

MERRY CHRISTMAS

FROM THE  
OSFANLANDERS

OSFAN-14

DECEMBER-1970

HAPPY  
NEW YEAR



14

Francis X. Woyanick



OSFAN-12

THOSE

WIN CULPABLE

COMMAND

WARNING:: This fanzine could well prove hazardous to your health, your very social standing, your equilibrium. You might find it upsetting! While in the process of consuming these pages (\* Recipe by Kye Leouch Sunt) it is quite advisable to use a grain of salt, unh ,er salts better yet, as you will undoubtedly find this a moving experience. Catsup & Peanut Butter help!!

Soo-o-o-o- with out further WARNING ( see above dUMMY?) here- with are the ingreditenants ! \$ % & ° \* ? MALON, do you have that Damn & % \* \$ # \* skelton out of the closet again. I'll have the WALRUS tusk you with a Theisstick!

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Write to Leon E. Taylor and ask him to review your fanzine for/in OSFAN at the following address; BOX 89 ; Seymour, Indiana-47274

ATTENTION ALL;

Due to a too heavy a diet of OSFAN and some germs former advisor and OSFA member Leigh Couch finds it necessary to withdraw from the OSFA fanac! Just tired!

ZELZSHISMA !!!

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THE LIMITED DISTRIBUTION SECTION  
OF UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT LAW .

# TROLL TRILLINGS

BOOK REVIEWS

\* \* \* \* \* DRAGON IN THE SEA

Way back when I got roped (cajoled, convinced, or finagled) into doing the review of Dune Messiah (OSFAN 11) by Frank Herbert, it was because I had accidentally mentioned that I had enjoyed Dragon in the Sea. Since then, I again picked up the book, to review it. (Really, I did volunteer, I just don't want to admit it.)

Frank Herbert is a very versatile author, going from a desert environment in which the least amount of water wasted could cause a fight to the death, to a sealed environment of a nuclear submarine. Copy in 1956 when the first nuclear subs came out in the U. S., Dragon in the Sea shows the high degree of accurate prophesy that I have come to expect from SF in general and from Herbert. The design of the Fenian Ram (a truly historic name in submarine circles) seems to me to be rather bad, however, I will not chose to argue the point with the innumerable people better qualified to judge than I am.

The action, logically, takes place aboard the Ram except for the opening sequence and the very end. The chapters flow smoothly into an almost unnoticeable scheme with none of the interim nonsense common in Dune and Dune Messiah. Characterization struck me as excellent; probing psychological and physical description of uncommon quality and clarity were essential, and Herbert provided them with skill. As he did in Dune and Dune Messiah, each character is effectively dealt with in the final result of the story. Ramsey thwarted in some areas, but accomplishing a great deal for his department; Captain Sparrow admitting his psychological situation; Bonnet finally ready for his own command . . . . and it's responsibility; and Garcia's death from an overdose of radiation.

Even to my own ears I sound prejudiced. All anyone can do then is read the book and see if my statements are valid. I recommend that you read this book and let me have your opinions on it.

DRAGON IN THE SEA by Frank Herbert;

Reviewer Becky Bierman

\* \* \* \* \* THE MAD GOBLIN \* \* \* \* \* LORD OF THE TREES

I will review an Ace Double by Philip Jose Farmer which reanimates Tarzan and Doc Savage, "back to back", so to speak.

The Mad Goblin ISis a Doc Savage book plus a sense of humor and a Freudian insight. The action is charming ~ (melodramatically speaking) and the blood flows freely in ture Amefrican pulp tradition. The Mad Goblin tells of a flawed superman who has discovered he is in some ways less than human. The "Savage" like hero battles the Immortal Nine and its servants in revenge for his fathers death and in remorse for the crimes he committed in its service. . The Immortal Nine are a group of very old, very evil people whose only claim to power is there age and there organization.

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# OSFANLANDERS

A VISIT WITH

NOVEMBER 21st, 1970 :: OSFA PRINTS (Parties : SnIcKeR) AGAIN, -OR-  
COGITO ERGO SUM-

Print sessions/parties are for me a pleasure, but a pleasure mixed with pain. I love to gaffiate with OSFA; it provides me with opportunities to escape the facade I have built and be myself, or at least a facade closer to what I imagine to be.

Each of the four print sessions/parties I have attended have been unique beyond the common idea of printing a fanzine. It is for that reason that I always write it as print "session/party" rather than just one or the other. From the uncommon events present in each situation I write the report that is printed at the next session/party, and I am gathering impressions for the next article as the previous one is printed. The staff of hard-working people who publish OSFAN are Douglas (Doc) Clark, Marsha Allen, and I, which is why I classified them as hard-working. Anybody who can put up with me for the number of hours that they do at a print session/party have either a great deal of patience or they're out of their minds, the former being the more likely of the two.

Everyone else often works on collating and/or cranking the mimeo. Or rather to rephrase the statement, 99% of all persons attending do some form of useful work in the course of the night. Of course, the very thought of one of them not working is dangerous. After all, consider the case of one Jim Theis. It seems to me that he not only refused to work in August, but had that (Let me see now, what can I euphemistically say without hurting his feelings too much?) CORRECTION: the Eye of Argon being printed that month as well. In the end he was stapling fanzines together, as some of you no doubt noticed when you received them. You can always tell something that Jim stapled.

In September, Jim found out what happens to people who do nasty little things like that. He was "goldbricking" again. He ran into me. My hammerlock gained fame that night, being applied twice to the Nomad. Again he wound up the night with the stapler in his hand. But then I think he finally got the hint. In October he worked sans hammerlock. The whole of OSFA went into shock. In November he not only worked voluntarily twice, but looked after Connie Duncan who was ill. If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it. But I did, so I do. I think.

Or what about that game of "chicken" that Chris and Frank played at the last print session/party? That got them the Jay T. RIKOSH Award and a picture.

Speaking of Jay T. s, what about Robin Gronemeyer, for whom no two reasons for the award were any where nearly alike? Out of all the people who have been given the award, the one who receives the least notoriety (or infamy, if you prefer) is Ron Whittington. One time I rode in his Camaro commented to Douglas that I rather liked it (and the stereo in the glove compartment) He in turn told Ron and eventually Ron, (who I don't think really dislikes me, he'd rather ignore me in - stead) was supporting me in a conversation between the two of them. For that, Ron, thank you. It's always nice to hear a good word from somebody now and then.

