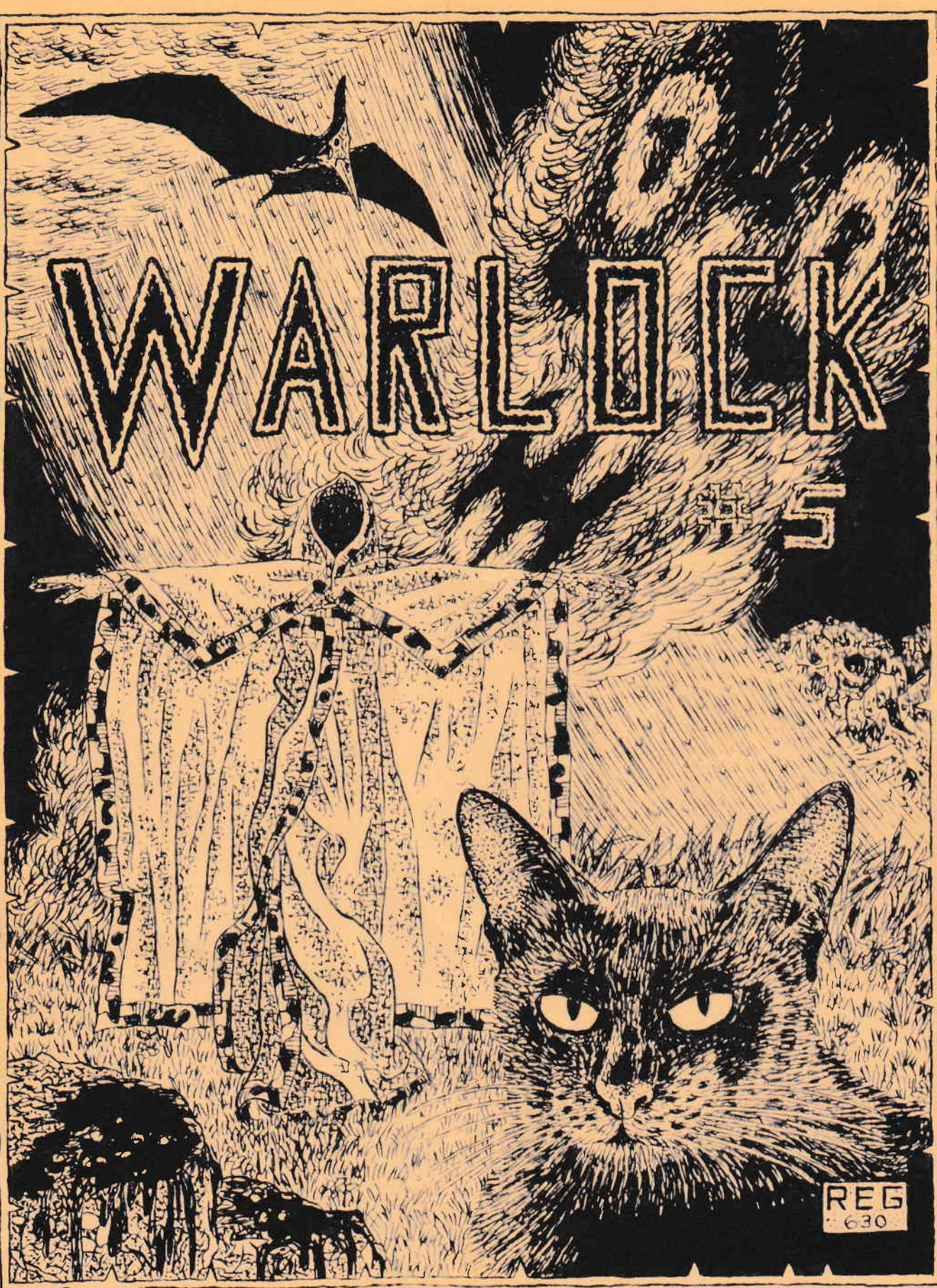


# WARLOCK

#5



REG  
630



# WARLOCK



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Terry Ange--page 29.

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Robert E. Gilbert--page 6, 7, 8, 12, 23, 24, 27, 30, 31, 32.

Larry Montgomery--page 3, 4, 13, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22.

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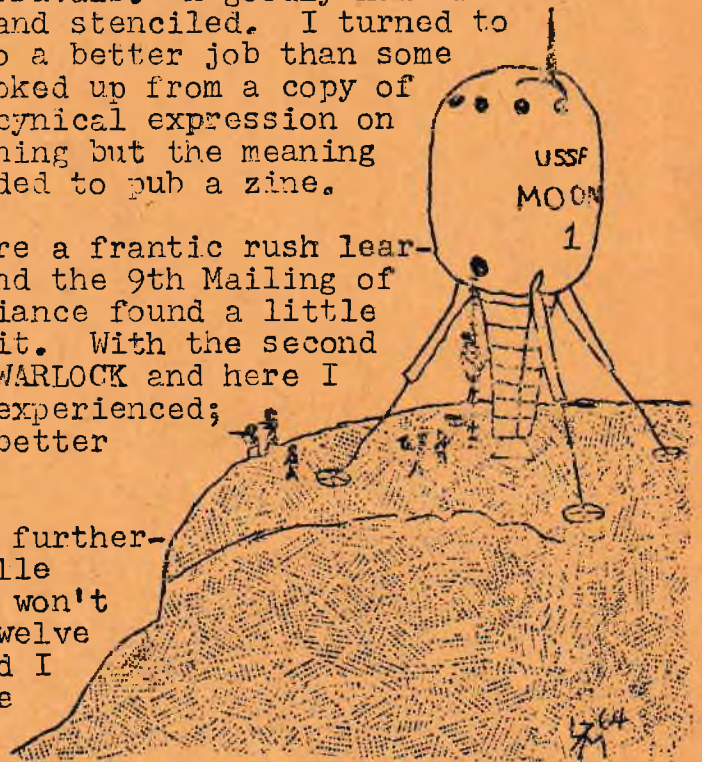


ANNISH It seems that time flies on swift wings indeed. Incredible as it may seem, to me, a year has gone by and I've just about finished stencilling the fifth issue of WARLOCK. Time hasn't yet dimmed the memory of the conception of my fanzine.

It was about the 27th of August, 1963, and night had fallen over beautiful Wood Valley. I was visiting Dick Ambrose and we were discussing fanzines in general. I had been looking through some of his recent fanzine arrivals. A goodly number were hec-cted, poorly written, drawn and stenciled. I turned to Dick and said, "Heck, I can do a better job than some of these people." Ambrose looked up from a copy of XERO and looked at me with a cynical expression on his face. He didn't say anything but the meaning was clear, "Oh, yea?" I decided to pub a zine.

The next several days were a frantic rush learning to type stencils, etc. and the 9th Mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance found a little 9-pager called SPECTRE#1 in it. With the second issue I changed the title to WARLOCK and here I am a year older, wiser, more experienced; and I hope able to put out a better fanzine.

COLLEGE As last fall, I'll be furthering my education at Jacksonville State College. Nope, address won't change, the college is only twelve miles away and my black VW and I will be commuting again. I've had a little time on my hands this summer, especially at

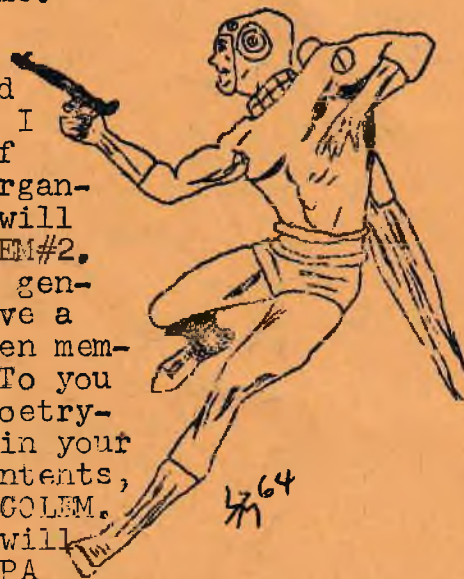


night after working in the day time on my summer job. This means that my fanac has been greater this time around. But this output will have to diminish quite a lot. I'm planning on taking 18 hours of some rough courses this fall, plus being an Officer in the Pershing Rifles, and member of the Masque and Wig Guild (drama society), Writer's Club, and Collegian Staff (college newspaper). So you can see with all this, plus the eternal pursuit of the opposite sex, I'll be pretty busy until next summer. This doesn't mean I'm quitting fandom or anything, but don't expect the next few issues of WARLOCK to be quite this big in page-count.

DEEP SOUTH CON II The second annual Deep South Con was held the next to the last week-end in August in Room#21 of the Van Thomas Motel in Anniston, Alabama. The planning and short notice of this "on the spur of the moment" convention are all my fault, There just wasn't time and I didn't have the contacts to inform as many people as should have been. To the people who could and would have come, if they'd known about it, I sincerely apologize.

The con was small in attendance but not in enjoyment. Bill Gibson, Rick Norwood, Al Andrews, Dick Ambrose, John Hall, Lee Jacobs, Terry Ange, and I all found the con a lot of fun. I'm sorry this report couldn't be more detailed but the Sept. 10th SFFPA deadline is fast approaching and this is my last stencil. I do hope you enjoy the zine that was a product of the con. Blame any mistakes in CONGLOMERATION#1 on me.

