

The Montgomery Papers

Vol. VI / Mlg 17

A cover on The Southerner? Unthinkable! Unheard of! -- at least, until the 17th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance in August, 1965. Dave Hulan enters the OEship proper (from the Emergency Officership) with SFFPA's last dittoed, and first covered, OO. The shield he had earlier designed as an official emblem (see SM67, SFFPA 105) is printed in glorious dittocolor, along with an Olde Englyshe logo (see The Southerner #106) & a motto: "Ab Australis ad Mundem". "Today the South, tomorrow the world," or something like that.



414 pages (the OO admits to 412)! It's a new SFFPagemount record, & only two of the 18 members on the SFFPA roster miss the mailing -- Al Scott and Lamar (the dubious) Hollingsworth. They're fined 10 pages each, six for missing the mlg & four as lagniappe, for not alerting Dave in advance.

Dave has a neat way of listing the rosterites, giving the membership number as well as the name, address, & dues-due mailing. Thus Al Andrews is listed as member #5, Lon Atkins as #30, Dave himself #4, newest member Jerry Page #34. (Two other first-time SFFPans are listed: Tom Dupree & Stephen Barr.) From a wl of 4, including Lynn Hickman and Wally Weber, superdoodler Ed Cox is invited into membership; Jim Harkness & Kent McDaniel bid SFFPA adieu. Smelling a hoax, Hulan refuses to send Hollingsworth a mailing until he receives a buck in dues & some sort of personal letter. Following the SFFPA Constitution, practically the same document we know today, there are some inventive & somewhat experimental rules. Invitees are given but one month to accept their call to SFFPAhood, for instance. A treasury of \$29.36 still lacks \$40 owed it by ex-OE Bill Plott. "Bug him," Dave advises.

The last two amendments to the SFFPA constitution have passed, Dave says, 3-0, though he forgets exactly who voted. Two new, non-amendments proposals are discussed, the first adopting the cover shield as official & the second awarding certificates to Egoboo Poll winners (Bailes will touch on this subject in his mc's). Apologizing for the ditto, Dave closes the OO.

Irvin Koch's subsize fanzines are not the first pubs to run through SFFPA stapled closed. Five #5, by Rick Norwood, leads off mlg 17, solidly kerchunked shut. The first page is a cover sheet advising readers which staples to remove in order to read the 36-pager. Montgomery freed the right ones and so we open this collection of fan fiction. A very poorly traced Dr. Midnite strip (Rick apologizes for butchering Steve Sabo's art), a "tech round robin", a number of parody stories in a "Magazine of Fantasy and Ferdinand Feghoot" fill the zine. In contrast to Rick's usually creative apac, it's pretty discouraging stuff.

Starling #6, Hank Luttrell's fanzine, is somewhat better -- the repro, on white bond, is 100% superior to the mottled twiltone Norwood uses, & the articles have a bit more variety. His cover utilizes red, blue and black ink on a nothing design, his editorial hems and haws over whether he liked Fellowship of the Ring. Richard Gordon contributes a long, dumb "future history" in which the Beatles & the Rolling Stones become the guiding forces of two factions in the universe; I must say that I admire the cosmology. A long letter from Buck Coulson and another from Harry Warner mark the lettercol; Jack Caughan, then about the most popular man in s.f.dom, chimes in too. An article called "Beatles and Badgers" by Luttrell himself seems to deal with neither.

Cyranosh-Prelude is how Jerry Page titles the next item, his first fanzine in 4 years & his first SFPazine, ever. Alongside a goblin illo that bears a suspicious resemblance to Jerry, the great Page begins with a comparison of apa faneds to Job at his most woe-beset. C'est Jerry. The title bears "Prelude", he says, due to his ambitions of a serious pub on the works of Clark Ashton Smith. A serious pair of pages on T.S.Stribling, a onetime Amazing Stories writer who went on to win a Pulitzer, a la Michael Shaara, leads to a wacky fiction, "The Armadillo meets Dr. Kilinvalid". Odd brown inks on these pages.

