

Yellow Balloon #2, August 1971
issue is published for inclusion
in KA #82 by Richard Small
at 117 S. Meridian St. Apt. 3,
Tallahassee, Fla. 32301

THE STORY OF HOW JOHN BLEERY ROSE TO FAME
AND FORTUNE AS THE PUBLISHER OF BLEEY AND
DREARY

or

How to be a real bastard and enjoy it

or

a funny thing happened on the
way to the printer

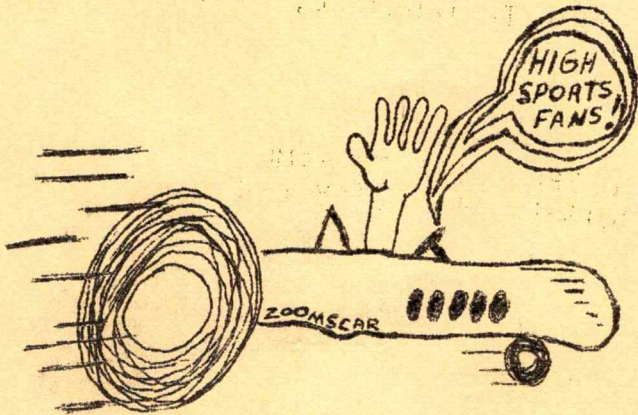
Once, in the faroff, mythical land of Umureeka, there lived a man who sought to gain fame and fortune as a publisher of high quality, high class, sophisticated magazines. This man was John Bleery. Unfortunately, Bleery had the intelligence of a retarded tree toad and so instead turned to publishing pornographic and semi-pornographic magazines. Now it seems that in the porno business, the photographers expected to be paid and Bleery didn't want to pay them (yes, he was a bastard even back then). Well, since he couldn't get anyone to photograph undressed chicks for free, Bleery decided to buy a camera (on credit, natch) and photograph the chicks himself! Of course, there was this problem of finding chicks who were willing to pose for free. At first, he tried to sweet talk the chicks, but when you're short, fat, bald and ugly (like Bleery was), this just doesn't work. The result was inevitable and in the end John Bleery...(sob)... had to ACTUALLY PAY...(choke)... the chicks cash for their modeling services.

This just about broke Bleery's heart. He actually had to part with some of his groovy green stuff and the shock just about killed him (he didn't pay much, though...you could tell by looking at the ~~Wag~~ er... chicks).

Well, after he hired the models, he still had to take the photographs. Unfortunately, Bleery was one of the world's worst photographers. Even though it doesn't take much intelligence to operate a camera, Bleery apparently didn't have enough and somehow picked up the knack of being unable to properly aim or focus the camera. Sometimes (when he was lucky), he only got an arm or leg in and usually, he didn't even get that much! Then, when he did get a full view (usually by accident), the figures were so out of focus that they looked more like big goeey blobs, than warm, pulsating chicks!

A few issues of his pornomags was all that Bleery could take. Surely there had to be some way he could make money! It was at this time (perhaps 1959 or 1960) that Bleery met Borry Hackitoutman, the long-time film buff, collector and mobster nut. Now, Hackitoutman was even stupider than Bleery, so the two hit it off fabulously. Of course, it

ZOOMSWAY



helped that Bleery lived in New York and Hackitoutman lived in Lost Anchovies (California), and stayed as far away from Bleery as possible. Hmm...maybe Hackitoutman wasn't so stupid after all... However, because Bleery was desperate and Hackitoutman was willing, Bleery made arrangements for Hackitoutman to produce a magazine under the Bleery label. The magazine was dubbed FANTASTIC MOBSTERS OF FLIM-FLAM and for some odd reasons was quite successful.

FANTASTIC MOBSTERS was all about those great mobsters of the films, featured stills from these movies and was accompanied by Hackitoutman's witty, pun-filled text. Though written on a level for two year olds (Hackitoutman's level), FANTASTIC MOBSTERS was successful and kept Bleery in the black for quite a few years (guess there were a lot of 2 year old mobster fans running around back then).

After FANTASTIC MOBSTERS, Bleery published two other magazines, HALPLESS and SPACED-OUT MEN. HALPLESS was a pretty good magazine, primarily because it was edited by Harry Quartzmine and SPACED-OUT MEN was about the wayout SF adventures of guys who got spaced-out out in space (or something like that). Both magazines were exceptionally good, which explains why they aren't around today.

Anyway, after all this publishing, Bleery decided to break out of established formulas and try something new and daringly different! He would publish a horror comic and while there had been horror comics before, he would be the first to publish a horror comic in magazine format! Not only that, but he would do something so unusual, that it would revolutionize the whole industry! He would be the first to have regular characters ("hosts") in his magazines, who would introduce each story! Actually, both of these ideas had been originated by EC (the hosts of horror comics in 1950 and the horror magazines in 1955), but it wasn't until 1969 that Bleery realized this! He was so infuriated that he wanted to sue EC for stealing his ideas 15 years in advance, but fortunately cooler heads prevailed and EC was saved.

Back to the story! After doing all of his other magazines, Bleery decided to publish a horror comic and chose to call it BLEEPY. At first, he thought he could write and draw all the stories himself. At least, he was considering that idea until he showed his artwork to various artists and other select individuals. Judging from the...ah overwhelming response he got, Bleery decided that the world wasn't mature enough to appreciate his magnificent talents yet.

So, if Bleery didn't publish his own material, that meant that he'd have to hire others to work for him and that he'd have to...(gasp)... pay them...(double gasp)...money! Real, actual green stuff! This thought was so terrifying that Bleery broke out in a cold sweat! There must be a way to publish a horror magazine without...(Shudder)...

having to pay...(Choke)...the beautiful, green, crinkly stuff! But, alas there wasn't. Bleery even considered publishing a magazine of 68 blank pages, but, it didn't seem as though that would sell.

