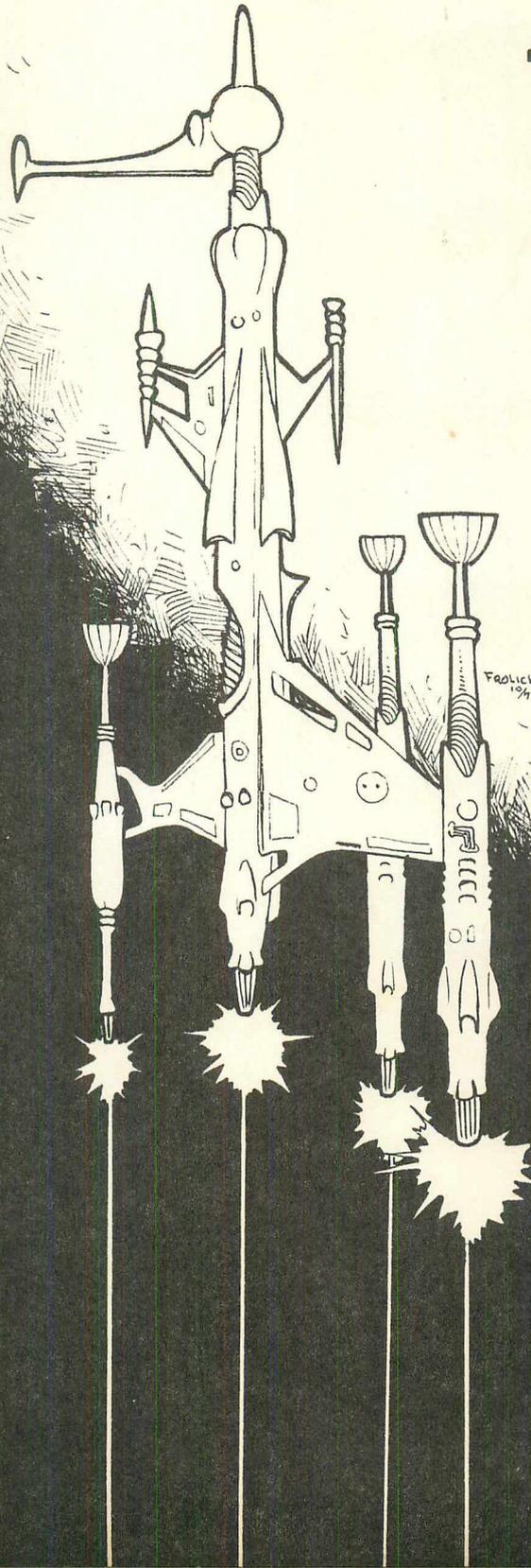


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March 15, 1973

A publication of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association for distribution to staff, members, friends, enemies, and other weird types that happened to be coerced into paying for their copies at the assigned rates.

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Copyright 1973. James G. Mule', Publishing Editor. Patrick Adkins, Editor. All rights to the articles and art in this issue are the property of the individual artist/author. Mailing Address: NOLAZINE, P.O. Box 8087, New Orleans, La., 70182. Staff this ish: Pat Adkins--Editor. Jim Mule'--Publishing Ed. Secretary--Dixie Wagoner. Staff Artists--Dany Frolich, Nancy Mayberry, Ken Hafer. And I wish to thank the following people for their assistance: Pete Bezbak, Dennis Dolbear, Rick and Lynne Norwood, Dean and Mary Sweatman, Nancy Mayberry, Dany and Mary Frolich, Tom Hamilton, Dale Bills, Jeanette Williams, Guy Lillian, Don Markstein, Lester Boutillier, and especially to Erin McAllister--just for being.

An added thanks to Jan Lassen on whose typewriter this was ground out.

For those interested, subscriptions are 50¢/issue. If there is anyone whom I have left out--I appologize now, I just can't remember everything.

The gods be with you all--peace and happiness forever.

This is

AN EDITORIAL MESSAGE FROM ME TO YOU  
or how i got stuck with the job

Well, folk, here it is--NOLAZINE !#--that's thirteen for those who can't read capitals. With this issue NOLAZINE takes a forward step into the past, i.e. it goes back to mimeography.

First, let me introduce myself. My name is James Mule<sup>1</sup>. Some of you may know me as the Vice-President of NOSFA, which organization is the one responsible for my being here and the one to which I shall hand a bill for all debts--just before I leave town. (No use willingly putting my head in the noose.)

This issue will hopefully be out before the end of this month--it is now March, 1973; and contrary to what you may have read elsewhere it has not been 34 months since the last issue, just 19.

Now, to answer the main question which must be bugging someone, somewhere. What question? The question of what the hell I am doing writing the editorial instead of Pat. Well, it seems that ye olde ed decided, for reasons which will be apparent later, that he could no longer work on NOLAZINE. So it was apparent that another editor was needed, so we looked around at the NOSFA meeting that night and after much hemming and hawing around I ~~was forced~~--volunteered to take it.

So that is why I am in charge at this time. But I must keep the record straight. All the layout work for this issue was done by Pat. All I did was to take the material he gathered and organize the typing sessions, print it, and distribute it. Therefor all praise for this issue is rightfully Pat's and should be addressed to him. All digs come to me.

I guess a word about my editorial policy for this issue is in order. I disagreed with many of the previous editors in their view that NOLAZINE should strive for great heights or actively work for a Hugo. My view is that to receive a Hugo would be wonderful, but this fanzine is a club publication, that it is for the club members, to be mostly done by them in both the writing and production. In accord with this I will be relying more on the club's TALENT than on professional. This is not to imply that professional work is not welcome, it most certainly is, but I would like to see more material from the club members as a whole than I have seen in the past. Therefore, anyone having any work that they would wish to see in Nolzazine is welcome to bring it to me, and if there is any talent, interest, or content at all--it will be accepted.

In accordance with a request from a reader of our previous issue, I wish to editorially state that the letter which appears to be from that erstwhile Son of God(?), Mr. Harlan Ellison, is a letter that he wrote to Pat for the benefit of the workshop, and that he is not breaking his resolve not to write for fanzines. (Ok, people--hearts is broken:!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)

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Hmmm--still reading this? One of us must be a glutton for punishment!

On to club news. First, since the last issue of NOIAZINE came out, the club's first life member was born--Miss Vivian Norwood. She arrived in November, 1971, and has been to many meetings since then. The very next month, NOSFA's third intra-club wedding took place when Miss Dixie Wagoner became Mrs. Pat Adkins; and in September, 1972, a new addition to the Adkins group arrived--Alisa (I hope I have spelled her name correctly.)

In other areas of club news, NOSFA has acquired a number of new members. These include Miss Erin L. McAllister, Rick McAllister, Miss Nancy Mayberry, Miss Eilene Stewart, and Mr. Rick Lind. We have also had to say goodbye to one of our members, Miss Candy Baines, who has moved to California. We wish her much luck and happiness in her new home.

In the area of local fan doings, New Orleans is very active this year. The first thing I would like to mention is the Vul-Con I, a Star Trek-SF convention, taking place in June of 1973--the 21st to the 24th. For information, write to P.O. Box 8087, New Orleans, La., 70182. But hurry, please. Our guest list at the moment includes: Gene and Majel Roddenberry, Ruth Berman, D.C. Fontana, David Gerald, and Pierre Kirk. Then, two months later, the DSC once again rolls up its sleeves for another few days of fun. For information, write to Don Markstein, 2425 Nashville Ave., N.O., La., 70115. Then finally, there is the emergence of the latest apa onto the NO-scene--George!!!!!! That's right, not satisfied with being just a Peli-Con, George has now moved up (down?) to the level of being an apa. George is going for its 4th issue as I write this.

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A 4-bit quad buffer is neither a buffer nor a level converter, its a gate/buffer-driver.

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I thought I would add that little bit of info on you so that no one could ever say that I don't put out informative issues. Also I couldn't think of anything else to say, so I guess that that is about as good a way as any to end this editorial.

Just one last thing before I shut up, I don't know if its ever been done before or not or even if its liked, but I am going to start a new policy, starting with this issue I will dedicate each issue just like a book is dedicated.

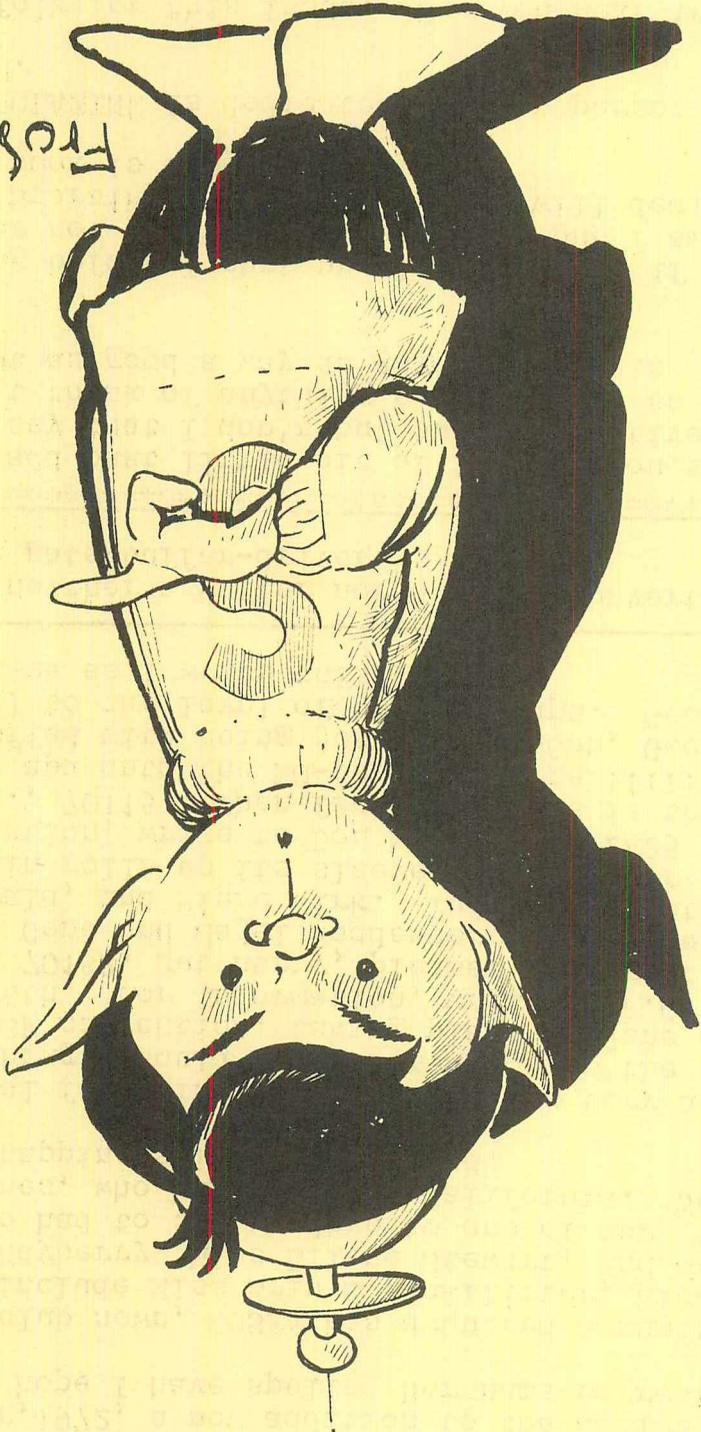
So this issue of NOIAZINE is dedicated to that person whom I shall not forget--ELM.

Well, that's all folk for this issue. See you next ish if I'm still at the helm. BYE, GOOD LUCK, AND TO ALL!--

PEACE AND LONG LIFE

Jim mule!

