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In May, 1966, SFPA's 20th mailing appears. It marks a lot of milestones. For one thing, it features the last dittoed 00 ever to grace one our mailings. It reports a change in the apa OEs ship ... as it will happen, the last change for 4 years. And most importantly, it marks the end of SFPA's first half-decade. It's a damn nice mailing, too, abrim with enthused spirit, and blessed with one of the best pubs SFPA will ever see. SFPA turns, with this mailing, back towards the South; it reaffirms, at least temporarily, its regionality, and its commitment to faanishness -- fandom for and about the fans.

The dittoed 00, for all the intervening years, is still legible and pleasing to the eye. OE Dave Hulan's reproduction (on paper, you digusting people) has been letting him down recently; the last couple of mailings have featured atrocious showthrough (a problem still evident in his Utgard 9 later on). Here, though, the repro is next to nominal. The large pica type gives a crisp, easy-on-the-iris image. As usual, the 00 begins with the contents of the mlg, 25 (or 27) zines totalling 286 (or 327) pages. The difference depends on whether one counts two "Unofficial Inclusions to members only". Not enough copies exist of these pubs to meet SFPA's 25-copy requirement ... but enough are on hand to send to SFPA's 16 members. Dave has a personal reason for this unprecedented action: the second of these zines is Utgard 1, which "was intended for OMPA and went through SAPS". Hulan wants every issue of the zine to have gone through SFPA, too. Uhh ... yeah.

Sixteen SFPAns are listed, in DHOE's peculiar way, on the roster. Al Andrews ... Lon Atkins, now ensconced in Huntsville after spending the last mailing on the road ... Len Bailes, listed at his Charlotte NC address, instead of UCLA ... Jerry Burge, a new member but familiar name ... Ed Cox ... Hulan ... Arnie Katz, the ferocious damyankee ... Hank Luttrell ... Rich Mann ... Larry Montgomery ... Rick Norwood ... Jerry Page ... Angeleno Angel Dian Pelz ... Billy Pettit ... ex-OE Joe Staton ... Wally Weber, another newcomer. Steve Barr, Tom Dupree, and Dave Locke are dropped. To replace them and an empty spot, 4 waitlisters are invited into membership: Barry Gold, Hank Reinhardt, Bill Bruce & Lynn Hickman. Three others -- Lee Jacobs, Charles Wells, and Al Scott -- wait still. And if you remember the tale of mlg 19, one of the names above will ring a puzzling bell.

# The Montgomery Papers

VOLUME 9





I don't mean Reinhardt, although the mysteries of Hank are puzzling indeed. Barry Gold? Didn't Hulan throw him off the SFFPA waitlist last mlg, utilizing, for the first time ever, the OE's power of damyankee blackball?

Ten points! Yes indeed, Dave did show Gold what the do' was fo', citing Gold's obnoxiousness & lack of writing talent as reasons. But now he relents, and returns Gold to his wl position. A plebiscite held along with the OEGoboo Poll has backed Dave's action, but, as he reveals, by only a 7-6 margin. As "the six opponents were much more vehement than the seven supporters", Dave bows to their wishes. It's all a tornado in a turnstile anyway, since Gold will let the reluctant invitation slide.

A \$44 Treasury, a clear and complete set of rules, & Hulan reaches a page of "Miscellaneous Business". (If only our contemporary OOs had room for such.) Therein he deals with constitutional amendments. Two, presented last time, failed -- these dealt with Egoboo Poll certificates. Three more show this time and are discussed here. One would establish the present 20-member limit constitutionally rather than rely on the OE's discretion, the present (then as now) system. The other two would remove certain states or others from the constitution's definition of the South. Hulan advises members to send their votes to Lon Atkins.

And closes this portion of the Official Organ thanking the membership for making Volume 5 -- his OEShip -- a successful year. SFFPA is now, he says, "a first-rate apa", thanks to the enthused members. The major accomplishment of the past year, in his view, seems to be the cleaning out of "deadwood", to be replaced by good actiapans, but in retrospect I would declare it to be the return of coherent organization to the group, after the disastrous OEShip of Joe Staton. Dave created the SFFPA framework during his first OEShip in SFFPA's second year. In the past four mailings he's returned the apa to a stable and consistent (usually) administration.

