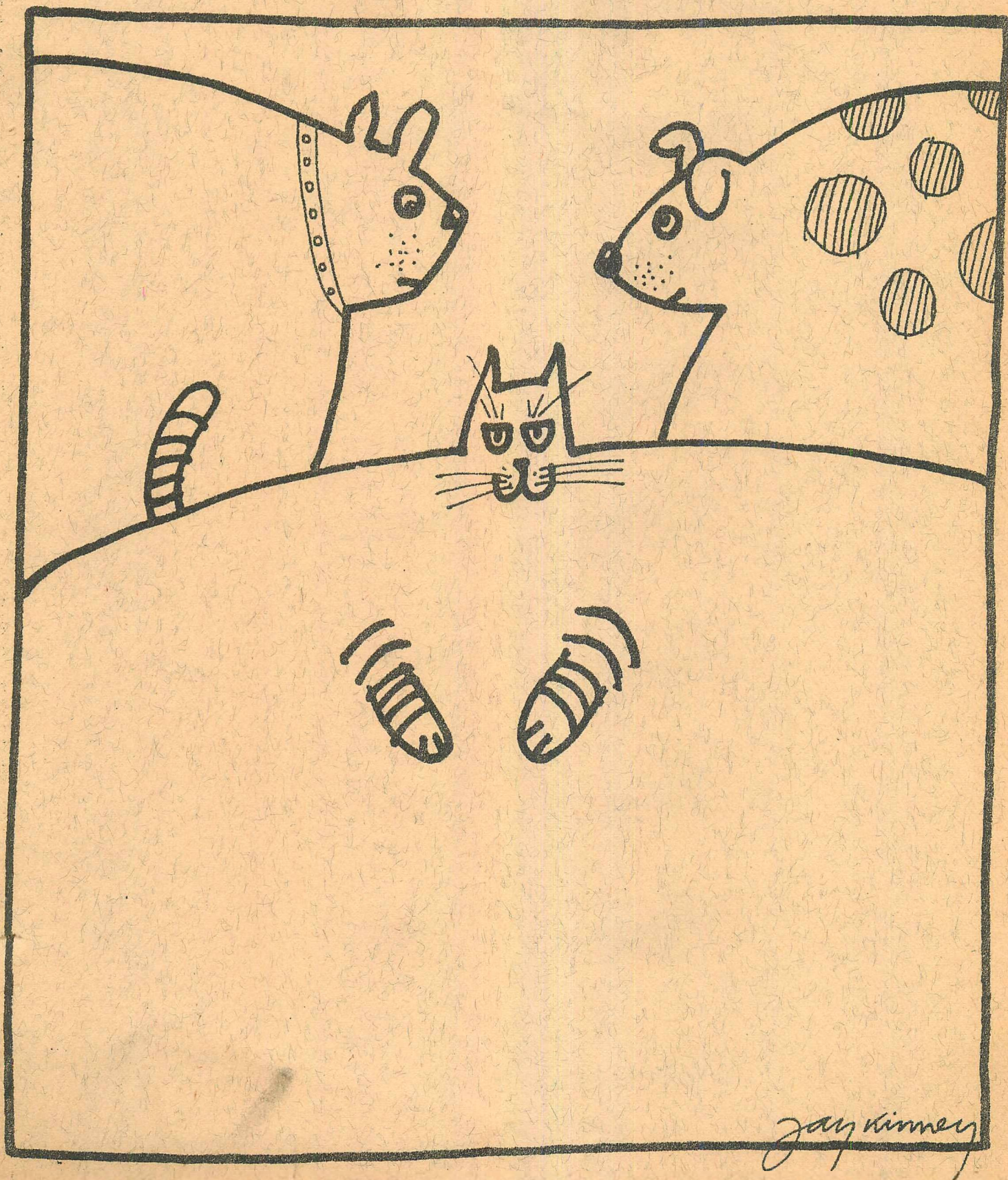


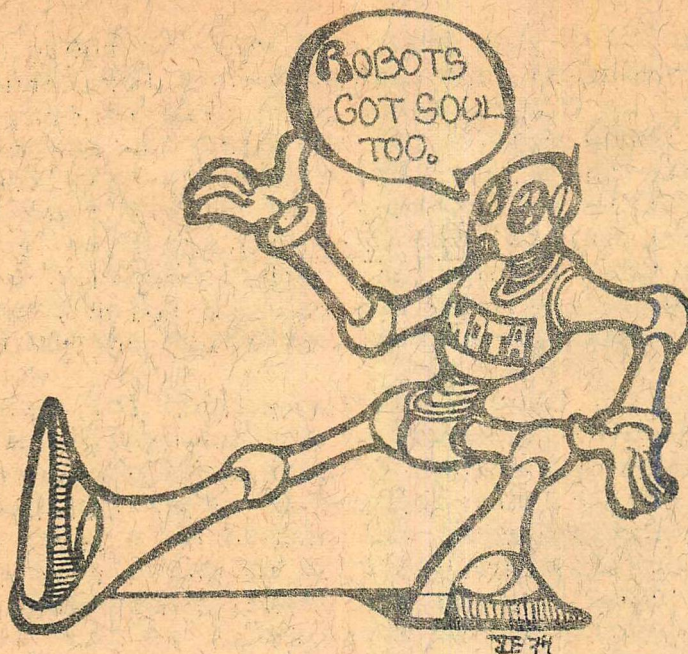
NUMBER
NINE
OR
TEN

MOTA!

THE
FANZINE
FOR
ANIMALS



Jay Kinney



In case Jay Kinney's cover left you confused, this is MOTA #9 and I am Terry Hughes. Concerning his cover Jay wrote, "It has little to do with Sci-Fi, other than Dogs flew spaceships." Above all MOTA is an educational fanzine.

DUFF'N'BERRY

Despite what you may have heard, John D. Berry has never been convicted of molesting a kangaroo. Never. They were just Good Friends.

I felt that the above statement needed to be made for the record because I enthusiastically support John in the 1975 Down Under Fan Fund contest. DisCon is behind us now and in the future lies Australia, for that is where the next worldcon will be held. The Down Under Fan Fund (or DUFF as we call it) was established to exchange fans between Australia and North America. One year the fund will raise enough money to send a North American fan to an Australian convention and bring him back, and the next year the fund will pay for an Australian fan to attend a North American convention. It works in much the same way as the older Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (or TAFF as we call it) does between North American fandom and European fandom. In 1975 a North American fan is eligible to be the DUFF representative, which is really lucky since the worldcon is being held in Australia. I mean if it was the Australians turn, the Aussie fan would arrive only to find out that there was no convention here. There are three candidates for the honor of being the 1975 DUFF representative, and I urge you to send in your money to the Fund and cast your vote for John D. Berry. Let John Berry represent you at the 1975 World Science Fiction Convention (or the 1975 World Science Fiction Convention as we call it).

The honor of being the DUFF winner is a very great one, and the responsibility attached to it is equally so. The responsibility includes let-

ting the people who voted for you know what you did there (without incriminating yourself of course) and raising money for future DUFF contests. This can usually be accomplished by a trip report, which details the fan's impressions of the convention and also can be sold with the incoming money going into the Fund. Unfortunately trip reports have fallen out of practice of late, but they have a very fine fannish tradition behind them. Walter Willis' The Harp Stateside is an excellent example of what heights a trip report can reach. Lesleigh Luttrell (the first DUFF winner) wrote a fine trip report, and Leigh Edmonds is supposedly working on his. This is a tradition which should be carried on.

