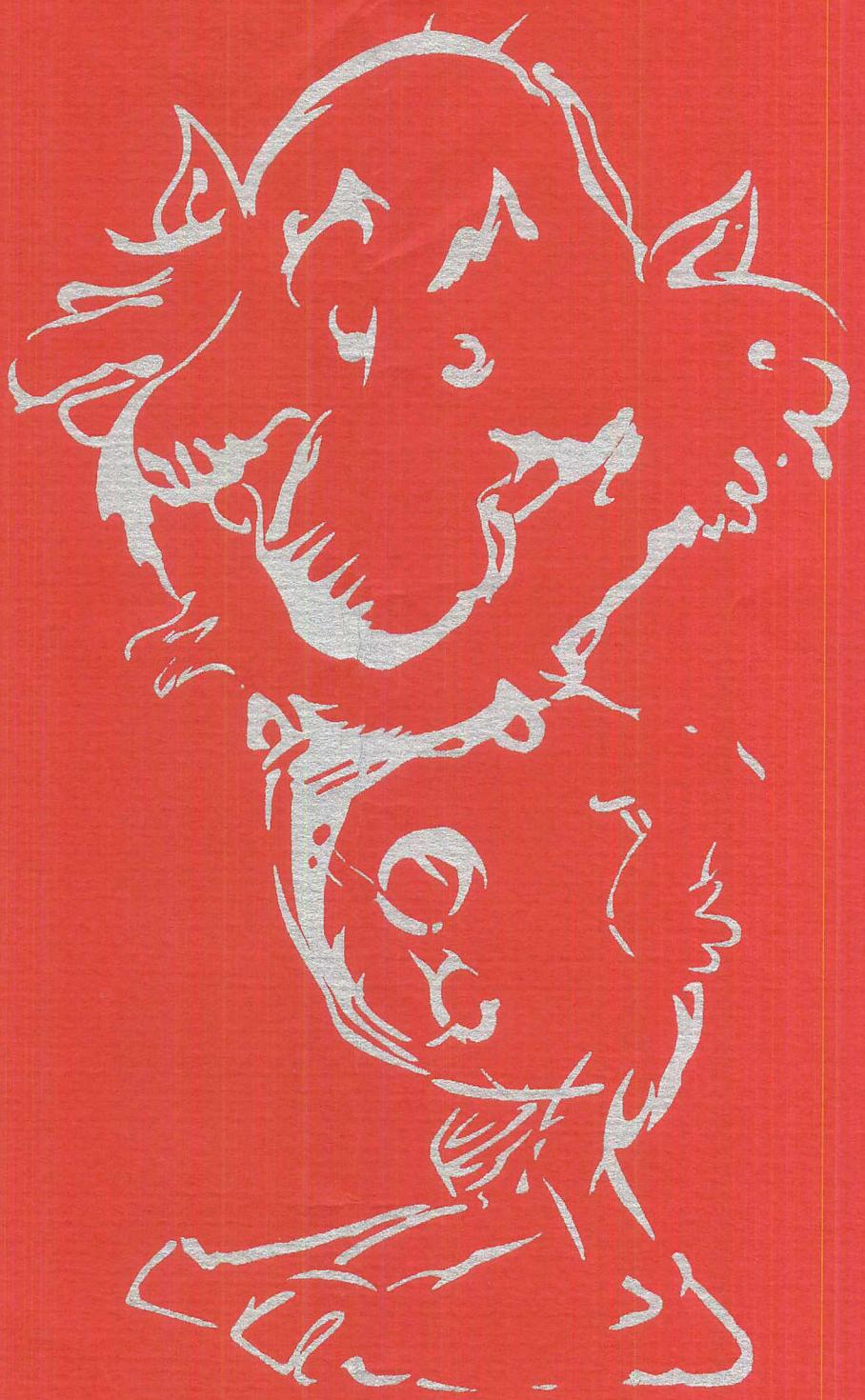


THE
MAGAZINE
OF THE
ARTISTS
AND
DESIGNERS



TRAZELLA



TRAZETTA

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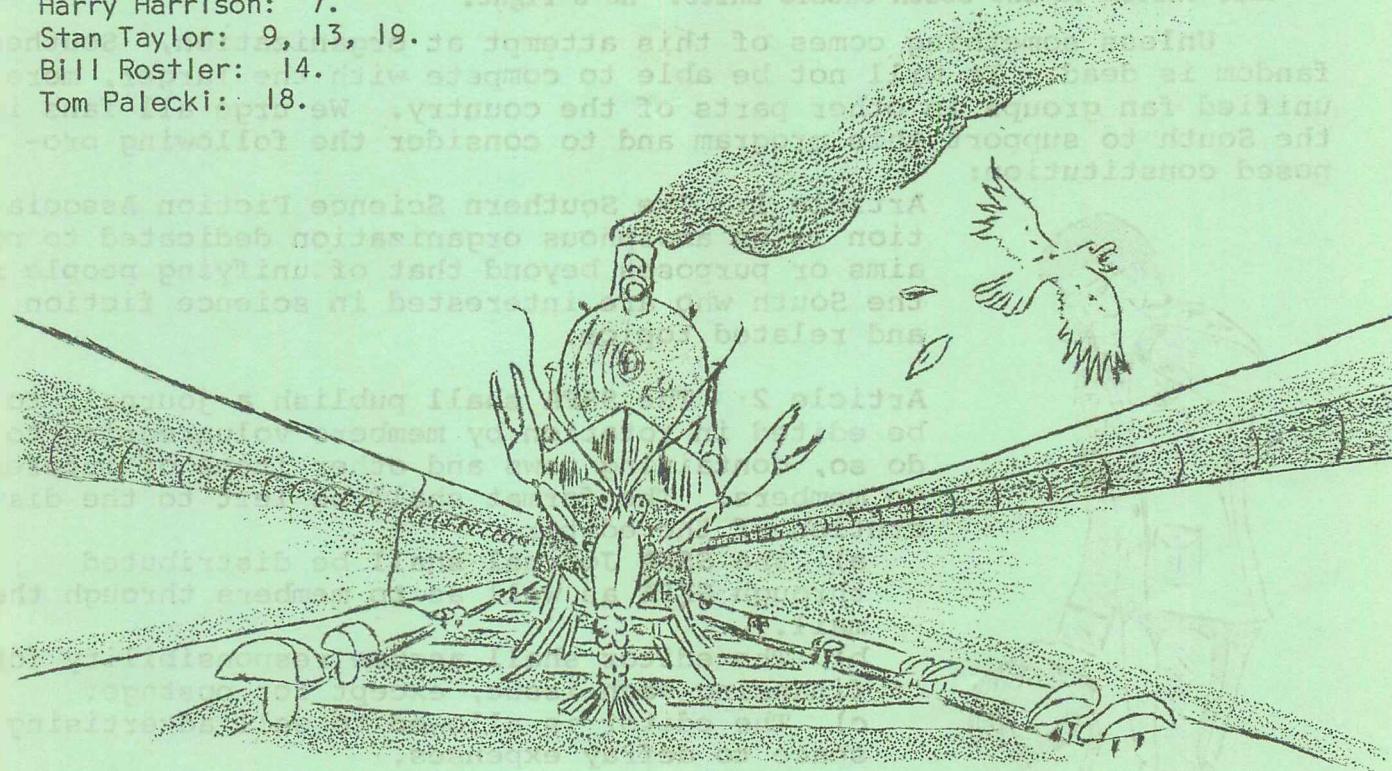
Dany Frolich: 4, 6, 8, 10-11, 12, 15, 17, 20-21, and contents.

Harry Harrison: 7.

Stan Taylor: 9, 13, 19.

Bill Rostler: 14.

Tom Palecki: 18.



NOLAZINE NINE

Nolazine is the official organ of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association.

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NOLA CON 11

EDITORIAL
SOUTHERN FANDOM REVISITED

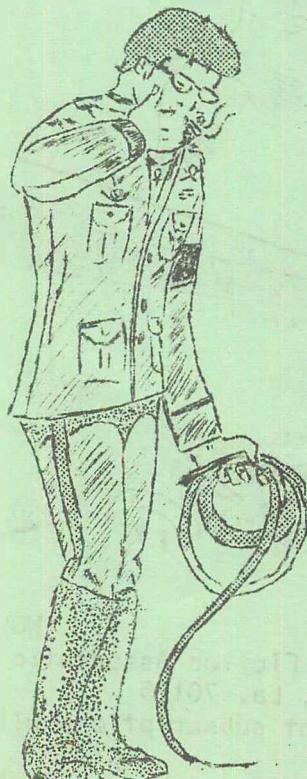
New Orleans has taken the lead in consolidating Southern fandom, with the publication of the editorial in NOLAZINE 7 and Irvin Koch's article in the following issue. It is now up to the South to respond. The following letter, originating from ASFO-2, was circulated among the leaders and representatives of fandom in the South:

Do you realize just how long it's been since a Southern city has had a Worldcon? Not just a borderline Southern city, up in the Northern sections of the South fringed on the outskirts of New York, but in a deep south city such as New Orleans or Atlanta? How often is the South listed as a center of fan activity even in other fanzines? It seems that Southern fandom does not exist. Is that so?

I think not. The only problem seems to be communication. There has to be thousands of science fiction enthusiasts in this section of the country. Even if only one tenth of them joined the fan organizations in this area there would be a large enough force to win the bid for a Worldcon. The only problem is communication and I believe there is an answer.

Irvin Koch has a plan. His plan may be disagreeable and impractical to some but it is the only plan anybody has. I think the problem is not so much the application of this plan as the basic theory that is important. Irvin says that fandom in the South should unite. He's right.

Unless something comes of this attempt at organization, Southern fandom is dead. It will not be able to compete with the larger, more unified fan groups in other parts of the country. We urge all fans in the South to support this program and to consider the following proposed constitution:



Our Editor

Article 1: The Southern Science Fiction Association is an amorphous organization dedicated to no aims or purposes beyond that of unifying people in the South who are interested in science fiction and related topics.

Article 2: The SSFA shall publish a journal, to be edited in rotation by members volunteering to do so, containing news and other items of interest to members. The format shall be left to the discretion of the editor.

- a) The SSFA Journal shall be distributed through SFPA as well as to members through the mail.
- b) The editor shall assume responsibility for financing each issue, except for postage.
- c) The editor is allowed to sell advertising space to defray expenses.

Article 3: A single officer shall preside over the SSFA, the Coordinator, whose duties shall consist of coordinating the volunteer editors and of taking dues. The Coordinator shall have the option of setting a schedule for the Journal, although he is not required to do so.

- a) The Coordinator shall be elected by simple majority of members at meetings.

Article 4: Annual meetings shall be held, the DeepSouthCon, one week before Labor Day. At each meeting a city shall be selected to host the next meeting.