And as a way of bidding adieu to OEShip, Dave mentions his OOs ... "You'll miss them someday, mark my words -- you'll miss my ditto'd O-O's ... when they're faded and gone ..."

By the foregoing, you might gather that the spirited OElection campaign between Dave Hulan & Lon Atkins has ended in triumph for the challenger. Kee-rect. But you will have to wait until Utgard to find the voting totals ... they're in neither the OO or the Egopoll totals, given next. In these results we see Dave continue the new tradition of moving from the OEShip into the Presidency of SFFPA; he has 5 fewer points than Lon, (376 to 381), but unless one is Alan Hutchinson, one cannot be both OE and President in SFFPA. So Dave wins that post. Individual category winners include Utgard as best regular zine, Hulan's mc's, reviews and articles, Staton (by far) as best artist and cartoonist (and just barely in free points), Jerry Page's fiction, Atkins for humor. The Amazing SFFPA-fen wins the best single pub honor by two-to-one over the nearest competitors.

A very early Jeff Jones illo fronts Warlock #12, a 27-pager from Larry Montgomery. This is a particularly good issue -- one could never suspect that Larry will gaffiate within a year. There's a large variety but a high consistent quality to the contents, which begin, as usual, with an editorial. It deals almost entirely with Ala-Apa, the all-'Bama alliance he and Al Andrews have founded (see Larry's reprints of Al's letters for details). His meetings with locals Tim Eklund and Fred Azbell are documented, & Ala-Apa's constitution is printed. (You read it recently in A Higher Elevation.) Except for requiring Alabama residence and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11 paper size, and setting the OE's age at 21 or +, it's about the same as SFFPA's. The second installment of "Faans on Olympus", by Andrews, follows, a crazed jaunt through s.f. history. Al's caricatures of Lon, Hulan (recently reprinted) and Arnie Katz (as a Nazi) add visual hilarity. A wistful hand-writ (& hand-traced) letter from ex-member Bill Gibson is next, lamenting his gafia. A tombstone inscribed Worm Farm (Gibson's SFFPAzine title) brings a sigh even now.



"The Isle of the Prophet", a Jerry Page s'n's yarn, and "Fumblings", a review column by Tim Eklund, make pleasant reading. Six pages of "Fallen Idols" mc's complete the zine. Again Larry's tracery is at work -- each zine has its title etched elegantly onto stencil. (I wonder what the Montgomery of '66 would have said if confronted with mlg 100 ...) Anyway, Larry praises mlg 17 as SFFPA's best yet, especially its artwork. Sticking to that subject, he argues with Arnie Katz (so what else is new?) about Jerry Burge's standing relative to Joe Staton, but these two would argue about the color of a polar bear. Roar! Shriek! I do believe that this is SFFPA's bona fide feud. Not desiring another such, Larry apologizes to Tom Dupree for "alienating" him (bosh) ... and goes on to very sensibly discuss ERB. The other mc's all begin with comments on the covers. He ends the zine passionately proclaiming that Lamar Hollingsworth is real. As he still does.

Gack! Larry was right to praise the art in mlg 19, but he doubtless took it all back when he gazed upon the mimeo cover to Koshtra Belorn 2. David Hall's SFFPAzine features Becker Staus' "Self Portrait at Age 45" ... all I can say is, if it's an accurate guess, Becker should make for the bridge at age 44. Yeesh. But for the awfulness of this cover, Koshtra Belorn is a pretty solid zine. Admitting that he's misspelled his title (like Lon, he stole from Eddison), he praises that author's work, and yearns for the impossible dream: editions of Eddison illustrated by the Hugo-winning pulp artist, El Greco. He passes along his father's advice on the proper pronunciation of "Ayesha" (Assha" -- now how do you pronounce that?) & promises to pass on the responses gleaned from a friend's hysterical LOC. He mentions Ray and Joyce Fisher, who will chair the '69 worldcon, in the midst of a comment on Dylan & Baez -- only an apparent non sequitur. His comment on Larry Montgomery's superb In Search of Halloween is the only negative one I've seen: "Did some bastard tell Montgomery he was Ray Bradbury or something?" A lot of his commentary seems pushy -- rather like early Clint Hyde. ("Go away, Mann, you listen to your teachers too much"; "I should come out there and kick a knot in your ass"; "Montgomery, I hate your guts", etc.) But mostly the mc's are fun. He talks intelligently about such diverse topics as Richard Burton's acting and Tolkien (he foolishly distrusts JRR's popularity -- just as I did). His defense of fandom from "that cute little cutup, Kingsley Amis" is strong and cutting (anyone who thinks Dian Pelz is a misfit can jump daintily into hell"). His tales of his work at an office supply company are fine and funny, reminiscent (or precognizant) of Mark Verheiden.

