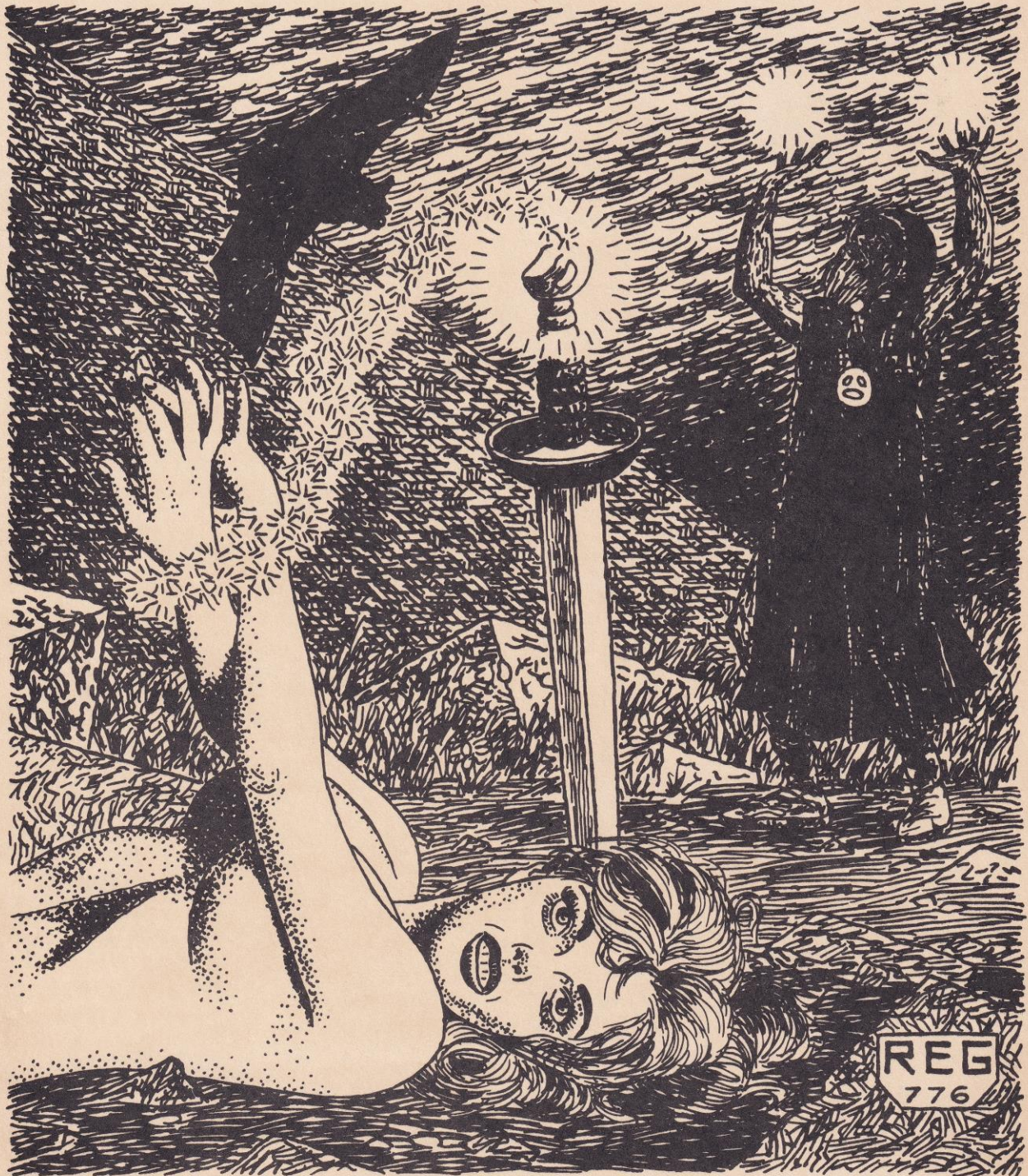


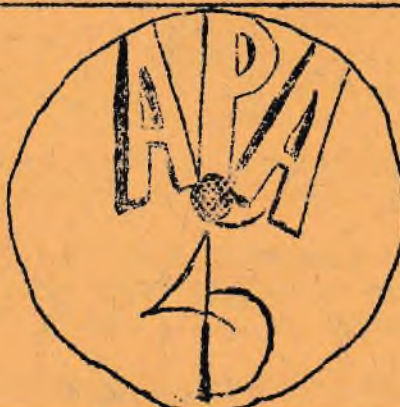
WARZOCK



THE JOURNAL



WARLOCK



<u>TITLE</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
The Warlock Speaks.....	Larry Montgomery.....	3
Something Squishy		
This Way Crawls.....	David Mitchell.....	5
Out of the Mist.....	Lamar Hollingsworth.....	9
Fallen Idols.....	Larry Montgomery.....	12

ARTWORK:

Robert E. Gilbert (Staff Artist) Cover, pages; 3, 4, 6, 8, 12, & 14.
Lamar Hollingsworth; pages 11, 13, & 15.
Larry Montgomery; page 7
Joe Staton; pages 9 & 10 and Back Cover.

