

1977-12 ?

# KTEC MAGAZINE

William Rotsler, P.O.Box 3126, Los Angeles, California 90028 Hoog!

NEVER PUT ANYTHING BIGGER THAN YOUR ELBOW IN YOUR EAR

The last two issues of this letter-substitute went to a lot more people than normal. (And a lot weren't normal!) I just got carried away. In addition to the Lilapa 15 ("Free the Lilapa 15!") I made up 25 copies, most of which were passed on to a second party. Do you think I'm getting "fannish"? I certain do "go on" in these pages...and this paragraph. Oh, well, fandom is just a goddamn ego-trip.

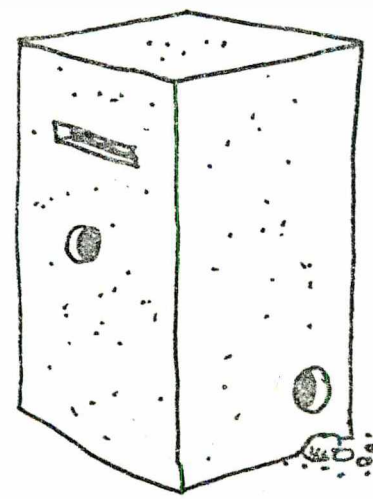
Harlan Ellison Harlan Ellison Harlan Ellison Harlan Ellison Harlan

I did a dummmmb thing last issue...I left out two pages. They were lost in the great pile of sheets for those two issues (and a special edition yet to come--something really different for Kteic!), so they are included right after this. I was showing pages from FUTUREWORLD and where I had Tuckerized, etc.

Then I received an autographed copy of L'AMBASSADEURS DES OMBRES, the latest French color comic (hc) by J.C.Mezieres et P. Christin. Mezieres is a friend og Philippe Hupp, who was here in LA just before the MidAmeriCon. He not only sent me a copy but added a huge full-page drawing! That, too, is introduced somewhere herein. (Thank you, Philippe! And thank you, J.C.! Merci!) I love Valerian. If you others are not familiar, you should check him out. The drawing is the BEST and the stories cinematic as hell, in that I can "read" them without knowing French. Truly some of the best stuff around! Wish to hell some American or English publisher would reprint in English.

"In a society of criminals...the innocent man goes to jail." (P.Dick)

I AM UNCHANGING  
AND SET W MY  
WAYS



but up-to-date

-----  
"The whole universe is your home if you can get big enough to live in it. It's there. You can come out and live there. You just have to get big enough." (David Crosby, one of our philosophers of note)  
-----

FUTUREWORLD didn't come out with the cover they announced and advertised...and not as good a one, as a matter of fact. I thought I might put a few pages of the book in here. This first one deals with a scene where they are scanning the bodies of Chuck (Peter Fonda) and Tracy (Blythe Danner) preparatory to making clones...well, they are sorta androids...or something...

with leads arching away from his stripped body like spaghetti. A rising hum continued. Then, without a sound, the reporter's image became a solarized abstract of colors.

A technician came into the frame and put a hypodermic to Chuck's arm.

"Beta-Three activated..."

"Mitosis level rising..."

"Grennell toxin at Delta-plus..."

"Surface temperature reading is--"

"Sigma-Eight to Zero Minus Two..."

"Ischidrosis at norm..."

"Activate cymograph on my mark..."

"Holotony injection..."

Schneider's eyes glittered as he watched the intricate process proceed with a swiftness and sureness denied the human counterparts of the personnel in the operating room.

Tracy's body switched to the vivid solarization on the next screen.

"Blood study, phase two--activate!"

"Thermal constant determined on Beta-Niner..."

"Epsilon-One-Forty, stand by..."

"Radionuclide insert... Prepare to activate..."

"Beta-Four activated..."

"Thermanoid transducer, Five-Six, stand by..."

"Thanatograph Omega-One--activate!"

"Red control, we have a voltage drop in Tetralemma Option Calculator Four. Please advise..."

"Vector Seven, increase Helmholtz function Point Two..."

"Theta-One, prepare to activate on my mark..."

"Program Xi-One, terminate..."

"Lambda-Five-Niner-Zero, withdraw ethnological tube..."

Schneider watched the changing images on the four screens with an almost passionate intensity. Everything he saw, he knew, was being taped, analyzed,

and the conclusions reached activated further programs and guided the robotic hands.

"Rhema Program Six activated..."

"Red control, we have retrostalsis on Beta-Niner. Please advise..."

"Revalorize on Beta-Niner..."

"Omicron-One-One-Two at DAG Level Two-Four..."

"Beta-Niner at Sub-Level Two..."

"Iota Four Virgule Six, your epispastric range is rising..."

"Epizeuxis, Rho-Ten-Ten..."

"Alpha-Two-Six, your ultracrepidarian panels are misaligned by four microns..."

"Monitor Four, nuncupate, please..."

"Hermitery of two centimeters, lower quadrant, Beta-Niner..."

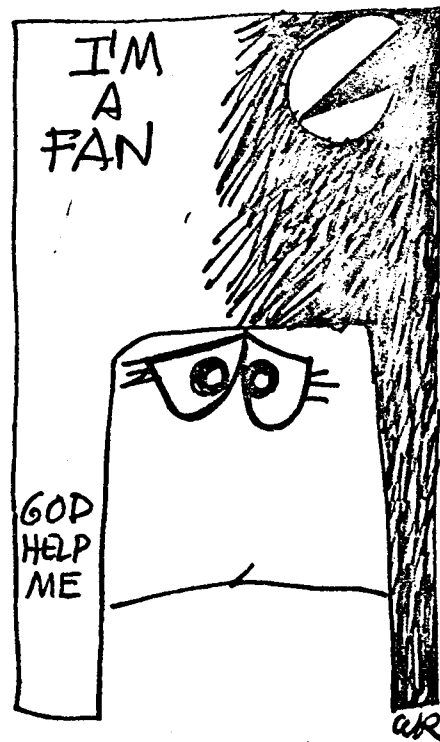
"Teramorphous analogy within expected range..."

"Hepatic malfunction, Beta-Niner. Please advise..."

"Subject Beta-Seven requires agmatologist..."

"Upsilon-Five-Four, transfer aesthesiogenic readings to Sigma-Niner-Zero-Four..."

There were red reflections in Schneider's eyes as he stared at the screens, and a smile of triumph on his lips.



-----  
"Learn the true topography: the monstrous and wonderful archetypes are not inside you, not inside your own consciousness; you are inside them, trapped, and howling to get out."  
(R.A.Lafferty, "The Devil is Dead")  
-----

Gerald C. Who?

...and later on they are "building" the clone...

"I have resonance frequencies on the protein molecules."

"Electromagnetic shaping positive," a nearby technician reported aloud. "Sesquipedalian level rising."

"Beta-Two, phase Eight, at Omicron-positive."

"Twelve-fourteen, Gamma-Five-Two, at grennell-fifty mark."

"Proceed Zeta-One."

Schneider surveyed his domain of crimson-lit equipment, then his attention returned to the single large monitor before him; it was manned by a seven-hundred technician. A ghost-like figure was forming in the monitor—a computer-generated simulation of what was happening elsewhere in a closed cylinder. It seemed to coalesce out of a blinking starfield of scattered particles.

"Subject Beta-Two energy matrix readout is particulating now ... Mark!"

"Beta-Two matrix at D.A.G. level, F.E.R. tab four."

"Check."

The ghost-figure on the screen writhed and twisted, growing and becoming more definite. Alpha numerals blinked across the bottom of the screen. The glowing field around the humanoid figure that was forming was not unlike the sac that encloses a fetus.

"Nexus mark at one."

"Transmit."

The ghost-figure grew ...

And grew ...

A grid sporadically checked the growth superimposed upon the screen. Blinking numbers and flickering Greek letters trailed across, too.

"Subject Beta-Two approaching steffan E-Two ..."

"Graef Five-Five-Five-Kayl ..."

"Rausa at Two-Two-Five ..."

"Acknowledged ..."

"Organic temperature rising ..."

"Switch Kurland Process to general Calkins-field One-Five-Four ..."

"Acknowledged ..."

The ghost-shape was no longer ghostly. It was crude, but becoming more detailed with each passing second.

"Cloning at terminal minus ten ..."

"Acknowledged ..."

"... Nine ... eight ... seven ..."

Mort Schneider's eyes glittered redly; reflecting off the crimson-tinted consoles.

"... Clone complete ..."

"Terminate Beta-Two process ..."

"Acknowledged ..."

Schneider's frown vanished. The clone looked just like Chuck Browning.

I did a little Tuckerizing. In describing Westworld's ruins I used LIFE's books on the West and read signs in the photos.

...scenes, rooming houses, jets of tallow and hides, a music hall, a gunsmith, a variety store, and a barber who also buried people. Mrs. Johnson made apple butter and George Clayton made boots. Tobacco, spices, coffee, copper kettles, and Mason canning jars were available at Howell's. Rieves' sold Stetsons, water basins, kerosene lamps, plug tobacco, and flatirons.

Peering through one window, Chuck -- pot-bellied stove, ... chairs ...

...except that Howell's and Rieves were Camarillo stores in m'yoot.

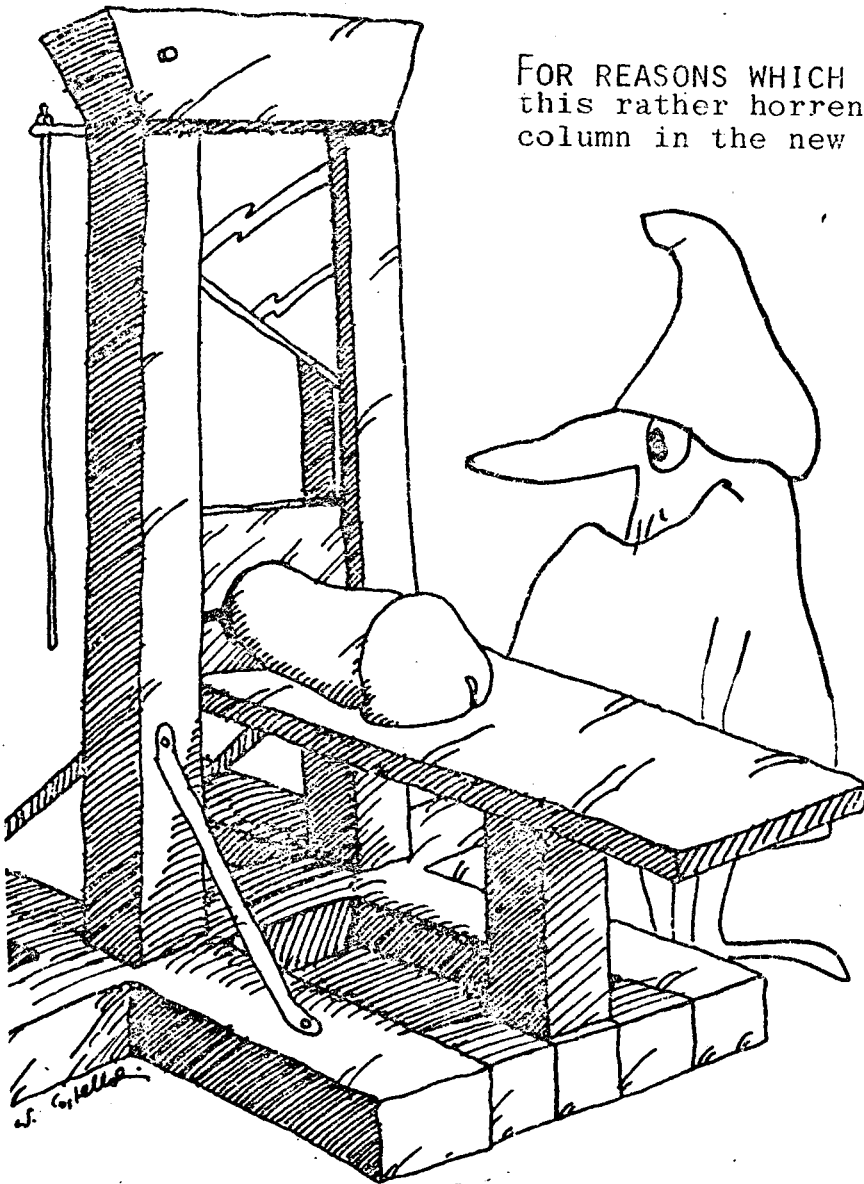
Coming next issue! The history of going to TWO Worldcons!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

At the Bubonicon there was a brief discussion, during lunch, of what the etiquette might be when they finally get around to having videophones. I remembered a cartoon about that--a scruffy office but with a fancy set piece just behind the sec'y, and in front of the pickup lens. I mentioned that and that there might be social masks kept handy, for answering the phone when you are not ready, not made up, etc. Or you might have photos, computer images, video designs to cue in if you didn't want anyone to see in to your house.

