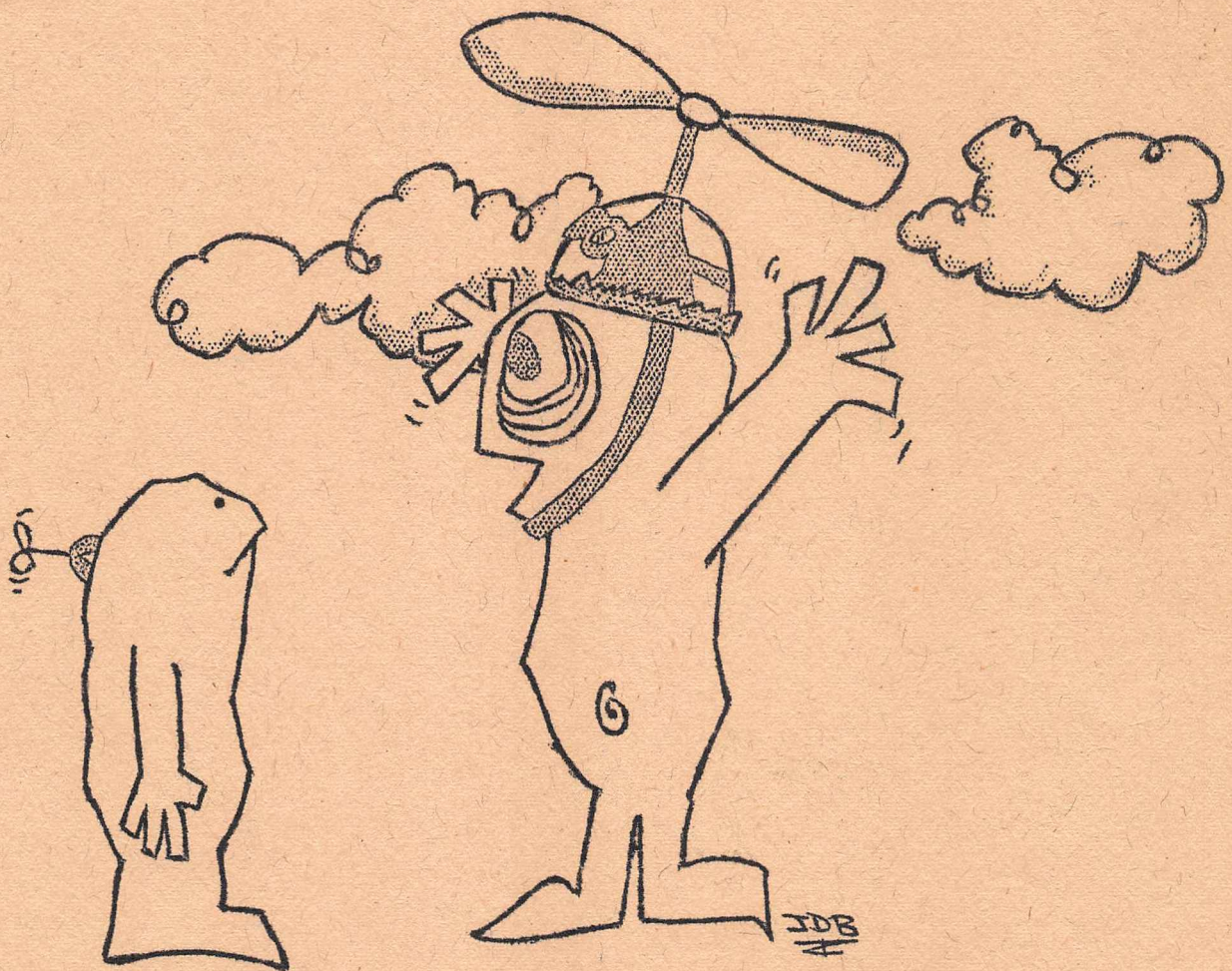


MOTA 6



"NOW I CAN BYPASS THE WAITING LIST AND
FLY RIGHT INTO FAPA!"

MOTA

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This fanzine is edited by Terry Hughes, Route 3, Windsor, Mo. 65360. The date is Aug. 23, 1972. It was published on Big Huge by Hank Luttrell (bless 'im), and collating help furnished by Doug Carroll, Claudia Parish, and Chris Couch (bless 'em too).

MOTA is available for locs, trades, contributions, or a sample copy for 25¢ (the latter good one time only).

IF and of you do not want to receive this fanzine, please drop me a postcard and let me know. If you do enjoy this fanzine, then bless you. (I've sure been blessing alot on this page...)



Terry
Hughes
Meets the
Return of
the Conquest
of the Planet of
Marty Wombat

Just a couple of weeks ago I had given up all hope of publishing another issue of MOTA (which just had its first birthday a bit ago), but then things started happening. Creeth Thorne came by and dropped off his column, but I just didn't have enough stuff to do another issue. 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 (with LeeH's permission of course). Then Grant Canfield (famous Porsche owner) sent me the article he had promised me, along with some lovely illos for it. So there I was, sitting in my green chair and 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 for the past few days all I've been doing is fanac. It seems the week I decided to do MOTA I also had to work on two other fanzines, and so I've typed my fingers to the knuckles...

