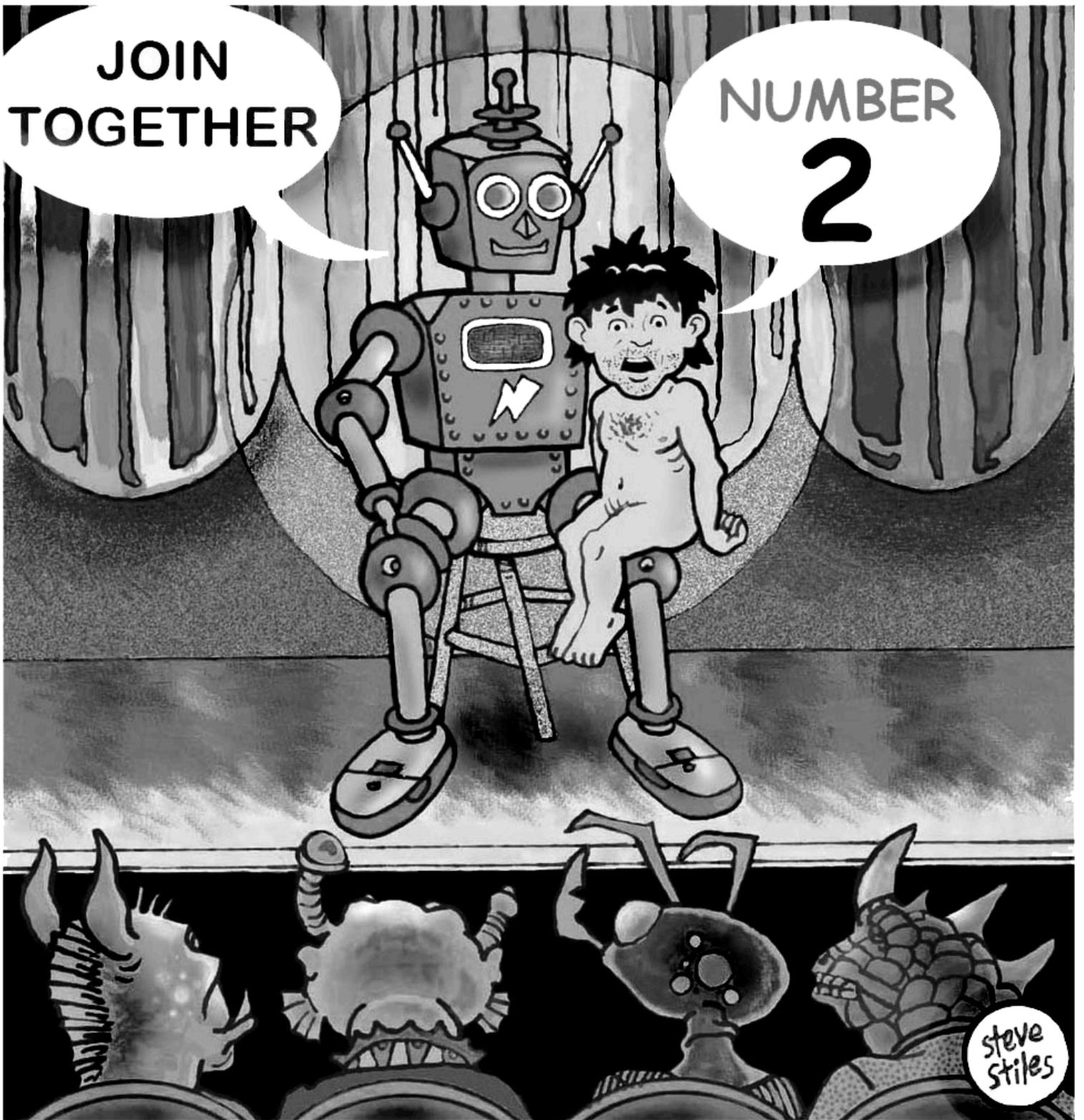


JOIN
TOGETHER

NUMBER
2



Cor3lu
RICHMOND May 2-4 2014

JOIN TOGETHER #2

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Corflu 31 team: Sandra Bond, Randy Byers, Nic Farey, Aileen Forman, Ken Forman, Andy Hooper, Nathan Madison, John Neilsen-Hall, Curt Phillips

Corflu.org webmaster: Bill "Magister" Burns

Lifetime Achievement Award panel: Claire Brialey, Nic Farey, Andy Hooper, Earl Kemp, Dan Steffan, Damien Warman, Ted White

General Enquiries: corflu31@gmail.com

NEWS and NOTES

ROOMSHARE WANTED

Ron Salomon is looking for a roommate to split the cost of all or part of his stay, which will be four nights, May 1st thru 4th. Interested parties should contact him via email at “fanboy at rcn dot com” or on the inevitable facebook .

SHOULDN'T THIS BE IN “DEADLINES”?

