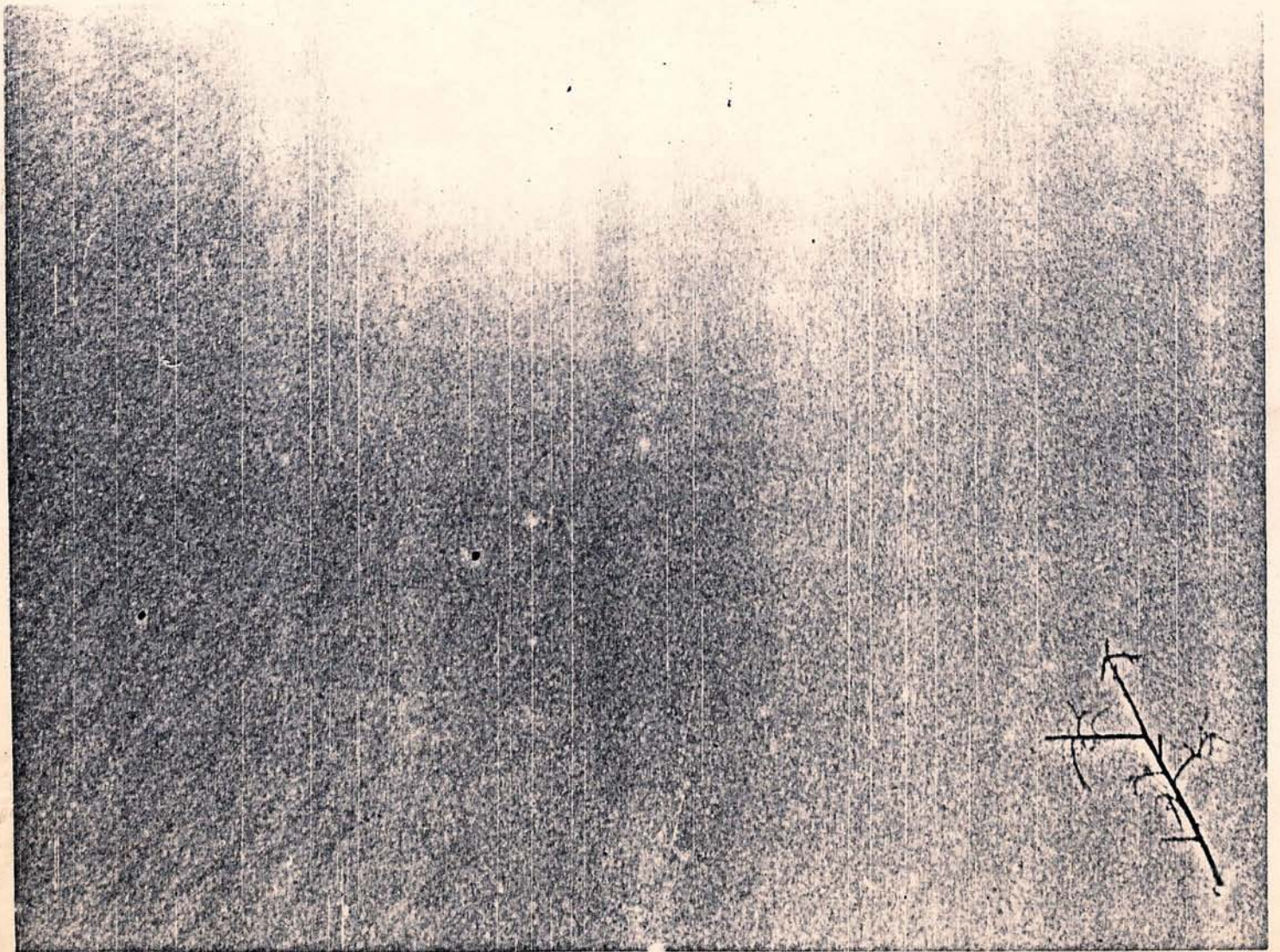


KTEIC





-----  
Every once in awhile you run across an old dream, like some keepsake in an attic trunk. You look at it, smile or sigh, think about it a little, then put it back in memory's tissuepaper. I don't know anyone who has actually done something with an old dream, once put away like that.  
-----

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-----  
We all make love to fantasies from time to time.  
-----



In case you've ever wondered these interlineations of mine are not all of them. I often do not include the longer ones, partly because I have scores of them in a drawer and am constantly adding to the cache ("I can't turn off my fine mind."), but also because it's a bore to retype them. In case you haven't wondered, hello! Wake up, time to go home.

-----  
How can God not have a sense of humor? Or, to put it another way, if we are in His image, how can we laugh without blasphemy unless God himself can laugh? (However, God hates puns.)  
-----

Okay, I confess. I'm hopelessly square. What is it this time, you ask? Well, I'm a three-staple fanzine editor, that's what. No, I know--expensive, two-staple-would-do-just-as-well, showoff--I've heard it all. ~~Of/all/these/girls/who/all/these/words~~ I'm just a reckless kid, I guess. Extravagant. But that's the way I am, folks, take me as I am, three staples and all.

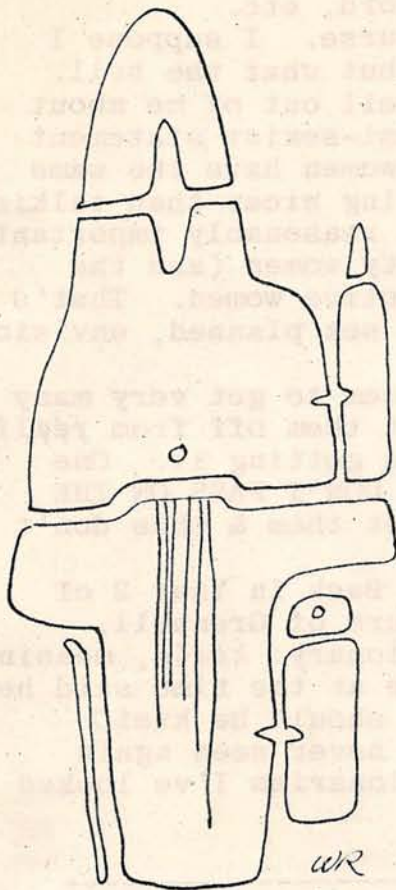
-----  
The percentages are on the side of the pessimist, but the heart is on the side of the optimist.  
-----

ABOUT THE COVER, as the old pulps used to say: It was taken at White Sands, N.M., in October, 1973, and boy, did the xerox miss all the neat, subtle grays. That's Vincene Wallace, of course. It was marvelously handy to have an experienced figure model with (as some of you will no doubt remember) a good body, quite willing to doff the duns any place I wanted. I shot her half-nude in a tram in the Canadian Rockies, in Yellowstone & other places, at at the Torcon--but all that film (including some sensational stuff shot at the Grand Canyon/Bryce/Zio) was stolen in Philadelphia...so I went on shooting with a new camera--in Florida, Texas, back to the Camyon, etc. With her red hair it was very tasty there in the red sandstone fantasies. But by the time we got back, some 6-7 weeks later, the warm weather was gone & she damn near froze her buns. But never complained.

-----  
There is a saying that if you hold on to something long enough it will become valuable. This is probably true--except in the areas of beliefs and opinions.  
-----



-----  
Always have lots of heroes and heroines--we lose so many so fast, one way or another.  
-----



### MAGAZINES

[On *Playboy*.] "Where else can a guy read stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer and Irwin Shaw and John Updike, and on the next page there's a bare woman with breasts the size of Ethiopia. That's my idea of a literary magazine." (David Steinberg, on *Playboy's 25th Anniversary Celebration*, ABC-TV, 1980)

### ROTSLER SPEAKS

Here's one by me:  
One beautiful woman entering a gathering will act as a catalyst, turning men to sugar and women to acid. But even worse is the entrance of a *sensual* woman.

### ROTSLER AGAIN

Here's another by yours truly: "Technology has aided pornography only in degree, not in kind; only in distribution, not in intent. Photography, color printing presses and mass distribution have allowed us to see the murals of Pompeii without going there, that's all. The subject and intent remain stable, only technology has allowed the ordinary person his share, too."

