



WM ROTSLEER'S KTEIC MAGAZINE

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NUMBER TWENTY-NINE (29, XXIX, etc)
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20 OCT 1955

IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS A MIMEOGRAPH

Sunday, 16 Oct was a day of infamy. We started out with a carful of baby gear, costumes, clothes, etc to Los Angeles to film the final portion of that screen test thing for Abney. Due to Lisa Araminta and her whim of carbon steel we started late. There was a knock in the motor. We picked up Frank Coe (Gene Coe is a brother) in Sun Valley, a flat former desert named, yes, Rescoe. We picked up a rented 16mm Bolex at Cynthia Pennell's, saw Norma Dauphin nee Ebernardt, newly married to actor Claude Dauphin. The motor threw a rod. Borrowed Penny's Ford, transferred piles of gear, went to Tommy Mitchell's studio. Ref Sanchez, Tommy's assistant & a pretty good photographer in his own right, was waiting for us by taking pictures of Mark & Van Ferber's son. We took pix of Abney supposedly selling tickets to a Democratic party party for the newspapers. Van, etc left. Spent about three hours shooting the various scenes and shots with Abney, working against an early afternoon deadline of Ref's. He had to shoot a wedding. (Cops.) With Frank and Ref slaving away and me sitting on Lisa we managed to finish. Hustle, bustle. Lee Jacobs arrived to give me my mimeo. We drove Frank Coe back to Sun Valley from the studio across from Westlake Park, stopping to drop off the film of the Demopix. Back to meet my sister Angele at Penny's, when she had driven all the way from far-off Camarillo to take us home. Then over to Gene & Dane Coe's new house in Beverly Glen, one of the canyons that rout the Hollywood hills. Gene Coe, as I have mentioned before, is one of the most talented artists I know...or even know of. He had a lot of goodies about and I drooled. Gene has been going to school for as long as I've known him, which is since 1947-48. I was almost afraid he would turn into one of those students each large college reputedly (and legendarily -- / -- and classically) has...one of those that go to school for nineteen years because a trust fund he set up or something. Anyway, Gene has been working, in these later years, towards a teaching credential. Then one night last week, in the middle of his next to last semester, he found himself sour and tied in knots...and he quit school. This will probably be good because he'll work more on Art. Gene and I seem to react, in some ways, on each other. Every time we're together we talk art, Art and ART and I, at least, leave all fired up to go out and do something arty. Gene is not only a Good Man, he is a Damned Good Man.



.....
In 25 words or less give a good definition of "fan" to tell non-fans, those sillys./
.....

EMPTY POCKETS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE

I have acquired the habit in the last coupla years of trying to carry several 3x5 cards with me at all times. This started merely to record gag ideas that would come to me in a vision of loveliness but soon grew to accommodate random ideas for Kteic. Masque, sculpture, chores, studio designs, stationery designs, addments of pure design, notes for letters to people, etc. Nothing unusual, but they pile up. I put a lot of them into interlineations and coverlines ("Coverlines are just wholesale interlineation." There's one now,) but I still have comments and notes left over. Here is a sampling, dumped here to clear my -- hah -- files.

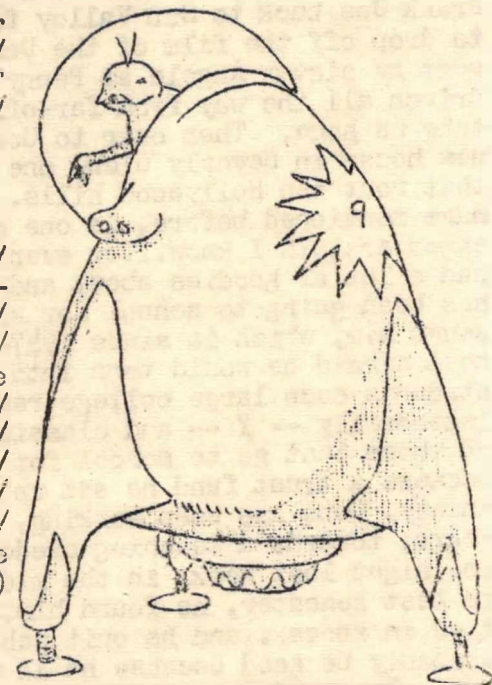
I gave the facial equivalent of "Kah?" # Gene Coe said he was fascinated by the color (color?) and name of "mung" so I guess that makes me a "mung-starter." # I've always wanted to read lips...I think it would be very handy to know what these people say to each other behind the president when he is making a speech. We've all been alerted to the President's fly watcher (thanks to my unceasing crusade to bring culture and the illusion of knowledge to the readers of KM) but what about those others back there? What are they talking about? No one ever just sits and listens to the President speak. They always fiddle and whisper and cast gloomy glances about. # On short-shorts: I believe Grennell started them, I probably "popularized" them with KTEIC (I certainly didn't popularize kteic) and Burbee named them.

Being half Irish, $\frac{1}{4}$ English and $\frac{1}{4}$ German (and 103% American) I should suppose Irish/and English fandom (or would they resent that lumping together and prefer to be called "Irish and English fandoms?") would automatically like me...or would they automatically dislike and be suspicious of me, much in the manner a mulatto is sometimes treated? # Read a headline on an LA paper the other day: HUSBAND OF 2 SHOTS 1...and I immediately thought, "Well, that's a neat way to get rid of the surplus." # Have U seen the rear ends on some of the new cars? My god. Any day now I expect to read of some poor soul being impaled on a "styling feature."

There is New York City, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Texas City, and I think an Oregon City. There is a Virginia City but not as far as I know in Virginia. Any other cities named after their states? (Oh, we have provocative themes in Kteic Magazine!) # "He's a Big Name Fan, Pro Tem." # With everyone, not only fans, speaking in initials (NATO, UN, etc) our sentences might easily sound like this: "Yed GAFIA in PAPA, SAPS, KM, WO:W but FAFIA in FATE tho oeh re NFI" and 7th Fandom." Sounds a bit like Don't Write --- Cryptograph! # And so ends this dept...

A LETTER FROM RICHARD ENEY, FAN FOUR-SQUARE

Well, thank ghod you finally finished Ancient Towers; I had started to visualize the thing as a sort of (in-beknownst to you) vampiric manifestation of metallic quasi-life, inclined, at odd moments in the day, to wrap its tentacles around you and drain any spare life force you had handy. ((How did you know?)) ...I flew down here ((Yokohama)) on a MATS courier aircraft... bring KTEIC 22 with me, so now you can call it the first (?) fanzine to be delivered to its readers hand-carried by air courier. Thrill! ((Interesting that Helen Wesson is reviewing KM and you call it a fanzine for I always think of it as a letter-substitute. -WR))



COMMENT ON DANNER'S GREMLIN #1492

I wish you'd number these things. # Yes, GCF is too good a guy to get involved (may be) in a murder. And that's just why he might get involved someday...at least in regards to my candidate for murderess. I hope I'm wrong. Years yet to wait, though.

