

The Montgomery Papers

THEY CAME TO ME via Billy Pettit and Joe Moudry and Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery and Vicki Stroop, with help from Dennis Dolbear and Elise Bodenheimer along the way. And with the permission and grace of Larry Montgomery, to whom many thanks. Pettit it was who put me on the right track, when I called him about an old photograph I remembered seeing in an ancient SFPazine. Moudry it was who found the address for me in his collection of back mailings. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery directed me to their son, Larry, in his new home far from the South, amidst the mountains of Colorado, d.j.ing for country station KSSS. Larry -- out of the clear blue -- granted me permission to see and keep his SFPA collector's trove until he wanted it back ... and Dennis led me to Elise who referred me to Vicki, who brought the mailings with her when she came to Chattacon, in January.

The Montgomery Papers, I call them. 15 bound volumes. SFPazines, SFPA mailings, and some lagniappe. (The photo I remembered was there ... and is copied in The SFPA Family Album.)

If you were there when this bounty fell into my hands at the convention, then you know how it was for me. I'd fretted all con long about Ms. Stroop, who was late in arriving, and who indeed did not come in till late Saturday night. How I rushed out in the January cold to bring in the box of books, and how I pored over them in the lobby, sloppily entranced in the faanish glories there. It's become something of a hoot the way I get all sentimental about SFPA, and I'm trying to avoid it. But with that stuff there, I could hardly help being impressed and moved with the thought that because of the zines and authors that came together to create SFPA, in the mailings before me, my life has been touched and made richer. And that would go for a lot of other people, too.

The Montgomery Papers are wonderful stuff. Therein are the first 20 SFPAs, and our growth from unorganized neos to a cohesive entity, producing lively and involved fanac, is something to see. Therein also are the first mlg's of Apa-45, and the first 12 TAPS, and the opening mailings of a failed experiment, the International APA. A trove of fannishness, a hive of history. I would have been ecstatic, in my own crazy way, to see these mailings anywhen. But how much more special to find them on hand now, just before SFPA's centennial mailing. My sense of apa history demands that they be shared. Volla.

Now the question is ... how to do it.

And the answer seems to be ... order the volumes, open the first one up, and plow right in.

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"WHY, MANIPULATING CIVILIZATION, OF COURSE..."



|| VOLUME || ONE ||

Actually, Larry's notebooks are not numbered and my enumeration is arbitrary, but if any of these black-bound books should come first, it is this one.

When Stroop brought me the goodies, I had to search to find this particular book. Unlike most of the others, it had no label. I've taken the liberty of adding one. "The Southern Fandom Press Alliance", it reads, and below that, "#1 - #5".

Actually, to begin a second paragraph with that word, the label is a little wrong. For this mailing goes back further than SFPA's first mailing.

The first thing you see when you open this book is a tattered, thrice-folded page of blue printing. It looks like decent ditto, but from the tinge of purple spread over the text, you know it to be a remarkable example of that ancient method of fan repro, hectography. When I first saw this piece, in the Chattacon hotel lobby, I didn't realize at first what I had on hand. For although everyone knows that SFPA had a first mailing (else how could it have a 100th?), and those who were around for mlg 50 saw Markstein's reproduction of it, and although those steeped in SFPA history know that Bob Jennings published an Apa Planning Zine for three issues before the first mailing came out, I had heard of this letter once ... a single sentence in Markstein's Timebinders, a fine history of SFPA published for our gala 50th mailing. It referred to a letter from Jennings written to all members of the Southern Fandom Group, asking these hearties if anyone would be interested in an amateur press association.

Does the obvious have to be said? SFPA goes back no further than this, except to private letters between Jennings, who was then -- what, Bob, 19? -- and the SFG's legendary director, Al Andrews. Take a look at the xerox of this letter which leads off this 100th mailing. It comes from this example -- the only one I've ever seen -- from the Montgomery Papers.

Larry Montgomery was not one of the charter members of SFPA. His first mlg was #9. But though he never got this letter, one charter member of SFPA, who passed his collection on to Montgomery, did. On this copy, Bob Jennings appended a note to that charter member ... Richard (Dick) Ambrose.

"Dear Richard,

Hope you find this of interest, and will seriously consider joining.

I believe the project has a definite chance of succeeding, if it can get the interest and support necessary."

Guess it made it. Bob goes on in his note to discuss centaurs with Ambrose. In making the elegant facsimiles up ahead in this mailing, I first covered over the typewritten note (Bob says he used the same typewriter he's using now), made a sharp copy, then whited out the crease marks and show-through from the rest of the note, which is on the back of the page. A second A#1 xerox was called into play for the champagne parchment paper.

Look at the letter. Imagine it in purple ink that would run and vanish if one breathed on it, on thin, cheap paper. Would you have written back, like Ambrose apparently did, and said "Sure"? Enough did, that summer of 1961, to make the next item necessary.

The next item shows the dedicated care with which Jennings took on his apa-building responsibility. This is the first Southern Apa Planning Zine, again hectographed, again tinted purple where the ink has run. "This is the first issue," says Bob, "of a very short living fanzine." In it he proposes a set of bylaws for the new apa ... which still did not have a name. On the first page he called for those who thought they had a better idea to present it through him, and called for candidates for the job of Mailing Editor. (There already was an Official Editor in the Southern Fandom Group; he edited the Group newsletter, or "0-0" as Bob calls it.) The rest of the 3-page zine, ripe with strikeouts, crossouts, and the wobbly lines that are a trademark of hecto, as well as the omnipresent purple haze, is devoted to presentation of and explanation of Jennings' "bi-laws".

Did I say three-page issue? Make that 5 pages ... a page of intro and four pages of "Proposed Bi-Laws". (Forgive me. If we don't make fun of Bob's spelling it might rise up and take over the world.) In it the name Southern Fandom Press Alliance is first given, and a statement of our purpose made:

"The Southern Fandom Press Alliance is hereby established for the betterment of science fiction-fantasy fan activity among its members by their mutual satisfaction in amateur publishing. The Southern Fandom Press Alliance is designed as a deviation of the Southern Fandom Group, and any separation from this body by the Alliance is prohibited."

