KTEIC MAGAZINE

#35 (?

It occured to me that you might just possibly be interested in the Behind The Scenes story of Stan Freberg's tape recording sessions of his radio show, which is en CBS Sunday evenings at 6pm. I've been to most off them, at least for the recording if not the

rehearskals themselves. This is about what happens.

I arrive around five-thirty or six s'clock, park my station wagon in the CBS lot and unload my camera and gear. There are no guards on the big double doors that open into/ the wide hall just outside Studio B as there are out front on Sunset Boulevard. CBS/// Radio is a big "modernistic" building with portheles in the doors and sounded corners// on the walls. Grey and silver it was erected in the late Thirties and I'm certain you/ have all seen pictures of it on post cards, if no where else. I pull open one of the// big silent doors into the "airlock" and enter. To the left, up a few steps, is the/// control room. Pete Barnum, Stan's producer is a large, jolly, fat man with white hair/ and two loverly little girls. He's usually too busy so I do not bother him with a//// hello, but nod to Stan's secretary.

"That was the most, that card you sent the other day." she says.

"The one with the drawing?"

"No, the photo postal of Welk with the 'I hate you, I hate you! ""

"How did Stan's record session go on the Welk record. I missed it."

"Fine He did both sides."

"Good, it was a great bit on the radio show." (Stan had taped a satire on Lawrence/Welk's show and it was so good and received such a response he made it into a record.)

I stick my case in a corner and go out through another big door into the studio. The curtains are open and maybe four or five people are sitting in the audience. Various/actors are around: Peter Leeds, who was the cat who interrupted him on the Banana Boat song; June Foray, the girl with the Thousand Voices; Daws Butler, who sometimes helps/to write records & skits & who was the Dragon; Peggy Taylor, Stan's singer. They are/rehearsing so I make myself as quiet and as inconspicuous as possible and drift around the studio, passing between Billy Mays orchestra and the mikes. I nod to Jud Conlon,//whose Rythmaires supply the vocal backing on Stan's discs and many Capitol Records. I drift close to Stan and quietly start taking pictures, getting the darkness of the auditorium behind him to isolate the figure from the background.

I believe a photographer in this situation—and in most situations—should be as/// much out of the stream of things as possible...do as little to disturb things as they/ are as possible...and keep out of the way of actors, sound men, pathways of signaling/ between control room and various sectors and in general appear as invisible as possible. I'm getting pretty good at it. After the first entry, when I nod or exchange/// greetings with various people I know, I just disappear. Sometimes I'm there for a/// long time before Stan even sees me, even though I have been taking pictures of him for perhaps ten minutes.

So I drift around, trying new angles I haven't tried before, sometimes trying new//
film and new speeds and new—approaches. I have pictures now of just about///
every aspect of the show except two: Stan writing the show (rewrites I have) and Stan
sacked out in his dressing room before the final taping. At the moment I have no da-/

sire to bother him there.

I might talk to Jud Conlon or Peggy Taylor awhile, then drift into the control room and shoot a couple through the glass. I've found an old friend that is Ass't Producer on this show (as well as First Ass't Slave to the CBS Vice-President Out Here) and I// might talk to him about Medico or try to sell him on Tucker's LONG LOUD SIDENCE or/// about the show or American architecture and how any house over 15 years is living on// borrowed time.

Abney rarely goes along on these sessions so after awhile I hunt up Rita Kirwan,/// who in some circles is known as "Stan Freberg's Girl" and talk to her. She's one of// the most interesting women I've ever known. I kid her a lot and send her insulting/// post cards and find her absolutely without sexual appeal for me, in case you were//// wondering. R ta and I talk, then the audience starts to come in and the curtain is/// closed. Usually I stay backstage but sometimes I go sit out front with Rita and we/// lend our voices to the general melee.

Somewhere along the line Stan and I have passed a few moments on conversation and in// due time the show is ready to begin. Listening in the control booth is always a sort of revelation, hearing "professionals" appraise audience reaction to each gag, timing, and// so forth.

Afterwards Stan is usually signing autographs. (I once slipped in with some teenagers/ and hanted him a blank check.) Then everyone connected with the show mills around in the hall for a time, discussing the show. Then sometimes we go across the street to The//// Naples restaurant and have supper and sometimes I go straight home and sometimes, like/// the other night, we go to Stan's office (which is the former Green Room of the Lux Radio/ Theater in the unused Studio A) for a more private discussion of the show. I try not tp/ intrude on his after-show life but do try to get some pictures. Stan and I discuss some/ of the projects we have going, such as The Stan Freberg Appreciation Group Kit or some/// photographic ideas. I unload what ideas I have had for skits-usually not so hot. maybe we go out or I go home.

I find myself learning to laugh silently as part of being "invisible" and the other/// night Abney, Rita and I were in the front row and I was still laughing silently...until// I realized I was not helping. On some recordings you can hear Rita or I laugh...all by// ourselves or just ahead of the audience...on some of the esoteric or subtle lines. Stan's audiences are not always Freberg partisans but tourists who really want to see a TV show, but couldn't get in. Stan draws quite a crowd, usually filling the auditorium, which is

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quite a feat when you consider it's radio and he doesn't always record on the same night each week. In// these days of only disc jockeys and news being on//// radio Its nice to have the reaction on the public he does. Every little bit helps, though, and any and/// all letters and cards to S.R.; CBS-Radio, Hollywood// would be appreciated. Sponders a networks are greatly influenced by letters.

