

Cotler

KTE/C



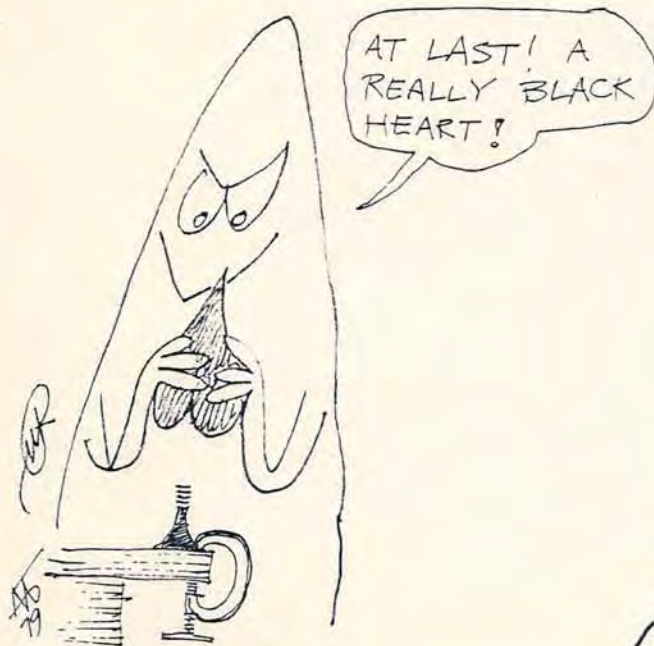
# KTEIC

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An artist needs imperfection in a subject to create art. Perfect subjects make for imperfect art.

I had no sooner finished my annual tirade on (or against) Christmas cards, when the situation bettered, as reported earlier. John Foyster sent me--instead of a photo of himself--a photo of me taken Down Under in 1977. Some of the CAPS members did their own. But still, most people do the Same Old Thing, year after year. Yawn. Surely all you bright types can think of something next year? Even those letters people print up are better than a store-bought card. 'Nuff said...until after next Christmas. This is a long, hard campaign, folks. Send your cards and letters to ANTI-DRAB, P.O.Box 3780, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

Not having wars will be a difficult state to obtain, for the simple reason--besides greed, jealousy and ego--wars are very attractive to many people.



22 Jan 80 Co-author GREG BEN-FORD just called to say that in March Avon is giving SHIVA DESCENDING a "big push," making it one of the three leaders for the month, not just the s-f leader, but above the "mid-list" where most sf books are. Will sell at \$2.50 and at 400 pages, a "big" book with "science everyone can understand" or "Readable stuff everyone wants," to quote. Probably means it will earn out fast, with breakeven for us at a "mere" 60,000 copies. Harlan Ellison also called to tell me he's written the genesis of "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream" for some book and mentions my drawing. Also gave me some stuff for QUOTEBOOK.

If you present one image to the public and another to yourself, you can quickly get the two confused, and never for the better.



-----  
If you take religion without question it is artificial courage,  
synthetic strength, borrowed character and pseudo-education. If  
you question it, it becomes quicksilver and smoke.  
-----

27 Jan 80 Life goes on here. Sharman & I are working on Tom Swift  
and the City in Space--that is, she is. Sharman has  
also been made Assistant Editor, for the European comics of Hanna-  
Barbera, working with the Ever-Delightful, Over-Charming, Dancing-  
Into-Your-Heart Mark Evanier. And she's doing a lot of work for  
CAR-toons, including photography. I've started back to work on  
the second Zandra book after a loooooong layoff. Have been fixing  
up the Quotebook mss, taking out too-old authors (to be contemporary)  
and re-xeroxing. Been meeting with people on the fumetti project,  
and Evan Hayworth (nee Mitch Evans) has started work on designing  
the important lander model, which will be about 5 feet long.

We are just waiting for an ok from Ted White on our outlines.  
And some contract (thus money) from Simon & Schuster and/or Pocket  
Books, so I can get a studio for the Heavy Metal job.

-----  
We do not own the Earth. We are not even renters. We are guests and  
should act as such. (Take your feet off the mountains!)  
-----

Books Read: Show People, by Kenneth Tynan, was delightful.  
Got a copy of Quinn Yarbrow's The Castle and started to read it and  
got hooked. Normally I don't read "romantic horror stories." Read  
a 87th Precinct book, too--he does minor characters very well.