Article 5: Annual dues shall be set at meetings and collected by mail. The Coordinator shall dispense funds as needed to defray postage expenses.

- a) Members not paid up in full shall not receive the Journal.
- b) Surplus funds shall be used to defray expenses of the Deep-SouthCon.

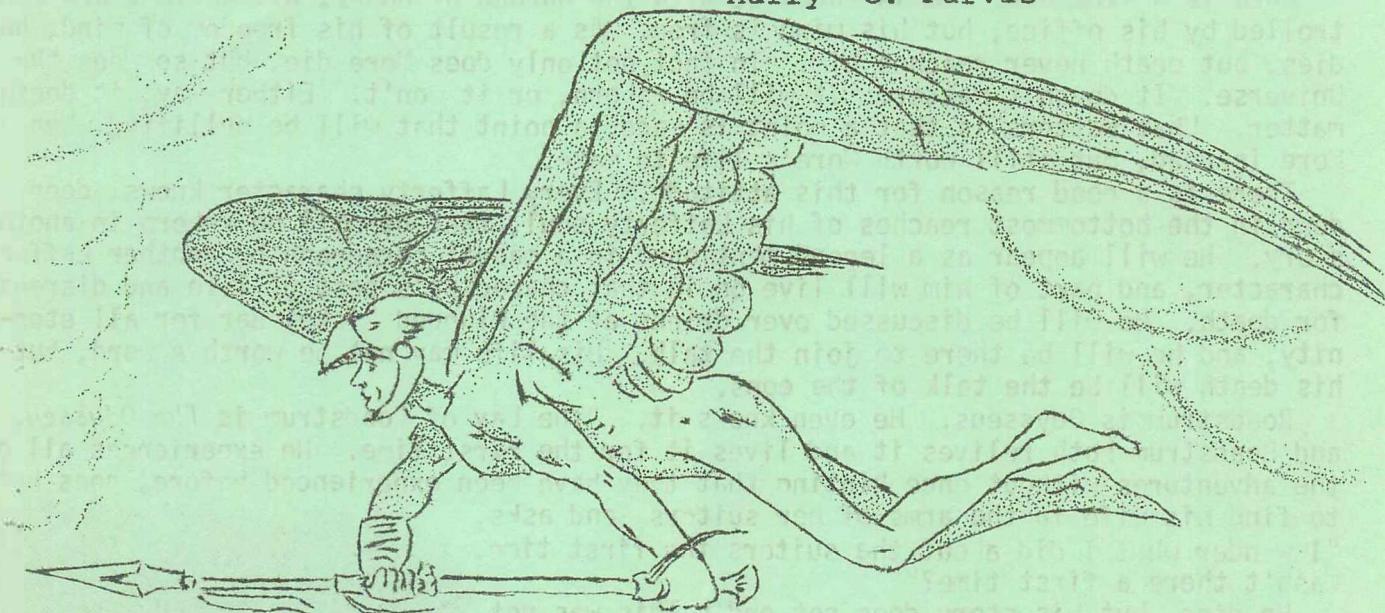
Article 6: This constitution may be amended by a simple majority of paid-up members.

-//-

We repeat, it is imperative that action be taken as soon as possible, or the interests of Southern fandom will continue to be ignored. NOSFA will propose this constitution at the next DeepSouthCon, and would appreciate whatever comments are made by other Southern fans.

Remember, this will become your group as well as ours. Let's work together and make it a good one.

--Harry G. Purvis



REQUIEM

This is, in all probability, the last issue of NOLAZINE. We'd like to have made it a big one, to go out in a blaze of glory, but other time-consuming projects have made that impossible. This, many of the features promised are not present. Notably absent is THE NIGHT FALLS, which will be continued in our new magazine. We ask your forgiveness for this breach of promise and your indulgence while our other projects are brought to a head.

Meanwhile, the first of our new projects should appear shortly--ICARUS, Imagination in the Arts. ICARUS is not a traditional fanzine, and is replacing NOLAZINE because it gives us a freer format in which to present our material. If it is successful, it will, more than likely, be the first of a new breed of fan publications. If not, then we will return to NOLAZINE. It is impossible to give details at this time, but they can be had from John H. Guidry, #5 Finch St., New Orleans, La. 70124. Through your support, ICARUS can be made one of the greatest successes in the history of fandom. Let's hear from you.

--Patrick H. Adkins

"Spacemen Dead and Deathless"

by Donald D. Markstein

*Lend ear while things incredible we bring about
And spacemen dead and deathless yet we sing about:--*

What would you do if there were a 50-megaton bomb just over your head, falling?

You don't know? Neither do I, but I have an idea what I might do. I'd sit down, relax, light a pipe if I had the chance, say, "Well, I had a groovy time," and die.

In other words, I would be a character from an R.A. Lafferty story.

Lafferty's philosophy of death is unique. It's not enough to say that death means nothing in his stories. That doesn't express the total impersonality of personal death. Within the framework of Lafferty's stories, personal death is a matter to be looked on as objectively as, say, the consumption of a peanut butter sandwich. That's the key word. Objectively. Death is a matter of interest, but not of emotion. An event to be observed, but not experienced.

"'Ah, well, I died a hero and a giant,' Roadstrum said," in the second chapter of *Space Chantey*, "for every man is allowed one sentence after death."

This is important, for it permeates everything the man writes. It's not whether, but how you die. It is not necessarily better to destroy than to be destroyed, as Lafferty points out through the character of Thomas More in *Past Master*.

Heinlein expressed this thought best when he said, "No amount of force can conquer a free man, a man whose mind is free...the most you can do is kill him."

More is a free man. He is shackled with the burden of power, his actions are controlled by his office, but his mind is free. As a result of his freedom of mind, he dies, but death never reaches him. In fact, not only does More die, but so does the Universe. It doesn't matter. It will be reborn, or it won't. Either way, it doesn't matter. What matters is that a point is made, a point that will be nullified when More is dead, but still worth More's life to make.

There is a good reason for this attitude. Every Lafferty character knows, deep down in the bottommost reaches of his Lafferty soul, that he will be reborn in another story. He will appear as a legend mentioned in a casual paragraph by another Lafferty character, and part of him will live on in that character's zest of life and disregard for death. He will be discussed over drinks at the Plugged Nickel Bar for all eternity, and he will be there to join the talk. His life may not be worth a word, but his death will be the talk of the eons.

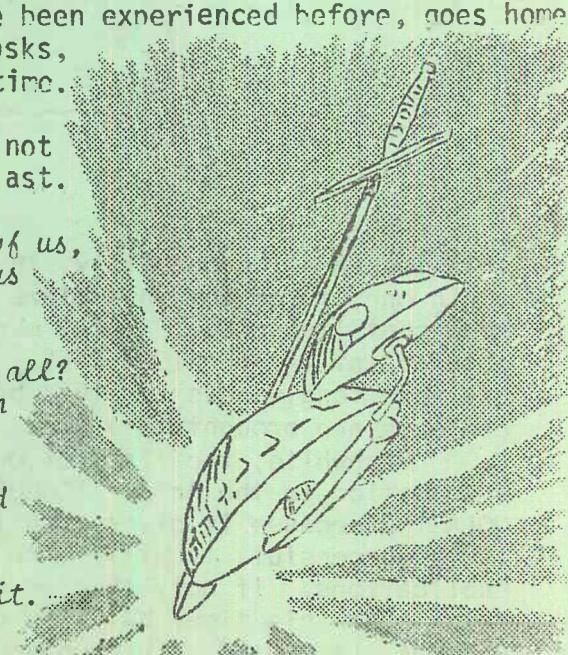
Roadstrum is Odysseus. He even knows it. "The Lay of Roadstrum is *The Odyssey*, and Roadstrum both relives it and lives it for the first time. He experiences all of the adventures without once hinting that they have been experienced before, goes home to find his wife in the arms of her suitors, and asks, "I wonder what I did about the suitors the first time. Wasn't there a first time?"

He dies, but his story does not end. This was not the first time he had lived, nor would it be the last.

*His soaring vaunt escapes the blooming ears of us,
He's gone, he's dead, he's dirt, he disappears
from us!*

*Be this the death of highest thrust of human all?
The flaming end of bright and shining crewmen
all?*

*Destroyed? His road is run? 'Tis but a bend
of it;
Make no mistake, this only seems
the end of it.*



NEBULA AWARD NOMINEES

1969

NOVELS:

- Black Easter*, by James Blish (Doubleday)
Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep, by Philip K. Dick (Doubleday)
The Masks of Time, by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine)
Past Master, by R.A. Lafferty (Ace)
Picnic on Paradise, by Joanna Russ (Ace)
Rite of Passage, by Alexei Panshin (Ace)
Stand of Zanzibar, by John Brunner (Doubleday)

NOVELLAS:

- "The Day Before Forever" by Keith Laumer (*Thunderhead*, by Laumer)
 "Dragon Rider" by Anne McCaffrey (*Analog* serial)
 "Hawk Among the Sparrows" by Dean McLaughlin (*Analog*, July)
 "Lines of Power" by Samuel R. Delany F&SF, May)
 "Nightwings" by Robert Silverberg (*Galaxy*, Sept.)

NOVELETS:

- "Final War" by K.M. O'Donnell (F&SF, April)
 "The Guerrilla Trees" by H.H. Hollis (If, June)
 "The Listeners" by James E. Gunn (*Galaxy*, Sept.)
 "Mother to the World" by Richard Wilson (*Orbit* 3)
 "The Sharing of Flesh" by Poul Anderson (*Galaxy*, Dec.)