It would be nice to see who is calling before you answer. But I bet people would create (in fact, a whole industry might rise up) false impressions--a palatial estate, plush furnishings, excellent view, etc. A rear projection screen behind the answerer, for example.

But Bob Vardeman came up with the best idea: Direct Dial Flashing.

FOR REASONS WHICH TOTALLY ESCAPE ME they put this rather horrendous illustration on my "Stuff" column in the new SWINGERS WORLD mag. Ughgy-poo!



# STUFF

by WILLIAM ROTSLER

added figure →  
the figure

**W**HEN SHOULD YOU GIVE UP SEX?

This was the question asked a number of people attending a testimonial dinner for Groucho Marx. "Seven years after death," replied Paul Williams. Red Foxx said it should be given up "on a bet." Red Buttons said he never started and Jane Fonda thought the question was a waste of time. Actress Sharman DiVono said, "When you can no longer contribute emotionally."

Groucho himself said, "At fourteen." Writer Shannon Carse said, "Only under the penalty of death—or castration." I suggested, "When the position *really* is fattening, immoral and undignified."

But Mae West, at another time, gave the best definition: "Give up sex when it gives you up."

The other night Sharman & I were lying in bed watching TV. It was a night when they had MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, SONG OF KONG, and a Japanese film about Kong & a metal robot Kong. In the latter the two Kongs climb a Eiffel-Toweresque structure in Tokyo & fight it out. The robot Kong drops the Fay Wray substitute & the other catches her. I thought it would be funny, holding her and climbing & forgetting & using both hands. But the real Kong puts her on a girder & climbs on. There is a fight & the streets are deluged with parts of the Eiffel-Tower-san--which Sharman calls "hero garbage." She also wondered why the heroine was not blown away by a Kong fart. Same evening we saw WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE. One of the advantages of Big City living.

-----  
"She's a sucker for nasal-lingus."

(WR)

RELAXACON REPORT Over the weekend of Oct 15-16-17 there was a little "relaxacon" type con, hosted by LASFS. It was held at the same nice little hotel as the Bouchercon two weeks before. We went down on Friday night, had a nice time talking and came back Sat. This was a weird day. Started out with me getting ERB check & the final check from Pocket Books on the SINBAD book--both very overdue. Then Larry Niven said no one had ever done a porn cartoon about him... apparently he desired a new image. Taking pen in mind I quickly did

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Whatever happened to Daçk Rambo?  
-----

one, plus one about him saying he dreams in hard core SF--when he dreams at all. Apparently, his writing takes the place of dreaming. ~~Mitch/Evan~~ Evan Hayworth & Wendi showed up briefly, decided they didn't want to stay & left. About ten pm Sharman & I decided to go home & watch Saturday Night Live.

We pulled onto the freeway, got up to speed, and suddenly there was a man walking on the white line (like a drunk test) between the first & second lanes! Sharman just missed him. He had to be hit, within seconds or minutes. It was annoying to think of some yo-yo committing suicide...and causing people to swerve automatically and--in the heavy San Diego Freeway traffic--kill each other.

Then we get home and Sharman receives a call on the service that she had a party in a movie! Four days work, starting the next morning. (This is that morning and I'm writing while she is getting ready.) The name of this horror-comedy...a marvelous first credit to down in history with...is "Caged Dead Women." Honest.

(Monday) For me it was a pleasant small-con day...sat in on a very nice conversational chairs-in-a-circle panel on comics "chaired" by Don Glut, then lead an cartoonist's war panel with Linda Miller and Cathy Someone & a few cartoons flung up from the audience. This has become a popular panel attraction. As far as I could tell the entire con was there except for a few die-hard addicts off somewhere shooting D&D (Dungeons & Dragons). The "format" as I devised at the Westercon works pretty well...ideas, subjects, insults thrown up by the audience and the cartoonists draw like crazy & the results projected onto the wall or screen by one of those overhead projectors. This panel, despite fewer numbers & deprived of such talents as F.K.Freas, was better than the Westercon panel. More cartoons--3/4 of a ream!--and better in quality.

We did the plants & groupies of writers, insults to Contessa, (Milt Stevens wife, a strange cartoonist), various writers & fans sleeping. They projected my "semen of famous writers" cartoons from the day before. All in all a good panel, quite long, no one left and I think a suitable subject for other cons to think about. There is a lot of "dead air" during those things--which probably should be chaired by a witty non-cartoonist. I tried to do both and...

Meanwhile, Sharman was being a murderer & a murderess, in horror makeup of a rotting corpse... Remember, this is a comedy. # On the crew was a friend, Dutch, which made it pleasant for her. She gets 4 days work out of it and the weirdest first credit. "Caged Dead Women"?

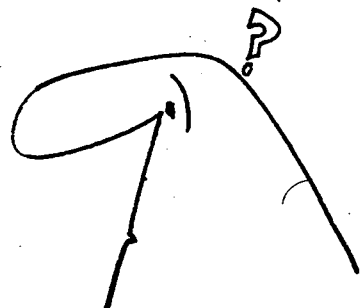
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"To feel life is meaningless unless 'I' can be permanent, is like having fallen desperately in love with an inch." (Alan Watts)  
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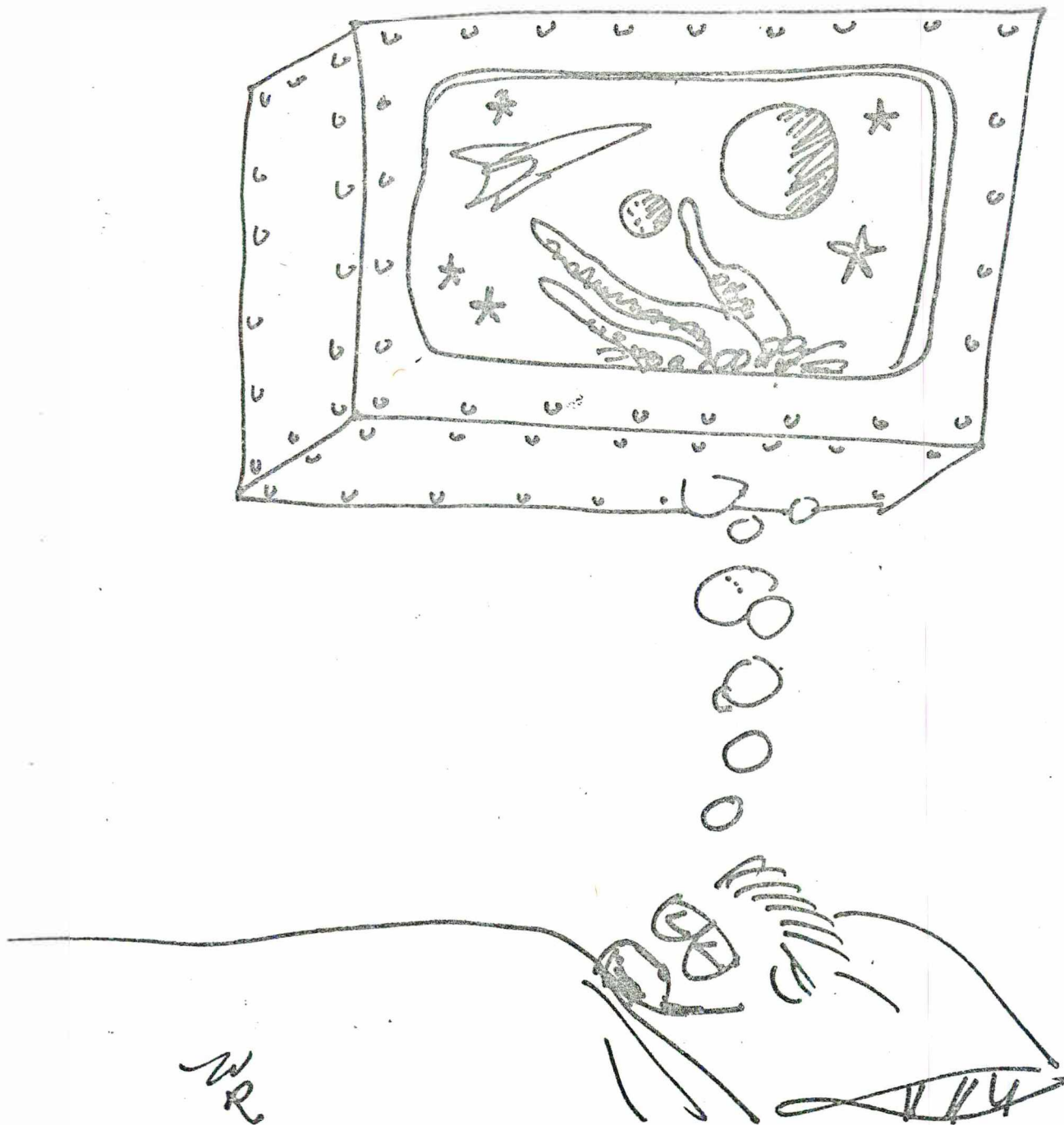
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Larry <sup>N</sup>iven dreaming, which he says is in "hard-core science-fiction."  
It does make me wonder if he has nocturnal countdowns or if a wet dream  
would short anything out.