Of course, no remembrance of print session/parties would be complete without a mention of Joe Butler's great spaghetti from the September affair. Joe, it was really very good even though we still disagree about how to make an omlette.

Naturally, if one is even thinking about a print session or party or whatever anyone cares to call it, the people to acknowledge and thank very profusely are the Couch's at whose home the entire affair takes place month after month.

Think about it. Is there anyone you forgot to be nice to today? (I know, I know, I can hear you screaming from here. Fans are probably one of the kindest, most considerate groups of people in general on the face of the earth, but they are also people and as such are capable of forgetting now and then. So be nice to someone and restore their faith in humanity.)

NOTICE: Whereas in the preceding issue of OSFAN the editor managed to allow three misspellings of my name. Therefore, in retaliation, etc. I hereby announces that hereafter I shall sign my name as follows working on the theory that if it is his he just might not forget how to spell it.

Regarding the Jay T. Rikosh balloting it turned out that there would be and was a tie in the number of nomination votes. As there was no distinct winner the matter was settled at the OSFA meeting the following Sunday. The top three vote getters, those nominated for the final ballot were; Frank Weyerich & Chris Ruble=jointly; Wayne Finch; and Harlan Ellison. Harlan qualifies as one of the other ladies in the club paid his dues.



NOV-11-1970  
 PRINT PARTY  
 ATTENDEE'S were as  
 listed below.

Kathy Allen  
 Marsha Allen  
 Gigi Beard  
 Becky (Clark) Bierman  
 Douglas (DOC) Clark  
 Leigh Couch  
 Michael Couch  
 Norbert Gouch  
 Connie Duncan  
 Mary Esther  
 Wayne Finch  
 John Galikin  
 Robin Gronemeyer  
 Carolyn Imhof  
 Amy James  
 Thomas Kirk  
 Mike Mannon  
 Debbie Margolin  
 Vince Rhomberg  
 Jay T. Rikosh  
 Lois Namiano  
 Chris Ruble  
 Sim Pearce  
 Jim Theis  
 Molly Watson  
 Sue Watson  
 Frank Weyerich  
 Allan Zacher

A grand total of 28  
 Osfanlanders using  
 the CRMRY Press.

I remain yours  
 in earnestness; OSFA  
 Secretary  
 BEC CLARK

THE OZARK SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (OSFA) IS THE  
 sponsering party for this newsletter which is published  
 each and every month on/ or about the 21st of each  
 month. You may recieve this fanzine by becoming either  
 an attending, or nonattending member of OSFA. The dif-  
 ference between is that becaus e the none attending  
 members don't attend the meetings, parties , and affairs  
 socially of the club, their dues are cheaper. Gadzooks  
 but do they miss much though.

To join the club send your dues to the club  
 treasurer, and the dues are a s follows:  
 1-year= \$3.00 attedding 6-months= \$1.50 Atted.  
 \$2.00 nonattending \$1.00 nonattend  
 Subscriptions are \$1.75 per year with out any other  
 benifits other than recieving the fanzine, tsh !!  
 Single copies of this (the number 1 crudzine in the land)  
 we-1-1-1 (according to an independent Polish - Javanese  
 survey team flown in from Rat Missouri) are merely 25¢

The next meeting of OSFA will be DECEMBER  
 27th, 1970, the last meeting this year. The january  
 meeting will be JANUARY 24th, 1971 and the short month  
 of Febraury will have a meeting FEBRUARY 21st, 1971.

All meetings are held at the Museum of Science  
 and Natural History in Oak Knoll Park of the city of  
 Clayton, Missouri-63105. The museum is located ½ block  
 north of Clayton Road on Big Bend Blvd. The meetings  
 start at 2:00 pm in the Science Building on the 3rd  
 floor. Come up and see us sometime girls !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

OSFA TREASURER O T  
 MARSHA ALLEN Z R  
 2911 Laclede A E  
 St Louis, Missouri K A  
 63103 O S

RON WHITTINGTON IS STILL (?) THE  
 OZARKON-6 CHAIRMAN with his and  
 OSFA's Convention Co Ordinator  
 is CHESTER MALON, Jr.

SHERRY FOGONZELSKI has  
 been appointed to the post of  
 assistant convention and  
 club TREASURER. YOU WILL  
 ENJOY OZARKON-6, come and  
 have a grand time with all  
 the OSFANLANDERS.



# FUTURE FABLE

"Mommy, tell me a story, as bedtime is near,  
Bout the time of 'green grass' is the one I would hear.  
Where Santas brought food and the bunnies, dresses,  
And people used water just to clean up their messes!"

Once upon a time, in a far away land  
Of a past-vision nearly forgotten,  
Lived a free-born race who in peace did band.  
Yet the mushroom cloud still was begotten.

There were rivers and forests  
..."Was the world really green?"...  
And rainbow-hued flowers  
That we've never seen.

Sun rays of spun gold then kept the earth warm;  
This season of heat was called summer.  
In winter, the cold snow flakes caused no alarm,  
Heated houses kept everyone warmer.

"I know. Those lucky people had plenty to eat.  
They went to a store to buy can-goods and meat.  
But how did they get there? What was it's name?"

An auotmobile, and on fast wheels it came.

Everyone were clothing they made on machine  
And other great things were invented,  
A washer to clean clothes and dry them, it seems.  
Progress was then unrelented.

Yet out of prosperity grew greed and ambition.  
Humanity was not satisfied.  
Their leaders- the rulers were called politicians-  
Decided to change things. They died.