SHORT STORIES:

- "The Dance of the Changer and the Three" by Terry Carr (*The Farthest Reaches*)
 "Idiots Mate" by Robert Taylor (*Amazing*, Sept.)
 "Kyrie" by Poul Anderson (*The Farthest Reaches*)
 "Masks" by Damon Knight (*Playboy*, July)
 "The Planners" by Kate Wilhelm (*Orbit* 3)
 "Sword Game" by H.H. Hollis (*Galaxy*, April)

THE WINNERS

NOVELS:

- 1st: *Rite of Passage*
 2nd: *The Masks of Time*
 3rd: *Stand on Zanzibar*

NOVELLAS:

- 1st: "Dragonrider"
 2nd: "Nightwings"
 3rd: "Lines of Power"

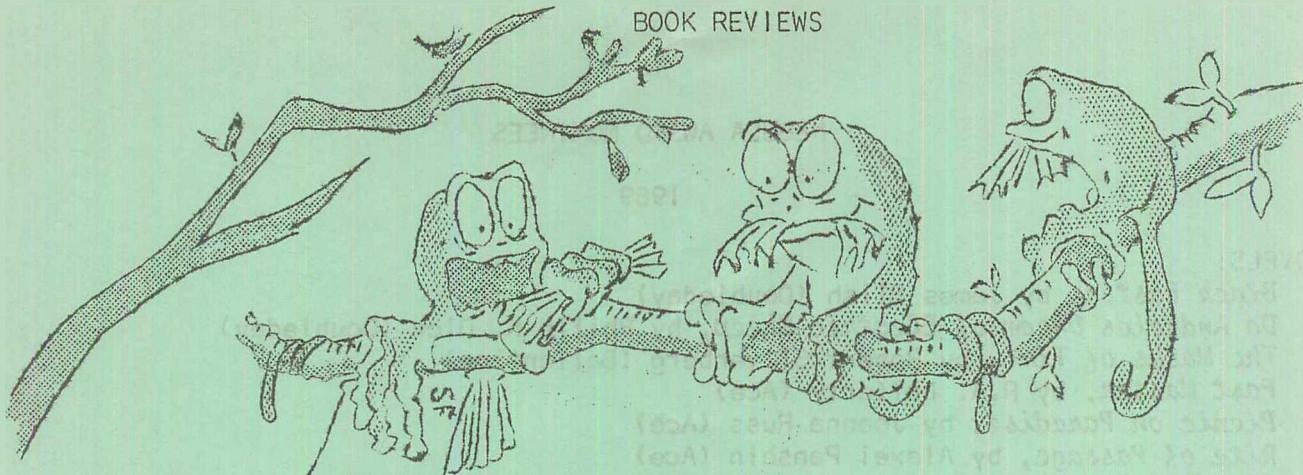
NOVELETS:

- 1st: "Mother to the World"
 2nd: "The Sharing of Flesh"
 3rd: "Final War"

SHORT STORIES:

- 1st: "The Planners"
 tied for second place:
 "Sword Game," "Masks," and "The Changer
 and the Three."

BOOK REVIEWS



STARSHIP TROOPERS, by Robert A. Heinlein

Berkely, 75¢

This is a good book. Not a great book, but a good one. Not science fiction, either, but still a good book. Oh, there's a bit of speculation thrown in there, a rather different social system, a couple of ETO races, but, by and large, it's not science fiction because the story can be and has been told just as well in a mundane setting. It's the age-old one about the boy who grows into a man, losing his baby fat and substituting hair on his chest. It's THE CAINE MUTINY in outer space.

Let's look at that for a minute. What was THE CAINE MUTINY about? Well, it wasn't about a ship captain who fiddled with steel balls. It wasn't about an insubordinate bunch of officers who relieved that captain of his command. It wasn't about a lawyer named Greenwald who insulted one of those officers and threw wine in his face. It was about a little, pudgy guy named Willie Keith. It began with Willie Keith, ended with Willie Keith, and, as the author states in the opening, "Turned on his personality as the massive door of a vault turns on a small jewel bearing."

Similarly, STARSHIP TROOPERS was not about a war with a couple of alien weirdos. It was not (primarily) an exercise in philosophy, although it illustrates well the principle that any reasonably competent author can support any statement, as long as no one opposes it. It was about Juan Rico. It began with Juan Rico the boy and ended with Juan Rico the man.

In the beginning, Juan Rico joins the service. He doesn't know why he does so, unless it is to bolster his prestige among his friends. But he isn't even sure of that reason. Eventually, he comes to a point where he can make decisions binding to himself without a moment's regret. There is no hour of soul searching and smoking, thinking about God and Man and Self, as there is with Willie Keith. There is only the realization that, where once there was an immature child, there now stands a self-assured adult.

Although his characters are stock for the most part, characterization is rarely a problem for Heinlein. But he does have his faults. His dialogue, for example, is always easily recognizable Heinlein dialogue. Just the slightest bit childish, trite, and "cute." The second chapter, especially, describing the platoon sergeant, is guilty of this. The dialogue is designed carefully to give the feeling that, even though he ostensibly treats his men badly, he

is really only doing his job. It is sloppily done, however, and the result is a warm, rosy feeling emanating outward from the pit of the stomach, dripping with sugar-syrup, that, "Gee, he isn't so bad after all." The reader is not allowed to make the decision for himself.

In spite of its faults, this is a good book. Heinlein is not really as good a writer as he is often considered to be. His faults are all too apparent in everything he writes. But somehow, he almost always comes through and tells a very good story.

--Donald D. Markstein

THE TECHNICOLOR /TM/ TIME MACHINE, by Harry Harrison
Berkely, 60¢

Harry Harrison writes good, exciting, fast-paced, and very forgettable novels. They have no justification except that they're fun to read--and need none.

The implicit raison-d'être behind the plot is that the scientific establishment will ignore or refute any radical departure from the norm. When an out-of-work physicist discovers the principle behind time travel, none of the established foundations will finance it. So a movie company steps in and buys the machine.

The movie company is on the verge of bankruptcy, and the auditors are on the way. A film in the can would be a million-dollar asset, but they have only a week to write, cast, shoot, and edit it. It has to be a high-quality film on a low budget. And time travel is the only way to solve both problems.

The problems encountered make up the plot. Time paradoxes abound. And the ending throws new light on history and gives the book a very deep, very commercial meaning.

--Harry G. Purvis

MOONDUST, by Thomas Burnett Swann Ace, 50¢

I think it can safely be said that this is the best of Swann's three novels. And, for Swann, this is saying quite a bit; each of the previous two, as well as his one volume of novelets, has been an event to look forward to and enjoy.

Harry Harrison self-portrait.

The device is the same, that of a non-human race sharing the ancient earth with Man. The setting, as always so far, is new. This story centers around Jericho, just before the Hebrew invasion, whereas the others have occurred in different places and times around the Mediterranean. Except for the final chapter, in which the significance of events as they relate to known accounts is shown, you would hardly know that this is a Bible story. The publisher would have it known as science fiction, but in reality, this is pure, A-number-one fantasy.

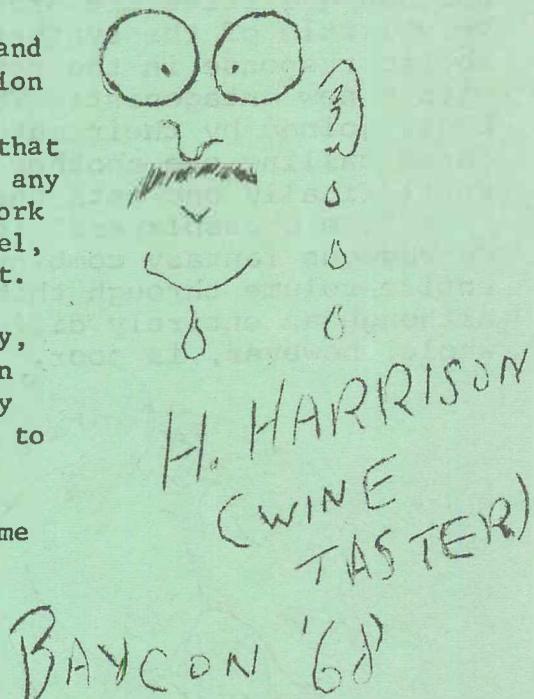
As always, the style is pure poetry in a prose matrix, but with one exception. The chapter in which the "Peoples of the Sea" are explained to the narrator is stiff. But this can be excused, since it is only one episode. In the vast majority, the word flow is magnificently smooth. Also, it must be remembered that Swann is unused to explanation. Usually, he is accepted on his own merit, and an explanation would be a superfluous talking-down to the reader.

If you've ever read Swann before, then there is no reason to tell you to read MOONDUST. You're hooked. But if not, try him out and join the rest of the crowd. You won't put him down again.

--Donald D. Markstein

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER OF ADVENTURE, by Richard A. Lupoff Ace, 95¢
If Burroughs fans hate you, Mr. Lupoff, it's because you wrote a terribly boring book.

--Patrick H. Adkins



THE ROSE, by Charles L. Harness

Berkely

60¢

Readers of this book are in for two surprises. To begin with, there is a pair of bonuses after the lead story, entitled, respectively, "The Chessplayers," and "The New Reality." The second surprise is that these stories are better than THE ROSE.

The title story is the old, unrealistic idea of science-versus-art, with amazingly megalomaniac characters, an amazingly dull plot, and an amazingly heavy-handed presentation. The principal characters are unusually handled. They are neither black, white, nor shades of grey. Instead, they are black-on-white and white-on-black. Their good and bad qualities are presented to the reader starkly distinct, with very little of the synthesis and blending necessary to produce a sympathetic response in the reader. The good old mad scientist is there, with a new antagonist: The mad artist. They frolic throughout the book, joined by their mutual friend, the mad artist-scientist, all three calling one another names and generally harassing each other until finally one gets the upper hand--but it's not clear which one.

"The Chessplayers" is a considerable improvement over THE ROSE. Outrageous fantasy combined with deadpan handling almost redeem the entire volume through this single story. Similarly, "The New Reality," although an entirely different type, is worthwhile. The book as a whole, however, is poor.

--Donald D. Markstein

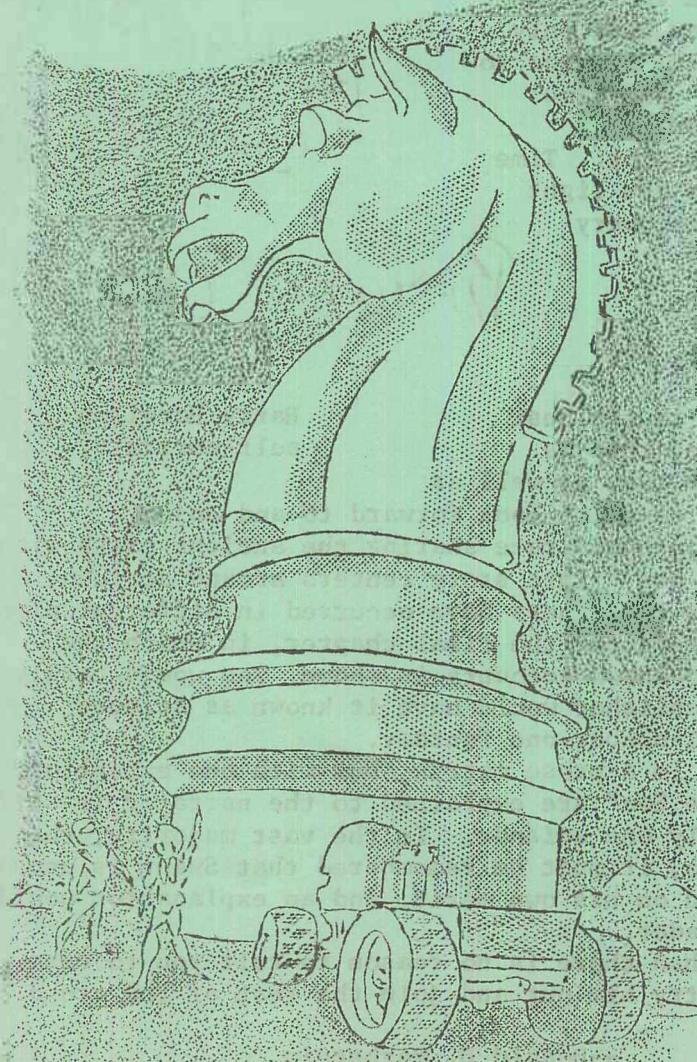
STRANGE GATEWAYS, by E. Hoffman Price Arkham House \$4.00

E. Hoffman Price has been a soldier, microfilm technician, astrologer, lecturer, commercial photographer, and "legendary" pulp fiction writer for about 30 years (1925-55). He has written adventure stories, westerns, crime, weird, and sf stories in these years.

