

RICHARD SMALL IS A

YELLOW BALLOON

A RICHALL PUB.

HOLY MOLEY!

JUST HEARD THE LATEST ISSUE OF YELLOW BALLOON IS OUT!

... GOTTA CATCH SMALL AND DESTROY ALL COPIES!

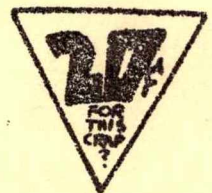
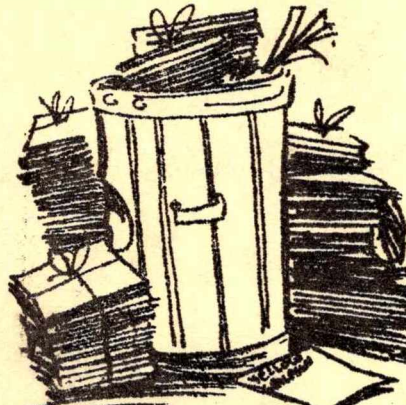
IMAGINE... THE GREAT "WRETCH"... MASQUERADING AS ME!

HARUMPH! HE'S SO UGLY HE MAKES RAYMOND MILLER LOOK GOOD!

READ RICHALL AND RETCHALL!

THE GREAT RICH ENDS SHIT!

UNSOLD COPIES OF YELLOW BALLOON #1-67



Walt



A Fawcett Publication

SEPTEMBER

NO. 100

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢

BIG 52 PAGES

SPECIAL
100th
ISSUE



A COLOSSAL CENTENNIAL
THRILLER

DR. SIVANA

AND

**THE PLOT AGAINST
THE UNIVERSE**

Yellow Balloon #7, Jan. 1973, is published by Richard Small at 117 S. Meridian St. #3, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301 #32

EDITORIAL

Well, here we are at the 100th issue of CAPA-alpha, a most historic moment. Though I've only been a member since the 80th issue, I've felt that the issues I've been in have been the best of K-a's existence. However, enough of that. The past is not so important; it's the present and future that count. I'm glad I could make it into the 100th issue of K-a and only hope that I'll be around for many more issues to come. It's been a lot of fun, people.

Main thing around this time is an article on underground comics that I did a couple of months (make that 1 year ago) for Joe Siclari's unterHelios. I was planning to get it in K-a on the heels of Yellow Balloon #6, but various other factors (lack of time, laziness, plus the fact that I want to make Yellow Balloon something special) managed to get it postponed. As it turns out, this may have been better in the long run, but who can say,

Which brings us to the cover... The cover was done by local artist William Black, who said he was so inspired (or whatever) by all that he had read in Yellow Balloons #1-6 (particularly #6), that he couldn't resist. Bill had no way of knowing that the cover would appear in K-a #100, an issue with emphasis on Captain Marvel (or that K-a #100 would have special emphasis on Captain Marvel. It was just one of those happy coincidences. The inside front cover (as you must have noticed by now) is from another landmark 100th issue and was thermofaxed and touched up by yours truly.

Other things in this issue will include: a brief writeup of my trip to the Apollo 17 Moonlaunch; a look at local comic book distribution; artwork by Sheryl Birkhead; an attempt to print part of this issue in red (the future may see two, three, four, or even more color issues from me-provided this experiment proves successful and I'm ambitious. As usual, all this was typed on stencil. See you all soon, in K-a #101...

best

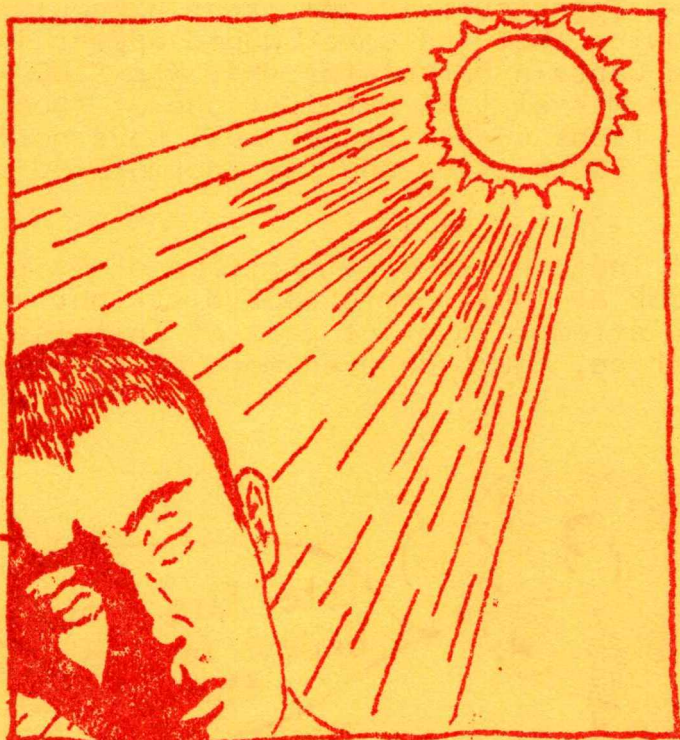
Rich



LOCAL DISTRIBUTION

With all the excitement that the revival of the Golden Age Captain Marvel has been getting, I decided it might be a good idea to get about 25 or 50 copies of Shazam #1. Instead of going around to all the newsstands, drug stores and Minit Markets (and other places where comics are sold) and depriving other collectors/readers of the issue, I decided to get my copies from the local distributor, Tallahassee News Company. Besides, it looked as though there might be quite a scramble at the various retail outlets in town; Dave Ligler (who had been doing some checking of his own) found that as many as 6 people had been specifically asking about Shazam #1 the week before it hit the stands. Bill Black corroborated this information and added that one of these people was "tall, black curly hair, wore glasses and had a big nose". Naturally they suspected me. However, it wasn't and so we began to speculate as to who it may or may not be. Still I wasn't too concerned since I would be getting my copies from the local distributor.

Or so I thought. I called them on Tuesday, told them I wanted 100 copies and they said that yes, they would hold them for me. Since I had been messed up by them before (by Tallahassee News) I called again on Wednesday and again on Thursday. Each time I got a different person and each time that person promised to hold 100 copies for me. I figured that with all of these people promising to get me 100 copies, at least one of them would have to succeed. And if I got any extra copies, I could always unload them on other local fans.



They called me on Friday. Somewhere there had been a mixup. The comics had arrived on Thursday and all the copies that were not earmarked for local distribution had the top third of their covers ripped off. However, the girl had been able to save me one copy. I thanked her and said that one copy wouldn't help much, but thanks anyway. As it was, the Wiley Wielage and I had gone up to Thomasville Georgia and gotten 10 copies each, on the day before.

I mentioned this sad turn of events to Joed and he thought it might be a good idea to see if we could

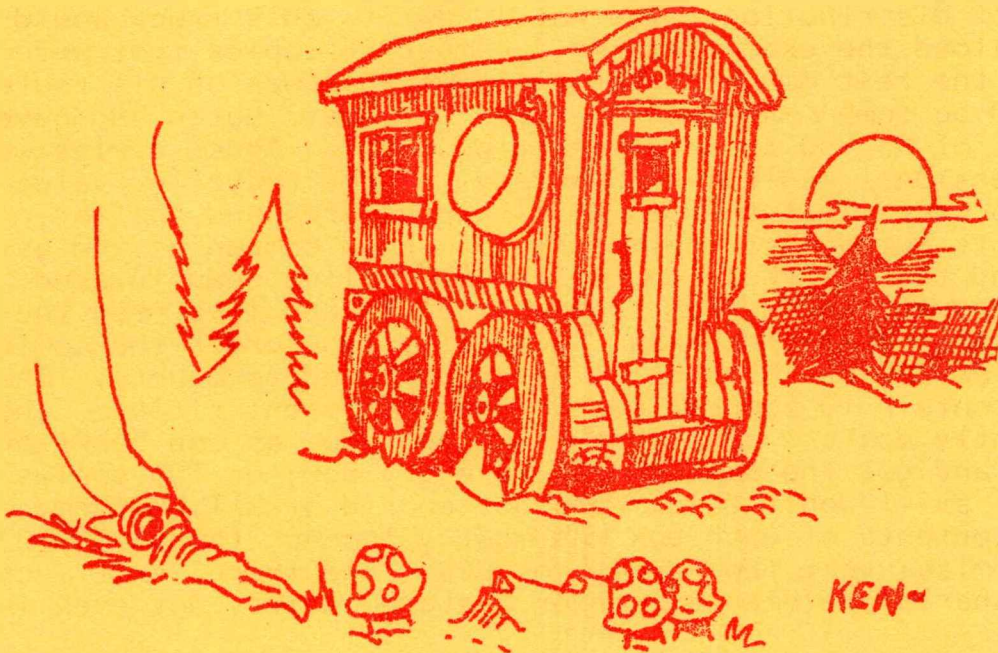
get the 3/4 cover copies of Shazam #1. That's when I began to uncover all the unpleasant details. I must admit that I had a somewhat idealistic view of distribution. The way I saw it, this truck would come along and unload the exact (approx.) number of copies that were needed, and take the rest down to the next town that was on his route. Thus, there would be some comics which never got distributed and never reached the point of having their covers ripped off. These copies were bought by a professional wholesaling company (at the recycling value I would guess), who would sell them to retail bookstores and the lot. Bruce Williams puts out a list, periodically, of these companies and as a whole, they tend to sell their comics for 4¢. I've been in used book stores that have ordered from these companies and I've seen the type of comics that are in the boxes. Generally, you order the comics in boxes of 100 (or 200 or whatever; I never bothered to count). The box of 100 will contain 10 copies each of ten different titles. These companies apparently don't care what they send you, as one bookstore ordered 10 boxes and got the same comics in every box; or 100 copies of each comic. I still don't think he's gotten rid of all of them. Incidentally, the contents of each box was mostly loaded (about 70/30) with Charleton comics; very few Marvels or DCs. And there isn't much of a market for Charleton romance, war or western comics, not even in a used bookstore.

Getting back to Tallahassee News, I found out that they received approximately 800 copies of each comic. They distributed only 200 of these 'locally' and the rest had their covers immediately ripped off and were burned. All this before the 200 comics were distributed. However, Tallahassee News distributes to many of the surrounding towns so, of those 200 comics only 130 are distributed in the Tallahassee area.

The stores in town that carry comics order a certain quantity a week, generally 50 a week or 100 a week. In the '50 a week' order, the store will get 2 copies each of 25 different titles. The '100 a week' order is merely double that of the '50 a week' order; 4 copies each of 25 titles. DuBey's Bookland gets an unheard of 200 comics a week, or 8 of each title and as far as I can determine, gets the most comics in Tallahassee.

When I began collecting in 1967, it was easier to get comics, than it is now. Several places which used to get 100 comics a week have gone out of business. Jackson's Minit Markets (a sort of 7-11 store of which there are 25 in Tallahassee) used to get 5 copies of each title (125 a week?), now get 50 comics a week (if that much). Some don't carry any comics at all.





A talk with DuBey revealed that he sold the comics to the stores for 14¢ (and bought back all they didn't sell). He said that he made only 2 or 3¢ (I forget which) and with all the labor time he spent on comics (cutting off covers, putting them in order—they come in groups of 5 or 6 (per title) not of 100 each or so, and distributing them), cost him more than he was making on them.

This panicked the Wiley Wielage who thought he might be discontinuing comics altogether. However, DuBey said he wouldn't do that (yet) as it was a part of his total franchise. He then told us that he wouldn't explain why (he would continue to carry comics when he wasn't making any money on them); a trade secret I guess.

It is indeed fortunate for the comics industry that Tallahassee is not representative of comics distribution as a whole. The thing that hit me the most was that if a certain comic proved to be a top seller (say Shazam), and even if the local retailers wanted more copies of a certain issue, there would be no way whatever of getting those copies. And if every distributor received 800 copies of each comic and only distributed 200 (and tore the top of the cover off the rest)..

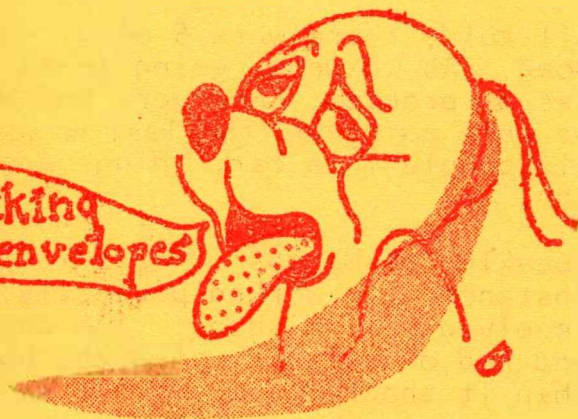
Richard Kyle said it all in a letter which was published the 17th issue of On The Drawing Board, the January, 1968 issue. A few things have changed since Kyle's letter was written (comics have gone from 12¢ to 20¢, giving retailers more of a profit), however, I feel that all he says still holds true.