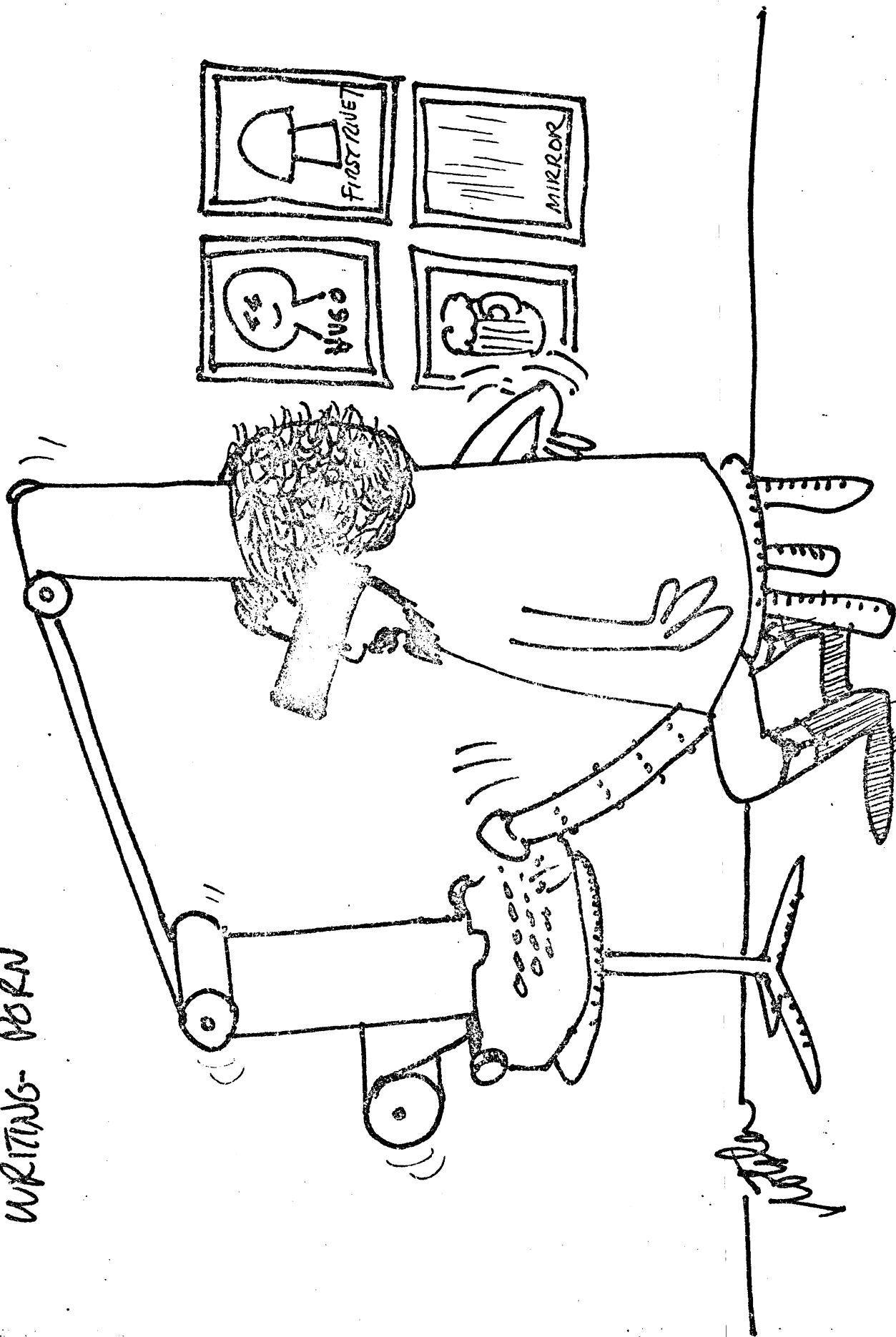
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"Marry above thy match, and thou wilt get a master."

---

(Anon)

A HARD-SCIENCE WRITER (NAME WITHED)  
WRITING-BOUN







No sooner than I wondered I saw Dack Rambo in a TV GUIDE listing....

**MEN'S STUFF** As you know I write a lot for the men's magazines. A couple of million words have been printed, as a matter of fact, in the last 5-6 years. I write so much that I forget what I have written. Local mags are fairly easy to figure out, even if I don't use one of my regular "stable" of 15-20 names. Back East mags are harder, as they change names & titles a lot, and often substitute "hotter" words for those I used. In the latest SWINGERS WORLD I saw an article, one of the swinger interviews, by a "Desmond Orkin", and figured it wasn't mine. However, I get a purchase order on it, so I start reading. Nothing. Absolute blank. The usual way I tell when I haven't written something is by the use of a word or phrase I would be very unlikely to use or some bit of info not in my memory banks. But it was not until I hit the section shown below that I knew I had done the deed...

... nice in  
... our exterior camou-  
... age worked too well!

**Felicia:** We had one party, a small party, only four couples and we started telling stories to sort of get acquainted, and after about an hour everyone was so high and laughing so much that going into the bedroom just seemed unneeded.

**Jason:** That was the Tapdancer joke night. We started giving book and movie titles using tap dancer in the titles, like, "Mary Tyler Tapdancer" and "Little Tapdancer on the Prairie." Then "Tapdancer and Wife," "The Sun Also Tapdances," "Tapdancer Five-O," and that sort of nonsense. You had to be there.

**Felicia:** "Hounds of the Tapdancers," "The Count of Tapdancer," "The Tapdancer Meets Frankenstein," "Across the Tapdancer and into the Trees," "Last Tapdancer in Paris"—

**Jason:** Stop! Jesus.

**SW:** Do you consider  
to you



Travel books we recommend:  
*Boating in the Alimentary Canal*, by Fenwick Farflung.  
*Seeing Transylvania on Four Quarts of Blood*, by D. R. Acula.  
*Quaint Cleveland*  
*Dangerous Rabbits of the Outback*, Australia Tourist Bureau  
*Seeing Rural No Man's Land*, by Bud and Alice Davis.  
*By Turtle-back through the Andes*, by Fenwick and Fern Throttle.  
*Seeing New York by Candlelight*, by Central Muggers' Agency.  
*Pigmyland*, by Dr. G. R. Smith (with pornographic illustrations)  
*Subway Bargains in Iceland*

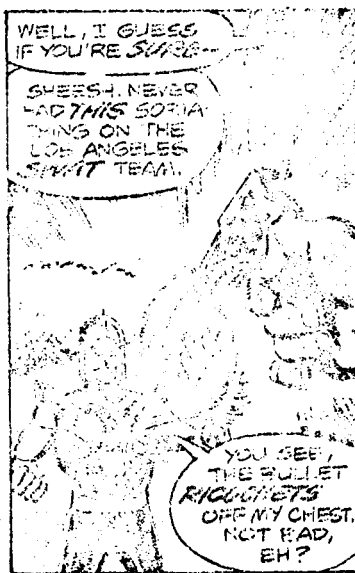
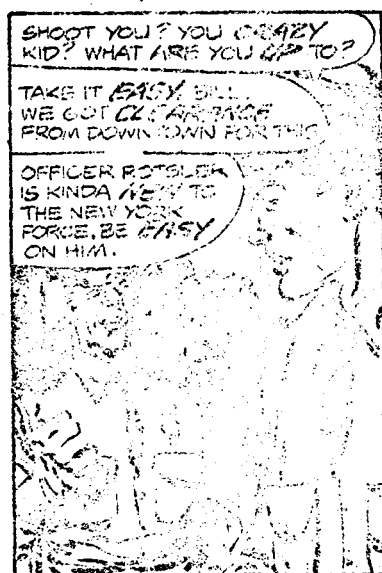
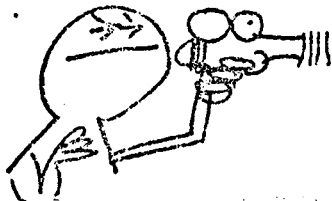


## FAME COME TO WR AND SHARPERSON

At long last---fame! First it was Marv Wolfman's turn to make famous the Rotsler name in "The Man Called NOVA" (#5, Jan '77) with this bit.

Of course, I don't think any cop anywhere would shoot under these circumstances, but what-the-heck...

Then on the next page, Marv strikes again with an even bigger Tuckerization...



He had such a young wife that he made her write I will not commit adultery one hundred times. (WR)

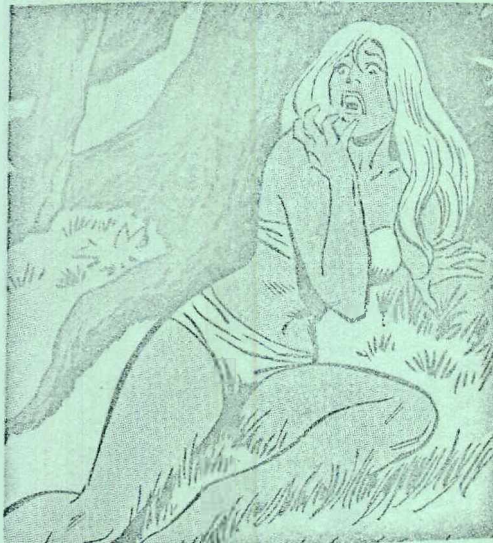
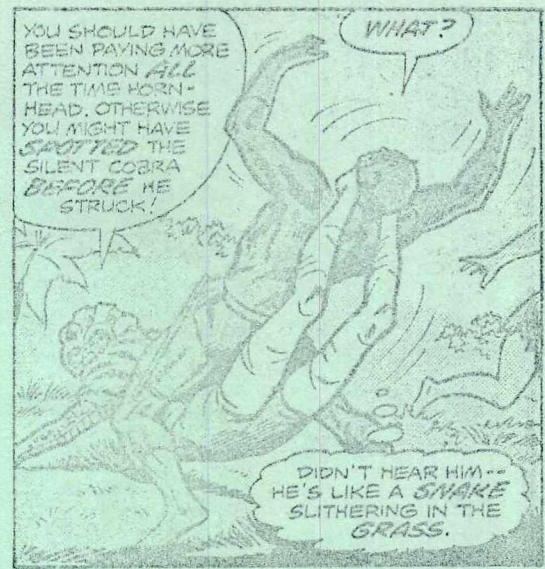
28 Oct This past Saturday I had a photo session involving three naked ladies and several members of the LASFS, and others. My photo agent sent me \$400, said to go shoot a lot of miscellaneous situations (love, anger, swinger parties, rape, etc) for the Eastern men's mags. Now I haven't had a photo session in over two years, one a year before that, and god knows when before that. But the photography thing is a very good tax write-off (I can write off all sorts of things!) so I did it. I try to give value for services; in other words, I don't pay the guys (except in beer/coke, grab-ass, and embarrassing photos) so that I can afford to hire more models.

As usual things went wrong. They always go wrong. One model decided at the last minute to go to Wisconsin. Her backup went to San Francisco. Her backup decided she was a Star and wanted \$25 an hour. And the agent--a new one--didn't bother to call & tell me. So at the last minute, literally, I had to find another girl. I made a mistake. I picked what I thought was an OK (not sensational, but OK) 27-year-old model from 35mm transparencies. She turned out to be at least ten years

in DAREDEVIL 142 (Feb '77; released in Oct '76) Marv Wolfman did this to us...