### A CARD FROM CHARLES BURBEE DEPARTMENT

Bentcliffe says he's heard of a Rotsler//// Appreciation Mag. Is he confusing that Hommage a Burbee mag with something else? Have you by some chance published a Rotsler Appreciation /// Mag? Why didn't you ask me to contribute forty pages to it? Why don't you publish a Rotsler// Appling? Who is more fitted for the job? Who is more aware of your hidden qualities and knows// which of your faults to minimize (assuming you/ have more than one)?. You're the man. I hereby commission you. We'll get fapa to underwriburb

CATCHING UP WITH MYSELF DEPARTMENT

It would appear I left a number of things out of/// the last KM. One day Abney was in a casting office and had Lisa (our almost-three daughter) along and the woman asked if Lisa was available/ for live TV. Abney said yes & Lisa was hired and Abney, too, since they like to have/// the mothers along whenever possible. As a result Lisa has a PLAYHOUSE 90 credit, belongs to the Screen Childrens Guild, has a Social Security card that is blank. ("Keep it///// blank until she's old enough to sign it herself," they said.) Abney had her Showcase and it was a success of sorts. Drew more agents & talent scouts than any show in this hist-/ory of that little theater. Abney had an apartment in LA for about seven months, mainly/ to get the idea through the Industry's head that she didn't live near Palo Alto but could be easily reached. As a result they now think she lives in LA...the phone service covers for her. It was nice having a Hollywood apt to sack out in. A base of operations gone./

type toy robot, battery powered to walk, lightup and various ex-//
citing things. \$3 later it was mine. Today, at home, I stripped it
and took off some of the more idiotic crud and glued various things/
on it and built a little coffin-like box for it to crash out of,///
tearing its way through whatever is across the front. Fascinated///
Bob Peteler when I showed it to him. In its new, remodeled form it/
should be irresistable to all 100% Americans interested in the welfare of our mechanical heritage.

Anyway, I cont to a movie. Excellent film: EDGE OF THE CITY. And with it was MAN WITHOUT A STAR, 2-year-old Kirk Douglas flick shot, in part, just over the hill from us here. When I came out I tried/to get a taxi, to go back the score of blocks to my car. No taxi./
My foot hurt. And there was a triple feature. As I bought a ticket/

I wondered what I was coming to.

Lato that night I went to The Tin Angel and listened to Turk Murphy play Dixieland. I drank and drew pictures on cards sitting at// the bar.

Ocops, left out the Civic Center art museum. Oh, I tell you, I///

didn't miss a thing.

The next morning I had breakfast down at the docks, out over the/water, amongst labor talk, shipping talk, beard talk, and talk of//the movie they were shooting next door. I wandered through the dock/area, well-equipped with my good taste and to cameras, shooting old boards, railroad cars, pilings, base of Bay Bridge close behind some interesting boards. Oh, I didn't miss an arty corner anywhere.



Then the ship models and scrimshaw in the Maritime Museum, the ships coming through// the Golden Gate to be met by a tug much in/ the manner of a groom meeting a bride and// the little bows arguing about fishing. I was amazid at how many ferry boats there had/// been in the Bay. I didn't fount the pictures but there must have been five dozen. A five foot model of a gleaming, eagle-topped, white ferry named the Fort Sutter. Then you raise your eyes and look out the window and/ see the beached; rotting hulk of the Fort// Sutter lying tilted next to the seawall. It was a sad moment.

But before noon I as back in San Jose, going through the anti-//septic regions of the Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum, full of small///real items and a numbers of plaster casts of larger Egyptian sculpture, including a full-size Egyptian temple interior. Put it high//

on your Must-To-Miss List.

A woo bit later I was hitched to the trailer and the walnut shaker I had purchased was securely affixed to the Ford tractor. A 22ft boom, used for shaking the trees enough to rattle their teeth, stuck out 4' beyond the front of the truck, making it dangerous on sharp// turns. Then my troubles began.

Over 25mph and it shimmiod all over the road. It scared me to/// death. 400 miles ahead at 20mph looked both dreary and dangerous.// I talked my way out of a High ay Patrol checkpoint on the overhang,/ but must admit relief when a patrolman later put the cave and the// overhang together and ordered me off the highway.

Many hours later I had found a trucker who, for \$150 would, in///

# tan namovoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

#### BURBET, WAS UNIMPRESSED

Charles Burbee and I were staring into the luminous depths of a backyard charcoal////
broiler the other evening. "Burbee," I said, "I've been house-hunting with Marilyn Mon-/
rce, I've been coughed on by Hedy Lamarr, rubbed chests with Ava Hardner, broken birthday
cake with Sheree North, been hit in a car by Jeanne Crain, seen Chili Williams without//
her polka-lor bathing suit and been flicked by a mink from ZsaZsa Gabor's coat...and/#//
about an hour ago I was given a sexy look by Sophia Loren."

Burbee looked at me. "These are movie stars, I suppose?"

A little later Burbee looked at my beard and max heard me say how beards are so dammed fashionable now among "smart folk" so of course he commented, "Rotsler, why don't you/// shave your beard and be an oddball?"

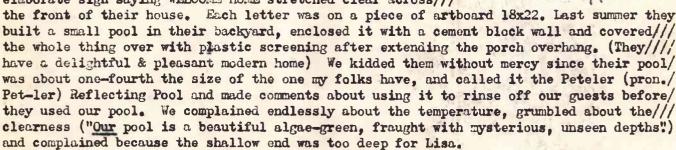
[For those who are still wondering: the Mi thing was explained in Normandie Notes; the/Lamarr-Gardner thing happened at a crowded ballet opening, in the lobby; the North bit/// was the other day at a birthday party of mutual friends; Crain bumped me on La Cienega/// Boulevard; Chili Williams owned an interest in the shop next door to my gallery—when I// had one—in LA...and without the suit means in street clothes; ZsaZsa thing was on set of/ the Playhouse 90 thing Lisa & Abney were in; Loren just saw me is all...looked sexy...but as I said to Burbee, maybe that's the only way she can look. Remind anyone of Laney's/// "I Am A Great Big Mani"?]

