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The official publication of the OZARK SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION Which also has been known as the Ozark Science Fantasy Association and is published on or about the 21st of each month. All fullfledged members of OSFA receive this magazine free when they have paid their dues and are members in good standing. This is issue number-11(See, see Marsha I got it right, I know its issue number 8, oops,heh,heh-11) and if you have an #11 on your mailing label that means brudder you've had it and got your parole from the mailing list of OSFAN. Send your monies ,LOC's, zines, or cash if you want to stay with us for each excitting issue. How else will you find out who next months winner of the Jay T. Rikosh Award is ? Send your money to join OSFA to Linda M. Stochl=5313 A Magnolia = St Louis,Missouri-63139. The sums are \$3.00 if you attend meetings and \$2.00 if you don't. If you don't we won't love you a whole heck of a lot :::

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HOLLOWEEN COSTUME PARTY ----October 31st, saturday at the home .of Sue S. Watson
there will be a costume party starting about 7:00 PM. For more information call the
Watson home at 645 8351 or call Margaret (GIGI) Beard at CY-65432. .
everyone who comex to the party will have to be in costume.

JUST FOR FUN: BOOK REVIEWS

by Becky Bierman

DUNE MESSIAH by Frank Herbert a Berkley Medallion Book N1847/95¢/ 425-01847-095

This isn't going to be much of a review, rather more of a prejudiced opinion mine that is. Having refreshed various minor details in my mind, I have objectively tried to form a reasonable opinion. Since finishing Dune Messiah I have found things that both annoy and please me.

On the annoying side, the little snatches of character writings about Paul Muad'dib may have given him a greater depth of personality, but they can be extremely confusing since they have nothing to do with the chapters they precede. I keep getting the feeling that Herbert had a stack of papers left after he finished the book and he just threw them in so they wouldn't go to waste. This, at least to me, is one of the book's biggest headaches. Upon occasion, I got the feeling that I had no idea of what was going on. That is, allusions were made that I don't remember the background for even after reading Dune. Equally unfortunate is the dependence on Dune for the background details, ideas, and characterizations.

To the good, description conveys the impression (That I certainly hope was) intended. It is brief and effective as is Herbert's method of dealing with the final fate of the main characters. Paul Muad'dib finally becomes totally, irrevocably (for a Freeman) blind and is left in the desert; Alia, who like Paul is no longer prescient after Chani's death (and Leto and Ghanima's birth); Duncan Idaho, who becomes more than just a man; and the Princess Irulan, and her leaving the Bene Gesserit and its hopes in the lurch. To me effective characterization and efficient finishing of the plot are major points of consideration. The half-felt influence of Islam (with Arabic and Bedouin noticeable) contribute to the impression. I'll put odds that somewhere in an Arabic-English dictionary there will be an entry for Jihad as a religious war.

Becky Bierman

SEPTEMBER-27th at 2:00 pm Sunday in the Science building of the Museum of Science and Natural History in Oak Knoll Park in the city of Clayton, Missouri-. The museum is one half block north of Clayton Road on Big Bend Blvd. Entrance to the meeting is free if you tell the gatekeeper you are with OSFA and they will direct you to the locale of the meeting.

SEPTEMBER-27th=OSFA Meeting SEPTEMBER-27th=OSFA Meeting= SEPTEMBER-27th

OSFAN MEETING=September-27th at 2:00 PM OSFAN MEETING=September-27th at 2:00 PM

The October meeting of OSFA (the Ozark Science Fiction Association) will be Sunday October 25th and the November meeting will be November 29th. All meetings are at 2:00 PM at the museum of Science & Natural History.

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TSH AND PINFEATHERS

by Rose-Marie Green

AGACON AGAIN ? ***** We drove all the way down sorting it out best as I could. I drove eighty miles and we made good time. Very good time. We arrived in Atlanta at 5 o'clock and drove around downtown in heavy traffic until we found the hotel sometime around six PM.

Luckily we saw more than Atlanta. We saw Don Markstein. He had come from New Orleans by train and was very tired and very, very hungry, lugging an almost empty suitcase. We talked of Justin Winston, he has a new uniform. Cheap suits he buys for a dollar. He got a projector for Daddy, but put it on his floor so it's probably lost permanently. He wants to republish an 1800's Government booklet on Marijuana sometime.

We strolled along back to the hotel, then went out to eat in a . . . fantastic -ally expensive restaurant, leaving Don to settle with his own hungries. When we came back Don had not settled, but had seen Sam Moskowitz and wife at the registration desk. We moseied up to Sam's room to give him proper greeting. The six of us (Sam, Chris, Mom, Dad, Don and I) went for another walk. We walked and tried to discuss Harlanellisonharlanellisonharlanellison which is never an easy thing to do.

We saw an Agacon ad in an old bookstore window with a paragraph on Sam as HoH and Daddy was mentioned, Too. Harlan Ellison discussed! So Sam and Don departed to a place so Don could satisfy the hungries. Moskowitz had eaten on the plane. And Dad and Mom and Chris Moskowitz and I sat in a lounge and talked about Sam's fantastic memory and how Howard Philips Lovecraft Departed the land of the living. It was raining outside, so somebody played "A Rainy Night In Georgia".

We went to a party in Ruth Early's room, room 421. Joe Celko told some strange and very funny stories about the Atlanta cops while Alan White distributed his movie stills on posters around the room. John Godwin said, as he exhibited his somewhat fragile looking arm, "Do you know why fans seem to run to skinniness?" and unanamously we said "Because they starve all the time!"

Joe Celko and I went down to the motor lobby to greet Ned Brooks who had brought along St Doris, Lady Of Fandom. She was beautifulbeautifulbeautiful and made out of Resin and Fiberglass. We thought of leaving her on the lift to scare people out of their wits, but she was put in Brock's suit instead.

In the morning at breakfast we saw Sam with Don and they talked a lot, it seemed. Harlan Ellison discussed. Next was a showing in the meeting room of "1984", . . . depressing! I shall avoid the book. An impromptu panel was arranged for later, which my dear father would be on; so Bill Carter, who had never heard of fandom, Craig Shakas of the New Orleans Troop, Daddy and I had a nice lunch somewhere. Later we talked with Craig, Lynne Nelson, and Rick Norwood who are engaged, Jerry Page, and me who are the we. There was a new wave/old wave panel with Allen Greenfield MC-ing, consisting of J.J.Pierce, Rick Sam, Joe Green, and Jerry.

OUT OF NOWHERE CAME RICHARD MEREDITH.

I had dinner with Craig, Lynne, Rick, J.J. Pierce, Trekky, Joe, John, & Bill Carter. We came back and looked in on dear old getting neurotic Brock and his suite. Books are scattered on the floor. To whom do they belong? I take the stairs from floors 5 to 2 and find out. Brock is selling and I buy eight. Two for friends.

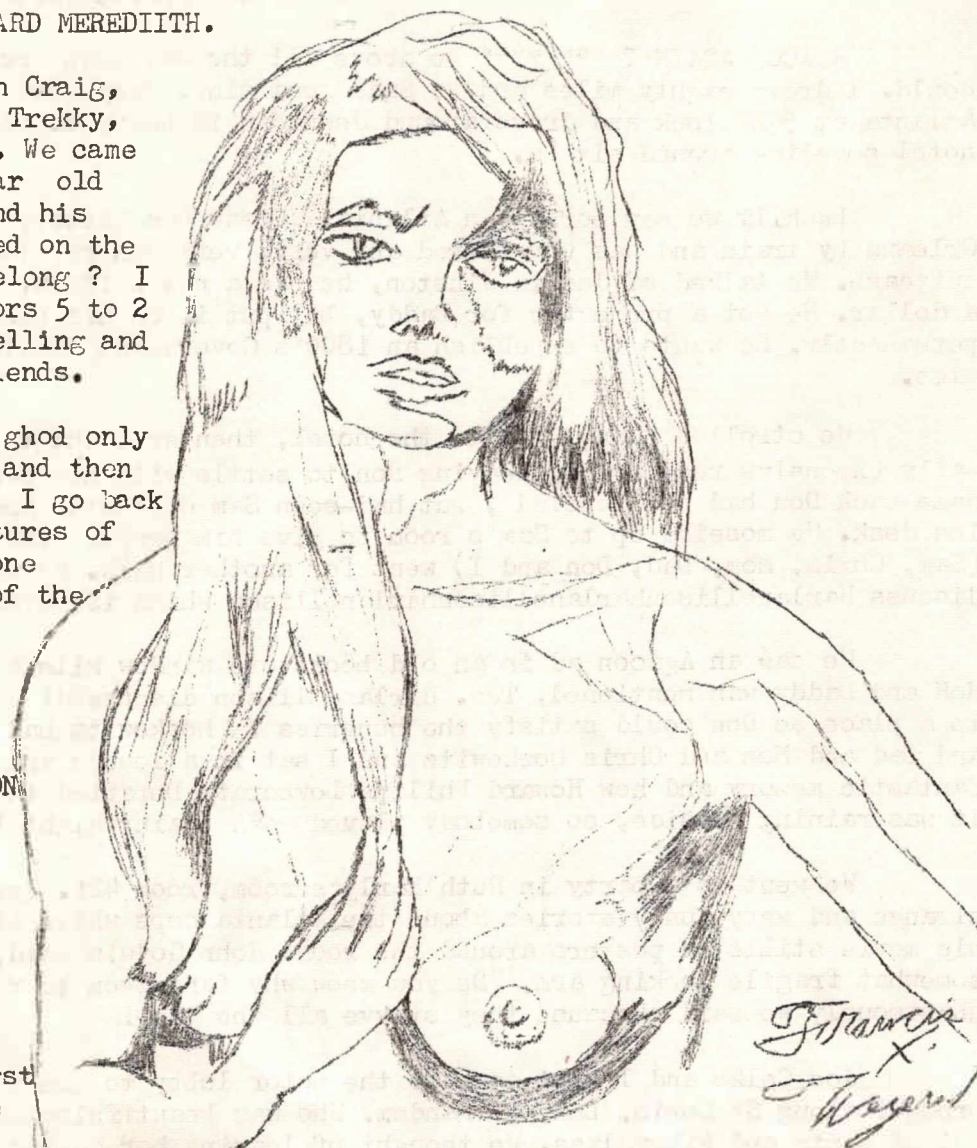
I talk to Celko, ghod only knows about what, which, and then I see "Forbidden Planet". I go back upstairs and get two pictures of Andy Offutt. I gave him one and he shall get a copy of the other. I got another of Richard Meredith looking extremely glassy eyed.