Today, Sunday, is a gloomy, overcast, here-comes-the-rain  
day and I'm wondering how friends in the double San Francisco quake  
suffered. Or didn't suffer. I've been watching Laurel & Hardy  
comedies on TV, snoozing, and then (goofing off outrageously) a very  
curious movie, Cry of the Penguin, starring John Hurt. Very curious,  
and rather touching. Saw a good TV movie last night, The \$5.20 An  
Hour Dream. Excellent throughout and recommended for when they  
replay it. Courage on the assembly line, as curious as that sounds.

-----  
There are always exceptions. But what is important is the norm, the  
bulk, the immense usual. Exceptions may give indications of change,  
or lingering prior states, but they are not as important as what  
usually happens. This is true whether it is meals or warfare, police  
brutality or taxes, love or events. Exceptions test a rule.  
-----

Radio commentator Paul Harvey is strange to listen to. He gets such  
odd stories & has such a conservative viewpoint. But he sometimes  
has a goodie, such as a report of a sogn on a horse: "Experimental  
Vehicle. Runs on Oats." And the smaller addition: "Do not step in  
the exhaust."

I'm thinking of starting the AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN  
SOCIETIES but I don't know what I'd do with it.

-----  
The most progressive architecture is being done in churches;  
the most constipated in chain restaurants; the most bizarre in Las  
Vegas; and the blandest in homes.  
-----



-----  
We are in a descending elevator with a vast crowd of the unborn trying to get in. The cable of ecology is only so strong.  
-----

OLD LOVES I noticed that O.S.S. was playing in the wee hours of the morning so I videotaped it and played it back this Saturday afternoon. In it, there is a beautiful young actress named Gloria Saunders, playing a WAC corporal radio operator. She was only about 16 then, pushing 17. About a year or so later, when she was the highest paid young actress on the Paramount contract list, she went out on a date with a young man, who was hit head on by a car. She went through the windshield, imbedding chunks of glass in her face, breaking her pelvis, etc. They said she'd never walk again, or have a baby, and her face would never be the same.

To go back...at 15, in North Carolina, she went with a friend who wanted to try out for an Army-camp version of Rebecca...but it was Gloria who got the part. A Big Agent's brother was there (E.G. Marshall was the stage manager) and he talked her mother into taking her to NYC for a screentest. She won a contract. En route to Hollywood she went backstage at a show and met Walter Kerr, who hired her as the ingenue in Stardust, but that closed before Broadway because they drafted the actors. She comes to Hollywood with her mother, goes direct to the Louis Shurr (agent) office. Has no place to stay. Now some of you will remember the "glamour girl" term...originally these were New York cover girls brought out to be actresses. The #1 & #2 of these were living together, with #1 dated a young Navy man named John F. Kennedy, who wanted to marry her. Anyway, Gloria & her mother move in with them

Flash forward. The plastic surgery worked and her sheer determination made her walk. She married at 22, when she was starring in the live-TV series "Mysteries of Chinatown," and had a baby. When she was playing the Dragon Lady in one of the TV series, it was produced by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who was enthralled by her and chased her everywhere. He finally cornered her in an empty set and was coming on strong. She turned to him quickly and said breathlessly, "But my husband is the greatest swordsman in all France!" For a moment he was stunned, then started laughing so hard he fell over a stool & hit his head on the concrete.

We met in 1960 and fell in love. It lasted a couple of years but because of the many weird & bizarre things that had happened in her life (not the ones mentioned above, but some very serious things), she drank. I couldn't take that, and eventually split.

But she was one of the great ladies.

