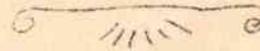




OSFAN



OSFAN

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The Ozark Science Fiction(Fantasy) Association is the sponser of and this monthly zine is superciliously the voice of the club.

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* * * * *

OSFA MEETINGS= The March meeting of OSFA is March 22nd at 2.00 PM. The April meeing is on April 26th, and the May meeting will be on May 31st both being at 2:00 PM Sunday afternoon. The meeting place is the Museum of Science and Natural History in the Science building on the third floor in Oak Knoll Park. The park is in Clayton, Missouri 1/2 block north of Clayton rod on Big Bend Blvd just off of Highway 40 which is south of Clayton Road. See you then kiddies.

** * * * # ! % * ** ** ** * % ! # * * * **

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* * * * *

OSFA HAPPENSTANCE

The Cast-Characters Galore

- Kathy ALLEN- - - - -Faery princess in
captivity of the Funkmaster
- Marsha ALLEN- - - - -Bubble master and
warden of pyrotechnics
- Lief ANERSSON- - - - -Miscast, Miscreant
Viking-at-large
- Pat BOTHMAN- - - - -Gorgeous vortex of
silence and fervour
- Railee BOTHMAN- - - - -Epitomy of chaotic
secretarial zealotry
- Stefanie BOTHMAN- - - - -A Pixie wavering
untowardly to Grenlinness
- Joe BUTLER - - - - -a sarky Jester with
charismatic gamesters charm
- Doc CLARKE- - - - - A satyristic bitter
Leprechaun, clumby of nature
- Dean HENRICH- - - - - Land-O-Limbo visitor
seeking true fandom
- Robert E. KENNEDY- - - - -Schizoid exile of
fandom amongst the militants
- Len McFADDEN- - - - - Bard of "The Tales
of Theis" in Comiciald
- Mike McFADDEN- - - - -Fandoms coordinator
of Comic Fandom
- Sherry POGORZELSKI--Pretty procrastinator
unpotted from the Greenhouse
- Chris RUBLE- - - - -Enchantor and gentle
Purveyor of Unicorns
- Betty STOCHL- - - - - Scintilating Vice-
president of OSFA called VICE
- John STOCHL- - - - -Billiards bungler
and Pinochle addict
- Walter STUMPER- - - - - The Mad Hatter of
for and from the Land of Logic
- Celia TIFFANY- - - - -Vivacious Siren
from the skeptics Rock of Faith
- Jim THEIS- - - - - -Nomad in his spirits
t hru sprite laden fantasies
- Molly WATSON- - - - - An Angel all to well
hidden in her Harpy disguise
- Sally WATSON- - - - - Kook-in-chief and
resident editorial genius, a Vision
- Sue WATSON - - - - -Broodmaster in the
chaotic Land of Mock & Jape
- Genie YAFFE-- - - - - The Director of
OSFA's Teetotaler committee
- LOKI-[]- - - - - - Osfa most traveled
fanwagon and beloved Chev/car/ghod
- GHOD- - - - - - - A three inch high
aligator capable of small miracles

Loki II carried us into the mudswells of Webberwasteland in the land of Fuzz and squares to retrieve that great seeker of Unicorns, the adorable Chris Ruble. Yon lady acceded to our demands, then the three of us left screwville slithering thru the mud into Marlboroughland. The lady was downcast and downhearted from a spurned and neglected love so amours of pretense on our part cheered her some. Skidding past the Shire of Warwick we let the Chev go all out on the highway as Ghod hid his chin wary of Loki's mischievous intent.

While this rebate was going on twix those on high this Leprechaun was explaining the evil and lecherous and recklessly unfaithfulness of my steely naval friend John, who is away south languishing amidst the comforts of his recluse existence. Loki flew off of 270 onto 55 with curses from Ghod fer his drunken driving we dodged the mad vehicle we slithered past with thier innards still evidencing thier repastive occupants. With reluctance 141 was tiptoed on to and with godlike reluctance and forbearance Loki traveled on that war ravaged road (Old Lemay Ferry) sailing gaily up to hilltop and the mighty Greenhouse where Rogorzelski's grow so well. The beautiful blode mimskirted member of this clan greeted us bringing a leer of appreciation from these eyes long Leprechaunish. I gave a longer oogle than usual to recall with fondness when in the future the skirts drop longer to hide the fairest charms of the fem meset.

Racing back to the city we headed for the cloudy morose country of infamy known far and wide as Funkdom and Malonland. Our only difficulty was getting Loki and Ghod to be their usual cheerful self and to keep quite when we were stopped by the pigeon patrol looking for concealed Chets. Swearing that we bore no reproductions or gorygambits we were allowed to proceed. Gallantly the ladies fair were left in the car as I slipped inside to retrieve the faery princess. Unrelentingly Chester smilingly and cheerfully acknowledged his master in the corner (the boobtube) and continued his fight with the terrifying and boring Blue Funk as Cathy the Cute left with me. We found an obstacle on the door, but I faked the lurking pigeons away telling them of the new statue just erected in the park they hadn't decorated as yet. We exited and raced into the sunlight for the park of Oak Knolls, while thoughts of skipping to enchanted Islands with my carload of beauty and sensuality.

The Faery Princess was delirious with hunger so we took her to the moors to scavenge her food while we sailed on to the OSFA meeting. Loki quietly parked in the shadow of the growling, lurking Dinosaurian relatives of Ghod and we dismounted his saddles. A bug trundled into the lair and from its care were dislodged yon watsons, Sue, Molly and Sally in number along with thier fiends Dean Henrich and Andersson of Liefdom. Seizing all and putting them to work as prey I had them transport my equipment into the building while I so carefully juggled and transported my nectar of courage needed to meet my wards.

OSFA MEETING 2/22/70

Vice was waiting for us with a smile on her too beautiful face which was properly bussed by yer prey. Her son the Bungler of Billiards aided the ladies with the equipment getting closer to the lerable. Sultanlike I oogled the ladies in the room greeting Jim the Nomad of Theisville. He was asking everyone what really happened at the party and all gently said in proper respect for his religious fervour that he knew better than us frustrating him for some reason. I asked about Linda the luscious one of the naval navigations fame and told she was out in a din of iniquity - a church-Ghod forbid. Visions of her racing across the house frantically to retrieve garmentage upon a too early arrival once in the past lewded thru mine mind.

