

OZARKON - 5

SHERITON-JEFFERSON
HOTEL

JULY-31
AUG-1-2

~~COPS~~
JULY-24-25-26

ALEXEI PANSKIN

GUEST
OF
HONOR

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YE ED :: Due to a lost stylus and lazy staff art on hand not used this issue. Your indulgence begged as we have some good (?) stuff forthcoming.

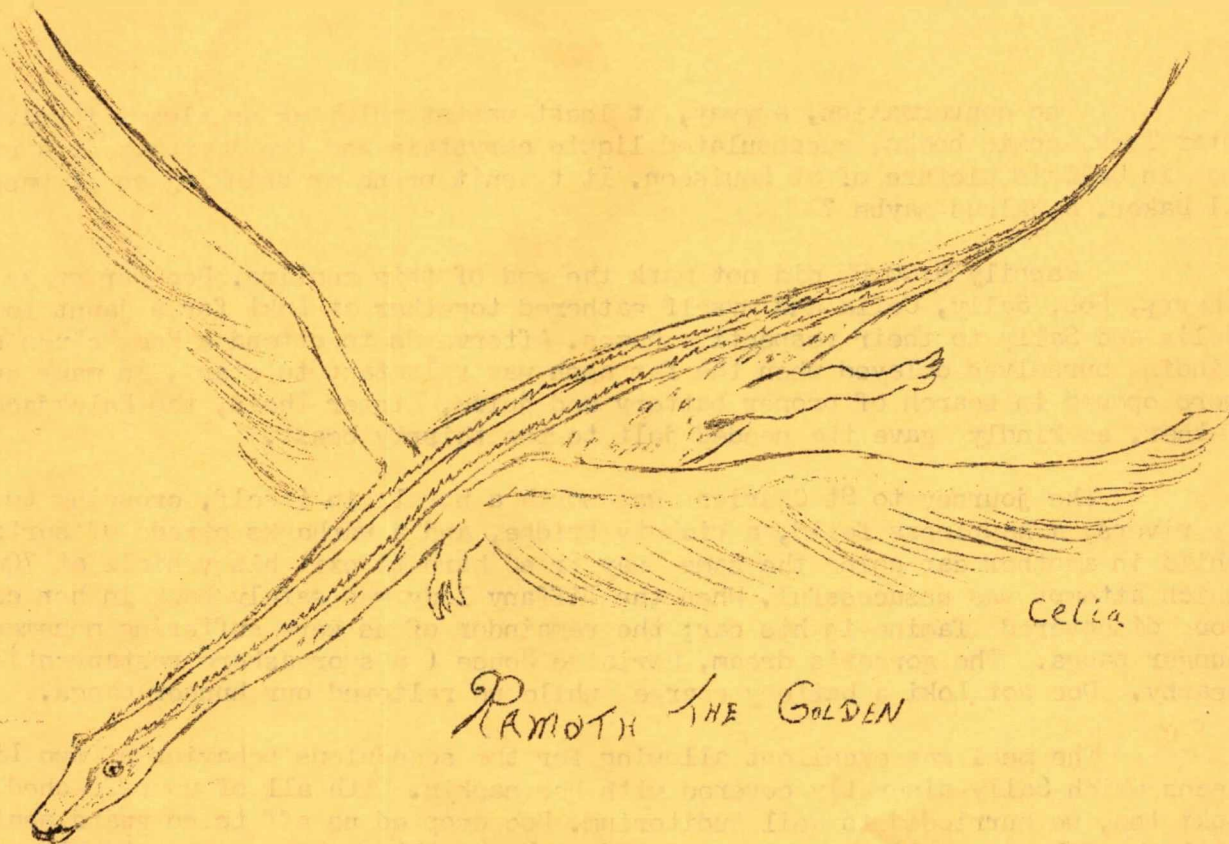
OSFAN STAFF

Douglas O. Clark/6216 Famous Avenue/ St Louis, Missouri-63139
 Sally Watson/6218 $\frac{1}{2}$ Hancock/ St Louis, Missouri-63139
 Chester W. Malon/ 4349 Forest Park/ St Louis, Missouri. -63108
 Jay T. Rikosh/ Murk & Limbo/ Pigeonville, Missouri-63173

OSFAN May 21st 1970 Volumn-2 Number-7

OSFA MEETINGS :: May 31st 1970 at 2:00 PM at the Musueam of Science and Natural History on the third florr of the Science building. It is located in Oak Knoll Park(Clayton, Missouri) on Big Bend Plvd $\frac{1}{2}$ block north of Clayton Road.
 June 21st 1970 at 2:00 pm a week early because of Midwestcon.
 July 19th 1970 at 2:00 pm a week early also, because of Ozarkon-5. Also in the Museum.

The number on your mailing label is the last issue of OSFAN you will recieve unless you suscribe, join the club, or become an assoc. member. Send your dues & subscrip-
 tions to OSFA Treasurer. 1 year=\$3.00 3 months=\$1.00 attending. For nonattending
 OSFA TREASURER/ Linda Stochl members are 1 year=\$2.00 6 months=\$1.00 To
 Rt#1, Box 89c/ House Springs, suscribe for a year \$1.75/ 6 months=\$1.00 and a
 Missouri- 63051 single issue =20¢



McKUEEN, LINA PEANS A D OSFA

by Marsha Allen

The OSFA (Ozark Science Fiction Association) meeting of April 26th started as most meetings do. There being no old bussiness to be presented and no new business presented either. In fact , no business at all was presented. Typical ! The usual group of fans was present along with a few rarely seen faces. President Clarke, just out of surgery, still in mask and gloves, tools in hand; arrived only a half hour late, with Sherry Pogorzelski and Celia Tiffany to escort.

The inaccessability of the Tiffany castle in St Charles town was again the culprit. Also in attendance there were Betty & John Stochl, Sim Pearce, Bailee Bothman (Steffie asleep in the car) , Bob McCormick, Sally Watson (only one?), Pay and Joyce Fisher-fresh and rested from there St Louiscon ordeal, Chris Couch, Marty Storogin, Gordon Meyer, Mike & Norbert Couch, Walt Stumper, plus his sidekick and sharp ie Jim Theis.

As generally happens, a deck of cards started another game of dealers choice (after their magical appearance) as usual. Oddly enough there were no clearcut winners, but myself I almost lost my lunch money for the following week. "Plackjack" Theis, who chose to play blackjack on his every turn/deal, was mainly responsible , with his sneaky bottom-of-the-deck dealing and secret marks on the cards.

The conversation, anyway, at least was stimulating as always involving Star Trek, comic books, cucapsulated liquid chrystals and the identity of a strange man in Celia's picture of St Louiscon. It twasn't prone or drinking so it wasn't Al Baker. A Walrus maybe ?