Aside from our friendship, I have a selfish reason for supporting John: I would truly love to read his account of the Australian worldcon. Any of you who have been fortunate enough to have read copies of EGOBOO, HOT SHIT, FOOLSCAP, HITCHHIKE, and his columns in other fanzines are aware that John Berry enjoys writing about the places he's been and what he has done there. It is equally obvious that he has a real flair for accounts of this nature. John's words and descriptions will draw you from your easy chair and transport you to wherever it is that he is writing about, whether it be Edgartown, Massachusetts, or Istanbul, Turkey. John could probably even make Cleveland sound interesting. So you can well imagine the kind of convention report he would produce, and you could also be assured that he would produce one.

John is every bit as amiable in person as he is in print and I'm certain he would add as much to the Australian convention as he does to the North American ones he attends. Give the Australians a chance to meet him and enjoy his quick wit and thoughtful insights and copious bullshit. Give him the opportunity to challenge John Bangsund to an Australian wine drinking contest.

While I hope you will vote for John D. Berry, above all please support DUFF and the candidate of your choice.

On a similar note, Jackie Franke has reported that the Bob Tucker Fund, organized to send Bob to Australia for the worldcon, has been more than successful. It seems that the fund (not to be confused with DUFF) pulled in even more money than madcap Bob Tucker can spend, so the surplus funds will be distributed among DUFF, TAFF, and the Guests of Honor for the 1975 Worldcon. It is truly impressive that so many fans would give so much money just to get Bob Tucker out of the country. Despite the rejoicing taking place on the announcement that he will definitely leave the country, we should bear in mind that his absence may well cause the manufacturers of Jim Beam to go bankrupt.