.....
"Anything you're as fuggheaded as, I'm DOUBLE!" (FTLaney)
.....

A LETTER, DRASTICALLY CUT, FROM WRAI BALLARD

...I've given some thought to it, and in that fight, ((mine with the drunk, KM 23)) I don't believe the woman took off his glasses: A) to protect his eyes, or B) because he couldn't see so well with them off. Being a student of psychology (I read an article in a man's magazine once) I think she took off his glasses in case you might have some scruples about hitting a man with glasses. ((Scruples, rubles...you can cut your hand that way.)) Or as a sub guess, maybe she didn't want his glasses broken

...A couple new programs I really like: GUNSMOKE and THE LEGEND OF WYATT EARP. Not as hoked up as most series westerns... Neither of the heros wear gloves when they go into a shoot or possible shoot, and somehow that makes me like them right out. Ever notice the more corry westerns and series westerns the hero always wear his gloves, while in the better ones they never do? OK so this is literary criticism from a high plane.

...for some reason, perhaps from some story I once read, I've had a horror of freezing my teeth. Don't know if it can be done, although I've been out in weather that would make a person believe it possible. ((Thanks for all the gags, Wrai. Will try immediately. Otherstake notice: someone thunk up some Welcome Mats gags! WR))

.....
Sure, I like noodle soup...but not when I'm the noodle, honey.
.....

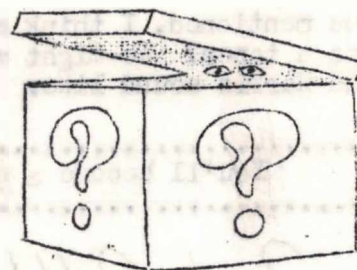
Helen Wesson, reading KTEIC: "What's a hemophiliac?"

Sheldon: "I don't know. I only associate with nice people, not faazans."

.....
Abney, what you want is to live in a patriarchy run by a woman.
.....

MOST SINCERELY, JANE PALMER

Dear Miss Palmer, I am very mature for my 16 years, but I am in a question box everywhere I turn. When I was 14, a boy beat me up and attacked me. I had never been touched by another boy before and haven't been since. My parents sent me away to a convent. While there I learned that this boy was married and had two children. He is 23. He called my mother several times and asked forgiveness. He said he loved me and no one else, not even his wife and children. He told my mother he was going to be divorced and would like to marry me. But my mother hates him because of what happened. I came home from the convent and met him on the street. He said he wanted to see me again, that he loves me and would give anything for me to be his wife when his divorce is final next spring. I really think he's sincere and I'm almost positive that he truly loves me. I don't know if I love him or not. At least, I have a great affection for him. I feel as though he's the one I belong to, and I'd give anything to be his wife. I've been sneaking out to talk to him on the telephone...I hate to be such a big sneak, and so does he. But what can I do?



Miss D., Los Angeles
The Mirror-Daily News

Dear Miss D...

hark!

.....
Anyone care to write me about what tips & knowledge they might have concerning the mailing (single & bulk) of printed matter? I'd like to publish an article on the pitfalls and corner-cuttings. Even a handbook?

STOP THE PRESSES AND ALL THAT!

GENE COE, PRINTMAKER

A TAPE FROM LEE HOFFMAN ARRIVED IN A BLAZE OF GLORY

You'll become a man, my boy, when you can unfasten a bra w/one hand.

All interested, please attend!

(no awards given during September.)

Jack O'Brien sold a gag of mine to ARMY LAUGHS. Landlady to dishelved girl in// doorway. "I've told you before, Miss Foster, no screaming late at night!" \$2.50



Stibbard



.....
 he borrowed a phrase from me last summer and he hasn't returned it

A MESS OF COMMENT ON DEAN GRENNELL'S GRUE NUMBER 25

I didn't like the cover, I've grown tired of your logo (I'll design you another ifn you want) and I found myself indifferent to the bit about cats and I am sorry that GRUE is grueing into a smaller zine but I am indeed happy with GRUE in any form. As a matter of fact, this issue reminded by a little of KM and quite a bit like a Hoffman fanzine. In happy, rambling fashion, that is. Gawd, 200 copies! "Grennell will burn hisself out" was the word around. Are you burnt out, Dean, or sensible?

I enjoyed your second of the series on the pulps. I remember reading THE SHADOW in my distant youth and way back about 1936-38 read quite a number, and was still reading them off and on until about 1940-41. I remember that I formed my opinion of pistol calibers from The Shadow's snide comments on "punky" .32s and .38s. For me, a fotty-five was a man's gun. I remember talking my parent's into taking me week after week, regardless of what else was playing, to our weekly movie at the sad little theater that was showing Victor Jory and Veda Ann Borg in the Shadow serial. I can still remember the frustration of missing one adventure and not knowing how The Shadow managed to rescue Margo Lane from the blow torch or disintegrator or whatever it was that was wastefully cutting through a wall to get to the tied-up Margo. Why is it villains are always leaving heros and heroines (or sometimes hero-inettes if they are wee) in some deadly peril and then leaving? I know it's to help the plot but if I was going to knock off someone I wouldn't go off and leave them in some bizarre and unresolved situation. Maybe villains have occupational hazards in the form of weak stomachs. They say the best way to kill someone and get away with it is to pick up a handy piece of wood on the spur of the moment and bash in their haidbone.

I, too, remember the hail of bullets The Shadow was always "spitting" out...and, by hindsight only, his amazing ability not to hit anything. Of course, with two .44s and rolled up in a cape and that slouch hat and laughing all the time maybe it's not so amazing.

I think a whole series of "Old Space-Force Proverbs" should be written. I offer this one: "It's only in movies that meteors make sounds." # Your "experiment in juxtaposition" was okay...normally a hard thing to do with drawings...and make work. # I'll have you know I have turned down probably six or ten wire magazines racks in my time. Never could see much use for them. A normal bookshelf keeps all the spines in view very neatly. # Liked "He's getting a new Buick Roadmonster."

At last I found out that ESHM is Ron FLESHMan, tho what I'm going to go with the knowledge I'll never guess. # I sent a card to that printing press place, mentioning GRUE; hope others did the same. Will really be good if the overseas fans do the same. # I liked this GRUE, dag, as I have liked all the others--though this one did seem more like HOOG! than GRUE. No complain, just comment.

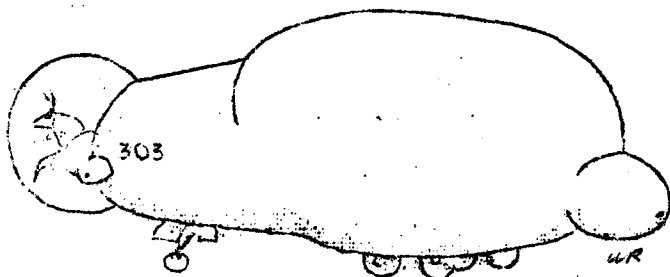
Vain? Why, he wouldn't even join Alcoholics Anonymous!