Why Bob was so concerned with keeping SFPA part of the SFG is his to tell, for I don't know. Could be that the SFG, being blest with few members (fandom was hardly as healthy in the South in 1961 as it is 20 years later), didn't want to risk losing its apa to a separatist movement, however rich in Southern tradition such a secession might be. But who knows? The by-laws go on to set dues at a buck a year, establish "non-participating memberships", restrict membership to SFG members, and to state that waitlisters, should the membership quota be filled, be required to acknowledge receipt of the OO or face ejection from the waitlist ... somewhat as they are required today. "I don't anticipate our apa having much of a waiting list at any time," appends Jennings, and he is to be forgiven for not being able to look two decades into the future and see a waitlist of 35 people.

Election dates for the M.E. are proposed, as is minac (6 original pages every other mailing). Dual memberships are allowed for. Deadlines are set quarterly, the 15ths of September, December, March and June. And, in a clause that the adult Bob Jennings would furiously disavow, an expulsion mechanism is mentioned (though not described) & rule 5 states that "Material not considered in good taste or objectionable to the mailing regulations will not be included in any mailing." Bit ambiguous, that.

Jennings didn't date any of these zines, drat the luck, so we cannot know (unless he remembers, and tells us) how long after the first Southern Apa Planning Zine that issue #2 appeared. In the introduction Bob lamented that only 75% of the SFG sent in encouragement and/or comments. 100%, he declared, was needed to meet the September deadline for the first mailing. The contents of the zine consist of Jerry Burge's alternate set of by-laws to those proposed by Bob. Bob adopted many of the changes at once, but disagreed with some. He printed a ballot whereon members were asked to cast their votes, either in favor of his rules, or Jerry's, where they disagreed. (And I note that he gives August 5th as the date of this second issue's mailing. There.) Ambrose sent in his ballot, and marked his choices on the copy Bob included in the zine. I doubt if he'd mind my revealing his vote after so many years: all Jennings, all the way.

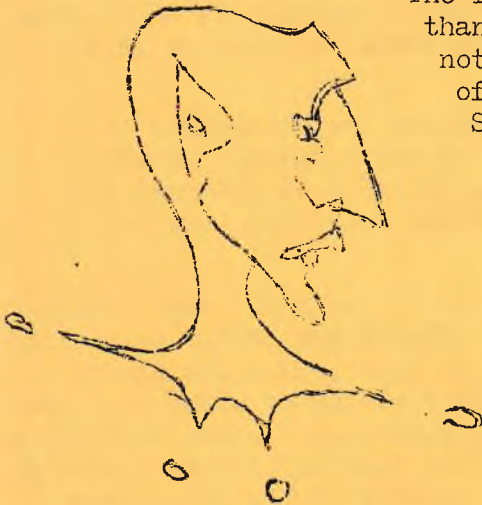
The final, third issue of The Southern Apa Planning Zine was typed August 16th, and showed that Ambrose voted with the winning side. Everyone of Bob's by-laws was passed. Approximately ten fans voted on time, and two stragglers sent ballots in late. It was a sign of Bob's conscientiousness that he refused to count them. Some idea of the number of actifans in the South can be gleaned from the fact that Bob revealed here that only two prospective SFPAns had failed to ballot. 14 possible SFPAns. More SFPAns than that gather at every A-B-C meeting.

Bob also announced that since no one else wanted the job, he was Mailing Editor. A deadline of September 15 was announced, but he asked that everyone have their dues and zines in by the tenth. The prospective members of SFPA were listed: Dick Ambrose, Al Andrews, Jerry Burge, Joe Christoff, Dave Hulan, Mike Kurman, Norm Metcalf, Tom Milton, Larry Moore, Earl Noe, Fredrick Norwood (the "e" was lost in the shuffle), Mike Padgett, Jerry Page. And Bob. And KEN Gentry, apparently a neo of Bob's tutelage.

It's a shame that Christoff, Milton, Moore, and Noe can't see SFPA 100. They never joined, although all of the rest did, and joined by Bill Plott, six of the others chimed in to make fannish history a month later ...

Dare I be more dramatic. On September 15, out came the first mailing of the SFPA.

The first SFPA mailing was 76 pages long ... one page longer than Meade Frierson's Huitloxopetl this mailing. But let's not judge 1961, and 7 newcomers to zining, by the standards of 1981, and multi-year veterans of the artform ... for SFPA #1 was a masterpiece, a milestone, and as Jennings says in his first OO, "a good start".



The copy of SFPA's premiere in The Montgomery Papers is in quite good shape, a tribute to Ambrose and Montgomery, the first two possessors of this prize. The Official-Organ (note the dash) is hectoed, alas, and is now a washy blue/purple, and the printing is less successful than on the come-on letter, say. But nevertheless, it can be read, despite a "choppy" letter or two. Bob reprints his by-laws (spelling the word right this time), warns members Padgett and Ambrose that they need page credit in mlg #2 to avoid a dollar fine, and calls for a copy requirement of 28, by December 10th.

The zines? Thought you might like a rundown. It has been 50 mailings since Markstein's fabulous history, and although others in SFPA 100 will probably discuss mailing #1, I might as well too, while it's in hand.

The first non-official-editor-type zine to run through SFPA was Sporadic, "The Fafiate's Fanzine", by Billy Joe Plott, later known as Billjoeplottofopelikaalabama, and now known as William Plott, Director of Publications at the University of Montevallo. (With luck an issue of Sporadic may even run in this mailing.) His cover featured SFPA's first piece of artwork, a dinosaur with parasol, apron, and purse (labeled "PC"). Suzy Vick was the artist; a true trivia answer for those who care to ask the question. Someone recently asked if it were okay to change one's title after one had already begun an apazine, and indeed it is: here the precedent was established. Bill had begun his chatty, relaxed zine as Proxy #5, one of his letter substitutes. Plott was clearly experienced at nattering on stencil; talking about local fandom, apparently pretty active, and his trip to Panama City (thus the PC on the dino's purse), his friendship with Howard Shockley, Plott exhibits a natural ease in his writing that's timelessly valuable to apahacks. No pretense, no concern about writing for the ages ... twenty years later, his trip report is as fluid and readable as ever. Letters from Rick Norwood and Alan Dodd and a poem by Llyod Biggle complete the issue ... the first natterzine ever to run through our rebel apa.

