

KTEIC MAGAZINE

the many sponsored magazine

number thirty

a legend in its own time

sometimes known as KM, the people's love

the darling of the escape velocity set

"It slowed me down for a complete loss." (Abney Rotsler)

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE

The other eve I was reading about Alexander the Great and half-watching the news// on TV. The commentator was telling of some guy that had killed another guy with a judo bit. A film clip showed this fellow walking towards a witness stand. He//// looked vaguely familiar from the back. Then he turned around and it was an old//// friend, Jim Baker!

Although I hadn't seen a newspaper in several days I understand it was a front//// page story. Seems some joker was tossed in the brig for tapsyhood, asked his//// neighbors, the Bakers, to keep his dog. He came back, found out the Bakers hadn't kept the pooch inside the house, blew his top, etc etc, finally pulled a knife --// and a damnable wickedly looking thing it was, too -- but an ex-World's Judo champ, Guadalupe marine & Marine Corps judo champ is no man to do that to. Jim threw// him over his shoulder, chopped at him and that was that. Happily, the people said it was justifiable homicide.

Jim and Elaine are very nice people and it is very hard to imagine Jim being a//// judo champion. Oh, he's big enough and god knows strong enough...but he's so nice and seems rather gentle. He's an actor, though nothing big as far as I know, and makes the best damn sandals I've ever seen. Real gorgeous workmanship and design. He's the fellow mentioned some time ago in these pages that his friends thought// might be the next Tarzan.

OR YOU COULD EVEN SAY OXNARD FLUVIAL PLAIN, EAST

I have always gotten a kick from the English way of giving their address, i.e.,//// 7 Charing Cross Road, Hampstead, etc etc. In the English way my address would be// something like this:

William Rotsler, Rancho Santa Rosa, 638 Camarillo Road, Ventura County, California or (in Old English) Rancho Conejo, Ventura County, etc. Or even Rancho Sub Rosa, Camarillo Road, Camarillo, California.

CREEPING CHRISTMAS

For some years now we have been observing, from our Olympian heights, the creeping Christmas. (I, rather, we like that "we." It gives the lousy mag a certain tone, don't you think?) It used to be the Xmas decorations did not appear in the stores// until after Thanksgiving. Now shortly after Halloweery they come out in all their pper taste and cheap design. Soon Santa will be throwing firecrackers about. Crass commercialism.

SOME NAMES FOR THE GROWING LIST DEPARTMENT

Jake Trow, Virgil True, Rosina Trueblood, Druzella Tucker, Evelyn Adams, Willard/ B. Appenzeller, T. B. M. Ann, Eula Apple, Maxine V. Bangs, R. I. Barbar, Harless/ K. Erakebill, Senior. Floyd Broadhead, S. L. Bagg, Birdie Bunch, Olga Burgoyne,// Hortense Bustamente, & Melvin Buss. All from Oxnard Phone Directory yet.

MY GOD, THE BUG HAS STRUCK LANEY, TOO!

I have here in my hand (hm, that sound familar?) FANDANGO #29, a KTEIC-like fanzine from F. Towner Laney. In it, among other things, he thinks it would be nice to have an APA based on KTEIC, which for some reason he pronounces Teak, instead of the Tyke, like seasibobble people. (We both could be wrong.) Towner also suggests each member should adopt his own constitution and "follow it rigidly at all times." I seem to be "Founding Father" and Lee Jacobs is "Whipping Boy." (Maybe that's what happened to LeeJ.) I wish to quote from Fandango #29 at this point.

"...In my rather sour way I may try to act as a counteragent for Rotsler's deplorable softness towards Communism. (He often makes a crack at Knowland and Nixon, both of whom I think are just too moderate in their attitude towards the Commies.)..."

Unless this is a rib, Towner, what the hell did that mean? True, I have a vast and growing dislike towards Knowland and Nixon (and Knight, our beknighted Governor) but I don't think I have ever said anything in connection with their anti-Communist policies. Knowland is a China Lobby man. God knows I think Communist China is a mess but that doesn't mean warlord Chiang is the man or policy to replace it. They threw him out once and it wasn't the Commies, either. Knowland will drag us into a war about it yet. Knight is an A-hole of an opportunizing politician that looks and acts just like the ones in the movies. Nixon is the biggest danger, methinks. I believe him to be savier than McCarthy and much more dangerous. You aren't a Joe McCarthy man are you, FTL? Or is it just the one facet of Nixon, etc you dislike? Surely you are not of the Bomb-Them-Now school of thought. (Hah, thought!) I thought that went out, not with button shoes, but with certain seismograph readings. I am a Democrat, as you might know, tho I do not think all Democrats pure and white nor all Republicans like Mr. Dixon and Mr. Yates. I would like to hear your views on modern education, though. (3rd FAPA mailing had several comments on "modern" education, I noticed.)

I found some stamps on some 50 year-old envelopes, Towner. Saved envelope and all. These things any good? (Depends, huh?) # Well, FTL, glad to see you "join the ranks" as it were. Include me in, please.

"Run! I'll get the mimeograph and you get the baby!" (Abney, upon a noisy washer.)

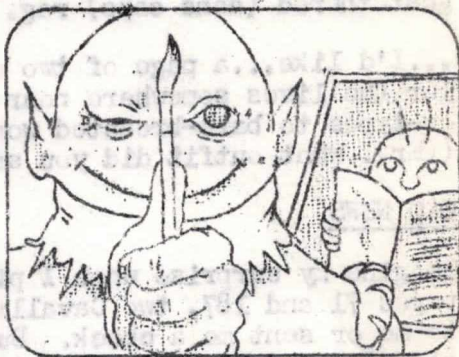
A LETTER FROM HARRY WARNER, JR DEPARTMENT

...we were horsing around in the office, trying on one another's glasses, and I like to fell over when I tested the society reporter's glasses and discovered that I was half-blind without glasses. I was 20/20 when I took my last draft examination, eight years ago, and five years ago, when I took my driver's license exam, I had no trouble passing. But I rushed to an eye doctor... ~~grew~~ and found that I've degenerated to 20/90... (I'm badly nearsighted, but the change came so gradually that I just didn't realize that things were growing dull. One odd result: I was unconsciously using sharpness of vision as a partial substitute for the normal sort of depth perception. Since wearing glasses, I occasionally get the panicky feeling that everything is closing in on me, particularly in large store rooms where I have the sensation that distant counters are only eight or ten feet away.)

...It's funny how non-commercial a commercial thing can be in different sections of the nation. Walnuts, for instance. I assume that they're pretty big business around Camarillo, judging from the time that you lavish on them. But they grow prolifically and lavishly in this section, and yet nobody gives a thought to producing them commercially... wild trees line the roadsides in many parts of the country, and driving is actually dangerous on some roads... from the fallen walnuts which nobody has bothered to pick up. (Bet you they're black walnuts. They grow here, too, but even walnuts grown commercially and sprayed, pruned, pampered are ravaged by various diseases. Pick one of these up & I'll bet you won't eat it.) You...

get a lot of shot in your pants if you pick an apple from a tree in one of the big orchards in this county, yet if you like walnuts, there's probably not a farmer in the county who will object to your climbing his fences and picking up as many nuts as you wish from his property. ((Do these nuts have smooth shells or very rough, dark ones? The dark kind are "black."))