Murray Moore will be producing *FANTHOLOGY 14* for Corflu 31, and has invited any & all to nominate their favorite pieces of fan writing and/or artwork from 2013. *His* deadline for taking such nominations is April 5th (same as the FAAn award voting deadline). Last-minute suggestions (ahem) should be punted post-haste to murraymoore@gmail.com . For details of our other special publication, see page 10.

CORFLU 31 SHOP

The expected tat (t-shirts, coffee mug and tote bag) featuring the stylish Kinney/Farey Corflu 31 logo, may be purchased at <http://507690.spreadshirt.com/>

We also aim to have some for sale at the event itself.

CORFLU 32 BID NEWS

Pat Charnock writes: Somewhere in a far and distant galaxy, fairly localized in the general area of the United Kingdom, there is a group of fans who are proposing to put on a convention, which may or may not be known as a Corflu, in the UK in 2015. We have sent our spies out, and we can confirm at the moment that we are considering the merits of hotels in a couple of lively and interesting large provincial cities commonly known as Bristol and Newcastle. Both cities have plenty of restaurants and tourist interest; they're fairly close to the sea and have attractive quaysides.

Oh, the people who are involved in thinking about this bid? Pat Charnock is chairing the team, and Rob Jackson is hotel liaison. Alan Dorey is membership person, and John Nielsen Hall will be counting the money. Mike Meara will be dusting off his abacus and reprising the role of FAAn Awards administrator. Doug Bell and Christina Lake will be providing the programming, with the able assistance of Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer. Graham Charnock will be publications supremo. Sandra Bond will be converting your used fanzines into cash at the auction. Harry Bell is our artist in residence, and Pat Mailer will be dispensing sensible advice. And Robert Lichtman is our US agent. A large team, maybe, but all the better to look after you and ensure your enjoyment.

So we hope you'll join us in the UK in 2015.

DEADLINES!

APRIL 12th: FAAn AWARD VOTING ENDS (DEADLINE EXTENDED ONE WEEK!)

Andy Hooper writes in *FLAG #14*: The ballot is available online at corflu.org, and I'm going to list the categories below:

We will be voting for awards in the same EIGHT categories as in 2013: **Best Fan Artist, Best Fan Writer, Best Website, Best Fanzine Cover, Best Personal Fanzine, Best Genzine, Best Single Issue** and **The Harry Warner Jr. Memorial Award for Best Correspondent**. The one change in procedure is in the scoring for your 1st, 2nd and 3rd place votes. This year, a 1st place vote is worth 3 points, a 2nd place vote is worth 2, and a 3rd place vote is worth 1 point. I agreed with fans who thought that three 3rd place votes ought to have the same weight as one 1st place. That wasn't true under the old system that gave 5 points for a 1st place vote, and only 1 for a 3rd. The total number of points scored will go down, but a plurality of 2nd and 3rd place votes will have more effect on the result.

If you think there is still time to vote by mail, send your choices on any card to Andy Hooper, 11032 30th Ave. NE, Seattle WA 98125. But to be safe, you should probably send your choices by email to my familiar address of Fanmailaph@aol.com. Anyone interested in science fiction fanzines is invited to vote.

(*Note*: there is also an online ballot option at <http://beamzine.com/faan-awards/>)

This will be the last year that I collect these ballots for the immediate future; I'll be happy to help next year's administrator beat the bushes for votes, but someone else will have to take the actual title. It may be that there are now just too many categories to vote in; it is lovely to receive a ballot with all 24 blanks filled in, but be assured that relatively few voters can think of three choices in every area. There are a lot of ideas out there in regard to the future of the FAAn awards; perhaps we will rename them in honor of Larry Tucker, as some fans have suggested. I'm looking forward to being able to express opinions about the field again, maybe even handicapping the awards as I occasionally used to do in years past. I'm comfortable with the way I've done things for the past 1,000-odd days, but I'm equally satisfied at the prospect of seeing someone else take them over.

APRIL 18th: HOTEL RESERVATIONS CUT-OFF DATE

It says here (in our contract): Reservations must be made at least 21 days prior to arrival. After the cut-off date of April 18, 2014, the group room rate may no longer be available.

To reserve your room, either call the group reservations toll free number, 1-800-397-1034, or our online reservation page, which has our group rate of \$94 per night built in, at

<http://doubletree.hilton.com/en/dt/groups/personalized/R/RICKSDT-COR-20140428/index.jhtml>

CARRY ME BACK TO OL' VIRGINNY

by **DAN STEFFAN**

You wouldn't know it to look at him, but Rob Jackson is a sneaky bastard. No, really, he is and I can prove it.

It happened last August, on my 60th birthday, in fact. I wasn't doing much that day. I was just sitting around the house listening to my arteries harden and counting the days before I would be eligible for a senior's discount at the Ted White School of Wood Chopping. That's when a seemingly innocent message popped into my email account, it was from the above mentioned sneaky bastard. Happy birthday, it said.

Oh, how nice, I thought, Dr. Rob has gotten one of those annoying alerts from Yahoo and decided to congratulate me for having escaped from my mother's womb without a view. It was a nice gesture and I appreciated his good wishes, but that wasn't the half of it. He had another trick up the sleeve of his lab coat and I fell for it like a lemming going over the edge of the White Cliffs of Dover.