Since Bleery had to hire some artists, he decided to hire the best that he could find. At first, he didn't pay much (not even as much as the cheapest comic publisher), but he explained that he would start paying higher rates as soon as the magazine was strongly established. Since many of the current artists were disgusted with the toned down stories, and Comics Code censorship, they were willing to work for less, provided they had the freedom to do what they wanted to do! This, at least, Bleery gave them. Thus, Bleery was able to get many of the great comic artists, including several of the old EC artists, on his staff. Among some of the better artists who worked for Bleery at this time were; Rust Joins (who was the first editor), Grey Tomorrow, Whallie Whudie, Jon Severedman, Al-Wilmingtonson, Shrowd Krinkle, Joe Oleander and Steep Ditchtoes. With art like that, you can't be beat and the first issue of BLEEPY was a sellout success! Shortly after the first issue was published, Rust Joins left the BLEEPY staff (he and Bleery got into a fight) so Bleery had to find a new editor. To replace Joins, he got Starchie Goodfellow, a talented writer who was a great admirer of the old EC horror and science-fiction comics. Goodfellow had a real knack for writing stories in the EC style and while many of his scripts reused the same old themes that EC had used, they were very good indeed! For a while things were going along just great as several new and better artists came to work for Bleery. Among those were Neat Atoms, Gin Coldham, Rockhead Mastersorrio and Rust Heap. Things got to going so good, that in 1964, Bleery decided to come out with another horror magazine; a sort of companion magazine to BLEEPY, if you will. This magazine was named DREARY and it had the same artists and same type of stories that BLEEPY had and was just as good! For awhile, it looked as though EC had been reincarnated! With the high quality art and good stories, what other conclusion could one come to! Why Bleery even got Cracked Frazooter, the best artist in comics, to do oil paintings for the covers! A few may wonder how Bleery got the exclusive and expensive (\$500 per cover) Frazooter to do covers for him. Certainly, the tightwadish Bleery wouldn't pay \$500 a cover - not even \$100! So, how did Bleery get the covers? Incredible as it seems, Frazooter did them for free! It seems that Bleery had some friends in high places and was able to get Frazooter the lucrative job of doing paintings for Unamerican Outernational Pictures and in return, Frazooter did the paintings (for Bleery) for free! That really made Bleery happy! Not only was he getting the best artist in comics to do his covers, but he was getting them done for free as well!

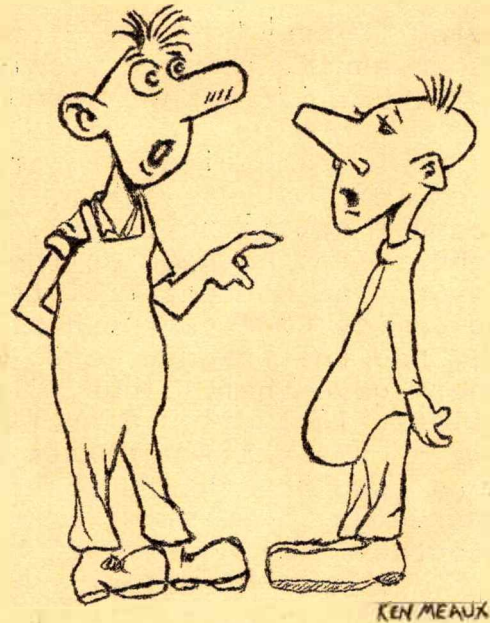
Unfortunately, this began to give Bleery ideas. Bad ideas. The bad, old, half-forgotten ideas of getting people to work for him for free. So, he began delaying payment to his artists, using the failure of his war mag (SIZZLING BANG STORIES) as an excuse. Bleery claimed that because of this failure, his company was so shakey that he wouldn't be able to pay his artists promptly. So, the artists began to get their pay -at first- one or two months late. Then, Bleery really got carried away and would go as long as 5 or 6 months without paying the artists! Most of the artists, who were personal friends of Starchie Goodfellow, kept asking Starchie when they were going to be paid. Now, one doesn't make a whole lot of money as a comic book artist and the \$300-\$800 that Bleery owed them, put some in tough financial spots. Like most of us, they had bills to pay, and bill collectors, being what they are, aren't

in the habit of accepting excuses, no matter how good they may be! So, the artists kept asking Goodfellow, who kept asking Bleery who kept making excuses.

"Hey, John. Some of the boys have been asking about when they are going to get paid..."

"Later, Starchie, later. We'll talk about it later. MUCH later."

Bleery actually believed that he was getting away with his tightwadish behavior and thought that this made him a real cool guy, because he was saving all that money. Not only was he getting free cover paintings, but free interior artwork as well! Of course he had to pay his editor, Goodfellow, but that was almost a necessity.



Yet, Goodfellow would only take so much and he had taken about all he was going to take! So, he quit! And when he quit, all the top artists quit along with him! They figured (and rightly so) that once Goodfellow was gone, whatever slight chances they had of getting their back pay was gone also. Thus, early 1965 saw the mass exodus of all the top artists from Bleery publications! Even Frazooter stopped doing his free paintings! If Goodfellow and all the other top artists were leaving, the Bleery magazines were likely to deteriorate into a pile of crud and Frazooter didn't want any of his work appearing in anything like that! Besides, he had done so many free covers for Bleery, that any debt he might have owed him was more than paid off! Thus, besides all the other artists leaving, Frazooter left as well!

Boy, was Bleery suprized by this! He hadn't counted on any repercussions on the scale of what occured, but he wasn't worried. For, as he said, "They were only mere artists and writers. What do they know? After all, I'm the PUBLISHER! And, if I'm the publisher, I can also be the editor! I'll just reprint old stories until I can build up a staff of new writers and artists."