The Really Incomplete Bob Tucker is out now, and my copy is very impressive. Dave Locke is to be commended for his selection of Tucker material (although I admit it would be difficult to select bad examples of Tucker's writings) which gives a good cross-section of Bob's fan career. While Dave didn't include some of my favorite Tucker bits, this whole collection is top-notch. I had read only a couple of the selected bits before so this volume was especially enjoyed. Since the Fund has accomplished its goal, ask Jackie Franke what you have to do to get a copy.

Hopefully Bob Tucker will write a trip report as well. O'Boy!

I really hope information and ballots for this years TAFF candidates get wide distribution this year for a change from recent practice.

+ TH +

THE CRACKED EYE GARY HUBBARD

Recently, I was required to renew a magazine subscription that had expired. So, I sat down and started to write out on all those little lines one usually finds on a subscription form my: Name, Address, State and the all important zip code. But on this form the very last line said: Occupation.

I don't like to talk about my work. It's not that I'm ashamed of what I do for a living, or anything like that you understand. I'm not engaged in any illegal, or even mildly questionable, activities. As a matter of fact, I sometimes wish I were. If I were a dope peddler or a pimp, I might feel more at ease about talking about what I do.

But the plain truth is that all I do for a living is sell paint. It's not a bad job. The hours are a little long, but it keeps me in comic books and pays enough for me to indulge my fancies. I perform a useful service, after all. Everybody needs paint at one time or another.

But there is no glamour attached to the paint business. There are no Paint Groupies ("Hubbard's the name and paint's my game." "Big deal, Mac. It's still going to cost you fifty bucks.") I had a little trouble getting an apartment, because the landlord considered people who work at retail stores as high risks.

Now on the other hand, all my friends, to hear them talk, are involved in interesting and exciting pursuits: "Yeah, we're going to restore a castle in France this summer." "Roddenberry wants me to iron a few bugs out of a script he's having trouble with." "So then I told Henry that the thing he should do about the problems in the Mideast is this..." So, naturally, when the conversation turns to what I do, I feel a little dumb saying: "I mixed up a gallon of teal blue for the little old lady who lives down the block."



That just doesn't make it.

So I always feel a bit daunted when I come across a form that wants you to list your occupation. I feel that if I actually put down my occupation, it would be like admitting that I have made a failure out of my life. So, of course, I never list my real occupation on any of those forms. I usually put down something like: "Occupation Unknown", or "Titular Supernumery Supervisor and Distributor of Home Modernizing Materials for S.S. Kreskie International" or "The Lost Dauphin". On the magazine subscription form mentioned above, I stated that I wrote pronographic novels for a living.

And actually, I almost was a porno writer. Lots of other SF fans and writers write crotch novels on the side; people like: Leo P. Kelly, Dick Geis, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and Andrew Offutt. So I figured, "Why shouldn't I?" Unfortunately, I couldn't take the grind. Whenever I sat down in front of the typer to start work, I would get so turned on that I had to go lock myself in the bathroom.

Now, Sam Weaver would have made a good porn writer. Sam would have been a good anything writer if he had ever applied himself. They say that there is a thin line between madness and genius, and I recall that the way that Sam kept weaving back and forth was sometimes hard on the nerves.

In his more lucid moments, Sam had a natural ability for writing. I have to sweat for my words. I have to sit and stare at blank sheets of paper for hours on end until the words come out...slowly and painfully. Sam, on the other hand, could just sit down and rip off about a thousand words before he really got warmed up; then he'd really go to town. I remember one time we were watching a movie on television about a little girl in a white party dress.

After the movie, Sam spent the rest of the afternoon on a short novel about the little girl we saw on television. The story was pretty rank--not the sort of thing you'd want to discuss in a family fanzine--but it was also very good.

All of Sam's works shared those qualities. They were all well written, but nasty. I remember Sam once wrote a short story about a teenage girl who is so upset by her boyfriend's overtures that she is led to a Lesbian encounter. Then Sam turned right around and wrote a story about a young soldier who is so shocked by the actions of an overly aggressive girl that he runs to the Kindly Old Sarge for advice. That turns out to be a mistake.

One of Sam's stories was a touching piece about a man and a woman--both in their late Thirties--who meet at a party. In their younger days, they had been lovers, but each had since gone their separate ways. It was a wonderful mood piece about their regrets for what things might have been.

It was also an uncharacteristically gentle piece for Sam to write. Most of his stories were packed with as much violence and perversion as he could get into them. A typical example would go something like this:

The house on the Rue sans Sourire was an old Victorian mansion that had certainly seen better days. It was surrounded by a brick wall upon the top of which were set bits of broken glass... inside the house, the walls had been painted Polynesian gold, but over the years they had taken on the hue of Siberian dog shit.