Mad Hatter Walt was skulking in the rearmost corner of the room with his slide projector gloating over private Nomad tales and secret comic stores. Nomad Jim sit quietly, a Cheshire cat grin upon his face, grinning sardonically in reminiscence of past treks. The Hatter grinned Madly as your prey as we relived the strange tales of the nomad. Following the ghostly tapping down the hall the beautiful Bubble master sometimes known as Marsha sparkled into the room amidst hearty welcomes by all present. She was all adelight about her new vehicle and telling all that would listen of it, unaware at the moment what a vast and expensive addiction she has let herself in for. Cars are sneaky that way.

While Marsha was chatting with the Viking-at-large and Vixie on the remoteness of college towns and other fannish things, I claimed Betty and we conferred over club records and expenses like good officers should. Leaving the quiet, back corner we sheepishly returned to the meeting embarrassed for the lewd thought in our lesser mortals minds. Ozarkon Chairman Schoenfeld Bob was again inexplicably absent, obviously out working (?) on our coming, most magnificent conregional. Mostly-spookly tap, tap, tapping, followed by the appearance of the loveliness of limb and face of our Director of teetotalism and beauty; the Yaffe delight. Again recalling the demise of the short skirts this year I gave unlimited appreciation for the beauty so amply and delightful on display in the delectable stems of Genie the magnificent.

Sally Kook-in-chief with the Unicorn Purveyor slipped out to go down and check the entrance and chat with the custodian of our clubhouse, so sayeth our editorial Vision of loveliness. The Rublesque one was down seeking comfort in her disenchantment with life, love, and steelhearts in general. Kathy of Funkdom entered, having fed her ravening hungers; to stare and then greet her sister, the pyrotechnic genius. Both ladies dashed out to go spin the spheres on the Marshes new vehicle to demoralize the local inhabitants with the sight and effect of their driving and the charm of their beauty. It would be a pretty way to be rundown, I s'pose. While they were leaving a substitute arrived in the person of Celia Tiffany to join in mocktime.

Fullfilling my duties as an OSFA official I greeted this charming new arrival personally taking delight in her appearance, and introducing her about. While mine eyes were devouring her charms she recognized myself realizing that I was the only possible Leprechaun present. Such an intelligent damsel said I to myself, (a fellow whom, modestly, I must admit I impress greatly) is one I shall have to get to know better. Dutywise of course I introduced her around turning her over to the lovely Stochl to look after while I returned to the Mad Hatter preparing the slides for showing. The Bard of Theis tales named of Len with brother McFadden entered the room to join us in the Nomad's corner to relate more incidents of amusement. Mike in amusing fellow of sorts, a regular comic.

Forgetting the comedic misfortune of the Theis, I went about lowering shades with a chair attacking and tripping me as I smiled friendly like, and welcomed the Genie. Our beautiful resident genius brought up Phil Logan, whom is related to Al of Logansville. Also with Sally quite unexpectedly was Bob the exile from Fort Lost-in-the-woods, where at this time, an epidemic is raging. Kennedy when this was mentioned said "tisn't waht your country can do for you, but what one can suffer for ones government," which sounded vaguely familiar. Mine wife of the Line, Sally the sweet kook took Bob about giving all an introduction; while Phil Logan joined us in the corner to take delight in the Tales Of Theis spoken by our illustrious Bard. Gathering kisses in the dark corners somehow I missed this.



During the speed of things in Comic fandom a herd was heard shuffling down the hall, all looked up;; lo and behold, the Bothmans invaded us. The gremlin with sister Vortex with their mother the Zealot of secretarial infamy. They entered this iniquitous den of weirdness and insanity with no fear or reluctance a'tall. The pixie-gremlin cornered me and chastised me for my lazyness in spelling making sure I knew how to spell stavffanicy. Promising rectification I smiled secretly at my friend ,and lovely Pat.

Pat sat quietly taking in all of the insanity contemplating it all in quixotic stare. Tis our hope that this lovely lady will again vist our insane little group. All are welcome amonsgt us whatever their idiosyncasies and uptightness in the straight world. While they were out rounding up the members for the slide show I chose this moment to display and to sell the fabulous calendars of fanish art and events. The creatian was sent that most gracious and beautiful eastern fandom; Peggy of Pavlet fame, a local favorite. All the calendars were quickly sold with the number being sold, the exact number who desired one.

With this business out of the way the lights were extinguished and the Doc Clarke slide show was thrown upon the screen for all to see their antics at the worldcon. Their was much comment on the magnificent figure of one Sky known as Kay clad in a costume of diaphanous naterial. I had told my old friend the Tusker, sometimes known as Ron Whittington and the Walrud of her classic beauty and vibrant and charming personality. We had met out at Baycon while that farce was at its height and I was with that most lovely and beautiful of ladies; Shandra Ingman of Canadaland. Tis well known of my weakness for ladies of redhair and lithe legs. As my eyes were all for the Montreal beauty I had little time to get to know Kay better. Green eyes turn on as I miss the ones I used to have.

The Bat and The Bitten costume of Astrid and Karen Anderson, Sueford Lewis costume of belts and strategic pasties, and the costume of Marsha Brown and the Bounder name of Ron came in for special applause. We fellas leered at the girls and issued our heartfelt thanks for such generosity on thier parts and that of their creators for such archatectural genius. Model shots of an friends of the Leprechauns in the nude were minutely displayed of Docs Eve Mueller days. Joe Butler came at this timeto utter a long ,low silent whistle and asked what part of the conventioat the Chase Punk Plasta she was at. Doc explained it was from his days whe n he lived in Chicago and they knew each other then and she worked as a model parttime to work her way thru school. The slides were interupted because some were upsidedown and during the intermission Doc taked of Chicago and old friend Lewis Grant , nuchly missed.

After much leering at the girls in and mostly out of costume and requests to see the Kay Sky and Marsha Brown costumes (figures really) the slide show was concluded with the pictures of the final knights party of some very worn out people. Our deepest gratitude and best wishes for a quick recovery to Joyce Fisher from her ordeal at the convention. She and ray both gave to much of themselves for us, for the convention, and fandom in general and we all saith-sincerely thanks. We all hope that you out there enjoyed St Louiscon despite the antics of the Chaste Puke Piasta. They'll rarely get any con back of any kind with such antics.

