



# The Montgomery Papers

To once again set the stage ...

We are back in time: March, 1964. Volume 3 of the SFPA Papers of Larry Montgomery is before us, turned midway through, to the opening pages of SFPA's 11th mailing. Bill Plott, known colloquially as Billyjoeplotto of opelika, Alabama, is in mid-term as SFPA's 3rd OE.

SFPA's roster stands at 16, an alltime high, as mailing 11 hits the post. Dick Ambrose and Al Andrews of Alabama are

founding members & publishers of Iscariot, generally regarded as the apa's best pub; Len Bailes of Charlotte, NC, is new to the roster; Bill Gibson, now an Omni pro, is on; so is Mississippian Jim Harkness. Making his first appearance as a SFPA is our own Lynn Hickman; Dave Hulan, also of our current roster, is there, although he'll have no zine in either mlg we'll look at this time. Arnold Katz is the next name down, and along with Dave Locke has the northernmost address (NY). Gary Labowitz is on the roster (but not in the mailing), as is Illinois carpetbagger Kent McDaniel. Larry Montgomery marks his second mailing as an official SFPA, although he's been a contributor to others' zines for several mlgs prior to #10; so does George Proctor, the greatest SFPA ever to emit from Gilmer, Texas. Rick Norwood and Bill Plott, the OE, round out the roster, except for one final name: Joe Staton, Milan, Tennessee. Joe had been on the periphery of SFPA, contributing art and fiction to various zines, for much of the apa's 2½ year history ... and now, here he was, on the roster.

Plott's OO carries no logo, but is identified in the Contents by the name Dave Hulan had given it 7 mailings before: The Southerner. It's a mark of how much SFPA has changed that Bill could fit a colophon, a ten-zine contents listing (113 pages), the roster, a treasury account (\$43.09), and an apology for a "week or so delay" in the mailing onto one stencil ... and still leave room for the forgotten logo.

Bill reveals, in that last paragraph of page 1, his intention of abandoning the OEs ship. Within the OO he gives the next deadline -- 6-10-64 -- and says that due to a possible Atlanta job he feels he'd only "gum up the works" if he stayed on. Jim Harkness and Joe Staton, he says, have offered to serve as co-OEs, alternating the mailings between them. Plott tells them to find a treasurer over 21, to satisfy the constitutional need for same, and just to be safe, calls for further OE nominations. A blank is provided for this purpose.

Following this official business we find the ballot for the apa's second Egoboo Poll, a cumbersome 3-page affair listing 9 categories with ten spaces for write-ins. The deadline for the poll: May 1st.

Warlock, Larry Montgomery's zine, leads off the mailing. This third issue bears a handsome Robert (REG) Gilbert cover etched onto stencil, the type of production work SFPA never sees in this day of xerox & electrostencil. Within, Larry thanks Ambrose for repro help, praises Bob Tucker's Long, Loud Silence, and briefly mentions his pleasure at meeting Al Andrews, an event which he still remembers with joy. A rather dippy Joe Staton story follows (a waitress at a diner turns out to be a robot; big deal); Terry Ange's "The Meadow" is more "poetic" but even more confused. Fan-written s.f. had a long way to go in 1964. Larry himself saves the day with a good review of Sprague deCamp's Sword & Sorcery (duck, Vern!), and after a weepy, sentimental piece by Scott Martin (who he?), provides two pages of enthused mc's. "Fallen Idols", he calls this section, heading it with an intricate traced REG illo. His longterm identity as the South's most unreconstructed Confederate is underscored by his mc to poor Kent McDaniel's Outre: "Yank, I must have been wrong when I said you'd improve, Ghod what a mess of crud!!!!!" He gives number ratings to all the zines: Stranger than Fact from Harkness rates a "10", Iscariot and Plott's Sporadic "9"s. Outre? A "1".

dol-drum #2, writ by Dave Locke, published by Bill Plott (on a dry mimeo, from the looks of it), is next. Again, an apology leads off the zine -- Dave had missed the last mailing. His spirited declaration of the apahack's art merit reprint someday ... consider this, Lillian, a note to yourself. An interlino gives an 11-word quotation from Bill Plott's letters, which goes like this: "\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_. . . . \_\_\_\_\_" Actually printing the words would destroy Plott's life, sez Locke.

