

MOTA



Notice anything new?

Go ahead, pick the fanzine up, turn it around, examine it closely. No, no, no, these are the same staples that I've used on the past four issues. Here, run your fingers over the zine, study its appearance under different forms of lighting. Anything?

Ah, the green paper you say. Well, that a good guess but actually it is blue paper. Now I know that everyone who has seen this issue has said "What nice green paper, Terry." but it is not green paper. The wrapper says it's blue paper and, therefore, it must be so. The paper is blue. This is not the difference I am talking about. I'll give you a hint: study the way the words look on the paper.

Yes, wise guy, the letters do all face the correct way...but they always do. Get serious. A new typeface? No, this is the standard selectric courier that I've been using.

Give up?

The difference is the mimeograph used to print this issue. I'm afraid none of you will ever be a second Sherlock Holmes. While the machine in question is still a Gestetner 360, it is now the one I recently purchased instead of Ted White's.

A number of factors (including the frailty of the mighty QWERTYUIOP Press, my long time desire for a machine of my very own, and a favorable bank balance) led to my acquiring this expensive toy. As these pages show the machine is working very well and I am quite happy with it. Falls Church fandom now has a second mimeograph. Besides this eleventh MOTA, this mimeo has printed a Joe Staton SFPA-zine since I've had it. Rich brown plans to once more do a fanzine and to use this mimeo. So does Dan Steffan. Ker-thunk, ker-thunk, ker-thunk.

Even though I am a trufan through and through, I have not yet named my mimeograph as is the custom among fannish fans. Frankly I haven't come up with a title I liked. So far I have hurriedly rejected: the Cider Press, the Trouser Press, the Pushdon't Press...

We all know that fans can be a bit strange with regard to the way they treat their mimeographs. However, the group of mundanes who I purchased this mimeo from really knew how to show proper respect to a Gestetner: they asked Ted, Rich and I to take off our shoes before coming to look the machine over. Seriously. Of course, they claimed that their religious beliefs prohibited the wearing of shoes indoors, but I knew it was just their way of paying tribute to the mimeograph. This practise made things a bit difficult a few days later when my brother Craig and I went to get the machine. We had to remove our shoes, go in and lift up the machine, carry it out to the porch, try very carefully not to drop the machine until we at least had our shoes back on, and then tote it out to my brother's van after donning our shoes. I'm afraid this mimeograph has been spoiled.

With regard to this issue::: Dan Steffan told me he got the idea for the cover while rereading my piece ("A Nose by Any Other Name...") in the Tucker issue of BANSHEE. I think it's another one of his nose jokes. Joe Staton came down here for a break from his busy schedule as an artist and foolishly volunteered to illustrate the Bob Tucker piece. A few of you may find Bob Shaw's article in a British fanzine since he is giving his material both English and American publication, which makes a lot of sense. The letter column unusually long this time because I received so many fine letters. This should only happen more often.

JAY KINNEY (idol of 12) took me up on my request for old fannish fanzines and look what's happened to him: he's had his name written Real Large to impress people and he has not been involved in a nuclear holocaust. The same may be said of you if you act fast. I need fine old fannish fanzines for my collection and if you have some you no longer want, please let me know what you have. I will of course pay the postage costs. Please help a 24 year old learn to read.

Ian Maule and John Piggott have moved into 4 Lothair Rd., South Ealing, London, W.5., United Kingdom, to join John Brosnan and Greg Pickersgill in what must be either England's up-and-coming slanshack or else a London jail.

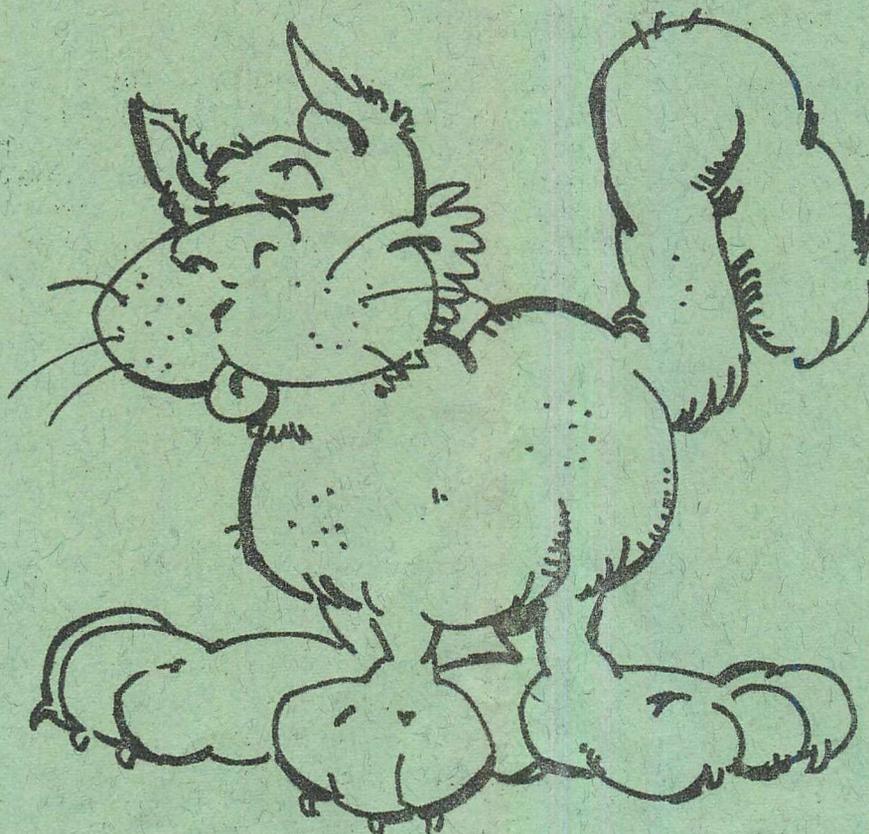
The DUFF race is over as most of you know and Rusty Hevlin was the winner. Congratulations, Rusty. Here's hoping that he and Bob Tucker find their way back to the United States instead of ending up stranded in Tasmania.