MOVING ALONG is what I'll be doing. On Aug. 24 Chris Couch, Claudia Parish, Hank Luttrell, and I will pile books, luggage, and our bodies into Hank's aging car and head for the West to go to cons. Lesleigh Luttrell is in Australia as I write this and we plan to meet her in LA. You can tell how devoted we are to conventions since Hank's car isn't airconditioned and we will be crossing the desert in August. No matter how fast I say that, the trip still sounds unpleasant. Maybe all the fans traveling by car could join with us and form a caravan, a modern wagon train (just like our forefathers, whose bones we may find along the way). Head 'em up, move 'em out!

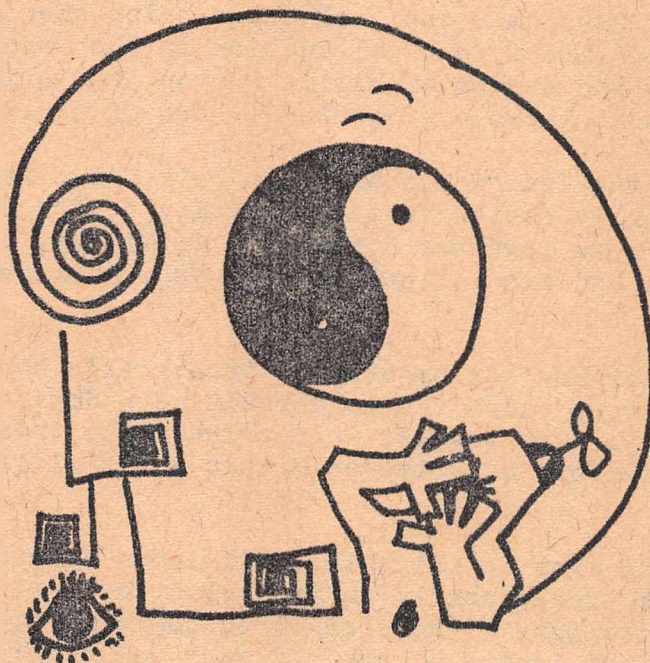
I've already been to two cons so far: Midwescon and Pecon. At Midwescon I watched hardy souls swim the ice-covered pool and avoided teeny-bopper drum majorettes. Of course, I enjoyed myself since I had enjoyable talks with Ted, Robin, & Kitten White; Bob Tucker; Mike & Susan Glicksohn; Ed Smith; Jay Cornell; Buck, Juanita, & Bruce Coulson; Norbert, Leigh, & Mike Couch; and many others (including Andy Porter, Seth DeVoy, etc.). Good con. On the other hand, Pecon was pretty boring for me. I had been looking forward to talking with Bob Tucker some more, but he couldn't attend it. I did have enjoyable talks with the Coulson's again, and Railee Bothman, and Larry Nichols. It was the first time I'd heard Juanita Coulson sing and play guitar, both of which she does very well and both of which I enjoyed. But, as I said, Pecon was pretty much of a dud for me. However, I have a feeling deep down inside that Bubonicon and LAcon are going to be loads of fun. Hope I get to see you there!

TRAVELING GIANTS came to Columbia this summer. Aside from the frequent visits from the Couch family (which are always a joy), several other fanish persons crossed our threshold. John D. Berry stopped in for a few days on his way from the west coast to the east coast and I really enjoyed his visit. John is just as fabulous in person as he is in print. Jeff May visited here while he unsuccessfully looked for a job. Three Swedish fans, Ulf Westblom, Per Insulander, and John Argen (imagine a small circle over the A), spent several days here in their tour of this country. They told us about life in Sweden and about their travels in the States.

Once again I want to mention to mention that all mail should sent to me at my parents address (listed on contents page), and they will hold it and then forward it when I settle down somewhere. But that may be a couple of months, so if I don't answer your letters or respond to your fanzines, it will be because I haven't got them yet. Please bear with me and don't expect fast replies.

Also I'm sorry. I didn't write a 'set piece' for this issue. With all this fanec, plus the fact I want to get this issue out SOON (before I leave Columbia), I just don't have the time. Sorry. You'll just have to settle for this editorial ramblings.

(READ THIS BIT AFTER YOU'VE READ CREATH'S COLUMN!) I don't want to influence the response on what Creath has said, so I'll wait until the letters come in before I give my views. I agree with some things he wrote and disagree with others. For instance I think people are extremely friendly at cons; and in various situations I think degrees of exclusionism certainly is sensible -- I am 'guilty' of that myself. But I'll save all this for next issue.



DAD GUYS

LEE

HOFFMAN



A small comment in Will Straw's letter in MOTA #5 has provided me with a jumping off point for a pet topic. Will makes reference to "the ganster genre that has grown out of the twenties..." Actually, I'm not positive whether he is referring to the books of the twenties that have provided a basis for the genre, or to the gangsters of the twenties.

But in any case, my point is that the style of crime which became predominant in the twenties has been far less important to the North American myth than the form of Indigenous American Folk Crime which blossomed during the Victorian Era, reached its mythic culmination in the career of John Dillinger, persisted through the career of Willie Sutton, and still has its place in the world, though it lacks a present day hero of stature.

Like all things, the Indigenous American Folk Crime has its roots in the past. It is strongly rooted in the tradition of the highwaymen and the Robin Hood legend. It came together during the Civil War, under the auspices of Charles Quantrell and his followers, and was predominantly a mid-Western art form.

After the Civil War and the breakup of Quantrell's band, the pattern became that of a small group under the leadership of a dominant and usually flamboyant personality. The targets were principally trains and banks. The popularity of this form of crime as mythic material lay in a number of factors.

