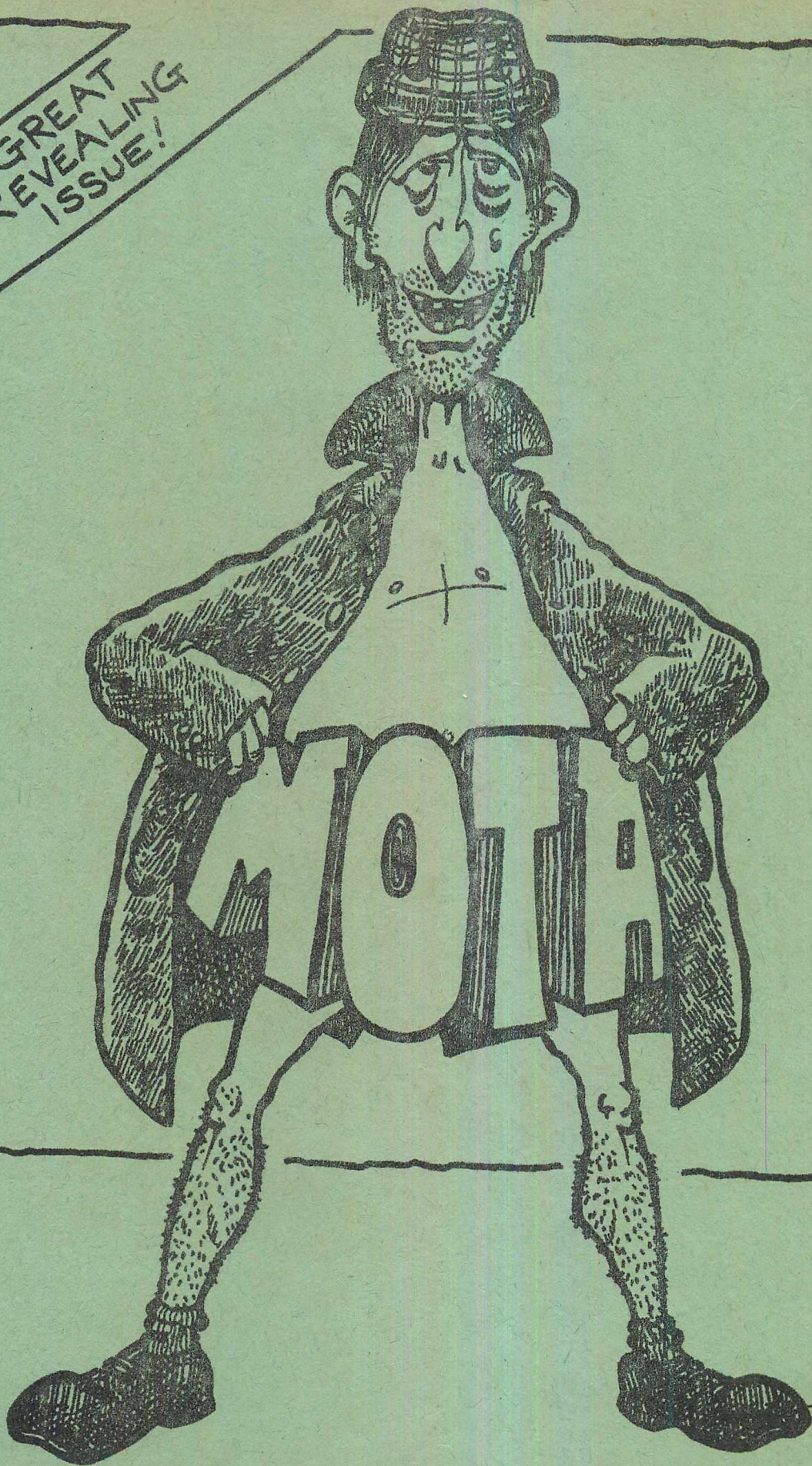
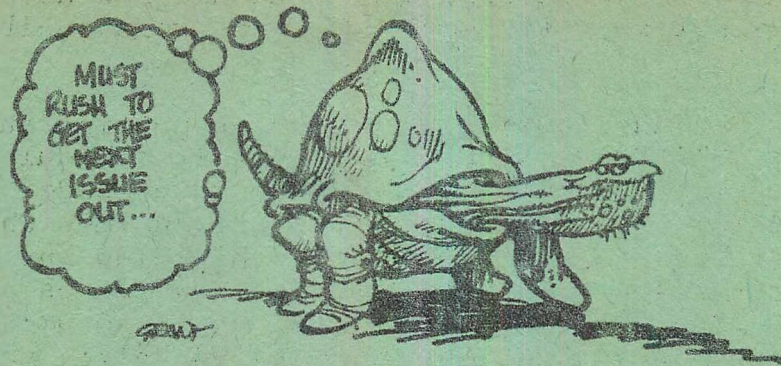


GREAT  
REVEALING  
ISSUE!



HARRY BELL 75





Having just recently reached the quarter-century mark in my life span, I decided it was time for some reflection on the past, both near and distant. [If you are curious, I was born on the same day as Eleanor Roosevelt. She, of course, looks much older.]

The immediate past is when this issue should have been finished and sent out, but you all know how I maintain schedules. In this issue you will find Bob Shaw's hilarious 1975 Eastercon speech. Bob sent it to me so that it would reach a sizeable American audience. Eric Bentcliffe did the British publication of it and beat me to the post office with an issue of TRIODE. The readership overlap should not be too great, but to be on the safe side those of you on the MOTA mailing list who live in the British Isles will find, instead of the Shaw speech, a 12 page collection of poetry by Robert Moore Williams, John Norman, and the Stonewall Jackson School third grade class. Also in this issue is a fanhistory piece by Gary Deindorfer. Gary has given me exclusive worldwide publication and serial rights to this, and we are negotiating with Rice Krispies at the moment. This issue of MOTA also features the artwork of Harry Bell, Dan Steffan, and Grant Canfield, well known bon vivants and vichyssoise.