Happily 5:00 PM did not mark the end of this meeting. Doc our prexy with Sherry, Bob, Sally, Celia and myself gathered together at Loki for a jaunt to deliver Celia and Sally to their respective homes. Afterwards to attend a Rod McKuen concert finding ourselves delayed when the fan'agon was reluctant to start. As many car hoods were opened in search of proper battery and juice, Mister Theis, the Falckjacks father, so kindly gave the needed jolt to the thibsty beast.

The journey to St Charles was worth a novel in itself, crossing two mighty rivers, a happiness feild, a rickety bridge, and a warhawks parade of sorts. One child in another car going the same way tried hard to exit his vehicle at 70mph's which attempt was unsucessful. When the Tiffany lady was safely back in her castle Doc discovered famine in his car; the remainder of us were suffering monumental hunger pangs. The gorger's dream, Heriatge House (a snorgasbord restaurent) was nearby. Doc got Loki a battery charge while we relieved our hunger pangs.

The meal was excellent allowing for the scandulous behavior of two Lima Beans which Sally discretly covered with her napkin. With all of us refreshed, Loki too, we hurrieded to Keil Auditorium. Doc droped us off to go guard seats while he dilvered Sally home. Doc picked up Kathy Allen who was also to attend the Rod McKuen concert while Sherry, Bob and I located our seats. Doc and the faery princess arrived late only missing a little of the show. And a most enjoyable show it was, full of songs and love and humour. Conversation on the mixed bag of ladies there concerning straingness and their vagarities of attire. Who then appeared but that very mixed bag, Chris Ruble, and fearless Frank Weyerich.

They joined our group and onto Loki II the seven of us journeyed for the trip home. With a quorum then present aghast we were when a gavel sounded. Doc declared the meeting adjourned and so we finally adjourned a meeting. He sort of looked askance at our driver/surgeon/president wondering if he had been with his friend Dunphy again.

OSFA LIVES
Peace-Marsha

OZARKON GUEST of HONOR - - ALEXEI PANSHIN

He was born in Lansing, Michigan in 1940. He is a mixture of English-American and Russian, and he insists that his name is easy to pronounce. He served in the Army in Texas and Korea, graduated from Michigan State University in 1965 and recieved an M.A. from the university of Chicago in 1966.

He sold his first story in 1960, and has since appeared in all the major science fiction magazines as well as such diverse markets as Dapper, Motive, and Seventeen. His first full-length critical work, Feinlein In Dimension, was published early in 1968 by Advent Publishers, inc., and he has completed a second, Science Fiction: A Critical Introduction, under contract to another hardcover publisher. RITE OF PASSAGE was his first Novel.

TANTALYZING TREBLES of TOYNBEE

by Claire Lucy Toynbee

The precipitation in Portugal pelts principally on the plateau. IMX.

SFFEN's last party was the Sayonara party at Maynards' on April 24th. The very first thing somebody started Diplomacy and I was drafted for Germany. I quit in 1901 when England, France, and Russia couldn't agree what my next move would be. I left the Diplomacy freaks to hassle out their border disputes and other tussles.

When the taped music ended, the Bomber put on his records, then assumed a lotus position in front of the stereo defocussing his eyes in a trance like facade. In one of the corners, four players were slowly stale-mating each other at three-D Tic-Tac-Toe. Daniel Say was off in a corner of the dining room teaching some girls how to play Goh. Meanwhile in the kitchen Christina Leong, spent an hour concocting spaghetti sauce and simultaneously making potatoe salad. She left the cooking/cooling of noodles to a few fans who volunteered, that were intelligent-looking. Clayton Voegler made the green salad for the feed.

I rounded up seven people for a game of Pit, while somewhere in the living room Mille Bornes had started while the Pit got rowdier and noisier. Say-Daniel gave up goh in disgust and the people coming from the kitchen trip ped and stumbled over the Pit players. Nader Mirhady was wandering around (suspiciously) waving incense sticks about this time studiously avoiding stepping on prones. Everybody was drinking vast quantities of all the assorted liquids present. Several bottles of Claret, two jugs of Sauterme, assorted soft drinks, and a huge bowl of punch we had consumed. We then started to tackle the beer supplies.

Clayton emerged from the kitchen and made the rounds of the unattached girls, finally settling with an old acquaintanew. Prolonged discussions on SF were avoided at the party. One of the main reasons was some of the girls were real anti-SF, and had been brought along and recruited just for the party. The club members get in a lot of discussions with their socializing when they hang around the club's office.



I had to phone my mother to say to her "No, I'm not drunk, I can get a ride home with Nader, so don't pick me up, don't wait up, I'm OK," and all that.

After the meal an improvised game of Backgammon was instigated in the living room when the other games waned. A group of Jazzfans contended with a Bearly rock-and-roll fannish group playing the good old records. The Bomber's music was put aside by these two. The party startee about 6:30 and went on till at least 1:30, but Nader & I left about one. Nader Mirhady is the head of the SFFEN summer executive committee.

SFFEN as a group belongs to the NFFF and OSFIC. As a club we suscribe to IF & Galaxy & benefit from others subscriptions to F & SF and Analog. We have had no reply from New Worlds to our subscription request and fanzine wise we recieve Locus & Osfan. We have sample copies of a few dozwn other fanzines, none regularly. If the Diplomacy Freaks have the say next year, we will probably be getting a few genzines. During the summer months, SFFEN will be sharing our club office with the VBC Folk Song Society as their won't be much happening this summer. People are either working, looking for work, leaving for the summer hiatus, or hoping and preparing to leave.

I shall have to take time to read Stage One thoroughly as I only had chance to see it while reading it about ten minutes over Maynard Hogg's shoulder at the party. It seems the stimulating discussions of and about Gonad were lost at least 98% in the translation onto paper. It fell rather flat. Ed Beauregard and Norma, dyed-in-the-wool conservatives led the anti-gonad faction at a stormy general meeting. They succeeded in getting a specially elected Publications committee to reconsider Gonads inclusion in the zine (Stage One) of the club. Their influence fell short as those elected on the committee were pro-Gonad. It was decided to exclude The Gonad thing only from copies for public distribution. Ed and Norma resigned.

It is rumoured that Ed's threat-ened to start up a VBC Young Fascists Group next year.

Rose-Marie contribution left be had a similiar complaint ,since corrected, of being left to wonder who wrote what. I'm somewhat stricken as I haven't read even one of the Nebula Award winners.

SSFFEN has set up its own honorary award which we call the Maynard. The first such Award went to Maynard Hogg in April-1970 who has left us. He left on Aprål 30th for a short stay in Hawaii (lucky dog) before going on to Japan for the summer at least. He hopes to tutor English there and he'll starve in three weeks if he don't get a job. Hopefully we can lure Isaac Asimov up here by awarding him a Maynard for outstanding contributions to science or something.

Vancouver is a worthwhile city to visit with the only problem being a little too much rain in the good ole wintertime. The PR group are pushing it as the Canadian San Francisco. We even had a medium-sized "riot" last week so we're going big time. As I am not, just not, in a fanzine-reporter mood I will let this surifice for OSFAN this issue. Peace and plenteous prosperity to you and yours.