For one thing, the area in which the Indigenous American Folk Criminal became a mythic hero was predominantly individualistic, agricultural, pro-Confederacy and anti-Capitalist. (The eternal economic struggle rears its head again). The typical leader of an IAPC gang was highly individualistic,

usually a local boy, at least during the early stages of his career, and was attacking the anti-Confederacy, pro-capitalistic establishment which masses of the people in the area saw as an oppressive enemy. The epitomal IAFIC hero is Jesse James who, while he may not actually have invented the bank robbery (Quaintrell may deserve the real credit) or the train robbery (which is credited to the imagination of the Reno Brothers, but is simply a natural extension of the long-popular stage robbery), James certainly developed and popularized both. Many of his successors gave him credit as their inspiration (Bonnie and Clyde for instance, and I believe Dillinger as well).

It was during the twenties that the Indigenous American Folk Criminal was eclipsed by a new breed, the Organization Criminal. This was a natural development, only to be expected after the Industrial Revolution and the Rise of Big Business. The leader of the Organization is sociologically more closely related to the Industrialist and the Robber Baron than to the highly individualistic highwayman or Robin Hood type. He might be a colorful character, as was his counterpart in the more socially acceptable financial world (Jim Fisk, for instance), and as a person, he might be highly individualistic, but his operation is Big Business, and he is an executive. His operation may not be overtly accepted by the Establishment, but it follows the same patterns as those of acceptable Establishment businesses, and it usually functions with a certain amount of cooperation from parts of the Establishment. Except for occasional exterminations, its operation seldom has the color or romantic appeal of the Indigenous American Folk Criminal (Al Capone may have given Dion O'Bannion a bangup funeral and the St. Valentine's day affair certainly had color, but how many folk tales are there about Al stopping for a meal at the house of some widow unknown to him or his Organization, and leaving a thousand dollar bill under his plate?)

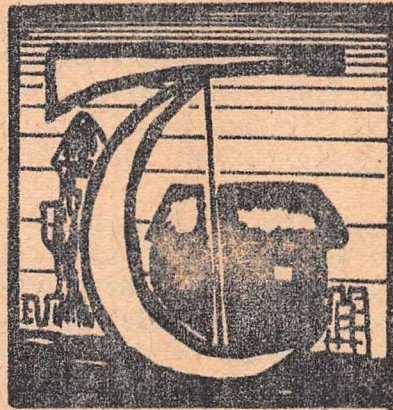
The Organization leader may be a hero to segments of the population but, in my opinion, he has never achieved the mythic-hero position of the Indigenous American Folk Criminal.

Currently, the Organization certainly does figure strongly in popular American fiction, but it rarely plays the role of hero. The updated equivalent of the Indigenous American Folk Criminal stars as hero in a number of works, such as Stark/Westlake's Parker series.

Personally, I consider the popular spy novels to be directly descended from the IAFIC. The government assassin, like Matt Helm, the government thief like Al Hundy, and the superspies in general bear a closer resemblance to the IAFIC than to Sam Spade, Phillip Marlowe, or Lew Archer. The old private eyes might have been at odds with the Establishment, but they played pretty much by its rules and within its sanction. The superspy may work for our Establishment, but he acts outside of its structure, frequently breaking its nominal rules, and he works in direct opposition to someone's Establishment.

In summation, I feel that the school of crime that blossomed in the U.S.A. during the Victorian Era has been and continues to be far more important in the American Myth than that school of crime which came to the fore during the twenties. (But don't think in all this I'm putting down the twenties. It was a kicky era. The thirties were kicky, too. In fact, it's been my experience that no matter what era one delves into in some depth, the era turns out to be both interesting and significant.)

From the
Captain's



ower

What's wrong with fandom?

In June of 1971 I was faced with a very pleasant prospect. It would be at least a year and a half before I could go back to school and I was stuck for that length of time with a job which, though not very exciting, allowed me plenty of time to think. No pressures on me, no deadlines for papers, no worm of ambition -- a year and a half to relax and do whatever in the world I felt like doing.

Inevitably, my thoughts turned to fandom.

It had been a long time since I'd really been active in fandom. There was a point in my high school career when I belonged to five or six apas, wrote twenty page letters regularly, and read fanzines, new and old, constantly. But when I went away to college I found new interests and a social milieu that I felt more comfortable in -- and as a result I dropped out of my apas one by one, the number of fanzines I published each year went steadily downhill, and finally I was, for all intents and purposes, a deflated fan. In 1970 I published nothing at all, and at most, wrote a couple of letters.

Well, there's certainly nothing extraordinary about this -- for every Harry Warner or Terry Carr who maintains an interest in fandom over a long period of time there are dozens, hundreds of fans, some talented, some not, who lose interest and drop out.

But as I loafed my way through the summer of 1971 I didn't think about the reasons why I had quit doing fanac; I only thought about the fun I'd had with fandom back in my high school days. There is a nostalgia principle that operates in almost everyone that causes unpleasant memories to drop out and pleasant ones to be magnified by the passage of time; and I suppose this principle was operating in my case. In addition, fanac is the perfect leisure-time recreation; the only requirement that fandom imposes on the fan is that he participate -- it doesn't much matter whether what he writes or publishes is of sub-literary quality or not. Occasionally, a perfectionist like Walt Willis may write himself out of fandom, feeling that the strain to produce

good writing is too much, but such a case is only the fan that proves the axiom (for the necessity of producing material is, I think, one of the basic principles of fandom).