You bring up again in a comment to Lee Hoffman those section-numbered paintings/// kits, and the people who ask real artists if they use them. (Don't try to untangle the antecedents in that sentence; just don't even think about them, and maybe it'll make sense.) I think that a rather lengthy dissertation on American philosophy and psychology could be developed from that matter. It's not quite as simple as it/// appears on the surface. It's the whole basic outlook of a large percentage of this nation's people. The person who admires the successfully completed numbered section kit isn't necessarily ignorant or unimaginative. He's following the state of mind which causes so many young fellows to become engineers or auto/mechanics or similar craftsmen whose work is basically that of solving a problem according to a highly/// complicated set of basic laws or assumptions. If/// there's something wrong with an auto, the only way to repair it is to find the part that isn't functioning properly, unless you're willing to junk the vehicle/// and buy a new one. But when I write an article or a story, it isn't quite as simple as that to determine/what is wrong with it, and///



when you paint a picture, you're solving a problem that is entirely different from that which is solved by the people who buy the/// outline kits. It's the difference between/// order and randomness, and we've got to face it: most of the American people prefer order and genuinely believe that it's more praiseworthy to complete a complex assigned task/// that it is to do something out of one's imagination. Even in "free-hand" art, I/// know any number of persons who will look at a painting and ask the artist if he drew it from a model; if he did, the spectator's admiration is visibly increased by knowing/// that he was able to copy or translate faithfully what he saw before him. There isn't the same imagination for an artist who simply sits down or stands at an easel and creates a work out of his sheer powers of memory and imagination. I think it's quite probable that all this is the reason that photography has become so tremendously popular in this country. Remember, you're fascinated/// yourself by models of things, and are interested in constructing miniature spaceships' ((One thing about my spaceships, Harry, is that they are pure imagination, look much like my drawings, very little like the V-1, but wait and see....))

((Also thanks for your offer of mimeoing a/KM. Much appreciated, as was Grennell's offer, but Jacobs' ex-Grey Ghost mimeo should be okay. # Harry also reports getting a new company camera, a Speed Graphic, and the name of a woman involved in a Hagerstown accident: Fannie P. Hott. Also a "Peter's Dry Cleaners." A local cleaners here is named "Heavens! The Cleaners." Man's wife is named Helen Heavens, too. WR))

A LETTER FROM MARINE SERGEANT GREGG CALKINS

... please consider this a sign of life from me and a desire to continue receiving/
"EIC, even if it does display some rather detestable pro-odor traits with #2
"stetnered, yet! Phagh. Do you realize what this means? Instead of being a
+ mail off all copies, now they will pile up and pileup in a corner somewhere until
y parents ask what they are and my friends ask what they are and finally (maybe)
even my children ask what they are and eventually one (or all) will find out and

I liked it better when we mailed them on. It gave the mag sort of a different///// flavor...((Bitter almonds?))///something that no other fazzine (you should forgive/ the terminology) ever had before. Now you are just another rag. Nay, just another gestetnered (sans caps) rag.

...I'd like...a page of two of bems and such from the talented pen of William Rotsler (he lives somewhere near where you do). I prefer buildings and bems and cartoon-types to bare-breasted women...at least as far as my publications are concerned. ((Er...what outfit did you say you were in, son?))

GAG NEWS

Imagine my surprise when I pick up the 19 Nov 55 SATURDAY EVENING POST to find, on pages 71 and 187, two Cavalli cartoons of mine. Dick had not mentioned the sales// to me or sent me a check. But he's been overstocked and I've not been sending him// gags for a few weeks. He might follow the usual practice of just keeping a check// until the next batch arrives & sending it back with that. Lots of people are over-// stocked this time of year, which is the heavy-buying period. Bill O'Brian sent//// back one of Grennell's. O'Brian takes a lot, but also returns quite a few. He//// sold one to the New Yorker (\$33.75): tourist asking auctioneer in slave market.//// "Would you take a check on the First National Bank of Little Falls?"

Chen Day reports a sale to the "D.A.C. News" (which is either the Dallas or Detroit Athletic Club News, according to the Carnegie library in Oxnard) of a stf gag. He enclosed no check, however. Rocket landing on Mars; sign: YANK, GO HOME! The Gan-Feb issue of ARMY FUN now on sale has a Jack O'Brien gag of mine: Man pulling dish-eveled girl back into room, landlady says sternly, "I've told you before, Miss Foster--no screaming late at night!" Following the Wilson Tucker bit of naming characters after friends, this one was named after Pat Foster, a Hollywood Studio Club/chum of Abney's who once said, "I'm the type they take to a play first."

"She says the roses on her wallpaper are wilting."

A LETTER FROM ANDY AND JEAN YOUNG THAT STARTS OFF WITH AN UNDERSTATEMENT

WILLIAM ROTSLER IS GOD!!

Yes, that's what we've decided. We've known for a long time that Dean. A. Grennell was our Patron Saint, but we've had a hard time finding a suitable God. At first// we tried Willis, but he wrote back, "I am an ~~th~~ atheist and do not believe in my-// self." And attempt to enlist the services of Tucker proved a failure. ((That's// understandable. He would much prefer to be an immortal than a god.)) But now all// is clear. William Rotsler is G(h)od! ((I dint hear anyone cry, "Hear, hear" or// "Speech!"...or even "Author, Author!"))

Whatever prompted you to send us all those MASQUES and the latest KM is hard to//// imagine. You never heard of us. ((Wrong. You recd a high score from DAG and I// liked your account of Boston streets, etc. So there.)) We've been afraid to send// you any of our humble fanzine-like things. You give us a strong feeling of guilt// ((Get up off your knees, my shoes are shined. LANEY, SEE I DON'T ALWAYS SAY NICE// THINGS ABOUT MYSELF. # The Youngs sent a very long letter, commenting on back//// issues of MASQUE and I'll quote just portions. WR))

...con't

A LETTER FROM THE YOUNGS, CONTINUED

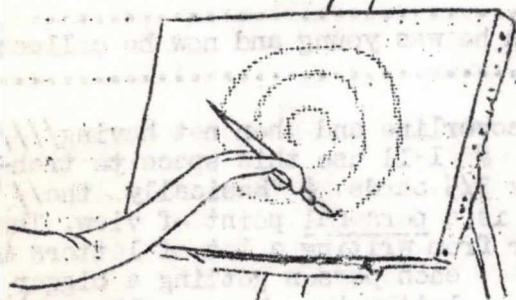
MASQUE 7: (General comment - no comments will be made on specific bits of artwork in this or the other ones, but you may be sure we like it. There was a time when we didn't, but it sort of grows on you ((like fungus?)), and by now we like your artwork very much indeed.) ...The wish I had written that series makes interesting reading. But I think I'd rather read of GCF - he really is incident prone, isn't he? We're just the reverse. The most enlivening thing that ever happens to us is making big typos all over letters and stencils. ((Stf story idea there? What if you were the complete opposite of incident prone? Nothing could happen to you?))

I'm even less qualified to discuss art than Harry Warner, so here goes: first, I agree that most fan "artists" have little or no training but can properly use what talent they have to use via some "simple, distinctive style of their own". Unfortunately, most fan "artists" seem to think they really are artists, and you get the sickening stuff like DEA and others turn out. Ugh.