Suddenly a scream rang out from somewhere upstairs. Carmody bounded up the stairs two at a time, only to be confronted by a scene of revolting horror. Kreskin's naked body lay in a pool of blood. His sex organ had been cut off and stuffed into his mouth. His head, in turn, had been severed from his body and placed on the mantle of the fireplace. This same mantle had been ripped off the wall and shoved up Kreskin's ass.

As you might have guessed from the above, Sam was into vulgarity. He knew the derivation of every dirty word and vulgar usage there was. According to Sam, the word "bastard" came from an old French word for barn, and that it actually referred to someone who was "born in a barn". The word "twot" was an old Saxon word that referred to a narrow ditch surrounded by bushes.

Sam's favorite word, tho, was "fuck". He claimed that the word had originated from an old term that German armorers had used to describe the rhythmic blows of a hammer on metal. In light of this, Sam claimed that it was unfortunate that in our society "fuck" was such an opprobrious term. As Sam would say: when we say to someone "get fucked", we are really wishing something awful will happen to him. When we say that something is "fucked up" we mean that it is inferior, shoddy or messed up beyond repair.

To Sam, this was wrong. To him, to tell someone to "get fucked" was to wish a pleasant experience for him. It also seemed to Sam that if something was "fucked up" it was better than something that was not fucked

up ("Man, what a great movie. It sure was fucked up."; "Harlan sure is a great writer. He's really fucked up!"). According to Sam, in a truly enlightened society, if you said to someone, "Fuck you." it would be a compliment.

Unfortunately, as I've mentioned, Sam was threading that thin line between genius and insanity, and one day he fell over on the wrong side. He somehow became convinced that the Martians had landed and were out to get him. Somehow, he got the idea that I was one of them and used to prove it by stubbing his cigarette out on my nose (since, as he used to say, Martians were impervious to pain. However, I proved my Terran pedigree to an admirable degree).

Eventually, I joined the Army just to get away from Sam. Just before I left, he turned to me and said, "The walls will eat you some dark night, and spit your meatless bones behind the Coke machine." I have never been able to figure out what he meant by that.

+ Gary Hubbard +



SON OF B*A*R*F

by David Piper

I've never been a, sorta, winner. If you know what I mean. Never had that achievement feeling. Never been awarded anything or won anything. Never had that feeling Dave Locke must get when another week goes by boil-less or the TAFFer must get when he stands up at a WorldCon to acknowledge the cheers.

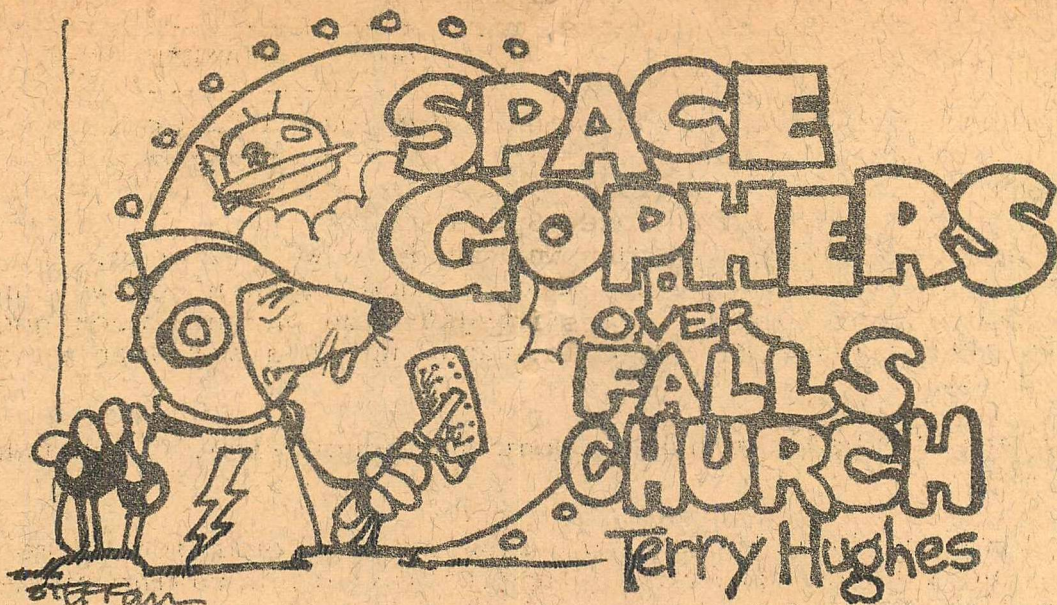
No, I've always bombed out achievement and honourwise. Although there was one time....

