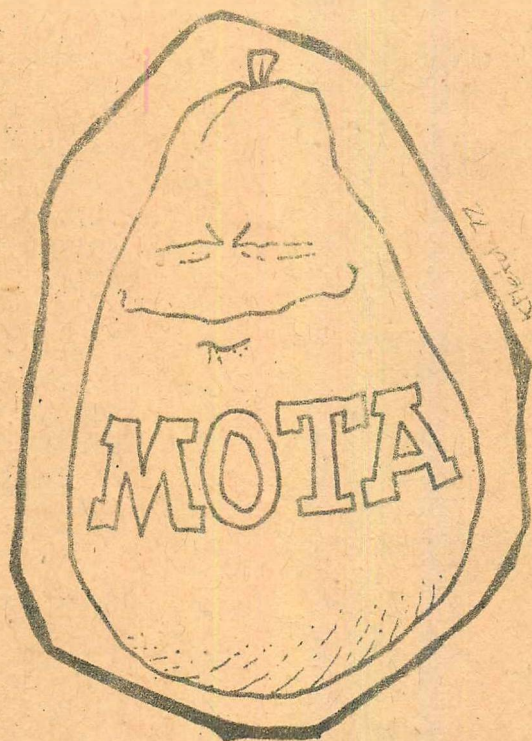


m is for its madcap sense of humor,
o is for its off-beat, funny ways,
t is for the way it makes me laugh,
a for the adiaphoria it displays.
Put them all together
they spell



mota

a zine which puts others in their place(s).



"WHAT'S NEW IN FANDOM, TERRY?"

That question gets asked a lot around here. You may have even been asked it yourself, particularly if your name is Terry and you are around Dan Steffan. At least around here Dan Steffan is the one who asks it with greatest frequency. Dan has a sense of humor second only to the Three Stooges and, therefore, I presume he has grown bored with the more conventional conversational gambits such as "Hello", "Think it will rain?" and "Pass the butter, Hazel." Madcap Dan greets me with "What's new in fandom, Terry?" and you can bet it's always a million laughs.

Of course, a fair portion of the blame should rest on my own shoulders, right next to my epaulets (or is it epithets?), since I usually rise to the bait and answer him with tidbits of news I have heard since he last asked the question or with talk of new fanzines that have appeared in my mailbox. We compare notes on what fanzines each is receiving and we talk about our individual fanzine projects. Strangely enough my non-fan friends frequently ask my opinion on the presidential candidates for 1980 and on nuclear energy as well as asking what the capital of the Seychelles Islands is, but they virtually never ask me what's new in fandom.

Life, I guess, is just full of these coincidences.

As experienced readers of this fanzine you are no doubt wise to the ways of the MOTA editor and realize that I am going to talk about one of those subjects I just mentioned and I bet you are fervently praying that it won't be presidential politics. Calm yourselves for it won't be anything as drastic as that. It will be more in the nature of answering Dan Steffan's question. (No fair trying to change the subject to Jimmy Carter.)

Not that long ago I got a fanzine in the mail from Gary Farber, DRIFT #4

to be precise, in which he bemoans the current state of fanzines and at great length too. Gary raised a few valid points, although he did allow himself to get sidetracked onto a silly discussion about which fan had the cleanest reproduction ever attained in a mimeographed fanzine when the thrust of most of what he was saying dealt with the quality of the content of various fanzines. As one who has bemoaned the state of fanzines at various times -- and I still do it every so often just to keep in practice -- I have to shake my head at Gary's well intentioned efforts. In the October 1975 issue of MOTA (#12) I did a tearjerking editorial on how dull most of the fanzines I had been receiving were. Somehow that editorial failed to have a profound effect on fandom. (John Brosnan referred to it as "maudlin" for some strange reason.) Instead of bemoaning the state of fanzines, one would be better advised to use that energy to do the sort of fanzine that one wants to see. That just might have a positive effect. (Unless, of course, you want to see fanzines that spend their pages bemoaning the state of fanzines.)

This brings me to the point that I have been sneaking up on: there are a number of fanzines out there that have been giving me pleasure and I would like to give them some egoboo and at the same time alert you to some good fanzines you may be missing. (My good intentions are inspired in part by the fact that I have been very remiss in writing letters of comment of late.) This list is being restricted to those fanzines which I have received in just the past few months and I want to point out beforehand that there are a number of excellent fanzines that are omitted only because there haven't been any issues recently. (That's why your fanzine is not mentioned.)

From the United States:

SPACE JUNK, Rich Coad, 781 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114
QUINAPALUS, M. K. Digre, 1902 S. 4th Ave., #1A, Minneapolis, MN 55404
RAFFLES, Stu Shiffman, 880 W. 181 St., #4D, New York, NY 10033 and
Larry Carmody, P.O. Box 1091, New Hyde Park, NY 11040
GROGGY, Eric Mayer, 175 Congress St., Apt. 5F, Brooklyn, NY 11201
WASTE PAPER, Grant Canfield, 28 Atalaya Terrace, San Francisco, CA 94117
PHIZ, Bruce Townley, 2323 Sibley St., Alexandria, VA 22311
THE BEST LINES ARE FROM THE FORTIES, Charles Burbee, 9781 Acacia, #18,
Garden Grove, CA 92641 (continued on page 19)



Please complete the following with a No. 2 lead pencil to mark your answer to each question by completely filling the space before it. Please give only one answer to each question and answer each question in order. Anyone who marks more than one answer to a question will be forced to read a fanzine from Lafayette, Indiana; anyone who answers the questions out of order will be forced to read two fanzines from Lafayette, Indiana. The author of the following contribution is GEOFFREY MAYER, who holds a BSH from Oxford and has a BCH from Stanford, and he calls it....