WARLOCK# (Vol. 2, No. 4) June, 1965, is edited by Larry J. Montgomery; 2629 Norwood Avenue; Anniston, Alabama, 36204. Published quarterly for the S.F.P.A. Mailing#16--June and A.P.A.45 Mailing#4--July. WARLOCK is an amateur "fanzine" devoted to articles, book reviews, fiction, and artwork in the worlds of fantasy and science-fiction. Contributions are welcomed. This is Valhalla Publication#20.



I had originally intended for this to be a three or four page article, but seeing I don't have enough stencils, it'll have to go in here.....

HOAX DEPARTMENT: A heavy silence had fallen over the room and the two figures lounging on the twin beds were deep in thought. Suddenly the fair-haired one jumps up and shouts, "I like the idea, let's do it!"

Thus after the idea had been forwarded by yours truly, Lamar Hollingsworth (veteran of eight years of s-f reading and a fan-to-be) decided to make his entrance into fandom as a hoax. When and where the idea came to me to try a hoax--I can't remember, but by early July, 1964, I had rented a box at nearby Blue Mountain Post Office under the name David Mitchell. Originally I was going to do it myself, but when Lamar showed interest of getting into fandom I put the idea to him and he liked it. David Mitchell was my best buddy in grammar school, but moved off when I was in the 5th Grade, so somewhere--someplace there IS such a person.

The idea of having Mitchell as a VERY neo-type fan was hit upon almost immediately and I had hopes of eclipsing the Chuck White thing. For some reason we decided not to let Dick Ambrose in on it. I told him that my only contact with David was by telephone and for some unexplained reason, he wouldn't let me visit him. Many were the discussions with Dick that summer about this seemingly mysterious neo-fan. My acting ability came in for many trials in those conversations and I always suspected that he KNEW. We had once discussed reviving Chuck White or starting one of our own. But last month when I finally told him the truth, he said he never suspected.

The DEEP SOUTH CON II rolled around and Lamar was going to attend as himself, but he had to go out of town. As the Sept. deadline approached, I asked him to go ahead and put his zine out. The first issue was all we could have wanted...it was neoism incarnate! This last fall Lamar entered Jacksonville State College as a freshman and I recruited him for the Pershing Rifles. He's widden back and forth every day with me both semesters. After the last mailing, he decided he was tired of "playing neo"--he'll admit he still might be considered one from his lack of time in fandom, but he's much more mature than his alter-ego and wants to be himself from now on. So after approximately ten months of fannish existence, David Mitchell has died a nice clean death for a hoax---he did die undetected! So actually David Mitchell was successful!

Lamar is a good friend of mine and I think an interesting person and I feel sure this will come across in ENDLESS SHADOW. Like a Phoenix rising from the ashes, so Lamar emerges from the coffin of David Mitchell to add his talents to the SFPA and fandom.

SO LONG AMBROSE: As I mentioned in WAIT A MINUTE#2, Dick Ambrose has lost interest in fandom, as other areas of interest beckon to him. Dick was the primary reason I'm in fandom today and I'll always be grateful to him for the patience and help he gave me at the start. Dick transferred to Anniston High from Birmingham's Shades Valley High our senior and through John Hall we got together. Dick was slowly losing interest then, but it would be another three years before it culminated in his gafia. I can still remember climbing up to his attic room and leafing through his WIERD TALES and myriad paperbacks and the smell of the room. The atmosphere was a wierd one as I looked at Dick's fanzines and heard about fandom from one who was still enthusiastic. I've been expecting Dick to drop for some time now. And now the charter members are cut from four to three. I'll miss you Dick!

FREEDOM: College and I are separated for the summer and I will have lots of free time to spare for fannish activities. I have a stack of material I could have put in WARLOCK this time to make it longer, but it's just not any good. Seems I just don't get any really good material. To would-be contributors, I can promise a distribution of 125 copies going to two apas and general fandom; plus an illustrated, well-laid-out format for your piece. Contributions are welcomed!

DEEP SOUTH CON III: I thought since Bill Petit's group in Atlanta were fairly well organized, maybe they would host the con this summer, but they decided to let ME handle it again. The small con last summer is the ONLY con I've attended and my experience with cons is limited. I'll do the best I can this summer. There's no doubt that the con will be bigger and better than last year. Several s-f movies by Hollingsworth will be shown, perhaps a slide-show on ERB, plenty of fangab, and perhaps also an amateur fantasy film produced Lamar and I. As of now all I can say is that it will be in Birmingham the last week-end in July or first week-end in August. Exact date and more information will be forthcoming. EVERYONE IS WELCOME!