While the DUFF race is over, the TAFF race is now under way with Roy Tackett and Bill Bowers as the two good fans striving for the honor. TAFF ballots will be included with this issue for some of you and with the next for others. It is a good cause, so please vote.

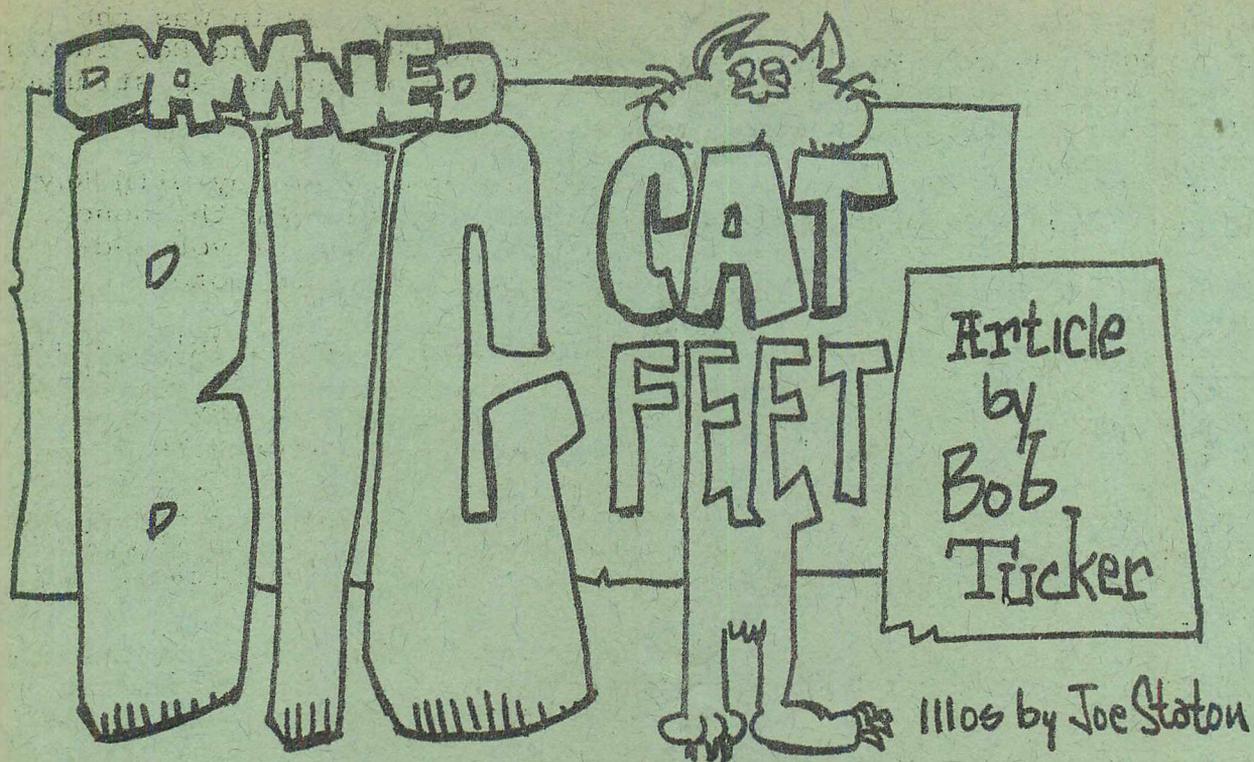
This is something of an annish for me since MOTA #1 was a July issue, July of 1971 in fact. To celebrate this I am going to make my schedule irregular. Now I know this is coming as no surprise to any of you. After all, in an entire year I have published only 5 issues while I had a every-six-weeks schedule. *sigh* I still plan to try for one every six weeks, but by listing the schedule as irregular I won't feel so ridiculous when it takes longer. The best way to insure that MOTA comes out on a frequent basis is to respond quickly with letters and contributions.

Many thanks to the excellent contributors to this issue and also to anyone who helps me collate the piles of mimeo paper.

+ Terry Hughes +



Why is this cat smiling??? Turn the page and find out!



There is now one less rare fanzine in the world.

I have carefully hoarded my copy of the Bob Pavlat-Bill Evans' Fanzine Index since the first installment was published in 1952, watching over it with the possessiveness of a miser hoarding golden rubles. I guarded it to make sure the kids in the house didn't use it for drawing paper, toilet paper, or rolling paper for their clumsy attempts at cigaret-making as they grew older. Most of my treasured old fanzines are packed away in boxes, stashed in closets, or piled high on shelves in other closets out of reach of curious wives and prying children. (How could I explain those Rotsler nudes?) Only those few fanzines which are used as reference books are kept in an open bookcase near my desk, for quick reading.