What did he do, you ask? Well, he invited me to be the guest of the Corflu 50 (a secret fannish cabal who rule the universe and worship at Pat Charnock's elbow) at the 2014 Corflu in Richmond, Virginia, that's what. Can you believe it? To say I was surprised would be an understatement. I was also honored, flattered, humbled, gratified, shocked, and other words of more than six letters. And yet, I was inclined to decline. Not only did I doubt that I deserved such an honor, but I had also decided that my chairmanship of last year's Corflu -- say it with me one last time, *Boom-chicka-wab-wab* -- was going to be my big adios to convention going. After I'd thrown a hell of a party in Portland, I was going to ride off into the fannish sunset and spend my old age watching my old copies of BOONFARK crumble into dust.

But here's where the sneaky bit comes into it, Dr. Rob invited my long suffering wife to come along, too. See, I told you he was a *bastard*. How could I say no to that? My wife Lynn works at a job that keeps her chained to her computer year in and year out and she never gets a chance to get away. (That's why I keep her chained to it, but let's not talk about my sex life right now.) So while I may have doubted my worthiness, I knew damned well that *she* deserved a vacation. As her deadbeat husband, I knew that *I* couldn't afford to take her on a trip to the capitol of the Confederacy. I knew then and there what I'd have to do. I knew that my days of quiet dementia would have to wait. I was going to have to graciously accept sneaky Rob Jackson's offer and embrace the noisy dementia of Corflu 31, instead.

Of course, once I had convinced myself, I had to convince my wife. *Oh, no*, she said. *What about the cat?* What about him, I said. *I can't leave him alone*, she said. Why not, I asked her, is he going to throw rowdy catnip parties while we're away? Is he going to invite other cats over to use his

litter box? Is he going to act aloof without an audience? *No, probably not*, she admitted. *But he'll miss us*. Miss us, I said indignantly, he won't even notice that we're gone. *But I'll miss him*, she mewed. Well, she had me there. I know my wife and I know how much she loves her little black Sammy. There was only one thing to do. I told her to go ahead and call the pet sitters and arrange for them to come and feed him and keep him company while we were in Richmond. *Twice a day*, she said. Okay, I said, twice a day.

Once the feline problem was dealt with, she warmed to the idea of going to Corflu. We had worked so hard on last year's con that we hardly had a chance to enjoy the company of all the great people who had been there. It had all gone by in a blur of activity and we both agree that it will be quite nice to have a chance to have a chat with Ted and a meal with Frank and a drink with Dr. Rob and whoever else might be there from the U.K. And Aileen is going to bring lots of baked goods, Lynn reminded me. Mmmm, baked goods.

Frankly, it will probably be rather nice to be back at the Double Tree. Lynn and I have actually been to the convention hotel many times in the past. It was (and may still be) the site of the annual Richmond Tattoo Convention, an event we regularly attended back when we used to live in Virginia, so this will be a strangely nostalgic trip for us. The hotel has a nice bar in the lobby that will provide an excellent gathering place for thirsty fans, though there probably won't be any bikers hanging around like there were the last time we were there -- unless, of course, Murray Moore rides his Hog down from Canada

So I guess that definitely means that we will be seeing you all in May in Richmond. We'll be getting in on Thursday evening and we're looking forward to having a drink with each of you to celebrate the generosity of the Corflu 50. Oh yeah, and we'll be bringing coasters with us, too. (Hmm, maybe Rob Jackson ain't so sneaky after all...)

PROGRAM

by NIC FAREY

I'd like to first thank our Program Consultants (ahem) **Sandra Bond** and **Andy Hooper** for sterling contributions to this here mashup.

Corflu programming tends to follow a well-trodden path, and in many if not most ways ours is no exception.

Friday daytime often includes a wholly or semi-organized trip out for earlier arriving individuals. Richmond has quite a slew of interesting museums (see page 9 & 10), and we'd suggest that a visit to the Poe Museum in particular might be of interest. The evening formally kicks us off with the Opening Ceremonies and GoH drawing, likely followed by a retrospective of "Southern fandom" hosted by Curt Phillips, given that Richmond is one of the few "southern" locations in which a Corflu has taken place, and a seminal (and perhaps misogynistic) question, posed by Ken Forman, of "Who's Your Daddy?", asking who you might consider as the person who introduced you to the family of fandom.

Saturday will include a live fanzine auction, as well as some panels on weightier topics: the future of the FAAn awards, whether the gender parity discussions apply to what we might think of as "our" fandom and, perhaps in a lighter vein, "A Worldcon of our own" (Corflu as 'fanzine worldcon', with idle musings on whether our doddering and infirm can survive LonCon, or perhaps just ignore it?).

After the dinner break, the evening entertainment includes "Just A Minac", a panel game based on BBC radio's "Just A Minute" emceed by Sandra Bond, and followed by a new Andy Hooper play, as yet untitled, but it'll probably be something rather witty.

