

And from mlg 108 in '82, we go to mlg 18 in '65 ...
Volume 6 of

The Montgomery Papers



"Like true Confederate grey was the twilltone Dave [Hulan] chose for the Southerner." So Lon Atkins begins his reminiscence of SFPA's 18th mlg in Melikaphkaz #33 (SFPA 50). "I could hear General Jeb Stuart calling his SFPA troop to horse. Sabers out and at the enemy!"

17 years later, the true grey of the November, 1965 Official Organ has not faded. Opening this 6th volume of Larry Montgomery's SFPA collection, one is struck by the freshness of the mlg -- in every sense of the word.

On the contents, OE Dave Hulan lists 23 items, which total out to 258 pages ... or so. As is surprisingly usual in Hulan's OEsip, the OO will list a correction, a one-page goof. (My own count of the pages hits 251.) 19 SFPAns are listed on the roster, printed below the contents. One name is new to membership, if familiar from contributions to others' zines: Ed Cox. The great doodler's Arleta address (still the same in '82) is one of four California listings. With a vacancy open, Hulan invites Lynn Hickman, a former member, to re-up. (He will have the distinction of being the second man to rejoin SFPA; Rick Norwood has earlier suffered a one-mailing lapse for late dues.) Lamar Hollingsworth, the exceptionally dubious alter ego of the even more doubtful David Mitchell, is dropped -- no zine under his name has run through; his contributions have consisted entirely of articles in Larry Montgomery's zines. Lamar is suspected of hoaxdom so widely that Don Markstein will not even mention him in his SFPA 73 Index.

Going on with OEfficial business, Hulan levies an 11-page fine against North Carolinian Al Scott, "for Stupidity". "It was plainly stated in the last O-O that he owed 10 pages," says Dave, "and then he produced only five." Rather than bounce Scott on the spot, Hulan hopes to set an example with him through the fine. By mlg 19, the fine will make an ex-SFPAn out of him. Mlg 19's deadline is given as 2-23-66, & SFPA carries a \$32.56 treasury towards it. The major expenditure since mlg 17 has been \$5.65 for SFPA mimeo supplies: a quire of stencils, a ream of twilltone, a can of ink. \$5.65. Gad. The price of extra mlg's is set at 75¢ for wait-listers and fifty cents more than that for "outsiders". No protest is heard from "outsider" Ward Batty, then 3 years old.

With no constitutional amendments to muck up the 18th OO, Dave devotes his editorial space to other business. The shield presented on the cover to mlg 17 (& reprinted in SM67, mlg 105) is designated SFPA's official emblem. The idea of certificates for egoboo poll winners is abandoned. The upcoming OElection and Egoboo Poll, due in mlg 19, are mentioned, and that's finis for the OO ... of SFPA.

Another OO follows. Those who deride Shadow-SFPA as "merely another apa running

through SFFPA" would be incensed. Here is The Apache, official organ and complete contents (at 2 pages) of APACHE, the Amateur Press Alliance of Chapel Hill and Environs. The organization of this new "a-j group" (how long has it been since apazines were called "amateur journals"?) is described in fervent detail by the new apa's OE, Bheermaster, Sergeant-at-Arms, and President: Lon Atkins. No mention is made of a need for a Shadow-APACHE. SFFPAs should have been forewarned by this solo oneshot that a powermad fiend was in their midst that could never be satisfied with a one-member apa. He won't be for long.

Up next is the second issue of Tom Dupree's Journal for the Preservation of Bob Dylan, printed on pretty wine-red paper. True to its title, the zine opens with discussion of Bringin' It All Back Home. Arnie Katz and Billy Pettit have been jawing around this disc; Dupree joins in panning its "artificiality", but loves "Mr. Tambourine Man", however. He also loves SFFPA 17, which he acclaims as the best apadisty he's ever seen. "I'm proud to be a part of SFFPA," he says. One more issue of The Journal will emit from Dupree -- #1. Campbell is not the first SFFPA Tom to number his zines in reverse.