Gad--talk about mixed media. Dave Locke's Yellow Jacket Seven begins with a cover that seems to be ditto (lettering only, same typeface as the OO and the Index which follows, indicating Dave Hulan as the doer) and follows it up with a putrid hecto drawing that now resembles a purple blot on flimsy fishwrap. The former Dol-drum title is ked out, a caricature of Locke waves at the world: "A New Age, a New Image, a New Title -- The New Look!" It's a relief to flip this page and find mimeed job natter and mailing comments. He continues his argument with Hulan on religion (atheism vs.), praises The Amazing SFFA-fen, urges DIME to simplify the apa rules. Ah! He likes Rick Brant books -- me too. Strangely, he doesn't care for Dian Pelz' Portfolio for David Mitchell, the collection of nekkid scenes from s.f. stories Dian had done lastime in response to an outrageous comment by a Larry Montgomery hoax. Of course, Locke also doesn't comprehend the attraction of Ion's Box Scores ... He pans "neoish art", then closes with another purple hectographed page of sundry blots and smears purporting to be spacemen. Well.

A blank blue sheet covers an extraordinary heroic fantasy drawing by Jerry Burge, a rich, dark, detailed beauty. The zine is Iscariot #17, the work of Al Andrews & Billy Pettit; at 38 pages it's the mlg's second longest zine. Al opens matters by explaining the p.o. bollix which cost the apa Iscariot #15; he bemoans the loss of Dale Walker's ERB article & some irreplaceable Robert Gilbert (REG) art, Al greets his egopoll standing with blushes and stammering thanks, even though he should be used to SFFA's adulation by now. A review of reviewers in the s.f. field by Rob Williams deals with Miller, Boucher, Knight and Bester, in descending order of praise. Good Andrews cartoons dot the pages. Another Page, Jerry, has a fine article on the Pride and Loneliness of fandom -- and the inefficiency of Ace Books' proofreaders. The question of whatever happened to Baby Jean Gauntt -- adopted by a 1930 research team determined to keep her free of all Destructive Thought -- occupies the rest of Page's article. Maybe she changed her name to Lynette Fromme.

IsT's lettercol features Tom & John McGeehan, whom I knew in K-a, Ned Brooks (who announces that he will attend the 3rd DSC, too late, alas, for the sponsors to cancel it), Ed Cox and Harry Warner, all praising the heroic fantasy articles of the previous issue. A full -page REG illo -- impossible tits, impossible -- is plunked into the middle. Finally, Billy Pettit closes the issue with his column, Ann'noxii. Henatters about Reinhardt, Page, Charles Wells and LEE JACOBS getting together for a bash ... Pettit cannot believe the mess they left behind ("EMPTY beer cans in the refrigerator").

The colored ditto on the logo has faded badly, but by straining, one can still make out the title to the next zine. It's A Comprehensive Index to the SFFA (1-16),

Dave Hulan's ambitious effort to encapsulate info on the apa's first four years. Like the indices which will follow it, it's a 3-sectioned effort, listing zines by mailing, member, and title. This copy is marked with corrections -- Wormfarm #2 is added as a pmlg to SFFPA 9, for instance, and the pagecount for a prelim zine is given. The dittography is marred by an upsidedown page and a blank. But it's still impressive & interesting. (NOTE: isn't there a computer program that could handle a SFFPA index? Why don't one of you dinkum-thinkum bos consider such for the 25th anniversary mailing?)

Invader #8 comes next, a dramatically-colored cover by the author, Joe Staton, leading off. The repro, Hulan-weilded LASFSRex, is impeccable; SFFPA's President offers a handsome zine indeed. Margins are justified, artwork is crisp and pretty ♡- a sketch of a local cheerleader is especially expressive; you can sense the teenage arrogance on her pretty face. To an admiring apa he reveals the modus behind the spooky, spray-painted flames adorning the previous issue. Effective commentary on psychological horror and an account of an art seminar he's attended highlight a long editorial section on nice yellow bond. Darkening to blue for his mc's, he proclaims #16 the best mailing yet; arguably, he's right. He admits to Dian that getting rid of the SFFPA OEsShip was a relief, & thanks Katz and Andrews for their aid during his term'o'trial. Lastly, he mc's Al Scott's Theorem, a pmlg not to be found in Larry's copy of mlg 16 ... After Invader, Joe runs Stamp #2, which continues his campaign of propaganda against the US post office.