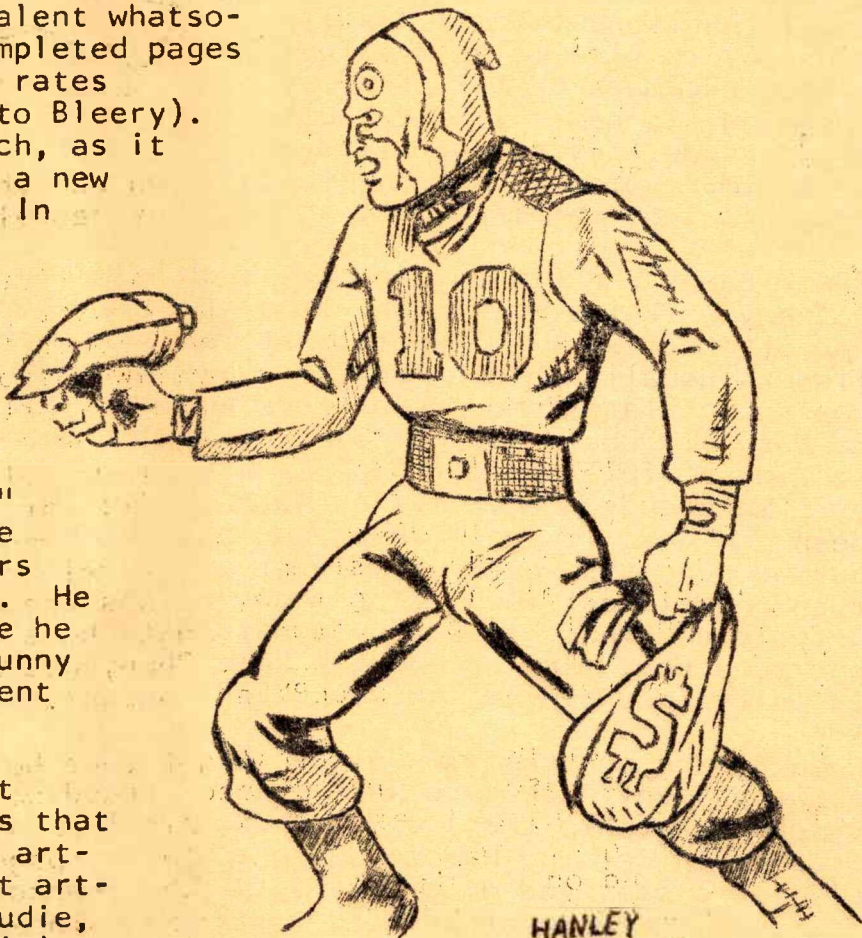
So, following this line of reasoning, Bleery began reprinting old stories (generally 4 per issue), while filling out the rest of each magazine's content with backlogged material or strips done by artists who hadn't quit yet. Bleery had decided to act as his own editor and although it doesn't take any talent to edit a reprint mag, Bleery managed to screw something up in just about every issue (loved the time he printed the pages of one of the stories backwards). After Goodfellow (who was also the main writer) left, the writers Bleery got to replace him just weren't as good. His page rates were already the lowest in the comics industry, so when he cut them even more, you can imagine how many people still wanted to work for him. Almost none! Some say his page rates were as low as \$12 a page for finished artwork and \$5 per script (or 75¢ per page)! When you consider that the minimum standards at the major companies were \$45 a page for art (\$35 for penciling and \$10 for inking) and \$10 per page of script, Bleery's rates were low indeed! With these rates, Bleery quickly discovered that he had trouble getting anyone to

work for him and generally had to pay cash on delivery. At these rates, most of the artists who hadn't quit before, quit then! Generally, the artists who worked for Bleery did so because they were financially well off and did the horror comics stuff for kicks. Two such artists who worked under these conditions were Jan E. Craick and Flunk Boiled.

It was also at this time that Bleery started a practice that he has continued to use up to the present day: the exploitation of fans and Fandom. Because fan artists were young and just breaking into the business, they couldn't be too particular about where they worked and had to settle for whatever they could get. Not being established made it hard to break into comics and easy to be used and exploited. Two of the first fan artists to fall victim to Bleery's obnoxious personality were Jest Jonas and Redyar Bland. Jest Jonas was called "Jest Bones" by Starinker because he was so skinny that he looked like an animated pile of bones, hence the name "Jest Bones". After a while, the name stuck and everybody called Jonas, Jest Bones. Jest only did two stories for Bleery, before he got some nice paperback contracts and could get away from "Umureeka's #1 Bastard (as the boys on 138th Street called him)". Ditto for Redyar Bland, who later went into underground comics (more freedom, better pay) to get away from Bleery.

However, there weren't too many talented fans running around at this time and those who were tried to avoid Bleery at all costs. Inevitably, Bleery had to rely on two types of artists: (1) those who did something else for a living and did horror strips for kicks, and (2) *shudder* the hacks; people who had no talent whatsoever and could turn out completed pages of artwork at insanely low rates (something which appealed to Bleery). Starting almost from scratch, as it was, Bleery began to build a new staff around these people. In time, he had three solid and dependable staff artists. First of these was Ornerly Semi-colan who worked for Bleery mainly for the hell of it and was a darn good artist. Semi-colan had worked for a "funny animal" publisher and drew a couple of "funny animal" characters (perhaps one was a ghost?). He did work for Bleery because he liked to get out of the "funny animal" format and experiment around a little.

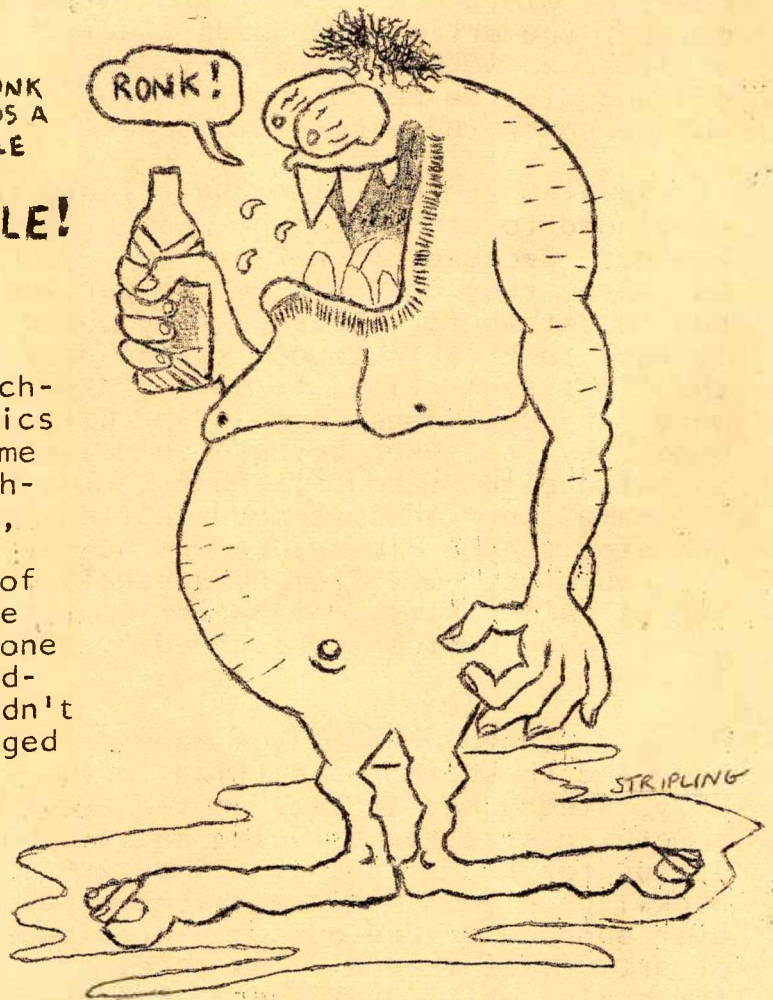
Another Bleery staff artist was Thum Smutten. It seems that Smutten was smitten by the artwork of one of the greatest artists in comics, Whallie Whudie, and proceeded to copy Whudie's style whenever possible. So,