THE MOTA POLL

What is your sexual persuasion?

- ☐ Man
- ☐ Woman
- ☐ Life
- ☐ Death
- ☐ Infinity

What is your income?

- ☐ Over \$25K
- ☐ \$1K to \$25K
- ☐ Faned

Do you live with your

- ☐ Parents
- ☐ Step-parents
- ☐ Parents-in-law
- ☐ Cover artist

What is your highest level of education?

- ☐ 6th grade
- ☐ 8th grade
- ☐ Some high-school

How many Star Trek conventions have you attended?

- ☐ 10
- ☐ 11
- ☐ 12 or more

Who else reads your copy of MOTA?

- ☐ Mom
- ☐ My shrink
- ☐ My probation officer

How did you find out about MOTA?

- ☐ Mom
- ☐ My shrink
- ☐ My probation officer

What is your favorite fanzine?

- ☐ LOCUS
- ☐ SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW
- ☐ ~~ALDOZ~~ STARSHIP

Who is your favorite fan critic?

- ☐ Joseph Nicholas
- ☐ Marquis de Sade
- ☐ Idi Amin

Who is your favorite fan writer?

- ☐ Terry Hughes

What was your favorite book read in 1979?

- ☐ Yargo by Jacqueline Susann
- ☐ Titans of the Universe by James Harvey
- ☐ Escape Across the Cosmos by Gardner F. Fox
- ☐ The Enchanted Duplicator by Walt Willis and Terry Hughes

What was the worst disaster of 1979?

- ☐ Skylab falls
- ☐ Robert A. Heinlein sells new novel
- ☐ Terry Hughes wins TAFF

What is your favorite COA?

- ☐ Jim Turner, 531 Nevada Drive, Longview WA 98632 (MOTA 21)
- ☐ Jim Turner, 1424 South Pacific Avenue, Kelso WA 98626 (MOTA 23)
- ☐ Jim Turner, 531 Nevada Drive, Longview WA 98632 (MOTA 25)
- ☐ Jim Turner, 8203 8th Avenue NW, Seattle WA 98117 (MOTA 28)

Do you

- ☐ Read MOTA in its entirety
- ☐ Just look at the pictures
- ☐ Stab yourself on the staples and throw the whole thing out

Rate the following sections of MOTA on a scale of 1 to 10:

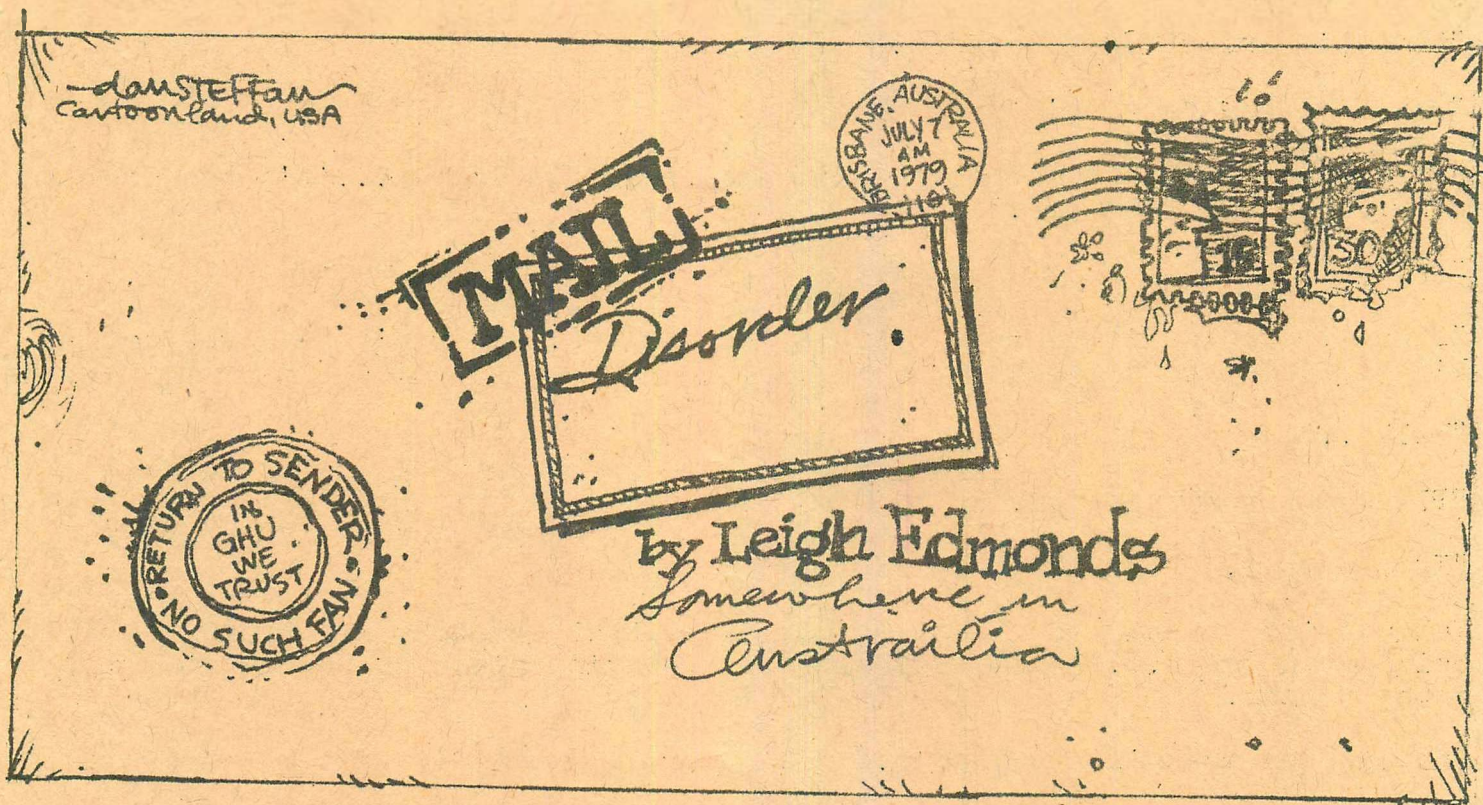
- Movie reviews
- Book reviews
- Interviews
- Scatological humor
- British humour
- Humor
- Propellor Beanie
- Leland Sapiro's Column

What is your favorite poll?

