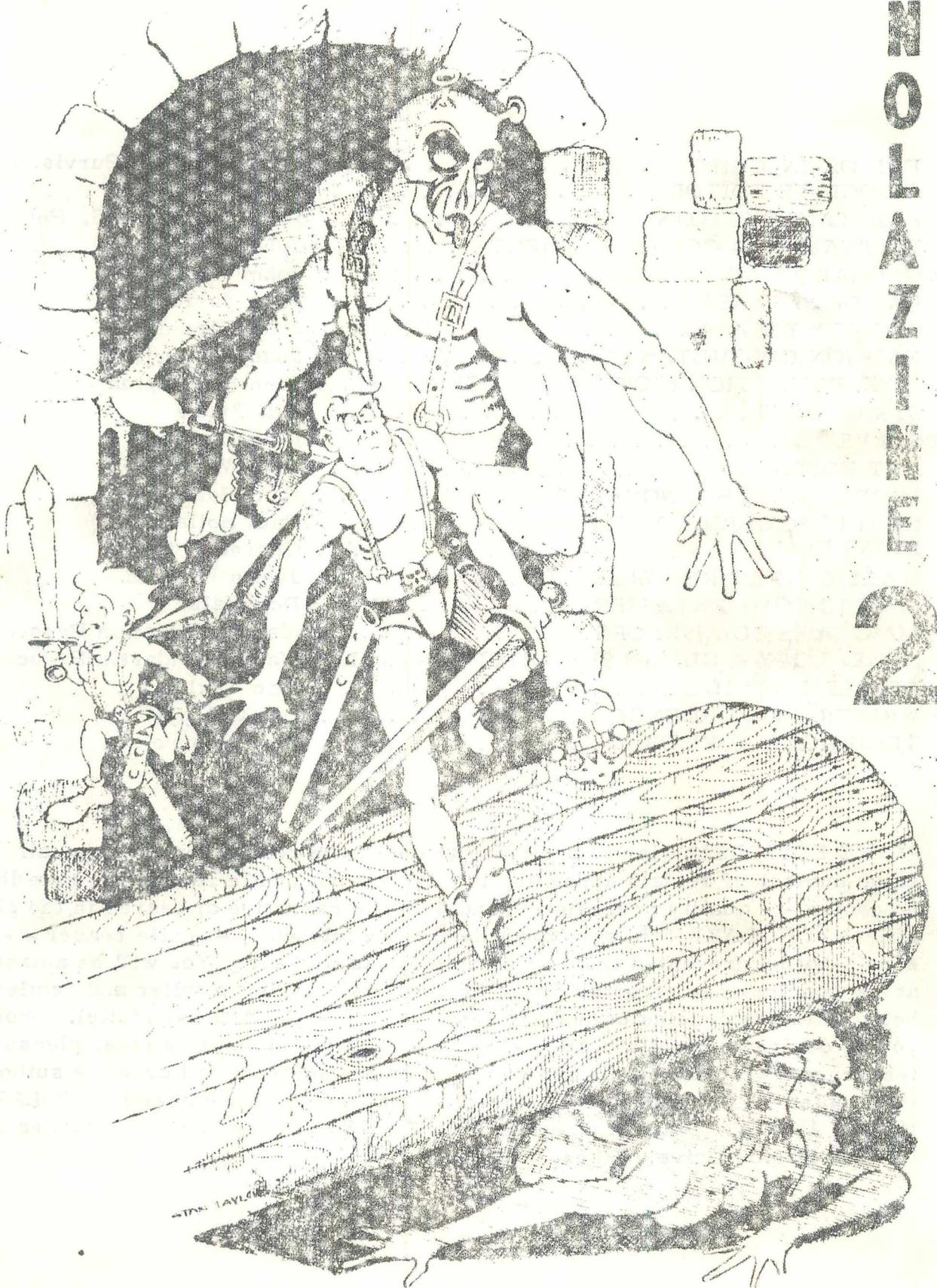


NOLAZINE

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****THE EDITORS**** wish to apologize to the gentle reader for the unusually large number of serials appearing in this - - but gentle reader we were left no choice - - quality presentation and polished narrative appeared in the plush offices of NOLAZINE in such quantity that we felt you - - gentle reader - - should not be prevented from enjoying them as we have. You will be amazed at the conclusions, entertained by the contents, and left a fuller and gentler being after the conclusions of our serials in NOLAZINE 3 (hopefully). Should you so desire - - gentle reader - - as a means of helping this zine, please feel free to write any of us and comment on the contents and urge the authors to complete their manuscripts. Send all mail before December 1 to NOLAZINE, 1603 N. 16th St., Baton Rouge, La. 70802. After December, the address will be 7365 Ruston Drive, Baker, Louisiana 70714.

