



NOLAZINE 12

- 4 editorial
- 5 a la recherche des
DSCs perdus
- 7 epistle to
the convention-goers
by poul
anderson
- 10 gentleman
poul anderson
- 14 letters
- 16 poems
- 18 "clarion" in
new orleans
- 23 nosfa honors
- cover:
kenneth hafer
- next issue:
night falls

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At this moment there are still a couple of large holes in the issue. The rest of the typing will be done this evening and tomorrow, all of the paste-ups tomorrow night. The day after we go to the printer with it. We collate at the DSC.

We hope for the best.

--Patrick H. Adkins

An issue of Nolazine

takes time to produce.

Less than six

weeks ago,

Mary Frolich,

in connection

with her election to the NOSFA presidency, announced her intention of preparing

a special DeepSouthCon issue, and asked that I take charge of the project. She thought I could do it, she said. A couple of years have passed since the last Nolazine I edited (number eight), but not nearly enough time to make me forget just how much work is involved. Reluctantly, after much browbeating and cajoling, Mary convinced me and I accepted.

Material had to be gathered nearly from scratch. The contents had to be mapped out, the proper people had to be contacted. Air mail to and from California, telephone calls, house calls. Layouts before and after the material arrived. Let's shift this article to page five and that illo to the left side. Now wait, if it opens on an odd numbered page, then the margin is going to be on the left, not the right. And if..... Hoping all the articles would arrive in time, hoping we can get the typing done before everything has to be at the printer's, hoping we can get everything to the printer's on time.....

Nolazine Twelve staff:

Editor: Patrick H. Adkins

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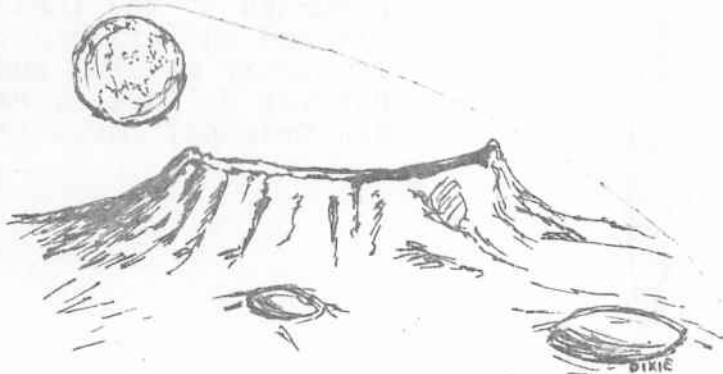
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Dany Frolich

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And a special thanks to Chris Albrecht, for his typing, and Ann Hebert and Craig Shukas, for their willingness.





There were only three science fiction conventions in the deep South before the first DeepSouth-Con: Southern Fandom was still floundering in the primeval ooze. It was therefore fitting that the first DSC be held in Huntspatch, known as Huntsville, Alabama to outsiders, a city of uncompleted streets, no street signs, and two incompatible telephone systems. I spent most of the DSC getting lost.

My first stop was in Birmingham, last outpost of civilization. I had planned to visit Al Andrews there, but he wasn't listed in the telephone book. The only helpful thing I could remember was that Al's brother-in-law was a swimming pool contractor. It was eleven o'clock at night, but I dug out the yellow pages, determined to call the home of every swimming pool contractor in the book. I dialed the first number. A mysterious voice answered, "Hello, This is Billy Joe Plott, The Traveling Fan, Who are you?"

There wasn't room for another guest at Al's house, so I talked on the phone for a while and then pushed on to Huntspatch. After several hours of wandering around, I finally located Dave Hulan's house at three in the morning. As I pulled up, Bill Gibson was getting out of a taxi. DSC-I was in full swing.

I wonder if anyone remembers that the first DSC was officially called MidSouthCon, changing to

A la Recherche des DSCs Perdus

by Rick Norwood

the present name with DSC II.

Was the total attendance of the first DSC really five? Did we really spend the entire convention looking at Dave Hulan's two complete sets of Unknown? Probably not.

At the second DSC, the membership had increased enormously: six fans in an Anniston, Alabama motel room. It is most memorable for a fabulous fannish one-shot session. Even going back to it today, "Conglomeration" seems like one of the best one-shots ever produced. Larry Montgomery, who organized the convention, was editor; Bill Gibson drew the cover; Al Andrews did the cartoons; Larry, Dick Ambrose and I wrote a round-robin story; Lee Jacobs did the lead article and photos for the back cover.

DSC III was the first with a real program. Nineteen memberships were sold. Larry Montgomery was chairman. Wally Webber showed films of previous worldcons. Jeff Jones did the cover for "Conglomeration" #2. Hank Reinhart played with toy soldiers. Al Andrews was presented with the first Rebel Award. The thing everyone seems to remember best was discovering a caged lion cub in the motel basement. I missed out on the fun, but got to read all about it in "Conglomeration".

DSC IV was the only other DSC I missed, and of it I find very little record. Chapel Hill, North Carolina won the bid for this DSC, but the convention

somehow wound up back in Huntspatch, this time with Lon Adkins in charge. It was apparently well attended. The main events on the program seem to have been a bouree game between Hank Reinhart and Lon Adkins, and taking Len Bailes' shoes off to see if his feet were really furry.

Atlanta marked a big change for the DSC. Up until then, the con had been a get-together for SFPA members and a few others. DSC V was a real convention. Jerry Page was chairman. The attendees could be numbered in the dozens. There was a business meeting, a panel discussion and a speech by Hank Reinhardt. There was a hucksters table. Actually, it was just a table in the hall, but when someone spread their EC comics collection out on it, it became a huckster's table. As a climax the entire con piled into a truck and drove off to tour the local book stores. The people of Atlanta are the friendliest I have ever known, and DSC V was a big success.

In New Orleans, in 1968, we were determined to put on an even better show than Atlanta. We had the DSC's first Guest of Honor: Dan Galouye. The program filled three days, including the institution of what has become a DSC tradition: the trivia contest. There were two panel discussions, movies and a banquet. We had seventy-two members, many of whom actually attended. I was chairman, and for me the weekend remains a blur, but I do remember having fun.

Janie Lamb had to make her bid to hold DSC VII in Knoxville, Tennessee via a tape recording, but she won easily. Guest of Honor was a lady named Rachel Maddux, who had written one fantasy novel, The Green Kingdom. She had had no prior contact w

with fans or other fantasy writers, but gave an interesting talk at the banquet about the wonders of inventing your own universe and seemed to enjoy herself. Ned Brooks and Ron Bounds dressed up in their Worldcon costumes and Ron, as a Viking, chased a waitress up the stairs. The Southern Fandom Confederation was organized and afterwards we all went out for dinner at Minnie Pearl's Fried Chicken.

