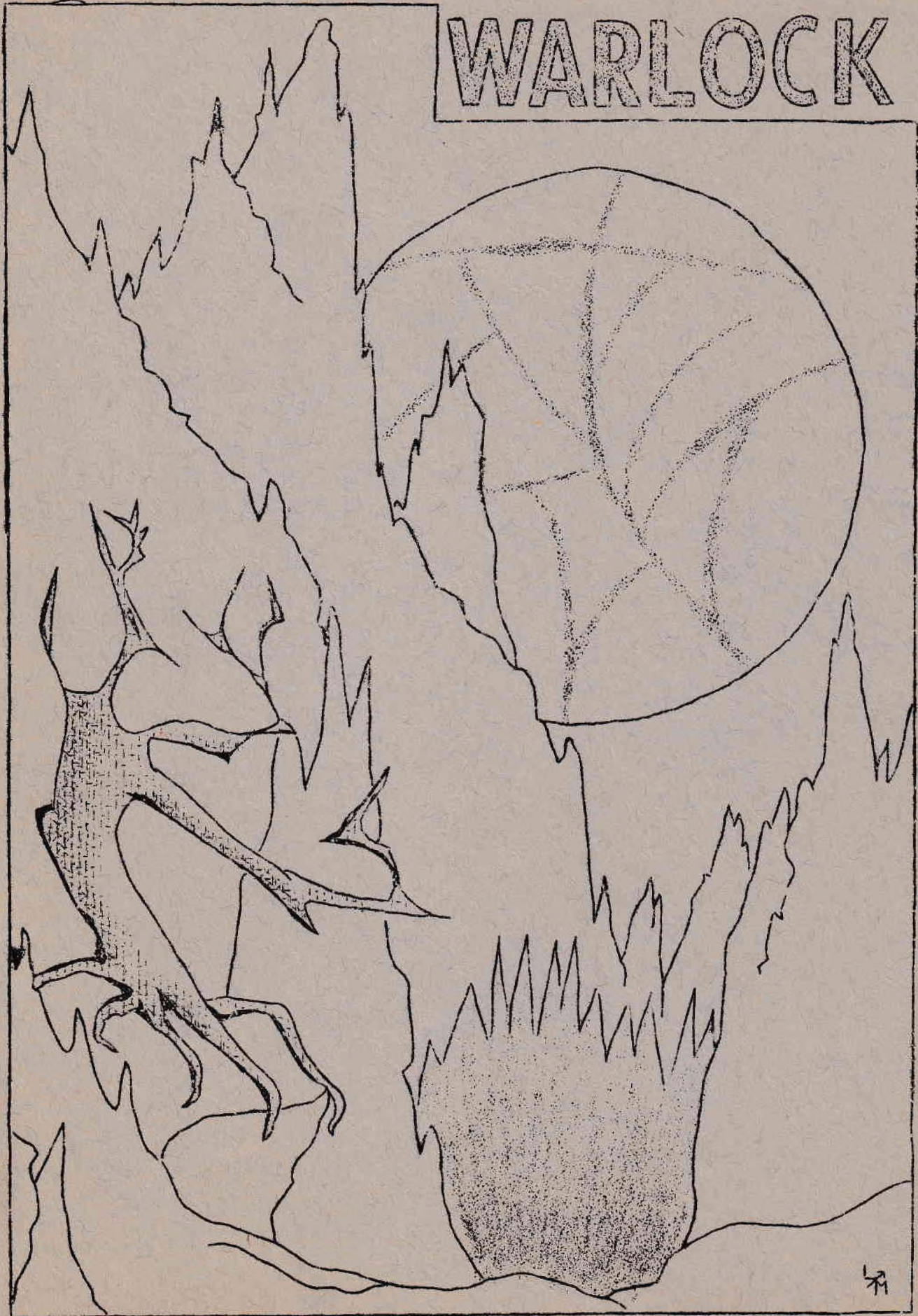
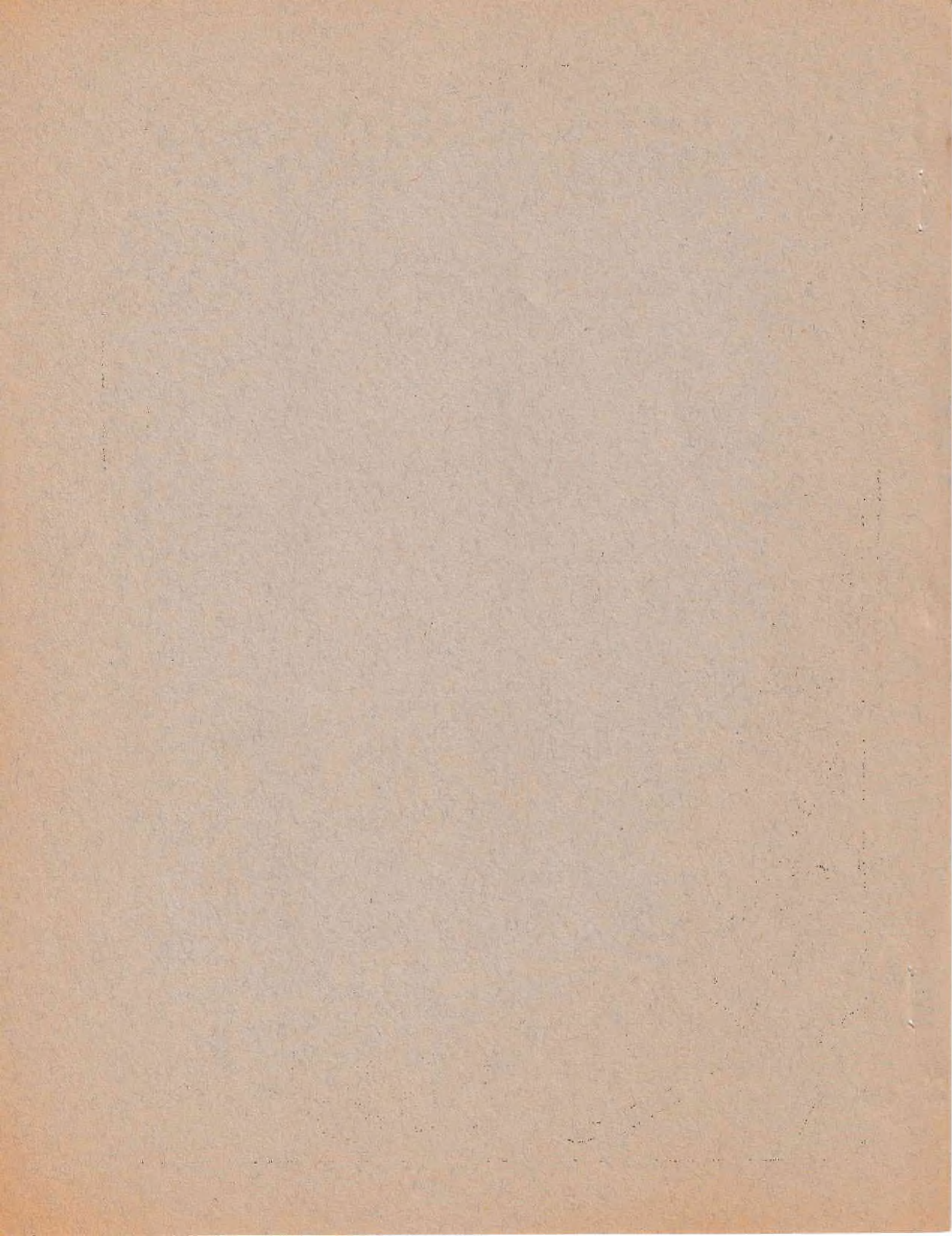