JOHN AND BILL AND I SAW "KING KONE". THE ANIMATION WAS FANTASTIC!

Richard Meredith was in our suit with his wife, Joy. Richard had a last drink for the night prior to leaving.

Richard had a first drink for the morning. He also had the key to the meeting room because he was MC for the day. We left him in the room looking official.

We had a nice brunch. Mom, Dad, Joy Meredith along with me. The lights in the landings, halls, stairs, and elevators had blown in the night. While we waited for breakfast Daddy left to buy a flashlight. The rest of us wondered which drunken fan had messed with the generaor. Ron Murphy? (Ye Ed) When we arrived back at the one and only rotten hotel there was Richard still looking official. The Hotel was also an apartment place, mostly for the elderly. The manager asked us to stand vigil and tell the people who came out not to be frightened by the darkness of the halls and that everything would be alright soon. A few people hurt themselves in the pitch black of the staircases. We ran over two hours behind schedule, being scattered around the building so. Richard started the show at Brock's suggestion. It was rather funny considering half the people he introduced weren't even there.



Daddy gave his speech on the next ten years in space and I was his projection-ist for the slides accompanying it. It was well recieved. We broke for lunch. Later we came in on the last of a panel of new writers with Gerry Page, Richard Meredith, Joe Green, Andy Offutt, and some other writer who is very new, but I never caught his name. Sam's speech was next and was about how weird tales was started and how it was directly connected with detective tales. He said, "Nothing exists in a vacuum; everything is interconnected." It was published by Jacob Clark Hennaburger who was a German Jew from the sunny south. "Everything is related. There is a reason for everything." Sonja Greene, Lovecraft's wife, said that lovecraft " was a reasonably good lover." Sam, "Hennaburger managed to arrange a lunch with himself, Lovecraft and Harry Houdini;" and "Farnworth Wright was edwin Baird's best friend." And "Otis Adlegurge Cline was a contributor to FUN Magazine." Then same spent 20 minutes wrapping up his speech, but it was a fascinating lecture anyway.

Later we had dinner with Sam And Chris Moskowitz. First we had drinks until the restaurent opened; there we talked about a lot especially the new morality and what the kids today do and how they act and such stuff.

The Phoenix Awards were next, but somebody had muffed it and they weren't there so they gave certifiectes instead. Which must of been disapointing. They had a couple of months to arrange the stuff and it shouldn't have been muffed. Oh well.....

PHOENIX AWARD FOR LITERATURE=

Richard C. Meredith for "We All Died At Breakaway Station"

PHOENIX AWARD FOR GRAPHICS=

Jeff Jones

REBEL AWARD=

Irwin Koch

SPECIAL AWARD=

Sam Moskowitz : for all the work he had done for fans and fandom in general. When accepting the award Sam Commented that he looks for appreciation in the SF community and not in the mainstream .

Then came some more movies. First "Time Machine" which I had surprisingly only seen once before. Then came "Five Million Years To Earth" ,which is a pretty good movie imported from jolly old England -- it had some distictively English touches. The films ended about 1:30 or so , and I departed to go to a party. John Godwin, L'Saya (?) Salkind, Bill Carter (who by now had a good idea of what fandom was all about, poor guy) and sometimes John Hollis. We talked of reincarnation, yeah the war (Bill had been stationed there for a year) God, song, dumping nerve gas and stuff.

Bill said the most pitiful part of the war was the killing of the women and children, which seemed to bother him a lot. He said the people there don't at all understand what they are fighting for or against most can't read or write and "Democracy" and "Communism" were just long worcs to them ...

So instead we went to underground city (ATLANTA) which is a place the city decided to leave just as it was; and build over and around it. We walked around finding most of the shops, old and

Next day was lunch, seeing the Moskowitz's off to the airport and helping Alan White sell Sam a lot of press books. In the afternoon we went hunting for the Cyclorama with Richard & Joy Meredith and Robert Blake. Rich read the map upside down, since it took us an hour to find the place, and then it had been closed for 15 minutes.

Right next to it was a tiny store with picture windows full of old and odd looking objects in them. I skipped up the stairs to see what it was, and there was life inside. Through the light inside I could see and when I peeked through I saw a poster of a Leprechaun near a door about twelve feet back from where I was. There were clothes and pipesandpotsandpansandwoodenspoonsand Lord knows what else. No sign. Where is a sign? Yes ,here on the front window. A small piece of paper with old lettering which read, "The Irish Import Shoppe". It certainly was.

And our EXCURSION TO ATLANTA WAS OVER SO SOON SO SOON-too soon. If anyone has the addresses of either JOHN GODWIN(who published TANSTAAFL) or L'SAYA SALKIND would they please send either/both to me or entrust to the care of the Leprechaun of OSFAN, the publisher of same, Doc Clark. IT WILL CERTAINLY BE APPRECIATED!!!

[illegible]

YE ED:: My apologies to any columnists or LOC'e4s herein if their copy isn't exact. I had a bad auto accident, am sedated with drugs as I type this, and don't follow from printed copy very well. Except for a completely demolished car, too many cuts, bone-bruises on the ribs and elsewhere I shall recover. No worry fans. MUCH LOVE TO ALL!

* **

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS: UNFAIR FANZINE REVIEWS

by Leon E. Taylor

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #38; Richard Geis, Box 3116, Santa Monica, California-90403;
8/\$4.00, 47 pages, 8-weekly

Just between you and me, this business of reviewing fanzines is childishly simple; for fanzines are by definition amateur publications, and it's not surprising that they are amateurishly written (present company always excepted). Therefore all a cadaverous reviewer like me has to do is shut his eyes and pick a page at random; there'll be faults aplenty on it to write a scathing review about. Because that's a rather obnoxious way of doing things, I also try to make a few suggestions for the betterment of the people involved. There's nothing difficult about exposing elementary-school writing faults, so this column is hardly a hardship on me (now you I don't know about).

But SFR, I say, is different. It's not written by hobby amateurs; rather it's written by people who make a living out of it. While the contemporary market may be degenerate, it hasn't yet reached the point where it accepts kiddie writing --- not gobs of it, anyway. Consequently if pros wish to eat regularly, they have to be able to write better than kiddies or amateurs; and that makes it correspondingly harder on me. I'm no longer dealing with beams in the eye; we've now advanced to mere moats. And sometimes a pair of nit-picking tweezers is of no avail.

So in case you were wondering, SFR is still the most readable, the most informative, the most entertaining --- hell, the most anything zine being published today. If you haven't subscribed, subscribe now. If you are a subscriber, then mark the calender so you won't forget the renewal dates.

Lately, however, there have been ugly rumors in the air; whispers that SFR is a giant with pygmy's strength, that it has reached the age of senility and should be retired. Part of the nastiness, of course, can be attributed to the fact that there is always someone to dispute the roundness of the earth; and Authority-Bucking is particularly profitable in fandom because you will be paid a million dollars in attention. But is that all of it? Are the sweet nothings about Geis being gutted merely empty words, or do they have the ring of truth?

The most obvious change in SFR is in the cover. Where we used to ogle those beautiful Fabian da-glo covers, we now peer reproachfully at an ordinary toilet-paper frontpiece divided between a mismanaged side illo, and a table of contents. It may be my imagination, but it seems to me that the cover drawings have also taken a drastic nose dive. Geis sez that he made the change for worse because of money; personally I would rather pay the extra nickel per issue to have Fabian back, and Geis is going to know it.

The interior art bothers me, too. Generally the illos are exceptionally fine --- what else would you expect from the bunch of Kirk, Fabian, Shull, Bode, Gilbert, and Rotsler? --- but there is some real shit too. I rather doubt that SFR is suffering from a lack of good art, so the only thing I can imagine is that Geis

has been maliciously pre-empting artful illos for some artless ones which happen to appeal to his prurient tastes. If Geis is belch-happy in his artistic leanings, then I think that he should hire a competent Art Editor. He would probably appreciate the load taken off his shoulders anyway.

To be truthful, SFR just ain't attractive. The many-mini typeface resembles insects crawling across pistachio pink ice cream more than anything else, and it's a strain to make out letters that are only about a millionth of an inch high. Unfortunately, Geis hasn't any say in the matter since his only alternative would be more paper --- and that would cost much more than just an extra nickel per issue. But one would assume that Geis knows how to type; turn to any page and see the ascending lines, the misplaced letters, the multiple typos, the omitted words --- ugh. I'd rather look at a gallery of eyetracks. But it's not the look of the dressing around the dish so much as the way the potatoes taste. So we go on.