When we moved last year I packed the fanzines and moved them myself, not trusting the ancient treasures to the hands of highway stevedores. I didn't want some careless driver's helper reading my 1935 copy of the Science Fiction Bibliography as they rolled down the road, I didn't want coffee or beer rings on the 1937 copy of Don Wollheim's Science Fiction Bugle, I didn't want pages lost from the 1943 issues of Frank N. Stein's Futurian Daily Planet.

I didn't want any outsider to read the sacred pages of Mari Beth Wheeler's Rosebud, published from 1944 to 1946. Those treasured old fanzines, and others, have been jealously guarded from family, visitors, pilfering fans, and moneyed collectors who sometimes offered fabulous sums for their possession.

The Pavlat-Evans Index was among that hoard.

Only a couple of months ago I removed the Index from its secret hiding place for consultation, while preparing another column for Bill Bowers' Outworlds. The article traces the history of the index from its inception, showing how it progressed from a massive collection of six thousand file cards in prehistoric times up to a 145-paged fanzine three decades later. Between 1935 and 1965 the project moved from R. D. and F. N. Swisher to Bob Pavlat and Bill Evans, from Pavlat and Evans to Harold Palmer Piser and Juanita Coulson. A first edition was published in 1938, another in 1952-59, and a final in 1965. You can read the thirty-year history in Outworlds.

But when I finished the research for the column I did a foolish thing, a stupid thing: I failed to replace that old treasure in its hiding place. Instead, I put it on a lower shelf of the bookcase beside the desk, resting atop the 1965 edition of the same index. Today, after 23 years of careful hoarding, that rare issue is no more and the few remaining copies in the hands of Ackerman, Warner, Pelz, and Moskowitz have skyrocketed in value. One of our house cats in search of a litter box destroyed the prize. Someone had failed to put the cat out for the night, or failed to leave the basement door open, and in quiet desperation that cat searched for a substitute depository until it found a pile of loosely-stapled hektographed papers on the shelf. (I would rather it had used a clean shirt.) The cat pulled the fading Index from the shelf, relieved itself, and then turned and scratched the pages into a mess of small pieces in an effort to "bury" the evidence. I discovered the wreckage the next day when I sat down to write, and my nose signalled something amiss.



There is now one less cat in the world. My family believes that I served them rabbit for supper.

+ Bob Tucker +

BRINGING THEM OUT OF THEIR SHELLS

by

BOB SHAW

The English Lake District, where I've been living since Easter '73, could hardly be described as the hub of the fannish universe -- hence it gives me a kick to be able to break one of the hottest fannish news stories since the announcement that RETRIBUTION was going over to copper-plated staples.

I picked up the story by accident when, during a recent visit to Manchester, I ran into Filbert Knutt. Filbert was a hyper-active fan in the north of England back in the Forties, but he dropped out of sight after his radical new transportation scheme, based on paving all the roads in the area with Alka-Seltzers and employing hovercraft powered by nothing more than water sprays, was bought up and suppressed by the Ribble Bus Company. It was popularly supposed that the experience had broken his mind and I was overjoyed, therefore, to learn that he was mentally just as sharp as ever, and that he has quietly been back in fandom for several years.

Not only is he with us again -- he has actually succeeded in solving a problem which has often perplexed active fan groups and which lately has become chronic. Most groups like to have a regular publication and it has usually been difficult to select a suitable and reliable editor from the ranks of new, enthusiastic but untried fen. Recently, with the way printing costs have been going, such decisions have become even more crucial -- and this is where Filbert stepped in. Noting the value of management selection agencies to mundane industry, he decided to set up a comparable organization in fandom

with the aim of giving fan groups confidential and accurate assessments of the potentials of neofen.