#### NOT IN YOUR NAPKIN, BOB

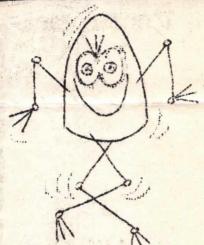
About a mile and a half down the valley towards Camarillo Helen and Bob Peteler have a 33-acre lemon and avocado rabch that they facetiously call the Crying Dog Ranch. They are//our great and good friends and we love them dearly (even if/they are not "old family") but give them hell at every opportunity. We kid, insult, play tricks add embarrass them///continuously. And they us.

One night last winter, at a dinner party where a number of us were suffering from colds, Bob turned away to blow his/// nose in his handkerchief as discreetly as possible. Abney// leaned forward and said quietly, "Not in your napkin, Bob."

One time they came back from a vacation to find a huge, //
elaborate sign saying WELCOME HOME stretched clear across///



We made arch remarks about them not being "old family." I maintain a "Bob Peteler///
Corner" on my floor-to-ceiling-and-a-yard-wide rack of pocketbooks that contains the new/
pkbks and every once in awhile I slip in CARE AND FEEDING OF YOUR BABY. (They have no///
children & profess not to want any.) We have a heart-shaped picture of "Uncle Bobbie"///
on ornate Oriental paper under the glass top of the bathroom cabinets. We took a leaf///
from the book of the late (for all practical purposes) Gerald FitzGerald, who did this to
our car when we were married, and wrote JUST MARRIED—PRACTICALLY CONSUMMATED on the Foteler's car. If we go by and Bob is sweating away at some work we play the lazy, non-///
workers but applied his sticktoitiveness: "Be good to the soil, son, and the soil will be
good to you. Yes, sir, Bob, it's good to see a man work with his hands in this degener-/



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our car when we were married, and wrote JUST MARRIED—PRACTICALLY CONSUMENTED on the lowelect's car. If we go by and hot is seating away at some work we play the lazy, new-/// warkers but applend his sticktoitiveness: "He good to the suil, son, and the soil will be good to you, Yes, sir, bob, it's good to see a man work with his hands in this degener-/

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but must adust relief when a patrolmer i ter put the cave not the overtime topether and ordered ac off the highesty.

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#### MORE SICK, SICK STORIES

Some of my "readers" have said that they thought the "sick" stories truly are "sick" (What else?) and that a few go a long way. Well, here are a few more.

"Monmy, Monmy, I don't like my sister!"
"Shut up and eat what I give you!"

"Mrs. Jones, can I come in and play with Suzie?"
"No, I'm sorry, dear, she has leprosy."
"Can I come in and watch her rot?"

"Mommy, Mommy, why do I have to run around in circles?"
"Shut up or I'll nail your other foot to the floor."

Yes, sir, in KTEIC there's something for everyone.



## **]**

### ON GUNS AND CHESS AND INTEGRATION

I asked my father-in-law, a Houston attorney, about carrying a gun in Texas. We plan on going down there Christmas and perhaps come back via Fond du Lac and I wanted my .38/along for a possible Brandon Dump Shooters Association initiation. Here was his answer: "As a traveler, you may always carry a pistol in Texas. You may not carry it on your// person as you get in and out of your car. I carried mine on our recent trip to Austin./ I lay it under my feet as I drive. Then when I got out at the hotel I carried it under/ my arm in plain view. The law is against "concealed weapons" and as long as you carry// it openly and are traveling you violate no law. You are not permitted to drive around//

town where you are staying with the pistol in the car///
but during your trip in it all right."

"Chaturanga" [Hindu is the earliest known name for///

chess. Sounds like a fanzine title.

As I write this there are riots in Little Rock and///
small children are being spit upon and shoved and insult
ed and adults beaten, intimidated, scared. It's disgust
ing. I'm ashamed. I'm a Democrat, as you know, but the
southern Democrats make me mad and ashamed. They are//
Democrats only by tradition anyway. I wish we could///
just tell them to go their own way. We would be a much/
more liberal party without those idiots. That ass, Gov.
Faubus, has done infinitely more harm than any Soviet//
propaganda ever did. Brown races look at the pictures//
from Little Rock and wonder how they'd fare, what we///
really think of the darker races, wonder about our famed
"liberty." Phooey. I'm with Louis Armstrong and Eartha
Kitt.



## 

FILLER STUFF For years I hated fig newtons. Ever since Clarence Liddle, in the fourth grade, used to tear off the thick, stiff crusts and eat the gooey insides I've had a dislike for fig bars. But now they have a new whole wheat bar that I love. I thought you might be interested. Clarence Liddle (pron. Lie-aell) is the boy who in the second year of high school charged Gerald FitzGerald, a year younger, maybe two. I that the fight unfair and stepped inbetween. Clarence charged head down and I stepped aside, shoved down on his neck and sent him into the dust by the side of Highway 101. Just///like comic strip action. GCF could have handled him, I realized, but too late. Oh, well.