Sunday is, of course, the Banquet (menu follows), with Guest of Honor speech, the giving of the FAAn awards, election of the Past President of fwa and bids for the 2015 Corflu, after which (presumably replete), dead dogs and others may repair to Aileen Forman's sumptuous consuite, a location with which you will by now be expected to be highly familiar.

Other items may crop up. It's a Corflu, after all...

BANQUET MENU

Tomato, Cranberry and Orange Juices (Preset on the Buffet)

Sliced Fresh Fruit

Tossed Garden Greens, Served with Two Dressings

Fluffy Scrambled Eggs

Breakfast Potatoes

Sausage and Bacon

Cinnamon Raisin French Toast, Served with Warm Syrup

Cheese Grits or Steel Cut Oatmeal

Breast of Chicken Piccata, Served with Lemon Caper Sauce

Coquille Saint Jacque Florentine*

Vegetable Du Jour

Bakery Basket of Assorted Fresh Breakfast Pastries, Muffins, Bagels and Croissants

Butter, Preserves, and Cream Cheese

Freshly Brewed Colombian Coffee, Decaffeinated Coffee, Assorted Hot Teas and Iced Tea

*For the less than expert foodies, that's scallops in mushroom and cream sauce, to you...

CONSUIITE

by AILEEN FORMAN

Howdy, all! If my name isn't very familiar to you, well, I'm not surprised. I've been on the fringes of fandom for a while, having been most active in the 1990s. I pubbed my ish with Glamour and Hairy Eyeball as well as contributing to other zines, was one of the founders of SNAFFU (the Vegas SF club), and was Con Chair for Silvercon 2 and 3 but fell out of active fandom when we moved from Vegas to California and then further out of fandom when we moved to the Arkansas Ozarks. I'm the Consuite Hostess for Corflu 31, a role I've played many times in the past.

I have many interesting things planned for the consuite, including fresh-baked cookies! I currently own a bakery and have permission from the hotel to bring my convection oven, which allows me to get creative as well as offer some hot appetizers. I'd like to make the consuite a fun place to hang out and to that end I'm going to have a few entertainments available, including slot cars, Jenga, a jigsaw puzzle, cards and games. Please feel free to email me at aileen@yellville.net if you'd like to offer some suggestions or to volunteer to assist, or to offer sponsorships of potables and comestibles. See you in Suite 802!

(Note: Bbeer sponsored in part by the UK Corflu 32 bid team, and also by Warren Buff, to whom thanks!)

A BRIEF GUIDE TO EATS

by NATHAN MADISON

Restaurants near and around the DoubleTree by Hilton; Midlothian, Virginia

I have tried to compile a short list of great restaurants (all of which I've eaten at, and have personal, favorite dishes from) near the Corflu venue, both chain establishments that will be familiar to everyone, but also local restaurants that you can only find in Richmond – these I have denoted with an asterisks (*). This list is in no way comprehensive, and as Midlothian Turnpike is one of the largest, continuous shopping districts in the area, I can guarantee that on the way to

any of these locations, you will pass by many others that are worth checking out, as well. If I may play favorites, the locals I would recommend the most, particularly **Capital Ale House**.

Hong Kong King Buffet – 1 minute east of the DoubleTree – Great Chinese buffet where you can really sit down and get your fill from a great selection.

Jiang's Chinese Restaurant – 3 minutes west of the DoubleTree – For more of a sit-down atmosphere, this is one of the best Chinese food restaurants in the area.

Ruby Tuesday's – 3 minutes west of the DoubleTree (same shopping complex as Jiang's) – A chain that probably everyone is familiar with, but still serves great food, and is very close to the hotel.

***Candela's Pizzeria & Ristorante Italiano** – 3 minutes north of the DoubleTree – Richmond original (and personally my favorite Italian restaurant in the area for well over a decade. The Stromboli is 16" long, and lasts me for a week, seriously.

***Virginia BBQ** – 4 minutes west of the DoubleTree – Virginia, and specializing in BBQ (not surprisingly), serving dishes with influences from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Kentucky.

***Pescaodos** – 5 minutes west of the DoubleTree – Restaurant with two locations in the area (the other in downtown Richmond, near Hollywood Cemetery) that focuses on local seafood, with a fantastic mix of local as well as international influences.

Olive Garden – 6 minutes east of the DoubleTree – Well-known Italian chain restaurant that, while still not a Richmond original, has great food, nonetheless.

***Capital Ale House** – 7 minutes west of the DoubleTree – Virginia-original, with locations only in Richmond, Midlothian, and Fredericksburg. Excellent food (particularly the burgers), great wine, beer and liquor selections, and a welcoming atmosphere. Honestly, probably my highest recommendation if you want a Richmond-original.

***Crab Louie's** – 7 minutes west of the DoubleTree – Another local restaurant, specializing in seafood, and housed in a several-centuries old structure; excellent food and locally-inspired dishes. An area institution that has been around far longer than I can remember.

***Joe's Inn** – 7 minutes northeast of the DoubleTree – Fantastic restaurant, particularly-known for breakfasts, but great for every other meal of the day as well.