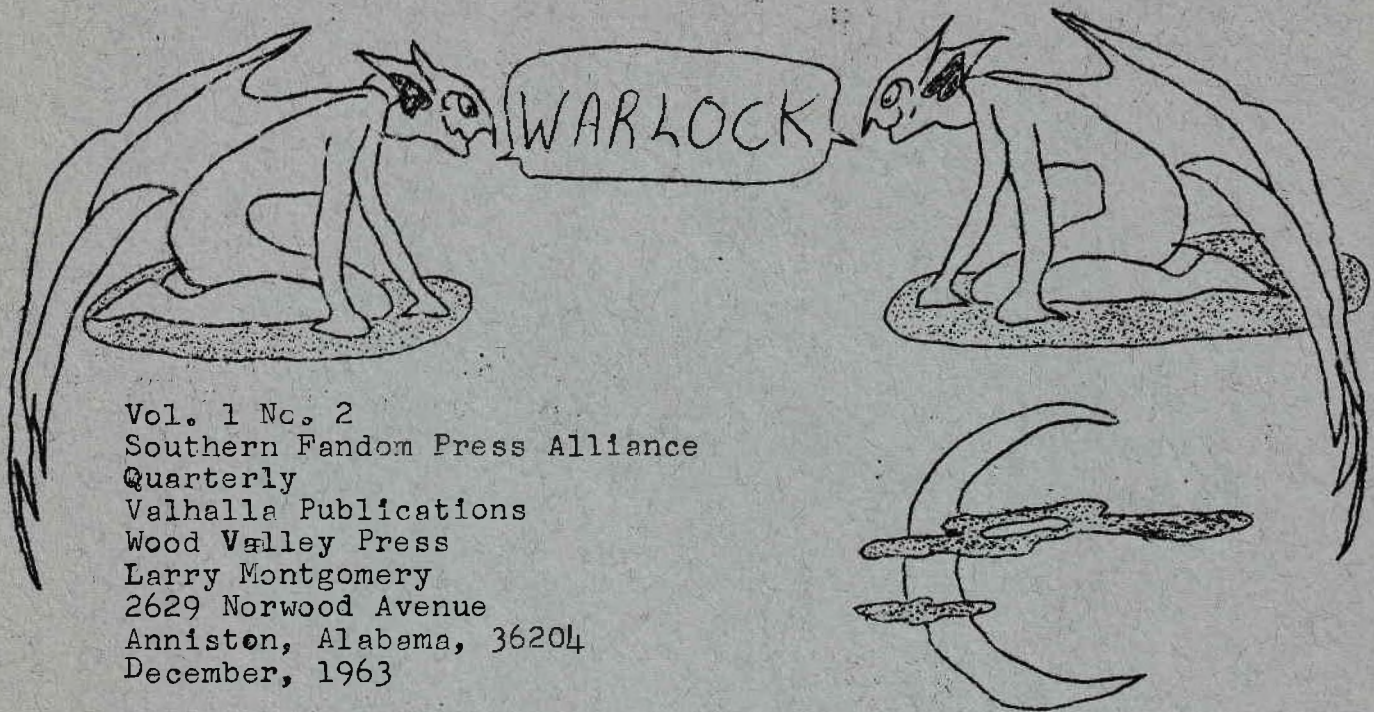