Smutten swiped here and there and in time, improved. He got to be a pretty good artist and for a while, had a story in every issue in each of Bleery's magazines.

The last of the artists who joined Bleery during this period was Hokey Chickenscratchio/Phony Whalliewhudie. Chickenscratchio was about the worst hack in comics and because he had such a funny name and drew so poorly, everybody laughed at him and made fun of him. So, he figured that if he changed his name so that it sounded like that of a highly admired comic artist (like Whallie Whudie for example), everyone would admire him as much as they admired the original artist and wouldn't laugh at him anymore. So, he changed his name to Phony Whalliewhudie (because that was what he was... a phony Whallie Whudie). Later, he changed that to Phony WhalliWhudisone (son of Whallie Whudie?) to give it an original twist. Perhaps he felt that by changing his name his art would also change (any change could only be an improvement), but this didn't happen and WhalliWhudisone's ~~art~~ drawings remained just as bad as they had always been.

THE RONK
AFFORDS A
BOTTLE
OF
RIPPLE!



Since Phony Whalliwhudisone was such a bad artist, the only way he could get any work was to go to the worst (and lowest paying) comics publishers and offer to work at a rate that was even lower than what those publishers usually paid. The only way Whalliwhudisone could stay alive was to get large amounts of work and hack the artwork out as fast as he possibly could and collect the meager amounts due him. Even when working at full speed (10 pages a day), it was all he could do just to make ends meet! His artwork showed it! Still, it wouldn't have been too bad, if Whalliwhudisone had but the teensiest bit of talent, but he didn't have the slightest amount of talent whatsoever! Not even the tiniest iota! You might say he was the James Bleery of the art field. Thus, it was only natural that these two no-talent hacks got together. And before you knew it, Phony had a story appearing in just about every issue of BLEEPEY and DREARY.

When Bleery and Whalliwhudisone first got together, they began talking about payment. Because Whalliwhudisone worked so cheaply (he was still Chickenscratchio then) and was such a spineless schlem!, Bleery had no trouble in getting him to agree to the lowest page rates imaginable! Like 1¢ a page and on credit yet! So, Whalliwhudisone turned out an incredible amount of artwork for Bleery and since it was all for "free" Bleery used every single piece of it. In time, the amount of work

Whalliwhudisone had done for Bleery began to mount up. Years went by and still Bleery hadn't paid Whalliwhudisone for any of his work. After about the 5th or 6th year, Whalliwhudisone began to notice this...

"Ah...er...John...can I have my back pay now?"

"Later, Phony, later. We'll discuss it later. Much later! Meanwhile here is the script for your next story."

So, Phony kept hacking out artwork on credit and after 8 years, all this hackwork at 1¢ a page was a nice, sizable sum. In other words, Bleery owed Whalliwhudisone an incredible amount of money (which gives one an indication of the amount of work Phony did and the quality of Bleery's magazines back then) and he began to look around for some way to get out of paying it. Well, it seems that the second worst artist in comics, Jerky Scrawlings, was interested in working for Bleery, but had higher standards and was harder to pressure. Scrawlings wanted 5¢ a page, in cash, for his work and worked on the principle of "If I don't get my money, you don't get your artwork". Bleery, after some quick calculations, figured that it would be cheaper to hire Scrawlings at 5¢ a page for two years, than it would be to give Whalliwhudisone his back pay! So, Scrawlings was in and Whalliwhudisone was out. However, Bleery later took Phony back (without giving him his back pay) and even gave him a raise to 1½¢ a page. But, Phony was still working on credit, so it didn't matter how much of a raise he got, since Bleery wasn't going to pay him anyway.

Also added around this time (about a year after Goodfellow quit), was a new editor, Bull Fermente. Bleery got tired of playing Editor and God (besides, it was cheaper to hire a competent editor, than it was to hire somebody to unbotch all the jobs that he botched up) and hired Fermente to take his place. At least Fermente was a little better, but not much. You see, Fermente had the reputation of being the "man of 10,262 words, all of which sound nice, but mean nothing". Yet, Fermente could write passable scripts with readable dialogue which was better than Bleery's nonsensical, neish, non-plot scripts (yep, he actually wrote a few - in his sleep, perhaps?). While Fermente wasn't much better at least some of his scripts were readable and sounded nice (even though they didn't mean anything).