By far the most distinctive feature of SFR is Geis' own lunatic editorial, Dialog. Being schizophrenic, Geis divides himself into two personalities for a warm hellside chat about the Circumstances Encumbering This Issue. Overall, it's a highly effective device. Dialogue is more readable than a stiff essay anyway, and it's a pleasant feeling to skip gaily down the page to the merry tune of quotation marks. In addition it's so much easier to be funny in dialogue. You let one guy be the straight man, give the other the punch line, and zap! pow! Belly laughter! Of course, a certain minimum of skill is required. Having written sex novels for half his reproductive life, Geis has a little magic in his fingers.

One wonders if he knows where his head is at. I mean, what possible interest could the cost of mailing envelopes and the name-change of SFR's Australian agent be to the reader? I suspect that Geis is deliberately selecting trivial subjects as a challenge to his writing skill. Just as a good actor can't make a classic out of a wooden script, Geis can't punch his way through nits like these.

This, incidentally, is one of the better Dialogs. In the past they have sounded decrepit and forced, as if Geis is saying, "Well, Alter Ego, time to grind out Tired Joke #3759", that plus the worthless tinketry discussed has made for several boring instalments. If Geis really wanted to improve the zine, he would ditch the regular Dialog format and use it only as an occasional, welcome change of scenery. He would relegate the small talk to the news page ("Monolog") and discuss the issues few were really interested in. That is, if he wanted to keep SFR on the upward trail.

And that's just it. Last issue we were talking about a faned who wants to stick to a rigid, reactionary mode. Thish we have somebody who has been innovating but who is now sick and tired of it all. The result is a series of Variations On A Theme; and even though the music is well-executed and patently lively, it's still the same thing played over and over again. The only more effective torture than that is the Chinese Water Horror. But one man doth not make up an entire zine, and there are people in SFR who aren't afraid to exhale a little fresh air. Your favorite shithhead and ...mine, Ted White, puts in a special guest appearance to tell pro writters to F--k themselves and quit being such foul-mouthed bastards (Note: nice guys finish last in this zine). That's a common blessing in SFR, but Ted administers

it in an entertaining and (*whisper*) educational way. Not only that, but he's speaking from the inside and who doesn't love an inside story? Come right on, then, and listen to Ted tell a horror story about the inhuman things that "a passle of small-minded, avaricious little demons" (writers) have done to a "nice elderly Jewish gentleman" (Sol Cohen), and let me tell you, folks, that Ted White swears in style.

Then there are *The Reviewers*, and the reason that they deserve asterisks and capital letters is because they have king-sized egos and hostilities to go along with them. The SFR reviewers are an interesting phenomenon; for the main part they are immature adolescents who have a flair for being sadistic. Becoming heady with their success at being published in SFR, they grow more arrogant and correspondingly more sadistic and away we go. Few ever write with any perception, and only two are consistent about it. And just to scare hell out of you, I think I'll concede that SFR has the best book review section in fandom.

Richard Delap is considered to be #1; but personally I find him competent and no more. Unfortunately, success has gone to his head and where he used to express some sort of insight, he now is callous, uncaring. It's as if he stood up and shouted at SFWA, "I'm gonna make a name for myself and I don't care what you guys are trying to write!" Indeed he doesn't. Some modest samplings from his "criticism":

"Utilizing the flashback, (Deeper Than The Darkness) tells the story of the rescue of the survivors of an alien attack on a remote planet. Benford tries very hard to make his communal human society and unseen aliens convincing, but the awkward dialogue and oversimplified plotting nullify any success otherwise achieved. Routine."

"And finally, here we sit in the bottom of the lake, with nothing to do, but read Norman Spinrad's story of the day when the government couples its propaganda with the power of an opinion-molding, acid-rock group. The result fiction-wise is (literally) explosive, but that dead-white thing you see floating belly-up is titled "The Big Flash." Weakly plotted and vulgar, laden with Spinrad's abominable and clumsy dialogue, it would be more aptly titled "The Big Fizz". (I think that it would be nice if one day soon Spinrad would lay off the contemporary garbage and start writing science fiction.)"

Cute? Oh, terribly. But as Andy Offut pointed out, being cute does not automatically qualify you as a reviewer. You're in the business for your gifts of perception, association, interpretation, sympathy --- not for Don Rickles barbs. Fandom is a peculiar pond, because it so happens that the reviewers are close enough to the reviewees to actually get things done --- that is, they could... they prove why they are worthy of respect. But when Delap tells Geis to publish "all or nothing" and Geis leaps to obey, then I think that a certain reviewer is being overly arrogant and a certain ship captain is abandoning the wheel. Delap and all the minor illuminaries aping him are undoubtedly serious-minded and deeply concerned, but they have been substituting glibness for talent ---- some because they honestly believe that it's the way to get things done. As I said, they're mostly adolescents, and there will come a day when they will wake up and Maturity shall stare them right in the face, and that will be something worth yelling about !!

But if it's reviewing you want, I suggest that you nibble on Ted Pauls. Ted has been recently cheated out of his well-deserved Hugo nomination, probably because he can't turn down a request from a crudzine for "a contrib or two". Most likely Ted will write 3, and so while he sweats out polished gems for the eager young faned, other fen are busy deluging the mass-circulation zines with anything that could possibly be deemed controversial. Inevitably there comes the day when fen equate quantity with quality and ... well, you know the rest.

Anyway; Ted is an accomplished master of the long, deep-think review that runs a thousand words or more. Out of those thousand words you will find no offensive insults, no shouted platitudes, no intellectual shallowness. This is a man who speaks in a quiet, levelheaded tone of voice, who remains calm regardless of the emergency and who is never, never dull. He is erudite and genuinely witty; there is a varnished smoothness about his prose that soothes the ruffled feathers of the reader and prepares him for meaningful thinking. Moreover, ted doesn't fake his ability; he doesn't have to. I can think of no person who has been so consistently perceptive as Ted. He realizes that perception is based on the understanding that no book is wholly good or bad, simply because no author is wholly good or bad. In fact, authors are rather human, and they make mistakes that deserve to be pointed out and forgiven. So when Ted goes after a book, you can be sure that what you'll get in return is an accurate, well-balanced appraisal of the book as literature (meticulously naming every meaningful fault or virtue) and of the author as something that wears pants like the rest of us. Ted has a razor-sharp mind, a warm heart and slavishly working fingers; that's all there is to it.



Hank Stine is another first-class intellect. He has been absent from the pages of SFR of late (perhaps writing that long-awaited encore to 'Season Of The Witch?'), but he now returns with a remarkable review of 'Fourth Mansions'. In it he claims that lafferty has inherited the spirited mantle from Sam Delany as the greatest living sf novelist --- strong sentiments, but Hank backs them up well. Hank communicates a basic understanding of Mansions which has apparently evaded most readers ---- I personally know of at least a half-dozen who threw up (their hands) in despair. I hadn't planned on reading it in the near future, but Hank's convinced me to; and while reading it I'm sure that I'll find Hank's interpretations a great help.

Paul Walker? Well, give him half a chalk mark, I am unnaturally enthusiastic about his offbeat, imaginative style and his abundance of freespinnig ideas, but as Geis puts it, he's a "sloppy and imprecise thinker" --- meaning that he likes to exaggerate a lot. He was the one who labeled Asimov's Foundation series as "Text-book-dull" charged that the Hugoes were destroying SF writers, accused pros of crucifying ANALOG for political jealousy. Those are moronic extremes, but contained in each is a thimbleful of truth --- truth that we have long suspected, but never dared to say out loud. Walker is fandom's prize gadfly --- and beleive me ,we need him.

That seems like an awful lot of space to devote to some measly book reveiws, but Geis sez that's where the heart of his zine is and I'm taking him at his word. It's an uneven department and it's Geis own fault; he is responsible for rejecting bad reviews. Geis complains that he has to accept them because they are reviews of books no one else has covered, yet he must surely know that an incompetant review is worse than none. There are a number of fine young reviewers out in the wilds, Geis: Schweitzer, Boyer, Compton, Lewton, and Reed, just to name a few. Cultivate them and reap their harvest, if you're really serious about having a crack critical team. And for Ghu's sake quit pampering those fakers.

Oh, yes. Geis purports to review books in his And Then I Read... but frankly it's just a waste of prcious space. While he occasionally comes up with a winner ("Lafferty has the mind of a goblin"), for the most part it's title listing and an airy wave of the hand, which is not for me , I'm afraid.

Now we come to the famed lettercol, battlesite of some of the bloodiest holy wars in history. Currently the zap is gone (thank ghu), but it promises to return with new hot blood like Paul Walker and Philip Jose Farmer. Everybody is presently taking a breathing spell, but ... don't worry. They'll be back.

Columns; yes. Well, most of the old stars are gone thish, so I'll recapitulate. By far the most interesting is Banks McBane's fine prozine commentary, The BANKS DEPOSIT. Banks falls into the good guy catagory of reviewers; he is incisive and tolerant. Dean Grennell pens a new, furiously funny faan; it is a highly exemplary column of an old dog teaching us new tricks. Poul Anderson has been crying in his beer a lot lately about the injustices Perpetuated On Right-Wing Politics; it's been incoherant and not at all representative of Poul's fine mind. I hope that he gets it together soon. Piers Anthony is interesting to observe, much like an atomic explosion (as Rich Brown would suggest), but he's a cranky old man who gets crankier all the time. We'll have to lock him in a cement overcoat and thro him out to sea when he reaches Medicare age. Last and least, John Brunner's NOISE LEVEL is positively unreadable and he damn well knows it. Now that we have all been impressed by your erudition (as indeed we should be), John, I wish that you would get back to writing.