Blob, A Parasite Publication, follows, by Jennings' protege Ken Gentry. It's a hecto zine -- wild wavy lines to the type -- with a mimeo cover by Gentry himself (the head of a girl -- he couldn't draw mouths -- and a tree). The old hecto is hard to read, but the zine is rather fun. After an ambitious introduction (Gentry planned on a rotating series of 5 apazine titles, of which he actually produced two -- Blob and Cutworm) Ken then includes ersatz letters to various big name pros, all of whom have allegedly submitted material for his zine. An old schtick well-turned. After 20 years, one has to think to realize that "Ed" is Ed Emshwiller (then copping all the Hugos in sight), though who else could "Bob" be but Heinlein ... An aptly named fannish fiction follows, "Stupidman", starring LuLu Lane and Gangreen Arrow and Batfan ... "Beware of the Blob", Gentry keeps typing, and after reading the closing section, one is tempted to echo that judgment. Somehow, though, there's something quite pleasant about this zine ... reminds me a bit of some of the crudzines of my own past.

Dave Hulan still pubs zines called Loki occasionally, and although the next zine in SFPA #1 is called Loquamur, I understand that the present-day zine is a direct descendant. The ten-pager, on mimeo, is a solid and serious zine, as one would expect. Dave was a naval officer at the time (as you can tell by the early portrait in The SFPA Family Album), and the serious profession obviously reflected a serious individual, then as now.

Which makes Loquamur sound like a packet of gloom and doom spreading blackness and despair over SFFPA's opening mailing. Not so.

The zine features a cover by Jeannie "Katya" Wheat, who later married Dave and, after their divorce, was married to Lon Atkins. Dave traced the drawing onto stencil, a pre-electrostencil process perfected by Don Markstein in the late '60's and used here and on the last page by me, getting these two illos by Elizabeth Atkinson into SM2. Nevertheless, Hulan goes on to credit Bob Jennings for the mimeography; one only wishes that Jennings had also mimeoed the OO. Like all good faneds presenting their first apazine, Hulan next introduces himself, revealing to me for the first time in all the years we've shared a roster that he can play the saxophone, and once taught dancing. On the following page, he tackles the sercon subject "What's wrong with modern science fiction?" He ends up blaming TV. (At the time, remember, Twilight Zone was the model s.f. TV show ... and for my money, is still the best the medium has ever done with the genre.) Dave ends the piece by lapsing into infectious nostalgia for radio, where horror and suspense could be artfully instilled through tickling of the audience's imagination ... which visual media like TV and the flicks cannot righteously do.



Next is a story -- in elite type (Dave uses pica, the better, he says, to fill space). I've heard someplace that Dave's brother is the uncredited author. Hulan has often claimed cause to consider me dense; he has another: I don't understand the story at all. Following it are two pages of elegant poems, and I hope Dave doesn't mind just a stanza of reprint, because it's quite nice:

The greatest kings of olden days
Could never know the deeps of Space.
What matters feeble mortal praise
Beside the Infinite's embrace?

And like all Hulan zines, there are book reviews. Dave usually reviews books I haven't read. These are no exception.

What follows is the best zine in the mailing ... a zine that would stand up just as strongly now. This is the first issue of Iscariot, the co-publication of Dick Ambrose and the late, legendary Al Andrews. Al Andrews was, by every account, one of the world's great people, and certainly there have been only a handful of Southerners as influential in the region's fannish growth. First winner of the Rebel Award (an event that may be documented in the Family Album), co-founder with Lon Atkins of Rally, Al impressed everyone who encountered him in print, and even more so, every one who met him. Al had muscular dystrophy.

To depart from this account for a minute, a story. Later on in SFFPA history, Al left SFFPA ... but not because he wanted to. His disease had taken too great a toll; he could no longer use a manual typewriter. Knowing this, Hank Reinhardt -- in an act that belied his otherwise well-deserved barbaric reputation -- began a secret fund to gather donations towards purchasing Al an electric typewriter ... one which would enable him to get back into zining. Fandom responded, the funds were collected, Al was presented with an electric machine, joyously and gratefully accepted. Al returned to SFFPA with a well-typed, cleanly illoed (by himself) zine called ...As I Was Saying. I would walk a mile to have a copy: it was his final publication. Damn! Wish I'd met the fella.

But in a way, we newer-comers to Southern fandom can meet him, and Iscariot (excuse me: Iscariot) is one such way.

It begins with an Andrews illo-on-stencil atop a strange and not-altogether-penetrable

story, a documentary (or so credited) by "Pontus Ramailian", an obvious pseudonym. In the introduction, Al apologizes for the way in which Ambrose and he dominate the issue. Except for a piece of fiction by Paul Andrews, apparently Al's brother, the only non-SFPA writer represented (in fact, the only non-Iscariot-staffer) is Jack Chalker.

I was as surprised to find Jack a charter SFPA contributor as you. I wonder if he remembers his book review, "The Dark Streets of Arkham".

In "Revelations", his editorial, Andrews shows a familiarity with apadom, as he states his fondness for "mailing comments" (the first appearance of those words in SFPA). "It is fun and work putting together a zine, but the real payoff is in the comments of the other apa members." Has it been better said since? "Whether you are praised or plastered (and there is even perverse egoboo in being plastered) the comments of your fellow pubbers and editors make the thing worthwhile." Al knew whereof he spoke; in Plott SFPA already had an experienced fan natterer, and now in Andrews it had a guiding spirit experienced in apadom. One could have sensed a fine foundation on which SFPA could grow.

In music matters, Andrews was a total square. His elation at discovering that his 15-year-old neice "digs the swinging, driving, propulsive beat and riffs of the great [Glenn] Miller band" instead of Fabian (Fabian?) is worthy of a friendly cringe.

Paul Andrews' devil-deal offer follows, then a page of vampire cartoons by Andrews. Two nicely logoed articles by Dick Ambrose -- one on the devil and his demons, and the other on that demonic device, the television set -- form his part of the issue. His on-stencil illos are very interesting.

There isn't much about Iscariot that's not interesting. Chalker's article on Arkham is well-researched and, natch, nicely spun. Mock book reviews ("Insanity in 10 Easy Volumes") by Andrews provide genuine chuckles (example: The Mother Goose Book of Famous Hatchet Murders), and the filler paragraphs -- quotations from The True Believer, definitions of "interesting words" (like "Alfridarya") -- are neat. Ambrose & Andrews apologize for the religious bent of much of their writing (where it surfaces I couldn't see), and propose an intriguing moral dilemma: what would you do if you, a "world renowned archaeologist", found incontrovertible proof that the Gospels were works of fiction? A pity no one ever responded. (Although Tom Robbins presented much the same situation in Another Roadside Attraction, which was not a SFPAzine but a wildly successful comic novel of the late sixties.)