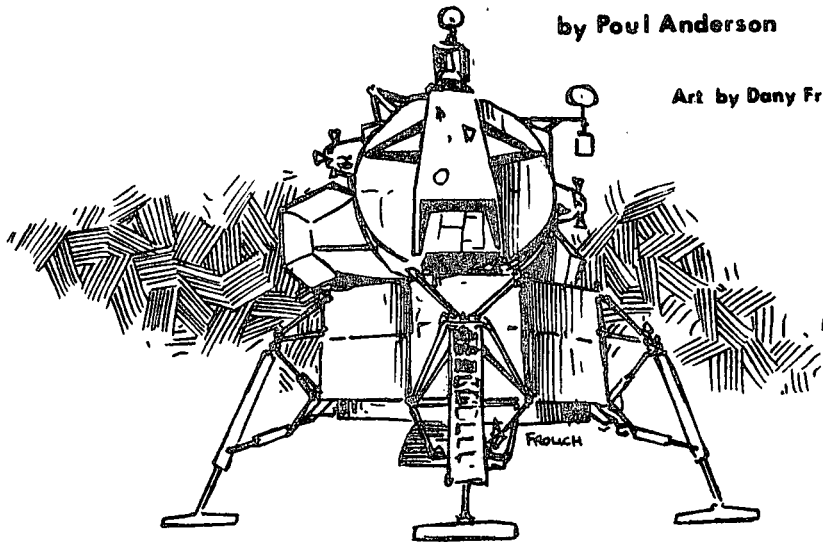
In 1970 the Worldcon was held in Heidelberg, Germany, so Glen Brock decided to make DSC VIII a kind of alternative to Worldcon. An extensive advertising campaign resulted in an attendance of over a hundred, by far the largest DSC to date. Sam Moskowitz was Guest of Honor and Richard C. Meredith was Master of Ceremonies. Glen Brock gave the second Rebel Award to Irvin Koch and the first Phoenix award to Richard Meredith. Meade Frierson III was elected president of the Southern Fandom Confederation, with Janie Lamb as secretary. There was a crowded art show/huckster room, lots of movies and a threeday program. Joe Green spoke on the future of Apollo and there was an interesting panel of young writers who told about their own experiences turning pro. But most impressive was Hank Reinhardt's display of swordsmanship. In a room fully the size of a ping pong court, jam-packed with fifty or sixty people, Hank gave a vigorous educational demonstration on the ~~manly~~ art of cutting heads off. Craig Shukas, suffering from oxygen stravation, insulted Hank, and the outcome of that insult will be seen at DSC IX, in New Orleans, which brings us up to date.

Parties, programs, personalities: DeepSouthCons are to have fun at. Enjoy yourself at this one.

An Epistle to Convention -Goers

by Poul Anderson

Art by Dany Frelich



As these words are being joined together, the astronauts of Apollo 15 have just completed their own rendezvous and are in orbit around the Moon. We pray for their one last landing on the globe that gave them birth.

But may it--or, rather, that of Apollo 17--not be man's last.

What a weekend this was! I sit here aching from lack of sleep and exercise but too drunk on triumph to care. Nor will that ever wholly fade. Instead, for years to come I shall thrill as the insights, interpretations, and implications come out of the laboratory and into my life: into yours, too, if you will let them.

Many people won't. Space, the entire sun crowded cosmos, is not Relevant. A while ago, in some other fanzine, I saw a reference (quoted from memory) to "robotlike astronauts clanking off to conquer the universe for General Motors."

Now with all due respect, which is zero, I call this pure coprocephaly. The men who go yonder may lack the fashionable neuroses, or at least the fashionable habit of putting private

hangups and twitches on public display. But no one who takes the trouble to reflect on their courage, determination, and intelligence, or to observe their unabashed skylarking joy in discovery, would call them anything less than totally human. As for General Motors, yes, of course it has an interest in space. So does United Auto Workers, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Sierra Club, the government, every organization you can name. So does mankind. So do individual you and I.

"Spinoff," having been grossly and ineptly oversold, has produced an understandable public skepticism. A Lunar landing program is an expensive way to produce a few improvements in gadgetry or creature comforts. Yet the word suggests the truth, that these are incidentals. The real payoff is--

Well, what about a revolution in meteorology which has already probably saved more than the whole effort has cost, which would have saved untold thousands of lives in Pakistan not long ago had transportation been available to evacuate the prospective victims of natural disaster? What about

a coming revolution in geology which should, along with much else, enable us to predict accurately the next major earthquake: in time, to prevent earthquakes altogether? What about completely unforeseeable biological knowledge, gained under completely unterrestrial conditions? (Would you believe the total elimination of disease, and of actual aging? It could be. I certainly expect fantastic advances in the care and feeding of people-- if research is allowed to continue beyond our sky.)

What about the ultimate payoff, adventure, reborn frontiers, experience and knowledge never attainable on Earth, from which in the end may rise a measure of wisdom?

The astronauts are not taking bread from the mouths of the poor. In its peak budget year, for every dollar HEW got (here we don't figure in special relief programs, foreign aid, philanthropy, etc.), NASA recieved less than eight cents. That seems quite a modest down payment on the future of humanity

Now why am I telling this to a science fiction audience?

Because, as said earlier, the blight is upon our field too. Antitechnologism, antiscientism, antirationalism itself are flourishing in stories by writers who can't even be bothered to get their high-school physics and astronomy straight. If not checked, this movement will be the death of our field.

It will be the death of much more, naturally; of Western civilization in the near future (although some of its prophets declare that they wouldn't mind this in the least) and conceivably of man at a later date. For the fact is, man has always been the predator on nature, man has always used up his environment. It took longer in the

past: say 5000 years for India or the Near East, which were once lushly fertile; but primitive hunters themselves never lived in ecological balance. Ecology is something that was only discovered very, very recently, and not by city-bred flower children but by tough-minded workers with mathematics and analytical chemistry. It is still an infant science, with most of its vital discoveries ahead of it, so we are bound to make mistakes.

Nonetheless, what can preserve and revitalize Spaceship Earth is not less science and technology, but more--of the right kinds.

Fortunately, man is a born technologist, and has been ever since the first half-ape used one rock to put a sharper edge on another.

He is a born scientist, and has been ever

since that half-ape looked up to the

stars and wondered.

I think there is some hope that eventually a healthier spirit

will prevail over today's nihilism and

superstition. I would

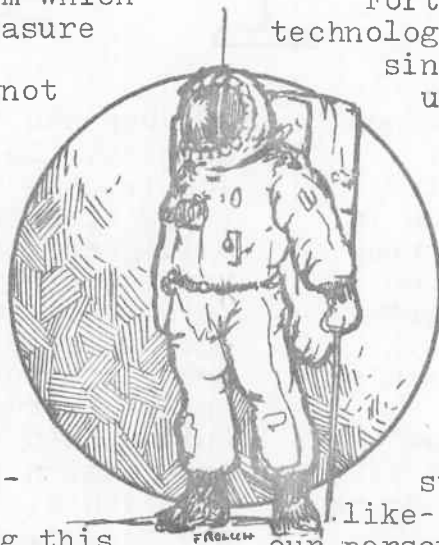
like to think that we, in our personal lifetimes, can help toward that end.

Can science fiction?

Well, probably not directly.

