



OLE TIMERS DAY

THE JANUARY IN FEBRUARY OSFA MEETING MINUTES

by Bec (Bierman) Clark

These are the official minutes of the meeting of February 7th (which was the January meeting) of OSFA, the Ozark Science Fiction Association. The meeting was held at the Museum of Science and Natural History, as it always is, but with one twist: due to the fact that the meeting had been postponed because two of the officers were attending the con and launch of Apollo 14 with several of the membership and no one else felt up to having a meeting without them it became necessary to hold the meeting a week late. The first week of the month also turns out to be the meeting day of the Junipr Shell Club, in our meeting room. Confusion and chaos abounded as the Shell Club had designs on us as part of their membership and we were not about to let them try to corrupt the pure and honest virtue of our members, especially those who didn't know any better. So we held the meeting in the "Fun Room".

While several of the members amused themselves with the juvenile pastimes presented in the room, their seniors and mentors were busy with other matters (that's matters, really it is supposed to be matters!). Vast discussions were debated, ideas flourished forth to either flower or die in the drought of being ignored. One idea that our beloved President brought forth and held at length was that of a SF short story or play having many characters that we could read at a meeting. For further details ask Douglas, the less I know about that the happier I think I'll be, at least for the time being.

Would you believe that one of the strangest things to ever happen at an OSFA meeting occurred last time? Quite frankly, I still haven't completely gotten over the shock of it yet. Several actually talked about SF at the meeting, voluntarily. Among the several people one could include Douglas, Ray Fisher, Railee Bothman, Iam Janische, Vince Rhomberg, and myself. It seemed to be the meeting where everyone who hadn't been heard of in the last, oh, 350 years showed up to prove they were still around and not just hiding from our incursions.

Eventually, we were preparing to leave, but were forced to divide into search parties for a belonging of one of our number that seemed to have decided to go into the 4th dimension, an event which is a natural hazard considering the fact we seem to be plagued by a very persistent time-warp. That situation took care of itself at a later date, to the pleasure of the concerned party.

Dinner after the meeting is a standard procedural operation with our group, so the suggestion of a smorgasboard restaurant was of high opinion, let's face it, our bunch like to eat. Instructions were minorly confused to some extent, however in the long run, we all arrived at the correct location, feasted and talked.

The food was of high quality, and our people made a point of enjoying themselves. When the check came, Ray Fisher, who happened to be the most conservatively and best dressed of us all, was handed it. He picked it up laughing about why he was singled out for the honor, took a look, and then did one of the best double takes I have seen in a long time. Really it wasn't bad for 15 of us, only \$46.44 with tax. Ray turned a number of very fascinating colors, than passed the check to Douglas, who in turn allowed others to glance at it. We divided it fairly, and received enough to include a generous tip, as I remember.

A movie had been chosen for the evening without too much trouble and/or the acceptance of the people who were going to see it. On that score, I cannot speak, I was forced to return to the mundane world and accomplish nothing.

Thus are the minutes of the last official OSFA meeting: any additions, subtractions or etc. should be given to me to deal with as I see fit. I would, suggest, however, that anyone who comes has his last will and testament in order. Just in case.

Bec

Attending the January meeting (February 7th):
in unalphabetical order

Ray Fisher	Al Zacher	Sheila Trigg
Pam Janische	Ron Whittington	Connie Duncan
Marsha Allen	Robin Gronemeyer	Molly Watson
Steve Frischer	Carolyn Imhof	Larry Steele
Stephanie Bothman	Railee Bothman	Bob McCormick
Chris Ruble	Frank X. N. Weyerich	Vince & Mary Rhomberg
Douglas (DOC) Clark		Bec Bierman
TOTAL: 22		Lorna Penny

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OSFA MEETINGS - - OSFA MEETINGS NOTICE :: The Ozark Science Fiction Association is to meet on the last Sunday of each month unless otherwise notified. If MARCH-28th,1971 you have any doubt contact Becky Bierman on the phone or any of the following person's on the telephone; Douglas (DOC) Clark, Sue Watson, APRIL-25th,1971 or Marsha Allen. All meetings are at 2:00 PM on a sunday so designated as meeting date in the clubs official publication, ie: OSFAN. Phone Numbers are as follows; M. Allen=534 1396, D.O.Clark=647 0017 but mostly at 645 8351, and Sue Watson=645 8351.

All meetings will be held in the Museum of Science and Natural History in Oak Knoll Park located within Clayton, Missouri-63105=zip. It is 1/2 block north of Clayton Road on Big Bend Blvd. if your driving.

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LIGHT

Perhaps it's the dark
that hurts.
Or maybe the sun when
it shines too brightly
hurting eyes and burning
skin.
Or the sound of people in
a room afraid to communicate.
Or the sunlight not quite
cutting through the
gloom of a dusty attic
and long lost dreams.
Or the sight of someone who
is frightened and no one
will help.
Or a child in a ghetto.
Or a falling star.
Or someone does with a gun
in his hand.
Or love, given with an open
heart, only to be taken
advantage of, or refused
altogether.
Or a single promise made,
then never kept.
Or not being able to cry.
Or no one there to talk too.
Or a face which smiles only
to be met with a cold
suspicious glance.
No, it's not the dark that
hurts, but the light.

TROLL TRILLINGS

BOOK REVIEWS

* * * * * ** * * * * *SANTAROGA BARRIER

I had intended to avoid reviewing anything by Frank Herbert this time, but I couldn't resist when a copy of SANTAROGA BARRIER was loaned to me. The road to Hell is paved with good intentions, one might say.

My last review was, as Phil Muldowney quoted me not "...much of a review, more of a prejudiced opinion". I admit I'm no pro-reviewer, but if you're going to let someone tell you what to think just because he gets paid for it, the least you can do is listen to me. I'm not even asking for anyone to agree with me, but someone asked my opinion of a book and I've given it to them. You win some and you lose some either way. Bases of my opinion are:

LOGIC Logic of the plot: Psychology is a notoriously logical thing and people who have that kind of background tend to act in that frame of reference. SANTAROGA BARRIER was to that extent relatively logical. Herbert has within my experience always tended to behave in such a manner, although with SB he seemed to be reaching to justify himself at times, a psychologically bad sign.