At school I was a slightly shorter, less er plump version of me present day self. And I hated sports. My sports master, a raving nutter with a crew-cut and the temperament to go with an Aushwitz guard, didn't like me. But then, not many of my teachers did. Probably due to the slight lack of reverence I showed them, and anyone in Authority. Slogan for today: Authority Is There To Be Pissed Upon. My attitude didn't exactly endear me to them and that's why today I'm a frustrated Beach-Bum and will never get asked to the Policeman's Ball. Mind you, anyone who wants to go and hold a Copper's Nuts has gotta be crazy anyway.

Anyway, came the day of the school sports. Himmler's Brother-in-Law (the sports master) said that I had to go in for five races and three field events. I, politely, refused. He insisted. I wept. I changed. I ran and jumped and putted (and had a quick one-of-the-wrist watching the Regent Street Poly girls do the same thing in the next field). Valiantly I'd putted the shortest, ran the slowest and jumped backwards in my efforts to keep down me average. Came the 220 yards. Round a curve. I was in the middle lane. The gun went and short, fat, perspiring David C. started legging it. Up the half straight, round the first bend and then round the second bend. With the tape in view I looked to me right--nobody. I looked to me left--nobody. I looked to me front--nobody, only this tape and Himmler's Brother-in-Law standing by the side with a glazed this-can't-possibly-be-happening expression on his face. I was in the lead! I couldn't believe it. Himmler's Brother-in-Law couldn't believe it. Even the three Old-Age Pensioners who'd taken over the changing-room shack for a Gang-Bang couldn't believe it! I was actually winning and for a few brief seconds there I felt an almost overwhelming sense of achievement. The band was playing, the crowd was cheering, the Queen was giving me a quick one. Wonderful. Of course, the 5 others easily passed me in the straight and I was last to the tape....but....but....

When Ed Cagle was publishing his marvellous fanzine, called Kwalioojar or something, he wrote me one day and pointed out that the general feeling amongst the readership was that the level of material he was publishing was too high for the repro and he thought that maybe I could redress the balance by writing a column for him. Being the modest retiring fella that I am I sent him three columns the next day. This was, in retrospect, the worst days work of me life because upon getting them he promptly folded K and Gafiated. But for a moment, brief as it was,

(continued on page 12)



The evening began in a very ordinary fashion, which, looking back on it, I suppose should have given me a warning. I mean that's the way the movies all start out. However, I heard no demonic organ music, so my senses were lulled. The sun was asleep and his sister the moon was standing watch over us. Yes, an ordinary night.

It was the third Friday of a cold, bleak month, and that is what made it special for this was a night for the Fanoclasts. The Falls Church Fano-clasts might loosely be called a science fiction club. At Ted White's instigation the group was formed so that every other Friday all the fans in the area would have an excuse to meet at someone's home. Various members have also referred to our disorganized band of fans as the Original Fanoclasts and as the Virginia Gafiates. (We prefer to not even consider what outsiders may call the group.) As the sudden wind caused the leaves of the huge willow tree to sway, car after car parked along the block where rich and Colleen Brown live, for this was their night to provide the meeting place.

"What's with all this junk? Where are the Space Gophers?" you may be asking as you let your glass of beer go flat.

Precisely. Where are the Space Gophers?

Why, over Falls Church, of course.

(By calling upon my enormous reserves of will power, I resisted ending this account with that last line and thereby putting you out of your collective misery. Bear with me for all will be revealed.)

Despite the fact that several members are science fiction writers and the remainder have all read a science fiction book at one time or another, the subject of science fiction is never brought up at the meetings. We discuss such topics as politics, movies, fanzines, Old Times, the future, where the next meeting is going to be held, and advanced bullshit. This night, however, tradition was shattered and the matter of science fiction

was broached. While I am not sure of everyone who took part in the conversation, I do know that Ted White, rich brown, and Dan Steffan did the brunt of the talking.

They were all bemoaning the sad state of the slush pile stories they had been reading for Amazing and Fantastic; the quality was uniformly low (of the stories, not the conversation). I believe it was rich who said, "Whatever happened to old fashioned Space Operas where a spaceship would vanish mysteriously due to an Unknown Force?"

"Yes, a creature that creates holes in space for ships to fly into," developed Ted between sips of his cola.

Picking up on the train of thought, Dan added, "Strange beasts that streak by, biting huge holes in the spaceships."

"You mean Space Gophers?" I asked.