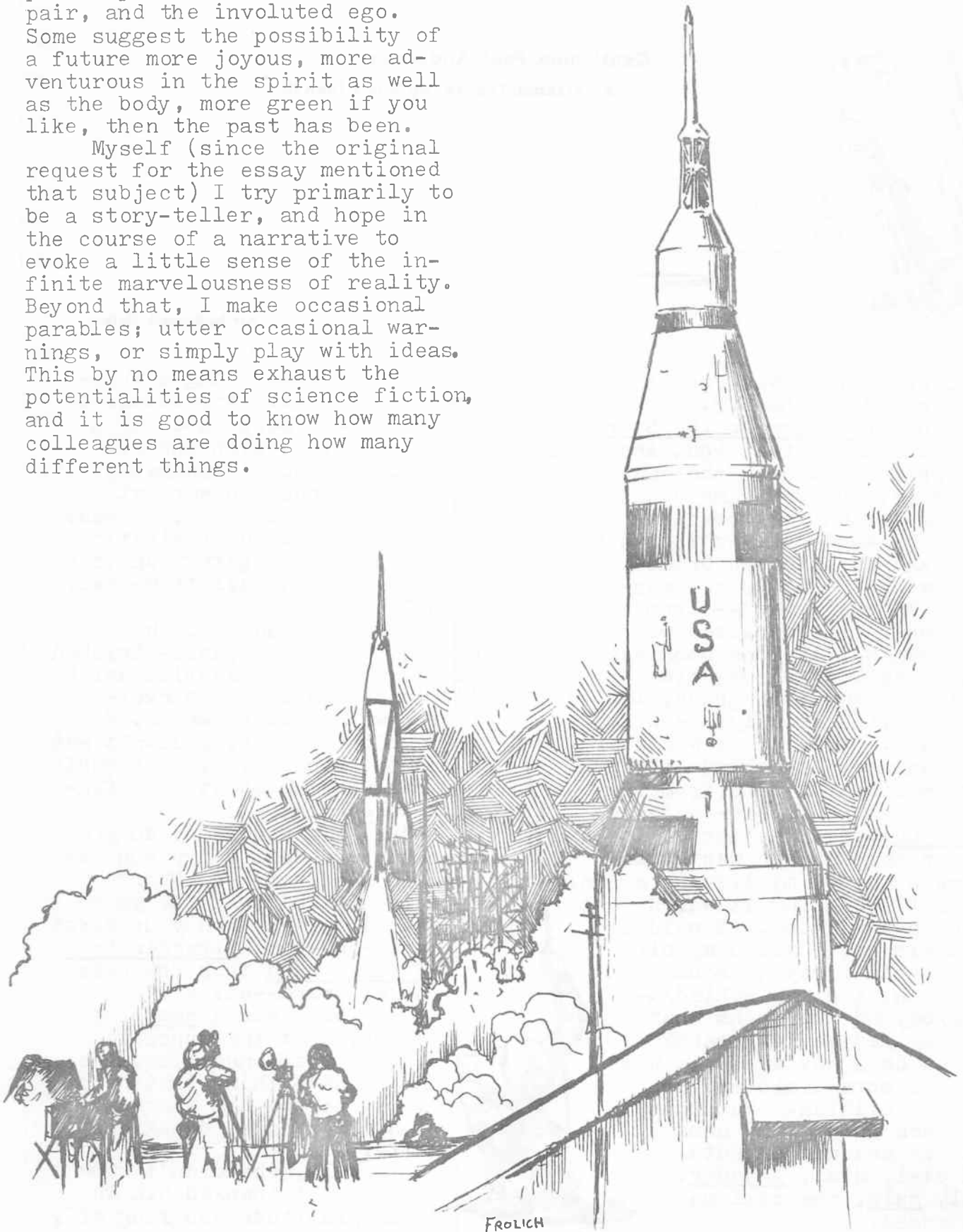
For one thing, no literature should be forced into an ideological straight jacket; let the authors, including the self-appointed Yahoos, call the shots as they see them. For another, endless preachments would become unreadably dull; the first duty of fiction is to tell stories.

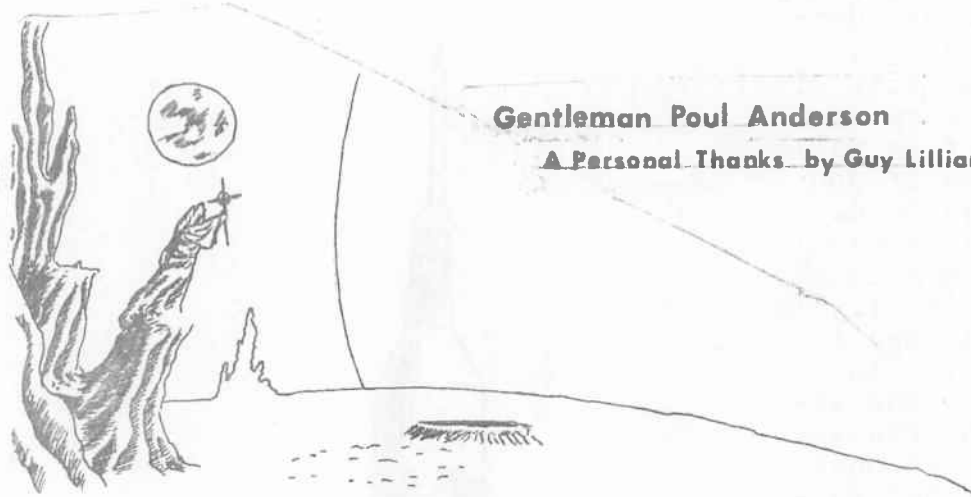
But certain of us still do hold aloft the banners of Reason and Achievement. Science fiction as a whole is, perhaps, a kind of early warning system. Former stories dealt with matters like space travel, automation, tyranny, and endless war, which have since become



triumphant or terrifying reality. Today's writers aren't uniformly preoccupied with sickness, despair, and the involuted ego. Some suggest the possibility of a future more joyous, more adventurous in the spirit as well as the body, more green if you like, then the past has been.

Myself (since the original request for the essay mentioned that subject) I try primarily to be a story-teller, and hope in the course of a narrative to evoke a little sense of the infinite marvelousness of reality. Beyond that, I make occasional parables; utter occasional warnings, or simply play with ideas. This by no means exhaust the potentialities of science fiction, and it is good to know how many colleagues are doing how many different things.



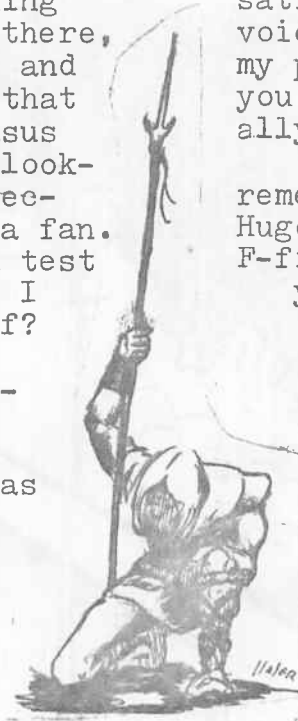


Gentleman Poul Anderson

A Personal Thanks by Guy Lillian III

Art by Kenneth Hafer

As I recall, it was from the back cover of the S.F. Book Club edition of Trader to the Stars that I learned that Poul Anderson & I shared not only the same universe, but the same county. It was a stunning moment as I read the words "Lives with his wife and daughter in Orinda, California", for Orinda was-- what? 7 mere miles?-- from the town where I then lived with my parents. A phone book was handy and I, 15 years old just into the 10th grade, leafed through it anxiously, seeking the name. Indeed, it was there, with an address behind it, and across a row of dots from that address an honest-to-be jesus phone number. The act of looking up that number was a decisive event in my life as a fan. The act of dialing it was a test of my neo-manhood. Should I call him up, I asked myself? What would I say to Poul Anderson, the man behind/a-bove/beyond the books that had regaled me for years? 15 can be a shy age: it was 1964, a more timid era, a younger Lillian. But that boy then holding my name had his measure of guts, and dial, dial, shudder, dial, gulp, the call was commenced.



