

KTEK

GOSH!
WHAT CAN I
DO TO TOP
THE LOGO?



WKE

KTEIC

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THE DAY L.A. CAUGHT FIRE As I write this the big Santa Monica Mtns. fire is almost over. 25,000 acres, 160-some homes destroyed (expensive ones, too) and that many damaged. Several big fires in the eastern part of the county, too. Very smoky around here. Fine Arabian horses killed, dogs lost, art lost. The heading to this section was the headline in a newspaper.

OCTOCON I thought I was over the cold, but not quite. I drove up and for the first time ever, just drove right through SF and up to Santa Rosa. They gave me a nice nice, enormous room with a kitchen (unused). When I left I forgot a leather jacket, but a phone call to them and the promise of a small check (surplus after mailing goes to maid) should get me the jacket. Nice of them.

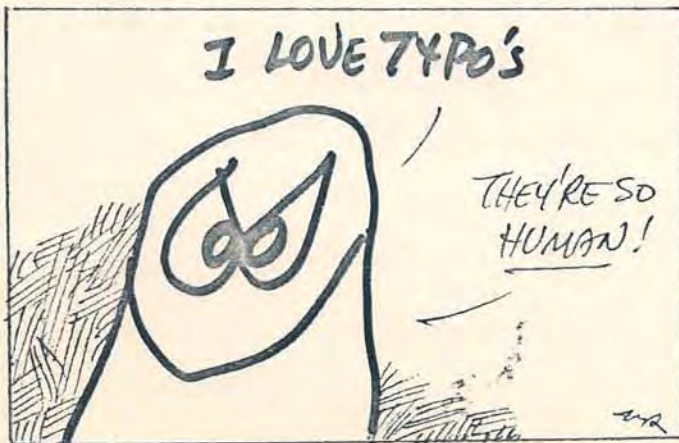
The con was "laid back" and easy-going, but I think they lost money. Break-even at 1500 and they got 1200. But they picked up the rooms and meals of something like 53 people! I was on several panels. and had a good, if unspectacular time. That's not a very exciting con report, is it? Well, it was that kind of con.

I was sitting next to Beverly Herbert while Frank was on a panel and I had a Kteic which I had neglected to give to David Gerrold, and to kill the urgings in my restless hands, I started doodling on it. Mrs. H. watched me for awhile then whispered, "Why don't you send us a letter sometime?" So when I got back I did a dozen or so big envelopes with elaborate TO's on them in color, or saucy putdowns in their return addresses. Had a nice talk with Frank, only about my second of any length.

Got a few quotes. Frank Robinson: "The opposite of love is not hate, but indifference." Even got some sleep.

Then the Carrs were nice enough to give me shelter for a few days. I had brought along my typer (which usually prompts people to say, "Oh, you did a Harlan!") with the idea being to work on one of the two books I must do. I actually did about 1,500 words, plus 1,000 for QUOTEBOOK, plus 4,000 on a new story. And Carl Carr and I wrote a story. I took her to breakfast and we went shopping one day, spending far too much money in Fraser's, and on the way back she said something that started me thinking. Did a first draft with no finish. She did a finish, nitpicked and took her name off'n it. No title yet, but the first line is, "Don't Walk the sign said in his mother's voice."

Had dinner with Marta Randall, Miriam Rodstein and Grant Canfield in SF at a nice restaurant that serves you wine while you are waiting. Talked to Grant about getting a portfolio together to show people down here. (Dan Steffan, you listening?)



Hi-Yo Silver. Cost of Living Rose. Paint the Town Red. Envious Green. Come and Get Me Copper. Juicy Orange. Sage Purple. Summer Tan. Virginal White. Irish Emerald. Blacken White. Monday Blue. Black-in-the-Face. Wrapper Brown. Seein' Red.

Had dinner alone with Grant another night, after a day spent in SF looking for brass numerals for Marta's brand new spanish-style house. Have you noticed how few people don't have house numbers? And businesses, too. Very annoying.

I had planned to leave Wednesday. Planned to see Charlie Brown, then split, but Terry, as I was leaving, said, "Want to see the new Woody Allen movie tonight?" I said yes without thinking. As I was driving off I realized I would then be over until Thursday. What the hell--I'll go to the Hookers Ball, on Friday night.

So I spent more time going to Union Street shops, museums (mostly closed) and such. Went to dinner with the Carrs and Ellingtons at a nice restaurant with booths so you could hear Dick, that ol' mumbler. Well, almost hear him. Someday we'll all chip in and have his volume control upped surgically.



I picked up Harlan and his sec'y., Linda Steel, at the airport and we got to the Cow Palace early. Wandered around until Silverberg arrived. He had been the one to suggest that Harlan be brought up for a judge and because he didn't bring a date, I got the other VIP ticket. We saw a stage show, had all the champagne we could drink, plus a buffet, and then were trooped off to the main event.

A guard said they could get 15,000 to 23,000 people into the Cow Palace, depending. I think it was a lot closer to the 23,000 than the 15,000 the newspapers said. It was packed. The exterior corridors and a kind of sideshow section as well. The most packed I've ever been (with my clothes on).

Bob went off with Harlan to do Official Stuff and Linda stuck with me as I wandered around with a camera. I thought there would be more nudity than there was. There was some, but I guess I've been spoiled. Margo St. James, the founder of COYOTE, the decriminalize prostitution organization, is the moving force here. Florynce Kennedy, the black activist lawyer (and general loudmouth, though she does say good stuff) was also there.

