

1955

KTEIC MAGAZINE

29

#29

.....
"Anything you're as fugged 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 ar-
ticle 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
put 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 corny 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 freez-
ing 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, honcy.
.....

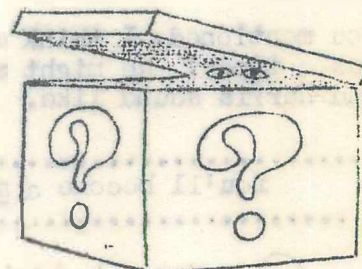
Helen Wesson, reading KTEIC: "What's a hemophiliac?"

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

.....
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 any-
thing 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 con-
cerning the mailing (single & bulk) of printed matter? I'd like to pub-
lish 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.

(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

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 o'erseas fans do the//// same. # I liked this GRUE, dag, as I have liked all the others--though this one did/ seem more like HOOGE than GRUE. No complain, just comment.

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

SOME EDITORIAL COMMENT ON KTEIC MAGAZINE, NUMBER 27

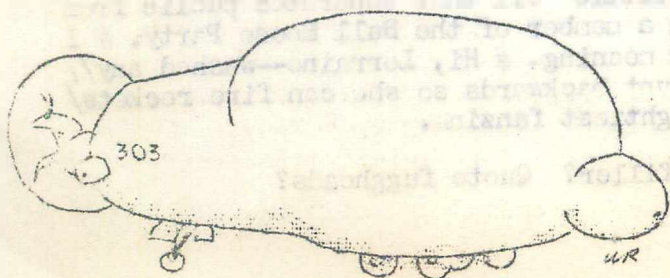
I was amazed. My own words in all that glittering gestetnography. It was amazing and also pretty as hell. Those gestencils, as you no doubt know, are wondrous things to draw upon...every line, every dot reproduces. Makes me feel sad to think of// my own mimeo efforts. DAG, you are sowing seeds of discomfort! (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, in- to 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 pay- ment 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// ULYSES 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 cian...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? Need- less 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 it// your mind... ((I don't know how many times I'm going to have to tell people but/ as long as they are given good reproduc- tion 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? Those things gnaw at me." ((What was that question again, sir?)) # Richard Enzy: "Pan- 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, received, read, fanned over, filed, thought/// about in dark night hours." -EM



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

ALREADY A FILE

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 GCF, I think.) # The real old troupers are dying out. (record of Archy & Metibel 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 KIBD OF MINT I HEARD YOU OWNED. # I REMEMBER SO MUCH BECAUSE I HAD A WOMB 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, Trucker...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, inddeedy...

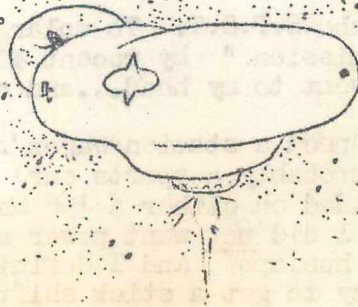
Additional thought: everyone in awhile I see some horse opera where the hero takes a flying leap onto his horse. In addition to the thought of landing, shall we say, "wrong" it always bothers me when they jump on from the right. End of additional thought. You may proceed.

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 huts. 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!"

X 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 here completely 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 KIBIC 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 Sam 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/lites, 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 under water. But it handles well. I have a means of comparison. My father bought one just like it except his has ~~74444-44444~~ 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