The reciever rang a thousand years before the rattle of the wires was supplanted by a feminine voice, rich and red-headed. Somehow I managed to ask if Mr. Anderson were at home, and she said yes, he was, and after a fearful fantastic moment out of Purgatory another voice, male and maelstrom-deep, said "yes?"

I didn't hang up, the natural out for a panic-stricken kid. I asked the question which I'd concocted for my conversation with Poul Anderson. My voice didn't break, I didn't wet my pants, I survived. But would you believe the question I finally asked him?

"Uh, Mr. Anderson, do you remember wha-what story won the Hugo in 1962 for Best Short F-fiction? That was the year year after you won your first one--and--and Stranger in a Strange Land took the best novel award--uh. . ."

There was a hummm of surprise at the opposite end of the connection. No, no, didn't think that he did . . . pardon him a moment, would I, and he'd ask his wife. . .

Well, she didn't know either. I thanked him in real gratitude and rang off,

thrilled, thrilled, really thrilled, because a book wasn't an inhuman thing anymore; it had a voice, at least, behind it, above it, beyond it, which was oh, such a marvelous discovery to make. . . .

In 1967 I turned 18 and entered the University of California at Berkeley. It was my folks' last year in California before moving to Louisiana in January of 1968, and before they left I began a practice of visiting writers I found to be living in the area. First of these was Jack Vance, whom I met at his house in the Oakland hills in October of '67. Three months later, a couple of weeks before my parents moved South, I decided to try for Anderson. So in January, at the beginning of my second quarter at UC, I again prowled the phone book, found the number, and, not feeling any-the-less timid, called Anderson once more. This time I requested a visit.

Poul was finishing up a book and asked me to call back in a few days. Contractual agreements were at stake, he explained. On the proper night a weekend later I rang the Orinda number once again and received a most unexpected right-tonight invite that took me completely unaware. He gave me directions to get to his house, and if you have ever made the trip, you know that a descriptive talent of Poul's magnitude is necessary to get you there.

Somehow I managed to talk my poor mother into coming out to Berkeley, picking me up, and driving me up that Orinda hill. She merits public thanks for the evenings chauffeur-service. Leaving the car at the base of the Andersons' incredibly steep driveway, I hauled myself up that concrete bank to the dark, quiet, greened-over tree-smell-



ing house at the top.

I passed the window on the porch as I walked to the door, and glimpsed Poul slouching in one of the Danish style chairs in his living room, reading a book. Gulping, wondering how not to make an idiot out of myself, I went to the door, and knocked.

Poul came to the door and invited me in. My briefcase bumped something as I came into the Andersons' living room, which was furnished in low couches and chairs, walled with windows on two sides, a white brick fireplace on the third. The kitchen and a hallway full of books was visible on my left as I entered, and there was a straight backed piano with Revell models of the Enterprise and a Klingon warship sharing the space atop it with autographed photographs of Major Bob White and Gene Roddenberry. Over the fireplace was a bookshelf with paperbacks by Christie and Leiber tossed therein, and on the mantle a white marble bust of a strong-featured Scandinavian male--I have enough Erickson genes in me to tell a Scandinavian face when I see one--with the faintest smile of marble pride. A photo, dark in contrast, which I'd later learn to be of Fritz Leiber, held the center of the mantle with its own slight smile. This was the room into which Poul escorted me.

Poul's height impressed me, and the jungle of curls that covered his head, but I knew these things already from the back cover of Trader to the Stars. We sat facing each other in low, unbearably comfortable chairs, and I began asking him whatever idiot questions I could find to ask. Dumb questions, kid questions, certainly not anything he had not been asked before. He would lean forward a little, cupping one ear and tilting the



side of his head ever so slightly as he spoke. His face, which that marble countenance on the mantle above us resembled strongly, would tense as though to focus every sense on the question to be answered.

And the things I asked... Can you tell me, Mr. Anderson--ah, Poul--how does it feel to--win a Hugo?--then as now the awards were my major interest in fandom, and at that time they were my only knowledge of fandom. "Oh, fine...." he answers after a moment, and that oh is the longest, most mellifluous, most meaningful monosyllable you can possibly imagine. And then more dumb questions--don't ask me what--I don't remember and it doesn't matter. Poul mentioned that his wife and daughter were in San Francisco that night, marching to "Save Star Trek." We discussed the show for a while, and Poul said that he could take or leave it. And then I asked to see where he did his writing, which was pretty nervy, but Poul was only too happy to lead me down the book-lined hallway to the "Factory."

Reference books filled two shelves in one corner; against another wall stood his writing desk, which was at the time stacked with ms. of a non-fiction book in the works. A floor-to-ceiling shelf held the Anderson archives--about forty books and God knows how many short stories (God may know; Poul does not). A small cabinet in one corner held two differing Hugos (a third has since been added), a plaque of some sort, and a 100,000 year-old handaxe sent to Poul by an anthropologist friend. Poul pulled a large book from one of the reference shelves, a collection of astronomical paintings by the Russian spacewalker Alexei Leonov that Poul especially prizes.

Returning to the living room I asked Anderson about writing. Though I didn't know it then, this question was at the heart of my visit. "It's a lonely occupation," he said, and his hands told it all as they climbed the air and molded it to shape, "but I prefer it to an eight-to-five necktie thing. It has its own rewards that you can't find anywhere else." His hands, man, oh, those soaring hands in the air as he spoke. (When you meet him and talk with him, watch his hands. They are the story.)

Poul was an incredibly gracious and tolerant host. His tolerance he exhibited to a high degree when he allowed me to crack open my briefcase and autographed the five or six Anderson works I'd brought with me. (Another note to the DSC members who happen to be, as I was, autograph fiends: Poul is far too gracious to say so, but he'd much rather sit across a couple of good brews and shoot the bull than to scribble his name into a lot of books. I heard him say

so once, at the St. Louiscon Washington party, a year plus after our first meeting, a lapse owed to the early hours and the many beers.)

Lastly, he asked me if I'd ever had anything to do with fandom. "If you want to meet writers," he said, "that's the way to do it. Ever hear of the Little Men?" I hadn't. "It's a Berkley-based fan club," he said, "it has, oh, a fair number of young people in it ... it meets in a member's home every two weeks ... as a matter of fact, it's meeting this Friday ... and my wife and I could give you a lift if you have no way of getting there and would like to come ..."

Little novas went ponging around my brain. Of course I accepted, thanked Poul greatly, grabbed my briefcase and set off back down the hill to where my mother and kid brother had been waiting--can you believe it?--all that time.

