

Faehick

CONTENTS

PAGE NO.

The blue pages:

Editorial.....	2
Why I Write Science Fiction.....Daniel F. Galouye.....	4
Deepsouthcon Report.....Donald D. Markstein.....	6
A There-Again Back-Again Journey, concerning five fans in two cars.....	10
Tiger Lake.....Janice A. Cullum.....	14
The Neo-Pro and I.....Markstein.....	16
The Chocolate Ice Cream Con.....Rick Norwood.....	18
A Proposal for a Southern Fan Group.....Irvin Koch.....	23
A Fantasy, Opus no. 4.....Markstein.....	24
Book Reviews.....	26
Fanzine Reviews.....Harry G. Purvis.....	28
Out-on-a-Limb Criticisms: Robert E. Howard.....Patrick H. Adkins.....	29
<i>Jetan</i>Markstein.....	30
Feedback.....	32

The white pages:

The Night Falls, installment three, by Patrick H. Adkins, illustrated by Stan Taylor

ART CREDITS

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 Ken Hafer--7, 9, 13, 22, 26, 28, 34, 35, 36.
 Don Markstein--8, and all tracing on stencil.
 Fred Hollander--10, 11.
 Stan Taylor--12, 32, 33, and all art for *The Night Falls*.
 Keith Tucker--16.
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Stencils typed by Jan Cullum, Pat Adkins, and Don Markstein.

Nolazine is the official organ of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association (NOSTA).
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Address all correspondence to Donald D. Markstein, Assistant Editor, 2232 Wirth Place,
 New Orleans, La. 70115.

Single copy, 50¢. Three issues, \$1.00 to John H. Guidry, 5 Finch St. New Orleans, La.
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 staff.

EDITORIAL

It seems from Irvin Koch's article in this issue that our editorial in no. 7 has stirred up some response. Which is *very* encouraging. But Irvin is trying to make a bit too much out of the whole thing. All discussion on the subject is valuable, since it is from what *we say* now that a Southern Fantasy Group will eventually be formed. We'd appreciate letters from anyone who would like to agree, disagree, discuss, or offer counter-proposals, either to Irvin's article or to this editorial.

To begin with, Irvin is trying to organize this new Southern Fantasy Group along the lines of the NFFF, which we don't think can be done. It would of necessity have to be a much smaller organization, and too tight a set of rules could kill it in the foetal stages. What we had intended was a federation, a *loose* federation of fanclubs in the South, with provisions for individuals to take part. Naturally, all groups would send representatives to the DeepSouthcon each year, which is the case even now. An OO (official organ) would probably be necessary, but there could hardly be enough material to warrant its publication bi-weekly. If one is to exist at all, it would have to be irregular. One possibility that might be considered would be to have each club in the area publish it in rotation, like *Tightbeam* was until recently. Of course, an individual could put out an issue if he liked, but that's a minor point and could be settled by discussion later. Speaking for ourselves, NOSFA would be glad to publish it often, and ASFO would probably agree to do their share.

He's trying to get the group tangled in red tape even before it has a chance to breathe, with Presidents, Directors, Secretaries-Treasurer, and Editors. We've already pointed out that there is no point in appointing a permanent editor, and we think the same can be said for most other offices. A single officer would probably suffice, whose duty would consist of seeing that all material for the OO reached the proper publisher, and of coordinating the various proposed publishers. All business could be conducted by direct vote of the membership at the DSC, and the dues could be dispensed with as well, if each publishing club offered to assume expenses (which should be minimal.)

On the subject of the OO, Irvin suggests that dues for a club in SFG should consist of a copy of each publication, and reprint rights. We would like to go on record as opposing that clause. As is noted on our contents page, *all* rights to the work appearing in *Nolazine* belong to the individual authors and artists. No one else may transfer those rights, not the editor or anyone in the club. If permission for reprint from *Nolazine* were wanted, it would have to be requested from the person involved. And don't be too sure of getting that permission, especially on a wholesale basis. It was written and drawn for *Nolazine*, and not for reprint. If NOSFA is to ratify any proposed constitution, that clause will have to be stricken.

Furthermore, he's trying to organize the DSC along the lines of a Worldcon with his rotation system. The Worldcon uses that system for two reasons, neither of which applies in our case. One reason is that

they will be distributed in such a way that everyone will have one in his section of the country in a finite time. But there's no part of the South that's so far from any other part that such a system would be necessary. The second reason is that the number of cities bidding would be kept to a minimum to avoid confusion. But many of you, including Irvin, saw the bidding this year. Two groups bid, and one dropped out before the voting. It was the same last year, with Heiskell dropping out in favor of New Orleans. If the bidding were limited in any way, we might one year have no clubs bidding.

His proposal, as well as our own and many others, will be discussed in *Nolazine* in the coming year and at next year's Deepsouthcon in Knoxville. What we come up with is anybody's guess, but there is no doubt that something will be done. If you want to get in on the action verbally, buy a subscription to *Nolazine*. And if you want to get in directly, go to Knoxville the weekend before STLOUISCON. Contact Janie Lamb at Rt. 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 37754 for details.

--Donald D. Markstein

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GUEST-OF-HONOR SPEECH

Banquet
August 25, 1968

Sixth Annual Deep South Convention
New Orleans, La.

Daniel F. Galouye

Several years ago an acquaintance asked why I confined my writing to only two fields--newspaper editorials and science fiction.

The answer, in the first instance, was easy. Editorial writing presented a satisfying means of participating in community activity; of having a voice, anonymous though it was, in the opinion-molding process on a local plane.

My SF interest, on the other hand, was more difficult to explain. I told my curious acquaintance that I had read "the stuff" since I was thirteen; that my academic training had been steeped in concrete sciences; that my military service had included early experimental duties in fields with which science fiction had subsequently concerned itself: pilot training techniques; radar; toran; radio controlled planes and "bat" bombs, which evolved into guided missiles; JATO (jet-assisted takeoff), or the forerunner of rocket propulsion.

But these were all superficial reasons. I hadn't really pinned down the basic incentive for my interest in writing SF.

Since then, however, I have identified that motivation. In the same introspective process, I believe I have also discovered the principal purpose behind all SF.

The answer lies, again, in the realm of community service--but on the broadest plane.

For science fiction's purpose is opinion-molding on the highest level.

Its mission is to stimulate the sluggish imagination of a public concerned primarily with the immediate necessities of life; to extend the horizon of speculation on future developments; to generate receptivity for change; to engender acceptance of technological and sociological progress.

SF has pursued these goals for a great many more years than we realize. For SF--speculative writing, imaginative literature, legend, folklore, epic poem; call it what you will--is not new. Its animating spirit has been with us since the beginning of man's effort to put fictional quill to scroll.

And it has been accomplishing its purpose just as long.

There would be no multibillion-dollar Apollo program today, for instance, if centuries of conditioning hadn't opened man's mind to the possible existence of things outside the framework of the commonplace; if Aesop hadn't expanded the matrix of imagination; if the Brothers Grimm hadn't nurtured the Western world's disposition to concern itself with fantastic trivia; if Swift and Verne and Wells hadn't actually--within the realm of fiction, at least--sent men on strange adventures to other worlds; if our modern SF movement of the early and mid-20th Century hadn't rubbed the public's nose in the imminence of technological development.

In this inspirational capacity, science fiction represents the fruition of an age-old tradition. As such, it can be one of the most vital formative influences of the present and future.

That is--provided it doesn't muffle the opportunity by striking off on devious paths and proclaiming its "literary maturity" through such nonsensical devices as the so-called "New Wave."

Honestly, the sort of stuff we read in Michael Moorcock's New Worlds contributes little to the legitimate purpose of science fiction. Literary "gems" that cry for explanatory notes spelling out the meaning of what we've just read carry no animating influence.

But it's in this very area of general inspiration that SF realizes its justification.

I've always felt it would be interesting to conduct a poll among technicians, scientists, specialized educators, the thousands of degree-seekers in our colleges and universities; ask what inspired them towards their particular pursuits. Without doubt, many would credit what we sometimes call "imaginative literature." Within the circle of my own acquaintances there are scores in that category.

It seems that, in order to justify its existence and advance its purpose, SF must ply the "hard core" route. Whenever it does, it insures its own prestige.

And there can be no question as to its dignity when you find such men as Fred Hoyle, Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov and even Dr. Werner Von Braun taking time out to exercise their pens in this field.

Asimov, incidentally, had a few apt words to say about this bagatelle that vaingloriously calls itself the "New Wave."

"I hope," he said, "that when the New Wave has deposited its froth and receded, the vast and solid shore of science fiction will appear once more."

I can fault the good Dr. Asimov only with an unnecessary concession: Science fiction doesn't have to "appear once more" because it has never disappeared. And it won't. Not as long as we have leading editors in the field who are dedicated to tradition and purpose.

I'd like to tell about an incident that underscored the worldwide dignity SF is acquiring in its conventional aspect.

This concerns one of Japan's top-flight literary figures--a Dr. Sokichi Saito of Tokyo. Dr. Saito abandoned his psychiatric practice several years ago, it seems, to devote himself to full-time writing as a serious novelist.

To date, he has to his credit 21 books, one of which won the Akutagawa Prize, Japan's highest literary award. Several of his works have been filmed or serialized on television. He has been called the "Hemingway of Japan."

Dr. Saito toured the U. S. this past spring as a guest of the State Department. He had requested that he be introduced to a science fiction writer while in this country.

There was a lull in his schedule in New Orleans and the State Department asked whether I wouldn't entertain him one evening.

So, Dr. Saito, his interpreter, Carmel and I spent a pleasant few hours in a French Quarter restaurant.

He had much to say about science fiction in Japan: organized fandom, meetings, conventions, mimeographed "fanzines"--they've borrowed the word "fanzine" from us, it seems, as they've also adopted such expressions as "SF," "bem" and the like.

I was curious over this deep interest in science fiction that was being shown by a recognized craftsman in the mainstream of Japanese literature. So I asked him about it.

Dr. Saito said he is weary of the "emptiness" of orthodox writing. Mainstream literature, he was convinced, has worn out its themes and has little left to offer.

So, now Dr. Saito wants to wash his hands of conventional novels and expand his horizons by devoting full-time effort to writing science fiction in the Heinlein, Asimov and Williamson tradition.

When I heard that, I was proud for the entire structure of SF endeavor and interests in this country.

The Record

Chairman Rick Norwood opened the con at 11:00 Friday morning, exactly the time he said he would, and set the precedent for a well-run convention. Almost everything was to be as punctual as this with only one notable exception, the comic book panel. John Guidry as Secretary-Treasurer introduced notables, among whom were Dan Galouye, our Guest of Honor; Joe Green, author of *Loafers of Refuge*, and Harry Moore, chairman of NOLACON I. I just sat there as vice-chairman taking it all in, seeing that all vice went as planned, and mentally composing this report.

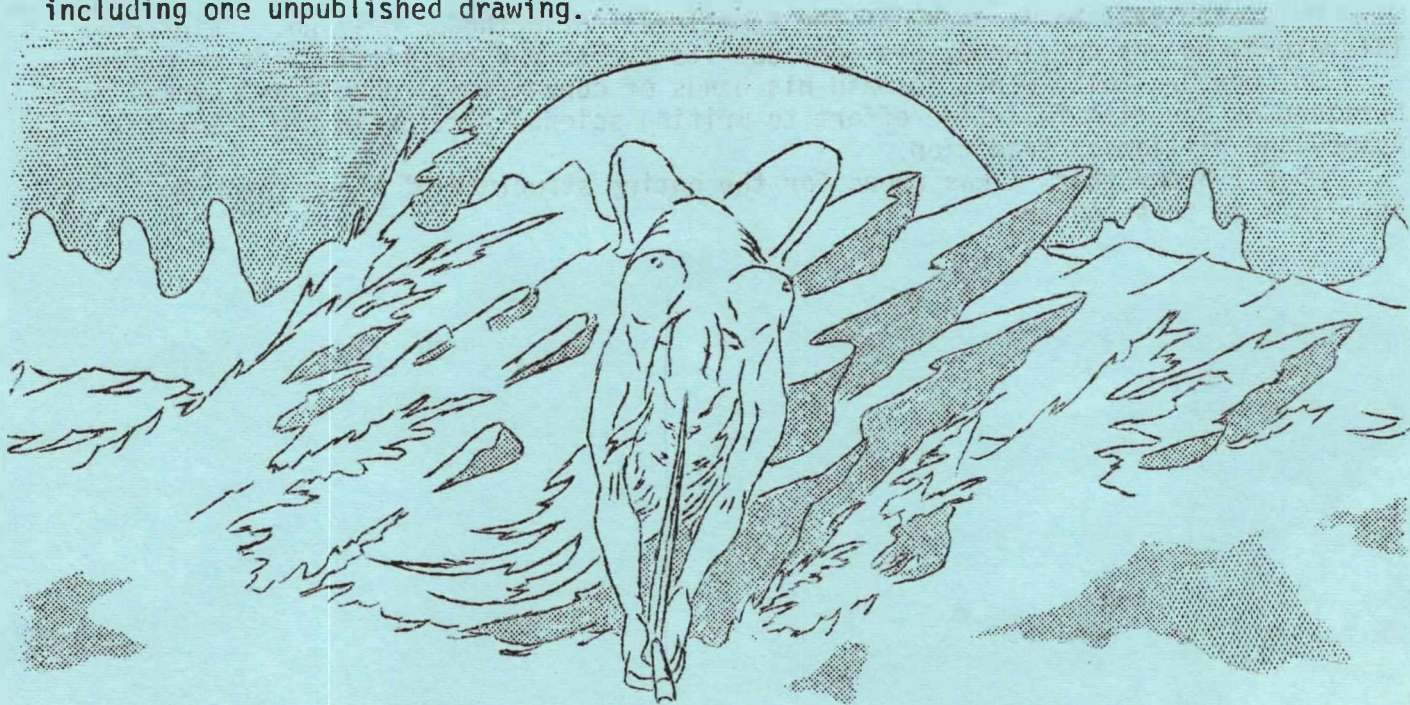
There was a short huckstering break before the panel on sf films at noon. Rick moderated, and threw out the question "Is *SPACE ODYSSEY* the sf movie we've all been waiting for, or is it an empty technical achievement?" at the panel--Dan Galouye, Joe Green, and John Guidry. It might seem that *Space Odyssey* was all that was discussed, but Rick managed to steer it toward more general topics.

Friday was the day for panels, with two of the three scheduled that day. A 4:00 PM panel on Heinlein followed a lunch-and-huckstering break, with Rick moderating again. The opener this time was "Is *Stranger in a Strange Land* a classic, or a miserable hash of warmed-over philosophy?" and Dan Galouye, Jan Cullum, Joe Green, and Bill Bruce discussed it at great length with divergence of opinion. The final consensus, it seemed, was that the panelists, or most of them, preferred the "old" Heinlein adventure-type sf to his philosophical ramblings of the '60's.

And then came the movies! Justin Winston "moderated", i.e., ran the projector, but he had trouble with it the first night, and not all the promised features were shown. But most of those that weren't made it on Saturday. Friday we saw *Metropolis*, as well as some of Joe Green's NASA footage. The con room closed at 11:00 PM, as per hotel rules, but we had previously secured a promise that our all-night parties in the conversation room would not be disturbed, so the convention was still in progress.

Next morning, bright and early, the art show opened. For a mere local con, I must say our art show was impressive. He displayed originals by Emsch, Gaughan, Freas, Finlay, and many others, as well as several comic book pages, including some from the first *Deadman* story, and three of Stan Taylor's paintings.

First order of the day was the auction, handled by Justin Winston, who surprised me by being able to sell things even with his unconventional (pardon the pun) approach (e.g., "Who wants to bid on this...garbage?"). Several originals of Stan's were sold, including one unpublished drawing.



At 3:00 PM came one of the most successful parts of the program, the trivia contest. Paul Hollander, Bill Bruce, Ned Brooks, Joanne Burger, Harry Moore, Irvin Koch, and Joe Green attempted to answer such questions as, "Name Tom Corbett's space ship," and "What was the name of Gandalf's horse?" Bill and Ned ran neck and neck until the final few minutes when Bill surged ahead and won, 130-108, carrying off prizes too trivial to mention. The contest turned out to take up so much time, and was so well recieved, that the comic book panel originally scheduled for 5:00 PM was canceled.

The projector worked this time, and we were treated to *The Cabinet of Caligari* and, as I said, some of the ones that hadn't made it the night before. There's a group of Sax Rohmer fans up in Baton Rouge, and we conned (again, pardon the pun) them into coming by promising to show the pilot episode of *Dr. Fu Manchu*, a TV program that never made it. Fortunately! Another silent film, *The Mysterious Dr. Fu*, a Fu Manchu imitator, was shown to take out some of the pain of having had to watch the former, but it was even worse. My ghod, Justin has a weird sense of humor.

The con room closed again at 11:00, and the group split up into three parts. One went to the Underground Cinema 12 to see Emshwiller's classic underground film, *Relativity*, another to tour Bourbon Street as noted in the Program Booklet, and a third stayed at the hotel and stared at each other or went to bed.

Next morning was the business meeting, during which it was unanimously decided to hold the DEEPSOUTHCON VII in Knoxville. And the banquet. Dan spoke to a group of about 40, and it was a very good speech indeed. For those who did not attend, the text of the speech is given on page four of this issue.