Leaving mc's, Hall talks books for a bit (Dunsany, H. Allen Smith), then prints "Dark Kaltar and the Lord of Hell", by E.E. Evers, and epic but questionable sword & sorcery verse. A "screaming bell"? I dunno ... An even more senseless paragraph about a secret agent feeding an anaconda to a meat grinder (gawd!) completes the zine, except for a badly mimeoed bacover showing a pterodactyl carrying off a train. "I've been working on a railroad," it is captioned. Good stuff, mostly. Ignore the warts of youth and we find in Koshtra Belorn a literate and amusing pub. A shame Hall didn't stick around. This zine is an OE frank, a late arrival for mlg 19. Hall is no longer on SFFPA's roster.

Neither is Dave Locke. One page, dittoed ... in fact, less than a page of type, is next. Yellowjacket #9, and last announces Dave's resignation and gafiation. He will be back -- he assures SFFPA of that -- in years to come. But this is It for now.

As Locke's tour ends, at least for the present, Lon Atkins' is just hitting its stride. The OElect submits no fewer than half a dozen zines to mlg 20, many one-shots committed with other SFFPans. The National Fantasy Fake is the first of these, a parody of the NFFF newsletter with Wally Weber. The 6 pages of text are marvelous, with the two sinners masking their nattering drivel behind a TNFF-style format. Riotous. Abort is a one-page Atkins-zine celebrating his purchase of a Packard silkscreen mimeo. The rationale for the zine is Al Andrews' alleged misconstrual of the news to mean that Lon has bought a car. Lon plays along, claiming that he'll





henceforth use his auto to print stencils -- affixing them to each tire and driving them over the paper. Next is Murder #1, an Ala-Apa overrun. Typed in elite, unlike almost all of Lon's other zines, it's actually a 5-page oneshot with Billy Pettit, Wally Weber, & Jerrys Page and Burge. An Atkins cover is attached, and if you didn't think Lon could draw, you were right. As for the content, it's strictly of the well-here-I-am-at-the-type-writer-how-far-off-is-line-60 mode, scarcely justifiable.

"Justifiable"? Did someone say "justifiable"? SFPAGE #2, by Jerry Page (of course), is up next, and sure enough, it's justified ... or at least its margins are. The content is justified, too, because, in a word, it's excellent. Jerry is one helluva sharp & funny writer. The six ditto pages of this publication contain six brief, effective squibs ... starting with the contents that encapsulate all. An exposé of Wally Weber as a secret punster comes next, in which "Alcoholics Punonymous" is recommended. "War Amongst the Little Giants" relates an encounter classique amongst Billy Pettit, Hank Reinhardt, and a beer bottle filled with water. "SFPAGinations" are Jerry's mc's, in which he strong-

ly criticizes the Gold ouster and reveals, for the first time in SFFA, a fandom-wide uproar over the plagiarism of ex-SFFAN Stephen Barr. Barr had published Austral 2 in mlg 19, containing an article attributed to the NYTimes. Hoo! Controversy! Jerry calls for Steve's point of view -- but as we've seen, Barr is out of SFFA, for non-payment of dues. The other mc's are light and faanish. The zine closes with "My Friend Hank Reinhardt", another priceless line from the legend of the incomparable wolflord. Jerry told this tale at the Reinhardt Roast ... how El Hanko, thinking to costume himself as a Martian for a masque, had coated his bod with green greasepaint -- only to be greeted, upon verdant entrance, with a boozy "Ho! Ho! Ho! It's the Jolly Green Giant!"