...It seems to me that doing "realistic"...art is the only objective way of testing a person's ability to put the stuff ((lines, color, etc)) where it belongs ((to make a suitable work of art)). ...Either you can draw a recognizable face or tree or whatever, or you can't...so doing "realistic" art is the most direct test that can be applied easily by the artist himself, it is useful in training. That, it seems to me, is the basis of that value that is to be placed on doing "realistic" or "photograph" art. ((Er...no. This rule has some validity in certain rather narrow ways. It just doesn't work that way. Only in that the "traditional" methods of technical ^{skill} are a good yardstick against which to judge your ~~technical~~ technical ability. It may work as a yardstick of evaluation for the layman, but I think it is a false one. It might be compared to learning to spell words right, but has little bearing on whether you can write literature or even coherently or not. WR))

Now don't suppose that I'm arguing in favor of "realistic" art. This was merely a side comment on the subject, showing why the "realistic" painting must show the effect of the artist himself; (since it cannot ever look the same as the scene it was taken from)--and if the picture is to give the observer the illusion of reality

it must, in general, rely on psychological devices to form that illusion. The particular devices the artist employs, the way he employs them, are what constitute (at least in part) that something of "himself" that Harry Warner mentions.



You must understand that I inevitably look at art with the eye of a mathematician and a physicist ((after The Bomb those will be dirty words huh?)); so let me insert some physical comment here. No matter how you try to paint a picture

"photographically", it will not look like the real thing. A picture cannot give an exact simulation of reality, unless the reality is very like a picture itself ((So-called "italics" are mine. WR)) ((Andy goes on with refracted light, focus, stereoscopic effect, inner surface of the eye and so forth but he's already said his big point in that part I underlined. Perhaps that is one great point in "abstract" paintings -- reality is the reality of the painting, or nearly so. WR))

We liked GCF...Tucker's rod and camera...Burbee's way of life...Manning sketchbook.

MASQUE 8: ...Fitzgerald ((No, "G", big G...))...How does he do it? Why doesn't he turn pro writer? I'd be willing to spend genuine non-counterfeit money for his fiction (and fact). We got a huge laugh out of "Discovery"...Do you know, you have a great talent for assembling pages of quotes? ((Burbee, please note.))

MASQUE 9: We were simultaneously terrified and convulsed at the rat story...We very nearly collapsed over GCF's hot pants. How could he have possibly put a lighted box of matches in his pocket without knowing it at once? ((Easy...for GCF.)) The concept of a scholarship to watch for earthquakes is truly cosmic. Or maybe earth-shaking.

Gerald FitzGerald has a deadly sense of fake indignation.

((Several of GCF's friends were watching Jackie Gleason on TV the other night and all had to agree that Gleason has many of the characteristics of GCF...the way "Alph Cranden" blows up, gets suspicious, expansive, etc. WR))

KTEIC MAGAZINE 29: It seems almost impossible to define "fan" to a non-fan, even without a word-limit. It is misleading if you mention science-fiction; but it is also misleading if you ~~mention~~ do not mention science-fiction...By gosh, we admire that rubberstamp of Dean A Grennell is a GOOD MAN. I'd like to put that on every page of a thousand page fanzine. ((I'll loan it to you.))

I think there is a strong resemblance between George Gobel and Deah Grennell. Of course, we've never heard Grennell's voice, but they sort of look the same, and seem to be sort of spiritually akin, if you know what I mean... ((DAG, send them a tape...and if they have a tape recorder fine, if not...))

((One of your critters, Jean, in GASCONADE, giving himself a shower with a water-pistol, I'm going to try as a gag. Usual terms.))

.....
"That's either gocal styling or the record is shot." (Carse, Robt)
.....

DISTRIBUTION

Grennell, Tucker, Burbee, Bloch, Jacobs, Warner, Ballard, Hoffman, Calkins, Lancy, the Yungs, Russ Manning (new address: Peppertree Hill, 9901 Wornem Ave, Sunland, Calif) and one last farewell copy to Redd Boggs. Copies to Willis in ~~grrrr~~ orange Ireland, the Wessons & Ency in Japan, the Coes in Los Angeles, Sgt Jo Carr in England or Crete or wherever she is, and a copy to Jim Culbertson in flat ole Houston. Copies also to Chuck Harris in Jolly Old, Mal Ashworth in same, to Larry Snaw (boy-citt INFINITY!...whatever that means.) Copies to Danner, Silverberg, Martinez, Nan Share, to Gerald Steward and some of those guys in parkas and sports cars in Canada and the far Northlands. Oooooooooo, just everyone that's anyone!

.....
He dreamed of rocketships & Martian princesses when he was young and now he collects
.....

Oh, the shame of it all! Swiping a Wilson/Miller coverline and then not having enough room! It finishes:"...garbage." Oh, well. # I'll use this space to transcribe some of those world-shaking thoughts from my 3x5 cards. # "Basically, the only thing a fanzine has to offer over a "pro" mag is a personal point of view. The only thing KTEIC has in its favor is saving Rotsler from writing a lot of letters &



each person getting a bigger letter than he normally would get." (Carse) # Ever think how you are identified by a third party to a second? John Caruthers (who recently became a father and named his son Sam) used to identify people by the car they owned. "Bill/

is the guy with the '47 grey DeSoto." I get this in Camarillo all the time. People identify me as the guy who did the Hilton fountain, as Charlie Rotsler's son, as Lavelle's Rotsler's brother, as the boy who drives too fast, and, in the distant past, as Gerald FitzGerald's friend. To others I'm "that heavy-set young man" or "the boy with the crew cut." ("burr-cuts" are uncommon in Camarillo) Gerald FitzGerald once said people referred to him as "that nice young man that drinks." To the Ford people I'm "the joker that insisted on a standard transmission." To the readers of the Camarillo News (Judith Yagodka is our friend & its editor) I'm that nationally famous sculptor. What are your facets?

A LETTER FROM ROYAL PUBLICATIONS' LARRY T. SHAW!

LeeH smuck me into the KM #26 distribution between herself and Redd, and this//// makes me very happy. Up to now you have been just wonderful drawings to me; now you are real, which is a Good Thing. ((I sometimes wonder where I get the nerve// to print these things people say about me. I manage, though.)) I am also generally flattered to find myself in such distinguished company, even though it is a/// a rifle tough to catch up with what's going on... ..May I be included on the permanent list? ((Now I'm the one to be flattered. I unflatter long enough to say,// why, yes, glad to have you aboard.))

