

WARLOCK



WARLOCK

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pages 6 & 15--Jerry Montgomery
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EDITORIAL WORDS

This issue is being completed in late January so I won't have to worry about it in mid-semester. I've had about a week in between semesters and I'm using the time to good advantage. WARLOCK is longer this issue and I'd like to thank all you good people who contributed stories and artwork. I've experimented with lay-outs this ish, I hope they turn out alright.

As last time I happen to be doing my editorial writing at Dick Ambrose's house. (Notice the difference in typers) I would have finished up at home and then brought everything over to Wood Valley to be run off, but I ran out of stencils and Dick, true-blue fan that he is, agreed to sell me a couple. Since I was already here I decided to go ahead and run #3 off and get it over with. I re-register tomorrow and I won't have much time after that.

'Way back, I read a book called, "The Long Loud Silence" by Wilson Tucker. I must have been about 12 years old at the time and it might have been my first s-f book. It left an impression on me and I still remembered it. The other day when my older brother Jerry brought it in and asked if I remembered it; I bounced upon it with glee and spent an afternoon re-affirming my conviction that it's the best "after-atomic-war" novel that I've ever read. If you haven't read it, you've missed something.

Terry Ange's story is veiled symbolism. (Just thought I'd warn you) I got it and when I showed it to Al, he got it. I just hope you get it!



One Sunday back in December, about the 22nd, Dick and I jumped into my "black bomb" and headed down to B'ham to see Al. Naturally Al and Dick were old friends. But I didn't feel a bit left out. Meeting Al was quite an experience and one I'll remember. As a fan and a person I'm proud to know him.

the diner

JOE
STATON

It was a small diner set just off the highway. There were no other buildings to be seen for miles around. On the roof stood a red-lettered sign which said, "Bill's Cafe". The paint was peeling away from the sign making it somewhat illegible.

Ernie Anderson turned his Buick roughly from the highway and into the graveled area which fronted the diner. He sat a moment in the car, then he entered the cafe. It was like hundreds of others he had eaten in, with a long, somewhat worn counter and a number of tables. Showcards lined the wall giving the prices for the articles of food to be had in the place. Throwing a leg over a stool at the counter, Ernie noted that he was the only customer.

Anderson was a short, rough-looking man with a scraggly mustache and a receding hairline. His beady eyes were set under out-of-proportion eyebrows, which; when coupled with his weak chin, gave a rather ludicrous appearance to his face.



As he sat drumming his fingers on the counter-top the waitress came from the kitchen. Anderson fixed his eyes on her as she came towards him.

"May I help you sir?" the girl asked in a practiced voice, holding her pad ready to take down his order. She was unnaturally attractive, with honey-blonde hair. She had delicate, finely-chisled, features with black-lashed blue eyes and a straight nose which stood above full, exquisitely moulded lips. She wore the standard attire of a waitress--white blouse and skirt. The uniform was tight, accenting her rounded hips and full breasts.

"Gimme a couple of hamburgers and a beer," Anderson answered, his eyes watching her.

She turned and re-entered the kitchen. Anderson amused himself with obscene thoughts for a moment, then he slipped noiselessly from his stool and quietly walked to the kitchen door; peering through the little round window. Behind it he saw the girl and a young man. The man was cooking Anderson's hamburgers, while the girl looked on.

"Must be just the two of them," Anderson thought and returned to his stool. In a short while the girl returned bringing his order.

"Thanks," Ernie said. "Just you and the cook here?"

The girl deliberated as to whether she should answer his question or not. Then she finally said, "Yes, my husband Billy is the cook. We own this place.

