



HALLOWEEN

PARTY

OCTOBER 31ST

COSTUME-NECESSARY

6:30 PM 7:00 PM

The location of the Hallowe'en party will be at the home of the Watsons, Sue & Molly located at 6218 $\frac{1}{2}$ Hancock Avenue. It is just 2 blocks south of Fyler Avenue on ~~Hampton~~ Hampton if you know not where Hancock avenue is. The party will officially start at about 7:00 PM and last until the dawn or no one can longer linger.

COSTUME is necessary for you to gain entrance as all else will be likewise clad, and will make you more comfortable. Elaborateness or brevity, whatever your desire, just come in costume.

If you can manage it would also be muchly appreciated if you would bring refreshments in the form of soft drinks, or hard liquor (if you are the imbibing) to suit your own palate. Food and or snacks would not be frowned on, just bring whatever you can, all will be welcomed. If you have a visiting fan from out of town bring them to, just call 645 8351 and let us know ahead of time. If you still have questions, or at a little bewildered, just call and we will try to solve any of your delimma's. Anyone coming in costume might wear a wrap to avoid hassle with those on the street. Straights and nonfans don't always understand we gentle and demonic folk. We will be looking for you then come the night of the Ghosts, Ghouls, and other assorted fiends.

Doc Clarke,
Connie Duncan,
Gigi Beard,
Marsha Allen
Molly & Sue Watson
GHOD & Detord
OSFA

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* - ILLUSTRATIONS - *

MIKE McFADDEN - - - - -	-Cover-
JAY T. RIKOSH, - - - - -	-2-8-9-31
FRANCIS X.N. WEYERICH- - - -	8-Centerpiece A & B - 31
CHARLES PROKOPP - - - - -	10-11
DOUGLAS O. CLARK - - - - -	14
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* * * UNDER THE AX AGAIN * * *

by

Becky Bierman

Generally a printing session/party is not given report space, however, the one of September 19th thru (UHG) the 20th should be an exception. Ignoring the vapid and sarcastic snickering in the background, I shall venture forth in spewing forth notations on this occurrence.

Firstly, it all started off on time, surprizingly with us arriving at the Couches Lair on time. I realize that if you are at all familiar with OSFA & the OSFAN's, that you are credulous about us ever starting anything on time. Really it did start on time even if you don't believe me. We a so finished much ahead of time also very surprizing considering past print/colate/parties! With only thirty two that became thirty four (last minute we were Finched in) pages as opposed to the previous issues fiftyfour pages, it went much quicker. Everything went fairly even and smoothly, only having to dig out and rerun two stencils due to an upsidedown printing. Last month we had four which don't help on a monster ish!

We even had time for the entire printing/colating/zining staff took out an hour to eat. It was a break for some of Joe Butler's great speghetti, which is a dish you should try. Superb, thanks Joe!!!! We ran the electric stencils first as Joe's cover drank up a lot of ink, and we were feard of running out the rest of the night. The drum got verily low later on, but one by one, the pages mounted in piles of colatables. Things were slowed by the print staff reading the zine piecemeal as it went on the machine. Had to take some of the stencils away from the troubadors who were trying to glom it thusly. Some even tryed to read as we jogged it to print on the reverse side. All the rest partied/chatted and generally carried on wantonly until we couod find work for them.

There was one body of course who insisted on trying to get by without doing a thing thinking his being there was sufficient. He was outsmarted, outfought, and under hammerlocking by myself & Mike Mannon he cheerfully agreed to help. Betwix'ed this Award winner and Robin (who it seems is incapable of telling that the land of Australia is out of town) they managed to somehow add an hours work to the session. Possible president of Procrastiners Publican only had to be snared and captured twice more to do his share. Once to remove him from the sofa (HAH! Thought I'd muff it, didn't you?) and the other time skulking in the garage he was returned to the work force with my feminine wiles. not unlike the heroines of his writtings. He was considering a long trek on foot thru the wilds of Arnold to exit from the crew and make his escape.

Once the work was done, we got down to the business, of putting the mag and the people back together. Lastly, most enjoyably we settled down to vote on and decide who was to recive this months JAY T. RIKOSH award. Due to the rules when the award was created the former winner, Jim Theis couldn't win it two months in a row. Who was to follow in the Nomads footsteps of the writer extraordinaire (I know! I know, extraordinairily bad) was a hard choice, so it became a popularity contest of sorts. Ron Whittinton was the winner barely over the votes mounted by Theis even

though all that voted for Jim realized they were wasting their votes. The "Argon" creator still held great disrespect in the hearts of many for that writting piece. If the feeling of disrespect/love for the Nomad remains as strong next month he will probably again win this cherished trophy.

With OSFAN-11 completed, including addressing, the award voted on, we all slowly loaded up the half a dozen vehicles to start the trek back to the noisome metropololis. The way back to the SLANSHACK (Watsonland at $\frac{1}{2}$ ahancock) was a little fantastic. The highway was awash/aswirl in fog so thick that somebody shoul of remembered the latern law of ole mizzou. Said law is that a man with a lighted lantern must preceed a car at night. We weren't even near the river either. Once back at the house we collapsed to listen to the guitarstrummers vocalizing over the Finch song about Huzzah. It came out sounding very good, especial y with Wes a strumming & a singing. Situation Normal as much as anything about about this bunch can be considered normal.

A list of those who were present goes as follows ; Kathy ' Kliersat, Marsha Allen, Gigi Beard, Becky Bierman, Buck Bucksat, Joe Butler, Dennis & Kevin Butlerites, Joe Caporale, Douglas O. Clark(Doc), Leigh Couch, Mike Couch, Connie Duncan, Mary Elder, Wayne Finch, Robin Gronemeyer, *Eloise Heavenhost, Carol Imhoff, Elta James, Mike Mannon, Bob McCormick, Jay T. Rikosh, Chris Ruble, Carol Smith, Wes Struebing, Walter Stumper, Jim Theis, Molly Watson, Sue S. Watson, and Francis Xavier N. Weyerich. A turnout of some thirty CSFANers for this this party hidden under the guise of a print session.

Straightly
Becky Bierman
with J.T.Bikosh notations

[illegible]

FAMOUS PERSONALITIES

by

Carmen Garcia-Otero

BECKY; the silent one(actions speak louder than words)
CAROL; 1st prize by moonlight CHRIS; temple of serenity and riot
DOC; the ice-man cometh JOE; Mama mia
FRANK; sing along the campfire(at 5:00am)
GIGI; the one and only bartender GREGG; the sleeping-bag snatcher
HUGH; the one with the muses and Crosby PHIL; the rolling ball
MARY; the only actual hen-pecking mother ROB; fun in the bus at 2:00 am
SHERRY; case of mistaken identity and a sexy swimming suit
SUEWATSON; official camp ghost (in pink sheet)
WAYNE; Frank's accopyment,one. in the hand is worth two in the bush
MIKE; the most Micheangelo body MOLLY; the oldest young person we know
RON; Gook hunter par excellence BURT; he's for real
SALLY; bikini distracting kook KATHY; nonchalance in nudity

remembrances from HUZDAH, OSFA's fistfirst CAMPCON, maybe last ?

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THE BRITISH FANNISH SCENE

by Rosemary & Darroll Pardoe

I'm afraid that these columns of ours have become very infrequent lately, and that they will continue to do so. At present I (Ro) find that I'm doing fanac almost full-time exclusively, leaving only a little time for non-fannish projects. This isn't a situation that I like, and in the future it'll have to change because I'LL soon be starting to study for some of the exams I'll be taking. Thus, although I shan't give up bringing out SEAGULL* every three months; the rest of my fanac will have to be drastically cut down. One of the things I shall have to give up is the 'MALLORN: the magazine of the British Tolkien Society. At present the first issue of this is partially duplicated, but we are having some difficulty getting enough money from the Society to complete it. We have the money in the Society, but it's just frustratingly difficult to get at apparently. As soon as I can hand the magazine over to other capable hands I will do so.