WARLOCK







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First of all why the name-change? Well that's a good question. If I ever figure it out I'll let you know. No, I just liked the name WARLOCK better. (Coulson, before I read your review in DOUBLE-BILL).

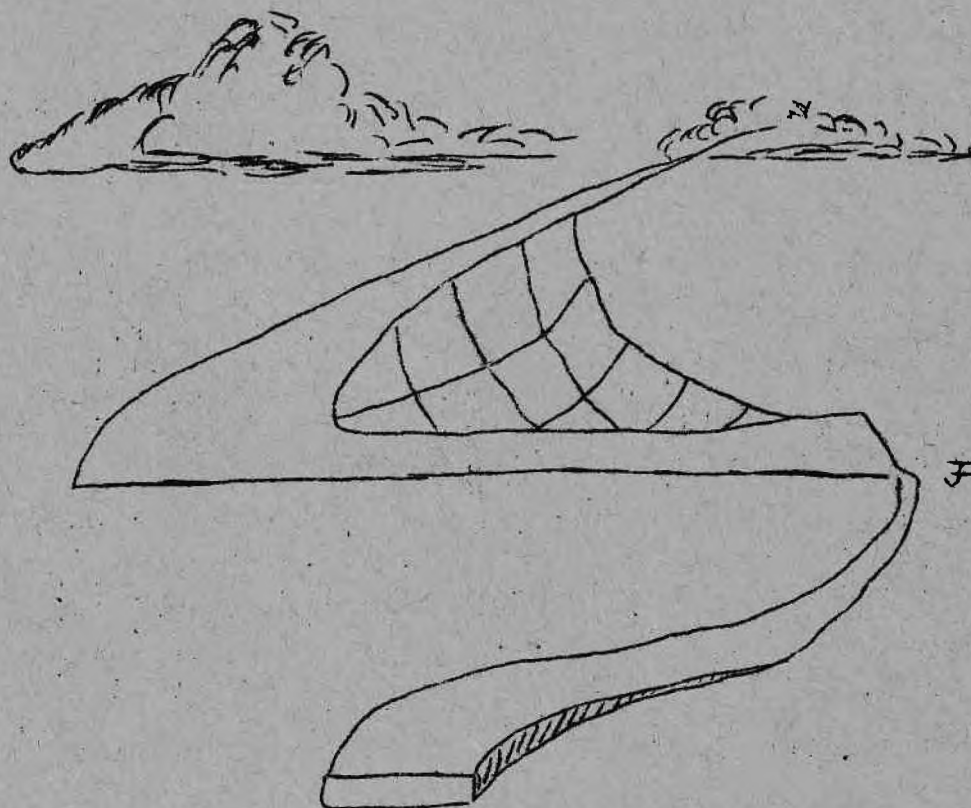
I thought that the last issue was the summit of chaos. This time I had three months but with the extra burden of college classes I just haven't had time to do anything. Oh yes, for some of you who expressed curiosity as to me, personally; I'm eighteen and a freshman at Jacksonville State College. I have literally stacks of reading material that I haven't had time to get to and everything but college is suffering...