Arkham House two years ago published his first hardcover book, STRANGE GATEWAYS, which has some of his best writing in the fantasy field. The book contains twelve short stories from such publications as ADVENTURE, WIERD TALES, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, STRANGE TALES, and UNKNOWN. They are just twelve from the over 500 he has written.

I was lucky to meet Mr. Price at BAYCON and when he was in New Orleans to have him over for red beans and rice. His personality (as his writing) can fill the room with wonder and awe. In short, one has to read STRANGE GATEWAYS if he can not meet Mr. Price in person. This man talks better than most authors can write, and his writing comes across with the same force as does his speech. This is one hard

--John H. Guidry.



cover book that belongs in every fan's collection and makes for excellent reading matter.

COMPUTER ASSISTED INSTRUCTION IN MATH EDUCATION

by

Perry A. Chapdelaine, Project Director
Computer Assisted Instruction Research Laboratory

Tennessee A. & I. State University
Nashville, Tennessee

Not too many years ago Ugh, the caveman, sat on one end of a log sharing his hard-earned wisdom with Eeek, who sat on the other end. The beauty of this primitive arrangement was the directness by which Ugh could share his personal knowledge with Eeek--Much like a full-fledged apprenticeship system.

Modern requirements of mass education placed even heavier demands on those who had knowledge and skill, thus bringing about the day of the modern specialist known, today, as "teacher." Unfortunately, no matter how well meaning or how skilled the modern educator might be, the personal relationship so well exemplified by Ugh and little Eeek somehow gets lost. How can it be otherwise?--when as many as forty students now sit at one end of the log, but still only one educator sits at the other.

Crude analogy? Not really! Some modern students of the history of education rank the story of Ugh and Eeek among those educational principles found at the top of the list, along with the invention of the printing press; while others will go so far as to state, with vigor, that there has been no genuine advance in the art of teaching since the development of the printing press. After all, Ugh must still personally assist each Eeek by means of creative classroom experiences which include the transmission of "understandings" as well as "skills."

What does all this have to do with Computer Assisted Instruction in Math Education at Tennessee A. & I. State University?

Simply this: Some educators believe that application of modern electronic technologies (including the computer) to the art of teaching is soon to become the first genuine revolutionary educative process since Gutenberg!--and we, at Tennessee A. & I. State University, have one of the world's most advanced prototypes of this species!

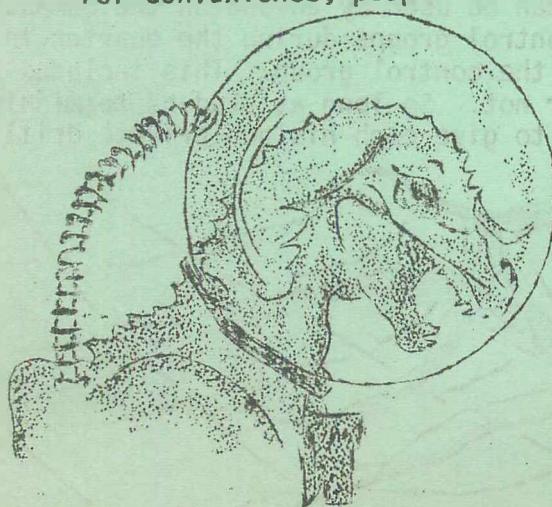
Some seven years ago, Dr. Patrick Suppes, Director of the Institute for Mathematical Studies in Stanford, California, began experimenting with ways and means for utilizing the computer in education. He and his associates succeeded in obtaining grants from Carnegie, U.S. Office of Education and the National Science Foundation.

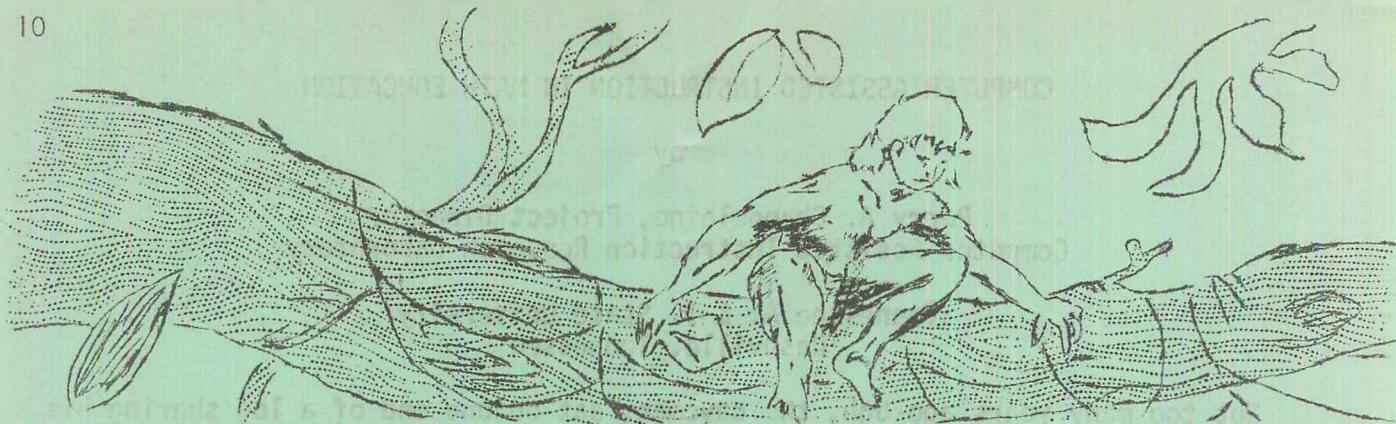
Over the next seven years, in cooperation with other public school systems, Dr. Suppes and his associates were able to demonstrate the effectiveness and practicality of their ideas.

For convenience, people who began the application of computer techniques divide the educational region into three general modes (1) drill-practice procedures, (2) tutorial and (3) dialogue.

Very briefly, drill-practice procedures represent computer programs and curriculum materials based upon the well known educational principles of "drill" and "practice". Many such techniques exist--workbooks, flashcards, repetitive vocalizations and so forth. A classroom teacher is, of course, essential to successful use of the drill-practice mode.

Tutorial, on the other hand, represents an attempt to make computer programs and other technologies respond "like a teacher." Work in the tutorial mode is largely experimental as yet. The classroom teacher is not so critical in this mode.





By contrast, the dialogue mode includes the idea that modern technologies might someday grow big enough and sophisticated enough to allow the student to simply request "an analysis and summary" of some abstract idea. The computer of science-fiction fame in such movies as *2001: A Space Odyssey* or the television series *Star Trek* responds in the "dialogue" pattern. It can "think" and behave creatively! Unfortunately, scientists and mathematicians have much to learn before such developments move from the realm of science fiction to everyday life. Logicians phrase it this way: "The dialogue approach is not entirely hopeless as yet."

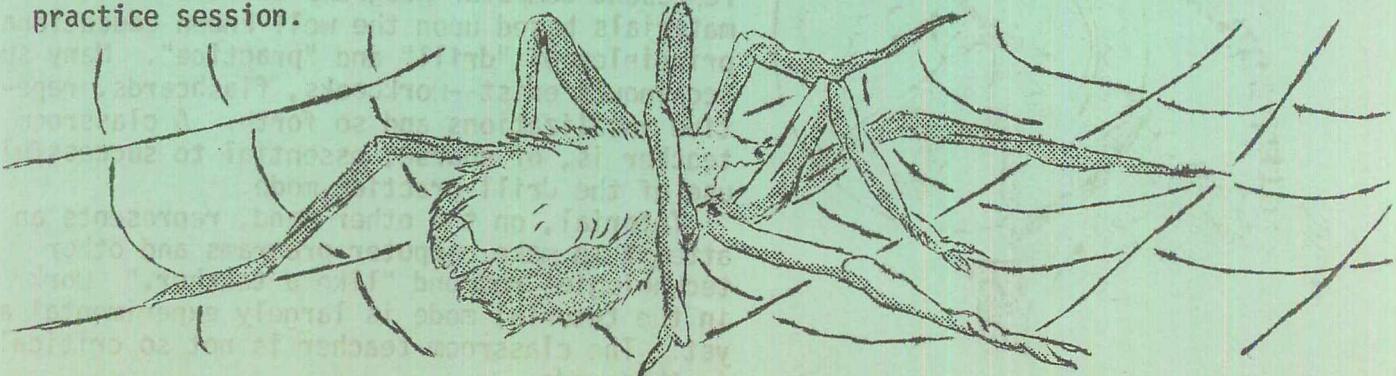
At Tennessee A. & I. State University, we use the more down-to-earth and practical "drill and practice" mode. The National Science Foundation, under Grant GY-5308, distributed \$441,410 to operate our drill-practice mode for two years, beginning July 1, 1968. In cooperation with, and under the able guidance of, Stanford University, we are able to present mathematics drill-practice lessons from the first grade through the first year of college.

Most college students, no matter where they attend, need remedial mathematical drillwork. Fractions and elementary algebra, particularly, cause difficulties for freshmen students. We, at Tennessee A. & I. State University, will start the student at his lowest level of remedial need--say the sixth grade level--and very rapidly let him build up his skill until he has become very competent in those skills required for his proper freshman academic level.

Since our college is the first in the world to try Dr. Suppes' materials, it is not yet known how effective will be the results. Many grade-school and high school classes, during the past four years, have demonstrated that ten minutes of drill-practice per day, per pupil, during the school year, has resulted in gains equivalent to the learning of two years of mathematics when taught by the teacher alone; furthermore, these gains have maintained themselves even when the teletypes have been removed from the students' environment.

Can these same benefits be achieved here at Tennessee A. & I. State University? We don't know. We are testing an experimental group and a control group during the next few quarters of academic activity so that the question can be answered.