Poorly typed, and printed on pink paper, Nothing #7 lives up to its name. Rich Mann lives in North Dakota -- has any SFFPazine been done further north? He details the purchase of his new mimeo, showcased later this mailing. Next is The Grand Fenwick Gazette, a spritely account of a Diplomacy tilt amongst Lon Atkins, LEE JACOBS, Al Scott and Charles Wells. It ends in a draw and an 8-page fanzine.

Wow! What a cover opens The "Rebel"-English Dictionary, a funny pub from Billy Pettit. I'd swear the artist was Finlay, but no, Billy says he's Jerry Burge. Done as a handout freebie for the 3rd DeepSouthCon, it's a witty explanation of the mythic nuances of the Southern accent. You've seen the like: "ABODE -- a piece of cut lumber." Real neat. "Forget Hell!" is the battle cry which ends the zine. Amen! Right on! Foad the troops!

Missouri's David Hall has several interesting, though poorly reproed, zines next. I can't read his sloppy blue logo, but Khostra Belorn #1 is written in the colophon of the first. Apparently the title comes from Worm Ouroboros, the title inspiration also of Bailes & Atkins. A crazed page of dream imagery ("You & I, my darling, we walked on the oblivion stairway!") from Becker Staus begins things -- gad, and you guys think I overwrite! Reviews of Skull-face and Dobie Gillis ("Comparisons and Contrasts"), My First 2000 Years are Hall's own. A hysterical letter from John Turk apparently implores Hall to give up fandom and write for real. He's incoherent -- it's hard to imagine him being taken seriously. Hall pleads that he's only 18, so flake off, Turk. Mc's follow -- "Have you considered drawing for comic books?: he asks Staton.

Mathom 4 is Hall's second offering, a genzine with Jurgen Wolff illos (badly traced onto stencil). It seems to have connection with the Ozark S.F. club. Stephen Barr has a fair poem called "Knights of the Ruby Windowpane"; Barr is also represented in the lettercol, along with the ubiquitous Harry Warner. Larry Phenix (any relation to current lettercol whizkid Kent, I wonder?) has a strange 8 1/2 x 14 sheet stuck into the zine -- random scrawls, it seems, the perils of a clubzine desperate for material. "Blind Kaltar" is the start of an unfinished epic poem about some guy named Kaltar who can't see too well. A short article on Atlantean chess ends the issue, this piece printed in red, typed on a Lonnish square font.

Wanderlust is the third of Hall's contributions, a 23-page "oneshot" from himself and Becker Staus. It's a quasi-genzine with literary pretensions, poetry (fair for fans), sword'n'sorcery yarns, and admittedly terrible traced artwork. Finally, Hall submits a questionairre for something called the Minacers apa, asking about

dues, a name, and other policy matters. Was any more ever heard of the idea?

Another questionnaire follows immediately afterwards, and we know what results it bore. Asking the usual census questions plus fancish ones, Larry Montgomery is collecting information for a Who's Who in Southern Fandom, a directory to the rebel region. In a mailing or so we'll see how well he does.

Inspired, no doubt, by the brilliant cover work by Dian Pelz, Lon Atkins offers his second Melikaphkaz, complete with a special cover treatment, a wraparound logo sheet. I'm confused by the pagecount: Hulan lists it at 14 pages, and counting this sheet, I see 13 ... but never mind. A special Jurgen Wolff cover spoken of in natter apparently never arrived. Diplomacy & fandom is mentioned just prior to the Box Scores, which show Hulan on top with 323 total pages, but Lon leading after two mailings in pages/per, with 43. A moment of significance is described next, as Lon reveals how he has been sucked into mystery fiction by the Matt Helm books and had found a series of greater quality. For the first time, Lon mentions Travis McGee. Stephen Barr, a fairly common presence in this mailing, rebuts an Iscariot article on ERB fandom, which Atkins prints out of politeness, then counters, briefly, himself. "Charybdis", Lon's mc's, introduces a Crud Coefficient, a method of quantifying the excellence of an apa by defining its ratio of crud. SFFPA rates a 3, which is good, N'APA a 20, which is bad. He questions the already-abandoned plan for a 12-pages/year activity requirement, praises Staton's last cover, throws forth a disgusting pun ("Why didn't you kick the cat?" "I don't pussy-foot around.") "Hasn't TV begun to pretty effectively replace reading?" he asks Rich Mann. Drawing the head of an elephant beside Dian Pelz's Portfolio for David Mitchell mc, he states that "only the head is shown because elephants don't wear clothes and I don't (as a Christian) approve of nude elephants in s-f zines (or fanzines). I will admit, tho, that I like elephants and consider myself normal." And he mc's Theorem #3, a postmailing ostensibly from Al Scott. Remember that Staton also commented on this item ... Anyway, "Up Jumped the Devil" concludes this fine pub; Lon mentions that he has just returned from DSC III, more on which later, and reveals how the phrase "How Grant took Rich Mann" got its start.