I think by and large it is a fairly same sort of place and the standard of education is fairly high. I don't want to sound junior chambor of commerce-ish but W think what I've written is pretty true."/ ((Thanks for the capsule tour. Send us some pictures. # It's funny, I suppose, how the various portions of the British Commonwealth affoct me. Except for the Great Barrier Reef and the islands to the /// north I wouldn't care to visit Australia. Yet I really like N.Z. I would like Canada, I think, but care naught for Scotland. I've knowm more "arty" women who sighed for the gloomy, mysterious moors and all that but I get quite enough of that in movies. Iroland sounds// pretty and I might visit there sometime. Of course, I am influenced by the fact I have friends there (yes or no, Walt?) and that my dear old mother is first generation US&A, me grandfether leaving the auld country at 13 to make his fortune. (An aside: I am amused that Walt/should not speak any Gaelic at all.) The country sounds depressing/ but protty. The British Carribbean isles I'd like to sec, and India (which I find hard not to think of as English) but only portions of/ Jolly Old herself. London, the art galleries, Henry Moore (bless/// his little old chisel), the ruins, some of that green English countryside and that's about all.

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Upwards and Downwards With Acme Pogo Sticks!



SOME RANDOM QUOTES Jerry Lowis: "I don't think there's anything to the rumor that Elvis Presley will/do a movie with me. I understand he wont be available for four or five weeks. He's being wormed." Zsa Zsa Gaber: "Of course I believe in large families. Every woman should have at least three hisbands." A report has it that this sign was seen in/a House of Joy--"It's a Business to do///Pleasure with You."

Well, it isn't really that long yet, being only three weeks old at this writing. My "beard" that is. I hate to shave and living out/// here in the country I don't have to. I have a wife who not only does not mind me not shating but says, "Why don't you grow a beard?" I normally shave only about five or six times a month. Three weeks ago I had a stubble, two works ago I was bodded with flu and so another/ week or so went by unshaven. By this time it was pretty scrubby//// looking and people were looking at me. Funny thing is to watch the reaction it has on people. It annoys older women (like mothers, aunts and club women) and I would swear it attracts younger women. Maybe// that "beardless youth" bit one reads about in historic novels is more important that we might guess. I'm not really growing a beard...it's almost there by default. I'll shave soon but everytime my mother/// gets imperious about it I put it off. Everytime some old bat that/// has know me thirty years make some crack (I hear more poor jokes) I// scratch it, which seems to get them rilod. I'm over the hump in the/ production of this thing, by the way: the scratchy part is past and/ now it's just there agrowin'. Amazing amount of pure rod in the old/ I have dark brown hair but there is copper in that there jaw. I hate to think I was growing one just to be a non-conformist but it/ does have a disturbing effect on the citizenry. 4 May

HOWRITHE. We come book sit down and drink and wath a

What's in a

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME, HEY?

Time once again for the Collector's Corner. At Big Bear Lake a few weeks ago, in Auhust, Iadded Ted//// Moomjean to the list. Grennell says the Chicago//// fonebook lists Myrtle Hensrud ("but no Henshit!"), an Everett E. Shissler, a Gus Shissias and a B. Shnaxy.

Around Ventura County Billy Wucherpfennig (pronounced Woofer-fennig) is a well-known person. I saw a// mailbox in the county that belongs to a man named A4/S. Switcher...but some joker had scratched out the/// dots and the "w."

Ed Cox says he can prove a man with the first name of Hewetl named his daughter Chem-/erl. Ed McPhail, in Oklahoma, submits Broken Shoulder, Horse, Bears Claw, Bears Foot,///Fox, Lookingglass, Gimmesaddle, Pocowatchit, Yellow Fish, Red Elk, Bearshield, Yellowhair and Poorbuffalo. McPhail is an employment service interviewer and says the prize was a//Hawaiian boy, one William K. Holokahi. Ed asked him to spell out his middle name and he/said there was not enough room on the card. The name? Kellhwaielimukukieha.

G.M.Corr submits Asbjorn Svarthumle. Dean Grennell comes through at deadline time with Cornelius Stroo, Myrthe Spink, Leopold Spatt, and Emilio Zlosel. Judith Yagodka looked// up from her desk as editor of the Hueneme Pilot and suggested I look in the Ventura phone book for a person named Heckenlively. There is also the **Him** University of Chicago atom// scientist, Thorfin R. Hogness, 350 pound Blondell E. Grossclothes, Tyanne Nyree Tatum and Goldiarie Miller.

Willy Q. Ginn, Steve Greich, George Silkknitter, Jos. Hnat, Redness Green, Dean Green, Tedfold L. Greathouse, Doyle Lookadoo, J.J.Majorsack, Letcher B. Ray, Clas. Shufflebeam,/Cletis and Fronie E. Johnson, Wilbur Smothers and one Clyde Bumpass. I was in the Army/with b Captoin Sargeant.

Some of the people at the Capitol Records editorial department speak of a fellow emple oyee named Gloria Wierbeseck Piffl who was called to the phone. The caller asked if he/// was speaking to the Gloria Wierbeseck Piffl who attended Vassar. She said no. "Oh,"/// said the voice. "I must have the wrong Gloria Wierbeseck Piffl."

That story is untrue. Careful perusal of my notes show that it was not Gloria but///
Gizela Wierbeseck Piffl. Dunno how that happened. These names must have me addled.////
Please substitute Gizela for Gloria, as indicated.