THE OE ELECTION: The smoke has cleared and a surprise to no one, last of all me, has occurred in that Dave Hulan is the SFPA's new Official Editor. I hold no grudges and feel that the apa is better off for it's first contested election. I still believe that Dave was ineligible to run, but that's neither here nor there. One thing bothers me though. When Joe informed me of the results he said that the count was nine to two. That's only eleven people voting! Now I KNOW that the other people wouldn't have swung the election for me, but they should have at least expressed their preference.

THE CON THAT'S ALIVE IN '65 IS THE DEEP SOUTH CON III



REG
822

SOMETHING SQUISHY THIS WAY CRAWLS

BY
DAVID
MITCHELL

Election night! On go the tv sets. Out there, a hundred million eyes, glass-steady like the ones in taxi-dermy ships, watching. Watching. And in the network studio squats the Great Electronic Computer, ticking its contempt for all the useless people too stupid to predict an election's outcome themselves. Just ten seconds after the first returns trickle in, this modern Nostradamus names the next President of the United States. Then---

Squoosh!

A blob of ooze squeezes out of the computer, drips down the metal hide. Serpent-silent, rumor-swift, the mass toothpaste-squiggles across the studio, scales a snail-slime track up the wall and slips out through an air-conditioning duct.

Who saw?

An assistant professor at MIT thought he saw it. In New York, an IBM executive blinked at something. A Kansas housewife couldn't say what she saw but thought of calling the tv repairman.

Only in Brimstone, Tennessee, did someone see and know he saw. Kicking aside his favorite rat, Grandpa Warlock crossed the crypt, snapped off the tv set; then slithered up moss-stoned steps to the kitchen, scattering grave dust as he went.

"They come!" croaked Grandpa Warlock.

Granny Witch from the iron black kitchen kettle turned, away from the glowing cherry-red object in which she was rendering Fat Cousin Circe into lard. Hairy talons still curled around the big stirring spoon awash with the sick-sour-sweet-smelling gelatin that was once Fat Cousin Circe's overweight problem. Granny regarded her mate with a love whose hot passions had cooled back in the time of Charlemagne.

"Git along, ye old fool," she chided. "Drink yer hemlock and go to bed."

"I see what I see."

"And I tell ye it ain't healthy setting down in the crypt watching them monster shows on tv. It will be the ruination of yer eyes---all five of 'em!"

"They come, I tell you!" Grandpa cackled. "They come!"

"Who come?"

"The Wire Wogs!"

"Wire Wogs!" Clatter clack. Granny dropped her spoon.

Deep in her bubbling pot, Fat Cousin Circe---now considerably slimmer---moaned softly. She'd heard too. Her ears, all gristle from eavesdropping, hadn't melted yet. Grandpa Warlock absently plucked a deathwatch beetle from his watch pocket and squashed it.

He said: "Saw it just now on tv. One filthy, hell-born Wog got loose from its computer! You hear? A Wire Wog is loose! Loose on the land! Goodbyeland! He thought of his own lovely lush summer acres rife with toadstools and deadly nightshade, and a rock-crystal tear pressed out through the hairy moss in his solitary ear.

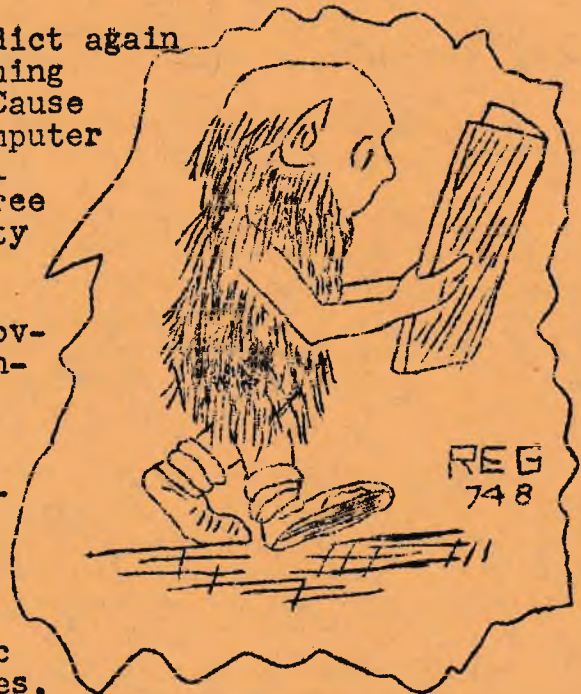
"The computer---" quavered Granny, "did it die?"

