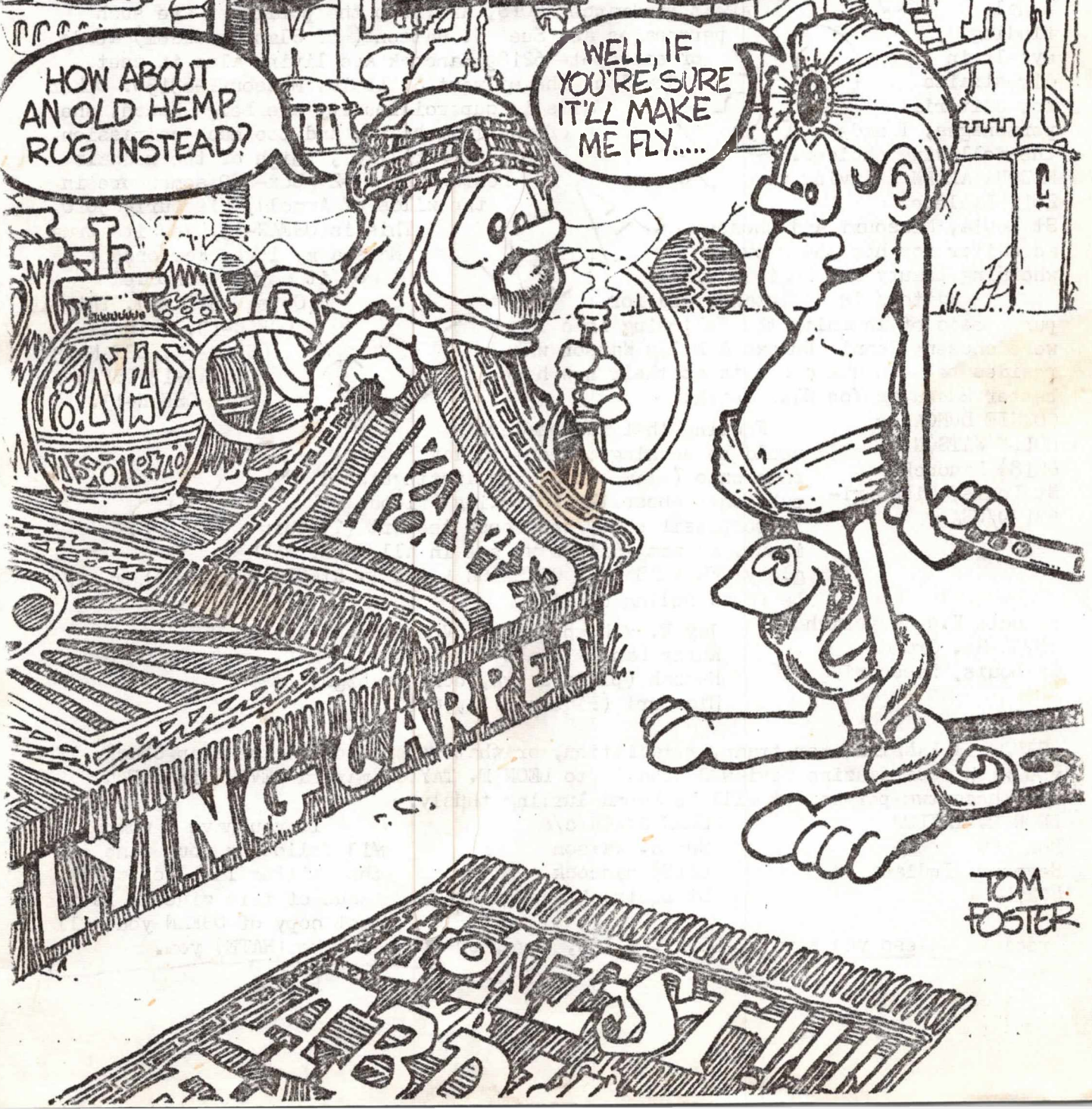


OSFANI

HOW ABOUT
AN OLD HEMP
RUG INSTEAD?

WELL, IF
YOU'RE SURE
IT'LL MAKE
ME FLY.....



The seeker wanders into a strange, violently hued beflowered and verdant garden in search of answers to lives great mysteries. Spying a filmily clad and most aluring female splashing, in the streams sparkling mists, the seeker moans and groans out his queries. Brown eyes blinking bewitchingly, Detoad trilss out the answers mystically and musically; " the publisher is, Douglas O. Clark lurking neath the toadstools at - 6216 Famous Avenue in the nether world of beauty and charm alaised as- St Louis, Missouri-63139.

As usual finding myself in direstraitts for editorial personages, I made the following choices. MARSHA ALLEN living at 2911 Iacleda St Louis, Missouri and chosen as editor for her sheer overwhelming beauty and logical mind.

Editors in assistance and for purposeses of insanity the following imps were chosen; Connie Duncan & Molly Watson who resides between war and cats at their new home better known as Yon Slan Shack.

CONNIE DUNCAN & MOLLY WATSON
6218½ Hancock
St Louis, Missouri-
63139/USA

All utterances from this Hobbithole of Gremlins, Satrys, and other assorted ilk come from the CRMRY PRESS ot either the CRMRY PRESS. Adviores in instant indecision, and thus of great hindrance(OOPS, Aid!) to the publisher are such personages as Sue S. Watson (of Slan Shackdom) abode of saidspot- 6218½ Hancock Ave living also in tnet jewel of the midwest St Louis, Missouri-63139. Other aids in superciliousity are Leigh Couch, she of the big heart, and too much compassion. Love of our life, Leigh of the redhair resides at Rt-2 Box-389 somewhere in the wilds of Arnold, Missouri-(3010.

This is OSFAN-13, yes its true
Marsha my love, Fer once I
got it correct unadded

(Oops, unaided). This is
OSFAN-13. This is
OSFAN-13, OSFAN-13
OSFAN-13, OSFAN-13
OSFAN-13.

Feeling that the readers would be seeking someone to lay fame onto (blame unto) yer distinguished publisher chose the following fiends to be responsible for and chose the art (?) this issue. As art editors we see in all their NAKked glory; FRANCIS X.N. WEYERICH & JAY T. RIKOSH wherein they may be found holing up at;

Francis X.N. Weyerich
3175A So. Grand
St Louis, Missouri-63118

Jay T. Rikosh & Baron Von Rikosh
Murky Lane & Limbo Street
Huzzah (pIzZa's Ugh, Yecht Aughrgh)
Missouri (Pigeonville)-63173

SEND all FANZINES for trade, retaliation, or whatever reason to the Slan Shack. If you wish your fanzine reviewed send it to LEON E. TAYLOR marked REVIEW in OSFAN and these two personages will be found lurking thusly.

LEON E. TAYLOR
Box 89
Seymour, Indiana
47274

SLAN SHACK c/o
Sue S. Watson
6218½ Hancock
St Louis, Missouri-63139

If you have a number
#13 following your name on
the mailing label of this
issue of this zine it is the
last copy of OSFAN you will

recieve unless you send us MONEY, a LOC, love, or we just like (HATE) you.



OZARK SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

OSFA MEETING of October 25th, 1970 and the minutes thereof: stating that the next meeting of the Ozark Science Fiction Association will be November 29th at 2:00pm at the Museum of Science & Natural History in Oak Knoll Park in the city of Clayton, Missouri. The meeting will be on the third floor of the Science building. The park is $\frac{1}{2}$ block north of Clayton Road on Big Bend Blvd. The next printing sessions will be December 17th and January 21st and the December meeting will be December 27th, 1970 as listed above and for all club meetings unless the membership is otherwise notified.