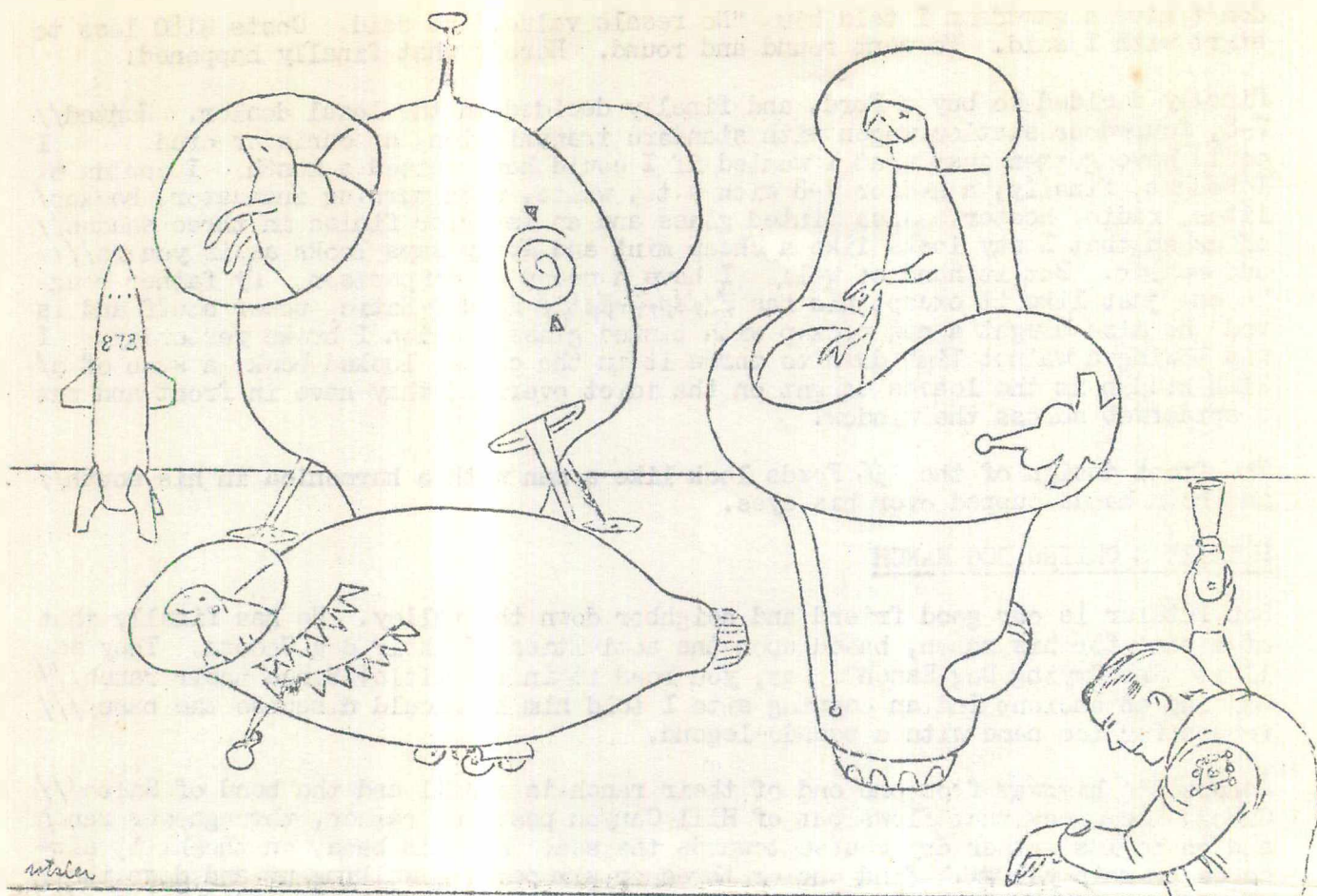
Bob Peteler is our good friend and neighbor down the valley. He has finally thought of a name for his ranch, based upon the activities of their dog Conejo. They call it "The Crying Dog Ranch". As, you read it in the title! Since their ranch adjoins an ancient Indian camping site I told him he should 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 looked 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-clockwise and inadvertently caused a brief shower that allowed everyone to cool off.) Tempers ran high. The Conejos or Conejoes were taboo. Evil. Poor sports, too. For a daughter of a chief...well! They grabbed their tomahawks 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 tomahawk 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 tomahawk. 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 Manda, Sherman Oaks, Calif. He draws "Brothers of the Spear"/// in the Tarzan comics, sometimes old 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 Banowicz house, I think. Had twopage color spread in HOME magazine of LA Times 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 Barbar Brown in tow. They had planed in from Darkest Brooklyn and were staying at the// Pond 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 expo-// sed to my company for an evening. So up they came, and we indulged in a few tent-// ative 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 octogonarian, 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-open-// er, 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 Jack-// son, Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, Longstreet, Mosby, Can-// trell, 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 jul-// en. 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 how-// ling Cleveland Indians.