Whilst on the subject of the Tolkien Society, we had an enjoyable time on September 19th at a Hobbit Birthday Party they hosted. We celebrated the birthdays of Bilbo and Frodo. Although there are a few Science Fiction fans who are members of the Tolkien Society, most of the rest of the members have had previously naught to do with Science Fiction. They are all very nice and we like them a lot, is still a bit straight. Unfortunately the Society has problems with a slightly narrow-minded committee, but no doubt all will come right in the end. We just have to win them over, to convince them how enjoyable fandom tis.

Since our last column we have been to the worldcon (Heicon) over on the continent in Heidleberg. I won't say much about it because this is supposed to be a column on the British Fandom scene; so suffice to say that we enjoyed it muchly. Most British fans there were very disappointed with the small turnout from British fandom. There were only about two dozen of us over there in attendance. Two British fans traveled to the worldcon on a TandomBicycle which was subsequently sold at one of the Heicon auctions.

Fanzine-wise the scene in Britain is definitely starting to improve with new publications appearing. In recent months several new faneds have brought out new zines such as CYPHER from James Goddard & Mike Sandow along with the zine BLACK KNIGHT from Phil Spenser, amongst the more notable ones. In preparation for future publication are the zines, MOON LEOPARD from Ann Girling, and MAYA from a group of Northern fans. Another encouraging point is that a lot of new and very enthusiastic fans have been appearing on the scene lately. Certainly we have Phil Spencer to thank for most of these, because he has been running the Fanzine Distribution Service of the BSFA (British Science Fiction Association) and thusly introducing many new people to fandom at large.

A few months ago Darroll and I were voted Treasurer and President respectively of OMPA. This apa is on the upsurge at last, which we are glad to see. Ken Cheslin is still the very capable AE(apa editor) and he has contributed alot

towards the recovery of the OMPA apa. The next convention, the British National convention that is to be held in Worcester next Easter, promises to be one of the best we have had in years. Most certainly it should be much better than the rather dismal one held this last summery Easter. That was the one in an ancient, archaic, and disagreeable hotel and none sciencefiction oriented. Also that is where I got a burn on the exposed plumbing, and had a good time despite all this.

Well, that's all for now this issue. I hope it won't be too long before we get around to reappearing in these pages under the alias of another column. We hope to make at least an every other month appearance.

Love,
Ro and Darroll

SOLILOQUY, OPUS II

by Becky Bierman

Where now goeth the world?
Upon the path of righteousness-
-and peace

Most Likely Not.

Peace is but a golden hope:
Held high to him we doth believe.
For me, I see not the banner of-
-peace and hope--

Rather only battle flags and bloody-
-trophies.

There now goeth the world.

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OSFA - EVENTS

MEETINGS

OCTOBER=25th/Sunday-2:00 pm
NOVEMBER=29th/Sunday-2:00 pm
DECEMBER=27th/Sunday-2:00 pm
January=31st/Sunday-2:00 pm

Proposed Printing Nights are as follows
below/
October-17th & November-21st
& December-19th or 26th

All meetings of OSFA (The Ozark Science Fiction Association) are at the Museum Of Science And Natural History which is located in Oak Knoll park in Clayton, Missouri-63105. The meetings will be on the third floor in the science buildings and that is the one distant from the Dinosaurs. You can reach the Museum as it is only - $\frac{1}{2}$ block north of Clayton Road on Big Bend Blvd. Simply tell the doorman/or lady that you are with OSFA and they will direct you to out of straightdom into the land of OSFAN^{ers} and Science Fiction & Fantasy buffs.

PRINTING

DEADLINES

OSFAN-13 = November-19th,1970
OSFAN-14 = December-17th,1970
OSFAN-15 = January-21st,1971

JAY T. RIKOSH OSFA

AWARD NOMINATIONS

This award is given monthly for conduct above and beyond the call of Reason, Sanity, Sobriety, Sincerity while being totally inane sublimely. No fan may have the honor or privilege of recieving this award two months consecutively. If the fan who is nominated wins the award, and isn't a member of OSFA, he or she is granted an

a free membership that month. Further, the winner of the award can and may be addressed as Jay T. Rikosh. Permission granted by the noted artist (CAD) himself.
NOMINATION

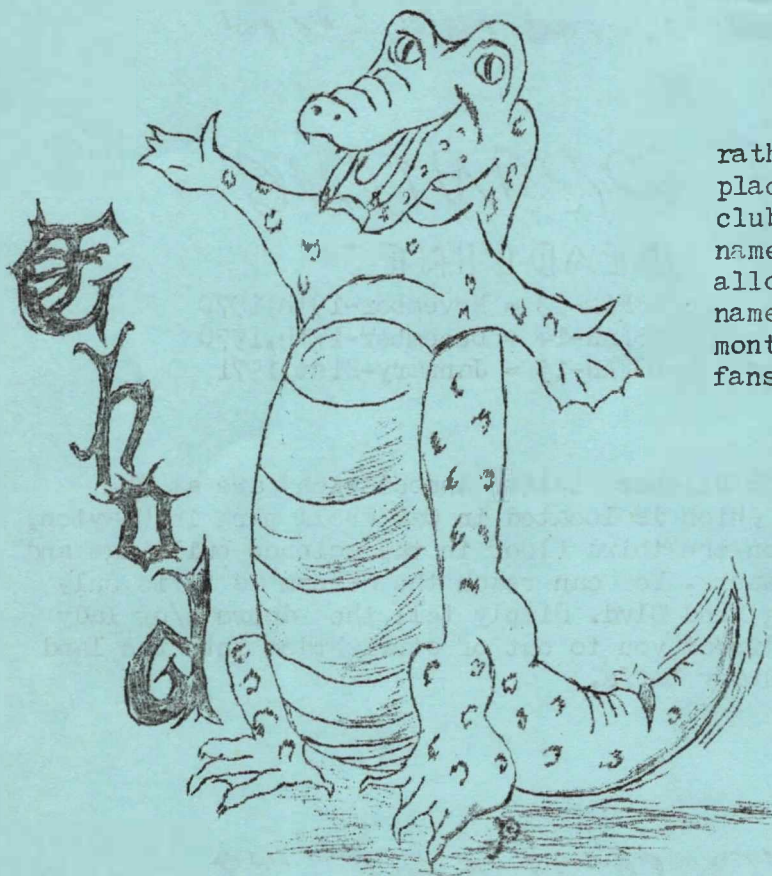
REASON _____

NAME of NOMINATING PERSON _____

Signature Above! _____

NEATH A TOADSTOOL

by Doc Clarke



On page- you will note in rather large letters comments and a place for your nomination for our clubs award. The OSFAN Art Editor, by name of Jay T. Rikosh, has graciously allowed us to create an award in his name. Thus far we have made to awards, monthly, of this trophy, to local fans. One of the local fans wrote a story, that was strangely and enjoyably funny if read with some care.

We have decided to share this reward (award/trophy) with fandom at large. Each issue henceforth will carry a ballot for your 'goat' unh, nominee. If you know of a fan or pro who has created or been part of or has executed, a semi classic blunder of a semi-humourous nature they are eligible. Fans in the local area that can attend the OSFA meetings will chose the area "RIKOSH AWARD" winner. The others should send in their ballots and nominees between now and December 15th. Then all of those thus nominated will

have their names printed on the election ballot to be run in the December issue of OSFAN. The results of this poll will be printed in the January issue of OSFAN. Any other fanzine, group, and/or club about the country may join in upon this election campaign if they so wish.

It will be a monthly feature running concurrently. There will be two months time for the nominations to roll (stutter) in) and then another month for the election. While one poll is a month old then the second will start, but that will be explained futher next issue.

Come on fans & others, send in the name and nominate those you know who deserve the 'finger', but only in a semicomical vein. Who is your BLUNDERER that deserves national and international recognition. Hoping to hear from you.

A QUIET WEEKEND AT HOME

by
Lois Namiano & Karla Kandor

Recently a friend asked, "What do you people do that keeps you so busy all the time?" In reply I merely, or rather 'we' decided a description of the past weekend!

The aptients at the Slanshack Cottage Hospital had determined to spend the weekend quietly in order to complete their recovery properly. True, there was this invitation to the Illinin apartment-warming and we wanted to go, but discretion is the better part of valor. Then someone (the den-mother) realized that we were recieving real distress signal from Sally, exiled kook-in-chief. About 10 O'clock Friday evening it was decided that we would go to Babcock Amputation ward.