A couple of days later I gave Poul a call and arranged to meet them at Berkeley's Student Union that Friday night. Poul came in to fetch me; Karen drove their family car (now license-plated WYVERN) into the hills northeast of the campus. The Pueblo incident had just come down hard on Americans of Poul's political persuasion, and we talked about it as Karen negotiated the green machine up the winding Berkley streets. At one four-way intersection we ran over the corner of a concrete island and racked up the bumper slightly, which, for the sake of omen, was my introduction to science fiction fandom.

Well, that's unfair, because the Little Men turned out to be a Fascinating organization. I have been a member ever since that meeting, save on occasions when dues and survival have competed for the same money, and survival took temporary precedence. Joining the club has

brought me into consistent contact with old-time fans (close fannish contact with people my own age would have to wait a year, till I met NOSFA in 1969), as well as the opportunity to talk with Poul and Karen and eventually Astrid in a social situation. Through the Little Men and its after-meeting beer busts and gab sessions at Brennan's, a by-the-Bay Bar and Cafeteria frequented by the club for the past decade of so, I've had more conversations-of-a-lifetime--for me, anyway--than I could ever hope to recall with Poul, Karen, and the other LMs. Their kindnesses are beyond number--allusion and a couple of examples will have to do. In the autumn of 1969, after my first summer as a member of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association, I arranged through Quinn Yarbrow to visit the Anderson home (where Quinn and her husband-to-be Don Simpson had other business) and snap some pictures of Poul and Karen to be used for Nolacon II advertising. The adult Andersons were enthusiastic backers of that illfated bid and posed for a score of photos with "New Orleans in '73" buttons pinned to their tunics. Alas, the camera malfunctioned, and the bid fezzed out,



but the generosity and kindness of the Andersons remain.

Much has changed with me since that first meeting with Poul Anderson, as much has grown--but despite the radicalization of my political views (I call myself a radical skeptic or a skeptical radical depending on which of my sinuses is less clogged that day) my admiration for Poul's work has not changed except to grow. Poul suffers under the "hawk" label, and I suppose that politically he is a conservative in many ways. But unlike some of the principles propounded by other writers, Poul's beliefs are always infused with compassion...an underlying and fundamental faith in the worth of human life. When this is considered, political disagreements are twaddle.

Anderson's writing--well, enough has been said about that subject. Its clarity, its motion, Poul's three Hugos (he is currently up for a 4'th, for the mind-blowingest book ever printed in the field, Tau Zero) ... all are public knowledge.

The influence of knowing him, of knowing a professional writer, has been the gift of a lifetime, personally speaking. I've this lifelong ambition, understand, which has to do with language ... whatever I write, and it probably won't be science

fiction, I have a head start on that ambition from knowing a man who has been there before, and who has made it, and who writes successfully, but never cheaply.

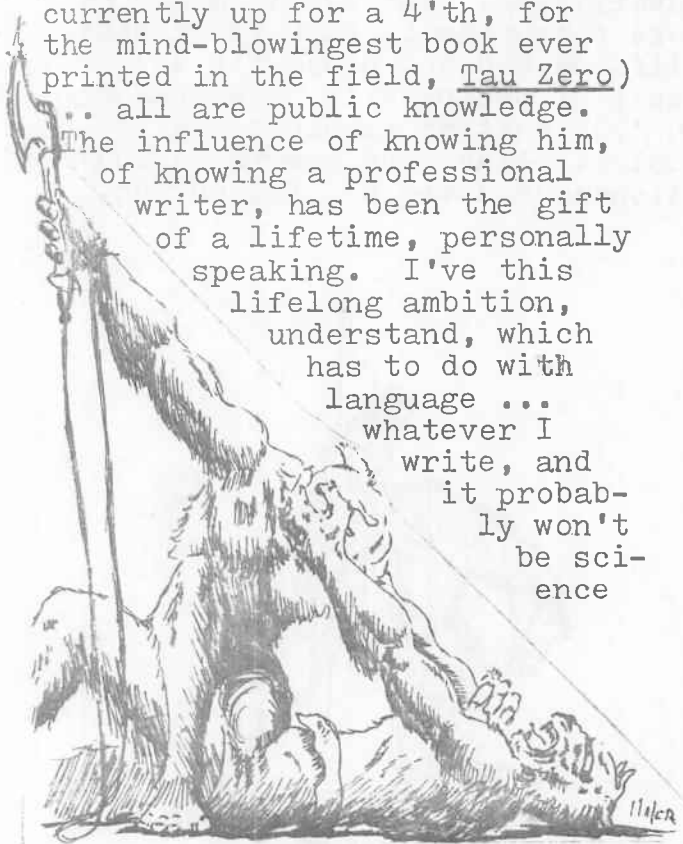
This article is designed as thanks to Poul Anderson ... for the kindness he's shown me and the other littler members of the Little Men, for his support of NOLACON II, and for those hours of talk over the beer-puddles in the Brennan's tables. The accomplishments, the kindness of Poul Anderson are many. For one of the more minor of these accomplishments (minor when placed in any external spectrum), a personal public thanks for showing a skeptically radical young snortsnarler just how excellent a good writer can be.

And by the way, Poul.... in case it ever happens again. ... Brian Aldiss' "Hothouse" series won the Hugo in 1962. You'll be ready next time.

LETTERS

July 16, 1971

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Norwood:
Little late for congratulations, but please accept them anyway-- on marriage, on forthcoming birth, and on NOLAZINE #11. Reads like Old Home Week, since I just came from the Dallascon where I was pro guest of honor and Andy Offutt was fan guest



of honor.
 Also like
 the piece of
 Ellison--though
 I see once again
 he has conned some-
 one about his age:
 Harlan is actually 75
 and has been getting
 Social Security checks
 for years--which he turns
 over to Leon Uris, who does
 all his writing for him. Also
 glad, in your letter column,
 to see the note from E. Hoffman
 Price. I hope he makes it back
 to New Orleans--hope to get
 there again myself someday.
 Best and thanks-

Robert Bloch

August 1st or July 31st
 Rick and Lynn Norwood--
 Shewie! but that Dany can draw.
 The Taylor illustrations are
 very good also. Taylor is on a
 par, as far as these kind of
 illos go, with Wrightson. I
 only saw his folio from Trumpet
 before now. He's quite nice.
 The Frolich story is a blast,
 really deep. Offut seems to
 talk a lot. I can't hear him
 very good. Peace,