When I began publishing fandom was different than it is today. (Many of you Old Timers will tug your beer-stained beards and chuckle for this will not be that long ago for you as it is for me. I ask you to remember, however, that "old" is only relative and I am related to several old people.) Back then there were lots of faanish fanzines and many of them were frequent. Joyce Katz's POTLATCH, Arnie Katz's FOCAL POINT, Bill & Charlene Kunkel's RATS!, and Chris Couch's CIPHER were coming out on an almost monthly schedule. Greg Shaw put out a number of issues of KARNIS BOTTLE METANOIA, Frank Lunney did several faanish BEABOHEMAS, and rich brown was doing BEARDMUTTERINGS. Every so often an issue of EGG would make it across the Atlantic from Peter Roberts. John D. Berry and Ted White continued to do EGOBOO on an irregular basis and my own MOTA was a dependable bi-monthly (you could set your calendar by it). Terry Carr was fanwriting regularly and fanzines were filled with drawings by William Rotsler, Steve Stiles, Ross Chamberlain, and Jay Kinney. Every day my mailbox held new delights.

Now it is but a few years later, yet the state of fandom has altered considerably. What of those old fanzines? Most are in suspended animation or the graveyard. EGG is still coming out from Peter Roberts (6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W.2., UK), although less often and with fewer aardvarks. Frank Lunney (715 11th Ave., Bethlehem, PA 18018, USA)

transformed BEABOHEMA into SYNDROME, which comes out very infrequently. Of course, MOTA continues on an irregular schedule now due to the fact that the editor does not know the meaning of the word "quit" (among others).

What about new faanish fanzines? Mike Gorra was putting out RANDOM (formerly BANSHEE (formerly STARSHIP TRIPE)) on a monthly schedule up until he traded in his high school beanie for a college cheerleader and folded the fanzine. Eric Bentcliffe (17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR, UK) has returned to active fanzine publishing and revived TRIODE which comes out quarterly. John Brosnan did a few issues of BIG SCAB but I fear that fanzine is no more. Three issues of the promising QUOTA were sent out by Loren MacGregor (Box 636, Seattle, WA 98111, USA) but he has been very quiet of late. Sam Long (Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FL 32925, USA) was doing a fanzine called QWERTYUIOP and then announced he was changing the name to GUNPUTTY but a copy of that has yet to appear. AWRY comes from Dave Locke (819 Edie Dr., Duarte, CA 91010, USA) and he has joined with Ed Cagle (Star Route South, Box 80, Locust Grove, OK 74532, USA) to do one issue of SHAMBLES so far. Brank new fanzines: Gary Farber (Box 61, Bramley Hall, S.U.C. Brockport, Brockport, NY 14420, USA) did the first issue of DRIFT and Joe D. Siclari (880 W. 181st St., #4D, New York, NY 10033, USA) sent out FANHISTORIA #0.

There are considerably fewer faanish fanzines now, all of which are far from frequent. [Throughout all, however, one faanish fanzine has maintained its schedule: Lee Hoffman's SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY.] However, things are not too gloomy for we have older fans (such as Charles Burbee, Bob Shaw, James White, etc.) resuming interest in fanzine fandom and talented new fans emerging (at the typewriter and the drawing table) as well as those fans who are continuing their activity and involvement. Things never remain the same and that helps to keep fandom interesting.

No doubt I left out some names and will be strongly reminded of this, for which I apologize in advance. If you aren't getting some of these, you might want to drop the editors a line at the addresses given. If you know of others, let me know so I can get them. Fanzines are still fun and faanish fanzines remain my favorite sub-classification. I guess I'll never learn.

+ Terry Hughes +



# TIME TRAVELLERS AMONG US · BOB SHAW ·

A question that is frequently asked in the SF world is: If time travel is to become possible in the future, why have we not seen time travellers among us?

Only this morning I was talking to a well-known SF author in the bar, and I said to him, "Can I have that fiver you borrowed last Easter?"

He scrutinised me keenly for a moment and said, "Bob, if time travel is to become possible in the future, why have we not seen time travellers among us?"

It's possible, of course, that he was trying to divert my attention to other matters. Now that I think of it, it was a bit strange the way he rushed out of the bar muttering something about having left his Hieronymus machine on a double yellow line.

Anyway, the point of the story is that -- quite apart from the moral that you should never lend money to SF authors -- the SF world is deeply concerned with the searching question:

If time travel is to become possible in the future, why have we not seen time travellers among us?

There are a number of possible answers to that question -- a favourite one among SF writers being that anybody who visits us from the future has to obey the Prime Directive that you do not interfere in any way with a culture in a less advanced stage of development than your own. This Prime Directive is applied without fail, whether the visitors are arriving from the future or from another world, say, beaming down on a strange planet from the SS Enterprise.

It is applied so often, in fact, and repeated and chanted and intoned that it is easy to get the impression that it has the status of a universal

law -- like the one about toast always landing on the buttered side when you drop it on the floor; or the one about ICS courses which state that no matter which course you do with them -- accountancy, draughtmanship, dress-making, it doesn't matter -- you always end up as foreman of the machine shop. I've seen it all in the ads in the back of old Astoundings, and I know.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that the Prime Directive was invented by SF authors and promoted by them for no other reason than that it provides a useful bit of plot complication. If Kirk, Spock and McCoy were allowed to do the logical thing and shoot any warlike primitives who attacked them, many episodes of Star Trek would have been over in about five minutes. Which mightn't have been a bad thing... It would let you get on to the good SF on TV, like the Cadbury's Smash commercials.

