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TALLAHASSEE FANDOM: A SHORT HISTORY

When did Tallahassee Fandom really begin? Who can say...there may have been an organization that I never knew of...that was born years ago and died years ago. This is not the complete story of Tally Fandom by any means. It follows the development of Tallahassee Fandom from its humble beginnings back in 1967 to its current state today. I don't know what Tallahassee Fandom might mean to others; but for those of us who lived it, it was a lot of fun.

Prior to 1967, there was no Tallahassee Fandom. There were several comics buyers-traders (mostly young kids), but they certainly existed in the past, just as they will exist in the future. Buying comics as kids and swapping them for issues we hadn't read was the way most of us started as collectors. I began buying comics with great intensity in early 1966 and assumed I was the only real collector in the area. I did some local advertising and from the lack of response I got, assumed that I was Tallahassee's only comic collector.

Then I discovered Fandom. I had seen one of G.B. Love's ads for the RBCC in Marvel Comics and sent in a buck for a couple of issues. And at the same time, elsewhere in Tallahassee, there were other collectors doing the same thing. The first issue of the RBCC that I received was #54 (August, 1967) and shortly after getting it, I got a call from a guy who had noticed a high school newspaper article about my collecting habits. This guy, Douglas Fritz, had just started subbing to the RBCC and knew a couple of other people who were also. I knew a few people (who were somewhat interested) and thus Tallahassee Fandom got off to a speedy start.

Early Tallahassee Fandom consisted of Bobby Ervin, Alex Masterton, David Meiklejohn, Don Moore, Jim Lowe and myself. Things were fast, furious and full of fun in those days and a typical day in early Tally Fandom would have at least one meeting at someone's house, at least one comic sold or traded and two or three phone calls. All of us were in high school and besides sharing an interest in comics, palled around quite a bit (with the exception of Jim Lowe, who was older, married & lived miles away). Another early member of Tally Fandom was Stan Yinger, however he never subscribed to any fanzines and because he lived so far from town, rarely made any of our 'meetings'. A part-time member of Tally Fandom was John Meikenhaus who lived in Jacksonville, but periodically visited Tallahassee with his parents (and while there traded & sold comics).

Early Tallahassee Fandom was oriented mostly towards local activities, and while most of the early members subscribed to the RBCC (TF's Bible) they ignored outside fandom and all other fanzines. Truly, early

Tallahassee Fandom was collection-oriented. There was just too much to do for one to have time to get involved in outside activities. However, Bobby Ervin and I bought some other fanzines and I sent off an article or two from time to time. So early Tallahassee Fandom continued on its merry way of wheeling and dealing, oblivious to anything else and while it lasted it was fun. Who can dispute the hilarity of seeing two neos bidding like crazy (\$1.00 raises, folks) on an English Marvel comic which they thought was a great rarity (highest bid was \$5.00, but due to a weird bidding procedure (a sort of bidding in reverse), they kept lowering the bid (which was even funnier) until the comic sold for \$2.50). Yes, early Tallahassee Fandom was a lot of fun, but even fun must end...sometime.

The fun began to end in mid-1968, when David Meiklejohn began to stop coming to meetings and shortly after, Doug Fritz (the leading light of early Tallahassee Fandom) began to lose interest and dropped out. Stan Yinger moved to Oklahoma. For all practical purposes activity in Tally Fandom had come to a halt. The daily trading and meetings were virtually nonexistent (once or twice a month) and I began to turn more of my interest to outside Fandom. Tallahassee Fandom did struggle on for a couple of months longer in the guise of 'Gambling Fandom'. Every week or two Don Moore, Bobby Ervin, Alex Masterton and I would get together and play cards, but even this got boring and by the time Bill Black moved to Tallahassee, early Tallahassee Fandom was dead.

LATER TALLAHASSEE FANDOM

Even before Early Tallahassee Fandom was dead, things began to gradually move towards the creation of a second Tallahassee Fandom. In January, 1970, Chuck Sherman was elected Student Body President on the Independent Student Party (radical) ticket. One of Chuck's changes was the creation of a student oriented, independent university which would offer courses to students that the students themselves wanted to take. This plan of Chuck's came into existence as The Center For Participate Education (CPE) and was modeled on the 'free' universities found in many of California's Universities.

The formation of CPE gave me a chance to do something that I had wanted to do for a long time. I had always wanted to start a comics club in the Tallahassee area, but had no idea of how to go about it. CPE gave me the opportunity to form a comics club in the guise of teaching a comics course. I never did get the 'club' going, but many of the later members of Tallahassee Fandom came to my course (which was titled "History of Comic Books"). The course was never too popular because I was too lazy to make sure it got good publicity, but it was a lot of fun to do, so I didn't mind. I taught the course first in March of 1970 and continued to teach it until September 1971. Some of the people I met through the course were Joe Siclari, Brad Linaweaver, Warren Williams, Mike Ogden, Doug Marlette and Bill Ritch. However, nothing was started directly because of the course. I did get to meet the right people though and a few others found out about Fandom through the course (I used fanzines as textbooks).

"Bill Black is moving to Tallahassee". So read the headline in Gary Brown's 20th issue of Comic Comments (September, 1970). Naturally I couldn't wait to find him, however finding the elusive Mr. Black was

easier said than done (For a reason I do not care to name. Besides, Bill likes his secrets and I don't object). With Bill's arrival, things began to happen as Tallahassee now had its first Big Name Fan (and former Creepy and Eerie artist). Prior to Bill's coming to Tallahassee, I had persuaded Don Moore and a non-fan friend, Parris Stripling, that we could put out our own fanzine and work was begun on this in August, 1970.

We finally decided on the title of Plastic Oracle and the first issue came out in November of 1970, beating out Paragon #3 by two or three months (it took about a year for Bill to get Paragon #3 printed-lazy printer). Then in January, 1971, I finally published my first issue of Specials Series (a fanzine devoted to newspaper strip collecting). I had worked on that particular fanzine for about 1½ years before it was published (slow printer and I was lazy). In January, 1971 I got on the waiting list for the comics apa CAPA-alpha and in May, I produced the first issue of my apazine Yellow Balloon. By this time, Bill Black had published Paragon #3 and another book, Paragon Presents (Dark Continent)#2.

About this time, local fandom had begun to get somewhat organized and Joe Siclari caught the fanzine bug. Being more of a science-fiction fan than a comics fan, he decided to put out an sf fanzine while planning to do it entirely with local talent. The fanzine was properly christened unterHelious (everything under the sun by Mike Ogden) and the first issue was published just in time for the 1971 DallasCon.

Bill Black had three Tallahassee-published books to his credit by this time (Paragon #3, Paragon Presents #2, and Paragon Golden Age Greats). I had published a second issue of Plastic Oracle, was putting out Yellow Balloons regularly (and had joined another apa and was putting out issues of Yellow Submarine). Joe put out several issues of unterHelious with weird numbering. Like, so far he has published a #0, ½, 1, and 1¼. Once he said, "not only will I be the only person to have a complete set of unterHelious, but I'll also be the only person to know how many issues were published." Too true, Joe. Besides all of this activity, Bill Black had persuaded some guys at the place he worked to put out an adzine (and challenge G.B. Love) and two issues of the Astro Advertiser. were published by Orrin Lundgren and Lin Mitchell.

Then came the summer. And conventions. Bill Black (as usual) headed for the NY Con. Besides Bill, Bobby Ervin got to go to the NY Con also, his first con. Meanwhile, back in Tallahassee, Joe Siclari had persuaded a pile of us to go to the Southwestercon in Dallas. Joining Joe for the trip to Texas were myself, Brad Linaweaver (who went to see Forry), Don Moore and Mike Ogden (who went primarily for the movies). How all five of us managed to squeeze in Joe's car and still make it to Dallas, I don't know. It would have made an interesting con report though. Later in the year, Joe, I and Parris Stripling (the artist for Plastic Oracle), drove to New Orleans for the DeepSouthCon. The final Con of the year that Tallahassee fans attended was the WorldCon in Boston and Brad and Mike made it to that one.

Unlike early Tallahassee Fandom, which happened suddenly and gradually died, this later fandom developed in quite the opposite way. It grew slowly and began to be noticeable as an organization. And instead of dieing slowly, it continues to grow. Bill Black is publishing more titles and has plans for many more (Haunt of Horror, Peril Comics, Serial Show-

case, Paragon Golden Age Greats Volume 2, Captain Paragon #1 and Triple Threat). I have joined a couple of more apas. Don Moore has joined one. Brad Linaweaver was able to persuade the FSU radio station to give him a weekly half-hour science-fiction radio show (which is now dead but may be revived). Another fan, Dave Ligler was found to be living among us (and had been; we never knew he was there). One guy (an SF fan I didn't know of) has apparently sold an SF novel, The Black Book of Zan, while another, William Brown, aspires to be a Marvel Comics artist.

Several local fans have joined the FSU Film Committee (committee that picks the films that are shown at FSU) and we wind up picking a good assortment (FRANKENSTEIN, FREAKS, DRACULA, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, DR. JECKYL AND MR. HYDE (1932 version), 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, CHARLY, THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, KING KONG, PSYCHO, NOSFERATU, CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, etcetera etcetera). Plus, there are two serials every quarter (not bad ones, but the best of the Republic Serials). And, one of the big things at FSU is the recently started, annual WEIRD NIGHT. WEIRD NIGHT is Walpurgis Night (April 29) and about 16 hours of horror and science-fiction films are shown at each WEIRD NIGHT.

All in all, Tallahassee Fandom has grown and will continue to grow. For a while Bill Ritch taught a CPE class in science-fiction which was fairly successful. The Communications department offers several excellent course in films, and fanzines continue to come out at an increasing rate. Since most of Tallahassee's fans are university students, FSU has become the general gathering ground for local fans and much of what goes on, occurs out here. I don't know what one can say about Tallahassee Fandom. We still have no organized club or recognized organization; but we're here. And it certainly has been a lot of fun.

FANZINES PUBLISHED IN TALLAHASSEE BY
MEMBERS OF TALLAHASSEE FANDOM
(November, 1970-Present)

1. Adventures of the Great Rich #1-2 (Richard Small) apazine
2. Astro Advertiser #1-2 (Orrin Lundgren & Lin Mitchell) adzine; now defunct
3. Demon Don's Dossiere #1,2 (Don Moore) apazine
4. Paragon Illustrated #3,4 (William Black) comicszine
5. Paragon Golden Age Greats (William Black) portfolio; artzine
6. Paragon Presents #2 (William Black) comicszine
7. Plastic Oracle #1-2 (Richard Small, Don Moore and Parris Stripling) humorzine; defunct
8. Specials Series #1 (Richard Small) newspaper strips zine
9. Turkish Delights (Joe Siclari & Richard Small) oneshot
10. unterHelios #0, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, $1\frac{1}{4}$, 2 (Joe Siclari) science-fiction genzine & apazine
11. Yellow Balloon #1-6 (Richard Small) apazine
12. Yellow Submarine #1-4 (Richard Small) apazine

SOME NOTES: The second issue of unterHelios has not been published yet, but is in the process of being published. Thus it is listed as actual publication. The whole numbered issues of unterHelios are the genzines, while the other issues (#0, $\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{4}$) are apazines. Unless otherwise indicated all Tallahassee fanzines are still going. Warren Williams put out one issue of Mellow Babboon a stripzine for local fans only.

Fans in Tallahassee sometimes do some really screwy things and it isn't always wise to write about them while using the fan's real name (for reasons which will soon become obvious). So, I've decided to use Groucho Marx's old idea of getting around mentioning of specific names (thanks for the inspiration Rob).

DELANEY.....

There was this guy who used to take drugs quite frequently. We could call him one of the 'Mad Dopers of Tallahassee', but for the sake of argument, we'll call him Delaney.

