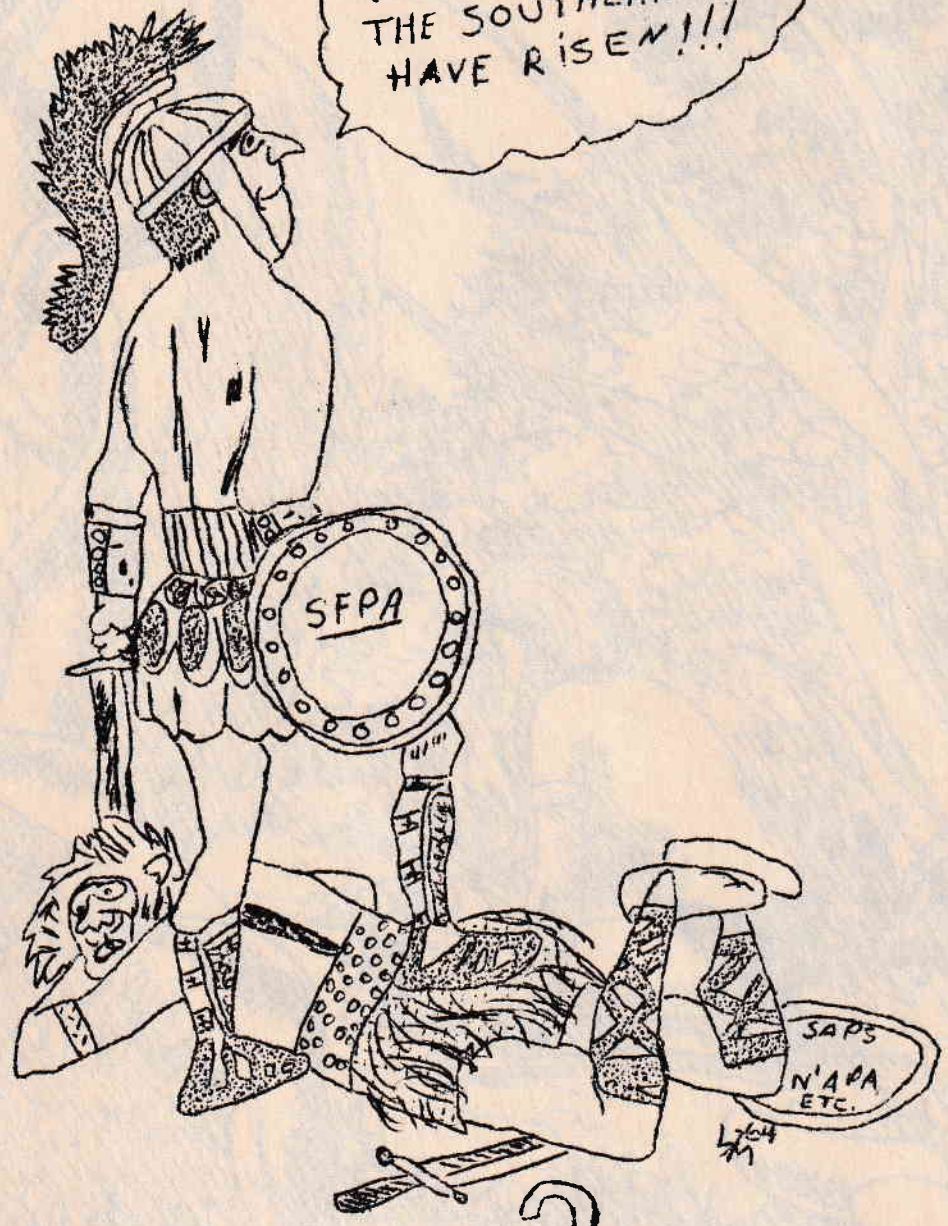


WARLOCK



WORLD WAR

WAKE UP YANKS!
THE SOUTHERNFEN
HAVE RISEN!!!



2

WARLOCK

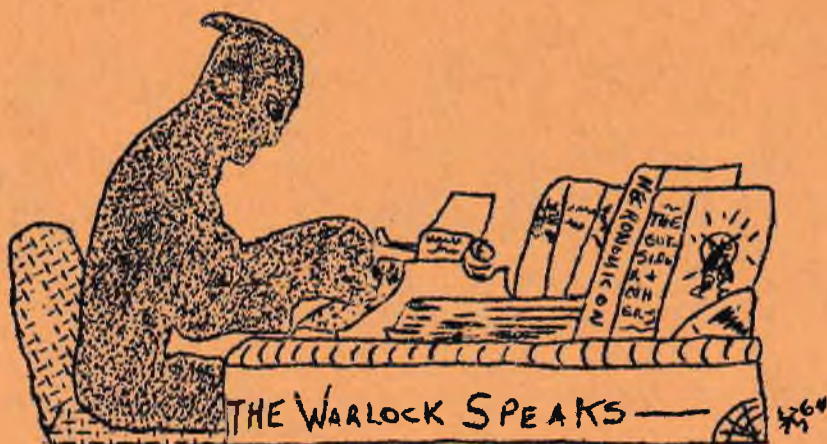
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- Terry Ange--page 19.
- Robert E. Gilbert--Cover, pages 6, 9, 11, 13, 14, & 15.
- Jerry Montgomery--page 18.
- Larry Montgomery--pages 2, 4, 5, & 8.
- Joe Staton--pages 7, 10, 12, & Back Cover.