APA45 You can tell by the two circled initials on the contents page, that I've joined fandom's newest apa. This group, of which I am the oldest member; being born in Jan. of 1945, has enough enthusiasm for two such organizations. Their first mailing in October will have WARLOCK#5 (genzine) and an apazine GOLEM#2. This is one of the new apa's requirements; genzine (16 pages) and apazine (6 pages). I have a feeling that our first mailing with fourteen members should be quite large in pagecount. To you members of APA45--if you notice that the poetry-section listed on the contents page isn't in your copy--well don't despair, it's the sole contents, along with two covers and an editorial of GOLEM. Hereafter that fanzine (of changing names) will feature mailing comments of the previous APA 45 mailing.



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AN INDEX OF VALHALLA PUBLICATIONS.

September, 1963--September, 1964

SPECTRE#1/ Sept. '63. SFFA-9th Mailing--9 pp.

Cover--Jerry Montgomery.

"Words"(Editorial)--Larry Montgomery.

"Poems of Reality"(poetry)--Terry Ange.

"And the Children Came Home"(fiction)--Larry Montgomery.

Artwork by: John Hall, Jerry Montgomery, & Larry Montgomery.

WARLOCK#2/ Dec. '63. SFFA-10th Mailing--9 pp.

Cover--Larry Montgomery

Editorial--Larry Montgomery.

"The Experiment"(fiction)--Terry Ange.

Fandom At the Phil-Con--Richard S. Benyo.

"The Razor"(mc's-9th SFFA mailing)--Larry Montgomery.

Artwork by: Jim Hyland & Larry Montgomery.

WARLOCK#3/ March, '64. SFFA-11th Mailing & General Fandom--17 pp.

Cover--Robert E. Gilbert.

Editorial--Larry Montgomery.

"The Diner"(fiction)--Joe Staton.

"The Meadow"(fiction)--Terry Ange.

"Swords & Sorcery"(book review)--Larry Montgomery.

"By the Light of the Moon"(fiction)--Scott Martin.

"Fallen Idols"(mc's-10th SFFA mailing)--Larry Montgomery.

Artwork: Robert E. Gilbert, Jim Hyland, Jerry Montgomery, & Larry Montgomery.

WARLOCK#4/ June, '64. SFFA-12th Mailing & General Fandom--20 pp.

Cover--Robert E. Gilbert.

"The Warlock Speaks"(editorial)--Larry Montgomery.

"Whatever Happened To Anartica Fandom?"(faan humor)--Al Andrews.

"Who Killed Cock Robin?"(fiction)--Joe Schlatter.

"The Victors"(poetry)--John Putnam.

"You'll Never Be the Same"(book review)--Dale L. Walker.

"Fallen Idols"(mc's-11th SFFA mailing)--Larry Montgomery.

Artwork by: Al Andrews, Terry Ange, Robert E. Gilbert, Jerry Montgomery, Larry Montgomery & Joe Staton.

BANSHEE#1/ July, '64. Charter Members of APA45--7 pp.

Cover--Joe Staton--Back Cover of WARLOCK#4, modified.

"Why's and Wherefore's"--An Explanation--Larry Montgomery.

"When Hunters Meet"(fiction)--Larry Montgomery.

An Index of Valhalla Publications--Larry Montgomery.

"By the Light of the Moon"(reprinted fiction)--Scott Martin.

GOLEM#2(the fanzine of changing names)/ Oct. '64. APA45-1st Mailing--8 pp.

Editorial--Larry Montgomery.

"Eternity"(poetry)--Pat Cagle.

"Then There Were None"(poetry)--Robert Warnock.

"Ode To the Loss of a Dream"(poetry)--Terry Ange.

"Shades of Death"(poetry)--Terry Ange.

"The Storm"(poetry)--Richard Ambrose.

Artwork by: Terry Ange, Bill Gibson, & Robert E. Gilbert.

# A CAT'S TALE

By  
TERRY ANGE

JASON and I grew up together. He was the guy next door who broke my arm at the age of eight, wrecked my bike at twelve and stole my girl at seventeen. So we had always been, and so we might have been until this day had we not entered different universities. I heard little from my best friend during the next two years. Then suddenly, in my junior year, I was flooded with an onslaught of mail, all of which concerned a certain Miss Kathleen Dunkirk.

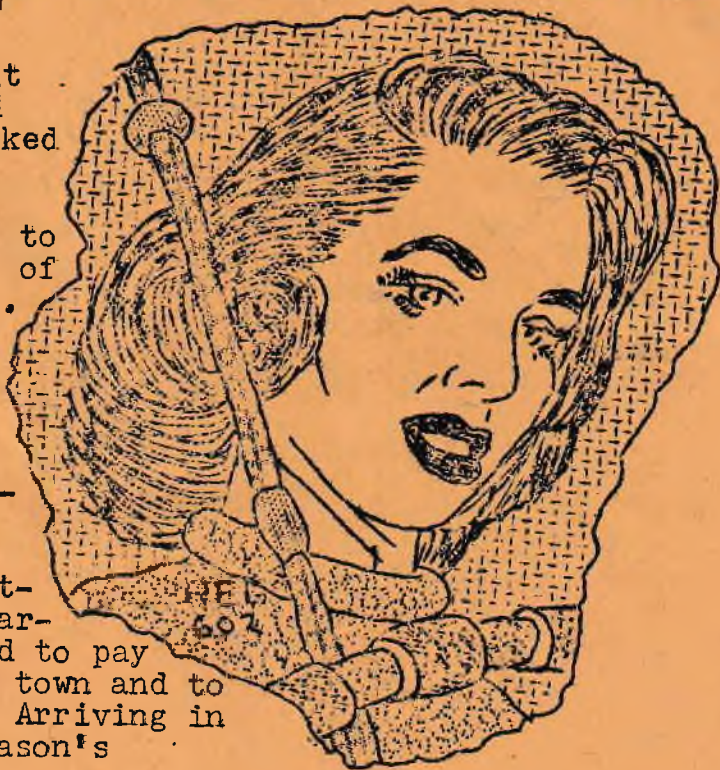
"SHE is unique", he wrote, "She has the strangest smile and the most bewitching eyes."

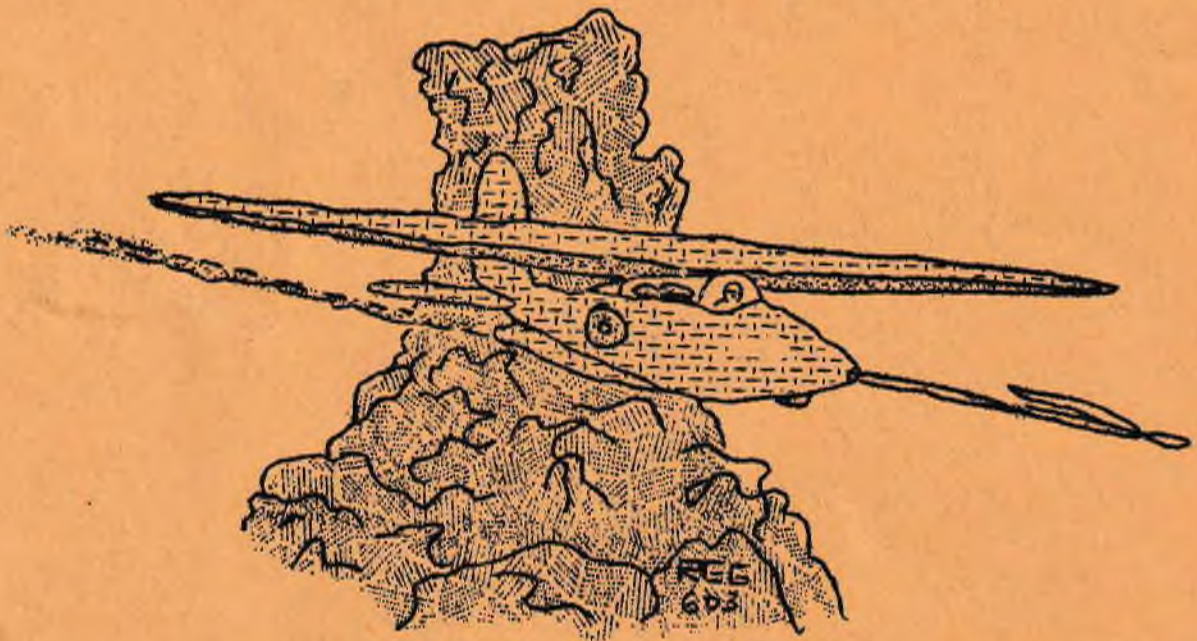
JASON replied immediately, "This girl is incredible. She lives alone in a rather large stone house near the sea. She lives alone, that is, except for her six cats. She introduced them to me as: Peter, Randolph, John, Jerry, Tom, and Reginald. Kathleen told me each had previously been her husband, and in a fit of anger, she had turned each of the poor devils into a cat. This girl has a great sense of humor. I'll bet she could write if she wanted to."

WELL, I had to admit this girl of Jason's did sound different. It looked as if he had once again beaten me to the prize. Then I received what was to his last letter, telling of his marriage to Kathleen.

"IS Jason always to come in first; while I come in a poor second?" I asked myself. "Would I ever meet a girl to equal his Kathleen?"

FOLLOWING my graduation and a year of not hearing from Jason, I decided to pay a visit to the seacoast town and to pay the couple a visit. Arriving in town, I inquired as to Jason's





whereabouts, but found out nothing. Apparently Jason had left some time ago. Tired from my trip, I decided a vacation was in order. The beach would be deserted on Sunday morning, or so I thought. I needed a quiet place to think things over. My plans, however, did not coincide with those of fate; for that was the day I met Kathy. She was the girl I had always dreamed of---at last I had equaled Jason at something. I saw her every day for weeks and was soon head-over-heels in love.

