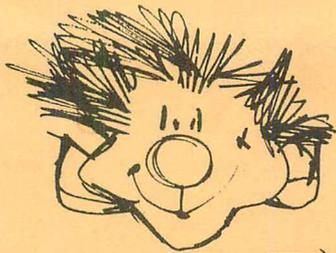


NOVAZINE



HOBBIT — JEFF JONES

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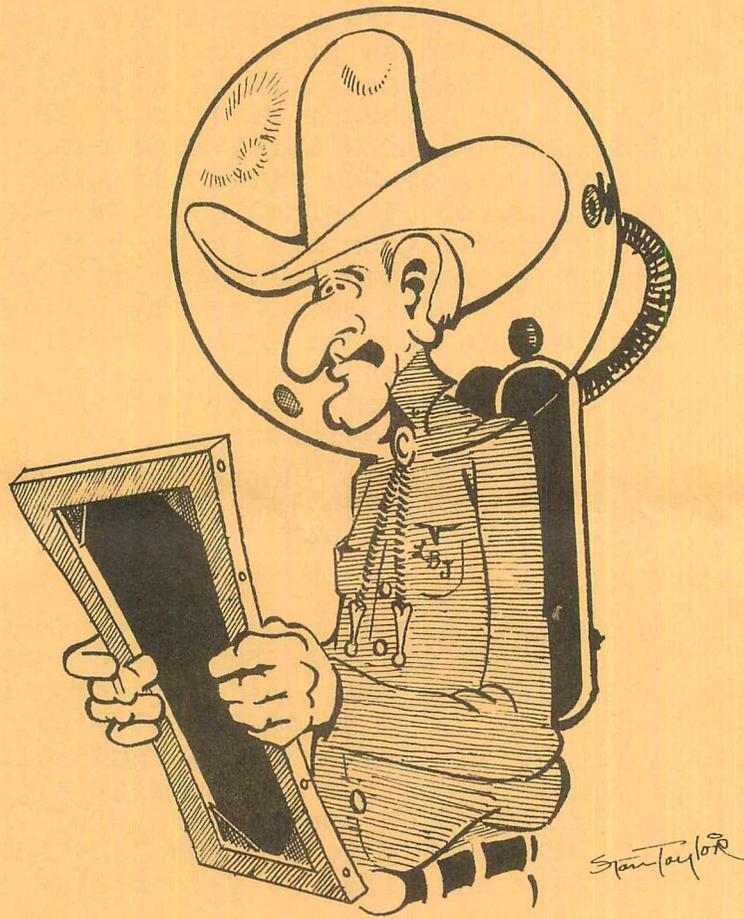
ART CREDITS

The editors of NOLAZINE have decided that, owing to the outstanding quality of the artwork in this issue, the larger pieces be presented in a manner suitable for framing. Of these pages, the cover logo design is by Tom Palecki and the illustration by Jeff Jones. Doug Wirth illustrated "The Once and Future Pear" and the rest of the full page art was done by Stan Taylor AIE.

Illustration on page

- | | | |
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| 2—Harry Purvis | 6-7—Doug Wirth | 9—Harry Purvis |
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NOLAZINE FOUR, the long-awaited # 2 continuation ish, was stenciled by the New Orleans Science Fiction Association into the tiny hours of Feb. 18, 1968. God only knows when it'll get run off. Address all correspondence to any of the following: Donald D. Markstein, 2232 Wirth Pl. New Orleans, La.; John H. Guidry, #5 Finch St. New Orleans, La.; or George D. Wirth, 5967 Laurel St. New Orleans, La.



"THAT'S THE UGLIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN." — THE DEJA VU DEGAS

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EDITORIAL: Purpose

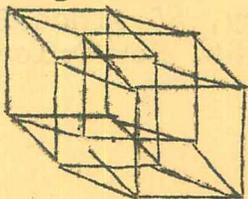
This is the fourth issue of NOLAZINE, and it suddenly occurs to us that, except for a 1 page ad in the first issue, no mention has been made of our actual purpose. It may seem as though we just put it together because it's a hell of a lot fun, but that's only partly the reason. The whole of it has to do with the fact that NOLAZINE is the official organ of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association (NOSFA), and shares in all the aims and aspirations of that group. And the primary goals of NOSFA are as follows.