Under The Upas Tree is interesting. However, Larry Brody really hasn't come to grips with the real problem of declining comic book circulations. It is--simply--distribution. It doesn't make any difference, actually, how good or bad a comic book is if it cannot get on the retail newsstand. The number of retail outlets for comic books has been declining for years, and the number continues to decline. There are fewer newsstands that carry comic books today than there were last year and the year before that and the year before that and so on. Retailer don't want to handle comic books. It is just as much trouble for them to put out one comic book on the racks as it is for them to put one copy of Playboy--but it takes five comic books to equal the profit on one Playboy. (Actually, it's more trouble to handle a single comic book: the racks have to be tidied up more often and kids get in the way of more profitable customers.)

Now, if the comics can't get on as many stands as they used to, it follows that overall circulation is bound to decline, regardless of the outstanding sale of a few leading comic books. And ultimately, if the number of newsstands carrying comics continues to decline, the sales of the leading comics will be similarly affected as well. I suspect that a lot of them are virtually selling out on many newsstands. What will happen when those stands are gone? How hard will regular readers search for their favorites, going from store to store, block to block? That's the real problem. Comic books are just not profitable enough per unit, to genuinely make it worth most retailers' time to carry them. And I see no practical solution outside of a radical format change--one that permits comics to successfully sell for 50¢ or more, so that the retailer can make a genuine per unit profit. That's the way it is.

I don't wish to seem like a defeatist, but I feel that comics, as we have come to know them will not exist in a few years. As Kyle says, no matter how good it is, if it can't get distributed, it won't sell. And the Marvel-DC feud isn't helping things any. Anyone out there have similar/dissenting views or observations?

I just finished licking
two million manila envelopes



THE APOLLO 17 MOONLAUNCH



It all started quite innocently when Mad Marcus (the Wiley Wielage) announced that he was going to Cape Kennedy to see the Apollo 17 Moonlaunch and make a movie of it. Mad Marcus is one of these Cinematography-type people and had actually ~~done~~ persuaded some FSU professor to buy his finished film.

As Joed had worked as an engineering trainee on Apollo 9 & 10, he wanted to go. Big Lee and Paul Grieman wanted to go and Mad Marcus had anywhere between 4-6 friends who wanted to go (the number kept changing). And somehow the Noble Hero ~~was kidnapped/against his will and forced to accompany the Mad Gang~~ decided it might be a good idea to go, so he was in too.

One of the nifty things about going with Marcus is that he is the President of this fake company (Miracle Productions--'If it's a good production, it's a Miracle') and said he could get us Press Passes. So, instead of seeing the launch from a site maybe 8 or 10 miles away, we would be able to observe it from the Press Site only $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles away. Besides, we'd get to rub elbows with all the Big Wigs from CBS, NBC, ABC and the Times-Picayune.

Marcus had 2 friends (who later turned out to less than the best of friends, but that comes later) who were supposed to rent a Winnebago Van in Tampa. However, these two guys (who henceforth shall be called Danny and Frank) were unable to get a Winnebago. Meaning that Marcus would have to find his own camper. After a whole bunch of calls to all sorts of Van Rental places between Orlando and Tampa, Mad Marcus was forced to give up (turns out they were all rented). We did find one in Tallahassee but as all of Marcus' friends in town decided not to go, this put the price out of our range. All this occurred about 8 hours before we were to leave and there isn't that much you can do in 8 hours.

All told, there were 5 of us going; Marcus, myself, Big Lee, Paul and Joed. As we were going in Marcus' large (but strange) car, there was no problem. However, Roy Wessel, another local fan, found out we were going at the last minute and wanted in also. When you pack six people in a car, things are kind of tight. Even in Marcus' car.

Speaking of Marcus' car, it is certainly strange. Take the horn for instance. It worked perfectly, however, whenever you pushed it, you received a mild shock. One day, Marcus' father was driving the car and had occasion to push the horn. He got somewhat mad at the horn when it shocked him and hit it with his hand, thus breaking it.

After this, the horn did not appear to be in the greatest of shape. Yet, it worked perfectly. Like there was this plastic covered wire, with a bit of metal at one end that was attached (at the other end) to the horn. Whenever you wanted to honk the horn, you grabbed the loose end of the wire and brought the metal tip on the end of it into contact with another piece of metal and the horn honked. Strange...

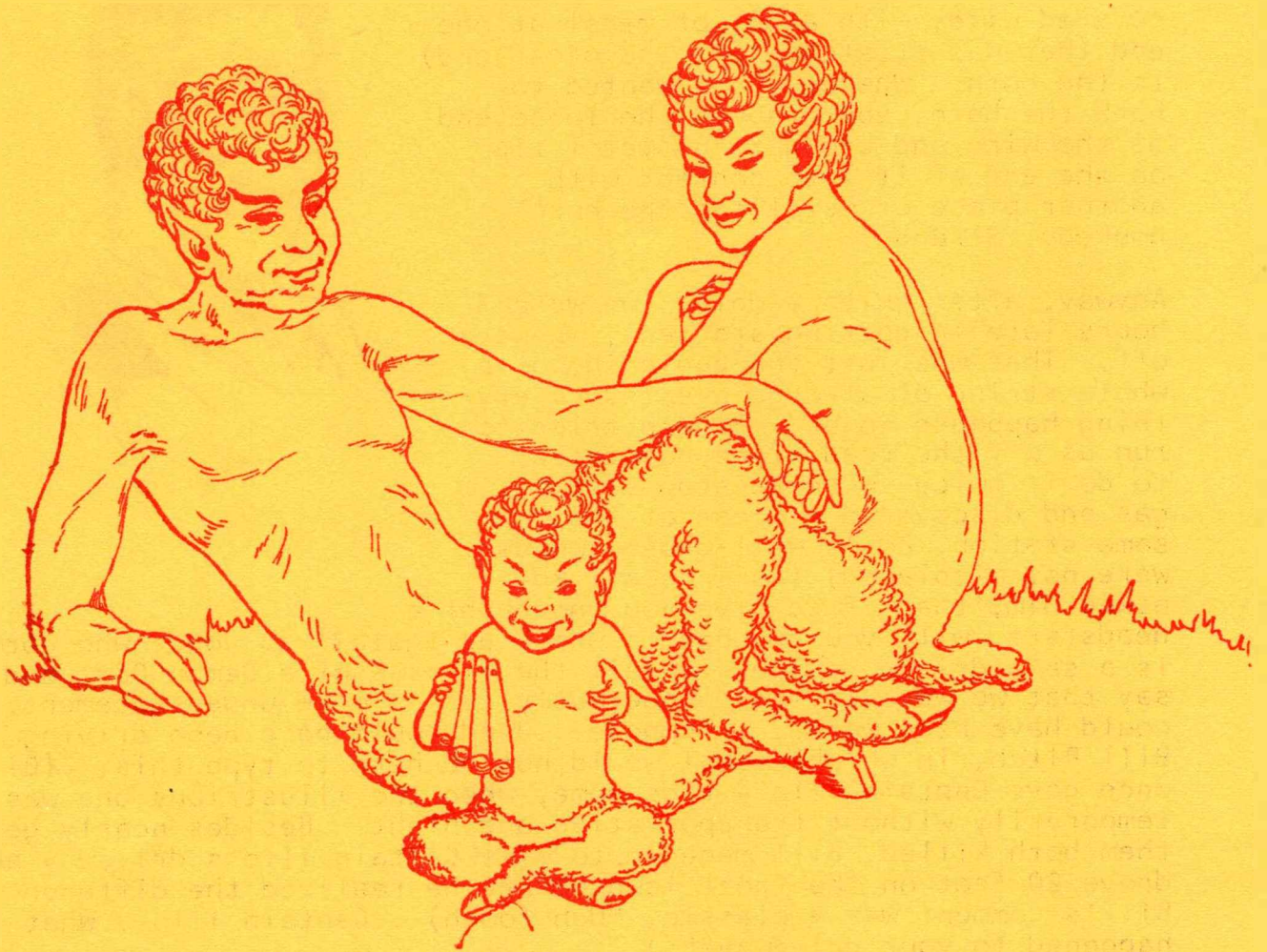


Anyway, after quite a delay (we were 3 hours late in getting started), we were off. That was just the beginning of a whole string of strange events. Everything happened to us. People tried to run us off the road (one guy tried to do it twice--when we stopped for gas and discovered his car at the same station, Roy's well-chosen words were not misplaced) (As I recall Roy asked him, 'that if we give you enough of a headstart, will you try not to wreck us again?'). Joed, who normally is a safe driver, drove with all the finesse of a Demon Don, and to say that we were living 'dangerously' is no mere understatement. It could have been worse, I suppose...Joed could have been driving like Bill Ritch, in which case I would not be here to type this. (Bill once gave Captain Illo a ride home, when the illustrious one was temporarily without transportation one night. Besides nearly getting them both killed, Bill managed to 'miss' Captain Illo's driveway and drove 20 feet on the front lawn before he realized the difference. Bill's comment was a classic, "Ugh (oogh)...Captain Illo...What happened to your driveway?".)

To alleviate the boredom, I had brought along a pad of paper and was doing an insane-type comic strip of our insane-type adventures. At last count, the strip ran 10 pages (still unfinished) and is free to anyone who ~~is crazy enough to~~ wants it.

Finally, we got to Tampa (but not before they made me drive, except that it was dark and raining and I don't like to drive when it is dark and raining. When we got to Tampa, we found that Marcus' two friends, Danny and Frank, who were supposed to wait for us, had already left. Danny and Frank had rented a small van and were supposed to take a couple of us in it, thus easing the crowding problem (which would be worse, because we were transferring to a smaller car, while Marcus' car remained behind to get repaired).

We stopped at Marcus' home and it was there that he sprang his latest surprise on us. Someone else wanted to go; a girl named Mary Anderson. So instead the Squeezed Six, we became the Very Squeezed Seven. It was such a tight fit that there was no room for Mary to sit, so she had to recline across the laps of the three guys in the back seat. Well, somehow we made it to place where we were to get the Press Passes, only, they were closed. This seemed



to
upset Mad
Marcus, who was
convinced that they
were to stay open 24
hours a day before the
launch. However, we did find the elusive Danny and Frank (replete with
van) and tried to figure out what to do for the next few hours. Since
we arrived at 3:00 a.m. or thereabouts, this left only a few hours for
sleep, so Joed, Paul, Mary and I curled up in the car and Roy curled
up in the van and everybody else found some excuse to stay awake.
At 7:00 am, we got up, ate breakfast, got our passes and headed for the
Cape. As it was still 21 hours prior to scheduled lift off, we wandered
around, saw the place and took a tour. Marcus, meanwhile had been busy
practicing camera angles, testing his equipment and quadruple checking
everything that he had triple checked.

As launch time approached, Marcus decided to move his Bealieu camera
from an elevated area which was right in front of the grandstands, to
an area $\frac{1}{4}$ mile closer to the launch; right at the waters edge. Mary
(who had another camera) was to remain back at the elevated area by
the grandstands and film the filmmakers as they were filming the launch.

About three hours before launch time, Roy, Joed and I noticed that several fans were there and spent a bit of time talking to many of them. With people like Kelly Freas, Dany Frollich, Don Markstein, Rick and Lynne Norwood, Meade Frierson 3rd, Jim Mule, Joe Celko, Joe Green and others (temporarily forgotten), it was almost like another Deep South Con.

As launch time approached, I slowly became aware of the fact that my tired body was getting pretty tired. Fortunately, there were but minutes before the launch was to take place and I figured I could last at least that long. Then came the delays (groan), the first coming with only 30 seconds before lift off. At this point my memory gets kind of hazy, for it seemed like they said there would be a 20 minute delay, after which they would restart the clock at 22 minutes (and counting), but might stop at 8 minutes, in which case there might be another 20 minute delay. Well I goofed around for much of that time and when the clock reached 8 minutes and stopped and when various radio announcers said it might be 45 minutes before they started again. I gave up. I had to get some sleep.

So, I went back to the car, got a sweatshirt and put it on and went back to where Marcus and Big Lee were manning Marcus' camera. There was a small area of grass in front of Marcus' camera that was unoccupied, so I curled up there and prepared to catch a few hours/minutes of sleep (for all I knew, there could be even more delays and it was still some time before 1:30 a.m., the time at which the launch would be postponed, had lift off not occurred). After leaving strict instructions with Marcus and Big Lee and Paul (who was there also) to wake me when the countdown started up again, I dozed off (which isn't hard when you've had only 3 hours of sleep in the last 48).

About one hour later, I was awakened by a Strange Stranger who told me that if I did not get up soon, I would probably miss the Apollo 17 Moon Launch. With three minutes and counting, I cheerfully inquired of Mad Marcus and Big Lee (and Small Paul) as to why they did not wake me up (and why a Strange Stranger had to do it). Big Lee replied that the others were somewhat busy (practicing with the Bealieu for the umpteenth hundred time) and thought it would be a nifty idea to have a Strange Stranger wake the Great One up.

With but two minutes to go, Marcus' camera decided that it didn't want to work and jammed. Three times he rethreaded the film and three times it jammed and finally with but 30 seconds to lift off, Marcus gave up and sat back to enjoy the launch (Marcus swore never to use a Bealieu camera again, particularly when he found that Bealieux have a tendency to jam).