"Course it died. Won't never predict again not with its Wog gone. But that's nothing compared to a Wire Wog getting away. Cause it'll head straight for the nearest computer and let that Wire Wog out, then they'll both go to the next computer and set free another Wog, and pretty soon.....pretty soon---"

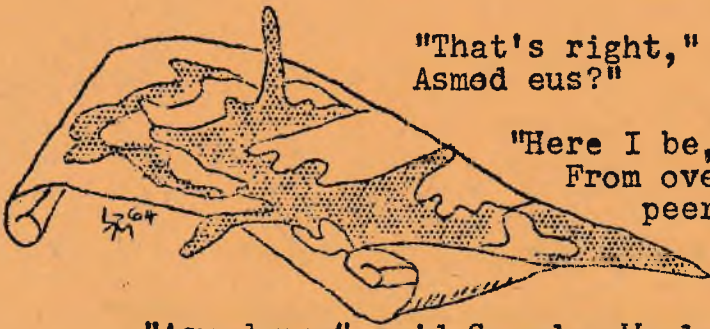
"Handn't we ought to notify the gov-
mint or National Guard or some electron-
ics folks like Westinghouse or Ge---?"

"What for?" sneered Grandpa.

"Fools and boondockers! They'd not believe us. They think they invented automation! They don't know all they built was toy boxes, that it's only them Wire Wogs inside that make 'em work! Imagine---millions of electronic brains, each bellyful-crammed with wires, and them idiot scientests thinking that them blobs holding the wires ain't nothing but solder! Solder my dead uncle's hoof! Them blobs is Wire Wogs with living brains, spawned in the pits of hell. And now they're loose, they'll come---filling seas, burying mountains, somethering us all in a oil-slick silver tide of rotten flux!"



Fat Cousin Circe flubbed out of her pot in a sizzling spray of lard drippings. "Well, I'll not be caught stewing in my own juice when the Wire Wogs come!" she cried. "Where's little Asmodeus? He eats Wire Wogs."



"That's right," said Grandpa. "Where is little Asmød eus?"

"Here I be, Grandpa. Up here on the shelf." From over the lip of a Mason fruit jar, peered a triple-headed incubus with a cretin-sweet smile on each of his three tiny faces.

"Asmodeus," said Grandpa Warlock, "come down out of that there formaldehyde. There's man's work to do tonight. There'll be Wire Wogs aplenty to eat---zillions of 'em!"

"Ain't hungry, Grandpa," replied Asmodeus, with an unwholesome grin.

"But we're a-countin on ye boy," pleaded Granny. "Ye just gotta eat and eat or we're all goners!"

"Sorry, Granny, but I already gorged my ownself on newts, pit vipers, and hoppy toads so I'm full to my gills.

"That boy's no help at all," said Fat Cousin Circe. "Never was. Couldn't be more of a curse if I'd had him in wedlock."

Grandpa Warlock shook his bare skull and said: "That's what's wrong with kids today, won't face up to responsibilities."

"Climb back in your fruit jar, boy," he said. "I'll hold off them Wire Wogs myself." Suddenly he felt young again---a thousand centuries younger. Hot blood from his vampire years warmed and coursed and bubbled like sap in his veins. Sap. Gore. Elixir. All vital juices. Great stuff! "Ladies into the crypt," he commanded.

Then, alone, he limed a pentagram upon the floor with white cream of tartar, flung a handful of snakeroot up the chimney, hung a spray of hehbane above the door, and sprinkled powdered tana leaves and death camus on the threshold. Let the Wire Wogs come!

A November moon rode high, but already black clouds scudded to meet it, ebony steeds in the sky goaded by lightning spurs. Grandpa Warlock crouched under the bowl of night, leaned into the storm wind, fangs snapping at unseen terrors. He gazed across pale fields, black forests, and decayed tombstones. Heard the clock on the Court House chime. Midnight it was, yet the clock choked off at the stroke of nine. Stilled forever by Wire Wogs. So near were they!

"Listen you Wire Wogs," he shouted down the rain-barrel of night. "It wasn't us monsters and freaks and evil ones who enslaved you in those blasted machines! It wasn't us monsters who

made you add sums, dispense Coca-Cola, predict elections, figure payrolls, and punch little holes in electric light bills. It was them lazy humans looking for a way out of work. Go after them, O Wire Wogs, and leave us wicked, inoffensive monsters in peace." And, half-hopeful, waited.

Waited. Waited and listened to a new sound, a far-off soughing. Not wind, for wind was all about him now. But, if not wind, what? Was it the sound of serpent bellies slithering and scaling across dead autumn leaves? Or the distant scratch of devil-violins? No, nothing so common-place as that, he decided.

