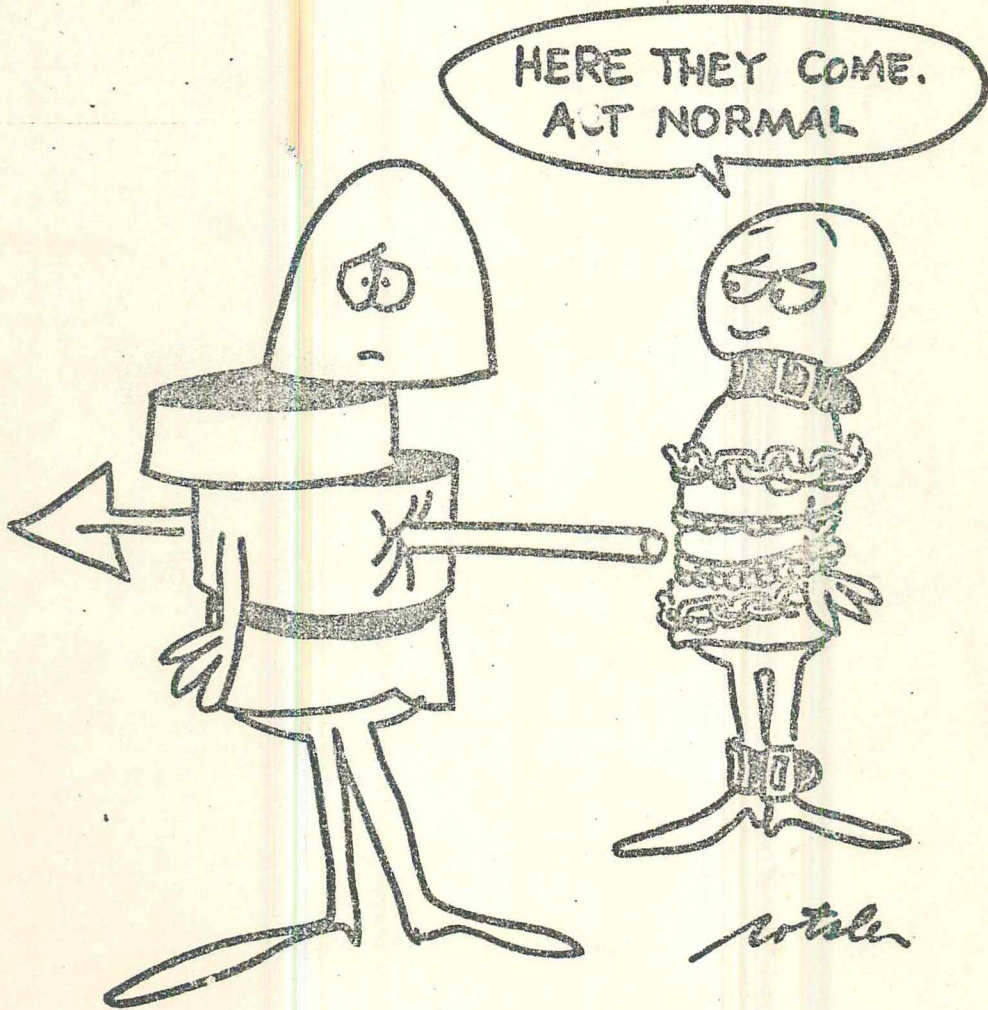


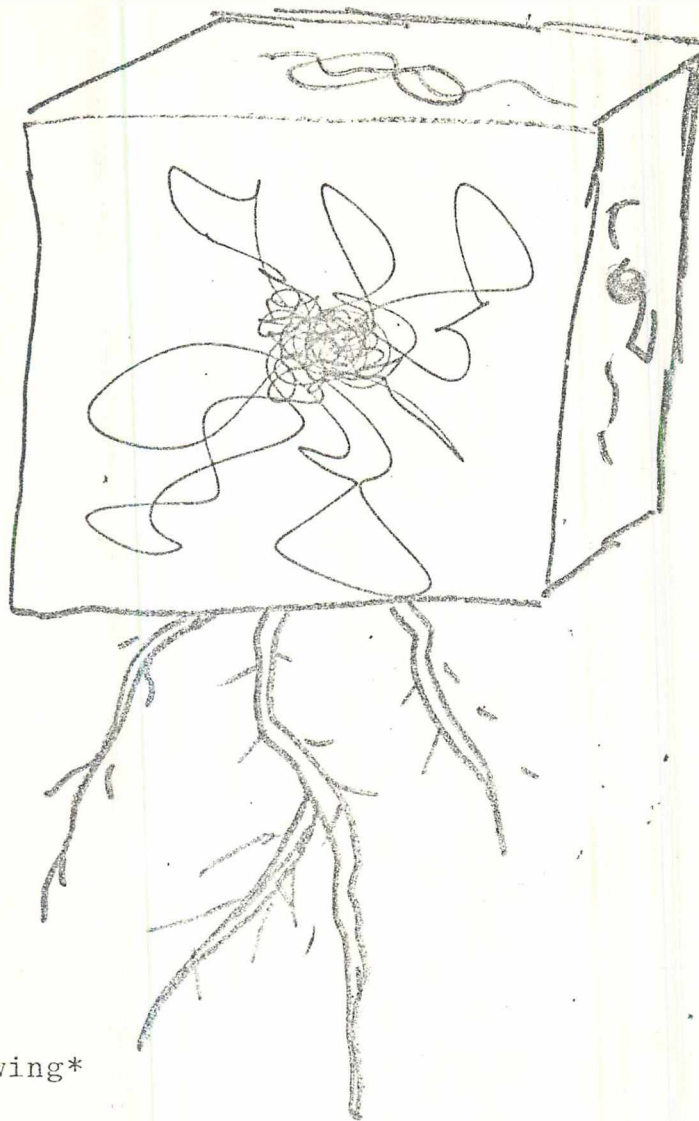
3/25/78

*KTEIC MAGAZINE



18 Jan 78 I was elected to the Board of Directors of CAPS (Comic Art Professional Society) the other day. # On a Xmas present Mark Evanier had a card: "For: William Rotsler (or, in alphabetical order: AEIILLLMORRSTW!)"

A cube root



DiVono drawing

Remember (Jesus, Greg just called and I can't remember why I wrote "Remember"...) We were talking about Harlan & his statement in LOCUS re going/not going to Phoenix. I said, "Well, that sort of thing creates an image, too." I mentioned talking to a woman at the Carr New Year's party & how she had fantasies about having an affair with Silverberg, and I think Harlan (Sorry, HE). Greg agreed that if you ask the man-in-the-street to name a half dozen SF writers they'll only be able to name five

and one of them will be Harlan. Greg added, "They'll remember Herman Goering, too, before you and me." # Received a telegram today from Pat Lobrutto at Doubleday, "Congratulations and best wishes on the publication of Zandra. This is a fine addition to our list." While I think this may be a standard Lobrutto action, though I don't know, it was nice and certainly no other publisher has ever done so. # Saw Bob Bloch on the Tomorrow Show last night, and finally saw Donald E. Westlake, who said, "Writers love to do thing [in their stories] that no one is going to notice." Bloch was pretty funny, but I must say Tom Snyder zinged him good after a one-liner, with "When did you give up your youthful ambition to be a gag writer?"

"Plot is secondary to characterization." (Mickey Spillane, same show)

20 Jan 78 Letter from Doubleday said today that as of 1/13/78 (the day ZANDRA came out) it had sold 5,167 copies. Gee, what will it do when they can actually see the book!

What I wonder is, do you go thumbing through here, first looking at the cartoons & drawings, the way you do with The New Yorker, and then read the text, or do you just start in?

I know these letter-substitutes of mine have been getting longer and less frequent, roughly on a quarterly basis. I think often of making them smaller and more often, but I'm lazy. To actually sit down and collate these damn things, staple & address them--that's work! It's so much easier to think about doing it Real Soon Now, and the fun is the writing & putting in drawings...so it just grows and grows and you read about winter's fun in the spring or summer and it seems Old Hat so you skim through and...

Rats.

Well, I don't know what to do about that. It doesn't seem important enough to Revamp My Life or even to Do It Differently. It's difficult sometimes just thinking about what words to Capitalize, so I guess ol' KTEIC MAGAZINE will just toddle along as always, on a strict unscheduled basis.

THIS IS THE DAN STEFFAN APPRECIATION ISSUE

IT'S
ABOUT
TIME



Fandom has to do pennance. It has to make up for Phil Foglio. I suggest giving Grant Canfield a Hugo...then Don Simpson, then Alexis Gilliland, and then Dan Steffan. Shape up out there, Hugo-voters, and do it. Don't let the Midwest's ~~Trashbag/Killer Phantom/Slasher~~ Feltpip Pen Abomination do it again. Vote Canfield. (Next year I will give you another post-hypnotic suggestion.)