Fred Patten



FRED  
PATTEN  
BY

DSC IX  
AT

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTIONS-----A SPEECH

How many of you are planning to go to the WorldCon in Boston next week?

How many of you went to the WorldCon in Heidelberg last year?

How many of you think that the WorldCon is actually the North American regional annual Con and that it should be kept in the U. S. and Canada with only occasional trips abroad? And how many feel that the WorldCon should be a genuine global s-f Con and should be encouraged to travel abroad as often as possible?

The concept of fandom is an international brotherhood of science-fiction devotees has been a rosy and long-standing one. In fact, however, what fans there have been outside North America have been rather isolated. It's only during the last five or six years that the theory has begun to become a reality. You might say that we're entering the Age of Aquarius, and while we can look forward to eventual harmony and understanding, it's not being achieved as easily as a simple handshake between two fans from different countries. The conflict and confusion generated by the meeting of the ideal and the reality is most evident in the current debate over the WorldCon--what is actually is, what it should be, and what it's likely to become in the near future.

Apparently the World Science Fiction Convention wasn't originally planned as a designation for a global gathering of fans at all, and if it is one now--a matter that some fans will debate--it evolved almost by accident. The first WorldCon, as everybody knows, was held in New York in 1939. Fandom at that time was at most 10 years old, and there were very few fans who were out of their teens. Up to that time, there'd been no really large gatherings of fans; aside from local club meetings, contact was almost all by correspondence and fanzine exchange. The previously largest gathering had been the 1938 First National Convention, which did get a respectable attendance of over 100, but which was geographically limited to fans from an area bounded by the New England states on the North, Pennsylvania on the West, and Maryland on the South. It was at this First National Convention in Newark that the idea of holding a World Convention the next year in New York was discussed, and the idea for both the Con and its name was to capitalize on the 1939 World's Fair in New York. The Fair's theme of the "World of the Future" was certainly appropriate to an s-f Con, and it was hoped that the attraction of the Fair would encourage people to come who otherwise wouldn't (or couldn't get parental permission to) travel hundreds of miles just to attend a weekend gathering of fans. The idea worked. Fans came from as far away as California (an "official delegation" from Los Angeles included Forrest J. Ackerman and Ray Bradbury), and there were some from Canada to give it a genuine international flavor. Even before the Con took place, it became so obvious in the fan press that it was going to be a success that a self-appointed delegation arrived from Chicago fandom to ask for permission to hold a 2nd World Convention the following year. Fandom agreed (not without some fannish politicking -- see Moskowitz's *The Immortal Storm*), and the ChiCon I was held. This second WorldCon was the first to get bids from several different cities to host the next one; Denver won. At Denver, Los Angeles won the fourth WorldCon for 1942, but because of the War this was postponed until 1946. And there's been a World Science Fiction Convention ever since.

At what point did the name start being taken seriously as the designation for a world-wide gathering of fans? It's impossible to say with certainty, though fans have always had a weakness for grandiose projects and titles. The Con went to Toronto in 1948, and some fans probably applauded the internationality of crossing the border into Canada for a weekend, but that hardly affected the nature of the Con as U.S. fandom's annual gathering. By the early '50's, bidding from different cities had become so heavy that a rotation plan was set up to keep down the proliferation of candidates and to ensure that no one region of the country got a topheavy share of the Cons by awarding them to nearby cities to keep them within easy traveling distance. A provision was made in this rotation plan for cities outside North America to bid--the rotation went West, Central, Eastern North America, with "other" allowed to bid whenever it could. This was mostly window-dressing to maintain fandom's image of itself as the international brotherhood, but it shows that the title "WorldCon" had come to be looked upon by then as designating a theoretical worldwide gathering of fans. At the same time, this image was furthered by the organization of a special fund to bring Walt Willis, the most popular British fan of the time, to the 1952 WorldCon in Chicago, and by the creation almost immediately thereafter of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund to encourage regular interchange between the annual North American WorldCons and British Easter Cons. The internationalism was all Anglo-American, but it was the logical first step to greater things.

Back in 1948, a prolific fannish letterhack, Rick Sneary of South Gate, CA, created the slogan, "South Gate in '58!" Rick is bedridden most of the time and physically unable to travel large distances; the only way he'd ever get to see a WorldCon would be to have it in his back yard. Somewhat to his surprise, fandom seized hold of the idea the way it has of embracing fads and causes, and Los Angeles fandom adopted it as its slogan for a serious WorldCon bid. (South Gate is one of L.A.'s suburbs.) The only trouble was that when the rotation plan was set up to control the bidding, the West Coast's year turned out to be 1957. Then British fans tentatively suggested that they'd like to have the opportunity to host a WorldCon sometime, and this solved everything. Let London have the '57 WorldCon, and that would put Los Angeles (the only West Coast bidder, so there was no competition) rights on schedule for South Gate in '58! Everything worked smoothly, and the WorldCon traveled outside North American for the first time. A lot of fans felt that the World Convention had finally justified its proud title.

The Con returned to the U.S. in 1958. In 1960, a sort of drought of bidders befell it. All during the '50's, there had been two or more contenders for most WorldCons. The Con for 1960 was the last for several years to be contested (Pittsburgh won). Those for 1961 through '64 were all awarded without opposition to an only bidder, and for awhile it didn't look as though there were by any bidder for 1965 (the Central region's turn) at all. Some fans seriously worried that the WorldCon had exhausted itself. Then London fandom stepped forward again around '63 and said that if no American bidder really wanted the '65 Con, it's be happy to host it. What slight interest there was didn't mind deferring its turn another year, and London was awarded its second WorldCon. (The dry spell was serious enough to prompt the first out-of-rotation bid since the rotation system was established, the next year. At the London

business meeting, Syracuse, New York, in the Eastern zone, campaigned for the '66 WorldCon on the grounds that it really wanted it which the Central zone didn't. But the Central zone mustered a bid for Cleveland and won after all, and put on a good Con. Since then, there've been a number of active bidders each year once more.)

It was in 1965 and 1966 that international fandom began to come alive as a real force. Fans from Continental Europe had visited the American WorldCon or the British Eastercon on a rare, individual basis, and there was even a Japanese fan, Tetsu Yano, at an early WorldCon. But the 1965 London Con attracted fans from all over Europe, and encouraged them to make greater contact with each other and with British and American fan-doms. In 1966, for the first time a third nation entered and won the TAFF race, and Tom Schluck of West Germany came to the TriCon. Also in 1966, a bid was organized in Los Angeles to win the 1968 WorldCon and to organize it as the Pan-PacifiCon, with two conventions to be held in Los Angeles and Tokyo simultaneously with as much contact and cooperation as possible. As part of this plan a new fund was created, the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund, to bring the leading Japanese fan, Takumi Shibano, to the American half. The convention itself fell through--the Los Angeles bidders lost it for the same reasons the Republicans lost the 1948 presidential campaign, by becoming complaisant over early indication of a sure victory and underestimating its competition in San Francisco--but TOFF was a success, collecting so much money that not only Takumi but his wife Sachiko also could come to the '68 WorldCon that was finally held in Berkeley.

At about this same time, advertising began to appear for a WorldCon bid for Heidelberg in 1970. This marked a new step in two ways. It was the first time that fans in a non-English speaking land had bid for the WorldCon, and it was the first time that fans outside American had organized a bid without carefully making sure that no American city wanted the Con for that year. The two London bids had been uncontested. The HeiCon bid was contested from the start, not by any particular opposing bid, but by fans who felt it was time to establish once and for all that the WorldCon was really only America's annual regional Con. The first stage of the current debate was started.

This debate became prominent in WorldCon politics in 1967 and '68, when it became clear that Heidelberg's bid was serious and well-organized, and when other foreign fans began taking an interest in the WorldCon and complaining that the U.S. was hogging it and that it should be sent to other countries more often. One side--call them liberals, internationalists, what you will--claimed that the World Convention was or should be a genuine world convention in fact and now was the time to begin making it so, that Heidelberg had a perfect right to bid, and that proper-thinking fans who wanted to work for the expansion and betterment of s-f and the WorldCons would support the bid. The other side said that the WorldCon was no more than the American national Con under an inflated title (citing as an example baseball's World Series that's limited to U.S. teams). More, they denied the precedent of the two London WorldCons by arguing that foreign fans hadn't won those but that American fans had allowed them to host the American gathering in those particular years; they denounced the Europeans calling for a greater share of WorldCons as those who'd steal our annual get-together from us; and they called for proper-thinking fans to be practical rather than idealistic dreamers and not send the World Con to strange places where we couldn't attend and

where such popular and important traditions as the "Hugo" awards and the Art Show would be lost.

Both sides had something to be said for parts of their arguments. As far as the Heicon was concerned, the liberals won easily. This was partly because fans are naturally dreamers rather than conservatives and prefer wide to narrow visions; partly because the Heicon bidders promised to respect American WorldCon traditions as much as possible; possibly because some of the conservative arguments were so chauvenistic that they embarrassed otherwise neutral fans; and partly because there just wasn't any particular city opposing Heidelberg for 1970. Actually, Heidelberg prepared and conducted a very skillful campaign. It announced an enthusiastic, faanish bid, early enough that the cities who'd ordinarily have declared for 1970 were able to shift to 1971 instead with no inconvenience, and it made the idea of the Heidelberg vacation for American fans as attractive as possible, inviting the Americans to come to Europe rather than asking us to loan them the WorldCon for a year, which had more-or-less been the attitude when it had gone to London. For practical purposes, Heidelberg actually won in 1967 when the longstanding rotation plan was changed to specify that the WorldCon should travel outside of North America regularly once every four years, beginning in 1970. (This was changed to a five-year schedule the next year.) The opposition announced a bid for Bermuda, as close as could be come to North America while remaining technically outside, but this was so widely viewed with contempt as a spoiler bid by most of the potential voting fans that as the final moment it was declared that the bid had only been a joke to make the campaign more interesting.

During 1968 and 1969, the WorldCon situation was a program debate topic at practically every regional American convention and at the British Eastercon, too. This culminated at the St. LouisCon in 1969 in an atmosphere of internationalism that was later decided to have been excessive. A resolution was passed that would have stripped the WorldCon title from the annual American Con, renamed that one the North American Science Fiction Convention (NASFiC), and sent the WorldCon title traveling around the world from one foreign Con to another. Same Lundwall, the Swedish fan, cites this resolution in triumph in his new study from Ace Books, SCIENCE FICTION; WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. What Lundwall doesn't report is that the German fans who'd come to St. Louis to win the Heicon bid were themselves embarrassed by this reaction--what some fans have termed "breast-beating." The Germans protested that all they wanted was the WorldCon for one year; that speaking from experience fandom outside North America wasn't ready to host a WorldCon much more often than once every five or six year; and that they didn't want to be responsible for starting a change that would destroy the WorldCon by forcing the title onto small Cons in countries with almost no fandom, that wouldn't know what to do with it.

During the following year, fandom did a partial about-face toward what was considered a more realistic position. The result was that fans arrived at the Heicon in 1970 with a new scheme already roughly agreed upon. The St. Louis Con's resolution was not ratified, as it needs to be; the Heicon declared the resolution out of its jurisdiction and referred it to the NorEasCon, where it's expected that i'll either be rescinded or defeated, or allowed to die quietly offstage, as it were. However, the Heicon did change the rotation plan back to its original division of West Coast, Central, and East Coast North America, with cities on other continents

able to bid whenever they want to. This was done with the expectation that there will be foreign bids more often in the future, and that American fans will compensate for the years in which the WorldCon leaves this continent by further organizing the North American SF Conventions so that we will not have to deprive ourselves of our annual gatherings in order to let other countries have the WorldCon. This should result in keeping the WorldCon a "strong" convention and helping to make it more international at the same time. In addition, the Heicon saw the creation of a new series of biannual European SF Conventions, which will hopefully build up European fandom in regard to conventioning.