Printed on paper of the same bizarre hue, Century #1 at first appears to be part of the Dupree zine. But it's really a 3-page effort from Rich Mann, Dupree's publisher, listing the first 100 numbers of his ROMPress. Montgomery has written a note by the colophon -- "27 of 100 I've seen" -- and checks off the appropriate 27. An apa color code is given which I do not understand -- SFFPA, it says, is cherry. Huh?

While penning this look at mlg 18, I called Beth over to see the incredible cover to Warlock #10. By Jerry Burge, it is very, very fine fantasy art in the Finlay mold -- a pulp hero battling a giant carnivorous plant to save a knife-wielding damsel. Wow. Burge was one of the best artists ever to create covers for SFFPazines -- without hesitation, I'd place him in the top 5. Beneath this beauty is Warlock, a nicely produced Montgomery mimeozine of 28 pages. Ancient SFFPAN -- my age -- Bill Gibson contributes some funny cartoons and a spooky poem, & Frank Coleman a longish fiction with Joe Staton illos. But most of the zine is utterly Larry. "The Warlock Speaks" describes the storage building behind his folks' home where his Wood Valley Press is housed. Complaining of fannish overextension, he declares his intent to drop three other apas. His fictioneer, Coleman, is revealed to be head of the local post office ("down Staton, I know it's consorting with the evil enemy"). His apa-binding projects are discussed, & The Carpetbaggers (ack) is praised. An index to the first 40 Valhalla Pubs follows, trailed by "A Dark Night in Wood Valley", allegedly a true story, which pokes fun at youthful occultism.

"Fallen Idols" has its usual logo -- the illo can be seen in mlg 108's Higher Elevation. Beautifully etched titles identify each SFFPAzine reviewed in this mc section. The size of SFFPA 17 elates Larry. Giggling, no doubt, between the lines, he allows that Lamar Hollingsworth, if not a hoax, is at least a fink; he encourages DHOE to give him the bum's rush. His mc's to both Rick Norwood's Five and Jerry Page's Cykranosh mention the earliest SFFPA mailings -- Montgomery's sense of apa history is already strong a mere 4 years post-founding. A Gibson illo of a talking dildo (that's what I said) proclaims "I'm the Official Organ of the SFFPA!" It shocks those of us who know the paragon of virtue that is Larry Montgomery today. Generously, he invites Rich Mann to travel south and sample Southern femininity (stay home, Mann; we want them all for ourselves). In a final page of natter, he reveals a conversation with charter SFFPAN Dick Ambrose, and claims to have been "had" by Lamar Hollingsworth. Join the crowd, Larry. A terrific dragon illo by Jerry Montgomery closes Warlock #10.

From unreconstructed Confederate to DamnYankee goes SFFPA 18's progress. Arnie Katz's zine is next, a dittoed Staton cover heading a dittoed DY8. Having returned to the University of Buffalo, Arnie begins with natter about his roommates, who seem typical collegiate loons. Their penchant for papering the room with Playboy foldouts irks him; now that he's met Katya Hulan, he tells them, Hefner bunnies do nothing for him.

Ever the pain in the posterior, Arnie begins his mailing comments with a suggestion that Hulan has missed a conflict between his rules and his Constitution. He won't tell him what it is. (Reading this, Dave drops a requirement that waitlisters -- there are 3 at this time -- respond to the OO, thinking this might be the contradiction Arnie means.) Katz bombs Five, defends Richard Shaver to Hank Luttrell, guffaws at the improbable Gilbert gazongas on display in Iscariot, no doubt relying on his roomies' wallpaper for more accurate models. Enthusiastically he talks Dylan with Billy Pettit, & just as happily teases Dian Pelz. "Next year," he yuks, "maybe she [will] whow me her whips and leather suit." Which explains all the Staton cartoons I've seen of a gorgeous lady in catseye specs, spike heels, and leather gear, weilding a whip. The guy whose dittoed pub is undoubtedly the ugliest zine in SFFPA 18 wonders to Hulan why SFFPAzines look so "shoddy". From the same bottomless pit of gall comes advice on how Lon Atkins could improve Clarges, which Katz insists on calling Clerges. His defense of the Rolling Stones to Dupree is a tad too anti-Beatles for my tastes, but is otherwise right on. At least Arnie gets one thing right this mailing.