Two of our patients, less affected by the creeping Wobblies, suggested that we fix cookies for the trip, so bright and early Saturday morning the Hobbit-Gremlin and the Pixie-Gremlin chattered around the kitchen making tunafish and egg salad sandwiches. Later, as the Campghost decided to become more colorful, one of the original perpators of the great cooky scheme, began to mix the dough with the other Gremlin involved.

Sue, lent a hand to the cooky cooking as well as to the preparation of Panheckelty for lunch. The Symmetrist arrived in charge of the Blue Beastie just as the cookies arrived from the oven. Denmother Sue, pulled rank: "Only one peanut-butter cookie and one Snickerdoolie each! The rest are for tripping." Panheckelly was served formally; each person walked by the stove, plate in hand, and helped it'self to edibles availavle.

After laundry and other sundries (including a ministrial visitation complete with Clairal-stained bathrobe), the journey to Urbana began. Molly, Marsha of Symmetrical fame, the Leprechaun, and Detoat (Connie) along with Detoat II mounted the Blue Beatie and headed east. GHOD decided that a car with a Robin, a Giggled one, and The 'Sue' needed his guidance and protection more that one can relate in words. Buggy James circled the city seeking to rescue the Pixie Robin's clothing from durance VILE. Rescue mission was accomplished finally, the path thru persnickityness, and James wended his way East to SIU.

The journey to Colorado Trails was relatively uneventful, although the Blue Beastie tried kicking up its heels and cashing its blackgold to the wind much to the annoyance of those shielded by its oily nature. In other words oil was splattered senselessly, and without visible reason after a thorough car check onto the windshield of the Beastie Blued. A half hour stop uncovered no cause for the condition so the trip was resumed with the steed rather subdued under new and more magical hands. Colorado Trace hyah we come, glungng, glungng.

When the first arrivals reached the new apartment (after getting lost with typical fothe misdirection), a whirlwind from ?-o-way met the Den Mother with a smothering embrace. Kook-in-chief it seems had quite an engaging time with Wes long afore the arrival of the others. It was a secret seemingly unbeknownst from the Struebing roommate, Al of Babcock fame.

In spite of the fact that the Leprechaun had just lost a wife to his host (isn't that hosting advantage) he had a most pleasant evening living in the Red. It seems not only was Redheaded Sherry down from Chitown, but illinois also provided tall, lovely, redheaded Delores handicapped with hubby Jack. Doc after introducing GHOD about ran off for a while with Delor s returning with a brew of magic, entitled Irish Hist. In one of the carless movement of the evening the lovely Duncan blonde, Connie near frogdom fame, was severely injured, in her main evenig tussle with Al Devilbeard. Host Babcock came to the rescue while Doc held the victim, Al amputated the ruined finger portion of Connie leaving her moaning all night "I'll ne'er be the same!"

Other people came and went as the evening progressed as the music and verses tripped ruggely from inadequate throats, dispite the fact that all enjoyed themselves. Crazy eight, fivehundred rummied, Liverpool, Pixiebundling, spirit imbibing,guitar strumming , and other less innocent passtimes were indugled in with Fey abandon. P.P. & M. furnished music for the record player and whomsoever desired wordings and score for guitarists. Eventually the party diminshed in size leaving only OSFA members and Tieg, a mosquito training fanperson devilbearded. Sally who lives in Exile in a hole in the map, Wes(leaving hosting to Al) Den mother gave up the ghost tumbling into various beds trying to ignor the violent noises of those still partying. The sixpart sofa brought from the Slanshack was put to use making floorbeds for assorted people, pixies, imps are other types.

Marsha settled down being the cream on the coffee table pillowing on an easy chair, while local guests walked about Mantising. The others settled into a corner under a thin coverlet huddling & cuddling using the Leprechaunic furnace for warmth thruout the night. Silence carefully slipped into the room and reined in subdued splendor until OSFaners woke the sun and kicked it into orbit.

Early? Well, noonwise Sunday morning(?), Sharon Dennison provided pancakes and bacon not unlike a breakfast for all around in an eating mood. Doc had a private moment with each wife tripping from room to room favoring the beauty from lactedtown over the others. Buggy james, and the Blue Beastie were loaded after the passengers were resorted to destination, with Detoad, Kook-in-chief, the hairy Leprechaun, and the original Sue headed for the hole in the wall(oops, hole in the map) sometimes mistakenly called Iowa. Ghod and Detoad II went west with the Symetrlist, Millydom,Portense, and the PixieGremlin, after going to a local park to once again try to solve the riddle of the great Frisbee. Payment was made for this engagement with the Frisbee in maulings of muscles and l gaments later once at home.

The Leprechaunic group rode James thru Heyworth careful not to stop, lest they found themselves Bobbed in, slipping past the Wilson with fond wavings and blown kisses. Tucker we love you was reviled at the wind as we zephered thru.

Hurrying past the historic Sands Motel in Peoria town the Bug raced until thirst and cramps bespoke of a stop. A shaky cafe was found and all ate with much grumbling by the Trollcritter. Mount Pleasant was pursued after this stop in uck-Galeburg in the endless journey west by north. Ten PM sallied forth in exile deliverance with the elfinesque one softly deposited back in the college realm she seems to thrive on. Taking up switchboard position, and with a cry of "You people out there had D--- well better write" the littliest Watson was left behind. Hannibaltown was progressed thru in a nightlong fight with the all too stupud drivers of Iowa trying their utmost idiotic way to blind the Den Mother. Home, the Slanshack, was headed for after a necessary stop for people fuel, at a restaurent with a leerable waitress, I know so, as the Trollone did so.

The Blue Beastie contingent refreshed themselves at a Dairy queen where Lois stayed in the vehicle with snack brought to her. She was curled up in a corner of the car defrocked in slip and blanket as carguard. A stop in beautiful downtown Pocahontas, then continued on to the Slanshack, waiting till the AM before giving up the ghost and subdiving to their homes. They figured the other carload was either lost and or partying on the way and so would be much, much later. Thus ended another quiet weekend at home for the residents of the Slanshack, and people of OSFALand.

"But -: " My friend sputtered, " you didn't stay Home, you traveled into two states and drove all over the place."

And I had thought it was perfectly clear - HOME IS WHERE THE FEN ARE!!!!
So where ever you are out there, Gh'd bless yore Fad!!!!

Osfa Utterings
Karla & Lois

OSFA MEETING of September 27th-1970 held at 2:00 pm as usual. In attendance were Kathy Allen, Marsha Allen, Margaret GiGi Beard, Becky Bierman, Railee Bothman, Guiseepe Caporale, Doc Clarke, Mike Couch, Karla Kandor, Ruth Doschek, Connie Duncan(Detoad), Wayne Finch, Robin Gronemeyer, Carol Guise, Thomas Kirk Jr., Chester Malon Jr., Gordon Meyer, Debby Margolin, John McClimans, Len McFadden, Robert McCormick, Sherry Pogorzelski, Vince Rhomberg, Mary Rhomberg, Chris Ruble, Harold Steele, Fred Thorp, Kathryn Thorp, Molly(Milly) Watson, Sue (CampGhost) Watson, Francis K.N. Weyerich, & Ron Whittington.

The ratification of the constitution was passed 34 votes for and 1 opposed. With a big hug, and a kiss, and a most formal speech Kathy Allen made the monthly award Of the Jay T. Rikosh trophy to the Whittington. Nominations for club officers were made and your ballot to vote for said officers and your choice you will find elsewhere in this zine. SENDS YOUR DUES IN TO MARSHA ALLEN! Hope to see you at the nexet meeting. Oh yes, Joe Butler, Shirley Claymont, and Sally Watson mailed in their nominations. Much Love to all Reba Feagan!!!!

TSH & UNFEATHERS

by
ROSE-MARIE
GREEN

THE HIDDEN PEOPLE :

Have you ever been walking, very early in the morning and suddenly come across something in the grass? A round, circlish sort of way the grass is trampled up, or slightly discolored? Or, maybe, mayhap, you have something one minute, and the next can't seem to find it? Science Fiction fan love to explore all sorts of possibilities to all sorts of things, the more improbable, the better. I present you now with several interesting anecdotes, which are highly improbable, highly entertaining and may answer some of the above questions, or maybe even, "Where in the world did that chewing gum I stuck on the bedpost last night go?"

