





Well, friends, here is the seventh issue of MOTA right on schedule.

"It is 1974, Terry Hughes," said the Ghost of Fanzines Past.

Oops!

In September of 1972 I was sitting on Calvin Dermon's living room floor in San Francisco. Not the whole month, I would like to point out, just one day, the time I had in mind was the night of the big post-worldcon party. The copies of MOTA #6 that I had brought with me had already been distributed to the fans present and I was eagerly anticipating words of praise. Gary Deindorfer had just finished telling a very funny story when he stared intently into my sensitive fannish face and warned, "If you keep on at the rate you've been going, Terry, you're going to burn yourself out before you turn fifteen."

I just laughed and leaned back against the wall, feeling confident that with a sense of humor like mine that I should be able to come up with a witty reply to that. An hour or two later I still hadn't, which is just as well since some of the effect would have been lost by then.

At the time I didn't take Gary's warning seriously, but now I wonder why I didn't. It was probably due to the fact that I was almost 22 when he gave me that warning. It has been approximately two years since I last published a general circulation fanzine (#6 was done just before the 1972 LAcon and #7 is now being done just before the 1974 Discon--it may even correspond to the very day of each year!). No, I have not been gaffia (although I must admit that it has felt like it at times) or even Only Resting; I have been dealing with personal matters. Things like traveling around the nation, choosing a section in which to live, finding a residence in that area, and

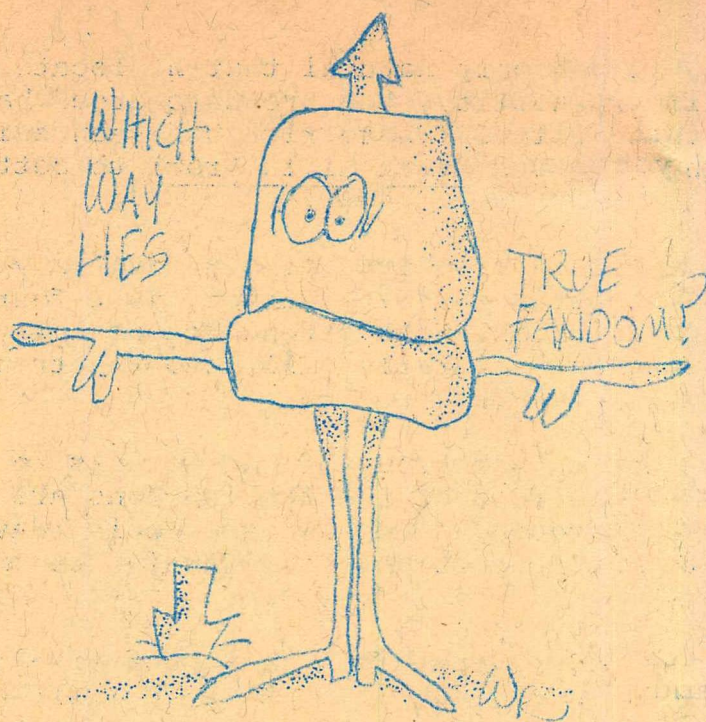
getting a job. Connected with those has been my continuing search for Truth, Justice, and the American Way, but so far I have only found Happiness. When many of you last heard from me I had Big Plans to move to the Northwest, where the giant trees hold up the sky, yet when you look at my address you can plainly see that I am in the South, in the part of Virginia that lies in the penumbra of the nation's capital. It is not because I looked at my map upside down--I've been bouncing all over this country, feeling at times like a silver globe in a pinball machine. If you accept Shakespeare's theory that all the world's a stage, then you can hardly dispute my contention that every so often an actor on it has to ad lib. Anyway, the fact that I am an Old and Tired Fan at age 23 is not stopping me from resuming my fanzine publishing career.

While looking through some old fanzines of mine I came across Arnie Katz's "A Moving Story" and decided to reprint it here in order to establish Arnie with the reputation of being a fannish Jean Dixon. Most of the material in this issue has been on hand for some time: I've had Burlee's piece for over a year, and then there is my convention report on the 1972 worldcon... The letters are the only things that have really suffered so I edited them down to the few I am using this time and dating those. So this gala Return issue of MOTA may have a vintage feel to it.