One more unofficial activity took place. Kathy Rooney held a party at her apartment following the banquet, and it seems from the talk afterward that it was a pretty good one. I didn't attend, owing to complications to be explained in the second part of this report, following.



Off the Record

For me, I guess the DEEPSOUTHCON started a day early, when Paul Hollander called from the hotel and told me he was in (which was apparent). I went out a bit later to see him and find out if anyone else had made it, and found Bill Bruce there as well. So the three of us went over to John Guildry's house for a little preregistration and boozing. The con had started, all right; Rick Norwood had made it in time to open and run things, and he and Don Walsh were out alerting the news media to our presence. Big deal. All we got were two *small* items in the local paper, and all they were interested in was the fact that their former city editor was being honored at a banquet. But the real fun didn't start until the following morning.

I checked into the hotel at 9:30, thinking myself very early indeed, and expecting only the group from the night before and possibly a few others. I was pleasantly surprised (and appalled) to find that over thirty people had registered, and sympathized with John, who was on the registration desk. My sympathy turned into mild annoyance when I realized that my turn at the desk was next, and my mild annoyance turned into very great annoyance when I discovered that John had sold my

huckster table in the confusion. But a couple more tables were brought in, and I was all set up by the time I had to go sit up with Rick to open up.

I did a pretty good business in the off-hours that day, amassing about \$60 in ill-gotten gains from my stock of rare, 1965 comic books. Pretty good, but I was financing Baycon on the money I made at the DSC, and that just wouldn't get it. I'd have to do as well each day, and everyone knows the first day is the best for that sort of thing. By the time everything settles, all the money is in the hands of hucksters. It would take little short of a miracle to get me there at this point.

And that's how it went all day. I'd sell a quarter's worth here, a dollar's worth there, and engage in some very interesting conversations in the process. Finally the movies were over and the con room had to be closed. I assisted in getting everything covered and went over to the conversation room and found the whole group watching more of Joe Green's NASA films. I wasn't too happy about this, since I wanted to play *jetan*, so I brooded for a while and then went over to Ned Brooks' room.

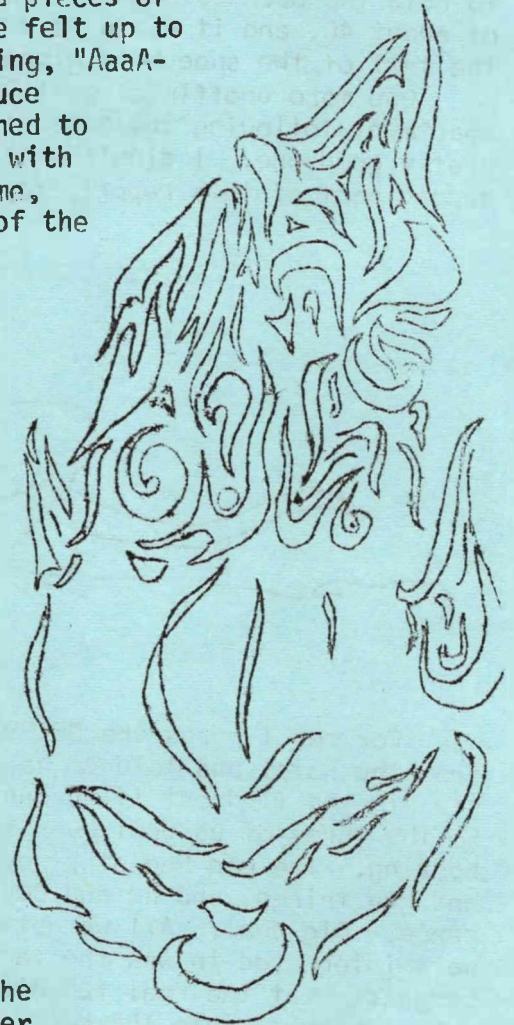
Usually at the Deepsouthcon, the place to be at night is Hank Reinhardt's room where the "hearts" game is at. But Hank was busy this time and couldn't be here. I know he regretted it, since he usually goes home with a profit from his gambling, but duty calls and all that. So the hearts game was in Ned Brooks' room instead. I went in and found Ned sitting at a card table with Kathy Rooney, Bill Tate, and John Guidry, who had learned to play only in the past year in the hope of astounding everyone with his skillful manipulation of the cards. But the joke was on him. He got beat even without Hank Reinhardt.

I sat around a couple of hours recording bits and pieces of conversation and joining in occasionally when my voice felt up to competing with the cards. Bill Bruce wandered in crying, "AaaaA-AaaaAlliIigaAaatOo000r!" ("Alligator" with a Bill Bruce accent) and wandered back out again. Finally I returned to the conversation room and found that Joe had finished with his NASA material. I had a game of *jetan* up in no time, and emerged the champion not only of that night, but of the whole con, and undefeated champ of NOSFA as well.

Pat Adkins was there, along with Ken Hafer and Carolyn Dilworth, and John Guidry showed up later on. Ken, John, Pat, and I were sharing the room two doors down in a wait-your-turn type arrangement. (I.e., one in which each of us had to wait his turn to sleep in the beds.) Ken departed for places unknown after a while and John and I went to bed at 4:00 AM, leaving Pat and Carolyn alone in the conversation room. John and I lay awake for hours discussing the possible events that could be taking place down the hall, but Pat showed up after a while and put an end to our wicked thoughts.

Ken was the perfect roommate. He was gone that entire first night, and to this day I haven't found out where he slept, if at all. It's interesting speculation, but knowing Ken, he probably did it just to make us think evil things about him. Actually, come to think of it, he didn't sleep there the second night either, but none of us did then. Strange...he paid his bill and all, but all he ever did with the room was to store liquor and baby sit for Carolyn's son.

That's another thing. Of course, I didn't use the room very much during the day, but I happened to wander in on Saturday to find a baby bed set up with Peter Dilworth sleeping soundly in it and Ken and Carolyn sitting on the couch. I never did find out why she took him to the con.





I was up bright and early Saturday, a couple of hours after I finally got to sleep, and made it in time for the opening of the art show at 9:00. I had a special reason for wanting to be there at all possible times. You see, Bill Bruce had made more money than any other huckster from our South Louisiana group, but I was second and coming on strong. I didn't want to take a chance of having him undercut me for a rare Mike Pagnick paperback or something. Besides, as I said before, Baycon was riding on this. Make money and I go. Don't make money, and there's always St. Louis. Business wasn't very good at the beginning of the day. I hardly sold a book before noon. Then along came Bill Tate of ASFO, who was interested in starting a comic book collection just to see what they were like. Sure, I've got

comics to sell. Here's a whole table, piled two feet high. Will I sell them for a dime each? Well, I don't know. I've been getting at *least* a quarter apiece so far. Oh, will I sell them *all* for a dime each! That's a different story. I made \$130 on the deal, enough with the rest to send me to Baycon and even back. From one of the most crowded tables at the con, mine became one of the emptiest, with nothing left but the paperbacks I hadn't sold Friday. This kept me in a state of euphoria for the rest of the day.

As I said, we split into 3 parts at 11. I'd seen *Relativity* and the French Quarter both, so I was with the group that stayed back. Only I didn't go to bed, and I didn't just stare at everyone else. I sat in the conversation room with roommates Ken and Pat, and Dan and Carmel Galouye playing *jetan* and discussing what a great con it was and how everything had gone without a hitch. Though Dan and Carmel left early, they thoughtfully left the liquor in easy reach, and we sat up drinking, playing more *jetan*, and discussing at some length what a great con it was and how everything had gone without a hitch. Dean Sweatman and a few others I was too groggy to recognize (one of whom just told me she was Carolyn Dilworth) came in a bit later and we conversed until John and Jan, who had been to the Underground, returned. The group gradually dissipated in the next few hours until John, Jan, Pat, and I were the only ones left. John hadn't been drinking and I had sobered up, but Pat and Jan just went on drinking all night. I think by that time, they were afraid if they stopped they'd be hit with a hangover. They kept on drinking while John and I changed clothes, discovered a strange woman sleeping in our bed, acted as though we'd had a good night's sleep ourselves, and noticed that Ken hadn't slept in the room either. They kept on drinking while the business meeting was held, while we listened to Janie Lamb tell us over a tape recorder what a great con she had lined up for us next year, and while we unanimously voted to hold the DEEPSOUTHCON VII in Knoxville. They finally stopped drinking just before the banquet, and Pat was conscious enough to recognize what a good speech Dan had given as Guest of Honor and request it for this issue of *Nolazine*. But they started right back up again for Kathy Rooney's post-convention party.

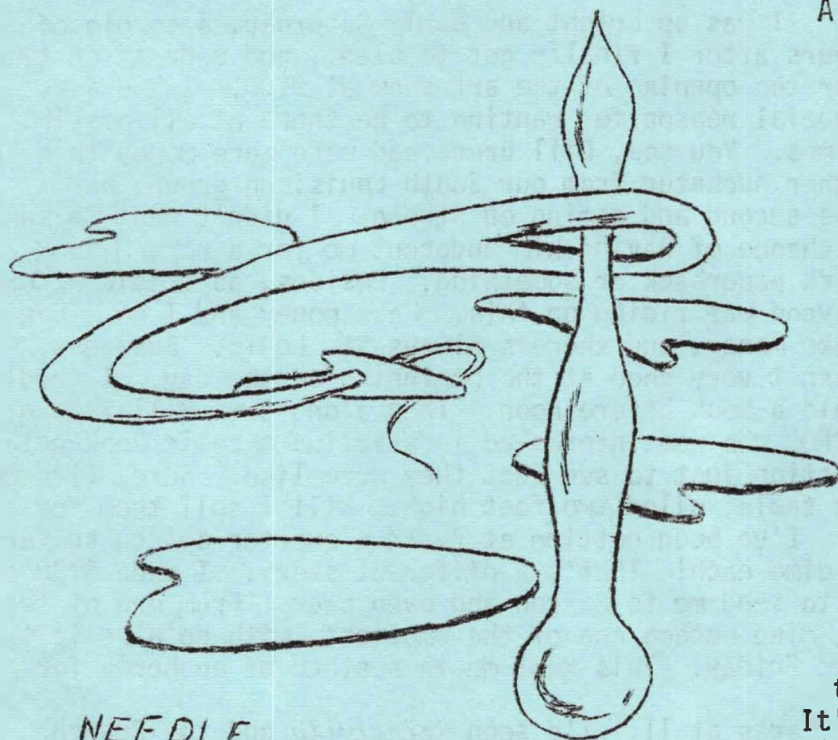
I really regret not having had the strength to go to that party. You can see from the relative amount of space devoted to each that I enjoy the partying part of a con better than the program, but I was just too exhausted to move, having had less than four hours sleep during the entire weekend. But I had to stay fresh for Baycon.. and the ride there...Baycon...only four days and 60 hours driving away. Arrgh!!!!

-//-

When Walsh wrote "Mu Panther", it stank.
In 16, it just drew a blank.
It's gone through the years
Bringing anguish and tears.
In fact, it's still pretty rank.

--Harry G. Purvis

A THERE-AGAIN BACK-AGAIN JOURNEY concerning five fans in two cars



NEEDLE

Everybody and his brother does con reports in fanzines. You can get the whole effect of the con just by reading the reports, but who wants to? Either you know all about it because you were there, or you're a masochist and want to punish yourself for not going. So our con reports are different. No use telling you what went on at the con itself, since you can find that out anywhere. These are purely personal experiences, the third in our series of trip reports to and from the con. The idea is not to make you sorry you didn't go. It's to make you glad you didn't go with us.

Where did it begin? Did it begin at the Deepsouthcon where we made seating arrangements? Did it begin with John Guidry, just recovering from his nervous illness brought on by said Deepsouthcon, waiting interminably until 2 PM for his 10 o'clock ride? Did it begin with Jan Cullum, Don Markstein, and Doug Wirth vacating Jan's apartment and moving all of her belongings to Don's basement? Let's start at Rick Norwood's house, down the highway in Franklin, with Rick waiting impatiently for their arrival.

Strictly speaking the trip to Franklin should be included, but it would make very dull reading. Oh, there was minor frustration for Jan and Doug when Don and John, who knew the highway, wanted to stop at every newsstand and bookstore within a half mile of the road, but in general it was a pretty uneventful ride. So, having promised Rick we'd be there between 12 and 2, we arrived just after dark.

Rick noticed immediately that something was wrong, but couldn't quite put his finger on what. For some time the feeling bothered him, but he still couldn't figure out exactly what it was. Finally, when one of the drinks he had fixed for us stayed undrunk and none of us did, it slowly began to dawn on him.

"One, two, three, four, ..." said Rick, pointing his finger five times. "Let's see, one, two, three, four... Uhh, Jan, John, Don, Doug..." and it struck him! "Where's Justin?"

"Justin? Were we supposed to pick up Justin?"

A hasty call to Justin Winston's house confirmed that we were indeed supposed to pick up Justin. But he was easygoing about it (i.e., he could care...) and agreed to meet us at the bus station on the morrow.

Next morning he wasn't there, and a second hasty call revealed that he wasn't coming. So in good spirits from our second consecutive fresh start, we loaded Rick's car and reloaded Jan's and were again on our way.

Our second start. Very good. We figured we'd be nice and clean and awake and in good spirits for the remainder of the day, which would take us past a good portion of our journey before we began feeling gross and dirty and tired and out of sorts, but we were wrong. We stopped only a few hours later for lunch at a roadside park just outside of Alexandria, La., still feeling fresh and trying as best we could to maintain our freshness of spirit. Then, walking back to the car, Rick tapped Don on the shoulder saying, "Tag, you're it." Don chased and caught John, and the race was on. It was a good hour before we returned, tired, sweaty, and hating one another.

And we kept getting more and more tired and more and more dirty for the remainder of the ride.

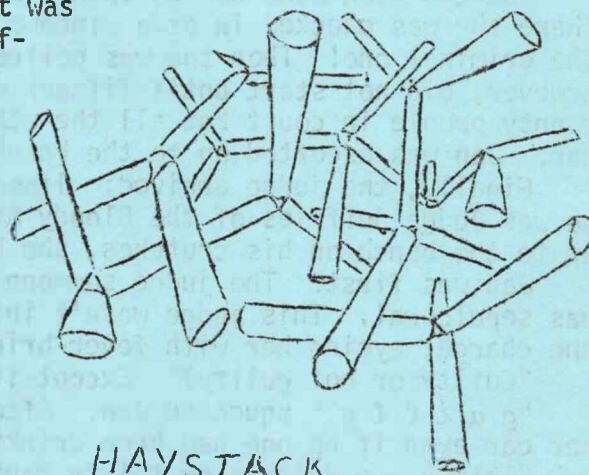
Such idyllic days were those! Baycon registration wasn't until Thursday and this was only Tuesday. We had a full three days and two nights to get there. Rick started singing "A Trillion Bottles of Beer on the Wall" and was only a couple of hundred into it that night when we made Texas. He stopped at some sleazy roadside diner and Jan suddenly realized we were in Coors country, where she could get her favorite beer to drink while she drove the long, dusty road. She asked the waitress about this, but it turned out that the county was as dry as one of Don Walsh's stories. The rest of the night was spent searching the side of the highway in vain for some evidence of an all-night liquor store (bar, booze, or other such commodity) and driving in three-hour shifts.

It was about two that morning, with Jan driving her car and Don driving Rick's, when the rain hit us. Rain? Monsoon, deluge, Great Flood, but not rain. It was probably Childress, Texas, where it happened, but it was sort of hard to tell; it was submerged under several feet of water. This didn't bother Jan, as she has one of those foreign cars, and God only knows where the brake bands are, but all of a sudden Don felt Rick's brakes give out underneath him, and tried to signal Jan, who was in the lead, to that effect. He honked the horn, but the continuous thunder drowned it out as the rain threatened to drown him out. He blinked his turn signals, first one side and then the other, but Jan had passed a truck at 80 mph on the single-lane highway, and was out of sight. He caught up and put on the emergency flasher, but Jan apparently wasn't watching. Finally, at the next town, he pulled up alongside of her at a traffic light and was about to tell her, but he suddenly noticed that the continuous high-speed driving had dried them out completely, and decided only to ask her to stop for a cup of coffee for his nerves. By dawn we were in New Mexico.

All through New Mexico and Arizona it seemed we might have nothing to write about, but we had yet to reckon with the return trip. (Literary analysts: The preceding is foreshadowing, just in case you didn't recognize it.) Jan got her Coors beer within a few hours of dawn and was in a state of euphoria for the rest of the day; we debated in Flagstaff, Arizona, whether or not to stay and watch *Bambi*, which was playing at a local theater; Don got a citation for crossing a yellow line in Arizona; John got disgusted with the rest of us for wanting to stop first at the Petrified Forest and then at the Arizona Meteor Crater, bemoaning his loss of the Thursday morning activities at the con. Other than that, nothing happened until we hit California. (Literary analysts: More foreshadowing: If it seems we've neglected New Mexico, tune in same time, next issue, for the trip back.)