"His fund of misinformation is never overdrawn."

(WR)

TRIVIA Jack Jardine just called, saying it looks like he's the next editor of VELVET. This is the outfit that I thought might be offering me the job (I was Editor-of-the-Day just before Xmas) but when I heard Jack was being considered I plugged for him. He'll get me work there and I'll not have to go into the office every day and I can finish SHIVA DESCENDING and sleep late. # Last issue ran 35 pages--some were blank on the back, you weren't given fuckedup copies. # In my report on Christmas in the Bay Area last time I completely forgot going to Tom Scortia's for a New Year's Day party. Previously it had been the Silverbergs who hosted the Now Traditional New Year's Day party, but now Tom is making noises about "fighting" for the

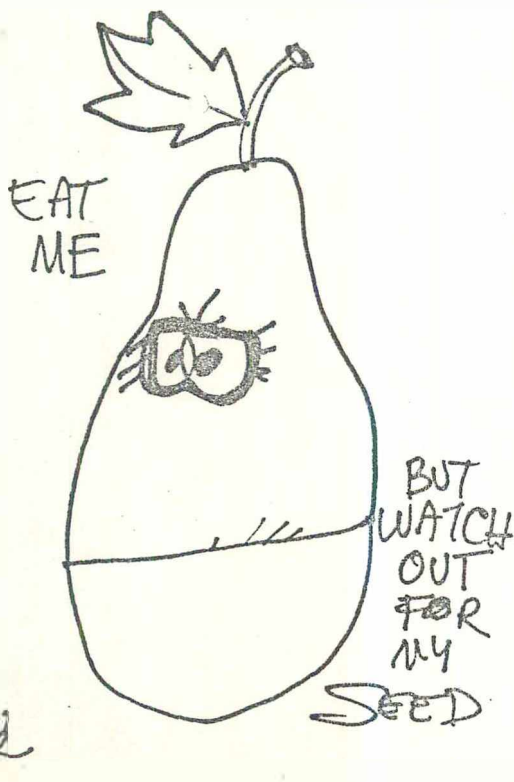
party, but now Tom Scortia is "fighting" for the opportunity to be the ~~hostess~~ host of the affair. (That was mean of me.) He has a nice condominium with a great view of SF from the hill. where he lives with Nicolas (maybe Nicholas) Scortia, who used to be Ron Something (no one I knew could ever remember his last name.) Seems Tom adopting Ron, who changed his name, so that none of Tom's heirs/relatives could ever get anything. That's one way. Nicholas must have had a hors d'oeuvres mine in back--the trays of goodies never stopped coming:

I was amused by two things: one, that people were calling them "condos." When I introduced (?) that term in TO THE LAND OF THE ELECTRIC ANGEL several years ago I had to argue with Judy-Lynn del Rey to keep it in. She said it wasn't a sensible term or people wouldn't call condominiums that, or something. Ha. The other item was the not-very-surprising sight of one of our leading SF lights coming out of the closet...with a person I described (perhaps badly, because I didn't talk to him) as a male version of a blonde blonde.

I also saw San Francisco in the rain. I know that doesn't seem like much, but as I told last time, I've been having this thing with San Francisco since 1939--nothing but good weather. (I made this deal early; it was either that or be tall, with curly hair and a brilliant smile. In the words of Charles Burbee, slightly distorted, "I chose glory instead of charm" and history was made.)

We also went to a nice little party at Alva Rogers' apartment, where I got to talk to the aforementioned Bob Silverberg for practically the only time the whole trip. Now that BS is singular instead of plural (on a trial basis, you understand) he has given up such decadent and taxing pursuits as New Year's Day parties, but I shall, for one, regret that. His place lends itself well to such pursuits.

Harlan was also up, something rare for him during that crucial social "season", and it was good to see him. I see more of Sherry Gottlieb and Harlan, I sometimes think, in far places than I do here in Los Angeles. (One never has to identify which Harlan, does one?)



"When there's a lot of it around, you never want it very much." (Peg Bracken; I like that but am uncertain just what Quotebook category to put it in...)

Jack Jardine is apparently the new VELVET editor. Sharman is writing her 3rd or 4th "Clue Club" story for Hanna Barbera's French comics. I've ploughed through tons of stuff, cleared off the desk slightly and have written 13,000 more words for SHIVA DESCENDING. My daughter Lisa is living in several different places, with friends, and the physical results of her accident (she was hit by another car while parked a couple of years ago) are getting worse. Saw Tom Newman on the 2-hour "Police Story" the other night--a bit as a veterinarian who keeps a wetback woman as a slave, tied naked to a bed. Oh, Tom--!

For any of you thinking of buying a new typewriter--please try the IBM Selectric--but with the correcting feature--ex-ensive but worth it!

24 Jan 78 Sharman has Sundays and Mondays off on her job with the Scorpio Rising Theater so this Sunday we had an orgy. A movie orgy. At noon we saw CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, then went straight to a triple James Bond bill (she had never seen DR. NO), then home for I, CLAUDIUS, and the last half of another James Bond movie on TV. But the second Bond was Moore, who Sharman says is not the real James Bond but is only holding down the job until Connery decides to come back.

Then Monday we lazed around, shopping, stopped at Change of Hobbit, talked to Gil Lamont, then ran into an old friend, Eddie Carroll, who had just become the official voice of Jimmy Cricket at Disney, writes movies with Jaime (Klinger) Farr, and does a lot of commercials (MGA).

Then we went to SEMI-TOUGH, which was a charming film. But going back to CLOSE ENCOUNTERS--I didn't get the feeling, which Harlan did, that mankind was stupid, only BEMs can save us, etc. (I may be misstating your case, ol' buddy, but that's the feeling I got.) I thought it was handled beautifully, with excellent acting, production & concept, and that the human beans in the film acted rather intelligently. The whole thing ended on a hopeful note. On the other hand, it was, as Harlan said, an old theme.

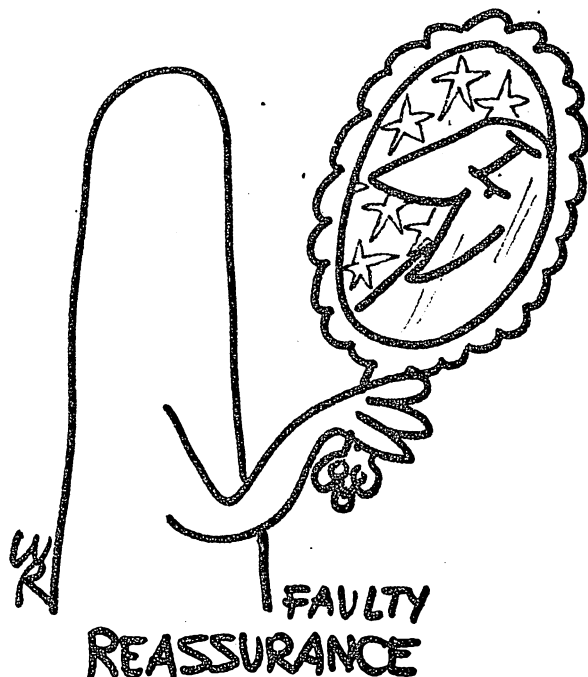
But do we really think the "Viewing Public" is going to jump from riveted space ships to some of the advanced concepts we (stepped in the juices of s-f) know and love? Not in one jump they are not. At least the people in CLOSE ENCOUNTERS didn't automatically line up ca-nons, but used scientific ideas and concepts to communicate, were rational. That alone--in terms of movies--is a giant step.