Some SFR Reading/Writing Rules to tape up over your bathroom mirror: this zine is published every 8 weeks, but it also takes 8 weeks to read. Do not risk indigestion and devour it all at once; chew on only a few pages every day and get every-thing you can out of them, as there is a lot of meat to this zine. If you're after egoboo and glory and awards, then go out and strive to write for SFR, but if you really want to communicate , ... look elsewhere. The writers and the lettercol just

aren't talking about the same things; and its making for a lot of bloodshed.

Again, this is the best-written zine around; it's important and required reading, but I don't like it very well SFR is written by-for-and-at some sincere people who unfortunately act like greedy-minded ghouls, and you don't have to squint to see the vultures soaring overhead. I prefer the small personalzine, where at least you know that your among friends. SFR is recommended with a wrinkled nose. SFR is nutritious, all right --- for emotional vampires.

Leon E. Taylor

BOO BOO !!

OOPS!: Last ish I blithely asserted that J.R. Williams was the author of a magic column for ASMODEUS. Not so --- Dave Szurek is the culprit, and I apologize to the two of them. It didn't make williams CORR column any more readable for me, I'm afraid, but if you have even a passing interest in the occult you'll probably find it worth your while.

Next issue we'll look at PRISM, still another in a long line of high school fanzines. They're doing some interesting things down there, so stick around. Zines for review and letters about this column should go to me at BOX 89, SEYMOUR, INDIANA-47274. I'll see that both reach the printed page in one way or another.

* * * * *

LEON E. TAYLOR for TALT:UFR

YOU

by Robin Gronemeyer

I waited for you to come
For so long
Now your here
near me
loving me
Making me feel beautiful
inside
I know it can't last forever
but knowing you now as
I do
brings a little pleasure
into my drab life.

When you go
I'll hold my head up high
and say to myself,
"I knew you once
I'll know you forever.
You changed my life
With your smile
your caress
your touch
So I say goodbye
While fond memories
Drift pass me.....

JAY T. RIKOSH AWARD = For action and manner above and beyond the call of reason and fuggheadedness. The winner for the month of September was and is none other and the reknown JIM THEIS, creator of that 'tale' entitled "The Eye Of Argon" printed in it's entirety last ish.

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* IN WINTER'S COURSE *

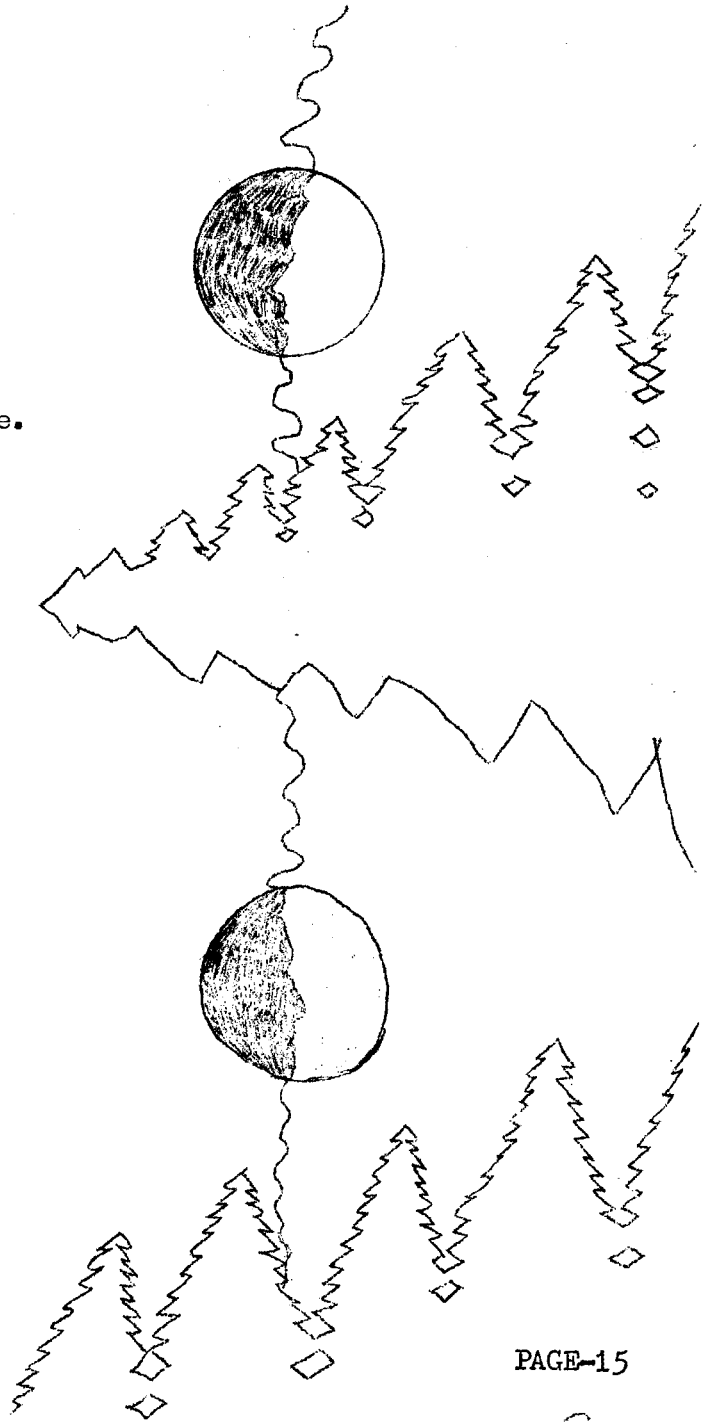
by Sally D. Watson

Such a weary vacation
In winter's course:
He drawing water
And she cooking meat,
With nothing to do
In the night
But watch the moon.
And sleep.

He'll pass though the kitchen,
She's doing the dishes.
Ask what's for dinner,
She says she doesn't know
And somehow she just doesn't care.
He half smiles,
knowing just how she feels,
and climbs up the stairs
to wait for the moon.

She finishes the dishes
She goes to the pantry
To look for the food
She knows isn't there.
She finds a can of beans,
knowing well that they had
Beans for breakfast
And beans for lunch,
They'll have beans for dinner again
So suddenly, she sighs
For the vacation they'd planned so well,
Now broken and bleeding,
It lies in ruins,
Waiting for the moon to rise.

Such a weary vacation
In winter's course :
He drawing water,
And she cooking meat,
With nothing to do
In the nights
But watch the moon
And sleep!



James H. Smith

WAITING

by Carol Vania Guise

Dust motes dancing with, sunspeckled-lashed willows
Parasites, Butterfly beautified, banking rainbowed beatlings
Curving, crawling, rutted, weedcaptured, aimless road.
Webwoven flowers sanctifying, winsomly waiting spiders.

Lovely road, endless road? Ventured gaily with glumgleeness
Shriveled, lonely old man, leadenly rocking and waiting.
Silvery, snowwhite stallion, haloed in hades heavenly black.
Smiling, senile, patient man. Rocking and waiting. Waiting !

Calamituous cognizance? Must follow the gloomy road.
Edenesque beauty amidst the shadows of loves, armegedon.
Wynds lifes road, each alteration with oldman awaiting
Smiling, senile man, with whiteblack horse anticipating.

Stone, serpentine structured, over sanctimonius sanuine stream.
Beauty facade, faceted; fogging famine and fear reflections.
Wynding road, walked watchfully, old man sleep-waiting
Senile, smiling, shriven oldman with vitiate, vortexed, visage.

Fear serenely shrouded in lotuslife glee, he is waiting.
Languishing, turnlagging on dusty greenlofted, sunsofted road.
Lamenting, old man's waiting; lamenting, hoping he'll wait.
Sepulchral shadings of an old man, just waiting sleepily.



I find that I'm not very strong against those things I fear most. I fear the contentions of others in reference to myself. For the fear has caused me worry. This causes me to believe that all things incorporated through experiences are a part of the end-product - fear of what others think or how they interpret our actions or the motives behind them. Where do I go from here after this startling discovery?

Putting this in the form of a question is not for those who by chance read this record of my thoughts. To answer. They are in the same realm of existence as by that sheer fact that they would take time to read this. The words were spoken by someone who is unknown to me. "Life is but a mere interruption in the otherwise none-existenceso why Fight it?

Fight - the struggle between ones self and the things he becomes because of his environment. Should he reconcile for what it is and why? Oh; I'm full of queries and questions ! Those that have the time, should contemplate the situation that is as it is. To become objective to ones self is both difficult and frustrating One must make one se oneself clearly.

Tabu's are those acts or disires to act that some in the past instituted because of a bad expierence and/or an unsuccessful attempt. There are those who have created "Do's & Don'ts" to apply to the religious preachings by some respected leader that has captured their respect and had the good or bad fortune to captivate the imagination, and the lukewarm contentions of the discontented and the blind and the gullible to so note. Accept as a way of life and a solid concept that gone there something to hang onto manifested in part some of the private beliefs that they the 'sheep' would have not constructed or formulated on their own.

Basically the Good Prophets intentions are humane. The whole of all efforts are to make mankind, to the individual a thing for substance solitified in belief; to belong to that is or can be classified as "GOOD".

The one concept that I find wholesome , is the one that no one I know of or I'm aware of is that man is a very private animal due to his life substance, far above the remaining animal kingdom.