CHARACTERIZATION: Herbert, in my opinion, is methodical and precise in creation of his characters. In SB he managed, however, to prove his weakness in creation of female characters that do not think like female. The few women I have encountered in his works have been admirable, but not realistic. The sequence in Dasein's hospital suite was well done, but unnecessary. At least it was in good taste.

Gilbert Dasein, the main character, is labelled as a psychologist from University of California at Berkeley, if he is a psychologist, he certainly does not act like one according either to previous precedents set in Herbert's literature or any psychologists I have encountered. One reason could easily be that Dasein is too busy falling over his own emotions to try to follow logically the bits and pieces of information he finds, but the explanation is too simple and too pat. Jaspers may have to do with it, such a substance could produce the effects. Has a sense that Herbert didn't say more about what papers was, but given the circumstances the information given was reasonable enough. Minor characters were dealt with effectively. Herbert does not drop characters into a plot and leave them.

Style: Herbert has the ability to write in a smooth, reasonable style. Santaroga Barrier, though, is not a book to A) read in bits and pieces- Herbert is creating an atmosphere and it can be easily broken by the intrusion of the "real" world. But at the same time it is not a book to B) read in a state of deep depression.



The ameobalike engulfing and eventually of sorts of any human being is not recommended material as it is very depressive. Santaroga Barrier was not a book that I can say I enjoyed, but I have the strong impression it was not a book that was meant to be enjoyed. Repected, yes, but enjoyed, no.

Whomever reads SB is welcome to read into it anything they like; that is part of the interpretive process involved in reading, so I do not chose to tell anyone what he thinks underlying ideas or symbolism is.

Bec

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LAST YEAR IN OSFANLAND

by Carol Imhof

This time last year there was a party sponsored and hosted by the OSFA club which took place in the Lair of the Stochl's. The following is an alphabetic-cal listing of those OSFAN's and others present at that party a year ago. It was

Allen, Kathy	Guisse, Carolyn	Stochl, John	the party where the
Bakker, Allen	Janisch, Pamela	Stochl, Linda	Theis/Bakker booze
Berry, John D.	Lawson, Marge	Stochl, Donna	bout took place. Also
Brouk, Cheryl	Lawson, Roy	Stochl, Nancy	wherein the Sheet Game
Clarke, Douglas	Kuhfeld, Al	Tatge, Dick	was played by those
Couch, Mike	Mancell, Bill	Theis, Jim	present and where the
Couch, Leigh	Mancell, Rita	Whittington, Ron	Stochl, Linda by name
Couch, Chris	McCormick, Bob	Wledizky, Bill	did her famous dance
Claymont, Shirley	Pogorzelski, Sherry	Yaffe, Genie	similiar to the one
Claymont, Carolyn	Ruble, Chris	Zoyah, Phyllis	famous for their
Evans, Friscilla	Schoenfeld, Robert		navel movements. Were
Feagan, Ginger	Snider, Joan		you there? Do you
Fisher, Joyce	Snider, Verne		remember it OSFAN's? It was the night that
Fisher, Ray	Stochl, Jim		Kathy Allen was walked upon and found out
Fletcher, Ken	Stochl, Betty		what it was like to be really cold. That's

history folks !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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CHRIS

SLEEP DIES ACHING INTO MORNING.
RED DAWN BLEACHES INTO DAY.



WHITE SKY BURNS UPON MY WAITING.
BEACON SUN ON LASER BRIGHT,
HOLDS MY THOUGHTS FOR THEY ARE WAITING,
EXPECTANT ONLY OF HER LIGHT.
IMAGES BLUE FROM EITHER DOORWAY.
QUICK PATH WILL SET BESIDE THE SUN.
HORIZON FAR ABOVE THE DAWNING.
MOON GODDESS COME AS DAY IS DONE.

FRANCIS X. WEYERICH

"THE SPIRIT OF KINGS"

CHAPTER TWO :::

Synopsis; While staggering home from a nightly binge Larry O'Shea is trapped in a heavy fog meeting strange and unearthly characters (Osfanlanders ?) and follows them thru an interworld hole to their world. Things, creatures, met are a bearded, muscular green-clad Leprechaun, The Funkmaster, the Faery Princess, the Nomad (an octopod-humanlike form), a huge verbose and profane Walrus, and a small racing Tree. Tis a land of organized and verdant growth, silver skies, and land of implausibility. (ALL CHAPTERS HAVING BEEN WRITTEN BY VARIOUS MEMBERS OF OSFA, WHOSOMEVER DOTH DARE!!!!)

" Chapter two "

by Allan N. Zacher

The baleful, bleary-eyed creature failed in it's attempt to halt the insidious shrub making alunge at it with his jug. The fast five rootlegged (?) Racing Tree did escape leaving the Walrus with many scratches and a few leaves. The Wit removed his large bulk from the foamy ground, turned to Larry, extended a massive, heavily wrinkled flipper, and introduced himself as the one and only "Yar T. Msokir".



"Damned yellow-leafed, loose-barked aphidshy, spring of a stink bush. I tell you my good man, even the trees have ears in this country!" So snorted the great Walrus before he continued, "I was beginning to think that walking lamppost had turned over a new leaf; I should have known better," said the blubbery one doffing his pink & purple derby.

At this point the O'Shea's head was spinning so fast he decided to sit down to see if'n his first name was still Larry. Seeking silence and solitude to reason things out he glared as the walrus followed suit sitting down beside to continue their conversation. "You new in this territory?" the tusked one asks.

Looking about and reassuring himself the creature had spoken, and indeed to him, he nodded in resignation. For the first time since he had arrived, the lightheaded Irishman spoke, trying carefully not to slur drunkenly.