Anyway, I took pix. Going up a ramp Linda was humped from behind the whole way by a stranger and it was so loud I didn't know. I thought some guy had just grabbed her or something, but he hung in there. As I had no strobe I had to take available light shots and it was chancy. We hung out with the TV crews because (1) they had lights and (2) when the lights on, people reacted. Media event. Guys with moustaches in ball gowns or western whore Merry Widows. A guy in a HUGE cock costume. (He didn't say who modeled for it or if it was a self-portrait.) A few really nice-looking women. A couple, very conservatively dressed, acting very straight...only her fine bosom was totally exposed. Lots of transvestites, women in tuxedos, a woman on top of someone as a spider, complete with her own web. A few women being led about by dog collars; one or two men. And some you couldn't

tell. It was really a mob scene, and we did a lot of watching. I made a deal with Linda--anyone she wanted to meet I would go over and take their picture and she could meet them that way, but no one attracted her enough. Later, she split off to dance, though God knows how anyone could do more than stand in the mob & quiver.

Harlan, Linda & I stopped for food about 2 or 3, then I dropped them off at Bob's. And the next day I headed for home. Going & coming I usually stay overnight somewhere; it makes the trip easier, but more expensive. However, DRAT, I lost my reading (and typing) glasses somewhere. Don't know how. It has really fucked me up. I'm going to get an extra pair. I can't read and any typos this time are strictly because of it.

Not only that, but I supposed to get a book finished by no later than 10 Nov and another, the sequel to ZANDRA, this month. And today is 26 Oct. The rush-book is a novel about Iron Man, the comic book character, which I underlook for money and to help out Len Wein and Marv Wolfman, who suddenly needed five books at once.

There will be a lot of letters from people in this issue of this sterling fanzine.

You know, I haven't heard from Burbee yet about me winning the E. E. Evans award. He's the one person I wanted to get a reaction from.

My daughter was 24 two days ago. She's taken a whole new turn in her life and for the better. She's going to Moorpark College, which is not far from where we used to have The Ranch, and studying anthropology and doing well. Away from the some of LA creeps she has been hanging out with, and probably into Moorpark creeps--it is Krap Room spelled backward--which are more in the shitkicker line. But I have just committed to a hefty monthly sum and hope it is something she will like & stick to.

I confess to having just a bit of difficulty relating to the fact my daughter is 24. I had a big love affair (my first) with a woman when she was 18-19. My second--with Lisa's mother--when she was 26. With Gloria when she was about 30. With Michele when she was 21-22 until she was about 25. With Vincene when she was in her late 20's and with Sharman when she was 24. Inside, I'm 27, you see, but by some mysterious process I have a daughter only 3 years younger.

Very strange. A young man in, well, not exactly an old man's body, but not one with the DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG tag still on.

"I don't like to be stared at by a dog." (Michael Kurland)

My photos of the Hookers Ball turned out OK and I may "salt" the set by hiring some nude ladies. My pix of the Southwest look very nice, I think. They will make some interesting collages, later.

Sharman has found a house in the San Fernando Valley and will be moving there very soon. It's a one-bedroom affair. I tell her she will start wearing curlers, standing around with her aems folded under her breasts, and going bowling. After all, it is the Valley.

"Prophecy is more important for what it tells us about the present than for what it tells us about the future." The New Republic, Feb 78

"Some people want to be appreciated too fast. They thrust their biographies and credits at you too quickly. The common human reaction is to back off, as you do from an overly enthusiastic dog who weighs as much as you do." (William Rotsler)

Recently I read & recommended a novel called NO BUGLES, NO DRUMS, about Viet Nam. In doing some Quotebook research I found the following in a 1972 book:

A young writer who had just completed his first work, once approached W. Somerset Maugham and asked: "Mr. Maugham, I've just written a novel, but have been unable to come up with an intriguing title. Your books have such wonderful titles: *Cakes and Ale*, *The Razor's Edge*. . . . Could you help me with my title by reading the book?"

"There is no necessity for reading your book," replied Maugham. "Are there drums in it?"

"No, it's not that kind of a story. You see it deals with—"

"Are there any bugles in it?"

"No, certainly not," was the response.

"Well then," replied the famous author, "Call it, *No Drums, No Bugles*."

Well, maybe Charles Durden heard it wrong; or wanted a creative "switch." It's still a hell of a book.

"There is no pleasure in having nothing to do--the fun is in having lots to do and not doing it." (Anon.)



ROBERT McCALL

"Rick who?"

"Larry, not Jerry..."

Larry Niven, not Jerry Niven. He's the one in the bush jacket...It's Larry Niven, Fuzzy...



LARRY NIVEN

"The one thing I would not wish on my worst enemy is eternal life." (Quentin Crisp)

As I write there's a late show on--EL DORADO--and the young heroine slaps the young hero and he says, "Don't do that--I'm stronger than you are and can hit harder." Reminds me of when I was married.

As our marriage deteriorated she took to walloping me on the arm whenever her arguments sank. I ignored the first few, then just started hitting back--always in the same place, always a carefully measured bit harder. She'd say, "No fair, you're stronger." "Right," I'd say, "Remember that." It seemed to take her forever to understand that simple thing--whomps are no way to settle anything. Terminal whomps, maybe.