SOME EDITORIAL COMMENT ON KTEIC MAGAZINE, NUMBER 27

I was amazed. My own words in all that glittering gestetnerography. It was amazing and also pretty as hell. Those gestencild, as you no doubt know, are wondrous things to draw upon...every line, every dot reproduces. Makes me feel sad to think of my own mimeo efforts. DAG, you are sowing seeds of discomfort! (But again I thank you.) If you are serious about ever doing it again perhaps we could run off a page or two of photographs and graft them, as one would a thoroughbred and a mongrel, into a "regular" issue put out on Lee Jacobs' (DOEFAPA) former mimeo. (??)

A CARD FROM ROBERT BLOCH

This is the height of sybaritism - to have a KTEIC for one's very own! I am indebted to you and to Dean. And that "brain wash" line is tops: ranks with the "plantation" line ((Hoffman's, same issue)) as this year's best in my opinion. ((Aw...you're just saying that...)) Glad Tucker mentioned that we did our best to get you into print, tho it may be just as well we failed - insofar as he wrote you received a purported \$30,000 for the Hilton job and I added a headline, THIRTY THOUSAND COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN? ((I did a minor spot of maintainance on it a few weeks ago and found it full of coins. I picked up four nickles & left about a buck's worth of pennies & a broken champagne glass.)) I know that these exaggerated rumors of payment don't go down well: it's like people claiming I get a thousand a week on TV, when actually it's less than half that amount. Quite less. # Pick yourself up a copy of Vintage MENCKEN (Vintage pb., 95¢ in your better bookstores) # I just saw ULYSSES and was disappointed. Just one Cyclops, eating just one man. You'd think they'd have spent a little more money, huh? ((I've been meaning to ask you...I've heard only fleetingly about your once-a-week TV thing but really know nothing about it, except that you're overpaid, or maybe it was overhung. Care to elaborate? WR))



NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

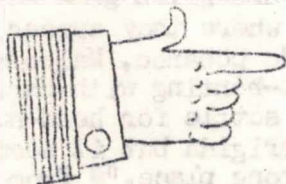
From Mal Ashworth in far-off Tong Street of Jolly Old. In February my very good friend Tom White and I paddled across the Irish Sea...to Walt Willis & all his goodly fannish clan...Walt, showing us through a pile of his fanzines and suchlike things, happened across some illustrations you had sent him. I, having always been an admirer of your stuff, goggled as I ogled. Walt, being a very nice guy, said as he wasn't going to be able to use 'em all in the near future anyway, would I like some? Needless to say they were tucked away inside my wallet before the last syllable had left his mouth...Shortly afterwards I started on ROT ((when I got the mag I started looking for a SLER or SLUR...)) ...and always I should have written to you to ask if it was okay...but it never seemed to get done. And now here the thing is and still I haven't asked if you mind... ((I don't know how many times I'm going to have to tell people but as long as they are given good reproduction I care not where they appear. I won't make you do penance, Malcolm WR)) I envy you house-hunting with Marilyn Monroe; I would settle for head-hunting with Gina Lollobrigida but it seems like I live in the wrong place. # From Dean Grennell: "...Who was the person who came into the tape-session at Jacobs just as you were finishing? These things gnaw at me." ((What was that question again, sir?)) # Richard Enay: "Ten, false alarm about Helen Wesson sending you a letter; she's still working on it. Reviewing all the KTEICs she has ere sending them to Walt Willis..." # Robert Carse: "KM 27, or Little Masque, recorded, read, fanned over, filed, thought about in dark night hours." -ENC

GAG NEWS

- 1730 Jack O'Brien (½ Willis) Sexy girl: "I'm glad I got married for a living."//
- 13 Culberson (DAG) Museum at night; watchman sees suit of armor go into Men's/ Room.
- 1914 Bill O'Brien (DAG) Conventionalized "Grim Reaper" working in grain field, as two farmers talk. "Where'd you hire that new man?"
- 1916 Culberson (DAG) Sexy woman at prescription counter in drug store, says, "Oh, just a small amount...whatever the fatal dosage is."
- 1558 Richter (Granville Vail) Cat bringing in Davy Crockett hat in mouth.
- 1556 Duquette (take a bow, Steve) (WR) Desert isle. Man has been chasing woman, she sits down, says, "I think I'll sit this one out, Mr. Fitzgerald. You go on without me!"
- 1503 Rayon (WR) Two sexy girls talking about their boyfriends. One boy friend is tall, the other small. Girl: "Dollat for dollar and inch for inch I'll stack my Sidney against your Gerald any day!"
- 1356 Culberson (WR) Sec'y sitting on boss's lap with another sec'y in her lap. The first girl: "Miss Hamel will be taking over my job, Mr. Petler. I'm getting married Monday."
- 1334 Richter (WR) Sexy girl to aging playboy, "Don't be silly, Mr. Warner, you're much more than just a father image to me!"
- 1262 John Sorensen (WR) Man to sexy girl, both Post Office workers, "Let's play/ Post Office, Miss Coe!"
- 1638 Brad Anderson (WR) Early morn hubby-&-wife radio program, in home. Husband is beaming into mike, while sexy floozy sits happily in the wife's seat, in negligee. Sign: BREAKFAST WITH THE TUCKERS. Man: "Now while Mrs. Tucker is on vacation..."
- 2097 Culberson (WR) Boss of firm interviewing new worker. On his desk are several photos of his several daughters. Boss: "And remember, Willis, there is a lot of room at the top!"

As is obvious, a lot of these mentioned are just gags taken in which, in the Bob/Tucker manner (oops, the Wilson Tucker manner) I've used friend's names. Most of these are the "girly" type, however.

V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V V.V V.V,V.V,V.V V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V,V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V



Dean A Grennell is a
GOOD MAN

[illegible]

I have a snappy corset here. # It's only a little 'ell that separates public from public. # I am not now, nor have I ever been a member of the Bull Moose Party. # I think that "to be pretty" has taken on a new meaning. # Hi, Lorraine—washed any brains lately? # Soon I'll teach Lisa to count backwards so she can fire rockets when she grows up. # GRUE — the world's mightiest fanzine.

What do you do when a filler space needs a filler? Quote fuggheads?

.....
Actors aren't shy because they're someone else. (Abney)
.....

ALREADY A PILE

Since the earlier stencil was cut cleaning out my 3x5 cards full of worldly wisdom I've piled up some more. I decant here.

In case of a prize duplicate ties will be awarded. # I'm writing an unpopular book on the subject. (That's GOF, I think.) # The real old troupers are dying out. (Record of Archy & Motibel offered that one.) # Hitchcock ended one of his TV shows recently with, "Our show tonight was on film, however the corpse originated live in New York."

THAT'S NOT THE KIND OF MINT I HEARD YOU OWNED. # I REMEMBER SO MUCH BECAUSE I HAD A WOLF WITH A VIEW. # ONE NAME FOR A PIMP IS APPOINTMENT SECRETARY. # I HAVE ONLY PART-TIME OMNISCIENCE.