At any rate, after a year of having everything that I'd written being assigned a letter grade, the relaxed pace of fandom was very attractive to me. And really -- in the abstract, the idea of fandom is an immensely appealing one. What could be more fun than a group of commonly interested people publishing their creative efforts, not for money or scholarly advancement, but simply because they want to -- because it's something interesting to do. The idea has a type of innocent purity that makes it vastly admirable.

That's the image that fandom took on in my mind as I thought about getting active again. Unfortunately, we live in real worlds, and the real world of fandom is nothing like what I'd fantasized it to be in my daydreams at work. This was something I realized pretty quickly as I began to read fanzines again and go about publishing my own.

So what's wrong? The thing that bothers me most about fandom is epitomized in the following news item which I retype verbatim from Locus #115.

"INVACON II: The second annual Invacon was held at Hotel X, City Y, over the Memorial Day weekend. Toastmaster was Robert Silverberg, who gave one of his more brilliant speeches. Other details of this strictly invitational convention include nude bathing, the unanimous declaration that the universe was flat, and that the general opinion was that invacons were the conventions of the future. The guest list was not announced. (Spy Z)"

Now what's an item like that doing in a newszine? "Hotel X, City Y"... that's not news, that's anti-news. But it reveals very clearly what it is that runs fandom: snobbery.

Fandom is one of the most class-structured organizations that I've ever come in contact with. Like other people I've used the words "neofan" or "BNF". I never took them very seriously. It was all just part of the game of fandom I was playing on paper. But when I attended the worldcon in St. Louis in 1969 I realized that some fans took them very seriously; that they actually did think of people as being inferior or superior according to their status in fandom. This is FIATOLism with a vengeance, and it was so alien to my ways of thinking that it took me a while to realize what was really happening.



I really didn't enjoy the St. Louis convention very much. But I never admitted it blatantly because, after all, any trufan (another fan word, innocent enough on paper, which really means you can be accepted by fandom even if you're maladjusted and obnoxious) is supposed to love conventions; they're the one time of the year when he can emerge from his paper world to be convivial with the chosen few who, like him, have the requisite sensitiveness and far-reaching imagination to be a fan. To

badmouth the convention would be unthinkable; it would be the same as admitting that I was an outsider, one incapable of understanding the true nature of fandom, a clod, a mundane person who had wandered into the world of fandom by mistake. All of them terrible things; you could never become a "BNF" with such albatrosses hanging around your neck.

One reason I didn't enjoy the convention was because I went to St. Louis expecting to meet many of the people I'd read about in fanzines -- and I didn't. My expectations were set very high and were rudely disappointed. Most of the people that I wanted to meet who were at the convention I never saw at all -- except perhaps from a distance when they would appear on the dimly-lit stage to make a rambling talk before they were secretly sequestered off again to more private quarters. In other cases when I did recognize nametags and tried to introduce myself I was usually rebuffed -- sometimes subtly and a couple of times so blatantly that it still makes me angry when I think about it. At all times permeating the atmosphere was the sense of secret fraternities within secret fraternities -- and if you weren't a member of the fraternity, if you hadn't worked your way up, in a very real sense you weren't part of the convention. You were there only in body -- someone to fill the convention hall and, in these days of inflated convention memberships, the pockets of the committee members.

The convention, as I remember it, was permeated with this type of attitude. It ranged from the program (the auctioning off of an hour of a pro author's time, for example -- innocent enough, until you really start to think about it. What type of human relationship can exist when one person has to be bought before he'll speak to another?) to the incessant sucking up to BNFs and authors that went on in the lobby to the rumors of secret and invitational parties that were floated constantly. Whew! It eventually came to be such a disgusting scene that I was glad when the convention was over and I could go home and not have to pretend anymore that I was enjoying myself.

Like I said, after the St. Louiscon I pretty much gaffed. But when I started to think about getting active in fandom again, I found that my memories of the convention colored and changed the way I looked at fanzines in 1972. I didn't pass over anymore the jockeying for a higher post in the hierarchy of fandom that goes on constantly. I began to pick up more and more on the attitudes of fanzine writers. I realized, moreso than in the past, that a lot of unpleasant things go on in fandom.

For example, let me quote a sentence from a fanzine that just arrived today, Rats! #15, published by Bill and Charlene Komar-Kunkel. The fanzine includes a couple of chapters of a Noreascon report by Arnie Katz, and it's from that that I want to quote:

"Dave, an admirable young fan in most respects, was too impressed by the high-class faenish credentials for everybody's comfort. He seemed to be acutely nervous about being around so many people he adjudged Big Name Fans."

Now this maybe be a completely accurate piece of reportage. Maybe Arnie's analysis is correct and Dave Hulvey was awed by being in the presence of Arnie & Joyce Katz, Jay Kinney, and Bob Shaw. But whether it's true or not, the attitudes that underlie Arnie's statement are very clearly those that I've outlined above. A hierarchy ranges from neofan to BNF in which the subservient

role to play and must play that role if he doesn't want to be drummed out of fannish existence.

The wide acceptance of these attitudes has led to the depressing fanzine situation we have today. On the one hand, the piece de resistance of the general fanzine is to corner, preferably, a professional writer, but if not, at least a big name fan and then let that person ramble on at unconscionable length about himself. The writing is ego gratification at its ultimate; but it fits perfectly into the value system that fandom has set up for itself. Occasionally, someone will dare to say that Andy Offutt was boring; but most fans must love his accounts of how at 10:00 pm on the night July 3rd he trimmed a hang-nail on the third finger of his right hand.