- ☐ LOCUS Poll
- ☐ ~~ALDOZ~~ STARSHIP Poll
- ☐ Fred Pohl
- ☐ Pope Pole I
- ☐ MOTA Poll

Return this completed poll to

- ☐ Terry Hughes, 866 N. Frederick Street, Arlington VA 22205
- ☐ Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Boulevard, Arlington VA 22205
- ☐ Terry Hughes, 606 N. Jefferson Street, Arlington VA 22205



"I'm home."

I pushed the door open.

Carey Handfield sat at the table shuffling through a pile of mail. I knew I should never have let him talk me out of getting the BOFCON mail. Valma Brown was slumped in a lounge chair tense with apprehension. I tried to be cheerful.

"What did we get in the mail today?"

"Nothing," she whispered.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing, not a single thing."

SNAP

"NO MAIL! Arghhh..."

Suddenly the room went dark, I didn't know where I was or what was happening to me. The despair of the situation overwhelmed me. In the far distance I heard voices, but I hardly registered what the sounds meant.

"Does he often fall on the floor and thrash about like that?"

"Sometimes, but he usually doesn't foam at the mouth."

"What should we do?"

"Give him one of your letters."

"Never! They're mine!"

"Please, he needs to get some mail, just a little letter...it's been so long since the last one."

"No."

"Please, just a little one. Only a line or two. It won't hurt you to let him hold one for a moment."

"Well..."

"Please, for his sanity."

"If you must. Here, have this one."

Valma tried to calm me. I was dimly aware that somebody was trying to hold me and then...then I felt the sanity-saving piece of paper being put into my hand.

"Be sure he doesn't crumple it."

Slowly I opened my eyes.

"Here's a letter, it's Carey's but he says you can read it. But be careful."

I found my eyes focusing onto the writing on the piece of paper, drawing strength from it. I read:

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is my cheque for \$10.00 for membership in BOFCON.

yours sincerely,
A. Mundane

For a moment the waves of darkness were pushed back and I could think clearly. I looked up into Valma's understanding face. I knew that she was under a strain too but, well, I guess I'm the true trufan of the family. Mail droughts are never easy but this was the worst one since the two week mail strike back when I was a rank neo, and even then I had faith that the mail was there but just not being delivered.

"How long has it been now?" I asked.

"There was a copy of Instant Message the Thursday before last. And the week before that there was a card from Susan."

"What did she say?"

"That she hoped she wasn't going gafia."

"Is that all?"

"There was a dentist bill."

"That doesn't count."

"Well, darling, that's all we've had for the last three weeks."

"When will it end?"

Carey interrupted. "Give back my letter!"

"No, please..."

He stormed across the room and snatched it from my hand. "It's my letter."

Of course he was right, but I didn't know that then.

* * * *

What followed is a nightmare which I can only reconstruct from what people have told me as I lie here in my bed in the violent ward.

I'm almost better now thanks to the massive write-in campaign which John Bangsund and Marc Ortlieb organised. Daily twenty or so letters and cards find their way into the ward addressed to me from fans all over the world. They are all very kind, all saying things like "I hope you get well soon" and "I promise to loc your next fanzine."

Look, here's a note from Sam Moskowitz, and here's one co-signed by Ted White and Harlan Ellison. There's more: they just keep coming in and I'm so happy when I read them. I must write back to everybody RSN and thank them.

The doctors say that I should be released within the month. I hope I can cope again in the outside world where mail doesn't come every day and when an empty mailbox is a fact of life which has to be coped with.

But I know I can cope. I know it as surely as I know how to lick stamps. I had a vision while I wandered in that dark mail-less land, a vision which proves that Willis was wrong.

* * * *

It is now the next day; I became excited as I wrote those last lines and the nurses had to put me to sleep. The mail today is good too. A note here from Harry Warner about the height of his 'to be loced' pile, letters from Roger Bacon and Bruce Townley, a free lino from Bob Bloch and lots more. But the most exciting of all, something few fans could ever imagine seeing, a wall hanging from the combined talents of Dan Steffan, Grant Canfield, Atom, Kelly Freas and Rick Sternback illustrating the Death of St. Fanthony.

The nurse, Peter House who has come out of retirement specially for the job, has draped it over the screens around my bed and the strength I draw from it gives me the power to go back and recall those dark days.

* * * *

The darkness swept back over me as Carey snatched back his letter. For a moment I must have just lain there on the floor, dazed. Valma tried to calm me by saying that something would be sure to come tomorrow but I just snarled that she'd been saying that same thing for the last two weeks and nothing would be there ever again. That fandom had forgotten me, only dentists and doctors cared to send me mail now.

Suddenly I didn't believe what she had said. It was a trick, I knew it.

I staggered to my feet and made it to Valma's room where I began pulling the books and folders out of the shelves and dumping them on the floor looking for the mail she'd hidden. Both she and Carey tried to stop me but I was too strong in my madness and could not be restrained.