The realm of the fairies (no bright ideas, please) covers a broad expanse in folklore, tradition, and modern literature. Fairies have been said to have been seen in almost every part of the known world. There were a number of them spotted before World War I, but they have since declined to be nonexistent in our generation.

Some of the earliest mention of the fairies in ole England are the Anglo-Saxon charms against Elf-shot, but the romances of the fairy ladies occurring in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries may well be as old. Morgan le Fay and Fata Morgana of this period show a mixture of Celtic and classical tradition, or might come from beliefs older than these.

One of the early chroniclers of fairy stories was Walter Map, born about 1140 AD, who tells us of a fairy wife in "Wild Edric" and of a demon wife Melusine tale, plus another about a wife rescued from the realm of the dead. More interesting than Walter Map, is Ralph of Coggeshall in the thirteenth century, who tells of the female changling, Malekin, and the story of the Green Children.

Malekin, although claimed to be a changling, had been invewted with the fairy nature, for she was invisible except when she wished to show herself; then she appeared as a tiny child in a white tunic. She ate food left out for her like a Brownie, but spoke to the servant in broad Suffolk, and to the chaplain in Latin. She said the end of her seven years of captivity was approaching, and at the end of another seven years she would have an opportunity to regain her human form. Stories of female changelings are unusual and it is fascinating to have this tale from the fairy point of view instead of from the human.

His other tale, of the Green Children, is even more unusual and has a most convincing air about it. It tells of the two children who were captured near Wolfpits in Suffolk. They were said to be of a pale greenish color and seemed stupefied, and frightened, and did not understand what was said to them. In the beginning they

refused all food, but finally ate beans with eagerness. They later learned to eat mortal food. The boy brooded, pined, and died; but the little girl grew, lost her green tint, and learned to talk. Her tale was that they had lived in an underground country, that had neither sun, nor moon, but was lit with a soft, dark light. One day they were playing and heard a soft sound like bells tinkling, and they followed it until they emerged in the daylight above.

The sunlight stupified and dazed them, they fell to the ground and were caught. Both were baptized and when the girl grew up she was married to a local man, but was always rather free and wanton in her behavior. William of Newburg confirms this tale and adds that the girl called the land she was from Saint Martin's Land, and she said the inhabitants were Christians. It is interesting to note that beans are traditionally the food of the dead, and witches & imps are & were often called Martians or Martinets.

Most fairies in folklore are not supposed to be fictional and many are based on first-hand sightings. The type of fairy that is sighted most often is the common household Brownie. Brownies are said to be of a diminutive, wizened size, clad only in shabby rags, or naked. The very early Brownies were described as being of a size equal to or more than that of their human counterparts. In Aberdeenshire tradition they have no separate toes, or fingers. The lowland Brownies have no noses, only nostrils; the Boggarts have long, sharp noses, and the Killmoules had a huge nose and no mouth. Rarely they will appear as a small child, naked, or wearing a white tunic. Personally wise, they are tricky, touchy, and easily driven away. They have many dealings with Puck and the Hobgoblins, the Brag, The Brash, and the Bogey-beast. Around the house they will do almost any work that is set out for them, including gardening, and farmwork. They are mostly very homey creatures with an adaptability, and individuality that is charming. Far, far meaner than the Brownie is the Pooka. Not too much is known about the Pooka,



except that it is generally more like a hobgoblin than anything else and is found most often in the shape of a horse.

Besides the Brownies and the Pooka's there are the Pixies, the Pixies which are similiar to the Brownies, except they live in tribes and are usually nomadic. All three types of fairies can, on most occasions, be laid (made to go away) with discarded clothing. Brownies frequently look upon tis this as an insult, and will go away because of it.

In the fairy realm there are the bad fairies; not the least of which are the Hobgoblins. One of the most, if not the most , terrifying of all the hobgoblins is the Fuath (malignant spirit) of Nuckelavee of the Scottish Lowlands. A discription is given here, founded on an encounter told by an old man in the K.M.Briggs book, The Fairies in English Tradition and Literature. K.M.Briggs;

"The lower part of this terrible monster, as seen by Tammie, was like a great horse with flappers like fins about his legs, with a mouth as wide as a whale's from whence came breath like steam from a brewing-kettle. On him sat, or rather seemed to grow from his back, a huge man with no legs, and arms that reached nearly to the ground. His head was as big as a clue of simmons (a clue of strong ropes, generally about three feet in diameter), and this huge head kept rolling from one shoulder to the other as if it meant to tumble off. But what to Tammie appeared the most horrible of all, was that the monster was skinless; this utter want of skin adding much to the terrifying appearance of the creature's naked body--the whole surface of it showing only red flesh, in which Tammie saw blood, black as any tar, run ing thru yellow veins, and great sinews, thick as horse-tethers, twisting, stretching and contracting as the monster moved."

Almost, though not quite as terrifying, are the Barrow-wights.



19

They are described by R.L. Tongue in Somerset Folklore; "A pale crouching form like a rock, with matted hair all over it, and pale flat eyes." In The Fellowship Of The Ring, the first book of the famous J.R.R. Tolkien trilogy, the Barrow-wight is much the same, but Tolkien describes his voice. He calls it a cold murmur, immeasurably dreary; sometimes high in the air and thin, sometimes a low moan from the ground. It seemed to come directly out of the earth.

Then there was the unpleasant nursery spirit, Bloody Bones, as quoted from R.L. Tongue; "This most unpleasant hobgoblin, as we were assured in my childhood, lived in a dark cupboard, usually under the stairs. If you were heroic enough to peep through a crack you would get a glimpse of the dreadful, crouching creature, with blood running down his face, seated waiting on a pile of raw bones that had belonged to the children who told lies or said bad words. If you peeped through the keyhole he got you anyway."

Another dangerous creature was the Highland Kelpie, an extremely blood-thirsty character. He enjoyed posing as a horse, his natural form, and doing such things as letting little girls ride on his back, and then running them into the local loch and drowning them so thoroughly that only their entrails came back to the shore. These last spirits are the worst and the most dangerous in the fairy realm. Most of the fairies are simply mischievous and mean no real harm.

The many types of fairies have many different types of lives. Some fairies are immortal and can ignore the passing of time, but not the passing of seasons. they might be explained as the dead, or worse. The agricultural fairies may very well be the dead buried under the earth because they have a better chance to supervise the growth of the seed. The timeless fairies could be the dead that are cremated.

But there are complications here because in tradition fairy funerals have been witnessed by humans. One was described as two tiny men, about six inches tall, coming out of some bushes, carrying a coffin between them. Another was collected by T.F.G. Paterson from Ulster. "A man once followed a fairy funeral. He was up late an' heard the convoy comin'. He slipped out an' followed them an' they disappeared into Lisletrim Fort (a triple-ringed fort near Cullyhanna). He heard the noise of them walking plain, but he was none of them."

William Blake, the famous poet, claimed he had seen a fairy funeral. In his garden he saw "a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grass-hoppers, bearing a body laid out on a roseleaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared."

If the fairies die, then their death is as a mystery as our own. Sometimes ghosts and fairies can get confused. One such example is the Brownie that haunted Altmor Burn near Pitlochry. He was heard paddling and splashing in the stream, then he would go up to a nearby farm, and, in typical Pooka fashion, would tidy up anything that was untidy, and if it was neat he would throw everything around.

3 It was considered very unlucky to run into him, and the road near the stream was avoided at night. He was not laid by a gift of clothes, but by a nickname. A fellow was returning from the market, very happy, one black night, when he heard the ghost splashing about in the burn, and yelled merrily, "Well, Puddlefoot, how is it with you tonight?" The mischievous Brownie was horrified. "Oh! Oh!" He was stunned, "I've gotton a name! 'Tis Puddlefoot they call me!" Whereupon he vanished, and never came back to haunt the burn again.