Dumb atomic-age nursery rhymes lead into a "Horrorscope" much like the one in Dave's first SFPazine. It's pretty funny, even if the jokes are old. His mc's are involved, complete, and chatty. (What was so funny about Vanderwerf's visit to Whicon's N3F room?) He argues religion with Hulan, shrugs off fan-writ fiction ("you can take your fiction and go to hell in a handbasket with it"), and volunteers to take on the SFPA OEship for a year if no Southerner comes forward. He proposes that Plott be elected permanent treasurer, an idea Plott nixes flat in the OO. How SFPA would have fared with Locke as OE is fascinating to ponder. He was in NY, far from the apa base. He had no repro facilities. But considering the uncertain success SFPA's 4th OEship would enjoy, anyway ... the "what-if" game goes on.

The next SFPA OE was not Locke, but Joe Staton, and his cover to Jim Harkness' Stranger than Fact leads us into that journal's fourth issue, which is long and elegant. Good stuff -- Jim's improved greatly since his odd first ish. His editorial lambastes smokers & their "putrid smokers' breath" (Clint Hyde, here is your progenitor!). He exults at the new government regulations requiring health warnings on all cigarette ads and packages. (I remember that happening; surely it wasn't 17 years ago. That'd make me 32. Ha-ha, ridiculous.) A long, grey article on parapsychology by no less a name than J.B. Rhine follows, and is followed in turn by a horrible Lee Channing "Nuke Christmas" poem. (They didn't use "nuke" as a verb then.) LOGs from the eternal Harry Warner, Buck Coulson, and artist REG enrich the lettercol, and Pacificon's Hugo ballot is reprinted. What a time-trip: attending membership at the worldcon cost \$3 in 1964. It's \$40 now. Two pages of "Mauling Comments" convey Harkness' disgust with the teensy (82 pp.) size of mailing ten. "How do you propose to get our mailings up to 250-300 pages," he asks of Locke. "Wait till Lon Atkins joins," Locke answers.

Stranger than Fact will win 40 points in the '64 Egoboo Poll, coming in a close third. Harkness will be named Best New Fan. His zine is crisply reproed and has variety and quality ... it's a real shame that this is his last year in SFPA.

His co-candidate for OE, Joe Staton, appears next, with "either the second issue of The Invader or the first". His confusion stems from a grisly tale of a p.o.-destroyed ditto zine, The Atlantean, and a second try at zining which saw his

masters shipped Staton to Locke to Arnie Katz to Len Bailes. A half-blotted sentence reveals hard feelings baroil due to Katz' involvement. Harkness pubs this issue -- saving Staton's tail, or so he undoubtedly thought at the time. The original Invader shows up in this very mailing, as Joe notes in a relieved marginalia. Beset by troubles, Staton has but a single line on page 4 ("There isn't any page four"), but as this line was added by typewriter, there's a chance Larry Montgomery added it after receiving the mlg. Anyway, Invader contains a Harkness article on hot-rodding and Joe's mc's to mlg 10, wherein he praises Hulan's decision not to gafiate & Montgomery's Warlock. Looking forward, without knowing it, to an OEship dogged by savage battles with the post office, he accuses vicious civil service of opening his mail from Harkness. "I wonder if my pretty-girl covers have made them think you were sending out pornography." A cute man-into-frog story -- you know the genre, ribit -- ends the issue.

Speaking of human beings acting like toads, next up in the 11th SFFPA mailing is one of the most infamous zines in apa history: Nemesis #1. Nothing defines South-erness more than its antithesis: Yankeeness. No one was ever more yankee than Arnie Katz.



Nemesis is well-named. "Never in my long career as an apan (3 mailings of SAPS and 3 of N'APA)," or, in real time, about six months, "have I seen anything which approaches SFFPA 10 for crud."

Arnie was 17 at the time, as if that doesn't show. Slamming away at his Hermes Rocket (I'd know that typeface anywhere), the youthful yankee leaps in with both feet ... but strangely, his mc's aren't particularly hostile. Of course, he does tell Plott that Sporadic "bored [him] silly," and commands McDaniel to "Shaddap your mouth!", but realize that for a Brooklyn kid like Katz "Shaddap your mouth!" is simple small talk. A funny/nasty page of fan friction (ahem) closes Nemesis, which, by the way, suffers from ugly offsetting.