Ho! Ho! Ho! It's the jolly green DamnYankee. Arnie Katz pops up next with his 10th issue. The medium is ditto, the paper a light green (which Katz hates; Hulan's sense of justice is at work, as well as his ditto), the length 20 pages, the cover by Staton. A milestone is announced in the colophon: AtheK will publish his 1000th fanzine page in this issue. Hooray, hooray, zzzz. Anyway, as usual, Arnie is funny and sarcastic; in protesting Hulan's decision to allow self-votes on the egoboo poll, he reveals a plan to cast all of his votes for Arnie Katz. Fortunately he abandons this plan. He denies being a gentleman (No!), but admits to being lovable. His comment to Barr centers on feminine pulchritude in fandom ... naming names! He is very impressed by Katya Hulan. Dylan as ever is THE topic with Tom Dupree, mentioned also to Staton & Hulan. Is his suggestion that Atkins abbreviate Melikaphkaz as Mel the first such? He chides Bailes for low activity, as does everyone else, thus setting the stage for Lenity to come. Francis T. Laney's ongoing pub-writer's guide, "Syllabus for a Fanzine", finishes the zine, but not before Katz, supreme iconoclast, parodies the Box Scores of Atkins and Hulan with his own "Highly Serious Box Score for SFFA". This ranks members on how many letters their names have in common with "Arnold Katz". Arnie himself wins with 10. Several score 6. He advises Lon to use his full name on the poster -- increasing his score by 2. I'm told that he will repeat this ridiculous set of stats in an upcoming mailing.

At 32 pages, Iscariot #18 is the mailing's second-longest zine, but it must surely be the most welcome. It has been several mailings since Al Andrews & Billy Pettit have produced an issue, and while this is not the 100-page superzine rumored for some time, it does have quality. Two small, spooky drawings by Jerry Burge -- printed offset -- compose the identical front and back covers. Andrews' editorial, wherein he blames Pettit's job for the delay in publishing, is witty and light.



Announcements of the foundings of Ala-Apa and Rally! are featured. A long & detailed statement of Iscariot's policy centers on sf&f as a field of literature", a phrase repeated 4 times. A long & detailed article by Allen Boes on Unusual Stories seems right in this mold. Page 14 in Larry's copy is blank, so page 15 plants us into the long & detailed lettercol without introduction. Al has lost -- oh, let's say "misplaced" -- part of this col, but there are 6 pages left. A letter from Jeremy Barry, a good guy I knew for years in NOLA, and an inexplicably snide Pettit reply to one correspondent provide the most interest. The nasty rejoinder comes on the emotionally-charged issues of professional wrestling and Burroughs.

Back before Pettit became Al's co-editor, stencils for an article called "Once Upon a Saga" by Dale Walker were disastrously lost in the mails. No copy existed of this 3rd-in-its-series ... or so Al thought. Walked, fortunately, had kept his first draft, and so here the piece appears at last. It's interesting and well-written, dealing with H.H. Heins' ERB bibliography and -- fascinatingly -- with a possible source for the idea of Tarzan: a story by Jack London drawn from a plot-line by Sinclair Lewis. Neat! Glad this article wasn't forever lost!

"Amphipozi" is Pettit's portion of the zine, elite to Al's pica. It opens with chatter about the massive binge of traveling his job has forced upon him. He's been to NYC and met fans, Minneapolis and met fans, Los Angeles and met fans. His vaunted fanzine collection is mentioned, and some big names are dropped: visitors to Huntsville Ron Ellik, Sam Moscowitz, Lee Jacobs, plus SFPAs Atkins and Weber. Apologizing for the zine's "patchwork quilt" appearance (9 brands of stencils used), he finishes the issue with a few record reviews ... including Rubber Soul, for its folk vein.

Faned since the dawn of time have done zines like Test Master #1, up next, to check out new mimeos, dittos or, as here, typewriters. Dave Hulan runs this one-pager through, he kids, to revenge himself upon SFFA for the OElection results. The new typer produces fuzzy letters; the omnipresent showthrough is even worse than usual.

The 5th issue of Jerry Page's Lore sports an interesting cover, a design using presstype of an outer space vista. Jerry himself did it, and despite the presence on this genzine's art staff of Jeff Jones (who contributes an enchanting Hobbit to thish's illos) and Jerry Burge, it's a good choice. Counting the first volume's pages, Jerry begins this issue with page 49, and an editorial explaining Ed Wood's "FU Index" in the previous issue. ("FU" ... same to you, Wood!) Beautiful repro and superior paper, plus Page's all-but-unquiet (let's let that typo live) all-but-UNIQUE trademark, justified margins, make Lore an attractive zine indeed. It's also damn good reading.