CLAIRE

PAGE 6

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A SHORT DISSERTATION* -or- WHAT I WANT IN A BOOK REVIEW

by Sue Watson

Recently I've found myself somewhat annoyed by the SF book reviews which have come my way. So, being of a curious cast of mind, I sat down to find out why. The problem wasn't that I disliked reading reviews they're still the first thing I turn to in prozine or fanzine.

Rather, the problem was recognizable only as a general feeling of discontent: a) I already know what the reviewer is saying, and b) But the review doesn't tell me if I want to buy the book. With these complaints set down, it becomes easier to discover what I really want.

Both complaints come from a compulsive reader with a limited amount of money and time available. Complaint a is directed at the literary style of review. I don't mind a reviewer mentioning style or other literary values. And its any reviewer's privilege to wish to see more of a certain type of writing. But after thirty years of reading, I feel relatively competent to judge these matters for myself. I don't read for literary values first. I read for entertainment and ideas; then comes literary value. Therefore the purely literary review gives little help to me; the buyer.

Complaint b applies to both the literary review and to many descriptive reviews. A brief outline of the story doesn't help me decide if the book is worth adding to my library. In fact, I may not buy a book because the review told too much of the plot without any of the overtones which would make the book worthwhile to me.

On the premise that those who complain should be able to produce, I propose including a book review column in all future OSFAN's. I'll try to organize any contributions into a column and to contribute at least one review per issue. Reviews on any book would be welcome, but in the interest of future buyers, the newer and more available the book, the better. I'd like to run conflicting reviews as often as possible, giving the perspective buyer a better chance to chose what he likes.

A JUST FOR FUN -REVIEW:

Phantastes by George MacDonald/ Ballantine 01902/ 95¢/ 1970 edition

This is one of the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series, with introduction by Lin Carter. I'm not sorry I read it- I enjoyed it thoroughly. But I'm not certain that I'm glad I bought it; I may never wish to reread it. If you're not a rereader this is no problem. (Here, the rule is to shelve only books that someone's going to reread.)

As to the contents of the book: it is chiefly a matter of style; there is only a slight plot to hold it together. The story has a lovely, dreamlike quality, full of dreamy pictures which kept me reading. But I got little from the book for rethinking. If you were a George MacDonald reader as a youngster and liked, At The Back of The North Wind, you'll probably like Phantastes. On the other hand, if you preferred The Princess and The Goblins, this may not be for you.

AN OSFA LIBRARY REVIEW

by Sue S. Watson

BRAIN WAVE by Poul Anderson. This copy was published by Ballantine in 1954 and is in the club library.

This is, of course, an old novel- identified on the cover as Poul Anderson's first novel- but I had not read it before. It's not the Poul Anderson with whom I'm most familiar; it is a story of extrapolation rather than high adventure. However, adventure and plot are there. I read eagerly to find out what happens next, which takes care of its personal entertainment value. In the week since I've finished it, I find myself rethinking and arguing with some of its premises, which takes care of the idea value I enjoy in SF. I'll reread this more than once if I have the opportunity. In fact, I'll add it to the family collection if I can find a copy.

** Since I've written this complaint, OSFAM has recieved some fanzines which hadn't come my way before. Several of these contain reviews which do match my specifications.

OSFA LIBRARY

I was sitting at home a week ago awaiting on a cal from Ginger to hassle out her and my mutual problems when another fannish person invaded my domicile via the Bell System. Ray W. Cummings called asking all about the club, our fanzine, our meetings, parties, and the personel in general. He asked if we had a club or use of a local book spot or had our own books as a club. I reluctantly said no. He very calmly, quickly, and philanthrpically rectified this lack.

Ray contributed some three hundred volumes of old and new paperback novels and anthologies to the club. We are in the process of sorting, filing and setting up what rules if any will be established for said library. Hopefully in the near future we will be able to publish a complete listing of the books by title and author. Because of the central location of the Watsons home and the fact that most of the clubs business is conducted therein, I have located the library there.

The tenative idea is that any book may be borrowed from the library free by club members as long as it is returned and replaced in as good as condition as the book was in when it was checked out. If lost the listed purchase price with be funded to the Club Librarian or the book itself replaced. Trades are being considered plus additions to and deletions from the library. Bring your ideas and thoughts on the subject to the next meeting where we will hassle it out. Thanks muchly Ray C..

OSFA President.

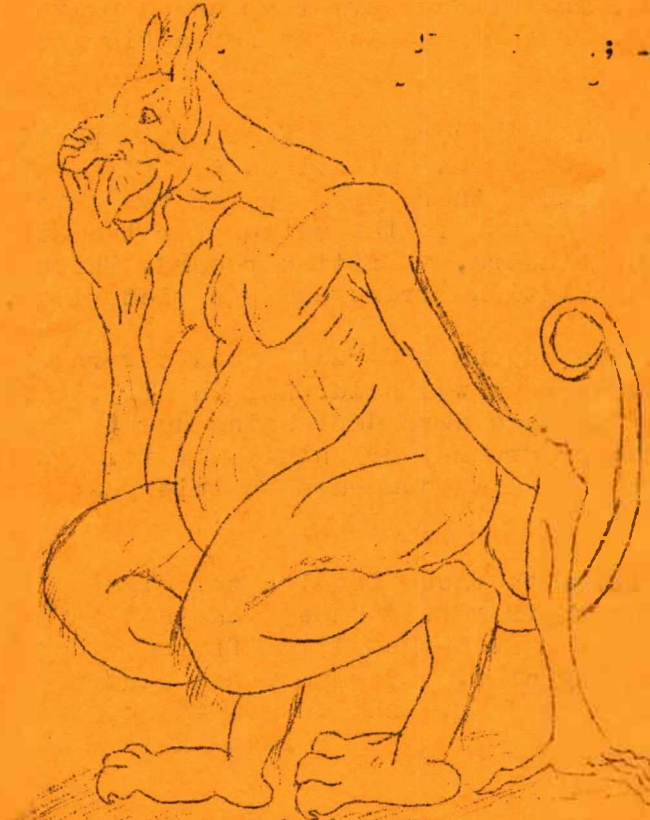
A GROOVY CAT ROARS REGALLY

by Ro & Darroll Pardoe

British Fandom is really in something of a slump as far as fanzines are concerned. Very few are published regularly here.... it just seems that some folk at regularity are too lazy. Personally I'm determined not to let marriage interfere with my fanac, too-o much. Seagull should be out on time next issue. We've taken on more work in the publishing vein cos we've just agreed to do the magazine for the Tolkien Society of Britian. Tis a shame the other fans are not more regular. Darroll is at last thinking of bringing out another SPINCE.

Other than Cider I much prefer fruit juice and coke to alcoholic stuff at the cons. I can't speak for the drinking habits of other fans, but most of them drink beer. Ted Tubb was there at Scicon and at most cons with his home made brew. It is incredibly potent as two glasses are usually enough to knock anyone out. I only had a $\frac{1}{2}$ glass and decided that was enough not wanting to get drunk. The relatively harmless taste of the Tubb's drink is misleading to the potency of the brew and tis usually only the neo-fans who drink to much.