Like Iscariot, Bob Jennings' Alabok #1, the next item in SFPA #1, is a genzine ... and a damned fine one. Good on-stencil cover by Ken Somebody (Gentry, I guess). The 4-page editorial, "First Plunge", is regrettably hectoed (the rest of the zine is mimeo), but readable in this copy. Bob blames the cost of mimeography. He goes on to promise commentary on comics (but not comic strips; "I dislike horribly any discussion on comic strips"), and gripes that Norm Metcalf "broke the news of our little apa prematurely" (whew -- that Jennings spelling reflects a fine and original mind, as we all know, but man ...) in Terry Carr's Fanac newszine. Incorrect info was included, and Bob urged quick action to counter it.

Next, Dave Hulan's visit to Nashville, where Bob then hung his hat, was mentioned ... for the history-conscious, this Meeting of Titans will mark its 20th anniversary this coming August 12th. Al Andrews called, "a very smooth and interesting telephone voice". Already, before the first mailing was out, SFPA was performing its greatest service to Southern fandom ... bringing it together, not only in print but in person.

A depressing article by D. Bruce Berry is next, in mimeo; Berry would get poor Jennings in much trouble later on in time. Joyce Hurt's superior poem, "A Dream of Life", is accompanied by superb stencilled artwork; this one piece stands out as the Best Bit in mailing #1. No less a personage than Art Rapp, the Grand Old Man of SAPS, chimes in with a page-and-a-third denunciation (light-hearted, of course), of anthologists; I must remember to remind Art in my next SAPSzine that he was part of the first SFPA mailing. And then Jennings returns, to detail his meeting with and subsequent palship with KEN Gentry, who was quite a good artist ... much better an artist than a faned, it turns out.

One zine remains to SFPA's first mailing. It's a dittozine, Binge, by a cat named Mike Padgett. The ditto work is good, and Padgett reveals himself to be a passable if rather nervous writer (even though he refers to SFPA as "the Southern Fandom Amateur Press Association"). He reviews some fanzines to start out with, then prints a two-page tale by Ray Nelson (remarkable these names that popped up in SFPA #1). A few pages of book reviews by Clayton Hamlin (Genus Homo and Richard Shaver's The Hidden World ... I saw you wake up, Moudry) form the rest of the issue. Padgett, who never contributed again to SFPA, has only one page of writing. Except for Paul Doerr, who became a SFPA member in mlg 39 (the same as did I), no one has ever gotten onto our roster with less. Anyone going by Martinez, Georgia, find Padgett and bawl him out for it.

So that was SFPA's first mailing, and with the hindsight of 20 years and 100 mailings, the quality is indeed promising. In Plott's smooth and practiced natter, in Andrews' creative and intelligent fostering of discussions (although no one carried them through), in the untutored but articulate zines of Hulan and Jennings, one sees a harbinger. One could have received SFPA mailing #1, read it through, and declared, "This little apa might just catch on, if these guys can keep together." In the encounters outside of the apa among Hulan and Andrews and Jennings, such a bond was already evident. The reader might have guessed correctly: great things were in store.

But not right away.

Mailing #2 & mailing #73 represent extremes in SFPA history ... the latter was our record, an 880-page behemoth ... the former was also our record, 42 pages long. We'll likely overcome the 73rd's total in this very mailing ... that is, we'll have a slew of disappointed SFPAnS and Shadowites around if we don't. But I think that our second mailing's distinction is eternal. The day SFPA puts out another 42-page mailing is the day this apa hangs it up.

Did I say 42 pages? That's with a postmailing. 24 pages ran through the actual mailing, 4 mere zines. SFPA's premiere had been a great overture. SFPA's second act had us falling into a tuba in the orchestra pit.

Jennings' 00 was mimeo, at least, so it is legible if not entirely comprehensible today. The 4 zines are listed along with the members publishing them, the total pages in the zines, page credit, and pages owed. Also listed are the contributors to Loki, the pmlg ... although the name of the zine itself isn't mentioned (just pencilled in as "sent outside apa" on this copy). It's pretty confusing. What had happened was that Bob, having bopped off to college between mlgs 1 & 2, had neglected to tell those members for whom he did printing when they should have their stencils to him. Confused? So was everyone else. Bob himself had no contribution besides the Official Organ (such was the name of the zine; no Southerner till later) and a contrib in Loki.

As a work-weighted OE, I must note that Bob's rules required that the SFPA by-laws be printed in every Official Organ, as they are, again, here. Cumbersome to the extreme. Thank heaven more enlightened times lay shortly ahead.

But first, mlg #2. EEK!!!, subtitled "the only chicken-zine in fandom", was the mlg's first arrival. It represents newcomer Mike Kurman's first (of two) zines for the rebel apa, and seems to be either light, light, light ditto, or stable hecto. Whatever, it makes for, ahh, challenging reading. The cover -- a vaguely human figure topped by a shrieking mouth, or fur ball, or something -- is awful, but the rest of the zine isn't bad. Kurman tells the tale of his vacation to South Carolina and New York City, where he visited the F&SF offices and met Cele Goldsmith. Some fanzine reviews fill out the ish (cute little landscape illo on page 6); one by future SFPAn Charles (Charles) Wells receives a "Highly recommended" notice, partially because of a Jerry Page contribution.

Sporadic #2 is next -- cover a couple of almost illegible cartoons. page 2 a comics want-list (Plott was fond of Classics Illustrated -- wonder if they know that in Montevallo?), page 3 an editorial apologizing for the confusion inherent in the zine. A paragraph of commentary on SFPA's first mailing -- apparently the hectography was as hard to read for

Plott in 1961 as it is for me almost 20 years later. Recommendations of two new novels -- To Kill a Mockingbird and Dan Galouye's Dark Universe -- date the issue, though the homage to Bear Bryant and the cornball "That's God, he just thinks he's Bear Bryant" joke that follow are timeless Alabama lore. Dave Hulan reviews (enthusiastically) the Galouye novel (which came within an eyelash's breadth of beating Stranger in a Strange Land out for the Hugo); letters from Bob Cox (related to Ed?) and Al Andrews elevated to article status, and a faanfic piece on zine titling from Paul Cox (any relation to Ed?) complete matters. Plott hardly appears in his own zine.

