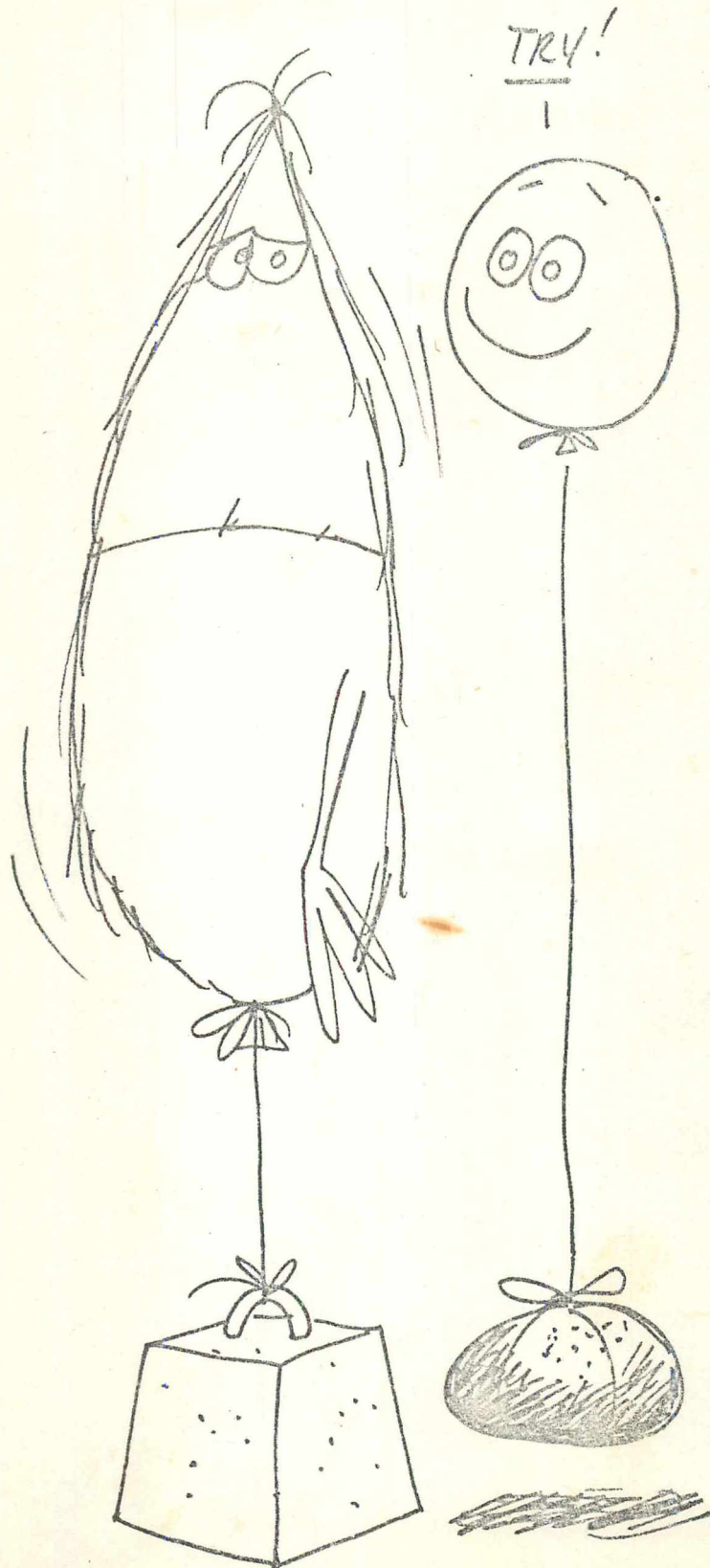


10/7/76

# Kteic Magazine





# ANNOUNCING KTEIC!

For those who deny themselves nothing.

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William Rotsler, POBox 3126, Los Angeles, CA 90028 ...Aaaaarrrrrh!

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ANY DAY THAT STARTS OUT FINDING \$10 IN THE GUTTER CAN'T BE ALL BAD

Sharman got a call, waking us up this morn, to say that she was wanted as an extra in a Tom Jones' movie (not TV) called "Yakka-wald" (phonetic), which she took just to get experience. Then she got a call from a stunt man (fellow student with Lee Strasberg) giving her the Red Alert on doing a stunt job for a McCloud segment. All it involves is doubling for someone & riding in a fast-driven car, but it means she can get into SAG, the Screen Actors Union.

