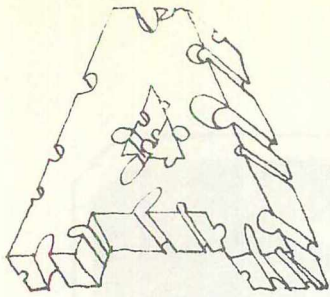


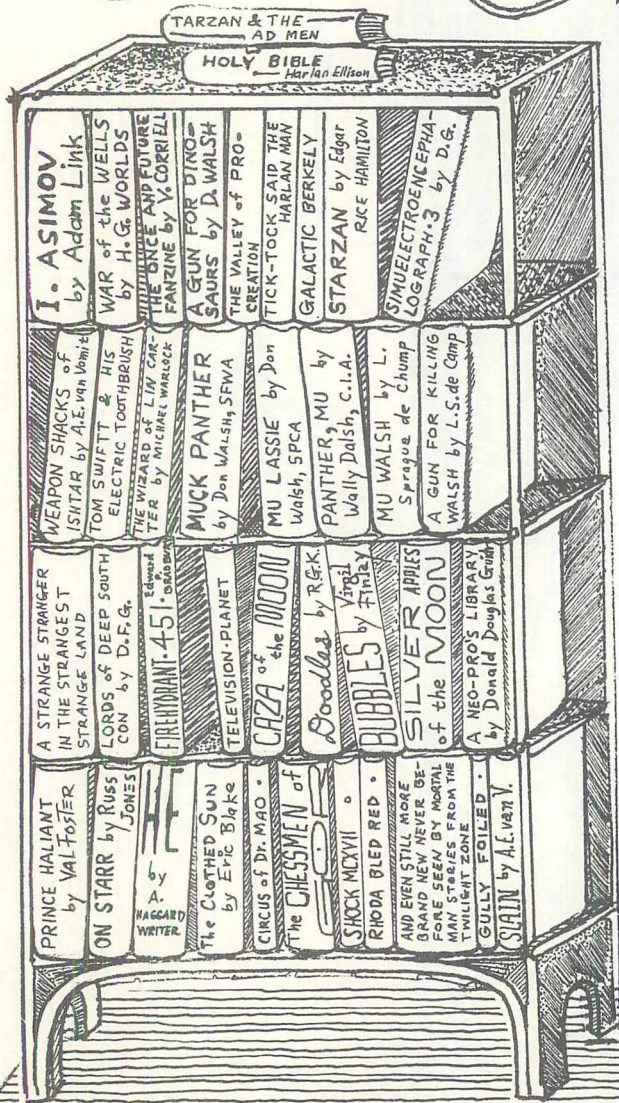
NOLAZINE





neo-pro's

Library



ONCE UPON
A MIDNITE
DREARY.....



NEVERMORE!

HORRIBLE STORIES
THRILLING AIR WONDER
THRILLING LAND WONDER
THRILLING SEA WONDER
B.E.M. STORIES
BLACK + BLUE BOOK
SUPER VOO STORIES
NEW WORLDS OF TO-MORROW

NOLAZINE

DEAD
COCKROACH



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following pages

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ART CREDITS

Stan Taylor—cover, 1, 2, 6, 8, 12, 16, 17, 20, and all art for THE NIGHT FALLS.
Doug Wirth—inside cover, 14 (middle).
Ken Hafer—4, 5, 11, 14 (bottom).
Tom Palecki—9, 15.
Pat Barnwell—10.
George Douglas—13.

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NOLAZINE SIX

NOLA CON 11

NOLAZINE is the official organ of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association (NOSFA)
Editor—Patrick H. Adkins.

Corresponding Secretary—Donald D. Markstein

Deep South Con Secretary and subscription manager—John H. Guidry

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8/1/68

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EDITORIAL

Well, we're back again, with our sixth issue in less than a year, and number seven is in preparation now. Obviously NOLAZINE is not a one-shot project. We're still here and by now you should be getting the message: We're serious about getting the Worldcon in '73 and we're going to work for it. And we can't think of a better way of reminding you than NOLAZINE. So, we've all got a lot invested in this magazine and we're going to do every thing we can to make sure it's good.

For the future we have a large supply of artwork by Stan Taylor, Tom Palecki, Doug Wirth, and others. We have a long feature article on Asimov's Future History stories, more s-f profiles, and some rather controversial articles on a number of prominent writers.

We're trying.

But we need your help too. We can't do it alone. First, let us know what you think of our magazines. Comment on the stories and art. Write! Let us know you're alive. Say something, even if it's all bad. And, we need...

Yes, money. This is the last issue of NOLAZINE that will be sent out free. Issue #7 is the special convention issue. DSC VI members will receive #7 and #8 free of charge. NOLAZINE #8 will include a post convention report, with photographs as well as our usual art and articles plus the third installment of THE NIGHT FALLS. THE ONLY WAY TO GET NOLAZINE #7 IS TO JOIN THE DEEP SOUTH CON! After #7, subscriptions are available, 3 issues for \$1. Send \$1 for convention membership and/or \$1 for a subscription to John Guidry #5 Finch St., New Orleans, La. 70124.

See y'all at the Deep South Con.

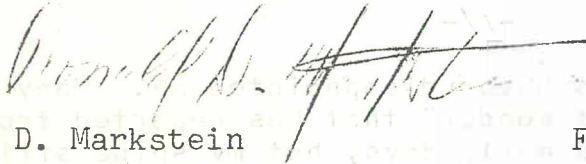
P. H. Adkins



ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF OUR EDITOR

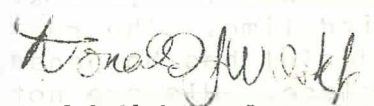
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW ORLEANS SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION.....

- 1) The N.O.S.F.A. is an organization of fans, fellow travelers, and kindred souls dedicated to life, liberty, and the pursuit of science fiction.
- 2) The officers of the N.O.S.F.A. shall be the president, who presides; the vice president, who presides in the absence of the president, the secretary, who takes minutes, and the treasurer, who treasures.
- 3) Irregular meetings shall be held. At each meeting a time and place for the next meeting shall be agreed upon.
- 4) Officers shall be elected by a simple majority of members annually at the first meeting in July.
 - a) There shall be a meeting in July.
- 5) The secretary shall keep a roster of members, complete with addresses and telephone numbers, as up to date as possible, and shall pass this information on to other members when called upon to do so.
 - a) The secretary shall take attendance at each meeting for the purpose of collecting dues, though no permanent record need be kept.
- 6) Dues per member per meeting attended will be collected by the treasurer.
 - a) Members not paid up in full will not receive NOLAZINE.
 - b) The member who hosts a meeting is exempt from dues, for that meeting.
- 7) The club fanzine, NOLAZINE, shall be edited by the Editor, who edits for life unless 1) he fails to publish one NOLAZINE in any six-month period, 2) 3/4 of the membership votes to remove him, or 3) he resigns three times.
 - a) Copies of NOLAZINE shall be distributed at the meetings to all paid-up members.
- 8) A member who does not attend a meeting for a year is dropped from the club, but may rejoin at any time in the usual manner.


Donald D. Markstein


Frederick Norwood


John H. Guidry


Donald Walsh Jr.

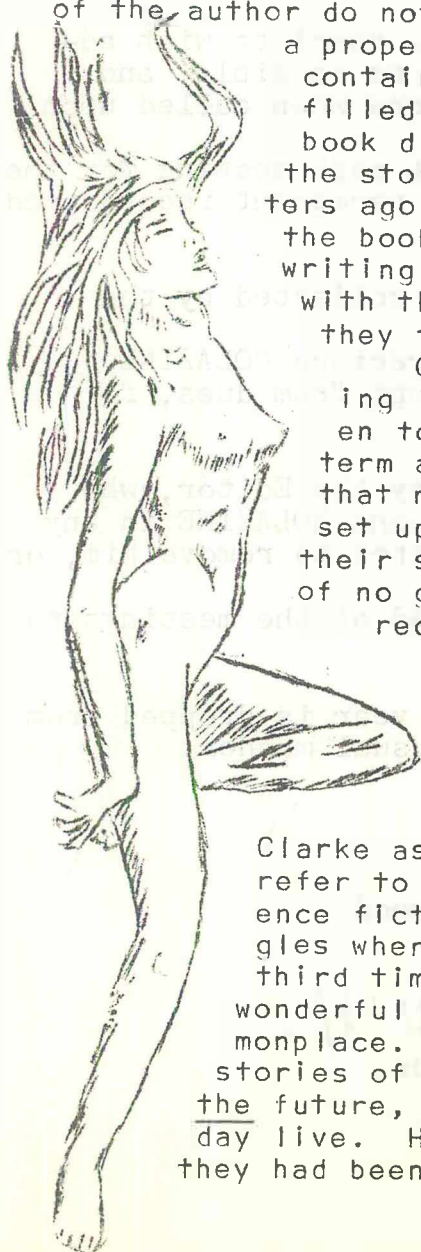
It has recently come to my attention that the library of the N3F gets few, if any, calls for the work of Arthur C. Clarke, indicating that few members of that group care for his writing. If a "favorite author" survey were made among fans, I have no doubt that Clarke would place far behind such popular authors as, for example, Robert A. Heinlein. Heinlein has won the Hugo award for a novel no less than four times, while Clarke can boast of only a single victory, a short story as long ago as 1957. But is Heinlein in fact a superior writer? I think not.