If Invader #9 fits Katz' idea of "shoddy", then hooray for "shoddy". Its editor, Joe Staton, and publisher, Dave Hulan, have other adjectives in mind. Joe's jungle scene cover is beautifully traced onto stencil, with effective use of shading plates. The text is justified & there are lotsa nice illos. Phooey on Arnie. The content is good, too, beginning with Richie Benyo's book reviews. Apparently Benyo's name was synonymous with crudzinery in this ancient age, but these aren't bad. A story by Staton & his old pal Dick Harkness -- "The Bones of Sodom" -- is pretty fair; nice gory ending. Three pages of mc's end the issue. Not surprisingly, the eventual creator of E-Man seems to discuss artwork most, and his comments on Captain Video are very funny.

The 3rd issue of Stamp, "The Official Organ of the Conservatives and Liberals Allied to Stamp Out Uncle Same's Post Office", is next. It gives "Rik" Mann the title of "Bomb Squad Director"; author Staton is "Propaganda Coordinator". Columnists Dean Pope and Richard Starnes offer invective against the demonic p.o.

An unusual, and very special, zine is up next. It has no mc's, no reviews, no suggestion of science fiction. Yet it is probably the best piece of work in the 18th mailing. This is Larry Montgomery's In Search of Halloween, a very evocative memoir of Montgomery's changing emotions at the edge of manhood. It's a place we have all been to, and this is one piece of 1965 writing that the 1982 Montgomery can take hide pride in ... and it bears reprinting. I must pass over it quickly here. But it merits much more.

Back down to earth, we find Dave Locke next before us. Dave's been on the receiving end of a little grief lately, critiqued as being too "serious". But this eighth issue of Yellowjacket is rather breezy, with wry mc's and reviews. Best is his rant to Dave Hulan about egoboo polls, which he detests. He suggests a category for people who use weak staples on big zines (*gulp*), print pages upside down, or utilize cruddy artwork. "The winning publisher should ... be cast in bronze, and dumped in the East River." After correctly predicting professionalism in Joe Staton's artistic future, he wishes he had the energy to print a cover on transparencies (a first that will have to wait for a '70's Carlberg zine). Looking forward to the comparison of various SFFPAs to the young Guy Lillian, he pairs Rich Mann with the young Dave Hulan. After a baffling fable, Dave socks SFFPA with deadpan reviews of such crummy classics as Frankenstein Meets the Space Monster and Horror of Party Beach.

Sandwiched by humorous ditto covers is Rich Mann's 6th Manndate, 20 pages of mimeoed text. (Century's color code to the contrary, the paper is light blue.) Rich opens matters with delight at Billy Pettit's upcoming transfer to Fargo, North Dakota. The Grand Forks college student gets a boost out of having two members of a Southern apa on North Dakota's frozen tundra. The great pagecount war he declared some time back has been frustratingly unwinnable for Rich, so here he improves his chances by the time-tested tactic of Screwing Around with the Rules. By banning reprints,

genzines, & covers by other artists from his totals, he manages to elevate himself to second place, and pretty well discredit his pagecount war for keeps. After announcing that he's taken over Lloyd Broyles' Who's Who in Fandom project, he caps his natter by introducing the Flesch Formula to SFFA.