Well, it happened that Delaney had taken a couple of hits of 'yellow sunshine' that didn't go over with him too well and he began to moan and shriek. Clearly, Delaney was having a bad trip. However, as he was quite coherent (at this point anyway), we asked him what the trouble was.

"Me...Frankenstein. Monster...Me. Dead...everyone."

Clearly Delaney thought he was the Frankenstein monster and that he (in a rage) had killed everyone (including himself, which was somewhat difficult as he was still alive). We tried to impress upon Delaney (a) that he was not Frankenstein, (b) that we were all still alive, and (c) that everything would be all right and would he please stop moaning.

This didn't seem to suit Delaney who still insisted that he was Frankenstein and that he had killed all of us etc. etc... Well, this got to me after a while, so I started asking Delaney things like how he had killed us, how he became the Frankenstein monster and things like that.

Well Delaney was becoming less coherent and was having trouble concentrating (to say nothing of the noise he was making). Like, it would take him one minute to get three consecutive words of one sentence out and by that time he'd lose his train of thought and you'd be right back at the beginning.

Then too, in one of his more coherent moments, Delaney expressed an interest in listening to the stereo, and some albums that were known to be Delaney's favorites were put on. Unfortunately, some of these had 'suggestive' lines about death (like 'Maxwell's Silver Hammer' from ABBEY ROAD) and every time Delaney heard one of these lines, he'd start back into his "Me...Frankenstein. Everybody...dead. Me...dead." bits and we'd have to convince him all over again that he wasn't Frankenstein and that he wasn't dead. Boy, that was some way to spend the wee hours of the morning (like from 11:00 pm to 5:00 am), believe you me.

Eventually, Delaney came out of it and oddly enough had trouble remembering that he thought he was Frankenstein. He thought at first that we were putting him on, but after a while he remembered enough to realize that it had been for real. While I don't take drugs, I have heard all sorts of stories of the sensations and things like that, but this



-KEN-

is the first time I ever heard of a guy who thought he was Frankenstein. Has anybody ever run across anything of this nature... of people who thought they were Superman, Batman, Count Dracula or whoever? I'd really be interested in hearing about it, if not through an MC, then through a personal letter (or phone call).

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Just the other day, when FANTASIA was in town, I ran into Delaney, who promptly announced he was planning to see FANTASIA while stoned. When I asked him the reason for doing so, he replied, "Well, I've seen the film 'straight' three times (about 7 years ago), so I feel it's only fair to see it stoned at least once." Gad...to

think that a person has to be stoned to enjoy a film such as that... incredible. I later ran into Delaney who commented that while he had seen the film stoned the first three times, had seen it straight the last two.

Speaking of FANTASIA, I suppose that everyone knows that Disney encountered some censorship problems with the film. The Hays Office felt that it was improper to show semi-nude female centaurs consorting with male centaurs and so ordered Disney to cover up the females breasts (with halters & bikinis) whenever the two sexes were together. Originally, Disney had planned to leave the female centaurs bare-breasted throughout the entire sequence. However, that wasn't all that the censors had done. On my fourth viewing of the film I noticed that some centaurs had navels while others did not. On my fifth viewing of the film I really watched the centaurs to see if they had navels or not and the results were suprizing. About $\frac{1}{2}$ of the time the female centaurs had navels and $\frac{1}{2}$ of the time they didn't. Generally, the centaurs in the background had navels while the ones in the foreground didn't. Almost none of the male centaurs had navels (I noticed only one or two). I believe the Hays Office ordered Disney to get rid of the navels also (Why? I don't know. Possibly because a navel defines the body in regard to pubic hair). However Disney didn't get rid of all of them. Some people might say that this was unintentional; that there was no censorship; that Disney chose to give some centaurs navels and gave none to others. However, the best proof of censorship comes at the scene just before Zues hurls down his first lightning bolt. Before the bolt, none of the centaurs have navels; after the bolt, they all do.

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF RADICAL JACK....

Radical Jack Lieberman, whose exploits were recorded way back when in Yellow Balloon #1, has been at it again. During the Spring, 1971 Quarter, Jack and some cohorts decided that it would be a neat idea to go and picket the Marine Recruiter who had come out to the FSU Campus. It seems that Jack and company jammed into the building and when they wouldn't leave, were suspended. Later, the suspension was

lifted and Jack was placed on Probation. Now one of the things about being on probation, is that you can't do anything 'bad'. If you do, it (depending on the course of action the administration takes) could mean expulsion.

Now we come to the Winter 1971/1972 Quarter and Jack is still teaching his controversial "How to Make A Revolution in The USA" CPE course. CPE, for the benefit of you later readers is a 'free university' run by the students of FSU. Any student can teach a non-credit course and CPE provides the student teacher with any help that he might need and free publicity.

At this time, CPE had come under fire (again) and President Marshall ordered a moratorium on CPE Classes for the first week of the Winter Quarter. One thing about the moratorium; it was not an official order (more like an unofficial order). Jack ignored the moratorium and proceeded to teach his class. A University official was present at this class of Jack's and Jack asked the official if he was going to order him to stop (the class). The official said nothing, so Jack assumed it was all right to go ahead (if the official had said "No!" Jack would have probably taught his class anyway, but the point is the official said nothing).

The next morning Jack was suspended. He was suspended for disobeying an Executive Order of President Marshall (which really wasn't a real order, remember?). The University used the reason of his being on probation as an extra excuse. It became quite clear that the University was out to get Jack (there were so many good things to get him on; why did they have to pick such a poor reason?). Here the matter becomes quite messed up and everyone comes off looking poorly (except for Jack and only because he didn't do anything).

First the administration loused things up by bringing such a ridiculous charge against Jack (if only that University official had told him to halt his class; if only President Marshall's Order had been an official one). CPE blew it too. They failed to condemn Jack for his breaking of the moratorium, but never hesitated one second in their total condemnation of the Administration. CPE, I might add, had the total support of the Administration in the past, but they threw it all away in defence of an unworthy cause.

The matter was tried through the Student Courts and as each of the lower courts decided in Jack's favor and in each case the Administration appealed. Finally, the matter came before the Student Supreme Court which also decided in Jack's favor. The Administration then overruled the Courts decision (an illegal act) and cited some vague passage (which could have meant anything) in the University Student Handbook for doing so. This really got everybody mad (they could care less about Radical Jack, but here the rights of students were being attacked). However, it takes



quite a lot to exite FSU students to protest and no big protest rallies came off. However, in view of the Administrations unbelievable usurpation of power (telling the students they had no power; that Student Government could do only what the Administration was willing to let it do), Student Government officials began resigning en masse. The entire Honor Court resigned; many Student Government officials resigned (the conservative President didn't however, arguing that the present system was better than no system at all) and the Student Senate voted to hold a special election to 'self-destruct'. The Student Senate could not vote itself out of existence, so it called for a special election for the students to do so. For a while, the Administration was placed in an embarrassing situation, however the students voted to retain Student Government and the old officials went back to their jobs. Radical Jack took the matter to Court and a 'somewhat conservative' Judge Middlebrooks ruled against him, issuing an opinion which left students classified as little better than second class citizens.

What did it all accomplish? Well, Jack is still on campus (having more time for radical activities, now that he doesn't have to attend class). He doesn't teach his class anymore, but that's just as well since nobody attended it (except when some controversy was going). Now, he is spending most of his time in defense of some local blacks, dubiously named 'The Quincy (Fla.) Five'. The 'Five' are five black guys who apparently are being unjustly persecuted because they tried to organize the blacks (politically) in Quincy, Fla. For example, witnesses at the crime (the murder of a deputy sheriff) say that no more than three blacks participated, yet the 'Quincy Five' (as well as 3 other blacks from Jacksonville; a total of 8 guys) are being tried for a crime which 3 committed). Such is life.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL Chapter 13

During the Spring, 1972 Quarter at FSU, we have been showing the Republic Serial THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL, a chapter at a time, with various films on the Underground and American Cinema Film Series. As it was, two chapters were scheduled to be shown with the 16 hours of films on WEIRD NIGHT. This year, anticipating a large crowd, the films were moved from Moore Auditorium (400 capacity) to the larger Diamond Auditorium (1400 capacity).

About two weeks before the films were to be screened, Joe Siclari got this brilliant idea of having a skit prior to the showing of the films. Joed felt that it would be nice to somehow tie in Captain Marvel with the skit since we were showing the serial that quarter, but the problem of a costume seemed to be the biggest stumbling block. However, I knew that Bill Black had a Captain Marvel costume and told Joed that I could probably get Bill to lend it to me. With this encouragement, Joed began working out the plot of the skit and lined up Film Committee members and other assorted individuals to perform in it.

Basicly, the plot goes as follows: At the start of the skit weird music would be played over the sound system (in this instance, the selection 'The Dream' from the ROSEMARY'S BABY album soundtrack was used). At this point several zombies come out on stage, with their master, a mysticly garbed practitioner of the Black Arts. The warlock

and the zombies go into the audience to 'select' their pre-arranged victim, a beautiful young girl. The zombies carry the struggling young Miss on to the stage where she is held down on the sacrificial table. The warlock makes the necessary incantations. Suddenly, Billy Batson (who just happens to have been sitting on the front row in the audience) jumps up and yells, "This is a job For Captain Marvel!" and leaps into the orchestra pit. Captain Marvel leaps out of the orchestra pit and thrashes the two zombies and stabs the warlock with his own sacrificial knife. Captain Marvel then runs over to the girl, unties her and lifts her into his arms. CM then looks meaningfully at the girl, flashes a lecherous grin at the audience and exits, stage right.

At least, that was the way it was supposed to go, and by and large the skit did go that way. However, Joed did schedule two rehearsals and at these rehearsals a couple of things were changed. One of the changes was brought about by the Captain Marvel costume. Oh, it did fit me...barely. As a result of this tight fit, I couldn't leap out of the orchestra pit on to the stage without splitting the costume down the middle. So instead, I leaped out of the orchestra pit into the audience and then ran up some stairs to the stage. The number of zombies kept changing from two to three. Finally it stabilized at three. At these rehearsals, it was decided to have a couple of the members of the audience try to save the intended victim when the zombies came down to get her. Of course the zombies were to clobber these guys. Meanwhile Warren Williams was able to use his influence as Film Committee Chairman to get the Theature Department people to lend us a couple of long, dark, flowing robes (for the zombies-the warlock already had his costume). Warren also got a flashpot from the Special Effects people (this would provide the cloud of smoke when the magic word was spoken).

Everything was ready. We had only to wait for Weird Night to come along so we could put on the show. The cast as this time featured Me as Captain Marvel, Paul Greiman as Billy Batson, Joda Maynard as the Warlock, Claire Somebodyorother as the sweet young thing and Bill Ritch Mark Stanfill and Lee Haslip as the three zombies.

WEIRD NIGHT arrived without anybody suspecting that a Captain Marvel skit was going to be put on. A slight change of plans: Instead of having the skit at the beginning of the films (8:00pm), it was postponed until Midnight (a more appropriate time, according to Joed).

10:30 pm: WEIRD NIGHT officially sells out with over 1200 tickets sold (and 200 or so free passes). Joed makes the decision to transfer WEIRD NIGHT over to Moore Auditorium; that is, have the same films shown over there as in Diamond, on a staggered basis. Since a projectionist & ushers are needed, Brad Linaweaver, Blazin' Bob Ervin and Warren Williams go over to Moore to work. Now as Warren was to handle the flashpot, his going causes a couple of problems: Like who will set it off? Fortunately 'Demon' Don Moore happens to be handy and is more than happy to volunteer to set off the flashpot. One problem: 'Demon' Don was not at any of our rehearsals...will he know when to set it off? (This particular flashpot is set off by plugging it in to an electric outlet and there is only enough powder for one try.) Remember, Bill Ritch is in this one. ANYTHING could go wrong!