Then I go to the PO and find a crumpled \$10 bill in the gutter, 97 review books, but no money. Meanwhile, Sinbad and his crew of "burly" sailors are having it out with Zenobia, the sorceress, in a hidden tropical valley at the "end of the world", the North Pole. I've been having fun on the rewrite...well, it is and isn't a rewrite, as I explained before, I think. They sent me the wrong script and I did a whole book on it. Now I have the right script, which is much improved, and my "fillers" (you have to take every opportunity to ~~pad~~ extend) are full of fun things, like how many wives should a man have (at once) and the nature of adventure & stuff like that. (8 Aug 76)

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"He who wonders discovers that this itself is wonder." (M.C.Escher)

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MAY MY HANDS PROCLAIM THAT MY EYES HAVE LOVED,

Hannes Bok hissed. # Saw The Return of the Man Called Horse the other night. I think at least one of the reviewers I read didn't see the movie. We found it most interesting, though I think if they come out with a double bill of both it might be too much. It has faults, but the photography was excellent, the Indians & period depicted quite realistically, the acting & especially the casting was very good. The plot was a touch "pulpy" but hero-stuff, definitely. # Went to Burbee's Sunday. Sharman stayed home as she was in the final throes of finishing two jackets--one deerskin, the other beef-hide & denim--and is doing a very professional, neat job. Looks like \$300 Beverly Hills tailoring. Anyway, I had a nice time. Had a nice talk with Dean Arthur Grennell, a bit with Burb & Dave Locke and even ol' Elmer Perdue. Superb beans, Socorro! Talked with Bruce Pelz, who can be most pleasant when he isn't in some official capacity. Did a one-shot & collated the FAPA mailing--and Gregg Calkins, honey, if you can write professionally as you did your GoH report you should do well! Everyone, I think, thought it was not



Now I is a three-name "author"! The film has gotten pretty bad reviews, though, so far.

## Futureworld

John Ryder Hall

345-25559—Movie Tie-In Novel Original

\$1.75—192 pp. Illustrated

Once again human-robots populate the adult playground "where your wildest dreams come true" in this exciting sequel to the box-office hit "Westworld." This time the setting is a space-age fantasy world frequented by some of the most powerful, international political leaders on vacation. When evil happenings jeopardize the entire world, two men are forced to investigate the new and highly suspicious operation. **Futureworld** starring Peter Fonda, Blythe Danner, Arthur Hill and Yul Brynner (the latter recreating his role from "Westworld") was filmed on location at NASA in Houston where it will have its world premiere. Advance news of the production promises complex special effects using several new types of filming techniques and computer graphics never seen before on the motion picture screen. The Ballantine September release will include 16 pages of stills from the film.

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"Japan's biggest trouble is all that Godzilla shit lying around..."  
...Sharperson Divono

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(con't) only the best thing in the mailing but one of the best, most enjoyable con reports ever read. I was delighted to see how you "opened up" and showed yourself to us, warts & all. Please do it again as it was quite charming & interesting & all those good things.

Yesterday I started to do some "sample" photo comic strips, using photos from my "collection." Did a few pages in the center of a time machine story (combining stills from "Journey to the End of Time", which I shot years ago, and "The Notorious Cleopatra", shot, I think, ten years ago.) Then I did a 10pp complete western (I get shot) and a 7 or 8 page contemporary swinger story. Mark Evanier says Alex Nino wants to draw some sample pages from RAVEN BLACKSWORD, so I'm going to do that now. (This is fun!)

Received a letter from Len Wein, who said it was the first "chatty" letter he had written in years and maybe we should have it bronzed. If there was any way of bronzing it so you could still read it, I would. (There's something about Len that brings out the tease in both Sharperson & myself.) (Selfperson?)

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"...as effective and as useful as a load of mule sperm." (Grennell)

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Sometimes a fanzine is only a fanzine...