A blank, flimsy sheet of scratch paper separates this zine from the next in The Montgomery Papers ... and I have no idea what its being there means. Anyway, Iscariot's Slaughter Row -- referred to in the contents and Markstein's mailing 73 Index as simply, Slaughter Row -- is next, headed off with an apology from the co-editors. A foul-up about deadlines had prevented them from creating another masterwork, so instead Andrews and Ambrose do ... mailing comments.

Despite the paragraph in Sporadic, this is the first appearance of the staple of apadom in SFFA. The two A's handled the concept neatly: Andrews took the left side of the page, Amrbose the right, in dual columns. Andrews loathed the printing on Blob (apparently, as Plott's comment suggested and this ratifies, the copy here was not damaged by time; it had started out rotten) and Ambrose lamented the lack of illos -- apparently Gentry was wellknown as a fan artist in the South. Both pleaded with him to produce an apazine worthy of his reputation. Both praised Alabok and Loquamur and Sporadic and commented intelligently on everything in SFFA mailing #1 ... but the real treat is finding that in doing so, there is no sense of cliquishness between the two co-authors. Two fans of similar taste can share a page as well as a fanzine and retain their individuality. Wish I'd known these two lads ...

Ambrose's copy of Loki, Hulan's postmailed genzine, retains the fold of the postal system, and the 4¢ stamp. Yes, 19 years ago you could mail an 18-page fanzine for 4¢.

The postmark reveals that Loki -- the name had been shortened for several reasons, primary of which was that no one could spell Loquamur -- went forth from 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal Alabama on January 19, 1962 at 11 in the morning ... how's that for detail, history fans?



Dave published a good zine for mlg 2, although he had not used a mimeo in quite some time and Ambrose's copy, at least, has some light patches. He calls on SFFA members who haven't done SFFAzines yet to do so. A touching article about the nature of fantasy -- a nice Pooh illo finishes it -- follows, by Barbara Hutchins. (Could this be Alan's mother? How else would he be a Hutchins-son?) Ruth Berman's article on Oz books -- by Baum and successors -- is interesting, as is Richard Hulan's "Fish Story". (What can you say about a beautiful fish that died? Excuse me; GHLIII is in a strange humor this evening.) Katya writes for the first time "Footnotes to Fanac" in SFFA, Dave mc's mlg #1 in "Molot", his mc section (Molot: a Russian word meaning, "The Hammer"). These are strong mc's, some blunt ("The story was crud"). Hulan gave grades to the entries on the bases of content and repro, Best score went to Iscariot, worst to Blob. He declares SFFA's first outing "none too impressive" ... but what can I say? I disagree, but then Hulan and I have agreed on few things in the past 6-7 years. Susan Hayward was one bee-yootiful woman ... that's one. Anyway, "I've Been Reading..." -- then as now his book review section -- follows. I haven't read either of the novels he mentions. Nothing new there, either. Thank heaven for Loki; it saved SFFA mlg #2 from utter disgrace.

Say you were a fairly experienced apahack of the early sixties who'd been drawn into the SFFA experiment by Jennings' letter. I'd suspect that you would have reacted to the first mailing with surprised optimism -- "Hey, not bad" -- and to the second mailing with a bit of disgust -- "So much for that idea." The third SFFA mailing would have erased the bad taste left by the sad second. Had you stuck by the apa through the 2nd mailing blues, you'd've been hooked. "On our way," you might've said.

For the third mailing was 135 pages, 9 zines, three of which were 25 pages or over. Of active SFFAns, only Mike Kurman missed the mailing, and Bob stated in the OO that he "had the impression" that Mike had submitted a zine ... which had been misplaced. Charter member Mike Padgett was dumped for scofflawing on a dollar fine, assessed for not making minac. Ambrose's copy of the OO is covered with notes, some of which give a clue as to how he and Andrews divied up their IscarioT mc'ing chores. By the contents listing Ambrose pencilled either "Al" or an illegible phrase resembling "I report" or "I repeat". Whether they did divy up the commentary on the mailing is for someone else to say: the Montgomery Papers lack the followup IscarioT to this mlg.

In the OO Jennings lamented the fact that no one but himself seemed interested in being Mailing Editor. "Where is your spirit out there?" he called. (Ambrose sketched a star next to that sentence and noted "moveing", which proved that Bob wasn't the only spelling whiz in early SFFA history.) A paragraph about new credit rules earned another star and the righteous judgment "Confusing". It is for me, too.

As a membership drive effort, Jennings suggested that SFFA put forth a special mailing in December, 1962, to be sent forth to every member of the Southern Fandom Group. This would, presumably, attract some of the SFGers who weren't in the apa, and build SFFA's membership. A pebiscite was called for.

So on to the mailing itself. Good stuff, bad stuff; it was a mark of SFFA's growing popularity that it was beginning to attract new people, some of whom were capable of excellence (like Rick Norwood), and some of whom were capable merely of high enthusiasm and recklessly crummy fanac. Sporadic led off, a competent zine as could now be expected of Plott, even though he admitted that "This fanzine is being composed in an indoor toilet". A freak snowstorm, Spartacus ("Fine direction from the man who will someday give us 2001 and A Clockwork Orange," said Plott), a page of disappointed mc's, some poetry: Sporadic #3.

IscarioT #2 follows ... and is astonishing. Ambrose, eschewing (I told you newcomers I liked that word) the reproed version of the cover, includes herein the original. At least one of the interior illos is also an original, stapled to the page over the tracing. As usual, a fine fanzine, filled with the authors' spirited fannishness. Funny nattering about their use of a church mimeo ("Protestant Splatter") and Ambrose's visit to Al's house (passing a "monstrous Belgian shepard ... my idea of how Conan Doyle would have wanted his Hound of the Baskervilles to look") ... and I find that the covers to IscarioT all had the look of an original, so erase what I said earlier about it. Seems like one or the other of these greats had printed the cover on parchment with wood blocks ... SFFA's first hand-work. An article on Melville (Melville! What StarTrek episode did he write?), a poem by Hulan, cartoons by Andrews, a good weird tale by Al, a mere page of "Slaughter Row", more installments in Ambrose's study of the supernatural and Jack Chalker's Arkham reviews. Kind of a dizzy issue, but enviable in its spirit and in the quality of the writing. Besides, I like the humor of faneds who can print the words "BLANK PAGE" on a blank page, making it not a blank page ...

