

THE OFFICIAL
PUBLICATION OF
THE OZARK SCIENCE
FICTION ASSOCIATION

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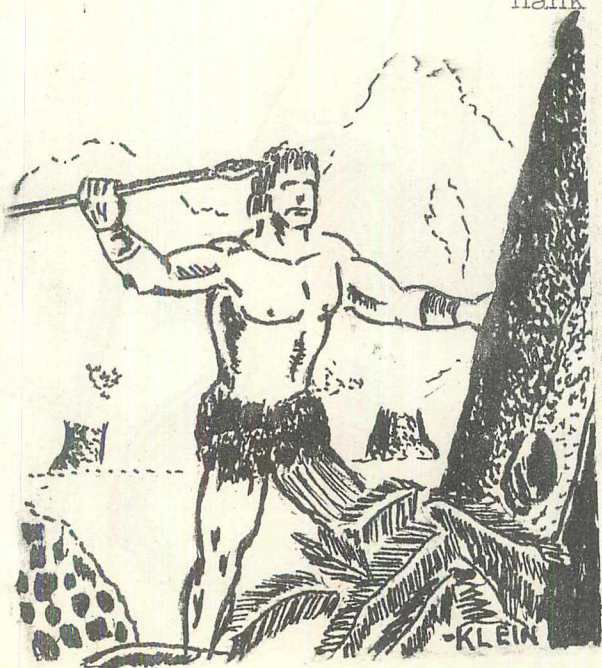
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From
The

GATE OF ISHTAR

I'm sure that you are going to see a lot of difference in this issue of SIRRUIISH. Difference, that is, from previous issues, and may-be differences from what you have come to expect from fanzines put out by clubs.

Some of the difference, of course, will be in the repro. Not many clubzines (none that I know of, previous to this one) are printed in offset. Not that there is anything wrong with mimeo, and the mimeo in previous issues was very well done. But let's face it--the very best reproduction possible with a mimeograph, even with electronic stenciling, can't match the potential of offset litho. And, thanks to the cooperation of Ray and Joyce Fisher, most, if not all, OSFA publications from now on will be printed by that superior method.

But I hope that you will also see a difference in the editorial policies, the layout, the material, the artwork, and even the proof-reading. After all, even though this is a clubzine, and therefore will reflect a great deal of the personality of the club (yes, Virginia, a club can have a personality, of which more anon), it is bound also to reflect a great deal of the personality of the editor and his cohorts.

And there is no doubt in my mind that without the earnest and enthusiastic support of "the inner circle" of St. Louis fandom, this issue of SIRRUIISH would certainly be of much lower quality, and quite probably would not have been published at all. For after all, I am a busy man--and it would be quite easy to use that business as an excuse to say, "I can't do it" and to resign as editor before I even get started.

But somehow, with Ray and Joyce Fisher needling me to get busy; with Mickey Rhodes' magnificent sketches staring at me and crying out to be transferred to Multilith master; with Diana Rhodes and Paul Willis and Dave Hall providing material; with Chester Malon's atrocious jokes ringing in my ears; I manage to find time to get out an issue of OSFA every month, and I'm sure that I can put out a SIRRUIISH at least three times a year, and probably four. Of course, I don't know what is going to become of my own zine, KALKI, but maybe I'll even find time to sneak in an issue of that once in a while.

Anyway, I think that you'll find SIRRUIISH quite readable. We're going to try to use material that will be pleasing rather than confusing. We're going to try for literary quality, and we will edit material as necessary to produce it. We will not avoid controversial material, but we'll not print anything just because it's controversial. If an article can't stand on its own merit, you won't find it in SIRRUIISH--at least for the next year.

SIRRUIISH is the voice of St. Louis fandom, and naturally will use a great deal of material from that source--which will, I am sure, introduce some names that are new to you. Since organized fandom in St. Louis is only a little over a year old, obviously familiar names are not preponderant. But though the names may be new to fandom, the persons behind those names are great people--and what is more, they have the ability to furnish great material.

But we need and want material from other sources, too. Of course, we want LoC's. We want artwork--and our reproduction will do full justice to it. We want articles--serious or faannish; we want book

reviews. We will publish a few interesting items of news of other sf clubs, but the irregular publication schedule of SIRRUIISH precludes its becoming a newszine.

SIRRUIISH will not specialize in anything. This won't become the voice of the folk-singers, of the Tolkien fanatics, of the S-F purist, of the fans of Lovecraft, of Cabell, of Burroughs, Eddison, or Heinlein. Oh, we'll have mention of all those--we have in our club those who think they're the greatest--but no one will monopolize the space in this zine.

And it certainly won't become a political journal. In fact, that is probably the one thing that won't be published. We'll let Gem Carr and John Boardman fight the battle of the John Birch Society vs. the Great Society. Personally, I have equally little respect for each--I'm still a middle-of-the-roader--but that's not the point. I believe that we can have a great sf club without politics of any more serious nature than a loud argument as to whether Austria should move into Silesia in the Spring move of 1904.

So there you see a little of what SIRRUIISH will be during the next year. One thing I do promise. We will have very little patience with bad grammar and spelling. This editor does not subscribe to the theory that genius is enough to make up for lack of literary quality. So for the next year at least, the unofficial motto of SIRRUIISH will be that "Literature can also be literate."

A few paragraphs back, I mentioned club personality. I am sure you will agree that the o-o's of the various sf clubs show a wide range of personalities. Certainly there is very little similarity between the publications of, say, MITSFS and WSFA. And, of course, some of the most successful clubs have no official publication. In fact, from what we hear, some of them, such as the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, have very little, if any, organization. And the important thing is that these clubs are at least as successful as the more highly organized ones. After all, people are fans not to be a member of a great national organization, but simply to express themselves, each in his own way. And any club that decides to take the attitude that the club speaks for all fans in the area, or that the members thereof are "pillars of St. Louis fandom" (fill in the name of your own city), is simply making itself ridiculous.

I don't want to take up more space to discuss my impressions of the clubs in the various cities--first of all because it's really none of my business. But I am curious as to the image of OSFA that fans from elsewhere may have. How about letting us know in your LoC on this issue. What kind of personality do you see in St. Louis fandom? Not that your opinion will change that personality, but it may at least help us "to see oursel's as others see us."

On another page you will find a listing of the officers of OSFA, which is the organization that puts out SIRRUIISH. But we wish here to recognize the publication staff of this publication and of OSFan, which is the monthly bulletin of OSFA.

Aside from myself, Jim Hall, there are no titles on this publication staff, nor does it exist officially. This staff just happens to be those persons who do the work--without whom there would be no SIRRUIISH, and probably no OSFA.

So, I want to give my heartfelt thanks to Ray and Joyce Fisher, Dave Hall, Mickey and Diana Rhodes, Paul Willis, and Dorothy Hall.

JNH

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The inevitable revolution has at last overtaken OSFA. After a flamboyant election in which, for all the enthusiasm shown by the club members, Snooky Gootchem and Eustace the Monk could easily been elected to high offices, all of the old officers were either removed from office or shuffled to a new office they didn't care any more about, and separation of fanac and state was finally achieved, but only because Hank Luttrell was going to Rolla to learn to drink. Since henceforth, this present writer will hold one of Hank's old chores and my father will hold the other, SIRRUIISH may not be expected to be elect to the same sort of chaotic bureaucracy which we have all found so endearing in the business meetings which retard our Diplomacy games. More to the point, there will now be, as well as an Editor's Editorial, a President's Presidentiality in every issue of SIRRUIISH. And this is a good thing. It will give us both a chance to sound our opinions and encourage us to do so even if we don't particularly have any.

However, let it not be assumed that we are not grateful for the abilities of our shibbolethic departing president and editor. Under him, SIRRUIISH reached the level of development it currently attains. It can scarcely be said that his reproduction, achieved with a niggardly mimeograph, is in any great sense inferior to that contained by any fanzine in the country. If he was unable to reach the heights of physical beauty attained by a multilith or a lithograph or a printing press, this can not be reason for blame. SIRRUIISH and OSFAN were both well produced right from the start; their reproduction easily equal to that maintained by YANDRO, their artwork always well stenciled, their result attractive.

It was, in fact, Hank that was responsible for the use of two colors per page. This results in multi-colored fanzines such as we are becoming famous for. I had made a few experiments with colored mimeograph previous to our excursion in the earliest OSFANS (then called erroneously SIRRUIISH), but the results were, at best, disappointing. The use of Hank's machine, which has a great sense of register, made it possible to achieve attractive bi-colored work, and occasionally, several colors on one page. It is undeniable to all that Hank Luttrell has a great sense of layout.

It was also Hank's idea that SIRRUIISH should be printed on gray or "granite" paper. His conclusion was that white paper would, besides being too sharp, show too much "show-through", whereas gray paper would not. Furthermore it would not clash with any color of ink, except possibly orange or yellow, which did not show up well enough to make them worth fooling with. This led, of course, to innovations in SIRRUIISH and OSFAN, as well as his personal genzine, STARLING. The results are historic. Buck Coulson, famed for his incisive fanzine reviews, said at one time that he expected STARLING to become a Hugo contender someday. Somebody, maybe Clay Hamlin, predicted STARLING to be the next "in" fanzine.

Nor could Hank be said to shy away from controversy. His calls for contributions went out through the club. He said, and quite rightly, it will be agreed, that SIRRUIISH should not be entirely under his own dictatorial control. Aside from deciding that he himself would edit the

letter column to prevent confusion, his most important decision in this case came when Joyce Fisher suggested that she help out by putting some of the material on stencil, using her own electric typewriter. Hank, after contemplation, decided that it would not be advisable, since this would mean that more than one type-face would appear in SIRRUIISH, creating an uneven appearance in the fanzine. This, it was agreed by most of the club members, would not be a good thing, so Hank eventually ended up doing all the work on the club fanzine himself, and evenness was maintained. If one thing could be said about SIRRUIISH, it was that it was memorably even. The reproduction was equally good on all pages, as was the typing, and it would be decidedly unfair to mention that Hank's typewriter had a flaw on the period key, causing every sentence to look like it ended in an exclamation point. This distracted, you will agree, far less from the overall appearance of the fanzine than would the use of many flamingly different type-faces, and is not appearance of ultimate importance?

I would, indeed, beggar anyone to state that SIRRUIISH was not an excellently laid-out fanzine, representing all that is best of the culture of Hank's age group. Hank did not feel he had to put colored art work on every page, nor even art work on every page, though a great deal of art work did appear and by many well known fan artists, as well as some new-comers. If Hank was not slouchful, he certainly realized the importance of using a great deal of attractive art work to maintain the reader's interest.

Among the artists appearing in SIRRUIISH were Robert E. Gilbert, whose work must also be admitted to contain an admirable evenness of quality, Jurgen Wolff, Andrew Porter, Becker Staus, and Hank himself. Hank's generous inclusions in the latest issue of SIRRUIISH of his own art work have revealed a talent heretofore not even suspected by the other members of the club. They were excellently executed. In particular, his portrait of a folk artist holding a guitar on the back cover of the latest issue showed a precision of line and a talent for draftsmanship that would be scarcely realized by people who meet him. But club members who had seen his talent with the club fanzine must certainly have realized that this talent lay within him, judging from his carefully laid-out and printed efforts; it should have been manifestly apparent, as should have been his cleverness and artistic frugality with his trick of printing the same banner-illo on every page of a certain article or section, alternating in color. This effectively told the reader he had not passed from one section or article to another without noticing it. As well, the variation of color produced an excellent example of what the philosopher Crindon called "Selective conformity". The result was a clever innovation, and attractive as well. Yes, Hank's fanzines were one and all as attractive as anything that had yet come out of the modern St. Louis fandom.

If any one phrase could be applied to Hank's excellent efforts with SIRRUIISH, it would be "uniformity and evenness".

But the editorship, like the presidency, changes, and all this is now in the past. The presence of new editors necessitates a change of editorial policy, and as I do not think we will prove as artistically talented as our predecessor, we will have to select new ways of improving SIRRUIISH, calling for some changes in editorial policy.

Such as, I should say, only insulting those people who seem to deserve it, and making special effort not to do it by...shall we say...oversight.

Oh, for Christ's sake, Clive,
 Don't tell me, by your leave
 About your infernal plots again.
 Go pester another brain.
 I've much that's important to do,
 Prosaic things quite beyond you.

And for Christ's sake, don't pluck
 That mind-guitar, and sing of luck;
 And I will that noise ban
 You yell about the seas of man.

FOR I'M AWAY BY BREAK OF DAY
 I'M AWAY, I'M AWAY,
 BOUND O'ER THE LAND AND SEA,
 BOUND FOR THE LAND OF HONEY,
 THAT'S THE LAND FOR ME,
 THAT'S THE LAND FOR ME.

And my dear friend, if you are able,
 Spare me of your latest fable.
 I'm much too busy for that--
 Pass me down my hat.
 I'm to the grocer's before it's too late--
 For these things, you know, won't wait.

the Listener's Revolt

by B E C K E R
 S T A U S

AND DAWN WILL SEE ME AWAY,
 AWAY BY DAY, AWAY BY DAY.
 I'LL HEAR THE BIRD OF PARADISE
 WARBLE ONCE OR TWICE
 BEFORE I LIE DOWN
 BENEATH THE SKY
 TO DIE, TO DIE
 IN SOME FOREIGN TOWN.