And the Launch. Paul said that it was 'the most inspiring thing he had ever seen' and I really have to agree with him. People who saw it on TV didn't see anything compared to what we saw. When the fan of flame erupted from the Apollo 17 and seconds later transformed the night into daylight; not 'like' daylight, but DAYLIGHT. It had to be the most inspiring sight that one had ever seen. It was for me at least. After the launch was over, we hung around the area for a few minutes, talking to others, comparing observations and just being awed in general.

(The rest of this report is continued on p 25)

A SHORT HISTORY of UNDERGROUND COMIX

INTRO

A while back, I wrote an article of sorts about what I knew about underground comics. This article was the result and while written over 1 year ago, did not see print in unterHelios until 6 months later. This version of the article is nothing more than a reprint from the original stencils, run off at the same time that I was running off unterHelios #2. Deleted is part of a hokey introduction, which considering the place I was talking about has been out of business for over 1½ years, is somewhat dated. I realize there are a few errors in this and while I did try to correct any errors that I came accross, I realize that there may be several which I missed. As I would like to make this into a nice large comprehensive article on underground comics for publication in some larger circulation fanzine. So, if any of you spot any errors in this 'dry run', please drop me a letter or at least an MC. I would appreciate it greatly. Thanks.

*****ART CREDITS*****

Page 12...Jay Kinney	from <u>Bijou Funnies</u> #1
Page 12...Robert Crumb	from <u>Mr. Natural</u> #1
Page 13...Jay Lynch	from <u>Bijou Funnies</u> #1
Page 14...Gilbert Shelton	from <u>Feds 'n' Heads</u>
Page 15...Robert Browne	from <u>The Charlatan</u>
Page 15...Robert Browne	from <u>The Charlatan</u>
Page 16...Jaxon	from <u>God Nose</u>
Page 18...Gilbert Shelton	from <u>Feds 'n' Heads</u>
Page 19...S. Clay Wilson	from <u>Zap</u> #4
Page 20...Jim Mitchell	from <u>Mom's Homemade Comics</u> #3
Page 21...Jim Mitchell	from <u>Mom's Homemade Comics</u> #3
Page 22...unknown	Joed found it in a trash can
Page 23...Dan O'Neill	From <u>Mickey Mouse Meets The Air Pirates</u> #1
Page 24...Jim Mitchell	from <u>Mom's Homemade Comics</u> #3

All artwork used in this article is copyright © 1973 by the creators or the comix companies, whichever of the two owns the copyright.

THE ARTICLE...

Originally when I wrote this article, the only place in town that received underground comics was a bookstore run by freaks, a place called the Book Shelf. Since that time, the Book Shelf has gone out of business, however another student-type bookstore, the Co-op Bookshop, started to carry them and now gets just about every underground comic under the sun. At this point I was discussing the problems involved in ordering comix from the Print Mint because they are slow

distributors. It is also one of the slowest. From time to time, I've wandered down to the Bookshelf to inquire about the latest comics shipment. Usually, I've been told that the Print Mint says they shipped the stuff three weeks ago, so we should be getting something in any day now. So, I check around every two days or so and when a week has passed and still no comix, I get a little suspicious and ask again. 'Due any day now' is the all too familiar reply. Two weeks later the comix arrive. And they aren't even new comix; just the same old Zaps, Skulls and Slow Deaths that the Print Mint sent in their last shipment. Eventually the apparent inability of the Print Mint gets to you and it's back to mail order purchasing again. That's when you're thankful that there are guys like Dennis Cunningham and Bud Plant around.

Underground comix have expanded vastly from the first year of their development when there were but half a dozen titles. It was but four years ago, in October 1968, that Robert Crumb launched the first underground comic and now more than 100 issues are in print. Most underground titles have been 'one-shot' type of things (only one issue under each title), however, there are a few continuing titles here and there (Zap, Bijou Funnies, Skull, Yellow Dog, Young Lust to name a few).

Most of the early underground cartoonists were excellent artists and the underground comix of this period were generally pretty good (a notable exception is Rory Hayes). The early artists (Robert Crumb, Gilbert Shelton, S. Clay Wilson, Victor Moscoso, Jay Lynch, Jay Kinney and Skip Williamson) were the ones who were to make many of the innovations in the field and keep underground comix moving forward. However, once underground comix began to gain in popularity, other people entered the field and began to do their own comics. Soon it reached a point where 'everybody and his brother' decided to put one out. Unfortunately, 'everybody and his brother' were not as talented as Crumb or Shelton and in some cases, had problems drawing. Not all of the newcomers were that bad and several (Richard Corben, The Air Pirates guys and Jim Mitchell to name a few) produced some pretty good material.

The sources of underground comics is as varied as the cartoonists themselves. Most of the artwork is original material done expressly for the comics. Some (The Collected Trashman, The Collected Works of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers #1 and various one pagers) were originally published in underground newspapers and reprinted in underground comix (sometimes to fill out an issue for variety and sometimes because it was felt the reprinted material would sell). Some (primarily old Joel Beck one pagers and God Nose) were reprinted from old college humor magazines published in the middle 1960s. Others were reprinted from comics fanzines. Examples here are Moondog (from Gosh Wow #3 and Graphic Story Magazine #8), Rowlf (from Voice of Comicdon #16 & 17) and Tales From The Plague (from Weirdom #13).

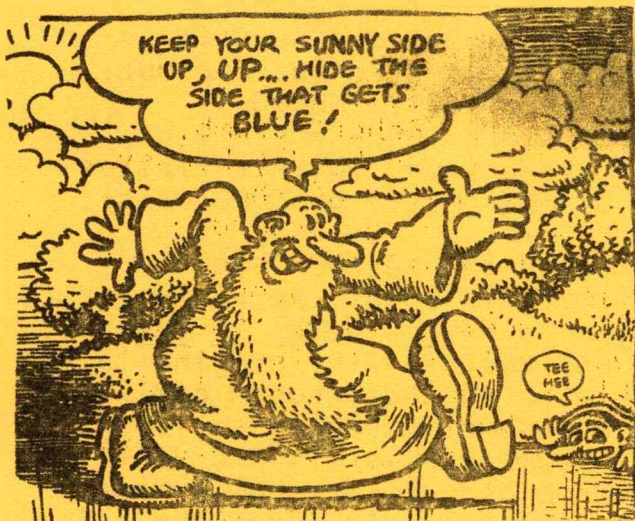
Besides these sources, a few underground comics get their material from still other sources. For instance, the 'Decadence de Generated' strip by Harvey Kurtzman which was reprinted in Yellow Dog #15-16, was originally published in Harvey Kurtzman's Help #2. Dan O'Neill's Comics and Stories #1-3 are merely the redrawn adventures of his 'ODD BODKINS' comic strip which ran in the San Francisco Chronicle-Examiner from 1967-1969.



It is interesting to see that some underground comix have been reprinted from fanzines, because many of the early prime movers in underground comix had their beginnings in Fandom. A listing of these cartoonists would include Robert Crumb, Jay Lynch, Skip Williamson, Jay Kinney and Art Spiegelman. Though Spiegelman never did anything important and Kinney didn't do anything important until Young Lust (although he was in Bijou Funnies #1), the rest were extremely important in founding the first underground comix.

Robert Crumb wasn't into fanzines in the beginning and did most of his drawing between 1951-1958 for an amateur comic called Funny Friends. Funny Friends was not an actual comic (or fanzine) as it was hand drawn and existed in only one copy that was 'published' in a brown composition notebook. About once a month, Crumb, his brothers, Charles and Maxon, and his sisters, Carol and Sandy, drew a variety of funny animal strips and these were 'bound'

together to form issues of Funny Friends. Funny Friends ceased publication in 1958 and around 1960, the Crumb Brothers (Charles and Robert) brought out a new publication, Foo.

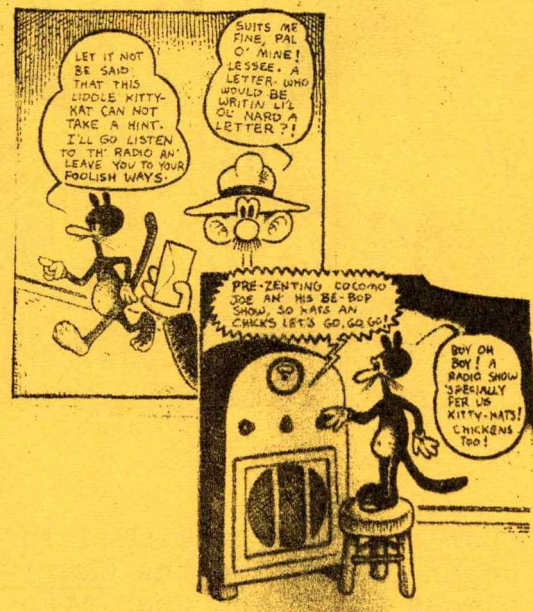
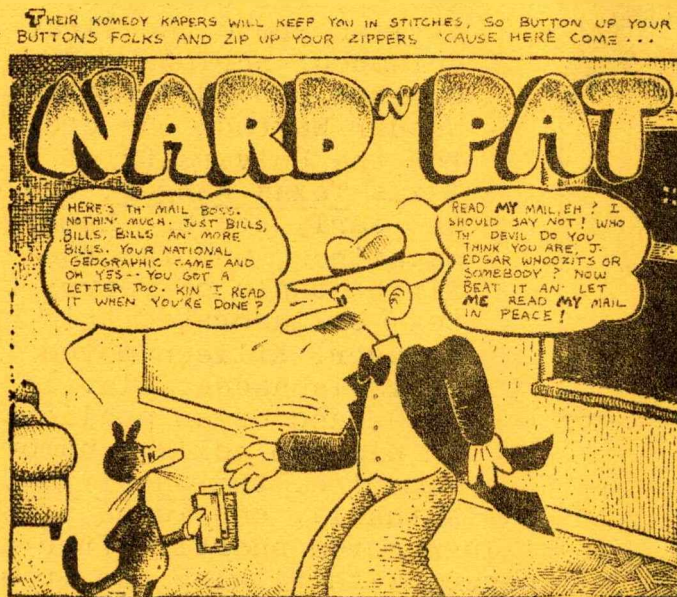


Unlike Funny Friends, Foo was an actual fanzine/comic and was printed photo offset. Foo was somewhat inspired by the long defunct EC comix and contained mostly horror stories and satires. Though the Crumb Brothers charged but 15¢ an issue, they had trouble selling Foo and as a result it folded with the 3rd issue. After Foo died, Crumb did little in the way of work for fanzines and concentrated on other things.

With Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson, though, it was a different story. Skip and Jay entered Fandom at the same time when both answered a plug for a 'new humor magazine' that appeared in a 1959 issue of Cracked, one of the successful Mad imitators. The 'new humor magazine' was actually the fanzine Smudge and both Williamson and Lynch were in time to get material in the first issue. At the time Jay lived in Chicago and Skip in Canton, Missouri (150 miles away) and both began corresponding when they saw each other's work

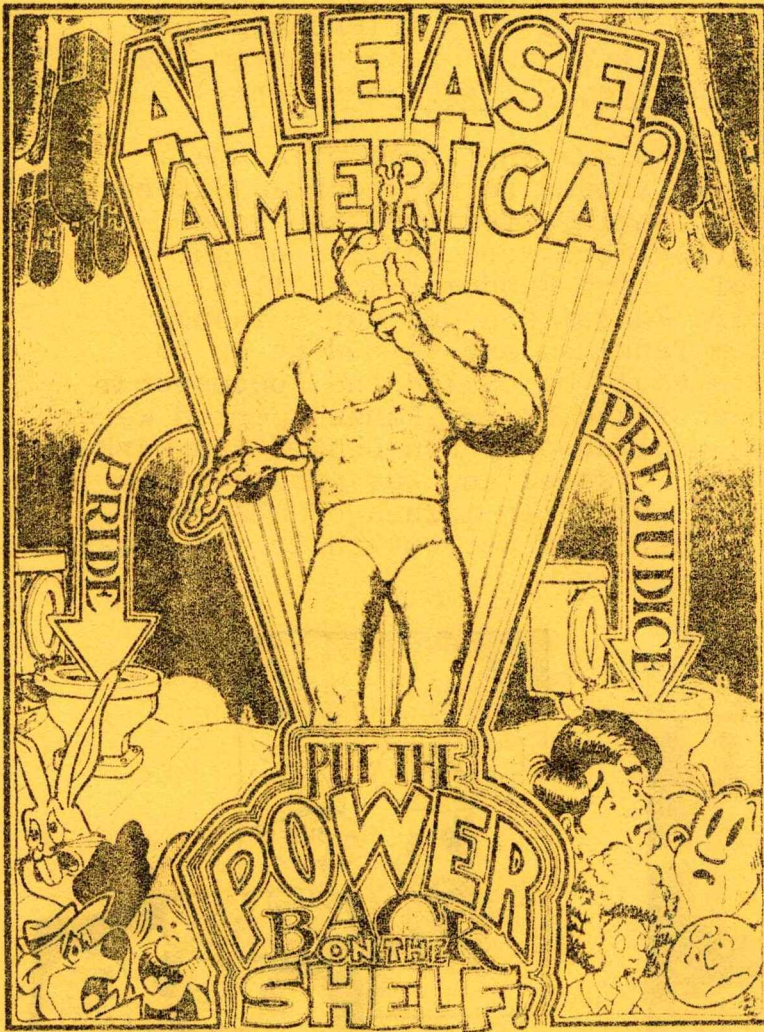
in Smudge. This correspondence grew into a long friendship and Skip and Jay have generally worked on the same projects over the years (the Chicago Mirror, Bijou Funnies, Chicago Seed, etc.).

