

NOTE: This series of historical articles is designed to reflect a member's-eye view of the SFFPA mailings of the past, as contained in the bound volumes of Larry Montgomery's collection, with a few asides as to foreboding future events. Here and there I have tried to articulate trends in the apa flow based on present-day hindsight, but unless an event wasn't mentioned in print, there's a good chance it will be missed here. A case in point: the change-over from Dave Hulan's OEship to Bill Flott's between mlg 8 and 9. Hulan passed on the SFFPA Treasury in the form of a mimeograph, instead of liquid funds. This transaction was not mentioned in the mailing and as a result, yhos failed to mention it whilst covering those mlg's in Spiritus 65. I apologize for the lapse, but emphasize that "The Montgomery Papers" is a mailing-by-mailing, zine-by-zine runthrough of the first 20 SFFPA mailings; if an overview of that time period is desired, Don Markstein's Timebinders I in the fiftieth mailing & the commentary of members like Dave Hulan should be consulted. Nevertheless, wherever possible, I will report on historical events taking place backstage.

And please be free with your suggestions.

Okay? On to mailing #13 ... and Volume 4 of The Montgomery Papers.

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339 pages! The 13th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance seems like a lucky number when it appears in September, 1964. SFFPA's 4th year is off to a hefty start under new Official Editor Joe Staton.

It is a new pagecount record. The membership stands at 19, highest yet. True, 2 are residents of the north or west (a.k.a. yankees), and 3 are even New Yorkers, but at least the apa is healthy. There'll be no more predictions of SFFPA doom at least not for quite a while.

The 13th mailing offers a cheery vista of a secure apa with unique identity and spirit, one which our contemporary SFFPA would recognize. The non-Southerners are not intrusive at all; they add pagecount and a certain spice to the stew: the contrast that adds to the apa's Southern identity. Recognizing this, a new title is found in this OO: DamnYankee, from Arnold Katz. Two names forever linked in SFFPA history, Dian Pelz and David Mitchell, show for the first time, and Mitchell's possible creator (he still won't say), Larry Montgomery, sends through one of the seminal zines in the whole SFFPA saga: Conglomeration #1. SFFPA 13 is one of those mailings where everything starts to click. Or clique, as the case may be. It is a spiffy bundle.

Yet there is a shadow over the apa, and I don't mean Mitchell's Endless Shadow. Staton's OEship will be dogged by troubles, not the least evident of which is the sloppy quality of his OOs.

Recall from our last installment that Staton originally ran for OE teamed with Jim Harkness, able editor of Stranger than Fact. Harkness, who owned a decent mimeo,



# The Montgomery Papers

was forced by this'n'that mundane circumstance to withdraw, leaving Staton on his own, in Milan, Tennessee, twelve miles beyond the ends of the earth, without repro facilities.

Staton had an apa to run, so he had to find a machine to run it on. Even in 1964 a mimeo was out of the financial reach of starving fans -- E-Man and great fame were years ahead for Joe. But the Spiegel catalog, Bible of quiz shows, had advertised a printing machine known as a Press'n'Print, which claimed capability equal to any mimeo. It cost nineteen bucks. That Staton could afford. He bought it, and he was stuck with it.

The Southerner and The Invader, Joe's mc'zine, were both published on it for the 13th mailing; oh, do they look sorry. The inking is uneven, mostly blotchy and heavy. Large spots on many pages vanish from view. The SFPA Constitution, which Joe runs separately from the Official Organ, is all but illegible.

The Southerner is readable, but unattractive; if Staton had used any but the flimsiest of cheap twiltone it would have been better. Only 18 names appear on the roster -- for some reason, Dave Hulan's is missing. Other charter SFPAns still around are Dick Ambrose, Al Andrews, and Bill Plott. Rick Norwood, Larry Montgomery, Len Bailes, Bill Gibson, Jim Harkness and Staton form the rest of the Southern contingent. Arnie Katz, Gary Labowitz, Lynn Hickman, Dave Locke and Kent McDaniel are yankees who have appeared before. There are 4 new members, the aforementioned Dian Pelz and David Mitchell, plus Rich Mann (what a name) and Hank Luttrell. Dian -- now married to Chuck Crayne (she had a small zine in mlg 100) -- has no pub in this mailing, a fact Staton acknowledges in the OO: "I broke the rules to let Dian in," he says, "but I wanted a girl of some sort in this thing which is too stag." Moving right along ...