I hope you'll agree that #2 is, at least, slightly improved. I get sick every time I look at SPECTRE#1. So, here in this issue is cheaper paper and stencils--looks better doesn't it! I did get a chance to read Clifford Simak's WAY STATION. Of the s-f books I've read this year it's the best and that includes GLORY ROAD. Did you see, THE HAUNTING? If you didn't you really missed a good one! Personally I missed Dick's gem, THE HAUNTED PALACE, but he missed THE HAUNTING so I guess we're even.

As to this issue: the cover was drawn by me (blush) but faithful Dick stenciled for me (THANKS). I hope you enjoy "The Experiment" it marks Terry Ange's first attempt at s-f. After seeing Miss Ange in Anniston High School's Thespian (I'm a former member) production of "Green Valley"; the public saw

what I've known all the time. She is, and always will be, WARLOCK'S favorite WITCH! Didn't get to the Phil-Con? No? Well newer fear Benyo was there and he "tells all". ((Thanks Al)) Also thanks to Jim Hyland for the much needed artwork. Oh, in case any of you SFPA'ers are ready to "burn me in effigy" over what I say about you in the "Razor"--I would have rated SPECTRE--a 2.

Here it is the 30th of November and this Saturday night finds me typing stencils at Dick's. You might notice the difference in the type. Part was done on my portable and the rest (this) was finished up on Dick's typer. I have to clean my keys almost every paragraph so it takes longer. With Dick's you can type literally stencil after stencil and it still doesn't mess up the keys. I expect when I leave his house tonite WARLOCK will be finished. I hope!



THE EXPERIMENT

BY TERRY ANGE

Andrew Shaw gazed out into the vastness of space and wondered at its magnitude.

"So small," he thought, "am I compared to the greatness of this." Standing there at the open window, lost in his thoughts and the splendor of the night, he felt suddenly moved to pray. And not being a man often given to prayer, he felt inadequate in his sudden urgency.

"Dear God," he began.....then was silent. The entirety of all that he now felt seemed to hang on the thought, "Help me." He said it aloud. "Dear God, help me."

Andrew Shaw was not a man who often asked for help, yet now his entire being and soul seemed encompassed by some unnamed fear, a fear which clutched at his throat and threatened his very existence. Andrew fell to his knees, his fingers clenched. "Help me! Help me!", he cried, his fist pounding in desperation against the window sill, "Help me! Help me!....."

Somewhere, the Council sat in conference. They in a different sense, like Andrew, were troubled. A serious decision had to be made. They all knew that, yet each was reluctant to propose that which seemed the only solution.

The thin, greying one at the head of the table begins to speak, "The experiment has gone too far and it has gotten entirely out of control. Complete and total extinction is, I think you will agree, the only wise and logical solution."

As he speaks, anger grows in the young one seated to his left. "It isn't fair!" he shouts, unable to control his emotions any longer. The Elder is silent and the young one rises before the group and says, "I realize that I am out of order, but I cannot condone, by my silence, the great injustice which I feel this act would surely be."

"We have created this life, says the Elder, and it is nothing more than a product of our laboratories."