Dan Osterman

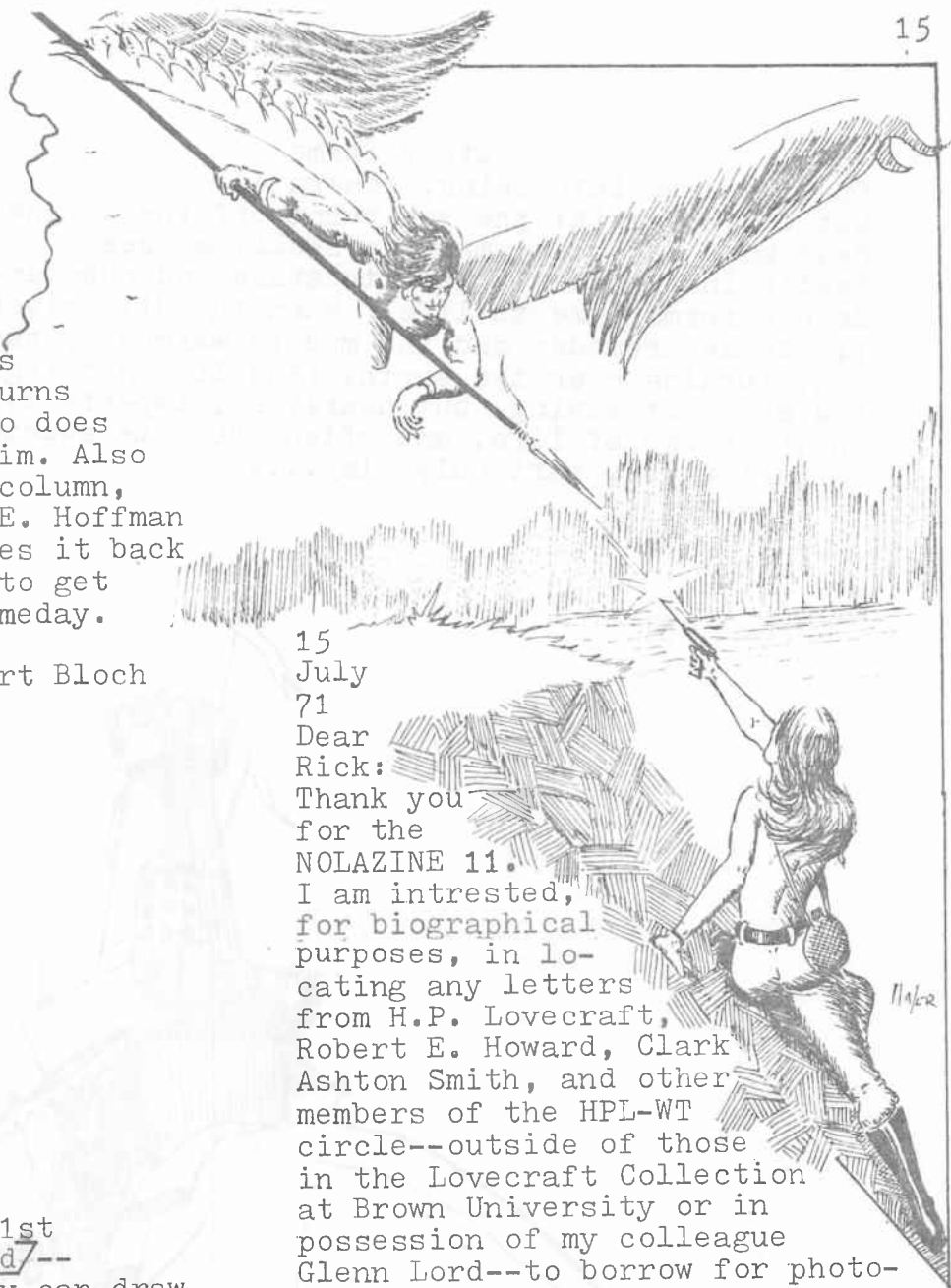
P.S. Very good profile on
 Ellison. Horay Lillian!
Glass Teat was so very cool.

15
 July
 71

Dear
 Rick:

Thank you
 for the
 NOLAZINE 11.
 I am intrested,
 for biographical
 purposes, in lo-
 cating any letters
 from H.P. Lovecraft,
 Robert E. Howard, Clark
 Ashton Smith, and other
 members of the HPL-WT
 circle--outside of those
 in the Lovecraft Collection
 at Brown University or in
 possession of my colleague
 Glenn Lord--to borrow for photo-
 copying. Any help that any of
 your readers can give in this
 matter will be esteemed a great
 favor. Kaor,

L. Sprague de Camp
 278 Hothorpe Lane
 Villanova, Pa. 19085



Other forms
Of life came into being, generated
Out of the earth: the sun burnt off the dampness
Heat made the slimy marshes swell; as seed
Swells in a mother's womb to shape and substance,
So new forms came to life. When the Nile river
Floods and recedes and the mud is warmed by sunshine,
Men, turning over the earth, find living things,
And some not living, but nearly so, imperfect,
On the verge of life, and often the same substance
Is part alive, part only clay....
--Ovid

Cities rise and
cities fall
through deepest
black eternity.
Sunken temple,
ruined wall,
a glimpse
of lost
paternity.
Now---
Egypt's gone,
the Greeks
gone too,



I go to see Draajinka once more
 with her pelt of orange and black--
 no slack skin of spaceman's whore----
 to Draajinka I go back.
 And ache to touch her clinging fur
 and stroke her light and slow,
 and taste her crooning, gentle purr
 --a touch of snow on indigo.
 God--let her speak my name
 and show herself a sentient being
 and prove it's not...Sodom again.
 --Hafer

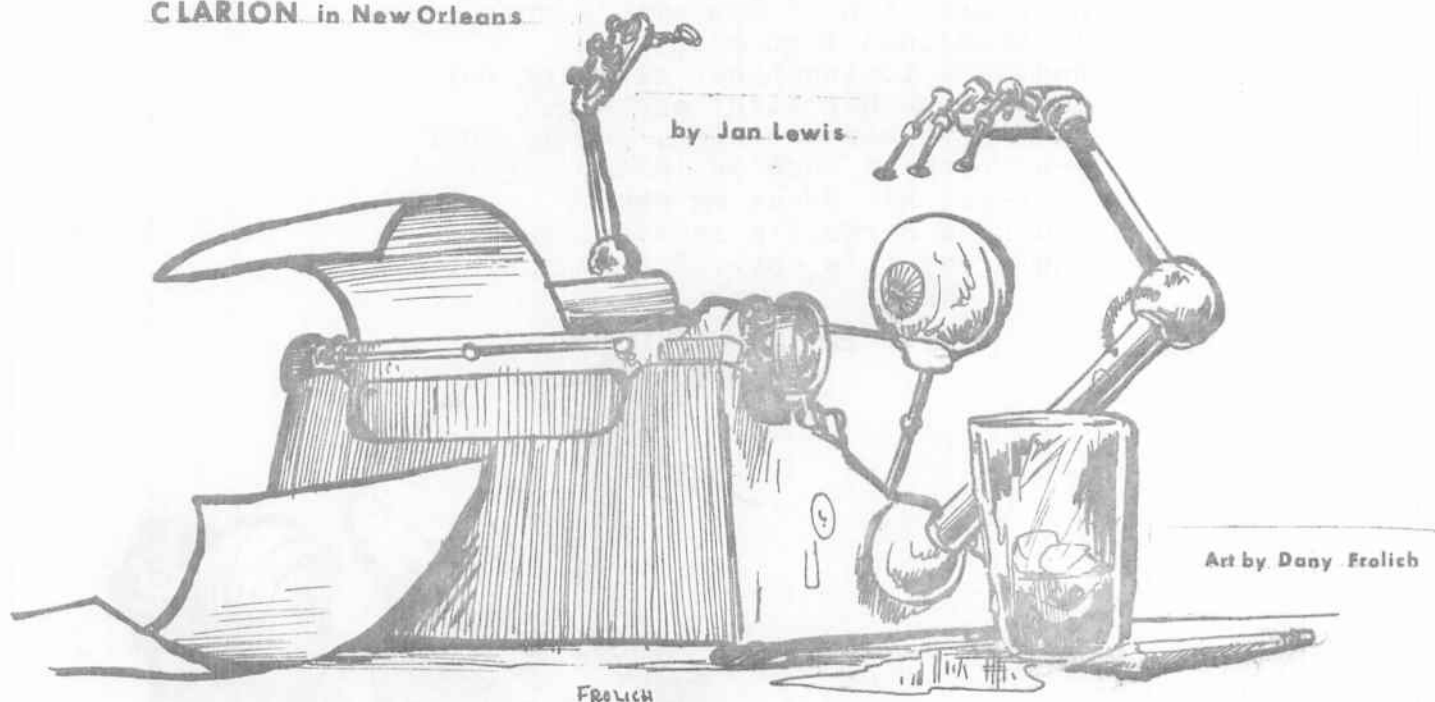
old
 thunder gods
 flushed away
 in a Christian
 tide.
 The snake's
 a pest;
 the cat,
 a pet;
 and the ancient
 oak--only
 a tree.