SHE lived not far from the beach, and one night invited me to dinner. In my heart, I knew this was the night I would propose. I arrived early, and Kathy wanting me out the kitchen and her way, pushed me into the living room with instructions to make friends with her family.

"WHAT family?" I asked, surprised.

"YOU mean I haven't told you about my cats?" she asked. "Well, I'll fix that. You can't be friends until you have been properly introduced. There they are---all seven of them---Peter, Randolph, John, Jerry, Tom, Reginald, AND the one on the end--- the one growling---that's Jason."

\*\*\*\*\*



# THE TOO GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER

by  
BILL PLOTT

About this time of the year--the end of summer--I begin to relax again after several months of nervously observing a certain phenomenon in the flora of the Deep South. I really know that there was no reason to be nervous in the first place, but I can't help feeling a little apprehensive in early spring when those serpentine tentacles begin to reach out across the land.....

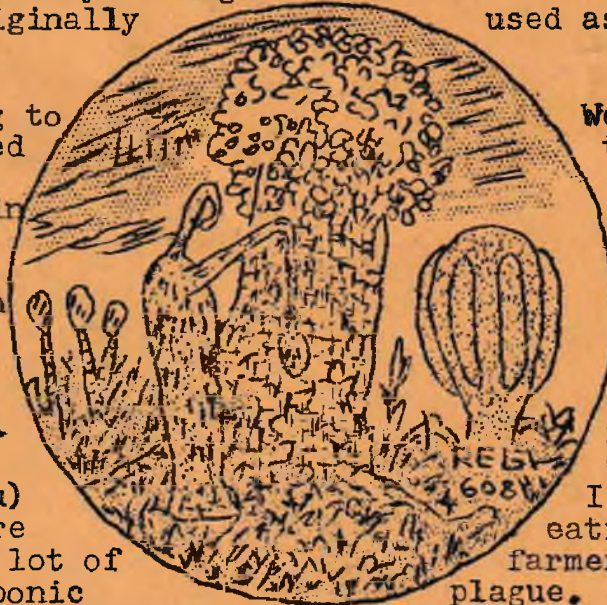
They are like a horror-movie menace with their lush green leaves climbing the trunks of tall trees and engulfing them until they are merely green mounds, like refugees from a pulp magazine cover. Vast fields become waist-deep seas of snake-infested greenery as the tentacles struggle unrelentlessly to cover everything within reach.

To me, when those deep evening shadows fall in the spring and the summer, there is a strange uneasy sensation in my stomach as I drive down a lonely stretch of highway and see nothing but unintelligible mounds and plains of deep vegetation. It has every appearance of being a scene from a science-fiction story, with a theme of nature running wild and threatening to wipe out mankind.

But actually there is a more common name for the phenomenon and it wasn't always thought to be a menace. It's called kudzu and it was originally used as a deterrent against soil erosion.

According to (the unabridged plant is "a originat-ing in its tuberous to be edible used to obtain kohemp. Just good for, I'm

But gett-  
thunbergiana,  
name for kudzu)  
one around here  
I sure know a lot of  
it was the bubonic



Webster's dictionary third edition), the prostrate vine" China and Japan. roots are supposed and the stem is a fiber called what kohemp is not sure.

ing back to Pueraria (a high-classed I don't know of any-eating the stuff, but farmers fighting it like plague.

Imported to this country about 100 years ago, the grape-vine looking growth was envisioned as an all-purpose crop which could be used to feed live-stock, preserve the soil and help people too. But today, abandoned farms completely covered by it--trees, barns, houses, machinery--are not unusual.

It grows at the rate of some twelve inches a day at the height of its growing season and within a matter of weeks, the straggling stems can completely cover a 100-foot-high tree.

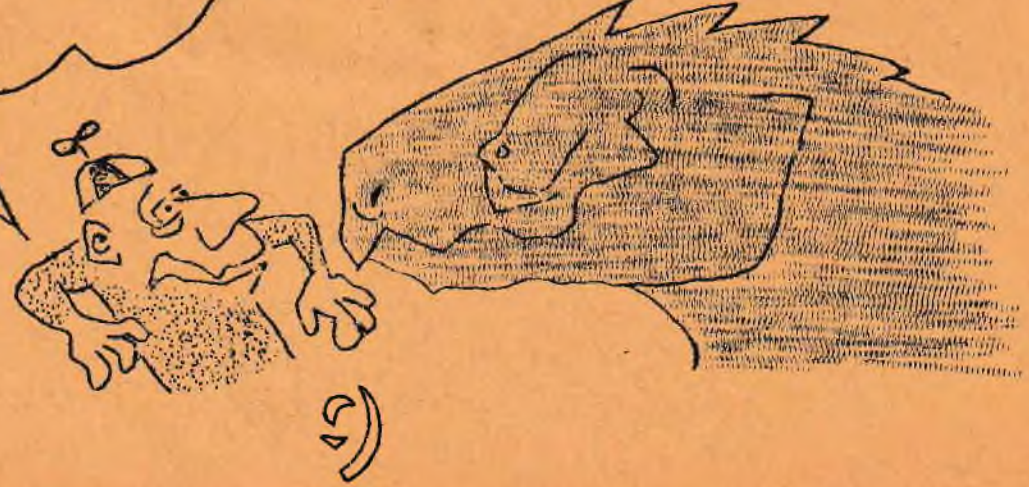
So apparently kudzu, the once saviour of everything in the Deep-South, has lost its reputation. It comes to life in the early spring and it quickly spreads like a cancer over everything.

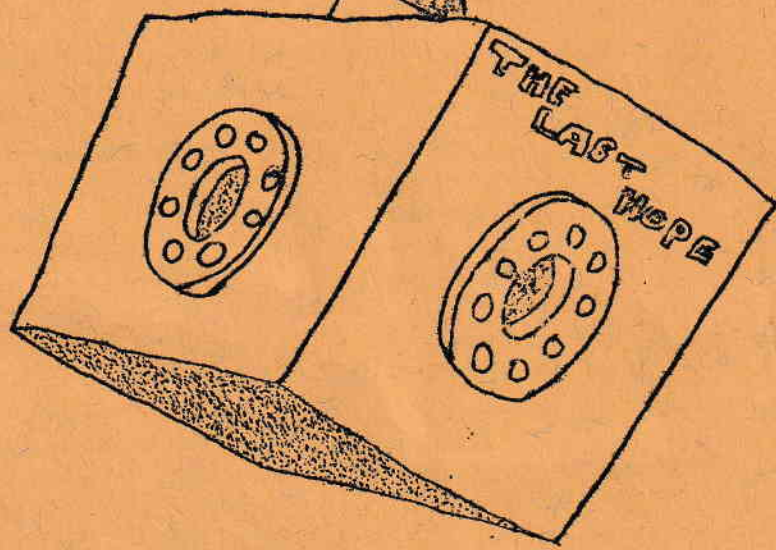
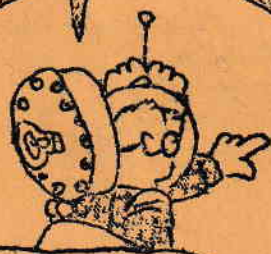
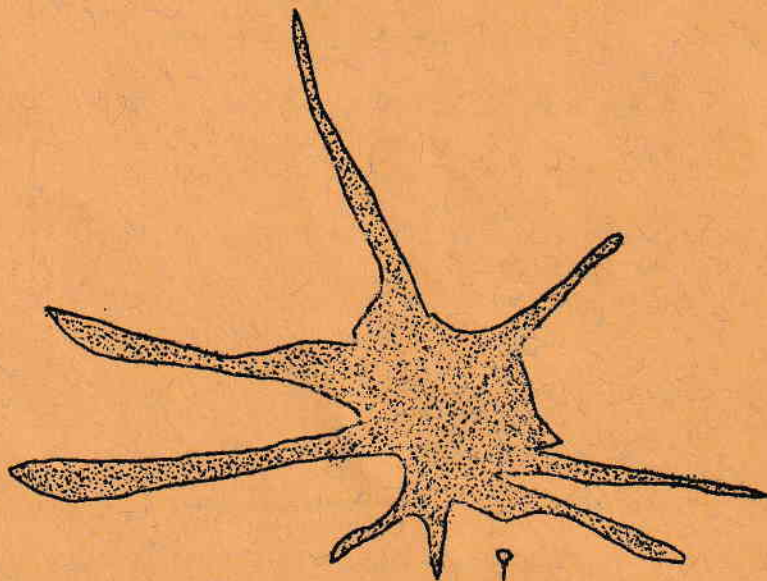
By the middle of the summer, the rapidly growing vine is evident everywhere along Alabama and Georgia highways. It is not at all out of the ordinary to see an entire acre of land completely engulfed by a cushiony, snake-infested bed of kudzu. And all the trees within that area will be so completely covered that they no longer are recognizable as trees----they look like huge vegetable monoliths.

Late in the afternoon as the sun begins to set, the swallowed trees throw out long shadows across the little valleys where kudzu reigns supreme. It is really a beautiful sight, but it is then that I get that eerie feeling down my spine and begin to have all kinds of strange-horrible st-f-nal visions fluttering through my mind. It's at times like these that I

"SHAZAM!  
DAMMIT-  
SHAZAM!!"

really begin to feel like, maybe I've been reading too much of that crazy "Buck Rogers stuff". ###I suppose there is really nothing to worry about with kudzu, I imagine there are similar growths in the world, but it's still something I look forward to & yet dread every summer. My only real conclusion from all of this is.....I'll never trust that "Ho-Ho-Ho-Jolly-Green-Giant" character any more!