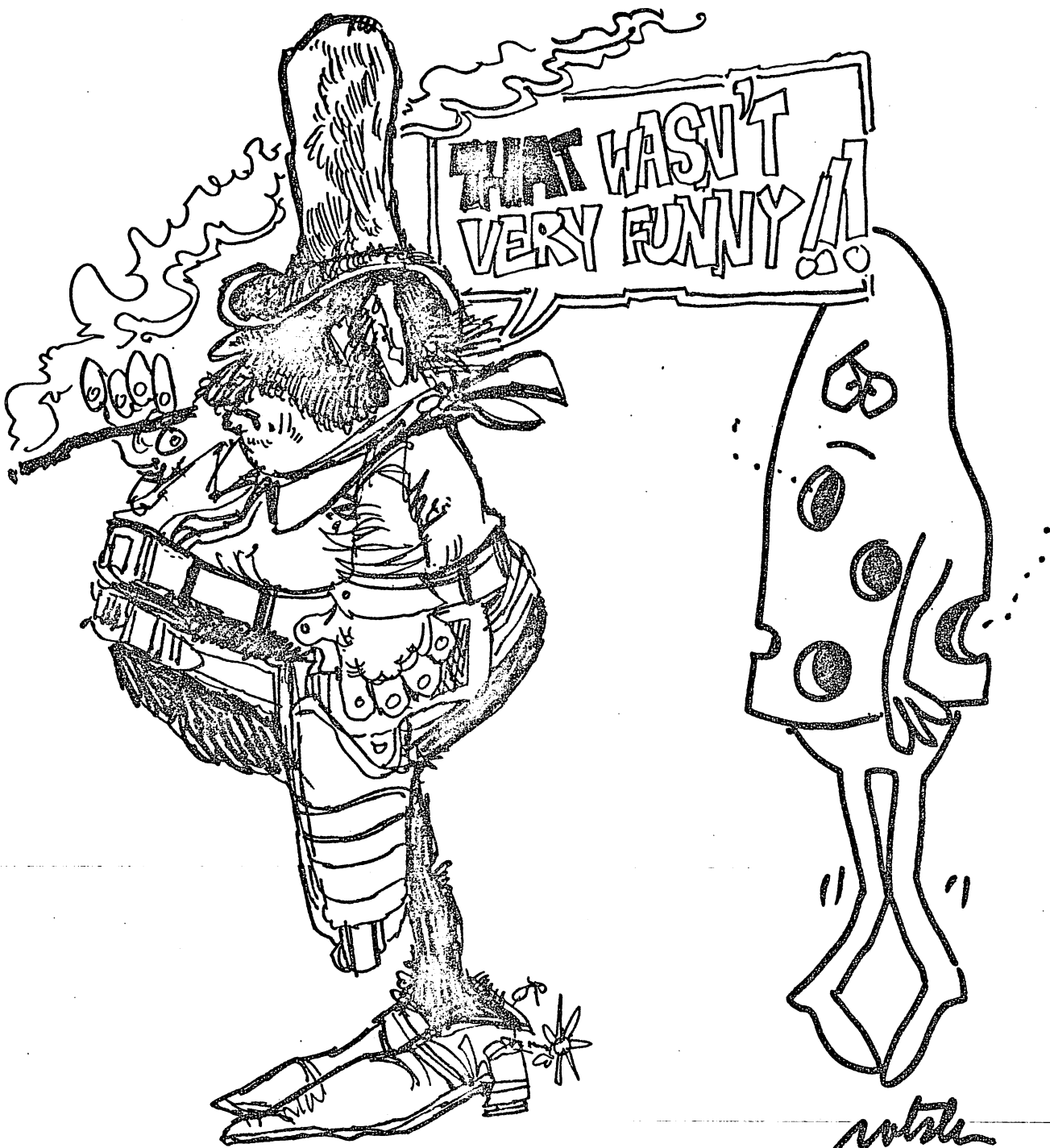
Besides, it was fun.

Although that big mother ship at the end was not, to my mind, very good. It was not in scale to the size of the people. The alien you got a closeup of was (1) not like those in the BG, but that's okay; (2) but with that spindly neck it didn't look to me to be practical & thus evolve; (3) with those big eyes and all the night trips--why the super-powerful light?

MOTHER WEARY #3 Marta Randall has done it again and once again I love it. Letter-substitutes Uber Alles. She describes Sharman thusly: "Sharman is the only walking, talking, breathing Jungle Queen I've met. Each time I see her in party dress, I expect her to flatten mountains with one imperious, graceful wave of a hand and disappear into a column of flames. Riding on a tiger." My goodness. The funny thing is that the theater ensemble she works with three of the people have "earned" nicknames: Spider, Mad Dog and Panther Lady. Guess who is Panther Lady.

Marta's Xerox reproduced my cut-out drawings very well--with full blacks. Wish those I had available to me did. # Marta's troubles with her publishers makes me wish for a union, but I suppose it could never happen. Sigh. # Once again, luv, you have written well...hang in there on your cigarette withdrawal...





rick CARTER.

"Physical cowards often overrate their moral courage." (WR)

28 Jan 78 Some rather distressing news: during a rehearsal an actor with whom Sharman has been having troubles (I think he is jealous of her acting ability, uncertain of his own, and harps on her constantly to pull her down) scraped her face with a fingernail, taking out a chunk. Though small it distresses her greatly because it was right in front, she heals badly, scars easily, and may have to have plastic surgery. Of course, on any man he'd probably never notice, but women, especially actresses, are different. The other thing is that my daughter may have epilepsy. Tests, etc follow. Since she was hit by a car (well, her car was hit while she was in it) a couple of years ago she has had a series of degenerative things happen--lapses in memory, blackouts, eyesight troubles, neck troubles, etc etc. The injury may have triggered the epilepsy (if that is what it is). They are taking her license away, too.

Me? Oh...my "bursitis" is more than that--so, e kind of muscular, tendon problem. The exercises are painful. It's like Rosey Greer came around, bent my arm up behind my back--and lifted me off the ground. No fun. And my hands (the Dupreyten's Contractive) gets worse, too.

Do you think I could be a soap opera?

"Nouns and verbs are almost pure metal; adjectives are cheaper ore."
(Marie Gilchrist)

I attended my first meeting as a member of the CAPS Board of Directors the other night. We plan some interesting things--a picnic and also (on April Fool's Day) an Expo. Mainly it is a seminar or invitational convention, but we may open it to the public. Should be fun and have all the comic art Biggies there.

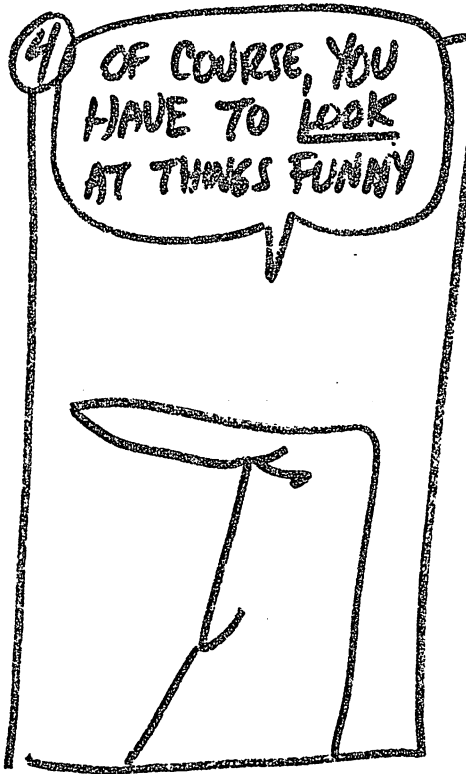
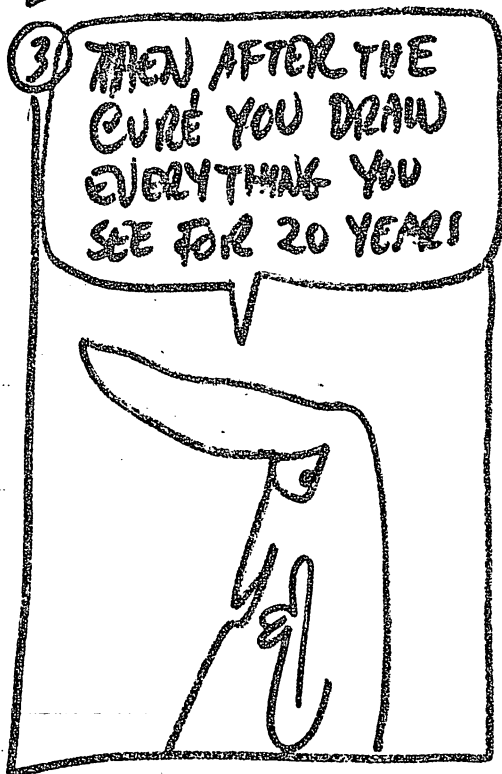
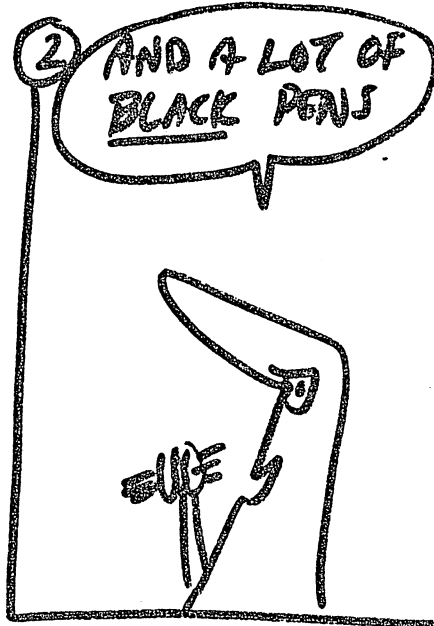
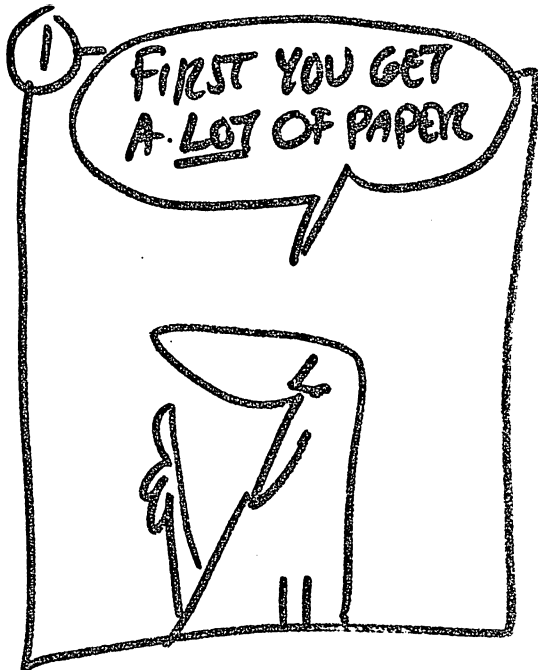
New book, QUOTABLE WOMEN, is out & filled with good stuff. New Spenser book (Hi, Steve!) out, PROMISED LAND, that is good. (Spenser is the private eye.) Burbee and Cora have split up. (Film at 11). And Burb is interested in writing for the men's mags, so we hope to get together & for me to Give The Word. There are fresh peas in the markets and both Sharman & I love to split the pids and eat them raw; far, far tastier than cooked. SHIVA DESCENDING is about 90,000 words and climbing. Read THE ALL-AMERICA BOYS, by an astronaut about astronauts and found it a mine of information, which I duly incorporated in one form or another.