Rudolf Flesch's formula is a journalistic device designed to evaluate a writer's style for reading ease. Complicated equation. You count all the syllables in a hundred word selection, divide by the number of sentences, multiply by the ratio of warts to moles on Rich Mann's backside, and serve with garnish. By its lights, Al Andrews is the hardest SFFAN to understand and Lon Atkins the easiest. (Larry, right in the middle, circles his standings.) The stats will not cause SFFANs to do flips trying to improve their scores. Even in 1965 we preferred Flesch to Flesch.

A page on Ranch Romances, Rich's favorite pulp, leads to "Gruntlings", his mc's. He notes Hulan's reversion to a sane pagecount requirement system, and poochpoohs egoboo poll certificates as "a silly ass game". Chatty mc's discourse on cities, music, "cheap dime hamburgers", Apa-45 (he finds no purpose in it; is there one to SFFA?), & Roger Zelazny, then flashing his first big dazzle.

There is a stunning cover on Auslander #1, the Dave Hulan/Ed Cox collaborative genzine. Don Simpson depicts an impossible mountain crag jutting over unspeakable gulfs of air, a palace perched atop it, bridges and arches of stone ... The buildings seem uncomfortably tilted, but pffft ... the sensawunda is breathtaking. An mc will exult that such a site was made for epic fantasy. Ed-itorializing, Cox says that Auslander may be part of a new 8th Fandom, apa-oriented and hyperactive, and beats the hell out of me. Bimonthly publication is pledged ... this is SFFA's only issue; no way to know if they kept at it. Buck Coulson submits an article on Rene Lafayette's "Conquest of Space" series, RDE Conway has a fannish look at LASFS (reminiscent of modern DSC reports). EdCo's "Blast Off!" urges prozine reproduction of the Hugo nominating ballot. Reviews, a good fable by Dave's brother Richard (who had writing in SFFA's first mailing), and a beautiful article on Margery Sharp's Miss Bianca series finish the zine, which is blessed, I should add, by some fine Arthur Thomson art. ATom's drawing reminds me of Swedish modern furniture.

"Supersnoopy" atop his doghouse is the cover figure to Rick Norwood's Cliffhangers & Others #8. The zine, always creative, atleast to date, takes the form of letters to the various members. Rick tells Hulan he has recently visited Europe, and spoken to Katz en route. Five was submitted, he explains, to cover a surprise 12-page assessment. His comments on the novel as artform (to Hank Luttrell) are most misinformed -- he think biographies superior, for instance -- but his words on horror films are even more to the point now than they were in 1965: "we have replaced a cathartic with an emetic."

Various minor disasters have afflicted Al Andrews and Billy Pettit, co-editors of Iscariot, so there is no zine by that title in this mailing. Instead there is Minus by the same lads, natter (by Al) and mc's (by Billy) without the usual frills. "Gotta hit the mailing with something," they exclaim. Al discusses flying saucers with a sharp skepticism; he doubts man will ever meet otherkind-from-space. A terribly unfortunate "satiric" paragraph on the KKK was undoubtedly misunderstood by yankee readers. Billy's repro is likewise unlucky, but one can make out that he is claiming Lamar Hollingsworth to be real, and mourns the departure from SFFA of "such a lovely target". In discussing Hank Reinhardt, he misspells the wolflord's name, making his own move to North Dakota a superlative idea.



The contents page of Starling 7, by Hank Luttrell, lists 40 pages of text, but SFFA sees but 11 pages of it. Most of what we get is a verse account of the 1965 London world-con by Richard Gordon (undoubtedly not the Apollo astronaut). Entitled "The Ballad of the Congoer", it's excellent, by far the issue's treat. The two-toned Staton cover is rather crudely traced, and Luttrell himself contributes

but a few reviews. Two pages of bad repro and short mc's follow under Luttrell's Such and Such banner, in which Hank's unspoken claim to SFFPA greatness gets no support. Of Hulan's first SFFPA Index, "I can't think of anything to use it for," he says. Expect your Rebel Award by parcel post, Hank.