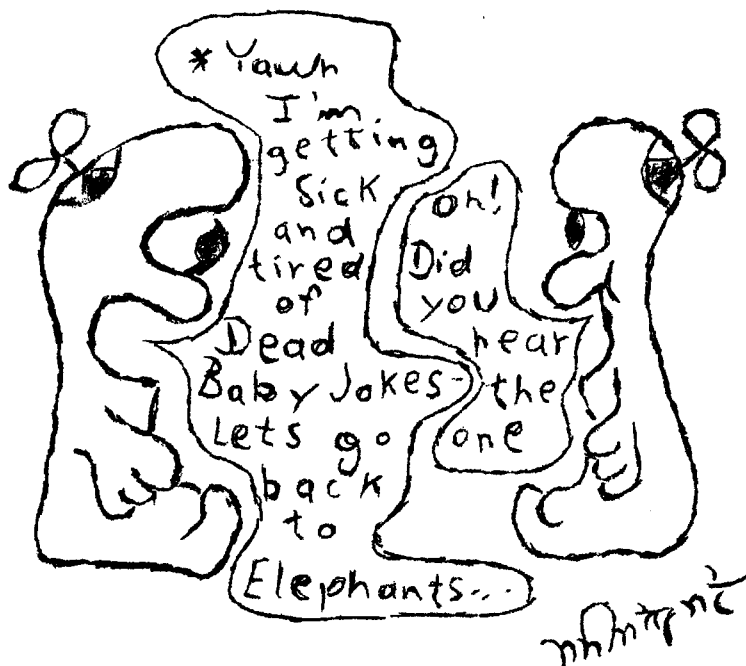
Love turned to hatred, peace became war,  
Destruction then ravished the land.  
But a few sole survivors the bombs didn't mar  
Dug down; and heritage began.

It's not very pleasant here under the ground,  
Cold, hunger and thirst are the rule.

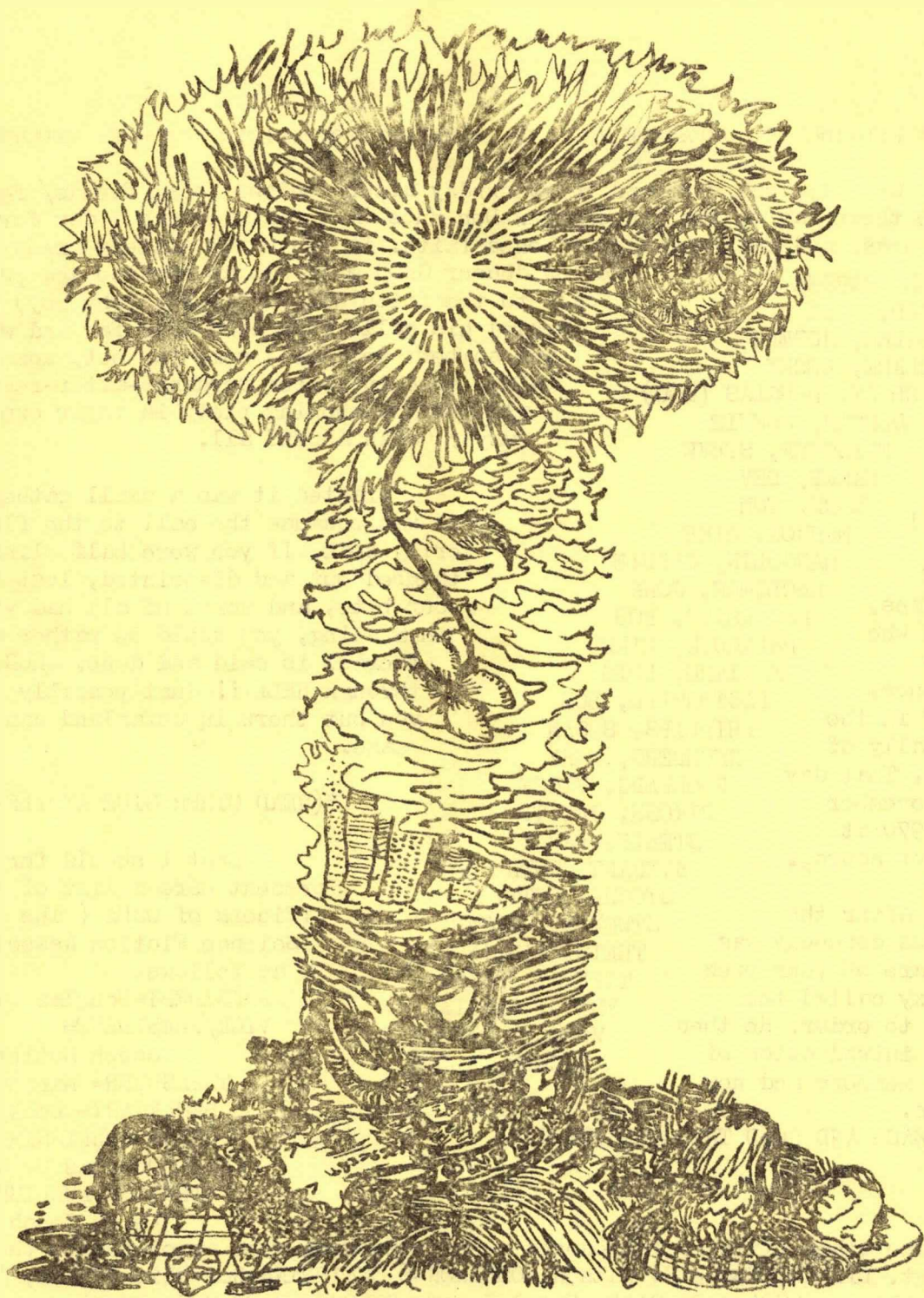
But our lives are secure and in peace w@ are sound.  
We'll survive using love as our tool.

Now kiss me my baby and go off to sleep;  
Dream dreams of the long ago.  
Though you envy their pleasures, remember and weep.  
For it was greed that had ended them so.

BY: ———< JOAN SNIDER \*







\*\* OSFA MEETING \*\* OSFA MEETING \*\* NOVEMBER 29th, 1970 \*\* OSFA MEETING \*\*

On a typical warm and balmy sunday afternoon the local fiends/ fans began to make their way to the Dinosaurian Den Huts. Naturally it was a day for Piety, seriousness, and reaffirmation of ones faith. In his usual stately greenish and yellow decour GHOD make his appearance and put out his call to the faithful. Faithfully (why noy) they heeded his call. They came from far and wide, pious and somber; well-ell, some far out, some rather wide, some in somber morning -after-regrets, but all tue and showing piety in their own strange ways; OSFANLANDERS all.

ALLEN, MARSHA  
BEARD, GIGI  
BUTLER, JOSEPH  
CLARK, BECKY  
CLARK, DOUGLAS (DOC)  
DUNCAN, CONNIE  
FRISCHER, STEVE

To the right  
you will see a list of those fans, persons who were in attendance, some 29 in the final tally of the day. That day being November 29th, 1970 at 2:00pm of course.