Judging from the list of folk at the beginning of OSFAN you have more females than males at your meetings. How do you manage that? It is unusual considering how very few femmes there are in the rest of fandom if assuming the American situation is roughly the same as ours. Is it your incredible magnetism that does it, or the magic of Leprechauns?



In regards to Cleon McKay it was not my Seagulls that did things to the White Cliffs of Dover. Rose-Marie is Latin rather than Irish. I must say that it's very nice to see so many contribs from femmes as most are too restrained to do so. The retinence is the fault of the femmes concerned.

SCI-CON 70

The 1970 British Convention was held in the Royal Hotel, London, over the Easter weekend. It was quite a good & sucessful con, though in spite of rather than with the assistance of the hotel. We got a bad impression right from the start, when they demanded money in advance. The service was bad, the food poor, and the rooms so miniscule that the snails had to leave their shells outside to get in.

I also had the misfortune to burn myself on an exposed copper hot-water pipe that ran right through the room at the ankle level . There was a slight error in transposition on our last column in that I am the (Stranger in a strange Land) fan while Darroll is very much anti-grokking. Have you considered typing your stencils sober , Doc ?

Back to the con. Ignoring the burn , the con was quite pleasant. One of the most memorable features was a late-night poetry reading session which was chaired by John Brunner having Edward Lucie-Smith included. This event was somewhat marred by a drunken lout who swore at John Brunner, and eventually threw a glass at him. John brought the session to a successful close after dealing posthaste with this cad.

The serious and constructive programme items were more interesting, and more wide-ranging than usual, including eschatological subjects. There were talks on the political & environmental biotic community. "Things To Come" the film of H.G. Wells book was shown. Darroll hadn't seen it in a long time and despite its age it holds up very well to re-viewing. The sound was rather distorted so this was another unfortunate thing . Another film that was shown was "The Trip" by Roger Corman. This was shown as a background to the fancy dress ball which was very effective. Costumes galore.

The DOC WEIR Award, given annually to the fan who did most for the past year for British Fandom; was awarded to Mike Rosenblum. It was a worthy choice and he was rather surprised being he was chairing the award ceremony. He didn't know being muchly surprised. The St Antony group had a private meeting, but had no initiation ceremony. Probably saving up for a big one at the Worldcon at Heidelberg, perhaps ?

Because of the atmosphere of the hotel there were fewer room parties than usual this year. In fact we didn't get to any at all on the first night we were there. On the Saturday & Sunday nights there were one or two parties around though and we did manage to get to a few. In the voting for the site of next years convention there were four bidders, a British record. There were four bids for 1972 also. At the tabulation Birmingham was victorious.

The con was reported at least once on the BBC radio news coverage, although as I didn't catch it I don't know what was said. All in all , a fair con, a good one in most parts. The surroundings were depressing due to the lack of fannish goings-on, either on the programme, or outside of it. I hope that next year will be better and try to add more comments on this past con next column.

Closing comments. I'm a trifle ill with these females campaigning for female emancipation. They are belittling their sex. I know I am not inferior to men, nor am I superior. I am proud of the fact that I'm different to men (er... no... not just physically!!) mentally also. Why some women want to be the same as men amazes me. I'm very happy as I am. What do you think, girls ?

Love RO

TSH AND PINFEATHERS

by Rose-Marie Green

There weren't many people at the Apollo thirteen (13) bash. Not really. We had only one person staying with us, and no more than seven of us all together counting yours truly. We held off our usual pre-launch party until after the launch, and the bird was up. I guess you'd call it a suf-launch party, tho to tell the truth, I wouldn't know, considering we never had one before.

We were sitting around ---nope; started wrong already. My mother and I were rushing(frenetically) around doing what we could with the dinner on hand (Kentucky Fried Chicken) which never fails to make a hit ! Scattering around the ptoatoe chips, and dip, the peanuts and the T.V. trays. Bob Blake who is a relative of Richard Meredith, tho I'm not exactly sure exactly how, came in around six or so. Danny Plachta (any of you read, "Lat Night of The Festival" in Galaxy a few months back) and Banks MeBane who were supposed to come over about seven; appeared at our door, smiling jovially and confessing they were a little tired from driving the 20 miles to our place. It usually takes about two hours to traverse thet span upon these rare, but much beloved occasions. About eight, Doris Goodman, a local fan (about the only one) came over and we were on the road.

Somehow we got on accents, such as mine and banks and Dannies'. Banks, our resident expert, having read up on it somewhere. He and Dannie sat on the couch drinking beer when Banks informed us;; "There's only five major classifications: Midwestern, Mountain. Southern, General Southern, New English, and General American." Through the evenings discourse we decided that Banks had a very nice accent and agreed more people should have ones similiar. It was around Dannie's sixth beer when said this, but he meant it undoubtably. Mine turned out to be General American with a little tiny bit each of Mountain Southern and General Southern. Mountain Southern is more or less when you talk through your nose too much and drawl a lot too. I have to be careful as I always knew I talked thorough my nose more than I should although they didn't tell me so. It from living in the south too much.

We decided , I Believe, that Dannie was mostly General American with a tiny dab of New English accent. Banks was about half General American and General Southern; with General Southern being the prettiest accent there is if it is spoken properly. Banks is one of those very rare people who does speak it correctly. I wonder if it has anything to do with being raised in the south, North Carolina to be exact.

Bob Blake and I around aboyt teno'clock got to takking about Andre Norton and her works. It occufred to me that the last time BBob had been here (in July for the Apollo 11) he had wanted to visit Andre along with some of the New Orleans fans, but we could ne ver get in contact with her to arrange it. My eye immediately got round and I popped up to run and ask Daddy about arrangements this time.

He said he hadn't thought Bob was really interested, but when I assured him that he was, he went to the bedroom to call Andre and set it up. After coming out to get the correct phone number he made the appointment. Bob was to be over there about ten the next morning, because Andre had to go somewhere about twelve, but she did say she would be glad to see him.

And that should of been that. But it wasn't. Problem: Bob had come down without any intention of seeing Andre Norton's persona and therefore did not bring any of her books with him. I had exactly two of her books as she is not of of my more favorite authors. Bob didn't like either one that well so at ten, we decided to set out and but an Andre Norton.

Rather we tried to buy a novel of hers. Friends, did you know that in the Cape Kennedy area after ten at night that you cannot buy an Andre Norton. We tried some of the department stores; all closed at ten PM on the dot. We tried the minute markets, but all we saw were a few Mack Reynolds, some Conan's, and some of the Spiders. I sighed resignedly and assured Bob there were no other available stores open and we drove (chugged -might be a better word) home. Bob, of course took what he could, namely -both my books. You ask why he didn't wait until the stores opened the next day? Because unfortunately the stores didn't open until noon the next day. Tomorrow being Sunday, and he had to be at her home by ten the next morning as I have mentioned. He had fifty miles to drive the next morning.