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Well here it is, WARLOCK#4, for better or worse! I can't believe it. I'm finally doing an editorial at home. The past three issues were finished up at Dick Ambrose's house. In all three cases the editorial was written off the cuff and composed on stencil. They were terribly hurried and I really didn't say all I wanted to.

I haven't carried these stencils to Wood Valley to be run off yet, so I don't know how they'll look. I'm hoping the lay-out will be better than last time. Luckily a big burden is already off my shoulders. Both covers, front and back are completed. Joe Staton's back cover wouldn't have been hard to put on stencil. But Gilbert's front cover would have been another matter. When you see the front cover you'll see what I mean. It would have taken several hours to stencil. I was showing my older brother Jerry (a member of Archery fandom) the covers when he hit upon an idea. It seems that there is a blue-print machine in the lab where he works. One thing led to another and there you have two covers done in about five minutes time. Exactly like the originals. In connection with this method of reproduction, I may have something unusual for the anniversary issue in the September mailing.

Quite a few things have happened to this fan since I wrote the editorial in WARLOCK#3. That was in late January. Since then I've visited Al Andrews twice. The first trip, since Jan.,

found the poor unsuspecting Al beset upon by not one but four individuals. Dick Ambrose, Pat Cagle, Terry Ange and I "dropped" in one Sunday afternoon. It was quite a pleasant experience. Al was a gracious host and we left sooner than we would have liked to. The next time only Dick and I went. If any of you fans ever decide to visit us here in Alabama; visit Al Andrews, even if you don't see anyone else, you won't regret it.

The first week in February, a Friday saw forty members of the National Society of Pershing Rifles descend upon New Orleans for several reasons. The primary one being have a ball! For those of you who aren't "hep" to college ROTC, the P.R.'s are a military fraternity for freshman and sophomore cadets. At our college you have to take two years of ROTC anyway, so why not enjoy it! At Jacksonville State, the P.R.'s are also the fancy drill team (you know--spinning rifles, etc.). Right off you can tell I'm "gung-ho" for taking advanced Army ROTC and serving my hitch as an "ossifer" (listening and shaking your head, Plott?). Anyway getting back to the subject, It was Mardi Gras time in ole New Orleans and we were really there to march in two parades. We arrived in the "city of sin" late Friday afternoon. We were to march in seven-mile parades on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. We would leave to come back Sunday night. That left us Friday and Saturday night free.

One Army Captain and one college English teacher (female) accompanied us on the bus as chaperones (guards). The first night the four girl sponsors that went with us got their chaperone drunk and our Army Captain had a key to the Playboy Club and we hardly saw any of him. In other words we didn't have to worry about supervision.



It was my second trip to the birthplace of jazz, and it won't be the last. Wanna get drunk; get in a fight, get in with some girls, visit a strip show, get robbed, and have a helluva good time? Then visit New Orleans' Bourbon Street during the Mardi Gras festivities. The Pershing Rifles are planning on making the trip again next year. You can bet I'll be going with them!

Everybody have a nice summer.

Whatever happened to anartica fandom

by
ALFRED McCOY ANDREWS

I believe it was Hervy Freeb who spoke first although I can't state that as a positive absolute, you understand. Indeed, it may have been Harley Clod who made the initial utterance, but, mark you, neither can I produce incontrovertible evidence to that precise effect either.

But one thing is certain, that is, that one of them did speak first. This is certain because only Hervy and Harley were in the small shack, which had not a living soul near it within a 3,000 mile radius in the white, foreboding underworld known as Anartica.

"Cold," said Hervy Freeb. (Well, you can see I've decided it was Hervy, so as to get along with the narrative.)

"Yeah," replied Harley Clod.

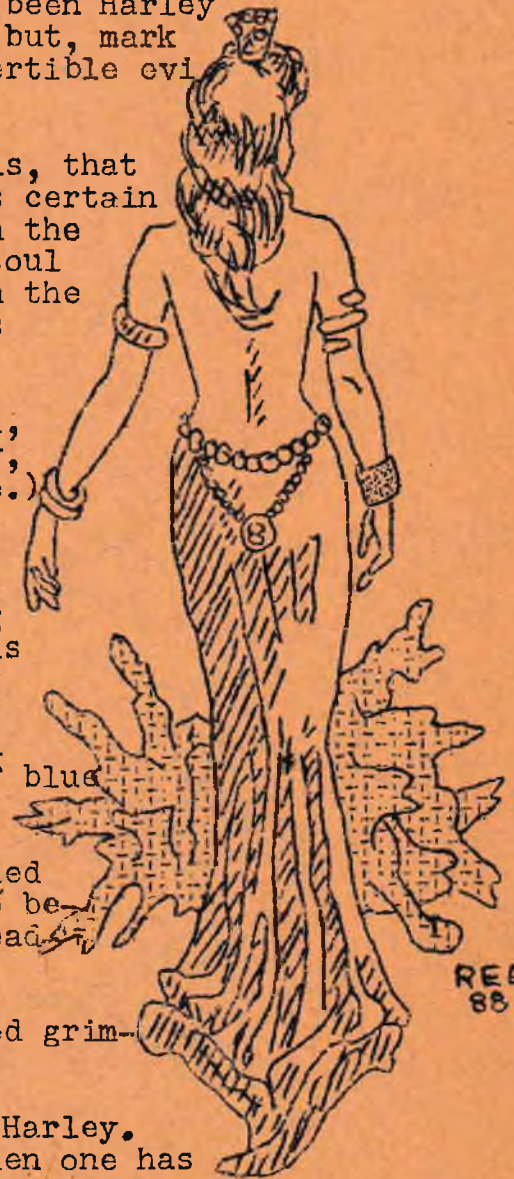
"Real cold," said Hervy, seeking to be sure that Harley understood this point clearly.