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"Wisdom is to be crazy when circumstances warrant it." (Cocteau)

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The non-Lilapa copies of this sterling publication carried, as a back cover last issue, a request to tell me if you wished to continue getting this blessed thing. Xerox & postage is getting heavy! Don Pfeil responded with a call, Stephanie Bernstein said, "God bless you, William Rotsler--keep those cards & letters coming." If by the time I get another issue ready I haven't heard from the rest (excepting Kurlands, Louise, Terry & Dan) they will be CUT OFF, do you hear me? **CUT OFF!**

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"I became insane...with intervals of horrible sanity." (E.A.Poe)

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ATTEND ALL YE PRESENT! This letter-substitute goes to Jim/Hilary Benford, Greg/Joan Benford (in far-off exotic England), Terry/Carol Carr, Sid Coleman (E=MC<sup>2</sup> on Tuesdays only), Norm/Gina Clarke (f), Steve/Grania Davis (Rx), Gordon Eklund, Dick/Pat Ellington (Hi, Marie!), Dick/Pat Lupoff (no relation), DAG, Boyd Raeburn in tropical Ontario, ~~Bob/Bob~~ Bob/Barbara Silverberg, Bob "Wilson" Tucker as well as Wilson "Bob" Tucker.

And: George Barr, Chass/Dena Brown, Mike Glickson, Terry Hughes and Dan Steffan (a lovely couple), Socorro/Chass Burbee, Ron/Uschi Dunn, Stephanie Eve Bernstein, Harlan/Lori Ellison (boy, it takes a lot of retraining to write "and Lori", after all these years!), George, Clayton, and Lola Johnson, Marta (Vice Prez) Randall, Steve/Rukmini Langley ("Hi, Rookmeanie!"), Don/Linda Pfeil (call, you dildo!), Neola Graef in faroff exotic Hawaii, Mike/Becky Kurland, Louise Rausa, Len and Glynis Wein, Marv/Michele Wolfman, Gregg/Charlotte Calkins.

My goodness: 51 people! (Providing Glynis, Michele, Linda, Lori, Rukmini, & Marie read it.) As the Immortal Burbee would say, "That's not too many."

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"He who wonders discovers that this in itself is wonder." (M.C.Escher)

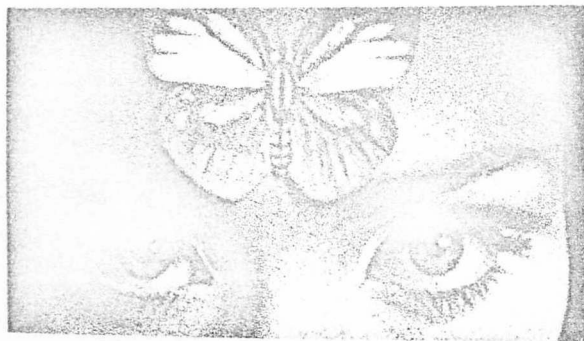
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Lo, like magic, Don Pfeil did call. He hasn't had a royalty statement from Ballantine in two years, had to buy a copy of APES#2 and only got 2 copies of THROUGH THE REALITY WARP free. What's going on back there? I got royalty statements this time, except for PATRON; and indeed, ANGEL sold 18,000+ in 6 weeks...but APES#1 sold 32,000+ in same period.

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"When I lost my possessions I found my creativity. I felt I was being born for the first time." (Yip Harburg, composer of "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?")

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I can't hear you,  
there's a banana in  
in ear...



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CAUTION: THIS FANZINE BRAKES FOR TYPOS!

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Correction: Dorothy Simon is now Jocelyn Paine. My mistake on earlier spelling. Does anyone care? # "When a fantasy turns you on, you're obligated to God and nature to start doing it--right away." (Stewart Brand) # Saw license plate TV STAR today.

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"Energy is eternal delight." (William Blake and the Entropy 5)

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Saw FUTUREWORLD the other night. My book is better. With it was a mindless delight, THE GUMBALL RALLY--pure fun and a fantasy, really--NYC to Long Beach, Calif. flat out, no 55mph. Then we saw ST.IVES, from Oliver Bleeck Procane Chronicle, which Grennell put me onto years ago. It was okay, though it was vastly improved by not having Charles Bronson's wife in it, as so often happens these days. The hotel he lived in, in the movie, we were parked next to when we saw it. But don't get me wrong, I love Hollywood.

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"Everything changes but change itself." A book said JFK said that.