First off, our immediate goal is to put on the best Deep South Con that's ever been seen. We will host the DSC here in 1968, that decision having been made by unanimous vote at the fifth Deep South Con in Atlanta last year, and the program lined up so far looks to be extremely interesting. First of all, we have so many things planned that it will be impossible to fit them all in the two days usually allotted to the Con, so it will be expanded this year to three days. A tentative list of these activities will be published shortly. Guest of Honor—besides being the first DSC to run three days, it will be the first with a GoH—will be Daniel F. Galouye, author of Dark Universe, A Scourge of Screemers, and many other novels and short stories. Arrangements with the hotel are nearly complete, and we should be announcing both the name and room rates shortly. More details on this later. We're planning many panels, etc., and may have an art show. Oh yes, there will be a science fiction trivia contest for all you trivial science fiction fans. Movies, radio tapes (many quite rare) will round off the entertainment by providing night time activities beyond a hearts game with Hank Reinhardt. And best of all, you don't even have to be a Southerner to come. With hospitality that is proverbial we welcome anybody, even a few damyankees if they show up, so y'all come.

This is merely a prelude, however, to our long range goal. In 1973, New Orleans will for the second time bid for the World Science Fiction Convention. We've never yet been unsuccessful in bidding for the World Con, and we don't intend to be now. It would be totally impossible (not to mention unwise) to reveal any of our plans five years in advance, but we are working on it and expect results. It will be called NOLACON II, being the second World Con to be held in New Orleans (in fact, NOLACON I was the only World Con to be held anywhere in the South). We have a city to sell, and we know we can do it.

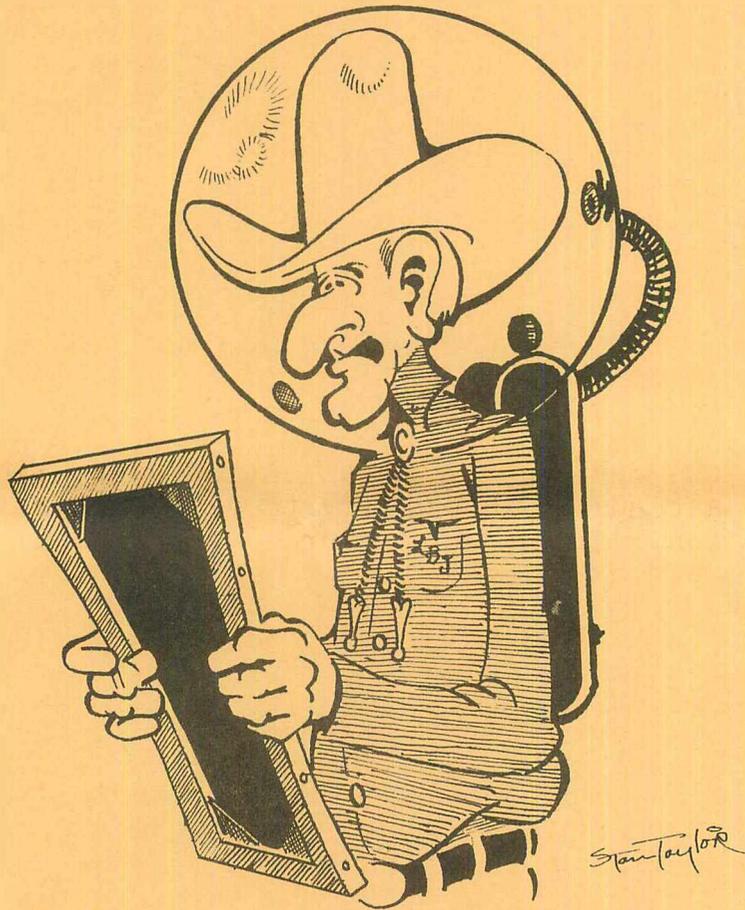
There are other plans in the works right now. Our local sf authors are planning a Southern writers' conference, to be called the NOW Con (New Orleans Writers Conference), and the fans are talking about a possible annual Con on some convenient holiday. Some others are in the talk stage now. More on all our plans later.

These then are our goals and aspirations, for which we use NOLAZINE as a tool. But even without all that, it's still a hell of a lot of fun pasting it together.



Tesseract
HGP

For NOSFA
Harry G. Purvis



"THAT'S THE UGLIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN." — THE DEJA VU DEGAS

THE DEJA VU DEGAS

by

Justin A. Winston

SUMMARY:

On February 30, 3742, just as the half million year old native art, preserved in the so-called "Art Archeological" Level of Deimos (Physiographic Satellite Level Number GS-N73A) had finally been disposed of, World Senator Garrison pushed through a resolution in the 427th System Congress to utilize the vacated space for the proposed LBJ-Texas Art Repository. As art dealers madly scrambled to get a portion of the juicy congressional appropriation, one J. Tonwin Nitsut produced a sensation in the world of art by bringing to light a never before seen Degas of a subject on the back of the work "L.H. Oswald Costumed as Lady Bird Johnson at a Mardi Gras Ball."

CONTINUED FROM NOLAZINE TWO...

.....on the back of the work "Lee Harvey Oswald Costumed as Lady Bird Johnson at a Mardi Gras Ball," a pornographic painting of the photograph "Lady Bird in Drag on the Grassy Knoll."