"Check," replied Harley, who had been slowly turning a lovely shade of blue for some time.

The underworld wind outside howled like a frightened banshee, and the 25 below-zero temperature continued its deadly march downward.

"Shall we do it now?" Hervy asked grimly.

"All 35,000 of them!" screamed Harley. (Well, as well as one can 'scream' when one has



been progressively turning a deeper hue of blue for a considerable while.)

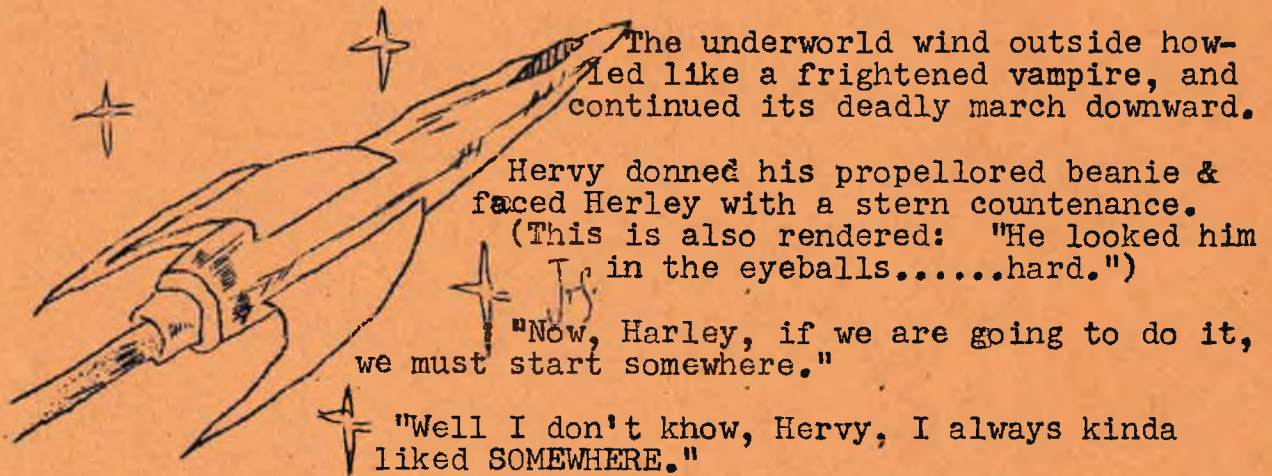
"All 36,000 of them!" whimpered Harley. (I decided 'screamed' was over-doing it a bit.) "That's a heinous thought, Hervy.....heinous, heinous, heinous," continued Harley, seeking to use the newest word learned from his vocabulary-building course as much as possible, and showing a fine spirit of pique in the process.

"But that's just it, Harley, how can we choose among them?" Hervy pursued relentlessly. "What if I suggested letting _____ go first?"

"No, no, not those, not those, screeched Harley in near panic.

The underworld wind outside howled like a frightened ghoul, and the 35 below-zero temperature continued its deadly march downward.

It grew colder.



"I mean it in the general sense, Harley."

"Oh."

Hervy paced up and down in front of the ammased material and assessed it with a judicial eye. As a stray shaft of wind from the outside caught his prop and twirled it forcefully, Hervy realized that time was of the essence.

"Tell you what, Harley. Why not start with some of the "beginners", for they are well-known for being sheer trash, so we wouldn't really be doing an unfannish act."

"Goshwow, Hervy, I don't know," Harley complained.

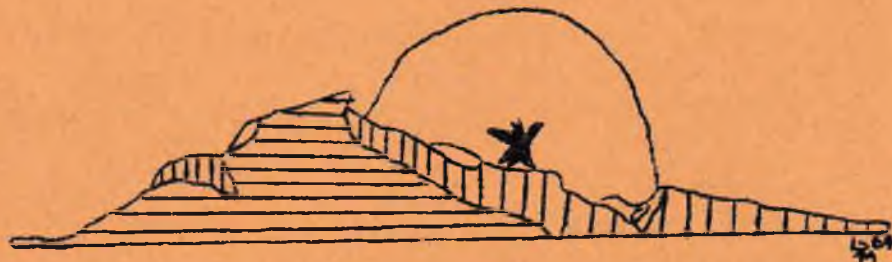
"But, Harley, the situation is now critical, because the underworld wind outside is howling like a frightened succumbus, and the 55 below-zero temperature is continuing its deadly march downward."