When eah got home, Bob stayed with us about another two hours or so and retired at somewhat or where around twelve. Both considered going to GENESIS, a local rock festival, with much contemplation. Personally, I think that's why he went to bed; as he is not the normal fan type(meaning the late partygoer and night owls of fandom) being worn out. At this point we ran out of beer and after a little coaxing from my mother, my father went out to buy some more.

A little later on, about halfpast Dannie's eighth beer, we started talking about my family and about my brother whom Banks had never met. DePane has been here four times missing Merritt each time. My brother is a sort of semi-hippie and flower child, and I offered my own conclusions about him.

"Merritt is like he is because he was the first model. I am the second created, better-made improved model."

"What did she say?" Dannie asked, sitting directly across the room from me smiling enigmatically.

"She said she is a better improved model from her brother." Doris answered.

"Oh, that's nothing," Dannie assured us, "I was created in a wind tunnel" and sipped at his beer smiling.

We waited.

After we had waited about five seconds, Banks queried, "Is that All?"

Dannie raised his eyebrows, pointed his beer at Banks, "What else, am I supposed to say? That I'm stream-lined? Or I'm not streamlined?"

Banks chuckled. I wonder what he was thinking. Hmmm.m.m.m.--

At this ; Merritt, my brother came in, but I think it was too late for anybody to notice anything anyhow. He was introduced around and-- - found out then, Doris Goodman hadn't met him either.

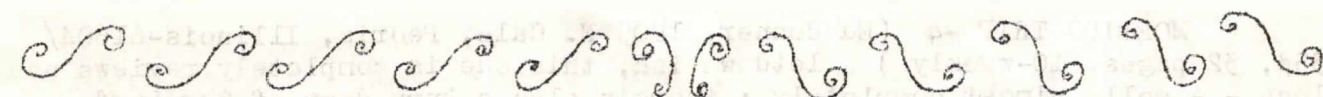
Banks had been making motions to Dannie since about one o'clock that it was time to go ! Dannie politely ignored him. About an hour later there was some talk about bombs, with my father leading the discussion and Plachta coming in a close second. There was a decision on the part of Dannie to see some papers and statistics and such things as Daddy happened to have around the house. So-o-o, Fanks sat back and went half to sleep while my father and Dannie reviewed the papers. Later , by some sixth sense, our dear Banks guessed they were almost through and beckoned Dannie, and this time he came.

Our Beautiful evening was over. We got a call the next morning from Banks and Dannie; the latter apologizing if he said anything to offend anyone and Banks informing us he had an absolutley wonderful time.

Maybe Dannie will fly down for the Apollo 14, if he can. When he saw this one he said what he remembers most is the orangeness, the orange. All through the evening he kept reiterating, "orange; It was orange for miles up. Orange . . .orange . . . orange . . .orange. . ."

And now my dear fans(friends), I must leave you with your thoughts (possibly they're orange hued) for many things are yet to be accomplished in this one short evening left to me.

LOVE & PAX
Posy



OZARKON-5 Guest of Honor=Alexei Panshin Hotel=Sheriton Jefferson
Room rates=\$13.00 for singles \$19.00 for doubles \$30.00 up for suites
Preregistration=\$3.00 to Bob Schoenfeld or Linda Stochl. You'll have a better
time if you have room and/or facilities at the hotel and avoid the
commuting hangover. Good place for private patties and private tete-a-tetes
Robert Schoenfeld Sheriton-Jefferson Hotel
9516 Minerva Ave 415 N. 12th St. Phone=621 4600
Overland, Missouri-63114 St Louis, Missouri-63101

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PUBLICATION DEADLINE :: All contributions,art,columns, LOCS for issue number seven of OSFAN; the June issue have to arrive at the publishers/or editors desk no later than June 17th . That will give me barely three days to get it on stencil for the printing June 20th. The earlier deadline next month is because most of the local fans will be out of town in Cincinnati for Midwestcon next month. I hope we see you there.
Phrillignied.

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS : UNFAIR FANZINE REVIEWS

by Leon Taylor

SPACE AND TIME #8 (Gordon Linzer, 918 Hart St., Brooklyn, New York-11231/25¢, 21 pages, quarterly) Say, but does Dan Osterman have one whale of a cover ! What I wouldn't give to see it in color . . . unfortunately, the good stuff didn't penetrate past page one. A FanFicZine, which should tell all.

RETURN TO WONDER #8 (Steve Riley, 18 Norman Dr., Framingham, Massachusetts-01701/40¢, 44 pages, bimonthly) A tremendous improvement over past issues. Doug Fulthorpes' "Every Little Star", 2nd runner-up in the 1968 NFFF short-story contest is featured. Then more fanfic, poetry, reviews --- all ranging from edible to delicious. The offset layout is quite a dessert.

MATHOM #4 (6 Pine Forest Circle, Houston, Texas-77027/30¢, 42 pages, quarterly) The Cockeyed Zine . . . Mathom is also the birthplace of Hugo Gernsback and Joe Punilia, two of the funniest fan writers around. A Carrollian, breezy, reading. Layout and art are equally atrocious.

MICROCOSM # (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Dr., Indianapolis, Indiana-46226/20¢, 13 pages, monthly) Dave goes genzine . . . too bad. The next logical step is a less frequent schedule, and I'd hate that. Anyway, this includes an outside article that proves only that Burton is still his zine's best wr itter, reviews and locs. Not Bad, but MICRO hasn't really arrived yet.

MOEBIUS TRIP #4 (Ed Conner, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Illinois-61604/35¢, 32 pages, 10-weekly) A letdown ish, this one is completely reviews and locs - - well, almost completely ; there's also a burn-down of Our Lord Harlan. Best things are the burn down and Paul's review of Machasm. Pauls for the fanwriter Hugo , GANG. He's superb.

ISFA NEWS #7 (Dave Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana-46220/ usual, 10 pages, monthly) or, How To Construct An Indy Fandom I. Ten Pages Or Less. Gregarious, enthusiastic, and a little mediocre.

*OSFAN Vol.2 #6 (Doc Clarke, 6216 Famous Avenue, St Louis, Missouri-63139/ 15¢, 22 pages, monthly) If you don't know then what's the use of my telling you ? ! ?

WINNIE #44 (Mike Ward, Box 41, Menlo Park, California-94025/ \$1/ 6 issues, 4 pages, bi-weekly) WINNIE will fold if it doesn't get new subscribers. I suggest you sub up ; it has always been good, and this is the best yet, with excellent news columns and a beautiful photo-offset. Outside of Locus, the Finest newszine around.



HARPIES #7 (Dick Schulz, 19159
Helen, Detroit, Michigan-48234/12 pages, lastish
pubbed) A Jeffrey Smith movie and some manic
ravings by Dick . And this is how HARPIES
ended- not with a bang, but a whimper.