There is no treasury report in the 1½-page OO; Staton had not received same by the 9-15 deadline. He makes an OEship ruling to the effect that a Southern member would still be considered a Southerner even if he moved away from the South, "so as not to mess up this quota business too terribly." Then as now, yankees were restricted to 25% of our roster. Little did Joe know that by introducing talk of "retained status" he was prying open an envelope of invertebrates that would crawl all over SFPA in subsequent years.

Anyway, on to the mailing. The OO is not what we're used to, but a 1964 SFPAn receiving the bundle would have been more concerned with what came after.

And what comes first is Dave Locke's Phoenix 9, 22 pages long and strong. Writing from NY's Adirondacks, Locke offers a good genzine, but announces that the nextish will terminate the title, subs to be honored through his co-edited Pelf (Hulan was -- and is -- the other editor). Ever the trufan, he begins by listing umpteen paperbacks he has for sale. A 4-page article by the late Floyd Zwicky, carrying on and ending (says Locke) a dispute on human rights begun long ago, follows. It's good, impassioned writing, with which I entirely disagree. Bob Jennings, SFPA's founder, contributes a poem next, "Death's Walk". Locke pubs it in ital, making reading an unfortunate strain. LOCs from Buck Coulson, Robert Gilbert, Staton & others on a variety of topics fill much of the rest of the the zine, which Dave closes by praising All the Colors of Darkness.

The perils of asking an OE to publish your material have never been better demonstrated than by Locke's dol-drum no. 4, coming forth next. The 12-page zine has spirited content & rotten, spotty repro; Staton had apologized for it in the OO. "It's good to be back in the swing of writing an apazine again," Locke begins, & indeed his writing is fresh and delightful...where it can be read.

Anyway, Dave's content is mcs, nice and argumentative -- "a little harmless slam-bang debate," he says. He apologizes to Andrews for seeming abusive in print. Then he argues religion with him. Later, he criticizes the Egoboo Poll results as not too worthwhile, calls Montgomery's reaction to Katz' anti-SFPA Nemesis "childish fury"...Yankees certainly added spice to SFPA ... hot spice. A Plott

article on a hoax of his caps dol-drum, along with a funny "Dave Locke IQ Test". Sample question: "What's the difference between a hold-up and a stick-up?" Answer: "Age."

Endless Shadow #1 appears next, premiere zine of David Mitchell, probably SFFA's most famous hoax. Larry Montgomery stills claims Lamar Hollingsworth -- yeah, I said Lamar Hollingsworth -- is the author of the hoax, though nobody has ever believed him. The cover is Larry's drawn and reproed; it combines figures from the first Metal Men cover with an Adam Strange. I'd suspect blueprinting to be the medium -- it's a different, dark, unique effect. Mitchell's zine is done in elite ditto, as opposed to Larry's pica mimeography; I believe I recognize some of the Montgomery style, although Mitchell's enthusiasm is convincingly adolescent (he is supposed to be 14). His protest against Iscariot's title as being sacreligious is an omen of things to come, as is his plaint against Hickman's use of Rackham nudes: "Putting sex into s-f I just don't approve of." Remember that sentence.

A wine-colored, flimsy sheet follows Endless Shadow, the cover to Manndate #1, the first publication of new SFFA'n Rich Mann. I guess I'm dense, but the illo baffles me. I'd describe it, but as I don't know what it is, I would have to rely on metaphor. No, let it remain mystery. Within, Rich introduces himself as an Air Force brat destined for Michigan State University, a "Texan in Exile". Bruce Pelz is credited with the repro. An article about teen music (terrible), some book reviews (okay), an odd page called "The Book of Kron" (croggling), and a one-page surprise-surprise story (bad) -- this last on the same purplish paper as the cover -- fill the zine. All are by other authors than Mann, unless he used pseudonyms. Another zine from Mann's ROMPress is next, the two-page Nothing #1: "(read 'one factorial')". It's a complicated COAzine, published by Redd Boggs. I don't know Mann and have never heard of him outside of SFFA, but somehow he got BNFs to do his printing.