I am serious about resuming publication. In fact I intend to put out MOTA every six weeks (or less on some occasions)! It will be available for contributions, letters of comment, and trades. My backlog file is filled mainly with cobwebs at the moment so as far as contributions go I desire both cover art and interior illustrations, and I will always need written pieces full of wit and humor. I don't want lots of pictures of rocketships and Mr. Spock and I don't want book reviews or poetry or Serious fiction. Most of you will find a checkmark in the THIS IS YOUR LAST COPY UNLESS box. This is because I want some response and I need to find out who wants to receive this fanzine. Many of you have dropped me from your mailing lists, which is understandable what with my Period of Silence and all, but I want to resume trading. I will trade with almost any fanzine except for those devoted solely to amateur fiction and star trek. I will, grudgingly, take 50¢ for a sample copy but if you send more than that you are taking your chances. I may send you more fanzines in that case, or I might return the surplus money, but...don't bet on it. Really, keeping track of all that money is a drag and I'd just as soon avoid it. So one issue only for cash. MOTA contributors (and a published loc counts as a contribution) will get their copies mailed first class flat in an envelope (if overseas it will be sent air mail). As before contributors will be sent excerpts from locs which comment on their contributions since I know egoboo makes the world go 'round.

This has been a rather long encroachment of Serious Stuff into the body of a light-hearted fanzine. It won't happen again. Next time I'll condense it and dehydrate it and squeeze it into the indicia where it belongs.

Why am I publishing again? Because of Chris Couch. People around here either ignore me or try to humor me whenever I tell them I am going to be publishing a fanzine Real Soon Now. They've been hearing that for over a year. It might have continued that way but at Midwescon this year Chris told me that when a mutual friend asked Chris when he was going to publish CIPHER again and use his article, he (Chris) responded, "Right after Terry publishes MOTA." I told Chris then that that had been a cruel thing to do. So take this, Chris Couch!



A MOVING STORY

By ARNIE KATZ

Once upon a time, before I had heard of fanzines or knew what a trufan was, New York fandom lived in Manhattan. Most fanzine fans, at the beginning of the sixties, lived in or near the Village. They clustered around Ted White's place, dubbed Towner Hall in honor of Francis Towner Laney. The other significant fan concentration was centered around the penthouse apartment of Dick and Pat Lupoff uptown.

Then Ted closed Metropolitan Mimeo and with it Towner Hall and moved way down to Brooklyn, 335-49th Street.

At first Ted complained that people no longer came to visit him with the frequency of his Village days. When Fanoclast meetings started on an upward spiral in 1963, it was slightly better, but still not the slan-shack-like atmosphere that had prevailed in the heyday of VOID.

Ted White is an old fan. Ted White knows fandom, its ways and traditions. So he bided his time. He waited for what he knew must surely come, the New York Fan Migration.

Every few years, active members of New York fandom are seized with a case of thirsty boots. They have to move. They have to move NOW. No delays are possible. Some flee across the country to Berkeley, and some are driven to Staten Island where they are never heard from again by the living, but they move. To move, that's the important thing.

Ted watched as a ripple of movement swept New York in 1966, sweeping the Gerbers and rich and Colleen Brown out to Staten Island and the Lupoffs to the middle class fastnesses of Poughkeepsie. A lesser man would have panicked then and made plans to join the happy hardhats in Staten Island, but Ted held firm and remained in Brooklyn. His keen insight could detect the minute difference between the periodic relocations which occur in all fandom from the New York Great Migration Syndrome.

His patience was justified. At last imperceptibly he whispered in our ears of the joys of Brooklyn living. The Carrs had moved to Brooklyn Heights,

and when Alex Panshin came to the city, it was only natural that he locate there as well. Then, in defiance of all probability, the Browns emerged battered but determined from the maw of Staten Island (where rich had been editing a shopper newspaper called something like The Great Kills Frog) to settle on 61st Street, a dozen blocks from Ted.

Soon I found myself looking for an apartment in Brooklyn Heights with Andy Porter. Then Steve Stiles left uptown Manhattan for 57th Street, just four blocks from the Browns. Jay Kinney came to Brooklyn to attend school and Joe Staton arrived to work as an artist. Both naturally fell into the trend and obtained living quarters in Brooklyn.

Though the current Great Migration has hurtled one group of New Yorkers to places like Mexico and the Barea, most of the rest of the fanzine fans are concentrated in one sector of our beloved borough. When Ted and Robin leave for Virginia, Steve will move right into their apartment, and fannish tenants for Steve's place are already queuing up.

Ted and Robin White are moving to Falls Church, Virginia. That must give one pause. What will become of New York fandom now? Can it be that Ted will again grow lonesome for us?