"Of the arts, the most important for us in my opinion is the film."
(Nikolai Lenin)

Read--and was scared by--Paul E. Erdman's THE CRASH OF '79. A rather frightening & believable book. Now reading his SILVER BEARS, but I think he is also "Jonathan Black" who wrote OIL & some others I found in Australia. OIL is the one in which Larry Niven's grandfather is a walk-on character. But THE CRASH OF '79 makes me wonder what Our Resident Investment Counselor, Robert Silverberg, might have to say.

HOW-TO CARTOON

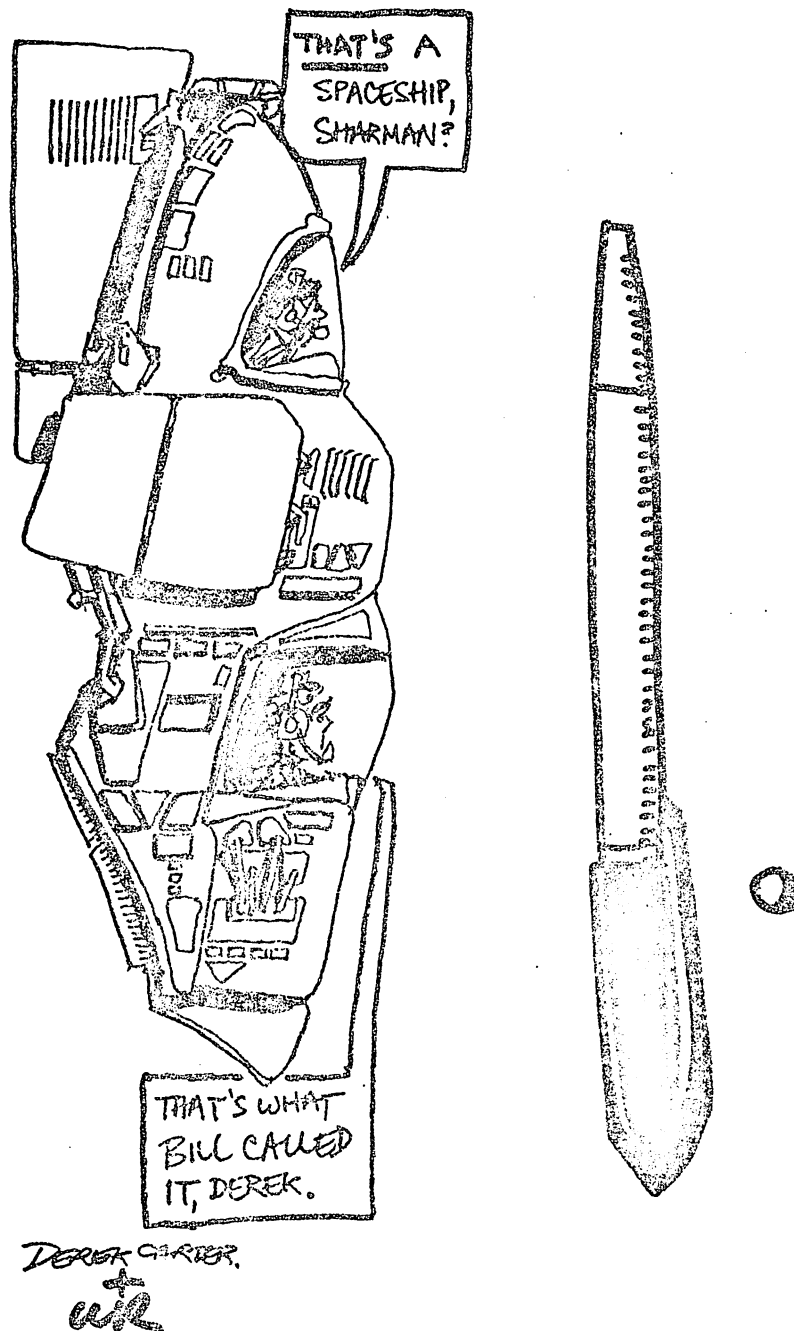
A COURSE FOR RICK STERNBACH AND FRIENDS



written by
LAST BUBBECARTER

"Astrology is perverted science."

(WR)



"The more mature I get, the more childish the rest of the world becomes!"
(Charles Schulz)

Quotebook, that repository for the wit & wisdom of our time, comes along fitfully--a thousand words this week, four thousand the next, a fiye or six thousand-word spurt, a ten-word week, and so on. But don't forget--I peddle immortality, folks.

"In a restaurant, choose a table near a waiter."
(Jewish saying)

MY DEAR SHARMAN, YOU
REALLY SHOULDN'T DO
THAT IN PUBUC - I
DON'T THINK BILLY-BOY
WOULD BE PLEASED 0



DEREK CARTER



ROSSER

"If God had meant man to use metric, Jesus would have had ten disc-
iples," (Anonymous, quoted in The CoEvolution Quarterly, Winter 77/78

OD ON HARLAN? No--but close. Mark Evanier taped Harlan Ellison on AT
ONE WITH and played it for us later; then I read a long
article by him, saw him on the TOMORROW SHOW, and all this week CBS
is having a "sci-fi" movie section on the news and Bradbury & H.E. are
shown. That's a lot of Harlan in one week!

TRIVIA: I've been trying to get an English-Greek/Greek-English romanized
dictionary for a year or so. Look in Australia, wrote the Greek
embassy, who put me in touch with a specialty book company (D.C.
Diyry, 293 7th Ave, NYC 10001) but NO ONE has what I want! Grump. It
looks as though I'm going to have to learn their funny alphabet. #
Speaking of learning other cultures, I'm been ENRAPTURED in SHOGUN--a
damn fine book, but it explains a LOT about the Japanese in WWII ("My"
war) and other items, about the oriental mind in general. The thing
that rather annoys me is that, basically, it is "just another historical
novel"--white barbarian comes to strange, exotic foreign land, et al.
But it is far more than than. However, breaking it down to basics,
that is what it is. It's really rather a bit of science-fiction, too.
In the classic sense of new technology affecting social structures. But
it makes all other historical novels look inept. (But then, I haven't
read all that many.) Makes me think of what Louis L'Amour said, about
anything east of the Mississippi is an "historical novel" and anything
west is "a western."

Saw HIGH ANXIETY last night. It was an OK comedy--better if you
are hip to Hitchcockian methods. But it's no BLAZING SADDLES. # Sharman
is hooked on re-runs of "The Prisoner." We started to look at ANNA
KARENINA but quickly switched off. While beautifully mounted (as they
say in film & theatrical circles) with a real beauty as Anna, it had
all the liabilities of a Russian novel without much of the good stuff.
Very confusing, we thought. We sighed for I, CLAUDIUS and turned the
dial.

