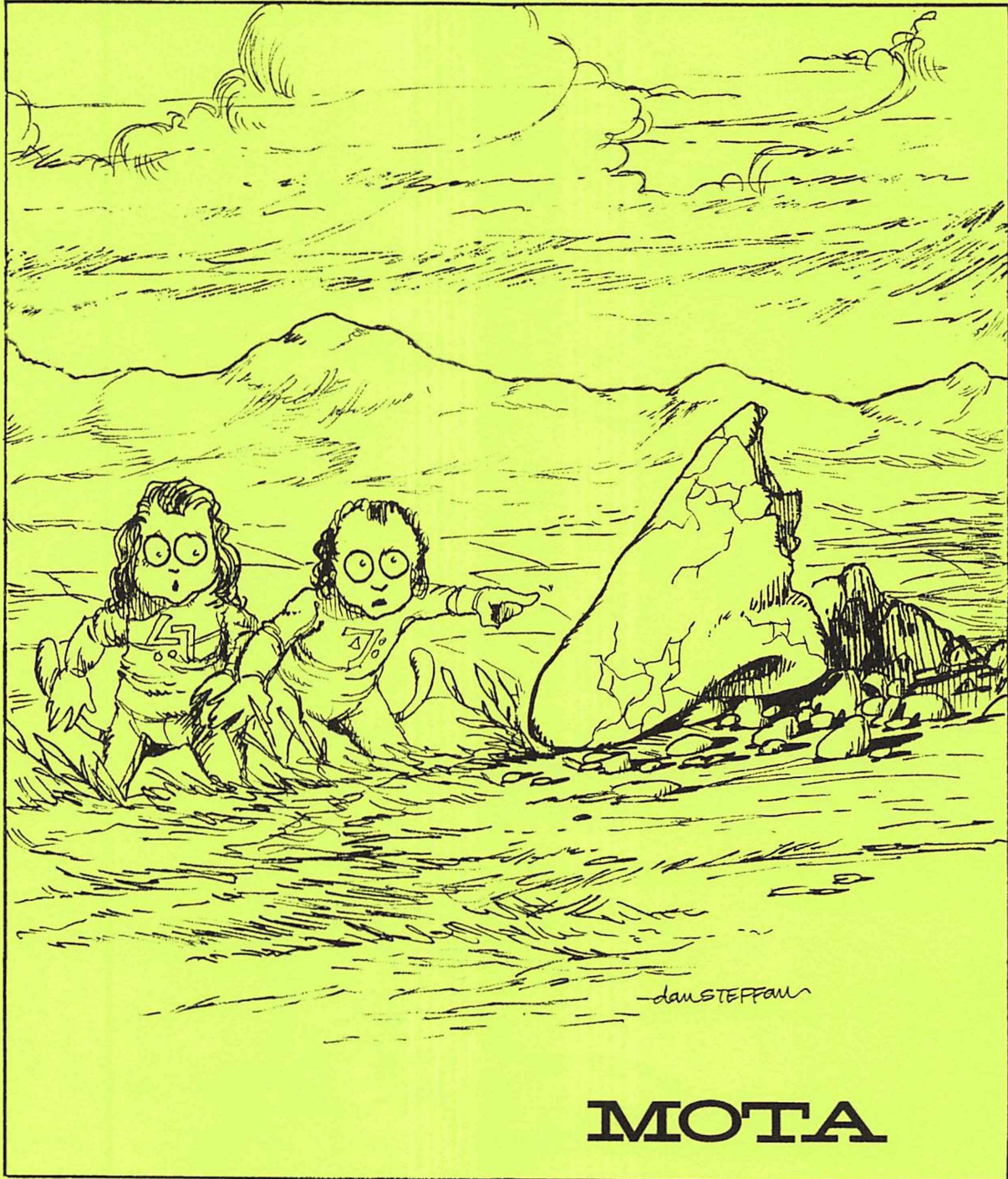
MOTA 9 cover art by Jay Kinney - 1975

IT'S TIME FOR...



MOTA





MOTA

MOTA II cover art by Dan Steffan - 1975

THE
MOTA
READER



AN
ANTHOLOGY OF
FANNISH FOOLISHNESS
FOR DISCERNING
MINDS WHO NO
LONGER REMEMBER
THE SEVENTIES

*

Edited by Dan Steffan
2015

Editions Dante & Corflu 31
PORTLAND, OREGON

The MOTA Reader
is dedicated to
HANK LUTTRELL
and the memory of
LEIGH COUCH,
without whom there
would have been no
Columbia Fandom
and no *Mota*.

*

FIRST PRINTING - July 2015

All contents © 2015 by Dan Steffan
with all rights returned to the
contributors or their estates.

All material written by Terry Hughes
is used with the permission of
Craig Hughes and the Terry Hughes Estate.

*

The MOTA Reader is published in two editions:

The standard edition of 100 numbered copies, printed with white pages,
and available to Corflu 31 members and the general public.

&

A presentation edition of 26 alphabetical copies, printed with yellow pages,
and available to contributors and special friends of *Mota*.

*

NUMBER 17 OF 100 COPIES



The MOTA Reader is published by Editions Dante and Corflu 31.
Copies are made available to the members of the 2014 convention,
held in Richmond, Virginia on May 2-4, 2014, free of charge, as
the final perk of their membership. Additional copies are available
to the public for \$10 per copy from the editor. Tell your friends!

Dan Steffan 2015 NE 50th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97213
or via email at: dansteffanland@gmail.com

MOTA CONTENTS

Foreword

TERRY HUGHES SEZ

Introduction

KANSAS WASN'T FLATTENED IN A DAY

Articles, Essays and Fiction

SELLING OUT CHEAP IN LOVELY BROOKLYN

DRINKING CHRISTMAS DINNER ALL ALONE

FREDDY THE PIG

THE SODA SIPHON STORY

THE PERILS OF BARLEY WINE

THE WHITE DOT HABIT

I HAD INTERCOURSE WITH
A GLASS OF WATER

THE \$600 FAN

THE CRACKED EYE

THE POLL

THE EXORCISTS OF IF

THE TAPE ERA

THE PURSUIT OF SLEAZINESS

GIMME MORE

I WAS A TEENAGE SPORTS FAN

THE BALLARAT EXPRESS

A TRAVELING GIANT CALLS

REPORT FROM POINT 30

ALL MY RAILROADING YESTERDAYS

MEIN CON

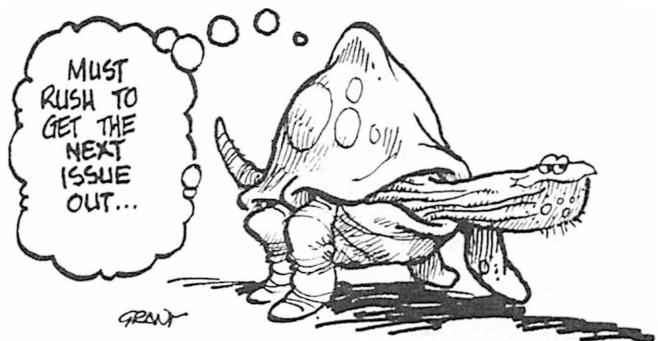
ALL THE SERCONIST'S FEN

DEATH OF A FAN

SUMMIT MEETING

GOLDEN COLLEGE DAYS

URETHRA! I'VE GOT IT!



John D. Berry 01

Dan Steffan 05

Arnie Katz 65

Jim Turner 67

Creath Thorne 71

John D. Berry 75

John Brosnan 78

Grant Canfield 81

Charles Burbee 87

Terry Hughes 91

Gary Hubbard 93

Charles Burbee 95

James White 101

Eric Bentcliffe 107

Paul Di Filippo 110

Terry Hughes 113

Eric Mayer 115

Bob Tucker 117

Lee Hoffman 121

Grant Canfield 125

Harry Warner, Jr. 135

Tom Perry 138

Gary Deindorfer 153

Ted White 157

Ted White 159

Jim Turner 163

John Brosnan 169

OUR MOTTO:

“TIME FLIES LIKE
AN ARROW.
FRUIT FLIES LIKE
BANANAS.”

--Dan O'Neill

Continued On Next Page

ALL THESE MIDNIGHTS LOOK ALIKE	<i>Jeff Schalles</i> 173
THE GAME OF DOG & CRAB	<i>Bob Shaw</i> 177
ARLINGTON APPREHENSION	<i>Boyd Raeburn</i> 181
THE HORROR IN THE VAT	<i>Dave Langford</i> 183
JOPHAN'S SNOWY DAY	<i>Jim Meadows</i> 185

Afterword

SOME FINAL THOTS	<i>By The Editor</i> 189
------------------	--------------------------

Cover Artists, Illustrators and Cartoonists

Harry BELL, Grant CANFIELD, Tom FOSTER, Ken FLETCHER, Alexis GILLILAND, Jay KINNEY, Doug LOVENTSEIN, William ROTSLER, Joe STATON, Dan STEFFAN, Bhub STEWART, Steve STILES, Arthur THOMSON & Reed WALLER

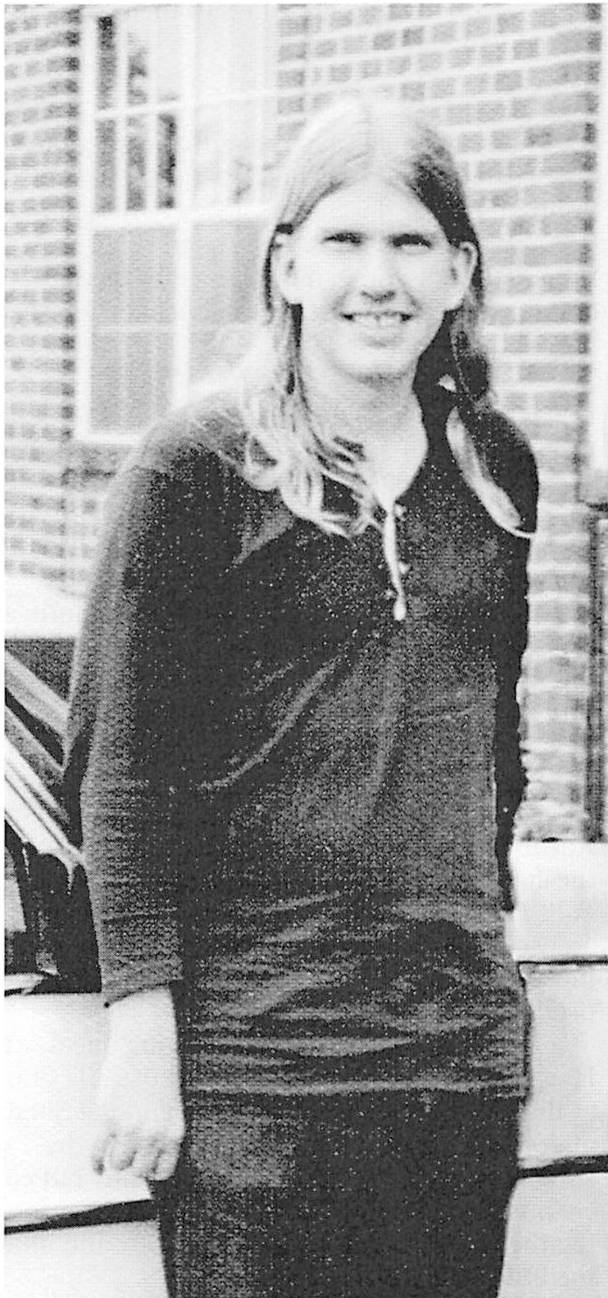
Photo Sources

Fred LEVY-HASKELL, Craig HUGHES, Boyd RAEBURN, Jeff SCHALLES, Hilarie STATON & UNKNOWN



TERRY HUGHES SEZ

By John D. Berry



Terry Hughes not editing an issue of *Mofa*.

I first met Terry Hughes at the first Noreascon, the 1971 worldcon in Boston. In fact, I slept on his floor, along with Chris Couch and Alice Sanvito. I had known Chris already for at least a couple of years, so I hold him responsible for my meeting both Terry and Alice.

When I arrived at that con, I was coming straight from six months of study at Stanford's overseas campus in France. In fact, instead of taking the charter flight back to California that most of the students did, I left a week early so I could fly direct to Boston for the worldcon. This got me there, but it didn't prepare me all that well for diving into the milieu; I was severely jet-lagged the first day, so that at just about the hour when the parties were getting started, I was crashing out. (I remember turning down an invitation from Alexei Panshin to join a dinner expedition to Cambridge, that first night, because as we sat by the sixth-floor pool in the twilight, I felt as though my whole body was vibrating. Somewhat later, after Alex & co. had gone off to eat, I realized that it wasn't me after all; the building was vibrating. It was simply the thrumming of the air-conditioning system through the walls and floors.)

On the floor of Terry's room, I stretched out on the small Turkish rug that I had brought back from Istanbul, just the way I had used it to sleep on the roof of an overcrowded hostel in Athens. Then we all laughed and talked for hours, continuing one friendship (with Chris) and beginning two others (with Terry and Alice).

When I went back to California after Nor-eascon, I ended up getting an apartment in San Francisco. I was done with my college studies; the six months in France had been my last undergraduate term. Not long before that, Calvin Demmon had moved back to the Bay Area, and in a spirit of fannish foolishness we decided to publish a weekly fanzine. Calvin had already done this once before, when he and Andy Main published *Flying Frog* in the early '60s; I had always admired *Frog*, and leapt at the chance to co-edit with Calvin.

Besides, I was doing nothing else creative (unless you count having Big Thoughts about life, the universe, and everything, which I had in abundance). So we started up *Hot Shit*, which like *Flying Frog* was a four-pager, with pages 1 & 3 written by one of us and pages 2 & 4 by the other. We got it copied for free by our Secret Friend, whom we identified in its pages as simply our Staff Printing Person, and we begged our friends for stamps to mail out the issues. The mailing list was very small, but lively.

On the mailing list, of course, was my new friend Terry Hughes. When he first wrote us a letter in response to *Hot Shit*, I pulled quotes from it under the rubric "Terry Hughes Sez"; very quickly this became a regular feature of the fanzine. Terry not only supplied some of our funniest material, he became an integral part of *Hot Shit*'s personality, a member of the ensemble cast you might say. (This was a precedent that would serve me well, and caught Terry in my nefarious editorial net. Years later, when I started publishing another small fanzine, *Wing Window*, I turned a letter of Terry's into the first installment of a column – called, of course, "Terry Hughes Sez".)

*

Terry was living in the college town of Columbia, Missouri, along with several other fans, including Chris Couch. On one of my cross-country peregrinations, I stopped off there (I remember it was a hot Midwestern summer) and stayed with Terry and Chris. What I remember more vividly than anything we said or did during my stay was their tale of a bit of guerrilla theater they had played at the hospital where they were all working, in menial jobs. The hospital had

three elevators, side by side. It was possible, if no one else was using the elevators and you planned it just right, to get them all to open on the same floor at the same time. Chris and Terry and a third friend who was working as a janitor at the hospital took this as a challenge. Achieving this feat of elevator coordination, the three of them all came out of their respective elevators at the same time, twirling brooms and dancing a three-man soft-shoe.

Nobody told me whether there was anyone there to applaud.

*

There was a lot of herbal enhancement to social gatherings in those days. It's not impossible that this vision of Busby Berkeley performance art was actually something they just *thought* about doing, imagining it in fervent detail. But I like to stick to my recollection that they actually pulled it off.

*

Good-natured laughter is one of the main things I remember about Terry, and in early 1973 he brought that laughter to Falls Church, Virginia, where I was living at the time. Over the course of that spring, he and I and Colleen Brown, all of us with time on our hands and energy to spare, began exploring the byways and crannies of Northern Virginia in search of adventure and fun. We called ourselves the Laughing 22-Year-Olds Good-Time Order, since we were all approximately the same age.

I can remember getting quite stoned one warm night and playing like kindergarteners on the swings and slides of a playground in a park in Falls Church (this wasn't just us; it was the whole crew of Fabulous Falls Church Fandom, including Ted & Robin White and rich brown and probably a couple of others).

I recall the three of us driving one day to Harpers Ferry, an hour northwest of Falls Church at the confluence of the Potomac and the Shenandoah. That must have been earlier in the spring, since I remember it being sunny but cold; we huddled for warmth on the hillside overlooking the rivers, as we admired the view and imagined the little town's history.

That summer, Terry and I moved into a

place together, an apartment tacked onto the side of a farmhouse out in Great Falls, a rural enclave that was fast turning into a DC suburb. Across the road from Duck-Shit Farm, which we named for the fowl that our landlords kept in the yard, were gigantic new houses stuck out in enormous expanses of manicured lawn, like Monopoly houses blown up a little beyond life size. (In later years they'd be nicknamed McMansions.) Yet the two-lane road that we lived on was still a country lane, which in Northern Virginia meant that it cut into the rolling countryside with no shoulders at all; it might feel bucolic now and then, but try to take a stroll or ride a bicycle down that narrow road and you'd find yourself dodging oncoming trucks with nowhere to jump. Terry did not drive, though I did, and I had an old VW van. Rich & Colleen had a car, which Colleen would often use to come out to visit us. But the country was surprisingly unfriendly to walking.

We called our abode the William O. Douglas Country Apartment, in honor of the Supreme Court justice we most admired. (We didn't want to call it "Memorial," since at that point Douglas was still alive and serving on the Court.) As it turned out, we were only there for a few months; in the fall, we both moved into other places, and began the next phase of our Falls Church adventures.

I lived in a non-fannish group house for most of the next year, then after another season of travel moved into DC, where I shared a house near Dupont Circle and got a regular job. The following spring, in June 1975, I finally left the East Coast and headed back to the West, settling that fall where I've been almost ever since: Seattle. Terry stayed in Northern Virginia, living in Arlington with his brother Craig and later by himself. As we all know, Terry rose to become an *éminence grise* in the shady world of international finance, commanding the black helicopters to whisk him around the world on covert missions of fun. Well, that's what we imagined, anyway.

I still think I ought to be getting another installment of "Terry Hughes Sez" in the mail any day now. ◻

—John D. Berry. July 2014



Colleen, Craig, Terry & Alicia Brown drawn by Joe Staton,



The young Terry Hughes, singing cowboy and guardian of the universe.

KANSAS WASN'T FLATTENED IN A DAY

The Geography of a Fan Career

By Dan Steffan

"I do dig Mota a lot — in a sea of serconism, of zines dedicated to higher criticism and semi-pro market reports and even the printing of amateur fiction, Mota shines as a pristine isle of fannish joy." —F.M. Busby, *Mota* 20, December 1976

From Busby's lips to your ears. By the time Buz wrote those words, *Mota* was at its peak. It was coming out with alarming regularity, eight issues in the preceding 13 months, and it was publishing what were arguably some of the best articles and cartoons in fandom. *Mota's* contributors crossed both generational and geographic gaps, bringing together fandom's great Sequoias and its young saplings for the amusement of its readers and its editor, Terry Hughes (1950-2001).

While decidedly fannish in nature and appeal, *Mota* was never pushy about its preference for publishing the chronicles of fandom, rather than auctorial shop talk and incendiary book reviews. There were plenty of other places to read such things in the Seventies, but the heyday of fannish discourse was at a low ebb. Terry wanted to do something about that. Though that decade is often thought of as a great bastion of fannish insurgency, the truth of it was that every Hugo Award for best fanzine in that decade, save one, was won by either Richard Geis or Charlie Brown, the great bookends of modern sf criticism and journalism.

Maybe that's why *Mota* was a shining light to Busby, or maybe it was because it was a down to Earth, unpretentious and friendly fanzine, much like its editor? Having been privileged to have been Terry's friend for most of that time, and for years afterwards, I can attest that it was a generous mixture of the two that made it all work so well. *Mota* never fought any great battles or mounted any great crusades, but it always had a strong enthusiasm for what had come before it and a great sense of humor that helped to remind readers just how enjoyable a fanzine could be.

Interest in science fiction was growing exponentially in the Seventies. During the previous decade hippies and college students had begun to discover fandom in the back pages of prozines, comic books, and college newspapers and it was their

hunger for more of the same that created a whole new audience for fanzines of all kinds.

There were fanzines being published all over the world in every size and shape. There were newszines and reviewzines and clubzines and apazines and genzines. There were weekly fanzines, monthly fanzines, quarterly fanzines and annuals. They were dittoed, mimeoed, lithoed, and offset printed. There were fanzines devoted to science fiction, comic books, horror movies, television shows, folk music and rock & roll.

Nevertheless, science fiction remained the dominant fanzine form, even though there were many variations in that niche, as well: weird fiction, horror fiction, hard sf and new wave, fantasy and sword & sorcery, conventioning, women's rights, masquerades, semi-pro journals for amateur fiction and essays, fanzines for bibliophiles and collectors and, of course, the ones that were devoted to the culture of fandom itself — they called those fanzines *fannish* to differentiate them from all the others.

Of course, ten years earlier it had all just been a part of fandom *at large*. The science fiction tent was smaller then, but there was room enough for everybody's interests. That little pond was a place where most of the fish received or at least *saw* many of the fanzines of the day, no matter what their general slant might have been. Those fanzines were fandom's currency, a common denominator that enabled fans to share, if they chose to, the totality of fandom, no matter what their own specialty was.

But once the wave of Baby Boomers found their way into fandom's ranks things began to change as the numbers began to swell. Fandom began to fragment. The 1967 worldcon, for instance, had 1500 attendees, which was nearly double the size of the previous year's numbers. Up until that time fandom had been able to act like a big dysfunctional family, with the worldcon as their annual reunion cookout. Sometimes it got unruly — like when some

of the uncles wanted to ban their weird cousin Walter from serving hotdogs to the kids — but most things managed to stay in the family. However, as more people found their way into fandom, the peace got a lot harder to keep.

By the time the 1969 St. Louiscon rolled around, the generation gap was becoming as prevalent in fandom as it was in the rest of Nixon's America. Lines had been clearly drawn at the previous year's worldcon in Oakland, California, where the counterculture and fandom's old guard came to loggerheads over matters of politics and lifestyle, pitting bidding parties against a psychedelic light show and bottles of Scotch against tabs of LSD.

As a reaction to this schism — which some would say had actually begun with cousin Walter and the hotdogs — fandom began to reconfigure itself. Some folks withdrew into safe hideaways like LASFS or The Little Men, or into the pages of FAPA or exclusive private apas. Others grouped themselves with likeminded souls and created new social circles centered around their own idea of how a fan meritocracy was supposed to work. Before long the family began to split into different tribes, each with their own different goals, attitudes, and heroes.

The competition between groups and factions brought forth a tsunami of fanzines until there were dozens of titles dropping through the mail slot every year. Of course, the more fanzines there were, the tougher the competition was for good material to publish. Many older fans were still contributing to fanzines, but there was no way they could begin to keep up with the demand for their articles or drawings (except for Rotsler, of course). Fortunately there was a wealth of younger fans coming into fandom who were quite able to fill those countless pages with their own reviews, essays, interviews, articles, editorials, memoirs, comic strips and artwork, as they were needed.

It was a time when new and talented people from all over the world seemed to be making their marks in the pages of fanzines and their enthusiasms ranged far beyond being interested in the literature of science fiction. There were outstanding writers and editors like John Foyster and John Bangsund in Australia, Peter Roberts and Greg Pickersgill in the UK, the Glicksohns in Canada, and Americans like Gary Hubbard, Arnie Katz, John D. Berry, and dozens of others who were putting everything they had into fandom. For them and others like them, it was finally possible for fandom to be *a way of life*. The slogan was becoming a reality.

But while the new talent and the new readers coming into fandom meant greater increases in circulation and convention attendance, it also meant

that fandom was getting large enough to support isolated pockets of enthusiasts who felt, with the passage of time, that *mainstream* fandom no longer suited their ambitions. They became less interested in intermingling with fans who didn't share their ideas and attitudes. They found sympathetic audiences for their points of view among fandom's new recruits, which allowed them to go off by themselves and create their own ponds, tents and fandoms.

Because of these new fannish cliques, fandom at large became much more polarized and, for the first time, developed into an Us vs. Them dynamic. Convention fans pulled back from fanzine fans, semi-prozines pushed away from their amateur roots, and serious constructive fans began rejecting their fannish kin for being frivolous, elitist, and stoned. (Which they were, though that was besides the point.)

*

Terry Hughes was part of the wave of hippies and young bohemians who discovered fandom during that time. In the fall of 1968 he'd gone off to the University of Missouri on a scholarship and soon afterwards stumbled on a flyer for the university's science fiction club on a bulletin board in the library. He'd been an avid sf reader since junior high school so he decided to take a chance and go to one of their meetings. That's where he came face-to-face with another science fiction fan for the first time.

That fan's name was Hank Luttrell. Hank had organized the club a year earlier after transferring to Columbia from another in-state school. "The Columbia campus," he once wrote, "was a large one, with lots of students — over 20,000 — and I thought that was probably big enough to start a science fiction club." He hoped it might make him some new friends and give him an excuse to avoid studying. "Anything that did that was certainly worthwhile," he recalled.

Hank had been the one who'd posted the flyer in the library in hopes of boosting the club's membership. "I saw the notice and that caused me to go to a meeting of the college science fiction club and meet all those strange people," Terry once remembered. Hank recalled that first encounter, as well. "I asked a crowd of new MoSFA recruits (freshmen all) if any of them knew anything about fandom. Terry jumped up and said, 'I read *Trumpet!*'"

Though that meeting was Terry's formal introduction to organized fandom, he had already managed to find his way into the world of fanzines on his own. "I got my first fanzine in late 1961 or early 1962 when I was 11," Terry wrote in 1972. "It

was a comics zine, and I hung around comics fandom for several years, buying subs and writing the occasional letter. I got a copy of *Amra 30* when it came out [September 1964], but unfortunately I hadn't read any REH at that time and I was quite lost."

His first sf fanzine had been a copy of Tom Reamy's *Trumpet 3* [December 1965], which he bought for George Barr's "Broken Sword" comic strip. "The sf fandom talk seemed to be fun, but a lot of it went past me," he wrote. But now, thanks to Hank Luttrell, Terry found the missing context that he'd been looking for and a lot of that stuff that had previously passed him by began to make sense.

The same freshman class that had brought Terry to Ol' Mizzou had also brought Hank's girlfriend and co-editor, Lesleigh Couch, to town. Lesleigh was from a very active fan family — her mother Leigh and her brother Chris were also fanzine publishers — and she and Hank had been a couple for more than a year before she'd moved to Columbia. Prior to her arrival the club had consisted primarily of Hank, two other semi-active fans, Creath Thorne and Jim Turner, and Roger Vanous, an economics teacher from Kansas, but the MoSFA's sophomore year changed that. Besides Lesleigh and Terry, the new recruits also included a few other like-minded freshmen like Doug Carroll and Claudia Parrish. (Chris Couch and Rick Stoker would eventually join their ranks, too, though not for a while yet.)

It seems safe to say that Hank was already a hyper-active fan by the time Terry met him. Besides publishing a regular fanzine with Lesleigh — *Starling 13*, published in January 1969, was his 123rd fanzine — he was also one of the founders of OSFA, the Ozark Science Fiction Association, which was sponsoring that year's worldcon in St. Louis. He was an active member of that committee, an avid apa-hack, a book and record collector, a budding huckster, a student, and a soon-to-be married man. If that doesn't define fannish hyper-activity, I don't know what does?

St. Louiscon took place August 28th through September 1st, 1969. Jack Gaughan was the pro and the fan Guest of Honor (it's a long story...) and the program featured folks like Bob Silverberg, Terry Carr, Bloch and Tucker, and Harlan Ellison, who is remembered more for having torn an expensive movie screen than for his accomplished toastmaster duties. They played movies all night long and presented rock bands in the evenings (it had been one of Hank and Lesleigh's jobs on the committee to audition the bands), and one Terry Alan Hughes was listed as member #525 in the program book.

After the con was over, St. Louis fandom

pretty much fell apart and most of the fanzines that had been published by St. Louis locals stopped coming out after the convention, as well. Ray Fisher's monumental *Odd 20* was its last, Joyce Fisher's *What About Us Grils?* folded after its second issue (as did their marriage), and Bob Schoenfeld's slick comics fanzine *Gosh Wow!* never made it past its third issue. Chris and Lesleigh had given up their co-production, *Quark*, and their mom, Leigh, had stopped publishing her fanzine, *Sirruish*, which left behind only the local clubzine, *Osfan*, and that didn't last much longer, either.

The implosion of St. Louis fandom left behind a crater where a thriving fannish hive once stood. Of all the local fanzines that were published before St. Louiscon, *Starling* was the only one to survive it. Though Hank had been one of the founders of OSFA, I don't think anybody at the time thought that he and his hippy pals in Columbia would be the ones to step in and fill the gap — especially not his hippy pals in Columbia.



Hippy Hank serves refreshments at St. Louiscon, 1969.

Hank and Lesleigh got married in the wake of the worldcon, just before their return to Columbia in the fall of 1969. Though their union had been much anticipated, and proved to be the catalyst for a lot of things both in and out of their lives in fandom. They were the heart of Columbia Fandom. Faced with the responsibility of being a newlywed, Hank decided to drop out of school — even though he was only a year shy of his degree — and take a full-time job as a dishwasher at the city's fourth largest employer, the Boone County Hospital.

Fellow MoSFAn Jim Turner, who had been

working at the hospital since *he'd* quit school a year earlier and he helped Hank get hired when his job search had initially proven fruitless. It was a menial job that required, in Turner's words, "an intellect equal to that required for the Vice Presidency," but Hank had little choice but to take the it.

"I'm a hippy and have long hair and I can't get any other type of work," he explained in *Starling 14*. It must have been a bitter pill to swallow, especially in light of what he had to give up to take the job. He made the best of it that he could, little realizing that he was actually setting a fannish employment precedent that would later include many other Columbia fans.

Starling 14 came out in May 1970. It was the first issue in more than a year and the first one to be printed on Mr. and Mrs. Luttrell's new mimeograph, nicknamed "Big Huge" by Hank. *Starling 15* came out two months after that and included Terry's first mention in print, that I know of, as part of an editorial thank you. The issue also featured Jim Turner's third appearance in *Starling*. Turner, a man of enormous appetites and great cynicism, was a natural born raconteur and it came as no surprise to his friends — though it may have been to *him* — that he was also a very entertaining writer. He eventually published a couple of issues of his own fanzine, *Godfrey Daniels*, and ended up contributing to all of the Columbia fanzines, including *Mota*.

One of the other original MoSFA members, Creath Thorne, popped up in that fifteenth issue, too, with a critique of Hunter Davies' 1968 book about the Beatles, *The Beatles*. The review, a mixture of wanting and dissatisfaction, reflected his disappointment that the book's authorized status didn't equal much in the way of true insight. Thorne was a confident writer who'd published two issues of his own fanzine, *Ennui*, and went on to be a regular contributor to *Starling* and *Mota* before eventually finding his way into FAPA, where he hung out for ten years.

In the fall of 1970, Lesleigh's brother Chris left for Columbia University and Columbia Fandom returned to MofU. Terry, however, didn't stay in classes for very long. After just seven days back at school, he was forced to drop out. A poor grade in his German class had negated the scholarship he'd been given and since he could not assume the cost of continuing on his own, he had no choice but to quit. But just because he had to leave school didn't mean he had to leave Columbia. No, he enjoyed the company of his fannish friends too much and he had no intention of going anywhere.

Instead, Terry went to the Boone County Hospital and joined up with Hank, Jim Turner, and Jake Schumacher (a notorious prankster and fake

fan) as part of the kitchen staff. It meant thankless hours of drudgery and the indignity of a hairnet, but it really wasn't all *that* bad, as Jim Turner explained in his tongue-in-cheek article for *Starling* called, "Life is a Dishroom."

"I gain an enormous feeling of power from my job," he wrote. "I frequently part the canvas curtains in front of my machine and dig on the sight of the scalding jets of water, boiling with lethal suds, exuding mighty streams of rinse detergent, seething with action. It really perks you up to slaughter millions of bacteria every pay period. Just think of their silent screams." On another occasion his defense of his job was more to the point. He washed dishes for a living, he wrote, "because I associate with a better class of people on this job."

And, in a real sense, he meant it. Once Terry had joined them, they became a sudsy band of brothers. They called themselves Columbia Dishwashing Fandom, and over the next two years they spent most of their waking time together — they worked together, they partied together, and they published fanzines together. Lots of fanzines.

*

Columbia Fandom unleashed an avalanche of fanzines in 1971. Starting in January with *Starling 17* and ending with the first issue of Creath Thorne's FAPazine, *Hog On Ice* in December, MoSFA members published more than 25 genzines and apazines that year, including four issues of *Starling*, the first issue of Doug Carroll's *Cowboy Angel*, Turner's *Godfrey Daniels*, and the first three issues of Terry's new fanzine, *Mota*. In addition to all of those, there were also five issues of Chris Couch's *Cipher* published that year, and while he was not physically living in Missouri at that time, he was and is indelibly linked to Columbia Fandom and so were his fanzines (so they deserve to be a footnote here*).

Earlier in the year Terry and Jim Turner had discussed the prospect of co-editing a fanzine together, but abandoned the idea when they realized that their creative engines ran on different types of fuel — Terry drank Coke and Jim drank *everything else*. Terry hesitated to go on alone at first. He wasn't sure what kind of a fanzine he wanted to publish or what he wanted to say, but he instinctively moved ahead with his plans, which were inspired in no small part by Chris Couch's decision to put out *Cipher* from his dorm room in New York. Terry had always loved *Starling's* genzine approach, but he had watched the Luttrells toiling over a hot mimeograph

*Chris Couch published 8 issues of *Cipher* in 1971/72.

on too many occasions to follow in their footsteps right away. He wanted to start out with something a little more humble.

He liked Chris's DIY approach. *Cipher* was short and personal, like the fannish fanzines from the Brooklyn Insurgents. It was unpretentious and didn't set the bar too high for Terry to follow. When the first issue of *Mota* was finally published in July 1971 — coincidentally, a month after I published my first fanzine — it was indeed just what Terry had wanted, a humble beginning.

The first issue of *Mota* was *very* unassuming. Printed on pale blue paper, the electrostenciled cover art by Terry's younger brother Craig was as naïve and unpretentious as the contents found on the pages inside. Other than the handful of Craig's interior decorations, *Mota* was entirely the work of its editor. This fooled some of the issue's recipients into thinking that *Mota* was a personalzine, but that just proved that they hadn't been paying attention. If they'd actually read the issue, they'd have known better. In his editorial Terry wrote, "I wanted this one to be solely my work, that being a good way to begin a new publication. I didn't request any contributions other than art from my brother, since I'm such a mediocre artist, but that policy was only for the first issue and I'm now actively seeking contributions." So, despite appearances, *Mota* was going to be a genzine after all, though Terry was just going to sort of ease his way into it.

The contents of the first *Mota* was nothing to shake the bushes about, and I suspect Terry was none too happy with his debut as an essayist. Nevertheless, it did seem to have gotten his creative juices flowing. Even if *Mota* was going to be a genzine, he still needed to hone his own writing skills, so he started writing LOCs to some of the fanzines he'd been receiving. He enjoyed writing letters of comment because they allowed him to step outside himself and offer up opinions he might not have professed in person. And though his early writing was sometimes awkward, his sense of humor always seemed to bleed through the stilted words.

It was that affinity for humor that really helped Terry find his own fannish style. Ever since he'd come to Columbia, Terry had been soaking up inspiration wherever he could find it. Books, music, fanzines, comics, and movies flooded his unsullied sensibilities and filled him up with a nearly constant overload of stimulation. Creath Thorne opened his fanzine collection to him and exposed him for the first time to writers like Walt Willis and Charles Burbee and Bob Leman and he'd identified with them all immediately.

Burbee and Willis' writing had celebrated

close friendships and witty repartee which struck Terry as remarkably similar to Columbia Fandom's own playful sense of camaraderie. Leman's work taught him that there was humor in observation and in the skilled use of language. Reading their articles gave him an appreciation for the style of personal journalism and memoir that is unique to fanzines, that mixture of conversational humor and tongue-in-cheek myth building that had been the foundation of so-called *fannishness* since the days of Bob Tucker, Don Wollheim, and Bruce Yerke. With their help, Terry began to figure out what kind of a fanzine he wanted *Mota* to be.

"I really enjoy the fannish school of zines," he wrote in a letter to *Focal Point* 32 [August 1971]. "Pun packed pages pouring forth humor is such a great relief from seriousness. Fannish writings are great to read, but they are not so easy to produce. You and Terry Carr and those crazy Irishmen consistently pull it off, turning out delightful masterpieces. Unsuccessful attempts are very painful reading."

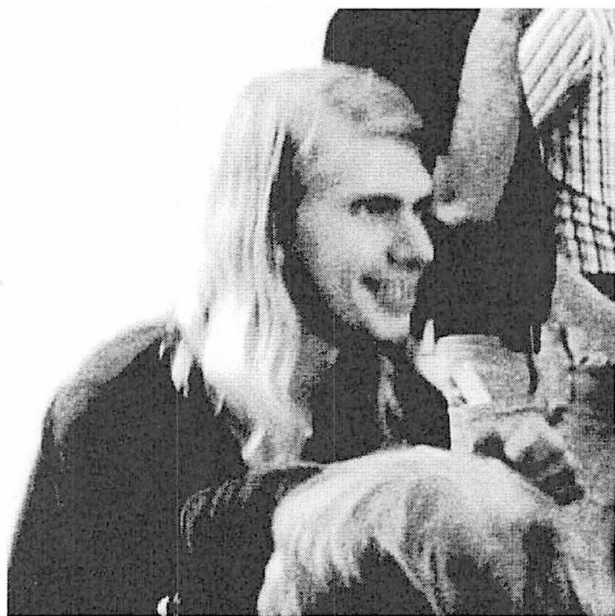
Bearing that in mind, I think it is safe to say that there are no memorable pieces of fan writing in the first *Mota*, but there's no pain, either. The contents were all pretty straight forward and a bit on the earnest side, with a discussion about that year's Hugo nominations, a few pages about movies, and a couple of book reviews. Though it was all suitably neo-ish, it was also apparent that Terry was pretty good at putting together a sentence and he had the added talent of being able to *spell*. That alone set him above some others who also published their first fanzines around the same time. (As anyone who has ever seen my own *Lizard Inn* can attest.)

His first stand-alone article, "But It's the Fannish Thing to Do," was about to be published in *Starling* 20 [October 1971] and while no one reading it today would mistake it for an article by a veteran like Charles Burbee, they wouldn't think it a first attempt, either. In fact, it was honest and funny — thanks in part to a bunch of quotes from Firesign Theatre — and quite successful at exposing the inherent silliness of Terry and his friends. Though still the work of a novice, it showed a big jump in context. He was no longer sounding like an outsider.

At the end of that August, Terry and St. Louis fan Alice Sanvito hitched a ride to Boston for that year's worldcon. He shared his hotel room with Alice, Chris Couch, and a new friend, John D. Berry, who met Terry for the first time at the con. Chris was eager to introduce Terry to the Brooklyn Insurgents, who included the Katzes, Jay Kinney, Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar, and Frank Lunney. On their first meeting, Arnie Katz surprised Terry by

presenting him with an unsolicited manuscript for *Mota*. He was flabbergasted. He had never imagined he would get such a welcome and, despite his relative *newness* to all these folks, he ended up making many lifelong friendships that weekend.

Terry was the only member of Columbia Fandom to make the trip to Noreascon and upon his return to Missouri there was, as Hank Luttrell wrote in the next *Starling*, “a special meeting of local fans with the program to be Terry’s in-depth report on the convention. Terry entertained us mightily with tales of splendidly fannish parties, humorous anecdotes, personality sketches of fans and pros we haven’t met. Particularly amusing was Terry’s demonstration of the now famous foot-behind-the-head routine. Terry had been planning the report for some time, I’m sure, the choreography was quite perfect; he must have known we would expect it of him.”



Terry feeling a bit fuzzy at Noreascon, 1971.

His “Genuine Non-report of the Boston Worldcon,” in the second *Mota*, filled in some more of the details from the weekend: “There were several important fannish happenings I saw at the con, like a reenactment of Fanoclast fannishness. First Joe Staton put his foot behind his head while sitting down. Then Bhob Stewart put his foot behind his head while standing. And I saw it. Bhob also held the heel of one of his feet with one hand and jumped over it with his other foot. Unfortunately, no one had any French fries, or my life would have been complete.”

Terry’s enthusiasm continued unabated after his return to Columbia. Having absorbed as much

fannishness as he could at the worldcon, he tried to once again channel it in his own writing. His editorial in the second *Mota* [October 1971] was a bit more adventurous than his first one had been. He tried his hand at the fannish style and included a piece about reading Creath Thorne’s file of *Hyphen* and another about a less than lucid co-worker who spoke in non sequiturs, which left little doubt that Terry was beginning to get a handle on what good fanwriting was supposed to be about.

The second *Mota* was the first to include outside contributions — the article Arnie had given him at Noreascon and the first installment of a new column, “The Captain’s Tower,” by Creath Thorne. With the addition of a lettercolumn, *Mota* was finally starting to resemble a proper fanzine. The cover was drawn once again by his brother, but the inside pages were decorated with cartoons from Jay Kinney, Bill Rotsler and Doug Lovenstein, a talented young cartoonist who Terry had gotten to know through his St. Louis connections.

The fanzine’s name confounded many of his earliest readers. Was it simply the word *atom* spelled backwards, some wondered? Or was it something more mysterious? Some fans, like Mike Glicksohn, couldn’t help but be curious about the name. “My razor sharp mind was easily able to deduce that *Mota* is simply “atom” spelt backwards, but apart from your liking of backward atoms, that didn’t really tell me anything. Reluctantly I was compelled to actually *read* your fanzine, in the hope that the secret would be revealed therein. If it was, it slipped right past me.”

It had. His premise had been confirmed by three unobtrusive interlineations that Terry used in the first issue, all of which featured palindromes. (“Tums spelled backwards is smut!” was one.) Although he had never intended to play games with the title, he liked that his readers weren’t too sure about its meaning and decided not to enlighten any further. He preferred to let them dangle.

Although he had been a member in good standing of Columbia Fandom for quite a while, Terry’s letters and fanzines began to attract attention from fans outside of Missouri. He had impressed many at the Boston worldcon with his quiet humor and good company and before long his name had started popping up in their fanzines and when the third issue of *Mota* came out in November, Terry took notice of their taking notice.

“In a recent issue of *Focal Point*,” he wrote, “Arnie Katz said that I (among others) was a Promising New Fan!” He was an “Arnie Katz Approved Neofan,” he joked, “If you want me to, I’ll lift my beanie and you can see where I’ve been Touched?”

The citation in question had appeared in *Focal Point* 33 [October 1971] in reply to a letter from Greg Shaw that suggested that “neos just aren’t interested in fanzines any more.” Arnie disagreed with the premise and noted that *his* mailing list was “bulging with new, promising fans like Rick Stooker, Lane Lambert, Terry Hughes, Seth McEvoy, Dan Steffan, and just so many more.” Unfortunately, Greg was not impressed by his list of promising new recruits and soon left fandom behind for the easy life of a rock and roll journalist.

Nevertheless, it was the first time that Terry found himself being singled out and called “promising” by anyone other than his mother, let alone by fandom’s self-appointed arbiter of all things fannish. (It was also the first time that our names were mentioned together, though it would be almost two years before we’d actually meet). It was a very real milestone for us both and, like Terry, I too was proud to be a “Arnie Katz Approved Neofan.”

When *Mota* 3 came out it was clear that Terry’s fanzine had completed its transformation into a genzine. With a Noreascon report written by his new pal, John D. Berry, the first of Jim Turner’s outrageous drinking stories, and another installment of Creath Thorne’s column, *Mota* jumped the chasm of mediocrity, from forgettable to memorable in only 32 pages. Thorne’s column about the Freddy the Pig stories, a favorite juvenile adventure series, provoked a strong reaction from nostalgic readers and gave *Mota*’s lettercolumn its first popular topic. A surprising number of people had shared Thorne’s love affair with the enterprising fictional porker, and his column triggered many letters full of childhood memories.

The front cover was by Doug Lovenstein — who was on his way out of fandom at the time, though even he may not have known it. (I bought his fanzine collection around this same period and he vanished soon after.) Although the second *Mota* had printed a few pieces of fan art by well known fanartists, it was the addition of cartoonists like Tom Foster, Ray Nelson, and Bill Kunkel to that third issue that helped established *Mota* as a prime venue for fan cartooning — a reputation it held onto throughout its run.

By the time *Mota* 4 was published in February 1972, Terry seemed to have found a comfortable formula for publishing his fanzine. He’d started with a healthy dose of *Starling* and then added bits of the Brooklyn Insurgent style into the mix as he went along until he’d found a balance that satisfied him. His editorial was again written in the fannish style of the day — a humorous story about the trials of sharing a hotel room with Jim Turner, commentaries

about the Hugos and DUFF, and other appropriate natterings — and hinted at Terry’s growing understanding of a good faneditor’s responsibilities.

With one exception, the fourth *Mota* was an all Columbia Fandom issue: Thorne, Turner, and a fanzine review column by the Luttrells. The issue’s only out-of-town item was Ray Nelson’s bizarre open letter to futurist author Alvin Toffler that pleaded the case for a return to Victorianism as a antidote to *Future Shock*. (Was Ray Nelson the first steampunk?)

The lettercolumn took up almost half of the issue. Apparently, the response to the first three issues had finally caught up with Terry’s publishing schedule. Even though those early issues were the work of a fledgling faneditor, the reaction was very positive and Terry received enthusiastic letters from hipsters like (the not quite gafiated) Greg Shaw and another would-be music writer (and sometimes cartoonist) named Jonh Ingham, from oldtimers like Ed Cox and Bob Bloch, from gafiates like Robert Lichtman — who was living on Stephen Gaskins’ hippy commune in Tennessee at the time — and from active fans like Mike Glicksohn, Steve Stiles, Will Straw and, from London, John Brosnan, who’d bonded with Jim Turner and his drinking stories.

“Of course, the highlight of the issue was Big Jim Turner’s article on boozing,” Brosnan wrote. “A fellow spirit! A brother boozier! Yes, indeed, booze IS beautiful. It’s good to see someone still championing the cause in print.” And then, as if his enthusiastic letter hadn’t been enough, John wrote a drunken tale of his own, the wildly hilarious “The Perils of Barley Wine,” which then appeared in *Mota* 5, as did “The Soda Siphon Story,” by John D. Berry — which was written in direct response to a question posed in a different part of Brosnan’s letter.

It was something that happened over and over again throughout *Mota*’s history. An issue of *Mota* would drop like a pebble in the fannish pond and the ripples it generated would end up filling the pages of issues to come. For instance, Ray Nelson’s ode to Victoriana in *Mota* 4 was directly responsible for Lee Hoffman’s “Bad Guys,” which appeared in *Mota* 6. It was a trend that would continue throughout the fanzine’s run and would eventually bring in some of the most memorable pieces to ever appear in *Mota*’s pages.

The issues were getting bigger, and yet there still didn’t seem to be quite enough room for everything that was coming through Terry’s mail slot. A month after he published the fourth *Mota*, Terry had to published *Robot Blues*, as a supplement to that issue. It contained a couple pages of editorial nattering, some suggested Hugo nominees, and a letter of

comment from Mike Glicksohn, who had badly overreacted to John D. Berry's Noreascon report. Mike had, in Terry's words, "interpreted it to mean that John was urging fans not to pay for con memberships" — an agenda that hadn't occurred to either Terry or John.

"You have failed to realize just what you've done," Glicksohn scolded. "You've published an article by a very well known fan who'll have a considerable influence on the attitudes of other fans." Mike was worried that these "other fans" would choose to take John's so-called advice to heart and decide that "if it's good enough for a BNF like Berry, it's good enough for me." Glicksohn was having none of it and warned that the upcoming Torcon would "not tolerate crashers, and if John has created the idea that this will be easy, I'd like to dispel that impression here and now." In retrospect, it now seems apparent that *Robot Blues* was published strictly to soothe Glicksohn's unprovoked angst. I have no idea if it actually accomplished that goal or not.

Besides the articles from Brosnan and Berry, *Mota* 5 [May 1972] also presented another fanzine review column by the Luttrells, an article by Bill Kunkel that reprinted stuff culled from his personalzine, *Dead Flowers*, and "Fandom As A Force For Revolutionary Social Change," a funny, but sophomoric, article about fan politics by Gary Deindorfer. Gary, who was himself a bit funny and sophomoric, seemed to be perpetually stuck in his adolescence and Terry, a fan of silliness and sophomoric humor, encouraged Gary's creativity and published several similar Deindorfer articles throughout *Mota's* lifetime.

The fifth *Mota* led off with a brilliant cover by Steve Stiles that portrayed a dejected Bob Dylan dragging his guitar through the burning rubble of civilization. "The Hell with it!" he mumbles to himself. It remains among Steve's very best fanzine covers to this day. In his editorial Terry wrote about how he was starting to drag through the rubble a bit himself. His partying habits, he said, were wrecking havoc with his early morning dishwashing job and he quoted Tom Disch's observation on a similar subject, that on most mornings his "eyes felt like two piss holes in the snow."

Despite the familial feelings he had for his co-workers, he had been washing dishes for almost two years and he was beginning to realize that perhaps "one needn't drop out of college and become a dishwasher to be a fan." Could he be a fan somewhere else? He had been frugal with his modest salary and had begun thinking seriously for the first time that perhaps a change of venue might be in his

future. If John D. Berry could do it, maybe he could, too?

He didn't have any specific plans, but he had a fantasy and he decided to use his savings to investigate its theoretical feasibility. Towards the end of that same editorial he wrote of his plans, "I will be moving to the Northwest at the end of summer (after a swing through the state of California). Any of you who live in the Northwest, I would like to get some suggestions about what city or town to move to and I would appreciate any Facts I Should Know."

He didn't know where he would end up living, but he was quite certain about at least one thing, he knew wouldn't end up in a big city. "I've never lived in a city for any length of time, I've only visited them. I was born in Las Vegas, which isn't that big and I wasn't there that long. I spent the three years in England as a child in the town of Ramsgate, and most of the rest of the time I've spent in small rural Missouri towns. I've never even lived in the shadow of a city. In my travels this fall I plan to visit many cities and maybe stay a little while in them, but not to live there long. While I probably would enjoy the rush of activity in the city, I'm afraid that after a spell the rush would get to me and I'd have to get away or else develop ulcers, or something worse."

Despite his naiveté, Terry's wanderlust was more than just a whim. He knew that 1972 was the year that his fannish community, as he knew it, was going to cease to exist. Lesleigh was about to graduate and had picked The University of Wisconsin, at Madison, for her doctoral degree in anthropology. That meant that she and her husband, Hank, would be moving north at the end of the summer and that those lazy afternoons spent reading comic books and running off fanzines were about to end.

Nevertheless, it turned out to be a very busy summer for Columbia Fandom. For one thing, Lesleigh's brother, Chris, moved to town during a hiatus from school. Chris and another charming UofM dropout named Claudia Parrish spent that summer sharing a house in Columbia with Terry and Doug Carroll. Hank got him a job with the early morning crew at the hospital, which he described in the first issue of *High Time*, a weekly fanzine he and Terry were publishing that summer.

"I'm washing dishes for a living," Chris wrote. "I'm working at the very same place as Hank and Terry, though Terry will have quit by the time you read this, and Hank will follow suit in a month." He was anticipating a tedious future. "Washing dishes is hot. Washing dishes is dirty. Washing dishes is most of all dull. But it's not half as dull as the people I work with. Once Hank and Terry are gone, the kitchen crew will be almost unrelieved

in its dullness.”

By comparison, things seemed to be looking up for Terry. “Not only did I drop out of college,” he teasingly noted in that same issue of *High Time*, “but yesterday I dropped out of work, and soon I may drop out of reality. Yes, right now I am taking a long, restful vacation and I don’t plan to go to work for at least six months.” He seemed to enjoy rubbing Chris’ nose in it a little — though his employment prediction would turn out to be alarmingly inaccurate.

The inspiration for *High Time* had been the demise, two months earlier, of *Hot Shit*, a weekly fanzine out of San Francisco that was published by John D. Berry and Calvin W. “Biff” Demmon. Terry had become *Hot Shit*’s number one fan during its 20 issue lifespan and the editor’s loved him for it. By the third issue they were regularly excerpting quotes from his letters under the banner, “Terry Hughes Sez,” and he became as much a part of the fanzine as the local personalities who helped John and Calvin pub their ish each week, like Calvin’s kids, Grant Canfield, “the staff printing person,” and George Senda.

The six issues of *High Time* that came out that summer weren’t the only fanzines published in Columbia before the big migration took place. There were two more issues of *Starling*, a second issue of *Cowboy Angel*, the seventh *Cipher*, apazines like the Luttrell’s *Sunshine*, Rick Stoker’s *Mundac*, and Terry’s *Twattle* for Apa45, Creath Thorne’s *Hog On Ice* for FAPA, a bunch of contributions to the cleverly named private apa, called Apa, and a farewell one-shot called *The Last Shot*. Oh, and last, but not least, the sixth issue of *Mota*.

Much of the rest of that summer was spent getting everybody ready to move, especially Hank and Lesleigh who, as the summer progressed, had gradually fill every spare corner of Doug Carroll’s house with boxes. Of course, just packing all those boxes would overwhelm most sane people, but it turned out to be one of the least complicated parts of Hank’s summer. No, moving 400 miles to the north seemed like nothing compared to everything else that was going on. For starters, 1972 was also the year that Lesleigh won DUFF — the Down Under Fan Fund — which meant that she would be in Australia for the last three weeks of August and would fly back to the States just in time to attend the worldcon in Los Angeles.

That meant that Hank and the gang had to finish packing up all the Luttrell’s belongings and move them out of their basement apartment while she was on the other side of the world. It was a frantic time. Besides packing everything up, Hank also had to drive up to Madison to register Lesleigh for

her classes, and then turn right around and head straight back to Columbia in time to pack Terry, Chris and Claudia, and all his huckster room stock into his Dodge Dart (named Plonk) and drive the lot of them out to LACon in time to pick Lesleigh up at the airport on her return from Australia. “I recall that period as one of the most unpleasant of recent history,” Hank remembered in *Starling* 24 [March 1973], the first Madison issue.

In the days before they left town, fanzines continued to roll off Big Huge, including that last minute printing of *Mota* 6. How last minute was it? Well, the contents page for that issue was typed on August 23rd, 1972 and they all left for California the next day. That’s pretty damned last minute.

“I had given up all hope of publishing another issue of *Mota*, but then things started happening,” Terry wrote in his sixth editorial. “Creath came by and dropped off his column, then I received a letter from Lee Hoffman. When I picked myself up off the floor, I read the letter and seeing how cohesive it was, I decided to turn it into an article [“Bad Guys,” *Mota* 6]. Then Grant Canfield sent me the article he had promised me, along with some lovely illos to go with it. [“The White Dot Habit,” also *Mota* 6] So there I was, sitting in my green chair, sipping on a frosty Coke and gazing at those contributions when, all of a sudden, the thought hit me: ‘You can pub an ish, Terry!’” And so he did. It was literally the last fanzine published in Columbia by the original members of MoSFA.

The trip to California was a long one, but they broke it up by stopping along the way in Albuquerque for the fourth Bubonicon where they met up with John D. Berry, who’d flown in from New York, and the con’s GoH, Ted White, who’d driven a carload of weary travelers all the way to the convention from Virginia. Interestingly, Terry and the rest of Columbia Fandom had seen Ted only a few months earlier at that year’s Midwestcon — which they had also managed to squeeze into their busy summer (along with Pecon, which Terry described as “a dud”) — and saw him again down the road at the LACon and again in the Bay Area after that. This proximity cemented a friendship with the Virginia fans that would come to serve Terry well in the future.

They finally reached Los Angeles in time to, as Hank put it, “walk across the street from the convention hotel to the LA International Airport and welcome Lesleigh off the jet back from Australia.” Terry was a little surprised to discover that his “fame” had apparently preceded him to Los Angeles. “My letters in *Hot Shit* seem to have made a slight impression (I’m not sure if it is favorable or not) on some people. John has introduced me to several of

his friends and they all tend to say, 'Oh, you had those letters in *Hot Shit*.' No one has spit in my face yet though."

The end of that worldcon was bittersweet for the small group of friends from Missouri. LACon was over and there was very little time for them to say goodbye before going their separate ways, mourning the end of their little fannish utopia would have to wait for another occasion. Immediately after the con, Lesleigh jumped on another airplane and headed for Madison, where she was already a week late for her classes. It was only the second time that she had ever been to Madison. After seeing her off at the airport, Hank, Chris and Claudia packed up ol' Plonk and headed back to Columbia — after spending an afternoon at Disneyland — where a rental truck was waiting to be loaded up with all the Luttrell's worldly goods. As they loaded the truck, Hank recalled a comment Terry made to him while they'd had been packing for the move. "For a long-haired hippy," Terry told him, "You sure have a lot of material possessions."



The Luttrells load up "Plonk" after the 1970 Midwestcon.

Once the Luttrells had moved into their new place, it would take them a few months to get on their feet. "Your hippy dishwasher editor of *Starling*," he wrote in that fanzine's 24th issue — "is now a hippy janitor." Though they knew no one in Madison when they moved there, Hank and Lesleigh did what they had done in Columbia and once again planted their fannish seeds and cultivated themselves a crop of homegrown fans. Together they founded MadSTF, the university sf club and helped create a foundation dedicated to the furtherance of

science fiction, called SF3. They also went on to help found the annual WisCon, and inspired their progeny to begin publishing their own fanzine, *Janus* (later known as *Aurora*), that went on to champion the causes of women's rights and science fiction as literature. *Starling* thrived for another seven years and a total of 37 issues before Hank and Lesleigh separated in 1979.

By that time Hank had turned his part-time huckster business into a full-time career as a bookseller and he continues to run a fine book store in Madison, called 20th Century Books, to this very day. During her years in Madison, Lesleigh became intensely involved in local radio broadcasting and continued her work with primate research through the University of Wisconsin.

*

Terry, of course, didn't return to Missouri with Hank and his friends after the LACon, but set out on a tour of California instead — hitchhiking up the coast from L.A. to San Jose with Alice Sanvito and John D. Berry, who led the way. Inbetween rides John drew cartoons and left them on signposts where other stranded hitchhikers had left their own messages, like the one that narrowed the hitching experience down to its essence: "Did you ever get the feeling that you were invisible?"

In his pages for *High Time* 7, written while he was on the road, Terry recalled that "John, Alice, and I staggered down the sidewalks to Highway 1 on the morning after too many nights before — those parties at the worldcon were fun and everything, but it took us days after the con before we 'recovered,' if we in fact ever did.

"I brought more stuff [with me] than I should have: a sleeping bag, a blanket, a coat, a suitcase full of clothes and fanzines, my trusty type-

writer, and a spoon (for protection in case we were attacked by some Jell-O). Fortunately, good ol' John and Alice took turns throughout the trip carrying my typewriter, for which I thank them kindly."

It took them two days to reach the San Francisco area, where they'd been invited to stay at Grant and Cathy Canfield's apartment. Their hosts welcomed them with open arms, fed them, got them stoned and taught them how to play dominoes. The Canfields were pleased to finally meet Terry, who's enthusiasm and gentle humor had endeared him to

them long before their face to face meeting. John, who'd spent four years at Stanford, became Terry and Alice's local tour guide and took them to many of his favorite places in the Bay Area, including visits to Palo Alto, a party at Terry and Carol Carr's house in Oakland, and a few evenings in the company of Calvin and India Demmon, who were also delighted to finally meet *Hot Shit's* number one fan.

After a month of sightseeing, their days of freebooting in the Bay Area were about over. At the end of September, Alice boarded a Greyhound bus headed back to St. Louis and John and Terry headed north on Highway 101 towards Eureka in John's ailing car. They ended up in nearby Rio Dell, where a group of John's friends were trying to open a restaurant and had invited him to join them. By the second week of October, John had come to the conclusion that being a restaurateur wasn't for him — though he and Terry had enjoyed their week in Humboldt County quite a bit. At the end of the week they left town, each headed in a different direction.

Terry took a bus north to Eugene, Oregon, where "the whole Pacific Northwest was awaiting an inspection from my eyes." He hoped to rest there and then roam some more. "I'm anxious to find a spot to live now where I may stay for a couple of years. If the Northwest doesn't have anything for me, I may go to New England. Who knows where I'll end up? I sure don't."

The autumn landscape that rolled past the windows of the Greyhound impressed him. "Colors jumped out at me from the hillsides and [...] the coastline looked lovely, but the bus did not stop and allow me to stroll and scamper in it." At one time he'd considered living in Coos Bay, on the Oregon coast, but when his bus passed through there on its way to Eugene he discovered that it was "a dirty little logging town" that lacked the character he was looking for and was glad he'd chosen somewhere else.

Eugene, Oregon, had many appeals for Terry, not the least of which was the fact that he had a friend there and he wouldn't have be all alone in his new home. He'd begun his fantasy about living in Oregon after reading *Sometime A Great Notion* by Ken Kesey, one of his favorite novels. Once he got there, Eugene impressed him. He like the transit system, the community spirit, and the city's environmental savvy. The nearby University of Oregon was politically liberal (unlike UofM) and there seemed to be an abundance of what jazz musicians like to call Maryjane.

"While I was in Rio Del I didn't smoke any dope — well, *one joint* — and had not been stoned for a while when I got to Eugene," Terry wrote. "The first night some people came over and we all got

stoned. The next morning when I got up [they] handed me a joint!" Then another friend came over to give him his first tour of the town and got him "wiped out" before he'd ever left the house. "I staggered out into the morning light with an illegal smile on my face," he recalled. "That set the tone for my stay in the city."

Despite all the smoky delights, Eugene didn't working out for Terry. For one thing, it was the fastest growing city in the state of Oregon and housing was scarce and increasingly expensive. Unfortunately, the job market in Eugene in 1972 was even worse than the housing market and Terry realized quite soon after his arrival that he would not be staying there. "At least not yet."

A few days later, Terry took a bus to Portland and bought a one-way plane ticket to Kansas City. "I wanted to stop being a tourist for a bit and I had a lot of things to think over," he explained. "John has pretty much talked me into seeing New England, and Missouri is closer to that area than Oregon," so he went home. As a final kick in the pants, when he bought his plane ticket the vendor charged him a higher fare because, as he explained, Terry was now too old for the youth fare. "I just turned 22," he wrote. "Being told that I was too old for something was a new experience for me."

His move to the Pacific Northwest had been a bust, but he tried not to dwell on it too much. Once he was back in Missouri he visited his parents and collected his mail ("I tossed the mail up into the air and ran through it naked and fannish things like that.") and traveled over to the MoSFA Halloween party in Columbia to lick his wounds.

Terry stayed in Missouri long enough to meet up with the Luttrells, who would be stopping in Columbia for Jim Turner's annual Thanksgiving bacchanal. Once their reunion was over, it didn't take him long to figure what he was going to do next. It was too cold to visit John Berry in New England, so he decided to head west again, back to San Francisco, where he could "find out if I can adapt to city living and remain sane."

Terry arrived back in San Francisco a few weeks before Christmas, crashing once again on the Canfield's sofa. "Shortly after I got out there Grant and Cathy asked me if I came out for the earthquake?" Terry wrote. Apparently a seismologist who'd predicted an earlier quake in L.A. had also predicted one for the Bay Area during the first week of the new year and it was on everybody's mind. "Now I don't believe in such predictions, but the thought of the earth quivering and shaking and opening up to swallow buildings and people makes me quite uneasy at times."

Despite his fear that the earth in San Francisco might eat him whole, Terry started looking for a place to live; a small apartment or a house to share. It didn't go well. Even though his requirements were humble, rooms in his price range were hard to come by — he was used to Missouri prices. He didn't have a job and he didn't have any credit, and to most of the landlords he spoke with he was just another long-haired dropout. Though he did have some savings, it wasn't going to last very long, especially if he didn't find someplace to live very soon.

"In order to justify getting a more expensive apartment than I had in mind, I think I'll start looking for a job tomorrow," he wrote on New Year's Day, 1973. "The early part of August was the last time I had a job. When I mentioned this to the Canfields, they told me to 'fuck off.'"

Terry's search for a job and a roof over his head went poorly. He worried about money and wearing out his welcome with Grant and Cathy. "Lately I've notice that all the major plans I make for my life seem to end up with no more substance to them than there is to smoke," he lamented. "When I dropped out of college in 1970, I really didn't know what I was going to do. I decided to stay in Columbia because I had good friends there. I spent a little over a month hunting for a job before I was hired as a dishwasher at Boone County Hospital. It was a fairly depressing time for me until I got that job. But things got better.

"Until I got that job I was pretty depressed. It was the first time I was really down for any length of time. Fortunately, I had good friends and being around them took my mind off my worries and I was happy. I used to alternate [between] feeling really good and being quite depressed, but with a job things stabilized for me and I stayed happy and in good spirits for the couple of years I spent in Columbia. I simply was not depressed any more. With Hank being there, even my job was fun.

"Although I tend to cultivate immaturity, I really do think of the future and what will happen. (Of course, I usually break up laughing...) I decided to make a change of scene and job, but I kept putting off the moving day. The longer I waited, the more money I'd have. I finally decided to move to the Northwest. The only job I could find around Eugene, Oregon, was picking filberts, which wasn't quite what I was after, so I gave up on Oregon. I really think the land's lovely, but I would need a job to stay.

"I had really enjoyed the month I spent in San Francisco so I decided that it would be a fine spot to live. I set out to conquer the city, or at least to find an apartment and a job. I have found neither."

Terry's old feeling of depression began to

plague him again. San Francisco was a wonderful city, with wonderful and interesting people, but that was part of the problem. There were just too many wonderful and interesting people and there was nowhere for them to live or work. "The employers have so many applicants that they can demand someone with a lot of experience and get someone that meets those qualifications," Terry explained. "I don't have the experience and most employers were reluctant to train people, or at least they were reluctant to train me." In a show of desperation, he finally went to a local Woolworth's and bought himself a tie, but it didn't seem to help.

"I was/am unwanted," he wrote. "I can't even get a janitorial job because it's all union work. The jobs I might get are things like working for a collection agency and I don't want that. I have a set of ethics that keep me from taking that kind of job, even though I really need work." His plans had begun to fizzle and he didn't know what he was going to do if he didn't make it in San Francisco. "I had made no plans for that."

Fortunately Terry's dark cloud got some unexpected relief in the form of a phone call from his brother, Craig. He was coming to San Francisco for a visit, he said, and afterwards, if Terry wanted to, they could drive back to Missouri together. Terry didn't like the idea of going home "like a beaten dog with its tail between its legs," but he feared that if he stayed much longer that things would come crashing down around his ears. He reluctantly agreed to return to the Midwest with his brother.

"Depression has left me and I'm very happy," he declared optimistically. "I may get a job tomorrow and stay in San Francisco or I may end up being a park caretaker in Missouri instead, but that might be fun as well."

When Craig arrived, Terry showed him the sights of the city, especially the museums and galleries. "I had really enjoyed being shown around the city by John and Grant and Cathy and I found out that I also enjoyed being the tour guide to my brother. One of the things that impressed me, considering the limited time he had, we still managed to take in most of the major sights."

After a week in the city, Craig was ready to head back to Missouri — he was an art major and anxious to get back for his classes. Terry packed up his stuff, stowed it in the back of Craig's van, and together they took Interstate 80 out of San Francisco — it took them almost all the way back to Missouri. It took them four long, cold days to get home, but Terry didn't feel defeated by his return. Instead, he was energized. He had come up with a new plan.

"I would truly love to run a theatre that

showed old movies, and have an occasional rock band have a small concert there, and maybe let people put on a play every so often. That would be a gas. And that is what I hope and plan to do. Ideally, I'd like to do it in Eugene, Oregon. There are already old time movie theatres in San Francisco and other cities, but Eugene doesn't have that. I think it could be a successful thing." But he knew it wasn't going to be easy. "I'll need to get up the money for the venture, so I'll hunt for a job in Missouri and save all I can. When I think I have enough capital, I'll take the chance. I may lose it all, but I'd be no worse than now. It's still a pipe dream, but I'm making plans."

Terry continued to believe in his dream of owning a movie palace, but quickly discovered that there were no jobs in Missouri that weren't low paying factory jobs. He would never be able to save up the kind of cash he needed for his pipe dream if he stayed there, so he decided once again to move on. This time he would head east. He was going to take "John, Ted, and Robin up on their offer to move to Virginia and live in fannish decadence."

*

Terry's friends had suggested that he move to Virginia after reading about his difficulties on the West Coast. He had few options in Missouri and he thought that Virginia might be the right place for him to finally put down roots and join another fannish tribe, so he got on another Greyhound and arrived in Falls Church just in time to attend the first meeting of the new local "club," The Original Fanoclats.

Besides Mr. Hughes, the party included locals like Ted and Robin White (the hosts), rich and Colleen Brown, and John D. Berry, who'd moved to the area himself a few months earlier. (A few visiting outoftowners, like Frank Lunney and Bruce Telzer, were there, too.) One of the evening's participants later recalled that everybody "preceded to get so zonked on Frank's grass that the meeting closely resembled an assembly of entombed mummies." Ah, the Seventies...

Reunited once again, Terry and John — or "The Falls Church Laughing Twenty-two Year Olds Good Time Order," as they jokingly referred to themselves — began looking for a house to share. They stayed with the Whites and the Browns, respectively, while they looked, but hit a stumbling block almost immediately. Apparently there was an arcane law on the books in Virginia at that time that allowed realtors the right of refusal to anyone who wasn't married, had children, or an income of less than \$15,000 a year. Undoubtedly dating from the days of segregation, the law seemed to come in quite handy

when it came to renting to hippies, too.

Terry immediately started experiencing déjà vu and began questioning his decision to move to Virginia. "The main point of irritation is the housing situation. I would very much like to give the Whites back their house and have a home base of my own," he wrote at the beginning of April. "It's been quite some time since I had a place of my own and I yearn and need to establish one. Outside of that, I'm quite happy here in Falls Church, although I do wish the town was less of a shopping center riddled suburb."

John shared Terry's frustration about the housing snafu. "We had one beautiful one that we thought we were going to get, but it all fell through and we got really depressed about it," John noted in the next issue of *Hitchhike*. Nevertheless, he was also quite pleased to have Terry around. "I want to tell you, having Terry here is a fine thing. Terry Hughes is like water: quiet, flowing, gentle, finding the natural level wherever he is. He's funny, too. I don't know; he claims that his letters in *Hot Shit* were aberrations and he was never like that normally, but if so his natural craziness must have matured and grown in the last few months. We've all been laughing more since Terry came."

Though the house-hunting was going badly, most everything else seemed to be changing rapidly. Terry finally broke his employment curse by getting what he called "a treading water kind of job" at a local nursery. "This is a job that I'll stick with for a few months until I decide to go out and get a For Real job and make such commitments." But he still didn't know what that "For Real job" might be. Even the idea of it bothered him.

"One of my biggest complaints with jobs is that they yank 40 hours a week out of my life and that for that length of time my employers are more or less in control of me," he grouched. It was a problem he'd pondered before and even during the lowest depths of his job hunt in San Francisco, Terry had a well developed idea of what he *didn't* want to do for a living.

"I know I think in terms of jobs rather than careers. I just can't imagine doing one job/thing for 5 or 10 or more years," he wrote in an apazine. "I just wonder how I could take a desk job; the lack of variety might be too much for me. I can think of few tortures as horrible as making someone do a minor task 40 hours a week, over and over and over again." It was a puzzle that he continued to wrestle with for the rest of his life, though his objections would become more ironic as the years passed.

"For myself I do have a work ethic," he wrote. "I do believe in working in exchange for my pay; it would be a blow to my pride and feelings of

self-reliance to go on welfare. But that is a work ethic I use *only* on myself, I encourage others to do what they want and not to follow society's dictates. If I could get by without working at "jobs" I would and someday I expect to. It can be done and is done."

Despite his misgivings about having a job and his annoyance about the housing problems, Terry's life in Virginia was improving exponentially. Without looking for it or expecting it, Terry found himself in a relationship. It had started as a friendship based on a lot of shared interests and the fact that neither of them had a job at the time they met. After a month or two of spending most of their free time together, their friendship blossomed into a serious affair. Terry was relatively new to the ways of the heart and he ended up falling hard for his new lover, but things were complicated. The woman he was falling in love with was married to a friend and although they had an "open" marriage, the relationship was still something of a tightrope walk.

Remarkably, Terry turned out to be quite adept at the high wire and all of his worries about jobs and houses seemed considerably less pressing than they had been in San Francisco or Eugene. Fortunately, just before the end of June, John and Terry finally found a place to live. It looked like Terry's move to Virginia had finally succeeded where his other moves had not.

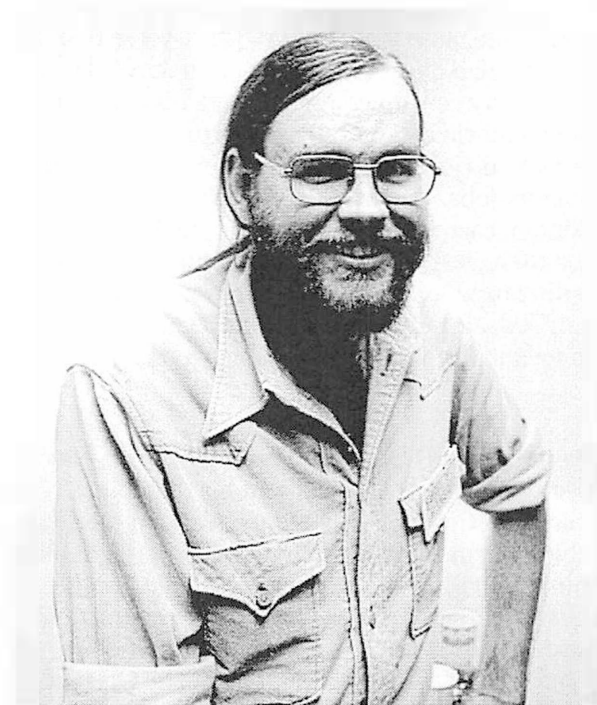
They'd found their new place through an ad in the newspaper. "It was something of a last-ditch effort, since we had been talking dejectedly a day or two before that about how horrible the only apartments we could find were and about how maybe we didn't really want to live in Northern Virginia after all," John remembered. "But this place — you've got to see it to believe it. It's an apartment all right, but built onto the side of a big old house, and the house is located on a hilltop on a small farm. We've got chickens and roosters and goats and ducks just outside our windows."

It was a bucolic dream; a pastoral landscape of fields and forests, a big ol' porch, and, believe it or not, even a swimming hole. It's true. I saw it with my own eyes when Frank Lunney and I drove down to Falls Church for a weekend of fun. It was my first visit to the fan mecca and they made sure I saw all the sights, which included a brief visit to "Duck Shit Farm" in Great Falls. It was everything John had said it was, plus hard wood floors.

I can also confirm that the place came by its nickname honestly. There was, quite literally, slippery duck pellets all over the lawn and the walkway that lead up to the house. Ironically, that meant that visitors spent all of their time staring at the ground in an effort to avoid the turds, instead of soaking in

nature's other rustic charms.

Although he'd lost his job at the nursery shortly after finding the house in Great Falls, Terry didn't seem to mind too much. He and Colleen Brown went to New York City for a holiday and then followed John up to Martha's Vineyard, where the Berry family had a summer house. It was his first visit to either of those two iconic East Coast locales and he was mightily impressed by what he saw — especially by summertime life on the Vineyard.



John D. Berry at Noreascon 2, 1980.

After their return from Martha's Vineyard, everybody focused was on getting work. Terry needed to find something to replace his job at the nursery, Colleen had to start working because her husband's job at the Reuter's New Agency had ended. John hadn't really ever had a job, except for the time he'd spent writing "The Clubhouse" column for *Amazing*, but it had been more than a year since he'd graduated from Stanford and he thought that perhaps the time had come for him to generate some money to pay for the new house and the used VW van he'd recently bought.

Someone suggested that doing temporary office work might be a good interim source of income and it turned out there were several agencies around Washington D.C. that supplied the city's many businesses, institutions and government offices with freelance clerks and typists. It was exactly the kind of work that Fabulous Falls Church Fandom were looking for. Colleen scored first, having signed up

with multiple agencies, and Terry quickly followed suit. But before he took his first assignment, one of the Virginia state employment offices found him a permanent job right in Falls Church — though the permanence was, as yet, untested.

They sent him to Litton Bionetics, a local medical research lab, where they were, in Terry's words, "curing cancer and saving the world." His job, however, didn't involve anything quite so awe inspiring. "I clean up after and feed 42 beagles," he wrote. The dogs were part of an experiment that Litton was conducting for the Navy to see how much TNT a dog could consume before it died. "I had visions of kamikaze poodles dropping tons of explosive dog shit," he remembered, "but I only gave them dogfood, someone else gave them the TNT."

John soon followed their example and decided to give temping a try and discovered, much to his surprise, that his typing test qualified him for a position as a Senior Typist because he could type more than 65 words a minute. That meant that he was immediately in demand as a temp office worker and that, at last, all those years of fanac had proven not to be such a big waste of time after all. (It *had* given him mad typewriter skills.)

As the summer wound down, the fans from Falls Church kept themselves busy. There was a new issue of *Egoboo*, the fanzine John co-edited with Ted White, and the first couple of issues of *The Gafiate's Intelligencer*, a whimsical group effort in the tradition of Burbee's *Wild Hair*. There were also a slew of random apazines coming out regularly, plus Ted, John, and rich were all still publishing FAPazines at that time — which meant that Ted's mimeograph was running all the time.

The time not spent typing stencils and running the Gestetner was spent getting ready for the trip to Torcon on Labor Day weekend. Falls Church Fandom had planned to head towards Toronto en masse in a caravan of cars, which meant driving across the Canadian border where they would undoubtedly be keeping an eye out for various hippy combustibles and the people who combust them. As a result, Robin White and a team of helpers spent most of the last week before the trip baking pans of brownies and loaves of bread — all of which had been made using marijuana infused cooking oil. The reasoning was that while they might be looking for drugs at the border, they surely wouldn't be looking for baked goods. And they weren't.

The Torcon turned out to be an immense gathering of the tribe. Toronto fandom was at a high point at that time, with Mike and Susan Glicksohn and their fanzine, *Energumen*, leading the way. The convention itself was well intentioned and well run,

with one of the best art shows and huckster rooms in many years. Ted White called it "the best worldcon in years. The formal part of the con was handled with more civilized thoughtfulness than any in the history of worldcons and the informal part (read: parties) jelled much earlier than LACon, despite the fact that 2,700 people were in attendance."

It seemed like everybody was there. The Luttrells came from Madison and the Couch family drove in from Missouri. The Canfields flew in from San Francisco, while Frank Lunney, Jay Kinney and I drove in from the Northeast. The Falls Church contingent, including the Browns, the Whites, Terry and a few of their houseguests, traveling north convoy-style, with John Berry detouring through New York before catching up with everybody in Toronto. Other fans like Neal Goldfarb, Jeff Schalles, Paul Novitski (aka Alpajpuri), Michael Dobson, Doug Carroll, Rick Stoker, Brad Balfour, Edsmith, and others showed up from what seemed like every spot on the map.

Amazingly, out of all of these people — not counting the married couples — I was the only fanboy with a hotel reservation that weekend. As a result, virtually all of those people named above ended up crashing in my room. (I guess Mike Glicksohn's worries about freeloaders hadn't been too far off base after all.) There were bodies everywhere, filling every available space in the room. John Berry and I shared the bed — to this day I'm still not sure how he got dibs — and everybody else kipped wherever they could. Jay Kinney, for instance, slept in the bathtub. There were at least a dozen people sharing the room, which at one point reminded me of a remark that Bill Rotsler once made that "if a bomb went off right now, fandom would be back to blank pages."

I met Terry for the first time that weekend. It happened on a street corner. Terry and a few friends, including Colleen Brown and her daughter Alicia, were on their way to a restaurant, while Frank Lunney, Jay Kinney and I were just returning from one. Our introduction was brief. They were in a hurry — as one often is when there's a child in the mix — so we settled for a round of quick hellos and then everybody went on their way, promising — as one often does at worldcons — to talk again real soon.

As we parted company, I pointed at Terry and said, "Arnie Katz Approved Neofan," which elicited a cackle and a big, gap-toothed smile from him as he was being led away by his hungry companions. When quizzed about it afterwards by Frank and Jay — an Arnie Katz Approved *What?* — I told them that it was kind of an inside joke between Terry and me.