I should have trusted Valma but I was not in my right mind.

When her room was in ruins and no mail found, I started on another room and another until I'd been through every one. The place must have been an absolute disaster area but I didn't stay there. In the grip of an overpowering and indescribable drive I ran out the front door and that was the last that either Valma or Carey saw of me for the next three weeks. How poor Valma must have suffered, not knowing what was happening to me but hearing reports of sightings from as far off as Perth and Brisbane. Dick Geis even thought he saw me lurking outside his post office once, but this is obviously a spurious claim.

Nobody will ever be able to piece together exactly what I did in those three weeks. All I have are occasional ghastly recollections. Pawing helplessly at a post office box at a post office somewhere in Canberra until a man with a broom drove me off...Being kicked and beaten at the Melbourne GPO...Surviving in the middle of the Nullarbor on the writing on a used envelope addressed to Eric Lindsay...Somehow feeling warm on a cold and rainy night outside the Murdoch University in Perth, knowing that there were fanzines somewhere inside...Trying my post office box key in every keyhole at the Albion post office in Brisbane...

Oh, it's far too horrible to contemplate. As I lie here in my bed where everything is quiet except for the occasional screams of Allan the Axe Murderer in the padded cell, I know that I must forever forget those things. I must!

* * * *

Once more I have drawn strength from that hanging, from the inspiration of St. Fanthony. In time the wounds will heal and I will be whole again. And I must continue to write this, I must give my message to fandom now before the vision fades.

I really can't blame Bruce Gillespie for beating me off as I tried to steal some of his letters. I guess I've always felt that Bruce, of all the fans in Australia, gets more mail than anybody else. For days I must have hidden in the GPO waiting for him to come -- he doesn't pick up his mail every day...I wonder how he survives.

Finally he came, I saw him but I don't think he saw me, not at first. I may have convinced myself that I only wanted to look at real letters, but as Bruce kept on pulling them out by the handful and stuffing them into his bag, I could not help but want just one or two little letters to take off somewhere quiet to read all by myself. I fought this impulse but finally the need was too strong. I rushed forward, hoping to take him by surprise, but Bruce is faster and stronger than he looks. Besides I had read nothing but a tram ticket for days and so I was no match for him.

The battle was one-sided and I ran off in pain from the beating I'd taken and the insatiable hunger for mail. Somehow I traveled north, to Sydney, Brisbane and Townsville. But by that time the fans must have been alerted and had changed their addresses for I could get nothing to curb my, by then, insatiable appetite.

I traveled west to Perth and for three days drew solace from the warmth of the Murdoch University Library. I was building up my strength to break in by reading parking meters by moonlight but on the fourth day Grant Stone saw me and once more I was forced to flee. Like a desperate fugitive I somehow made my way back east to Adelaide, but Bangsund had moved again.

I continued east, back finally to Melbourne, the very heart of Australian fandom. I would try my own mail box again, maybe there would be something even a torn and empty envelope from Kevin Dillon would have done. And there was, in the back of my mind the possibility of trying to steal from Bruce again. This time I would get something, even if I had to kill...

* * * *

Today there was a letter from Susan Wood saying that she isn't going gafia afterall and that John Berry has hitchhiked as far as Bombay so he may be in Australia by next July. The NZF even sent me a copy of Tight-beam and there is a letter from Bill Evans saying that because of my unusual circumstances they've given me a one mailing extension on the FAPA deadline.

* * * *

I never made it as far as Melbourne. I don't remember hitching any rides so I must have made it as far as I got walking the whole way, scrounging nourishment from the brand names on cans thrown from cars.

But nobody can survive long on that sort of food and so, weak and exhausted, I finally collapsed a short distance outside Maryborough in the northwest of Victoria.

I fell to the ground and knew that I could go no further. It was the end.

Yet, a short distance ahead of me I saw a country mail box, a kero tin on a post. It drew me like a magnet and slowly, painfully, I crawled towards it until I had not enough strength even to do that. Only enough to lie there and gaze at it.

And then I had my vision.

After a while the exhaustion and desperation dropped from me and a quietness of spirit few fans ever experience came over me. As I looked at it the mail box began to glow with a soft golden glow and its rusted kero appearance was transformed to sleek glistening gold. The post of rotting wood was transformed into a fine marble column. It was a sight too beautiful to behold. I closed my eyes for a moment and then looked again. And it was still as I had seen it, transformed.

Then a host of fannish ghods descended from on high and spoke.

"Arise, Leigh. You are a trufan in whom we are well pleased. This is your mail box. Come and see what there is for you today."

So I rose to my feet and approached the mail box. A heavenly choir of filksingers burst into song as I touched it and a tingle of pure trufannish ecstasy ran through my body as I clasped the carved ivory knob and turned it.

Inside, it was full with letters, aerogrammes, envelopes of all shapes and sizes and numerous pocsards. I could scarcely contain myself and my anticipation. It was obvious that even the ghods were having a time controlling their envy.

I took out the first item and pulled the fanzine from its envelope: a new issue of Hyphen!

Next there was a letter from Jack Chalker and Bruce Pelz wanting my advice on a matter which would certainly plunge all fandom into war if I could not help them.

In a long article Palmer and Shaver revealed the complete truth of the Shaver Mystery and promised me exclusive world publication rights in a glowing covering letter.

In all there were one hundred and seven items, each one of which would keep a trufan happy for a month. And the greatest item of all, of inestimable value and lasting joy, a brick from Tucker.