Fortunately, Luttrell's attitude is Luttrell's attitude, and Lon Atkins' attitude is Lon's. Here we have Melikaphkaz #3, co-credited 12 pages to Atkins and 5 to Al Scott. Printed on that mandarin-colored twiltone Lon likes, it sports an attractive and lightly handcolored Staton cover ... and yet another fannish hoax. This one revolves around a physics class Lon is teaching (he's a grad student at UNC), and a particularly recalcitrant "Bad Apple for the Teacher": Al Scott. Each bewails the miserable luck that has brought them together in class. In truth, of course, Al has come nowhere close to Atkins' school responsibilities, but the gag inspires in-group humor and yet closer SFFPA bonds. Lon's Box Scores show him at a flat 50 pages/mlg, by far the best in the apa. In mc's, he condemns dittoed 00s (he has one more to suffer, mlg 20's), welcomes Jerry Page to SFFPA, pschaws down "jackleg variants" of classic chess. The correct pronunciation of his title is given: Mel-i-kaff-kaaz. The former doubter congratulates Pettit and Katz on winning him over to Bob Dylan. Fearlessly seeking truth, he asks Dian Girard Pelz if the lieutenant on The Fugitive is any relation.

"Up Jumped the Devil" eases Lon out of the fanzine with the tale of a buddy who'd been stuck with an impossible roommate. The guy was a kneejerk Yankee quasi-liberal, whose mindless anti-Southernish was driving Lon's friend crazy. In vengeance, the Southerners concoct a bogus dialog, replete with assumed (and most phony) racism, designed to be "accidentally" overheard by the roommate, and to flame out his ears. It works.

Five pages of elite-type mc's follow from Scott, pages aimed at Clarges, Lon's genzine. Al never puts a solo zine through SFFPA, but this is entertaining writing nonetheless. He joins in the recent Theorem #3 hoax (see SM69 for an account) with an "explanation" of why the zine didn't run through SFFPA, and comments intelligently on censorship (to Katz) and atheism (to Locke). Do A.B. Dick stencils smell like bananas? Scott thinks so. And I wish I could have heard that lady read Browning with her brogue.

There's little suggestion in this Mel of the big changes in store for Atkins. Thoroughly tired of academic life, Lon aches to seek real work in the real world. Between this zine and mailing 19, he will find it ... and after consultation with Andrews, Montgomery and others, will boost his SFFPA involvement to the maximum. In time we shall see what that entails.

A half-dozen zines remain to the 18th SFFPA. Utgard 7, by Hulan, is first, and advertises its offerings right on the cover: "Fabulous Editorial", "Wine Lore", "Atheism", "Mailing Comments", "Faan Fiction". Using a variety of typefaces, the dittozine delivers. Dave's Box Scores differ from Lon's in that they list the mailings a member has hit as well as his pagecount. Dave leads in both categories. In a nostalgic mood much like Montgomery's, he mentions seeing SFFPA's third OE, Bill Plott, in Las Vegas, and wonders aloud about the apa's founder: "Good old Bob Jennings ... He was an interesting sort of cuss, in a strange way." Bob's old buddy KEN Gentry is also missed; Dave blames "*girls*" for KEN's gafia. Japanese movies ... Southern beer ... agnosticism ... Diplomacy ... Eddison titles ... REG girls' tits ... Sandy Koufax ... the excellence of Bill Gibson as cartoonist ... why SFFPA is better than OMPA ... the nature of oneshots ... At the very least, Hulan's mc's are comprehensive.

"The Blind Faith of Atheism" follows the mc's, a reprint from Yandro. It's typed in a headache-inducing pica face that fails miserably in ditto, and puts atheists down pretty vehemently. Such debates seem out of place in fanzines, even Hulan's. More like it is "From the Vine Came the Grape", an article on California wine which reminds one, a bit, of Vern Clark's piece on Irish whiskey from mlg 108. Yummy. "The Fan of Bronze" continues afterwards, the mad faanfic booming along nicely. A checklist of

John Dickson Carr mysteries finishes the issue, facing mutely the splendid stat-
ted illo which serves as cover to the zine that next comes.