#I never can remember the parts I can't remember." (Abney, my wife in wedlock, circa 579)

#### A POT OF THE USUAL POURII

I get a kick out of the TV ads that call beer "adult refreshment." © Sticker on old// car: "Don't Laugh—It's Paid For." © If you didn't know it was a real title you'd think/ it was a Stan Freberg line: "I Was A Teen—Age Werewolf." TIME says the producer is//// rushing another into production: "I Was A Teen—Age Frankenstein." Reminds me of "I Was A Teen—Age Werewolf for the F.B.I. and Found Piece of Mind." © A sign pne might see in a// nudist camp if one were lucky: "Mirror, Mirror on the Wall/Who Is The Barest of Us All?"/ © Ulvers come from mountain climbing over molehills. © Abney met Herb Jefferies at an// audition and he invited her to Ciro's where he was appearing. She went, with a girl//// friend, since I didn't care to. (Besides, then he'd pick up the tab.) Jefferies goes//// around from table to table with a portable mike, singing, etc. He sat down at Ab's table and sang, then told the audience about Abney, handed her the mike and said, "Sing." So what happens? Abney can't think of a single song. Finally she thinks of one after calling out several to the pianist, who doesn't know than. Then Herb asks her to sing a duet with him and Abney can't think of the words. Abney, who knows a thousand songs...wow. © That interlineation above has nothing to do with song lyrics, by the way.

#### THE SAME OLD POT OF POURII

A clipping tells me that "In London, a woman's social club voted to discourage men//
from sharing housework because: They do too much damage, become less dependent on their
wives, are less eager to pay for household help." 

Describe the world and give two//
examples. 

Gee, Mom, sis really was 92% water! 

Has anyone written an article on how/
headline writers affect our national vocabulary? For instance newspaper say "Moon" more often that "satellite" and eventually everyone will know only moon, or use it incorrectly. Harby "arner? Can you tell us about this? It seems to me headline writers are

lousy my as word choosers, except, of course, the words fit a headline.

Life is not all 50pp fanzines. There is nothing levelier than a blurred tutu. Do/you know that wherever you are you are standing on the "shores of space"? Someday soon they will advertize flip-top coffins, since we are getting closer and closer to Judgement Day. Here are more of the obvious: Daisy Snook Borst, Cloud Wampler, Trell White//Youn, March Tinkle, A. Lightfoot Walker, Jay G. Jinks, Ebenherrporris Wiggins (NYC taxi driver), Jaxon O. Hice. Attracta O'Houlihan is a Dublin socialite; Athelstan F. Spill-haus is a satellite designer; Nicky Nayfack is a Hollywood producer. On our way to////Gorman's Fall's where we spelunked in Texas, way out in the most desolate country I saw/a sign that said BAREFOOT and just pointed out into the brush abd rock. Our guide said/Bud Barefoot lived out there. Andy Young passes on this one: Mrs. Veevold Strekalovsky.

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LETTER FROM ARTHUR "ATOM" THOMSON ... I found your Manhunt fascinating reading-you/// reported/described it, and your sensations well. If it'd been me carrying the m/c gun I'd probably have let loose a burst anyway, just for/, the hell of it, [Not me, not then. People were too tense, too keyed up and I was out// front where all hasty, stray bullets could get to.] I fired the British Sten gun during my enforced term in the Airfirce—also the British Bren gun. Firing them made me decide that if ever it came to being the man behind a weapon I'd make sure it was a machine gun type. Then Sten was knocked out during the war (II) and was the cheapest thing on ghods earth that could fire 9mm bullets. I think it cost about two dollars to make and was/// chiefly a hunk of old iron and a machined bolt. It could be dragged through mud and/// anything else one found around battlefields and still fired when needed. You could also interchange almost any part of it with any other sten. Natch it wasn't an accurate//// weapon, but you don't need to be accurate when they're coming in bunches at you. [(Yes,/ you do. The Bren, on the other hand, was a beautifully made weapon, and I think one of the finest m/c guns of the war, as accurate as hell and in the hands of some one who//// could use it [sic] you could type your name on anything that moved. You could use the/ Bren just like a rifle, and even on auto, could put a burst through a three inch slit/// two or three hundred yards away. [???] It was .303 bullets, which are standard British. Just finished reading THE LAST PARALLEL by Martin Russ, about his time in Korea. It's/ a diary and a fascinating document. Have never read anything quite like it. I kept/// thinking of Russ as a little like Boyd Raeburn for some reason and also subtitled it,///
"The Catcher In The Rye In Korea." In it he compares the BAR and the Sten. He also includes details that never appear in fiction nor have I read it in fact articles, Just// everyday stuff but told well. Highly recomended to anyone who likes war/gun/adventure/ stories. I just couldn't quite shake the feeling it was Raeburn, though, WR

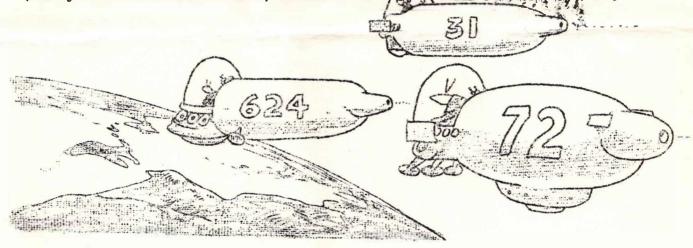
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#### WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BILL ROTSLER? DEPARTMENT

Hoo, boy, he's been busy. Earlier I mentioned WAGON TRAIN//
shooting in the canyon behind the ranch. One day about three//
montas ago (today is 3 Feb 58) I went back there to find a////
circle of wagon and Indians running around all over the place./
I heard one of them call "Allen!" and thought, hmm, I know an//
Allen Jaffe who is Jewish but plays Indians constantly (he////
says he's going to open a kosher trading post) so I looked ar-/
ound and found him eating his lunch. Later I brought Abney and
my mother and Lisa back onto the location while I took shots of

Allen that he wanted for publicity, etc. Lisa got to look at all the Indians, including a long, close look at Monte Blue in a ghief's full costume and a talk with Robert Horto. (one of the stars) in his western scout uniform. Allen was the one, in particular show, that shoots & kills Nina Foch. He is a stunt man as well and was stepped on by a horse/that afternoon during one of those frantic rides. He says that if the cutting is right/in a movie he will play the settler who fires and the Indian who falls off the horse. I asked him and another stunt man there about those leaps people take off a roof onto a///horse. "Do those guys expect to ever have children?" They both said you land on your//thighs and kind of slid slowly on the rest of the way. But it takes a big and well-trained horse. This other stunt man said the previous day he had been one of two men going off a roof. He went off first onto the horse and galloped off...and just as the second/man was in the air his horse took off after the first one. Outh, Allen said the previous week he saw a stunt man land wrong. "He sat there stiff a moment, then just melted/off the saddle and was dut four hours."