Mack Rainsuck, noted filth monger, reported that Mr. Nitsut discovered the masterpiece in an antique New Orleans garbage can while attending NOLACON II, the 2000th World Science Fiction Convention. After the picture was authenticated by the world reknowned art expert, Fug Dirth, it was put up for sale to the highest bidder.

The bidding was started at ten used copies of NOLAZINE 2 by the internationally known Cajun John. Commissioner General Attrocity Jack of the Texas Art Repository rebid at 11 new copies thus astounding all and as it seemed stopping the auction. But with amazing coolness, Cajus John bid 10 used copies of NOLAZINE 2 and five brand new hand written facsimiles of NOLAZINE 3. At that point, Mr. Nitsut decided he didn't want that kind of (----)1 and went elsewhere to get a good (----- -- ---)2. But on the bidding floor the two titans of wealth continued until Cajus John gave up with the now famous words "Who'd want that crap anyway?" thus departing to his own place in the swamps.

Undaunted, Attrocity Jack forged ahead on his own. Twenty copies, fifty copies, a hundred copies—no price was too much for this strategic painting!

So it was standing alone in the auction room with the doors locked in plain view of all, Commissioner General Attrocity Jack (Clickety Clack) the streetcar man secretly called for a HOLY WAR to liberate "Lady Bird in Drag."

However, unbeknownst to him the ever watchful, stealthy, healthy, truthful, youthful, honest, clean, kind, good, small-but-wiry JOHN F. BOY OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIES, and his boy companion Dependable Dave heard all. Immediately the stalwart Boy rushed to his trusty thout and thundered off to the nearest bastion of civilization, leaving Dependable Dave with instructions to save the Universe as needs be. So Dependable

Dave went off to do something more important on his own.

Meanwhile, John F. Boy, the Silver Avenger, pounded on through slush, muck, garbage, Argosy magazines, carrion of forgotten battles for dark forgotten goals of unknown kings, swamps, Plaquemines Parish, and all other kinds of crap until finally after hours of torture his destination loomed into view.

He drew his huge steed up to the monolithic, dungeon-like palace. Inside only one room was lit. Cries of agony lanced the still country night. There was no sound but that. No crickets chirp, no hooting owls, no buzzing bugs, no scurrying squirrels or rats or roaches or sounds of any life. Under his feet the earth was soft and cold as death and no sound rose from his unsure steps. The front door, carved in grim, malefic demons, towered over him as he approached. Another scream. He touched the door. It creaked open slowly as from some tenuous unseen hand, exposing more and more of the horror within.

"Hey, ya' (-----)3! Where y'at?" came the greeting of Hick Norwell, the infamous "collector" who was negotiating with Brill Puce to buy some of Harry Bimor's poisoned fruit (a complete set, in fact).

"Man," said our Boy. "Wait'll you hear!"

"You musta pretty fast," said Hick. "The rear of your thot's all raw. You musta whipped him pretty hard."

"That's right--I've got a sore thot--but listen--"

"For that insult you are damned. Leave this house at once or I shall use force!"

"You and who else?"

"Me and my friend. You see I have this box."

"I always thought you were funny that way."

"No, I mean the kind you open."

"No doubt."

"Enough of your insults." From his pocket Norwell produced a small box; from the box he produced the fearsome Hill Boyle.

Not to be outdone our hero produced from his pocket Lon Darksmean.

"Eech," eeched Hill Boyle. "That's the most obnoxious thing I've ever seen." And threw them both out, then he crawled back up his box.

"Hey Hick, open your mail."

He opened it and read "Greetings, you have been chosen by your friends and neighbors..."

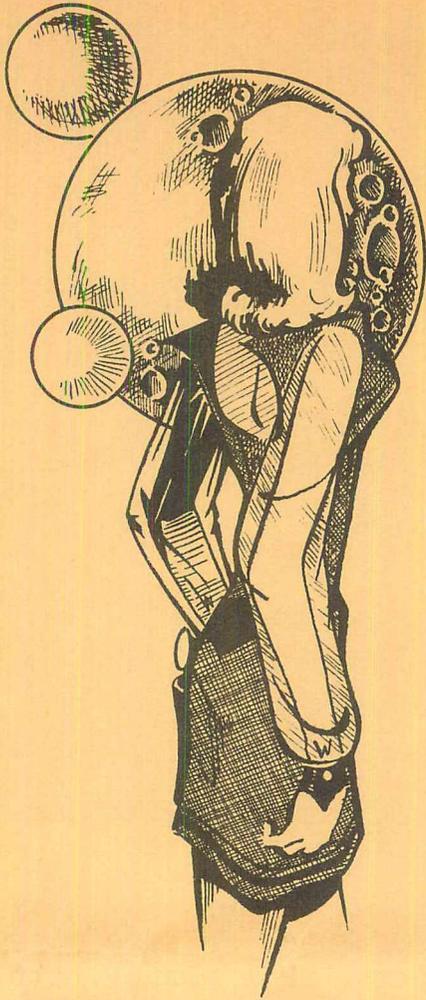
"Wait, (----)4, they can't do this to me--I'm queer--a fag--fruit. I only got one toe. No trigger finger. I'm blind. A Communist preacher. I'm disloyal. I'm in the SLF. Got no brain. IQ of one. I'm an ASSYRIAN SPY!!!!"