John Hazard was an English professor. Very much so. In fact, people would often say, "There goes John Hazard, he's an English professor." These innocent remarks were common at cocktail parties. Innocent, that is, to everyone but Mrs. Hazard.

Sure they had a happy marriage. A happy marriage - - just like the Kind of Pointland is well adjusted. By default. There was nothing for it to be but happy.

Sure, he kept himself clean and neat, never smoked, drank, or played around, and was a good provider. Sure, they never had any arguments. They hardly had any conversation. Sure, they lived in an historic old house that even had reworked plumbing.

She was the mousy type; not in appearance, but in attitude. She had his meals ready on time, made his bed in the morning, and never, ever disturbed him when he was thinking his English professorial thoughts. Not that she didn't want to, of course. She was possessed of a streak of curiosity that would have dwarfed that of the proverbial Dead Cat, and that was the one flaw in her almost perfect character as a nonentity.

This one imperfection naturally affected their marriage, just as an irregularity in a scientist's instruments can affect the physical laws governing the universe, and this imperfection manifested itself in her attitude toward his stone outhouse in the backyard.

She had first encountered it when they returned from their honeymoon to take up residence in stately old Hazard Manor. Although the house was beautifully equipped with the latest Kohler indoor toilet fixtures, her husband insisted on using the old stone outhouse in the back yard. She could partly understand his position since the outhouse was the only part of the mansion that was left from before the Revolutionary War, but she instinctively knew that this was not the whole reason. He kept it locked when he was not using it, and the key was very well hidden. Although she would occasionally ask him about it, disguising her passion as mild interest, he would remind her that inside bathroom was working and let it go at that.

She tried very hard to accept this, but curiosity eventually led her to call a locksmith. John, finding out in the nick of time, cancelled the call and in one of his rare fits of emotion told her never to try to open it again. She asked him why, but his spasm was over, and he had lapsed into his usual silence. She was not to learn the answer from him, not that day or ever.

From then on as she did her regular wifely chores, she found herself wondering what would happen if she should stumble upon the key. Eventually she was actively searching for it but to no avail. Finally she just sat and stared at the damned stone outhouse hour after hour.

It was too much for her. She knew she just had to find out what lay behind that door before long. She was only waiting for an opportunity. Then John left for the annual Sophocles Revival Meeting in Boston. This was her time! Fearing to make her efforts public, she did not call the locksmith, but instead went to the local hardware store and purchased a hacksaw, crowbar, and various other tools she thought might be of value. When the salesclerk casually asked what the tools were for she replied: "Oh you know my husband . . . always puttering around." Fortunately the clerk did not know John, for if he had he would have been fully aware that Dr. John Hazard did not putter around."

The morning was a fine one as she happily drove back to Hazard Manor. So as to fully enjoy the anticipation she first prepared a light lunch, then put on her bikini and went into the back lawn to enjoy the sun and the expectation of opening THAT door. At last she could wait no longer. She ran back into the house and picked up the package of tools, returned to the stone outhouse and frantically commenced work on the bottom hinge which seemed loose. Finally she jerkingly pulled the door open. At last

She was immediately knocked flat by the Warlord of Barsoom making his exit in 30 foot leaps, brandishing his longsword and shouting, "I still live! The greatest swordsman in two worlds!" Following closely were 10,000 foot soldiers, the Red Men of Helium, all kled but for swords of various lengths strapped about their waists. Behind them came the cavalry on six-legged thots and then the Green Men of Warhoon. By the time the fliers passed over, their tanks fairly bursting with the ninth ray, she had long since ceased to wonder what lay behind the door of the old stone outhouse.