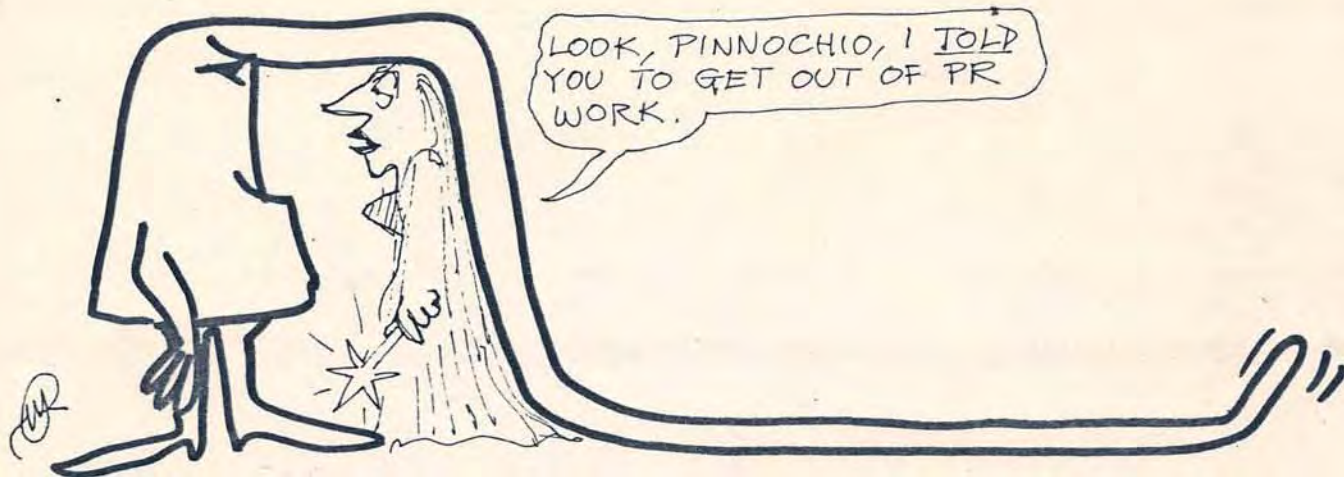
Sad, sad rumor: Several years ago I heard she fell down some stairs and suffered brain damage and is slowly disintegrating. God, I hate that thought.

-----  
Age does not bring wisdom, only the opportunity for its distillation from experience and insight.  
-----

Looking back, I think I told the above story before. Oh, well, consider it a purge from my secret heart.

-----  
The object of life is to keep yourself interested in life, to find interesting work, to love and be loved, to laugh, and to hurt as few people as possible.  
-----







COURAGE I've watched Real People a few times and found it corny but funny. Tonight they had a water-skiing dog and guys that skateboarded down a 4-mile mountain road. But the really touching item was a female gymnast (near here in Fullerton) who was born with her forearm missing. Yes, a gymnast--of college competition quality! In the film, during practice, she fell and severely injured herself--torn ligaments, etc. They operated, had her in a cast. As soon as she got off the table practically she was back trying to work, finding it difficult because of the cast & not being able to walk. Her line which really got to me was. "Now I know what it is to be handicapped." Wow. # An earlier program had a section on Captain Sticky.

-----  
"If it works right the first time, you've obviously done something wrong."  
...Pat (Mrs. Herman) Jett  
-----

I got a call from my ex-wife tonight, something (Thank the Prime Mover) she rarely does. But she made me laugh. Cue the flashback. Three... Two...One.

In The Cat People, that marvelous low-budget thriller in the early 40s, there was a psychiatrist--one of the first ones shown in films, I think--played by Tom Conway, George Sanders's brother. At a crucial moment in the film, attacked by the cat, his dapper cane turns out to be a sword cane. This convulsed Gerald C. Fitzgerald and myself. We thought that was a very secure shrink, going around with a sword cane.

Cue return to present reality. Three...Two...One...

Abney (my ex- for those of you who do not know...actually it's Marian Abney Mott Rotsler Morgensen Shure but people just call her Abney, the result of going to a fancy Eastern university where all the women called each other by their last names) said that she went to a small party given by a psychiatrist, apparently the only one she's found that is sane. (She collects shrinks; I was once the only non-shrink at a large party...the only male non-shrink, that is.)

Anyway, he came out with a prize of his--a sword cane. Ab fell on the floor and after she stopped laughing (and others staring) she explained. The psychiatrist--to his credit--laughed, too.

Abney reminded me of another shrink. We used to "hang out" with Sheree North about twenty, twenty-two years ago. One day we asked Sheree how her boyfriend was doing doing to his shrink. Sheree said, "Oh, his psychiatrist killed himself. Well, that wasn't what was so bad...when they found him he was in women's clothes."