Have any of you noticed the shape of modern cowboy hats? Crimped and bent in the strangest shapes. What is amusing is to see some horse opera, supposedly no later than 1910 with "modern" hats. It is also amusing to see, on TV, old cowboy movies made in the 20s and 30s where they either had the BIG hats or the more shapeless (and probably more authentic) ones.

Lee Hoffman might be interested in this. I faithfully mount horses and tractors from the left. Horses I understand but not the tractors. There is no reason, except tradition, that I can see, to mounting from the left. I suppose I mount (no, I hooker...mount as in "get on"...er, oh...) tractors, that is, the Ford kind we have the way I do because they are something you sit astride. Yessir, in KM/ you get world-shaking thoughts to mull over. Yes, inddeed...

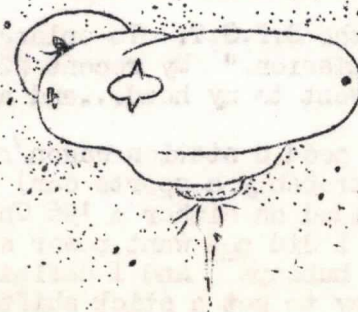
Additional thought: everyonce in awhile I see some horse opera where the hero takes a flying leap onto his horse. In addition to the thought of landing, shall we say, "wrong" it always bothers me when they jump on from the right. End of additional thought. You may proceed.

Irish. I hope the Irish science-fictions fans of my "acquaintance" won't take this personally, but I can't stand the "professional" Irish. If you're in Ireland it stands more to reason to be nationalistic, but for Irishers who never even saw Ireland to get worked up over it seems silly. Outside of Bernard Shaw, I can't think of anyone of worth Ireland has produced that stayed in Ireland Sean O'Casey maybe. And the Toltecs had a magnificent culture when the Irish were in mud hats. I suppose their closeness to England prevented a good revolution and resultant independent progress. Remember, I'm half-Irish myself. You Irish may have equal time if you can think up a good answer.

Am I or have I ever been a serconfan (serious constructive "fan") in any of your fannish eyes? (Oh, a terrible, terrible sin!) # Report has it that an old girl friend of mine, Lily Badalian, was on Groucho Marx's program last week. That's the Persian (okay, Iranian) belly dancer I knew some time ago. # ASTOUNDING has always claimed it had a lot of scientists, engineers, etc as readers... I wonder if any invention or serious constructive thought has come directly from the mag? In other words, did some engineer read a story about antigravity, say, and say to himself, "George, you can make an antigrav!" and then do it?

A short message from Wrai Ballard and William Rotsler, neither of which has a sense of smell, to any and all women: "Perfume alone will get you nowhere!"

You know, having George Gobel come back on the air was like seeing an old friend after a long absence. Abney says he might be another Will Rogers, in certain matters of appeal. I think he's much funnier.



.....
I'm going to vote for her as Mother-Image of the year.
.....

A LETTER FROM GAHAN WILSON

((Several weeks ago I wrote Gahan Wilson, an extremely talented and very unusual cartoonist, to ask if I may submit gags to him. This is his//// reply, reproduced herecompletely lacking in permission. WR))

Sorry for the delay in answering but I've just got back from a weekend in the country. Sheer delight. Gale force winds and rain unending. Eventually, I suppose, the East Coast will just blow away. The West Coast, I am led to understand, will melt. America will become a thin peninsula, no more.

Thank you very much for your kind words. ((I said he was good, which he is and that I liked him, which is true. WR)) They were the perfect antidote to this wet and wind blown cartoonist. Made it seem like a pretty good old world after all, even if it isn't.

You proved yourself astute by guessing I don't use writers. The creation of the gag itself gives me so much pleasure that I am loath to forgo it. I suppose I shall be shaken out of my ivory tower in time, but I'm going to try to keep my position in it for as long as possible.

I enjoyed your gags. The slant is correct and it is the sort of thing I would use if and when I begin using writers. I'll keep your address in my files just in case. ((Too bad...I've been putting aside Gahan Wilson type gags and have about three dozen choice ones. Well, I like them.))

A word of warning. Coffins, either drawn or mentioned are a very firm taboo, I have found. Can only recall one (Steig. Drunk outside funeral parlour waving at coffin being carted out. "So long, rat!") that got into respectable-type print. Taboos are broken all the time but I'm afraid time spent on gags with coffin therein is time wasted. ((Too bad, considering how really undertaking ads are out here in the West. The French don't, apparently, have this taboo. But then, the French don't have a lot of taboos we have.))

Well, thanks for sending me a sampling of your work. I'm sorry it was for naught. Thanks again for the kind comments. That sort of thing helps no end, I assure you. ((We call it "ego-boo" for "ego-boosting" stuff.))

Wishing you the best in all endeavors, I am

Yrs,

Gahan Wilson

((The Autograph-by-Proxy on the right is just another of the many KTEIC services.))

.....
I HAVE FOUNDED A SOCIETY

It's the S.P.S.T. To enlarge: "The Society for the Preservation of the Standard Transmission." My recent \$2200 commission for San Banowitz's million dollar home went to my head...and at the same time my Plymouth fell apart.

Now I need a station wagon/ranch wagon/suburban type. Until I can get a second car (probably a sports car) a station wagon is it. In preliminary investigation I decided on either a '56 Chevy or '56 Ford, though the Plymouths looked good, too. I did not want power steering, power windows, power glove compartment or power hubcaps. And I definitely wanted standard transmission. Do you think it is easy to get a stick shift? It isn't. "Why, we only sell one in twenty!" I

don't give a gawddamn I told him. "No resale value," he said. Costs \$180 less to start with I said. We went round and round. Here's what finally happened.

Finally decided to buy a Ford, and finally decided on the local dealer. Wanted V-8, four-door station wagon with standard transmission, no curls or crud. I could have gotten just what I wanted if I could have waited a month. I couldn't. I bought, finally, a 4-door V-8 with s.t., white, with turning indicator, backup lights, radio, heater. Also tinted glass and an interior finish in three shades of green that I say looks like a cheap mint and Abney says looks as if you're underwayer. But it handles well. I have a means of comparison. My father bought one just like it except his has ~~7144444444~~ Ford-O-Matic, power stuff and is red. He also bought a new pickup with tinted glass, which I broke yesterday. I was towing a walnut limb down to throw it in the creek, looked back, a scrub of a limb hidden in the leaves caught on the idiot overhand they have in front and put a spiderweb across the window.

The front design of the '56 Fords look like a man with a harmonica in his mouth and both hands cupped over his eyes.