Now, I'm a simple fellow, without vision
 That would bring me your deserved derision
 These follies you speak of
 Are such a mouse might squeak of;
 Your theories are not for me.
 I am as I always was--and always will be.

FOR DAWN WILL SEE ME AWAY
 BY DAWN I'M GONE, BY DAWN I'M GONE,
 TO PLUCK THE APPLES OF THE SUN,
 AND DIE IN A FORGOTTEN PORT
 OF NO IMPORT.
 I'M GONE BY DAY, GONE BY DAY,
 AND A WELCOME FAREWELL FOR ME;
 A WELCOME FAREWELL IT WILL BE!



Pickeringisms



Everyone has heard of "Spoonerism" and most know that they are so called in honor (?) of Rev. Spooner, who seems to have perpetrated quite a few of them, and doubtless was blamed for many more. And then there are the "Malapropisms" for the fictional Mrs. Malaprop, and their relatives the "Goldwynisms", named for Sam Goldwyn, whose ability to mangle the English language is proverbial.

Now comes another label — this one to honor the sentence or phrase that is composed of good, polysyllabic English words but which is strung together in such a manner as to evoke the response, "Huh??" And it seems just to call such by the name of "Pickeringisms."

Here are a few samples we have collated:

From "The Life of the Constitution" by Arthur S. Miller in "GW", the George Washington University Magazine, reprinted in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Oct. 2, 1966:

"Since 1787 one is hard put to find a single instance when the court has ever prevailed over the long run, when it, that is to say, has asserted its will over what determined legislative majorities wanted."

From the liner notes of Great Songs of America, by Columbia Special Products:

"The War Between the States produced more songs, probably, than any war ever."

And again from the same source:

"History tells us that when ten men at Sutter's Creek shook pay dirt which netted them one million dollars each in gold nuggets, a flood of humanity rushed in."

From THE BLUE PAGODA, by Harnes Bok:

"Without tapping on my door, von Brenner stumbled in. He had not changed into his night-dress. He dropped on my bed. 'Lascelles! Are you awake?' I sat up. 'If I had been, I would not be now.'"

From True Magazine, Feb. 1966, movie review column:

"The James Bond bandwagon has run out of room for more secret-agent spoofs. As soon as moviemakers realize this, the world will be a better place. Relatively speaking, of course."

From the ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FREEMASONRY:

"The Pelasgians were the oldest, if not the aboriginal, inhabitants of Greece."

From the TV Magazine of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, a film synopsis:

"I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU (1951) American scientist working in London decides to go back back to the eighteenth century and relive the grandeur and elegance of his ancestors."

From an advertisement of the same film, in the same source:

"Science brought them together ... 200 years apart"

From the Constitution of OSFA:

"The president is responsible for the affairs of the organization."

And from the same remarkable document:

"The Vice-President shall assist the President in club affairs."

Contributions to this collection are solicited. Please give the quote in full, and include the source.

James N. Hall

GIANT SEA SLUG?

On the basis of evidence collected over the last four years, a team of American scientists has concluded that the Loch Ness Monster is for real, may be 60 feet long, and is probably a giant sea slug, or species of shell-less snail.

Loch Ness, a 21-mile-long narrow body of water, runs straight as an arrow across Scotland's waistline, between the Atlantic and the North Sea. The loch's unfathomed depths are most likely honeycombed with passages in the rock connecting it with the open ocean, and it is easy to imagine some outsized denizen of the deeps straying into the loch and being unable to find its way out again.

A 60-foot sea slug in such a predicament, accustomed to the cold darkness of the ocean depths, would quite naturally hole up in one of the loch's remoter underwater caves, surfacing only occasionally for reasons best known to itself.

Sea slugs are a notoriously shy and inoffensive lot, we understand, and the "monster" no doubt recoils from having an army of tourists aim their cameras at it every time it appears, hence has tended increasingly to become a recluse.

Like many of the rest of us in this age of electronic snooping, it is a victim of ruthless invasion of privacy, and has our sympathy. But in a day when most of our cherished dreams are subject to relentless attack, it is heartening to be informed that a favorite figure of contemporary mythology is no fable after all.

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Globe Democrat, by permission.

GRAFFITI
FROM AN OZARK OUTHOUSE

Michael Viggiano, 1834 Albany Avenue,
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210

Thanks very much for SIRRUIISH. I was very much impressed, especially by the color artwork: beautiful. I enjoyed just leafing through the issue looking at the drawings. The review column is an excellent idea. Having one drawing at the top of each page of this column and alternating the colors of the drawing is a nice original touch. Your art director, if you have one, is a genius.

Even your artwork is improving, Hank!

Of course, you had to have something which would bring back the flavor of STARLING #1 & #2, which by the way, I still have. I am referring to Bill Bowers' piece in SIRRUIISH #2. Bad. Bad.

[[He also said something about the 100 Basic Fantasy Books, laboring as were most people under the illusion that it was meant to be a definitive list or a list of only good books, instead of a sample of all the types available. He mentioned the preponderance of recent books, a good point, although many recent books would give the reader an idea of what was being currently done. DNH]]

Tony Cabanellas, 67 Chesire Drive, Belleville, Illinois

I got my first copy of Sirruish #2 at the OZARKON, and it's pretty good. I hope you will continue doing articals on comic book heroes and contrary to what Mike Appel thinks, more Dylan jazz. [[Sorry.]] Do smething on E.C.comics, more on singers like the Rolling Stones, and articals on monster movies, silents, and early talkies.

Since your zine is mainly Science Fiction, do you know if Forrest J. Ackermann of Spaceman fame, reads your zine? [[Non sequitur...JNH]]

That's all for now,

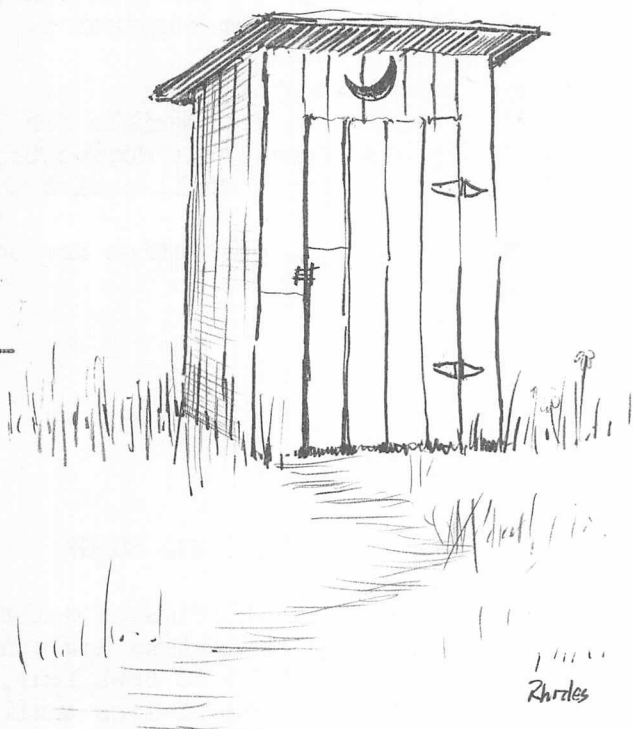
Sirruish fan
Tony Cabanellas

P.S. Please send me the issue this letter appears in.

Tom ?

Thanks very much for the second issue of SIRRUIISH, which was very interesting, and an improvement over the first issue because of the new diversification of material.

I liked the cover. Looks like your red overprinting slipped about a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, but that was only noticeable to the strainer. Two color mimeo



work always creates a good impression with me because I realize the work it entails.

[[There follows a long section on Bob Dylan which didn't interest the editor in the least, and which we do not think will interest the majority of our readers either.]]

But Bob Dylan is Bob Dylan (is Bob Dylan...), no matter how you slice it. [[The last time I heard that, it was about baloney. Q.E.D...JNH]] At any rate, send SIRRUIISH 3, eh?

[[Fine, but where do we send it? We have no way of knowing who this letter is from, and we can't possibly know everyone in comic book and monster fandom. [[Thank God! JMF]] It is irritating how neofans always seem to labor under the impression they will be instantly recognized. I never saw a letter from a well known fan without an adequate address and name on it!]]

Gene Klein, 33-51 84 St., Jackson Heights, New York 11372

You may or may not have heard the fact that I'm in a rock and roll band (the Long Island Sounds) and pretty soon now we're going to be in a show (at Queens College) with Ruby and the Romantics (you may be familiar with them--they've had some hits on the charts), along with the Del Satins. After that, we're going to try to get in with Capitol records (a representative has heard, and liked us), so pretty soon you might be hearing us, and reviewing us in your pages, who knows... [[We aren't too interested in rock and roll at all, but this seemed to come under the category of fannish news (we edited a section of his letter on other rock and roll groups,) so, good luck with your group, Gene. DNH]]

Glad to see comic articles appearing. This helps the mag have a more appealing format. I'm an avid comics reader (and quite often a comics reviewer, with a number of comic cols), and I should know my comics from my comics. And, contrary to Schoenfeld's sentiments re Magnus, I think he stinks (Magnus, not you Bob). Russ Manning is the best artist in comicdom bar none. Comparing him with Crandall is wrong. They have very distinct styles, and are, I'm afraid to say, quite apart from each other. If any artist can be compared with Manning, it's Wally Wood, whose style also is very clear, unlike Crandall who fills his figures with line shadows, and often draws his characters a bit weirdly (shady eyes, erect zombie-like stances etc.), which Manning does the opposite of... If I have time before the next Sirruish, I'll write up a rebuttal, ok? [[Okay with me. We don't know much about these artists, and anyway as Hank Luttrell has so succinctly pointed out, I know nothing about art, so I won't comment. DNH.]]

Jay MacNeal Kinney, 606 Wellner Road, Naperville, Illinois, 60540

The coverillo is quite good ... but the lettering isn't. I am getting quite tired of all the sloppy lettering passed off as "stylized" or "hip" or "different" that I seem to see everywhere. Lettering of the quality of ANALYSIS OF ANALOGY on the cover would have been much nicer.

Now to the meat ... the review section! Quite good, really. I enjoyed the diverse subject material ... SF books, music, comics ... fine!

Warren's review of Sutton's pb was the most conventional of the group ... almost entirely a summary of the story. A few definite opinions would have helped, rather than just straight summary. Loch Ness and Mars Revisited were interesting. I probably never will read either of them, but Hall's reviews tell me what the books are like.

Now to an area where I am familiar. (familiar with, rather.) Tomorrow Midnight. I liked the cover of this pb better than that of any of the other BB pb EC reprints. [[Sounds like this kid was brought up in an abbreviation factory. DNH]] Good Frazetta [[And I can't make out if this is a comment or an ejaculation. DNH]] And on the whole there were less "losers" in the collection. [[Jay, you've just made our collection of Pickeringisms. Less "losers" than what? JNH]] KING OF THE GRAY SPACES was probably my personal favorite... art and story-wise. THE LAKE has been the best of all the Bradbury adaptations so far reprinted, at least. I mean ... it was the most powerful as far as I was concerned ... and Wally's art was fantastic - really fitting the story. [[Now, I'm acquainted with the original story, but not the adaptation, and I must agree ... if the adaptation was any good, it must have been one hell of a job. DNH]] Your reviews of Spidey and Creepy probably suffice for fen who have not read them or are not familiar with them -- tho for me they didn't say much. Jay Taycee, by the way, is actually Johnny Craig using a penname. I have decided to send a copy of NOPE (my zine) as I see you are interested in serious graphic panel art, too. [[Hank must have got it. Anyway everybody knows I don't know nothing about art. That wisecrack about the "serious graphic panel art" is entirely sic, by the way. DNH]]

When I saw Westover's title I was not attracted. But I discovered that it was a good useful column. Such information is appreciated, as I can't find it elsewhere and I'm not quite excited or interested enough to go around digging it up.

Your bacover was pretty good tho not great. I really must compliment you and the artists responsible for the GREAT art illos thru-out the issue. They add so much to the zine ... color and diversion.

Harry Warner Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

Obediently shamed for my failure to attend the Ozarkon, and in a current state of mind that makes me want desperately to hurry deep into the Ozarks and never come out again, I should be able to wipe out some of the disgrace and stimulate the desire by commenting on the pleasant second issue of Sirruish. The older I get, the longer my sentences become.

Most of the reviews involved publications that I haven't seen. Of course, I am fully confident of the existence of the Loch Ness monster. I have seen neither the monster or the body of water. [[It would seem difficult to see the monster outside of the body of water ... or at least, it would make positive identification difficult. DNH]] But if other people can be experts on New York's political status or the war in Viet Nam with no personal acquaintance of such topics, I should be permitted to have opinions on a matter that is less potentially harmful. Less harmful, that is, as long as the monster doesn't get too hungry. [[I don't believe there is any report in modern times of the monster devouring or harming a human, and, in fact, St. Patrick is supposed to have put a geasa on it. At any rate, even a hungry monster would seem harmless compared to the Viet Nam war. DNH]] Mars Revisited sounds like the item

in this set of reviews that I'd most like to read from beginning to end. I'm not altogether sure that I believe this particular theory about the nature of the canals on Mars. I should think that most of Mars would be in an extraordinarily florid condition, if just one round trip a year during migration resulted in so much vegetation [[sic]] springing up from the droppings of the Marsitrons. Just after the first photographs were released from the Mariner camera, I saw Dr. Richardson on television during an interview on the pictures. He seemed very much upset about the canal situation, hinting that the anti-canal school of astronomers had arranged for the photography to occur where it was wintertime. This would make it highly unlikely that any canals would show, unless the vegetation theory is not the right explanation of what we really see.