L.E.T.

ALL ZINES SHOULD BE SENT TO ;

Leon E. Taylor

Box 89

Seymour, Indiana-47274

All Zines will be reviewed if so marked- LEON

OLYMPIA NUANCES

by Carol Guise

Hulking, massive, black, cold, wind razed and lightning bleached

Rumble, quiver, silence that bites and soul sucks

Wreathed in clouds, pink and grey, warmth of icy vien

Rumble, quiver, silence that caresses the heart

Granitine, serpentine, writhing in a sensious avalanche

Thundering on high from Hades verdant heaavens

Ominiously gentle, impervious to love of Man's Hate

Thundering on high from Zeus blazing Depths of pleasure

Death, gentle, awesome, smiling , gifting pain and solace

Mirror, reflected image of youth eaten by ages soft acids

Smiling, Laughing, crying in heart and soul compassionately assundered

Mirror, reflecting image of life, love, death, the big lie.

Vast, chasmatic gulfs full of sorrow, longing and guilt aglow

Red Rose of death that leads men on in perfumed euphoria

God is dead, he holds my hand, crys and I find no relief for love

Red Rose of death, let me find relief, spirits be my crutch

Hulking, massive, ebony shimmering uninvolved edifice to the gods

Drawn me in a death remembered not unlike Olympian passion.

Hate with Love

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I WAS CHEATED, I WANT A RETURN MATCH!

I drove Cristine Jarvis home from work setting up a date for that evening prior to our return to the inner confines of the Post Awful where we work here in St Lousey. I went home sure in me mind that the day would be one of rest and innocent flirtation. Cristine is a diminutive, hobbit-sized curly black haired lovely with enormous eyes that seem to draw you into a world unreal. It tis a world of prime beauty and purity without hate or jealousy. Cris is all of 4'10" and with a figure Elfinishly sensual. Do all of natures hobbit-ladies and elves have such hypnotically large and such clear and lovely eyes.

Having a large Steak dinner before going to sleep so as not to wake up hungry I was enjoying dreams of nymphs when the phone broke my reverie. I stalked angrily to the device, growled into it and found my anger blown aside hearing the lilting voice of Giner Feagan. She bawled me out for being so cross over the phone and then told me the hospital had given her an unexpected day off. She wanted to go to a party and wanted me to round up as many people as I could while she did likewise. With some reluctance I called into Surretstown waking the Jarvis girl getting a very drowsy answer. I told her of the party, she said we'd be late for work, and giggled when I said what she could do with the post office. Tole me to pick her up whenever and hung up to return to her slumbers.

I called all of the other local SF fans finding most not-at-home, having previous engagements, or simply not wanting to attend another drunken festivity with my weird friends. So be it. Some fans are prudish and still very groovey people to be with. Sadly I could not find the local of my lines wife, the Unicorn chaser, the Ruble Chrisdom. I was able to find and get the person of Katie Kartling who students at ole Mizzour and used to work with yours truly in the PO.

Meeting at the prearranged spot I loaded Cristina Jarvis, Katie Kartling, Lois Namiano, into the car along with Allan Baker and our guide. Leading us into the hinterlands of southern Illinois was the younger of the Eastbrok clan, namely Marcus, the infamous cousin of the one-and-only Ginger. He told us we were going to use their uncles Farm in Sparta, Illinois because of the size of the place, its remoteness from the fuzz, and the zowie musicroom his unc had set up. His uncle is some kind of HiFi or stereo nut having all kinds of expensive equipment according to Marcus. I wouldn't know even after having seen it except to say that the whole setup looked elaborately expensive.

The FARM turned out to be of all things, an Orchard with trees all over the place. We passed thru Sparta wynding our way over a disgusting countryroad back into the hills. Without Marc along to guide us we would of been hours finding the spot. The house was a multilevel, ranchstyle, blue & green & white building surrounded by shrubs, flowers, and trees. There was a Corvette, a stationwagon of Fordness, and an old Cadillac all parked in the garage causing us to give Marcus an uneasy stare. We follwed another car full of other partygoers up to a spot under an overhanging tree off the driveway parking and letting Loki rest from his arduous trip.

Curiosity having gotten the best of me I dismounted from Loki's seat of command and headed for the other vehicle to see who else had arrived. I was muchly surprized and chagrined to see the fantabulious personage of none other than Marli Seiger. She slipped from the drivers seat, recognized myself, and as we neared swung a left hook toward my jaw which I easily ducked. I pinnioned her arms in an embrace and planted a long-time-no-see- and-I-missed -yah kiss on each other. A wild, lovely, and strange girl. By this time the passengers from both cars were on their feet and crossexchange of introduct -ions were made.

Riding with Marli were her beau, Bill Wledilsky (you spell it if you can do better) who glowered jealously at myself and his lady. Riding somewhat uncomfortably in the back seat between Jay T. Rikosk and the Kennedy was the slim & attractive Ruth Doschek. We all oogled her legs as she exited from the rear seat as she smiled saying , "Look, but don't touch". We all rounded the house enjoying the rustic scenery.

The front door was shoved aside and the lovely, blonde, Feagan miss burst out with her exerberant welcome. Ginger smashed herself into my arms almost knocking me over giving me the grand hero's welcome. I know not why, but who am I to protest. It twas enough to make me wish if it was for real that we were alone and not at a party. Fred Taylor of Chitown said somewhat sarcastically that we should come up for air. Fred Eastbrook yelled out that I should unhand his cousin calling me a fiend or a captilist or something. We split and the door opened again to discharge the blonde, buxom, and beautiful Mrs Shirley Claymont.

We were ushered into the house wherein Carolyn V. Guise was waiting on us to lead us to the refreshments. While we headed from the hall into the anteroom wherein lurked the food & beverages introductions were again passed about. We fell upon the vittles suddenly realizing the state of our thirst and famine. I cuddled up to Cris making sure she was known to and knew all present and didn't feel out of place or neglected. With appetites satisfied Luke Eastbrook ushered us into his Uncles special music room.

The music room was circular shaped only with six corners instead of being directly circular. In each corner off the room a pulsating light of weak intensity flickered. High up near the roof were two speakers and on opposite walls near the floor were two other speakers implanted in the wall. Off to the left was a small room with door closed where the Stereo/Hi Fi and other equipment was operated from. The elder Eastbrok slipped into this room and shut off the overhead lights while putting a Stepinwolf record thru the audio system. Each of the lights in the corners flared up and down with the volumn and intensity and I suppose frequency of the music submerging us in a rainbow world of music.

We split into couples dancing as was our want and skill allowed. The oddest couple of course was the 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ foot tall Allan Baker dancing with the tiny elfinesque Cristina Jarvis. Marli said it resembled a Praying Mantis luring his prey into its clutches. We liked the idea and from there on called Al The Mantis or just plain Mantis. He didn't mind as nothing ever seems to p erturb the Baker boy except yon Ruble.