So he waited.

And waited---

Then they came, riding the darkness. Wave on wave of Wire Wogs. Oil blobs fused into globs, globs into clots, clots into coils, coils into fury-curling breakers of hot solder foam piling higher than the moon. Spilling ever onward.

"Doggone!" Grandpa Warlock's second last thought was that, in this world, the evil must often suffer along with the good.

His last thought was that something washed against his shoe.

Blub.

SWORD OF WARRIOR,
EYE OF CAT.
EGG OF BIRD,
AND SAND OF GAT.
COVER ALL WITH STOLEN GOLD,
MAKE ME GREAT WITH MAGIC OLD!



OUT OF THE MIST

LAMAR HOLLINGRATH

I'll have to confess before I go any further that my favorites are the old classics. Anything more recent than Burroughs and a very few recent authors I tolerate with a sickly smile.

As I see it, science-fiction has passed its "golden age" and all of the original ideas have been relinquished. Modern-day works of s-f are merely the use of those original ideas to comment upon social conditions and the like. Now that I've gotten that off my chest, I'll continue.

Not long ago, Larry asked me to write an article or something for WARLOCK. So I thought that I'd reminisce over some old classics in the field of science-fiction.

Any discussion of science-fiction and fantasy usually winds up with comments on Mary Shelley's classic, FRANKENSTEIN. Although I enjoyed the movie, (not the original; that was a little bit before my time) the book was a great disappointment to me. Watching the movie, my young immature brain could crawl around in my head with an ecstasy of horror at the sight of Boris Karloff grunting and growling his way down some dark alley. But when I opened the book for the first time and found in the pages the monster actually the underdog, my young heart fell sadly to the bottom of my stomach.

"Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
to mold me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me? --

PARADISE LOST

I just couldn't understand this supposed unearthly thing going around indulging in Milton and showing such wonderful taste in everything he did. I believe the first issue of ISCARIOT I ever saw carried an article by Joe Staton and anyone who would like to see the contrast should read "Mary and the Monster" by Staton.

Another classic from which several movies have been made has virtually been thrown into oblivion by its cinematic children is THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.



However, the movies I have seen have no detrimental effect on my enjoyment in reading the book. (By the way, the only edition I know of in existence can be ordered from Popular Library for 40¢ plus 5¢ postage) The latest film version is an excellent Hammer production with Herbert Lom playing the title role. However I'm positive that he will not be remembered with such greats as Lon Chaney and Claude Rains.

Some of you may be aware that the story was based on well known rumors and incidents surrounding the history of the famous Paris Opera House - stories which Gaston Leroux heard as a newspaper reporter and critic covering performances at the opera house. Footsteps were heard where nobody walked and shadows were cast where nobody stood.

Thank goodness the story wasn't written today! If it were, Erik would be portrayed as an extremist or super-patriot who had to go underground because of his connection with the John Birch Society. Bradbury would be guilty of something like that.

WOW! I really did it that time didn't I? Everybody seems to like Ray Bradbury. Well, I do too. He's probably the greatest living fantasist we have, but he is also one of the greatest fanatics we have as far as his political views are concerned. If he would take off his ban the bomb tennis shoes and let up a little on racial prejudice and concentrate more on stuff like SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES, he might get out of his left-wing rut. If anyone doesn't believe this, let him read some of the stories from GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN, THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, or the novel FARENHEIT 451.

Now don't get me wrong. Every writer has more than the right to criticize social conditions but when he gets to the point where he forgets about being a fiction writer and shoots off on a tangent toward being a diplomat, I don't like. Bradbury's writing in itself is excellent and often reads like the finest poetry and I admire him for that. But if he would give up his political career, I would like him much better.

And then, of course, we have the inevitable classic by Bram Stoker, DRACULA. This novel has provided thrills and chills for countless audiences on the stage and screen. The name Dracula is as famous as Frankenstein. Who can ever forget this memorable passage from the book:

"Arthur took the stake and the hammer, and when once his mind was set on action his hands never trembled nor even quivered. Van Helsing opened his missal and began to read, and Quincy and I followed as well as we could.