There is a story of another ghost who, unlike Puddlefoot was laid by clothes. The fellow was a naked boy called the Cauld Lad Of Hilton, who was said to be the ghost of a stable-boy killed by one of the Lords of Hilton in a sudden passion. He haunted the Hilton Castle in Northumberland and messed up everything tidy, then straightened things scattered. He would be heard singing at night as he worked: " 'Wae's Me! Wae's Me!

The acorn is not yet
Fallen from the tree
That's to grow to the wood,
That's to make the cradle,
That's to rock the bairn,
That's to grow a man,
That's to lay me.' "

: The servants felt sorry for him and laid out a fine green mantle and hood for him. He put them on, overjoyed, and left the castle permanently, singing,

" 'Here's a cloak, and here's a hood!

The Cauld Lad of Hilton will do no more good.' "

In human opinion fairy ghosts are probable the most frightening, but most people either scoff at fairies, or take them surprisingly seriously. The best example, is, as a matter of fact, an extreme case. During the famous execution of witches in the thirteenth century, any type of psychic phenomenon, including ghosts, and fairies, were thought of as fantastic traps for men's souls.

During this time the fairies and witches were thought of as working together. In Ireland the fairies and witches are supposed to dance together on Halloween, even today. After the witch scare subsided, the fairies were vaguely thought of as spirits of the dead. Sometimes this belief is laxed to the idea there are simple dead walking among them. This is even extended to be a special kind of dead. One of these kinds is said to be on the Isle of Man, if the local fairy-believers are correct. They are those drowned in Noah's flood.

Another idea, and the next popular to the dead, is that the fairies are the fallen angels that yet expect salvation. This hypothesis has never fully been explained, except some say the Lord got impatient with his angels and decided to purnish them.

Not many people wish to give their beliefs about fairies, even when they think the fairies are real. Most of the opinions come from the old people, whose memories frequently get confused with what was told to them and what happened to them

personally. When these old people pass away, so will much of the belief that fairies actually exist.

Now in reviewing what was said of the fairies it is obvious that there is no single idea of how they originated, who they are and if indeed they do exist. No idea seems capable of standing on its own feet, so all ideas must take into account all beliefs.

Although they speak of encounters readily, there appears to be little discussion on fairy morality. On what is said, one of the most important fairy morals is honesty. They will never tell a direct lie, or break a direct promise, although they will often distort it. The Devil himself is far more likely to prevaricate than to actually lie. Fairies appear to be great lovers of cleanliness tidiness, and established ways of life, as Hobbits might suggest.

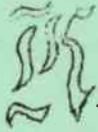
One must always be tactful on a chance meeting with a fairy. Never try to deceive a fairy; it can be extremely risky. It is believed important to see a fairy before it sees you. It is bad omen for a fairy to see you first. Try never to carry dirt into a fairy circle. In this description the fairies even sound clean!

A group of fairies are gamboling and dancing on a little plateau on the other side of the stream. Their bodies are female, their main clothing is pale blue: their wings, which are almost oval in shape, are constantly fluttering as they dance in a ring, hand in hand. Some of them wear a loose girdle, from which is suspended an instrument like a horn. All are draped with a material which serves to conceal the form more completely than is usual with this type of nature-spirit. Their height is probably six inches.

As far as encounters and realities to, the fairies shall probably never be explained because people like to keep some things a mystery. The poets tried to explain the fairies; by making them human. The first official fairy tale was printed in 1690. The moralists, poets, and writers, started coming shortly after the 1700's, but they did not effect the country folk and the illiterates.

The newest, best writer to come into the field, as a moralist or not, depending on your point of view, in a long time is J. R. R. Tolkien. Tolkien has said that he believes fairyland is not a road to heaven or Hell. He also says that fairies are not necessarily of a diminutive stature as so commonly believed. Looks do not matter, it is the style of the story, and the representation of the characters. He states that if elves are real and exist independently of us and our tales, then it had to be true that the elves (or fairies) are not primarily concerned with us, nor we with them. We seldom meet, and even on the border of fairyland itself, we only meet at chance encounters.

Tolkien adds that is if they are real, he hopes they will come out of hiding someday.



ATHERINE MARY BRIGGS gives a similar statement in her book.

In the earliest mentions of them in literature the fairies are already spoken of as departed or departing. The tradition of them burns up and flickers like a candle that is going out, and then perhaps for a time burns up again, but always the fairies are to be seen only between two twinklings of an eye; their gifts must be secret if they are to be enjoyed; they are, and always have been, The Hidden People.

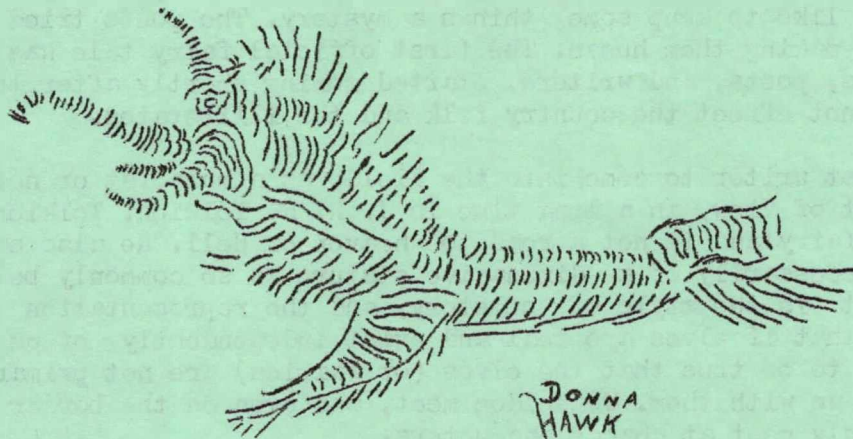
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New York: Ballantine Books, 1965

TOLKIEN, J. R. R. The Tolkien Reader.
New York: Ballantine Books, 1966

love & pax
ROSY







FRYGLEDHORPE
UNCHAINED

FX 11

MAROONED

by Arcey '70

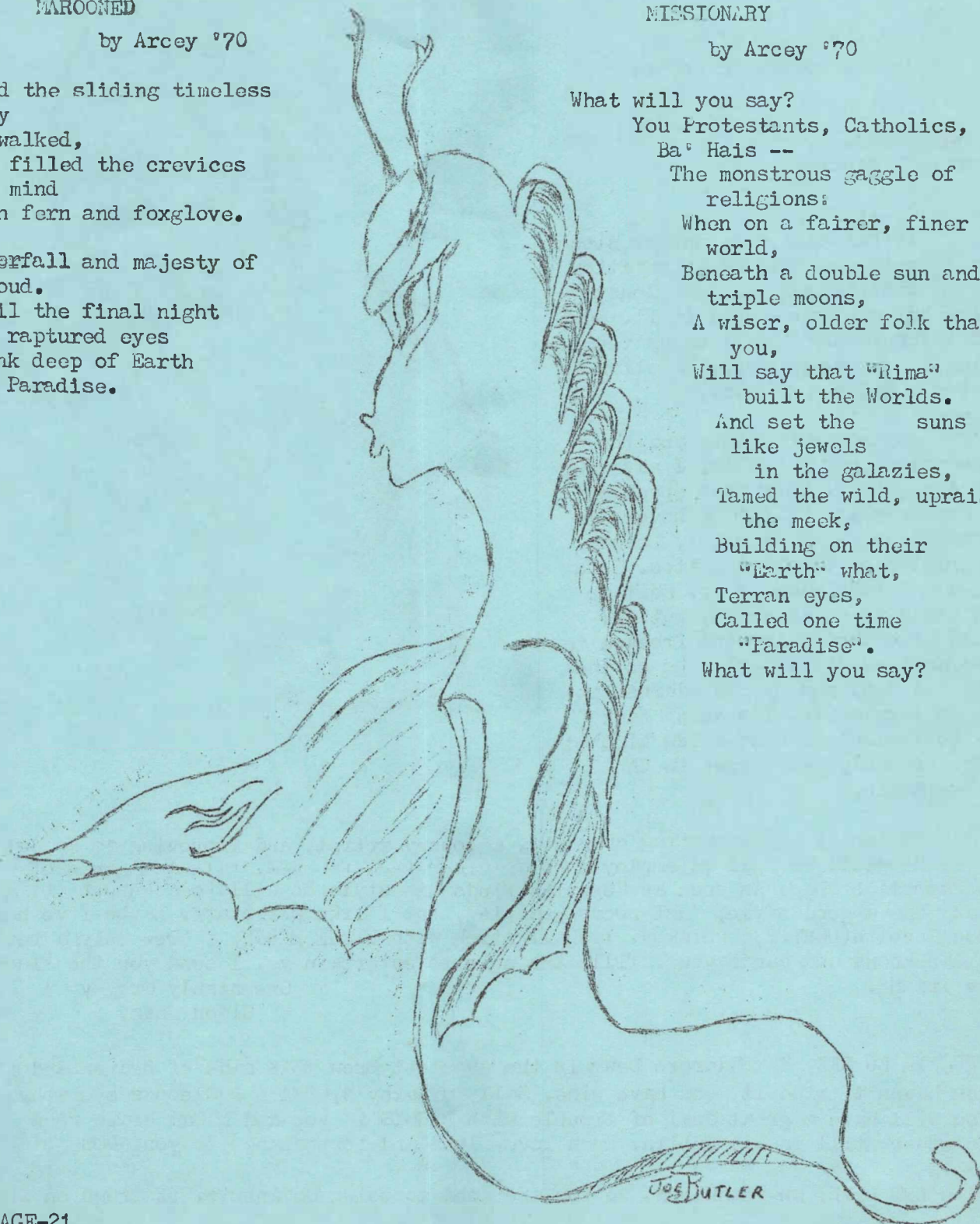
Amid the sliding timeless
day
He walked,
And filled the crevices
of mind
With fern and foxglove.