So where do things stand at the moment? Well, back in 1968 when the rotation change was apparently going to force the WorldCon to leave North America every five years, ready or not, Australia announced a bid for 1975 and Stockholm announced one for 1980. Australia's was generally considered to be a weak token bid, and when it became obvious that the five-year plan was going to be abolished, Stockholm advanced its bid to 1976. But Australia did not drop out. Australian fandom protested that its bid was perfectly serious, and since then it's united to present a very strong campaign. Melbourne has been settled upon as the proposed city; Australian fandom is beginning to participate in current WorldCons in a big way--next year's L.A.Con already has 34 Aussie members, including 20 from Victoria, making that our fourth largest participating state (in contrast to only 1 member from Louisiana)--and a Down Under Fan Fund has been created to bring a foreign fan to Australia's 11th national Con next year, with \$500 pledged by Australian fandom. Stockholm is still bidding from 1976; in fact it's bidding for both the 34th WorldCon and the 3rd EuroCon, with the intention of combining them into the biggest Con that Europe will have had since the Heicon. At this year's British Con, interest was expressed in organizing another bid for London as soon as is convenient. So it looks like a genuine World Convention is finally with us.

One thing that may help indicate the success of this trend is the competition for the 1975 WorldCon. For the first time, a foreign city will be actively campaigning against an American city. At the WesterCon in San Francisco this year, the organizational committee--Jerry Jacks, Astrid Anderson, the Hannifens, and several other San Francisco fans--made it clear that they'll be bidding for the next WorldCon to rotate to the West Coast and that they don't intend to delay their plans for a year or maybe two to be polite to foreign cities. Jerry also said he expects to win with no trouble because he's sure that when it comes down to the vote, more fans will vote for self-interest--a Con they can attend--than will vote for the abstract ideal of international fannish brotherhood. The vote will be held at the 1973 WorldCon, which right now looks like it's going to be held in Toronto, and since the rules require that fans must buy their memberships in the 1975 Con as an abstract to be able to vote for the site, there'll probably be only about 200 fans deciding the issue. The split could be a narrow one; every vote will count.

There are still lots of problems; much remains to be decided. The vote for the '75 WorldCon, for instance, may depend on whether or not non-attendees of the '73 Con are allowed to vote by mail. This was done for the selection of the '72 Con site at the Heicon, but that was a one-shot rule; it has yet to be proposed and voted upon as a regular and continuing rule of WorldCon site selection voting procedure. If such a rule is proposed and voted into effect by 1973, that's a big

encouragement for Melbourne's bid because a lot of otherwise disenfranchise Australian fans will be able to vote. But if this rule is to be in effect in 1973, it had better be proposed at this year's Con Business Meeting. The same goes for ratifying the NASFiC. In 1957, 1965, and 1970, American fans were willing to do without their big annual Con in order to see it overseas, but this isn't going to hold true any more. From now on, when the WorldCon leaves North America--especially if it may be gone for more than one year in a row--there's going to be a substitute Con here that'll be everything the WorldCon is except for the name. So what do we do about organizing it? The Heicon passed a vague resolution supporting it, but that doesn't help too much when you get down to details. Let's assume that Melbourne wins the '75 WorldCon, two years from now at the '73 Con's Business Meeting. That means that that same Business Meeting should then pick a North American site for a NASFiC. Who's eligible? Should the contest be limited to the North American cities who were bidding for the '75 WorldCon? Should the NASFiC be given by default if there is only one North American bidder for the WorldCon? Should new cities be allowed to bid for the NASFiC? If so, should cities from outside the rotation zone which would ordinarily have hosted the WorldCon (in '75, the West Coast) be eligible, or should the NASFiC automatically be constrained by the WorldCon's rotation plan? Or how about bidding for the '77 WorldCon? Will that be held in Melbourne or at the NASFiC? It would be least confusing to keep the WorldCon bidding with the WorldCon--but assuming that all the bidders for the '77 site are American cities, it'll be more convenient to hold it at the NASFiC. There are a number of other ramifications that should be settled soon. I personally don't know what's been submitted to the NorEasCon Committee to be voted upon at its Business Meeting, but I suspect there'll be a lot of action--action that may give you the opportunity within a few years to have a choice between two major s-f conventions to attend, one of which can be combined with a vacation to a foreign country with the guarantee of friendly natives to welcome you. Action that may give you the opportunity to help select WorldCon and NASFiC sites from home in years when you can't get to the Con at which the voting's being held, which may be important if it's your own city that you want to support. Action that will expand the scope of science-fiction conventions and science-fiction fandom itself, to the betterment of our social organization and of our favorite field of literature--and, to a small but hopefully significant extent, to the betterment of international social contact and world togetherness.

And while we're on the subject of internationalism in fandom, I'd like to discuss DUFF. The Down Under Fan Fund. LOCUS has given it a brief writeup, but there hasn't been too much news about it so far; it's supposed to have its "big unveiling" at the NorEasCon. However, I'm not about to overlook this opportunity to tell you about it.

The Down Under Fan Fund has just been created by Australian fandom to bring a foreign fan to the 11th Australian Science Fiction Convention, their national convention, in Sydney in mid-August 1972. Fans in both Europe and America are eligible to run. This is officially being kept separate from the Australia in 1975 WorldCon bid, though it's fairly obvious that if Australia weren't bidding for the WorldCon this Fund is not likely to have been created. The Syncon '72 is scheduled to be held only a couple of weeks before the WorldCon in Los Angeles, so if the winner is an American he should be able to attend

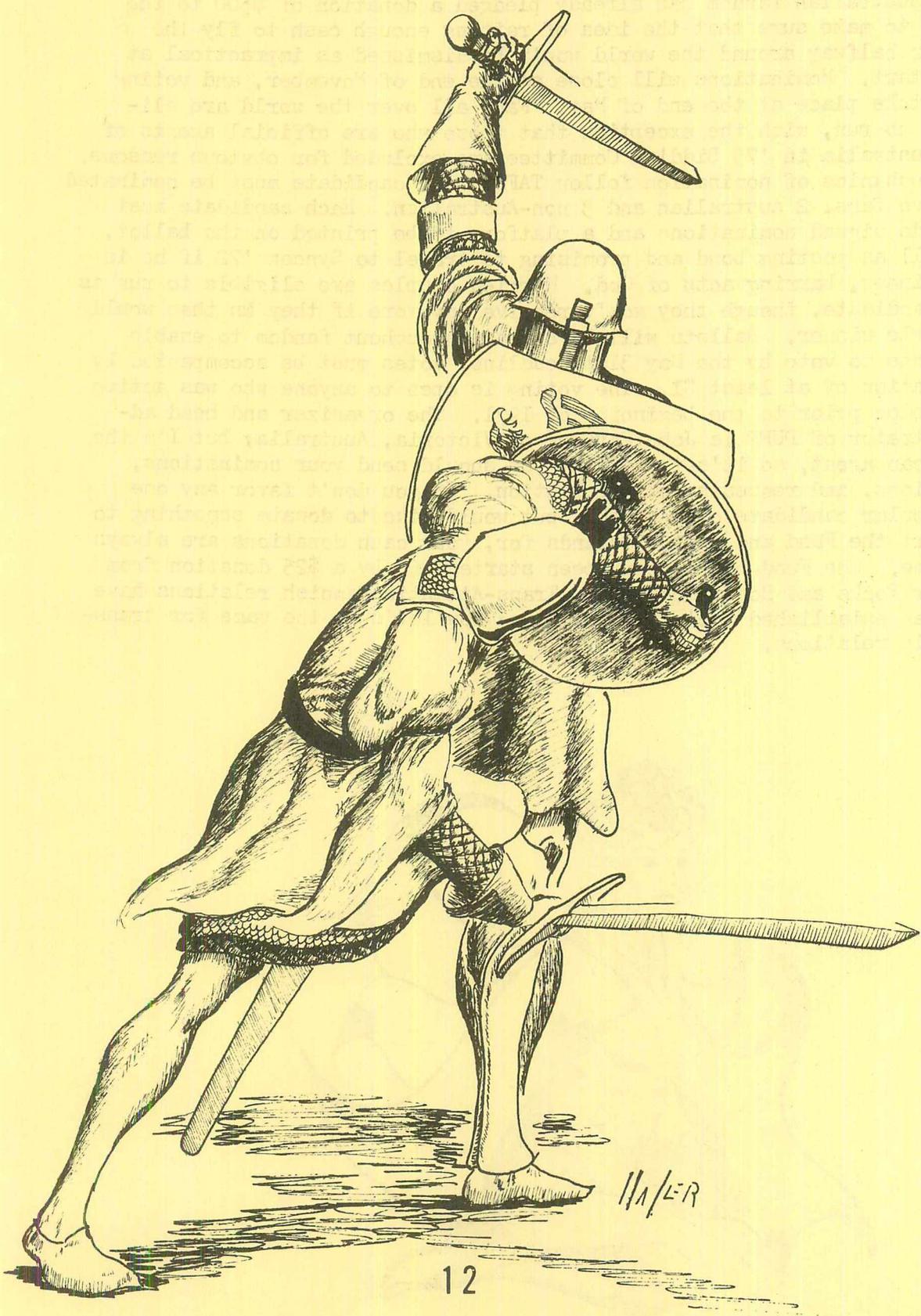
both with ease, stopping off in Los Angeles as he reenters the U.S. even if he wasn't originally planning a trip to the WorldCon.

DUFF will be run like TAFF as much as possible, with the exception that Australian fandom has already pledged a donation of \$500 to the Fund, to make sure that the idea of raising enough cash to fly the winner halfway around the world won't be dismissed as impractical at the start. Nominations will close at the end of November, and voting will take place at the end of May. Fans all over the world are eligible to run, with the exception that those who are official agents of the Australia in '75 Bidding Committee are excluded for obvious reasons. The mechanics of nomination follow TAFF's: a candidate must be nominated by five fans, 2 Australian and 3 non-Australian. Each candidate must provide signed nominations and a platform to be printed on the ballot, as well as posting bond and promising to travel to Syncon '72 if he is the winner, barring acts of God. Married couples are eligible to run as one candidate, though they won't receive any more if they im than would a single winner. Ballots will be spread throughout fandom to enable everyone to vote by the May 31st deadline; votes must be accompanied by a donation of at least \$1. The voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom prior to the beginning of 1971. The organizer and head administrator of DUFF is John Foyster of Victoria, Australia; but I'm the American agent, so it's to me that you should send your nominations, donations, and requests for information. If you don't favor any one particular candidate over another but would like to donate something to support the Fund and what it stands for, your cash donations are always welcome. The Fund has already been started off by a \$25 donation from Lancer Books and Robert Hoskins. Trans-Atlantic fannish relations have been an established fact for some time; now let's do the same for trans-Pacific relations.



DSC BANQUET SPEECH BY POUL ANDERSON

8/71



It is a great and greatly appreciated honor to be here in this capacity and I do thank you for very much friendship and courtesy. But now comes the time of reckoning. I'm supposed to make some small return by giving a dynamic, dramatic, stirring, witty, thought-provoking speech.

Who, me?

Sorry, friends, I'm afraid I'm just just not much of a public speaker. I'm too shy, too bashful, too tongue-tied--like most science fiction writers...you know, Robert Bloch, Harry Harrison, Lester Del Rey, Harlan Ellison...It has been said of us that we write science fiction because we can't cope with the real world, we have to escape from it into romantic unrealism--stories like 1984, The Space Merchants, Make Room! Make Room!, Not This August, Farnham's Freehold, you name it, and I'll tell you what it eats, which is probably you and me.