The party consisted of Wilson Tucker, grizzled old mountain-man, his Squaw Fern,// and David, his get...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 wet. 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 Ch-
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 preceeding 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 gestered 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 four 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/// shift--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 phalli?*

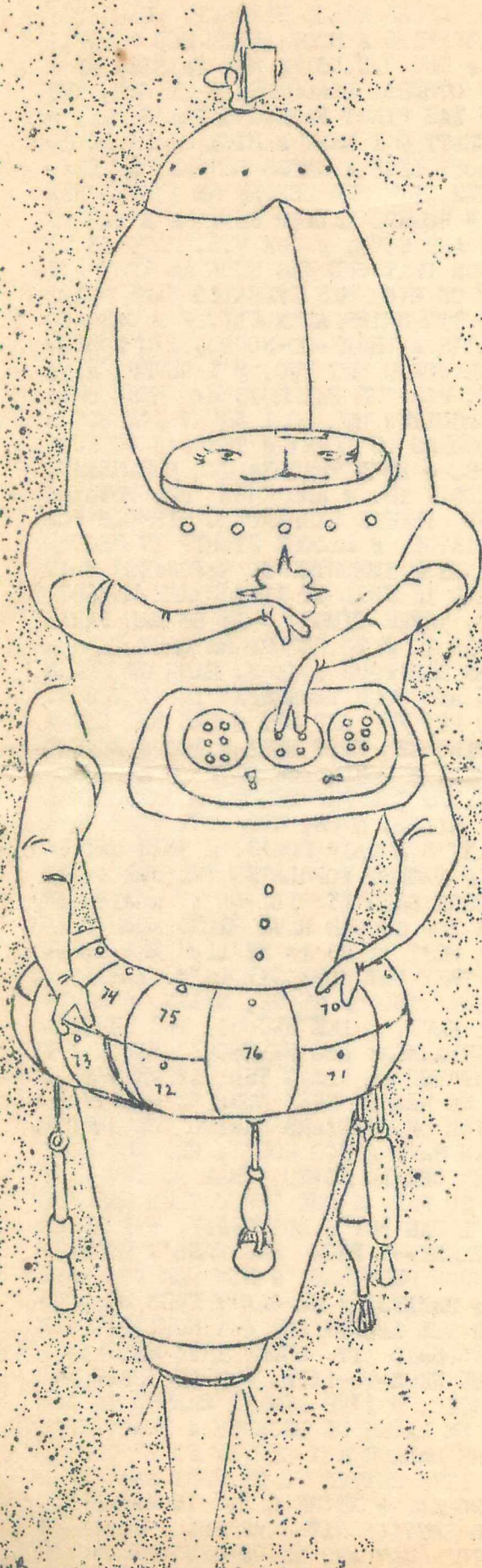
burb

* Or maybe phallii.

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Read any good minds lately?
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"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 DAEMONIOLOGY"? # I'M WRITING A BOOK ABOUT HOW TO TELL
YOUR KIND OF PATRIOT FROM THE OTHER GUY'S KIND. # SHE WAS USING HER FAISIES AS A
PEN-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 EASE
CHER 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
SEMS 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
BOGPSTER) 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 MERS, ALL OF IT, FOR THE PAYMENTS HAD BEEN LET.
GIVE HIM A SMILE AND HE'LL TAKE A PINCH. # MCMMLIV? 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,
DEJCC LA TAGE, AND YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HIS HOBBY IS. # AND THEN BOB PETELER
SAID, "I LIKE MY ART RATIONAL!" # THEY ARE BUSY PEOPLE EXCHANGING SYMBOLS FOR
LIFE. # IT WAS A CASE OF PURITY UNDEFINED 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 REPORT-
ERS, MY DEAR. # CAN YOU SAY "TOY BOAT" VERY FAST, THREE TIMES? # IF HE CAN PARA-
DE 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 W SCARED
THE PANTS OFF ME! # MAY I BORROW A CUP OF MONEY? # WOULD YOU GIVE ME A TRANS-
LATION 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 WORK-
ING 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. # BARTE
ENDER? SEE WHAT THE BOYS IN THE BACH 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 PAP-
ERY. # THAT LONDON DAIRY AIR SHOWS MANY A LONDON DERRIERE. # HOW CAN YOU HAVE
ELECTRICITY IN A BOTTLE? # SHE WAS ONE OF JIM'S DANESSES. # HE CAN'T EVEN BE CON-
SECUTIVE 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. # ALLABY
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