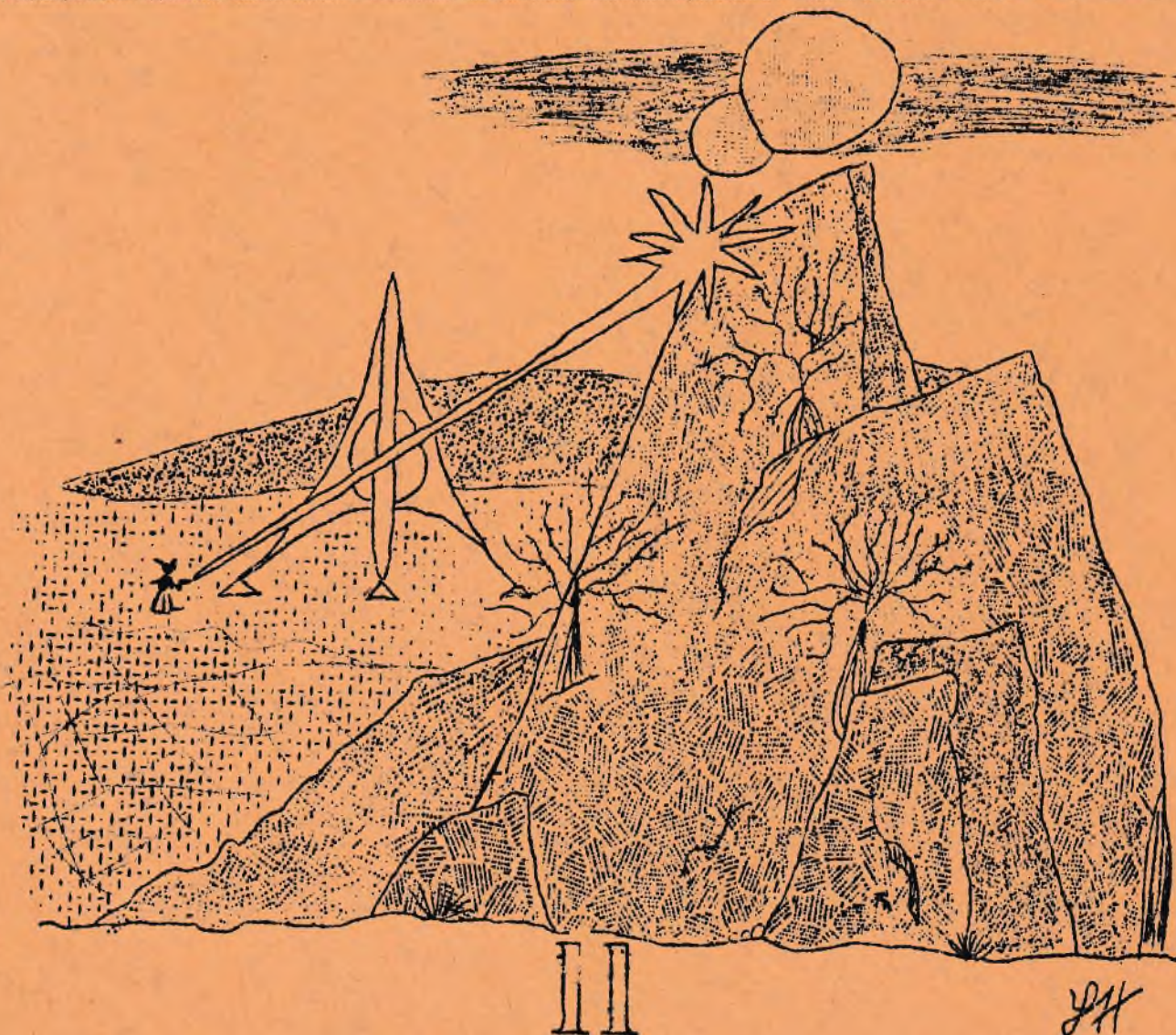


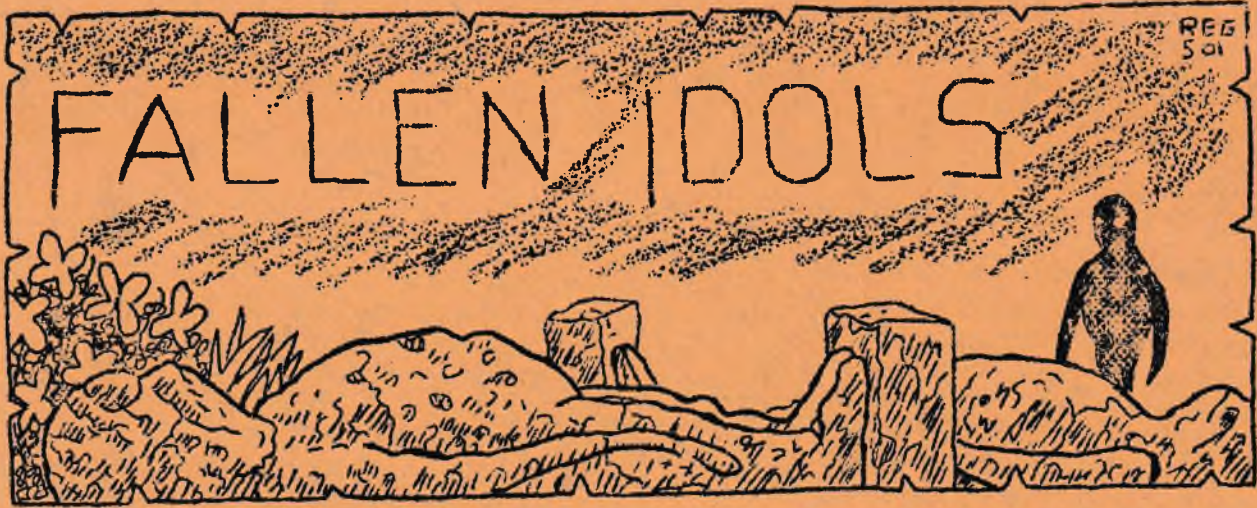
Arthur placed the point over the heart, and as I looked I could see its point in the white flesh. Then he struck with all his might."