- OCTOBER OSFA MEETING -

At the official October meeting (the 25th) elections took place for next years officers.

The results at the time were:

PRESTIDENT: Douglas (Doc) Clark

VICE PRESIDENT: Joe Bulter

SECRETARY: Bedky Bierman

TREASURER: Marsha Allen

PUBKISHER/ of OSFAN: Douglas (Doc) Clark

PUBLISHER/EDITOR of SIRRUIISH: Leigh Couch

These results are pending any mil-in ballots that have not , as yet, been received. However, as there were not any close races, changes are doubtful.

After that official business was taken care of, a RISK game was started in the back corner, accompanied by shouts of "Clark isn't playing, so why do I have to play by his rules?".

Robin Gronemeyer was awarded the Jay T. Rikosh Award for a great many different resons. Making the presentation was Mike Mannon, whose speech was assisted at times by the rejoinders of the accused uh, condemner... Robin and the audience.

The truly fascinating award was designed this month by Ron Whittington, last month's winner.

ATTENDING: Maasha Allen, Becky Bierman, Joe Butler, Douglas (Doc) Clark, Connie Duncan, Mary Elder, Tom Foster, Robin Gronemeyer, Carolyn Imhof, Chaster Malon, Mike Mannon, Bob McCormick, Vince Rhomberg, Chris Ruble, Harry & Larry Steele, Walt Stumper, Jim Theis, Celia Tiffany, Chris Todd, Molly (sans Sue) Watson, Francis X.N. Weyerich, Rom Whittington, Genie Yaffe, and Allan Zacher. Total: 25 people

After the meeting was over (in reality we got bounced out of the museum - cause it was closing) some 15 of us went to dinner at the Interational House of Pancakes, followed by about 12 attending 2001. Once in the theater, I believe we disturbed a fairly large number of people with such whispers as "All right, all right, who's got the grenades?" "I've got the flame-thrower." and "Who's got the ping-pong balls?" The entire row behind us were undoubtedly upset when after several minutes of that type of dialogue, the projector stopped in the middle of the movie and the entire theater was left completely darkened. For some, strange reason I got the feeling that they thought they had at least half of an armed insurrection on their hands.

All in all, it was an enjoyably normal meeting, punctuated only by the time Chris (Ruble) fell off the chair.

Yours (fortunately, I think),
Becky Biehan

NOTE: At the last meeting member dues and nonattending members and club zone subscriptions were voted to remain the same as in the past. The dues are as follows:

ATTENDING=1 year-\$3.00 6 months-\$1.50 and 3 months-\$1.00

NONATTENDING=1 year-\$2.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ year-\$1.00, same as a year subscription to all of the clubs non special and regularly published zines, which is \$2.00 per year.

NonAttending members have all the privileges that regular members do except for voting in the clubs election for officers. OSFAN is priced at 20¢ per issue if anyone should so desire to buy the fanzine thusly peicemeal.

GENIE YAFFE whose phone number is 862 4868 , one of our most attractive & married members has a hobby of making huge stuffed pillows of such sizes as 52" x 52" down to 36" x 36" and would be willing to creat such pillows for others interested if you call her. Because of the impossibility of mailing them only those living in St Louis & environs had best call her. At the last meeting we had almost six people tumbling/bundling on one of the larger stuffed pads.

QUOTES OF NOTE : " You've got to get your teeth into it ! "

"Happiness comes wrapped in Glad Wrap"

"Sometimes you can be too Frank"

"Wow! You should feel his navel!"

GRAFAN

by GIUSEPPE CAPOREALE

Grafandom or the Graphic Fantasy Collectors of St. Louis constitutes but a small portion of the membership of OSFA. Though small in numbers, Gra Fan/ OSFA members tend to be very active in these clubs. Good examples of this activity include; J.T. Rikosh Award winning short story writer Jim Thies, Mike McFadden's great cover illustration for this issue of OSFA and my artwork for this and previous issues of OSFA.

Gra Fan is the third attempt at a Comics oriented fan club or group in the St. Louis area. Because of the efforts of Mike and Len McFadden, Gra Fan is a successful club that continues to keep growing.

The other two clubs, the first club which had no name and the second, Bob Schoenfeld's Gateway Comic Club will be discussed at a later date to give you faithful (?) readers a great insight and understanding of GraFan and the comics oriented fans in St. Louis.

With this article on GraFan, we will begin a series of interviews on such hard core GraFan members as Steve Hou ska, Walt Stumper, Walt Jaschek and good old "Diamond" Jim Thies. Eventually GraFan publisher and editor Mike McFadden and his brother Len, who acts the club advisor.

Our first interview will be with the J. T. Rikosh Award winning short story writer "Diamond" Jim Thies.

OSFAN: What did you think of your story "Eye of Argon" in OSFAN 10?

THIES: I admit I did make a few mistakes. But then, I'm just a 16 yearsold. The editing that was done to it did not help it. In the future, if I have anything else published I would appreciate it if it were published as it was written.

OSFAN: How long have you been in GraFan?

THEIS: From the beginning. About a year.

OSFAN: Any comments on OSFA?

THEIS: OSFA is a very nice organization; well structured. All the offices seem to be well handled. No inconsistencies there. The jobs are very capably taken care of and, I mean, they have regular meetings once a month. Printing parties once a month. They have parties on holidays, ect.

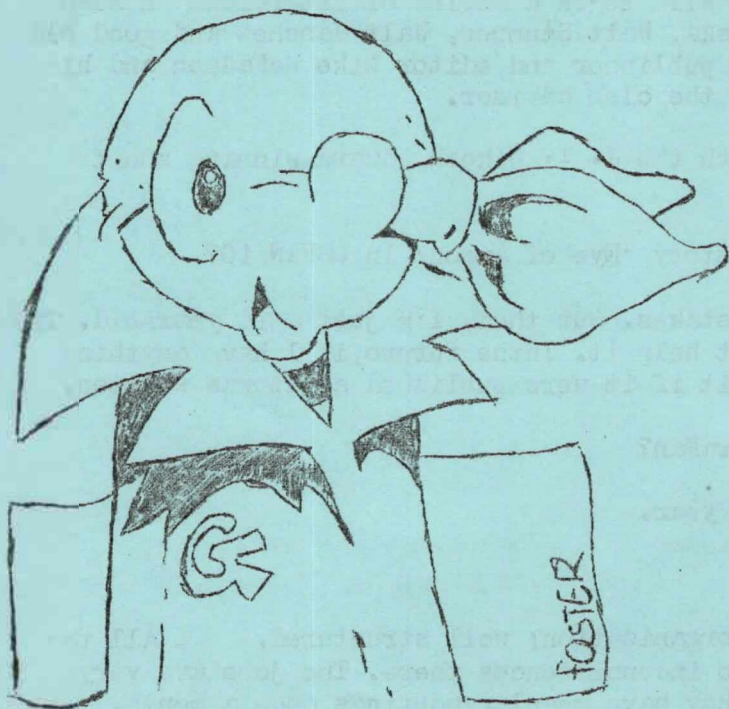
OSFAN: A friend (I will leave nameless) has said that there is far too much social life going on in OSFA and not enough discussion of Science Fiction.

THEIS: As far as that goes, if you wanted to orient more Science Fiction into it you would actually be shoving it down their throat. Like at a meeting, some member might decide to speak on Science Fiction and Science Fiction theory- and that becomes boring. If you want to talk just about Science Fiction you can always find someone to talk with. Members do talk Science Fiction because after all, that's what the club is all about. But they also talk sports, politics or anything else that comes to mind. Mostly, they want to enjoy being with people of the same tastes: Science Fiction. They don't have to convince each other they are SF fans; they belong to the club because it fills their needs to belong.