Many students will ask if the Computer Assisted Instruction--normally abbreviated CAI--program may be used only by those who are taking mathematics 111--our first trial groups. The answer is no! The program can be used by anyone on the campus except those who have been designated in the control groups during the quarter in which they have been designated as a member of the control group. This includes anyone whether enrolled in a mathematics course or not. So long as student terminals are available, we will assign students to them to give each his own private drill-practice session.



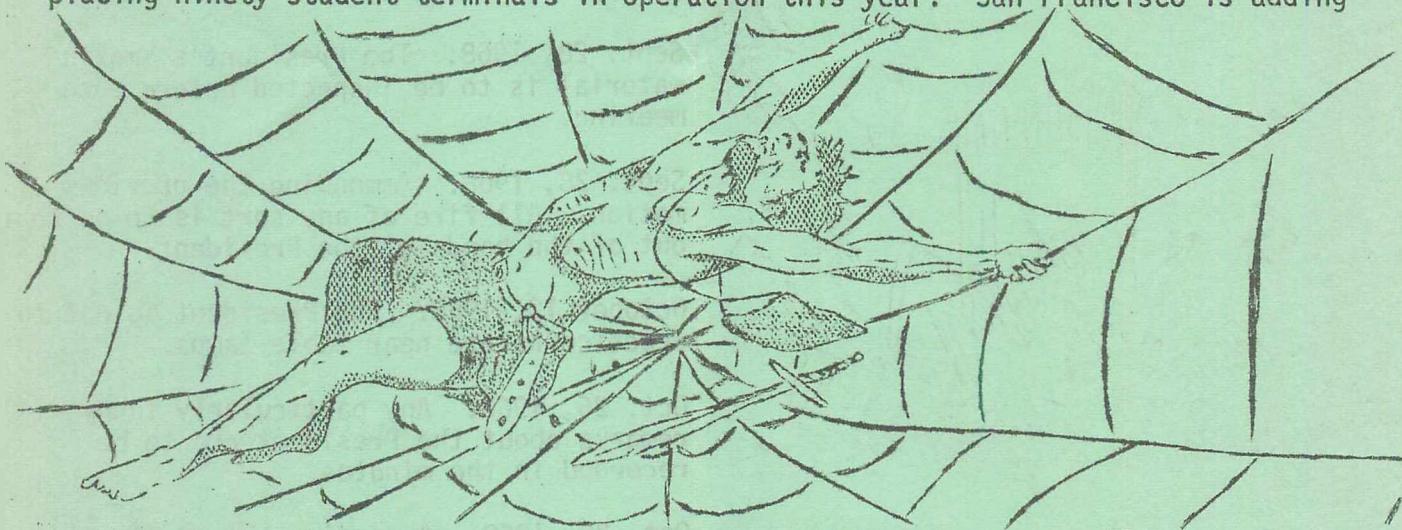
The program is clever! It is personal! Each student is given an identifying number. When the student types that number into the teletype keyboard, along with his first name, teletype signals go through our small, new PDP-8 computer; after which, the signals go through the privately rented telephone line to Stanford University in California.

A large scale PDP-10 computer picks up the signal, looks at the number and name and types back the student's last name, then chooses his next lesson number based on past progress recorded against his name. The computer starts the lesson by typing a lesson number followed by drill exercises.

Now that lesson number is the key to success in using the computer. It is a lesson number that fits only that student at his stage of development. If designed properly--and remember, much of this is still experimental--it picks out drill exercises which are in no way frustrating to the student while, at the same time, leaving enough room for the student to feel challenged. Little by little, then, at the student's own rate of achievement (though sometimes prodded by the computer) each student is led to increasingly difficult lessons. It is, in other words, both a superb drill-master and a personal tutor.

If the drill-practice mode is so successful, why isn't it used everywhere now?

Well, it is slowly but surely being installed in many places. New York City is placing ninety student terminals in operation this year. San Francisco is adding



another sixty. Other places in the United States are either installing or adding to their present equipment--McComb, Mississippi and Moorhead, Kentucky, for example.

Stanford University is experimenting with the teaching of the Russian Language as well as Computer Programming and Reading. Other places are experimenting with the teaching of Chemistry, Physics, Engineering, Social Studies, and so on.

In other words, it is becoming used more and more.

There is one deterrent, however. Cost is high. Although it is quite difficult to place dollars and cents on saving the academic life of one student, who might otherwise become discouraged and leave his studies, business men can easily compare cost ratios which show that this technique is very, very expensive. Some will proclaim against it for that very reason.

However, as with any quantity-produced item, the more student terminals in the drill-practice mode that are assembled and used, the lower will be their cost; and, the procedures, techniques and hardware items will soon move from the experimental stage to everyday practical applications in all schools, everywhere.

Indeed, it is very likely that your children will one day comment on "...that old-fashioned drill-practice student-terminal which my parents had. Everyone knows,' they will say, "that the only way to learn is with full color three-dimensional TV, stereo-sound and complete, personalized voice dialogue."

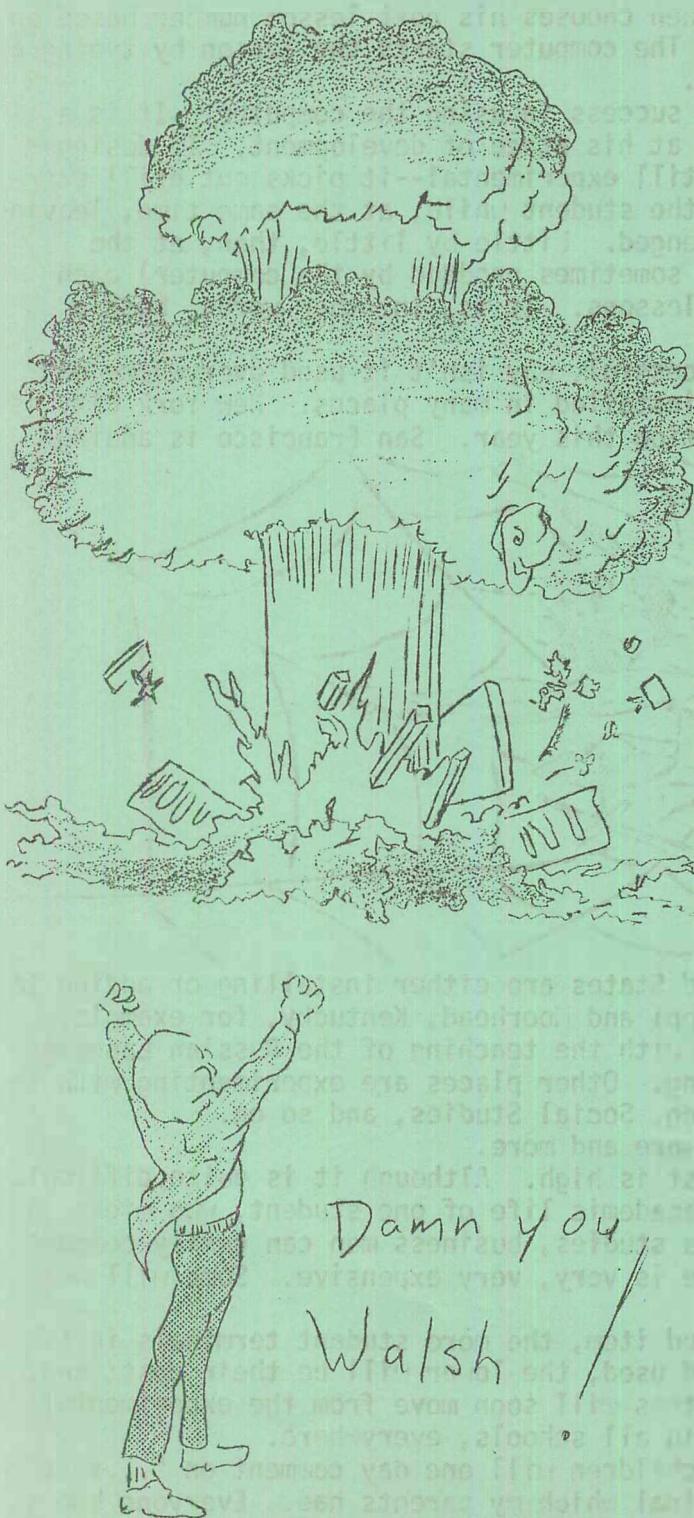
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Within a cracked pane
Of a vacuumed space helmet
Blank eyes stare at stars.

--A.V. Tillman

SELECTED BY-LAWS OF THE NEW ORLEANS SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The following motions were passed unanimously by the membership of NOSFA, under the able administration of Don Walsh Jr.



Young Walsh, in his Mace gun a load,
Got an FBI message in code.
He got so excited
The capsule ignited
So he sat there and watched it explode.
--D. Markstein

August 17, 1968. The President is directed to appoint a Sgt. at Arms with the authority to tell the President he is out of order. (President Walsh appointed himself.)

Aug. 17, 1968. Ammending the previous motion. A Sgt. at Arms is to be appointed with the authority to tell the Sgt. at Arms he is out of order.

September 14, 1968. All firearms and lethal weapons are to be kept out of reach of the President, since he is not old enough to handle them properly.

Sept. 28, 1968. The President's smoking material is to be inspected before each meeting.

Sept. 28, 1968. Ammending the previous motion. All fire of any sort is to be kept out of the hands of the President.

October 12, 1968. The President is not to practice Karate near table lamps.

Oct. 26, 1968. Any particularly funny remarks about the President are to be recorded in the minutes.