### ANOTHER CARD FROM GILLILAND:

Ah, yes, the summer Kteic... Your letter to Ms. Barish was most interesting. I assume she doesn't have to answer it. ((Actually, she sent a telegram, HOPE YOUR SPLEEN OPERATION was successful, but she sent it to Van Nuys, it was sent back & mailed to Sharman, who forgot to give it to me for weeks.))...I might have started off with "I note with regret that your selection of esthetically excellent but commercially non-viable covers will probably inhibit the sales of the books in question. You probably ought to give more consideration to your prospective markets, and less to the enthusiasm of the artist. etc. etc....you aren't blaming her and you aren't (continued below)

-----  
I feel hopelessly old-fashioned. I can remember the names of all the women I've slept with. I will say, however, that it sometimes takes a bit of memory bank rearching.  
-----

overtly sticking it to her, but she won't miss the point, either. Especially if she has to write a letter for her bosses signature. ((Actually she's Senior Editor. She took it well, saying she sgreed --whatever that means--and "And I don't want to talk about it." I think she feels sandbagged by the press of events, such as coming out here on a moment's notice to (1) set up a novelization bit which she has not done before and (2) go as a sub for the marketing man to the Library association thing in San Francisco, plus (3) etc.)) But ya gotta get plain in those letters, Alexis. Remember, you very often much punch through their own natural reaction. But I have an electric and I plug in my Harlan Ellison Mode (Cassette 124B in the Tirade Line (TM)) and have a go.

-----  
Conformity is the safety of the mediocre.  
-----

-----  
There's always someone ready and willing--if not able--to do your thinking for you.  
-----

-----  
It is the definition of fanatics that they are never uncertain.  
-----



(Almost fell off the bottom of the page there.) Sure fashion is part of the Real World--to a portion of the world. People rely far more on tradition dress. What is appropriate for the job, what I've always worn, what my people wear, what I can afford, etc.

A "conic" is a typo for "comic" of course. I suppose I should do a better job of proofing these pages, but what the hell.

I really like your "Things that bug hell out of me about men" and heartily agree. I'm going to make a semi-sexist statement now--bit perhaps it really isn't, because maybe women have the same feelings, only reversed: There is (almost) nothing nicer than talking to an intelligent, pretty woman. "Pretty" is a reasonably important world there. There are intelligent women & pretty women (and the other kinds) but the best are intelligent, attractive women. That's delightful & exciting...even if there is no real sex planned, envisioned, or much thought about.

Thank you for your letter. I don't seem to get very many letters, he whined, unless I tell people I'll cut them off from ~~reality~~ Kteic if they don't tell me they want to continue getting it. One of the troubles, by the way, is THAT SOME OF YOU DON'T PASS ON THE COPIES!!!!!! so that others down the line don't get them & thus don't know they are to respond.

What does KTEIC mean? I tell again. Back in Year 2 of the World a certain unnamed fan by the nomenclature of Grennell, Dean Arthur, found the word in some obscure dictionary: *kteis*, meaning the female equivalent of phallic symbol. Someone at the time said he/she thought if I added "magazine" at the rear end it should be kteic instead of kteis. Thus the word was found...but never seen again because I have NEVER FOUND it in any of the dictionaries I've looked in.

---

"My prick is bigger than a Hugo Award." (Asimov to Ellison, 1970, according to Thursday, the MIT newspaper, April. 1973)

---

The Thought for the Day: In the days of the ancient Greeks, et al, people pretty much had one name, probably because there weren't very many people, right? Oh, maybe they had "the Great" tacked on, or "the Pious" or "the fleabitten" or whatever, but one name seemed to do, to be enough.

Then as the world started filling up Mankind/Peoplekind/Personkind/etc started using two. Now there are (I think) about as many people alive today as there ever have been, so maybe it is time to start to use three names. There are already some who do, of course,

the ones I call "authors," as opposed to "writers." Such as Alan Dean & Foster, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Ralph Waldo Silverberg and so on.

Where will it end? "I'd like you to meet my buddy from the Moon, Stanley Ralph Ross Matthew Mark Luke Peanut."

Or numbers, of course, that's always an option. Then people would fight for low numbers, introduce people as "Seventeen-Six-Two-Twelve, call me Seventeen."

We won't run out of numbers, but we might of patience.





-----  
There is only one place where they will let you alone--and sometimes not even then--only one place where one has even the shadow of a right to privacy, and that is the bathroom. Thank God for our puritanism.  
-----

At a party the other night BILL WARREN said (of last issue's cover drawing of SHARMAN) that few people caught her in caricature, but that I was one of them. I don't think so, certainly not in the one to the left and I'm getting fascinated (drat) that I was getting even edges there without the aid of a fancy typewriter. Oh, well.

-----  
Fanatics believe where others doubt.  
-----

A postcard from SHERRY GOTTLIEB makes some corrections: I got the name of her snake wrong, it's WRINKLENAKSKIN. (You gotta speak clearer, Sherry, or I gotta hear clearer.) She contributes some graffiti (graffito?) from the Change of Hobbit bathroom:

$$7 \times 6's + \sqrt{\text{MAN}} = \text{TENN}$$

She needs help in naking her new car, a gold Mazda Rx7. And she has this:

#### THINGS MEN DO:

- 1: Leave the toilet seat up.
- 2: Leave the tub turned to "shower" so we get hit with water on the back of the head when setting water temp.
- 3: Look at tits instead of face when talking to women. (My tits don't talk).

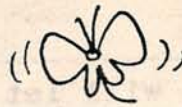
Ok, Sherry, I'll take the "challenge." Women leave the tub on "shower" too, but perhaps not as often. Women leave the shower seat down--what good is that when you are in a hurry? They also load up the back of the toilet, the tank top, so that when you flip up the lid it falls back down and you piss all over it. What's wrong with looking at tits when talking to a woman, providing they are worth looking at? I use my ears to hear, not my eyes. It's like saying you have to watch the record player. Oh, you certainly miss the subtle play of expression, but boobs can make up for it. In your case, maybe the men are horticulture fans. Women also (and this is sorta serious) try to use their beauty/cuteness/etc when they fuck up as drivers. Women do take what seems to be a looonnnng time to get made-up & dressed. Having watched many women do this I see them reach a certain point and after that all the work seems to make no real improvement. Insecurity, I imagine.

Maybe other people can contribute THINGS MEN/WOMEN do and I can get an article out of it.

-----  
We are often afraid someone will find out our good and noble side and make us feel vulnerable.  
-----







-----  
If you cannot be moved by beauty, you are dead.  
-----

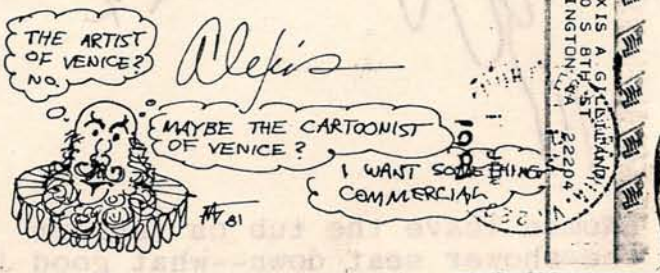
#### ARGUMENTS FOR NOT GETTING UP EARLY

- 1: Nothing is open.
- 2: You can't both get up early and stay up late--at least not often--and since staying up late has many advantages, you must chose.
- 3: No-one else is really awake, either, and are just as grumpy as you are, so why annoy yourself?
- 4: Nothing is open that you care to deal with.
- 5: Traffic is terrible, restaurants are crowded, banks are closed.
- 6: Staying up late (the opposite of getting up early) allows to either seem or be, debonair. Also: a ne-erdowell, a vagabond, a bum, and a worry to your mother.
- 7: If you've seen one sun rising you've seen all we are likely to see.
- 8: I doan wanna.

-----  
People who have no sense of humor have no sense of humor about it at all.  
-----

The nice thing about postcards is you get to run out of space and go to bed sooner than if you wrote letters. At least long letters. Quote: An upset bureaucrat will say that you appear to be misinfuckingformed about the situatic n. Or the margins. It's been a long day.

Best wishes,



LOUISE NOOZ: Some of you may remember Louise Rausa, the rather Japanesy-looking lady who lived with me in the mid-sixties. (You might better remember her as the mistress of Kumatic, the Alaskan Husky who was the only dog to ever scare me.) Well, some of you know that when we split (over the dog, actually, as I refused to live in fear in my own house), she married an Army captain, had a kid nicknamed Blue, and he went to work for the IRS. She became a midwife, got divorced, and later re-married and had another kid. My agent for photos--she was his sec'y when I

met her--mentioned in a check-encrusted letter today that she was passing through NYC en route to Europe, to Paris, for a few months. He's a doctor. She was (and I presume is) a very nice lady. If I can find it, I will sometime include in these pages an article I wrote about my peal sexual experience. She was it. (What greater praise can a person give, huh? I mean, there are friends & favors & experiences, but not all that many that are peak.)

-----  
We've always had heroes, only now men can have heroines as well.  
-----

-----  
I don't care what you do, as long as you don't make so much noise I can't sleep at night.  
-----



-----  
Many of the inhabitants on Lover's Lane are solitary.  
-----

A LETTER FROM ALAN DEAN FOSTER, 4001 Pleasant Valley Drive,  
Prescott, AZ 86301

Naturally I wish to continue receiving Kteic. Now more than ever, since I now have no other way, since our recent move, to keep track of the doings of the Los Angeles underworld and its members in all their perverse and unmentionable ways. Not many publications can boast as diverse a readership as Kteic, the only magazine I know which is read regularly by stars of stage, screen, the literary nonestablishment, and members of the FBI and CIA, plus select representatives of subversive foreign elements without regard to race, creed, or a soft shading of green, tending toward the lime.