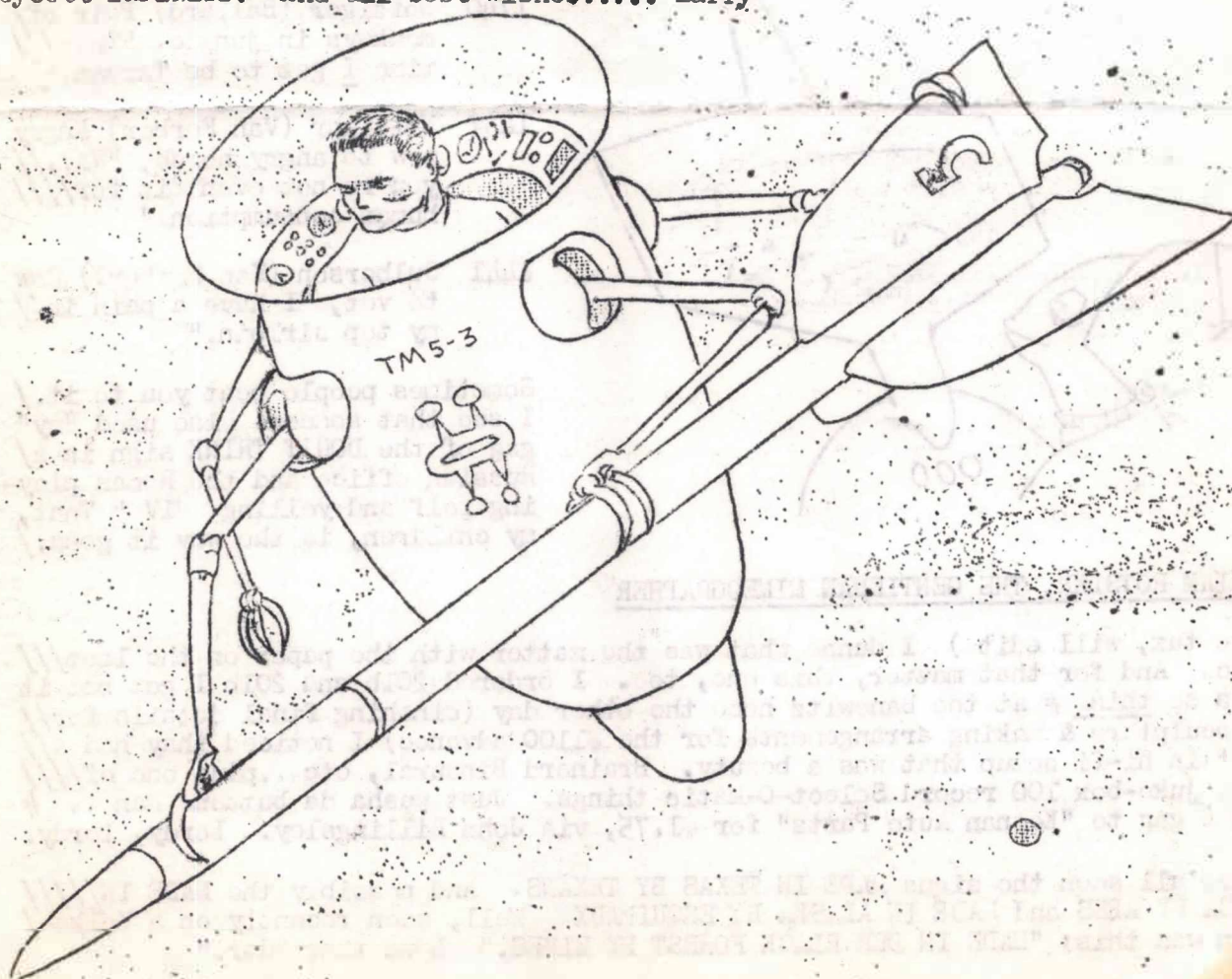
I was particularly fascinated by the odd names on page 3. Will hope to have contributions to this; it's a kind of half-hobby of mine, except that I never keep a// permanent record and have a lousy memory. ((Next MASQUE will have a big compilation of those names collected and recorded in earlier KTEICs. Glad to be a respository. WR))

Drivers in movies go for blocks and blocks without stopping for red lights, too,// except when the plot specifically needs a red light. Even in New York, yet! In// real life ten blocks is about par, except at 4 AM on a one-way avenue. If you find a parking space within ten blocks of your destination, that's about par, too.

Unfortunately, I don't know anything about guns. ((You better learn, what with// INFINITY! and Atomigeddon. How are you going to survive After The Bomb? WR))

How does one get MASQUE when it comes out? ((Fapa, of course, or being lucky.))

Boycott INFINITY! And all best wishes..... Larry



GAG NEWS FOR ONE AND ALL

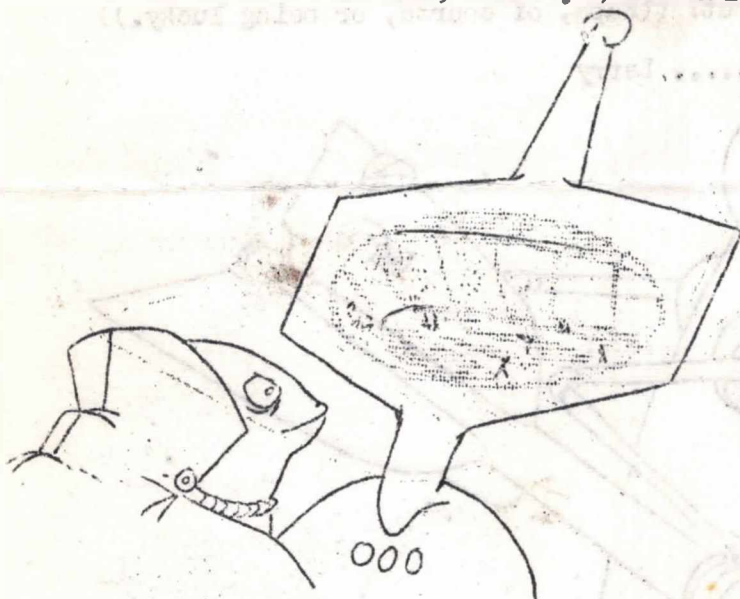
- 2160 Culberson (Grennell) Man raises up another man's beard and sees NOSY! sign.
- 2078 Culberson (Willis) Penurious artist type at Public Relief office or employment agency. Clerk asks, "What do you mean, 'self-unemployed'?"
- 2039 Jack O'Brien (Grennell) Gathering in park to listen to soapbox speakers. One man is talking to the people from atop a box that bears the legend, "The sentiments expressed by this speaker do not necessarily represent those of the Jacobs & Cox Soap Company."
- +2040 Culberson (Grennell) Executioner is apologetically explaining to condemned man, "The guillotine is out of order." The executioner is holding a pair of very long-bladed scissors, such as tailors use.
- 2036 Ed Nofziger (Grennell) Zoo-keeper leading elephant around by the trunk. using him to water the flowers. (Nofziger is the "animal" cartoonist that appears so often in SatEvePost, etc.)
- 2037 Nofziger (Grennell) (I changed this slightly, Dean) Snake charmer has put basket in front of hi-fi set and snake is snaking up to the music.
- 2028 Culberson (Grennell) Doctor is examining the foot of a very thin, anemic, run down little man; doc says, "If this didn't sound so ridiculous, I'd say you had athlete's foot."

1740 Nofziger (Ballard) Pair of monkeys in jungle, "This time I get to be Tarzan."

1437 Nofziger (Van Ferber) Angry cow to angry horse, "Why, you're not even fit for human consumption!"

1441 Culberson (Van Ferber?) Cow to vet, "I have a pain in my top sirloin."

Sometimes people beat you to it. I see that someone else used "ry" gag of the DON'T THINK sign in a Russian office and the Roman playing golf and yelling, "IV." That, my children, is the way it goes.



WILLIAM ROTSLER, THE GENTLEMAN MIMEOGRAPHER

(Have tux, will edit.) I dunno what was the matter with the paper on the last Kteic. And for that matter, this one, too. I ordered 201b and 201b I got but it seems so thin. # At the Banowitz home the other day (cinching final details for the sculpture & making arrangements for the \$1100 advance) I noticed they had a built in hi-fi setup that was a beauty. Brainard Binaural, etc...plus one of those juke-box 100 record Select-O-Matic things. Just pusha da button. Man... # Sold a gag to "Keenan Auto Parts" for \$1.75, via John Billingsley. Lordy, lordy.

You've all seen the signs MADE IN TEXAS BY TEXANS. And possibly the MADE IN AFRICA BY APES and MADE IN ALASKA BY ESQUIMAUX. Well, seen recently on a Volks-wagen was this: "MADE IN DER BLACK FOREST BY ELVES." Love that "der."