What it boils down to is that visitors from the future have to dress up in the clothes of the period they're in and be careful not to make themselves conspicuous, or to do anything which would influence the course of history. If they don't obey the rules the Chrono Police come after them, or the Paradox Police, or the Legion of Time...

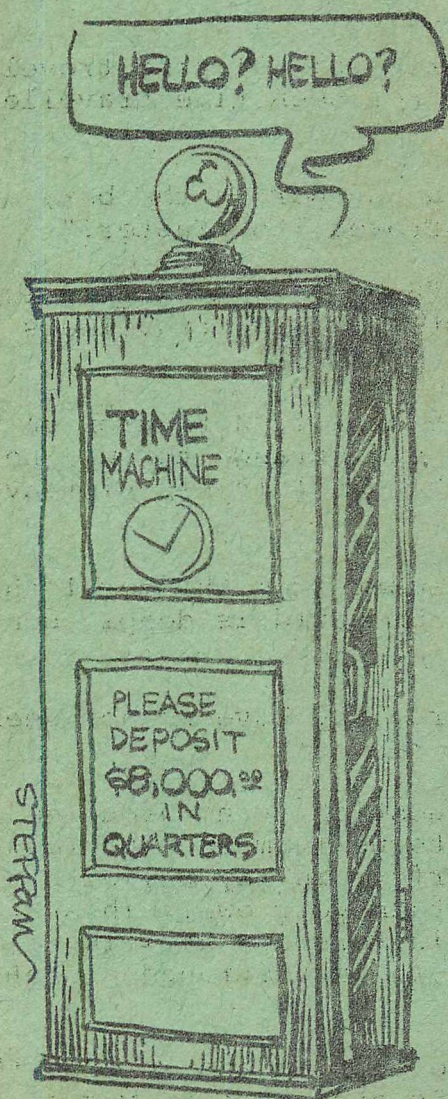
Great stuff this! If any of you missed the Golden Age of SF -- this is what it was all about. Mind you, I don't know what would happen if a time traveller carelessly changed the course of history, and the segment of the future he wiped out was the one in which the Paradox Police were formed! Anyway, they're still a fine body of men.

The point about time travellers blending in with the background is important because it means that the apparent evidence that the time machine will not be invented in the future is not admissible evidence. You can take it from me that time travel will become possible; and I'm going to go on to present a reasoned, carefully worked out, irrefutable, logical proof of that statement.

Unfortunately, I can't say exactly how it will be done.

One perhaps likes to think of a time machine as being something like a telephone booth, or a cage made up of shimmering rods which are joined together in a way which produces a curious wrenching pain in the eyes when you try to follow their geometries. More Golden Age stuff, this...

I once actually drew a time machine, on a Gestetner stencil, for the cover



of a fanzine. I chose to draw the telephone booth type...mainly because I didn't have a proper stencil-cutting stylus, and it's almost impossible to portray shimmering rods and subtle mind-twisting geometries on stencil with a dried-up Bic ballpoint.

The drawing showed the time machine -- it was labelled a Chronoclipper Mk. II -- in a shop window. There was a notice on it quoting the price at 2,000 pounds -- but there was an extra bit saying that you had four years to pay.

This happened a long time ago, but I think the idea of the joke was that -- if you were a quick thinker -- you could put down your deposit, get in, drive four years forward, and reappear when you owned the thing. The only trouble was, I never figured out who actually made the payments in the meantime. This goes to show you what a complicated thing time actually is.

I'm firmly convinced that time is complex in its nature, and not a linear thing in the way it is so often regarded. It has always struck me as strange that time -- the one dimension we know least about -- is the one about which people are most dogmatic. For example, people often get precognitive dreams. It's an established fact. I've had them lots of times -- and yet orthodoxy says they're impossible.

There's this fantastic explanation about one half of your brain receiving its data a fraction of a second later than the other, thus creating an impression that an event which actually is new to you is one that has already occurred, already been experienced.

This neurological trickery is used to convince you that the evidence of your senses is unreliable, in some special cases, i.e. the ones where the nature of time is called into question. Your senses are considered good enough, however, for minor things like giving evidence in a murder trial.

I mean, if you were walking along a street and heard a shot, and then saw a man running out of a house, and then looked in the window and saw a body lying there beside it; and if you swore to all that -- they would be prepared to take some poor wretch away and hang him. Your evidence would be acceptable. But...if the defence counsel got up and said, "The witness saw the defendant running out of the house, and then he heard the shot, but because one half of his brain receives its information a fraction of a second later than the other this gave him the impression things happened the other way round," he would be laughed out of court.

In the case of the precognitive dream, they always ask if you wrote it down or told anybody before the predicted event occurred. And -- naturally -- you haven't. When you get up in the morning, faced with the prospect of working all day, late for the office, feeling like death, ready to burst into tears, you can't be expected to take two or three hours off to tell people everything you dreamed during the night.

Even if you tried it you would probably pick the wrong things, because precognition occurs in odd little fragments of dreams which aren't recognised as significant until the event.

A perfect example is a dream I had at the last Novacon.



On the Friday night I dreamed I was in a room helping somebody to look for their contact lenses, which had fallen on the floor. I looked down and saw them lying on the carpet, right at my feet, but they were much larger than I had expected and looked like solid hemispheres of glass.

Next day I was ordering some drinks at the bar, and the barman dropped an ice cube which fell at my feet. I don't know if you remember this, but the ice cubes in the Imperial Centre in Birmingham aren't cubes at all -- they use fancy bits of ice

shaped like two hemispheres joined together on the curved side, like very squat hourglasses. This ice cube which fell had split in half, and when I looked down there were the two little glassy hemispheres lying on the carpet at my feet, just as I'd seen them in the dream.