# LONELY IS THE NIGHT



## LARRY MONTGOMERY

---

The lake was a mirror, reflecting the galaxies of stars that shone down from the heavens. The moon, deluging the lake with its silver light, was a full one and rode high in the late summer sky. Myriads of insects hummed their incessant songs to the frogs in the shallows. The amphibious music of the frogs paled into insignificance when compared with what came from the abode of man.

Sitting on a slight incline up from the lake, the summer house was aglow with gaiety. The brick structure was an expensive one and the party within its confines was well-attended. The tinkle of iced drinks and a gentle buzz of conversation came from the wide porch. The sounds of soft music could be heard from a stereo in the pine-paneled living room. Comfortably dressed couples danced to the soft strains, unaware of the passage of time and the outside world.

Seen from the opposite side of the tree-encircled lake, the house seemed to glow with happiness. The rainbow of colored lights, that had been strung around the house for the party, were distorted; but beautiful reflections the in quiet water that lapped quietly at the wooden boat dock. The sights and sounds of the Allen Johnson's last party of the summer, floated on a gentle breeze to be heard by ears that pricked forward to catch each note and eyes that saw everything.

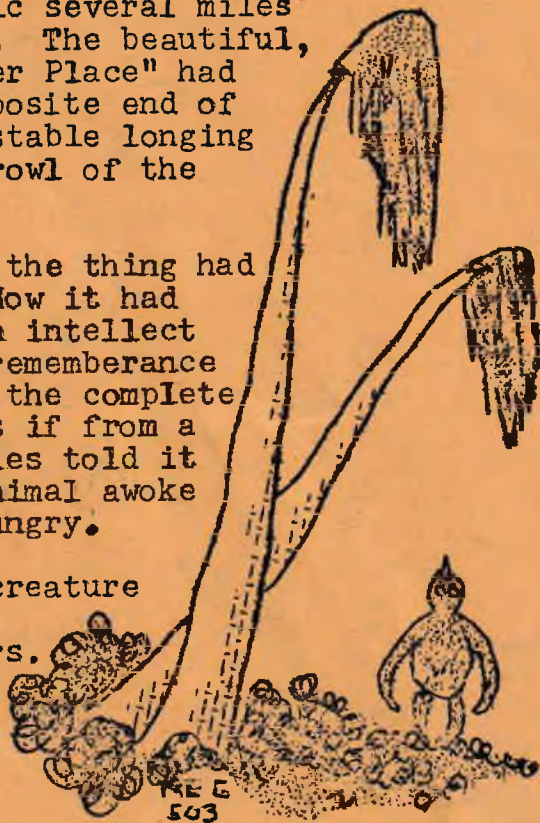
Luminous red eyes watched the house with unblinking intensity. Not a single thing was missed. The thing that watched in the tall bushes was huge. Yet for all it's size and strength, it was vulnerable.



The creature had heard the music several miles away in the depths of a pine forest. The beautiful, and appropriate, strains of "A Summer Place" had led it to the high bushes on the opposite end of the lake from the house. An irresistible longing had lured it from an never-ending prowl of the night--a longing for companionship.

Almost a year had passed since the thing had first walked the night's shadows. How it had come into being, the creature's keen intellect had no way of knowing. It's first remembrance was of a cave's darkness. Alone in the complete absence of light it had awakened, as if from a long, long sleep. No previous memories told it of any origin. The huge cat-like animal awoke from the blackness full-grown and hungry.

Yet even in the darkness, the creature wasn't helpless. Slanted red eyes penetrated the cave's deepest corners. Stiff muscles finally moved it to the entrance. There was a swift retreat back into the comforting oblivion of the shadows. The light was unbearable.



It hadn't taken the creature long to discover that it wasn't meant to live in the rays of Earth's star. When the sun disappeared over the rim of a distant mountain, four padded feet walked into the comforting blackness--perfectly at home.

The forest held no fears for the black thing. It was as if it had come home. With each setting of the yellow sun, an immense dark shape would slip from it's lair in the side of a boulder-strewn mountain--the complete master of it's environment. And so the months passed in a land where man's progressive civilization hadn't destroyed the peace and solitude of the forest. Small game fell to it's superior cunning, and it ate, drank, and slept--ignorant. For within thirty miles was a creature, who out of fear for the unknown; would have killed it on sight.

Mark Danning drew a last lungful of smoke from the cigarette and flipped it off the porch into the graveled drive-way. Myra had excused herself, presumably to go to the ladies room. Instinct told him that the usual approaches wouldn't work on the lovely Miss Parker. He'd have to think up a new way to achieve his ambitions.

On his left, sitting on ornate porch chairs, a group of

people were engaged in a heated discussion. Only their host, Allen Johnson, kept it from getting out of hand. Mark let his mind enviously dwell on the older man's control over people. Yes, Mark would have to thank his host for giving parties where he could meet such beautiful women as the raven-haired Myra Parker.

"Wasn't gone too long, was I?" A soft voice interrupted his thoughts.

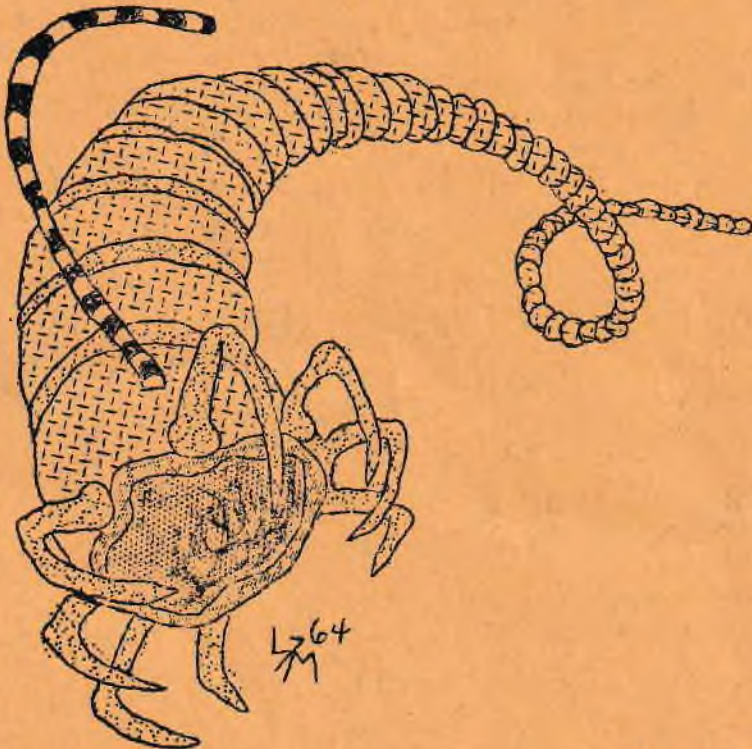
Mark turned with a smile on his sun-tanned face and told her, "Certainly not." Five minutes later he led Myra down the steps and onto a path that circled the lake.

The path was just wide enough for the two to walk side by side. There seemed to be no need for conversation. The night was too beautiful for words. A full summer moon bathed everything in its silvery radiance. They were almost on the opposite side of the lake from the house. Mark stopped thinking about the fact that they'd only know each other a few hours and merely felt. Myra's waist in the bend of his arm was soft and warm. He stopped walking and pulled her around so that they were facing. Very slowly he took her in his arms and their lips met in a lingering kiss.

Eyes had seen, nose smelled, and ears heard; the couple walking the path that led around the lake. It's black coloring

behind the bushes rendered it invisible to the human eye. Only the two slanted red eyes were visible. The hiding animal had done well coming into a world in which it was a stranger. Yet night after night it had prowled the valley that was home. Finally the deep yearning for something.....led it away from the valley. Left behind was the cave that had seen it awaken in this world.

It's wanderings had led it to the lake and the house on it's perimeter. Presently the two humans walked slowly past it's hiding place. Not a muscle moved, nor sound betrayed it's presence. The thing watched the two creatures that were utterly strange.





It's keen mind deduced that they were the beings that inhabited the place of lights. They and their shining structure were completely alien, to it's intellect, anything that was so strange; could only pose an eventual threat to it's existence.

Not knowing how right it was in the assumption that Man would want to destroy it, the creature slowly moved from it's hiding place. The couple had stopped several yards down the path and were still locked in an embrace. Mark and Myra never knew what killed them. Deep in the rapture

<sup>LZ64</sup> of a passionate kiss, the thing killed them with three slashing blows of its clawed feet.

The black creature was puzzled at the ease at which he'd killed the strange things. Their life's blood was a dark crimson in the silver light of the moon. Moving away with nothing but contempt for man, the thing was still lonely.

The black one still had to realize that it was a mate that it yearned for and many would be the moon before it's search was over. As the black shape padded off into the night, the crickets continued their interrupted chirping. A flash of summer lightning gave promise of rain before dawn.

\*\*\*\*\*

"The con that's ~~in '65~~ in '65 is —  
Deep South Con III!"

# BIRDS OF A FEATHER, WIND

## BY DICK AMBROSE

---

"Dear Southern Fandom Group Member,

Please excuse the use of a printed letter for this announcement, but at present, time does not permit me the luxury of writing to each of you individually. The purpose of this short note is to inform you of the possible formation of a Southern Fandom Amateur Press Association, and to enlist your aid for the project."