A raygun-wielding spaceman stands before an ominous cave. The page is turned -- & Damnyankee #7 begins. Arnie Katz, who has given his zine a most appropriate name, is back, hammering out his editorial. He has met Dave & Katya Hulan (he offers the latter a *sigh*) & allows that as SFFPA begins its 5th year, it is "a fairly worthwhile ... group". Considering the savage brouhaha in which AtheK joined SFFPA, this is praise indeed. An F. Towner Laney article on good zinac is reprinted from Art Rapp's Spacewarp; Arnie adds his frequent quibbles in footnotes. "Evial Thinking" is the label o'er his mc's, and the section forms most of this 19-page issue. He objects to the Benyo frank last mlg, talks Dylan with Pettit (tossing in a review), comes down against consorship, raves over The Amazing SFFPA-fen, talks civil rights with Atkins (& praises Clarges even while misspelling the title), talks about something dreadful called "the 20 words", which has something to do with Hulan. Wha'? Someone tell me what's going on?

Dittoed, Why Am I an Only Fan? #1 comes forth from Alan Mann, Rich's brother. It's a pub for a Marvel APA franked through SFFPA by Rich. A list of Marvel letterhacks from New York state -- that's right, you heard me -- it somehow misses that combination of in-group humor and sercon controversiality which mark the truly epic SFFPA-zine. Besides, I'm hacked Mann didn't include California, & thus give me my first mention in SFFPA.



Two pages only are there to Larry Montgomery's Warlock 9, and one is his intricate mimeo cover. He blames a busy summer job & the event documented in the next zine, and adds that despite being zinged therein, he loved The Amazing SFFPA-fen.

And then there is Conglomeration #2. Yes, while the mlg was gathering at Hulan's abode in Ellay, the third DSC has occurred.

It is one of those pivotal moments in apa history. Of the 19 attendees at this spirited little con, many are SFPAnS getting together in person for the first time. Montgomery & Andrews, co-chairs, are once again binding their apa together. Lon is there, as is Len Bailes. Wally Weber is there from Huntsville. Atlanta contributes Hank & Jerry, glad to be shed of them. Billy Pettit is there. Ron Bounds & Janie Lamb show. A crewcut character with a taste for typewriter appears from Virginia, one Cuyler Warnell Brooks Jr. Fannishness forever! We were few but we were mighty! (We, he says. I was a 16-year-old twit having wet dreams over Jerrell Stewart in Walnut Creek, California.) Photos of the event appear in The SFPA Family Album. Conglomeration #2 is the official oneshot for the con, but instead of having a typewriter set up at the con, a la my own Fried Shoes in 1972, Larry collects con reports and assorted paraphernalia into this impressive zine. A Jeff Jones (remember; he was a Southerner till fortune bade him north) cover leads off, followed by the single blue page of con program & a glued-in membership card (this one is #83). 2 flicks, one of which will not appear, SFPA & TAPS meetings, "Presentation of the First Annual REBEL AWARD" & a panel discussion are the program. The first con report is Andrews', and it's enthused & pleased. "I still don't believe," he says, "that the Rebel Award was presented to me."

An aside on the origin of the Rebel. Al, as you know, had muscular dystrophy. It was never mentioned in his fanac. His courage, wit, intelligence shown throughout his years in fandom, during which time he built the camaraderie which, in essence, we still enjoy. Larry, mindful of the sad fact that Al probably didn't have much time left with his comrades, came up with the idea of a special honor for Al, which nevertheless would serve as the beginning of a tradition. Only one other Rebel, to Dave Hulan, would be given in Al Andrews' lifetime, by Lon, chair of DSC IV.

