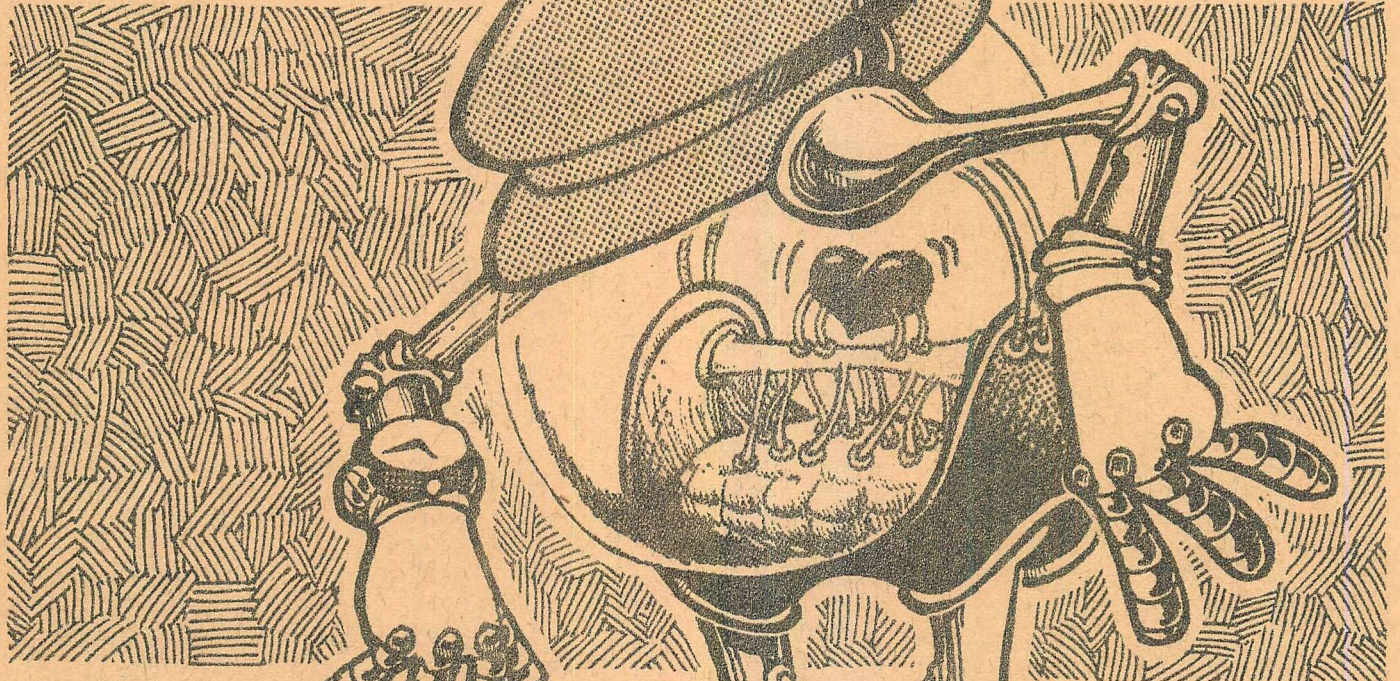


IT'S TIME FOR...



MOTTA



RAY
diplo



Welcome to MOTA #10 which is right on schedule. Actually things are ahead of schedule, but I'm not going to press my luck by mentioning that.

FIT TO BE TIED --

"What's that on your neck, Terry?" asked Margaret as she jabbed a finger in my direction.

I took a deep breath. "This is a Postal Prank," I answered, hoping she wouldn't ask me to explain further.

Due to circumstances beyond my control (which covers just about anything) I have found myself amassing a collection of unusual neckties. It is not, I hasten to point out, a collection that I have labored after; rather it is one that has been foisted upon me from several directions.

It all began after I casually mentioned to some close friends that recent promotions in my present job have resulted in the necessity of my donning a tie during office hours. I knew it would be difficult for anyone who knew me to imagine Terry Hughes wearing anything about his neck...unless it was a rope. Shortly thereafter a package arrived in the mail from Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, two of my dearest friends in fandom (or out). We have been through many times together, Hank, Lesleigh and I, and our friendship is a thing of permanence. At least it had been until then. "What could they have sent me?" I asked as I eagerly ripped the wrapping paper from the box. I lifted the lid and.... A gold silk tie, with a cotton POPEYE figure glued on it, all but jumped out at me.

I took this as an evil omen.

Scarcely a week later I heard from Steve Stiles, who had recently quit his advertising job in New York City and moved to Florida where he would no longer need to wear a tie. He managed to take time in the midst of moving to send me what his attached note described as his "very favorite, bestest tie ever." It is a cloth of many colors. Colors which are seemingly in a state of constant conflict with one another. Not that I don't like the tie; how could anyone dislike a pink, orange, gold, red, tan, burgundy tie?

These neckties have presented me with two challenges. First, to properly repay the donors, and second, to screw up enough courage to actually wear the damned things. Never one for being at a loss for ways to make a fool out of myself, I decided to wear them to work.

Steve's tie drew no comments that were directed to me. However, people did have a strong tendency to look me square in the chest while speaking.

Spurred by this relative success, I decided to wear the Popeye tie the Luttrells sent me. I must admit that it is easily the most, un, unusual necktie I've ever possessed. It grabs the eyeballs and shakes them but good. Knowing that the Executive Vice President would be out of town and assuming things would be slow, I decided to really outfit myself to go with the tie. I wore a jet black shirt, the tie, my tan sports coat, as well as pants and shoes which were just as color miscoordinated. I expected to get a few smiles.

Little did I know that the Labor Relations Vice President had called for a special meeting with representatives from several member companies for that day. I was soon to find out, however.