SPiRiT OF KINGS, The = Chapter-2, continued

"Tis a strange thing to have happened since leaving Keagen's Pub. I made after that creature in the alley figuring it to be one O' me usual companions From the Inn. T'was not though, as I found myself in this valley, and as beautiful as it is, it is enough to make one wonder, the brew or me sanity."

"Ah, aha, so it's the truth then that I have heard afar. The Fairy Princess has brought back an other-worlnder to ~~the Fairy Princess~~. As those last few words fell up n the ears of a bemused, dazed, bewildered O'Shea, they heard the blaring sound of an echo-ing trumpet coming from quite a distance, o'er past the nearby/faroff beginning of the thick guarly woods.

Hsokir suddenly jumped to his feet exclaiming in almost garbled tones, "The Hunt, the Hunt is on, follow me." The lumbering Yar, moving much faster than one would expect at seeing his vastness, trumbled towards the shady side of a nearby hillside. Weaving drunkenly still, Larry followed close upon his , unh his He---, well his , he followed right behind the Walrus to a large tree stump. Once there the tusked one thumped/kicked the old tree stump three times, waited at length, and kicked the st stump thrice more.

There was a clicking sound barely audible and then the walrus lifted the false top of the rotting ruin squeezing his large bulbous form thru the opening in the stump. Heeaving, he motioned from the depths of the hole for Larry to enter which O'Shea did to the best of his abilities. Yar T. Asokir then made ready to close the entrance to the subteranean lair to escape the "Hunt" of the Lundanes.

End of Chapter TWO

* * * * *

ALRIGHTY FANS, OSFANLANDERS, AND OTHER CRITTERS OUT THERE IN OUR VAST AUDIENCE. WE now have chapter 1 & 2, each done by a different club member out there. If you have the urge, grab pen attack the typewriter and dash off the next chapter in this epic of epic's. Mail all of your contributions to one of the publishing crew here at the SLAN-SHACK . Do you like the name of the thing, or can you suggest a better one? do you dare suggest a better or different one ? Can you possibly come up with a better name and/or chapter to this tale ?

QXZQXZQXZQXZQXZQ ZQ/ZQXQZQY/QZQXQZXQ/ZKQZXQZXQZXQZXQXZQZQZXZQXXQWQZXWQZXZWQZA&SAW

THE SLAN SHACK = Sue S. Watson -or- Connie Duncan -or- Mollie Watson -or- Becky Clark(Bierman) -or-Douglas O. Clark -or- Jay T. Rikosh - - - - - at 6218¹/₂ Hancock Avenue in St Louis, Missouri-63139. Send all contribs and or letters to one of the above or to editor Marsha Allen at 2911 Laclede also in the fair city of St Louis, Missouri-63103

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METAMORPHOSIS AND IDEA

Summer comes and with it
An everlasting load of boredom.
Who could ever say he's with it
As the blood-stopping,
Slow-moving group of
Conglomerated days pass by
On their way to eternity.
One day in microcosmic retrospect
A man may see his life,
Not Perfect, but then,
Who ever is? Least of all am I
Each hour will stand separate
For each man to inspect:
A single hour, all his own
To serve as his example.
His model and his masterpiece:
His freedom and his hope,
Desire, wish and inspiration
His Khe Sanh and joke.
And in that hour let him pray
To God somewhere on high:
For man has God,
And God has man
To keep them both that way.

BECKY BIERMAN

GYZXENLYMBINGS

(Poetry) by Carol Imhof

The gold ring
sat on her finger
enjoying its closeness to her

The white scarf
on her black neck
tightening
tightening
strangling her

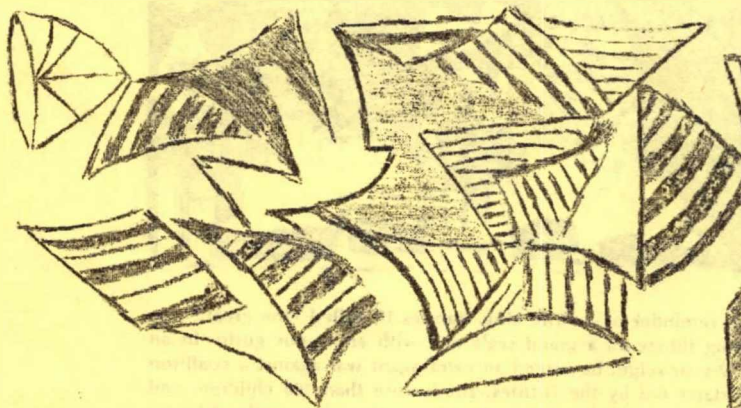
The ring was found
angels cried
he never knew the glory