Waterfall and majesty of
cloud.
Until the final night
His raptured eyes
Drank deep of Earth
His Paradise.

MISSIONARY

by Arcey '70

What will you say?
You Protestants, Catholics,
Ba' Hais --
The monstrous gaggle of
religions:
When on a fairer, finer
world,
Beneath a double sun and
triple moons,
A wiser, older folk than
you,
Will say that "Rima"
built the Worlds.
And set the suns
like jewels
in the galazies,
Tamed the wild, upraised
the meek,
Building on their
"Earth" what,
Terran eyes,
Called one time
"Paradise".
What will you say?



**** CHANGLINGS ****

"a letter column of sorts; "

Keisque Serts.
Dunbraigh, Scotland

Dear Sally-er OSFA

It has been five months since last I wrote to state my appreciation of your fanzine. OSFAN, ugh lousy title, but one grows used to it. Went to California and didn't enjoy them trying to oil up my trip. Pollution is getting a bit out of hand.

Regarding Rosemary and the innocence of her Seagulls, I say "ROT" they are guilty. They have speckled the former white cliffs of Dover. To master Bloch as to it merely being integration of blacks & whites. Such should not take place ever. Neither side wants it or needs it, but all should have the choice and freedom to do so as they will. I will be on the again and send you my new address as soon as I relocate. I'm going back home to Ireland to Bonk a few bigoted heads. Probably get thrown in the caboose again.



Rikosh is a fascinating character, a lousey artist, and improving as an Art Editor. He would do well to employ more drawings from the very talented hands of this Caporlale chap. As soon as Weyerich finds his style he will be a superb artist. Tiffany has a good style, just needs practise, but I like her stuff. Maybe I've had to much'scotch(UGH!!!)' whiskey. I shall stick with ULSGE BAUGH, a brew only a real Irishman knows and can savour. Tills the spirits entertain ye, I send you the 'luck-O-The Irish'.

Greenishly Groggy
Cleon McKay

YED, YE ED SEZ, " Tullamore Dew" is the sweetest brew this side of heaven and if you haven't tried it, you have mine, Sally's, Kathy's, OSFA's & Cleon's sympathy. You will have a great deal of trouble with BIGOTS if you and N' Gai Miana room together still in ole Dublin. Much love, luck and forbearance to you. DOC

FORGIVE

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LOVE & LET LIVE. Oh yes Cleon, we too are used to being OSFAners. It grows on

Rt.2 Box 889
Arnold, Missouri-63010

Dear Osfans,

Well, you blew my cover with this last issue! You inserted that news about our print parties (we have to call them something that will get past the P.O.!) and the nice adjectives, and all that good stuff. So-o, now I feel impelled to crawl out from under my rock, and get a toe back into the stream of fandom. It was getting rather lonely under there anyway. It has been a bad, black, tumultuous year for me. I'm not sure I would have survived it without all of you. Being submerged, lovingly, into our local fannish scene is life sustaining, and very spirit-healing. There, add that to your Karma you shining people, and be assured that your next trip around the life circle will not be as a grub in some warm pile of dung. Magic is alive !! When in doubt, go Leprechaun!! Much loving thanx, Doc!

Leon E. Taylor is getting better and better. I most definitely second his high opinion of Ted Pauls. If Ted recommended a book called, "Love, Gore and Pills" to me, I'd read it because I would know that it would be good. The reason that Ted is an accomplished master of the long-deep think review is because his head has been completely together for longer than anyone would believe. Ted Pauls is brilliant, but he's used to it and doesn't have to go around shouting about it to everyone as some fan writers feel the need to do. I have been the fortunate recipient of some of his fanzines in the past and enjoyed them immensely. I think if he wanted to, and really set about it, he could win a Hugo. But I suspect that his social life is so rewarding that he doesn't feel like putting out all that much work.

I would like so much to see more of the thoughts of Joe Butler. He's got guts, he has. Saying things like that for all the world to read! The rest of us think these things, but he lays it out. He touches on one of the eternal sadnesses of this life, the deep desire we all have to be judged by what we actually are, and not by some pre-conceived idea. Fans do this better than most people I have ever met, that's why I like them. Ponder this question for us Joe, what do you do about the occasional person you encounter who is so devoid of empathy, or awareness that they can't even see you as a person? The pat answer would be, avoid them, but supposing that's not what you want, or can do. What are your thoughts Joe? I'd really like to know. You have a great aura man.

The Caporale cover was great, and watch out for that Weyerich mandala opposite page 16, it'll trap ya! I would have added to Marsha's description that she is also a SURVIVOR, Earth Mother species.

To all music freaks let me pass words of 'Melanie' and 'Leftover Wine. Just don't play. or listen to it when you happen to be vulnerable. I did and it tore me up. You have been warned.

Meher Baba Lives,

Leigh Couch

YE ED SEZ :: The drawing of Francis WyWeyerich is the one on page 17. It as drawn specifically for the poem by Carol Guise. They make a good combination. A very a unhappy and bitter person is Carol. We love her though, even if she can not find as yet a way to return love. On with the LOC's !!!!!

PAGE-23

1390 Holly Avenue
Merritt Island, Florida-32952

PAGE-24

Doc,

I meant to tell you about the Hugo award winners, but in view of what happened, I utterly forgot to pass the news on. So Here ::

BEST NOVEL-The Left Hand Of Darkness - by Ursula K. LeGuin (Ace Special)

BEST NOVELLA- Ship Of Shadows - by Fritz Leiber (F&SF, July '69)

BEST SHORT STORY- Time Considered As A Helix Of Semi-Precious Stones - by
Samuel R. Delany (World's Best S.F. 1969, Ace Books)

BEST DRAMA- The television coverage of Apollo 11

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE- Fantasy & Science Fiction (F&SF)

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE- Science Fiction Review (Dick Geis)