"How come if someone yells 'Princess' you assume they are talking about their daughter and if they say 'Prince' it's their dog?"
(Asenath Sternbach-Hammond)

"Some of the things I write and say, I do not agree with--perhaps I will never believe in them at all--but still they must be said so we can think about them for a while--even if only for our own amusement. But, of course, there are always the louts who confuse the message with the messenger."

...David Gerrold

"There is no such thing as conversation. It is an illusion. There are intersecting monologues, that is all."
(Rebecca West)



"Don't learn the tricks of the trade. Learn the trade."
(Anon.)

Sergio Aragonés did the drawing above and another appearing in here for our C.A.P.S. Newsletter, but I am appropriating them to dress up this issue. It is really fun watching him draw & seeing his mind work. At a table of professionals he is the one people watch drawing. I've learned to try, at least, to bring paper or a pad to these after-meeting coffee sessions. Otherwise people draw on napkins and that gives lousy reproduction.

We had a panel discussion at the CAPS meeting about the business of art. Bil Stout said that if he was working too hard he figured he wasn't charging enough. Everyone thought that was an excellent rule-of-thumb and Sergio said he would double his prices at once.

It is interesting to note that Sergio and others do about \$100-200 worth of free work at coffee sessions. I, as editor of the newsletter, get to badger people for free art. I've kept one, that drawing of the Japanese artist attacking the drawing board reproduced some time back:

A letter from Dan Steffan

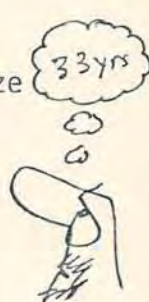
5218 N. 12th Street Arlington, Va. 22205 October 16, 1978

Dear Bill:

I really felt I should comment on your feelings towards the fanartist Hugo. I guess I too am in a position to make bold statements about this subject, as I have never been nominated for the award, and in all likelihood never will be. I have a fanzine that is about half finished that deals with this very subject, but since it will be an indefinite time until I produce it, I feel this is an excellent time to vent my spleen.



The coming of 1979 (1979!!!!) will make ten years in fandom for me, and nine years as a published fanartist. I have very strong feelings about fandom and fanzines and their role in my development as an artist. Having my work published in fanzines has been the biggest help for me, beyond anything else, in preparing me for the ****PROFESSIONAL WORLD****. Fanzines and their eagerness to publish work by myself and my contemporaries (like Grant Canfield) has provided me with a yardstick by which to measure my growth as an artist. I go back and look at the cartoons I was happily grinding out in 1970 and cringe with embarrassment. I look at those I was doing in 1973 and think that I've gone a long way. I look at the ones I was doing in 1977 and realize I'm becoming an accomplished cartoonist and illustrator and feel thankful for the opportunity to have grown in my own eyes and in the eyes of others.

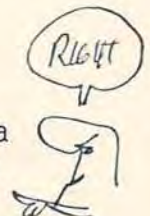


I wouldn't trade those crude little drawings of bugs in early Granfalloon for anything in the world...those crudities forced me into being a better artist. Competing with folks like Grant and Tim and of course, yourself, made me aware of how much was left to learn. In those early days I could complete perhaps one out of every ten attempts at a drawing and feel content with it. Today in 1978 it is nearly one out of every two. This to me is a vital sign of my growth and continued battle for professionalism. There is no comparison between the early felt-tip drawings and what I do now with a brush, except that it is a record of where I've been and where I'm going.

Basically, I think fandom and fanzines has taught me what not to do in my work and what is needed for successful illustration. Some people have taken time during their education to learn these things, I didn't stick with school long enough for that, so I used fanzines instead. I imagine that a lot of beginning professionals have to learn these things in the slick professional markets, and probably slow down their careers considerably in the process. Having worked in fmz has eliminated a great deal of this for me.

However, I doubt very much if Phil Foglio has gotten many or even any of these things from his association with fandom. Let's face it, Phil is a perfect example of the Peter Principle at work. He's been pushed far beyond his ability by ego and "well meaning people".

In a sense, I think it is sad, I really don't think Phil's experiences are going to prepare him for a professional career at all. He has no real idea of his ability or for that matter any one else's either. One of the things that bothers me about his approach is his apparent ignorance of what has come before him. Let's face it, the only other person who ever got a hugo in less than two years of participation in Fandom was Vaughn Bode, and even a blind man could tell you that there is no comparison between the two. I have been a student of comics and their history for about fifteen years, I used to bury myself in books on the subject, and when I got into fandom, it was a natural thing for me to investigate the artistic history of fanart/



Fandom. I spent time pouring over people's fanzine collections and absorbing all of it that I could. Because I believed, and still do, that in order to be a good fanartist, you have to hip yourself to the traditions and the vocabulary of the artform. I looked at lots of Atom cartoons and lots of Rotsler's. I looked at Stiles, Bjo, Barr, Kirk, Lovenstein (one of the great underrated fanartists!), Andy Reiss, Bhob Stewart, Cynthia Goldstone, George Metzger, and so many, many more. By studying these people's work I felt I could (and did) assume the artistic gestures of classic fanart and make them my own. I really doubt Phil ever considered such a thing.