Tune in tomorrow for the further adventures of William Rotsler, Gentleman Mimeographer. (Now that Lee Jacobs has a new mimeo we can write of "Lee Jacobs and his Electric Mimeograph.")



A BAS NUMBER 7

Dull cover, very interesting editorial, liked the unrelated poem bottom of page 3. Derogation interesting but easily forgotten (I can see why people would imitate this format & where you got it only a few have done better). The sports car reprint dull. Tucker's OLD BILL telegraphed the punch (by my unerring logic, Tucker, not your impeccabobble writing), Krs, oops I mean Kirs: poem was minor except I liked the line, "the oft by-rude-descended staircase..." and I am now a great Kirs fan. He is, as Bloch, says a sort of Gerald FitzGerald. I will send him this and a MASQUE or two. I did not like (and agree with Willis) the "art-form" sav-ros. Reviews uninteresting. Letter fine - oh, that Pete Vorzimmer! A short note on the credibility of Kirs' letters, then you will have heard the last of the Word. Handed Down people that FitzGerald made up his stuff, too, but I know it was all true - arranged & telescoped, tho.

HYPHEN, THE DISINTERGRATING FANZINE

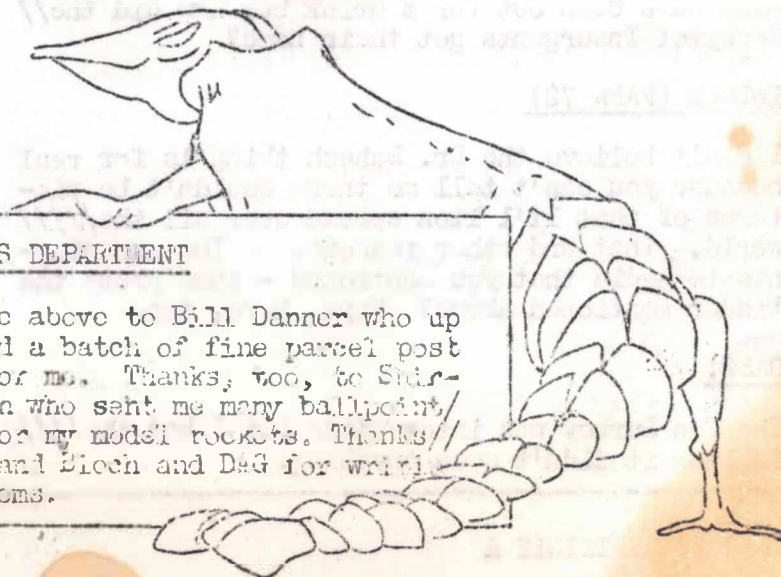
Hyphen 15 came the other day and immediately started its usual shedding of leaves. How nice, I thought. Willis in that sandy Irish way, has put an autumn leave motif, in "..." this time...either that or he wants me to use his fanzine for crud sheets. Sorry, Walt, they are substantial, and my mimeo rejected them. A very discerning machine, that. # Very nice the way Burbee keeps getting reprinted, especially in far-off, exotic Belfast. # Got a big kick out of the Atom cartoon with one of "my" bombs and I liked Temple's story about moving and Knight's. Con report was interesting as was his Macarone, the evaluation of the critics on his book. The Berry item on the ransom was well above the Berry par, which may or may not be saying anything. The Glass Bushel was its usual glittering self. I like it. You would do well to encourage this neofan. Oh, pooppy the whole blasted ish/ was good...as usual.

WILLIS AND I ARE PRO GAG-WRITERS NOW DEPT

(John) Gallagher sold a cartoon to The Wall Street Journal, based on a coverline, or something, from "..." and Walt's 1/4 of the take is 63¢. (1/2 of half of what I get.)

OCPSLA 19

A good issue. I think DEA (except for the technical excellence of the cover) and most of Harness if not all, plus all that I have seen of Capella stunk. Capella strikes me as the worstest ever since it is obvious he tries to be "arrry." Maybe he's trying to make an Act out of str illustrations. Eshm isn't bad, especially if he restrains himself and doesn't try to make the lines "flow." It doesn't have to be limp to be good. (Now there's a line for Towner to chew on!) I have never liked Terry Carr's face critters. If the text were very good it would be nice but the text is rarely if ever good. Now that I've made friends in the Indurgent Manner I'll pass on to Willis' HARP. Good! and you already have my quarter unless some Knas surplus P.O. man has copped a feel on the envelope. WALT WILLIS ATTEND! I am pretty sure I was living in LA in 1951 or 1952 when you/



MANY THANKS DEPARTMENT

Many of the above to Bill Danner who up and printed a batch of fine parcel post stickers for me. Thanks, too, to Shirley Hoffman who sent me many ballpoint pen tips for my model rockets. Thanks to Tucker and Bloch and DAG for writing special items.

were here on your "historic" visit...but at that time I was deep in the throws, or throes of that old black mafia and honestly didn't even know you were in town. On the other hand I hardly knew of Irish fandom, only managed to stay in FAPA by the skin of my...ah...teeth, and therefore it might have been possible (tho it doesn't seem likely from this end of time) I wouldn't have been aware of your global import. I am sorry, though. I did meet one representative of Anglo-fandom about two years ago at a party for him at Ackerman's. He had a beard and was most distressingly smug about his conversational omnipotence, not admitting to any other view of the subject at hand which happens to be religion. I do not remember his name, though I think it was Campbell. An unpleasant fellow, given to being unwashed, or so was my impression. It matters little. # You have a good fanzine, Gregg...I should like to receive further issues.



LE MOINDRE (FAPA 72) REVIEW

This is one of a batch from our northern neighbors that arrived some time ago during the walnut harvesting season. I read them squatting in a fetal position on a catwalk 3 stories up, keeping one eye on a trouble spot and two eyes on the zines. # Yes, it is interesting to see what changes are made in foreign films to make them suitable for the simon-pure, lanoilized grey matter of True Americans. Some day I am going to do a series of drawings depicting the way the human body must look to various countries, using only the films of that country as reference. # Anyone interesting in Canada besides fans?

IE FIRE #1

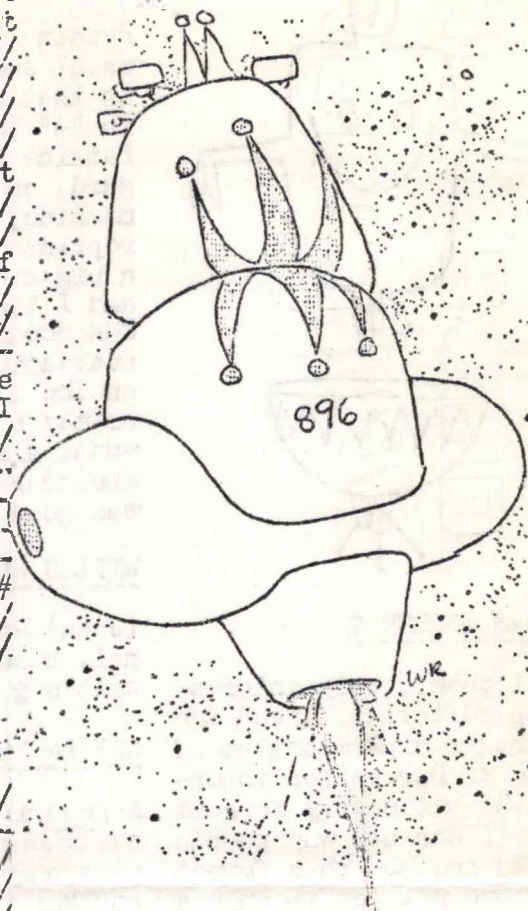
The experiments (for?against?) the #Repetition// Gets Results" was damned interesting. More? # I must have been out for a drink but how did the Derelict Insurgents get their name?