"Good boy, you a U.S. fightin'man. Take this rifle and go kill some kids."

"Aw, (----)5"

-
1. Fecal material
 2. Erotic satisfaction
 3. Maternal violator
 4. Copulate
 5. Have carnal knowlege of





" THE TIME — OUT OF TIME "



Miss Harrington regrets that she is unable to complete the story owing to a slight mishap while replacing her disintegrator pistol in the holster above her miniskirt. She disintegrated her legs up to the level of the medula oblongata. The story will be finished by Messrs. Harrington Greyfield Purvis and Paul J. Hollander.

THE TIME OUT OF TIME

by

Joan Harrington

SUMMARY:

As was told in issue number two, Joan parked her antigravity platform in front of the "Time Out Lounge." She carefully placed her disintegrator pistol in the holster above the miniskirt she was wearing. Just then Bruce Muscles floated up to her and Joan saw his six-foot-two-inch frame walk languidly toward her.

"Where is John?" he inquired.

"He has escaped again. Have you seen him Bruce?"

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE NO. TWO...

"No, but I've smelled him," replied Bruce, his nostrils dilating disgustingly. "There was a heavy downdraft, you know."

"Yes, that's how he escaped. He spread his toes and it carried him through. Not that lifting his arms wouldn't have flattened everything, you understand."

"Naturally," said Bruce noncommittally as he slapped her sexy ass. She snuggled up closer for a better view. His knees felt good as they danced among the parked disintegrator platforms. Her pistol rattled aimlessly from her shoulder, helpless in the face of the throbbing gonads. She kissed him lightly on the foot.

The comets of the sky described an epicyclic eccentric.

After it was all over they both sighed at random. "Goodbye Bruce dearest," she told him feverishly. "I'll never let you go."

He stared at her eyes in terminal ecstasy as she drew her disintegrator pistol and shot him. When she replaced, the aforementioned accident occurred, thus effectively ending our story.

END

 God is a three letter word

THE WRECK OF THE SYSSYPHUS

by

Dick Igel

It is commonly thought by the disciples of Bullfinch that Sysyphus always came tumbling down beneath that boulder just before repeatedly rolling it back up again to the summit of the mountain. In a way, I suppose this is true, but...well, let me begin the story from the beginning.

Sysyphus, according to Bullfinch, was the king of Corinth. The word "Corinth" has come down to us to mean the area in which he lived, just as "professor" has been translated by some historians as "king." Actually, Corinth was a branch of mathematics founded by Sysyphus which was lost because it was beyond the ancient Greeks' capacity to

understand. It has since been rediscovered, and is known today as "Topology."

As soon as I mentioned topology, I know the reader's mind immediately jumped to doughnuts and Mobius strips. In fact, it has been argued by many scholars that the classical Greek name for "mountain" is very similar to their word for Mobius, which would certainly fill in a lot of gaps. But I digress. If the reader is to understand the story, it must be told from the beginning.

As you can see, I am trying to get across the fact that the ancients would try to explain events beyond their understanding by an analogy to more familiar happenings, which they would eventually accept as fact. In this case, however, it is not a natural phenomenon, such as the rising of the sun that was explained away like this, but a set of mathematical axioms.

One of the corollaries of Sisyphelian topology involves a set of equations (as yet not rediscovered) which would negate time. In this way he was said to have conquered death until Hades, who among other things represented a complex inverse function, negated his own equations. This was only a symbolic representation of the facts, but will serve to illustrate the correlation between myth and truth. But on...

Aegina was the name Sisyphus gave to a certain non-Euclidean vector space upon which his topology rested, and he called the transformation into this space by a name similar to the Greek word for "eagle." This is why his teachings were interpreted as his having seen Zeus as an eagle carry a maiden across the sea to the island of Aegina. Obviously, the mainland is meant to be the ordinary three dimensional Euclidean vector space in which we live, and the maiden can only have been the zero vector. But this is only a prelude to my story, which concerns Sisyphus' punishment in Tartarus.