One of the pitfalls of an apa's success is the influx of newcomers attracted to the noise. Certainly, some can produce good material, and some can produce zines like Phallicy, a dittozine from Airman Tom Armistead. Called "the Kteic Fans Zine", it consists of unbelievably atrocious artwork (the problem with ditto is that anyone can draw on it), Armistead's own berserk nattering (which reminds me of very early Guy Lillian), and a staggeringly stupid set of false advertisements. To give Armistead credit, once he set hands upon the first two mailings, for which he had sent away, he settled into some relatively sane mc's. Lastly, he suggests an offshoot apa, entitled BARF (Bantering And

Raving Fan's Association), which he may well have founded and which, for all I know, he may well run still. Future issues of Phallicy seem to be better, but this issue proves that pages for their own sake aren't what make a good apa.

The first issue of Cliffhangers and Others, by Rick Norwood, follows, and I halfway suspect that whoever bound this volume miscollated Rick's pages. First we have a hand-done cover, in several different colors of marks-a-lot, a cross-eyed purple dragon (I think; Fosco Piva draws better than this) and the annotation: "So we have color SO WHAT". Then we have a mimeo page, titled "excuses", wherein Rick explains that what followed were pages originally typed for the first two SFPAs. "They are hastily and poorly reproduced, without format or style, and yet perhaps they are worth publication because they capture some of the sense of wonder I had in those ignorant [but blissful] days." The next two pages seem to be hand-drawn figures, a fencer crossing blades with a plumed knight ("Touche"), followed by a page of mc's, followed by an amateur but somehow compellingly cute cover for Cliffhangers (that's right, the cover is on page 6), followed by three one-page fannish stories, and just when one thinks that the whole issue is a complete boggling mess, Rick includes a good article on the Hardy Boys to calm things down. Poor Norwood had a rough SFFA career -- he's still angry at me for not resigning SFFA, or murdering Markstein, or something likewise drastic at the end of that career -- but he did some fine material. Later. Issue #1 of Cliffhangers is an ungodly mess.

Cutworm #2, by KEN Gentry, is the next zine, and whereas Blob was sloppy, this zine shows why many early SFPAs thought Gentry would be a fine member. His on-stencil artwork is detailed and effective, and his lettering is superb. He starts out talking about liver flukes -- hey, you read it here -- metaphorizing the growth of a fluke to the growth of his SFFAZine. He reviews Mysterious Island (ancient even then; SFFA isn't that old) (no, fool, the film, not the book), types a moody one-page s.f. yarn, presents a funny page of an Arthurian comic strip ... and quotations from The True Believer, which seems to have been hot stuff for Southern fandom in the early '60's. Dave Locke's first SFFAc, two pages of book reviews, cap the issue. A good zine, and alas KEN's last for SFFA. Glad he demonstrated at least once what he was really capable of.

Next in the volume is an inch-wide note from Bob Jennings, explaining The Magazine of Rambling #2, the next item. They'd originally been slated for N'APA, but Bob quit before they could be run. Ambrose had two copies of pp. 1 & 2. Page 2 is fun, an ersatz "Guide through Hell", or a lying lexicon of faanish terms. "BNF -- Big Nasty Fans, common cry of youthful neofen", for instance. "The Luck of Pluck" by (I think) Gentry and a letter from Phil Harrell along with the start of another Rambling issue fill things out ... Get the impression SFFA's third mailing was a little bit fouled up?

Take heart, for Loki Vol. 1 #2 and Alabok #2 finish the mailing out, and they're excellent apazines. A crosseyed cat drawn by Katya Hulan begins the former zine, and it's rich and full. Ambrose's stars are common as he searched for comment hooks. Hulan invites fans traveling through the South to drop by, mentions Bruce Pelz for the first time (so I'm a sucker for SFFA "firsts"?) and, on the first few pages, goes so far as to justify his margins ... an incredible load of work. Ambrose put a BIG star next to Dave's suggestion for a Southern Regional Con, and the note "make map - write Plott - for N3F member". Katya types a page which notes the dearth of housewives in femmefandom. Hulan muses on the symbolism in Norse mythology of Loki. Alan Dodd writes about Algernon Blackwood. A mysterious pseudonym, Naluh Pu-san, does a few fanzine reviews; a note pencilled beneath the name credits Rick Norwood for this page. "I've Been Reading" reviews Saturn Over the Water and, for once, a fanzine. Larry McCombs talks about Saint-Exupéry (star by The Little Prince; "read in French") and leads off a long lettercol, which includes letters from Buck Coulson (not as snide as I'd been led to believe), Plott, and Dave Locke. Less than $\frac{1}{2}$ a page is devoted to the "pretty shabby" second SFFA mlg; Dave continues "grading" the entries.

Finally, there is Alabok, with a poor hecto cover that might've looked good in mimeo and excellent contents. Good traced illos throughout. The editorial is actually a long, detailed tour through Bob's affection for comic-book heroes, Captain Marvel and Ghost Rider especially. The revival of The Flash $5\frac{1}{2}$ years before leads Bob to believe that

a Golden Age was upcoming for the comics field ... and no, much though I wish I could say so, Bob does not use that phrase.

Jennings discusses nasty lettercols and Rick Norwood's visit to Nashville, metaphorizing the meeting of other fans as "fan kills". He refuses to count Rick's scores of himself and KEN Gentry, since it wasn't the Ambush Season, but predicts great success in the Birmingham Fan Hunt the next summer. Ambrose stars this with the comment "move".

Another star: "How many angles (sic) can dance on the head a pin?" The comment: "What kind of dance?"

An Al Andrews story, a Berry article, a dumb round robin story, all lead into Bob's mc section. And you will never guess what he called it.

Right the first time: "Horns and Hooves: A Never Ending Saga of the Old West". Same title and same crazed schtick, a wacko western plot/ staffed with SFPAs, leading up to a cliffhanger ending and the command, "Now Go On With the Story". Bob did beautiful mc's even then (he was 18, he says, not 19 as I thought); he gets two full, unpadding pages out of SFPA #2's three zines (besides his own). A strong finish; except for the cover, it's as good a zine as SFPA'd seen yet.

Mailing #4 was down a bit in pagecount, to 90. Eek #2, which had indeed been meant for mlg #3, showed here, as did Phalicy #2 and the followup issues of the regulars: Loki, Sporadic, IscaIoT and Alabok. The bottom 1/6 of the first page of the OO is missing from this copy: Ambrose clipped it free to send back to Bob, the Christmas mlg ballot. Above the cut is the news that Dave Hulan would be the new Mailing Editor, & zines for the next mailing should be sent to him.