On the other hand, we have the secret apas. This where the real top of the hierarchy resides. If you're a member of a secret apa you can sneer at Andy Offutt and Perry Chapdelaine. You are secure in the knowledge that you have Made It in the fannish world; smugness may displace strident egocentricity. If you haven't been asked to join a secret apa you can start your own and drop just enough hints about it that people realize your position in fandom.

The secret apas supposedly are based on the idea that a small circle of friends could exchange ideas and thoughts that they would not want distributed to a larger group of lesser friends. In actuality, the friendship of the secret apas amounts to little more than 1) an acceptance of the value system I've been talking about and 2) a mutual realization that everyone is about on the same level of the hierarchy.

I confess that once long ago I was a member of a secret apa; it was called the Snobbish Amateur Press Association and its official organ was The Snob. I don't think being a snob is a particularly desirable thing anymore, and I deplore the exclusive attitudes that many fans have taken on.

Exclusiveness is deplorable in itself, but it leads to other things that tend to lower the worth of fandom. One of these is boredom. When people lose a sense of the proper place of fandom and start thinking of themselves as one of the very few BNFs in the world, their writing usually loses its proper sense, too. When fanzines take on a tinge of paranoia they tend to attract more paranoiacs, and the fun that fandom can be starts to disappear.

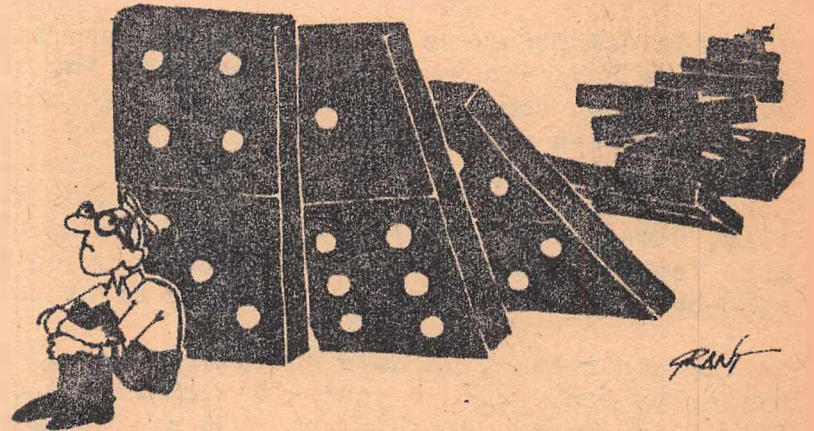
Fandom can be fun. I've made some good friends in fandom and read some good fanzines. But the attitudes I've talked about do fandom no good and ultimately are destructive for everyone -- including, finally, the biggest of the big name fans and the most secret of the secret masters of fandom.

+++ Creath Thorne +++



THE
WHITE-DOT
HABIT

GRANT
CANFIELD



I'm supposed to be a fan artist, but I haven't been drawing very 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 OOPSLA! 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 met on the appointed day, and enjoyed a wonderfully fannish lunch. Calkins entertained us with Burbee stories, with a few Laney stories and Elmer Purdue 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."

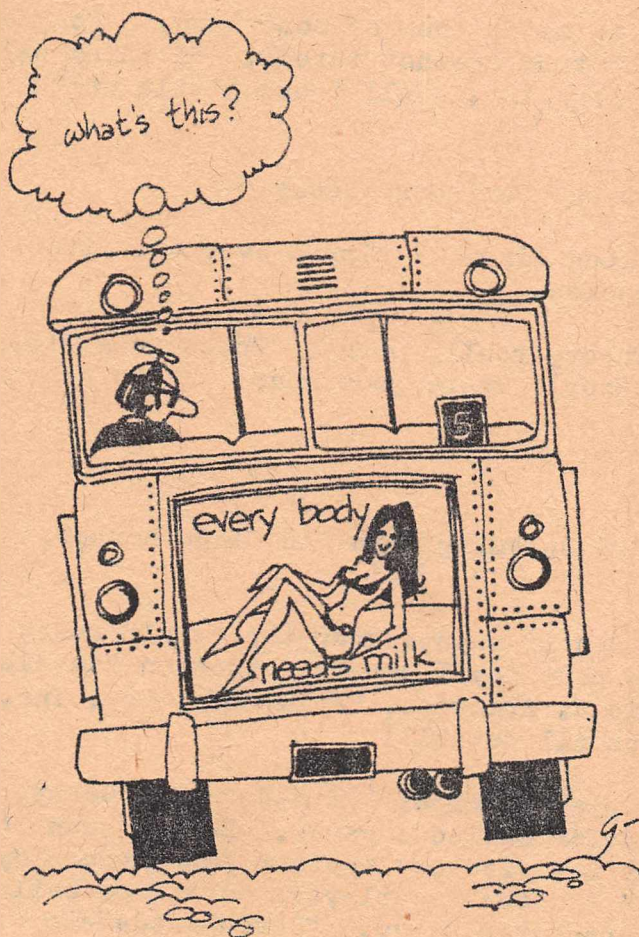
Now I live in San Francisco and I love it. It's as close to the perfect spatial coordinates as I'm ever likely to get. In fact, I consider myself one of the Chosen because I live here. The rest of the Chosen live here too; that's what makes us the Chosen. I will go to any lengths to be a true San Franciscan. 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 grandmother-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 lines, I am invariably the first passenger to board the #5 bus each evening. That evening I boarded as usual and headed for my usual seat, halfway back in the coach, by the window. 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 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 stumbled back downstairs, we were both shitty-faced, felling-down drunk. I automatically reached for my pencil and sketchpad, but soon discovered I'd be unable to draw.