OSFAN: Are you trying to say that you are mainly an OSFA member rather than a GraFan member?

THEIS: No. What I'm trying to say is that OSFA is a better organized group, with a much better following than GraFan which is a much newer group of fans. OSFA has a wider scope of members from the high school, college, and adult

level of readers and fans, GraFan appeals to people of these groups but on a smaller basis because it is a comics oriented group which makes, in many ways, for a smaller readership. Author's Note: As far as I know GraFan has at least 70 subscribers, which includes professionals and fans, and, in a way is rather remarkable because GRAFA is a fairly new club whose most recent monthly issue of the GraFan club-zine is number 4).



OSFAN: Is there anything in "Eye of Argon" that you would have changed now that you have re-read it OSFAN 10?

THEIS: In fact, I have changed it. I went over it for an independent study for English in school. You know, like adjectives changed and places where sentences should be deleted; things of this type. Even so it is nothing to be proud of and yet it is. .

Because how many people have had their first story published at 10—even if it is in a fanzine or club-zine? How many professional writers have written a complete story at so early an age? Even so, "Eye of Argon" isn't great. I basically don't know much about structure or composition.

OSFAN: Are you now working on structure, composition, and grammar?

THEIS: Yes, I am but it is difficult because I'm still in high school and must work on my writing in my spare time. Basically, these books on English composition haven't taught me anything I didn't know but they are showing me how to put them (composition grammar, etc.) into a working order.

OSFAN: Whenever can OSFAN expect another contribution from you?

THEIS: Whenever they want one! In fact you've got my latest story at your place. Have you read it?

OSFAN: I started it, but I haven't had time to finish it. What inspired you to write it?

THEIS: The idea for the story came to me while watching Alfred Hitchcock reruns. Incidentally, my story has nothing to do with what was on television.

OSFAN: I am personally proud of your story for OSFAN10, in the sense, that it is more than I could have done. Also the fact that when they were kidding you about it, you took it so well. I think you should be given a pat on the back for such good sportsmanship. You showed real character.

THEIS: I didn't know that. I mean, it was easier than showing bad character and inviting trouble.

With the end of our interview, I'll attempt to finish off this first column with some final information on GraFan.

GraFan can be ordered from Mike McFadden, 14 Joyce Ellen Lane, Ferguson, Missouri, 63135, and you will receive 12 issues for \$2.00.

Because GraFan is becoming like more of fanzine/newzine than just a club-zine, you can expect both surprising and interesting items. News, in some cases, that no one else has. Pro-covers such as the forthcoming GraFan No. 5 with Vaughn Bodé and GraFan No. 6 with Larry Todd. Interviews such as the two-parter with Denny O'Neil pro comic writer. Fan articles by Len and Mike McFadden, Walt Stumper, Walt Jaschek and Jim Theis. Fan artwork by Mike McFadden, Steve Houska, myself and who knows who else might pop up in GraFan. Try it. Comic fandom is alive and well and living in St. Louis. Believe it!

Vox=CAPORALE

***** PAGE 7 *****

A-NEW-LIFE

by Connie Duncan

Yesterday
I stood outside that door,
Looking in at all the people
Acting like they had
No worry in the world.
And I wondered, "How can this be?"
How can all these people do this,
When it's so hard for me
To even smile or laugh?
Where did I go wrong?
Tell me, is it possible
For me to be like these people?

And then it happened:
A hand from the inside, gentle took mine,
And a voice, so unforgettable, called to me come
Come in and be happy,
Smile; laugh!
Why stand along,
in the dark and cold world?
Come let us offer you love and happiness.
And so I went and found
Love and happiness.

Today
I'm different,
And I never will change.

* + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * + * +

OSFA ELECTION RESULTS

PRESIDENT= Douglas O. Clark - - - - 38 votes for
Francis X.N.Weyerich- - 2 votes for
Jay T. Rikosh - - - - - 2 vote for

VICE PRESIDENT= Joe Butler - - - - - 29 votes for
Betty Stochl - - - - - 2 votes for
Chester Malon, Jr. - - - 9 votes for
Genie Yaffe - - - - - 2 votes for

SECRETARY= Becky Bierman- - - - - 30 votes for
Genie Yaffe- - - - - 7 votes for
Celia Tiffany - - - - - 5 votes for

TREASURER= Marsha Allen- - - - - 37 votes for
Sherry Pogorzelski- - - - 4 votes for

PUBLISHER of OSFAN= Douglas O. Clark - - - 35 votes for
Wayne Finch - - - - - 4 votes for
Jay T. Rikosh- - - - - 3 votes for

PUBLISHER of SMORRIUSH=
Leigh Couch- - 40 votes
Chris Ruble- - 1 vote
Abstentions- - 1 vote

Thus results of
the 1970 election of
officers for OSFA (The
Ozark Science Fiction
Association) is as the
members have chosen. The
persons elected to hold
office from November
1970 until November 1971
is as follows;

Douglas O. Clark
President
Joseph Butler

Vice President

Becy Bierman is Secretary , and Marsha Allen is club Tresurer. As President Clark

Sue S. Watson as
OSFA Librarian and
Marsha Allen as
Ozarkon VI Treasurer
while Ronald
Whittington is
appointed as Ozarkon
Chairman. Marsha
Allen is further
appointed OSFA
Symmetrist, and
Sherry Pogorzelski
is appointed to the
position of Assist.
Treasurer to Marsha
Allen. Carol Imhof
is appointed to the
post of OSFA
Historian while Bob
McCormick is given
the position of
Rikosh Award
Researcher.



THE PARTY of SFFEN

UNIVERSITY of BRITISH COLUMBIA

SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA by CLAIRE-LUCY TOYNBEE - - -

Begin near the beginning. Diane Keswick (acting SFFEN libranain) started on the first bottle of Prince of Denmark about 6:00 and so n discovered how strong it is. We started to worry that Safeway hadn't delivered the food order, so my mother went down to help the Safeway manger torture the delivery boy into divulging the whereabouts of our food.

By 7:30 I was still making sandwiches, and was generously bedaubed with salad dressing, mustard and devided eggs. My younger sister came in the kitchen to inform me that somebody had been walking up and down in front of the house for the last 10 min. From the description (tall, bearded, and wearing a beret) it had to be Wobbit (Kenneth Lassessen). But he had disappeared, so Diane, Tricia (my sister), and Peter (our 4-year-old brother) set out to look for him. Soon after they depart-ed, Maynard Hogg appeared, followed 30 seconds later by Wobbit (Kenneth) himself. We explained about the search party, but decided they could find their own way back. I returned to the sandwiches.

Daniel Say teleported in about this time, and the crowd from Fort Camp (a U B C residence) arrived in a hijacked trolley bus. Around then, the phone startedg ringing with calls from people lost or late.

The search party returned and Clayton Voegler showed up just in time to be kidnapped by Peter. He was out of the action for two hours, and was a little unsteady by the time Peter freed him (after sagging another victim). Of course, the unstedciness may have been caused by the quantities of sustaining $C_2H_5^{OH}$ we passed irregularly!

About 8:00 Nader Mirhady came in, hid his bottle, and left to visit hms brother. I looked outside to check for the lost and wandering, but you could tell there was a party on- no parking spaces anywhere near the house. My mother and Diane strongarmed me downstairs to scrape off the salad dressing ect. When reemerged, the group upstairs had grown to about 40 people, and our fridge hadmagically filled with beer. I could only see 3 girls. Diane sent out a distress call to her residence, but SFFEN must have built up a reputation there already, because nobody came.