Throughout this time, Bleery kept reprinting stories in his two horror mags, even when he had more than enough writers and artists to have all new material and this began to get the readers riled. Bleery began to run out of stories to reprint and the final indignity came when he reprinted the same story in three consecutive issues of BLEEPY! The readers were infuriated! That settled it! Since none of the better pro artists were willing to work for the starvation wages he was willing to pay, he was going to have to get more artists from somewhere else. Why not Fandom? Eureka! That was it! He had successfully exploited some fans before, so why couldn't he do it again? He would exploit Fandom and grab some of the better artists to show off in his mags! Bleery began contacting some of the better fan artists and in no time at all, had enough original material to eliminate the reprints from BLEEPY and DREARY! Besides artists, Bleery also picked up a few writers from Fandom to work for him. Among the people who worked for him were: Bloody Slanders, Dum Clutz, Steep Steetes and Martin Werewolf (writers); and Bully Grump, Brilliam Brack, Richer Carbine and Dan Cockerman (artists). Of course, Bleery was still as mean as he had

The Great Rich
[fiery editor]
Begins a
new day---



HMM... WHO CAN I
CUT DOWN TODAY?

ever been and still wanted to exploit people as much as before, but because of past experience, decided to harrass only certain "select" fans and generally treat the others pretty good.

Such an example of Bleery's harrassment was the case of Brilliam Brack. Brack was one of the better fan artists who had ever worked for Bleery, but because he didn't worship Bleery as the world's greatest publisher and genius, he was immediately earmarked for harrassment. Brack had done about 3 or 4 stories for Bleery, when he sent in a 6 pager which he did on his own. The finished strip arrived at Bleery's office, but Bleery decided to

be a real bum and just keep it (not print it, not pay Brack and not send it back, even though return postage was sent several times)! But, that wasn't all! About a year before that, Brack had sent in an unsolicited 7 page story and because it was rejected, he received it back. That is, he received MOST of it back. Someone, some Thing, had taken an exacto knife and had slashed the splash panel, cutting part of it out! This excerpted piece of the panel was printed on Bleery's letters page as a piece of freely submitted fan art. At no time did Bleery (or anyone else) consult Brack to see if this was permissible. In fact, the person who slashed the panel of Brack's strip, cut out only part of the panel and left an important part of the overall illustration out (of what was cut out). This ommission of part of the internal action of the scene made it impossible to make any sense at all of the part that Bleery printed as a piece of "freely submitted" fan art. Apparently, the picture was butchered by a person of as little talent as possible (in other words, Bleery himself).

In another case, Bob Bleery (no relation, thank Ghod) wrote a topnotch werewolf script and received only \$5. for writing it. The script ran 8 pages and that breaks down to a little over 60¢ a page. If that isn't exploitation, then I don't know what is!

Well, Bleery kept publishing away and in addition to hiring fans and hacks, was able to attract some very talented people. One of these, Harlytin Elerington, wanted to do a SF story, "Pebble Diety", but expected to get paid a good amount for it (of course Bleery wanted to

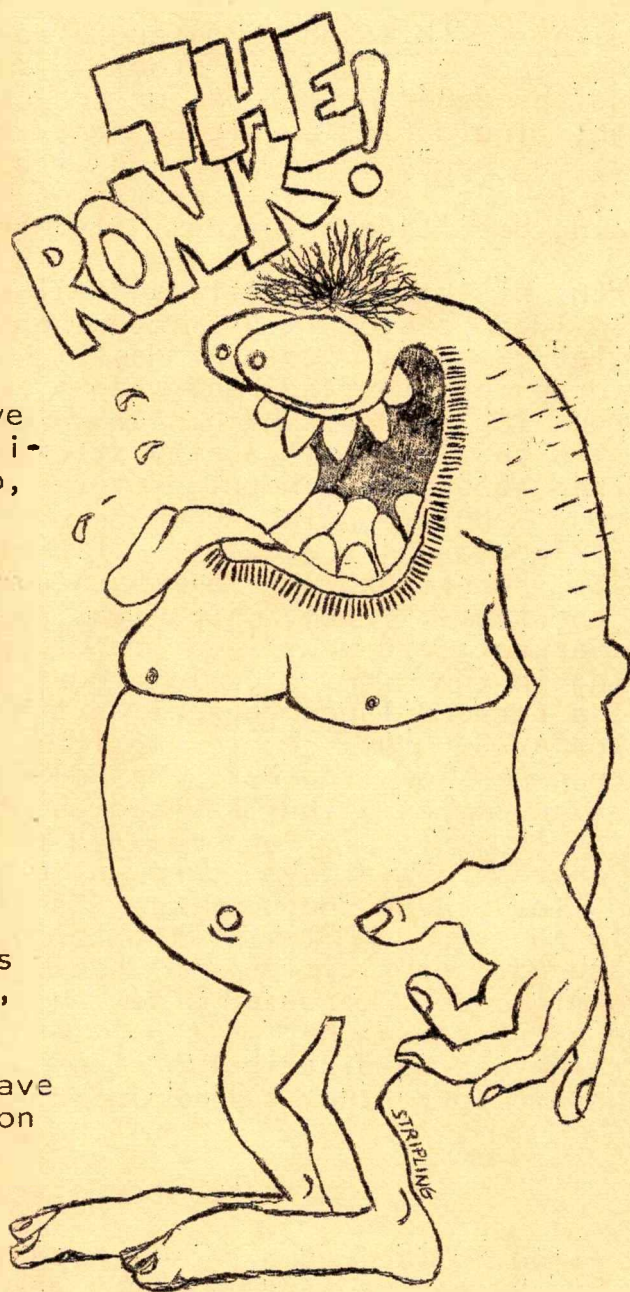
pay him only \$10, so a full scale arguement got going). However, Bleery finally conceded because he realized that it just wasn't every day that a great author like Ellerington wanted to do something for him and was worth the expense. Anyway, with Ellerington's story, Bleery could brag about how good his magazines were because they were attracting several topnotch authors. At another time, Bleery got the great artist Starinker to do covers for him, but Bleery wouldn't pay him (again?) and Starinker quit.