"Tartarus" translates into English as "lacking the qualities of Euclid," which is exactly where Sisyphus was punished. Sisyphus was beheaded, of course, for preaching heresy, and his supposed ultimate punishment was imagined from the culmination of his writings. That is, he was doomed to roll a boulder across a unilateral surface (translated in later writings as "mountain") of infinite continuity, trying desperately to get it to the "other side". When, with great difficulty, he did succeed in rolling it over the single edge (it could not fall to Earth in the process, Earth being an object defined in Euclidean geometry and therefore having nothing to do with this story), it would be made apparent to him that he was still on the same side.

END

"I'm taking the prisoners downstairs," said Tom condescendingly



A FANTASY

Opus no. 1, by

Donald D. Markstein

The two paleontologists argued constantly over inconsequen-
tial matters, but this time they had something important to disa-
gree on. Professor Ira Birdseed claimed that the discovery of an
intact Cristianicus ineffectualensis in the abdominal cavity of

Turr on,

an Omnivorus Absurdii indicated that the larger dinosaur had swal-
lowed the smaller whole and had subsequently died of unknown caused,
thus indicating that the throat cavity of Omnivorus was considerably
larger than had previously been believed, while young Dr. Hotblood
maintained that the absense of a divided frontal lobe was an impor-
tant biochemican discovery in that Christianicus was poisoned while
eating the carrion flesh of the dead Omnivorus. They finally com-
promised by deciding that the larger had choked to death while the

Tune in,

other heldonto his palate with a prehensile tail. They published
a paper on the subject that astounded the scientific world and up-
set many previous theories.

-//-

Burn up.

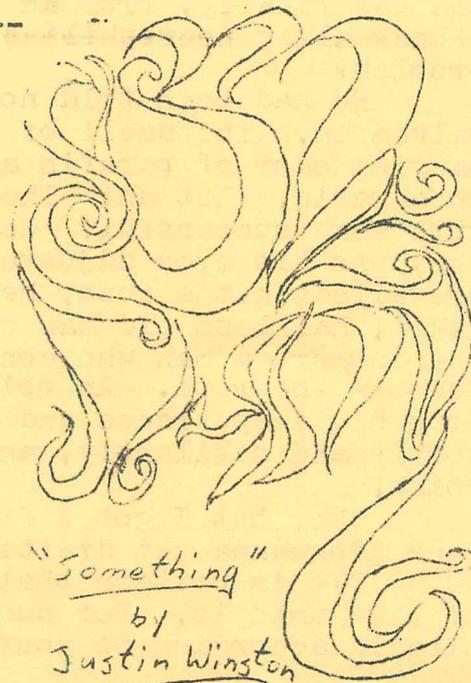
Little Sammy Stegosaurus stood under
the window on a fine spring morning of
200,000,000 BC and shouted, "Hey, Mrs. Dac-
tyl! Can Ptery come out and play?"

When Ptery came out, they say ar-
ound for a while eating and sleeping, just
like anybody's conventional idea of what
they did back then. Then Sammy had a great
idea.

"Let's play 'fool the paleontolo-
gist'!" he said.

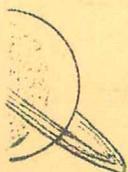
"Good idea," enthused Ptery, as they
ran out to gather Omnivorus and Christian-
icus bones.

END.



"Something"
by
Justin Winston

THIS DRAWING CONTINUED
FROM PRECEDING PAGE



FRANK FINKZEPPE

SUMMARY:

THE ONCE AND FUTURE PEAR by John H. Guidry

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

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE # 2

His mind went back to that morning, the morning he had received a cheerful greeting card from his Uncle. It had been an invitation, but Joheg had not wished to respond. He had looked in the Yellow Pages under "Draft Dodging" for an excuse to decline, but crass, authoritarian, militaristic, bourgeois, thought-centrelling censorship had had it deleted even from there. Oh, thou pernicious force, thou hast exerted thy evil influence in this, the last vestige of free thought upon which man could depend! VICE! CORRUPTION! WICKEDNESS of man's attempt to govern the thoughts of others. But enough of this revery! His destination was fast approaching. Forgetting his disappointment in having had the easy way out cruelly wrested from his grasp, Joheg had made discreet inquiries and had finally, from an unidentifiable source, obtained the name of a back alley neerephiliae necromancer. This was the answer to his problem!

He had been told not to knock, so he just opened the door and walked in. The smell of brimstone was overpowering, and the accompanying odor of parafin and Balkan Sobranie incense made it almost unbearable. But ah! The reward that would be his if only the venture were successful! He was determined to see this through.

As his eyes adjusted to the rather economical lighting that prevailed in the room, he noticed a small, wrinkled, half-starved, naked, hairless old man of pale complexion ensconsed in a divan in the corner, a man who contrasted little with the other sights to be seen in the room. An opiate vapor rose from his lips as he awoke from his deep trance and spoke to Joheg. "You got cash?" he asked softly and sibilantly, and there was a mystic significance to his voice.