To some degree, SFFA's 13th mailing hearkens back to the days when pubs were almost universally genzines -- and none too well printed, either. Before us now swims Excalibur, co-produced by New Yorker Arnold Katz and North Carolina tarheel Len Bailes. Two issues, #s 7 & 8, are proffered, nice & thick zines of 37 and 27 pages, respectively. #7 features some fiction by the normally venomous yankee John Boardman -- a horror tale, for Boardman, anyway: the south wins the civil war, no doubt in his mind precipitating a darkie dangling from every lamppost -- articles and editorials and reviews by each of the editors (Bailes gives us a Barsoomian glossary), good art. Dian Pelz does the cover, Staton has several interiors. Repro is uneven and too low on the page, and again, the zine is typed on Katz' loathesome Hermes Rocket (the same manual clunker -- or at least, the same brand -- as that which gave the universe Spiritus Mundi 2 & 3). Bjo Trimble steals the show with a nice on-stencil bacover. #8 is better (at least it isn't printed on horrible green bond). They talk about board games (Gettysburg was still hot); Katz has a good s&s work. The lettercol boasts names like Harry Warner, Creath Thorne, Dick Eney, and Steve Stiles. The repellant Hermes is nowhere evident.

Hank Luttrell has a blotty 2-pager up next, Such and Such. The logo is handwrit as it apparently failed to print. "I'm a tall, skinny teenager who can't comb his hair because it is too curly," he says in introduction, before sort of dribbling off ...

Despite bad showthrough -- which he admits -- & noxious pink paper, Zaje Zaculo #3 does Len Bailes credit. First off, he defends -- through explanation -- his old pal Katz, who was punted about like a soccer ball for his nasty anti-SFFA diatribe in Nemesis #1 (see last issue). His plea for forgiveness and understanding, coupled with the Katzine that comes later, undoubtedly will help melt many a stony heart. Pinball machines are discussed for a page before his mc's, wherein he praises SFFA's "air of intimacy", which compensates for its relatively small size. He reacts responsibly to the negative reaction visited upon Katz and is suitably awestruck by Lynn Hickman's gorgeous zines in mlg 12. ("The art was best I've seen in fandom.")

A solid comment on the quality of s.f. to critical Harkness, a list of his 16 press pubs to date, and the 7-page zine closes.

Invader, Staton's apazine, is next, barely legible, a real shame. There's a lot of good interior REG (Robert Gilbert) art, a story by Montgomery and a strong article on censorship by Les Sample. Rich Mann has a fun story, Bill Plott a fun article (what can be read of it) on zip codes; Staton himself editorially adjudges his predecessor, Plott, a pretty good OE, though late with mailings, and offers mc's. The whole issue is practically unreadable, and the last page is upside down. Poor Joe -- such good content shot to waste.

I said before that Arnie Katz's zines in SFFPA 13 would go far in countering the bad vibes strummed up by Nemesis. Beginning DamYankee #2, his brilliantly-titled mczine, he apologizes for his initial blast at SFFPA. "I won't take back my opinion that the December mailing was bad," he says, "but ... I could have told you all" (note attempt at conciliatory Southernism) "in a much nicer way." Katz, 17, seems to have matured ten years between mailings. Mc's follow. Arnie notices

Plott's errant retitling of the OO (as The Southern) and urges a waiver of the yandankee quota and embrasure of "educational rate" postage on Staton. He loves Hickman's zines, talks Rotsler and repro with Bill Gibson, takes SFFPA's anger with equanimity: "C'mon gang let's have a good loud hiss for Katz! Hhhhhiiiiii-ssssssssss."



DamYankee #3 follows immediately, the result of a mad fannish urge, A the K says. He's stuck in the Catskills with his folks, surrounded by "teases", and is both bored and frustrated. Why else do fanatic? He bombs Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea (TV version) & plugs N'APA in mc'ing Harkness' postmailing to SFFPA 12.

Rick Norwood's Cliffhangers and Others was so dedicated to minac that it -- and a fierce feud with the then-OE -- eventually got him tossed out of SFFPA. #5, though, is a nice 8-page issue, be-decked with a terrific Bill Gibson cover. (I'm really fond of Gibson's art.) A hand-scrawled page leads off "explaining" his minac: "'Til graduation, that ultimate regurgitation, Cliffhangers must be content to timebind, like a tightrope of a fishing line with a built in nibble." Right, Rick.

Wow, "Cregflish Fan" (scrambled c-l-i-f-f-h-a-n-g-e-r-s) is neat -- Norwood spells the title of the zine being mc'ed with the first letter of each line atop the page and the last letter of each line at the bottom. It's a neat effect, carried through several pages. SFFPA's rarely seen such original and neat mc's, although they are hurt somewhat by Norwood's urge to experiment. He merges his mc to Katz with that to Katz in a Demolished Man-style criss-cross, and provides on-stencil examples to back up his arguments on poetry to dol-drum.