So read the first paragraph of a hectoed letter I received, dated sometime in July, 1961, by Bob Jennings of Tennessee, explaining the possible formation of an amateur press association, being a division of the now deceased Southern Fandom Group. Bob, as I remember, was the real force in the SFPA's formation. He had been a past member of NAPA and knew well how a group such as the future Southern Fandom Press Alliance should operate. So Bob then composed the first draft of our constitution. He and Al Andrews, via the mails, drew up the final copy of a hopefully workable constitution. In this first open letter, Bob told us SFG (Southern Fandom Group) members that he has his own publishing equipment and will, if need be, publish our zines at a very reasonable rate. I felt this was a very considerate thing for Bob to do as many of the fans he was speaking to had never published their own zine and Bob's mimeo would be of invaluable assistance.

Next came a marvelous little zine, "The Southern Apa Planning Zine" #1, which ran only three issues, but managed in that



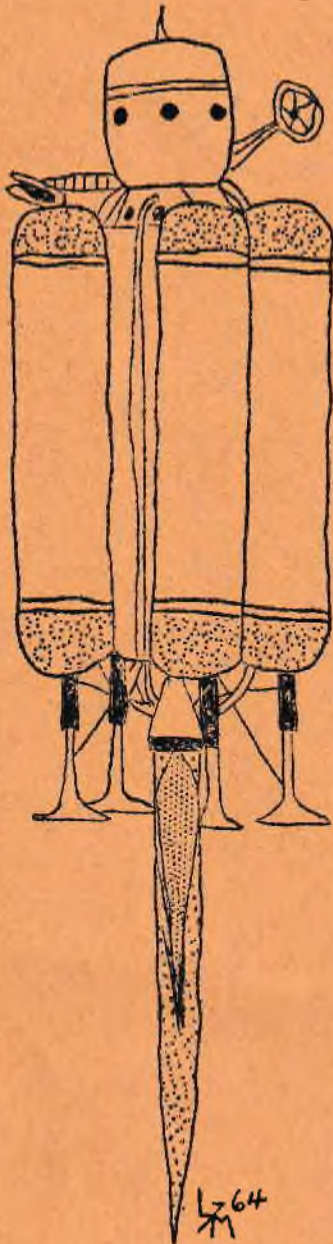
short length of time to pull together a workable set of Bi-laws suitable to the members voting at that time. "The Southern APA Planning Zine"#1 was concerned mainly with setting deadlines for the next issue and the inclusion of the First Draft of the Bi-Laws drawn up by Bob + Al. It was also made clear by Jennings, that he was not trying to rush anything on the members in the way of a dictatorial constitution.

He proposed that in "Planning Zine"#2, all prospective members should signify their approval or disapproval of these laws by writing him and letting him know of any additions or changes that would need to be made. The deadline for issue number two was July 29, 1961.

Right on schedule the next issue arrived and it seemed, as in most organizations, the response was, as he said, "not completely unanimous". Three-fourths of the fans wrote in their acknowledgement and comments on "Planning Zine"#1. We voting members felt discouraged at this lack of interest by some of our number, because we "acti-fans" had wanted to have our first mailing in September of 1961.

This issue held a very large set of additional Bi-Laws drawn up by Jerry Burge. These laws were to be voted upon by the future SFPA members and the results shown in the next issue, with a deadline of August 10th.

With September approaching, "Planning Zine"#3 arrived with the results of the voting, and to all our enjoyment; we had a total response to the ballots on the first voting. Jennings sent out a total of 32 ballots and most arrived by the deadline and were counted; while 2 ballots arrived too late to be included in the final tabulation. All members could clearly see that Bob Jennings was the logical choice for our Mailing Editor. (So titled to distinguish him from the Official Editor, who edited the SFG O-O--but since the SFG's folding, the term was later changed and given to the SFPA's ME) So by acclamation Bob was elected our Mailing Editor, with all fanzines to be at his house by the 10th of September and mailed back by the 15th.



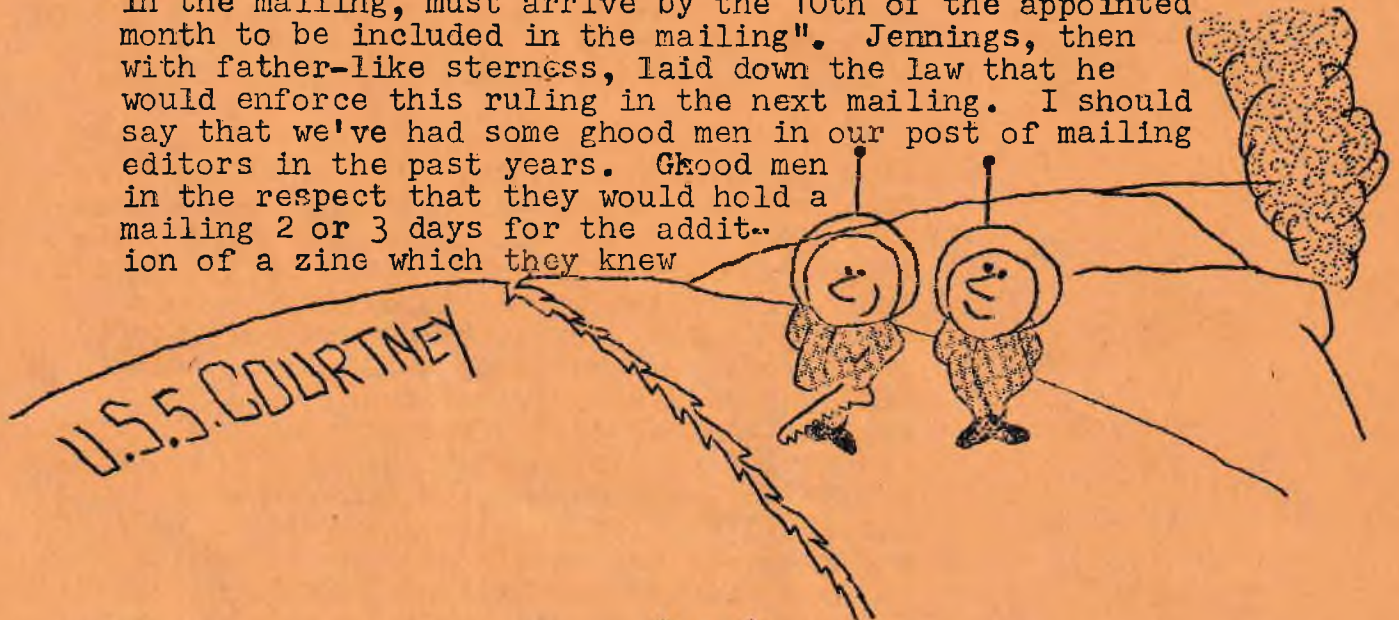
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Bob asked for 30 copies of each fanzine to be sent to him. Granted this was a large number, but he felt that he could sell copies of the mailing and intice prospective members into joining. The active members in the formation of the SFPA at this stage of its formation were: Dick Ambrose, Al Andrews, Jerry Burge, Joe Christoff, Ken Gentry, Davé Hulan, Bob Jennings, Mike Kurman, Norm Metcalf, Tom Milton, Larry More, Earl Noe, Rick Norwood, Mike Padgett, Jerry Page, and Bill Plott.

This was the demise of the Southern APA Planning zine which was to be replaced by the Alliance 0-0 (later to be titled, "The Southerner"). Bob wanted all members to send in their dollar dues and start pubbing their zines for the first mailing.

The 20th of September, the first mailing arrived at my house with seven zines and a sum total of 76 pages. Members in the first mailing were: Plott, Gentry, Hulan, Andrews & Ambrose, Jennings, and Padgett. These were the members whose dues were paid and, was most encouraging. All members had something in the first mailing. Jennings was also somewhat gratified by the mailing, because of our largish pagecount, considering the membership. Jennings realized that the planning zine didn't give the members much time to get organized, but he had visions for a larger next mailing.

Jennings noted that Padgett's fanzine had arrived the 11th of Sept.; one day past the deadline. As per Article VI, Section 2, it was noted that "all zines to be included in the mailing, must arrive by the 10th of the appointed month to be included in the mailing". Jennings, then with father-like sternness, laid down the law that he would enforce this ruling in the next mailing. I should say that we've had some ghod men in our post of mailing editors in the past years. Ghod men in the respect that they would hold a mailing 2 or 3 days for the addition of a zine which they knew



was on the way to them Jennings, never quite enforced his ruling and neither have our past two OE's. I take off my proverbial beanie to them all, because even though they had deadlines of their own; when a fellow member was in a pinch, they were ever ready to help out.

The next deadline was the 10th--for all the zines to be at Bob's and the 15th was the date for them to be mailed back. This second mailing we had two new members, Mike Kurman and Rick Norwood. Even with the addition of these members we made a very bad showing--activity-wise. Only 5 members made the mailing--Kurman, Plott, Andrews & Ambrose, and Jennings--with Hulan postmailing his zine. Altogether we had 51 pages. Jennings noted that he held himself partly responsible for the small size of the mailing. He was doing the printing for four members and himself and he failed to tell some of the people; whose zines he published, that he had an early deadline set for the publishing.

Bob was also putting out the annish of his genzine, FADAWAY, at this time; which caused him to miss putting any significant contribution in the mailing. It was noted that all persons wanting to run for the office of Mailing Editor were to put their names and platforms in the ring for the March mailing.