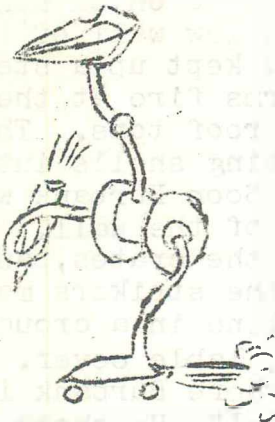
While it is true that an occasional classic, such as Stranger in a Strange Land or The Moon is a Harsh Mistress, has been written by this popular author, the average quality of his work falls far below that level. Glory Road, to give an oft-quoted example of a bad book, a truly abominable piece of fiction, contains a story, as few books of the author do not. However, the story, trite fantasy as it is, is a proper subset of the book. That is, it is completely contained in the book, but the book is not completely filled by it. In fact, the final eighty pages of the book drag on interminably, for one scene after another, the story having been brought to a conclusion many chapters ago and offering no support whatsoever. By the time the book has ended, readers less enamored of Heinlein's writing have already given up in disgust, while those with the tenacity to finish breathe a sigh of relief as they turn the last page.

One highly over-rated example of Heinlein's writing is his future history series. This has been driven to the point where "future history" has become a term almost synonymous with "Heinlein," but the fact is that many writers, among them Asimov and Norton, have set up a rigid sequence of events into which many of their stories fall. The future history of Heinlein is of no greater quality than that of Asimov, which will receive full treatment in an article in a future issue of NOLAZINE. In fact, even the stories of Clarke are loosely connected and could be said to form a "future history."

-//-

Clarke as a writer has never disappointed me. Many fans refer to the "Sense of Wonder" that has departed from science fiction since its early days, but my spine still tingles when I read a story by Clarke, even for the second or third time. The reason for this is not because anything wonderful has happened, but because it is all so very commonplace. His are not stories of a possible future, not stories of "What would happen if..." They are stories of the future, the future in which I and my descendants will one day live. His stories are not prophetic. It is as though they had been written after the fact. The "Sense of Wonder"





comes not from a "Gee, wouldn't it be swell if..." atmosphere, but rather from one of "Gee, won't it be swell when..."

Clarke's endings are likewise superior to those of other sf authors. While he ends his books in much the same way as does Heinlein, that is by choosing a convenient ending place and ending it, he knows when to stop and his endings do not drag on unendingly as it were. Then too, being a master of the English language, he can choose almost any event as the last in the story, even to the extent of having a character gaze up at the night sky and reflect over his experiences, and leave the reader perfectly satisfied.

And when I've finished a novel by Clarke, I often do just that. I gaze at the Moon with perfect confidence that my grandchildren will take their Lunar citizenship as much for granted as do the characters of Arthur C. Clarke.

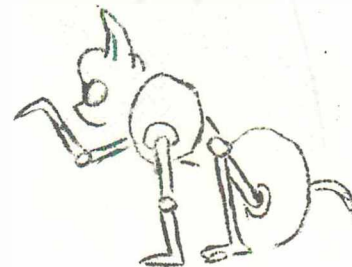
—Donald D. Markstein

The results of the June 29 NOSFA elections are as follows:

President—Don Walsh Jr.
Vice President—Doug Wirth
Secretary-Treasurer—John Guidry

Deep South Con committee officers:

Chairman—Rick Norwood
Vice Chairman—Don Markstein
Secretary-Treasurer—John Guidry
Editor, NOLAZINE—Patrick H. Adkins



-//-

A mistake is noted in last issue's announcement concerning the Deep South Con. Besides the fact that "banquet" is not spelled "banquit," the tickets for the banquet will sell for \$5.50 rather than \$4.50 as was previously reported.

-//-

Concerning nextish, # 7, no copies will be distributed other than to members of the Deep South Con. Write to John H. Guidry, # 5 Finch St. New Orleans, La. 70124, for details.

-//-

n.o. in '73



"Cover me," Burbank yelled. Then he was running across the open space toward the picket line. Enemy shells burst behind him. The Union men knelt in back of a low wall of packing crates and kept up a steady stream of small arms fire at the snipers on nearby roof tops. The big guns kept lobbing shells into the parking lot. Soon Burbank was within the shadow of the wall. He lay behind one of the crates, panting.

The leader of the strikers made his way down the line in a crouching run, using all available cover. He reached the spot where Burbank lay. "Great going, buddy!" He shook Burbank's hand. "What news?"

"I took the bosses secretary out for a night on the town. Would you believe nightclubs are still open just three blocks outside the battle zone? She talked. Management plans to give in to our demands!"

"The three hour work week? The salary boost? Guaranteed jobs for our kids?"

"Everything."

"Then the war is over! We can go back to work!"

"Not so fast. You haven't heard the important part. As soon as you come out they plan to break their contract, shoot the leaders and make the other employees work at gunpoint."

"Why those dirty..."

"That's the word. Just hold

tight. You hold the factory. You have enough supplies to last for months. Wait until they're hurting bad. Then they'll offer safeguards to protect you from a double cross."

Burbank had gotten his breath back. Now he rose to a crouch. "There's no use in my hanging around here. The press helicopter is due to fly over in a few minutes. When it does, the shooting will stop. Neither side wants to hit a reporter. I'll make a run for it then."

Soon the thunder of a helicopter filled the air. Burbank was over the wall and running. The Union leader watched him vanish into the city jungle. "I wonder how he gets thru their lines," he mused.

Burbank stood in the plush offices of the Chairman of the Board. The Chairman of the Board finished signing the papers on his desk and looked up. "Well?"

"They fell for your plan, sir. They think I'm on the Union side. I gave them a few useless tid-bits of information and learned their whole plan. They are desperate for food and water and will accept any offer you make. But they will insist on keeping their weapons. As soon as they have new supplies, they plan to break whatever agreement they've signed and go out on strike again."

The Chairman of the board grew red in the face. "I'll show them. They can't do this to me. They know their demands are unreasonable. It would bankrupt the company to give in to them." He noticed Burbank standing respectfully by. "What are you hanging around for. Get out of here. The secretary will pay you on the way out."

"Thank you, sir," Burbank said.

The newspaper editor's office was full of noise. It could have been sound-proofed, but it was traditional for an editor's office to be noisy. Burbank, who slouched in a chair across the desk from the editor, could hardly hear over the clatter of typewriters and babble of voices. The high noise level in the office made it almost impossible to bug.

"Everything worked like a charm," Burbank said. "I can keep Labor and Management at each other's throats indefinitely."

"Good. Circulation is soaring."

"War sells papers. Especially a war going on in your own back yard. And it keeps the newspaper's employees in line, to see how easily a strike can get our of hand. The typesetters haven't struck for years."

"Don't get wise. This is strictly a legitimate circulation building ploy. Don't even hint that we would try to intimidate our own employees."

"Right, Chief," Burbank said.

Burbank met the local party boss in the back room of a candy store. "All is going as planed, Comrade. Labor, Management, the Press, all think I work for them. The newspaper gives me the contacts I need. Management supplies the cash. And I am able to aid the valiant working classes in their struggle against the Wall Street gangsters and their running dogs. I also keep the workers from accepting appeasements offered by the paper tigers of Management, so that the class conflict is kept at a boil."

"You will recieve a medal for your heroic work, Comrade."

"Oh, it really isn't very dangerous," Burbank said modestly.

"Since they all think I'm on their side, they go out of their way to see that I'm not hurt."

"Donnot contradict me, Comrade. History says that you are a hero. Do you dispute history?"

"Oh, no. It is, as you say, very dangerous work."

"Just so. Dismissed, Comrade."

Burbank went to the nearest public telephone and dialed the number of his FBI contact. When the FBI man answered Burbank gave him a quick rundown on the day's activities. His contact had a hearty voice. "Good work, Burbank. Just do what the party orders. Your position as an undercover agent is more important than any minor damage you may do. Remember, the real threat to this country is not the labor war but the International Communist Conspiracy."