Please note the new address above. Having noted it, go on to the next question. True or false: Marlene Dietrich dyes the hair on her legs?(20 pts.)?

We have moved into a very interesting house. At least, the house thinks so. Should you require, in the near future, locations for shooting, we can offer you on the property A) The remnants of an old Indian fort B) The site of an old prospector's cabin (possibly also the site of an old prospector: remains unverifiable at this time C) A creek bed, suitably equipped with scrub oak, ponderosa pine, cottonwood and appropriate appurtenances D) All of the above.

The house itself was built some twenty-four years ago by the Pabst family, of beer fame (as opposed to beer nuts, though some of the stories I've heard about old Gus Pabst may also tend to verify the truth of the latter). The superstructure is used brick. Said brick was shipped around Cape Horn around the turn of the century, there apparently being no brick factories in the southwest U.S. at that time, then carted overland via mule train to Prescott, where it was used in the construction of a very fancy bordello which paid host to decades of gold and copper miners. When the original building was torn down, the Pabsts bought the salvagable brick and used it to build this house. So when our walls talk, its usually X-rated as well as quaint. The back porch light is one of the original red lights which hung out in front of the brothel, along with lesser luminaries.

The den paneling is cherry wood, with solid copper nails. All the floors are oak or mexican tile, except two bathrooms which are a marble composite and coldern'ell. We have our own well.

Last night JoAnn and I spent two hours yanking porcupine quills out of the noses of our citified dogs. Porcupine quills are remarkable instruments that verge on downright lethality.

I've just done the novelization of the intended remake of THE THING, which hopefully will be closer to Campbell's original story than the 1951 film with James Arness as the giant carrot. The script is not bad, John Carpenter is to direct, and Rob Bottin (THE HOWLING) is to handle the special effects.



Shooting will be in Alaska this summer and fall (barring a Directors Guild strike). Looks promising. But then, they always say when they're about to do a remake that they'll be "returning to the concepts of the original story".

I loved your letter to the editor concerning the four Tom Swift covers. Sharman deserves better. But then, we all deserve better. Waiter, did you hear that!?

Y'all come visit us plain, down-home, country folks, y'hear? Excuse me...the Mahler in the creek is running over and I'd better turn it off.

-----  
To older people teenagers seem to have no future, only a tomorrow. And a rather blank tomorrow at that.  
-----

A LETTER FROM KATHLEEN SKY-GOLDIN:

Rotsler, You're a Nag!

Yes, I want your ego-zine. Yes, I enjoy seeing you pull out your wit in public and play with it. So here are some bits of drivel for you:

The problem with knowing a little bit about everything is remembering that it is a little bit.

--Shimshon the Pious

All matter in the universe is composed of cat hair. Just ask any cat owner.

--Kathleen Sky-Goldin

If you are proposing to commit a sin, it is as well to commit it with intelligence. Otherwise you are insulting God as well as defying him.

--P.D. James

If you would not be forgotten,  
As soon as you are dead and rotten,  
Either write things worth reading  
Or do things worth the writing.

--Benjamin Franklin

Thingie found in the L.A. Weekly personals column:

"Why won't she write?" Roger screamed, as he rolled his head into his Adler and typed "Write to me, Brat," up and down his face. Blood dripped quietly from each razor-sharp letter.

(God, what a great first paragraph for an Ellison-like story!)

#

As to your comment on Reader's Digest and who reads it: I do on occasion, but I excuse it by saying that I get my mother's back copies when she is finished with them. I wouldn't buy the things! There's something about getting a whole stack of



RD at a time that inspires reading the silly things. They remind me somehow of long summer days back when the world was a simpler place and I had time to sprawl in a hammock in the back yard, drink real lemonade, and had nothing else better to do than read old Reader's Digests.

#

Status is an illusion and I have never liked the word. Doesn't a status machine make photocopies?

--Ed Ruscha

Only by sharing the things that you own can you have Status.

--Vidal Sassoon

#

What's a "conic"? Re: Jack Kirby's comment on reality. It sounds both vaguely medical and definitely obscene.

You ought to include in KTEIC a notice such as "All typos become the property of the reader to do with as he/she wishes."

#

What the hell does KTEIC mean, anyway?

#

Re: Things that bug hell out of me about men:

The automatic assumption that my time means less than theirs.

Having to talk at a man. So many men want a conversation, but they expect the woman to do all the juggling of the conversational topics, say nothing but "ummm" or "you might be right" and then go away and say, "Women never have anything truly important to say." If men like this (you ain't one, Bill) would only really talk to a woman, they would find that in most cases she really has a lot that's important to say. Same sort of guy doesn't really listen to what a woman is saying. That's what all those "umm"s are about. Then the woman finds herself saying over and over and over, "But I told you that." Grrrr....

#

Here's the list of good things about being sick I promised you, lo, many moons ago. Having been back in the hospital again two weeks ago, I somehow have the feeling this list is like whistling in the dark, or spitting in the wind, or somesuch other damn-fool thing.

#### TEN GOOD REASONS TO TRY ENJOYING BEING SICK

1. You get breakfast in bed every morning.
2. You do not have to make said bed, nor dust the room, nor cart out trash, vacuum the floor, etc.



3. You get to read a lot. (My list of books-I-must-read-any-day-real-soon-now is only half my height instead of three times my normal five foot six measurement.)
4. You get back rubs.
5. You can lie in bed with your hair uncurled, no makeup on, and still have people say you look marvelous.
6. You can have a finicky appetite and demand ice cream at three in the morning or all the sushi you can eat. (Never enough sushi for that most times.)
7. Deadlines have no meaning.
8. You get flowers and you aren't even dead yet.
9. With your first shot of Demerol you know what they mean by "Better living through chemistry."
10. You really enjoy being well again!

#

As to your comment on busy people never having time for fashion, I disagree. Fashion is a necessary part of life. I really dislike the snobbish sort who loudly and often pats himself/herself on the back for being above fashion. Fashion is a part of the real world, and to try and ignore it can be considered both eccentric and a bit self-defeating. One of the signs that a person is recovering from illness, the crazies, divorce, a bad love affair, etc., is a renewed interest in his/her appearance. To ignore one's looks is to say, "I don't like myself very much."

#

I find myself using he/she, his/hers a lot (see above, himself/herself). It's a damned awkward form for writing and I'm not sure if I do it out of conviction or fear of being cut to ribbons by a crazed feminist. There's got to be a better way of defining neuter gender.

---

An allergy is an itch with delusions of annoyance.

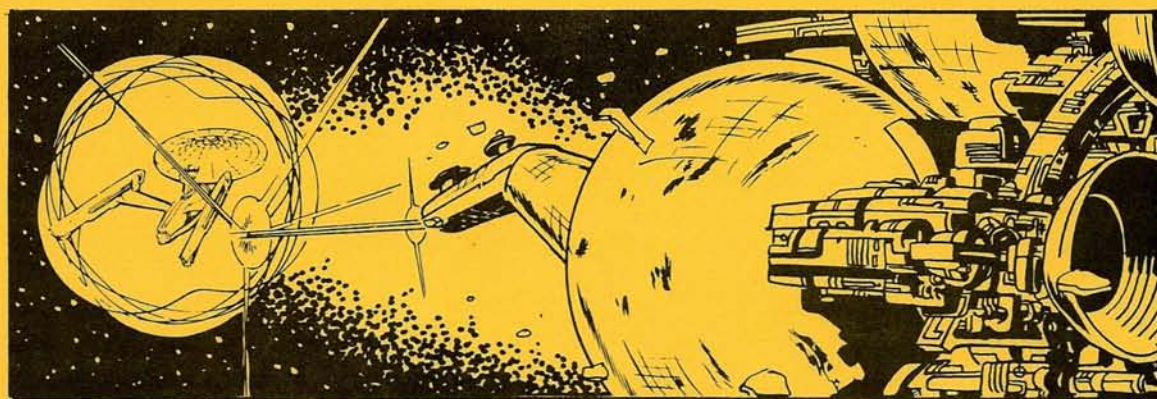
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Comments: You'd think all we Intelligent People would come up with something that would fill the non-sexist she/he/it slot, right? It is a very awkward form, no "flow" at all. In doing QUOTEBOOK I am constanding handling quotes where men use women as putdowns in stories, comments, etc. By that I mean they make the character in a story when it is meaningless to do so. The character could just as easily be any of the several sexes available to us. As my sense of awareness rises (something a leaky pipe filling a basement) I grow more sensitive to this. What I mean by busy people not having time for fashion is still true, methinks. (Do I not always speak in truisms? See, I just did it again!) But when people are busy they have the tendency to just grab what available, or clean, or to hand to dress in.