He, man, can and must realize for the good of the existing hordes --- he must cultuvate the respect of others, and most important for others.!!Respect is the ability to trust others with out inflicting your own fears and experiences into others lifestream.



To be patient and courteous , to await for clarification, keep an open mind, being careful not to pre-judge; because this will close the mind and hinder the receptiveness of the listener!

Be willing except for the love of yourself and all of the sound factors that make you -YOU. You generate the cravings to be understood for what your intentions and motions are. This sense of self awareness causes one to beg for the same courtesies and you will have to give same.

Oh! You sit and think of what ? The problems of mankind - the least, the beast he is! He is not worth the time --. Life is too beautiful to waste on him. He sees color, skin, and beauty, and nothing more, no sight of the inner beauty . Of you, me or any other being he wishes to be judged by the innermost part of himself. For and because he feels himself wanting. Guardedly and warily and unsure of what you see and he also - So he asks to be judged only by what he feels and thinks. No proof but he will tell you that it is here and please, oh please judge him by these possessions only , because these he is sure of.

He has to go by someone else's thoughts in reference to the exterior....

JOE BUTLER

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WHERE'S PETER PAN NOW I NEED HIM !!

by Claire L. Toyne

Upset not be! rejoice I still live though accursed with Gafia. I haven't stop trying to or in making communication. I just temporarily dried up during the peak parched summer months. I will be columnizing once again this fall once I return to the halls, classrooms and columns of the old school. Upon my return to these hallowed halls my reports of SFFEN will again commence.

I hope that you recover full use of your hands and your eyes and that the other two Osfaners also have overcome their battle royal with a twoton adversary. Love and kisses to inspire you back to health, Ron, Frank, and DOC. There is not much you can do when you are flattened by a Sherman Tank, except learn to avoid tank crossings.

This 25th of September I pass the last point of no return into unarguable legal adulthood. another of lives minor barriers slipped reluctantly past. So-o-o-on that day, - - - remember me, and cry a little! Oh hell! Where's Peter Pan now that I need him . Convert this into a column if you can and dare you irascible Leprechaun!

Happiness

Claire

by Wes Struebing

Here I am at four in the morning, half asleep, trying to get my head together enough, in order to recount in my own inimitable style, the events of that happening, CampCon. It seems that there was a strange gathering of a bunch (between 24 and 30) of weirdoes that calls itself OSFA. This motley crew decided, (so I lie; it was actually Gigi and Sherry doing the deciding) that what could be more than appropriate to send OSFA into its autumn doldrums than a nice, restful(?) weekend in a far place camping outdoors. About two days before last ish, Margaret (GIGI) Beard got the bright idea (bless and praisie her) for this bash, and that gentle reader, is how it even got mentioned at all.

Where do I fit in, you ask, other than being there. Well, that's good enough, isn't it? Besides whcih, I'm a neofan, and a neomember of OSFA. Besides which I copped out on the last con, that thing bearing the name OZARKON V. But enough of my history, I hear someone say get on with the report (put down the black snake whip Becky), already! O.K., O.K., don't rush me.

I left work at midnight Friday/Saturday, and hurriedly packed a suitcase with appropriate camp gear that I had available, gathered up a tent and a sleeping bag, and hit the road to Saint Looie. Pulling in about four in the morning, I chanced upon the Watson's house. The door was open, and I espied a note tacked to it addressed to me and my cohorts. Seeing as there was no one except me, I followed the instructions and pushed the door open preparing to tickle our dear editor-in-exile on the feet to wake her. Well, that's what it said in the note on the door! As luck would have it, she woke when I walked in, and well, it was nice. I got to bed a little later for I knew there would be a big day ahead.

I woke Saturday morning to someone shaking me violently. It was the noble kook-in-chief, telling me, "I made you some coffee; tell me how you like it." I almost fell asleep while she went to get me a cup of that nectar, but I did manage to down it when she returned. Sally, that wasn't bad coffee; it could be a mite stronger, but you can make coffee for me any time. By the time I got dressed, most of OSFA was there in the Watson's living room, moving gear into Doc Clarke's station wagon, so I joined in and packed my trusty chariot while the Leprechaun, under the guidance of GHOD, left.

I got into the car, and suddenly I felt something cold press against my temple, and someone said, "Take me to Cuba." (though I wouldn't use it, didn't you?) I protested that my car can't swim, and the voice stated that he meant Cuba, Missouri. Oh, O.K., With that I left with my two passengers, Sue and Sally.

The trip down to Cuba was uneventful, in spite of the fact that we had to cross the Meraamec River(I use that term loosely) about forty million times. That crik is worse than a drunken snake biting on itself. We arrived at the Huzzah Creek Park in good shape and ran out of paved road rather suddenly. Like clunk and there was THE BRIDGE. Almost wide enough for a thin go-kart, it had no guards along the sides and the drop to the creek measured only six feet. Yuucchhnh! Sorry, readers,

as you can see we crossed without mishap, and in due course we espied the barn that was to be our landmark and pulled into what we thought was the campgrounds(in reality it was practice range for the Dragonflies) of Usfaners.

Sherry Pogorzelski, Gigi Beard, Molly Watson, and a few others had been living there for a couple days already, and they had the supply tent and the supply table already set up. About sixty trips later (not purple pizzazz), we had our gear unloaded and went about setting up our tent. About this time, we heard a shout, "Jiggers, its the Rangers!" This was to be our first, and definitely not our last meeting with Big John. Being a dirty old man, he fit right in with us, and he even told us what to write on the forms we filled out concerning our feelings about the campsite. He asked who among the girls was unattached, and while Sally promptly hid behind me, leaving Sherry to fend him off with her most vexing smile. Big John (yes, his name was really John) vowed that he'd be back at nightfall to protect the delightful blonde Sherry. He also warned us that there was a killer wandering around our area, which made us feel rather secure. In due time, the campsite was erected, and the editor-in-exile asked me if I wanted to take a walk. I said sure, and I thought that we would take a walk to the river where other members of our party were swimming. It was a trifle farther than I thought it was, and after about three miles we still hadn't reached it (the lagoon, water, the river, the ole swimming h-ole, WATER) the bridge. Along the way we ran into a herd of God's People from St Louis, all decked out in their cut-off army jackets and riding their EASY* RIDER cycles. Actually, they were quite friendly; in fact one of them had a broken chain on his bike, and I lent him the walking stick I found along the road. He even thanked us.

We still hadn't reached the river, and as the road was rather mountainous, we headed back. We ran into Big John again; he was headed back up the road with some of God's People to pick up the disabled bike. We waved and exchanging greetings and made it back to camp in time to find out what the work details were. If I may be permitted a moment or two of seriousness, I would like to say that Gigi and Sherry did an absolutely fantastic job of organizing this happening, this outdoor camping Convention. Easily as successful as Ozarkon. To say that I was amazed at the speed with which it was set up and put into motion is almost an understatement. The OSFA club seems such a totally disorganized bunch, and yet can be fantastically efficient when they set their minds to it. Thanks from us all Pogorzelski and Beard. These two ladies should get some kind of an award for their Herculean labours, and I don't mean the Jay T. Rikosh (Blundering in a comical Feghoot sort of way) award, either. Speaking of which, I'll get back to our winner of that award, in a tiny bit.

Along with two others whose names slip my mind at the moment(ask anyone; my memory is terrible) Sally and I were scheduled to cook dinner that evening, barbequed pork steaks, and pork and beans, and just about finished them myself; the open air does sharpen one's appetite. But that was later. At this point I discovered much to my chagrin that I had left my suitcase back at the SlanShack (The Watson's) when we were packing up. Thinking on my feet, I gathered Sally, Gigi, and Becky Bierman, hopped into my trusty chariot, and trekked to the thriving metropolis of Steeleville seeking out a drugstore. On the way back, we started singing Dylans-

"All The Tired Horses." The song is relatively simple; the words are: "All the tired horses in the sun, how am I gonna get any riding done?" Well, from the time we turned onto highway 'E' until we walked back into camp we sang it. Fifteenth minutes of that is enough to drive anyone batty, and about halfway back, Becky went quietly insane. She did recover sufficiently to walk back to the campsite with us.

Dusk had fallen by the time supper was ready, and we spent a lot of time trying to get the Coleman lanterns lit. We did manage finally, and a nice cozy, campfire soon roared. Nobody else, it seemed, could light the stoves, so throughout the weekend I heard cries of, "Wes, come here and light this ---- stove." After dinner we had a songfest around the campfire and some really weird drinks. We listened to tales of the Great Ghook hunts by Ron Whittington, and Frank of the Weyerich clan. I hated to absatin, so to be sociable I had one - weak, very weak! The night waned and the intrepid group decided to hit the sack. We-ell, most of us did anyhow, and anyway. Some decided to sleep on top the cars and stare up at the stars, crazy romantics. The others stayed up in their tents and talked and, well ... Some of the troops tried a little skinny-dipping, but got chased off by a guy with a big .38 pistol, and it being too dark for esoteric thrills from the shucked clothes scene. All in all, it was a busy day.