"No, but I got 2 frogs and a Goldwater button," replied Joheg. "and Idonwanna get draftid!!!"

"It is written that when the reward is small the effort shall be like unto it. For such miniscule reration I can perform a miracle according to your dominant physio-psychological characteristic."

"Which is...?"

"Hmmm...fat around the hips...narrow shoulders... I can turn you into a pear."

THE ONCE AND FUTURE PEAR



SUMMARY:

In the second issue, we left off at the instant a particular neuron group in Lululu's cerebral cortex rearranged its synapses. As the production of acetylcholine quadrupled, the increased neural activity produced new correlations that were destined to change the history of Homo sapiens' brief pre-eminence on Earth.

The scene had been a barbershop, just after Lululu's fourth summer haircut. She had not been aware enough during any of the three previous visits to protest very much, but this time she had enough consciousness to realize that the barber had just sheared off her magnificent locks.

"Why did he do it, Mamama?" she cried disconsolately.

"I've explained a hundred times that it's cooler and you look just precious in those bangs," her mother replied in an effort to shut the child up.

"Waah! Waah! Waah!" waahed Lululu, who refused to allow such tactics to work. "I wanna have my hair look just like Nodie next door!"

Her mother suddenly realized for the first time that Lululu had actually noticed the latest college fad hairdo sported by the neighboring Nodie, and was aghast! "But Lululu," she finally managed to stammer, Nodie is a boy, and college or girls or math or something did that to his hair. You don't want to have your hair look like a young man's, do you?"

Lululu did.

CONTINUED FROM OUR SECOND ISSUE...

The "idea". for such we will call it, fluctuated and diffused and differentiated with respect to its polar axis. It was obvious! Why hadn't she "thought" (for such we will call the process by which the idea was obtained) of it before?!

If a Riemann sum were taken of all the molecules containing oxygen-148 in her follicles, then: $\sum_{i=1}^n O_{148} = \int_{\mathcal{D}} f(x_1, x_2, x_3) d(148q)$ if

$\sqrt{x} \approx \sqrt{a} + \frac{1}{2\sqrt{a}}(x-a)$ and $\exists \epsilon > 0$ and $\delta > 0$:
if $0 < x - a < \delta$.

which is of obvious and immense importance to the world. But wait! If her hair were cut like Nodie's, then the linear transformation applied to the vector space of continuous functions represented on a set of three dimensional coordinate axes by her hair would appear as:

$$D \begin{bmatrix} \infty \sqrt{e} \pi^2 / e^x \\ M^2 \tan 0 \cdot 2_{100} \\ \sum: \frac{1}{2} x | x | \tan x - 0 \\ 3.141592 \text{ etc.} \end{bmatrix} = \pm 0$$

or, more simply,

$$\int e^x = f:u,$$

which was of prime importance if man was to survive and regenerate on this planet.

Too bad her mother wouldn't let her get her hair cut like Nodie's.



Spu Taylor

ADAM AND EVE AND HERPETOLOGY

by

Paul J. Hollander

SUMMARY:

The author began in our second issue by asking the reader what the Serpent in the Garden was really like. Upon receipt of a negative answer (those readers who answered affirmatively should be reading more substantial literature than NOLAZINE) he proceeded to ask if the reader really wanted to know. After a brief pause for dramatic effect, he promised to tell the reader, claiming to be a friend not only of that snake, but of snakes in general.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE NO. TWO...

I met the Serpant of the Garden, or Serp as I came to call him, several years ago. I was returning from a solo expedition into some of the deeper depths of the Everglades. I entered a straight length of ther between wee large tree and brush covered hummocks. I took my eyes off the water to check the branches of the trees nearest me for basking snakes. While I was not watching the water, my airboat hit a submerged snag and threw me overboard. I managed to pull myself loose from the clinging mud three feet below the surface of the water and struggled to the surface. With eyes closed against the brackish water, I paddled over to one of the hummocks and blindly dragged myself across the bottomless mudbank to the shore. I panted for breath. Suddenly the monumental stench from the decomposing gas that I had disturbed hit me, and I tried to upchuck all my insides. The attempt was a rousing success. After the eruption subsided, I tried to look around. But I could not see! Had a snag torn out my eyes? No, great gobs of mud had become lodged in between my glasses and my eyes.

When I got the mud cleared away from my eyes, I could see the hulk of the airboat lying half submerged about twenty feet from shore. Suddenly I realized the trouble I was in. I was lost in the swamp, all alone, without a boat. And then I giggled. I was not lost. I knew exactly where I was and stamped my feet on the ground to prove it. I was not exactly sure where my base at Seminele Landing was, but I knew where I was. And I was not all alone. Ahead of mosquitoes were already getting acquainted with me. And there were plenty of alligators and panthers that would be happy to take up where the insects left off. That was funny! But the developing hysteria was knocked out of me by a sharp nudge in the small of my back.