They didn't see how I could have an inside joke with somebody I'd never met? So I told them

about our mention in the *Focal Point* lettercol a few years earlier and I explained that when I finally met Terry in person the first thing that popped into my head was his phrase, "Arnie Katz Approved Neofan," which came out of my mouth before I really had a chance to think about it. Surprised by my obscure reference, Terry had laughed in recognition. That, I explained to Frank and Jay, was *my* definition of an inside joke and they had to agree, Terry was the only person who would have found it funny.

However, meeting me was apparently not Terry's only moment of joy that weekend. "I enjoyed the convention quite a bit," he wrote, "even though I spent much less time at con events and parties than I normally do. The main reason I went to the con was because the Luttrells and the Canfields would be there. It had been a long time since I'd seen those close friends of mine and the opportunity was too good to pass up. Seeing Hank and Lesleigh again brought back such a strong rush of old dear memories. Ah, Canfields and Luttrells, I wish I could live near you both of you! As it is I live near neither. I am very happy being with the people in Virginia, however, that doesn't stop me from missing them."

Torcon had been a great convention, though its aftermath proved to be quite unpleasant for several of Falls Church's citizens. The Whites were confronted with a death in their family and the residents of "Duck Shit Farm" found themselves homeless once again.

"Things have happened quite rapidly at the Great Falls branch of Virginia fannishness," Terry wrote after the convention. "John and I have been evicted, due to non-payment of rent and, I believe, a general desire to have us o-u-t."

"It's a rather complicated, uncertain tale," John wrote. "The discovery of our eviction took us both by surprise. All our belongings were neatly boxed and stacked on the front porch, and I discovered in a few minutes of conversation that [the landlady had] already arranged for new tenants to move in that weekend. It was, as they say, *fait accompli*."

After all those months of searching, they were once again without a place of their own. The reasons for it were never completely clear, but it had something to do with John sending his half of the rent to Terry instead of to their landlady, which resulted in a series of missed connections that ended up with them losing of their blissful little country apartment. There was nothing to be done but to load the boxes in John's van and begin looking for another place to live.

Despite all the trouble they'd gone to finding the place, Terry wasn't too bothered to be leaving. "The only thing I really feel bad about is that John

won't be able to stay at the Great Falls place. He really like it there, so it is bad. For my own part I'm not really saddened to get away from a place filled with loud animals and kids and an ungodly distance from Falls Church and D.C. The place is just too damn far away, especially since hitching is my mode of travel and winter is coming."

Terry knew that he and John wouldn't be living together again and turned his attention on finding a place he could share with his brother, Craig, who was about to move to Virginia from Missouri. "It's been a long time since I lived with him, but we do like each other and I think we'll get along fine," he wrote. "It should be quite a bit of fun as well; Craig with his paints and his dobro and me with my typewriter. It should be nice indeed."

He didn't go back to the exploding doggies when he returned from Canada, either, preferring instead to rejoin the others as a temporary office worker. His first assignment was a secretarial job in the bulk mail division of the Postal Service. "They pay me decently and it is also giving me office experience for future work. I figure that in a year or so that I'll have gained quite a bit of work experience and office skills," he told his friends in an apa.

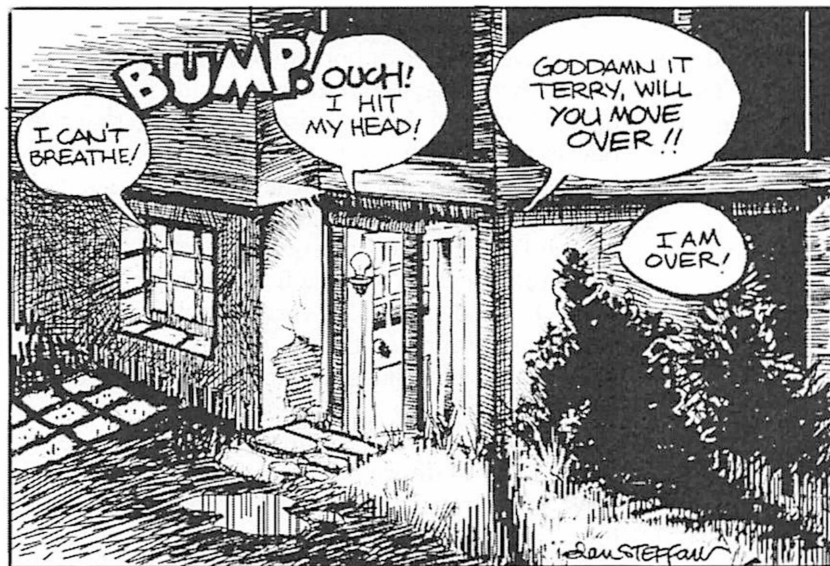
"I had to handle 24 phone lines, as well as do typing for the 14 managers and staff, plus doing the Xerox work and making reservations for travel. Whew!" Not too bad for a guy who only a year before had been unable to even imagine himself with a desk job. And even though he knew that the idea of a man working as a secretary was a relatively new one, Terry was still surprised when one of the women who worked in the office stopped by his desk and said, "So I see they are hiring some pretty secretaries at last." Huh? He was taken aback. "It felt strange to get the same treatment from the women that they must get from the men."

Despite the *hardships* of that kind of workplace harassment, working as a temp quickly became the happy norm for many of Falls Church's fans. Eventually, rich brown and Robin White joined "The Laughing Twenty-two Year Olds" as temporary office workers, as well. It turned out to be a good way to earn enough money to live on without getting a so-called Real Job.

They were all "Kelly Girls," essentially, working for companies named Olstens and Potomac Temporaries. Sometimes they worked in law offices or on short assignments at government agencies, like The Postal Inspector or the U.S. Mint. At other times they were sent to places like The World Bank or the IMF — the kind of big, formal institutions where you'd never expect to run into a long-haired guy in an ill-fitting tie walking the halls.

Craig Hughes arrived in Falls Church in October 1973 after getting an art degree in Missouri. Without really planning to, he had come to his brother's rescue once again. He was an easy going guy who shared many of his brother's interests, though he wasn't really ever a fan. In real life Craig was a carpenter who had a strong interest in film and music. Because of his status as a union craftsman, he had relatively little trouble finding a good paying job when he got to town. In fact, he actually had a job before he and his brother had a place to live — that's how much of a non-fan he *really* was.

At the beginning of December they finally found a place, a basement apartment on North Frederick Street in Arlington. It came to them with none of the difficulties that Terry had experienced finding Duck Shit Farm. "Ted White found a card offering the place for rent at a local super market," Terry explained. "My brother called and looked at the place and liked it. That night he took me out to see it. I jumped up and down and hit my head on the ceiling. We took it."



866 North Frederick Street from the cover of *Mota* 14, 1976.

Terry had hit his head because the ceiling in their new apartment was only a few inches taller than they were. It was small; three rooms and a tiny screened-in porch. The rent was cheap, included the utilities, and it was theirs without a deposit. To make matters even better, it was a half a block from a bus stop, a grocery store, and an antique book dealer. And on a good day, Terry could walk over to see the Browns or the Whites in about a half an hour's time. He finally had his own address. "I love this place," he exclaimed.

It turned out to be a lucky week for John

Berry, as well. He found an ad in *The Daily Rag*, a weekly community newspaper, that advertised for an individual who was "an open, active and involved in alternative 'lifestyle-ologist' to share house in Falls Church. Assholes need not apply." Intrigued by what he read — "despite the bad grammar" — John called the number and after a couple of meetings was invited to join the household. "I'm living with four other people, two cats, and one dog, in a suburban house with a pool table and a picture window," John trumpeted. "It's incredible."

After that it was smooth sailing for quite a while. Terry spent a couple of months temping for the Postal Service and was then reassigned to a secretarial job at the National Construction Association, a national trade lobbyist that represented general contractors. After a few months there, he was offered a full-time position. "I am no longer the agency man," he wrote in March 1974. "I had to give up my title of Terry the Temp when I took a permanent job at NCA as a secretary. Why did I take it?

"Well, they are willing to pay the wage I asked for and I have free time at work to do other things. I was working almost every day as a temp anyway, so I thought why not go permanent and get more money. In short, I have joined the establishment."

Once things had settled down in his day-to-day life, Terry began thinking about *Mota* again. Other than a string of apazines and a few short paragraphs in *The Gafiate's Intelligencer*, he had been out of fandom's eye for almost two years. He'd never lost interest in fandom or fanzines during this *homeless* period — that would have been impossible, considering that nearly everyone he knew was an sf fan — but now that he had found a job and a place of his own, Terry started getting excited about doing

fannish things again.

He had a job, an apartment, and a girlfriend who understood fandom — what was he waiting for? He even had some material on hand, including a cover by Grant Canfield and an article by an old-timer named Burbee that he'd been sitting on for two years. Terry decided it was time to buy some stencils.

While he was still in Columbia, Terry had begun reaching out to some of the fanwriters whose work he'd been reading in old fanzines. It was during that time that he heard a rumor that Burbee had cast off his *gafia* and had put his name on the FAPA

waitlist. Terry wrote him an inquisitive letter and got back a friendly reply that indicated that Burbee was in a very creative phase and had been busily writing articles for other people's FAPazines while waiting for his own membership to kick in.

Terry had sent him back issues of *Mota* and copies of *High Time*, the weekly fanzine he had been putting out with Chris Couch. Burbee really liked the concept of a weekly fanzine and complained ironically when Terry and Chris decided to pull the plug on the project. "Just when I'm getting hooked on *High Time*, you suspend publication," he scolded. Fortunately, their correspondence remained a fruitful one and Burbee offered him an article for *Mota*.

Even though the piece had already appeared in Elmer Perdue's FAPazine [520 07 0328 # 6 - Feb 1972] — and would eventually see print in a girlie mag — Burbee significantly rewrote it before he sent it to Terry. Unfortunately, it had arrived in the mail after he had left for his tour of the West Coast and had ended up sitting in a box for almost two years before Terry finally moved to North Frederick Street.

When Terry wrote to Burbee to announce his own fannish resurrection, Burbee was pleased to hear from him. He was happy that his article had survived and even happier that it was going to finally see print. He didn't complain about the two year delay, but said that, in fact, he appreciated being given the chance to change one sentence that had been bothering him since 1972.

*

In those days, Memorial Day weekend was Disclave weekend. Disclave was one of the oldest annual cons in the U.S., run each year by WSFA, Washington's long-standing sf club. The first one was held in 1950, but the schedule was erratic until 1965 when Jay Haldeman took over the chairmanship and turned it into one of fandom's most popular spring-time conventions. In 1974 the Disclave was chaired for the first time by Alexis Gilliland, who assumed the post when Haldeman became the chairman of DisCon, that year's worldcon in Washington.

I attended my first Disclave that year. Originally I was going to head to California after the con, but I had enjoyed myself so much during my visit to Falls Church that I decided to stick around for a while. I had been thinking of moving west in hopes of a career in the animation business, but I was overwhelmed with self-doubt and welcomed the delay. (Plus, I had been privy to what Terry had gone through during his time in California and I had no wish to repeat his misery — which I undoubtedly would have done, given my inexperience at living.)

At first I stayed with various people in Falls

Church. I stayed a couple nights with rich and Colleen and a couple of nights with John and his housemates, though they had a house rule against any guests staying over for more than a few days. Eventually I ended up sleeping for most of that summer on a bed in the screened-in back porch at Michael and Edie Nally's house in Arlington. And while I was trying to figure out what the hell I was going to do with my life, I ended up spending a lot of my free time over at Terry and Craig's tiny basement apartment on North Frederick Street.

Craig and I quickly became close friends. Though he was quiet around most people, we seemed to have no trouble entertaining each other, which was a good thing because Terry was rarely around. When he wasn't working, he was usually with his girlfriend. They had become inseparable and when they were together she usually had all of his attention, but he was always so very kind to me when we were together that I always thought of him as a good friend and I was always delighted by his companionship, especially on those rare occasions when he was actually home.

His job at the National Construction Association gave him the opportunity, when he wasn't actually working, to pursue his outside interests and he used some of that free time to pull together the new issue of *Mota* and to reestablish ties with some friends and acquaintances that he'd lost track of during his years of transition. In May he wrote an article for the Tucker Fund issue of Mike Gorra's *Banshee* [May 1974], called "A Nose By Any Other Name," in which he made fun of the very pronounced intake valve that dominated the middle of his face. "It looks like I am having a fannish resurgence," he wrote in one of his apazines.

Mota 7 finally made its appearance in July 1974. Terry's editorial offered a brief recap of his travels and travails and while he proclaimed himself to be "an Old and Tired Fan at 23," he added that he was not going to let it stop him from resuming his fanzine career. "Why am I publishing again?" he asked. "Because of Chris Couch," he answered.

"People around here either ignore me or try to humor me whenever I tell them I am going to be publishing a fanzine Real Soon Now. They've been hearing that for over a year. And it might have continued that way, *but* Chris told me that when a mutual friend asked him when he was going to publish *Cipher* again and use his article, Chris responded, 'Right after Terry publishes *Mota*.' I told Chris that that had been a cruel thing to say. So take *this*, Chris Couch!"

The issue included an old Arnie Katz article from 1970 called, "the Great New York Migration

Syndrome,” in which Arnie made predictions about the future of New York fandom that proved to be so spectacularly wrong that only four years later Terry decided to reprint it so he could “establish Arnie’s reputation for being the fannish Jean Dixon.” (He named 16 fans who would never abandon the boroughs for other cities. By 1974, 14 of them had left.)

The rest of *Mota* 7 was filled up with Charles Burbee’s “I Had Intercourse With A Glass of Water,” which turned out to be his first appearance in a general circulation fanzine in over a decade, and a rare piece of fan humor from Terry himself, “The \$600 Fan.” I was listed for the first time as *Mota*’s resident artist, too, though I’d only provided a single mediocre heading so far. It was probably quite a surprise when the issue showed up in people’s mailboxes, like an unexpected visit from an old friend.

Then Terry surprised everybody again by publishing *Mota* 8 only six weeks after its predecessor. Unlike most of the previous issues, Terry’s editorial was an extremely brief two pager. He had been unhappy with his earlier attempts to weave fannishness into his editorials and finally decided to leave more of the remaining pages open for his contributors — though he did close out the issue with a short DisCon report. Such editorial brevity would become a regular thing in future issues, marking — for the most part — the end of Terry’s experiment with fannishness chattiness.

In between the editorial bookends and a tersely edited lettercol, the issue’s main contribution was Jim Turner’s latest salute to alcoholic overindulgence. In fact, the article itself was called “Fratrat and Joseph K. and the Terrible Tale of Terrible Gilbert: A Case of Overindulgence,” and it proved once again that its author lived a rarified life. Though not included in this volume, the article is worth tracking down just to read Turner’s vivid retelling of the events that led up to the following quote:

“Yeah, up flew the lid of the trunk and Terrible Gilbert rose up like some hideous white zombie, wearing his cowboy hat and waving that goddamn toy pistol and puking like a sonofabitch.”

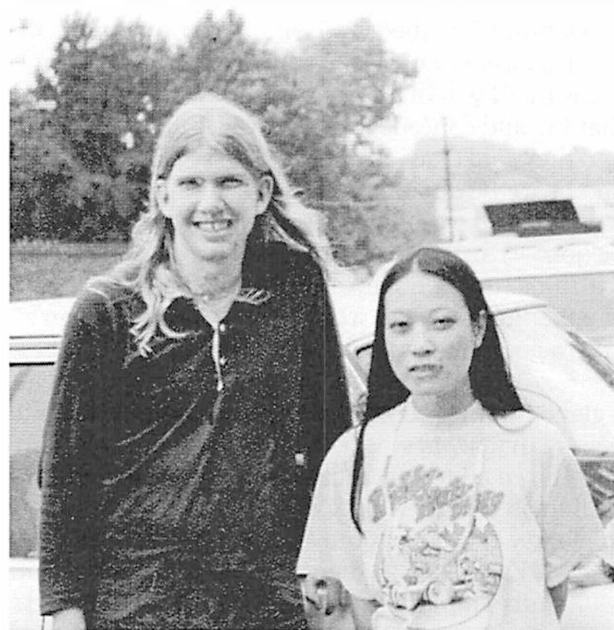
Though drinking seemed to be a regular theme in *Mota*, Terry was a bit of a teetotaler himself. That’s not to say that he didn’t drink a beer from time to time, but his drink of choice was Coca-Cola or, in later years, Sprite, but that really wasn’t the point. It was never about the drinking per se, it was about the people who were doing the drinking and then writing about.

Jim Turner, for instance, had the personality of a hillbilly Rhodes Scholar. During his Columbia days, he lived a life of chaos and excess, but presented himself with the aplomb of a southern gentleman

who always had an astonishing tale to tell the li’l kiddies. He appeared frequently in *Starling* and wrote three pieces for *Mota*.

After dropping the freshly printed copies of *Mota* 8 into the mail, Terry and Colleen took a trip north to explore the craggy coast of Maine. Encouraged by a similar trek made by Chris Couch and Claudia Parrish, they each took five days off from work and left “the rest of Falls Church Fandom in the 80 degree weather.”

His first trip into the northeast, a year earlier — to visit John Berry in Martha’s Vineyard — had made quite an impression on Terry. It had been his first visit to the Atlantic Coast and he was very interested to see more of it — especially with his lover in tow.



Terry and Colleen Brown in the Summer of 1975.

After returning to Virginia, Terry was so inspired by their adventures that he wrote an ecstatic memoir about all that they’d done and seen. “The End of the Line” was a blissful twelve page travelog that reads a bit like a private diary entry. It displayed an intimacy that was unusual for Terry, which is probably why it was circulated exclusively to the apas he belonged to. But when you read it today it seems like a dreamy memento of a more innocent and simpler time, which is exactly what it was. “The End of the Line” was one of only two long-form pieces of writing that Terry produced during his fan career and it would be another ten years before he’d write the second one.

By the end of December, the guy who had once been sure that he could never take a desk job

because “the lack of variety might be too much for me,” had negotiated a new contract with his bosses at the National Construction Association, one that brought him a pay raise and his own office in exchange for just a few concessions. He announced the news in one of his apazines: “Brace yourselves, my friends, for I have a great confession to make. Are you seated? Terry Hughes now wears a coat and tie to work.”

His employers, he explained, were a construction trade association. “The construction field, as you may guess, is conservative, quite positively so.” As an example he described how they had only recently loosened their dress code to include pale blue shirts, in addition to the preferred white business shirt. “Evidently, some company’s representatives had made some mention of my casual appearance,” he theorized, and that complaint had led to a discussion with his bosses. “I did let them know that I would not cut my hair. They had hoped that I would concede there, as well, but I was firm and they said okay.” After that Terry wore a coat and tie to the office every day, just as he agreed. He wore the *same* coat and tie every day. (Though, to be honest, the Luttrells did send him a gold silk tie with a picture of Popeye on it, but I can’t attest to whether he wore it to work or not.) “You just can’t keep a good hippy down,” he bragged.

Mota 9 came out during January of 1975 and a glance at the issue’s contents list might lead you to believe that *Mota* was becoming a big fanzine. Three articles, an editorial and a lettercolumn seems like a lot of material when they’re taken out of context, but in reality, *Mota 9* was only 18 pages long.

Ever since its revival, Terry had been turning *Mota* into a minimalist fanzine. His editorials had gotten shorter and the letters were edited to the bone. He wanted to publish a slimmer fanzine on a more frequent schedule, and, for the most part, that’s exactly what he did — though the page count did eventually balloon to 20 pages or more, on occasion.

The ninth *Mota* featured an installment of Gary Hubbard’s autobiographical column, “The Cracked Eye,” which had come his way after the demise of Frank Lunney’s *Syndrome*, its previous home. (Gary’s column would roam to many other fanzines over the years, including my own, and he became, in my opinion, one of fandom’s most reliably entertaining writers.)

That issue also presented the first installment of “Son of B*A*R*F,” a column by Dave Piper. Piper was relatively obscure UK fan, though he had been around fandom since the 1960s, and was known mostly as an sf collector and a letterhack. His

appearance in *Mota* was something of a surprise because he’d largely dropped out of British Fandom by that time and it still remains unclear how he hooked up with Terry. Unlike a lot of his British peers, Piper had never written to *Mota* before — his name hadn’t even appeared in the WAHFs.

Nevertheless, Dave Piper became *Mota*’s longest running columnist. Terry printed five installments of “Son of B*A*R*F” altogether, the last one appearing in *Mota 28*. They were usually only a page or two long and tended to be about cheerful domestic incidents that were written in style dubbed “Dave Piperish” by Bruce Gillespie. They were, in a word, pleasant. Piper was the second UK fan to make it into *Mota* — John Brosnan having been the first — and as near as I can tell, it was the only time he ever wrote a column for a fanzine.

The final piece in the issue was Terry’s next attempt to produce a fannish article in the style of the Insurgents and the *Void* Boys. Encouraged by the kind reception he’d gotten for “The \$600 Fan” in *Mota 7*, he tried to follow up with a little slice of life depicting the wild and wacky goings-on at a Fabulous Falls Church fan gathering. The resulting “Space Gophers Over Falls Church” was a collection of stoned non sequiturs that proved that the Original Fanoclasts were no more clever than Terry’s old dishwashing pal back in Columbia. He never attempted to write an article about our brilliant fannish repartee again.

Terry had hoped to continue publishing every six weeks, but beginning with *Mota 10* in March, the schedule slipped to once every three months. He was only human, after all. His job and his girlfriend were taking up so much of his time that his fanac had to be cut to the quick. He was *only* able to produce five issues of his fanzine in 1975. It didn’t really matter much, though, because what *Mota* may have lacked in punctuality, it made up for with the impressive quality of its contributions.

Leading off the tenth issue was John D. Berry’s “Fannish Indulgences,” a short reprint from *Gafiate’s Intelligencer* [Summer 1973, though the exact issue number remains uncertain] which was then followed by Charles Burbee’s “The Poll,” the second of his rewritten FAPazines articles — in this case, from Gregg Calkins’ *The Rambling FAP 61* [February 1973]. Burb had been so pleased with how his previous article had come out, that he gifted Terry with this brand new version of “The Poll,” his tale of scientific curiosity in modern horny America, circa 1975.

While the writing in *Mota 2.0* was taking a definite upswing, it’s also worth mentioning that the artistic contributions were continuing to improve, as

well. The intricately illustrated logo cover that Grant Canfield drew for number 7 had set the bar, which Jay Kinney matched two issues later with his absurdly minimalist animal design on *Mota* 9. (Does that cat look pissed to you, too?) Canfield was back on the front of *Mota* 10 with a sublime robot drawing that proved just how much his work had grown in the relatively short time since he'd created his first cover. It was a cover that made both *Mota* 10 and the artist stand out from their peers, and it remains one of Grant's favorite covers from his years as a fanartist.

In those days I was in awe of Grant's skill as a cartoonist. He arrived in fanzines a mature talent and then just got better and better. I envied the quality of his drawings and pushed myself to produce cartoons that could be printed across the page from his without me being embarrassed. Grant made me want to make better fan art. So when Terry asked me to draw the cover that would follow his love-lorn robot, you can imagine how seriously I took the challenge.

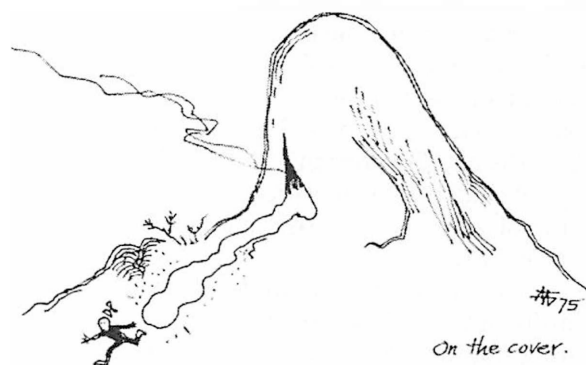
The artwork on the front of *Mota* 11 was my first cover design to be published on Terry's fanzine. I had ostensibly been his "resident artist" for a year at that point and I was anxious to produce something memorable for him. Besides his friendship, I was also indebted to him for an occasional home-cooked meal and, later, for his camaraderie in the workplace. Terry was always considerate of me and even when we were both working at the IMF (I was a temp) he found time to act as my workplace tour guide, which was nice of him, considering that he had been an office virgin himself just a few years earlier. In return for all that kindness, I decided to reward his generosity by making fun of him on the cover of his own fanzine. To me it seemed like the ideal place to do it.

You see, Terry had a very memorable face. It was a combination of a toothy grin with a gap in his front teeth (a trait he shared with the Couch siblings), a considerable proboscis, blue eyes that got small and raisin-like when he was really stoned, and a head of long blond hair that he obviously stole from Thor, the comic book hero. It was a pleasing countenance, to be sure, but I was pretty sure I could still exploit it on my cover. To my shifty eyes, he was ripe for my evil purposes.

I thought back to his article in *Banshee* 9 and the solution became as plain to me as the nose on Terry's face: *The nose on Terry's face*. First I visualized a great statue of epic proportions, a statue of Terry Hughes. Then I imagined that great statue being smashed to bits by infidels and Rosicrucians and insurance salesmen, leaving behind only one

lone fragment, an enormous potato-shaped shard of marble — *the nose*. (Oh, and two futuristic archeologists who were supposed to be alien versions of Ted White and myself.)

That cover actually went on to become rather iconic. The image of the giant detached nose was **ahem** picked by a lot of readers as their favorite symbol of *Mota* and at least two other cartoonists, Harry Bell and Alexis Gilliland, used the nose in subsequent cartoons. I went on to draw 12 more covers for *Mota*. The last one was for the unpublished 32nd issue (it was printed but never used), but that first one still stands out to me as one of my finer moments as cover artist.



Inside my *Mota* 11 cover, published in July 1975, was the work by the two Bobs: Tucker and Shaw, that is. Terry had met each of them before they had contributed to *Mota* — he'd met Tucker at a couple of Midwestcons and other regional conventions and had had the chance to meet Bob Shaw briefly at the Noreascon in 1971. He had put them both on his mailing list right from the first issue, which paid off when both of them popped up in the third issue's lettercolumn.

Tucker's article, "Damned BIG Cat Feet," was about the damage that can be done to valuable fanzines when an evil pet refuses to respect the sanctity of one's fan den. It was short and funny and, apparently, a test to see if Terry would keep to his new publishing schedule. When he did, Tucker rewarded him with a memoir he'd written about his travels in Australia after Aussiecon, which Terry published a few issues later.

Shaw's "Bringing Them Out of Their Shells" was the first of what would be six Shavian articles to appear in *Mota*. Written originally as a convention speech, "Shells," later appeared in a British fanzine [*BSEA Newsletter/Matrix* 4 - February 1976] where it reached a very different audience than *Mota* did. In most cases, BoSh's pieces appeared in Britain first and were then sent to Terry and his more fannish clientele. He and Bob agreed that the overlap in

readership was minimal enough to make them worthy of reprinting in the United States. Only "The Game of Dog and Crab" [*Mota* 26] was written expressly with Terry's fanzine in mind — Shaw wrote it after reading John Brosnan's "Urethra! I've Got It!" in *Mota* 21 — though it too, I believe, eventually wound up in a British fanzine.

In October, *Mota* 12 saw the publication of Bob Shaw's "scientific" talk from the 1975 Eastercon, "Time Travelers Among Us" [Published as "Time Travel Talk" in *Triode* 21, June 1975], which considered time travel's usefulness as the subject matter for a science fiction writer's drunken room party.

Gary Deindorfer's "Fan Nostalgia Strikes Again," followed BoSh's hard act with a decidedly silly bit of fan writing meant as a rebuke of fandom's in-group snobbery — in this case, a bunch of self-important elitists who are too busy being fannish to recognize that they were all *literally* living in the gutter. Despite its sarcasm, it seemed bitter at the end, as if Gary had been overcome by his own feelings of rejection and estrangement from those he was trying to satirize.

That issue also featured *Mota*'s first cover by the brilliant Gannet cartoonist Harry Bell, who's drawing style struck me as a joyous stew of British comic humorists from Wally Fawkes (aka Trog) to Hunt Emerson, with just a pinch of Arthur Thomson thrown in for spice. Harry went on to contribute a total of five covers for *Mota*, as well as numerous cartoons and illustrations, and an article about cat shit.

Speaking of Arthur Thomson, he made his one and only *Mota* appearance in the very next issue, the lucky 13th. Published in December of 1975, his iconic artwork helped close out the year with a bang by illustrating what was probably the single most important piece of writing to ever appear in *Mota*, James White's "The Exorcists of IF."

The story itself had found its way into *Mota* as a result of Terry's efforts to make contact with fanwriters from the past. He had reached out to old-timers like Burbee, Tucker, and Lee Hoffman and had been rewarded, but he wasn't always as lucky as he'd been with them. His correspondence with Walt Willis, for instance, proved fruitless. Walt was too wrapped up in his country's political unrest at the time to do any fan writing, but he enjoyed *Mota* and his enthusiasm would later be instrumental in putting "The Exorcists of IF" into Terry's hands.

By the time White wrote the story in early 1975, the Irish Troubles were at their peak. Even with fragile cease-fire agreements in effect, it had been one of the bloodiest years in the history of the conflict. Many Irishmen, like White and Willis, mourned their country's tragic loss of lives, freedom,

and innocence and it was that feeling of loss that had inspired White to write "The Exorcists of IF."

When he finished the story, he didn't know what to do with it. Although he was a well respected science fiction author at the time, he hadn't been active in fandom in years — nor was he on Terry's mailing list — so he sent copies of the manuscript to his old friends Bob Shaw and Walt Willis for their reaction and asked them if they had any suggestions about where he should send it? Walt's reply was that there was only one fanzine he *could* send it to: *Mota*. BoSh agreed. "I was glad to get it," Terry wrote. "Glad that Shaw and Willis suggested me to him. I hadn't even had James White's address until he sent it to me."

The story itself was a poignant elegy to simpler, happier times. It tells the story of White and Willis' return to the sight of their youthful fannish triumphs to confront the ghosts of their own past and attempt to reconcile them with the modern realities exploding just outside the front door. Touching and sentimental, it honestly describes both the joy and the naiveté of their time in fandom — their Secret Garden, safe from the harsh world outside — and their sadness that they had become too immersed in the real world to ever go back again.

Bob Shaw described it as James White's expression of revulsion for the intolerance and violence that existed outside of fandom. "He is a gentle person who sees as the human race's greatest achievement the invention of a system in which power is transferred by means of the ballot rather than the bullet. I'm not trying to trivialize the issue when I say that Jim considers war as *unfannish*."

Since its appearance in *Mota*, "The Exorcists of IF" has been reprinted on several occasions: First in *Algol* 27 in 1976, then in *Fanthology '75* in 1977, then in Walt Willis' *Hyphen* one-shot in 1987, and again in *The White Papers*, the NESFA collection of James White's articles and fiction published in 1996.

*

The lettercolumn in the next issue, *Mota* 14, published in February 1976, was overflowing with praise for "The Exorcists of IF," with some calling it the best piece of fan writing in more than a decade. Tom Perry, another recently resurrected Fifties fan, called it "a truly beautiful if tragic work" and Mike Glicksohn declared that "if 1975 had a better piece of fanwriting, I can't recall it offhand." Harry Warner, Jr. thought it first rate and commented that it was "as if James White had become immune from the changes that most of us undergo with the passing of time."

Mota 14 also included a wonderful piece of fanhistory by another veteran fan, Eric Bentcliffe, who had been the publisher of *Triode* and the 1960 TAFF delegate from England. His article, "The Tape Era," was the story of a group of British fans who were renowned in the 1950s for taking the fannish notion of wire and tape correspondence to a new level by producing elaborate scripted Tape Operas that were played at cons and circulated through the mails. It was proudly nostalgic and celebrated the ingenuity, time, and talent it took to produce what Bentcliffe called "the ultimate of sheer fannishness."

That issue's newcomer was a relatively obscure fan from Rhode Island who had previously popped up in the lettercolumn a couple of times ("Will you ask Dan Steffan why he chose the rather obvious cognomen of STF Fan?") by the name of Paul Di Filippo — an obvious pseudonym, in my opinion. Paul was still more than five years away from publishing his first short story, but the humor that would become one of the trademarks of his fiction was already very evident. His first article for *Mota*, "The Pursuit of Sleaziness," was a very silly look into the author's descent into "the depths to which humor can sink and still be classified as humor." A second piece about phobias appeared in *Mota 18*.

Mota 15 came out in March, a month after its predecessor, and followed much the same formula of a veteran and a newcomer. The vet this time was Bob Tucker, back with his Australian travelogue, "The Ballarat Express," which detailed the delights of traveling through the Aussie countryside in the dead of winter in an antique train without any heat. It describes how a group of fans triumphed over adversity using only their cosmic minds and some body heat.

The newcomer in that issue was another young fanwriter named Eric Mayer. Mayer had been making regular appearances in the lettercol since *Mota's* revival in 1974, encouraged no doubt by his brief exposure to a certain Mr. Katz's influence. His LoCs were always salient and amusing, so it was probably no surprise to Terry that "I Was A Teenage Sports Fan" was so entertaining. (Plus, Terry loved stuff about old time television.)

Although Eric was still relatively unknown at the time — it would be another two years before he would begin publishing his unusually memorable fanzine *Groggy*, the first of its kind in more than 20 years to be printed on a fucking *hectograph!* — his article itself was a wistfully cynical look at old school wrasslin' that reminded its readers that believing in hot shot wrestlers like Waldo Von Eric was not that different from believing in, say, Conan the Barbarian — you've just got to have the soul of a 12 year old.

The cover to *Mota 15* was also noteworthy because it presented the first of my two artistic collaborations with Steve Stiles. The idea for them was simple, though their execution proved to be a little complex to pull off. Steve drew an imaginary scene from a convention in pencil and I inked it. Then it was my turn and I drew an imaginary scene from a convention in pencil and Steve inked that. The second collaboration appeared on the cover of *Mota 16*, which came out at the end of April, 1976. Those two covers were the only time my friend and I have ever intermingled our ink and pencils. (It's soooo messy. *blechh!*)

Mota 16 was another strong issue, with yet another lovely Bob Shaw article called "Income Taxi" [reprinted from *Maya 10*] and the first fruit of the seeds sown by Bob Tucker's "Ballarat Express," Lec Hoffman's "A Traveling Giant Calls." LecH's story is the fantastical story of the time she went to the bus station looking for Walt Willis' lost suitcase and found a certain elderly gentleman from Illinois instead.



Dan Steffan and Hank Luttrell, 1976.

Terry's editorial in that issue announced that he and his brother were moving. Their new apartment on Washington Boulevard in Arlington was another basement apartment, but it was palatial by comparison — with two bedrooms, a living room and kitchen and ceilings high enough to eliminate the need for hardhats when walking to the bathroom. Things were definitely looking up for the Hughes boys.

As a result of the move, their old basement apartment on North Frederick Street became available and I snapped it up for my very own. I had previously spent many fine afternoons and evenings in that apartment and I was happy to be able to keep the place in fannish hands. It made me feel quite secure knowing that I would no longer be bumping

my head on the ceiling as a guest, but as the master of the house. Of course, the boys had neglected to tell me about the annual cricket invasion, but I suppose that was their little joke on me, the bastards.

Hidden behind a very telling cover by Harry Bell, *Mota 17* was billed as the Special Artists Writes Issue and the main feature was "Point 30," a lengthy article by Grant Canfield about the frustrations he experienced while trying to carve out a career as a gag cartoonist for magazines. The second "artistic" item was a thankfully short piece of "humor" by Your Humble Biographer about, of all things, semantics and my colorful use of the mother tongue, called "An Essay On Words." To spare everyone the pain of having to read it again, it does not appear in this collection.

With four issues of *Mota* already under his belt, Terry decided to keep going and see how many more he could produce before bidding adieu to the Bicentennial. *Mota 18* was published in July 1976 and had as its centerpiece the second bloom from Tucker's Ballarat inspiration, "All My Railroading Yesterdays," by Harry Warner Jr. Like almost everything Warner wrote, this piece of autobiography detailing Harry's early years spent working on the Pennsylvania Railroad was informative and fascinating. Unlike many of his other articles, however, this one exhibited his rarely seen sense of humor surfacing every time he describes his boss, who's behavior eventually drove him right into a new job with the local newspaper.

Harry's article is also noteworthy for the accompanying illustrations by the soon to be famous cartoonist Reed Waller that decorated its pages. The issue also included Paul Di Filippo's second *Mota* article, "Nothing To Fear But...", about phobias and other nasty things that can be found inside of so-called *medical* books. It also included a couple of memorable illustrations from Harry Bell's magic pen.

Mota 19 was published in August of 1976 and was a special issue devoted entirely to British Fandom. Assembled to celebrate *Mota's* fifth anniversary it was, at 40 pages, the largest issue of *Mota* since 1972. "Of course, it has not been five continuous years of publication," Terry explained in his editorial. "During my inactive period, friends would jokingly ask when the next issue was coming out. 'Soon,' I would answer, to their increasingly doubtful looks and smirks. Things have changed; now when they ask me when the next issue is coming out, they fully expect me to hand them a copy in reply."

Terry was always a strong advocate for the Brits and put together his Special British Issue because "too many fans are unaware of what is going on on the other side of the ocean." He praised the

interactions that took place between English fans and American fans during the Fifties and Sixties that "resulted in some of the best fanzines ever produced" and he thought that it could happen again.

Because of his early friendship with John Brosnan and Dave Piper, Terry had been among the few North Americans to receive a lot of the new British fanzines, like those being published by the Rats and the Gannets. Because of that, he knew about the wealth of talented new fans in the UK and he felt certain that their work would be appreciated by many of his readers. "I hope the contents of this issue will spark some interest in American fans to contact their UK counterparts and [...] perhaps that interaction between fandoms can be established once again," he wrote.

Terry's special issue didn't disappoint. It was a tasty box of English delights, offering an assortment of exotic flavors that truly captured the essence of what British Fandom was all about. The first offering was the perfect way for Terry to pull his American readers into the realm of modern British fandom. "Mein Con" was a convention report about the 1976 Eastercon by Tom Perry, a newly risen fan-nish ghost from those previously mentioned decades who had gone to Manchester, England that year in search of his fannish hero, Walt Willis.

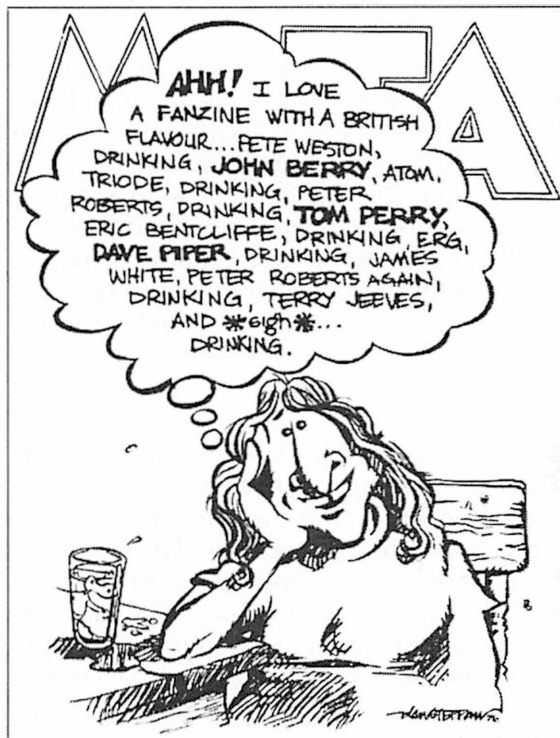
Perry, known in the early Sixties as "Thom," had been one of the publishers of Willis' renowned "Harp That Once or Twice" column — he published four installments in his fanzine *Quark*, starting in 1964 — acquiring it after its previous home, *Warhoon*, had gone on hiatus. By the mid-Seventies, Perry was making his living as a journalist and his skill and professionalism gave him an edge that perhaps others might not have had in the same circumstance, resulting in an article that includes an admirable display of honesty, self-doubt, discovery and, if such a thing can happen over a pint of lager, redemption.

"Mein Con" presented the new British fans in a light that made them seem accessible and welcoming, while at the same time reminding readers just what Willis and his contemporaries had once stood for and that while it may be true that one can't go home again, it was still possible in those days to go and visit. It was just the right article in just the right place. Eventually Perry started publishing *Quark* again, and would return to *Mota's* pages again the following spring with an equally engrossing look at MidAmeriCon, the 1976 worldcon in Kansas City.

Tom's Eastercon report was followed by a brief introduction to and endorsement of Peter Roberts, that year's TAFF candidate. Peter was one of the most pro-active fans in the UK and Terry was overwhelmingly boisterous in his praise, writing that

Roberts “seems to be such a great person on paper that he would have to be a lot of fun in person.” Which he definitely was, as we all found out when he toured through the U.S. on his way to the Suncon in Miami the following summer. As part of his reward for his enthusiastic support, Terry got the pleasure of publishing a chapter of Peter’s TAFF trip report, one of the funniest ever written, in *Mota* 27.

Next, Terry served his readers a meal of old school British fan writing, an article about the Brits’ love/hate relationship with football — even when it’s being played by German tourists — by one of the other spokes in the Wheels of IF, John (Goon not D.) Berry. That was followed up by an installment of Dave Piper’s irregular column and an editor written piece recommending some of the best of British fanzines to his readers, called “Over There.”



The cover of *Mota* 19, August 1976.

In it he calls Peter Roberts’ *Egg* the distilled essence of faanishness,” notes that Greg Pickersgill’s fanzine reviews in *Stop Breaking Down* “can be pretty rough on bad fanzines,” opines that *The Wrinkled Shrew’s* contributors were “a bit uneven, particularly when compared to the Charnox,” *Scabby Tales* was “infrequent but flawless,” that *True Rat* was a work of “insane genius,” and that *Maya* was “often called Britain’s *Outworlds*,”

The cover on *Mota* 19 turned out to be quite memorable, too. It presented a likeness of Terry that quickly became identified with him. A deceptively

simple drawing, it captured Terry in all his glory, right down to the gap in his teeth and his Bullwinkle drinking glass. He told me some time after its publication that because of it, he was always recognized at conventions — especially when he went to the UK a few years later as the TAFF delegate. It was the fan-nish equivalent of Thomas Nast’s famous caricature of “Boss” Tweed, the notorious New York politician.

Though caricature has never been my specialty, I had somehow managed to capture Terry’s essence in a cartoon. Knowing a good thing when I saw it, I immediately reused the image and, literally, blew it up on the next issue’s cover, in a parody of a famous comic book cliché. That caricature captured something true about Terry, which is why I think it endured.

The worldcon was held in Kansas City that year and its proximity to Terry’s old stomping grounds proved to be the perfect excuse for a reunion of Columbia Fandom. In fact, the MidAmeriCon turned out to be an ideal point on the map for a lot of different reunions and more than 3000 fans traveled from all over the country to converge on the Heart of America. For me and my group of friends, it was our chance to finally continue the party that we had started at the Torcon, three years earlier. It was definitely a weekend of Too Much Fun.

“I went to the convention with reservations — and not just the one for the hotel room,” Terry quipped. “It was a real possibility, to my mind, that the con would turn out to be a major disaster. As it turned out, I had one of my most enjoyable conventions ever.”

After the worldcon and the frenzy of post-convention visitors had died down, it took a few months before Terry could publish again. First he had to honor the promise he’d made to Lee Hoffman to help put out the twenty-fifth anniversary issue of *Science Fiction Five-Yearly*. LeeH had been publishing *SF5Y* for FAPA since 1951 and this was the first time she’d gone looking for an outsider to take the reins.

“Where, in this vast fandom in the mid-’70s was there a fan with the eager enthusiasm for fanzine publishing of a neo, the anachronistic grasp of things like Sixth Fannish of a platypus, and the duplicating facilities of a young Ted White?” she had asked herself. The answer, she decided, was in the pages of *Mota*, “a veritable Ralph Rayburn Phillips of a fanzine, dripping with decaying contributors who had long been thought buried by the snows of yesteryear.”

“When LeeH asked me to be assistant editor/publisher for this issue, I felt very honored,”

he wrote, but also admitted that the idea of actually doing it was quite unnerving. "If you hold this page close to your ear, you can hear my knees knocking," he added. Nonetheless, he wanted to do the best for her that he could, which meant doing most of the grunt work, like the stenciling and printing and mailing, while she spent her time trying to get her old friends to write stuff — not that *that* was easy.

The issue turned out great. It had a funny cover by Steve Stiles that depicted President Ford being zapped by an alien — a Seventies dream that sadly never came true — and articles by Harry Warner, Jr., Ted White, and the Four Bobs (Tucker, Silverberg, Bloch, and Toomey). Of all of them, Ted White's piece deserves special praise for being a beautifully written memoir about his fan origins, his early fanzines, and his debt to LeeH and *SF5Y*. It's a lovely piece.

Mota 20, was published in December 1976. It was the seventh issue to come out that year — the eighth, if you count *SF5Y* — and Terry's editorial lamented the ways that fandom seemed to be changing. For example, "the sticky quarter is no more," he wrote, picking the perfect metaphor for fandom's new fascination with money and breaking old traditions. In the course of the editorial he explained how the sticky quarter was near extinction, having sunk from a once noble means of fannish procurement into the depths of slavery as the reader's fee for unsolicited manuscripts at Ted White's *Amazing* slushpile.

In a valiant attempt to save the "sticky quarter," Terry explained that he had gone so far as to make sample copies of *Mota* available for only 25 cents, but discovered instead that he may have been beating a dead horse. "Those sticky quarters have not materialized," he wrote. "Oh, I'm getting lots of requests for sample copies, but the fans are sending me 25 cent checks. Yes, I said twenty-five cent checks. Such utter foolishness!"

Eric Mayer led off the issue with his second article for *Mota*, "Rejection Journal," which described his fledgling attempts to get his writing career off the ground. It was a story about a beginner's fear of rejection and how, perhaps, the only sure way to avoid it was to pray that somehow your stories will never make it across the editor's desk in the first place. "Maybe the mail truck'll go off a bridge? Maybe the Martians will land? Please! An atomic war! Anything!" he pleaded. It was a compelling tale of a fledgling's woe, but one that would be proven frivolous in years to come by Eric's success as the co-author, with his wife Mary Reed, of a series of novels, known as the "John the Eunuch" mysteries.

Mayer's article was followed by the *third*

blossom off the Ballarat root, John Alderson's "On Cool Days Ballarat People Wear Overcoats." "It seems that each person had gone to a Ballarat in a different dimension," Terry wrote. This was Alderson's version of the now familiar Aussie train excursion. He took exception to some of the story's details and to some of the comments it inspired, though it must be pointed out that his value as an eye witness was in considerable doubt after he admitted to having broken his glasses the night before the train ride.

The last item in the issue, other than a lettercolumn full of praise for Tom Perry's "Mein Con," was a fannish parody about Watergate by Gary Deindorfer, called "All the Serconist's Fen." It was typical of the kind of sophomoric humor that Gary had used before in his fan articles — Terry didn't have a problem with that, he liked sophomoric — though it had suffered a bit more for also being a movie parody.

Terry once explained to me that he knew it wasn't the best piece of writing, but admitted that he had a soft spot for Gary and liked to encourage his creativity. He thought it was good for Gary to see his writing in print. The next issue of *Mota* was going to be a big one so Terry felt he could afford to be generous and give him a few pages. Unfortunately, the aftermath of that generosity was something that no one saw coming and it would prove to be one of *Mota*'s most troublesome moments.

*

By the end of 1976 the landscape of American fanzines was starting to change again. Many of the experienced players were going slick and focusing on science fiction as a genre and on the lives and work habits of its practitioner, in particular. Richard Geis led the way and many others followed, switching from mimeo to offset presses for their printing, glorifying the field's new celebrities and, in some cases, using their shiny new publications to **gasp** make a living.

Once influential fans, like the Brooklyn Insurgents, were caught up in petty squabbles with their peers and preferred to concentrate on their careers in the Real World rather than spend time in fandom. Other faneditors, like the Luttrells, found themselves distracted by many of the interesting things going on outside of fandom. They were becoming less dependent on fandom for inspiration and as they followed their diverse interests, *Starling* was becoming more *zine* than fanzine.

The fan population in America had grown to the point where fans began breaking into factions — still part of the main tribe, but now set apart by geography or specialized interests — while still other

fans disappeared into the many APAs that had become so ubiquitous in the late 1970s and never came out again. For a small minority, fandom had become strictly a social platform for SMOFing and partying — a place where one could spend one's time hobnobbing in smoky rooms instead of turning a mimeo crank.

Luckily, faneds like Terry — and a large group of others — were still busy getting their hands dirty exploring the more personal and *fannish* side of fanzine publishing. Some preferred to focus on what was going on at that moment, while others were equally interested in looking backwards to their roots, and *Mota* was right in the middle. Terry was proud that practically everybody could appreciate the variety of humor, memoirs, and history that he was publishing. *Mota* was at its peak. It was, as F.M. Busby said at the start of this epic herd of words, “a pristine isle of fannish joy.”

It was a happy time for our Mr. Hughes. His fanzine was performing beyond his expectations and he was, at long last, about to become unemployed once again. Mind you, he didn't get fired, or anything. In fact, his job had ended because the National Construction Association itself had *ceased to exist*. After merging with a similar organization — a move that left Terry working at the desk next to the guy who had been the best man at Richard Nixon's wedding — the group changed its charter, closed its trusts, and morphed into a different type of agency — one that wouldn't be needing the services of any hippies, thank you very much.

“You should see my smile,” Terry wrote triumphantly. After two years behind a desk, he was suddenly “faced with the prospect of having a great deal of time do anything I want to.” He said he was looking forward to collecting unemployment and enjoying his freedom for a while. “Whenever my unemployment runs out, I can look for gainful employment. After all, I can still do a mean job of washing a dish.”

Unfortunately, Terry's vacation from the world at work meant that *Mota* went on an unexpected five month hiatus. The happy loss of his job had also meant the sad loss of his favorite typewriter. “I was separated from the IBM Selectric which I had been using and I did not have a typewriter [at home] capable of cutting a decent stencil,” he explained. After a couple of months rich brown came to his rescue and gave him a typer he could use (one that could cut a decent stencil) and he was finally back in the fanzine business.

Mota 21 was published in May 1977 and was the fattest issue in the title's history, logging in at a whopping 46 pages. The cover was drawn in the

style of an old horror comic book and depicted, in true E.C. fashion, the savage and bloody decapitation of an innocent victim by a vile and despicable villain. In this case the victim was a Spock-eared Trekkie and the villain was a sweaty, long-haired hippie who was wielding a mimeo stylus as his weapon. Despite its gruesome statement of intent, one Trekkie fan-editor asked permission to reprint it. (Which the artist emphatically declined.)

Inside was Tom Perry's epic (17 page) Mid-AmeriCon report, “Bloody Con.” It was a sequel of sorts to his “Mein Con,” though it had an entirely different tone than its predecessor. Tom's wife had become ill shortly after arriving back in the States and he had reluctantly left her to recuperate while he went to the convention. He arrived in Kansas City distracted and unsure about the wisdom of having made the trip in the first place. Fortunately, one of the first people he made contact with was Terry, who he recognizing immediately even though they'd never met in the flesh before.

“Terry turned out to be a caricature of the cartoon of him in *Mota*, which tends to understate his long blond hair, big nose, and friendly blue eyes,” Tom remembered. “He asked me about my plans now that I was back in fandom. Then he sat watching with wide-eyed innocence as I found myself spilling out my most secret desires and private ambitions.” Though somewhat embarrassed, Tom felt a lot better. “Terry is one of the greatest *appreciators* I have ever met,” he exclaimed. “He makes fans forget their inhibitions and draws them out like no one else I know. Over the next two days I was to see him do this again and again.”

It was true. Terry had a bit of the Buddha about him and he was one of the best listeners I ever met. He was so good at it that he was the only person I've ever known who could provoke an argument over who deserved the privilege of talking to him. I once witnessed two guys nearly come to blows when one of them decided that the other's conversation time was up. One of them wanted to talk about fanzines and the other one wanted to talk about golf. Tempers flared and, even though Terry didn't play golf or have any interest in it, he did eventually have a conversation with the golfer in order to prevent any further argument. He was just *that good* a listener.

Tom's experiences at the 1974 Eastercon had been memorably ecstatic, and he had hoped for something similar at MidAmeriCon. He'd gone off to the convention in Manchester in search of one of his heroes, Walt Willis, and had been rewarded with a heartfelt reunion. In Kansas City he was looking for another one of his heroes, Robert Heinlein, but the

results were quite different. Unlike Willis, Mr. Heinlein came off like a stuffed shirt with an air of entitlement.

Tom had hoped to find some hint of “the other Heinlein,” as he called him. “The one who wrote books that I like, the one who knew frustration and failure, the one who disclaimed any ability to prophesy the future.” Instead he found a Heinlein who “greatly resembled that frequent object of science fictional scorn, the head of the U.S. patent office in the late 19th century who allegedly resigned *because there was nothing left to invent.*”

He thought it was more than a little hypocritical that Heinlein wanted blood donations to become a regular part of science fiction conventions. “Wasn’t this the same man who’d been saying Sunday night that atomic war would be good for the human race? Hadn’t he written a book that explains how such a war would ‘improve the breed’? Didn’t he hold with Jubal Harshaw that the way to cure hemophilia is to let the hemophiliacs bleed to death?” he asked rhetorically. His hero had let him down, but Tom had found a new friend in Terry.

Perry’s Kansas City memoir was followed by another one of Jim Turner’s mad tales of student debauchery. The bombastic “Golden College Days” secured his reputation once and for all as *Mota*’s alcoholic chronicler of record. Turner was a physically large man with an equally large personality who eventually moved to the Pacific Northwest, where he worked in prison rehabs in and around Seattle. (He was *not* the same Jim Turner who went on to edit Arkham House Books, though he would have been quite suited to the job, I’m sure.)

Roy Kettle also popped up in the giant 21st issue of *Mota* with his brilliant “An Interview with Thomas M. Disch,” another reprint from the UK which is still, to this day, laugh out loud funny. Kettle was the brightest bulb in Rat Fandom’s blazing candelabra of fan writers, which was no easy achievement considering the company that he kept. Like his contemporary John Brosnan, Kettle told hilarious stories about himself, his friends, and their roller coaster lives as journeyman authors and entrepreneurs. Their day-to-day existence was more than enough fodder to entertain fandom. He remained one of fandom’s most in-demand writers until his professional commitments distracted him with challenges bigger than those waiting for him at the next Eastercon.

In his editorial, Terry joined in the conversation about fandom’s new quest for professionalism. He said that the idea of being an sf professional had never even occurred to him. “I subconsciously classified being an sf pro along with other jobs that I just

don’t think about, like designing swizzle sticks or manufacturing marbles. Then the other day (a Thursday it was) a thought came to me: Terry, why don’t you find a way to make money from your interest in science fiction?”

Andy Porter, Dick Geis and Charlie Brown had done it, he reasoned, so maybe it was his turn? “Therefore, I am taking this opportunity to announce the forthcoming publication of *Terry Hughes’ Science Fiction Magazine*,” he wrote. “*THSFM* will pay \$15 for each story purchased. If you have faced rejection for weeks, months or years, despair no longer. You are assured of a sale because no story is rejected here at *Terry Hughes’ Science Fiction Magazine*. That’s right, *no story is rejected*. What easier way could exist to make money from science fiction? All you have to do is mail each story, along with the compulsory \$25 reader’s fee, and you are on your way to professional status.” It could work.

He’d even figured out the packaging. “Many people, including my mother, think I would make an attractive cover boy. After all, Asimov isn’t the only guy in the world with a funny looking nose.” He was right on that point, though, to be honest, Terry couldn’t hold a candle to Uncle Ike in the sideburn department.

Mota 21 also included “Death of a Fan, by G*ry D**nd*rf*r,” a story written by Ted White that became one of the most contentious items ever published in *Mota*. In truth, it was really all my fault. I’d read Gary’s Watergate parody in the previous issue and had found it lacking. I thought it was clichéd, lazy and, in my lofty opinion, not particularly funny. I was disappointed by it and wondered what Ted had thought of it.

When I asked him if he’d read Gary’s piece, he admitted that he hadn’t, but after I’d described it to him he immediately dug his copy of *Mota 20* out of the pile of stuff on his table and did so. That led to a discussion of Gary’s fanwriting career. Ted said that he had grown impatient with Gary’s bad writing habits and we agreed that “All the Serconist’s Fen” was a minor work.

Ted complained, and rightly so, that nobody was writing good fanfiction anymore. When I mentioned the appearance of “The Exorcists of IF” only a year earlier, he pointed out that it was an anomaly — the only piece of its kind in a decade. I had to agree. Finally, Ted said that somebody really needed to do something about the problem. I agreed again and suggested that maybe he was just the right guy for the job. Then we had a good, long laugh and forgot about it.

Or so I thought. A couple of days later when I went back to his house, Ted had something for me

to read. It was "Death of a Fan, by Gary Deindorfer," a pastiche written in Gary's voice. Ted had known Gary since the early Sixties, and he used that familiarity to give his story the sting of truth. For instance, he took a little remembered complaint from Gary's own past about the difficulties faneditors once had hand-stenciling his fan cartoons and turned it into a clever fannish joke. He wanted to get Gary's attention. He wanted to push him to write something better, something with more gravitas and less adolescent self-indulgence.

Terry liked Ted's story a lot and immediately stuck it in his next issue. He saw it as another example of how *Mota* seemed to generate its own material. Gary wrote his parody and then Ted wrote his satire, and — if it worked out like it had in the past — Gary or somebody else would then add the next link to the chain. Unfortunately, it didn't work out that way.

Instead of rising to the challenge, Gary took it all as a personal attack and responded in kind. Ted's story had apparently hit a little too close to home for his peace of mind — which had become as fragile as an old Nebula Award — and he lashed out at Terry. He was furious.

When Terry got his letter, he was shocked. It wasn't what he expected at all. Instead of another story, Gary had sent him a one page, single-spaced screed that was pounded out in such a fit of rage that he had torn it in two just taking it out of the typewriter. It fell from the envelope in pieces. When reassembled it revealed itself to be a vitriol-filled rant against Ted, Terry, *Mota*, and me that ended with a curse on us all. What Ted had written in a humorous frame of mind had been perceived by Gary as an act of hostility. He hated everything about the story, including my illustrations.

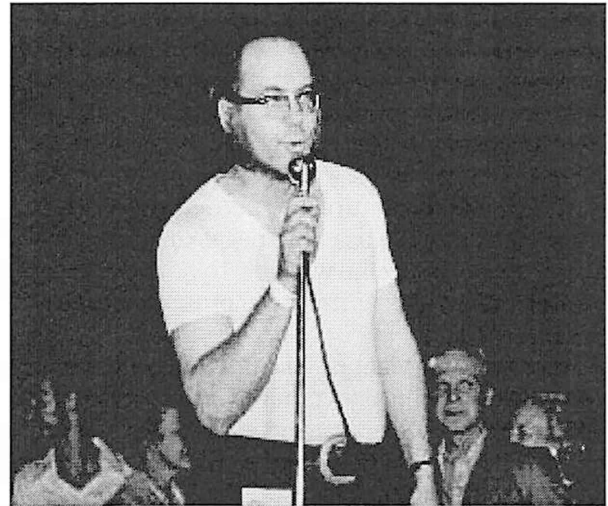
His letter accused Terry and me of being Ted's yes-men and painted Ted himself as vindictive, womanly and self-righteous. Oddly enough, it wasn't the satire itself that had upset him, it was actually a musical diss that had infuriated him the most. Unbeknownst to anyone, Gary had imagined that he was in some kind of an unspoken musical competition with Ted and the passing reference in "Death of a Fan" to music made on empty TV Dinner trays had apparently been the straw that broke his back. He claimed that the story had impugned his skill as a musician.

He and Ted shared a love of the saxophone and Gary believed that his fast-fingered style of playing was vastly superior to Ted's abstract honk and scree technique and he compared Ted to the haters who had once been foolish enough to criticize his hero, Charlie Parker. Gary saw himself as a musical

innovator and saw Ted as a would-be musical arbiter of taste to the bourgeoisie. He concluded with one of those *never darken my doorstep again, sir* kind of farewells and then told us all to go to hell.

Terry was very upset by the letter. He knew that Ted's piece had poked Gary with a pointed stick, but he thought that Gary could take a joke and never imagined that he would react so badly. Terry was disappointed that Gary was so thin-skinned and he was at a loss about what to do next.

Ted knew what to do. He wrote another story. Though he hadn't been particularly surprised by Gary's overreaction, he was surprised by the musical insinuations. While he had definitely planted a few personal jibes in his story, Ted never imagined that it would be music that would tip the apple cart, so he decided to write another story in which musical expression would be the metaphor for their disagreement.



Ted White onstage at MidAmericon, 1976.

The story, "Summit Meeting, By T*d Wh*t*," presented the two rivals meeting in a New Jersey dump for a musical show down. They duel into the night — a cutting contest played out with saxophones, instead of knives — until one of them emerged victorious. In the end, it was meant to satisfy Gary's need for revenge while still giving Ted complete control over the situation. Where "Death of a Fan" had been intentionally funny, "Summit Meeting" was meant to be reflective and, after a fashion, sympathetic.

In the meantime, Terry had written to Deindorfer and attempt to calm him down and he had — by the time Ted had dropped off his new manuscript — managed to convince him that things weren't as dire as he'd originally perceived them. Although Terry didn't feel guilty about what had

happened, he did feel the need to make nice with everybody — it was the Buddha in him again, I guess — and it came as some relief when Gary finally started acting rationally again. He was still pissed, I guess, but at least now he was willing to be a bit more civil.

Then Terry read Ted's new story. He loved it, but it scared him. He wasn't sure he could calm Gary down a second time and decided, no matter how much he'd liked "Summit Meeting", that he just couldn't risk stirring up that bee's nest again. Terry explained it as best he could to Ted when he rejected the story — for the sake of peace, he said. Ted didn't agree with his decision, but I don't think he held it against Terry. They were too good of friends to let it come between them, though Ted never did write anything else for *Mota*.

Meanwhile, no one else in *Mota's* audience had the slightest idea about what had been going on. Ted's piece of pseudonymous satire had, despite its snarky charm and humor, failed to hit its designated mark. He had hoped it would inspire new fan fiction, but instead he got Gary's neurotic overreaction. His intended student had not learned *anything* and his editor had found it necessary to perform triage after its publication. It would be several more years before Ted would venture into fannish satire again and when he did, it was in the pages of his own fanzine, *Pong*, where he was able to have more control over the way his writing was presented to the readers.

"Summit Meeting" eventually came into my hands (along with Gary's tattered letter) and I put them away in my files as an artifact that deserved to be published some day. Fortunately, that day has come and I think that the story deserves to finally appear in its proper context at long last. I believe that the unveiling of this story, hidden away for almost forty years, is one of the things that makes this anthology particularly special.

Despite the upheaval, Terry finished *Mota* 22 just in time to hand a copy to Peter Roberts when he came to stay in Arlington during his TAFF trip to Suncon, the 1977 worldcon in Miami. After the bloat of the previous issue, readers saw the return of *Mota's* slim, girlish figure — just in time to go to Florida. And although he'd managed to squash Deindorfer's shit fit, the asterisk-ridden byline on "Death of a Fan" still caused enough confusion among *Mota's* readers that Terry was forced to try to straighten it all out in his editorial.

"Judging from the letters I've received," Terry noted, "quite a few of you are confused as to just who wrote 'Death of a Fan,' which appeared last issue. The author was Ted White, as I indicated on

the contents page of that issue. The story was a spoof of some Gary Deindorfer articles, which themselves spoofed various fannish goings on. At least that is how it was intended."

The only feedback that saw print was a jovial letter from James White, who teased Terry about who the author was?

"The last time I met Ted White was during a motorcade tour of County Down," he wrote. "He was in the Willis car with Madeleine and Walter, wearing a green raincoat and a black beret which, two years later, would have gotten him shot [for being an IRA member]. However, having checked carefully with the Willises, I can assure you that there was no Gary Deindorfer present. Is there something being kept hidden from me about Ted White and Gary Deindorfer?" (Hmm, if only he knew?)

Terry's reply was brief and to the point. "G*ry D**nd*rf*r (Ted White) should never be confused with Gary Deindorfer (Gary Deindorfer)." And that was that.

Fronted by new cover art by legendary fan-artist Bhub Stewart, the new *Mota* featured, in Terry's words, "a piece by an Australian living in Britain and an article by an Englishman living in Canada." The Aussie was John Brosnan, back with a hair-raising story about pissing blood, called "Urethra! I've Got It!" and the Englishman was Mike Glicksohn, making his one and only appearance in *Mota*, outside the lettercolumn, with "Splitting Headaches," a remarkably calm retelling of the four years it had taken him to get a three year divorce from his first wife, Susan Wood.

Unlike much of Mike's other fan writing, this piece avoided bravado and took a more pessimistically ironic point of view on his subject, which was typified by the passage: "July ambled warmly past, bringing wild weekends of monstrous excess, separating me from two of my teeth, but not from my wife." It was a style of writing that he rarely employed, though he proved himself to be quite good at it.

Mota 23 appeared in November 1977. It was only the third issue published that year, which was quite a slow-down when compared with 1976's page count, but what are you gonna do? It had been a busy year. Terry had been free of the curse of employment for quite a while, and he did some traveling around the country, including a trip with his brother back to their parent's home in Windsor to sort through the remnants of their childhood.

Colleen Brown and her daughter, Alicia, had tagged along on that trip and stopped in Columbia to visit Claudia Parrish while Terry and Craig went to see their parents. Her memories of that week in the heartland appeared as the first article in *Mota* 23. It

was called "Jeep Thrills," and was illustrated by Joe Staton, who's captured the foursome in a memorable caricature.

Colleen's article was partnered with a reminiscence by Jeff Schalles about the time a well-known Minneapolis fan wrote a filksong based on one of his mailing comment to an apazine. "All These Midnights Look Alike" was Jeff's only appearance in *Mota*, but it was a memorable article that, like much of his writing, lyrically expressed the kind of empathy that comes from having a very old soul.

Terry's editorial in *Mota* 23 was devoted to another trip he took that year, a 25-hour Greyhound bus trip to Fort Lauderdale, Florida at the end of August. He went there to visit Tom Perry and his family before traveling with them to Miami for the Suncon. Terry had been filled with doubt before leaving for Florida because — despite Peter Roberts' visit beforehand — he was worried that

there wouldn't be anybody at the con that he wanted to see. "So many people weren't going that I began to think of the worldcon as *Shuncon*," he wrote.

Fortunately, his "nagging fears" were baseless and there were plenty of friendly faces in attendance, and a lot of new ones, as well. For instance, quite a few Brits had come to Miami as part of the 1979 worldcon bidding committee and nearly all of them were on the *Mota* mailing list. As a result, Terry was one of the American fans that they all wanted to meet and he ended up spending a lot of his time with them during the convention. He must have impressed them with his quiet humor and midwestern charm because there was a buzz going around the con about nominating him for the next TAFF race even before the Dead Dog parties had taken place.

Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell had also driven down from Madison for the con and their presence put to rest whatever doubts Terry might have had left. They were his fannish family and having them around allowed him to feel more at home in his surroundings. Despite his fannish successes and his many friends, Terry could be very insecure at times, and his nagging fear about going to the con says a lot about how shy and timid he could be. But at the same time, his quiet, gentlemanly ways often endeared him to new acquaintances, like Lee Hoffman.

Although Terry had co-edited *Science Fiction Five-Yearly* with her a year earlier, they had never actually met in person, but when they did their

affinity for each other was immediate. LeeH was a fascinating mixture of bohemian artist and southern belle and a natural born storyteller if there ever was one. Terry was, as has been mentioned before, a world class listener who knew how to ask a great follow-up



Ted White, Terry Carr and Lee Hoffman at Suncon, 1977.

question. "LeeH and I spent a large part of the convention together," he wrote, "talking about westerns and Northern Ireland and Pogo and Walt Willis and archeology and fandom." Their friendship and correspondence continued for the rest of Terry's life.

✱

Once upon a time there was a blond-haired hippie named Terry Hughes. Terry did not like to work; he always felt that it might be dangerous to his health and possibly habit-forming. So he tried to avoid it in any way, shape, or form. Of course, not even fairy tales can last forever, so the day soon came when Terry Hughes discovered that his unemployment had run out. After a spell, he dried his eyes and went out in search of employment. Terry Hughes is working again."

As explained in this third-person parable from one of his apazines, Terry's savings and benefits had finally been depleted and he had returned to his career as a temporary office worker. "Not every story has a happy ending," he quipped. "I have received a few offers of permanent employment, but so far no place I've worked at has really captured my interest. Perhaps my hopes are too high (or perhaps I am), but I am looking for a job with great paychecks and no working hours. Chances are that I may be looking for some time yet."

He floated from job to job with no real intention of accepting anything permanent until later in

the summer. "That way I will still have the freedom to do a bit of traveling without worrying about getting time off," he explained. Nevertheless, he did accept an open-ended assignment at the International Monetary Fund while he figured out his future plans.

Though it was early in the year, Terry already had a lot going on behind the scenes. By the time *Mota 24* was dropped in the mail in March 1978, he had begun to commit himself to other fanish endeavors that didn't involve twiltone or electrostencils. For one thing, he had accepted an invitation from a group of fans in Detroit to be one of the guests of honor at Autoclave III, a convention scheduled to take place in July. "I realize that in this age of sf conventions being held every weekend that being asked to be a GoH is not the Big Thing it was in days gone by," he wrote soon after accepting their offer. "But I am still very flattered by the whole thing. Autoclave is a convention geared for fanzine fans and, as such, it sounds most appealing to me. It also means that there will be a small attendance compared to most regionals, which is perfectly okay in my book since, in addition to being very thrilling, being GoH is also very nervous-making."

But the truth was that the other big decision he made around the same time was much scarier for him than going to Detroit. In fact, the implications were *international*. The whisper campaign that had started at Suncon had come to fruition and Terry had agreed to become a candidate in the next TAFF race. Encouraged by Peter Roberts, the new TAFF administrator, he had thrown his hat into the ring. If he was lucky enough to win he'd get to go to England for the worldcon.

It was a big step for the shy and reserved Mr. Hughes, but he knew that it would probably be his only chance to travel overseas. "Even with the reduced air fares to Europe, TAFF is my only real hope of going to the '79 worldcon and meeting the British fans I have built up paper friendships with," he wrote.

Terry was nominated to stand by Hank Luttrell, Tom Perry, Lee Hoffman, Pat Charnock, and Harry Bell, who were — as he joked — "The minimum number required and the maximum allowed." In spite of the enthusiasm that his candidacy immediately generated amongst his friends, Terry was far from sure about his chances. "The race will be a crowded event since there will be at least three other nominees," he explained. "And I know that I am not all that well known on either side of the Atlantic. My fingers will remain crossed in hope of good luck as I begin to process my passport papers."

The odds turned out to be a little better than Terry had feared. There were only two other candi-

dates competing for the trip to Brighton, but they were formidable opponents nonetheless. The first one was Suzle Tompkins, a long-time convention and fanzine fan who had co-edited both *Granfalloon* and *The Spanish Inquisition* and other titles, and was (and is) one of fandom's most pleasant people. The other nominee was one of the godfathers of modern Minneapolis fandom, Fred Levy-Haskell — though he was yet to be hyphenated at that time. Fred had been fundamental in founding Minn-StF, the local fan club, Minicon, the local convention, and *Rune*, the local clubzine. And to top it all off he played the guitar. How was Terry going to compete against that? He didn't even play the nose flute!

He had more than a year before the voting took place, but he knew he would have to pick up the pace a bit to compete in the race. "I seem to be making more fandom related ventures this year than ever before — GoH at Autoclave and TAFF nominee — so I had better get busy and do some real fanac," he wrote. "Ah, but lethargy is so easy to get accustomed to." However, despite the stiff competition, his TAFF announcement was handled in his typically understated way. It appeared on the back cover of *Mota 24*, as an interlineation at the bottom of the page, it said: "Terry Hughes for TAFF! *please*."

Mota 24 was his first bit of "real fanac" that year and you can see him trying to integrate a larger fanish audience into his editorial, though it was not really an editorial at all. Instead it was a five page essay on the subject of fanthologies — *Fanthology '75* and *Fanthology '76*, in particular — which does about as good a job of analyzing the subject as I've ever seen. In fact, many of those insights were put to practical use in the production of *this* fanthology.

The issue itself consisted of another brilliant article from Bob Shaw. "Talking A Lot of Belge," was a convention report about a 1977 Belgian con where Bob was one of the guests. That was followed by a short piece by Ben Zuhl about Mike Glicksohn's love of alcoholic beverages and how he once paid Rusty Hevelin \$116 for a six-pack of Coors beer. He called it "A Desperate Fan."

Mota 25 came out in May, by which time Terry's TAFF assault had been refined to its essence — the interlineation on the back cover this time said only: "Hughes for TAFF!" His editorial was one of his sillier efforts, an attempt at writing in the editorial style made famous by Richard Geis. "A person who talks to himself holds complete control of the situation," he reasoned. Therefore, "writing one of those editorial dialogues should be like shooting fish in a barrel." By the end of his experiment, however, he had changed his tune and decided that it was "mighty suspicious when an editor has to talk to

himself” and wondered if they did it “because no else could be bothered?”

That was followed by a rather subdued article from the much calmed Gary Deindorfer, called “Star Wars in the Wild, Wild West.” Compared to most of his contributions to *Mota* (or elsewhere, for that matter) it was a *relatively* straight forward piece about how he had given up on being an sf writer — because he didn’t have any original ideas for stories — and was switching western fiction instead. The decision, he said, was inspired by the old *Galaxy* pledge that promised readers that they would find no westerns translated into sf in the pages of their magazine. His ideas was to turn that promise on its head and write a bunch of cowboy tales based on old sf plots.

“The Demolished Fan” by Michael Dobson came next. It was a facetious biography of Michael’s oldest fannish friend, Ed Smith — known to fandom by the remarkable pseudonym of Edsmith — whom he hoped to shock back into fannish activity with a little dose of embarrassment, though by 1978 Ed was quickly slipping into GAFIA. The article did not revive his fan career, alas, but it did prove to be mighty entertaining anyway, especially if you knew the real Edsmith. It was an affectionate appreciation of their bygone days together — they’d met in their early teens and had explored fandom together during high school — that ended with its subject’s fictionalized death from the explosion of a defective mimeo ink can and the memorable words, “Alas, poor Edsmith. I knew him, Terry.”*

The last item in the issue was a short piece called “Arlington Apprehension,” by Boyd Raeburn, the former editor of *A Bas*. Composed entirely of dialogue — a style of fanwriting he perfected in the Fifties, known as Derelict Derogations — it purports to be a conversation between the author and his editor that reflected the casual camaraderie that had developed between the two men during Boyd’s frequent visits to Fabulous Falls Church Fandom in the Seventies. The article, short and sweet, was one of only a few pieces by Raeburn to appear outside of FAPA, where he spent the last couple of decades of his life and fan career.

The highlights of the lettercolumn this issue came from the typewriters of a couple of British fans, John Brosnan and Dave Langford. Inspired in part by Bob Shaw’s Belgian con report in the previous issue, Brosnan’s letter relates, with rapier self-deprecation, a moment of embarrassment he enjoyed at a film festival in Belgium when he was

*“The Demolished Fan” was reprinted in Dobson’s fanzine *Random Jottings* 9 in 2013. Look for it online or at www.amazon.com.

unexpectedly asked to speak to attendees about his impressions of the festival.

“There was stunned silence, most of which was supplied by me, as I stared at a cinema full of expectant faces. ‘Uhhh...’ I said, ‘well, I’m afraid I didn’t like many of the films...’ The microphone was snatched away and the organizer muttered, “That’s not our fault. We didn’t make them.”

Dave Langford’s letter took another approach entirely. Unlike his contemporary and peer, Mr. Brosnan, Langford’s letter of comment had nothing to do with fandom, but related instead the adventures of George the Tortoise, an armored intruder who literally popped out of the garden one day. After detailing his eating habits and the learning curve that had gone into their attempts to care for him, Dave noted that he had hoped to take his accumulated turtle knowledge and “write it up for *Reader’s Digest*, but I couldn’t think of a good punch line, so I thought you’d like to know instead.”

Autoclave III took place over the July 21st weekend with Terry and artist Derek Carter as Guests of Honor. “It’s my firmly held belief that *not* being a fan guest of honor is far easier than being one,” Terry wrote. “When Leah Zeldes asked me to be one of the two fan guests of honor at the Autoclave, my numbed brain rolled around inside my head until the stunned feeling was slowly replaced by a warm glow that lasted for months. When Leah asked me, July 1978 was in the distant future and while I was looking the other way, minding my own business and not hurting anyone, the day suddenly arrived for me to leave for Detroit. You can understand my feeling of outrage at this foul play on the part of the calendar.”

Despite his doubts about the whole thing — and an unexpected transit strike in Washington, D.C. — Terry arrived intact at the Detroit airport where he was met by a fan who’d been shown my caricature to help him pick Terry out of the arriving passengers. Among the many surprises awaiting him on his arrival was the convention program book, which included an unexpected tribute written by Ted White, which was accompanied by yet another one of my cartoon portraits of him.

“This left me so surprised that you could’ve knocked me over with a feather (if the feather was sufficiently large and heavy),” Terry recalled. “Neither Ted or Dan is known for his ability to keep secrets, but they had not breathed a word of this to me. I wasn’t able to decide which was more libelous, Dan’s drawing or Ted’s article, but that really is something best left to my attorneys.”

Hank Luttrell had driven over from Madison with Diane Martin and Lee Carson to support his old

friend in his hour of need and, as usual, his presence was a good leveler for Terry. "Hank is my oldest friend in fandom — he is largely responsible for me being in fandom today, much to his chagrin," he later wrote, recalling that their reunion had made him a half an hour late for the con's opening ceremonies. Though he blamed Hank's watch for his lateness, but later admitted that it also had something to do with his misconception about Midwestern time zones. "Did you know that Detroit was in the same time zone as New York and Washington? I didn't. All my life I assumed that Detroit would be in the Central time zone, just like other self-respecting Midwestern towns."

AUTOCLAVE
* III *

JULY 21-23
Sheraton Southfield
Guest of Honour:
TERRY HUGHES
DEREK CARTER
TOASTMASTER
BEN ZUHL
Registration: \$5.00 in advance
\$6.00 after July 1st
\$7.00 at door

make check or money order to:
Metro Detroit Science
Fiction Society, Incorp.
Diane Drutowski
Autoclave 3 Registration
2412 Galpin, Royal Oak, MI

Further information from:
Leah A. Zeldes
21961 Parklawn
Oak Park, MI 48237

Flyer for Autoclave 3, July 1978.

He appeared on a panel on Saturday, that was christened as "Funny Fanzine Fables," which also included folks like toastmaster Ben Zuhl, Mike Glicksohn, Jon Singer, Ro Nagey, and Eric Lindsay, who tried to convince everyone that he really *did* live in Australia, despite his presence at many U.S. cons. That was followed by another panel called "Why Fanzines?" with Zuhl, Glicksohn, Don D'Ammassa, and Don C. Thompson, the editor of *Don-O-Saur*. "I felt it was a good panel," Terry recalled. "The audience didn't seem to snore too much."

But before he knew it, it was time for the Sunday banquet — which meant it was finally zero

hour. "To say that I was nervous about making a speech would be a record understatement," he wrote. "Trying to look casual, I pecked under the tablecloth to see if there was a good hiding spot down there. I began to toy with the idea of going to the men's room and never coming out."

"Somehow I lived through my speech. I'm not exactly sure how (or why) and I'm not all that certain of just what I did say, but if I do say so myself, the crowd laughed quite a bit at my speech (and there is no recording to prove me wrong). None of the tomatoes and eggs hit me so I considered my speech a success."

Terry's convention report, from which the above quotes have been liberated, occupied the editorial pages of the next issue of *Mota*, which came out in November of that year. At four pages, it was another unusually long non-editorial editorial. Terry had indeed survived his GoH ordeal with no lasting wounds, which immediately upped his enthusiasm for going to the British worldcon in 1979. Maybe it wouldn't be too scary after all?

The cover on *Mota 26* was a collage of images that mixed Dadaistic graphics with a little bit of punk rock insolence, which boiled down to me putting snarky fannish captions on randomly selected photos. (Ooooh, so *punk!*) Despite the cover's obvious cartoon outrageousness — one picture, for instance, pretended to be a snapshot from a forgotten First Fandom panel whose subject was "What We Had For Lunch in 1941," while another supposedly depicted *Mota*'s own editor as a callow youth caught reading a book on mimeography called "You and Better Reproduction."