We entered the Mojave Desert at 3 Thursday morning with Rick and Jan at the wheels and the rest mercifully asleep. Around the middle, coffee shops being close to nonexistent in the area, we stopped to look at the stars; John, Don, and Doug waking up when the accustomed motion ceased. For some of us, it was our first look; the Milky Way and Pleiades are almost invisible in the murky skies of Louisiana. It was a grand spectacle for Jan, gazing through half-closed eyes, so she crawled off to a nice bumpy rock on a hill about 20 feet from the cars for a better view and immediately fell asleep. Rick was first to notice that she was missing and he panicked: she had been bitten by nests of snakes or carried off by bands of gypsies. He started yelling for her and John joined him, but Jan was unconscious. Finally, they started up one of the cars and turned the lights on and this woke her up as she thought they were leaving without her.

Anyway, the adrenalin this scare had pumped into her system enabled her to drag herself back behind the wheel of her car. The



effect had been reversed for Rick, so he impinged upon Don's semi-consciousness to ask him if he was awake enough to drive.

"Grunt?" asked Don.

"I said, are you awake enough to drive?"

"Grunt!" He was still too much asleep to articulate.

"Good."

And so Don took over, head resting on the wheel, hands bracing themselves on the dash, and eyes seeing nothing but Barstow, California, where we would surely stop for breakfast and he could be relieved by John, whose shift it should have been anyway. Of course, it was unfair of him to think so, as John is night-blind, but he was hardly in any condition to control his emotions and drive at the same time. It was agreed that Jan should lead, so that Don could follow her taillights and not have to expend energy unnecessarily looking for the road. Barstow, 200 miles. It sure looked good.

The California freeways are great!

They give you three lanes to play around with, an extra one on each side to make sure you don't fall off the highway. Don stoically followed Jan, dozing off only occasionally and even then waking up within only a few miles. The signs showed Barstow looming closer and closer, and the picture of breakfast became clearer and clearer in Don's eyes. As the caravan of two cars followed the Western road, the sun rose behind them to the strains of *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. As Jan took the exit into Barstow, Don could hardly contain himself with joy. Then she turned right around and, by a series of maneuvers too complicated and disappointing to describe, got onto another freeway headed for Bakersfield, another 100 miles away.

John, driving Rick's car, was the only one awake when Jan got her ticket for an illegal U-turn, but the rest were up soon enough. It seems we'd been carrying a bottle of wine in the front seat all the way from New Orleans, it being part of the salvage vacated from Jan's apartment on the first day, and not stored in Don's basement. When the cop asked her what it was, she replied, "Vinegar," believing it to have thus degenerated, but he smelled it. What a time for wine *not* to go sour! They have some silly law there that you can't drive around with alcohol in an open container, so off Jan went to court.

The cop even made her go in his car, so we had to trail her to the courthouse. There she was checked in at a window: not the regular one for minor driving offenses the criminal one! Then she was police escorted to the courtroom. The court session, however, did not start until fifteen minutes (lifetimes) later. There were about twenty people in court but all the others were there for civil cases and behind the bar. Jan was escorted up to the bench. And there she sat alone.

Finally, the judge arrived: lined yellow parchment, dried by innumerable years, he was Judge Jeffries of the Bloody Assizes down to the life. As he pulled himself up to the bench on his crutches, she had visions of scaffolds and Peter Blood.

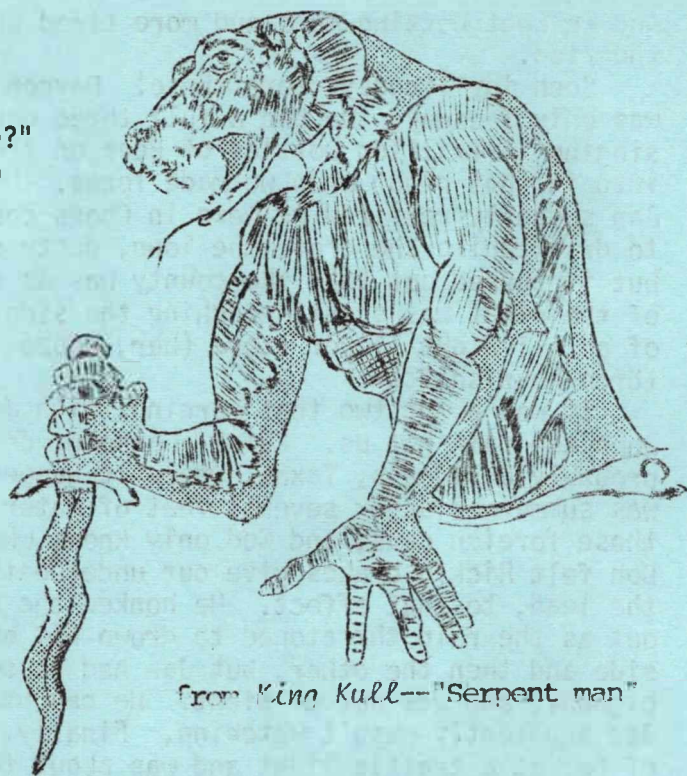
Jan was first. The judge summoned her to stand before the bench and his voice was sepulchral. This judge wasn't interested in extenuating circumstances. He read the charge, eyeing her with fever-bright black eyeholes sunk in his sallow face.

"Guilty or not guilty?" Except it wasn't a question.

"*g u i l t y*," squeaked Jan. After all, the unsealed wine bottle had been in her car even if no one had been drinking out of it.

"Thirty-one dollars or thirty days."

Here even the arresting officer took pity on her and tried to explain that Jan



from King Kull—"Serpent man"

had told him that as far as she knew the wine was vinegar. She had been saving it for the bottle, a gallon one beautifully shaped, that she wanted to make into a vase.

The judge laughed. Or rather, a dry sound came from him that most resembled a death rattle.

Jan paid and left precipitately.

While Jan was undergoing this ordeal, the rest of us just sat around in the parking lot, with the exception of Rick. He got up and tried to find where they had taken Jan, but couldn't find her as the courtroom, like a classical dungeon, was located in the lower basement. He came back describing the barbaric treatment of prisoners in the California jails. He claimed that they were allowed no reading matter but *Ebony* magazine and Western paperbacks. Absolutely incredible. Apparently they don't want them to read sf because it might improve their minds, and everyone knows you can't improve a criminal's mind.

When she got back, Jan discovered her lights on. Also, she discovered she couldn't start the car. We borrowed a jump cable from a friendly parking lot attendant (at least somebody was friendly in Bakersfield) and departed with confidence. Six hours driving should be enough to charge any battery. But that was only the start of our troubles, since it later turned out the generator wasn't working.

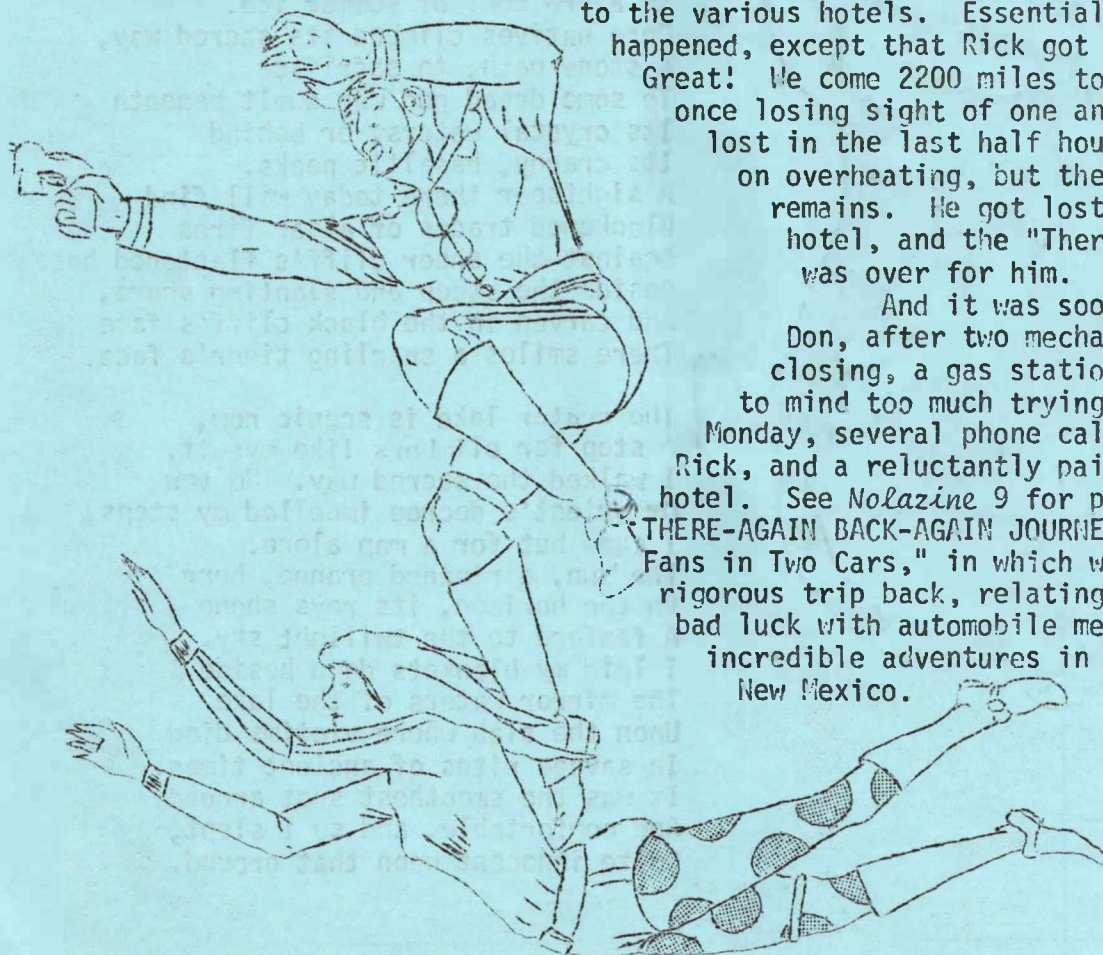
It was a happy few hours we spent driving that last lap. Rick, John, and Doug were in Rick's car, Rick driving, singing songs from *Cabaret* and *Camelot* and discussing Broadway plays. Jan and Don were in Jan's car discussing Broadway plays and singing songs from *Camelot* and *Cabaret* and the coincidence wasn't discovered until several days later.

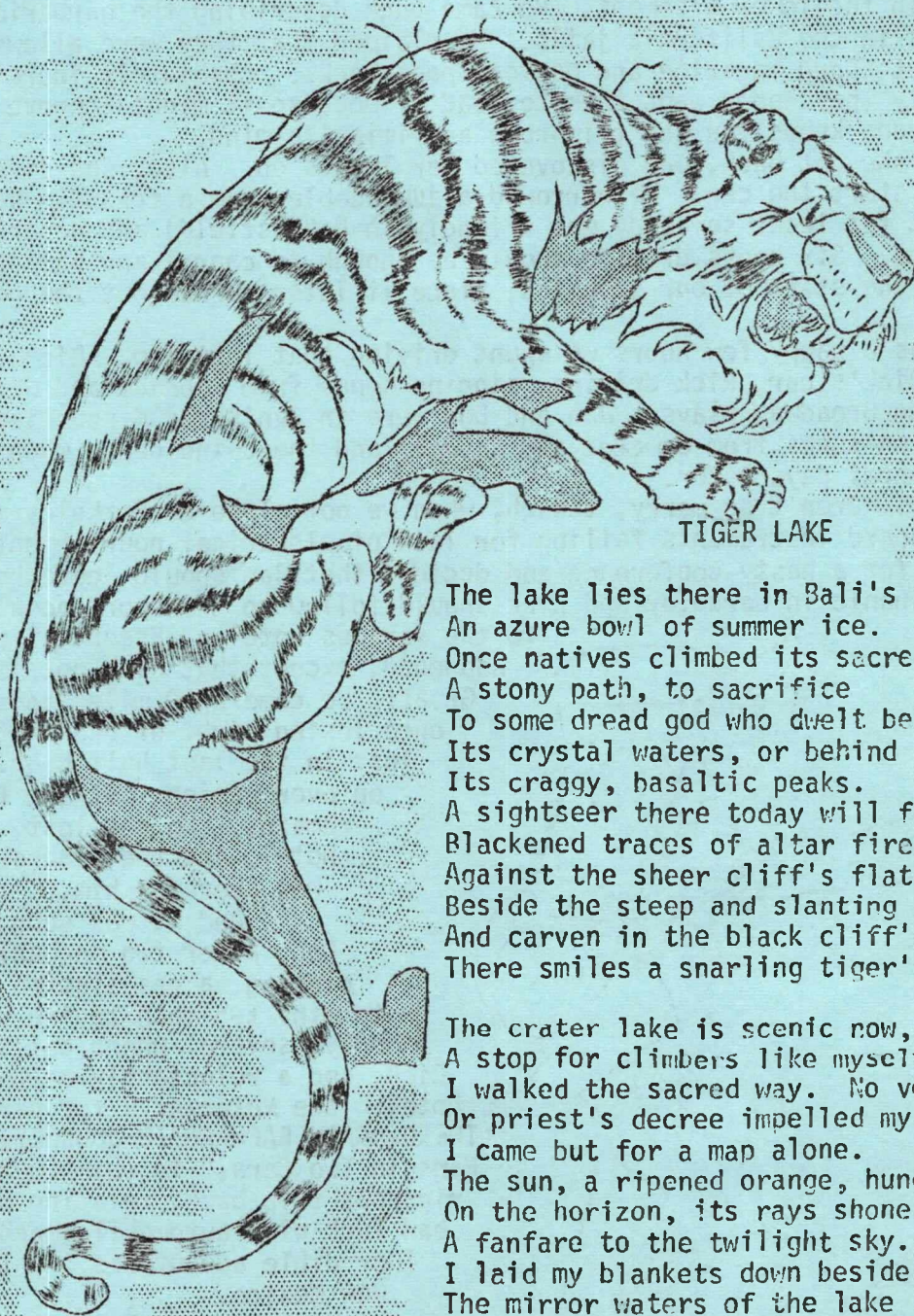
Things weren't so merry, though, when we got close to Berkeley and Jan noticed her dashboard instruments failing for lack of electrical nourishment. We got together for a hasty conference and decided that Jan should leave her car with the first mechanic in Berkeley and Rick should follow to transport people and luggage to the various hotels. Essentially that's what happened, except that Rick got lost in traffic.

Great! We come 2200 miles together without once losing sight of one another, and he gets lost in the last half hour. He blamed it on overheating, but the fact still remains. He got lost, went to his hotel, and the "There-Again Journey" was over for him.

And it was soon over for Jan and Don, after two mechanics who were just closing, a gas station that didn't seem to mind too much trying to fix it by Monday, several phone calls trying to locate Rick, and a reluctantly paid taxi to Jan's hotel. See *Nolazine* 9 for part two of "A THERE-AGAIN BACK-AGAIN JOURNEY, Concerning Five Fans in Two Cars," in which we attempt the rigorous trip back, relating our outrageously bad luck with automobile mechanics and our incredible adventures in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

--Jan Cullum
John Guidry
Don Markstein
Rick Norwood
Doug Wirth





TIGER LAKE

The lake lies there in Bali's arms,
 An azure bowl of summer ice.
 Once natives climbed its sacred way,
 A stony path, to sacrifice
 To some dread god who dwelt beneath
 Its crystal waters, or behind
 Its craggy, basaltic peaks.
 A sightseer there today will find
 Blackened traces of altar fires
 Against the sheer cliff's flattened base
 Beside the steep and slanting shore,
 And carven in the black cliff's face
 There smiles a snarling tiger's face.

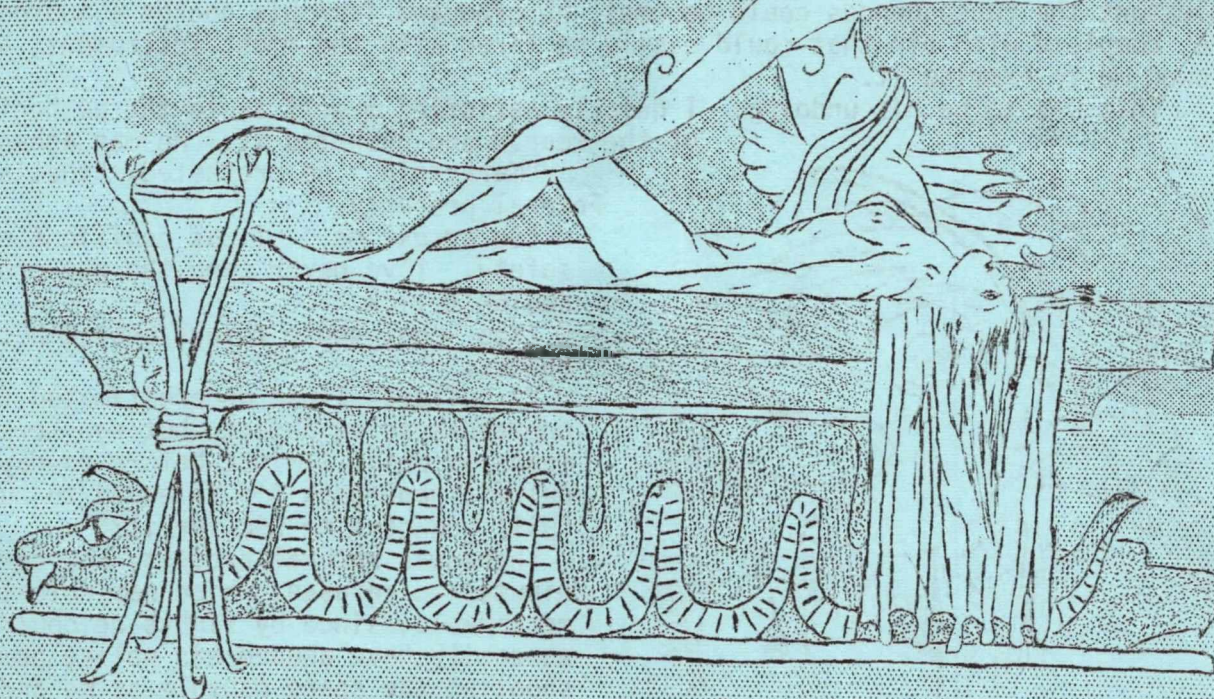
The crater lake is scenic now,
 A stop for climbers like myself.
 I walked the sacred way. No vow
 Or priest's decree impelled my steps,
 I came but for a map alone.
 The sun, a ripened orange, hung
 On the horizon, its rays shone
 A fanfare to the twilight sky.
 I laid my blankets down beside
 The mirror waters of the lake
 Upon the slab where victims died
 In savage rites of ancient times.
 It was the smoothest spot around,
 And comfortable, and so I slept,
 Quite innocent upon that ground.