And so the two began to go through the huge stacks. They lovingly fingered WARLOCK, SPORADIC, and ISCARIOT. They gazed adoringly at CLIFFHANGERS, WORMFARM, SCIMITAR, and INVADER. Their lips mumbled fannishly over STRANGER THAN FACT, OUTRE, DOL-DRUM, and CANTICLES. And, ah, over dear LOKI they could not bring themselves to part.

The underworld wind outside howled like a Frankensteinian monster, etc. by ten degrees.....

And so it was that tru-faans Hervy Freef and Harley Clod could not, nay, WOULD NOT burn a single glorious issue of any fanzine in their cherished collection. But instead, both sat bravely down in that isolated shack in the Anartica and slowly froze to death as they contentedly read missives from the letter-cols of sundry fanzines. Letters such as that of neo-fan Harry Warner; who asked: "What's this thing 'fandom' I keep hearing about?", and true-blue fan Richard Bergeron, who asked: "Does anyone know of a fanzine devoted to lousey foreign films and obscure pieces of classical music? If so, I might subscribe." And those incessant letters of Buck Coulson, arguing rabidly whether the Trinity doctrine was true or false, and Walter Breen castigating faneds for being late getting out their zines.

So wherever fans gather, forget not to heave a tru-fan sigh and shed a fannish tear whenever you hear someone ask: "What ever happened to Anartica fandom?"



THE LAST PROPHECY

"And there shall come into being, a Horror that hath no name and no word, but yet shall drive all other words from the mind. In time to come there shall arise a madman who shall unloose the Horror on the world. In that hour the unknowable shall burst upon the nations and even eternity shall come to an end."

From
The Demon's Mirror
By James S. Wallerstein

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

by
JOE SCHLATTER

What a hole of a town to get stuck in. I sell freight handling machinery. My only customer here is the grocery warehouse down by the railroad on the west end. I usually spend a total of three hours in this place. Usually, The Chevy had blown a transmission seal and it would take two days to get one from Oklahoma City. These people do not hurry.

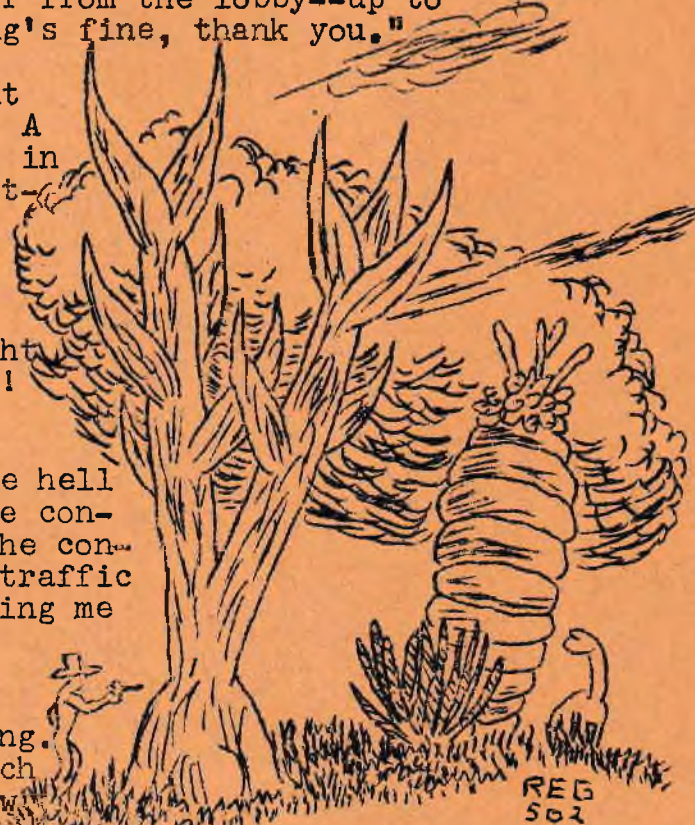
The hotel wasn't much. The old man had given me a room on the second floor, corner. Looking out the window, I stared down on the intersection of Emerald Avenue and Tenth Street. There was a rusty-faded yellow traffic light hanging from a spindly cable and a naked street light bulb above the traffic light. Hell! No more cigarettes. Just a couple of blocks to that restaurant. Get some coffee and cigarettes.

Click-clack. The light changed. I crossed the street--grabbed the Oklahoma City paper from the lobby--up to the room. "Yes, everything's fine, thank you."

Midnight. Staring out the window. Click-clack. A bat! Huge! Black! Lying in the middle of the intersection! Fifteen feet across the wings! In the street! Bat! Fool! That's only the shadow of the traffic light which the street light casts on the pavement. Ha! Looks just like a bat.

Click-clack. What the hell is that? Click-clack. The control box. The relays in the control box which switch the traffic light. This place is driving me nuts! To bed.

Eight in the morning. Where are all the kids going. School. That's it. The school down the street. A new one. She's pretty. Blonde. Short. Must be about nine. The divorce. Three years ago. She was six, blond. Pretty. Sweet. Too bad her mother wasn't that way. Judy. The bat's gone too.