Following Terry's very respectful conrep most of the rest of the issue was filled with another one of Bob Shaw's articles. This one was Shaw's only piece written especially for Terry's fanzine. It was a cringingly funny story about medical paranoia and the unforgiving eye of scrutiny in the workplace called "The Game of Dog and Crab." It conjured up a time in the Fifties when Bob lived and worked in Calgary, Canada, as an engineer and draftsman and captures many of the quirks and drudgeries of office life in a small town. Inspired in part by Brosnan's blood pissing thriller in *Mota 23*, "The Game of Dog and Crab" also bravely describes a Cancer scare that Bob experienced during his time there. It is funny and honest and, in retrospect, just a bit sad — especially when one remembers the circumstances of Bob's untimely passing in 1996. The article also featured a set of meticulous illustrations from Joe Staton, who had also become a regular *Mota* contributor during the previous year.

The letter section, jokingly titled "Index of

Advertisers" in the contents listing, was particularly lively. The Brits were less than a year away from their worldcon and their pride and fatigue were beginning to show a little. They were growing more excited and cranky with each passing day.

Joseph Nicholas, for instance, groused about the myths that were going around about British Fandom's propensity for drink. "I'm pretty damn sober sometimes when I get up in the mornings, you know," he complained. "Even if it is only running for the bus that takes me to the station that makes me sober..."

Ian Maule took a different tact on the same subject, facetiously worrying that American fans will be shocked to find out the truth about them all: They were all *really* just a bunch of teetotalers. Maule's wife, Janice, suggested that they break it to us slowly. "Tell them of all the fun times we have at the temperance meetings with Greg, Simone, Roy, Ian, Harry, and everyone else," she suggested, trying to pump him up. "If you make it sound interesting maybe they won't mind too much that we don't piss on each other or puke up walls."

John Brosnan had an entirely different solution. He suggested "a special service that will be made available to visiting American fans for a small fortune." He called it "Rent-a-Drunken-Looney" and reasoned that it would enable "sober, straight fans to be bloody annoying nuisances entirely by proxy."

Terry's TAFF campaign was going into high gear by now. The interlineation on the back cover now featured a strong, new prefix to entice voters. It said, "Don't forget: Terry Hughes for TAFF!" How could voters ever be able to ignore that kind of bare knuckled — *umm* — politeness?

The next issue of *Mota*, number 27, came out early in the first month of 1979. The cover by Harry Bell was a masterful bit of cartooning that seemed to pick up on the sarcastic attitude that I had been exploring in some of my own covers. It is elaborately detailed — with a wee hint of ATom lurking behind the characters — and it stands as one of his best — which says a lot, considering his many fine cover drawings.

The editorial in *Mota 27* finally takes on the roots and true meaning of the fanzine's title, *Mota*. In it Terry admitted that he'd purposely kept the fanzine's meaning obscured, preferring to keep his audience guessing. And it had worked for a long time, but I guess he finally felt like spilling the beans, or he was really hard up for something to write about.

Was it, as Hank Davis had once suggested, the word ATOM spelled backwards? Or was it, as Mike Glicksohn had wondered — after rejecting the inverted ATOM explanation as too simplistic — the

name of the villain in an old Republic serial called *Flying Disc Man from Mars*? Or was it Jeffrey May's theory that the fanzine was named after the religious zealot in Heinlein's *Sixth Column* or was it as old hippy fan Robert "Bob" Lichtman had mentioned? Was it Mexican slang for Weed?

"Without a doubt, I would have chosen this title for that reason alone, if only I'd known about it," Terry admitted, but the fact still remained that it *was* nothing more than ATOM spelled in reverse.

"I picked the name because it was "easy to letter on a stencil," he explained, adding that it was also short enough that it was "nearly impossible to leave out a letter." It was also short enough that his readers wouldn't be tempted to start abbreviating the name, like they'd done when "*Energumen* became *Nerg* and *Innuendo* became *Inn*." He also said that he had wanted a title that had a pleasant sound to it and hadn't been used before. "Three out of four isn't bad," he concluded.

With that out of the way, Terry finally got around to writing about his TAFF candidacy for the first time. He was sending the ballot out with *Mota 27* and he wanted to make sure his readers would vote in the race. His plea for TAFF votes was his biggest effort to date on the subject, coming in at a staggering 15 lines of type — *a whole bloody paragraph!* (The entire affair had apparently gone to his head.)

"I have long considered TAFF as one of fandom's best aspects and I would be honored if you would vote for me," he bellowed very softly. "The other two candidates, Fred and Suzle, are fine people, but I must confess to having a personal bias towards myself." Sheathing his paper sword, he closed his appeal by asking everyone to support the Fund, even if they didn't vote. Then he added one final bit of cut-throat campaign rhetoric to his pitch — the coup de grace: "...but while you're at it," he wrote, "why not vote for the Terry Hughes of your choice?" *Boom! Down goes Frasier!* It was a campaign that went down in the TAFF histories as gut-wrenchingly mild and brutally civilized — if you can imagine such a thing.

Besides another meaty lettercolumn, the bulk of *Mota 27* was taken up by chapters 5 and 6 of Peter Robert's memoir of his 1977 TAFF trip to the U.S., which I was lucky enough to illustrate. Peter was a fan with many great attributes, not the least of which was a tremendous sense of humor (or in his case, "humour"). His TAFF trip report is among the very best ever written. Look for it online — and everybody else's TAFF reports, including my own — at the TAFF website: www.taff.org.uk. Go there and read about the time Terry almost saved Peter from

drowning in the Atlantic Ocean.

The voting deadline for TAFF was in April that year and when the result were tallied, Terry had won his ticket to the U.K. by a large margin, especially among the European voters. He had raked in 108 votes out of a total of 188 votes cast and he was over the moon about it.

"Not all that long ago Roy Tackett telephoned and informed me that I had been selected as TAFF delegate to the 1979 worldcon in Brighton," he wrote in a page filler in the next *Mota*. "My immediate reaction was one of elation combined with a nagging doubt that something this wonderful for me was indeed the truth." He thanked all his friends and supporters and accepted "the responsibility of being the North American TAFF administrator" with as much grace as he could muster.

In June, Terry and Craig moved house again. This time it was to a little wooden house on North Jefferson Street in Arlington and it was their first home in Virginia that was entirely above ground. The first thing Terry did after unpacking was publish *Mota* 28. Harry Bell's cover said it all: "Hughes Wins TAFF."

To celebrate his victory, Terry had pulled together, appropriately enough, another all-Brit issue. Dave Piper made his return after a long absence with a new installment of his "Son of B*A*R*F" column and Harry Bell made his writing debut in *Mota*'s pages with a war story that detailed his service in the fight against feline fecal matter called, "Shit Chat." It was one of only two pieces of true *litterature* published in the pages of *Mota* — the other being Bob Tucker's "Damned BIG Cat Feet" in *Mota* 11.

The issue's anchor article was written to quiet Terry's confusion about Britain's Value Added Tax. "What is a VAT number?" he asked Dave Langford. "My first guess was that it referred to the artificial insemination chamber wherein the person [with the VAT number] was developed, but I don't think that is correct."

Langford replied with "The Horror in the VAT," an article that broke the whole thing down in hilarious detail. "The principle is simple, glorious, and utopian," he explained. "And you also have the tremendous egoboo of being your own (unpaid) tax-collector." Besides being entertaining, Langford's explanation was also quite enlightening — the VAT was at 8 percent at the time he explained it all (it's at 20 percent now) — and I learned enough from his article to really appreciate the fact that I now live in Oregon, a state where there is no sales tax at all.

The letters hadn't caught up with Terry's TAFF victory yet and the only letter that mentioned the race at all was one sentence from Kevin

Easthope, who demanded that Terry "quote from one of my letters *sometime*, or I won't vote for you in TAFF." Of course, Buddha Hughes (aka: Swami Arjuna Chichirichi) caved into his threat immediately. Unfortunately, his quote didn't appear in print until after the race was over and Easthope, despite the obvious silliness of his demand, stayed true to his word and did not vote for TAFF that year. Fortunately, quite a few others did.

Although his departure date was approaching fast, Terry decided to attend a convention in St. Louis, Archcon III, in July. His oldest friends, the Luttrells, were the guests of honor and because of that the con promised to be another Columbia Fandom reunion. Terry had a strong emotional attachment to his fannish litter mates and he had jumped at the chance to see them all again, even though it meant flying on Friday the 13th.

Terry wrote about the con in his editorial for *Mota* 29, which was published just in time for him to tote copies across the ocean to Seacon. "The convention was quite successful in just about every way," Terry reported. "Of course, I must admit that my opinion of the convention is biased by the fact that it served as a place for me to see many dear old friends." Hank and Lesleigh were the centerpiece of the gathering, supplemented by the rest of their clan. Lesleigh's brothers Chris and Mike were there, as were her parents, Leigh and Norbert Couch. Doug Carroll, Jake Schumacher, and Rick Stoker were in attendance, too, leaving only Turner and the Thomes in the absentee category. "Since I was around good friends like these, the convention could have been hit by a bomb and I still would have had a grand old time."

Seeing his old comrades gave Terry a boost of confidence and helped to get him ready for his TAFF adventures. When he got back from St. Louis he arranged for time away from the IMF — where they were growing very fond of him — pubbed his ish, packed his bags, and got ready to visit England for the first time since he was a child. (Terry's father had been stationed there in the Fifties.)

The issue of *Mota* that he took with him to Brighton was light-hearted from start to finish. The cover, for example, was another one of my *delightfully* sarcastic attacks on fandom that included a lovingly rendered swipe at everybody's favorite target for jocularly, the blind. What could be more light-hearted than that?

Following Terry's editorial, a story by Jim Meadows (without the "III" after his name, for some reason), led off the issue with "Jophan's Snowy Day." Prior to its appearance, Meadows had been a vaguely familiar name in the lettercol and WAHF listings.

Terry usually edited his comments down to only a few sentences because while they were always pertinent, they rarely seemed to be in the same league as the other letterhacks, many of whom were known for their wit and erudition.

“Jophan’s Snowy Day” was a revelation to most readers — Meadows’ letters of comment had not hinted at the depths of his skill or his affinity for fannish storytelling. Chuck Harris called the story “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.” No faint praise, that — though the story’s hero, Jim Turner, took issue with some of the words that Meadows had put in his mouth.

“All I have to say about Meadows’ piece is that, as usual, he got it All Wrong!” Turner bellowed. “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 embugging by Gahan Wilson-ish monsters would be a blessing to us all.”

“Jophan’s Snowy Day” offered fandom a whole new Jim Meadows, one that looked like he had quite a future as a fanwriter. Unfortunately, it appears that he never wrote anything else like it again. These days he works in Public Broadcasting in Illinois and pops up occasionally on sf websites as, of all things, a commenter.

Following Jim Meadows’ debut was yet another one of Bob Shaw’s amazing fan articles, this one was called “The Passing of the Tredenham.” The Tredenham was a pub that Bob had fallen in love with during a series of annual visits to the Farnborough Air Show. The trademarked Shavian wit was quite evident in the article, but it was really more of a sentimental piece — a tip of the hat to an old friend. At the end, Bob claimed not to be a believer in the old adage that “you can’t go back” again, but admitted that when it came to the Tredenham, it was quite true. True because the place had been torn down. Nevertheless, despite the demolition, Bob successfully managed to take all of his readers back there one last time.

The lettercol was short and mostly cranky. A reader from Australia complained that his copy of *Mota* had attacked him and tried to tear out his jugular and an English reader complained that Peter Roberts’ TAFF report had caused him to spit cereal all over his breakfast table. A fan from Minnesota complained that he *still* didn’t understand the VAT

and Harry Warner, Jr. complained that he was unable to buy mothballs because of a government recall.

There were more letters, but Terry had decided to hold them until the next issue. His plan was to have *Mota 30* completely stenciled and run off before he left for the U.K. — it would be a placeholder issue that he could drop into the mail while he was recovering from his TAFF trip. It was a clever idea, though he only acknowledged it in passing at the end of the lettercol. “None of the above letters made any comment on *Mota 29* because this stencil is being typed before all the copies of that issue have been mailed out.”

Mota 30 was dated September 1979, but the only reference to TAFF or Terry’s TAFF trip was a short congratulatory shout out from Charles Burbee in the above mentioned letters section. “Congratulations on winning TAFF,” it said. “I voted for you. Careful now. I voted for Nixon and look how he turned out.” Other than that, it was just a regular issue with no apparent hint that its editor was about to go to England or had just come back from there.

Instead, Terry’s editorial in *Mota 30* was uncharacteristically feisty. It was written as a reply to a fanzine from Gary Farber in which he bemoaned the current state of fanzines, “and at great length, too.” It was a familiar complaint that had been made by many other fans before him, including Terry himself. When Greg Shaw expressed a similar dissatisfaction to Arnie Katz seven years earlier, you’ll recall, he countered with a list of bright, young neofans who would lead fandom into the shining future. Terry’s reply, on the other hand, took a different tact.

He told Farber to shit-or-get-off-the-pot. “Instead of bemoaning the state of fanzines,” he scolded, “one would be better advised to use that energy to do the sort of fanzine that one wants to see. *That* just might have a positive effect.” And then he listed a few fanzines that he thought were doing just that — including Rich Coad’s *Space Junk*, Eric Mayer’s *Groggy*, and Grant Canfield’s *Waste Paper*, among others — to make his point.

Despite his advice to Mr. Farber, the cover on *Mota 30* — which featured a drawing by Jim Barker of a fan sitting on the toilet — had nothing to do with Terry’s editorial stance. It was more of a convenient coincidence, as was the cover’s subtitle: “*Mota*, a zine which puts others in their place.”

Unfortunately, Terry’s strong statement of editorial integrity was somewhat compromised by the item that immediately followed it — one of the weakest pieces of fluff that every appeared in *Mota*’s pages. “The MOTA Poll” by Geoffrey Mayer was just that, a poll of the fanzine’s readers — the results of

which were of absolutely no benefit to anyone. As a piece of minor Pythonesque silliness it is not without a smile or two, but you could just as easily have torn those two pages out of the issue and never missed them. Not that I would ever advocate such a thing. A fanzine is a precious thing to behold, you betcha, but if those pages *did* accidentally get ripped out — say, in a moment of passion or perhaps because of an uncontrollable muscle spasm in your hand — they would, when folded into quarters, make lovely drink coasters.

But the real centerpiece of *Mota 30* was an article by Australia's premier authority on giant wombos and rataplan habitats, Leigh Edmonds. "Mail Disorder" was a reprint that had originally appeared in Leigh's ANZAPazine, *Sugar Tooth 37*, in 1976. "As such," Terry explained, "it has only been seen by ten fans and thirty-seven kangaroos, with nary a buffalo on the range, so you can pretend that this is the first time you've read it."

"Mail Disorder" was an old fannish story rewritten Aussie-style. It was a story of addiction, a story of longing, a story of, well, what to do when you're an sf fan caught in a postal drought? It isn't pretty. There are moments of chilling withdrawal and cold-hearted institutionalization. Leigh described the hell of hallucinatory fever dreams that haunted him. "I really can't blame Bruce Gillespie for beating me as I tried to steal some of his letters," he confessed. "I guess I've always felt that Bruce, of all the fans in Australia, gets more mail than anybody else. For days I must have hidden in the GPO waiting for him to come — he doesn't pick up his mail every day. I wonder how he survives?"

Eventually, Leigh had a vision — an epiphany — that took him all the way back to the message of *The Enchanted Duplicator* and the Magic Mimeo. "Tru-fandom is not only giving, but also receiving," Edmonds testified. "What is the use of a Magic Mimeo if there are no Magic Mailboxes?" It was a question well worth the consideration of more than 10 Aussies and 37 'roos, Terry was right to reprint it.

It was, however, neither his or the author's fault that that question would eventually become a moot one — there was no way that they could have known that *in the future* both mimeos and mailboxes would be practically obsolete.

Regardless of their eventual obsolescence, by the time *Mota 30* arrived in people's mailboxes, Terry had been to Britain for the Seacon and returned home again. He had made a big impression on

everyone he'd met while he was there and they, in turn, expected big things of him when he got home and the arrival of the thirtieth issue of his fanzine so soon after the con only reinforced their expectations. He was the new TAFF administrator and he had promised them a whipper-snapper of a trip report and, of course, more issues of *Mota*. Instead, there was — to use the name of Bob Tucker's infamous novel — a long, loud silence.

*

Details of Terry's trip to England are hard to come by. In May 1984, five years after the trip itself, he wrote a short "preview" of what was supposed to be chapter 9 of his TAFF report for John Berry's *Wing Window 7*. It offered a brief, but detailed account of Harry Bell's morning regurgitation regimen, but said nothing about the trip itself.

About a year later, the first and only full-length installment of his report appeared in Brian Earl Brown's *Sticky Quarters 13* [November 1985], but it doesn't say anything about his journey to England, either. Despite being tagged as "chapter one," it is not a chronological memoir, but focuses instead on a rainy afternoon Terry spent exploring Roman ruins with Harry Bell, Kev Williams, and his wife, Sue. Both are well-written and amusing, but



Kev Smith, Peter Roberts & Terry Hughes at Seacon TAFF panel, 1979.

they are small, non-linear fragments of the bigger story of Terry's trip through Britain — a story that he, for reasons that will become clear, never got around to telling.

In fact, the only description of the trip that comes close to describing his itinerary in any detail appeared in a short apazine written in December 1979. "Hey, I really did go to Britain," he wrote, "and I had one of the best times of my life. I went all over

the place, from Brighton to London to North Wales (where *The Prisoner* was filmed) to Birmingham to Holmes Chapel to Ulverston to Newcastle to London to Ramsgate to Reading and most of the London suburbs. It was a great experience and at times a trying one, but one for which I will always be grateful for being allowed to take.”

Although he claimed that he was working on his TAFF report — “I am writing longhand in a notebook” — no evidence of it has ever surfaced, other than the two fragments already mentioned. I looked for that notebook many times among his fannish papers, but it has never surfaced and must now be presumed to be lost. As a result, we will never get to read about Terry’s first meeting with Rat Fandom or the Wheels of IF or, for that matter, what it felt like to lose his first Hugo race, or what it felt like to be nominated — a fact that he had *never* bothered to mention in *Mota* itself.

Soon after he got home, Terry followed up on one commitment he made prior to his trip, and wrote an essay about the science fiction novels of Lee Hoffman for a series of author profiles. “LeeH had suggested me as a critic to the guy editing a huge book on sf writers. I decided to do it as a favor to LeeH,” he wrote later. “It was one of the hardest things I’ve ever done. I did draft after draft and cut my lovely prose as lean as a Vietnamese boat person and then I cut some more.”

The editor accepted it without asking for any further changes, but the experience had not been what Terry had hoped it would be. When the editor then inquired if he might like to write about other sf authors, his reaction was, “not bloody likely.” (His article was eventually published in book form, though the title remains unknown to me.)

After that, things got very quiet and no one knew why. Whatever it was, it stopped Terry dead in his tracks. The local grapevine eventually started to circulate a few details about what had happened, but at Terry’s request it was all kept very quiet outside of Falls Church.

He didn’t want fandom to know that shortly after his return to the United States, he and his girlfriend had unexpectedly ended their relationship of more than six years. The details of the break-up were not made public at the time, nor will they be revealed here, but suffice it to say that their separation was a devastating blow to Terry’s ego and his sense of well being. She had been the great love of his life and the decision to go their separate ways was one that weighed heavy on him for many years.

Without the structure of that relationship, Terry found it harder to balance work and fandom and he began to withdraw into the safety of the little

house on North Jefferson Street. He stopped coming out to local fan parties and soon stopped contributing to the apas he was active in — even his beloved *Columbia Apa*, a group that had been started in the mid-Seventies to keep lines of communication open between the old MoSFA crew.

In a brief two-page apazine written in December, he blamed his inactivity on yet another typewriter snafu. It wasn’t a lie exactly, he had been having trouble with his typer, but he had shared the truth about what had actually transpired with only a handful of intimates and he preferred to keep it that way. He didn’t want his old friends to worry about him and for a while it worked, but when he didn’t write again for over a year they all eventually figured out that something else had been going on.

Terry kept mostly to himself and stuck to his mundane routine. He went to work each morning at the IMF and came home at night and rarely made contact with other fans. By all accounts, he performed admirably in his role as TAFF administrator and conducted auctions to raise funds, circulated ballots, and supervised the race that eventually brought Dave Langford to Noreascon in 1980, but it’s fair to say that his heart really wasn’t in it. He had committed himself to TAFF and he was determined to see it through, but he seemed to have little enthusiasm for anything else. I saw him with some regularity during this time because of my friendship with his brother, but to fandom at large he was Missing In Action.

Shortly after New Years of 1980, the Hughes brothers decided that the time had come for them to go their separate ways. Craig was becoming increasingly more active in D.C.’s arts and music scene and was making plans to move into one of Washington’s bohemian neighborhoods. Terry, on the other hand, took the idea of living on his own as the solution to his recent problems. He welcomed the isolation and found himself a small apartment on Wilson Boulevard in Falls Church. It was nearby the house on North Jefferson and easy walking distance to Ted White’s house — but the way Terry was feeling, it was a million miles away from everything.

Nevertheless, while he had been looking for his new apartment, Terry tried to rally himself and resume *Mota*’s publishing schedule. He felt a responsibility to his readers and he knew he needed to publish something to promote the TAFF race, so he began cutting stencils for *Mota 31*. Half-way through the job his typewriter finally crapped out on him. “My electric typewriter has exposed wires on its cord and five or six keys no longer function and my two manual typewriters have been lubricated with peanut butter and nowadays I have to use a ball peen hammer to depress any given key,” he explained. He

had to buy a new typewriter before he could finish cutting the stencils.

Once he'd done that and he began to print the issue, he realized that his mimeograph was acting up. At first it dripped ink onto the printed pages and then it stopped inking one side of the screen altogether. That's when Terry realized that publishing another *Mota* wasn't going as easy as he hoped it would be. Fortunately, he knew who to blame.

He blamed Chris Couch. What had Chris done to break Terry's mimeo? Had he attacked it with a hammer or something like that? No, it was much more cosmic than that. Chris Couch had had the nerve to *contribute* an article to *Mota*, that's what. Can you imagine that? The nerve of some people.

Though they'd become friends long before *Mota* was even a twinkle in Terry's eye, Chris had never been a contributor — not even in the Columbia days. But now, almost nine years after the first *Mota* had rolled off of Big Huge, he'd finally sent Terry something, a piece that had been written for another fanzine, but had never been published. Naturally, Terry accepted it, but as soon as he did his mimeo began to poop out on him. "Sheer coincidence?" he asked. "I think not. The breakdown 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.)"

By the time Terry got his Gestetner fixed, he had already moved into his new place and the TAFF race had come to an end, with Dave Langford having emerged as the victor. Because of the long delay, Terry was forced to scrap a few of the stencils he'd already cut and write a new editorial to replace them. "Of course, if my mimeograph hadn't broken down, I could have published my old editorial back in February, as I had started to," he explained. "That old editorial was full of lavish praise for both Dave and Jim Barker, the two candidates. By winning TAFF, Dave Langford has caused me to completely rewrite my editorial for this issue."

Mota 31 was finally printed in May 1980. Fortunately, the rest of Terry's original editorial had survived and was devoted to a tongue-in-cheek review of *Future Tense*, John Brosnan's book about sf cinema. Terry praised Brosnan's prose, but warned potential readers that "if you like giant radioactive ants, you won't like this book." He accused Brosnan of being a giant radioactive ant hater and took issue with his claim that the giant ants in the movie *Them!* were, scientifically speaking, impossible. "How can he say giant insects are out of the question?" he asked. "He should see the size of the cockroaches in some of the places I used to live in as a student."

The issue's lead article — or articles, really —

consisted of two reprints from *Cry of the Nameless* by Terry Carr. These 1959 articles were, in essence, another installment of Carr's "Entropy Reprints" series, though they weren't actually presented under that moniker. Perhaps, because they were reprints of Terry's own work, he decided to separate them from the other historical reprints that he'd been doing. The distinction remains unclear, but, like other "Entropy Reprints," these two were also prefaced by an introduction that put them in their proper historical context for *Mota's* readers.

The first piece was a fannish adaptation of *Pygmalion* written by Carr after John (Goon) Berry had tried a similar approach to the story that Terry had found disappointing. The second was a reprint of one of Carr's "Fandom Harvest" columns from the same issue of *Cry* that, in Terry's words, "tells a few of the amusing and true things that happened" during his first few months of marriage to Miram Dyches, "who had been in fandom less than a year at the time."

The brief three page letter column that followed Carr's reprints led off with an effusive assessment of *Mota's* contents by Chuck Harris. It was full of praise for the contributors and concluded with a little tattle tale about a Christmas party in Belfast "a helluva long time ago" where Walt and Madeleine Willis had brought a couple of bottles of good Beaujolais to share with their friends. "None of us were wine buffs," Chuck explained, "but you could tell it was upmarket plonk with a nice dry, but fruity taste."

Bob Shaw was also there and he was, according to Harris, in an effusive mood and regaled them all with stories. "He was well into Episode 19 of the Boys Brigade saga when he sips his wine and pauses in mid-sentence. 'Pass the sugar,' he says. One, two, three heavy laden spoonsful into the glass, a brisk stir, a sip again, 'Ah, that's better,' and went back into the story."

David Travis wrote that he had enjoyed himself at Seacon, but had made an enemy of Eve Harvey when he'd accidentally spilled his beer on her. Bruce Townley waxed enthusiastic about being mentioned in Leigh Edmonds' "gripping tale of dead letter boxes," Mike Glicksohn, a faithful letter writer, complained that the competition for space in the *Mota* letter section was getting too intense, and Harry Warner, Jr. encouraged Terry to stay at it and "continue to publish *Mota* regularly, if only for the sake of the way Joseph Nicholas responds to it."

Originally written for the fanzine, *Hwa!*, Chris Couch's "Deranged in a Strange Land" was a conreport about Iguacon, the worldcon that had taken place in the blistering heat of Phoenix,

Arizona, in 1978, but it was really about how Chris had spent the whole summer living among that city's "endless ranks of blond-haired and blue-eyed" residents and how they'd left him feeling like he'd "fallen into some kind of modern Leni Reifenstahl film."

He described what it was like living in the withering heat — "Phoenixians seem to love it" — and how the worldcon's arrival had meant that "the nightly lightning-and-blinding-choking-gagging dust storms that characterize the end of summer were over" and he would soon be among his own kind once again.

Chris reckoned that Iguanacon "must have felt like an invasion of Martians" to the locals, but for him it was nothing but pleasure. "It was wonderful just to talk to people that do outré things like read books," he wrote. "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."

"Deranged in a Strange Land" was the last article published in *Mota* 31 and it was also, much to everybody's surprise, the last article ever published in *Mota*. Though I don't think Terry realized it at the time, the production of the 31st issue had been so difficult and had taken so long to finish that he had lost what little enthusiasm he'd been able to muster for the project. The printed pages would sit in a pile in the corner of his apartment for six months, waiting to be collated.

At the end of August Terry flew up to Boston for the worldcon, drawn there, in the words of Dave Langford, "by who knows what dread incantations from the Falls Church vault where from year to year he lies entombed in uncollated *Motas*." He'd gone to the convention to welcome the Langfords to the U.S., to hand over "a pile of TAFF dollars," and to be on a panel called "Fans Across the Sea: Fan Fund Politics" with Dave, DUFF administrators Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury, that year's DUFF winner, Keith Curtis.

Langford described the event in his own TAFF report, *The TransAtlantic Hearing Aid*: "I was led into a vast unfinished-looking hall called Lower Exhibit, containing partitioned-off hutches for minor programme items and, in the centre of the great bare floor, TAFF and DUFF sales tables which proved excellent places for meeting the two fans who happened to be manning them at the time. Let us not conceal the horrid truth: TAFF no longer arouses great interest at US worldcons. I'd braced myself for the terrors of a scaled-up audience... let's see, about 50 out of 600 at a TAFF event at the 1980 British Eastercon, meaning that with 6000 at Noreascon we

could expect 500, dear God, how will we ever squeeze them all in here?"

"The audience numbered twenty-two (22)," Dave reported. "We could have held the event in a lift." After the convention, Terry quietly returned to Falls Church, where he continued to withdraw from fandom.



Terry puts in an appearance at Noreascon 2, 1980.

The following January, he finally broke his silence in an apazine. "It feels strange to be doing something so like a fanzine as this," he wrote. "I mean, other than the odd TAFF flyer, I haven't done a fanzine since *Mota* 31, which was stenciled in January 1980, run off in May 1980 and mailed out in October. (Well, not all the copies have been mailed out yet, but more than 100 were posted in October and the rest will be dispatched in a near-prompt fashion.*)"

"It's true that my mimeo was broken until April and then I moved into a new place and they were very real physical barriers to the issue's completion, but it is also true that these things helped to set up some mental barriers, as well," he explained, alluding to other matters that had been distracting him. He felt guilty, but he was also beginning to feel like he might be able to live with it.

*However, the number of leftover copies of *Mota* 31 leads me to believe that they probably were not.

“Guilt has always been one of my great motivators, fannishly speaking — after all, I have made commitments. My standard guilt feelings reached critical mass in March when matters were still out of my control and rapidly melting into the madness that is spring.

“I [tried to] conquer my guilt, but my mastery of guilt has not been complete. I still feel guilty as hell about what this has done to Chris Couch. Here is a friend who sent me a witty contribution that was already overdue for publication and I caused it to appear even later,” he lamented. “On top of that, the distribution has been such that feedback has been greatly reduced since many readers have been afraid to waste a postage stamp to send a letter to a fanzine that just might be dead. Deriving any authors of response is a shabby thing to do.”

That last sentiment might ordinarily seem a bit trite, but if you were one of Terry’s contributors, you knew just how pro-active he always was about letters of comment. He used to regularly send his contributors an assemblage that he called “The Egoboo Express,” which consisted of clippings from all the comments that he’d received. He’d Xerox the letters and cut them up and tape the pertinent comments down to sheets of twiltone — even the ones that ended up in the WAHF column — and mail them to his writers and artists. He thought it was the least he could do in return for their willingness to appear in *Mota*. “The Egoboo Express” was very popular with his contributors and I’m sure Terry genuinely regretted that neither Chris nor Terry Carr would be getting one of their own.

Instead of publishing fanzines, Terry spent a lot of 1980 getting involved with politics. “There were several factors that brought this about, not the least of which was that it looked like the election would probably come down to Carter and Reagan and I was damned tired of voting for bad men out of fear of getting truly evil men,” he explained.

Angry about the failure of the two party system that had elected Richard Nixon, Terry campaigned instead for the Citizen’s Party, a newly formed political organization made up of environmentalists and liberals who were unsatisfied with the Jimmy Carter administration. The group had been founded by a St. Louis science professor named Barry Commoner, who went on to be their first presidential candidate.

In the end, the Citizen’s Party failed to elect anyone. They were wildly underfunded and so disorganized that Terry said that they made “fandom look like the wehrmacht.” But electoral change hadn’t been his only motivation for getting involved with the group, he was also looking for some new

friends. Because of his break-up, he’d stopped going to local fan parties and he thought that sticking his toes into new waters might be just the thing he needed “to meet some new people I didn’t know through fandom or work,” which it is exactly what happened. “That was the most successful aspect of my political involvement,” he remembered.

Other than his foray into the swamp of politics, the other big thing that happened to Terry during this time was his decision to finally accept the permanent job that the International Monetary Fund had been offering him for more than a year. He had already declined their offer a couple of times, but after living with his new status as a single, non-publishing, part-time campaign worker, the fanboy who once wrote “I can think of few tortures as horrible as making someone do a minor task 40 hours a week, over and over and over again” decided to become a full-time staff member of the IMF. (“I’ve been checked out by the FBI and everything,” he bragged.)

Nevertheless, 1981 wasn’t entirely devoid of fannish activities. At the beginning of the year, Terry took over the reins of *Columbia Apa*, which had become increasingly moribund in recent months. With the rest of his fan portfolio in disarray, he felt a strong need to keep his oldest group of friends together and communicating because, despite his disaffection with the rest of fandom, he desperately wanted to hold onto the fans who had been there with him at the beginning of his fan career, and for the most part he was successful and the apa continued to appear for the next seven years or more.

At the end of May, Terry played host to Ian and Janice Maule, who had decided to come over from Britain to get a closer look at America. They’d gone to Boston and New York and finished off in Washington just in time to attend the annual Disclave, held on Memorial Day weekend. “I was glad for the chance to repay the hospitality they showed me when I was Over There,” he wrote.

Figuring that they’d get their fill of fans at Disclave, Terry showed them the sights instead. Janice and Ian got to sample quite a few American beers on their visit, which “the ever tactful connoisseur Ian Maule” helpfully summed up by observing that “all American beer tastes like puke.”

A month after that Terry was one of the distinguished guests at my wedding to Lynn Collier. It was good to have him there; he had been missed in our local fan group and everyone was glad to see him. We encouraged him to come around more often, explaining that with her divorce, his ex had rarely been seen at our informal gatherings any more, but we failed to convince him that he should

return. A couple of months later, however, he did travel to upstate New York to be a member of Steve and Elaine Stiles' wedding party, where he and the rest of the guests were entertained by Elaine's brother, the co-author of the song, "Dueling Banjos."

Despite these fannishness celebrations, Terry still had no interest in returning to fanzine publishing — although he did purchase a half dozen cases of mimeo paper in July as part of a giant twil-tone mega-buy that had been brokered by Moshe Feder. (It was a bargain too good to pass up, even for a gafiote.) Fortunately, Lee Hoffman was able to pry an article out of him for that year's *Science Fiction Five-Yearly*, which I had been lucky enough to co-edit, but he dropped back into relative obscurity almost immediately afterwards.

His job was going well — though he was mostly stuck doing accounting work, which he was less than enthusiastic about — but it hadn't led to many new social opportunities, which he found disappointing. "I am friends with lots of people at work, but they are sort of work-only friendships, not at-home friendships. Maybe it has to do with the job environment and my habit of compartmentalizing my life?" he wondered. "I have gotten together with some of them outside of work, but not often. I do miss meeting the sort of interesting folks I used to find in the Boone County Hospital dishroom."

*

While Terry was away from fandom, the seeds of fannishness that he'd sown with *Mota* began to sprout. In the wake of the 1980 worldcon, relations between U.S. and British fans was in full flower and many of *Mota's* readers and contributors had begun to intermingle, creating a larger audience for their fanzines. Rob Jackson's *Inca* — his more fannish replacement for *Maya* — had begun appearing regularly, as had Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden's erudite *Telos*. Dave Langford and Leigh Edmonds were producing hilariously eccentric issues of *Twill-Ddu* and *Ornithopter*, while others were pursuing a more mainstream fannish fare, like Terry Hill's *Microwave* in the U.K. and Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins' *Mainstream* in the States.

Adding to the mix was the long-awaited publication of *Warhoon 28* — the Willis issue — which revived not only Richard Bergeron and his prestigious fanzine, but also helped to create a lot of new interest in fandom's history and roots. Bergeron's response to modern fandom was palpable. Like a suffocating man who suddenly remembered how to breathe, he inhaled as much of it as he could ingest and, for a while — before he finally overdosed — became an indulgent mentor to many ambitious young

fans, including me. His enthusiastic encouragement inspired some of us to experiment and strive for the kind of excellence that had always been his trademark.

About the same time, a fellow named Alan Bostick began publishing a little fanzine called *Fast and Loose*, which quickly caught on with its readers, but then disappeared almost as quickly after only a handful of issues. It didn't last for long, but *Fast and Loose* proved that the time was ripe for somebody to publish an "ensmalled" fanzine on a regular schedule. That's when Ted White and I decided to publish a zippy little fmz of our own. We called it *Pong*.

Of course, we weren't the only ones trying to fill the hole left by *Fast and Loose's* passing. At the very end of 1981 John D. Berry started publishing a new fanzine, as well, called *Wing Window*. He had already co-edited *Hot Shit* and *Egoboo* — both of which had already explored the ensmalled publishing concept — so the format was not new to him. He also knew the tone he wanted to take.

He had been dissatisfied by our early issues of *Pong*, and saw an opportunity to put his own ideas about fan writing and fan design into practice. First and foremost, *Wing Window* would be a forum for John's own writing, with a columnist or two filling in whatever pages might be left at the end. The first columnist to come on board was William Gibson — who was still a couple of years away from his *Neuromancer* fame — and the second was our own Terry Hughes.

Gibson's column premiered in *Wing Window's* second issue, along with the first letters of comment, which included a two-pager from Terry, his first LoC in years, to be sure. "I guess my lack of fannish activity can be attributed to the fact that I feel my sense of humor has atrophied," he wrote. "Politics can do that to a person, particularly in a day and age when Ronald Reagan is President of the United States."

He tried to explain that his sense of humor had finally died the day he'd started being recruited by life insurance salesmen, but the rest of the letter quickly disproved his assertion by recalling several childhood memories about wing windows, including their usefulness for water balloon attacks and the occasional bit of youthful grand theft auto.

After his letter appeared, John asked him to revive his "Terry Hughes Sez" feature from the old *Hot Shit* days. Surprisingly, Terry agreed, but unlike the original — which printed short excerpts from his letters — this time around it would be a proper column. "The task of continuing a column that I didn't even know I'd begun is a bit disconcerting," he wrote, but it didn't look like it to the readers.

The first new installment of "Terry Hughes

Sez” began with a tongue-in-cheek discussion of John’s “mendacious” editorial statement of purpose for his new fanzine, and then spun off into an unlikely bit of fan writing based upon Terry’s supposed misreading of Bill Gibson’s eulogy for Phil Dick in issue 2. Gibson had written that PKD “was the only product of the American genre sf scene you could give to hardened Burroughs fanatics without wincing a little.” Terry’s column claimed that he had confused the author Gibson had cited for one with a similar name — Edgar Rice Burroughs, instead of *Naked Lunch*’s William Burroughs. “My mind erupted with wild visions of what books a cross-pollination of Philip K. Dick and Edgar Rice Burroughs might produce,” he wrote. “*The Three Stigmata of John Carter* or *Does Tarzan Dream of Electric Sheep?*”

Encouraged by his renewed fannishness, Terry decided to celebrate the tenth anniversary of his original sojourn to Eugene by making a return trip to the Pacific Northwest. It was a happy return for him, though a bit of a strange one. Unlike his first trip to the area, this trip to Seattle was a welcome confidence builder for Terry and the therapeutic benefits of the trip seemed to pour out of him when he returned to Falls Church and began writing about it. The travelogue that resulted was published under the banner of “Special Seattle Stories” in the first issue of *Lysdexia*, an apazine that he circulated through the three apas in which, despite his supposed gafiation, he was still occasionally active in: *Columbia Apa*, *Apassembly*, and *Apathy*.

“Special Seattle Stories” was Terry’s longest sustained piece of writing since “The End of the Line” in 1974. In fact, at 16 pages, “Special Seattle Stories” turned out to be the longest piece of writing of his entire fan career. Its richly detailed text described everything he did and saw on his trip with a deftness that hinted at the kind of prose adventure his unwritten TAFF report might have been.

“For me,” he wrote, “going to Seattle was sort of like going to a worldcon only without the costumes, weaponry, filk-singing, programming, awards, elevator rides, maids who come around too bloody early, coffee shop cuisine and boring fans. Hmmm, does that sound like a worldcon to you? It doesn’t to me either. On second thought, my vacation in Seattle was like two excellent room parties, each lasting for several days. The first room party being Jim Turner’s and the second being John Berry’s and Eileen Gunn’s.”

Among “Special Seattle Stories”’s greatest assets were the pages devoted to his time visiting Columbia Fandom’s one-time bad boy, Jim Turner. “Jim has always been one of my favorite people, but

it had been some years since we’d last seen each other and I must admit to feeling a bit anxious,” he wrote. “I wondered what changes he might have gone through after living in Seattle for years. Was it possible that the dreaded left coast had worked its evil influence on Jim and changed his Midwestern ways? Could that constant exposure to the left coast culture have mellowed him? A mellow Jim Turner? What a thought!

“I wondered if I would find him wearing some sort of purplish jogging suit with the top unzipped to his navel, exposing several layers of gold chains? He’d probably be wearing sleek, wrap-around sunglasses of some electric hue as a contrast to his golden tan. Maybe he’d even have several earrings in the earlobe of his choice? As it turned out, the closest my fantasy came to reality was that Jim had on sneakers.”



Jim Turner and his collie, Kirkaldy, 1979.

While he was there, Turner showed Terry around Seattle in his own unique way, taking him to every hole-in-the-wall bookstore in the city, showing him the legendary underground, and — because it was their primary means of transportation — teaching him the intricacies of Seattle’s transit system, which both marveled and confounded Mr. Hughes.

“Knowing just when to show my pass proved

to be tricky," he recalled. "If you are riding the bus in the downtown area you don't have to pay any fare. If you are riding from the residential areas into downtown, you pay (or show your pass) when you board the bus. If you're getting on downtown and riding out into the residential area, you pay when you exit from the bus. At least that's how I think it goes. I was never quite sure myself and so I was always flashing my pass at the driver when I was boarding and when I was alighting. The drivers must have thought I was a simple-minded fool; Jim, however, was certain of it."

The second half of Terry's trip was spent visiting his old friend and housemate, John Berry — and his housemates Eileen Gunn, Mike Acker, and Patty Quinn. John, he wrote, "has a keen wit and a friendly personality and true writing ability. I've respected his writing and his intelligence and truly appreciate his sense of humor. His efforts in fandom have served to make it more interesting to me and he has strongly influenced my own interests. He is one of the few fan writers who is able to put his own imprint very clearly on his fanzines. That's not an easy task to accomplish. The best part is that John Berry is even better in person than he is in print. He's always full of energy, funny stories, penetrating insights, enthusiasm, and Red Hook Ale."

And Eileen, well, he was impressed by her individuality, to say the least. "My visit to Seattle allowed me to get to know her even better and I feel I've benefited from the experience," he recalled. "Eileen is a person who is skilled at both writing and at graphics and has the sort of intelligent humor that I love. She mumbles some of the most devastatingly funny comments I've ever heard. It must be a real treat to sit near her at an awards ceremony!"

Together, John and Eileen showed Terry the rest of Seattle, or, as John liked to call it, "the City of Ornamental Cabbages." They took him to most of the tourist spots like the Space Needle and the Seattle Art Museum and Pioneer Square, though it is unknown if Terry was persuaded to catch a fish while he was there. In the end, his trip to Seattle was everything he had hoped for, "short of finding someone to fall in love with," and "Special Seattle Stories" became the best piece of writing of Terry's fannish life — even if John *did* send him five pages of corrections after reading it.

"From what I could tell," Terry wrote of his two hosts, "John and Eileen have an ideal relationship. They have a strong commitment to each other with a high grade quality of love, yet each has the freedom to pursue individual goals. They serve to give each other support and encouragement and each makes a great audience for the other. They are

the sort of people who are secure in their relationship and are so much fun to be around that I feel like everybody checked their egos at the door."

More than thirty years later, those words still ring true. John and Eileen have continued to have a relationship that has stood the test of time. Since those days, Eileen has gone on to craft an impressive career as an award winning sf writer and John has grown from *Amazing's* boy fanzine reviewer into one of the world's most respected typographers and print designers.

Terry returned from Seattle to his apartment on Wilson Boulevard at the end of September 1982 and although he toyed with the idea of moving into the District of Columbia from time to time, he stayed put and focused most of his attention on his job at the IMF. He'd started working there as a temporary clerk/typist three years earlier and by the time he'd joined them on a full-time basis he had been relocated to the accounting division of the Fund. It wasn't what he thought he'd be doing with his life and it bothered him.

"I have no idea what the future holds for me," he wrote. "My big fear is that I may end up staying at the IMF until I reach retirement. That would be the wisest course for me to follow financially, but, oh my god, I don't know if I could really take that. I do know that I would leap at a job somewhere else, but only if it was one that interested me. And one that would pay me enough to live comfortably on. I certainly don't want to jump from a well paying, basically unfulfilling job to one that was equally unfulfilling, but lower salaried just for the sake of change."

Terry was caught in his own "Catch-22" and he didn't know what to do about it. He was a man with a strong work ethic who preferred not to work, but kept doing so because he couldn't quite put his finger on what it was he *did* want to do instead.

He seemed to be stuck in a fannish cul-de-sac, as well. On the one hand, he wanted to avoid fandom's prying eyes, while on the other, he missed its comforting embrace. He longed for the untainted joy that fandom had once offered him and he tried whenever possible to preserve it.

Even though he was writing regularly in *Wing Window* — his column appeared in eight consecutive issues — Terry wasn't participating much in the rest of fandom. Though he'd never really been known for his writing, "Terry Hughes Sez" gave him a new credibility as a fan writer that had previously alluded him. Part of it was simple, he had gotten to be a better, more articulate writer over the past decade, but the rest of it — in my opinion — was that he had finally been given the opportunity to express himself after so many muted years.

During the Seventies, Terry's early attempts at fannish humor had lacked the natural storytelling rhythms of Burbee or Calvin Demmon. The stories he tried to tell often seemed a poor fit for the style they were written in, kind of like he was wearing an ill-fitting suit of clothes. His editorials in *Mota* were often perfunctory, providing necessary information about the contents or the contributors or one of the fan funds or the latest fan anthologies, but they rarely said much about Terry himself, or his life.

Much like his good friend, Boyd Raeburn, Terry's day-to-day life — especially his job at the IMF — was kept a mystery from fandom. When asked about it, he would often note that it was all too boring to bother talking about, or he would joke that it was all “top secret” and that we, his friends, lacked the proper “clearances.” When someone — John Berry, I believe — asked if there were black helicopters involved? Terry replied, “I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you.”

For the first time, the column for *Wing Window* gave Terry the chance to tell a few stories of his own. In his second column he confessed to having written a short story called “What Did It?” when he was 13 years old that foretold a world filled with solar-powered sidewalks, solar-powered cabs and solar-powered elevators — a world where “everything now-a-days is solar-powered.” According to Terry, the story had everything: “nouns, verbs, adverbs, adjectives, and impressionistic punctuation,” but sadly, by the end, all of mankind had perished because, well, the machines were absorbing all the sunlight and “there wasn't enough getting through for people to be healthy.”

His next column, in *Wing Window 5*, was one of his best: the fascinating story of Arlington's link to the American Nazi Party and the laundromat where their leader, George Lincoln Rockwell, had been assassinated. (There was a swastika painted on the spot in the parking lot where he was felled by one of his lieutenants — a rejected lover, it is rumored.)

The next one had to do with a somewhat less notorious Arlingtonian, *me*. It started out by relating how one of Terry's co-workers at the IMF had asked him if he was a Trekkie? He didn't mean any harm by it — he'd heard that Terry liked science fiction and he just wanted to talk about the new *Star Trek* movie he'd seen.

“Flashing a condescending but tolerant smile,” Terry wrote. “I told Dave I was not now, nor had I ever been, a Trekkie. I intimated that I'd sooner vote Republican than go to see that *Star Trek* movie.

“Dave was somewhat taken aback by my reaction, but he managed to ask, ‘What about that

red-haired artist friend of yours?’

“‘You mean Dan Steffan?’ Dan had worked as a temporary typist for Dave a couple of years ago and Dave was always talking about him. He thought Dan was a funny guy.

“‘That's him! He was always reading sci-fi books and drawing pictures of spaceships when he was here, so I figured he was a Trekkie.’ Dave got an anxious look on his face. ‘He is a Trekkie, isn't he?’

“A smile wriggled across my lips. Dan had been in one of his hyper-fannish modes. He spent his time smiting dorks and feuding over minutiae, all while carrying the fannish banner high in the air. On top of all that, Dan was a friend, albeit a friend who used to make rude jokes about the size of my nose. Now I'm being asked if he was part of *Star Trek* fandom, that fringe fandom universally held in low esteem by trufans like Dan. Why that was like asking if John Bangsund was a *Blake's 7* fan, or if Ian Maule was a Scientologist, or if Bill Gibson was a Mountie, or if John D. Berry was a wimp. Clearly ridiculous. Still, there were those nose jokes. My smile grew into a shit-eating grin.

“‘Sure, Dave. *Everybody* knows Dan Steffan is a Trekkie.’

“Dave returned my smile, obviously feeling better after learning about a fellow enthusiast. I felt better myself.”

And as if that weren't bad enough, Terry finished off that column with a story about the time he saw me drink fire. I won't bore you readers with the piddling details, but suffice to say, I couldn't grow any facial hair for several years after *that* party.

Though Terry still wasn't connecting with the fans in his neighborhood, curiosity and proximity got the better of him in the late summer of 1983 and he decided that he would drop into the worldcon, which was being held in nearby Baltimore. Seeing him there delighted many of his friends, but he wasn't entirely sure he wanted them to think of him as being *back in fandom*.

In his next *Wing Window* column he wrote about how he'd attended a panel on the care and feeding of neos at the convention. “At one point it was asked if there were any neofans in the audience and scattered hands were raised in the small crowd. Then it was asked if there were any BNFs present, and the bulk of the audience raised their arms (or legs, as the case may be). Taking the matter to the other extreme, someone asked if there were any gafiated out there? Several people turned to look at me, so I proudly held my hand in the air.”

“Even though I went to the worldcon, I still consider myself fairly well gafiated,” he declared. “Why, at one gathering of fanzine fans I was voted

the Most Gafiated Fan Present." Gafiate was a badge of honor that Terry wore with perverse pride.

However, there was one badge he did *not* wear that weekend. "I was not a member of the worldcon — it was the first time I've ever gone to a worldcon without a membership. Security was quite tight," Terry wrote, "but I managed to get in and out of the con area without any problems." (*Aha!* So Mike Glicksohn had been right in 1972 *after all* — even though it took more than 10 years to prove it.) He even made it past the guards and into the huckster room. "I didn't buy anything in there, mind you, I just went in to find Hank Luttrell," who was manning a table full of books with fellow Madison fan Diane Martin. "I was only at the con for a couple of nights so I didn't get to see everyone I wanted to, but I did have fun."

And the "fun" continued after the convention when World *Pong* Headquarters was invaded by so many interesting fans that even Terry couldn't stay away. "After the con many fans came to Falls Church to visit Ted White and Dan Steffan," he later recalled. "So I saw a lot of those two, as well as Patrick and Teresa, Malcolm and Chris Edwards and their infant daughter, Gary Farber, Tom Weber, Martin Tudor, and Lucy Huntzinger." It was the most fannish socializing that he'd done in a very long time, he said, "and more than I'm likely to go to in quite a while."

That "quite a while" lasted another two and a half months before his friend and former *Mota* contributor Tom Perry — then a skilled gafiate himself — came to town and forced Terry out of hiding once again. It was Tom's first visit in seven years and when he found out it was a Second Friday weekend — when Ted White hosts his monthly smoke-filled gathering of fans, writers, and musicians — and he wanted to join the fun, rich brown invited them to come to the party with him, which they did, although it did take more than a little encouragement from both rich and Tom before Terry finally agreed to come along. He hadn't been to one of Ted's parties in a couple of years and he wasn't sure he was prepared for an intense evening of old school fannishness after such a long absence. He needn't have worried, of course, but I think he was more than a bit surprised by some of the subjects that were being discussed that night.

"Tom was still wearing a stocking cap he'd purchased for Washington's cold weather and it happened to be one for the Washington Redskins," Terry reported. "Then Ted and Dan and rich began talking about the Super Bowl and the Redskins chances in it. I could not believe my ears. I turned to Tom and said: 'When I got into fandom, they promised me we wouldn't have to talk about sports.'

Then Ted and Dan and rich fell all over themselves making excuses for their behavior and football was soon dropped as a subject of conversation in favor of a discussion of Dwight D. Eisenhower. It was one of those evenings."

Unfortunately, our scintillating chit-chat still wasn't enough to lure Terry back into our fannish clutches for very long. I didn't see him again until the following May of 1984 when he turned up unexpectedly at a party Lynn and I were throwing at that year's Disclave.

*

Terry had kept his distance from most of local Virginia fandom for a lot of the early Eighties. Our hyper activity seemed too insular and too bitchy for his taste. He was never a fan of confrontation or name calling — as the clusterfuck between Ted White and Gary Deindorfer had proven years earlier — and he felt uncomfortable with how contentious fandom had become during that period and preferred not to be a part of all the bickering. Instead, for the first few years of the decade, he kept to himself and socialized with fans mostly in one-on-one situations.

During this time his best fan friend was probably Bruce Townley who, like Terry himself, had a mild mannered disposition and cared little for fandom's occasional slap fights. Bruce lived in nearby Alexandria and they shared a lot of interests in common and would often get together to hang out and talk about music and books and movies.

I saw far less of him during this period. I had begun my career in publication design and illustration in earnest, and spent those years working long hours in various smoky studios and art departments. Fortunately, my wife still ran into him with some regularity during their daily commute to and from the District, which provided me with second-hand tidbits of gossip that I could pass on to others on those occasions when somebody would ask, "has anybody seen Terry lately?"

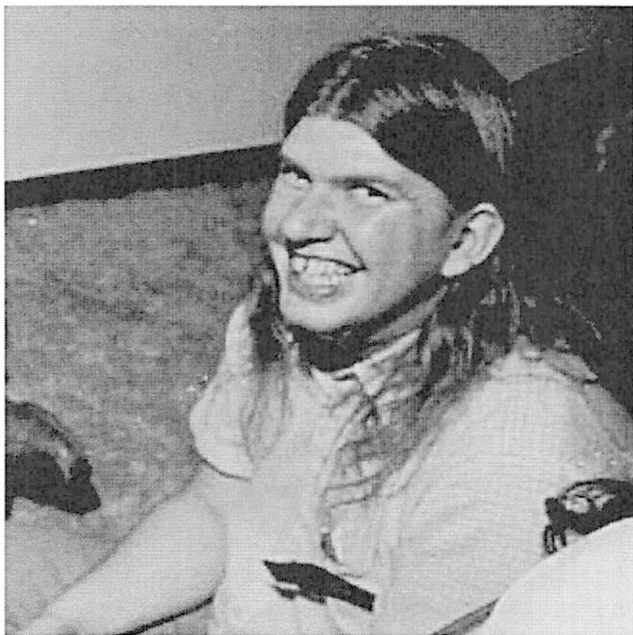
While the rest of us were busy being fans, Terry was exploring and developing other interests — mostly involving the arts. Seeing his first Dada film triggered his curiosity about that radical art movement and led to sizeable collection of books on the subject and a serious appreciation of the works of Man Ray. A trip to New York City landed him, thanks to Chris Couch and Claudia Parrish, smack in the middle of "Ruckus Manhattan," a very unlikely fine art installation by an artist named Red Grooms.

"Ruckus Manhattan" was like stepping into a three dimensional cartoon — a parody of NYC, complete with life-sized subway cars and famous downtown buildings brought to life in a style that can

best be described as proto-Pee Wee Herman.

Terry had never seen anything like it before and he adored the child-like absurdities in Grooms' work. He admired how the comical sculptures allowed the public to wander through the artist's brain, so to speak, exposing them to his unique view of the world. For the rest of his life he was a dedicated follower of Grooms' career, attending gallery shows and museum installations whenever he could, and buying their catalogues when he couldn't.

He was like that about a lot of artists who had in some way touched him, especially writers. He was passionate about Ken Kesey's work and life, especially his adventures with the Merry Pranksters. (Come to think of it, a lot of us were interested in the Pranksters in the 1970s and 1980s for a lot of different reasons — but Terry's interests were strictly cultural.) Following Kesey and his tribe also led Terry to the essays and fiction of Robert Stone, a writer whose work was, in his eyes, in the same class with Tom Wolfe.



Terry enjoying himself at the 1984 Disclave.

I'll never forget the time Terry and I went to a usually empty storefront in downtown D.C. to watch seven hours of footage from the Prankster's infamous 1964 trip across America in a psychedelic bus. It was silent footage, too, but that didn't seem to matter very much as we sat on the dirty wooden floor watching Neal Cassady flip his sledge hammer and drive that crazy old school bus.

He was passionate about Philip K. Dick's fiction, though few other sf writers held his attention. He was very fond of a number of modern mystery

writers like Donald Westlake, K.C. Constantine and Stuart Kaminsky, but he loved humorous writers most of all, especially Robert Benchley, S.J. Perelman and their contemporaries, and modern female writers like Anne Beattie and Merrill Markoe. He loved music by The Bonzo Dog Band and the Flaming Groovies, the films of Joan Micklin Silver, and the plays of August Wilson. A life-long comics fan, he was especially fond of comics by Carl Barks, John Stanley, and he collected the work of "Odd Bodkins" creator Dan O'Neill.

Even though he was clearly uncomfortable being around large groups of fans, by the end of 1984 he had also begun, inexplicably, "to get the old fanzine publishing urge" again. "The current fanzine scene certainly isn't all that appealing," he wrote, "what with the various large scale feuds filling the mail with charges, counter-charges and general ill will" — a reference to the TAFF related name calling that became known as Topic A — "but then I resurrected *Mota* the last time because no one seemed to be doing the sort of fanzine I wanted to receive. That strained logic can be applied to the current situation, as well."

Terry's TAFF excerpt in *Wing Window* had, despite its brevity, been well received, but it had also stirred up new curiosity about the finished report and for the first time in a long time he was toying with the idea of finally writing it. Although guilt had failed to be a strong enough motivator to push him towards the typewriter, Terry now had a new reason to try writing his TAFF Report: Money.

"I had long ago given up on ever actually doing the damned thing, but I recently learned that the LA worldcon made huge profits and that part of this will supposedly be given to the fan funds in \$500 chunks for previously unpublished trip reports," he wrote. "I am awaiting a reply to my query to the chairman. If this is indeed the case then I will at least publish my trip report, even if I never do a regular fanzine again. I can't pass up a chance like this to raise such a large chunk of money for TAFF."

It wasn't going to be easy. Terry's fannish skills had gotten a bit rusty while in stasis and he had, in his own assessment, "gotten pretty good at putting things off." Nevertheless, "in a weak moment," Terry promised Brian Earl Brown that he would write the first installment of his TAFF report for his fanzine.

"He set a deadline of April 1st and I had no fears of being able to make it since it was a good two months away," Terry explained in June 1985. "Two weeks before the deadline and just days before I would have felt guilty enough to begin work on the piece, I got a postcard from the editor. He begged

my forgiveness, but mysterious outside forces had caused him to delay his fanzine and he hoped that I didn't mind that he was moving the deadline back to June 1st. I wrote back at once to let him know that I bore him no ill will and that I would certainly make the June 1st deadline. Of course, I didn't.

"I suddenly found all these other things to do instead of working on the article. I totally reorganized my record collection, for one thing. You know how urgent something like that can be when you've promised to do something else. I also made a tape to send to folks on the West Coast. It was something that needed to be done right away — although I still haven't gotten around to mailing that tape off. The weekend after that deadline, when I was actually at work on the article, I got a telephone call from a Madison, Wisconsin, fan who told me that even the June 1st deadline had been a phony. The fan knew who he was dealing with evidently.

"I relaxed and did Other Things. For example, the following weekend I had a visit from yet another Madison, Wisconsin, fan and I spent my time closing down clubs, rather than writing that article. The next week I got a letter from the fan asking me if I could please make a July 1st deadline and to go ahead and send my article directly to a certain fan artist so that the thing could be finished as soon as possible. He was hoping for an August publication — you know, pre-worldcon.

"Well, due to some mental slip on my part, I actually made the July 1st deadline. As requested, I did an installment of my 1979 TAFF report (it came to 10 double-spaced pages) and I was reasonably pleased with it. Just last week I got a note from the fan editor saying that he would not make the August publication after all, since there were problems somewhere along the line, but that I could rest assured that it would be out I November."

Waiting for the debut of his TAFF report had made Terry impatient. He'd also been waiting for almost a year for the latest installment of his *Wing Window* column to appear and he was getting frustrated. It had been five years since he had published an issue of *Mota* and he was beginning to miss it. He'd gotten moments of inspiration in the past, but they had yet to produce anything meaningful and he worried that the obsession of his youth might be forever behind him. For instance, a few years earlier he had purchased his own electrostencil machine from, as it turned out, a company he had once worked for as a temp, and as a test he used it to make the stencils for a gallery of *Mota* covers that he had hoped to publish in a *Best of Mota* collection that he wanted to use to reintroduce his fanzine to the public.

"I may have to take up publishing my own

stuff again," he teased. "Just this morning I had a repairman from Gestetner come to the apartment to heal my mimeograph. Things were going well when he left this morning, so I just may shoot inky paper through the mails once again." Unfortunately, by the time Terry wrote those promising words he had, in fact, already moved on to another big distraction. He had decided to go to Australia.

It was a consolation prize, of sorts — compensation for losing out on a trip he wanted even more, a trip to South Korea. "The IMF's annual meetings this year are being held in Seoul, South Korea, and for a time it looked like I would be going," he explained. It would have been a trip paid for by his employer — "and therefore free to me" — after which Terry would have taken a side-trip to mainland China on his own dime.

"I was feeling quite disappointed since I had been really up for the Big Trip, as you might imagine," he wrote. "So then I happened to think about Australia and decided, 'Why not?' I've been wanting to go to Australia for some time now. The country has had a certain fascination for me for a number of years, and I would like to see Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown again and I'd very much like to meet John Bangsund and since none of them seem likely to come to the States any time soon, I will just have to go there."

He made plans to leave for Australia on August 19th, 1985, getting there in time to attend the worldcon in Melbourne — no matter how much damage it might do to his "gafiated reputation." "I've never been out onto the Pacific before," Terry wrote shortly before his departure, "so I am really looking forward to it."

His flight Down Under turned out to be quite memorable, but just not in the way he'd hoped for. Instead of spending his first night in Honolulu, as he'd planned, he spent it in an isolated industrial motel somewhere outside San Francisco, where his airline had sent him after missing his connecting flight to Hawaii. The next morning they put him on a non-stop flight to Melbourne. "During the 16 or so hours required to make that journey," Terry later remembered, "my body got to know my airplane seat far more thoroughly than I ever imagined in my blackest nightmares. Fortunately I had enough fun in Australia itself to make me forget about the agony of getting there."

"The worldcon was more fun than I thought it would be," he wrote in *Columbia Apa* after his return. "One of my fears was that I would find myself at a con halfway around the world with only other Americans around. This was not the case. Oh, there were Americans there, but they did not seem

an overwhelming presence. I got to see almost every Australian fan I wanted to, as well as some I had never heard of beforehand.

“An unexpected bonus for me was the sizeable number of British fans in attendance. It seems that they were bidding for the worldcon in 1987 (and won!), but since I was unaware of all that, I was surprised to find myself talking with Eve Harvey, Joseph Nicholas, Judith Hanna, John Harvey, Chris Atkinson, Malcolm Edwards, Bob Shaw, and others of their ilk.

“The fans I saw the most of, however, were Leigh Edmonds, Valma Brown, Joseph Nicholas, and Judith Hanna. This led to much laughter, assorted political rantings, intercontinental slanders, a one-shot, and an agreement to publish a joint fanzine. (Oh, what have I done???)”

What, indeed?

They called it *Fuck The Tories*, and the first issue was published in December 1985. “I realize that is a title some may find objectionable,” he explained. “I did not come up with that name and I was not too keen on it, but I have come to accept it because it does clearly set out the outlook of the fanzine.”

Fuck The Tories was, according to Terry, “an international fanzine and as such it considers fandom on both regional and international criteria. It is part of the response to the fanzines coming these days with decidedly conservative viewpoints, such as those that sing the praises of the Star Wars Defense Plan.”

According to the colophon in the first issue, the fanzine was going to be “edited with the strictest adherence to the highest principles of scientific socialism and in the order indicated by the mystical method of continental rotation, namely #1 North America, #2 Europe, #3 Australia, #4 North America, etc.,” which meant that Terry would be editing the first and the fourth issues, while the two couples rotated around his editorial shift with their own.

As Terry described it, “the fanzine will not be filled with pages of political theory; our intent is to do a fanzine that is entertaining and humorous, but which has a common thread of political outlook woven throughout.” The last part was definitely true, but I never was too sure about *Fuck The Tories*’ entertainment value. It always struck me as smart, articulate and well thought out, but its polemics were usually too far above my head for me to identify with most of their points of view. I understood their anger, though, and envied them their ability to debate the topics that moved them, even if I was obviously not their intended audience.

I nonetheless appreciated their goal which,

as Terry described it, was not that different from what the Futurians had tried to do more than 40 years earlier. “We’re just trying to force fans to think about things before they accept them.”

In his editorial, Terry went into a more nuanced description of their intentions. “When Queen Elizabeth last visited San Francisco, her yacht was granted an exemption from the sewage regulations that all other crafts in San Francisco Bay were subjected to. Evidently the powers that be tried to convince the citizens that royal fecal matter didn’t stink (or pollute). In response, a group of SF residents presented Her Majesty with a fur-lined toilet seat as a gift. *Fuck The Tories* can be considered a similar gift to fandom’s proponents of globalized hegemonization who would be well advised to search the fur for barbed wire before sitting down.”

Those were tough words for a Missouri boy, but Terry had returned from Australia with newfound enthusiasm for publishing and a “notebook full of anecdotes and verbal sketches” which he had planned to use to write a 10 to 12 page write-up of his travels Down Under that he could distribute in apas and to “the guilty parties therein.” Unfortunately, as he later explained, “it’s a good thing I wasn’t holding my breath. The stories refused to spill out onto the paper.”

“According to my personal sort of logic,” he wrote, “I would have built up enough momentum from doing this sort of small travelogue that it would carry me forward so that I might actually finish my TAFF report and free myself from the ravages of fannish guilt.” Much to his disappointment, it didn’t work that way. Once he had been back in D.C. for a while, and back to work at the IMF, he began to lose the head of steam he had built up while visiting Australia.

The ninth issue of *Wing Window*, containing the last installment of “Terry Hughes Sez,” was published in April 1986. It was, of all things, a convention report about Corflu 3, which had been held in Northern Virginia a couple of months earlier. It doesn’t read like a swansong. In fact, it is probably the most fannish column he ever wrote; full of lightness and amusement.

“Richard Bergeron was at Corflu 3,” Terry reported, “at least according to a name badge I saw when I arrived. Then I saw another and another and another. As it turned out, every member was given a name badge saying ‘Richard Bergeron,’ with the only difference being the membership number besides the name.” Terry didn’t think that was nearly as funny as I had when I’d created the name badge, but the confusion didn’t last too long. “Fortunately, this was soon corrected by people turning their badges

over and writing their names on the blank side. Most of the people I knew by sight, but there were many I'd never met before and might not have recognized due to the blur of Bergerons."

He found his job to be "particularly unbearable" after his return from Australia and began to shift much of his energy away from writing and fanzines and focused it instead on the upcoming Columbia Fandom/Columbia Apa reunion, which was scheduled to take place over the 1986 Memorial Day weekend. Jake Schumacher had come up with the idea a year earlier and Terry, in his role as Official Editor and Cheerleader, had decided to do as much as he could to make the idea a reality. It had been more than a dozen years since the core group had splintered and even those who had stayed behind had eventually moved on to other cities. It would be good to see everybody again.

I think this reunion was something very special for Terry. It served as a touchstone for the people and things that had brought him into fandom and, quite honestly, into his adulthood. They were rarified beings in his universe and he welcomed the opportunity to be with them once again. They held the reunion at the same hotel where they'd put on the St. Louiscon and Terry booked a suite for the festivities.

More than a dozen of Columbia's alumnae put in an appearance during the weekend. Even Hank Luttrell, who was en route to the American Bookseller's Association convention in New Orleans, managed to squeeze in a one night stopover to see everybody.

It was a low key affair built solely around how much the group enjoyed each other's company. Like most family reunions, there was a little drinking and a little gossip and, of all things, a visit to The Bowling Hall of Fame on Saturday afternoon. "Even though the building wasn't shaped like a bowling pin as I had expected, we all managed to have some fun," Terry wrote. "We saw displays of bowling shirts and went through a twisting maze of the history of bowling (including such sidelights as a sermon on bowling by Martin Luther and details about something

called *Bowling for Poultry*.)"

After an Indian dinner and perhaps a few too many beverages, the reunited MoSFans returned to their hotel suite and, as Terry described it, "that's when things got a bit out of hand." Although it was after midnight, a slightly inebriated Jim Turner decided to make prank calls to the few Columbians who had been unable to come to the reunion. He called Bill Merrell and woke him up pretending to be an organizer for *Hands Across America*, an event where Americans were supposed to link arms in a coast to coast gesture of human solidarity. He knew he was calling at the last moment, Turner told him in his best phone solicitation baritone, but he was wondering if Bill would be willing to fill a gap in the human fence. He politely refused until Turner finally broke character and passed the phone to other partiers.



Columbia Fandom Reunion at the home of Leigh Couch, May 25, 1986.

Next was a call to another old Columbia pal, Roger Vanous, who had been stopped from attending the reunion because of his job as the manager of a Dairy Queen. This time Turner announced that he was with the Environmental Protection Agency and demanded to know if the ice cream Vanous had been selling had been laced with deadly radioactive particles? Unfortunately for Turner, Roger had recognized his voice and had begun to strike back with a sting of very bad puns. "Clearly it was time to call someone else," Terry noted.

That someone else turned out to be Terry's brother Craig. Armed with the details of the color and make of Craig's car, Turner was transformed into a state trooper as soon as Craig picked up the phone ("after eight or nine rings"). As Terry retold the events, it went something like this: "Was this Craig Hughes? Yes, it was. Was he the owner of a blue Honda Civic? Yes, he was. Did he know where his car was? Yes, he did. Was he sure? Why? It seems a car bearing his registration was found wrapped around a tree in Pennsylvania an hour ago. At least they think it's his because things were too smashed to be sure."

At this point Jim had Craig's full attention. "Can you see your car from you window? No. Would he go down to the street and look to see if his car was still there? Certainly, officer. There was a very long pause on Craig's end while we were rolling on the floor in St. Louis. Officer, my car is still there on the street where I parked it. Well then," Turner said, "let me hand you over to my superior" and he handed the telephone to Terry, who was laughing too hard to keep up the pretense. The now wide-awake Craig seemed amused by their shenanigans, particularly since his car was still there "and not in pieces in Pennsylvania," so he said hello to several of the other revelers before then saying goodnight.

The following afternoon was, in everyone's opinion, the highlight of the reunion — a barbecue and picnic at Leigh Couch's house in the suburbs. She had moved there only a year earlier, after selling the family's property to developers, and the arrival of her children — which metaphorically included everyone in attendance — made the event into a proper housewarming. All the Columbia fans had been guests at Leigh and Norbert's old house in Arnold and I'm sure having them all under her new roof gave her great comfort and joy that day.

Besides two of her children, Lesleigh and Chris, the others in attendance included Turner, of course, Claudia Parrish and her boyfriend Denis, Rick Stook-er, Michael Novak and his wife Kristen and their kids, Doug Carroll, Alice Sanvito and her husband Jerry, Bill Merrell and his wife and their two kids, and — of course — good old Terry Hughes. In the end, only the Thorne and Vanous families, Anita Brown, and Terry's brother Craig were no shows — as was, of all people, the guy who thought up the reunion in the first place, Jake Schumacher, who was living in Alaska at the time and had been unable to fly down for the weekend.

On Monday, after the others had dispersed, Terry and Turner accompanied Doug Carroll on an expedition back to Columbia — "the scene of the crime," as Terry described it. They went by

everybody's old apartments and checked to see if their old haunts were still in business. They left Terry in Columbia to make their own trips back home and he continued to explore the changing college town on his own. He walked past the Boone County Hospital where he had once been a poor but noble dishwasher, but found the entire facility had changed so much during his absence that he decided at the last moment to abandon his idea about going inside and asking for a job application.

The next day Terry caught a bus to St. Louis and hopped on a plane back to Virginia. He left with his head full of memories, both old and new, and began looking forward to the next time they could all be together. Instead, that weekend proved itself to be the last time he would ever see most of them. As the years passed, so did Leigh Couch, Jim Turner and Doug Carroll, but Terry remained steadfastly loyal to their memories, which remained vivid and strong, even as his own mood became more melancholy.

Issues of *Fuck The Tories* continued to appear that year, but Terry apparently had very little to do with them. He continued to run off and mail the American copies of each issue as they came out, but he never wrote anything for the fanzine again. The second and third issues included TAFF/GUFF flyers that he'd written and circulated to the American readership, but as it stated at the top of the first flyer: "This is not part of the enclosed fanzine. This is a paper entity in it's own right, separate, distinct, and inflammable."

The fourth issue was supposed to mark his return to the editor's chair, but when the issue finally arrived in the mail it had been put together by Comrades Hanna and Nicholas. Terry's departure was explained off-handedly by Hanna as being "due to pressure of other things," which seemed odd when you consider that *Fuck The Tories* had been reportedly a product of Terry's own post-Aussiecon enthusiasm for an idea which been hatched by the five of them in a coffee bar during the con.

Terry's only explanation for leaving, written in passing to his *Columbia Apa* brethren, pointed mostly to his disappointment with himself and, perhaps, with the fanzine itself — though that was not explicitly stated. "It's my own fault for not writing for it or doing more. But to be honest, I just haven't had the inclination to do so. I've allowed myself to become little more than publisher (of the U.S. copies) rather than an editor or writer and this has left me feeling less than satisfied. So, after months of mental anguish about not wanting to do the fanzine, but not wanting to let down the fans I agreed to do the fanzine with, I finally decided to end my involvement with *FIT*."

"If I ever do a fanzine again," he concluded, "it will be firmly under my control, but just now I don't feel like publishing anything other than apa mailings."

Unfortunately, *Columbia Apa* didn't last much longer. Although Terry had never stopped coaxing and cajoling contributions from its members, the "pressure of other things," like careers and children, had finally caught up with his fellow MoSFans and the apa eventually faded away — it had lasted a little more than a dozen years. With its disappearance, most of Terry's tenuous ties to fandom were gone, too.

There were no revived issues of *Mota* and there was no TAFF report. Though *Wing Window* lasted for three more issues, there were no new installments of "Terry Hughes Sez." He stopped going to conventions and, except for rare occasions, he stopped interacting with most fans, local and otherwise.

That is not to say that we never saw Terry during the late Eighties and early Nineties, but that it was a very rare occasion that he would delight us with his company. While he remained aloof from fandom itself, he simply could not cut himself off entirely from the local fans who had been such a big part of his life for so long. Sometimes he would pop up unannounced at parties, where he was always greeted with happy faces and hugs, only to vanish again for half a year. He was one of the revelers at the surprise tenth anniversary party I threw for Lynn in 1991 and sometimes he would materialized unexpectedly at the Galaxy Hut — a local Arlington bar that I designed the logos and advertisements for — to join us for a drink before escaping once again (in a black helicopter, no doubt) into the night.

In 1995, after more than ten years in his small Wilson Boulevard apartment, Terry moved into a brand new apartment building on North Randolph Street in Arlington. It was a spacious two bedroom set up just a block and a half from the local subway station, which shaved nearly an hour off his daily commute to and from the IMF. It was a modern building with all the amenities, though most of them were of little use to Mr. Hughes, who preferred to avoid places like workout rooms in favor of living rooms where he could watch old movies and listen to music without the sound of other people grunting. (When he moved he gave me his mimeo and electro-stenciler — and his six cases of Moshe Feder twiltone paper. He didn't think he'd be needing them any time soon.)

In the summer of 1998, Terry and Craig's mother — then in her late 70s — became seriously ill, too ill to take care of herself any more. This resulted in Terry moving her from Ohio, where she'd lived

near family since the death of her husband, to Virginia, where he could help take care of her. After an extended stay in the hospital and a skill care center, she moved into the second bedroom in Terry's apartment, where he hoped to make her comfortable for whatever time she had left.

"I am happy to be able to take care of her," he wrote, "but it has been very time consuming on top of my very demanding job. We have gotten familiar with the emergency room at Arlington Hospital and also the intensive care unit. Too familiar."

Craig did what he could to help, but his career kept him on the road and what time he had left was devoted mostly to his family. The presence of Craig's kids helped keep her settled, but eventually they had to hire visiting nurses and physical therapists to assist her and watch over her while Terry was at work.

Taking care of his mother was emotionally draining. "I became all too well aware later of how small my own social world had become," he explained. "I had become used to being self-indulgent from decades of practice. Outside of work, I more or less did whatever I felt like doing. I have several different social groups as part of my life and I enjoy keeping these separate from each other, one of these being local fans and I have essentially withdrawn from them on what I thought would be a temporary basis, but which has been longer than I anticipated," he lamented. "There has been a definite shortage of fun," he wrote.

At the end of August 1999, Terry and Craig's mother finally passed away and the family took her back to Windsor to be buried beside her husband. Her death took a great weight off of Terry's shoulders and almost immediately he began using his newfound free time to get back into contact with many of his old fan friends.

Shortly before his mother's passing, Terry had joined an e-group made up of old fannish associates. The electronic equivalent of an apa, it helped him ease his way back into being in contact with the fannish world. He resumed long abandoned correspondence with people like Ian Maule, John Foyster, and Bruce Gillespie and then accepted Geri Sullivan's and Jeff Schalles' invitation to come to Minneapolis over Halloween weekend for the twelfth Ditto, the *other* fanzine convention. While he was there he agreed to join them in assisting Lee Hoffman in the production of the eleventh edition of *Science Fiction Five-Yearly* for 2001.

With the new millennium came a renewed Terry Hughes. After years of being distracted by his job, his mother's illness, and his own ennui, he decided to start being social again. He began spending

more time with his brother and his nephews and started turning up regularly at Second Friday parties. There were even occasions when he would turn up unannounced at our house for an afternoon's conversation or a meal at one of the restaurants in our neighborhood. It was all very unexpected and quite out of character for Terry to be so overtly sociable, but it was also enormous fun to hang out with our old friend again after so many years.



The shadowy figure of Terry Hughes at Ditto 12 in 1999.

At the end of June 2000 he combined a business trip to the Bay Area with a small reunion of his old fan friends. Besides John Berry and Eileen Gunn — who were living in San Francisco at the time — Terry got to see and spend time with Bruce Townley, Jay Kinney and his wife, Dixie, Robert Lichtman and Carol Carr, and Alice Sanvito, who was in town to witness Gay Pride Week. He hadn't been to San Francisco in almost 40 years and was impressed by how much it had changed, and how much it *hadn't*.

He toured the city with Bruce Townley as his guide and went to lunch in Oakland with Robert and Carol, and then spent Sunday afternoon sitting on John and Eileen's porch, watching the sun set behind the local Safeway. After sampling wines and cheeses, Terry, his hosts, and their friends undertook an expedition to a nearby Hungarian restaurant in the neighborhood for a not too quiet dinner for eight. (It turned out to be karaoke night.)

Terry's description of the outing proved that his sense of humor and his observational skills had not suffered during their years behind a desk. "To help create a visual image of this gathering for the rest of you, I'll try to describe the participants," he wrote.

"Bruce looked rather like George Clooney did in *The Perfect Storm*, if only George had been wearing glasses and a beret and had slightly less facial hair. John, on the other hand, looked like George Clooney did in *The Perfect Storm* only with-

out the beret, but with glasses and more facial hair. In contrast, Robert looked like a taller George Clooney again with glasses, but without facial fur on the jaw. Jay looked remarkably like George Clooney would with glasses and darker facial hair. All four of them would have looked even more like George Clooney did in *The Perfect Storm* if only someone would have poured a bucket of water over them. As it was, all the diners at our table were remarkably well mannered and nary a drop of oxblood wine was wasted in a spill. Now I haven't actually seen *The Perfect Storm*, so I may be mistaken, but I do know that Alice, Carol and Eileen did not look a thing like George Clooney. Instead, each of the three had a sexual charm remarkably similar to Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, if not as in *The Perfect Storm*, then at least as in some of her other movies. I played the part of the beluga whale."

In late August, on the eve of John Berry's 50th birthday, Terry expressed some amusement at the idea that he was becoming a "Laughing Fifty-Year Old," and wondered if John had perhaps come up with a new identifier that could be used in place of the old one? "Being called a 'Laughing Fifty-Year Old' carries a rather unkind connotation, as do most of the other phrases I came up with," he noted with some urgency. His own birthday just around the corner and he admitted that the idea of turning 50 was "a bit too scary to contemplate."

Even scarier was John's question of whether he had, in fact, become the man he thought he would be at 50? "I still have a couple of months in which to make enormous strides towards that goal," Terry replied. "It's sort of like cramming for a final exam, but I know [that when I get there] I will find too many things not yet accomplished (sort of like an incomplete on the grade card of life)."

When October 11th finally rolled around, Terry couldn't deny the inevitable any longer. "Yes, it's true the last (and most immature) of the Laughing 22-Year Olds has now reached the mid-century mark. I am now officially as old as Mr. Berry himself," he announced. "I celebrated by coming down with a stomach flu."