I can't quite figure out from your last review if Will Eisner's Spirit is a feature of this issue of Creepy. If so, I must buy Creepy, because the Spirit is almost my only acquaintance with the comic book heroes. I was born at just the wrong time for comic books, which came into popularity just when I was getting old enough to feel that I was above such things. But the Spirit was included as a tabloid supplement in the otherwise full-size comic section of one of the Philadelphia newspapers, and the pleasure I found in it triumphed over my belief that I wanted only great literature. [[I doubt if Spirit appeared in Creepy. Creepy is a juvenile magazine along the lines of Famous Monsters; it has elaborate artwork adorning some silly comic book stories. It seems to be an imitation of the EC horror comics. But they probably wouldn't print Spirit because Creepy has very little humor in their stories.]]

Robert Schoenfeld conveys pretty well the joy he finds in the Magnus series. But once again, as in the first issue, his unfamiliarity with the science fiction field betrays itself. I hardly think we associate suspense with the E. E. Smith novels or clever villains with Heinlein, and even though Asimov writes good non-fiction that popularizes science, his science fiction stories aren't too full of fine detail.

To bad that this Sirruish arrived three days later than the Perseids. I might have tried to see some of them as a result of this feature. You'll probably get scolded for running an item so elementary in nature, but I read it with interest. Now that we're about to start visiting the heavenly bodies, I suddenly have no access to such listings. The old man who used to write a monthly article for the local newspapers is dead, I no longer see the Evening Sun which ran a Science Service feature each month for many years, and the library doesn't shelve any more a little science magazine that published such information every month.

Wasn't it almost a tradition for a while that paperback covers did not illustrate the contents, when a science fiction novel or anthology was on the inside pages? I think it was Powers [[Yeh, Yeh. JMF]] who did all those symbolic covers that seemed to tell the purchaser that something alien was inside, without any effort to portray the specific type of alienness. [[Does anyone know what happened to Powers? JMF]] I note that there's now an occasional cover that is based on abstract photography, once again not illustrating the story. But what I'd really like to see in paperbacks are interior illustrations. Black and white line drawings are probably the only type of interior illustrations that are economically feasible. Even if we got only three or four full pages per volume, they would make up to some extent the gap that was left when

most of the good prozines with their interior illustrations vanished. I know nothing about the added cost this would entail. But in the old days, the low priced hard-cover reprint series like Grosset & Dunlap managed to include a few full-page tipped-in illustrations per volume and still sell the books for 50¢ each. [[The recent Ballantine P.b. THE TOLKIEN READER is made up of what looks like photo-offset reproductions of the original books, and sells for 95¢. A lot of that is probably royalties. I doubt if the reproduction is that much more expensive.]]

The front cover is surprising if it's by the zen Ray Nelson, but it is arresting even if it's by an imitation Ray Nelson. This is good use of two-colors mimeography. I'm afraid that my lack of interest in folk singing extends even unto a lack of interest in pictures of young men with guitar so I won't pretend that your back cover will remain forever in my memory but you've caught a mood or a personality or something quite well and maybe some year I'll begin to take an interest in folk music just as I eventually did in comic books and then I'll write you and apologize for not saying more nice things about a back cover that has suddenly started to mean a great deal to me. The insides are very well illustrated, and the only possible complaint about the format would be a regret that the paper is dark enough to reduce the effectiveness of the color contrasts. [[The cover was by the self-same Ray Nelson who is now Zen. It is, however, at the very least ten years old and was contributed by Ray Fisher out of his old files. Presuming you ever get interested in folk music (and remember, Luttrell does not pretend to be interested in folk music, only in Dylan's modern music) you'll probably discover that while it isn't really impossible to hold a guitar that way, it's totally useless. DNH]]

Mary Reed, 71 the Fairway Banbury, Oxon [[?]] England

I don't know exactly why, but the title always reminds me of a Babylonian eating treacle! [[No. It's the sound made by a Persian water-closet.]] As with STARLING - 8, I note the multi-colored inks. You have perhaps a plan for loaning out different coloured drums.

The review of some of Lovecraft's letters interested me. The first of his works that I read was the CHARLES DEXTER WARD novel. I wasn't over-keen about it, finding it "wordy" at times and not having realized that it was sometimes his way to give away the plot with the opening pages. Since that time I've read more of his work and taken to it immensely. He has a very lyrical style; until recently my favourite was SHADOW OUT OF TIME, but this has now been put into second place by the superb DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH. It might be interesting to see others' opinions of this latter. [[For myself I also like DREAM QUEST above most of his work. I have three volumes containing most or all of his stories. However, my favorite Lovecraft story - THE THING ON THE DOORSTEP - always strikes me as humorous. DNH]] [[My favorite Lovecraft story was never written. I find the best reading in the Lovecraft books to be the copy-right information on the back of the title pages. JMF]]

Dick Flood, 6852 W. Montrose Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I got Sirruish #2 a few days ago in one of Seth Johnson's zine offers. I feel it deserves a Loc mainly because of the 20 or so zines in the pack, it was the best! No one was the paper you used. It is of a good texture and seems to give high quality reproduction. The cover was great for

mimeo as was all the art in the ish. Your coloring is very good.

Being a comic fan as well as a beginning sfan, I enjoyed most of the review section. I also like Eerie and Creepy. Warren James made "The Atomic Conspiracy" a must to get. "Analysis of Analogy" was also well done -- Magnus' origin was accurate and well told. I don't care much for astronomy so I didn't like that section.

The letter column gave good controversy and Impressions was OK -- but could have been improved. No, scratch that, as I reread it a little more I find it is quite good, so that is my opinion. I'm looking forward to future issues of Sirruish and for it to improve over this into a really great zine.

Lloyd Hull, 2532 9th, Great Bend, Kansas

I generally find that the reviews jell with mine, except for the comic book reviews. I never really got my kicks out of reading about a bunch of homosexual idiots running around the world, saving people in their longjohns. By this I don't mean to put down some of the truly wonderful books such as; Tarzan, pocc [[Sic. I can't tell what he means.]], Magnus, Creepy, ect. But really some of those others are pretty pitiful. Why not get someone to write reviews on SF movies, as long as your on the reviewing kick. [[We will when some appear worth writing about. DNH]]

John Barry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708

None of your art is bad, but you suffer from some obvious problems. I mean, how many faneds print the same drawing on eight pages, alternately three colors? Not meritful of the Goodmousesweepings Seal of Approval.

Dupree's reviews okay; did you know he's going to do a regular folk album review co' for either me or Dave Szurek? [[No. In fact I wish you'd spared me. DNH]]

There's nothing that will stir up a better riot than a "definitive" list list of something, anything -- even sf books. [[But it wasn't meant to be definitive, damn it: it was representative of the various sorts of books in the field, including the crap to avoid. DNH]]

Can one trust Harry Warner's dates? I mean, I don't find it hard to beleive that "Phil Bronson, the old Minneapolis, put out a fanzine almost indistinguishable from many present day comic fanzines around 1039" but some of those hard-headed neos are going to take it pretty hard. (I'm really a soft-headed neo, but if you don't worry about it I won't.)

Jack Gaughan, PO Box 117, Edgewater, New Jersey 07020

As for comic strips: what the heck is happening? In my day we read the things, got bored and went on to reading words. We graduated to the magazines. Now its the other way around! Personally I feel the comics display a tremendous waste of effort on very slight stories. But, then I'm not a fan. Not of the comics anyway. Though there were things which were peculiarly fitted to the comics. Things which would have been out of place in any other medium. Crockett Johnson's BARNABY ... WTNG AROO. the old POGO: all admittedly somewhat cute and all humorous.

I suppose of all the adventure strips PRINCE VALIANT was the one most adapted to the medium ... but even that hedges a bit by being more of an illustrated serial than an out-and-out comic. SPIRIT was uniquely of the comics.

Perhaps its not overly strange that most of the people now working in the comics who have been at it for a while have at one time or another been associated with Will Eisner. Even me. I never met the man, that I recall, but I worked in a studio that did much work for Eisner whose AMERICAN VISUALS company put out booklets on everything from boat-safety to how to evade your income-tax if you're a farmer. We all had to "think Eisner". I still bear the stigma of those years. In all honesty, however, the experience has stood me in good stead. I think I learned a great deal about straightforward, uncomplicated communications from Mr. Eisner. He had no patience with sophistication or artifice. If you're going to tell a story, TELL IT. Forget the embellishments.

However, THE SPIRIT was uniquely a comic thing. Perhaps even SPIDERMAN is too but it doesn't live up to his predecessor.

There are several reasons why a cover might not fit a book. With very exceptions neither ACE nor PYRAMID have been guilty of using deceptive covers. Both prefer that the artist read the book and that there be a relationship between the art and the story. Other publishers do not. DELL bought a painting once (not mine) and waited around for a book to come along that it just might fit. BERKELY used Schoenherr's cover for (if I recall correctly) A PLAGUE OF DEMONS on some other book and substituted that garish design for John's work. PAPERBACK LIBRARY doesn't really care too much as long as it has a spaceship on the cover. (That's how a rocket got onto the cover of THE PURPLE CLOUD). TOWER bought a painting from me for MIND CAGE ... straight interpretation of the story. Then they substituted a sexy cover by someone else. I got paid but never heard from them again. I was commissioned to do a cover for AIRMONT ... THE HIDDEN WORLD. The only thing they gave me to read was a strip torn from a dustwrapper. Later they rejected the cover (never telling me why) and bought one by EMSH (which I still haven't seen).

The hardcover publishers just plain aren't interested in the fans ... so it seems to me. //It would strike me as unrealistic if they were. DNH // They are either hung up on what I think (remember I'm an ~~erstwhile~~ art-director-designer) istired, eclectic "graphic" things or innocuous covers. They don't sell the same way the books and paperbacks do. Most hardcover publishers (well, those I've dealt with) seem to be cursed with a sort of vast inertia. I mean, book jackets have been done like this for years. Musn't change. They seem to know little about the world outside their particular market; hardcover books. Doubleday, for instance, was much more interested in "graphic design" than in science fiction when I was asked to design the cover for RETIEF'S WAR. (Incidentally they didn't pay me for the use of my IF drawing when they made endsheets out of them. I have made some squeaky little noises about this elsewhere but I figure I feel better when more people know about this. I'm no Tolkien and there's more like ten dollars than nine-thousand involved here but I thought it should be known.) There's hardly any money to be made doing jackets for hard cover S.F. anyway. For RETIEF'S WAR I was paid 150 bux. For this I made two preliminary trips to N.Y. to be interviewed. Made two sets of sketches (two more trips) and then prepared the three color separations including the type (which I bought ... about \$20 for the type) and later a revision on that for no good reason... the reason being that their engraver could not photograph a process red I used in the separations so that I had to use an orange-red and redo the mechanical! All in all it was about two weeks work for 150 dollars. At seventy-five a week I can

get unemployment (I think). The other hardcover people may not pay as well as Doubleday. Another reason for a lot of crummy covers.

Too much talk about money? Well, excuse me if it is but I just see no reason for keeping money matters secret. //I would heartily approve. DNN// I don't hope to scotch the ambitions of any aspiring illustrator but I hope to save someone the shock I got when I came to N.Y. prepared to live the good life on the monies earned from illustrating the Pro mags.

Unlike doing hardcover jackets working for the mags is fun. The checks are nice. Small but nice. But the most important part is the fun. That's why most pros are fans.

Tim Hildebrand, 818 Terry Place, Madison, Wisconsin 53711

As for Ambrose Bierce, I discovered him about 2 years ago and have been reading him off and on ever since. His wit and tremendous sarcasm are rather subdued in his stories; I suggest that you read his FANTASTIC FABLES and THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY for the full benefit of his gifted mind for social comment. You are quite right in your estimate of Bierce's contribution to modern literature. His best stories are about men at war (Bierce was a lieutenant in the Civil War) and in these stories he injected a quality of realism that definitely makes him as a forerunner of modern writers. I particularly recommend "A Watcher by the Dead" for precise handling of a super-natural theme, and "Oil of Dog" for it's morbid humor. All of these can be found in THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF AMBROSE BIERCE; whether or not they can be found in the book you reviewed, I don't know.



Maybe Someone Out There Could Help Me Dept. - I'm trying to arrange a complete list of the Hugo nominees to supplement my list of Hugo winners ... Buck Coulson sent me a list covering the years 1959-1966, but both he and I have no knowledge of the previous years' nominees. I would appreciate any information that you or your readers could give.