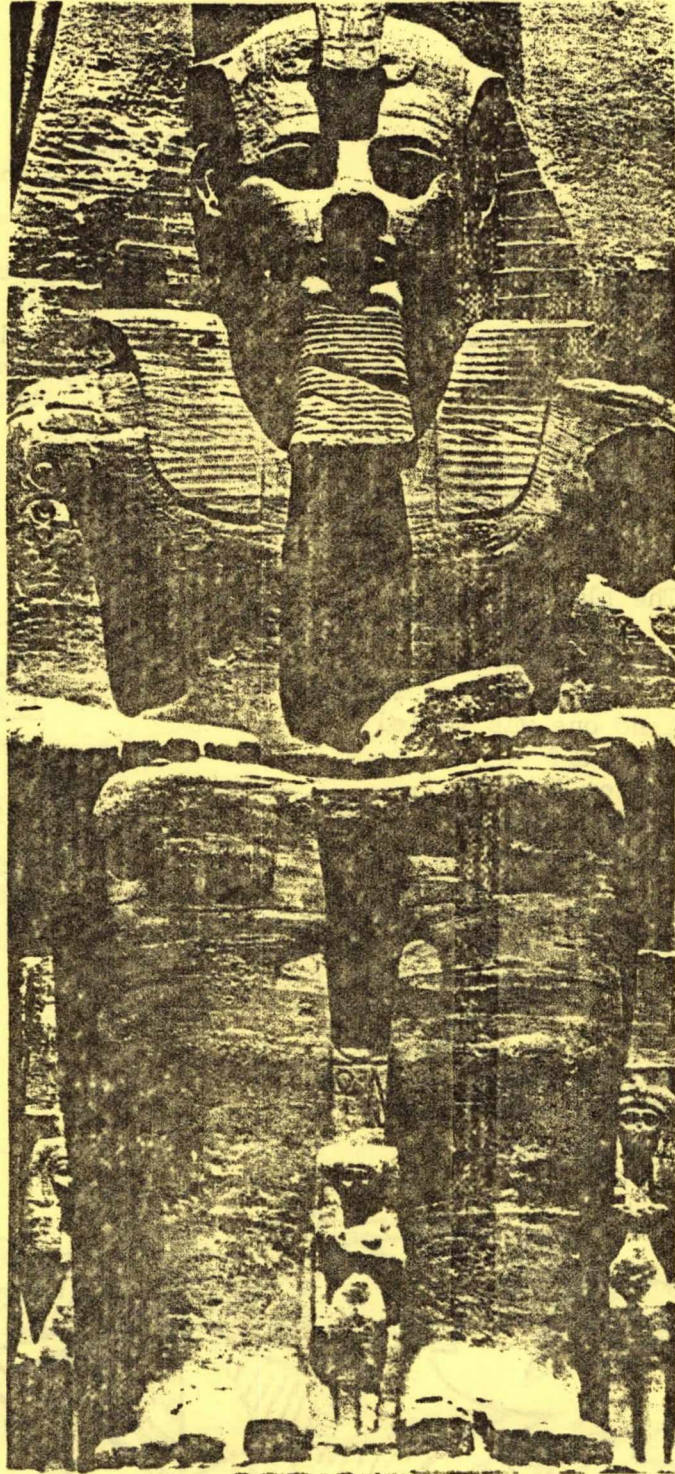
The black woman
all dressed in white
the white woman
all dressed in black
no one was fooled

She jabbered on & on
not a word was said
her speech was never made

Hot pink lights
flash across the board
moving infinitely
in unity

Red striped beauty
on black studded jewel
racing on to death





A massive reminder of a virile king. Ramses II, called "the great," enjoyed doing things on a grand scale and with enormous gusto. In an opulent 67-year reign, he waged an extravagant war against a coalition of Asian states led by the Hittites, sired more than 100 children, and erected Egypt's most ostentatious buildings. Here a gigantic effigy of Ramses II looks out over the Nile River at Abu Simbel. The figures at bottom represent a few members of the immediate royal family.

THE VIEW FROM DEVIL'S THUMB

Bec Bierman/Clark

In attendance at the January print session/party were the following fans and OSFANLANDERS :::: a total of twenty persons. A personal note from one Carolyn Marsha Allen Imhof who said that she really did work, and it's true, she did!!!!

BEC BIERMAN/CLARK
DOUGLAS (DOC) CLARK
CONNIE DUNCAN
LEIGH COUCH
MIKE COUCH
NORBERT COUCH
CAROLYN IMHOF
TOM KIRK
DEBBIE MARGOLIN
BOB McCORMICK
LARRY PROPP
ELLEN PROPPETTE
MIKE QUINN
MARY RHOMBERG
VINCE RHOMBERG
CHRIS RUBLE
SHEILA TRIGG
FRANK X.N.WEYERICH
AL ZACHER

It was a nice, average print session/ party; like the effects of an average plague, earthquake, tornadean vortex, or/and tidal wave; there were some lasting impressions:

THE RIDE TO FARMERSVILLE: Shortly before Douglas came to get me, one Larry Propp of Peoria called from the aforementioned Ghodforsaken hamlet which consists of three gas stations, a bar and very little else. It seems that his vehicle had committed suicide, leaving him stranded with only a copy of H.P.Lovecraft to read. A rescue squad was immediately dispatched to retrieve the hapless Propp before he went utterly sane. The drive took approximately an hour and a half arriving just in time to save heem. The calvary may not come over the hill with bugles blaring in Illinois, but it does come.

TRANSPORTATION'S NO PROBLEM, SURELY YOU HAVE A BROOM?

We had Larry, but Larry had insurance just in case of a "dull" print session/party-Ellen. Transportation was minorly a problem: Larry wanted to go get Ellen (whose last name I never did find out in the course of the entire evening) and the only skateboard, half-track, camel, ect. available was the Buggy James. Now this doesn't sound like a problem, does it? That's because you don't have all the facts. (If everything seems to be going well you have obviously overlooked something. Murphy's Law No. 6) There were, in fact, eight of us including Ellen to get to Arnold. Bob and Marsha had gone on before, and no one had gone with them.

For some peculiarly unidentifiable reason it seems that noone was deemed need to trek along with them. If there were any of us who weren't good friends when we went in, we were certainly good ones when we came out. The only possible exceptions were Larry and I, probably because I was on his lap on the way out to ge. Ellen and as I am bigger and havier than she is...., of course, he didn't help any with his running commentary and horrendous puns.

ON the way back in, I was put into the back seat along with Daughter (Connie, Al, Sheila, and Mike Quinn, a friend from school who Carolyn Imhof and I managed to talk into coming. Poor Mike, I doubt he's ever been in a Volkswagon with seven other people. He was stuck in the corner behind Douglas: it could have been worse, he could've been behind Larry. A few of us veterans told tales of 10 in the Vermillion Vinque, seven in the Blue Beastie on two different occasions (Or was it eight that one time? I forget.) ad infinitum, ad nauseum. About that time he mumbled something to the effect that he left his station wagon at the SlanShack with two miles worth of gas, and not a cent on him.

The Buggy James came to a screeching halt, which wasn't hard---all Douglas had to do was take his foot off the accelerator (or on the brake if we were going downhill.) The screeching was inevitable.