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Paul Turner has been in the Sierras for a week or so and I've been feeding the cat, Dum-Dum. The other day I go there, hop out of the VW (Paul has my van) and slam the door. A doberman nearby wasn't paying attention, I guess, and turned with a snarl. Now doxies are generally vicious animals, I think, and more than a li'l crazy. But I just stared really hard at this snarling animal and it shut up, then sat down. I was reminded of a time during a party at Burbee's, years ago. He had (or someone had) a teen-age dog I think was a Doberman. He was of the age to do a lot of running around and being noisy, etc. Twice it had run through the living room, stepping on feet & licking faces.

I was sitting there, with my elbows on my knees, with my face at good lickin' level, when I saw the dog come in from the kitchen all full of mischief. I thought, "If that son-of-a-bitchen pooch licks my face again I'm going to belt it!"

The dog stopped dead, looking right at me, eight feet away. Then it started backing up, growling and whining. I carefully did nothing to change my expression. People started looking around, tracked the dog's gaze to me and were mystified. The dog backed out of sight & I never saw it again.

Do I telepath on some CB dog frequency?

After the above incident (the 1st one) I got caught in a traffic jam in Hollywood Blvd with no way out. They were filming a movie. The car in front of me had the license A HULK...and it was greenish. (A bit later I saw WR on a license.)

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"She's been up all night her whole life."

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(Sharman DiVono)

would ask him what he did & how did he handle that. He said he'd speak in generalities ("just back from Nam," "out-of-work," etc) but if they pressed, he'd get uptight & paranoid. ("Who the hell are you?") Said the drug society in which he moved was VERY paranoid and this would work, as they found it normal for others to be paranoid. Other cop (his partner) walked up, and we four had a most interesting conversation for about a half hour. Things like crooks' car running out of gas during chases...one captured suspect denying over & over he was the ski-mask bandit and then say, "Besides no one could identify me, I wore a ski-mask during the robberies!"...how cops think about blowing people away, about going over a wall or fence in foot pursuit & thinking the guy might be waiting on the other side...about smart crooks...about finks...about guns & how cops tend to hang out with each other because the general public just doesn't understand what they go thru, etc. Most interesting. I ended up, later, during a dull panel on religious detectives, doing a wad of my first "cop" cartoons.

Went to dinner with Niven & the Pournelles & had a very nice time. Saw Jim & Doreen Webbert a bit. Saw a panel of one, a forensic scientist how spoke of ways to detect stuff & how they did & didn't do it, then had a slide show of microphotographs of knife blades, skulls blasted by shotguns, etc that was (despite what you are thinking) very interesting indeed.

There was a lot of open house partying, though the con was rather small. I wanted to turn out the lights and when they went on Roy Squires would be lying on the floor, without a mark on him, Jerry would be holding a bloody knife, the door was locked, and during the darkness, a gunshot. Oh, well...

Sunday, the last day, was less interesting, but still pleasant enough. These little cons are fun and we are going to the li'l con next week that the LASFS is throwing at the same hotel, which is very suitable.

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I finished the next KTEIC already, a report on the 1973 & 1976 worldcon trips, but I forgot a few things. Like photographing a stripper in Orlando, taking her out into the swamps. And on the trip Vincene & I took to Seattle I shot three girls, but they weren't very attractive. Well, one was, but the set, along with others, was stolen out of my van. And I forgot to mention seeing Christine McGowan, the current DUFF winner, in Albuquerque and later at KC. And Susan Wood, Christine, Carey Handfield, etc all want me to run for DUFF.

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IF YOU HAVE NEVER RECEIVED A KTEIC BEFORE, AND THERE IS A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IN THE ENVELOPE YOU RECEIVED, THEN PLEASE READ AND PASS ON TO THE PERSON ON THE ENVELOPE. (XEROXES COST MONEY AND I USE THIS METHOD TO CUT COSTS, THIS TIME ONLY KTEIC IS GOING TO 25 COPIES, PLUS THOSE IN A "SECRET" APA, BECAUSE I WANTED TO MAKE THIS ONE A SPECIAL. OOPS--BY "THIS TIME" I MEAN THIS KTEIC & THE ONE WITH THE WORLD CON REPORT.)

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William Rotsler, P.O.Box 3126, Los Angeles, CA 90028

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6 Oct 1976

...and after the clone/android/robots are made & programmed, they are checked and tested...