"I realize where my duty lies, sir," Burbank said.

Burbank left the phone booth, got into his Lincoln Continental and drove home. As he fixed himself a martini, he daydreamed idly about the secretary he would be taking to dinner and the theater in a few hours. Then he ran over in his mind the events of the day and allowed himself a quiet smile of satisfaction.

-Rick Norwood



TRAVELERS BY NIGHT by August Derleth
Arkham House, \$3.95

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—D. Walsh Jr.

CHTHON, by Piers Anthony

Ballantine, \$.75

This seven-year effort by the talented young author of the Pyramid Prize novel, SOS THE ROPE, came just short of winning the 1968 Nebula Award from SFWA. It got rave notices from most reviewers; its several virtues include a charted-out, complex plot structure and a background woven with considerable skill. Don't miss it.

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THE BUTTERFLY KID, by Chester Anderson

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No words I could write would ever do justice to the masterpiece of a novel that is THE BUTTERFLY KID. You see, there's this bunch of aliens trying to take over the world, but they're pacifists and can't hurt Earthmen. So they've got this weapon that doesn't hurt anybody, just makes it real easy for them to hurt themselves. It's a narcotic that gives you a really new kind of high. Like...when you take it, everybody else has hallucinations. And the hallucinations are real. The chaos that follows is unbelievable, unless you consider the people that are taking the "reality pills." They're the kind that hallucinate anyway, the hippies of the next decade. And some of the things they dream up will blow your freakin' mind. The hero and his room mate march through the Village accompanied by a 14-bassoon band (one out of tune) and nine minor gods. He holds a dozen six-foot blue lobsters at bay with the nauseating lyrics of "Love Sold in Doses." And similar atrocities. A typical passage involves the search for the source of the "reality pills" and finding in the process a bag of greenish-brownish leaves of unknown origin. "What is it?" asks The Butterfly Kid. Pulling a pipe out of his pocket, the protagonist proclaims, "I happen to have here an extremely sensitive testing device."

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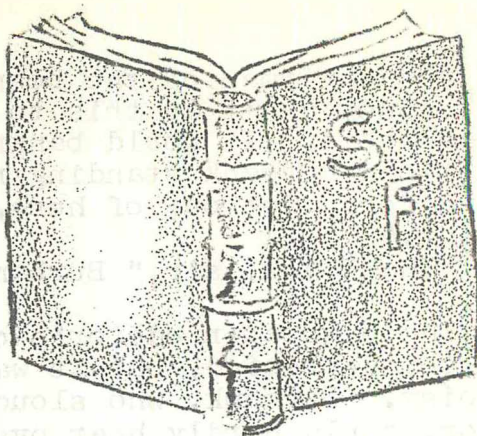
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-Rick Norwood

Book Reviews



SPHERELAND, by Dyonis Burger

\$1.95

Apollo Editions

The title of this book was what first caught my eye—Sphereland—it sort of reminded me of Flatland, which I had read some time earlier. Glancing at the back cover as I always do, I found that the similarity was more than mere coincidence, that it had, in fact, been written as a sequel to Edwin Abbot's classic. In this book, an inhabitant of Flatland, a descendant of the original Square to whom the earlier work had been attributed, discovers that his world is only one of many existing in his two-dimensional universe, that the universe is curved and not flat as had originally been supposed, and that its spherical surface is expanding. Some amusing parallels are brought out, particularly the unwillingness of scientific authority to accept observations that refute extant hypotheses, both in our own world and in that of the Hexagon who narrates the story. The Sphere, as obstinate as ever in not seeing parallels between Flatland (or Sphereland) and his own Spaceland, makes several appearances to introduce higher-dimensional, non-Euclidean geometry to the poor, benighted polygons, but needs a few visits from a Hyper-sphere to convince him that such things could indeed be relevant to himself. Some interesting, though ineffectual social commentary is made as the Sphere describes the inhabitants of his universe known as "Homo sapiens."

In style, Sphereland reads like Flatland, only "more so." At first I expected a rather futile attempt at imitation and extrapolation, but was pleasantly surprised from the first page on. I really enjoyed it.

—D. Markstein

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY Playboy Press, \$.95

With such contributors as Arthur C. Clarke, Frederick Pohl, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Sheckley, and many many others, how could a book help but be good? This one does not prove that rule. It is not the exception. Although its 400-plus pages are more than the average reader would want of a steady diet of short stories, it is a good book to have at your bedside, to read one or two stories from a night. I have done so for several nights now, and I've not found one story of the lot that was not totally entertaining.

As the title suggests, this book represents the best science fiction published in PLAYBOY since that magazine started publishing stories of the genre back in 1954. And as all readers of the magazine will testify they publish the best of all types of fiction. This volume is truly the best of the best.

—H.G. Purvis

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF CRIME AND SUSPENSE

Playboy Press, \$.95

Richard Matheson, Avram Davidson, Fredric Brown, and Charles Beaumont. Those are four good reasons for buying the book, and if one does not think that suspense and crime can have science fiction settings or one of the supernatural, this book is ample proof that that person is wrong. Excellent reading matter.

—John H. Guidry

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF HORROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL

Playboy Press, \$.95

Of the three books that PLAYBOY put out, this in my opinion is the best. The list of well-known authors is remarkably high, and so is the quality. If one buys any of the three, this is the one to get. Highly recommended.

—John H. Guidry

THE FINAL PROGRAMME, by Michael Moorcock

Avon, \$.60

Although well written and entertaining in all parts, this novel simply does not come off as a whole, especially at the end. Moorcock's engaging style does not excuse the facts that more than one story is going on, no two share a common page, none have anything to do with any of the others other than coincidences in names of some characters, and the ending is totally unsatisfying.

The first quarter of the book deals with a quest which, though interesting and even exciting, serves only to kill off a few characters and goes nowhere. From there on, it is a series of adventures, tied together by only the thinnest and most ephemeral string of plot, leading up to an end that is not at all foreshadowed in the story. What's more the pity, the ending represents a truly worthwhile idea, and could itself have served as the beginning of an interesting novel. Unfortunately, by its very nature, it leaves too many threads untangled to come off well as a tying up factor.

If you are interested in a technically good piece of writing, read The Final Programme. If you are interested in speculation, by all means read The Final Programme. But if you're interested in good fiction, read something else. Like NOLAZINE 4.

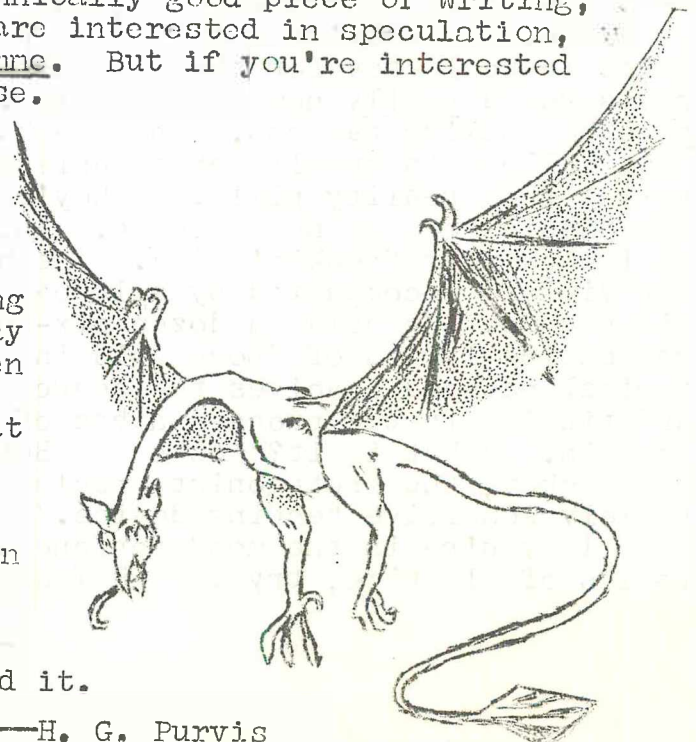
—D. Markstein

THE BRAIN MACHINE, by George O. Smith

Lancer, \$.60

George O. Smith has a way of writing books that, when you finish, you say "That was a pretty good book." Then you forget it. This one is no exception—a good book but not a great one. It has the youthful hero who is oh, so superior to most adults, the evil but inferior adults who want what he has, the girl who is in the same predicament as himself... all the elements that made Slan a classic. This book is no classic, but it's well worth the time to read it.