Smudge was published by Joe Pilati and was the first of a small group of fanzines which collectively became to be known as Satire Fandom. Generally speaking, these fanzines featured the same contributors and most of the contributions were satires of one sort or another, hence the name of Satire Fandom. Joe Pilati was the leading publisher of Satire Fandom and put out 5 issues of Smudge (the first Satire Fandom fanzine) and then went on to publish 8 issues of Enclave (which could be called the successor to Smudge). The other major fanzines of the Satire Fandom period were Wild (which ran 11 issues and was published by Don Dohler and Mark Tarka) and Jack High (which lasted 12 issues and was published by Phil Roberts). Skip Williamson put out three issues of his own fanzine called Squire and a few other fans put out their own zines,



among them Chaos, Tilt and Skoan Illustrated, but none of these lasted for more than a couple of issues. All the satire fandom fanzines were dittoed and usually ran 30-40 pages. A few had offset covers, but the ditto process was dominant. Satire Fandom lasted from 1959 to late 1963 when it sort of died.

At this time, Skip Williamson and Jay Lynch, two of the main artists for most of the Satire Fandom fanzines graduated from high school and began college. At college, they discovered the animal known as the college humor magazine, a slick offset big circulation magazine that was trying to accomplish the same purpose that the Satire Fandom fanzines were: humorous satire. When faced with this sort of competition, the dittoed fanzines of Satire Fandom couldn't compete and since many of the other Satire Fandom contributors/publishers graduated at the same time as Williamson and Lynch, Satire Fandom died overnight. But Satire Fandom hadn't really died...the old contributors just moved on to college humor magazines.



The year is 1961. While Lynch and Williamson were busy writing and drawing strips for Satire Fandom fanzines and while the Crumb Brothers were trying to make a success out of Foo, a new star was rising in the State of Texas. That was the year that Gilbert Shelton began to appear in various college humor magazines and it was in December, 1961 that he and Bill Killeen felt the urge to create the ultimate hero and Wonder Warthog was born. Wonder Warthog was a joint creation; Killeen wrote the first episodes' scripts and Shelton provided the art. Wonder Warthog was created for the University of Texas Texas Ranger, one of the early college humor magazines, and for the first couple of years, the team collaborated this way. However, Killeen moved to Tallahassee, Fla. in 1964, and began publication on his own college humor magazine, the Charlatan. Actually, one issue of the

Charlatan was published in Texas, but Killeen moved shortly after and began publishing the Charlatan in Tallahassee with #1 also, so it was almost as if the Charlatan began publication in Tallahassee. Once Killeen began working on the Charlatan in earnest, he had little time to write Wonder Warthog scripts, so Shelton took over both the writing and drawing ends of the strip which he has retained to the present.

Since the Charlatan operated out of Tallahassee and was voted the top college humor magazine of 1966 and 1967 in the Annual Texas Ranger poll, it might be best to say a few words about it. Most students, upon arriving at college, have to get a job of some sort to help support themselves. Not so with Killeen. Instead of getting a regular-type job he decided to make a living by publishing a college humor magazine. And he was pretty successful. His close association with Foolbert Shelton assured him of a continuous flow of Wonder Warthog strips and small cartoons and other cartoons could be found in other college humor magazines. Before going on further, it might be best to state that it was a common practice for college humor magazines to reprint strips and cartoons that were originally published in other college humor magazines but which had not been seen locally. Thus, it was possible to see Joel Beck 1 pagers in the Charlatan when Beck worked primarily for the University of California

Pelican. However, Wonder Warthog appeared almost exclusively in the Charlatan (in college humor magazines) and was one of the main drawing features of the magazine.

One thing that made the Charlatan very distinctive was the fact that it was published off campus and was

not supported by a university as were most of the other college humor magazines. This gave the Charlatan the advantage of being able to do things that the other college humor mags couldn't get away with (for fear of being banned by irate university officials), and on occasion, the Charlatan ran photos of totally nude girls (when it was a no-no to do so) and did a satire on contraceptives (in 1965). Remembering that Tallahassee is a very conservative town, the satire on contraceptives didn't go over too well with the local authorities and despite all they tried to do to get the Charlatan put out of business, the magazine remained. The Charlatan had some competition in the form of the FSU

humor magazine Smoke Signals. Competition between the two was fierce and each time the Charlatan did something new and daring the Smoke Signals staff tried to keep up. Eventually Smoke Signals went too far (they never published a totally nude photo though) to suit the FSU administration and this spelled the end of Smoke Signals. Eventually, to avoid the problems encountered in Tallahassee, Killeen took the Charlatan to Gainesville (University of Florida) and it operated between there and Tallahassee for the rest of its life.



Besides Gilbert Shelton, other future underground cartoonists who appeared in college humor magazines were Jack Jaxon, Joel Beck and, of course, Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson.

kk

Jaxon astounded college readers with his comic strip character God Nose (a humorous caricature of God) and years later, many of Jaxon's old God Nose strips were collected and reprinted in the underground comic God Nose. Jaxon later did some original material in his second book Happy Endings (though it wasn't too good) and is currently drawing strips (none of which feature God Nose) for a variety of underground comix.

Most of Joel Beck's artwork that appears in today's underground comix is reprinted material from his earlier days as a college cartoonist and he has done little in the way of new material. Most of his work in college humor magazines consisted of one page strips all under the title of 'Mr. J.B.'s Story Time'. Beck also did three books (Lenny of Laredo, Marching Marvin and The Profit) during his college cartooning stage and these have been reprinted during the underground era also.

Besides college humor magazines, a few of the underground cartoonists tried to get material published in national magazines, but were usually unsuccessful. However, there was one area of hope in Harvey Kurtzman's Help magazine. Kurtzman was willing to give promising young cartoonists a break, and work by several of them appeared in the last few issues of Help. Shelton had several Wonder Warthog strips published in Help and Crumb had two Sketchbooks printed (Harlem and Yugoslavia). Due to an arrangement with James Warren, the publisher of Help, Killeen was allowed to reprint the Wonder Warthog strips in the Charlatan after they had been printed in Help. Thus it was possible to see the same Hog of Steel cartoons in Help and the Charlatan. A few of Joel Beck's 'Mr. J.B.'s Story Time' were printed as were spot cartoons by Williamson and Lynch. Some of the 'Mr. J.B.'s Story Time' strips published in Help were later reprinted in various college humor magazines under an arrangement similar to what Killeen had. However, when Help folded in 1966, this cut off the main national source for struggling young cartoonists.



Shelton was lucky because there was more of a demand for Wonder Warthog and the Hog of Steel appeared in a few of Peterson's Hot Rod Cartoons and even had a magazine of his own for two issues. Unfortunately, for Shelton and Wonder Warthog, Peterson was about to go out of business just as the two issues of Wonder Warthog were published and the two issues

Didn't sell well. Many distributors refused to handle the magazine and since the magazine couldn't get on the stands, it couldn't sell.

Around 1966-1967, some of the old college cartoonists began turning to the underground newspapers that began springing up in various parts of the country (the Chicago Seed, the LA Free Press and in NY City, the East Village Other). It was at this time that LSD and other psychedelics came into wide exposure and these experiences and the distrust for the 'establishment' papers led to the creation of the underground newspapers. Underground newspapers got their name partially from their shoestring operating budgets, from the fact they were opposed to 'establishment' newspapers, the people connected with them and the way they operated in general. With the advent of underground newspapers, it was only natural that someone would start doing comic strips for them and soon, many of the bigger underground newspapers had a full page comic strip(s) in most of their issues.

Almost without exception, the underground papers were weekly and while a paper might have 30 strips in it in a years period, this didn't mean that all 30 strips were done by one cartoonist, or that they were related. Usually, it would work out that 10 or 15 were done by one cartoonist, while another would do 7 or 8 and another 5 and so on down the line. Most of the strips run in underground newspapers were full page in size and were somewhat similar to the old 'establishment' full page Sunday Comics (which are now dead, except for Prince Valiant). Generally, these strips were complete in one episode, however there were a few continued serials from time to time (such as Trashman).

As the college humor magazines began to decline and as more cartoonists began to experiment with drugs, they began to work for underground newspapers or experiment on their own. Gilbert Shelton created the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, a group of dope-smoking hippies, and ran their adventures primarily in the LA Free Press. Cartoonists Kim Deitch and Spain Rodregues lived in the NY City area and began drawing strips for the East Village Other on a regular basis. Skip Williamson and Jay Lynch did some work for the Chicago Seed. Roger Brand and V ghn Bode came from comics fandom while Yosarian, trina and countless others wandered in from who knows where. Poster artists jumped on the bandwagon and in time underground comics were born.

A bit before the first underground comic, Skip Williamson and Jay Lynch got together to celebrate Skip's moving to Chicago in 1967, by putting out their own offset magazine, The Chicago Mirror. The Mirror was a sort of cross between a college humor magazine and Paul Krassner's anti-establishment political commentary magazine, the Realist. Each issue of the Mirror contained a couple of pages of comic strips, a couple of articles and an editorial. Each Mirror had a print run of a couple of thousand and was not very successful. Lynch and Williamson probably wanted to draw comic strips and turn the magazine into an all comics thing, but no one had really thought of that. It was up for Robert Crumb to take that first big giant step.

Then in July, 1968, Robert Crumb published the first issue of Zap Comix and the underground comix 'revolution' had begun. Zap #1 was 28, 7x9½" pages, including covers, in length and featured a variety of strips, all drawn by Robert Crumb. The issue had a color cover printed on slick paper while the insides were printed on newsprint. The price was 35¢. Future underground comix were to retain the 7x9½" size, the slick color cover and the pulp interiors. However, the price on most future underground comix would be 50¢ each and the page count was increased to either 36 or 52 (with a few falling in between). On occasions, these specifications have changed, but for the most part have been generally adhered to.

Shortly after publishing Zap #1, Crumb (who lived in San Francisco) went to Chicago and while there, he, Lynch and Williamson, decided that it would be a good idea to put out another underground comic. Thus, the plans for Bijou Funnies #1 were laid and the comic was completed and published in October 1968. Meanwhile, in Texas, Gilbert Shelton, inspired by Zap #1, was working on his own all-Shelton underground comic, Fed's 'N Heads. Fed's 'N Heads featured a Wonder Warthog tale, a couple of Freak Brothers strips and a few miscellaneous strips, but was only 24 pages in length. Fed's 'N Heads sold for 35¢, but in later editions 4 extra pages were added and the price was raised to 50¢. Both Fed's 'N Heads and Bijou Funnies were published at the same time (actually Fed's 'N Heads was published first) and became the second and third underground comix to be published.

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, the mail order poster firm the Print Mint, was hard at work on their own underground comic and shortly after Bijou and Fed's, published the first issue of Yellow Dog. Yellow Dog was different from the other comix in that it was tabloid and contained only

8 pages (1 sheet). The Print Mint published Yellow Dog as frequently as it could (as quick as artwork could be procured), and issues appeared every 2-4 weeks. While the artwork was sometimes bad, Yellow Dog did serve to introduce S. Clay Wilson and Rick Griffin to underground comix.



The early underground comix were comparatively clean as regards to sex and totally free of perversion. However, there had been some trouble with Zap #1 and a bit of local harrassment had been encountered. This particularly upset Crumb and he decided to do a 'dirty' underground comic to test the authorities and see how far he could go. And so Snatch Comics, the 5th underground comic was born. Snatch was quite different from the other comix in that it was only 5x7" in size (perhaps inspired

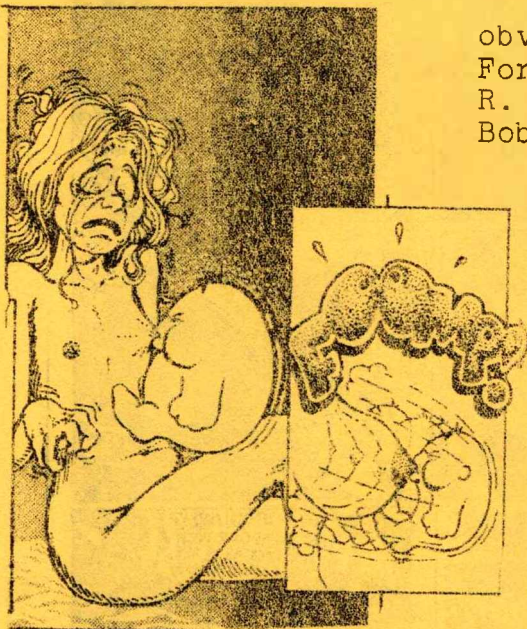
by the 8-pagers or because it was cheaper) and featured 15 full page cartoons out of 36 total pages. As can be imagined, Snatch comix was very visual and there seemed to be no plot to the short strips (and full page cartoons) except to show as many people in positions of intercourse as possible. Climaxing the whole thing was Crumb's "orgy" center-fold which was just that and had a large pile of people making it in a variety of ways. S. Clay Wilson provided some of his 'pirate orgy' scenes and these were gross enough (along with the Crumb material) to get the book : banned.