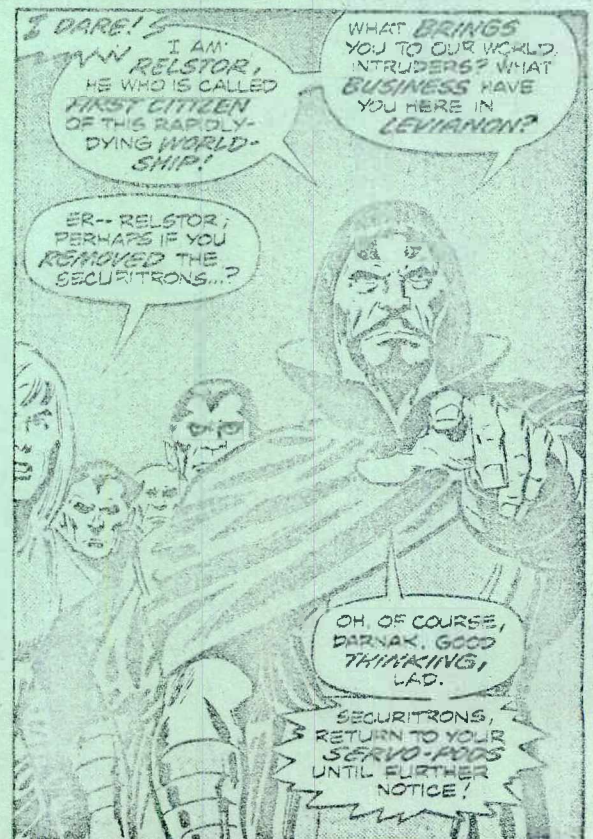
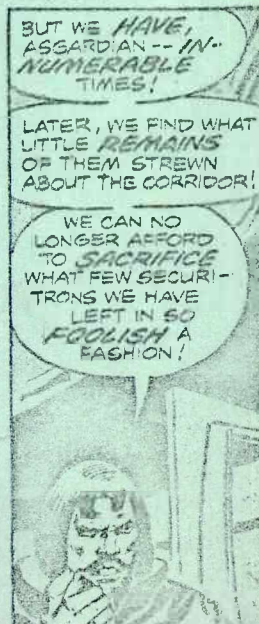
Cover Detail, left: Here Sharperson has become a blonde with a different costume, but what-the-hay.

... excellent

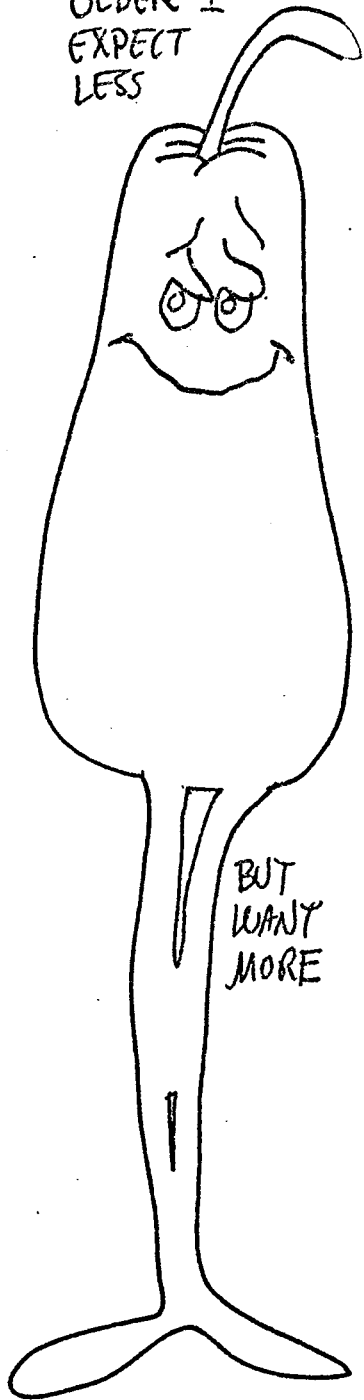
First of all, why do you want to take photos of nudes? (Actually, you need no excuse at all, you know. As Charles Burbee said, "A picture of a nude woman is its own justification.") But let us say you want to take nudes because you, and you are natural!

LEN WEIN strikes--!

And in 256 (Feb '77) THOR finds a drifting "world-ship" out in space with a backward WR running it...



AS I GROW  
OLDER I  
EXPECT  
LESS



MISS MZ GOTTLIEB WRITES:

18 October 1976

Bill--

Thanks so much for sending me the two issues of KTEIC. I was so glad to have the opportunity to find out what's been up with you for the last few years, as we seldom manage to get together outside of conventions. (I was also delighted to find some record of the Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Coleman---everytime I'm around Sid, I wish I had a tape recorder or a notebook, and these were the next best thing.)

When you were talking about the dog you "zapped" at Burbee's, it reminded me of an incident when I was in Stockholm in 1970...or 1969 (anyway, sometime around then): David (my ex) and I were staying in a house with a bunch of draft dodgers and we'd gone into the city one evening and taken acid and tripped around. After a few hours, and while we were still peaking, we returned to the house. I needed badly to piss and ran into the bathroom, and David sat down on the couch to wait for me. All of a sudden, I heard a yelp from the house's cocker spaniel and a loud crash. I ran out and found David still sitting on the couch with a fery bewildered look on his face. When I asked what happened, he said thatt he had just been ~~sxxx~~ sitting on the couch hallucinating, when the dog came into the room. The dog looked at David, yelped, and ran through a sliding glass door (which unfortunately was closed at the time). The dog sustained only minor scratches, but David was shattered. He was sure the dog had picked up on his acid vibes and ~~xxx~~ freaked-out (there's really no other explanation), and figured anyone whose vibes could scare a dog that badly must really be screwed-up. It took me the better part of an hour to talk David down, and the only thing that really solvwd the problem was when the dog returned rather sheepishly, and licked David's hand. Animals is even weirder than people.

Sherry

---

"Abney, what you want is to live in a patriarchy run by a woman." (WR)

---

PHOTO SESSION CON'T: older. She worked hard, but she just wasn't in the same league with the others, who could have been her daughters. I hired a male model, a very nice guy named Cory Brandon. Bill Warren, Alan Gill, Stan Burns showed up to be shot in Sandy Cohen's Playa del Rey Playboyesque apt. Don Glut showed, too, but didn't want to be photographed, so he didn't get to grab and hug and kiss. However, Don brought along Roy Thomas (yes, the very same Roy Thomas who!) who worked very well. (Roy was much taken with one model, Marianne, because she looked as he imagined Red Sonja to look!) (This article continued...)



Here is our list of saints:  
 St. Agger, the patron saint of Drunks, Boozers and Tipplers.  
 St. Age, the patron saint of Older Actresses.  
 St. Reet, the patron saint of Street-walkers.  
 St. Agecoach, the patron saint of B-Westerns.  
 St. Alemate, the patron saint of Drunken Chessplayers.  
 St. Aircase, the Sainted Patron of High Rise Buildings.  
 St. Ammer, the pppatron sssaint of Sssomething, I', sssure.  
 St. Amp, patron saint of Electrically Operated Stamp Collectors.  
 St. Ar, patron saint of Astronemers and Actors.  
 St. Enographer, the patron saint of Coffee Machines.  
 St. Ill, the patron saint of distillers.  
 St. Imulate, the patron saint of Sexy Girls.  
 St. Ork, the patron saint of Pregnant Women.  
 St. Roke, the patron saint of Magazine Readers.  
 St. Ony, the patron saint of Dopers.  
 St. Ool, the patron saint of Urologists.  
 St. Op, the patron saint of Shy Virgins.  
 St. Raddle, the patron saint of Middle of the Road.  
 St. Raight, the alleged patron saint of the reported Silent Majority.  
 St. Umble, the patron saint of Un-prepossessing Drunks.  
 St. Ud, the patron saint of the Arrogant Penis.  
 St. Ub, the patron saint of the Toe.  
 St. Rut, the patron saint of the Uppity.  
 St. Riuctural, the patron saint of Hard Hats.  
 St. Rong, the patron saint of Musclemen.  
 St. Rip, the patron saint of Strippers, Topless Dancers and Whoopee Girls.  
 St. Rike, the patron saint of Higher Wages.  
 St. Raw, the patron saint of the Inef-fectual.  
 St. Atus, the patron saint of the Rich, Powerful, and Don't Fuck With.

who reveals his separation & divorce. Some Real Stuff coming out there, as we say in Lilapa.

-----  
 "I'm tired of baby-sitting the world."  
 -----

(Sharman DiVono)

We are dying  
 but have pro  
 tracts are s  
 will you can

LENSORED! too soon!

rman's career,  
 ngs until con-  
 s they say it

PHOTO SESSION CON'T: Paul Turner was my assistant, and his assistant was a girl named Shelley. Stan Burns, Sandy Cohen (who worked very well!) Shelley and Alan Gill all asked if they could do some shooting. They are amateurs, and shooting under that kind of pressure is very good training. I trained Paul, telling him that if you learn to shoot fast you can always slow down, but you can't always shoot fast if you haven't had the training.

In any case, I probably shouldn't have done it. 3 of the 4 models came to me and complained. Seems they thought I was screwing them, hiring for one photographer and getting a mob in on it. I ended up giving them all \$20 each, more, because I felt dumb for having gotten myself in that position.

The session went off pretty well, but frankly, I was rather bored. My head just isn't in those games these days. I faintly resented the time taken from my writing, as I was on the home stretch to finishing my new novel, STARSEED, which I think is my best writing so far. But it is better than digging ditches, copy-editing, writing for Laser, or being a professional organlegger. (I shouldn't knock Laser, but I can't help it, even if it looks that they might be the only ones willing to committ themselves to the 6-8 books in my Zandra adventure series. I don't think my agent has approached them, but I don't have a Big Name and few publishers want to get that involved in a series these days & I can't blame them.)

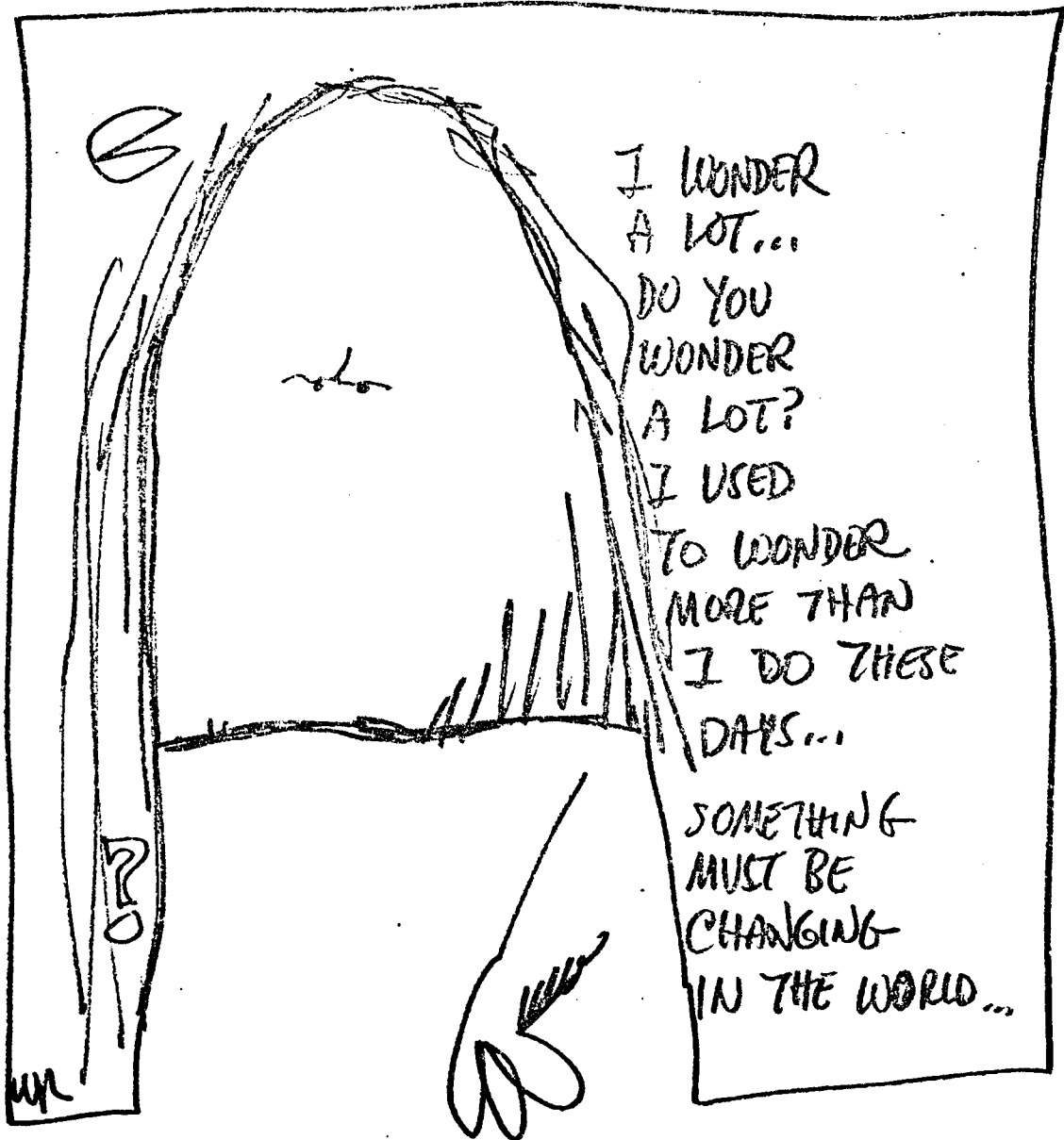
Anyway, I will soon have the proofs & will strike off the most embarrassing shots for my LASFS friends, to keep and to hold.