HANKE, DEV  
KIRK, TOM  
MANNON, MIKE  
MARGOLIN, DEBBIE  
McCLIMAN, JOHN  
McCORMICK, BOB  
McFADDIN, MIKE  
NAMIANO, LOIS  
PASTORELLO, BOB  
PHILLIPS, SUSAN  
RHOMBERG, MARY  
RHOMBERG, VINCE  
RIKOSH, JAY T.  
STEELE, LARRY  
STEWART, RUTH  
STOCHL, BETTY  
STUMPER, WALTER  
THEIS, JIM (NOMAD)  
TIFFANY, CELIA  
TRIGG, SHEILA  
WOMACKE, FELIX  
ZACHER, ALLAN

After the religious ceremony was taken care of your prez and prexy called the meeting to order. He then made an introduction of the new members and new officers.

\*(GO BACK AND READ THE OTHER SIDE)\*

Granted it was a small gathering, but that was because the call to the flock was verily weak. If you were half blind, been thumbed out and disjointed, lost most of your bite, and worst of all had your tail in a sling, you would be rather weak too. Afterall is said and done, GHOD has been through HELL !! Just possibly some of you out therw in osfanland can say the same.

\*(READ OTHER SIDE AWHILE-FLEZ)\*

Lest I should forget I will present here a list of the new officers of OSFA ( The Ozark Science Fiction Association) is as follows.

PRESIDENT=Douglas O. Clark  
VICE/PRESIDENT=

Joseph Butler  
TREASURER= Marsha Allen  
SECRETARY= Becky Bierman  
OSFAN PUBLISHER=  
Douglas O. Clark  
SIRRIUSH PUBLISHER=  
Leigh Couch

The other officers introduced were those whom were appointed by the OSFA president. LIBRARIAN=Sue S. Watson, OZARKON-6 CHAIRMAN= Ron Whittington, SYMMETRIST=Marsha Allen , OSFA HISTORIAN= Carol Imhof, RIKOSH AWARD RESAERCHER= Bob (Rudolph) McCormick, OZARKON-6 TREASURER= Marsha Allen, RECRUITING= Mike Mannon, PARTY HOST & Co ORDINATOR= Betty Stochl, and lastly Assistant TREASUR= Sherry Pogorzelski. New members welcomed were D. Hanke, B. Pastorello, R. Stewart, Shelia Trigg, and Felix Womacke You are muchly welcome. Our credo, compassion and consideration of others.



With the introductions out of the way along with GHOD's ritual thingee it came time for honorariums. Namely the presentation of the Jay T. Rikosh Award. Due to a tie voting in the nominating instead of an overwhelming choice as in the past it was necessary to hold an award election at this time. Thus at the November 29th official Meeting of OSFA the election of winners was carried out. The results (These pending a flood of last minute letters with new votes) are as follows;

Chris Ruble & Francis Weyerich = 21 votes

Harlan Ellison - - - - - = 5 votes

Wayne Finch- - - - - = 3 votes with the new (double/joint)

winners not being present for the ceremony. Robin Gronemeyer agreed to stand in for Chritina, but Jim Theis

ran in sheer terror as he was asked to proxy for Frank. This created a hassle, the officers of OSFA huddled, conspired and agreed. Butler, Mannon, Bec Clark (Bierman) overtook Theis and he was presented with a special RIKOSH crest for such obvious bravery in fan circles. "Cowardice in the face of Nonaction", I think it was labeled. Gentle Becky applied her hammerlock of some renown.

Vince Rhomberg agreed to stand in for the Weyerich and him and Robin made inane acceptance speeches in fine form. Mike Mannon made the introduction of the proxy winners and of the awards. Mike was then unanimously accepted as Recruiting Officer by the club at the Presidents urging. Mike has since left us to work for James brother circus in the golden west.



At this time Joe Butler asked and was granted the floor by the club president and gave a lecture on the present youth

culture with its attendant drug scene. The chart you will find on page- is a part of that lecture with most of the information coming from concentrated research in the museum's and public libraries. So it isn't SF, but it part of our younger culture, a minute part, granted. Can't we as science fiction fans who extrapolate





# THE ELECTRICAL MAGICIANS

magic rising  
with electrical sounds  
heralds the new magicians  
denying old physicians  
creating new positions  
for the new electric

the world has many wizards  
old and strong  
thousands of old witchcrafts  
spells and song  
the science of the mind  
can never hope to find  
all the locks or all the keys  
explaining what the shaman sees  
when thousands screaming fantasies  
create a new electric mind

in every three-ring circus  
the juggler plies his trade  
mystifying millions with a magic  
he has made  
the flying rings and stars  
are breaking down the bars  
the juggler with his magic sings  
I bring you new things! new things!  
as long-haired men and new crowned kings  
create a new electric mind

the San Francisco chemist  
is now distilling dreams  
the paisley/ Owsley colored lights  
are laughing down in streams  
a melting purple word  
that Woodstock Nation heard  
and visions of a brighter day  
are sailing here from Frisco bay  
and the new foundation lay  
for a new electric mind



J.T.R.

JAY T. RIKOSH AWARD NOMINATIONS ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

PERSON NOMINATED=

REASON FOR NOMINATION =

NAME & ADDRESS OF  
NOMINATING PERSON

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 deserving of such honorarium. The award is presented and awarded to any fan deserving of and herewith are presented the reasons for such presentation. For conduct above and beyond the call of Reason, Sanity, and Sincerity and while being totally inane, quite sublimely. Due to the high rank and distinction of receiving this award no fan may receive the award in any two consecutive months. If the person or fan is not a member of OSFA (Ozark Science Fiction Association) and to be honored 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 to use the name of Jay T. Rikosh as their own during the month that they bear this honor.

THE SWAMP BEASTS !!!



To fandom at large, nominations are being taken now for the January 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 6218½ Hancock Ave. St. Louis, Missouri 63139. All nominations received between now and January 15 will be printed in the January issue (OSFAN-15). After the January 15th deadline those late nominations will simply be put on the February OSFAN Jay T. Rikosh award nomination ballot.





MARIJUANA: Slang names; Pot, grass, hashish, tea, gage, reefers, joint, number stick

Hours in effect = 4

Short Term Effect = Senses feel amplified. Affects person's judgment in such things as driving. May make him anxious, slows speech. Person rarely has hallucinations.

Long Term Effect = Scientists not sure. May cause respiratory problem and abnormal emotional behavior resembling certain mental diseases.

Addictive Effect = No withdrawal pains, but person may feel a social or emotional need for the drug.