Because the publishers weren't exactly sure how Snatch Comix would be received by the authorities (they didn't relish the thought of being busted and decided to play it safe), the first issue of Snatch was very hard to get. While the cover price was 25¢ (as the issue was half-sized) copies sold for as high as \$1 if you could find someone willing to sell them. I was fortunate in finding an address from which I could supposedly attain a copy of Snatch #1 and sent off a buck to insure getting the issue. Fortunately, my buck was good enough to get me a copy of #2 as well, which had just been published on the heels of #1.

Snatch #2 contained the same sort of material as did #1, except now the characters were doing a lot more things. The book was made up largely of full page cartoons. However, the cover price had risen to 50¢. Crumb and Wilson still did most of the work (Crumb's was funny while Wilson's was just plan grotesque), but a few new cartoonists were featured. Rick Griffin, Spain, Victor Moscoso and Rory Hayes did some cartoons and except for Hayes, they only did one page each. In the case of Hayes, it would have been best if he had done only one page also, for he had the humor and drawing ability of a retarded 9 year old. His cartoons were enough to gross you out, not so much because they so perverse, but rather because Hayes couldn't draw at all. Shortly after Snatch #2 came Jiz #1 (same format, same type of material and more Hayes artwork-unfortunately). Jiz added two new artists (Jim Osborne and Jay Lynch) and featured an 8-page Crumb story "Dicknose" that was genuinely funny.

By this time, Crumb and company had encountered no real problems (legal or otherwise) and had concluded that it was safe to publish just about anything they wanted to. One interesting thing about these small-sized comix was the way the artists signed their names. None of them used their real names (if the strip was signed at all). Some used pretty



obvious pseudonyms with just about every drawing. For instance Robert Crumb was R. Cum, R. Crud, R. Crustt and R. Grunge. Also, R. Scrum, El Crummo, Bob Scumb and R. Crumbum. S. Clay Wilson, on the other hand, used such pseudonyms as Crank Collingwood, Howard Anrhearst and Marquis Von Crank.

After the way had been cleared by Snatch Comix the question was "How far to go?". Perhaps Crumb had no real desire to get tied down in sex, but S. Clay Wilson began trying to outdo everybody and Crumb began to retaliate with perversions of his own. With Zap #2, Crumb gave up total control of Zap and the comic was expanded to 52 pages while featuring the work of cartoonists Crumb, Wilson, Rick Griffin and Victor Moscoso. There was nothing much that was really perverse (in a quantity viewpoint), but a couple of S. Clay Wilson one-pagers were perverted enough for my taste. For the most part

though, Zap #2 was comparatively clean (at least when compared to #3 and #4 it was). With Zap #3, Wilson reached his height (?) in perversity in "Captain Pissgums and his Pervert Pirates", a story about a band of homosexual pirates who encounter a group of lesbian pirates. Except for the fact that it's the grossest thing that Wilson's ever done, "Captain Pissgum" is about one of his best stories. Usually Wilson's stories are completely pointless; somebody sets out with no purpose, things happen, a lot of people are killed or maimed while in between there are countless perversions and the ending is generally unrelated to whatever happened before. If you can see beyond the perversions, "Captain Pissgums" isn't that bad a story. If you can't see beyond the perversions, then it'll probably be the grossest thing you've ever read.

Crumb's answer to "Captain Pissgums and his Pervert Pirates" was "Joe Blow" a story which very graphically depicted scenes of incest. This story was enough to get Zap #4 banned in California and for awhile the police went around busting anybody caught selling it. However, about a year later, the ban was lifted and once again Zap #4 is being sold freely. However, this did point out to the cartoonists that there was a limit to what they could do. As it stands, though, Zap is THE underground comic and because it has influenced so many other cartoonists, no collection is complete without it. Reading Zap is an important step in understanding the underground comix movement, and by ignoring it one misses much of the picture.

The first underground comix were published by the artists themselves. However, as they began to gain in popularity, several underground comix publishers began to spring up. The Print Mint was the first (with Yellow Dog) and was soon followed by the Rip Off Press (headquartered in San Francisco). They were followed by the San Francisco Comic Book Company which was headed by Gary Arlington who had been carrying on a profitable underground comic mail order business as "Eric Fromm". 1970 saw the formation of two new underground comix companies: The Company and Sons (located in San Francisco) and Kitchen Sink Enterprises (located in Milwaukee Wisconsin). Kitchen Sink Enterprises encountered financial

problems and had to fold, but was later reorganized as Krupp Comic Works. While there are still a few small independent publishers who bring out their own comix, most would-be underground comix publishers find it easier to have their comix published by a major publishing company where there is less of a distribution problem and little paper-work.

The minimum print run for an underground comix is 10,000 copies and if the issue is a sell-out, it is likely to be reprinted. Certain comics, like most of the Zaps have been reprinted several times and it looks as though The Collected Works of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers will be the big success of 1971. Payment to the artists varies from company to company. Krupp pays \$60 a cover and \$20 per interior page on the first press run of 10,000 copies. On each additional 10,000 copy printing the artist is given part of the profits in a sort of profit sharing plan. Krupp generally pays the highest rates of any underground publishers and has been attracting some of the better talent. Rip Off Press publishes much of the good stuff and still exceeds Krupp for quality of material published. The Print Mint while getting off to a good start, has been publishing second rate books by second rate cartoonists all too frequently lately and hasn't published much of significance.

Unfortunately, underground comix are still at the stage where just about everything published sells. And as long as some people can make a buck on what they publish, I guess they aren't too particular about what they publish.

As underground comix continued to sell, the artists began to experiment around and new ideas were tried. A few Women's Liberation girls inspired by Trina, the major female underground cartoonists, and the success of "chauvenist" underground comix brought out their own "Women's Lib" comic It Ain't Me Babe. The comic was drawn entirely by female cartoonists (most of whom were just not that good) and was apparently successful enough to warrant a sequel All Girl Thrills.

Of particular interest in It Ain't Me Babe was the fact that one of the comic strips featured Little Lulu, Supergirl, Betty and Veronica and Petunia Pig in a revolt against male Chauvenists (in this case the chauvenists were Tubby, Superman, Archie, and Porky Pig).

Another big experiment occurred in 1970 when the NYC city underground newspaper decided to issue it's own tabloid underground comic. The comic was called the Gothic Blimp Works and was issued on a fairly consistent monthly basis for 8 issues. The comic was 32 tabloid sized pages in length (11x17), was edited by



Vaughn Bode and was fairly good. Blimp featured almost all new material and besides work by the regular undergrounders, material could be found by Berni Wrightson, Mike Kaluta and Bode himself. However, after a few months of publication, difficulties developed and in order to keep on a regular schedule, material was reprinted until about half of the magazine's content was reprints. The better contributors stopped sending in material and this combined with the reprints and internal problems was enough to spell the magazine's end at the 8th issue. It really wasn't much after the 5th issue, anyway. Perhaps tabloid comix just can't succeed. Yellow Dog, the first tabloid underground comic, didn't remain that way and was transformed into a regular underground comic with its 13th issue.

1971 saw many new developments take place in underground comix. The first was the publication of Skull which seemed to be underground comix done in the "EC style". EC was one of the better publishers of horror and science-fiction comix in the 1950's and a couple of the stories were just as good as anything done by EC. Also, up until this time, underground

comix had been printed in black and white with color covers. Interior color in an underground comic was not financially unfeasible (though it involved more of an investment), but no one seemed willing to make the try. However, in early 1971, Rip Off Press took the dare and published Up From The Deep, a 52 page underground comic which featured 16 interior pages in full color, on slick paper. This raised the price to \$1, but the addition of color was well worth it and in one of the stories ('C-Dopey' by Richard Corben) color was used so effectively as to make an above average story into a masterpiece. After the Rip Off Press led the way, the Print Mint published 2 comix (Light and Color) that were printed entirely in color. Both of these comix had no real story lines so to speak and were just visual examples of how good color could look on line drawings. Light was drawn by Greg Irons and consisted of a several full page illustrations, while Color was illustrated by Victor Moscoso and featured a 20 page panel "story" that really wasn't a story and was more of an interpretation of an LSD trip minus dialog.

About the same time that the Color underground comix were published, Krupp released a comic published in the 3-D process, Deep 3-D Comix. A set of 3-D glasses were provided with the comic and the expensiveness of the project was inherent in the



price; 75¢ for 32 pages. Most of the materials in the comic was fairly good and it was the first time since the mid 50's (except for the Batman 3-D comic which was re-released in 1966) that a 3-D comic was once again available.

The next new experiment was Young Lust, an underground comic based on, and satirizing, the heart tugging epics found in the standard romance comix of the last few years. This comic, put together by Bill Griffith and Jay Kinney, was a success from the beginning. A couple of months after the first issue, Young Lust #2 was published and as to whether any imitators will spring up is at this time undeterminable.

Perhaps one of the most startling things to happen in the whole year was caused by Dan O'Neill's venture into underground comix. O'Neill drew the excellent comic strip "Odd Bodkins" for the San Francisco Chronicle-Examiner from early 1969 to late 1970. Because of a disagreement on the Chronicle's right to censor his strip, O'Neill quit/was fired. O'Neill had been fired and rehired two times in the past, so this in itself was nothing new. However, instead of going back to the paper, O'Neill chose to go into underground comix and the San Francisco Comic #2 carried a 2-page strip that was a sort of conclusion to the now-discontinued daily "Odd Bodkins" strip. O'Neill redrew his "Odd Bodkins" strip and the redrawn pages were published in Dan O'Neill's Comics and Stories #1-3. Dan O'Neill had a thing about Walt Disney and the cover of Dan O'Neill's Comics and Stories looked quite similar to the standard covers of Walt Disney's Comics and Stories of the late 1940's and even featured Zeke Wolf on the cover. It might be interesting to add, that in his newspaper strip, O'Neill used the characters Zeke Wolf and Practical Pig more than once and one of the major characters of the strip in its last year was Bucky Bug, a minor Disney character.

Having gotten away with this (no problems from the Disney people), O'Neill felt that he could get away with anything and the second comic he brought out featured the Mickey Mouse crowd and was called Mickey Mouse Meets the Air Pirates Funnies #1. The main thing in the issue was of course a Mickey Mouse story, but the Mickey Mouse was doing things that he had never done before (and couldn't do in legitimate comix). Also, in Mickey Mouse Meets the Air Pirates Funnies, were the excellent Dirty Duck (done in a George "Krazy Kat" Herriman style) by Bobby London and O'Neill's continuing adventure of Fucky Bug. However, this Bucky Bug



was not the same excellent strip that it was in the newspapers and was easily the worst thing in the issue. Needless to say, the Disney people upon hearing about O'Neill's plans, brought suit. O'Neill seemed pretty sure of himself, but the Disney people won and it's hard to say what the future of Mickey Mouse Meets The Air Pirates Funnies will be. O'Neill had been trying to throw the Disney Characters in public domain (thus allowing anyone to use them in strips) and was unsuccessful. Thus ends most of the major developments in underground comix in 1971. Who knows what 1972 will bring...

* * * * *

This article was not intended to be a complete history of underground comix. If it was, it would have taken many more pages than the 12 or so used here. Naturally, I couldn't mention every comic or every artist without the size of the thing getting prohibitive, so I restricted myself to what I thought were the major points of underground comix developments. While I'm pretty sure that most of what I wrote was accurate, all corrections and additions are welcome. Following is a partial list of recommended underground comix:

Collected Freak Brothers #1,2
Skull Comics #--4 (esp. 2&4)
Zap #3,4
Mickey Mouse Meets the Air Pirates #1,2
Color #1
Young Lust #1
Domin' Dan #1
Merton of The Movement #1
Bijou Funnies # 4,5
Your Hytone Comics #1
Smile #1
Legion of Charlies #1
Woodoo #1-2
Slow Death #2,3
Teenage Horizons of Shangrila #1

Dan O'Neill's Comics & Stories #1-3
Up From the Deen #1
Captain Guts #2
Bizarre Sex Tales #1
Real Pulp #1
Partagor #;
Dirty Duck #1
Tortoise and Hare Comics #1
 (out of print comix not listed)

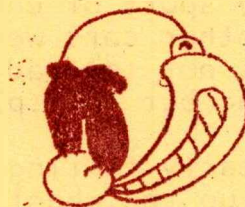
For those interested in purchasing underground comix, the following information should be useful. Bud Plant will sell comix for 50¢ each if you buy at least 10 (\$5.00 order). Otherwise the price is 65¢ each. Plant's address is 4160 Holly Drive, San Jose, California, 95127. Dennis Cunningham, 1572 Willowdale Dr., San Jose, CA 95118, sells his comix for 50¢ each with a minimum postage fee of 25¢ on orders under \$1.50. Plant is the larger dealer while Cunningham is a recent fan-turned-dealer. In my experience both provide fast service. It is best to write to each and ask for their catalogs before ordering.



APOLLO 17 CONT.

After being awed for about half an hour, we headed back to the car and Danny and Frank's van, so we could sack out.