PETELER'S CRYING DOG RANCH

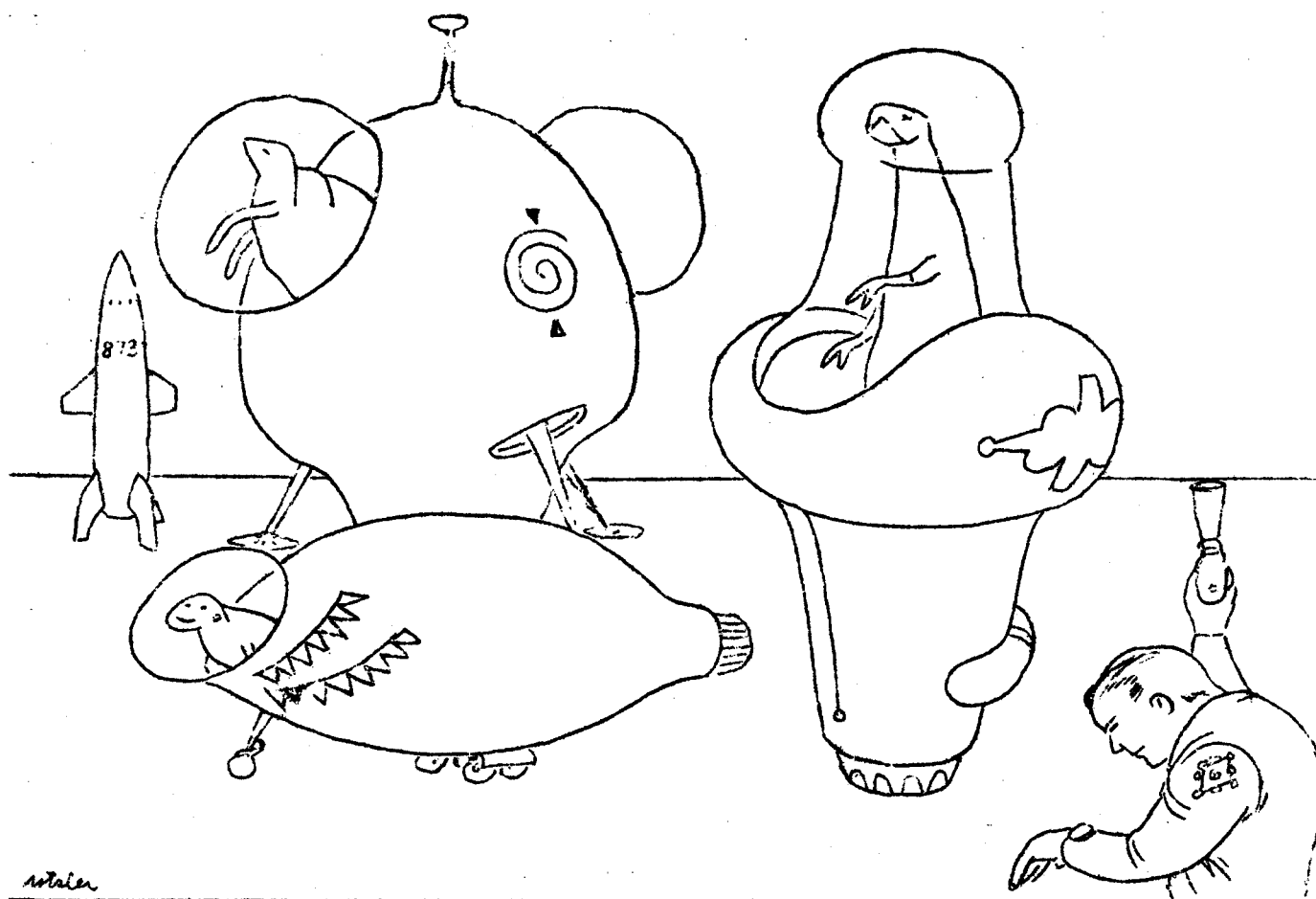
Bob Peteler is our good friend and neighbor down the valley. He has finally thought of a name for his ranch, based upon the activities of their dog Cheeta. They call it "The Crying Dog Ranch"...as, you read it in the title! Since their ranch adjoins an ancient Indian camping site I told him he should disguise the base reason for the name with a pseudo-legend.

Across the highway from one end of their ranch is a hill and the bend of Salto Creek, the creek that flows out of Hill Canyon past, or rather, through our ranch and on to its rather dry course towards the sea. At this bend, on the hill, after every rain you will find one or three or six persons walking up and down the plowed lines locked to see if the rain has washed loose an arrowhead from the clinging adobe. People are always finding such things, though little of the California Indians, at least this far north, interest me. Except towards the South, where they were rubbing up against the Apaches, etc they were a pretty gutless outfit. However, for the purposes of our story, I wish to give them more spunk. I told Bob (or R. Gose as we call him) that the Calleguas tribe used to camp there and the daughter of the chief became enamoured of the son of a chief of the Conejo tribe. The Conejo brave used to sneak down to the Calleguas camp, and hiding on the slope that is now the Peteler ranch, would, crying "like a dog", or a coyote, summon his maiden. We will briefly draw a curtain of modesty (yes, madam, right there where you're sitting they did it. Right there, yes ma'am.) & proceed on to more public events.

Eventually, of course, a certain "thing" became known. Oh, there was a great to-do. Indians ran around shouting fiercely. (A few ran counter-clock wise and inadvertently caused a brief shower that allowed everyone to cool off.) Tempers ran high. The Conehocs or Conejoes were taboo. Evil. Poor sports, too. For a daughter of a chief...well! They grabbed their tomanawks and bows and pocket compasses and set off towards the site of the present Peteler ranch, where they could hear the unsuspecting Conejo brave making coyote sounds. The Calleguas chief hefted his tomanawk meaningfully as he stepped across the asphalt highway, or across the creek. The Calleguas maiden wept.

This all has a happy ending, however. Yessir. The Calleguas soon found out the Conejo brave was a good sort (he knew 136 verses of "There once was an Indian maid" and possessed a dog-eared copy of the CONFIDENTIAL that exposed the real story of Pocahontas and John Smith, as fake a name as I've ever heard.) and so the tribes buried the tomanawk. And that's what those people look for today.

Addenda: For California History lovers Calleguas is the name of Gerald FitzGerald's grandfather's huge ranch and Conejo (which means rabbit) is the original name of our ranch when, years ago, it was much larger and my great-grandfather (who had the name of Sam Hill) raised cattle on it. Yessir.



A LETTER FROM DAVID RIKE

...Edco tells me that a beverage name of CHAMPALE has the audacity to taste like/ Home Brew, no doubt meaning the Noble Ambrosia of Burbee, Golden Treachery. Now. I'm unable to experiment to see if this contention is true or not, but YOU, being a frequent imbiber of Burbee's Home Brew, should be able to try the Experiment/// and promulgate your results therefrom in one of your numerous publications...A/// Mission of Science is accorded to You, Bill Rotsler (or, as Burbee once said you/ preferred yourname to be spelled: BILL ROTSLER),...