Seriously, science fiction is, if anything, in danger of becoming too earnest. In my opinion, we're getting far too high a proportion of stories which concern themselves exclusively with our grubby circumstances or our grubbier neuroses. Mind you I would not forbid anyone to write this kind of stuff. I simply don't feel like reading it. As I remarked years ago, the first, middle, and last duty of literature is to entertain.

But as I also remarked, "entertainment" implies far more than an hour or two of mindless amusement. The ideal story or essay or poem entertains you the way a good host entertains his guest. You are taken into the author's home--the author's universe. He gives you a savory dinner, excellent wine to go with it, and excellent brandy afterward, a comfortable chair with a view of a remarkable painting or of a wide-horizoned land. He shows you his souvenirs from all over the world, his books that you never before had a chance to read; he plays music for you that you've not before heard but for the rest of your life, will want to hear again. And he talks. He recalls experiences of his own, or of people a hundred or a thousand years dead; he speculates on experiences of people not yet born; he raises arguments that raise your hackles, thereby giving you the fun of retorting plus a new viewpoint on your old beliefs. At such times, your host is a good listener. He lets you develop your own thinking.

That's what entertainment means.

So, you see, a proper science fiction story is as much concerned with reality as a proper story of any other kind. It has style, it has originality, it has insight, it has sparkle. It's fun to read. It may be a tragedy that shakes you to your inmost heart, of course; nevertheless, in a very basic way, it has been fun to read. You read it because you wanted to, not because that was your job, or because you had nothing better to do at the moment.

I don't wish to make comparisons among my colleagues, but would like to mention one of them as shining--or let's say glittering--example of what I'm getting at. His work has all these qualities, all these dimensions. It's such fun that you can't put it

I submit to you that that paragraph is plenty controversial enough. In fact, it is the most profoundly revolutionary thing the world has seen since the New Testament. A thousand years will hardly suffice to exhaust the possibilities in this view of man and what man is for.

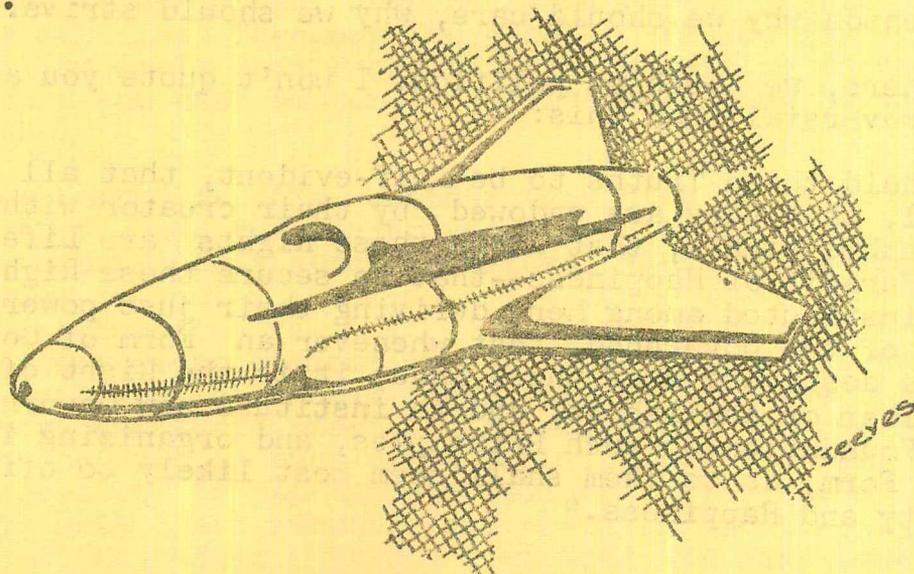
I submit, further, that Western science fiction--and even Eastern science fiction, to the extent that the writers can get away with it--I submit that science fiction abides by this principle stated in the Declaration of Independence. The writer, or the reader, may think himself as a liberal, a conservative, a radical, a reactionary, or what have you. But these are merely different interpretations of the same truth, just as scientists may disagree about the consequences of a given natural law. We see it only dimly, and by many different lights; but we agree that there is an eternal moral truth, as there is an eternal physical truth.

And I repeat that this is our strength. Let's face it, the average science fiction story is not exactly Nobel Prize material. So what keeps us reading? Is it not the imagination, the excitement, the entertainment? Now the trouble with chaos is that it's dreary. Look at any junkyard. Then go look at a picture by your favorite Old Master, who disciplined himself to the rules of one or another school. Which gives you the thrill?

For that matter, which is more interesting--the random mutterings of some drunk in a doorway, or that vision of the heavens and the atom and the living cell which four centuries of hard scientific reasearch have created?

I suggest for your consideration this thought: That science fiction in its countless varieties is the main spokesman today for Law as against Chaos; and only through a Law which is Just will man experience what the universe offers him in the way of beauty, insight, wonder, and plain old fun.

Thank you.



It is a great and greatly appreciated honor to be here in this capacity and I do thank you for very much friendship and courtesy. But now comes the time of reckoning. I'm supposed to make some small return by giving a dynamic, dramatic, stirring, witty, thought-provoking speech.

Who, me?

Sorry, friends, I'm afraid I'm just just not much of a public speaker. I'm too shy, too bashful, too tongue-tied--like most science fiction writers...you know, Robert Bloch, Harry Harrison, Lester Del Rey, Harlan Ellison...It has been said of us that we write science fiction because we can't cope with the real world, we have to escape from it into romantic unrealism--stories like 1984, The Space Merchants, Make Room! Make Room!, Not This August, Farnham's Freehold, you name it, and I'll tell you what it eats, which is probably you and me.

Seriously, science fiction is, if anything, in danger of becoming too earnest. In my opinion, we're getting far too high a proportion of stories which concern themselves exclusively with our grubby circustances or our grubbier neuroses. Mind you I would not forbid anyone to write this kind of stuff. I simply don't feel like reading it. As I remarked years ago, the first, middle, and last duty of literature is to entertain.

But as I also remarked, "entertainment" implies far more than an hour or two of mindless amusement. The ideal story or essay or poem entertains you the way a good host entertains his guest. You are taken into the author's home--the author's universe. He gives you a savory dinner, excellent wine to go with it, and excellent brandy afterward, a comfortable chair with a view of a remarkable painting or of a wide-horizoned land. He shows you his souvenirs from all over the world, his books that you never before had a chance to read; he plays music for you that you've not before heard but for the rest of your life, will want to hear again. And he talks. He recalls experiences of his own, or of people a hundred or a thousand years dead; he speculates on experiences of people not yet born; he raises arguments that raise your hackles, thereby giving you the fun of retorting plus a new viewpoint on your old beliefs. At such times, your host is a good listener. He lets you develop your own thinking.

That's what entertainment means.

So, you see, a proper science fiction story is as much concerned with reality as a proper story of any other kind. It has style, it has originality, it has insight, it has sparkle. It's fun to read. It may be a tragedy that shakes you to your inmost heart, of course; nevertheless, in a very basic way, it has been fun to read. You read it because you wanted to, not because that was your job, or because you had nothing better to do at the moment.

I don't wish to make comparisons among my colleagues, but would like to mention one of them as shining--or let's say glittering--example of what I'm getting at. His work has all these qualities, all these dimensions. It's such fun that you can't put it

down; and it has such depth that whether you know it or not, you are not quite the same person after you finish one of his books as you were when you started. His treatment is so individual that it frequently gives an impression of delicious craziness. But when you take a second look, you see that this is only light-and-shadow play over the surface of bedrock sanity. At least as much as any other writer, anywhere, perhaps more than any other living writer whatsoever, Mr. Lafferty grounds his work on the eternal verities.

And that's what I'd like to offer, a few thoughts about today; science fiction and the enduring, underlying truths.

Of recent years, it has become a dismal habit of speakers at science fiction affairs to unload their political opinions on the captive audience. Relax. I have no intention of preaching at you. In fact, right now, I'm going to work off any tendency I may have in that direction by quoting to you a sermon. This is what an old minister in a bleak little village of the Scottish Highlands said to his congregation one Sunday:

"Ye think ye are so righteous, but I say unto ye, ye are like unto whited sepulchers, all fair without and all foulness and corruption within. Ye lie, ye cheat, ye steal, ye whore, ye take the name of the Lord in vain, aye, ye even break the Sabbath. And still ye think when ye die, ye will go to heaven. But I say unto ye, ay, when ye die, the righteous angel will seize ye, and he will cast ye into the eternal fire of hell. And there ye will burn. Ye think ye know the scid of fire here on earth, but I say unto ye, ye canna dream what the agony is until the fires of hell have rged through flesh and bone and marrow and every last atom of ye! And ye will writhe upon the coals, with no moment of surce se, in torment, for ten thousand years. But at the end o' ten thousand years, through the roaring o' the flames, and the shrieks o' the damned, there will come a sound as of a mighty trumpet; and through the sulke o' hell will shine amighty light, and riding o'er ye, in all His glory will come the Lord God Jehovah, and raising up unto Him the blackened stumps O' your arms, ye will cry, 'O Lord, we didna ken, we didna ken!'... And leetle though ye desairve it, in His infinite maircy the Lord God will look down upon ye; and He will stretch out His Great hand; and He will say 'Ye ken the noo!' "

Okay, you've had the sermon. Now I simply want to offer you some thoughts. To be sure, lots of people do that. Every day, Chairman Mao, gives his countrymen food for thought; the trouble is that an hour later they're hungry again. I'd like to suggest a few ideas to you. You may agree or you may disagree., but in either case I hope your thinking will be stimulated. Science Fiction people are unusual in that respect. They like to think. They enjoy having their beliefs questioned. So, perhaps I can entertain you that way for a few minutes. Afterward we can go out together and drink beer.

Offhand, science fiction may seem to deny any allegiance to eternal truths. Is it not the literature of change, of skepticism,

of technological and social and philosophical and religious revolution? Is science fiction not the one kind of fiction in which anything goes?

I submit that this is not so. I suggest to you that science fiction bases itself firmly on certain principles, actually more firmly than any other kind of contemporary writing. I suggest further that this is the one great strength of science fiction.

Now, we do often use fantastic premises. Some of them directly contradict the ideas of present-day science. For example, we have more evidence for the existence of ghosts than we have for such science-fiction standbys as time travel, or faster-than-light drives.

Nevertheless, the science-fiction writer, or reader, assumes that present-day science does not necessarily have the last word on everything. Quite conceivably, someday we will come upon laws of nature we have not suspected hitherto, laws which somehow permit us to travel in time, travel faster than light, move whole planets, into more convenient orbits, read minds, resurrect the dead, or whatever. The point is, we make this assumption that there are laws of nature which govern such things. We assume that the universe makes sense. We go along with the saying of Einstein: "Raffiniert ist der Herr Gott, aber boshaft ist Er nicht." --which has been translated into modern English as: "God's slick, but he ain't mean."

As I remarked in an essay once, to suppose that the universe, that reality makes sense, is not to be a bland optimist. Many science fiction stories have dealt with catastrophes. In some of them, mankind has failed to act in accord with the laws of nature or wisdom. Remember those anti Utopia books mentioned earlier, plus innumerable stories about atomic war, stories about the collapse of an outraged ecology, and so on. These are warning to us. They imply that if we act soon enough, with enough intelligence and force, we do have ways to save ourselves.

