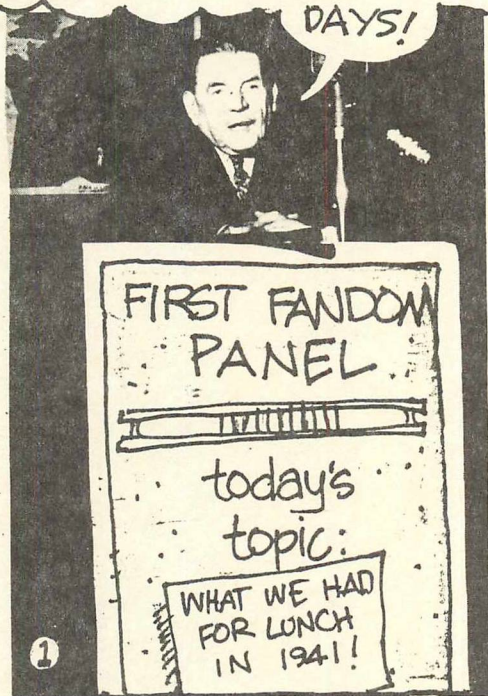
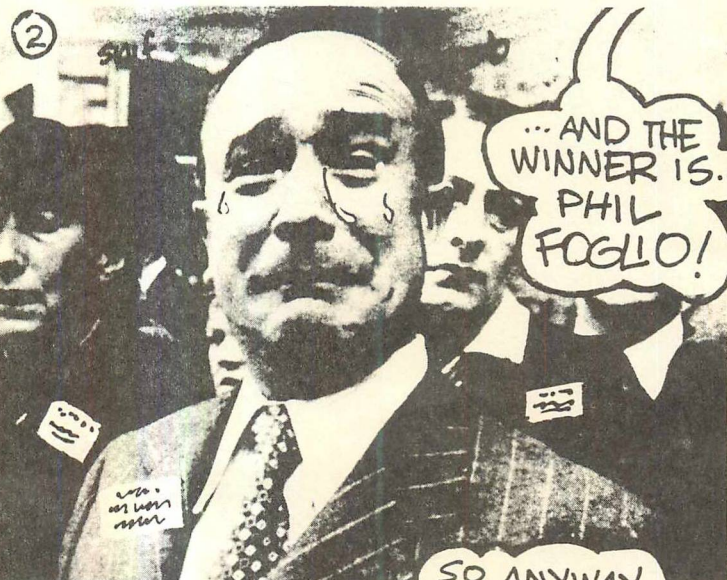


...SO THEN, LANEY THREW UP ON MY SHOES AND WE BOTH SPENT THE NIGHT IN JAIL -
 Wahaha BOY, THOSE WERE THE DAYS!



1



...AND THE WINNER IS...
 PHIL FOGGIO!

SO ANYWAY, I SAID TO BURBEE, I SAID "MEYER..."



GEE WILBUR!

3

© Dan Steffan 1978

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A

...IT SAYS HERE THAT GEORGE HAD WANTED TO BOW TO THE CROWD IN THANK FOR THE AWARD - BUT COULDN'T 'CUZ OF AN OLD BACK PROBLEM!

"...SLOWLY JOPHAN PULLED OUT HIS HUGE ORGAN, AND LOOKED AT HER SLYLY! "OH MY!" SHE EJACULATED, "DO YOU KNOW ANY JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA?..."

EVEN AT AGE TWELVE, THE YOUNG HUGHES LAD LEARNS THE TRUE MEANING OF GOOD MIMOGRAPHY!



4



5

AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT...

by Terry Hughes

It is my own firmly held belief that not being a fan guest of honor is far easier than being one at a science fiction convention. This conclusion was reached after reviewing my years of experience as a non-GoH and contrasting them with my three days as GoH at Autoclave III. When one is a non-GoH one does not have to attend the convention program, need not appear on any panels, and, most important of all, is not required to give a banquet speech. Who ever heard of a non-guest-of-honor speech? (It's no use holding up your hands; I'm not going to call on any of you.) To put it in simple terms: the average con attendee (the non-GoH) does not have anywhere near as many opportunities to make a fool of himself as does the guest of honor. Believe me, I've been keeping count.

When Leah Zeldes asked me to be one of the two fan guests of honor at the 1978 Autoclave, my numbed brain rolled around inside my head until the stunned feeling was slowly replaced by a warm glow that lasted for months. It was a nearly lethal dose of egoboo because I accepted, knowing full well that I would have to give a speech. I am not now nor have I ever been comfortable giving speeches before large crowds, especially not large crowds of science fiction fans. There is something in the concept of standing alone before a bunch of fans who have just eaten sf convention banquet food that fills me with terror. However, when Leah asked me July 1978 was in the distant future. Whenever I began to worry about preparing a speech, I would let this element of time comfort me.

While I was looking the other way, minding my own business and not hurting anyone, the day arrived for me to leave for Detroit. You can understand my feeling of outrage at this foul play on the part of the calendar. The Washington, D.C., metropolitan area celebrated this date by having a public transit strike. This meant that the bus and subway systems stopped operating although my flight would still take off from the suddenly distant airport. Naturally I began to wonder if there was some sort of conspiracy underway to keep me from attending the convention. (I should point out parenthetically that I am not one to toss the word "conspiracy" around freely. The world is full of paranoid nuts but I am not one of them. My belief that everyone who has died since 1960 has really been murdered by the minions of an international Lithuanian conspiracy is based on facts, not paranoia.) Fortunately, that miracle of modern science, the taxi cab, got me to the plane on time.