In spite of the difficulties involved, I have tried to tell people in advance, just to get the precognitive thing established with them -- but it is a very curious fact that events you decide to relate to people are the very ones which never actually occur.

The only logical explanation is that there must be a kind of feedback from the future which is triggered off by your voicing a dream, and which modifies the subsequent course of events. In all probability there are Time Guardians -- an undercover branch of our old friends, the Paradox Police -- whose job it is to prevent anybody setting himself up as a successful seer. No doubt they think they are very clever, but it was by seeing through their scheme that -- in 1957 -- I was able to save the life of our greatest statesman, Sir Winston Churchill!

The fact that Churchill was in London at the time, while I was 5,000 miles away, living in Western Canada, only goes to show the extent of the fantastic powers we are dealing with here. There was a period of about two weeks in the summer of 1957 when I got a continuous run of precognitive dreams. Every night I would dream about something, get up in the morning, go to the drawing office where I worked, and when I walked into the office the other engineers were discussing the very thing I had dreamed about.

I got mild enjoyment from the phenomenon for about a fortnight -- then came the night when I had a vivid dream that Sir Winston had died. This put me on something of a spot.

On the one hand, I wanted the supreme vindication of my precognitive powers; on the other hand, it was the time of the Suez crisis, and all that, and Britain had dire need of Sir Winston's presence among the living. In the end I did the unselfish thing.

I hurried out to work without turning on the radio, dashed into the design office and -- before anybody could utter a word -- shouted, "I dreamed Sir Winston Churchill died last night!"

The other engineers stared at me in silence for a moment -- perhaps in some dim way they could sense the great combination wheels of time moving into new positions, or perhaps they just thought I had flipped my lid. In any case, I had the satisfaction of knowing that by voicing the dream I had tricked the Time Guardians into sparing the great man's life. As it turned out, I had wangled Sir Winston an extra eight years, and -- even though he didn't do too much with them -- the whole episode shows you how a good knowledge of science fiction and science fantasy can be put to practical use in everyday life.

It may seem -- to those of you who recall that we are supposed to be discussing time travellers among us -- that I have strayed a little from the subject. But, in fact, my remarks have been very pertinent.

The point is that, because of the very nature of SF, its writers and keen readers have acquired insights into time that are denied to ordinary people. You must admit that this afternoon you have heard me say things about time which mundane outside society would view with some scepticism. We -- the writers and readers of SF -- are the biggest danger to secret time travellers, because we are alerted to the sort of things that go on!

If anybody is going to spot visitors from the future and queer the works for them, it is us right here in the convention hall!

At this point in my talk I'm going to stray away from hard scientific fact and become a little speculative. It is my considered opinion that in a very short time -- just a year or two, perhaps -- some SF writers and readers will have deduced and learned so much about the activities of the time travellers among us that the time travellers will have to take action to preserve their secret.

And what action will they take?

At first I found this problem insoluble, then the other night I was sitting having a few pint whisky shandies and the whole thing became obvious to me. To preserve their secrecy, the time travellers have only to kidnap any SF people who get on to them, carry them back into the past, and maroon them there!

I predict that, in a year or so, leading SF authors and fans will begin mysteriously vanishing. Even without me reminding them they owe me a fiver. That may sound improbable, but here the Time Guardians have slipped up again -- because the evidence is available for us all to see...in the pages of our history books!

The Time Guardians obviously expected the kidnapped SF people to sink without a trace in the vast swamps of history -- but they reckoned without the genius and drive and ability for sheer hard work which all SF authors have in such abundance. I would like you to look for a moment -- with an unprejudiced, unbiased

eye -- at any fragment of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs from the valley of the Nile. These are, in fact, the very first appearances in print of Roger Zelazny stories.

His initials are clearly visible down in the right hand corner of most of them. The obviously mythological figures are, of course, a Zelazny trademark, one that he has built up in many of his novels. As far as I can tell, when Roger found himself stranded back in the ancient world he decided to cash in on the situation, so he went around to different countries inventing mythologies and spreading them all over the place so that he could write SF novels about them in the 20th Century. This explains why all the various myth figures fit so neatly into his stories. Good thinking, Roger.

Other marooned SF authors and fans have made their presences felt in similar ways -- going around carving drawings of space men and rocket ships in places where they were most likely to be found by later generations. The person I feel sorry for in all of this is poor old von Dannekin, with his "Chariots of the Gods" and so forth. Possibly the carvings were put there maliciously in the first place, just so that he would grab the wrong end of the stick. That's just the sort of thing Brian Burgess would do.

One of the things which put me on to all this was my visit to the King Tutankhamen exhibition last year. I looked closely at his sarcophagus -- they can't touch you for it -- and thought to myself, "Where have I seen that face before?" The beard gave it away: King Tut was John Brunner.

And when you look dispassionately at the history of the Trojan Wars, isn't it obvious that the whole thing was written, scripted and master-minded by Harry Harrison? I mean, that business of hiding inside a giant horse and springing out of it at night is straight out of a Stainless Steel Rat story. Nobody else would ever have thought of such a crazy idea.

The next significant event in history is the decline and fall of the Roman Empire -- of course, entirely engineered by Isaac Asimov so that he could work out what he was going to put in Volume 3 of the Foundation series. The Dark Ages came next, mainly brought on by L. Sprague de Camp, and then -- because SF writers had been so active in the preceeding centuries -- an early form of SF fandom began to flourish.

Britain led the way with the invention of conventions, and the first permanent convention hall was built, at Stonehenge. News about the good times they all had at these affairs filtered across the Channel to French fandom, who promptly got jealous and came over here on a giant excursion -- in 1066. Because they were principally interested in finding out about conventions or cons, this invasion was known as the Norman Con Quest.