# Yes, There IS a **STAR TREK®** Newspaper Strip!

All-New Adventures By The New Creative  
Team of Sharman DiVono & Ron Harris



© 1981 Paramount Pictures Corp.

If your Paper Isn't Carrying It . . .  
**FIND OUT WHY—CALL OR WRITE 'EM!**



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"The amount of intelligence necessary to please us is a mosy accurate measure of the amount of intelligence we have ourselves." (Helvétius)  
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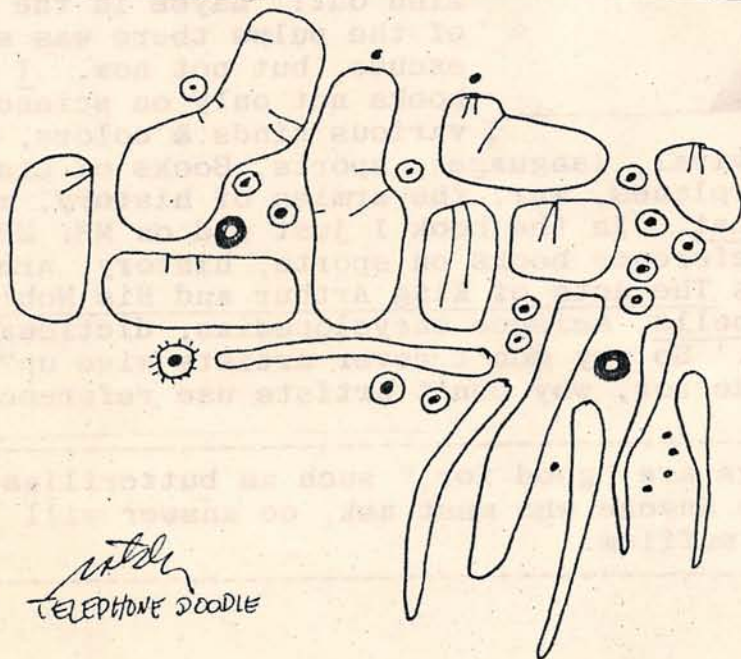
YOU LEFT TOO SOON, DAVID Ian Ballantine called last week to invite Sharman & me to a publicity bash on the new \$850-a-copy book of Frank McCarthy's paintings. Since I really admire his prolific work, and think he is the best of the western painters ever, we happily went.

They had two originals and this great thick already-sold-out book. We had a chance, with Betty B. introducing us, to talk to McCarthy since by the time we got there at 9pm, the crowd was well thinned out and the few I knew (like D. Gerrold) had left. I told McCarthy that the critics always hate pictures that tell a story but people love them.

Betty also introduced us to Louis L'Amour (this was Sharman's big thrill) and (1) I was surprised at his size, only slightly taller than I am, but with this barrel chest--I thought he was at least 6-4; (2) Felt silly as hell, but told him anyway, that I had read every one of his books, and I had; (3) asked him about progress on Shalako, the 1875 western town he is building; he said progress was slow, due to problems with county ordinances & getting in enough sewer facilities to handle 3 million people a year. I said it sounded like old outhouses with gleaming porcelain facilities; (4) And he agreed enthusiastically with my comment that the movie boom towns look silly with "aged" boards, and that my suggestion that the Louis L'Amour Calendar should have western stuff in the calendar part; (5) Sharman was tongue-tied.

But we spent about an hour talking to Frank Frazetta and his wife. Well, actually, because of the country-western band in the rest of Whompstopper's, it was so noisy only Frank & I could talk, and Sharman & Mrs. F. We talked about art, about the movie he's doing with Bakshi, ripoffs on his work, why people like paintings (I maintained people like &/or dislike paintings and then figure out their reasons later).

-----  
Rotsler's Law of the Kitchen Clock: To cooks, showing up on time is more important than your table manners.  
-----



The wallpaper in the bathroom of this house is so bad--big pink/white flowers--that I put up a neatly lettered sign: THIS WALLPAPER IS PROVIDED BY A GRANT FROM THE BAD TASTE COMMISSION, EXXON OIL CORPORATION.

I was mailing a package to London yesterday--the 25-32 year-old-black femake P.O. person said, "England? That's in Europe, isn't?" I said, "Unless it broke loose and drifted downstream." X



We never really know why people do things. We can only guess. And guesses are not worth the dreams they are written on.

THE ALL-TIME  
BEST-SELLING WESTERN  
NOVEL. OVER 2,200,000  
COPIES IN PRINT

# ZANE GREY "NEVADA"



## A LETTER FROM DEAN GRENNELL:

((About the cover to *Left*:))

Still think this is the alltime winner for flubbing the discussion or depiction of firearms. The guns shown are cap & ball percussion types, perhaps 1860 Colt, and do not use any manner of cartridge case whatsoever. Even revolvers that do utilize fixed ammo (cartridges) do not eject them after firing. The gun in his right hand shows a pencil-thin jet of fire at the muzzle and by golly the quick-fingered rascal has already got his thumb back up on the hammer spure, ready to cock it for the next shot, as the air is filled with flying .38 Special empties...

((For the innocent who have read this far, these are not ,38 Caliber (or even Caliber ,38) revolvers; but probably are .44s--Dean?))

WR: It's what I mean about covers. I would expect an artist to develop some kind of file on the sort of thing is is called upon to paint--or go find out! Maybe in the days of the pulps there was some excuse, but not now. I have books not only on sciences of various kinds & colors, but history

art, armor, castles, survival, languages, sports, Books of Lists, almanacs, quotations, airplanes, war, the armies of history, animals, biology, and God Knows What. In the book I just did on MR. MERLIN, for example, I used as reference books on sports, history, armor, castles, John Steinbeck's The Acts of King Arthur and His Noble Knights, magic, Witch's Book of Spells, science encyclopedias, dictionaries, and several other things. So why don't cover artists wise up? I don't know, Mr. Interlockertor, why don't artists use reference books?

People like to ask what things are "good for," such as butterflies, peacocks, souls, sunsets. To anyone who must ask, no answer will suffice.



-----  
At least once everyone should do something brave and daring and noble, and maybe just a little foolish.  
-----

A LETTER FROM MIKE GLYER

You remark that the closing ~~XXXX~~ warehouse scene of RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK is an apt comment on the nature of government. I don't deny anybody the right to consider it symbolic, but in the film's context there's more to it than cynicism.

Consider Indiana Jones' exasperation after being fobbed off by Army Intelligence with the bland assurance that "Top people are working on it." After seeing what the Nazis made of the Ark, and warnings seeded throughout the movie, it seems an invitation to catastrophe for any humans to monkey with it. Therefore, to stash the Ark away where nobody can get at it appears to be a higher wisdom than turning it over to an occult Manhattan Project. Does God agree? Recalling that the Wehrmacht stencil was scorched off one packing crate, and observing that the US Army stencil on the last packing crate goes unharmed, the evidence available in the context of the film seems to say that the right action has been taken -- either by wisdom, or dumb luck, ~~xxxx~~ depending on how much smarts you credit Army Intelligence ~~is~~ having.

From that I concluded that the ending scene completes a comment on human arrogance ~~in~~ towards power.