Walter Went starts things off with a jolly article on reproducing rare collectibles photo-offsetting. "People Keep Telling Me I'm Crazy", it's called. "Would You Believe Slightly Mad?", rejoins Page, who seconds the idea. (Pat Adkins of NOLA, who has been reprinting David Keller's work through photo-offset, thirds it.) "Answers", a regular column supplying same to s.f. trivia buffs, features Lore lore on The Fantasy Foundation, the Garret Ford pseudonym (from no less an authority than Forry Ackerman), and alleged "unknown ERB movie" and Middle Earth. Southern fandom's own C. Warnell Brooks joins Charlie Brown in commenting on that. Neat column! It takes up almost half the issue, but it's interesting stuff. Jeff Jones' continuing column on comics reviews Creepy #8 and compares Al Williamson & Al McWilliams. "Bookwormings", by Jerry, comments on film magazines & their treatment of fantasy. Finally, "Questions" fuels future "Answers" columns with queries on Heinlein stories, and mentions The Time Traveller, the fabled first fanzine coauthored by Julie Schwartz and Mort Weisinger. Lore is an excellent sercon zine ... why did it take Southern fandom so long to give Page his Rebel?

Instead of Invader, his high-quality, mimeoed, justified-margins pub of mlgs past, Joe Staton offers Florimel #1, a frankly horrible dittozine whipped out in a rush.



Invader, he says, will be sent through TAPS and postmailed separately to SFPAn. (TAPS -- Apa-45 -- OMPA -- other apas feature significantly in the matter of many SFPAn this time, as conversations and hassles begun there slop over into SFPAn.) Joe mentions Lon Atkins' pre-OElection visit to Milan TN, his home, and the one-shot done there, & kills 4 pages stone dead with a crazy tale of polar bears and Martians. Mc's follow to complete the 9-page zine. Joe (not short for Joseph, we're told) carries an argument from Apa-45 over into his mc to Montgomery. QED. But mostly his 3 pages of mc's are lighthearted fun ("Len Bailes Does Not Stick to the Ribs"). Dave Hulan, printing this zine (with the usual showthrough an unfortunate signature) adds a putrid Feghoot, as revenge, he says, for Joe's endorsement of Lon in the late OElection. \*zing\*

Cowabunga ... wow! SFPAn has seen better covers than that to Shiva Kali #1, both illo & zine by Jerry Burge ... but none traced onto stencil. The mimeo medium resists detail and nuance, usually, but I've seen tracery artistically shaded & effectively done. This is the best such I have ever seen. Of course, it helps that Burge is an excellent artist anyway, and that his lallapalooza if a subject is a luscious hoochikoochy girl 6/7 of the way through the Dance of the 7 Veils. Wow.

The content of Burge's first SFPazine is sparse, however. Burge does not claim to be a fanzine fan. In introducing and autobioging himself, he provides few details (he was born in '31, for instance), but does establish the source of his artistic taste: Bergey Girls. (I don't think I recognize this variety of the Female Sublime...) An ad:in a 1949 pulp earned a phone call from Hank Reinhardt, he says, and Atlanta fandom was born. Two fragments of fiction, transcribed to stencil by Page, and an explanation of the Hindi title complete the pub. Turnabout being fair play, he caps it all with a Jerry Page illo.

It says Such and Such 8 on the 2-paneled Staton cover & the contents, and Such and Such 9 within; whichever, it's Hank Luttrell's unexcited mc's to mlg 19. Missourian Luttrell us not what you call a demon faned, embroiled in controversy for the sheer rush of adrenaline. His whole attitude seems encapsulated in a shrug. He does defend Missouri's status as a Southern state to Larry & Lon, discuss Dylan with several, lackadaisically defend atheism, tout St. Louis' bid for the '69 worldcon. A visit South is promised. Stapled into the back of his zine is a flyer for the first Ozarkon -- last weekend in July, Ted White GoH, registration \$2, rooms \$10-\$14. Makes you wanna cry ...