IBIDEM (FAPA 72)

I can't believe the Dr. Dahesh thing is for real because you can't tell me there wouldn't be pictures of that li'l lion spread over all the world. That and other reasons. # The experiments in media that you mentioned - same group the Kidder mentioned above? More, here, too.

GASP!

The Fan Survey was interesting but I had the feeling it didn't mean anything.



NOTES AND COMMENTS

Cavalli came thru with \$50 for the two POST gags. # We are flying to Houston 22 Dec to visit Abney's family. This is to wish you a Merry Christmas & all that stuff!



If only Dean Grennell would up and put out another gunbug's fanzine! I'd even put in a free ad for his other (frigging commercial he is) venture, old, ever lovin'

GRUE

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE!

Dean Grennell is a Good Man

Dean Grennell is a Good Man

A LETTER FROM DEAN DEAN GRENELL

...Your blend of $\frac{1}{2}$ Irish, $\frac{1}{4}$ English and $\frac{1}{4}$ German comes fairly close to duplicating my own mongrel pedigree. I also contain traces of French, Welsh and Dutch with/// perhaps a very remote touch of Danish (huh the Melancholy Dean) ((well, you'd be a ham if we'd let you...)). The name is French--Yankeized from Du Grenelle--and someone told me there is a street in Paris to this very day called Rue de Grenelle. ((If they named it after an axes cops ancestor of yours no wonder they Rue-d it.)) I suppose there may be a Rotslenstrasse in Berlin? Or is Rotsler from the German? ((Indirectly. I, the last of my line -- male -- bear an anglosized name...from/// Rotsler backwards to Rotzler to Rautskoller.))

You know, I've often wondered why there are no fans from Eire or the Irish Free/// State. I suppose maybe they all sublimate their fan-rages in the Irish Republican Army or something but when you think of James Joyce and Oliver St John Gogarty and all the other fine, quasi-familial minds that made Dublin their home one time or/// another, you'd think they might turn up these now and then. Must ask Willis about this sometime. ((Wait? Barry? # Any Irish prozines?))

...Thank you most profusely for the KIEIC MAGAZINE AWARD for October. I am glad you liked my October, but it was nothing really. I don't want you to think I am motivated by this as I have had it done for some time now but this is to notify you that you are hereby awarded the Mafia Press Award for the Whole Damn Year of 1955 on account of meretricious (oops--I mean meritorious) ((On sure...I heard you the first time.)) service above and beyond the call, etc., in the form of KIEIC MAGAZINE, which we, the bored directors of Mafia Press have adjudged to be the outstanding fanish landmark of 1955, bar none. Therefore, you will receive a handsome ceramic plaque, suitable for use as a paperweight or mortising into your kitchen linoleum or scaling at jackrabbits. I don't care, I'm sure. ((...well...gee...gulp...unaccustomed as I am to public speaking...speaking...er...gee. I await its arrival with something akin to humble glee. My thanks, sirrah. My thanks, too, to all those people who made this possible me. No, really, if Km has been interesting to those who have received it, I am glad. I has been fun, I've received many, many fine letters--some of which lend themselves to excerpting and others don't--and gotten to know a few guys better and to know a number of new or relatively new fans. I don't want to get maudlin but this is as good a place as any to stick this in, what with Xmas approaching as if on a time run.))

Nope. Me not burnt out. Not yet ay-how. Just finding my pace and settling to it. (Ha. Four sentences on one line!) It's just that I refuse to slave at fanning. If I feel like doing something I do it, but I don't force myself to answer letters and out stenils. I fan for fun and if it ain't fun I don't fan. ...Gone forever, I'm afraid, are the days when I'd pump 200 pages. Into a year's TAPA mailings, but I've settled down for a long pull now. ((What's this!? A sensible fan? You might label DAG a "sensfan." # Bill O Brian has the habit of returning gags he is holding & a bit ago one of yours came back. Fear not. Sorry to cut you short.WR))

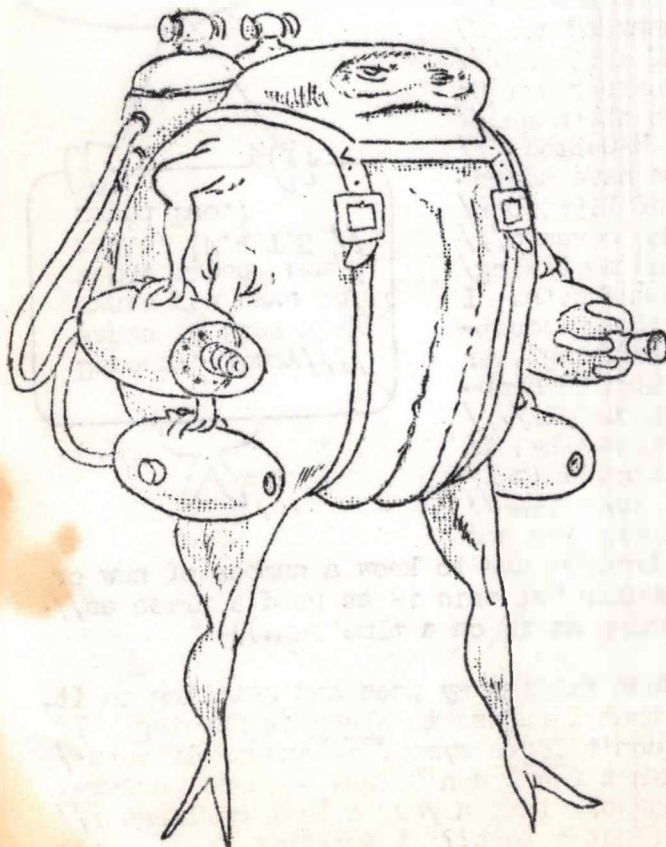


A LETTER FROM CHUCK HARRIS, THE MAN THAT PUT SEX IN ESSEX

...because I'd been wanting to congratulate you on living in California. Ix tell// you boy, that six-foot high board fence you built around your basking wife would// be completely useless if you were part of English or Irish fandom. Out of the Ob-// lique Angles, Bob Shaw is the only male ((I could read thru your xxxx's where you// wrote "coxman" you dog)) who couldn't peer over the thing without standing on his// toes. He is six-foot-nothing and is rumoured ((oh, that exotic spelling!)) to be a dwarf. The rest of us are very, very high-minded indeed -- even our dandruff goes// into an orbit.

KTEIC #29...No, Ol Reb Hoffman doesn't have a tape with//// Harris and Willis on it. I've never made a recording yet, and the only time I ever had the opportunity my contribut-// ion consisted of "...Er,....er,....". A Ghoominton tape// is a very fine idea and prob'ly Walt will make one as soon as he gets around to building his recorder, -- with a com-// mentary to explain away the esoterics like "Fice, fice,... bloody hell....oh George!"