Al's con report etches an image of a fabulous fannish experience. Pettit and Wally Weber match his enthusiasm. Page contributes a story. Larry himself pens a complete account of the con, including (literally) the account of the con. It cost \$49.50 and brought in (with unspecified donations) exactly that much. A page of photographs completes this zine, and they are a howl. Ned & the Bounder have not changed an iota. Larry sports a brush cut that makes his ears stick out. Lon's eyebrows are bushy. A motley crew! Brave Janie Lamb, the only lady there!

(Let's see ... Al, Ned, Jerry, Hank, Lon, Janie ... 6 Rebel winners at that con!)

One of Robert Gilbert's favorite subjects can be seen over & over on SFPazine covers: a bosomy cavegirl in bearskin, shoulder straps dangling, gazing upon a baby dinosaur. This Freudian image appears in interesting multicolored ditto atop Dave Hulan's Utgard 6, next in the mailing. Beginning matters with his Box Scores, he lists all SFPAnS to date, the mlgs they've hit, the pages they've contributed. He also lists relative standings in the latter categories; at 323 pages & 12 mailings hit he is far & away the leader. As of that coming September, he notes, 5 SFPAnS will reside in the Los Angeles area.

A long, entertaining article on English kings follows, summarizing the lives of the less wellknown monarchs. It's informative & fun. "Molot", "the Hammer", is his mc section ... in it he explains away his misdating the last 00 as June 1964 by saying that no Southerner could ever acknowledge the centennial of Appomattox. The other mc's are comprehensive as ever, ranging from debate on the fine points of Thuvia *ahem* to praise of The Amazing SFPA-fen to the geography of Los Angeles. He even draws a sociopolitical map for David Hall that proves Dave a better OE than cartographer. Van Nuys is given as the place "where Barry Gold lives", presumably as guidance for the B-52 strike Dave yearns to call down there ... Remember Gold's name. Curiously, Hulan does not tell us what Barry Gold drinks. Moving right along ...

An interesting sidelight to these mc's appears in Dian Pelz's. Dave wrote it in the midst of the Watts riots ... 8-13-65. More religious discussion with Locke, & the comments end with an mc to Theorem #3, an Al Scott pmlg. Recall that Staton

& Atkins have touched on this too . . . Anyway, a crazed chapter of "The Fan of Bronze" faanfic finishes Utgard 6.

Coverless, Zaje Zaculo #7 appears next, 4 bright yellow mimeoed pages from Len Bailes, currently of Charlotte NC, soon to be of UCLA. He opens with a few lines on the Atkins/Bailes DSC bid for Chapel Hill (which will end up in Huntsville) & like Staton praises mlg 16 as the best to date. He discusses the idea of egopoll certificates, calling it "a little pretentious and egocentric"; though that's okay with this trufan, this very complaint will snuff the idea. He makes a good comment on racial bigotry to Lon, & tells Montgomery with some surprise that after meeting him, he's found Larry to be "a fairly ghod man". His 4th page is printed upside down; therein he closes his pub with an mc to Theorem #3, which, you will remember, also earned comments from Staton, Atkins & Hulan -- a postmailing from Al Scott. That Al Scott never heard of.

Imagine being Al Scott, Chapel Hill student & oboe player, & seeing these mc's. Theorem #3 has been rumored for so long that Scott's buddies despair of ever seeing it. Now here are mc's to a postmailed zine claiming to be yours. A hoax! A hoax! But who to blame? Examination of the comments brings clues. Ditto is mentioned as the repro. Pederson illos are also spoken of. Aha! Scott centers on Rich Mann as the likely culprit. He demands a copy from Rich. Rich replies that he is innocent and how about a copy for himself. Atkins, Staton, Bailes and Hulan laugh up their sleeves. All a ploy, y'see, to make Scott think that a hoax issue of his zine had gone forth . . . and to inject some additional vim into the ever-more-vigorous SFPA.

A pathetic cover disgraces Hank Luttrell's Such & Such #5; Korbas in all his glory could not match this sorry self-portrait. "I am a serious young fan," says the chinless figure proclaiming thereon. Gah. The rest of the 4-page zine consists of mc's. As usual, Luttrell all but shrugs them out. His closing cartoon is cute, though . . . a faned swamped in SFPA OElection postmailings, moaning "I still think they're kidding . . ."