A pretty ditto oover fronts a ditto Cliffhangers and Others, the 9th in Rick Norwood's series. Norwood tries to invest each issue with creativity & originality, & he does so here, beginning (without benefit of colophon) with an odd s.f. story about acting. Bad repro makes it doubly tough to read. The "Gregflish Fan" mc section doesn't botherto identify the zine being discussed, but simply converses with the author. He intersperses dreadful bits of verse. Comments on comics and the Confederacy (an alternative to Hulan's SFPAn plaque is presented), racism & religion, the nature of s.f., and his own, eventually-fatal, predilection for minac are topics. A very funny "dialogue" between Socrates and Cloditus establishes nothing but that this zine is Cliffhangers and Others #9, by Rick Norwood, for SFPAn's 20th.

A cute cartoony Staton, rather a change of pace, fronts Utgard's ninth issue: a yodeling Viking. This is the longest to date, Hulan says, at 36 pages; it's also SFPAn 20's heftiest pub. The results of the OElection are in by the time Dave types the opening editorial; he is grateful for his showing in the egoboo poll, and magnanimous about his defeat in the OElection. He suggests that 3rd-placer Joe Staton be acclaimed co-President (not yet), and starts an "Impeach Atkins" movement on the grounds that Lon has yet to put out a SFPAn mlg. Seriously, he urges support for Lon to equal to that he received. Dave's Box Scores list all SFPAn to date (33 in 5 years) with their pagecounts & mailings hit. Dave has almost twice as many pages as anyone else.



In "Molot", his mc's, Dave again pledges support for Lon, his loyalty to SFFPA overcoming his well-hidden but still evident hurt. (Hulan is still the only SFFPA OE ever defeated for re-election.) He discusses the Gold ouster & some objections he's heard to the Egopoll, compliments Montgomery on Who's Who in Southern Fandom, discusses Norse myths & fan artists, whether a singer's appearance affects his performance, Katz' competence as a writer, mentions the Ed Martin brouhaha in FAPA (which Harry Warner still mentions from time to time), yaps on Tolkien, ERB, Christie, Diplomacy, Occam's Razor in religious debate, football, wine ... plus provides innumerable oneliners on innumerable other subjects. Mc's, people.

Page 20 of the issue is blank; Katya couldn't finish her article. A Joe Staton review of Harold Lamb's The Curved Saber follows, plus reviews of first novels by prominent neopros. After a short segment of "The Fan of Bronze" (in which David Hall is felled by a needle "tipped with bacillus gafiensis"), Dave presents the 2nd part of his "Personalized History" of SFFPA. The 9-page article covers mlg 1-4, explaining his original title choice (Loquamur) and nattering about the various encounters among SFFPAs in that first year. It ends just as the infamous Bruce Berry affair is breaking ... wish I could read the next segment!

There is an artistry to apazines separate from that of genzines, & just as surely there is an art to oneshots different in kind from that of other varieties of amateur journals. There are even varieties of oneshots. While most of what I consider to be the best zines ever to run through SFFPA have been special zines that saw no 2nd issues (Lon's Red As Flame, Markstein's Index & SFFPA history), do we classify these as oneshots? I think not -- the oneshot is a spontaneous creation, almost definitely a cooperative effort between or among two or more fans. Again, there is a distinction to be made between fans simply taking turns knocking holes in stencils and publications with theme, craft, and care. This latter variety is rare enough, and it finds its highest watermark next in SFFPA mlg 20.

If there has ever been published a better oneshot than Lenity, then it showed in another apa. The characteristics that distinguish apazines from other amateur pubs -- in-group humor, personality-punning, the apa "gestalt" -- find an outlet here unmatched since The Amazing SFFPA-fen. In the cleverness of its concept & the clarity of its focus Lenity knows no equal ... not even Marbled Team-up. Lenity is one of THE great apazines of all time.

Lon Atkins and Joe Staton are responsible. Seems Lon is making a faanish call on Milan TN to woo Joe's OElection support. A oneshot is planned in the evening & executed the next day. If he is just, Lon will reprint it ... he did so last in mlg 50, fully ten years ago. Any paraphrase is woefully inadequate; suffice it to say that Lon & Joe shove a hotpoker through a spacewarp directly into Len Bailes' posterior. This causes the Ace Minacker to wail into fanac, the contents of his brains and those of his bowels having exchanged places. "My process," says Lon, Has "artificially created the two things most fanzines are produced by -- a shit-head and a bloody ass." The zine, brilliantly illustrated by Staton & written by both, ends with "another victim for the poker", Wally Weber, nervously awaiting his turn. Priceless.