At the Detroit airport I was to be met by Steve Innes who would then drive me to the convention hotel. He had been shown a Dan Steffan caricature of me whil Leah's note to me had only described him as "tall, angular, dark hair, moustache, good looking". Before this trip I had never been aware of just how numerous angular men with moustaches are in airports, but I am sure that Detroit's airport greatly exceeded the national average in this category. I wandered from moustache to moustache saying "Hello. Are you Steve Innes?", feeling all the while like a damned fool until one answered "Yes!" and we were on our way. That ride simplified things considerably and I really appreciated it. I had never been to Detroit before and have always worried that the city might not function any better than the automobiles it manufactured. While we were zooming along in Steve's pickup I was quite amused by a large billboard imploring "Tunnel To Canada" even though I finally decided it wasn't being used as a verb but rather as a noun. Detroit was like that.

Once I arrived at the hotel it began to feel like I was at a science fiction convention: the elevators were crowded and infrequent, my room had not been made up, and the hallways were full of Baptists. When I stopped by the Autoclave registration booth, which was carefully placed between me and the hucksters room, con chairman Leah Zeldes gave me a warm greeting, my membership badge, and the program book. When she handed me this last item, Leah smiled and said she hoped I'd enjoy Dan Steffan's and Ted White's contributions since both concerned me. This news left me so surprised that you could've knocked me over with a feather (if the feather was sufficiently large and heavy). Neither Ted nor 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 the more libelous, Dan's drawing or Ted's article, but that is really something best left up to my attorneys. (Several people at the con came up to me and said that I really wasn't quite as bad as the booklet had said and I cannot express how good this made me feel. Those people were found strangled to death the next morning.)

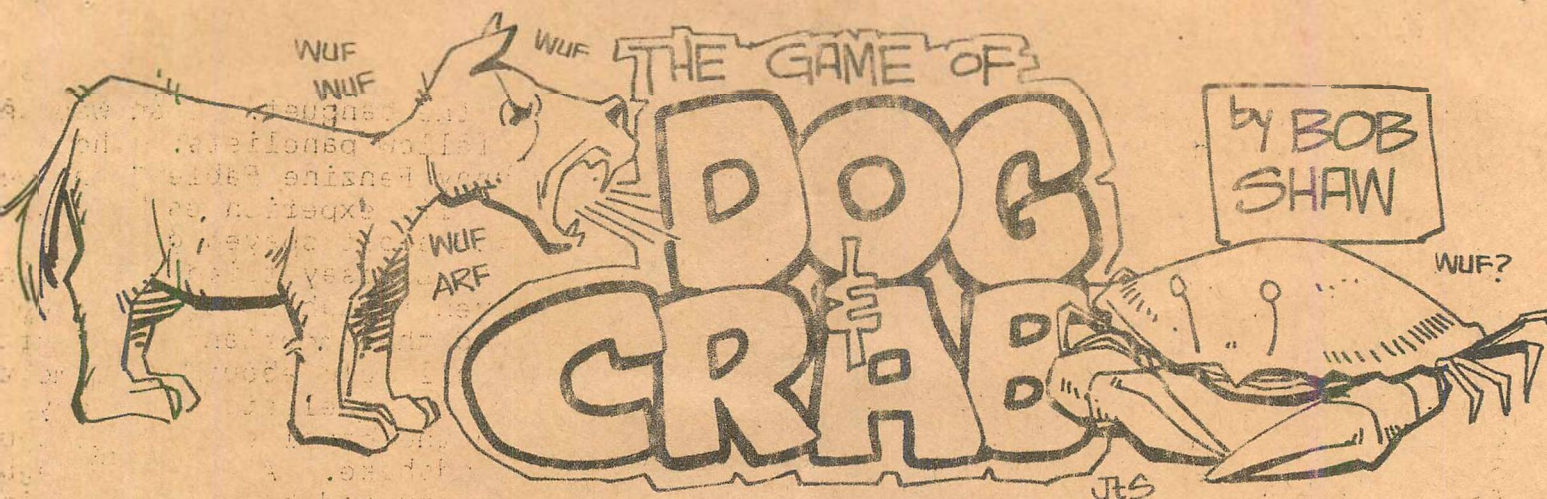
I must have given Leah a similar surprise when I showed up half an hour late for the opening ceremonies. I realize this was particularly bad form for one of the guests of honor but it was completely unintentional. I thought that I was arriving half an hour ahead of time and was shocked to find that things were already underway. It simply wasn't my fault. I had been up at a get-together with Hank Luttrell, Diane Martin, and Lee Carson in their room and having a jolly time. Hank is my oldest friend in fandom -- he is in fact largely responsible for me being in fandom today, much to his chagrin -- and I hadn't seen him in entirely too long and Diane and Lee are fun people as well. We all talked about what we had been doing and tried to make up convincing excuses as to why each of us had been lagging behind in our fanac. Even though I was having a great time, I would frequently ask "What time is it?" (I mention this to point out my trustworthy nature and to make it clear that I had every intention of getting to the opening ceremonies on time.) Every time Hank answered that it was only so-and-so and I knew I had lots of time. However, I was half an hour late instead of half an hour early and that hour's difference has to do with time zones. Did you know that Detroit was in the same time zone (Eastern) as New York and Washington? I didn't. All my life (whenever I thought about it) I assumed that Detroit would be in the Central time zone, just like other self-respecting midwestern towns. I explained to everyone that I had been depending on Hank Luttrell's midwestern wristwatch, but they didn't believe me any more than you do. Honestly, it was not my fault. If someone must be blamed then blame Sanford Fleming. He was the one who came up with the idea of dividing the earth with standard meridians so that there would be time zones with one hour's difference from one to another. He did this back in 1879 (there was no Autoclave that year) and I haven't been to a meeting on time since then.