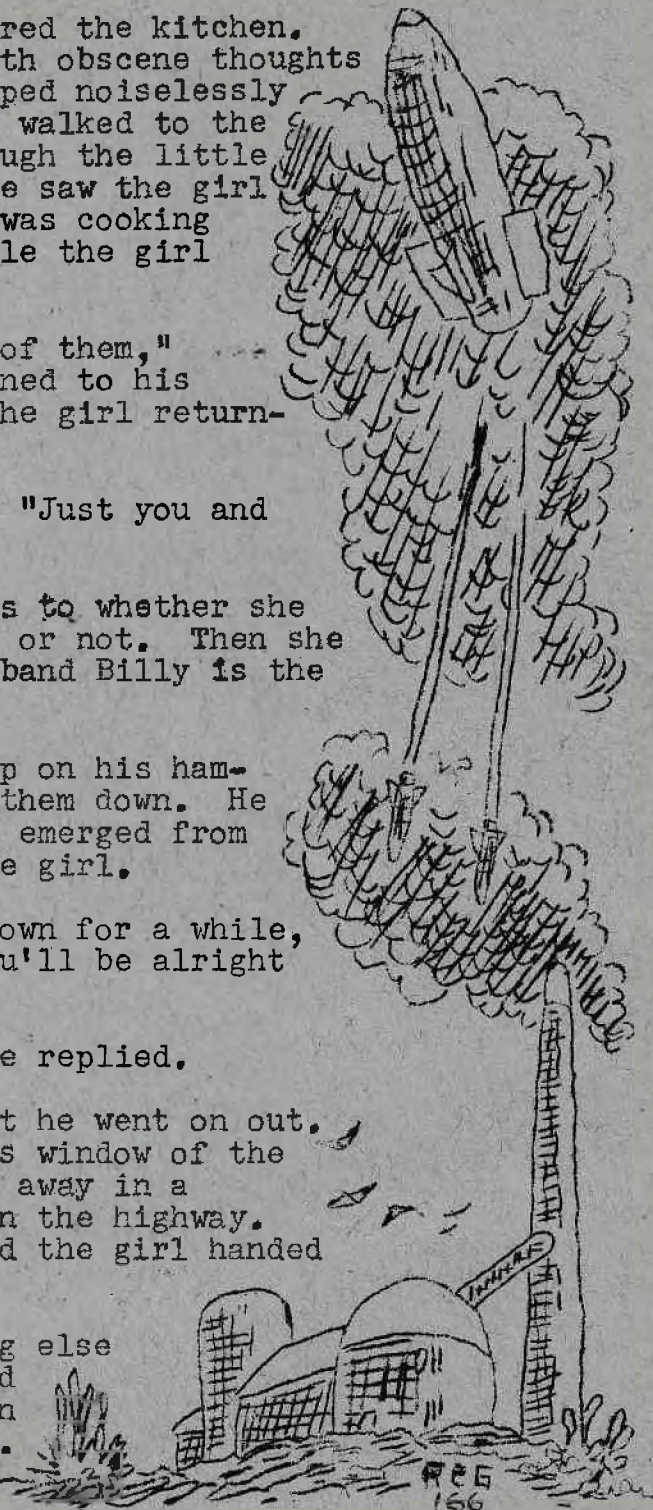
Anderson smeared catsup on his hamburgers and began to wolf them down. He looked up as the young man emerged from the kitchen to speak to the girl.

"I've got to go into town for a while, hon. Do you, uh, think you'll be alright here until I get back?"

"Sure, I guess so," she replied.

Billy looked uneasy but he went on out. Through the big plate-glass window of the diner, he saw the man pull away in a green pick-up and head down the highway. Ernie finished his food and the girl handed him a bill.

"Will there be anything else sir?" she asked as he paid her. Anderson slowly began to walk behind the counter. A leering grin covered his features.



"Yeah, I just think there will be," he said as he advanced toward the waitress.

"What do you want?" she pleaded, backing away.

"Guess!" Anderson muttered, grabbing her arm and dragging her nearer to him. She seemed surprisingly strong but he pulled her slowly toward him.

"Let go of me!" she shouted but Anderson laid one hand on her breast as he still held her arm with the other hand. As his rough fingers tore open her white blouse, he recoiled in stunned amazement and horror.

"No, no....." Anderson mumbled, not able to tear his eyes away from her bosom, for between the pink flesh of her full breasts gleamed a fuse-box. Ernie clawed blindly behind him and seizing the beer bottle, he began to beat her with a fury.

.....and when Billy returned, he found his automaton a smashed mass of metal and Anderson sitting in a corner mumbling to himself.....totally insane.



Her eyes fall on a rather scrawny, faded-looking violet.

"That one!" she shouts as she, not so tenderly, smudges it into the soil with her plump, pink toe.

"Oh, good grief!" protests Isiac, "he'll never be missed. Why he's hardly more than a weed!"

Reuben interrupts, "It isn't quality that counts, it's quantity."

"Now, now, don't argue boys," Alberta says, "there's nothing to fight about."