Sunday dawned bright and clear and hot, so Joe Butler and I decided to take a bath. He had trunks; I didn't. Remember my suitcase? Well, somehow, with Joe providing a strong back and some cover, we got a good bath and some swimming in. That really felt good! Duly refreshed, Wayne drove us back to camp just in time for lunch. Later that afternoon, we all deserted camp, some of us to go swimming, some of us to go caving, and the rest to go visit the Rikosh estates. My slightly claustrophobic sweetheart Sally, elected to go swimming, so-o I 'escorted' Sue S. Watson, along with Doc Clark, Chris Ruble, Becky Beirman, and Carolyn Imhoff plus others whose names slip my mind at present. On to Onondaga Cave we went. It is the SECOND LARGEST CAVE in the United States, second only to Carlsbad Caverns. It does have the distinction of being the largest living cave in the country, in that it is still growing. Daniel Boone discovered it, but it wasn't explored until the 1800's and wasn't opened for the general public until the 1904 Worlds Fair in St Louis with special bus rides from the fair site to and from the caves. The day was very warm, but that cave was very cool - literally. The temperature was no more than 60 degrees and the atmosphere was extremely humid. Being my first experience with any type of cave, I was really impressed. It is really beautiful underground. We had a bored guide, but the tour was interesting anyway. We got back to camp just before dusk, which was nice, seeing as how some of us were supposed to cook dinner.

Again, the air sharpened our appetites, and I said the hell with my diet. I glad I did; those ham steaks were great! Gigi concocted a noxious potion that she called a punch, guaranteed to peel the paint off of a aluminum siding at fifty paces, so that by the time the evening waned, some of our crew weren't feeling too much. Suddenly, a bright idea. Again the mad suggestion! Let's go skinny-dipping tonight! Great, I'm for it! Sally felt a little under the weather, so she went to bed and eight and eighteen, count em, of us went to the creek. In pitch blackness, we disrobed and grooved on and in the water. Unfortunately for me, I had no feet, so I didn't say or stay in for long. Damn good thing I didn't. Some joker up around the

CALLING ALL FREAKS

by Francis X. Weyerich

PAGE 24
24---24

Fellow Freaks , if you have been reading OSFAN for any long period of time you would notice that the fandom here is pretty well together. And as groovie (did I say groovie? gad!) as it is, the only thing that brings me down is that I and a few others are the only heads in OSFA! We're lonely man!

Keeping with my only code which I actually stick to from time to time, honestly, I feel that it is my duty to tell you that Saint Louis ain't the greatest place for heads to go. I'd leave it myself and truck on down highway 70 to Denver (a city I grew to like while reccooperating in an army 'ugh' hospital, after the death of my right eye) if it weren't for OSFA and the Osfaner's

St Louis is for the most part a greaser town. What small numbers of freaks, headshops, and other heavy things are scattered and you can't find a copy of ZAP-Comics, or Horseshit magazine anywhere; at least I haven't . Although this town (as opposed to city) closes up at 12:00 midnight or earlier there is someplace to go on Sundays. It is called Forest Park , where at the pavillion gather many a head, also bikers, oinks, and other things.

Even though it seems I have defeated the purpose of writting the column by scaring you away, I ask you (in my best Zapper voice, of course) please here my plea!!!! See the awesome sight of the gateway arch while ON, 630 quivering feet of stainless steel rainbow. View the Busch Brewery in a new light. Blow your mind on the ZooLine railroad and the Toot-tootery. Come all ye adventurous dudues, take it as a challenge. Infiltrate St Louis and help me give it a bad name , zonksville! In this virgin frontier of straights you will be in a truer underground than when you are in California or New York.

There is no Slan Shack here, yet; but maybe, just maybe, with your help we can establsih or launch one. Also bring (should you venture forth) your own stash as its hard to tell the dealers from the bounty heads, and the groinks. Well I have little more to say, just don't take my word for it, remember that there are two sides to the truth of a story, you have heard my side of it which is only half of the story; but then I know all of these half-truths *****.

Happrier Trails,

Fringings

F. Xavier N. Weyerich

ATTENTION FANS ::::

The Washington D.C. group is again creating a faanish calendar with condates birthdays, club meeting dates and who and where to contact in each local for the traveling fan. Please write and send all pertinent information to them as soon as possible. Send it to

PEGGY RAE PAVLET

5709 Goucher Drive

College Park, Maryland-20740

"a letter column of sorts;

1310 Buchanan Street
Charlotte, N.C.-28203

Dear Osfan Staff,

A short note to acknowledge the receipt of the most flattering piece of mail I've recieved all week -OSFAN No-9, mainly Marsha Allen's con report. I remember at the moment a somewhat belated promise to attempt some Barrel Filksongs ... The T.S. Eliot-ish phrase "Here we go 'round the barrel again, here we go around the barrel again/ at three o'clock in the morning", keeps inspiring me to some sort of effort. At the moment I'm trying to complete "Don't you know we're riding on the Arrakis Express"? as an entry in The Vardmand of Alcatraz' Dune Tune contest, but am having no luck. Ed Smith and I the other night wrote a thingie to the tune of the "Boxer". In part, it goes, "I am just a faned/ tho my stories are

seldom sold

I have squandered my resistance

on a pocket full of twil-tone

Just a come-on from the whores
down at Gestetener

in the clearing stands a Hugo

with "Best Fanzine" on its base *****

The complete version is slated to appear in Fout! Ed Smith's fanzine which was due out in time for this years Midwestcon, but has been delayed Due To Circumstances Beyond Our Control et alia.

'I haven't written anyone all week being busily involved in running stencils for Random Jottings-1 which is slated to appear in time for Agacon. Our timetable- we should finish the last stencil Wednesday night and collate Thussday to leave for the Wilds of Atlanta Friday morn. I'm out of practice.

Oh -- Monday after Midwestcon I returned from school to find both my vestments and a "Prisoner" propellor beanie from Doris the Elder. They don't go well with each other, but the vestments are really fun. We got pulled over by the Gestapo the other night when I was in costume and they wanted to search the car for dope. Then the officer shined his light on me, looking radiant and holy (in spite of Marsha's slurs on my divinity) in costume, and he didn't search the car. I think I'm going to become . It seems to be quite safe for preachers.

This letter is fated to be quite short; after all, I'm not Harry Warner, Jr. and 1/2 page LOC's are about as much as I'm capable of. Besides Ned Brooks from Newport News, Vir. is due into Charlotte any moment now for a visit before he heads for the con in Atlanta a week early. I'll be seeing you, probably at either Midwestcon or Minicon-4 next year. Until thenFanishly & sincerely

Rev. Mike Dobson

YEED :: EVERY BLUE MOON WE HAVE AN URGE FOR A LETTER COLUMN AND PUB NAME. YOU HIT US IN SUCH A MOOD. GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU. AREN'T YOU ADDING TO THE HULLABALOO? OH YES, SPEAKING OF Harry Warner - - - - -

423 Summit Avenue
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND-21740

This is the first issue of OSFAN that I've seen in a long while. It came as a jolt in one way. The cast of characters has changed remarkably. I know that fan

clubs everywhere have a rapid turnover, but a person doesn't become so aware of this rapid change of faces until he looks away for a while. I get the oddest sort of impression that the OSFA membership is developing toward some as yet unknown novel type of humanity because the names seem to be growing gradually longer and more complicated. When St Louis fandom had its big flowering several years ago it was all Halls and Fishers and Couches. Now with a few exceptions I find names that sound like the hotel registration book for the Heicon.

Incidentally, you could conceivably have another fan in St Louis before long. I got a call from the managing editor of the Globe-Democrat the other day, asking about someone who has applied for a job out there.

In any event, I enjoyed this OSFAN very much, and I suspect that it took its time reaching me. There is no legible date on the postmark, but internal evidence suggests that it was published quite a while ago. It didn't arrive until August 10. Maybe it was routed by way of England's dockworkers' strike.

Rose-Marie Green puts into words quite well the aura of friendliness that permeates fandom at its finest. It's a shame that this aura sometimes grows thin and tattered and leaves a vacuum into which dissension and "feuds" can enter, but it's better than having no aura at all in a world where mundane people don't like each other as much as they once did. Fandom has the great advantage of fellowship among people who would hardly pay attention to one another in most social groups because of age differences or educational background or other variations. The hardcore membership of a Masonic lodge, for instance, seems to have pretty much the same good companionship that a group of fans possess, but the lodge is necessarily limited to people who have the same sex, mostly come from the middle and upper middle class, are WASPish, and otherwise exclude a lot of possibilities.

The two Midwestcon reports are amusing and a trifle mystifying in spots, because of my ignorance involving the innermost traditions and characteristics of today's OSFA stalwarts. I particularly liked the description by Marsha Allen of how the barrel episode was mistaken for some kind of riot. That typifies the way fans and mundanes really shouldn't be inhabiting the same planet. And I still can't get used to the way a fan group nowadays is apt to include more girls than fellows in its membership. It's hard to understand why fandom has changed so much in this respect in the past decade or two. Women were pretty well emancipated back in the '40's, when hardly any girls were in fandom unless you counted some sisters and girl friends who got dragged along to local club meetings. During the past few years, the Star Trek influence must have brought a lot of girls into fandom, but the trend showed up before the Enterprise first flashed on anyone's tube.

It seems odd to find a review of Rogue Moon, now that men have visited the moon without encountering this particular set of problems. I remember the Budry's novel as one of the finest lunar exploration stories, and I suppose it could still be considered valid science fiction, since man has tramped over only perhaps a quarter-square mile of the moon's surface and can't be sure what evil may lurk on all the other thousands upon thousands of square miles. In fact, I'm surprised that nobody profited by Apollo 11 to produce a good anthology of stories about adventures on the moon. There must be a good supply of fiction like Rogue Moon that hasn't been completely invalidated yet by actual science.