The parties Friday night were great but I failed to write down the fabulously witty things that were being said (partially because I wasn't the one saying them). I was able to have good talks with many old friends and make quite a few new ones. Autoclave is that rare treat: a convention aimed at fanzine fans. This means that the attendance is smaller since Mr. Spock and Robert Heinlein seldom show up, but because of this it is possible to see everyone who is there and they are primarily people that you want to see. The congeniality that can generally be found only in certain room parties permeated the entirety of Autoclave -- an accomplishment for which the convention committee should be commended. I had heard great things about the convivial atmosphere of the first two Autoclaves and this certainly was the case at the parties on Friday. Besides, my speech was still a day away.

Saturday was the day for panels and, of course, the banquet. I showed up on time for my first panel (honest!) as did my fellow panelists. The audience, however, was late. The theme was "Funny Fanzine Fables" and we did our best to provide some, drawing upon real life experiences and our imaginations. Ben Zuhl and Mike Glicksohn talked about spayed gerbils, Jon Singer discussed videotape moose fandom, Eric Lindsay tried to convince everyone that he really did live in Australia even though he did show up at a large number of U.S. conventions, I stressed the importance of Sanford Fleming to contemporary science fiction, and we all told about the time the post office After a number of pleas from the panelists, Ro Nagey was talked into leaving the audience and joining the panel so that he could tell his justly famous story about the secret handshake. A few years ago Bill Bowers had persuaded Ro to write out this story and he printed it in OUTWORLDS. I had long considered this account to be one of the best things Bill ever printed in his fanzine and I never understood why Bill had prefaced Ro's piece with some comments as to how some of the impact was lost in the transition from in-person presentation to the printed word. However, after witnessing Ro Nagey's "live" retelling of what happened when two very muscular non-fans crashed a con party and how Patia and Ro dealt with them, I can now understand Bill Bowers' remarks perfectly. Ro Nagey's story-telling ability was incredible and so was the story he had to tell. While we (the panelists and part of the audience) were in the bar between panels Ro told several other marvelous stories about his convention running tribulations (dealing with drunken, potentially-violent hotel staff; getting stuck between floors in an elevator and being ignored; and so forth). To judge from his stories, every convention Ro Nagey works on seems to operate under some sort of jinx, but it certainly sounds like a hilarious time can be had there. (Autoclave managed to provide hilarious times without the threat of physical violence which was just fine by me.)

The second panel I was on was "Why Fanzines?" (Ben Zuhl answered that question with "Because they weren't there." Or if it wasn't him then it must have been Mike Glicksohn, or possibly Don C. Thompson or Don D'Amassa. I know it wasn't me. Maybe it was Sir Edmund Hillary.) We each talked about why we did the sort of fanzines that we were publishing -- Don C. Thompson's very personal DON-O-SAUR, Don D'Amassa's discussionzine MYTHOLOGIES, Mike Glicksohn's Hugo-winning general interest fanzine ENERGUMEN and why he replaced it with a personalzine called XENIUM, Ben Zuhl talked about being a convention fan who began doing a fannish fanzine BEN'ZINE, and I tried to tell why I did this faanish fanzine. After a point Mike Glicksohn left the panel so that he could ask questions from the floor (he was sitting on a chair I hasten to point out). It turned into a rather wide-ranging panel and was a more serious one than the earlier panel, but I felt it was a good panel nonetheless and the audience didn't seem to snore very much.

There were also a couple of panels where the artists arted around, a panel on "Controversy In Fanzines" (I missed this one because I was in the bar and I must admit that I am glad I wasn't scheduled to be on that panel since I was under the impression that fanzines never had any controversies or feuds. Isn't fandom sweetness-and-light?), a fanzine room where free fanzines were available (in addition to what was already there I dropped off a couple of feet of duplicates and unwanted fanzines along with quite a few back issues of MOTA), and an art show that had a grand display of artwork by guest of honor Derek Carter and some lovely pieces by Steve Stiles and Stu Shiffman (who did a little gem titled "Nine Blintzes In Amber"). Despite this programming, all too quickly it was Saturday evening and time for the banquet.



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 obsessional as he did in the period leading up to the mutiny. That rang true to life, as does the behaviour 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-storey 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 kilometre. It seems ridiculous now, but I used to be terrified of

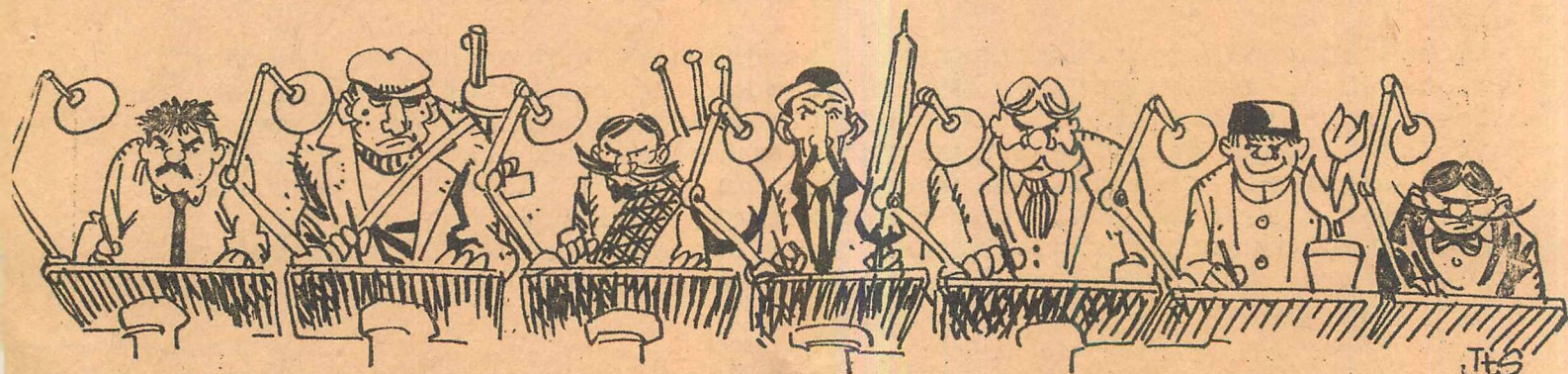
the slightest thing happening because inevitably it would have an adverse effect on my jeer quotient. A simple event, like a kid running into somebody with his tricycle, would -- in the mental pressure cooker of the office -- have been elevated to legendary status within a few minutes, with corresponding 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 of 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 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 our 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 the 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 Fang'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, slavering 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 waken 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 cam-