The priests were piling altar fires,
 Their flickering faces cold with fear
 They chanted to their devil pyres
 To bring the sacred tigers near.
 And then I saw across the ice,
 And screamed cold sweat in nightmare fear,
 Pale forms like smoke but padding near.
 They came to claim their sacrifice,
 White tigers on the midnight ice,
 And I lay on the altar stone
 Asleep and cold and all alone.

Snow white tigers padding, padding,
 Black-striped white tigers padding
 On heavy, graceful paws
 With clicking, silver claws
 Across the moonlit, midnight ice,
 Black-striped white tigers padding
 With open, shining eyes
 So flaming, demon wise,
 Padding softly the frozen ice,
 Black striped white tigers padding
 Toward the sacred fires
 Reflected in their eyes,
 The flaming altar pyres.

And then I saw with sleeping eyes
 The tiger's face and felt its breath.
 Its eyes were black and bright and wise,
 Its jaws were silver, shining death.

--Janice A. Cullum



or

ANTAGONIZING NEO-PROS FOR FUN AND ESPECIALLY PROFIT

by Don Markstein

Response to our articles condemning Don Walsh has been overwhelming, resulting in many cases in "Don Walsh fan clubs" springing up all over the country, and this scribe has thus seen fit to record some of his own personal experiences with this celebrity.

Certainly none has been more rewarding, none has been more gratifying to the soul, none has made Walsh appear more the fool than the adventure of the Mace. Not since last month, when at the Deep South Con Walsh offered me a highball with the words, "Drink deep, Water Brother," (being heavily under the influence of a book of some sort he had just finished reading--not to mention the previous highball) and the intention that I should take a sip and give it back to him to share; and I replied by draining it and handing him back the empty glass saying, "Never thirst," has a situation more worthy of public and permanent record occurred.

For the duration of this article, Walsh will be referred to only obliquely, never by name. He has requested anonymity on the grounds that publicity might endanger his effectiveness (i.e., blow his cover) to the Narcotics Bureau.

You see, the neo-pro is a Narc (that's right, Harlan. OUR house Narc is a science fiction WRITER.), that most universally despised species of campus inhabitant, a fact known only to his closest friends, everyone his closest friends tell, everyone he comes into contact with, and now you, dear reader. Often when telling of his experiences with Narcbu his veracity is held to question and he must choose among shutting up (an impossibility), convincing his listeners (an absurdity), and proving his statement (a danger). It was the latter he chose on this particular day.

Our man in Narcbu was one day relating to me the difficulties he had undergone when picking up his chemical Mace, and I expressed disbelief that he was even trusted to touch Mace, far less be issued a supply to carry. The three possibilities were reviewed in his mind. To shut up would be to admit defeat. To convince me verbally.. well, it was clear that this was out of the question. There remained a third choice--and unpleasant though the consequences might be (and the neo-Narc had then no idea how unpleasant the consequences could become), he produced from his pocket a teargas capsule, complete with pin that could easily be fired with the right instrument, and allowed me to examine it.

This was to be his undoing. I quickly satisfied myself as to the authenticity of the weapon and pocketed it. He was aghast!

"Markstein," he protested, "that's Federal property."

"So arrest me." I was confident of safety. I've never seen the neo-pro I couldn't lick.

"You know, those things cost a buck apiece."

"A dollar?" I had underestimated the unprepossessing object, but saw here a means by which I might before payday acquire a paperback I'd intended to buy. "Will you give me 50¢ for it?"

There was natural protest, and for several minutes he refused, which was actually reasonable, since by rights he could just as easily have abused his police power by shooting the spare capsule at me and claiming I had resisted arrest. I finally solved the dilemma by asking, "How do you set these things off?"



He immediately began digging in his pockets and finally produced a handful of change. Counting it, he asked, "Will you take 35¢?"

"Sure." After all, this was pure profit. Besides, I only said I'd take 35¢, not that I'd give it back to him for that price. And sure enough, I took the 35¢ and kept the Mace.

Next he offered his cigarettes in exchange for the charge. I could appreciate the sacrifice and was tempted. Not that I could stand to smoke that vile weed of his, those filter-tipped cigars, but I was willing to sacrifice my advantage over him for the sake of clean air. Besides, I noticed that he again had failed to specify that I was to give him back the weapon. I took the cigarettes and kept the Mace.

Finally he offered his lighter. You may think him a fool for falling into the same trap three times in a row, but in this assumption you are wrong, for this time he was careful to secure a promise from me that upon receipt of the lighter I would return his property. Being above all and at all times a man of my word, I did indeed return the Mace when handed the lighter.

This action, though I could not have known it at the time, was to serve me in good stead later on in the day. For, when telling others of the incident and experiencing their expressions of disbelief, our slow-to-understand Marc would again produce his prize, have it snatched by me, and be obliged to ransom it all over again, assured that I would hand it over for the price agreed upon. This happened several times during the day, the last of which brought me the launcher as well, which I auctioned to the highest bidder (its original owner repossessed it for the price of \$1.00). In total for the day, I secured not only the paperback I had wanted to buy, but another as well, and the latest issue of F&SF.

Not to mention a citation from the Pure Air Society.

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Addendum:

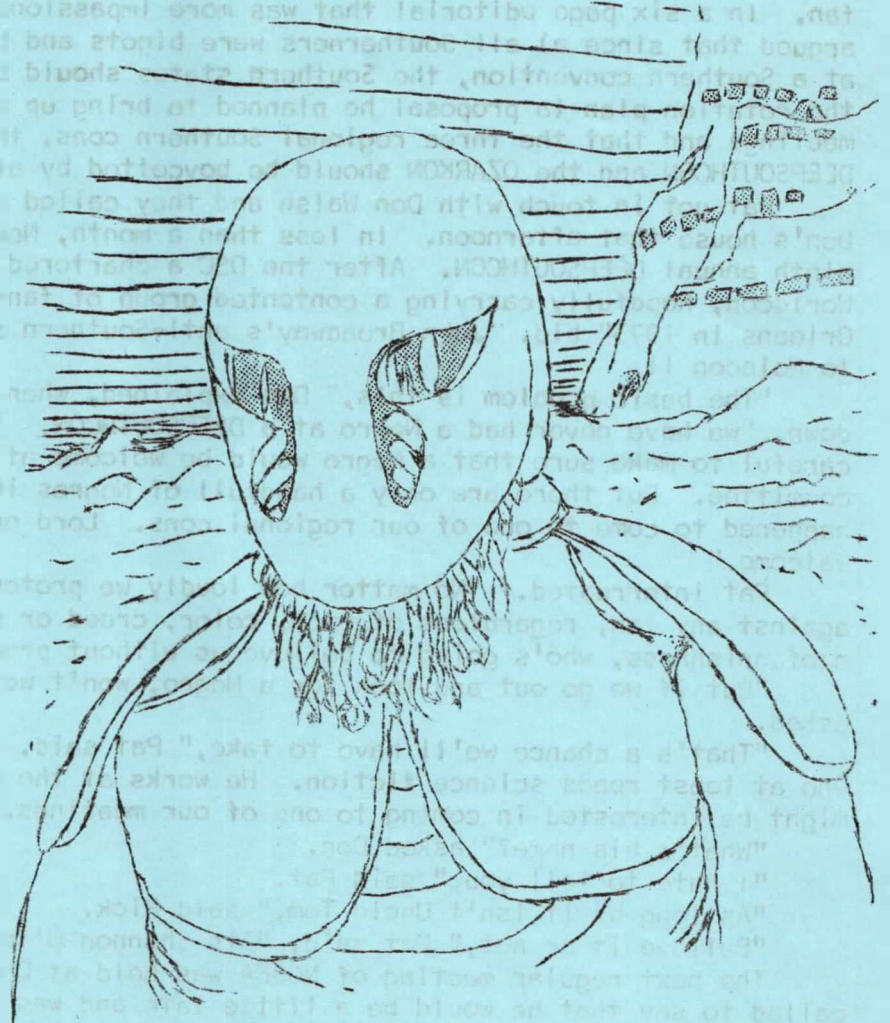
The above is true--I swear it, and I swear the following: Last week, at noon, in the middle of the over-crowded LSUNO cafeteria, a sound very much like that of a gun shot, and the resulting smoke, sent a throng of students toward the exits, gagging, tears running down their cheeks. That's right. Don Walsh Jr. had accidentally discharged a tear-gas capsule.

--PHA

Second addendum:

As a witness, I can tell you that the most amazing thing about that episode was not the extreme corrosivity of the gas, nor was it the magnitude of the panic that followed. It wasn't even the fact that it had gone off in the first place. No, the most amazing thing was the expression on Walsh's face as he sat there watching everyone run and trying to look nonchalant.

--DDM



"We have need of a Negro," said Don Walsh, president of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association.

"It shouldn't be hard to find one," said Pat Adkins.

"We could always buy one at the slave market," Rick Norwood suggested.

"That's not done any more," Don explained patiently. "Besides, our treasury can't afford it."

"Seriously now," said Pat, and broke up laughing.

That morning there hadn't been any problem. It was the first day of August. The year was 1971. It had been a luke-warm summer and the race issue was far from Patrick's mind. He had a fanzine to publish. After all, there was no racial trouble in fandom. That was something for the mundane world to worry about.

A large fanzine lay in Pat's mailbox. Pat picked eagerly at the staples. Perhaps there would be a review of NOLAZINE. The cover was certainly an attention getter. Printed in white ink on black paper, it featured a cartoon by a well known fan illustrator. It was, to be honest, a funny cartoon. It showed a group of Ku Klux Klan members dressed in the traditional white sheets. One of the Klansmen was wearing a propeller beanie. The caption under the cartoon was not funny at all. It was not meant to be. It read "BOYCOTT SOUTHERN CONVENTIONS!"

The fanzine was FLABERGHAST, edited by John Broadway, an ultra liberal New York fan. In a six page editorial that was more impassioned than succinct, Broadway argued that since a) all Southerners were bigots and b) no Negro fan would be welcome at a Southern convention, the Southern states should be specifically excluded from the rotation plan (a proposal he planned to bring up at the next Worldcon business meeting) and that the three regional Southern cons, the SOUTHWESTERCON, the DEEPSOUTHCON and the OZARKON should be boycotted by all right thinking fans.

Pat got in touch with Don Walsh and they called an emergency meeting of NOSFA at Don's house that afternoon. In less than a month, New Orleans would be hosting the ninth annual DEEPSOUTHCON. After the DSC a chartered jet would leave for the Worldcon, hopefully carrying a contented group of fans ready to work for the "New Orleans in 1973" bid. John Broadway's anti-Southern campaign might be the deathblow to Nolacon II.

"The basic problem is this," Don explained, when NOSFA had gathered and settled down, "we have never had a Negro at a DEEPSOUTHCON. The con committee has been very careful to make sure that a Negro would be welcome at the hotel, as has every DSC committee. But there are only a handful of Negroes in fandom, and none of them has happened to come to one of our regional cons. Lord only knows they would have been welcome."

Pat interrupted. "No matter how loudly we protest that we harbor no prejudice against any fan, regardless of race, color, creed or previous condition of neofannishness, who's going to believe us without proof."

"But if we go out and look for a Negro, won't we be accused of tokenism?" Rick asked.

"That's a chance we'll have to take," Pat said. "Now I know one colored fellow who at least reads science fiction. He works at the same place I do and he just might be interested in coming to one of our meetings."

"What's his name?" asked Don.

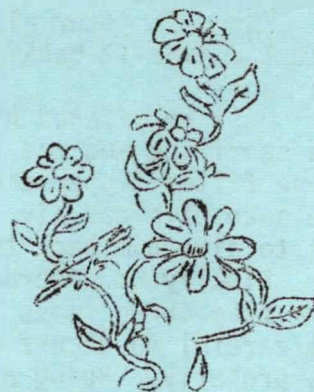
"I hate to tell you," said Pat.

"As long as it isn't Uncle Tom," said Rick.

"Believe it or not," Pat said, "it's Shannon O'Toole."

The next regular meeting of NOSFA was held at Don Markstein's house. Pat had called to say that he would be a little late and was bringing a friend.

Don Walsh made the big announcement. "All right, he's coming. Now for God's sake don't kid him about his name. Make him feel at home."



Rick Norwood shifted his weight and the piano bench he was sitting on squeaked. "I still say it's tokenism."

"At least he isn't a comics fan," Craig Shukas said.

"Maybe he will have read one of my stories," Don Walsh said. "He can't help but enjoy himself when he's meeting an author of my stature."

"If he's read any of your stories, he won't come," said John Guidry. "He'd probably give up reading science fiction altogether." Jokes at Don Walsh's expense were always good for a laugh but this time the laughter was a little nervous.

Twenty odd fans sat in silence for several minutes, an unheard of occurrence. Rick Norwood began wobbling his fingers between two notes on the piano. Craig Shukas leaned back in his chair and slammed the piano top, narrowly missing Rick's fingers.

Rick lumbered to his feet. "Hey, watch it. That would have hurt." He and Craig glared at each other like two bristling but unenergetic bears. Don hurriedly tried to call the meeting to order and asked the secretary to read the minutes of the previous meeting. A half hour and numerous objections later, the minutes drew to a close.

"If there are no objections..." Don began. Then he noticed a general shifting of attention and turned in his chair. Pat and his guest had come in from the front of the house.

Shannon's skin was darker than that of the average American Negro. Though it was hard to tell, Don guessed his age to be around twenty. He was very tall and thin and wore glasses.

"Hi," he said, "I'm Shannon." He walked into the center of the group, looked around for a place to sit, and plopped down on the couch. The two people already sitting on the couch scrooched over to give him room. "Go on. Don't let me interrupt your meeting."

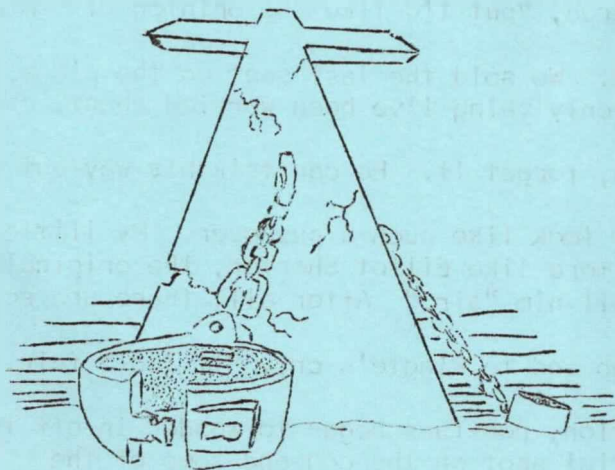
And after a moment's hesitation, Don called for a con committee report. Shannon was silent during the remainder of the business meeting. He was also silent during the bull session that followed, helping himself to the refreshments but not mixing with the other fans. Pat sat next to him and neither said anything. Finally Pat got to his feet. "Hey, people. I'm calling the meeting back to order."

The little groups scattered around the room broke off their conversation, except for Rick earnestly selling some comic strips that he had spread out on top of the piano.

"You can't do that."

"What's up."

Pat waited until he had a certain amount of attention. "I have an announcement to make." Talk stopped. "Every newcomer to fandom has a certain amount of trouble fitting in. But Shannon here has one thing he doesn't know about working against him. I probably wouldn't have invited you to this meeting, Shannon, if I hadn't been accused of being prejudiced. The worst thing about prejudice is that you start using other people. Well, if you feel like we're using you, I want you to walk out on us. Meanwhile, I want to try to make up for a bad start."



Shannon, who was folded up like a grasshopper with his knees in the air, got awkwardly to his feet and the whole group, afraid that he would leave, made protesting noises. Pat shut up but stood his ground, looking up at Shannon's expressionless face.

"Patrick," Shannon said, "if you want my professional psychiatric help in overcoming these deep seated guilt feelings of yours, just lie down on this here couch and I'll take on your case...for twenty dollars an hour. Otherwise, let's get on with the party."