LSI: Slang names; Acid, sugar, Big D, cubes, trips, tap

Hours in effect = 10

Short Term Effect = Senses feel amplified. Person has hallucinations and rambling speech.

Long Term Effect = Powerful drug may cause deformed children by damaging chromosomes. Can cause panic and severe mental disease.

Addictive Effect = No withdrawal pains, but person may feel a social or emotional need for the drug.

DMT: Slang names; Businessman's high

Hours in effect = Less than one hour

Short Term Effect = Senses feel amplified. Person has hallucinations.

Long Term Effect = Unknown

Addictive Effect = No withdrawal pains, but person may feel a social or emotional need for the drug.

MESCALINE: Slang names; Button, cactus

Hours in effect = 12

Short Term Effect = Senses feel amplified. Person has hallucinations.

Long Term Effect = Unknown

Addictive Effect = No withdrawal pains, but person may feel a social or emotional need for the drug.

PSILOCYBIN: Slang names; Mushrooms

Hours in effect = 6-8

Short Term Effect = Unknown

Long Term Effect = No withdrawal pains, but person may feel a social or emotional need for the drug.





# CHALLENGES

## A LETTER COLUMN OF SORTS

905 E. Colorado Apt. 48  
Urbana, Ill. 61801

~~Members~~ of OSFA,

Please don't mind me; I can't spell. This is you visiting lecher, fiance to the Koo-in Chief (kook) writing a hasty note of explanation to assist you in doing whatever you desire with what accompanys this.

Your (our) poems aren't St', neither is this story. But I'm kind of partial to it, and I would dearly love to see it in print someday. How about the next ish? As you will note, it's a kind of you can't go home again story, but it's a feeling that I'm sure we have all had at one time or another.

Things can never be the way they were in the past, and though the realization is sometime painful, as my main character finds out, it must come.

You can't go home again, as I realized when I finally severed my ties at home. The story is as you might guess, a personal one. But though it involves an almost true incident in my life, perhaps others can see their own stories in it. For that reason I submit it to you. It is also one of the few pieces of non-sic-fi I have ever written, and much to my chagrin, probably my best piece to the present. I'm incoherent as hell here, but I got the idea to send this shlock to you when I was half-asleep, which I still am. The story, I assure you, is more coherent.

I have a deeper meaning for sharing this with you all, too. It seems that I have been in search of you all my life. It took me 22 years to find you- and Sally but thank God (Ghod) I did! I love you all, which is for me hard to say. Especially when I'm sitting behind a typewriter. I would like for you, Doc, to print this and the remaining paragraphs as kind of a Joe Butler- type introspection. An analysis, if you will of what I have seen that makes OSFA tick. I tell you all this in a letter because I am too unsure of myself to tell you how I feel to your collective faces. With people like you, there is still hope for this God-damned lump of beings we call humanity. For you have something that is very rare among groups. It is for want of a better term, an almost total empathy for one another. When I first met Connie I wanted to hug you all, including Doc, you mass of heart, you! I love Joe Butler, he, of the black skin that no one notices or cares about any longer. Joe, you're not a black man, you're, by God a human, and I feel as close to you as I have felt toward any male. You take the time to think, yet you feel, it seems to me that you feel things in the gut perhaps more than any of us, and I love you for it.

I have been trapped in a shell that I am only now breaking out of, and I feel so damned frustrated that not everyone can see the beauty in people that you see, Joe. I don't know if I'm making any sense at all. I'm a disappointment to myself, many times, Joe, and last weekend of the Halloween party, whether you were feigning anger or what, I felt more ashamed of myself than I had in long time. Because I care about you, and that can be said for the rest of OSFA.

I care about people, that is your unique gift. You bring out the good in everyone you touch, you bring out the love that is hiding, looking for some outlet. And your spirit is more than that. It is understanding, it is compassion, it is a touch of insanity without which one cannot remain sane in this world. It is helping someone just for the hell of it, yet not just for that reason, but more because the other person is human, too. I see that in Connie's face, and I love you all for what you have done for her. I am myself with you, thank you for giving me that opportunity.

Heinlein said to share water, but in our own terms it might be said share yourself. For I can think of no greater gift than to see someone's naked self, and I think I have caught glimpses of your collective selves.

Doc, you told me that what you do you do with a spirit of love. I agree 100%. At the risk of sounding maudlin, I can almost weep for joy at knowing that a bunch of nuts like you people exists.

You have given me something so valuable that I can never repay you; I can but do my part to emulate, as it were, what I see in you. I may sound like I'm putting you on a pedestal, but quite the contrary, I can and I hope, do reach you. You are above no one, and you are equal to everyone. You are human, and that is the one thing that makes you so great.

Perhaps after this soul-searching, you can understand the feeling that prompted me to write that story. I was literally in a void; the coffeehouse was my womb, and my nine months were up. I'm not looking for another one to crawl back into but in you I have at least found a shelter from which I can weather the tempest of life. That sounds like escape, too, doesn't it? I don't mean it to sound that way, but I can't find the right words to say. I hope you understand, and because I believe in you, I know that you do. Don't ask me what prompted me to write this; I don't know, but it had to be said. I certainly didn't intend to say these things when I decided to send you my story. I pray for a long and happy association with you, and

I remain,  
aquafaternally yours,

WES STRUBING

YE ED SEZ: ALL OF OSFA THANKS YOU FOR YOUR STORY AND YOUR LOVE. YOU MEAN A LOT TO US WES, AND WHAT MORE CAN WE SAY BUT THANKS FOR SHARING A PART OF YOURSELF WITH US!

MUCH LOVE OSFA

PAGE- 22

710 East 6th St.  
Gomorra 10009

Dear Doc Clark

Mystified by receipt of OSFAN, but delighted nonetheless. St. Louis is beginning to take on the qualities of a myth for me, despite the fact that I walk its streets at least twice a year--gone is Gaslight, especially the Left Bank, and gone is Page's Bar, and the dark, hushed riverfront where we did some fine necking is a splendidly turned tourish trap, and where the hell are the shows of yesterday, anyway? At least half the fantasy I write has St. Louis lurking somewhere in its ambience, so to receive a fanzine from your city is a double kick, like a message from Shangrila.

I can't agree with Mr. Weyerich: I'd always found the head scene there quite vigorous. But it tended to be centered around radical politics, and that kind avoids the literature of the imagination and manifestations thereof (though a lot of radical types crashed the Worldcon, mostly to enjoy the Chase's discomfort at the spectacle of so much long hair.)