"Thomas Disch said that creativity is the ability to find connections
where none exist. You might also say that connections always exist, if
you're creative enough to find them." (Arthur D. Hlavaty)

PARTY TIME: Went to one at the Nivens awhile back, then to a wine &
cheese party at Bruce & Elayne Pelz's. I liked the way
they laid it out, with little signs identifying the cheese. It was a
one-shot party in memory of Ron Ellik & Lee Jacobs, too, so I did a bit.
We had to go home rather early, as Sharman was very tired, having done,
in addition to a day's work, 90 minutes of solid dancing, in training
for the play she's doing. Burbee came over Saturday for a briefing
session on How To Write For The Men's Magazines, which I was most happy
to give him. I think he can make money at it. If you can write funny
you can almost always sell, and we know he can do that. # There are no
drawings on this page! My god--gray space alarm! Gray space alarm!

UPCOMING: STILL MORE Harlan!

NAH THEN
WHAT'S THIS ABAHT
CARTER
COMING TO THE
U.S.A.?



Derek CARTER.
+
ROZLEN

LONDON'S SWINGERS

AT THE FAMOUS FAPA CLUB!



A LETTER FROM LARRY NIVEN My thanks for introducing me to the Raideen series of Japanese cartoons. ((These are animated cartoons, appearing in this area on Channel 22, along with Getta Robo, another "good" Japanese animated super-robot series.)) Lo, these many months later, I think I've finally got the plot straightened out. Some kid has got hold of an Imperial Marine Advanced Combat Suit and is using it for fun and games. The 18th Esoteric Cavalry has been trying to get it back. Unfortunately the 18th is all genetic experiment types, as strange as their own beasts, and the natives panic if they see them. Meanwhile the native kid keeps finding new buttons to push. If he ever gets beyond the riot control stuff and into the light artillery, we could lose the whole planet. ((That is a pretty good explanation, Larry; totally wrong, but you could build a whole new series on the idea! WR))

"The military virtues are useless for governing civilians."
 ...Jerry Pournelle, The Mercenary

TUTMANIA We had extra tickets & figured Harlan Ellison Himself probably had been too busy to get some, so we took him to the King Tut exhibit and he took us to dinner. His companion was Cathy Gelbart, daughter of Larry ("MASH"), and she and Sharman "hit it off" fairly well. This is a contrast to Harlan's usual woman who either ignores Sharlady completely or acts like she's a rival. Of course, Harlan dropped her that same night. Cathy, I mean.

Tut was, of course, most interesting. I hope it doesn't get overhyped for those of you planning to go. I liked best the small



wooden coffin with the protecting falcons. Gorgeous stuff, yet only 55 of the approx. 4,000 in the tomb!

I must confess to a stupidity. The biggest crowd was around the big gold mask. It was badly displayed in that it was in a case just like the rest of the exhibits, but was, by far, the most looked-at. They should have put it in a ramp or some sort, where people would be channeled past. Instead, you had to fight your way into a thick blob of people, see it, then fight out. Made for frustrating and slow work. I realized suddenly that I was almost beside Christopher Lee. While I had met and talked with him and his wife at Ackerman's, it was a long time ago. But having The Mummy/Frankenstien/Dracula/etc standing there was just too much. I said a totally corny thing, he was gracious, polite & distant. And I call myself a wordsmith. I am ashamed. (What I said was, "Bring your own mummy?" I didn't even say that right, as I meant coffin. Oh, well...)

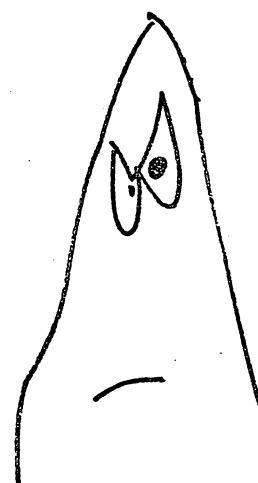
CAPS The Comic Art Professional Society is planning a Comics Expo, which is not a convention, but more of a symposium, but with an exhibit, etc. Like a con for pros. And a picnic. We have a regular monthly life class, too, in case any of you are interested. \$2 for non-members, 3 hours, next class March 16th.

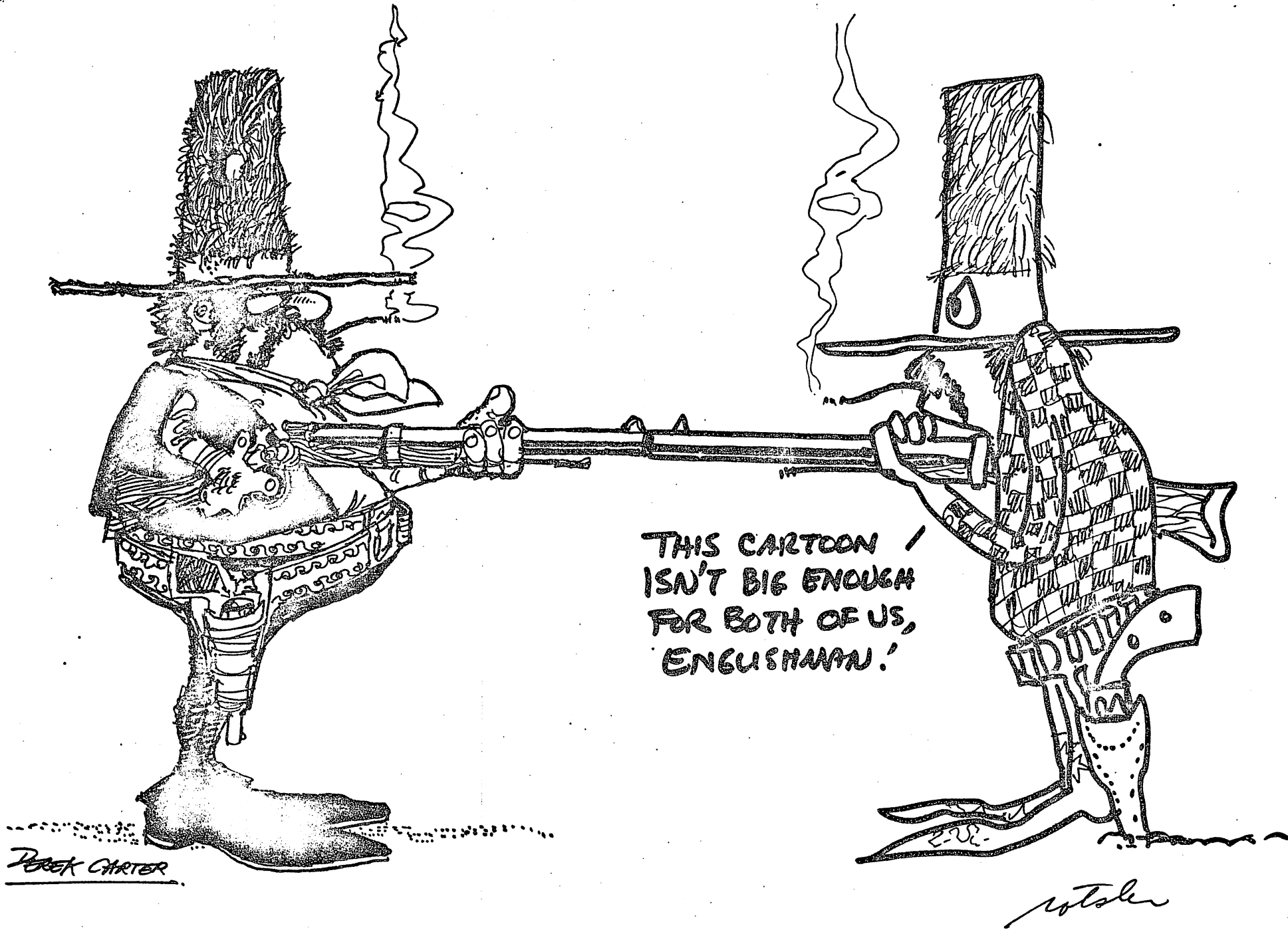
TRIVIA I have discovered chisel point felt tips. Most of you will be getting envelopes decorated (maybe "decorated" would be better) with my first attempts at teaching myself calligraphy. I also did about 2 dozen return envelopes, in colors, for mss. return from mags. My first efforts were hampered by a rather bad combination of colors (brown, black and red-violet) but I'll learn. # SHIVA DESCENDING is a 100,000 words now and shaping up nicely. # Norman Spinrad just called to say hello-- haven't seen him in years. # Research on SHIVA just involved finding out what is the best banjo, the opening moves of a chess/computer game, a floorplan of the White House, naming a secret Russian computer complex, and what would disable a diesel power plant. Ah, science fiction--!