Bob Kennedy slipped off into another room to tell of his war exploits with Carol while Rikosh had the Hapless Claymont beauty trapped in a corner chatting with her. He was uselessly and undoubtedly trying to get the girl to pose for his atistic ventures. Cristine was lost in her dancing along with Baker so most of us left the floor to them.

I decided to slip outside into the moonlight for a return to a more normal world with Ginger to look aftermy nursing needs. Under a huge Oak tree we found an old fashioned chain-swing lovers seat. We quickly occupied this this remnant of a bygone era losing ourself for a while from the present world. The sky was clear and a deep blue with the stars burning holes in the dark,velvety roof above us. Ginger gave me a detailed lecture on the location and name of each of the stars or most of them that she knew. I must admit that my interest in the celestial fires was dampened by that in the lady herself. For a short while I was able to relax and forget the past that haunts and ruins and clouds so much of my mood and present world.

About this time Al Baker slipped slowly outside cradling a bottle in his arms with only the stiffness of his bearing revealing his state. He came to another tree, put his back to it, and accordianlike folded up at its base with a smile on his face. Very shortly a faint snoring was heard from his area and the Mantis was in his usual state of suspended animation. Ginger got up and removed his glasses putting thwm in their case in his pocket and we returned to the party room. Ginger was startled coming to a sudden stop and clapping her hand to her mouth in a state of shock.

Looking over her shoulder the tableau of Marcus Eastbrook on his backside holding his stomach and marki shaking her hurt fist. Others were looking at Marli as if she had assumed the guise of a monster or an Amazon. Friend that I am I decided to intercede and take a calculated risk to releive the tension. " A special reward fww the victory of virtue, my dear," I stated loudly and presented her with a quick kiss. Never one to do anything halfway the Seiger girl returned the kiss with much entusiam and a lasting embrace. A few appreciative whistles and Marc's remark from the floor that he'd rather try that next time. We split and she helped him to his feet giving him a kiss also and the party returned to normal.

At this point the Guise girl entered clad in grass skirt, strapless seashell bodice, and necklace and bracelets of flowers. She had Luke put on Island music, dim the lights and she displayed her Huladance technique. On her vacation to Hawaii last month she had purchased the costume and the dancing lessons much to our delight. I kicked and cursed myself for not having brought my camera. Her redhair somehow did not quite fit in with the dance and the costume, or lack there of. At the dances conclusion we fellows gathered around to ask questions about the islands and her trip. It gave her a chance to regain her brath and us a chance to leer at her svelt figure up close .She blushed and told bill that the seashells were taped on and no she wouldn't show him how. Ruth suggested that Carol would possibly be more comfortable if she put her clothes back on and she went off alone to do this chore. Some were a trifle miffed at the Doschek girl for interfering with our scanning the beauty of nature at its best. I wonder if we have any other Hulagirls in the area, the wolf in me queries?

Someone found it necessary to belt Bill and stretch him out on the floor as he was caught trying to look thru the grass. Cris & I stood guard over the door as she changed back into her party clothes while others chastised Wledilsky for his methods; not his curiosity. When Carol Vania came out Bill greeted her with an amber drink and an apology prefaced with the remark of her beauty being to irresistible. They went off friends. Ruth joined us and asked how I had cut my hand, I noticed it was injured and amidst timid protests let the two girls doctor my injuries. I probably scratched it while outside on the splintery old wooden swing.

Hunger attacked me so I went in search of food finding Shirley at the table and we shared a plate. We settled into a private corner where she told me how her new home was shaping up quite comfortably. She was unhappy that Ginger had decided to move out on her own, as she worried about her. I asked how Carol was doing in her painting and she discussed art for a spell. Shirley and I went out on the back porch to sit in the cool night air and were joined by Ruth and Marcus. Katie finally made her reappearance and diplomatically none asked her where she had been. Lois Namiano came from the dark under a tree having revived, impossibly, the Mantis and they joined our confab on the porch. Ruth reminded me that she had to go to work early in the morning so reluctantly I went out to revive Loki.

I noticed Marli out trilling as she prepared her car for the return trip to Sait Sludege. In exchange for the Eastbrook who had accompanied us down his spot in Loki was being taken by the Doschek lady. Ruth said she did not want to ride with Jay T. again. I told Jay to cool it, but as his friend he never takes anything I say seriously. While the people were rounding up their gear and moving into the two cars I went in search of Ginger. I found her, led her into a dark corner and bid her an elaborate goodbye. She had started drinking, but with much persuasion I got her to promise not to drink anymore that evening. She gets so melancholy and morbid when under the influence of alcohol spirits. She cries for all of the hurts of all the people in the world which is kind of silly. Being so compassionate is fine in her field of work as a nurse I suppose, but leads only to frustration in this cruel world of ours.

We had to fold Al Baker up two or three times to get him into the car as seems like he is all arms and legs. Katie volunteered to look after him. Cristine, Ruth, myself placed ourselves in the car and slowly wended our way back to that great metropolis on the banks of the Mississippi. Thru the land of Illinois we toiled till we reached our starting point where each of the crew climbed in their own cars and drove home. I drove the lovely Jarvis miss home and she thanked me for introducing her to science fiction fans. She told me to hurry home and to be careful as long as I was in her neighborhood because of the local militants and puritans. Told her see her at work Monday and went back to the Chev and gHou.

I started home, then recalled that beneath the blanket in the rear seat was Ruth so I drove her home. She was very sleepy so I carried her into her home where her roommate took over. I'm getting used to carrying the ladies in. It was a good party. Much fun. I'm sorry the rest of you in OSFaland were not and able to attend. Maybe next time. Peace Brethren. Doc.

THE EGOBOO POLL

BEST CURRENT FANZINE: 1.....
 2.....
 4.....
 5.....
 8.....
 10.....

BEST CURRENT FANWRITER
 1..... 2.....
 3..... 4.....
 5..... 5.....
 7..... 8.....
 9..... 10.....

BEST CURRENT FANARTIST: 1.....
 2..... 3.....
 4..... 5.....

BEST CURRENT FAN CARTOONIST:
 1..... 2.....
 3..... 4.....
 5.....

BEST CURRENT COLUMN: 1.....
 2..... 3.....
 4..... 5.....

BEST CURRENT CRITIC/REVIEWER :
 1..... 2.....
 3..... 4.....
 5.....

BEST CURRENT HUMORIST: 1.....
 2..... 3.....
 4..... 5.....

BEST SINGLE PUBLICATION OF 1969:
 (This category is for fanzines or
 fan-oriented publication, not for
 professional science fiction.)

MOST IMPORTANT FANNISH EVENT OF 1969:

(In an age of proliferating conventions, the
 the following category seems in order.)

MOST PRETENTIOUS CURRENT FANZINE:

1.....
 2.....

MOST PRETENTIOUS
 CURRENT FAN: 1.....
 2.....

THE FANZINE YOU WOULD MOST LIKE TO SEE
 REVIEWED NEXT: 1.....
 2.....
 3.....