After that it was only a matter of time.

At eight o'clock Friday morning the convention committee met in the con room at the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge. (It was only afterwards, in a con report, that someone dubbed it the Ice Cream Con.) The tables and chairs had all been set up, with a pitcher of ice water on each table. The seven, Pat, Don, Don, John, Rick, Stan and Shannon, were making last minute preparations. John was busy readying the registration desk. Don Markstein and Shannon were setting up the art display. Don Walsh, standing at the head table, rapped experimentally with the gavel, then louder. "One last point I want to bring up before we open the doors. This concerns you, Shannon."

"Nobody knows the trouble obscene," sang Shannon.

"This isn't something we can shrug off. I know you'd rather not talk about it. But there are a lot of prejudiced people in the world. Some of our fathers and mothers are prejudiced. I've even met one or two prejudiced fans. What do we do if someone at the con, maybe somebody just walking in off the street, tries to start something with Shannon?"

"Don't you think I've been through that," said Shannon impatiently.

"Sorry about that, Shannon, but I'm not thinking of you. You can take care of yourself. I'm thinking about our reputation and our chances for the convention. One troublemaker could ruin everything."

For once Shannon had nothing to say. No one had anything to say. But everyone was thinking.

The first two days of the con passed without incident, if you can call such a fantastically hectic period without incident.

As part of the program, the committee had arranged for private showings of classic s-f films each midnight at a local theatre just a few blocks from the con hotel. For once the fans would not have to put up with tiny screens and home projectors. Tonight's movie was "Lord of the Flies," chosen in a recent poll as one of the three best s-f movies of all time.

Pat and Don sat together on an otherwise empty row at the back of the theatre. Both had seen the movie at an advanced screening and were paying only slight attention as Piggy made his pathetic plea for his stolen "specs."

"I think it's a great con," Pat whispered, "but I'd like the opinion of someone who's sober."

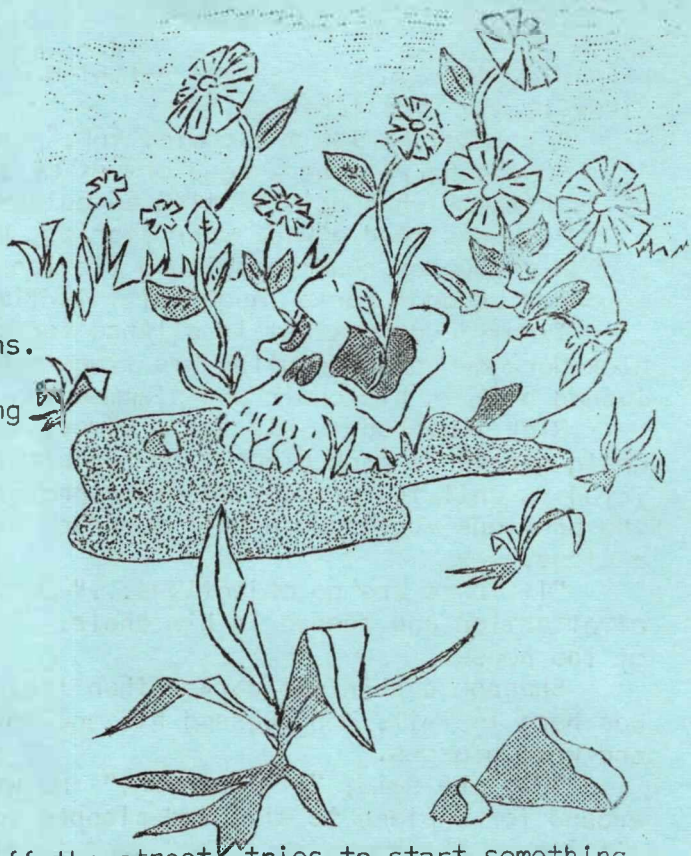
"Everyone seems to be enjoying himself. We sold the last seat on the plane to the Worldcon this afternoon, and that's the only thing I've been worried about. Well, almost the only thing."

"If you're still worried about Shannon, forget it. He can talk his way out of anything."

"Even so, I'd feel better if he didn't look like such a pushover. My little sister could beat him up. If he were only more like Elliot Shorter, the original six foot six "nigger" who makes the bigot call him "sir." After all, there are some situations you can't talk your way out of."

On the screen, a falling boulder put an end to Piggie's cry, "It isn't fair."

On Sunday, the last day of the convention, non-fans began to wander in off the street. The local TV stations had done a brief spot on the con and some of the citizens had mustered up enough curiosity to come up and gawk. Whoever had been



assigned to watch the door and admit only convention members was off on what certainly must have been pressing business. (He was licking a peppermint stick ice cream cone down in the restaurant and wondering if it wasn't about time to get back on the job.)

Pat had just been asked for the third time, "Do you really believe all this stuff?" He was still trying to come up with an answer when he noticed that the general hub-bub in the con room had suddenly died down. The hucksters hesitated in their last minute efforts to unload some of their stock. Twenty or thirty fans and mundanes milled uneasily. Then the crowd parted and Pat saw Shannon.

Shannon stood awkwardly, his hands in his pockets. Facing him were two teenagers that Pat didn't recognize. They were (you should pardon my mentioning their race) Caucasian. They were well dressed and not particularly tough looking. One held a beer can. The other was waving his hands in the general vicinity of Shannon's face. Shannon stood his ground but didn't take his hands out of his pockets.

Words reached Pat across the small room above the sound of shuffling feet and nervous laughter, but the only word that registered was "Nigger!"

For what seemed an interminable period nothing much happened. Shannon and the two strangers shifted their positions slightly several times

until somehow Shannon had been backed against the wall. One of the boys set his beer can on a dealer table, leaving a ring on a 1926

Amazing, and began pushing Shannon's chest with the fingertips of both hands. Their voices were

indistinct. Shannon was silent, his face expressionless. But

Pat felt his friend's humiliation and his own face burned fiery red.

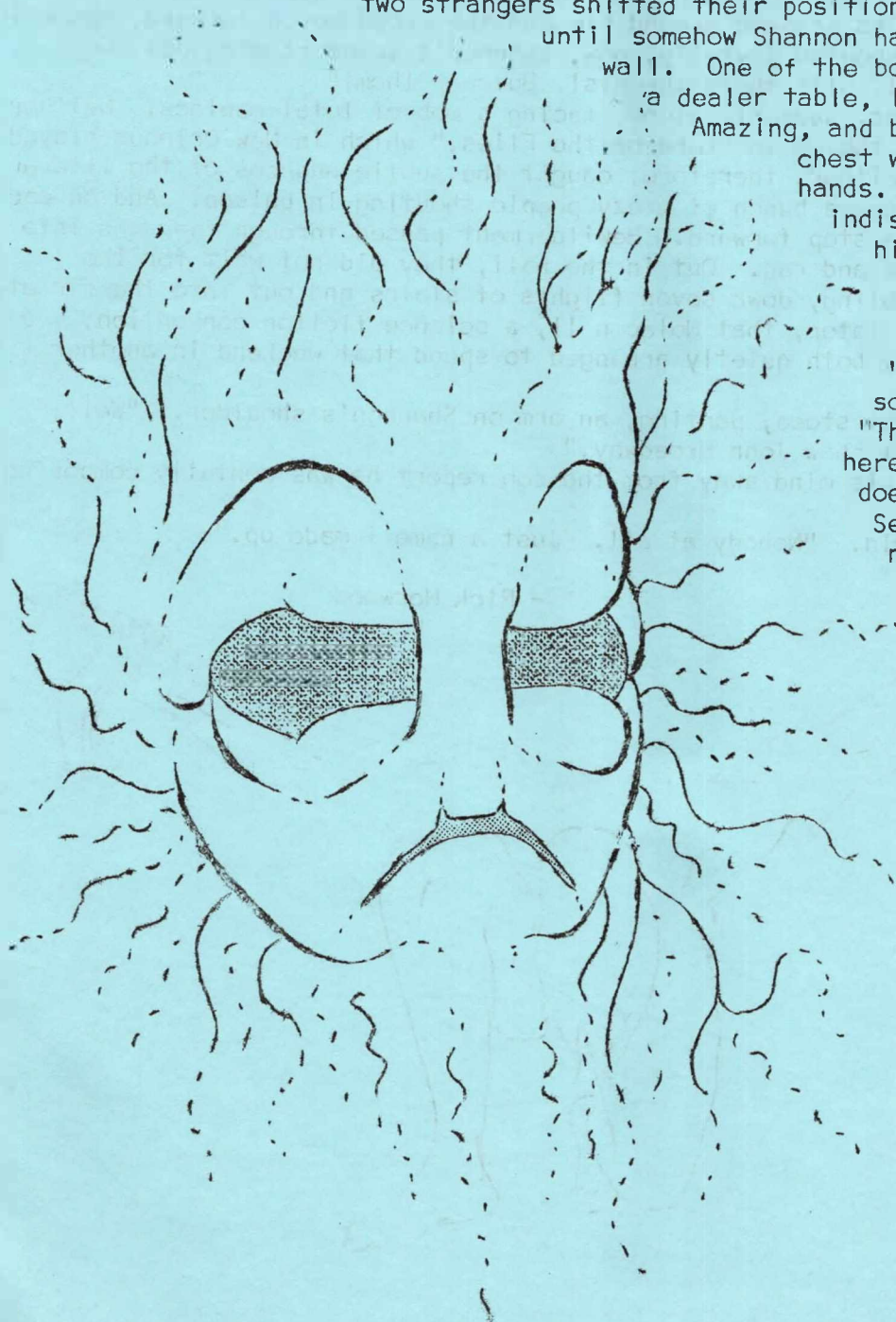
"Why doesn't somebody do something?" he thought.

"There must be twenty people here who know Shannon. Why doesn't somebody do something."

Searching the room, he noticed a well known

fannish liberal standing, alert but inactive, with a peculiar expression on his face not unlike satisfaction. "It could happen anywhere," Pat told himself. "It could happen in any city in the country." That didn't help. Shannon was in trouble.

Pat could see what was going to happen as clearly as if it were already past. Whether the two teenagers actually knocked Shannon down or just humiliated him and then swaggered away the results would be the same. And if Pat did nothing, his friend would be a friend no longer. In



a strange detachment Pat saw another consequence: the destruction of the club and the end of all their plans and preparations. Angry with himself for having such a thought at a time like this, Pat said again, but silently, "Why doesn't somebody do something?" And then, "Why don't I do something about it?" One person couldn't stop it. The disorganized, milling, uneasy crowd would not act to help two any more than they acted to help one. All Pat could do alone was to turn name calling into a real fight. It was tempting, but.... If only there were some way to organize the fans in the crowd, to get them moving. A line from last night's movie drifted through Pat's head and he shouted it almost without thinking. "Kill the pigs! Slit their throats! Butcher them!"

Heads swiveled. "Everyone's looking at me," Pat thought burning. But if he stopped now, no one would ever understand what he was trying to do. "Shannon," he yelled, "ing it out! Kill the pigs! Slit their throats! Butcher them!"

"Who says fans aren't slans," Pat thought. Now the whole roomfull of fans was chanting. The two strangers were bewildered and alone in their silence. The crowd moved together. The scattered, uncertain individuals joined to become a mob. Pat could feel the swaying bodies pressed around him and the crowd moved forward, absorbing Shannon as it went. They shouted joyfully, now, Shannon's voice ringing out above the crowd. "Kill the pigs! Slit their throats! Butcher them!"

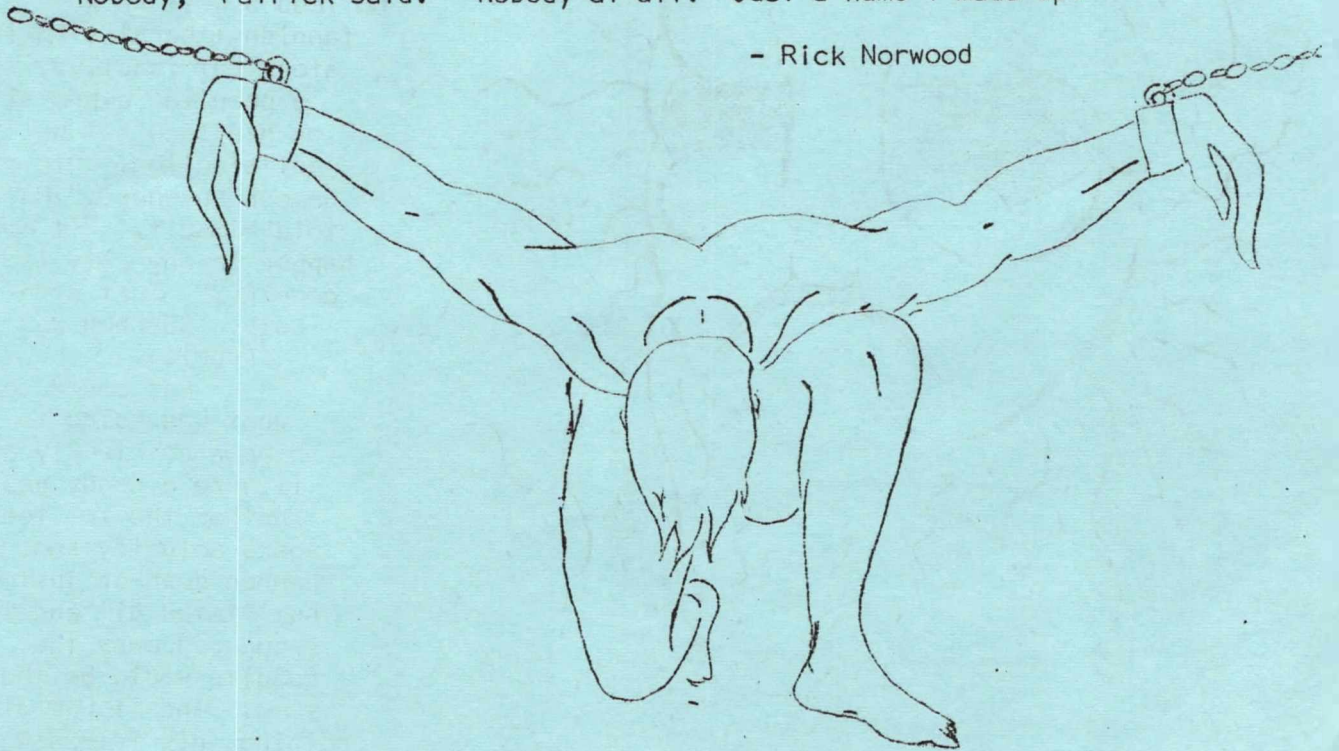
Pity the poor non-fans, suddenly alone, facing a mob of total maniacs. Neither of the teen-agers had seen the movie "Lord of the Flies," which in New Orleans played only in the art houses. Neither, therefore, caught the subtle nuances of the literary reference. All they saw were a bunch of crazy people shouting in unison. And on each downbeat the crowd surged a step forward. Bewilderment passed through fear and into utter panic. The two broke and ran. Out in the hall, they did not wait for the elevator but hurried, stumbling, down seven flights of stairs and out into the street. When they heard, two years later, that Nolacon II, a science fiction convention, was coming to New Orleans, they both quietly arranged to spend that weekend in another part of the state.

Back at the hotel, Pat stood, panting, an arm on Shannon's shoulder. "Well," he gasped, "I guess that'll show John Broadway."

"Huh?" Shannon tore his mind away from the con report he was mentally composing "Who's John Broadway?"

"Nobody," Patrick said. "Nobody at all. Just a name I made up."