-----  
The future dreads the catching up of the present.  
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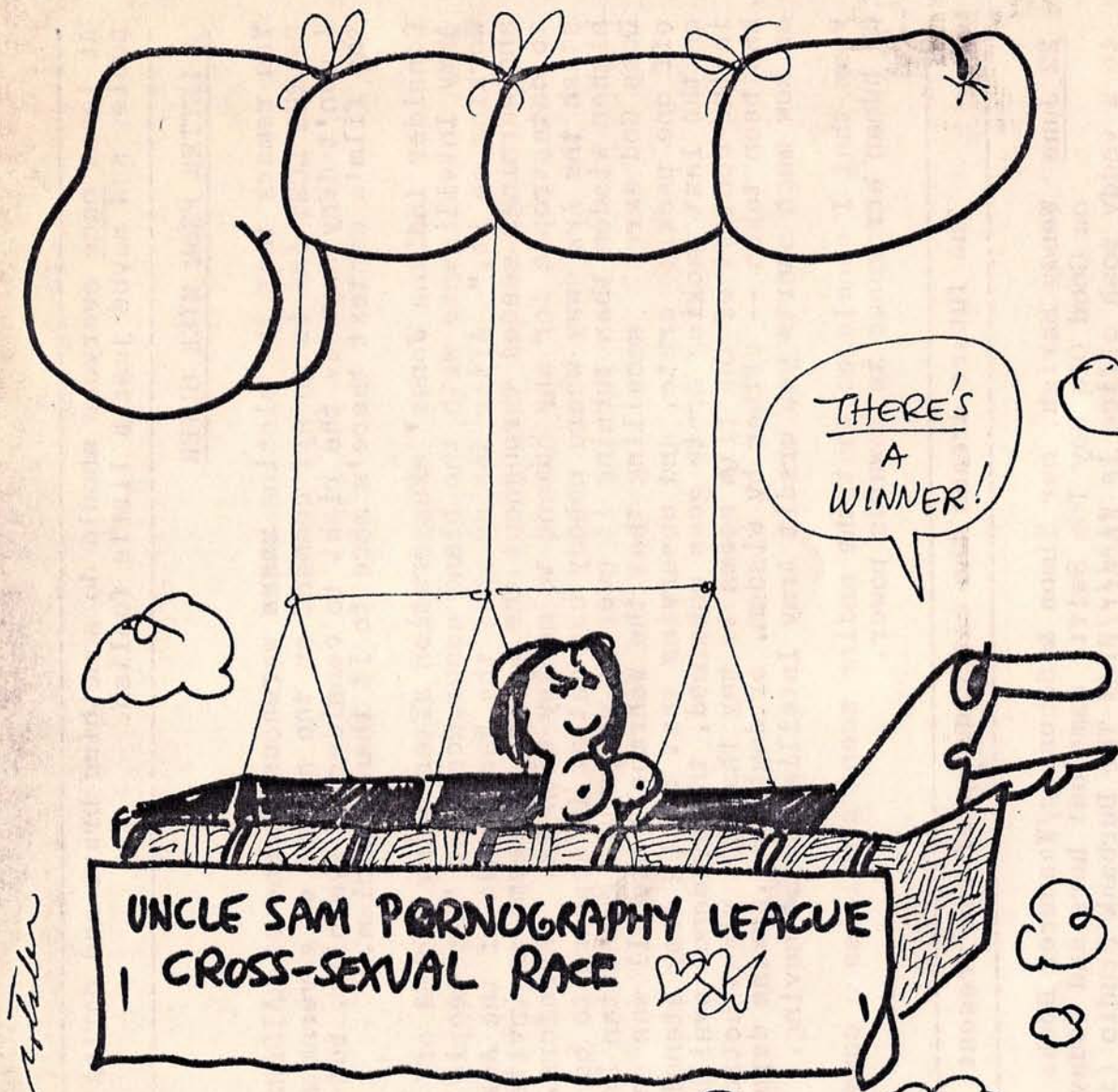
22 June Wendy Barish, our Simon & Schuster/Wanderer Books editor on Good Ole Boy Tom Swift, came out here and today took me to a veddy posh office in ~~Warner Bros~~ The Burbank Studio (it used to be Warner's) where I looked at a videotape of Mr. Merlin, the pilot for a new Fall show. Barnard Hughes plays Merlin living in today's San Francisco. Made a deal to do 2 novelizations for good money... but because of the strike they only have the pilot, no other scripts. # Sharman finished Tom Swift #5 and we re-plotted in detail #6, the last on the contract. In fact, I'm going to spin this sheet out and insert Page 1 of the Merlin thingy and go. As usual, they want it yesterday.

-----  
A platitude is a stale epigram. An aphorism is a dated epigram. A truism is an epigram no one argues about. A saying is a down-home epigram. A bon mot is an imported epigram. A remark is an unborn epigram. A maxim is an establishment-tested epigram.  
-----

30 June I finished quickly, giving me about a \$1000-a-day writing fee. Then I took a copy out to the production company so that they could check & see if I mishandle their characters. Had the privilege to have a character named after you auctioned off out at the LASFS, giving the building fund \$15. Galen Tripp is now a football player.

-----  
Reform always comes and it is always opposed.  
-----





Walter



# FAN ARTIST CLICHÉ SCHOOL

LEARN TO DO  
YODA  
REAL WELL



LEARN TO  
DRAW  
UNICORNS  
MR. SPOCK

LEARN  
EXCLAMATION  
POINTS

GET A  
DEGREE  
IN ARTY  
PIGS

LEARN TO DO  
CROSSHATCHING  
AND LUMPY  
LETTERS

LEARN TO  
DRAW WITHOUT  
EFFETE  
PENCILLING

DRAW  
FREEHAND  
PANEL  
BORDERS

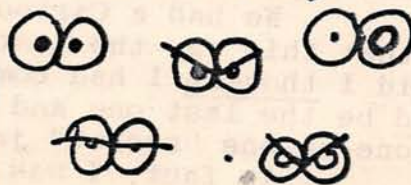
YOUR  
GAG  
HERE

WIN  
FREE  
WORD  
BALLOONS

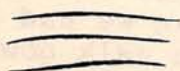
YOUR  
GAG  
HERE

NOSES Y

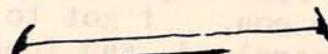
EYES YOU  
CAN USE!



HOW  
TO MAKE  
THINGS MOVE  
AND VIBRATE



SOME  
MOUTHS



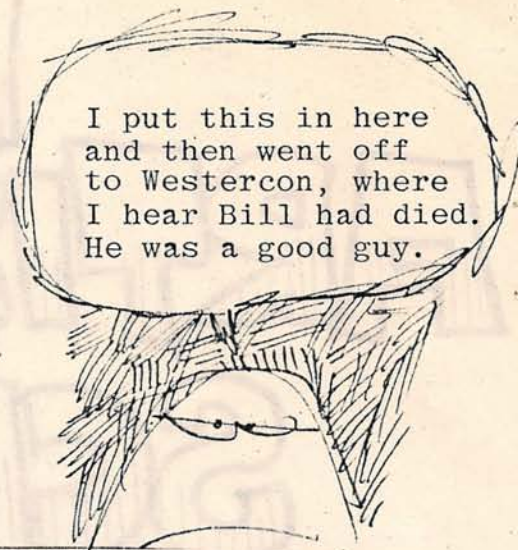


## A CARD FROM BILL BROXON

Yes, I read the sneaky wedding notice at the end of KTEIC, and hope you will continue to send it to us. I especially enjoyed your "section four" treatment of the Marfle-el-Hazud matter. I did much the same thing once..repeated drunken 2:30 AM calls for a particular lady; I finally said "Didn't you know? She died last month." "Oh, my God!" he sobbed. Heard no more of it, but now I feel somewhat guilty as I have no idea what I did to someone else's relationship.

Did you ever see "The President's Analyst"? It brings out clearly the theme that everyone hates the phone company.

\* *for weeks!*



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America doesn't have a history, it has a resumé.

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## PART II of "HOW I MADE DAVID GERROLD FAMOUS"

CHOREAU was no band leader. The sound of all those different drummers makes it hell to organize a parade.

—David Gerrold in *Starlog*

---

Don't keep score on your generosity, for that spoils it. Have amnesia on what you give. Remember only those you gave to.

---

## BEING A KIND OF WESTERCON REPORT

I flew up. Sharman had to write a TV show, a retrospective on Roger Corman. Appropriately, it was non-union. I found Craig Miller and Tom Digby on the plane, which made the flight more fun.

The Con Committee did the one Unpardonable Sin. To every con I say, "Put me on any panel you think I might be useful but not before noon." I'm no fool. I didn't fall off the Airport Bus yesterday. I know what cons are for. They violated my edict in every case but one and that one was my "fumetti" slide show.

But I left my slides at home. So I told everyone who came in thinking it was a slide show on the Heavy Metal movie they could leave, but somehow kept a SRO crowd interested for an hour.

We had a Cartoonists Jam but the general opinion of the people was that this was the last one. See, every suggestion was movie-oriented. I said I thought I had committed us to one at Denver, and if I did, that would be the last one and we'd go back to the thing that we liked best anyway, the one-on-one "secret" jams.

In fact, I was naked about 2am, reaching for the bed's coverlet, when the phone rang! It was Grant Canfield with a "Call to Pens!" It was a good jam and three of those collaborations appear herein.

Joel Hagen & Art Costa (singing & dancing their way into our hearts) were at the con. I got to talk to George Barr and the newly renamed Jim (Thomas) Bearcloud, and found that for several years George had been avoiding me at cons because he had not finished the portrait of Sharman we had commissioned (and paid for) 4 or 5 years ago. But now he can walk down con corridors with his head high, because he "delivered." (I'll try to include it in this issue.) It also won First Fantasy Illo (pro) category. Grant, Ted White & I were judges (with Bjo coming late) and I declined to vote...so George, lad, it's a clean victory. (Of course, I did point it out!)