I have also been very busy with sculpture once again. Had three things in "The Patre on Church" exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in NYC (full page pic in a/// recent CRAFT HORIZONS of one of the pieces) and one piece from that show is going on am/ eleven city tour of church art. My photography has been coming along, 60 of my designs/ (mostly from THE TATTOOED DRAGON) have been taken by a small card company; etc.



#### HOME TO TEXAS—BY POPULAR REQUEST

Two years ago some of you may remember that Abney, Lisa and I journeyed to Houstoh to visit her family. Well, this Christmas we did the samething. I had this remixe commission for a 16' votive light affair for this very arty Church of the Holy Cross at Sedona, Arizona. I made it, packed up a madonna six feet high by Bernard Rosenthal, and we took off in a big hurry. We were supposed to get it installed by Xmas. We were there in///time but couldn't find Mrs E. V. Staude (Marguerite Brunswig Staude, whose father founded the big Brunswig Drug Co) so we went out to the church, thinking someone there would/kmay. A teen-ager who watched tourists—it's a big tourist attraction—said he had orders that nothing was to be installed. I sighed and sent Abney off for Mrs. Staude while I got things organized for a quick installation. (Many holes had to be drilled in a low/concrete wait, etc) As soon as I turned my back the tourneer helted and chair locked the

church door and ran off in a cloud of dust to find the priest. Abney returned to a bewildered husband with Mrs. Staude. She got mad in a grand style and we hauled every /
thing off to her ranch. She and her husband have a key and although they live in Los//
Angeles they have a beautiful ranch there at Sedona. Mrs. Staude conceived the church,
worked first with Frank Lloyd Wright, then with a series of architects until the present ones satisfied her. She built the church, bought the land, commissioned the art, and
so forth. The church could have handled her a lot better than that. Anyway we packed//
the stuff back to her ranch and, to make a long story short, beaded for Texas.

Last time we flew, this time we drove. Had a top rack and a form-fitted mature and people could sleep as one drove. Drove almost night and day, taking a route laid out by Abney's father. It took us on straight, unpopulated roads where we drove 80—100 m.p.h. for hours: We drove a 2-hour stretch at 105 m.p.h. without stopping. And, of course,//

we at last got there. We///
were there for a little over
two weeks and below are some
of the highlights.

JI,M



On our previous trip I did not get to know my brother-in-law and sister-in-law very//well. They left when we arrived & when they got back we took a tour of Texas and Mexico so it was not until this trip we really had time to spend together. Jim Culberson is my bro-in-law and Eleanor is my wife's sister. They have a 7-year-old boy Jimmy who is a//brain, a "personality-kid" Jennifer, 4, and a year-old John plus another on the way. Jim is one of Houston's top free-lance artists (commercial) and is doing well. He was very/interested in doing some limited-animation films for commercials and we turned out a///test. It had to be a test film—trying out various ideas—because at one point we had a seagull do a dirty in a floating hat. We also took Jim's day-old Pontiac station wagon/out into some of the roughest country I have every seen, sheer lumpy rock, in central//Texas, to a fishing spot. A bubbling (really) brook came out of the thorny rocks, slid/along under trees, fell a hundred feet in a beautiful waterfall to the Little Colorado//River. We climbed down the cliff and sloshed through rain to a cave that a paleontolo-/gist they know and took there says is "interesting" and, if cleaned out, might be as big

as the Longhorn Cavern. We went back in with Jim, his son Jimmy and Jimmy's grandfather, Jim Abney, about a quarter mile. Very/interesting. My first time using flash. No sync. Just open///shutter & fire gun off on side. Humidity murder. Huge rooms.//Things hanging from ceiling and all that jazz.

We were taken out to dinner several times, once to a fancy///
club of the Old Deep South type with a oval dance floor, columns
and elegant negro servants. I looked at Jim and said, "Bee, Jim,
these are swell people...to let a full-plooded negro like me in//
here." The editor of the Houston Chronicle took us to a fancy///
place where we saw Frankie Laine, who is not one of my favorites.
We had a ringside table and during one song he was getting everyone to clap their hands in tune. Then my father-in-law deliberately clapped out of time. Laine came over and beat, beat///

with his hands right under Mr. About a nose but Mr. A just kept on clapping when everyone else wasn't. I about fell out of my chair. The also sang to Abney (my wife, for//// those who do not understand the terminology here) who was a first on the dance floor side and highly visible.