That is a sobering thought, indeed. Will the master puppeteer of New York Fandom for over a decade insidiously wean us from the copious breast of Mother Brooklyn?

Will Letters and fanzines pour forth from the qwertyuiopress extolling the delights of gracious southern living? Will a fabulous fannish fanzine emerge from a new hotbed of fanac located in the Washington area? What plans does Ted White have for the next New York Great Migration, anyway?

Well, I want to put it down right here that I love Brooklyn. It is the jewel in God's navel, the cap on Ghu's cosmic corflu. This is my home. It is where I intend to live out my days. You'll never get me, Ted White. You can tell me about the weather and the trees and all that stuff until your voice gives out, and still I will stay.

The lease I just signed on my fabulous new Brooklyn Heights apartment will be up in two years. I tremble. If you see me heading South, I am not in my right mind. Stop me for my own good. Offer me a pepsi. And send me home. To Brooklyn.

+Arnie Katz+

(The above piece is reprinted from FOCAL POINT, volume 2, number 14, which was dated September 28, 1970. For those of you who may be curious and don't already know, Arnie still lives in Brooklyn Heights. Ross Chamberlain now inhabits Ted's old Brooklyn apartment. Many of the others mentioned above have since moved: Joe Staton now lives in upstate New York, Jay Kinney is living in San Francisco, and Steve Stiles just moved to the borough of Queens. On the other hand, Ted White is still living in Falls Church. Over a year ago rich and Colleen Brown moved to Falls Church as well....and so did John D. Berry. That mysterious fannish magnet drew me here as well. Recently Dan Steffan thundered into our midst to become the latest addition to the area. Arnie will be here for the worldcon, but will he really leave?)

DUSTY LOCS

- letters -



GREGG CALKINS
150 Las Juntas Way
Walnut Creek, CA 94596
December 18, 1972

Just a note to let you know I am really out here, and also to say that I enjoyed Grant Canfield's story about dominoes. I am happy to say that I am not quite as addicted to the game as he is--even his illo on page 14 is enough to double blank my mind away from dominoes completely.

With two more game dates left to go this year I am just over the +\$30 in winnings, so I'm keeping up the pace since I moved to SF just over 16 months ago. I can't believe it, myself. I'd like to play Grant some time but I wonder if I've created a monster there? I mean...what if he beats me? Come to think of it, though, I owe him a good licking for that "he's pretty old" crack. Just because Calvin Demmon and I have a itsy bitsy bit of white showing at the temples doesn't mean we are necessarily the same age. Not at all. Anyhow, I was shocked myself to find that Calvin was so elderly.

LOREN MACGREGOR
Box 636
Seattle, WA 98111
1972

While you were moving westward (following the advice of Horace Greeley) I was moving eastward (following the flight plan of Wrong Way Corrigan). Consequently, I managed to land in Columbia (MO) just about the time you were getting settled in and around Stanford (CA). (This isn't going to be a terribly straightforward loc, but then, they never are...) I was treated to tales of the Mexican Missile ("2 jiggers gin, 2 jiggers tequila, over the rocks and salted to taste. Down straight, then jump up, pound on the walls with your fists, and quiver for fifteen minutes, at which point you gasp, 'My Gawd, that's good.'") Quivering Death, and many other fabulous fables. I particularly enjoyed talking to Jim Turner.

Jim Meadows would no doubt be astounded, but one of my favorite patients has been strolling around for seventy-odd years under the blissful handle Percy Dickensheet.

(Loren, my particular favorite as far as names go belonged to a woman Claudia Parish worked with. Her name was Marty Wombat. Once Claudia had convinced me that that was truly the woman's name, I began shouting things like: "Marty Wombat in the 24th Century" and "Here's Marty Wombat and her sidekick Robin" and "Marty Wombat, Private Eye." As I told Claudia, Marty Wombat is the kind of name that I could spend all evening doing introductions for.)

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740
October 8, 1972

You must have survived that suicide congoing schedule, since the new Mota arrived several days ago, and it gets prompt attention in line with my determination to make October Catch Up on St. Louis-Area Locs Month. As I told

someone else, I wouldn't be surprised if all the nation's fans headed to St. Louis instead of to Toronto late next August, under the impression that any area which publishes so many fanzines must be a winning worldcon site.