Later on, somebody tried the girls residences in Fort Camp, with the same results. One Fort Camp girl actually joined the club later, so the party must have sounded good. Tricig was downstairs taking notes on Daniel's conversation. Doator Jim, Treasurer of Mensa, arrived with that \$\$ lo k in his eyes. He cornered such

mensa members as were present, demanding \$3 each for the newsletter.

At some time, david Bowerman showed up with his camera. (He hasn't yet had the newer to bring the party pictures to the club office.)

David George latched onto the 4x4x4 tic tac toe. Next time remember checking around, there were still 40 people in the living room; 10 in the kitchen; and ab ut 10 downstairs around a Diplomacy game, including my 15 yr. old sister and her best friend who were getting determinedly smached. David Geoge was working his way steadily through his bottle of Prince of Dermand.

Sharon and Mike Foster arrived, bottle and birthday card in hand.

I was worried about some frosh members of SFFEN who were looking miserbel, sandwiched in a row on the couch. They sor~~ed~~ out later, Next I heard, they were making nuisance phone calls from the downstaits extenion. They then played tag around the table until my mother broke it up, and ended b y leaving through the un-guarded side door. Hope thgy enjoyed themselves. Maynard was playing WFF in the living room.

Sharon Foster (married) made a big inpression with somebody. When he asked for her address, she gave a non-existant one in the West End (thoughhfully supplied by Ted Powell, who had once been invited to a party there).

After Clayton Vuegler had re-emerged, he started doing the sounds, kissing girls hands. He said Tricia (my sister) had the nicest handsto kiss. After his second or third round he progressed to kiss girls lips. When he got to May, her jeculous friend Klaus (member of SFFEn) belted him. Klaus then col ected May and her things and left. May called back " Congratulete us, we're getting married". Duly con gratulated. (Klaus and May visited Sunday night tp help finish off the party.)

Leo (MENSA Loc Sec) wanted his file of local Mensa members back so I went to the rear-deserted downstairs to get them from my room. I turned around to find twenty following, but none told me who said what.

Maynard was playing WFF in the living room. Meley Massey and Joan arrived. So did Linda Kupichelr. Meley, a tobacco addict, seemed a bit upsit that no one else was indulging, but brightered when someone produced cigorettes. Both Vanc over Mensa and SFFEN have a high majoritiy of non-smokers.

Mertifully Peter was sent to bed. The party settled down into groups of people sitting around talkng . Maynard was playing WFF (with Diane). Doctor Jim was talking to Sharon in the kitchen when Clayton came in to be cured of a sever c case of the hiccups. Jim made him drink a glass of water upside down. Clayton was cured, but my mother nearly had hipterics when she saw water all over the floor.

We started cutting the birthday cake. The people in the kitchen insisted on singing "Happy Birthday to you" while I sat there feling old.

SEASON'S
GREETINGS
FROM

A
FUNK
MASTER
(CHESTER
MALON-JR.)

&

KOOK-
IN-
CHIEF,

OSFA, AND

VON
LEPRECHAUN



ALSO STARRING

BECKY BIERMAN
CONNIE DUNCAN
SUE WATSON
MOLLY WATSON
MARSHA ALLEN
JOE BUTLER
JAY T. RIKOSH
CHRIS RUBLE
FRANK WEYERICH
LEIGH COUCH
GENIE YAFFE & J.

THE COFFEEHOUSE

The wind, sharp and frost-laden, bit at his face as he left the house. The ice-covered steps made the porch difficult to navigate, and he chose his path with care. The thin snow cover swirled about his ankles, and his tread raised small plumes of powder as he made his way down the driveway. He shuffled down the sidewalk, his feet carrying him automatically in the direction he'd gone so many times before. His destination was all that mattered. Snow sculptured soft patterns on common everyday objects, thusly they stood out, illuminated against the blackness of the evening by the glow of the street lamps. The stars were bright pinpricks in a black dome.

Here and there he came across a patch of frozen, crusty snow, and his boots made crunching sounds in the chilled air, distinct and sharp, loud in the stillness. The strong wind was silent, and all the more shocking for this lack. Quite gratefully he entered the shelter of a building and thought once again of the warmth that awaited him when he finally arrived at the coffeehouse. He could already feel the pleasant heat of the cider as it thawed him from the inside out. He was going home.

It had been almost a year since he had sat at the low tables that seemingly sprouted haphazardly from the old stone floor of the coffeehouse and gazed into the cheery fire that flickered in the ancient fireplace. His friends were sure to be there, and he could feel their attraction. He remembered the posters adorning the walls, whispering, for there was no need to shout in the calm atmosphere, so they whispered their words of love and peace. He wondered if the lighting would be the same, a diffuse glow that helped to build a feeling of closeness creating an atmosphere of familiarity rather than just illuminating. He had helped remodel the place, took part in repainting the walls, leaving a large portion of himself there. Now he would go back to reclaim that part of his past.

He hoped Bill would be there, chuckling as he recalled the many times they had sat there and fooled around with guitars, singing until the coffeehouse was closed. Perhaps Bill would play chess with him. Bill always won, but it didn't really matter. He knew they would shoot the bull and solve the world's problems.

Kathy might be there, too. Kathy, the organizer; thanks to her the coffeehouse became a going concern. She was older than he was, but it didn't matter to either of them. He could talk to her, and that was important.

He slid on past the building into the wind again, and he shivered with the unexpected chill. He trudged on and almost fell as he hit a patch of glare ice near the street corner. He grabbed a stop sign and looked up to see a car sway drunkenly down the street, taillights redly like two eyes that had been out in the cold too long.

HELL OF COURSE IT'S TRUE 'WE HAVE EVEN GOT PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE!

Guess what? The world's come to an end, and they never even told us! (I hear several snickers in the background: peanut gallery, kindly SHUT UP!) I hear strange sounds from puzzled people; perhaps, therefore, I should explain.

I've been to enough print sessions/parties to know what to expect. Therefore I was not surprised when told to be at the Slanshack by 4:30 (to be in Arnold by eight). After managing to divide the horde among the Buggy James, Wit's End, Vermillion Vinque, and the vehicles of Bob McCormick, Chester Malon, and Vince Rhömberg, we started the trek. Poor Vince! He was trying to follow the Leprechaun over hill and vale to the printing lair. The episode rather reminds me of the time Bob was in the same situation; but he had two advantages: 1) It was light and 2) He knew what car to look for. Vince had neither of these, and a Robin besides. Or was it a Molly?

Anyway, to get on with the intentional y inflicted illogical idiocy I was narrating some time before I got off on that tangent, we arrived shortly after seven, the Vermillion Vinque cowardly (or on the other hand, rather wisely) approaching tail first. Several people were already awaiting us and of all the ill omens among them was the infamous Nomad of Award and legend, Feeling frustrated, I reminded him of that last occasion on which we met. All he had to do to gain a rematch was, in one word, goldrick. Little did I know of the strange things that were to befall me that fateful night.

We got down to work. SOR had become that the electric stencils were run first. Mike McFadden's cover came in that category. A truly fascinating thing it is and when we were running it, slip sheets had to be used. Marsha was at the machine while the editor (a very useful character) and Walt Stumper (who still claims it isn't his fault if Jim Theis follows him around) played in alternating crud sheets. After a time we determined the covers were dry enough to jog. So we (or rather I) started to detail some people to separate covers from crud sheets. Then it happened. JIM THEIS VOLUNARILY, REPEAT VOLUNTARILY WORKED.