But, on top of all of this, I must say that to a certain extent, fanart is a trap. I have experienced, and I know that some others have as well, the idea that if you become a really good fanartist, it may limit your ability to do other, more mundane work. Seriously, after so many hundreds of cute, sometimes humorous 2" X 3" cartoons, I find it very hard to come up with fresh ideas. It is especially tough to come up with new and interesting creatures and aliens. I, like others I've spoken to about this (Grant, Tim and Ken Fletcher) all realize that fanart is a little of a burnout, plus I quite often have a hard time being serious when given a serious assignment. What I'm saying is that sometimes it is real tuff to keep from putting a duck into a picture of a woman who has just been blown away by a .357 Magnum.

What I'm trying to say in my confused way is, fanart is something you can perhaps become too good at, at the cost of your other art. So a point has to come when you decide on your priorities, and eventually cut down on your fanart. For yourself, Bill, it doesn't really apply, because you don't really use your art to support yourself, but for someone like me, I have to use my art because I don't do anything else nearly as well. I remember being very angry when Vaughn Bode announced that he would have to withdraw from fandom to pursue his career. I felt he could have done both, but now I understand. I don't intend to cut myself off from it like he did, but I do understand his reasoning, and have to agree and go in that direction myself. Anyway, I'm not churning out the reams I used to, Grant isn't, Tim isn't, George isn't...because we have all come to the needed decision. And besides, the Hugos should be given to someone when he is at the peak of his activity. At my peak, I was mediocre at best, so I'm not concerned with a Hugo.

However, I do think that when the time comes for Phil to make that inevitable decision, he will have real trouble. All of this praise and awards aren't going to help him become a working pro, in fact unless he does immense amount of improvement, he is going to be in for a real letdown. That isn't fair to him, but I don't, he'll realize it till its too late. And he'll be hurt. Now, ~~don't get me wrong~~, frankly I dislike him intensely, but I can't help but seeing this overview, and I feel strangely. I don't think he deserves jack-shit. But nobody should get what could be coming to him, it is going to be a real blow. I certainly hope so anyway, hehehe.

Grant and I have decided on one alternative to fanart, or if you prefer, a way to open fanart up to a wider audience. We are doing a "Klibanesque" book, all filled with fanart-ish drawings that appeal to the nonfan. I always thot that Kliban's books were the essence of good fanart, so Grant and I are adapting the fanart concept to a straight book to be called "Pigging Out", a cartoon book on pigs (kinda like Kliban's Cat book and kinda not). This is one of the most interesting fanart experiments I have ever been involved with and think it will turn out excellent. Besides, with all the rejects from the book, we should have lots of new fanart. Such clever boys.

JUST
WHAT I
SAID
BEFORE

great!

AND WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING TO
DO ABOUT
IT?



I WOULD
HAVE
SENT MY
BACK OUT?
WHAT TO?



I too was offended by Foglio's announcement at the awards. I guess I can forgive his "...there are others as talented as me" remark, and mark it down as confusion. But I felt it was an even greater slap in the face to some one like Grant, who was nominated for the award before Foglio ever heard of fandom. No one will argue with me, they sure as fuck better not, that Grant is an enormously talented fellow, so why the hell can't he win. My friend, Alexis Gilliland is the most prolific, not to mention hilarious fanartist to appear in years. He doesn't win. And let's face it, (sour grapes time, folks) I can draw circles around Phil, and I haven't even gotten a nomination. Oh well, I can stand it. But what this all means to me is that the award doesn't mean anything anymore. Sure, we can just pretend that the past two years didn't exist, but I tried that after Tim one his third Hugo, and it didn't work.

Frankly, what this means to me, is that I don't want the award. I wonder if Grant feels the same way, I think he does. What good is an award that has no meaning. What good is an award for excellence, if the voters have no taste, or perhaps its all in their assholes. I don't know, I think it all stinks. Perhaps I shall stop here, if I go on, I may no longer feel sorry for that "son of a bitch"!

Talked to Grant yesterday, and he said what you had told him about moving to LA and the possibilities of work. We are really serious about this, Bill. I just hope that we are not intruding on our friendship by asking your advise and help. I really hope things can work out. I heard from Bakshi on my return from the Worldcon, and they love my work, but don't want to make an offer till they start their next feature. I don't know if I 'm interested in working for Bakshi, but we'll see.

SEND
PORTFOLIO
OF WORK
TO
ME!



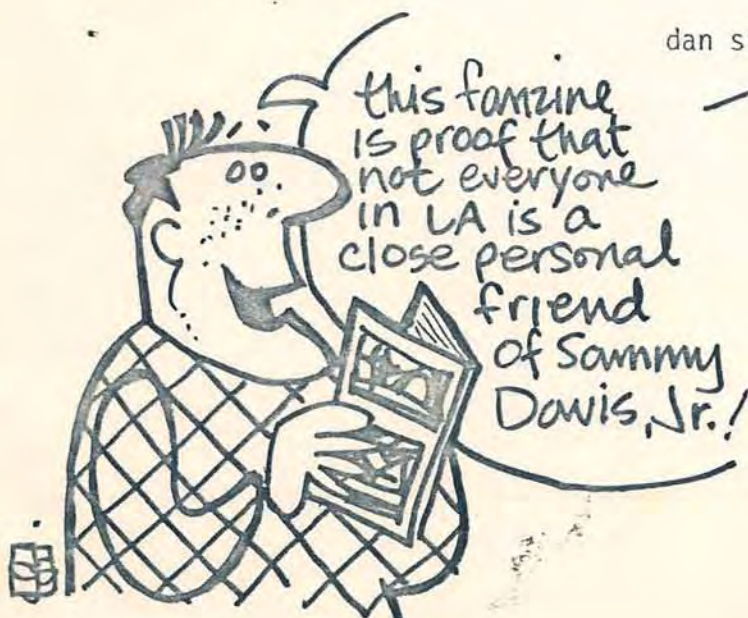
I'm also doing lots of underground work, commercial art and illustrations. I haven't been so busy, and so happy doing it, in all my life. YAHA!