"Whaddaya say we play some dominominominoes?" Cathy giggled.

"Suuuuuure," I said expensively, 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 eyeballs."

"Well, then," I said, "why don't we test the Dominoes Theory?"

We stacked the dominoes up on end in a long line. I tipped over the first domino, and 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 Phillipines! 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 as 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 $\frac{3}{8}$ inch plywood," instead I'd print, "plastic laminate on $\frac{3}{4}$: $\frac{4}{2}$ (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 check affectionately. "Crazy gringo," 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 noticed 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 dominoes 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 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 ropester play game, and etching 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 a long 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 On The Make. 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?"

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 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 therefore quite sympathetic.

And that's the way it is now. Fanzines, drawing, watching the tube, going to movies, drinking a little vino, 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?

+++ Grant Canfield +++

////////////////////////////////////
(Reprinted from A BAS #7 by Boyd Raeburn.)

The first time we went to visit Harlan Ellison, we misunderstood some of the directions he gave us, took the wrong subway, and got off somewhere in Harlem, although we didn't know it at the time. We started to walk, pleased to see so many cops about in such a tough looking neighborhood. Next minute the cops had descended on us. "Where are you guys from? You up here to start a rumble? GET YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!! Where are you going? You up here to start a rumble? You on the stuff? You know what I mean? You up here to start a rumble? Take off your jackets and let me look at your arms. You up here to start a rumble?" and on and on and on. Eventually they let us go, saying at least three times "Don't forget New York isn't Toronto." meaning, o.k. to start rumbles in Toronto but not in New York. One of them seemed convinced right to the end that we were a couple of young hoods there to start a battle with all Harlem. I guess we just don't look like innocent faasns.

////////////////////////////////////

Ed Cox, you can doodle down to the page number.

AND NOW

OUR
LETTER
COLUMN

GOOD VIBES

JAY KINNEY
somewhere
in San Francisco

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 toke 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 it 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 times should blood be spilled unless possibilities of maximum confusion are SOLID. And finally:
- 5) The network of saucers hovering over all public urinals are to be kept in strictest secrecy. All leaks to BNFs and newszines will be met by possible dire measures.

Otherwis , keep up the good work, Terry.

MIKE GLICKSOHN
32 Maynard Ave.
Apt. 205
Toronto 156,
Ontario, CANADA

Wow, a big MOTHER...er, MOTA, isn't it? And a damn good one too. In fact, I agree with the reviewer for the local clubzine who called MOTA "the best current fannish fanzine." I ought to, though, since he and I are both me.

Funny and fine cover starts the fanzine off well. Steve's been doing more and more work lately and the entire field is the richer for it. Couldn't really get into your editorial this time around until the last paragraph on page five, about the people you met who weren't related to anyone you knew. This had the easy style and the unique viewpoint that I've come to expect from your best writing, and that seemed to be lacking from the first parts of this issue's chatter. I expect some future fannish faned will use this minor gem to fill the bottom of a stencil in just the manner you rescued that superb Calvin Demmon paragraph. Now that was excellent; I burst out laughing twice in just five lines which is damn rare nowadays.

By the by, in our neverending search for Truth, Justice and the Real Meaning of MOTA, could it possibly be that the name derives from the heavy in Republic's FLYING DISC MAN OF MARS serial, played, it says here in this fanzine, by Greg Day?

You realize, I hope, that this is an epic-making issue of MOTA above and beyond its mere annishness? You've managed to call forth, by whatever arcane and blessedly unknown means you may have employed, locs from Richard Labonte and Boyd Raeburn, both of whom have been dead for several years. Well, to be honest about it, both have merely been rumored to be dead, which I suppose isn't quite the same thing, but yours is an achievement to be proud of nevertheless.

Readers who may have chuckled at Richard's hasty clearing away of half-drunk drinks should also be aware that once, in his youthful innocence, he cleared away and threw out most of a bag of grass, under the impression that he was dealing with what was left after if had been used. As for Boyd, well, I only wish I was free to tell about the trip he and Susan and I recently made to Fort Erie, Ontario and What Awful Secrets We Found There, but you'll have to wait and read about it in ENERGUMEN sometime.

Highlight of this issue's written contributions was easily Gary Deindorfer's hilarious convention speech. It is perhaps doubly funny in light of the fact that some serious articles along the same lines have recently arrived here. I constantly find myself amazed at Gary's fan stuff; he seems to write both the very best and the very worst stuff I read in fanzines. But this is an example of the very best!

- * Mike, for my next issue both Calvin Demmon and Gary Deindorfer have said
- * they would have pieces for me very soon, and surely they don't tell lies.
- * Jim Turner will be back in the next issue as well. And I would love to
- * print a Boyd Raeburn article as well, but since he doesn't seem to write
- * his great stuff for fmz anymore... I read the file of A BAS that Boyd
- * lent me and his stuff is among the best fanwriting I've seen. However,
- * Calvin and Gary are among the best as well, and Jim isn't exactly a
- * slouch in that department. After everyone has read about Richard's
- * method of handling alcohol and grass, he may not be invited to any parties...