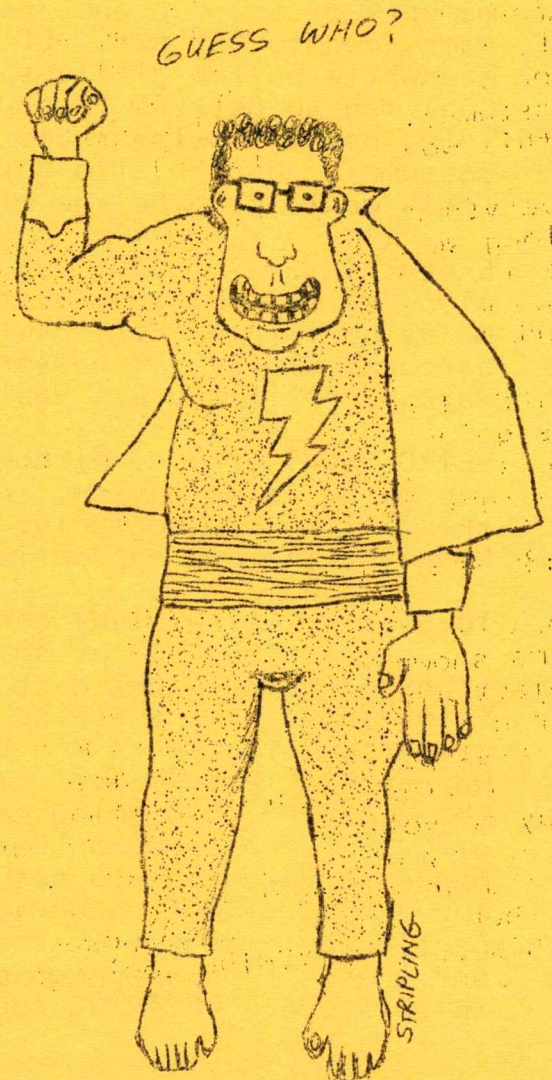
10:45 pm: I wander over to Moore Auditorium (which is on the other end of campus) to see how Blazin' Bob, Burybrad (Brad) and Warren are doing. Blazin' Bob tells me that he hates to miss the skit, but has no objection to ushering at \$1.60 an hour (the job is not much more difficult than merely watching the films...and he would have done that anyway).

11:40 pm: A 20 minute Laurel & Hardy short comes on. This is the film that precedes the skit. I change clothes in the ticket box office and borrow Parris Stripling's blanket (so I can get backstage without being seen and recognized). In the orchestra pit, I run into 'Demor' Don and go over by the flashpot (from approximately where I am to make my leap out into the audience). A small platform has been erected at the far end of the pit, so I climb on top of this and crouch down very low (two feet above the platform is the top of the pit; it wouldn't do for me to be prematurely seen).

12:00 Midnight: The Laurel & Hardy short ends. The overhead lights in the auditorium go halfway on-enough for the 'actors' to see where they're going. Some people take this to be a break and prepare to leave. They halt when they see the screen going up and begin to hear the music from ROSEMARY'S BABY. A spotlight focuses on the table. Suddenly a sharp explosion is heard. A light cloud of smoke rises to the auditorium ceiling. It seems that Demor Don had 'slipped' and inadvertently plugged the socket from the flashpot into the electric outlet. Great, just great. I would have gone over to see why he set it off so prematurely, but decided that this will make too much noise (and I might be seen). So, I lie there and wait.

The Warlock comes out on stage followed by his three zombies and after going through a few 'mystic' motions goes down into the audience. This was when the fun really began. Some of the people, when observing that the zombies were coming in their direction, decided that it might be wisest to get up and move to the other side of the auditorium. Joed (who was sitting in the audience enjoying it all) said that some people really got freaked out by this and had some weird comments to relate after the skit.

After the zombies had gotten the girl and beaten off their attackers (the girl had a few friends who promised to make things look 'good'), they carried her up on the stage. Only she wasn't kicking and screaming (Bill Ritch was one of the zombies and she was afraid he might drop her, were she to struggle). SUDDENLY, Billy Batson leaps



up, yells "This is a job for Captain Marvel", and jumps into the orchestra pit. Unfortunately I was somewhat rattled by 'Demon' Don's premature detonation of the flashpot and took this to be my cue. Five seconds later I realized my mistake.

"SHAZAM!"

I jump out of the orchestra pit and run up the steps to the stage. The zombies and the Warlock stand around in stunned disbelief and I pummel each of them into unconsciousness (except for Mark Stanfill - who ran offstage when he saw me coming). I next turn my attention to the sweet young thing who was the intended sacrificial victim. First I blow out both of the sacrificial candles (a nice spontaneous touch), then lift up the shapely young miss and head for an exit. Unfortunately, the lights went out at this time and I had a time blundering into curtains before I finally 'found' my way out. Though I took the costume off shortly after, you know who went strutting around like he owned the world (at least for that night, anyway). Bill Black was supposed to have been there that night, taking slides, but wasn't. A pity. Which brings us to the next item.

BILL BLACK RETIRES FROM FILMMAKING

After directing over 20+ films, Bill Black announced that he was no longer going to make any more films and would stick to publishing Paragon Illustrated and a variety of other fanzines. Bill's last completed film was THE PALLID MASK made in 1969 and during the last couple of years, his name had been associated with many projected films that never came off. Among these were THE SCARLET SHROUD (a portion of which was filmed), MUMMIES FROM MARS, BIKINI BEACH BLOODBATH and ATTACK OF THE TERRIBLE TUMBLEBUGS. Bill did finish a 5 minute short version (of questionable quality) of the WEREWOLF OF TALLAHASSEE in collaboration with Mike Ogden. The film was advertised and was to be shown at WEIRD NIGHT, but for some reason known only to him, Mike (who was projecting) decided not to show it. I had a chance to see the film and it really isn't that bad. Perhaps Mike's hesitancy came from the fact that the film was composed entirely of stills (no 'live' action), a process which Bill hadn't entirely mastered. Though out of horror filmmaking, Bill will continue to do educational films (HOW TO INSTALL A ZIPPER etc.) for the Media Center, where he works.

THE BEST OF THE FIRST NY EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL banned in tallahassee

In January, 1972, the First Annual NY Erotic Film Festival was held and was successful enough to get some people interested in distributing it nationally. So, the 'best' of the festival was put together in a package titled BEST OF THE FIRST ANNUAL NY EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL, while the distribution was handled by New Line Cinema. Well, New Line Cinema called up the FSU Film Committee and made an offer that was too good to be true. They would allow us to show the festival twice (once during the Summer Quarter and once during the Fall Quarter), while paying only for the Fall Quarter showing. In other words, New Line was allowing us to show the FILM FESTIVAL during the Summer Quarter without charging any



rental fees; we would only have to pay for the Fall Quarter showing. Naturally, this seemed like a good thing so the Committee scheduled THE BEST OF THE FIRST ANNUAL NY EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL for both quarters. An ad was placed in the FSU Flambarf for the FESTIVAL and four days prior to the showing, everything seemed to be going all right. However, The Program Office began to get some flack from Campus Security and other University officials. The result of all this was that they invited someone from the Attorney General's office to view the film and give an 'unofficial' opinion of it. The opinion he gave was not too promising ("We've busted people for showing worse than what you're planning to show.") so a special screening was held for the Film Committee.

Some of the shorts were 'pornographic', but almost all were well made and only a couple could be called klinkers. Two of the best were THE APPOINTMENT and A MILLER'S TALE (an excellent adaptation of one of Chaucer's Tales) and these were also voted among the best at the NY Erotic Film Festival itself. I should say here that there are many 'possible' versions of the NY EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL. New Line Cinema has the rights to almost all of the films that were shown in the Festival and can make up a program dictated by the client's wants. For example, we got the 'softcore' version, yet there are various degrees of 'softcore' versions (to say nothing of the hardcore versions but this is superfluous).

After viewing the films, a meeting of the Film Committee was called and we got to discuss the situation with the gent from the Attorney General's office. It was interesting...and very eye-opening. First, he explained that as the laws now stood, the overall film was 'pornographic' and stood a very good chance of being busted. If the matter was brought to court, the case would be decided (whether or not the film was 'pornographic') using the 'average man off the streets' definition; that is, what the average man (in Leon County) would consider 'offensive'. Then too, the guy pointed out that there was a 2 year statute of limitations. Any time during the next two years, a suit could be brought. He did point out, however, that what the 'average man' in NY City considered 'pornographic' and what the 'average man' in Leon County considered 'pornographic' were two different things. A film considered 'pornographic' in Leon County would probably have no difficulty in New York City because the standards used were higher/lower there. He also pointed out that four of the films shown at the Festival in New York were busted (ROOM SERVICE 75; OLD, BORROWED AND STAG; NORIEN, TEN; and TUESDAY), however our version had none of those films in it. At the meeting, some of the committee members tried to engage the guy in senseless arguments (One guy said he felt that John Wayne films were obscene, so why aren't you going to bust them?), while another babbled pointlessly. Only Burybrad got a good line in when he said that the guy was against the Free Marketplace and Capitalism. Eventually, the decision was made to give the choice of whether or not to show the film to the people who most likely would be busted. Naturally, they chose not to show the film (exactly what I would have done). Perhaps we'll show the film Fall Quarter, but I doubt it.

A DIRECTORY TO TALLAHASSEE FANDOM: PAST AND PRESENT

PAST

Douglas Fritz: Doug was the driving force in Early Tallahassee Fandom and was generally the one who planned the wild escapades that went on then. Called 'Fritz' by almost everyone who knew him, his more predominant features were his stringy red hair, emaciated body and buck teeth. His rather interesting habit of wearing clothes that were either 3 sizes too large or 3 sizes too small led to some interesting jokes and even more interesting discussions. A Marvel (and Marvel pre-hero) collector to the last, he simply stopped reading one day and dropped out. Among his most interesting schemes was his plan to keep fan Bobby Ervin from finding out I lived in town. He wanted to brag to Ervin that he had 'a good buddy who has thousands of old comics', so he told Bobby that I lived in Madison, Fla. (a small town about 100 miles from Tallahassee) and would come to Tallahassee every week or so, just to see him (Doug). It was clever while it lasted, but I noticed an ad of Bobby's in the RBCC, called him up and that was the end of that. We had a good laugh over Doug's ill-fated scheme though. Whenever he was told to go to Hell, Doug's favorite comeback of "Lead the way" never failed to break us up. I don't believe I've seen Doug for over two years.

Al Cuneo: Sorry about getting you out of order Al. Al was the dreamer of early Tallahassee Fandom. Besides his interest in comics he was also interested in games and we spent many an afternoon playing new and interesting games that Al had dreamed up the day before. If anyone would have ever gone pro, it would have been Al. However, he soon found out that to succeed in New York, you almost had to live there and that meant leaving all his friends in Tallahassee. Besides he was making far more in advertising than he could have made in comics.