With the conclusion of the slide show and while the slides were being put away, Vice went about collecting dues and Doc cornered new member Tiffany in a corner having a long and private chat with this lovely siren. She too corrected this satyr-leprechaun on his spelling failures. Doc from his corner declaired the meeting at an end officially and for all to socialize. All agreed with overwhelming of his genius as president with a resounding "Hun'h, oh he's drunk and out of it again on girls" type comments. The Museum custodian came up to tell his 'onor, the good doctor, that they would be closing at five so a rounding up of equipment and girls was begun. With great reluctance Doc was sperated from the lovely girl from the Skeptics Rock of Faith, by his wives and other femme passengers. Butler the Jester left his circle of admirers to join Doug and help transport all the club supplies down to an impatiently waiting Loki. The sleeping and unusually quiet Sherry was placed in the Stochl car and transported to the greenhouse with the kind aid of VICE-prexy Betty.

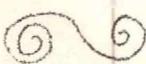
Kissing the lovely Pat of Bothman and others he felt diserving the prexy all to sadly climbed into the Chev and Loki roared away into the twilight to a place of repast to fill empty gullets. Another meeting of the OSFA had come and passed with much reluctance on all preseng. It would be so nice if all the fans could rent or buy a large house and establish a Commune of Fandom. Then they could have yearround fannish goings and always have fans to confer with and get help with theirr problems by people who really care about each other. Fans are among the most compassionate individuals on this Earth.

After quietting the man requests of the hungrys Doc delivered the Faey Princess back into the land of Malonville and Funkyville saying to said keeper Funk you-my good friend and left. Doc and the Ruble dansel headed for the lair of the Stochls to have some more enjoyment and to have some good stiff drinks to cheer everyone up. Doc recalled the many trips from Chitown with that crew wishing he had some written record of Grants genius to show to others others the talent of his friend. Doc also talked of his friend who was killed in his Racing Nova, Patrick Moynahan, who Lewis also knew. Pat was the wildest craziest guy I have ever met anywhere. The only man I ever knew who thru a bag of S--- thru a police station window in the southlands. This in a way is his memoriam as Pat wouldn't want no grand speeches. Luck to you all.

* * * * * # ** * * * * # # # # *

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to;

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Sally Kidu-3 | Bernie Zuber-4 |
| Ed Meskys-9 | F.M. Busby-11 |
| Albert Lewis-15 | Sandy Cuttrell-18 |
| Don Miller & Taimi Saha-20 | Norn Grezenka-21 |
| Ethel Lindsay-23 | Andy Porter- & Judi Sephton-24 |
| Dick Shultz-30 | & Amy Brownstein-31 |



LONLINESS

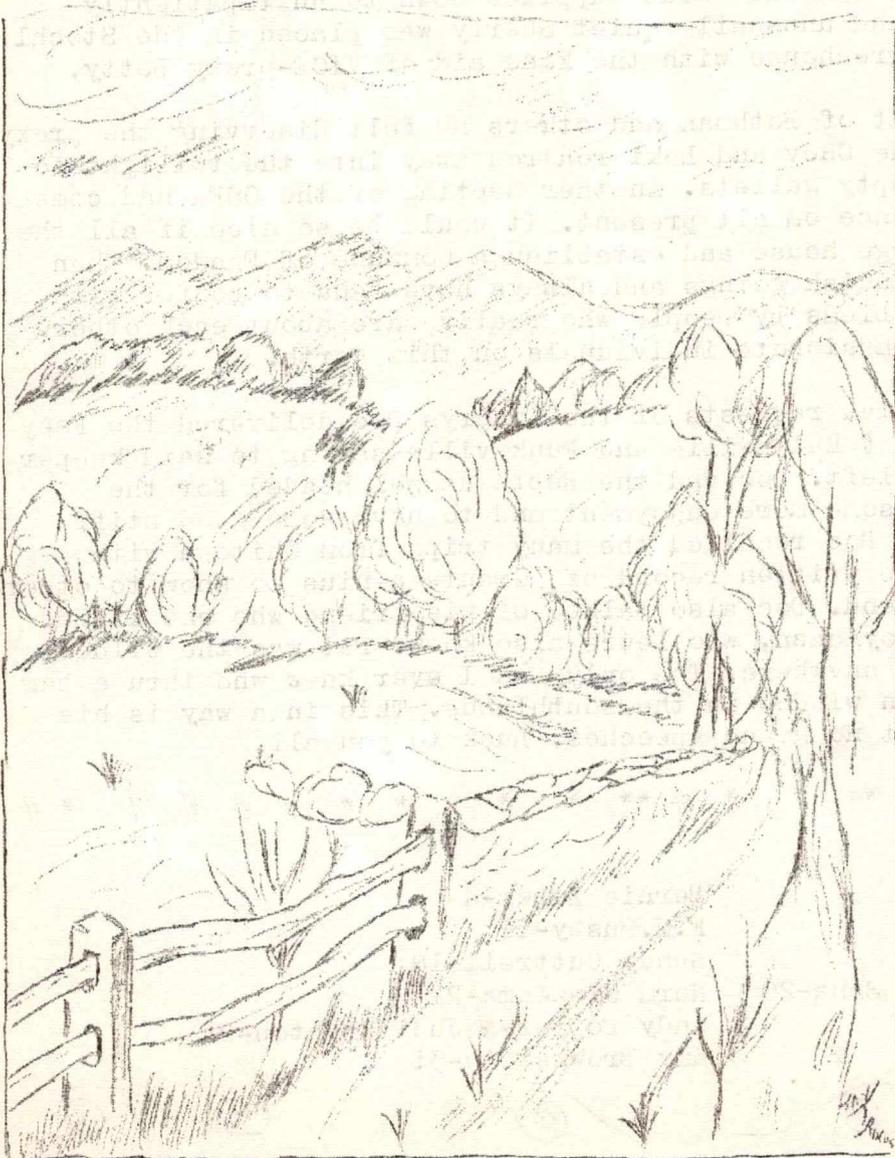
by Joan Snider

Time grows late. The sun long down,
Asleep most people be.
But some faint haunting brings a frown
To keep the sleep from me.

My mind alert with full unrest
Lies dwelling on the reason...
Could it be the bright moons jest
That sends this tiring treason ?

Or maybe it's sounds of the summer night
That cause my reverie.
Loud Chirping crickets. The frogs surely fight.
The whip-poor-will's cry is so lonely

It's lonely! Oh, God, of course that's it!
Like a fog, it's been hazily delusioned.
The feeling that nagged, a slight ache in my breast,
Was nothing...my logic allusioned



For how could I, who am
never alone,
Be lonely, For goodness
sake!?
Having husband, children,
friends be it known,
And people all over the
place !