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J. 07089

Thanks for the OSFAn //This is a loc on OSFAn; doesn't seem to be anything about SIRRUISH. //. Congratulations on your reproduction, by the way. Although the third page starting with the title of Doozerdo did come out a bit dim although perfectly legible.

Banks Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md. 20015

SIRRUISH is an interesting enough zine, although my enthusiasm for Bob Dylan is lukewarm and my liking for comics is even less. // I think the current editorial staff will whole-heartedly agree with you, although I am personally a devout folk-music fan and I agree with those fans of the Spirit. DNN// Nevertheless, I enjoyed the mixed bag of reviews and the idea of repeating one illo on each page through the review section (although possibly a smaller illo would have been better). The various shots taken at the list of 100 Basic Fantasy Books was predictable. It's a list of good (mostly) books, but not definitive by any means. Although I doubt if anyone really

could come up with a definitive list that would satisfy more than a smattering of fantasy readers - everyone has their pet loves and hates. //And the list was meant as a cross-section of the lovable and unlovable types and genres, not as a definitive list as such.// I like David Hall's review of the Lewis trilogy in #1; it stands up particularly well when compared with Stephen Pickering's account of the same books in YANDRO. //Thanks. I must confess I agree, though I thought Diana Paxton's rebuttal better than my article. The appearance of both at about the same time, incidentally, was coincidental. DNE//

Bob Mieller, 1108 Western Avenue, Belleville Illinois 62221

I don't know if you remember me or not from the Con, but I am writing in regard to telling my version of the Con //Ozarkon, of course, Ozarkon and it's alter-ego Gateway Comicon.//

On the 29th of July (Friday) Mike Appel and other fellow fans got to the Downtowner about 11 o'clock, got information at the desk, found the room and when we got to it, found that there wasn't anyone there but about two other fans that didn't know what was going on. I feel that someone should have been there that was sponsoring the con to make sure everyone gets to the right room and gets things going right off the bat. There was much time wasted getting things set up. If it would have been set up sometime in advance it would have been much better. After we finally did get started there wasn't that much going on as far as activities go. You see I am a comic collector and wanted to fill the gaps in my want list by buying from fellow fans, but there were only one or two selling comics during that time. At the next con, how about setting up a few dealers to have displays with comics, magazines, paperbacks, etc. for sale. This makes it much more interesting and pleases most everyone.

On the 30th (Saturday) I was unable to make it to the Con because I had to work. Therefore no comment there except about the banquet. I heard that fans came in after the banquet to hear White speak. This was unfair to others who had paid. Right?

On the 31st (Sunday) we came about 10 o'clock and found that there were a few discussions going on but nothing of real value. There were a few comic sellers there but nothing really appealed to me. It went on like that all day except for the movie they showed which wasn't that good and rather short. Have more movies, please! We left about 3 o'clock that afternoon because there wasn't anything "brewing" On the whole it was a rather good con for being the association's first. I'm sure that since all of us has had experience the next con will be much better and that we have the WORLDCON IN ST. LOUIS IN '69!!

Those are my comments, you asked for 'em! ~~Tax~~ for the copy of OSFAn once again, love to read about OSFA. Comments?

//I have several comments. First of all there is this Gateway Comicon business. I have seen it referred to in comic fanzines several times, as if it were a separate convention and Ozarkon did not exist at all! I don't think this is fair to us, nor do I think it fair to make a statement such as one I saw the same place: that "Gateway Comicon" had 80 attendees. This is simply not true. It is a gross and unreasonable exaggeration. The overall attendance of Ozarkon was about 60, and we estimate that one third of these came for Gateway Comicon. This is having it both ways. Either Gateway Comicon was part of Ozarkon or it was not. If it was part of Ozarkon, then it's membership should have helped with the preparations and kept us in touch with what they were doing. If it was separate, then it should have obtained it's own facilities, and if it was separate it has no call to complain about Ozarkon being badly managed.

The official opening time of Ozarkon was 12 noon. Perhaps someone should have been there before that time, but no one was and we couldn't really be expected to shepherd attendees who arrived before the convention began. I know that we were there by 12. Also, we did not know that there was anything to be set up. We assumed that the dealers who had requested tables would set up their own material, and other than the registration table (which we made ready in short order), there were no other official functions that needed preparing ... unless you mean plastering the walls with those posters. We were not told that these posters were to be put up. We were told that someone needed to be there at noon to open the convention, and we were elected. Frankly I think we had no interest in these posters and considered them the comic fans' business. The only person there at this time that had any displays to set up, Paul Willis, set to work immediately and set up with no one's help. I am sorry that no one was there to help (although the comic fans already at work when we arrived far outnumbered us and we would have been of negligible aid anyway.) with this work, but we were simply not informed.

As for the collector's complaint; really, Mr. Mueller, we can not "set up" any dealers. If they want to come and offer their wares, that is their business. We can't entice them with any monetary offers. I can only recommend that you publicize your convention among the dealers and persuade them to come. Incidentally, one of the comic dealer's who did arrive did not request table space in advance. This inconvenienced the others. I will agree, dealers are an important part of a convention but I found those who did choose to come quite satisfactory (I spent a small fortune, myself), and even if they had not been, there is nothing that can be done beyond better publicity.

Indeed, the fans came in after the banquet to hear Ted. They were admitted. There was no door charge to hear Ted White; the price of the banquet was for food. As Ted was finishing his address, several fans were seen around the edges of the banquet room, having opened the folding door. My father, the con chairman, recommended they come in and the address became a session of talk between the attendees and Ted. I really fail to see anything wrong with this. Anyway, Ted was already talking to them; had he indicated a desire to leave them out, we would have done so. I am rather offended by the implication, as I'm sure Ted would have been, that we had him there as a sort of caged attraction, and that we would charge anyone to take advantage of his conversation. Ted was invited as guest of honor because we considered him a person of exceptional interest and we thought the attendees would enjoy his opinions. He was a guest of honor, not an acquisition we wanted to exhibit commercially. Incidentally, all these "party crashers" were comic fans.

I agree that Sunday was slow in comparison, but the con reached it's peak on Saturday night, and Sunday was the closing day of the convention, the time traditionally when everyone is preparing to leave. I think it was a good idea not to plan too much formal program Sunday, since many attendees were already gone or getting ready to leave. However, I will agree another film could have been shown at this time and that it could easily have been one that had been shown before, for the benefit of those who missed it the first time around. Personally I thought there were too many films anyway, but then we deliberately had no formal program except the films and Ted's address, and I was just as happy chatting around. DNM//

//We did not "also hear from" anybody. There is a list here of people whom Luttrell also heard from, but I can't claim we heard from them because we didn't see their letters. This letter column was largely edited by whoever was typing. Initials: DNM ... David Hall. JNH ... James Hall JMF ... Joyce Fisher. After this issue, no copies of SIRHUSH will be given except for printed locs. //

A CON REPORT PIECED TOGETHER FROM POETIC FRAGMENTS FOUND LYING ABOUT THE FLOOR THE NEXT MORNING

and rescued no doubt by a raggle-taggle gipsy. Authorship is unknown most of the time and suppressed when it is known.



Quizient Abdul Alhazred down in
The valley wherein black and yellow
And green figures of earth and stone
Steel gray in the quivering moonlight
With which I never saw
What was never there --
Old Abdul I liked, because old Abdul
Was different.
Green eyes he had,
But they weren't in his head,
And he smoked big Turkish cigars
Out of his nose.
Where have all the flowers gone
Hi Chuck
etaoin shrdlu

((The time is eleven-thirty or so on a Sunday morning. My name is David Hall. When working with material such as this, it is always wise to keep clear, concise reality in a strict line. This is one of the many poems that were rescued - I couldn't say why - by my father and Joyce Fisher from the Ozarkon meeting room floor, after everything was swept away but a few comic fans. There are three full pages of these, all typed on motel stationery, and are here printed, muchly abridged, except for those which good public relations dictated we censor. The above poem appears on a sheet with "Yesza Sinmparaczi" and "Nietzsche" scribbled in green felt-pen along the sides; the former looks like my handwriting, while the latter might be Lee Carson's. There is also a dark blue line on the bottom where someone has used a heavier blue felt pen to obliterate something on the other side. I'll try to figure out what later. Here's another poem:))

Hallhallhallhallhallhall.

((That looks like Becker Staus' style.))

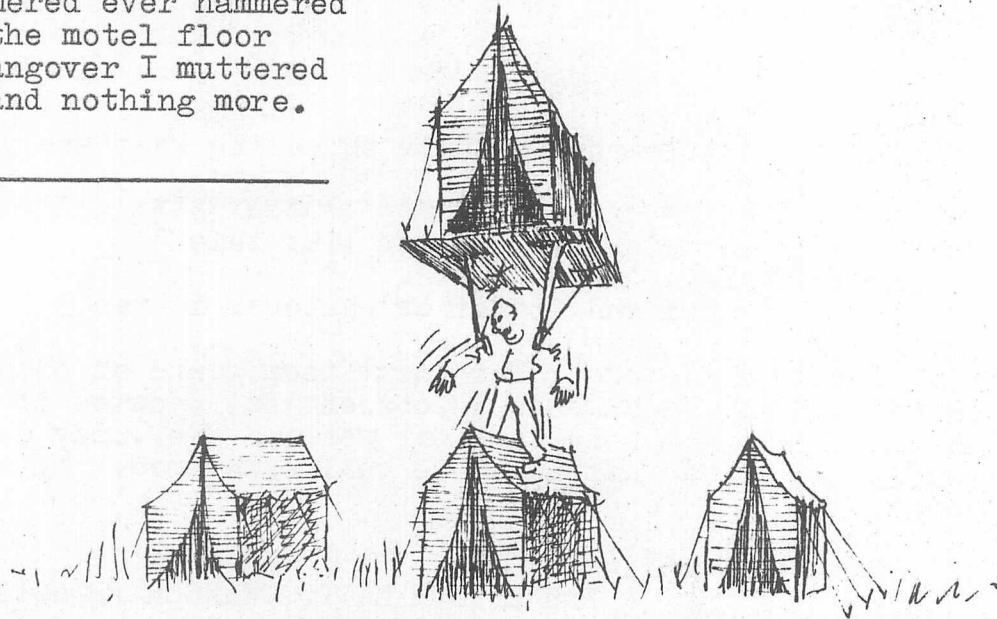
Tents tents tents
Tents to the right of me
Tents to the left of me
Tents on top of me
* * * * below me
And and and and and
All the turnips outgrabe.

((One word censored [****] for reasons of club policy. It wasn't obscene, exactly. Stars henceforth will represent censored words. Here's a lovely varient on an old folk ballad:))

Wilbur Whatley had a little one son
Oh oh glory hallaluyah
Oh oh pretty little baby
Glory be to the new thing.

19

Suddenly their came clamor
As if someone with a hammer
Hammered hammered ever hammered
Hammered on the motel floor
Tis some hangover I muttered
Only this and nothing more.



((Now here come the real prizes...the Young Man Mulligans that were composed one slow afternoon. My name is Clarence Shandon. Unfortunately, the best of these were not printed. They will appear with the next issue of GRIMOIRE. Do not request GRIMOIRE unless you like honest ribaldry. The names of the authors of these Mulligans...Lee Carson and myself...is withheld for their protection.))

Melmoth was a wanderer, so we wandered many a mile,
When Uncle Ike injected us right into his bile,
But I got tired of walking, and sat to do some talking,
And who should come along but old Dave Kyle.

((That was not too good. The next one was better, but it isn't here.))

((Two lyrics about Izanmi and Izangi. Refer to Japanese mythology and use your imagination.))

((One concerning Jirel of Joiry, Aphrodite's, and Bran Mak Morn. Authorship unknown.))

I figured out the highest finite prime
And muddled through old Gollum's tricky rhyme
But guessing an expression
Gave me fits of bad depression
Till I got it on the tenth and final time.

Poddy Fried and I got high on weedy wine,
So I lured her down through manhole 69
She had a monster of an Id
But completely blew her lid
Cause her conscience was a bigger Frankenstein.

I had just informed the Baldies of the Shaver mystery
And instructed Barbara Katz in the ways of climbing trees
When I tutored MI Sergeant Zim on keeping his chin blue
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do.

((All three are probably by Lee Carson.))

Now Wollheim might have cut it from the book,
But I can say that Android

Now Wollheim may have cut it from the book,

((After two abortive efforts this stanza finally came off, unfortunately, unusable. It concerned an Android Avenger and the oldest of the Tooks.))

At the Ozarkon there was much dissension
Over when to place Staus into detention
Dave Hall claimed he was neutral
So we put it to Hank Luttrell
Who ran off to the fourteenth Chorp dimension.

((My name is Jake Barnes.))
((This is followed by a slightly refined version of the same stanza.))

Dave Hall blew smoke into the faces of the comic fen
And knocked around searching for an honest dirty man
But Dave Kayler wasn't coming, so I had to do,
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do.

((I did not, but that don't matter. My name is John Stonners.))

Richie Benyo had a morbid fear of lice
And discovered that some fen were not nice
But he thought he could survive
In Apa 45
Until he saw eleven Becker Stice.

((There are many more of these,
A tragedy; there were some of
about Supergirl, Wonder Woman
There is also this charming folk-
write either. My name is

I'll sing eleven-0!
High fly the Nazgul-0!
What is eleven-0?