"The Thing in the coffin writhed; and a hideous, bloodcurdling screech came from the open red lips. The body shook and quivered and twisted in wild contortions; the sharp white teeth champed together till the lips were cut, the mouth was smeared with a crimson foam. But Arthur never faltered. He looked like a figure of Thor as his untrembling arm rose and fell, driving deeper and deeper the mercy-bearing stake, whilst the blood from the pierced heart welled and spurted around it. His face was set, and high duty seemed to shine through it; the sight of it gave us courage so that our voices seemed to ring through the little vault."

"And then the writhing and quivering of the body became less, and the teeth seemed to champ, and the face to quiver. Finally it lay still. The terrible task was over."

It seems to me that anyone who could load into a novel all that horror is truly a master. So I'll be content to dote on the classics & let you others read the new stuff. I don't want to watch s-f's decline.





+++++A Review of the 15th Mailing+++++
 +++++of the+++++
 +++++Southern Fandom Press Alliance+++++
 +++++by+++++
 +++++Larry Montgomery+++++

the southerner = 5

FINALLY after four, amost five, years we have full membership! It was gratifying to see a full roster of twenty and even a waiting list. For the last year or so fandom's amateur press associations have increased like never before and looks like the SFPA has finally gotten its share of the increase. I think now we can really give N'APA some competition and move into the third slot behind FAPA ans SAPS. I was surprised the Non-Publishing Member Ammendment didn't pass like the other one. It's a shame that six members have to have something in this mailing or "get the boot". But maybe the deadwood needs to go! And even though some of these people are my friends, if they can't put in even the minimum requirements they ought to get out. I believe our new OE feels the same way.

Glad to see the Constitution reprinted, although it's still not completely readable; it still beats the last time Staton pubbed it by a mile! I am looking for a ballot in this OO ammending the two clauses in conflict in the by-laws that was the main point of controversy in the recent contested OE election. I didn't like Joe's Egoboo Poll and I hope Dave does something about it next year. I think Mitchell-Hollingsworth was very lenient on you Joe, for sending back his ballot with orders to vote again and change his vote. It's a darn good thing you didn't try that on me! You'll notice he didn't change it any! By the way, just for the record, I in no way influenced his vote.

damyankee = 5

Fair cover there by Staton. I too finally got around to buying the

Beatles '65 album and still play it occasionally. What's this about a "folk sound in Love Me Do? It's one of the best records they've cut for dancing to, but "folk sound", maybe I misunderstood. I don't like Honey Don't, but my favorite on the album (that's the way Brother Dave Gardner spells it) is Follow the Sun.

Basically I agree with you in your article on the "New Wave". Although I still regard s-f as the binding link and that fandom would fall apart without it, non s-f discussions and articles in fandom don't make me see "red". My only association with any size group of fans was the DEEP SOUTH CON II and we discussed lots of other things besides science-fiction and no one seemed to mind. Your article was interesting Arnie, and I enjoyed reading it. I could jump into an argument with you on civil rights, but I'm sick of arguing about it and besides that seems to be a big thing in TAPS right now so let's let it stay there.

endless shadow = 2

By now Lamar, I think everyone should know that David Mitchell was just a hoax and it was you all the time. In #2 I think you succeeded admirably as a neo in the editorial and mailing comments but you let too much of your real writing ability come through in "The Failing Fangs of Mr. Desmond". I thought it was extremely well written

and you'll surely get some points from me next year in the Fiction category of the Egooboo Poll.