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST- Frank Kelly Freas

BEST FAN ARTIST- Tim Kirk

BEST FAN WRITER- Bob Tucker

FIRST FANDOM SPECIAL AWARD- Virgil Finlay

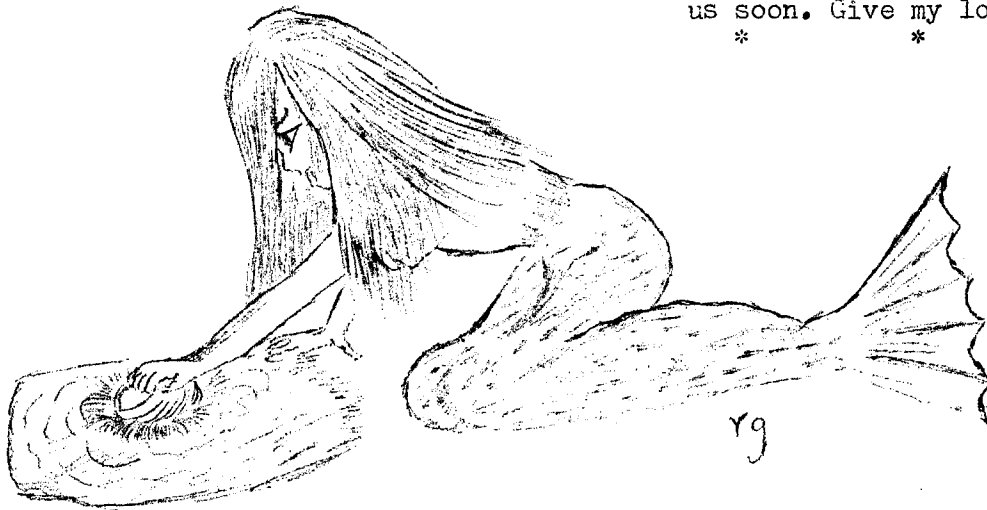
information courtesy of Guy Lillian and Dean Sweatman. A special thanks to Dan F. Galouye who telegraphed the news. Promise to write soon and tell you anything that I forgot to tell you over the phone. Really, really, loved our phone call and talking to all the OSFANlanders. Give all my love.

Lots Of Love

Rose-Marie Green

YE ED SEZ :: You Ne'er enjoyed the call or calls half as much as this bearded bloke and the club members you talked to you. I send you much love, and you will hear from us soon. Give my love to Amy!!!!!! DOC!!!

* * * *



257 Florence St.
Hammond, Indiana-46324

PAGE-25

Dear Doug,

Recently, the thought entered my head to write a LOC on OSFAN last recieved. Picking up the zine and leafing through it with this thought in mind, I came to a startling realization, -- er, OSFAN doesn't have a lettercol! As I see it, there are two possible reasons for this; 1) You haven't recieved any letters, or, 2) You don't want to have a lettercolumn. Which is it?

At any rate, I'm not going to let a little thing like that keep me from writting. OSFAN has a reputation of being a crudzine. I find this contention does not bear close scrutiny -- upon reading it I found only a minimum of crud. There was one true gem in this issue - Francis X.N.Weyerich's poem. It's quiet, subtle style is extreemly effective, and I greatly enjoyed reading it. Excellent poem.

Of the two MIDWESTCON reports I much preferred Marsha Allen's, as she mentions me in it. Though I don't know what she has against the green beans served at the banquet, as I thought they were excellent. As a matter of fact, I thought the entire banquet was excellent. And while I'm at it, the entire convention was quite excellent, too.

What do fans have in common? A love for other fans, a need for egoboo, and a taste for science fiction/fantasy. I don't think you can narrow it down much more than this. Challenge you to try. Even here, not all fans possess all three traits.

Well, that's about it for now.

Yours,

Mike Juergens

YE ED SEZ :: It was not from lack of response that we had no lettercolumn. I just decided I didn't want one, but my staff has overuled me as you can see. You should o f been to Midwestcon 2 years hence when the food was really good. This was edible, but excellent, yechhhh, ugh, hardly.

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4 Commercial Street
Norton, Malton
Yorkshire, England

Dear Doc,

If I may have the presumption to call you that, many thanks for the issue of OSFAN. It's just the second unsolicited zine I've received; so I must be getting known in fandom. Several apologies for not replying earlier, but I've been up to here in fanac (I leave it to your vivid imagination to decide exactly where) and have only just managed to crawl out. Whereupon my eyes fell upon OSFAN, and having replaced them, I settled back to read.

And the first conclusion I came to is that it's nice to read about the activities of other fans and fan groups. Maybe living in the back of beyond or somewhere near it, I'm away from the main stream of fans, so the mail is maybe that

much more important to me; a sort of fandom by proxy? Anyway, the only time of the year that I'm able to meet all the other fans is at the annual British Con, at Easter; so those club meetings at the front seem like heaven to me! Still? I also suspect that whatever British fandom has, it works; to quote Rose! And I'd say that this must be included in the question what do fans have in common; this fellow: -feeling that holds them together, more so than any other fans of other things, such as pop music. Which is also deeply personal or can be, but lacks the necessary strength to support all the critical apparatus that can be levelled against it, in the name of fandom, as SFiction can. Fans can come together at the various pop festivals; but once they leave, they drift apart again; whereas Science Fiction fans have a wonderful habit of hanging together!

And one brief comment, about the visit and display of your Art Editor. I grew up in the belief that fans were Slans; I gradually came to see that they were quite ordinary people; and are you trying to upset my beliefs again? Or is it just that OSfandom has more than its fair share of Slans...? Anyway, a, How you live with a Rikosh, enviously, hatefully, or reproachfully? A few words which will have to make do for the many I intended to send; but I'd like to help. So, if there's anything you want in the way of contributions (apart from ancient myths and Norse mythology; though I think I can put you in touch with someone who can write on Japanese mythology...) just ask me. Okay? Anyway,

Best Wishes,

Roger Waddington

* * * * *

c/o Mrs Jennings
49 Thornton Rd.
Childwall, Liverpool 16
England-UK

Douglas,

Did I or didn't I send you the last ish of SCREAM, my UK Brit. news zine pubbed at my former abode. Enclosed is an aging issue for your perusal! Enclosed is the cover of my new genzine, PSYWAR. Would you consider trade of PSYWAR for OSFAN?

I find it difficult to Loc OSFAN since most of it is taken up by fanzine reviews of American zines I have never seen, plus an address list. The book reviews say absolutely nothing. I'm not keen on the academic long critiques, some of which take longer to read than the books or stories they review. I do like something in between the Ha He & the 'I like it (ugh)' type of review! Rikosh is a very fascinating person, a lousy artist I think, but he hates with style.

I liked the personal profiles of Chas Legg and Mary and would like to see more of these. It gives fans like myself to whom fandom is fanzines a better idea of what makes other fen click. They become people instead of just names on paper. Can you get more of the classis artwork of say a Weyerich, or Caporale?. Tell the Allen Marsh to write more!

Hoping to hear from you, in isolation
Keith Walker

PAGE-26

YE ED SEZ: Roger, you ask about a, er, oh Rikoshi Jay is a crably, cantankerous, lecherous independently wealthy artist(?) who helps out considerably with the zines but mostly the parties, and teaching the younger fans how to curse, and be just generally rotten people. Send us any contrib and/or articles on any subject you think appropriate, including even SF or Dinosaurs or Lechers if 'n you like. Art work would be greatly appreciatd if done in black ink. Have the person you know on Japanese Mythology write to Masha Allen, address elsewhere in the zine.

Keith: I hope that I deciphered your letter accurately as it was in sad state having gotten soaked in the rain during delivery. At least I got the gist o f it. It isn't Allen Marsh, but rather Marsha Allen the beautiful Symetrist.

* * * * *

78 Downhills Way
London N17 6BD
England-UK

Sir Douglas of Osfanland

Sally of Kookykountry is away someplace improving her mind, so I send you this brief and rather delayed response to OSFAN's recieved. More than likely I guess I'm far too late for the Egoboo Poll, but you can give my listing thusly. The best two current fanzines are BEOBOHEMIA and SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW of which the later won the Hugo the second time running. I prefer Beobohemia because of the artwork, also because I don't get all the fanzines to compare with. If I did I'd never get any work done. Riverside Quarterly is fine, but; and then the there's the academic one, SPECULATIONS.

My chief news this issue is that the first Management Board meeting of the SF Foundation at the new N.E. London Polytechnic is set for the 22nd of October, about the time OSFAN-12 goes to press. I hope as soon as possible thereafter to put out formal announcements, to be sent out on the appropriate papers. Also, it has been confirmed that on the last two weeks of May 1971 the National Book League will be giving an international sciencefiction book exhibition entitled 'THE BEST Of SCIENCE FICTION'. I have hopes that this will be a traveling exhibition, and might even be taken out of the Untited Kingdom. We've set up a selection committee to chose the 250 best books, and the publishers will be getting formal notification later on. I have asked Pete Weston (chairman for the next National Convention this coming Easter) of SPECULATION, who is on the committee, if he will make a selection of the best fanzines. He hasn't let me know if he's agreeable to do this, but as editor of Britain's best fanzine, he seems the logical choice. Do contact him on it if you are any of your readers are interested.