Lee Hoffman's article gives strength to my pet theory about The Avengers, in an oblique sort of way. She wasn't writing about British crime and punishment. But I have been the only person in fandom who refuses to put the blame for the quality decline in that series' final year on the disappearance of Diana Rigg. I missed Diana and I didn't care too much for her replacement but I thought that the real, terrible thing that destroyed the old spirit and panache was the introduction of Mother and the frequent scenes in which Steed conferred with his superiors and with other operators, receiving instructions and sometimes getting criticized or even suspended. Until then, we knew that Steed had some kind of job with the government but he seemed to be an independent, free spirit as long as he saved the United Kingdom every Wednesday evening.

Grant Canfield's article is marvelous. So fine, in fact, that I am restraining myself from erupting with an endless set of personal reminiscences about the dominoes in my own past, on the theory that anything else written about dominoes for several years in fanzines would be an anti-climax. Maybe this will be the start of a national rise to favor for dominoes. The nation's press, radio and television finally went all-out with publicity on chess this summer, after many years in which fanzines were virtually the only periodicals that ever mentioned the game. It will be nice if Grant Canfield leads the Earth Domino team that shatters the suspicions and isolations of the Martians some time during the 1980's.

Lane Lambert's letter causes me to wonder all over again about one aspect of human physiology that is never explained in Dr. Asimov's popular science books. Several times I've been in a hospital room with another patient who was having plumbing problems and amid all those sophisticated medical machines and complex medications, the usual therapy by the doctors and nurses was to turn on the nearest faucet and let the water tinkle for a few minutes into the sink. I can't imagine how all the millions of years of evolution with its development of the survival instinct and the elimination of the unfit somehow installed in the human body a conditioned reflex that couldn't be activated until running water became a part of the American way of life.

Beautiful reproduction for the illustrations and almost without exception the illustrations are either funny or ingenious or both. I hope you light somewhere soon enough to publish another Mota before long.

(Two years isn't too long, now is it? I left the mailing of most of the

copies of MOTA #6 in the hands, ink-stained though they be, of Doug Carroll and Chris Couch, and my thanks go to them once more. That is the reason some of you got copies later than others. I was On the Road before many of them were mailed.

Harry, I don't mean to quibble but Columbia is about 150 miles from St. Louis and the then existing fan groups were quite separate. Columbia fandom was not really a branch of St. Louis fandom--it was an entity in its own right.)

ALJO SVOBODA
1203 Buoy Avenue
Orange, CA 92665
October 22, 1972

Thank you for MOTA 6. This is obviously an inspired issue of MOTA. The people that appear here are very selective in their choices of fanzines to appear in. John Berry doesn't churn out witty illoes. Lee Hoffman doesn't

churn out cohesive letter/articles (though every article I've read by her has been a cohesive letter), even Creath Thorne doesn't churn out articles like his. Why, I'll even bet he's selective in where he sends his articles on selectivity in fandom! And Grant Canfield doesn't write funny things, so what is he doing here with a funny article. Like I said, an inspired fanzine. Inspired fanzines need inspired editors, though, and you're obviously pretty full of inspiration if you can put out two inspired issues of an inspired fanzine in a row. Of course, this is all leading up to something. My suggestion is this: put out a little booklet telling where you get your inspiration, and fill it with inspirational phrases especially designed to fill us with inspiration, so that we'll be inspired too. Call it INSPIRATION: HOW YOU TOO CAN MAKE IT (NOT IN AN OBSCENE WAY) IN FANDOM, by Terry Hughes, and everyone will be happy. You may be a little disturbed when next month, three hundred newly inspired fans decide, in a flash of inspiration, to publish MOTA 7 under the pseudonym of Terry Hughes, but the shock will wear off. You'll gaffiate, and occasionally write inspired letters that your admirers will use as inspired articles.

(If it's all the same to you, Aljo, I never want to hear the word "inspired" again.)

JIM MEADOWS III
62 Hemlock Street
Park Forest, IL 60466
November 2, 1972

I never get much of my letters printed in fanzines.

I also got letters of comment from: Paul G. Walker; Paul Anderson; Ed Cox; R. Brandt; Jay Bartos; Norman Hochberg; Gene Wolfe; Robert Ellis; Nick Shears; Dennis Dolbear; Bill Wolfenbarger; Ray Nelson; Greg Burton; Alpajpuri; Tom Collins; Earl Evers; Donn Brazier; Dallas Legan; Gray Boak; and several others whose letters aren't at hand. Thank you, one and all.

Since MOTA is now going to be coming out every six weeks (or sooner) you had better improve your typing speeds to be sure that your locs reach me in time. Printed letters of comment count as contributions which means that you copy will be mailed first class (if in the U.S. or Canada) or air mail (if overseas).