Then we read other stories which state that doom is in the nature of things: like John Campbell's classics, "Twilight" and "Night." Eventually, man is going to die, Earth is going to die, and we can really do nothing about it. However, these stories too are based on the idea of law. We will perish from the inexorable mathematical workings of the physical universe, not from sheer caprice. Causes have effects



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So here is one eternal truth in which science fiction believes: that reality is reasonable; that it is governed by laws; that in principle we can understand these laws, if we work at it. Our destiny may be tragic, but it is a destiny, a part of the space-time that makes some kind of ultimate sense.

It seems to me that our most fashionable her-and-now novelists do not share this attitude. They may spout off about ecology, now and then, while ecology remains chic, though chiefly they are interested in the hangups of Manhattan intellectuals. Essentially, however, nature is irrelevant to them. They can't see that man has any tie-in to the majestic harmony of the heavens or the sprightly dance of the atoms. Science Fiction can see this and does.

Now, I'm going to go on, and make a further claim for our kind of literature. This will touch on politics, but please believe me, I don't aim to convert you to my particular brand. It would be silly to try. Science-fiction people are as rambunctious a clutch of individualists as can be found anywhere on this side of hell. If I laid down the law to you, I'd get a well-deserved horse laugh.

Yet science fiction does concern itself with public issues, like the preservation of liberty or the environment, like population, and war, and the subtle cybernetic revolution which has suddenly become not subtle at all. Why does science fiction do this? Why does science fiction do this? Why hasn't it stayed in a comfortable Never-Never Land of bems, bims, and bums? Why does a man like, say, Robert Heinlein, who could have retired long ago as far as money is concerned, keep sallying forth to stir us up? Why does a man like Theodore Sturgeon fallow for years at a time, until he feels he's ready to write something worth writing? He could turn out cheap amusement easily enough. But he doesn't want to. Why?

I think the reason is this. Whether they know it or not, the science fiction writer and the reader who supports him, both realize that there are not only absolute natural laws, there are absolute moral laws.

After all, we have no obvious reason of self-interest to promote democracy, or peace, or a fair shake for the poor and neglected, or adventures among the stars. We're all bright people here. We could all find ways to suck up to the dictator, to survive even a nuclear holocaust, to put the starvelings in their place, to be diverted by much less strenuous and costly activities than an exploration of the cosmos. Why don't we make the easy compromise?

The fact is that science fiction passionately does not compromise. It's writers thunder denunciation of what evils they see in the world. In a more optimistic vein, they explore possibilities for good in the future. Science fiction cares.

Here again, it is peculiar in modern literature because it is founded on an absolute. With a few honorable exceptions, the fashionable writers seem to have given up hope. They see nothing before us but *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*, and nothing to do meanwhile, but indulge in self-pity, or, better yet, self-recrimination. The typical science fiction writer, on the other hand, thinks not only that we can save ourselves, if we try, but the thinks that we should.

Of course, basically, he tells stories. That's his primary obligation, and I've already deplored the fact that too many of us nowadays are neglecting it. The good science fiction writer shows you worlds of wonder, he takes you out of your everyday routine, he reminds you always of what a marvelous cosmos it is that we are privileged to inhabit.

But he does more. He is also a prophet at the gate of the Temple. Made is so only indirectly. For instance, Hal Clement has never preached. He has simply explored the fascinating realms that nature is keeping for us. Still, we find an implication in his work, an implication that man has to learn to live with his world and himself before he can hope to get out yonder and enjoy those marvels.

By contrast, we have prophets like Robert Heinlein or Philip Jose Farmer. From their very different viewpoints, they tell us that we'll have to shape up or ship out--ship out of happiness, freedom, perhaps existence itself, unless we shape up.

And we have prophets more gentle too, even as the Old Testament has its Micah along with its Jeremiah. To name only one, Theodore Sturgeon has spent many years describing the manifold forms of love.

The point is, these various people assume that life matters, that life is worth bothering about, that the universe has a built-in reason why we should care, why we should strive.

And here, we touch on politics. I won't quote you anything more controversial than this:

"We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these Rights are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness--that to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the Governed, that whenever an Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its Foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such Form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

I submit to you that that paragraph is plenty controversial enough. In fact, it is the most profoundly revolutionary thing the world has seen since the New Testament. A thousand years will hardly suffice to exhaust the possibilities in this view of man and what man is for.

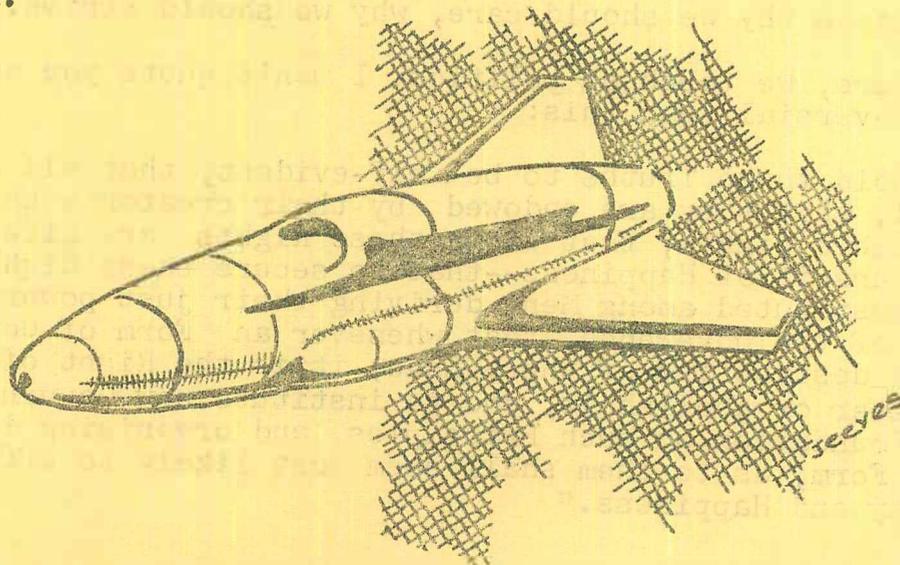
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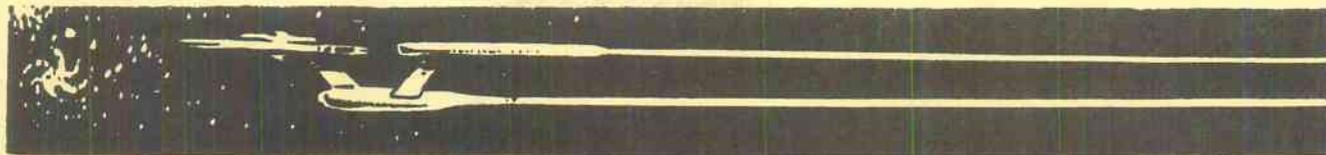
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Thank you.





# VUL-CON I

P.O. Box 8087  
New Orleans,  
Louisiana  
70180

Dear Star Trek Fan,

This is the second flyer put out to keep you informed of the progress being made on our convention. The first important notice is that our address has been changed to the above. All inquiries about the con or memberships should be mailed to this address.

The date of our convention has been set. The convention will begin Thursday evening, June 21; and end Sunday afternoon, June 24, 1973. We have acquired the Jung Hotel as the site of our convention, and we expect nothing but great cooperation and good work from them. But they also need our cooperation, so those planning to come and stay at the Jung are asked to get their reservations in at least 20 days before the convention (by June 1, 1973).

The next important item for those who are interested is our guest list. It now consists of the editor of T-Negative, Ruth Berman; and as our toastmistress we have Dorothy C. Fontana, script consultant for Star Trek.

We are planning an art show for the convention. Those who would like to display their work may write for details to the above address. Those writing just for information on the art show are asked to address the inquiry c/o Art Show. There will also be an area for those who wish to sell material. Tables in the huckster room will sell for \$10.00 each. Those who wish these must order them at least two weeks before the con or the committee can not guarantee their availability.

Memberships are available now. The rates are:

Supporting---\$2.00  
Attending---- 3.00 Before April 1,1973  
                  4.50 After April 1,1973  
                  5.00 At the door.

Those in the Metropolitan area who would like to contact other SF fans in this area, may make inquiries about the New Orleans S.F. Association which meets every two weeks at the above address.

We hope to see you at our con. Until then

Live Long and Prosper,

*James M. Mule, Capt.  
Vul-Con I*



ACCEPT THE SEASONS

We come to the end  
Of a winter  
Which will not come to an end.  
Frozen armies will be freed  
With the freeing of the rivers.  
The bloody rain in the jungle  
May be outwet by rivers of blood.  
Once it was safe and sane to yearn,  
To pray for an early spring.  
--Raymond Clancy

Rain  
intrudes on autumn's isolation  
like a bore,  
sogs the dead leaves into  
little piles that line the way  
to anywhere.  
I think  
I'd rather be  
lonely.

--Carolyn C.

Cats,  
are unrequited softness,  
dumb security against  
the lethargy of days.  
Cats watch  
the safety of their places,  
and rehearse warning cries  
before night-darkened mirrors.  
--Carolyn C.



THE STAR OF CHRISTMAS

The house is cold this rainy cheerless night,  
With but a hope tommorrow will be light.  
So often joyless is the time of joy.  
Still we remember when a star was bright.  
--Raymond Clancy

I live!  
I think.  
I love!  
I hope.  
I am!

aren't i?  
--jm

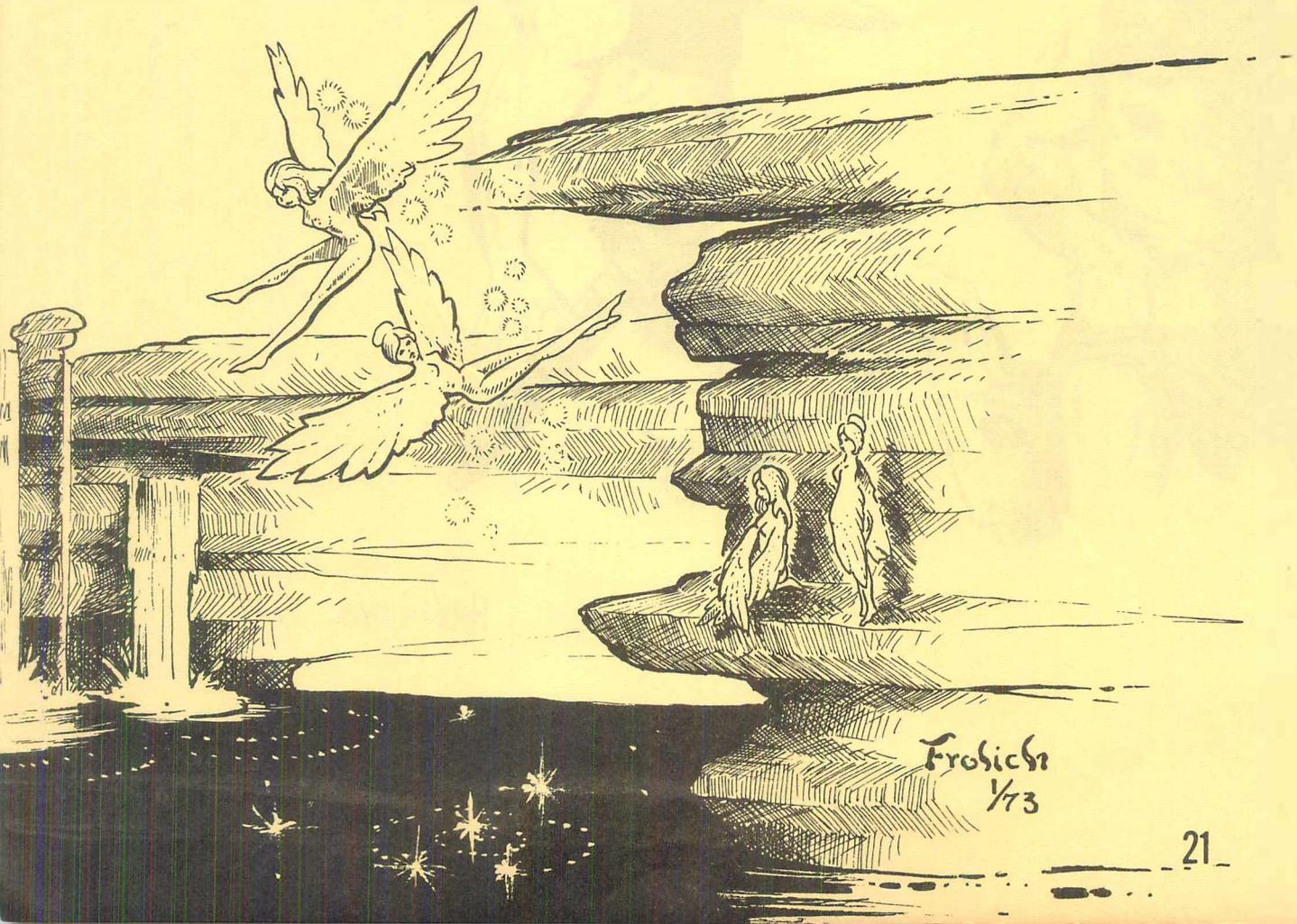
This is the hour of  
Life

When the Sun  
reflecting shattered glass  
illuminates the soul  
and forces me awake.