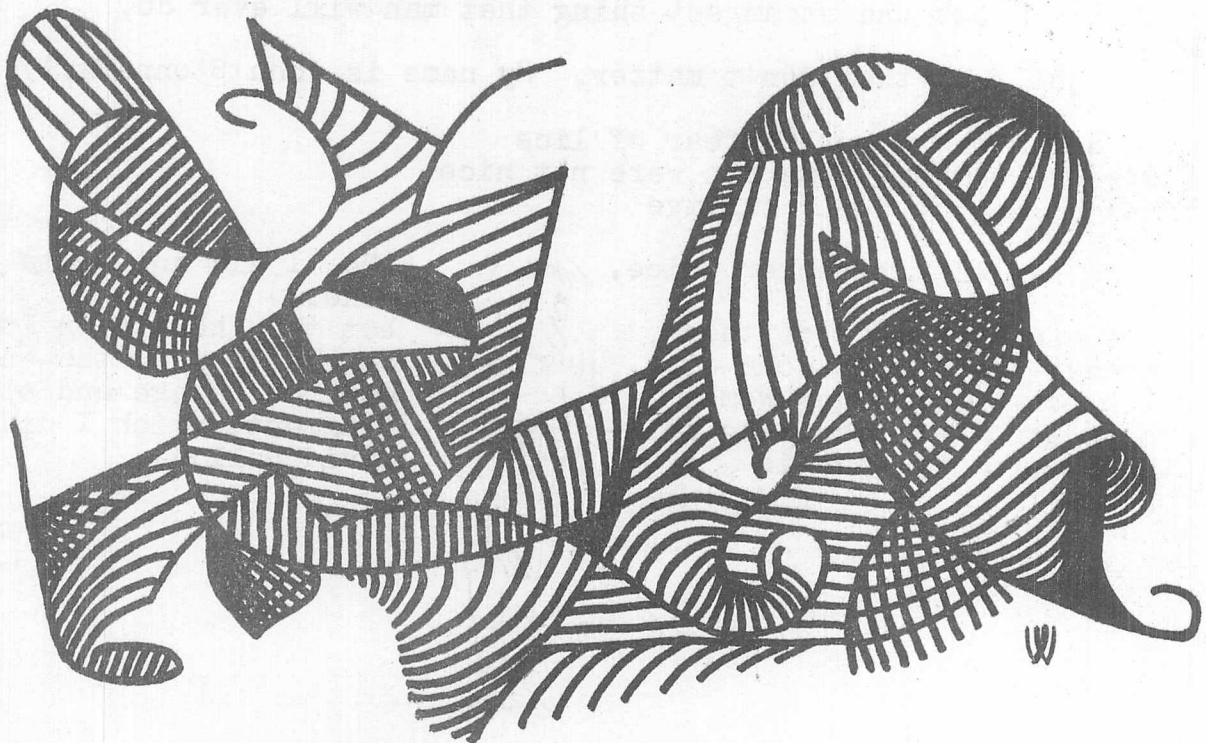


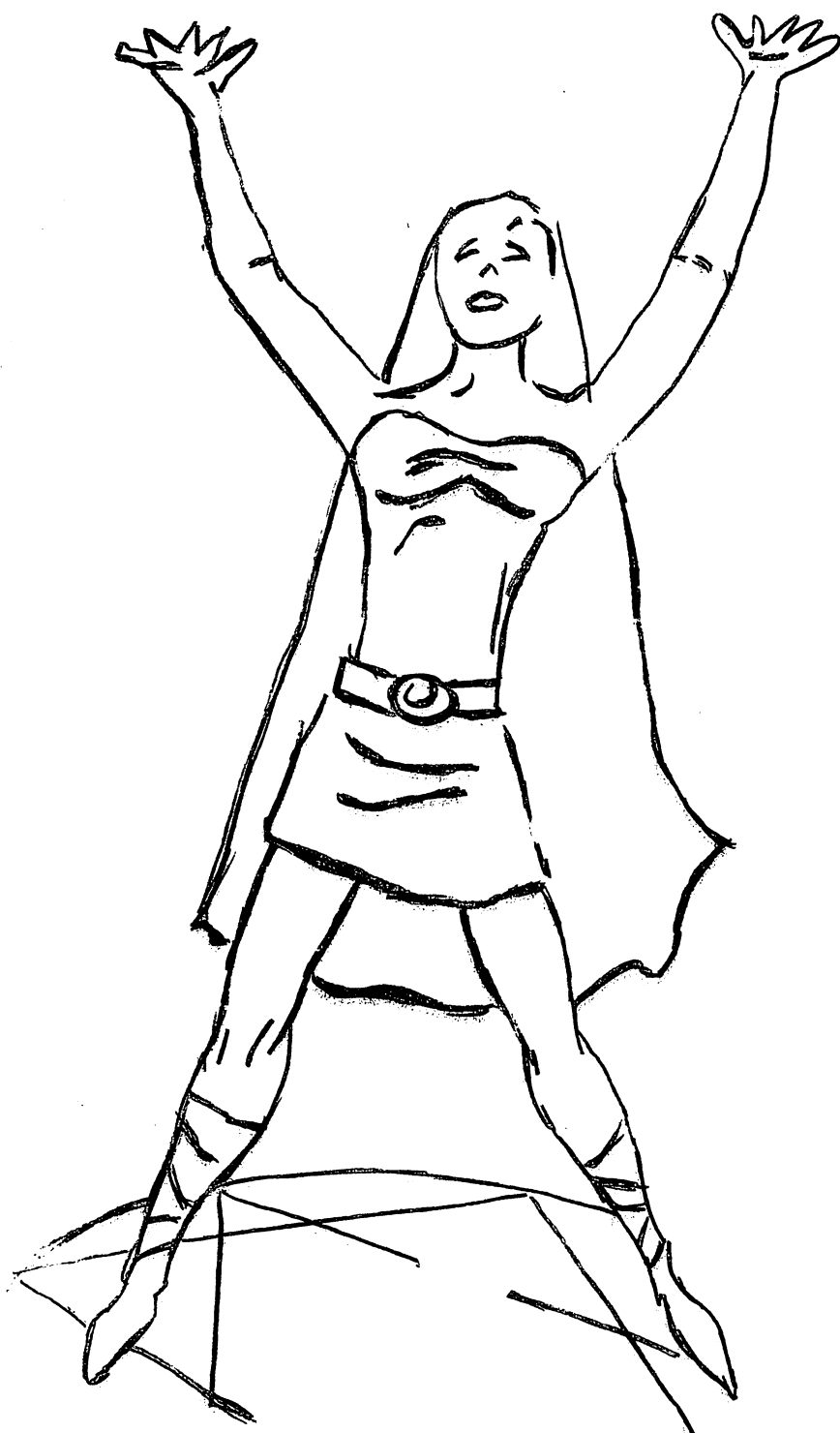
((No, I did not write this one.))
* but they have been lost.
our best ones, the ones
and Doc Savage and others.
fragment, which I didn't
David Hall.))

* "SQUEAKIE SQUEAKIE."

Eleven for the Stice named Becker
Ten for the trufen at the con
And nine for the nine brave OSFAns
Eight for the fannish plonkers
Seven for the OSFAns magic films
Six for the names of Hall
Five for the travelers from the East
Four for the score of comic fen
Three, three, The Femmefen
Two, two, Luttrell and Hall
Guarding over Ozarkon,
One for the one fan,
Lord of All
Who was maligned
By Hall-0!

((My name is FINIS.))





Review

MOVIE REVIEW: THE TENTH VICTIM

Reviewed by: Tom Dupree

Given; in the 21st century, man has done away with war. To curb the natural homicidal tendencies of men, the Big Hunt has been organized. Computers select people at random, pairing them off as "hunter" and "victim. A victim knows that he is being hunted, but he has no idea

who his hunter is. The hunter tries every means possible to kill his victim, and the survivor is paired off again. There is money in it for the survivors; if a person should kill a tenth victim, the reward is \$1,000,000.

Given; an American girl has shot her ninth victim in a club. This next hunt is the most important of her life.

With this set of circumstances, the distinguished Carlo Ponti makes a film satire which is hilarious in many points. THE TENTH VICTIM is one of the most unusual films ever made. It is a comment on 20th Century mores, customs, and habits. It is thought-provoking as well as downright funny.

The plot to THE TENTH VICTIM, as described above, takes the viewer on a tour through a surrealist 21st century as the principals attack and counter-attack and the viewer tries his best to decide who is really on the defensive. Ursula Andress is Caroline, the American huntress who plans to kill her victim (Marcello Mastroianni) in front of the Temple of Venus in Rome before a television camera, reciting an endorsement for a product as she levels the gun. Killing has become so commonplace that it is considered a dignified thing to watch in Ponti's future: at one nightclub, a gladiator fight is featured.

The cutting satire in THE TENTH VICTIM hurts in places, and is hilarious in places. The male victim leads a pack of sunset worshippers, using artificial tears to make them think he really feels what he is saying, and confides to Caroline that he was almost put out of business by "those damned moon worshippers." As his house is cleared of possessions by the Big Hunt people (a victim has very few possessions) he appears hurt when his "classics"--a comic book rack--are taken out. ("Do you know I have a first edition of FLASH GORDON ON MARS?" he asks a Big Hunt official. "Wonderful! A welcome addition to our library!")

The most striking single thing about the picture is the wonderful surrealist sets depicting futuristic life. Most of THE TENTH VICTIM was shot in color on regular city streets and in an airport, but the picture has various places which the principals patronize, which are marvelously original in design. A fluorescent nightclub in the opening reel lends itself to a pure white design, while the dancing colors of the victim's house create an original variety of hues.

The film is dubbed, but seems all the better for it, as if the viewer realizes that he does not actually fit into this futuristic life.

In short, THE TENTH VICTIM is a must for all fans of speculative fiction and speculative ideas, and is one of the few films which could be classified as "science fiction" ever to hit mainstream popularity.

EDITOR'S NOTE

We wish to emphasize that, in all cases, the opinions expressed in movie or book reviews are those of the reviewer, and do not necessarily coincide with the opinions of the editor. In the case of the movie reviewed above, the editor cannot have an opinion, since he has not seen the picture, nor is he likely to. My only comment is this: the original story THE SEVENTH VICTIM, by Robert Sheckley, was a very enjoyable little story. The book adaptation of the movie script, retitled THE TENTH VICTIM, was one of the poorest efforts at science fiction, or of fiction in any form, that this reader has ever attempted to peruse. JNH

INSIDE BRAM STOKER
by Don D'Ammassa

One of the few good services brought about by the current wave of pseudo-Gothic mysteries is the first American paperback publication of Bram Stoker's lesser known works. Although they suffer from the same verbosity and Victorianism that marred DRACULA, they do offer an interesting glimpse of Stoker's philosophy and writing style.

Almost everyone knows the story of DRACULA, wherein a group of men battle and eventually conquer the infamous Transylvanian vampire. But few people have ever had access to Stoker's other novels. THE LADY OF THE SHROUD, published by Paperback Library early this year, starts like a vampire novel, but changes into a mystery thriller complete with espionage, for the supposed vampiress is actually the daughter of a Balkan patriot, who pretends death in order to elude her father's enemies. There is even a touch of science fiction, for the English hero defeats the villains (a division of the Turkish army) by using some strange undersea weapon which shakes sea vessels until all aboard perish.

Paperback Library also reprinted LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM, retitling it GARDEN OF EVIL. This is a pure horror novel, but is much less appealing than the other two novels. The white worm of the title is an immortal prehistoric creature that has become so intelligent over the years that it can assume the form of the mysterious Lady Arabella. How the leviathan-like worm compresses itself into the waspish she-witch is never quite explained, but it's all part of the fun.

As different as the three books sound, a quick examination shows astounding similarities. All three center around a mysterious castle; Castle Dracula, Castle Vissarion, or Caswell Castle. In each we have the league of pure-hearted and selfless men, Johnathan Harker, Abraham van Helsing, and Doctor Seward; Rupert Sent Leger, Sir Colin MacKelpie, and E.B. Trent; Adam Salton, Richard Salton, and Sir Nathaniel de Salis. Then there is the prime factor in all horror novels, the heroines: Mimi Harker, Teuta, and Mimi Watford. Apparently Stoker added one stock character to the above cast, for he employed a lesser heroine who was conquered during the course of the book. Lucy Westernra of DRACULA is replaced by Lilla Watford of LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM; and in LADY OF THE SHROUD, we have Teuta's father filling the role.

Stylistically, Stoker never used the single point of view method in his novels. Each of the three has a constant switch of focal point, not only from chapter to chapter, but within the chapters themselves. It is much more smoothly done in DRACULA and LADY, because both of these are written as collected excerpts from diaries, letters and newspaper stories. WHITE WORM is simple omniscient author, and as a result has jerky transition.

Stoker's background is apparent in all his novels. With Victorian thinking, all of his heroines are pure, and all are female; any remote trace of independent thinking in the female is found discreditable. Indeed, in their discussion of the White Worm, two of Stoker's characters mention that the Lady Arabella March, alias the worm, has less principles than a suffragette. They decided that the worm's end is assured because of it's feminine nature. It is obvious that "women over-reach themselves" and that the heroes will triumph because "men wait better than women."