Chase the cobwebs out of my mailbox. And pleaz send me your COAs.

I HAD INTERCOURSE
WITH A GLASS OF WATER
by
CHARLES BURBEE

"They tell me I have gonorrhea," I said to the 18-year-old Chinese beauty behind the desk.

Only because she'd asked me what my trouble was.

This is a true story. I haven't bothered to change the names; let the innocent suffer along with the rest of us.

This is a story I used to tell on the slightest provocation. It always went well during drinking parties, especially after the more prudish young ladies present had been oiled up a bit so they wouldn't flinch too much at the four-letter words.

The other night, though, I tried to tell it and it got no attention at all. I had a brand new audience for it, too, and everybody was on the second or fourth can of Coors beer.

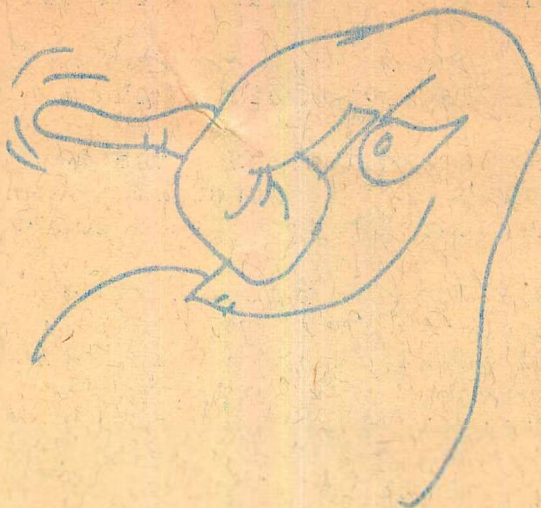
I knew then that the story had no more shock value. Society's mores had caught up with me. After all, when one can go to theater and see two lovely lesbians making out in full color and stereo sound on a 70-foot screen, or a Georgia cracker about to sodomize a city feller--also in color and stereo sound, how can a mere cocktail-hour story compete?

Our society has outgrown a story about a penis the size of a 12-ounce beer can.

Yes, a cock the size of a beer can. This happened to me.

I woke that Saturday morning in April 1960 and the world looked like a fine place indeed. I wasn't hung over, I guess I mean. Anyhow, the world looked like a fine place until I got out of bed and felt this monster going swoop-bang, swoop-bang, between my legs as I ambled toward the bathroom, half-asleep. I came awake very swiftly when I took the monster in hand for aining purposes.

I want to make it clear at this point that ordinarily my penis is not anywhere near the size of a 12-ounce beer can.



Good God, I said. What in hell has happened here?

Now for sure I am going to the doctor, I said.

I'd intended to go this Saturday morning anyway, to find out why the cut in my finger hadn't healed for several weeks. Saturday was a good day for it because I wouldn't lose any time off work. An unhealing finger didn't call for lost work-time.

It seems I'd cut four fingers by foolishly picking up a long metal-turning strip, only to have it caught in a whirling chuck and jerked out of my hand, leaving four gashed fingers. I washed them and bandaged them and when I got home I put on some anti-biotic, called Furacin. In a few days three fingers healed nicely. But the fourth one would not heal. It would seem to heal over, but the next day it would be open and raw again. Each time I would carefully wash it and put some more Furacin on it and bandage it up again. Next day, open and raw. I probed it carefully for splinters of metal or whatever but couldn't locate anything. So a visit to the Ross-Loos Medical Building in downtown Los Angeles was in order. I was a premium-paying member and thus could get the services of a specialist for only \$1.25.

Then, Thursday, I spilled a can of thread-cutting oil on my crotch. All day long my crotch was bathed in pungent, penetrating, thread-cutting lubricant. I hope no comedian is wondering if it gave me a left-hand thread. Friday night as I bathed I noticed a small stinging crack in the skin of my penis. I put some Furacin on it.

Next AM I woke, penis the size of a beer can...swoop-bang, swoop-bang--forgotten was the unhealing finger--I yearned nightly for the instant services of the best specialist in Southern California.

I reasoned it out...the cutting oil had irritated the delicate skin, caused a small break, and the break had gotten infected. A sensible diagnosis.

I got to Ross-Loos, a 14-story building. Ground floor receptionists were two 10-year-old girls, pretty.

"I want to see a dermatologist," I said. After all, this building teemed with specialists.

"What is your trouble?" a blue-eyed maiden asked.