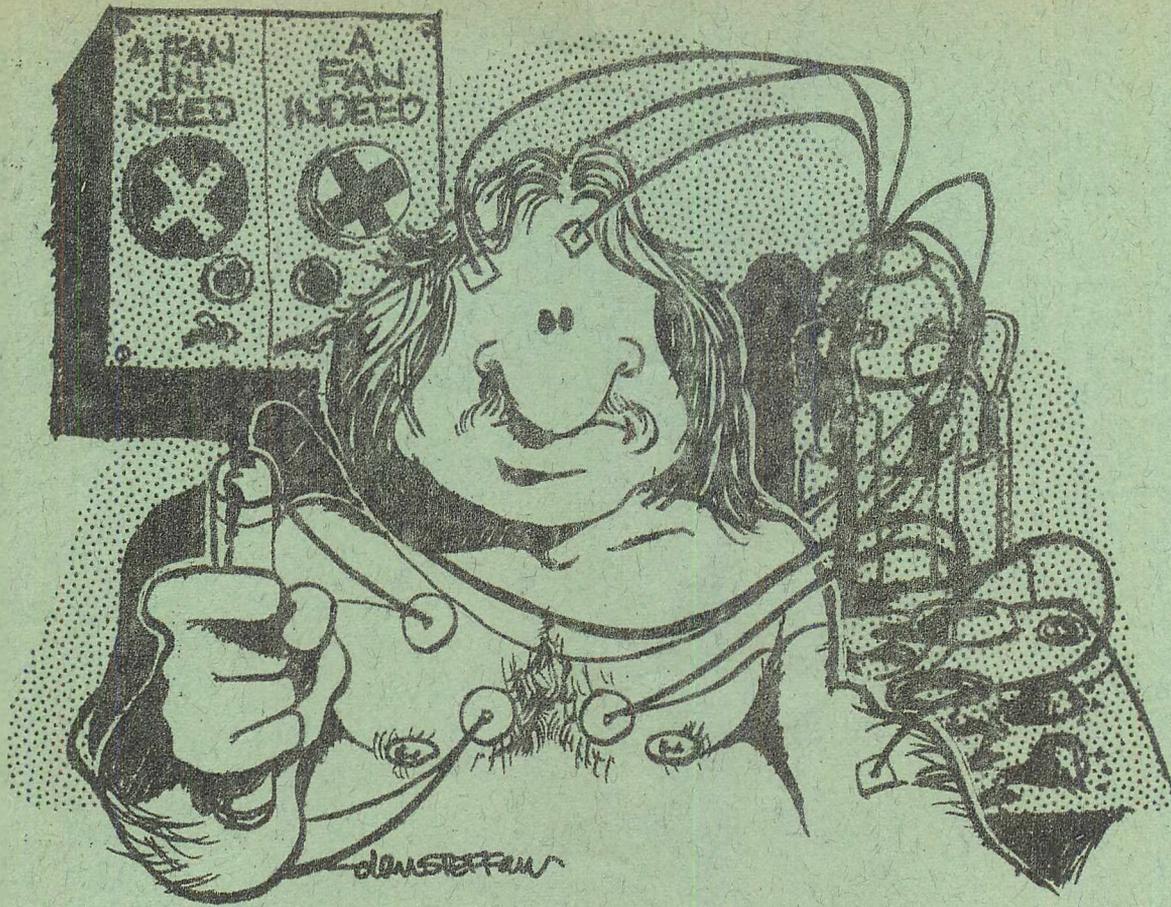
If that's all there was to it Filbert's scheme would seem pretty derivative, but he has added a touch of originality which only his mind could have conceived. Because standards of merit vary so much with time and place, and are often influenced by personality factors, he hit on the idea of comparing the neofan's potential with a fixed impersonal standard which can be reproduced at will under laboratory conditions. For his reference standard -- and this is where the true nature of his genius becomes apparent -- Filbert chose the BNF potential of the common oyster.

"The great advantage of my scheme is that it is obviously impartial," he told me over a pint. "Nobody can accuse a shellfish of any kind of bias, and a neofan has only himself to blame if he doesn't achieve a satisfactory Oyster Rating."

The way in which Filbert obtains an Oyster Rating is to add up the number of points awarded to a neofan for his personality and performance of certain tasks. This total is compared with that scored by an oyster in the same test. A good neofan will usually get the higher score, and it is quite common for somebody with BNF potential to clock up three times as many points as an oyster.

The table below was taken from Filbert's files and shows the results of a typical test.

	Seymour McVittie	oyster
Cranking a duplicator	82	1
Stapling	73	0
Personal charm	28	40
Concern for deadlines	93	100
Avoidance of distractions (like booze, women and conventions)	6	97
Editorial discretion and ability to stay out of feuds	87	100
TOTALS	369	338



Filbert calls his outfit Crustacean Comparison Services, and it is worth noting here that some dedicated CCS men feel that this test is unfairly weighted against the oyster. It does not, for example, take into consideration such qualities as patience, or talent for skinny dipping. Filbert, however, feels that in its present form the test is a good working compromise -- in the early days a few neofen were drowned before they even had the chance to attend a meeting of the Kent Science Fiction Society.

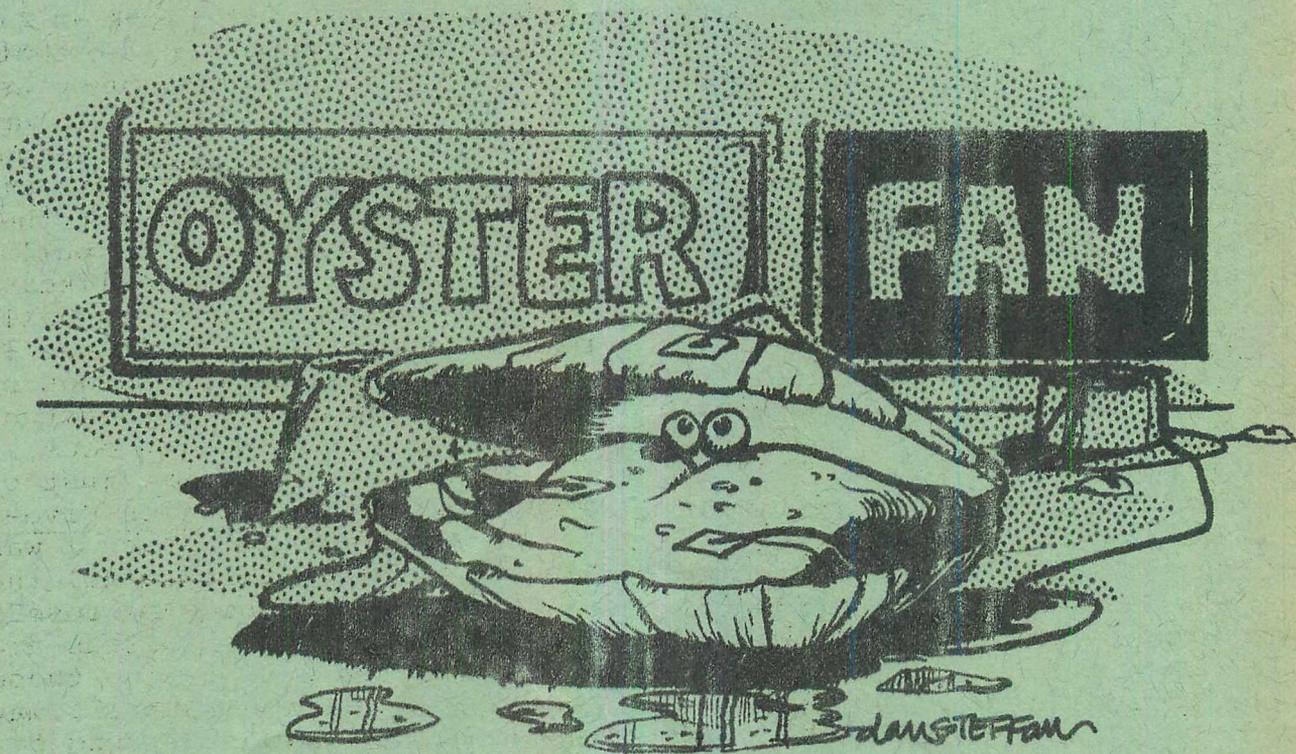
Foolproof thought the system appears, Filbert explained that great care is needed in applying it. It is vital that the oysters used in the tests should be of average intelligence, ability and physical strength -- and for this reason they are constantly compared with British Standard Oysters bred in the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington.