"I did not get around to crossing anything else off my things-to-do-by-the-time-I'm-fifty list," he added. "It looks like my grade will be an 'incomplete.'" He just had one question: "Where do I go to pick up that package of wisdom that was supposed to be awaiting me on reaching this milestone? I seem to be every bit as dense as I was before."

It had been a little more than a year since Terry's mother had died and his decision to open himself up to his friends once again seemed to have profoundly improved his outlook on life. Being able

to reconnect with his old fannish pals had given him a new appreciation for some of the things that had somehow gotten pushed aside during his years of solitary life.

Terry's job had evolved over the years into a position of responsibility, but it gave him no more satisfaction than it had in the beginning. Each promotion had brought more stress and tedium into his existence and by the time he turned 50 he had grown quite weary of his routine of endless 12 hour days.

When he had first begun working at the Fund in 1982, Terry had been quite uncertain about the wisdom of taking the job at all. "My big fear is that I may end up staying at the IMF until I reach retirement," he wrote. "Oh my god, I don't know if I could really take that."

But by the time of Terry's 50th birthday in 2000, that very unlikely scenario had all but come true. *He had actually made it.* There was now a light at the end of the tunnel. He had risen through the ranks and had ended up as a "unit chief," the equivalent of a controller (although they don't use that title), and was the right hand man to the Fund's Treasurer. Not bad for a college dropout and former dishwasher who hated the idea of even holding a job.

Terry had out-lived his biggest fear and in less than two years he was going to be able to retire from the International Monetary Fund with a full pension and healthcare for life.

*

One of the first things Terry did after his birthday was make an appointment with an optometrist. His eyesight had begun to bother him and he figured — considering his advanced age — that it was probably time to get himself a pair of glasses. Unfortunately, they didn't seem to help much and his vision problem continued getting worse.

Then, about a week before Thanksgiving, Terry's life took an unexpected turn. He woke up one morning and discovered that he could no longer read. The morning's *Washington Post* was a frightening jumble of symbols and icons that made no sense. With concentration he could distinguish the letters of the alphabet, but he was no longer able put them together into recognizable words.

Although he was alarmed by what was happening to him, Terry didn't do anything about it at first. He hoped that it was just some kind of an aberration that would correct itself — as if he could sleep it off like a bad cold. After taking a day or two of sick leave, Terry returned to work at the IMF. Despite his new handicap, he thought that he might be able to bluff his way through things until his system had righted itself. He told no one about

what had happened — not even his brother.

Nevertheless, whatever was happening to him didn't stay a secret for long. During Thanksgiving dinner at Craig's house, Terry became frustrated and agitated, and had difficulty finding the right words to express himself. Concerned about his brother's obvious confusion, Craig finally got his him to explain what had been going on and called Terry's doctor the next, who recommended that he be taken to the hospital for tests.

The following day Terry checked into Fairfax Hospital in Northern Virginia for a battery of tests. After a CAT scan and an MRI, the neurologists discovered that a dangerously large and malignant tumor had grown right in the middle of Terry's brain. They said that it occupied about 25 percent of his brain and that it had done so much damage that, no matter what they did, he probably would not be around for much longer.

The doctors said that during the few short weeks before it had been discovered, the tumor had been growing and swelling until it pressed against those parts of Terry's brain that controlled reading and word selection. As it grew, his communication skills diminished. Fortunately, once he was in the hospital, they started giving him steroids to reduce the swelling and his abilities began to improve. He was still unable to read, but his speech immediately improved. He understood what was said to him, but often had difficulty finding even the simplest words (like "bus" or "cat") when trying to reply.

At Terry's suggestion, and with Craig's permission, I began circulating news of his condition among his inner circle of friends. He wanted to keep news of his illness off the general radar, while making sure that his friends from Columbia, Falls Church, and the West Coast were kept up to date on his progress. On the last day of November Terry was moved to Johns Hopkins Medical Center — one of the best brain cancer facilities in the world — to prepare him for his surgery, which was scheduled to take place on December 1st. Everyone held their collective breath.

The nearly three hour operation went as well as it could have. Beforehand, there had been some concern about whether Terry was still going to be *there* after the operation, so it came as a great relief when Craig phoned to let us know that his brother had indeed survived with his personality intact. Their conversation was coherent, he said, though Terry was a bit on the groggy side, due to the fact that he was pumped full of, as Craig put it, "an astronomical amounts of pharmaceuticals."

Because of the gravity of the procedure, Craig had expected to find Terry's head wrapped in

bandages. Instead, he had "only" a large Band-aid on the back of his head; nothing nearly as dramatic as *The Invisible Man*. In Craig's words: "If you loaned Terry a yarmulke, no one would ever know!"

After six days, Terry was released from Johns Hopkins and moved directly into Craig and Elise Hughes' house in Washington. Being in a loving environment had immediate beneficial effects on his recovery, including the luxury of a night's sleep without nurses prodding him every two hours. As they began weaning him off the steroids, his mental crispness began to return.

At Christmas Terry surprised his on-line friends with a holiday greeting that began with a reference to the last thing he'd posted before his illness — it had something to do with his poor regard for the work of "America's Illustrator," Norman Rockwell. I believe Terry dictated and Craig typed: "Well, now I know what happens when I poke fun at Norman Rockwell: I get a brain tumor. My doctors have not been able to verify my theory, but that's as good a source as anything else I've heard."

Remarkably, less than a month after his surgery, Terry moved out of his brother's house and returned to his own apartment. He missed Craig and his family, but enjoyed being self-sufficient again. The post-operative MRIs had confirmed that the doctors had managed to remove nearly all of the tumor, which was described as being the size of a child's fist. The remainder had been too close to his optic nerve to safely extract, which meant that the tumor would almost certainly grow back. Terry could have been the exception to the rule, but it seemed unlikely. The doctors at John Hopkins offered him a spot in a seven week experimental treatment to try to retard the tumors growth, but Terry chose an intensive round of radiation therapy instead.

When he showed up a couple of weeks later at Ted's house for Second Friday, he took me aside and showed me his new head tattoos, each of them a small marker used to pinpoint his radiation treatment. Though he moved a little slower and spoke haltingly, Terry was otherwise himself, right down to his mane of long hair, which he'd managed to hang onto despite the many indignities that his noggin had been subjected to.

A month later Ted and Terry went to see Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks perform in a club in Alexandria. Terry was then in the midst of his radiation therapy and the live music was a welcome distraction. Reading was still a problem for him, but once he finished his radiation treatments, he and Craig started looking for an occupational therapy program that would specifically target his reading skills.

He worked hard to maintain some kind of

normalcy in his life, in spite of the trauma that the cancer and the treatments for it were doing to his body. He tried very hard to continue his recovery, but soon it became obvious to those around him that he was beginning to backslide. Hesitations in his movement and speech seemed more prevalent than they had been just a few months earlier and by the end of July a fresh scan and a new set of MRIs confirmed that the radiation had failed to diminish the size of the remaining tumor.

In fact, he had gone into what his doctors called "recurrence," which meant that the cancer had spread to several other "spots" in his brain. His doctors immediately started him on a heavy routine of chemotherapy, but his prognosis was not hopeful. His doctors told him that he probably had three to six months to live.

Bridget Dzeidzic, another old fan friend, came to visit at the end of August and found Terry so debilitated from the chemotherapy that he was too weak to spend much time with her. The chemo had killed his appetite and his meds were keeping him too nauseous to eat. Suitably freaked out by the prospect of another hospitalization, Terry stubbornly refused to get any assistance until his brother convinced him to check into Arlington Hospital for treatment.

As he grew weaker, his reliance on his brother became increasingly important to him. He trusted that Craig would do the right thing for him. As things got worse, it began to look like he would not make it to the one-year anniversary of his diagnosis and Craig began checking out hospices for Terry's remaining time. But instead of succumbing to the devastating effects of his illness, Terry surprised everyone and rallied during his hospital stay. Fluids, nutrition, and a fresh series of steroid shots had beefed him up again and he was released after only a few days, returning to the small apartment in Craig's basement to recover from his lingering fatigue and nausea.

Although he had lost some cognitive function, he had finally gotten used to the chemo and seemed to be regaining some of his strength. His doctors told him that they had never seen anybody in his condition bounce back as he had and he continued to improve while everybody waited for the results of his chemotherapy treatments. Perhaps they were working after all?

Hearing that Terry's condition had reached a critical point, John Berry booked a flight in early September to visit Terry for what would probably be the last time. His plane was scheduled to land at Reagan National Airport on the evening of September 11th, 2001, but due to an unforeseen *airline disruption*

on the East Coast, his flight never left the ground in Seattle and their reunion was put on hold.

In early October John finally managed to book a replacement flight to Virginia and we immediately began making plans for his arrival. Terry was still in reasonably good spirits, though his speech had become more hesitant and he sometimes stuttered when he spoke. The chemotherapy had not proven to be as effective as his doctors had hoped it would be and he was clearly losing some ground, but as the visit grew closer, Terry became more excited and seemed to find a new reserve of energy to power him through it.

John's trip from San Francisco turned out to be the last of the pilgrimages Terry's friends had made to visit him during the fall of 2001. Others like Geri Sullivan, Jeff Schalles, Rich Brown and his daughter Alicia, Steve and Elaine Stiles, and Frank Lunney had all made the trip and Chris Couch had come down from New York just a week before John's arrival. They had all come to say goodbye.

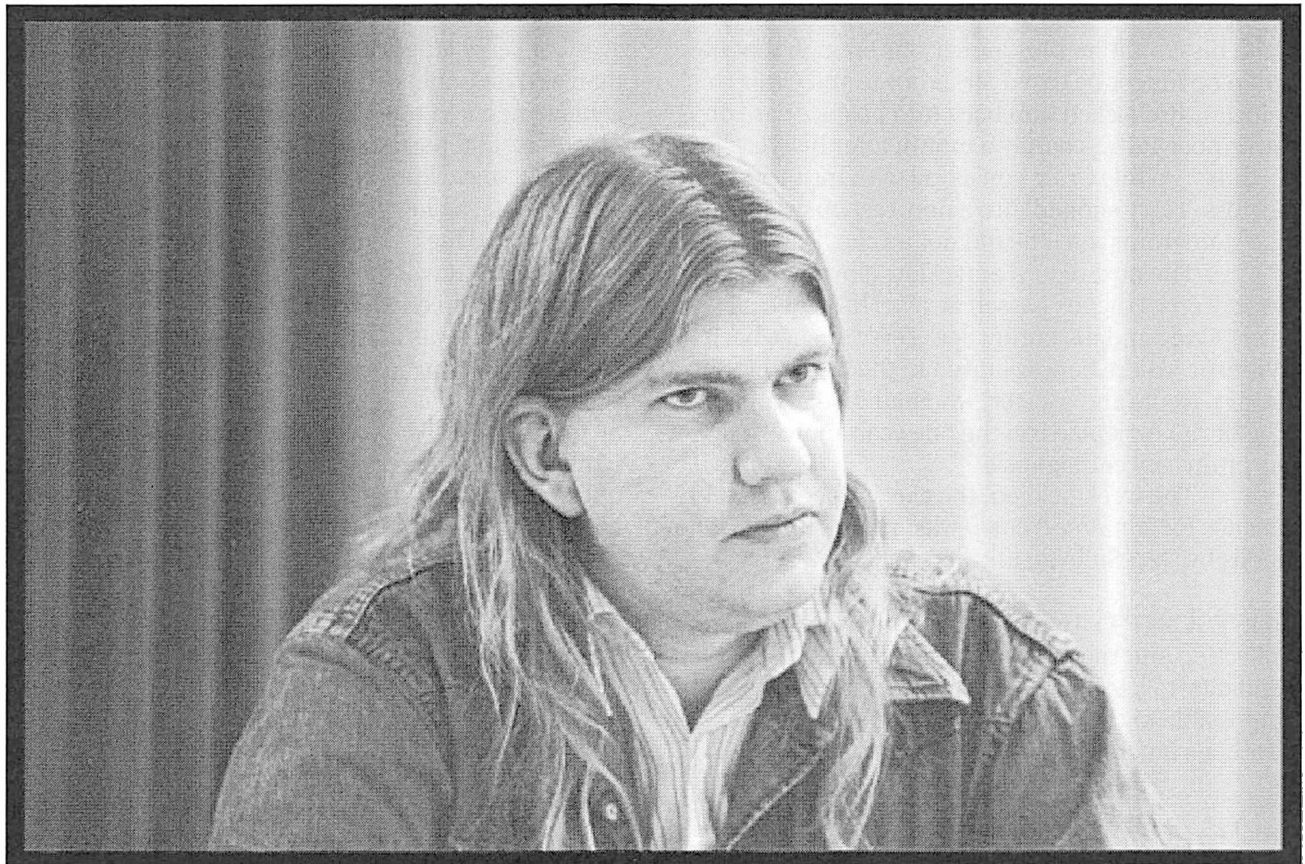
After his arrival, John spent the entire day in D.C. with Terry, who greeted him with more vigor than John had expected from his dying friend. They spent the afternoon at Craig's house and then took the subway out to Arlington together, where Lynn and I met up with them at Terry's apartment. (Even

though he could no longer live there, he couldn't bring himself to give it up, either.)

Spirits were high and Terry seized the moment to make a presentation, of sorts, that he said he had been planning for a while. He said that he had something that he wanted to give me. Then, with Lynn and John looking on, he proceeded to give me his extensive Dan O'Neill collection. It was, to be frank, a very emotional experience and I'm not ashamed to say that I was more than a little overwhelmed. There was something so undeniably *final* about it all.

Afterwards, we all went to dinner at The Pines — a local working class Italian restaurant run by Pakistanis that we'd been going to for years. We enjoyed the good food, the fine conversation, and the best of company. It was a remarkable evening and Terry was in rare form; full of conversation and great humor. It was a perfect moment — like something out of a melodramatic novel or film — but try as we might, we slowly came back to Earth and the reality of what was really happening. And yet, for a short time, we were all as we had once been so many years before. It was one of the most memorable nights of my life. And, in retrospect, one of the saddest.

When we had finished our celebration, Terry and I drove back to Craig's house in the city. On the



trip we spoke about serious things and I stammered and stuttered more than Terry did as I tried to say the things that needed to be said. He listened to me prattle on with what I can only describe as calm serenity.

Finally, I asked him how he had been able to maintain such grace and wit in the face of all the hell he was going through? I asked him why he wasn't bitter?

"What good would it do me?" he replied. I didn't know what else to say after that.

When we reached Craig's house I offered to help him up the steps in the front of the house, but he insisted upon going it alone. He was going to be independent to the last, *dammit!* But things deteriorated rapidly after John's visit. Over the course of the next couple of weeks Terry became less and less able to function by himself, and needed assistance with many ordinary tasks. His hands shook and he was often afraid and unsure of himself. At one point Craig had to check him into a hospice in Arlington to adjust his meds, but brought him back to the house after a couple of days, hoping he would feel more comfortable and safe at home.

By early November Terry's confusion had reached the point where he no longer seemed to recognize his brother. He had stopped eating and drinking on his own and his doctors had started giving him morphine to regulate his increasing pain. Soon his condition became serious enough that he could no longer be cared for at home and Craig reluctantly checked him back into hospice care on November 13th — barely a month after his 51st birthday. While Craig consulted with his brother's doctors, Terry slipped into a non-responsive coma-like state from which he did not awake.

The next day, Wednesday, November 14th, 2001, Terry Hughes passed away. His suffering was over. Craig and his family flew Terry's ashes back to Windsor, where he was buried in the family plot next to his parents and a sister, who had died in infancy. The burial took place on the one year anniversary of his brain cancer diagnosis.

The week he died, the eleventh edition of *Science Fiction Five-Yearly* was published in Minneapolis by Geri Sullivan and Jeff Schalles. Terry was

listed as a guest-editor, though his illness had prevented him from actually helping with the issue's preparation. Nevertheless, his spirit was in the pages of *SF5Y* and it's publication was dedicated to him and his brother.

After his passing, there were three memorials to celebrate Terry's life. The first was held at the D.C. Ethical Society and was presented mostly for the benefit of Terry's co-workers from the IMF and his other non-fannish friends. The second celebration was held at an Arlington bar called The Galaxy Hut where Terry would sometimes join us for Friday night libations. The crowd was mostly fannish in nature, with many people from the local Virginia-D.C.-Baltimore fan community in attendance, as well as a few out-of-towners like Chris Couch and his family, Alice Sanvito, Geri Sullivan, and Frank Lunney, who had literally gone the extra mile to pay their respects. A big ol' party followed afterwards at our house, where many rounds of drinks were toasted and many pipes were passed in honor of our missing Guest of Honor and his memorable nose.

A third memorial was hosted in San Francisco by John D. Berry and Eileen Gunn. It drew together many of Terry's ardent West Coast fan friends, including Bruce Townley, Grant Canfield, the Kinneys, and the usual gang of Bay Area suspects. It is rumored that nose toasting may have been undertaken there, as well.

Terry Hughes was a unique and memorable man and he published a memorable fanzine. His achievements in the pages of *Mota* deserve to be preserved and passed on to fans who weren't lucky enough to have known him or to have read his writing and publications. And for those of you who had the good luck to have been on *Mota's* mailing list, I hope you will find *The MOTA Reader* to be a meaningful trip down memory lane.

Terry was kind and thoughtful and generous. He was funny and smart and perhaps just a little too sensitive. He was enthusiastic and encouraging and he found great pleasure in the talents of others. Hopefully, the material found in this anthology will offer everybody a chance to spend a little time with his spirit and his memory. *Woo! Woo!* ◻

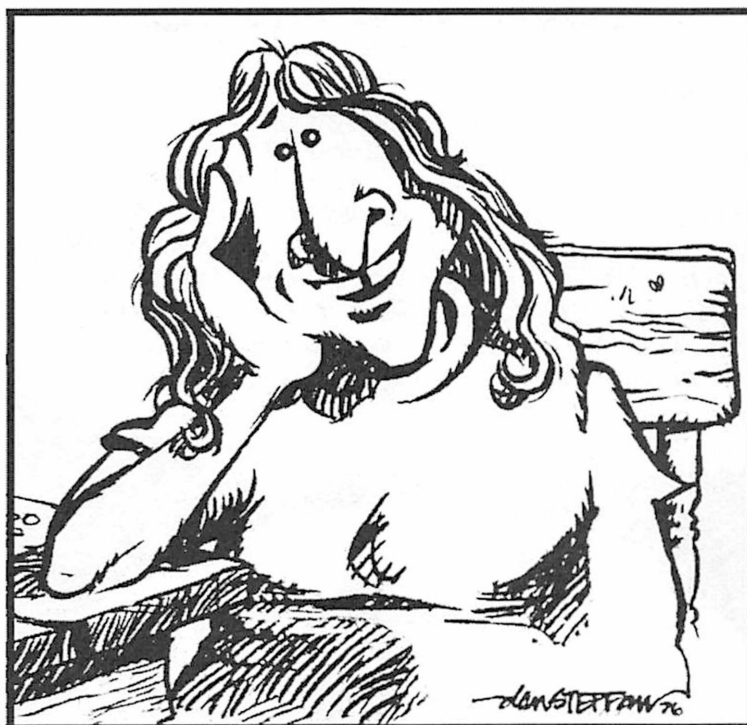
— Dan Steffan, April 2015

POSTSCRIPT: In writing this history of *Mota* and its editor, a timeline was constructed using personal recollection and the printed record left behind in the pages of fanzines and apazines. If it weren't for fandom's tendency to keep a written record of its achievements, foibles, fables, failures and gossip it would have been impossible to create this document. Special thanks to Craig Hughes for permission to quote from his brother's fanzines, apazines (*Apassembly*, *Columbia Apa* and *Apathy*), and online postings in this article. ◻

* * * * *

Terry Alan Hughes October 11, 1950 - November 14, 2001

TERRY HUGHES SEZ:



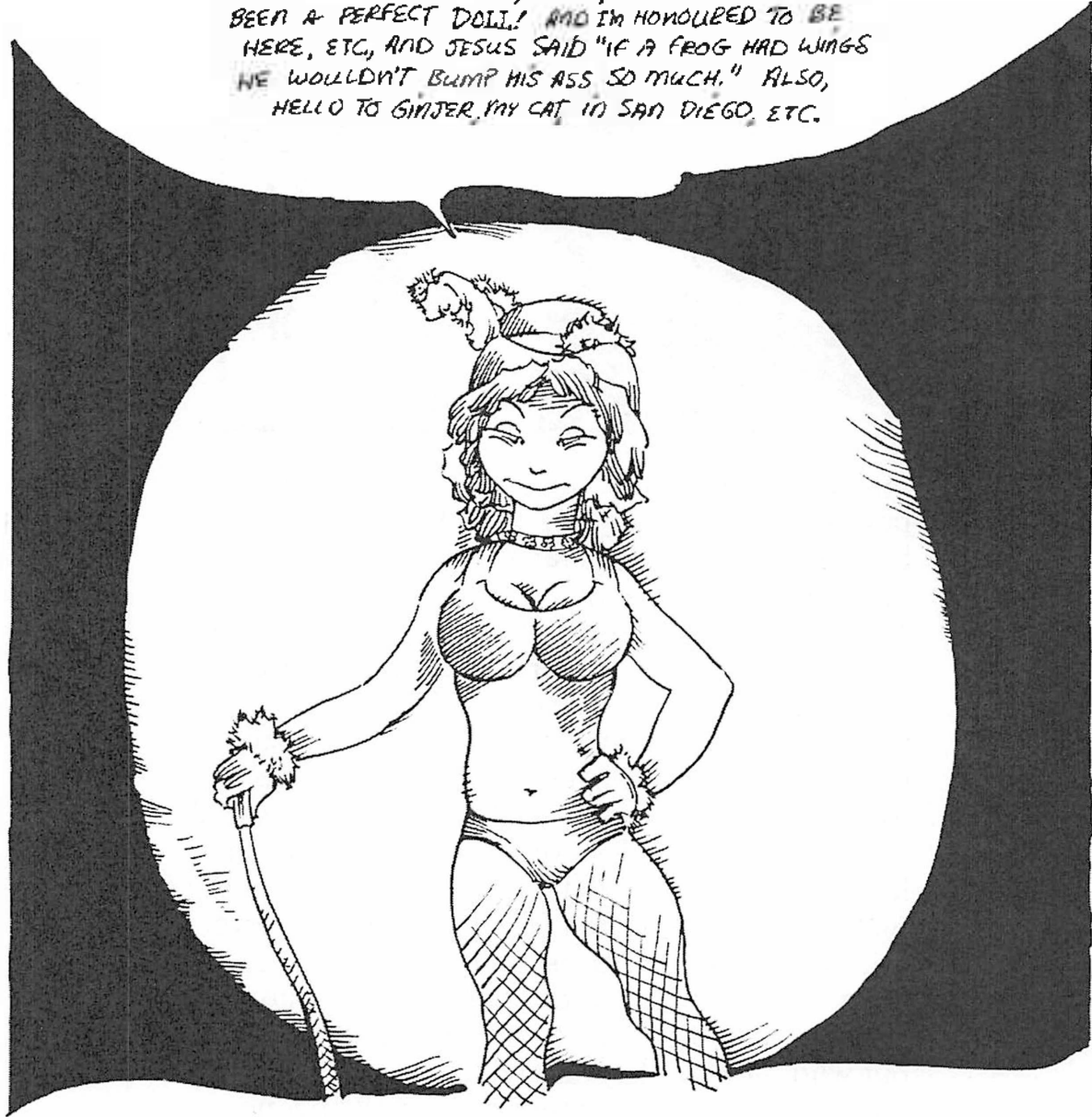
“I should admit to being prejudice in favor of fanthologies in general. I consider the idea to be worthwhile for both fans of the time and those who will encounter fanzine fandom later. A fanthology gives everyone another chance and serves as a showcase for the many gifted writers in fandom. Yet there have been few of them actually published because in addition to being a great idea, fanthologies are also a great deal of work. On top of all the usual drudgery associated with doing a big, thick fanzine, the fanthologist has to go back through the fanzines and select the material to be reprinted. Ah yes, selecting material. The editor can be assured of winning the affection of the fans whose material is included and angering the many fans who didn't make it, but who thought they should have. Producing a fanthology is no easy undertaking and anyone who does it deserves a pat on the beanie.”

— Terry Hughes, *Mota* 24, March 1978

(...AND HERE SHE IS!)
OH THANK YOU THANK YOU! YOU CAN'T KNOW
HOW PROUD I AM TO BE HERE TONIGHT, A
SINGULAR AND INTEGRAL PART OF THE GRAND NEW

MOTEA

I WANT TO GIVE SPECIAL THANKS TO MY PRODUCER,
MR. DOUGLAS LOVENSTEIN, FOR HIS UNFLAGGING FAITH IN
MY TALENTS—IN SHORT, WELL, MR. LOVENSTEIN HAS
BEEN A PERFECT DOLL! AND I'M HONOURED TO BE
HERE, ETC, AND JESUS SAID "IF A FROG HAD WINGS
HE WOULDN'T BUMP HIS ASS SO MUCH." ALSO,
HELLO TO GINGER, MY CAT IN SAN DIEGO, ETC.



MOTA 3 cover art Doug Lovenstein - 1971



SELLING OUT CHEAP IN LOVELY BROOKLYN

By Arnie Katz

When I was still a neo and hardly out of my fannish swaddling clothes, I began attending meetings of the Fanoclasts at Ted White's place. It was a heady experience for a young fan such as I was in 1964. With only a few trips to ESFA and the Lunarians to prepare me, I was thrust into the actifannish atmosphere which surrounded such as Ted, Steve Stiles, rich brown, Dave Van Arnam, and Mike McInerney.

I can still remember being a sensitive, impressionable fan meeting giants like Lee Hoffman and Terry Car for the first time and being able to converse like ordinary human beings with the sublime intellects who created *Quandry* and *Innuendo*. Had I known that Terry would go on to reprint *all of fandom*, I might have collapsed on the spot at meeting him. In those days, however, he still walked around and talked as other men.

The prevailing attitude toward fandom in the Fanoclasts impressed me more than anything. The Fanoclasts of the day were true hobbyists and felt that fandom was for having fun, not for earning a living.

Imagine my surprise, then, when Steve Stiles started dilating on the subject of all the money he was going to wring from fandom at a recent Insurgents meeting.

The subject of Al Shuster's *Star Trek* convention had come up and some of us were disparaging the notion. Leaving aside the merits or demerits of the show, it does seem strange to be conducting a convention in its name at this late date. Of course, *Star Trek* fans don't appear to know when to stop. I recently received an offer to join a club the purpose of which was to mount another "Save *Star Trek*" drive. I had the urge to write back to the Trekkie concerned and tell him that I wasn't interested because all my time was still occupied trying to save *The Twilight Zone*, but my basic humanity stopped me.

In any case, we were all amused to varying degrees at the idea of a *Star Trek* con.

"I'm doing some posters for sale at the con," Steve confessed. "There's this one of Hugo Gernsback strangling Mr. Spock that I think will really sell," he said. "The *Star Trek* fans will buy it because they'll buy anything with Spock on it, and the SF fans will buy it because they'll love seeing

him strangled.” We all laughed and Steve took this as his cue to sell us copies for what he termed a “low, low advance price – special to you.”

“I’m doing another one, too,” Steve advised. We all turned out our pockets to show that he had already soaked up all the loose cash in the room. “I don’t know what it’ll be, though,” he added, as a signal that we didn’t have to pay up immediately.

“Since all the Trekkies want to make it with Spock, why don’t you do one of him with a girl in the picture?” someone suggested. A lively discussion then sprang up in the corner of the room on the subject of how a girl might best be worked into a Spock poster. I was in another conversation by the time they arrived at the consensus, but I think they eventually chose a poster showing Spock screwing an anonymous girl doggie fashion. The idea was to hide the girl’s face and let little Trekkie girls imaginations do the rest.

All the time the debate about how best to separate teeny boppers from their money was raging, Jay Kinney sat quietly observing them. Since he has given up meat, he has attained a new calmness. Or so he says. We claim he’s now too weak to move.

Finally he spoke. “Selling out, eh?” he said.

“Yes, exactly,” I said to him from across the room. “And so cheap, too.”

At first I was very depressed about the idea of Steve abandoning his gentleman amateur status for a few measly dollars. It seemed to me that if someone is going to do something for profit in fandom, it should at least be something he’d be willing to do for free, anyway.

But then it came to me that I was being too hardnosed and old fashioned about it all. Why, after all, shouldn’t fans make a buck off their fellow hobbyists? In fact, why shouldn’t I?

So I’m going to make you all an offer. One you absolutely can’t afford to pass up. Years from now you will say my name with reverence, just because of the magnificent opportunity I am about to bestow upon you. I am going to sell you a memento rich with meaning. No, more than a memento – a monument to greatness, radiant with the glory that is Science Fiction.

If you count yourself a science fiction fan, you’ll need to own the *John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray*.

We all loved and cherished the late, great John W. Campbell, now here is your chance to prove that undying devotion. Now you can get a genuine replica of the ashtray into which he stubbed his Final Cigarette.

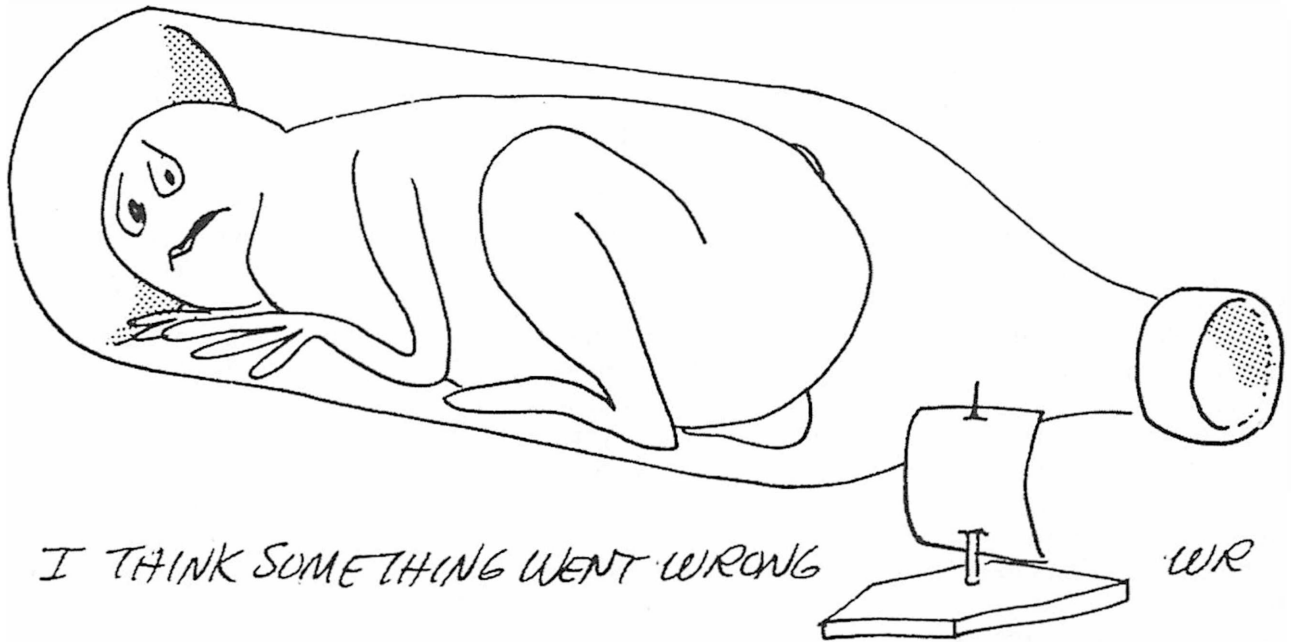
Your *John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray* is not just a replica, though if it were it would still be the sort of souvenir that would become a prized family heirloom in the years to come, but the *John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray* is even more. It has a lovely picture of John in the center, with a simulated reproduction of his inimitable signature across its bottom.

Best of all, the *John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray* glows in the dark, a true comfort to the weary stfan in the night.

Hurry! Only a limited number of *John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtrays* will be available and you don’t want to miss out on this once in a lifetime chance! Send \$3.99 in cash, check, or money order to Honest Arnie Katz and your *John W. Campbell Memorial Ashtray* will be winging its way to you by speedy Parcel Post. Act now! Act without thinking.! □ [Mota 2, October 1971]

“Received Mota last week, and my fist thought was, “Yeaah Ghods, another of the Katz litter.” And I hated myself at once. Making puns on peoples names is despicable as it is fun... But, with a name like mine, I feel a brotherhood for any one with a name that gets fun poked at. But I can’t help it. I find “Katz” irresistible... And, as I told Joyce, I find thinking of her as ‘Mrs. Katz’ so funny I brake out laughing, all by myself. I think at times I’m cranking up... I like the Katz’s...and there isn’t anything funny about a person’s name. But...”

— An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Rick Sneary, published in Mota 3, November 1971



DRINKING CHRISTMAS DINNER ALL ALONE

By Jim Turner

I am a man of principle. I drink to get drunk. I am an alkie. Others try to disguise it. They drink socially, have eight with dinner or take something against the chill, just to steady themselves. Bullshit. I got so steady the other night that I fell off the couch.

Norman Mailer once said that a man must drink and drink and drink until he discovers the truth. I couldn't agree more. You'll find out why it is the duty of thinking men to drink.

Think of it now. Cold foamy beer, glistening with sweat; rich smoky scotch; fine fiery bourbon and sharp, tangy gin; the delicate bouquet of mellow old wines — and all the other colorful, eloquent phrases men have used over the years as an excuse for getting drunk.

But you don't need any of that. There's nothing wrong with having fun.

In the name of fun, I have: woke up innumerable times with blood clotted in my hair, patches of skin where people have played tic-tac-toe on my nude body with bootblack, shirt pockets full of vomited up potato chips and toasted onion dip, and rolled down a forty foot crevasse into a field of wet, red clay (being sure to keep the end of the rum bottle in your mouth, so that not a precious drop would be lost to my liver).

One time when I was drunk I kangaroo-hopped around the columns of the University of Missouri's administration building and pissed on its Quonset Hut whilst drunken strangers danced around me singing "hey-nony-nony." On another occasion I did my imitation of a boa constrictor which must be seen to be believed (ask about it at the next Midwestcon). I don't think I've ever worn a lampshade, but I went to a MoSFA Halloween party once with a bandanna on my head and said I was Ernest Hemingway incognito. At Midwestcon 1970 I was led away singing my favorite songs of the U.S. Cavalry in a Scottish burr. I've got to admit it, I'm into booze.

Why not? Other people are Jesus freaks. Everybody needs his own salvation. I think a lot of

God jocks wouldn't mind — if they'd admit it — being able to run out to Katz's and pick up a six-pack of holiness or a fifth of the Blood of the Lamb. Even J.C. himself made wine. And I'm certainly not required to pray five times a day to Jack Daniels. If they'd offered a spongeful of wine to Christ on the cross, instead of vinegar, I bet he'd have taken it.

And it's so much better than drugs. Pop tops are so much easier to find on the floor than seeds. You don't have to worry about your works getting dirty and I've gotten many a good, sweet piss off of beer, an after-effect I've never heard credited to cannabis. You owe it to your kidneys to have a beer.

I wouldn't lie to you. Would a man who can drink a gallon of Italian Swiss Colony Pink Chablis one night and get up at 5:30 the next morning to fix a traditional Thanksgiving dinner feel the need to prevaricate? It's better in so many ways. Wine brings the will and takes the way [sic], sparing you no end of paternity suits. With all that alcohol, you'll never have to buy Listerine again.

Here's a simple test. Take an Old Fashioned glass, half fill it with ice and pour over it one jigger of tequila and one jigger of gin. Salt to taste and chug it. If your face turns beet red, or you choke and start to cry, tremble, cough, pound the wall, stomp the floor, grab a convenient stone pillar for support, as your sinuses open wider than ever before — and you can say with perfect honesty, "God, that was good" — you're half way there. Have four more and you will have arrived.

If you pass, get drunk for seven nights in a row. If you don't really feel with it after that, drink for another seven nights straight. After that you'll have to keep on the sauce because even Superman wouldn't have the guts to go on the wagon after a binge like that. In this way you will have acquired a pleasant addiction that you can take with you throughout your life and will serve you well in any number of every day situations.

After a few disgusting renditions of tried-and-true alkie social rituals, you will find yourself no longer invited to boring neighborhood functions. You will no longer have to feel like a sexist pig for exploiting your wife because she will have divorced you. Your children will no longer be a burden on your finances because the Court will have passed them on either to foster homes or antique shops — depending on whether or not a drunken rage inspired you to shrink their heads and have the bodies bronzed with clocks inserted into their navels. No one will expect you to participate in a car pool because you may tend to get messy after a hairpin curve.

Remember a few items of decorum, though. Try to control you bowels, especially in public places. Don't attack motorcycle gangs, and make sure you have your feet when you start home. Or your shoes, anyway.

If you think that last piece of advice is silly, listen: The last time I had a Quivering Death party at my apartment, I found a pair of shoes the next morning. It had been 10 degrees the night before, with six inches of snow on the ground, and somebody walked home in his stocking feet. He never once came back for his shoes, either. Some blamed it on the punch itself, but I don't credit that. (It's not bad: take three six packs of beer or malt liquor, add three fifths of sweet red wine, three fifths of whiskey, a quart of grain alcohol, cough syrup to taste, seven big cans of Hawaiian Punch, two sixes of 7-Up, three packs of Jell-o dissolved in water and mix them all in a waste can or clothes hamper or coffin, or something. Chill and carbonate it with dry ice. Delicious.)

I would also advise the new alkie not to attack police cars. Or police dogs.

Meanwhile, back at Norman Mailer, I remember one night a couple of years ago — as I was just finishing a moderate of Mogen David — when I came upon the Ultimate Truth.

It was the real thing. Here, suddenly revealed to me was that Final Concept, the Ultimate, the Inevitable Cause — a concept which not only explained the universe, but made it logical. I ran screaming to the phone to call Old Norm long distance to let him know about it. My mind reeled with joy as my body simply reeled.

And then I realized that I had forgotten it. It was completely gone. My mind was empty.

I still haven't been able to remember it, either.

But I'm still drinking for it. □ [Mofa 3, November 1971]

DRINKER'S DELIGHT

More Tasty Recipes

by Jim Turner

Ming the Merciless' Own Summer Cooler

3 gallons of lemonade, ice cold
2 quarts of white rum
1 pint of grain alcohol
3 pounds of salted peanuts

Combine liquid ingredients over ice and stir thoroughly.

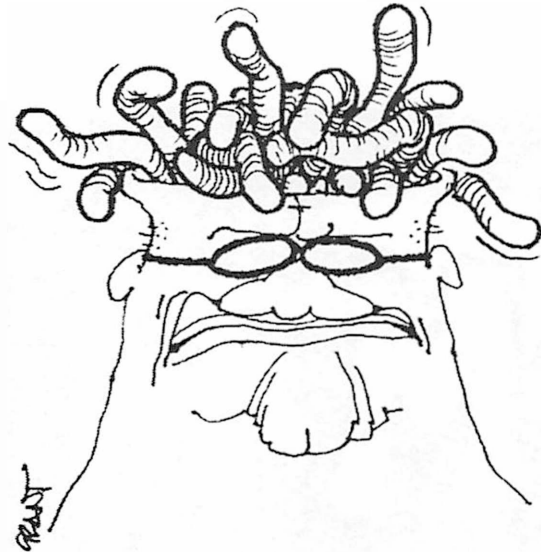
Eat peanuts before drinking. Serves six.

Orange Overkill

Frozen orange juice
Orange soda
Maraschino cherries
Bourbon or blended whiskey

Make orange juice with orange soda, instead of water. For each gallon of orange juice thus created, add one fifth or a quart of whiskey, according to taste. Add the cherries and drop a small scoop of sherbet into each drink, atop the ice. For an added taste treat, put in a six-pack of beer for every two gallons of juice. *Deelish!*

(Helpful Hints: When using packaged mixes, try adding two and a half times the liquor called for. Keep a card with your name and address where you can easily find it. A gentleman always holds a lady's hair out of the toilet bowl when she's is throwing up. When unsure of where to pass out, it is quite proper to ask the advice of your host. *Mugs Up!*) □ [Mota 4, February 1972]

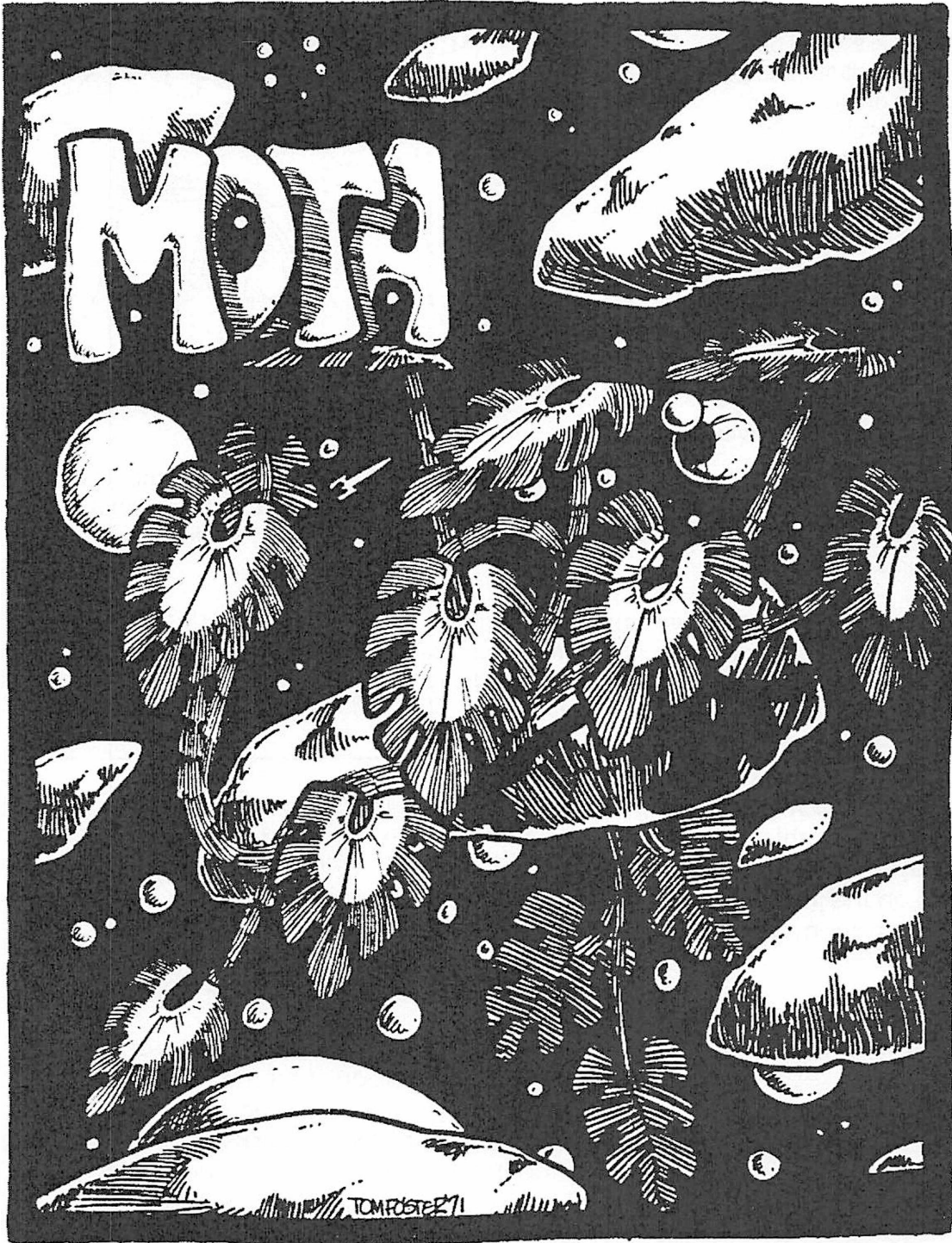


"Surely one of the most glittering ornaments (or should I say well-lit?) is Jim Turner's article on the delights of being an alcoholic — puts me in mind of at least a dozen fanzine paens of praise regarding becoming a head. Wish the author had included a section on the joys of driving while drunk, which is not the least of the pleasures your true lush seems to treasure. A fine account, however: I'll drink to that."

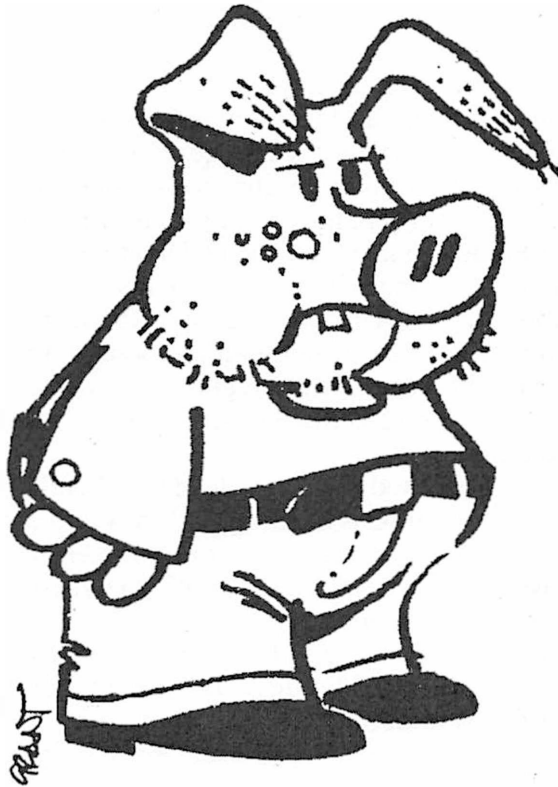
— An excerpt from a letter of comment written by Robert Bloch, published in *Mota* 4, November 1971

"Lesleigh and I weren't at the Quivering Death party, but it must have been something because I kept hearing blood curdling stories about it for months afterwards. Now, Quivering Death is, as you may have already guessed, one of Jim Turner's evil alcoholic drinks. I think Terry published the recipe in *Mota* — it has lots of various glop in it. And apparently it works. Among the things that can be recorded in the public print about the party are that Jim shot his musket at Roger Vanous, and that someone lost a shoe and either didn't notice it or was too ashamed to own up to it, and that someone threw up in Jim's bathtub. Jim always suspected it was Roger, but Roger swears to this day that it wasn't him."

— An excerpt from "Columbia Fandom, A Concise History" written by Hank Luttrell, published in *The Last Shot*, Summer 1972



MOTA 4 cover art by Tom Foster, 1972



FREDDY THE PIG

By Creath Thorne

I was amazed while reading the latest issue of John Berry and Ted White's *Egoboo* (#13 — typed a year ago, but not published until this fall) to find that Calvin Demmon has written a novel about talking pigs called, appropriately enough, *Pig*. Demmon is a fantastic writer, but that wasn't the reason for my amazement. You see, I'd just finished a story about talking pigs, too. It was written for a class in creative writing that I'm taking this fall and was, if nothing else, at least different from all the imitation Hemingway and imitation Faulkner stories that everyone else in the class seems to be writing.

My story was based on characters that Walter Rollin Brooks used in his long series of children's books: Freddy the Pig, Jinx the Cat, Mrs. Wiggins the Cow, Peter the Bear, Charles the Rooster, Henrietta his wife, and dozens of others. Freddy and his friends did their own newspaper, took long trips to the North Pole and to Florida, went on a rocket ship to Mars, and on and on. By far the most interesting animal was Freddy. He plays a minor role in the earlier books, but he gradually comes to completely dominate the series. He has literary interests that none of the other animals have; he writes poetry; and by a number of ingenious disguises he can pass himself off as a human being and infiltrate the peopled world.

There is a special brotherhood of people who read Freddy the Pig books when they were children. Lesleigh Luttrell did, and no doubt someday she'll write a long article for *Starling* about them, remembering all the details I've forgotten. Fred Patten read them in fifth and sixth grade (if I remember his story correctly) and one day made the fatal mistake of talking about them to his classmates. For the rest of the year they called him Freddy the Pig, and the memory of that rankled so much that when Jack Harness jokingly called him that, he offered to punch Jack in the nose — the first time in years that anyone had gotten a rise out of Fred. Greg Benford must have read them, too; when the comics insanity in Los Angeles was at its height and people were going around dressed up like their favorite comic character, Benford suggested that some entrepreneur buy up an old farm outside of L.A. and fix it up like the Bean Home Farm (where Freddy and his friends lived) and let fans go out there and play being their favorite character from the books.

Len Bailes and John Boardman read them, too; and in 1965 were suggesting forming a club called The Bean Farm Irregulars. Len suggested that potential members would have to pass a test in order to join the club, and gave a sample question: Identify the Horrible Ten. I enthusiastically wrote to him:

"The Horrible Ten were very clear in my mind. They were, of course, the society of rabbits who dressed up at night and attempted to scare people and animals (I wonder a bit about the obvious similarity between them and the KKK...) Later on the society became quite popular and was increased to the Horrible Twenty. I could think of hundreds of other questions that could go on the test. Easy ones: What two lengthy trips did Freddy take early in his career? What was the name of the newspaper Freddy edited? What book inspired Freddy to take up private detective work? Harder ones: Sketch a map of the Bean Farm. Where did Simon the Dictator have his headquarters? Name the three ducks prominent in the stories? Who was extremely taciturn and loved to invent things? Who owned a circus? What butler appears throughout the books? I could go on for pages. Does this qualify me for membership in The Bean Farm Irregulars?" I wrote a little more to Len and ended up saying, "I'd rather not go back and reread the books now, though — I'm afraid that I'd lose that sense of wonder I have for them now."

Having gained some courage in the last six years, I checked out a couple of the Freddy books from the Columbia Public Library the other day. They aren't quite as exciting as they were back when I was ten years old, but they weren't as bad as I thought they might be. (I remember that back then when I was reading a good book, occasionally I would have to put it down and go outside and run around the house a few times to work off my nervous excitement.)

The books are peppered with samples of Freddy's poetry. When I first read the books I was a confirmed poetry hater, and skipped the poems, much as I admired Freddy. This time around I read them and discovered I hadn't missed much. Here's a sample:

A lesson which we all must learn
Is this, without complaint
To be ourselves, and not to yearn
To be that which we ain't.

If cats had wings, and cows had claws
And pigs had shaggy pelts
You'd never know your friends, because
They'd look like someone else.

Then be content with what you've got
And do not weep and wail,
For the leopard cannot change his spots
Nor the pig his curly tail.

As we all know, this is the golden age of literary criticism, and it's really no wonder that Freddy, competent as he is, turns out to be a critic. He says that there was one thing specially fine about this poem: "The idea and the verse had come out even." For Freddy, writing poetry is like eating bread and jam and trying to make them come out even. Sometimes "about through the third verse, there would be part of the idea left over. But maybe there wouldn't be enough idea left for a whole verse. You can't cut a verse in two, as you can a slice of bread," so Freddy "would spread the idea over it very thin. It was very easy to write verses, but not so easy to get good ideas. That is the trouble with a good many poets. They make very nice verses, but you can hardly taste the jam in them at all."

My favorite Freddy book was *Freddy and Simon the Dictator*. This book is still ahead of its time. After women and children have been liberated, the animal world will still be left, and that's what the book is all about. Simon, a rat, tries to take over upper New York state, and very nearly succeeds. He's a demagogue and a tyrant in the classic manner, inspiring well-meaning animals to carry out his perfidious program. Freddy, of course, comes down hard on the side of law, order, and the human world, and after two hundred tense pages manages to put down the revolution. He does

it in a damn didactic manner, and that's my main complaint with the books, as I reread them now. I suppose it's too much to expect Freddy to start growing long hair (after all, if "pigs had shaggy pelts...they'd look like someone else.") and listening to rock music, but why does Freddy have to explain while he's doing the Right Thing just *why* he's doing the right thing? But I suppose a plea for subtlety is a bit misplaced here.

When I was doing graduate work in English literature I once toyed with the idea of writing a PhD dissertation on Freddy the Pig. It would have been called, "The Heavenly Kingdom of Walter R. Brooks," and in it I would have made a case for Freddy being an archetypal Adam figure who gradually assumes Christ-like proportions throughout the series. Since the books always end happily, they're obviously continuations of rebirth and resurrection myths. I could have written the dissertation into an article for *PMLA* and made my scholarly career. But instead, I turned to another part of the world (for at least a while) and ended up feeding sheep.

Even when I was younger, the difference between the Freddy books and the real world bothered me. I lived on a farm, and I knew that those hogs out in the piglot rooting and squealing all day long didn't have much to do with Freddy, who spent his time writing poetry and having adventures. Still, I was able to ignore this and enjoy the books. The discontinuity bothers me more now, and that is what my story that I mentioned earlier was all about. Maybe my problem is that I've forgotten how to read fantasy. Whatever the answer, the heavenly kingdom of the Bean Home Farm is even further away for me today. I can't imagine the man lying down with the lion and the lamb. It's too bad, because literature is finally a vision, and for me the vision of Freddy the Pig has faded away to the point where I can only faintly limn the outlines of what was once something that meant a great deal to me. Walter Brooks spoke to me once, but I've forgotten how to reply. □
[Mota 3, November 1971]

"I used to read *Freddy the Pig* with great enjoyment. I wrote Brooks a fan letter and he sent me a copy of Freddy's newspaper, *The Bean Home Journal*. I've just finished rooting around for it in all the boxes of memorabilia in my basement; no luck, so I can't quote all the great stuff about life on Bean Farm, like the rooster getting laryngitis and other great stuff like that."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Steve Stiles, published in *Mota* 4, February 1972

"I was really pleased to find Creath Thorne remembering Freddy the Pig, a nostalgia-laden pal of mine from the goodolddays and one whom I've never lost touch with. In fact, while I was at school a couple of years ago and doing papers at the N.Y. Public Library, I used to take regular Freddy the Pig breaks, wandering down to the children's room (now sadly moved to newer and shinier and obviously not-as-cool surroundings) and pulling out any one of a huge selection. I'd say, and this is not without prejudice, that they are probably among the most successful of children's series, with a continually good storyline and well developed characters, and they're just loony enough to keep their charm throughout the years."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Lenny Kaye, published in *Mota* 5, May 1972

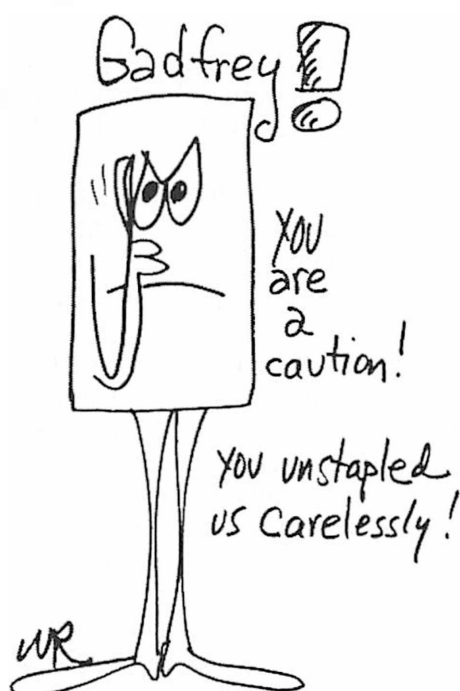
"Thanks for *Mota* 4; it's a pleasant fanzine, just right for reading over my morning coffee, which is when I read most fanzines. The one I read before this was *Riverside Quarterly*, which had some good stuff in it, but made me feel like my breakfast was cold mutton soup. *Mota* is milder, much milder."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Terry Carr, published in *Mota* 5, May 1972

MOTA



MOTA 5 cover art by Steve Stiles - 1972



THE SODA SIPHON STORY

By John D. Berry

"I met John D. Berry a couple of times over here in England and he struck me as being a nice bloke. Though I suspect he got an entirely different impression of us (i.e.: Kettle, Pickersgill, me, etc.), especially after a certain incident with a soda siphon at Chancery Lane tube station. Where did you disappear to that night, John?"

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by John Brosnan, and published in *Mota* 4, February 1972.

The Soda Siphon Story was a tail-end incident of the August meeting of London area fans at the Globe. London fans have a remarkably sensible way of getting together: on the first Thursday of every month, they gather in the evenings at the Globe, a pub in central London, where everybody mixes and drinks and talks in whatever manner he pleases. It's been going on for over twenty-five years. I've been to the Globe twice, in two Augusts two years apart. The second time was last summer, while I was a student in France; we were on a ten-day field trip to London, the organized part was finished and I was about to take off for an extra week in Ireland. So the last thing I did in London was to go to the Globe. I hadn't had any chance to contact local fans, even to tell them I was in England, so I had to rely on memory to be sure that it was the proper night for the Globe and to find my way there (with the slight aid of *Nicholson's London Guide* and the telephone book). I found the pub quite well, saw it full of people, and walked in.

I had wondered if the people there would all turn out to be total strangers. After all, I don't know that many English fans personally, even though I attended the Eastercon earlier that year. But the place was swarming with fans wearing familiar faces. I don't know how familiar you are with an English pub, but its equivalent doesn't exist in this country. The pub is generally more plush, more polished and nicely decorated than an American bar; a bar here with so much décor would seem too fancy, pretentious, but in England it just seems comfortable. Most pubs are family owned. I couldn't give you any details about the Globe even if I thought you'd care, because I've never seen it when it wasn't buried under a mass of people. These people, all fans and pros who love socializing, mix and chatter in much the way fans do at a large room party at a convention.

The first person I found whom I really knew, I think, was Gray Boak, who greeted me in

Northumbrian while I answered him in American. There were various Hertfordshire fans there — the crew who, two years before, had led me on a cross-country march through woods and meadows in the dark to reach a local pub — and there were Roy Kettle & Greg Pickersgill, publishers of the incredible piss & vinegar fanzine *Fouler*, and there was John Brosnan. John has always made a good impression on me, both in person and in his writing. I'd never thought of him as being in league with Pickersgill and Kettle, who are strange and exuberant, but not bad sorts, though it's true that they all participated in the Soda Siphon Story.

To my surprise, Pete Weston had come down from Birmingham for the evening. He showed me the photo-page for the next *Speculation* — the first photo-page he'd done himself, all the others being done by German fans — and then he told me how fanzine publishing all seemed very far away, and I wondered if he'd ever publish that next issue. So did he. It was a very pleasant surprise when *Speculation 29* arrived in my mailbox at least a few months ago.

There was a fan there named David Piper, who had been writing letters of comment to fanzines for a long time, but had hardly ever met any fans. He just decided it was high time he went and met some, so he came to the Globe. He'd evidently been writing to *Spec* for years, because when he found out Pete Weston was there he went to meet him immediately and Pete was very pleased to meet his correspondent at long last. Piper is a short, voluble fellow who writes funny letters of comment, but insists that they aren't any good. He and I spent the latter part of the evening sitting at the bar drinking glass after glass of stout and bitter and talking about England and America and fandom.

But English pubs all close at 11:00 — a practice that everybody realizes is ridiculous but nobody does anything about — and soon enough the proprietor was calling, "Time, gentlemen!" So everybody tumbled out, some of us more slowly than others, to make our several ways home. And here's the point I made my mistake. I'd been drinking beer all evening, but it had been some time since my last trip down to the Gents to let it all be recycled and put back into Nature for her future use. The call of "Time!" came suddenly, and I was trying to extract the last drops of conversation from the evening, so I finally walked, not quite steadily, out the door into the street without taking that last trip downstairs.

I had made my way all the way down to Clapham Common, so far south of the Thames that it isn't even on the map in *Nicholson's Guide*. This meant taking two underground lines, with a change at Tottenham Court Road, I believe. It was late. The London underground, unlike the New York subway system, closes down after a certain hour — a highly uncivilized practice that infests entirely too many cities, in this country and abroad. I went to the tube station with Brosnan, Kettle, and Pickersgill, where we paid our fares and went down the stairs to the platform. There we waited. For a long time. The others scoffed at the possibility of my ever making it to Clapham Common before the trains shut down. I started counting the miles I might have to walk. A young group down the platform began singing dirty songs. My bladder kept telling me, in an obnoxious voice, that I had made a mistake. One or more of my companions — Kettle, I think, but I can't be sure — went over to help the other group sing their songs. Perhaps I remember this all wrong. After all, not all of that beer was in my bladder.

The Soda Siphon Story took place somewhere around here. To tell the truth, I'd forgotten all about soda siphons until John Brosnan mentioned it in your fanzine, Terry, and I still don't remember it clearly. Seems that someone was running around squirting people with a soda siphon (or a "seltzer bottle," as I guess it would be called in this country). It wouldn't have been Brosnan. No, I remember him standing there imperturbably, trying to look dignified and succeeding in looking slightly incredulous while the others on the platform ran amok. Perhaps it was Kettle or Pickersgill. Don't ask me these hard questions. I don't think it was me.

In spite of the entertainment, my mind was rapidly losing all room for thoughts other than the urgent messages from below my belt. When at last I could stand it no longer, not even in the face of having to walk to Clapham Common, I turned around and went upstairs to the ticket-taker's book, where he sat alone with a little light bulb burning behind him. In a choking voice I asked, "Is there a W.C....uh...*anywhere* around here?" I had visions of rushing out and pissing in the street. He pointed to a door marked "Employees Only," and I rushed in and relieved myself joyfully.

It took several minutes. Well, maybe that's not possible, but it seemed that long and at any rate it took a long time. As I was standing helplessly in front of the urinal, I heard a rumbling sound from below. A train! A train! Oh, no! Hurry, hurry, hurry. Can't hurry. Oh shit. I'm gonna miss it, aren't I? Yes, you are. Oh shit, oh shit.

When I finally finished my emergency relief mission, I went back down the stairs and found, just as I had feared, that the train was gone and the platform empty. I looked at the clock. That was the last train, I'll bet. Well, maybe there'll be another one? I'll wait anyway. Doesn't really matter, I guess. There won't be any more trains to Clapham when I get to Tottenham Court Road, anyway. I wonder what they'll think happened to me?

As it happens, this story is an old-fashioned one and comes complete with a happy ending: there was another train, and I made it to Tottenham Court Road in time, and I got home to sleep at a perfectly reasonable hour, instead of walking across half of London in the night. The next day I left for Ireland where I spent a week hitchhiking and walking and running out of money, but that was the last I saw of any fans in England, and I never did get a chance to explain my sudden absence from the Chancery Lane underground station just as the train pulled in. So that's where I disappeared to, John Brosnan. ■ [Mota 5, May 1972]

Dear Terry:

There are many ways to heave a brick I always say, and not the least of them is to pound the carpet of many a high corporate waiting room, looking dangerous yet somehow (and this is very important) naive. As Arnie always says, 'Take a foke and pass it on!' And so, without further ado, here's the gist of the matter:

Things have come to pass in recent times where numerous (maybe too numerous to safely suggest names, but they are there nevertheless) personages of doubtful sanity (and dare I say, credibility, therefore) have been making allegations against others who shall remain nameless. While I can't go into details, suffice to say that these events are looked upon with grave disfavor by those who know.

Fandom is many things to many people, not the least of which is a conglomeration of complex jelly-like ripples somehow on the pavement (cosmically speaking) but often somehow floating above it. Sometimes to heights of thousands of feet. Very disturbing, to say the least.

What does one do in this case — a problem often confronted by neos and other forms of wildlife. The solution is so simple that it slips right by the cleverest all too often. Five steps are necessary:

- 1 - Duplication processes are beneficial to advanced communication yet at the same time mixups are also common. Therefore, first of all, *Hang Up Your Coat*.
- 2 - Members of the opposite sex are to be examined with only doctors in attendance. At first this may seem too much to ask, but within a year or two I trust you will see my point.
- 3 - Conventions, as crucial locuses (no pun intended) of magnetic vibrations are to be approached with shading plates intact, and only then may the rascals be routed.
- 4 - All LoCs are to be kept as coherent as deemed presumably contemptuous by all the parties involved. In other words, at no time should blood be spilled unless possibilities of maximum confusion are solid. And, finally:
- 5 - The network of saucers over all public urinals are to be kept in strictest secrecy. All leaks to BNFs and newszines will be met by possible dire measures.

Otherwise, keep up the good work, Terry.

—A letter of comment written by Jay
Kinney, published in Mota 6, August 1972

THE PERILS OF BARLEY WINE: The Story Of A Fan's Downfall

By John Brosnan

“I’m gonna turn myself into a limited company,” announced Big John Hall with a straight face.
“Oh yeah, sure,” we said.

“I’m serious,” he said in pointed tones, putting on that expression he wears when people piss on his stupid ideas. He wears it a lot. No one in the world can come up with more stupid ideas in a given period of time than Big John. For example, his recent ones have included taking over Centrepoint (a London skyscraper) and holding it to ransom, starting a pirate radio station (he fancies himself as a disc jockey), building a submarine, hijacking an airliner and buying himself a revolver (though possibly not in that order). The schemes he’s been involved in in the past have also been rather far-out...as a result he’s a major shareholder in a fast sinking power boat manufacturing company. Hall has also written some of the most incredible science fiction that has never been published. His classic story involved the building of a thirty mile long space ship on the surface of the moon. He was very annoyed when someone pointed out that due to the acute curvature of the moon he would end up with a thirty mile long boomerang. Oh, and I mustn’t forget another company he was involved in...the products of which were Tolkien posters and plastic German helmets.

“You’ve got this idea from John Brunner, haven’t you?” we sneered. “Just because Brunner calls himself Fact & Fiction Ltd., you want to follow suit.”

“So what’s wrong with that?” he demanded, rubbing his sprawling crotch distractedly, which is what he often does when he’s agitated.

“Brunner has a reason for turning himself into a limited company. He’s churning out books by the hundreds.”

“I’ve sold stuff, too,” muttered Big John.

“Six articles to hot rod magazines doesn’t exactly place you p there with Brunner,” we pointed out.

“I suppose not,” he grunted...but you could tell that the idea hadn’t completely vacated his beady little mind. Any night now we’re going to get a frantic telephone call from his landlady which will probably go something like this...

“Come over right away!” she’ll screech with panic. “Hall’s gone and turned himself into a limited company.”



"Hmm, he has been threatening to for some time...I'd leave him be if I was you. I doubt if he'll cause any trouble."

"But he can't be a limited company in his room. It's too small for one thing, and he's ruining the carpets. What's more, he's getting bigger."

"Bigger?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Hmm, Hall has always been ambitious. This could be serious."

"I know! You've got to do something before it's too late."

"Now just keep calm while I think about it...hmm, why don't you threaten to liquidate his assets? That should frighten him."

"Good idea, I'll try...arghhh!"

"What happened?"

"He just paid out another dividend! I'm covered in Chocolate Garibaldi's. He's been doing that every half hour."

"Is that all he pays out? Just Chocolate Garibaldi's?"

"No. He also gives out Gollum posters and plastic German helmets."

"Then you've nothing left to worry about. Hall obviously has no business sense. Before very long he'll bankrupt himself...what's the matter now?" There's a scream and the phone goes dead. "We'd better get around to Cranley Gardens right away," I tell Pickersgill. "I think Hall has gone a stage further in his development."

"No need," says Pickersgill, jerking his thumb towards the window. "You can see it from here."

I look out and see a thirty mile space ship jutting up into the clouds. "That's incredible!" I gasp.

"Yeah," says Pickersgill. "A thirty mile space ship made of plastic is pretty incredible."

It was Monday night when this cretinous conversation took place and I was sitting on Hall's bed with Pickersgill waiting for Hall to finish ironing his pretties, which include a pair of see-thru lurex briefs, a silk shirt (black) with a red swastika on each breast and a pair of rubber underpants. Pickersgill and I had just been telling him of the results of the previous Saturday night. That had been the night the three of us had been to see *Dirty Harry* then gone to London's most bizarre and tasteless pub, The Goat and Boots.

By the time we'd returned to our place, Flat 101 Elsham Road, we were all in a rather pissed state. Pickersgill was so pissed he actually dished out part of his sacred rum supply to Hall and me. That and the Barley Wine I'd been drinking earlier (Barley Wine is dangerous! Definitely one of the most toxic beverages known to mankind.) combined to send me out of my skull. Before I knew it I was dancing around the room like a maniac while Pickersgill's shoddy record player pounded out a great deal of sound. Next think I'd climbed out the window and was dancing onto the roof. I stayed out there for some time, alarming a couple of people on the street below, dancing around like a crazy while Hall and Pickersgill were attempting to shove a broom handle up through the ceiling. Eventually I danced my way back inside and then the violence really began. I can't recall offhand who it was who actually started ramming tent poles through the walls and door, but it wasn't long before all three of us were going berserk. And when we started kicking the wall in...

Soon after this Hall had a brief moment of sanity and realized that it was high time he got out of there. He disappeared very quickly, leaving Pickersgill and me to carry on tearing the place apart without him. He told us later that he was laughing so much at the sounds of destruction still going on behind him that he fell down the stairs. By then I was tearing off the backing material from the door and Pickersgill and I were shattering it with blows from the tent poles. Not long after this Pickersgill collapsed behind our one and only armchair and I was left on my own. Some time later there came a knock at the door. I pulled it open and found myself face to face with the Australian cretin from next door. To my great amazement he was holding one of our tent poles.

"Are you alright?" he asked, peering past me to Pickersgill's legs protruding awkwardly from behind the armchair.

"Of course," I said. "Where you get that?" I pointed at the tent pole in his hand.

"It came through the wall," he said. "Look, if you don't turn it down I'm calling the police."

"Gimme it," I demanded, reaching for the tent pole. He hid it behind his back.

"No," he said. "Just turn it down or I get the cops," and he retreated back into his room.

Now that really annoyed me as many has been the time that cretin and his drongo mates have kept us awake until all sorts of ridiculous times in the morning. True, he never inflicted tent poles on us, but I was in no mood to take this into consideration. I walked over to where Pickersgill lay, bent down and grabbed him by the shoulder. "Greg, the bloke next door is threatening to call the police," I told him.

He stirred, then muttered, "Kill the fucker." I let him slump back into his previous position. I could tell he wasn't going to be much help.

Quickly I made a decision and strode out of the room. I banged on the cretin's door. He opened it warily, the tent pole still in his hand. I had the weird idea that he was going to use it as evidence or something. "Look," I said. "You've disturbed us lots of times before and we've never called the police. Now give me that thing. I need it." Once again he hid it behind his back. "Gimme it," I snarled. He handed it over.

"Come and look at what you've done to our wall," he said and opened the door wide. I went in, noticing a plain, rather ugly girl sitting on one of the beds. Her eyes were wide with fear. I sneered, I think, and swaggered over to the wall. "Look," he cried and pointed at a tiny tear in the wall paper.

"My God, that's terrible," I said with mock horror and walked out.

"I'm going to call the police if you don't shut that record player off," he called after me. "If they see the state that door is in they'll lock you up."

"Rubbish," I said and went back into our room. As an act of defiance it was a whole ten minutes before I switched the player off. Then I went to bed.

It was hell the next morning.

The room looked as if someone had gone crazy with a machine gun. There were holes in the door, the walls, the ceiling...and fragments of plasterboard lay everywhere. Pickersgill lay in bed laughing hysterically while I tried to pretend I was somewhere else. "Christ, would you look at that door?" gasped Pickersgill. "Fucking hell, look at the size of those holes! My God, I've wrecked places before, but I've never had to be around to face them the next morning." He kept this up for hours. Finally, I crawled out of bed, with great difficulty (I wasn't feeling too well) and attempted to clear the place up. To cover the worst of the damage in the door I nailed some cupboard doors to the outside of it. While I was doing this, Pickersgill retreated under his blanket...laughing like a maniac.

Despite a couple of visits from the rent collector since then (we arranged to be out) we've had no official reaction from the building owners about the damage. Of course we've covered up a lot of the holes in the wall with Gollum posters and such, but it does look rather obvious. Curse that Barley Wine!! Now we're anxiously looking for somewhere else to move into. Anything will do, we're not that fussy...anymore. □ [Mota 5, May 1972]

"John Brosnan's piece was, uh, interesting. Are those people for real? I mean, you don't get christened with a name like Pickersgill, do you?"

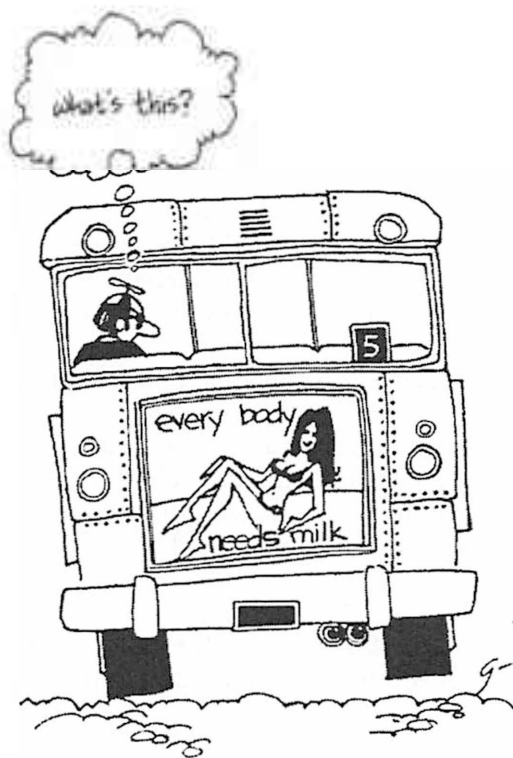
—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Jim Meadows III, published in Mota 6, August 1972

"Jim Meadows would no doubt be astounded, but one of my favorite patients has been strolling around for seventy odd years under the blissful handle Percy Dickensheef."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Loren MacGregor, published in Mota 7, July 1974

"The Steve Stiles cover is beautiful. Besides, it has symbolism and violence and a combination of vision and realism, so what more could be asked?"

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Harry Warner, Jr., published in Mota 6, August 1972



THE WHITE DOT HABIT

By Grant Canfield

I'm supposed to be a fan artist, but I haven't been drawing much recently. And what I have drawn is a poor performance in comparison with my earlier output. But please bear with me. I've had a tough time of it these days. I've been on the hard stuff. I am a domino junkie.

Gregg Calkins, publisher of *Oops!* and *The Rambling Fap*, first gave me the Domino Notion. He had invited Calvin Demmon to lunch one day, and Calvin in turn had invited me to come along. We went on the appointed day and enjoyed a wonderfully fannish lunch. Calkins entertained us with Burbee stories, with a few Laney and Elmer Perdue stories, as lagniappe. As the hour drew to a close, and we got up to return to our various downtown offices, Calkins remarked, "Well, this has been fun, even if I did have to pass up a good noontime game for it."

"Game?" I repeated innocently.

I could swear I saw a devilish glint in his eye, but it may have been a cataract (he's pretty old). "Yeah. We play dominoes during our lunch hour at work. As a matter of fact, I've won twenty or thirty dollars in the past year playing dominoes at a penny a point."

I've long been a devoted member of Money Fandom, so this last remark firmly cemented the Domino Notion to the inside of my skull, where it festered and grew for the rest of the day. "Dominoes," I kept muttering, and, "Twenty or thirty dollars a year. Wow!"

Now I live in San Francisco and I love it. It's as close to the perfect spatial coordinates as I'm ever likely to get. In fact, I consider myself one of the Chosen because I live here. The rest of the Chosen live here, too; that's what makes us the Chosen. I will go to any lengths to be a true San Franciscan. I ride the cable cars, but I *don't go all the way to the end of the line*, and I use a transfer. I chuckle to myself when the tourists point to Angel Island and say, "Oh, look, there's Alcatraz!" When they refer to "the curvy street," I know they mean Lombard Street. My grand-mother-in-law is amazed at my ability to get around in the City. "It's nothing," I tell her. "I live here."

Although dice is reported to be slightly more popular in certain circles, dominoes is very much a San Francisco game. It was popularized here in the Twenties, and the City has been headquarters for Dominoes Fandom ever since.

"Gregg Calkins plays dominoes," I said to myself, "so it's obviously a *fannish* game. And from what he says, it can also be a *profitable* game. But most important, it's a San Francisco game." If I were to be a true San Franciscan, I must learn to play dominoes. But it wasn't a pressing matter, just something to think of for the future.

Fate stepped in. Because I work near the easternmost terminal for the Market Street bus line, I am invariably the first passenger to board the #5 bus each evening and one evening I boarded as usual and headed for my usual seat, halfway back in the coach, by the window. And there, on *my seat*, as if *waiting* for me, was a box of Milton Bradley dominoes. I felt a momentary chill as I picked up the box. It seemed to pulse in my hands. "Give me a home," it seemed to be saying.

Poor little homeless box of dominoes, cast off by some unfeeling blackguard, abandoned on a bus seat of all places. I vowed to give these dominoes a home and turned my thoughts to things like Fate and Karma and I-wonder-what-my-horoscope-said-today.

I took the dominoes home and showed them to my wife Cathy. She gave them a saucer of milk and put them to bed.

The next night was Rent Night. Our landlords live in the flat directly above us, so it has become a monthly "tradition" to go up for a couple of drinks when we take them the check. Neither Cathy or I drink much, so Rent Night is also stinky-poo drunk night. When we stumble back downstairs, we were both shitty-faced, falling-down drunk. I automatically reached for my pencil and sketchpad, but soon discovered I was unable to draw.

"Whaddaya say we play some dominominominoes?" Cathy giggled.

"Suuuuuure," I said expansively, trying to focus one or both of my eyes on the general area of the room in which she was located. We got out the box of Milton Bradley dominoes and dumped them on the floor.

"Well, how do you play?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "Don't you know?"

"No, I don't know," I said. "Don't you know?"

"No, I don't know. I thought you knew."

"No, I don't know. I think we're each supposed to get a bunch of dominominoes."

"That sounds right. How many?"

"Oh, I don't know. How about...nine?"

"Right!" She began counting them out. "One...two...three...four...five...uh..."

"Five."

"Thank you. Five...six...seven...eight...nine!"

"Now what?" I said.

"I don't know. I think you're supposed to match them or something." Doggedly we began matching fives against sixes and twos against threes. "I think we're too skunky drunk for this," Cathy said, giggling. "All those little white dots go swimmy in front of my eyeball."

"Well, then," I said, "why don't we test the Domino Theory?"

We stacked the dominoes up on end in a long line. I tipped over the first domino, the others tumbled in succession.

"It works," Cathy cried. "The Domino Theory really works! There goes Vietnam! There goes Cambodia! There goes Laos! There goes Guam! There goes Port-au-Prince!"

"Port-au-Prince?"

"There goes the Philippines! Now they're steaming into San Diego harbor, guns at the ready! This means *War!*!"

We called several people that night to see if anyone knew the "real" rules for playing dominoes, but no luck. The next day I bought a book on the subject. (*Popular Domino Games* by Dominic C. Armanino, David McKay Co., Inc., New York, 1961.) From that point it was all downhill.

I began racing home in the evenings to play games of "Five-Up" with Cathy. This was said to be one of the more popular dominoes games. But we soon learned that "Five-Up," though a highly satisfactory contest for three players or two sets of partners, is not so much fun for two players as a game called "Seven-Toed-Pete," a scoring game with repeater plays. "Seven-Toed-Pete" became our regular evening fare.

Soon even evening games weren't filling our domino hunger. Our dreams at night were of black rectangles with white dots. We could think of nothing but matching, blocking, and scoring.

My speech became liberally sprinkled with terms like: "Four-six, that's two"; "Who's on set?"; "Fives are open"; "Go to the boneyard"; "Cutthroat"; "First double is spinner"; and "You bitch! You blocked my sixes!"

My production of fan art dwindled to zero. My regular job, as an architectural draftsman, suffered as well. If I were working on a drawing that required me to call out with a note something like, "plastic laminate on 3/4 inch plywood," instead I'd print, "plastic laminate on 3/4:4/2 (one-point score) plywood." It drove the contractors crazy.

When the #42 (Noriega) bus pulled into the terminal, followed by the #21 (Hayes) bus, I'd yell, "Match and score!"

I began hanging out around the Game Tables in Golden Gate Park, watching the old Italian men playing dominoes. They were really good. But the best of them wasn't Italian at all, but a filthy old Mex named Jesus. Nobody else wanted to play with Jesus, partly because he never bathed, but mostly because he was nearly unbeatable. Jesus took me under his dirty wing, at a penny a point. I lost \$187.43 to him in two days, but I learned enough of his tricks and strategies (such as some delightful finesse plays for three-handed "Igorrote") that I determined I was ready to go "on the circuit." I informed Jesus of my intentions. In an uncharacteristically sentimental speech, he warned me what I was getting myself into, and advised me to go home, back down, give it all up — now, before it was too late.

"No, Jesus," I said with a determined smile. "My life now is in the boneyard."