If you feel like dieing of shock, how do you think I feel? After all, was it not just last month that Theis not only do just the barest minimum of work at all, but he required convincing (in the form of a well applied hammerlock) that he was going to work at all? The entire effect was eerie. Jim Theis actually working I still can't believe it.

But if anyone in the entire world is going to believe it, I have got to be the one: I have the proof of the event.

People kept coming in to gaze upon the miracle and more than a few suggested that we get a picture of the historic happenstance. Mike borrowed a camera and made it official.

Very, very slowly the zine progressed. Joe Butler's article was written and then had to be restencilled after the first few sheets did not come out clearly. The Symmetrist plied her trade. Collaters artied. Things were so slow that there developed a waiting list to crank the machine. I played Russian roulette with used stencils and my white shirt.

And what was it that took so long? We were running 320 copies of each page instead of the usual 300; add to that the fact that some pages had to be more than the standard once for each side, like the back page/cover (which went through the machine four times). Do you realize that four times 320 is 1280? Keeping track are you? Add some pages that had extras run (for people like the artist), an art portfolio (given to those long-suffering people who sweated out that night), and a good many extras of the page with GHOD on it to be used as stationery.

As a lighter note! During the course of the evening the balloting for the JAY T. RIKOSH Award took place:

Discussion was going around the Slanshack over who was to be honored (insults would you believe?) with the award this month. The name of the original winner was mentioned, but far more frequently sly nods and glances were directed at a certain person who happened to be present at the time. Smiles and snickers floated around. The matter was put before most of the others prior to the voting. No one has, in the history of the Award, received the unanimity shown that night to Robin Grønemeyer. Out of 15 or 16 votes received either 13 or 14 of them were all for Robin and amazingly enough, no two of them had anywhere nearly the same reasons.

The rest of the night went on as slowly as it had started. Page 25 was, however, really miserable. Every 10 pages or so I have to stop running the machine and try to unscrunch the stupid stencil. Apparently, it had stretched in putting it on, and so as the pages went through it gradually scrunched together.

Of the road back I shall say little. The Vermillion Vinque carried more than its share (like eight or 10 people). We delivered one Carolyn Imhof (whose name is not spelled with two "f"s) to her home at the truly terrible hour of 6 a. m..

There was a grand total in attendance of 28 Osfanlander's at this printing session (oops! party) p'shaw name it, as you desire, but fun and games is what it is!! How could it be else, with GHOD, to hysteria down upon us in his most benevolent fashion! Especially when his tail is in a sling. After all is said and done you must remember; he has been thru hell!

THOSE IN ATTENDANCE WERE;

| | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Marsha Allen | Gigi Beard | Becky Bierman |
| Joe Butler & Mother | Kevin Butlerite | Guiseppe Caporale |
| Douglas (Doc) Clark | Leigh & Norbert Couch | Jay T. Rikosh |
| Amy Davis | Connie Duncan | Mary Elder |
| Wayne Finch | Robin Gronemeyer | Carolyn Imhof |
| Chester Malon | Mike Mannon | Bob McCormick |
| Vince Rhomberg | Chris Ruble | Walt Stumper |
| Jim Theis | Sue & Molly Watson | Frank Weyerich |
| Allan Zacher | | |

TOTAL 28 people

Great Green Alligators!: I completely forgot Vince Rhomberg. He is trying to get the JAY T. RIKOSH Award by writing a story that is, in my opinion, an excellent satire on the Eye Of Argon (See OSFAN 10); however, he lays the inspirational blame elsewhere. Unfortunately, A) by the rules of the JAY T. RIKOSH Award he is ineligible since he is trying to get it, and B) the story has since gone into the fourth dimension unfinished. If the situation changes, I'll try to keep posted. Uh, back there where I say to see OSFAN 10, on second thought maybe you better not see it unless

- 1) you feel like getting hysterical
 - 2) you feel like you need to pity someone
 - 3) you don't believe me that you shouldn't read it
 - 4) you aren't in any condition to read anything anyway
 - 5) you happen to think you have an exceptionally strong stomach
 - 6) you are so desperate to read something, anything and that happen to be the only literature within 6,738 miles in any direction
- Other than that be my guest. It is, after all, your stomach.

And will somebody explain to me why it took almost as long to print 13,000 pages as it took for 18,000?

Becky Bierman

STAR

Later than yesterday I saw a star
in the sky
it fell and kept on falling
until it landed near me
and I saw the blinding brightness
of it and it saw me
so now I am no more as I was
but better yet what I've become
by Rozy Green

SLANSHACK

THE SLANSHACK, if you have the address and an ordinary street-guide sitting next to you on the seat of your vehicle, or in a saddlebag slung over your donkey's hip, or in a pocket or even purse, should not be too difficult to locate. (GHOD knows it is certainly near everywhere.)

Once you have found the Slanshack in it's impersonal physical locale, it would seem customary to ponder the act of entering for roughly 10 minutes, or a period not to exceed one(1) hour. During this fearful elapse, the points of debate are this;

1. Should I go in?
2. What good will it do?
3. Will I be accepted?

ARGUMENTS FOR:

1. I have come this far?
2. The worst they can do is rape me.
3. It looks innocent enough.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST:

1. Perhaps this far is too far.
2. I don't want to be raped (or I do, but I like to be picky)
3. So do the covers of the Osfa zine.

Do start for the door. If you painstakingly consider all facts, pro and con- they are relatively equal. Stand at the doorway a moment. Be prepared to accept the worst. This is important. Do not knock. Place a paw, tentacle, claw, hand, or whatever you use to open things, on the doorknob. Do not hesitate now. Go. You are now inside the Slanshack. (leave the door wide open or justly ajar behind you. This will doubtless be soothing at first.) Look around. People on the floor, Cats, Parers, Pots, Soda, Bottles, Is There Really Someone Under The Table?

EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS:!!!! !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE RESTROOM IS TO YOUR RIGHT AND BACK** FIRST DOOR TO THE RIGHT BEHIND KITCHEN. THE DOOR IS CLOSABLE AND LOCKABLE. IF YOU FEAR SOMEONE WILL HEAR YOU, TURN ON BOTH FAUCETS. DO NOT WORRY. YOU ARE SAFE. THERE NOW, YOU FEEL BETTER ALREADY, DON'T YOU? OH, YOU DON'T? LOOK AROUND. THERE MAY BE OTHERS IN

THERE WITH YOU AND . THERE JUST WASN'T TIME TO NOTICE THEM. IF YOU REMEMBER VAGUELY THEIR FACES BESIDE YOURS ON THE SEAT, THEY ARE FRIENDS.

END OF EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS:!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

To you who are perhaps stronger, look at the people. They are not really hurting you, are they? Well, in a few moments, someone will be talking to you as a friend. It may be a leprechaun, but an affable one. Be YOURSELF. IT IS YOU THEY WILL ACCEPT, BUT YOU MUST BE YOURSELF AND OPEN.

IF YOU HAVE DROPPED YOUR DRAWERS BEFORE, AND SUDDENLY LOOKED AROUND TO SEE WHO IS LAUGHING, IT PROBABLY HURT. IF YOU DROP THEM NOW, HERE AT THE SLANSHACK, NO ONE WILL LAUGH BECAUSE THEY ARE LOOKING AROUND TO SEE IF ANYONE WILL LAUGH AT THEIR OWN GLENNNESS. HERE IS LOVE FOR THOSE WHO ARE PATIENT AND DO NOT REFUSE TO LOOK AT IT. IF YOU ARE IMPATIENT AND DO REFUSE TO LOOK-- THE TIME WOULD BE BETTER SILENT DOING SOMETHING THAT IS YOU.