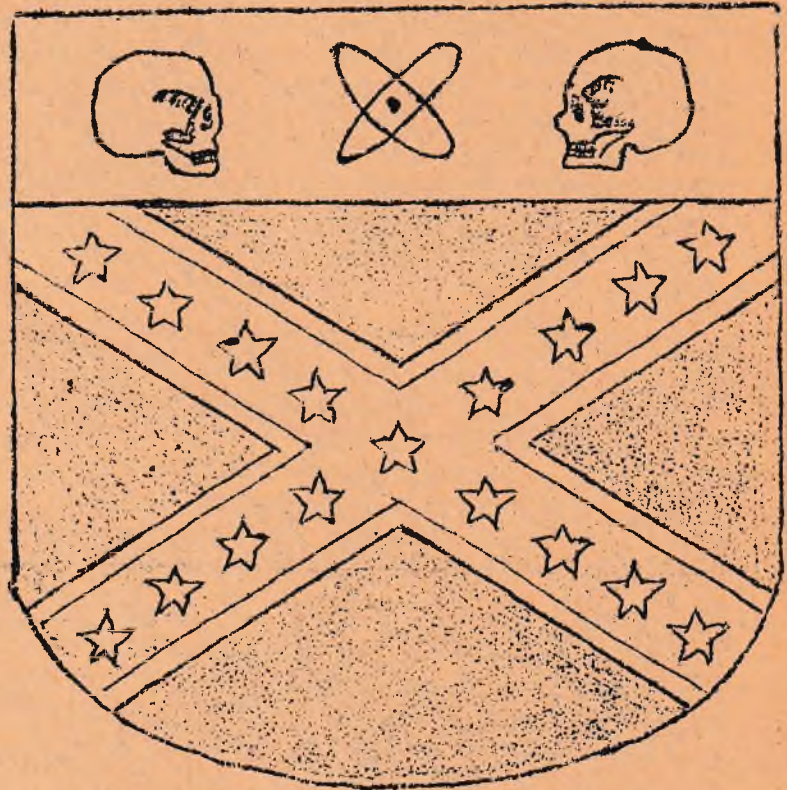
Next we find the impossibly messy Constitution, barely legible. I swear that the 17-year-old ink still smudges. And next is the first (second) issue of a zine that present-day SFFPAs will recognize ... Dave Hulan's Utgard.

I say "first(second)" because although this is the first zine by that name to run through the rebel apa, it's numbered #2. #1 had run through SAPS after having been written for O'PA, the great British group. Utgard, which represents "outlander", not deoderant, had been a suitable title for an American among Brits, Hulan thought, but now thinks that he's even more an outlander amongst native Southerners (having moved to California). Utgard #1 will not show in SFFPA mailboxes till much later, & then only as an unofficial rider, a gift to the membership. (Waitlister copies didn't carry the zine.) Anyway, Dave had missed the last two mailings, but is back in style here. Mc'ing SFFPAs 11 & 12, he hails SFFPA's steady growth, decries fiction by fans, argues against smoking (to Harkness), looks forward to 200-page mlg

(this 339-pager was the first SFFPA mailing to break that barrier), talks Constitutional issues with Andrews, and wishes Larry luck with his "Deep-South-Con" project. He closes with a "little article" on heraldry, which provided him with the idea for his cover (his own shield) ... and an idea for an apa emblem.

"Gules, on a chief argent, between two skulls a helium atom saltirewise of the field; in base on a saltire of the chief a saltire azure, on both seventeen mullets saltirewise of the chief." Or this, from mlg 17's cover -- virtually identical to the illo Dave presents, pencil-colored azure, argent and gules.

Sixteenth item in this mailing is Larry Montgomery's Warlock #5, and it is a gem, best issue to date. A Halloweenish REG cover features a title character surrounded by ghost, cat familiar, and pterodactyl, perhaps more of a Halloween staple in Alabama than elsewhere. The title page boasts superb stencil calligraphy for this, the annish. Contributors include Terry Ange & Pat Cagle as well as SFPAs Ambrose and Plott; artwork comes from Ange, Gilbert, Gibson, Staton and Larry himself. Larry reveals that in addition to hitting SFFPA #13, this zine also runs through the first mlg of a new bunch, Apa-45. Opening his editorial, Larry recalls his 1st zine's genesis, mentions college plans, which he hopes will not diminish his fanac, and speaks briefly of the 2nd DSC, which he had hosted in August and about which we will hear much more later. A most historic article by Bill Plott damns kudzu, curse of the South. Larry offers a good story. And Dick Ambrose provides a 6-page history of SFFPA's first six mailings.