From a safe place, namely approximately twenty feet up a large cypress tree, I looked back to see what had nudged me. The head of an enormous black snake was visible near the base of the tree. The snake opened its mouth and said sibilantly, "Whee, look at the bird."

By this time my ability to react to shock was almost exhausted. I only jumped three feet. Unfortunately, I let go of the tree on the way up and did not get hold of it again on the way down. As a result, I landed with a tremendous thump right in front of the snake and knocked myself out cold.

I returned to consciousness as liquid fire ran down my throat.

The awful stuff kicked my body to its feet and my head into orbit. As the earth slowed its spinning beneath me, a voice behind me said, "You're no bird; you're a man. Have a drink."

I dazedly nodded my head. The earth abruptly increased its rate of revolution, and I took a big gulp of the contents of the mug that had been thrust into my hands. The condemned rocket fuel went down easier this time. I turned around and opened one eye. It was the snake speaking.

The snake went on critically, "No, you're no bird. I knew. I was around when the birds were turned out, and the Creator never produced such an inferior bird. You're a man."

"Who are you?" I forced out past the fire in my throat.

The snake grinned, and I closed my eye to get away from all those teeth I thought you'd never ask," said the snake. "Why, I'm the Serpent from the Garden. Eden, that is. Call me Serp. And you're a man. Useless things, men, but you're nice to talk to. And I haven't talked to any man since my pet carpetbagger lost an argument with a Venus flytrap about ninety years ago. But at least he finished his Tennessee diary before expiring. Have some more; he called the stuff Mountain Milk. Good for man, beast, or devil, said he, and we all in there somewhere. Drink up."

I drank mechanically, gagged, and was given a new supply without having Serp's flow of talk interrupted significantly.

Serp went on, "Nothing like having a man around the place to talk to. The rest of the mammals are too stuck up to talk to cold blooded folk like me, and the birds are too fidgety to sit in one place too long. The alligators are nice people; they'd do nearly anything for you. But put them in one place long enough and they go to sleep. I used to try to talk to turtles, but I've given up on them. They're so shy they pull their heads into their shells at the first word. And," he went on plaintively, "the other snakes won't talk to me."

"I'm hiding out here," said Serp with a wink. At least I think it was supposed to be a wink. Snakes aren't really built for winking. "I'm waiting for the trouble to blow over. Y'see, it was my talking that started it. There was this broad named Eve who used to be nice to talk to. We'd speculate for hours on end how apples tasted. Then she tasted one. She said that it was pretty good, but I'll never try one. It made her sillier than she ever had been. Imagine, she tried to wear palm leaves! But at least she took my advice and used fig leaves instead; they aren't anywhere near as stiff and scratchy. And for that we snakes got condemned to crawl around on our stomachs. It isn't bad once you get used to it, but it's made the other snakes ostracized, ostracized. ah, they haven't talked to me in the last 5965 years, two months, 19 days, and 11 hours. I'm still hoping though; they can't stay mad forever."

About there my memory freaks out. There are dim fragments of later memories though. I believe I taught Serp "The Yellow Snake of Texas" and we sang it 15 times or so. When my voice gave out, we refreshed ourselves with brimming mugs of Mountain Milk. Then we swore eternal and undying brotherhood over more Mountain Milk. It was so touching that I started to cry. Eventually I told Serp that I was stranded with no way to get home, and he offered to let me move in with him. I wanted to, but I needed my equipment from home. That made Serp so sad that he cried too. At least he nearly cried;



"ADAM & EVE & HERPETOLOGY"

snakes are not really built for crying. Finally Serp decided that I must go home for my equipment. He whistled up a friendly alligator (or was it five? I really wasn't seeing too well then) to take me home. I embarked with the rising sun after Serp gave me a hug that nearly broke every bone in my body.

Eventually I awoke on the dock at Seminole Landing with an awful hangover for company. My memories were dreamlike, but on the chance they were real, I have tried to go back to see Serp a dozen or more times since that night. I have never seen him again. But, as Serp says, I am still hoping. I will find his hideaway again someday.

FINIS

A FANTASY, Opus no. 2

by

Donald D. Markstein

The paleontologist of 1,000,000 AD shook his "head."

"So many varieties of the dominant species on this planet," he lamented. "How can we possibly name them all?"

"I have a name for one of them," replied his companion. "It inhabited the central portion of the large continent located in the Northwest quartosphere about 998,032 years ago. I've named it after its most common artifact."

"Very good; what did you call it?"

"Beercanderthal Man."