Despite everything that Bleery could do to them, BLEEPY and DREARY managed to survive and in time came to make a halfway decent profit. Then, Bleery got very enthusiastic about his horror books and decided to come out with a new magazine, TRANSFORMELLA. It was about this chick who was a monster, see. She could change into all sorts of other monsters, but whatever the monster she changed into, she also inherited that monster's weakness. For example, if she changed into a vampire, she had to kill people and drink their blood. She didn't like to do this, but I guess that's a problem you've got when you're a chick like Transformella. Anyway, the best thing about TRANSFORMELLA was that Bleery got Goodfellow back as writer/editor (Bye-bye Fermente) and Frazooter back as cover artist. From then on, the Bleery magazines have continued to pick up and improve (even if they still have Phony Whalliwudisone and Jerky Scrawlings). So, unless Bleery gets real cool and decides to pull another one of his "nonpayment" gimmicks or one of his other assorted tricks, things may turn out pretty good and the magazines will continue to improve.

end

How many noticed that the date for the last issue was wrong? No, I really didn't type the stencils in 1970; for some reason I got my years mixed up and instead of typing 1971, I typed 1970.

Big thing this issue (as you must have noticed by now) is a piece of fiction I worked up some months ago and has been lying around ever since. I do my work in spurts, or whenever I feel like it. After a rough draft has been done, I may not feel like doing anything else on



a piece until 5 or 6 months later. I have many such semi-completed pieces lying around. Some may be finished one day; others may never be finished. I wrote the Bleery piece about a year ago, but didn't get around to finishing it until about a month and a half ago.

BIG TRIP

On June 15, after school got out, I took a trip down to Fort Myers, Fla. to visit my father. On the way down, it was bargain hunting galore at all the used books stores that I could find. Comics wise, it was a disappointment, but I did stumble accross an autographed Mark Twain book, so the bargain hunting part of the trip wasn't a total loss. The Twain book cost \$4 and is an Authors National Edition. Anybody have any idea of what it's worth? Also on the way down, I found a few SF digest mags for 20¢ each and ran into a guy who wanted to sell me some Horatio Alger books (in very poor condition) for \$1.50 each. I was given an Odyssey Press softbound book that reprinted two HA novels (Adrift in New York and The World Before Him) and after reading them, became a Horatio Alger addict. The only problem is that these books are sought by thousands of other Horatio Alger addicts and the prices tend to be quite high. I did find an old GA Henty boys adventure novel in a store for 10¢, but Henty seems obsessed with the refighting of all of England's wars in the last 2 or 3 centuries and gets bogged down in tedious and boring battle descriptions. I think I'll stick with Alger.

On the way back (to Tallahassee), I decided "Hey, wouldn't it be a nice idea to stop in St. Petersburg and see old Alan Hutchinson?" I called him up a couple of days in advance to see if it was ok (I hate to drop in uninvited) and when I started back on Sunday, made a slight detour in St. Petersburg. Alan has a fairly nice collection of 1960's comics that were all neatly stacked (unlike my messy collection). We talked about faanish things for a couple of hours and I got to see the famous Mephisto painting which won first place at the last Miamicon. We talked about the quality of comics distribution and how bad it was in St. Petersburg and Tallahassee and how good it was in other parts of the state. Like, when I was coming back to Tallahassee, I stopped in Sarasota and went into one of the town's newsstands. They had everything in the line of comics there and then some. This newsstand even had a foriegn language section and displayed magazines from such countries as Germany, France and Italy. They even had some foriegn language paperbacks (rather, the foriegn equivilent of paperbacks) and Italian comics. They had copies of Diabolic (a sort of hero-villian), Helga (about a girl who managed to lose most of her clothes in one way or another and always wound up in bed with some guy at the end), and Topolino (the Disney comic). Topolino sold for 50¢ and the other comics sold for 75¢. While talking to the cashier, I found out that the newsstand got other titles, but had sold out of all the rest. For those who might be interested in trying to work out a mail order arrangement, the address is: Charlie's Newsstand, Main Street, Sarasota, Fla. When I think of the distribution that places like Sarasota get, it almost makes me sorry that I live in Tallahassee.

The Werewolf of Tallahassee is

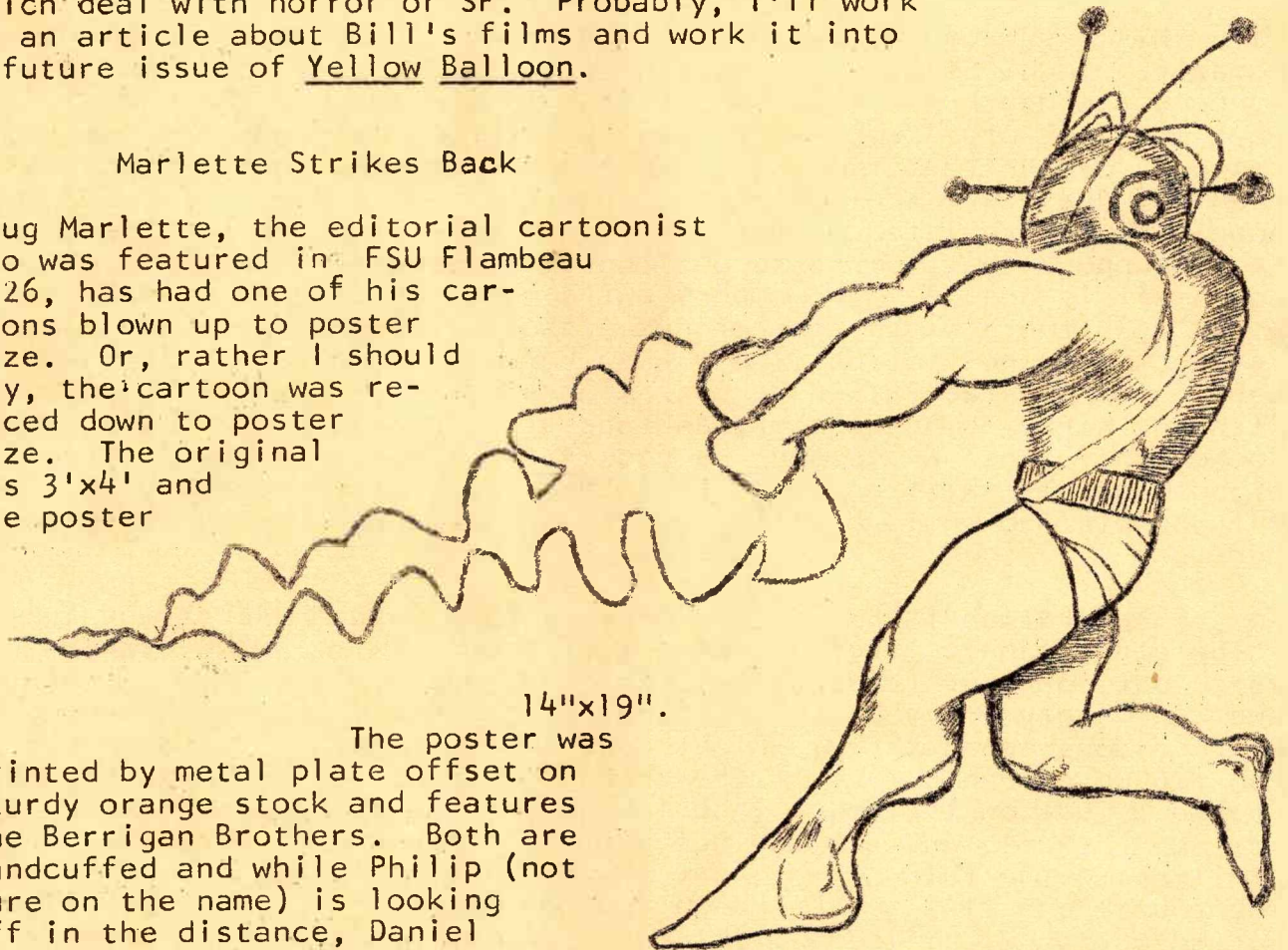
in limbo. Mike Ogden didn't have the time or the money to do anything on his 9 chapter (not 12; that was my error) serial-spoof. He was able to get his professor to give him a passing grade, with the understanding