I keep thinking about all the patients that guy had and whatever good he might have done for them was probably 90% washed down the drain.

I've only met one honest-to-prime-mover psychiatrist I thought was within shouting distance of what I thought was functional sanity. (Despite my ex's passion for collecting mind doctors I didn't get to know any very well. Nor did I want to.) The one I met was a doctor Lisa had about ten years ago. Good guy. Wouldn't have minded knowing him socially.

In art school a doctor came around to give us anatomy lessons, which was fine. I thought he was flakey, but whatthehell. But when he started to tell us about marrow I thought he was taking up too much of our time. He was one of the guys that some years later Abney got to know. She stopped by his office one day (socially) in Beverly



Hills--on Shrink Row, where I claim they have 55-minute parking meters. He came out into the reception room and shook her breast. He said he thought it was a lot more friendly than shaking hands. In those days I had the strongest hands in captivity--as I was bending steel rods, making sculpture--and told her to tell him I'd like to shake hands with him some time.

Ding! Topic veers slightly.

Having those strong hands was rather like wearing a big red S on your chest. Test the muscle between your thumb and forefinger. A bit soft and flabby? Most people's are--but several years of bending steel had made even that muscle like Schwarzenegger's bicep.

I did versions of this a few times, but I especially remember seeing a big football type taking great delight in hurting the hand of a smaller, weaker guy, bringing the guy halfway to his knees. I didn't know either one, but I went right over, smiling, saying something like, "Hi, I'm Bill Rotsler," and sticking out my hand.

People just naturally take a hand. He took mine...and I gave him a squeeze like I had never done anyone. He blinked, surprised, but he was no weakling. He started to crush back, the beginning of a leer on his face. I kept up some kind of inane, anonymous chatter--and all the time I was hurting him.

I loved it. He tried. Oh, he tried...then he got just a touch scared. I could see it in his eyes. Finally I slapped him on the shoulder, said something like, "Good to see you again." (I figured confusion never hurts.)

I felt like a crimefighter.

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Foresight and patience are the least used and least understood of all the virtues. With proper care they could accomplish everything.

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Bill Warren has said several times I should write my autobiography. I think I have...in the pages of KTEIC MAGAZINE over these several decades. Of course, I don't have copies, but whattheheck. Do any of you Old Timers remember "Miss X"? The one that was giving me head as I typed a Kteic? You know, I started the "Miss X" name to cover her identity and now I can't remember her real name?

But then, it was the Immortal Gerald C. FitzGerald who said, "When building monuments to yourself it's best to mix your own cement." Something like that.

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"In America there are two classes of travel: first class and with childden."  
(Robert Benchley)

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Tonight, on The Tonight Show, Tony Randall asked Joe Namath, "The smell in the huddle--is it bad?"

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"If you see a man holding a clipboard and looking official, the chances are good that he is supposed to be doing something menial."  
(Wayne C. Fields, Jr.)

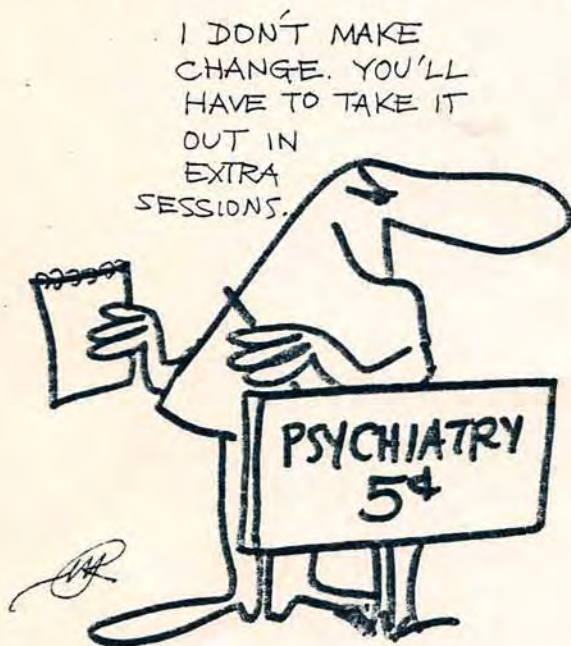
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Violence is not always bad. There are worse alternatives, such as humiliation, slavery and death. Sometimes non-violence, humility, sacrifice and kindness simply do not work. There are occasions when the proper response--if you are to remain free, or even alive--is more violence.  
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As always, all unsigned quotations are by me. Very vain of me, I know, but whatthehell, maybe you'll decide you can certainly do better and send me some of yours.  
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In large families you never have moldy bread, leftovers, quiet, or time in the bathroom with a knock.  
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One of life's delights these days is the on-going Gilliland-Rotsler cartoon fusion. It's been great fun for both of us and as they come in I "glean" the best, or what I think are the best--you saw some last time--and put the rejects aside...or, as in the one to the left, in here. We have almost enough to do the book ourselves. Scott Shaw! says he has some, but I haven't seen them. Still no response from Canfield...ahem.