If you get a chance, drop me a line and let me know what you think of all of this, plus, I'd like to know what you thought of my work in that comic book I gave you at the convention.

As always it was a pleasure seeing you and Sharman at the con. Take care.

dan steffan

[Handwritten signature: Dan]



THIS IS MY NEW
TERRY CARR!

IT DOESN'T NEED
ANY GAS TO RUN,
BUT THEN IT HASN'T
GOT ANY
BRAKES
EITHER!



THIS IS MY NEW
CAROL CARR -
SLIGHTLY USED,
STILL SERVICEABLE
AND, EXCEPT FOR
A LITTLE SMOKE
IN THE MORNING,
IN FINE SHAPE



rtch

A stray memory of the Hookers Ball just came to me. During the VIP entertainment I went to the bathroom. I must admit I approached the john with a certain trepidation. What might I find there? What I found was an almost empty and rather echoing john. The only person was a man standing about three or four feet from a urinal, holding a limp penis in his hand, just looking at it. It was his own, you understand. I peed and left and he was still just standing there, looking down, with no particular expression (possibly weariness) just holding it.

"Home is heaven and orgies vile, But I like an orgy, once in awhile."
(Ogden Nash)

I finished the Iron Man novel. An easy 50,000 words with Sharman a "guest star" and Randy Greiner a villain. He is the fella that paid \$25 in a LASFS auction to be so maligned. Can't you see it now? Saul Bellow gets \$15,000 to put an IBM executive in as a hero. Robert Heinlein gets \$3,700 and nine pints of blood to name a Chicago fan as a dunce in his newest juvenile. Harlan Ellison wrongs \$2,500 from a Cleveland fan so that he might be the object of derision. Where will it end?

Have you noticed I am presenting KTEIC in easy to read bite-size bits?

My book had finished before the laundry. I looked around. There was a copy of The Advocate, a magazine (no, newspaper) I'd not seen. Imagine my surprise when I not only found a nice interview with Lizzy Lynn and a quote I'd like to use in QUOTEBOOK.

"People don't understand that my muscles do in little what the characters do in large. When I write a love scene or about climbing a mountain, I've done it. It's emotionally and physically exhausting."

"It is always dangerous to send authors to jail. This removes their chief excuse for not writing." (Arthur C. Clarke, The View/Serendip)

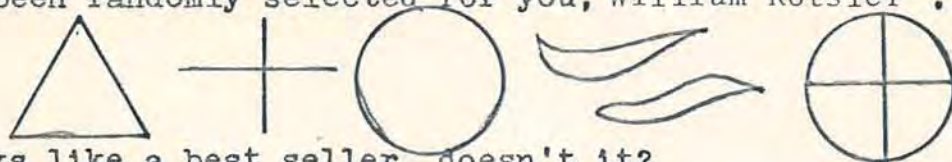
Yesterday, coming into Hollywood through the Cahuenga Pass I saw this huge cloud of smoke spurting up into the sky, as though the heart of the city was aburning. After our recent fires (and my recent fire) it was rather nervous-making. It turned out to be closer, in the Pass itself, a brush fire started by a "transient" who was (get this) roasting a bird alive. The bird flopped off and scattered the embers. There were helicopters dropping fire retardant and the fire & those folks were so close I got spatters on my windshield.

About 7:30 this morning a drunk, driving a truck with a 40 foot trailer and with a teen-age hitch-hiker aboard, turned the corner off Sunset, crunched the traffic light, a sign, and a VW. The VW was about two feet high. It jammed up under his back wheels and was dragged along aways. The traffi, without a light, really piled up, for maybe a mile back north on the Hollywood Fwy. (The Sunset offramp decants into Van Ness right in front of the apt bldg.

A LETTER FROM REBECCA KURLAND:

Dear Wm.,

Your name has been selected at random from a list of Greater Los Angeles Authors to participate in an exciting new endeavor. A researcher from Yerkes Primate Center in Atlanta Georgia has devised a way for chimpanzees to come up with ideas for novels by programming a computer in a language consisting of squares, circles, crosses, triangles, and banana shapes. These ideas for novels are then given to the Greater Los Angeles Authors, who then write the books and split the money with the chimpanzees. We feel that this is a sure thing. Here is the idea which has been randomly selected for you, William Rotsler .



Looks like a best seller, doesn't it?

The only other thing we ask is that when people ask you 'where you get your ideas, you say, "The Yerkes Primate Center Random Fiction Generating Project, which is funded in part by grant 78/18749 from the National Science Foundation."

"The sound of tireless voices is the price we pay for the right to hear the music of our opinions."

(Adlai Stevenson)

It just occurred to me that someone might think the inter-lineations I put in here have some comment or bearing on the material surrounding them. Not so. They are the result of what might be on the top of the pile in the To Be Filed In Quotebook box or by reaching out and selecting a Quotebook binder at random and opening at random. However, I have noticed a certain vague connection...