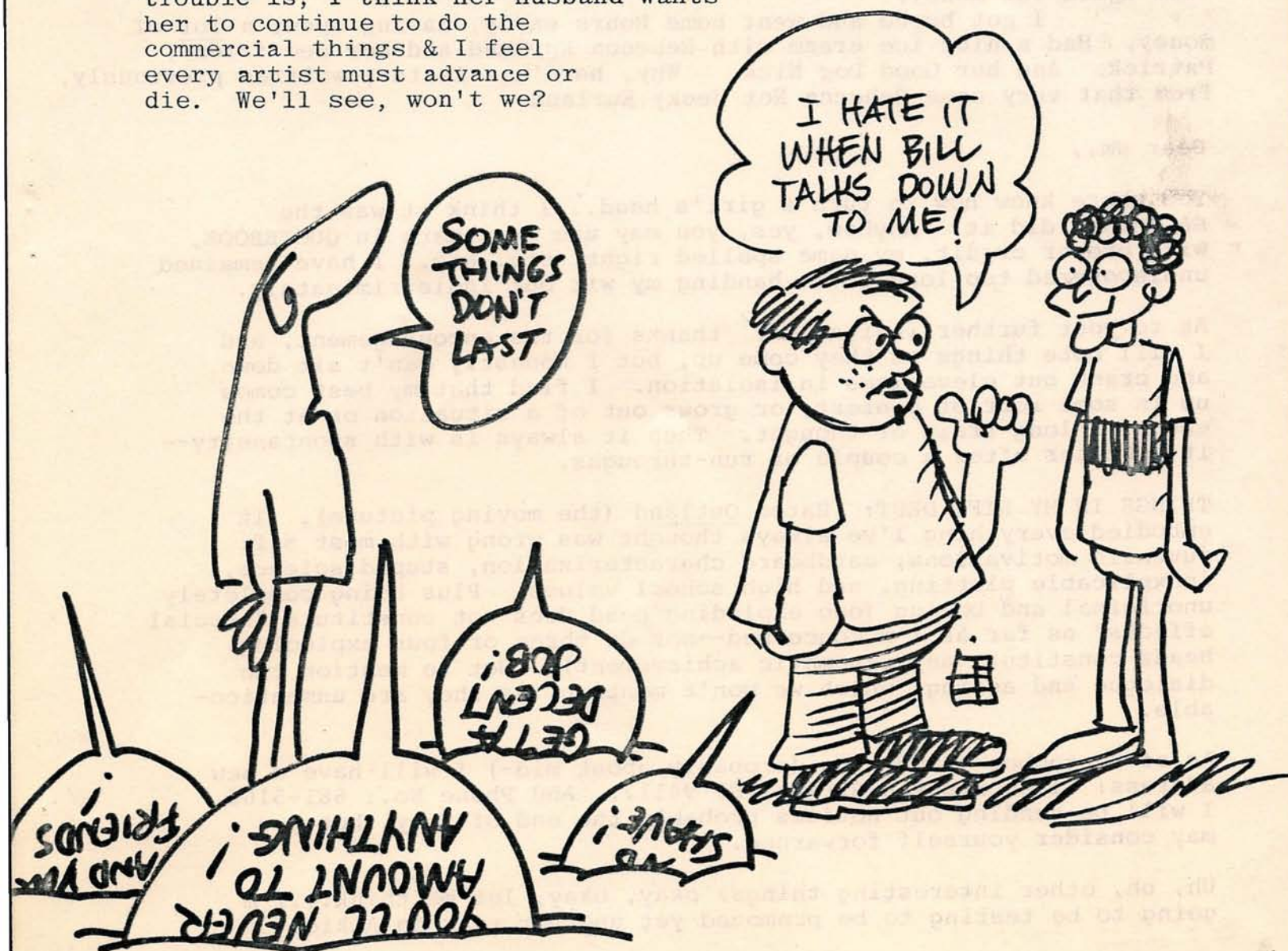


There was a lot of partying & dope & laughs & good stuff. I got to talk to Dan Staffan and the New Mrs. Steffan (Dan, refer to her as "the first Mrs. Steffan" for awhile & see what happens), and Ted White, Jerry Jacks, Joel Hagen. Art Costa, Maude Kirk (who I kidded unmercifully for being "trisexual"), Charles N. Brown, and others.

Went to dinner one evening with Charlie, C. J. Cherryh, Victoria Poyster, and as it was my birthday (you do know the reason the Westercon is held on the 4th is because it's my natal day, don't you?) Chaelie secretly maneouevred a slice of cake. His birthday was a few days before.

Various & sundry lunches & breakfasts & dinners were had with different people, including Terry/Carol Carr, who "weren't supposed to be there." Lizzy Lynn looked good and (god, once you start naming people you feel if you don't name everyone someone will be hurt) I got to talk a bit with il Gaier. I spent a long time talking to Victoria Poyster (whose husband undoubtedly thinks I am trying to seduce her, but I have been totally faithful to Sharman for 7+ Years, not that it's hard, but there have been a couple of temptations) and discovered she only started to seriously do art three years ago!

Astonishing, no? She walked into a Westercon art show three years back and said, "Gee, I'd like to do that" and did. Only trouble is, I think her husband wants her to continue to do the commercial things & I feel every artist must advance or die. We'll see, won't we?





I encountered some costuming people (unfortunately, from Reno) with some really good costumes. Talked to Star Costumer Karen Schnaubelt. (She's making a photo file of her dozens of costumes so that I may use them in the fumetti.)

Had laughs, but the time came--unfortunately just before Grant gave his GoH speech--and I went off to exotic Oakland with the Carrs, for five days.

In those five days I bought a lot of books & some jewelry for Sharman (to add to what I bought at the Con), saw a lot of museums, including one I recommend highly. The Oakland Museum has a Very Good section on the West, with some Great pictures. The modern stuff varies, but is usually OK. They have static displays of various decades that are fun, but it is their western art collection I covet.

And I interviewed Artie Mitchell, of the Mitchell Brothers, and spent two afternoons wandering around backstage amid nude, semi-nude and semi-demi-nude girls. No turnon. They were rather ordinary--except for the face of one and the boobs of another. They all moved well on stage, though. And after they do their strip they go into the audience and sit in the laps of men and do God Only Knows!

I might include my printed interviews later (months from now) because I don't have enough interest to talk about them now, then write them again for money.

I got bored and went home hours early, having spent a lot of money. Had a nice ice cream with Rebecca Kurland and her new friend, Patrick. And her Good Dog Nick. Why, here's a letter, written previously, from that very same Rebecca Not Becky Kurland.

Dear Wm.,

You shore know how to turn a girl's head...I think it was the SASE that did it. Anyhow, yes, you may use my remark in QUOTEBOOK, with proper credit, my name spelled right, etc. etc. I have remained undiscovered too long to be handing my wit out indiscriminately.

As to your further invitation: thanks for the encouragement, and I will note things as they come up, but I honestly can't sit down and crank out cleverisms in isolation. I find that my best comes up in some sort of context, or grows out of a situation or at the end of a long train of thought. Thus it always is with spontaneity--it's better after a couple of run-throughs.

THINGS IN MY LIFE DEPT: Hated Outland (the moving picture). It embodied everything I've always thought was wrong with most s-f: juvenile motivations, cardboard characterization, stupid science, inexplicable plotting, and high school values. Plus being completely unoriginal and boring (one exploding head does not constitute "special effects" as far as I'm concerned--nor do three or four exploding heads constitute any cinematic achievement). Not to mention the dialogue and acting, which we won't mention, as they are unmentionable.

As of September something (probably about mid-) I will have a new address: 1146 Stanyan Street, SF 94117. And Phone No.: 681-5166. I will be sending out notices probably the end of July, but you may consider yourself forwarned.

Uh, uh, other interesting things; okay, okay, let me think...I'm going to be testing to be promoted yet another rank in Aikido.



After I pass, I'll be qualified in Neck Wrenching, Ankle Stomping, Wrist Relocation, and Epithets Regarding an Attacker's Heritage. Also, my thumbs will be registered Dangerous if Rather Small Weapons with the local police (None of this is true and for god's sake don't repeat it to Lizzy).

That's about the whole ball of wax. I expect I'll give this to you at Westercon, so you may address comments to me there.

---

A city cannot be imposed. A city cannot be successfully created from scratch. It must grow organically, changing with the needs, desires, habits and history of its inhabitants.

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Now listen, alla you. Marta Randall and Carol Carr have said I should stop putting in these quotations of mine (especially crooked, as above) but I'm not gonna. I started doing it to get a rise out of you people and I'm going to keep doing it until I get enough quotes from you (yes, you) to fill these pages. So crank 'em out. God, what you have to go through to offer people immortality these days!

---

A simile is a wavy mirror. A metaphor is a symbolic mirror.

---

One of the things I did in San Francisco was to look for & buy sexy cards. I noticed some and thought, Hmm, an article. My buying took me to Castro street where I saw more, gay guys in one place that I have ever seen. They are certainly "into" leather, aren't they?

There are some strange cards/postcards out, not even including the obviously gays ones--which seem to lean toward careful renderings of muscular young men in bondage wearing 1950's biker caps.