Both shyly agree. Reuben drops his offensive fist of thunder and Isiac gently lets his bolt of summer lightning slide back down to hell. Their truce is celebrated by wild dancing and more destructive tactics until the three collapse from exhaustion; each careful to be as awkward about the fall as possible, in order to cover more ground.

"Who would have ever guessed heaven would be like this," Alberta sighs. "Just think, we have eternity and when we finish this field, we can move on to the next galaxie and other fields."

Their laughter rises, floats melodiously down, down, down, through space; where it is received as something quite different.



SWORDS & SORCERY

Book Review
By

LARRY
MONTGOMERY



SWORDS & SORCERY: Edited by L. Sprague De Camp.
Pyramid Books R-950, 50¢.

Donald A. Wollheim happened to be a guy at the right place at the right time. Consequently the Ace edition of "At the Earth's Core", by Edgar Rice Burroughs, appeared and started the flood of the old master's books back into print. In the past year or so most of ERB's books have been re-introduced to a public that has bought them like hotcakes. We might look upon the revival of Burroughs as perhaps the revival of the "sword & sorcery" aspect of science fiction.

Burroughs wrote ten novels about the fictional world of Barsoom, set actually Mars. Except for a very small episode in the first book, "A Princess of Mars", there was no sorcery in the series. But there was the best darn writing of the "sword" we'll ever see.

Howard Phillips Lovecraft, the greatest creator of terror of the twentieth century, wrote stories that could be termed "sorcery". But when writers combined these two popular themes, then the fun began.

An anthology containing the best of sword, sorcery, and both is one of the best bargains that I've seen in a long time. Illustrated by the master pen of Virgil Finlay, here is a synopsis of these short tales:

"The Valor of Cappen Varra"
by Poul Anderson.

The modern "viking" of sf spins a yarn, based on a Danish legend, which appeared in Fantastic Science Fiction for Jan., 1957. Cappen, a wandering bard from the south, is traveling with a crew of vikings on a stormy voyage to their home. Cold and wet they sight light on an island. They "volunteer" Cappen to row ashore and fetch it. But the fire is guarded by a witch and a beautiful girl!

"Distressing Tale of Thangobrinde the Jeweler" by Lord Dunsany.

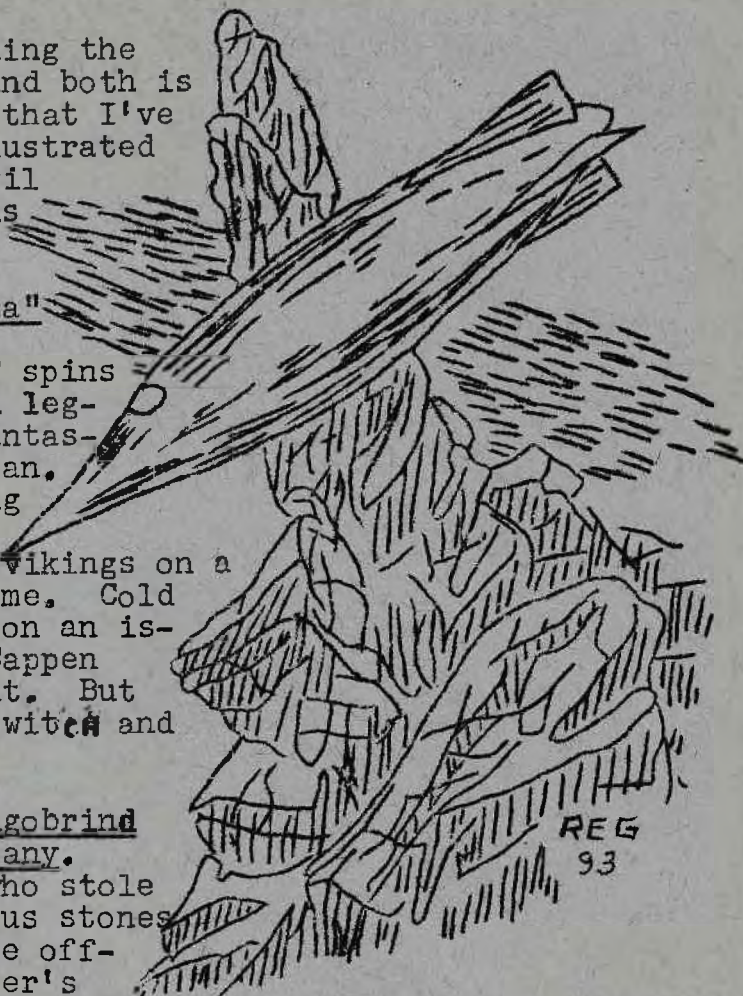
Thangobrinde was a thief who stole only four kinds of precious stones. And when a Merchant Prince offered his beautiful daughter's soul for a diamond that was larger than a human head; Thangobrinde set out for the temple of Moun-ga-ling where the diamond lay in the lap of the spider-idol, Hlo-Hlo. The whereabouts of the diamond was no secret. Yet none returned from the temple. Would Thangobrinde?