Alex Masterton: Usually called 'Big Al', Alex was one of Tallahassee's most active fans. He was forever trying to dream up ways of getting more ECs for his collection and whenever I'd get a new batch in (at bargain prices-people who were trying to sacrifice their collections always managed to send me a list) Alex would want to know all about it. Usually, he'd try to get me to tell him the name of the person who sold me the ECs, but I would always refuse to do so (because those people kept sending more lists). Well, Alex became convinced that I was excessively paranoid and was keeping these guys names secret because of some strange fear which he couldn't understand. Alex referred to these unnamed individuals as 'secret guys' and it got to be a running gag whereby everyday he would call up to find out how many letters I had gotten from 'secret guys'. Of course, I told him that all my mail was letters from 'secret guys' and this led to many soul-searching discussions in which he tried to get me to see how much better off I would be if only I would tell him who all my 'secret guys' were. Yeah, SUURE! In the end, Alex did manage to round up a good collection of ECs. However just as he was getting a sizable collection going, he became more interested in the 'local scene' and dropped out. Still I would see him every once in a

while and he always had some interesting things to say (particularly about Doug Fritz who was now getting to be quite a character...even now I have trouble believing he did all the things he did). For instance, at one time Fritz was a paperboy and delivered the afternoon TALLAHASSEE DEMOCRAT to homes in Tallahassee. And of course, he had to collect the money for the month's papers from all his subscribers. Well, one day he happened to be in this woman's basement while she was doing her wash. After this woman went upstairs to get some money Fritz got this irresistible urge to pour a can of motor oil into the woman's wash (he had noticed the can by the washing machine which was still going). Apparently it didn't occur to Fritz that this was not the time to commit the act, so he opened the can and began to pour the oil into the woman's wash... just as the woman was coming down the stairs. The woman was not impressed. Fritz managed to get away, but the woman had no trouble in finding out who it was (all she had to do was telephone the paper and find out her carrier's name). Even if Fritz hadn't been caught in the act, he still would have been caught. At times we really used to wonder about the level of Fritz's mind. Yet his exploits were so fantastic and so insane (like the night he unrolled 50 rolls of toilet paper on people's lawns while in Jacksonville). We couldn't help but laugh. I didn't realize that doing these blurbs could be so nostalgic, but man... Them were the days.

John Meikenhaus: Frequently called the Mad Meikenhaus because of his great desire to get money (usually involving games of chance) and his more interesting ability to usually wind up losing, John Meikenhaus was one of TF's more interesting fans. Actually, John wasn't an actual Tallahassee fan as he lived near Jacksonville, more than 135 miles away. However, 3 or 4 times a year John would visit Tallahassee with his family and whenever he did, this meant we were in for several mad days of card playing, comics trading and fun in general. John was a very devoted Marvel collector and was always trying to complete his collection. His problem: sometimes he'd trade two comics of which he had but one copy of for one comic he still needed. Eventually he made it, but just at about that time he began losing interest in his collection and started selling it off. John now attends college in Tallahassee, but is more into other things these days (I can still beat you at bowling John!).

David Meiklejohn: I met David through Doug Fritz and of all the people of early Tallahassee Fandom, I know the least about him. Always a short quiet guy, he began collecting on his own, continued collecting on his own and stopped collecting on his own. He sold his comic collection to Jim Lowe to finance a more expensive collection; reptiles. I suppose he tired of that too.

Stanley Yinger: I ran into Stan quite by chance and given time, he could have become one of Tallahassee's more active fans. Yet, he soon moved to Oklahoma and that was the end of that. He was one of the two fans who was involved in a bidding war for an English Marvel comic. The other was Demon Don (didn't think I'd forget about that did you, Demon Don?). I think Stan finally got that English Marvel for \$2. (after a 'high' bid by Demon Don of \$5.50).

PRESENT

Bill Black: Bill is publisher of Paragon Illustrated and is probably Tallahassee Fandom's most famous resident. An extremely cheerful soul, Bill is generally willing to help anybody out if he can (he lent me his Captain Marvel costume and has designed several ads for the Film Committee, to name a few). Bill is TF's biggest fan publisher and has so many books in the works that I've lost track of some of them (I imagine Bill has too). Bill currently resides at 701 Shell St. with his wife Rebekah and for the most part participates in very few Tallahassee Fandom activities (he generally spends most of his time working or drawing).

Bobby Ervin: One of the original fans, Bobby continues to remain active today. A sometimes amateur cartoonist, Bobby is famous for the humorous comic strips he sometimes draws as well as his unique way of phrasing things. Like all of us in early Tallahassee Fandom, Bobby started by collecting Marvels and then switched to ECs (and is one of the few who has kept his EC collection intact). As a nearby neighbor of Doug Fritz, he and Fritz used to get into all these trivial arguments and the two of them would make a \$5 bet to determine who was 'right'. At one point they got so many of these \$5 bets going that half the time either Doug or Bobby would lose track of them. Didn't really matter though, as no one ever collected on these bets anyway. Bobby has a friend living in North Carolina who works in a movie theater and saves all the one-sheet posters which he sends to Bobby (who uses them to decorate the Film Committee workroom). The SWAMP GIRL poster (starring country singers Ferlin Husky and Claude King) is a classic.

Lee Haslip: Lee (sometimes called 'Big Lee') is primarily an old radio fan and a film fan. Big Lee reminds one of a football tackle (this comes in handy when he is ushering at the films and has rowdy people to contend with) and is noted for his most famous saying, "What good is it to have all these great film series (at FSU) if people in North Carolina don't know anything about us".

Brad Linaweaver: Sometimes called Burybrad, Boy Redneck and other things not printable, this former roommate of Bill Ritch has but one thing to say, "Once I made the mistake of rooming with Bill Ritch and it almost killed me". Brad is a comic/SF fan who one day aspires to write professionally. Brad is also a Libertarian Capitalist (one of those rare animals that one seldom sees in Fandom) and is noted for his attention to seemingly unimportant details and has been known to fly into rages upon discovering that a couple of words were edited out of his letter when published in Famous Monsters. At one time, Brad and Warren Williams had an SF radio show on the University radio station, but due to their disenchantment with the station manager and the station in general, gave it up. Also a Film Committee member, Brad has been one of the ones responsible for the great number of SF and horror films shown at FSU in the last two years. Brad was the first local fan to begin popularizing the theory that Bill Ritch is a jinx, but more on that later. Brad isn't very much interested in the publishing

aspects of fandom, though he has contributed to unterHelios and has helped profusely in getting the first two issues published.

David Ligler: Dave is a comics fan who has been living in Tallahassee for the last couple of years, but I met him only recently when someone noticed he had an ad in a recent RBCC. Who knows what other fans may be hiding in the woodwork. Dave was the one who had the chance to get thousands of old comics dating back to 1936 and for a while it looked as though he had a pretty good chance. Unfortunately, he had some trouble in getting in contact with the old lady who had the comics (a reluctant go-between) and by the time he was able to get the guy to find out something substantial, the old lady had given them to relatives who had burned them. A familiar story, this has happened to me two or three times also. One of these days, I'll run across some more people who haven't burned or given the comics away. Someday. I hope.

Jim Lowe: Jim is one of the early fans, but unlike all the other early fans was about 10 years older than the rest of us and married, so this limited his activities somewhat. Jim was THE EC COLLECTOR and at last count had around 275 ECs (not to mention a very substantial Disney collection). About the only time we ever saw Jim was at a 'quarterly to semi-annual' trading session. It got to be so bad that we got to referring to Jim as the fan 'you never see, but you know he's there'. Jim is still working on competing his EC collection and at last count had about 15 comics (mostly war) to go.

Orrin Lundgren: The 'Big O' is one of Tallahassee's far out fan personalities (just ask Bill Black) and was co-editor and co-publisher of the Astro Advertiser. Since he has turned his interests to painting, dozens of people have been hitting the poor guy for free portraits (which he does quite well) and he hasn't had much time for anything else.

Lin Mitchell: Lin is the other half of the Astro Advertiser team and I know even less about him, other than he is a fiendish comic collector.

Don Moore: Frequently called 'Demon' Don, among other things, Don has been a collector even longer than I and was the one responsible for introducing me to comic collecting and reintroducing me to my childhood friend, Parris Stripling. 'Demon' Don lived across the street from Parris (until he moved about 1 year ago) and his house was one of the meeting places for Tallahassee Fans. Much of Plastic Oracle #1 and #2 were put together over at his house and a lot of hairbrained things happened there. One Halloween, a few of us got together over at Don's and decided that we'd spend the evening scaring anybody who came to the door, I told my sister about these plans, so she decided to come over and scare us (by throwing small unripe berries against the glass doors and leaving mysterious notes). And boy did she scare us (except for me: I was

too busy trying to figure out who it could be and how they could get around so easily without being seen). Dorian (Parris' brother) really got freaked out and was carrying this heavy metal pipe around for 'protection'. 'Demon' Don in the past had always bragged about how he left his doors unlocked because he believed in predestination: that whoever was going to get him would get him, regardless of whether he locked his doors or not. So he never locked his doors. By the time the night was over, I think even 'Demon' Don was convinced that you should lock your doors at night at least part of the time. We all had a good laugh when we later found out it was my sister. However, now that 'Demon' Don lives out in the country, we don't often get out to his place and as a result a lot of weird things never happen.

Mike Ogden: Sometimes called Mad Dog Oged, The Werewolf of Tallahassee, Iron Mike, Melted Mike and Hal 9000, Mike is one of the most colorful film fans in the Tallahassee area. A former chairman of the Film Committee, Mike is the local expert on films (if you have a question, he's the one to ask). Mike is currently the projectionist in Moore Auditorium and has interests which range from Howard and Lovecraft to Corman and Eisenstein.

William Alan Ritch: Bill Ritch is a living, breathing, walking, talking, slobbering jinx! Just look at what his initials spell! Strange as it seems (though I didn't believe it at first) Bill is an actual jinx. Too much has happened to me, Burybrad, Warren Williams and the Film Committee for it all to be coincidence. Joe Siclari still insists that Bill is not a jinx, but he's about the only one (him and 'Demon' Don). ## Bill, like Brad, is a Libertarian Capitalist and a Marvel Comics/SF fan. It's strange to see how similar their likes and dislikes are. Bill once typed up 30 or so pages of fannish material on ditto masters, but has yet to get it run off (that was over 2 years ago).

Joe Siclari: Sometimes called Joed, Joe is Tallahassee's resident science fiction fan and is the only person besides myself and Bill Black (and of course, 'Deomon' Don) who regularly publishes something. Joe will soon have put out two issues of his star-studded science-fiction fanzine unterHelios. #2 will run about 60 pages and is well worth the 60¢ he charges. Joe also has a large collection of comics and specializes in the work of three particular artists: Adams, Corben and Wood. I originally met Joe back in 1970 at one of my History of Comics meetings and without his valuable help would probably never have been able to put out either Plastic Oracle or Yellow Balloon (or anything else I've published for that matter). Joe has also been the person responsible for planning and organizing trips to the 1971 DCon, the 1971 and 1972 Deep South Cons and the 1972 Worldcon. Without Joe Siclari life in Tallahassee Fandom would be a lot duller and fan publishing (except for what Bill Black has done) would probably be almost non-existent.

Richard Small: I've already said enough about myself, so there isn't any need to expound further.

Parris Stripling: Parris is generally known as Captain Illo, a name that was coined way back in the Plastic Oracle days. I've known Parris since 1958 and when I moved back to Tallahassee in 1964 (after a three year stay in Fort Myers), both he and 'Demon' Don were avid comics readers/collectors. Since that time, Parris has disposed of his collection, but has gotten more into fanzines and has provided several illustrations which have graced past issues of Yellow Balloon. Parris, just like almost all members of Tallahassee Fandom, is attending FSU and is a member of the Film Committee.

Warren Williams: Warren is present chairman of the Film Committee and owner of a ditto machine besides. From his talented fingers have come the pages of Mellow Baboon #1, a local humorzine. Warren was a former roommate of Burybrad and is convinced that good old Burybrad is full of political crap (ALL Libertarian Capitalists are full of political crap). Primarily a film fan, Warren has hopes of oneday owning many 16mm horror and sf prints. Good luck Warren.

Should you by some chance be in the Tallahassee area, these are the people you would most likely want to contact (most of the rest are students and their addresses will change in September so there is no point in listing them).