This last book probably suffers from Stoker's attempt to put across his philosophy, rather than just letting it come out. Even though the scene in DRACULA, when the men fall to their knees and cry into the folds of Mimi's dress because she is so pure, is undoubtedly one of the corniest in fiction, it is far more palatable than the discussion between Adam Salton and Sir Nathaniel, wherein they decide that evolutionary theory cannot account for man, because everything that evolved would be without a soul; therefore, since man has a soul, he couldn't have evolved.

Stoker is far better with simple messages, such as Good triumphing over Evil. But when the issue becomes less clear-cut, his own foggy thinking makes his arguments lag. WHITE WORM contains a unique analysis of emotion as the stirrings of warm blood. Thus, no cold-blooded creature (our friend Lady Arabella) could possibly have any emotive force whatsoever. And then Stoker contradicts himself in the next chapter when he describes her utter loathing for Adam.

Art it may not be, logical it certainly isn't -- but if it is read with an eye to the environment which produced it, and with a little imagination, it still beats Hollywood's attempts to horrify the public.

BOOK REVIEW: NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR

by Jay M. Kinney

Philip K. Dick's book of last year, THE 3 STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDritch dealt with drugs and future society. It did it quite memorably, in a mystifying manner, hallucinations and reality intertwining until the reader was never sure which was which. With this new book the reader is sure. At least, when the drug wears off it wears off, the user being back in reality. One has to accept the premise, though, that the user can actually travel back and forth in time through use of the drug ... actually.

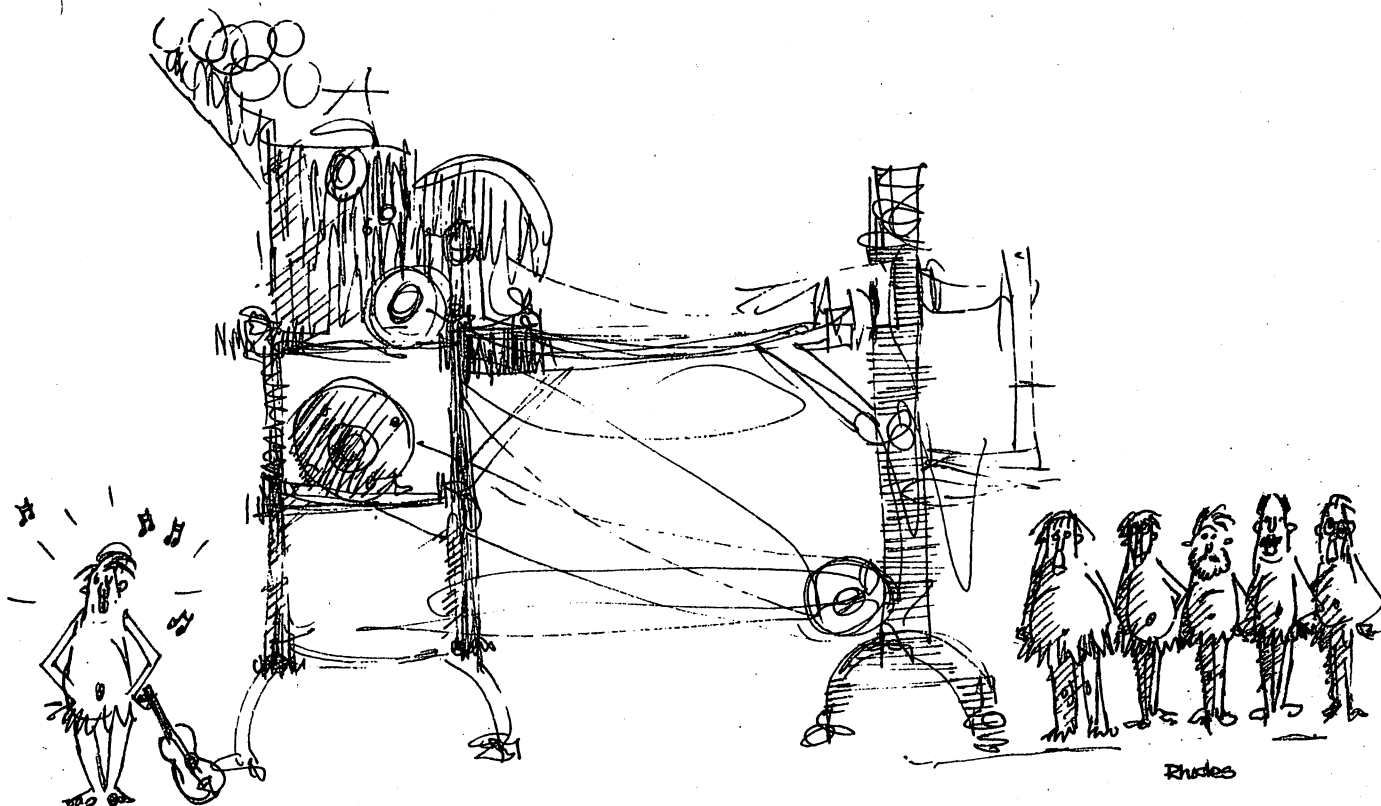
In case you are wondering what this is all about, the story goes a bit like this. Dr. Eric Sweetscent is all screwed up in life (as, it seems, are most of Dick's protagonists.) His wife becomes addicted to a drug called JJ 180. He hates her, she hates him ... though they finally discover that they really love each other, sort of. There is a war going on between planets, Earth is on the losing side. Sweetscent becomes the personal physician of "the Mole", (Gino Molinari's nickname), the leader of the world, the UN General Secretary. Sweetscent eventually gets addicted to JJ 180 himself, through his wife. The Mole has guilt feelings for getting the Earth into the war ... guilt which manifests itself on his health. Sweetscene helps the Mole, the Mole helps Sweetscent, Sweetscent helps his wife, his wife helps the Enemy who is their ally, Future Sweetscents help the present Sweetscent ... and all along Sweetscent keeps goofing up himself. Finally, in the end, after all the above happens (though not necessarily in that order) Sweetscent helps himself, is saved. The world is on the road to being saved. His wife is saved.

This is quite a good book. I gave it a 7.5 on a 10 point rating scale. It examines hallucinogenic drugs quite well, though perhaps not as intriguingly as THE 3 STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITH ... but well, all the same. Dick writes well. He adds little details here and there that are really great; they don't really add much to the story but they are still great. I doubt whether it will get the Hugo or whether it really deserves it ... but it makes for good weekend SF reading ... with just enough to think about to make it more than just escapist. I enjoyed it, but then, I enjoy Dick's works. Above the average as far as SF goes ... this is just about average as far as Dick goes ... and in the future -- he may go further!

RECORD REVIEW: HOW THE WEST WAS WON (SOUND TRACK)

This is a kind of a bad record to have, for whenever I have visitors if they are allowed to select the music, they inevitably grab this one. And I don't really like it very much. HOW THE WEST WAS WON, as you probably know, was an enormous, ridiculously corny and lovable cinerama production with 13 name stars in inevitable cameo roles. It was quite pleasant in its way, and so is the sound track ... in its way. The mixture of composed and folk music is irritating -- an adaptation of "Greensleeves" is perverted into something called "Home in the Meadow" and sung -- God save the mark -- by Debbie Reynolds. "Come Share My Life", which the liner notes describe charmingly as "straight out of Americana" seems to be an adaptation of "Dink's Song" and that idiom. Of course the whole thing is a veritable happy hunting ground for folk-singers, none of whom appear with the exception of Dave Guard's Whiskeyhill Singers, whom I have not heard of since. The title song, incidentally, is described thusly: "This stirring rendition tests the very limits of high fidelity recording," which I consider a sporting warning ... one does not like to fall into an arrangement of "fifty-two strings, eleven wood-winds, ten bass and seven percussion" instruments unexpectedly. Actually this is a rather good piece, which if failing to capture the mood of the frontier, at least handles the bigger than life corniness that made the film endearing. Also, to be fair, there are some very good folk songs on the album ... sung very poorly, it is true, but that is to be expected and the public conception of folk music is very lousy anyway. The arrangers-composers Ken Darby and Alfred Newman are rather ham-handed in their approach; one arrangement representing the departure of a major character for the civil war is described this way: "Listen for the hushed, almost inarticulate /in fact they are quite inarticulate, but too audible/male voices counterparted by the call of distant bugles: 'And Johnny followed the fife and drum to fame and glory in sixty-one--.' And the strings like a veil of silence, hang quietly above the tune of 'Johnny Comes Marching Home.'" Why not "Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ya," I don't know, but this is, after all, an American film, and war, if unfortunate, must be painted a glorious thing.

Still, it was a corny and over-glorious movie, and though I'm sure Mr. Newman and Mr. Darby prepared it in all good faith, it is a corny and over-glorious sound track which I find utterly impossible to take seriously.



"HARD PRESSED," "A FASCINATING WEEKEND AT THE FISHER'S"
by Chester Malon and D.L. Rhodes

A Fascinating Week-end at the Fishers by D.L. Rhodes

World Con was missed by a small St. Louis group this holiday week-end. Reason: Purchase of a Multilith, Plate Maker, etc.

Plan: Rebirth of Odd.

Accomplishments: Special braintrust: Ray Fisher, Mickey Rhodes, Paul Willis, Dave Hall, Jim Hall, and Chester Malon, grouped together, with Sir Fisher (proud owner of press) and collectively "picked out, disassembled, transported, and restored to it's original form, an entire truckload of printing equipment (completely from memory, and experiences from earlier incarnations.)"

Unusual feature: Without the help of a professional, expert, and / or instruction book.

Rarity: Each member blended together with contributing knowledge, to put together separate pieces, into a well set-up (and most important) working press. The results of which you should have witnessed, we hope, about October 31, this year.

Gourmet hostess, for the entire weekend was Joyce Fisher. If you've ever had the honor of being invited to the Fisher residence, you would realise from their small area (3 rms.) with so many people

and things, (ten, plus the press) what a gigantic and important task this would be.

Food consumed: Unbeleivable!

Details: Why the title "fascinating"? Well, perhaps "Organized Confusion" would have been more apropos! It all started when we thought the press was almost assembled ... Innocently, your truly, walked into the kitchen (the new press site) and saw this small, oily, object, reclining under the kitchen sink base. "What's this?" I inquired. Well, er, someone said, "well ... ah ... why ... why that's the part that goes on the ah ... oh yes, here's where it goes, no wonder that darn thing wouldn't work." Then someone else mentioned, "Ah ... this roller doesn't seem to be touching as it should." Well, that soon fixed, another observed, "the ink seems to need a slight adjustment." And so it went the three days, participate by participate.

Final Results: Not too amazing, after all, it isn't everyday you can find a braintrust, where all concerned, are absolute geniuses! (Not that this writer is prejudiced or anything.) Hm mmmmmmm!

By the way, has anyone ever noticed the Fisher's clock? Beleive it or not, it's really only 8:37 p.m. and their time says, 10:52????? When questioned, someone said, "Oh it's always like that, two hours and fifteen minutes fast." Very strange. /Not at all. There is, as far as I know, no logic whatever to the time shown on the bedroom clock. DNH/

Messrs. Dave and Jim Hall are herewith mentioned for a special endurance award for their back and forth driving (Crystal City to St.L.) and also another award for the aforementioned family, for their patience during this momentous occassion. (Mrs. Hall was busy at home entertaining out of town visitors.)

Paul Willis, of Festus, Mo. tells us he plans to start his new fanzine Anubis real soon. We'll all be watching for it. It's great to know our part of Missouri is progressing so well. (Southern, that is). The more new and good publications, along with the present ones, the better chance for "Old Mo", Worldcon in 1969! Let us hear from you all out there in Fandom land!

For those who are interested: did anyone read the last issue of GAMMA? (Well, we all know how sporadically it's published.) Notice a small article by Ted White and friend. And I'm sure it holds a fair amount of attention from some of our OSFA members. The story I refer to however was rather dry and disappointing, compared to the actual meeting of Mr. White in our home. We had a most refreshing conversation. At which time he outlined a couple of his future stories for us. Showing us a very original imagination, and approach, to our mutually favorite subjects. (Which, to me, did not come thru in his small Gamma article.) Guess even the "Great Ones" are just human after all! Mr. White, don't you know in Fandom the leaders are supposed to be darn near perfect? Kidding aside, we all thought Mr. White and his lovely wife were pretty fine people. Hope they return soon, with more inspirational words of knowledge and originality!

REMEMBER: ST. LOUIS FOR WORLD CON IN '69!

Hard-Pressed by Chester Malon Jr.

Over the Labor Day weekend, Fandom advanced another step and linament sales increased sharply due to the purchase of a multilith press and a Xerox machine. The sole perpetrators of this double action were Ray and Joyce Fisher, Paul Willis (purchasers), Mickey and Diana Rhodes, Chester Malon Jr. (laborers) and Jim and Dave Hall (kibitzers).

From this venture, it is hoped, will eventually come the rebirth of ODD and the birth of ANUBIS.