NUMBER ONE FAN FACE:

BEST NEW FAN OF 1969:

.....
 There will be some kind of point-
 system devised to tabulate the
 votes, perhaps giving points in
 reverse order, but that will be
 determined later. Any
 suggestions recieved will be
 sealed in concrete and dropped
 off the Golden Gate Bridge in a
 touching torch-light ceremony.

Please sign your name legibly:

SEND TO :

JOHN D. BERRY
 35 Dusenberry Road
 Bronxville, New York-10708

This is a poll, produced for the hell of it, by the editors of EGOBOO
 (John D. Berry & Ted White), mainly because a lot has happened in fandom in
 the last couple of years that has not been properly chroicled, and there hasn't
 been a good poll conducted in fandom for years. Everybody who gets a copy of
 this ballot is asked to vote and return it, unless he/she considers themselves
 too unfamiliar with the field too vote intelligently. Deadline is June 1st, 1970
 although later ballots will probably be counted, especially from overseas.

TAFF CANDIDATES PLATFORM

CHARLIE BROWN: A fan well known in both America and Europe and active in many different aspects of fandom. Science Fiction ? He's a long time reader and collector who can talk learnedly on books, magazines, authors and stories. Fanzines? He publishes LOCUS -one of the leading fanzines, and has produced over 50 issues on a regular basis. Conventions? He has attended 13 Worldcons, alos regionals to numerous to list. He has served on convention committess, and chaired several conventions. Clubs? He's been active in many fan clubs. A real all around fan who speaks well in front of large audiences, writes well in reporter, serious and humourous styles, and handles a camera or tape recorder with excellent results. An ideal candidate. TAFF report writer and administrator. What more can you ask for?

Nominated by: Richard Bergeron, Joyce Fisher, Barbara Silverberg, Hans-Werner Heinrichs, and Pete Weston.

BILL ROTSLER: ROTSLER FOR TAFF? Why didn't we think of it sooner? The man is a natural to send overseas to the heicon. He speaks well, is well-loved by all and sundry, is amiable, charming, sophisticated, and has a beard, mustache, long hair. so he'll not be considered an "Ugly American" over there; he'll be able to pass. But, seriously, Bill Rotsler is a fine candidate and I nominate him without any hesitation. He will represent American fandom in Germany in excellent fashion. I underst₂nd he holds his liquor ver well. Bill has been a fan for more years than I can remem ber. He has contributed his artwork to more fanzines than anyone can count. Fans have only to ask and he responds with a batch of drawings and cartoons of marvelous humour and quality. And the bonus to fandom for sending Bill Rotsler to the Heicon is obvious: a mind-boggling TAFF report combining his talents as awriter and cartoonist. It will be a fannish landmark.

Nominated by: F.M. Busby, Terry Carr, Richard Geis, Arthur Thomson and Walt Willi.

ELLIOT SHORTER: Elliot Shorter certainly isn't ... he stands taller. Always visi at a convention or fan gatherings due to his height and girth, with or without a quitar slung on his back. But the important thing about Elliot is that he is fun! Fun to talk twith, sing with, get drunk with, turn a mimeo crank with. Elli has been a great addition to fandom since he first started attending cons (most worldcons and east coast regionals since 1962, a number of midwestcons and weste con 22). He has been sergeant at Arms at Lunacons and at NYCon III, auctioneer at Lunacons, panelist at Boskones, art show judge at Westercon22 and St Louiscon. He has been chosen Parliamentarian for the 1971 Worldcon-Noreascon. Elliot is a active member of many cubs. He was chairman of the ways and Means Committee of the Eve. Sess. of City College of CUNY for 5 years. He is a member of the Society for Creative Anachromism, Tolkien Society of America, Hyborean Legion, ESFA, Lunarians, Fanoclasts and NESFA. He has also participated in the publishing of ENGRAM, the HEICON Flyer, LOCUS, and NIEKAS. Elliot promises that, if elected, h will begin writting his TAFF REPORT on the day he is notified of the election.

Nom inated by: Ginger Buchanan, Jack Gaughan, John-Henri Holmberg and Waldemar Kum ming.

I VOTE FOR

(1st place) _ _ _ _ _

(2nd place) _ _ _ _ _

(3rd place) _ _ _ _ _

SIGNED

Address: _ _ _ _ _

If you think your name may not be known to the administrators (in order to qualify for voting) please give the name and of a fan or fan group to whom you are known; _ _ _ _ _

I ENCLOSE THE SUM OF _ _ _ _ _ AS A CONTRIBUTION TO TAFF.

TAFF VOTING BALLOT

The Candidates

CHARLIE BROWN
ELLIOT SHORTER
BILL ROTSLE
"HOLD OVER FUNDS"

Voting: TAFF uses the Australian Ballot, a vote counting system with a built-in run-off count. On the 1st "ballot", only 1st place votes are counted; then, if of 100 votes four candidates get 40-30-20-10, the last one is dropped and the 2nd choices of his 10 supporters become 1st place votes distributed between the remaining three candidates. This process is repeated until the leading candidate has over 50% of the vote, thus assuring a majority winner.

When voting, be sure to rank the candidates in the exact order in which you prefer them.

"Hold Over Funds": This choice, similar to a "No Award" vote in Hugo balloting, gives the voter an opportunity to vote for no TAFF trip in the event that either the candidates don't appeal to him, or he feels that TAFF should slow down its program of trips. If Hold Over prevails funds will be held over for the next year.

Continging Voting Rules: Under no circumstances may a fan vote more than once, or may enter one candidate name more than once on a ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret. Write-ins are permitted. No proxy votes are allowed; each voter must sign his own ballot.

Each candidate has promised that barring acts of GOD he will travel to the 28th World Science Fiction Convention in Heidelberg, Germany if elected.

In addition, they have posted bond and provided signed nominations. Their platforms are on the reverse side of this sheet, along with the voting blanks.

VOTE ON OTHER SIDE

Votes must reach TAFF administrators on or before July 31, 1970. Election results will be announced as soon after this date as possible.

To be eligible to vote you must contribute a minimum of five shillings (5/-d), or one dollar (\$1.00) to the fund, and have been active in science fiction fandom prior to September, 1968. Contributions in excess will be cheerfully accepted.

Money orders or checks should be payable to the Administrator receiving your vote--not, please, to TAFF.

AMERICAN ADMINISTRATOR :

STEVE STILES
427 57th Street
Brooklyn, New York-11220

EUROPEAN ADMINISTRATOR :

EDDIE JONES
72 Antonio Street
Bootle 20, Lancashire
ENGLAND

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT . Due to an idea of EDDIE JONES, we've decided to hold a lottery after the election. Each voter will be assigned a number and a drawing will be held. There will be two drawings for both sides of the Atlantic; Eddie has donated one of his paintings for his lottery, and Jack Gaughan has kindly donated a painting of his for the U.S. drawing.

VOTE ON OTHER SIDE

VOTE ON OTHER SIDE