"Beta-Nine, how did you achieve the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Russian Army?"

"My superior was Colonel Gregor Bohassian. I convinced him to switch mistresses. The new woman was under my control and I managed to obtain irrefutable documentation of his deviation from Party policy."

"Beta-Five, what are your ship-building interests?"

"At Yokohama, the Takaguchi Ship-Building Works. At Tokyo, the Kawaguchi Marine Company. At Tamamatsu, the Fukuyama Chandlers, the Takaguchi Marine Supply Corporation, and the Nampo Ship Company."

"Beta-Two, review your Alpha-Niner-Two-Two program."

"Hi, there. I'm Chuck Browning, the devil-may-care reporter you all know and love. My stuff is I.M.C.'s best, no two words alike, written so you can read and understand every word. Last year, news fans will remember, I busted the organ-transplant story, covered the George Barr fake-portrait case, the Roger Lane Wood murder case, and the Carol Randall kidnapping story. But my biggest story was probably the Westworld mess, which—"

"Terminate."

"Beta-Three, how did you become a television news reporter? Reply on Alpha-Eight-One-Two program level."

"Why, of course. Glad to oblige any fan. I was just a newsreader, nothing big, you understand, on a little two-by-four cable TV channel in the Bay Area, but I stumbled into the bizarre sex-circle story in Oakland. Really juicy stuff, involving some of the biggest names in—"

"Terminate, Beta-Three. Preview your Phi-Six-Six-One-Alpha program."

"Phi-Six-Six-One-Alpha, check. Zetetic ratio: Seven. Cutaneous factor: Ten on the C-Alpha scale, three on the C-Beta scale. Mesochroic coloration unsuitable."

Beta-Beta-Nine-Four-Tau. Metagraphy factor: Negative one, as specified. Dicrotic linear-Beta, Seven-Four—"

"Terminate, Beta-Three."

Schneider picked up a microphone and switched into the interrogation of the "Tracy" in the cone.

"Tracy Ballard."

"Yes?"

"This is Dr. Mort Schneider. How are you today?"

"Just fine, Doctor. Will this take much longer? I really should be reporting in to I.M.C. with the first draft proposal for the show, you know."

"All in good time, my dear, all in good time." He put down the microphone and spoke briefly to the technician. "Proceed, but double-check the mendacious factor programming."

"Yes, sir. Beta-Three, review your Kappa-One program."

"Me? Lie? Why, sir, I'll remind you that my entire career is based upon my complete honesty and . . ."

Schneider left the room. As much as he ever did, he was smiling.

\*\*\*\*\*

"You do not need to leave your room. Remain sitting at your table and listen. Do not even listen, simply wait. Do not even wait, be quite still and solitary. The world will freely offer itself to you to be unmasked, it has no choice, it will roll in ecstasy at your feet."

(Franz Kafka)

\*\*\*\*\*

who?

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STOP ME  
BEFORE  
I DRAW  
AGAIN

W  
R



BOUCHERCON REPORT: Sharman and I spent Friday evening, Sat & Sun at the 7th Bouchercon. It was small and nice, with some overlap of "sf" people. Pelz & the Moffatts & Craig Miller were putting it on; Larry Niven, the Pournelles, fringe fans were there. Bob Bloch was there and look terrible... absolutely wasted.

The best thing happened first thing Sat. morning, with a police procedural panel moderated by John "Virgil Tibbs/Heat of the Night" Ball. On it were three cops, one the LAPD's 1975 Cop of the Year. Very interesting stuff about snitches, police procedures, working undercover, etc. Far too short, so we went up to the formerly undercover cop (who looked 22, was 32) and started talking about how he maintained a cover. I said if I knew him socially that sooner or later I



The September, 1976 COSMOPOLITAN ran an excerpt from Mort Walker's BACKSTAGE AT THE STRIPS, and I include a clip from that.