Things settled down after that for a while, until we had the beginnings of the TransAtlantic Fan Fund -- in 1492. Columbus wasn't a very good TAFF delegate. He only won the election because he had a lot of votes bought for him by Queen Isabella, and I suspect he wasn't an SF fan at all, but some magazine huckster like Rog Peyton or Bram Stokes.

Legend has it that he hurried back to Isabella, not even taking time to

write his TAFF trip report for SPECULATION, and reported to her -- all excited -- that he had found a country where the natives were so simple they were prepared to barter land against trinkets.

"That's marvellous," Isabella said.

"I know," Columbus replied.

"Here's three strings of beads I got -- we've got to be out of Spain by next Thursday."

Other SF people did get across the Atlantic later on, though. Frank Belknap Long went over and settled on Long Island. Michael G. Coney went over and settled on Coney Island. Vargo Statten went over and settled on Staten Island. Volsted Gridban went over, but he was refused entry because there was no way the Americans were going to stand for part of their territory being labelled Gridban Island.

Dan Morgan sailed for the Caribbean and became a successful pirate. And John Russel Fearn went over and started all the ghostly legends of Sleepy Hollow by rustling a few ferns...

Back on this side of the Atlantic things weren't going too smoothly -- a lot of the feuds which mar or enliven the SF scene today began to break out. In the 16th Century there was a lot of trouble with the New Wave element, led by Martin Luther. And up in Scotland, a dispute about Analog's editorial policies led to the Massacre of Glencoe -- in which the John W. Campbells slaughtered the John D. MacDonalds.

Anyway, I hope I've said enough to let you see that this threat to SF authors and readers is deadly serious. Now that I've let you all in on the secret, you are more at risk than ever. In fact, I think I've noticed that a few people have disappeared from the back of the hall already!

"What can we do about it?" you are asking yourselves.

Well, most of you are asking what time the bar opens, but some of you must be asking what can we do about this threat from the time travellers among us. My answer is that we shouldn't wait around, passively, to be kidnapped. We should carry the battle to the enemy by going into the future and destroying their time machine factories.

Our technology hasn't yet reached the stage of being able to build time machines, but -- luckily for us -- some years ago Walt Willis invented a



non-mechanical method of time travel, which I have named the subjective induced acceleration technique.

You know how slowly time goes when you are miserable? And how quickly it goes when nice things are happening to you? Well, to send a volunteer into the future you start off by bringing time to a virtual standstill for him by putting him in a cold grey room, with a Lena Zavaroni record playing, with nothing to drink but tea brewed in the Novacon hotel, and make him read right through a file of WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY.

After a day or so of this, when he's really in the stasis, you pull a lever and he drops through a trapdoor into a luxurious suite where gorgeous nude girls cluster round him offering him cigars and glasses of champagne. This speeds his time flow up so abruptly that he goes into a kind of temporal overdrive, and vanishes into the future.

Last night, while the rest of you were enjoying yourselves at room parties and so forth, a group of us serious-minded types got together and started on this project by sawing a hole through the floor of Pete Weston's room into the room below. All we need now is a supply of champagne, cigars, and gorgeous nude girls.

All contributions should be handed to the convention chairman out in the bar, which is where the rest of us will be in a few minutes from now.

Thank you for listening.

+ Bob Shaw +



# FAN NOSTALGIA STRIKES AGAIN

## GARY DEINDORFER

There's nothing like a good old faanish nostalgia piece. I can't think of anything I'd rather do than settle down in a giant whoopee cushion with a big glass of Lime Koolaid and read about that fabulous slanshack the So and So Gang had in LA in the late forties and the hilarious goings on that occurred as related by a faanish master of anecdote, or inimitable reminiscences of the Bunkhouse Gang in Des Moines, Iowa, in the early Sixties, and so on. It is my favorite reading. But, weirdly enough, I have never written a piece like that myself. Ghod knows, I'm always having "fen" come up to me and say, "Hey you person! Why don't you set down all those great Palmfa stories on paper for some ZEEN?" Well, Terry Hughes has asked me for a contribution for ATOM spelled backwards, and I have decided finally to set down in cold clear print some of the legendary goings on of The 360 Degree Circle and those fabulous Palmfa meetings.

It all started in a flophouse in the Bowery in New York City (also known as "Fun City" and/or "Sin City") back in the late Sixties. A group of us were living there, exiles from Fanoclasts and Fistfa. "Well gee," we said one fine winter night as we sat around the flophouse drinking Sterno, "they think they're too good for us, those uppity Fanoclasters and Fistfans, just because we always get sick and throw up at their silly meetings. But, hell and damn, Sterno makes one do dat." And that's true, it does! "Well," we said, still more or less in unison, "we'll start our own fan group and legendary slan circle and do crazy things that will go down in Fan History."

"Say," said Rudy Baga, "howmany degrees does a circle have in it?"

"Search me," I said blearily. "I was never any good at geometry."

"Well I was!" asserted Rudy. "A circle has 360 degrees."

Here it came, all in unison, an unforgettable moment. We all laid down our Sterno cans and said, "The...360...Degree...Circle."

And, of course, that is how we came to be known.

"And we will have weekly meetings..." said Sally T. Proudhen, or STP as she was known "for short". (It was a coed flophouse.

"Lessee," said grizzled old Feeny Burgomeister, our fannish "veteran". "Can't call them Fanoclast meetings, that uppity crowd already used that name up."

"I know," I said, a great light shining in my eyes. "How about...ICONO-CLAST MEETINGS."

We looked it up in the dictionary to see if there was prior copyright. Crestfallen, we realized it was already in use as a word to denote "smashers of ikons", a weird pre-revolutionary Russian religious sect.

Summer Knight crossed her creamy thighs. "I know," she crooned. "That smarty pants crowd on West 16th Street calls their silly gatherings Fistfa meetings. Well, we'll have Palmfa meetings. Get it?"