Eek #1 had been done on light ditto; Eek #2 was crummy, much-smudged mimeo. Apparently Kurman tried to run narrow A.B. Dick stencils on a wide silkscreen. The cover is cut-off much like page 1 of the OO. Too bad, too, because the awful repro obscures some decent mc's. Another Phalicy as zorky as the first follows -- a conversation with a "beatnik teacup" is featured.

Loki the third is especially handsome, and the contents especially fine. Joe Staton, later to be Official Editor and to do more covers for SFPAzines than anyone before Alan Hutchinson, premieres with a "short-short story". He was, at the time, according to Hulan, in the 8th grade. "You'll be hearing much from him in the future," predicts Dave. Lady Barbara Hutchins, Katya, Bill Plott (who had visited Hulan between issues -- the personal contact so inimicable with SFPA spread on and on) contributed. Bruce Berry did a funny cartoon to which, in an appropriate place, he pasted a dime. The lettercol is good -- Coulson praises the last ish -- and the mc's, though short, important. In his comment to the Official Organ, Dave makes history: "Why don't you get a title? THE O-O OF THE SOUTHERN FANDOM PRESS ALLIANCE is sort of bulky. What about The Southerner?"

What about it, indeed? Dave ends the issue announcing for the Mailing Editor position.

Loki featured Joe Staton's earliest writing ... Sporadic, next, features his first SFPA cartoon. The drawing is hardly indicative of the glory to come, but the gag -- "You're a cannibal, so why don't you eat missionaries?" "Can't keep a good man down." -- is magnificent. The issue is divided between mailing comments and a long -- for its time -- trip report about Plott's trip to Huntsville (and Hulan) and Nashville (and Jennings). He called Al Andrews on the way home. Pulling together ...



Last -- and best -- in the fourth mailing is Alabok. Fine mimeo, good artwork from a variety of fan artists: good stuff. Bob's editorial hails the recovery from virtual extinction of Southern fandom, and echoes Hulan's proposal of a mailing or so back for a Southern fan convention. He suggests Nashville as a good site. How old was Ken Moore in 1962? Rick Norwood, as "Mike Dillinger", has both a page called "Wry Bread" and a chapter of the ongoing "Luck of Pluck". Emile Greenleaf, a fabled New Orleans fan, reviews Stranger in a Strange Land, which was, of course, making a huge splash in its original publication. Greenleaf loves the book; Bob dislikes it, and calls for discussion. Bob runs a great poem "The Silent Movie - Revised" and, of course, another chapter of Horns and Hooves. Saying goodbye to the N.E.ship, Bob does a great zine ...

You may notice that I didn't mention IscarioT in this section. Good reason. Why I don't know, but IscarioT #3 is not included in The Montgomery Papers. As Larry Montgomery inherited this volume from Dick Ambrose, could be that Dick kept that copy for his own files. Whatever, it was 22 pages long, and I'm miffed. Ambrose, send that zine here!

Stuck between the fourth and fifth mailings, and by no means part of either, is a flyer reprinted the Birmingham Post-Herald. Headline: "Who is Tampering With the Soul of America?", it seems to be a conservative call to arms. Remember that this was the age of Goldwater ...

The end of Jennings' N.E.ship was the end of a SFFPA era, and it would have been appropriate for the first volume of the Montgomery Papers to close with mlg 4. But mlg 5, the first of Dave Hulan's mailings as N.E., is included. So, in this article, which will likely go no further than this first volume, we see SFFPA born, germinate, grow, and now reach a status of maturity and stability under Hulan's guidance it had not achieved before.

The difference is in the OO. True to his own suggestion, Dave had given the official organ a title: The Southerner. He had also given it a format, stolen, he admitted, from that of The Spectator, SAPS' OO. Basically, it's about the same as today's layout ... contents, roster (the old OOs had had none), a treasury (\$14), by-laws. The by-laws were, in Hulan's view, wordy and clumsy, so he suggested some amendments. Soon he would be tearing up the old rules and writing the basic SFFPA Constitution, with us still (though amended somewhat). Hulan's Southerner is a model of clarity, both in content and repro ... although the top part of the first page slipped on the stencil and "sma-dessed" (a term used by Ceese Hutto in the early '70's to signify a crinkled, messy stencil). 5 zines were listed (IscarioT missed, but was postmailed), Sporadic, Phallicy, Cliffhangers, Loki, the OO. 85 pages. Not very many zines, but goodly in size. After the postmailing, only Alabok of the regular SFFPAzines was missing.

What the hell -- one more rundown of the zines. Sporadic no. 5 marked the first anniversary of the Banshee Press. Plott reveals that Who is Tampering with the Soul of America was his inclusion, properly a rider to Spore. "The Ultimate Zine" is a cartoony satire of fans eschewing (ahem) s.f. in their zines. "Mask of Horror" by Kurman and Ralph Azuz is an effective horror tale, but my favorite part of the zine is "The Return of the Traveling Fan", another trip report. This time Mobile & New Orleans (Plott and Shockley hit all the strip joints) were on the agenda. I like trip reports.

Gotta say one thing for Phallicy #3, another -- but better -- dittozine from Tom Armistead: its author had humor. He decorates the cover to this issue with key sentences from the deprecating mc's he received to issue #1. The third try is better-writ, and certainly less hysterical, but the ditto is uneven and page 3 is almost totally illegible. Too bad, too, because Armistead led off with a Big Gun -- a Harry Warner article on the interrelation between fans and Masons (my great-grandfather was both Mason and Klansman, for what that signifies) -- and loses a full third of the article. Letters from Andrews, Jennings, Alan Dodd and Ed Bryant are legible today. In an editorial addressed to both SFFPA and N'APA, Armistead says that "As SFFPA is a new group ... it hasn't really had time to develop a personality or anything. In fact, it is more like just a few zines sent out together in the same envelope than it is an apa." He based this judgment on the fact that most SFFPAzines seemed to be genzines at the time, but

of course was wrong, even then. True, the regular SFPazines were devoting more space to genzine-type articles than they were to mailing comments ... but SFPA mailings had only recently become more than a few cents' worth of weight. And the contributors to those genzines were, to a large extent, other SFPAns ... it was hardly rare to find a Hulan review in an IscarioT, a Jennings loc in Loki, an Andrews article in Alabok. Besides, with the diligent travel of Bill Plott (better refer to him by his fannish nomicker: Billyjoeplottofopelikaalabama) and others, SFPA was becoming cohesive. Within a year or two, the DeepSouthCon tradition would begin. Armistead did one more Phallicy, in mlg 6, then dropped out. One wonders what he'd think now ...