"Things do not happen. They are made to happen." (John F. Kennedy)

Honest, that was the next one in the pile!

Anyway, I went to LOSCON 5. It was held in Pasadena at the old Sheraton, which was really rather nice for a small (300-400 people) con. Got to go into Pasadena and eat at some very nice inexpensive restaurants. They had a street fair there that was far & away the best I've seen anywhere. Really good quality stuff--I bought Sharman a belt buckle and big fancy brass necklace. Lots of dragons, unicorns, castles (in clay, metal, stuffed pillows).

It was a pleasant, laid-back con. Sharman was ill & working both plus had a broken VW (all this unknown to me) and so she was not there at all. I talked a lot to some of the Comic-con people that had come up. Sold a lot of badges for DUFF, thanks to the tireless efforts of Bruce Pelz (all hail).

Nothing spectacular happened, but a pleasant weekend.

I never thought KTEIC was going to turn into a letterzine. I don't want it to turn into a letterzine. It is my personal little letter-substitute

AND SHOULD BE TREATED AS A LETTER BY ONE & ALL!

I also imagine we are boring to death a great number of those folks who get this little bundle who are not directly connected to fandom (Hi, Charles! Hi, Stephanie! Hi, Dutch!) or to David Gerrold. But, wow, it certainly brought out some letters.

I am about to get up from this very typewriter this minute and go out and vote against Senator Briggs. I would have, anyway, but the timing is right. I will, however, dig into the Well of Infinite Wisdom that is QUOTEBOOK to bring you this interlineation:

"Darling, if a man is a man he can be in ruffles and laces and nobody would make a mistake." (Zsa Zsa Gabor) (I guess she has had more practice than you, George. At everything.)

Who does get KTEIC these days? Burbee, Stephanie Bernstein, George and Lola Clayton Johnson, Harlan (you can stop looking for your name now), Gerrold, Niven, Pelz, Dutch Fielder, Gottlieb, Randall, Evanier, Sternbach, Barr, Canfield, Cadogen, Hlavaty, Wein & Wolfman, Goldin, Kurland, Cropsey, Brazier, Gilliland, Susan Wood, Ron & Uschi Digard, Busby, Silverberg, Carr, Norm/Gina Clarke, Tucker, Grennell, Raeburn, Lizzy Lynn, Jerry Jacks, Broxon, Tom Newman, Bill/Bev Warren, the Scott Shaws!, Don/Michele Rico, John Bangsund in faroff exotic Down Under, Terry Hughes, Dan Steffan, Mike Mike Glicksohn, Derek Carter, Langley, Pfeil, Calkins, Charles N. Brown, Larry Propp, Foster, Eklund, a clutch of Benfordii, Sid Coleman, Tom Perry, Steve/Grania Davis, and the Ellingtons. Whew!

"You can't ride a man unless his back is bent." (Joe Nazell)

I've dropped a number of people from the list because in a case or two they didn't bother to give me an address change. Fuck 'em. If they aren't interested enough to do that, they do not get it. In addition, all those whose names are underlined up there had better give me some kind of indication that you want to go on receiving this. The rest are going to get it no matter what. Be warned.

"If at time you find it difficult to tell your story in a sufficiently brief manner, remember that the Bible told the story of creation in six hundred words."
----- (WR)

Sharman is still taking her mechanix course and I think we'll do a photo-article on it. # Out of the distant (1958) past came John Straight the other day. He's the guy who at 17 was a paratrooper... the Korean War started & he wanted to see his girl...they wouldn't let him...he went AWOL, they tossed him out of the jumpers & 72 hours later he was in a forward observation post in the chaotic front line. He came out of it with a silver plate in his head & a million wild stories. He's the guy I stopped from shooting himself in the

Alamo Motel in Dallas, Texas. We were there to install a sculpture (two, actually) I had made for Bernard Rosenthal. There are many very wild stories about him (and me) involving fender-bending my car, Mexican whorehouses, dawn fornications, etc. Which I am not going to go into. Oh, and a potential ENORMOUS brawl in a ripoff Mexican bar that didn't come off because (1) I could act tough & he (2) was tough. Amazing guy. Now into some kind of oil gotten from a desert nut that is used for fine leathers & wrinkled faces.

"An author really hasn't made it until he no longer shows his books to his friends."
(Dorothy Parker)

At LOSCON I believe it was Asenath that suggested Gerrold's Law:
"You can't tell by looking at them."



Sergio
Aragones
cartoon

(When has a man made enough to be happy?) "When he has made the next million."
(J. P. Morgan)

QUOTEBOOK continues to grow at a good pace. I find it a relaxing thing to do, transcribe collected quotes--from books, fanzines, letters, newspapers, etc--and feel that I am really not goofing off but doing productive work. (If QUOTEBOOK never gets published I still will feel it productive because it has truly been an education compiling this book.) I've gotten so that quotations seem to stand out in italics even when they are not printed that way. I have not put the xeroxed sheets into the Master File in some time--the xeroxed file is in storage--but I think it has to be over 400,000 words now.

Copley News Service called the other day. They didn't know what to do with my photo comic strip ideas but liked two as regular drawn strips. Now they want to see samples on RAVEN BLACKSWORD...a "Conan in Outer Space" type thing...and THE STARLETS, set in Hollywood. I have to write then find the appropriate artists. I see none that can draw either that are available, dammit.