***Café Catura** – 8 minutes west of the DoubleTree – Great place, principally for breakfasts and brunches (which is all I've ever had there), but they also have lunch and dinner menus, as well. Recommendation Huevos Ranchero.

MUSEUMS

by NATHAN MADISON

As is appropriate for a city with such a rich and extensive history, Richmond is not without its historical sites, museums and locations of cultural import. At the moment, I will mention but a few

locations in Downtown Richmond, and suggest a possible itinerary for those who may want to spend some time exploring these locales. From the DoubleTree, downtown Richmond is, depending on the route and drive, approximately 30 minutes away. I suggest four sites that are

great to see individually, and list them in order in terms of probably the best and easiest ways to get around between them if you were so inclined to see all four.

St. John's Church – 2401 E Broad St. To begin with Richmond's colonial history; St. John's Church is where Patrick Henry gave his rousing "Give me liberty, or give me death!" speech shortly before the escalation of discontent into outright rebellion on the part of the American colonies. Lunch can be found at any number of nearby (i.e. within a block or two) eateries including Captain Buzzy's Beanery, The Hill Café, and The Proper Pie Company.

For those more interested in literary history, the **Edgar Allan Poe Museum – 1914 E Main St.** – is located in the heart of the city; located in the Old Stone House (not affiliated with Poe in any meaningful way, despite being among the oldest structures in Richmond), the museum houses a collection of Poe ephemera and artifacts that rivals, and honestly (in my opinion, at least) surpasses, that to be found in Baltimore's own Poe museum.

For Civil War history, two sites are "musts." Keep in mind, I work for the American Civil War Museum (the entity that runs both museums); that being said however, the mix of artifacts and locational history represented cannot be understated. A block pass is available that allows visitors into both The Museum and White of the Confederacy, as well as the American Civil War Center at Historic Tredegar.

The Museum of the Confederacy (1201 E. Clay Street), founded in 1896, houses the largest collection of artifacts related to the Confederate States of America in the world, and some of the most important; adjacent to the modern museum building is the original presidential mansion of Jefferson Davis, known as the White House of the Confederacy, which has been restored to its original appearance and trappings (with mostly original furniture and accoutrements). Down along the river's edge is **Historic Tredegar (500 Tredegar St.)**, formerly the site of the largest ironworks in the South prior to the Civil War, and the Confederacy's principle munitions supplier, the Tredegar Iron Works. Today, the site hosts two museums: the private, non-profit American Civil War Center, the exhibit in which examines the entire war from the perspectives of those most involved, and invested, in the war's outcome – the Union, the Confederacy, and the African-American population of the country. Also on site is the National Park Service's Richmond Battlefields Main Visitor Center, which acts as a starting point and information hub for those planning on heading to, or simply interested in, the many battles that took place around the city during the war. The Tredegar grounds also contain a great deal of informational panels and artifacts detailing the area's industrial history.

Just to the north of Historic Tredegar is the **Virginia War Memorial (621 S. Belvidere St.)**, which houses a fantastic education center that examines the entirety of Virginia's war history, from 1776 up to the present conflicts in the Middle East. A research library, a plethora of artifacts, several films and a knowledgeable staff (including many veterans as volunteers) combine for a unique dedication to, and remembrance of, the service and sacrifice of Virginia's soldiers throughout the centuries.

The MOTA Reader

by DAN STEFFAN

A Collection of Writing and Art from Terry Hughes' *MOTA*

Terry Hughes (1951-2001) was already a life-long science fiction enthusiast when he went off to college in Columbia, Missouri in 1970. That enthusiasm soon led him to a meeting of the University of Missouri SF Club, where he met Chris and Lesleigh Couch, two brilliant siblings who took the shy and quiet young man under their wing. It was a cosmic meeting of gap toothed minds (a trait shared by all three of them) and under their tutelage Terry quickly discovered something that he didn't know he had been looking for: *fandom*. Or, more precisely, Columbia Fandom.

The Couch family had been part of Midwest fandom for years. Chris and Lesleigh were second generation fans who had been raised on Tarzan novels and Uncle Scrooge comic books by their folks, Norbert and Leigh -- who may have been the coolest fan parents I ever met. Chris and Lesleigh had been editing their own fanzine since the mid-'60s called SIRRUIISH and had been going to conventions since they were in their teens. Later, after following each other to Columbia to pursue a *higher* education, they started publishing their own fanzines -- CIPHER from Chris and STARLING from Lesleigh and her soon to be husband, Hank Luttrell, the fourth pillar of Columbia Fandom.

They worked together as campus dishwashers by day and worked on their fanzines at night. Terry joined the ink stained fun in 1971, producing the first issue of MOTA, a small fanzine that featured a cover drawing by his kid brother Craig -- under the pseudonym of A.B. Surd -- who had also ended up at school in Columbia. The early issues featured contributions by many of the Columbia gang, most notably the Luttrells, Big Jim Turner and Creath Thorne, all of whom wrote provocatively about their lives and their opinions. It was a humble start, but it quickly led to greater things as Terry read mountains of old fanzines and his ideas about great fanwriting began to rapidly expand.