Ah, here's the original Invader #1, a dittozine by Staton. Nice overhead-shot cover; nifty poem by Janice, Joe's sister; a review of the Barsoom series; these begin the zine. In his editorial,

Joe reviews current TV (The Fugitive, Outer Limits, Arrest & Trial). Some spotty mc's cap it.

Iscaiot, edited by Al Andrews and published by Dick Ambrose, blossoms next. What a fine zine ... SFFPA's dominant pub of the early years, a model of tone and quality for the rest of the apa. #11 leads off with a welldrawn but ambiguous cover: a damaged robot talking to an abominable snowman type amidst ruins.

"Law #1: Thou Shalt Not Kill" reads the caption. Which is telling that to which? Within, Al makes a big deal out of a new exitorial policy: fiction will be avoided in favor of sercon articles. A purification of intent was apparently on Andrews' mind. To demonstrate this, Bill Plott leads off the zine with "The Telling of the Toppled Tops", an article about an early-'50's magazine. "Slaughter Row", Al's mc's, follow, adorned by Andrews' distinctive "face cartoons". He turns the singular trick of writing honest and provocative mc's that do not offend. With a good word for everyone, these mc's remind me of Harry Warner's LOCs. (He even manages to praise Kent McDaniel's hecto.) This guy won the first Rebel, & no wonder.

Good articles by Dale Walker and co-editor Ambrose come forth next, sercon stuff.

The lettercol, "The Mumbling Masses", is mainly remarkable for Al's answers to his correspondants; particularly good is this levout Christian Scientist's intelligent rejoinder to a rather snide letter from Landon Chesney, of Atlanta.

Len Bailes, whose teensy tarheel form may be seen with Lon and Al Andrews in The SFPA Family Album, earned the reputation during his membership of being a minacker par excellence. (One of SFPA's classic oneshots, Lenity, dealt with this.) Here is Len's first SFPazine, Zaje Zaculo #1, one page long, seemingly typed on the same Hermes junkheap and printed on the same unabsorbent white paper as Katz's Nemesis. Bailes' lament that his high school's fascist principal had labelled him a "dangerous influence" because he argued against censorship in a class debate fills what little there is to this zine.

And so finally we come to Sporadic #10, the last zine in the 11th SFPA. A rather pretty Staton cover leads off a small, 7-page issue. Editor Plott talks of his upcoming election as editor of his university's newspaper, and once again calls for a successor as OE. Much of the issue is devoted to an excellent article by Norman Masters on fandom's value to adolescents; Plott's mc's are brief, but then so was SFPA 10. "The credit for SFPA's growth," he chides Hulan, "should not be lauded upon me. I have done little or nothing beyond the normal call of duty." Only the self-effacing Billyjoeplottofelikaalabama would deny that the year of stability he's brought to SFPA had not been of the greatest benefit. Surely SFPA was growing, its unique identity and spirit spiralling upward. Mlg 11 ends on that note, though, and mlg 12 begins there, too.

Actually, mlg 12 begins with puzzlement. There is no Southerner. Oh, Plott ran an official organ, all right -- contents, roster, treasury (\$36.06), announcement of the new OE ... but the logo above the contents, and the entry in same, read The Southern. Did he ever explain this change?

Bill is harsh with his OEsip, mainly because of late mailings. (I've read no complaints in the zines, but maybe he got angry letters.) He also castigates the membership for failing to take more active interest. He's shocked, for instance, that  $\frac{1}{2}$  the membership failed to vote in the egoboo poll. He extends dues for the 3rd consecutive mailing, reporting the treasury as being "in fantastically good shape." Joe Staton is declared the new Official Editor, by default as there are no other candidates. Plott says he will hold the treasury, as Staton is under 21.

The Egoboo Poll results for '64 were determined by six voters; "rather scant," Plott sniffs. The totes are quite predictable. Iscariot is apparently a unanimous choice for Best Fanzine, followed by Sporadic and Stranger than Fact. Plott edges Andrews for best mc's, as Harkness nips Montgomery by a single point for Best New Fan. Staton & non-member C.L. Morris are but a digit apart as Fiction Writers, as are Joe and Robert Gilbert as Artists. Bill Gibson is an overwhelming choice as Best Cartoonist (Andrews was second); Dick Ambrose buries all competition as Best Article/Review Writer. Best Single Issue, the ancient equivalent of Zine of the Year, goes to Iscariot #8, and its author, Al Andrews, is named Most Outstanding Fan. "I can think of no one who deserved the honor more," says 2nd-placer Plott. "He has been a bulwark against the storm, a rock of stability in the SFPA's (sic) since its beginning three years ago." We never hear anything bad about this guy.