"Things are cheap. Most can be had for the price of effort." (wr)

A LETTER FROM A READER OF KTEIC

Gee...my own copy, not to be passed along!

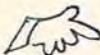
That should rate a reply, even to a biting Santa Claus. I got a kick out of all the reaction, both theirs and yours, to the fact that sometimes, just SOMETimes even the most good-natured guy just plain gets fed up and feels like taking a bite out of SOMEBODY!

I know how it feels, because I got a similar reaction a few years back to something I said, which I forget now because it really wasn't important, when I all of a sudden was full to the gills of being a nice guy. Not only that, but when they got after me about my reaction (or overreaction, which was most likely correct) I snarled and got my back up even further and kept right on biting!

It felt good, too.



"Beethoven was deaf; Homer was blind; Milton was deaf; Julius Caesar was an epileptic; Alexander Pope a hunchback; Charles Darwin a chronic invalid; Edgar Allen Poe a psychoneurotic; Franklin D. Roosevelt a polio victim; a number were homosexuals in times when society was less than tolerant; Steinmetz was a cripple; Rembrandt was troubled; Van Gogh was mad; many great poets and writers have been alcoholics or on drugs. I mention this because I recently heard you complain."
(wr)

 Another DNQ from someone else suggested that in my response to David I missed his point. That David was not "pissed or hurt at what you said, but at where you said it. To an audience, rather than privately." This writer was probably right. The fact that I look at KTEIC as a letter(-substitute) doesn't mean that other people make that distinction. There was more to the letter, but I'm really tired of all this and I'm sure others are, too.

"Man is in danger of being made obsolete by his own progress."
(Burton Ellis)

11 Nov Just returned from visiting a HUGE mineral show, hunting for specimen cheap enough & good enough for the Nebula Awards. Ha. No more. The cheapest I could find, equivilent of what has been used in the past, was upward from \$20. Most were \$50 to \$300!

Took the opportunity to drive around Pasadena in the light rain. It used to be that this was the "old" SoCal money city, rather fusty and "little old ladyish." But it is getting a big shot in the arm, looks pretty good, revitalizing the center with exhibition halls, etc.

Also visited the Norton Simon Museum, which I recommend to visitor folk. It has A-minus & B-plus art by The Big Names, from

Rembrandt, Matisse, Picasso & all the Impressionists & Post-Impressionists to Rodin, Delacroix, Ingres, and a huge East Indian sculpture exhibition. Cost \$2, has excellent art book store.

They also have many superb A-grade Henry Moores, including one I love, an abstract I always "cop a feel on." Very sensuous. There's a realistic Guigou landscape I'd steal if I could and a Caneletto view of Venice I really like. (Canaletto always looks like a photo or an architectural drawing at first glance, but he grows on

WHERE DO I
GET MY IDEAS ?



John Alton

ya.) They have a few Van Goghs. Since Vincent was loony and I respond strongly to him, I wonder what that makes me? They have a Rubens that looks like Bette Davis as a nun, Arp's "Bird in Space," a lot of Degas bronzes, scores of prints by Rembrandt & Picasso--including some of his most famous--Goya's "Disasters of War" & many others. A large portion of the museum's contents are paintings and tapestries that only interest me historically--after all, once you've seen a 16th Century Mother & Child you've damn near seen them all.

In the more recent portion they have Albers (always liked his cool, abstract manner), a Nevelson, some Warhol Brillo boxes, an Oldenberg ketchup bottle, and several paintings by John Alton. I went to art school with him. We thought he looked like the Indian on a buffalo nickle. He was a year old but seemed MUCH older. He had a most remarkable reaction on women. Men thought him ugly, but

women flipped over him. He was ugly like Charles Bronson is ugly. He committed suicide in 1969 by putting his head on a railroad track and letting an engine run over him.

"We tend to laugh at people who undercope or overcope. The same is true for organization and institutions, traditions and cities. We also feel anger for the identical reasons." (wr)

Following up on last issue's colors, from this month's Reader's Digest we get Foreseeable Fuchsia, Tickled Pink, Anti-Establish Mint, Dead Beet, Original Cinnamon and Sub Lime.

Also at the art book store I saw "The Art of Franklin Booth." Wow, did Alex Raymond rip him off for Flash Gordon! Floating cities & lots of background buildings. Saw some Astounding covers--rather, I remember some--that were "switches" on his layouts, too.

"People who do not see much of value in art should wish they could." (wr)



"I'll be using a pseudonym..."

"Hi, neofan!
New to fandom?"



"A writer is like a weighing machine: Words come only when you put money in." (Quentin Crisp, The Naked Civil Servant)

[S/HE/IT]

What are we going to do, in our language, both spoken and written, to indicate a non-sexist gender? Often we say "he" then qualify it in a footnote or bookended between parentheses. The suggested s/he is only fair and only works in print.

This is my latest Quest, you see. Once I found and identified the crack of the ass (forever forward known as "Rotsler's Gluteal Cleft" thanks to Alan Trimp) I must go on to great triumphs.

The heading to this secyion reads like a Southern Person saying Shit"--"Sheeet." Actually, we don't have much trouble with "it" but him/her, he/she, s/he are awkward. Maybe we should just strike out into virgin territory and try mork, shem, peanutbutter, dorf...