By the second issue the contents included an article by Arnie Katz, while the third issue featured a worldcon report by John D. Berry and a cover by Doug Lovenstein, a talented cartoonist who burned brightly before he faded away. The fourth issue included a piece by Ray Nelson and a cover by Tom Foster, while a brilliant cover by Steve Stiles and articles from Bill Kunkel and John Brosnan brightened up the fifth volume. MOTA was getting good and it was beginning to get noticed.

By the spring of 1972 Terry had been anointed by the godfather of the Brooklyn Insurgents as an "Official Arnie Katz Approved Neofan," a dubious honor that he shared with a then obscure scribbler named Dan Steffan. It was the first time our names had been mentioned in the same sentence, but it would not be the last. By its sixth issue, MOTA was looking more and more like one of the Insurgent's fanzines, but it held onto Terry's curious editorial preference for autobiographical articles and silly humor.

MOTA 6, published in August 1972, featured articles from the queen of '50s fandom, Lee Hoffman, and a fanartist who proved that he wrote almost as good as he drew, Grant Canfield.

Artwork was provided by Jay Kinney, Bill Rotsler, and Canfield, who had illustrated his own piece. On the back cover of that issue, Terry bid a fond farewell to Columbia Fandom and left Missouri to wander the Earth in the company of fellow travelers like John D. Berry and Alice Sanvito. MOTA would stay in stasis for almost two years.

The band of travelers ended up in the Bay Area, where John had been a student at Stanford, and together they visited his many fannish friends and Terry's shy wit and his penchant for a good pun endeared him to everyone he met. Soon he was one of the fannish partiers who created one of the funniest fanzines ever published, HOT SHIT, edited by the above mentioned Mr. Berry and the late and *truly great* Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. He crashed with friends like Grant and Cathy Canfield for a while, but San Francisco was not where Terry was destined to end up and he eventually departed to Eugene, Oregon, where he went to rendezvous with a lady friend.

A short time later, after returning to Northern California, Terry decided it was time to move on and joined Craig for a trip back to Missouri for the holidays. Together they drove across country in freezing winter weather in a van that had no heater. But it quickly became evident that Missouri wasn't the place for him, either, and so in the first weeks of 1973 he moved on again -- riding a bus to Northern Virginia to join John Berry, who had moved there after celebrating New Year's Eve at Arnie and Joyce Katz's annual party. Once he arrived, Terry joined other recently relocated fans, including rich and Colleen Brown -- and their loquacious daughter, Alicia -- who had followed Ted and Robin White and their daughter, Kit, down south after years of living in New York City. They called their little pocket of fannishness Fabulous Falls Church Fandom.

Not too long after that John and Terry took up residence in a little old white farm house that they dubbed Duck Shit Farm because of the treacherous souvenirs left behind by the aquatic fowl who roamed freely around the property. After about six months the ducks managed to chase them away just in time for Craig Hughes to join his brother, after finishing his Bachelor of Arts degree in Columbia. Together they moved into the first of two infamous basement apartments in Arlington, Virginia, where they set down roots and neither of them would ever leave the area again.

Soon fanzines started rolling off of Ted's Qwertyuiop Press at an alarming rate. Ted and John were publishing EGOBOO and John was publishing his personalzine, HITCHHIKE. Ted was publishing NULL-F, while rich produced RICHARD'S POOR ALMANAC (both FAPazines) and together they all contributed to issues of the suspiciously numbered groupzine, THE GAFIATE'S INTELLIGENCER. And all of them helped out in one way or another with Ted's day job as editor of *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Stories*, two very fannish prozines. In the spring of 1974 that Dan Steffan guy showed up on their doorstep like some kind of pathetic orphan and became Fabulous Falls Church Fandom's resident artist and soon the Ted White Group Mind was in full, chemically induced swing.

Surrounded by all that intense fanac, Terry soon caught the twilltone itch and resumed publishing MOTA. After publishing six issues in Columbia, the new version of the fanzine had been revamped in the style of EGOBOO and Joyce Katz's POTLATCH and Bill Kunkel's RATS!. It was small, frequent, and went out of its way to connect with the best of fandom's past. The seventh issue rolled off Ted's mimeo in July 1974 and featured a Grant Canfield cover and an article by Charles Burbee called "I had Intercourse with a Glass of Water." It was his first appearance outside of FAPA in more than ten years. The eighth issue quickly followed, but that was just a hint of what was to come.

By the end of that year, Terry had gotten his own Gestetner and found his groove. He published five issues of MOTA in 1975. None of them were more than 20 pages long, but they were packed with goodies. Fearlessly, Terry approached everybody in fandom with any real skill and talent and was rewarded with several memorable contributions, including the revival of Gary Hubbard's "The Cracked Eye," and another gem from Mr. Burbee, "The Poll." Works from others the likes of Bob Tucker, Bob Shaw, John D. Berry and Gary Deindorfer soon followed. The crowning achievement for that year appeared in MOTA 13. "The Exorcists of IF" by James White was a stunning reflection on the heyday of Irish Fandom that was written in a fit of nostalgia, even though White had no idea what to do with it once he was finished. It found a home in MOTA after Walt Willis told him to send it directly to Terry, and only to Terry.