- Rick Norwood



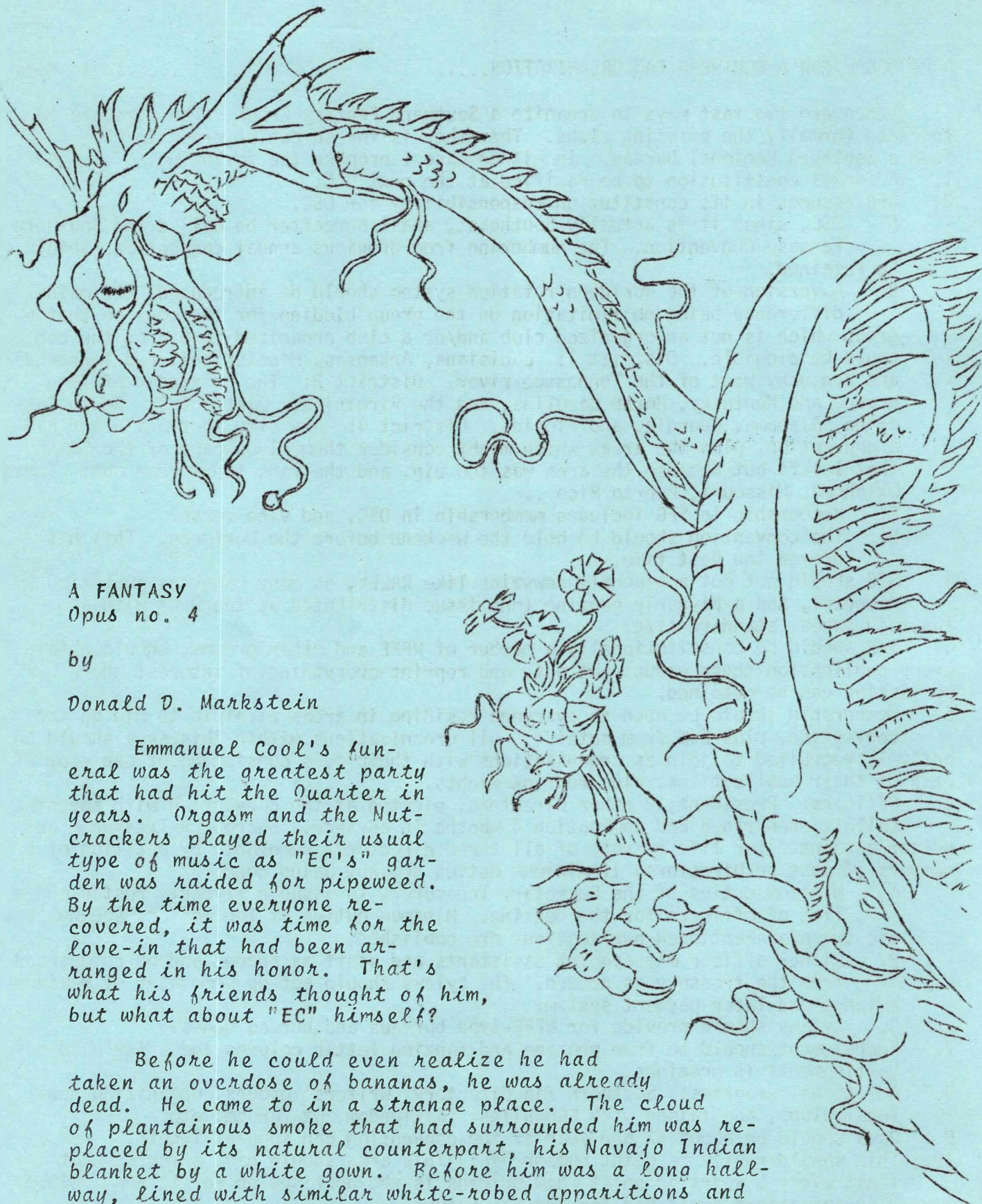
A PROPOSAL FOR A SOUTHERN FAN ORGANIZATION.....

.....Irvin Koch

There are two fast ways to organize a Southern Fantasy Group. The first is to federate formally the existing clubs. The other is for an active group in NFFF to form a Southern Regional Bureau. In either case I propose the following:

1. A formal constitution to be ratified at the next DSC.
2. SFG assumes in its constitution responsibility for DSC.
 - A. DSC, since it is actually Southeast, shall hereafter be called the Southern Fantasy Convention. The numbering from previous annual conventions should be retained.
 - B. A version of the Worldcon rotation system should be introduced, the main difference being no limitation on the group bidding for the con, so that a group which is not an organized club and/or a club organized to bid on the con could be eligible. District 1: Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee and Kentucky west of the Tennessee river. District 2: The remainder of Tennessee and Kentucky, North Carolina, and the Virginias. District 3: South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. District 4: Any city that has never had a convention, plus the areas which might consider themselves part of the South that I left out because the area was too big, and the fans too spread out: Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Puerto Rico...
 - C. Membership in SFG includes membership in DSC, and vice versa.
 - D. The convention should be held the weekend before the Worldcon. This has proven the best time.
3. SFG should put out a biweekly newszine like RALLY, as many pages as justified by material, and a biyearly genzine (one issue distributed at the DSC) with at least 50 pages, standard size.
4. SFG should be constitutionally a member of NFFF and other groups, should obtain every publication these groups put out, and reprint everything of interest where permission can be obtained.
5. Membership should be open to everyone residing in areas eligible to bid on the convention, plus 25% from outside. All organizations within this area should be actively recruited to join as organizations with their dues consisting of one copy of each of their publications, plus reprint rights.
5. Officers: President, 2 other Directors; elected at the convention with absentee ballots encouraged and nomination 4 months in advance. Secretary-Treasurer and editor appointed for life by vote of all three directors, removable by petition of 5 members (2 must be Directors) if minimum duties are not being done.
 - A. Minimum duties of the Secretary-Treasurer, to issue a biyearly roster and a list of officers for the genzine. Minimum duties of the editor, seeing that the two aforementioned publications are published.
 - B. Either officer may appoint assistants and staff as needed and be reimbursed from the treasury as needed. The bylaws should set up some sort of maximum advance and later payment system.
 - C. Bylaws should provide for NFFF-type bureaus and bureau heads.
7. Recruitment should be from prozine and fanzine letter columns and a few paid advertisements in prozines.
8. Additional programs: Southern fan directory, writers' groups, organizing new local clubs, and liaison with ERBphiles, Tolkienism, Oz fandom, etc.
9. Dues should be about \$2 per year if the convention can support itself.
10. This should really be point number ONE: This area should have a Worldcon at least every 5 years or so!!! New Orleans is the best set up for it now. Other member organizations could bid for the far future.

Well, what about it? The first thing you all have to do is go to the Knoxville convention. I will probably be processing out of the Army then. I won't be there. Any group or individual can start this setup or any other form of a Southern Fantasy Group. All somebody has to do is to get a group up, with a constitution, and take it to the convention.



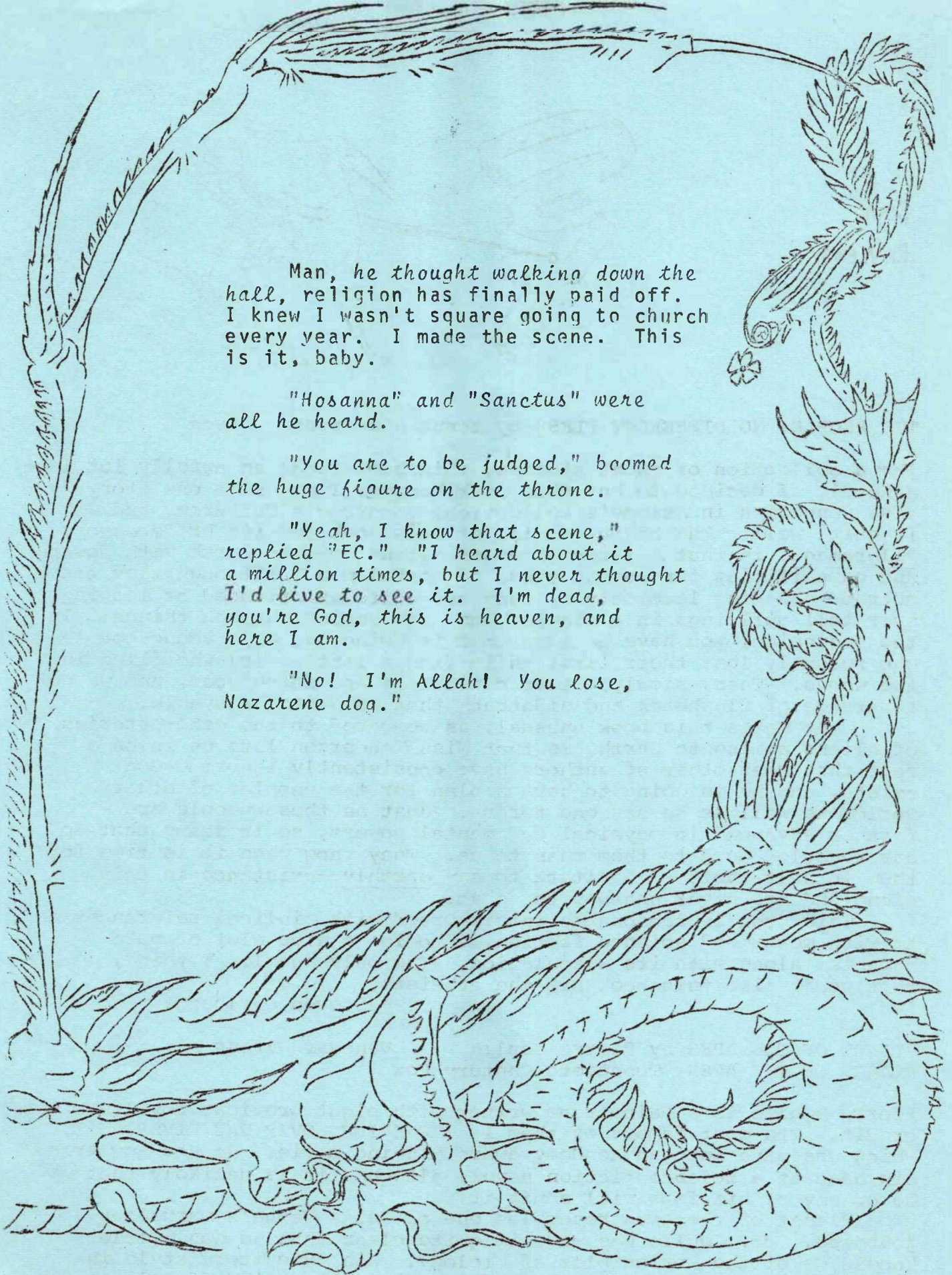
A FANTASY
Opus no. 4

by

Donald D. Markstein

Emmanuel Cool's funeral was the greatest party that had hit the Quarter in years. Orgasm and the Nutcrackers played their usual type of music as "EC's" garden was raided for pipeweed. By the time everyone recovered, it was time for the love-in that had been arranged in his honor. That's what his friends thought of him, but what about "EC" himself?

Before he could even realize he had taken an overdose of bananas, he was already dead. He came to in a strange place. The cloud of plantainous smoke that had surrounded him was replaced by its natural counterpart, his Navajo Indian blanket by a white gown. Before him was a long hallway, lined with similar white-robed apparitions and decorated with Grecian urns and ornate dragons holding daisies, at the end of which was a huge throned figure for whom King Kull could only be called an excuse.



Man, he thought walking down the hall, religion has finally paid off. I knew I wasn't square going to church every year. I made the scene. This is it, baby.

"Hosanna" and "Sanctus" were all he heard.

"You are to be judged," boomed the huge figure on the throne.

"Yeah, I know that scene," replied "EC." "I heard about it a million times, but I never thought I'd live to see it. I'm dead, you're God, this is heaven, and here I am.

"No! I'm Allah! You lose, Nazarene dog."

BOOK
REVIEWS



THE PEOPLE: NO DIFFERENT FLESH by Zenna Henderson Avon

For a collection of short stories, this book reads an awfully lot like a novel. I decided to buy this book because I had read one story by Miss Henderson in Asimov's collection, Tomorrow's Children, and liked it quite well. The basic premise of this book and its predecessor, Pilgrimage, is that a large group of aliens come to Earth with powers and capabilities far beyond those of mortal men. Although they can't outrace speeding locomotives, they are quite experienced at leaping over tall buildings in a single bound and seeing through things. In the beginning, you have no idea what is going on, as a young couple who recently lost their first child find a little girl-who-flies in the woods. Then, slowly, other characters are introduced, and we get a barrage of flashback and sidetrack that is quite enjoyable.

What makes this book unusual, as compared to the other stories of aliens coming to Earth, is that Miss Henderson lets us in on a fact that most other sf authors have consistently ignored--God exists, and he is going to have a plan for the peoples of other worlds as well as He has one for us. Just as these people are farther advanced in physical and mental powers, so it seems that God has revealed more to them than to us. They know when it is time for them to halt their--I hesitate to say earthly--existence in this plane and are never unhappy to do so.

This book is reasonably interspersed with Biblical references and, as with most good science fiction, embodies a nice plot of pure humanism along with its speculation. The only people, I think, that won't like this book are the atheists.

--Steven Carlberg

PLANET OF THE APES by Pierre Boulle Vanguard Press
PLANET OF THE APES Twentieth Century Fox

Pierre Boulle is a mainstream writer with eight previous novels to his credit. The most famous of them is THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI, which was made into an Academy award-winning movie. He has now tried his hand at a science fiction novel, although it is unlikely that he or any of his fans will admit it.

Planet of the Apes resembles one of Jules Verne's marvelous journeys. Mr. Boulle has made it quite clear that he has little knowledge of the principles of biology. His expository style is unattractive, and his criticism of the ape culture is offensive. He uses a club to drive home what a sharp pin would do as well, and without getting in the way of the story. Too bad; Jonathan Swift did

a better job 200 years ago.

27

The movie Planet of the Apes is much better than the book. It could win a Hugo. The writers have emphasized the visual elements of the apes' planet while edging the subtle criticism with laughter. The previews claimed that costumes and sets cost a million dollars. They were dollars well spent because both sets and costumes are magnificent.

Changes from the plot of the novel are minor. The most obvious ones are the casting of Charlton Heston as an American astronaut who refuses to be beaten, the reason Heston is unable to talk to the apes, and the snapper at the end that is typical Serling. The tint is the greatest change, from the dull grey of exposition to the bright greens, blues, and yellows of technicolor.

--Paul Hollander

THE MAN by Vaughn Bode

Syracuse University (40¢)

Almost every fan is familiar with Bode's cartoonish style from his illustrations in the GALAXY magazines, but very few have encountered his writing ability--which is considerable. The Man, whose name is "Man" and lives in a cave, is a very lonely creature, his only companions being a stick called "Stick" and, temporarily, an animal called "Stuff," or "Erg." It is done in comic strip form, most agreeably suited to Bode's style, but it's a comic strip with a difference. The humor is humor born of tragedy, and the tragedy is the tragedy of a primitive man. Or a modern child. Erg is killed and eaten by another caveman. "Stick,....we are empty.....we will sit and be quiet.....Erg will come back....."

I have no idea whether or not the book is still in print. But if it is, waste no time. It can't last forever, and it's one of those things that must be had.

--D. Markstein

THE STRAY LAMB by Thorne Smith

Avon

This is a vintage novel. My copy was covered in dust and spiders, but the vintage was excellent nonetheless. It has the quality of a great sparkling wine and it bubbles. Whether Mr. Lamb, the hero of the story, is a stallion chasing another horse through a church and then pausing to join the congregation, or a goldfish writing rude remarks on the glass of his fishtank, he is never dull.

Thorne Smith, the creator of Topper and many other fine and hilarious novels, was a writer of the 20s and 30s and has been strangely passed over in recent years. Even stranger to me is the fact that I have never heard his name on the lips of a fan when discussing great fantasy.

Perhaps the reason for this is the success he had in the so-called "mainstream," but what he wrote was pure fantasy. Also, it was humorous fantasy which is a rare commodity and should be valued by fans today. Some of his novels, such as Topper, are still available, but the vast majority are out-of-print. I highly recommend a search through some old bookstores for this forgotten great.

--Janice Cullum

FLESH by Philip Jose Farmer

Doubleday

Farmer is not simply a storyteller; he is an artist. In fact, he is so much an artist that the reader is seldom aware of his brushstrokes. Unlike Bradbury, Farmer's artistic skill seldom intrudes upon his storytelling: the two mesh together almost perfectly. FLESH was originally written for the Galaxy sex/sf line, back in the '50's, and has been rewritten by the author for this new edition. I haven't had a chance to reread it or to compare the two versions more than hastily, but even if not one word has been changed from the original--read this book. There's sex, plenty of it--though, to be truthful, it's very mild by today's standards: not a single graphic description in the entire thing. And there's a story, though not a very good one. But Farmer's skill, his sheer storytelling drive and his artistic vision, save the book. In short, read FLESH quickly. Until you get to the Epilogue. Read that carefully, as many times as you like. Call him New Wave or call him Old--he's great.

--Patrick H. Adkins

FANZINE REVIEWS

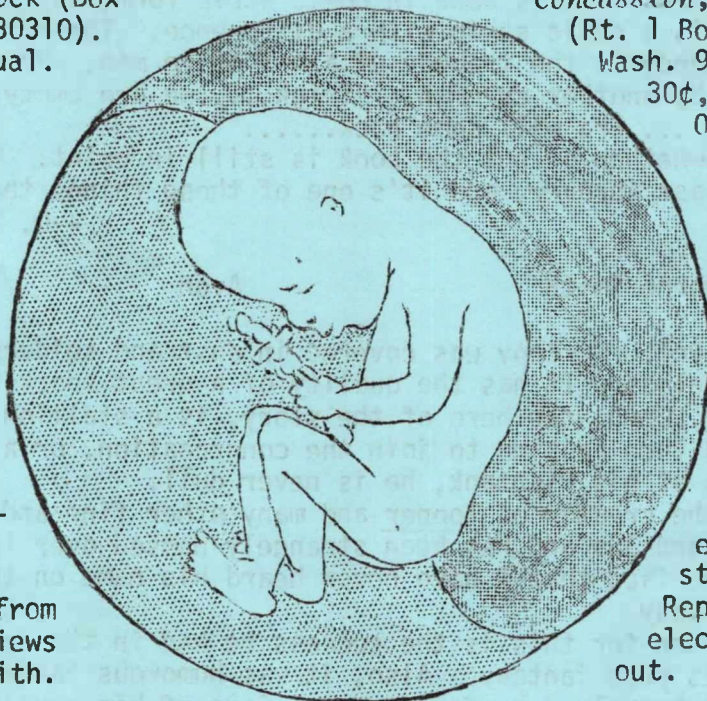
Iceni, #2, Bob Roehm (316 E. Maple St. Jeffersonville, Ind. 47130). Bimonthly, 25¢, 5/\$1, or usual (letter of comment, contribution, trade). Beautiful cover, wonder how he did it; poetry, film reviews, almost illegible reproduction. Promises to improve with nextish.