((I can tell you right now, son, that Champale is an idiot drink...being neither/ champagne nor ale it tastes like you poured flat beer into cheap champagne. Now I am no beer drinker -- bourbon is my drink, boy -- but Burb's Home Brew is by/// far the best beer I've ever tasted. Even his half-strength (or Isabelabel) is/// very good. I'd advise you, from years of champagne-drinker experience to avoid/// Champale. It will make you bleed from the ears. WR))

STEVE DUQUETTE WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT OLD ART SCHOOL FRIENDS

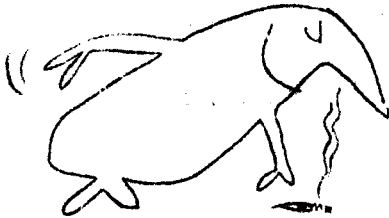
Syd Stibbard (Unit 29, Humbolt Village, Arcata, Calif) recently began the father/ of a baby girl, Stephanie Ann. All congratulations and other evidences of const- ernation should sent to his wife (yes, he has one) who has the unlikely name of "Jime." # Russ Manning, married recently to a lovely girl named Doe, lives and/// works at 15359 La Maida, Sherman Oaks, Calif. He draws "Brothers of the Spear"/// in the Tarzan comics, sometimes ole Tarz himself. Russ signed with the Dell/// people, too. I rather envy Russ. As long as I've known him he's wanted to draw/// comics...and now he is. Not everyone is so lucky. # John Smith is proceeding/// with his fine tapestries...doing one for the Banowitz house, I think. Had twopage color spread in HOME magazine of LATimes recently. # Don't see too many of the/// people we went to school with, Steve. # With Stibbard, Coe, Duquette, FitzGerald, Rotsler, and Manning married I didn't think there were so many lucky girls...

A LETTER FROM ROBERT BLOCH

...Some of your mailing list attended the Cleveland Con, you know, and Grennell attended half of it -- the Weyauwega half, up here. But I have nothing else to report on...so at the risk of repetition, I'll clue you in. On Tuesday before Labor Day Weekend, Grennell and Jean drove up here with Bob Silverberg and Barbara Brown in tow. They had planed in from Darkest Brooklyn and were staying at the Fond du Lac Children's Center as Dean's guests, prior to attending the Convention. Acting on the theory that the best way to learn how to survive underwater is to practice in the bath-tub first, ala Houdini, Grennell decided they should be exposed to my company for an evening. So up they came, and we indulged in a few tentative obscenities during the course of the evening. Bob and Barbara impressed me as very nice people and in my heart of hearts I pitied them for what they were about to encounter in Cleveland. I spent part of the evening warning young Barbara about Tucker, and demonstrated some of the holds.

On Thursday I flew to Cleveland and goshwowboyoboy. There isn't much point going into detail: I guess I'm queer for Conventions because I always have ~~too~~ so much fun. But it was there that I encountered two other devoted KTEICnicians. Wilson Tucker, Boy octogenarian, was on hand with Fern and David. Tucker has trained his child well: during poker games he holds David on his lap and the kid palms the aces. As soon as the child gets a few more teeth he will make a nice bottle-opener, too.

The other KTEICnocrat was, as you undoubtedly know by now, one Shirley Hoffman. We celebrated our reunion with a breakfast in a kosher delicatessen and drank toasts to Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, Longstreet, Mosby, Cantrell, Quantrell, Judah P. Benjamin, Ehatt Butler, and Kissin' Jim Folsom...all Big Name Fans of yesteryear. Lee looks mighty good, but then she is mighty good, and I was right pleased to see her sashaying around again. ((My grandfather was named William Stonewall Jackson Rotsler, though to my knowledge no Suthin blood flows silently and sluggishly through my veins. In fact, my grandfather's father ran out of Germany in 1870 or earlier because he dint like the war they were whomping up at the time. I was named after my grandfather -- a practice I detest -- but do not carry an overload of names afore my handle. Ma'am. Suh. Cornbread. Mint julcp. Minie ball. J. E. B. Stuart. Miz Hoffman, ma'am. Suh.))



As to the Convention itself, what can I say? Everybody and his brother was there, but I kept looking for his sister. On Tuesday the little men came around with the Flit@guns and I went home.

But not alone. A little band of hardy pioneers gathered at the headwaters of Independence, M., in the tiny haberdashery store of Harry S. Truman and pledged mutual assistance in the westward trek across the plains. Vowing an early start, we pushed off at noon into the wilds of darkest Ohio, surrounded by hordes of howling Cleveland Indians.

The party consisted of Wilson Tucker, grizzled old mountain-man, his Squaw Fern, and David, his got...plus Canuck William D. Grant (no relation to Danyankee Grant the Butcher) and his mother. There was also a Pekingese, by far the best-behaved of the entire party in that it neither spoke nor wot. Nothing came out of either end during the entire trip, which is more than you can say for the rest of us.

We drove steadily until about 10 PM and then unsteadily until about 4 AM, at which time we arrived in Ludington, Michigan. Now it was my plan to drive right on into Wisconsin, but upon arriving at Ludington I was thwarted by the appearance of a large body of water. This turned out to be Lake Michigan, which I swear wasn't on my map at all. Anyway, after hasty consultation, we came up with two plans. (1) To take the ferry across and (2) to build a raft.

Unfortunately, Fern refused pointblank to build the raft. So we took the ferry.

We arrived in Weyauwega, and a deplorable condition, the following afternoon.////
Marion, who happens to be my wife (I keep telling her not to feel bad, it could///
happen to anyone) greeting us with the opener, and the second stage of the Conven-
tion began. It lasted from Wednesday to Saturday. On Thursday night Dean and///
Jean arrived. On Friday, Marty Greenberg came up -- he'd driven around, via Chi-
ago. We showed films of past conventions and lived a little.

Saturday I went down to Milwaukee for the TV show and the body was shipped home///
the following day.

It was a nice do, Hoping you are the same,
Bob

((Don't you know doctors say fatigue is not cumulative? So how could you be//
tired? I know, you tried. # The faint color (you Anglofans read that colour,
unless you're color blind, er colour blind...) of the preceding part of this
letter was due to trying a hard surfaced Gestetner typing sheet on these dom-
estic stencils. (It's a domestic stencil but you'll be amused by its presump-
tion.) It didn't work too well as you could almost see. WR))

DISTRIBUTION T.O.

Burbee, Laney, Jacobs, Calkins, R. Gose Peteler, Bloch, Tucker, Grennell, Dirty///
Old Pro Bob Silverberg, Danner (I'm sending you some "natural" nuts), Warner, the/
Wessons and Eney in far-off Japan, Willis in Ireland, Harris in England, Jim Cul-
erson in exotic Houston, cartoonist Steve Duquette, Gahan Wilson (who will be some
what surprised), Syd Stibbard in far-off exotic Humbolt Village, Ballard, Boggs,///
Ashworth, and others who do not occur to me off-hand. Cheers.

A CARD FROM CHARLES BURBEE

FTL said to me the other day: "It took Willie two years to realize that we no lon-
ger worked in the same place. Now that we are working in the same place again,///
how long will it take him to adjust to that?" ((Well, with a swell hint like that
I'd say no longer than three months at the outside.)) Yes, we are working in the/
same shop together, in Monrovia. Monrovia has but one piano roll from border to//
border. # I have put the watermelon story on tape at least three times, but will
do it again. And probably again and again.