paign 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 sombre 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 visualise 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 of 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 intestine 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.

+ Bob Shaw +



To say that I was nervous about making a speech would be record understatement. The tension had increased tremendously for me earlier in the day when Leah Zeldes vetoed my suggestion that I merely read one of Bob Shaw's published speeches. (I still think mine was a good idea.) Trying to look casual, I peeked under the tablecloth to see if there was a good hiding spot down there. Ben Zuhl was seated near me with Marci Lynn between us. Marci was there to give Ben moral support since he seemed to be as nervous about being toastmaster as I was (although I don't believe this was possible) and fortunately she was calm enough to give me some greatly needed reassurance as well. From where I was seated I couldn't tell how Derek Carter was taking the pressure but I expected that he was calm, cool and in complete control of his knees -- totally unlike me. I began to toy with the idea of going to the men's room and never coming out. When the time came, Ben did a fine job as toastmaster, even producing some specially prepared props. Then things were turned over to me for the first guest of honor speech.

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 since I only used my notes as something for my hands to shuffle so that they would be kept busy. 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.

Derek Carter gave a fine guest of honor speech in which he likened Mike Glicksohn to Jesus Christ (pre-Superstar). It was a most convincing speech and I kept sneaking glances at Michael to see if a halo would appear (one didn't). I do feel a bit sorry for Derek, however. I mean he gave this carefully worked out theory with specific examples as evidence and the audience only laughed at him.

The parties Saturday were even better than those Friday. Unfortunately my ethical standards prevent me from telling you about the highly embarrassing things several prominent fans did that night. (I can't balckmail people if I make the goings on public knowledge.) I had great talks with M. K. Digre, David Emerson, Vicki Carson, Hank, Ben, Marci, and on and on. Leah Zeldes even told me that my speech was better than she had expected. She did not tell me what she had expected it to be (and thereby prolonged her life). I hated to see the evening end since I had to leave Sunday morning.

AUTOCLAVE III was a great convention for me and I want to thank the con committee, especially Larry Tucker and Diane Drutowski, and most of all chairman Leah Zeldes who did an incredible job of making the con fun. I just hope that they'll let me come back as a non-guest of honor.

+ Terry Hughes +

WINNERS IN MOTA'S NOVEMBER 1978 CHANGE OF ADDRESS SWEEPSTAKES!

Christine Atkinson, 28 Duckett Rd., London N4 1BD, U.K.
John Bangsund, 7 Derby St., Kew, Victoria 3101, Australia
Jim Barker, 113 Windsor Rd., Falkirk FK1 5DB, Central Scotland
Colleen & rich brown, 7315 Sportsman Lane, Falls Church, VA 22043
Charles Burbee, 9781 Acacia, #18, Garden Grove, CA 92641
Malcolm Edwards, 28 Duckett Rd., London N4 1BD, U.K.
Jeff Schalles & Dan Steffan, 823 N. Wakefield, Arlington, VA 22203
Creath & Ann Thorne, 112 S. Forest, Carbondale, IL 62901
Rob Jackson, 8 Lavender Rd., West Ewell, Surrey KT19 9EB, U.K.
Leroy Kettle, 56 Faulkland Rd., London N8, U.K.



IAN MAULE
18 Hillside
163 Carshalton Rd.
Sutton, Surrey SM1 4NG
United Kingdom

"Janice, I think it's about time we told American fans the truth about ourselves."

"They're not interested in that episode with the banana, Ian, surely?"

"Don't be stupid, I mean about British fans being teetotallers."

"But you can't give the game away when the convention is so close, think of all the effort that will have been wasted in building up our image as a bunch of riotous boozers."

"I know, I know, but I'm getting a guilty conscience over the whole affair. Now that we've got the bid for the Worldcon I think we should give up this pretence and break the news."

"Break it if you must, but slowly; tell them of the fun times we have at the temperance meetings with Greg, Simone, Roy, Ian, Harry and everyone else. 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."

"It's a pity about Roberts though -- the pain he went through training for his IAFF trip -- I don't think he'll be at the meetings for some time -- they're still drying him out."

JOSEPH NICHOLAS
2 Wilmot Way
Camberley, Surrey GU15 1JA
United Kingdom

Look here, Hughes, we British fans aren't all the time falling down drunk and insulting authors and pissing on people's shoes. I'm pretty damn sober sometimes when I get up in the mornings, you know.

Even if it is only running for the bus that takes me to the station that makes me sober...

Christ, but I think this is going to be an even shorter letter to you than usual. My thought processes seem to have packed up. I could tell you all about the recent party at Dave Langford's, but I expect he'll fill the next TWLL-DDU with it, so I won't. Besides, I'd only embarrass myself if I mentioned that I fell asleep and gave everybody a laugh by letting them draw all over my face with a large blue felt tip. And how D. West kept throwing his money in my face in an attempt to wake me up. And how I didn't believe that everybody had drawn all over my face with a large blue felt tip until Simone Walsh tipped all the biscuits off a stainless steel tray, polished it on her sleeve and handed it to me so that I could see for myself. Strangely, I didn't get angry when I realised that I had been drawn all over; I was probably still too tired. This is what getting drunk and falling down and insulting authors and pissing on people's shoes does for you.