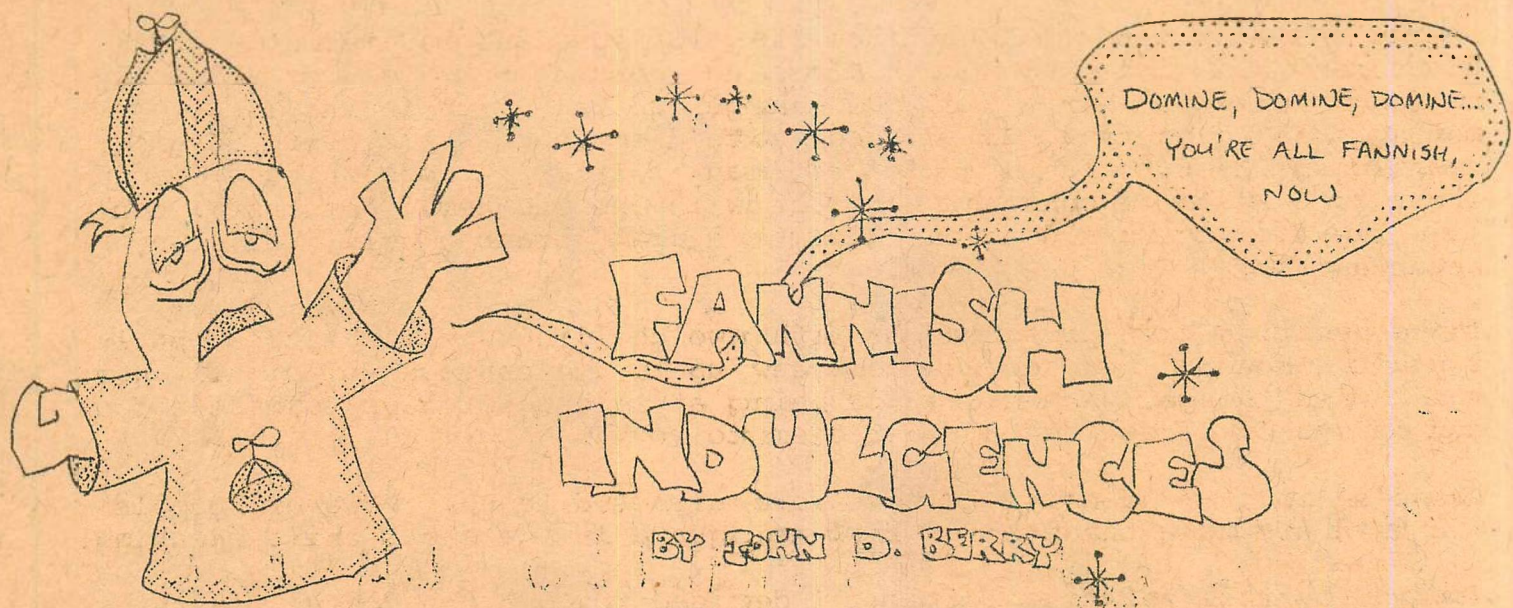
Margaret was the first to comment when she came in that morning and asked what it was I had wrapped around my throat.

"This is a Postal Prank," I answered while blushing gloriously.

"Oh," Margaret said, "I thought it was a necktie."

+Terry Hughes+





I've hit upon a scheme that will insure us untold fame and vast quantities of money. No sir, I do not mean peddling Dick Geis fanzines door-to-door. It's much bigger than that. What we're going to do is sell fannish indulgences.

It's about time fandom had something like this. Fandom needs a way to expiate its sins. What would you give, for instance, for the chance to remove all mention in that great tally-book of fannish endeavor of the very first issue of your fanzine, the one with the story about the little doggie that went to Mars? It would be worth a little to you, wouldn't it? And it would help make fandom a better place, too. Remove all the guilt lying around; let fans unfetter their creative souls for still higher endeavors. Give 'em one more chance.

It's a sure-fire idea. Why, think of all the crimes and atrocities committed each day somewhere in fandom. Illegal smiles. Criminal boredom. Terminal foolishness. Publishing a Bob Shaw article in an illegible fanzine. Printing a letter from Lester Boutillier legibly. Rushing out a special issue of your fanzine so that you can give your recommendations for the Hugo.

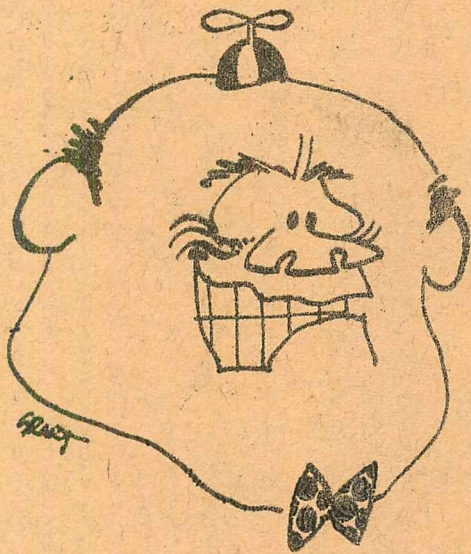
Name your own.

For each of these sins we will have an indulgence. For a simple sin, the indulgence will be hektographed on a small white card. For something really big, like plunging all fandom into war, we'll have gold-plated certificates on heavy paper with the benevolently-smiling face of Harlan Ellison at the top of the page, looking forgiving. There's a possibility of special indulgences for special occasions--at a slight increase in price.

This is obviously the way to make our fortune. Why, we could live comfortably on the income from Seth McEvoy alone. And George Senda... No, hell, George Senda would probably really buy one of these things. Really and truly. And the checks he paid with wouldn't be worth shit. But then, neither would the indulgences.

Maybe there's something to that door-to-door idea after all.

+ John D. Berry +



THE POLL

by

CHARLES BURBEE

"That dress you're wearing shows your bosom very nicely, but the material is too thick," I said to the young lady piano player.

She was taking her break in the piano bar, and we were talking. I'd known her for several years.

"What do you mean, too thick? I made this dress myself out of free material. It happened to be upholstery material. Free, so you can't knock the price."

"I mean, it doesn't hug the curve of your ass. That fine, brave outline is lost."

"But who cares about that?"

"I do. And all the assmen of the world."

"Oh, nonsense. Men don't care about rear ends. All they care about is bosom, and this dress shows plenty of that. I made it to play in piano bars."

She glanced down at her cleavage.

I looked too.

"I admit your cleavage is nice. I'm not knocking your knockers. I merely think you are underestimating the numerical strength of the assmen. I am sure that at least half the men in the world are assmen."

"No, they aren't. All men care about is boobs. Besides, I had to make the lower part loose--this isn't stretch material--and my job is a sit-down job, you know."