But we hear plenty bad about Arnie Katz.

"Why are you in this group, Arnie? No one joins an apa merely to launch an attack upon it. It's like posting Wheaties in a stamp album; it's crazy..." (Dave Locke, dol-drum #3.)

"This is a crudzine published by a guy who likes to gripe about all the crudzines in SFPA." (Bill Gibson, Wormfarm No. 3.)

"Your friends call you Arnie, huh? I'm surprised you have any! You do have at least one fannish enemy, ME!" (Larry Montgomery, Warlock #4.)

"...many more issues of this thing with the violently anti-SFPA carryings-on and I will be at your throat once again." (Joe Staton, The Invader #3.)

"I hope you found the 11th mailing an improvement because otherwise it's going to be a long four mailings for you." (Bill Plott, Sporadic #11.)

"Arnold's infantile bawling was a bit tiring and his attempt at sick humor was also unfortunately revealing. There is nothing more contemptible than poorly done contempt." (Al Andrews, Iscariot #12.)

"If your personality shines through in the same manner in every issue, it will be great to see you get in the other apa (SAPS). Maybe it would mean less time for this one." (Lynn Hickman, The Huckleberry Finnzine #24.)

"If you don't like it here in SFPA, cut out!" (Jim Harkness, Mauling Comments.)

Welcome to SFPA, Arnie Katz. Egoscanning mlg 12 most have been a real joy for the Brooklynite. Of active SFPAns, only Len Bailes, Arnie's co-editor on Excalibur, wasn't provoked to foaming fury by Nemesis #1 ... and he was, at best, neutral. It's a tribute to the resilience of the young Katz that he stayed with SFPA. His also-appropriately-titled Damnyarkee begins appearing in mlg 13. Katz was too smart to show his face in mlg 12.

I've said that Nemesis is an important zine in SFPA history; the vehemence and unity of the reaction of the membership shows its underlying pride in its apa. If Arnie was surprised at the deafening reaction to his fuggheaded slurs, I imagine other SFPAns were too. Somehow, apa spirit had been building, a sense of group identification. Katz had thumbed his yankee nose in the face of that unconscious loyalty, and brought it out into the open. Bill Plott put down his OEs hip, but I see it as the first golden year of SFPA, possessed of a growing membership, growing quality, growing Southern spirit. It isn't, as '64 draws to a close, a dumping ground for Dixie genzines, anymore. The pubs are apazines: SFPazines. Let's glance over them.

Locke's dol-drum #3 suffers from uneven mimeography, but is -- of course -- amusingly written. (Locke is one of fandom's best apahacks.) I like the page 1 illo of a hayseed farmer confronting a dragon at the barn door. He doesn't know whether to kill it or milk it. Locke's opening natter, appropriately enough, deals with "the personality and overall quality of SFPA". He pegs the rebel apa "pretty low" among apas on the basis of size, although "it has probably the same percentage of good material as the next apa." Personal contact -- friendship -- is suggested as the glue holding folk to SFPA. From here he segues into his criticism of Katz, & thence to his mc's, which can be described as "ingratiatingly anti-everything", especially anti-government, as he takes on Harkness' diatribe against smoking.

Bill Gibson's Omni stories have brought him to fandom's attention in recent months; Wormfarm no. 3, up next, shows why he was a popular part of SFPA in '64. He is an enormously talented cartoonist as well as an adroit writer. He begs forgiveness for being a mailing behind schedule, with a pro cartooning job as an excuse. He prints a funny story on "Coke bottle fandom" in which he reveals secret knowledge known to every kid who ever collected pennies: the value of 1909-SVDB. His mc's are the same -- cheery and creative -- and the final pages, crazed faanfic, keep up the tone. Stuck into Wormfarm is a folded blue sheet yclept Srith #1, wherein he criticizes his own repro (which was excellent) and talks about s.f. artists (Leo Summers is perfect for Fafhrd, he sez). The text dwindles into zzz's: Srith is obviously an example of that ancientfannish tradition, A Oneshot for Lack of Anything Better to Do.