Final plans of the operation were worked out Friday with the aid of the entire mob after a session of Tarot card reading, several games of Phalanx, 4,328 choruses of "Plastic Jesus" which were hollered by Dave and a roasting of my idol, Lovecraft. Sometime during the evening Joyce and I somehow decided that the Medusa had had a raw deal in the past and there was born "The Society to Save the Medusa." We tried to reach her and see how she felt about it but she was at the hairdresser's.

Sometime after noon Saturday, the mob assembled but, and wouldn't you know it, without the Halls. After burning incense before our smiling leader, Ray, we were off. A pickup was rented from Avis and everyone was happy with their "We Try Harder" buttons. Mickey and Paul were forced to park a few blocks from the printer's office just as a cloudburst began. The Fishers and I decided this was definately an omen: don't put too much water on the rollers of the press. Paul and Mickey swam up and we showed them the two parking spaces in front of the building. Mickey thanked us very profusely and colorfully.

The printer was happy to see us and even happier to see the check. We tore the machine apart, carted everything down ten floors in the elevator and put the whole mess on the truck. Ray was an immense help during this trying period. He smiled benevolently and kept muttering that he'd sue if we dropped anything. Luckily he didn't see the rollers go bouncing merrily out the door and into the street.

But the real fun started when we returned to the Fisher's residence. The Halls, bless them, were still nowhere in sight. Naturally the only parking space to be found was a block from the house. And I still say that somebody put in an extra half-dozen steps onto the staircase while we were gone. But after much cursing, sweat and blood, we had the machines in the apartment. And guess who showed up when we were preparing to move the heaviest piece, the paper cutter? That's right. None other than the Halls. After we were sitting around trying to rest, Ray said something about the house being too small and moving. I then wisely left for the evening.

Although I wasn't there that night for the assembly of the press, I understand it went something like this:

RAY: Part A goes through F and into ...

MICKEY: No, I think Part F goes through A and ...

PAUL: But there's no hole in Part A.

MICKEY: How about that?

JOYCE: Can't we make one in it?

DAVE: Oh, I don't care if it rains or freezes long as I've got my plastic Jesus ...

JIM: GROAN!

DIANA: Say! What's this greasy part under the sink? Is it part of the press?

PAUL: Er ...

RAY: Ah ...

MICKEY: Well ...

JIM: H...

DAVE: Oh, I don't care if it rains or freezes ...

Two hours later:

RAY: Why did you put that belt on the roller, Mickey?

MICKEY: Could have sworn that %#@*\$\$# ...

PAUL: By the shade of Lovecraft ...

JIM: Did anybody see how this thing was taken apart?

DIANA: Well ...

JOYCE: Er ...

RAY: Ah ...

MICKEY: No!

DAVE: ... don't care if it rains or freezes, long ...

PAUL: What are we going to do if we can't put this together, Ray?

RAY: Well, I'm going to do a lot of worrying...

MICKEY: I thought that printer said a five year old kid could put this %#@*\$\$# thing together!

JOYCE: Oh, Dave ...

DAVE: ... don't care if it rains or ...

The festivities started again early Sunday with the Rhodes' two children present. Have you ever tried to fit ten people, one press, one copying machine, accessories, and furniture into three small rooms? We did.

The Xerox set up in the bedroom, blocking off the washroom. To get adir roeid. Riwnd, eodor, cudical: whitnit and sroameo. Tabble tupple. into it one had to go over, under or through the machine which was somethinf Ray wouldn't permit. He beat off several charges with a photographic plate before he went down to our superior numbers.

At five, after a frustrating afternoon of photography, we broke off for supper when Joyce and Diana found Dave and myself gnawing on the table legs. Hamburgers, salad, chips and iced tea were consumed in vast quantities amid a jovial atmosphere of insults. For entertainment there was a lively discussion covering every known subject. The asteroids were discussed with Ray saying that if one of the size of the meteor that fell on Siberia in 1908 ever fell in the ocean, the effect would be to pasturize 99 and 9/10 of the earth. I said the rest would undoubtedly be homogenized. During the course of this banter, Mickey did not nothing but pick on me. Lovecraft arose again and was cursed soundly by the group with myself as the sole defender. Ray suggested burning Lovecraft in effigy, which was done and Mickey suggested me as the next prospect. Dave, Jim and Paul chuckled evilly as they gathered up wood and then broke up the chairs. The girls sat idly by and discussed the similarity of all this to the witch trials.

At 9:25, however, the first copies came off the press and were autographed by Joyce amid wild cheerings. Mickey, Ray, Jim and Paul were so excited that they laid aside the "Down With Lovecraft" signs they had been carrying.

Copies were then made of various artwork and the group settled down to think of a name for the press. Among those suggested were: Albatross Press, H.P.L. Press? 500-lb Press, Pants Press, and Mayhem Press. Mickey insulted me again and I insulted him. Ray threatened to take away our Batman pins if we didn't stop. It was then that we decided we need a patron and at eleven that night, we canonized Saint Osafa, who will be our patron saint, who will be our patron saint. And guess who I brought back into the conversation? That's right, good old H.P.L. And the results were as depressing as before. Luckily, I had run out and bought a good supply of Johnson & Johnson ointment for burns.

As for what happened Monday, I don't know. I wisely stayed home and did some artwork and thought of new insults.

And how was your weekend?

* * * * *

Chester, you aren't being fair. I said that I liked Lovecraft in spite of his being crappy, and Paul said he thought he was very funny. You make out as if the rest of us had nothing nice to say of him at all. Shucks, I even have three Arkham House editions of his books.

Saint Osafa is also better known as Saint Osfa. He is called Saint Osafa because Ray Fisher can not pronounce OSFA.

DNH

New Presidential Appointments:

Sergeant at Arms:

RAY FISHER

Judiciary Advisor:

JOYCE FISHER

Chairman of the Committee

On Quorums:

PAUL WILLIS

Members of the Committee of Quorums: JOYCE FISHER, RAY FISHER CHESTER MALON.

The Committee on Quorums duly met and decided that a quorum shall consist of any five members, with two elected officers.



A COMPOSITE CON REPORT
with contributors of each paragraph in parentheses

(Jim Hall) Of course, for the members of OSFA, and particularly for the members of the convention committee, the convention started months ahead of the last weekend in July. However, for those who have worked on a con themselves, that would be an old story; for those who haven't, the tale of the preparations would be far too long for this issue. Simply let it be said that "A Con Chairman's Guide", edited by George Scithers, became our Bible (see, Lesleigh, I capitalize it). Of course, that was designed for use in planning a Worldcon, but we found it well worthwhile in planning a regional.

So this report will simply give a few impressions gained at the con itself, with maybe a few highlights of the incidents immediately preceding and following.

(Hank Luttrell) Among other things, I was supposed to get all the mimeographing done for OZARKON '. This included two things directly associated with the convention, the program booklet and the membership tags. It also included SIRRUIISH 2, which we wanted done by convention time. But SIRRUIISH wasn't the only thing I was working on; I was trying, with Rich Wannan, to get the wrinkles out of the program for the con. The program had to be more or less wrinkle free before I could put together the Program Booklet--and I didn't want to put that off too long. I had visions of myself up all night Thursday before the con running off the booklet. Well, as it turned out, I was up late Thursday, but not all night at least. Just late enough to finish the name tags and to finish stapling the Program Booklets together. ((LOOKS LIKE THE "I's" HAVE HAD IT! RDF))

(Becker Staus) Hank was luckier than I was. I had promised Jim that I would be at the Downtowner early Friday morning, and then, naturally, my boss decided that it was a good time for me to get acquainted with midnight shift--so I was up all night Thursday night. As a result, I didn't get to the con at all Friday.

(Jim Hall) When Beck told me that he couldn't make it early, I asked Ray Fisher if he and Joyce could get there at least by 12. Of course, Ray came thru in the pinch, along with Dave Hall and Paul Willis, who were spending the night at the Fisher's anyway. For an account of their experiences on their early arrival, see Dave's comments in the letter column.

I knew that I wouldn't be there very early, because I had a lot of last minute details to take care of at work. You see, I had a major project that was scheduled to start at midnight Friday--and I have to be on hand when one of my projects is being installed. So I wanted to at least get it lined up to be sure that I would have craftsmen when I got to the plant at midnight.

I had promised to pick up Hank, so I'll let him take it from my arrival at his place.

(Hank Luttrell) When Jim arrived, I walked out to the car with a couple of things in my hands, and said, "You won't believe all the junk I'm bringing." "Yes, I will," he said, opening the trunk of his car to reveal all the junk he was taking. I don't think it took more than three trips apiece to get the stuff into the car--only one suit case, 3 motion picture projectors, a tape recorder, a phonograph, about 5" of lp's, more film than you can believe, a big box of fan-zines and books, a Risk game, and possibly other things which I've forgotten about.

(Jim again) That was just Hank's stack of stuff. In addition, I had a very large movie screen, three suitcases (filled with books, magazines, etc.) three, or maybe four briefcases, and a couple of boxes. In fact, I was thankful that I had sent some of the stuff on with Dave, or I know the old Olds wouldn't have made it.

(Hank again) We did manage to get there just about when we had hoped, 12:30. People were already there; Joyce had them all registered already. The first thing I did was to dump the name tags and Program booklets on the registration table. I remember Joyce saying she was going to skip town when she got enough money in, but she never did, so I suppose she must have been enjoying the con too much.

(Jim here) The registration table rapidly became the focus of a miniature madhouse. We had a registration clerk from the St. Louis Convention Bureau, who was most helpful, along with Joyce, in keeping the records straight, collecting registration fees, and selling banquet tickets. She was quite fascinated with the idea of a sf fan convention--it was her first exposure to our particular brand of madness. In fact, she spent all her spare time reading thru my file of OSFans to learn more about the history of OSFA, and seemed to get a pretty good impression of what fandom was from them.

Anyway, the registration table became sort of a Headquarters for the con. And no matter where we moved it, as we did several times to make room for various items of the program, there were always a few fans hanging around it, asking questions, or just plain yakking.

(Hank) Jim had been told by the hotel management that we would have a large suite for the con. So we told the porter to take the junk up to that room--which, of course, we didn't have after all. I spent a good part of the afternoon trying to find out where the guy had put all my stuff when he brought it to the room we did have.

(Still Hank) Pretty quickly after I got there, Warren James showed up; he was to share my room, so I whipped out my key and suggested that he put his luggage in the room. I also cleverly got him to help me carry all my stuff back to our room. I didn't spend all the first day carrying things around; I also, for instance met Chris and Lesleigh Couch, who live in Arnold, Mo., and who planned to join OSFA. It occurred to me that anyone who was going to join OSFA would have to know how to play RISK. Warren didn't know how to play, either, so I did my best to teach them, and then quickly left the game, so I could help with things back in the convention room.

(Leigh Couch) Being brand new to OSFA and a late arrival to OZARKON I, my impressions are necessarily somewhat circumscribed. When I entered the general convention rooms, the first sweep of those assembled hit me with an impression of how different they all were. This fact persists with all science fiction fans I have met. They represent all possible combinations of personality, age, physical type, occupation, dress, etc. Fandom represents infinite variety having in common only this one interest.

There was a certain amount of confusion, it seemed to me, and some people seemed to be pretty much alone, unfortunately. This was definitely not the place to be shy. One division that could be made without too much danger of being wrong was between comic fans and sf fans. This could usually be made on the basis of age, but not even this rule held true in all cases.

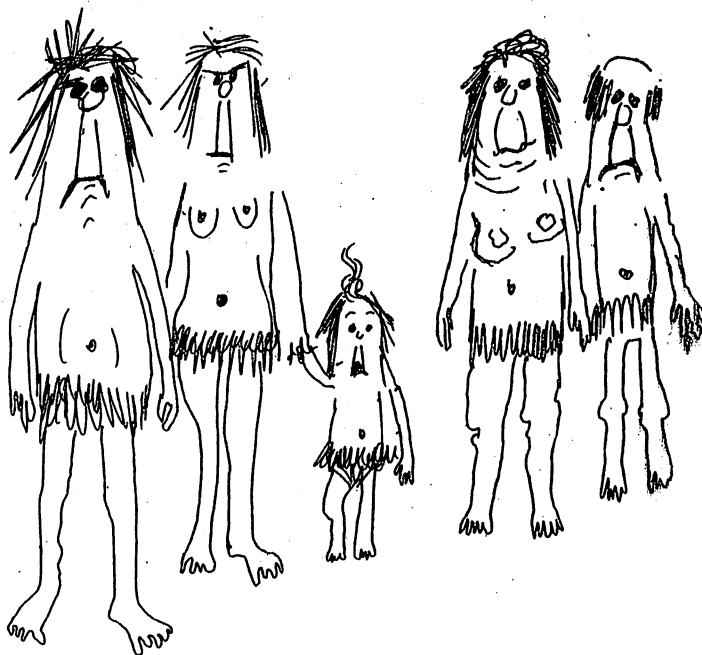
(Jim Hall) Yes, on the first day, especially, there was a certain amount of confusion, and probably there were some fans who had not yet become acquainted. After all, most fans are definitely introverted, and, especially those who are attending their first convention, are likely to stand around a few minutes before they discover that everyone is friendly.