S. T. P. = 1

You're entitled to your opinion and I have no hard feelings.

starling = 4

In pagecount this was the largest zine in the mailing, and seeing genzines like this always make me happy. A good cover there by Robert E. Gilbert and his illustrations surely improved the looks of your interior. I think Clay Hamlin's "The Action Again" was by far the best thing in the issue and perhaps the mailing. Speaking of Captain Future, I still remember the outstanding article on him that Bob Jennings (the SFPA's first OE) did in FLDAWAY several years ago. Eighteen or so





REG
840

Kabumpo = 2

Again a distinctive cover there, oh fair lady! Keep 'em coming. APA45 is going great guns for so young an apa with so young and inexperienced a membership. The third mailing had 420 pages, the membership is full at twenty with one person on the waiting list. Yes, I saw Dick Ambrose's copy of Stenfors CANDY SPECIAL and I agree that there was some GREAT color work in it. I now have a respectable sized fanzine collection since I obtained all of Dick's old ones--- the ones that were WORTH saving. I've probably thrown away as many fanzines as I've kept. I save only the good ones. The article on torture was interesting, and as usual the artwork and layout were superb.

utYard = 4

Congratulations again on being our new OE. I personally think post-mailings should count toward member activity and be added into the corrected page count. You're right Bill's thirteen straight mailings will probably last a lone time. I agree with you on the statement

pages of a letter column is just too much in a such a zine as yours. If you'd have pubbed a hundred-pager last time and this one was of the same length; then such a long letter-col wouldn't be too bad. I don't particularly like letter-cols anyway and a long one to me seems senseless. REG's illo-667 on page number 28 went along well with Cox's review of Lovecraft's AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS. Although I reviewed this one in the last APA45 mailing I found it still worth commenting upon.

such'n'such = 3

Joe must have sent you two copies of WARLOCK#6 because I sent them to him to distribute. Besides I have some extras. I also thought the move of THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON was pretty good. I just couldn't believe Martha Hyer was playing an unsexy part.

that the stories in SKULLFACE are excellent, but I'd have to think a while on their being the BEST. ALMURIC was the worst thing I've ever read written by Robert E. Howard. Darn right I admire George Wallace! But now that you're in TAPS, you've probably figured that out already.

I'm crazy about this sort of thing that you tacked on the last page. I'm eagerly awaiting the second installment of "The Fan of Bronze." I wish Rick Norwood would write something else along the line of "Goon With the Wind".

luki = 8

Sorry to see that perhaps this will be the last issue of what I consider the SFPA's all-time second best fanzine. Only ISCARIOT could be considered a better fanzine and for the early issues I believe you had Al and Dick beat! Of course some of the editorial is dated. Dave Locke's story which I have just this minute finished, left me a little at a loss for words but I thought it was different and fairly well-written. I too have have seen and enjoyed "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman."

mandate = 3

I've been disappointed with your contributions to SFPA (you've probably thought the same about mine in APA45 for the last two mailings) but I realize you're a lot of apas also being OE of one of them and they take up time. I'm glad to hear you say you prefer SFPA to N'APA. By the way this fanzine will definately be in the July APA 45 mailing.



LH

clayes = 1

Welcome to the SFPA, even if it's only on the waiting list. Putting a zine through even though you're not a member shows commendable enthusiasm. Staton seems to have gotten into a rut with his covers. It's a shame you were living so close and we never got in contact. I hope you can make it to the DEEP SOUTH CON III in Birmingham this summer. ..I also enjoyed Al's mailing comments. I like your editorial name of "Up Jumped the Devil!"

invader = 6

This is the best cover you've had on INVADER yet. I seem to remember you telling me that you were going to try something along this line.

The flames added a nice touch to the yellow and the whole cover looked pretty good. I thought the "Warmonger of Mars" parody was pretty good and got more than one chuckle out of it. You're mixed up. It was Mitchell who was the hoax---Lamar Hollingsworth is as real as you or I.

Zale Zaculo 5

I'm sorry Len, but I can't seem to find anything interesting for me to comment upon. Now that college is over for me until September I'll have the time to try and do a good job on my TAPS zine for July.

cliffhangers 7

Seems like years instead of months since the DEEP SOUTH CON II, Rick. By the way, how's comic fandom getting along? I hear they've got their own apa now. I always enjoy your ramblings and this issue was no exception. You're a nice guy, even if you did turn down 25 copies of a cover I drew, inked, and ran off on the blue-print machine for you. No, no, can't ask for it back.....too late! I finally used the basic drawing for the cover of GRYPHON#4 in the third APA#5 Mailing. If you don't come to the DEEP SOUTH CON III, I'll sabotage your comic and s-f collection! "What fannish evil lurks in the evial heart of Rick Norwood.....the Warlock knows! heh, heh, heh!

You might have noticed that I left off the ratings of fanzines this time around. I forget on the first page of the mc's and I've been thinking of doing away with them for some time. Until I can find a better way of evaluating them I'll just quit this number system.

THE CON THAT'S A LIVE IN '65 IS THE DEEP SOUTH CON III

WARLOCK