JOHN BROSNAN
23 Lushington Rd.
London NW10,
United Kingdom

Boyd Raeburn's musings on the problems of non-drinking fans at the Worldcon at Brighton next year set me thinking. As a result I've decided to form a special service that will be made available to visiting American fans for a small fortune. I'm

calling it "Rent-a-Drunken-Loony" and it will enable sober, straight fans to be bloody, annoying nuisances entirely by proxy. Here's how it will work -- a sober, clean-living fan, like you Terry, will give someone like me several crisp pound notes. I will then get very drunk, or even drunker if the case may be, lurch up to someone like John Brunner, piss on his shoes and tell him I thought "Stand On Zanibar" or whatever was the biggest piece of hack crap I'd ever read. I will then say: "This drunken insult is courtesy of that American guy standing over there picking his nose." I will then probably puke in his gin and tonic or fall over, depending on my physical state. Book your Drunken Loony now while stock lasts!

Looking through your letter column I was struck by the odd fact that you never print any letters from Candice Bergen. Why is this?

((John, I am surprised that an old movie buff like you has been unable to tell that Candice Bergen has been appearing in MOTA's letter column for years now using the unexpectedly successful hoax name of Mike Glicksohn. Or am I confusing her with her father Edgar Bergen?))

MIKE GLICKSOHN
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By now I hope you'll have received your copies of the latest XENIUM and the one-shot UNSUBSTANTIATED HOOEY. I regret not being able to use your essay on enemas but I was somewhat flushed with material as you'll see. And while I don't usually go in for

one-shots I figured if Derek was willing to do the colour separations for the wraparound cover and BoSh had already contributed his history of IF then the least I could do was publish the issue. Please do not review this in your magazine, though, since all the hundred-fifty copies have already been sent out and I really don't need another HAT-type situation no matter how good your intentions!

Boyd Raeburn can't be all bad because he does live right here in Toronto but obviously one cannot take seriously his comments about the quality of English beer and it's rather unexpected for a potential TAFF winner to publish such specious derogatory implications about the life-blood of the very country he is attempting to seduce into importing him. This is not how to win friends and influence fanfunds, Terry! Besides, asking Boyd to comment on the nature of English beer would be like asking Ray Charles to describe the effective use of multi-coloured mimeography in the fanzine covers of Brian Earl Brown. You can lead a teetotaler to good beer or booze but you cannot necessarily enlighten him. I don't wish to sound derogatory towards Boyd...coff, coff...but I say let him keep his Fancy Expensive Restaurants: I'll take a simple pub meal with a few pints of draft Guinness or best bitter anyday. And don't worry about all of Falls Church/Arlington fandom not being drinking type fans. Tucker and I have guaranteed Seacon we'll hold up the American end of things vis-a-vis alcohol consumption so you can all sleep easy knowing that North American fandom will more than hold its own in typically British fannish activities. Why, I personally plan on pissing all over Ted White's feet. As soon as I get his room number from the hotel desk, of course. So we'll do our thing in the bar and we'll let Virginia fandom take care of the rest of the joint...

HARRY WARNER, JR.
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The process that Gary Deindorfer writes about seems to have started already. Just the other Sunday, I bought at a flea market a copy of a book entitled Riders of the

Purple Sage, clearly inspired by a short story in a famous Harlan Ellison anthology. Moreover, somebody must have already written that story about Noches, Arizona, which Gary describes as a possibility. It is apparently one of those stories about a superuniverse in which our suns and planets are only atoms. Other persons must have read this story, although I've not yet seen it, because I've repeatedly heard references to a famous old gunfighter who had killed several men and had Noches in the butt of his six-shooter for them.

I do feel some doubts about a midway passage in Gary's article, though. His remarks about the Generations Wagon whose oxen have little oxen must refer to one of those L. Sprague de Camp parallel worlds in which the laws of nature from our universe don't necessarily have effect. Gary must lead a rather sheltered life which has made him unaware of certain grim facts about cattle. Oxen don't show any particular interest in having little oxen. This is caused partly by the fact that the ox is produced in only one model, the male variety. There is another reason for the generation gap in oxen which the nearest farmer would be glad to explain to Gary in detail. There must be some other reason why the ox-pulled wagon trains go around in circles. I don't know whether it was in fandom or in some mundane source that I read one theory: the drivers are always hoping to get better television reception by keeping moving in a circle.

JIM MEADOWS III
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The piece in this issue of MOTIA that really grabbed me was Mike Dobson's "The Demolished Fan". It was, shall we say, funny. I had my doubts though as to the actual existance

of Edsmith. It seemed a little surreal. But my eye was caught, killed, cleaned and eaten by the reference to "with only brief pauses out for letterhacking to Herbie ..."

Now, I know Herbie, and although he wasn't exactly the Howard the Duck of the 60s (Herbie was more goal oriented) he did fill about the same slot in comic book humor. So, I went to my back issues. If Edsmith had actually loved Herbie, I should be able to find out. I don't have all of the first 23 issues of that comic, but I have enough. And sure enough, I found two letters, by one Eddie Smith of Charlotte, N.C. (but on South Turner, not Lexington).

The first one appeared in the July 1965 issue (No. 10). After brief praise for issue No. 6, Eddie went to the heart of his dilemma. "But I have a very serious problem. A few people I know (I'd better not mention any names) think you are silly and do not make sense. What should I do? I tell them that Herbie is the world's best comic and all that, but I can't convince them. P.S. In our classroom newspaper, I featured a story on you."