--Adkins
 5/27/68



FROUCH
 8/71

by Jan Lewis



I had heard vague rumors about a writer's workshop going on in N.O., but I didn't encounter it until I got a phone call from Marilyn Lessentine.

"I'm having a barbecue for Harlan Ellison, and I've got twenty-six guys and four girls coming. Stop by!"

Always willing to help out, good samaritan that I am, I came by.

I stepped through the door and was immediately engulfed. I had never seen so many strange faces with so many beady eyes. There were conversations all around, but none that sounded joinable. I gradually worked my way through the packed hall and living rooms into a nearly quiet den. Three guys were sitting around a card table.

"You know how to play Five-hundred Bid?"

"No."

"Great, sit down."

One was Bob Heinlein, another Issac Aismov, the third Ray Bradbury. Right. I had no idea what they were doing and it didn't take me long to con-

vince them of that fact. Within minutes I was allowed to retire to the sidelines and watch. At least I was finally in a conversation, more or less. I kept bugging them with enough questions about the game so that they finally just gave up and explained the whole thing to me. That started a series of conversations with people wandering in and out of the den who had their own ideas of the rules of the game.

I found myself in the midst of quite a controversy.

There was a mass movement toward the door. Interested, I stood up and was immediately caught in the current and carried back out into the hall. When it finally stopped I was once again trapped in a crowd. I decided to worm my way to the front, partly from curiosity, partly from lack of air. I tried all directions, but there was no way. It looked like they were packed solid.

Suddenly the waters parted and there stood Moses in sunglasses (at ten-thirty at night?)



and in two inch boots. Even with the boots, he was still only five-three. He continually hunched his shoulders and tossed a mane of long, dark hair like an anxious quarter-horse.

He's the only man I've ever seen who can swagger without moving.

"This is Jan Lewis."

"Hi."

"Hi." (Who the hell is this guy?) I faded quickly back into the crowd. Nobody has ever been able to believe that I didn't recognize Harlan Ellison.

I got to know Harlan later that week. It was his week to preside over the workshop, the sixth of eight such weeks. He moved into a private suit at Monroe Hall, one of the dorms on the Tulane campus where everyone else was living and working during the session. He invited me to sit through a class. Harlan had been known to show up in anything from a suit to a bath towel. Today was an in-between day. He was dressed in a tan stretch-knit shirt and embroidered jeans. I was put in a chair behind him where I wouldn't make any trouble ("Nobody hustles her during class!"), and we proceeded. Everyone, supposedly, had read the stories

to be covered in the class that day and was prepared to participate in a general discussion.

The first story was an impressionistic bit Winn had done. Harlan went around the room, calling for opinions. And they had to be specific opinions, nothing vague. The writers were seated in a circle, in a large open sitting room, so there was no way to hide if you hadn't read the assignment. The only way out was to tell Harlan, modestly, that what you wanted to say had already been said very well by someone else. That worked, sometimes. If you weren't first.

Comments on Winn's story were generally short. It was good, but it wasn't a story, there was no action. That was all until Russell Bates' turn came. Russell is a very methodical person who does not analyze--he dissects, word by word. He writes down every grammatical error, everything, noted by line and page. Don't misunderstand, this is good. It's just that it can take time. After Russell's finished, there is not much more to be said, until Harlan's turn. Harlan always has a final comment.





CHIP
DELANY

A general summary of writing techniques shown in the work. Good information.

The next story is pretty much the same thing. The third one is harder. This is a strange little piece by Dave Skall, resident vampire. There is something wrong, but no one can pinpoint it. Harlan knows, you can tell by the look in his eyes, but he wants someone else to say it. Finally Jack Stahlman finds the answer, and wins a round of applause. Then Harlan elaborates. Dave is going to be doing quite a bit of re-writing, but now he knows where the problem is. A general opinion is one of the main benefits of such discussions. You hear the viewpoints of all types of people, from all parts of the country. Sometimes writers still disagree with this general opinion, but at least they understand their stories better from defending them.

It's now about 11:30 in the morning; class has been going on since nine. That's enough of that. Harlan has a few closing remarks.

"There'll be a class at three this afternoon to finish

the discussion."

"What?"

"And there'll be an assignment for tomorrow. I want everyone to write a story about a civilization where the people live in steel caves."

He's got to be kidding. NO, he's not.

One thing about Harlan's reign over the workshop: he required more writing than anyone else. So many assignments were written, there was no time to run them off so everyone could have a copy. The stories were tacked up on the corridor wall on the sixth floor, page by page. At two in the morning you could watch twenty people walk up and down, reading the walls, with accompanying literary discussions.

"Pat, this is stupid."

"What do you mean--stupid?"

"It doesn't make any sense, Pat. This sentence makes no sense at all. In fact, the whole story doesn't make any sense. It's dumb, Pat."

"You're crazy."

All day and all night, but these impromptu discussions contributed a lot to the atmosphere at "Clarion," and helped a lot of people as much as the



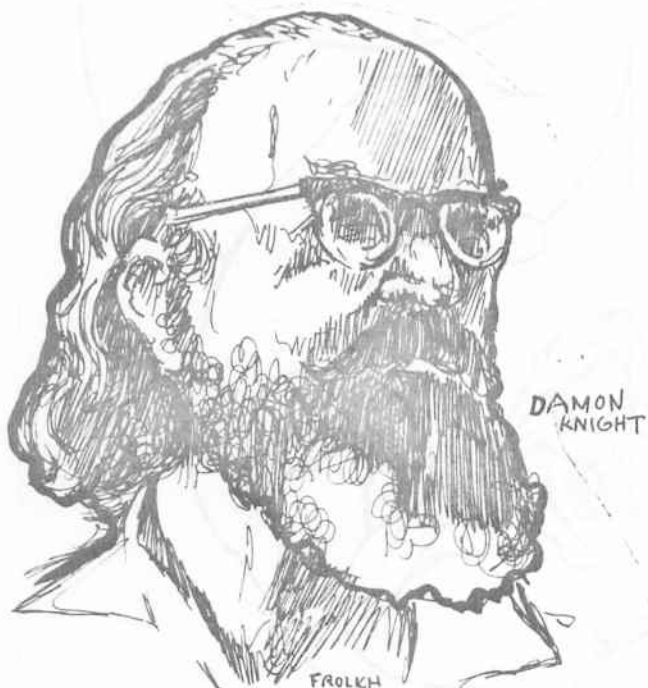
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classes.