DO NOT MISUNDERSTAND. THEY WILL NOT CLOSE YOU OFF. SILLY CHILDREN THAT THEY ARE, THEY WILL REMAIN OPEN EVEN IF YOU ARE LAUGHING AT FALLEN DRAWERS. SURE, IT WILL HURT THEM, BUT IT IS NOT AS IF THEY HAVE NOT BEEN HURT BEFORE. SOME HAVE PROBLEMS TO MAKE YOURS LOOK INFINITELY SMALL, EVEN IF YOUR MOTHER IS A COMPULSIVE POISONER, YOUR FATHER A JACKP. * THE - RIPPER AND YOU LIVE IN A TEA -KETTLE WITH SEVENTEEN LEFERS. BUT STILL, YOU WILL FIND THAT YOUR PROBLEMS ARE AS IMPORTANT TO THEM AS THEY ARE TO YOU. HERE IS TO BE FOUND ALL OF THE HUMAN TINSEL YOU COULD WANT ON STOMACH IN A LIFETIME, BUT HERE IS LOVE, AND ISN'T THAT REALLY WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR IF YOU REALLY GET DOWN TO IT?

To some people the SLANSHACK is an abomination. These people seldom return, or allow at least a sneer of disgust. These people must find love somewhere else. And Ghod forgive me, but I pity them. Damn, but I've looked out there, and it can kill you if there isn't some kind of oasis over that hill I hope like hell they can find it and it comforts them. Me, I'll be at the Slanshack gathering strenght to go back outside another day.



The Slanshackle door is (to my knowledge) never closed. Organization would destroy the Slanshackle and the whole wonderful concept. At the Slanshackle you kick off your shoes, lift a book or magazine off a shelf and no one will tell you to put it back where you got it when you are through. Slanshackle is the home that most homes claim to be, but are not. The only reason I don't flick the ashes from my cigarettes on the floor is a fear that someone may be lying there, or I might burn the place down. It is not by any stretch of the imagination because I cannot.

Care is a word different physically from "love". Note spelling and articulation. A four letter word ending in "e" for similarities. But if you know what both are, to want one is to want the other. The Slanshackle people care. What has this got to do with the previous paragraph? Just this: If you have a cold, a pain, any of the things most people constantly tell people, they will somehow show care. Not chicken soup care, either but sure people. Mention a bellyache in one sentence at the Slanshackle and you will be aptly "fussed" over, and anytime later expect someone to inquire about it, even if it seemed to you to be minor. When "How do you feel" or "Are you even if" "Are you alright" is asked, damn but if they aren't really asking because they want to know! GHOD!

As you leave the Slanshackle (after having stayed usually much longer than you anticipated) doubtless you will think roughly:

- A. I didn't really want to leave. I must come back.
- B. Why the hell did I ever go there in the first place?
- C. Damn!

Do not surprised if you, (having picked "B" as your thought) are "struck" later by something within you that says, "What you are looking for was there-- Go back and look again." The writer of putrid mess was a "B"

In conclusion (hear! hear!) fear not too much if you dwell out-of state. Slanshackle must exist even near you. They most likely will be hidden, but you can find them, and the right one at that. This particular/peculiar Slanshackle is lurking under the cloak of Science Fiction Fandom. (True enough that all who here eventually come around to reading and even liking it, and though you can rap SF until your jaw falls off with some members, the LOVE and WATE BROTHER angle is still the true grok.) It could have easily been hidden elsewhere. You may be "tree worshippers". Look for that place. It must exist.

AS THE EXECUTIONER SAID TO THE CONDEMNED MAN WHO, THOUGH THE NOOSE HAD TIGHTENED AROUND HIS THROAT, BUT WOULD NOT DIE, "DAMN YOU, HANG LOOSE!"

Baron Von Rikosh

→ CHANGELINGS ←

"A LETTER COLUMN OF SORTS: "

Box288 GCC
Grove City, Pa 16137

Dear...uh...whoever the heck is really doing the work around there,

I just got this OSFAN thing in the mail, and not having the slightest idea of WHY and seeing the 13 on the mailing lable on it means I'll be getting more, so I might as well see just what the heck is going on.

I enjoyed reading the various adventures of your contributors, especially Waune Finch's fun piece. You seem to have a lot of people that have a lot of fun doing a lot of things. Sigh* it must be nice-there are no fans around here, the closest group is in Pittsburgh, and I don't get down there often (though I'll be at this weeks WPSFA meeting, the first since August). This college is totally dead, ready to be rolled over and buried. Why am I here? I keep asking myself that, and I never get any good answers.....

You had some good artwork, and some not so good artwork that wasn't as bad as some I've seen lately. I've never liked white paper, it makes the zine look too much like the campus' ConsevativeClub (a bunch of John Birchers and a couple minutes, all totally fucked in the head..1) "Torch", a zine put out for the people to throw into the trash cans as quickly as possible. What a farce....and it just turns me off to white paper mimegraphy.....

Ah-you had a green page in there...I suppose it's ridiculous to judge you merely on the apparent color of your covering.....

And to you, Francis X. Weyerich, I'd come right away if I wasn't already having somuch fun being the only freak campus. There's a couple other long hairs, and abbe of them are freaky at heart. The only real ones are the ones in my rock group, and thebass player is at times questionable.....I swear I caught him taking a shower the other day. My fanac has been cut down a bit lately,since my band (I play drums) made it big (loaly) this year. I'm making money but I'm losing of correspondence....

To show you what a nice guy I am, I am encloseing a batch of artwork. I don't know whether or not you can use any of it,or if you want to... so please don't hesitate to send back anything that you can't use.

So thanks for the free zine, and I hope I'll be seeing it again sometime....

namarie

Jeff Schalles

YE ED SEZ : Enjoyed, will use your art. We try to put every other page of a different color, ...because our printing sessions are parties, and by the time the printing is done, color is the only thing my staff can distinguish. Party Fatigue as it were. I think yee need not worry about being cut from the mailing list, as long as we can elicit such response from you. Are you sure the bass player was actually taking a shower ? / / / Luck-o-the Irish is wished on yee, Jeff!!!!

* * * * *

1830 Highland Drive
Carrollton, Tx. 75006

Yeah, it's me again....

Thanks for the latest issue of OSFAN, and before I sack out tonight, I thought I'd better zap off a letter of comment to you, so that (a) you'd know I was still alive, and (b) I won't be dropped from your mailing list!

Don't know how long this ish was mailed--but I got it Oct, 4th.

The lettercolumn, your front cover, and the con report were the highlights of the ish, as far as I'm concerned. The cover, although, a bit dark (or so it seemed), was a pretty good piece of work. The affect on the spacemen's faceplats was quite good, especially for mimeo.

In the lettercolumn, I was interested in Harry Warner's comment about "some one" moving to St. Louis. Was that "Someone" Harry ?? Gee, I hope so..... it'd be good to have Harry living in the neighborhood...

And the con report, I enjoyed because... well, I suppose it's the next best thing to being able to attend. Only I wish it had been possible for the report to have included some photos--but yes, I know how expensive reproing photos can be.

Also enjoyed Wayne Finch's "Talking Huzzah Blues"-- it captured the mood/ atmosphere/spirit or whatever you want to call it, of the outing perfectly. (Or should that have been spelled "outing"?) Oh well, I still enjoyed it.

Hey, I just noticed ; everyone should know the names of the avenue Doc Clark lives on. .. it's famous!

Sorry-- yeah, that was a crummy joke... so I'll shut up, till next time. Tanks again for OSFAN, and keep loving!