With spring nearing, the March mailing arrived with a much more enthusiastic showing than last time and with prospects of a greater membership. There were 9 fanzines and 135 pages in the mailing--pubbed by: Plott; Andrews & Ambrose, Armisted, Norwood, Gentry, Jennings, and Hulan. We had ten members with Kurman missing the mailing and new member Tom Armisted joining the group.

Just as last year, no one came up to register for the office of ME except Bob Jennings. He noted that "next issue of the OO there will be a ballot and mine will be the only name." He wanted to know "where our spirit was out there and why no one rushed forward to offer competition for this post?" I can say for myself that I was right in the middle of moving from Birmingham to Anniston and couldn't offer my services because of a shakey mailing address. Yet I'm sure Jennings felt distinctly disappointed with the membership, because no one had offered to take some of the responsibility of the apa.



With a bright summer upon us, the June mailing arrived. Jennings jokingly wondered why our even mailings were our "off mailings". He pointed out that this was our second poor turnout in a 4-mailing existence. We did have 90 pages and seven zines in the mailing, but the turnout should have been greater because of our larger membership. The following people had contributions in the mailing: Kurman, Armisted, Hulan, Plott, Andrews & Ambrose, and Jennings.

Of major interest in this mailing was the appointing of Dave Hulan of Huntsville, Ala. to the post of ME for the coming year. Bob said that in his last issue of the O-C that college and mundane duties were just becoming too difficult for him to have the ME job also, so he had decided to withdraw his name from the race. Good ole Dave, who has become a right-well-known fan out California way now, was elected to be the new ME unanimously--he was the only candidate.

A ballot was also sent out with this mailing to the effect that the SFFA members, as an act of good will and a little advertising, should donate a copy of the December mailing to each SFG member who was not a member of the apa. Since the SFG membership had dwindled to a little over thirty members, it seemingly didn't place an undue printing burden on the membership. Our treasury (\$9.50) was sound enough at the time to stand the cost of such a mailing and since the renewal time for dues was coming up with the next mailing; we would not be placed under any strain.

The 5th mailing was distributed by North Alabama Fandom himself, Dave Hulan. We had a moderately-sized mailing this round with 85 pages and 5 zines, yet by still looking at the overall membership, our activity was a little low. Members in this mailing were: Plott, Armisted, Norwood, Hulan, and a post-mailed zine by Andrews & Ambrose.

In the O-O we were to vote on several Bi-laws to the Constitution that were very definitely needed. These proposed Bi-laws included such amendments concerning (1) the 20% active membership of associate members, (2) the \$2.50 annual dues for non-participating members, (3) the one-fourth dues income belonging to the SFG, (4) the simplification of the "ever-confusing" page count delima, (5) the price extra mailings were to be sold to non-members, (6) and the joint membership of a husband and wife in the SFFA.

The voting on the SFFA December mailing gift to the SFG was passed and all concerned felt that it was a fine gesture, and would not only entice other members into the apa, hasten sale of back mailings & suchlike, but would also cement the

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the apa and it's parent organization. The number of copies of each zine required to be to the ME by the deadline, would be equal to the total number of SFG members appearing in the next ISF ("The Southern Fan, 0-0 of the SFG), less nine, plus 17--Ah, those were the days!

Mailing#6 didn't have our largest page-count (120 to the 3rd mailing's 135), but it did have our finest selection of material to date. Everyone pitched in to make it the best mailing yet. We had 7 zines pubbed by: Plott, Armisted, Jennings, Hulan, Gary Labowitz

(new member), Andrews & Ambrose. To the rest of fandom, the SFPA was the SFG. Within itself the SFG, was at this time suffering from serious lackativity and the SFPA Dec. mailing gift, I believe, helped keep the Southern Fandom Group alive a little bit longer.

We in the apa were at this time, a hyper-active group within an organization that was waning. Our financial situation was solvent, for prior to the 6th mailing we had accumulated \$22.39 --a large treasury in fandom for a mere 7 member club, which had large expenses to meet. We in the early days of the apa made the Alliance pay its own way, just as the membership is now doing in 1964. Through the dedication and effort of it's founding fathers, the SFPA has now grown into the dream we had for it in the beginning---an almost total 20 membership, (which has prospects of a waiting list) a fantastically stable treasury, and the finest group of hard-working and dedicated apa members in fandom.

This "history" only covered the SFPA's first six mailings. The fanzine that carries this article, WARLOCK, is being run in the 13th mailing. The past six mailings are another tale to be told another time.....

---Richard Edgar Ambrose

# -LYCANTHROPOS-

BY  
L A M A R H O L L I N G S W O R T H

October 19, 1849---Leksand, Sweden.

It happened again last night and I don't know how much longer I can go on. It all began like the other times. First, there were the faint voices singing in my ears waking me from sleep, the groggy feeling when I stood up, and the feeling that the air in the room was thick like jelly, causing me to have to move through it as if I were swimming, and the soreness of the eyes and the tensing of the muscles.

Then something--though it has haunted me all my life--happened which I can't explain. It was like a foreign spirit entering my being, then dizziness and I found myself out on the street--walking. Why, I don't know. It was cold, I could tell, but I remained warm. Then I found myself walking faster and faster until I was running. I ran and ran. The cold air burned at my throat and lungs. I was barely aware of my legs. I kept running and reached the woods out on the edge of the villiage. I always stop there. It's so quiet and peaceful and warm. I always feel like staying out there--why I don't know.

But soon I hunger and thirst for something strange, yet wonderfully sweet. And there is such a deep desire that I can't restra in myself. It's then that my senses become very sharp. I am able to see everything in the dark. My senses of smell and hearing become especially acute. I usually find myself crouching down and not able to stand straight again. I have to use my hands and legs to move around. Soon I become used to this though and am able to move about more easily.

Then I hear that beautiful female voice calling me to comfort her during the lonely night. I can't go to her, but I am attracted and look up at the moon as if I am trying to find her there and call back to her. But she still answers in the same way and I, too, am love-sick. But soon the hunger, the thirst--returns and I topple on the brink of insanity with the strange desire that seems to claim reason for my very existence. I run back to the villiage, my entire body feeling different than it did before. I see some late straggler on the street and the hunger comes upon me even stronger than before and I lose all sense of time and place.



This morning I awoke again with someone's life in dark crimson, sticky on my fingers and sour in my mouth.

I remember back home a long time ago, my father sent me out to tend the goats. I was too young to remember exactly how it happened, but father said he saw a wolf, or something that looked like a wolf, attacking the goats; and he shot at it and missed or else just wounded it. The next morning they found me in bed, my hands clotted with blood and a bullet in my leg. I have no doubts about what I am.

They found the editor of the local paper dead this morning-- torn to shreds by what they first thought was a wild animal. But I know what it was. All too well. I was careless. They have traced drops of blood to my front steps, and they guess I have something to do with the murder. They've been

discussing it all morning--I've been watching them from my window.

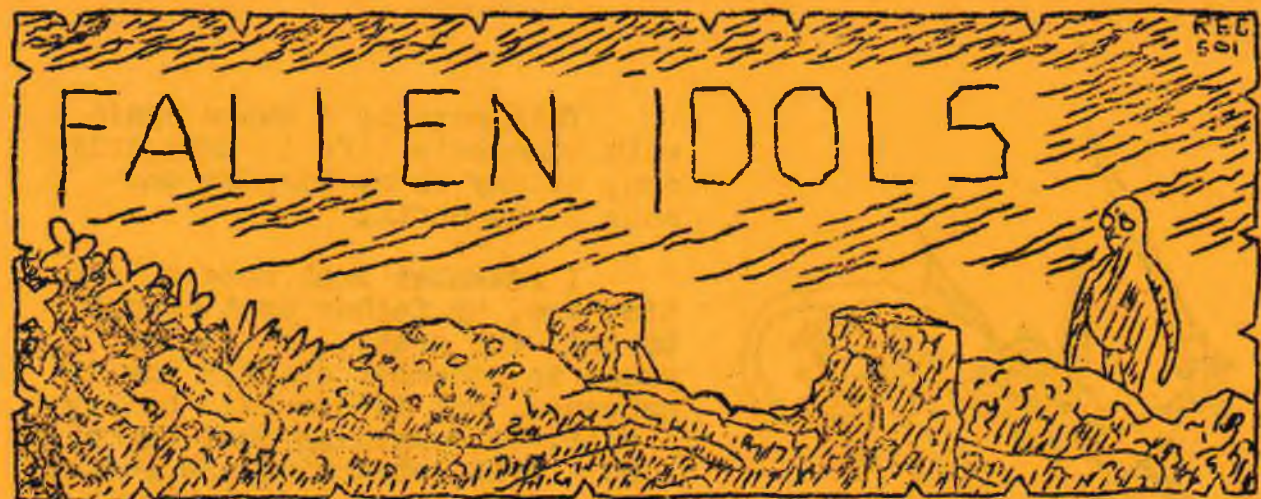
And now as I sit writing, I can hear them coming down the street to destroy me.

The fools! They're no better than animals themselves. Animals kill from instinct--to keep alive. Men kill because of fear, and hate, and ignorance. Listen to the great philosopher facing death. Hah!

They're pounding at my door--trying to get in. I feel strange.....the change is coming over me.....(and so the written narrative ends--but imagination can supply the rest)

"Just a moment, friends. I'll be right there. I'll open the door all right and when I do--you'll want to kill me. But I'll take some of you with me--I swear it! Oh, to have never found the she!"

The creature opened the door and the grim reaper found new victims.



+++++A Review of the 12th Mailing+++++  
+++++of the+++++  
+++++Southern Fandom Press Alliance+++++  
+++++by+++++  
+++++Larry Montgomery+++++

THE SOUTHERNER VOL. 3 NO.4.