"Modesty is a kind of groveling."

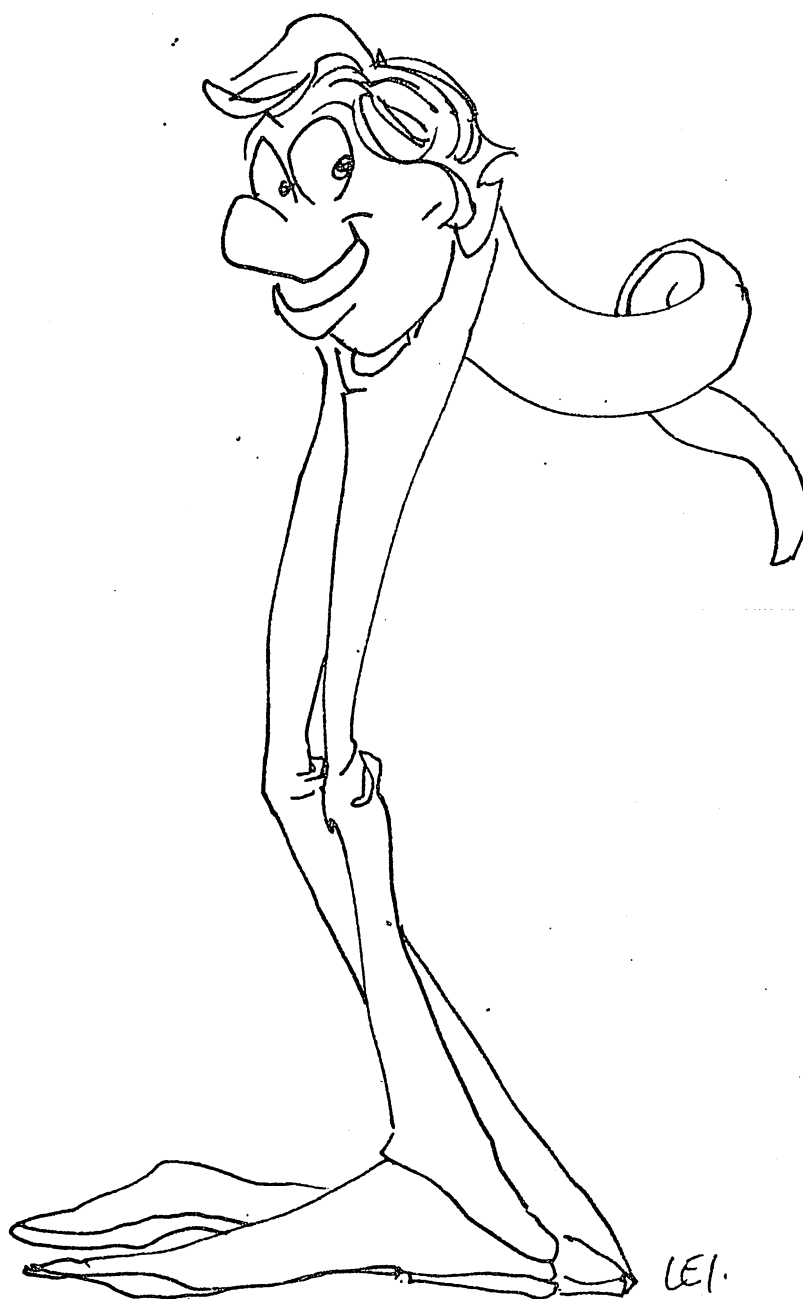
(Gustave Flaubert)

*Thou shalt
not
Dun*





The First Annual Monterey Science Fiction Writers Conference



PUDGE?
SOUNDS LIKE
RANCID FUDGE



ON
THE OTHER
HAND....



OH, LOOK,
INFLATABLE
DRUDGES



Wade

Jerry Jacks and Pat Lupoff, who organized the invitational convention (for tax purposes a S-F Writers Conference) called it a Relaxicon. There were multitudinous jokes about the Sercon Panel (if anyone was caught actually talking about SF) and the fact we should report in Locus that the Huckster Room had three copies of Outsider & Others with dust jacket, etc.

But all in all, it was really nice & charming & fun. I flew up via the Big Banana (Hughes Airwest) which is not my favorite airline. I disconcerted the passenger ahead of me as we trooped into the plane; you enter immediately behind the pilot's cabin and could see him reading a checklist. However, I said, "Wonder what he's reading...oh, I see...How To Fly Silver Birds..."

I arrived, flying through heavy rain (and taking off right next to where a big silver bird had crashed on takeoff at LAX the day before) but too late to go out to dinner with "the gang." Alva & Andi Rogers found me and we ate in the Ramada Inn, where all this was happening over 3-5 March, 1978. Later, people came back and we partied.

All of us crowded into one room. Most were stoned. I made some comment about Jerry Jacks & casting him aside like a sucked orange; shortly thereafter I made a switch on the Tapdancer bit with "The Moon is a Harsh Sucked Orange" or somesuch and instantly there were several Sucked Orange titles about. Sherry Gottlieb cried out for mercy, but everyone was cruel & heartless & kept right on.

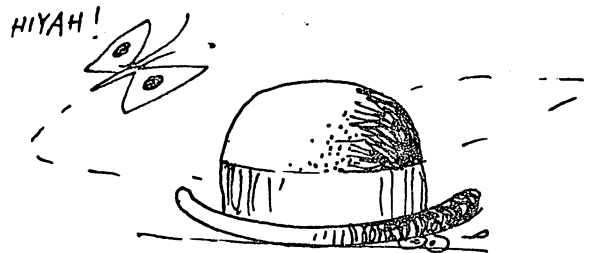
Didn't see very much of R. Silverberg or M. Randall, who were out cacti-hunting & sightseeing. Some people came just for Saturday's events, thus I saw Steve Leialoaha and Trina Robbins...and accused Steve of making up his name from "Hawaiian parts" and learned, with difficulty how to spell it.

It was one long party, broken up by trips to Carmel and to Monterey's Cannery Row. Andi/Alva, Charles N. Brown & myself found The Sardine Factory one lunchtime--and the Lupoffs, the J. Benfords, others already there--and vowed to come back the next day for lunch instead of snack. Really a good restaurant.

The official Saturday Night Banquet was Chinese and there was some difficulty with the bill after, but we moved on, opening up both the Rogers's room & my own, which adjoined, to one big party. Grant Canfield & I did some cartoons together which weren't too shabby.

Other events: Jim Benford got me to volunteer to be LILAPA "goat." I had a long talk with Allyn Cadogen (who is really a very nice lady!) about being an artist's agent. The Kurlands, Lee Marrs & I went to Carmel to the Gallery of Fine Comic Art, which I thought overpriced their comic originals, but would make a good outlet. We also saw some interesting Bonestell originals--some in oriental style--in another gallery. I bought a meat grinder in another place, gaped at goodies, etc. Got to know slightly several of the people invited that I did not know at all, like a pharmacist who is a professional RR model builder. Even had a drink in a bar, which is very unusual for me. Got caught in the heavy rain which came & went.

Also got to know Elizabeth A. Lynn better...enough to find she likes Lizzy (not Lizzie) and now I'll have to



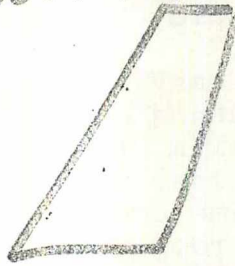
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Fannish Museum of Art

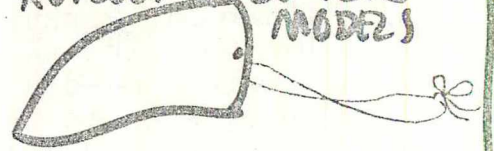
LEFT OVER
SHULL LINES



ARTHUR THOMSON
FULL FIGURE TEMPLATE



ROTSLER NOSE FELT
MODELS



FOGUO'S DERBY 1975



FOGUO'S DERBY
1978
(A DETAIL)



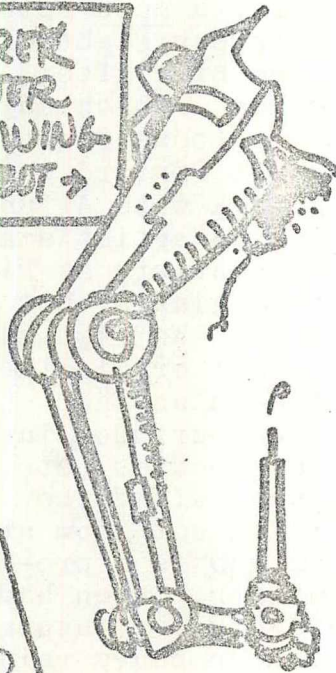
DAN STEFFAN'S
EYEBALLS

oo

A TIM HIRE
UTILITY EAR
(FOR DRAGONS,
ELVES,
etc.)