"Shadows in the Moonlight" by Robert E. Howard.

Accompanied by a beautiful woman, the mighty Conan finds himself on an island that seems haunted by the devil himself. What is the mystery that surrounds the ruins, where men have been frozen in iron to make strange statues for a hall?

"The Citadel of Darkness" by Henry Kuttner.

In the sequel of "Cursed by the City", Prince Raynor and Eblin follow the trail of the fair Delphia across the central plains of prehistoric Asia. The trail leads to a dark island where the warlock Ghiar, holds her with the power of the gods of the zodiac.



"When the Sea King's Away" by Fritz Leiber.

After failing at a monumental religious swindle in Lankhmar (Lean Times in Lankhmar) the Gray Mouser and Fafhrd are fleeing in a "borrowed" sloop along the northern shores of the Inner Sea. Suddenly a tunnel appears in the sea. Fafhrd begins to dream about the Sea King's beautiful slave girls and takes the plunge. The Mouser follows and the two find more than they bargained for.

The Doom That Came to Sarnath" by Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

One of HPL's few fantasies, holds the same note of horror that have made his works so popular. Relive the legend of the beings that dwelled in the land of Mnar and what happened in the ages after they were destroyed by the people of Sarnath.

"Hellsgarde" by C. L. Moore.

Guy of Garlot holds Jirel of Joiry's men in his dungeon. He will release them if the warrior-queen will find the hidden jewels in the haunted castle of Hellsgarde. In the end what she gives Guy is not quite what he expected.

"The Testament of Asthammaus" by Clark Ashton Smith.

The earth is young. Asthammaus, the aged headsman of Uzuld-aroum spins a narrative of the strange end of a city on the forgotten continent of Hyberborea.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

By
SCOTT MARTIN

The light of the full moon drifted down through the trees, to make pools of silver light on the forest's leafy floor. Crickets chirped their eternal, never-ending song to the night's soft breezes. A small green frog sat beside a pool of shimmering water.

The pool was fed by a murmuring brook that wound it's way out of the woods and along the side of a dirt road. High up on a hill, with the brook running in front of it, stood the house. The two-storied structure loomed dark against the stars. A single light shone from the attic.