Nobody got it. Once she had explained the joke we thought it was a good name. Feeny looked it up in the dictionary. "Too bad. 'Palm' has been used too."

"But not in this context," Rudy pointed out.

We cavorted out into the frozen streets, dancing merrily around the derelicts sleeping peacefully in the snow. The 360 Degree Circle had been born. The Palmfa meetings would be a slambang success.

As indeed they were. I guess we each have our own favorite Palmfa stories. Here are some of mine. Of course, it was not long before the locale of the meetings was changed from the Bowery to the log cabin in Sheep Meadow in Central Park, kindly donated to us by a rustic "backwoodsman" by the name of A. Lincoln, a probable pseudonym. "The muggers are higher class uptown," became the funny faan catchphrase.

But I guess my favorite catchphrase from the palmy days of Palmfa is, of course, "Your foot is caught in the hectograph, Rudy!" This is after somebody pointed out to Rudy Baga that his foot was caught in the hectograph. As you all know, it soon had become one of the most famous of all faanish catchphrases, coming in 7 points ahead of "It certainly is a wonderful thing" in the Catchphrase Poll.

Then there are fond memories of Nature, a "real Freek". Nature had smoked too many banana peels or something, I don't know. But anyway, his mind had become completely blown on dope, and he never talked but instead imitated noises from his natural surroundings. "VROOM VROOM!" he would go as he walked down Broadway. "Ribit ribit!" Nature would happily croak as he walked past the froggie pond. "Tweety tweet, tweety tweet!" he would chirp as he walked past a Great American Bald Eagle. George S. Kaufman on one of his infrequent but much anticipated visits to Palmfa as "guest soloist" once said about Nature, "Give him a curly yellow wig and a harp and he could be a Marx Brother."

And who can forget Winston Furness, one of the most beloved of all fringe fans, by day Assistant Admissions Director of New York University. If he didn't like you, he would say, "I wouldn't let you in, not even if you had an A average and high college boards!" If he liked you, he would say, "I might let you in. I'll think about it. I'll tell you my decision in the morning." And if you made a real hit with him -- as Summer Knight did -- he would say, as he said to Summer as he eye-tracked her creamy thighs, "You, I award a merit scholarship!"

And the time we, wags that we were, published our house organ TAIL FILAMENT ENZYMES on Hershey bar wrappers. But we finally decided we needed a new house organ, that TAFFY (as we called it "for short") had served its purpose in being a legendary focal point. Feeny Burgomeister got us a good deal on a used Hammond with good sound except for a nonfunctioning low E-flat.

And the time we bid for the Worldcon. And the envelope was opened, revealing the bid, "Jack of diamonds and the Eight of spades," completely breaking the Con Hall up.

I guess putting on the squares at The Four Seasons was Parson Latrine's idea. "I know a great thing to do after the meeting tonight," he said, laughing so hard already in anticipation that he was choking on his phlegm. "We go to a ritzy place like The Four Seasons, order Cokes and pizza slices and ostentatiously talk ingroup fan talk, thereby blowing the minds of the mundanics, as they are called by fen."

"A...great...idea," we all said in unison. We said nearly everything in unison.

So there we were, at three tables especially pushed together for us at The Four Seasons, possibly one of the most exclusive restaurants in the world. "Rocketship!" yelled Rudy Baga. "Gernsback!" I yelled back. "Time paradox!" screamed Feeny Burgomeister. "Staple!" bellowed Sally T. Proudhen in her booming contralto. "Ribit ribit!" croaked Nature.

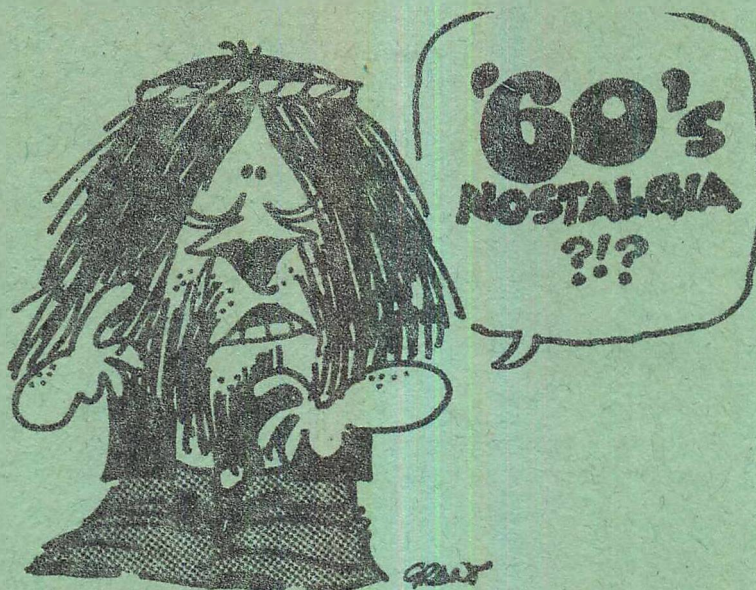
What a time we had, drinking our \$5 Cokes and munching on our \$20 pizza slices, the mundanics (as, you may remember, they are called) freaking out at such faanish goings on in their midsts.

It was so much fun that we made a regular thing of it after every Palmfa gathering. The maitre Dee thought we were so funny he eventually joined the club, a great advantage as we were then able to get Cokes for only \$3 and pizza slices for only \$15.