So I bought Mike a tank of gas and navigated him to the undefined point in the time/space continuum. In order to do said navigation I was forced to part company temporarily with those in the Buggy James. On that account all I can say is: REENNEICOTE S CPESIA CEFENE 73. We found the spot with no problem and discovered that we had even arrived before Douglas. Well, it turned out that he'd stopped to buy some chicken for dinner; but for the one who once said he was flying the Camarro and no one disagreed with him, I wouldn't have been surprised if he had beaten us down there

DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR? INVISIBLE IS A BETTER WORD.: We did things that we always do at print session/parties, eating, drinking, being merry for who knows who's driving back into town in the morning. The absence of Jim Theis and Co. wasn't noticed; someone said that Grafan had just created an executive board and Theis and Stumper were at its meeting. We all got a good laugh out of that. Propp continued his assault on the sensibilities of the humanity around him with his obnoxiously punned style. We cursed and wondered how we could've possible put out that 54 page ish in August plus that art portfolio, plus the various ans sundry other things at the same time and still got done by 6 a.m.. Work even got done, and it was getting appallingly late very rapidly.

HOLD STILL WHILE I STENCIL THE DOTTED LINE ON YOUR NECK: As is inevitable in the course of the standard print/session/party nominations for the Jay T. Rikosh Award were made. Equally inevitable is the fact that the group confers as it chooses the victim. So it did that chilling January night (the 23rd-24th). By virtually unanimous choice (the only differing votes from the uninformed) Justice was done and Ghod satisfied. In English we nailed Larry Propp's hide to the barn door. It is truly rare that anyone receives the same even general reason for nomination, however, Larry aced with several that range with choice thoughts like "general Theisveness" which I felt was deserving. There were also a couple labelled "the ride to Farmersville." Vince was cornered by me and asked to produce a worthy award for Mr. Propp; the result was notable.

TALKING HUZZAH BLUE'S

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\ - TALKING HUZZAH BLUES CONTINUED - /

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

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

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

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

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

W BY WAYNE FINCH

Talking Huzzah Blues is the song composed by Wayne Finch telling the true story
in verse and song of OSFA's Camping Convention which took place in
Huzzah Game Preserve area.

METAMORPHOSIS IS AND IDEA

Summer comes and with it
An everlasting load of boredom.
Who could ever say he's with it
As the blood-stopping,
Slow-moving group of
Conglomerated days pass by
On their way to eternity.
One day in microcosmic retrospect
A man may see his life,
Not Perfect, but then,
Who ever is? Least of all am I
Each hour will stand separate
For each man to inspect:
A single hour, all his own
To serve as his example.
His model and his masterpiece:
His freedom and his hope,
Desire, wish and inspiration
His Khe Sanh and joke.
And in that hour let him pray
To God somewhere on high:
For man has God,
And God has man
To keep them both that way.

BECKY BIERMAN



ON THE TRAIL OF THE MIGHTY

BLUE FUNK



by Chester Malon, Jr
the FUNKMASTER, Esquire.

"Douglas, me boy, I've decided to get active in fandom once again."

"Good," he said. "Write me an editorial." The memory of the man. Exactly the same thing our club Dictator- cops, president said to me six months ago when I went on the trail of the pain maddened beast, the 'Blue Funk' which clamored so long for attention. Catching Doc Clark between his moments of eating, a monumental feat alone, I started this conversation. While he was seeking a drink (probably a river or two) I interrupted him starting again; " - - - - -"

"Douglas, me boy, I've decided to get active in fandom once again."

"Goods," he said. "Write me an editorial."

"Ye Gods! Not another one. What can I write about this time?"

"You'll think of something," Doc Clark said. "Use your head Malon, my boy, remember...it's the little things that count".

And with those words of encouragement ringing in my ears I decided to editorialize on the subject near and dear to my heart, the hearts of the Osfans and the hearts of so many of you out there:me!

To those who know and love(?) and/or have loved me, no introduction is needed, an explanation, maybe, but no intro. To those of you who haven't had the rare experience of coming face to face with me or who may have only heard of me, you're being prepared for the soul-shattering moment when you encounter the personage of Malon the Magnificent...or as known to my friends, the Super Ego.

Undoubtedly you, like so many others, have only the tales you've heard to go on therefore upon meeting me for the first time, your first impression may easily be one of the following:

- (a) My, what a handsome devil!
- (b) That is without a doubt the ugliest mutha....
- (c) You gotta be puttin me on!!
- (d) ????

Don't let it worry you. Once over this mistaken impression or all of them, you will easily and quickly establish a love-hate relationship with me... you'll love me or you'll hate me --there is no inbetween, believe me! Then, having the basics out of the way, the next logical step is to meet and talk to those who know or knew me. Now They'll ,uh, l--, er, tell you everything they know about me. If I should happen to be on the sence, ignore me. All I do is deny everything and demand proof. It gets rather boring. If I'm not there, as is usually the case, you will have a difficult task before you: this is where you must labor to separate myth from reality...the man from legend.

First they'll tell you of how I'm known for articles and lettering and some artwork. Irore the comments about not being able to spell for beans and artwork having a definite Cro-magon influende. Mere malicious...uh, malcoun...er, milicious...well, anyway it's not true!



CHANNELING'S

A LETTER COLUMN OF SORTS

210 E. Beecher St.
Room 101
Bloomington, Illinois-61701

Dear Sue, eh OSFAN,

I'm writing to ask a small favor of you and the OSFANLANDERS, the staff putting out and mailing the OSFA zine. It seems that the mailing address that OSFAN is sent to is not my humble abode. An old Russian menshevik that I know gets them, and he always burns all mis-delivered mail. Naturally this creates a problem for me. I haven't gotten the latest issue yet, so that I fear that the old boy has been up to his tricks again.