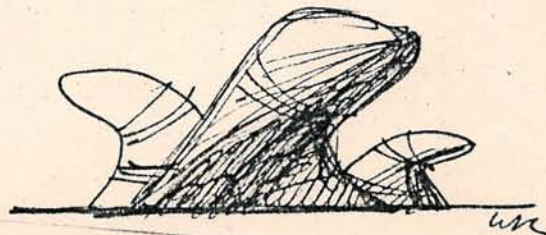
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Once we tell a lie we are stuck with it. Even confession will leave a stain forever. But truth often changes.

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I seem to be on a kick of drawing odd lump protuberances, aren't I? Well, bear with me, I'll get better.

At the Westercon masquerade there were some "sisters" from the Convent of the Ecstastic Agony, a name I love.



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We all seek glory, but most are afraid to take the first step.

---

***'I picked my wife out because she wore the same size dress that I did'***

The Donald Duck & God cartoon is by Jim "Misty" McQuade.

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"God should have given breasts to men--we appreciate them so much more."  
(Larry David, on Fridays)

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## ON MESSAGES FROM MICHAEL

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Now remember this next statement all through the following: I don't know whether I believe any of this, or not. I don't believe, but I don't disbelieve, either. I'm still looking. All I feel is that reading Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's *Messages From Michael* I felt certain resonances, the "Oh, Yeah" feeling.

So after Westercon I spent an afternoon with one of the "mediums" (or whatever you call them) who can contact Michael. (In the book Michael says anyone can contact "him" but like most things, some can do it faster & easier.) I can see already that if you haven't read the book a lot of this will make no sense, so I better give a quickie background.

You see, I never believed in reincarnation at all. Never. I didn't hold much at all with God--He certainly wasn't the bearded big shot, though maybe there was some kind of First Principle or something. I put all psychic & occult phenomena (that which had not been proven a hoax) into a kind of Holding File, a Waiting For More Info limbo.

But in reading *Messages from Michael* I found the first representation of life-after-death, of reincarnation, etc that seemed in any way even faintly believable. So I read on, and so I thought about all the strange things that have happened to me, and I asked "Michael" (the last name used by the "fragment" of entity which is the contacted one; you see, there are "entities" according to Michael, of differing numbers of "souls,") about various things.

I knew (I better out that "knew" in quotes) that Don Simpson, Evan Hayworth & I were in the same "entity." The first thing that happened is that the words were coming so fast, via the Ouiji board, that I could not possibly keep up. It was about as swift as someone could recite the alphabet. We waited a half hour or so until a second person came over & between us we got most of each message.

It has been said, by the way, that the only proper way for a Ouiji board to be used is with the operator(s) having their eyes closed. It was not done that way, but with the medium rattling off the letters. But, gad, it was swift!

I asked about my daughter, who has been giving me a lot of trouble. She was born in 1954. Michael said she was troubled, that she was -aying for her sins for following "the man Adolf" and that she had been in the Waffen SS. (Frankly, my notes are so scratchy & messed up, even with the after-message help from the other "listener" or court reporter or whatever you'd call her, that I still can't read them just right.)

Next time I'm going to tape it.

Anyway, Michael says "she was doing the honorable service to a corrupt master" and that maybe the lesson had been learned.

(People...souls, I guess...are divided into seven categories, by the way, and seven levels within those categories. I am a mature artisan, or...to put it another way...Michael says I am a mature artisan.)

My next question was about an extraordinary event in Venice, Italy, in 1979. I was walking along the "front" of Vebice, on the Adriatic, and started up one of those bridges one sees in Venice. I looked down and saw two gondolas (gondoli?) sticking out from under. I thought, Aha! good picture, and went down to do that very thing.

As I started to crouch, to shoot past the craft, under



the bridge, out at the other boats, it was as if a giant hand took my head and turned it to look to my right. But what I was seeing was a "nothing." Blank plastered wall coming down to the simple stone quay, a few steps into the bile green canal, another anonymous building across the canal, the bridge, etc. Nothing.

But something had happened there. It was the oddest feeling I had ever had. I realize this is the sort of thing that can mean something only to the person involved, as there is no proof whatever. But I assure you it was an extraordinary feeling. Having read "Michael" I thought, "My god, if I did live before the only thing that could bring forth this big an emotion would be that I was killed there!"

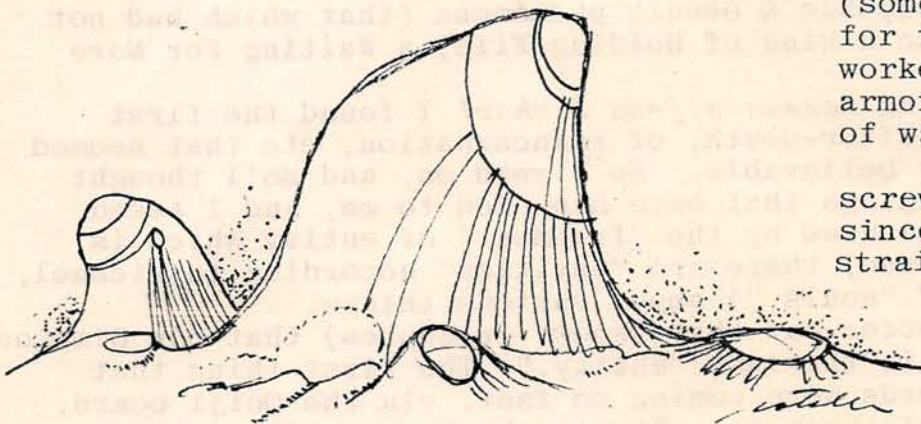
I wandered away in a total daze.

I took no pictures, I just wandered off, going "What the fuck?"

So I asked Michael and here is the first answer: "You, of course, have been there before. In the early part of the fifteen century you were confined to an attic cell (something) criminal (something) for imagined

crimes against the state. The (something) and were denounced for treason in that life you worked as a supervisor in the armory supervising the construction of warships."

(Note the places where I screwed up & neither of us got it; since this is something of a strain on the medium, I did not go back and fill out the blanks...in fact, this whole session was a kind of "shotgun" approach... the next time I'll try to get more specific answers.



The letters of the words just "come" so that you have to put in your own punctuation. Up there at the word "treason" you see how that may or may not be the beginning of a new line.)

Having just seen the first two episodes of "Casanova" with Frank Finlay, where he was confined to that sort of cell a couple of hundred years "later"--if you believe all this--I did wonder if perhaps it was not in the subconscious of the medium as well. So I asked more, especially about the intense feeling I'd had. "He" responded:

"When you were denounced to the council of ten you attempted to escape. You made it (that far) and were caught by familiars of the council and were assumed to be confessing your guilt by your attempted flight."

Nothing new in government functioning there, right, gang?

Then I asked about Paul Turner, as he and I have been extraordinarily close over the years. Michael: "This sage is an old friend. There have been nineteen past associations and you have been siblings six of those times." Then there was some esoterica about being in the same cadre, etc. Paul is in the 2nd entity cast--mostly kings, priests & sages; and I am in the 4th entity cast, which is mostly sages & artisans. That part I don't understand at all, but pushed on to ask about Sharman DiVono and out instant, immediate, zap upon seeing one another.

Oh, and I've been a female in approximately half my previous "lives."

Michael: "In the first place the body type emphatically attract. In the second this fragment has seven past associations with you (something) of you and the last time was in the life before last so that the memories are fairly fresh."



My next question had to do with the fact I have always had an affinity toward the really old civilizations, mostly Babylon, but Sumer, Assyria, etc. Not Egypt much, however. I asked why.