—H. G. Purvis





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by PATRICK H. ADKINS

Edgar Rice Burroughs
or The Incompetent Swordsman

If one were to classify all "good" writers into three groups, these groups might be labeled craftsman, amanuensis, and genius. The first group would be composed almost entirely of English teacher types, who impose upon themselves the strictest discipline and spend the majority of their writing time worrying about punctuation, viewpoint, logical progression, and other technical details. The second group would be prophets and seers, the imaginative individuals to whom the vision itself is all important. Poe expressed it well: "They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night." The third group, the geniuses, might be considered the perfect blend of craftsmanship and vision, of the analytical and the imaginative. But geniuses are very rare.

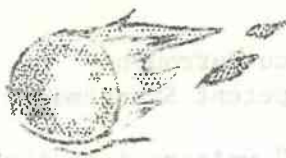
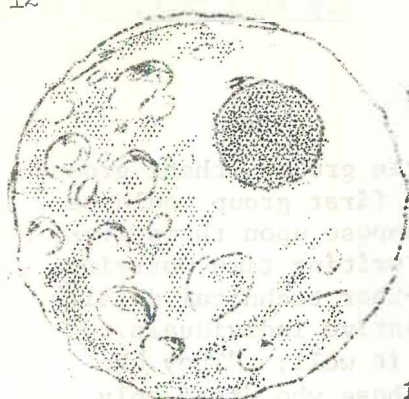
Let's look at the amanuensis, the writer who records more than he writes. Kipling once told Rider Haggard that he (Haggard) had not written She, that someone or someone had written it through him. C. G. Jung, the psychoanalyst, agreed, calling She-who-must-be-obeyed an archetypal character that had risen from humanity's common pool of longing, the collective unconscious. And the same is true of Edgar Rice Burroughs. It is interesting that in his forewords Burroughs almost always credited each story to a source other than himself. Perhaps this was his way of saying that the stories, in effect, often wrote themselves. Certainly Tarzan and John Carter are (or were) real, even if their existence was only in the buried longings of a bored and unsuccessful man.

Edgar Rice Burroughs was neither a craftsman nor a genius. He was a seer. It has been said that he had no literary pretensions, but this is not true. The opening sentence of Tarzan of the Apes ("I had this story from one who had no business to tell it to me, or to any other") amply demonstrates his desire to write "good literature", a desire which grew and grew, almost bloomed, then withered away. From 1916 to 1926, Burroughs was at his peak as a craftsman. The books of this period combined almost passable literary skill with imaginative vision. During those years he produced: Mastermind, Jungle Tales, Land That Time Forgot, and—possibly his best work—The Moon Maid.

But try as he would, Burroughs never became a competent craftsman. He just didn't have it. But as an amanuensis he had few equals—he felt and recorded as best he could the forgotten dreams of mankind. His best works seethe with fire and fervor, with as Haggard calls it "primeval and troglodyte imagination."

The greatest works are works of genius. But what of the others? Think of the seers vision as a rapier. In the hands of a master craftsman, nothing can stop it. But a rapier, no matter who uses it, no matter how unskilled the wielder may be, can still cut.





DON WALSH JR. _____
 _____True Life Experiences....

Don Walsh Jr., child prodigy of Louisiana fandom, incurred the undying wrath of NOSFA in Oct. of 1967 by selling a story to IF at the age of 17. It wasn't a very good story—in fact, it was pretty terrible, and rumor has it that he copied it word for word from an old Harlan Ellison story.

But he did get paid for it, and it did appear in a prozine, and for months Walsh wouldn't let anyone around here forget it. Now he just wishes we'd let him forget it.

-//-

Walsh was over at John Guidry's house one day to see Rick Norwood, who was then in for the Christmas holidays. He is always on the lookout for chances to needle people in return for the way we've treated him since his story was published, so, knowing that Robert E. Howard was among Guidry's favorite writers, he stated offhandedly that Howard was known to be queer.

John, content for the moment with defense only, merely pointed out that you could fill a book with the names of queer writers.

Thinking also only of defense and not of avoiding the trap that had been set for him, Walsh fell in with the words, "You wouldn't find my name in that book," whereupon Rick and John simultaneously replied, "Well, you aren't a writer."

-//-

Don Markstein was driving Walsh home from a NOSFA meeting one night and passed a well known local used car lot which had been sold and would soon be the site of a huge office building. Markstein made some comment or other along the lines of "There goes one of the landmarks of my childhood."

Walsh, always aware of opennings to antagonize the rest of us, asked casually, "Oh, you used to steal cars there?"

There was silence for a few seconds while Markstein, as is his wont, formulated his answer in the precise wording he wanted. Finally he said slowly, "Look, Walsh. At least I don't steal plots."

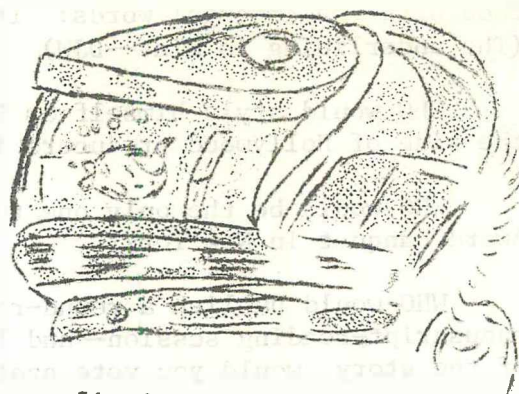
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These little episodes are only two of many true-life stories of verbal attacks made on Don Walsh. He has been uncomplimentarily referred to as a "neo-pro" because he reacts violently to being called a neofan. In the immortal words of John Guidry, who coined the term "neo-pro," "You've really sunk to the bottom of neo-prodom when you start submitting 'first stories' to IF under assumed names."

-//-

The membership of NOSFA has recently been convinced that it needs a president and, being unopposed, Walsh was elected with only a few dissenting votes. We only hope he can do as good a job as our neo-president as he has done in bearing all of this unmerciful kidding.

Profiles no. 1



In this corner...
The Napoleon of Hollywood
Versus...
SFWA

There are several figures in contemporary science fiction who stir up a great deal of controversy. Philip Jose Farmer is one; so is Roger Zelazny. But these writers and others like them become controversial because of their writings, and not on account of their personal nature.

There is, however, a notable exception.

He is a short, hawk-nosed professional currently residing in California. There is little if anything of much major concern in his writings; his best work has probably been in the field of teleplays, where, it must be said, he has little competition among SF writers.

But that is of no consequence. What is either violently liked or hated about him is simply him.

His name is Harlan Ellison.

You, dear reader, probably just proved the above statement. The simple writing of those thirteen letters can evoke such hatred or equally strong defense among otherwise compatible fans and pros. No one is ever indifferent about Harlan; feelings about him are pretty black and white.

Volumes could be written about Ellison's misadventures in the world of giants; when the history of fandom is finally written, the Ellison story will be thick and splotted with purple. (Sam Moskowitz, take notes.)

This article will not be concerned with the entire chronicle of Harlan's escapades. Most of the incidents related here come to us second hand, either by word of mouth or from accounts in professional or fannish journals.

By the way, I'm not trying to be objective. How can I—I hate Harlan's guts.

WHO would get in a fight with Keith Laumer over Rosel George Brown in a little restaurant in Milford, Pa., getting all three writers barred from the premises for the duration of that Milford Conference?

WHO would pay Doubleday to publish his own anthology?

WHO would be elected to office as first Vice-president of the SFWA—and be the only SFWA officer ever to be voted out of office?

WHO would take on Frank Sinatra's bodyguards with a pool cue—or, better still, who would be stupid enough?

WHO, among thirty prominent SF writers at a Milford Conference in Damon Knight's Anchorage, would be the only one to wear a suit, use sunglasses indoors, and prop his feet up on a cushion in sessions?

WHO would write a 'Man from U.N.C.L.E.' script involving a book critic named Judith Merle—as a THRUSH agent. And WHO would end up with a lawsuit because of said script for the round sum of \$1,000,000.00?

WHO would publish a thick (400-page) anthology of his own work, and end his pre-

face with the immortal words: If nothing else, it's a good book to masturbate by? (The underlining is mine—DJW)

WHO would style himself as SFWA's Hollywood representative—and proceed to take the side of Hollywood producers in every dispute that arose?

WHO would be the only one to laugh at jokes about his books at this year's Nebula Award banquet in New York?

WHO would publish a round-robin story written by thirty-odd writers at a Milford manuscript-reading session—and later accept a Nebula Award for it? (If you wrote part of the story, would you vote against it?)

WHO, at the NyCon III SFWA banquet, would express his displeasure with the food served by tossing it at a waiter and splattering it against a wall (at which point a slightly inebriated Lester del Rey rolled his salad down an aisle.)