F Towner Laney now has access to a brand new Gestetner and may yet publish that///
Fandango he keeps talking about. When they showed him how to run it they told him
it was impossible to ink the roller. He said he was an old roller-inker from way,
back, and so--he inked the roller. The fella couldn't figure out how he'd done,///
it.

But WE know, don't we?

NOTES AND COMMENT

Lee Hoffman, that delicate flower of Suthin womanflesh, donates these names to The
Cause: Pinckney Scruggs, Minter Malphus, Pearlle Loadholt, Billy Plunkett. # Dean/
Grennell sent me a card the other day that had been printed in Menominee, Mich. It
sounds like an Indian "standing" for office. # By Gar: Dave Rike, the Youngs, Sgt
Jo Carr...they get copies, too.

COLOPHON AND GOODNIGHTS

Kteic Magazine 29 was printed on Lee Jacobs former mimeo. KM is a non-profit,////
informal letter/phone/tape substitute published by William Rotsler, Camarillo, Cal
and all that jazz. Published by the Barracks Bag Press...ending 3 November, 1955./
In case I don't make it...Happy Thanksgiving.

A LETTER FROM CHARLES BURBEE DEPT 10/10/55

Ah, a big day today. Received both #26 and #27 Kteic. Or maybe it was #27 and #28./// Anyhow, one came from Jacobs and one from Grennell--a mimeographed or rather geste-nered issue, at which my eyes bugged. Good stuff, man. You are taking on a high polish in the literary line.

That fella Tucker whose letters you run--I think he has now achieved some sort of dusty fame. The other Saturday I was going/// through the Salvation Army bookstore. I go there every two or three weeks looking for piano rolls and books. Anyhow, I was running my photographic eye rapidly down the/// rows and missing no doubt flour out of five titles (but it's the only way to look at/// them all and get out of there in reasonable time--I have the feeling that I am really/// not missing any of the titles) well, here I was, as I said, in a fannish crouch reading the titles on the second shelf from the/// floor when there, between a copy of Buddy's Airship and a nice copy of Peccavi I saw a copy of Chinese Doll by one Wilson Tucker. (The very same fella who writes for Kteic under the name of Bob Tucker). Well, I/// guess it comes to all authors sooner or/// later; their books are hawked in the Salvation Army bookstore at 10¢ a throw. And/// now it's happened to Tucker. It's sort of a milestone, or phase, or transition, or/// something. I don't know if Tucker, way out there in the metallic confines of Box 760, felt anything, but there was a distinct/// shifty-almost a click--as my viewpoint of him shuttled from one point to another. A thin layer of dust seems to rest on my mental picture of Tucker now. I guess I will always think of him as a sort of dusty fella from now on.

So my name appears in a new Tucker book? Or rather, a fella by the name of Burbee appears in a new Tucker book? Good.

When you gonna make an avant garde movie, Willie? I finally found "kteis" listed in a book on customs and folklore. And by/// golly, your informant was correct, it is the female of phallus. Furthermore, in case you were wondering, there is no definite proof that church steeples are stylized phalluses or is it phalii?*

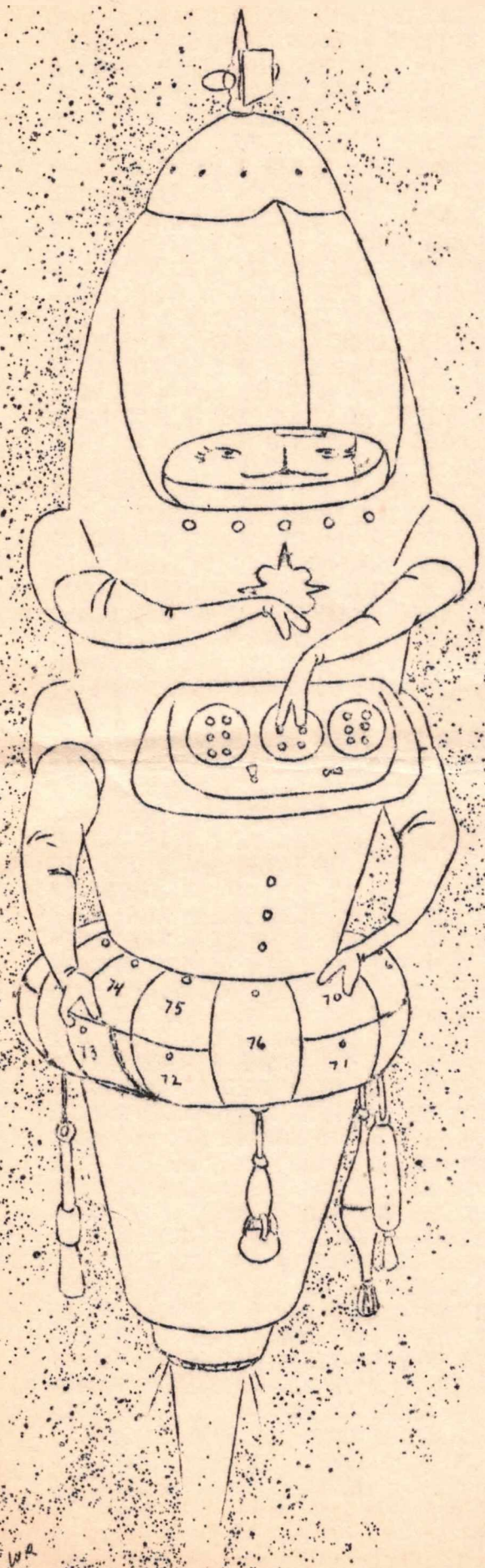
burb

* Or maybe phallii.

.....
Read any good minds lately?
.....

"It takes a heap of livin' to make a ream/// of paper a fanzine."