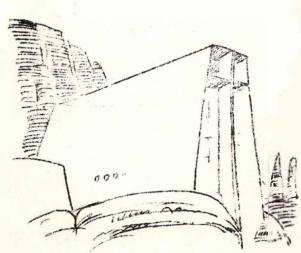
Jim Culberson and I just had a fine time. We talked & talked and tola swa... to know each other fairly well. Jim is a very funny person. He left home at 16 and .... been making his way ever since. I got to know Eal (hum) Eleanor, too, and she, too is/// amusing. We had a ball. Through them we met James (Jack) Boynton, one of the most exciting painters I've seen in years. First rate. Remember the name. He is going to be/// seen (his work) at the Brussell's World's Fair. We met lots of newspaper and art world// people. We went to an Artist's Ball (non-costume type) with Jim & Eleanor and chased a// dog around the giant front area of the country club in Jim's Volkswagon. We went to parties, dinners, buffets and Mr. Abney's HUGE Xmas morning breakfast. It was at this office ir I got to voice a long-standing beef to Houston's mayor. Two years ago it about drave me nuts: there are no street signs in Houston. For all practical purposes there are no/// street signs. It was better this time than last, but you could still tell the important// intersections from the less important. The unimportant ones probably would have a sign;// NEVER the important ones. I found there are 21 places they put spreet signs in Houston/1 if they put one there at all. So to Mayor Holcomb I said, "Mr. Mayor, I'd like to make a donation to the City of Houston." Oh, he said politely. "Yes, it's a Doolt-Yourself/// Street Sign Kit. I figure since there are no signs I could name them Abney or Culberson/ or Grennell and thus find my way around." He said, jovially, that he could take me out/, and find two dozen street signs within a two block radius. "You put them up yourself//// just before coming here hoping to catch a few sucker bets knowing no one thinks anyone in Houston can read." It's true: even long-time residents go by landmarks thather than//// street signs. There's no excuse for it. I have spoken.

Finally we had to leave. For the hell of it we drove down to Eagle Pass (head 'em off at Eagle Pass—remember?) and across the border there. Farther up the border we crossed/at Del Rio and over into Juarez at El Paso. We bought arty goodies, truly primitive stuff (not tourista, most of it), tiny animals, shepherds, figures that they make for them selves & their children at Xmas time. Hard to find but worth it. Bought three glass/// stars in which you can put lights. Many things. But not one picture. Saw plenty of/// pictures, though, but just didn't have the guts to take pictures of "quaint" settings are

"pichuresque" people that were really just dirt poor.

Saw only one movie while we were on the trip. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS while we were in//
Galveston. That city used to be WIDE open. It's last mayor said, "Christ couldn't stop/
prosiduation, why should I?" This was a town founded by Jean Lafitte and other pirates &/
still keeps a flavor. But the town had been closed down on one of those periodic reformer movements. This one was on a state level; however, it won't last.

Then we drove back to Sedona. We were supposed to install the votive light thing but/not the Rosenthal madonna. We arrived but Mrs. Staude was gone, leaving instructions/// that she had changed her mind and not to install anything until the church got squared///



away. So we sight-seed. (-seed?) Sedona is a/// beautiful spot, one of the most beautiful I've ever seen. The church sets in a lonely apphitheater of/ deep red sandstone, magnificently weathered by wind and water. Tall spires of rock, giant bluffs, huge mesas, fantastic crevices were everywhere. It's/// about fifty miles from Monument Valley and is that/ kind of weathered red cliffs. BROKEN ARROW was/// shot here. We renewed our acquaintance with an Egyptian sculptor who is living in Surrealist Max//// Ernst's house while Mr & Mrs Max are in Paris. saw Ernst's house...the art (Matta, Tanguey, Indian dolls of museum quality, a fifteen-foot African/// carving, many other things) including the famous/// outdoor concrete statue of the horned king and the mermaid that appeared in TIME. Weird house. drawing of the church is at left.)

Then we drove on back to Camarillo. We didn't install the votive light sculpture, but we had a fine time. We saw Apaches in their native habitat ... saw the home of the // famous Hanging Judge, the Only Law West of the Pecos. Roy Boom. on squirrels lear from a tree to a hanging, swinging bird feeding device to steel bird seed (Chronicia, // editor's home)...spelunking...I took lots of "arty" pictures...saw Juarez and El Paso// once again where I spent quite a number of months while in the Army...was butted by the goat--Sir Brian-that was given to my nephew (goat now in zoo...he butted too much)... hefted a Crusader sword, quick-drew a stump on the Colorado, ignored the Alamo, had//// lunch with a marvelous lady poet....strangely enough took my first ride in a Volkswagen/ that wasn't a microbus...saw more than one dawn come up...saw Montezuma's Castle, Montezuma's Well, Walnut Canyon, Tuzigoot-all prehistoric Indian ruins, caves, etc...while// at Sedona the 2nd time we drove about 40 miles north, through light snow and over a steep mountain road to Flagstaff (Walnut Cayon National Monument) then back and 38 miles/// west to Tuzigoot and to the famous old ghost town of Jerome, then back to Sedona ... saw/ a psthetic Mexican cemetary outside Las Cruces with cement tombstone handlettered—wood/ crosses with the wire hoops that once held flowers-pipe crosses-little lines of pebbles and rocks thatoutlined graves. At Jerome (which is a mining town abandoned only 20// years ago which gives it a strange, where-is-everyone-look) on one of the steep hills I/ went out on a lonely, thin spine of rock where the graveyrd was. A place where Matt//// Dillon might go. Swept with a hard, icy wind. Cast iron gravestones and most of the/// graves with an elaborate fence around it. Some of the fences were filled with huge kinds of cacti and others were rusty, crumbly wrecks. We saw beggars in Mexico while guests/p of friends at a fancy night club. Since you can't go into a bar and just get a drink in Texas like any civilized country there has been a mammoth growth in "clubs". Some of/// them are just like our bars with rather lax requirements in "memberships" some were them



grand affairs of great size. In California country clubs are built around pools or golf courses but in Texas// they are built around bars. I met bankers, lawyers, dirt farmers, cattlemen, doctors, exchange students (one,/// from Francem couldn't get over the machine gun toys they sold children here, having seen what a real machine gun/could do. I explained as well as I could, but offered// no excuses. I think it's terrible. I have already re-/ported in these pages about plastic hand grenades.), and relatives.