How, indeed. Yet now I see,
And a shock it does present.
Oh silly, these thoughts
when I should be asleep!
But be honest...they are no
accident.

For yesterday, no the day
before,
As alone amid many I walked,
There entered a voice through
through my mind's open door
Which persistent, though
softly, did talk.

-8-

Right from the start we began to relate
A sweet closeness just shared between friends.
Yes, when one finds a true "soul-mate",
Time is only the experience it lends.

I knew him right off, as he knew me,
Minute detail is all that we lacked.
Now whether that's good, we still need to see ;
That it's bad simply can not be fact .

In everyday life, you find something you like,
And immediately you want to possess it.
-Human nature can be such a cumbersome thing;
though you fight, you can't always repress it.-

But in this meeting, the gift we may have
If we think, understand, and cherish,
Is communication. (which is sometimes a salve
To heal loneliness and guard souls from parish.)

Now understanding has dawned at last,
It floods my entire being;
As remembering emotions of time gone past,
I could weep for not really seeing!

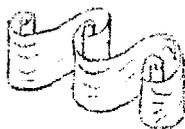
I think loneliness starts with the first task of birth,
As alone for that big breath we struggle.
The, as body grows tired and submits to the girth
Of death, alone we relenquish our trouble.

And we're not sure of later, but on this can depend,
If an Entity does really exist;
We must stand up in courage, accept judgement he rends
By ourselves. "All alone" is no jest.

On the "hows" and "whys" of loneliness
While surrounded by many others ?
Simple. We don't give of ourselves, we call it tact,
To hide our true souls from our brothers.

So I'll give, I'll share, and receive in return.
I'll know love everyday of my life.
I've been given the grace to no longer yearn
For a reason. Thus ...no more strive.

The crickets chirp softly, the frogs get along,
The moon cools the river so deep.
The soft breeze carouses, the birds hum their song,
And feeling at peace, now I sleep.



45

"G'peelings an' wee mere mortals, tis St Patrick's Day and this van
 ... wishes to offer maign excuses for airvors in thee larst
 issue. Yon Burleys column was shuffled thru you typewriter when wee a'ir were
 a bit tay much in our cups. Again tis Osfan ti me and the cup of St Pats time
 so -oo and time to do thet too sweet lass from thine eastern shores column so
 me fyne frainds, here tis as best a'igh can didit in my drunken state. Take it
 away Shernigh , me Love." So speaks a thoroughly sodden and inebriated imp.

! ! * ! * ! *) ! * ! * ! * ! * ! !

THE NEW YORK - NORTH JERSEY SCENE , II
 or
 WILL THE REAL SECRET MASTER PLEASE GAFIATE

This second column was going to have Lunafians left behind & go on to
 other clubs in the area, but Doc says He'd like me to bring personalities into
 it. I'd like nothing better than to bring personalities into it (which for
 some reason is why I shied away from doing so lastish.) The following
 therefore is a typical set of minutes from a meeting of the New York SF
 Society-The Lunarians, Inc., and kas it just happens that YHOS is the current
 secretary.....)

MEETING #109876543210 was called to order in Brooklyn on Marchuary
 19yh , 1970 at 9:45 P.M.. George Nims Raybin moved we adjourn for coffee &
 cake. He was ignored. Devra Langsam mentioned that the meeting notice had
 said 8:30 P.M.She was gavelled to death by Frank Dietz & the meeting
 proceeded without further interuptions.

The minutes were read & approved 25-1, Sherna Burley
 casting the dissenting vote.

Perdita Boardman read the treasurers report
 but before she could reach the final figures, she
 turned and ran shrieking from the room, chased
 by a Maddened Al Schuster, who kept crying, "All
 I want is the bankbook, baby!" Her husband
 John was heard to remark "She'll be O K if
 she can reach my collection of 'the
 political philosophies of Gunga Kahn ben
 Tarzan'. He would put even Amourous Al to
 sleep. "

Under Old Business, George Raybin
 moved we adjourn for coffee and cake. He was
 ignored.

Tom Bulmer said that he read recently
 that someone had tuned in on a Middle Earth
 conference on his shave, and was trying to
 palm-er the whole thing off as a new
 mystrey cult. He was told that any
 business that old was banned by the health
 code.



Andy Porter reported that the
 lunarians committee to ascertain the real
 name of John Galt had hit a small snag and could go no further until a few
 books were purchased. He requested a small working budget of \$50.00 or so.

Elliot Shorter moved;" That no funds ,material goods, astral credits, or anything else whatever,of any conceivable value, monetary or otherwise, possessed or controlled in anyway by the New York Science Fiction Society- The Lunarians, Inc., be given, lent, or otherwise made available for use by the Lunarians Committee to ascertain the Raal Name of John Galt, or any of its members, or agents for any purpose connected with said committee." The motion was seconded by Ann Dietz, Jake Waldman and Maone Postal, Ted & Robin White, Lee Smoire, and Dierdre Bordan (who though she is too young to have a vote, is definitely old enough to have a voice.) The motion passed 69-1. Andy noting there were only 15 members present asked for a revote.

Frank Dietz, who was presiding-as usual, demonstrated the brilliant parlimentary ability which has won him 33 1/2 straight terms as President of Lunarians when he called for a vote of the non-members. The motion was passed by them 73-1, John Galt dissenting. It was noted that only ten non-members were present at the time.

Quickly getting a word in edgewise, Frank called for New Business. Fred Lerner reported that he'd heard that the Chaste-park Plaza had just noticed that one of their elevators was missing. They had hired an itinerant entrail-reader to find it for them, and they were mad enough to cry. Brian Burley said he didn't plan to give the elevator back. He would however, give it to the St Louiscon committee if they wanted it, since the hotel had long since given them the shaft.

Continuing right along, Frank Dietz said that he had recieved a copy of "OSFAN" with an article about the Lunarians that had several errors in it. In particular Lunacon preregistration costs \$2.00. It will be \$2.50 at the door. Also needing correction was the statement that Devra Langsam was Lunacon treasurer. She is in charge of memberships. Perdita Boardman is the club treasurer. Also in error is the idea that John Boardman is secretary. John is host for alternate meetings, but Sherna Burley is secretary.