(Warren James) The first afternoon of the con was merely a time to get acquainted with everyone, and to find your room. Around 2:00 in the afternoon it was decided we would play a game of RISK. Hank willingly taught RISK to anyone who couldn't play it. At first the game was played in a very friendly manner, but later it got quite vicious. About 3:30, more and more people were coming into the meeting room, so we decided this was no place to fight a war. The logical place to go was to the room that Hank and I shared. Everyone seemed to think our room was a meeting place and it was used as such. In no time our room was crowded with fans and fanzines. Hank dropped out of the game about 4:30, and was replaced by Ray Fisher; within the space of a half-hour Ray had conquered all but a few minor nations. After that we decided to stop the game, since the night's festivities were going to start soon.

(Hank again) The first program that we had was a group of films from McDonnell Aircraft, about the Gemini space program. The best part of these films were those taken in space by the astronauts. If you saw those films on TV, even in color, you haven't seen all of them, and you haven't seen them the way they should be seen. Fantastic! We also showed this other--um--movie. It was called (try to control your laughter) RAT FINK AND BOOBOO. It was a Batman and Robin parody, and I want to assure you that no one had any trouble controlling their laughter when we showed it. Really terrible. If by some strange chance someone in your town is idiot enough to book this film into a local theater, by all means miss it.

(Jim) And the worst thing about the film was that it was supposed to be furnished to us free--but somehow it managed to cost us \$9.00 for shipping and insurance. Insurance? For that?

(Hank) That evening, after the movies, we got everyone together and talked a bit. Jim Hall welcomed the whole group, and Jim and Bob Schoenfeld tried to introduce the more well known members of the gathering. I tried to explain the various last minute changes in the program, but, luckily, no one paid any attention. After the Welcome meeting, Paul Westover presented an excellent program on the Solar System and galaxies, illustrated with some fine slides (more sense of wonder.) After that, we showed the well known silent film, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.



(Jim once more) About this time I had to take off for Crystal City to start things out on the midnight shift. I won't bore you with the woes of a project engineer, although someday I may print that famous poetic classic, The Lament of the Project Engineer. Suffice it to report that, after two hours sleep, and organizing the work for two shifts, I got back to the con Saturday about noon.

(Luttrell) Later Friday night, I thought it was about time to get the convention room locked up, as everyone was finished in there for the night, and many people had left books and magazines lying around. So I badgered the hotel management until they did that little thing for us, and then went up to Dave Hall and Paul Willis' room. Lee Carson and George Leulenschlager were already there, and we talked for a while. Was that the night we tried to play Diplomacy? No - that was Saturday. Well, I do remember Dave told some Dave Hall jokes. (When is a strawberry like a rope? When it is used to tie an elephant to the wall.)

(Becker Staus) And the strange thing is that Hank still doesn't get that one. Do you suppose there is something wrong with his sense of humor? Oh, well, he can always use his sense of wonder, instead.

(Hank) The story begins again about 8 AM. I staggered out of bed and badgered the hotel management again until they opened things up for us, and then I sat down in back of the registration table and tried not to go to sleep. About half a dozen people showed up within the next hour or so. I agree with Joyce Fisher; taking in all that money is fun.

(Staus here) When I arrived, about noon, with Jim, all hell broke loose. I tried to get my name tag, and the woman behind the registration table (I never did find out who she was - not Joyce,

that's for sure) insisted that Staus was already there and that I must be an imposter. I made the mistake of calling on Ray Fisher for identification - and the so-&-so denied ever having seen me before. It finally turned out that Lee Carson was wearing my name tag - so for the remainder of the con, there were two "Stice", much to the confusion of at least one comic fan - if anything can confuse a comic fan.

(Luttrell) Not too much happened that afternoon. We showed some movies, but that is Rich Wannen's department, and there was a discussion on comic books, Bob Schoenfeld's department.

(Jim Hall) Unfortunately, neither Bob or any other of those who sat in on these discussions gave us a report on that phase of the con. We do regret this, as it appeared that they were having lots of fun, or at least lots of argument. I know that I enjoyed meeting some of these fans from another branch of fandom.

(Leigh Couch) The young man from Chicago /I think this was Bill Martin. JNH/ is one of the most enthusiastic fans I have ever seen. I made it a point to talk to him and found it an interesting experience. He asked me how people got to be science fiction fans, and why they liked it. I ended up being able to speak only for myself. We were able to find common ground only because of my liking and admiration for the artwork in "Prince Valiant". I did tell him to give science fiction a try.

(Jim again) As far as I could see, the most worthwhile activity on this afternoon was the huckstering. I know that I personally took in about \$60 from my table - however, I spent about \$80 at the other huckster's tables, so I didn't come up with any profit. Oh, well, I suppose that keeps it in the hobby class, so I won't have to file income tax on it.

(Leigh again) The buying and selling is always of interest to me, but I am usually on the buying end. I would like to quote the business card of one St. Louis dealer who attended:

Basement Book Shop, 3019 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis

Out of print books and magazines: Crime & Mystery a Specialty. He does have a good selection of science fiction also, and he is a very nice man. I liked the note on the bottom of the card, "This is a non-profit organization. I didn't intend it to be - but it is." Also present with a beautiful selection of magazines and books was H. L. Randall, 2160 Nokomis Ave., St. Paul 19, Minnesota.

(Jim) Bud Randall was responsible for taking a large chunk of the cash from my wallet with 11 (count 'em) ERB first editions. He also had a large selection of very old, but practically mint condition Amazings.

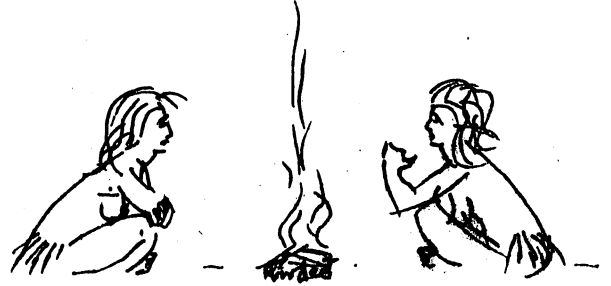
(Leigh again) The dealer with the busiest table was Ed Aprill of Ann Arbor, Mich. He really had a brisk trade in comic books, and comic art.

(Hank Luttrell) That night we had the banquet; the group was 40 strong out of 61 who attended the con. Jim Hall introduced some

more of the people, then turned things over to Ray Fisher, who introduced Ted White.

(Jim) I think Ray's introduction was the most masterful bit of Toast-mastership I have ever heard; I wish I had a tape-recording of it so that I could reproduce it verbatim, but the entire speech went something like this:

"You all know who Ted White is, or you wouldn't be here to hear him; and you'd rather listen to Ted than to me, so here's Ted White, our Guest of Honor."



(Hank) Most of Ted's talk was concerned with the Britist new wave - something you've seen mentioned in Sirruish before. Ted pointed out the staggering differences between the money paid for much mainstream fiction, as compared with that paid for most science fiction, and reasoned that this is an important factor behind the British tendencies toward combining science fiction with the main stream. He also felt that much is lost with this trend toward mainstreamish science fiction; simple story telling ability, for instance.

(Jim) Ted also commented on the trend among certain American writers and anthologists to make a fetish of style, even to the point of losing the story entirely. Then he told us enough of the story line of "Phoenix Prime", and of his plans for future stories along this theme to convince us that Ted White at least will not forget that science fiction, along with all other fiction, exists only to please the reader.

(Still Jim) After the formal portion of Ted's speech (which wasn't really formal at all, as Ted remained seated during the talk, so that he could be as relaxed as the rest of us) the question period began - and at this time Ted proved that he was a GoH of the entire con, for he showed that he was as well versed in comic fandom as in science fiction. In fact, so interesting was the discussion that I don't know when it would have ended if I hadn't finally bluntly stated that, on account of the remaining portion of the program, we would have to postpone the rest of the discussion to an open period.

(Warren James) Around 10:30 that night, we did get a Diplomacy game going in the Hall's room. Again, as with the Risk Game, there were enough people to play a good game, but only a few knew how to play. This was remedied quickly by Joyce Fisher who taught us the rules of Diplomacy. Ray Fisher's proficiency at Diplomacy, we regreably learned, is developed at least as far as his ability to win at Risk. Ray and Joyce gained control of most of Europe, and nothing could be done about it. After the game had gone on like this for some time, everyone decided that it would be best if we continued the game some other time. Anyway, who wants to destroy the OSFA record of never finishing a Diplomacy game.

(Hank) Sunday morning was full of last minute, before-I-leave conversations and goodbyes. That afternoon we had the monthly OSFA meeting, and welcomed 6 new members.

(Still Hank) I enjoyed myself tremendously at the first OZARKON; it's not too spectacular to say that I enjoyed myself more than at any other convention I've ever attended, because I've only attended one other, but you may consider it said anyway.

(Leigh) Resolutions for next year: No commuting for me. We must have at least one party, maybe more. OZARKON II will be bigger and better. Y'all come.

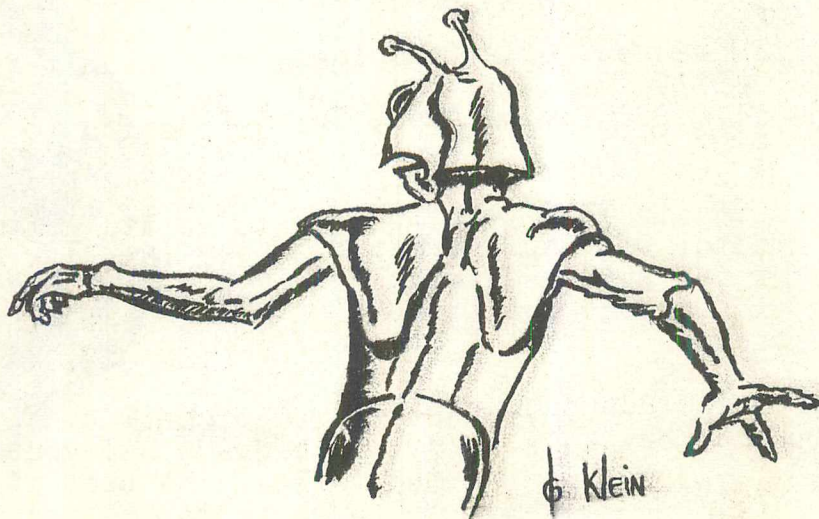
(Jim) As Con Chairman, I arrogate to myself the right to the last word on OZARKON I. After it was all over, we could see that we made some mistakes; nothing ever goes 100% right; there were a few dull moments, and others when there was too much going on at once. One of the biggest problems was that there was apparently an attempt to program two cons simultaneously. That just won't work. Either we all join together in one convention, or we have completely separate conventions - and no more of this nonsense of two different names. It just won't work.

(Still Jim) But all together, it was a good con, especially for a first attempt. Certainly, it lived up to its advance billing as the best science fiction con ever held in St. Louis. But, with a year's experience beneath our belt, OZARKON II will be better.

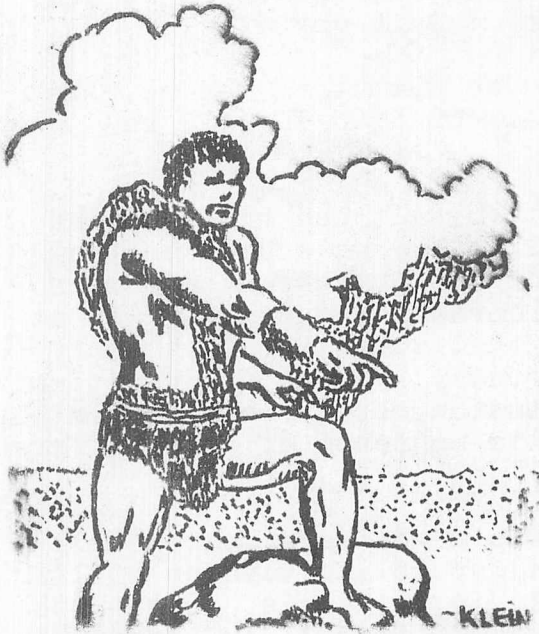
(Everybody) And don't forget, St. Louis Worldcon, 1969!

(Jim once more) And a little egoboo for the ones who made the convention a success. Of course, everyone in OSFA helped, but we have to mention the following, who really went beyond the call of duty:

Rich Wannan, Program Chairman; Bob Schoenfeld, Chairman of the Comic-Fan Portion of the con; Ray Fisher, Toastmaster extraordinary; Paul Westover, for his excellent astronomical presentation; and Joyce Fisher, Dave Hall, Paul Willis, & Hank Luttrell, all of whom had no particular title in connection with the con, but who worked like hell, anyway. Thanks, everyone.



C O L O P H O N



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Contributions are welcome; we can use artwork, reviews (books, movies, etc.) and poetry; we will also consider fiction, but only if it is significantly above the usual fan fiction level. Consult the pages of this issue for an indication of the general type of material desired.

Editorial policy will be to give first choice to items of a science-fantasy nature.

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Membership in OSFA is \$3 a year for fans in the greater St. Louis area; or \$1.50 a year for members living outside this area, who do not attend 1/3 of the meetings.

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