We went on like that for awhile. The lady was positive that men cared only for bosoms. Tits were In and Asses were Out. After all, she said, she'd been playing piano in bars for a dozen years and ought to know what she was talking about.

"I'm a woman and I know what men look at."

"I'm a man and I know what men look at. But I can't deny you've got a strong case."

"However, I think all men are interested in bosoms to some extent, so naturally they are going to look at half-exposed big breasts, such as yours. But you mustn't assume that is all they are interested in. Haven't you ever noticed anybody staring at your ass or trying to look up your skirt?"

She said I was out of my mind.

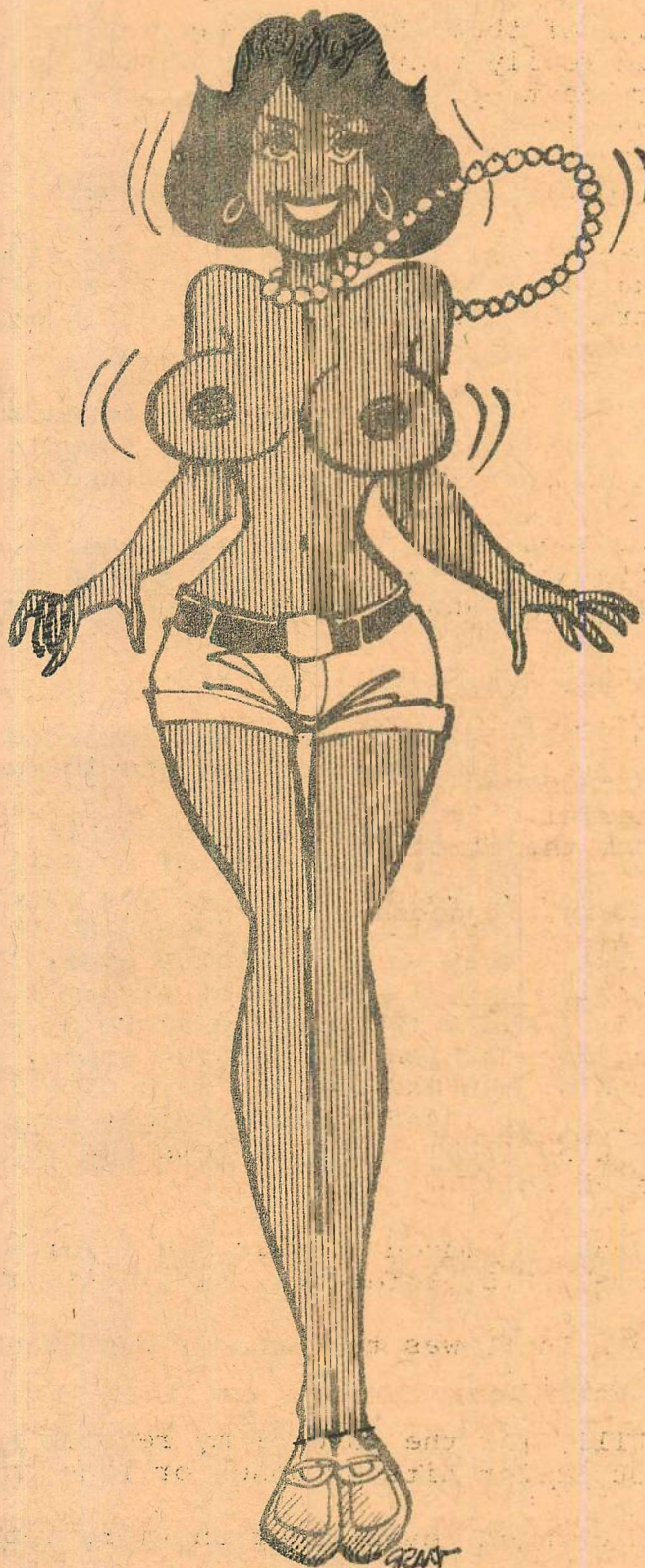
"You're out of your mind" was the way she put it.

That was when the idea of the poll struck me. "I'll take a poll, by golly. That's what I'll do. I'll ask everybody I know and a lot of strangers besides, and I'll prove to you with truthful figures in black and white that half the men in the world are assmen."

She just smiled. I suppose she thought I was kidding.

I did start the poll. That same night. Soon as her break was over and she went back to the piano, I circulated around the bar, asking the men which they preferred, tits or asses.

The lady in question went to jazz clubs, of which there are six or seven in the Los Angeles County and Orange County areas. I circulated around in most of those places, too. There I was, walking around with my two ball-point pens--in case one failed suddenly the way ball-point pens do--and my statistics sheets, and questions like: "I'm taking a poll in the interests of sex. Do you prefer tits or asses?" Or, "For the sake of sex and the promotion and preservation of tits and asses, which is your choice?"



You can readily see that I didn't waste time commenting on the weather or complaining about high prices. I didn't need any credentials, either. The words "sex" and "tits" and "asses" were all the credentials I needed.

Some of them thought I was joking. In a way it was all for fun, but I did really want their answers. Most of them knew the lady involved, at least by sight, because she almost always played a set or two at the clubs.

I collected more than 200 answers.

Some of the answers blew little side winds on my investigation. For example I very early ran into a solid segment of legmen, a small but strongly convinced cross-section of waistmen, and even one enthusiastic eyebrowman.

At first I didn't record preferences other than my two main ones, so if a man said he was a legman, I would say, "Yes, but eliminating legs because this is strictly a tit-and-ass poll, do you prefer tits or asses?"

But soon I realized I was doing an injustice to the legmen of the world. After all, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the assman's philosophy, I suppose.

At least I think there are.

So I retraced my steps and included them all, titmen and assmen and waistmen and anklemen and shouldermen and that lone eyebrowman.

Some of the answers were unusable. Entertaining and worth recording but useless for the sake of my poll. For example, when I approached one man he said, "I'm glad you asked," and pulled out three sets of Polaroid prints. Each showed about eight poses in the same sequence. First a very nice reclining nude, looking at the camera. Then our man kissing her. Then a shot of him sucking a tit. Then a crotch-licking shot. And a few wind-up shots of sixty-nine, missionary position sex and dog-fashion sex. Three women, mind you. I wondered how this meek-looking man had enticed such nice-looking maidens to pose for those pictures. "And there's Number Four," he said, pointing out a tall regal-looking lady sitting across the room. "Her husband just went on the night shift."