WHO would get in a brawl with a truck driver in Milford and later relate how he vanquished the thug to swooning neofans? (Impartial eyewitnesses swear that a mild-mannered truck driver felled the cocky writer with one punch.)

These are but brief glimpses of the Ellison story—snatches from one of his better scenarios. He didn't write it—he lived it. Which is why it's worth reading.

—Don Walsh Jr.



(Wirth)

DISCLAIMER: Any views expressed in this magazine are those of the individual writers involved, and any action, legal, verbal, or physical should be addressed to only them.

Address all comments on this and past issues to Don Markstein, 2232 Wirth Place, New Orleans, La. 70115, our Keeper of the Archives.

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 California Distributor...Rick Norwood
 Staff Weird...Justin Winston
 Supernumery...Peter Bezbak
 Baton Rouge Liason...Bill Bruce
 Once and Future Artist...Doug Wirth



THE NEW WAVE:

Old Waves, Tidal Waves, and Hair Straighteners

Yes, gentle reader, there is a division in the ranks of sf professionals, a schism with effects so far-reaching as to shatter friendships, dash idyllic dreams asunder, and cast a dark shadow over the last Worldcon.

What is the reason for this fateful division? Is it Diagnostics? The Vietnam War? Whether or not Harlan Ellison is the AntiChrist?

No, friends, these burning issues of yesteryear pall in the light of the ultimate enigma: what is the New Wave, and what does one do with it?

A solid definition of the New Wave is about as hard to come by as an autographed copy of Plato's REPUBLIC. Judith Merril, bless her annual soul, has outlined the New Wave in vague terms, but her definition differs from Harlan Ellison's just as much as Ellison's varies from Michael Moorcock's own views. As the aforementioned Napoleon of Hollywood once commented: "Ask for us by brand-name."

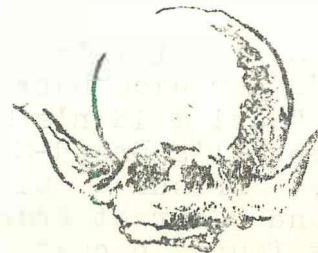
And when someone tries to debate the relative worth of the New and Old Waves, then the fireworks really start popping!

Robert Silverberg, SFWA's President for the 1967-68 term, has gone on record in favor of the New Wave, while Frederik Pohl, perhaps the most powerful editor in science fiction, dissents and expresses extreme doubt as to its value.

And most of us are stuck in the middle of this cross-fire.

Case-in-point #1: Robert Silverberg. Bob's been a busy boy lately, what with just having finished a term as SFWA's chief executive, having his house burn down, and turning out an astonishing number of words in between the two. Last year he turned out thick novels under the Ballantine imprint: THORNS and TO OPEN THE SKY. Yours truly managed to read both only because the generous publisher mailed me free courtesy copies.

What is striking about the two books is their total lack of similarity, especially in style. Granted, after 100-up book-lengths, Silverberg must have a style for every hour of the day. But these two books in particular reflect perfectly the differences between the Old and New Waves. THORNS is a very experimental work, with a wide variety of characters and some fairly lucid sex. Also, no plot. Definitely New Wave stuff. TO OPEN THE SKY, on the other hand, is a very straight, well-defined type of book, operating within a fairly well-travelled path but lending the plot a new coat of paint along the way. Of the two I prefer the latter, which was the first of the two to appear, before Silverberg's conversion to the New Wave.



Case-in-point #2: Samuel R. Delany. Chip is a talented New Boy with an impressive stack of awards under his belt. His first Nebula-winning novel, BABEL-17, was a great book in my opinion; some, however, found the title very apt. It babbled. His second Nebula novel, EINSTEIN INTERSECTION, did nothing but babble, and besides, it had nothing to do with either Einstein or intersections. Of course, the blame for the title must rest with the publisher. Dirty Old Wollheim could compile a book of his own retitles. Suggested name: MACABRE READER. Wouldn't that be camp?



And all the while people like John Brunner are still writing brilliant sf, without entering the battle on either side. His QUICKSAND is a tender, trapping piece of work which quite possibly will draw you down its pit and swallow you up in its unexpected implications.

Ultimately, what might be said about the New Wave is what is true of all experiments; sometimes they don't work. Finagle's Law and all that. But in all fairness I must say that some New Wave material has succeeded in becoming excellent sf. Zelazny's LORD OF LIGHT is an excellent example.

Still, I for one would like to see this squabbling all over with, and classification into waves of one sort or another put to an end to. Let's call sf nothing more than sf. In my opinion, the whole raison d'être for the New Wave hard-core clique has been a desire to form a proper subset of sf writers, in some kind of organized subset-large protest against time-worn methods. Great, on its own merit, but let's not dress it up as the greatest thing in three galaxies. If someone can demonstrate that New Wave books are consistently better than other classifications on an entirely objective level, then maybe someone will look up, take notice, and oil up the old Underwood. If not...

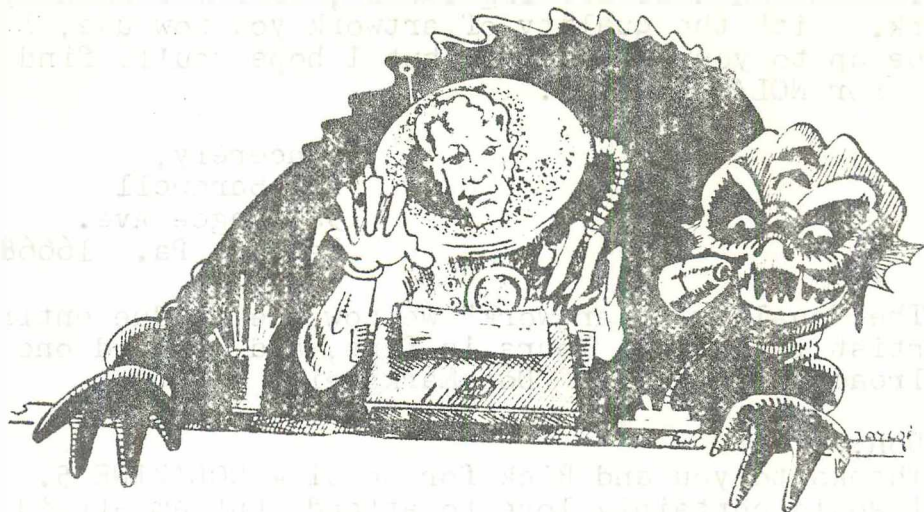
In the immortal words of John W. Campbell,
"Put up or shut up."

—Don Walsh Jr.

Books not found in the "Neo-Pro's Library" -----

"Robert A. Heinlein's Rejection Slips," "Rick Norwood's Safe Driving Tips," "Edgar Rice Burroughs' Anti-Heroes," "Mu Panther's Rave Notices," "Hari Seldon's Mistakes," "Sam Moskowitz' True Statements," John Campbell's Broad-Minded Editorials," "Lin Carter's Literate Fiction," "Arthur C. Clarke's Pseudonyms," "Verne Corriell's Mailing List," and "Correct Pronunciation," by John Guidry. These books are not "not found" because of any particular rarity, but because their extreme thinness makes them hard to locate.

FEEDBACK



Dear Don [Markstein],

Being a member of the DSC I have the latest issue of NOLAZINE [5] which I thought was very good. Best of all I thought was Patrick H. Adkins' novel (anyway, the first part). I don't usually read serials until I have all the parts together. Then I read it at one gulp—this eliminates the frustration of waiting for the next part. Anyway, for some reason or another, I broke this rule and started on "The Night Falls". It was really good! Now, though, I have to wait until NOLAZINE 6 to read more of it. When will #6 be coming out, any idea?? The description in "The Night Falls" was fantastic—I could see everything. I do have one niggling fault to find with it—Malmose asks Joan her name and she never answers—yet he calls her by her name ("He really likes you, Joan."). Of course, not having read the rest of it, I suppose Malmose could turn out to be a seer or something, and therefore already know all about Joan. (I realize that is a picky little thing to find fault with, but it is picky little things that I notice. Maybe I'm just a picky little person. (??))

The cover was beautiful! (Anyone seeing the cover would probably question that adjective. What I mean is, I really like it!)

As for Rick Norwood's comments on the various "Star Trek" episodes—I can't say I always agreed, but I enjoyed reading them and have to thank him for adding OATTD to my vocabulary. I'm sure it will be very useful.

I found "A There-again-Back-Again Journey" very funny, and nearly drove my sister (a non-fan) crazy by sitting in the living room chuckling madly while reading it.