The author of the article, that miserable wretch of a secretary, herself was crying & grovelling on the floor,(which made it very difficult to take these minutes). She tearfully confessed that the first error was hers, but claimed that the others were the creations of some Leprechaun or Satyr(as she wasn't sure which) whom had a fight with his typer, and whom lived in St Louis , and was therefore unavailable for questioning.

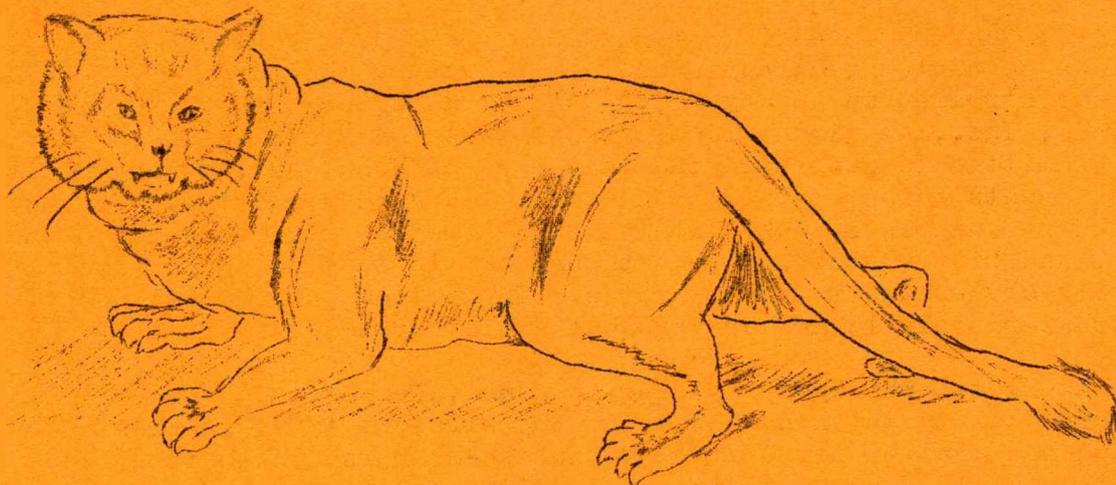
This fantastic story was rejected as . sheer fabrication and the secretary was publicly given 40 lashes from a cat-o-nine tails (and believe me, it isn't easy to pluck 40 lashes from any cat).As there was no more new business Frank asked for announcements. Elliot Shorter announced for TAFF. There was a fifteenth minute standing ovation, as the members refused to bother to listen to the names of the other TAFF candidates .

George Nims Raybin moved we adjourn for coffee and cake. He was ruled out of order, by sheer force of habit.

Debbie Langsam moved we adjourn. Frank Prieto seconded. The motion passed 355-1, and the meeting adjourned at 9:46 P.M..

Resplendantly sublimated
Sherna Burley=secretary

! * ? ! * ? ! * ? ! * ?? ! * ! ? ! * ! ? !



THE BRITISH LION IS A GROOVY CAT:

Fannish Scene by Rosemary & Darroll Pardoe

Since writting the last column we (Darroll & I)have got married which leaves very few eligible fannefans in Britain being one of the last in this beahighted land. The fans who attended the wedding were Mary Reed with Chas Legg along with Keith and Jill bridges. They had arrived to late for the ceremonies missing the actual services but it was so lovely to see them. Jill by the way has recently had her second baby, with this boychild being named James Lawrence. Thanks to all for the well wishes.

In his last letter Doug suggested that we do a short discription of a british fan in each column to familiarize youoverthere with us. We liked the idea and so we'll begin with two such discript ions-namely ourselves. We will report on the convention later ion in the column.

I shall discribe with his aid Darroll first. Darroll speaking. I came into fandom in 1960 although I had been reading science fiction and fantasy for a long time before that. Ken Cheslin was my real whoduchonit (introduction) to fandom and I shall always be exceptionally grateful to him for that. At that time there was a local group called the S.A.D.O. (Stonebridge and District SF Circle) which group died down very soon afterwards. My first convention was the 1961 British one, at Gloucester as a new fan. Dave Hale took over the Stonebridge fanzine, LES SPINGE, for a few years after the SADO broke up, but I have published it since 1966. I have not been very active in fandom, Alas and alack, thus far, but I hope to produce some fanzines far OMPA from now on, with Ra's help of course. I was publication officer for the British Science Fiction Association for a few months in 1967, before I went to the United States; where I was in the years -1968-1967-1969. But now I am back home in Britian, and it seems have started a fan household (see above) with Ro. Now tis time for the other half of our set to introduce herself.

(No longer Nicholls speaks): Now Ro--I discovered fandom in early 1967 while Darroll was in the states, but I was extmely inactive until mid'68 at which time I met Mary Reed who introduced me to all the other fans. The tale of how I met Mary the Reed is far too complex to delve into here-- anyway it's not very interesting. Suffice it to say that it was Bram Stokes who put me in touch with Mary in the first place. In December #68 I decided that I wanted to bring out a fanzine and the first issue of this--SEAGULL --was completed by the Easter convention of 1969. It was the all too kind help of Archie &



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MIRRORWATCH

by Sally Watson

I am a beautiful person
 Studying my reflection-
 in the mirror
 Pensive, moody, beautiful
 creature
 Reflecting across from me
 I wonder what does she think
 Of small mind me
 Who sits and wonders what
 do I think
 Of smile-eyed her

Who made the panorama of
 mirrorwatch
 That reflects the world of
 youandme
 Or is the reflected-me real
 And I the flat-life world ?
 Bitter World
 Cold
 That kills a man
 And calls his killer Hero
 Mirror world

I am a beautiful reflection
 Studied by a full-face on
 the other side
 Sad-eyed, tired-mouth,
 lonely creature
 I am supposed to reflect
 I wonder what is her world
 That leaves her so:
 Pale image of mirror
 reflection
 With no tomorrow dreams

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* * * * * CHANGELINGS * * * * *

Heard From this Month :

" QUOTES "

- Wayne Finch -E.St Louis, Ill.
- Bonita Dillard--Lawrence, Kansas
- Phil Muldowney--Plymouth, Devon, England
- Mike Shaney--Dublin, Ireland
- Sherry Hale--Little Rock, Arkansa
- Arnie Katz--Brooklyn, New York
- Cele Smith,--Columbus , Ohio
- Ann Wilson--Statesboro, Georgia
- Glen T. Brock--Atlanta, Georgia
- Claire Toynbee--Vancouver, Canada
- Judi B. Sephton,--Bronx, New York
- Pauline Kelley--Florissant, Missouri
- Susan Phillips--Ottawa, Canada
- Cleon McKay--Dunbraigh, Scotland
- Bill Malardi--Akron, Ohio
- George Hay--London, England
- Flo Newrock--New Brunswick, New Jersey
- Jeffrey May--Springfield, Missouri
- Margaret Genignani--Ft Lauderdale, Florida
- Janet King--St Louis, Missouri
- Joyce Muskat--Los Angeles, California
- Peggy Pavlet--College Park, Maryland