At one period, before the present rigorous safety standards were introduced, an exceptionally gifted oyster got into the test batch by mistake, gave inferiority complexes to 23 prospective fanzine editors, and almost succeeded in landing itself a plum job in the Science Fiction Foundation at Dagenham. Now any super-oysters which appear are quickly winnowed out and disposed of at the Novacon banquet -- an arrangement which helps offset the organisation's overheads.

"Security is one of my big problems," Filbert told me. "The intake of new fans in the entire north of England was halted for three weeks once because a batch of our most experienced oysters was eaten. It was a revenge job done by a new fan because his Oyster Rating disqualified him from running the BSFA chain library."

But in spite of all the difficulties Filbert continues to run his organisation with all the qualities of mind such an undertaking deserves. We don't have to worry about the future of British fandom as long as there are men like him around.

+ Bob Shaw +



NORM CLARKE
9 Bancroft St.
Aylmer E., PQue
Canada

Goddam, but that's a fine
fanzine you have there.
It's probably the best fan-
zine that's published regu-
larly every six weeks; I'd
say that, sure. It doesn't

get here every six weeks, of course; but with the combined efficiencies of your postal system and ours, it's a wonder that I ever get any fanzines at all, especially from the States. As an example: the February FAPA mailing arrived here a few days ago, on April 18. But that's pretty consistent, I have to admit: the November mailing got here in mid-January. But I'm not here to talk about FAPA, unless you really insist. No, I am here to praise Mota and to douse you with gaudy dollops of high-cholesterol egoboo. Consider it done. If I had a gaudy tie, I would send it to you; but all of my ties are a decade or more old, leftover from the years when band musicians wore ties (and suits), and they are very straight and sober ties indeed. (Sometimes I still work in bands whose members wear ties, only now they are big fat bows; and mine is stodgy black -- you wouldn't want it, and I need it anyway.)



When I was publishing a genzine, I was at first dismayed by the number of letters I got that said "Gee, I like yer fnz, and it's funny as hell, but I don't have any comments." I was dismayed at first, but became sort of resigned. I never really liked getting such letters of no-comment, but eventually I came to accept them stoically. So: I was almost going to pull the same ol shit on you, saying something like, "Gee, I like yer fnz, and it's funny as hell, but..." But then I remembered what it was like. So I'll probably write three or four pages of stimulating comments right about now, just as soon as I go and get my cigarets ... woops, better refill my glass, too ... damn, just cut my finger on a copy of Science-Fiction Five-Yearly (haven't had a "paper-cut" since I was a little kid; funny, my kids get them all the time -- is this sort of a Childhood Disease?); better get a bit of Family Tissue to wrap around my finger so's I can get on with typing those comments ... bleeding like a sonofabitch; maybe I should pour some whiskey into the wound to sterilize it. No. That would be a waste. I'll just stick my finger into the glass and twiddle it around for awhile. Hey, you ever had a Bloody Mary made of bourbon and blood? Okay now, let's get on with the comments ... Goddam, now the typer ribbon is fucked up. What makes it get all twisted up like that? How does this

mechanism work anyway? I wish Gina would come home (she's out having her consciousness raised), 'cuz she knows all about typer ribbons and mechanical stuff like that. Lessee, it goes through here, and along and then it goes through that thing in the middle that goes up and down. Now there's the problem, I think. Why does that thing shoot up and stay up every time I hit a key? This calls for some thought ... Well, there seems to be nothing for it: I'm going to have to dismantle the entire machine. Where is my nailfile? Oh ... hey, Terry! More comments next time, man!

(*sigh*)

PETER ROBERTS
6 Westbourne Park Villas
London W2,
United Kingdom

I herd about you're fannzin from a friend and so I woud like to say I woud like a cobby. I will promise to wright a letter of coment soon. Enclosed is a tactical nuclear missile and a stamp.

So much for humour. Now I will wright a propper letter of coment...