That reminds me--a funny thing happened on my way to this sheet of paper. At LOSCON the San Diego Comic Con people (not Rich Butner) and I decided we'd try to insinuate the word "dorf" into the language, perhaps replacing nerd, crap, mung, etc. (There is no connection to Shel Dorf, founder of Comic-Con and consummate nerd.)

AND IN THE SAME MAIL AS REBECCA'S LETTER CAME THIS FROM MICHAEL K.

Dear Writer WILLIAM ROTSLER ,

In an effort to save postage, we are compiling the monthly IDEA postcards, and sending out a quarterly IDEA newsletter, containing three (3) ideas. Please notify us in the usual manner if you use one of our ideas, so we can take it off the list. Here are your three ideas from our SCIENCE FICTION list:

1.

A THING COMES OUT OF THE GROUND THAT SORT OF EATS PEOPLE, BUT NOT REALLY. GUY RESCUES GIRL FROM THING, WHICH KEEPS GETTING LARGER. THING EATS CHICAGO. THING IS DESTROYED. (NOTE: TO DIFFERENTIATE THING FROM OTHER THINGS, SUGGEST ONE OF FOLLOWING: THING LIKES OPERA; THING LIKES OPERA HOUSES; THING IS AFRAID OF OPERA AND CAN BE CONTROLLED BY CONTRALTO SINGING AND BANISHED BY SOPRANO.)

2.

THESE PEOPLE IN A COLONY OR PERHAPS A SPACE SHIP SOMEWHERE OUT THERE HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT EARTH EXISTS. THEY THINK BABIES ARE FOUND UNDER CABBAGE BUSHES. THEY BELIEVE IN THE TOOTH FAIRY. MAN FROM EARTH COMES AND TELLS THEM HE IS TOOTH FAIRY. IN A GREAT RITUAL THEY KILL HIM AND SLICE HIM UP, EACH GETTING A PIECE. HE SHOULD HAVE ASKED. THE FEAST TURNS INTO A GREAT ORGY. NINE MONTHS LATER A LOT OF BABIES ARE FOUND UNDER THE CABBAGE BUSHES.

3.

HARLAN ELLISON IS SEEN TALKING CALMLY TO A PUBLISHER. ON CLOSE INSPECTION HE IS FOUND TO BE AN ALIEN LIFE-FORM WHICH HAS TAKEN OVER HARLAN'S BODY. OTHER SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS ARE INSPECTED AND FOUND TO BE HARBORING SIMILAR ALIENS. THEY ARE GALACTIC POLICEMEN, HUNTING FOR A RACE OF THE VILEST, EVILEST, MEANEST, SLIMIEST, MOST GENERALLY DISGUSTING AND REPULSIVE BEINGS IN THE GALAXY. ALSO CHEAP. THE VILLIANS ARE FOUND TO BE HIDING IN THE BODIES OF PUBLISHERS AND SENIOR EDITORS. THEY HAVE BEEN THERE FOR YEARS.

Writer -- remember, as Dracula once said, "The blood is the life!" Tell no one where you get your ideas! Burn this letter. Do not let it fall into mundane hands. Good luck.

"When some men acts like gods, others must become atheists." (WR)

Some of Murphy's ^{Patent} Laws for Marta Randall:

- 1: Any understandable invention is obvious.
- 2: The best reference will be the missing one.
- 3: The mother of invention is an application ready for signature.
- 4: The embodiment described will be obsolete when the patent issues.
- 5: Urgent letters arrive too late.
- 6: Rush requests will be cancelled the day response is ready.
- 7: If you know the answer, you have misunderstood the question.

"I have a superstition that at all times I must have a book in the house or I may freeze up forever. I never finish a novel on a weekend when I can't get to the post office. The minute I finish it, it's into the box and out of the house. And before I go to bed that night I type the first line of my next novel or I can't sleep." (C. J. Cherryh, in Science Fiction Review, Nov-Dec, 1978)

MARK EVANIER'S RULES FOR FREELANCERS

- 1: Never work for only one organization. Never have all your income dependent upon one employer. Always be able to quit.
- 2: Don't specialize yourself out of the marketplace. Never narrow your field.
- 3: Never let yourself get a reputation for unreliability--you will never lose it.
- 4: Always accept responsibility for your actions--and never take blame for anything you didn't do.
- 5: Never apologize for your work and never do anything you have to apologize for.
- 6: If you are not prepared emotionally to go six months without a check don't become a freelancer in the first place.

"A nut is a genius who was wrong." (Howard Blake)

I've been working freelance for most of 27 years and I see absolutely nothing wrong with those rules. (Of course, knowing Mark, he has to add, "7: Never do pushups over a smouldering volcano.") That Rule 3 now; this ZANDRA sequel is the first time I can remember that I have missed a deadline--but that fire really threw me...that and the Iron Man book.

((((((()))))))))

SHARMAN DiVONO, the belly-dancing mechanic, has finished her ten-week course in mechanical-stuff (or will this weekend) and has moved--! To: 13113 Vanowen, North Hollywood, CA 91601. Her new telephone number is (213) 764-4576. She will be leaving (thank Ghu!) the Scorpio Rising Theater just before Christmas, in time for us to go sailing off to the Bay Area for our Now Traditional Holiday. She will be devoting herself full-time to writing comix for Hanna-Barbera and full-time to looking for acting work in movies and teevee.