THE END

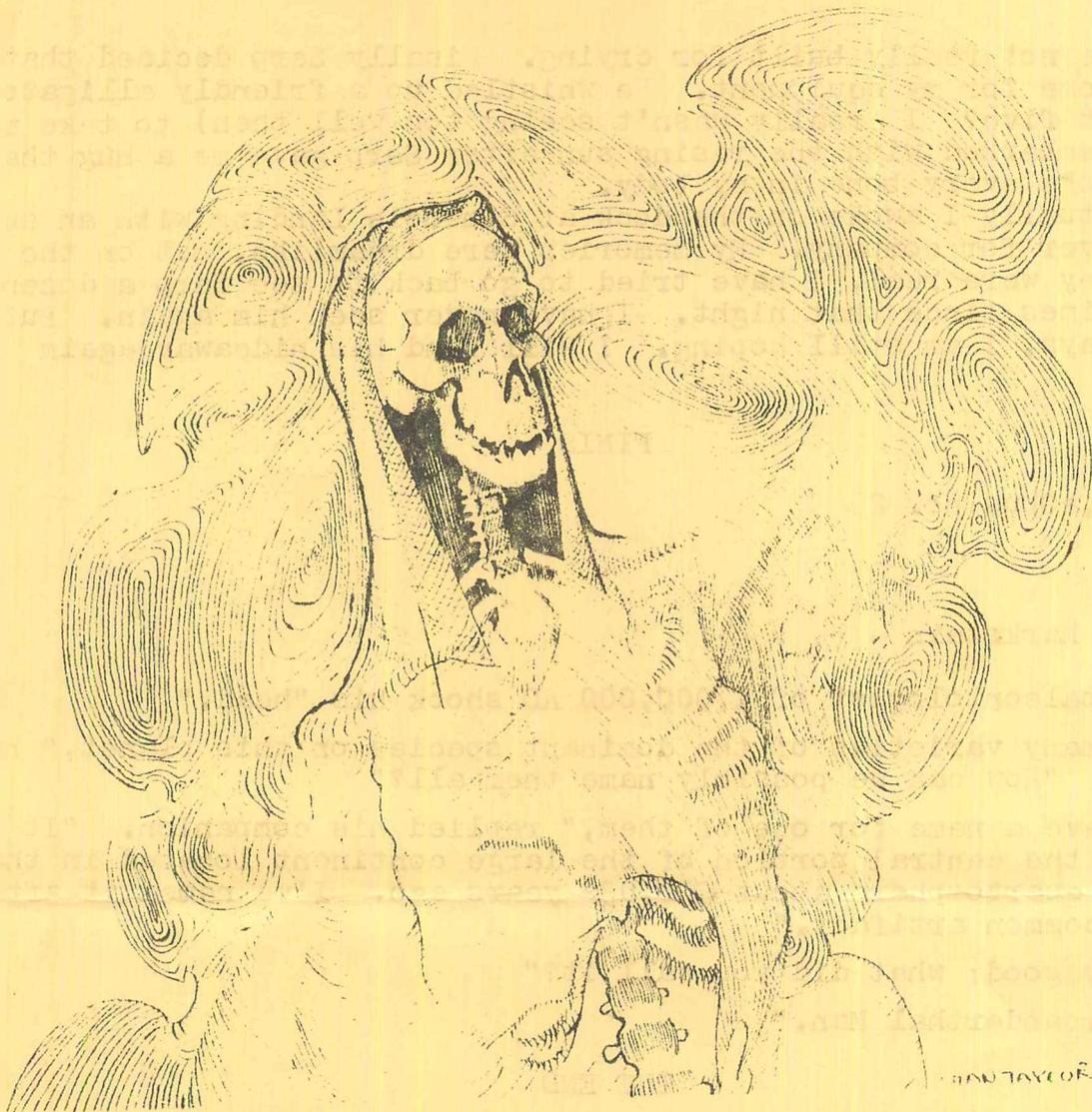
We would like to take this opportunity to thank George Petrie for his indispensable help in reproducing the art pages in this.

Thanks also to Bill Bruce for his tireless, though fruitless efforts to save us from ourselves and censor this issue. For those who are disturbed that he failed, feel free to send a self addressed, stamped envelope to Justin Winston, who will supply you with as many strips of black tape as you deem necessary to cover objectionable words.

The editors regret that the completions of "Judo in the Twenty-First Century" and "Huey Long and the Flying Saucerman" were not presented in this. They will appear at an early date.

We also wish to express our appreciation for all the fine illustrations that have been sent to us by Stan Taylor and Tom Palecki. The ones we've used so far don't represent half the work they've done for us, and we hope to use as much as possible of theirs in the future.

See the reverse of this page for an announcement concerning nextish.



time Middle Ages

place Europe

subject WITCHCRAFT

Beginning with our next issue, NOLAZINE will serialize
Patrick H. Adkins' fifty-thousand word novel

THE NIGHT FALLS

fully illustrated by

Stan Taylor A.I.E.