Thanks for the MOTAs, Terry. It's a Fine Fanzine. John Brosnan thinks so too, only he's going to rip you into fairly small pieces if you don't print one of his letters soon. Look, he may not want me to say this, but... well, John's getting on a bit and he's got very little left in his old age now but fandom. It takes him several days to type the letters he sends because of his - um - condition, and, though they might look like rambling, senile nonsense to you, they mean a lot to John. So, if you could, Terry... Oh, by the way, the doctors say he shouldn't get too much excitement, so please make sure there's a warning or two early on in the fanzine - just to say you're going to print his letter. Thanks.

I really can't see Fannish Indulgences catching on; it's all too far-fetched. I mean, you'd never be able to get any money out of fans - they'd all want to trade their fmz for the things or write letters of comment to them. You've got to be much more realistic. When I become the Fannish Pope, I shan't mess around with trivial indulgences. I shall excommunicate people. Yes, forcibly expel them from fandom, with the bell, book, and beanie (and a little help from the Fannish Inquisition). This is what fandom needs - discipline. Two years collating for minor offences, three years in the N3F or a lifetime sub to a Trek-kiezine for major ones, with public gafiation as the ultimate punishment - unless the luckless fan can reach sanctuary by joining FAPA. And no snickering, Hughes. I've got my eye on you. Any more of that and I'll have you thrown to the fuggheads.

Seriously though, the characterization in the later sections of Concrete Island reminds me of the early Donald Duck cartoons too.

Anyway, thanks again for GRANFALLOON, Terry. It really made a great impression on me.

(The editorial staff of MOTA is pleased to announce that the next issue will feature a letter by John Brosnan which recounts the unfortunate demise of Mr. Peter Roberts at the hands of a roving pack of pensioners.)



MIKE MEARA
61 Borrowash Road
Spondon,
Derby DE2 7QH
United Kingdom

John Berry's piece was fine, but based on faulty premises (curse these modern building methods!). Y'see, if every firstish were expunged from the record, there'd be no chance for the fanned to look back over his competitors' firstishes and chortle insanely. Like I did over your own firstish, which I found by chance in a pile of

zines I was sorting yesterday. My Ghod, it was but then you already know that, don't you? And yet MOTA has developed into one of the finest faanish zines ever to come through my door. (I didn't mention anything about the zines that come through my window, because there haven't been any yet. Oh, but they try; many's the night I've lain awake, listening to the scratching of the KARASSes and GEGENSCHEINS on the window pane. But they're too flimsy. One of these days Charlie Brown will publish fifty-seven issues of LOCUS at once, and that'll be it. The end of windows as I know them.)

I have some quite nice ceilings, too.

On a 0-10 scale I would rate MOTA ... ummm ... let's see ... about 9, I think.

DAVE ROWE
8 Park Drive
Wickford,
Essex SS12 9DH
United Kingdom

Could you settle a slight difference of opinion? I have a roaring East London (Cockney) Accent which means I mispronounce everything. However, I refer to Mota in speech as Motter (like blotter) where as Ian Maule says Motor (like ~~pat~~ bloater). Which, if either, is correct? Just think, all you need do is say a fanzine's title right to

disperse a likely fan-feud, like something out of Ursula Le Guin, ain't it.

(That's better than what Mike Gorra does: he calls it RANDOM. To treat this matter with all the seriousness and respect that it deserves I must tell you that I pronounce it MOTA (as in mota). You're welcome.)

JAY KINNEY
480 30th Street
San Francisco, CA 94131

I heartily got off on Burbee's article. My own preferences in order of favoritism are 1) eyes, 2) hair, 3) ass, 4) breasts, 5) legs, 6) mouth, and of course 7) fingerprints. But all this is purely speaking

as a detached artist. As a non-chauvinist I am only attracted to women according to their personality and advanced political consciousness. As I always say, "Marxettes with Hickies are usually hotsky to Trotsky!" Grant's accompanying cartoons were appropriate and illustrated the twin considerations of the article admirably.

As a last footnote to this subject, I do hope that you've noticed the media campaign in the men's magazines towards ass attention. This is part and parcel of the whole dawning of the Aquarian Age, I believe. After all, there's nothing handier to hang onto during an apocalypse. Note the symbology of Jesus riding on a donkey, etc. Does Sheryl Smith have any insights on this issue? And furthermore why does she have the same last name as Jeff Smith? And just what is your connection with Howard Hughes anyway? And why are all these people wearing clothes? It's all part of a 'cover-up', I think, but will wait to say more until my next letter. In the meantime, be sure to take your B-complex vitamins. I know I don't, and I've never been the same. But then I never was.

(Sorry, Jay, but Sheryl Smith doesn't "have any insights on this issue" because she's not going to receive it. Furthermore, Howard Hughes and I are 'just good friends' and have no plans for marriage at the present time. For additional information regarding Jesus' ass, see below.)

DAVE PIPER
7 Cranley Drive
Ruislip Manor
Middlesex HA4 6BZ
United Kingdom

Burbee was lovely. I've been giving the subject some considerable thought these past

few days and have reached a Decision. It's all down, in my case, to adolescence and all that. When I was younger, I s'pose, I was basically a knockers bloke: the bigger = the better. But in later years I've become an arse & leg-man. And that's A-R-S-E, yer bleedin' Colonials you! An Ass, ass far ass I know, is some kinda four-legged donkey. Or something. What it ain't is a rump. A-R-S-E. Got it? Anyway - put me down as one of them ...er...not One of Them...one of them there bun-men.

(Arse or ass, we Colonials take what we can get.)

THEM FELLERS MUSTA
BEEN PUTTIN' ME ON.



HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740

It has taken a considerable time for me to tell you about it, but the postal people may have done a rescue operation on the copy of the tenth Mota addressed to me. It arrived with a notation stamped in red on the address

area: "RECEIVED UNSEALED AT SCE NORTHERN VIRGINIA" followed by a zip-code which begins 220 and then fades off into illegibility. It contains two postmarks of different sizes, both dated April 1. It reached me sealed in two ways. There were strips of cellophane tape fastening it together at three points. Then there were three or four staples between all the pages, one or two of them beneath the tape. I had a high old time trying to figure out which staples should be removed for purposes of opening the fanzine, without tampering with the staples that should stay there. Finally, the last sheet containing the coas and a miscellany of other material and the index on the other side was stapled on upside down. It looks as if there might be several more staple perforations in that last sheet, as if it had been torn off at first. I can't quite figure out what happened. I always found tough brown tape or sturdy twine used on packages and magazines which had arrived bearing similar rubberstamped indications that the item had been repaired in the post office. Is it possible that the postal service has issued a regulation requiring its employees to use fannish materials, like cellophane tape and staples, for the repair of sick fanzines, in order not to spoil the integrity of the product?

Anyway, I enjoyed the issue very much. You should have sent a copy to Elmer Perdue because of the leadoff material about your new neckties. In case you haven't been going to the conventions he attends, he has been undisputed champion wearer of exotic and improbably neckties for at least a decade, probably longer. My own practice has been to wear neckties all the year around. My job has required me to wear them on most days, because I could never know when going to work if I would end up at a hotel banquet or covering court or doing something else which made neckwear virtually obligatory. (One hot Sunday night, I went to work without a tie, feeling sure nothing would come up. At the last minute, we learned that the Episcopalians had obtained a prominent speaker for their evening service. I tried to lurk behind a pillar and must have been taken for a Methodist agent provocateur, because they pulled me into a prominent pew and there I had to sit.) One good source of spectacular ties is the Goodwill Industries stores, particularly after Christmas and Father's Day. You'd be surprised at the correlation between mint condition and violent designs.

I've been reading this week a collection of literary criticism on Hemingway, liberally sprinkled with quotations from his works. Re-reading The Poil, I'm struck with the things Burbee's style has in common with that of Hemingway. The conversation, for instance, which someone in the book of criticism says seems absolutely realistic because it is modeled on the way we think people talk, even though they almost never really do talk that way. Someone could do a long, learned essay on the influence of Hemingway on fannish writing. Of course, it must be mostly indirect influence, the result of fans imitating writers who were influenced by the novelist, because fans have shown little or no inclination to read Hemingway in my experience.

The illustrations are magnificent, particularly the front cover.

(Harry, you are only one of many who have related stories of MOTA arriving in a battered condition. John Piggott, for instance, received only the mailing page, which admittedly made for fast reading but still... I have decided there is only one course of action left to me and that is a Biblical one. The Bible (I've been told) says "An eye for an eye" and so I shall act. For each report of a damaged-in-delivery issue I will mutilate a mailman. The postal people have forced my hand. Actually, those of you who would like replacement copies just have to write me and I will send another copy your way. This past issue seems to have been particularly accident prone, however.

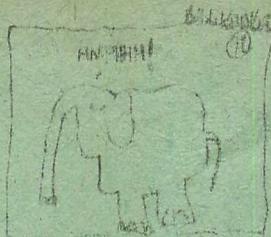
All this reminds me of a True Life Story. In my never ending struggle to be a smart-ass I decided to send Dan Steffan a gag postcard. I wrote on the card that I was attaching a check for \$98 made out to him as payment for artwork. Then I tore a check in half and filled half of it in breaking words in half, etc. This half check was then stapled to the postcard and mailed. I thought it would give Dan a laugh but then forgot about it. Just a couple days later I got a letter from the Northern Virginia Postal Center. "Oh, shit!" I thought, "I didn't put enough postage on the entire last mailing of Mota and they're going to hang me by my thumbs." However, that was not the case. The letter contained the postcard & ½ check addressed to Dan Steffan along with a note that very apologetically told me that my check must have been damaged in the mails and so they were returning it and that perhaps I should choose another way to send other than stapled to a postcard. Ah, yes. Why can't they be that competent when I need them to be? The moral of this tale is never staple part of a check to a postcard addressed to Dan Steffan.

Harry, I have seen Elmer's ties in the flesh as it were at LAcon. As I was watching the ties, I felt sure they were watching me. An incredible assortment of ties. However, I shall refrain from commenting on the fact that he was also wearing tiger's paw sock-shoes.)

MIKE GLICKSOHN
141 High Park Avenue
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3
Canada

How is it, do you suppose, that it takes monthly fanzines so much longer to reach me here than it takes them to get to people in the US? Is it tied in with the moon? Your menstrual cycle? Or what? Whatever the reason, I always feel I am living in the past, answering fanzines that other devotees of the genre have long since used to toilet train their pet tapirs. Right as I type these very words, I'm sure that three more issues of MOTA are winding their tortuous way towards me precisely timed to arrive the day after I get this into the mail. Which is one of very many equally illegitimate reasons that I'm not writing you a loc this time. But a postcard may eventually get me into a future WAHF column, and that's a goal most fans would be satisfied with. Isn't it? Please tell me it is?