Further, I maintain there *is* art in cartooning. Comic strips are full of symbols, a sort of visual shorthand that the reader has learned to interpret as reality. A considerable technique lies in knowing what the symbols are and how to use them—not to mention how to erase them without buckling the paper. Herewith, a glossary of mystical cartoon signs:

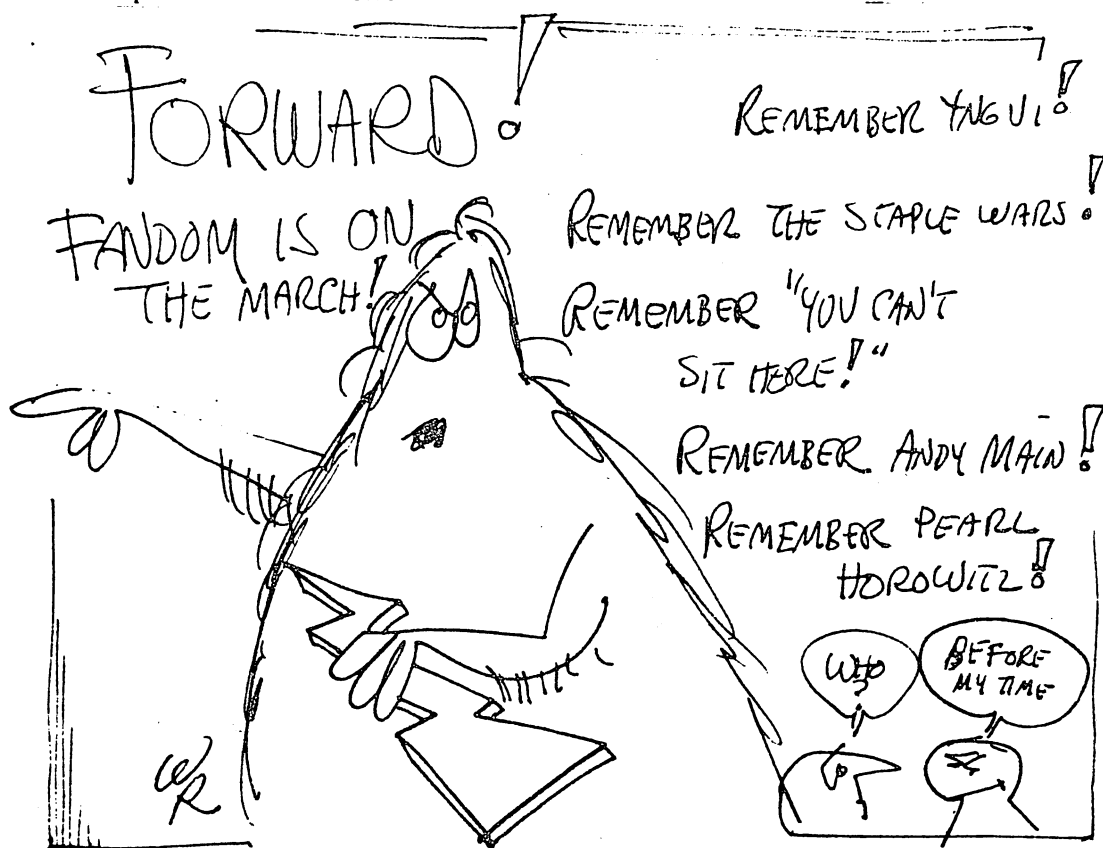
- **Waftarom**—a wiggly line drawn horizontally to show the aroma of food wafting into the next room.
- **Indotherm**—the same symbol used vertically to indicate that the food is hot.
- **Solrad**—lines showing heat radiating from the sun.
- **Lapsebeams**—straight lines showing the sun rising, accompanied by a caption, such as "Next Day."
- **Emanata**—lines wiggling from a character's head or mouth, indicating humming, cursing, or love.
- **Vites**—vertical straight lines, always used in groups of twos and threes, indicating a shiny floor.
- **Dites**—vertical lines ruled off diagonally, indentifying a mirror or window pane.
- **Hites**—horizontal lines producing the illusion of speed (the more hites, the more speed).
- **Briffits**—horizontal lines often accompanying hites, especially on marble floors.
- **Sphercasia**—a symbol of action—very hard to draw.
- **Agitron**—a lesser *sphercasia*, used to indicate subtler movement, such as when a character must show a surprised reaction.
- **Swaloo**—a complete *sphercasia*, used to introduce a scene showing someone taking a hell of a swing at something, such as a golf ball.
- **That-a-trons**—also a lesser *sphercasia*, indicating where someone has gone.
- **Plewds**—little drops of sweat that shoot off characters to indicate exertion, embarrassment, or fear.
- **Balloons**—those bubbles of space in which the words

appear, are a category unto themselves, and each artist has his own preferred shape and size. Even so, the standard balloon code is strictly adhered to when certain emotions must be conveyed. The jagged *AT&T* balloon is used to show a voice being relayed electronically. An icicled *Byrd* balloon conveys a cold-shouldered snub, and the scalloped *boom* balloon pictorializes yelling, the volume of which is determined by the size of the scallops. The cloudlike *cumulus* balloon allows you to see the thoughts inside the character's

head. Needless to say, there are endless variations—nervous balloons, weeping balloons, tired balloons, and idea balloons.