REG
502

I told the little Italian woman not to make the bed. I'd just be piling back in it tonight. The restaurant had pretty good coffee. Let's see about their food.



Well, well. Food may not be good but that waitress certainly is. Yes. The food's not bad either.

Must be Main Street. I only see the warehouse and the railroad. Package store--drug store--hardware--radio station--books. Books. That's where I met Martha. She worked in that book store in Spencer. Martha. Judy. Three years ago. In school now. Just like that little blond girl. Judge. "Due to the specifics in this case and at the request of the mother, the court will not allow the father visitation rights."

Night. One more day in this place. The waitress has a steady. The radio in the drug store mentioned high winds. It is clouding up already. That movie looks good. I read the book and, besides, it will kill a couple of hours.

They weren't kidding about the high winds. Damn near blew me down before I could get back. Hope this old building holds together.

The bat! It jumped! Screamed! Dashed at the corner! Beat its wings! Jumped Dived! Screamed! Damn! I AM cracking up! Wind blowing the street light and rusty cable squeaking. Maybe that package store has a little relief.

Scotch. Haven't had any since that party at Webster's. And when we got home Martha told me she had filed for a divorce. Judy.

Wind! Windows rattled! The bat again! It jumped! At the window! And screamed and beat at the corner and dashed at the glass and screamed! The window! It screamed! Judy! Scotch! Wants in like Judy's kitten! No! No! No! The window! Comming in! No.....

"Mista Rhodes! Ya betta' calla' da sheriff! This man looksa dead!" Old Italian woman.

The hotel manager. The sheriff. Deputies. Coroner. Stretcher carrying a sheet-covered mass.

Coroner. "Strange. Very strange. No violence or blood. He had had about a pint of Scotch. Just two little wounds at the base of the neck. Not a drop of blood in the body."

The little blond girl wondered at the ambulance as she
crossed the street to school.

Click-clack.

*
* THE VICTORS *
* by john putnam *
*

Come, my children let us go
Down into the plain below.
Tonight we'll make our bellies
Tight with flesh!

Down there at the river's bend
The grass has blossomed out with men,
And they are lying, dying
Dead---and fresh!

Some were blue and others grey
And when the death frogs cried today
They all lay down and now---
Now we can eat!

But we must get them all tonight
For with the early sun's first light
Buzzards will come and pick
Away the meat.

Oh, how my grateful heart is glad
When I think of all the feasts we've
Had
And of the times that now
Are here again.

For I cannot think of a single war
We corpse-rats ever lost before
And Man will never learn
That he can't win.



YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME

YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME: by Cordwainer Smith. Regency Books, 1236 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Illinois, 1963. 50¢

At first glance the title of this book may seem a bit extravagant but I haven't been quite the same since reading it and I haven't stopped thinking about it either. The book is, I'm convinced, a work of near genius. I read part of it---the famous 'Game of Rat and Dragon'---when it appeared in *GALAXY* in 1955 and I knew even then I was reading a brilliant story, one I still consider among the finest ever written. My first trip through this book I marked four places to help my opinion:

.....When Helen America, the Lady who sailed the 'Soul' (a light-ship with a foresail of 80,000 miles long pulling 3,000 pods each containing a religious fanatic, bound for the stars to colonize a world they have yet to see) encounters trouble on her 40-year voyage and finds her fellow sailor and lover, Captain Gray-No-More suddenly standing beside her.

.....When we are first allowed to glimpse the Rats of the Up & Out as pinlighters, practicing their hellish profession, tie their minds to their telepathic partners and hurl points of light at the great Rats (or Dragons, as men see them) which plague the great planforming ships of deep space.

.....When Go-Captain Magno Taliano of the interstellar ship Wu-Feinstein (shaped like Mount Vernon and the finest jonasoidal ship of its class) becomes lost in the infinity of space and burns out his brain bringing the ship and his once beautiful wife, Dolores Oh, to safety.

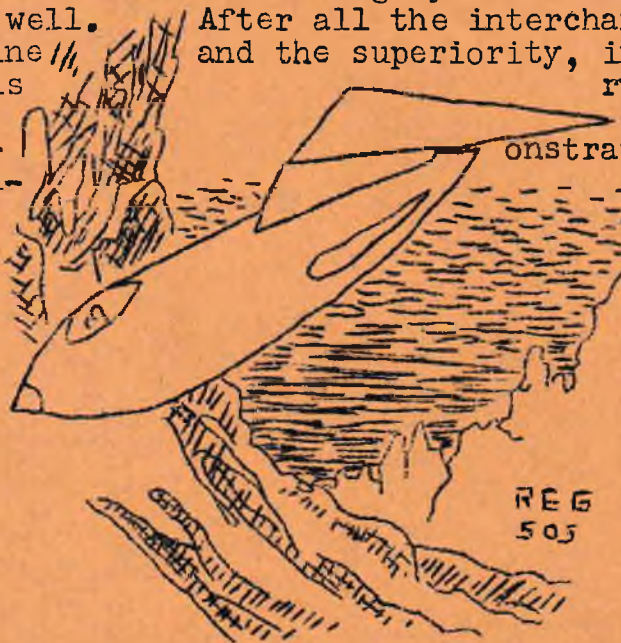


.....When the Chairman of the Instrumentality, in a gambit to avert an attack on Earth by another planet, bluffs the aggressors with a golden ship 90,000 miles long--the greatest scarecrow ever conceived by the human mind.