that Mike would later complete the serial and submit it to him (the professor) for approval. So The Werewolf Of Tallahassee isn't dead yet. It's just temporarily in limbo.

Bill Black, on the other hand, is also making a vampire film, the title of which escapes me at the moment. Unlike The Werewolf, Bill's film will be straight horror and will feature Synesthesia, The Girl From LSD in her movie debut. Previously, Synesthesia has appeared in strip form in Paragon Illustrated #2 & 3. Besides the one he is attempting now, Bill has made over 30 films, all of which deal with horror or SF. Probably, I'll work up an article about Bill's films and work it into a future issue of Yellow Balloon.

Marlette Strikes Back

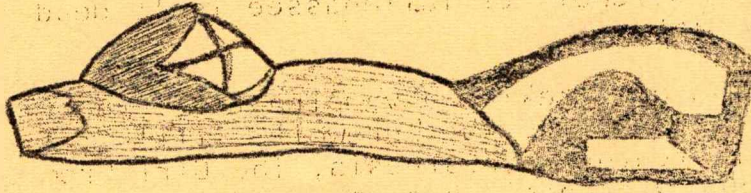
Doug Marlette, the editorial cartoonist who was featured in FSU Flambeau #126, has had one of his cartoons blown up to poster size. Or, rather I should say, the cartoon was reduced down to poster size. The original was 3'x4' and the poster is



14"x19".

The poster was printed by metal plate offset on sturdy orange stock and features the Berrigan Brothers. Both are handcuffed and while Philip (not sure on the name) is looking off in the distance, Daniel is looking out at the audience while flashing a peace sign with his fingers. Beneath the drawing is the Daniel Berrigan quote, "Our apologies good friends for the fracture of good order; the burning of paper instead of children." A very impressive poster. The price of the poster is 50¢, plus 50¢ for postage and a mailing tube. Each additional poster is 50¢ (I won't make you pay twice for postage and the mailing tube). So, that's 1 for \$1; 2 for \$1.50 etc... Orders can be sent to me and I'll forward them to Doug. Just recently, Doug was hired to do cartoons for the Sunday St. Petersburg Times. What's really amazing about it, was the fact that he didn't apply for the job or talk to anybody on the Times staff about doing cartoons. They came to him.

Comics department: Abbott and Costello #16, August, 1970, has a 5 page Grass Green satire entitled "Comics Convention". The story is a satire of the NY Scarp Comics Convention and pokes fun at all the things that



go on at a con of that size. Art isn't anything great, but if you like Grass Green's humor stuff, you'll probably enjoy this.

SMOKE SIGNALS

With this issue of KA, is an issue of the recently deceased FSU humor magazine, SMOKE SIGNALS. A ruling of the Board of Student Publications sounded the death knell for SMOKE SIGNALS and most of the back issues were disposed of. Rather than see them thrown out and go to waste, I decided to save them from the trash barrel and send them through KA. Granted, there are too many ads and much of the humor is local. But, hopefully, there is enough of interest to make it worth sending through KA. I suppose that somewhere out there, someone will complain about how Small is costing the members extra money by sending through two worthless (there'll be another next issue) issues of a crude, non-comics related magazine that he didn't even have anything to do with. Well, Carl Gafford, Fred Patten and Dan Alderson didn't have anything to do with the Kirby comics either, and one article does discuss King of The Rocketmen. Since KA is sent by book rate, I doubt if that little amount of postage will kill anybody, if it makes any difference anyway. The only people who would have legitimate gripes would be the foreign members.

To the Australian fans: If the censors have judged CREEPY and EERIE to be pornographic material, what will they do with SMOKE SIGNALS? Watch out, or your friendly neighborhood censor might drop in one day and confiscate all your KA's (I know that doesn't make much sense, but neither does censorship). Right now, I'm hunting around to see if I can dig up enough copies of the third revival issue of SMOKE SIGNALS. It had a nude on the cover (and I know the Australian censors would just LOVE that), and a hilarious photo-caption humor story which was similar to the things that Harvey Kurtzman did in HELP and PLAYBOY. The fourth and final issue had a 4 page Marlette strip and a few assorted cartoons. I'll see if I can round up enough copies of that issue also.

Warning: Unless several members protest, I'll probably continue to run such things through in the future. I don't plan to have something in every issue (circumstances were just right this time), however, when something good pops up, I'll see if I can round up 60 copies and send it through. One thing I just missed getting 60 copies of; a 1'x1½', 2 color Howdy Doody poster. The poster was printed up by FSU when the Howdy Doody Revival Show came to Tallahassee a couple of months ago.