-----  
"Not preparing formally for any speech is the biggest ego trip of all."  
(Philip B. Crosby, Quality is Free)  
-----

When I read the above interlineation (well, it wasn't an interlineation until I made it one) I was struck by the truth of it. Every time I have done that, I was very aware that I had a certain confidence in my own Great Wit & Charm to carry it off. Misplaced confidence, mayhap, but still it was Ego-Stuff. Anyone else feel the same?

-----  
We always remember what is important to us, no matter how trivial.  
-----

That didn't take long. The next day Grant wrote. He's been very sick with kidney stones (and do I sympathize with that!) and in the hospital! But he wants to play and I've sent him a bunch of "setups" of mine & of Alexis's.

I had an idea for a book today & sent it off to Dave Hartwell: GUIDE TO X-RATED VIDEOTAPES. Since I have years of reviews & only have to check quality, list distributors, see how they've cut the pix, I might have a "needed" book.



"Never be embarrassed by the things you cannot do. Be embarrassed by the things you can do and don't do well."  
(Len Wein)



### SCOTT SHAW! Corner

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2 Feb 80 As I write there's a prison riot going on in New Mexico and this morn I heard a radio announcer say, "At best, the situation is out of control, but contained." That's one for Edwin Newman.

### The Poetry Corner

Men seldom have asses  
As pretty as lasses.

...wr

All but a few steps of life is a detour. (wr)

5 Feb 80 Tonight I went to meet Evan Hayworth (Mitch Evans) on a street corner in what you might call a "black area." We were to have dinner & discuss fumetti stuff. Whilst standing about a car with two black girls (and I say "girls" because they were about 15-17\*) in it pulled up at the light. One smiled, said, "Hi! Lonely?" I looked at them--young, skinny, and, you might agree probably hooking, right? I said, "If you are going to get anywhere, you better think of a better line?"

"Huh?"

"Try, 'Hi, sailor, new in town?'"

"You're not a...oh." She grinned like mad and then laughed. The light changed and they drove on. About five minutes later they came back.

"Hey, still waiting?"

"Still waiting. You will driving?"

"Yeah, Too early and too late, y'know."

I presumed she meant too early for the evening rush & too late for the afternoon quickie. So I just nodded. "Still not lonely?"

"Still haven't written a better line?"

"Hey, whatcha want, man? We don't get paid for fancy lines." (She wasn't angry.)

"Hey, yourself--maybe with better lines, better business."

They drove off--she gave me a wild smile. And the finger

They say that to understand one woman is to understand all women, but that is not true. Women are far too complex for that. They are not drops of water or grains of sand--and even there the drops and grains are universes.



-----  
You can goof around with a pencil, you can certainly goof around with oil paint. You cannot goof around with water colors.  
-----

ON ERA & DRAFTING WOMEN      Simplistically, pass the ERA and draft women. There are lots of jobs that don't require cocks or combat. I mean, if you want equality, where does it stop. But to be fair, pass the ERA. Of course, that's not the only reason to pass ERA. I mean, we do want Harlan to be able to travel.

Less simplistically (well, maybe not, I haven't written it yet & don't know how it will come out) there are times to pay your dues. But I only believe in wars where if you don't fight it, you have to start learning a new language. Other than that, fuck 'em. However, it's akin to someone invading your home--you gotta toss them on your ass or (at least) worry about your ass. (Okay, so it is still simplistic.) Now, not so simplistically, what are our interests? Yipe, no so easy.