"But don't you understand," he interrupts, they are not unfeeling. They have populated, cultivated and produced many things of use on their small planet. We cannot play God!

They deserve to live!" The young one looks into empty faces and he sits down, his words having fallen on deaf ears.

The Elder speaks again. "I understand your indignation, but you are young and do not fully understand. Eons ago when our scientists first created this life, we felt it was good. After further experimentation, we placed it in the environment it seemed best to thrive and watched it grow and multiply. Time passed and the small planet and its prefabricated inhabitants were all but forgotten. We then discovered that you had let them progress and explore space. It was almost too late. They have now become a serious threat to us. We have no reason to believe that they are feeling creatures. By observing their behavior we have found them warlike, with little love or understanding. Regardless, it is no longer a question of right or wrong, it is a question of eventual survival."

"Now I ask your vote, he continues, all in favor of total destruction of Earth and its inhabitants; signify by bowing your head." The vote was nine to one.

The young one who had pleaded for the preservation of the planet, had been in charge for several thousand years; and in that time he had become fond of its people and their reliance on him. However his vote meant little. The decision was made.

And somewhere on that small planet, Andrew Shaw is praying for help.....praying to a God that has been voted down.



FANDOM AT THE PHIL-CON

Richard S. Benyo

The 22nd annual convention of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society was held on November 9th at the Sheraton Hotel. The 1963 edition of the PhilCon was a far cry from the first one, way back in 1934, as Fred Pohl, editor of GALAXY, IF, and WORLDS OF TOMORROW, related to the assemblage of approximately one hundred eager fans that filled Constitution Hall on the Sheraton's 3rd floor.

Before the Convention was officially called to order, a vast series of new acquaintances were made, as well as many more renewed. This time of "togetherness" for many fans ran from the entrance of the second fan at about noon, to the opening at 1:30 P.M.

Among the "early birds" was one of the guest authors-- L. Sprague de Camp, who, with his beard, pipe, and winning personality, brought a touch of alienness. (Authors note: Mr. de Camp is the first flesh-and-blood author I've ever met, and the first time seems to me kind of awesome. One wonders about his attitude, mainly--"Will he talk to me?" "Is he as weird as some of his stories?" and sometimes--"Will he bite?") Mr. de Camp circulated himself very well-- giving autographs, posing for pictures, answering questions, and generally putting the fans at ease in an authors presence.

Between purchasing and trading s-f books, holding a running conversation with a new friend, an argument with another, and watching for new arrivals; the hour and a half was well filled with adventure. During this time, Lester del Rey and James Blish made their appearances--both in good spirits, and full of friendly overtones, and, as their predecessor--Mr. de Camp--they managed to add some extra thrill to the assembly. But, however sharp one's eyes, he sometimes misses things, and so it was that toward the end of the socializing, an entrance was made by Judith Merrill and Fred Pohl (accompanied by his charming teen-age daughter--Ann), which did not become known to ye author until after the meeting had been called. Perhaps the fault of this lies in the examination of each other's purchases with two new pals from New Jersey.

At 1:30 P.M., President Tom Purdom called the convention to order, welcomed the fans and authors; and made announcements concerning questionnaires that were to be filled out by the fans, and the auction that was to be held at intermission, at which time some original drawings would fall to the eager hands of the highest bidder. Mr. Purdom proceeded by introducing a panel of three of the guests--Lester del Rey, L.

Sprague de Camp, and James Blish--who acted, for a good hour and forty minutes, as an arbitrary council to answer questions put to them by the throng. During these discussions, a few controversies and differences of opinion arose between the panel members over the feasibility of answers given; but eventually the session ended--none--the--worse--for--wear.

At 3:10, Judy Merrill took the speakers stand--after a considerable amount of audience participation in the panel discussion--and informed the fans that she would speak on two topics: SCIENCE FICTION AND MAINSTREAM and LET'S NOT PICK ON JOHN CAMPBELL WHEN HE ISN'T HERE, BUT PICK ON FREDERICK POHL WHEN HE IS HERE.