I was so amazed at this man I forgot the purpose of my poll. I forgot to ask his preference. I finally logged him under "Miscellaneous."

Then there was the drummer who grinned lecherously and said, "I'll eat 'em all."

"Bill, for the sake of my records and to prove a point to Ethel, do you prefer tits or asses or legs, or what?"

He grinned, even wider and more lecherously and said, "I'll eat 'em all."

Again I rephrased the question, again I got the grin and throaty voice, this time accompanied by a roll of the eyes, "I'll eat 'em all."

Among the unusable answers were those from the few homosexuals I contacted.

"Tits?" One of them said. "Those crazy bumps on the chest? I think they're ugly. It's disgusting the way those smelly women bulge in the chest and hips. The true beauty of shape is in the flat chest and narrow hips of a man!"

He said it so emphatically that I saw his side of it for nearly half a second.

Another fag thought I was on the make, I suppose. Anyhow, when he found I was taking a legitimate--if not officially sanctioned--poll, he went into a snit.

"You bitch!" he said.

First time I'd ever been called that. I knew at once it was not a moment I'd been waiting for, all these years.

That "Miscellaneous" section I mentioned a while back--that was, I thought, a necessity. That's where the Polaroid man went. And the fellow who collected Kleenexes that women had used to blot off excess lipstick with. Was he a lipman, or a lipstickman, or a lipstickedlipman? Or just a lover of soiled Kleenexes?

Oh, we pollsters have more problems than you might expect.

A shoe salesman gave me classification trouble, too. He claimed he got his rocks off while fondling women's feet. He also said he could get an orgasm if he could catch a peek of pubic hair when he squinted up a skirt.

So how to classify him? Surely, a footman. But a pubichairman? I rather doubted that. I considered that a man couldn't be exactly equally obsessed by two things. I put him down as a footman.

Another was a legman who specialized in ankles. He insisted he was not an ankleman, but a legman who especially liked the turn of a slender ankle. I think I put him down as a legman.

All of us do specialize, sooner or later. A person might be considered a coin collector in the broad sense, yet his specialization might be the coins of Post World War I Germany.

So, then, a titman might find his greatest joy in observing a nipple, while a legman, as noted, might find a well-turned ankle the supreme eye treat.

Oh, I know I was arbitrary at times, but I had to stop somewhere. Somewhere I had to draw the line. After all, if I kept going down to classes and subclasses I might find that a footman was in reality a toeman and if I pursued the subject further I might learn he was a bigtoeman, or, further, a bigtoenailman, or even a redpaintedbigtoenailman. And even that might not be the ultimate.

But you can see that I had to draw the line somewhere.

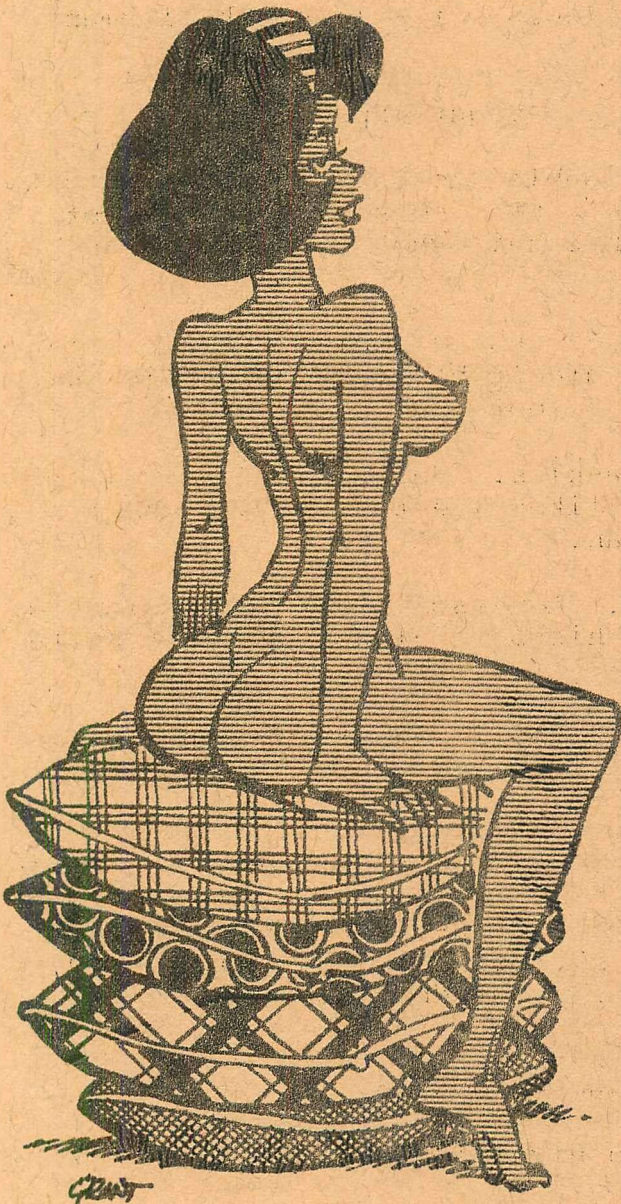
Otherwise my serious and constructive and dignified poll might turn into a travesty.

Under "Miscellaneous" also went the 55-year-old gentleman who shook his head and said, "I'm long past the age where I care at all."

A shock of dismay went through me here, as dispassionately as I was trying to act. I was trying to keep it all objective and here comes this fellow with his surprizing statement. For one thing, I thought the idea of sex never died, though the man might be far past the performance stage. For another thing, I was pushing 50 at the time myself. Did sexual oblivion wait for me just around the corner? Would I turn calmly away from stag movies? Would I stop peeking down young ladies' blouses and stop blessing the makers of stretchpants when shapely young ladies bent over?

"Yes, Gordon," I said, and perhaps my voice shook a little, "but back in the days when you did care, was it tits or asses?"

He shook his head again. "I just don't care any more."