Get energy self-sufficient, reduce red tape and ~~fixe/Hopwara~~ ~~Qp\$ell~~ hug a pervert today.

Oh, why not women in combat? While I believe that a large percentage of women would be better at combat than a large percentage of women, I think they'd be a distraction on each other. Can't help it. It's biology. You'd be spending time & energy making it not make a difference and that's wasteful. Combat is no place for distractions, or at least ones you can prevent.

Okay, I've tossed in another, like women drivers & attacking D. Gerrold & blacks & beautiful women.

-----  
Having good manners does not mean form, but content as well. Saying "Please" or "Pardon me" in a hostile or inconsiderate way does not make you well-mannered--just the opposite.  
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-----  
They say that cook books, sex books and How-To books are the big  
sellers, so any did I expect publication of How To Make Orgy Helper.  
-----

10 Feb 80 Paul Turner has lived at the Ridpath house (where I once  
lived) for almost ten years, but it was sold and they upped  
his rent into the sky. So this weekend I've been moving him to  
6119½ Eleanor, LA 90028

which strangely enough is the same house where my daughter lived  
several years ago. # Paul is mentioned in the latest American  
Cinematographer in an article on Star Trek; The 80th Episode.

Joel Hagen was in town this week and we had a meeting on  
models for the fumetti thing. Also took him to Coast Special Effects  
(where Fran Evans & Tom Scherman work...except it was Fran's last day).  
They were shooting on Virus, a japanese movie being made here. We  
saw what I dubbed Mount Scherman and the rigging of a yard-wide  
airplane to crash into it, burn & explode. It crashed with astounding  
speed (the camera overcranking X 3) but did not burn or explode. So  
they put a torch to it...it still didn't explode, it just burned  
merrily for almost a minute and then--KA-BLAM! Like a .45 it went  
off, shattering the model totally.

Joel has a friend who does great helmets who wants to do  
some for us. I'll let him.

-----  
The more knowledge we acquire the more ignorance we expose.  
-----

You may have wondered at this sudden influx of epigrams, bon mots,  
snappy sayings and condensed philosophy which I have placed in this  
esoteric journal. (You did wonder, didn't you? You do read every  
word avidly, don't you? Of course you do.) For some reason my head  
has been in the "creative" mode of late. All sort of pseudo-profund-  
ities have surged up from my unconscious, flown in the windows of my  
mind, or come like droppings from the Muse zooming by.

Once in a great while, mostly when seeing something by Anonymous, I  
think, "No, they didn't say it right; it should be..." and away I  
write. I do that a lot, getting into a certain way of thinking or  
seeing. Example: everything these days is "How can I use it in the  
fumetti?" Transforming ordinary objects into Mysterious & Marvelous  
Future Stuff is great fun. Same with quotations. Although QUOTEBOOK  
is far down on Dave Hartwell's priority list, I have been working on  
it in odd moments, such as watching TV. I have to file the slips of  
paper with the quotes in a double-binder system of categories; then  
late tape them into the appropriate section on a page. Then, when  
the page is filled, xerox a copy for the files & another to send  
Reader's Digest, which has been buying more these days. Even phoning  
me long distance & sending me mailgrams to check sources. They put a  
lot of work into those simple fillers.

Well, look how long I made that paragraph. I'm going to fail out of  
the Robert Silverberg School for Great Stylists and So-So Wordmongers  
if I don't watch it. Okay, here comes another Rotsler quotation...

-----  
Thou shalt not anticipate God; don't interpret, either believe and  
shut up, or move on. Questions can be embarrassing.  
-----



-----  
Every home should have house rules, no matter how unusual they might be. They must be clear and understood beforehand. Guests then either obey, leave, or do not enter.  
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-----  
Never take a job where there's an upper limit to what you can do or make.  
----- (wr)

STEVE STILES GETS INTO THE ACT! At a recent s-f club meeting Steve saw some of the things Alexis and I are doing and asked to play a bit, too. The one above (somewhat obscure, I think) is the first one. I haven't had contact with Steve for years, but I always liked him & noticed his rise in the commercial world with approval. (I like friends in High Places, Drunk with Power, Filthy Rich and Completely Themselves.)