So-o; could you send this months issue to me, along with all future issues to my new address, which is

210 East Beecher Street, Room 101
Bloomington, Illinois-61701

it t'would be muchly appreciated if this chore could be taken care of as hastily as possible. Give my love to all and sundry.

Aquafraternally yours
Charles Frokopp

YE ED SEZ:: Always glad to get a kerrected address and to put down a Ruskie menshevik type of zineburner. Zineburners-uhgh, aughh.

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Don Fitch
3908 Friio
Covina, Cal. 91722

Dear OSFen

OSFAN was coming so rapidly for a while, there, like once a week!?! that my subscription/membership seems to have expired; #14 (the December issue) is the last to arrive.

Would you please see to it that the enclosed 2\$ gets to the appropriate Official preferably with a request for any issues missed? I'm no longer a Completist Collector, but somehow...would like to keep track of the (publishible) things OSFen are doing (are not doing/are supposed to be doing/are accused of doing).

Thanks, and Best Wishes,
Don Fitch

P.S. In case the newspaper accounts of the Earthquake are as garbled there as in Rotterdam ("All Los Angeles Evacuated" as nearly as I could make out the Dutch) in the clipping Fred Fatten was passing around -- perhaps the Netherlanders don't realize that L.A. is somewhat larger than the entire country of Luxemburg), fan conversation (and there has been a lot of it on the topic, at the PresiCon and LASFS meetings) indicates that most of the damage has been limited to collapsing bookshelves and (in my case) some soggy fanzines, which were stacked too close to a 40-gallon fishtank, though A.E. vanVogt's wife is reported to have injured her ankle when the (large) dog she was walking at the time bolted, and Vanessa got bruised by a falling jewelry box-- and she and about a dozen other fans who live in Granada Hills, just below a weakened dam, were evacuated for several days. A couple of weeks of temperatures in the high 80's tends to make up for such inconveniences, though.

Best,
Don

YE ED SEZ :: Solly Mon, reason yee have not catched OSFAN-15 tis beacause the bloody thing hath not been mailed yet. Yer subscription most eagerly accepted and credited to your account. Ignor numbers on mailing label as they are made up four months in advance. The ones after that will be keerrrect. Wishin yee could attend some of our'n af ains as all would like to meet you.

* * * * *

Mike Juergens
Box 128, Wehrenberg Hall,
Valparaiso, IN 46383

Dear all of you,

I am still reeling--3 OSFANS arrived, and I was intemperate enough to read them all at once! Objective interpretation is quite impossible; all I can do now is attempt to relate a few of the thoughts which are now buzzing through my head.

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Immersing myself in all that osfanishness was, among other things, a profoundly nostalgic experience. I recall the MidWestCon last year, where I met many of you... that was my first con, and you Osfanlanders did much to make it the fantastic experience it was. Moreover, as I read on, I felt like I was really getting to know the individual Osfans, and I appreciated them as persons, not just contributors to a fanzine. I think the reason your magazine affects me so is that it is a different type of publication, unique in fandom. Yours is not a clubzine (for an example of a clubzine, see ISFANEWS). It's more of a personalzine, except that it reflects the personality of the whole club, not just the editor. Because OSFA does have a personality. It reflects the diversity of your members, but even more, it reflects what they have in common; love, warmth, and empathy radiate from your pages.

I reread the above paragraph with a feeling of wonder-- six months ago I would never have written thusly to people I hardly know, and who in all probability don't remember me. But I've done some growing in the past six months, and I feel now like I'm beginning to appreciate what you Osfans have--the Osfan personality--and I know that I can write to you, and you'll understand. I look forward, with impatience, to seeing you all again (at PECON perhaps?).

Much love and good wishes,

Mike Juergens

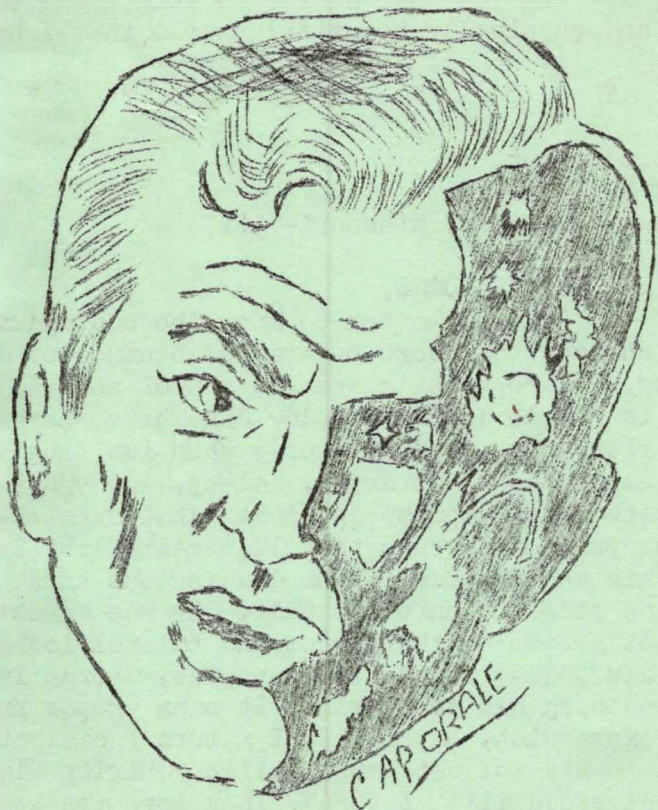
YE ED SEZ ::: I hope that you are right as that is exactly what I am trying to achieve with OSFAN. A zine that reflects and illustrates the personalities and idiosyncrasies of our own particular set and type of FA-A-AN. Love, compassion, concern, we try to espouse, especially for each others and those which come into contact with us. Hope we can or you can meet some of us at PE CON II.