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 At left, a section from my STUFF column.....  
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I have been getting remarkable letters in response to the last two KTEICs; one from Alan Dean & Foster and from Grant Canfield,

I saw some excellent "cowboy art" in ARIZONA HIGHWAYS and thot it would be a good subject for Ian & Betty Ballantine's Peacock Book series & sent them a copy. (I am always sending them ideas for these books, mostly things I'd like to see) Ian ends his reply like this:

Under separate cover I have sent you 3 copies of ONCE UPON A TIME with the hope that these will be useful to you in trading with the natives in your area.



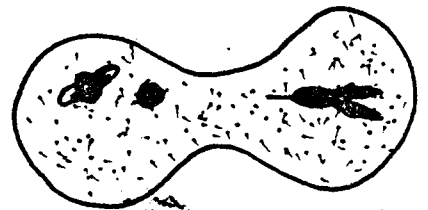
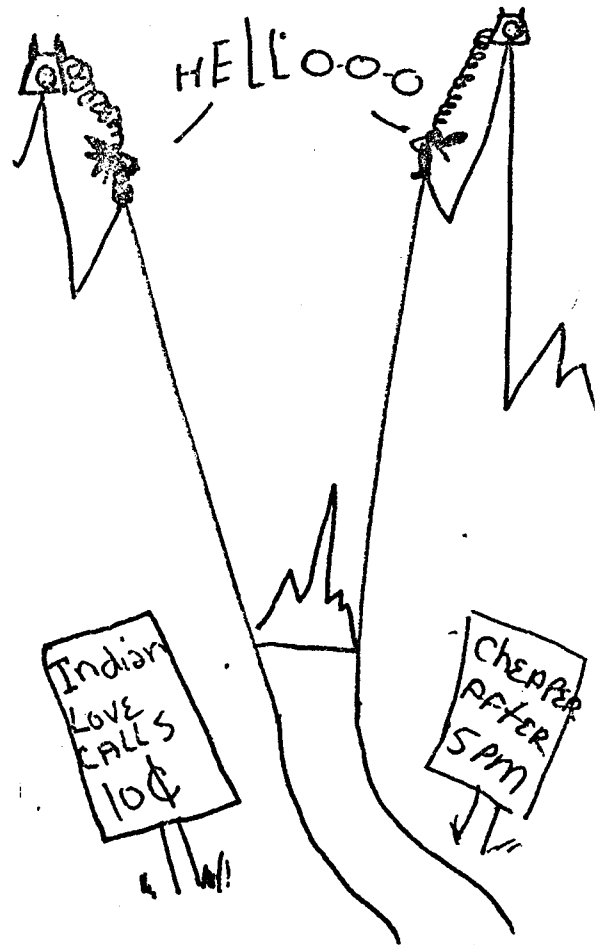
"666 is the Devil's area code number."

(Saturday Night)

I got a book to review the other day--BODY PARTS--which I instantly likened to a Sears catalog for Larry Niven's organleggers. # My "future history" is developing, linking together, sometimes on purpose, sometimes almost accidentally. The Starworld Alliance developed from an earlier "Federation", etc. Also developing a book that would make a GREAT replacement for Star Trek.

For years I've had this "parlor 'trick" of taking any sort of doodle you can do and turn it into a drawing or cartoon. I got Sharman started on that, supplying her with squares, lines of circles, parallel lines, blobs, etc. And here are the first things she did.

THE SHARMAN DIVONO ART GALLERY & NUT FARM

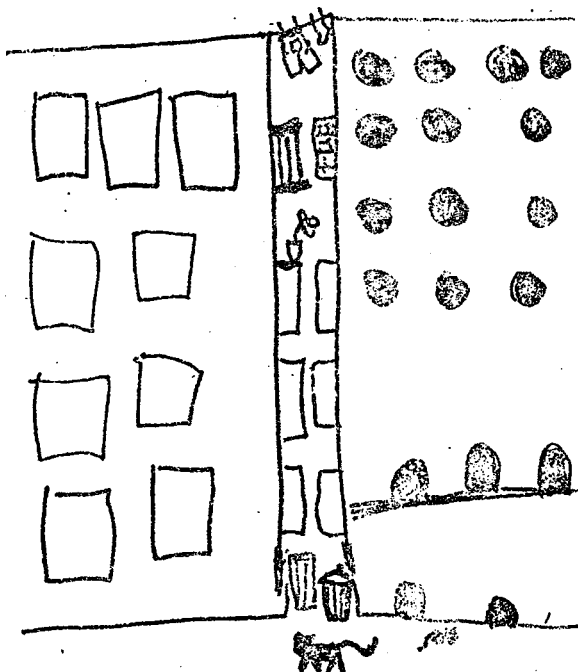


A person jettisoning his  
ears



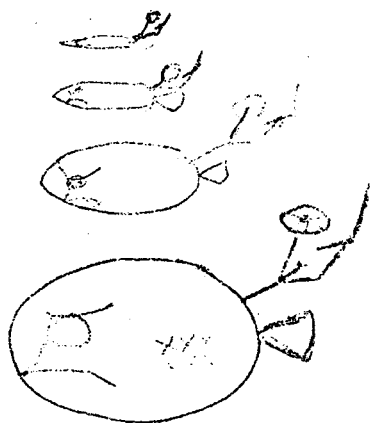
ART. BLDG  
FOR  
PEOPLE ↓

ART. BLDG  
FOR MICE  
↓

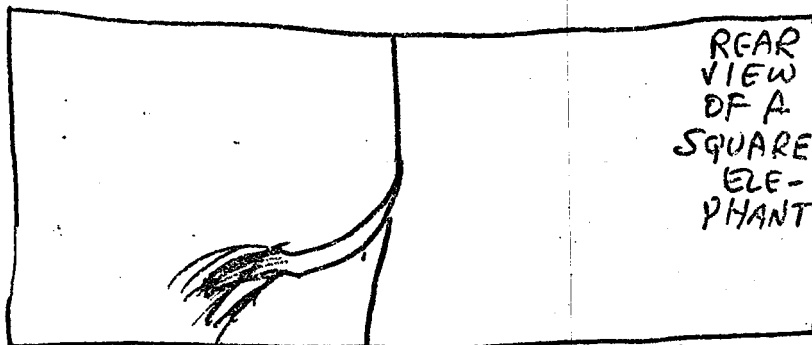
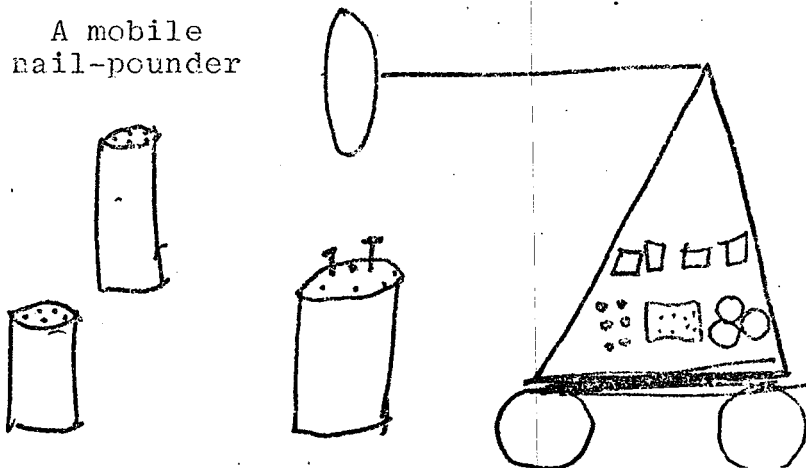


A HOLE IN THE  
FABRIC OF  
REALITY

A mobile  
nail-pounder



DANGER: RICE  
FLEET



"The Eternal Question--Who buys Pat Boone records?"

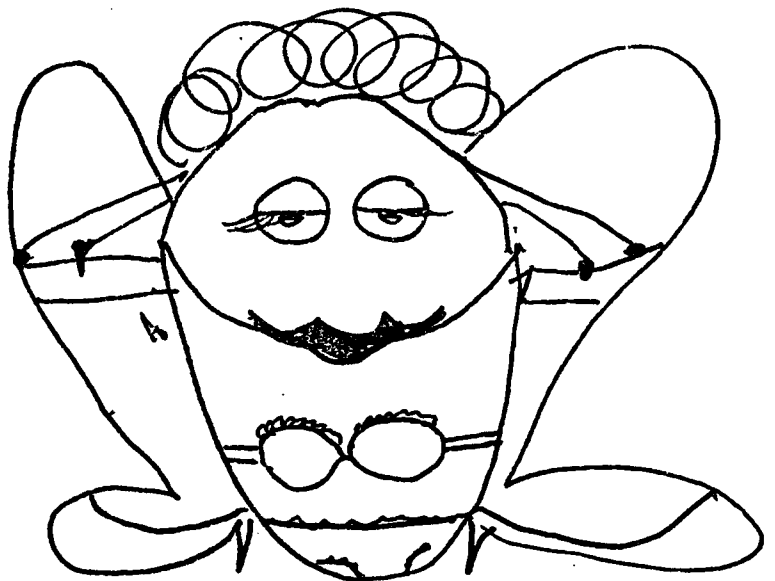
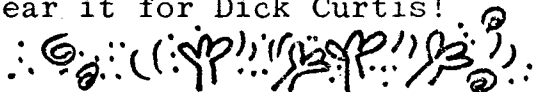
(Sharman D)



THIS FANZINE PROTECTED BY GUARD TROLLS

"Carrots are misguided trees."