Odd cover on Clarges #3, Lon's 41-page genzine. A woman's face, $\frac{1}{2}$ erased, & a cat . . . well . . . In his editorial, "Brood", Lon exults over his acquisition of a mimeo from Charles Wells, & reacts with righteous anger to Don Miller's characterization of DSC III as "a flop" since it had only 19 members. The scarcity of Southern fans, Lon says, makes such a figure a relative "miracle". You tell'em. The second part of Roger Clegg's letters on South Africa follows, defending the status quo. An odd Jerry Page story, a feghoot I don't understand, a wandering article by Charles Wells about computers . . . "A Middle Earth Geography Quiz" baffles, a 5-page Staton portfolio delights. A long, excited con report, "The Fizz Goes South", details Atkins' adventures at DSC. A page of errata is slipped in between pages 29 and 30 (thus the error on the OO) -- a Ned Brooks haiku on the KKK, corrected thereon, bears reprinting:

They burn large crosses,
Pointed hoods for pointed heads,
Then burn small churches.

Stephen Barr's essay on "Power & Poetry" relates Mao Tse-Tung's politics and his verse. Finally there is "Verge", a good long lettercol -- Phil Harrell tells about the Disclave discombobulation which put him into the sack with Al Scott, but it sounds too tacky for words. Brooks, Warner, Zelazny all contribute opinions.

There are 3 new members in as of this mailing -- here, poorly reproed on ugly orange paper, is Tom Dupree's. The Journal of the Society for the Preservation of Bob Dylan #1 -- very s.f.nal title -- introduces its author as a 15-year-old Jackson, Mississippian, and goes on to credit Billy Pettit as the mentor who brought him to SFPA. A little talk about recording is interesting, and he finishes up by announcing the formation of an apa called MAPA, apparently not that which Alan Mann wrote for earlier.

Dian Pelz' cover on Kabumpo #4 doesn't equal the cut-out works of art which adorned her first two issues, but the excellence of her stencil work remains unabridged. She allows as how the Portfolio for David Mitchell was a lot of work and she doubts she'll be doing anything that special for SFFA from now on. Untrue. A pregnancy is reported in the Pelz household -- as is one in chez Hulan. Dave has not mentioned this new addition, but it figures that Rachel would be debuting about that time.

By comparison with this splendid news, mc's kinda fade in importance. But it's neat to read that Dian Pelz had liked David Mitchell ("such a nice neo") and had hoped that he was "a young colored fellow /Montgomery/ had met somewhere." A beautiful geisha adorns the bacover -- I sure do like Dian's zines, her art, the impeccable mimeography, the cinch-to-read pica.

Moving towards the end now, we find Austral One by Stephen Barr, an artless dittozine replete with ugly strikeouts. A Texan, Barr is certainly selfconscious about being in a Southern apa -- he spends $1\frac{1}{2}$ pages reviewing 3 books on the KKK which project their values onto all of American society. Pans of Zelazny and F&SF begin the zine, which also includes a review of a Rebecca West work and comments on the Hugo nominees. Therein he calls Gordon Dickson "overrated". Right, Steve.

A dittoed Joe Staton illo -- a nuclear blast behind a weeping woman -- is the cover to Manndate 5, by Rich Mann. Within is uneven mimeo on bond; the impression roller on Mann's mimeo has a soft spot, causing periodic blanks in the printing. Rich apologizes profusely, and despite his troubles, offers printing help for other apans. He proclaims (again) a pagecount war -- but hasn't much chance against Hulan. An article on western pulps ends with a sentence I can only sympathize with: "that redhead really sends me". A stupid short short tale, "Dust", wins no prizes, but the list of Carter Brown paperbacks is worth scanning. The Wayward Wahine -- woowoo! In "Gruntlings", his mc's, Mann dislikes the page requirement Dave has already rescinded, can't believe REG's girls' tits (neither can I), reveals that he binds his apa mailings (he has the first 5 Apa-Ls). 2 pages of dittoed reviews by Richie Benyo close the zine, and the longest SFFA mailing to date.

So: how does SFFA stand, as mailing 17 becomes history? Though the OEsip is in Los Angeles with Hulan, the Southern spirit and group identification is high, thanks to DSC and the new talent. Dave is re-acclimating himself to the reins of power, experimenting with rules before settling on the traditional. We are stable. We are well. SFFA enters its fifth year hale and hearty and fatter than ever.