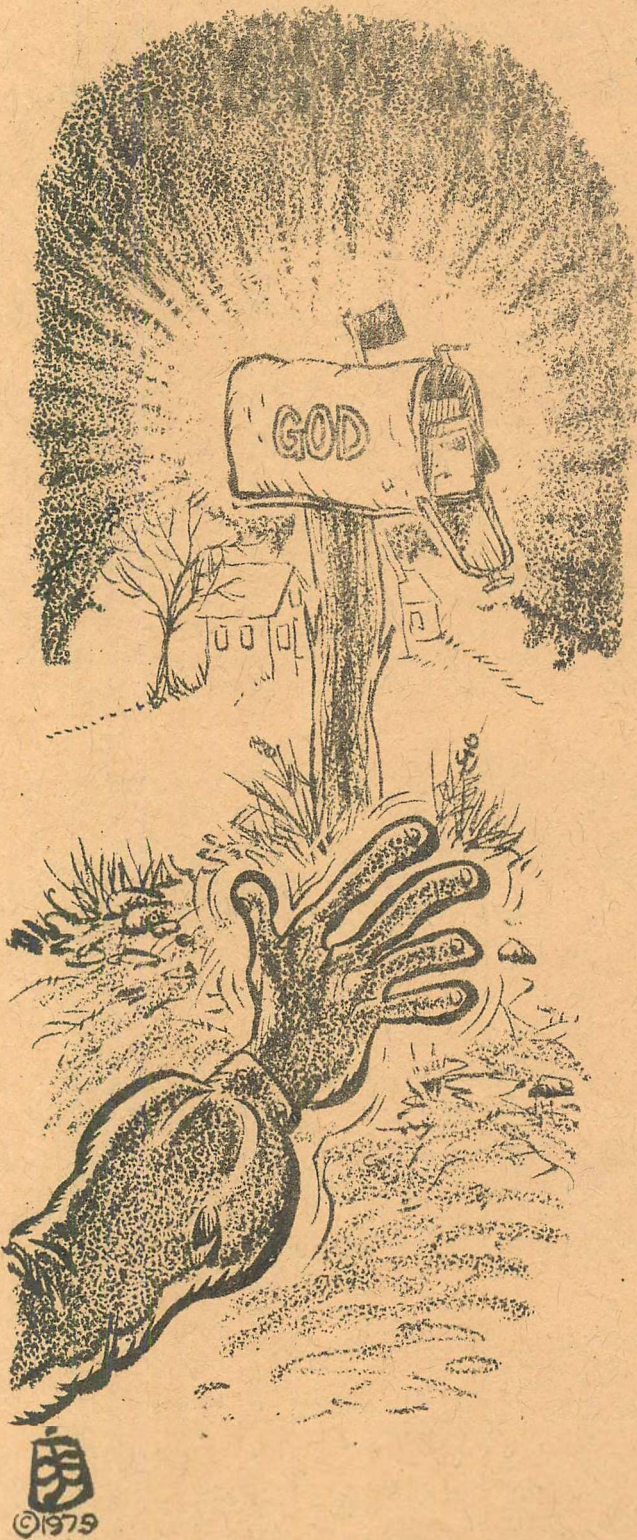
The air was clear and beautiful as I'd not experienced it since the last time I'd turned on. But this was no mere chemical induced fantasy, this was real, a vision of the trufannish life. For so long was I involved in opening and reading my mail that I was almost oblivious to my surroundings. Sure, I'd pass the letters to Roscoe, Herbie or Ghu to show around among the fannish dieties but at that time it was as though I was showing my mail to a bunch of neos.

As I clasped the last item, the brick, to my heart, I realised that it was too good, so overpoweringly magnificent to be true.

There was a pause, a second or a year, and then I realised that John Alderson was standing over me as I lay there a few yards from his mail box exhausted and defeated.

Later I was here in the violent ward. I might not have been put here except that I put up a fight when they tried to get me to give up the brick. Maybe it was something I just picked up by the side of the road, but to my eyes it still glows with that soft golden light.

* * * *



When I get out of here and back to my typer and duper, you will see a changed fan. Since about 1969 or 1970, I've owned an enchanted duplicator, a magic mimeo -- just as Willis and Shaw said, "A Magic Mimeo is one with a trufan at the handle."

But they were not completely right, they missed half the picture. The fannish ghods told me this in that timeless pause between the trufannish and the mundane worlds.

"Trufandom is not only giving but also receiving. What is the use of a Magic Mimeo if there are no Magic Mailboxes?"

And so it is. I must start looking for mine.

+ Leigh Edmonds +

(Reprinted, with the addition of artwork and an exchange of typing errors, from SUGAR TOOTH 37, July 1976. This was an issue of Leigh Edmond's ANZAPA zine and as such has only been seen by ten fans and thirty-seven kangaroos with nary a buffalo on the range, but you can pretend this is the first time you've read it.)

There's a sucker reborn every minute.

Speaking of suckers, it's time for the Change of Address contest. To win you must correctly match each name in the name column with an address in the address column. Only one entry per family please and employees of the Terry Hughes Publishing House & Gardens Co. and their relatives are ineligible (but contented).

Alyson Abramowitz, 1296 Worcester Rd., Apt. 2405, Framingham, MA 01701
rich brown, c/o White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046
J. Owen Hanner, 338 Jackson St., #2, Libertyville, IL 60048
Alan Lankin, 225 S. Mellville St., Philadelphia, PA 19139
Lesleigh Luttrell, 514 Stang St., Apt. 3, Madison, WI 53704
Jon Singer, 3590 Arthur Court, #1, Boulder, CO 80302
David L. Travis, P.O. Box 191, Glassboro, NJ 08028

While you have your address books out, especially those of you who publish fanzines, you should jot down this old address (which is still functional): John Berry, 119 Garden Ave., South Hatfield, Herts. AL10 8LH, United Kingdom. John is "in the mood" to be an active contributor to fanzines again and wise faneds will take advantage of this fact. (For the few of you who may be unfamiliar with his name, John Berry is fabled in fandom for both the quality and the quantity of his fanwriting. He was a mainstay of HYPHEN and was responsible for RETRIBUTION, POT POURRI and VERITAS, to name but three of his many fanzines. John has appeared in MOTA before and I hope to feature some of his writing in the future.)