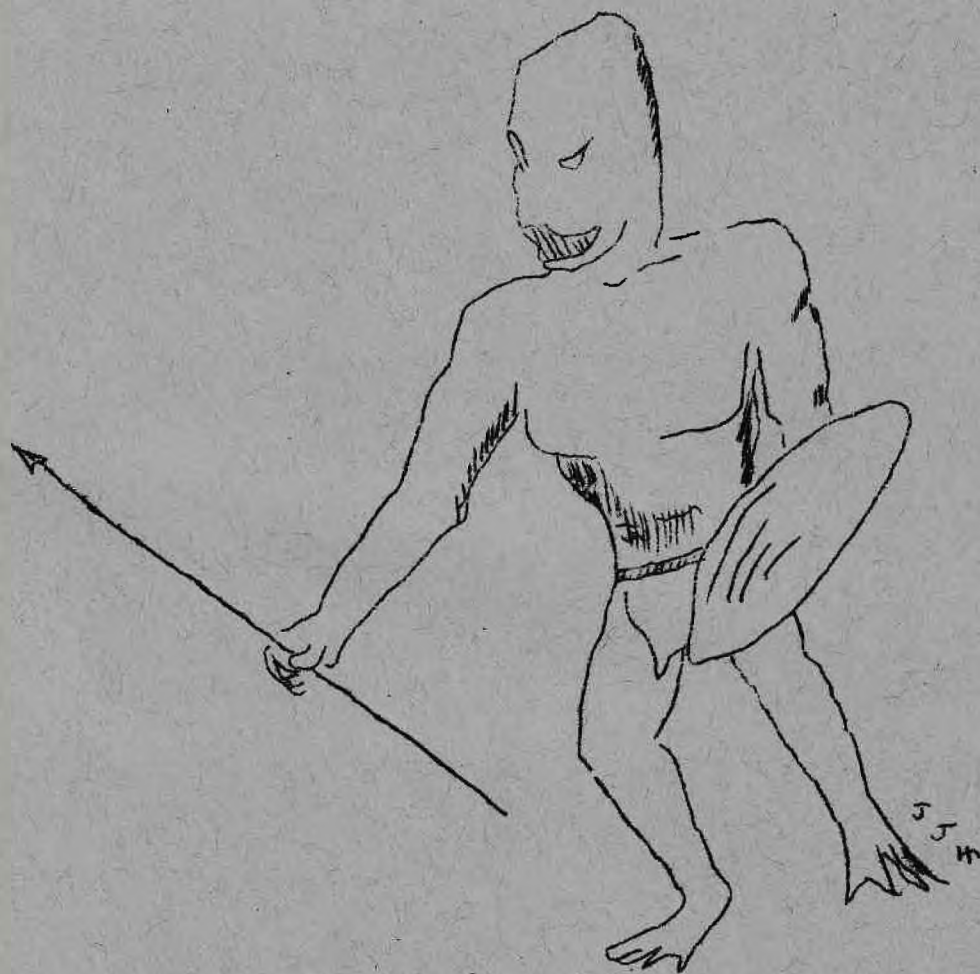
The kerosene lamp sitting atop a packing box, gave out a smokey radiance that only partially defied the dark. Sitting

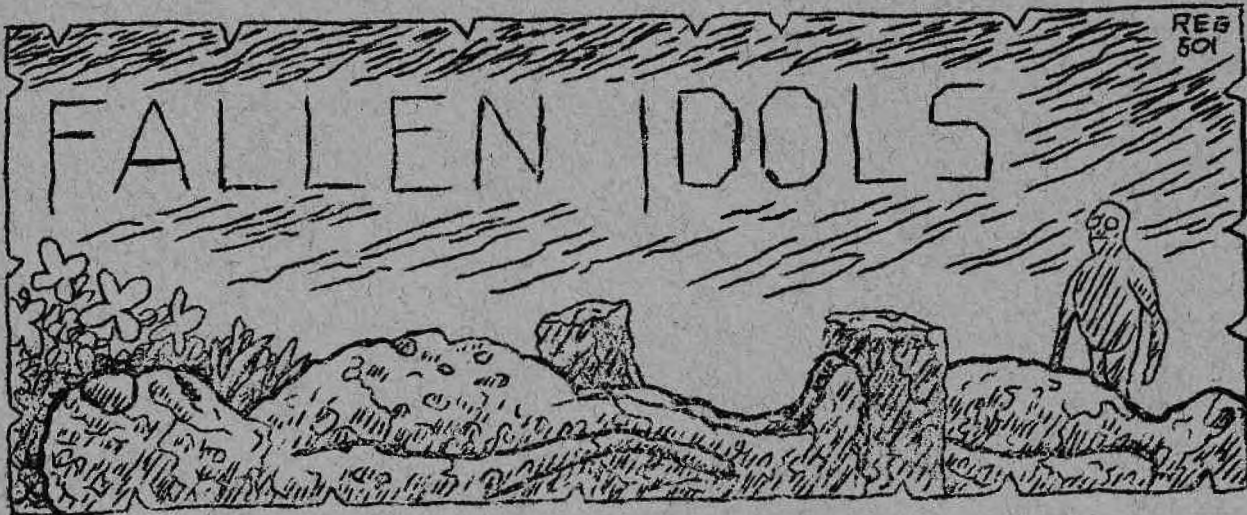
with her back against the wall, the old woman's eyes misted with tears. Trembling hands dropped the yellowed photograph into her lap, and she reached for a handkerchief. She blew her nose and reached again for the picture of the man she had loved. His strong handsome face stared at her across fifty years of time. He had looked very much like this picture the night he proposed.

It had been a night like this--summer, and the moon bathing everything in its silvery light, when he had taken her in his arms and she had whispered into his ear, "Yes".

Her thoughts snapped back to the present and reality. He'd been dead ten years and she was very lonely. She had the sudden realization--the sooner she died, the sooner she could be with him. No longer did life have purpose for her.