I stopped listing at this point with the full realization that I skipped reference to "Alpha Ralpa Boulevard", perhaps the finest of the eight interconnected tales in this volume.

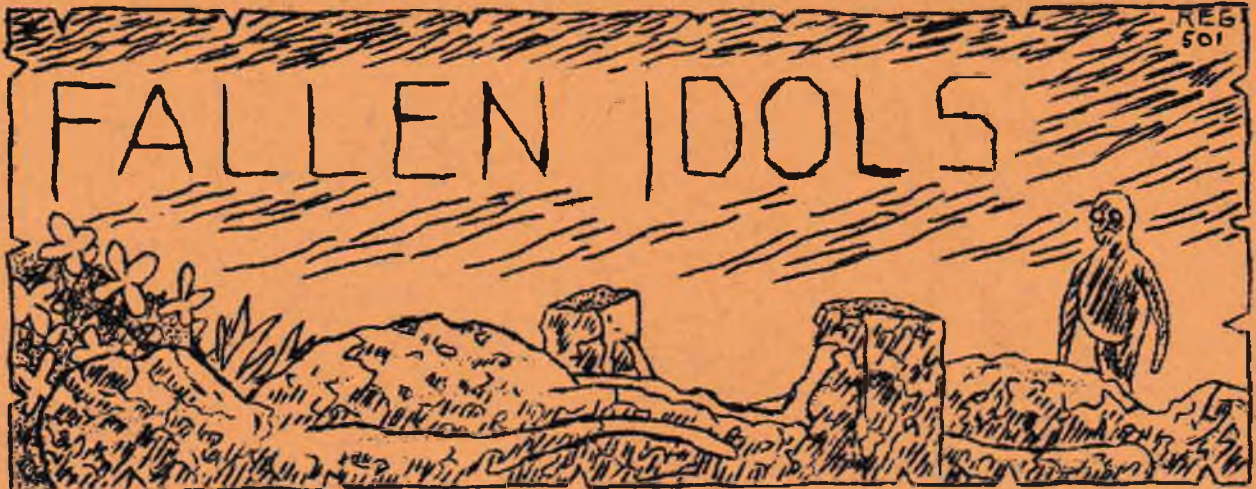
P. Schuyler Miller, in an ANALOG review of this book, speaks of the theme as the "symbiotic relationship between man and machines until it is difficult to say which is which." This thread is carried out from "No, No, Not Rogov"--where a Soviet scientist, who's brain is linked to a spying machine, loses his mind after seeing a weird ceremonial dance of the year 13,582---to "The Burning of the Brain" (not the final story) where Captain Taliano's mind is the ship.

Miller calls Smith "a kind of Bradbury with a difference" and stylistically there is some similarity, but Smith is no fantasist as we know Ray Bradbury to be. There is much poetry in all of these stories but Smith plumbs a well of imagination that is not only deep and dark and strangely beautiful, but disturbingly prophetic as well. After all the interchangeability between man and machine // and the superiority, in many instances, of the latter, is rudely apparent to us even today. But Smith, in these stories, demonstrates again and again the irreplaceability of man's mind in the future scheme of things--- which may be, after all the real theme of this fine book.



"So one of the gods with hidden faces walked out of the water, and climbed the hill and looked about. He looked up at the sun, and through it he saw the dark star--the same that made the sun and the world and will swallow it again someday like a draught of water."

From
The Plummed Serpent
By G. M. Lewis



+++++A Review of the 11th Mailing+++++
 +++++of the+++++
 +++++Southern Fandom Press Alliance+++++
 +++++by+++++
 +++++Larry Montgomery+++++

THE SOUTHERNER VOL. 3 NO. 3

The membership now stands at an all-time high of sixteen. Things are certainly more rosy than a year ago, huh SFPA'ers? With \$43.09 in the treasury seems like we ought to throw an ~~org~~ con or something. Say Bill, what happened to title logo for the 00? The top of my copy was blank.

DOL-DRUM#2

The "Locke-Ness Monster" returns in fine form with ten pages of sheer personality. The second installment of "Bambu's Horrorscope" was entertaining but not near as good as in the first ish. And even though you didn't mention anything about WARLOCK#2, (wasn't anything worth mentioning was there Dave) I find no fault with thee. ExceptI think you and Al have carried on this "Paine discussion too long. It seems neither of you are going to change opinions, so why not let the thing drop?
4

STRANGER THAN FACT#4

The switch from white to a more colorful green paper sure makes for a better appearance, Jim. An improvement in the art-work with two of the South's best fan-artists gracing your pages. I'm in perfect agreement with your editorial on smoking. In fact I gave a six minute talk several weeks ago in Speech on this same topic.