DUFF In case you have not already learned the news, Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury were elected the 1979 DUFF delegates and are in Australia (or a reasonable facsimile) even as I write this. Congratulations!



DAVE LANGFORD
22 Northumberland Ave.
READING, Berks. RG2 7PW
United Kingdom

Many thanks for the amazing new MOTA. Pause to think of obligatory witticism about the title (I can sympathize: after the twentieth fan discovered the subtle joke of saying "Oh, 'twill do!" a little corner of my sense of wonder began to fester and decay)---well, did you know

there are seven words beginning with "mota" in the complete Oxford English Dictionary? As any fool knows (any fool who is omniscient and also possessed of a good memory, not to mention the OED sitting by his typewriter) these are motable, motacil, motacilla, motation, motatoricus, motatory and motazilite, the last meaning "a member of a heretical Mohammedan sect which denied predestination and the possibility of assigning definite attributes to the Deity". Most of them look like misprints, which I suppose is natural enough for anything thus linked with your wondrous fanzine. I could go on with boring derivatives like motacillid, but I'm more interested in that first one motable, which means "always moving, still in motion": I must admire you for choosing a title which would hint at your habit of changing addresses (twice since I started sending you TD, but you blow it each time by letting me know the new one).

Oh rats. Fallen into the trap of the obvious, haven't I? Someone's written to you after every issue since the first, with just this stunning information, haven't they? I just can't win.

Speaking of which, it's as well that my letter of correction didn't arrive in time to affect MOTA: I should have said "three-twenty-thirds" and not "three-elevenths". This shows how VAT can confuse even expert Langford. "What a rotten excuse for such carelessness," you are thinking. Me too.

((Many fanzine editors might strain mightily for a laugh at this point by inserting a comment along the lines of: "No number of corrections and addendums will reduce my enthusiasm for the contribution by so much as a fraction.", but not me. I'm too lazy. Oh, just in case the ostentatious allusions heavily sprinkled throughout Dave's letter failed to tip you off, Dave Langford is the editor of that Hugo-nominated fanzine SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW.))

J. OWEN HANNER
338 Jackson St.
Apt. 2
Libertyville, IL 60048

The post office was less than civil with my copy of MOTA, making me wonder if I could have them arrested for assault and battery, if not statutory rape, the swine, but a little tape here and there helped a bit. There'll always be scars, though.

As you say in your editorial, it is indeed a sad thing when fans lose confidence in their faneditors, yourself in particular. It comes from waffling too much on the issues, giving a very wishy-washy appearance. Next thing you know you'll see a fan poll published in which it's said that most every fan polled thinks you're a good, decent and honest faned, but your approval rating will have dropped to 25%. People will start wondering if you're really capable of running such a big fanzine. And, when that does happen, all you can do is make a desperate gamble and hold a con of your own with various members of the fan press and random fen on the street up in the mountains and then write an editorial announcing sweeping changes in policy and fire all your subscribers. I'm sure it'll shake up a few fen and it might increase your chances of getting elected to TAFF again next year. Either that or go to the Middle East.

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

Harry Bell's bit about confounding crapping cats makes me wonder if he has considered that he is responsible for an entire neighborhood of anal-retentive felines.

DON FITCH
3908 Frijo
Covina, CA 91722

Yes, it would be Dreadful to discover that Joseph Nicholas was putting us on with that account of the British Automobile Association's relay system which carries stranded motorist members to their destination. (Here, of course, the Auto Club tow trucks will give you a ride to wherever they tow your car -- the nearest open repair facility (or another of your choice within 5 or 10 miles, for an additional fee) -- and perhaps the towtruckdriver will be able to tell you where to catch the nearest Public Transit -- which, in suburban areas, may not be running between 11 p.m. and 5 a.m., and in rural areas may be a Greyhound Bus at 3 a.m. on Mondays and Thursdays.) Perhaps the British are more Civilized, as well as more Decadent, than we are. (Check that out, please, Terry, when you get over there -- both aspects of it.)

Oh, Bangsund died those ewes red? I thought probably he'd just spilled a bit of Plonk on them when they jostled him at a crucial moment, or that they'd overheard some of his comments and were blushing.

((Further thrilling tales of British Auto-Adventures may be found when you turn to the next relay station. Please have your Auto Club card ready.))