I think I met a true pubic-hairman. Besides the shoe clerk footman and his doubtful claim of getting his rocks off while looking up a skirt, I met a true pubic-hairman. He showed me part of his collection. On unlined 3x2 white file cards, he had mounted, behind a plastic guard, pubic hairs from the girls he had laid. He'd mounted the hairs vertically, not constricting any natural curl, eight to a card, with neat hand-lettering under each hair, giving the girl's initials, along with the date the hair was collected.

I asked him if he graded the girls' performances in bed, A, B, C, or what?

He drew himself up and looked down his nose at me.

"That's a slob question," he said.

I haven't met any other hairmen; I wonder if they're all as touchy?

In the course of the poll, several women, observing me busily circulating and asking questions and being answered by my subjects, asked me what I was doing. I'd tell them I was taking a survey to see whether men preferred bosoms or rear ends.

Some of them looked me over as though they thought I was crazy. I got used to that after awhile.

They'd ask, "Are you really taking a poll like that?" "Is that all you men talk about...women?" And other questions, some even sillier.

One lady, on stealing a glance at my sheets, said: "You said bosoms and rear ends, but on your sheets it says T's and A's...o-o-oh," she laughed.

"When I am speaking to demure young ladies," I said with great dignity, "I do not say tits and asses."

I finally compiled my figures. I had exactly 200 usable answers. There were 80 assmen and 82 titmen. So I halfway lost out there. The piano-playing young lady was partly right--there were more titmen than assmen. I found that of the 80 assmen, 40 liked apple-shaped asses and 40 liked pear-shaped asses.

That left 38 other specialists. The legmen were by far the strongest; there were 22 of them.

I wondered the other day, though. I took this poll just before the mini-skirt rose to power, and more shapely thighs than ever before in the history of the Western world are parading daily before our eyes.

Might not some of the legmen raise their sights a little? Might not some assmen drop their interest to thighs? Would bosom men hold firm?

Well, this is idle speculation. The only true way to find out how these men would vote today would be to run the poll over again, contacting each and every man I'd contacted before. But a couple of years have passed. The picture has changed. Some are dead; some have moved. Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Besides, that is another subject; to learn perhaps if a man's tastes in women might change. After all, they tell us allergies can change, so why not our preferences in women?

Anyhow, the purpose of my poll was to prove to my piano-playing lady friend that there are other men besides titmen in the world.

When I proudly showed her the results she didn't seem very impressed, just surprised that I had taken the poll at all. "You really took that poll? I know you said you would, but I thought you were just kidding."

I do not joke about serious things like tits and asses," I said. I tried to sound a little haughty.

I told her that in effect the poll had had a salutary effect on both of us. I had thought, in my provincial blindness, that assmen far outnumbered all others. And she had learned of the existence--in her world--of a legion of legmen and an army of assmen. Not to mention the loyal minority groups.

"I am surprized," she said as she examined my statistics. She didn't change her dress style, though. I don't blame her; it might have meant a major change. I don't think it mattered a great deal, though. A month or so after the poll I saw her playing in a small combo. The piano was in a pit and the other musicians were ringed on chairs around the piano a couple of feet higher. The banjoman, a fellow about five feet two, had never had such a fine opportunity to look down her front.

Once he actually fell off his chair.

Later he claimed he was drunk. "Too much of that damned bar whiskey is what did it."

I think his fall was caused by an overdose of tit.

So she didn't really need to change her dress style. I couldn't expect her to change overnight. Besides, she felt she had a winner in those low-cut gowns, and circumstances have proved her right. Why change a winner? Why not cause banjomen to fall off their chairs? Why not, indeed? There are too damned many banjo players in the world as it is.

I remember I'd told her I had knowledge now of more than 200 men's sexual preferences. "I have privileged information here," I said. "Give me a man's name and I can tell you what he likes."

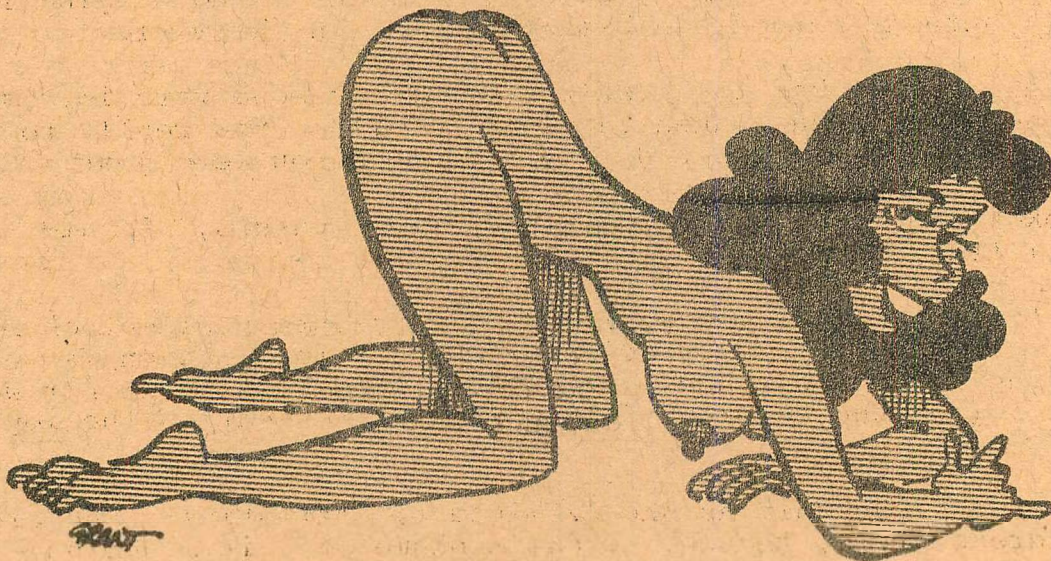
She just smiled at me.