5 Nov 76 My agent--and the agent for many on the Kteic mailing list; Richard Curtis--called me this morning to say he had sold ZANDRA, the first novel in my Flash Gordon/ERB/modern novel adventure series, to Doubleday for hard cover publication. They want the outline for the next one right away. As I have planned out 8 it will be no problem. And I was thinking I'd have to dump it on Laser, the only publisher who might commit itself to a series by a neopro. Let's hear it for Dick Curtis!



"Trying to define yourself is like trying to bit your own teeth." A.Watts

It's been a weird day for phone calls. Jock Mahoney called me up to give me stunt men's phone numbers (yesterday Dino Grennell called to say he was giving my letter to Jock); my daughter called to say my nephew rolled the brand new ranch pickup & that I had a flat tire on my van which I loaned her; Philippe Hupp called from France, wanting Kelly Freas address; a person from my checked past called after 6-8 years; a fan called from back east wanting drawings; Jack Gaughan called about using my cartoons in a new mag he's doing...

There is a common denominator to bores. They lack a sense of proportion. just as some people are color-blind or tone-deaf. They are in every case excessive: too much yammer, too much nylon, too much film, too many chapters in the novel, too many Hemingways, too many hours of the camera on a sleeping bore, too many beatings, gunshots, chases, too many stunt drivers in too many cars skidding on too many streets, careening on too many mountain roads, leapfrogging over too many obstacles.

—NORMAN CORWIN

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Ernie-noonie?  
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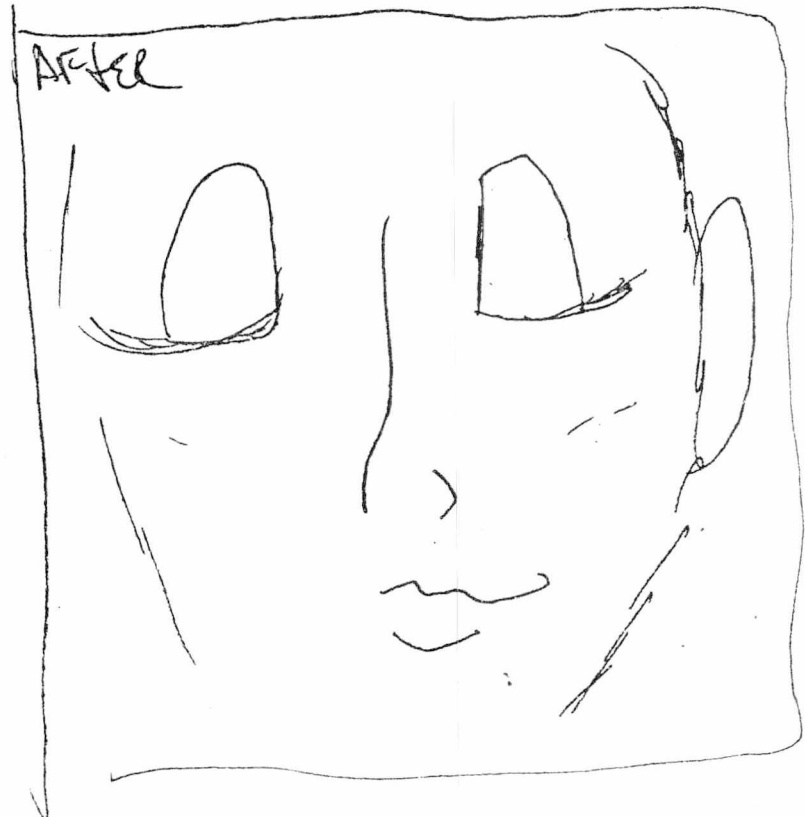
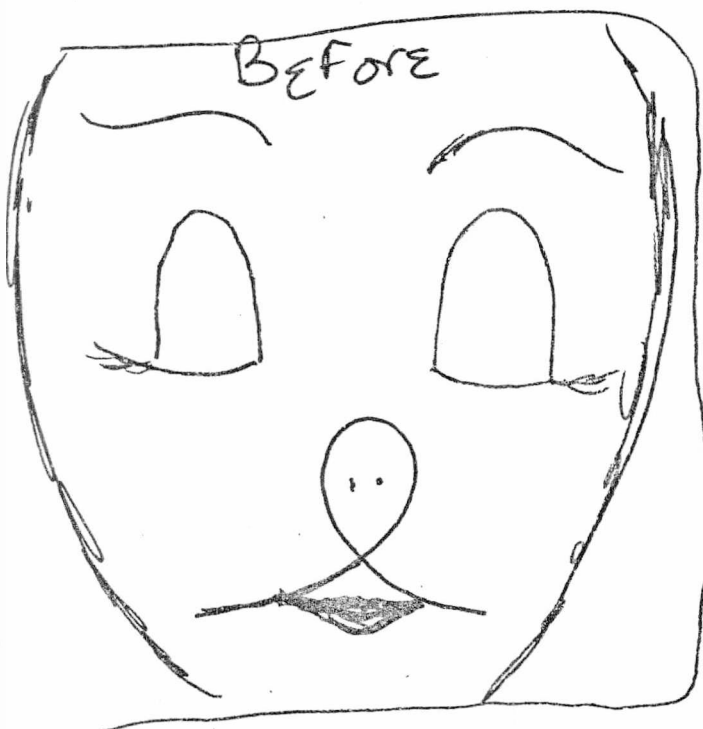


"What do you mean, you can't tell us apart?"

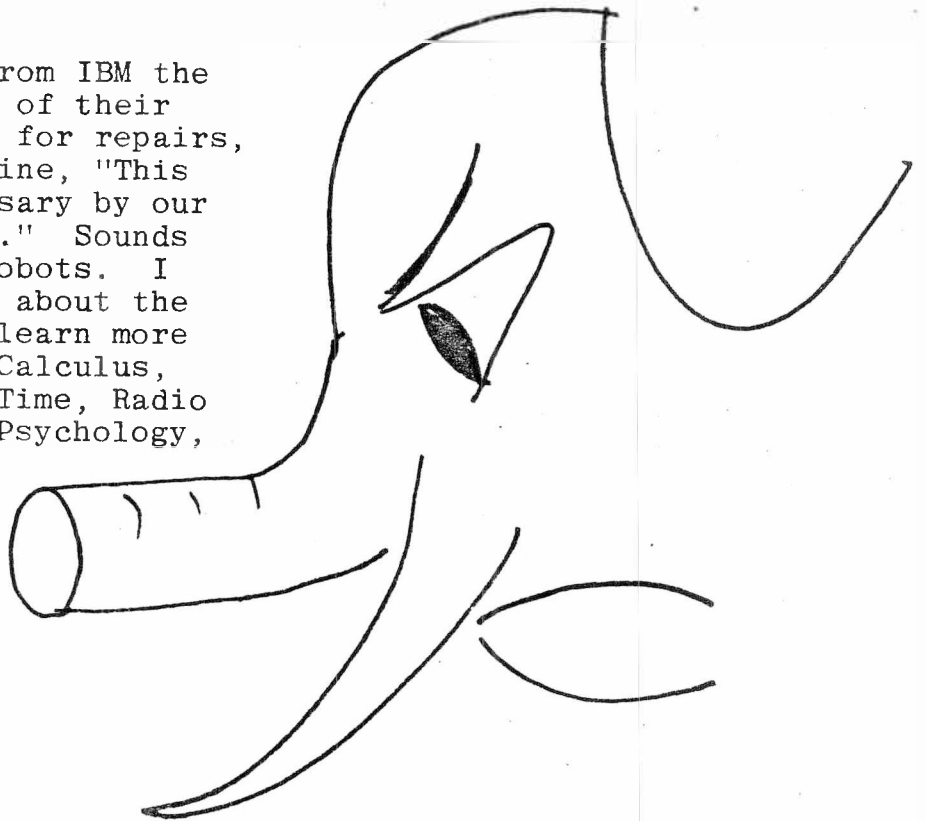


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"You can never be too rich or too thin."  
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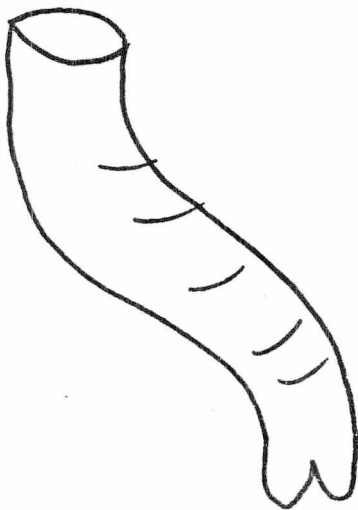
(The Duchess of Windsor)



I received a letter from IBM the other day, telling me of their new telephone numbers for repairs, etc. It included a line, "This change was made necessary by our conversion to CENTREX." Sounds like a religion for robots. I just finished writing about the games robots play to learn more about humans: Comedy Calculus, Mock Human, Reaction Time, Radio Tag, Microart, Human Psychology, Multi-level recognition, Impersonations/Imitations, etc.

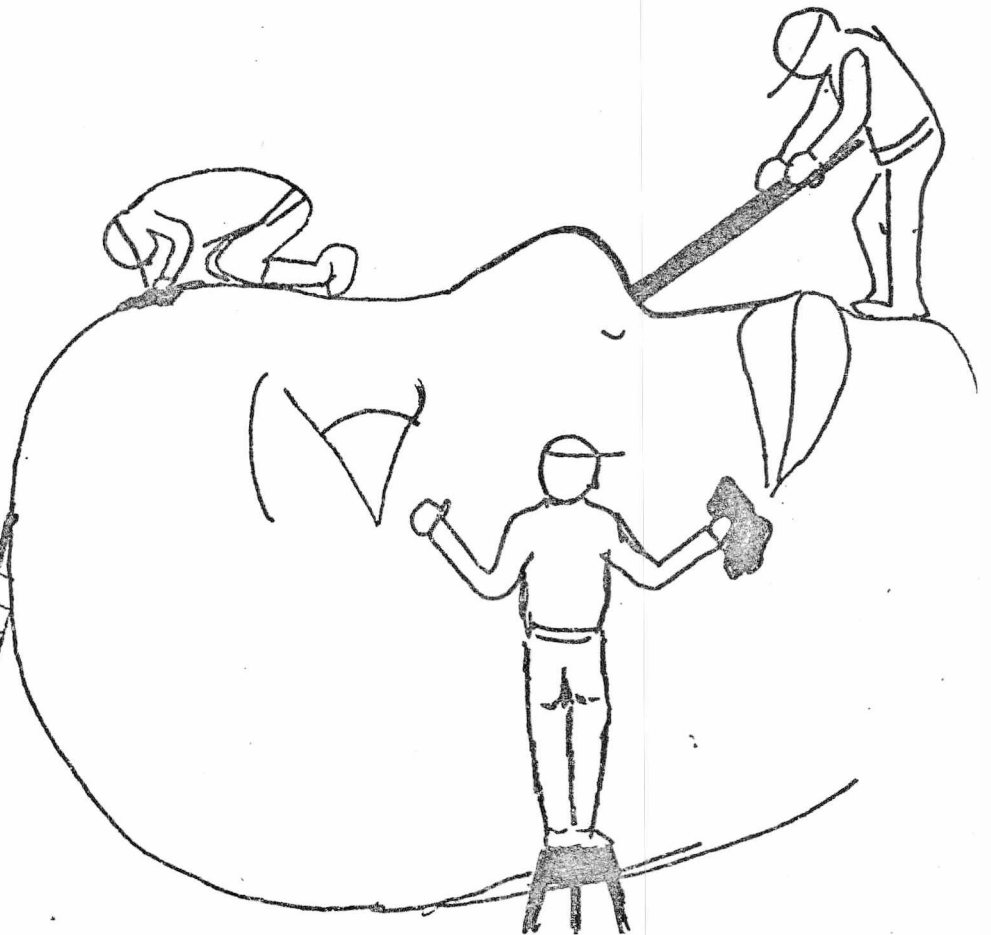


And thank you, Robert Silverberg sir, for putting that Italian mag, ROBOT, onto me for "yet another" publication of PATRON OF THE ARTS.