The Burbee poll was interesting as much for the concept of Burbee moving through dimly lit bars approaching total strangers with his somewhat startling question. A fascinating, as well as amusing, article. My own preference is for the leg, but of the two mentioned areas of interest, I have a certain feeling for the breast; the ass is beyond my ability to grasp, however.



JEFF SCHALLES
173 McClellan Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15236

I've started driving for a new cab company, started yesterday in fact. I don't know if you were aware that I was hacking around in the first place, but I was, for two months, for a non-union scum company. But yesterday

I started with the Big One, Yellow itself. It is my considered opinion that all the weirdos in the known universe ride cabs. Regularly.

Anyway, I'm sort of curious as to just what you guys are doing, you wearing a necktie, and John and Dan working in the same office. Is it no longer safe to walk the streets? I have this horrible reoccurring dream (I have a lot of them, but only this one is relevant at the moment) where I am stuck in this office swivel chair, able to swivel around and tip it back and even roll it around on the plexiglass floor sheet, but I can't get out of it! I don't even know what it is I do at that desk, I know I sit there and have totally incomprehensible phone conversations that are totally irrelevant to any office situation, and I shove papers around and scribble things on them, but whenever I actually try and look through my eyes at the papers, the subject changes or goes out of focus or the phone rings or I find myself searching through the desk drawers looking for something, though I can never exactly remember what. Occassionally friends and acquaintences will turn up working nearby, or walking around, and sometimes I'll find that I don't have any pants on and some foxy secretary is just coming in the door, or a pidgeon is flying in the window or or or ...

Anyway, even when I'm awake, I have an ungodly fear that someday I may actually find myself at a desk job. My visions of getting dressed and shaved in the morning and showing up for a regular day of such stuff are nothing short of horrifying.

(To ease your mind about the safety of the known universe I should tell you that Dan Steffan is now driving a cab for his job and John D. Berry is currently unemployed and on the road once more. I, however, am sitting in my office in my swivel chair on my plexiglass floor sheet while waiting for a foxy secretary to walk in through the door. Did someone just say something about the Twilight Zone???)

GARY DEINDORFER
447 Bellevue Avenue
Trenton, NJ 08618

Taking pen firmly in hand, I might just attempt a bit of a Fan Letter to MOTA, or for, or on MOTA. This MOTA is one of the best fanzines I

have seen these days. It is also just about the only fanzine I have seen these days.

I haven't written to a fanzine in a while now but here I go. I know how you're supposed to do it. You're supposed to tie something in from your own experience with something in the fanzine. You tell us about your necktie and the humorous reactions to said necktie. Oh! Guess what! This, strangely enough, reminds me of an incident involving a necktie from my own life! I was walking down the street on my way to a Rosicrucian meeting, dressed in my typical kind of outfit, a coonskin cap, fishing boots, bearskin pants, alligator gloves, and an open throat acrylic polymer plastic translucent inner-lit ultraviolet body-shirt, and of course my Sgt. Fury esoteric codebreaker ring on, oddly enough, one of my fingers. Lo! And behold! There on the sidewalk was a necktie, one of those big wide jobs, and it was not even soiled. It was fresh and clean! "A necktie!" I said, with enthusiastic apathy, as I walked on down the street to the Rosicrucian meeting. Well, THAT'S IT!

Speaking of Rosicrucians, some of the greatest men in history were Rosicrucians: Benj. Franklin, Isaac Newton, Leonardo da Vinci, Pinky Lee, Allen Ludden, former Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and Spanky MacFarland. Yes, yes.

"Fannish Indulgences" reminds me of another incident from my own life I can clumsily tie in here the way letter of comment writers do, bringing something up that in a 1000 years of writing letters I would never mention because that's what you're supposed to do when you write a loc, bring up something dull in your own life to match its dull counterpart in the dull fanzine. Anyway, "Fannish Indulgences" reminds me of a neighbor when I was a tiny youth who gave us candy and cakes and soda pops and chucked us under the chins. She was a very indulgent lady.

Okay.

"The Poll" was, what can I say, more classic Burbee. This line broke me up all over the place: "'You said bosoms and rear ends, but on your sheets it says T's and A's ... o-o-oh,' she laughed."

Guess what, Terry? I once had a clerical job for half a year with George Gallup's organization. This is true. It was a dull job. I mention this because George Gallup is a pollster and I am tying something FROM MY OWN EXPERIENCE in with something from the zine in the time honored letter of comment writer's manner.

What can I tie in next? Dave Piper seems to give us something of a slice of life piece here. Hey! He said, as he tied in, I saw "The Hustler" last month on teevee with, as we all know, a classic contribution from Piper Laurie as Fast Eddie's girlfriend. Have to get that tie in there somehow, thinks the conscientious fan as he ties the two Pipers together sitting in the bottom of a barrel with a paint scraper.

Well, I guess I have supplied enough incidents from the anecdotal richness of my own experience to match the stuff in your zine.

(I also received letters from Sam Long, Jodie Offutt, Terry Jeeves, Sheryl Birkhead, Darroll Pardoe, John Carl, Paul Walker, Jerry Baker, Gil Gaier, Rick Stoker, Jim Meadows III, Gary Hubbard, and others besides. Thanks!)

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contributions of text or art, for
trades, and for letters of comment.
This fanzine contains the divine
words of trufen and should not be
destroyed or left in indecent
places. Woo-woo to you all.



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Jackie Franke
Box 51-A RR 2
Beecher, IL 60401

Terry Hughes
866 N. Frederick St.
Arlington, VA 22205
USA

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