Please note that I've moved from my old address at 411 West Green Road to the DOWNHILLS WAY address listed above.... please keep OSFAN, with news of those charming OSFAN'ers coming my way.

Best

George Hay

YE ED SEZ: Pete Weston is on the mailing list for OSFAN, but is probably too busy in the bussiness of being Con chairman to want a deluge of letters. Ruth Doschek send you a great big kiss as Sally isn't here. You can write to Connie Duncan at our editorial office, 6218 $\frac{1}{2}$ Hancock, St Louis, Missouri-63139/USA. Much Luck/DOC

THE OZARK SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION
BALLOT FOR ELECTION OF CLUB OFFICERS / 1970-71

NAME of MEMBER
VOTING _____

ADDRESS- _____

Mark an 'X' in the () of your choice of those persons
listed on this ballot opposite the office that person is seeking.
Only one vote for each office.

PRESIDENT OF OSFA- - - - -

DOUGLAS O. CLARK(Doc)-()	FRANCIS X.N.WEYERICH-()
WRITE IN CHOICE-(_____)	

VICE*PRESIDENT OF OSFA

BETTY STOCHL*-()	CHESTER MALON-()
JOE BUTLER-()	GENIE YAFFE-()
WRITE IN CHOICE-(_____)	

SECRETARY OF OSFA- - - - -

BECKY BIERMAN-()	CELIA TIFFANY-()
GENIE YAFFE-()	
WRITE IN CHOICE-(_____)	

TREASURER OF OSFA * - - - - -

MARSHA ALLEN-()	SHERRY POGORZELSKI-()
WRITE IN CHOICE-(_____)	

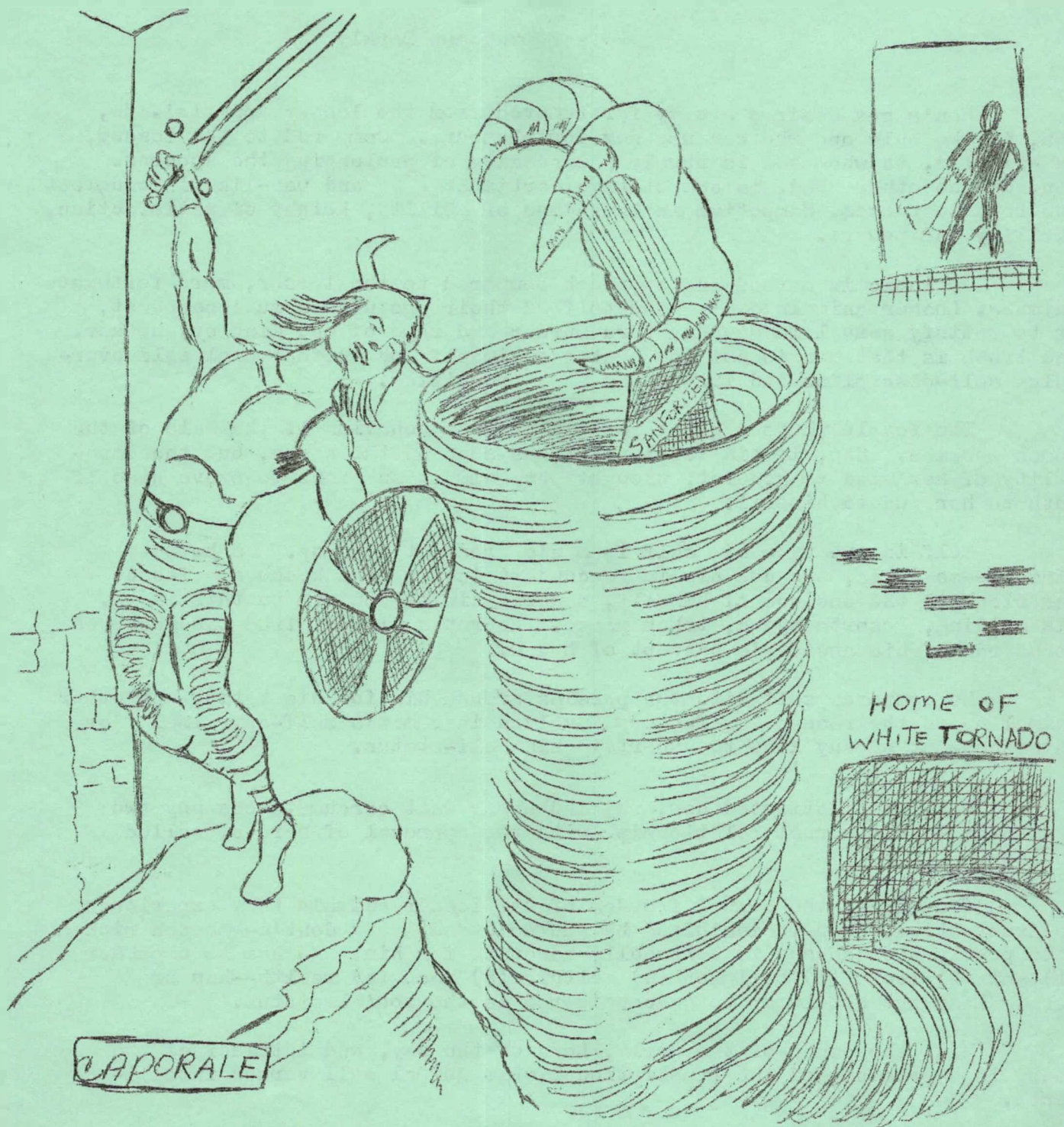
PUBLISHER/EDITOR OF OSFAN - - - - -

DOC CLARK(Douglas O.)-()	WAYNE FINCH-()
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MUSHROOM & TOADSTOOL MUTTERINGS

by a Leprechaun Darkly

Man's sex desires are by far removed from the lesser animals'. He, man, is the only one who can use sex for pleasure. Compared to the lesser, an animal's, to whom sex is purely a necessity of prolonging the species. Man, on the other hand, is competitive, artistic and war-like in conquest and rape instances. Competitive in the sense of ability, height of satisfaction, virility and powers.

Artistic in method and approach compared to the lesser, more fortunate animals. Lesser animals don't need to feed their ego with sexual conquest, or to satisfy sexual inadequacy thru murder and rape of one kind or another. The truth is that man is not the master of himself for the corporal self overrules self-discipline and instituted principles.

The female plays a great part in the sex behavior of the male of the human species. She, is his focal point, as such be the case, but the capability of her mind to generate thought puts him in an arena to prove himself both to her and to himself.

Self in the eyes of self is man's greatest hang-up. As he sees himself--so he is, because his image concept in his mind becomes a facade and blankets the essence of himself, causing him to conform to this image. His molding, sorta speak, takes place. He rates himself from the accepted standards of his society's concept of M A N.

He compares self with the persons around him for his rating--no other animal needs the reassuring factors involved in a man's self-appraisal for an assessment of any kind to ascertain his self-status.

Man, has instituted how, why and under what circumstances any two can enter into a sexual relationship, with the approval of herdes, called society.

Because of the sexual freedom of the lesser animals they experience no frustration. Man is inhibited by the do's and don't's--he can pick a mate purely because she is personally adequate for him. He has to consider (1) sex (2) looks (3) religion (4) culture (5) race (6) wealth--his or hers. Last but not least to be considered is the social status.

Man, the owner of the world, Lord of the sky, and intruder of the deep, is a prisoner of the frustration of his animal self versus intelligence.

Primates can fornicate openly--man can't without repercussions. He states "That is an animal". He the primate has no hang-ups. He has no frustration--man does. The primate lives in a colony or society as does man. He, the primate, is nude--man is not, but man has lost most of his natural resistance against the elements and diseases--the primate has not.

Man has given up the privacy of love making to live with M A N, but is it worth it? Is it necessary??? Is there a better way?????

by Joseph Butler

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