The name was gleefully adopted and the three of them tossed story ideas around, letting them grow and develop. Dan suggested that Space Gophers were the real cause for Black Holes. In fact everyone tacked on an armload of refracted cliches. The Space Gophers were born out of the enhanced atmosphere of that room. What could possibly halt these bizarre creatures of the imagination?

As you should be well aware, since you are reading this, I edit a fanzine and so I have a need for good material. I am ever vigilant in my never-ending search for it. Even at Fanoclast meetings. "Ted," I eagerly asked, "would you give MOTA first publication rights for your new novel, Space Gophers? You could do it in installments, say a paragraph or a sentence at a time. How about it?"

Ted shook his head and said, "Terry, Lee Hoffman has already used that idea in Science Fiction Five-Yearly."

"Space Gophers?" I asked, amazed.

"No, no. She used the idea of printing a Totally New corny space opera in short installments. A segment of the novel is in each issue, which is to say one every five years."

Ted's news crushed my hopes and plans. Rich went to his fanzine-filled attic and gave me a copy of the fanzine. I had not fully been aware that I was swiping someone else's inspiration.

Dan chastised me by saying, "Terry, how could a blond haired fan like you rip off Lee Hoffman's idea?"

That conversation was covered over with other words and eventually the meeting came to an end. We all went home, except for rich and Colleen who were already there. That night Space Gophers flew through my dreams and, perhaps, the Cosmic Void as well.

Several weeks later a turning point was reached. Colleen Brown invited everyone back to her house for a huge feast. Colleen had prepared a large beautifully cooked ham and countless other things to delight our tastebuds and broaden our girths. My brother Craig made his Macaroni Mystery and everyone brought drinks.

A faned never forgets or gives up, and so as everyone was sitting around in the living room I brought the topic up. "Ted, are you going to write that novel about the Space Gophers and let me print it?"

"Space Gophers???" said Ted with a very puzzled expression on his face.

"Space Gophers??" asked rich.

"Space Gophers?" added Dan.

All eyes turned to me. "Yeah, Space Gophers. You know, they tear holes in the fabric of space."

"Holes??" asked Ted.

"Space Gophers?" asked Dan.

Craig moved away from me and asked, "Who is that masked man?" John and rich looked at me askance.

Colleen was saying, "Now, now, Terry. Stay calm."

I wasn't getting through to them. "Remember? They took chunks out of space craft and wrecked havoc on instellar travel. I wanted you to write it up for my fanzine." I asked Ted pleadingly.

"Space Gophers?" repeated Dan, never one to give up on a good line.

Ted walked over and put a reassuring arm on my shoulder. "Terry, I think you've expanded your consciousness once too often."

I should have known it was going to be one of those evenings. No one seemed to remember that conversation but me. The menace was ended. The Space Gophers faded away like the smoke from which they had come. The world was saved by the fans in Falls Church.

Everyone lived happily ever after,...except for me. I learned that not only did Space Gophers create gaps in the fabric of space, but their absence left a big hole in my fanzine.

+ Terry Hughes +

* * * * *

(continued from page 9) SON OF B*A*R*F

there, I almost had that success feeling again.

Terry has asked me a similar question, for, I understand, the similar reasons. Although I have to admit that MOTA's repro is slightly better than K's. However....

Those crowds have started to cheer again, and the band is playing, the Queen has apologised for her absence, and if only Terry accepts these 75 columns that I just have lying around here.....?



TOM PERRY
Route 1, Box 119
Highland, NY 12528

Strange surprise to see a fanzine in the mail again, which once was so full of them, and stranger still to see the same title arrive again after a while (though not exactly six weeks, was it, if memory serves) -- most fanzines give up after a single bout with procrastination in acknowledging them.

Rather embarrassing, now, to admit that I can't quite find the latest copy on my littered desk -- but if I let that stop me from writing I'll never get a letter of comment finished. ...Well, just a minute -- here it is: MOTA 8, a Golden Age fanzine if I ever saw one: it looks and feels like a fanzine, s'welpme, the way God meant fanzines to be and, just by coincidence, the way they were when I was a neofan. Not fat, slick anthologies of professional writers on holiday but a plain, honest, mimeographed, stapled fanzine. (For purposes of rhetoric I'll ignore that beautiful cover -- electro-stencilled, is it? -- on #7.)

You don't fool me with that six weeks jazz, though. That's just another attempt to recapture the naive atmosphere of the Golden Age, right? In fact, Terry Hughes, it is just that added little touch that goes Too Far and gives you dead away. MOTA is not a Golden Age fanzine at all -- rather it is a painstaking reconstruction of one, like the 1930-model Atwater-Kent radio sets you can buy now that contain solid-state FM components, or the Model A Fords with disc brakes and 390-inch ohc engines. A decadent piece of past-glorifying nostalgia, that's what you're publishing, Hughes! Faugh!