BUCK COULSON
Route 3
Hartford City,
IN 47348

Tell Boyd Raeburn that Neil Young's voice is as pure and clear as a sparkling Canadian mosquito.....

I always thought the true reason behind MOTA was that you couldn't spell "motivate".

Tell Gene Wolfe I have just what he's looking for. Not only do we have a car that goes slow, but it presents the appearance of a coal-burner (actually it's burning 19¢ a quart Western Auto oil at the rate of 2 quarts a week - but I get great gas mileage - it hardly uses any gas at all). And eccentricity is taken care of by a "Memmon Springs" sign on the rear bumper and a fist-sized hole at the junction of floor and sidewall on the passenger's side. I'll even sell him a country road to go with it; we have enough here that one would hardly be missed. Juanita can paint it up with sentimental art and marching chorus girls before we sell it.

You finally used a phrase from tv that I recognized! ("Sherman, set the way-back machine...") I used to wonder how much the little kids at which the show was ostensibly aimed got out of it.....(You know, I think that's the first time I've used the word "ostensibly" since Stephen Pickering hit fandom? I still fell nervous about it...)

HARRY WARNER, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown,
Maryland 21740

The cover is beautiful. Besides, it has symbolism and violence and a combination of vision and realism, so what more could be asked? Inside, most of the illustrations are good but it's the Tom Foster drawing at the end of the letter section that jumps off the page and slams the eyeballs and knocks them back into the brain and then backs off so the illustration can be enjoyed and admired without further intrusion.

The fanzine reviews are excellent in general, even when they interrupt for a moment the series of nice things about me. I think I know why Tom Collins omitted the bibliographic aspect of Derleth from that issue of Is: Derleth was incredibly prolific. I think he was ahead of Asimov in the number of books he'd published. There were hundreds of short stories in magazines, and non-fiction of every sort, plus anthologies he edited, introductions for various things, and so on. Someone should do the bibliography, but it'll take a long time to compile and a publication about half the size of that issue of Is to get into print.

I'm sure I saw a review of a soundtrack album for The Boy Friend a couple of months ago.

- * Claudia Parish recently brought that soundtrack back from St. Louis, and
- * we have all fallen in love with it -- almost as good as the movie.

JIM MEADOWS III
62 Hemlock St.
Park Forest,
Ill 60466

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?

LOREN MacGREGOR
Box 636
Seattle,
Wa 98111

DEAD FLOWERS was just as good as I remembered it.

I work 11pm to 7am. Annie, my mostest favorite, works from 5:30 to 1:30pm. We have rotating days off. Ever try to arrange a date when one or the other of you has to be at work in three hours? But I have to stick it out, since I intend Annie to be the first member of Seattle dishwashing fandom.

Annie was in the kitchen at work the other day, busily chopping up various fruits into very small pieces. (When making jello, it's all right to use canned fruit cocktail, but if you're making fruit salad, you've got to chop the things up yourself.) After slicing her fiftieth grape in half, she began swearing. After the apricots she turned and said; "This fruit salad is fucked up." One of her co-workers turned, aghast, and said, "Young lady, I never curse." Annie's boss looked up and said, "Lady, we never curse either, but we cuss things out a helluva lot." End of kitchen story. There's got to be at least one in every letter...

* Please note Loren's NEW address! Annie sounds delightful.

RAY NELSON
333 Ramona
El Cerrito,
CA 94530

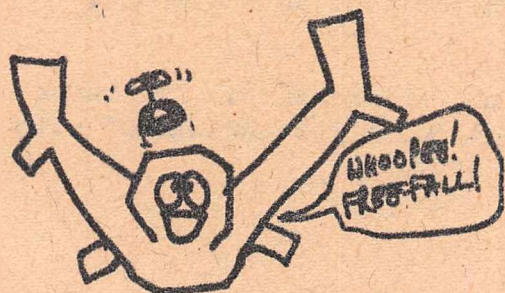
Since some people would like to talk about Neo-Victorianism and others wouldn't, perhaps the solution is a Neo-Victorian APA. I'd be interested in learning how many of your readers would be interested in such a thing.

All those who feel they can behave themselves like gentlemen are welcome (I haven't decided whether ladies should be permitted or not) but no cads or bounders need apply. I should be run on a monthly basis -- a small and modest APA to which members need contribute no more than one page per issue, though, if he likes, he can put in his twelve pages for the year all at once and then sit back in an imaginary easy chair and doze, only then and now becoming aware of the heated discussions the other members are conducting around him. Publishing Giants should be allowed to express themselves as much as they wish, though one might feel that the hundred-page-fanzine, if not of the most excellent quality, could be considered in bad form.

* How about rascals?

TOM PERRY
Route 1, Box 119
Highland,
NY 12528

Loved Deindorfer, as usual. As a patriotic (if expatriate) Nebraskan, I hope he enjoyed his stay in Wheatgerm. Many fans probably do not realize that the largest (not the tallest, but the largest) grain silo in the world is right there in Wheatgerm; I'm sure much of the inspiration for Gary's inspiring address was derived from his contemplation of this eighth great wonder of the world. And I hope he did not leave Nebraska without visiting the exact precise center of the continental United States-not counting Alaska, which of course is in Kearney,



Neb. Few can look on such a sight without awe.