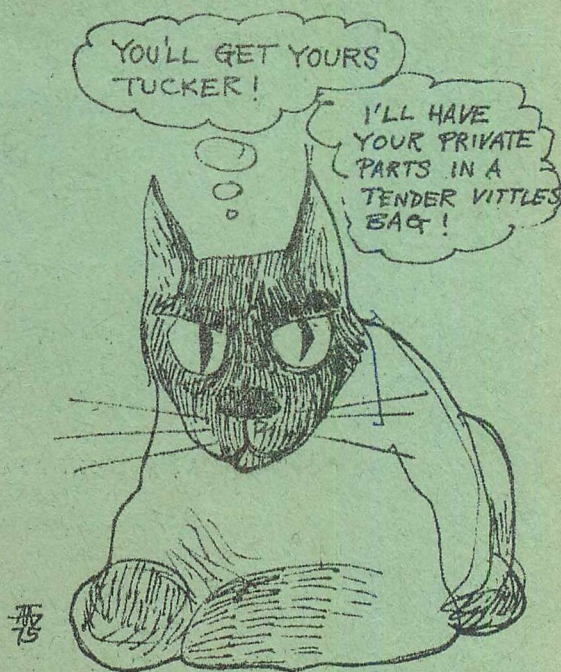
And who says we never did good works? We even had a clothing drive. We got some good clothes too -- like the orange vest I have on now. It has held up very well.

Ah yes, those were the days. But like all legendary things, it soon came to an end. Aside from this article, the only other place you can read about other legendary goings on in our fabulous group is the Kalevela.

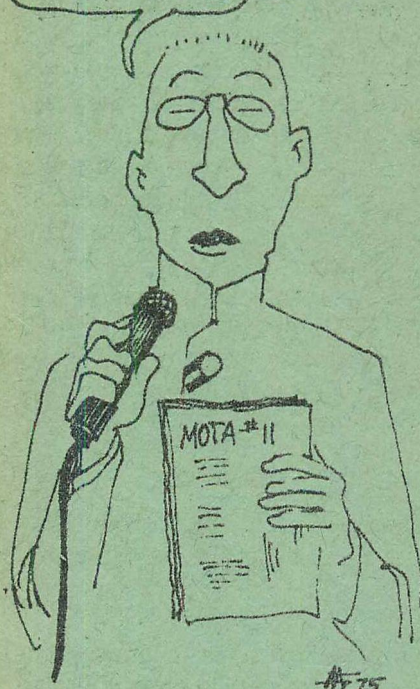
+ Gary Deindorfer +



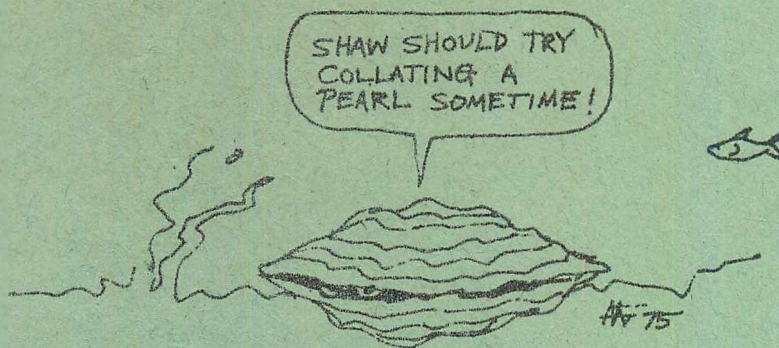
the cover.



THIS FANZINE IS  
HEREBY ABOLISHED  
AS A DETRIMENT  
TO THE MENTAL HEALTH  
OF THE NATION.



ALEXIS GILLILAND  
4030 8th St. South  
Arlington, VA 22204



(Thanks, Alexis, for one of the most remarkable letters of comment I have ever received. You might say I'm at a loss for words.

Now for the latest installment of our discussion on the age old question of British fandom...)

JOHN BROSNAN  
4 Lothair Rd.  
South Ealing,  
London, W.5.  
United Kingdom

It's a good thing Peter Roberts is away at some European con at the moment or I might be tempted to go round to that shoe box he calls a home and pour molasses in his electric typewriter. Not that it would do any good, I suppose. Old Pete would simply smile sorrowfully and turn the other cheek or something. It's hard to beat up on somebody who is so

damn saintly. He's not only a strict vegetarian but he carries around a feather duster to move ants out of his way so he doesn't step on them. I've even seen him fix an ant's broken leg by putting a splint on it (it took him three weeks and his eyes are still crossed). Francis of Assissi has nothing on our own St. Peter.

Of course it's all lies. What he said about me, that is. I'm as healthy as a young bull. Look, I'll prove it by lifting up my chair with just one hand. See? Is that the action of a sick, aging man? Hah!

Now if you'll just wait until the room stops spinning round, I'll resume this letter...

Ah, that's better. As I was saying, there's nothing wrong with me. You could print one of my letters in your fanzine without giving me any warning at all and it wouldn't affect me in the least. Funny...everything's getting darker...Mother, is that you?

PETER ROBERTS  
6 Westbourne Park Villas  
London, W.2.  
United Kingdom

Sincere and grovelling blessings for MOTA. You shouldn't have printed that piece about John Brosnan being OLD. He didn't like it a bit. He even threatened to crawl out of his wheelchair and die all over me if I ever mentioned it again. Enclosed is a photo of

John. It's been heavily retouched by order of the postal authorities, but I think you can still make out the horrid details. The moronic grin is part of his defence mechanism -- it shatters glass and thus prevents further photos being taken. Roy Kettle is sitting behind John, reading a Manual Of Quips & Indoor Buffoonery; Gray Boak is practising Do-It-Yourself Heart Surgery next to Roy, whilst Meg Boak is smiling in anticipation of the results. The photo was taken two years ago and Mr. Brosnan is even older now.

NB. Any pictures you may ever receive which purport to be of me are fakes. I do not have the appearance of a down-at-heel poofdah, nor do I wear lipstick. Well, not very often, anyway. I am actually a class rugger-player and fight lions in my spare time.