I looked into those pretty eyes. For some reason I got reluctant to say "My penis is swollen to the size of a 12-ounce beer can." (This reluctance from a man who later told this story in loud clear tones to one and all?)

Instead, I said, "I have a strange skin condition."

The dermatologist was all booked up, she said, unless I had an appointment.

I didn't have an appointment. Well, then, wouldn't a GP do? I said I supposed so. So up a flight or two I went. Again the receptionist was a gorgeous doll. Not 18. But beautiful. When she asked me my trouble, I said, "I have a strange skin condition."

A few minutes later I was asked to enter the offices of a venerable man in a white coat. He asked me to have a seat and tell him my troubles.

No need for sitting down, I said, here was my trouble. I pulled out my beer can.

He leaned over, scanned it. His eyebrows rose. He stepped back, (recoiled?), putting his hands behind him--touch that classic?--and gasped, "You have gonorrhea!"

I think my jaw dropped a little. This was incredible news.

But the man wore a white coat. His words had to be true words. He had an office in a famous medical building.

He sent me up to the top floor to see Dr. Reagan, who, I believe, later became the governor of a great Western state.

I didn't go in the elevator. That would have been too fast and I wanted time to think this out.

How in the world did I get gonorrhea? I asked myself. The only acceptable way is to have intercourse with a woman who has it. I couldn't offhand remember the incubation period of the gonococcus but I thought it was 15 days--or 9 days. I was a married man; I hadn't had intercourse for 6 or 8 weeks. Ah, then, relief...I didn't have gonorrhea. But the doctor said I did. So I did. But how did I get it? The best way is to have intercourse with an infected woman. But I hadn't had recent copulation with anything in the animal kingdom, so, therefore...relief...I didn't have it. But the doctor said I did. And he wore a white coat....so I did have it. But the only way to get it.....I went through that routine several times. I almost got taped onto it forever.

Well, I mused, as I slogged up those stairs and the monster kept going swoop-bang, swoop-bang, I can't tell him I got it off a doorknob or a toilet seat. That is a story Dr. Reagan must hear fifty times a week. The actual incidence of infection from those sources must be like one in two thousand. Yet it must happen sometimes. In my case, right now, for example. Yet no intelligent experienced man such as Dr. Reagan will believe it. I couldn't ex-

pect him to. So I will invent a good story for him, I said. Let's see. A few weeks ago---dammit, what is the incubation period of the gonococcus?--I stopped for a drink in the Orbit Room, the cocktail lounge of the Mercury Bowl....by the way, this is a real place; their restaurant is The Space Kitchen. Stefnic, hey? Yes, I stopped in the Orbit Room for a drink and got the redheaded cocktail waitress out into the parking lot for a quickie during her break...good story. I'll tell him that one...no, wait a minute. There really is a redheaded cocktail waitress in the Orbit Room--suppose the County Health Department people come around and say to her, Lady, we understand you're giving gonorrhea to your more lovable customers. That story is no good; it's a damned lie. New story. How's this. I stopped for a drink in the Orbit Room of the Mercury Bowl and got real friendly with one of the lady bowlers. After a while we went to her apartment. That's better. Her name? Gee, I don't think I ever knew it. Her address? No, I never really noticed. See, this isn't a common occurrence with me; I just figured her for a one-night stand. Yes, that's what I'll tell him.

I got to his office and there was this 13-year-old Oriental edible at the reception desk. She asked me my trouble.

"They tell me I have gonorrhea," I said.

Pretty soon I went into the doctor's office. Tall, good-looking fellow, warm, friendly smile. "Well, having a little peter trouble? Where'd you get it, from a woman? Sit down and tell me about it."

This put me so much at ease I forgot my Orbit Room Story. (Goodbye, lovely lady bowler; sorry your existence was so brief.)

"About two days ago I spilled a can of cutting oil on my crotch," I began.

His face fell a little. I think he was a little disappointed in me. On the other hand he might have been pleased to hear a brand-new variant. Who knows? Perhaps he took this job because he collected seduction stories. I never did ask him.

He examined my beer can.

"My God!" he said, this cock specialist. My spirits sank.

"Got any leaking problems?"

"No."

"You haven't got gonorrhea," he said, straightening up. My spirits soared.

"At least I don't think you have." My spirits came down a ways.

He ran some tests, got a urine sample, shoved a rubber-gloved finger up my ass---yike!--probed at my prostate; I gasped in pain. He told me that if it'd been infected I'd have screamed in agony.

A little later the lab reports came back. Negative. My spirits shot up once more.