Is the title NOTA really from Sixth Column? I remember once I titled a letter column from some obscure word out of Heinlein, confident that the title was going to cause fans to scratch their heads and stay up late and just speculate like mad. Finally I would reveal the source and the quotation that embodied it, and all would be clear. It was from Beyond This Horizon, I think, a word like "thanalgoop" or something; it was mentioned only once, as something that certain mutant soldier-things had to have or else they'd die; my idea was that it would become a synonym for egoboo, or letters of comment, or something, and my name would be mentioned in its definition in the next edition of the FanCyclopedia. Of course, this is precisely what happened. And that, kiddies, is how thanalgoop became a synonym for egoboo.

On a plane to Texas a couple of years ago, I sat next to a guy who turned out to be an official of the postal workers' union on Long Island. To further the small talk I mumbled something about hots of improvements could be expected now that the post office had been changed to a separate government corporation. "Sure will," he said. "First thing we'll do is cancel Saturday deliveries." I had been thinking more along the lines of faster, more efficient service and, recalling what happened when the Eisenhower Administration had cancelled Saturday deliveries once (the post office wanted more money from Congress and wanted it NOW; it got it, too), I allowed as how people might not care for his idea of improvement. "Aw, they'll scream for a while and then forget it," he said. "Same thing as happened when they cancelled twice-a-day deliveries." I don't go back that far, but I began to get a dirty hunch he was right. How many people would care (other than fans) if the mail came three times a week? Most people's mail is bills or junk ads anyway. *sigh*



KEN NAHIGIAN
6220 Jansen Drive
Sacramento,
CA 95824

Thanx for the sample copy of NOTA #5. I liked the issue, though I didn't like the cover--what ever happened to sfictional artwork?

Especially pleasing to me was the zine-review column, which is always a useful thing to find in a fanzine, especially if you are a collectivist like myself. I was disappointed by the lack of a book-review column, though.

Enclosed, anyway, is 25¢ for NOTA #6.

- * Ken, I'm using your letter as an example of the people who send more than
- * 25¢ for sample issues. After the quarter for the first sample issue, I
- * don't want anymore money (even the initial amount is unnecessary). Issues
- * can be had for letters of comment, trades, or contributions. And I don't
- * think you'll find book reviews or much sfictional art in future NOTAs.
- * Be warned!

GARY DEINDORFER
Maryland Hotel, #212
490 Geary St.
San Francisco,
CA 94102

Ray Nelson has a way of writing in a fascinating manner about ideas that are off the beaten track which the concept of NeoVictorianism certainly is, just as Magdelene Christianity and others were before it. I just finished rereading Fredric Brown's old story, "The Waveries."

This is where our planet is visited by waveform organisms from a distant star and they feed off electricity so before long there are no more radios, teevces, cars (because you can't start or run a car without a spark), no planes etc. In a short while, people are making do with kerosene lamps, horses and buggies and they make their own entertainment, town drama clubs, singing and musicales in general, etc. I thought to myself, "Ray Nelson would be right at home in a world like that." And I bet he would at that. As for Victorian art in general, it flourished while Brittanica ruled the world, but when Britain fell from its position as Genteel Oppressor of India, China, Africa and so on the Victorian art and manners passed with it. You can't go back again, but I wish Ray Nelson good luck in his attempts to try. I just hope he manages to live in the Victorian world as a gentleman of means, and doesn't have to endure life in an 1890 Manchester, Liverpool or London working class slum, as a Chinese coolie or a Calcutta beggarboy -- because after all, that was part of the Victorian world too. Those who are nostalgic about the past tend to be nostalgic for a privileged past, it seems to me. Anyway, as King Edward said a week after the death of his mother as he pulled a joint of fine Indian gange from his coat, "Gentlemen, you may smoke."

I musta been out of it the day I was reading this issue of MOTA because after reading the speech at the end of the magazine I was saying to myself, "Wow. This just might work. I think this cat is really on to something here." Then I saw it was by me and I realized I was putting myself on.

• Please note Gary's NEW address. Woo woo to you, Mr. Deindorfer.

LANE LAMBERT
Rt. 2 Bruce Rd.
Boaz,
AL 35957

The Kunkel thing from Dead Flowers I've already seen. Still amusing, and the alligator segment is classic. Can you imagine Alligators In The Walls rather than rats? Actually, the rats I see are in my fanzine shelves, but that's another thing altogether...

Worse than taking too long relieving oneself, John Berry, is finding oneself in a Rush Situation (i.e. a break at a concert) and unable to relieve oneself. It can become pretty humiliating when six others are in line. Or there are those times, such as on bus trips, when one has a coke in some city and sixty miles later the bus begins crossing railroad tracks very energetically. The only solution is to firmly grasp the seat ahead with both hands and raise off one's seat when the tracks are crossed.

●●●**

I also got letters from: Jerry Kaufman; Robert Ellis; Mike Cejka; Jeffrey May; David Hulvey; Dallas Legan; Tom Collins; and maybe a couple of others. The response was somewhat lower than usual -- summer doldrums I guess -- but that those of you who did write. Now you all can sit down and write a loc on this fresh fanzine.

A fond farewell to Columbia fandom.
I'm sorry to leave such close and
good friends as HANK & LESLEIGH
LUTTRELL, CREATH & ANN THORNE, JIM
TURNER, DOUG CARROLL, ROGER VANOUS,
CHRIS COUCH, CLAUDIA PARISH, and
I will miss them greatly. Good
Luck to you all!

Terry Hughes
Rt. 3
Windsor, Mo. 65360

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