Bob Shaw's article on the use of oysters in testing neofans was most enlightening; but the method has its limitations. For example, a potential Ratfan needs quick reactions in order to survive -- oysters are far too sluggish for this, and are also pretty expensive. Household vermin are far quicker and comparatively cheap. Hence in London we've evolved the Vole-Shrew test: A neofan is placed in a pit containing three shrews,

two voles, and John Piggot; he must identify each one correctly within a specific time-limit, normally three hours. No books are allowed and candidates are thoroughly searched for dissecting-knives beforehand. So far this test has failed to work, largely because John Piggott draws attention to himself by humming tunes from OKLAHOMA. We are, however, hoping to overcome this by conducting future trials in a complete vacuum.

LEAH ZELDES  
21961 Parklawn  
Oak Park, MI 48237

I really enjoyed the issues of MOTA. I read them at work, thus causing several odd glances in my direction and changing the opinions of me held by the young men I work with. I work in an army-navy surplus store. When business is slow the guys

either go in the back to gamble, or sit around and talk about their sexual exploits. Since I don't make enough money to lose any, and could care less about anyone's sexual exploits but my own, there is little for me to do but sit on the counter and stare at the Coleman fuel. For some reason this has given the rest of them the idea that I am pure and innocent and the rest of the rot that's supposed to go along with young girlhood. So the day I decided I was no longer fascinated with the Coleman fuel and brought the fanzines to work to read they were astounded -- their innocent young thing reading what was obviously underground magazines with drawings of naked women, yet! It was with some difficulty I rescued the issues to take them home.

"The Poll" brings to mind one of the latest things in Detroit fandom. The A.Q. or Ass Quotient was invented by Diane Drutowski and Marge Parmenter in a one-shot for MISHAP. It is a scale of one to ten (ten being the highest) for rating guys' asses. This has led to the F.Q. (French Quotient, not to be confused with the Fu.Q.) and various other systems of rating. Detroit fandom has gone rather bizarre lately.

SAM LONG  
Box 4946  
Patrick AFB, FL 32926

Bob Shaw's article was both interesting and fan-nish, but I'm afraid it'll never catch on. Shellfishly, I don't think I'd like to be compared to an oyster, especially during a non-r month. And what do we do about such notable

BNFs as Hal Clament and Kilgore Trout and Ted Sturgeon and Lester del Ray. My Cod, the mind boggles. For goodness hake, we've got to stop this Filbert chap lest fakefans start musseling their way into fandom and mol-luscing our femfen on the basis of some outlandish Oyster Quotient. British Standard Oysters, indeed! I've never heard of such a thing. How are you going to put a kitemark on an oyster, eh, Bob? (There is, however, a BSH--British Standard Handful--used in measuring femfen's breast sizes. Before I left England, I went to Teddington and had my right hand calibrated at 1.02 BSH. The largest hand ever calibrated was just under 2 BSH.) All this talk of oysters is to no porpoise...Bob must have written the article just for the halibut. I can envision testing the filksinging potential of neos against tunas and basses, but measuring fannishness against an erster, no way! Some people will say it doesn't manta. But it does. Why, one can't even measure finnishnes, since oysters have no fins. I think that if we all examine our conchiences, we'll find that basing fan-nishness on any marine animal leads us no plaice at all. Proclaim it loudly (and put it in whiting for those hard of herring): We trust fannish oysters at our pearl!

*(Eels well that ends whale, Sam.)*

PAUL GERARD DI FILIPPO  
124 Old River Rd.  
Lincoln, RI 02865

The cover remains an outstanding, deeply insightful statement on the frangibility of stone noses, or perhaps the utter madness of Dan Steffan. Incidentally, as long as Jay Kinney brought up the question of names, will you ask Dan why he

chose the rather obvious cognomen of STF Fan?

As long as I'm on the subject of illos, let me say that Joe Staton has captured a quality of cats that few people are aware of: their random spasms of clumsiness.

Although cats are indeed incredibly graceful, they do suffer random moments of grotesqueness. They run head-on into doors, fall off of laps and out of trees, get entangled in yarn, paper bags and bedclothes, and get their claws stuck in fabric, all in addition to pissing on rare fanzines. Staton's drawings are more faithful to the actuality of cats than cats themselves are.

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

Once again, I ask your forgiveness. I do like you, honest I do. Dan and I are just good friends, really. Speaking of Dan Steffan, and who isn't nowadays since that regrettable incident with the kindergarten matron, the vaginal deodorant and the statue of General

Sherman's horse, I enjoyed his attempt to provide a cover taken from classical literature. His interpretation of that great poem "Noseymandias" was splendid: one croggles at the thought os such a blow job. The issue itself stood up remarkably well, once propped against a quart of scotch.

ROBERT BLOCH  
211 Sunset Crest Dr.  
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Any issue of MOTA featuring an article by Bob Shaw can't be all bad, in spite of the presence of Tucker. A person claiming to be Tucker showed up last weekend at a convention in Kansas City but he was immediately detected

as an imposter -- this was a much younger man, with several of his own teeth.

GRANT CANFIELD  
28 Atalaya Terrace  
San Francisco, CA 94117

Received MOTA 11. What sort of people print this kind of trash? I plan to "lock" it soon. John Berry explained that term to me. It refers to throwing the offending material in the back of your deepest junk closet, and

"locking" the door, to prevent innocents from happening upon it and having their minds warped. Not unlike LSD, or DMT, or TV. It's been swell having fannish giants like John & Susan around to explain this complex fan jargon to me. By the way, John sez you are a "fugghead", which he assures me is a compliment of the highest order. It must be so...

*(There are still a number of fine, funny letters of comment lying around on my table, but space limitations prevent me from including them this issue. So they will be carried over to next issue along with what letters are received on this issue. You'll have to wait until then to find out whether or not you've been WARFed.. ... Hopefully by then I'll have thought of a snappy comeback to pull on Grant Canfield.)*

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