Jesus smiled and slapped my cheek affectionately. "Crazy gingo," he mumbled, and staggered away. I never saw him again, although I later heard rumors that he had gone down in a particularly nasty game of "Sebastopol" in a spade bar in Oakland.

By this time, my wife was pleading with me, as Jesus had, to forsake my white-dot obsession. Vowing to take the cure, she went down the Peninsula to spend a week's vacation with her parents, playing Whist and Go Fish. She begged me to go along, but I couldn't be bothered. I scarcely notice her tearful departure, so selfishly withdrawn had I become.

During her absence, I phoned in sick to work every day. I knew I was in danger of losing my job, but I didn't care. I was picking up enough loose change hustling for a penny a point in the Park to keep me going, and in the evening I'd make the rounds of the domino bars. I never had more than one drink, which I nursed along all evening. I'd sit at a corner table and take on all comers at whatever stakes they cared to name — penny a point, dollar a point, it was all the same to me. The only important thing in my life was to keep those magic white dots on black rectangles stretching out in the crisp geometric patterns in front of me. The only things of value were the Match and the Score. Nothing could match the ecstasy of playing the zero-zero double after the five-five double on a fifteen-point set in a repeater play game, and watching my opponent writhe at a penny a point.

It was inevitable that I would go too far. One evening I made it down to Perry's on Union Street, with my best set of bones under my arm. Perry's is one of San Francisco's most popular "body shops," or singles bars. Here singles come to get doubled, "chicks" come to pick up "dudes," "studs" come to "meet some meat," it's where "the action is," where it's all "happening," and it's where the name of the game is "scoring" — sexually, I mean, not with a good six-six-and-three on the open ends.

I took my single Sloe Gin Fizz and went to sit at the corner table. I spread the bones out in front of me and played a couple of quick hands of Domino Solitaire while I waited for the first sucker.

She stood beside my table for along moment before I realized she was there. I looked up from the rocks.

Her hair was shiny copper, her nose was straight and perfect, her lips full and sensuous, her breasts ripe and soft, with nipples like bing cherries threatening to poke through her white cashmere sweater. She wore a white microskirt and high white leather boots. A gold chain hung at her hips. Her nostrils were slightly flared as she suggestively licked her lips with an apparently very talented tongue. She was woman. She was Lust Incarnate. She was the Playmate of the Month.

She was the Stone Fox. She was a Tasty Unit. She was Earth Mother. She was Every Man's Wet Dream Fantasy, and every man in the bar moved out of her path in awe, realizing they didn't stand a chance with this man-eater. And she had singled me out. I felt the envious stares of the other men burning my collar.

I looked deep into her bright brown eyes as I said, "Do you play?"



Dominoes?
You've got to
be kidding!

She smiled, a sleek leopard who had just finished eating a juicy antelope. "I've been known to," she replied in a voice like fur draped on cold steel.

"Sit down," I said, reaching to shuffle the rocks.

"I've got a better idea," she said, stroking my neck. "Why don't we go up to my place to...play?"

"It was all the same to me. We left the bar and climbed into her white Porsche Targa and headed for her apartment in the Marina. She drove like a man.

Her apartment was all reds and oranges, and lighted like a whorehouse. "I'll slip into something more...comfortable," she purred. I shrugged. She went into the bedroom. I set up the bones on the bartop. She came out, dressed in a very comfortable white ribbon around her neck.

My eyes took in her lush naked beauty, but my brain refused to register it. "Are you ready to play," I asked.

"Honey, I'm *always* ready to play," she answered.

"What'll it be then? 'Big Six?' 'Seven-Toed Pete?' 'Decimal?' 'Sebastopol?' 'Five-Up?'"

"I bet I can get your five up," she said, reaching for my fly.

I slapped her hand away. "Hey, what is this shit? Are you going to play dominoes or not? Penny a point."

"Dominoes? Well, maybe

later." She was tugging at my shirt tail, trying to free it from my waistband.

Finally my white-dot-drugged brain became aware of what was going down. I jumped up, knocking her to the floor. Her pink flesh jiggled deliciously. "What the hell do you take me for, anyway?" I shouted. I scooped up the dominoes and bolted for the door. I never glanced back. I was halfway back to Perry's, pissed, before I realized what I had just done. Or rather, what I *could* have done, but *hadn't* done.

"My God!" I croaked. I went limp like a wet Kleenex. My self-disgust triggered a wave of nausea, and I vomited in the gutter. At that moment, I knew that I was indeed a pitiful case. I was...a domino junkie.

I rushed home in a cold sweat. My hands shook as I dialed the Los Gatos number and got Cathy's father out of bed. He put her on the phone. "Dig out a sketchbook and a pencil for me, honey," I bawled. "I'm taking the cure." I grabbed a stack of long neglected fanzines and headed for the door. I don't even remember the train ride down the Peninsula.

I didn't play a single game for a week, though I kept the box of rocks in plain sight on the coffee table. I knew I had to learn to overcome temptation. It worked. With the help and the love of a Good Woman, I could handle my affliction. I went back to work and begged my boss for forgiveness. He understood. The previous year he had overcome a similar addiction to dice and was quite sympathetic.

And that's the way it is now. Fanzines, drawings, watching the tube, going to the movies, drinking a little wine, reading paperback mysteries — these are among the many diversions I employ to keep my mind off the bones. I occasionally backslide a little and play a single game of "Seven-Toed Pete" (still a family favorite) with Cathy in the evening, but now, at least, I can control it. Knock on wood.

I am a domino junkie and I know it. If any fan comes to visit me, or if I meet you at a convention, don't tempt me with a Game, for I will succumb. If you do make the challenge, know then that I'll be ready. "Honey, I'm *always* ready." I carry my bones (or rocks, or dominoes) with me at all times. I don't *need* to play any more, but when I *do* play, be warned that I'll be ruthless.

Penny a point? ■ [Mota 6, August 1972]

"Just a note to let you know that I enjoyed Grant Canfield's story about dominoes. I am happy to say that I am not quite as addicted to the game as he is, [though] with two more game dates left to go this year, I am just over \$30+ in winnings. I can't believe it, myself. I'd like to play Grant some time, but I wonder if I've created a monster there?"

I mean...what if he beats me? Come to think of it, though, I owe him a good licking for that 'he's pretty old' crack. Just because Calvin Demmon and I have a itsy bitsy bit of white showing at the temples doesn't mean we are necessarily the same age. Not at all. Anyhow, I was shocked myself to find that Calvin was so elderly."

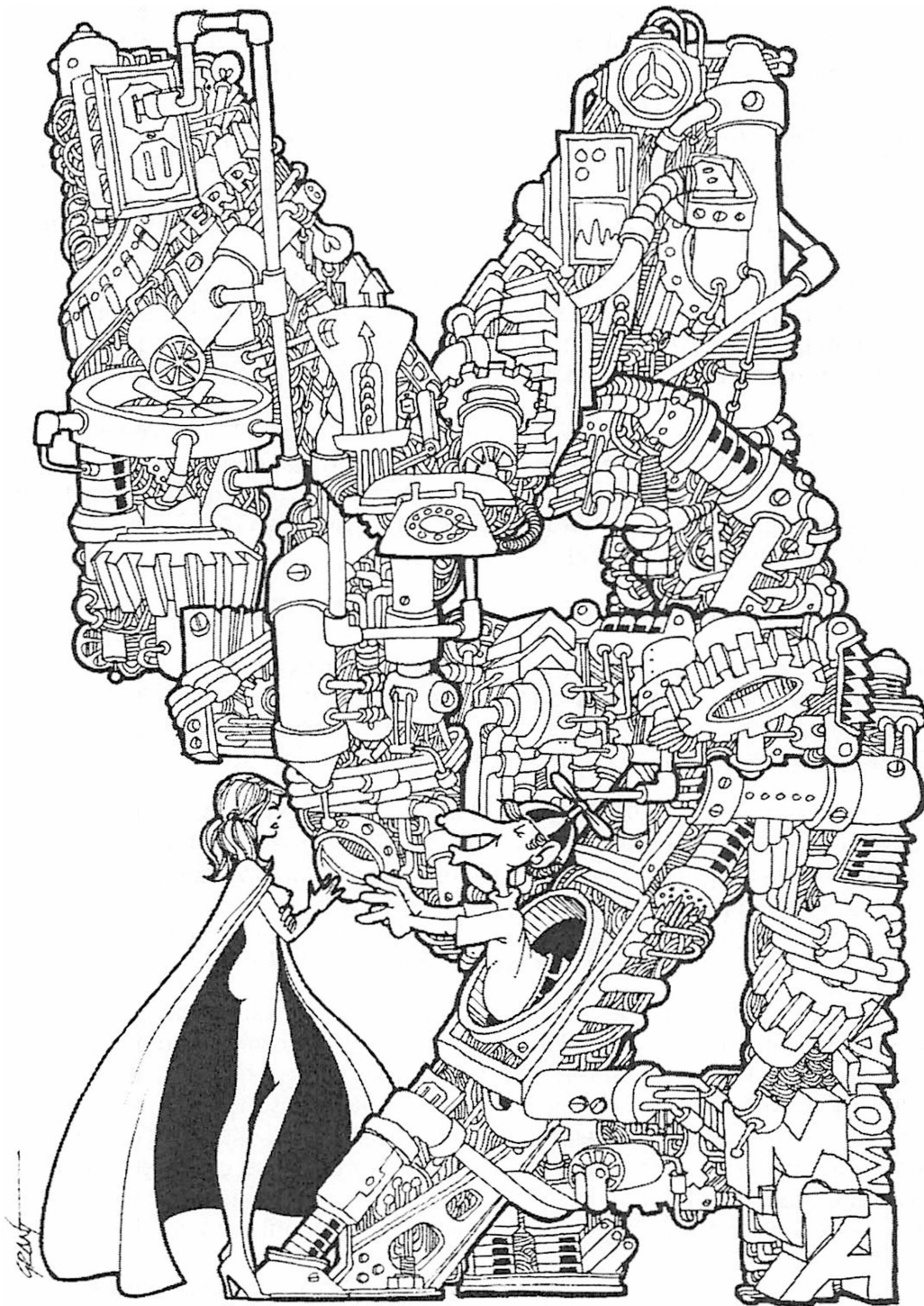
—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Gregg Calkins, published in Mota 7, July 1974

"Grant Canfield's article is marvelous. So fine, in fact, that I am restraining myself from erupting with an endless set of personal reminiscences about the dominoes in my own past, on the theory that anything else written about dominoes for several years in fanzines would be an anti-climax. Maybe this will be the start of a national rise to favor for dominoes. The nation's press, radio and television finally went all-out with publicity on chess this summer, after many years in which fanzines were virtually the only periodicals that ever mentioned the game. It will be nice if Grant Canfield leads the Earth dominoes team that shatters the suspicions and isolations of the Martians some time during the 1980s."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Harry Warner, Jr., published in Mota 7, July 1974

"Grant Canfield doesn't write funny things, so what is he doing here with a funny article?"

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Aljo Svoboda, published in Mota 7, July 1974



MOTA 7 cover art by Grant Canfield - 1974



I HAD INTERCOURSE WITH A GLASS OF WATER

By Charles Burbee

“They tell me I have gonorrhea,” I said to the 18-year old Chinese beauty behind the desk.
Only because she’d asked me what my trouble was.

This is a true story. I haven’t bothered to change the names, let the innocent suffer along with the rest of us.

This is a story I used to tell on the slightest provocation. It always went well during the drinking parties, especially after the more prudish young ladies present had been oiled up a bit so they wouldn’t flinch too much at the four-letter words.

The other night, though, I tried to tell it and it got no attention at all. I had a brand new audience for it, too, and everybody was on the second or fourth can of Coors beer.

I knew then that the story had no more shock value. Society’s mores had caught up with me. After all, when one can go to theater and see two lovely lesbians making out in full color and stereo sound on a 70-foot screen, or a Georgia cracker about to sodomize a city feller — also in color and stereo sound, how can a mere cocktail-hour story compete?

Our society has outgrown a story about a penis the size of a 12-ounce beer can.

Yes, a cock the size of a beer can. This happened to me.

I woke that Saturday morning in April 1960 and the world looked like a fine place indeed. I wasn’t hung over, I guess I mean. Anyhow, the world looked like a fine place until I got out of bed and felt this monster going swoop-bang, swoop-bang, between my legs as I ambled toward the bathroom, half-asleep. I came awake very swiftly when I took the monster in hand for aiming purposes.

I want to make it clear at this point that ordinarily my penis is not anywhere near the size of a 12-ounce beer can.

Good God, I said. What in hell has happened here?

Now for sure I am going to the doctor, I said.

I’d intended to go this Saturday morning anyway, to find out why the cut in my finger hadn’t healed for several weeks. Saturday was a good day for it because I wouldn’t lose any time off work. An unhealing finger didn’t call for lost work time.

It seems I’d cut four fingers by foolishly picking up a long metal-turning strip, only to have it caught in a whirling chuck and jerked out of my hand, leaving four gashed fingers. I washed them

and bandaged them and when I got home I put on some antibiotic, called Furacin. In a few days three fingers healed nicely, but the fourth one would not heal. It would seem to heal over, but the next day it would be open and raw again. Each time I would carefully wash it and put some more Furacin on it and bandage it up again. Next day, open and raw. I probed it carefully for splinters of metal or whatever, but couldn't locate anything. So a visit to the Ross-Loos Medical Building in downtown Los Angeles was in order. I was a premium-paying member and thus could get the services of a specialist for only \$1.25.

Then, Thursday, I spilled a can of thread-cutting oil on my crotch. All day long my crotch was bathed in pungent, penetrating, thread-cutting lubricant. I hope no comedian is wondering if it gave me a left-handed thread. Friday night as I bathed, I noticed a small stinging crack in the skin of my penis. I put some Furacin on it.

Next a.m. I woke, penis the size of a beer can...swoop-bang, swoop-bang—forgotten was the unhealing finger — I yearned mightily for the instant services of the best specialist in Southern California.

I reasoned it out...the cutting oil had irritated the delicate skin, caused a small break, and the break had gotten infected. A sensible diagnosis.

I got to Ross-Loos, a 14-story building. Ground floor receptionists were two 18-year old girls, pretty.

"I want to see a dermatologist," I said. After all, this building teemed with specialists.

"What is your trouble?" a blue-eyed maiden asked.

I looked into those pretty eyes. For some reason I got reluctant to say, "My penis is swollen to the size of a 12-ounce beer can." (This reluctance from a man who later told this story in loud, clear tones to one and all?)

Instead, I said, "I have a strange skin condition."

The dermatologist was all booked up, she said, unless I had an appointment.

I didn't have an appointment. Well, then, wouldn't a GP do? I said I suppose so. So up a flight or two I went. Again the receptionist was a gorgeous doll. Not 18, but beautiful. When she asked me my trouble, I said, "I have a strange skin condition."

A few minutes later I was asked to enter the offices of a venerable man in a white coat. He asked me to have a seat and tell him my troubles.

No need for sitting down, I said, here was my trouble. I pulled out my beer can.

He leaned over, scanned it. His eyebrows rose. He stepped back, (recoiled?) putting his hands behind him — touch that classic? — and gasped, "You have gonorrhea!"

I think my jaw dropped a little. This was incredible news.

But the man wore a white coat. His words had to be true words. He had an office in a famous medical building.

He sent me up to the top floor to see Dr. Reagan who, I believe, later became the governor of a great western state.

I didn't go in the elevator. That would have been too fast and I wanted time to think this out.

How in the world did I get gonorrhea? I asked myself. The only acceptable way is to have intercourse with a woman who has it. I couldn't offhand remember the incubation period of the gonococcus, but I thought it was 15 days — or 9 days. I was a married man; I hadn't had intercourse for 6 or 8 weeks. Ah, then, relief...I didn't have gonorrhea. But the doctor said I did. So I did. But how did I get it? The best way is to have intercourse with an infected woman, but I hadn't had recent copulation with anything in the animal kingdom, so, therefore...relief...I didn't have it. But the only way to get it...? I went through that routine several times. I almost taped onto it forever.

Well, I mused, as I slogged up those stairs and the monster kept going swoop-bang, swoop-bang. I can't tell him I got it off a doorknob or a toilet seat. That is a story Dr. Reagan must hear fifty times a week. The actual incidence of infection from those sources must be like one in two thousand. Yet it must happen sometimes. In my case, right now, for example. Yet no intelligent experienced man such as Dr. Reagan will believe it. I couldn't expect him to. So I will invent a good story for him, I said.

Let's see. A few weeks ago — dammit, what is the incubation period of the gonococcus? I stopped for a drink in the Orbit Room, the cocktail lounge of the Mercury Bowl — by the way, this is a real place; their restaurant is The Space Kitchen. Stfnic, hey? Yes, I stopped in the Orbit Room for a drink and got the redheaded waitress out into the parking lot for a quickie during her break...good story. I'll tell him that one...no, wait a minute. There really is a redheaded cocktail waitress in the Orbit Room — suppose the County Health Department people come around and say to her, Lady, we understand you're giving gonorrhoea to your more loveable customers. That story is no good, it's a damned lie.

New story. How's this? I stopped for a drink in the Orbit Room of the Mercury Bowl and got real friendly with one of the lady bowlers. After a while we went to her apartment. That's better. Her name? Gee, I don't think I ever knew it. Her address? No, I never really noticed. See, this isn't a common occurrence with me; I just figured her for a one-night stand. Yes, that's what I'll tell him.

I got to his office and there was this 18-year old Oriental edible at the reception desk. She asked me my trouble.

"They tell me I have gonorrhoea," I said.

Pretty soon I went into the doctor's office. Tall, good-looking fellow, warm, friendly smile. "Well, having a little peter trouble? Where'd you get it, from a woman? Sit down and tell me about it." This put me so much at ease I forgot my Orbit Room story. (Goodbye, lovely lady bowler; sorry your existence was so brief.)

"About two days ago I spilled a can of cutting oil on my crotch," I began.

His face fell a little. I think he was a little disappointed in me. On the other hand he might have been pleased to hear a brand new variant. Who knows? Perhaps he took this job because he collected seduction stories. I never did ask him.

He examined my beer can.

"My God!" he said, this cock specialist. My spirits sank.

"Got any leaking problems?"

"No."

"You haven't got gonorrhoea," he said, straightening up. My spirits soared.

"At least I don't think you have." My spirits came down a ways.

He ran some tests, got a urine sample, shoved a rubber-gloved finger up my ass — yike! He probed at my prostate; I gasped in pain. He told me that if it'd been infected I'd have screamed in agony.

A little later the lab reports came back. Negative. My spirits shot up once more.

He got on the phone. Spoke to another doctor in the building. "Myron," he said. "I'm sending a man down to you. Would you check him over, please?"

He turned to me. "I'm sending you down to a dermatologist. You've got a strange skin condition."



Down I went. In the elevator, this time.

The dermatologist took me at once. He showed no alarm or amazement at the sight of my beer can. I felt a little let down at that.

He listened silently to my story — the true one about the cutting oil — until I mentioned putting Furacin on the break in the skin.

“That did it,” he said. “I’ll write you some prescriptions.” He wrote them.

“You mean the Furacin caused that swelling?”

“Yes. Had you used it previous to this?”

I told him about the gashed fingers.

He nodded. “You’ve become sensitized to Furacin. I suggest that you take that jar or tube of Furacin and throw it as far as you can, preferably into deep water.

I went downstairs, got the prescription filled, and went home.

One of the bottles contained capsules. I took one according to directions. The bigger bottle contained a liquid that had to be mixed with hot water and used to make a hot compress to be wrapped around my beer can.

The whole danger, the dermatologist had said, was that my urethra might swell shut and I would be unable to pee and I would need emergency catheterization. The capsules and hot compresses were supposed to stop that. Well, I got the solution made up in a fat glass and then I thought how much better it would be to have the liquid itself in direct contact with the troubled area. Better than a wet cloth.

I put the glass on the floor, stretched out full length over it, and mounted the glass — I mean lowered my beer can into its warm wetness.

That’s where the title of this article came from. □ [Mota 7, July 1974]

“I was in the hospital for an operation. I came out of the anesthetic and looked down over my sheet-covered form to try to figure out how much was left [and] the first thing I noticed was this embarrassing lump in the sheet where my legs joined the rest of me. I knew such things occasionally happen for non-sexual reasons, such as when the trap is sprung, but it worried me terribly because I thought maybe the surgeon had gotten some nerves crossed and it might be permanent. I put one hand exploringly under the sheet and just as I had discovered that it was awfully clammy in addition to being big, a nurse came into the room. Before I could ask her to call the doctor, she noticed the hump in the sheet, too. I was still groggy and didn’t react in time to stop her when she reached right under the sheet and grabbed at that spot. “That icebag must have slipped,” she told me. “It won’t do you any good there.”

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Harry Warner, Jr., published in Mota 8, October 1974

“This Furacin is interesting stuff, and Burbee may have stumbled onto something without knowing it. I mean, he may have personally found that a cock the size of a beer can was somewhat distressing, but what of all the other pin dicks in the world who wish they were packing a cannon? Could Furacin do as much for them? It would be a boon to Mankind if someone could come up with something to enlarge dicks. I’m sure that William Rotsler himself would tell you that there is a crying need for giant cocks in his business alone.”

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Gary Hubbard, published in Mota 8, October 1974

“My penis has never been mistaken for a twelve ounce beer can. Or even a ten ounce beer can. It might possibly be confused with one of those bottles of Canadian Club they serve on airplanes nowadays, although the taste would probably give it away.”

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Mike Glicksohn, published in Mota 8, October 1974



THE \$600 FAN

By Terry Hughes

“What this club needs is a BNF,” declared Bill Smight as he bounced up and down in his chair, which caused his beanie propeller to twirl erratically.

“Yes! We could build one at the clubhouse in our spare time,” suggested Leonard Church eagerly as he peered above his head to see if a bright light bulb might possibly blink into existence. Even though a light bulb didn’t, the assembled group decided that it was indeed a Good Idea.

That was how the Peculiar Science Fiction Association, or PeSFA — as it was initially called — decided to inject artificial intelligence into fandom. There are those who claim that it was the logical step to take in today’s machine-oriented society. Others say it was about time some sort of intelligence, artificial or otherwise, was introduced to fandom.

There was not much to do in Peculiar, Missouri, since it was an average midwestern rural community which slumbered listlessly on through rain, snow, and summer heat. While it could hardly be called a village, Peculiar had only 4,387 residents and most of those were either over 50 or under 21. It was one of the many towns whose sole purpose seemingly was to separate the Pacific Ocean from the Atlantic. The slow pace of Peculiar offered few outlets for the energies of its young people, especially for those with Cosmic Minds and Broad Mental Horizons. It was because of Granger’s Drug Store, on the corner of Main and Walnut, that the youths so inclined formed PeSFA. Granger’s, you see, carried *all* the science fiction magazines, as well as a fine selection of sf paperbacks. The energies that were funneled into PeSFA threatened to awaken that ganglion of grain fields, cattle, and people.

Through secret channels, known only too well by those of you reading this, the members of the Peculiar Science Fiction Association entered general science fiction fandom. Fandom! Oh, how they grew to love that word. Through the mails they met others of their own bent and before too long it became obvious to them that fans were, if not a superior species, at least the most intelligent and aware segment of the human race. Fans were the fingertips of the hairy hand of mankind. Furthermore, they could prove it: Just ask any group of superior people (which most likely would be a group of fans) which portion of the human race was the most superior, and being superior beings the fans would know which group was truly superior. The answer would be “fandom.” Q.E.D.

Becoming fans was both a plus and a minus for the PeSFans. Among a group of mundanes, they knew deep in their hearts that they were superior. However, in fandom itself they were neofans, the most inferior of the superior.

They yearned to remedy this situation, but they were realistic enough to see that no single

PeSFAn could become a trufan, a Name. They were all okay in their own areas, but none had the spark that would change them *SHAZAM!*-style into a Big Name Fan. So they decided to pool their resources and build a BNF of their own and ride up the fannish hierarchy on his mechanical coattails.

They began to make plans. They spent their time reading every book they could find about cyborgs, androids, humanoids, robots, and mechanical doppelgangers. Then they filled tablet after tablet with penciled notations. After a full week of this intensive effort, they decided it would cost six hundred dollars to get all the materials needed to build their Artificial Fan, not counting the electricity bill.

Being fans they had many attributes, but wealth was not one of them, so they set about raising the money. Leonard Church tearfully sold his car, *The Spirit of Duplicator*, as the club cause took priority over all. That brought the sum needed down to \$550. Tossing aside the notion of printing the money themselves on the club mimeo as being too risky, the members of the Peculiar Science Fiction Association brought their group mind to bear on the monetary problem...and, since they were fans and therefore intelligent and resourceful, soon found a solution. They borrowed the money from their relatives.

The Electric Fan was put together by means of Future Science and lots of luck. They fed its memory bands with the fannish humor of Burbee, Willis, Shaw, Carr, Demmon, and Shapiro. They fed him all the science fiction they could find, from Theodore Sturgeon to Robert Moore Williams. They gave him perfect motor coordination because, as Leonard Church had once said, "If Ted white can write such interesting material using just one finger to type with, just imagine what fascinating fan pieces could be produced by someone using all ten fingers?" To top things off, a non-removable beanie was built on his head as a metal shield for his miniaturized computer brain. The master switch was thrown and the density of the air in the room decreased as all the fans held their breath..

The \$600 Fan rose from the table and awkwardly made his way over to a typewriter where he proceeded to write a letter of praise to every member of the Science Fiction Writers of America. In unison the PeSFAns shouted, "By Ghu, I think we've got it!"

Not being hampered by the restrictions of humanity, the \$600 Fan could do all the fan activities faster than the average fan. Much faster. Therefore, he was producing a 20-page fanzine filled with wit and humor that left its readers with laughter pains. It came out *daily*, as did his other zine, a 20-page journal containing the most thought-provoking articles ever written about science fiction. Both zines had circulations of over 500 readers. The Artificial Fan became the Actifan Supreme.

For four weeks he kept up this non-stop pace. 28 days spent writing 40 pages per day. At the end of the first week he became a Big Name Fan. At the end of the second week he got into a feud with himself. The typewriter keys blazed as his sercon side ridiculed his fannish side and vice versa. By the end of the third week the feud that had become the most widely recorded in all of fanhistory came to an end — although an occasional snipe could be found on mimeographed pages throughout fandom from time to time. For four weeks he was the focal point of fandom and its guiding light.

As trufans go, he went.

The \$600 Fan gafiated.

The Electric Fan had done everything much faster and more thoroughly than the ordinary fan did — everything from publishing to becoming a Big Name. So they really should have expected him to gafiate more quickly, as well. But they didn't, not until it happened.

Some say "BNFs aren't born, they're made," but Peculiar sleeps on, and the Peculiar Science Fiction Association sleeps with it, remembered by but a few.

There were some things fans were not meant to know. ◻ [Mota 7, July 1974]





THE CRACKED EYE

By Gary Hubbard

Recently, I was required to renew a magazine subscription that had expired. So, I sat down and started to write out on all those little lines one usually finds on a subscription form, my name, address, state and the all important zip code. But on this form the very last line said: Occupation.

I don't like to talk about my work. It's not that I'm ashamed of what I do for a living, or anything like that, you understand. I'm not engaged in any illegal, or even mildly questionable, activities. As a matter of fact, I sometimes wish I were. If I were a dope peddler or a pimp, I might feel more at ease about talking about what I do.

But the plain truth is that all I do for a living is sell paint. It's not a bad job. The hours are a little long, but it keeps me in comic books and pay enough to indulge my fancies, though I had a little trouble getting an apartment because the landlord considered people who work at retail stores as high risks.

I perform a useful service, after all. Everybody needs paint at one time or another. But there is no glamour attached to the paint business. There are no Paint Groupies. ("Hubbard's the name and paint's my game." "Big deal, Mac, it's still going to cost you fifty bucks.") Now on the other hand, all my friends, to hear them talk, are involved in interesting and exciting pursuits.

"Yeah," we're going to restore a castle in France this summer."

"Roddenberry wants me to iron a few bugs out of a script he's having trouble with."

"So I told Henry that the thing he should do about the problems in the Middle East is this..."

So, naturally, when the conversation turns to what I do, I feel a little dumb saying, "I mixed up a gallon of teal blue for the little old lady who lives down the block." That just doesn't make it.

So I always feel a bit daunted when I come across a form that wants you to list your occupation. I feel that if I actually put down my occupation, it would be like admitting that I have made a failure out of my life. So, of course, I *never* list my real occupation on any of those forms. I usually put down something like, "Occupation Unknown," or "Titular Supernumerary Supervisor and Distributor of Home Modernizing Materials for S.S. Kreskie International," or "The Lost Dauphin." On the magazine subscription form mentioned above, I stated that I wrote pornographic novels for a living.

And, actually, I *almost* was a porno writer. Lots of other sf fans and writers write crotch novels on the side — people like, Leo P. Kelley, Dick Geis, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and Andrew Offutt. So I figured, "Why shouldn't I?" Unfortunately, I couldn't take the grind. Whenever I sat down in front of the typer to start work, I would get so turned on that I had to go lock myself in the bathroom.

Now, Sam Weaver would have made a good porn writer. Sam would have been a good *anything* writer if he had ever applied himself. They say that there is a thin line between madness and genius, and I recall that the way that Sam kept weaving back and forth over that line could sometimes be hard on the nerves.

In his more lucid moments, Sam had a natural ability for writing. I have to sweat for my words. I have to sit and stare at blank sheets of paper for hours on end until the words come out, slowly and painfully. Sam, on the other hand, could just sit down and rip off about a thousand words before he really got warmed up; then he'd really go to town. I remember one time we were watching a movie on television about a little girl in a white party dress and, after the movie, Sam spent the rest of the afternoon on a short novel about the little girl we saw on television. The story was pretty rank — not the sort of thing you'd want to discuss in a family fanzine — but it was also very good.

All of Sam's works shared those qualities. They were all well written, but nasty. I remember Sam once wrote a short story about a teenage girl who is so upset by her boyfriend's overtures that she is led to a lesbian encounter. Then Sam turned right around and wrote a short story about a young soldier who is so shocked by the actions of an overly aggressive girl that he runs to the Kindly Old Sarge for advice. That turned out to be a mistake.

One of Sam's stories was a touching piece about a man and a woman — both in their late thirties — who meet at a party. In their younger days they had been lovers, but each had since gone their separate ways. It was a wonderful mood piece about their regrets about things that might have been.

It was also an uncharacteristically gentle piece for Sam to write. Most of his stories were packed with as much violence and perversion as he could get into them. A typical example would go something like this:

The house on the Rue sans Sourire was an old Victorian mansion that had certainly seen better days. It was surrounded by a brick wall upon the top of which were set bits of broken glass. Inside the house, the walls had been painted Polynesian gold, but over the years they had taken on the hue of Siberian dog shit.

Suddenly a scream rang out from somewhere upstairs. Carmody bounded up the stairs two at a time, only to be confronted by a scene of revolting horror. Kreskin's naked body lay in a pool of blood. His sex organ had been cut off and stuffed into his mouth. His head, in turn, had been severed from his body and placed on the mantle above the fireplace. This same mantle had been ripped off the wall and shoved up Kreskin's ass.

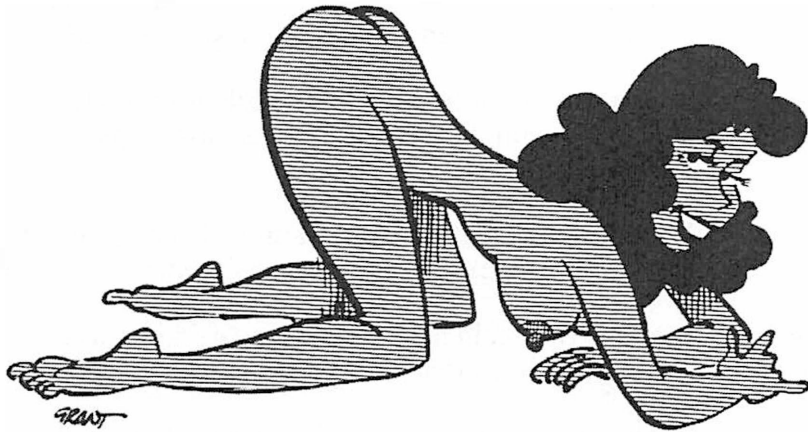
As you might have guessed from the above, Sam was into vulgarity. He knew the derivation of every dirty word and vulgar usage there was. According to Sam, the word "bastard" came from an old French word for barn, and that it actually referred to someone who was "born in a barn." The word "twat" was an old Saxon word that referred to a narrow ditch surrounded by bushes.

Sam's favorite word, though, was "fuck." He claimed that the word had originated from an old term that German armorers had used to describe the rhythmic blows of a hammer on metal. In light of this, Sam claimed that it was unfortunate that in our society "fuck" was such an opprobrious term. Sam would say that when we say to someone, "get fucked," we are really wishing for something awful to happen to them. When we say that something is "fucked up" we mean that it is inferior, shoddy, or messed up beyond repair.

To Sam, this was wrong. To him, telling someone to "get fucked" was to wish them a pleasant experience. It also seemed to Sam that if something was "fucked up" it was better than something that was *not* "fucked up." ("Man, what a great movie. It sure was fucked up." Or "Harlan sure is a great writer. He's really fucked up.") According to Sam, in a truly enlightened society, if you said to someone, "fuck you," it would be a compliment.

Unfortunately, as I've mentioned, Sam was threading that thin line between genius and insanity. And one day he fell over on the wrong side. He somehow became convinced that the Martians had landed and were out to get him. Somehow, he got the idea that I was one of them and used to prove it by stubbing his cigarette out on my nose (since, as he used to say, Martians were impervious to pain).

Eventually, I joined the Army just to get away from him. Just before I left, he turned to me and said, "The walls will eat you some dark night and spit your meatless bones behind a Coke machine." I have never been able to figure out what he meant by that. ■ [Mota 9, January 1975]



THE POLL

By Charles Burbee

“That dress you’re wearing shows your bosom very nicely, but the material is too thick,” I said to the young lady piano player. She was taking her break in the piano bar, and we were talking. I’d known her for several years.

“What do you mean, too thick? I made this dress myself out of free material. It happened to be upholstery material. Free, so you can’t knock the price.”

“I mean, it doesn’t hug the curves of your ass. That fine, brave outline is lost.”

“But who cares about that?”

“I do. And all the assmen of the world.”

“Oh, nonsense. Men don’t care about rear ends. All they care about is bosom, and this dress show plenty of that. I made it to play in piano bars.”

She glanced down at her cleavage. I looked, too.

“I admit your cleavage is nice. I’m not knocking your knockers. I merely think you are underestimating the numerical strength of the assmen. I am sure that at least half the men in the world are assmen.”

“No, they aren’t. All men care about is boobs. Besides, I had to make the lower part loose — this isn’t stretch material — and my job is a sit-down job, you know.”

We went on like that for a while. The lady was positive that men cared only for bosoms. Tits were In and Asses were Out. After all, she said, she’d been playing piano in bars for a dozen years and ought to know what she was talking about.

“I’m a woman and I know what men look at.”

“I’m a man and I know what men look at. But I can’t deny you’ve got a strong case.

However, I think all men are interested in bosoms to some extent, so naturally they are going to look at half-exposed big breasts, such as yours. But you mustn’t assume that is all they are interested in. Haven’t you ever noticed anybody staring at your ass or trying to look up your skirt?”

She said I was out of my mind. “You’re out of your mind,” was the way she put it.

That was when the idea of a poll struck me. “I’ll take a poll, by golly. That’s what I’ll do. I’ll ask everybody I know and a lot of strangers besides, and I’ll prove to you with truthful figures in black and white that half the men in the world are assmen.”

She just smiled. I suppose she thought I was kidding.

I did start the poll. That same night. Soon as her break was over and she went back to the piano, I circulated around the bar asking the men which they preferred, tits or asses?

The lady in question went to jazz clubs, of which there are six or seven in the Los Angeles County and Orange County areas. I circulated around in most of those places, too. There I was, walking around with my two ballpoint pens — in case one failed suddenly the way ballpoint pens do — and my statistics sheets, and questions like, “I’m taking a poll in the interest of sex. Do you prefer

tits or asses?" Or, "For the sake of sex and the promotion and preservation of tits and asses, which is your choice?"

You can readily see that I didn't waste time commenting on the weather or complaining about high prices. I didn't need any credentials, either. The words "sex" and "tits" and "asses" were all the credentials I needed.

Some of them thought I was joking. In a way it was all for fun, but I did really want their answers. Most of them knew the lady involved, at least by sight, because she almost always played a set or two at the clubs.

I collected more than 200 answers.

Some of the answers blew little side winds on my investigation. For example, I very early ran into a solid segment of legmen, a small but strongly convinced cross-section of waistmen, and even on enthusiastic eyebrowman.

At first I didn't record preferences other than my two main ones, so if a man said he was a legman, I would say, "Yes, but eliminating legs because this is a strictly tit and ass poll, do you prefer tits or asses?"

But soon I realized I was doing an injustice to the legmen of the world. After all, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the assman's philosophy, I suppose.

At least I think there are.

So I retraced my steps and included them all, titmen and assmen and waistmen and anklemen and shouldermen and that lone eyebrowman.

Some of the answers were unusable. Entertaining and worth recording, but useless for the sake of the poll. For example, when I approached one man he said, "I'm glad you asked," and pulled out three sets of Polaroid prints. Each showed about eight poses in the same sequence. First, a nice reclining nude, looking at the camera. Then our man kissing her. Then a shot of him sucking a tit. Then a crotch licking shot. And a few wind-up shots of sixty-nine, missionary position sex, and dog-fashion sex. Three women, mind you. I wondered how this meek-looking man had enticed such nice looking maidens to pose for those pictures. "And there's number four," he said, pointing out a tall regal looking lady sitting across the room. "Her husband just went on the night shift."

I was so amazed by this man I forgot the purpose of my poll. I forgot to ask his preference. I finally logged him under "Miscellaneous."

Then there was the drummer who grinned lecherously and said, "I'll eat 'em all."

"Bill, for the sake of my records and to prove a point to Ethel, do you prefer tits or asses or legs, or what?"

He grinned even wider and more lecherously and said, "I'll eat 'em all."

Again I rephrased the question and again I got the grin and throaty voice, this time accompanied by a roll of the eyes, "I'll eat 'em all."

Among the unusable answers were those from the few homosexuals I contacted. "Tits?" one of them said. "Those crazy bumps on the chest? I think they're ugly. It's disgusting the way those smelly women bulge in the chest and hips. The true beauty of shape is in the flat chest and the narrow hips of a man!" He said it so emphatically that I saw his side of it for nearly half a second.

Another thought I was on the make. I suppose. Anyhow, when he found I was taking a legitimate — if not officially sanctioned — poll, he went into a snit. "You bitch," he said. First time I'd ever been called that. I knew at once it was not a moment I'd been waiting for all these years.

That "Miscellaneous" section I mentioned a while back — that was, I thought, a nessecity. That's where the Polaroid man went. And the fellow who collected Kleenexes that women had used to blot off excess lipstick. Was he a lipman or a lipstickman or a lipsticked lipman? Or just a lover of soiled Kleenexes?

Oh, we pollsters have more problems than you might expect.

A show salesman gave me classification trouble, too. He claimed he got his rocks off while fondling women's feet. He also said he could get an orgasm if he could catch a peek of pubic hair when he squinted up a skirt. So how to classify him? Surely, a footman. But a pubichairman? I rather doubted that. I considered that a man couldn't be exactly equally obsessed by two things. I put him down as a footman.

Another was a legman who specialized in ankles. He insisted he was not an ankleman, but a legman who especially like the turn of a slender ankle. I think I put him down as a legman.

All of us do specialize, sooner or later. A person might be considered a coin collector in the broad sense, yet his specialization might be the coins of post-World War I Germany. So then a titman might find his greatest joy in observing a nipple, while a legman, as noted, might find a well-turned ankle the supreme eye treat.



Oh, I know I was arbitrary at times, but I had to stop somewhere. I had to draw the line. After all, if I kept going down to classes and subclasses I might find that a footman was in reality a toeman and if I pursued the subject further, I might learn he was a bigtoeman or, further, a bigtoenailman, or even a redpaintedbigtoenailman. And even that might not be the ultimate.

But you can see that I had to draw the line somewhere, otherwise my serious and constructive and dignified poll might turn into a travesty.

Also under "Miscellaneous" went a 55-year old gentleman who shook his head and said, "I'm long past the age where I care at all."

A shock of dismay went through me here, as dispassionately as I was trying to act. I was trying to keep it all objective and here comes this fellow with his surprising state-ment. For one thing, I thought the idea of sex never died, though the man might be far past the perform-ing stage. For another thing, I was pushing 50 at the time myself. Did sexual oblivion wait for me just around the corner? Would I turn calmly away from stag movies? Would I stop peeking down young ladies' blouses and stop blessing the makers of stretch pants when shapely young women bent over?

"Yes, Gordon," I said — and perhaps my voice shook a little — "but back in the days when you did care, was it tits or asses?"

He shook his head again. "I just don't care any more."

Later I think I met a true pubichairman, besides the shoe clerk footman and his doubtful claim of getting his rocks off while looking up a skirt, I mean a true pubichairman. He showed me part of his collection. On unlined 3x2 white file cards, he had mounted — behind a plastic guard — pubic hairs from the girls he had laid. He'd mounted the hairs vertically — not constricting any natural curl — eight to a card, with neat hand-lettering under each

hair that listed the girl's initials, along with the date the hair was collected.

I asked him if he graded the girls' performances in bed, A, B, C, or what?

He drew himself up and looked down his nose at me. "That's a slob question," he said. I haven't met any other hairmen. I wonder if they're all as touchy?

In the course of the poll, several women, observing me busily circulating and asking questions and being answered by my subjects, asked me what I was doing. I told them I was taking a survey to see whether men preferred bosoms or rear ends. Some of them looked me over as though they thought I was crazy. I got used to it after a while.

They'd ask, "Are you really taking a poll like that?" "Is that all you men talk about...women?" And other questions, some even sillier.

One lady, on stealing a glance at my sheets, said: "You said bosoms and rear ends, but on your sheets it says T's and A's...ooooohh," she laughed.

"When I'm speaking to demure young ladies," I said with great dignity, "I do not say tits and asses."

I finally compiled my figures. I had exactly 200 usable answers. There were 80 assmen and 82 titmen. So I half-way lost out there. The piano-playing young lady was partly right — there were more titmen than assmen. I found that of the 80 assmen, 40 liked apple-shaped asses and 40 liked pear-shaped asses.

That left 38 other specialists. The legmen were by far the strongest; there were 22 of them.

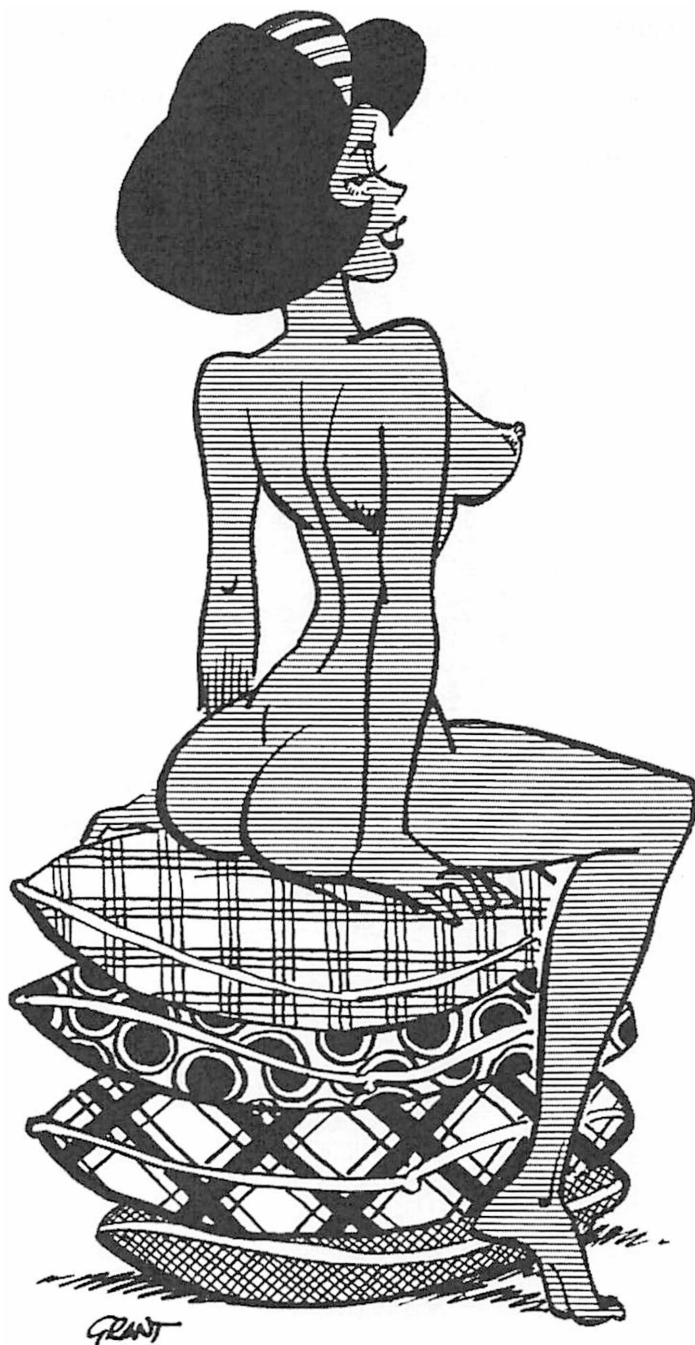
I wondered the other day, though. I took this poll just before the mini-skirt rose to power, and more shapely thighs than ever before in the history of the Western world are parading daily before my eyes.

Might not some of the legmen raise their sights a little? Might not some assmen drop their interest to the thighs? Would bosom men hold firm?

Well, this is idle speculation. The only true way to find out how these men would vote today would be to run the poll over again, contacting each and every man I'd contacted before. But a couple of years have passed. The picture has changed. Some are dead; some have moved. Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Besides, that is another subject; to learn perhaps if a man's taste in women might change. After all, they tell us allergies can change, so why not our preferences in women?

Anyhow, the purpose of my poll was to prove to my piano-playing lady friend that there are



other men besides titmen in the world. When I proudly showed her the results, she didn't seem very impressed, just surprised that I had taken the poll at all. "You really took that poll? I know you said you would, but I thought you were just kidding."

"I do not joke about serious things like tits and asses," I said. I tried to sound a little haughty.

I told her that in effect the poll had had a salutary effect on both of us. I had thought, in my provincial blindness, that assmen far outnumbered all others. And she had learned of the existence — in her world — of a legion of legmen and an army of assmen. Not to mention the loyal minority groups.

"I am surprised," she said as she examined my statistics. She didn't change her dress style, though. I don't blame her; it might have meant a major change. I don't think it mattered a great deal, though. The month or so after the poll I saw her playing in a small combo. The piano was in a pit and the other musicians were ringed on chairs around the piano a couple of feet higher. The banjoman, a fellow about five feet two, had never had such a fine opportunity to look down her front.

Once he actually fell off his chair. Later he claimed he was drunk. "Too much of that damned bar whiskey is what did it." I think his fall was due to an overdose of tit.

So she didn't really need to change her dress style. I couldn't expect her to change overnight. Besides, she felt she had a winner in those low-cut gowns, and circumstances have proved her right. Why change a winner? Why not cause the banjomen to fall off their chairs? Why not, indeed? There are too damned many banjo players in the world as it is.

I remember I'd told her I had knowledge now of more than 200 men's sexual preferences. "I have privileged information here," I said. "Give me a man's name and I can tell you what he likes."

She just smiled at me. "I know what you like, you son of a bitch."

Better, I think, to be called "you son of a bitch" by a pretty lady, than "you bitch" by a pretty man. □ [Mota 10, March 1975]

"I've been reading a book of literary criticism on Hemingway, liberally sprinkled with quotations from his works. Reading 'The Poll,' I'm struck with the things Burbee's style has in common with that of Hemingway. The conversation, for instance, which someone in the book says seems absolutely realistic because it is modeled on the way we think people talk, even though they almost never really talk that way. Someone could do a long, learned essay on the influence of Hemingway on fannish writing. Of course, it must be mostly influence, the result of fans imitating writers who were influenced by the novelist, because fans have shown little or no inclination to read Hemingway, in my experience."

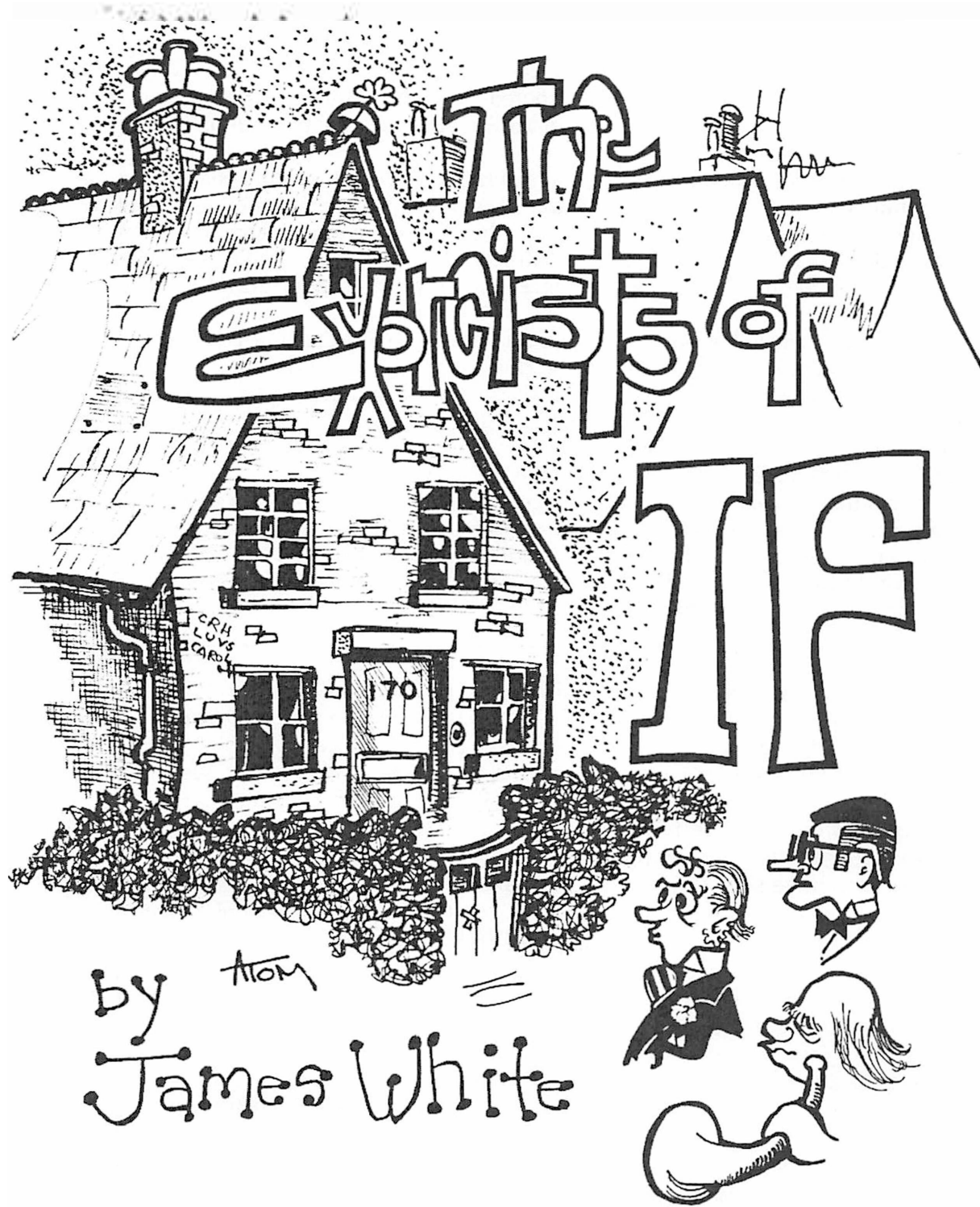
—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Harry Warner, Jr., published in Mota 10, March 1975

"I heartily got off on Burbee's article. My own preference in order of favoritism are 1) eyes 2) hair, 3) ass, 4) breasts, 5) legs, 6) mouth, and, of course, 7) fingerprints. But all this is purely speaking as a detached artist. As a non-chauvinist I am only attracted to women according to their personality and advanced political consciousness. As I always say, 'Marxettes with Hickies and usually hotsky to Trotsky!'"

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Jay Kinney, published in Mota 10, March 1975

"'The Poll' brings to mind one of the latest things in Detroit fandom, the A.Q. or Ass Quotient. [...] It's a scale of one to ten (ten being the highest) for rating guys asses. This has led to the F.Q. or French Quotient, (not to be confused with the Fu.Q.) and various systems of rating. Detroit fandom has gone rather bizarre lately."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment by
Leah Zeldes, published in Mota 11, July 1975



Title page illustration by Arthur Thomson, MOTA 13 - 1975



THE EXORCISTS OF IF

By James White

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Please be serious, gentlemen," the estate agent went on. "People, potential tenants or buyers, even I myself, have heard and seen things, the laughing and shouting noises. But I have never been able to make out what the voices were saying, or shouting. There has always been something strange about that house since you left it, Mr. Willis, and since the Troubles started it has become steadily worse. It's a good, well-built house, but nobody will live in it for more than a week. That is why, I contacted you gentlemen. I am hoping you can do or suggest something that will rid me of these awful ghosts."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

According to the youthful, ghostly James, who even then had been a lapsed member of the British Interplanetary Society, the trouble lay in the fact that his balsa-wood spaceship weighed three-quarters ounce,

which caused the thing to just sit there hissing and straining upwards. The answer which had been worked out was breathtaking in its simplicity. A length of thread had been attached to the vehicle's nose cone, passed over the Willis clothesline and a small bunch of keys — weighing just under three-quarters ounce — was tied to the other end. Phrases like "It's an old trick, but it just might work" and "It beats the Dean Drive" hung in the air.

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

They passed through the oblivious figures and into the kitchen before the phantom spaceship took off and set fire to the spectral clothesline.

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

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

The remembered smell as they entered the kitchen was a culinary effluvia describable only by Ray Bradbury in his homespun period, and the air was made even thicker by conversation like "I hate to see you slaving over hot dishes, Madeleine. Can I give you a hand?" and "Go sit in the lounge, Harris, you're not going to slaver over *my* dish!" and "Farmhouse vegetable soup clogs water-pistols"



GEORGE
ALL THE WAY
CHARTERS

and “It happens to be a *diabetic* apple tart riddled with visually loathsome masses of undissolved Saccharin” and “Sorry, we’re fresh out of eyes of Newt” and “No newts is good newts.”

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

The noisiest spectre of the lot was Chuck, who at that time had recently gone completely deaf and had not yet learned to modulate his voice properly. He kept shouting for everyone to write it down because he couldn’t lip-read Irish accents, then surreptitiously pocketed the scraps of paper for use in his monumental fan work, *Through Darkest Ireland with Knife, Fork and Spoon*. The leanest and hungriest ghost was that of Bob Shaw, who complained of having hollow bones and a fifth-dimensional gut.

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

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

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

“Surrounded by all those sparks and glowing balls,” George replied, “we would probably have been interned for running a bomb factory.”

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

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



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

Ranged around the bare plaster walls were the spectral shapes of bookshelves bulging with promags and fanzines, the duper, the Bannister press which had been moved up when the box-room became a nursery, the big wall mirror with the transverse crack which Bob had painted over with a rocketship trailing a long trail of fire, the Marilyn Monroe calendar, the ATom illos, the St. Fantony statuette, the Berrycade, which was a wooden frame covering the inside of the window to prevent



John Berry from pushing his posterior through it, as had been his wont, during games of Ghoodminton. And across the table and net in the centre of the room raged the game of Ghoodminton itself, a game which was part Badminton, part all-in wrestling and part commando assault course.

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

But it was the other voices which sounded stronger and more insistent. There was the southern brogue of Ian McAuley, who often motorbiked the hundred plus miles from Dublin on Thursday nights to play Ghoodminton and talk before leaving early to get back across the border before the Irish Republic closed for the night. And there were the ghostly faces of Big Name and small name fans from the U.S. and U.K. who had come and been

so affected by the Ghoodminton or Madeleine's cooking or the unique fannish atmosphere of the place that they, too, had left a part of themselves behind to take part in the haunting.

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

Suddenly a savage, crashing detonation rattled the windows and a black misshapen finger of smoke poked slowly into the sunset sky. Very faintly came the crackle of automatic weapons, the snap of a high-velocity rifle and the distant braying of an ambulance. But the voices from the past were there, too, and louder than ever.

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

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

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

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



used to be are reacting to this present ghastly situation all around us by haunting this place.”

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

“No,” said George, “we haven’t changed.”

“That’s right,” said James, “we haven’t.”

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

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

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

The three old-time fans looked at each other, and nodded. James cleared his throat. “We managed to convince them,” he said quietly, “that they weren’t dead yet.” □ [Mota 13, Dec. 1975]



“‘The Exorcists of IF’ allowed me to indulge in venial sin of Nostalgia what with the green paper, ATom illos, and the sacred names of Willis, White, Shaw, et al. (To be truly authentic you should have had to stencil the article on a Vari-Typer with a typeface that got 20 characters to the inch, and left no margins at the edges of the pages and no space around the illos, but there are limits, eh, Terry?) It had been over twenty years since the winter day in 1954 when I walked home from school for lunch and found two copies of *Hyphen* had come in the mail. They were like the first contact with another world. [...] Nostalgia aside, White’s piece is also excellent considered as a subtle commentary on the situation in Ireland these last few years. In that sense it is truly a beautiful if tragic work.”

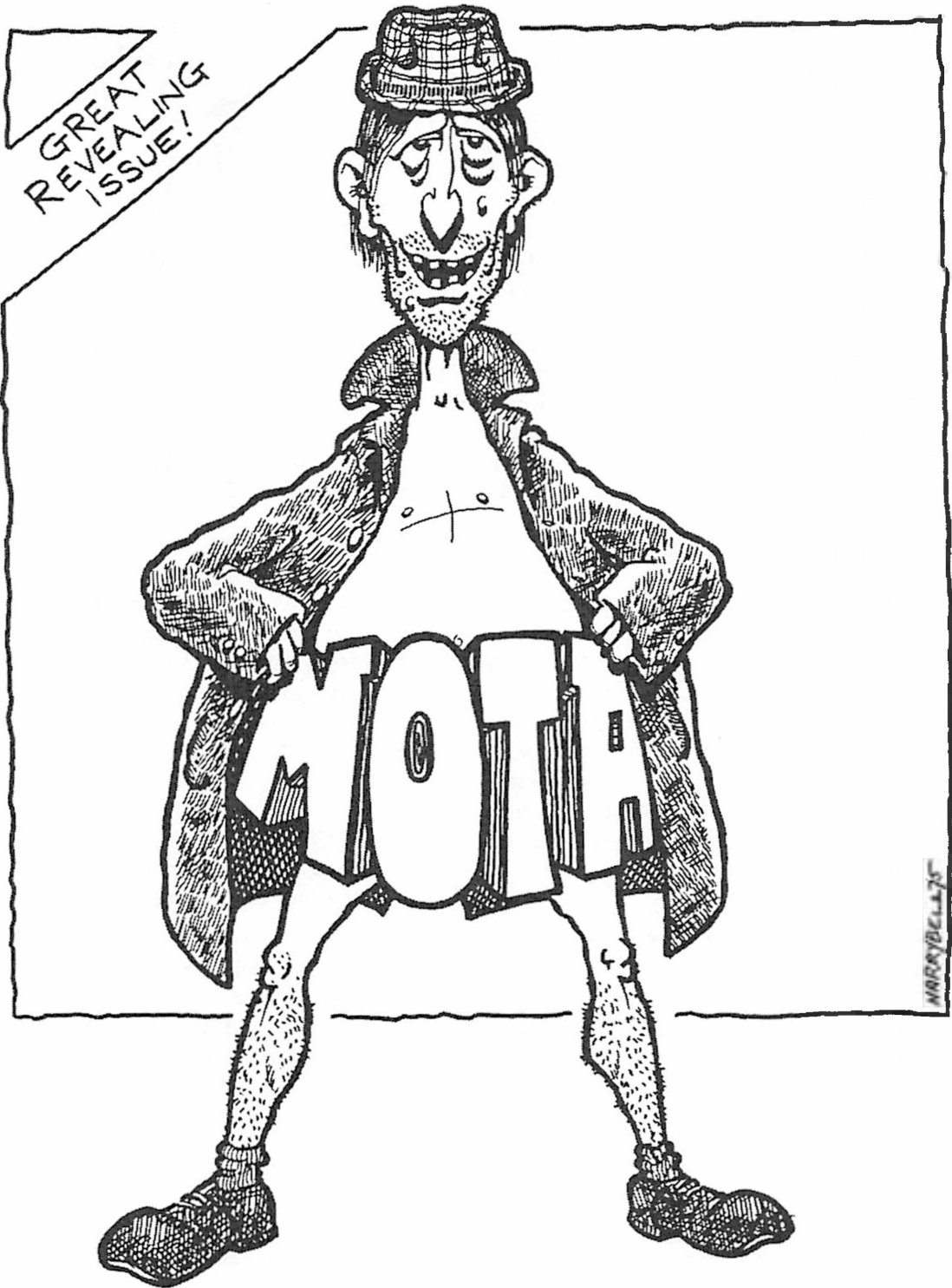
—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by Tom Perry, published in Mota 14, February 1976

“I seem to remember a John Berry story written during the great era of Irish Fandom that was based on the same general idea, the activities of the ghosts of BNFs around Belfast. I was im-pressed at the time by the way John obviously recognized Irish Fandom as something unique and important while he was in the very middle of it at its height. I think I also worried a little about the temptation which he might be posing to fate by writing of the ghosts of very much alive young men and women. Of course, John couldn’t have foreseen the tragic circum-stances which make Jame’s little story so beautifully posed between comedy and pathos.”

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by Harry Warner, Jr., published in Mota 14, February 1976

“‘The Exorcists of IF’ is a gem — the finest thing I have seen from James since he stopped drawing covers for *Slant*. And if the Wheels of IF are going to spend eternity playing ghoodminton and talking quietly in the attic, then that’s perfectly okay by me, and if you’ll stand back a little, it’s my service.”

—An Excerpt from a letter of comment written by Chuck Harris, published in Mota 15, March 1976



MOTA 12 cover art by Harry Bell - 1975



THE TAPE ERA

Part 17 of The Golden Age of British Fandom

By Eric Bentcliffe

"Many years ago a great space-ship manned by Neo-fen and carrying a group of Big Name Fans to a Galactic Convention crashed on an obscure planet. The drive could not be repaired. The sub-space radio was smashed. They were lost. Bravely they struggled with the hostile environment to preserve their fannish way of life. But the odds were too great. After many thousands of years the great fannish culture had disappeared. But no! Not completely. Preserved in the genes and chromosomes the fannish mind lives on, and every now and then comes to the surface in the form of a viable mutation..."* —Walt Willis, "The Alien Arrives"

Communications, of course, is what fandom is all about, and over the years since pre-history and Rotsler's first carefully inscribed rocks, fans have been busy thinking of different ways of doing it. Communicating, that is.

That inventiveness that has always typified the varying fannish modes used does appear to have flagged somewhat in recent years; no one yet, for instance, has managed to subvert a communications satellite into giving forth with a TAFF slogan. However, one of the mediums which proved most suitable to fannish perversion in the '50s was the tape recorder. The early usage of this was simply as a more personal substitute for the fan-letter. I don't know who first introduced the sound-message into fandom, I do know that even before the tape recorder became a commercially viable proposition, the wire recorder was used by a few fen.

The most prolific period of the taper's use was in the 1950s when tape correspondence became almost a fandom unto itself for a while, but mainly it was an adjunct of other fannish activities. I can recall taping with fen such as Dean Grennell, Bill Rotsler, Boyd Raeburn, Harry Warner and Walt Willis. It was pleasant to actually *talk* to fans you were never likely to meet, such as Bill and Dean, and the facilities of the tape recorder allowed you to compensate for Walt's brogue and get *all* his puns in their majesty!

The reason for tape correspondence catching on so swiftly with fans was one that wasn't truly revealed to me until some years later. When I became British TAFF delegate to the Pittcon, in

*So, probably, were most of the BNF's

fact. After the convention in that fair pastoral city, Bob Pavlat was kind enough to drive me around the Midwestern states and one of our hosts was Dean Grennell, and I'd been exchanging tapes for some time with both Bob and Dean. We sat around, talking in Dean's basement den and something seemed *strange* (and I'm not talking about Dean's eye-patch and the black cloak he insisted on wearing for the occasion!). I couldn't quite put my finger on it and it wasn't until much later that it came to me: There was no *time lag*! We'd talked before *on tape*; and we'd asked each other questions, posed one another difficult puns, but we'd gotten used to waiting a couple of months for a reaction. To be suddenly hearing an instantaneous reply was like the Big Scene out of George O. Smith's "Venus Equilateral." This was obviously why sf fans took more readily to tape correspondence than more mundane people — they were conditioned through reading innumerable science fiction stories in which messages took light-years and eons and like that and found this a quite natural media.

Whilst most of this tape correspondence was on a one-to-one basis, there were also the "round-robin" tapes which circulated from time to time. I can recall one in which Bill, Dean and (I think) Doc Barrett were involved in a very erudite and learned discussion on The Cathouses of Their Youth...and their first experience therein. Such tapes, of course, were always labeled as "educational material" on the custom's stickers.

But fans being what they are, the tap recorder's usage wasn't just confined to exchanging valuable information and experiences such as this. And I must admit that it was British Fandom who were to blame for taking the whole thing one step further and producing fannish tape-plays. Tape Operas, or Taperas, as they came to be termed.

The first of these, "The Alien Arrives," was scripted by Walt Willis and recorded by the Liverpool Group for the 1954 Manchester Convention. I'm unsure that the media-mesmerizing fans of today would sit still whilst a box of electrical gizmos held the stage, but we did for it was a new innovation. Naturally, it was a humorous play. Walt had written a fine script and LiG had done an excellent job of recording it — the theme being the imminent arrival of members of the Galactic Fan Federation at that convention. I recall that it contained one of my favorite Willis-isms: "*several mysterious craft, which experts identified as unidentified flying objects...*"

But worse was yet to come.

*"BLOG's the stuff for work — BLOG's the stuff for play,
BLOG's the stuff, when you feel rough, to drive your blues away,
You should take your BLOG several times a day,
Just get wise...stop your sighs...get your BLOG today."*

Yes, the Liverpool Group, recovering all too quickly from the laryngitis incurred in the recording of "The Alien Arrives," let loose on fandom at the following year's Kettering Convention, "The March of Slime." Which, apart from being a hilarious 45-minute tape-play, went down in fannish history because of its introduction of BLOG into the fannish vernacular. The script (by Norman Shorrock, John Owen, Stanley Nuttall, Don McKay and other Liverpool luminaries) was styled as an American-type radio coverage of a mythical convention. Complete with singing commercials for BLOG, as above.

*"Folks, have you heard that BLOG gives you that deep sleep that
psychologists say is so necessary — cleans gramophone records — is so kind
to your silks and woolens — weans babies safely — kills rats, mice and
badgers — is the swift antidote for leprosy, croup, and beri-beri — and on
top of this is guaranteed to contain no pterodactyls, diplodoci or other
noxious ingredients..."*

It was a highly inventive and well-recorded play, and helped to make that first Kettering Convention the fine fannish affair that it was. I still have it on tape and it gets played occasionally when fannish visitors, serious researchers into fan-archeology all, call in at Holmes Chapel. I also published the script in *Triode* at the time, and perhaps if Mike Gorra or some other interested party can be prevailed upon it may get reprinted one day. It still reads well.

And BLOG? Whilst the Tape Opera was playing in the convention hall, the George Hotel barman happened to overhear some of the commercials and by the time a thirsty horde of fans

poured out of the con hall, a sign over the bar announced "BLOG SOLD HERE." He didn't have the true secret of the ingredients, of course, (closely guarded by generations of Shorrocks) but it was a nice touch...and later, when local customers arrived and requested a glass of this new potion, it was interesting to hear him wriggle out of serving them.

British Fandom, of course, wanted more...of both BLOG and of Liverpool Group Taperas. Unable to resist the blandishments of the '56 convention committee, the lure of the floodlights, the "glitter of the stage," the entire Liverpool Group locked themselves into soundstage 3 (the Shorrocks garage) and, making sortie only for vital supplies (Bollinger '43, Neirsteiner '39), stayed there for the next nine months producing "Last and First Fen." Their champagne magnum opus.

"This influx of barbarian blood together with the fannish outlook brought about the inception of the typical riotous, fannish party as we know it today. Attila recognized this as a far superior method for the sacking of cities and, until his death, roamed the continent attempting to convert all men — by fire and the sword, if necessary — to the trufannish way of life. Thus he became known as Attila...The Fan!!!"

This told the story of fandom through the ages...from the early escapades of Mark Fanthony at the Rubicon; the adventures of Attila the Fan; Christofan Columbus; the Fannish Inquisition...up onto the present day, and beyond. The final stanza being a take-off on "Things To Come." It's impossible, without reprinting the whole script, or *preferably* taking you all back in time to when it was first heard, to give a reasonable idea of how good these tape-plays were. They were certainly, outside the best fanzines of the period, the ultimate of sheer fannishness. Many of the allusions are now, of course, highly irrelevant to fandom and esoteric to boot, but it's interesting that when Sam Long paid me a visit recently and I played "The Last and First Fen" for him, he hooted like an owl.

This wasn't quite the end of the Tape Era — both the Liverpool and Cheltenham Groups produced brief celebratory tapes when I left the country (under the auspices of TAFF) — but it was its "finest half-hour." Tape correspondence between fen continued for some time after the end of the fifties, but little else was to appear in this idiom. The Liverpool Group by now had discovered the talking picture and were involved in re-makes of almost everything Hollywood had made a hash out of. They were kept pretty busy.

But that's another story. □ [Mota 14, February 1976]

"One of the few sensible things I did in fandom years ago was to save examples of the taped voice of most fans I was in voice contract with. I missed a few, because they were on chains and I had no dubbing facilities, but I've managed to accumulate quite a collection of the voices of famous fans of the 1950s, plus a few odds and ends like a tape-fanzine created in Japan, the voice of Laney, and a couple of those wonderful British tape productions that Eric writes about.

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by Harry Warner, Jr., published in Mota 15, March 1976

"I wonder why the idea of tape correspondence has died out in fandom? You would think that in these days of the cheap, lightweight cassette it would be widespread. Wouldn't it be nice for you to hear at first hand such marvels as John Piggot's refined, effeminate tones, Ian Maule's high-pitched squeak, Greg Pickersgill's threatening rumble, my lisp... The nearest thing to that which I've encountered was when Mervyn Barrett used to bring a tape recorder to Globe meetings to make recordings which he sent to Australia. Late in the evening he would come up to you, stick the microphone under swaying nose and ask you to say something to the folks in Australia. It's the best conversation stopper I've ever met."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by Malcolm Edwards, published in Mota 16, May 1976



THE PURSUIT OF SLEAZINESS

By Paul Di Filippo

What are the depths to which humor can sink and still be classified as humor? This was a question I approached with no little trepidation. It seemed to me that many of the greatest minds of history had occupied themselves with this problem, mainly by adding their own tedious jests to the dregs of humor. Aristotle's occasional attempts at humor, for instance, had all the grace of a gravid elephant. Poe's solemnity caused his humorous pieces to die in one's arms. And then of course there is the grim record left behind by all American presidents. Election to the Presidency apparently carries with it the obligation to be funny, which strains the poor officeholder to the limits of endurance. Most Presidential humor (especially that of William Henry Harrison) ranks among the worst the human race has to offer.

Now if a host of intellectual giants had been unable to definitively pin humor to the mat, no matter how resolutely they tried and disregarding their occasional successes, what made me think I had the talent to do it? Actually, I was far from sure that I possessed the requisite capabilities, but I would never know if I could do it until I tried. I decided to use the technique mentioned above, which had been sanctified by centuries. Namely, definition through example.

I started out small.

First, I tried creating rotten cartoon captions. (Rotten! These captions were so decayed as to have become one with the humorous humus.) I forbore from illustrating them, since I knew that the quality for which I was searching — the quality that would cause stifled retches and soul-rending groans — did not arise from clumsiness and amateurism (and as an artist I had plenty of these), but from talent gone astray. I was determined to infuse in my examples of rotten humor a sense of perverted genius.

But, as I say, first I tried captions.

A female palm reader, holding the prosthetic hook of a man dressed in bloody, tattered pirate clothes, with a parrot on his shoulder, a sword on his hip, and pieces of eight spilling from his pockets, says: "You will go on a long see voyage."

There it was, my first piece of elemental scum. It had some touch of what I wanted (can you see it?), but not quite enough.

I gave it another go.

The cartoon panel is divided horizontally in half. The upper half is the surface of the sea, protruding from which is the understructure of the traditional Desert Island, a tangled mass of rocks and roots. The lower half of the panel is an underwater view, showing the surface of the island, obligatory palm tree waving, curious fish watching. On the island is a damaged U-boat, its Captain (a crazy stock-model German) and his mate. The mate says: "Don't you think this is carrying devotion to the service a little too far, sir?"

Ah, here I had a work of almost archetypical dreckiness. The situation was a primordial one in humor, as were the characters. The words were appropriately bland. Yet somehow I knew it was not the best (worst) I could do. Perhaps it was the medium I was working in?

I decided to turn to the two-line joke.

The two-liner is in itself so hackneyed and slimy that I felt sure of success. Here, I thought, I would end my quest for the absolutely nauseous lees of humor. Alas, it was not to be, although I came close.

Art Dealer: "My God! What do you want?"

Stick-up Man: "Your Monet or your life."

This was a fine beginning, a delightful omen. That melodramatic exclamation point thrilled me. The maggoty vileness of the pun was sheer brilliance. But I still felt that I had not reached the ultimate horror.

Playboy: "How was your date last night? Did you put it to her?"

Naïve Young Man: "No, do you think I should have proposed on the first date?"

Here, for the first (but not the last) time, I ventured into the realm of "dirty" humor. Humor involving sex seems to bring out the worst in nearly everyone. The hoariest (no pun intended) lines are thrown out and accepted with no sense of shame at their decrepitude. Obscene quips and situations that were old when Chaucer used them are still employed daily. The mother lode of risqué laughs has been mined out so long ago that almost all "dirty" humor qualifies as examples of the worst.

Therefore, not wanting to deal overmuch with shop-worn ideas, I moved on to "sick" humor.

Biology Professor: "Why do corpses stiffen?"

Med Student: "It's simply *de rigueur*."

Admittedly this did not really plumb the depths of grossness, but I believed that cripple-humor, like sexual humor, had been overworked. I decided to end my foray into the chestnut-filled territory of the two-liner with a bilingual pun, surely one of the most contrived, sterile, factitious example of humor.

Teacher: "Johnny, on the exam you mentioned that Julius Caesar always wore a plaid waistcoat. What gave you that idea?"

Johnny: "Because he wrote *The Calico Belly*."

I stole that one from James Joyce, but since he didn't conceive of it as a joke, I feel no remorse or guilt.

Suppose, I suggested to myself, you venture next into the domain of limericks. I considered my advice to be good.

THE MONOBLOC

An orgy in a point's interior,

Says Qwfwq, has no superior;

One simple pass

Will skewer each lass,

And end in the starter's posterior.

This limerick (inspired, as you will no doubt have guessed, by an episode in Calvino's *Cosmicomics*) combined a scatological event with abstruse scientific and mathematical theories, an amalgam that should have been a surefire dud (yes, I am aware of the oxymoron). And even then, of course, the limerick form itself is so rigid and limited as to militate against humor. Much to my dismay, however, I saw beyond the limerick's crudity and obnoxiousness to an underlying inventiveness and wit. This would never do. The main quality I was striving for was the sense of bad overpowering good, the triumph of evil over virtue, of entropy over vain human endeavors. For this is the significance behind all failed humor. I had fallen in my search. I was truly disheartened. I turned listlessly to the anecdote.

Once there was a priest, a rabbi, and a shaggy dog in a pink Cadillac in Ireland during World War II. As they drove along one day, a flying saucer landed and the Pope emerged with an alien who claimed to know everyone in the world, but could only speak by sign language. The alien immediately produced a huge machine, which he set in motion. Out popped a baby elephant in tennis shoes. "That's funny," the priest said.

A burst of agony struck me. It was no use, no use! I would never manage to disclose the bug-ridden underside of the rock of humor. I was about to end the torture when a ray of hope revealed itself.

Perhaps my failure lay in the fact that I was trying to be too brief. If brevity was the soul of wit, then what I wanted, in order to achieve non-wit, was something ponderous and weighty that oppressed the soul and intellect. In other words, a long, supposedly humorous article. I began.

What are the depths to which humor can sink and still be classified as humor? □

[Mofa 14, February 1976]

"Paul Di Filippo's explorations into humor are intriguing. But if he's looking for real sleaziness he should look no further than the microcosm he finds himself in. A bad joke is a bad joke, but a bad joke that only a few hundred people in the entire world can understand is a really bad joke.

This is the path to true sleaziness. Take limericks. As Paul points out, the example he offers is too clever. And not faanish. How about these...

A promising femmefanne named Floe,
Promised 10 BNFs in a row.
She took 'em all on
And collated till dawn.
Her reputation continues to grow.

OR

An overweight neo named Rick
Fell in love with a big A.B. Dick.
He inked up her drum,
And they started to hum.
Now his crudzines are ever so thick.

The beauty of these are that no one can understand them. Show them to your mundane acquaintance."

-- An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Eric Mayer, published in Mofa 15, March 1976

"I miss John Berry's presence here in Virginia. He used to quote me frequently, even using my one-liners as interlineations in his various fanzine. Now my witticisms are as short-lived as a puff of hot air, not to draw any comparisons, mind you. The words burble forth but no one jots them down or commits them to memory for later use. In fact, things have reached the point where friends and neighbors no longer even listen, much less chuckle. Verily these are sad times upon us. Just today I said to Colleen Brown that she should make note of all my splendid jokes and when she has a sufficient number she could fill a fanzine with nothing but them. Do you know what she said in reply? Do you? Nothing! She did not say a single word; she just made a choking sound and looked at me as if I were crazy.

It's going to be much harder to become legendary if people keep ignoring me."

-- Editorial filler written by Terry Hughes,
published in Mofa 14, February 1976





GIMME MORE

By Terry Hughes

Strange as it may seem, my editorials for *Mota* have become a minor point of controversy. In particular, the comments have to do with the length of my editorials, which admittedly have been none too consistent. One issue my bit may run for three pages while in the next issue I might only ramble for a paragraph. This varying length keeps you guessing, tests your memory, and puts adventure into your otherwise dull life. Nevertheless, complaints have come in: A number of you have asked for more written material by me, Terry "Woo Woo" Hughes.

The number is six.

The most recent such encouragement came from the mouth of Frank Lunney at the 1976 Disclave which took place over Memorial Day weekend. Actually, Frank wasn't all that keen on seeing more wordage by me except that he wanted to let people know he is still alive and doing as well as can be expected. I think he also wanted me to mention his name so that he could get that wonderful feeling everyone gets upon seeing your own name in print. It always looks impressive no matter how spottily reproduce. Frank said that, after all, I was writing so little for the fanzine that I must be suffering from a paucity of ideas. What, he replied, could be a better idea for a piece than writing a conreport which mentions Frank Lunney?

Passing Frank a bottle of beer, I tried to explain to him the reason is a lack of pages, not a lack of ideas. Economic considerations impose a page limit on *Mota* so my editorial is the first place I slash pages, with the lettercolumn the second to feel the axe. All of which is done so that I can use as many delightful articles/essays/stories with illustrations as possible while still giving the fanzine a certain theme and letting everyone know I'm still around. That's why I sometimes restrict myself to a single paragraph. I finished my comments about the same time he finished his beer, but I don't know how much of this I got across to Frank because he was intently studying his beer until he could see the bottom of the bottle. As we left the con suite to search for the Neo-American Church, he asked me whether or not I was going to do a conreport in the next *Mota*. I mumbled that *maybe* I would do a Disclave write-up and, if so, it would definitely mention the name of Frank Lunney. We both smiled.

But I didn't do one after all.

As I said, Frank was one of six readers who asked for more material by me in *Mota*. Those six compromise roughly 3% of my mailing list. There are a couple of conclusions to be drawn from their requests.