A. KATZ*" I think OSFAn is one of the most fascinating fanzines nowadays, and I certainly do want to keep right on receiving it, t if you'll please keep me on your list. I certainly think OSFAn ha has been reaching new levels quality-wise under your directio

I did notice an error or two in the lovely Mrs. Burleys artic about the fanclubs in New York. She was wrong that the Fanoclast is a club for only professionals Of all the clubs in New York it is one of the two most fannish clubs in the big city. The other club was not even mentioned in the article.The Insurgents is al an Invitational club and it meet at the home of cute and curvey Colleen Brown and her lucky husband Rich down in the bouncy borough of Brooklyn. This is not the same as another New York clu that sweet Sherna calls "The

Any who sent letters that I missed mentioning your 'umble apology asked fer !

Fantasy Insurgents". That club is really called the Fannish and Insurgent Science&fiction Association and, as a coincidence, it was co-founded when it began by the same Rich Brown that is host of the Insurgents."

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C. McKay* " Enjoyed Osfan very much but it is being a bit disconcerting getting an American fanzine to find out what is happening hear in British Fandom, but keep up the good work. Next month I will be going to the US of A for an indefinite period, probab;y in California, so when I get settled will send you m y new address. Tell that sweet bundle of delight from Fleida with the Irish name (?) of Rose Marie Green that I enjoyed her column very much. I enjoy her fathers storystyle, but not all of his stories. Tell Sally to be so kooky she has ta be a beautiful coleen. Do you accept or simply prefer femme contributors for your fanzine? Tell Chester hesshould see what seagulls can do to the white clifss of D----- , luck O the Irish to you all. "

(Yee Ed : It is true that we prefer contributions from femme fans, but do not reject others. It just seems to us that there aren't enough places for the ladies to voice their opinions and personalities in fandom and they are too restrained about doing so. Besides being lovely to look at and be with, I enjoy listening to the "Female" point of view which is not to much different on most subjects as that of the other gender dispite the protests of those who disclaim otherwise. Lecture ended, sorry Cleon.

NEXT MONTH IS THE 40th ANNIVERSITY OF THE FIRST FANZINE PUBLISHED AND AS SUCH I INVITE SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS ONE AND ALL OUT THERE IN FANDOM BOTH IN THE LOCAL AREA AND ON ALL OTHER SHORES. Peace and Truth ; Brothers.

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THE IDIOT AND THE ODYSSEY

Every year a numerous amount of people come into contact with the miniscule universe of science-fiction fandom. As expected, a goodly number of these are turned off by what they find--usually those of average or above-average intelligence--but others remain. Those who stay soon find themselves embarking on a fantastic voyage. They set forth to sail the wine-dark sea of fandom in a leaky mimeo. The journey can take as short a time as a few months or can encompass the length of a lifetime. So let us join one fan, a neo (a neo is the term applied to a new fan. On the ladder of evolution a neo ranks three rungs below the monkey who stuffs the potato peels in the garbage can with his bare feet.)...as he begins his travels. We'll even give him a name, one which will describe him and aid him in relating to his new world:we'll call him 'idiot'.

The first oddity the idiot discovers is that fandom is largely an invisible and intangible universe: its existence is mainly on paper and in the minds of its inhabitants. He finds no central governing body, indeed, no real authority of any kind which extends beyond the boundaries of a club. The only authority or power noticable is of a popular sort and its hard to come by. Those who have it will do their damndest to keep someone else from gaining a following. This type usually gathers around himself fellow fans of some talent and/or ability who can bolster his ego, aid him in this schemes, and generally make him look good. Thus is formed a power clique. Upon examination almost every club is seen to be this sort of group. The president of the club or the BNF is akin to a feudal lord. He and/or she is secure within the confines of an apartment where their cronies gather and the club itself. Their close fellow-fan friends are their knights and the common members of the club and sundry fans within their domains are similar to serfs. And do they ever pay their unwitting homage to their lord!

Now having discovered this, our traveler wonders what kind of people he has decided to tie in with and he soon finds out. Easily noticable is the lack of women, nay, rather a perpetual shortage. Any girl...(and fans define a female as any living creature on two legs which wears a dress and speaks in a high voice)...young or old, agile or infirm, married or ahappy, sane or insane is always surrounded by a large group of males. Passing over this perverse state of affairs, It's soon discovered that fandom contains a variety of characters. You can find professionals,, amateurs, sadists, masochists, glory-seekers, ego-maniacs, paranoids, tyrants, self-made politicians, hustlers, drunkards, dreamers, anarchists, loafers, hypocrites- the list is endless. These are fans. They smoke too much, eat too much, stay up too late, drink too much, blow every spare cent they have on cons, etc.,etc. It soon becomes apparent that fandom is filled with just plain folks. And occupying the minds and thoughts of these folks constantly are three subjects:

- A. Money
- B. Conventions
- C. Fanzines

Money is on a fan's mind for a very good reason: without it activities 'B' and 'C' are impossible. Therefore a fan does alomst anything to get his hands on the long green. He wears shabby clothes, drives a battered car, skimp on meals, gets fourteen shaves out of one razor blade and so on. The majority o f fans therefore exist in a state of eternal poverty. But no sacrifice is

too great if the major conventions can be made. At a con the fan enters his own. There he can get gloriously drunk without paying for liquor, he can grab free copies of fanzines, he can rub elbows with the professionals and BNF's he can act like a fool, he can drop hot water bags from windows, he can engage in fannish politics; in short, the fan can blow a small fortune in a couple of days accomplishing nothing except securing a good hangover, a case of malnutrition and bloodsheet eyes from lack of sleep.

And when not nursing a hangover or pursuing money, the typical fan can be found busily engaged in the publishing of fanzines. In this area of endeavor the fan shows an unbelievable single-mindedness of purpose, an obsession of infinite magnitude and a devotion that passes beyond all human understanding. The foremost question on the fan's mind during these periods is: "Gawd! I gotta publish next week. What am I gonna do if Joe Pro doesn't come across with that article he promised?"