And then there were a couple of encounter group sessions. The value of these is debatable I think. Maybe they helped some people understand each other, I can't say since I didn't attend. All I know is I didn't actually see any real improvement in personalities. Those sessions stopped after Harlan left.

One thing that never stopped no matter who was in charge was the general messing around. "Duke of Earl" ringing up and down the elevator shaft. Gravity demonstrations from the sixth floor window. Water, grape juice, and sour milk fights in the halls.

But maybe I shouldn't talk too much about these things. There may not be a statute of limitations at Tulane. (They might like to know who wrote the obscene message across the back lawn--in six foot letters--in toilet paper--on a damp night. Or who blocked up the air conditioning vents. Or why there are lizards in the dorm now. Stahlman did it.)



The reactions of the army officers and the real estate appraisers wandering through the building were fun to watch. Start a marathon stomping match in an elevator crowded with real estate appraisers sometime. And there were also outside activities. Catching lizards in Lafayette cemetery in the heat of a noon-day's cloudburst, scrambling over and around broken white marble, rustling through the bushes.

Every day a new thrill.

Harlan left on a Saturday--I think. Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm were expected momentarily. I'd come over and was waiting to catch a glimpse of the famous editor.

"A man in his late forties, with a goatee." Right.

A great mental picture of him. I went into Steve Herbst's room, and sat down with the new Lampoon. Suddenly this guy walks in. He's half bald, with a full, shaggy beard reaching out from his face, grabbing things as he passes. He's wearing a wrinkled pair of Bermuda shorts and a tee-shirt. I was about to give him my spare change when someone said, "Hi, Damon."

Another popular illusion
shot down.

But Damon Knight can look
any way he wants to, he's a
hell of a nice guy. He radiates
it, and so does his beautiful
wife. Kate is a silver-blonde,
slender, and gorgeous. The two
of them were always giving advice,
their door was always open.
Damon bought two stories while
he was there. One was by Steve
Herbst, called "Hands on the
Master." The other was, I believe,
by Dave Skall. Both good writers.
(I hear Herbst got two hundred
dollars for his story. I think
I feel inspiration coming on.)
The last night Damon bought a
big spread of food for the
whole workshop. An emotional
occasion.

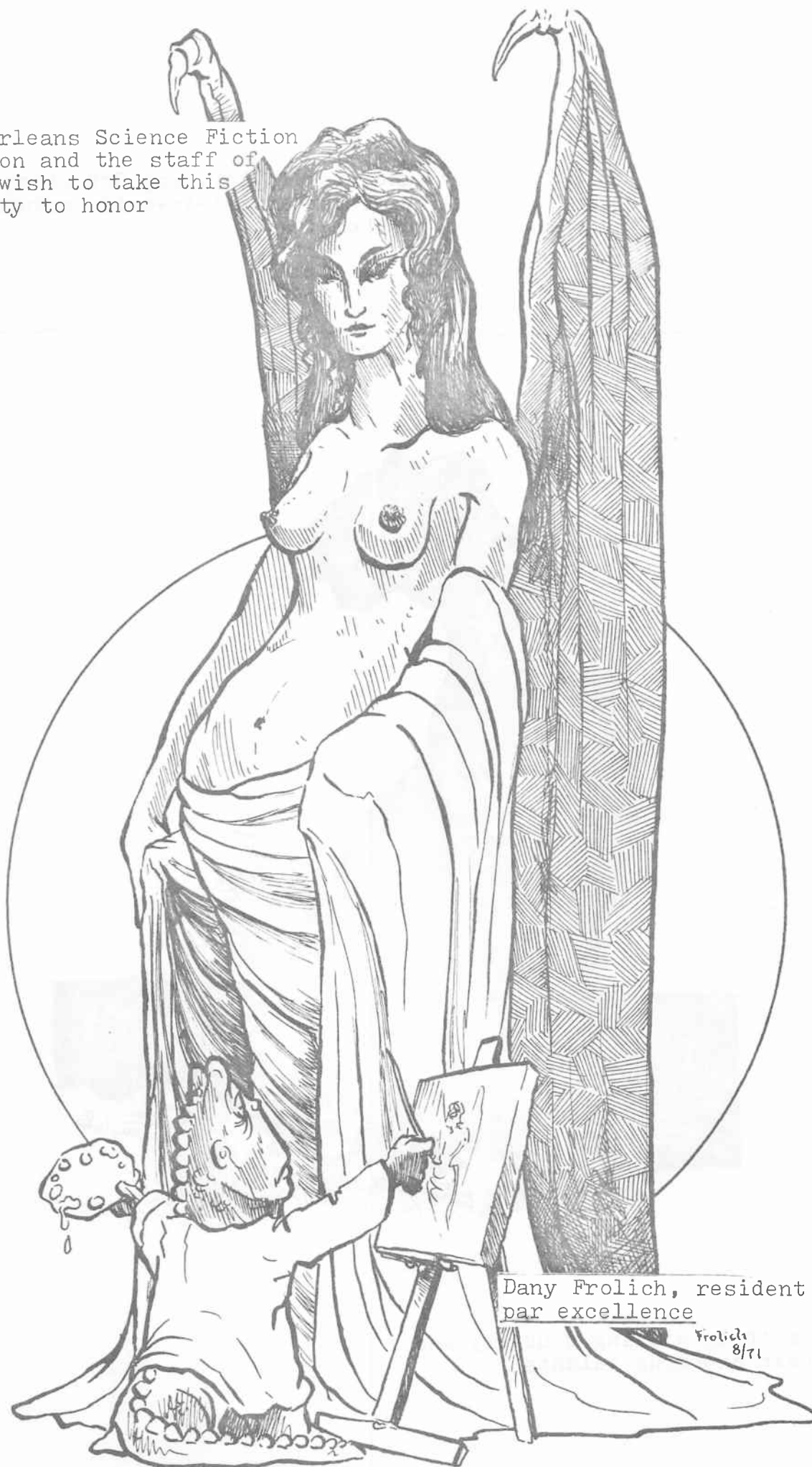
Right now, I'm doing some
work of my own, trying to use
the things I picked up at the
workshop. It's coming along,
but I still need more help.
Somebody? I'd like to find out
if there's going to be a work-
shop next year, and where. No
one I've written to seems to
know anything. So if any of
you Clarionites out there know
anything at all--let me know.
(Or write anyway, I'll be glad
to hear from you.) Write!

If there's a workshop next
year, I don't intend to be an
outsider again.

Jan Lewis
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New Orleans, Louisiana 70114



The New Orleans Science Fiction
Association and the staff of
Nolazine wish to take this
opportunity to honor



Dany Frolich, resident artist
par excellence

Frolich
8/71

and Stan Taylor, may God bless
him, our artist-in-exile return-
ed home.



For their willing drudgery and
their enormous talents

and R.A. Lafferty, our first honorary Nosfan--for his skilled writing and skillful wit, for his awesome imagination--and for his friendship.





FROLICH