When I got back to the car, I had found that Mary had already taken over the backseat and announced that she was not to be disturbed, while Marcus (who was in a cross between a state of shock and a state of exhaustion) just sort of sat in the front seat. I, Lee and Paul were sorta standing around, when Danny and Frank wandered over and announced that they were leaving for Tampa immediately, and that if we wanted any of our equipment, we'd better get it now. To fully envision what effect this had on us, you have to realize that none of us had gotten much sleep in the last 48 hours (ranging from 0-4 hours-and I had the four hours). We had completely counted on Danny and Frank staying overnight (as they had said they would, but then they had also said that they would wait for us in Tampa), so that when they announced that they were leaving, it came as a total shock. Problem was that Marcus was too exhausted to tactfully persuade them to stay, and Joed (who is good at persuading people to do anything) was off talking to fans somewhere and was not present. (Mary was not too exhausted to cuss Danny and Frank out when she realized that they were leaving immediately, however. Heh, heh.)



To show you how unbelievable these guys were, they were going to throw all of Marcus' equipment out on the ground unless we came over to get it. Using a bit of tact, I was able to persuade them to carry back some of the less valuable, bulky equipment (I didn't trust 'em with anything else). And then they were gone. About this time, Roy and Joed chose to wander back and of the two, Roy was quite upset because he thought they could have at least offered to take a couple of us back with them (thus easing the overcrowding problem).

We had planned to stay over and take a comprehensive Press Tour, however Danny and Frank's quick departure made this all but impossible. For Roy had to get back to work and had to be driven to the Orlando airport to catch a 3:00 am flight (i.e. Joed would have had to have thrown us out of the car at 6:30 or so to have gotten Roy to the airport in time). What would we have done? Slept on the ground?

Well this wasn't practical, so we (all 7 of us) hopped in the car and prepared to drive back. At this point Joed and I were the only ones who seemed to be able to keep our eyes open (that 1 hour 'nap' sure helped me and Joed has a reputation for being able to go for long periods of time without any sleep). Since Joed had once worked at the Cape and knew the area, he was the first to drive (and try to find an open gas station before we ran out of gas. At 3:00 am in the morning, this is not the easiest thing to do.).

After riding on double empty for far too long, we were lucky to find a Union 76 station that was open (and we were lucky to find that, as the town we were in was one of those which completely closes down at midnight).

I took over at this point and somehow managed to get on the right road (I along with 5,000 other cars). It seems there is a shortage of roads going from Cocoa to Orlando (2 or so) and most of them had chosen this one. My spurt of energy (from the nap) lasted about an hour, however as the other cars were moving bumper-to-bumper in 5-15 m.p.h. traffic this was not too bad. I like to go slow anyway and the fact that I was traveling but 10 m.p.h. did not annoy me as it would some others.

After nearly falling asleep 3 or 4 times, I decided it was time for me to give up the wheel and let Paul Grieman take over. Roy got off at the Orlando airport, so that eased the crowding problem somewhat (i.e. Mary didn't have to lie on the laps of everybody in the back seat anymore).

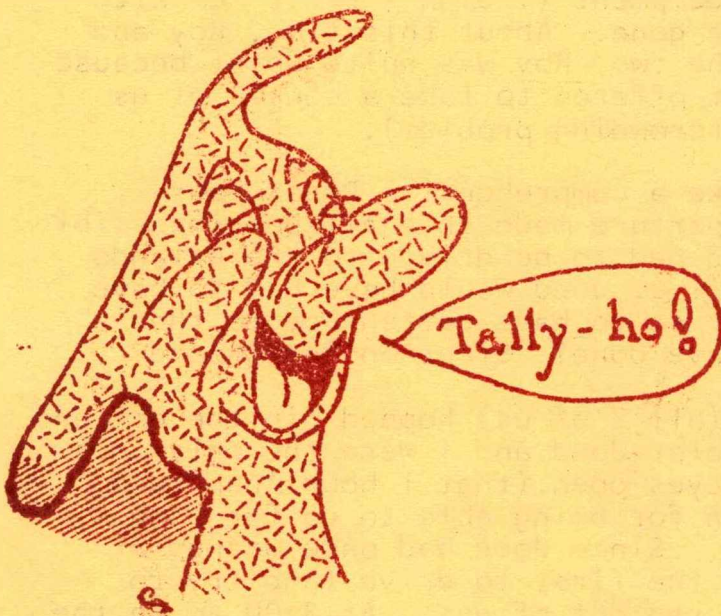
When we got to Tampa, everybody woke up enough to realize we needed more sleep. The question was where. Marcus said he could probably put two or three of us up and Mary said she could handle the other two. So Paul, Mary and I got off at Mary's house and Mary's mother (who must have been incredibly suprised, but was very understanding nonetheless) fixed us breakfast. After that, we were shown to some beds upstairs and needed no urging to totally collapse in them.

Hours later (or was it days...who recalls), Marcus and the rest of the Mad Gang arrived to pick us up and wisk us away to lunch. After lunch, Marcus decided to take the equipment he had rented (from a guy in Tampa) back to the guy. I noticed a Salvation Army store accross the street and went over to inspect it (to see if they had any used mimeographs). (Salvation Army and Goodwill stores are a good source for cheap mimeographs, so I was hopeful, However, this time, no luck.)

Marcus and Big Lee were still gone when I got back, so I decided to wander up the street to see what I could find. We were in a particularly old section of Tampa, so I figured that I'd be able to hunt up some sort of interesting bargains (old books, old records or a very good mimeograph).

So I wandered down the street. Little did I know...

The first place I stopped at looked like your average used furniture-junk second hand store. But it wasn't. It was different. Boy was it different. It was



the A-i JIM FAIR CATALOG DISCOUNT HOUSE, GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE & SWAP SHOP & RENT-ALL. Of course I didn't know this when I went in, as I didn't see the letters. Nor did I know that it was Jim Fair who I was talking to until I had left his store (he handed me a reprint of a newspaper article which praised him as the voice of the people or something like that). I did know vaguely of Jim Fair, however.

After not buying anything (whatever you can say about Jim Fair, his prices aren't), I headed back to the car. Only one thing...the car wasn't there. After deciding that there was no point in panicing, I figured my best bet was to wait around in the same area where the car had been parked and if worse came to worse I could always give good old Alan Hutchinson a call and yell "Help". (You'll never know how close I came Alan. Just as I was about to give up hope, they pulled up.)

After I got back in the car, and mentioned that I had been in Jim Fair's store, Marcus began to tell me all about Jim Fair. Some people call him the Cigar City Town Idiot. Others call him a crusading hero. All things considered, you would have to say that Jim Fair is kinda strange. He runs for just about every elective office that he can qualify for...and never wins. Except once. He won the office of Hillsboro County Voter Registrar (or something like that) and Marcus tells me that everybody voted for him as a gag. Once in office, he managed to find that 3,000 voters had been dead for years (but were still on the rolls) and somehow managed to get thrown in jail. Or something like that.

However there are some really strange stories about Jim Fair: Like how he flunked out of West Point 10 times before graduating. Or how his family (supposedly quite wealthy) was so embarrassed by what he had done that they changed their name and moved away. Or like how he was walking down the street one night and had to urinate and began doing so in the street. When a cop walked up and asked him what he was doing, he began urinating on the cop. Strange...

Jim Fair is always fileing suits of some sort against public officials (while I was in the store, he tried to get me to buy a Speed-O-Print mimeo for \$15 - told me the money was enough for him to file another sult). And according to what Marcus tells me, he gets thrown in jail a lot (Fair is a hippie type character in his 50s).

According to Marcus, there are many more things about Fair, but he could only remember some of them. After we got back from the launch (about 10:00 pm) someone asked me what I thought the highpoint of the trip was. There was only one possible answer...not the Apollo 17 Launch, but meeting Jim Fair. What else?



IF IT'S A GOOD PRODUCTION, IT'S A MIRACLE!

The power of the press has been placed in that master of Miracles, that filanderous film-maker, Merry Marcus F. Wielage.

After reading some of Great Rich's hopeless ramblings, I managed to successfully bamboozle my way into this issue of Yellow B. to defend my honor, reputation, and the ~~unpleasant~~ good name of Miracle Productions. (Gee, that slash key is ~~stupid~~ ~~ridiculous~~ ~~boiling~~ fun!)

Miracle Productions Company (or MPC as it is affectionally known) was created mainly as a way for myself and a few select friends to obtain motion picture equipment and supplies at real low (i.e., wholesale) prices. Also, to get us into places student filmmakers normally were not allowed. So, with the aid of semi-professional looking stationary, semi-professional looking ID cards and endless subterfuges, we were able to build up this semi-fake company to where it is today, ~~it's~~ still growing and expanding.

Anyway, the Cape Kennedy thing was only a small part of our vast plans. We hope to produce a 15-20 minute documentary in New York on the Marvel and DC comix people, as well as films and $\frac{1}{2}$ " video tape productions on the various conventions around the country. We even hope to produce films on the next political conventions, as well as on the '76 Olympics. This summer, we may try an expose of Walt Disney World, showing graphically and in great detail that various and sundry means by which the Disney organization hoodwinks the great (?) American public into shelling out millions for a few hours of being tortured and maimed in the crowds of that vast demoralizing adventure they call WDW. Why would I expose this "American institution, you may ask. I guess Miracle Productions (if it's a good production, it's a Miracle) is simply jealous of Walt Disney Productions. Ho ho.

To top it off, next month Rich and the greater part of Tallahassee Fandom will be in a horrifying MPC film, as yet untitled, that promises to be "a poor man's Psycho". I bet you all ~~can't~~ can't wait to see it. Great Rich would make a great Norman Bates...

But where was I, at the beginning. Let me think...ah, yes...Cape Kennedy. That ~~#@\$%&#~~!! Bealieu jammed. Take it from me, you can't trust a Bealieu 16mm camera. Never again will I use one of those French fiends! Never! I'll stick with the Arriflex M or S models, if that does anything for you.

The next Kennedy Launch happens, I believe, around next April (2 or so months from now). You can be sure that MPC and crew will be there, and not with rotten equipment. I can see it now...professional all the way. Hollywood couldn't do a better job. At least I'll keep saying that...maybe if I say it enough, it will come true.

X-sell C R.

MFW-73

THE FANDOM DOLDRUMS

by Paul Remley

Today is Saturday and I'm trapped in the Fandom Doldrums again.

I drag myself out of bed round about 10:30. Friday night. God, it seems so long ago. I've still got some of that good taste in my mouth, but my mind is fogged over.

I amble out to the kitchen. Yeah man, I guess it's a hangover. Fuck breakfast. My damn little sister has got cartoons on the tube. I try to relate to them as a form of G*R*A*P*H*I*C A*R*T but give up. Whatever happened to JOHNNY QUEST?

After gagging on some O. J., I truck back to my room. I decide to wrap up some my correspondence. A chitchat fan letter. A pseudo-intellectual fan letter (covering such topics as: "Is Steranko a queer?"). A fanzine order. Then a letter to a girl who moved to Puerto Rico (in spite of the hammers banging in my head, I still manage to make it sound cheerful: "Hi! How are ya..."). Shit.

The phone rings. My leg has gone to sleep so I sort of stumble to the receiver. It's the local neighborhood dope freak. Wants to know if I can tip him to any good tokes. Nope, no weed. No hash either. Then what? Well, man, like you rip off a page of a comic book. Yeah, I did say comic book, and you roll it up, tie it off and smoke it. No shit, man, and it gives you a rheally nice buzz. Yeah, you're welcome man. Goodbye.

It's getting on towards noon. I address the envelopes, haphazardly stuff the letters in and stamp them. Just then I hear the mailman. I hurry down and give him the letters and he gives me the mail. First there is some garbage from the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. Then a flier from a local drug store (Aspirin: 29¢ a bottle. Sounds good.). A letter from some totally moronic fan living in Dowagiac, Mich. Wants to know what I think about the Black Widow. 'Unk! Unk!' is my reply. And what are my height and weight? Vital statistics. 'How long is your hair?', I respond. Then comes the big one, this month's RBCC. Just what I needed. I'm already down to \$4.76, and look at all those bargains, just waiting to be bought. I throw the RBCC aside in disgust.

The telephone again. It's Mr. Local Neighborhood Freak again, this time sounding really blasted. He tried it, and sure enough it worked. This I gotta see. I'll be right over. Yeah, Right. Goodbye.



I get to Mr. Freak's house and find him staring at the

walls, listening to Black Sabbath. He's high all right, or so it seems. The comic he tore a page out of to make his number with turns out to be an otherwise mint copy of Weird Science #14. The only comic in the house, says he. Found it up in a corner of the attic. His old lady threw the rest out.

I leave Freak's house around 3:30 after hearing Led Zeppelin, Badfinger, Alice Cooper, and hearing of his fantastic exploits in the realm of drugs.

When I get home, I realize that I only put one stamp on the zine order containing three quarters. And that I may have switched the Puerto Rico with the chitchat letter. Oh well. The rest of the afternoon is spent reading underground comics and writing palindromes. Ah trivia.