The first is that five of those who asked for more Terry Hughes material have Impeccable Taste and are obviously people with highly cultivated critical appreciation of the most discriminating sort.

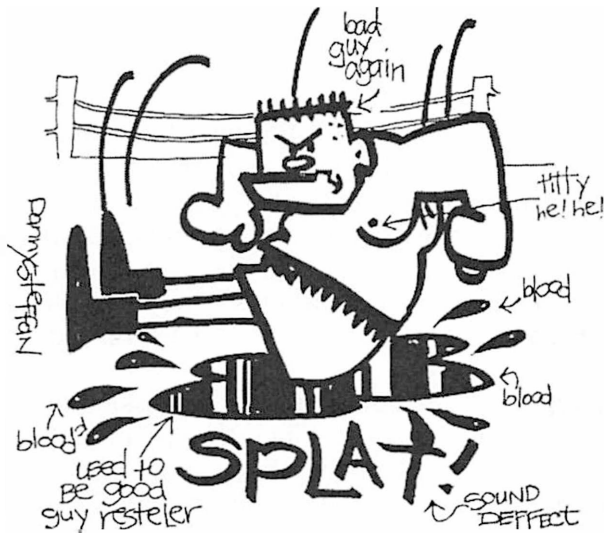
However, I am more than a little reluctant to draw the second conclusion which is based on the fact that if 3% of you asked for more material by me, then 97% of the mailing list didn't.

Ninety-seven percent.

You bastards. ■ [Editorial from *Mota* 18, July 1976]



MOTA 15 cover art by Steve Stiles (pencils) & Dan Steffan (inks) - 1976



I WAS A TEENAGE SPORTS FAN

By Eric Mayer

“Why do you enjoy seeing 300 pound creeps stomp on each other’s heads?” Kathy asked me one evening as we watched All Star Wrestling on TV.

“Well...I wouldn’t phrase the question quite that way,” I muttered, too engrossed in the action to come up with the kind of snappy response readers have come to expect from fan writers who can sit in front of their typewriters for as many hours, or days, as it takes them to think up snappy responses.

Waldo Von Eric, a special favorite of mine, had climbed up onto the top ring rope. Now he launched himself into the air and came swooping down toward his supine adversary like a crewcut V-2.

“What a fake,” observed Kathy, as the German’s enormous stormtrooper’s boot landed, with devastating impact, squarely against his opponent’s throat, without, however, separating head from body.

“You have to use your imagination. Think of it as a live comic book.”

“A comic book for who? Illiterates?”

“Okay then, consider it a sports soap opera,” I said, getting mad enough to go for the weak point in her intellectual defense. “Can an old fashioned German boy find success in New York City? And what of the rift between —”

“All right. So What? I can’t understand what you see in sports at all. They make me ill. All those overweight jerks running around, sweating and trying to knock one another over.”

“Rudolph Nureyev sweats.”

“Not from trying to knock people over.”

I got up to make a cup of tea which is always a good thing to do when you find yourself stuck for something to say, whether in an argument or a fanzine article. I hate watching sports with Kathy. She won’t let me forget what a waste of time it is.

The science fiction fan, caught with some hack space opera about rampaging BEMs, can surround himself with a veritable force field of impressive terms. Social Significance, future shock, time binding, broad metal horizons — all have been linked to science fiction at one time or another by enterprising fans of the genre. A science fiction story may be badly written, clichéd, intellectually bankrupt and morally repugnant, but the fact that it takes place 4000 years in the future or 4000 light years away lends it a specious cosmic significance.

The sports fan is not so fortunate. Clearly, the fact that Babe Ruth hit 714 baseballs over arbitrarily placed fences, has no particular effect on the universe as a whole.

I’ve given up trying to justify my obsession with sports. But I’m still trying to explain it...with very limited success.

Consider my introduction to wrestling. I was in junior high school. The participants were not 300 pound sides of beef decked out in velvet robes and sequins, but goose-pimplly 90 pounders less than amply covered with baggy Dal-Hi gym uniforms. I was one of the participants, unfortunately.

I remember feeling distinct physical aversion to the whole affair. I had no desire at all to get down to the undignified business of rolling about on the cold mat in an attempt to immobilize my opponent. My opponent, who had about as little flesh on his bones as I did, apparently suffered from the same lack of competitive fervor. We locked our clammy hands in the prescribed way and started pushing and pulling reluctantly in order to use up our six minutes in the least objectionable manner permissible. However, the match was not destined to last six minutes. As we shuffled from side to side the sole of my sneaker attached itself firmly to the mat. I pivoted. My leg turned. My sneaker didn't.

There was a very loud snapping sound, of a type that one never hears in professional wrestling matches even when Waldo Von Eric puts his boot across someone's throat. I found myself sitting on the mat, studying the peculiar angle of my foot which seemed to be having a disagreement with my knee over the actual position of my lower leg. The gym instructor was hovering over me saying something about wheelchairs and what the school board was going to think if this got in the paper.

An ambulance arrived. My fractured leg was placed in a temporary cast and I was carried out on a stretcher. I don't remember distinctly, but I may have smiled and waved to the large crowd that had gathered for this unique event. Everyone thought I was quite brave. I never screamed. That was the closest I ever came to sporting glory. The incident left me with a distaste for gym class and a numb big toe. It hardly seems like the basis for a sports obsession.

But then again, I often wonder if my enjoyment of sports isn't closely related to my athletic incompetence. It's not that I dream of hitting homeruns off Nolan Ryan (though the old right field wall at Yankee Stadium was only 290 feet away and must have fueled thousands of daydreams), but rather that I never have dreamed about any such exploits. I weigh about as much as Cher — to put a good light on the matter — and I can't ever remember weighing much more. There's never been any question of my engaging in organized sports.

I've never known the frustration of failing to make a team. I have little conception of the less than glamorous things that happen off the field — the practices, the curfews. For me sports remain pure fantasy.

When I read a novel I can't help remembering my own struggles to compose so much as an acceptable fanzine article. There's not a science fiction magazine I can open without recalling a rejection slip. I enjoy reading the newest book by Ursula LeGuin, but my enjoyment is occasionally diluted by envy. I don't feel envy when I watch Joe Namath throw a touchdown pass. It's never occurred to me that I might, under any circumstances, be able to throw a football 60 yards in the air just as three 250 pound linemen converge on me. The idea is ludicrous.

So I watch sporting events through a rose-colored mist of ignorance and whenever I've played at sports it has been solely for the fun of it.

By the time I'd formulated this explanation the water in the teapot had boiled, so I made my tea and went back into the living room in time to see George "the Animal" Steele chewing on someone's ear.

"You know," I said to Kathy, "I think I've figured out why I like sports, in spite of their intellectual shortcomings."

"Fine," she said, managing to conceal her enthusiasm with a look of disgust. "But wrestling isn't even a sport."

I noticed that "the Animal" was throttling his opponent. I said, "Look here. You should at least listen to my explanation. I am the writer. You ought to be happy I've given you all the snappy responses that I have. If this were a convention report and you were Harlan Ellison you can bet I wouldn't have given you anything snappy to say at all."

That shut her up. □ [Mofa 15, March 1976]

THE ROMANCE HAS GONE
OUT OF RAILROADING, SON.
THUTTY-THUTTY-ONE YEARS
BACK, THE GARVEY GIRLS USED
TIE THEMSELVES TO THE TRACK EVERY
FRIDAY.

WHAT ELSE COULD
YOU DO IF YOU LIVED
IN BALLARAT?



THE BALLARAT EXPRESS

By Bob Tucker

Do you pride yourself on a vivid imagination? Can you see in your mind's eye brawny heroes astride their giant thoats fighting their way across the storm-swept Martian deserts? Can you easily see Gilbert Gosseyn swinging from the rain-drenched trees on Venus? Do you claim to possess a sense of wonder second to none, and can read innumerable novels of Brak the Barbarian and Perry Rhodan without suffering upset stomach? Very well then, try *this* scene: picture the Ballarat Express speeding off into the cold, snowy dawn of an Australian winter, bound for the distant goldfields; picture an excursion train filled with hundreds of Canadian, American, and Australian fans bent on holiday to seek fame and fortune — mostly fortune. Picture the startled railroad employees strung out along the right-of-way, or standing in open station doorways as the train zooms by, looking in wonder at the Aussiecon excursion express.

Picture an astonished engineer in the diesel up ahead, as impatient fans jog along the track and pass him, taunt him.

The Ballarat Express made fannish (and railroad) history.

I'm in love with trains, all manner of trains. I've been a gung-ho train fan ever since that day in 1930 when I ran away from an orphanage and hopped a passing freight, a train that took me far away from the town and the institution where I'd spent many miserable years. I've been an enthusiastic train fan since that first one, riding boxcars, coaches, and Pullmans, riding behind steam, electric and diesel locomotives, and I thought that I had seen everything. I was wrong. My eyes were opened wide in Australia last August when I realized how little I'd see, when I realized new delights were awaiting. I fell in love with Australia and Australian trains, and I was absolutely entranced with the Ballarat Express — but I was probably the only fan aboard who looked upon that train as a treasure. My fellow passengers were less than enthusiastic.

I put that down to their inexperience, their youthfulness. They just weren't used to riding trains a century or so old. Without heat. And at a pace so slow a fan could, if he wished, jump off the train and race the engineer into the next town.

Robin Johnson and the convention committee had made all the arrangements for the excursion train, and had sold tickets during the convention; it was to be a final togetherness party for the fans the day after the convention closed, something that had not been done before in worldcon affairs. I suppose I'm the only one who considers it a success. Ballarat is a small town perhaps fifty or sixty miles west of Melbourne, where gold was discovered in 1851, setting off a mad rush comparable to the California and Klondike rushes of American history. The Australian government has fenced in the site and sells admission tickets to all comers. Tourists may, if they wish, inspect the restorations of the original town strung up the slope of Sovereign Hill, they may actually pan for gold in Red Gully Creek, and if they are especially foolhardy they may fall over the cliff at the top of the Hill. (Of course, the timid and the freezing may stay inside the tourist souvenir

shop at the entrance gate.) Bus and train tours to the goldfields are common in the warmer months, but this winter-time adventure was something of an experiment, I suspect.

And so, the day after Aussiecon closed, a mob of happy, carefree fans descended on the Spencer Street station and looked about for their excursion train. I wasn't there. Rumors flew thick, as rumors do when fans are about, and soon we were told that (1) nobody could find the engineer, (2) the trainmaster had lost the train, and/or (3) track-gangs had taken up the Ballarat trackage and sold it for beer.

We settled down on the benches to wait, making merry as fans do when beset by mundane obstacles. Susan Wood bought bunches of yellow daffodils at a station flower shop and distributed them to all and sundry, fans and trainmen alike. On her second trip back to the shop to buy yet more daffodils, the shopkeeper wondered aloud what she was doing with them and she explained that she ate them for breakfast. The shopkeeper was loathe to believe that statement, until Robin Johnson demonstrated how it was done — a snack as tasty as eggs, bacon, or oatmeal. The shopkeeper was suitably impressed. Meanwhile, we bedeviled the poor commuters, took fannish photographs in front of native advertising displays, cleaned out the coffee and hot chocolate supplies, and inspected the famous murals in the station proper, as well as some others in the men's toilet. During the long wait there were a few mutterings of insurrection, and a few threats to return to the hotel and go back to bed, but the more stout-hearted fans prevailed and so we waited, pinned down to the cold benches.

An hour or two later our train arrived, and all hands rushed joyously out to the platform to discover the Ballarat Express. I said, "Goody!" with surprise and delight, but my fellow travelers expressed other sentiments.

The only concession to the twentieth century was a small diesel locomotive pulling the train. The remainder of the train consisted of three lovely, antique wooden coaches (the same coaches that probably hauled the goldminers during their 1851 rush) and an equally aged wooden brakevan bringing up the rear. European-style compartments ran crossways of the cars, each compartment capable of holding up to eight people on bench-type seats. (And in several compartments eight people did scam together for warmth.) Doors and windows of the coaches fitted badly because of warped age, allowing the delightful winter breezes to ventilate the interiors. Toilets in each car were so cold that no none dared stay long, lest they lose by freezing their most precious possessions. These cars, like many Australian hotels, houses, and apartments had no central heating. In their own homes, the Australians plugged in electric or gas heaters, or went without altogether. Hardy people.

The brakevan at the rear was a combination baggage car and caboose. The front section was a baggage car, where some of the younger fans danced to stay warm, while the rear-most section was a caboose with steps and small seats where one could climb up and peer through grimy windows at the train ahead. The brakeman was a surly fellow who never uttered a word during the whole trip. He was content to ride at an open window, peering out and ahead, keeping a suspicious eye on the engineer up front in the warm diesel.

Apparently, no one took tickets on the train. The conductor (carrying his own daffodil with pride and élan) went through the train two or three times counting heads, but arrived at a different total each time. None of us had the courage to tell him that some fans were hiding in toilets, and that others more daring than the rest were riding topside on the car roofs, and that a few were outside running ahead of the train, or taunting the engineer. On one of his trips through the cars, the conductor passed out copies of his fanzine — a mimeographed time-table published by the Victorian Railways which was supposed to be the schedule for our excursion train.

Spencer St.	9:33 a.m.
Footscray	9:43
Werribee	10:10
North Gelong "A" Box	10:40
North Gelong	10:43D
Gheringhap	11:00 Pre 17
Lal Lal	11:52D
Ballarat	12:24

There were a total of twenty-four stations beginning with Spencer Street and ending with Ballarat, but I don't remember stopping at any of them; I think the Victorian Railways just wanted to impress us with their fanzine and the number of stations they *could* have stopped at, if they were in the mood to be ornery. On we zipped, ever onward, and the fifty or sixty miles were covered in less than three hours. (I consulted a map later and discovered the train had not taken a direct route, but instead had gone south around a "loop" and then turned back north to Ballarat. I think the officials were proud of their train and their country and wanted the visiting Americans to fully inspect both.)

The buses met us upon our arrival, and the conductor hopped off his train and onto one of the buses to act as tour guide. I thought that a novel gesture, and resolved to tell Amtrak about it when I returned home.

Meanwhile, we were all freezing. Cheerfully, of course.

We gave the government our pittances and trooped through the gate to climb Sovereign Hill, where icy winds and intermittent rain made our stay a happy one. (You probably wouldn't believe me if I said the top of the Hill had an elevation of about five thousand feet. No, I didn't think you'd believe that.) We inspected the old reconstructed town with its reconstructed opera house, hotel, print shop, ironmongery, pottery shop, stables, Chinese joss house, free library (but no science fiction on the shelves), bakery, a tin shop and all that, and the hovels where miners and their wives lived and froze a century ago while panning for fortunes. (Some of us, some of the more timid, remained inside the souvenir shop and bookstall, but I don't believe *that* building was there a century ago.) Late in the afternoon I saw snowflakes falling. I called out to Sheryl Birkhead and Mike Glicksohn and Don Thompson to bear witness to my discovery: *snow*, by Hugo, atop Sovereign Hill! In some fanzine the past summer, Lesleigh Luttrell had said that it didn't snow in jolly old Australia, but I now had witnesses to prove that it did. The discovery warmed us all and we went on to visit the rest of the park. Some fans panned for gold in Red Gully Creek; others clustered around Sheryl as she explained farm fowl and animals to ignorant city slickers ("What is a Rhode Island Red, Auntie Sheryl?"). One Los Angeles fan managed to *not* fall down a mine shaft; and I stood on the very brink of the Hill gazing down at the town of Ballarat and my beloved wooden train waiting for us on the sidetrack. It is a proud and lonely thing to be the only fan to love a train.

The remainder of the visit was anti-climactic. The buses hauled us around Ballarat for a short while with the guides pointing out shopping centers and rich men's houses and marble fountains and fancy statues and all that sort of thing, then returned us to the Ballarat Express. The lovely wooden express.

It was now heated.

Surprised and delighted fans crowded into the compartments, now only six to each room instead of eight, and fought for foot space on the heaters. Each compartment had been given a foot-warmer, a metal container about the size and shape of a bed pillow, filled with boiling water. And off we roared into the Australian night, bound for Melbourne and the final stay in the convention hotel.

There were murmurings of bliss and contentment as each of us jostled for foot space, sprightly oaths and good-natured jabs into each other's ribs, blackened eyes and bloodied noses as the happy fans competed for heat and a few square inches of those hot little pillows. Truly, a fitting way to end a convention. We sped back to the distant city on the Ballarat Express, a train I now treasure in my memory. □ [Mota 15, March 1976]





MOTA 16 cover art by Dan Steffan (pencils) and Steve Stiles (inks) - 1976



A TRAVELING GIANT CALLS Or I Had One Grunch But The Eggplant Over There

By LeeH Youngfan

I sat slumped on the bench in front of the Trailways office, waiting as I had waited so many times before. I would have preferred to wait in the train station, but there isn't any train station in this town.

So I waited in front of the bus station, wearily watching a great behemoth of bus berth itself. It was an obviously brash and foolhardy bus. The sign above the windshield proclaimed that it intended to go all the way to Los Angeles.

Why, I wondered?

As the bus bumbled to a halt, I rose from the bench and drew out the time-tattered Letter-Of-Authorization that I kept folded in the dog-eared copy of *Slant* that I carry next to my heart. (The Autumn 1950 issue.)

Bracing myself to go through the old routine once again, I walked around the bus. As I stood there, letter in hand, the door wheezed open. A man in sunglasses and a bright print shirt, as well as trousers and shoes, descended. He paused and looked me over, from my dusty sun-faded propeller beanie to my air-conditioned tennis shoes. Shaking his head sadly, he pressed a coin into my hand and turned away.

I looked at the coin. A Lincoln penny. He was undoubtedly a Mundane, I thought sarcastically as I pocketed the penny. Or at best a fringe Trekkie. I returned my attention to the bus.

The driver climbed out. He was a new man on this run. I had never seen him before. That was bad. I hoped to hell he didn't ask me to explain. I was sick and tired of explaining. Did Trailways drivers never read *The Harp Stateside*? I held out my Letter-Of-Authorization and repeated the question I had asked so many times before. "Do you by any chance happen to have a suitcase on board addressed to a Mister W. A. Willis at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago?"

He cocked a brow at me, accepted the letter, and peered at it. Gruffly, he said, "You got a typo here. This says 1952. Everybody knows it's 1972 now."

I had been through all of that before. I didn't argue. I didn't even point out that it was actually 1976. After all, he had a Trailways time table in hand as evidence for his own opinion.

Behind him, an Elderly Gentleman in a turtleneck sweater and glasses tottered onto the steps of the bus, cupped a hand to his ear, and asked, "Eh?"

Ignoring the Elderly Gentleman, I demanded of the driver, "You got the suitcase or ain't you?"

"Aaaaaargh!" he replied. Unlatching the possum belly of the bus, he crawled inside. The bus rocked. The Elderly Gentleman fell out.

Since I consider myself as Big-Hearted as the next fan, depending of course on who the next fan might be, I immediately stepped back to give the Elderly Gentleman room enough to drag himself to his feet unimpeded.

Shuffling luggage within the belly of the bus, the driver knocked a suitcase onto the street. It was a straw case held shut with leather straps. Eagerly I dashed over to read the label. Perhaps this was it, I thought. Perhaps my years of waiting and asking were over at last!

As I snatched at the bag, the Elderly Gentleman cried out, "Mind the lorry!"

I jerked back my hand just as a Goodwill truck zoomed past, crushing the suitcase. The Elderly Gentleman clicked his store teeth. I stared at the shattered suitcase. It was spilling out mimeographed pamphlets. Dare I hope? Fanzines?

Ducking between passing cars, I grabbed the handle of the suitcase. The case stayed where it was. The handle came up in my hand. An address tag came along with it.

My heart leaped into my throat and my breath locked in my lungs as I brought the tag closer and closer to my eyes. As I touched my glasses, I was able to make out the words penned on it. I read them aloud. "Owner: B. Tucker. Destination: Los Angeles."

My heart went down like the Andrea Doria. Foiled again!

The Elderly Gentleman gave a start as I read the tag. With a noisy gasp of surprise, he looked around. Clicking his store teeth, he said, "Here already? Jet travel certainly is a wonderful thing! I'm glad now that Rusty talked me into flying. Poor Rusty! I must have slept all the way through Texas!"

Turning, he squinted through his glasses at me. His face cracked in a smile so wide that it showed the Monkey Ward trademark on his front teeth, as he exclaimed, "Mari Beth!"

"Huh?" I replied wittily.

He opened his arms and toppled toward me. I leaped forward to catch him before he crashed to the ground. He fell against me and his arms closed around me. His nose touched mine. His glasses rested against mine, lens to lens.

"Mari Beth!" he shouted into my shell-like ear. "You been sick or something? You look awful. You look like you've caught a bug!"

"I think I have," I mumbled, trying to pull free of the tangle of his arms.

As I broke away from him, his glasses hooked on mine for an instant and slide down his nose. When he pushed them up again, he was looking past me at the new shopping center under construction across the highway.

"Ghood Ghu!" he exclaimed. "It's slipped already!"

"What slipped?" I asked, hoping he wasn't talking about his truss.

"The San Andreas Fault! Read it right here in the latest *Analog* it wasn't supposed to slip until '78!" He waved a copy of the April 1943 issue of *Astounding* at me, as he continued, "I knew it would be sooner than that! Back in '06 I told Bloch that the next time, it would be L.A. instead of S.F. The World Con was in Frisco in '06, you know. Made history in room 770 that year. Bloch was the pro guest of honor. I should have been, but I hadn't sold anything then. They only made me toastmaster. I should have been the GoH, but Bloch's got pull. He's got friends —"

He squinted suspiciously at me. "You ain't one of THEM? You some friend of Bloch's?"

"Who? Me?" I snapped back instantly.

He threw his arms wide and started toward me again. "Mari Beth! It's good to see you again, old girl! Did I tell you about my trip to Australia? Went to Ballarat. Rode the blinds all the way from San Francisco. Hell of a town! Real riproarer! They're all panning for gold and daffodils there now. I told Rusty that damned Fault was going to slip again, but he went anyway. Froze solid. Couldn't get him through the door back onto the train. Sold him to some woman to use as a hitching post for her horse."

I backed away quietly and he lunged for me.

The driver had come out of the luggage compartment. He was standing, watching. He worked his jaw, spat in the dust, and stepped back onto his bus. Softly, as if hoping not to be heard,

he called to the Elderly Gentleman, "You coming?"

"Not yet!" the Elderly Gentleman answered.

"Back on the bus!" I shouted as I ducked away from his lunge.

He hesitated and said, "Why? I'm here, ain't I? This is the West Coast, all right!"

"You've got the wrong West Coast!" I screamed as the Elderly Gentleman continued to lunge.

But the driver slammed the door of the bus and the Elderly Gentleman slammed into me. I sprawled across the ruined suitcase, scattering fanzines in every direction. The Elderly Gentleman landed on top of me. I swung a fist at his face. Barely missing his nose, I knocked his glasses off.

"Mari Beth!" he exclaimed, groping. "How you've changed."

As I struggled from under him, the bus pulled away. Desperately, I glanced around. The Elderly Gentleman was feeling for his glasses. He was about to find them. Rapidly, I kicked them away from his outstretched hand and dashed off. I hoped to be out of sight before he could locate them.

As I rounded the Dairy Queen, I darted a quick look over my shoulder. He had found them. He held them in front of his face with one hand as he raced after me. He had the April 1943 *Astounding* in the other hand. Waving it, he shouted joyfully, "Rosebud!"

I ducked into the kitchen of the Chinese restaurant. As I squinched down to hid behind a 55-gallon drum of M.S.G., the Elderly Gentleman burst through the door with a cry of "Hoy Ping Pong!"

A waitress happened to be passing. She was a lovely little thing, a veritable Chinese doll. Politely, she paused to ask him, "On the dinner or ala carte?"

"Anywhere you want it, honey!" he replied.

I took the moment of distraction to dart out the door again. Certain I had lost him, I wended my way home.

My cat greeted me. Giving her a cheerful kick of greeting, I slammed the door behind me, locked it and put on the burglar chain. With a cup of cabbage juice in one hand and a wheat germ cookie in the other, I slumped into my favorite easy chair. Breath caught at last, I leaned back to relax and contemplate my narrow escape.

Suddenly I was startled from my reverie by a knock at the door. I froze as I became aware of another sound. Faint, but unmistakable, from beyond the closed door, came the clicking of store teeth. ■ [Mota 16, April 1976]

"I have just read your 'fanzine' Mota (is that 'neutron' spelled backwards?) and I am hoping someone will enlighten me. The 'fanzine' contains an enigma, a puzzle, and perhaps you, or your 'readers' can supply an answer.

I read the story by 'LeeH Youngfan' and it involved a 'Trailways' bus, a 'chinese' restaurant, and a 'Dairy' queen. Mr. Youngfan writes an entertaining story but a baffling one; try as I did, peer closely between the lines as I did, examine every clue as I did, I simply couldn't figure out the identity of 'a certain Elderly Gentleman.' Perhaps somebody who knows the secret will help me. I hate to put down a good story and yet not understand all of it."

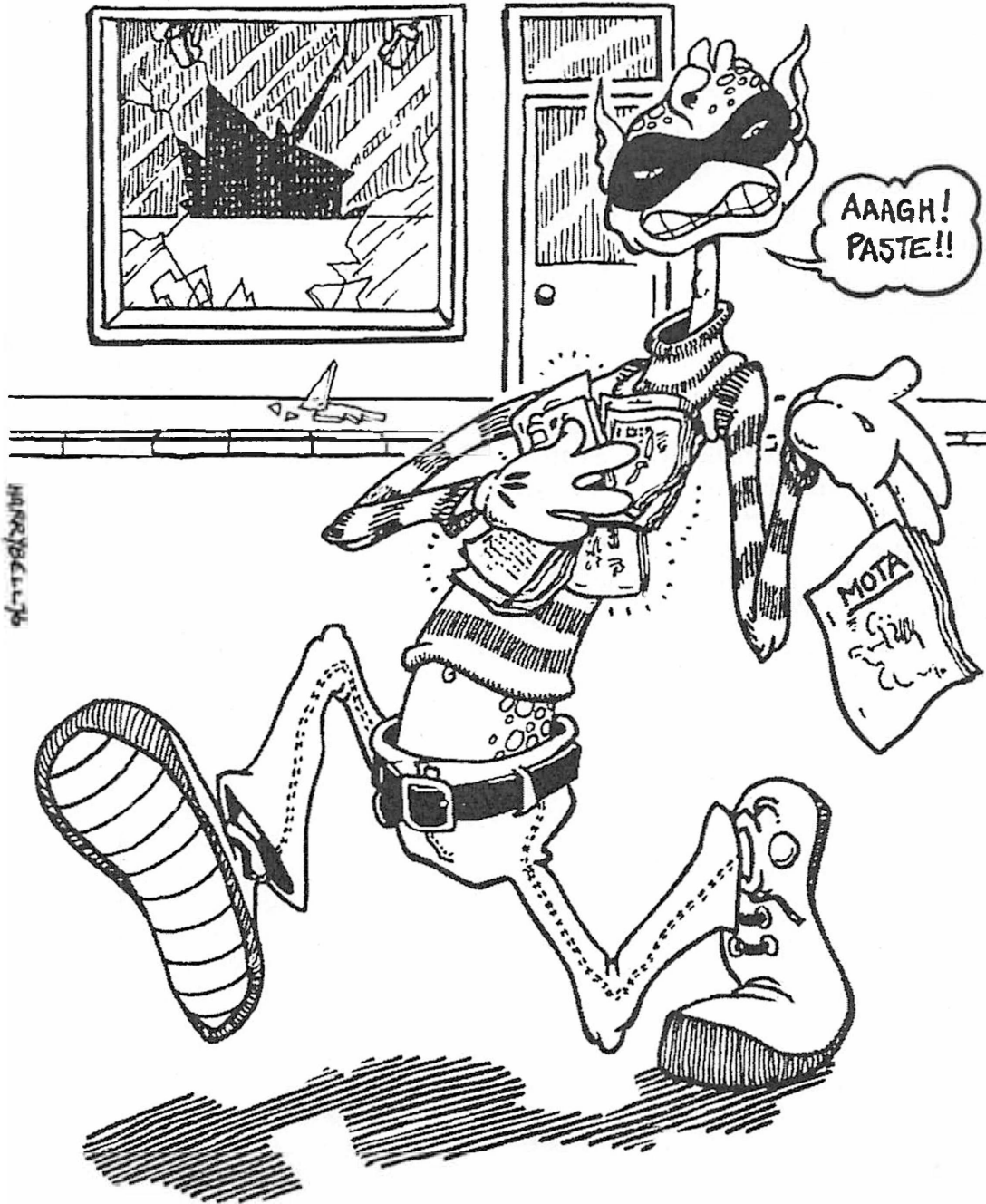
—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
"Homer Eofan", printed in Mota 18, July 1976

"As to Homer E., I can sympathize with his befuddlement, although I hardly share in it. The clues as to the Elderly Gentleman's identity were subtly planted throughout the story. Were Mr. E a devotee of the mystery genre, he would certainly have been able to distinguish them and puzzle out the Secret. (I recommend he look into the field of mysteries as educational reading matter. I would particularly suggest the classic Charles Horne* stories.)

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Lee Hoffman, published in Mota 18, July 1976

* Horne was, of course, the hero of "The Chinese Doll" and four other mystery novels by a certain Mr. Wilson Tucker

LITERARY GEMS



MOTA 17 cover art by Harry Bell - 1976



REPORT FROM POINT 30

By Grant Canfield

On my 30th birthday I drew my 501st gag cartoon. Actually, I prefer to think of it in a more elegant mode: I drew 500 gag cartoons before I turned 30.

The 30, of course, was an extremely difficult interface to cross, both emotionally and physically. As anticipated, my body went on immediate "Self-destruct." It starts with the joints. In the Game of Life, 30 is like the refreshments at a party of penurious hippies — the joints are the first to go. When you turn 30, furthermore, a chemical trigger suddenly erupts in various predetermined neural clusters in four, sometimes six, locations in the right, central part of your midbrain, tilting you towards attitudes indicative of extreme untrustworthiness, from the rational sub-30 viewpoint. Imagine, if you can, such bizarre mental states as finding oneself in agreement with something said by William F. Buckley, Jr., or instance. Edge City, you know. Once with me it got so heavy I flashed that I agreed with something *Ronald Reagan*, for Christ's sake, had said. I thought I would flip over into Tachycardiac Overdrive, until the TV cut to a slide apologizing for severe electrical interference caused by massive amounts of bird guano on the transmitter.

Well, hitting 30 is *tough*, I won't kid you about it. You young punks will find out. Terry Hughes, the editor of this...this...whatever this is; he'll find out. He has always skipped merrily through life with mud between his toes and a tune running through his head. But when he reaches 30 in a few weeks, we'll see how merrily he skips with the former running through his latter and latter stuck between his former.

And personally, I can hardly wait to see John D. Berry turn 30. Recent analysis of his urine, obtained by our Covert Activities Department, leads me to the inescapable conclusion that on *his* 30th birthday, he will go bald *all over*. It will happen suddenly, and in public.

It can't be helped, Terry. That's just the way it works, John.

So *forget* the 30, none of us like the 30 anyway, although I understand it is often viewed rather favorably from the other side, this side, the longer one is here. This remains to be seen. Leave us now advance to our co-sponsor, the number 500, representing the total number of gag cartoons I have drawn and put into circulation at the commercial marketplace as of my 30th birthday, or Point 30, as we refer to it down at the proctologist's office.

Besides, let's face it, 500 is such an easy round-heels of a number, who could resist plumbing its depths? No self-preserving, card-carrying egotist could pass up such an opportunity deftly to dance his duo of debonair digits, a little pink Gene Kelly on the right and a little green Fred Astaire on the left (the color is the second to go), across the face of that typewriter key embossed with his favorite letter: I. What the hell, you guys are subjected to this all the time from the pro writers, this is just a cartoonist getting the same kicks...

Since I first started selling gag cartoons in 1972, I've sold 127 cartoons (or 25.4% of the First 500 — not a bad rate for my first four years, perhaps) to many diverse magazine markets for amounts ranging from \$5 per cartoon (at *Sex To Sixty*, for example) to \$250 (the current rate for full-page color cartoons in *Playgirl*).

Of the unsold remainder, 199 (or 39.8%) are in current Active circulation, in batches of 10 to 15 cartoons per batch, with return postage and all that. For the most part, these earn me a fistful of rejection slips each month, but the few hits make it all worthwhile, it says here somewhere. An agent handles some of my earlier cartoons, a few recaptioned, but since that's out of my direct control I don't count these cartoons among my Active file. From time to time the agent sends me an odd-size check (he scrapes 30% off the top when he makes the sale) for a cartoon used in some obscure journal. This is nice, if not frequent, as it represents virtually serendipitous income; he is handling only cartoons I have absolutely given up on. Turkeys, if you will.

And naturally these *will* be turkeys. Some cartoons go the route, circulating to as many markets as I can find, and never make it. These are retired unceremoniously to the "Inactive" file. Often, after having circulated a particular cartoon for 3 years or so among 40 or 50 markets, I can easily begin to understand why any sensible cartoon editor would reject such an object of loathsome putridity, notwithstanding that it was Created by my own personal sweet self. Turkeys, you know. At Point 30 there are 83 cartoons (16.6% of 500) in my Inactive file. Among these are ones which actually should be classified "Dead," such as those cartoons whose gags have been returned to the gagwriters. If I can't sell a gag, maybe another cartoonist can. Win a few, lose a few. Well, actually, it's more like win a few lose a lot.

But not all of them are turkeys, knock on masonite. A few cartoons fall under my favorite category of all, next to "Sold," namely "Awaiting Payment." At Point 30, I am Awaiting Payment from *Genesis*, *Swank*, *Sex On Sex*, *Man's*, *King Features*, and *Boy's Life*, for a total of 12 cartoons. The *Boy's Life* hit is something of a biggie, my first "respectable" sale in several months. My major markets, by far, are the raunchy "girly" magazines. After multitudinous sales to magazines like *Gent*, *Climax*, *Dapper*, *Escapade*, *Nugget*, *Gallery*, *Bachelor*, *Fling*, *Caper*, *Night & Day*, *Genesis*, *Sir!*, *Mr.*, *Man's World*, *Men*, *Cavalier*, *Sex On Sex*, *Dude*, and *Sex To Sixty*, my first sale to *Boy's Life*¹ will make my father, an ex-Scoutmaster, almost as happy as he was when I made my Eagle. And that's almost as happy as my Eagle was when I made the backyard prairie dog farm.

My next favorite category is "Holds." A Hold is "iffy," you see, by no means a certain sale. Some pay-on-publication markets will hold a cartoon as inventory for future use. Other markets will sometimes hold a cartoon for further editorial consideration, ultimately rejecting it. Sometimes a Hold makes it, sometimes, it does not. We do not allow our Excitement Meter to clang hysterically for a mere Hold, as such emotional display is solely reserved around here for a Sale. A Hold only rates a mild anticipatory buzz, with concomitant minor tumescence in select erectile tissues.

The remainder of my first 500 cartoons fall into various miscellaneous categories, such as "To Redraw," "Matted For Sale," "Queried," and "Gags to Other Cartoonists." Speaking of this category, remember the April 25, 1975 episode of the daily comic strip *Frank & Ernest*, by Bob Thaves? Sure you do. Funny as hell, right? Well, that was my gag. I sold him a cast off gag that didn't work for me but clicked with him². Sometimes we cartoonists are also gagwriters; often we are even our own gagwriters. Often we use other gagwriters' gags, but more about that later, after I mention my remaining miscellaneous file category for my cartoons: "Deadbeats."

Cartoonists keep track, naturally enough, of markets which are slow to pay, or which don't pay at all. Many cartoonists call these markets "hamhockers," but I am a traditionalist. To me, they are "Deadbeats," not to mention creeps, assholes, dirty bastards, rotten syphilitic pricks, and pus from the boil on the ass of a hemorrhoidal hyena. (Knowing that the Mailing List for this fanzine is comprised

of many of the same, I hope and trust that no one takes personal offense. We are what we are.)

Although it is often like pulling shark's teeth to extract payment from a publisher, I have been lucky to manage to badger payment out of them one way or another — most of the time. Only once was I badly burned, in the sense of ripped off. That was for 4 cartoons. As that represents only 0.8% of my first 500 cartoons, perhaps it should not bother me much. As it represented \$600 in unrealized potential income, it rankled my pretty plump tushy.

In 1973 I had hit a big new market, a new glossy mag in the *Playboy* imitator sweepstakes, called *Gallery*. As you may recall, this particular imitation was rather more blatant than most, with the first few issues a virtual steal of *Playboy* features, graphics, layout, editorial stance, ads, naked ladies. This theft extended even to such fine details as: typeface for the *Gallery* logo on the cover identical to the famous *Playboy* typeface; a contents page laid out absolutely identically to *Playboy's*; a "Gallery About Town" section to match "Playboy After Hours;" and even an illustration by a Brad Holland analog on the Ribald Classics analog page. Carrying copyism to its logical extreme, *Gallery* even located their editorial offices at 936 Michigan Avenue in Chicago, directly across the street from the *Playboy* Building at 919 Michigan Avenue. One can only presume that they wished to be close to their source. The publisher at the start was famed criminal attorney F. Lee Bailey, but Bailey bailed out soon after take-off. Well, what the hell, a new market is a new market, and you submit your stuff. And my first hit there was for \$250, an astronomical sum for a magazine of that sort, and by far my largest single sale to that date! They used this one expensive cartoon in a teeny-tiny, almost invisible one-column spot in the back of the magazine.

So, naturally, I sent them more material, at a time (as undisclosed but knowledgeable sources would later have it) when one of the top people at the magazine was apparently siphoning funds out of the corporation as fast as he could suck. Anyway, three of my cartoons were used in the July issue. Their base rates by this time had dropped to a more sensible, but still high \$150 per black & white cartoon, so I billed them for \$450 for the 3 cartoons³. They sent a Purchase Order to sign, saying to bill them referring to that P.O. number. So I signed and returned the P.O. along with my new bill, in deference to their stated procedure. Nothing happened. I sent a query. Zero reply. I sent another query. Zilch. On September 5, 1973, three months after the date of the Purchase Order, and still not having been paid, I sent another letter, with copies to nearly everybody on their masthead, once again demanding payment and also withdrawing four cartoons being held for future use. Response: null set. On September 16, I wrote my fifth letter to *Gallery* trying to extract payment, never receiving even the courtesy of a reply. In this fifth letter, I threatened 'em with legal action. Ballsy, right?

Then the October issue hit the stands with *another* one of my cartoons in it, one of those I had previously withdrawn. I billed them for another \$150, but of course nothing ever came of that, either.

Eventually I contacted a lawyer in Chicago. I spilled my tragic \$600 story, but — as it happened — his office was already representing four other claims against *Gallery*, aggregating \$9000. In a letter dated October 18, 1973, he said, "We have sued them and there is no money available. There must be at least twenty-five lawsuits. I doubt whether they will ever pay out anything to creditors." On November 18, I wistfully wrote a final letter to *Gallery*, offering to accept 25 cents on the dollar, or any offer whatsoever. The letter started, "Once again I write in the preposterous hope



of collecting the money *Gallery* owes me for published cartoons." The letter ended, "I think *Gallery* has been a shitty magazine from the beginning." I get *mean* when I get mad, you better believe.

Well, I was never paid a dime for any of those four cartoons, so that's the story of my Deadbeat file, but not quite the end of the *Gallery* story. My wife's aunt in Chicago later sent me a clipping from the February 7, 1974 *Sun-Times* reporting that the three largest creditors of *Gallery* had filed in U.S. District Court to force the magazine into bankruptcy. The three largest creditors, you might be interested to learn, were the paper supplier (claiming \$439,170 in unpaid debts), the printer (\$198,184), and a public relations consultant who claimed he had rendered services worth \$13,379.

Following bankruptcy, the *Gallery* title was bought by another publisher, Bookbridge Publishing in New York. Probably I would never have submitted anything to this "new" *Gallery* had not the new editor turned out to be one Pat Reshen, to whom I sold material before, and who I believed to be reliable in matters of payment. The rates dropped much lower — down to a reasonable \$50 for a black & white — but the new *Gallery* became one of my steadiest markets, even commissioning an occasional color cartoon. In fact, I have sold more cartoons to *Gallery* than to any other single magazine, which shows you how funny things can work out sometimes. Yok, yok. Point 30, *Gallery* was sold yet again, this time to Montcalm Publishing Co., so I have to break in another new cartoon editor.

Gallery has been the only magazine to burn me by publishing cartoons without payment — so far; that I know about — but mags lose cartoons in other ways from time to time. For example, I have stopped submitting material entirely to *Penthouse* and *Viva*. You might imagine that these would be good markets, slick and solvent, what with *Penthouse* pushing *Playboy* for prominence of the pubic pack, but such is not the case. This publisher is well-known among cartoonists as slow to reply, slow to act on holds, and slow to pay for publishing material. *Viva* is even listed as "No Pay" by some of the warnings in the cartoonist's trade journals. *Penthouse* "lost" 5 holds of mine, from two separate batches. Several times people have mentioned a cartoon of mine they have seen in *Penthouse*, but the fact is I have never sold a cartoon to *Penthouse*.

(If you actually have seen one there, and can point it out to me, I'd really like to know, because this would firmly establish them as rip-off artists, as far as I'm concerned.) Now that I no longer contribute there, perhaps I never will. Until I learn they have cleaned up their act, at any rate.

An excellent way to lose cartoons is to use the United States Postal Service. Unfortunately, mail is a freelancer's only contact with his marketplace, so use it he must. Altogether, I guess I've lost something like 30 cartoons in the mail. Some of these have been redrawn and put back into circulation; some eventually will be. Some, I'm sure, are actually in the hands of rip-off editors and will be used at the earliest clandestine opportunity, possibly overseas, for no payment, with the Postal Service taking the blame for "lost" material. So perhaps the Postal Service doesn't really deserve all the abuse it gets — but is there anyone here who really believes that?

Once a batch of my cartoons, burned and water-soaked, came back from *Playgirl* in a plastic bag. An accompanying form letter from the local Director of Mail Processing read, "We regret the enclosed mail was damaged while in the custody of the United States Postal Service. There are isolated instances when mail is damaged in fires, accidents involving aircraft, trains, trucks, buses, boats, and other conveyances. In this instance, a truck rerouted from Los Angeles carrying this mail encountered an accident which resulted in fire to the vehicle. Postal regulations provide that the



remaining mail matter be forwarded to the addressee with an explanation. We apologize for any inconvenience caused you in this instance.”

A mail truck fire, no shit. In case you are interested, the Postal Service form letter reference number for notification of a fire in a mail truck en route from L.A. is this: LPL:CFO:JM:pm 1/1. Strangely enough, several days before receiving this communiqué in the soggy plastic bag full of half-burnt cartoons, I had heard on the radio about a mail truck out of L.A. catching fire near Santa Barbara. Speaking with a certain prescient knowledge, rather like *déjà vu* in reverse, I said to my wife, “My cartoons are on that truck.” She said, “Oh, don’t be paranoid.” This merely proves, as all of us crazy people have known for years, that paranoia is the only healthy mental state for the seventies.

Incidentally, among that batch of returned charred ex-cartoons was a note from the *Playgirl* editor, commissioning a color finish from one of the black & white roughs in that batch⁴, so I guess I was lucky the Postal Service returned even the debris (the “remaining mail matter”), or I might never have known of that commission.

The bulk of my cartooning time thus far has been slanted towards the “girly” field, as I said, where the current reigning controversy is: “To split or not to split, that is the beaver.” The splitters are led by raunchy Larry Flynt, publisher of *Hustler*, while that aging pundit of the Sexual Revolution, Hugh Hefner, recently opted for the crown of the tasteful non-splitters. Meanwhile, a similar — in many ways identical — controversy recently raised its pink little head in magazines such as *Playgirl*, *Foxylady*, and *Viva*, which features photo layouts of naked boys. (“Boylies?”) I refer, of course, to the uncommonly sensitive topic of tumescence. How much is too much, and how far is up? Is too far up too far out? Is all the way up absolutely out? Apparently it is, for I have yet to see any man in any of these magazines at any more than half mast.

Naturally, when one’s parents ask you on the long-distance telephone how your cartooning is going, they do not want to hear about the large number of cartoons you are publishing in periodicals featuring pubic hair, male and female genitalia, naked bodies caressing, and other disgusting Communist activities. My mother is just *not* the sort of person to drop a bomb like, “My son has a cartoon dealing with cunnilingus in the latest issue of *Smelly Twat*,” into her Friday night pinochle club conversation. Fortunately, however, I have made occasional sales to respectable magazines, and have been able to cite cartoons published in *Parade*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Los Angeles Magazine*, *True* (when it was still a “men’s adventure” book; recently a new publisher took over the title and is steadily converting it to the standard hard “girly” format), *Northliner* (an in-flight magazine for an airline), *Writer’s Digest*, *Girl Talk*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *National Enquirer*, and *Good Housekeeping*, among others. A sale to *Good Housekeeping* (\$150 for black & white) in 1973 got me two column inches in my parents’ hometown newspaper; cartoonist son of local folks makes big time, that sort of thing. The paper, no doubt due to excessive zeal generated within the staff by the colossal impact of this mind-blowing scoop, reprinted the cartoon from *Good Housekeeping*, without bothering to ask either that magazine or me. I thought this was a commendable disregard for copyright laws, after all, it is the people’s right to know.

Once I had a respectable market that seemed right up my provisional alley, a science-fiction magazine, no less! But, alas, I blew it..

When *Vertex* first appeared on the stands, I thought, “Far out! Maybe they’ll use gag cartoons.” As, of course, they did. I began submitting material, and almost immediately my cartoons began appearing in the magazine, at \$15 each. Two Canfield cartoons appeared in *Vertex* #3, two more in issue #4, and *four* in issue #5. None of my cartoons appeared in *Vertex* after that, however, because in the meantime I had managed — with the aid of my regrettable compulsion to appear clever and cute — to land myself on Don Pfeil’s infamous *Vertex* shitlist.

In November 1973 I had written to *Vertex* asking for the return of unaccepted cartoons. Up to that point, the only word I had ever received from *Vertex* was a signed check, as nice a word as any, but I was getting rather anxious about several batches of my cartoons possibly gathering dust in some filing cabinet in Los Angeles. (I’m much more relaxed about it all these days. Valium, you know.) So then I wrote what I thought was a reasonable letter of query, asking for the return of unused or unwanted material. This letter received no reply. No reply is standard communications procedure with some editors, it seems.

Two months later, In January 1974, I wrote again, asking for the return, or notification of hold status, of 14 specific cartoons. These cartoons had been in *Vertex's* possession for over nine months, so I wrote, "This is far longer than most cartoonists will allow their cartoons to be held without action, or without being returned." I further added that I enjoyed having my work appear in *Vertex*, and I was therefore being rather casual about the matter.

Did I say something wrong? Apparently so, because Pfeil got pissed off. He immediately sent me back 13 of the 14 cartoons, with the following note:

Dear Mr. Canfield:

Frankly, I must say I am somewhat puzzled by your last two letters. The first, thanking us for buying your cartoons and indicating an understanding of the mechanics of magazine production and the "fill" use of cartoons until we needed them.

Your next letter, sent some sixty days later, evidences a somewhat uptight tone regarding your cartoons, demanding that we immediately either buy them or return them.

Well, it took a bit of time to retrieve them from the art department assembly line, but here they are. I wish you all the luck in selling them elsewhere. For, under the circumstances, you won't sell any of them to Vertex again.

[signed] Donald J. Pfeil, Editor

I never did demand he buy the cartoons immediately or else return them; at any rate, I can hardly consider a nine-month hold "immediately." Nevertheless, the important thing is that my letters of query obviously gave Pfeil the wrong impression, so the letter were poorly written. All I actually wanted was the return of the cartoons he knew he *wouldn't* use — or simple notification that they were being held. (I enclosed prepaid pre-addressed postcards with all of my query letter, for the editor's convenience in replying.) Hell, never having received any verbal communication from the magazine whatsoever until the above note from Pfeil, I didn't know but what they might be throwing *away* material they didn't want to use — or even worse, passing it on to LASFS members for use in their fanzines! The point is, I wrote bad query letters and pissed an editor off. Poor professional practice, pissing off an editor.

I answered Pfeil's letter with one of my own, dated January 24, 1974, in an attempt, at least when I sat down at the typewriter, to set the record straight. But, as you can see, my cuteness and my dirty mouth got in the way again:

Dear Mr. Pfeil:

Thank you for returning my cartoons. I am sorry if you took umbrage at my letters. They may have had an uptight tone, but that's only because I've been ripped off a couple of times before, by other magazines, certainly not Vertex. There was no hostility intended on my part, and I apologize if I made it seem that way.

When I thanked you for purchasing my cartoons, I was referring to previous ones bought and printed in Vertex. I do understand the "fill" use of cartoons, and I understand why a publisher would want to hold material for just such a purpose. However, most cartoonists will only allow their work to be held 3 to 4 months without payment, after which they will query. You had been holding my work for more like 8 months before I began inquiring. A couple of polite queries went unanswered before I wrote with that "uptight tone" you noticed. Finally, 9 and a half months after my initial submission, you return my cartoons to me with a note that's supposed to make me taste a mouthful of shit. I say, who needs you?

Again, I really intend no offense. It just kind of irks me for you to accuse me, in effect, of unprofessionalism when it's you who as been sitting on the crapper so long, as it were.

Thank you for wishing me luck selling these cartoons elsewhere. "Under any circumstances," you say, I "won't sell any of them to Vertex again." Frankly, I doubt if I will be submitting more material to Vertex anyway, as long as there is this kind of editorial climate there. I suppose we're both well rid of each other.

Incidentally, my records show that you are still holding one cartoon from that first batch I submitted to you 9 and a half months ago. It has my code number 35. Again, if this piece is slated for use in the near future, for which I expect payment, that's fine. If not, return it to me. Thank you.

[signed] Cordially, Grant Canfield

He returned number 35. It was already pasted up and ready to drop in a spot in the magazine, but Pfeil yanked it out from under the camera and returned it to me with this last word:

Mr. Canfield:

As requested, here is your cartoon #35. Please excuse the delay, but it was being processed for an issue, and it wasn't until the flats came back that I was able to retrieve it.

Somehow, in regards to your latest letter, I feel that you are deliberately misrepresenting what has gone on between you and Vertex, but, for the life of me, I can't understand why, unless you're sending copies of your letters to someone else without indicating so⁵. What need distort facts when the only two people involved in this, you and I, both know the truth? I did not, as you put it, "sit on the crapper" with your cartoons for 9 and a half months. I started using them as soon as possible after you sent them, and continued using them, and paying for them, right up to the time you started getting nasty. Unless you hoped to force me into buying a quantity of cartoons in advance, something I cannot do under the standard operating procedures set for me by the publisher, I cannot understand any of the actions you have taken — again, including your most recent letter. Your letters appear logical only if one or both of two conditions were in effect. If I was holding your cartoons without using them as needed (and using them on a regular basis), or if I was using them without paying for them. Since neither of these situations were in effect, I still see no reason for your actions, nor for your most recent letter. If this is your version of "professional" behavior, I hope no one ever accuses me of being professional.

[signed] Sincerely, Donald J. Pfeil, Editor

In one respect, Pfeil was 100% correct; my letters were very unprofessional — too emotional, too smarmy, too cute. It is absolutely true that he began using my material almost immediately, and paid for it promptly. It is also true I told him he could hold my material as long as he wanted, if he expected to use it. My only beef was that I was unable to get any kind of report at all on the status of my material — *were* they going to use it, or were they going to return it, or had they burned it, or what? — until I "started getting nasty." The nastiness got me my reply, all right, but it also got the rug pulled out from under me. *Vertex* and I went our separate ways; and if you want to know the truth, I never really regretted it. Even though I enjoyed the exposure in a science fiction magazine, and even though I could reasonably expect more of my cartoons would be used, and even though I had corresponded stupidly and unprofessionally, by 1974 I was making regular sales in excess of \$100 a cartoon, so I figured *Vertex* wasn't worth the aggravation, not at \$15 a pop.

Well, *Vertex* eventually folded. Perhaps some of you may have noticed that *Vertex* folded. Bit the dust, so to speak. Went under, as it were. The outcome of the whole affair, I might mention just in passing, is that *Vertex* folded. The publisher, Mankind Publishing, also gave Don Pfeil himself the sack, but other than that the only result was (and I have to chuckle about this) that *Vertex* folded. Me, I'm still at it, though.

But I must say, I'm not "at it" entirely alone. As I mentioned earlier, I use gagwriters. Each

week I look at hundreds of gag slips from professional gagwriters, holding less than one half of one percent of what I see. When I draw these gags up, I put them in circulation along with my other cartoons. If the cartoon sells, the gagwriter gets 25% of what I get. Among others, my current stable of regularly contributing professional gagwriters includes a retired engineer in Lincoln, Nebraska, a housewife in Phoenix, a teacher in Milwaukee, an aspiring comedy writer in San Francisco, and a retired Marine top-kick in Hawarden, Iowa, who may be the world's most prolific girly gagwriter. And once I had a gagwriter who was serving time at the Florida State Penitentiary, but he suddenly stopped sending me material. I was always afraid to ask why.

More germane in this context, I also occasionally use amateur gagwriters. Ever since I wrote my first plea for gag ideas from amongst the freaky phalanx of funny folks in fandom, which appeared in *Granfalloon* #15 in early 1972, I have been proud to use gags by fans. So now, because all of those fine folk deserve it, It's Mass Egoboo Time!! Yaaayyyy!!!

My list of fan gagwriters reads like the WAHF column from any recent fanzine. I've sold cartoons based on gags by Arnie Katz, Linda Bushyager, Dave Locke, Avram Davidson⁶, Morris Keesan, Jay Cornell, Burt Libe, Ed Cagle, David Travis, Alexis Gilliland, Mike Gorra, Brad Balfour, and Art Spiegelman. I've sold *lots* of gags by the incomparable Ray Nelson, the man who invented the fanzine, the city of San Francisco, and the propeller beanie. In addition, I have cartoons in Active circulation based on gags by many of the above, plus Bob Vardeman, Jay Kinney, Richard E. Geis, Gerard E. Giannattasio, Calvin W. Demmon, Bruce Townley, Dean Grennell, and probably somebody I've missed. I won't embarrass my fan gag-writers whose gags languish in the Inactive file by naming names.

However, I must mention one more name. My all time top fan gagwriter, my bull goose loony, is not other than the elf of Arlington, the editor of *This Puerile Trash*, cute Terry Hughes. Terry has been sending me gags, often zany, occasionally outrageous, since that first solicitation. I have sold cartoons based on Terry Hughes' gags to more magazines than I care to mention, including the one to *Good Housekeeping* which got me into the hometown newspaper⁷. In 1973, I sold four Terry Hughes gags, in 1974 I sold three. As of Point 30 in 1975 (I'm a Scorpio, if you *must* know, and therefore sexy and mysterious), I've sold five of Terry's gags. In addition, eight more are in Active circulation; and, alas,

several are Inactive. As you can see, Terry Hughes has been funny, to me, over twenty times. That alone is sufficient to qualify him for the Permanent Good Guy merit badge. Some people are naturally funny, and Terry, you would agree if you could see him, is one of these. You either have it or you don't, and Terry has it. Francis had it, too. Mr. Ed had it. Trigger had it as well, but his elocution wasn't so terrific. But then, neither is Terry's.

Anyway, I take this opportunity to shout "THANK YOU" (sound carries amazingly well in the medium of a fanzine page) to Terry and all the other fine people mentioned above. Naturally, I also thanked them individually, especially in the instance of a Sale — they got the same deal as my professional gagwriters, namely 25% commission on the sale⁸. Would anyone care to hazard a guess how much of that gagwriting income was declared to the IRS? Aw, hell, these people are all honest, sure.

Sure. Of course.

Incidentally, my relations with my gagwriters have usually been amiable and cordial, but not always. Once a gagwriter, Who Shall Remain Nameless (a curse), determined that I was a "deranged



psychopath or a borderline demented killer.” He based his judgment partially upon the large number of his gags which I rejected (singularly unfunny), and partially from the nature of those gags which I did accept and use, which were, generally speaking, of the macabre persuasion. Who knows? Perhaps his observation of me was astute, as I am occasionally, at home, on deranged. I am sane enough to know, however, that there is *no possible way* to get out of a paragraph gracefully after a line like that.

The guy wasn’t kidding, though, he really saw me that way. Do you have any idea how startling and how sobering is the realization that *no one else’s image of you is exactly the same as your own?* This guy represented a certain polarity to the function: his image of me was *entirely* out of phase with my own perceptions of self. It was such an “other” observation that I have to confess I was quite shaken.

You see, I think I’m a pussycat. Even in my wildest fantasies, I seldom go beyond “semi-deranged rapist.” No, that’s not quite true. Once I had an excellent “cocaine smuggling pervert” fantasy. Mainly, I suppose I see myself as a Struggling (but actually, it aint really so tough) Young (once you cross the 30 hump, you’ve lost every chance to be called “The Kid” among professional peers, unless you are, God forbid, a politician) Cartoonist. Well, no doubt about the last one, I guess. Pstruggling or Psychotic, Young or Ancient, if a Cartoonist is a person who draws cartoons, I have been one all my life, or at least since the first time I was turned loose at the comic book rack in my grandfather’s pharmacy and fountain, a place in time and space which still exists at the core of the many layered onion that is me. Or maybe cabbage. Artichoke? No, onion; peel me, I’m yours.

I guess a cartoonist is what I always will be, in some form or another. Old habits die hard, as the gravedigger’s apprentice said to the nun. I hope you enjoy the cartoons which accompany this text; they are here for a reason. I’ve been talking about my gag cartooning, but these examples of my “fan” cartooning are the only thing that can save us now. Only *fans* can blow all this hot air out of here, and mercifully end this marathon article. Fans blow, as everybody knows. Wait a minute, or is it suck? Suck or blow, one or the other, whichever you do best. Everybody start on the count of three. One...two... □ [Mota 17, May 1976]

FOOTNOTES:

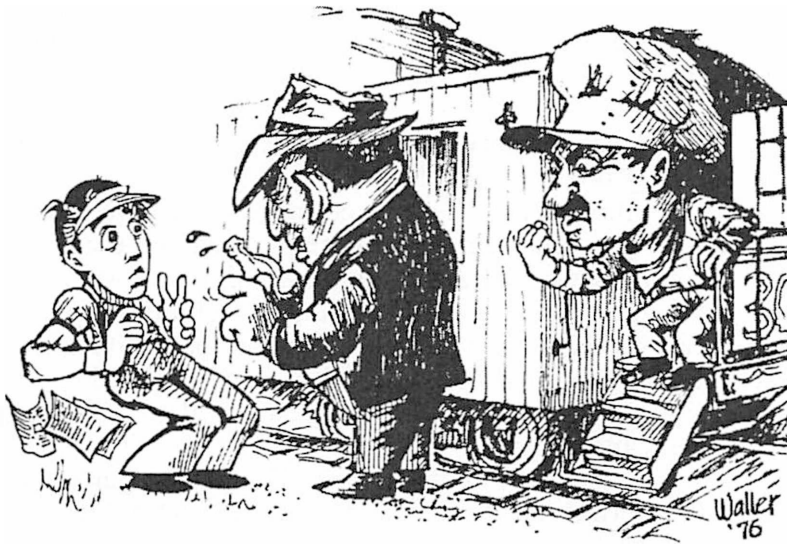
- 1 One dangling possum to another: “Know what I could go for right now? A pineapple right-side-up cake!”
- 2 Frank to Ernest, on park bench: “My theology, briefly stated, is that the universe was dictated but not signed.” Actually, this was not my gag line originally, but was glommed from the “Eavesdroppings” column of an old issue of *Egoboo* (well, there *aren’t* any new issues), proving once again that all humor is contained within fanzines. John D. Berry could probably tell us, if he dares, who said it first.
- 3 Gags by Bob Vardeman, Terry Hughes, and Mort Bergman. Please consider this barely compensatory *egoboo*, fellas.
- 4 Female rabbit (long eyelashes) sitting on multi-colored Easter eggs in nest, to male bird (smoking cigar): “My mother warned me about these mixed marriages.” This gag was by Linda and Ron Bushyager.
- 5 Not until now. —The Phantom
- 6 Man behind counter at general store, selling demon, in a glass bottle, to customer: “...plus, of course, a two dollar deposit on the bottle.” I sold this cartoon to *True* for \$100. Avram’s 25% commission works out to about \$2.50 a word. I wonder if he gets rates like that anywhere else?
- 7 Giant panda bear in doorway of child’s bedroom, to boy in bed with little panda bear: “Goodnight, son.”
- 8 If you do send me gag suggestions, please remember that I see a great deal of gags these days, and therefore have to be rather more selective than in the past. Also, if I do hold a gag, please remember that it could be years, if at all, before the cartoon sells. No promises are made. And finally, please, please, *please* include return postage, preferably a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Thank you.

“So Grant Canfield is thirty and has drawn 501 cartoons? Ah, these youngsters. Hardly moist behind the inkwell — or inked behind the moistwell. Thirty-one year olds like myself with 8000 cartoons drawn and 4000 sales in eight years can afford to be patronizing, so watch it, Canfield. Actually his article was amusing and illuminating. And I too have had trouble with *Penthouse*. They are all a bunch of vaginas.”

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Dicky Howett, published in *MOTA* 19, August 1976



MOTA 19 back cover art by Grant Canfield - 1976



ALL MY RAILROADING YESTERDAYS

By Harry Warner, Jr.

Most fans are aware that writing locs is not my full-time occupation. Many fans know that I work for the Hagerstown newspapers. But even if I've been a fan forever, I haven't been a journalist quite that long. Hardly anyone in fandom remembers that I used to work for the railroad. I try to forget that fact, for that matter.

Hagerstown's prosperity came from its railroads. When I was growing up, it had both freight and passenger service from the B&O, Pennsylvania, Norfolk & Western, and Western Maryland Railway, all of which connected with one another here. I had an uncle who became assistant chief dispatcher for one of them, and there was great rejoicing within the family when I found a job one day as a clerk for the Pennsy. I withdrew from the celebration. It was nice to keep up a family tradition, I knew intellectually. But as a boy, I'd never wanted to grow up to be a railroader or anything else. I didn't like the idea of working, even in boyhood.

While I was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, the big boss in Hagerstown was H. K. Geeoven. He looked and acted something like a taller Edward G. Robinson. Even though he hired me, he obviously hated me on sight and I felt a similar emotion toward him. When I asked at the job interview if I would be working daytime or the night shift, he launched a ten minute tirade at me about no-good kids who aren't grateful to have found work and won't wait until they report for work for the first time to find out if it's a day or night shift. Our relationship went downhill from that point. But to be fair, I must admit that Geeoven was considerate of his employees. The first night I was to work as passenger ticket clerk, I asked him what I should do if someone pointed a gun at me and demanded all the money? He stared at me, squirmed, frowned, though for a while, and finally grunted: "Hell, give him the money."

I worked part of the time in the freight station, part of the time in the passenger station. I found conditions in the freight station just about the same as they had been a quarter-century earlier, when my mother had been a clerk there for a while. She'd frequently told me how one December, the girls typed a little note and slipped it into an invoice for a shipment of candy: "Don't forget the freight office girls at Christmas." Someone in the railroad administration heard about the note and fired every girl who had been on duty that day, to save the time and trouble of determining who was really responsible. My mother's job was saved because she'd been home sick on the day in question. My freight station duties were mostly incomprehensible to me, and I doubt if they had any real use to anyone else. The only thing I really enjoyed was the task of adding up the net weights

of all the freight cars that had moved through Hagerstown each day. The poundage totals were so huge that they made me think of astronomical matters in my beloved science fiction, I could do the work mechanically, and there was no conceivable way anyone could have discovered any mistakes I might have made.

But life was much more exciting in the passenger station. Geeoven wasn't around so much, I was in constant contact with the public, and if I goofed, that fact became quickly evident.

It didn't take long to learn the important things about ticket agenting. For instance, if a female voice asked over the telephone whether a train had arrived on time, you told her that it had come in a half-hour later than the actual moment, because it was probably a trainman's wife, wondering if her husband had stopped at a watering hole instead of coming straight home. You always stomped your feet as loudly as possible when going up to the second floor bathroom because Geeoven kept running up there in hopes of catching the employees who goofed off in it, and it was hard on their nerves if they heard someone coming up the stairs as quietly as he did, in addition to causing them to dispose of perfectly good cigars and cigarettes in a hurry.

I think I was the inventor of the one method of simplifying my job. If someone came to the ticket window and asked for a ticket to North Cupcake, Nevada, I was supposed to get out the enormous monthly publication which contained all the timetables and fares for every railroad in the nation, determine from its pages the shortest and quickest method of reaching the destination, and write one of those two-foot long tickets, with a separate section for each railroad involved in the long journey. Such customers invariably showed up fifteen seconds before departure time for the train they wanted to catch to start the journey. World War Two was in progress at the time. I quickly developed a knack for looking worried when I got such a customer, glancing over the racks of printed tickets to the nearby towns and major cities elsewhere in the nation, snapping my fingers in despair, and saying: "I knew it! We just sold yesterday the last ticket we had to North Cupcake. And there's no telling when new ones will come in because of the paper shortage. But I was talking to the agent in Harrisburg, PA, about my problem this morning and he said he still has a few. So I'll just sell you a ticket to Harrisburg and you can tell the agent up there where you want to go."

There were dangers in the passenger station. The first day I worked there, the agent in charge came up \$20 short when he balanced his accounts at the end of the shift. He dropped a strong hint to the effect that I was to blame and that it was only fair for me to pay half the missing money even if I wasn't. I hadn't handled any money at all, as a new employee, I didn't contribute, and I don't know to this day if he really made a mistake or was trying to pick up a few bucks from a greenhorn. The building wasn't in the best condition, as I discovered one day when an entire window frame, glass and all, came crashing down on a chair I'd vacated only a moment before, from a height of perhaps fifteen feet. Tremendous cockroaches maintained light housekeeping behind the file boxes that lined the walls. They were the kind of cockroaches that jumped at you when disturbed, instead of running away. The baggage clerk was a prince of a fellow, but he suffered the minor disability of illiteracy. He was fine between trains, when he sat staring at all the lost and misdirected bags, but I was forced to help him out when a passenger train arrived. One night, a particularly heavy suitcase was too much for me, my ankle gave way as I was trying to carry it, and I couldn't walk the next day. This resulted in a 70-mile housecall from a railroad doctor, who came all the way from Harrisburg to help me become ambulatory as soon as possible. It was less trouble, I learned, for the railroad to send a physician on a 140-mile round trip to an injured employee than to undertake the job of filling out the stacks of Interstate Commerce Commission forms involved whenever an employee injured in the line of duty was unable to work more than three days in a row.

I never did understand some railroad ways of doing things. Freight station forms were made out in quadruplicate with the help of carbon paper which was used over and over again. The first time I wrote a bill of lading, I got a scolding from a veteran clerk. I hadn't let the edges of the carbon paper stick out a little from the end of the form. "How can you get the carbons out again without wasting a lot of time?" he asked me. He grabbed for the form and the carbons fell out, scattering over the floor. Then there was the telephone line which was used in the passenger station to make Pullman reservations. It must have served every railroad station on every line east of Reno. You sat there listening for a break in the conversation, and if someone paused to take a breath, you

began to pump a lever like mad, just as a couple of hundred other agents were doing over most of the continent, in hope of breaking in and getting your customer his berth or compartment.

Occasionally I encountered someone famous. One night Louis Armstrong purchased a ticket from me and there were too many other customers for me to chat or retain from the encounter any memory except that of his smile. A case of mistaken identity involved a couple of dozen puny youths who lounged around the platform between trains one afternoon. We employees took it for granted that they were just another batch of potential draftees who were returning home after receiving 4-F classifications at an induction center. Then we learned that they were the Philadelphia Phillies, whose healthy players had all been drafted. One night someone gave me a hard time, demanding a pass on the grounds that he was vice-president of the railroad. He couldn't supply satisfactory identification and finally gave me money along with black looks for a ticket. Several days later I was told that it really had been the vice-president. The promotion and raise in salary that traditionally comes to an employee who protects a corporation's interests in this manner didn't come my way. In fact, the Pennsylvania Railroad reacted in quite a different manner. Geeoven, who was a Coke fiend, drinking a couple of bottles an hour, resorted to something stronger when part of the blast from Philadelphia bounced off me. And singed him on its rebound.

It's interesting to speculate how my life might have gone if I'd made a permanent career as a railroader. Would I have stayed in fandom, without the practice that I got in writing from the later newspaper job? Would I have stayed in Hagerstown, after all four railroads ended passenger service here, sharply curtailed employment, and caused many workers to transfer to other cities?

But the end came one night when I was on duty at the passenger station and a freight car was inexplicably deposited on the siding beside the building. I learned that it contained all the provisions for a large work crew that was assigned to this area and that I must unload it, for obscure reasons involving union rules and work schedules. At that time, I weighed 110 pounds, and not an ounce of it was muscle. Everything on that freight car was sealed up in huge wooden crates. I tried to shove one out the door, theorizing that it would come apart when it hit the concrete station platform four feet below. I couldn't budge it. The only tool I possessed to open the crates and remove the contents piecemeal was a nail-file, which proved inadequate. I made up my mind, only slightly worried over my fate if all those big bruisers on the work crew found out who had caused them to go without breakfast the next morning. Bright and early, I looked up Geeoven and told him I was quitting. The old freight station rocked on its foundations. "You should have stuck it out," the chief clerk told me when Geeoven finally finished his explanation of how he would blacklist me and prevent me from ever finding work anywhere in Hagerstown. A few days later, that chief clerk quit as abruptly as I'd done, less than a year from retirement.

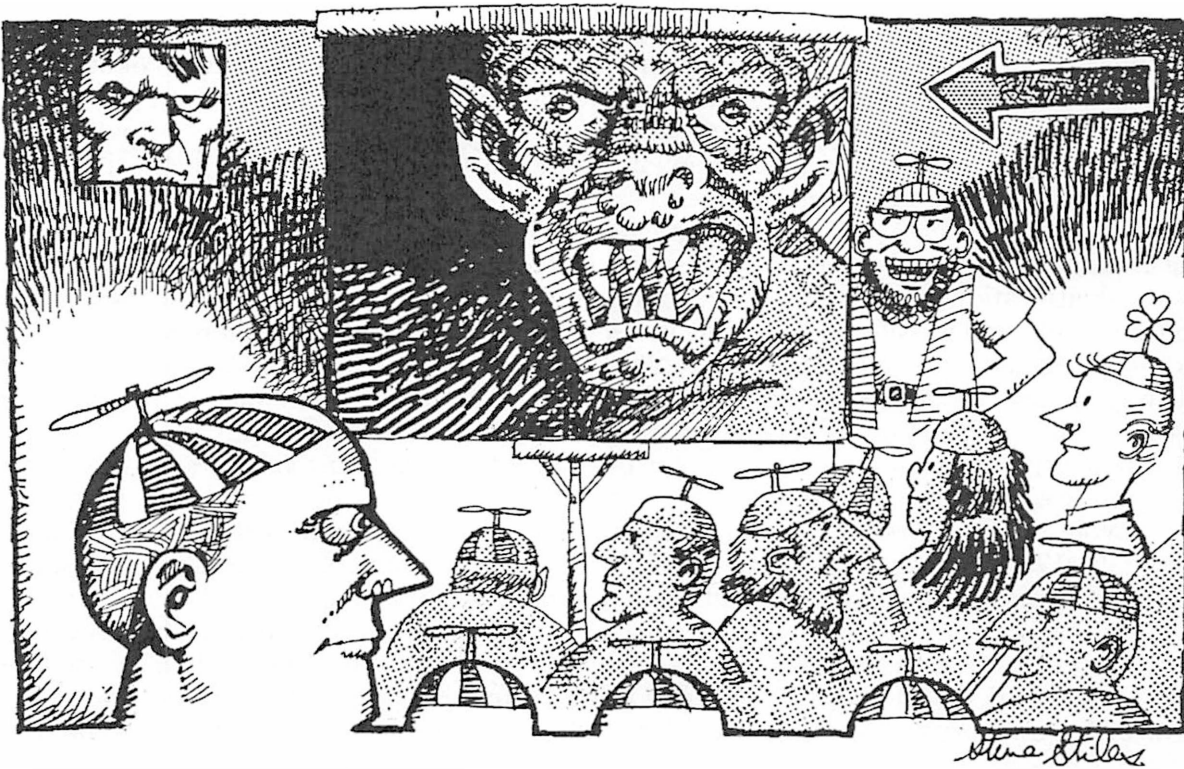
I got the job with the newspaper several weeks later. I was as happy there at first as I could have been in any job where I was expected to do some work. But in December of that first year in journalism, I came down with intestinal flu, a severe attack that put me in bed for two weeks. Excruciating cramps in my stomach and the worried look of my physician made it an unhappy Christmas Day until mid-afternoon when my mother came in my room with an odd look on her face. Someone had just telephoned, thinking I might be interested in knowing that Geeoven had dropped dead on Christmas morning.

I was able to take some solid nourishment that evening. I got out of bed on December 26, and by the following day I was well enough to look at my other Christmas presents. □

[Mota 18, July 1976]

"I wonder, after reading Harry Warner's railroad reminiscences, if Harry isn't about to launch a new and hitherto unsuspected — but brilliant — career as a fannish humorist? Not only is the article well written, which I expect of Harry at all times, but it is also quietly witty in a way that elicited snorts of laughter from me every few lines. Harry Warner, Best Humorist of the Seventies? What is the world coming to"?

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
John D. Berry, published in Mota 19, September 1976



MEIN CON

By Tom Perry

Exactly how I recognized Walt Willis I don't know. But the moment he entered the convention hall from the back, during Ramsey Campbell's talk on horror films, I knew that was who he was. I had seen him before only in photographs and ATom caricatures, but in a sense I felt that I knew him better than I did most of the people I see every day. The chance of meeting him face to face was the main thing that had drawn me to the Eastercon in Manchester, England.

How curious, I thought; here I am at last in the same room with Willis (a rather large room, admittedly), and the circumstances are such that I can't talk to him. I turned back to the front of the room and tried to concentrate on the speaker.

It had been more than 20 years since I received my first issue of *Hyphen*. I had been reading sf for three years at the time and while I knew that fandom existed, I had little interest in it. In fact, I regarded it with a certain mild contempt, which I had acquired from a paragraph in L. Sprague de Camp's *Science Fiction Handbook*. I regarded fans as frustrated sf writers; obviously you wouldn't write anything for free if you could make money doing it. I was 14 years old.

The bundle of green and orange pages that came on a bright snowy day in November 1954 changed my attitude forever. They contained magic. None of the other fanzines I had seen possessed this. *Hyphen* excited my sense of wonder just as sf had when I first started reading it. I quickly switched from writing terrible science fiction stories to writing terrible fannish articles, and not long after that — weary of receiving rejections from faneds who didn't appreciate the concession I had made in writing for them — I resorted to the fannish version of a vanity press and published the first issue of *Logorrhea*.

I had no mimeo, but I did have an allowance and I managed to find a shop in downtown Lincoln, Nebraska, that would run off my stencils in exchange for it. A fair number of letters of

comment resulted from that first issue. One, typed on the back of a map of Ireland, was from Willis himself, who managed to find several things to praise.

Kind letters from several of the BNFs of that bygone era convinced me that my first ish had been a great success. This left me facing, in my own mind at least, the same problem that successful first novelists encounter. Also, my discovery of girls resulted in other demands on my limited financial resources. In consequence the second issue of *Logorrhea* didn't appear until 1963, almost seven years after the first. Through college and well into my first job and my first marriage I preserved those letters of comment, and they formed the letter column of the second issue, with Willis leading off. Seven years between issues — how's that for timebinding?

I stuck with the original title for a few more issues, even though the readers had no enthusiasm for this obscure medical term; certain crude individuals professed to believe that the title was *Diarrhea*. Eventually I shortened it to *Log* and then changed it finally to *Quark*. This word has roots in nuclear physics, journalists' cablese, and James Joyce, and thus makes an ideal fanzine title. So ideal, in fact, that it was later used by another fan who either didn't know or didn't care that it had been used before. He didn't even pay me the courtesy that Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon had accorded Gina Clarke when he found himself using a title that she had used previously. He had written her apologetically saying that obviously there should not be two fanzines with the same name, and there fore he was changing the title — of *her* fanzine.

When *Warhoon* suspended publication, *Quark* acquired Willis as a columnist. To me this was the next best thing to *being* Willis. All my life I had been subject to bouts of hero worship, with the object of adulation changing from time to time. The incumbent idol at this point was Robert Heinlein, but he was falling from favor as I matured and his writing degenerated, with Willis taking his place in my esteem. In several senses Heinlein and Willis are antithetical: Willis, for instance, regards sf and writing with the love that is the root of the word amateur, while Heinlein has said publicly that to him they are just the easiest way of making money. Heinlein has married his science fiction to the convention of realism by making the future seem as dull and familiar as the present, while Willis makes the world that exists today seem intriguing and exciting.

As the quality of Heinlein's published work declined in the early 1960s, Willis' writing was acquiring a new depth and fascination. A corresponding change was taking place in my subconscious attitudes towards life. Fittingly, it was a combination of Willis and Heinlein that brought an end to *Quark*.

My life had assumed a strange dichotomy. I was disillusioned with my job as a journalist and my marriage was falling apart — but my heart was light, for I was the faned who published "The Harp That Once or Twice." In a spasm of uncharacteristic fairness I changed the nature of *Quark* by putting a price on it. Up to that time I had sent it to anyone I pleased and stopped sending it to anyone who I felt didn't appreciate it. But I had the idea that reading Willis was a basic fannish right, which I could not withhold from any fan. Besides, I thought that Willis deserved a wide audience and felt guilty about the comparatively paltry circulation of my fanzine. Willis didn't request this and I never discussed it with him — I just did it.

Several issues later I offered to publish excerpts from Alexei Panshin's critical work on Heinlein. I had read that Heinlein was threatening to sue Panshin for libel and this causing publishers to shy away from the manuscript. My motives were not as idealistic as they were sound. I had studied the laws of libel and slander in journalism school and from the description of Panshin's book I doubted that Heinlein would have a legal leg to stand on. If he did file a nuisance suit I felt sure I could rely on my father's law firm for legal representation. My chief motive was simply that I wanted to read the manuscript.

Panshin sent parts of it and I read them. They were disappointing. Heinlein had nothing to sue about, and hardly anything even to resent. Panshin was in fact a great admirer of Heinlein, as his own sf books were to demonstrate. This was the book that Advent published as *Heinlein in Dimension*, and if you've read it you'll remember that it consists largely of extended plot summaries and criticism that seldom delves deeper than the mechanics of story writing. Panshin's harshest comments are reserved for Heinlein's treatment of sex.

I had boxed myself in. I should have forthrightly reneged, but I couldn't bring myself to do

so. My initial offer had been made under the pose of fearless idealism, and now I didn't have the guts to chicken out.

On the other hand I really didn't want to stencil all those pages of bland comments. Panshin might have consented to a condensed version, but the nature of the manuscript's publicity had been such that condensing it would have given the appearance of omitting parts offensive to Heinlein. I looked for a strong piece to excerpt, but there was simply nothing I thought strong enough. My own review of *Farnam's Freehold* had been more vitriolic than anything Panshin had sent me.

So I did the worst possible thing: nothing. Meanwhile, a sercon fanzine, *Riverside Quarterly*, began to print other chapters of the book, and mentioned editorially that the rest of it could be found in *Quark*, giving my address. Sticky quarters began to roll in. Some of these fans wanted me to send them two or five copies of my fanzine. Universities attempted to subscribe. The mail would bring five or ten envelopes a day from people I had never heard of. Sometimes I didn't even open them — just shoved them into the fan cabinet and resolved to figure out what to do later.

My situation was complicated by the fact that my marriage was on its last legs and I was actively searching for another job. Willis seemed to be retiring from fanac; so were other *Quark* contributors. The rent that Pacificon II had torn in fandom was widened further by the Vietnam war, which was to split the whole country.

Finally it became obvious that *Quark* had followed *Hyphen* into a state of suspension. Panshin sent a terse note, demanding the return of his manuscript. I sent it, lacking the heart to send my lame apologies. I also started returning the subscription money.

Shortly after, in 1967, I left the Midwest, the profession of journalism, and my first wife all at the same time, traveling the 1300 miles from Omaha to New York in 24 hours of straight driving, stopping only for gas and coffee. I also left behind my fannish identity. My fanzine collection went to a west coast collector, including all my copies of *Quark* — everything had to go; from now on I would be traveling light.