Already, Eddie's craving to write about Herbie Popnecker was showing. Herbie's answer (the letter column had featured replies in Herbie's voice since the early issues) was typical and to the point: "Tell friends they don't have to read my magazine--and where do they want the bodies sent?"

In number 14, the same year, Edsmith shows up again in the Herbie letter-col. In this letter, Ed's hand-produced early fan efforts are mentioned, along with the continuing artistic persecution: "In my school paper paper, The Seversville News, I have written two articles in the past eleven issues on you, Herbie. My readers can look forward to many more in the future...But certain people have been talking bad about you. When I mention you to them, they tell me to shut up. But actually, most of my friends like you. It would tickle me pink to see you in home movies. Why don't you make some?"

Herbie's answer was again typical and blunt: "So certain people have been talking bad about me, huh? Admire their courage so much am willing to pay costs of hospitalization. Was considering going into movies, but why ruin things for Gregory Peck?"

I trust my little footnote to fannish history may prove a useful addition to your archives.

As to the Jim Turner matter. Shortly after the last issue of MOTA came to me, I received a cheery little card from Jim, informing me that I could ask any of the hoaxes in fandom as to whether or not he was real. He also offered to prove his corporeal existence by coming over and beheading me, disemboweling me, and otherwise wasting my "unnecessary body".

Where else but fandom could I meet such interesting people?

BOB PAVLAT The cover for MOTA 25 was well integrated with the
5709 Goucher Dr. contents. You'll recall that the cover had the lines
College Park, "Excuse me, sir! Did you take a copy of my fanzine?"
Maryland 20740 and "Why--is one missing?", while throughout the issue
there was discussion on the availability or lack thereof of THE HAT GOES
HOME, MOTA 10, and similar items.

This started me to thinking about things that I should have but don't, such as the last issue of HYPHEN. My collection may well be unique. I know of lots of collections lacking only the first issue, but who else in fandom has a set lacking only the last issue!

Another thing that I don't have is lime jello. I'd saved a bit from Discon II. But one night the kids happened to find that and decided that it would make a good bedtime snack. They keep asking for more--they really enjoyed the dreams they had that night.

I once had Mike Glicksohn's hat. Somehow he got it back. I assume that THE HAT GOES HOME is a story of that outrage, but since Mike won't send a copy here, not for a dollar, not even for fifty cents, I can't verify that.

But all this thinking about things that I don't have was ruining my fine day. My tru instincts are to enjoy what I have, such as MOTA 25, and -- but let me tell you just a couple.

There's a partially full bottle of Jim Beam which once belonged to Bob Tucker. This is unique. Empty Jim Beam bottles which once belonged to Tucker are a glut on the market. A partially full one is only seen rarely, and then only at cons as it passes from hand to hand and mouth to mouth as a part of the smoooth tradition. Did you notice that the bottle always goes back to Bob? And that it always winds up empty?

And then there's a picture of a mouse, drawn by V. T. Hamlin of Alley Oop, at Cinvention in 1949. Since Hamlin drew his mice only on curvacious portions of feminine anatomy, getting one was no easy trick, but it was done. Preserving it was no real problem--I just stuffed it into the partially full Jim Beam bottle. This did have the defect of dissolving the drawing ink, but I know it's in the bottle, as is the surface on which it was drawn. This preservation technique had one unanticipated advantage--it also preserved the Jim Beam. Darned if I'm going to drink it when I know there's a mouse in the bottle.

Midamericon added one item to my collection. An unbroken wrist identification bracelet. You recall that KC used these hospital wristbands as their means of identifying their Paying Guests. And Tom Perry will recall if you don't the tremendous scene when Ken Keller declared that the convention was over. Every fan in the hall let out a roar, ripped the bracelet from his or her wrist, and hurled it high into the air. Every fan. Well, all but one. This one had caught my attention earlier because of his appearance of sheer strength coupled with the odd way he was carrying his arm. Found out later that his wrist band was too tight. When the time came and the rest of us ripped our bands off, he too gave a mighty tug. But five days of conning with no circulation in the one hand had taken its toll. Our wrist bands snapped. In his case it was the wrist that gave way. I rescued the still intact wrist band, but some heartless (but not handless) collector got away with the hand.

There's even an English con momento, even though I've never been to an English con. It's an English (or at least UK) meat pie. I'm sure that this isn't unique, but it has sentimental value to me. Dave Kyle sent it. I'd been at some American con or other where Dave was also present, and at the first fandom meeting Dave gave his usual sales pitch about first fandom patches and first fandom ties. I already had a patch. For some reason, quite possibly drunkenness, I decided that I needed a tie. "Hey, Dave" I said to him after the meeting, "send me one of those neat ties when you go back to England." Three months later that meat pie arrived in the mail. Now maybe that was simple confusion of like-sounding words, but knowing Dave, and knowing first fandom, I've often wondered if some first funder somewhere ate the tie that I ordered, wondering all the while when he'd come to the meat.

GARY DEINDORFER
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Trenton, New Jersey 08618

I finally realized that it is not enough to make critical sounding comments on the contents of MOTA to get quoted in the letter column. One has to supply an anecdote from one's own experiences to stand a chance of being quoted. Here is an anecdote from me experience suggested by the contents of MOTA: Dear Terry, hello, how are you? Liked your zine. Liked Boyd Raeburn's page. This reminds me! I don't drink much these days since I took up shooting smack instead, but boy did I drink a lot at the 1963 Worldcon, the Discon! Wow, I was smashed, Terry! All the time falling down and insulting authors and pissing on people's shoes. And for some reason whenever I saw a then crewcutted Lenny Kaye I thought it the height of drunken fun to yell "Lenny Failure!" and laugh myself silly. Even when I dimly realized I was hurting Lenny's feelings I kept it up. Since then, Lenny Kaye has gotten a Master's Degree in American History, had a lot of rock criticism published and become lead guitarist with Patti Smith's group. Since then, I have done... not a hell of a lot, as I gaze at the ruins of my wasted life. This has been an anecdote by Gary Failure.