No, I'm fairly certain none of the Irish Fandom will take// umbrage at your dislike of the "professional" Irish. They dislike them very much themselves, and the Barry Fitzgerald-// ald type is no more typical of the real Ireland than Gene// Autry is typical of Arizona. I was quite disappointed my-// self when I went over and found I was the only person in Belfast who went around//// wishing the top o' the morning to all and sundry. About the only idiomatic phrase// they do use is "Did you not..." instead of the usual contraction, "Didn't you...". It's unfair to say "I can't think of anyone of worth Ireland had produced that//// stayed in Ireland" as an indication that such people don't exist. With the papal-// inspired censorship, these people have to get outside the place...before they can// give full rein to their talents. Joyce, for instance, would probably have been//// lynched in Dublin, but the fact that he did his writing in Paris doesn't make him// any the less Irish. ((Nor Ireland any the less a non-breeding spot for creativity. That is exactly my point. That Ireland needs to expell its most gifted citizen artists to continue in its usual rut is what I meant. WR))



Isn't there a Jersey City?

I don't think your ancestry would make// much difference to whether Anglo fandom would like or dislike you. Why the//// bloody hell should it? Orwerre you// thinking of coming to help us perpetuate the happy breed? ((Well, gee, CH, I// just joshing'...make the joke...hanna and all that, old man.)) If you are a// amiable sort of slob and not addicted// to staring into the cosmos when its// your turn to buy the beer then you'd be accepted just like most of the other US fans who turn up from time, and nobody would give a faint damn if you happened to be McCarthy's uncle. If, on the// other hand you alternately brag about the US and decry our quaint native cus-// toms and bitch about our opaque toilet paper then the hell with you William// Rotsler and it won't do you the least// bit of good to flaunt your pedigree in my face and I'll be ghodammed if I li-// buy one of your lousy fountains for my fan room. So there.

Seriously, I think it strange that a mongrel race like the Americans should pay all this attention to their ancestors. (Yes, I know the English are mongrels too but that's irrelevant). There is some prejudice here against negroes and Jews, but on the whole people are just lumped together as "English" and few of them can trace their family tree farther back than their grandparents. I can't myself. I know I was born a Cockney, but heaven only knows where the family originated. I could find out but it just isn't worth the trouble -- no point in doing so. ((Gee, Chuck, you might find out you were related to Shakespeare or Audrey Hepburn or someone. I come from an "old" local family...and I can only trace back 4 generations -- and forward one -- before the trail peters out, if you'll excuse the expression. I get a laugh out of the "old" families around here...like you say, few of them can trace back beyond their grandparents and usually that takes them to Europe. But a lot of people put a lot of stock locally in the "old family" bit. You'd be surprised at the doors it opens. I hadn't thought much about it but Abney, coming fresh into this, pointed out how easy charge accounts were opened, bank loans made, etc. I also get a kick from the excuses people give for the hell raising of the scion of some old family as opposed to the juvenile delinquency of "some of this new crowd." But I should kick because I've taken plenty advantage of this, usually unknowingly, though. It's a silly business. WR))

You mean that can be called a kteic too? Isn't science wonderful. Best, Chuck.

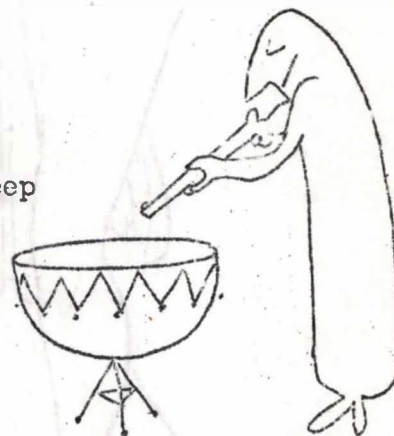
She got an "A" in Sex Education.

A LETTER FROM JEE JACOBS, SURRILIOUS EX-DOEFAPA

...I've been learning to downshift in a sports car while taking curves at 80 miles per hour. ((You say.)) While I still do not know exactly how to drive one, I most heartily recommend sports cars in general, and the AUSTIN HEALY 100 in particular. ((Toronto fans -- red alert!))

A CARD FROM DAMON KNIGHT

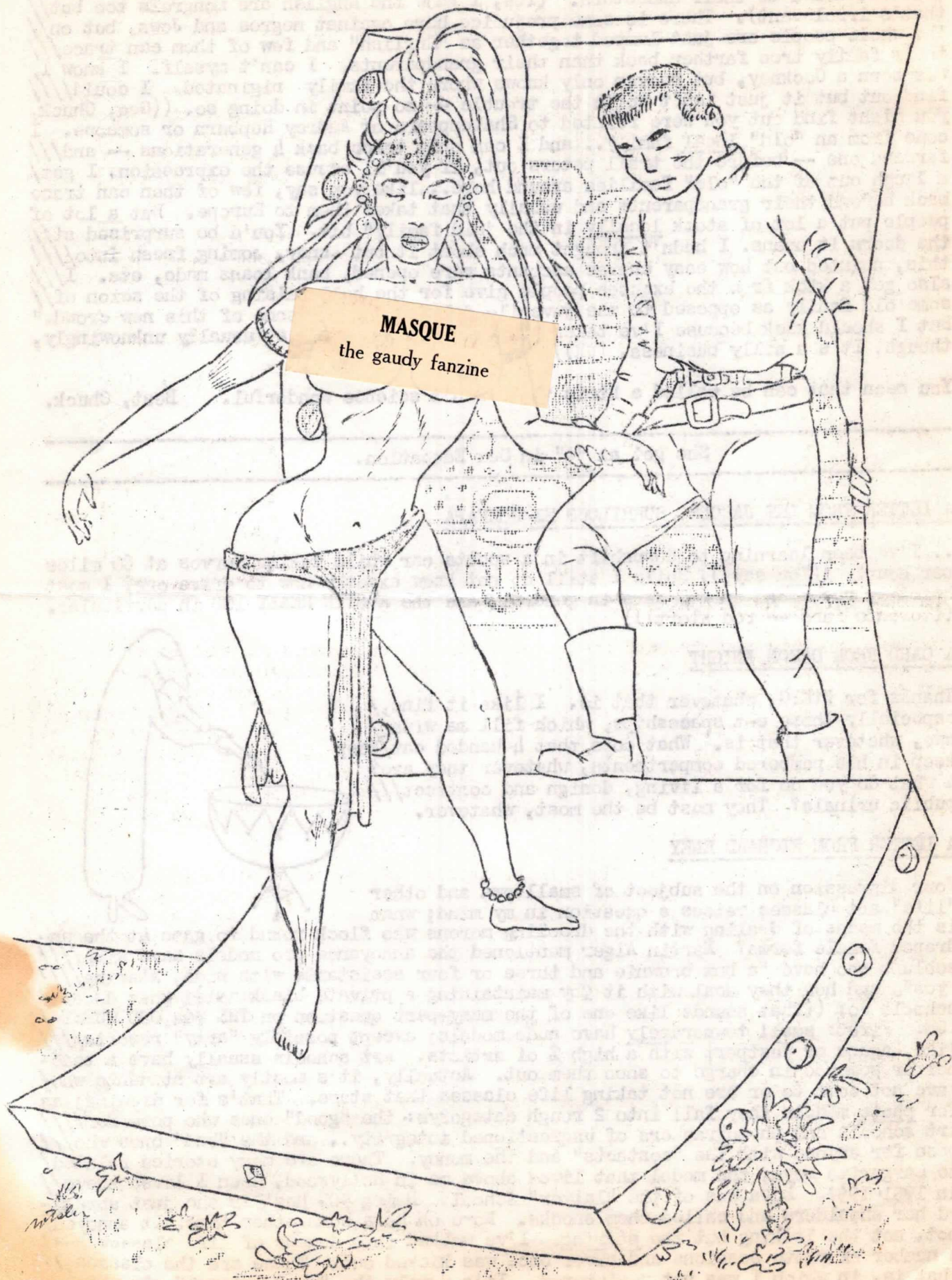
Thanks for KTEIC, whatever that is. I like it fine, especially those e-t spaceships, which fill me with awe, whatever that is. What does that 4-handed cat keep in his numbered compartments, whatever they are? & what do you do for a living, design and contract public urinals? They must be the most, whatever.