Really 153 pages (counting 3 post-mailed) for 9 people isn't too bad. But I keep wondering what's happened to the other six members.....SCIMITAR, LOKI, OUTRE, CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ, etc. could have sure made the mailing better. CLIFFHANGERS & OTHERS was stencilled and wasn't Rick Norwood's fault it wasn't in the mailing.

From what I hear from round and about this mailing (marking the start of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance's fourth year) should be one of the best, not counting the fact we're getting some new members to fill some places that should be vacant if some certain people don't have pages in this mailing. Money-wise we are in great shape!

Some members may disagree with me, but I think Bill Plott has done a pretty good job as OE; considering nobody has a large amount of spare time to devote to such a job and still keep up college grades. I've heard some criticism in my correspondence about Bill's "late" mailings. These people seem to have forgotten, or else don't know, that if Bill hadn't taken the OE job when he did; our apa might be non-existent today. He was the only one who could take over when Dave Hulan had to leave. Bill Plott deserves our thanks. Joe Staton you have your job cut out.

DOI-DRUM#3--Dave Locke.

Enjoyed the cartoon on the first page. By the way Dave, I see



some of your art-work in YANDRO from time to time. Some of that art would have made your zine a lot better looking. Eight pages by the editor of the best APA-zine in the mailing were read and enjoyed.

I found your reasons for being a member of the apa quite interesting reading. And I still can't figure why Katz would want to join an apa that he considered so bad. If he thought that his "talents"(?) would help the SFFPA, I think maybe he's learned different.

I've read quite a lot of Ray Bradbury's work lately, and I didn't see the connection with Scott Martin's story in WAR-LOCK#3.....I still don't! There doesn't seem to be anybody that's luke-warm on Bradbury. They are either fasinated by his work, like me, or don't like his work at all. Keep DOL-DRUM comming Dave, I enjoy reading it. ....5

WORMFARM#3--Bill Gibson.

Here I was expecting all those "great 'n' wonderful" things you promised us in Number two. Nope---wasn't too disappointed.

Your chatter is pleasent reading. After meeting you Bill (all six and a half feet of you), "A History of Coke Bottle Fandom" sounds quite authentic.

Here's somebody else who doesn't seem to like "ole Ray Bradbury"....

..oh well it's a free world.

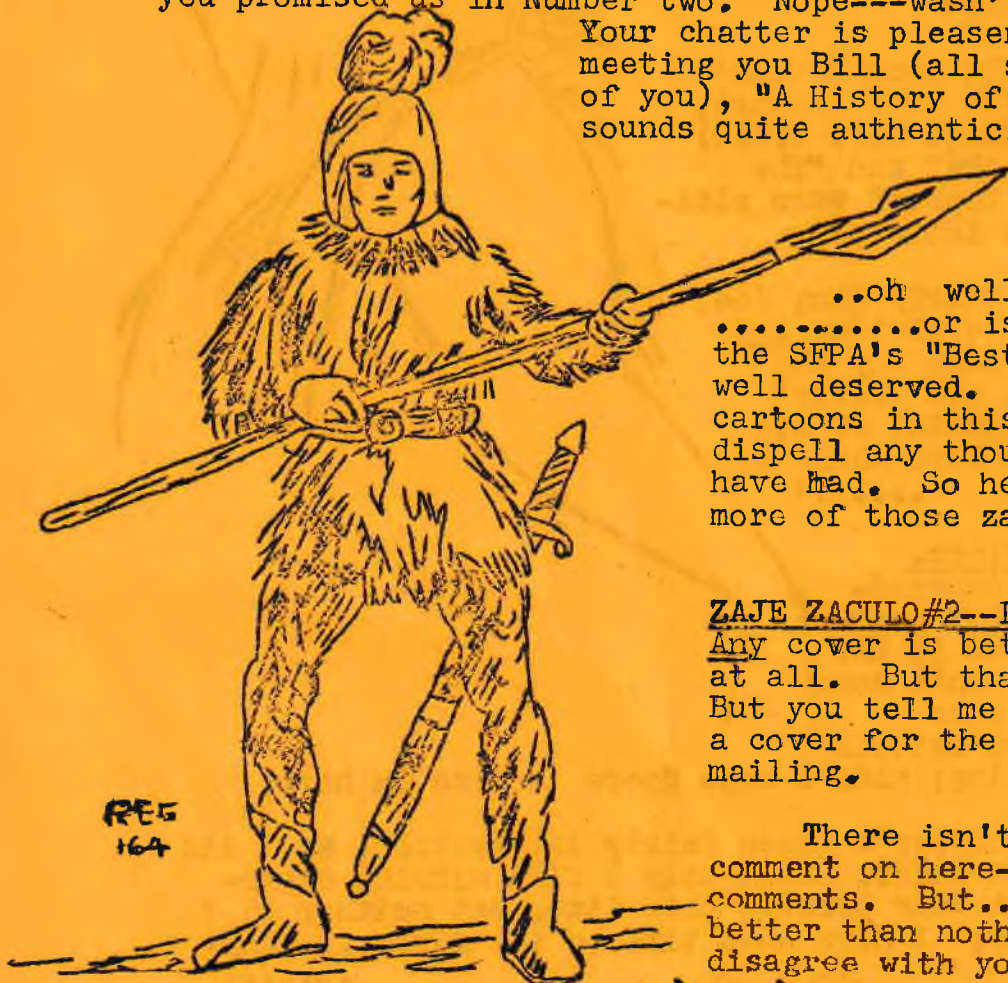
.....or is it? The title of the SFFPA's "Best Cartoonist" is well deserved. Your art-work and cartoons in this mailing should dispell any thoughts anyone might have had. So here's hoping there's more of those zany cartoons to come .

.....4

ZAJE ZACULO#2--Len Bailes.

Any cover is better than no cover. at all. But that one wasn't much. But you tell me REG has sent you a cover for the issue to be in this mailing.

There isn't an awful lot to comment on here---being only mailing comments. But.....something is better than nothing. I COMPLETELY disagree with you on the fact that



REG  
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fandom could exist without science-fiction--fantasy, etc. This medium of literature is the binding link in the chain that stretches across the planet. Sure, we fans have interests in other things and we discuss and argue about politics, religion, etc. but if it were not for our favorite form of literature the organism called science-fiction fandom would struggle for a short while and then vanish from the earth. ....2

WARLOCK#4--Larry Montgomery.

NO!.....I'm not going to review my own fanzine, but I hope you will agree with me that I've improved in four issues.

THE INVADER#3--Joe Staton.

You didn't do too bad on stenciling REG's illos on pages 10 and 11 but the others you literally "butchered". I was disappointed in that your, Joe Staton's, art-work was not present in quantity. The Southern Fandom Press Alliance's "Best Artist" can draw.....and draw well, when he wants to. Let's see more of your work in INVADER next time, okay?

"They Could Make Good Movies" (although it could've been longer), and "The Southern Image"(how true!) were okay. But "Rocks" and "The Revenge of Godfrey Gopher" were pitiful; especially the latter.

Your poem was fairly good, Joe, showing you can write fiction and poetry. I can't figure why the SFPA's "Best Artist and Writer" didn't have more material of his own in a 'zine that sure could've used it! .....4

SPORADIC#11--Bill Plott.

Again, I'd like to congratulate you and your bride and wish you all the luck in the world. Marriage doesn't seem to have diminished your fanac, I know of two articles by you in this mailing; plus I hope Spore is also in here.

I found Wolfenbarger's piece fairly interesting, as I did the whole twenty-one pages. Seriously I find nothing earth-shaking to say about your efforts this time, yet neither do I find fault with thee. I hope next time to say more.....anyway I enjoyed it. ....7

ISCARIOT#12--Al Andrews & Dick Ambrose.

The SFPA's only co-edited fanzine returns a little short on pages compared to that really good issue of last time, but not lacking in enjoyment.

NOBODY could have captured the spirit and personality of the young woman on the cover any better than you Dick. Talking about somebody you'd wanna be castaway with on a deserted island..... "Remarquez les Ghouls#9 again fascinated me, as has each of its predecessors. I still can't figure out where you come up with a new topic every time that hasn't been touched on too much. I pay your article the compliment of saying, "I learned something".

I would castigate thee, Al, for the subtle hint that you don't particularly care for George Wallace, but I do seem to remember on one of my recent trips you seemed to have changed your mind about our great governor. If you, Al, would reverse the process in "The Mumbling Masses" it would work out better and be easier to read. What I mean is; put the letters, as written, in regular size type and put YOUR comments in caps. As it is, I'm getting your comments and the letter confused.

.....8

THE HUCKLEBERRY FINNZINE#1--Lynn Hickman.

Your comment upon the fact that "a lack of interest in the apa is limiting the mailings and the quality of the zines", is true to a large extent. If this apa developed the material that we have now, we could damn well be the best such organization in fandom. I'm firmly convinced that if everybody did their best, we'd have mailings that nobody would be ashamed of. Naturally with a Multilith machine you get good repro.

.....3

THE HUCKLEBERRY FINNZINE#24--Lynn Hickman.

The cover by Robert E. Gilbert is good.....naturally. And it's hard to put one of his covers on a mimeo stencil and really do it justice. You ran this cover on your Multilith and I run my covers on a blue-print machine to do them right.

The only comment I've got to say about this issue is in the mailing comments, Lynn, you "cut" ISCARIOT's art-work and how it's stenciled. Well I'm not too sure how a Multilith works, but you seem to be getting REG's illos down exactly as they were drawn. YOU couldn't stencil them that well. You could not stencil art any better than Dick Ambrose. We can't all afford your kind of repro.