He got on the phone. Spoke to another doctor in the building. "Myron," he said, "I'm sending a man down to you. Would you check him over, please?"

He turned to me. "I sending you down to the dermatologist. You've got a strange skin condition."

Down I went. In the elevator, this time.

The dermatologist took me at once. He showed no alarm or amazement at the sight of my beer-can. I felt a little letdown at that.

He listened silently to my story--the true one about the cutting oil--until I mentioned putting Furacin on the break in the skin.

"That did it," he said. "I'll write you some prescriptions." He wrote them.

"You mean the Furacin caused that swelling?"

"Yes. Had you used it previous to this?"

I told him about the gashed finers.

He nodded. "You've become sensitized to Furacin. I suggest that you take that jar or tube of Furacin and throw it as far as you can, preferably into deep water."

I went downstairs, got the prescriptions filled, and went home.

One of the bottles contained capsules. I took one according to directions. The bigger bottle contained a liquid that had to be mixed with hot water and used to make a hot compress to be wrapped around my beer can.

The whole danger, the dermatologist had said, was that my urethra might swell shut and I would be unable to pee and I would need emergency catheterization. The capsules and hot compresses were supposed to stop that. Well, I got the solution made up in a fat glass and then I thought how much better it would be to have the liquid itself in direct contact with the troubled area. Better than a wet cloth.

I put the glass on the floor, stretched out a full length over it, and mounted the glass--I mean lowered my beer can into its warm wetness.

That's where the title of this article came from.

+Charles Durbee+

(A different version of this appeared in Elmer Perdue's May 1972 Fapazine.)



"What this club needs is a BNF," declared Bill Snight as he bounced up and down in his chair, which caused his Beanie's propellor to twirl erratically.

"Yes! We could build one at the clubhouse in our spare time," suggested Leonard Church eagerly as he peered above his head to see if a bright lightbulb might possibly blink into existence. Even though a lightbulb didn't, the assembled group decided that it was indeed a Good Idea.

That was how the Peculiar Science Fiction Association, or PeSFA as it was initially called, decided to inject artificial intelligence into fandom. There are those who claim that it was the logical step to take in today's machine-oriented society. Others say it was about time some sort of intelligence, artificial or otherwise, was introduced to fandom.

There was not much to do in Peculiar, Missouri, since it was an average midwestern rural community which slumbered listlessly on through rain, snow, and summer heat. While it could hardly be called a village, Peculiar had only 4,387 residents, and most of those were either over 50 or under 21. It was one of the many towns whose sole purpose seemingly was to separate the Pacific Ocean from the Atlantic. The slow pace of Peculiar offered few outlets for the energies of its young people, especially for those with Cosmic Minds and Broad Mental Horizons. It was because of Granger's Drug Store, on the corner of Main and Walnut, that the youths so inclined formed PeSFA. Granger's, you see, carried all the science fiction magazines as well as a fine selection of sf paperbacks. The energies that were funneled into PeSFA threatened to awaken that ganglion of grain fields, cattle, and people.

Through secret channels, known only too well by those of you reading this, the members of the Peculiar Science Fiction Association entered general science fiction fandom. Fandom! Oh now they grew to love that word. Through the mails they met others of their own bent, and before too long it became obvious to them that fans were, if not a superior species, at least the most intelligent and aware segment of the human race. Fans were the fingertips of the hairy hand of mankind. Furthermore, they could prove it: Just ask any group of superior people (which most likely would be a group of fans) which portion of the human race was the most superior, and being superior beings the fans would know which group was truly superior. The answer would be "fandom." Q.E.D.

Becoming fans was both a plus and a minus for the PeSFans. Among a group of mundanes, they knew deep in their hearts that they were superior. However, in fandom itself they were mere neofans, the most inferior of the superiors.

They yearned to remedy this situation but they were realistic enough to see that no single PeSFan could become a trufan, a Name. They were all okay in their own areas but none had the spark that would change them SHAZAM!-style into a Big Name Fan. So they decided to pool their resources and build their own BNF and ride up in the fannish heirarchy on his mechanical coattails.

They began to make plans. They spent their time reading every book about cyborgs, androids, humanoid, robots, and mechanical doppelgangers. Then they filled tablet after tablet with penciled notations. After a full week of such intensive effort, they decided it would cost six hundred dollars to get all the material needed to build their Artificial Fan, not counting the electricity bill. Being fans they had many attributes but wealth was not one of them, so they set about raising the money. Leonard Church tearfully sold his car, The Spirit of Duplicator, as the club cause took priority over all. That brought the sum needed down to \$550. Tossing the notion of printing the money themselves on the club mineo aside as being too risky, the member of the Peculiar Science Fiction Association brought their group mind to bear on the monetary problem...and found a solution since they were fans and therefore intelligent and resourceful. They borrowed the money from their relatives.