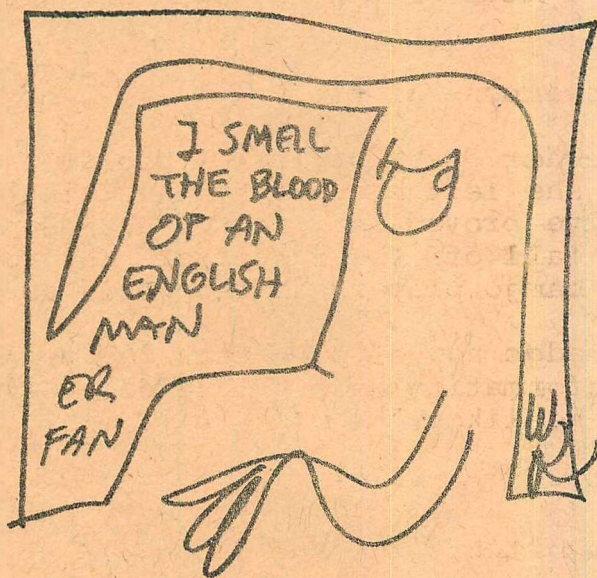
"I know what you like, you son of a bitch."

Better, I think, to be called "you son of a bitch" by a pretty lady, than "you bitch" by a pretty man.

+ Charles Burbee +

(A different version of this appeared in Gregg Calkins' THE RAMBLING FAP.)





SON OF B*A*R*F

by David Piper

The box was on and Clare and Sara were watching.

I was watching them watching the box, with one eye, and brousing through War & Peace with the other. Good book that War & Peace ...not many pictures but certainly All Human Life is there. I generally have a dip now and again (beats washing upstairs in the bloody cold bath-room) just to keep me intellectual hand in. I mean, never know when you may need an intellectual hand d'you?

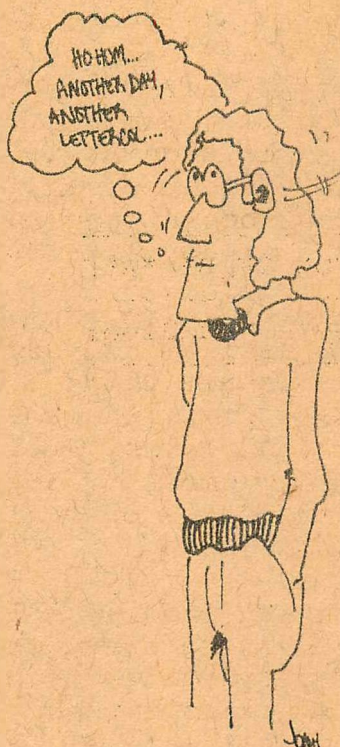
Why? Only the other day.....

I went out for a drink with a girl at work who was getting married on the following Saturday. She'd said that some of her friends were probably coming along and one of them was very bright and ferociously intelligent. I exclaimed that I'd just read War & Peace only that morning over me second cuppa tea and anyway, wall-to-wall crumpet was just what I was on the lookout for. I got just one problem though...I don't exactly have a pile of faded nickers on me mantelpiece as proof of me sexual prowess. I got a little winkle. Anyway, they turned up and the bright one was a real funny, bright, intelligent girl. But she was 6'3" high. Yep! 6 feet 3 inches! During the course of the conversation I recall, and the fact that I can recall anything after about 8 pints of that dark irish is a minor miracle in itself, pointing out to her that wall-to-wall crumpet was A-OK but floor-to-ceiling crumpet was a little outa my range. She looked me up and down (which didn't take her long I'll admit), sniffed, Yeah sniffed, and grunted "I'll bet!" How Did She Know?

Where was I? Oh Yeah.....

Watching them watch the box.

+ David Piper +



DOUG CARROLL
2252 Mt. Holly Rd.
Camden, AR 71701

Have been enjoying the MOTAs. But you must be very careful. You seem to be spreading around the idea that we old Columbia fans are not among the most handsome men in fandom.

Not only do you make joking reference to your proboscis but now you reveal Hank and me insulting each other's looks. This will not do. We must band together. You can casually mention the dashing Doug Carroll and I'll refer to the handsome Terry Hughes. In unity there is strength and pomposity.

(Alert readers will note that Dapper Doug Carroll has a new address.)

GARY HUBBARD
208 Hubbard Ct., apt. 2
Westland, MI 48185

Well, it's the first day of 1975. Yesterday I spent cleaning up the apartment. The bank was closed, so I couldn't get any money to buy booze so I had to see the New Year in stone sober. Actually, I didn't make it. I

had the good fortune to read a book that was interesting enough to be readable, but boring enough to put me to sleep. In any event, I am using today to get some fanac done. Every New Year's I resolve to do more fanning and get laid. Of course, I never make it, but, then, who keeps their New Year's Resolutions, anyway?

Jim Turner seems to be into "booze fandom". That's alright, I suppose. I used to be in booze fandom, but I've cut back a lot. My 28 year old body doesn't have the resiliency it had when it was 19, and I have had to cut down on or give a lot of vices I no longer have the stamana for.

But I remember one night when it got exceedingly drunk out. I was knocking around Germany with some friends at the time (I don't remember their names.) We were staying at a hotel in a place called Garmisch which is a ski resort, but which had the reputation of having been at one time either a Nazi death camp or a brothel, so we had visions of either seeing emaciated Jews or naked ladies in high leather boots sporting swastika armbands and bullwhips. But it was really a sleepy little berg.

Since there was nothing else to do but drink, and since we weren't about to do anything else even if there were something else to do, anyway, we got started pretty early in the afternoon. Now the one thing I have noticed about alcohol is that you can drink it all day without suffering any ill effects or even intoxication, but when night comes, well.... Anyway, evening came, and we were still possessed of most of our facilities, but hungry. So we stopped off to have dinner at a place that served sea food.

I don't know why it is, but I always like to eat sea food when I drink. I remember one time when I was in Venice; I think I ate every mussel in town and finished them off with a huge plate of spaghetti with clams... yum, yum. And one thing about sea food, it is compatible with alcohol. It stays where you put it.

After eating, we continued our drinking, but ran into some problems. After dark Old Germany closes down and New Germany opens up. Old Germany: the Germany of taverns and gasthauses close at about seven or eight o'clock. The only places left open after that were discotheques and places like that catered to couples. It was pretty hard to do any serious drinking in places like that. They were always crowded, bar service was poor, and you couldn't sit at a table unless you had a girl with you (you see, these places discriminated against queers and serious drinkers alike.)

We actually lost a few members of our group at a few of these places; they being interested in a few other vices besides drinking.