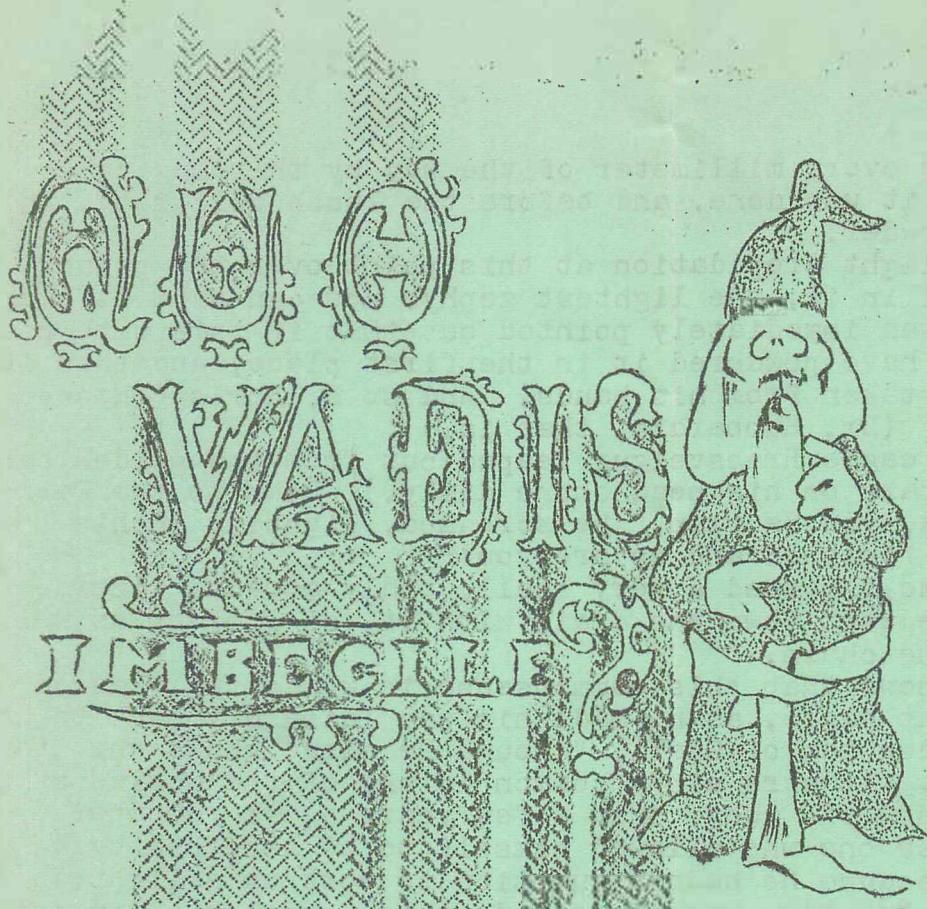
Oct. 26, 1968. Ammending the previous motion. Any particularly asinine remarks made by the President are to be recorded in the minutes.

November 16, 1968. No swords or other phallic symbols may be fondled by the President at meetings.

Nov. 30, 1968. Anyone out of order at meetings is to be fined 25¢.

December 28, 1968. Anyone out of order 45 times or more at the same meeting is to have a sign hung around his neck reading, "Out of order." (Note: at this meeting, Walsh had puffed 46 times on a cigar, thus violating the motion of Sept. 28 (ammended))

January 18, 1969. Anyone owing \$11 or more in "out of order" fines is not allowed to exercise any authority whatsoever on what is printed about him in *Nolazine*, especially if he is the President.



Tolkien as he should have been
by Harry Moore Behan

Stan Taylor

After all, if they managed to destroy that ring, all Pido's troubles would vanish, along with their makers, illusions that they were. So his friends quietly removed it from his unconscious body and SET ABOUT IT.

Now if this seems exceedingly strange procedure to any reader of weird tales or fairy tales, wit ye that there in Splitvale only was to be found a philosophical principle exceedingly rare in such regions, known as COMMONSENSE, and under it guidance they had pretty fair hopes of being able to do just that: destroy the ring.

Protected by its magical force-field comprising a goodly portion of the soul-force of Saurian, the most notorious and powerful alligator in all Annuvon, it was well-known that the ring could withstand the blow of a sledge hammer without showing the slightest mark or deformation. But what if the blow, or many blows, were concentrated on one small portion of the ring? A billion, a quadrillion blows? And what of Saurian while this was going on? He was tightly bound with it, and if sufficient force were applied to it, would he not suffer just like The Giant That Had No Heart--when the duck egg containing his far-off heart was squeezed? A tougher matter, but nothing is indestructible or has infinite strength. Such was the reasoning in Splitvale, guided by COMMONSENSE.

So shortly a good-sized medium-grain grindstone was winding up to high speed under the lusty cranking of two big muscular elves delivered through step-up gears on each side of the stone. And that magical force-field did put up a struggle. It banged and bounced against the wheel at first without taking any nick, just as if it were really hard instead of bolstered up artificially by sorcery. But good stout courage, perseverance, and COMMONSENSE paid off--backing strong muscles and a strong pair of tongs. A nick--and then another, and ther-

Pido was flat. He was always flat on any important occasion--well, by the end of one, anyway. But it mattered not, as he had enough friends who could carry on. And so he arrived feet first in Splitvale. Unconscious. Smitten down by the Powers of Darkness that sought to get hold of the RING.

Pido was a nobody; it was the ring that counted, and it had gotten there, that all-important RING. And since he is a nobody, we shall drop him from the story at this point, and carry on with the thing that matters.

a steady grind, fought every millimeter of the way by that magical force-field--and then it was done, and before the lunch bell rang, that ring was reduced to powder.

There was some slight trepidation at this point over the powder. "If the spell is still in it, the lightest zephyr now can waft it back to Saurian." But it was immediately pointed out that if this were possible, Saurian would have powdered it in the first place, and then it could never have been taken from his hands. And so L. Ron's commonsense was vindicated. (Dr. Hubbard's, that is.)

And so the great eagle Hraesvelgur leaped out from the golden bar of Gimli. (And the stars on his head shone dimly.) Down to the Dark Tower swooped he. "Ya, you Saurian," he screamed, lighting in his window, "your ring is finished and so are you!"

"You're telling me," moaned a very small, badly-abraded lizard. "The better part of me went down the drain with it, so I might as well follow." He pulled the chain.

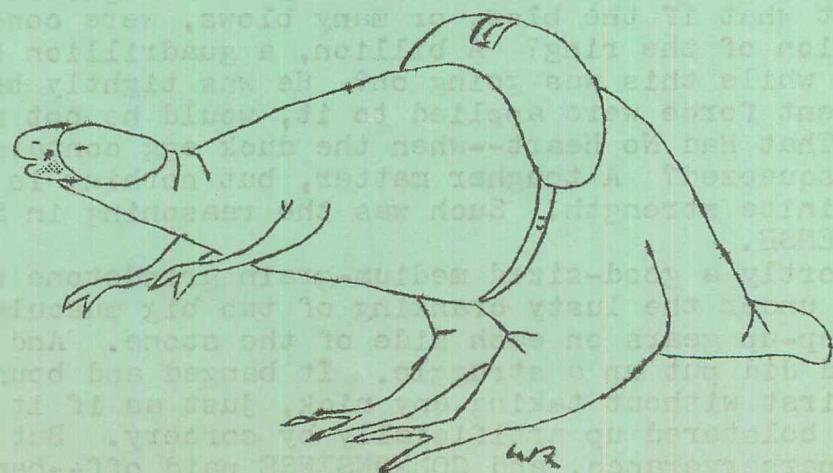
"The One alone knows that this commonsense is wonderful," mused Hraesvulgur, the great eagle, as he made his way leisurely back to his high perch on the golden bar of Gimli, "though He alone knows why it is called COMMONsense. It sure ain't common in any of the worlds of Faerie or WT that I know of. Why, only a few years ago I remember one hopelessly helpless one who allowed himself to be absorbed by a Haunter of the Dark because he hadn't gumption to work up a light."

"Well, if this grindstone hadn't worked, this Gondolphus wouldn't be much chemist if he couldn't work up a higher temperature with his pyrotechnics than that volcano where the ring was made. I haven't seen one yet that can produce a really white heat like his flash powder. And he told me that there was a long string of chemicals that would dissolve gold, not the least of which was mercury--and more gold--already molten."

"And enyhoo, it would have been a small matter for me to carry the ring over and drop it in the crater, and, but little more to carry that little squirt Pido there and back, if he insisted on doing it himself. But in Splitvale, at least, I know that they would TRY everything within reason before they dumped it on me. They've got gumption as well as commonsense."

Thus musing, the great eagle Hraesvulgur arrived back on his eyrie, fluffed his feathers and settled down to snooze away another aeon. "Phnglui mglwnaafh, Cthulhu. CTHULHU! ACHOOO! Phnff, nfff."

He slept.



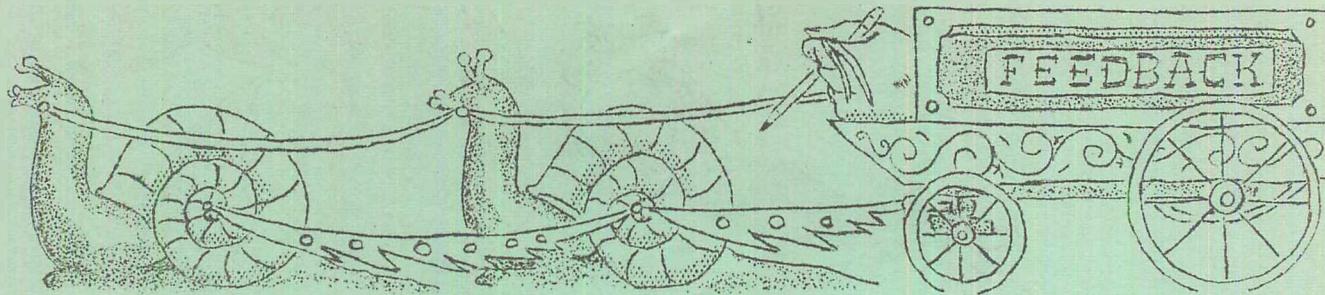
THE DARK LAND

In the dark land
Of spreading shadows
Dreams walk arm-in-arm
Into the night.

Gay, bright colored dreams
All dressed in silks
Of watered blue and green,
Red and yellow dreams
That lived in sunlight
They walked upon the barren plain
Before the land of night,
But soon they tired
And held each other close.
And as their colors faded,
Arm-in-arm for comfort,
They walked into the night.

In the dark land
Of spreading shadows
Dreams walk arm-in-arm
Into my night.

- Janice A. Cullum -



Glen T. Brock, Box 10942, Atlanta, Ga. 30310.....

My only criticism is your printing process. You deserve more than mimeograph. Your issues seem to improve steadily and (I presume) that it will reach its climax by the St. Louis World Convention. / You're wrong. We'll continue to improve even beyond the New Orleans World Convention, in 1973--DDM /

There is one thing that I wish to stress in this letter, representing ASFO-2. The time is right for a federation of fan groups in the South. The necessity of such a maneuver is quite obvious; most fan groups, with NOSFA and ASFO-2 as exceptions, are quite small and locally oriented. In comparing Southern fandom to Northern and Western fandom, one may readily find that the big difference is that Northern fan groups are generally few and very large, and Southern fan groups are many and very small. If these splintered groups confederate into a loose knit union, the South will have more sayso concerning conventions, both local and world. As it stands now, New York or another Northern city gets the Worldcon bid every time the Eastern coast region is offered. The reason for this is the size of New York fandom. If Southern fandom organized, this power structure would be challenged and more Southern fandom conventions could be held, drawing prestige, activity, and money into the South.

Representing ASFO-2, I wish to make clear that the Atlanta Science Fantasy Organization wholeheartedly supports Irvin Koch's proposal for an organized Southern fandom league, and ASFO-2 will contribute its fair share of time and material to this project; a project that is not only beneficial but also necessary for the survival of the "explosive fandom movement" that affects not only ASFO-2, but all Southern fandom as well.