(Tom, MOTA is a fanzines of the '70's, full of fresh new material. Only the jokes are old...)

MIKE GLYER
319 Pike St.
Bowling Green, OH 43403

Well, it seems that I have been checkmarked. I tell you, sir, that in my long and semi-illustrious career as a fanpublisher, never, never have I before endured the ignomy of the Checked Box. This form of fannish extortion, this mimeo elbow jogging, this resort to base public solicitation of ego-boo, has until now not once been attempted on me.

On the other hand, it works, so keep it up.

Jim Turner on Overindulgence. The man is fucking hysterical. Though naturally he couldn't do it without that smooth, objective style. I thought it was funny when I read it to myself. I thought it was hilarious when I read it to a friend. By the time I get around to reading it to a group it'll probably be one of the all-time greats. The only trouble is, here around the college-place, is that after I read it to them I'm going to have to listen to seventeen other stories about getting drunk and throwing up. Now we know that getting drunk and throwing up isn't the whole source of humor in this article -- but the style in which it is chronicled is what raises it from mere gastrointestinal reportage to the polished end product of emetic prose.

GRANT CANFIELD
28 Atalaya Terrace
San Francisco, CA 94117

Just wanted to thank you for MOTA. They said it couldn't be done, and it's too bad they were wrong. If you do manage to maintain a six-weekly publishing schedule, it would be one of the best things to happen to fanzine fandom since AMOEBOID SCUNGE, because you are certainly one of the best fannish fanzine fan writers since, oh, George Senda, approximately.

Why you did not get the Hugo for your fanwriting is a mystery to me. Why you were not even nominated for a fanwriting Hugo is a real puzzle as well. I think you deserved it just on the strength of your cute little button nose, but I'm a sucker for blondes.

(Mr. Canfield, it is a letter like yours -- full of meaty critical evaluations, poignant thoughts, and true insight -- that makes fanzine publishing worthwhile. Please give your delightful wife Catherine my condolences regarding your continued existence.) (Woo Woo)

COLLEEN BROWN
2916 Linden Lane
Falls Church, VA 22042

Why aren't there collating Hugos, Terry?

Without collaters, lots of fanzines would never get out. If collaters were sloppy, pages would be misnumbered, staples would fall out, apartments and houses would be cluttered, kittens would have giant playpens and mailmen would find their routes dull.

I enjoyed reading the Turner piece on the puking cowboy. I've heard the story before, from your very own lips, with not that much background, or colorful verbiage.

In fact, you have a touch for setting and place. You chose one day, when we all (John, Terry, and I (rich was working in his room with the bars

on it then)) had nothing to do, we had the car (our jack-o-lantern on wheels), *sob, sob* (our car-car was in wreck and had to be totalled) so we took off for parts unknown.

We found a place in the Virginia country, where it was quiet and a little spring was bubbling merrily along. Beautiful, spring day. Terry and I were skipping merrily along the stones by the water. John was quietly contemplating and listening to the water and us babbling. Terry, water sprite that he is, wanted to go wading.

We settled down by some rocks to sun our bodies and warm our souls and Terry picked that moment to tell me that story.

Terry's mind is a maze for gerbils.

I like the repro on this issue much better. It's ledgible.

(Reading your letter reminded me of the day you looked up at me and said, "I am not a wall!" for this doesn't make any sense either.

I asked Jim to write that account for it had always been one of my very favorite Jim Turner stories. He consented as is obvious, and is now once more writing for STARLING as well.

Gerbils are not a joking matter. Marmelade, now, that's a joking matter.)

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

I guess you think you're pretty smart, don't you, getting an issue out quickly enough that no-one's going to be able to really tell whether you actually made your deadline or not. It isn't two years since the last MOTA, we all know that, but who remembers exactly

when the last issue of any given fanzine appeared other than the editor himself? So congratulate yourself on putting one over on fandom: we'll give you the benefit of the doubtful, and say that you made the schedule. Whoever "you" happens to be. Because for sure the old Terry Hughes we know and love wouldn't have had this much driving fannish enthusiasm.

I doubt that much of Jim Turner's story is true, but he writes well, about the disgusting, nauseating and degenerate topics he conceives of.

Sigh, all those brilliant words in my last loc, and I get one small paragraph bemoaning the size of my organ.