Cliffhangers and Others is a depressed and scattered issue, and its author had reason to be down: Norwood had left MIT under less than ideal circumstances and transferred to a school in Memphis. (Lest that sound worse than it was, I must state that Rick was not driven out by the cops or anything like that. Soon he would move to Riverside, California and continue what has turned into a successful academic career.) His "cregflish fan" section of mc's is typoed as "gregflish", contains the interesting sentence "I am somewhat suspicious of the concept of mailing comments on mailing comments". After ten years, so am I. Rick reviews current TV (Have Gun, Will Travel and Route 66) and, putting the lie to my lament that no one had responded to IscarioT's religious query, that of the archaeologist who discovers Christ to be a hoax, declares that he would sit on the discovery and say nothing.

For a short zine, there's a lot here. A Flash Gordon serial chapter leads into "The Atomic Commandments", "the basis for law after an atomic attack". "Thou Shalt Not Harm the Telephone System" is the rule that stands out in its incongruity; actually, Rick's suggestions are sensible. Rick closes by revealing that he's just read Catcher in the Rye and, naturally, wants to act just like Holden Caulfield.

Last item in the regular mailing was Loki#4, the annish. A spectacular offset cover by Bruce Berry (another SFPA first!) leads into a superb zine, at 44 pages the longest item to run through SFPA to date. ATom art is featured, as Staton and some cat named RIP. Hulan reveals that Lady Barbara Hutchins had gafiated and asked for a volunteer to continue her series on The Once and Future King. "Katya's Korner" deals with domestic matters and with the bacover, a replica of an 18th Century Crewel Work, colored by Katya. A good one-page horror tale from Alan Burns fronts Dave Locke's article on Atlantis; Hulan gripes about the Hugos in the space remaining on Locke's last page. Mike Deckinger -- wasn't he a hoax? didn't we say he was Rick Norwood? -- discusses fantasy on TV (ah, for the days when Twilight Zone was new, and good). Alan Dodd writes about "other" Bram Stoker novels; Sharon Towle and Buck Coulson split the book reviews. Old radio shows get a good write-up from Billyjoeplott. A Harry Warner loc sparkles in a good lettercol ... and how many times have fans been able to say that? The zine closes, except for the color bacover, with "Molot", Dave's mc's. He doubts the possibility of a Southern worldcon -- we still haven't seen one -- and hopes in vain that by the next decade fanac in the South would be rich and solid enough to think seriously about the idea. (That it was. I still think Nawlins should have continued its bid for '73.)

That capped -- magnificently -- SFPA's annish, its fifth mailing, the start of its 2nd year and 2nd M.E.ship. But IscarioT came as a postmailing, another superb zine of flawless repro (though the editors printed partially on bond and partially on a twiltone-type paper). Ambrose does his weird series (the title, which I haven't given before, was "Remarquez les Ghouls") and the editorial, calling attention to the next issue, the annish. (Actually, the editors fudge a bit on this point. Their annish should have come the same mailing as Hulan's.) Carol Murray writes two pages on "What is real?" and decides that nothing is (wow -- unreality; what a concept) and Mike Deckinger (are we sure this is Norwood?) pens a well-phrased story. Dale Walker shouts "Bring Back Tarzan" and Andrews handles "Slaughter Row". "Joe Straton", he calls him. Wonderful and warm commentary; drat the luck and dirty fate that I never got to meet this man, Al Andrews. He left behind him a heritage not merely of good fanzines, but a much richer one: nary a man who would say a word against him.

Finally, Plott is represented by an article plugging the new Cabinet of Caligari for the

Hugo. Forget it. Last thing in the issue, an Al Andrews "Eternal Fan" cartoon.

That's the first volume of the Montgomery Papers ... the first year and a half, effectively, of SFPA. From a single, rather ratty page mailed out to folk whose only connection was the region where they lived, SFPA grew into a small but cohesive group. True, it would be a while -- though not a very long while -- till faanfic and DSCs would evolve from the matrix already in place, and establish SFPA for keeps as one of fandom's greatest apas. But the potential was there, evident from the first mailing on.

I get mushy about SFPA too often to have sentiment in its favor taken seriously, but consider it a moment. Because Bob Jennings and Al Andrews decided that the Southern Fandom Group might be responsive to an apa, almost 20 years ago, you and I go to DSCs and do SFPAzines and held the Reinhardt Roast and give out Rebel Awards and know each other. SFPA's meant a lot to me. I have a right to get mushy and excited about it.

I wanted to catalogue the whole shebang of The Montgomery Papers in this article, in the manner of a serious scholastic. That fell by the wayside fast enough. Next issue, another volume or two will be scanned -- though probably not in as much detail as this, of our earliest days.

Our earliest days. Except for Jennings and Hulan, none of us, on the current roster, had even heard of SFPA. But our lives were being touched, just the same.

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The other 14 volumes of the Montgomery Papers contain ...

- VOL. 2 - SFPA mailings 6 - 8
- " 3 - SFPA mailings 9 - 12
- " 4 - SFPA mailings 13 - 15
- " 5 - SFPA mailing 16 (Welcome, Lon!)
- " 6 - SFPA mailing 17 (411 pages!)
- " 7 - SFPA mailing 18
- " 8 - SFPA mailing 19
- " 9 - SFPA mailing 20
- " 10 - Terrean Amateur Press Society mailings 1-12
- " 11 - International A.P.A. mlgs 1-2
- " 12 - APA-45 mailing 2
- " 13 - APA-45 mailing 3
- " 14 - APA-45 mailing 4
- " 15 - Miscellaneous fanzines, inc. Rally, all 4 mlgs of Ala-apa, Sudri, etc.

Next Spiritus I'll tackle Vol. 2, and move on from there. There seems to be a high interest in apa history lately ... my first FAPA mailing, #174, was rich in retrospectives and histories. In SFPA's 20th year it seems appropriate to relive our 1st years.

This illo is a tracing off a photographic image by me: Ted Sturgeon and son, ca. 1970. There's a superior drawing of the same fella later on, done in the same fashion.

And now that we've looked at SFPA past, let us browse through SFPA present. But first, since I see a number of sweating faces and clenched thighs, let's adjourn for another