Hating to see that evening sun go down, I remain-

Cordially,  
Denny O'Neil

YE ED SEZ:

\* \* \* \* \*

Covina, Calif. 91722

Dear OSFAN

Some months ago I sent a couple of sticky quarters, because I liked the few glimpses of Ozark Fandom which I managed to catch at the WorldCon last year, and hoped to get better acquainted. The coin does not seem to have been misspent. The process is a slow one, but OSFAN 11 provides a goodly step, and I'm even feeling impelled to write a Letter Of Comment, of sorts (i.e., off-the-top-of-the-head, or stream-of-consciousness style). (Actually, that feeling is rather common, but this time it's reaching the typer stage, which is unusual.)

In general, the duplication is good, though the layout is...err... some thing less than admirable; the margins at the top of the page are distressingly large, and the absence of distinctive headings for the various articles and sections is a detracting influence, somehow. Use of a lettering-guide would probably help a lot. With these minor points out of the way, one might turn to such Important Matters as Literary Style and Art and Profound Thinking. Kindness, however, dictates or suggests that this had better not be done. OSFAN is not a genzine, it



is an intimate clubzine, and a consistently high level of Quality is not to be expected. (One notes, however, that Quality is met with here more often than might be expected, though much of the material is simple competent (which, come to think on't, is pretty good) and much is informal and not particularly skillful, but still is ...umm...engaging (sort of like conversation with nice people; one enjoys it at the time, and looks back on it with feelings of Pleasure, even though it wasn't particularly meritorious from any Absolute standpoint.) What does this make OSFAN? An enjoyable fanzine, as far as I'm concerned.

Becky Bierman is correct -- in fact, "jehad" (or "jihad") appears in many history books and English dictionaries, describing a religious war undertaken for the the conversion or suppression of unbelievers. # I'm told that there is still a third volume in the Dune series. # Herbert makes use of a number of earlier novelistic techniques which might well be confusing to people brought up on the sparse tauntness of modern literature, and he uses some contemporary techniques also -- the reader isn't always kept on top of everything that's happening, but I find that they lend some values and a certain charm to Herbert's writing (or to Dune, which is the only one I've read, and that long enough ago that these comments might be somewhat imprecise, as well as rather Pretious.).

Rose-Marie Green I gather to be quite young, but she writes a delightful ConReport, and I can only wish that she'd told more about the people there.

Geo, do folks back in your area tell Harlan Ellison Stories too? (Every once in a while an LArea fanparty driKts off into schtick. Harlan is one of the best--- and at the same time one of the most irritating -- people I know, and seems to attract stories about him the way a blue tserge suit attracts lint.

Leon Taylor reviews SFR at Great Length -- though how accurately I know not. (I suspect quite so, from his quotes and from a few issues I've leafed through at The Tower ((Bruce Pelz' apartment, where a bunch of us gather Thursday nights& Friday Mornings, after LASFS meetings)) -- my subscription ran out about the time Dick changed his title from PSYCHOTIC to SFR). For all its quasi-pro aura, SFR is still a fanzine; Dick can't devote a lot of time or money to it-- thus leading to certain of the faults Leon notes--- and....let's face it, Geis is rather a ruthless editor nor the possessor of Impeccable Taste. # I wonder if Leon intentionally used witty slashing, scathing put-down in criticising the fans who write criticism composed largely of witty, slashing, scathing put-down? There's this thing the psychologists called "Projecting"....

I said/implied that nothing in this issue of OSFAN was Bad, but "Waiting" almost caused me to take that back. The cleverness of the alliteration, and the unusual caesura technique do not make up for the awkwardness, the showing-off of esoteric vocabulary, the (as far as I can tell) outright mis-use of words, and the lack of significant sense or effect. The facing illustration, however, is excellent and would probably make a most striking woodcut.

Joe Butler writes some Very Stange Stuff. I think I agree with what he says, mostly, but it doesn't seem particularly new, or particularly well said.

Clair Toynbee might be reminded of the saying that "much of the Trouble in this world is caused by Peter Pans -- people who never grew up. Most of the rest is caused by those who don't remember what it was like to be a child."

Back at the WorldCon, Creath Thorne suggested a CampCon, tentatively offering his lower 40 alfalfa pasture, and I more-than-half decided to fly back if the idea ever got put into action. If CampConvention happens again next year... well.. I'll try. (The WorldCon will be a considerable financial strain, and may preclude such other expensive fanac.) I kinda suspect that this may be the Coming Thing--a very small, inexpensive (if one lives close enough), possibly week-long convention of like-minded and determined people, getting as far away from the Mundane World as possible--- it sounds Good. (I camped out several nights in the Ozarks, alongside the road, on the St. Louis trip last year, and enjoyed it immensely (despite the insects, which are unfamiliar to a Southern Californian), though maybe most city-type fans would not be adaptable enough to accept the Roughing It aspect.)

The Ideal CampCon would be held in an area sufficiently remote that skinny-dipping could be engaged in not only at night (which we managed at the last WesterCon, because we had the entire hotel to ourselves), but . . . also during the day. (Somehow I'd gotten the impression that this was common in the midwest, but apparently time changed -- though perhaps not as much in California as there. err...actually, it's not very common here, either.--\*Sigh\*)

Onondaga cave is impressive to experienced spelunkers, too, despite the hokey lighting, & ceh; the formations are spectacular, and almost make up for the lack of that personal Involvement which exploring a wild cave provides.

Singing hymns for a couple of hours would be as Strange an Experience for me as singing Dylan or Collins or S&G songs would be-- I'm of the in-between generation in that respect, enjoying both but not feeling that either is an Essential Part for me.

In one of his stories, Saki set forth the idea of inviting, for a weekend houseparty, and for . . . longish yacht cruise, one woman who irritated everyone--they get so furious with her that they don't quarrel with one another-- was about the way he put it, adding, "I pay her a little something, and she enjoys the experience, being a governess who has to be Polite to people all the rest of the year"

Lying flat on my back at the base of The Arch, looking up along that great tapering, curving outdrawingness shimmering in the orange sunset was enough to make me high without Artificial Aids. (Not that I commly use anything stronger than beer or Scotch&water.) But while Francis X. Weyerich conveys very well the feeling that it is a Proud and Lonely Thing to be a Head in St. Louis, he seems to be appealing to head fandom to invade that city largely in order to freak out the straights. This is a sort of action which I find distastfull, and which at best seems uncool.