And whatever flew like a feather on the warm summer winds, read her thoughts and took pity. Later it passed on and the lamp was the only warm thing left in the attic.





Fanzine Reviews
By
LARRY MONTGOMERY

SFPA'ers we're slipping! I was expecting an even bigger mailing than before. Wha hoppen? This issue is being done early (see editorial) and of this date (January 18th) I haven't received a post-mailed copy of ISCARIOT. But I do have a copy of the zine. I was at Dick Ambrose's house the day he ran them off. The zine was intended to be run through the tenth mailing, so I'm gonna review it. I won't go into why it was late. I'm sure Dick will explain that in his editorial.

I may not have made my grading system quite clear. The best zine, in my warped opinion, get 10, the worst gets 1. The rest are graded on how they stack up with the best. Picking the best zine this time proved quite a problem.

STRANGER THAN FACT#3

Jim, now that I look back over your first two issues, they really weren't that bad. #3 is a further improvement and a good one. The Staton cover struck me as.....cute! Variety of material, fairly good repro and maybe I ought to have my head examined but.....
.....10

OUTRE#2

Yank, I must have been wrong when I said you'd improve, Ghod what a mess of crud!!!!!! Question. Bailles just how many Burroughs book have you read? That little song about ERE burned me up! But you're entitled to your own opinion about an author. Yet I'm also entitled to my opinion about you..
....which isn't very much! I'll impale you with a sword if I read something like that again! Yank, what's this "kick"

you've got about mailing comments? You must like them so much that you just about devoted the whole issue to them. I tempted to give lower but.....1

SCIMITAR#1

Welcome to the S7PA, George. Fair for a first issue and shows that somebody can do something with a ditto-zine. The story wasn't much but the cover and mc's were... 5

TO SAVE A MEMBERSHIP#1

Welcome back, thou enthusiast of Norse mythology fandom. Man, that was a great cover! The run-down on the S7PA activity was interesting and that cross-word puzzle was harder than it looked. Here's hoping LOKI is back for the next mailing.4

SPORADIC#9

Bill, there's just something about REG's work that appeals to me, in other words I liked the cover. Traveling fan was pleasant ramblin'. The repro could have been better. It'll help if you'll clean your keys every paragraph or so.9

CLIFFHANGERS AND OTHERS#4

Well Gibson had a cover in the mailing even if WORMFARM didn't make it. Mostly a "catching-up" issue with serials that I read but didn't really enjoy because I hadn't read the previous installments.4