In morning I walk  
the wind-shore.  
The waves run to me  
and tell me  
not to fear the  
Tide.  
--Carolyn C.

THAT FAIREST FLOWER

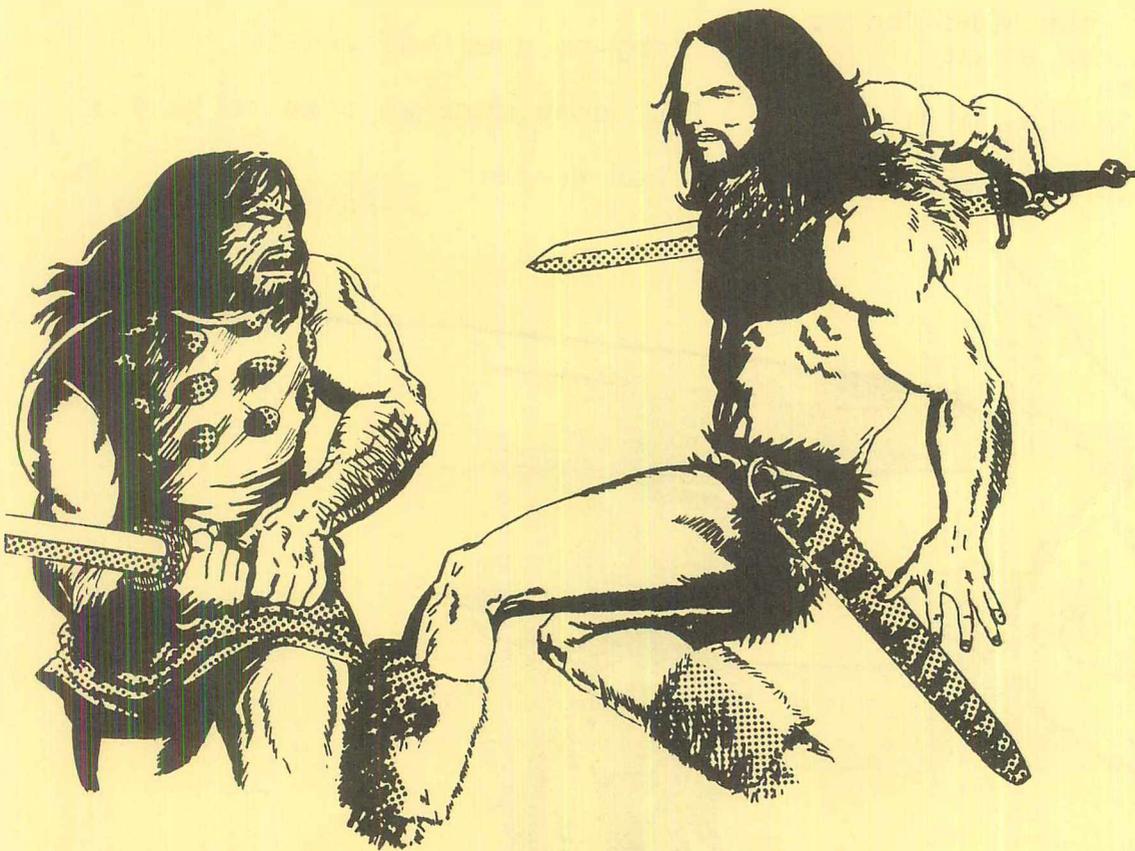
The spring  
May bear fair blooms  
Many-colored and sweet,  
But none more welcome to us all  
Th  
Than peace.  
--Raymond Clancy



Frohlich  
1/73

# CONAN THE BARBARIAN

BY  
KEN HAFER



HUXEN '72

From the inception of Marvel's Conan the Barbarian to the present issue, fortunate readers have witnessed the virtual birth and growth of a major new comic artist, Barry Smith. Conan #1 is a mere finger exercise compared with the following issues, each of which overtops the preceding ones as a showcase for Smith's developing ability.

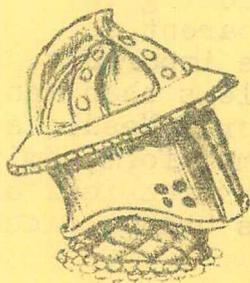
Smith's illustrative style is fluid and relatively delicate. The fluidity and delicacy is achieved by the use of many lines where other artist might use a single, heavy one. The trend for heavy lines in comics developed in an effort to produce more dynamic effects. It is a truism of pen-and-ink art that the fewer and stronger the lines, the bolder the effects. It is a truism and like all truisms, if carried to its logical conclusion, results in a horrible perversion, that is "isolated and exaggerated." Unfortunately, many artists have gone to this extreme, with the result that the black areas of the lines so overpowering the object to be portrayed that the effect is lost. The drawing becomes static (and most panels supposedly portray motion) and in some cases, angular. Such an effect is to be desired when portraying a granite statue, but not for a human-being. Or a super-human; the term connotes not only "above-human" but also the supreme human, possessing to the fullest all those things that make a human being. To cite an examples of Smith's style, one need only look at his treatment of lips in Conan #12 and Savage Tales which is one of the best examples of a pen-and-ink representation of living, mobile forms. Lips do not jut from the lower face, but are an integral part the lower face-form, differentiated from the combined lower and jaw mass only by small, subtle shadows. Smith's technique accurately reproduces this detail, along with many other peculiar to the human form.

It is perhaps a mystic's, as opposed to a technician's knowledge of human anatomy to seemingly "feel" the flow of the curving forms of the body in interaction. The muscles of the body do not contract and relax individually, but collectively, and in balance. And the muscles of even the most horrendous over developed weight-lifter are curved, not angular. Smith's realization of the curves and collective action of the body muscle structure is portrayed by a large, well-developed Conan who is supple and graceful. Smith is also aware of the variations in human form and proportions even his background figures accordingly, from corpulent to emaciated, short and tall. And his women! So soft and yielding. No matter what wrongs Jenna heaps on Conan, she's still so feminine that it's impossible to hate her. There are many minute differences in the male and female form, which, while the reader may not consciously be aware of them, if omitted by the artist, create a figure lacking in reality. These differences are not as readily apparent as breasts, and breadth of hips but are none the less important. For instance, women have proportionately shorter legs than men, their navels are lower and their upper lips shorter. Needless to say, in portraying such a complexity as the human form, Smith occasionally errs technically, but he rarely loses the feel of the human body. His clean lines and subtle curves bring to comic books and all-too-often-lacking humanity.

With such a good grasp of the curve and flow of the human body, it follows that Smith's control of motion would also be good. His characters are almost always frozen in mid-stride, not an awkward stance held for the benefit of the artist, but a fleeting moment in a movement which will be immediately completed. When Conan loses his balance, he falls he doesn't appear miraculously upright and pounding toward (or away from) his enemy; he falls! Or, in short, Smith knows the result (or continuance) of nearly every motion he represents. If Conan drops his hand in one panel, he doesn't have it above his head in the next, unless fighting. Instead it falls to his side. This creates a believability seldom equalled by another artist, a believability based on a trust that Conan's movements are going to be human-like, that their reality will not be sacrificed just for effect. Smith's people move like people!

It would not be possible for Smith to attain this reality without a mastery in that most difficult of all illustrative devices, foreshortening. Foreshortening is the representation of forms advancing toward and retreating from the viewer, and it is difficult to achieve uniform quality in this aspect of one's drawing. Foreshortening is actually the end result, or manifestation perspective, a subject on which a good many chapters in art books have been, and which is a bit too involved to go into here. Suffice to say that even Hogarth and Foster make mistakes in perspective. Yet, the single, outstanding panel in Conan no. 1 is that in which Conan lifts his enemy over his head, and the reason for which it's outstanding is the fantastic foreshortening. Conan's knee juts from the page and his body recedes nearly a foot into it, his upper arm advances, his forearms retreats slightly. The same is true of his air-borne adversary. In most other situations, too, Smith has admirable control of his foreshortening. Needless to say, Smith makes mistakes and occasionally draws a hand too large or too small, but these are generally in transition panel or on background figures, and rarely on climax panels, and so are not readily noticeable.

Barry Smith takes all these qualities, and wraps them up with good panel continuity and excellent and interesting backgrounds, forming an homogenous whole as natural as a quartz crystal and as organized as a cut diamond. Should Barry Smith's art progress at its current rate, he will most certainly pass most of his contemporaries and perhaps eventually equal "old masters".



1951  
NOLaCon I

25 years later comes...

# NOLACON II

## COMMITTEE

John H. Guidry, chairman  
Pat & Dixie Adkins, sec-treas.  
Don Markstein, publications  
Faruk von Turk, films  
Dr. Virgil Feelgood, films  
Jim Mule', films  
Stan Taylor, art  
Doug Wirth, art  
Dennis Dolbear, hotel relations  
Lon Atkins  
Martha Beck  
India Boone  
Bill Bruce  
Meade Frierson III  
Dave Kyle  
Guy Lillian  
Mike & Carol Resnick  
Lura Sellers



New Orleans in '76

GOOD TIMES HERE ARE NOT FORGOTTEN

HOW I WROTE:  
CONTINUED ON NEXT ROCK

BY

R. A. LAFFERTY



FROLICH

10/ 2/71

27

R.A.: What do I have to do to get you to write an article for Nolazine? Would a life time subscription coerce you? Something like "How I wrote continued on next rock." Facetious if you like, but preferably serious; actually anything you want to do.

Best, Pat.

10/10/71

Dear Pat,

What do you have to do to get me to write an article for Nolazine? Is it possible that you do not understand your own Powers and Perogatives as PATRICK of New Orleans? You tell me to do it and I do it: I've no choice.

Facetious, if I like, but preferably serious, you say: but there is no heavy line between them. All things are humorous since humor is the largest framework that we have, but things may be of the light or heavy or mixed humor. My own thesis that the Law of Levity will sometimes supersede the Law of Gravity hasn't been accepted by all mathematicians yet, but they will have to come to it.