The following year he produced seven issues of MOTA, each featuring outstanding material from fandom's most skilled wordsmiths and humorists, including contributions from Eric Bentcliffe, Bob Tucker, Eric Mayer, Lee Hoffman, Bob Shaw, Grant Canfield, Harry Warner, Jr., Paul Di Filippo, Gary Deindorfer, Tom Perry, John Berry (this time it was the one with the handlebar mustache), and Dave Piper. MOTA 19 -- the sixth issue in that year's run -- was 40 pages long and dedicated to British fandom and included a lettercolumn packed with comments from a list of fans who can be recognized by just their last names: Glicksohn, Skelton, Tucker, Bloch, Raeburn, Harris, and even Greg Shaw, who had earlier left fandom for the glory of rock journalism, but had been sucked back in by Terry's lovingly mimeoed pages.

And the artwork featured in those issues was pretty impressive, too. Covers by Grant Canfield, Jay Kinney, Harry Bell, Bill Rotsler, Steve Stiles, and the previously mentioned Resident Artist. Interior art included cartoons by all of the above mentioned gentlemen, plus Arthur Thomson, Jonh Ingham, Joe Staton, Alexis Gilliland, Bill Kunkel, Ken Fletcher, Joe Pearson, Reed Waller, and Ross Chamberlain, among others. (Now that's what I call a talented roster of fanartists.)

After that Terry settled down to publishing only three or four issues a year, but the quality remained unusually high. Writers like Bob Shaw, Tom Perry, John Brosnan, Gary Deindorfer popped up in MOTA's pages for second and third appearances, where they were joined by a long line of notable first timers, including Ted White, Roy Kettle, Jeff Schalles, Ben Zuhl, Michael Dobson, Peter Roberts, Dave Langford, and Leigh Edmonds. The cover art in this period came mostly from the pens of Harry Bell and that damned Steffan guy, who seemed to be alternating their appearances, but there was still room for the occasional newcomer, like the legendary Bbob Stewart and relative novices like Jim Barker and Rob Hansen.

After much encouragement, Terry was convinced to become the 1978 TAFF candidate, a contest that he won handily. But in the end, his trip to Brighton in 1979 brought his career as a faneditor to a conclusion. While supporting his candidacy he had continued to publish MOTA on a regular basis, producing four issues before he left for England. But afterwards, there would be only two more. MOTA 30 came out a month after his return to the States, but it would be eight more months before he would publish his final issue. Embarrassed by his inability to write a TAFF trip report, he began to withdraw from fandom. The unpleasant end to a long love affair had also left him bruised and battered and he slowly began to slip into the shadows, leaving his final issue, MOTA 31 (May 1980), unmailed to most of his readers. It was a shame, too, because that issue was filled with material from another MOTA first timer, Terry Carr.

In retrospect, it also seems ironic to note that the final article in that issue was written by Chris Couch, the very same fan who had introduced him to the world of fanzines in the first place.

It was Chris' only appearance in MOTA, but his presence seemed to bring everything full circle -- back to where it had started.

Soon after that, Terry assumed the life of hermit -- only rarely popping up at local parties or the rare outing to a restaurant. For the next 20 years he got up every morning and went to his job working at the International Monetary Fund and nobody, not even his brother, knew what he did there. He'd started there as a temp typist in the '70s and it was often joked that he was busy piloting black ops helicopters around the world's financially troubled countries. Occasional reports of a subway sighting or two surfaced from time to time, but other than that most of what he did with himself during those years was a big mystery.

Then, as the new millennium was dawning, Terry began to come out of hiding. Without warning he began to pop up at our door for an unannounced visit or call us up to go for a meal. The years had left him remarkably unchanged. His gap-toothed smile was as wide as ever and his long blond hair still hung down on his shoulders. Working for the world's most prestigious banking concern hadn't pushed him to alter his sartorial style at all, though he did -- after protracted negotiations with his supervisors -- begin to wear a tie every day to work. The same tie. But he they didn't bitch too much, he was just too damned loveable.

Sadly, towards the end of 2000, fate handed Terry a death sentence. After awakening one morning to discover that he could no longer read, he was diagnosed with an inoperable brain tumor. It was like some kind of a sick joke, but nobody was laughing. Though treatments from the top doctors at John Hopkins could do nothing for him, he accepted his final journey with good humor and good grace. In the end he thought not of himself, but only of his family and friends.

As a final gesture he willed Craig's two sons enough money to pay for both of their college educations -- it turned out that flying those black op helicopters had been quite lucrative -- and then he did something so generous that it amazes me to this day. Before his death, Terry sent personal checks to all of his closest friends that split his remaining bank account amongst them, making sure that that everyone got them before he died, so there would be no taxes on his gift. It was such a Terry thing to do.

Terry Hughes died in November 2001.