The very first fanzine I ever published had as a fixed, no-exception policy that nothing would be published about politics or religion. So I can't agree with Leon Taylor when he chides Perri Corrick for not putting controversy into Corr. Isn't the whole rhyme and reason of fanzines their ability to be whatever the editor wants them to be? Fanzines needn't conform to the pressures of advertisers or thousands of paying customers or distributors. It would be a shame if the notion got around that fanzines must be controversial in these controversial times. It's right and just some should be, for a lot of fans are deeply concerned today about the way the world is and how different it should be. But I entered fandom at a time when almost all fanzines were so deeply involved in controversial social problems that I adopted that policy for my own publication partly in the hope that it would be a relief to some readers. (Partly too, because I sensed that I was too stupid to handle the controversies those topics were sure to engender.)

A convention fanzine like the one outlined on page-14 sounds good. It might even win favor with a lot of people who don't normally read fanzines, but turn up for two or three conventions a year. I'd hate the task of digging up a full set of statistics on major events at all the conventions last year, for instance. They must have all been described at length in one or more fanzines, but it would take a tremendous amount of digging to find the specific issues that told about them. A couple of pages with the basic facts and some entertaining anecdotes and a page of photographs for each convention would form the basis for an annual that would have permanent reference value as well as immediate egoboo for the people mentioned and shown there-in.

Thanks very much for thinking about me with this issue.

Harry Warner, Jr.

* * * * *
-308 Park Drive
Festus, Missouri-63028

Dear Douglas,

I must admit that Theis' "Eye of Argon" novelette gave me a few minutes of great fun the other night. He is well deserving of this months JAY T. RIKOSH award and has my vote for this trophy!

Ron Whittington

YE ED :: Jim is the first winner, of what will be a monthly award of the 'OSFA' club and his story is the reason for his winning this honor. (Jay T. Rikosh monthly award; for action beyond the call of reason)

* * * * *
419 East 8th
Apartment-2
Little Rock, Arkansas
72202

Dear Doc,

Months have passed by since I last sent you a letter. So much has happened to me in that time I cannot go into even a short summary. Many things are fading from memory. Thanks for continuing to send me OSFAN as I enjoy it very much.

By the address above you can see I no longer live with my parents. The mind shattering move came about on the night of my 19th birthday, the 21st of this month. I merely phoned home (ha! scared to death I was) - at threeAM Sunday morning and said I would not be back. I did spend a couple of weeks in an absolutely miserable place being so alone.

Jim and I got married after the last of April and it is only important that I am happy now. As usual I went thru an illness phase, a cold... strep throat... scarlet fever... recovery, medical bills. All is well now. Because of our putting out a magazine entitled "ETHOS" I won't have time to contribute to OSFAN as you requested. Jim (my husband) called a printer and estimates for various printing like color, photographs, normal pressing procedures are being priced. Wish us luck and free love! Could you publish this and let my various fan friends around the country know what happened to me, and about my marriage? What happened to the lovely Parloe column?

Let me hear from you soon.

Peace

Sherry D. Lendall
formerly-Sherry D. Hale

YE ED :: YOUR REQUEST IS HEREWITH ANSWERED SHERRY AND TWAS NICE TO HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN. FORGIVE MY CUTTING YOUR LETTER, BUT I REMOVED ALL THE PERSONAL NON* FANINFO NOT PERTAINING TO OSFA OR FANDOM AT LARGE. MAY YOU KNOW NAUGHT BUT LOVE ALWAYS !!

* * * * *

CROFTSHEAD, Worcs.
Bannickshire, UK

Dear OSFAN Staff,

Recieved your surprizingly bad, peculiarariarly interesting fanzine while at the local pub, quaffing a brew in a game of 'arts. I was disappointed that your British Lion column had died. Typical of English fans, start something, build up a little interest, then let it die. Left Australia to come here for the fan activity to no avail, as they aren't even publishing fanzines in the British Illands these days. I will attend Heicon, pop into New York City and try to stay over long enough to meet a fan or two. From there quick tour across your country, then back home to the Island. Any possibilty you could put a fire under the Australian or English fans and get a column from them for your zine. It would make it more bearable to read, but then they are probably all to straightlaced, and nonfunsih for your OOSFA breed. Enclosed is some coin, keep the rag coming my way.

bored Britoner and member of
Leprechaun's any anonymous .
Patrick McCabe

YE ED ::

MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT PAT YOUR RIGHT. IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ANY NEWS OUT OF BRITIAN OR AUSTRALIA THESE DAYS. A COLUMN FROM EITHER SPOT OR BOTH WOULD BE MUCHLY WELCOME, BUT ASLACK, ALAS, ALACK !!!!!!! Ro I lpve you, Doc!!!!

* * * * * PAGE-28

1830 Highland Dr.
Carrollton, Texas-75006

PAGE-29

What ho, OSFANers! (Or OSFANees, if you please)

Just time to drop you a line to say thanks for the copies of OSFAN you've been sending my way. I've read and enjoyed each, liking (particularly) the reports of what goes on (...and comes off) at your orgies(meetings)! Yes Sir, it sounds as if you have a real fun group there ...almost makes one want to move to St Louis..

Yes, indeed.

Ozarkon-5 sounds like its going to be a very fine con, and I'm sorry that my finances won't allow me to attend. Ah well, mayhaps next year....

Speaking of cons, we have just returned (last week) from the MULTICON'70 in Oklahoma City. A fine affair it was too, with plenty of huckstering, parties, and so forth to please everyone. Guests were R.A.Lafferty, Jim Harmon, (who was the banquet speaker on the subject "The value of Nostalgia"), and Buster Crabbe who spoke on his career and early movies.

And...we(the Dallas mob) are now at work on next year's Southwestercon, to be July 8-11. Guests, programming, and other details will be announced in future issues of the Dallascon Bulletin. Naturally we hope that a bunch and a half of OSFA members will be able to attend (especially the femme types), as we feel it'll be one heck of a good con.

Enough; I must be on to answered the other 34 letters that are piled up here before me, not to mention loc-ing 6 other fanzines... Thanks again for the OSFANS, and I'm looking forward to more. Keep up those meeting reports, eh? Leer, Inc..!

Best Wishes

Larry H. Herndon

YE ED :: We try to alter each issue, but having different club members contribute each issue. OZARKON-6 next year will be a motel in the county with a swimming pool. We are also going to sit up a car-caravan to a local eating place that serves smorgasbord style food, which is a pleasure to the palate and also good to eat. More on that later from THE ESTABLISHMENT, which is Ron Whittington, Chester Malon, Joe Butler, Bob McCormick, Marsha Allen, Sherry Pogorzelski, and the other OSFA members working on the coming con !!!!!!!!!!!!!

* * * * *

7529 Grandview Lane
Overland Park, Kansas-66204

Dear Sally or OSFA, or whoever it might concern,

Today while leafing through the mail I found OSFAN vol-2 no-9. I am not certain how I was selceted for this honor, but am deeply grateful for the kind thought. I am not certain whether you wished a trade, contribution, membership, or what, but I may try all three.

I deeply enjoyed reading OSFAN. It was informative, interesting, warm, and a lot of fun. If you are half as marvelous as Rose-Marie Green believes, OSFA must really be great. Your poetry was excellent and your artwork was enjoyable and very promising. I wish I could have been at Midwestcon, Barrel Fandom, frisbees, and all. Both reports were refreshing. I definitely liked the personal touch added to both.

What's a Symetrlist ? * * *

Fans at least in my area join fandom to find friends and have something enjoyable to talk about, free from the mundane. Do you have any interest in African mythology, or African history? Am a devoted South African fan(of history) and also history fan of native tribes (ie: Zulu nd Nguni tribes in Eastern and Central Africa ,bushman, Bantu, Hottentot.) and customs.

How about a Gondwanaland report ?

Hope I meet a Rikosh one of these days, model and all.

I print a local 'zine called PRISH, in its childhood, but will try and send you a couple for trade and review. Noted on your mailing label I was also to recieve #10, if possible please hold until I can send you a box # from Texas A&M University where I will be within one week and 2 days at which I will stay (probably a while) about 9 months. May your future be bright and may you all become BNF's, or anything else you please.

Sincerely

Gary S. Mattingly

YE ED :: A SYMETRIST IS A MARSHA ALLEN, A BUBBLE MASTER, A PYROTECHMASTER, A GREAT NAVIGATOR, AND A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY MUCHLY LOVED. WE WOULD LOVE TO HAVE ARTICLE ON ANY SECTIONS MYTHOLOGY! SEND US YOUR REPOT AND WE WILL EITHER PRINT IT OR RETURN IT . JOIN OSFA AND RECIEVE A KISS OF WELCOME FROM ALMOST ANY OTHER OSFAner (of the opposite sex, of course/) to our clan that believes in 'love & compassion, not war & feuds.

* * * * *

195 Russell Avenue
Apartment-2
Ottawa,14, Ontario- 7
Canada

Dear Doc(OSFA)

Thankj you very kindly for the letter you sent me. I haven't had a letter for so long. Usually I have to wait for a warm day so my back won't hurt before I can go to the mailbox. Mostly I wait for the day my pension cheque comes in and collect it all at once. But my grand daughter just married and is moving to the city here so perhaps She'll come and visit me and pick up my mail.

I am pleased you wrote although no one ever did so before on such a flimsy excuse. My parents left such foolishness to songs. And another foolishness is your thinking about my legs. I haven't thought about them myself for about 20 years, leastways since my second husband died, and I think he had long before stopped looking. I read SF cause my son used to. Now I give my books to my great granchildren and they love them.