The one thing I did keep was a bound copy of *The Harp Stateside* by Walter A. Willis. I had always regarded this as a book, not a fanzine. For years it was my only link to my former life.

So when my job brought me to England in 1975, I had been gaffiated for almost a decade. My one tenuous tie to fandom was *Mota*, which Terry Hughes continued to send me over the years even though I continued to swallow up the issues as the chasm of an earthquake swallows houses. I have always said Terry is generous to a fault.

It was through *Mota* that I started getting interested in fandom again. I sent off for some English fanzines Terry had mentioned — *Egg* and *Triode*. They arrived around the first of April, along with notes from their editors, Peter Roberts and Eric Bentcliffe, both of which ended: "See you at Mancon." Almost simultaneously came a letter from Terry Hughes bearing the information that Walt Willis would also be at Mancon. That cinched it. With the help of Eric Bentcliffe I managed to get registered as member number 570 only days before the beginning of the 27th British Science Fiction Convention. Good Friday found me speeding the 300 miles from Locks Heath in southern England to Manchester in the northwest. I had to rely on good old fannish intuition to find my way since my wife had thoughtfully taken all the maps of England with her while she drove my in-laws around Cornwall. The one map left in the house was the *Daily Telegraph* map of Europe, which was a bit out of scale for my purposes, extending as it does from Iceland to Iraq. I managed to get a fix on Manchester from it, but I could find no trace of Holmes Chapel in Cheshire where I was supposed to meet Eric Bentcliffe. To this oversight on the part of the *Telegraph's* mapmakers I attribute the subsequent events.

I missed my appointment with Eric at his home, so I proceeded on to Owens Park, a campus of the University of Manchester, hoping to meet him there. I didn't stop to think how I would recognize him. I supposed I must have imagined that — since I had a beard, an American accent, and cowboy boots — I would stand out and he would recognize *me*. As it turned out, this combination helped me blend into the crowd.

I registered and moved my luggage into my room. This involved a walk of a quarter of a mile to a dormitory quadrangle called Tree Court, followed by mounting three flights of stairs. This failed to excite my sense of wonder — I simply accepted it.

At this time I had been a stranger in a strange land — Europe and more particularly England — for over six months and I'd got into the habit of accepting things, from French plumbing to Danish prices, without protesting. My room was sparsely furnished, there was no telephone, the john was down the hall — no matter. I had survived worse: living in a tent on an Indian reservation, a barracks on an Air Force base, in a small hotel in Paris. If I had realized that this campus con-vention had been the subject of a storm of fannish controversy for months previous, or that there was an alternative, I might have felt differently.

The programme claimed that Eric Bentcliffe was even now on a TAFF panel which also included two other old friends, Roy Tackett and Pete Weston. I hiked back to the con center — a separate building in the dorm complex incorporating a bar and lounge downstairs and the auditorium upstairs — only to find, instead of a TAFF panel, a single person haranguing the audience about TAFF. "How many of you support TAFF? How many of you have ever voted in TAFF? How many have *heard* of TAFF?" He glanced around at the uneasy fans in the room and stomped out, undoubtedly to set vinegar traps for flies. I surmised that he was not Eric, he certainly didn't sound like Eric.

I milled around in the crowd downstairs, looking for someone to talk to. I knew there were at least three people here — Weston, Tackett, and Bentcliffe — that I'd corresponded with. It was frustrating not to know what they looked like. But I kept hoping to make a connection somehow. Maybe I'd see one of the fans I had met years ago in America, or one of them would see me. As I looked around I began to

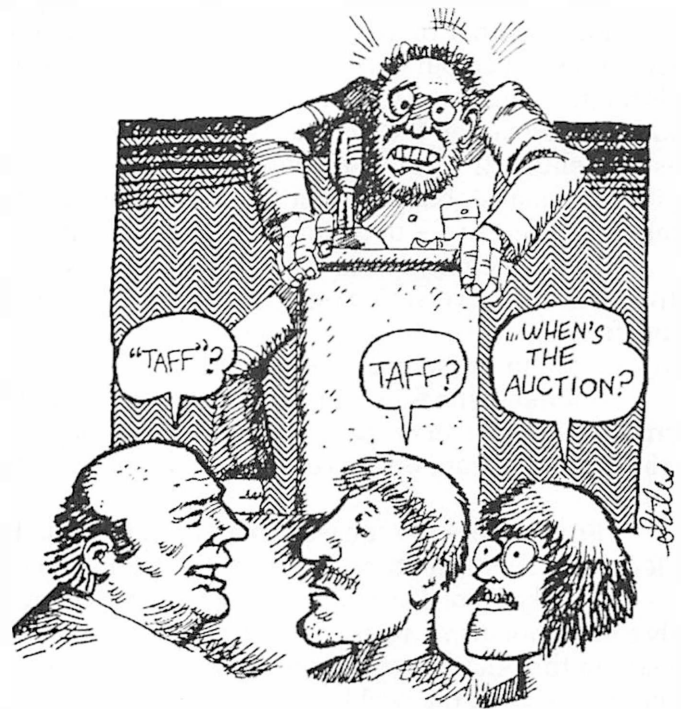
realize that, even if I did or they did, recognition was unlikely. Hair has been cultivated on so many male faces in the last decade that few are left unchanged. My own Van Dyke was a case in point.

As I looked around for old friends, I noticed that eyes darted away from contact with mine. This situation changed suddenly when I leaned against a cigarette machine. Now faces began to turn my way. I smiled hopefully at several people, only to have them hurry past, before I discovered the reason — I was standing beneath a professionally lettered sign that said:

**LISA CONESA would like to state that she has no connection with the Lisa Conesa who the programme says will be holding a poetry soiree.
The real Lisa Conesa will be holding a vodka-and-lime — refills welcome.**

At this point I decided to abandon the passive approach. I acquired a pint of bitter and looked about the room, thinking that perhaps I could just start a conversation with someone and ask where to find Eric and the others. This wouldn't be easy — I am not naturally gregarious — but I have learned how to impersonate an extrovert well enough to get by in American society. I looked around and found myself standing next to a small man with a gray mustache. He was alone and looked terribly bored. He'd probably be glad to have someone to talk with, I thought, and ventured a friendly "Hello."

He looked around sharply at me. Then he looked down at the convention badge pinned to my jacket. He stared at it. I looked down too, wondering what he was staring at. For the first time I noticed that there was a tiny space left for filling in your name. My eyes met those of the little man again and he gave me a pitying smile which seemed to say: *The badge is right. You are nobody.* Then he turned away.



I tried to tell myself that he was just a rude old fart, but actually I was shattered. I went out into the sunshine, sat down on a bench, took out a pen, and wrote TOM PERRY on the badge as clearly as the miniscule space allowed. Then I sat looking at it. It was a futile gesture: Not only was the name impossible to read for anyone of normal height and eyesight — but could I really expect anyone to remember my name after all this time? It seemed unlikely. Perhaps I could practice saying very quickly: “I put out a fanzine about ten years ago — perhaps you’ve heard of it — its name was *Quark*.” For the first time I appreciated the fact that that other guy had used the title, too. If they didn’t remember my fanzine maybe they’d remember his and take me for him. At least it improved the odds a little.

I decided to give it another try before letting one rude clod get me depressed — the downed pilot taking another plane up before he loses his nerve. I looked about for another subject. Young people I discarded out of hand — there was no chance they would have read *Quark*; besides, the girls might think I was making a pass, and in this modern age, the boys might, too. I spotted a middle-aged man on the sidewalk in front of a building called the Tower. He was fat and bald and was all by himself. He looked bored. As a matter of fact, he didn’t look like a very promising conversationalist, but I was getting desperate for someone to talk to, and at least it didn’t seem very likely he’d reject me — or anyone. So I walked up to him.

Before I could speak, three other men of similar age converged on the fat one. They broke into animated conversation, ignoring me. Well, not quite ignoring me — each of them kept glancing at me from the corner of his eye. I stood there waiting expectantly, thinking that they would turn and speak to me as soon as they had this apparently urgent business of theirs settled.

Suddenly the four men moved off, each in a different direction, as smoothly as close-formation fliers in an air parade. One second they were there, the next I was alone on the sidewalk in the square in front of the Tower. I blinked. Had there really been four men here just an instant ago?

From across the square someone snickered. He had apparently witnessed the whole thing. At least I had confirmation that it really had happened.

I walked slowly back to my room, ignoring everyone. I wasn’t about to take another plane up only to get shot down again. I had to give this some thought. I lay down with an sf book I had bought in the huckster room and, after letting my emotions cool off a bit, turned my fine fannish mind to analyzing the problem.

It occurred to me that perhaps here in Manchester I was meeting British people for the first time, after living in their country for six months. Perhaps they really were more formal than I’d ever realized. My encounters up to that time had been either with tradespeople or with Britons working for an American company, many of whom had lived for a year or more in the U.S. Even then there had been hints of a different style of manners outside the company; one secretary had told me that she had had to address her boss on her previous job as Mister So-an-so, even after having worked closely with him over several years.

I had spent two weeks in Germany and had learned to shake hands solemnly with my co-workers each morning. I had spent two months in Paris and learned an even more elaborate ritual. If I could respect such foreign modes of behavior, then certainly I could also learn to get along with Britons on their own terms?

It was also possible that this was a fannish mode of behavior. I had read in various reports of the problems of shedding neofans. My own feeling was that this total ignoring of another person was far more rude than just saying, “Piss off, mate!” to someone who had actually turned out to be a pest — but perhaps the second course of action was more difficult for many people. Ignoring everyone you don’t already know is an impersonal act, and in a sense more passive, than rejecting someone after you’ve allowed contact to occur.

Perhaps it was a British custom, or perhaps a fannish one, or perhaps some of each — but obviously you couldn’t simply walk up to people and introduce yourself and expect a friendly reception. There had to be an introduction of some kind. Not necessarily a formal introduction — my correspondence with Eric Bentcliffe, followed by phone calls, culminating in an invitation to visit, had apparently been an acceptable way of getting acquainted. Clearly, I had been foolish not

to make damned sure I arrived at Eric's in time — then I could have driven him from Holmes Chapel to Manchester and been introduced to others by him. But I had been too casual about the whole thing, even to starting on a 300-mile trip with no maps; now I was paying for that casualness.

Obviously I needed to find Eric or the whole trip would turn out to be a waste. A glance at the program showed he was going to be chairing the official opening of the convention at 8:15 in the bar. I would just have to wait till then. Meantime I would stop trying to introduce myself — it was accomplishing nothing except bruising my ego and alienating people.

Having reached this conclusion I felt much better. In terms of Transactional Analysis, I had interrupted an ancient dialog between my Parent and my Child: "Tommy, go out and play with your little friends." / "They're *not* my friends! They keep beating me up. I don't like them." / "Oh, don't be so sensitive. Go on out now, that's a good boy." Instead of continuing to play this fruitless game, I had invoked my Adult and come up with a rational solution. I felt pretty good about it all.

So good in fact that I was ready to venture out of my room again. I would stop trying to make contact — I would just sit and enjoy the programme. As it turned out I picked a good time. In the con hall Ramsey Campbell was speaking on horror films. At the start it sounded dreadfully like a sercon analysis, but fortunately it degenerated into a series of beautiful quips, such as: "In the film *Sodom and Gomorrah* we learn that God is English when he takes the hero into the desert and says, 'Now it's all up to you lot.'" And: "In *The Fly*, the fly has the man's head and can talk. The man has the fly's head and *he* can talk. Now who got the fly's brain? Probably the script writer."

It was during this speech that I looked around and saw Willis entering the auditorium.

At last I had recognized someone. It seemed ironic that I had just promised myself not to walk up and introduce myself to anyone. Well, I would stick to it. Certainly that was one contact that I wanted to make correctly. I turned my attention back to Campbell.

But not for long. Someone walked up the aisle and sat down noisily about four rows behind me. Chairs were scraped around. Once settled down, the newcomer began to interrupt the speaker with shouts of "Haw!" and "Rubbish!"

Campbell politely pretended not to notice, but I turned around to glare. And wound up staring. It was the man I'd recognized as Willis. I felt like a pilot who'd been shot down three times in quick succession.

He wore a look of smug arrogance. In one hand was a pint of ale and in the other a cigarette. His feet were propped up on the chair he'd dragged so noisily into place.

Obviously this was not the Willis I knew. Over the years, through his fanwriting and correspondence, I had gained a clear picture of a gentle, thoughtful, sensitive man, one who combined intellect and warmth, deft wit and compassion. This attitude permeated all his work in a most convincing manner.

I had grown used to discovering that fans I met face to face were different from the personalities that radiated from the pages of their letters and fanzines. Biographies of writers suggest that those who are skilled with words often use them to distort their own images — indeed this seems to be one of the most common motives for writing; I know I've done it myself.

But this was worse than distortion. Obviously the Willis that I knew from his column and such works as "The Harp Stateside" was a complete fabrication, as calculated and phony as the generous, friendly, folksy images that are created by ad agencies for ruthless greedy politicians.

Those who might be tempted to expose him were deterred by the devastating wit he could unleash when necessary. I could think offhand of a couple of fans who had attacked Willis. They had been ostracized by other fans, including me. But apparently there had been some basis for their attacks. Certainly the man heckling Ramsey Campbell could not write truthfully, "I have never been able to think of anything so important that I had to shout it." Willis had written those words in admonishing a loud and obnoxious American fan, years ago, and I had reminded myself if them many times when I felt the urge to raise my voice unnecessarily. Sometimes it had helped. I doubted that it would after this.

The Campbell talk ended and the room emptied. It was supper time, but I didn't feel like eating. Back I went to my room in Tree Court. I was hot and tired and my emotions were once again getting the better of me.

There were two possibilities, I reflected. One was that Willis was a fake and always had been. The other was that he had changed over the years — that his success in fandom had gone to his head and changed him into the hideous gibbering unspeakable *thing* I had seen in the con hall. Perhaps he had even realized this — even if only subconsciously — and this change had caused his gafiation in the mid-sixties. There is no way to discipline fans, no way to keep them from laughing raucously at what they consider funny; this is why no one has ever been able to impose a military dictatorship upon fandom.

Once you get a swelled head, it will tip you over and drag you down. Fandom is the one place where hat size is directly related to capsize.

Probably then Willis had once been something close to the Willis I thought I knew through his writing. Perhaps 20 years of fannish success, or his automobile accident, or the publication of his book, or the troubled situation in Northern Ireland, had changed him. Whatever it was, it had happened. The man I had come here to meet no longer existed.

By this time I was in a real funk. I can't remember having felt so bad since 1961 when my best friend put a shotgun in his mouth and blew his head open. If this seems like an extreme emotional reaction to a few minutes of noisy behavior, I guess it is — but it happened. Looking back I can only surmise that the stresses of my recent life contributed to my reaction. For six months I had been living in a foreign country and traveling in several other foreign countries, with the attended subtle emotional stress that that entails, and for the past week or so I had been living in an isolated state — work had taken me to Denmark the previous Monday and Tuesday, and when I returned Wednesday my family had driven off to explore England with my visiting in-laws, and I had spent Wednesday and Thursday nights in an empty house. The events of the last few hours hadn't helped, either.

But in a sense the malaise I felt was largely my own fault. All of my life I had been too ready to venerate mortal men, only to reverse my feelings sharply when each one in turn revealed human flaws. Possibly this constant seeking for the perfect father figure had something to do with the fact that my father was flying missions over Germany when I was growing up. Or perhaps it was a characteristic of my generation, as indicated by the wide popularity of Superman and Batman comic books when we were young.

Whatever had given rise to it, though, I was now an adult — and a father, too, come to think of it. Certainly I ought to realize as well as anyone the limitations of fathers and their surrogates. We were human beings, that's all.

Slowly, over the course of an hour or so, an attitude that I had held for a lifetime began to change, and as it did my depression began to lift. At the end of that time I realized what folly it was to castigate Willis for a few minutes of boorish behavior of which I might easily have been guilty myself. I pulled myself together and decided that from then on I would use ideals as a goal for my own behavior, rather than trying to measure others by them. And I would try to guard against this tendency of mine to enter into blind hero worship. There are no heroes — only people.

Sobered by all this reflection, I washed up and headed back to the bar, where Eric Bentcliffe would soon be opening the con. On arriving at the bar I discovered that the Official Opening had been moved upstairs to the con hall. I went on up and found a spot in the crowded room where I could lean against a wall.

Eric and Peter Presford were introducing famous fans and pros, who would then rise briefly while everyone went clap clap clap. Many of the names I didn't recognize, but I clapped anyway. Suddenly, I realized I was applauding the man I had recognized as Willis. I hadn't caught his name, but it definitely hadn't been Walt Willis.

I had now been nursing my misconception for over two hours and I found it difficult to shed it all at once. If that man wasn't Willis, who was?

James White was introduced and stood up. Bob Shaw was introduced and proved to be down in the bar. Avoiding this situation was the reason the Official Opening had been planned for the bar in the first place. Unfortunately, so many people had shown up to see Shaw actually present at his introduction that it had had to be moved, and he had not moved with it.

"And now," said Eric, "I'd like to introduce a man who many of you will recognize when I say that his father was a printer and he merely reverted to type —"

I recognized the famous pun. It dates from the days of the printed fanzine *Slant*, and had been made famous by Rog Phillips, who had repeated it in one review after another in his fanzine review column (yes, that's how long ago it was — back when the prozines had fanzine review columns) until the pun's author had written another column about that repetition.

Everyone in the hall was applauding now, so that Eric had to raise his voice to finish: "...let me introduce WALT WILLIS! Walt, where are you? Ah, there he is in the back of the hall." All eyes turned to focus on a man in a bright red cardigan sweater who was not ten feet from me, perched easily on a deep windowsill in the corner. The man stood up, waved and nodded to the crowd, then retired back to his nook. Eric went on to introduce others.

I stood there trying to think clearly. Here I was standing ten feet from Willis. I had decided earlier not to try introducing myself to people — but certainly this was a different situation? I had corresponded with Willis, contributed to *Hyphen*, sent him a bootleg copy of "Fanny Hill," written to the United States government about his missing luggage, published "The Harp That Once or Twice" in *Quark*.

Furthermore, he had been to the U.S. twice and had liked it. He knew that the easy, open manners of Americans — which undoubtedly struck many Britons as brash and pushy — were just our own way of showing friendliness.

Could it possibly be wrong just to walk those ten feet and say hello? Wasn't it almost ridiculous *not* to?

The most compact and powerful computer known to man ingested all this raw data and massaged it thoroughly before producing, once again, the wrong answer. I pulled myself together and walked over to Walt.

"Excuse me, I wonder if I might introduce myself," I said carefully, being a little more formal than is usual with Americans. "My name is Tom Perry."

Willis blinked. He shook my hand and said absently, "Pleased to meet you... Oh, excuse me," he added and moved over to where James White was sitting. White had just motioned him over, saying, "Here's a seat for you, Walt." Obviously the seat had been there all along and White was providing the getaway route in the unlikely event that someone would commit the incredible gaffe of forcing himself on Willis.

I sat down in the windowsill from which I had just chased Willis. It was easy to think, "Maybe he just didn't recognize my name," but that thought was inevitably followed by another: "Maybe he *did*." I started planning to leave the convention early the following morning — obviously it was too late to drive back to Southampton that night. My gaze traveled back to the front of the auditorium, where Eric Bentcliffe was still introducing people just as if nothing had happened.

"And finally," I heard him say, "I'd like to introduce a fan I haven't met myself — but whom I was supposed to meet this afternoon. I Tom Perry in the room?" There were puzzled glances and shouts of "Who?" I moved forward out of the shadow and waved to catch Eric's attention, while trying to imitate the hearty grin of the American extrovert. "Ah, there you are, Tom. In the back of the room is a fan of many years standing —"

The fan of many years standing was suddenly invited to sit. I found myself seated next to Pete Weston and directly behind James White and Walt Willis. Willis scrunched himself around backwards to talk to me. "I thought you said your name was *Derry*. I was trying to figure out how some bloody Englishman could have the nerve to call himself Derry..." James White turned around to whisper, "Why do the English speak English with that horrible English accent?" — always my favorite of his many deathless quips. Pete Weston was reciting from his bottomless memory all the street addresses in America to which he had sent me copies of *Speculation* over the years of my gaffiation. He had pursued me relentlessly across the continent; at times I thought he *mush* have hired a private detective agency. And I was sitting there trying to get my vocal chords back into operation.

After six hours at the Mancon, people were speaking to me.

A few minutes later I found myself seated in a corner of the bar, between Weston and Willis. As we settled into place I took a moment to study Walt's features. He has a rugged face with lines around the mouth and eyes that testify to his sense of humor — he can express the equivalent of a

belly-laugh by crinkling the corner of an eye. I didn't notice the multiple earlobes found in the ATom cartoons, but I did notice another feature I'm surprised has never been caricatured: the eyebrows, which extend out beyond the sides of his head like a guardsman's mustache.

We three former faneds inevitably began to speak of how our fanzines had come to an end. *Speculation* had lived to a ripe old age, not petering out until well into its thirties, while *Hyphen's* last issue was number 36. "Did you remember that you were a *Hyphen* columnist, Tom?" said Walt with a twinkle in his eye. "'Perry and the Tirades' appeared from issue 36 onward."

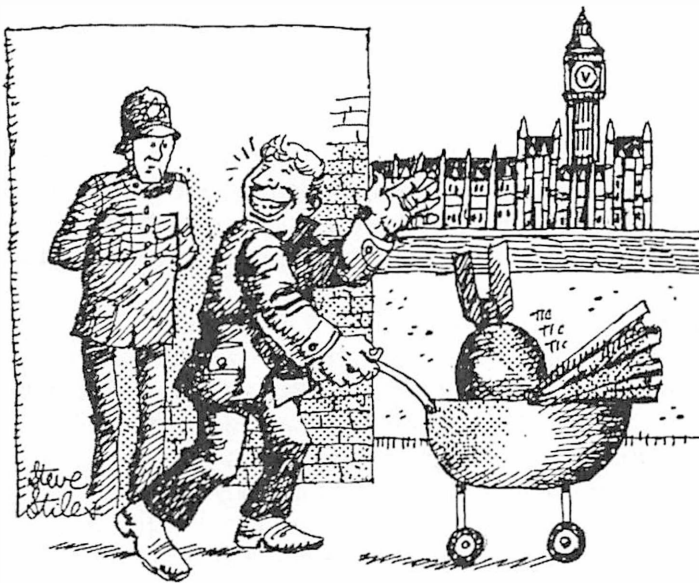
The discussion turned to Walt's long gaffiation. Inevitably it has to do with the "troubles" in Northern Ireland. Willis is active in the Alliance Party, a group of Protestants and Catholics seeking peace in Northern Ireland. 'I'm doing all the same things I did in fandom — writing, publishing, making speeches, trying to persuade people — and I just can't stop. In this kind of work you always have this feeling that if you can do just a little bit more, it might make a crucial difference. That's why I haven't had time for fandom recently."

"I've read your book on Ireland," I said.

"It's a little outdated now," said Willis.

"Yes," I said, remembering the note of hope in the final chapter. "Do you still think Ireland will be reunited?"

He sucked thoughtfully on his pipe, as if he knew the answer but didn't like to say it. "No," he said at last. "No. Too much has happened. I think that eventually there will be a sort of repatriation, or an adjustment of borders."



Ireland's troubles interested me (one of my grandmothers was a Cassidy), and Walt seemed willing to talk about them, so we got deeper into the subject. It wasn't until Ethel Lindsay came up to talk to Walt that I noticed Pete was no longer taking part in the conversation. I turned to him.

"Tom, you just have no idea how sick we English are of Ireland. It's been going on for years and it just never stops. And what's it all about? It's a goddamn *religious* war, for Christ's sake. You know what we English say? Thank god it's the Irish who are planting these bombs in our country — otherwise they'd do twice as much damage. As it is the damn fools usually manage to blow themselves up or plant a dud. Did you

read what happened a couple of weeks ago in Birmingham? Five Irishmen planted these bombs, see, and they caught them because they all took the same boat train, all gave false names to anyone who would listen, pretended to be traveling separately when they were quite obviously together, and so on. Hell, they probably had gunpowder under their fingernails! Anyone else would have laid low for a couple of weeks and got clean away."

He shifted in his chair, warming to the subject. "I tell you, Tom, a couple of years ago, England went through a bloody awful winter — no oil because the Arabs were embargoing it, no coal because our coal miners were on strike, the whole country was on a three-day week, and even the weather was horrible. All this time I was taking *The Times* and the *Telegraph*, two papers that really give the full story, I was spending upwards of two hours a day reading all this bloody awful stuff. And then one day I just said screw it, and stopped buying them. What a great feeling! Saved myself a pound a week and had more to drink and more time to drink it in."

Pete gave a happy smile at the memory and took a long pull on his pint of bitter. But his mood changed again and he began to catalog Britain's woes. This is something every intelligent

Englishman seems to do and in a sense it actually testifies to the country's basic health. What other country constantly undergoes so much self-criticism?

After finishing this gloomy recital he cheered up a bit. "But you know? — England is just going through a stage that all the other countries will come to someday. The British Empire used to span the globe, Tom. We conquered the world. We were first."

"Now wait a minute," I said. "What about Greece and Rome?"

"Let me modify that," said Pete. "We were the first to conquer the world when it was round."

Pete also gave me my first inkling of the controversy over the con site by apologizing to me, on behalf of English fandom, over the discomfort of our surroundings. I murmured something about they didn't seem so bad to me, and he looked at me sharply, as if trying to decide whether this was a fannish put-on or was I possibly demented? Apparently he settled on the put-on, for he chuckled and continued explaining the situation that had put the Eastercon in such shabby quarters: "The same group wanted to put the con here last year, and a group of us got together a counterbid solely to keep them from doing it. But they wouldn't give up the idea, so this year here we are." It began to dawn on me that the other Easter conventions had been held in comfortable modern hotels, and that this one was an anomaly not only to myself, but to the British fans here as well. Peter enlarged on his theme, branching out to the general lack of organization: "Take the TAFF panel this afternoon. The committee told all the participants it was going to be *Sunday* afternoon. Or take the lack of a fancy dress period —"

"They've got one scheduled now," I interrupted, pointing to the latest revision of the programme which had been posted on a blackboard near the door.

"Sure, they do, *now*," he said. "But originally they didn't. I said to them, 'You didn't say you weren't going to have fancy dress,' and they said, 'Well, we dint say we *were* going to have one, did we?' Hell, Tom, for 27 years these conventions have had a fancy dress period. A lot of people put a lot of time and work into costumes every year. No one told them not to this year. So the committee said, 'Uh, do you think maybe it would be better to have one?' I told them, 'You're going to be fucking well LYNCHED if you don't.' And so now they've got it scheduled."

Traces of the con site controversy could be found even in the Mancon 5 programme book. The Chairman's Address by Peter Presford hailed the campus convention as an experiment and somehow associated it with greater numbers of fans and pros coming to the Easter conventions. He contended that a hotel convention kept many fans from attending. "Staying at the Convention Hotel to some is a mere dent in their monthly salary, to others it is six-months of hard saving. And if they are like me it means staying outside the Hotel in a local B & B with their family. The University Campus Convention allows everyone a far greater choice. It means basically that no one cannot afford to stay where the action is. For those that require that little extra comfort...fair 'nough, they can spend as much as they wish. They are not limited by the Convention Hotel. ...Do you know there are folks who stay outside the Hotel so they can spend an extra £15 to £20 on books." By "B & B" he means "bed and breakfast," a form of accommodation to be found throughout England in private homes; I imagine an American equivalent might be a boarding house, or renting a spare room from a hard-pressed family. In a B&B you would have a small, sparsely furnished room, no private bath, no telephone, and a long trip to the convention hall. It can't be entirely a coincidence that these were exactly the conditions that prevailed on the campus at Owens Park. The Manchester Group had in effect turned the con into one enormous B&B.

One thing that hurt the con was the absence of telephones. Modern human beings can endure all sorts of privations without harm — after all, a bad bed is still a bed, poor food is still food — but severing links of communications truly diminishes human potential. We had all of us traveled to this town in northwest England simply to communicate with one another, and now one vital instrument of communication was missing — the common, taken-for-granted-everywhere telephone. By Saturday afternoon fans were leaving messages for each other scribbled at the bottom of the blackboard by the entrance to the lounge below the con hall; above these messages could be found the latest version of the official programme.

You could also argue the statement that the campus convention meant "that no one cannot afford to stay where the action is." If you define "the action" simply as the official programme, okay.

But for most of us our fannish friends and acquaintances count as part of the action, too — not to mention the professional authors and editors. London's Ratfans stayed at a hotel nearby rather than in the convention dormitories, as they had announced they would months before. Some of the pros stayed there, too.

The result of scattering congoers is that no one at all can stay "where the action is" — because it isn't in any one place; it's been dispersed instead of being concentration at one point. And that concentration was the whole point of the convention in the first place.

Weston introduced me to Peter Roberts, the Fan GoH, who wore long blond hair and an incredibly wrinkled orange outfit. Roberts is the quintessence of modern British fandom — young (around 25), quick witted, a follower of such quixotic causes as Cornish nationalism, vegetarianism, science fiction, and fandom. He is also a linguist and has recently turned pro by translating science fiction stories from German and Polish.

His renowned rapier wit was in evidence when I asked him about OMPA — was there a waiting list? "Yes," he responded, with a malicious gleam in his eye, "there's a waiting list to get out."

Roberts works for the British Museum. "Did you know the British Museum collects fanzines? In fact you have to send them two copies of every ish. I got a notice from them saying they were missing the following numbers: 3, 7, 13, etc. And down at the bottom it says PTO, and on the other side is a list of the fines for failure to comply: £25 first offense, and so on."

Of the two appreciations of Peter in the Mancon programme book, one focuses on the legend that he is immobile. This legend would have it that a popular sport among British fans is to gather together to watch him not move. To quote Ian Williams quoting Rob Holdstock:

"At one point he rose to his feet and the room fell silent, all eyes turned upon him. He stared at the floor for a moment and put one foot in front of the other, held the stance for a few seconds, then quickly reversed the position of his feet. The room was tense with expectation, but he shook his head and sat down again. It was a most disconcerting moment."

I can now report definitely that Roberts does move. I was well along by that time, having consumed several pints of bitter after skipping supper and thus getting more use out of the alcohol than usual, but I clearly remember (sort of) Roberts leading a party of fans to a room, thus creating a room party. Whose room it was I never established, nor can I recall the 20-some inhabitants by name, but I know Roy Tackett was there. I know because my notes include the following conversation:

TACKETT: "Say, Tom, you remember the furious battles between the duper fans and the mimeo cranks?"

ME: "Yes, but the duper fans lost. Their pages are all blank now. There's one for sale in the huckster room — all blank pages."

ROBERTS: "Oh yes, that Olon F. Wiggins fanzine. Twenty pages of blank paper, stapled together. Cost you a quid to buy it."

Some time the next morning — I managed to get up about 7 o'clock despite not going to bed until 4:30 and without the use of an alarm clock or a wake-up call (there was no phone, remember); these British sunrises are relentless — sometime Saturday morning I asked Roberts to describe the game of Fannish Football that had been played between the London Rats and the Gannet Flyers on Friday afternoon, Bob Shaw refereeing (FLYERS SHIT ON RATS, 1-0). Roberts and Harry Bell, the team captains, were nursing their aching muscles in the bar as a result of this unaccustomed exercise.

The word "football" in Europe usually denotes soccer, but this game had apparently been a modification on rugby football. This is sort of like American football without pads. And hence, I suppose, *with* tears. I tossed off a remark to the effect that it must be a very mild game compared with the American version. For some reason this remark inspired Roberts to go into a delightful comic pastiche of the American game. "I think American football developed from the game as it's played at Eton, where the pitch is 220 yards long and ten wide," he said. "In America they put on these padded pants and spiked shoes and top it all off with a big helmet with a face guard, so that by

now you really can't tell who's inside, if anybody is at all."

He donned these imaginary garments as he went along, and seemed to be hiding inside an American football uniform, though in fact he was still wearing the same wrinkled orange outfit (he *had* changed the shirt, you could tell by close inspection and asking him). "Then they sort of bounce about off each other, recoiling off the pads, you know —" Hilarious bit of business, but if he wins TAFF next year he'll have to be deterred from performing it in an American bar. It could be fatal.

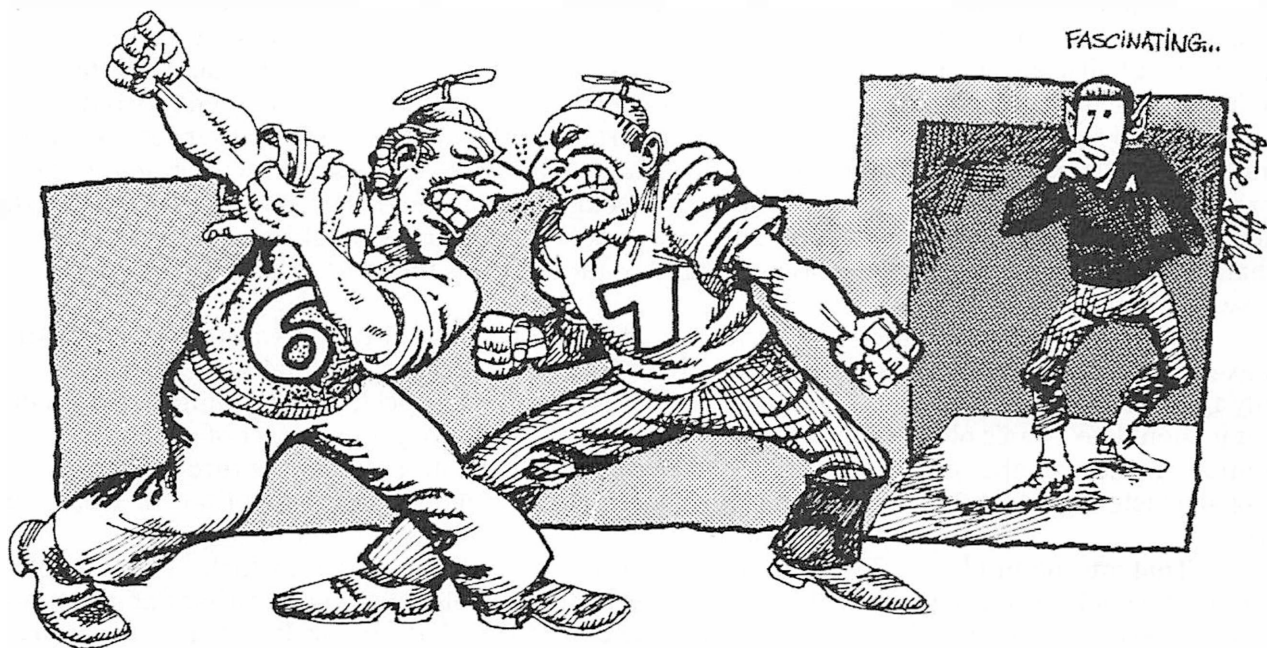
Later Saturday, Peter introduced me to Greg Pickersgill, who was sitting in the midst of a circle of Rاتفans. He reminded me a little of a Hell's Angel I used to know — an impression that was confirmed that afternoon at a faneds panel when he spoke with bloodthirsty relish of "burying Harry Warner in the WAHFs." But perhaps it was only his mood. "I don't like being in a waiting room," he snarled. A waiting room? I looked around. Sure thing — the room, supposedly the lounge for the bar, was an exact copy of a thousand Greyhound and Trailways bus depots throughout America. Bad lighting, uncomfortable seats, rickety tables, cheap chairs, full ashtrays.

The Rاتفans were holding a competition to see who could be the most bored. For some reason I couldn't get interested in this, so I went upstairs despite Peter Roberts taunt: "Only fakefans attend the program, Tom..."

In the con hall the Mastermind competition was under way. Pete Weston was posing as an expert on Heinlein. He rattled off the answers until confronted with the question: "What was the unpleasant profession of Jonathan Hoag?" Then he began an awful waffle. Something about the Sons of the Bird, the fourth dimension and I don't know what all. "It's really terribly complicated," finished Pete lamely. The moderator gave him a cold eye. "Hoag," he said, "was an art critic."

But surely the highlight of the competition was Bob Silverberg, who was enlisted as an expert on Bob Silverberg when the real contestant, Malcolm Edwards, failed to show up. He breezed through all the questions with an ease which would probably be impossible for anyone else, given that Silverberg's work falls into two periods with strikingly different characteristics (on the internal evidence, the change was probably influenced to some extent by LSD). And element of humor entered when he was challenged with identifying several goyische male names: "I refuse to answer on the grounds it would tend to incriminate me," he said. They were, of course, Silverberg pen names.

But then came questions on General Knowledge — in this case, other people's sf stories. Silverberg disclaimed any knowledge in this area but the questions came anyway. After turning aside several with statements like, "Am I supposed to answer these ridiculous questions?", one came along that was worded so that he could answer it. "Name the dog in 'A Boy and His Dog?'"



“Rover,” said Silverberg quickly.

The moderator looked nonplussed, but after some urging from the audience marked it down as correct. “I can see I’ll have to change the wording of the next question,” he said. “Let’s see. What did the dog call the boy?”

“What *did* the dog call the boy?” said Silverberg.

“Victor.”

“Victor?”

“Correct,” said the moderator, marking down another right answer.

Silverberg never approached this high again, and the Mastermind competition was won by Ian Williams, the expert on Farmer. A few minutes later, going down the staircase into the bar area, I saw Silverberg at the bottom. “I first met you in Harlan Ellison’s apartment in New York in 1955,” I told him. “My name’s Tom Perry,” I knew he wouldn’t remember, but I didn’t want him to think we hadn’t been introduced.

He gave me a keen glance. “Ah, yes. You’ve changed a lot. Back then you had a crewcut.” I stood there staring at him until he decided that I wasn’t going to pick up on my cue, and delivered the next line himself, though in a disappointed tone: “I guess we’ve all changed a lot since then.” I was still staring at him. Too right you’ve changed, I thought. True, my crewcut had grown out and I had a small beard — but he looked ready to step on the stage as Jesus Christ Superstar.

“Christ, you’ve got an incredible memory,” I said reverently. “How come you couldn’t answer any of the general knowledge questions?”

He looked around to make sure no fellow authors were present. “Well, I haven’t read any of those stories.”

Then he stared into space and flexed his memory again. “I remember more about your visit now. You came through New York just before Jan Sadler — or she came through just before you did, and said you were coming.”

“That’s right,” I said quickly, and tried to change the subject. But he was not to be deterred.

“No, wait — now I’ve got it. You came through and *said* you were Jan Sadler from Mississippi. It was only later we found out you were actually Tom Perry, and Jan Sadler was a girl.”

“Oh ghod, you would remember that,” I said, to the laughter of the little group of fans who had gathered around us, and murmured something about the fuggheadedness of youth. I had been 15 that year and like some other fans living in fannish wastelands I thought that hoaxes were the highest form of fanac. The fannish population of Nebraska tended to rise and fall with my moods. For quite a while I sustained an imaginary younger sister, and another of my hoaxes, Jim Caughran, actually took on a separate existence; last I heard he was a member of FAPA. It took Dean Grennell to finally cure me of this tendency. I had submitted an article to *Grue* which bristled with Laney-like sneers at all sorts of fans I considered fuggheads. Grennell sent it back with a tactful note saying that he didn’t think *Grue*’s letter column could sustain the barrage of comment it would generate, and then added impishly: “There’s one sort of fugghead you left out of your catalog, which I mention only for reasons of completeness. That’s the fan who switches sex with every letter like some sort of hopeless hermaphrodite. This trend seems to have been inspired by Lee Hoffman (who did the same thing unintentionally) and now every neofan, on hearing about her, declares that whatever he/she was before it’s the other thing now and isn’t this the most delicious joke ever? Answer: ‘Yawn’ No.”

Grennell was wrong about one particular: it wasn’t Lee Hoffman who was the model for my hoaxes, but John Courtois and his imaginary sister Jean, and they lived in Appleton, Wisconsin, only 15 or 20 miles from Grennell’s home in Fond du Lac. In retrospect, it seems quite appropriate that it should be Dean’s old pal Agberg who reminded me of this forgotten aspect of my early fanning. In a sense, the convention seemed to be forcing me to knit together the threads of my fannish existence, which I had deliberately torn apart at intervals — a clear case of sewing what you rip.

That afternoon I heard Silverberg read aloud from *Dying Inside*, after which I immediately went to the huckster room and bought a copy of the book. Despite Silverberg’s rather flat intonation — or maybe because of it — the power of his writing came through dramatically. It seemed a sorry

commentary on the sf publishing world that the book was originally issued with a bug-eyed monster on the cover, thus virtually assuring that no one who would read it would like it, and no one who would have liked it would read it. Silverberg has managed to get it re-issued with a cover that bore some relationship to the contents.

I ran into Willis on the way to dinner and we walked into the dining room together, only to be motioned to two vacant chairs by Dave Kyle. After sitting down Willis turned to me and said quietly: "In fandom today you never know what era your audience is familiar with. For instance, if I had said, 'Dave Kyle says we can sit here,' I wonder how many people would have noticed." I had to scan my memory banks for a full minute before this allusion to the Chicon in 1952 registered with me.

On the other side of Dave Kyle was one of the four men who had refused to speak to me in front of the Tower Friday. We were introduced over the length of the table; he turned out to be Keith Freeman. I remembered the name from a BSFA flyer distributed at the con that had urged me to seek him out and give him money for a membership; I wondered idly how this membership drive could succeed if he wouldn't speak to people he didn't already know. If we had been within speaking distance I might have needled him a little, but since we were at opposite ends of the table, needling was impossible — it would have had to be a shouting match, or nothing. I settled on interpreting his faint look of embarrassment on being introduced to me as an apology of sorts. In all likelihood it was really a symptom of indigestion.

For me Mancon came to an end Saturday night. I had an absolute unbreakable commitment to return Sunday to see my in-laws, who had then been in England a full week without my having laid eyes on them. It was unfortunate that they had chosen the two weeks over Easter for their visit, but they came by a cheap chartered flight booked months in advance, so it would probably have been easier to get the Pope to change the date of Easter than to alter their plans.

I finally got to spend a little time — not enough — Saturday evening with Eric Bentcliffe and his wife, Beryl. Together we attended Dr. Shaw's learned discourse on the newest developments in rocket propellants. I ducked out of the room parties early that night, exhausted from having got so little sleep the previous night, or morning, or whatever the period between falling asleep and waking at cons is called. (There seems to be material for a fresh fannish neologism here.)

Early Sunday, while everyone else slept, I left the key to my room where Eric could find it (he would use the room to sleep over Sunday night at the con), packed and left. As I departed from Tree Court for the last time, I noticed that its buildings were distinguished by the hexadecimal digits A, B, C, D, E, and F. These are the equivalents of the decimal numbers 10 through 15 and are used in computer programming because base 16 numbers concisely express base 2 numbers. In this sense then the court was a binary tree, a thought that gave me a smile as I carried my luggage to the parking lot. It seemed only fitting that this con, which had put me through so many changes invisible and others, would end with a private joke. □ [Mota 19, September 1976]

"Tom Perry's 'Mein Con' is one of the best things I have read in a fanzine in a long time. It is not only one of the most personal, honest, con reports I have ever read, but it seems to say all the important things there are to say about that particular convention, conventions in general and about fandom. What did you ever do to deserve getting such a fine piece of writing?"

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Lesleigh Luttrell, published in Mota 20, December 1976

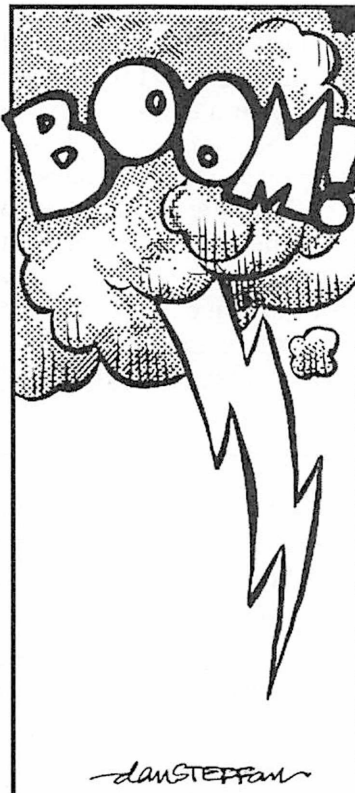
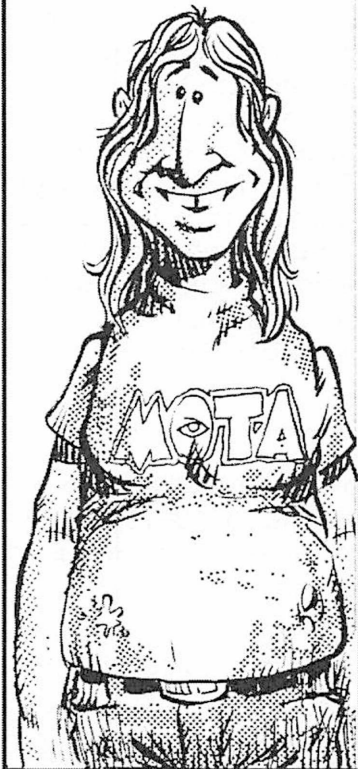
"I would love to know who the fellow was that Perry mistook for Willis. "A fan of smug arrogance..." Could be any British fan. I know it wasn't me — I couldn't wear a look of smug arrogance, drink a pint of ale, smoke a cigarette and prop my feet up on a chair all at the same time. I'd fall over."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
John Brosnan, published in Mota 20, December 1976

number

twenty

MEANWHILE IN
DOWNTOWN ARLINGTON,
A MILD
MANNERED FAN
EDITOR SPEAKS
THE MAGIC
WORD...



MOTA 20 cover art by Dan Steffan - 1976



ALL THE SERCONIST'S FEN

By Gary Deindorfer

It was a sleepy day in September. It was Labor Day weekend. It was Worldcon weekend. Wordsworth and Bardstone lounged around the newsroom of *Fandom's Leading Newszine*, fandom's leading newszine. They were shooting spithalls at each other. "You can't write worth dogshit," said Wordsworth to Bardstone. "You can't write worth dogshit," said Bardstone to Wordsworth.

Just then the Editor-in-Chief of *Fandom's Leading Newszine*, Bradley Benjamin III, bust into the newsroom like Halley's Comet 10 years early. "All right, you cocksuckers. Get down to the N3F Hospitality Room double pronto. There's been a break-in. Find out about it, or I'll have your asses on the chopping block!"

Wordsworth and Bardstone hightailed it over to the Ritzo Hotel where the Worldcon was manifesting itself. "This could be BIG!" exclaimed Wordsworth. "Big as your cock," said Bardstone cynically, holding one finger an inch away from the other finger.

They came upon a crowd of angry fans milling around the door to the N3F Hospitality Room, holding four dark skinned men by the scruffs of their necks. The men were naked but for G-strings.

"Press," said Wordsworth and Bardstone, pencils and notepads in action position. "Shoot!"

A fan spokesman for the group declaimed, "We caught these guys in the N3F Hospitality Room with paper bags full of cockroaches. They were letting them loose. They were bugging the place."

"Hey, let's arraign these guys right here," said one head. "It'll be a Head Arraignment."

"Who are you?" asked the fans.

"We uns be...Patagonians," they said shyly.

"Hey, do you guys really sleep naked in freezing weather?" asked Wordsworth.

"That's irrelevant," observed Bardstone.

"Why were you bugging the N3F Hospitality Room?" asked Wordsworth.

"We was told to," said the Patagonians.

"By whom?" asked the two crusading reporters in unison.

"We can't say, mans," said the Patagonians.

Just then Bardstone noticed the letters "F.I.B." stenciled on the G-strings of the Patagonians. The initials of the dreaded secret police agency of the mysterious and malevolent Serconist, The Fan Infiltration Bureau.

"You don't have to say," said Wordsworth.

"Race you back to the office!" yelled Bardstone.

* * * * *

"They're Patagonians, and we can link them up with the F.I.B.," said the intrepid duo to Bradley Benjamin III.

"Jeezus Crystals! This could be the biggest thing since Kate Smith's ass hole!" exclaimed Benjamin.

"You sure do have a way with words," said the two relentlessly investigative fan reporters.

"Write the story and write it pronto or I'll have your asses in the chopping block!" yelled Bradley Benjamin III.

"Yes, sir!" yelled back the fearless twosome as stirring music welled up in the background.

* * * * *

The story read:

"This afternoon at the Ritzo Hotel four Patagonians did a nasty, nasty thing. They tried to bug the N3F Hospitality Room at the Worldcon. They were apprehended by some outraged head fans, or fan "heads". They were discovered to have links with the dreaded Fan Infiltration Bureau."

Bradley Benjamin III read the story aloud to his 25 co-editors. "This sucks!" he screamed at Wordsworth and Bardstone. "I want sources! Get me sources or I'll have your asses on the chopping block!"

* * * * *

Hours later, the moon floated drunkenly in a Ripple sky. Little birdies twittered and twirped as they stood on twigs growing on trees. This is known as setting a mood.

"What have you two fuckups got for me?" asked Bradley Benjamin III in his inimitably caustic, yet warm hearted, manner.

"Worcestershire," said Bardstone.

"Roquefort," said Wordsworth.

"A-1," said Bardstone.

"Blue cheese," said Wordsworth.

"I said get me sources, you ninnies! Not sauces, sources!" exploded Benjamin cinematically.

* * * * *

Wordsworth and Bardstone sat around the newsroom of *Fandom's Leading Newszine*, fandom's leading newszine, shooting spitballs at each other.

"Can you think of anybody?" asked Bardstone.

"I don't know anybody," said Wordsworth.

"Me neither," said Bardstone.

"It's hard to do investigative reporting without sources," said Wordsworth.

"Even harder than without sauces," said Bardstone.

Then a lightbulb lit up above Wordsworth's head. "Hey! Unless...unless..."

"Yes? YES?" panted Bardstone expectantly in a Dustin Hoffmanesque way.

"Well," confided Wordsworth in a Robert Redfordesque manner, "Don't tell anybody I told you, but I used to shoot pool once in a while with a guy who is in the innermost circle of the Serconist's cabal. And yet he's a real nice guy, a regular Joe. He told me what a creep the Serconist is. He leaked impressive hints to me now and then, but he said never to quote him. He said to keep him on deep background, as us reporters call it. He always looked like he was ready to catch forty winks, so I have picturesquely named him Deep Sleep. Hopefully, others will pick up on this apt nickname."

"Get in touch with him, man! Get on it! Otherwise...all fandom will be plunged into war!" screamed Bardstone, going cinematically manic.

* * * * *

Wordsworth got in touch with Deep Sleep, letting his fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages. They worked out an arrangement. Whenever Wordsworth wanted to talk to Deep Sleep, he hung an anchovy pizza from his mailbox. Then he walked 50 blocks and stood and waited in an alleyway between a Chinese laundry and a massage parlor.

Deep Sleep arrived an hour later, dressed in a sealskin suit, a paper bag over his head. "That pizza was really good, Wordsworth. Okay, what do you want to know?"

"Let's get down to brass tacks," said Wordsworth. "Did the Patagonians really work for the F.I.B.?"

"I could say yes, I could say no," replied Deep Sleep in his maddening elliptical way.

"Animal, vegetable, or mineral?" asked Wordsworth.

"Vegetable. The biggest vegetable of them all," said Deep Sleep.

"Then that means...that means..." whispered Wordsworth, aghast.

"Goes to the very top," replied Deep Sleep, falling asleep in the alleyway.

* * * * *

Wordsworth and Bardstone sat in Bradley Benjamin III's sanctum sanctorum, surrounded by his 25 co-editors. "We have it on deep and sleepy authority that it goes to...the very top," they said in faultless unison.

"Jesus Rice Crispies! I'll be a buggered chicken," exclaimed Benjamin. "You mean the Serconist himself? Goodness gracious. My, oh, my, oh, my. Can you prove it?"

"You bet your hairy ass, as we newspeople like to say, indicating we're 'regular fellows,'" replied Wordsworth and Bardstone.

Everyone in Benjamin's innermost office leaned back in their chairs and imagined it. The Serconist himself, the most sercon creature in the world, he of the weird hairline and the 5 o'clock shadow and the two hands held aloft in the "V" signal. Once the Secret Master of Fandom had been a droll, warmhearted, immaculately fannish fellow. But a Darkness had fallen upon the microcosm. The Evil One came out of his hiding place in Mordor. Fandom fell under the loathsome influence of the new Secret Master, who, it was hinted, had disposed of the good Secret Master. The mysterious Serconist, surrounded by his flunkies.

"We've got the goods on him now," said Bradley Benjamin III. "Caught with his hands in the toilet."

"Hoisted by his own jockstrap," said the intrepid reportorial twosome.

"It'll make a great lead story," said a co-editor.

"And a better book," said another co-editor.

"And a better paperback," said another co-editor.

"And a helluva fucking good movie," said Bradley Benjamin III. "Get out there and nail him, boys, or I'll have your asses on the chopping block!"

Wordsworth and Bardstone ran out into the mystical embracing night, their hair blowing brave in the wind. They would tell the whole story, the Serconist would leave in abject shame for San Clemente, and faanishness would return to the land. □ [Mota 20, December 1976]



FANZINE

TALES TO TURN OFF YOUR



NO. 21

MOTA



MOTA 21 cover art by Dan Steffan - 1977



DEATH OF A FAN

By G*ry D**nd*rf*r*

Once, long ago, a lonely fan lived in New Jersey. He was young. He had pimples. Girls didn't like him.

"Well, ahahahaha!" cried the young fan. "I don't care about girls. It just leaves me more time for f*a*n*a*c!" And so saying he sat down to draw a cartoon series about another New Jersey fan who sold ice cream for a living. The young fan liked to poke fun at older, more sedate fans. It made up for the emptiness in his own life, and might even distract others from noticing it.

"Oh, boy!" the young fan said, as he began the third panel of his cartoon strip. "This is really fun!" The third panel showed his cartoon character ("Uncle Ned") getting a Good Humorous bar shoved in his ear. "This will set all of fandom on fire!" the young fan chortled. "Maybe it'll even start a new c*a*t*c*h*p*h*r*a*s*e — maybe in a few months everyone in fandom will be picking up on my punchline and saying, 'Stick it in your ear!'"

He was right. In exactly four months and three days, he overheard a fat woman in a purple pokadot dress telling another woman at that year's Lunacon, "Stick it in your ear!" He felt fulfilled. "Fame is mine!" he chortled to himself. "Maybe I'll even get a Hugo nomination!" (He knew he wouldn't *win* the Hugo for Best New Catchphrase — this was, after all, the same year in which another fan had coined "I have a piece of chicken stuck in my teeth" — but just getting on the ballot and having his name read among the nominees at the Annual Hugo Awards Banquet would be egoboo enough.)

By then he had his "Uncle Ned" cartoon strip running in two Hugo-award-winning fanzines and one up-and-comer. He drew the strip with a light blue ballpoint pen (one with a thick line) which was impossible to see (to trace) beneath a blue stencil, and invisible to an electro-stencil machine.

In later years he liked to say, modestly, that he figured he'd been instrumental in causing fandom's conversion to green stencils. (One fan editor who happened to overhear that remark said, later, that light blue ballpoint pen lines were nearly as hard to see through a green stencil, especially if your drawing plate wasn't crystal clean. But those who heard him put his statement down to sour-grapes; he'd been caught with ten quires of blue stencils on hand when the change to green stencils was mandated by the N3F — whose Mss. Bureau refused to send out pieces to faneds who didn't use green stencils.)

The young fan's success was overwhelming. So overwhelming, in fact, that he found himself overwhelmed by it. And then, suddenly, the real Uncle Ned died.

With his source of inspiration dead, and the continuation of his cartoon strip rejected by his editors as "bad taste" (he'd wanted to do "Uncle Ned Goes To Heaven" and have Uncle Ned selling ice cream to F.T. Laney...!), the young fan entered a period of deep depression. He spent most of his time locked inside a closet, under the door of which his mother slipped him cold TV dinners. He

*The author is Ted White, in a clever plastic disguise

said later that he developed quite a fondness for cold TV dinners during this period. He especially like to lick them when they were fresh from the freezer and covered with tiny ice crystals. "Once in a while my tongue would stick to the metal — you know, freezing to it for a moment. That was when I first began to experience true emotional maturity."

Coming out of his closet after six years of self-imposed confinement, the young fan began a new career for himself. He became a musician.

"I discovered that each TV dinner tray has a slightly different resonance, especially if you leave bits of old food in some of the compartments. I found that Swanson's trays had, when rubbed with leather, an amazingly genuine woodwind sound, while Morton's trays could be stuck together to recreate the brass sound of Guy Lombardo's magnificent orchestra. When the Hungry Fan Dinners came out, my orchestra was complete, and I began memorizing all of Pat Boone's old hits and performing them on my collection of trays at such exciting Village botes as Max's Kansas Kondom, the Village Gatehouse, and Gem's Spax."

Fame beckoned.

For a time fandom was forgotten and he found himself caught up in the glittering whirl of superstardom. Appearances on Ed Sullivan's show, then Lawrence Welk's band made room for him as a soloist after Pete Fountain left.

But the big time took its toll. The heavy pace was demanding. He fell back on an old habit: drugs.

As a neofan he'd sniffed corflu, and, when he could, the just-run pages from a Ditto machine. Later, as a hobby, he'd collected the butts of mentholated cigarettes from ashtrays and gutters and boiled the butts in chicken broth. "It really wires me up, man," he told one friend during this period. Alas, it came to an unhappy end when he was collected by a street-sweeping machine while crawling the gutters of Manhattan's 52nd Street.

During his recuperation and drying-out period at the City Dump he had time to reflect upon the many turns his life had taken and the sense of loss he felt when he'd left fandom behind for the bright lights of Broadway.

It was time to return to fandom! Yes, and perhaps they'd even remember him. He was, after all, the one who'd coined that famous fannish phrase, "Stick it in your ear!"

He found a battered page from a recent *Karass* at the Dump, and checked the listings of conventions. Yes, there was one in New York City this very weekend! He'd go, and startle all his old friends with his return!

* * * * *

A shambling figure lurched into the lobby of the once-magnificent Statler-Hilton and looked around with satisfaction. Winos dozed on the lounges. He felt immediately at home.

"Hey, man," he said, accosting the nearest person. "Where's the con?" He winked, a knowing wink.

The nearest person was an adolescent wearing pointed ears and shaved eyebrows. He pointed something that looked like a transistor radio at the shambling figure and said in a cracking voice, "Zap! Zap! Goshwowboyohboy!" Then he pointed in the direction of the registration area.

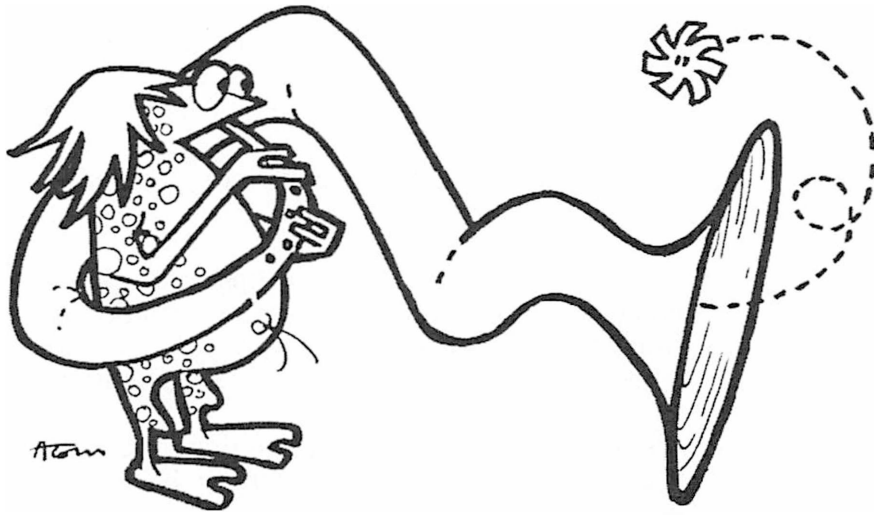
The no-longer-young fan grinned, exposing his pitted, bleeding toothless gums. "Hey, thanks, kid," he said. "Stick it in yer ear, heh heh."

The next two hours were a heady experience for him. Almost immediately he ran into several of his old croneys; they were selling dirty 8-pagers in the huckster room to twelve-year-old girls wearing "I Like Spock" buttons. They greeted him with cries of delight and immediately pressed him for stories about his days as a musician.

"Uh, yeah," he said, "I've hobbled and I've nobbed with the great and the near-great, as well as a few you've never heard of." And he proceeded to tell them more than they'd ever wanted to know about the great, the near-great, and the few they'd never heard of.

After an hour of this, one of them led him out to the street and pushed him in front of a truck, which hit and killed him.

"It was a Swanson's TV Dinner truck," the old croney said. "I thought it was poetic justice." □
[*Moto 21*, May 1977]



SUMMIT MEETING

By T*d Wh*t**

It was a cold, grey, bleak day. My hands were as cold as ice and I kept them in my pockets in a futile attempt to warm them. The wind cut through my thin clothes; I hadn't realized it would be like this.

Silhouetted against the grey sky, standing on the slagheap and towering with it over me, was my nemesis, the one who had challenged me to come to this spot, here, today.

Beyond the slagheap, beyond sight, the sounds of jets landing and taking off from the nearby Newark International Airport was a constant din. I was wearing earmuffs. I wondered how much difference the noise would make. Less than my numb fingers, I decided.

The crafty bastard: he'd planned it well. Knowing that I had to come, to meet his challenge, knowing that I came from more southern climes and would be unused to the frigid temperatures to which he was of course himself accustomed, knowing my pride and playing upon it like a master, he stood above me now in a final moment of penultimate humiliation, waiting for me to climb the great mound.

The slagheap was hard to climb. Like coarse gravel it slipped and shifted under my feet, making my ascension slow and awkward. By arriving first he had forced upon me this added moment of subtle degradation. He was sharp, all right. He knew what he was doing.

Finally I stood face to face with him. He gave me a stare that penetrated as sharply as did the wind. I shivered. I wasn't sure whether it was from the cold alone.

"You asked for this, you know," he said. "You made sport of me. You ridiculed me."

"It was all just in, ah, good fun," I stammered between chattering teeth. "I never realized you'd take it so seriously."

"I'm not the only one," he said. "You all but used my name — *my name* — on the piece. You confused Mike Glicksohn, Harry Warner, Jim Meadows and Eric Bentcliffe — Harry even said he thought your scummy piece sounded more like my writing than yours."

"It was supposed to," I said weakly.

"Was Eric Bentcliffe supposed to think that all along I've been *your* alter ego, a hoax of yours?" His mouth twisted bitterly. "For nearly twenty years? Some hoax, fella. *Some* hoax."

"Aw, come on, now," I protested. "That was never my intention — I never dreamed anyone would decide you were a hoax of mine."

"Jim Meadows III — dig that *three*, now! — he says he doesn't know why anyone would want to parody me, and he's got a good point there, fella. Why *did* you want to parody me? Jealous of me? Jealous of me as a musician as well as a writer? Is that why you ridiculed me, and poked fun at my music in your sly way? TV dinner trays!"

"Is that why you got me here?" I said through freezing lips. "So you could stand there and berate me?"

*The author is *still* Ted White, by the way.

He smiled suddenly. "No, you're right," he said. "I got you here to teach you a lesson. A lesson in humility. I'll teach you to mock your superiors!"

I laughed, feeling my lips crack as I did. "You think I need help, huh?" But it was a thin crack. "Okay," he said. "Enough talk. Let's have at it."

He turned his back and stooped to his instrument case. When he rose and turned to face me once more he was holding an alto saxophone. He clipped it to his neck strap.

"You know," I said, "this is really ridiculous. I mean, it's cold as hell out here. Maybe you can play with numb fingers — I can't."

"Shut up and play," he said.

I ran my hands over the cold metal of my tarnished Buescher and let my lips close over the reed. Christ, I felt like a fool. I wondered if I could even get a decent tone under these conditions, but I had to try. I could just hear him say something about effete southerners if I backed out now.

"What tune d—?" I started, but he interrupted me with a cascade of dotted sixteenth notes — chromatic, no key.

Okay, if that was the way it was to be—! I let my fingers fall into place and thumbed the octave key. I sounded a note, held it and worked on getting the feel of it settled so that my embouchure could establish itself in this ungodly cold. Might warm the horn, too.

He'd gone into a boppish lick, establishing a key. I dropped down two whole tones and held the tonic, still warming up, letting him do all the work at this point.

In a moment I felt confident enough to essay a simple riff behind him, elaborating the riff as we played.

He was all over his horn; he cut me cold on that level. I could barely move my fingers and his were racing. But his lines were weird semi-tonal bop figures, like Charlie Parker as played by Ornette Coleman. There was a jerkiness to his rhythm which somehow never coalesced into any swing. Sensing this, and needing some way to establish myself in this cutting contest, I intensified my riffing, building up the rhythmic propulsion he seemed to lack. Then, as he fell back for a moment before my attack, I let my riff open up until it was only implied and I was playing the lead, still at nothing like his speed but putting all my feelings of anger and frustration into it. Somewhere along the line and well into that solo, I simultaneously realized the I wasn't cold any more and that I now had *him* playing the accompaniment, a tight little figure that he repeated over and over.

Alas, I became overconfident and blew it — almost literally; I lost my lip for the moment and my tone disintegrated, forcing me to take a long pause for breath — and he moved smoothly into the breach, regaining the lead.

His tone bothered me. The alto sax is a rich, marvelous sounding instrument. It can sing, it can scream, or it can sound as controlled as a woodwind; in the right hands it can sound like a violin. I've always been limited in what I play by the dexterity — or lack thereof — of my fingers, but from the first time I picked up a saxophone I went for tone. I could coax a whisper or shriek ear-splittingly when I played. I'd always figured that if I never played fast, at least I could make what I did play sound good.

He'd gone for speed. From the time, so many years ago, when he'd had an old school band instrument held together with rubber bands and practiced Charlie Parker solos along with the record player, he'd gone for speed. But somehow he'd never quite gotten the fluidity you need to go with speed like that. Ghod knows it isn't easy — the world is full of people who gave up the alto sax after hearing Parker play —but without actually playing flat he *sounded* flat, and it was the thin, sour tone he got that did it.

I wondered if he noticed. He gave no sign that he did. His melodic inventions were elliptical, convoluted — "weird" — but they sounded mechanical, phrases played by habit, rather than the product of any specific mood or emotion. He played fast, but without much feeling.

I don't know how long we stood there, horn to horn, locked in that contest, a contest of both playing and will. The lead shifted back and forth between us; we traded loose choruses and no one was keeping track of the score.

But finally it ended. We both recognized at the same moment that everything was coming together in a coda. There was a little fooling around — light-hearted, almost, in this context — with

the final notes, a little of the old you-thought-*that*-was-the-last-note-but-try-this-one, but we knew the contest was over by then.

He smiled at me as he unclipped his neck strap. It was a smile without warmth.

"I hope you've learned a lesson here," he said, turning his back on me to stoop and repack his instrument.

I looked up at the sky and then at the horizon around us. I'd been almost totally unconscious of my surroundings while we'd played. The sky was greyer, darker. Cars on the highway in the distance had their headlights on in anticipation of the growing dusk. The wind was colder.

I put away my own sax and started down the hill. □ [Unpublished, 1977]

"Your new staples are splendid. The upper one on my copy appears exceptionally endowed with graceful lines and a subtle balance between symmetry and unsymmetry. It's lower end is more sturdily arched than its upper end, but the latter seems to symbolize the eternal quest for new pathways for exhibiting just the right amount of deviation from adherence to the vertical, turning just a trifle towards the nearer margin. The lower staple is memorable, too."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by Harry Warner, Jr., published in *Mota* 22, August 1977

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

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

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by James White, published in *Mota* 23, November 1977





MOTA 22 cover art by Bhub Stewart - 1977



GOLDEN COLLEGE DAYS Or More Joy Of Barfing

By Jim Turner

*The universe is either a confusion,
and a mutual involution of things, and a dispersion; or it is unity and order and
providence. If then it is the former, why do I desire to tarry in a fortuitous combination
of things and such a disorder?*

— Marcus Aurelius

Having done what men could, they suffered what men must.

— Thuycidides

*I have purposely avoided weighing down my essay with theory, for which
reason many things must remain obscure and unexplained.*

— Carl Jung

This all happened the year before the Night of Terrible Gilbert on which I discoursed in these pages two and a half years ago.* Most of it takes place in 1966 and a little of it in 1965 and, for those of the younger set who lacked the singular good fortune and misery to stride into (supposed) adulthood then, much needs explaining. (Actually, I have never strode into anything. I tend to lurch blindly ahead, reeling from side to side. Several times I have crawled. Of late, I keep perfectly still, with my head down.)

Things were different then. Take, for instance, dormitories. Probably nobody in college now (unless he goes to Harding College or Bob Jones University) lives under such circumstances. Just the other day I learned that the University of Missouri is contemplating a coed dormitory. Ten years ago, the University would have been more likely to have announced that it was seriously considering the establishment of a College of Criminal Insanity and Interracial Buggerypokery.

There we were, most of us away from home for the first time, exhilarated, bored, scared, horny and with an average I.Q. of 44, with the awful peasant cunning of the undergraduate determined to avoid as much honest work as possible. We were housed in an old stone barn that looked like miles and miles of the Men's john in the Cincinnati bus station, with horrible shit-colored walls that resisted the most determined efforts to decorate, with noisy leaking radiators and showers without curtains and toilet stools covered with barf, with a cafeteria that took the leftover vegetables and put them in Jello and served them up as something we called "the Crawling Mystery Salad" and which had 27 uses for hamburger. The only legitimate amusement possible inside the dorm were television, masturbation, and endless discussions of whether or not somebody, anybody,

* "A Case of Overindulgence," *Mofa* 8, October 1974

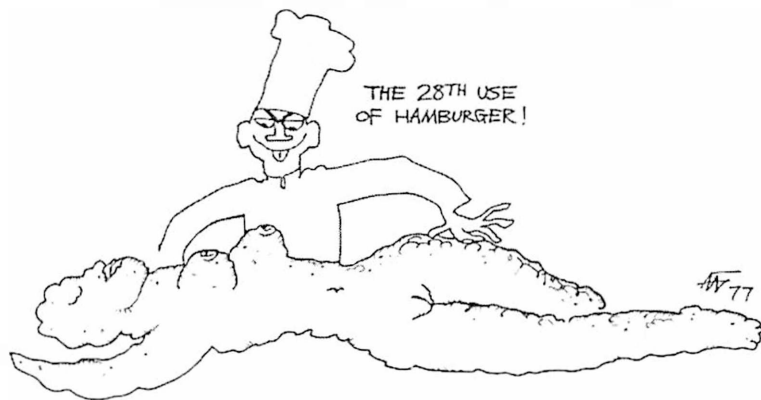
anywhere in the whole wide world was getting laid, not even regularly, but at all. We were a fumbling, ludicrous, misfit, misbegotten, despicable, depraved garrison in an immense fort on the very farthest frontiers of Absurdity, mercenaries in reverse since we were paying for the privilege.

Ah, but I want you to know that there were illegitimate amusements in plenty! I had a reputation as a practical joker which I will elaborate on some other time, except to continue to deny that it was I who put the honey on the toilet seat. We could insult the house Queer (and every house — dorm floors were called houses — had one regardless of his predilections in that area. Somebody wanting a Master's Degree in Headshrinking ought to check into what factors determine who becomes the House Queer. I always thought that, to be fair, it ought to be done on rotation, but failed to set an example by volunteering.). And we could get drunk.

"We could get drunk." What memories those four simple words recall! There were so many ways to do it. There were a couple of bars on campus that were not known for adhering closely to the laws on underage drinking. One of them, The Shack — remember a song from the fifties called "The Green Door"? It was about The Shack and, yes, it's still on the jukebox and, yes, the green door is still there — still exists under new management and I go there a couple of times a year to meditate on how much of my life is bound up with the smell of stale beer and sweat and smoke. (My own

favorite was the Italian Village which is now a parking lot.)

There was 3.2 Schlitz on tap with a big bear of an owner named Cornbread and a wife who probably inspired more lewd thoughts than any woman in mid-Missouri and Gene, the head bar-tender and a good old boy with a face full of knife scars. It was a big thing to steal a glass from the I.V. At one time I had 24 glasses and 2 pitchers and was the envy of every man in the house.



If there was no way you could find a cooperative bartender, you could find somebody with an ID that said he/she/it was over 21 who was willing to buy your booze for you. For a while I ran a profitable little business in forging IDs, but gave it up when the word got around a little too far. (Historians, take note: I believe that I am the first of my name, a name rich in felony, to enter into any form of criminality that required literacy.)

Once you got the booze, you had the problem of where you were going to drink it. It was absolutely forbidden to consume it in the dorm. (This never stopped anybody, certainly not me, but penalties were inconvenient.) There was no problem in good weather — the woods were a short walk away. But Missouri winters can distress even the most hardened alkie.

I have forgotten exactly how I came to know Ron Strathman. He was a living, walking, talking, all-in-Technicolor Don Martin character. He had dark black hair that grew straight out from his skull and big eyes behind thick, thick glasses and long skinny arms and long skinny legs, with enormous elbows and knees and a big ass and a big beer belly. He had this curious garment/robe/towel/breechelout thingie made of hundreds of thousands of towels sown end to end and he would drape this thing around his extraterrestrial bug body when he went to the shower. The sight of Ron flowing, bouncing, and — often as not — staggering down to the shower, once seen, was not forgotten. I think that if you could gather together all those people after 10 years of liquor, war, drugs, marriage, work, divorce, insanity, depravity, tedium, disillusionment, despair, disgust, and apathy, Ron would be the first person everybody would look around for and he would have the most amazing, appalling, and affectionate stories told about him if he didn't show up. Not only was he one of nature's true noblemen, he had two things that were better than mere nobility. With these two characteristics, he could have been the debased offspring of Richard Nixon and a wormy dog turd and still have been exalted in the hearts, minds, and various other organs of his contemporaries: He was over 21 years of age and he had a car.

And what a car! The Strathmobile was an old grey heap, a '53 Oldsmobile, I think, held together mainly by habit and by inertia and an aroma of beer and fear and sweat and rot and mold so rich, so powerful, so all-pervading that it had acquired an identity independent from the car itself. You could smell where it had been long after it was gone, leaving an abominable spoor wherever it went, like a dog running from tree to hydrant. It was a great farting, stinking, belching, sneezing junk-pile that Hunter S. Thompson could have driven to Las Vegas with perfect confidence.

It was Ron who introduced us to malt liquor. There was a generally held superstition that malt liquor was 11 or 12 percent alcohol and, since it cost no more than beer itself, you could get a cheaper drunk by buying it. Nobody knew that the law required the proof to be printed on the label if it was stronger than beer. Even though the extra juice was lacking, we got drunker on malt liquor than on beer through simple faith.

Malt liquor came in several brands and sizes and there was considerable discussion of the merits of each. There were the tiny cans and the regular cans and there was Glueck Stite and Schlitz with the classy Egyptian bull can and there was Colt 45, the choice of Aggies everywhere. A great deal of the macho mystique is built around alcohol and its various delightful manifestations and there is no end to the number of hours and years men have wasted discussing them. This despite the fact that 99 out of 100 people could no more identify their fave rave in the cirrhosis line if it were in an unmarked glass than they could piss out the very fires of Hell. (I am partial to Rebel Yell whiskey and constitute that hundredth person.) Take note, ladies: If you want to be included in any conversation with male animals of this age group, be able to talk specifically about some favorite brands of beer or whatever. You can be a honcho in the WCTU, for all it matters, and know not at all whereof you speak. As the good old boys say, "It all comes out of the same hoss anyway."

Barfing was another topic of conversation. For a while it was a matter of some distinction to have a weak, foolish, or nervous stomach — I nearly said "female" while I was rattling out weak, foolish, and nervous, but will let it be. Quoting a recent philosopher king, I want to make one thing perfectly clear: I am *not* a sexist. I consider myself to have been in the vanguard of those who seek to change the way men and women perceive each other. I never put women on pedestals or consider them inferior; I have always known in my head and believed in my heart that women are just a low, sneaky, untrustworthy, un-principled, and worthless as men. So there. And, girls, don't you think it's wonderful the way I'm sticking up for you?

To complete my digression, let me explain why I so nearly used "female" to describe a weak stomach. In those days, proper young ladies who used excessive drunkenness as an acceptable excuse for fornication often would end up too sick to fuck because the only ladylike thing to drink in those days was crap like cherry sloe gin and Coca Cola. This was all right to the guy. He never expected to get laid anyway and, besides, after the girlfriend finished puking her entire intestinal tract into the commode or the creek or the glove compartment or the little crack in the car door where the window goes down or — more likely — her lap, he would then have an excuse to help her stand or sit straight with a quick chance to cop a feel on her boobs. In those days guys carried condoms in their wallets and changed them regularly every six months. (End of digression.)

Back to barfing: As I said, for a while it was a study (even the slang is coming back as I write) thing to throw up. I cannot fathom why. Finally it dawned on everybody that it was a dumb, stupid, disgusting thing to do and a real man — which we all, of course, were — could hold his liquor. (Somebody asked me once how I could stand to drink straight whiskey and I told him I learned how by watching all those John Wayne movies.) All at once, anybody who tossed his cookies — or in the case of Terrible Gilbert, his lima beans and donuts — was a sissy comsymp perverto squirrel.

The combination of malt liquor (or any other available intoxicant) and Ron and his car and ID gave birth to a remarkable institution: The Road Drunk. They happened at all hours of the day and night, but for the most part they fell into a pattern that came to vary but little that winter and spring.

About 10:00 at night, weekdays included, after gestures toward study or a cokedate or whatever, people would tend to drift down to the house lounge, decked out in some paramilitary garb. Ron was the only regular who didn't have a road drinking costume. I was never a regular since I did not live in that house — I lived downstairs where we had a few delightful customs of our own. One

fellow had a Nazi helmet he had painted fire engine red, a fatigue jacket, and paratrooper jump boots. Somebody else had an Air Force flight jacket with a real live green beret. (Upstairs there was one tiny enclave composed mainly of NROTC jocks, planning to go Marine when they graduated. They were the Jackson House Rangers or Raiders and they held regular "maneuvers"... with sabers.)

On a good night seven people could fit into the Strathmobile and down the pike we would go to Warehouse Liquors. Ron would go in and buy a great pile of booze for which we had given him money in advance. He would caution us to be discreet for if we were caught, the minors would only be fined, but he would be up for contributing to the delinquency of said minors.

One night he went out twice. They came back to drop off the wounded and to recruit. I went along. I was the only one sober. It was late Saturday night and I saw them come in and was invited to hitch up, which I did with no doubts or qualms.

This time they had passed up the malt liquor and had scraped enough money together for an entire keg of Bud. (Bud was a man's beer back then, too. Every now and then Bud would run a two page ad in *The Saturday Evening Post* that consisted only of a giant Budweiser label in the very center of the magazine so that it was easy to bend the staples and turn the ad into a poster. Half the rooms in Cramer Hall were so ornamented.) All day they had been driving and drinking, going from rock quarry to cave to city park. Nobody thought they could get any drunker and live, but they figured there must be two gallons of beer left and it would be terrible if it went to waste.

Teetotalers, be informed that many drunks have a curious Puritan streak in them. They dread waste. Do you remember in *The Bank Dick* where Eggbert Souse goes into the Black Pussy Café and inquires if he spent a \$20 bill in there last night? When told that he did, he sighs with relief and says, "Thank goodness, I thought that I had lost it." (As for me, I have a picture of Oliver Cromwell in my bedroom.)

A few miles out Route K there was a dirt road where we went on several occasions. This was known as "the Thinking Road." A few miles down that, out in the midst of bare frozen fields and barbed-wire fences white with frost, there was a terribly tall old tree. I never knew what kind it was because I never saw it in daylight. This was "the Philosopher's Tree" and beneath it we would pause and stand around and drink ourselves blind shitface drunk whilst uttering great profundities. It was a good place to go because the single old tree inspired us and, because things were flat, and you could see for miles. I doubt that a sheriff's car ever passed down that road at that hour of the night, but we worried about it nonetheless, so this was a very good place to overindulge.

There was this bridge over a little creek about fifty or a hundred yards from "the Philosopher's Tree" and it was a ritual to TP it (or cover it with toilet paper, for the benefit of those who have never indulged in this moronic but pleasurable pastime). On this particular evening the TP duty fell to someone named Carl who was a KA pledge. For those of you who have been spared so far, Kappa Alpha Order makes a big stupid deal out of having Confederate sympathies and every spring they have Old South Weekend during which they parade about in Confederate uniforms and ride horses and behave like the biggest bunch of chowderheads yet uncommitted.