Gibson was an excellent faan artist, and as can be seen from the Album, a stilto. What joke of fate is it that juxtaposes his zine with Zaje Zaculo-2 from Len Bailes, one of the shortest SFPAns ever, and evidently one of its worst all-time artists?

ZZ-2 sports a cover worthy of Charles Korbas on an off-day. The gag is good: an enraged fan, complete with beanie, grabbing a post office employee in rage. The p.o.

dude has a mouth full of paper. "You did WHAT with my SFFA mailing?!" reads the caption. Good gag -- but the drawing looks like the artist stuck his stylus in his nose and drew the cover sneeze by sneeze. Awful.

But the zine is good. The mimeography is fine, on mandarin mimeotone, and the content is very readable. Bailes suggests another regional convention, says that "SFFA needs a few constructive minackers", a sentence -- as Don Markstein says in Timebinders I, his SFFA history -- that Len will regret, and brags on his new mimeo. Demonstrating the new energy rampant in SFFA, his mc's carry on the discussions and arguments that began in mlgs past: ERB with Montgomery is argued, religion with Locke, smoking and N'APA with Harkness, the nature of fandom with Andrews & Plott. Len, a Katz lieutenant (or "satellite"), reflects Arnie's iconoclastic attitude without the affected nastiness of Nemesis. It's interesting material. Curse Bailes for being a minacker.

Wow -- a terrific REG cover for Warlock brings its 4th issue to our attention. The process of cover repro, we learn within, is blueprinting, the work of Larry's brother. Just inside, a defiant regionalist cartoon: a gladiator, his shield emblazoned SFFA, stands above a vanquished foe, his shield marked "SAPS, N'APA etc." "Wake up Yanks!" booms the conqueror. "The Southernfen have risen!!" Really fine illo work, mstked by dark shading, stands out in this issue, as it will in every Warlock from then on. Larry's opening editorial natters on about his two visits to Al Andrews since the last issue, and a Mardi Gras jaunt to New Orleans with his ROTC unit, where he marched in two parades. He refers to NOLA correctly as "the city of sin", but provides tantalizingly few details of his high ol' time. In an amuisng fanfic, up next, Andrews asks "Whatever Happened to Antartica Fandom?" Joe Schlatter then tells a forgettable vampire story, and John Putnam contributes a g\*r\*i\*m poem about (yech) corpse-rats. Larry reviews a Cordwainer Smith collection -- and is justifiably impressed -- and traces the usual logo for his mc's. Aside from his little soft shoe on Katz's face, they're typical nice'n'friendly product. A portfolio of blah art finishes the issue.

Instead of his own work, Staton puts an odd and rather unattractive illustration by a Jim Hyland on the cover to The Invader #3. He begins his zine by apologizing to the people he jumped on last ish, when he was unsure of his first issue's whereabouts, Locke and Bailes. Articles by other folks on movies and rocks (yeah, rocks) follow, and Blaine Bennett contributes a fine, funny article on "The Southern Image" in the media. A silly but cute story of a heroic gopher -- never mind the plot -- heads into mc's. Like every other page in this zine, these boast justified margins ... a lot of work. But Joe shows that he isn't particularly up on apa matters, and if he were planning on being my apa's next OE, I'd be worried: "Why doesn't somebody give me a copy of the by-laws so I can find out what is the minac in this apa?"

Sporadic No. 11 is the second issue to put that number on the cover, and a terrible cover this one is, too. Bad repro may be the culprit; Plott's repro had been slipping as his OEs ship went on, and page 2 of this issue is even printed upside down. Guilt-struck because he hasn't answered his mail of recent, he dedicates the zine to all those people to whom he owes letters.

On the upended second page, Bill announces his engagement and his election to the editor-in-chief position at the U of Alabama's student paper. His doubts that these changes will affect his fanac are touching in their naivete.