To ask how any story or tune or statue comes about is to ask "How is it done?"; "What does it take?" Have you heard of the Dutch boy in this country who was going to butcher school tried to mix him up. The heart, they told him, that is named the liver; the bladder is called stomach; the tongue is the coccyx; the loin is known as the chuck; the brisket is the flank; the lungs are named the trotters; and so on. This Dutch kid was very smart however; he figured out that they were having

him, and he figured out the right names for everything, or for almost everything. And he passed his final examination with top grades both in meat-cutting and nomenclature. "How were you able to do it?" the instructor asked, "With so many things going against you?" "I've got it up there," the Dutch kid said, and he tapped his head, "Kidneys."

It isn't exactly that one should use kidneys for brains, but the sense of grotesque juxtaposition does come in handy. You can't be sure you are looking at something from the right angle till you have looked at it from every angle. How did I write "Continued on Next Rock" then? Upside down and backwards, of course. I started with a simple, but I believe novel, idea that had to do with time. Then I involuted the idea of time (making all things contemporary or at least repeating), and I turned the system of values backwards, trying to make the repulsive things appear poetic ("the nobility of badgers, the serenity of toads") and trying to set anti-love up as comparable to love (the flattest thing you can imagine has to have at least two sides; it can have many more). I let the characters that had been generated by this action work out their own way then. After this, I subtracted the original simple but novel idea from the story (except for a glancing reference to it in one sentence), and finished things up. (The original idea was a catalyst which could be recovered practically unchanged at the end of the reaction.)

The beginning idea, which I give to anyone who wants it, was simply to have archeologists digging upwards through certain strata, for rather vague topographic reasons, come to deposits of the fairly recent past, or the very recent past, of the near

future (a discarded license plate from fifteen years in the future, for instance), then the more distant future, then to realize that the strata still remaining above them had to contain the remnants of at least a hundred thousand years of unfaked future.

So much for the genesis of one particular short story. Each one is different but each one is anomalous; and there is a reason for that. No normal or reasonable or balanced or well-adjusted person is going to attempt the making of a story or a tune or a statue or a poem; he'll have no need for any such abnormal activity. A person has to be somehow deficient or lacking in person or personality or he will not attempt these things. He must be very deficient or lacking if he will succeed at all in them. Every expression in art or pseudo-art is a crutch that a crippled person makes and donates to the healthy world for its use (the healthy world having only the vaguest idea that it even needs such crutches).

There are, I know, many apparent glaring exceptions to the rule that only persons who are deficient or lacking in person or personality will contribute any creative content. Believe me, these exceptions are only apparent. There is something badly unbalanced in every one of them.

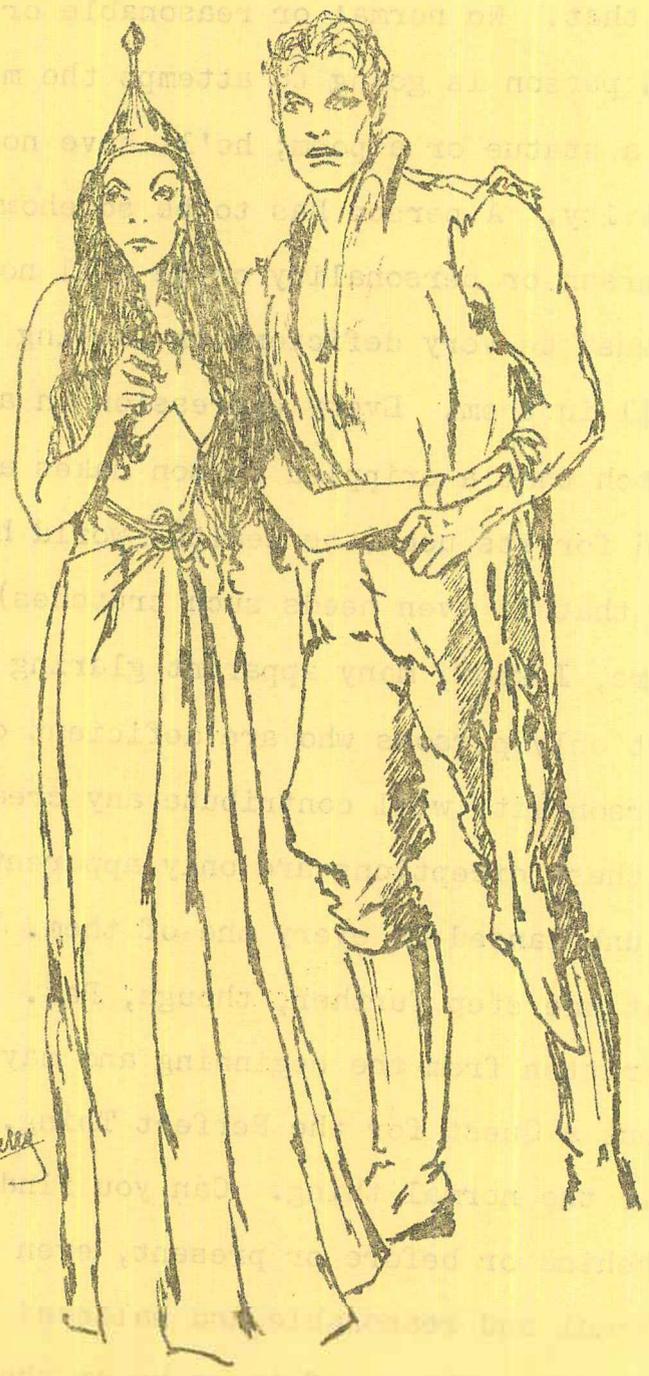
Carry it one step further, though, Pat. One of the legends, unwritten from the beginning and maybe unwritten forever, is about a Quest for the Perfect Thing. But it is really the quest for the normal thing. Can you find, anywhere in the world, behind or before or present, even one person who is really normal and reasonable and balanced and well-adjusted? This is the Perfect Thing, if it or he or she is ever found, and if ever found there will be no further need of any art or

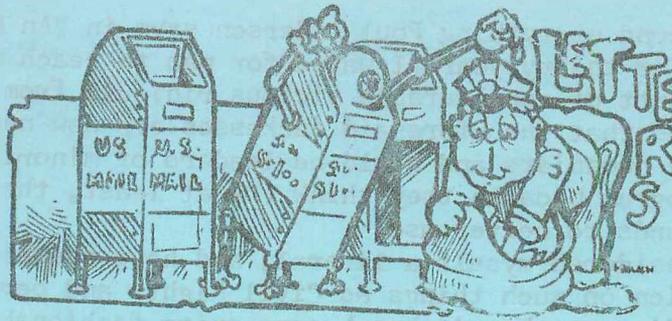
attempted art, good or bad.

Enough of such stuff, end of article, if this is an article.  
I am both facetious and serious in every word written here.

What is the news in New Orleans? Did the Norwood child  
ever arrive? All luck and levity to every one down there,

Raphael A. Lafferty





*Tim Kirk*

Dear Rick and Lynne:

Frolich is great in Nolazine 11, easily the best art in the issue. His "Once Upon a Time" made me, a military miniature collector and occasional wargamer, feel a little guilty....

Cheers,  
Tim

*Terry Jeeves*

Dear Rick and Lynne,

Thanks very much for the superb issue of Nolazine 11. Right away, I was taken by the excellent printing and reproduction--and of course the terrific Frolich illos. He has a great line feeling and captures an atmosphere as no one has done since Cartier in the heyday of 'Unknown'. One aspect of all the art intrigues me though--the number of swords. I've noticed Dany's predilection for swords in other zines (frequently left-handed) and Nolazine 11 has so many that I began to wonder why the love for historical/barbaric/sword and sorcery. Anyway, I counted eleven swords and one knife. Still it was all great artwork.

"Once Upon A Time" was well written, but I have a thing against pacifist story lines. It isn't logical, since I hate war, but I still don't like to feel propaganda creeping in.

On the other hand, 'Night Falls' was very well written, and on top of that, it caught the atmosphere of the period far better than most fan tales which tackle barbaric eras.

Terry Jeeves

*Robert Bloch*

Oct. 12, 1992

Dear P.A:

Nolazine twelve received and enjoyed--particularly the items on and by Poul Anderson. The illos accompanying Jan Lewis' article just may get Frolich lynched if the subjects ever see them: Damon and Harlan look particularly evil and repulsive.

Hoping you are the same,

Robert Bloch

*Emile Greenleaf*

Dear Pat:

Allow me to second everything Poul Anderson says in "An Epistle to Convention-Goers." For thirty years I wated for man to reach the moon, and during that time I was the butt of considerable vicious ridicule from assorted willful jackasses. I now find that the aforesaid jackasses are now newspaper editors, senators, self-styled humanists and would-be leaders of minority groups who would scuttle the space program because they think (Or at least, they think they think!) they could put the funds to better use.

I have long considered myself a liberal, and have even been called a radical by some for my position on such things as Civil Rights and personal liberties. I note with anger and disgust that it has become quite fashionable in liberal circles to unthinkingly downgrade the exploration of sapce. The day I am called upon to make a choice, I shall gladly and without hesitation make a bonfire of my liberal credentials, and consign the liberals to the same Gehenna that I long ago reserved for the more mindless conservatives. The bleeding hearts and the Babbitts deserve one another.

Y'know, twenty or so years ago, back in college, I knew some of the "socially aware" types. They were ignorant of science, belligerantly so, and proud of it! They used to make snide remarks about the astronomers "playing" with the Palomar telescope. I j'st hope, sincerely and fervently, that the space program has given them, one and all, high blood pressure, bleeding ulcers and dandruff.

And I wish the same thing on Arnold Toynbee, Senator Mondale, Dick Gregory and Joan Baez, as well as others of their ilk. I'm tired of suffering fools gladly!

Peace (with a little  
on the side),

Emile Greenleaf

*Meade Frierson III*

Dear Pat,

Guy Lillian's portrait of Poul Anderson serves to permanentize and externalize my own memories of meeting him and is, as one would suspect from Guy, the best writing in the book.

However, for you-are-there writing without the Lillian touch but genuinely entertaining Jan Lewis definitely definitely deserves praise (and as ever the Frolich portraits were excellent).

I think it's a shame the Stan Taylor work did not fare well at the printer's (at least in my copies) and I hope you Nosfans will put him to work now that you have him back.

Best wishes to all Nosfans,

Meade Frierson III

*Harry Warner, Jr.*

Dear Pat:

Nolazine 12 is really ideal for commenting purposes, thanks to the brevity of it and the ease of reading and the interesting nature of the text. The only drawback is the artwork which makes me want to sit here and leaf repeatedly through the issue so I can savor again all those fine pictures, time after time, when I should be diligently typing. You may lose a half-dozen or so locs that won't be written by people who are less ruthless than I am and lack my capability of stopping what I'd rather be doing, looking at the pictures, and forcing myself to emit some comments instead.

Poul Anderson's epistle should get as much circulation and attention as those in the New Testament. This is a matter on which I feel strongly, one of the very

controversial subjects on which I feel that I can take a definite stand without meanwhile wondering if I'm backing the wrong horse. The threatened de-emphasis of the nation's space program has had me quite depressed, but I feel that there are several reasons why I wouldn't get too upset about what seems to lie ahead. Point number one: Russia seems to be still quite intent on space exploration and the lack of spectacular USSR achievements in space in the past few years apparently comes from technical problems, not from purposeful de-emphasis. If this is so, Russia will get a space station permanently manned or will land cosmonauts on Mars or will do something of equal importance in another year or so, and when that happens I foresee the United States space program may not be in as grave trouble as the media claim. Something, I don't know what, caused the press and the broadcasters to begin to emphasize the anti-space faction a couple of years ago. I have a suspicion that it was expediency, the need to fill all those columns and hours of air time when space vehicles began making trips that lasted for days instead of hours. Getting interviews with opponents of the space program was the only way to contrive some excitement while all the flights up to Apollo 13 were going off with so little mishap. After the election, when the politicians have stopped making promises about saving tax money, we might find more sentiment for continued space exploration in high places than you'd guess from the newspapers and channels. Nonetheless, I feel that fans who want the space program continued should try to materialize their desires by letters and conversations.