If an anecdote from one's life isn't enough to make the MOTA lettercolumn, maybe I can make something up. Yeah, I remember back in the winter of '99, me and my friend Moe were hauling garbage from Seattle to St. Petersburg. We were passing through Wyoming and it was Closed. Around 3 am we pulled into a deserted gas station and pissed on the pumps. Lo and behold, there were Jim Turner, Ben Zuhl, Mike Glicksohn, the entire membership of the N3F and the entire work force of the Coors breweries, hiding behind a rock. We had ourselves a damned fine party!

M. K. DIGRE
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Blah, blah, blah; woof woof!
((Minneapolis strikes again.))

LEIGH EDMONDS
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3056 Australia

Just finished reading MOTA 25. It's past the middle of the night over here and Valma is in bed asleep so I've been trying not to laugh out loud and making odd rattling sounds which have had the cats being concerned about me--Spot opened one eye and looked at me.

For a while there I was tempted to sit down and write a fabulous fannish article for your fanzine but I haven't had a fabulous or fannish thought of any importance for ages (all evening anyhow) so you're out of luck this time.

Last Friday Valma & I went up to Space Age Books (to see Paul Stevens, not to buy books). We stood around for a bit talking about the latest moves in the great US versus THEM war--who says Australian Fandom never has fueds? Just when there was a lapse in the conversation John Bangsund walked in. When John lives in Adelaide this is not the kind of thing that happens everyday. "Hello, how are you" we say and take up the conversation the last time we had seen each other, which, I now recall, must have been at BOFCON in '76.

Actually I do not recall much of the conversation but Valma and I got the idea for a quotecard and a fannish organisation out of the conversation, which suggests that John is not only a fine fanwriter & depraver of J. Brosnans (as if one had ever been needed) but a fannish catalyst to boot. Things have been more or less uninspired around Melbourne the last few years but John Bangsund tells us that he is due back here next Thursday--so watch out.

BOB TUCKER
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A few weeks ago I was in Washington, D.C., for the purpose of testifying before a Senate subcommittee and I stayed over an extra day to observe a "science fiction convention" which was taking place in a nearby hotel. At that convention I met a striking chap who introduced himself as "Terry Hughes".

I thought you would be interested in this astonishing coincidence.

Senator Hiram Armbruster (R.-Neb.) has introduced a bill to subsidize (and therefore lower) the price of mimeo ink when used by amateur publishers on not-for-profit publications entitled to third or fourth class mailing privileges (his misspelling, not mine) (which indicates that proofreaders on Congressional publications are not really servants of the public) (they may be using illiterate robots, of course) (sic ones at that) and I was asked to testify as an expert, being a reader of long experience (since 1931) who has not read literally thousands of illegible fanzines suffering from lack of ink. It was an interesting experience. Of course, Sen. Armbruster has an ulterior motive being from a wheat state: modern mimeo inks have a wheat oil base, but I testified enthusiastically, nevertheless.

It's better than corn oil, or even rancid butter.

(The Modern Linguist Movement (MLM) have begun a campaign to eliminate superfluous "en's" and "im's" from words. They had great success in converting "inflammable" to "flammable" and are now concentrating their energies on "enthusiastically".)

And later, of course, I observed the convention and observed another "Terry Hughes". He was drinking.

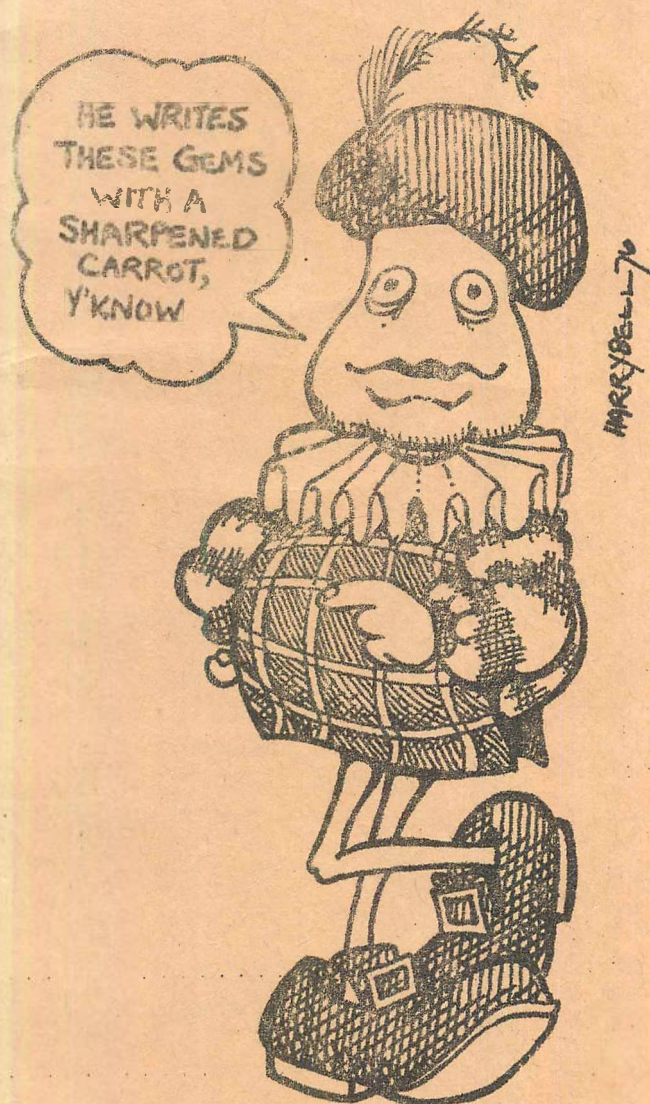
((Curses foibled once again!))