To close, I enjoyed the whole 'zine. It is well put-together and very well written, and the art (especially Stan Taylor's!!!) is good. (Although the repro on the picture of Spock is lousy.)

See you(I hope!) at the DSC.

Lisa Tuttle
6 Pine Forest Circle
Houston, Texas 77027

Thank you, Lisa, for your "picky little thing"—this is important, as any oversights are. Any comments are welcome. —Pat Adkins

Dear Don, etc.,

I'm not much at writing loc's , so I'm sending you a little of my artwork. With the quality of artwork you now use, I don't know if mine will be up to your standards; but I hope you'll find some use for it. Thanks for NOLAZINE FIVE.

Sincerely,
Pat Barnwell
523 Magee Ave.
Patton, Pa. 16668

The "quality of artwork" we now use is due entirely to Stan Taylor, our Artist in Exile. Yours is fine, and we used one piece in this issue already. Thanks... Don Markstein

Dear Don;

Thanks to you and Rick for sending NOLAZINE 5.

I would certainly love to attend, but am afraid it will be impossible for me to get away at that time. I was at the Nolacon in 1951 and have VERY fond memories of New Orleans.

I think you have an outstanding artist in Stan Taylor. I would like to have work by him in some of my own zines.

Best,
Lynn Hickman
413 Ottokee St.
Wauseon, Ohio 43567

Dear John Guidry,

Hooah, \$4.50 for a banquet (banquit?) ticket, you must think you are a world-con or something It's \$5.50. Sorry. Oh well...

I enjoyed NOLAZINE, especially the Stan Taylor art. I'll be looking forward to seeing that those!!! painting at the DSC.

Adkins' THE NIGHT FALLS is fairly well written, but as yet it shows no fantasy element... Who said it had any?

About DSC, you might like to know that the phone number you gave to call collect for reservations does not work. They refused to accept the call, had me transferred to somebody in Albuquerque... Ned goes on, but we straightened out the whole thing at the hotel personally. If anyone else has trouble, write and we'll have it taken care of. As far as I know now, I will arrive with Hank Reinhardt. Personally, I wouldn't trust HJ as far as I could throw him lefthanded, it is well known that he and all his minions are in the pay of the evil ghod Foo-Foo. The Disclave was held at an HJ in Wheaton Md. a few years ago - the management closed the party at 1 PM, even though the room where it was held was in the basement, far from any of the other guests.

Your report of your train trip was good. I remember you are a Finney fan, guess you saw the new pb of THE UNHOLY CITY with the additional story in it. I just ordered a Grey Walls Press edition of CIRCUS OF DR. LAO, illustrated by a C.N. Fish...

So much for now. See you at the con
Ned Brooks
713 Paul St.
Newport News, Va. 23605

PS - It is not real clear how the Trivia Contest is to work, but I am interested. Sneaky type question - who wrote I, ROBOT first?

Eando Asimov, or something like that—John Guidry

Welling up from feezid id
- Darkest, dankest urges hid-
He waits.

Crawling, clawing, cawing thing,
Made of clash, cacophony's ring,
He waits.

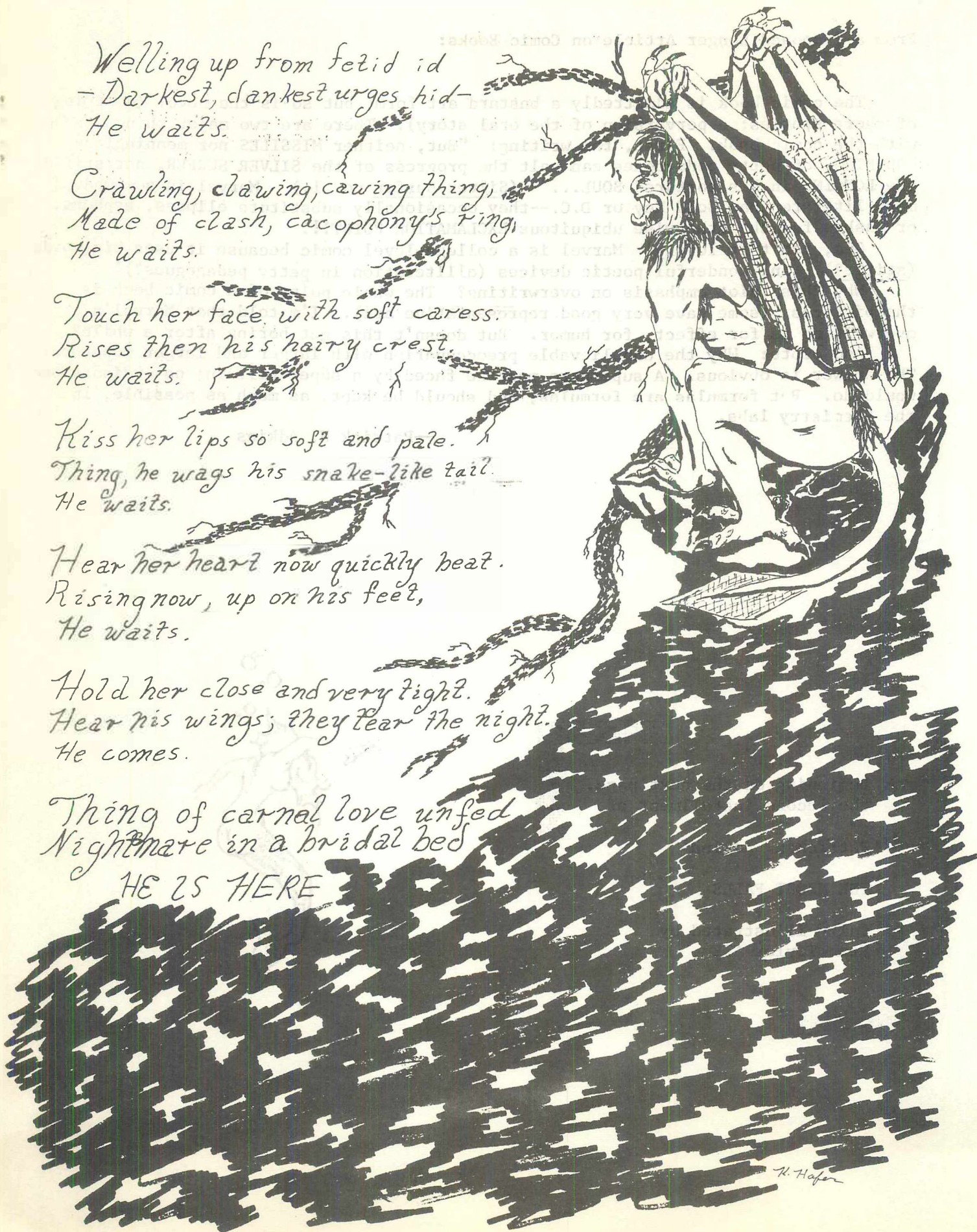
Touch her face with soft caress.
Rises then his hairy crest.
He waits.

Kiss her lips so soft and pale.
Thing, he wags his snake-like tail.
He waits.

Hear her heart now quickly beat.
Rising now, up on his feet,
He waits.

Hold her close and very tight.
Hear his wings; they tear the night.
He comes.

Thing of carnal love unfed
Nightmare in a bridal bed
HE IS HERE



H. Hafer

From a Proposed Longer Article on Comic Books:

The comic book is admittedly a bastard art form; but so is the novel (a string of short stories; a perversion of the oral story). There are two major things wrong with the comic book. First, the writing: "But, neither MISSILES nor meaningless MOUTHINGS of petty pedagogues can halt the progress of the SILVER SURFER, nor stifle the LONGING in his tortured SOUL..." (Silver Surfer no. 1.) Marvel is somewhat more literate than Gold Key or D.C.--they occasionally substitute elipses, hyphens, or dashes for the otherwise ubiquitous EXCLAMATION POINT!!!

Gee, isn't it lovely! Marvel is a college-level comic because it uses big words (stifle?). And wonderful poetic devices (alliteration in petty pedagogues?)!

Why this idiot emphasis on overwriting? The whole point of a comic book is the pictures (some have very good representative art). I'm told that Marvel's overwriting is for effect, for humor. But doesn't this get boring after a while?

And plots: Why the unbelievable preoccupation with larger and larger monsters? The answer is obvious. A superhero must be faced by a super villain; no ordinary one would do. But formulas are formulas, and should be kept, as much as possible, in the Chemistry labs.