It also seems to be getting old-fashioned, I am pleased (or perhaps prejudiced) to note -- more and more of the people I've been thinking of as "the better heads"

seem to be discovering that they can do their own thing unostentatiously and with a modicum of caution and cool, thus generally avoiding unpleasant hasslement without any noticable loss of Pleasure, or Compromise with their Ideals.

Hey, I agree with Harry Warner about limiting or deleting entirely discussions about currently-Popular Controversial Issues in a fanzine. Those Issues are limited, and so are our opinions of them. Controversy-type fanzines are (or can easily be) fun, but all too frequently they soon get incestuous and dull. The same things get said over and over again, and -- worse -- those who feel particularly strongly about something often start trying to convince everyone else, which simply does not Work. A careful editor, of course, can cut things off just before they reach this stage, but Harry has a good point -- it's quite valid for the editor to refuse to start off on such paths in the first place.

Gee, is it really true that almost all of St. Louis/OSFandom gaffiated just after the WorldCon? I think I met Wayne Finch there, and recall spending several hours with Leigh Couch (a Gracious Lady, as you say -- and both qualities are all too rare these days) as well as Chris and Mike (who, along with Hank Luttrell, did yeoman service in keeping things cool), but the rest of the names you mention entirely New. (Not that this means a great deal; being basically a fanzine fan, I'm quiet at cons, and don't meet many people). (Remembering that Con, I recall that there were some Problems in collating the Gaughan portfolio at the last minute; I was able to offer a suggestion or two which seemed to speed up the collating a bit, and got the impression that Missouri fans had not much (if any) experience in mass collating sessions -- are group-produced fanzines so uncommon there)

Wow! "Stillin' Huzzah Blues" is Neat -- with a few more fannish references it would be a Must in the next Filksong Collection. If there's much stuff like this going around in your area, it should get wider circulation.

Humm...I'm still trying to figure out what it is that I like about OSFAN.. why it has made a stronger impression on me than do most fanzines-- and have about concluded that this cannot be pinned down precisely because the important factor is the people involved. To the extent that they come through the printed page, they are extraordinarily pleasant -- the sort of people I'm sure I'd like if I were lucky enough to get to know them.

Best,  
Don Fitch

YE ED SEZ:

423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Doc:

You did an unbelievable job of producing

this issue under those

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sedation difficulties. I seem to be abnormally sensitive to anything intended to quiet the nerves, and I work for a newspaper. So I know in exaggerated form perhaps the problem you faced. When for one reason or another I must take something with sedative capabilities, as the NASA people would say, then go to work, I know exactly what will happen: I'll feel almost normal as I go about my job, but when I write my news stories, I'll have to go over every word in the line, one word at a time, not glancing at groups of words the way I usually read things, because in almost every line there will be a word that came out totally different from what I intended. The closest I ever came to experiencing the kind of euphoria that drug fans enjoy came while I was recuperating in a hospital from a broken hip and wasn't aware how much barbiturate the doctor was slipping into my nightly collection of pills. I felt my whole personality changing, and even if it was a change for the better, it was no longer I as a result I got the sedatives stopped and have never since felt the urge to experiment. I hope you're completely recovered by now from the accident's effects.

It's a trifle disconcerting to read conreports in which parents of the writer figure so strongly, just as if fandom were gradually expanding through time now that it has already engulfed most of the space dimensions of the nation. Of course, it gradually expanding through time and undoubtedly, tomorrow the world but it's still a bit of a jolt to be reminded of how destiny is engulfing us all. Nevertheless, I enjoyed Rose-Marie Green's description of the odd and unexpected things that seem to have happened at Atlanta. She really shouldn't avoid the book of 1984, for it says many wise things that time or the director kept out of the film, and anyway, I was disturbed by the movie version because of the bloodless impression that almost all its characters emanated. They're real people in the book and you feel something more than depression while reading about them, as a result.

Leon Taylor might have given a trifle more attention to the Geis role in Science Fiction Review. The same people, pros and fans, write for other fanzines without sounding elsewhere quite as they do in SFR, and I suspect that the editor makes the difference. Geis makes the fanzine something more of a consistent, distinctive thing than Leon implies. "It's not written by hobby amateurs; rather it's written by people who make a living out of it" is neither accurate as a description of SFR nor consistent with his later reference to the reviewers as "immature adolescents who have a flair for being sadistic". Leon complains on page 11 about a "cute" remark in a review and then two pages praises "Lafferty has the mind of a goblin". In general, I get the impression that Leon is attempting to accomplish through this review the same type of success which he thinks SFR has won, the kind that comes from deliberately acting the devil's advocate, taking an untenable position pour epater le bourgeois, and general trying to stir up attention no matter what the toll. Geis hasn't been as sensationalistic as all that, and I'd love to see Leon write another review of SFR in which he'd tell us exactly how he really feels about it. I strongly doubt that Leon really feels "I'd rather look at a gallery of eyetracks" than at the occasional typos and misalignments of text in SFR.

Waiting is the most impressive of the poems in this issue. The writer digs too deeply into her collection of poetic tricks and resources, because the reader can't very well concentrate on the poem itself amid the barrage of sound-repetition

and syntax ellipses and word-groups bobbing up at exactly the expected place in each stanza. But I'd like to see more of Carol Guise's poetry, the kind written either before or after she felt ready to fire away with all these poetic atnaments in one volley.

Wes Struebing's camp report sounded quite similar to the articles I've read in issues of The Underground which Wayne Finch sent me. Toward the end of this article, the caves appear and all of a suddenly I was wondering if I was still in the right fanzine. Anyway, I enjoyed the account very much, despite the unhappiness created by the intrusions of people with guns and motorcyclists.. Motorcyclists are even starting to ruin Appalachian Trail, the mountain ridge pathway that stretches from Maine to Georgia and passes within a dozen miles of Hagers-town, and it's not a bad idea to carry along some kind of weapon when hiking it because packs of wild dogs occasionally turn up, so things are probably tough all pver, not just around Onondaga Cave.