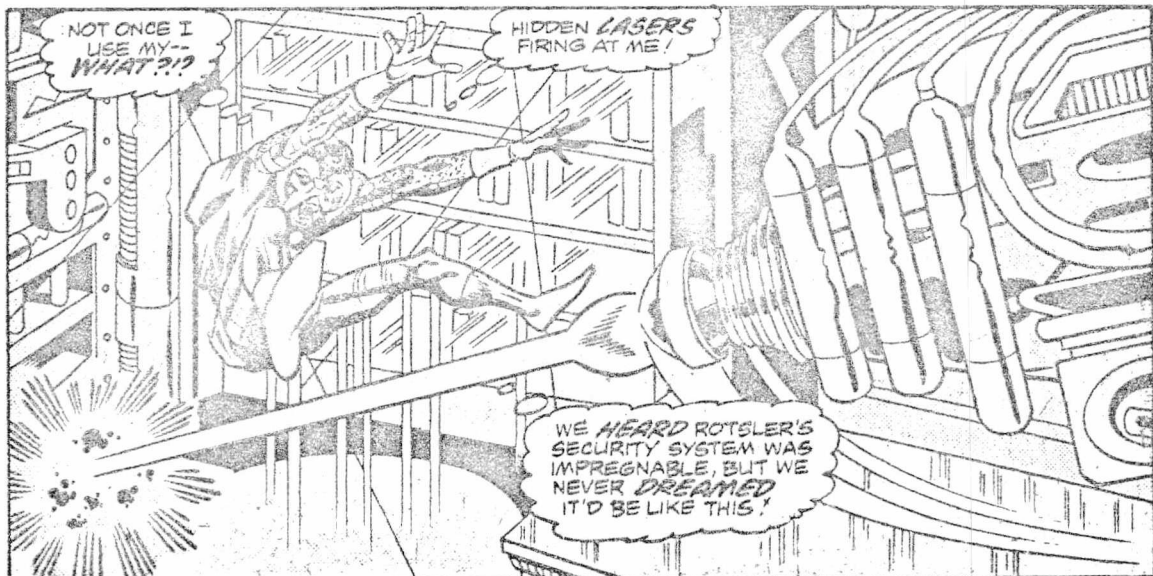
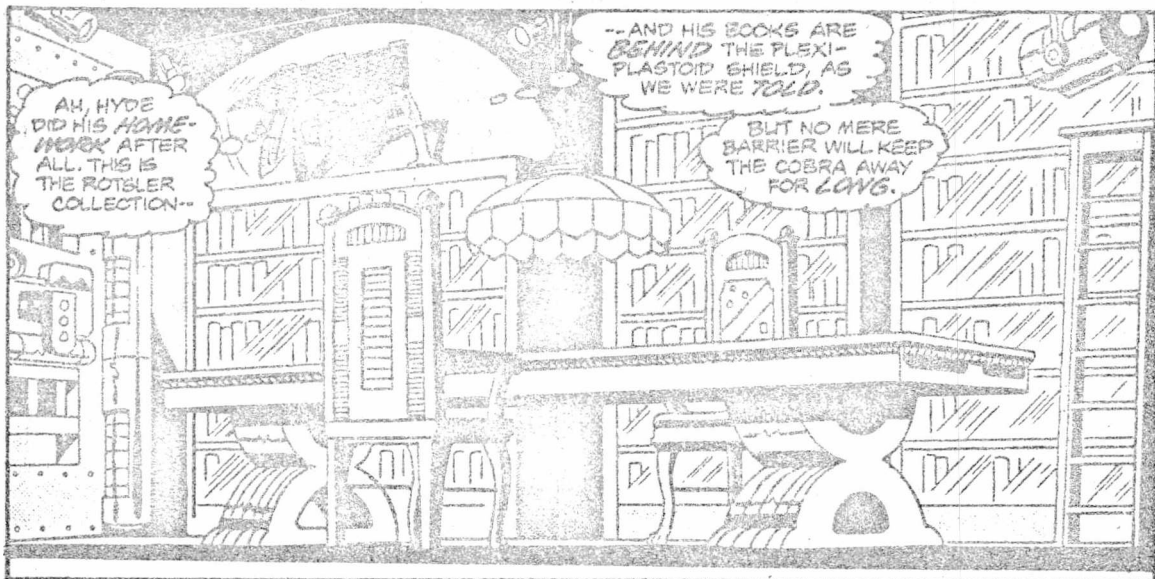


Needless to say, more Sharman DiVono art...

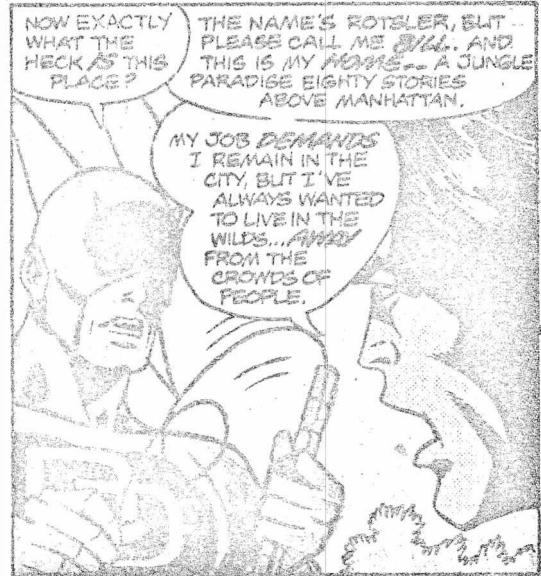
GIANT WASH



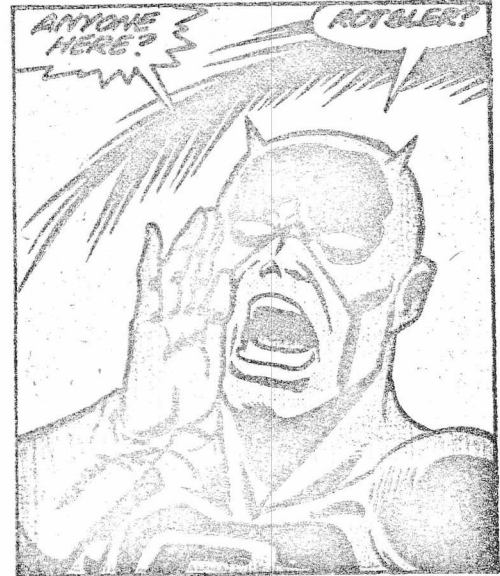
...then, in DAREDEVIL 143, March, 1977:



...and:



...later:





...and:



There is just something bizarre, wonderful and unreal about a costume hero shouting your name. I loved it. Thank you Marv & Len. I owe you one. (And I get back, too, in STARSEED.) # Which reminds me: I have been re-reading (or in some cases reading for the first time) some of the "classics" in the s-f field and ran across "starseed" (used differently) in an old Larry Niven story. Sorry, LN, I dint know. But what the heck--if we all thought up new words & terms every time it wouldn't be n-arly so much fun. We couldn't use & re-use such fine old words like visiscreen, blaster, plastiglass, stungun, et al.

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...so I told her of Galumph Morble, the self-styled King of the Trolls  
-----

Some of you might be interested in the Dynalab Corp. catalog (P.O.Box 112, Rochester, NY 14601) which is filled with fascinating trays, gadgets, plastics, racks, drawer dividers, containers, etc, mostly relating to medicine, medical research & industry. Those of you who make 35mm transparencies might write 20th Century Plastics, 3628 Crenshaw Blvd, LA 90016--they sell plastic pages for storing & viewing slides. Not only 35mm. They also keep sending free samples. # Just received a letter from Doubleday, asking me to do the frontispiece drawing for ZANDRA. Amazing. How they knew I could draw is something of a mystery.

-----  
"A physicist is an atom's way of knowing about atoms." (George Wald)  
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"I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude."  
(Henry David Thoreau)  
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TELL ME A STOREEE After a long delay I've started telling Sharman bedtime stories again. Some of you will remember the tales of Princess Sharman, Bruce Brucé (the 6" fairy) and Horus the horse, who is really an enchanted prince who returns to his true form when he gets knocked out. For the sake of my "new" readers I might say that their wanderings are great, through time and space, with kings, evil queens, witches, warlocks, cats, dinosaurs, fat ladies, eunuchs, flying carpets, submarines (the Nautilus, in fact), spear carriers, mysterious castles, iron maidens--and iron mares for Horus, trolls and fairies, starships, illusions, wonders, aliens, and always--cliff hangers. In addition to the above mentioned, we have:

Princess Ondine, a 6" fairy princess.

Mitch the Witch, who has in his moat Brock the Crock (but, it turns out Brock is mechanical, controlled by 008, inside, who "tries harder").

Baron and Baroness Mordo, who I wrote in before I found out they had an alternate existence in Marvel Comics.

Captain Nemo, Ali Baba, Jr, and Uk the Barbarian.

There is Herbert the spider who longs to be A\*R\*A\*C\*T\*U\*S!

Two of my favorites were/are (since like Marvel Comics, no one ever completely disappears!) Sister Eric Marie the Leather Nun with the heart of gold, and Tex Tetrzini, the Cowboy Pope.

A new character is Galumph Morble, the Self-Styled King of the Trolls, who lurks under a musical bridge.

Then there was the time Princess Sharman was magically shrunk to 6" and started to get it on with tiny Bruce Brucé, overcoming his fairyhood with her great sensuality...only at the improper moment she began to resume her natural size and he slipped out...

Or...

Oh, well, you get the idea.

-----  
WARNING--this fanzine makes frequent stops for gross assumptions.  
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Mr. William Rotsler regrets: At the Relaxcon or whatever it was called I started doing semen cartoons, then eggs. I thought maybe to put them into a TATTOOED DRAGON at some future date, perhaps the one I am mindlessly collecting, all about authors. But I decided against it, so following are some slightly retitled (so you can read the words) drawings about some of our genre VIPs. Vonda will hate me, which is probably why I'm doing this in a restricted format instead of "publically" in a DRAGON.

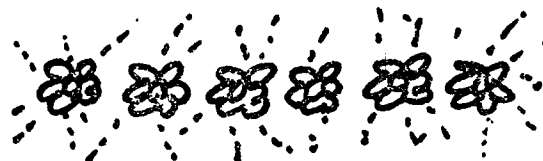
-----  
"The opposite of a correct statement is a false statement. But the opposite of a profound truth may well be another profound truth."  
(Niels Bohr)  
-----

ABOUT THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE BOOK I only made 25 copies, so if you are interested in such things, keep it; if not, please pass it on to the next person. Stamped envelope provided, as usual, to keep KTEIC flowing on its merry way...well, half of you get envelopes...