A LETTER FROM RICHARD ENEY

Your digression on the subject of smalltown and other "life" art classes raises a question in my mind; what is the means of dealing with the drooling morons who flock round to gaze at the undraped female forms? Martin Aiger mentioned the annoyance pro models have with schlubs who have "a box brownie and three or four assistants with wide, staring eyes", and how they deal with it by maintaining a private blacklist; what do art schools do? ((That sounds like one of the many-part question on THE \$64,000 QUESTION. First: small towns rarely have nude models, except possibly "arty" resorts like Laguna or Westport with a high % of artists. Art schools usually have a teacher or someone in charge to shoo them out. Actually, it's mostly art students who have not come to or are not taking life classes that stare. That's for drawing; as for photo models they fall into 2 rough categorys: the "good" ones who pose for art schools and photographers of unquestioned integrity...and the "bad" ones who pose for anyone with the "contacts" and the money. There are many stories related to Margarite Moya, the model that lived above me in Hollywood, when I lived there in 1951-1953. Moya was of the "latter" school. Being 90% hustler she just shrugged her shoulders and called them snooks. More on Moya some other time. It annoyed, not, not the looking but the staring. I've walked into dozens of life classes and a number of photo sessions and never once was kicked out. These are the classes, that is, in which I was not registered. It's mostly the "professional" air which I

Eney's letter continues to right...



quickly and easily learned. Actually, few people ever believe you can complete ignore a naked woman, but you can, and easily. She becomes a thing to draw, is all. I have never, however, produced a decent drawing from life without having first gotten some sort of reaction from the model -- sexual or friendly. That is, whether she appealed to me as a woman or as simply someone nice. I joyously drew meh and rarely got a good drawing. If anyone is interested I can go on about models for some time. WR))

What on earth is this about your ex-friend Gerald C FitzGerald? ((That's right, he is now my ex-friend...by his own choice. His wife decided a quarter-century-old friendship was wrong, or something, and that Gerald could do without his best friend and a lot of other friends. And the brain-washed dope took it. She looked for wedges to drive and if you're looking for them you'll find them and she did and ho-hum here we are.))

Or about that delightful invention, the zapgun by name "Bobban ray"? I suppose this, like Willis' pun-gun, is one of the family of weapons that causes death through intestinal rupture... ((Well, I must have missed something for I never heard of the pun-gun but the Bobban ray does not kill, only prostrates.))

((Dick offers Capt Will J. Koczon and Dorothea Reinkle for my Funny Name Race.))

A CARD FROM DEAN GRENNELL

Dear sir: A note to let you know that Bem Q-card #2/ just recently arrived from Larry Shaw--names: WR Dec 9, '54; Boggs...Don Chumbo...Dick Ellington...Hickman...Geis...Ed Dawson ((who he?))...Claude Hall...Ron Ellik...Tucker...Hoffman...Shaw...DAG: Thought you'd like to know how much one of the things got around... ((Sort of like, "I shot a quote-card into the air, it fell into an orbit I know not where..."))

DON'T BE A PIG! GIVE TO THE TANSFANFUND!



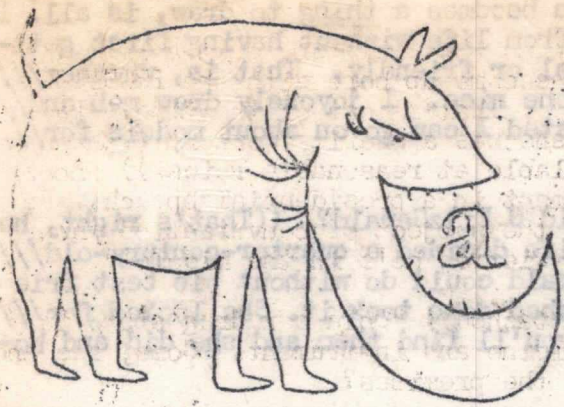
ANOTHER LETTER FROM RICHARD ENEY: "STUPEFYING STORIES"

By Ghod, another mimeographed Kteic. And very distinguished it does look, too. It strikes me (Uf!) that you must belong to a most distinguished in-group, the way you gallop ((that's gallop, son)) around calling on people and doing Arty but elegant things. I never can read KTEIC ((the in-group fanzine)) without feeling an urge to become, myself, part of an ingroup (in my different middle-brow way, of course) and do arty things like publish fanzines. And make money, that's a dreadfully sophisticated thing to do, too. ((Money and I, well...we're not on speaking terms. Mrs Banowitz put off her \$2200 commission until January and I have the dead feeling she's cancelling. But we're flying to Houston on Dec 20th and have the tickets so t'hell with it.))

Wrai Ballard appreciates the finer feelings even of the mundane: "...And then in Grand Forks they gave a farewell party for the Mexican laborers who come up for the summer--gave it in the City Auditorium. A couple bunches, knowing they wouldn't see each other till next year, rather sentimentally fought it out with guns and knives, killing one and wounding several others."

You mean, you didn't know what those people behind the Prexy are saying is, "D'you suppose my present or prospective constituents see me up here with the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES?" and "Sure. Do mine see me?" That's most of the time. Lady friend of mine who used to teach lip reading (she was a charity worker) ((There must be a good pun here someplace. Space available at reasonable rates.)) once burst out laughing at a particularly solemn moment in a presidential speech. Being no puritanical-type religionist, she'd grasped the subject of conversation when one of the backgrounders said to another "...Lucky Pierre, he's in the middle!"

Our very own Classified Ads Dept: ((clipping attached)) "Only sex drug store in Yokohama. Has various kinds of proprietary medicine and instrument. Come, see and try. AKAFUNE DRUG STORE." You mean, right on the premises?



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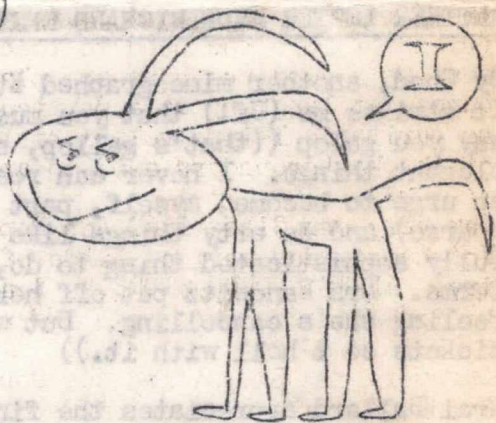
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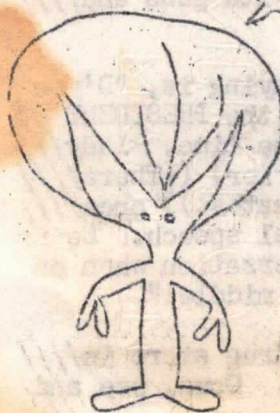


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