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Coincidence is God's dice throw.  
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Every absurd idea will lead eventually to God. So will every logical idea, but logical ideas also lead past God, to another, more complex, more distant form of God. All human thought seems to need a goal, an end, a "success."  
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Art is alternate worlds made visible.  
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Someone was talking to me recently (twice, in fact) about the Fan Artist Awards (the Hugos), but I forget who. Once again, there came up that odd little thing about people not realizing the Fan Artist Awards did not commence until 1967. Prior to my first win people kept saying/thinking that Bjo Trimble, ATom and I had won our Hugos "sometime in the 50s." Ha. This has caused me to look up the statistics, since today I received that very well-done SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA.

|       |                 |  |
|-------|-----------------|--|
| 1967: | Jack Gaughan    | There's a lot wrong with that list, to   |
| 1968: | George Barr     | my thinking, mostly omissions. Jack,     |
| 1969: | Vaughn Bodé     | George, Alicia all deserve their Hugos,  |
| 1970: | Tim Kirk        | and I suppose Bodé, too, though I never  |
| 1971: | Alicia Austin   | liked his stuff much.                    |
| 1972: | Tim Kirk        |  |
| 1973: | Tim Kirk        | Tim deserved about three of those Hugos, |
| 1974: | Tim Kirk        | and deserved them very well. But that    |
| 1975: | William Rotsler | last Hugo, frankly, he should not have   |
| 1976: | Tim Kirk        | taken. It was ignorance on the part of   |
| 1977: | Phil Foglio     | those who voted because they were        |
| 1978: | Phil Foglio     | confusing his pro stuff with his fan     |
| 1979: | William Rotsler | stuff and that year, I am told, he had   |
|       |                 | two things in the fan press.             |

And I think I deserve a Hugo. You know my feelings on Phil Foglio; if there had been a 1975 Con to return my Hugo to I would quite seriously have done it. I was disgusted. And really disgusted the next year. He just isn't any good and certainly should not have gotten one when other, better people are unrewarded.

Many of you have heard me rant on about this before, but I would very much like you to consider Alexis Gilliland, Grant Canfield and Don Simpson for the 1980 Hugo. (Don is going to be tough, since so much of his stuff appears only in con art shows & mostly on the West Coast.) I should not have won the 1979 Hugo--not while those guys are un-Hugoized.

And there's Dan Steffan, Jay Kinney, Harry Bell, Jim Barker, and others who should all be considered. (And far ahead of Foglio--!) There are some--such a James Schull, who are all technique and no heart, or Steve Fabian, who are derivative and dull--I would not like see get a Hugo.

But at least Gilliland/Canfield/Simpson should get one before we start duplicating people. 1980 will be only the 14th Hugo for Far Art, of which 3 people have won 9/14th. That's not good. Oh, sure, I know that the award is not really given for the work seen/published in that year. It's a kind of longevity award. I know I got my 2nd because of the highly visible badges at Iguacon & elsewhere. But it doesn't matter why--only quality really counts. Or should.

Let's do better in the future. Fan artists get damn little notice & comment & praise as it is. Fanzine "reviews" seldom do more than, "Art by" notices. The Hugo is almost all there is.

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"He's so mean he bites the heads off condominiums." (Harlan Ellison)  
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Beauty is not contagious. Money is not catching. Fame will not rub off. Power is not an epidemic. Knowledge is not acquired by magic. Wisdom is not easy. Not even love comes free.  
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Each faith believes it is the only way. I imagine God at the center of a huge maze, placing bets with himself.  
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The Gilliland-Rotsler cartoons I've included this time are the rejects. The good ones I'm holding back. I'm culling out the Less-Than-Perfect ones and inflicting them on you. That is not to put down what Alexis at all, but to show the High Grade Stuff we are stockpiling...or rather, not to show it.

-----  
All a man asks is to be consulted once in awhile, and listened to occasionally, and the feeling that his thoughts or vote count.  
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14 Feb JIM BENFORD was in town doing science stuff and I reached into his head for a fistful of info on fusion engines. We went to dinner at a Thai restaurant and as we were walking in along came DIANE DUANE & ALICIA AUSTIN, so we had a long & amusing dinner. I pillaged Diane's mind about medical stuff. All this looting was for Tom Swift. It's nice to know people who know things.

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There are two kinds of people: the haves and those buying on credit.  
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