Patrick McCabe doesn't seem to know how many fanzines are being stapled all around him. Peter Roberts lists in the latest Egg the current British fanzines. He finds there are 32 different titles now being published, counting four that are devoted mainly to comics or horror but not counting all the fanzines which circulate only in OMPA or other apas. That's not too bad a showing. Tha main problem has been very limited circulation of most British fanzines outside the British Isles. Over here we see Speculation, Haverings, and Scottishe and rarely anything else. But there are good signs that times are changing and a few of the young fans over there are deliberately making themselves apparent to the rest of the world. Australia, of course, has a newszine of it's own, plus several of the world's finest fanzines. Susan Phillips indicates the possession of a humor talent just as fine as that of Bob Leman, who has always been fandom's master at this sort of letter writing.

The front cover is quite good. The way detail is visible in the deeply shadowed areas is a real technical feat, one that no fan would have even tried to get out of a mimeograph just a few years ago. In general, I enjoyed this issue very much, even though I'm suddenly struck by the thought that this loc sounds groucky. May be I'm subconsciously trying to compensate for the gap created by the recent lack of Piers Anthony articles and letters in fanzines.

Yrs., &c.,  
Harry Warner, Jr.

YE ED SEZ::

\* \* \* \* \*  
1310 Buchanan St.  
Charlotte, N.C. 28203

Dear OSFAN staff...

Excuse the stationery, but this combination LoC is sort of a spur of the moment creation composed on the only sheet of paper we could find in the house.

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Elsmith's grandfather works at the above address and he's got paper, pencils, match books, and other useful paraphrenalia from the company laying around.

OSFAN 11 arrived last week (neither of us got OSFAN 10 although our labels read "#13". What happened?) but we are getting around to it. Slowly but surely the pile of fannishness is decreasing to manageable proportions.

Agacon sounds like it was pretty good. We had planned to go (as Michael's LoC in the previous issue mentioned) but auto trouble prevented the occasion from transpiring.

Godwin's address, by the way is Belvedere Drive, Wilmington, NC (according to Ed).

Leon Taylor's review of SFR was a little much. I wish he'd go back to reviewing several fanzines at a time. A 5½ page fanzine review is rather ridiculous. The time and energy would have been far better spent in a LoC to the fanzine under consideration. Besides, there just isn't that much to say about a fanzine that needs to be said or can be said without repetition.

TALKING HUZZAH BLUES was without a doubt the best thing in the issue. It was really pretty good.

Ruth Doschek's artwork was quite attractive and well reproed. It would have been far more attractive if electrostencilled but the hand-stencilling is well done.

WE'll be seeing you all at some future con--Minicon, Midwest, Noreascon, or elsewhere.

Peace

Ed Smith  
&  
Micheal Dobson

YE ED SEZ:

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Box 102 U.C.B.

Wayne State Univeisity

Detroit, Mich. 48202

Greetings, Fellows Librarian;

I guess you could call that an appropriate opening. My name: Alex Vitch (sometimes known as part of j Es ?), my group: The Wayne Third Foundation, my title: Third Speaker (Vice-vice president) and Librarian: The second one is what counts. While going through some issues of OSFAN, I encountered your and title, and since I was still awake, decided to write (oh yes, excuse any mistakes, I've been up for the past 24 hours, so far, working on the W3F library, and my own fan material.)

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Due to similarition in title, I feel that understanding of common problems is possible. That is, problems concerning a library. What I am interested in right now is how have you organized your library. Assuming that this has been done.

For now, I'll explain what I have done. Mostly I volunteered for the job, and the other officers accepted the offer. Other than that, I've collected all the books the library was supposed to have, placed them in my apt., sat down in front of the mess, and felt sort of lost. The only way out was to organize them, due to difference in type of books.

The major divisions are as follows: Novels, Short story collections by one author, Anthologier, Reference (primarily Advent Books, which I bought just for the cause, my own and the libraries) and Magazines. The first letter is underlined because I decided to put the books in some sort of call number order (similar to that used by the library of Congress). After the groups letter, there comes the first two letters of the authors last name. Examples are: He for Heinlein, for Simale, Di for Diekeon. Then come four digits, usually three 0's and a one(1). If it is the second time I will be using the same two letters, and two different autor, then it is 0002. The next line in the first two letters of the title, such as city\* 6i, ect. Then four digits. Therefore, Hurleini Strangerin a strange land is NHE0001, ST0001., and his Moon is a Harsh Mistress is NHE0001, Mo0001. I hope you understand, and any comments.

What I am particuulary interested in are comments on loaning procedures. I talked to Big- Hearted Howard (Howard DeVore) and he said to make any loaning procedures very strict, or start expecting a lot of lost books. That is my present problems, other than to finish clamilying the rest of the books. Other than that, once I get going, it looks like it might be somewhat easy (I hope).

Now, to tell you a little about myself and the W3F (Wayne Thrid Foundation) The group is apprxionetly 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  year old, and I am one of the few remaining founding fathers. That means I was there at the first organizing meeting and have been there ever since. You should try holding some office for that amount of time. It seems that any offtee holding member becomes a scapegoat for everything that goes wrong, and very little orebit if someth ing comes off well. It usually goes to someone else usually not even part of that one project. Oh, well, that's life. I have attacted some conventions, including the 1969 World Con, and Toronts Fan fair. I was lucky enough to afford it. It seems that each time I made it back with a dollar and some odd cents left.

Other than that, I've just begun my fan- type activeities, like writing. Incidentally, I have noticed that you are on my mailing list for Seldon's Plan, Newsletter. You should be getting a copy just before this, or just after. That is where most of my writing will be appearing under the name of jEs 3, usually. Also, I am interested in starting some sort of correspondence.

Hopefully I will succeed in both, the writing, and the correspondence, and working full-time towards my library science degree. Oh, yes, for any correnpondence the address is

Please keep the OSFAN's coming this way as we enjoy the things that you put in them if not the way all the times. My address;

Alex Vitek  
c/o Wayne Third Foundation  
Box 102 U.C.B.  
Wayne State University  
Detroit, Michigan-48202

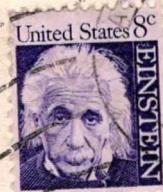
I hope to see, rather hear from you soon,

yours

Alex Vitek

YE ED SEZ :: We enjoyed muchly hearing from you alex and all the rest of you creatures out there . Do write us and let us know how much you dislike (like) and enjoy (retreat from ) our fanzines and ideas. Send in your vote on the Jay T. Rikosh thing. More or less LOC's next issue all depends on you out there . I close till next issue. THE Baron Von Rikosh.

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