I suggest that representatives of NOSFA, preferably officers, and ASFO-2 meet at the DeepSouthCon with representatives of other large fan groups to lay the groundwork of a Southern fandom alliance. It seems clear to me that these largest fan groups will have to bear most of the organizational load of the alliance until it matures and becomes established in fandom.

This meeting will be absolutely necessary. Financing, which will be necessary for publications and ready capital will have to be discussed in detail. No fan group has a surplus of ready cash for such a project and some procedure for collecting necessary funds (estimate \$300 for the immediate expenses of organizing / What expenses?--DDM /) must be worked out in detail. Also, a choice of headquarters must be discussed. Since NOSFA and ASFO-2 are the largest fan groups in the area at this time, one of these groups should be made temporary headquarters until something more permanent can be formed. I also suggest that Irvin Koch, if he is available / He isn't. He's overseas in the Army right now.--DDM /, be made administrative head of the alliance until some election of a type can be held.

Please reply to this letter, which started out as a loc and has evolved into an administrative correspondence, so that the administration of ASFO-2 should know what procedure to progress with. I also suggest that NOSFA and ASFO-2 seriously should consider an alliance so that formal documents can be prepared for presentation at the Knoxville convention. I plan to notify Janie Lamb, who evidently is the executive head of Tennessee fandom of these actions so that Tennessee will have an opportunity to join this alliance if it forms. Don't sit back and sip your mint julip now, my friends, it's only seven months till DeepSouthCon time and there is a hell of a lot

of a lot of work to do if Southern fandom is to get rolling in 1969!

I Thanks very much for responding. It shows that there's some interest in Southern fandom, which is about the best encouragement we could have. But we're still going to stand behind our editorial and back a looser organization. Financing will be a minor problem. All that will cost will be the OO, which could be paid (donated:) by the publisher. It shouldn't cost more than a few dollars to put out an issue, so there's no problem.

I You're right about NOSFA and ASFO-2 bearing most of the work in the beginning. Someone has to do it, and it doesn't look like anyone else is in a position to do so right now. You needn't worry about representatives of NOSFA being at the DeepSouth-Con VII in Knoxville. We'll be there in full force.

I We're not alone in wanting a less restrictive group. The next correspondent neglected to give a return address, but from evidence within, we have an idea you can get in touch with him through Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St. Newport News, Va. /

Beroaldus Cosmopolita, Lord of the League, Master of the Maze, S.M.O.F., etc.

Dear Nosfen,

A most excellent NOLAZINE! You have so much good art, I really think you should omit some of the lesser stuff. I can't remember seeing anything by Frolich before, but he (?) is very good. I especially like the cover.

I quite agree with you, Don, about the SFG. Koch's proposed rules are much too binding and unnecessarily complicated. The idea of a rotating OO should be workable with the flexible schedule --the NFFF had to abandon it to get the zine out regularly, though I was sorry to see it go. I liked the variety we got, and it gave anyone with repro equipment the opportunity of publishing for a large audience at little cost. In the case of the SFG OO, I think the local club or odd lone fan publishing it can easily afford to bear the expense, since the mailing list will not be all that large, at least at first.

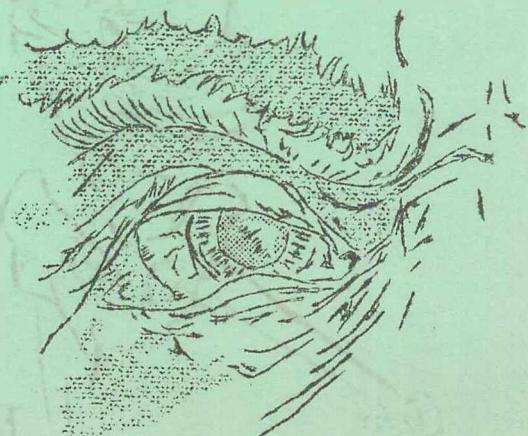
Southern fandom is not well-known enough nationally. One thing you might do is send the names and addresses of the DSC attendees to the NESFA for incorporation into their computerized mailing list. This list of over 2000 names can be obtained for \$1, and is produced on a highspeed printer from a continuously updated IBM card deck. Address--NESFA, Box G, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. I Anyone who objects to having his name sent to NESFA, speak now....-DDM /

I don't see any need for the SFG to have these "reprint rights." There is no point in reprinting anything from the other zines except news, and no "rights" are needed for that. The OO should contain news, members' letters, and anything that anyone wants to put before all of Southern fandom. The format, artwork, etc., will be determined by the current editor.

One little error in the con report --the Hearts game wasn't in my room, but down the hall. I I never said it was, Bero. I said it was in Ned Brooks' room.--DDM /

Jan's "Tiger Lake" is an ambitious effort, but somehow awkward to read. It is not particularly the odd line that doesn't scan, but something in the rhyme-rhythm structure that makes me feel as though I was running on broken ground as I try to read it. Has it been read aloud there? I Yes. It came out fine. /

Having met Don Walsh, I can hardly doubt the latest episode in the Neo-Pro saga... If he and the HANK / Hank Reinhardt of Alabama,



in case you're not from the South. I ever meet I think something very strange will happen. Both will vanish and a creature never seen before will walk the earth.

Choco-

late Ice Cream Con is a great piece of fan-fiction. Rick and I were discussing this very same problem about three years ago. At least I was--as I remember, Rick thought then that it would be no problem. The solution at the end is excellent, and I think it would work. If LORD OF THE FLIES wasn't fresh in everyone's mind, maybe there is something else that all fans would pick up immediately... Like "Gondor!" or "Axes of the Dwarves!" or "Aa-a-li-i-ga-a-tor!"

FANTASY Opus #4 was an old idea, but well-done.

The illo is great.

Vaughn Bodé's THE MAN is a great strip. Besides the Syracuse University booklet, there are several episodes in the NY "underground" paper, THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, and some other excellent strips by Bodé, including three full-page strip ads for various records put out by Douglas. One of the "lizard" strips ran on for several pages.

With a little mundane compromise you might manage a live Jetan game. The West Coast SOCIETY FOR CREATIVE ANACHRONISMS held a live chess game earlier this year. They have evolved elaborate rules and standardized weapons for hand-to-hand combats, both on horse and afoot. For example, the helmets and dhields used in their tournaments may be real (tho a real shield is pretty heavy, and many use wicker instead.), but the swords are made of a light wood shaped to an elliptical cross-section that is strong without being heavy enough to inflict serious injury on the opponent. No point, of course. The Society has recently started an East Coast branch headed by Walter Breen, and they had a tournament in N.J. Better check the local ordinances. Just before the recent Philcon, the city of Philadelphia passed an ordinance outlawing the wearing of swords in public.

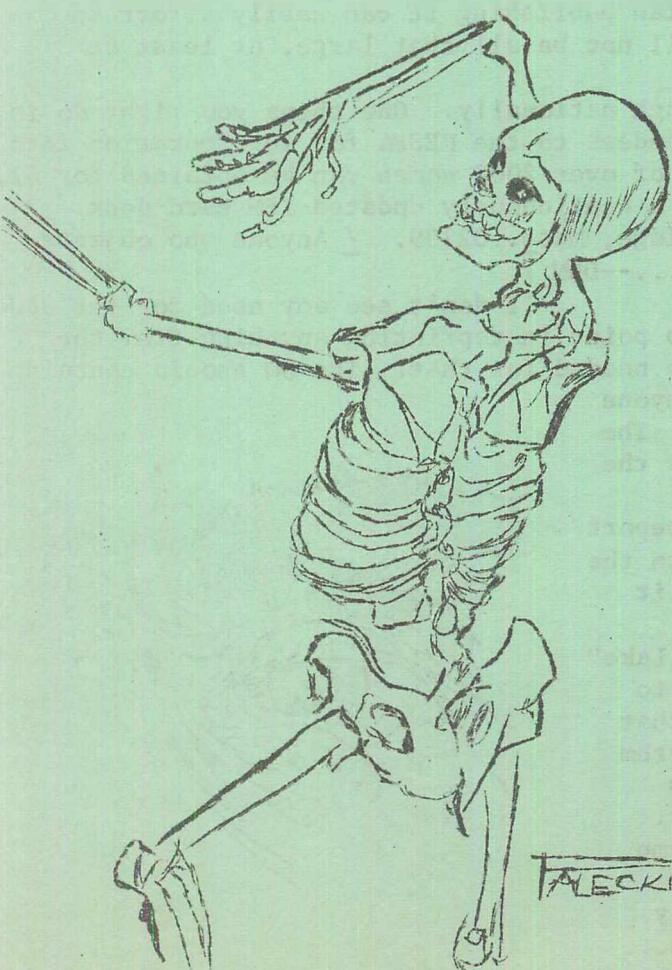
Joanna Russ warned us at Philcon that fandom and sf are due for an invasion of the academicians and campus intellectuals --I see from Don Cardoza's letter that they are here already...

Another good episode of THE NIGHT FALLS. I do have one nit to pick. The marriage customs or rules given on the first page seem a bit unlikely. It is not in the interest of the church to restrict marriage too much--the sacrament is one of their major holds on the populace, and they need children to be gorn into the faith. I do not mean any particular church--I think this would hold true of any church under feudal conditions. I The marriage custom as described in TNF is accurate, according to a number of sources I consulted when I wrote the story. These customs did, of course, vary from area to area. The churches' though on incest remained unchanged and the lords' reluctance to part with even one serf augmented the problem.--PHA I

Seth A. Johnson, 345 Yale Ave. Hillside,
N.J. 07205

Thanks a million for your fanzine bundle. I was most welcome and came at a time when I really needed it badly.

Now about that editorial of yours. It seems every person who organizes a fan club



simply must draw up a Constitution and the more complicated it is the better. Yet as a general rule I have noticed that Constitutions are far more trouble than they are worth and it's seldom a plank of it remains for more than a year or two before it has to be either amended or discarded altogether and replaced with a brand new one to fit the needs of the organization.

So my suggestion is to avoid constitution and by-laws and so forth and just organize your Southern fandom and use something akin to TIGHTBEAM to discuss questions which arise and set general policy for the President or Director.

Another suggestion is to have your con on the forth of July or Decoration Day. Either of these generally give people a long weekend to conventioneer in. And let the group vote in your NOLAZINE or letterzine as to where it's to be held.

Last but not least I will suggest you skip the bit of making it a congress of fan clubs. That's how N3F started and it just didn't work and they finally came around to the present system of individual members. And by all means charge dues plus a membership fee for attending the convention. The reason for this is that it's human nature to value a thing according to what it costs. If they pay nothing, then that's just the value the individual will place on his or her membership.

That sounds like just a terrific speech by Galouye as recorded. And I agree with him 100% about the New Wave tripe. It isn't science fiction. It isn't even fiction but merely idiotic scribbling of pornographic and scatological grafitte such as you'll find in public rest rooms and toilets.