(Never trust a faned, Mike, they'll do it to you everytime. The reason this issue is going out behind schedule is that I didn't want to risk copies being lost in the Christmas mails. Anyone who believes that line probably thinks this issue is on schedule anyway. There are six weeks between issues, I'm just not saying which weeks they are.

Jim stories are as true and real as he is. Both keep changing with the advance of time.

The next few lines will be taken up by a compilation of Mike Glicksohn's truly funny puns, gleamed from a plethora of letters and articles. Oops! I ran out of ~~my~~ room for I needed two full lines to list them.)

JODIE OFFUTT
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY 40329

I'm frankly worried about Buck Coulson. I think he's afflicted with a touch of faanishness. He's definitely displaying some weird, un-Coulson-like manifestations these days. I'm glad that Bruce is coming of age to Take

Over The Business.

JAY KINNEY
480 30th St.
San Francisco, CA 94131

Greg Shaw stopped by today. (Now how many fans can casually say that?) He was up in town recording the Flamin' Groovies for his own new record label: BOMP. I showed him the

new MOTA, and he nodded affably. "You know, fandom's sort of like a soap opera," he told me. "If, after you've stopped watching one, you run into someone who still watches it, you're still always curious to find out what's been going on."

"And you can come up-to-date in 5 minutes, and it's like you've never been away," I replied.

So I took 5 minutes and brought him up to date on the DisCon and the alarming drug habits of all our fannish friends.

Then Greg played me a few Groovies' songs on tape. They sound like the Beatles of 1965.

(There's a message to all this, but unfortunately I've lost my notes.

I am a fan of the Flamin' Groovies first 3 albums, but, Jay, they did not sound like the 1965 Beatles. More like the mid-60's punk rockers. Stuff was fun and unpretentious. Hey, maybe Greg will give me a job in his record factory as a label attacher. Then I could say, "I put the Bomp.")

GARY DEINDORFER
P.O. Box 119
Kingston, NJ 08528

[11 MOVIE--Thriller

"The Castle of Fu Manchu." (English-German; 1968) Christopher Lee returns as the fiendish doctor in a comic-strip adventure about an invention that turns water into ice. Nayland: Richard Greene. (90 min.)]

Dialogue:

"I have a brand-new invention here. Hee hee hee."

"What does it do?"

"It turns water into ice."

"Amazing! What do you call this amazing device?"

"A....refrigerator! Heehee hee. Hooohoo."

(Gary, the only way I can possibly respond is with a clipping from my local television listing:

11:00 LOST WOMEN, '53 B&W 20
Science fiction. Jackie Coogan,
Richard Travis, Allan Nixon, Lyle
Talbot, Mary Hill. A mad scientist
creates 8-foot spiders and super-
women. But into the women he
transplants the desires and the
qualities of insects. That's why
he's called mad.

I also received fine letters from: JACKIE FRANKE, HARRY WARNER, JR.,
RICK SNEARY, MOSHE FEDER, JOHN CARL, TIM KIRK, DAVE BURTON, JERRY KAUFMAN,
JEFF SCHALLES, JOHN BROSNAN, MIKE GORRA, JIM MEADOWS III, SHERYL BIRKHEAD,
and there are probably more overseas letters still on their way. Thank
you all for writing. I enjoyed your letters.

I want to thank not only my contributors but also Ted White for allowing me
to use his mimeo for running this off, Dan Steffan for a handy supply
of quality art, and Colleen Brown for aid above and beyond the call of
sanity. Special thanks to Terry Hughes for being so swell.

MOTA #10 will be out very soon for
I already have the material (out-
side of letters) on hand and it
will be stenciled the week after
this issue goes out. It will be
a Good Issue, featuring another
piece by Charles Burbee, among
other things.

Here is a CONTEST to give you the
chance to win a *free* copy of the
next MOTA: the fanzine you can
believe in. Just correctly identi-
fy which stories these quotes are
from:

1. "Look out!" he screamed.
2. "Look out!" he screamed.
3. "Look out!" he screamed.
4. "Look out!" he screamed.

In case of ties, the free issue
will be divided among the winners.
Enter as often as you wish so long
as it is only once.

Editorially yours,

+ Terry Hughes +



MOTA #9, January 1975 issue, is put out every 6 weeks (honest!) by Terry Hughes, 866 N. Frederick St., Arlington, Virginia 22205, USA. It is available for letters of comment, contributions of articles and art, and trades.

-WARNING-

The U.S. Surgeon General has determined that the reading of fanzines may cause falling of the armpits.

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If this box is checked, you are in BIG TROUBLE unless you respond in some fashion.



This issue has been greatly delayed due to a broken mimeo.

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