This is Acrux #1, the first of 8 issues Ed Cox will create for SFFPA. EdCo states
that he is joining SFFPA to forge ties with Southern fandom; he's been in the hobby
since 1946, he says, and it's about time. A long checklist of Dac Savage stories
and an exposition on same complete the zine, except for praise of Atkins' portfol-
io of Staton art. Perhaps shy in new company, the great Cox attempts no mc's.

The next two items in SFFPA 18 are connected. The first, a brief pub called Tempus
Fugit, is Rich Mann's explanation for the second, Manderingings #1. Manderingings,
we see, is an early ROMPress genzine, sent to Redd Boggs on stencil in 1964, and
lost until now. Rich is frantic with apologies for the neo nature of his zine,
but there is good material here. A short squib on computer poetry is very funny;
a post office horror story is perplexing. John Boardman, widely known as the most
vehement of damnyankees, writes about Novgorod; perhaps articles on Russian cities
have their place in eclectic fanzines. In an article on mimeography, Charles
Platt disparages Gestetners, and Rick Brooks critiques the work of E.E. Smith.
The best item in the zine is "In Defense of Fandom", where various correspondants
respond to the maternal worry earlier voiced by Rich's mother. Among the contribu-
tors are Harry Warner, Dwain Kaiser, and both Coulsons. Elaine Mann is properly
impressed and grateful for the enlightenment.

"A Common Martian Canalwort" ... Now what, you may wonder, is that? Continuing
through mlg 18, we first glimpse this arcane critter through a translucent protec-
tive sheet; flipping this aside, we find a being somewhat like an artichoke, with
rich green "leaves", red "berries", and a heart of silver glitter. The cover to
Kabumpo #5, this is Dian Pelz' work, the climax of her friendly handwork competi-
tion with Joe Staton -- and the winning stroke. Dian backs this cover with sweet
mc's, which never allow disagreements (such as with Luttrell over Tolkien) to be-
come disagreeable. She's even nice to Norwood's Five, which everyone else nuked
unmercifully. Some Rotsler cartoons add humor to the good feeling, and reviews of
Werfel and Huysman tomes contribute a sense of literary class. Alas, though, Ka-
bumpo ends with a true tale of terror -- an account of a sniper attack on LASFS.
After booting a couple of crashers out of their Halloween party, the LASFSians duck
bullets fired into the clubhouse. A slug passes inches from Dian's face; she's in-
jured by wood splinters. They can't do that to SFFPA's "Girl of Some Sort"! May
the bulleteers be now enjoying their 17th year in Hell.

But Dian is all right, and there is even a cover by her, next, to suggest that.
Prometheus writhes in horrid anticipation atop Zaje Zaculo #8. Len Bailes has
moved since issue #7 from Charlotte NC to Ellay, where he's now a student at UCLA.
The intoxicating joy at being at the hub of the fannish universe spills all over
this zine. His mc's touch on movies (he likes Gaslight), Max Shulman (funny writer;
fugheaded speaker), Barsoom, Frankenstein (he errs in thinking Bride "played for
laughs"), Narnia. "Having your zine at the end isn't always a bad thing," he says,
to close, and it's good that he thinks so, since Zaje Zaculo puts the cap on SFFPA
18.

As I said before, the Southern Fandom Press Alliance is having a good year in 1965
-- but it is having it in twain. The competant, if just slightly haphazard OEShip
is in California, along with 3 other excellent rosterites, two of whom have no
ties to the South. Back in the Confederacy, Montgomery, Atkins, Staton and Andrews
continue to create the strong personal bonds that SFFPA has already come to mean
for its members. The apa steams towards confrontation, but that's mailing 19's
story.