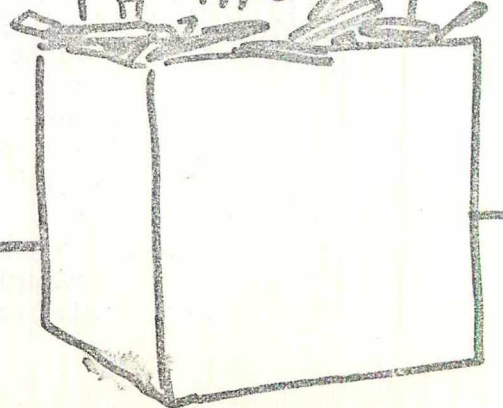
DEREK
CARTER
DRAWING
ROBOT



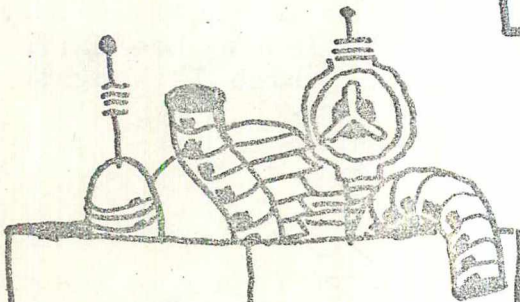
Rosler male figure
(a detail)



BILL ROTSLER'S
OLD FELT
TIPS



SPARE
GRANT
CANFIELD
ROBOT
PARTS



do her another name badge. She really seems like a good person... wait, let me fix that... a Good Person. And, too, to know Allyn better, for she is also a Good Person. Sherry Gottlieb & I only see each other in distant cities. Sandy Cohen flew up from LA, too. I only drew on one plate, I think, and Sandy copped it.

Had a very interesting and very potentially profitable talk with Charles N. Brown, the William Randolph Hearst of fandom. In an early morning talk--he couldn't sleep & I had awoken three hours earlier than planned--he mentioned "bestseller genre fiction."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Bestsellers is a genre?"

"Yes...but not every one in it is a best seller." He went on to say he had analyzed best sellers and why they were successful or weren't, citing examples. In no particular order he said that a "best seller" had to be big, had to have sex (but not kinky sex, just the standard perversions), had to be paranoid...something the characters didn't understand at first--an intransigent government agency, for example. The characters had to be black-and-white and stand for a viewpoint. There had to be a strong anti-technology. You had to kill off some characters.

"Sex isn't interesting," he said, "in bestseller fiction unless the characters are married to someone else."

What made this most interesting to me was (1) I don't read much of the "bestseller" genre; (2) Charlie will be putting this in a future Locus I think, and (3) Greg & my SHIVA DESCENDING is almost perfect for it. I don't think the characters are that black-and-white, and I had planned to discuss adding sex with Greg. We are very pro technology all right, but there is a very strong anti-technology force in the book. But everything else is there. I knew all these things, recognized them as he listed them, but it hadn't crystalized into a formula. For which I thank C. N. Brown.

Sunday, the last day, was lazy, with a late breakfast for most people, and goodbyes. But I had that talk with Charlie, another with Allyn, and then Charlie, Andi & Alva and I went to lunch at the Sardine Factory. Really good!

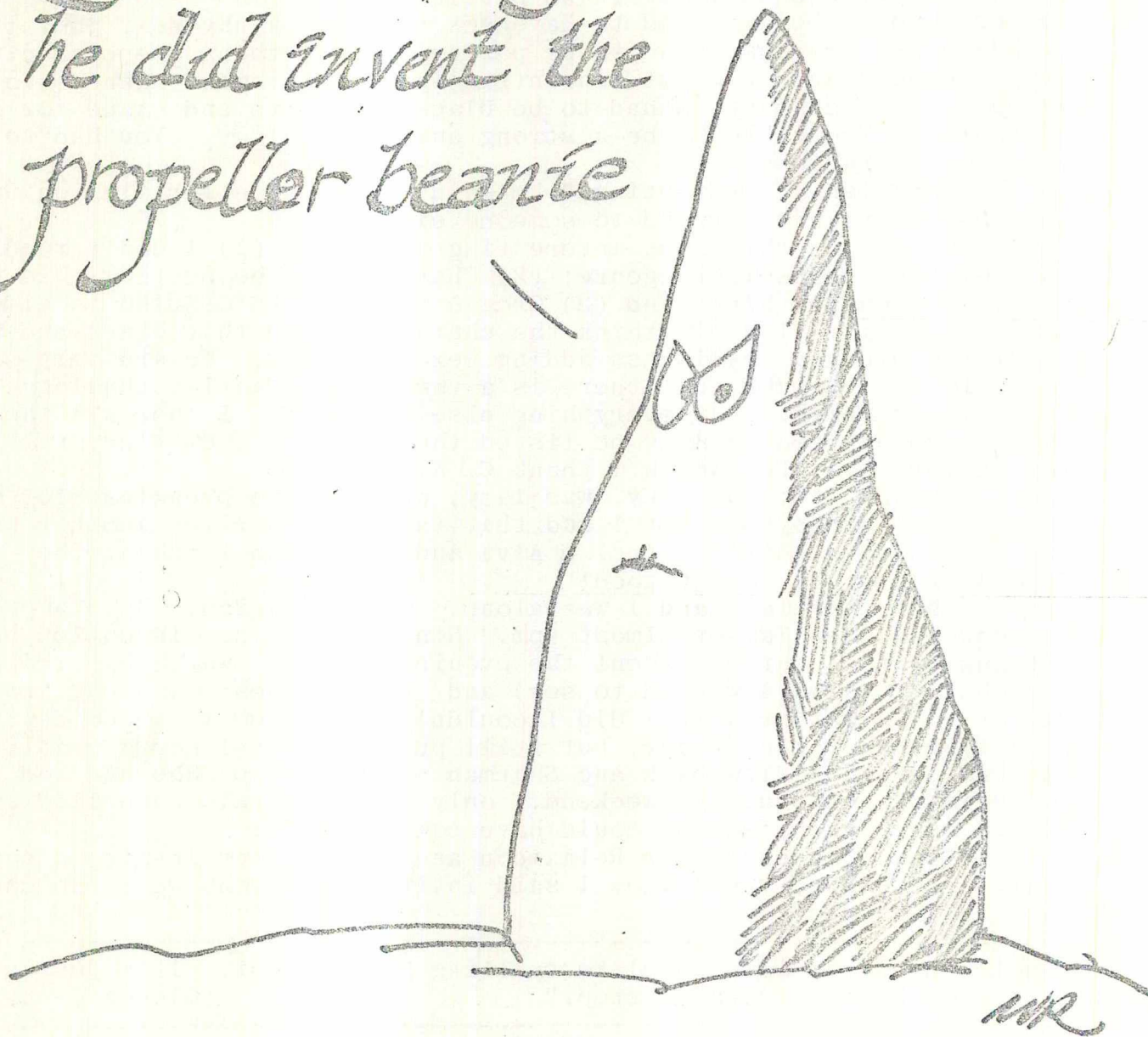
Then they left and I was alone. Odd sensation. My plane out choices had been 7am or almost 4pm. Since I had no intention of getting up that early I spent the evening reading, watching "Tribes" (which I had always wanted to see) and "How The West was Won" and "The Outfit." No matter what I did I couldn't leave, so I raised dawdling to a fine art the next day, but still put in several hours reading TAI-PAN before I flew back and Sharman picked me up. She had had to do performances over the weekend...only they were all cancelled because of the heavy rain, so she could have come, anyway.

It was an excellent Relaxicon and I hope they invite me next year. (Remember, years ago, I said invitational cons were the coming thing?)

"Social drinking is a lot like spelling Mississippi. It's just a matter of knowing when to stop." (Glenda Jackson)

ALEXIS GILLILAND says that my cartoon "miscaptioned 'Science'" is obviously "The Policy Maker." He may be right. "Foglio" seems mildly unpopular as a Hugo winner, but surely he had no cause to psych himself out at a cartoon war. Perhaps the term 'war' is at fault. You are engaged in a dialog with pictures, not a conflict in such an event. I expect you would be great fun ((Continued bottom next page))

Whatever else you may
say about Ray Nelson
he did invent the
propeller beanie



(Line by Alva Rogers)

"Fandom is God's way of keeping track of the fuggheads." (WR)

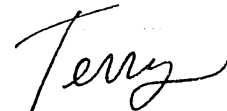
A LETTER FROM TERRY HUGHES (in part)

Xeroxed fanzines present a serious problem for letter writers like me. Instead of transferring my words onto a stencil, you merely cut the letter up and glue it to a sheet for direct copying purposes. This dastardly method deprives me of the ability to claim that I was misquoted or that my comments were taken out of context or that I never spell wherever as wherever.