You were writing about dress and current styles of garments, and my opinion of them .My granddaughter wears them and she looks very immodest. The girls today don't seem to care about the weather and freezing there or anything. As you c can see I'm not what you thought, but thanks for writting and sending OSFAN. I enjoy -ed both your letter and your magazine. What makes Guise so Bitter? Oh well kids are kids they say.

Sincerely Yours,

Susan Phillips

YE ED :: THANKS FOR THE COMIC RELIEF SUE MY LOVE. YOUR BEAUTIFUL . TO THE UNINFORMED SHE IS A VERY YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL LADY BEAUTIFUL OF APPEARANCE, PERSONALITY, AND IN HER MANNER TO OTHERS. OSFA AND I LOVE YOU SUE. WRITE AGAIN !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

* * * * * OSFA, WHAT, WHERE, WHEN, AND WHO * * * * *
by Shirley Claymont

August-30th-1970= 2:00PM Official meeting of the Ozark Science Fiction Meeting at the Museum of Science and Natural History in the science building. In attendance were ; Marsha Allen, Joe Butler, Gigi Beard, Becky Bierman, Railee Bothman, Shirley Claymont, Joe Caporale, Douglas (Doc) Clarke, Ruth Doschek (touring the two museum buildings), Mary Elder, Wayne Finch, Robin Gronemeyer, GNOD, Carolyn Imhoff, Bob McCormick, Mike McFadden, Mike Mannon, Len McFadden, Larry Nicholls, Chris Ruble, Jay T. Rikosh, Walter Stumper, Jim Theis, Katheryn Thorp, Celia Tiffany, Sally Watson, Frank Weyerich, Sue S. Watson, Ronald Whittington, Genie & Patti Yaffe. Total =31 attendee's.

At the meeting Ronald Whittington was elected and appointed OZARKON-VI Chairman with Genie Yaffe, Len McFadden, Larry Nichols, Joe Butler, Sue S. Watson, Railee Bothman as committe for the convention . Marsha Allen was appointed as Treasurer for the committe and the convention. Send preregistration fee's which are \$3.00 to Marsha Allen /2911 Laclede/ St Louis, Missouri-63103. A smogasbord type banquet is planned for the convention this coming year.

The rest of the meeting resolved around the OSFA CampCon as created, planned, and chairmanned by Gigi Beard and Sherry Pogorzelski. More thanks than the club can express is owed to them. Bless you girls.

* % * # * \$ * % * % * \$ * # * *

AUGUST-22nd-1970= 6:30 Pm and on. Unofficial meeting, and official printing session for OSFAN-10. In reality and invitation printing party hosted by Leigh Couch at her beautiful house, by a most gracious lady. If your interested in such party/work - call Leigh at 296 7929 and inquire about it. In attendance at this printing party were :

Marsha Allen, Kathy Allen, Becky Bierman, Margaret (GIGI) Beard, Joe Butler, Denny & Danny Butler-ites (last names unknown) Shirl Claymont, Leigh Couch, Mike Couch (Doc left your boyscout letter at my house-sorry love), Doc (Yon Leprechaun) Clarke, Wayne Finch, Ray Fisher, Robin Gronemeyer, GHOD, Dave Hall, Pamela Janisch, Bob McCormick, Chris Ruble, Walter Stumper, Jim Theis, Sue S. Watson (without any family other than her slanshack crowd), and Ron Whittington-punster deluxe. Total attendance was 23 plus Chris Couch in and out, but not partaking. This sure seems to a busy, (oops sorry Molly), busy club.

* * * * *

Don Blyly sends the following information. PECON-II will have as Guest of Honor Gordon Dickson. Preregistraion is \$2.50 and registration at the door is \$3.00. For more information write to DON BLYLY/158 Hopkins-U.R.H./ Champaign, Illinois-61820 and it will be held April 9th, 10th & 11th.

* * * * *

OZARKON VI = July 23rd, 24th, 25th. Registration is \$3.00 to be sent to MARSHA ALLEN/
2911 Laclede/ St Louis, Missouri-63103. GOH and Locale are still in the bargaining
stage, with more definite information next issue.

[illegible]

TALKING HUZZAH BLUES

(Wayne Finch)



Well I went down to Huzzah Camp
To frolic in the dew and damp.
Forded a river, crossed a ditch,
Got hung up; son-of-a-bitch!
Axle saggin'. Bottom draggin'.

We gave a shove, and half a push,
And drove that bus off into the brush.
Rollin' right along, wasn't even stoppin';
Hoppin' up and down like popcorn poppin'.
Run down three tents. A Coleman lantern.
And a watermelon.

Well I pitched camp and took a smoke,
Gazed at my tent, what a joke!
Top caved in, sides in a muss,
The heck with it all--I'll sleep in the bus.
Mobile home. Tin can paradise. Go Greyhound.

We had mosquitoes n' flies n' bugs n' gnats,
And a homicidal killer with some biker cats.
Thought about a family, an' thought about a home,
Thought about a fool in the woods all alone.
Wild beasts. Spiders. Darkness.

Standin' by the river, standin' like a man,
When a shot rang out from across the land.
Farmer said, "Git!," he owns the place,
We're off an' runnin', gotta win this race.
I don't like shots. Rather die easy. Live a long time.

Up Sunday mornin' at the break of dawn,
Boots an' jeans was all I had on.
Back all bent and my head out of shape,
That country campin' is really great.
Soft bed. Soft pillow. Where are you?

We got thru the day just singin' and swimmin',
Drinking beer and chasin' women.
I didn't do nothin' but drink some rum,
To keep me sharp and my body numb.
Wet an' wild. Pretty little bottles. Pastures of plenty.

Well some were stoned an' some were trippin',
When we heard a cry for skinny-dippin'.
We jammed that bus with eighteen head,
Went bouncin' down the road to the river bed.
Bodies flyin'. People screamin'. Look out, you river.

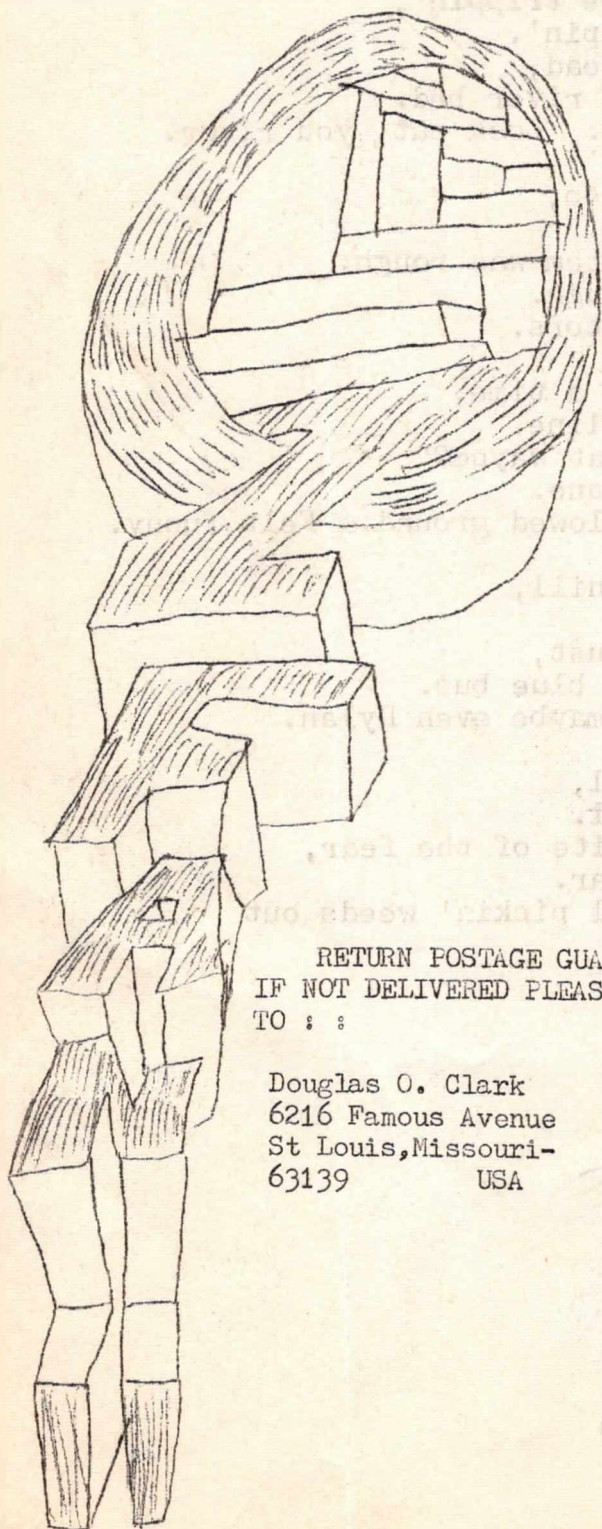
Off came the clothes an' modesty too,
"Bet I hit the water before you do."
But the water was dark and the bottom was rough.
The moon was out but it wasn't enough.
Quicksand. Sharp rocks. Alligators.

We found that water an' was havin' a time,
When a light comes on from up the line.
A voice beside me said, "What's that Wayne?"
And we made a dive for the river cane.
I jumped trees. Rode bushes. Plowed ground. Felt funny.

I cut across the river an' up the hill,
Seventeen behind runnin' still.
Seventeen behind me filled with trust,
To lead 'em back safely to the big blue bus.
Felt like Moses. Or Jesus. Or maybe even Dylan.

One thing I know an' I know it well,
That outdoor campin' is really hell.
But in spite of hysteria an' in spite of the fear,
I'll try it again----in another year.
Take that long to recover. Still pickin' weeds out
of my ear.





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