We had a fine time and I feel truly fortunate in my// "choice" of brother-and-sister-in-law.

Then we get home and all hell breaks loose.

It startedout as an economy measure and ended up as an orgy. With Petelers, vice versa.

#### THE COLD, CRUEL WORLD

My father and I had an agreement about the running of our ranch during 1958. When I returned from Texas I found he had just decided to void the agreement. This left me/// way out on a limb with bills, debts, etc. To cut the story and after much hassling he/ is buying off the contract. So now I'm once again tix leaving the ranch to seek my fortune in the world. The only trouble is I have no trade or certain skill. I'll probably try advertising art. I've already been offered a bread-and-butter job: a bartender in an Ocean Park dive. I'll get something going soon. Until then send all mail right/here to the same address. 

Now I'll just use up my fillers. 

I am now a member of the U.S.S.Enterprise fund, having contributed a small amount to keeping that fine ship. 
A friend of ours, Roger Dollarhide, won \$10,000 on PEOPLE ARE FUNNY and had a world/tour. He's an actor/songwriter/booh but had "acting lessons from John Wayne, Sophia//Loren, Rossano Brassi, others. He and Abney have written songs together, acted together showcase productions, are working on a nightclub act. 

"Roger was on the champagne/flight and was drunk all the way around the world." Abney says.

#### IT'S THE MOST INTIMATE GIFT I'VE EVER HAD

Abncy has become quite friendly with Sheree North and we were invited to a surprise// birthday (her 25th) party for her. It was supposed to be an intimate affair but about 20 people ended up at her house. She was out on a date who received a sudden phone call at Chasen's that he had to leave town. He brings her back to a houseful of people. She hates surprises. As our gift I had a small, about 7" high, sculpture// in bronze (see right) that I had made especially that afternoon for//// her, We told her it was a diaphraghm holder. "Bill's just not a very/ respected the diaphraghm holder designer." Abney said. Sheree said aloud. to the assembled group that "I hardly ever have mine out" and added the heading for this chapter. BE CAREFUL... THERE'S A CLIFF ALONG HERE SOME HE'S CERTAINLY A REAL HUH? uuuuuuuu.

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### MISCELLANY AND ALL THAT JAZZ

This past summer Abney and I went up to Big Bear for a weekend with friends. Big B/ is a lake, a town, a resort, a few miles from Lake Arrowhead. We also went to Carmel/// for Thanksgiving, again, with with friends. End of travel notes. @ Interlineation from/ Dave Rike: "Sure, I'm a good shot; watch me get that albatross." 

Eney passes on these coverlines: THERE MUST BE SOMETHING FREUDIAN IN HOLLYWOOD'S DETERMINATION TO HAVE AMERI-CA OVERHUN WITH GLANT INSECTS...I'VE SEEN IT IN COLORING BOOKS AND COLORING BOOKS DON'T/ LIE, @ "Don't bother me about a dog in a satellite, I'm reading Andy Young's Theory of, Relativity." And damm nice it was, too, even if I did get lost. And Andy's "SATELLITE/ IN THE SKY" was excellent. And I got a hand-coloured copy! & Album title: "MUSIC FOR/// FREEWAY SITTING." Cover could show two men in low sportsars headed in opposite directions, stopped in a mess of traffic, playing chess with a board on the pavement between// them. # Gina Lollobrigida said it: "An Italian woman knows in her heart it's a sin to do anything except make babies." 

"Have you noticed that a mamma's boy seldom, if ever,/// grows up to be a ladies' man?" (Anon.) & I must apologize to all those nice people who/ wrote letters in the past months, who received no answer and whose letters are not eveh/ being published in KTEIC (the magazine you can read without special glasses): most specially Grennell, Tucker, Warner, Ashworth, Linard, and other fans, mainly in England and/ New Zealand. Sorry. 

I noticed on one of Eney's STUPEFYING STORIES (#25) that he has a chapter heading "Mountaineers Are Always Free Men" ... this was interesting because this (in latin the motto of Virginia, I believe) was the motto I gave to a small, exotic//// newspaper published in Hollywood for the "Hill People," A marvelous thing before it was sold & the former owners moving to Paris. It insulted the "Flatlanders", those unfortunates who had to live other places than the hills. I suggested it as a motto and damned if the rag didn't adopt it. I also liked STUPEFYING STORIES being "a publication of the Charlie Brown Depreciation League of Northeastern America, lead ing? a secret existence/ as code medium for the Secret Nine, an organization devoted to the overthrow of the//// Legion of Decency by violent and unconstitutional means." Yea. Except I love Charlic/ Brown Otherwise fine. 

Also in answer to Eney, the "right answer" to what my 1957/// Xmas car' means I say only this: it's a design pure and simple, based roughly on a series of "islands" drawings done by me this past year or so. The first three who say just, "It's a design" should get the FULLY CERTIFIED SEX FIEND certificates. This has been once again the letter-substitute by William Rotsler from Route 1, Box 638, Camarillo,/// 

green and herival them as been direct served days (themself eding encoded out youth or each winder of highland on all as possessing an and a creat mix years (direct out) yelserald and a propose a total controller of all a state of an analysis of the out " Low reading the bull of the course of the best of the barrows." . . C. L. Lex sy wer a despirence by bler. "Estlin goes not a very 1. . ell'estile bas "lim entra eval teve ciliari I" tall comin relacere el d

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