At dinner I finally get a square meal. Afterwards, I realize that it's Saturday night and I should be out cruisin' for burgers, but retreat to my room instead. I lie on my bed and fantasize a convention in which the main activities are sex, dope, rock'n'roll and comicbooks. The convention gradually evolves into an entire world, an entire universe, full of sex! Dope! Rock'N'Roll!! COMIC BOOKS!!!!!!

There ain't no cure for the Fandom blues.

END

THE RETURN OF MAD MARCUS

Yes, folks, he's back--that master of miracles, that...oh you've heard that before.

Miracle Productions Company, my pseudo-fake company, was created one semi-fine day after I spent a couple of days in and around Cape Kennedy, Florida to see the Apollo 15 moon launch. Like the rest of the millions of tourists present there, I was subjected to mosquito-vampires, bitter cold, horrifying heat, and a host of other things too numerous and frightening to mention. Anyway, after that harrowing experience on the beach, I vowed never again to suffer along with the rest of the ~~world~~ American public and sit around in great un-comfort for 24 hours just to watch a moon launch. So, I decided that the best thing to do would be to figure out a way to get myself and a merry band of friends into Cape Kennedy press area along with CBS, NBC and ABC and watch the thing in real comfort. Next time.

So, Miracle Productions was born. Remember...if it's a good production, it's a Miracle.

Anyway, I made a ~~fallout~~ ~~book~~ short film on Apollo 16, photographed just 3 miles away at the Press Site area a few months later. We had about 8 people present; two videotaping the launch with 1/2" VTR's and cameras (all Sony stuff), while myself and 3 others screwed around with the Arriflex M 16mm camera. The actual film itself was slightly overexposed, thanks to my 'master' cinematographer...me. Oh, well...

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CRIME-MARTER!

HERE COMES

BUFFALO BILL!



...AND WAS FINALLY CAPTURED WHEN NO ONE OTHER THAN **BUFFALO BILL** HIMSELF SHOWED UP AND PROCEEDED TO...

OH MY!! THAT **BUFFALO BILL**! THE GIRLS ALL LOVE HIM!

S. PAKE
9-5-71

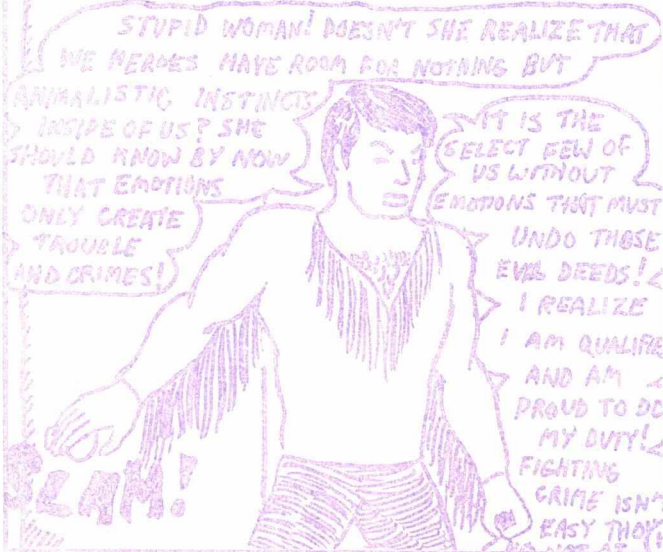
OUR STORY STARTS (WHERE ELSE?) IN THE BEDROOM OF THE GREAT **BUFFALO BILL**!!



OH, BUFFY! I'VE BEEN WORRIED LATELY! DO YOU LOVE ME ONLY FOR MY BODY ALONE?

NO! BUT THAT'S THE MAIN REASON!

AND AFTER THAT TOUCHING SCENE, A TYPICAL DAY OF WORK BEGINS FOR OUR HERO!



STUPID WOMAN! DOESN'T SHE REALIZE THAT WE HEROES HAVE ROOM FOR NOTHING BUT ANIMALISTIC INSTINCTS INSIDE OF US? SHE SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT EMOTIONS ONLY CREATE TROUBLE AND CRIMES!

IT IS THE SELECT FEW OF US WITHOUT EMOTIONS THAT MUST UNDO THOSE EVIL DEEDS! I REALIZE I AM QUALIFIED AND AM PROUD TO DO MY DUTY! FIGHTING CRIME ISN'T EASY THO!

SLAM!

IN A NEARBY ALLEY, A GROUP OF DELUSION SOULS ARE UP TO PAUL DRAKE!

HEY BOSS! WE BETTER LAM OUTA HERE! HERE COMES BUFFALO BILL!

LET A WHITE MAN DON'T KNOW WHAT THOSE FRIENDS OF YOURS ARE DOING IN THAT ALLEY, BUT WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S THEIR BUSINESS, NOT MINE! HOWEVER...

...AND SHE'S UP TO PAUL DRAKE ON USING YOUR VOCAL CHORUS TO VOLVETRIC EXCESS, THEREBY WAKING IMPRESSIONABLE YOUTHS FROM THEIR WAPS, THEN IT IS TIME FOR THE MIRACIOUS BUFFALO BILL TO TAKE ACTION!

NO TERING! NOW THAT YOU'VE PAID YOUR PRICE YOU'LL THINK TWICE THE NEXT TIME YOU CONSIDER STEPPING OUT OF LINE!

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR JUSTICE!

HEY GIRLS! HERE COMES BUFFALO BILL!

Oooooo! I KISSED HIM FIRST! I KISSED HIM FIRST!

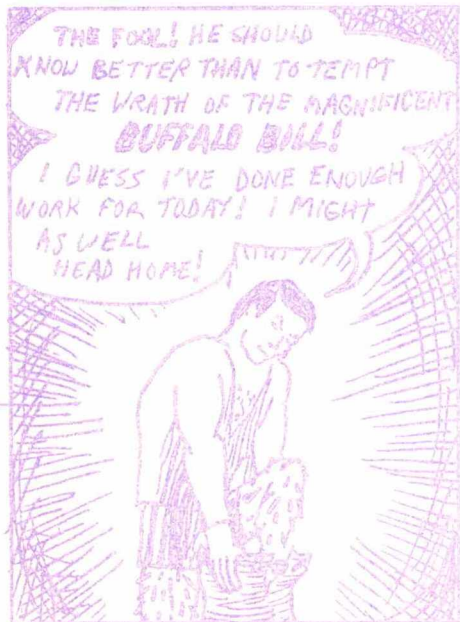
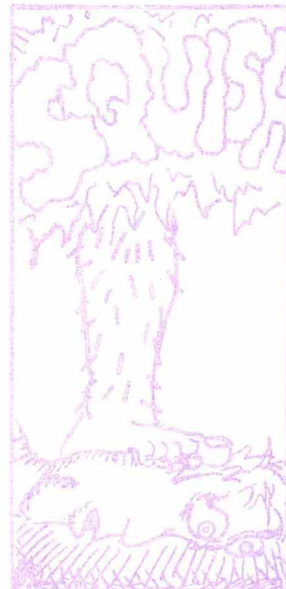
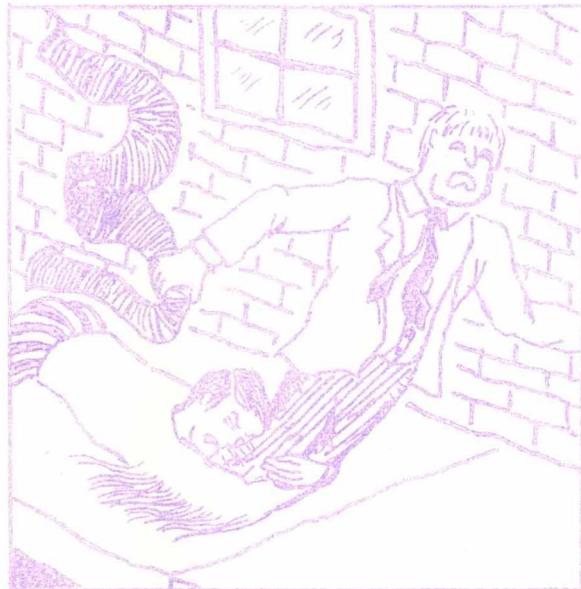
OH, BUFFALO BILL! TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME!

GET A PIECE OF HIS CLOTHES!

IT'S HIM! IT'S REALLY HIM!

TAKE THAT, YOU MISERABLE WENCH!

CRUNCH!



AFTERTHOUGHTS (EDITORIAL NO. 2).....

0. Last night I outlined on two sheets of paper, all the things I wanted to say in my ending editorial (or whatever), and then promptly lost it. Anyone ever having seen my room, will not find this hard to understand. Anyway, between watching Paul Lynde and tearing up my room, I managed to find it. Or something like that.
1. New members of Tallahassee Fandom include Ed Lane, Lane Roth (who looks incredibly like Don Markstein), Marcus Wielage and Roy Wessel.

Both Ed Lane and Marcus Wielage came to my COMICS class (which I taught again Fall Quarter). Ed is one of those fortunate few who saved all of his old comics while most others were throwing them away. So instead of starting from scratch, he has lots of ECs and 40s Disneys and other nifty things (including Thunda #1). Having subscribed to the RBCC and Buyer's Guide, Ed is doing his best to track down comics which carried the Barney Baxter newspaper strip of the 1940s. Good luck.

Lane Roth, whom I have met but once, is more of a cinemaniac than a comics fan and has had an article or two published in such zines as Gore Creatures. A former NY City resident, Lane has been to a couple of Cons and was trying to interest enough people to go to the STAR TREK CON in NY City (Feb. 17-19), so that a bus could be chartered. As this is in the middle of the Quarter, I doubt that he'll get the 40 people he needs.

Marcus Wielage has already told us a lot about himself, and I can't think of too much to add. A hopeful future film director, Marcus hopes to be able to attend the University of Southern California & learn all sorts of nifty things there (not too much in the line of nifty things that can be learned here, I'm afraid). Come to think of it, both Mary Anderson and Steve Pake are going to the Univ. of S. Cal. (I think). Should you run into them, be sure to say Hello, Gaff.

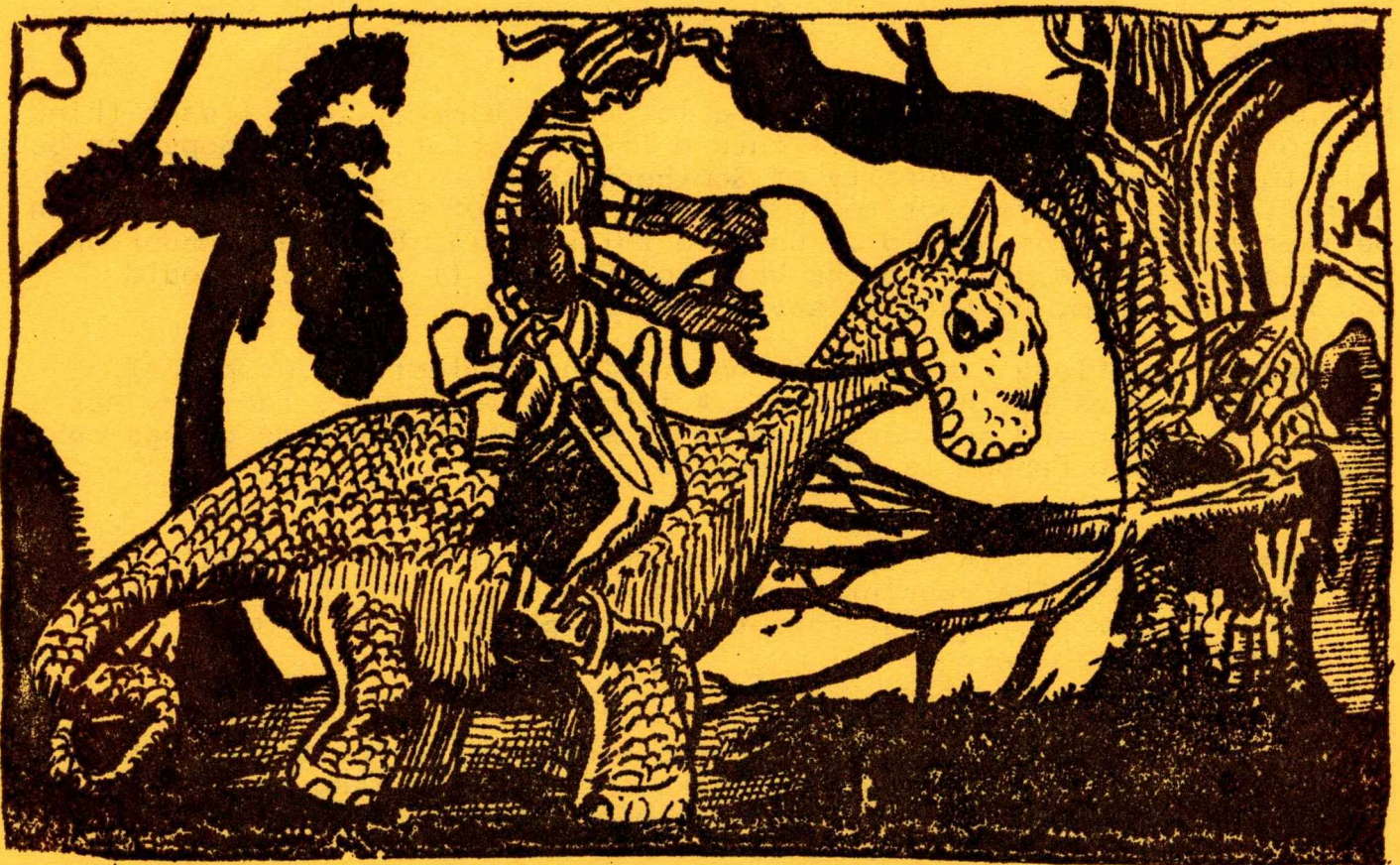
Roy Wessel is a long time fan who has various collections of pulps/digest-sized mags dating way back. A former Chicago area fan, Roy has moved down south and now participates in some of the strange goings-on that Tallahassee Fandom is notorious for.