Judith's speech on "mainstream" fiction was presented in a well organized manner--as is characteristic of all her work, after which she began her second topic. She lauded the work and output of the Pohl family of s-f magazines, at which time she managed to coax (probably to hide Mr. Pohl's eagerness) Fred Pohl to come forward and assist her in carrying on the discussion; which he did in a true Pohl fashion. Helping to explain how a s-f mag should be produced around the readers likes and dislikes; whereupon the topic branched off into the subject of satires being overused; and mentioned in Judith's previous speech as "sick Satires". After ten minutes of presentation, Mr. Pohl left Miss Merrill to her own devices in presenting the conclusion of her oration; after which she answered questions for ten minutes. During this time, she exhibited the dust jacket of her new book--THE 8TH ANNUAL EDITION OF THE BEST S-F (to be released in hb. in December). President Tom Purdom thanked the two for their presentations, and announced a forty-five minute intermission; at which time about a dozen pencil drawings by famous s-f artists were auctioned to the ready fans.

Again, as before, the Con began, ye author went on the rampage with camera, pen, mags, and two New Jersey friends. But, our biggest surprise was yet to come. Through three years of correspondance--three years worth of begging, and last-minute refusals--Mr. Charles F. Kelley's hopes were realized by the arrival of the man he so affectionately calls the "Old Pirate"--Will J. Jenkins (known to s-f fans the world over as Murray Leinster). And, I can tell you, we lost no time in getting to him before he had a chance to be swallowed up by the crowd--after missing Judith Merrill and Fred Pohl, when they went to eat at intermission. Mr. Leinster. (although he wouldn't answer to his pen-name) proved very interesting, and, although he did not participate to any great extent in the proceedings, he added a feeling of completeness by his presence.

Immediately after the intermission, the meeting was again brought to action by a panel discussion of the questionnaires which had been filled out. The panel consisted of Will J. Jenkins (Gloucester, Virginia), Gerry Dunwoody (Philadelphia, Penn.) Jack L. Chalker (Baltimore, Maryland), and Morris Fried (Also of Philadelphia). A lively and very amusing discussion followed as each member described alien animals, furnishings, and rituals suggested by abstract words on the questionnaires.

The panel discussion was followed, at 5:25, by Fred Pohl's speech on past s-f Cons and a definition of s-f. Following this, was a period of questions asked of Mr. Pohl; at which time the fact was brought out that 4,000 manuscripts are submitted to his magazines per year. (Now I know why I collect rejection-slips.)

At 6:15 President Tom Purdom closed the meeting, and to we, the fans, the fulfillment of a very memorable day at the '63 PhilCon.



The RAZOR

Well now y'all here's the place where I applaud or condemn you. Yet don't despair.....you can do the same! I'm gonna borrow on YANDRO'S grading system. The best zine gets 10 points and the others get points on how they stack up.

DOL-DRUM: Plott's "Saga of Chuck White" surprised me. Here I've been helping with ISCARIOT for about a year and NOW I finally learn how it got its title. The script typer adds a distinctive touch.4

SPORADIC#8: Front cover with that lovely(!!!) rebel scene and your episode of "traveling fan" were outstanding. Someday I'm gonna have to make the pilgrimage to B'ham(after all it's only an hour from me) and meet Al. Man, I'd never have thought of ramblin on about cats to fill up page space. I'm gonna have to meet you too!! ROLL TIDE!!!!5

STRANGER THAN FACT#1: When I first saw it I figured some imbecile had hand-painted ALL the covers. No, I was wrong! Some imbecile wasted a lot of money on a pitiful cover and atrocious typing errors. The fiction wasn't bad.....it wasn't good either...3

STRANGER THAN FACT#2: In spite of it being only mimeoed this time.....it's better.3½

OUTRE#1: Okay Yank, I'll go easy on ya in my MC's 'cause SPECTRE was the first ish of anything I'd ever done. Fair material and shows promise of improving. If "Tarzan and the Apes" had you running to the bathroom.....you'd better grow up fast!!.....1

WORMFARM#1: Gibson.....I LIKED IT! Frankly I enjoyed this small zine better than any in the mailing. The SFPA has gotten itself a first rate fan-cartoonist. The poems were some of the best I've seen in fandom. As Gibson said in that "tremendous"(?) WORMFARM#2, I think we're gonna have to watch him or he'll show all of us up!7

CLIFFHANGERS AND OTHERS#4: I have the feeling Rick didn't have too much time.....I can sympathize.....I don't have any time either!3

ISCARIOT#9: In spite of the fact I helped crank the mimeo and Dick's mistake of using bonded paper, it's the best zine of the 9th mailing. No doubt in my mind.....10