ALAN DOREY
20 Hermitage Woods Cres.
St. John's, WOKING,
Surrey GU21 1UE
United Kingdom

It's about time Joseph Nicholas mentioned the AA Relay service incident, since most other fans who were around at the time were sworn to secrecy about the whole affair until the full details had been revealed. Joe ponders on the fact that none of the passengers in the Harvey's car (who they were following)

knew what was going on. Right on, we didn't....but it was such jolly fun trying to work out what had happened. Simone had been happily following us down the M1, when Roy Kettle noticed that they had suddenly gone. Perhaps they had been spirited away by some time-travelling car-freak, or had been swallowed up by a hungry and desperate manhole. We turned round at the next junction and raced back along the few miles of road to the previous junction so that we could see if Simone and company were anywhere to be seen. Now when we passed them for the first time, they were halted by the roadside with a Police car in attendance. "I knew Simone shouldn't have had that last double Southern Comfort" "Perhaps Greg's killed someone" "Joseph's limp wrist must have given out". If indeed Simone had been drinking, she would no doubt be subjected to the quaint old English custom of the Breathalyzer. This purports to be a little plastic bag with a nozzle of crystals that react to the alcohol content of the subject's breath. If they turn green, then that's it...conviction. In reality, the game is to try and avoid blowing the bag up, or plead insanity or something. I suspect they are really collecting air samples to perform transfusions upon people when the lead pollution reaches critical level. Or they could be kiddies' balloons that these nice kind policemen are getting blown up for a party. Anyway, when we finally turned round, after some demon driving by John Harvey (ironic if he'd been caught and had up for dangerous driving), and pulled up alongside the Walshmobile, the police had gone and it was just a boring little oil-seal that had gone. But as Joe says, that's what was so nice about fandom, the apparently flippant manner in which fans greet uncommon situations. Me, I would just loved to have been on that journey, but even after getting to London and catching my train home, I still arrived back some 12 hours before Joe did...despite the fact that he only lives about 7 miles away. Indeed, as I think I've said before, I'd been at work the next day for two hours before they made it back.

Not long after, when I was in Leeds sorting out details for YORCON, Graham James offered me a lift down to London for the One Tun. I declined since he was going at an inconvenient time; just as well since he had a blow-out at 80 mph.

((Here in America we too have the dreaded Br athalyzer to test for alcohol and not only is there a penalty for failing the breath test but there is a penalty for refusing to take the test. (Generally a temporary suspension of your driver's license.) Your Editor has often wondered if hurried, massive consumption of garlic would wreak havoc on the apparatus, but I suspect garlic is only good for warding off vampires and blind dates.))

JONI STOPA
Box 177
Wilmot, WI 53192

Perhaps MOTA changes one's life. I am rather used to a rather bucolic existence, where things are usually so quiet that you can hear the mosquitos whine. The afternoon after MOTA arrived I was coming back from shopping when I was stopped on County Hwy. W by a procession of cars.

Now I am used to stefnal concepts. I read Time Storm, and I was willing to accept the idea of a time wall across a road. What I wasn't ready for was

a wall across highway W. Never the less, there it was, huge, black and not quite stationary. It was also holding up all those cars. There was no chance of getting around it at that point, it overhung the road by about seven feet on both sides. Closer inspection showed it to be a house, loaded on two flatbed trucks.

Since I was only about 2 or 3 miles out of Wilmot I stayed behind it, rather fascinated by its slow progress. It took 25 minutes to reach Wilmot and a chance to pass.

Such a weird thing hasn't happened to me since Jon & I got stuck behind a PT boat on County Hwy. C.

((What has happened to my letter column? The next thing you know I'll be changing the title to TRUE TWO-LANE TALES and be printing letters about highway hijinks by Australian and Canadian fans. Where's the exit ramp?))

GARY HUBBARD
222a5 Kinyon
Taylor, MI 48180

There we were: H.P. Lovecraft and me. (Her name is Hellene Pamela Lovecraft.) She was lecturing me on the plight of the poor Chinese peasants before the Revolution came along, and I was licking her ear, when this fellow came along and asked: "Are you Gary Hubbard?"

I mumbled something in reply. My mouth was full, you know. And he said: "Terry Hughes wants you to write to him."

Gak! I'd forgotten all about that. All those MOTA's piling up in my fanzine basket. Gee whiz, Terry, I am sorry about that, but, as you can see, I really have been busy and haven't been able to spare much time for fucking around with correspondence. I've been too busy fucking around with other things.

Like the movie we tried to make. You see, one of the non-resident memberz of the Jack Zill's Home for Wayward Boyz is a fellow named Jim Knight and he is an amateur film buff. He's made a couple of flicks. One of them is a collage of covers from Conan paperbacks that flash across the screen to the accompaniment of Holst's "Mars, the God of War" music from his "The Planets". The other is a dramatic story called "Dial P for Pumpkin", all about a madman who goes around slashing pumpkins to death. That may sound a tad insipid, but it's really a moving flick.

Well, Jim got this notion to make a film using the inmates at the Home, here, so he devised a script and assigned roles to each of us. He made Bob a conservative business type (which is not far from wrong), got a girl to play Bob's secretary, Steve, another non-resident member,



portrayed a hard-hat, and his wife was dressed as a nun. Modesty prevents me from making a big deal about my part -- even though I was the star. Suffice it to say that I was cast as the Mysterious Stranger who comes out of nowhere and changes everyone's life. I was dressed in an old pair of fatigues and a cap with a red star on the front (a gift from Ms. Lovecraft of course).

Jim's title for this mammoth production was "Bus Stop" and it went something like this. Four people are waiting at a bus stop -- either for a bus or Godot. From out of nowhere (or, rather, from behind a parked car) the Mysterious Stranger appears. He sees the four people, pauses, then rips the Bus Stop sign off its post, attaches it to his staff and walks off with it, beckoning the people to follow, which they do. He leads them up a busy thoroughfare, across a parking lot, through a crowded shopping center, and finally, to an empty field where he abandons them...waiting for a bus that will never come.