But eventually we stumbled onto a place that had tables and chairs and service, but the catch was...Mickey Mouse. There was this huge screen at one end of the place, and they showed Mickey Mouse cartoons all night. Now it is weird enough to watch any movie when you are drunk or high or whatever, but "Mickey Mouse"?

Everything became so unreal. I found myself carrying on an earnest conversation with Donald Duck and one of the seven dwarves was offering to suck one of my friends off.

And then...blackout...and the next thing I knew someone was picking me up out of the snow. I didn't know what it was doing snowing in a bar. It eventually dawned on me that we were no longer in a bar, but walking down a road in the snow. It seems that at some point we had decided to call it a night and had jumped into the veewee and headed back toward the hotel, but Volksvagens don't go in the snow too well, despite that commercial about the snowplow driver, and ours had run into a snowbank and got stuck, so we had decided to walk.

The only problem was that I kept falling down. That didn't bother me too much, but my companions were getting pretty exasperated. Then this guy came by in a microbus who made it his business to pick up drunks.

who had plowed their veeweese into snowbanks back to the hotel for a service charge. A very high service charge, in fact. Too high for all three of us, so they decided to give me the key to our room and send me on ahead. That way they wouldn't have to carry me all the way there.

When I got to the hotel, however, a new problem presented itself. I couldn't figure out how to get inside. The entrance had somehow disappeared or else it just wasn't apparent in the dark. I wandered around for I don't know how long outside that hotel totally frustrated. Then I discovered a fire escape that led up to a window on the second story...a window that was open. "Great," I thought, "I'll just climb in the window, and then I'll be inside the hotel, at least.

Ah...but it didn't work out that way, did it? Just inside the window, I stumbled into a pile of skis which fell on the floor with a loud clatter. "Shhh!" I said, but it didn't work. A woman started screaming somewhere in the dark and someone grabbed me. Now, I may have been drunk, but I wasn't too drunk to not know that my best bet was to not resist. I would just explain that I was trying to find my hotel room.

When the lights came on I found that I was being held by a blond-haired, blue-eyed Nordic gorilla. "Uh...wa," I said, "I'm trying to find my room." He must have realized that I was only a drunk and not a desperate criminal, because he just looked at me in disgust and threw me out into the hallway.

I never did find that dumb-ass hotel room. I just curled up in the hallway there until my friends came looking for me.

JACKIE FRANKE
Box 51-A RR 2
Beecher, IL 60401

I believe that Colleen Brown's letter gave me the most pause. She lists the horrible fate that could befall us all if it weren't for the dauntless labor and conscienciousness of collators. But...all the woes that she claims we've been saved from happen to me all the time! Yea, verily and forsooth, even unto MOTA! A staple loosened before I read past the third page. Only a blind man could say that our house was neat and tidy, what with all the fanzines lying about hither and yon, and just what do you think we use for kitty litter in these inflationary times? Commercial ground-up clay at \$1.89 a sack when all these fanzines come in for free? My thrifty forebearers would haunt me if I ignored a savings opportunity like that. About the only thing that doesn't happen on that list, or at least not particularly often, is getting zines with misnumbered pages. Too many faneds are catching on and shipping their creations out without numbers at all! A dastardly plot to thwart nit-pickers like myself. *sigh* And a successful one...

I also hope to get a final Tucker Bag out before Minicon in April, with a listing of donors and a wrap-up on receipts from the auction and so forth. Currently there's slightly more than \$1,900 on hand here (not counting the \$57 spent on deposits for Tucker's flight and membership upgrading for the Worldcon) with another \$57 or so in Australia under Leigh Edmonds guardianship. The Really Incompleat Bob Tucker will remain on sale until they're gone or there's no further demand. The cost will continue to be added to the Fund's total and will be split up between the fan GoH and the DUFF winner, as previously mentioned. We hope to have at least \$125 apiece for them, and if things continue to move as

well as they have, maybe a tad more. Enough, in any case, for them all to be able to get a few extra souvenirs or a few extra meals. Of course we know they wouldn't apend it on frills like extra booze or other vicesno fan would be so low as to do that!

(I'm sorry, Jackie, that my bulging fanzine was too much for the staples. In the future I will try to avoid publishing those 18 page giants.

You deserve a lot of praise and thanks for initiating the Tucker Fund and seeing it through to its successful completion.)

DAVID PIPER
7 Cranley Dr.
Ruislip Manor
Middlesex HA4 6BZ
United Kingdom

There's a new book out by the guy who wrote 'The Virgin Soldiers' (have you heard of it?)...anyway it's called 'Tropic of Ruislip' and apparently it 'takes the lid off the suburbs and all that bit.' Wife swapping, debauchery, (pant, pant) and all that. Well, you can imagine, since it came out we Ruislipians have had to put up with a loada stick. Point is though, all that sorta stuff don't go on anywhere near me....unless they're just not letting me in on it!

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

I find myself almost as reticent about my occupation in personal, face-to-face encounters as Gary Hubbard is. Hagerstown isn't small enough for every inhabitant to know whom I am, and when someone asks my occupation, I find myself whispering the reply so other people in the vicinity won't hear me. The only time this winter the weather was bad enough for me to decide to ride a cab home, I surprised myself by telephoning an order for a cab to go to the furniture store across the street from the newspaper factory, and walking over there to stand in the doorway until it arrived, so the driver wouldn't know where I was from. Too many complications result when my job's identity bursts suddenly into the awareness of a stranger. He either wants to bawl someone out because he objects to something the newspaper published or he has been anxious for a long time to suggest a topic for an editorial or he is sure he could handle a job at the newspaper better than the people who now work there, and I've grown tired of coping with such verbal assaults. I've even tried to get my listing in the city directory changed to just plain writer from the present identification of me as a Herald-Mail reporter; the latter isn't accurate and the former would be camouflage to some extent. But the last time I tried it, my listing retained the same occupational information but changed the number of my house, the spelling of my name, and the symbol showing I own the place where I live.

Your Space Gophers didn't get the respect they deserved. The way prozine circulations are dropping and the way Perry Rhodan and Cap Kennedy are thriving, it's no time for any such concept to be scorned.