...Robert Carse



ONE THING ABOUT MILK IS THAT IT DOESN'T HAVE MUCH SHAPE TO IT. # SIGN IN RUSSIAN BUSINESS OFFICE: DON'T THINK. # HE THINKS OF HIMSELF AS BEING SLIGHTLY COSMIC. # HAVE YOU READ "PRACTICAL DAEMONOLOGY"? # I'M WRITING A BOOK ABOUT HOW TO TELL YOUR KIND OF PATRIOT FROM THE OTHER GUY'S KIND. # SHE WAS USING HER FAISTIES AS A PIN-CUSHION. # WE LAID THERE, PUSHING ON EACH OTHERS BLADDERS. # MY GOD, THE DOCTOR LEFT AN EAR MARK ON HER LEFT BREAST! # WAS FIRST FANDOM SATAN'S WAY? # WELL, IF HER BRA WAS OFF WHY DID YOU ASK HER THAT? # I WANT A NICE GIRL WHO IS JUST A BIT PROMISCUOUS. # SOME OF THE NEW CARS LOOK LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN AN EASEY EGG AND A WHORE'S BEDROOM. # HE TOOK A SHOWER WITH HER BEFORE HE KISSED HER AND NOW HE'S WASHING HER BRA IN OUR WASHER. # HOWARD MILLER SENT ME A BAG OF GEMS AND NOW I BET HE THINKS HE OWNS ME BODY AND SOUL. # OUR V.D. RATE IS UP BECAUSE THE C.G.'S A PURITAN. # IT WASN'T SO MUCH THAT SHE WAS NUDE AS THAT ALL HER BIRTHMARKS WERE EXPOSED, # THROW SOME WATER ON HIM, HIS EYEBALLS HAVE DRIED OUT. # SHE WOULDN'T TAKE THEM OFF SO HE USED HIS TIN SNIPS ADRIOTLY. # A CAT (OR BOBSTER) MAY LOOK AT A KING (OR QUEAN). # IF THAT'S A MERRY-GO-ROUND, I'M SOBER. # THAT'S THE DIRTIEST PASSWORD I'VE HEARD SINCE WORLD WAR TWO. # I NEVER THINK OF BEAUTY AND WILLIAM. # IT WAS MINE, ALL OF IT, FOR THE PAYMENTS HAD BEEN MET. # GIVE HIM A SMILE AND HE'LL TAKE A PINCH. # MCMLIV? HOW DO I KNOW? I'M NOT A ROMAN! # COULDN'T YOU THINK OF ME AS YOUR GODDESS OF LOVE? # THERE'S NO FUEL LIKE AN OIL FUEL. # I THINK MY ID HAS A HEADACHE. # HE'S THAT FAMOUS FRENCHMAN, DECCC LA TAGE, AND YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HIS HOBBY IS. # AND THEN BOB PETERER SAID, "I LIKE MY ART RATIONAL!" # THEY ARE BUSY PEOPLE EXCHANGING SYMBOLS FOR LIFE. # IT WAS A CASE OF PURITY UNDEFILED BY VIRTUE. # BLOODY STORY? IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN CALLED "MURDERAMA"! # WAS THIS FANZINE IMPORTED OR DEPORTED? # IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A WHORE HOUSE. # THE WORLD IS FULL OF INACCURATE REPORTERS, MY DEAR. # CAN YOU SAY "TOY BOAT" VERY FAST, THREE TIMES? # IF HE CAN PARAGOE HIS BEDROOM ADVENTURES TO THE PUBLIC, SO CAN I. # IN RETURN HE GAVE HER A BACK RUB, A BEER AND A TONGUE-LASHING. # SHE HAS HAD FOUR LOVERS, EACH OF WHICH COMMENTED ON HER GOOD TASTE. # MY EARS ARE CLEAN AND YOUR UNDERWEAR ISN'T YOURS. # IS SEVENTH FANDOM GOD'S WAY? # MANY ARE CALLED BUT FEW GET UP! # HAS SHE GOT A GOOD FIGURE? SHE CAN TAKE A SHOWER WITHOUT GETTING HER FEET WET! # YOU'RE SCARED THE PANTS OFF ME! # MAY I BORROW A CUP OF MONEY? # WOULD YOU GIVE ME A TRANSLATION OF THIS LETTER YOU JUST TYPED. # HE RECITES THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS IN A BROOKLYN ACCENT. # HE KNOWS 62 WORDS, NO TWO ALIKE. # OH, CUT OUT THAT "ME, TARZAN, YOU JANE" STUFF! # THAT'S NOT A HAIRDO, IT'S A HAIR DON'T. # THIS MAY BE A CONVERTIBLE BUT YOU CAN'T GET MY TOP DOWN! # INCEST POPULATED THE WORLD--IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME READ THE BIBLE. # REDD BOGGS SAID IT WILL DO IT AGAIN--IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE HIM, READ SCIENCE FICTION. # YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD ADAM TALK TO A DOG ON THE PHONE THIS MORNING. # ONE OF THE BEST TIMES IN MY LIFE WAS WORKING IN THE REPUBLICAN UNDERGROUND. # WHY DON'T THEY PUT MORE SIN INTO CINEMA? # TWO OF THOSE WOULDN'T MAKE HER TWICE AS SEXY--ONLY TWO OF THOSE, SILLY. # BARTEENDER? SEE WHAT THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM WILL HAVE. # LEE JACOBS, THE DRUNKEN PRESIDENT OF FAPA, NAMED BURBEE'S BREW GOLDEN TREACHERY AND HE SHOULD KNOW. # I WAS A CALL GIRL FOR THE FBI. # WHO USED MY TOOTHBRUSH TO CLEAN THE TYPEWRITER? # SHE WAS AN INACTIVE NYMPHOMANIAC AT THIRTEEN. # WE HARDLY EVER TURN ON OUR TV--AND THAT'S MAXIMUM SELECTIVITY. # WHEN YOU THINK OF SCHOLARS MAKING THE AOBOMB YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST THEM ANY MORE. # IF YOU CAN HAVE A DOG HOUSE, WHY NOT ACAT HOUSE? # ADAM SHOWED GERALD A FEMALE OYSTER AND GERALD ASKED, WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR IT? # AND THAT'S THE FIRST GCF COVERLINE SO FAR. # ONE THUMB TACK WAS FOR PEEKIES. # I MAY NOT HAVE SWANKY CLOTHES BUT I CAN BUY A BUTTERFLY. # I NEVER READ ANYTHING IN ITALICS. # I THINK SHE WAS MAMMARY--I KNOW SHE WASN'T MY PAPPY. # THAT LONDON DAIRY AIR SHOWS MANY A LONDON DERRIERE. # HOW CAN YOU HAVE ELECTRICITY IN A BOTTLE? # SHE WAS ONE OF JIM'S DANEMS. # HE CAN'T EVEN BE CONSECUTIVE IN HIS STUPIDITY. # OBSCENITY YOU WITH THE LIGHTS ON. # I WOULDN'T SIN UNLESS THEY WERE COMPLETELY ORIGINAL. # IF I'VE SAID IT ONCE I'VE SAID IT A THOUSAND TIMES--SKETCHES OF ME SHOULD NOT BE TRUE-TO-LIFE. # THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE WITHOUT A PROPHYLACTIC. # I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO JAM PEANUT BUTTER DOWN ONE OF THOSE DIDEE DOLLS. # HE HATES ME BECAUSE I DON'T TELL LIES. # IT LOOKED LIKE SHEER IDIOCY TO ME BUT THE MANAGEMENT DID IT SO IT MUST BE PERFECT. # I DO NOT LIKE NUDES WHO SMOKE. # IT'S BETTER TO BE CAST AWAY ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH A TALL MAN THAN A SHORT WOMAN. # WE'RE GOING TO BREAK YOU INTO THREE EQUAL LENGTHS AND DRAW STRAWS FOR THE SECTION WITH THE HOLE. # ALLIANY WANTED HAFERS. # I GAVE SOME CANNED BABY LIVER TO A CAT AND HE COVERED IT UP WITH DIRT. # IT WOULD BE A NEAT TRICK TO BE ORIGINALLY SINFUL AFTER 2000 YEARS. # END