—Patrick H. Adkins

Beginning on the next page,
the second installment of

Patrick H. Adkins'

THE NIGHT FALLS

fully illustrated by
Stan Taylor AIE



II

As the girl neared the mud hut, she began to worry about what her mother would say. Her father should be home by now, and he would help her with her mother; but still she was afraid. She sneaked toward the door as silently as possible. Just outside, she stopped and looked in: Every one was gathered around the large but inadequate table, eating from the single bowl in the middle.

"Did you whip her good?" asked one of the men on the far side of the table as he sank his cupped hand into the bowl, withdrawing a large portion of mush.

"I chased her out, that's all."

"She'll be back about now. It's dinner time," another volunteered.

"Everything she does—" Joan's mother was saying.

"I tell her what to do, and she never does it right. Takes all day to bring the water, then spills it all over. And you—" she turned on one of the men— "you're just as bad as her..."

"All of you be quiet and eat," Joan's father said.

Just then Joan entered, watching the floor.

"Okay," her mother said, looking up at her, "come get something to eat. And it's good you came when you did, or these hogs you've got for brothers would have eaten it all."

The girl edged around the table; her brothers were crowded together and she couldn't see any opening. Her chair had been pushed a few feet back from the table to give her brothers more room, and now they had somehow filled in the space completely: close-packed, sweaty bodies all around the table. Joan went to her father. "Papa, can I eat outside? It's too crowded."

"Go ahead, but don't wonder off again."

As the girl reached the door after scooping up two handfuls of mush from the bowl, Mama's voice suddenly thundered, "Where're you going now!"

"She's just going outside to eat," her father said.

"Go ahead, Joan."

"What's the matter with her now?"

"Maybe she's sick," one of the boys said, pushing more mush into his open mouth.

"Let her go."

"Yeah," said another, "I don't want her sick in here."

Joan walked a little way down the hill toward the fields.

She sat in the soft grass, drawing her feet under her and carefully holding her cupped hands over the grass. The sun was going down and the sky was rimmed in pink. As she watched it, she wished she could be over there—by the edge of the world, where the sun went to rest—anywhere but here. She loved her father; he always was nice to her. But almost everyone else... Sometimes she thought they hated her. But she'd always be here. Some day, if she were lucky, she'd marry some serf, and become an old, ugly mother carrying for dirty children in a rat-infested hut while her husband

worked the fields of their rich lord. Sitting in the green grass, watching the dying sun, the girl thought of the few hours of contentment she had had. She thought of how it would be to be married to Malmose: wandering, hunting, swimming—she wondered if he could teach her to swim.

She ate a little of the mush; she wasn't hungry, but she knew she would be later, and she would not have anything else till the next morning. She thought of her father, how he had made all of the furnishings of their house, how he had added a chair with the birth of each child. It was twilight now, and barely visible below her were the almost grown stalks waving slightly in the breeze.

A slight sound made her turn quickly. "Hello, Papa," she said, starting to stand; but before she could, he was squatting beside her, his big, gnarled hand upon her shoulder.

"Try to get along with your mother, Joan? I know she's hard on you sometimes, but think what she's got to put up with. Think of that when she yells at you too loud or when she hits you. She's got her troubles. You're too little to know."

Joan looked up into the old face and warm eyes. She started to speak, but didn't. He patted her knee, and rose to leave. "Don't stay out too long."

Joan watched the wind brush the wheat.

"Go ahead to bed, honey," her mother said as she entered the hut.

"Good night, Mama," she said as she went to her corner. She rearranged the rags upon the floor and then slipped between them.

Lying in the darkness, she could hear the gruff intakes of breath; and there was a slight rustling that seemed to come from the table—probably rats. Across the room, someone twisted restlessly; someone grunted; and someone coughed. Joan lay on her side, pulling her legs up toward her breast, curling herself into a protective ball. She tried to imagine herself floating above the clouds, but could not shut out the tossing bodies and grating snores. Finally she slept.

There was a scream, the girl sat up, fully awake, looking about herself: In the dimness of early morning she could see a thin female figure bent over a dark form lying a few feet from the door. "God—God—" the woman cried. Joan was by the two figures.

"God—my God—"

The room was in motion. Dark figures stumbled against one another.

The woman crouched over the body now, her long black hair draped across her face and touching the still figure beneath her, her hands held midway between her breast and the dead thing on the floor.

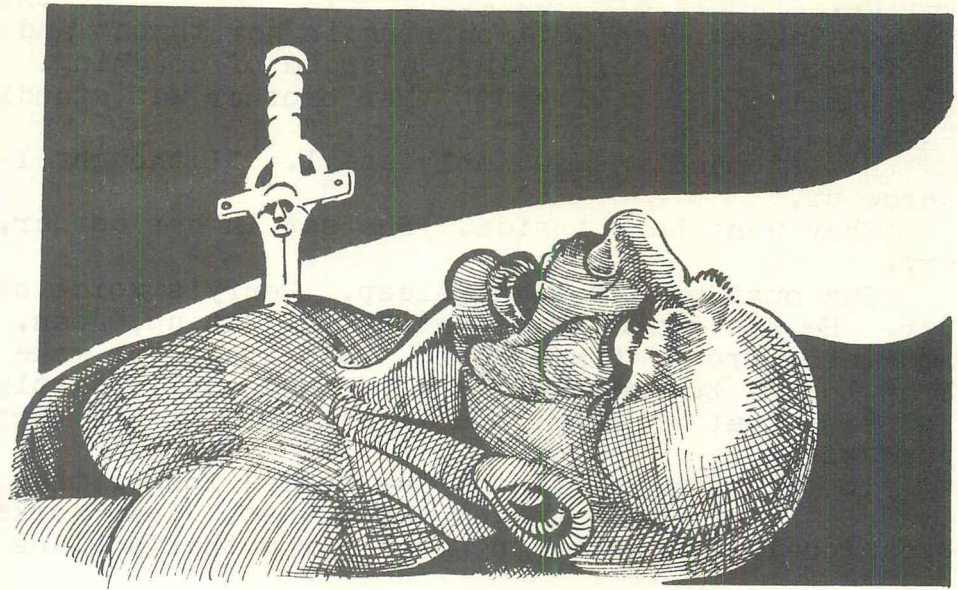
The brothers were gathered around her. There were startled cries, then silence.

The woman's fingers were spread and crooked—like grotesque branches of a dead tree framed in the moonlight.

The girl stood at her mother's side, her hands touching the woman's bent back, her face turned away from the figure. "Papa," she whispered—that was all; and then she was on her knees beside the figure, one arm curled around her mother's leg.

"Somebody's killed him," the old woman said, whispering.

The boys drew the woman away, and Joan stumbled to her feet, ran from the hut. The sun was half hidden by the earth; the fields stood indistinctly at the bottom of the little hill, the woods were shadowy



SOMEBODY'S KILLED HIM —

Taylor

fringes. Joan could not think; shocked, she stumbled from the house and—walked. Without purpose, without thought of her surroundings, she went down the little hill toward the fields her father had tilled. She was in the fields now, between the rows of wheat—lashing tide in a wind-swept sea. She was amid them, the waters all around her, the wind twirling the waves around her. The sun was rising. And then Joan began to run. She tripped, sprawled face down in the dust between the rows, the dust rising around her, settling on her tear-damp face. She cried audibly now, sitting up, her head pressed between her knees. She sat there for a long time, still, silent, and alone.

"That's why Papa was killed," a voice was saying as Joan stopped just outside the hut; "somebody stole the money."

Joan stood in the doorway, looking in. The men were crowded together near the wall, standing around a hole in the dirt floor.

"Which means that one of us killed him," Henry said. He was the oldest brother; he would inherit the property.

Henry turned to Paul, the youngest boy. "Go tell the lord what has happened." Paul squeezed past Joan. Henry turned to the other men. "Papa's dead." His voice was gruffer than usual. "Let's get to work." Slowly the other men left. He stopped two of them before they reached the door. "Carry Papa over there and cover him." His voice was gentler now. "Then we'll make the coffin." It would take them a long time to split the wood, to prepare everything for the burial.

Joan moved toward the dimness of the corner, as far from Henry as possible. She felt dizzy. She passed her mother on the way. The woman sat very still, her shoulders slumped, her eyes fixed upon the opposite wall. Joan turned suddenly, ran from the room, out into the daylight and around

the side of the building. Henry's voice followed her, a deep bellow. "Where are you going——?" She was at the rear of the hut, retching, the acid burning in her throat and making her retch more. She broke into a spasm of coughing.