In response to my comments on publishing artists' sketchbooks, you said that you do not keep any current ones. When you finish your artwork, you send it off to various faneds. At least this way you generally see the art appear, even if it is years later. And as far as fanzine editors being afraid to use your cartoons of Harry Warner, Jr., and Mike Glicksohn, I must disagree. I have four of these leetle gems of yours and I am saving them for a Special Occasion. Harry Warner, Jr., will send me a letter one day that will naturally match one of them and I'll use it precisely then. Glicksohn on the other hand will push me too far one day and I'll use your Special Glicksohn Cartoons to nail his ass to the floor. Vengeance will be sweet but sloppy.

Speaking of art, I really enjoyed seeing Kliban-influenced Rotslertoons. Your own style of humor lends itself naturally to the twisted zaniness of Kliban, yet it remains clearly Rotsler. It is my opinion that Kliban is popular because he does not draw large arrows pointing to the punchlines; incongruity is his forte. You capture this essence perfectly -- you should since you have been using it in some of your own work for years now -- and I have no doubt that you could draw and market a book similar in packaging to his, perhaps even from the same publisher. One of the interesting things about Kliban is that his wife, Mary Kay Brown, displays displays an equally insane sense of humor that takes a somewhat different path from his. I am both surprised and delighted that their work has proved to be so commercially successful.

Best,



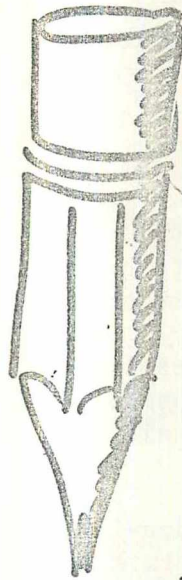
WR: But I do many more Warner and (lately) Glicksohn cartoons than ever appear--! # Kliban is dastardly. The "Washing the cat" cartoon has a Klibanesque quality, even though it is nothing like him at all! # Having cartoons surface after years is sometimes embarrassing; I've had drawings get published 20 years later! Stuff from my ~~Blat~~ ~~Peril~~ fat worms & naked amazon period.

"The price of perfection is prohibitive." (Sir Simon Marks)

GILLILAND continued: to play off of, but perhaps Phil was taking himself seriously as a fan cartoonist and wasn't feeling playful." There's a lot of ego involved in a Cartoonist "War." I feel it is most interesting in the interplay and doing things together we might never do individually, maybe even doing something better together than we could do apart. But I am aware that egos are on the line for some people, even slightly for me. But on the other hand, my principles are, "A cartoonists' war is never over until I win."

Fan Museum Annex

A BJO FRIZKLE
FOUND AT THE
SITE OF THE
1972 WORLD CON

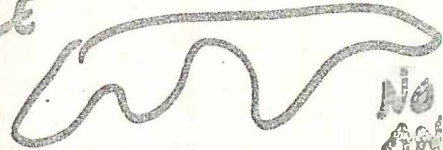


A DAN
STEFFAN
PENCIL
←

FOUR EXTRA SQUARE
FEET OF STEVE
LEIALOHA'S HAIR
(IN SITU)

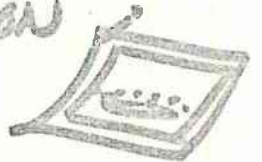


THE HIDDEN
ALEXIS GILLILAND DRAWING
STYLE



NO SHARP
ANGLE

PHOTO OF THE SITE WHERE
THE UFO FIRST DEPOSITED
DON SIMPSON



GEORGE
BARR
BACKROUND
TEMPLATE

→
SHY
TIM
KIRK
BIOGRAPHI-
CAL
SKETCH

STEVE FABIAN
SWIPE
FILE

THE BEST
OF
NORRIE
DOLLARS



LEIALOHA
BUBBLES
(LIFE SIZE)



(Mostly WR, with obvious Canfields, plus
on Rebecca Kurland, and some smears by
Monterey rains...)

That is how the language sounds now. A civil tongue, on the other hand, means to me a language that is not bogged down in jargon, not puffed up with false dignity, not studded with trick phrases that have lost their meaning. It is not falsely exciting, is not patronizing, does not conceal the smallness and triteness of ideas by clothing them in language ever more grandiose, does not seek out increasingly complicated constructions, does not weigh us down with the gelatinous verbiage of Washington and the social sciences. It treats errors in spelling and usage with a decent tolerance but does not take them lightly. It does not consider "We're there because that's where it's at" the height of cleverness. It is not merely a stream of sound that disk jockeys produce, in which what is said does not matter so long as it is said without pause. It is direct, specific, concrete, vigorous, colorful, subtle, and imaginative when it should be, and as lucid and eloquent as we are able to make it. It is something to revel in and enjoy.

Unfortunately, it is also only a dream, for an ironic thing is happening in the United States. As we demand more and more personal openness from those in public life—unwisely, it seems to me—our language becomes more and more covered, obscure, turgid, ponderous, and overblown. The candor expected of public officials about their health, their money, their private lives, or what used to be thought of as their private lives, is offset in public matters by language that conceals more than it tells, and often conceals the fact that there is little or nothing worth telling.

"Puns are God's way to make you appreciate real humor." (WR)

Luck is God's nickname. —Roger Miller

The above, from the March Reader's Digest, is my first sale to them. Let me remind you that if I sell them one of yours, I'll take 10% for postage & handling & send you the balance. I received \$35 for the above, by the way.

What I do is mail them duplicate xeroxes of the mss. pages from QUOTEBOOK. Their "lag" is considerable, as I sent them the above many moons ago.

So keep those cards and letters coming in...

"Money may not buy happiness, but poverty has little to sell." (WR)

The drawing below is a two-color job by Steve Leialoha, done at the First Annual Monterey Science Fiction Writers Conference.





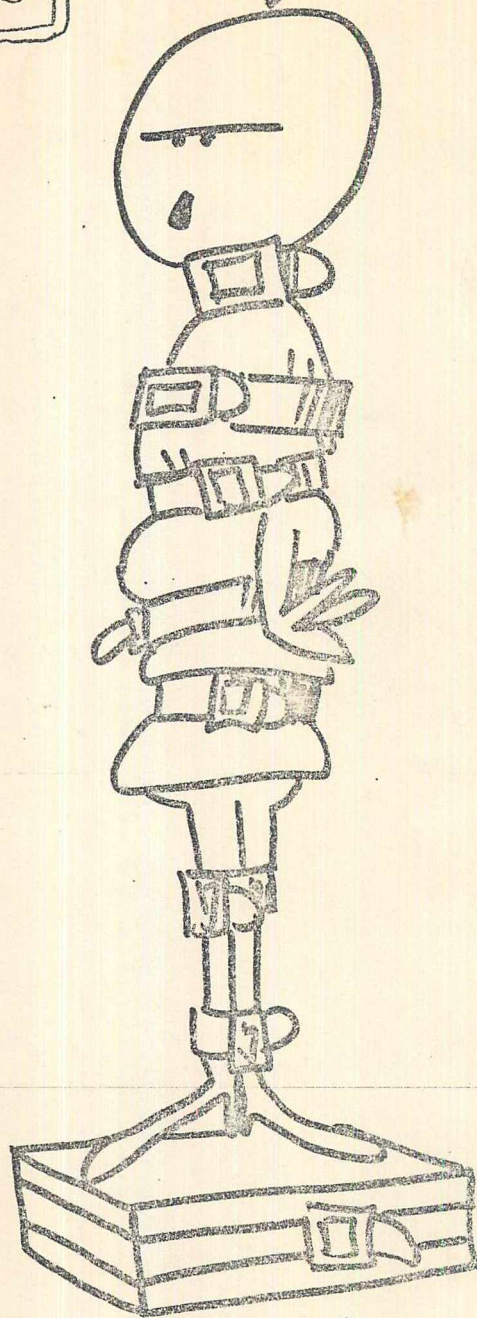
SHARMAN AS A CENTAURESS

WILLIAM ROTSLER
P. O. BOX 3126
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90028



GOOD
GRIEF!!

FANNISH
FETISHIST.



retale

DEREK CARTER