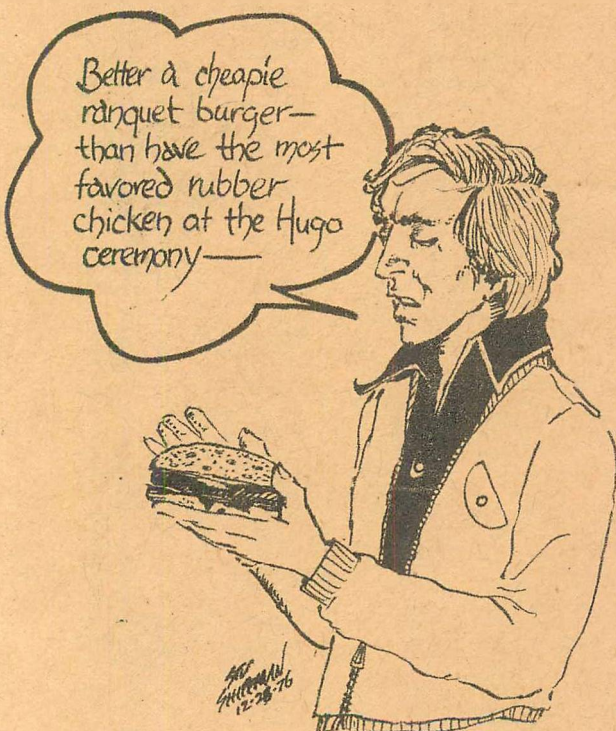
Dynamite stuff, huh?

((MOTA's letter column is renowned throughout fandom and South Philadelphia as being a place where short, pithy fans make short pithy comments. Unfortunately things are getting a bit out of control this issue. Won't someone out there make a comment related to fandom? Yes, go ahead.))

CHARLES BURBEE
9781 Acacia, #18
Garden Grove, CA 92641

Congratulations on winning TAFF. I voted for you. Careful, now. I voted for Nixon and look how he turned out.

((I think it's time to stop this letter column now.))



I ALSO HEARD FROM: Norm Hollyn, JimeMeadows III, Harry Andruschak, Bev Kanter, Jerry Kaufman, Mesabi, Paul Kincaid, Perry Middlemiss, Luke McGuff, Michael V. MacKay, Derrick Ashby, Lee Carson, Robert Bloch, and Alan Lankin.

None of the above letters made any comments on MOTA 29. This is not because of any lack of interest or laxity on the part of MOTA's corps of letterhacks -- why they're as unaxed (or exlaxed) as ever -- but because as this stencil is being typed before all the copies of that issue have been mailed out. This is not due to any lack of stamps -- why we have so many stamps that we would say we have postage stamps coming out of our ears except that that would sound pretty ridiculous and, besides, who would want to lick stamps that came out of someone's ears. The MOTA Subscription Department has grown tired of licking stamps and has decided to give their tongues a rest and stick them back in their cheeks. #29 will reach you before #30 in any case.

(continued from page 4)

Considering the lean times we've had, that's quite a few fanzines from the old USA and there are several others (such as MAINSTREAM) which show promise becoming good fun. There are also many fanzines which are supposed to be coming out but which are best left unmentioned until they actually do appear. With the exception of BOONPARK from Dan Steffan, 823 N. Wakefield, Arlington, VA 22203, which will not only feature the great artistic ability of Dan Steffan but also a passle of top notch contributors. The material is all in and Dan tells me he is determined to publish so if you are not on his mailing list, write him.

AUSTRALIA:

GIANT WOMBO, Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown, P.O. Box 103, Brunswick,
Victoria 3056

ARIEL, Marc Ortlieb, 70 Hamblynn Rd., Elizabeth Downs, S.A. 5113

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TWLL-DDU, Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Ave., Reading, Berks. RG2 7PW

WRINKLED SHREW, Pat Charnock, 4 Fletcher Rd., London W4

SEAMONSTERS, Simone Walsh, 7A Lawrence Rd., South Ealing, London W5

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Middlesex HA2 ODA

WALLBANGER, Eve Harvey, 55 Blanchland Rd., Morden, Surrey SM4 5NE

GROSS ENCOUNTERS, Alan Dorey, 20 Hermitage Woods Crescent, St. John's,
Woking, Surrey GU21 1UE

EPSILON, Rob Hansen, 22 Llanthewy Rd., Newport, Gwent, Wales

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DOT, Kevin Smith, 7 Fassett Rd., Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey KT1 2TD

PERIHELION, S. W. Higgins, 18 St. Austell Ave., Tyldesley,
Greater Manchester M29 7FY

WALDO, Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel,
Cheshire CW4 7NR

There are, of course, a number of fanzines from both Britain and Australia which are still publishing excellent issues...just not recently. It should also be noted that not all of the above fanzines are generally available -- and those editors will send me nasty notes and I will simply plead (a) insanity, (b) drunkenness, or (c) hallucinations -- so your inquiry may not always be answered (an SSAE would be advisable).

In compiling this list I was amazed that I haven't received any "primo" Canadian fanzines during this limited time span. Mike Glicksohn must have won all their postage money in poker games. (And what's his excuse?, we are all asking.)

Those fanzine editors mentioned above should feel *flattered* and should publish again Real Soon Now. The state of fanzines is pretty damned healthy, even to these bloodshot old eyes, but there's always room for more.

Now let's talk about politics.

+ Terry Hughes +

MOTA #30, the fanzine that's too old to trust anymore. Published monthly (for a change) by Terry Hughes, 606 N. Jefferson St., Arlington, Virginia 22205, United States. This September 1979 issue is copyright 1979 by Terry Hughes with all rights assigned to the contributors. Copies of this fanzine may be obtained. Contributions, letters, and old and new fannish fanzines are always desired by the editor.

Editorial

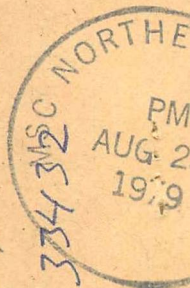
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