"Dreamer", by C.L. Morris, was the best piece of fan-fiction you've pubbed yet. I don't even read most fan-written stories but this I liked. And now we come to "Mauling Comments". In your review of WARLOCK#2, you said the following, "Guess who rejected a lot of your artwork, Larry?" First of all at the time I received the 11th mail-



REB
501

ing I had only submitted one piece of artwork to anybody. I did send Kent McDaniel one small illo of a futuristic city for use in OUTRE. It really wasn't too good. I still don't know whether he will use it or not, I haven't heard from him. Since that time I've submitted a number of illos and one cover--all of which have been accepted. I do use some of my stuff in WARLOCK, but as to anybody rejecting a lot of my artwork--"What the hell are you talking about?" Even though STF is better than last ish, you'll notice who's back in top form in this mailing.

.....9

THE INVADER#1

Welcome aboard Joel! Your artwork adds depth to a small amount of material, giving it a broader look. Being a sword & sorcery fan, I like your drawings depicting sword-weilders. I thought very seriously at one time of pubbing an ERB-zine entitled, THE SWORDSMAN. It died through lack of enthusiasm.

I didn't care for Janice's "Lament for a Mideldigrix". As to your article on ERB, I must disagree with you on a few points. I have read every one of the Burroughs paperbacks issued so far. Now that I've stated my credentials to enter the discussion, I completely disagree with you. The ten "Martian" books were, in my opinion, the best series the "old master" wrote. The first three, which are almost in serial form, are the best. In fact I rate "The Warlord of Mars" second only to Burrough's "best" book, "The Moon Maid", for sheer enjoyment. I'll admit Frank Frazetta's covers are excellent, especially on the recently released, "The Mad King". But to say that Roy G. Krenkel is a terrible cover-artist is sheer nonsense! If you'll simply compare the two artists together there can't be any doubt that Krenkel is the better artist. I'm positive most people agree with me because he won the Hugo for best artist last year!

.....6

THE INVADER#2

What with all the bad luck you've had, we're lucky to have you! I didn't much like Harkness's article, perhaps for the same reason I don't read "Hot Rod". "The Frog Prince", you've got to be kidding. Pitiful! Two very good first issues, Joe.

.....5¹/₂

NEMESIS#1

First of all you're damn right you can't draw! My seven-year-old nephew has you beat. Now to the minute dissecting. You're another one of those damnyankees (that's right one word) we've let enter. Most of them seem like pretty nice gys, but you make me sick! So you call your mimeo the "Tower of Power". Katz-child, your "tower has toppled" and your "power has fizzled". The repro on your six-pager is atrocious. Oh, I see Len Bailes stenciled the zine for you. I would blame him for not cutting them correctly or something, but I'll ask the question; "Don't you have enough intelligence to stencil your own zine?" The answer is probably, no! Okay it's a free country (at least until the so-called "civil-rights bill" is rammed down our throats) if you want to "cut" the SFPA; it's your privilege. Yet I also have the same freedom to cut hell out of you, personally; which I happen to be doing (in case your infantile mind hasn't grasped the fact!).

Your friends call you Arnie, huh? I'm surprised you have any! You do have at least one fannish enemy, ME! I have a feeling ~~the~~ other SFPA'ers aren't going to treat you with "kid gloves" either. You've only been in fandom a year and you act like you're a BNF or something. I've been in fandom two years longer than you and I don't act like I'm "John W. Ghod, Jr!"

As to your asinine remarks concerning some of the other zines, I'm sure they can defend themselves. In regard to WARLOCK: I'll tell you one thing, I've read worse fan-fiction by fans who have been in fandom longer than either of us! Terry Ange has written material for me even though she's not terribly interested in the field of sf. Some of her non-sf stories are exceptional! Quote; "Your Philcon report was interesting". I didn't write it, Richard Benyo did. "I will put down the gosh-wowness to your being a neo." I'm certainly not a neo. Benyo was when he wrote the con-report. He's not a neo any longer. He pubs a fairly respectable genzine--GALACTIC OUTPOST. I'm tempted to give you a zero but
.....4

ISCARIOT#11

From the worst to the best. Now we come to the bright spot of the mailing. Let's face it people, Robert E. Gilbert can come up with some very good covers. Dick, your stencilling of REG's stuff further improves it. Just goes to show what an artist can do with someone else's work. Howcum I don't see the little reindeer anymore? Your artwork could have filled up some of those empty spaces at the bottom of the pages.

Al, on my second trip down to see you we discussed your new "policy change". I seriously didn't think you'd get enough material to fill up a zine with just articles, etc. But you pleasantly fooled me! An excellent telling of the swift rise and fall of "Tops in Science-Fiction" by Plott. Al, bhaby, I can honestly say I enjoy your mailing comments more than anyone in fandom!

Thanks for the nice words about WARLOCK.

Dale Walker's first of a series on Edgar Rice Burroughs is welcome indeed! I'm hep on this stuff right now and everything I read on the subject, I enjoy. It was a well-written piece. Dick, not much to say about your column except I know something I didn't before know before I read it.