Larry Herndon

YE ED SEZ ::: knowing my street cause its famous, ugh, as they must say frequently to you, Herndon--your a strain, -or Hern-don! Thus crud fer crud, salutations are exchanged. You nearly made your exit this ish, suggest that you write everynow and then letting us see the ghost.

* * * * *

Casilla de Correo 55
Jesus Maria, Cordoba
Argentina

Dear OSFAN-

What fun you are! (And what fun you seem to have, also!)

Thanks for sending the sample zine. I thoroughly enjoyed it's playful (yet underlying it all, so serious) young mood.

What would you like from me? I can't subscribe just yet- last week, only, I bought some(19 dollars in a draft), to send to Paragon Books, New York, for still another source book on Archaic Chinese, which I'm trying with American Indian, Polynesian, and other tongues. Such splurges, (with exchange against us) leave me broke for months to come.

So I'll have to EARN a right to receive further issues of y ur fun- zine ("so serious" underneath, which I do admire!)

Would you like a DISSERTATION on Elderness? I am currently peddling amongst publishers a take-off on "Ancestors Incorporated"

I've some definite opinions re senility and how it occurs. You see, I've reached 53, (and Grandmotherhood), and stayed looking in my early 30's, Secret? I haven't time to age! Haven't even time for facecreams never have had- so my complexion even is as good as when I was a girl.

As you say, GIRLS set the tone of your zine, (there being "more" of you in that S-F- territory) so I mention this. I'd not be telling it to an all- male publishing gang!

Down with worry and primping! Beauty is a matter of nicely-functioning hormones that don't come out of a pot, but depend on your outlook on life, which in you all I highly applaud.

Our eldest - poor fellow- (reared by his aged grandparents when little) takes life so SERIOUSLY! He's to blame that I'm a proud Grandmam! But, oh, our other six are mad! Robert 26, dashed over to Chile to watch, (and report on- for a local magazine) the elections. While there, he learned that the Mapuche Indians my special favorites have a centuries or racially long contact with mermaids and mermen. I knew this was a fact in Colonial times (as per my research*) but it's thrilling to know it continues.

However, the natives protect their friends, (these beings from the sea) and kill any non- Indian who goes spying to the Southern island, near the Antarctic where the fraternization has always taken place.

Robert is now hoping to arrange a trip that way, to record the language of the sea folk. He knows how to fraternize nicely, too and doesn't expect the Indians will want to kill him!

You "yanquis" talk with dolphins! (learning their tongue) but real mermen and mermaids should be even more fun.

Do you believe any of this? I do! In fact, I'll be egging on Robert to go! I'd dash along, too, but our youngest, Tony, age ten, still needs Vadim (my hubby) and me, anchored here yet. But another couple of years, hence, Tony'll be living with the gang, (the other kids of ours) at the foot of the hill, and Vadim can retire on the usual pension, and off we'll go, merfolk hunting and maybe meet some remote Indians and their "sky gods - in the flesh", called "deirls" by colonial Jesuit historians*.

In the latest time we read that 40% of the ecological life in Earth's sea has already been extinguished by industrial wastes and all?? Your rivers and lakes are poisoned by mercury, nickel, and what not.

It's time we come off our high horses and learn wise "savage" ways, at last! And STOP "civilizing and converting "them", self-righteously!

Rose Marie Green, I very much liked your article on how to live, to avoid a vegetable existence when old! The poems were all wise ones, showing the sad futility of war and hate, crazy waste, were loyal to beauty.

"Maybe God lives, He is beauty, love, a flower!" Yes! Where else will you find him? Oh where pups and cubs, and children gambol, too? Seldom in the hearts of the selfish old, who should set good examples, but don't. But wasn't it said "A little child shall lead them"? And, "Except you become as a little child, you shall not see Heaven". (I miss quoted, to briefen the text.)

So my hope is in youth - a NEW generation, freeing itself from idiotic oldster control. Breaking the chain of mistakes? Bless you! We (Vadim and I) cheer you on and dance the SPIRITUAL JIG, with you. Old folks need never age, spiritually! (that's why I said it that way, for oldster trying to "play young" look only comical and skittish).

Marsha Allen - I never read Con reports in fanzine, (not knowing the details of who's who) but I did get fun out of your report. I do hope it was a TREE swimming pool! Fascinating! (Don't disillusion me by reassuring me the word was "three")

Oh, lovely! The down good guys wanted to call out the National Guard to silence your playfulness! And you left them chagrined by going quietly! Ha, Ha!

"Doing it in a tree!" (Did you try? I'm agog to know details!)

Your Leprechaun is cute. His wisdom a howl! "The good old days you'll be missing in 1990!" indeed! I have never looked either back or ahead in life, for each MOMENT is lived intensely, and explosively, when you choose that way! Living in the NOW -playing into it with a Depth emersion that pierces the veil between, Dimensions, and sets you aside on a Timeless Sea. (Excuse! Did I sound metaphysical

Now - what else? Who's asking for articles on the "very ancient"? You mean you want one? Shall I try?

The cat pictures are fine ones! Our family are cat fans, all! They dominate us, (two, we have right now.) They sit on my papers and dare me to shoo them off when I'm studying. Or sit under our feet. We also have a young skunk in residence and commandeering our dining room - Vadim's pet. I fear and revere it, having swallowed "essence of skunk" back at the start, while making innocently smiling overtures. What good shots skunks can be!

Want an article, (biologically), on skunks!? Their habits and habitats? Ours got in amongst my papers and books for two nights before we evicted it! WHEW!! (Achially, tho it finally got behind the kitchen stove -unreachable so Vadim said,

"Try pouring water!" So I filled a big pitcher and began a new FLOOD SCENE. Out came a wet skunk, tail down, and slinking. ("Didn't know the house leaks!")

It shot back to the dining room dynamically, and my pantry office is now barricaded from the kitchen by a knee-high board, the little skunk can't climb. Leaping over it constantly will improve my figure, (damn it I'm plump! My cheery "good natures" to blame) Latest! I forgot the board was there while carrying a tray of good dishes (having served visitors: tea.) Took a tumble! One broken cup and plate were the only disasters! I fell "carefully"

The skunk lives behind a pile of precious lumber, (pine-boards we're saving for when we build our own home at the former Indian Mecca of Pachamama + Mother Earth. Oh, did you read about her in "CRY"? Or are you in touch w/me thru "Out Worlds"? Or "Mobius Trip"? I'm curious!)

The skunk has "feathered its nest" w/old copies we were treasuring of Mad, (and also a local " " magazine that was forced out of print for poking fun at our Military) It sits there, looking up at us when we peer in, and hisses. But each evening Vadim finds it waiting for its routine carousal so he it up and carries it around, lets it sniff at our belongings, and us, too. It gets so excited over the papers on my desk. So the cats, they sit watching me draw old symbols, ("intelligently" curious!)

I think humans underestimate the potential intelligence of animals and birds. I had a huge sky-loving Chaja (bird) in the Argentine Delta-land: it never let our baby daughters go near the dangerous river! Took care of them, forme. It saw them wading once, (when I was hidden by foliage) flew out and chased them back to shore.



JAY E. RYKOFF

REASON for NOMINATION →

SIGNATURE of NOMINATING PERSONAGE

This award, named after that noble OSFA artist, Jay T. Rikosh, is presented once each month at the official meeting of the club to a person justly diserving of such honorium. The award is presented and awarded to any fan diserving of and herewith are presented the reasons for such presentation. For conduct above and beyond the call of Reason, Sanity, Sobriety, and Sincerity and while being totally inane, quite sublimely. Due to the high rank and distinction of receiving this award no fan may receive this award in any two consecutive months. If the fan or person so chosen to be honored is not a member of OSFA (The Ozark Science Fiction Association) they will be presented with an honorary membership in the club for the duration of their thirty day term as Rikosh Award winner. Furthermore, the winner of the JTR award has the full permission, of the noted artist of reknown, to use the name of Jay T. Rikosh as their own during the month that they bear this honor.