Bill Black, 701 Shell St., Tallahassee, Fla. 32303 phone: 222-4266
Don Moore, Route 9, Box 1019, Tallahassee, Fla. 32303 phone: 576-7917
Bobby Ervin, 1434 Crestview Ave., Tallahassee Fla. 32303 phone: 222-4721
Joe Siclari, 1607 McCaskill #4, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304 phone: 575-2252
Richard Small, 117 S. Meridian St. #3, Tallahassee, Fla. phone: 224-5731

Delaney from last issue (not Delaney from this issue: that's a different Delaney) wishes me to announce that he has changed somewhat. Yes friends, Delaney from last issue wishes to announce that he no longer fully supports George C. Wallace. In fact he even voted for Humphrey in the primary (lot of good that did Humphrey) and has stated that he plans to be more liberal in the future. Might even become a hippy. More power to you, Delaney.

I would like to take this space to announce plans for publication of Specials Series #2, in association with Brad Linaweaver. At present, I have no real plans for the issue, but with all the local talent we have down here, it seems a shame to let it go to waste (and they want to do things also). Contributions by members of K-a will be most welcome. The publication will be offset.

#1. <u>Specials Series #1</u>	Jan. 1971...53...	255...	General
#2. <u>Plastic Oracle #1</u>	Nov. 1970...44...	90...	General
#3. <u>Plastic Oracle #2</u>	April 1971...56...	115...	General
#4. <u>Yellow Balloon #1</u>	June 1971...17...	118...	K-a #80
#5. <u>Yellow Submarine #1</u>	July 1971...2...	85...	Apanage7
#6. <u>Yellow Balloon #2</u>	Aug. 1971...14...	119...	K-a #82
#7. <u>Yellow Balloon #3</u>	Sept 1971...23...	120...	K-a #83
#8. <u>Adventures of the Great Rich #1</u>	Oct. 1971...7...	115...	Exp. #11
#9. <u>Yellow Submarine #2</u>	Nov. 1971...2...	85...	Apan.#9
#10. <u>Turkish Delights</u>	Dec. 1971...*	***	*****
#11. <u>Yellow Submarine #3</u>	Mar. 1972...2...	50...	Apan.#11
#12. <u>Yellow Balloon #4</u>	April 1972...12...	245...	K-a #91
#13. <u>Adventures of the Great Rich #2</u>	May, 1972...5...	85...	NYapa#4
#14. <u>Yellow Balloon #5</u>	June 1972...14...	150...	K-a #93
#15. <u>You Knew the Job was Dangerous #1</u> ..	May, 1972...2...	85...	APA-L372
#16. <u>Yellow Submarine #2</u>	June 1972...2...	45...	Apan.#13
#17. <u>Talla. Fandom Comics & Stories #2</u> ..	July 1972...2...	80...	APA-L375
#18. <u>Yellow Balloon #6</u>	Aug. 1972...20...	250...	K-a #95

SOME NOTES: Apanage is the childrens fantasy apa. OE is Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas. 77566. CAPA-Alpha is the best comics apa and current Central Mailer is Dan Alderson, 6720 Day St., Tujunga, Cal. 91042. Exponent was a west coast comics apa which has apparently folded. The Last issue of Exponent was #10 and Adventures of the Great Rich #1 was scheduled for Exponent #11, which has yet to come out. NYapa is a New York based comics apa which seems to be on the verge of folding also. Neal Pozner, 4028 Anne Dr., Seaford, NY 11783 is the Central Mailer. APA-L is a weekly apa put out by the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society.

MORE NOTES: Plastic Oracle was actually published by Don Moore, but I edited it and did most of the work on it, so I count it as a Richall publication. 500 copies of a 7 page edition of Turkish Delights were printed by Joe Siclari and myself. We split the printrun evenly and Joe sent his copies to unterHelios readers and through NAPA. I sent mine through K-a and NYapa. The copies sent through K-a had four pages of mailing comments added on, making a total of 11 pages. There were approximately 90 copies of this edition printed. Yellow Balloon #4 (Richall publication #12) was inadvertantly misnumbered #10. The dates listed on the individual issues of Yellow Balloon may differ from the dates in this listing. The dates in this listing are the dates the issue actually came out whereas the dates in issues #1-5 indicated the issue of K-a (month) that I hoped to get that issue of Yellow Balloon in.

STILL MORE NOTES: Almost all of my publications are still available and can be obtained for the following amounts of money. Specials Series #1 (\$1.00): Plastic Oracle #1-2 (35¢ @); Yellow Balloon #1-6 (20¢ @); Adventures of the Great Rich #1-2 (15¢ @); Yellow Submarine or Tallahassee Fandom Comics & Stories are free, if you happen to request it (and if I'm sending you something else). Otherwise an SSAE will do.

EDITORIAL

I really don't see why I should start dividing up Yellow Balloon by throwing editorials here and there, but the time with which I can do without them seems to be at an end. Also, as this magazine goes to others outside of K-a, editorials will add a little bit of an explanation to the poor souls who have subscribed (thanks for subscribing poor souls). A few members of K-a may wonder exactly what I am doing.

Yellow Balloon has changed (or maybe it was always like this; I don't know). Somewhere along the way, I got the idea that it would be nice to kind of change the format from issue to issue. I guess I kind of got the idea with KRAPY-Awful (an apa satire is a little bit different) and continued it with the 'God is a rock' comic strip. An issue of nothing but mailing comments isn't anything new, but for me it was. This issue is a short history of local fandom and is something I've been thinking about for a long time. I've done a very detailed history of local fandom which includes just about everything that ever happened (and runs 70 8½x14" pages in longhand) and was wondering if it would be feasible to undertake a project like this. I have visions of offset and a large printrun. Then too, I'd have to write an update (like the events of the last 2 years) and put in a lot of work. Would it sell? Would you buy such a thing if you saw it advertised? A History of Tallahassee Fandom. Please let me know as I'm going to be relying on your opinions as to whether or not I do this.

Due to the incredibly favorable response to the Marlette cartoons, more of his work will be included in future issues whenever possible. In this issue I have excerpted a strip Doug did for that infamous college humor magazine Smoke Signals. Due to my uncanny ability to get large numbers of things like this (and especially thanks to Blazin' Bob) I was able to get 200 copies or so of the last issue of the now defunct humor magazine. Though a lot better than preceding issues, I remembered the trouble I had when I sent that last issue through K-a, so I elected to cut the pages I thought to be 'of interest' out. I hope nobody objects to Thomas Nast (I like Thomas Nast!). Non-K-a members will probably get Smoke Signals intact (unless the postage kills me. And since 3rd class rates have been doubled as of 7/6/72, it just may).

This issue is also going free to a number of Florida, Georgia and Alabama fans in an attempt to help us get to know ourselves a little better (and perhaps get a little more organized). Who knows, maybe we can get some sort of regular regional meetings going one of these days. Subscription rates are 6 for \$1.00 if you are interested. Letters of Comment are always welcome. Particularly, I'd like to know what kind of setup is going in each fannish locality.

best

Rich Small

ASTRO ADVERTIZER

ADS AND
ART TO
ROT
YOUR MIND



NO. 3

SEPT.-OCT.

1971

END OF ASTRO

Astro Advertiser was started by two Tallahassee fans who had just discovered the RBCC and decided that they could put something out that was just as good. Encouraged by William Black, publisher of Paragon Illustrated, Orrin Lundgren and Lin Mitchell went to work to print Astro Advertiser #1. About 550 copies of #1 were printed up and sent free to fans whose names had been culled from the RBCC and Marvel letter columns. Issue #1 had 28. 7'x8½' pages and was mostly advertisements, except for some artwork by William Black and Martin Greim.

However, Astro had picked the wrong time to show its face because the RBCC and Dallascon Bulletin were still going strong and Alan Light had just begun publication of the Buyers Guide. Fandom didn't need another adzine and as a result, Astro had problems in getting a good many ads. To make up for this more features were added and I was even persuaded to write a short article. To boost circulation, Bill Black had agreed to do a 5 page strip for #3 and this was played up in the second issue.

Had the Astro guys kept at it, I'm sure they would have succeeded, at least for a little while. I think the zine would have eventually been turned into an article and art zine, because it sure couldn't have continued to survive as an adzine. A bi-monthly adzine in a field of monthlies just didn't make it. Plans were made for Astro #3 and many of the negatives were shot. A couple of the pages had even been printed (such as the back of this sheet for example) and then disaster struck. While the offset press was being cleaned, one of the pieces was inadvertantly lost and as a result all printing was brought to a halt until the vital piece could be reordered. And that would have taken a couple of months. So, Astro really had no choice but to fold. Too bad. Special thanks go to Orrin Lundgren for his help in getting me these Astro #3 covers. Thanks 'Big '0'.

We'll Give You 24 Reasons for Ordering GOLDEN-AGE GREATS



55 Golden Age Hero and Villian Greats from the 40's. Paragon presents not a "history" but an art portfolio featuring Wm Black, Don Newton, Marty Greim, Mike Royer, Dan Adkins, and Syd Shores. Over 70 illustrations (25 full, 20 half and quarter pagers plus Pin-Ups printed one side only on heavy poster stock suitable for framing.) \$2.00, 48 pages from Paragon Publications.



PARAGON PUBLICATIONS

701 Shell Street / Tallahassee, Florida 32303

TYPED ON AUGUST 11, 1972*****

Being an assortment of miscellaneous comments that somehow got left out of the rest of the magazine: including late developments, mistakes I made, credit which I forgot to give and a brief account of the events that took place on August 2-3. And there may be a few mailing comments.

Dr. M. Thomas Inge
English Department
Academic Center
Va. Commonwealth U.
Richmond, Va.
23220

is currently working on a scholarly article for an English magazine about fanzines. Dr. Inge is somewhat interested in apas and would appreciate any help that anyone could give (sample copies of apazines etc...).

A film that I'd recommend to anyone is a 30 minute short, THE CASE OF THE MUKKINESE BATTLE HORN. The film was made by Peter Sellers and the rest of the 'Goon Squad' during the late 1950's. According to Iron Mike, there was a 'Goon Squad' Tv show on the BBC for a brief period and the film is one of those shows...unfortunately, the only one available (from Audio-Brandon). The film is Peter Sellers at his best (3 roles this time) and his interaction with the rest of the 'Goon Squad' left me with the feeling that I was watching a good Marx Brothers film. The film is somewhat of a satire of Scotland Yard (and just about everything else) and is highly recommended to all comedy film fans. Perhaps Craig Miller (you, a private detective?) will schedule it for one of the Temple Isiah's free films.

Cover this issue was done by William Black. Though unsigned, I'm sure many of you recognised the style, but I certainly wouldn't want to forget to give Bill the credit he so richly deserves. Thanks a lot Bill. Also, the face on page 12 was drawn by Bobby Ervin and the illustration on page 22 was done by Sheryl Birkhead. A hearty hand of thanks go to both these artists, of whom you'll be seeing a lot more of in the future.

On unterhelios' numbering system, it seems I got a couple of things a bit confused. Even numbers are genzines (#1,2). Fractions are apazines (#0, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$). Issues ending in the number $\frac{1}{2}$ are fliers sent out with the genzines.

The day we had the NY Erotic Film Festival scheduled, a Florida Court struck down the State Anti-Obscenity law. Two weeks later, Leon County enacted a tough anti-obscenity law of their own, one patterned after the Georgia Law. Briefly, this one states that each obscenity case will be tried before a jury and that each jury will

establish its own definition of 'obscenity'. Under such conditions, I don't think it would be too hard to get a conviction on any film (that they really wanted to get). There's nothing quite as dangerous as a law that defines a 'crime' in such vague terminology.