The Electric Fan was put together by means of Future Science and lots of luck. They fed its memory banks with the fannish humor of Durbee, Willis, Shaw, Carr, Demmon, and Shapiro. They fed him all the science fiction they could find, from Theodore Sturgeon to Robert Moore Williams. They gave him perfect motor coordination since Leonard Church had said, "If Ted White can write such interesting material using just one finger to type with, just think what fascinating fan pieces could be produced by someone using all ten fingers!" To top things off, a non-removeable beanie was built on his head as a metal shield for its minaturized computer brain. The master switch was thrown and the density of the air in the room decreased as all the fans held their breath.

The \$600 Fan rose from the table, awkwardly made his way over to a typewriter and proceeded to write a letter of praise to every member of the Science Fiction Writers of America. In unison the PeSFans shouted, "By Ghu, I think we've got it!"

Not being hampered by the restrictions of being human, the \$600 Fan could do all the fan activities faster than the average fan. Much faster. Therefore he was producing a 20 page fanzine filled with wit and humor that left the readers with laughter pains. It came out daily, as did his other zine, a 20 page journal containing the most thought-provoking articles on sf. Both zines had circulations of over 500. The Artificial Fan became the Actifan Supreme.

For four weeks he kept up this non-stop pace. 28 days with 40 pages per day. At the end of the first week he was a Big Name Fan. At the end of the second week he got into a feud with himself. The typewriter keys blazed as the sercon side ridiculed the faanish side and vice versa. By the end of the third week the feud that was the most widely recorded in fannhistory came to an end, although an occasional snipe could be found on mineographed pages. For four weeks he was the focal point of fandon and its guiding light.

As trufans go, he went.

The \$600 Fan gafiated.

The Electric Fan did everything much faster and more thoroughly than the ordinary fan does, everything from publishing to becoming a Name. So they really should have expected him to affiliate much faster as well. But they hadn't, not until it happened.

Some say, "EMF's aren't born, they're made." But Peculiar sleeps on, and no one remembers the Peculiar Science Fiction Association.

There are some things fans were not meant to know.

+Terry Hughes+

TID BITS

The Incomplete Burbee is back in print once more. Barry Gold, 2471 Oak St., Santa Monica, California 90405, had the energy to put out this third printing of this fannish classic. Within this 100 page fanzine lies some of the funniest writing ever committed to stencil. Give yourself a real royal treat and order a copy. Only \$1 plus postage per copy while the supply lasts.

The first DUFF report is out now and it is the best trip report that I've read in ages. It is titled Lesleigh's Adventures Down Under (and What She Did There). Lesleigh Luttrell the winner of the first DUFF contest wrote it of course and it is available from her at 525 W. Main, Madison, Wisconsin 53703. It too is just \$1 a copy and the proceeds go into the Down Under Fan Fund.

Speaking of Down Under, there is a special fund being raised to send Bob Tucker to Australia in 1975. Tucker has been entertaining fandom for many years both with his fan writing and his professional novels as well. Why don't you send a contribution to Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, Illinois 60401. Let's see if Bob will still say "Smoooooth" after drinking Australian whiskey! Note: Dave Locke is editing a volume of Tucker's fan writing to be called The Very Incomplete Bob Tucker, which is to be out around worldcon time. Order it from Jackie as well for a buck.

Did you know that the ancient Egyptians had electric Mickey Mouse toothbrushes?

These and many other NEW facts are revealed in my next best selling novel of fact, titled Toothpaste of the Gods! Just mail me your signed blank check now and hold your breath waiting for the book.

MOTA has a laugh a sentence.....if you think typos are funny.

Here is a listing of what
you just read:

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Water by
Charles Durbee.....page 10

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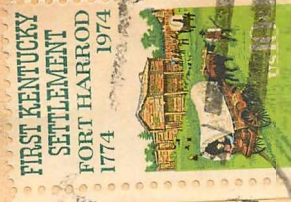
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Thanks to Ted White for running
this off on his mimeo and to
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article "a" has been used
throughout this fanzine due to
the kind permission of Calvin
W. "Biff" Derrmon.

This is your last copy unless



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