But whatever the future holds, this issue is still the Sporadic SFFA has come to trust. Good cartoons and fillos, decent reviews (he likes The Richard Boone Show, dislikes The 7 Faces of Dr. Lao), neat natter (a read-aloud class). Other contributors include Bill Wolfenbarger, whose "Fannish Collector" gives first mention in SFFA of Harlan Ellison (who said "Big deal!"), Pat McLean, writing on Canadian nudity and protest (eclectic zine, this), Loubel Wood and Dave Locke (poems). Plott's mc's lament apa-ty. Plott offers fanzines for sale -- surely gafiation looming, looming.

Iscariot comes up next, no sign of gafia in its superb pages, though more and more, co-editor and publisher Dick Ambrose fades into the background. His 2-page "Remarque les Ghouls" is, aside from repro, his only contrib. Al Andrews, on the other hand, booms along, requesting info for a correspondent on Sax Rohmer. This correspondent deserves note. Before any of us -- except Bob, Dave, Lynn and Larry -- George Wells' name appears in SFFPA. Hey, G.H.!

A great review column hits Erik Frank Russell's Dreadful Sanctuary; "Slaughter Row" is as complete and congenial as ever. Al laments his own cigarette habit, and calls for establishment of a Nicotine Anonymous. The merits of a small apa are promoted; hope Al'd approve of the SFFPA of today, regardless. He misspells Nemesis as Nemisis, and, straining for his typical kindness, allows that Arnie Katz might be a hoax. In his mc's, Al reveals that Jim Harkness, who had pledged to run a co-OEship with Joe Staton, has been forced to withdraw; this spells trouble for Joe's reign, as he will have no repro for the OO.

Four zines remain to the main body of SFFPA's 12 th mailing, and the first 3 are Lynn Hickman offset beauts. JD-Argassy #60/ The Pulp Era is first, with a fine cover by Brit artist Eddie Jones (a promised art portfolio is missing) and a guest editorial by Ed Wood, centering the issue's theme: Weird Tales. A "memoir" on the magnificent pulp -- illustrated beautifully by George Barr, who would cop a Hugo in that decade -- serves as the issue's tasty centerpiece. It's authored by a minor figure in fantasy literature, August Derleth. Eric Bentcliffe's nostalgic piece on Startling does not bring the reader down after such heady fare.

Two issues of Lynn's Huckleberry Finnzine come next. Both are done on multilith and stand head, shoulders and pectorals above most zines in repro. Though living in Missouri (which is only occasionally pronounced "Misery") at the time, Lynn mentions his Southern past, and the fact that his first fanzines were published in North Carolina, believe it or not. He prints one of his own Plato Jones cartoons, in fancy red ink. Other colors he hopes to use, he says, are green and brown and orange. He invites nearby SFFPAns to visit.

From issue #1 of HF Hickman immediately jumps to issue #24, combining his SFFPAzine with his OMPAzine for dual-apa distribution. He reveals the origin of his title (he'd recently moved to Hannibal, Mo.), and complains that he can't find supplies for his multilith. Even First Fandom BNFs suffer the ills of every faned!

Ignoring OMPA mc's, except to note Terry Jeeves and Fred Patten present in that early English apa, we come to Lynn's SFFPA comments, sparse but fair. Boy, does Lynn hate green onions. A putrid Feghoot by fan immortal Bob Madle -- Fan GoH at the '77 worldcon -- caps the contents.

I can keep no silence over the illos Lynn pubs in his excellent zines. Those by Rackham are simply wonderful: delicate, almost pristine nudes, '30'sish, classic, sexless. They dance before the eye in their orange outline. Nice!

A one-page election flyer, Staton's And If I Am Elected, is last in the regular mailing. It's poorly reproed & hard to read. Joe discusses Harkness' withdrawal briefly, lists Andrews as Treasurer for the coming year, and declares his intention of getting the mlgs out on time, apparently in contrast to Plott.

And -- at last -- we have a tattered copy of Jim Harkness' Mauling Comments, postmailed, July 31st. Three pages, they're uncredited -- but we know from the next OO that they are Jim's last SFFPAc. His mc to Katz is hot, but the rest are standard fare. He mentions electrostencilling, "advises" cynical conformity to Len Bailes, and in an mc to Plott, observes rather wistfully that science fiction is indeed only escapism, and that one should read good stuff, too. Gafia on the prowl.

"Let's make next mailing 150 pages," he says, closing Volume 3 of the Montgomery Papers, and the Plott OEship, which established SFFPA as a solid, ongoing crew ...

"Work!"