.....3

JD-ARGASSY#60--Lynn Hickman.

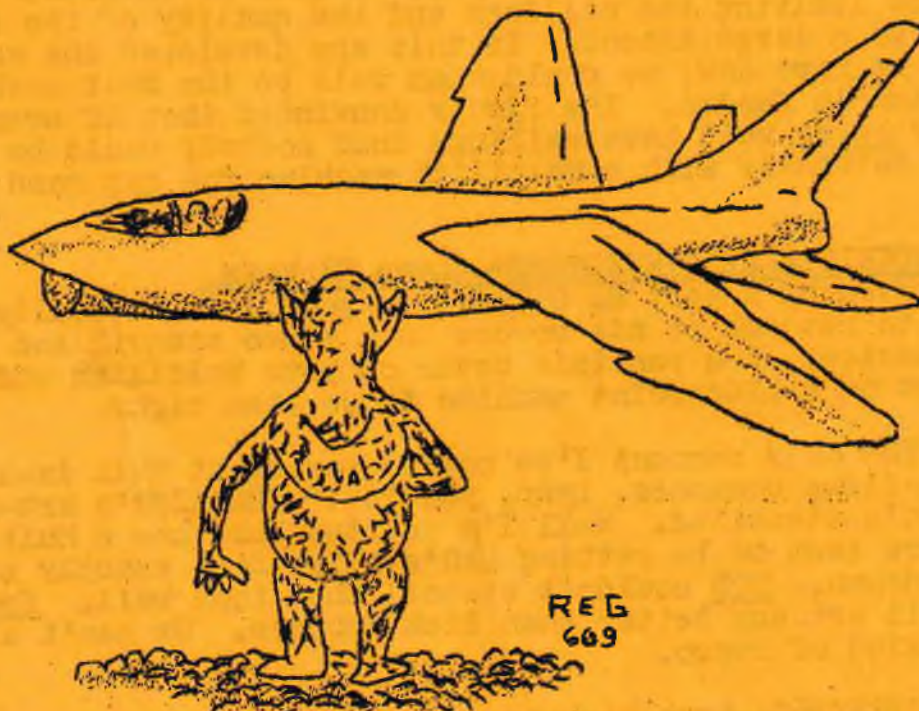
With approximately 50 pages in this mailing, you are forgiven

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for missing a mailing or two. Really most any of the full page illustrations in the art-folio would have served better for a cover, but it's still a good one. August Derleth's six page memoir of WIERD TALES need only a complete bibliography to make it perfect. Yes, I know that such run downs of WT's contents have been used in fanzines before; but still it would have added to it. (I'm really having to dig to find anything wrong with this issue Lynn) I like Eddie's work about as much as anyone. I'd have given a lot for that illo on the third page of the art-folio. It would have gone great as a cover on WARLOCK. I like it because the theme is "sword & sorcery". Best fanzine in the 12th mailing. ....10

MAULING COMMENTS--Jim Harkness.(Post Mailed)

Your ever-improving STRANGER THAN FACT was missed in this mailing, but at least you got off some mailing comments. Something is always better than nothing. Nothing much to cause awe-inspiring comments. One thing though.....at the end of your mc's in underlined type you have, "Let's Make Next Mailing 150 Pages---Work!" First of all we had 153 pages (counting your 3 post-mailed) in the 12th Mailing. So why try for the same thing again? The record for SFPA mailings is about 170 pages and that was the 9th mailing, I think. ....1



Below is a listing of the point totals each zine has amassed through points given in WARLOCK's "Fallen Idols" and it's predecessor "The Razor". For year covering mailing comments of mailings #9-12--September, 1963 to September, 1964.

BEST FANZINE for the period of 9th-12th mailings is Alfred McCoy Andrews' and Richard Edgar Ambrose's ISCARIOT.

1. ISCARIOT #9-12--Al Andrews & Dick Ambrose--37 points--90 pp.  
--4 issues--4 mailings.
2. SPORADIC #8-11--Bill Plott--28 points--68 pp.--4 issues--4 mailings.
3. STRANGER THAN FACT #1-4, MAULING COMMENTS #1--Jim Harkness--25 1/2 points--101 pp.--5 issues--4 mailings.
4. THE HUCKLEBERRY FINNZINE #1 & 24, JD-ARGASSY--Lynn Hickman--16 points--36 pp.--3 issues--1 mailing.
5. THE INVADER #1-3--Joe Staton--15 1/2 points--31 pp.--3 issues  
--2 mailings.
6. DOL-DRUM #1-3--Dave Locke--13 points--24 pp.--3 issues--3 mailings.
7. WORMFARM #1-3--Bill Gibson--11 points--18 pp.--3 issues--2 mailings.
8. CLIFFHANGERS & OTHERS #4 & 5--Rick Norwood--7 points--13 pp.  
--2 issues--2 mailings.
9. SCIMITAR #1--George Proctor--5 points--9 pp.--1 issue--1 mailing.
10. TO SAVE A MEMBERSHIP #1--Dave Hulan--4 points--6 pp.--1 issue  
1 mailing.
11. ZAJE ZACULO #1 & 2--Len Bailes--3 points--7 pp.--2 issues  
--2 mailings.
12. OUTRE #1 & 2--Kent McDaniels--2 points--24 pp.--2 issues--  
2 mailings.
13. NEMESIS #1--Arnold Katz--1 point--6 pp.--1 issue--1 mailing.





THEN THERE WERE NONE  
by  
Robert Warnock

The mildly moving mountain stream  
Bubbles  
His murmured mourning for the soul of  
Man.  
The softly sighing rushes  
Whisper  
Their solemn song of days gone by and  
Dead.  
The rivers, rocks and rills sing  
Together  
Their eerie elegy of life.....  
For  
Man,  
The murdering,  
The "well-meaning",  
The sometimes failing--the sometimes  
Not.....  
Was no more upon the Earth.  
For  
The night before he'd had his fling,  
And  
There was no mourning after.....

ODE TO THE LOSS OF A DREAM

by  
Terry Ange

The dream which lives,  
The dream which flies,  
The dreams soon gone;  
The dreams soon died,

And what are dreams, but bits of heaven,  
Borrowed by the soul,  
A breath of spring to warm the heart  
And chase away the cold.

Tis but a vision from above,  
It comes but soon and is gone.  
Tis but a bribe from God Himself,  
To lead the sinner home.

For when dreams depart, and hope is lost,  
Somewhere an angel cries.  
For closed to you, through lack of faith,  
Is one more gate to paradise.



SHADES OF DEATH

by  
Terry Ange

Death peeks in a bedside window,  
Then steals through an open door,  
Looks in eyes now sad and tearful,  
Looks---then creeps across the floor.

Hark! a soul now cries out to him,  
Ah! the time for flight is near,  
Through the valley of the shadow,  
Toward the sea that men call fear.

Now two eyes are cast toward heaven,  
And at last the final breath,  
And o'er the room a shadow falls,  
The shadow's name is death.





ETERNITY  
by  
Pat Cagle

Summer---  
Season of temptation,  
Time when souls take flight  
And the forbidden becomes  
The enevitable.

Days are eternities;  
Nights only a flicer in memory  
Of something lost.....  
Something gained.

The burnings of summer are fôrgotten  
In the frosty breath of fall,  
And thought of only when winter fires  
Stir old memories.

The pure white snow seems to be  
A joke  
In which there is no laughter.  
It protects the earth as conscience  
Protects man---  
Until it is trampled  
It remains  
Virgin.



THE STORM

by

RICHARD  
AMBROSE

Late the blood-red sun had sunk from a tawny sky, staining the clouds scarlet as it met with twilight.

Late the dusk of evening had stolen softly in, surrounding earth with its misty gray curtains as the wind softly murmured.

Late the full rush and hum of September had begun to die for evening's sweet song of sleep.

Late the sea had begun to calm as the wind quieted and left it at peace to lap gently on the shore.

The storm had quietly, silently built up its forces:

Clouds gathered, blotting out the last remaining particles of day turning the horizon an ugly black with their thickness and number;

"WHADDYA MEAN -  
'WHAT'S S-F FANDOM?'"



Lightning began playing gleefully in the darkening sky, skipping to and fro in expectant ecstasy; Thunder spun its deep bass roll with mounting crescendo and frequency until the whole heavens resounded with its bellows. Wind became restless in its pent-up fury and its steady wail became a piercing scream. Far across the water it echoed and it urged the boiling and ever-darkening clouds at a faster pace. Lightning no longer played hide-and-seek among the clouds, but now began to sear the darkness with its jagged streaks of white light and to tease the toiling sea. Yea, torrents of rain followed the lightning's ghostly path and pounded the rising waves. They rose higher, mounting each other in an attempt to catch lightning's teasing fingers and pull him down within its mighty depths, But night's careless winds deflated those attempts, tossing sea hither and yon until its enraged roar could be heard above the mocking taunts of thunder. Rain beat down unmercifully on sea's maddened and mountainous mass, unfeeling to its own fast-dwindling strength. Moon, riding higher in a peaceful sky, sent its silver streams plunging into the cloud's ranks, breaking them, and sending them into confused flight. Wind, with one last screech to a deadly foe, took to its heels, caught clouds, and urged it faster from the scene of battle. Rain and lightning were buried in the sea's calmed depths while mighty thunder had faded into the deepening evening and the twilight of a storm faded into night.

# WARLOCK



Joe  
STATON