* * * * *

Judi Sephton
2486 Elm Place
Bronx, New York=10456

Dear Doc,

Thought I would hear from you before this in regards to reviving the Inner Circle group. We have a new smaller group started with some of the older members. I had a letter in Tightbeam (the NFFF Letterzine) to this effect helping with the



recruiting giving us the initial publicity. I heard from you and your local group via OSFAN, those copies that arrived intact that is. Could you mail me copies of issues 10-11-12 that seem to have arrived maliciously mangled by the Postal munchers. I have passed the New York state vision test for drivers after having regained my eyesight temporarily lost last September. As such I've been cooling it with reading and such except for my school work. I'm away from home partially going to graduate school of Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. sort of commuting between here and there. I am very disgusted with the general RIP OFF policies against students. A small request, WRITE, won't you please! Give my love to Leigh and all my old friends in the local group,

With Very Much in Downers, I say write: if there be compassionate souls out there interested in psychic phenominia.

Love

Judi

YE., ED SEZ :: Due to bad health, running the local club in my second and final term as president, and as club publisher, plus a trip to florida to see Apollo-15 take off I've had little time. But with the publication of your letter here is the publicity you asked for about IC. We miss you and the New York scene. All those interested in the psychic sciences write to the Sephton lady. Hey fella's. I might p point out that her status is single and that she is truely one of the most kind and physically beautiful people that I have ever met. Treat her kind.

* * * * *

Albert Bakker
1122 S. Hanley Rd
Richmond Heights, Missouri-63117

Alright OSFANLANDERS,

A brief letter to know the one and rarely is still alive and partaking of the choicest of booze beverages. Because of a shaky situation on the home front I'm going to Europe (being sent so a COOL returns) for rest of the winter and the fall. How is my ole drinking buddy Jim Theis, is he still passing out or getting wild and riproaring loud and goofy when imbibing the godly nectars. Why you ask be I on the go; seems I was drunk, asleep, and cussing while in the front row of church with dear-rh 'papa' and he don't dig that scene. The other part was the folks caught us being pursued through the old homestead by Carolyn C-----. At the unexpectedness of this meeting Carol spun dashing out through the nearest door which happened to be the sidedoor unfortunately. She was arrested for indecent exposure and my father didnot groove on the stares and baleful looks of the fuzz on rescue-in Carol. Seems she was posing for some pinup pics, George Izaac's jerked off her bikini, and she was chasing him to retrieve it sans proper raiment. Naked as a Jaybird, I think is the expression. Maybe when I return I can get back to an OSFA meeting, and/or party.

Why not get Marsha Allen, Shirley Claymont, or Sherry Pogorzelsk to pose for a centerfold illo of OSFAN. They sure are beautiful and shapely enough for it. Sides that way I could see more of the girls, yuk, yuk. Give my love to all, and remember that a sober and religious man is suspect. How in hell can you trust a person who is so wound up in faith (UGH) that he hasn't (or she) time to try people. Gray!!

Oh yes a small request before I close. How come you quit running, and have not highlighted anymore of that sensationally morbid poetry of Carolyn Guise. It is so full of such apt imagery and reminds one of Poe sort of. Why not devote an entire issue or portfolio to her and reprint all of her stuff. I will always recall my one and only meeting with her. Cynical, gad, a bitter babaie. Hey out there are you guys getting careless? Osfan is improving and getting almost readable. You should have more artwork by that Rhomberg character, he's good. For now ,Bzzzzzin.

Spirit-ually yours

Bakker'ed Al

FE ED*SEZ *: A centerfold picture may seem apt considering some of the types of art that we run. Granted that the ladies that you mentioned would more that capably fill such a picture, I'd have neither the bravado to ask any to pose such, nor do I think I'd print it, as I'M a bit prudish about potentially embarrassing scenes upsetting any of the girls in the club. I love them all and would not harm them, physically, psychologically ,or in any other way or fashion and hope to prevent anyone else from doing so. You see I am a Gentleman of sorts, ask the ladies. Nuff said. Take care and stay out of FUZZville.

* * * * *

Ken Cheslin
36 Chapel Street
Wordsley
Stourbridge
Worcs, England

Dear Sue et al,

Here is the latest OMFA bundle, (sorry about the jiffy bag, but must be economical).

I'm sending the OMFA bundle for two reasons,

- 1) it may encourage someone among you to join OMFA,
- 2) I haven't the time at the moment to write a loc or anything on OSFAN yet I do wish to acknowledge and say thank you for them. So its a "thank you"

We used to have a little group here in Stourbridge...but now the only fan living here is myself. Its true that Birmingham, where a couple of..fans?.. like Rog Peyton and Pete Weston live is only 14 miles away, but somehow the meeting we used to have have died out. This might partly be due to the fact that I've been away in Yorkshire for 3 years, and partly because Pete and Rog have gotten married.. in the old days we used to get a dozen or so Brummies over here every few weekends, for a natter and nosh up mostly...another factor was probably the awkwardness for some Brummies to get here..none of them had a car in those days and the public transport was poor. As far as I recall they never had a proper place to meet, Pete, Rog and Charlie Winstone were living with parents then, who discouraged fan meeting... This must have had a bad effect on the Brummies because the group disintegrated.

Humm.. anyway, thanks for OSFAN,
Kench.

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YE ED SEZ :: Much thanks Ken for the batch from OMFA as the group around the Slan Shack found it highly entertaining and amusing. I will take the bundle to the next club meeting and spread it about and maybe you can get one of them into it. As a group we are sort of backing Terry Jeeves for Taff and wondered how your fans over- in Lionlandlair thought of it. Hoping to hear from you again soon. May your fandom grow a thousand fold, and may the Cheslin be the leader of same.

* * * * *

Gordon Eklund
2230 Dwight Way
Berkeley, California-94704

Dear Doug,

Yesterday I recieved in the mail pages 29,30, & 31 of your fanzine without the rest, only a mailing wrapper, where is the rest of OSAFAN ? Apparently the rest of the issue is lost somewhere in the postal system, the limbo of the mails. Do you have another copy you could send? If so, I'd appreciate it. The two sheets I've got have intrigued my : interest.