Entitled "Birth of a Whirlwind", it's more proof, as if any were needed, that SFFPA was conscious of its own uniqueness and identity among apas. Ambrose hits the high points of SFFPA's first 18 months. "Through the dedication and effort of it's (sic) founding fathers, the SFFPA has now grown into the dream we had for it in the beginning -- an almost 20 membership, (which has prospects of a waiting list) a fantastically stable treasury, and the finest group of hard-working and dedicated apa members in fandom."

I'm really very sorry Ambrose later gaffed and vanished. I'd've loved to have handed him SFFPA 100 and watched him freak. But then, I guess he could've figured.

Moving along, we find a good werewolf yarn by the unlikely Lamar Hollingsworth (I still don't believe in that guy) and Larry's genial mc's. Like everyone else, he was awed by Mickman's J.D.-Argassy. A long poetry section, better than most such, leads to a fine Staton bacover ... blueprint-repro, looks like.

Boy, what a great zine comes up next. Conglomeration #1, "An Effort in Mass Planning", "a by-product of the 2nd annual DEEP-SOUTH CON." A gem, a gem. DSC 2 had been held in room #21 of the Van Thomas Motel in Anniston, Alabama, Larry's home.

Eight trufans had been in attendance, & 7 are represented in this unique oneshot. The cover, by Gibson, shows an astronaut holding a smoking ray-pistol. "Now if I can just hit the other 27 heads..." he says. Mad fannishness runs throughout ... Lee Jacobs, a California BNF who would later join SFFA, came to the tiny con & provides a jolly report on the goings-on. To quote: "the con is like all the other cons. You have the fun-loving fannish type (MONTGOMERY). You have hyper-active fanzine publishers (ANDREWS and AMBROSE). You have the sword-and-sorcery fan (NORWOOD). You have the cartoonist (GIBSON). And you have the sercon type (me). Or perhaps I have some of the labels wrong. Three cans of Coca-Cola does things to memory and typing fingers." Someone's father had contributed cases of Coca-Cola to the gathering. Past Jacobs' contrib in the oneshot is "The Fire-Quencher," a serious round-robin story by Norwood, Montgomery and Ambrose, punctuated by Andrews and Gibson cartoons. Terry Ange contributes an evocative poem, "Closing Thought". Of the attendees, only John Hall seems not to be represented in this first and best of Southern con oneshots. It closes with a page of photos from the convention; Larry had brought a camera & busily snapsnapsnapped. One of the resultant snapshots, showing the youthful SFFAns gathered in mute faanish chorus, appears in The SFFA Family Album. The medium here seems to be electro-stencil, which is none too perfect, but the faces are there, and the faanishness is triumphant.

All of a sudden SFFA 13 is looking great. The Pulp Era #61 is next, Lynn Hickman's superb genzine. George Barr's cover -- a huntress & a fallen stag -- is magnificent. Lynn prints another Barr within, in red. This seems to be a Brit-oriented zine. John Phillifent offers a study of British taste, Terry Jeeves some memories of the magazines that thrilled him in his youth. From our side of the Atlantic, the great Dean Grennell discusses The Shadow (in a reprinted Grue article) -- a long, ten-page extravaganza. It's grand -- first August Derleth & now Grennell. Distinguished contributors Lynn gathered.

Erroneously, last time, I said that the postmailed Mauling Comments was Jim Harkness' final SFFAc. Untrue. The Mississippian has 2 large zines in SFFA 13 -- Bel-Marduk, named for a Babylonian/Dr. Lao god, & Stranger than Fact. Bel-Marduk sounds the falsely hopeful note that Harkness might not have to gafiote after all before launching into a talk on civil rights. He criticizes "Dr." King, apparently unaware that King's doctoral degree was genuine; civil disobedience solves nothing, he maintains. He lays the blame for what violence he's seen on "a certain group of white people. On the west coast, this type is known as the ho-dad: blue jeans, sweaty and greasy t-shirts, long, slicked-back haircuts, the characteristics seldom vary." "Ho-dad"? Harkness also critiques freedom riders as "a few thousand beatniks and young radicals" sure to exacerbate the situation, then thankfully moves on to urge a regional convention in Memphis. Good mc's follow, although the author of Bel-Marduk is undoubtedly kidding when he advises Len Bailes to drop Zaje Zaculo for a "less obscure" title.