Regarding the listing of publications on the top of page 19; it's a listing of my publications. The first number after each zine title refers to the number of pages the publication had and the second number the quantity printed.

Somehow this zine wouldn't be complete without some mention of what occurred on August 2-3 (sometimes referred to as 'The night Burybrad want Bananas'). Several things seemed to go wrong for Burybrad that day and when the usual assortment of strange things started happening that night, it was a little too much for Burybrad to take. I should mention the role Blazin' Bob had also. Blazin' started throwing balloons at me (while we were upstairs in the Program Office) and to relieve part of the boredom, I blew a couple. Meanwhile Burybrad was having all sorts of trouble counting up the money (from the night's movie-he was ticketseller) and the fact that balloons and other miscellaneous objects were flying around didn't help matters much. Then Blazin' Bob decided that it would be neat to burst my balloon (the one I had just blown up) and proceeded to chase me up and down the corridors in a vain attempt to burst them. Somewhere along the way, Burybrad started chasing me (I'm sure that if he had an umbrella, he would have thrown it) and Joed and Mark joined in the chase and at that point the balloon was doomed.

The next day (on Aug 3), similar things began to happen and the highlight occurred when I picked Blazin' Bob up and swung him around ala King Kong, much to the surprise of everybody (particularly Blazin' Bob). Seconds later, Blazin' Bob claimed he was in shock, so El Marko and I picked him up (hands and feet) and carried him out of Moore Auditorium and left him on a couch. Of course, Blazin' Bob claimed this left him in even more of a state of shock. All this came about because I pointed out a minor flaw in the Peckinpugh western RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY (at which point Blazin' Bob went insane, borrowed Burybrad's umbrella and tried to pummel me with it. Well, the best defense is a good offense, so I attacked.

At this time I'd like to say what a great person Bobby Ervin is and what a great guy he is. Though we kid him quite a bit and call him Blazin' Bob (Hell, we all have nicknames of one sort or another), it's all in good fun and I trust he takes no offence. Ditto with Burybrad and all the others I mention in Yellow Balloon. But sometimes, some of the things that happen around here are just so hilariously funny that I have to record them. That's one of the reasons why Tallahassee Fandom is so much fun I suppose. One thing though, Bill Ritch really is a jinx (and that is no joke...you have to be hit by one of his curses first). Demon Don, who used to be one of the doubters of the Curse of Wretch, recently lost 6 albums because of Bill and is a doubter no more.

Hmm...Since I'm typing this as quickly as I am, I didn't have time to get Sheryl Birkhead's illustration electrostenciled. (sorry Sheryl I'll get you in the next issue for sure). That's it for now friends... until next issue.

best

Rich

SMOKE SIGNALS

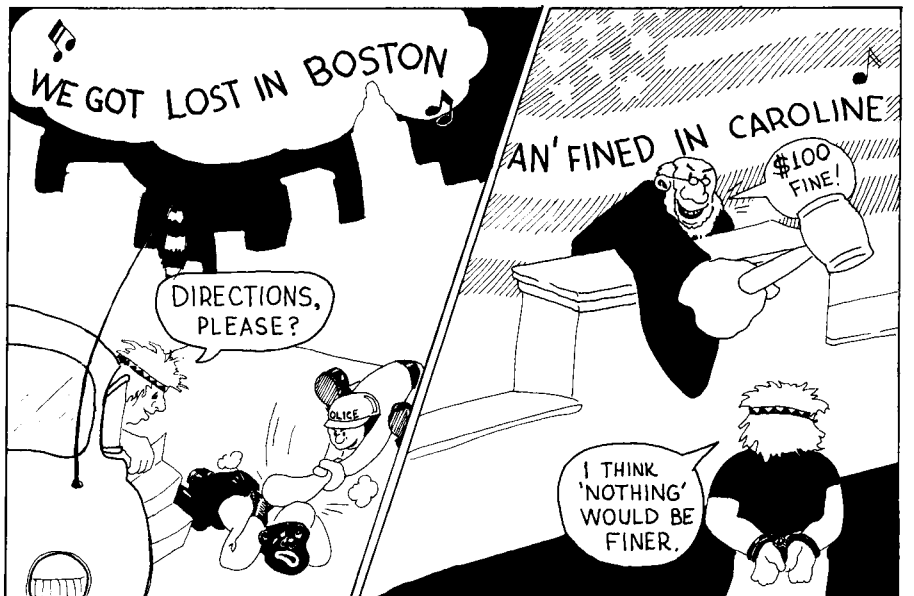
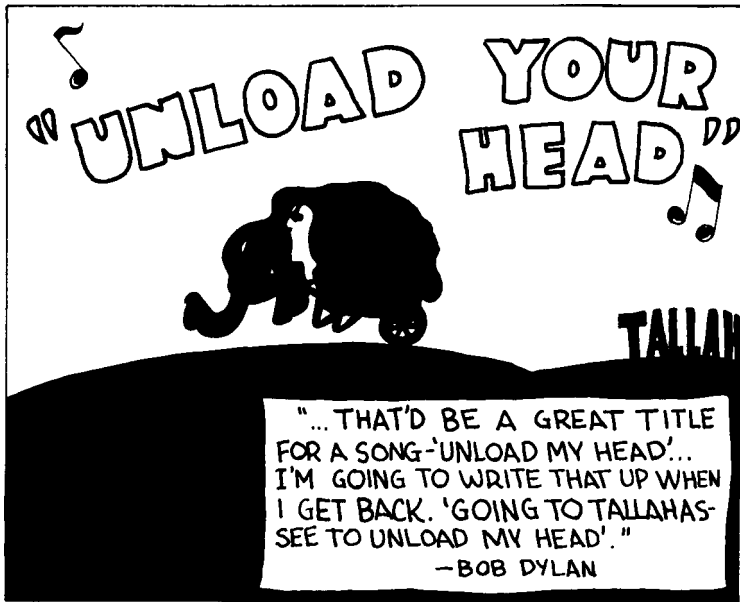
YOUR MONEY
35¢
OR YOUR LIFE



THE NEW VIOLENCE

Don't Trust Anyone

Over Nine



A CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE PENTAGON PROVIDES A MEETING PLACE FOR SOME OF THE MOST REVERED AND RESPECTED MEN IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL — MEN WHOSE VERY NAMES STRIKE FEAR IN THE HEARTS OF OUR ENEMIES AND CONGRESSMEN ALIKE — YES, THE LEADERS OF OUR....

MILITARY- INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX!

by DOUG MARLETTE



GENTLEMEN, THE LATEST POLLS SHOW OUR POPULARITY IS ON THE DECLINE!
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE !!



BUT WE'RE NOT IN THIS TO WIN A POPULARITY CONTEST, GENERAL! WE'RE IN THIS TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY!

...AND MAYBE PICK UP A FEW BUCKS ON THE SIDE !!

HE'S RIGHT, SIR! DON'T THOSE COMMIE
DUDES REALIZE THAT IF IT WASN'T FOR
US THIS NATION'S ECONOMY WOULD FALL
APART!!



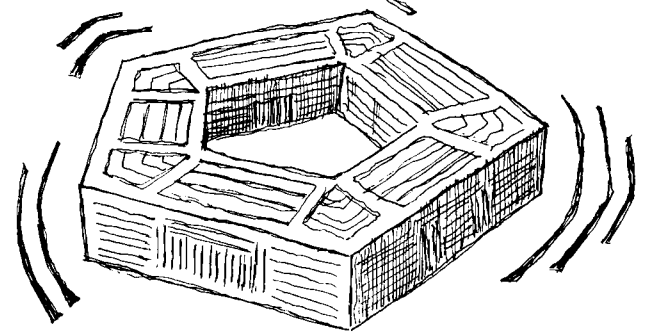
I'M NOT DEFENDING THEIR NAÏVETÉ,
KILMORE, BUT SHOULD OUR POPULARITY
CONTINUE TO DWINDLE, PEOPLE MAY
START THINKING THEY CAN (SHUDDER)
GET ALONG WITHOUT US!!



WHY IT'S THIS SORT OF THING
WHICH IF IT SNOWBALLED COULD
ESCALATE INTO (DARE I SAY IT!!)
ALL-OUT PEACE !!!



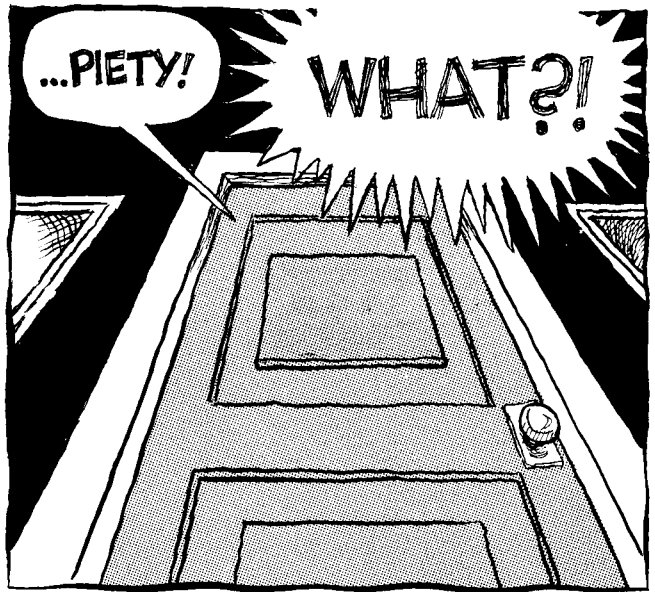
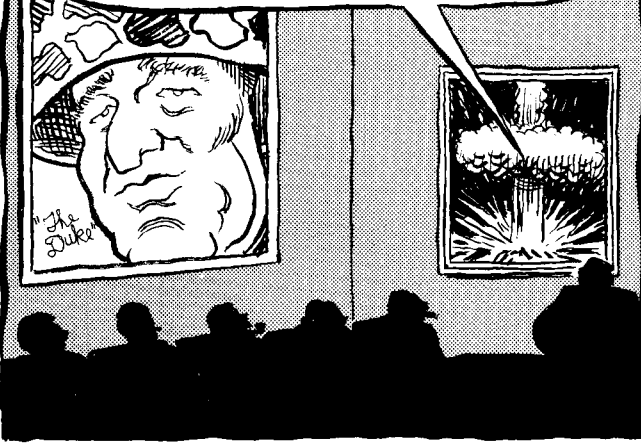
GASP!!



GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!! I DIDN'T
ASK YOU HERE TO HAVE YOUR NERVES
SHATTERED!! I HAVE A PLAN THAT
I BELIEVE COULD REVERSE THIS TREND!

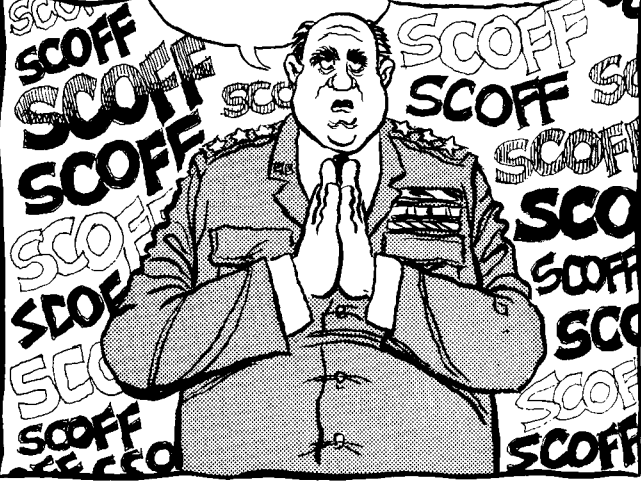


TO WIN BACK PUBLIC SUPPORT WE NEED A NEW IMAGE, AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT THAT IMAGE SHOULD BE...