Truthfully I have a hard time finding something to say about ISCARIOT, because I'm with it from the very beginning. Dick and I help each other with pubbing of our zines. He helps me with mine and then I reciprocate. Besides me helping with the pubbing end of it, Dick and I both attended the same college this year and had plenty of opportunity to discuss. That coupled with the fact, I've visited Al twice since ISCARIOT#11 came out goes to show you why anything I say in my mc's I've already said before, to them. The BEST zine in the 11th mailing.10

SPORADIC#10

I almost put #11 because of the error on the cover. A fairly good cover by Joe Staton. A short issue this time, Bill. But with college work, etc. I know what it means to be busy all the time. Well looks like the University is robbing me of all my friends. John Hall started there last fall, Dick Ambrose will start this summer, and Terry Ange will be down there next fall. I'm getting lonesome. I'm gonna have to make it down and visit the whole gang of you next year.7

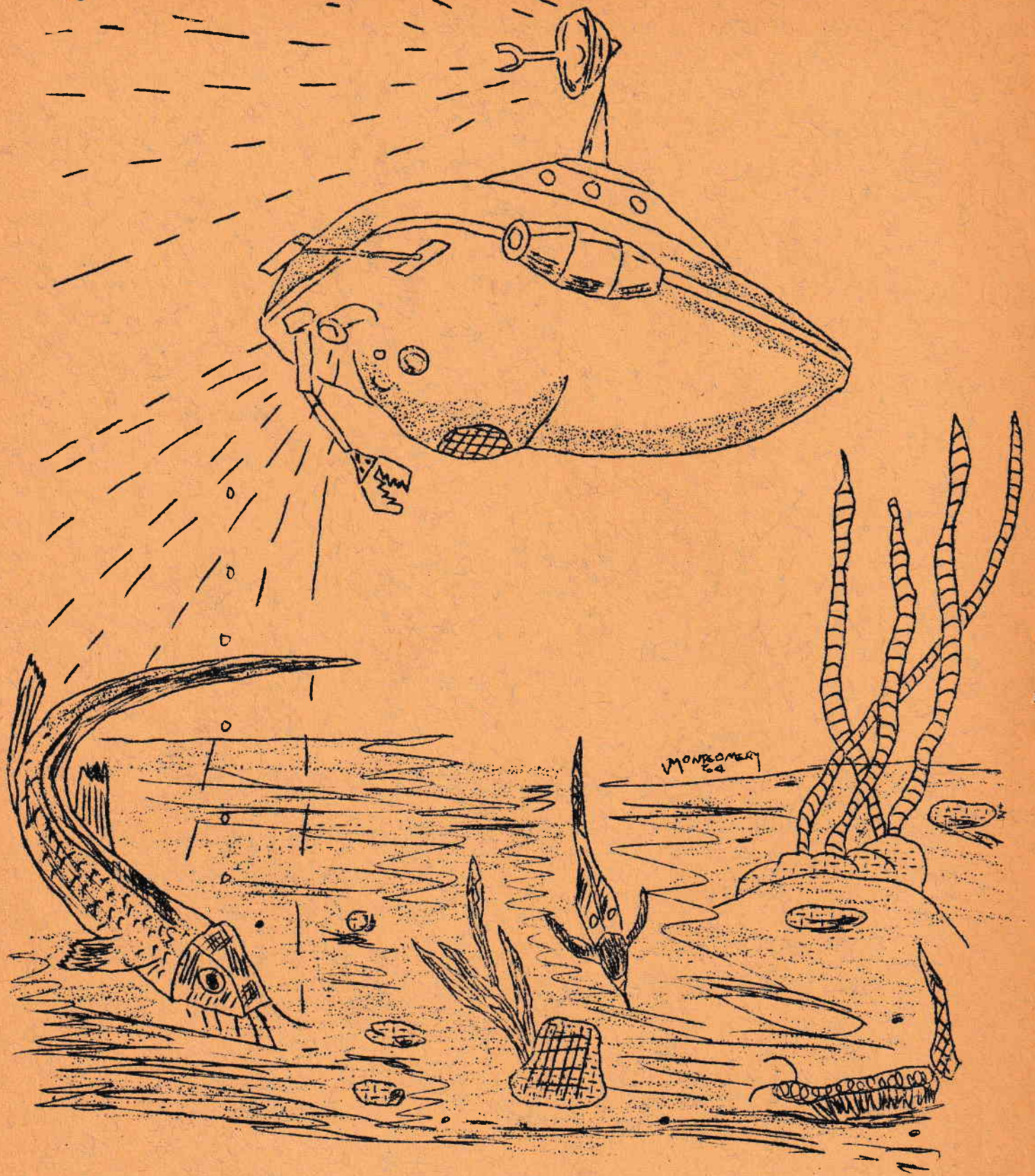
ZAJE ZACULO# 1

Odd name, what! Not much to comment it on, being only one page, so will reserve my opinion until next time. I hope you're nothing like Katz!1

```

*****
"One alone is a wanderer      * "Begotten of Imagination, on the
                               *
Ein to none but the wind     * body of Technology, there springs
                               *
walking in empty todays      * forth the wild child of Science
                               *
and tomorrow gone like the   * Fiction."
rain."                        *
                               *
--Lee Hoffmann               * --Clifton Fadiman
*****

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WARLOCK



JOE STATON