COIFFURES AND CORTEX by Don Markstein

"Why did he do it, Mama?" cried Lululu after the barber had finished her summer haircut. Although this was Lululu's fourth summer she had not been enough aware to protest during her preceeding three visits. "Now, Lululu," said her mother, "I've explained a hundred times it's cooler and that you look just precious with those bangs." "Waah! Waah! Waah!" wailed Lululu, "I wanna have my hair look just like Nodie next door." Lululu's mother looked aghast not realizing that Lululu had even noticed the latest college fad hairdo sported by the neighboring Nodie, and said, "But Lululu, Nodie is a boy and college or girls or math or something did that to his hair. You don't want your hair to look like a young mans, do you?"

At that instant a particular neuron group in Lululu's cerebral cortex rearranged its synapses. As the production of acetylcholine quadrupled the increased neural activity produced new correlations that would change the history of homo sapien's brief pre-eminance on earth. (to be continued)

THE DEJA VU DECAS by Justin Winston

On February 30, 3742, just as the half million year old native art, preserved in the so-called "Art-Archaeological" Level of Déimos (Physiographic Satellite Level Number GS-N73A) had been finally disposed of, World Senator Garrison pushed a resolution through the 427th System Congress to utilize the vacated space for the proposed LBJ-TEXAS ART REPOSITORY. As art dealers madly scrambled to get a protion of the juicy congressional appropriation, one

J. Tonwin Nitsut produced a sensation in the world of art by bringing to light a never before seen Degas of a subject on the back of the work, " L. H. Oswald Costumed As Lady Bird Johnson at a Mardi Gras Ball. " (to be continued)

JUDO IN THE 24th CENTURY by Don Walsh

Today in the middle of the 24th century, Judo had progressed far beyond the primitive level of 400 years ago. Just after Kraft Eberg, IV, the Father of Ultramodern Birth Control, postulated that multiple births never resulted when fertilization occurred during the -- at the time -- newly developed KC (Karate-Copulation) Technique, a true natural genius of Tatashiho Gatame appeared on the horizon. (to be continued)
(To be continued in NOLAZINE 3)

THE ONCE AND FUTURE PEAR by John H. Guidry

The rain fell heavily on the narrow, cobbled, pot-holed, hilly street. Lightning and an occasional stray gleam from heavily shuttered windows illumined a furtive, frantic figure wobbling his erratic way down the narrow, cobbled, pot-holed, hilly street. Despite the violent distraction provided by nature's full fury, only one thought was in Joheg's mind. "How oh how has gross, ill-mannered, plebian, bureaucratic censorship even worked its evil way into the Yellow Pages? Why aren't 'Draft Evasion Schools' given their proper, honorable, correct, true listings?" Joheg's anger, frustration, disgust was so intense that the rain turned to stream as it drizzled down his oleaginous flank. (To be continued in NOLAZINE 3)

HUEY LONG AND THE FLYING SAUCERMAN by Bill Bruce

Once upon a time, there was a little boy named little Huey Long. He was a normal little fellow who liked to fish and wander through the woods near his home. His greatest desire was a jackknife, but his family was too poor to buy him one, and he did not want to work to earn the money for that would take him out of the woods.

One day, as he sat on his favorite log, little Huey muttered, "Oh, I wish, I wish I had a knife." Whereupon a small voice behind him said, "Well, I can't help you get a knife, but I can give you the (to be continued in NOLAZINE 3)

ADAM AND EVE AND HERPETOLOGY by Paul Hollander

What was the serpent in the garden really like? Do you really want to know? Well, OK, I'll tell you, for you see I just happen to be a personal friend of not only that snake but of snakes in general. (To be continued in NOLAZINE 3)

THE TIME-OUT OF TIME by Joan Harrington

Joan parked her anti-gravity platform in front of the "Time-Out Lounge." She carefully placed her disintegrator in the holster above the miniskirt she was wearing. Just then Bruce Muscles floated up and Joan saw his six-foot-two-inch frame walk languidly toward her. "Where is John" He has escaped again. Have you seen him, Bruce?" (To be continued in NOLAZINE 3)