2. The character Captain Marvel is copyright © 1973 by National Periodicals. The reprint of the CM #100 cover (which I thought kind of appropriate) was reproduced via photo offset from a Thermofax transparency.
3. The Story behind the cover: I gave a copy of Yellow Balloon #6 to William Black and a couple of weeks later he suprised me with the cover. The story behind the story behind the cover: I wanted to have the cover done in offset, but was too broke to afford offset (at times I had trouble eating). CM #100 was done in offset because I was taking a CPE Photo Offset Course and the guy offered to do some free offset. A round of thanks to Neil O'brien.

4. Between Yellow Balloon #6 and 7, a lot of strange things have happened. Joed lost his job and the mimeo he had access to was lost as well. After hunting for 3 months (and looking in over 50 places) I finally found something that would fit my price range and requirements. I bought a Speed-O-Print (about the worst make around-worse than even an A.B. Dick and A.B. Dicks are pretty bad). However, the price was right (\$12) and I got lots of added extras as well: 2 quire of stencils, 2 cans of ink and a stylus. Later I bought a Rex-Rotary M2 for \$11. To put it mildly, the Rex exceeds all the expectations I could ever have of a mimeo. I can change colors in 5 minutes without any other attachments necessary. It gives me large areas of black, something which Sears, Heyer, A.B. Dick and Speed-O-Print machines are incapable of.

I could have purchased an electric A.B. Dick 430 for \$50, but like I said, I don't like A.B. Dicks. The more I find out about that company the more I dislike them. The only things they make that are really any good are their offset machines and even those are built so they'll fall apart after 10 or so years.

Only Gestetner tends to make quality mimeo machines anymore. Rex has deteriorated quite a bit in the last 4 or 5 years. The M2 machine that I have is no longer manufactured...and hasn't been since 1957. Yet, I don't think I'd trade it for an electric Gestetner if someone (for some insane reason) should make me the offer. Because to change colors on a Gestetner, you have to buy a color change kit for each color (and each color change kit costs \$52...ouch!).



While my Rex M2 will give large areas of black, I have trouble getting legible copy because the ink doesn't dry fast enough and some ink is offset on the back of the sheet. Well, the Speed-O-Print has come in handy after all, as I rigged it up to serve as an 'automatic slipsheeteer.'

I lined the mimeos up on a trunk, one facing backwards and one facing forwards. I lined them up perfectly, so that as soon as a sheet comes out of the Rex, another sheet will come out of the Speed-O-Print and will land on the other sheet and absorb the excess ink. Separating the slipsheet paper from my printed pages is no problem because I use 8½x14" paper for slipsheeting paper. All I have to do is stack the paper, grab the top of the 8½x14" sheets and shake. It's that easy. It was a bit difficult getting to learn to turn two cranks (one clockwise, the other counter-clockwise) simultaneously, but after a bit of practice...

If you want to find a cheap mimeo, one place NOT to go to is an accredited mimeo dealer. They have used machines, but only at high prices. (Now, you could go to all the places, tell them you are thinking about buying a mimeo and get free demonstrations. That way, you can pick up a lot of valuable information free.) Places that might carry what you are looking for are wide and varied. They include Goodwill Stores, Salvation Army stores, Auctions, classified ads in the newspaper and all Used Furniture/2nd hand stores and swap shops. State Agencies, universities and schools all have sealed bid surplus property sales once a year or so. Many handcrank mimeos (replaced by electric models) can be obtained from these places dirt cheap. A fellow I talked to once bought an electric Gestetner for \$13.67 (which is incredible, but shows you some of the things that can be found, merely because no one else knows about them or is willing to make the effort to find out about them). Just start hunting around, leave your name and phone number at these places...and eventually you'll find a good machine or two.

5. I also have a new Thermofax (3M for \$50) and a Heyer ditto machine (\$10). Thermofax stencils cost 25¢ each and while the repro is not as good as electrostencils, it will do. Incidentally, the basic cost of electrostencils is 40¢ (Gestetner), 35¢ (Roneo-the best) and 49¢ (A.B. Dick) each. So why charge \$1.50 per, Ed Green? Couldn't you offer this invaluable service to K-a members at less...say \$1.?

6. I like fannish personal-type zines as well as the next guy. Maybe more so. I also like to read big meaty articles (and short meaty articles) about things I know little about. I would like to know more. So, can't some of you people who know a lot, share it with we less fortunate people who do not? Some things I would like to see would include...

Rex the Wonder Dogby Gary Brown perhaps...

Tales of EC Fandom.....by Mike Britt

Another Serial adaptation..by Dan & Charlie

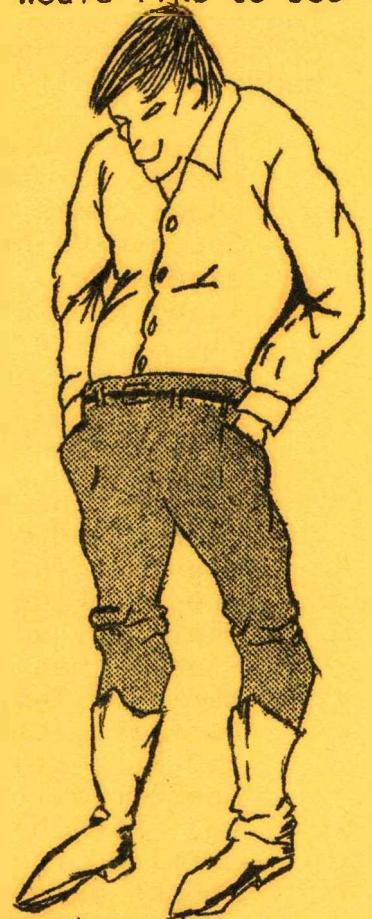
A short history of comics apas...by Norwood or Markstein or the McGeehans or...

European comics scene....by Michel Feron & Danny DeLaet
etcetera, etcetera...

Of course, these are just some possible suggestions. Some of you have been doing many of these things, but I sure would like to see more. Please?

7. ART CREDITS for this issue...

Cover.....William Black
Page 1....Sheryl Birkhead
Page 2....Steve Pake
Page 3....Sheryl Birkhead
Page 4....Ken Meaux
Page 5....Sheryl Birkhead
Page 6....Ken Meaux
Page 7....Ken Meaux
Page 8....Jackie Frank (reprinted
from Tightbeam #75 11/72)
Pages 11-24....already listed
Page 25....Bobby Ervin
Page 26....Sheryl Birkhead
Page 27....Al Greenier
Page. 29....Al Greenier
Page 36....Al Greenier
Page 38....Steve Pake



The strip on pages 31-33 is by Steve Pake, submitted over one year ago and finally published in this issue, because I deem it an undergroundish strip. Nothing is printed on the back as my ditto is good for only about 85 copies (the strip was printed on a far better machine).

8. Artwork... I used up almost all of my available art on this issue of Yellow Balloon, hence I need artwork of all sorts rather desperately. Artwork must be in india ink (otherwise the good old Thermofax won't cut a stencil). Please avoid very large areas of black as they cause problems. All contributors will receive their original drawings back (unless you say I may keep them) and will receive 5 copies of their artwork; i.e. 5 copies of the page their art is used on, printed one side only. And the art alone is printed on that side...no type, provided I'm working in color, which I anticipate most of my future fanzine art will be in.

So please, all you artists out there, send me some artwork. (To K-a members Alan Hutchinson, Carl Gafford, Joe Jenkins, Mike Britt, Dwight Decker, ~~Ben Katchor~~ Charles Spanier(?), Jim Shull, Therri Moore, Ken Fletcher, Bob Cosgrove, Alan Bradford and Charles Schreck I particularly appeal. Help!) (Did I leave anyone out? Hope not.) All other artists...please send me something too. If this sounds like I'm begging...well, that's close. Please?

9. This is the last Buff issue of Yellow Balloon. I am all out of Buff paper and were it not for Joed's generosity, this issue would not have been entirely Buff. Actually, the Buff I've been using

is not true Buff, but is a shade closer to goldenrod. Which gave it a sort of a tangy appearance...one that I liked. Regular Buff (pages 9-10 & 25-26) is a bit too tame for me, I'm afraid. Goldenrod is too harsh on the eyes (my eyes anyway), but yellow... Who knows, for the time in its life, Yellow Balloon might actually be printed on yellow paper.

10. I wound up doing more color work than I planned on doing for this issue,,using red, reddish brown and brown. If I had more money I would have used more colors. Perhaps by next issue I'll be a bit richer.
11. I saw TRIUMPH OF THE WILL, the classic 1936 Leni Raphenstahl documentary which attempted (and succeeded) to portray Adolf Hitler as a modern day messiah.. This was the second time I had seen it (the first over 2 years ago) and I was more impressed with what I saw than I thought I would be. Despite what one may say about Hitler, one cannot deny that TRIUMPH OF THE WILL is a great film. Little dialog is used and almost all of the music in the film is Wagner (according to Joed; I don't know that much about German classical music). Very Heroic music. Some very heroic poses of Hitler too. And the scene of him being nice to a mother and kissing her little girl...priceless.
12. Paul Remley (who is now a member) submitted The Fandom Doldrums to me over one year ago. Finally, it sees print. It seemed that this issue was just perfect for Paul's fiction (just as this issue was perfect for Steve Pake's strip). Sorry for the delay guys.
13. Things To Come. Don and Maggie Thompson did Fandom a monumental service with their Dell one-shot listing; a valuable guide for completists and people looking for 'certain' issues. Some good artwork lurks in some of these (many of which I or others in Tally Fandom have) oneshots and I plan to go through and examine such issues. The one-shots from 1952-1962 that is; I have few of the earlier one. I plan to examine only the serious one-shots (none of the humorous ones); westerns, adventure, TV and movie adaptations.

Also on tap is a special 'games' issue. Over the years, I have developed several interesting games, one of which allows you to envision yourself as a comics publisher, form a comics company, make decisions and yet still not be able to control the outcome (the outcome is left to chance). An interesting game for people who like to play such games (and these games take time; I remember one game that took me over 50 hours to play-a longie). I also have several baseball games that have proven quite interesting and lots of fun besides.
14. That's it for this issue my friends. This stencil is being typed on January 25 (in the wee hours of the morning) and with a little luck, I should be able to get this issue into K-a #100. If the Post Office doesn't mess me up.

best

Rich

39

PAGE 40... Hmmm. This was going to be the backcover, but circumstances beyond my control (guess I haven't mastered the mimeo yet) have prevented this situation.

Rather than have the last page a blank page, I have decided to ramble on for a bit.

To Reviewers and people who have been getting this thing by subscription: the price has gone up. No longer can I afford to lose money on this thing (postage alone will outweigh individual copy price) so effective immediately, Yellow Balloon is available for 35¢@ or 3 for \$1.00. All present subscriptions will be honored, however, if you wish to renew it must be at 3/\$1.00.

I am interested in trading with other fanzines. However, I put out issues but 3 or 4 times a year. If possible, I'd like to trade regularly (whenever each of us puts out an issue) however I will be willing to do one-for-one.

After watching PSYCHO backwards forwards, and sideways, I have managed to notice a few things that one does not normally see in the viewing of the film (unless you are really watching and PSYCHO is a film that is too easy to get involved with).

For instance; the first time you cut to the money on Janet Leigh's bed, you can see the shadow of the camera as it moves back. Leigh also refused to do the 'shower sequence' nude as Hitchcock wished. So a lookalike was used. This would explain the black strip at the bottom of the screen as Janet Leigh sinks slowly to the floor; to prevent the audience from seeing her flesh colored bra (though you do see a bit of it, for a second, in one shot). Also, when Norman Bates is dragging the 'body' out of the shower, you can see the flesh colored panties. And again when he is putting the wrapped-in-shower-curtain body in the car. Most people would be too involved with the film to notice these things, however when you see the same sequence backwards and forwards several times and everybody is talking about these 'slips', it isn't hard to notice them at all.

On TRIUMPH OF THE WILL, lest anyone think me a Nazi (Hi Dwight), I'd like to say that I still think it to be a great film. Lousey subject matter, but a great film. This film, perhaps more than any other document, gets into the psychology behind the early success of the Third Reich (twas made in 1936, recall). As a propaganda film it is great. The film is almost able to make you say, "Gee, Hitler must be a pretty great guy". Even knowing what you know about him. It's that successful. Then too, as a documentary, it is a recognised classic. Many of the techniques of newsreel shooting were used for the first time in TRIUMPH OF THE WILL. A seldom seen film, but nonetheless, very well made.

finis