Perhaps mindful of his possible fate, a zine from Weber is next up. Having been on the roster for several mailings, Wally finally breaks down and does a solo zine. True to the poker, he even blames Atkins. Line is the zine-name, and the tone is light and funny, even though he writes about nothing for 6 pages but science fiction. Tsk. Hapless, a Weber/Atkins oneshot, is a more typical member of the genre, two fans alternating fingers at the typer. A trip to L.A. is on Lon's agenda.





His first?

An intriguing Staton cover leads off the 5th issue of Melikaphkaz -- a weeping child is shown a vision by a calm beauty: a figure collapsed amidst stalagmites. Lon says in natter that he has a "plan" for it. He reveals that his deadline for the "21th" mailing will be August 23, 1966 ... at the DSC. Moving on to other OEditorial questions, Lon supports Hulan's right to blackball Barry Gold, & mentions an idea he has to require endorsement by 8 SFPANs before any damnyankee can be admitted to the apa. It won't be adopted. Publishing info and "Standards of Bribery" come forth. A cute account of his jaunt to see Staton fills the air with lies, the ultimate of which involves his replacement of the real Staton with an adndroid programmed to support Lon in the OElection.

Lon's Box Scores show him at a bit over 40 pages/ mailing, with just over 200 pages contributed in his first 5 mailings. It is worth noting that his victory in the Egoboo Poll (by 5 points) is the best showing of any rookie before or since (and only Beth Lillian has come close). No one has ever made a more distinctive splash, fer shurr.

"Fall of a King" follows, a "chessic" story about a champion compelled to win. I prefer Lon's fan fiction. "Charybdis" -- the maelstrom of mc's -- hails SFFA 19 as "greatly enjoyable". "SFFA is apparently entering what would later be called a 'Golden Age' ... a healthy ingroup spirit, much good material, little crud, and large mailings." Discussing fan art with Larry, Lon predicts that Joe Staton "has the talent to go as far as he wishes as a cartoonist." I bought the first new E-man today; right as ever, Lon. He reveals that Hulan and Pettit will join Lon and Larry at the DSC (as we saw from the cover to a recent Higher Elevation). Atkins' comments on smoking, very negative, are funny, since he has been observed sampling the diabloic pleasures of foul nicotine himself in more recent times.

Advising "think before you thump", he points out a similarity between Katz's criticism of Montgomery and a situation in TAPS. (What did I say about sloshover from other apas?) In a more significant vein, his advice that AtheK & other yankees learn more about the south before dumping on it (1966, remember); he senses a dangerous Southern reaction building to all the external pressure, as evidenced by the Lurleen Wallace vote. It is another sign of the times that Lon has to insist that "most SFPANs are not segregationists and abhore /sic/ the brutality /of/ the Jim Clarks here." (I wonder how Sheriff Clark likes his new home in Boston ...)

Moving on, Lon gripes about his car (a Valiant), and describes quite humorously his first meeting with Len Bailes. The newest MacDonald McGee, Darker than Amber, is praised, but Tom Reamy's fancy-dan fanzine Trumpet is not. Cat talk with Cox mentions Muff, the spiritual descendant of Soccy the Superstar.

"The Adventures of the Purple Flash" ("as told by the mince, Fizz") reaches its conclusion in the next few pages. Villainous Bruce Pelz, leader of vile LASFS, is vanquished by the noble sons of the South. A tremendous Staton illo of Hulan & Atkins, blades high, leading their forces to victory is the highlight -- great caricatures!

A disappointing illo, though, adorns the front of the 7th issue of Kabumpo. A naked woman, one tit up, one tit down, apparently backs against the edge of a giant dagger. Her expression would seem to indicate mild displeasure. On the inside cover, Dian Pelz, authoress of the zine, apparently taped half of a \$1 coupon from a supermarket come-on contest. This seems to be her moment for outlandish inserts -- later, she will hit SFFA with its most ridiculous of all times. Weird zine, this, but Dian has been through a lot since Kabumpo #6. For one thing, she's had a baby. Cecy Alystra Pelz is "not bad ... as babies go", according to her mother, who sketches her in the zine. The big-eyed kid is obviously loads of trouble, but show me any young'un who is not.