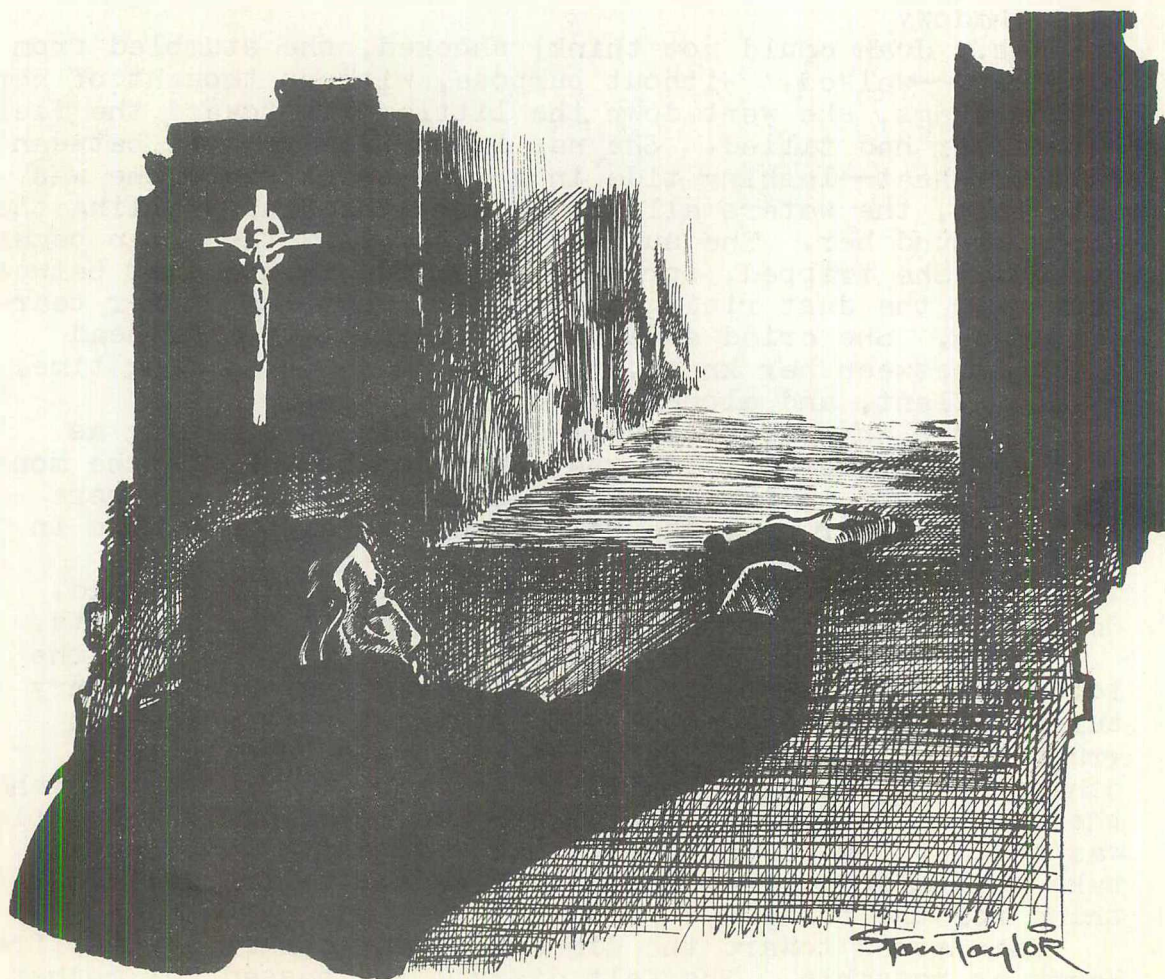
"What did I tell you?" Her brother was standing behind her. "Don't start running off on me..."

Her stomach was suddenly still. "I thought I was going to throw up."

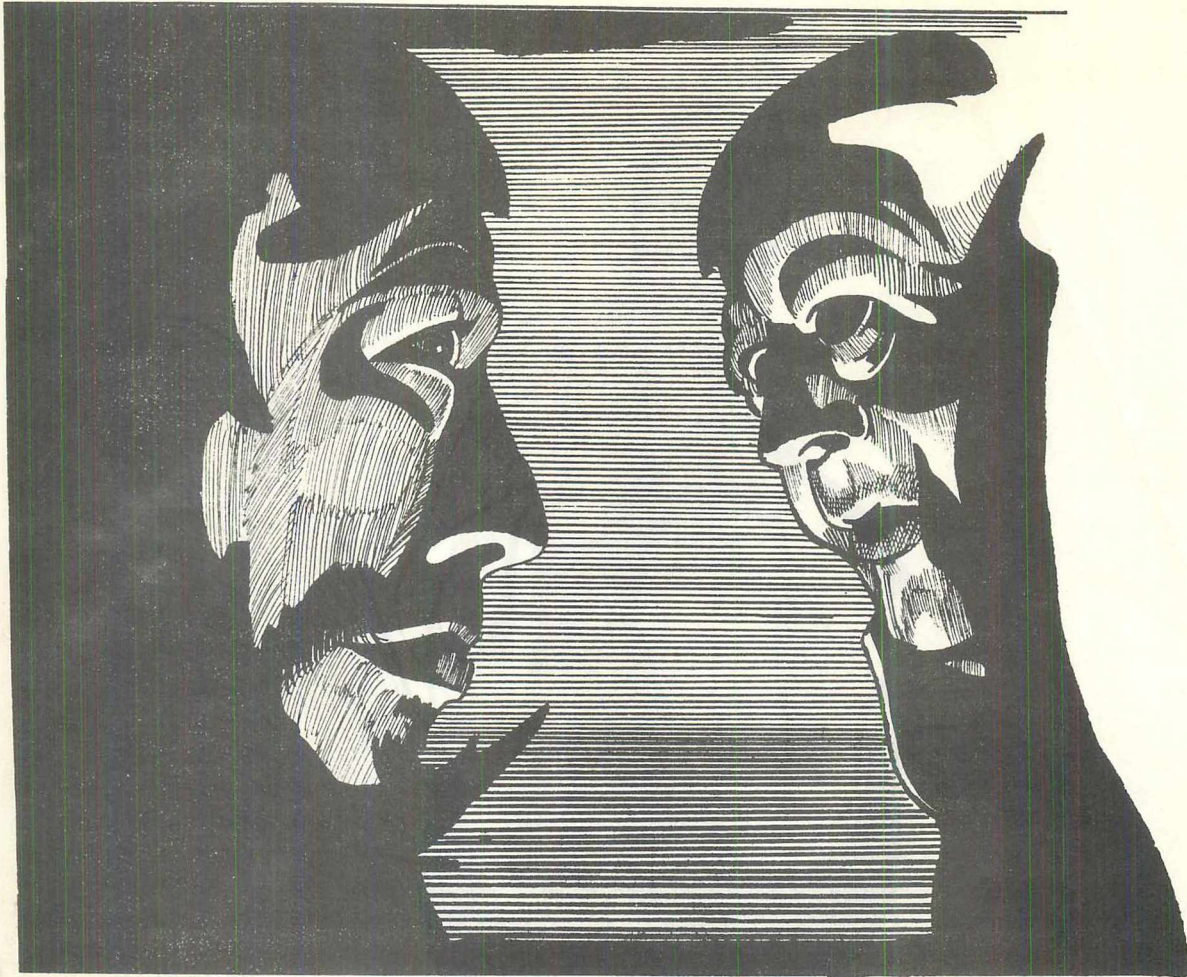
They went back inside. She sat in her corner, tried not to cry.

She must have fallen asleep. Henry's voice boomed, waking her. He was standing behind her. "Get up, Joan. There's something wrong with mother. You'll have to make breakfast." Joan looked toward the woman, who was still sitting where she had been that morning, the light striking her through the open window.

To the young girl, the day seemed longer than any other. One of the men left to get the priest. Joan worked in silence, occasionally stopping to watch her mother's blank face.



HER MOTHER SAT VERY STILL —



Stan Taylor

That evening everyone but the old woman stood around the hole that had been dug on the left side of the hut. Joan looked down into the yawning receptacle. A slight wind had risen. The priest stood at the head of the grave with his book in hand as the body was lowered in. Soon the ceremony was over, earth was shoveled in, and that was that.

They ate later, then went to bed.

Paul lay next to Richard. In the darkness, they huddled near each other, talking in low tones. But Joan could hear them.

"What did the Lord say?"

"Just that he's too busy to come now. He'll come when he can."

Silence. Then, "Who knew about the money?"

"Only us—the family. It must be one of us. Henry would have inherited the money anyway; he had no reason to take it. It must have been someone else."

"Unless he wanted it to look like someone else did it."

"Why should one of us take it? What could we do with it?"

"Run away."



THE PRIEST STOOD AT THE HEAD OF THE GRAVE —