Best

Gordon

YE ED SEZ :: I would be happy to send you another copy if I could just figure out which issue you never got as ours is a semimonthly publication that is mailed nearly on time each month. If I can't figure it out I will just send you a stack of back zines still lurking about. Due to some spirit imbibing the above typing is a bit disorganized. We simply try to hit the middle letter twix each set of three. Nuff said. Luck:!!*

* * * * *

Robert Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
Los Angeles, California-90046

Dear Doug,

Many thanks to you and your co-workers from OSFAN! I'm really pleased to see so much flourishing fanac down your way and hope that you'll continue thru the remaining years. Give my regards to the OSFA group and the other local fans. A happy 1971 to all.

Best

Robert Bloch

YE ED SEZ :: Glad to hear from you and that you enjoyed yourself at St Louis Con I and hope that someday in the future you can make your way down to see us again. May you always be in the best of health and in a creative state of mind. Much love ,especially from the OSFA femme's.

* * * * *

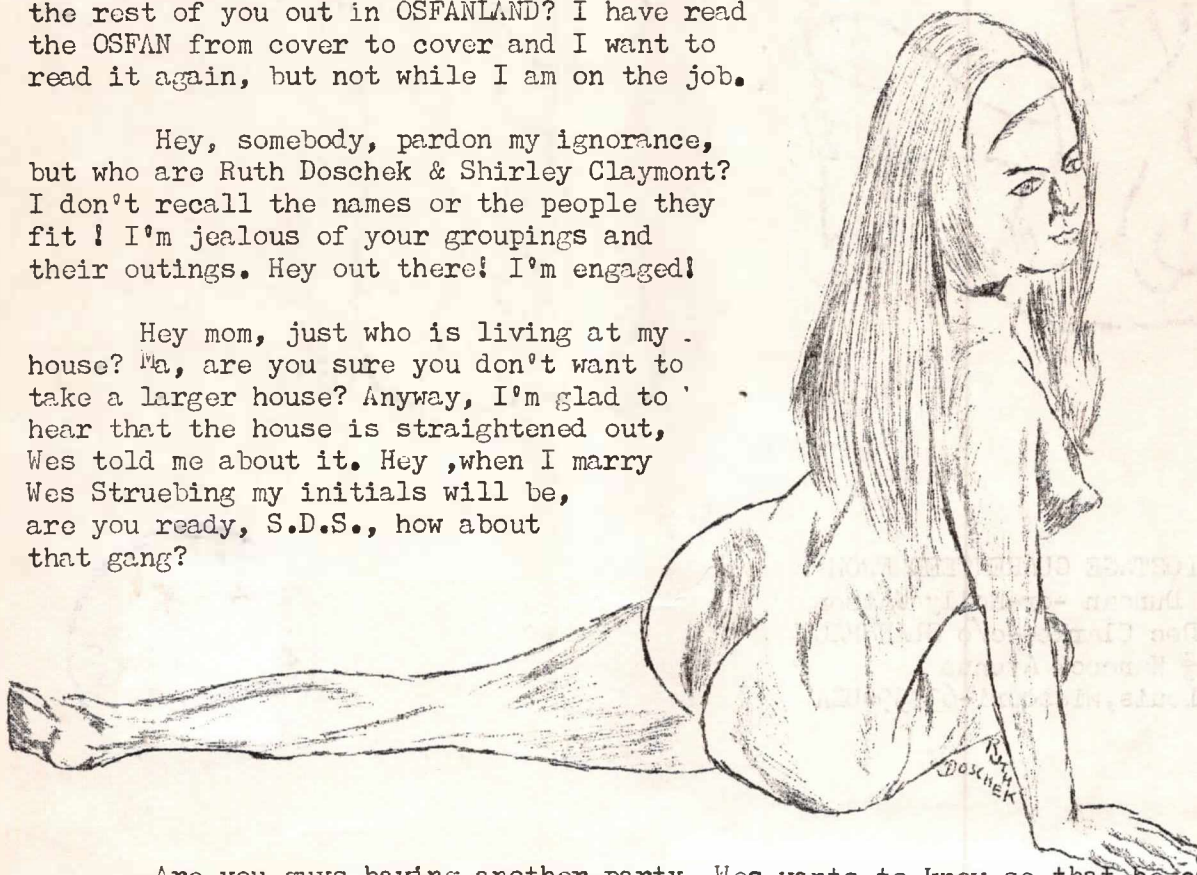
Sally Watson
Box 112
Shaeffer-Trieschmann Hall
Mount Pleasant, Iowa-52641

Egad! I Got an OSFan!
Hello, gang.

What's kicking in ole St Louis? So far I've had only a few letters, from Robbie, Becky, and the folks, (I thank thee well chillun!) and ask where are the missives from the rest of you out in OSFANLAND? I have read the OSFAN from cover to cover and I want to read it again, but not while I am on the job.

Hey, somebody, pardon my ignorance, but who are Ruth Doschek & Shirley Claymont? I don't recall the names or the people they fit! I'm jealous of your groupings and their outings. Hey out there! I'm engaged!

Hey mom, just who is living at my house? Ma, are you sure you don't want to take a larger house? Anyway, I'm glad to hear that the house is straightened out, Wes told me about it. Hey, when I marry Wes Struebing my initials will be, are you ready, S.D.S., how about that gang?



Are you guys having another party, Wes wants to know so that he can attend it if he can get away from Urbana in time to make the trip. I wanna come, but it is kinda hard to get people to fill my hours and I can't really afford it. Sorta wish I'd off been there to enjoy the funQ!

Hey, everybody, I love you.

Sally (Kook-in-chief/ in exile)

YE ED SEZ :: Ruth Doschek is a lovely slender brunette, while Shirley is a truly beautiful bountifully built blonde bombshell. A widower whom you missed at the party at the Stochl's last year and other places. Let it surfic eto say that if Molly grows up with a figure she and Shirl will be Physical alike. Love, DOC

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 -or- Doc Clarke--c/o SIANSACK
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