The interior artwork makes me realize once again that Dan Steffan deserves a Hugo in the worst possible way. I don't know how fan artists win Hugos, by spontaneous generation or block voting or the machinations of providence, but however it happens, it should happen to Dan. I suppose the fact that he doesn't turn up in every issue of every fanzine being published today helps to work against his chances. Maybe the new fan achievement awards will rectify some of the oversight which the Hugo voting has created.

ERIC G. MAYER
R.D. #1
Falls, PA 18615

Gary Hubbard might take some comfort from knowing my occupation which is "unemployed". Although that is rather in vogue recently. It does seem that others are always engaged in more interesting activities than oneself. Being rich for example.

But after all, I am writing a loc at the moment and how many people can claim that? (At 1:30 a.m., Feb. 20th, and sober...) I'll bet there are more millionaires in the world than fans. You have to have the right attitude towards these things.

LESLEIGH LUTTRELL
525 W. Main St.
Madison, WI 53703

We are desperate to have a copy of pp. 15-16 of MOTA #9, which the PO has mysteriously managed to lose without removing any of the staples! When collating Hugos are given out, you will come in third.

(Sneaky devils, aren't they?)

Letters were also received from Robert Bloch, Dave Hicks, Dave Rowe, John Carl, Beverly Reams, Sheryl Birkhead (Space gophers indeed. The question is not where ARE they, but they go fer...) [Oh, Sheryl!], David Emerson (Got MOTA nine the other day, and have been terrified of falling armpits ever since.), and Jodie Offutt (I'll check into my Yoga books to see if there are any appropriate therapy exercises for firming up armpits). This issue is being done so promptly that many letters of comment are still in transit, so I am leaving the opposing page open for any choice late arrivals. Thank to all for writing!

You will no doubt recall the contest I announced last issue in which the person(s) who could correctly identify the source of the four quotations would win a free copy of this issue. Well, let me tell you, the response has been overwhelming. Both of them. Harry Warner offered: "How Life Found Competition Arising", Eisenstein and Cartier-Bresson; "The Virginian Who Couldn't Remember the Words to Dixieland", John Boardman; "The Complete Works of J. G. Ballard"; and "Look and Plook", by Horatio Alger, III. Steve Stiles answered with: (1) "The Chrysalids" by John Wyndham, (2) "All Fool's Day" by Edmund Cooper, (3) "Aerotropes Into the Void" by Alphonso Zawinul, and (4) "The Seedling Stars" by James Blish. Of course both Harry and Steve managed to come up with the correct answers as you've undoubtedly noticed. Therefore, the free issue will be divided between them, with Harry getting the even numbered pages, while Steve gets the odd ones.

Such enthusiasm on the part of my readership has encouraged me to take a poll. Many fanzine polls try to cover the whole field which I feel is a hopeless undertaking by any one fanzine. Its readership has to be limited--by this I mean limited by numbers, not by intelligence, my friends--and all participants can only be assumed to have received the fanzine taking the poll. Therefore the results of such wide-scope polls are ridiculous at best. Hence the MOTA Readership Appreciation Survey. What you are to do is simply rate MOTA in comparison to whatever fanzines you receive. Use an overall view including such things as quality of artwork, written material, reproduction, and editorial hairstyle. Please check the appropriate box on a scale from 1 to 10 (with 10 being the best) on how you would rank MOTA.

☐ 9

☐ 10

Because of the speed with which this issue is being prepared, no letters full of quotable gems have come in over the past couple of days. Serves me right for being prompt for a change.

Changes of Address

John Berry, 1749 18th St. NW, Washington, DC 20009
John Brosnan, 4 Lothair Rd., South Ealing, London W.5., United Kingdom
Ed Cagle, Star Route South, Box 80, Locust Grove, OK 74532
Neal Goldfarb, 84 Alder St., Waltham, MA 02154
Rick Stoker, 403 Henry St., Alton, IL 62002
~~John Berry, 1749 18th St. NW, Washington, DC 20009~~

Once again I want to thank Ted White for the use of his mimeo. If it weren't for this access to a mimeograph, MOTA wouldn't be coming out now. The first 6 issues were all run off by Hank Luttrell on his trusty Big Huge. Those issues since have all been done on Ted's. If it hadn't been for these two fine fans, MOTA would come out by the carbon paper process...if it came out at all.

Special thanks also to *ALICIA KIMBERLY BROWN* for helping me with the drudgery work of assembling the last issue.

I want also to thank those of you who have contributed to MOTA. I hope you will continue to, and I hope that others of you may decide to send material in as well. Several people have written to me asking what sort of material I want for MOTA. *sigh* I thought it would be obvious. What I want is light hearted articles, humorous art (especially covers), and off the wall bits. Poems and serious articles/reviews will be bounced back to you faster than a bad check. I want MOTA to be fun to read as well as fun to publish. If it stops being either, it will indeed stop. Contributions of one hundred dollar bills will also be looked on with favor.

I am eager to get copies of old faanish fanzines, full of wit, humor and biodegradable staples. Those of you who supply me with these will no doubt find yourselves added to my Permanent Mailing List with all the benefits associated therewith. You may even get your name written in All CAPS with asterisks as borders on either side just as lagniappe.

I'm not the only one who wants stuff. BOB SHAW (31 Birchwood Dr., Ulverston, Cumbria LA12 9PN, United Kingdom) wants copies of the Avon printing of his novel, NIGHT WALK. He says he will pay what's asked, even fan articles. Please contact him.

CHARLES BURBEE (12723 S. Gabbett Dr., La Mirada, CA 90638) would like to receive a copy of any fanzine that reprints any of his pieces.

Anyone who reviews MOTA can say that it is available for requests but please stress that this is not a fanzine devoted to science fiction. I would appreciate it if the faneds would send me a copy of any issue containing a review of MOTA.

Whew, that was enough information dispensing to last a life time.

See you next issue, which will have a Bob Shaw piece as well as Other Stuff. In six weeks too!

MOTA #10, March 1975 issue, is put out every 6 weeks by Terry Hughes, 866 N. Frederick St., Arlington, Virginia 22205, USA. It is available for contributions of text or art, fanzine trades, letters of comment, or nuclear weapons.



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Remember: The "D" in John D. Berry stands for DUFF.

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