Fear not. The zine will be published whether J.P. produces said promised material or not. It will be printed even if he has to get the money for ink and paper by mugging his grandmother for her social security check. It will reach the hands of other fans no matter what the cost--even if the fan's house is burning down around his ears while he cranks the mimeo. Nothing short of atomic annihilation will halt the production of an issue. Perhaps even that wouldn't prove a deterrent...

"Hey! They're going to drop the bomb!"

"What!"

"It's true. Hurry! We've got to get out of here."

"How soon are they going to drop it?"

"In ten minutes."

"Hot damn! I can still collate four more issues!"

One can understand this devotion to a fanzine: it is a creation and accomplishment second only to the bursting of the atom. Into blank sheets of paper is poured money, time, energy, sweat, curses and love. The fan writes letters, makes phone calls, begs, pleads and threatens to gather desperately needed material. And when all else fails he resorts to the ultimate, infallible method to obtain contributions: posterior smooching. Breathed there a Pro or BNF with soul so dead that he can resist the call of a fan's puckered lips? Many a fanzine owes its existence to this fine art.

And so our Idiot looks about him. He sees, as we see with him, a wide array of people with one seeming common denominator: insanity. Look at the conventions and hear the cry of the happily drunk fan, "Where are the rest of the parties?" Examine the fanzines, which have two things in common: the editor(s) and/or contributors can't spell for beans and the art often shows a definite cro-magnon influence. Look about and ask yourself what is the purpose of it? A hundred years from now, what will it all matter?

You've done it all and you've been everywhere: what do you have? Well, you don't have any money left. But you do have a hundred or so letters commentling on your fanzine which boli down to: 'Yecch! That stinks!' You have a head that you don't believe and possibly an alcoholic liver. And you do have eyes that look like a pair of roadmaps. You also have inkstained fingers, a telephone bill that looks like the national debt and a permanent paranoiac frame of mind. And don't forget the book collection that's making the apartment like the library and the hucksters rich.

Is it really worth it?

Is it worth the expense, the sleepless nights, the frustration?

Hmmm...I see. You've made your reservation for the next worldcon and you've got to rush out for more mimeo ink.

Quien sabe? Who understands a fan?

End

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TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS UNFAIR FANZINE REVIEWS

by Leon Taylor

Fantasy World3 (Dennis Conger, Box 247, Oxford, Wisconsin 53952/ 25¢ 29 pages, irregular) Acres and acres of spastic Fanfic. Pure barf.
Hoom 5 (Bee Bowman, 1223 Croftan Ave., Waynesboro, Va. 22980/ usual quarterly) Would you believe a hundred-page dittozine? I'm sure that Bee Bowman (alias Gollum's grandmother, no less) is a wonderful Human Being, but her labor of love here is simply mediocre. The mood is cheery, tho.

Pegasus 6 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Tex. 77566 usual, 58 pages, quarterly) A fine column from Buck Coulson, 'nuther of Piers' novel-length loss, Joanne's checklists. Not much else.

Microcosm 1 (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Dr., Indianapolis, Ind. 46226/ 25¢, 4 pages, monthly) Dave Burton strikes out on his own. Should be good, Burton's paper personality is strong and his intentions excellent. Repro looks like it was done with crayons.

Infinitum 1 (Dave Lewbon, 735 S. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46220/ 50¢, 33 pages, bimonthly) Not a bad first ish, but the editor screwed his contributors something awful. Read the fine stuff by Gorman-that is, if you can make it past the ghod-awful repro. A zine to watch.

Winnie Vol.4 #7 (Mike Ward, Box 45, Mountain View, Calif. 94040/ 6 \$1, 12 pages, bi-weekly) Newszine of West Coast happenings-I'm still eagerly awaiting the special ish that confirms California's collapse into the sea (caused, of course, by Bruce Pelz's topheavy fanzine collection.) Mike is one helluvan improvement over Jerry Jacks. If you decide to subscribe, be sure to ask for a complete backlog of Mike's supplementary Fried Hat Reviews. They're long, controversial and excellent.

Speculation 24 (Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, England, 35¢, 50 pages, irregular) This is the Heinlein Symposium issue. If I were you, I'd place this right beneath my Buddha. A landmark achievement.

Procrastination 3 (Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepsdale Rd., Strafford, Pa. 19087/ 25¢, 23 pages, bimonthly) Slapstick is subjective with a capital "S", and Schweitzer is slapstick with capital Red letters. Frankly, he bores me to tears. Cras is famed for their turfy repro, little else. Loc at your own risk: this Darrell managed to credit me with Lisa Tuttle's loc and Lisa with mine. We're both insulted.

Sandworm 8 (Bob Vardeman, Box 11352, Albuquerque, N. Mex. 87112/ 20¢, 30 pages, quarterly) For 100-proof fannish wit, Vardeman is damn near unequalled. Sandworm also features wrathful Koontz columns and Paul Walker reviews-- fuggheadedness guaranteed. Always somebody of interest in the lettercol.

Schamooob 5 (Frank C. Johnson, 3836 Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45229/ 20¢, 18 pages, monthly) Like a grade B outburner, this one is cruddy but enjoyable anyway. The repro is always a challenge.

Mocbins Trip 3 (Ed Conner, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill. 61604/ 35¢, 32 pages, 10-weekly) Only 3 issues and already it has one of the best lettercols in fandom. That's the Irish for you. Useful if only as a vehicle for Conner's rare-but good!-articles and similar matterings. You might meditate on Joe Pumilia's ideas too.

SEND ZINES TO: LEON E. TAYLOR, P.O. BOX 89, SEYMOUR, IND. 47274

All zines will be reviewed if so marked.

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OZARKCON CHAIRMAN

ROBERT SCHOENFELD

9516 MINERVA

OVERLAND, MO. 63114

REGISTRATION \$3.00

Send all preregistration and inquiries to Bob.

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CONVENTIONS



MARCH 20/21/22

MARCON-V which will be held in COLUMBUS, OHIO at the Christopher Inn located at 300 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio-43216. Guest of Honor (GOH) will be Hugo award winner, the reknown Anne McCaffrey. Banquet price is \$6.00 with no tickets being sold during the con as they have to be reserved by the 16th. A \$10.00 deposit with advance room reservation is required by the Inn no later than March 10th. Larry & Cele Smith of 5730 F Roche Drive in Columbus, Ohio-43229 welcome you on behalf of the Marcon committee which will host parties in the concommittee suite.