And now, almost thirty-five years after MOTA's final issue, Corflu 31 is paying tribute to one of Virginia's most memorable faneditors with the publication of *The MOTA Reader*, an anthology of the very best from Terry's wonderful fanzine. The contents page of this collection reads like a who's who of fandom's best writers and artists and includes cartoons and illustrations and covers scanned from the original artwork and, as an extra bonus, a legendary unpublished MOTA article by Ted White. *The MOTA Reader* also features introductions by John D. Berry and Chris Couch and an afterword by the anthology's editor (and MOTA's resident artist), Dan Steffan. This collection has been a long time coming, but it has been worth the wait because, as Terry once reminded us, "Kansas wasn't flattened in a day."

Copies of *The MOTA Reader* will be available at the convention and afterwards by mail to all comers. Pick up a copy and discover the magic of "Woo-woo" for yourself.

TRAVEL

It almost seems silly to punt any kind of travel information these days, especially just a month before the event, when those who need to book flights will already have done so, and those who are driving will already have Googled and Gee-Pee-Essed whatever they need to arrive on time, Guy Lillian (not attending) has predictably whined endlessly about toll roads, and Taral (not attending) has equally predictably just whined endlessly.

To save a tiny bit of search exertion (if you still need to do any), here's the link to the hotel's site maps and directions page:

<http://doubletree3.hilton.com/en/hotels/virginia/doubletree-by-hilton-hotel-richmond-midlothian-RICKSDT/maps-directions/index.html>

However, for those flying in to RIC (Richmond International), the following is of note: the hotel has negotiated special rates with **Groome Transportation** at RIC, which are as follows:

1 person: \$43.75 ; 2 persons: \$23.13 each*; 3 persons: \$16.83 each*; 4 persons: \$16.50 each*.

(* when traveling in the same vehicle).

Note that if you wish, the charge may be simply added to your hotel bill rather than paid at the time!

INFO

How do I join, and how much is it?

Full membership is \$80 US (£50 UK), supporting \$25 US (£15 UK). Supporting membership entitles you to a copy of any publications, probably a badge too, I shouldn't wonder, and of course helps us to fund the event!

You can PayPal your membership fee to either fringefaan@yahoo.com (US\$) or johnsilaz32@gmail.com, (UK£) (remember to mark as "gift"), and notify us of your preferred method of contact (email or snail).

Checks/cheques and the like should be payable to "Randy Byers" (US) and sent to 1013 N 36th St, Seattle WA 98103, or to "John Nielsen-Hall" (UK), Coachman's Cottage, Marrison Hill, Ramsbury, Wilts SN8 2HG.

OK, I'm in, how do I book a room?

John Nielsen-Hall writes:

The online hotel reservation page can be found at this link:

<http://doubletree.hilton.com/en/dt/groups/personalized/R/RICKSDT-COR-20140428/index.jhtml>

It will go straight to a page which has the negotiated room rate built in.

When you get to step 3, where you fill in your details etc., be aware that the phone number field is not only mandatory, but if you are in the UK you must enter your number with +44 replacing the 0. If you don't do this, when you press continue you will get the page back indicating a problem, but the only thing you may be able to see by way of explanation of the problem is a big notice about your H Honors number which you likely don't have, and certainly don't need. You will need to scroll down to locate the difficulty, which, if you are a poor old fart like me, will be the phone field outlined in red. I didn't do this, and complained mightily to Nic who passed my e-mail on to the Hilton Double Tree people, who, of course, could not understand my difficulty, and thought I was a nutter.

So, be instructed by my example.

Everything else was perfectly fine, and very easy to do - certainly easier than ringing the toll free number in the USA, although American mileage may vary.

Nic Farey notes:

The hotel itself was upgraded this year from a "regular" Hilton to a Doubletree which is rather nice for us since we already had our contract in place. In line with Hilton corporate policy, all rooms are non-smoking, but I'm assured that the windows do open.

Corflu 31 Members

Tom Becker

Sandra Bond

Jeanne Bowman

Claire Brialey

Wm Breiding

Warren Buff

Randy Byers

Jack Calvert (S)

Jim Caughran

Pat Charnock (S)

Rich Coad

Michael Dobson

Nic Farey

Aileen Forman

Ken Forman

Keith Freeman

Wendy Freeman

Andy Hooper

Sumner Hunnewell

Rob Jackson

Jerry Kaufman (S)

Roy Kettle (S)

Robert Lichtman (S)

Frank Lunney

Nathan Madison

Gary Mattingly

Mike Meara

Pat Meara

Mary Ellen Moore

Murray Moore

Bruce Newrock

Flo Newrock

Audrey Nielsen-Hall

John Nielsen-Hall

Curt Phillips

Mark Plummer

Carrie Root

Alan Rosenthal

Nigel Rowe

Ron Salomon

Spike

Dan Steffan

Lynn Steffan

Milt Stevens

Elaine Stiles

Steve Stiles

Geri Sullivan

Audrey Trend

Gregg Trend

R Lorraine Tutihasi (S)

Pat Virzi

Ted White

Art Widner