HARLAN ELLISON SEMEN



WILLIAM ROTSLER SEMEN



DAVID GERROLD SEMEN



FRANK HERBERT SEMEN



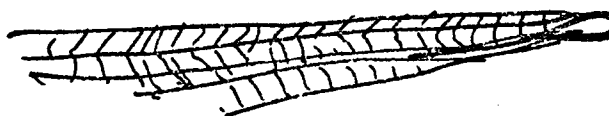
HAL CLEMENT'S SEMEN



H.G.WELLS SEMEN



LEN WEIN SEMEN



MARV WOLFMAN SEMEN



ROGER ELWOOD'S SEMEN



J.R.R.TOLKEIN SEMEN



H.P.LOVECRAFT SEMEN



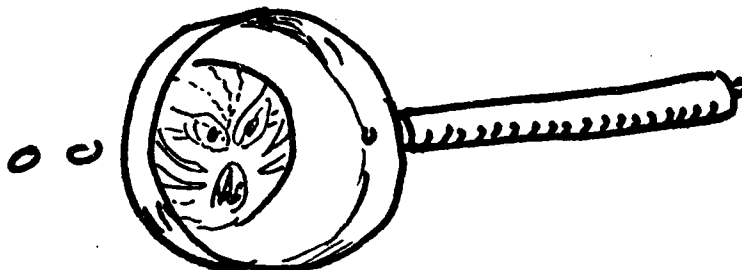
RAY BRADBIRY SEMEN



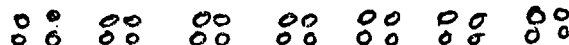
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS SEMEN



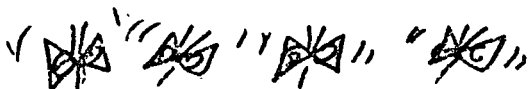
ALFRED BESTER SEMEN



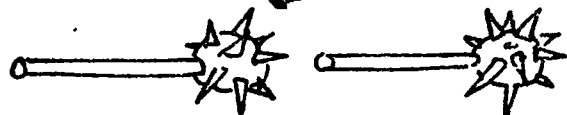
THE SEMEN OF JIM AND GREG BENFORD



GEORGE BARR SEMEN

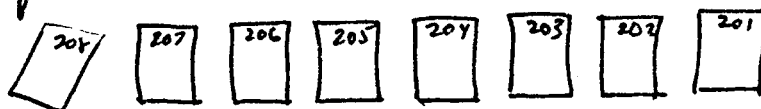


ASIMOV SEMEN



ROBERT E. HOWARD SEMEN

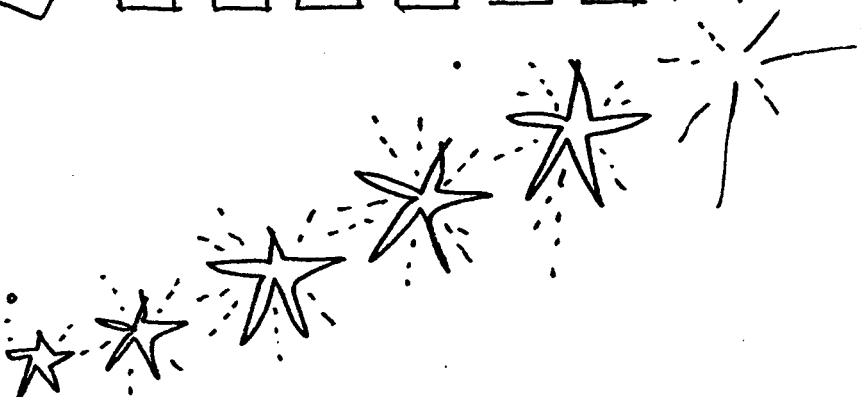
DONALD A. WOLLHEIM SEMEN



FORRY ACKERMAN SEMEN



GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON SEMEN



EDGAR ALLEN POE SEMEN



E.E. SMITH SEMEN

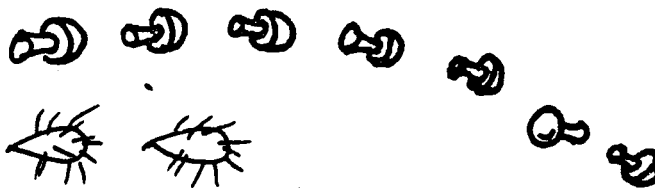


MIKE GLICKSOHN'S SEMEN

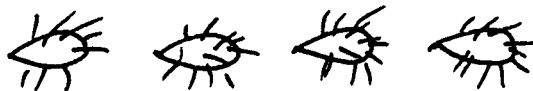


LARRY NIVEN SEMEN

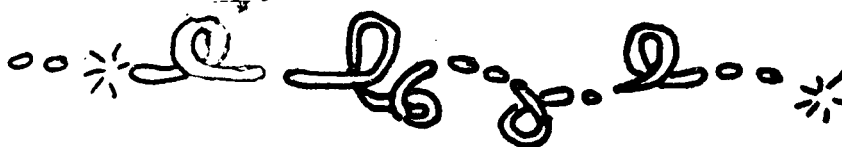
(not mushrooms or doorknobs)



SILVERBERG SEMEN



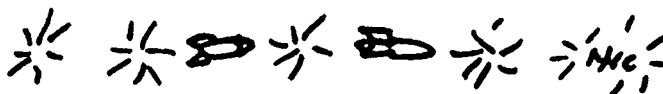
PHIL DICK SEMEN



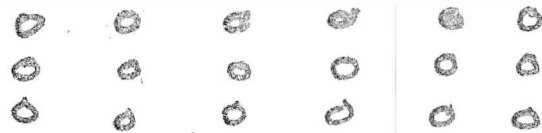
JERRY POURNELLE SEMEN



POUL ANDERSON SEMEN



3 LASER BOOK AUTHOR'S SEMEN



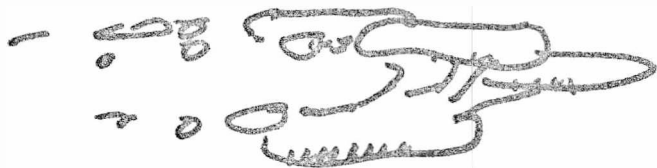
BOB TUCKER SEMEN

SMOOTHIE!

FRANK KELLY FREAS SEMEN



GENE RODDENBERRY SEMEN



JOHN NORMAN SEMEN



BRUCE PELZ SEMEN

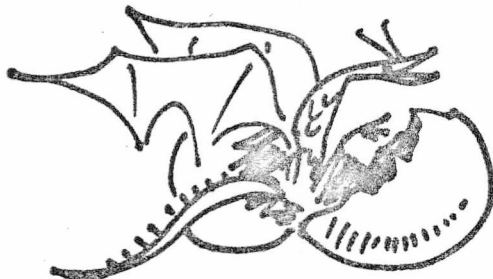


FRANK ROBINSON SEMEN



VONDA MCINTYRE SEMEN

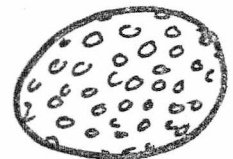
A JOANNA RUSS UNFERTILIZED EGG



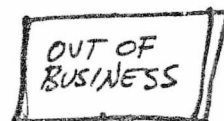
A BJO EGG



AN ANNE MCCAFFREY EGG

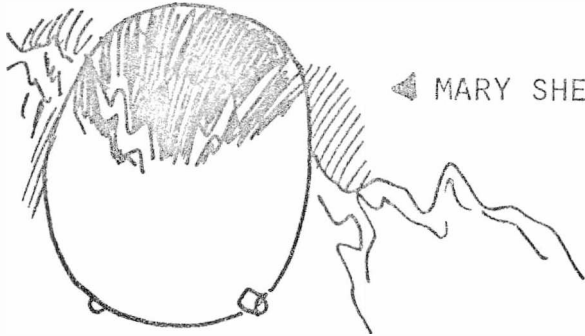


A KATHLEEN SKY-GOLDIN EGG



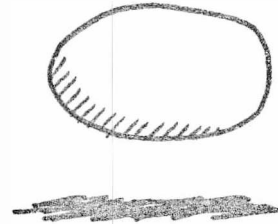


◀ SHERRY GOTTLIEB'S EGGS  
BUBBLE BROXON'S EGG ▶



◀ MARY SHELLEY'S EGG

MARTA  
RANDALL'S  
EGG ▶

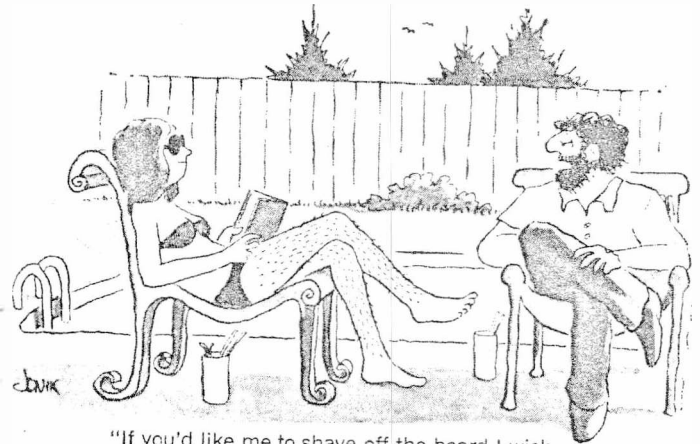


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To right: A cartoon for Neola

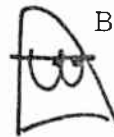
Below: a Partial List

A charge of electricians  
A ring of boxers  
A belly of beerdrinkers  
A check of waiters  
A board of surfers  
A curl of beauticians  
An affectation of stylists  
A cut of movie directors  
A slither of snakes  
A grumbling of malcontents  
A purr of cats  
A tip of waitresses  
A repentance of sinners  
A sprinkling of stars  
An ugh of spiders  
An eck of monsters  
A touch of nudes



"If you'd like me to shave off the beard I wish  
you'd just say it!"

"I thought a lot about dying  
But I said Fuck it."



Ted Berrigan  
"In the Early Morning Rain"

"There is nothing new except what has been forgotten." (Marie Antoinette)

We went to Forry Ackerman's birthday party, held 20 Nov at the Westside Room (where the SFWA was a couple of years ago) of the Century Plaza Hotel. 272 people, including the GC Johnsons, van Vogt, George Pal. Bob Bloch was MC and looked far better (physically) than when we saw him a few weeks ago. I did my usual cartoon number and received a slight surprise. Ray Bradbury introduced me to a quite beautiful young lady (looks like the chic NY editor type); I came back to give her a drawing & had to wait about 90 seconds until they finished a soul kiss. Forry received a red Cad from Jim Warren, a trip to Japan from the japs, an Incredible Shrinking Office (a complete miniature of his office), and lots of insults. We left around 11:30 when he started to bring up people and tried to introduce his postman. (Honest!) But the Poman had left. It was slight fun, though I had wanted to talk to L. Niven about something & he wasn't there. Sharman looked lovely in one of those wraparound dresses.



Amateur.