...PIETY!
WHAT?!

YES, I AM PROPOSING THAT IN THIS TIME OF CRISIS WE TURN TO RELIGION!



WAIT A MINUTE! HE MAY HAVE SOMETHING HERE!!!
WHY, SOME OF THE BEST WARS IN HISTORY HAVE BEEN RELIGIOUS!!

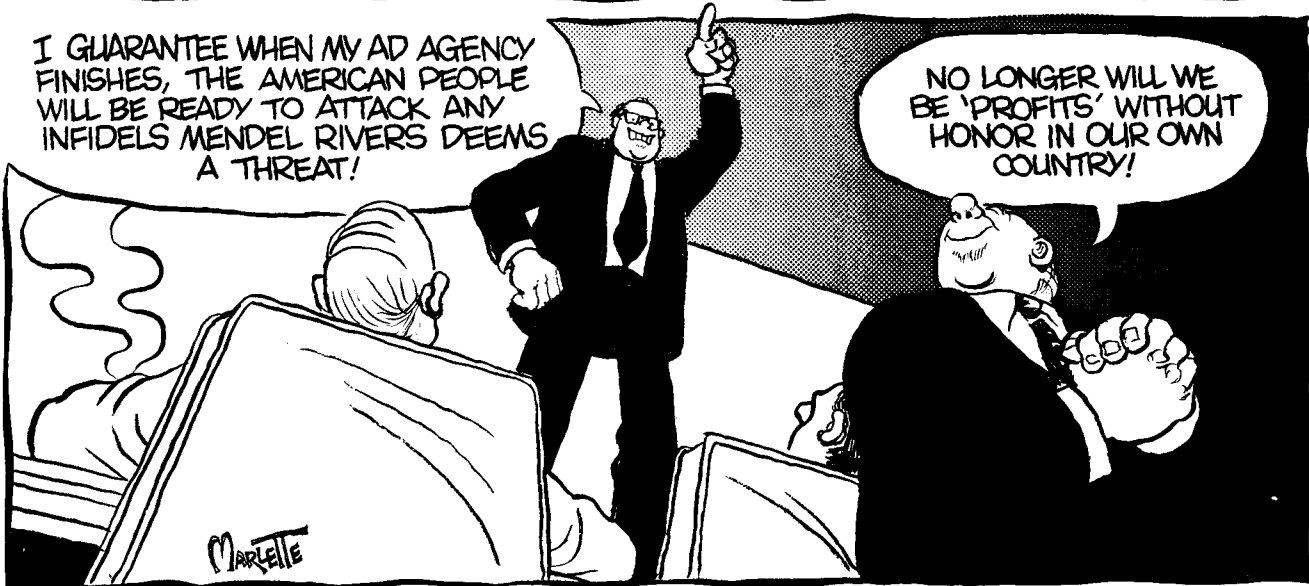


NOT ONLY IN THE PAST, KILMORE... HOLY WARS ARE BEING FOUGHT RIGHT NOW!!... PROTESTANT AGAINST CATHOLIC IN IRELAND... MOSLEM AGAINST JEW IN THE MIDDLE EAST!!...

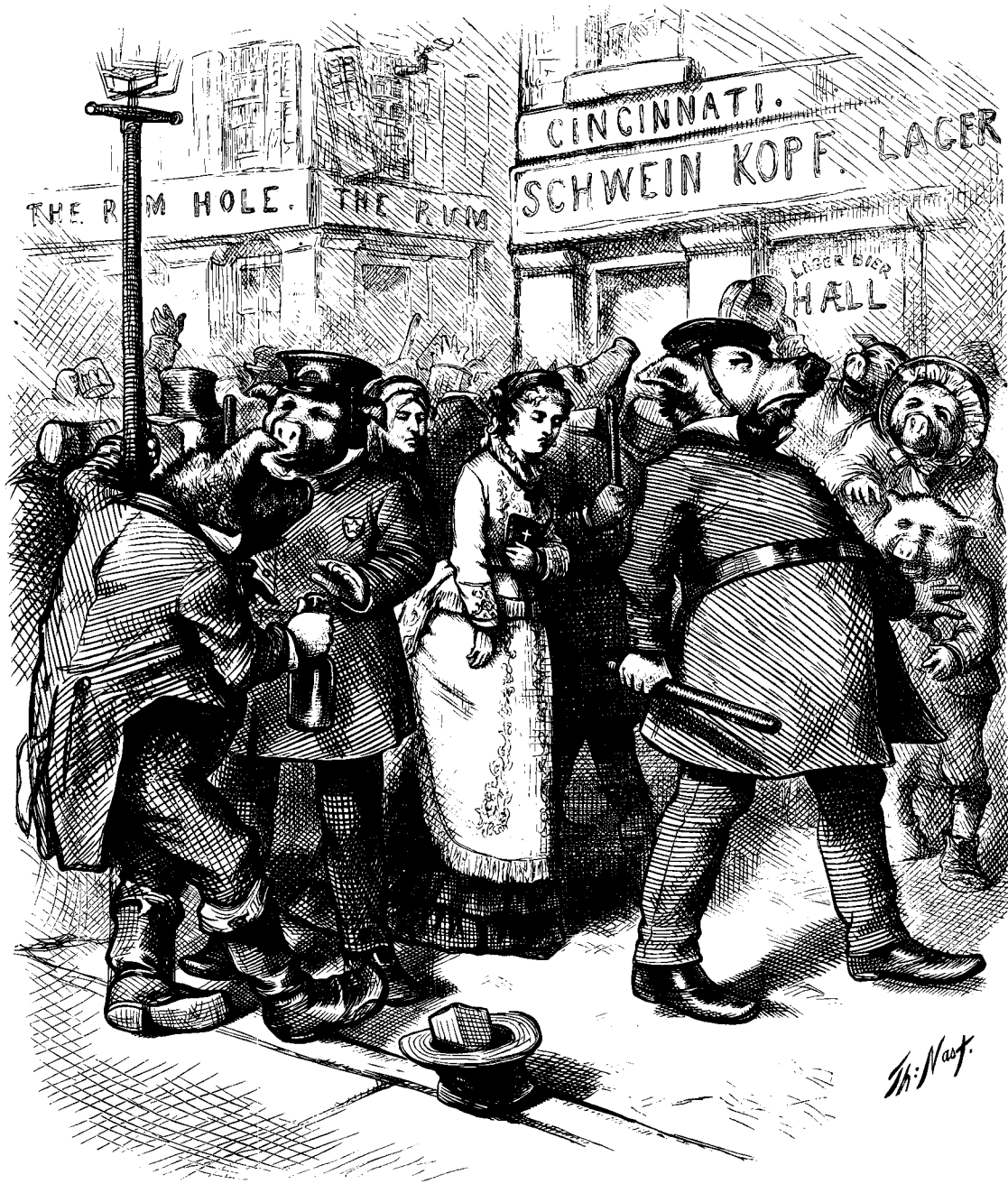


...AT NO TIME DO MEN FIGHT WITH SUCH PROFOUND CONVICTION AS WHEN THEY ARE CONVINCED THAT THEY ARE GOD'S FINAL STRONGHOLD!!





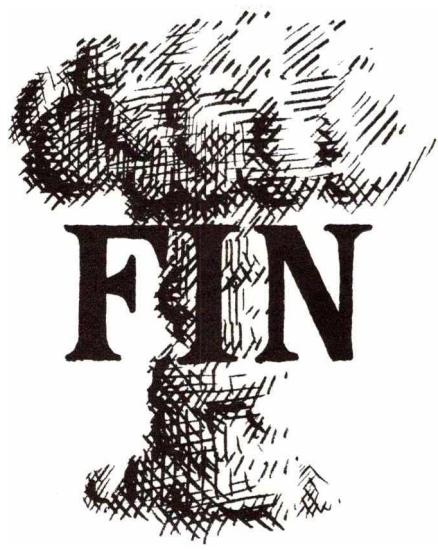
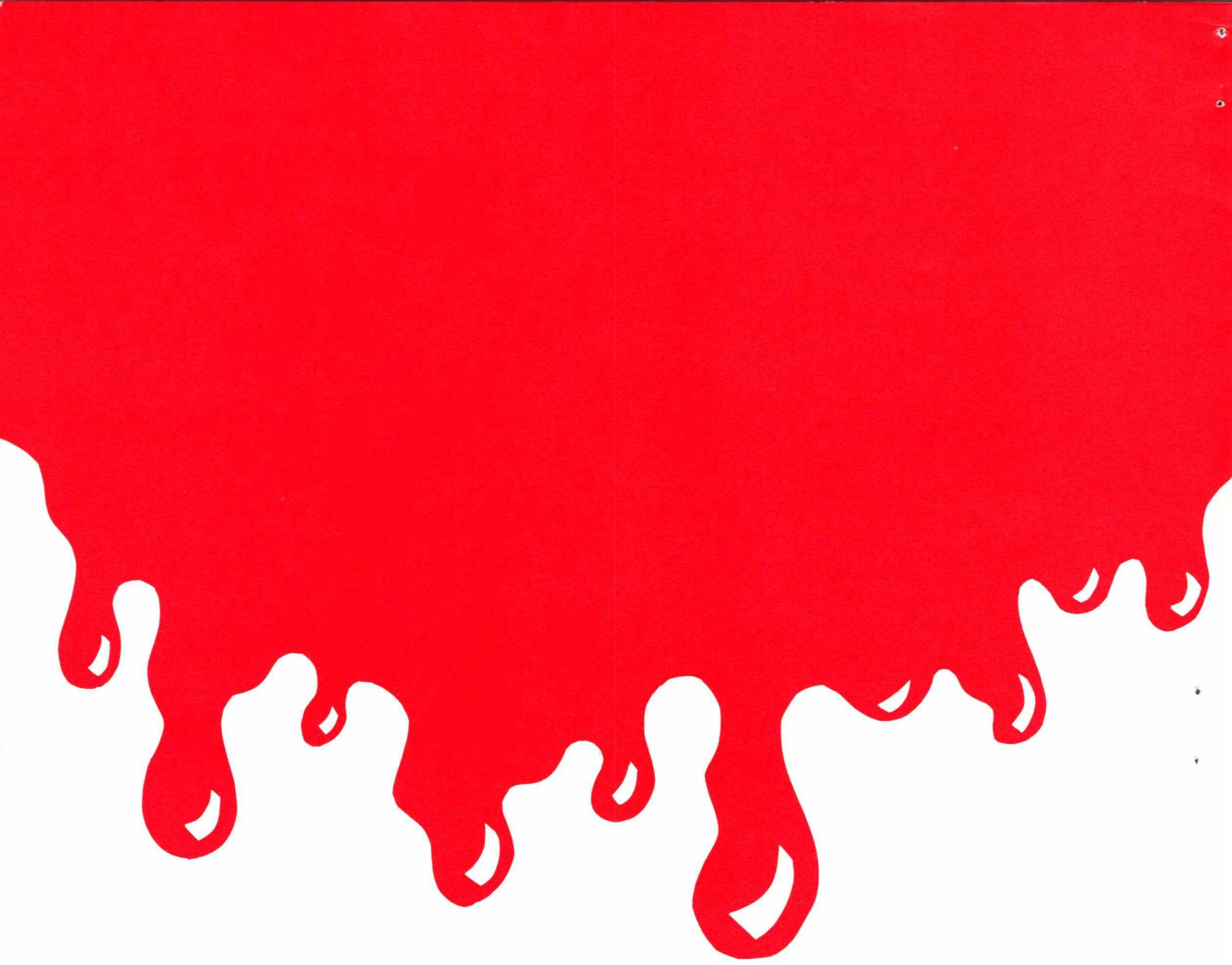
CYCLICAL THEORY OF HISTORY DEPT:

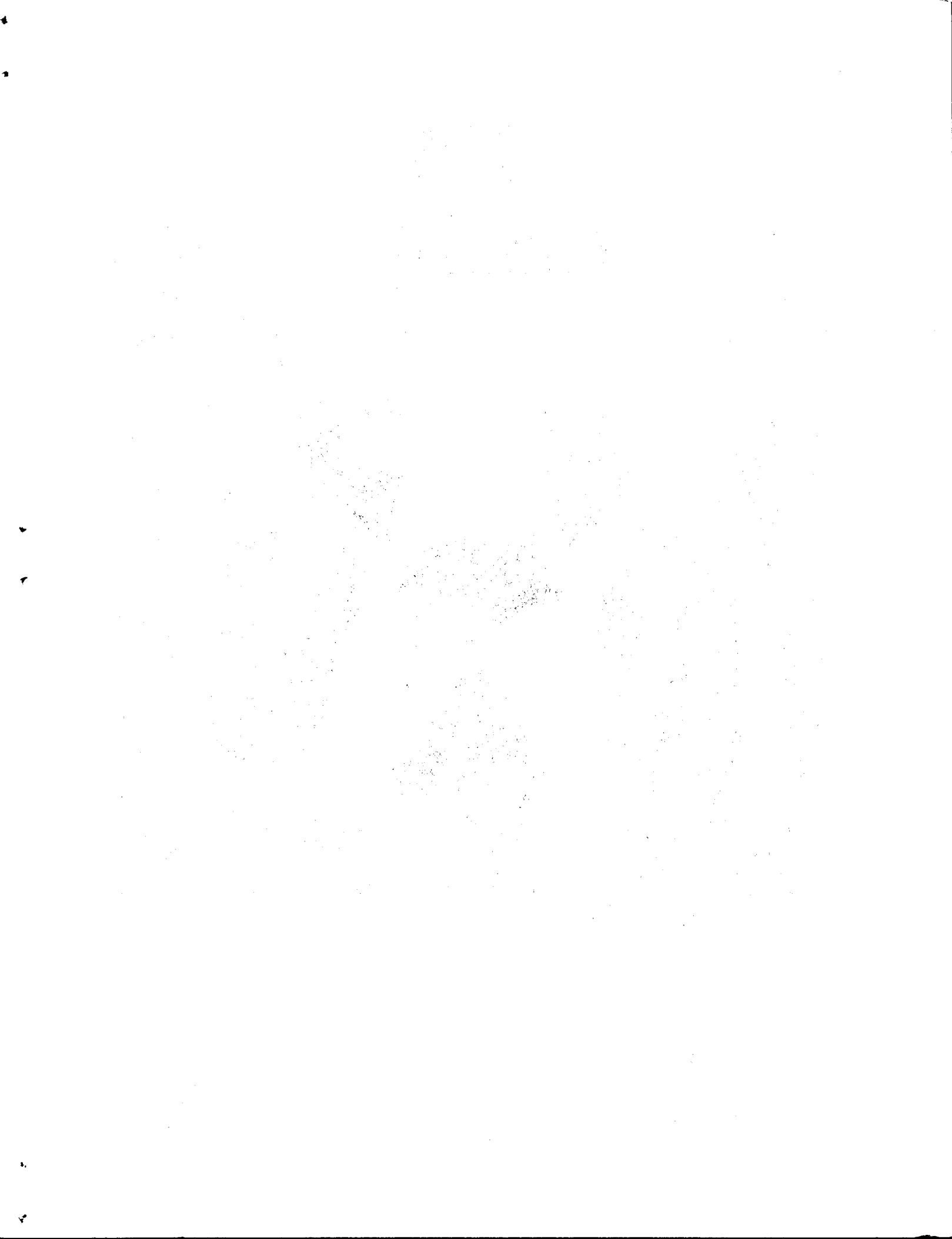


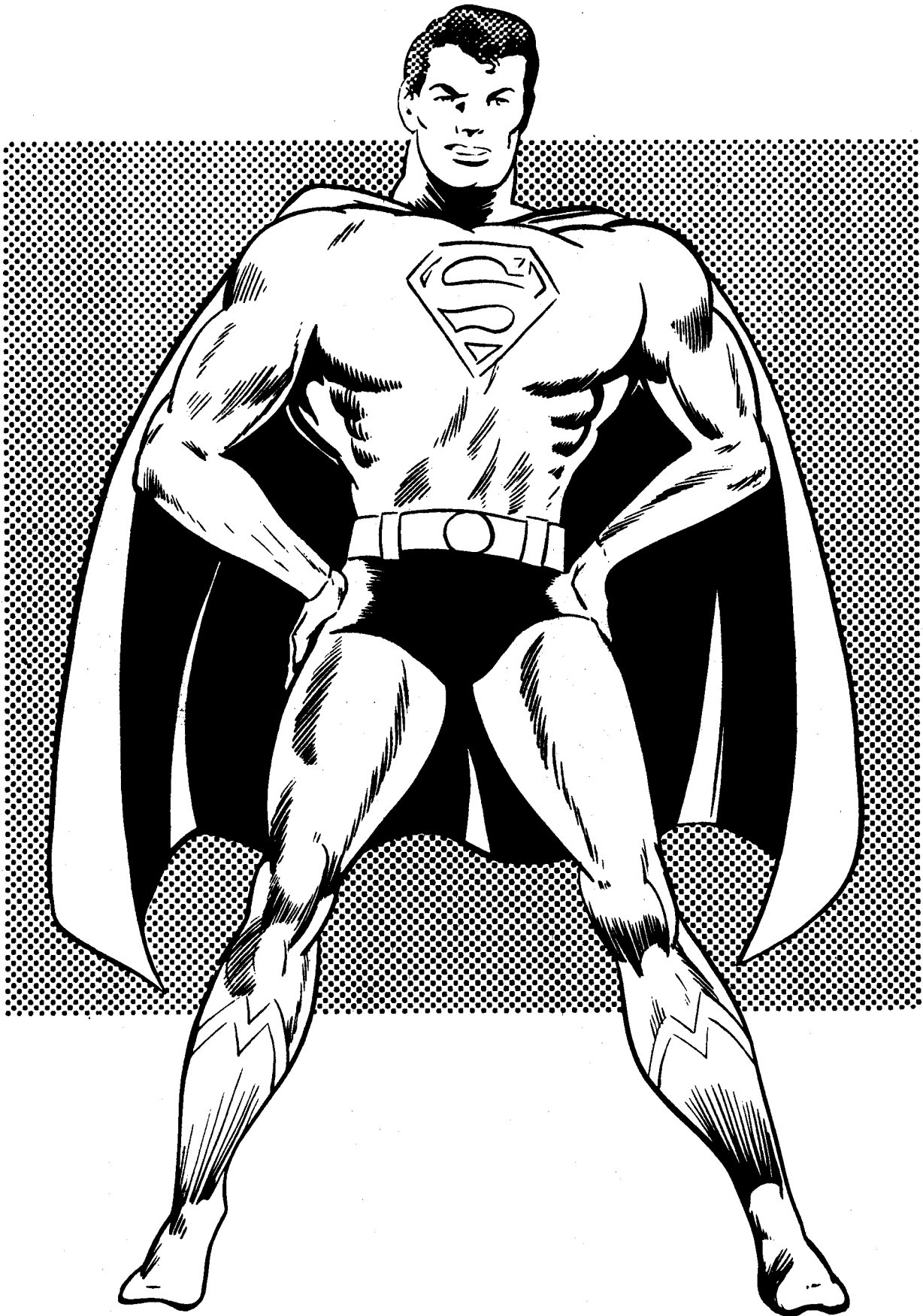
June 13, 1874

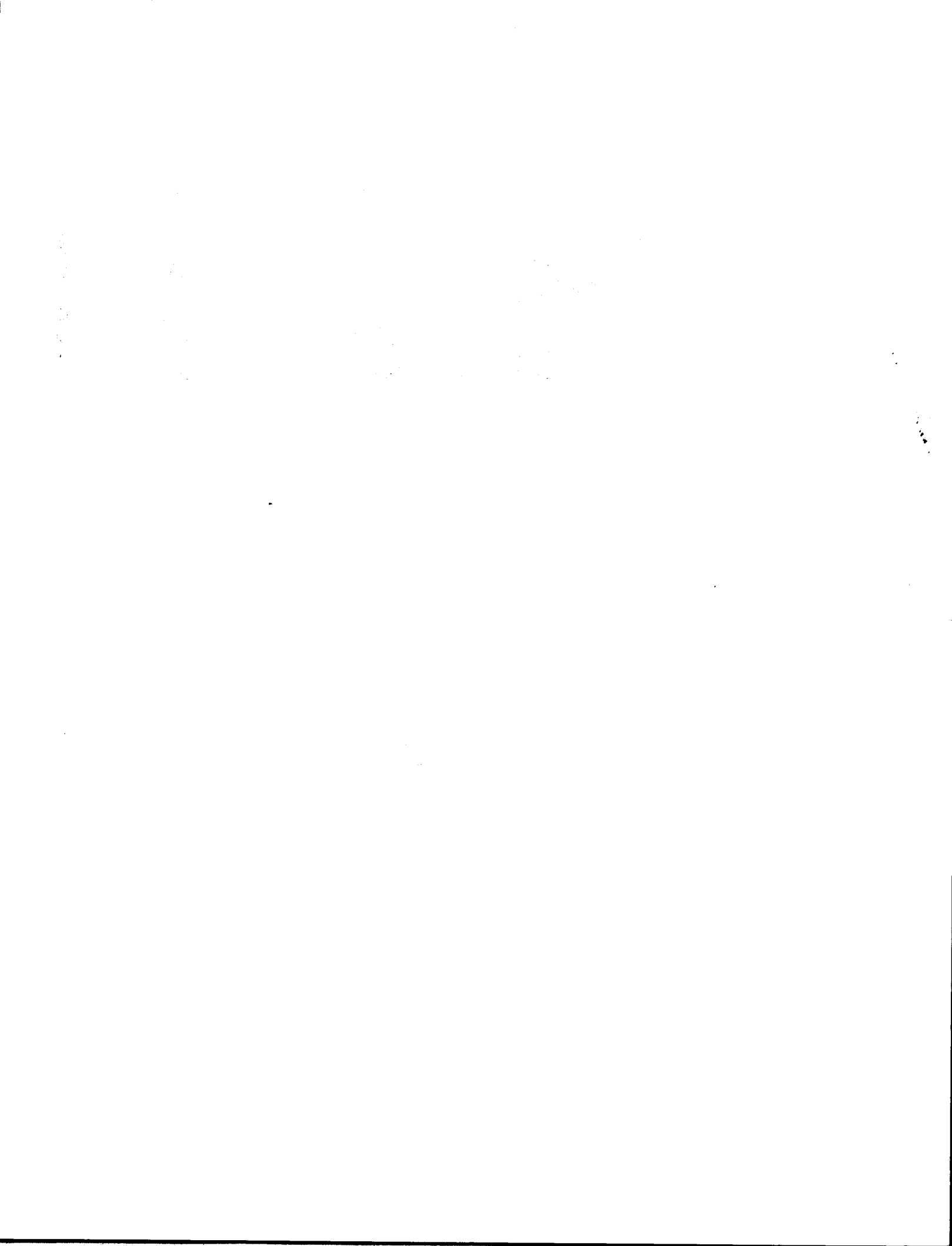
Jewels Among Swine.

"The police authorities, that do not enforce the laws against the liquor traffic, that do not suppress gambling or houses of ill repute. . . . distinguished themselves on Saturday by arresting forty-three women, who went on the streets to sing and pray, and marching them to the station-house."—*Cincinnati Gazette*.









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