PETER ROBERTS
38 Oakland Dr.
Dawlish, Devon
United Kingdom

Believe me, MOTA is such a fine fannish fanzine that I get all choked up when I try to write about it. It gets me here, Doc. Listen, I don't need any payment, I'll be glad to tell readers of my own experiences with MOTA. For months I was dispirited and depressed, suffering from postal starvation, riddled with stencil rot, too apathetic even to reread old FANACs. Yes, the abyss of gafia looked clean and inviting--the decent way to end things quickly. Then MOTA arrived, and I knew that I was saved. With the very next mail, I received a 20p postal order from a neofan in the Shetland Isles and a fannish pchtsacrd from Greece--my sense of wonder had been restored. Within hours I was able to read smaller newszines a d THE FANTASY AMATEUR; after several days I could manage whole genzines after lunch; now I feel almost strong enough to read ALGOL, and all this thanks to MOTA. It certainly is a wonderful thing.

Bob Tucker has been very kind in naming an entire blue-ribbon strain of carrots after me; but it wasn't exactly what I had in mind. I mean, really, is that science fiction? Is that the sort of thing that made Festus Pragnell a name to conjure with? No, look: what I was thinking of was this. There's this old, grizzled, hard-drinking space-pirate, you see--face pitted by cosmic dust, hands trembling so badly they can hardly hold a blaster--Brosnan will know the sort of thing I'm talking

about. And all he's got left in the world is this pet carrot that he keeps in a pot in his spaceship. And then one day he gets caught in this radio-active meteor shower, and the carrot mutates, climbs out of its pot and starts chatting with the old space-pirate telepathically. The old space-pirate is real pleased with his new buddy and regains his confidence and then they both defeat the evil Thargs who are invading the Galaxy and the carrot saves the earth telepathically and the President of the United Planets shakes the old space-pirate by the hand and gives him a medal and the carrot gets a knighthood (or even an Earldom, which would be nice) from the Queen. AND THE CARROT'S NAME IS PETER. Bloody hell. No wonder sci-fi is in a mess. I bet hardly any grannies can suck eggs nowadays, either.



I ALSO HEARD FROM: Alan Sandercock, Ed Chambers, Carolyn Doyle, George Flynn, Joyce Scrivner, Rick Stooker, Avedon Carol, Tony Renner, Jeff Schalles, Mary Long, Brian Earl Brown, Sam Long, Lee Carson, Jim Hershberg, John Hall, Norman Hollyn, Buck Coulson, Tom Perry, Steve McDonald, Frank Balzs, Dave Rowe, Judy Renee Pope & Nancy Goeke (with yet another wonderfully zany letter), Geoffrey Mayer, Glenn Garrett, Dave Bridges, Donald Legault, Alan Bostick, Dave Travis, Kevin Smith, Susan Pocett, and maybe even others. Like Lane Lambert, Joni Stopa, and a number of people who signed their letters with an "X".

COMING NEXT ISSUE: You (or someone very much like you) will no doubt (well hardly any) remember Peter Roberts (or someone very much like him) as an outstanding fanzine editor and TAFF winner. He is presently engaged in writing a marvelous TAFF report and chapters 5 & 6 will appear in MOTA 27. Chapters 1 & 2 appeared in Peter's own EGG and some copies are still available for \$1.00 or 50p (his address is mentioned in the letter column). Chapters 3 & 4 were published in Ian Maule's NABU and a very few copies remain but if you send him a couple of international reply coupons or unused UK stamps and beg a lot you may meet with success or even get NABU (his address is also mentioned in the letter column). As those of you with photographic memories will recall, chapters 5 & 6 will be in the next MOTA -- which will be out soon so you'd better write right now if you want your names mentioned in the letter column -- and people who are not on my normal mailing list can get a copy for \$1.00 (all such income going to TAFF). Peter will the entire report in one volume after all the installments have appeared. (More will come!) Watch this space.

MOTA 26

November 1978

Despite what you may think, MOTA is published frequently by Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd., Arlington, Virginia 22205, U.S.A. Entire contents c. 1978 by Terry Hughes and all rights are assigned to the respective contributors. So watch it! Copies may be obtained in exchange for contributions of text or art, for letters of comment, and for (most) fanzines in trade. A sample copy may be purchased for \$1.00, but other means (such as the above) are more desired by Ol' Terry. Bob Shaw would like me to mention that his contribution this time was inspired in part by John Brosnan's most recent contribution to MOTA. Dan Steffan would like for me to mention that his cover photographs were swiped from "What Is Democracy?" (1956). Don't forget:

TERRY HUGHES FOR TAFF!

And While We're On The Subject
by Terry Hughes3

The Game Of Dog And Crab
by Bob Shaw6

Index to Advertisers12

Harry Bell12, 19

Joe Staton6, 7, 10

Dan Steffan.....cover

(Electrostencils by Linda Bushyager)

NOTE: Going out with this issue is the GUFF ballot. North American votes might be inelligible, but let the administrators decide. In any case it is a special fund well worth your financial support. I urge you to contribute to GUFF.

THE TUCKER TRANSFER needs your support to send

Bob Tucker to Britain for SEACON. Your contributions should be sent to Gale Burnick, 2266 Jackson, Dubuque, Iowa 52001, USA. Please act now. Send Bob Over There.



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