Mimeo talk -- very amusing -- follows. Ironically, the repro on these pages is light, as in "Three Clucks and the Klan", a grand page about rafting down the Yalobusha River. No hooded hooligans appear.

Stranger than Fact Vol. II no. 1 is next, a classy production of 36 pages sporting card stock covers. A Staton painting fronts the zine, featuring -- says Harkness -- a Suzanne Maynard as model; looks like Ensign Uhura to me. I find to my delight that Harkness shares my 1964 support for Henry Cabot Lodge for the Republican Presidential nomination, at least at first; by zine's end he comes out for Goldwater. His editorial consists of capsule bios of the SIF contributors to date, an impressive lot. He mentions schoolwork on the nature of fads, & mentions a singing group called the Beatles. Students of prehistory may have heard of them. "I like the kooks," he says.

There's more. A visit by Rick Norwood is given attention. A funny folkmyth

on the '64 elections, "The Wisdom of the First", comes from Charles L. Morris, and I doubt anyone but a teenage political freak like Harkness or myself would understand much of it or get its arcane references (remember Goldwater's busted foot?). Also funny is "Manifesto of the Institute of General Eclectics" by Martin Gardner, satirizing philosophers. Wilton Beggs contributes a good story. The lettercol features Roger Zelazny (who loves Dr. Strangelove), Beggs, Coulson, Rich Mann, & others, and is intense and interesting.

2 zines remain to the main body of SFFPA 13, two zines without which the apa might not be recognizable in those early years. Iscariot 13 features a fine REG cover -- looks like Montgomery's blueprinting -- of Eye and the serpent. Al Andrews leads off with a short DSC II report: he enjoyed himself immensely. He even proffers a little political teasing of arch-conservative Montgomery, his first essay into such tomfoolery. He toots the horn for Larry's planned DSC III, which, unlike this last con, is being announced months before the summer, '65 date.

New SFFPAn Hank Luttrell is next up in Iscariot, discussing The Magazine of Horror. Plott -- doing his all for his fellow SFFPAns, as ever -- proclaims on ERB's Land that Time Forgot in "A Change of Pattern". Dale Walker's "Once Upon a Saga" continues, also on Edgar Rice Burroughs data. Walker mentions that he recently interviewed then-Tarzan on a local radio show.

"Slaughter Row", dotted with Al's spiffy illos, talks George Wallace with Lynn Hickman -- the real world's attention was focused on the American South, & SFFPAns were commenting more and more on external issues. Al says that he is neutral. He credits Bob Jennings with the energy and know-how responsible for SFFPA's birth and early growth, praises Montgomery's continuing improvement, blasts fan-writ fic as usually "illegally done", talks Doukhobors with Plott, who'd printed an article on this Canadian group last time. His lettercol, for once, is brief.

Sporadic no. 12 is next, quite short (4 text pages + cover). Mc's fill them. He comes across as anti-nuke in discussing the A-bomb with Staton, which only figures considering the strong antiwar poetry he's run in past issues.

That was all there was to the 13th mailing, but an Official postmailing from Joe Staton appears next in The Montgomery Papers. Important Notice promotes an amendment to the SFFPA Constitution ... a rerun originally offered in mailing #7. It would allow non-publishing Southerners to receive mailings ... ostensibly with the purpose of seducing them into SFFPA. Proffered by Norwood and seconded by Montgomery, Ambrose, Gibson and Andrews, one wonders at this purpose while a healthy membership was active, but Joe's page calls merely for discussion. Of course the motion never passed.

This pmglg is logible, which, for Joe, must have been a relief. The ugly repro on his own zines must have called the experience of OEsShip into question for him, and as we shall see, other aspects of the job turned sour. SFFPA #13 was an untrammelled success, though, & SFFPA was growing again. Next time, we'll see JOE's reign through to its abrupt end, and find the beginning of a continuity in SFFPA that shows no signs of stopping, even yet. Hi, Lon.

Ab Australis ad Mundum