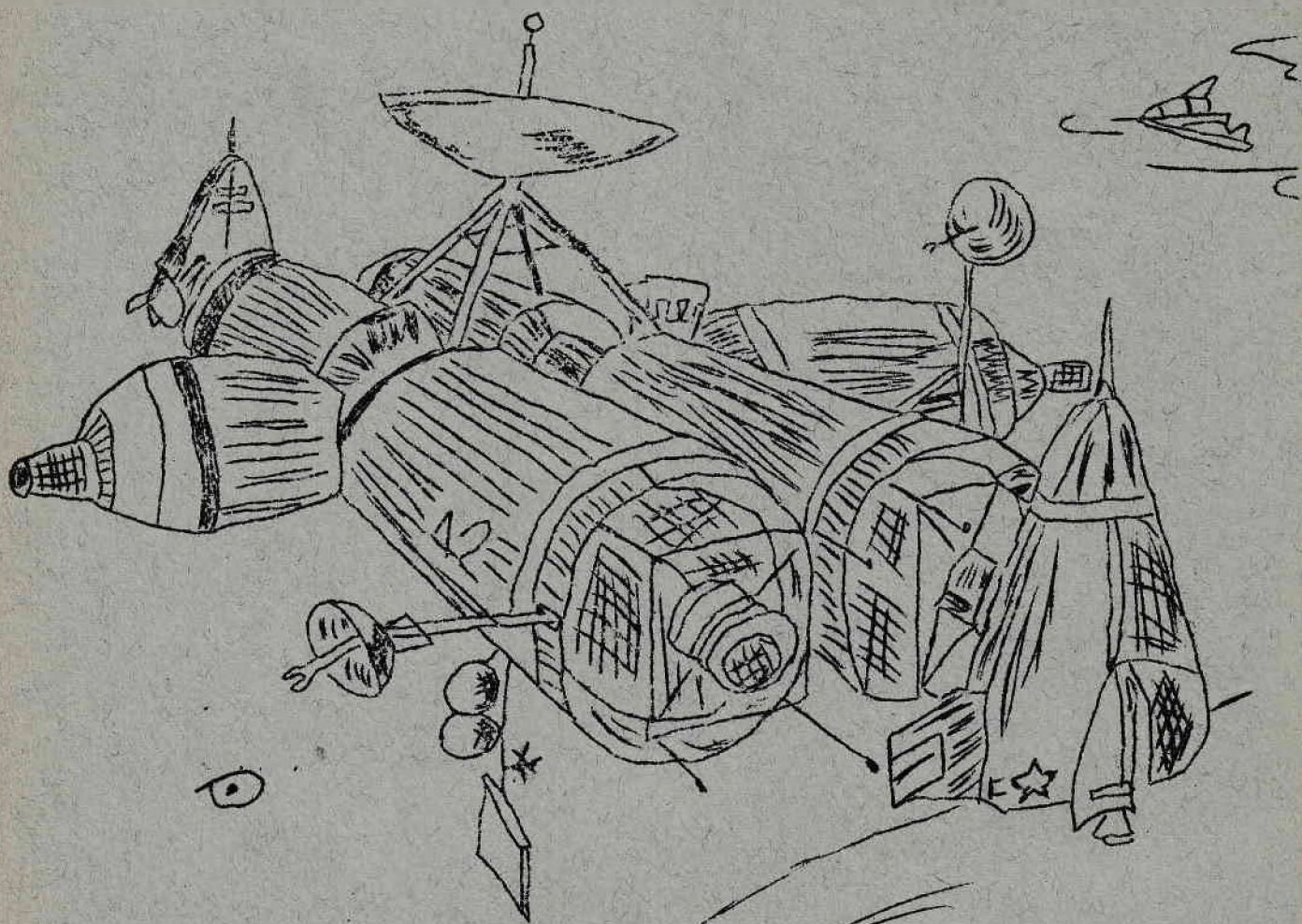
ISCARIOT#10

A review of a movie I wish I had seen, Dick's always interesting column on the supernatural, and Al's entertaining mailing comments; make up a fairly thin "transission" issue. ~~Best~~ cover, best mailing comments, best column in the mailing but just not long enough... 9

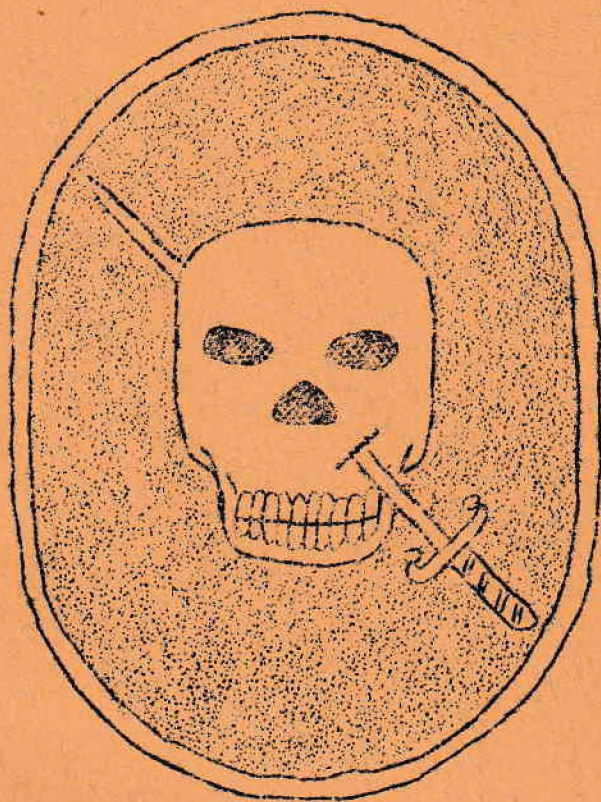
"The nightmare horde slithered away, led by the abominable naked phosphorescent thing that now strode insolently, bearing in its arms the glassy-eyed corpse of the corpulent old man."

"There are sacraments of evil as well as of good about us, and we live and move to my belief in an unknown world, a place where there are caves and shadows and dwellers in twilight. It is possible that man may sometimes return on the track of evolution, and it is my belief that an awful lore is not yet dead.

—Arthur Machen



J. MONTGOMERY '64



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