After a strong rebuke to the Gold ouster, Dian charges into her mc's, which begin with a vivid Angelenos'-eye view of the Watts Riots, which apparently scared her into conservatism; by the end of this mc Dian sounds like my great-aunt from Birmingham. She talks poker with Atkins, writes him a "Dear Old Faan" letter, making fun of neos, one supposes. Her comment on chiggers to Rich Mann is about the last word on the subject ("We call them cheegroes out west," she does not say). A one-page article, in pink, on medieval slippers, follows. Finally, just before a small review of Trustee from the Toolroom, she offers SFFPA "something you can sink your teeth into" ... and staples a piece of flat bubble gum into the zine. On it is stamped "SFFPA 20 - Take It And Blow".

Larry's copy is missing a corner.

"In ghuist purple" --- and, on the Pelz cover, several other ditto colors -- Zaje Zaculo #10 pops forth from Len Bailes. Like practically everyone else, he mentions the other apas he's in, forecasts a summer of congoing intersperced with magazine sales to pay for it. His words on nehood to Barr are quite wise, recounting how the typical newcomer to fandom ranks "himself on a sliding scale of achievement" in the genre's rapidly changing "class structure". Perhaps as interesting -- and certainly more tragic -- is his offhand revelation that he has 5 pages of script done for The Amazing SFFPA-fen #2 ... a sequel to the classic comic from mlg 17. He promises that Hulan will "get his" in the zine ... but alas, it never sees print.

Ed Cox's Acrux #3 closes the bona fide mailing. A 6-pager, like Bailes' zine, in ditto, it consists almost entirely of mc's (a short "Doc Savage Department" ends things). Even BNFs like doodling EdCo can suffer repro problems -- Hulan's Jotun Press messed up someplace in printing this zine & gives us ... well, the page order goes 1/2, 3/blank, 4/5, 6/3. So is this a six-page zine or a seven-pager? Larry's rebel Who's Who sends Ed into a joyous paroxysm of reminiscence on the various fans therein. Comments on Ballard, Doc Savage, & Rick Sneary mark the rest of this zine, which, as I said, closes the official mailing.

But there is more. Remember that Hulan encloses two further works, "unofficial inclusions" sent to members only. The first is Cox's red-covered Maine-iac 23, a handsome mimeo pub originally scheduled for a 1960 SAPS. Articles on beer and a long Pittcon report make arguably interesting reading for SFFPAs, but who here needs all the SAPS natter & mc's? Dave's Utgard #1, originally aimed at OMPA, the British apa, in 1963, ended up in SAPS, & now shows in SFFPA. For which Dave offers an interesting, though rather plaintive, plug. "Note: the SFG /Southern Fandom Group/ and SFFPA are not, repeat not, arch-conservative, segregationist, or Dixiecrat organizations. They aren't even chauvenistic." This last is dubious. "Their purpose is to try to stimulate fanac in the South, to bring the area out of the fannish wastelands ... See you," he closes.

That puts the cap on SFFPA's 20th mailing, our first 5 years as an apa, and the SFFPA volumes of the Montgomery Papers. So where do we stand? SFFPA 20 is out -- Lon Atkins, celebrating his first year in actifandom, has brought the OEship, temporarily, back to the South. (In a year he'll return it to Los Angeles.) Rebel fandom seems to be enjoying the first enthused rush of a new pinnacle of crifanac.

5 years are behind SFFPA, building years, consolidating years, exploring years, discovering years. Ahead -- well, so far, 16 years of expansion, shrinkage, disappointment, hopes, sparkling spirit, futile feuds, extraordinary camaraderie. A hobby for dozens, a community for all, center of a blooming regional fandom. Most of SFFPA's 21 years have been good ones. The first five have certainly been so.

I will return the Montgomery Papers to Larry at the 1983 DSC. Please be there to come see me do it. He promises a further kindness, as if he hasn't been generous enough already -- loan of SFFPAs 21-24, our sixth year. Expect more articles then. Until then, I hope you've enjoyed my tour through SFFPAs 1-20, The Montgomery Papers. I have. Thanks, Larry, for everything. ♀