Triskelion, #1, D. E. Dabbs (Box 3923, Bryan, Tex. 77801). Irregular, 50¢. Another of the current crop of *Star Trek* fanzines. Puns, cartoons, photos, articles, and over 60 pages of beautiful production. Well done.

Beabohema, #1, Frank Lunney (212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951). Irregular, 25¢ or usual. Don Walsh got a copy with a very good imitation of John Guidry's handwriting on the cover saying, "To a neo-pro." When he looked at "Why you got thish," the box checked said, "Because you're a pro," and had written after it, "Hahahahahaha-haha." It's a very good job of a firstish. Articles on Spinrad and Zelazny, reviews of types of sf published in the various prozines, and a beautiful Jack Gaughan cover.

Neutron, #2, Glen Brock (Box 10885, Atlanta, Ga. 30310). Irregular, 45¢ or usual.

Glen calls this the Journal of Southern Fandom and tries to make it an Eastern equivalent of *Nolazine* in advocating Southern unity in fandom. It's a nice 'zine once you get past Glen's pedantic writing, and the well-reproduced photos make it worthwhile in themselves. Very nice review of *Space Odyssey*, news from ASFO, etc. Book reviews you could disagree with.



Concussion, #8, Mike Robertson (Rt. 1 Box 95, Maple Valley, Wash. 98038). Bimonthly, 30¢, 4/\$1, or usual.

One of the better comic 'zines out these days. EC, news, rambling-type articles full of all manner of interesting trivia, more. Over 40 pages per issue. The usual chaff is in there with the wheat, but there's enough of the good stuff to ignore it. Reproduction excellent, electrostenciling through out.

Hoom, #2, Bee Bowman (1223 Crofton Ave., Waynesboro, Va. 22980). Quarterly, no price listed. *Hoom* is produced for N'APA, but apparently outsiders can get it. I did. It's a well dittoed job, with quite a bit of good material on Tolkien. Not the deep, hard to follow stuff, either. Write to Bee if you're interested.

Granfalloon, #4, Linda Eyester & Suzanne Tompkins (4921 Forbes Ave., Apt. 103, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213). Bimonthly, 50¢, 3/\$1 or usual. This is a personality 'zine, and a good one. Not my bag, but it's still got some nice material. *Space Odyssey* satire, Alexei Panshin article, lots more good stuff. Nice and thick.

Trumpet, #8, Tom Reamy (6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Tex. 75230). Three or four times yearly, 60¢, 5/\$2.50. This is undoubtedly one of the best fanzines around, and this issue is something special for us. It contains a 5-page folio of some of Stan Taylor's best art, not to mention 12 pages of Bode and a beautiful Jeff Jones color cover. But the Taylors are something else. They are his "symnals"--symbolic animals and each one means quite a bit to Stan.

--Harry G. Purvis

Robert E. Howard
or
The Swordless Swordsman

For purposes of analysis, we might divide what is normally called the series into two distinct subdivisions, the series *per se* and the cycle. The cycle would be composed of a number of stories which, when placed in their proper sequence, form a unified whole. Examples of this would be Wagner's Nibelung saga, Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, and Asimov's *Foundation* trilogy. The pure series, the series *per se*, arises not so much from artistic vision or literary craftsmanship as from economic necessity. Usually the writer begins with a single vibrant idea--an interesting character or situation, an exotic, intriguing locale--from which, and around which, he molds his story. If he writes another story about this particular character or idea or locale, it is probably for one, or both, of two reasons: ecstatic reader response or howling bill collectors. The result is usually one dry and dreary tale after another. The writer's initial spark is now dead, and the work of series-continuing gradually incarcerates and vitiates his imaginative powers.

A curious intermixture of these two forms is the series-cycle of Robert E. Howard, who began with a fully envisioned world and character, thereby removing from his stories many of the growth pains of the series. Very skillfully he allows the Hyborian Age and Conan the Cimmerian to unfold before the reader in a group of vignettes and short stories and novelettes and novels, thus allowing himself complete freedom of form. He molds each story with the skill of the craftsman, placing each word in its proper sequence, carefully choosing each element, each detail.

The Conan series-cycle, in the final analysis, must remain somewhere between the series and the cycle, partaking of both but profiting little from either. His unity is one of detail only, not a basic one, not a visceral one, and by coldly and logically eliminating the growth process from the stories, Howard has also eliminated the vital spark that makes imaginative literature truly imaginative, that produces those occasional oases in the series-deserts of anticlimax upon anticlimax. He places his trust in the limited craftsmanship he brings to the task, replacing true imagination with stage props--red nails and ancient Picts and hidden cities and lost races. Had he been able to combine even *his* limited craftsmanship with the imaginative vision and fervor of a Haggard or a Burroughs (as A. Merritt almost did), he might have been an authentic folk artist, a truly gifted storyteller.

As it is, he must remain a monument to craftsmanship. An empty Gothic castle through which the wind echoes hollowly.



from *The Chessmen of Mars*
"Kaldane"

Jetan?

or

Not *jetan*?

Now there's a Question!

by Donald D. Markstein

Right now, with the Deepsouthcon merely a pleasant memory, the one topic of conversation among NOSFAns that totally obliterates all others is our Worldcon bid for 1973. Many ideas have been proposed and discarded, but no idea deserves oblivion. Even if not practical, an idea deserves life if only in print. Among plans for NOLACON II is the game of *Jetan*.

Many fans have played *jetan*, and it is in fact one of the most popular pastimes for that empty period following the reading of the minutes at NOSFA meetings. But how many fans have played *Jetan*, the big brother of *jetan*, *Jetan* with the capital letter, *Jetan* as played by Gahan of Gathol, swordfighting under the name of U-Kal of Manataj, for the hand (or what-have-you) of Tara of Helium.

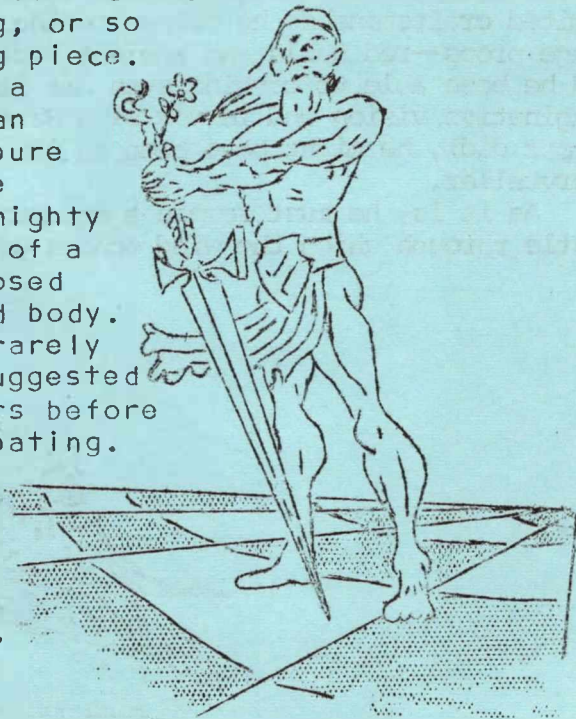
For *Jetan*, as opposed to *jetan*, which requires only a one-hundred-square board and bottle caps from a variety of soft (or what-have-you) drinks, can be played only with very specialized equipment. Required are forty human beings (two female), a football field marked off into alternating black and orange squares, swords of various length, halters, four horses, and the same number of something that can get off the ground. (I.e., helicopter, kangaroo, jet belt, roc, beanstalk, pot, or what-have-you.)

This would go far toward precluding the play of *Jetan* for any but the most well-to-do of fans, especially considering the fact that it is often fatal to many of the human beings involved. *Jetan*, you see, is not played in any cowardly way, like *jetan* or chess, where any piece may capture any other merely by occupying its space. No, the piece must prove itself in battle before it is allowed such an honor. And no proof is so telling, or so lasting, as the death of the opposing piece.

This then is the game of *Jetan*, a game in which even a lowly *Panthan* can destroy the mighty *Jeddak** if he is pure of heart and strong of limb. But the *Panthan* must indeed be possessed of mighty prowess, for the *Jeddak* is possessed of a longsword and a suit of armor as opposed to the *Panthan*'s shortsword and naked body.

No wonder then that *Jetan* is a rarely played game. In fact, it has been suggested that many fans could go for many years before even seeing a game, far less participating. And that is why it was proposed that NOLACON II sponsor a game of *Jetan*.

*Following the precedent set by Manator in changing Fliers to *Odwards*, we have used the notation *Jeddak*, as New Orleans has no Chiefs.

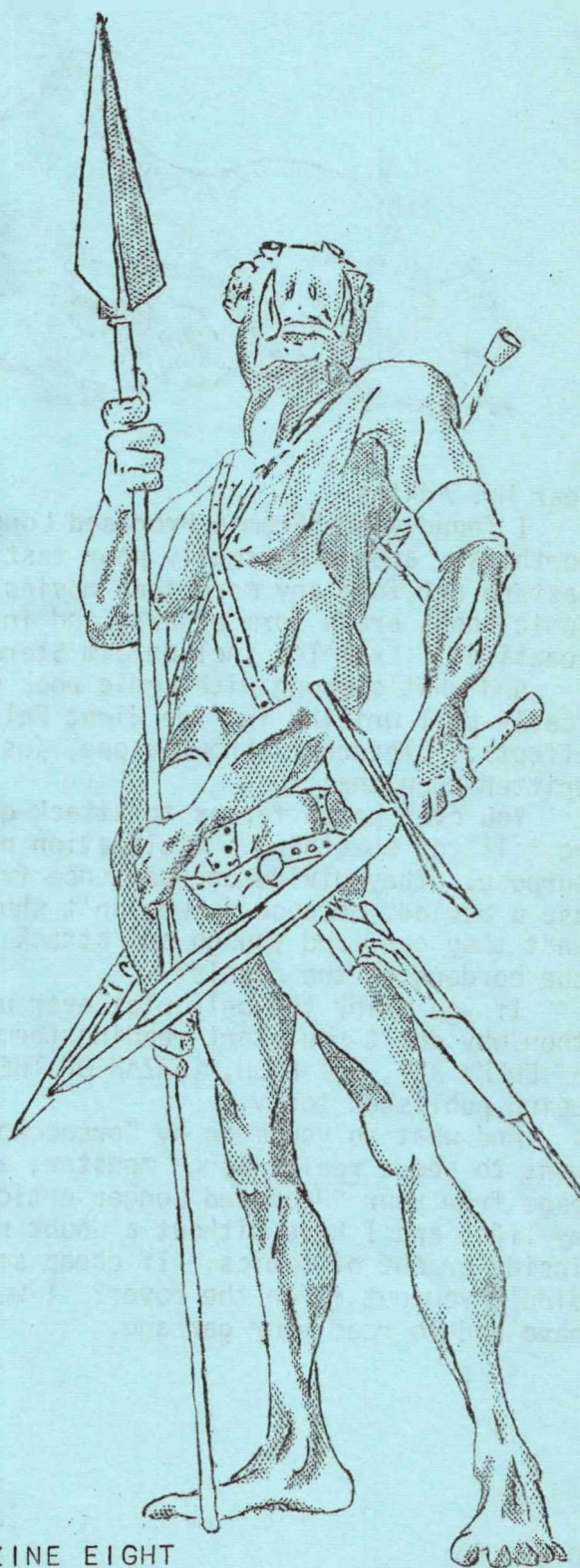


Fighting to the death is no longer a way of life among civilized peoples, and could also result in recruiting difficulties, so it was suggested that first blood would be sufficient if mortal combat were found distasteful. In fact, in the case of the *Fliers*, simply boarding could be considered a victory. Or for the *Thoats*, a mere unhorsing might suffice.

Our minds wandered among naked men swordfighting from helicopters, beauteous Princesses Escaping daintily across the black and orange squares, valliant princes mounted on horseback and brandishing short-swords. We thrilled to visions of stately *Jeddaks* invading enemy territory with impunity, for who can conquer a *Jeddak*? We were delighted by delicate dreams of daring *Dwars* marching courageously forward, ready to shed blood in defense of their master. By morning all had been forgotten, the dreams faded into the essence of which they were made, the magnificent visions turned to common dust.

The proposal had been made at three AM, over a game of *jetan* following the reading of the NOSFA minutes, and like all late night proposals was doomed to extinction with the light of the morning sun. In fact, it was even pointed out by the illustrious author of this exciting essay that by morning we would think this the most ridiculous idea ever heard.

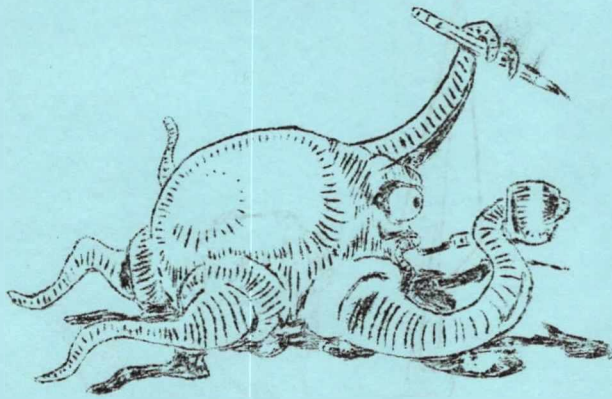
But reading the above has prompted many of us to ask, "Why not?" Why indeed? We offer this idea freely to whatever Worldcon wishes to make use of it, but who knows? We might just wind up doing it ourselves.



STAFF FOR NOLAZINE EIGHT

Patrick H. Adkins--Barsoomian Research Consultant
 Don Markstein--Keeper of the Archives
 Don Walsh Jr.--Chemical Warfare Expert
 John Guildry--Don Walsh Expert
 Craig Shukas--Doorsill Inspector
 Joel Penton--Parliamentarian

Daniel F. Galouye--Writer in Residence
 Stan Taylor--Artist in Exile
 Ken Hafer--Lackey in Chief
 Janice Cullum--Decoration
 George Petrie--Patron of our Arts
 Bill Bruce--Alligator Wrestler
 Justin Winston--Gringo
 Peter Bezbak--Silent Partner



FEEDBACK

Dear Mr. Adkins,

I found your "From a Proposed Longer Article on Comic Books:" to be stupid, worthless, and in abysmally poor taste. To begin with, the comic book is not a bastard art form any more than movies, which also combine story with pictures. Comic books are a form of art, and in the hands of the artist, can be made truly beautiful. Examples include Jim Steranko's AGENT OF SHIELD and Neal Adams' DEADMAN.

And what's wrong with comic book writing? I've seen some of what you apologetically call writing in "The Night Falls" with its lyric descriptions and poetic effects. Bleeecchh! Show me one, just one comic book that's more grossly over-written than that.

You even go so far as to attack exclamation points in comic books. Well let me tell you something. Exclamation points in comic books have a very utilitarian purpose. They divide one sentence from the next. It's that simple. You can't use a period, because it wouldn't show up as well. So they try to make do with what they can, and you go and attack them for it. Tell me. What do you think of the borders on the panels?

If you think the only plot ever used in comics is "super hero vs. super villain," then why don't you start reading them for a while? You've probably never even heard of ENEMY ACE, BAT LASH, TARZAN OF THE APES, or any of the other fine comic books being published today.

And what do you mean by "preoccupation with larger and larger monsters?" If you want to see a really large monster, and a disgusting one as well, turn back just one page from your "Proposed Longer Article" and stare at the page. I've read comics all my life, and I have without a doubt never seen anything that more disgusted me, inside or out of comics. If cheap sensationalism was what you were after, why didn't you put it on the cover? I would have thrown it away then, and wouldn't have had to read your garbage.

With deepest sincerity,

Ed Shanks
912 Freidel Ave.
Pampa, Tex.

Dear Don;

To begin with, comic books are more or less supposed to be reflections of real life. This is why there is writing in comic books. Real life is not made up just of pictures; there are words spoken and movements made that cannot be recorded without the use of words. What you call "overwriting" I would be inclined to call "descriptive writing." While "Bombs and shouts can't stop the Silver Surfer or get what he's thinking off his mind" would have said the same thing as "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....," it would not have said it in nearly so readable a way. Marvel is called a college-level comic company only because it reflects real life a little better. The whole point of comic books

is not the pictures. The whole point of painting or sketchwork is the pictures, but comic books are supposed to be "The perfect blend of writing and art." The whole point of comic books, therefore, is both writing and art, not just the pictures.

And I had not noticed any alleged "preoccupation with larger and larger monsters." The "Get-that-lousy-monster" format has long since faded into oblivion, being replaced by more of a man-against-man story. [Blastaar, Grotesk, ad nauseum] You know, good guys vs. bad guys? Except that now, largely due to Marvel's efforts, we know that good guys aren't always sure where their next buck is coming from, they aren't always in good with the people they know, and they don't always have the whole world on their side. "Sometimes the good guys don't wear white," to put it graphically.

I only wish that a lot of the other fanzines I read would regard a spelling error like "banquit" as seriously as you people do. Most of them don't know the difference between "it's" and "its."