Mailing Comments on KA#80

John Ryan: Like all other groups, it appears that KA can be pretty apathetic at times. 16 people voted on the amendments in KA #79 and 13 people voted on the amendments (the results were published) in KA #80. If only this many people are willing to vote on amendments to the constitution, how many members do you think would be willing to endorse pro-

posed constitutional amendments? Assuming that members would handle the constitutional business through the mail, it would take a minimum of 40¢ US (80¢ if SSAE's were enclosed), to say nothing of the time involved. If, the initial 5 people refused to endorse the proposed amendment, then, the costs would be more. And all for one little constitutional amendment! The result? Very few amendments would be proposed. Of course, the members could always carry on constitutional business in their zines, but I have no great desire to read zines full of that sort of thing. Obviously, you are trying to stop all the silly amendments which take up space and really offer no improvements. But, with this amendment, you'll not only stop some of the bad, but some of the good amendments as well. Your amendment will make it so hard for others to propose amendments that nobody will propose any! Of course, that might be your purpose; I don't know. Two signatures would have been better than 5 signatures.

Jim Shull: Esoteric #9 certinly looked nic, even though ti didn't say anything. Apparantly, you're the only person I know who cna ~~ah~~ ~~ah~~ ~~ah~~ (ah, the helll with it) simle words so consistantly. Why not get somebody im your familu (or a fan friend, or just anybody) to read over the completed stencils and mark the ~~ah~~ ~~ah~~ ~~ah~~ (ah, the hell with it).

Carl Gafford: Obviously, you have a lot of time on your hands (anybody who contributes a 20-plus page zine every month has GOT to have a lot of time on his hands). I wish I could say I liked most of your contributions, or some of them, or even a little of them, but the only things I liked (of the three Guffs that I have seen) were those ridiculous cover parodies. Really chuckled over "Gordy Lantern and Gaff Arrow" and "Muthamorpho". Four pages on Dostoevsky's NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND? You sure you don't want to belong to a literary discussion apa? Wish I could say I was interested in Metzengerstein, but it bored me all the way through and took a major effort just to read (it did pick up towards the end, though). If you're going to run comic strips through KA, how about finding someone who can write. I'm working on a strip myself, a sort of political opposite of Ditko's Question (Mysterious Suspense #1). I'd like to trial run it through KA, but need an artist (I can't draw - you need only look at the illustration on page 2 to realize that)...interested?

Tony Isabella: I think you're making too much out of a little thing. Mailing comments can hardly be compared to face-to-face communication. Besides, simply because you want to communicate doesn't mean that everybody else has to or will want to. Communication is a good thing and I'm all for it, but I've found that there are some people who don't want to communicate. Each individual's time on this planet is limited and each person ought to have the right to decide how and with whom he wants to spend his spare time. I don't pretend to be an expert in communication or anything, but you can't expect everyone to feel duty-bound to communicate with you, merely because you want to communicate.

Craig Miller (Tom Whitmore): I followed the ODD BODKINS strip during its last 8 months or so. I don't exactly agree with your views of why it was great, but it was great none-the-less. In the last month of the strips existence, O'Neill threw in plugs (in the strip) about 'free comix' you could receive by writing to him. As far as I know, only two 'free comix' were issued. The first was about 3"x4" and featured an ODD BODKINS daily that the SF Chronicle refused to print, plus some

comments by O'Neill. The second giveaway was 4 pages in length (one sheet) and featured Bucky Bug and Dan O'Neill in a comic strip, with allusions that ODD BODKINS would soon be appearing in a 52 page comic that would sell for 50¢ (an underground comic, as time was later to show). Apparently, there were only two sets of 'free comix', because I later wrote back to O'Neill for more info and had my letter returned "moved; no forwarding address", so I never knew if there were any other comix.

Bob Cosgrove: Instead of having all the illo's on one page and all the type on another, why not mix? You know, have some type and an illo on each page. I believe that is referred to as 'layout' and is much more eye pleasing than full pages of type.

Gary Lowenthal: I'd rather have Marvelmania; at least I could read that. Would you believe that it took me four days to figure out what your cover was? If I hadn't of turned it sideways, I'd probably still assume that it was a wall, some trees and 'other things'.

Don Markstein: What kind of stew? Hey, if your motion on original material passes, perhaps you'll introduce a similar one on mailing comments. Why, would you believe that there are some members who do nothing but mailing comments? That's right, issue after issue of their zines consist of nothing but mailing comments (and non-original material)! Why, that's almost as bad as the people who do nothing but newspaper reprints! Well, as good public service minded members of KA, we've got to do something about this. However, being a new member and not wishing to appear glory hungry, I'll leave the exact wording up to you, secure in the knowledge that you will do a topnotch job, just as you have done with all your issues of Om Markstein Sklom Stu.

Bill Blackbeard: A great issue. I really enjoyed the Rotsler cartoons and the rest of the issue was just great.

Alvo Svoboda: You're right! With an issue like Neo-Fan #1, not many people are going to welcome you to the apa. However, you did get off one good line ("First of all, I would like to welcome myself into Capa Alpha, since, with the quality of this contribution, I doubt that anyone else will.") and the people who might have cut you down will be feeling too self-conscious to do so now.

-*-

FREE PLUG: Joe Siclari's fine fanzine Unterhelios #1 will be out about now and will feature a long interview with Frank Gagliano (The Prince of Peasantmania), an article on the Howdy Doody revival show and several other things. Mimeographed and over 40 pages, the price is 50¢. Unterhelios may be ordered from Joe Siclari, 1951 N. Meridian Road, #54, Tallahassee, Fla. 32303.

Well, that winds up this issue. Don't expect large future mailings, however. Luckily, I had a couple of weeks with nothing to do, on my hands, and instead of lying around and goofing off, decided to work up a large contribution for KA. Next issue: The Great Rich (master storyteller) explains why Tony Williamsune is prodoms greatest artist.

best,

rich

Artwork: P. 2, myself; P. 4 Ken Meaux;
P. 5, Alan Hanley; P. 6, 8, 9, Parris
Stripling; P. 11 & 12, unknown.