Carl was decked out in some sort of Confederate grey uniform, and a motorcycle helmet. He leapt up onto the bridge railing and began to unwind a roll of TP. There was a cold hard wind blowing across the bare fields and the bridge was slick with frost as he paced back and forth. Considering the height of the bridge and the depth of the creek, he could have fallen 8 or 10 yards. (Listen, Olga, if you'd had a good load on, you could have whipped the hell out of that little squirt from Yugoslavia. Or at least you wouldn't have worried about it.)

Carl stood on one foot, then the other, just to show off. He was chanting: "Oats, hay corn, alfalfa! Give 'em Hell, Kappa Alpha!"

Ron looked at me. "He could break his goddamn neck if he fell off there right now, Jim."

"Damn straight, Ron."

"Somebody ought to go up there and get him down, Jim."

"Fuckin' A. Somebody sure ought to do that."

Carl began to yaw back and forth, long white pennants of toilet paper waving around him. The moon was exceptionally bright. I remember it so well. Everything bright and clear and beautiful, the stars brilliant, and all of us surrounded by the halo of our own breath. We were

drunk. We were happy. And right over our heads one dumb, stupid sonofabitch that nobody even liked was very much about to fall and get his stupid body killed and all of our asses would be grass. All I could think of to say was, "I hope he doesn't suffer much pain."

His legs began to wobble. He continued to chant. By this time the other guys had stopped singing their charming old song about what Freshman never eat and where standing there and watching, as we were.

Carl remained oblivious to his plight. He announced his intention of relieving himself from his present position. At that moment Ron spotted a car coming. "Cops!" he yelled and drained his mug. (Waste not, want not.)

It was then that Carl chose to remember where he was and just how far gone he was. The wind had blown the toilet paper around him until he looked like a mummy. "Aaaaahhh! Ron! Howma gonna git down from here?"

Ron scanned the scene quickly with the oncoming headlights in the background, coming straight for the bridge. "Jump!" he yelled. "Jump, you silly sonofabitch!"

Which he proceeded to do. He landed no heavier than Dame Margot Fonteyne would have and didn't even fall down. We had worried for nothing. To this day, I think he deserved at least 8 or 9 broken bones.

We ran to the car. But there was no time to get everybody in and have much of a head start. The only ones who made it in were me and the guy in the red Nazi helmet — whose name I have sublimated. Ron said, "Okay, you guys pretend like you're some couple out here making out and we'll all hide behind 'the Philosopher's Tree.' Then, as soon as they go past, we'll get out of her in the opposite direction."

My red helmeted friend was the drunkest of the lot. He grabbed me around the neck and rose up over me with his face close to mine and proceeded to breathe into it with the fumes of 12 hours of beer guzzling. Friends, if I ever had any homosexual tendencies in my life, that killed every last one of them.

After what seemed like an hour, the car went past. It was not a police car after all. It was probably just some college kids on the same mission as us. Ron came and opened the car door. "Forget it now," he said. "I think we're okay, but we ought to pull out of here anyway."

The crypto-Nazi didn't budge.

He continued to breathe into my face and was willing my nose. Slowly, his eyes began to close and he slumped across me. Now *that* was work. He had been kneeling on the seat. The angle of his slump, as he passed out, had sprawled him across me with his bent knees against the wall of the car, pinning me flat underneath him. I was perturbed. I cursed and hollered and finally they pried him off me and dumped him on the floorboard.

Then somebody noticed that if the passing car had been the sheriff, our little act wouldn't have done any good anyway. No one had thought to shut the lid of the trunk. The bright, shiny aluminum keg was clearly visible, even without car lights.

"That cuts it," Ron said. "We're getting out of here and going home."

We piled into the car as Ron slammed down the trunk. By the time we got back on Route K, he announced, "Men, we are running low on gas. I have to take up a collection."

We managed to rummage up a dollar. "Now listen," he said. "This filling station we're going to is owned by a deputy sheriff, so I want everybody to behave. Don't be gross. Don't say anything. If you have to barf, say so and I'll stop right now?" We pulled into the station. Ron ordered a dollar's worth. We sat quietly. Nobody was gross. Nobody threw up. Ron paid the man.



At that moment a little girl of maybe 4 or 5 years old, chose to come walking out of the station — cheeks pink, smiling and happy. And at that same moment the crypto-Nazi, with his bright red helmet, chose to rise from the grave. He stuck his crazy head out the window and leered. "Come here, little girl," he implored at the top of his voice. "Come here and sit on my face!"

I have never approved of drunken driving in principle or practice, but Ron was unique. Drunk or sober, he was one of the best drivers I've ever known; mind clear and reflexes perfect. I would still like to know how fast we went, how little time it took to clear that station and get out on the highway and moving back toward town.

When we got back to town and to the dorm, we discovered that Ron had failed to completely close his trunk and somewhere during all of this, the keg had bounced out of the car. He wanted to go back and look for it, but this time there were no volunteers. We offered to take up a collection to pay the deposit on the keg and the taps, but he went back by himself, spending all night going up and down those empty roads.

He never found the keg. The next weekend he had another road drink and charged admission. The one I had been to had gotten so much good publicity that Ron made back all of his money and turned a nice profit, as well.

What did it all mean? What was the point?

All that I can say is this: The Duke of Wellington was once asked for some good general advice to give a young man starting out in the world. The Iron Duke thought for a minute and said, "Sir, if I have learned one thing in my life, it is that a man should never pass up a chance to take a piss."

T-T-That's All, Folks! ■ [Mota 21, May 1977]

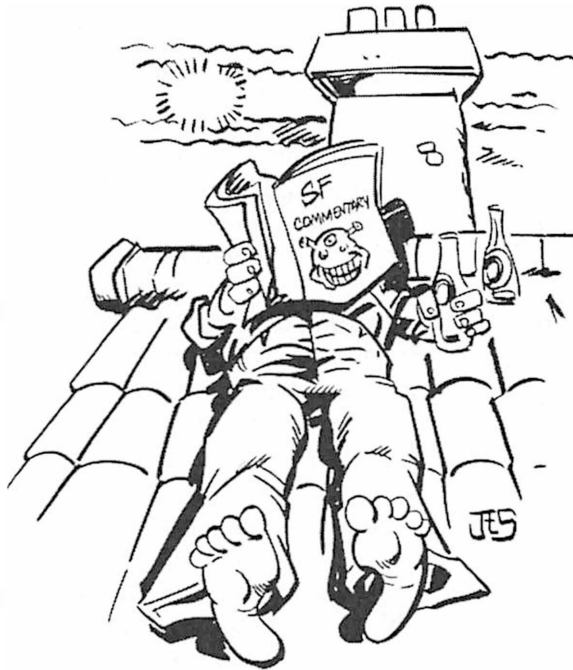
"Jim Turner's fascinating grotesquerie resonates with a few mild incidents from my youth, but I'm afraid that compared to Jim I've lived a staid and quiet life unworthy of annotation or description. He do write good, though, don't he?"

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Mike Glicksohn, published in Mota 22, August 1977

"Here is a problem I have been considering that you might want to consider in your next editorial: Is the method by which Bob Tucker is selected truly democratic? Are you aware that there has never been a female Bob Tucker at a science fiction convention? That the Tucker has never been Black, Latino, or Native American? Just how fair is it that so important — nay, vital — a position in fandom is filled not through merit, through rotation or democratic election, but by heredity? Why should the present occupant of this position continue to hold it for no reason other than he was born into it? Is fandom a monarchy? Perhaps a new Tucker could be selected through a method similar to the DUFF or TAFF votes? Have you any thoughts on the subject? Perhaps if it works out, the Hughes job could be filled in a similar way."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Jim Turner, published in Mota 22, August 1977





URETHRA! I'VE GOT IT!

By John Brosnan

June 1976 was an eventful month for me. It was the month I met Harlan Ellison for the first time and also started pissing blood. I'm still not sure if there's any connection between the two events, but I have my suspicions.

The year before he visited London to meet his British agent for the first time (Janet Freer, who also happens to be my agent) and a few days later she was in the hospital with a temperature of 106 degrees. Perhaps it's true what they say about Harlan.

Actually I blame Bruce Gillespie most of all. I was lying on the roof last summer soaking up the weak English sun and reading a copy of Bruce's fanzine *SF Commentary* in which he extolled the virtues of swimming as a form of exercise. In a mere matter of months, it seemed, Bruce's shambling, overweight form had been transformed into that of a trim, healthy athlete. I raised the Guinness bottle to my lips and mused — it was time I started doing some form of exercise, too. I decided I wanted to be like Bruce: bright-tailed and bushy-eyed. I too would start swimming.

It was on a Tuesday I took the plunge. The Saturday night before I had met Harlan at a sort of dinner party held at the W.C. Fields. The 'Fields' is a trendy restaurant in St. John's Wood which specializes in American-Jewish food, such as salt beef, potato latkes, etc., and hamburgers, of course. I'd been there often before and while I admit the food is good, the service lacks anything approaching efficiency. I always remember the time I was having a meal there with Janet and her husband Peter. We were having a lot of difficulty with a waiter whose command of the English language was slippery to say the least. Finally Peter snapped: "I don't like your attitude...it's arrogant!" The waiter stared at him blankly. "What?" he asked. "I said you're *arrogant!*" snarled Peter as only he can. "No...I'm not," mumbled the waiter defensively, "I'm South American." Anyway, the night Harlan showed up there was quite amusing. He did his W.C. Fields imitation as expected, but after that he was charm itself and even had a good thing going with the waiter (not the South American one, I hasten to add). "I will teach you how to make a good Jewish sandwich," said Harlan jovially, "Where are you from anyway?"

"Egypt," replied the waiter.

It's a great restaurant.

Anyway, the following Tuesday I finally made it to the Swiss Cottage public swimming pool complex. It turned out to be quite a modern, clean-looking place and I confidently jumped into the water and prepared to do several lengths of the Olympic-size pool. But I had forgotten that swimming, especially in fresh water, involves a certain amount of effort, and halfway during the first length I decided I would do several "widths" of the pool instead. But even this compromise proved

strenuous and after about four widths I was thrashing about in a foam of impotence. "Good grief," I muttered to myself, "gone are the days when I could swim a mile each day through the aging Australian surf and then wrestle a Great White before breakfast. Face it, Brosnan, you're getting old." I sunk gracefully to the bottom of the pool.

Later, while clinging to the side, I decided I would only do another two widths and then retreat home in defeat. But by the time I had dragged myself out of the pool I was feeling utterly and completely bugged. I had never felt so exhausted before in my life. I could hardly stand and my mouth felt like it was full of broken glass. "So much for exercise," I groaned as I tottered out into the street and fell into a taxi.

With great difficulty I hauled myself up the four flights of stairs, drunk the refrigerator dry of cold water and then went and collapsed on the floor of the front room where I remained for the next couple of hours, stirring only to emit little moans of pain. It was a pathetic sight.

"You look terrible," said Jill, looking in briefly during the period between her return from work and her departure for a press show. "What have you been doing?"

"I've been getting fit," I groaned. "I want to be like Bruce Gillespie."

"Who?" she asked. By the time I'd finished explaining who Bruce Gillespie was she'd gone.

Thirty minutes later I was feeling a lot better. I raised one arm off the floor, then the other. Soon I was on my feet thinking about food. I walked up to Kilburn and had a pizza in the local Pizza Hut, had a few drinks, bought my usual booze quota for the night, then walked back home. It was a



balmy summer night. I went out onto the roof, played with the cats and drunk my booze. Nice. Then I went to the bathroom for a piss. My mind was comfortably blank until I happened to glance down and see that I was pissing what appeared to be Guinness. "Uh oh," I said to myself, "that's funny." Black piss...that can only mean blood. I'm bleeding internally and that can be bad. First let's examine the possibilities before breaking into panic. Pissing blood...could mean my first period? No, doubtful. Very. My heart? Had I ruptured my heart with all that exertion? But surely there would be other symptoms, like a deep coma, for instance. I felt my heart. It was still beating, sort of. But was that a stabbing pain I

felt running down my left arm? Was I about to pass out? No.

I took a deep breath, went to the refrigerator, removed a bottle of Guinness and swiftly consumed it. Then I took a second bottle and went back on the roof. No use getting over-excited about this phenomenon. So I was bleeding internally. So what?

That night I went to bed feeling reasonably okay, except for being a big pissed.. I wonder if I'm dying, I asked myself. Is there an artery flailing about inside me like a bisected firehose, spurting blood all over the place? If so, I probably wouldn't wake up in the morning. But I did, so I leapt out of bed, went into the bathroom and pissed a pint of blood into the bowl. Bugger!

It was Wednesday and that evening I was supposed to be going to Harlan Ellison's publisher's party. I was also supposed to be meeting Roy Kettle beforehand. I rang him up and said, "Look, I'm not sure if I'm going to make it tonight because I'm not feeling too well (actually, I felt fine but it seemed wrong to say that...and I didn't feel like telling him I was pissing blood as that would have sounded pretentious), but if I do make it I'll see you in the Cockney Pride at 6:00."

I spent the rest of the day drinking two bottles of white wine while sitting on the roof in the sun and contemplating the mystery of the universe. "Why me?" was the question that provided the basis of my philosophic meanderings.

I met Kettle in the pub as planned then we wandered around to the National Book League headquarters where the party was being held. It was a suitably distracting affair, for reasons no one who was present is allowed to reveal on pain of death, and I also managed to consume a large

amount of booze. A minor annoyance was the presence of the appalling Little Mal. I sincerely hoped I wouldn't drop dead at his feet as that sort of one-up-manship on his part would have been unbearable. Near the end of the affair I finally gave in and wandered down to the toilet to relieve myself. It was something I had kept putting off but the pressure had reached an intolerable level.

I didn't want to be reminded of my obviously fast-approaching demise so at first I shut my eyes, but at the last moment I looked down. No blood...it was crystal clear! It was as if I was pissing pure champagne. I was saved! I immediately raced back upstairs and consumed several glasses of wine. "I'm saved! I live again!" I told anyone who would listen. How had it happened? What had changed? Had Harlan accidentally touched me? Was it true what they said about him?

I subsequently got so pissed I ended up eating in an Italian restaurant with a party of people that include the obnoxious Little Mal, but I was feeling so mellow I restrained my natural impulses to throw pointed objects at him. Actually I was so pissed I would have had difficulty hitting him with a chair, but I did my best to conceal my alcoholic state, making tedious small talk to the androgynous Pat Charnock. Unfortunately, the mask slipped a little when I got overenthusiastic while trying to cut my steak and sent the whole thing flying into the air where it stayed for a brief time before falling first onto my lap and then to the floor.

"Do you want another steak?" the waiter asked me. "No," I replied easily, "just wipe it down and put it back on my plate." And that's just what the Italian sod did. (The incident was to result in an embarrassing scene in my local drycleaners: "What's this?" asked the woman behind the counter. "Food stains," I replied indignantly, aware of the queue forming behind me. "It looks like vomit," she said authoritatively. "No, it's not...it's steak, mushroom and sauce stains," I replied. "Are you sure it's not vomit?" she persisted. There were now approximately three hundred people in the shop, all looking suspiciously at the stains on my trousers. I resisted the temptation to grab her by the throat and scream: "All right, I confess! It's vomit! And sperm! And blood! I'm really Jack the Ripper!" But I didn't.)

The next day I asked Peter, my agent's husband and sometimes script collaborator, what it meant when you pissed blood. He looked at me with alarm. "Blood? You've been pissing blood? That's bad."

"I was afraid of that," I said. "What does it mean?"

"It could mean several things. It could mean your liver, or your kidneys...or your bowels."

"Bowels!" I gasped. Immediately I felt a sharp stabbing pain in my bowels. I had cancer of the lower bowel, I knew it. "Quick, give me a double whiskey," I muttered as I toppled from my stool (sorry). Peter told me about a friend of his who had had a colostomy. Apparently they cut out several feet of bowel and give you an artificial anus in some incredibly inconvenient place, such as on the side of your neck or your groin or somewhere. To make you feel better about the operation the hospital gives you a little booklet that includes the names of all the famous people who have had colostomies. It seems that anyone who is *anyone* is walking around with little plastic bags of warm shit attached to their bodies. Strange as it may seem, this knowledge does not make me want to emulate them. I mean, lots of famous people are dead but that doesn't make me any keener to take the Big Drop myself.

"Why not see a doctor?" suggested someone. It was a revolutionary idea and I gave it some serious thought. Eventually I did see one. "I've been pissing blood," I told him. "What does it mean?"

"Hmmm," he replied and started scribbling on his notepad. So much for medical science. I mean, I can go "hmmm" and scribble doodles on a piece of paper whenever someone asks me a medical question. Finally, he did write me a letter which I sent to the local hospital. It was a request for an appointment with a piss specialist. (At what point in his career does a young medical student decide that he wants to devote the rest of his life to urine?) But before I got to see the Man himself I had to undergo a series of blood tests, x-rays, etc. I also had to deliver vast amounts of piss to the hospital for analysis. The first time I did this I went with the three little bottles discreetly wrapped in a brown paper bag. I finally located the pathology department which seemed to be staffed entirely by fourteen year old girls. I hastily deposited my cache in a metal tray marked "Urine Samples" and prepared to make a fast retreat, but the girl nearest the tray looked up from her typing and asked: "What's that?"

"Whisper, whisper," I replied.

"What?"

"Well, actually...it's urine...uh, mine," I muttered. To my annoyance she unwrapped the bottles and held one up to the light as if she was examining a bottle of vintage claret. "You haven't signed them," she said. The other girls in the office had now stopped working and were staring at my precious bodily fluids.



"What?" I asked, disbelievingly.

"You're supposed to put your name on each of the bottles, and the date," she said. She handed me a pen. Have you ever tried to sign your name on a bottle of your own piss while being watched by a horde of female office workers? It's not easy, but at least I didn't drop any of the bottles.

The worst test was the kidney x-ray. This involved being strapped down on a table with a large strip of rubber tight across the pelvis. This was to force the blood through the kidneys or out the nose or somewhere. They then injected some sort of dye into my arm. "You will feel a sensation of heat rising through your body and then nausea," said the doctor. He must have done that sort of thing before because he was quite right.

Finally I got to see the piss specialist, who looked exactly what you would expect an English piss expert to look like. He shuffled through the stack of papers that contained the results of my tests. "Well, we can't find anything wrong with you," he said, almost regretfully.

"Yay," I replied.

"But we would like to perform one more test," he said. "We want to x-ray your bladder."

"X-ray away," I replied easily.

"It involves inserting a tube up your urethra."

"Up my what?"

"Urethra. You'll be given a local anesthetic, of course."

By now I had worked out what my urethra was. "No way," I replied.

It was his turn to say: "What?"

"I think I'll skip the bladder x-ray, if you don't mind," I said.

He gave a faint smile. "Well, that's your prerogative," he said.

"And it's my urethra, too," I said as I ran out the door.

I found out later that there's a condition that sometimes occurs in soldiers who have marched a long way — they get blood in the urine, due to some temporary strain to the kidneys, I think — and I've decided that's what happened to me. (True, I was swimming instead of marching, but let's not quibble over minor details.)

"Anyway, even if you have got cancer of the bladder," said John Baxter, the famous writer and wit who lives nearby, "it's not the end of the world. Look at Hubert Humphrey."

"Yes," I said. "Look at Hubert Humphrey." Funny guy, John. □ [Mota 22, August 1977]

"The piece by John Brosnan was absolutely brilliant. I've always believed that if you want to write something funny it's no use trying to remember funny things that happened to you. The trick is to write about the awful and depressing things that have happened to you and — human nature being what it is — your readers will fall about. That being said, I believe I would be too scared to try writing humorously about a thing like peeing blood. Brosnan is definitely one of the most gifted writers we have in fandom today."

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Bob Shaw, published in Mota 23, November, 1977



ALL THESE MIDNIGHTS LOOK ALIKE

By Jeff Schalles

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

Actually, though, what I am really trying to do here is to rewrite this piece I wrote last summer which Terry Hughes recently (sort of) returned to me, suggesting that I bury it or rewrite it or something. It begins, now, with me telling the reader about cruising around underwater, in the Quality Court Central pool last Midwestcon, evading the chaos game or the CIA or something, popping up for air and wondering abstractedly how come for once the song that Mike Wood and assorted Other Filksingers were filk-singing caught my attention, rather than being set back into the general hubbub of things that go on at today's modern conventions.

Suddenly it came to me. You know, one of those galvanic flashes of pure, correctly functioning memory, going back four long years of fannish meanderings, back to 1972 sometime, in one of the early RAPS mailings. A line from a mailing comment made to Morris Keesan, sort of a time-binding, slan consciousness concept that was bounding around my (oft expanded) mind at the time. I was a junior in college that year, I had a mimeograph (an A.B. Dick 92) in my dorm room and everything, and what I said in the mc was — are you ready? All eleven words of it now:

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

For some reason, Mike Wood, who is quite normal in most other respects (I guess) picked up on the line. He excitedly mc'd in the next mailing that he was writing a song around it, and that he already had the music for it in his head, or at least the rhythm, or something. I've often been working around other people, with some song or another running through my head, and suddenly been flipped out when someone else within earshot begins whistling the same song, in tempo, which probably has nothing at all to do with this.

Anyway, in the January 1974 mailing of APA 45 Mike published his completed masterpiece. It was all about this inebriated fan in Pennsylvania falling off his bar stool while wishing he was on

the west coast where he'd have three more hours of partying ahead of him. It was my last year in that apa and I'd already been out of RAPS for a while, so I more or less forgot the whole thing, as the cosmic events of the ensuing years unfolded themselves before me.

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

I don't actually know what it all means, really now. I have always been one to keep a low profile in fandom, subtlety my main password, and am probably best known around fandom (if at all) as having at one time produced a large number of illos, cartoons some called them, for the



fanzines. An extraordinary number, actually, in the magnitude of 400 per year for a four year period. I flooded the mails with them. Now (when I draw maybe four or five per annum, if I push myself) I am amused to see one or two Original Schalles Classics pop up in *Craptofanny* or *Smudge Quarterly*, or whatever. I thought myself very clever at the time I was doing them, of course, though only a few out of the whole trip might be worth publishing some day in an individual issue of somebody's fanzine.

Anyway, back to Midwestcon 1976. Mike, when I cornered him later that day, claimed that the song had become a regular part of his repertoire, and that a lot of other people sort of knew it, which flipped me right O-U-T and still does on the occasions that it slides into my ongoing mental disc jockey mechanism. It scares me sometimes when I'm

off guard that there are so *many* fans — not that there is anything wrong per se with the current number of personae coming in on the fannish wavelengths (fandom anticipated the Cbers glut, a related 1970s media phenomenon, by some years) — but I get this little flash at times that there is someone out there, some fan who I've never heard of or met, who knows (or at least thinks he knows, or *thinks* he thinks he knows) Something About Me. It's a strange new feeling, oddly disquieting sometimes; something that cannot quite be defined and, moreover, probably should not be.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sensawonda, if this isn't the *feeling*, then we're all in the wrong business. Egoboo is the feedback, every fan exists for it and sooner or later gets his share or quits. Amazing, though, that this egoboo substance seems able to multiply all by itself, is greater than the conceivable whole, and the more you throw out, the more that bounces back at you. Just remember now: When it's midnight in Grove City, it's eleven in the morning in Tibet. And will the gentleman with the guitar please get out of my head for a while and let me get some sleep? Thank you. Goodnight. ■
[Mota 23, November 1977]

"I thought "All These Midnights Look Alike" was a nice piece of writing. I liked the loose but at the same time precise way Jeff Schalles got around to the culminating quotation of the song. And I think it is a good song. I'd like to hear it sung by somebody who has talent and with a fitting melody. Perhaps this Mike Wood fellow could do a good job with it. As for the song itself, it has Poignant Reverberations for me. I was born in Pennsylvania and still have warm feelings for it that I don't for New Jersey. (But then, who ever heard of anyone with a warm feeling for New Jersey?) Anyway, you get the picture, that song has fantastic poignant effect for me... by damn, I really liked this article."

*—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Gary Deindorfer, published in Mota 24, March 1978*

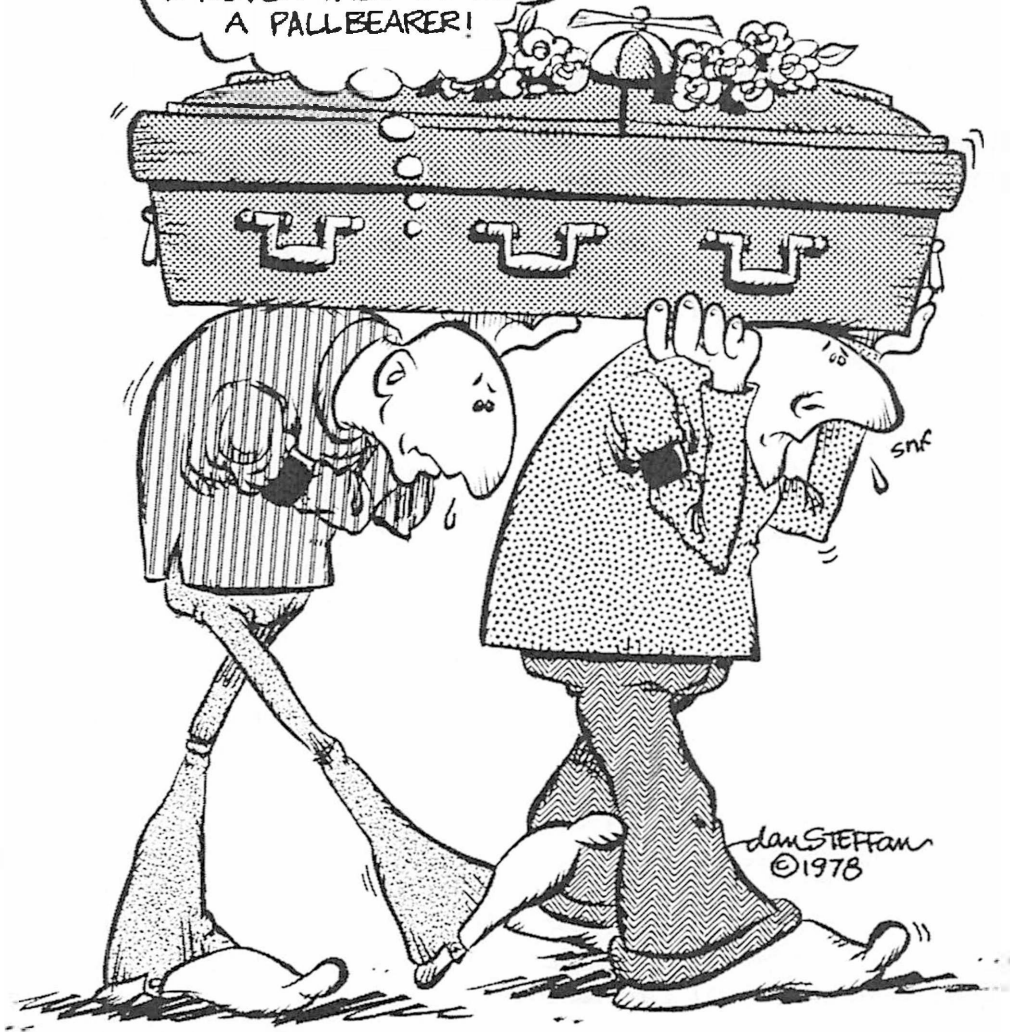
"He hurried to finish his work because he wanted to get out of the cellar, out of the darkness and back into the world. This was too far from the world, he thought. These chickens, this hot water, these scattered feathers and dank walls, he must hurry and get out. His outside world meant work, too, but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

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

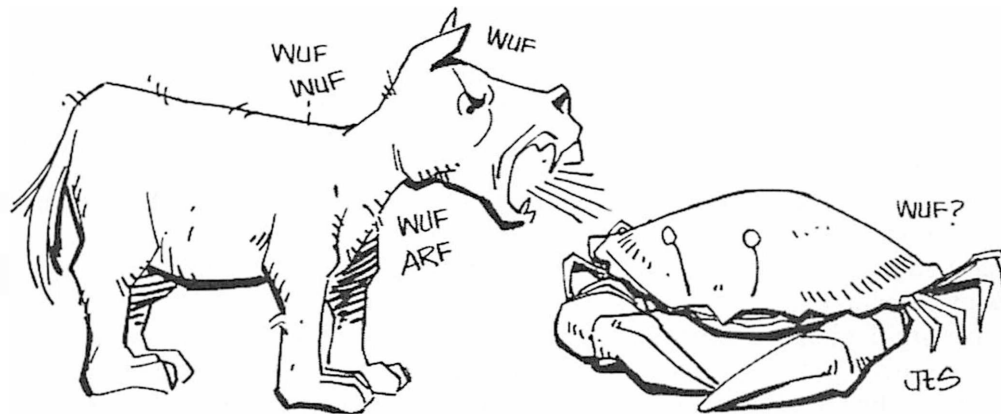
*—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by
Calvin Demmon, published in Mota 24, March 1978*

MOTA

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



MOTA 24 cover art by Dan Steffan - 1978



THE GAME OF DOG & CRAB

By Bob Shaw

One of the things I liked about the novel, *The Caine Mutiny*, was the accurate description of how the men on Queeg's ship became almost as obsessed as he did in the period leading up to the mutiny. That rang true to life, as does the behavior of the characters in the British TV comedy series, *The Squirrels*, where people in a small office are seen to grind each other down like pebbles in a tumbling machine. There was a quite similar situation in the engineering office I worked in during my stay in Canada. The office was a bare rectangular box containing seven drafting boards, all facing the single large window at the front. Seven of us — two Ulstermen, a Scot, two Englishmen, a Dutchman and a Belgian — sat in there year after year, depressed, overworked, bored out of our skulls, everybody secretly hating everybody else. In that psychological autoclave one's perceptions and values became distorted — trivia seemed important, little things seemed enormous, one man's habit of whistling would engender dreams of murder in the minds of the others.

Like the Birdman of Alcatraz and similar characters, we had to find ways to preserve our sanity, and perhaps the biggest help in this direction was the fact that our single window gave us a view straight down a dirt road which joined the works to a southern offshoot of Calgary. The road was partially bordered by a couple of dozen single-story houses, and in our boredom we studied those houses, knew all the associated cars, got to know the personal timetables of all their occupants, were comforted when a wilting patch of lawn finally got watered, were agog with excitement when a door was painted a different colour.

A fantastic bonus for us was that anybody approaching the office on foot became visible as a speck in the distance and for a full ten minutes would become a focus of feverish interest as he drew near the office. Our cars were somewhat unreliable, and on a good day it was possible to observe as many as three people who were late for work coming along that road at different times, providing a total of thirty minutes of suspenseful entertainment. We used to pray for somebody to stumble at a kerb or slip in the snow, and when a mishap like that did occur the office was rocked with hysterical glee. Jokes would be made about it for days afterwards, and the butt of those jokes was made to feel that he was the biggest buffoon in history.

The drawback, of course, was that sometimes I would be that lonely pedestrian, fully aware that I was under keen scrutiny for the whole of that naked kilometer. It seems ridiculous now, but I used to be terrified of the slightest thing happening because inevitably it would have an adverse effect on my jcer quotient. A simple event, like a kid running into somebody with his tricycle, would — in the mental pressure cooker of the office — have been elevated to legendary status within a few minutes, with corresponding misery and degradation for the subject. To show how serious it was, I'm writing about the events of twenty years ago and one of my most vivid memories of the period was a draughtsman called Derek going out to his car in mid-winter, slipping on the ice and falling on

his backside. The thing which makes the memory so vivid is that Derek gave absolutely no thought to trying to break his fall — *while he was still in the air* he twisted round and fixed huge, pleading, frightened eyes on our office window. We were staring out at him in malicious rapture and for a split-second, while he seemed to hang in space, there was a perfect communion, and he knew that for the next month he was going to be bottom man on the totem pole. I felt sorry for him, but at the same time I was as merciless as the others because he had committed the cardinal sin of Doing Something Dumb. To me, there's nothing surprising in the discovery that rats become neurotic when put into cramped living quarters...

Now that I've sketched in the background, maybe you'll have some inkling of what a big day it was in our calendar when Fang came on the scene.

Fang was a small ginger-coloured mongrel with an incredibly evil disposition who appeared one morning in the garden of a house only about a hundred yards from out end of the road. He was so nasty that any time he got off his leash he savaged passing cars and trucks. We greeted Fang's arrival with deep gratitude, partly because of his death-defying antics which were an extra diversion for us, partly because of a heady certainty that some day somebody from the office would fall foul of him, and that would be a day to remember, a day for office scribes to commemorate in story and song.

It came after a wait of only two weeks.

I had been out for lunch with Dave Rhodes, the Scot I've written about previously, the one who smashed in the glass door of the works' main entrance on his first morning at work. We had gone on foot to benefit from the exercise, we were late getting back, and as we plodded along in the fierce Albertan sunshine I could see the dark rectangle of the drafting office window far ahead and could *feel* the multiplicity of eyes watching us from within, "cool and unsympathetic" like those of H.G. Wells' Martians. It was a classic situation in our limited terms, one which could give birth to fables.

Suddenly I saw a mote of ginger waiting at the open gate of Fan's house and suggested that it might be politic to detour around the final block in the road and approach the office from the side. Dave was scornful. He had been east of Suez with the army, had encountered hundreds of vicious curs, and had subdued every one with the power of his cold, brooding stare.

"You must never show fear," he explained. "Treat the mongrel with the contempt it deserves and it'll slink away with its tail between its legs."

I changed position to get his solid frame between me and Fang, and watched with a mixture of apprehension and growing admiration as Dave passed the gateway with measured stride. Fang crouched there and growled, quivering with pent-up aggression, but — just as predicted — was kept in check by the mesmeric force of Dave's stare. I was impressed. We continued on our way for a few seconds, but at that stage a weakness inherent in Dave's dog-control technique made itself apparent, a weakness stemming from the fact that his eyes were immovably attached to the *front* of his head.

As soon as Fang was released from hypnotic restraint he flew at Dave, slaving with fury, and ripped the arse out of his trousers.

I had seen the same thing portrayed many times in comedy films and boys papers, and until that moment had assumed it was a kind of visual cliché. After all, why should a dog single out the seat of the pants for attack? Another point is that trouser material is pretty tough and ought to be able to withstand the weight of a small animal. The whole notion was obviously just a scriptwriter's hackneyed stand-by — and yet there was Dave dancing around in the middle of the road with his underpants showing and a snarling, wild-eyed hound swinging on a newly-created flap in his trousers. I glanced towards the office, saw the joyous faces pressed against the window, and experienced a profound thankfulness that I had been spared the indignity Dave was suffering. That was all I could think about.

The lady of the house came out when she heard the noise, retrieved her dog and after a bitter argument with Dave gave him two dollars with which to have his trousers invisibly mended. In the meantime, I sprinted back to the office, which was in an uproar of mirth, so that I could be one of the jeering mob which surrounded Dave on his return. I really enjoyed that jeering, the moreso because Dave had been rough on me for some weeks over my ignominious loss of my spare-time taxi driving job, and now he was low and I was high, and with luck things would stay that way for weeks.

That was when the cancer business reared its ugly head.



I am not an ordinary hypochondriac. An ordinary hypochondriac has a bad time because, although he is healthy enough, he really believes he has an illness. That sort of thing is too normal and uncomplicated for me. Somebody has only to describe a good set of symptoms and next day I wake up with some or all of them, and even though I *know* I can't have acquired the relevant disease overnight, the symptoms persist for days. I call it second-stage hypochondria, and now that I understand the affliction I control it by discreetly sauntering away when other people start listing their aches and pains.

In 1957, though, I wasn't so crafty, and it was unfortunate for me that the Canadian government decided at that time to launch a publicity campaign about cancer. I had only the vaguest notion of what cancer actually was, and when these posters appeared describing the Seven Warning Signs I read them with considerable interest. The seventh sign — a sudden change in bowel habits — must have appealed to my subconscious the most, because I promptly stopped going to the toilet. Just like that! No more toilet!

Two or three days went by before the phenomenon made itself manifest, then I decided to force the issue by stepping up my intake of food. Two more days of heavy eating went by and I was forced to accept the horrifying truth — not only was I unable to excrete solid waste, I had absolutely no urge to do so. It appeared that no matter how much food I ingested, it would find permanent accommodation somewhere in my system, and that had to be Bad News.

Another day of eating and silent fretting went by with the same result, or lack of it.

On the next day, with a week's supply of vittles locked up in my vitals, I faced up to the fact that I undeniably had the Seventh Warning Sign and it was time to consult a physician. I announced to my workmates that I was going to the doctor with a suspected case of cancer of the bowel, and — quite naturally — they fell about with laughter. This was no more than I had expected of them, and I got a somber pleasure out of anticipating the change of expression on their faces when they discovered they had been mocking a comrade who was on the point of death. My car was out of service again, and nobody even offered to lend me one, but I didn't mind — it meant I would be walking back to the office with the death sentence ringing in my ears, and the truth would gradually dawn on the others as they watched my halting progress towards the office. I could visualize the growing consternation and remorse on their faces as they deduced from my slow and dignified approach — perhaps with pauses to admire the delicate beauty of a buttercup or listen to the poignant silver-sweet song of the birds — that I was reconciled to an early appointment with the dread ferryman.

The doctor's office was on the McLeod Trail, in a little cluster of buildings near the top of our dirt road, and for the sake of readers who have delicate sensibilities I will gloss over the details of what happened when I got there. Suffice it to say that the physical examination involved a rubber glove and great quantities of lubricating oil, and I didn't enjoy it one little bit. When it was over the doctor asked me if by any chance I had been taking iron tablets? I told him I had started taking some about a week earlier because I was feeling a bit run down, and he told me that if I stopped taking them my insides would resume normal working. That was all there was to it.

Overjoyed, given a new lease on life, I thanked him profusely, and set out on the return journey to the office with a jaunty stride.

Well, to be precise, my first fifty or so strides were jaunty — then trouble set in. My lower intestines contained a week's food — seven breakfasts, seven lunches, seven dinners, seven bedtime snacks, plus assorted in-between nibbles — all compressed to a density approaching that of the small companion to Sirius. And to that potentially explosive combination had been added a liberal amount of lubricating oil. I came to an abrupt standstill, fearful of the worst, then found it was still

possible to walk provided I kept everything from buttocks to knees jammed tight together and was content to progress by slipping each foot into place immediately in front of the other, heel to toe, like a tightrope walker or somebody measuring a distance without a rule.

That half-mile walk remains one of the least pleasant memories of my entire life.

It seemed to take ages, and on the home stretch I could see the faces of my workmates at the drafting office window, no doubt inventing all kinds of humorous explanations for my ludicrous gait. Trying to put a bold face on it, as if I was doing a funny walk just to coggle the locals, I gave my colleagues a cheery wave. They waved back. Perhaps everything will be all right, I thought, and at that moment became aware of an ominous growling behind me.

I had forgotten about Fang.

The little brute didn't tear the seat out of my pants — maybe some canine instinct warned him of the awful fate which might have befallen him — but he went for my ankles, and I couldn't even risk trying to kick him away. There was nothing for it but to accelerate the funny walk, and I did the last hundred yards like a speeded-up Charlie Chaplin, sweating and swearing, with the berserk little beast whirling around my ankles like a dust devil.

On emerging from the office toilet ten minutes later, I found out that some of the morons who had witnessed the approach had been almost sick with laughter, and that Dave had already done a cartoon which was up on the firm's notice board. I was low man on the totem pole again, and I hadn't even had a chance to admire the delicate beauty of a buttercup or listen to the poignant silver-sweet song of the birds.

I wonder if Fang ever ate any of those iron tablets I distributed around his lair? □

[Mota 26, November 1978]

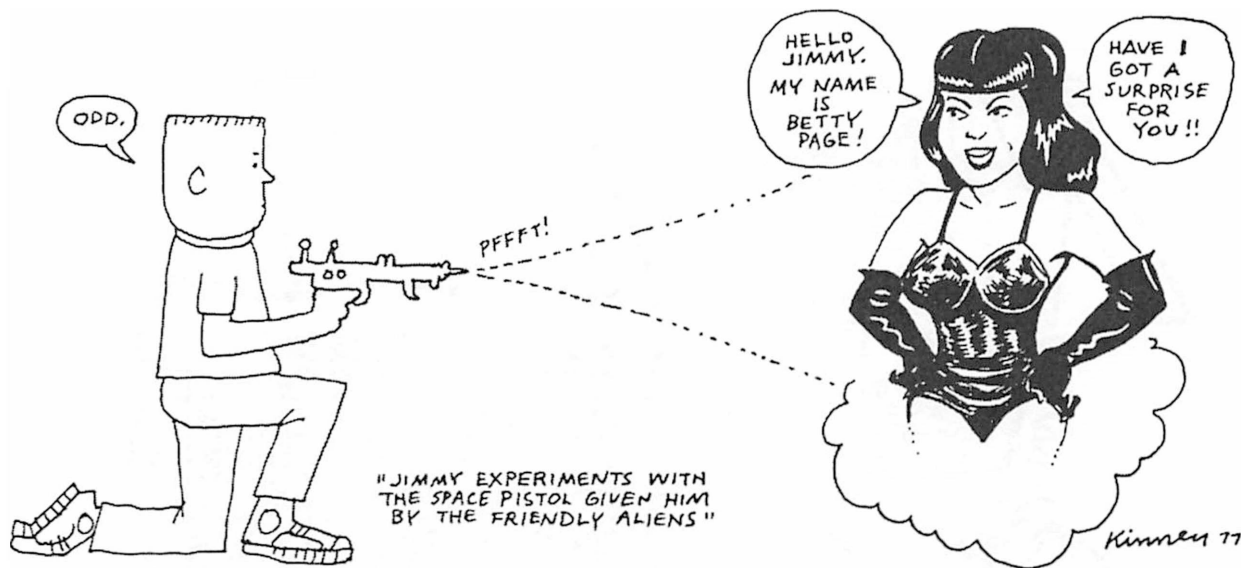
“I have been awake since 6:00 thinking about Bob Shaw. Bob is the best writer in Fandom and that's a helluva thing. We all know what kind of writing he does on the side and that he's the best fan writer too suggests that we other fan writers remain amateurs not merely because we choose to write things there is no market for professionally, but because we're just not as good as folks like Bob.

What's bothering me is that the coincidence in space and time of Bob's office-window-road-vicious-cur-hypochondria and a rectal examination is too fartuitous to be true. I'd love to get into Bob's brain and see what materials he really fashioned this bit out of. Perhaps a window in Canada, an office in England, a dog from his childhood...or maybe it really happened just as he said? I always wonder how much of stories like this are made up?”

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by Eric Mayer, published in Mota 27, January 1979

“Eric Mayer raises some interesting points in his comment on my last Mota piece. I would like to assure him that everything I write in articles like that is absolutely true. It would be easy to start making up bits and slipping them in for effect, but to do so would be to break a pact with myself and to admit failure as a writer. One of the advantages of getting older is that when you look back through your memory in search of useable material for articles there is an increasing amount to choose from and that gives you a better chance to see patterns or to find bits that will fit into structures you devise. You can take a collection of trivia as the basis for an article as long as you ensure that you arrange and interconnect them in such a way that the underlying form is well made and aesthetically right. I still do that by making a list of all the components and actually numbering them in the order in which they are to be used. The method may sound terribly cold and calculating, but in writing it's the pieces on which the author has worked the hardest at his craft which appear most like an effortless flow of words.”

—An excerpt from a letter of comment written by Bob Shaw, published in Mota 28, June 1979



ARLINGTON APPREHENSION

By Boyd Raeburn

“I’m wondering,” I said to Terry, “whether Arlington-Falls Church fandom will get the Perry treatment at Seacon?”

“Huh?” grunted Terry, pausing in the ingestion of his first Coke of the morning. “The Perry Treatment?”

“Yes, remember how at 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 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 a Ghod. Robert Madle says so.” □ [Mota 25, May 1978]



MOTA 27 cover art by Harry Bell - 1978



THE HORROR IN THE VAT

By Dave Langford

"What is a VAT number? Bob Shaw and James White have them too, so they can't be limited to a certain age group. My first guess was that they referred to the artificial insemination chamber wherein the person developed, but I don't think that is correct. VAT could stand for 'Virile, Attractive and Talented,' but I suspect it might mean 'very awful trash'. What does it all mean? Does the UK really license its artists? Or is it merely a permit to commit typing errors?" — A Mota Editor

I'm always surprised when fans prove ignorant of VAT: It's undoubtedly the most science fictional concept of taxation yet devised; how has it escaped the notice of omniscient Terry "The Shadow Nose" Hughes? In the U.S., I gather, there's a fuddy-duddy sales tax which is merely slapped like a wet kipper onto purchase prices at the last moment — a process totally without finesse. We used to have something similar over here, called a purchase tax, but it was realized that far too many people understood its workings. When I tell you that the BSFA Committee nearly understood it, you will appreciate Parliament's concern. To remedy this unwholesome situation, our legislators imported a special entropy-boost-ing package from the Continent; this proved to contain the closely guarded blueprints of the Value Added Tax machinery, as misapplied throughout the E.E.C.

(Let me pause in this serious discourse for a joke: "Keith Walker." Thank you. Meanwhile, back to the plot —)

The principle is simple, glorious and utopian — there is the same percentage tax on everything, but you are taxed only on the little bit of everything which you actually do. You also have the tremendous egoboo of being your own (unpaid) tax collector. For example, let's suppose that you buy raw, uncured beanies and add propellers by a secret process in your workshop: Then what you pay out for the beanie is naturally called the *input* cost and will include VAT at 8%, charged by the seller, so that two twenty-sevenths (as honest accountants and Kev Smith will agree) of what you paid is tax. Since you are registered for VAT, you wise and prudent person, you can *reclaim* this. But when you sell a completed Chrome-plated Propeller Beanie With Inbuilt Blog Dispenser to some deserving fan at your normal modest 500% profit — this is not intended as a satire on DNQ, far from it — the majesty of the Law compels you to charge an added 8% on the sale price — which, being the money you take *in*, is called the *output*.

In your trusted role as a VAT collector you are graciously permitted to send any output VAT

to the same tax office from which you reclaim the input VAT. (If you don't avail yourself of this privilege, you will be awarded sanitary accommodations at Her Majesty's expense.) Mathematicians in the audience will be swift to realize that as a net result, each person in the great chain of production collects 8% VAT on his or her actual profit and dutifully presents it to the government. How much more just and egalitarian than a tax at point-of-sale?

("But where," you ask, "is the hilarious fannish ambience? The ebullient British wit of which I've heard so much?" Unfortunately, Britain is suffering from industrial disputes and quip shipments from Leroy Kettle are failing to reach the rest of us. Tough luck.)

As described, VAT is no real challenge to the mind. It can be grasped as easily as quantum field theory; it lacks the rich complexity so essential to the livelihood of lawyers. Thus we have introduced different rates of VAT: The standard economy rate is currently 8%, but you can go first class and pay 12.5% on luxury goods like petrol and hi-fis. Scientific equipment manufacturers are often found in corners biting their toenails, since much equipment includes some components taxed at standard rate and some which, because they could conceivably be used in a hi-fi system, have the 12.5% stamp of luxury. Then there are zero-rated things on which you don't pay any VAT at all, like books and food (though not junk food...), and exempt things on which you don't pay any VAT, either, and which differ from zero-rated things for reasons known only to the Great Accountant in the sky. (Kev Smith, ACA, says that I am guilty of oversimplification here, since I have not mentioned a third category of things on which you pay no VAT — things which are neither zero-rated nor exempt, but "outside the scope of the tax". To mention these things would only confuse you, and so I won't.) The seeming intricacy of the Worldcon constitution pales into insignificance before the labyrinths of VAT, which has now reached the stage where a whole official booklet (one of many) is devoted to the VAT status of second-hand electronic organs...

The fascinating game is referred by H.M. Customs & Excise Department — not the happy-go-lucky Ian Maule branch which spends its time fumbling sweatily through naughty magazines and jailing Americans for importation of illicit corflu, but a team of brutal, jackbooted professionals with powers of search and entry (no kidding) should they suspect you of wantonly confusing the outputs you rake in with the inputs you shell out. But they must have a piquant sense of humour, also unlike Ian Maule, to devise some of the regulations they publish. I've been a registered VAT person for a little while now — it's less painful than a vasectomy — and have received 388 small-print pages of exciting VAT information. The awesome and terrifying distinctions between crystallized ginger (8%) and ginger preserved in syrup (zero-rated); insoluble grit (8%) and soluble grit (zero-rated); food put up for sale for pet rabbits (8%) and rabbit food (zero-rated); angels dancing on the point of a pin (8%) or on the point of a needle (zero-rated)...

("Look, Mummy, the nasty man is being all unfannish. Make him stop, make him tell a joke about Pete Weston.")

("Hush, darling. Nice Mr. Hughes is embarrassed already, don't you make it worse for him.")

Jolliest of all is the merry-go-round existence of authors registered for VAT (compulsory if they earn over 10,000 a year; voluntary if they just want to reclaim VAT on typing paper, etc.). The keen, alert mind of the reader will already have seized on the point that books are zero-rated and that therefore authors should have any trouble. (Even the editor may be groping dimly towards this conclusion.) Wrong! There's no VAT on mere published books, but the Act of Creation is chargeable at 8%. (Foreign earnings aren't subject to VAT, "because foreigners say things like 'Shucks' when invited to pay it." — A. Pundit.) His publishers, being registered, claim this VAT from Customs & Excise and pass it to Joe, who with a cry of joy sends it to — guess who? — Customs & Excise. The VATman giveth and the VATman snatcheth it back.

Anyone fool enough to buy the (zero-rated) book has the consolation that *he* pays no VAT; neither do authors and publishers when you work it out, but this solemn exchange of cheques and invoices (under the Janus-like gaze of H.M. Customs & Excise) gives an impression that much is being achieved. As indeed it is: Who knows what nasty ideas these authors might get if our wise government didn't keep them busily filling in their little VAT forms?

There, I've finished; fannishness may recommence and T. Hughes may breathe once more. That's all. You may go. ◻ [Mota 28, June 1979]



JOPHAN'S SNOWY DAY

By Jim Meadows

The Great Midwest Blizzard of '79 was destined to go down in history as one of the most boring snowstorms ever endured by a sullen American populace. The usual drama of the white stuff falling, and man's battle against the elements was getting to be old hat. It was truly a tacky natural disaster. Mother Nature had given the world quantity instead of quality, and while that might be enough for a Hugo, it didn't make for memorable snowstorms.

"It's the same old thing," Jophan complained over the phone to Jim Turner. "The same old snowdrifts, the same closed off streets. The usual cocky jokers in their four wheel drive trucks offering to tow your car out for high prices. They go through the motions, but no one seems to have the élan for it anymore."

Jim's voice slurred and crackled over the miles of telephone wire. "Kid," he said, "you expect too much outta real life. Ain't you never read your Conrad Aiken?"

"I mean it, Jim," said Jophan. "If I read about one more old man getting a heart attack while shoveling his walk, I'll puke."

"Aw, shit," said Jim. "There's plenty better reasons for puking than that. You sure all the liquor stores are snowed in where you are?"

"I haven't counted them all," said Jophan sarcastically.

"Well, you should keep a supply around like I do. I'm so well stocked I can't even tell if it's snowing around here or not."

"And the worst thing," complained Jophan, "the *worst* thing is, it's disrupting my private life."

"What, you're not getting enough? This'd be a perfect time for it."

"Not *that* sort," said Jophan, blushing. "I mean my fanac."

"Oh," said Jim, immediately bored.

"No mail, no cleared roads," lamented Jophan. "I can't get to any conventions, I can't send off my locs, I can't get fanzines, I can't mail off my apazine. I have a 30,000 word historical treatise on Michelism waiting for Brian Earl Brown, but I can't get it to him. I've read all my fanzines over, twice. Even my bound volumes of *Locus*."

"You should do what I do at times like this," suggested Jim.

"What's that?"

"Get zonkered."

"You have a crude mind, Jim."

"You're jealous."

"What do you do when you can't get altered, Jim?"

"That never happens with me, my boy. But when life gets a little mundane, I can always catch up on my reading."

"I told you I read everything twice."

"Not them fucking fanzines, son!" cried Jim in consternation. "Books!"

"Like *The Immortal Storm*? I've gone over it 4 times. My copy of *A Wealth of Fable* is still in the mail."

"Kid," said Jim Turner mournfully, "you need a little dose of that old senzawunder. Now, if you got a good supply of Columbian, there's nothing like a *Star Trek* novel to get you giggling—"

"Jim!" said Jophan, shocked. "Bite your tongue!"

"Oh, all right. But you must have a good selection hanging around your place. Some old Heinlein, I bet."

"Neo-fascist," said Jophan primly. "Never read him on principle."

"Ah, yeah. Well, how about Asimov?"

"Conceited journeyman masquerading as a good writer. Creative typing, pure and simple."

"Well then how about—"

"And the same thing holds for David Gerrold."

Jim sighed. "Well, Ellison maybe?"

"Ingrate. Aging boy wonder."

"Van Vogt?"

"Well, he might have been good *once*..."

"Joanna Russ."

"Penis envy on paper."

"Oh, Jesus."

"Fantasy disguised as legend."

"I wasn't suggesting *him*," said Turner.

"Don't you like science fiction at all?"

"Like science fiction!" said Jophan. "Of course I like science fiction! I'm a *fan*!"

"Well, that's it then! Now why don't you be a good little pup and curl up with a Lafferty novel somewhere?"

"What? Subject myself to that papist paranoia for *pleasure*? Are you crazy?!"

"Well, how about a little H.G. Wells then? I hear he's good."

"Pompous technocrat. Another neo-fascist."

"Bester?"

"Has been."

"Allen Dean Foster?"

"Never was."

"Le Guin?"

"Overrated."



"Avram Davidson?"

"Overwritten."

"Tolkein?"

"Overexposed."

"Campbell, Weinbaum, 'Doc' Smith?"

"Going, going, gone."

"You never read any of these people?"

"Why should I? I know they're not worth it," said Jophan.

"Holy shit, boy," said Jim in near total exasperation. "What kind of sf *do* you read?"

"Well, all kinds. C'mon, Jim, you now how eclectic I am!"

"Yeah, but what have you read *lately*?"

"Well..." Jophan was stammering. "I, well, I haven't had the time to devote to it. You know, all this fanac and everything."

"Well, when you *were* reading it, what *were* you reading?"

"Well, a little of everything, I mean..."

"Name a title, I dare you."

"Well," said Jophan, "there's quite a lot to choose from. Why, when I was in junior high school, I thought this one was the greatest writer in the world. Now what could his name have been?"

"Have you read any sf at *all*, boy?" hissed Turner.

"Now just a minute, Jim," said Jophan angrily. "I don't like the tone of your voice."

"Just answer the question, son. You're running up my phone bill."

"Well, I always keep up with the book reviews."

"*Book reviews!* Jim Turner let out a whoop. "*Book reviews!! You read book reviews?*"

"Well, if they're concise," said Jophan, blushing a little.

"Son," said Jim, "I'm afraid you've got Arnie Katz's disease."

"What do you mean?"

"You've withdrawn from science fiction, son. You can't take it no more."

"Don't say that, Jim. Science fiction is a great medium for dramatic development. The room for socio-speculation is incredibly vast. Haven't you ever read *Billion Yeah Spree?*"

"That's by Aldiss, ain't it? Ever read his fiction?"

"Oh, I haven't bothered with him since I saw the reviews of *Frankenstein Unbound.*"

"Oh, you did see the reviews, didn't you."

"Jim, are you trying to make a point?"

Jim Turner sighed. Life just wasn't easy for him. He desperately needed to take a piss, but the phone cord just wasn't long enough to reach all the way to the bathroom, let alone the side of the garage. This conversation would have to end soon.

"Okay, son, just listen to your Uncle Jim here. It's time we induced a little *fafia* on you. And a snowstorm is the perfect time for it."

"What are you getting at?"

"Kid, your problem is that you're in love with the idea of existing, but you're out of touch with the real article. All you do is read fanzines."

"What's wrong with fanzines?"

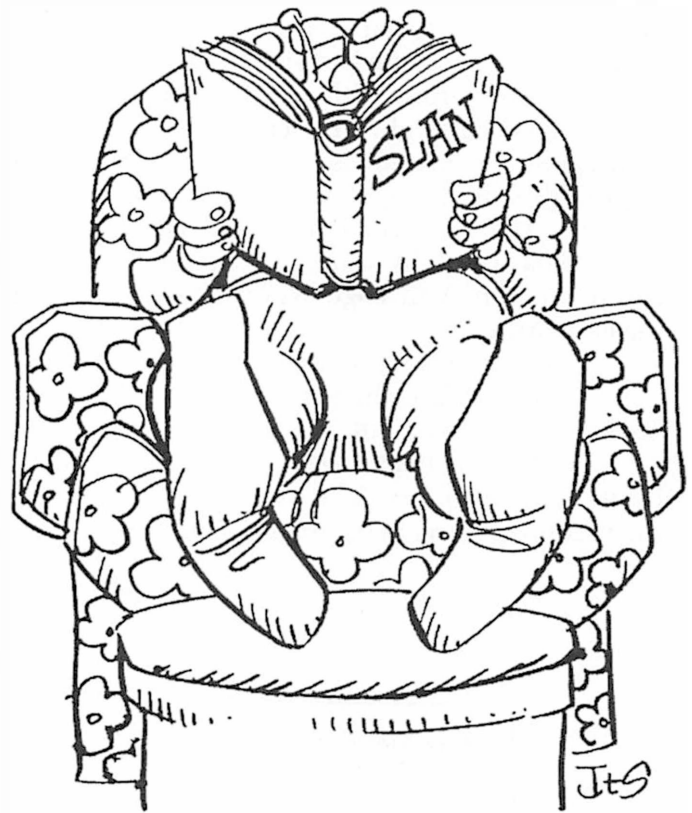
"They're bad for you, son. All that mimeo ink gets all over your clothes, grows hair on your palms. Look at Claude Degler."

Jophan stiffened. "I don't think this is a polite conversation any more."

"You just take my advice and get into some sf. I don't care what it is. An old Perry Rhodan novel. *Reruns of Lost In Space*. Jerry Pournelle. Anything."

"Jim, you don't understand. I liked that stuff once. But I'm a fannish fan, now. This is an alternative lifestyle for me."

"Fannish fan," chuckled Jim. He yelled away from the phone, "Hey, Junior Lee! The guy says he's a fannish fan!"



"I'm not ashamed of it," said Jophan nobly.

"Yeah, well look. You gotta get some sf somewhere. Take Terry Hughes, for instance."

"What about him?"

"Fannish as they come, right? Wouldn't think about mentioning science fiction in that fanzine of his. But I came over to his hotel room at a con, and what do you think I find him doing but actually *reading Dhalgren!* I mean, he really likes that stuff. Why do you think he got that job reading slush pile for *Amazing*? He's gotta have that weekly fix."

Jophan for once was speechless.

"It's high time you got in touch with our roots, son. Now I bet you got a lot of first editions hanging around your place. Now's the time to crack one of them open and find out what all those dumb little fanzines are for, anyway. Now I hope you'll excuse me, but I want to pass out."

Jophan hung up the phone. Could Jim Turner be right? Had he forgotten what it was like to read science fiction? To feel that sense of wonder coursing through his veins like cocaine? The feeling that there were new vistas, tantalizingly unknown paths of knowledge waiting to be challenged, and all that other tripe? Yeah, sure. It was tripe. But it was important tripe. It was the reason he ground out his apazine and signed up for conventions. It was his tripe.

What's wrong with me, thought Jophan as he wandered over to his bookshelves. Am I turning into a fakefan? He pursued the books, old volumes, dogeared and gathering dust, new review copies, untouched and also gathering dust. None of it looked very appetizing. I don't want to read any of this stuff, thought Jophan. I read the blurb for a Dean Koontz novel concerning a mad scientist. Ugh, thought Jophan, this is entertainment? I'd rather have my Proust.

His eyes dully scanned the fading spines until they rested on an old Simon & Schuster edition of *Slan*. Van Vogt. Never mastered the English language. Dramatic impact succeeds through brute force.

Fans are slans, Jophan giggled. Yeah, he heard about that one. Okay, he thought, I'll give it a try.

"His mother's hand felt cold, clutching this..." I don't think I'm going to like this, thought Jophan as he began, but I'll plough through the first two chapters at least.

When the mail finally came through later that day, he was up to the part where Jommy confronts Joanna Hillory. The four fanzines and the two convention newsletters made a loud plop when they dropped through his mail slot, but Jophan was too absorbed to notice. □ [Mota 29, August 1979]



AFTERWORD

Some Final Thots

This collection of fan writing from the pages of Terry Hughes' *Mota* should have been in the hands of its readers a year ago, in time for the 2014 Corflu in Richmond, Virginia. Its delay has been the result of several factors — all of which can be laid directly at my feet.

Even though I had been fantasizing about this anthology for many years, I had greatly underestimated the amount of time it would take to reread all the issues of Terry's fanzine, choose the material to be reprinted, transcribe it, gather up all the artwork, and then try to arrange it all in a pleasing manner. That took quite a bit longer than I'd anticipated, but that was nothing when compared with what came next. I had to write the introduction. *That*, by far, was the greatest single obstacle to the timely publication of *The MOIA Reader*.

Originally, the intro was going to be written by one of Terry's old friends, someone I hoped would be able to share his unique perspective about Terry's life. Unfortunately, an injury prevented him from writing anything for this collection, which was definitely our loss as readers. It was at that point that I decided to take a shot at it myself. How hard could it be to write about my friend and his fanzine?

I wasn't initially concerned about the responsibilities that came with writing an introduction, though I probably should have been. In my eyes, the story of Terry and his fanzine were intertwined and I found it hard to separate them when I started writing. The history of *Mota* felt incomplete without the story of its editor being part of the mix. They both had the same sense of humor, for one thing, and they both shared the same history, for another. So, I knew from that point on that my introduction would have to be a biography, as well as a casual history of *Mota*.

I had initially expected to write a relatively short memoir; something off the top of my head. I was going to tell a few stories about Terry and talk about how great I thought *Mota* was and then throw in a bit of history, as I remembered it. It would be quick and painless. But then, while struggling to remember some arcane fact or other, I made the fatal mistake of going down into the basement to look something up in my fanzine collection — to refresh my memory. That was the fatal flaw in my plan.

If I hadn't done that one thing, this anthology would have been available *much* sooner. But once I pulled open the first file cabinet drawer and began to gather actual facts about Terry and his fanzine, my task

became infinitely harder and it turned into the single hardest piece of writing I have ever attempted.

I realized right away that much of what I had remembered had been, though not completely wrong, confused by the passage of time. Once I recognized those shortcomings, I knew there was no retreating from the work I would have to do write honestly about Terry's life and to do it right. I owed him that much.

When I started the process of researching and writing the biography, I had no idea it would take so long to finish or that it would stretch my meager writing skills beyond their limits. There were several false starts before I found my chosen path and once I did find my way it still came together slowly, in fits and starts. Using a carefully assembled timeline and stacks of fanzines and apazines as source material, Terry's story came together in waves of writing that went on for months. That was followed by rewrites and edits and corrections until, finally — just as I was about to throw in the towel for the umpteenth time — it finally clicked.

It was a fight all the way and even now, after all these months, I am still reluctant to let go of it. But I know that I have to because I cannot live with it any longer. (I need to start getting outside into the light again.) Remembering Terry's illness and death carried a powerful emotional charge and revisiting those days proved to be much harder than I had ever expected. The sadness is still very real and it was sometimes very hard to remember all the good times when being confronted with all the facts of his demise.

However, Terry Hughes was much more than the circumstances under which he left this life. He was a helluva sweet guy. He believed in being loyal to his friends and praising those who had inspired and entertained him. He believed in the old aphorism that it was a proud and lonely thing to be a fan and he spent much of his life proving it. To Terry, putting out a fanzine was an honorable way to spend your life and the best way to honor him is to publish one. So here it is.

There were 31 issues of *Mota* published between 1971 and 1980. Altogether, Terry published more than 80 articles, over 300 cartoons and illustrations, and nearly 250 letters of comment over the course of those nine years. When sorting among all the contributions, the criteria for inclusion in *The MOTA Reader* began as a process of elimination.

To begin with, I made the decision that this anthology would not include any of the articles which had been reprinted from other published sources or

are readily available on the internet. This meant eliminating from consideration several outstanding pieces of writing, like Roy Kettle's "An Interview with Thomas M. Disch," five out of the six articles written by Bob Shaw, and the Terry Carr reprints from the final issue, but still allowed for the use of both of Charles Burbee's articles — which had been thoroughly rewritten before Terry published them. Peter Roberts' TAFF report and Michael Dobson's "The Demolished Fan" are currently available online, so they too were crossed off the list.

Next to go were articles by writers who were frequent contributors or columnists. This meant the selection of only one or two pieces by that category's authors that would best represent their talents, as displayed in *Mota*. This led to the selection of two pieces each by Jim Turner, Grant Canfield, and John Brosnan, but only one article from Gary Deindorfer, Paul Di Filippo, Bob Tucker, Lee Hoffman and others. It also meant printing only one installment of Creath Thorne's "The Captain's Tower" column and forfeiting all of the Dave Piper columns.

The third and most important criteria was quality, a requirement that speaks for itself. The inclusion of James White's "The Exorcists of IF" was a given, as was Harry Warner, Jr.'s railroading memoir, Tom Perry's captivating "Mein Con," Eric Bentcliffe's "The Tape Era," Jeff Schalles' "All These Midnights Look Alike," and other obvious choices. In the end, this category of material became the backbone of the collection and gives it its real strength and readability.

Finally, the contents of *The MOTA Reader* was shaped by space limitations. Despite the obvious size of the collection as it stands, the number of pages available for use was not infinite. Numerous items were transcribed for inclusion, but later dropped because of the need to produce a book that could still be read without the use of pulleys and winches.

I believe that an excellent companion volume of additional material from *Mota*'s pages could be produced using the many fine articles that were, for whatever reason, left unused this time around. There are quite a few that just missed the cut and deserve to be reprinted someday, such as: Leigh Edmonds' "Mail Disorder," Colleen Brown's "Jeep Thrills," Mike Glicksohn's "Splitting Headaches," Tom Perry's "Bloody Con," John Berry's "My Country," Paul Di Filippo's "Nothing To Fear But...," Gary Deindorfer's "Fan Nostalgia Strikes Again," Bob Tucker's "Damned BIG Cat Feet," Lee Hoffman's "Bad Guys," Jim Turner's "Fratrat and Joseph K. and the Terrible Tale of Terrible Gilbert," and Ray Nelson's "An Open Letter to Alvin Toffler," to name only a few. It would be easy to do — as long as it is done by someone other than yours truly.

Thanks to Terry's archivist sensibilities, at least 90 percent of the artwork, cartoons, illustrations and

covers featured in these pages were scanned from the original artwork. In those instances where the originals were not available, great pains were taken to scan the printed art and clean it up on the computer before re-publication — as were a number of the actual original drawings that had become stained and damaged due to the passage of time (and the use of rubber cement). In a couple of instances, where the articles had originally appeared without decoration, other pieces art from the period have been used to embellish them. (There are four cartoons here that did *not* appear in *Mota*, can you find them? Yes? Then you've got too much free time on your hands, brother.)

I want to thank all the people who have helped with the creation and completion of this anthology. First and foremost, I want to thank my wife Lynn for her support, understanding, and willingness to go to bed at night with me still banging away on my keyboard and shaking my fist at the monitor.

I want to single out for praise the financial support of Corflu 31's committee members Nic Farey, Ken Forman, John Nielsen-Hall and Randy Byers, without whom this fannish monument would have never been undertaken. I especially want to thank Uncle Johnny and Randy for their encouragement and, in Randy's case, for his awesome proofreading skills. And to Geri Sullivan for her eagle eyed last minute save.

I also want to thank Ted White for patiently waiting almost 40 years for the publication of his "lost" *Mota* contribution — and it was really lost, too, until just after the beginning of this year when my wife reached into a box of her old stuff and said, "Does this belong to you?" Once again, she had pulled my fat ass out of the fire at the last minute, for which she deserves a second round of hugs from the editor.

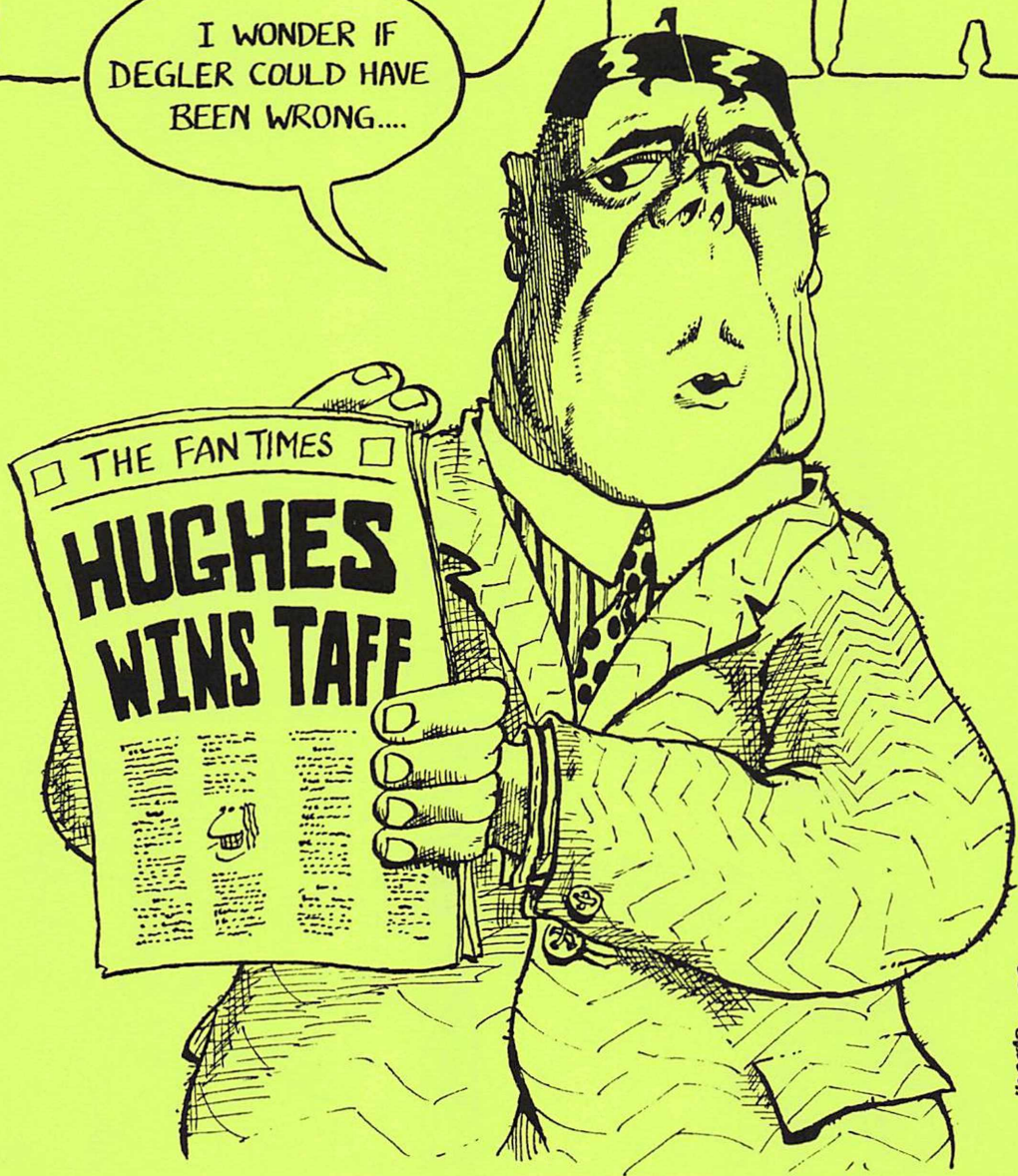
I want to thank John D. Berry for his words of encouragement and support during the months it took to write my introduction. When I was at my lowest and was the least sure of myself, he was there with kind words and convincing lies to reinvigorate me and inspire me to finish the work I needed to do so that this long overdue anthology could arrive in reader's hands before they could get distracted by the publication of the anniversary edition of John Crowley's *Little Big*.

Finally, I want to thank Terry's brother, Craig, for his companionship and kindness over the years. He was always a true friend and comrade. In retrospect, it looks like I was pretty lucky to have had *two* Hughes brothers in my life. Those were good times. What a shame Terry's not here to laugh about all of the fuss I'm making, as he surely would have.

And last, but not least, thanks to all the people, living and dead, who contributed to Terry's fanzine. I could not have assembled this fannish feast without you. *Cowabunga!* □ —Dan Steffan, April 2015

MOTA

I WONDER IF
DEGLER COULD HAVE
BEEN WRONG....

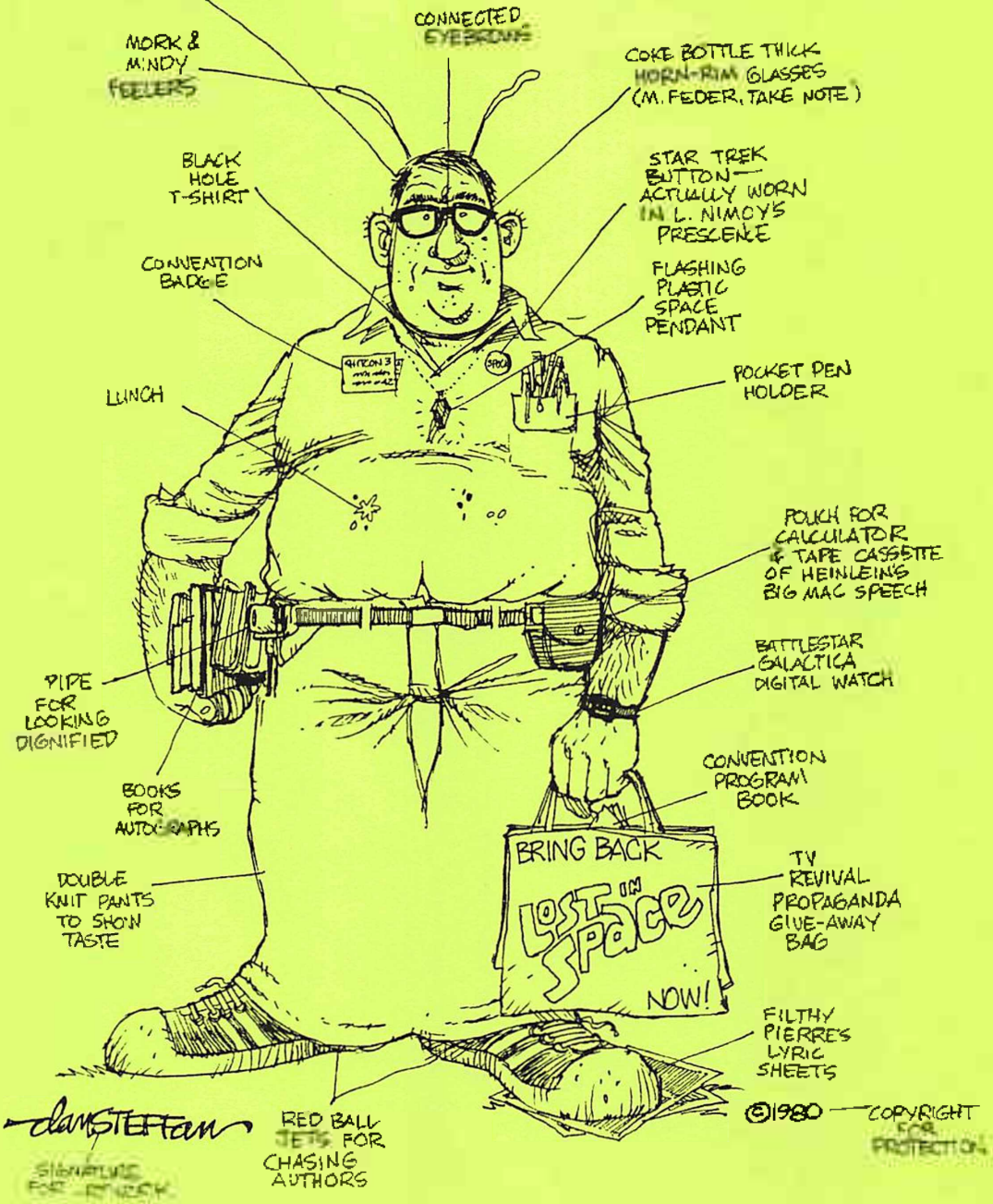


MOTA



MOTA

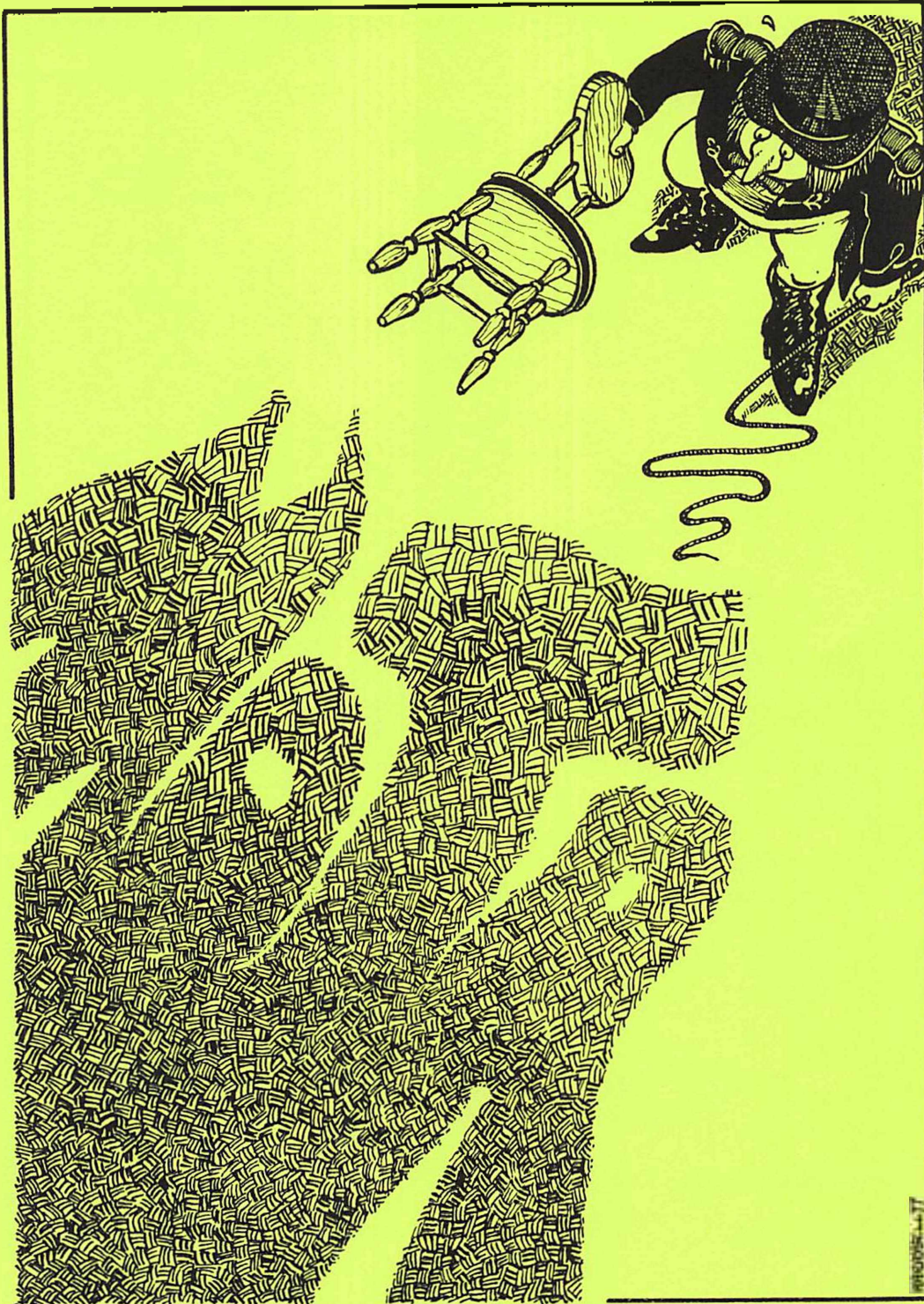
HAVE YOU SEEN
.. THIS MAN?



MOTA 32 cover art by Dan Steffan - 1980 - unpublished

Back cover: MOTA 23 art by Harry Bell - 1977

\$10.00



WINDS-17