Robert A. Heinlein as a writer has disappointed me only once, in "Blowups Happen." Clarke, on the other hand, is a disappointment almost all of the time (excluding his juvenile novels). Clarke is good at choosing other authors' material—his Time Probe (still haven't figured out what the title has to do with the contents) is one of the best anthologies I've read. But when he is on his own, he usually fails badly. Stories about lovesick spacemen and computers that write down all the names for God are not worth being around, in my estimation. I will match Heinlein's "Elsewhen" against anything Clarke has done or everything Heinlein has done against everything Clarke has done and come out on top either way.

What did Heinlein get his fourth Hugo for? I understand that he got one for Stranger in a Strange Land, Starship Troopers, and Orphans in the Sky, so what was #4? The Moon is a Harsh Mistress? [yes.]

Well, I know I've rambled rather interminably, so I'll stop now and hold my peace for a little while.

Sincerely,

Steven Carlberg
2811 Summer Grove Dr.
Shreveport, La.
71108

Dear Pat (John? Don?),

By the way, is Bill Bruce alive and well anywhere? It's been some time since I've heard of or from him. [Bill Bruce is alive and well in gafia.]

No noticeable typos? Has the spirit of John Guidry departed NOSFA? [No, but we don't let him type stencils anymore.] I fully expected to see an article by him pushing Explorers of the Infinite, by Sam Mankashe...

The best thing about NOLAZINE, I think, is Stan Taylor's art. He is magnificent, although he seems to be giving his best work to TRUMPET—which is understandable.



Such terrible things Ellison has done—not only does he wear a suit at the Milford Conference (and wear sunglasses indoors!), but he was actually the only one to laugh at jokes about his books. With heinous crimes such as these, something should be done....how tedious Walsh is.

In spite of Walsh, thanks for sending NOLAZINE.

Best,

Mike Montgomery
2925 Pennsylvania N.E.
Albuquerque, N. Mex.
87110

Yah. Well, you should hear some of the things we have to say about Albuquerque.

Dear Don.

Two of your NOLAZINES go out today and the rest will no doubt be on their way within the next week since you caught me just as the monthly batch of orders started coming in from F&SF, and of late they have mounted up to ten a month, which is far more than I can possibly handle. The Deepsouthcon notices will go into bundles just like any fanzine. And good luck with the DSC. I only wish I could afford to attend.

I liked the Neo-Pro's Library on the inside front cover. Only I wonder how many readers read the titles and got the full semantic loading.

That's quite a constitution, although personally I disapprove of constitutions and feel that the membership should make decisions without being bound or restricted or directed in any way other than by their own consciences. Seems to me that the main value of a constitution is to enable nitpickers to foul things up and obstruct the conduct of the club.

Heinlein may not be a superior writer to Clarke, although even here I disagree mildly with you. But Heinlein does definitely try harder, or at least more often than Clarke. It's seldom a year goes by without two or more Heinleins hitting the market. But Clarke, although he is a terrific writer, just has too many other things to do besides writing sf.

Odd though. I thought GLORY ROAD was terrific and got a kick out of one remark made there. That Earth was the one place where female sex was up for sale with a price on it. I also thought that idea of breeding as many women to heroes as possible to be terrific since it would tend to assure survival of the finest and fittest genes.

\$5.50 for a banquet. But in New Orleans, the sidewalk is "banquet. Why pay five bucks for that?

I really enjoyed the second installment of THE NIGHT FALLS, although it's this morbid and depressing New Wave stuff. But Adkins certainly gave a vivid impression of the utter despair and brutality of the girl's environment. How about conning him into writing a science fictional story of joy and hope and optimism or else of a world of something really different?



Well, that's about it. You're really doing fine with NOLAZINE and I wish you luck with it. May you dwell in the Presence, the Name, and the Power.

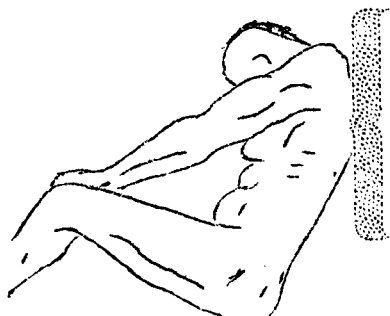
Fanatically yours,
Seth Johnson
345 Yale Ave.
Hillside, N.J. 07205

Dear Pat,

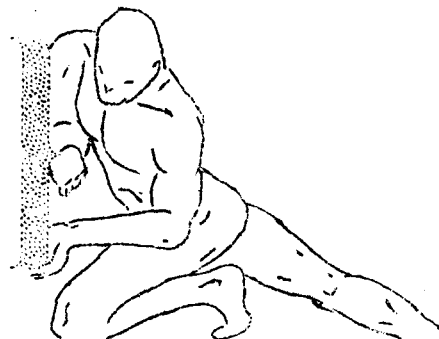
Well, here goes with NOLAZINE #6. Although I'm brand new to fandom (but an old sf reader), Seth Johnson made it clear to me that if I didn't comment on the fanzines he sent me many heads would roll, but I would never receive another 'zine to read about the action. Of the many 'zines I received, yours struck me as being better organized than most. While some of the 'zines definitely benefited from a fluid format, I found the better organized as most attractive from the standpoint of subscription. Of course, Stan Taylor's art, having a very definite style, establishes NOLAZINE distinctively, while additional artists lend the needed variety. What about color, though? As Nicholas Charney, editor of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY, pointed out in a recent editorial on modern education, "...This is the turned-on, tuned-in, audio-visual world of today's youth....Put more into the physical appearance of every textbook, and turn the students on....More white space, lots of color, exciting use of graphics.....Content is first and foremost.....but form. Why that's easy. That's technology. We're good at that. Except in the classroom." And except in fanzines. You'll probably say that fanzines aren't textbooks and there is a little problem of money.....and you're right. Nevertheless, I'm all for the idea of more from a fanzine and would be willing to pay more to get it. I liked the pubbing of your constitution in each ish (I assume so at least), but what about an address to send those solicited comments to, or is Guidry's OK? I found most of the articles better written and with fewer errors than most 'zines and certainly want to subscribe to it. As a new member of fandom, I also want to get into at least one club and yours seems livelier than most. How about it? Do you accept correspondent members? If so please let me know who you want killed and I'll be more than happy to oblige. Also, how do I get NOLAZINE #5, with your first installment of THE NIGHT FALLS?

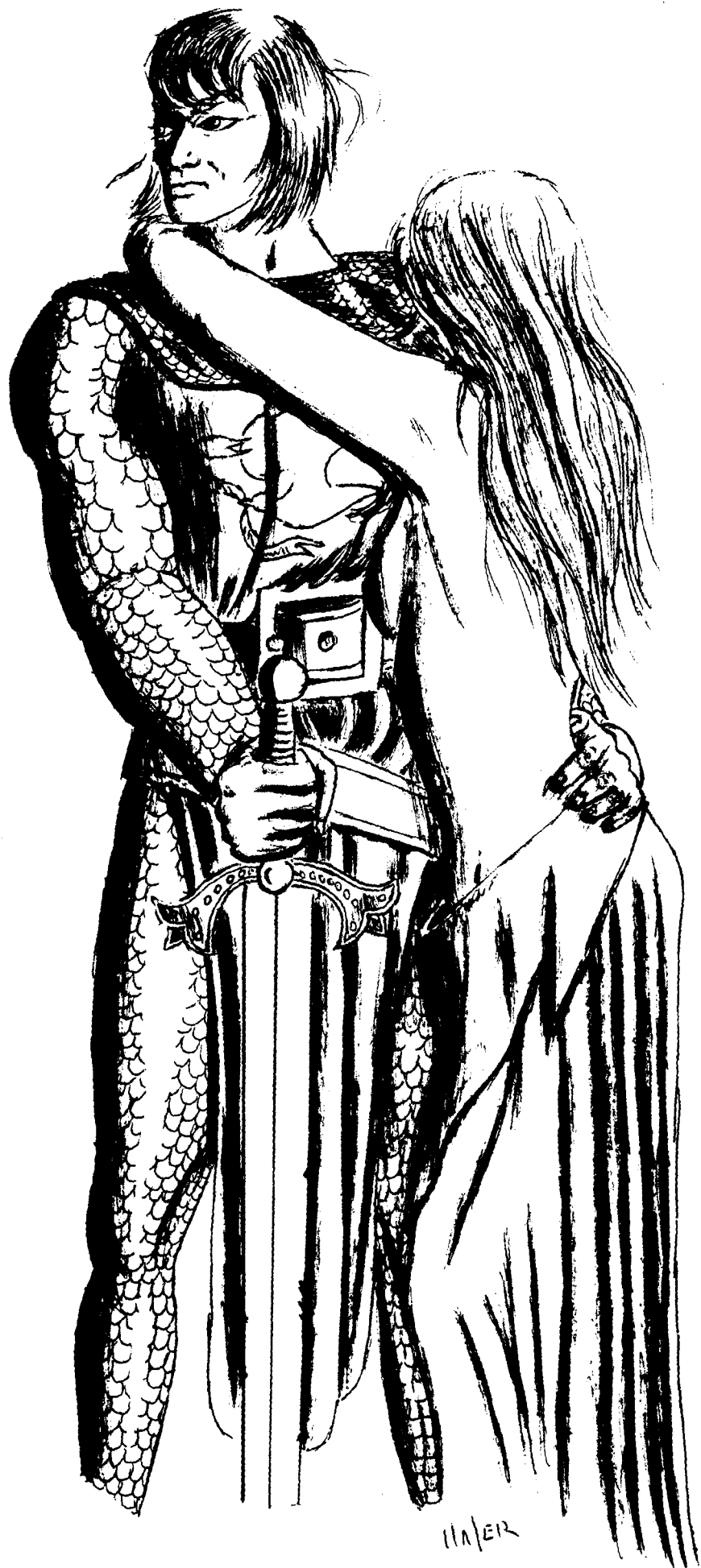
Fanatically yours,
Don Cardoza
3rd Division
USS Ticonderoga
CVA-14, FPO, San Francisco, Ca.
96601

Thanks very much for the compliments. How are this issue's graphics? A second printing of THE NIGHT FALLS, first installment, is in preparation now and will be announced next issue. And as for who you can kill...well, you can kill Ed Shanks. 7



Following next page
THE NIGHT FALLS
installment three
by Patrick H. Adkins
illustrated by Stan Taylor







III

In the two weeks that followed, the girl worked harder than she had ever worked before. She tried conscientiously to do the best she could. She did everything; the old woman was no help to the girl; Joan cooked and cleaned and brought water and helped with the crops when necessary. At night she fell upon the rags and was almost immediately asleep, not hearing the snores of the men and the rustling of the rats. The little pond across the road called to her, but she knew she would never be able to return to it. She might as well be an old woman with six children.

And there was discord; Each of the brothers seemed to suspect one of the others of patricide.

That was before Henry announced that he was taking a bride. Joan was happy; let some other woman take over the house. But the other brothers did not seem pleased.

"What do you think she'll be like?" one of the men asked. "Fat?"

"Very fat or very thin." How else could she look? No lord would let a good-looking female serf go. Church laws prohibit marriage of any individuals more closely related than seventh generation, and on any one manor the majority of serfs were related. Result: incest, bachelorhood, or a bride from another manor. And marriages of this sort were very rare.

Joan listened as she worked.

"What's her name?"

"I think he said Shirley."

Suddenly Henry was in the doorway, tall and broad against the light, his bearded face looking very forbidding. "Don't you have anything better to do than talk about me? Let's eat."

Henry and Shirley were married in the small church near the lord's home. The lord had built the church, and it served all of the people on his manor. The ceremony was small, attended by only the two families. When they had been wed, they left through the wide front door of the building, and outside the bride and groom were congratulated by the priest and members of the families. Shirley's father, a short, aged man



" THE LORD HAS SENT ME TO DEMAND HIS MONEY. "

with thin blond hair, extended his hand toward Henry. The taller man shook hands with him slowly, but no words were spoken.

Suddenly a soldier made his way through the surrounding people, stopping just before Henry. Tall and well armed, he was now flanked by two more soldiers. "The lord has sent me to demand his money."

Henry hesitated, his face growing pale in the harsh glare of the sun. "I don't have it."

The soldier shrugged, nodded toward Shirley, who was now drawing herself against her new husband. The other two soldiers took her by the arms. Henry drew back his arm as though to strike one of the men, but before he could, his brother Paul jumped in front of him. "No," the boy hissed, "it's no good..." By now the soldiers had remounted; a moment later they, and Shirley, were gone.

Henry said nothing, only stood--bent a little forward--watching the figures as they grew smaller and smaller. It was the custom and he had expected it. But he had hoped against it. If a groom could not pay the money his lord demanded for the privilege of marrying, then the lord claimed the first night with the bride.

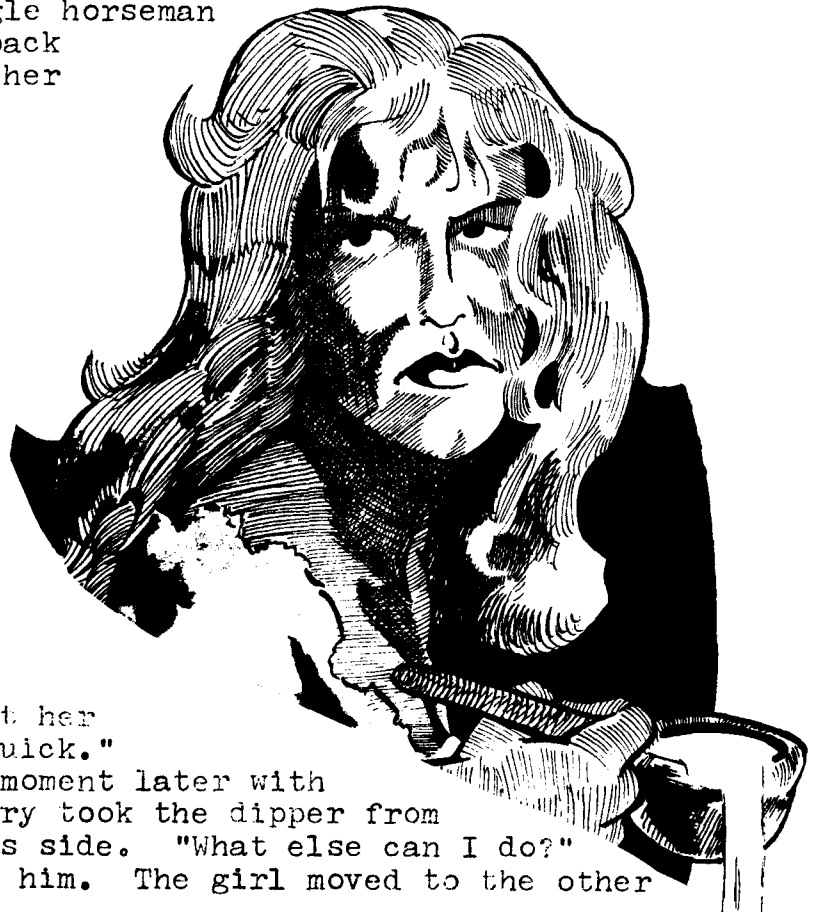
Paul touched Henry's arm. "Let's go home," he said, leading him away.

The next day, a single horseman road up, Shirley on the back of his horse. He helped her down, and then turned quickly and rode back toward the lord's castle. Staggering slightly and very white, the girl moved toward the hut. Henry had run from the fields when he had first seen the horseman, and now he came quickly toward her, drew her against him, saying nothing, then guided her toward the hut. Inside there was a small fire; the sunlight streamed through the open door and single window. Joan turned toward Henry. "Get her some water," he said. "Quick."

The girl returned a moment later with a dipper and bucket. Henry took the dipper from her, and Joan stood at his side. "What else can I do?"

Henry shook her from him. The girl moved to the other side of the small room.

"Sip," he said as he pressed the water to Shirley's lips. Shirley drank for a moment, then started to say something, her eyes rising to meet Henry's for the first time; but she did not speak. She pushed the dipper gently away.



"You want to rest?"

She only smiled back at him, and he led her over to his mattress of rags.

That evening Shirley ate only a little, and the little she ate was fed her by her husband. The next day she was better, moving around and helping Joan, but still she was very silent. It took almost a week for the girl to grow back to her normal self.

And almost from the very beginning, Joan could notice the difference in her brothers. Shirley was far from fat or thin; though not beautiful, she was attractive, perhaps more attractive than the average woman. None of the other brothers talked with Henry's wife. They tried to hide their emotions, but Joan could see them in each face.

One day after the brothers had returned to the fields, the two girls were alone in the hut when John returned to the house. Joan was at her mother's side, trying to make the woman eat something. Advancing to the table where Shirley stood, John began to talk to her. Joan turned when she first heard his voice, but then turned back to the old woman; she could not hear what John and Shirley were saying.

Now the voices from behind her were getting louder, and Joan turned to look toward the table. John was very near Shirley, looking into her eyes, and he said something in a low tone that Joan could not hear.

"You'd better get out of here," Shirley said quickly, pulling away from the man. "If you don't go, I'm going to call Henry." For a moment John hesitated, then he turned quickly and disappeared. Shirley turned to Joan.

"What's the matter? What happened? What did John say?"

"Nothing happened. He didn't say anything."