Guy Lillian's description of his terrified first conversation with a real pro gave me a hot flashback. One of the big moments of my life occurred when I was 15 or 16, was called to the telephone, and the voice said: "I'm Leslie Stone." This would be meaningless to fans today, but when it happened it was the same as Poul Anderson calling you without warning, because Leslie was a big name writer for such totally forgotten epics as Men With Wings and The Rape of the Solar System. I'd had a letter published in Astounding, she'd been lonely for someone to talk with about science fiction since moving to Hagerstown, and it's a wonder she didn't cause me to suffer a heart attack or something from the unexpectedness of it all. We has some pleasant visits, then she moved away and I heard nothing more about her until someone said she attended the Phillycon last fall.

But last month at Boston, I was hailed by someone in a small group, started to talk to him, others joined the conversation, and an instant later I found that Poul was among those with whom I was talking, and I'll be blessed if I didn't feel almost as excited as I did the night Leslie called. This, despite the fact that I've been a professional author myself, have supported myself by writing non-fiction most of my life, have met tons of big-name pros, and have been feeling jaded about everything in the universe in recent years. I was still shook, because there's some kind of a mystique or charisma or whatever the proper word is for Poul's literary and in-person selves. He doesn't write or behave in startlingly different ways, so it must be the fact that he's obviously being himself as a human and as a writer, expressing unpopular opinions when he feels they're needed, never putting on a mask or a phony act. I'm glad I finally got to see him in person.

Jan Lewis' description of the workshop is the most vivid I've read yet. She convinces me even more strongly that it wouldn't be the place for me if I made a serious attempt to start selling again to the prozines. I can't imagine myself undergoing this bombardment of criticism for stories written without sufficient time for thinking-out and revision. I hope enough participants are sturdy enough to benefit by the experience and become writers of first-rate science fiction.

I hate to try to single out any particular drawing as superior to the rest, because of the uniformly high level of excellence. So I'll just say that the doublepage by Dany Frolich on the poetry pages made the most immediate and strongest impact on my emotions and memory.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

Herlan Ellison

Dear Pat:

First, this letter is not for publication. /On second thought, with the proviso that you indicate editorially that I'm Not breaking my resolve not to write for fanzines, that this is intended for the benefit of the workshop, you may publish this letter./ Second, thanks for the copy of Molazine 12. Third, in case the word never drifted back, please thank Guy Lillian for the embarassingly praise-heavy piece on me in the preceding issue.

A few words anent Jan Lewis's piece on Clarion/Tulane.

She is, of course, dead accurate in almost everything she writes, and so there is no contention about her purity of fact. (Save in the particular that I am 5'5" not 5'3" and that I never wear boots with heels any higher than normal. The evening she saw me I was wearing a pair of westerns with heels I have just now gone and measured. I find them to be one inch heels, the same height of heel all shoes and boots sport. I hate to shock her nervous system but what she saw that evening at Marilyn Lessentine's was all me. I grant you it ain't Gary Cooper, but then I'm taller than your average coffee pot or waste basket and there isn't a fire hydrant in the world that can push me around.) (It's difficult to get the concept across to people who conceive of worth in terms of the height to which meat is stacked, but long ago I got over being bugged about not being taller. I've found one can have a commanding presence even if one is a dwarf. And in point of fact, we trolls seldom come in much larger sizes. Among trolls I'm considered something of a giant freak. You should see how they stare when we get together in our semi-annual conventions; I always have to stoop entering the caves.)

I'm pleased she dwelled more on the actual work done in the sessions than on personalities. However, I find in her musings a tone that seems prevalent in all writing about the Clarion/Tulane workshops, written by "outsiders." (My use of the word outsider, incidentally, must be understood as an approximation and in no way a pejorative. There is an uncanny and very beautiful gestalt that grows among the students that no one observing from beyond the circle--no matter how perceptive or loving--can quite become a part of. It makes, it seems to me, for imprecise conclusions about what is really going on with the kids.)

The tone I perceive, that doesn't seem quite on-target, is one of rampant tomfoolery. While I freely confess the students let off an enormous amount of steam and their antics are occasionally worthy of Attila the Hun and his Orchestra, the steam is let off in response to the enormous amounts of breathless and backbreaking work they do. When you've been in classes and at a typewriter for something like eighteen out of twenty-four hours, you've just got to have some fun to clear your head. Ms. Lewis, obviously, could not be privvy to those long, to-an-outsider-boring hours during which the revelers worked their asses off. So she caught them when they were "off-duty," so to speak; and I can see where she might think that was the rule rather than the exception. That she seemed so impressed with the one actual workshop session she audited seems ample evidence of her being impressed by the seriousness of what the kids were about..

As for her conclusions about the "encounter group sessions," I point once more to the condition of "outsider" Ms. Lewis was compelled to suffer. I won't laud the results of the two Synanon-style "games" played at Tulane, I'll leave that to any of the students who partook of them. All I'll say is that it is virtually impossible to separate writers from what they write and we seemed to find, in our games, that what was wrong with the fiction produced by a writer was also wrong with that person in his or her personal life. If I am to judge by the cohesiveness and renewed vigor of the group after the first session, I must conclude the game was

a godsend. Likewise, if I am to take the comments made by the participants as gospel, it was the one group activity that brought people out from behind their masks, helped them dispell many of their fears and insecurities, and built friendships that will probably last lifetimes. All I'll offer in possible contradiction of her offhand remarks "the value of these is debatable, I think" and "I didn't actually see any real improvment in personalities" is A) she wasn't there, B) she didn't know the people involved before the game and she wasn't around enough to detect any change thereafter, c) games aren't "therapy" and they aren't intended to suddenly turn a mouse into a roc or even a boor into a honeybear, d) the players were sufficiently enamoured of the experience to ask for a second game in which I took virtually no part and e) the game was intended not as a psychiatric session but as a situational device to eliminate peer group hostilities and suspicions such as arrogance on the part of past Clarion students toward newcomers, suspicion of Clarion alumni by Tulane first-timers, defensiveness on the part of the few female students who were under constant sexual pressure by the disproportionate number of male attendees, elimination of the "clubbiness" on the part of small groups, a forum for those students who were withdrawn, a getting-to-know-you situation at which fellow students became more than just names and faces and occasional manuscripts, and an attempt on my part to dispell the sometimes-mythic image many of the students had of me. (This last, incidentally, manifests itself in Ms. Lewis's piece. The game, if nothing else, shows all involved that their Instructor for the Week--in this case, me--is just another fallible human being even as each of them. The noblest thing one can do in a game is "show his asshole" to the rest of the players; in other words, reveal his or her humanity and weaknesses, as well as strengths. In that way no one has to look up to anyone else and exchanges can be made on the level of equals.)

I suspect Ms. Lewis's impressions are second-hand and not as reliable as the rest of her editorial reportage.

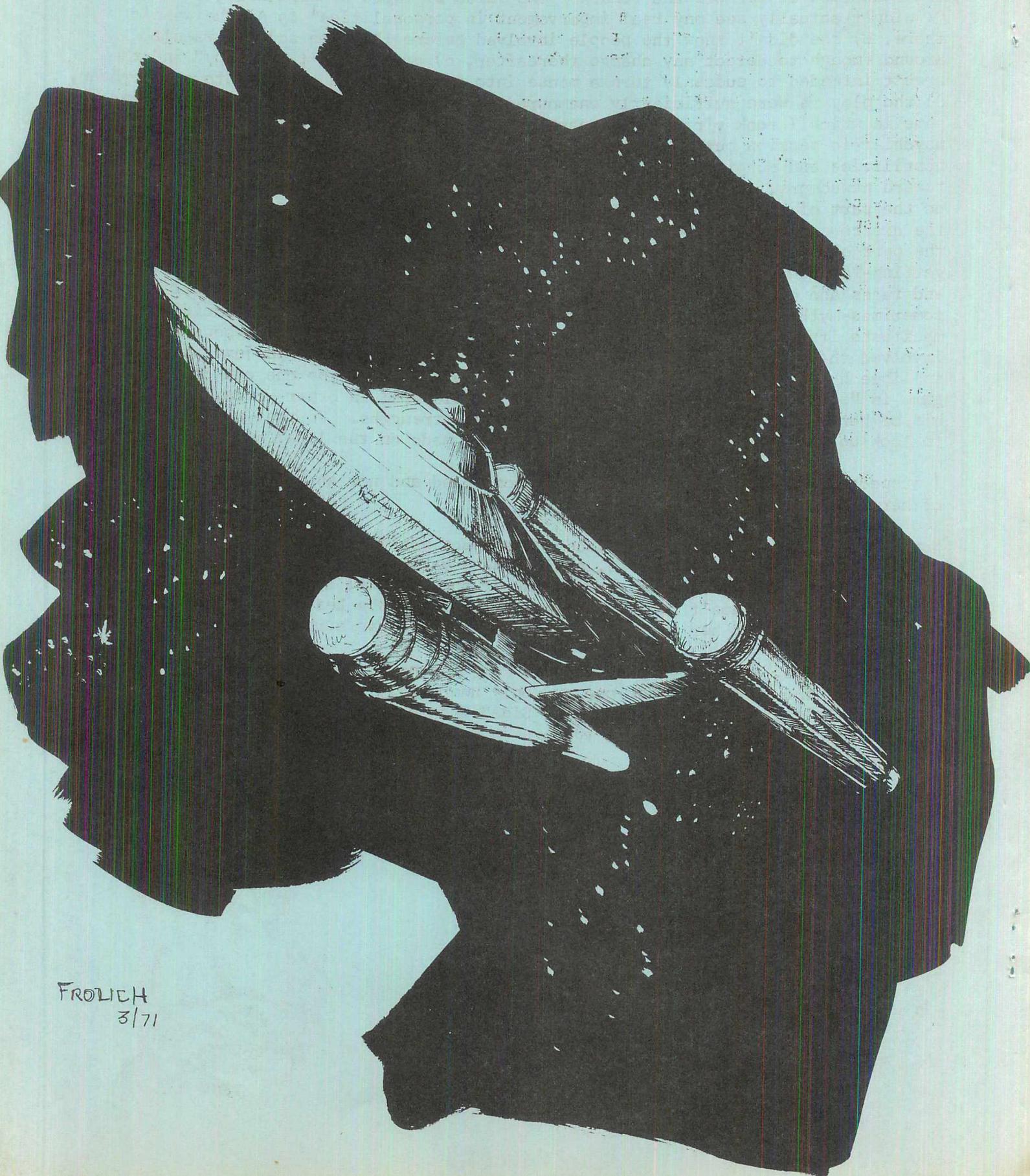
Nonetheless, it was a pleasant piece. I suspect you'd get infinitely more depth and value about the workshcp, per se, soliciting a variety of pieces from the students, but for a light impressionistic rendering of those weeks, it was well done and welcome. Though I don't recall meeting Ms. Lewis at the Lessentine party that night, I do remember her visit to the class, and she was a charming young lady.

All best to you, and to everyone else in New Orleans, a town I came to like so much, it prompted the writing of the one and only unarguably upbeat love story I've ever written. It's called "On the Downhill Side" and Terry Carr will be publishing it first in Universe 3 before it appears in my Scribner's collection DEATHBIRD STORIES.

Stay well,

HARLAN ELLISON





FROLICH  
3/71