That was a typically subjective name dropping convention report, by the way. An that type report is generally of interest only to those mentioned in it who don't need a report in the first place. But those who couldn't attend sure would have liked to know more about what was said from the rostrom and who said it. Oh well. This one was rather interesting at that.

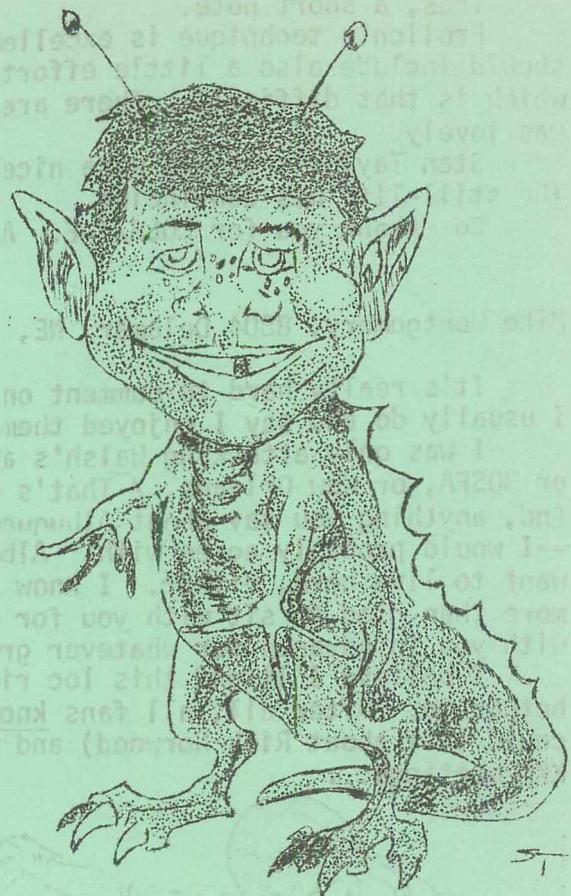
Janice Cullum's poetry is excellent. Reminds me of some of the beautiful and macabre stuff in WEIRD TALES so many years ago. I wonder if she ever read Oscar Wilde's BALLAD OF READING GAOL.

I certainly hope all New Orleans fandom concurs in Rick Norwood's little story and the attitude expressed. I also liked some of the book reviews although I could have wished for a more adequate review of Thorne Smith, who is still in my book as the greatest humorist and fantasy writer to date. Titles like TOPPER, TOPPER TAKES A TRIP IN THE DOORWAY, CHANGEABOUT, THE BISHOP'S FAIGERS, and some other titles that slip the mind at this late date. But every one of them with a bellylaugh on every other page and some lusty chuckles on every page. Even Balzac's DROLL TALES cannot compare with any of the Thorne Smith masterpieces.

Just by the way, that frontcover was really terrific.

Jack Gaughan, P.O. Box 516, Rifton, N.Y. 12471

I must apologise. I have been hoping that I'd get time to do (perhaps in the manner of Mr. Warner) a long letter, but the time has not appeared and the H.K. Flu has put me behind so far that I can no longer see daylight.



Thus, a short note.

Frolich's technique is excellent--procedure is solid, but such elaborate drawing should include also a little effort in the way of proportion and anatomy...neither of which is that difficult. There are mirrors and there are friends to pose. Pp. 24-25 was lovely.

Stan Taylor's things were nicely laid-out--in relation to space; viewpoint, area. The still-life was convincing.

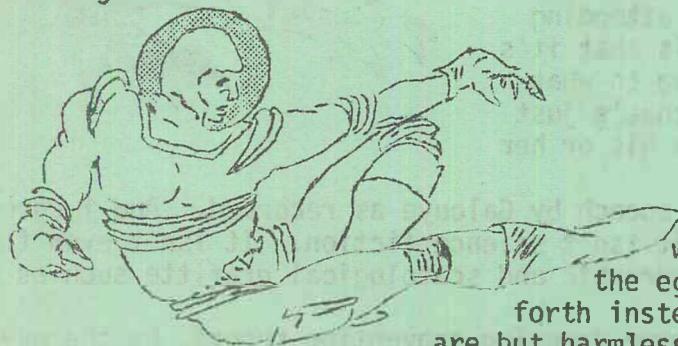
So--thank you for NOLAZINE. A very attractive magazine.

Mike Montgomery, 8804 Delamar, NE, Albuquerque, N.M. 87111.

It's really hard to comment on con reports, for me, at any rate. I'll just do as I usually do and say I enjoyed them, particularly the "There-Again Back-Again" item.

I was only attacking Walsh's asinine remarks about Ellison, not him personally, or NOSFA, or New Orleans. That's good. Nobody can attack Don Walsh but us--DDM / And, anything you say about Albuquerque--I'm assuming your attitude is a negative one --I would probably agree with. Albuquerque is a lousy place to visit, and you wouldn't want to live here, either. I know I don't. If I see you at some convention I'd be more than glad to sit with you for a while and curse the town. Allow me to sympathize with you in advance for whatever gross events occurred to your convention crew.

I believe I'll end this loc right here, since my conscience is just beginning to bother me. After all, all fans know you Southerners are bigots (why, the stories I could tell about Rick Norwood) and wear white sheets to NOSFA meetings and read sf at KKK meetings...



Perry A. Chapdelaine
Rt. 4, Box 137, Franklin
Tennessee, 37064.

You know, everybody claims their eg when credit is thrown out, but how fast the ego disappears when criticism springs forth instead! I hope you realize that my barbs are but harmless twits from the aged lips of a well meaning but rather naive gentleman.

I've read your three issues of NOLAZINE / #'s 5, 6, and 8 / from cover to cover in one sitting. I laughed uproariously, with my wife, over the antics of going and coming to conventions as well as the steady stream of outrageous arrows against your "neo-pro" Don Walsh Jr. These things are good and should be continued--even at the expense of Don's sanity. / Don's What? /

I am also impressed by the members' drive to write. Original stories and comments, too, should be continued.

But--there are places which need improvement if the organization and members' goals are to match their lofty ambitions:

1. There is too much criticism of writers. I was very much impressed by the verbal knowledge and written knowledge of your group. Undoubtedly they can compare the main characters of the Vedic Hymns against Dan Galouye's 1972 masterpiece--and make the comparison odious in either direction they might choose. I don't have this facility myself and must admit that I am somewhat weighed under by it.

There's an old saying in the teaching profession: "Those that can do. Those that can't teach!" I wonder if some of the same philosophy doesn't apply here? Or, consider a further analogy: The English instructor who insists on grammatical structure and mechanics to the detriment of creative writing does no different than the one who is well versed in everybody's bad points yet hasn't acquired the more worthy habit of looking for his own.

Although I am thinking in terms of improving the image of the NOLAZINE, I am also thinking in terms of pointing the road to a more personal and useful set of habits, leading, of course, to professional writing.

Neither do I mean that one should stop criticizing. There ought to be a balance between the two and there ought to be what I would call, ahem, a "purer" motive for the criticism.

Certainly, at the very least, one should not criticize merely for the sake of demonstrating "erudition."

Frankly, I like everyone's writing. I want my children to read everybody. The only thing is, I like to read some people more than I do others! Without such an attitude, how in the world could I, or anyone else, ever expand the mind? One learns only when set mental constructs are broken or bent; and, what is this, if not the initial point in the process of pricking the ego?--showing the reader he is wrong--pushing the mind out to new frontiers, etc.

No, fellows, go ahead and gripe and complain and criticize. But do it in better balance. Better yet, learn to imitate the writer's style first, then tear the writer apart!

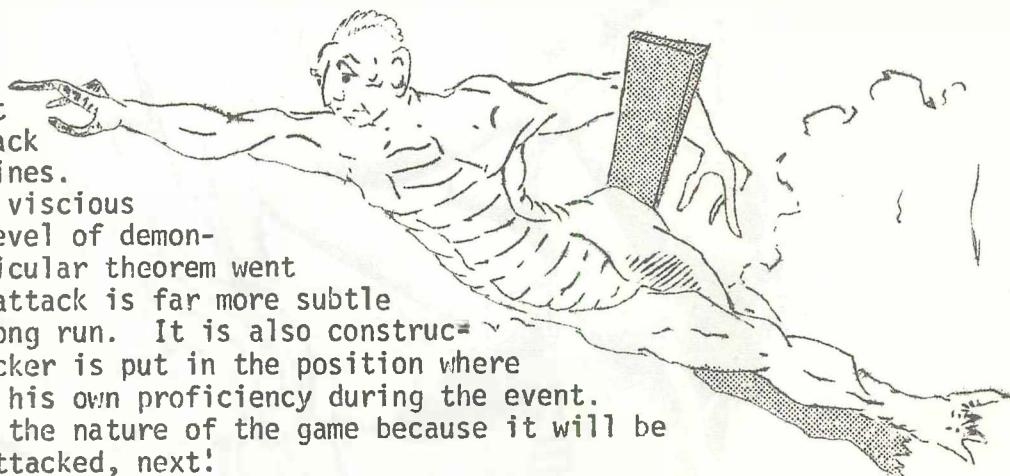
2. Don't ever pick on another person's personal living habits or beliefs or troubles / Perry is referring to an article which appeared in NOLAZINE 6, written by Don Walsh Jr. This was a humorous article about some of Harlan Ellison's exploits, placed, in a master stroke of layout genius, directly opposite a humorous article about some of Don Walsh's humorous exploits. If you must criticize, keep it on a professional level. There are three large professional mathematics organizations:

The Mathematical Association of America, the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics,

and the "Amer-

ican Society" as it
is called. I have yet
to see a personal attack
in any of their magazines.

I have seen plenty of vicious
attacks done on the level of demon-
strating where a particular theorem went
wrong. This kind of attack is far more subtle
and damaging in the long run. It is also construc-
tive because the attacker is put in the position where
he must "demonstrate" his own proficiency during the event.
This sort of evens up the nature of the game because it will be
the turn of the one attacked, next!



3. Please do write more about the non-boozie, non-carousing events of conventions. There are, or will be, a number of people who do not go to the conventions who will get your publication. They will be encouraged to go if they read about the truly non-humorous happenings. After all, not everyone is going to go for the sake of wine, women and song. Lin Carter's write-up in WORLDS OF IF is an excellent example of good public relations with the end in mind of "getting out the crowd." As mild as his comments were, and as patently milk-toastee, it worked! He did get out the crowd!

Again I ask, inspect your motives. If that is your true desire, you must obey the unspoken rules of promotional literature, like it or not.

-//-

A spaceman who wanted the stars
Got stuck on a milk run to Mars.
His dreams were now junk,
So he spent his life drunk
Seeing little pink aliens with clars.

--D. Markstein