To fandom at large, nominations are being taken now for the December Ballot for the national Rikosh Award winner. Simply make a copy of the above ballot, fill it out and mail it to any of the officers of the club (OSFA) or mail it to SUE S. WATSON -- 6218 $\frac{1}{2}$ Hancock Ave. -- St Louis, Missouri-63139. All nominations recieved between now and December 15th will be printed on the December Ballot to be printed in the December issue (OSFAN-14) of OSFAN. After December 15th deadline those late nominations will simply be put on the January OSFAN Jay T. Rikosh award nomination ballot. This will be a monthly award of great distinction (infamy) that will be both an honor and sort of an embarrassment to win.

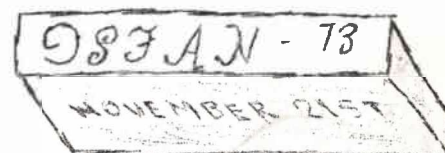
Of the three local winners thus far, Jim Theis, Ronald Whittington, and Robin Gronemeyer, they have one thing in common that earned this award for them. They are popular members of the club that did or created, or acted in a dunderheaded fashion. The award is never given to someone that is disliked or unpopular. It is a peculiar kind of popularity award, but it is that. Much like to all of you possible and potential award winners out there.

1 -Allen, Kathy - - - - -Feb-71/16
 3 -Andersson, Leif - - - - -Dec-70/14
 5 -Bakker, Allan- - - - -Oct-71/24
 7 -Bierman, Becky- - - - -Sep-71/23
 9 -Blyly, Don - - - - -Sep-71/23
 11-Bothman, Railee - - - - -Mar-71/17
 13-Bullard, Rosetta - - - - -Mar-71/17
 15-Butler, Joseph- - - - -Apr-71/18
 17-Clark, Douglas O. - - -Dec-72/38
 19-Cook, Glen- - - - -Dec-71/26
 21-Couch, Leigh - - - - -Jan-72/27
 23-Couch, Norbert- - - - -Dec-71/26
 25-Davis, Hank- - - - -Feb-71/16
 27-Doschek, Ruth - - - - -Nov-71/25
 29-Elder, Mary- - - - -Aug-71/22
 31-Feagan, Rebecca - - - - -Dec-71/26
 33-Fisher, Joyce- - - - -Dec-70/14
 35-Fitch, Don- - - - -Feb-71/16
 37-Frischer, Steve- - - - -Oct-71/24
 39-Gersman, Robert - - - - -Aug-71/22
 41-Gronemeyer, Robin- - - -Aug-71/22
 43-Hickey, Rosemary- - - - -Dec-70/14
 45-Imhof, Carolyn - - - - -Nov-71/25
 47-Janifer, Lawrence - - - -Aug-71/22
 49-Kirk, Thomas W., Jr. - -Nov-71/25
 51-Leiber, Fritz- - - - -Dec-71/26
 53-Luttrell, Hank &- - - -
 Lesleigh- - - - -Dec-71/26
 56-Metcalf, Norm - - - - -Jan-71/15
 58-Morrison, Al H. - - - - -Jan-71/15
 60-McFadden, Len- - - - -Mar-71/17
 62-Nave, Mike - - - - -Mar-71/17
 64-Pardoe, Rosemary &- - - -
 Darroll- - - - -Aug-71/22
 67-Pogorzelski, Sherry- - -Dec-70/14
 69-Reed, Walter W. - - - - -Dec-71/26
 71-Ruble, Chris - - - - -Feb-71/16
 73-Steele, Harold D. - - - -Dec-71/26
 75-Steele, John - - - - -Dec-71/26
 77-Stochl, Betty - - - - -Mar-71/17
 79-Stochl, Linda M. - - - -May-71/19
 81-Struebing, Wes - - - - -Dec-71/26
 83-Sutton, Gail- - - - -Sep-71/23
 85-Theis, Jim - - - - -Mar-71/17
 87-Tom, Ted B. - - - - -Nov-70/13
 89-Tucker, Bob- - - - -Dec-71/26
 91-Watson, Molly - - - - -Feb-72/28
 93-Watson, Sue S. - - - - -Feb-72/28
 95-Weyerich, Francis X.N.-Aug-71/22
 97-Yaffe, Genie(Patti)- - -Jan-71/15

2 -Allen, Bernice - - - - -Aug-72/34
 4 -Babcock, Al - - - - -Dec-71/26
 6 -Beard, Margaret - - - - -Aug-71/22
 8 -Bloch, Robert- - - - -Dec-71/26
 10-Bolian, Phil G. - - - - -Nov-71/25
 12-Bothman, Stefanie- - - - -Sep-71/23
 14-Bushyager, Linda- - - - -Aug-71/22
 16-Caporale, Giuseppe - - - -Aug-71/22
 18-Claymont, Shirley - - - -Mar-71/17
 20-Couch, Chris- - - - -Dec-71/26
 22-Couch, Michael- - - - -Dec-71/26
 24-Cummings, Ray - - - - -May-72/31
 26-Dennison, Sharon- - - - -Aug-72/34
 28-Duncan, Connie - - - - -Sep-71/23
 30-Ellison, Harlan - - - - -Dec-71/26
 32-Finch, Wayne - - - - -Dec-70/14
 34-Fisher, Ray D. - - - - -Dec-70/14
 36-Floyd, Amy - - - - -Nov-71/25
 38-Galaxy -/- If - - - - -Sep-71/23
 40-Green, Rose-Marie - - - -Feb-71/16
 42-Guise, Carolynne V. - - -Jun-71/20
 * 44-Deckinger, Sandra- - - - -Nov-71/25
 46-Ingmann, Shandra- - - - -Oct-71/24
 48-Jaschek, Walt- - - - -Aug-71/22
 50-Kreiger, Keith- - - - -Dec-71/26
 52-Lendal, Sherry D. - - - -Sep-71/23
 54-Mannon, Michael T. - - - -Aug-71/22
 55-Mattingly, Gary S. - - - -Dec-71/24
 57-Meyer, Gordon- - - - -Oct-71/24
 59-McCormick, Robert F. - - -Mar-71/17
 61-McFadden, Mike - - - - -Mar-71/17
 63-Nichols, Larry- - - - -Sep-71/23
 65-Pearce, Sim- - - - -Mar-71/17
 66-Phillips, Susan - - - - -Dec-71/26
 68-Porter, David - - - - -Dec-71/26
 70-Rikosh, Jay T. - - - - -Sep-71/23
 *72-Namiano, Lois C. - - - -Sep-71/23
 74-Snider, Joan- - - - -May-71/19
 76-Steele, Larry- - - - -Nov-71/25
 78-Stochl, John- - - - -Mar-71/17
 80-Stone, Bob - - - - -Dec-71/26
 82-Stumper, Walter - - - - -Feb-71/16
 84-Taylor, Leon E. - - - - -May-71/19
 86-Tiffany, Celia- - - - -Mar-71/17
 88-Toynbee, Claire-Lucy - - -Jan-72/27
 90-Warner, Harry, Jr. - - - -Nov-71/25
 92-Watson, Sally D. - - - - -Feb-71/16
 94-Westover, Paul - - - - -Feb-71/16
 96-Williamson, Jack- - - - -Dec-71/26
 98-Zacher, Allan- - - - -Dec-71/26



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