Certain symbols are so sacred to the art of comics that they haven't changed since the first box was ruled around a doodle. A bucket of paint must *always* have heavy drippings around the rim. A highlight, whether on a dog's nose or a shoe, has to reflect a window. A pillow should invariably show a little ticking. A bump on the head results in a large lump, with *emanata* and sometimes stars. A person trying to get an idea invariably scratches his head, although the light bulb has become optional in recent years. A rug always has a wrinkle in it to show that it is a rug. A frightened person must have vertical hair. A bandage is always crisscrossed. A person sleeping needs a lot of *ZZZZZZ*s above his head.

"Laser books are popcorn for the mind."



There once was a writer named Bob  
who gave up the writing job  
He said he'd prefer  
to garden and purr  
Than to write for the maddening mob.

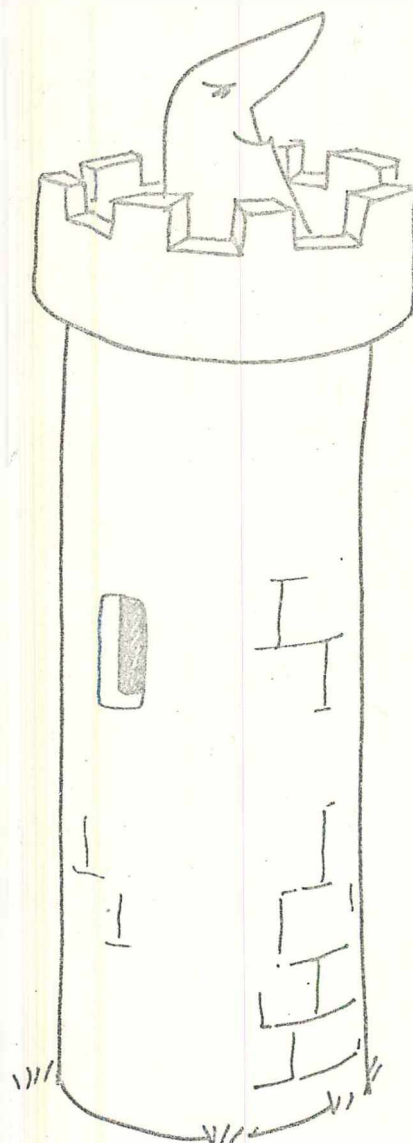
There once was a girl named Carol  
who called for a ten-foot pole  
"Get away from me!  
I like my ennui--  
A famous column is not my goal!"

"I retired and went to work,"  
said Buz of his new quirk.  
"I stopped griping  
and started typing  
And Rissa is my masterwork!"

There once was a physicist named Jim  
whose mind suddenly went dim.  
Said he to the wife  
"In all my young life  
I've sought the cure to antonym."

Jim has a brother named Greg,  
the other half of the egg.  
You can tell them apart  
for one rides BART  
And the other can give a goose-egg.

He took the job as Deity  
the result of unwise spontaneity  
He smashed a star  
Turned Earth to char  
And emitted a horrendous gaseity.



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Cowboy: Field director of bovine affairs.  
Groom: Equine engineer

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(SD & WR)

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DOWN UNDER? Received a letter from Susan Wood, her second on the subject and she insists I go down. I rarely refuse such a request, and this time I said yes, too. Imagine my surprise when she said she wanted me to run for DUFF. Said she took a poll of this'n'that Aussie and they kept coming up Bill Rotsler as the Fan They'd Most Like To Get Down. Humm. So, okay, now I'm running for DUFF, or will be, as soon as someone nominates me. You haf been varned!  
(7 Oct 76)

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"The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong--  
but that's the way to bet."  
(Damon Runyon)

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