MARCH 27/28/29

BOSKONE 7 to be held in BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS at the Statler Hilton located in Park Square. GOH is Gordon Dickson who will have a debate with Jack Gaughan, Mike Gilbert, and Mike Symes on art besides his GOH talk. Con registration is \$2.00 in advance thru Boskone 7, New England SF Association, Inc., Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Massachusetts-02139 ; or a \$3.00 registration fee can be paid at the door. Hal Clement, Donald Menzel, Ben Bova, Elliot Shorter, and Isaac Asimov will also be on the program. This is the same group putting on the 1971 World convention.

MARCH 27/28/29/30

SCI-CON 70 to be held # in the city on the Thames River, London, England. GOH is the internationally famous JAMES BLISH. The convention hotel is the Royal Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, LONDON WC 2, England. To register send 10 shillings in advance to SciCon 70, 28 Bedfordbury, London WC 2, UK, England; and convention chairman George Hay says an additional 15 shillings will be collected at the door if you attend the convention. The committee has arranged with the hotel to man and run a bar 24 hours every day of the con. An allnight filmshow will be on the program each night of the conventions, features to be announced then. A fancy dress costume ball will be held on saturday night and everyone is urged to try and attend in some kind of costume.

APRIL 3/4/5

MINICON 3 being held in MINNESOTA in the twin city complex of ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS at the Dyckman Hotel in the later half of the duality. The Dyckman Hotels address is sixth street between the Nicollet Mall and Hennepin Avenue. GOH is shared between Gordon Dickson and Clifford Simak. Pre-registration is thru Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn.-55418 for the sum of \$2.00 and checks should be made out to club treasurer Mrs Margaret Lessinger. The banquet is Saturday the 4th priced at \$6.00 and you can reserve a ticket with convention chairman Jim Young. There will be a hucksters room, an art show with prizes and movies at night. Entries for the Art show should be sent to along with inquiries for same too; Jim Odbert, 1007 Kenwood Parkway, Minneapolis, Minn.-55405. The convention is sponsored by the Fantasy Society of Minneapolis. Room rates are: Singles=\$12.00 & \$14.00, Twins \$17.00 & \$20.00, Doubles=\$16.00 & \$18.00 Lin Carter and Charles de Vet will also be on the program which will be on the casual side.

APRIL 10/11/12

LUNACON- ? This convention which is to be held in NEW YORK CITY at the McAlpin Hotel. The Lunarians are the hosting SF club and convention chairman is Frank Dietz. Registration for the regional is \$2.50 which should be sent to con-treasurer Devra Engsam, 250 Crown Street, B Brooklyn, New York-11226. GOH is the raknown Larry Shaw. Program chairman is Ted White and Brian Burley is convention manager. Write to Frank Dietz for convention info at 655 Orchard St., Oradell, New Jersey-07649 or the Burleys at 1480 Rt#-6 --Apt-123A, Parsippany, New Jersey-07054

MAY 15/16/17

DISCLAVE, a convention to be held in the capital city of the nation, as in the past; WASHINGTON D.C. and convention sequential number is unknown. For information on this old & established regional contact Jay Haldeman at 1244 Woodbourne Drive in Baltimore, Maryland -21212.

MAY 29/30/31

The ANTHONY BOUCHER MEMORIAL MYSTERY Convention to be held in the city of Burbank, California. To get information on these special interest fan convention write to Bruce Pelz, Box-1, Santa Monica, California-90406. Convention facilities as yet undecided.

JUNE 19/20/21

MULTICON-70 which is the first regional for this fan group in this southern town of PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA. Convention chairman and the man to write to for information on this regional is gregarious, fannish David Smith, 135 Mercer Street, Ponca City, Oklahoma-74602

JUNE 25/26/27

MIDWESTCON-25 as usual will be held in the river entwined and lovely city of CINCINNATI, OHIO at the North Plaza Motel, at 7911 Reading Road in the same city. For registration purposes and information on this totally undisciplined convention contact Lew Tabakow at 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio-45236. The Ohio Science Fiction Society and Association is sponsoring the conclave. Before sending in registration it is advisable that you write to Lew Tabakow first as this years convention might be required to moved to a new motel.

JULY 3/4/5

WESTERCON 21 to be held in the wild city of LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA in which city reside some of the nororious of fandoms circles. They have chosen as their GOH Jack Williamson tofill the spot of Pro-GOH and Rick Sneary will be FAN-GOH.They will have one of the better art shows for a regional and will have a large percentage of the Los Angeles and suburbs professionals in attendance andon the program. For more and specific information contact the con via ; Westercon, Box 4456, Downey, California-90527.

JULY 10/11/12

PeoriaCon (CON WITH NO NAME # See last . Issue) this convention will be held in the small town of PEORIA, ILLINOIS sponsered by the University of Illinois Science Fiction club. The Professional GOH will be Wilson R. Tucker and the FAN GOH(Guest of Honor) will be Robert W. Tucker. Their will be a banquet along with good comfortable rooms at a very reasonable price. It is rumouredthat the elusive R.W.Tucker will be in attendance also. (Probably to check and see that they have a good supply of Rosebuds on hand) The convention chairman is Don Rlyly and for more information on the convention contact Don at his home (hoyme) 825 West Russell, Peoria, Illinois-61606

JULY 17/18/19

PGHLANGE-2 once again to be held in the funnelshaped city riverwoven and fanladden, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA. For Convention information you should write to Linda Eyster. To register for the regional send \$2.50 to Linda E. Bushyager at # 5620 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania-15217.The convention is sponsered by the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction club.

JULY 24/25/26

OZARKON V in our beloved city of ST LOUES , MISSOURI (which you will love too if you watchout for lurking pigeons) and those wild and friendly girl fans we are noted for. To preregister for the convention send your money in the grand sum of \$3.00. Send the money to convention chairman Robert Schoenfeld at 9516 Minerva in the city of Overland, Missouri with a zip of 63114. The regional will be sponsered of course, but a seperate entity from the Ozark Science Fiction Club. Thusly the people working on the two will not be worn out from overduplication of work and conflicting loyalties. The Banquet will be saturday wake night highlighted by the talk of the GOH. As in past years all night programs of movies will again be on the agenda. The coordinator between the club and the con committee is L. Chester Malon of Funkdom fame. You can win Chets undying friendship by asking if hes seen any pigeons lately.