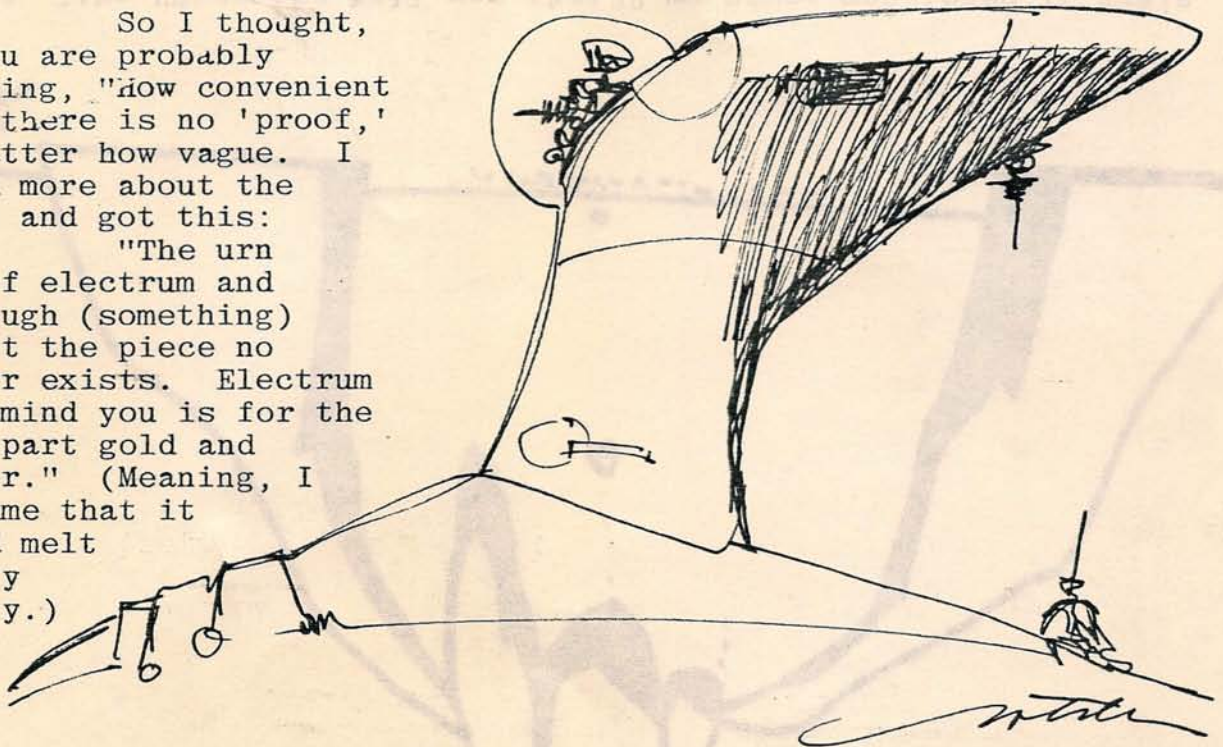
Michael: "You had three consecutive lives in Babylon and we remind you that you were an archeologist in the fairly recent past and spent a good part of your life digging up these and other sites."

I wish I had followed that up with specifics, such as Who? Earlier, the medium had told me that I had buried a piece of work in one life and later, as an archeologist, had dug it up, seeming to know where it was. So I asked where that piece was and received an answer that was annoying, as I'd like to see the piece (an urn) and see if there was any response from me toward it.

Michael: "The piece of in a German museum and was bombed in the last major conflict. You sold the urn illegally to a German collector for a substantial (something...profit, I think) to finance further exploration."

So I thought, as you are probably thinking, "How convenient that there is no 'proof,' no matter how vague. I asked more about the piece and got this:

"The urn was of electrum and although (something) finest the piece no longer exists. Electrum we remind you is for the most part gold and silver." (Meaning, I presume that it would melt pretty easily.)



Okay, no physical "proof" yet. I went on to ask about a situation where I met someone, brought to me by a girl friend, who made my hair stand on end in the back & put me into a feeling of near-panic. (And I remind you I don't panic easily.) Turns out it had nothing to do with me, according to Michael, but he was a "baby priest in the goal of dominance with a feature of greed." He had committed certain sexually related crimes in the past and apparently involved this girl. His present intentions were trying to pay her back but was fucking it up.

(Terry Carr says it is very strange to hear words like "karma" coming from me and, wow, do I agree.)

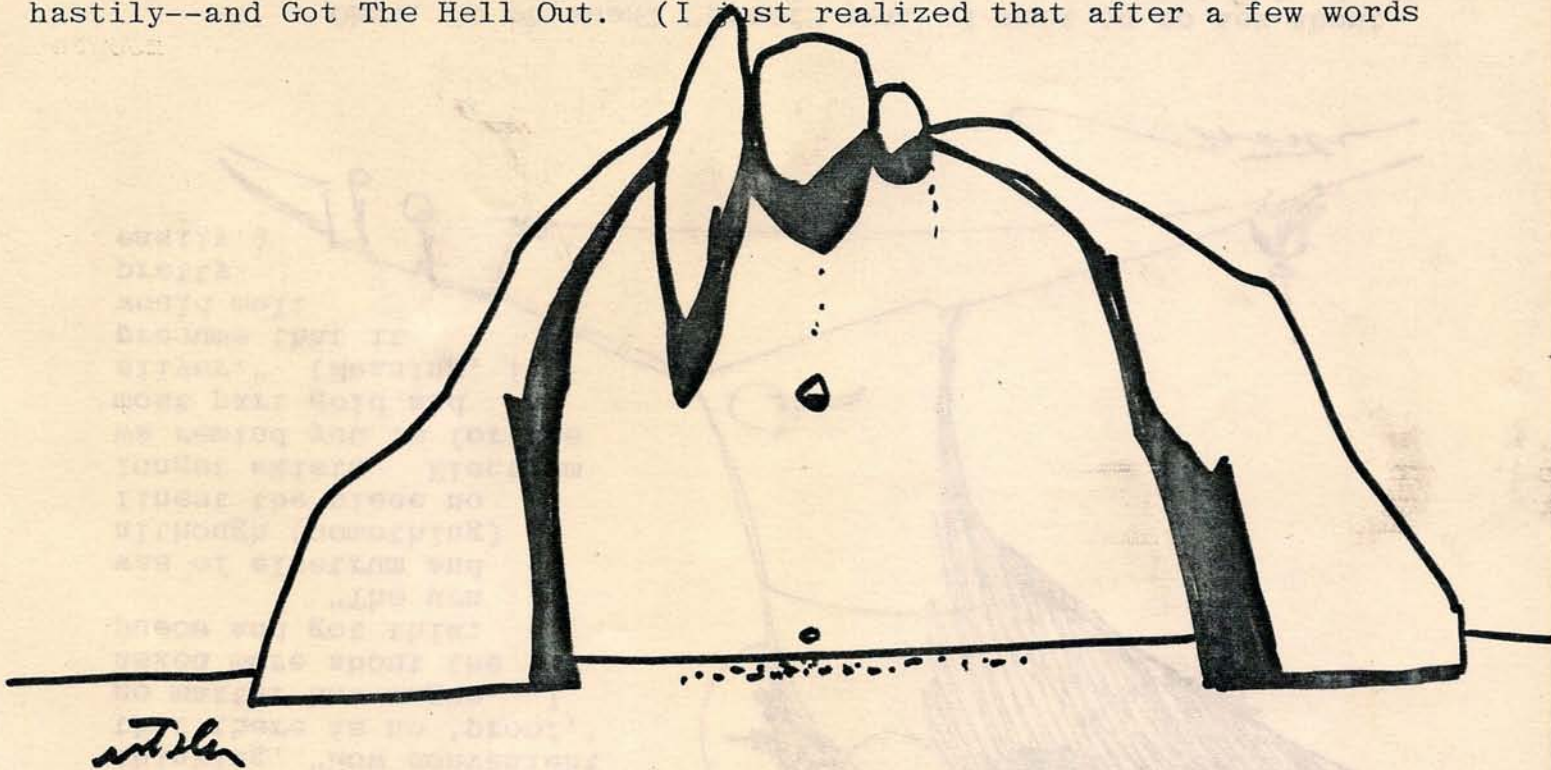
So I asked about another strange encounter, about 1967. I was taking a guy & two women from Haight-Asbury to Big Sur, to some place called the Stone House. It was night and we were going up a "road" that was a "road" only by the fact there was no sagebrush growing



growing on this very steep, dark hill. We took a turning and ended up at a turning place. Dead end. A car was revealed in our lights, Two guys. One got out and came leisurely over to us. He was altogether ordinary, did not act strange or threatening, or anything (just as the other fellow, in the last bit).

But the moment he got out of the car I got scared. But scared in a very strange way. I didn't say anything, but the two women starting making Umps and g\*u\*l\*p\*s and "Uh, uh, let's get out of here" and "Uh, just back down the road," etc. Then the guy started much the same thing, only he had more warrior types responses. And remember, I felt like it, too.

The fellow came over to the car, polite, not friendly, but not unfriendly, either. Asked us if we were lost, I told him we were looking for the Stone House and he gave us directions. We turned around--rather hastily--and Got The Hell Out. (I just realized that after a few words



between us, like "What the hell was that?" we never mentioned it again. Ever. So I asked Michael.

"The encounter was with a fragment who had been in a position of despotic (something) and abused the power thoroughly. The recognition of the link (with the) past (something--I think Michael meant our response) and we would like to point out that whatever there has been killing karma the reaction is much clearer than any other.. Of those of you in the automobile four of you had died prolonged deaths (something)."

I should explain that "fragment" is used this way: It is like (according to "Michael")(no, according to my understanding of Michael) there are a number of big lakes--or "entities"--and from time to time a fragment of that entity, like a bucket of water, comes--rather, chooses to come--to Earth, to continue its development. Or as I have explained elsewhere, "You keep doing it until you do it right." At death you return to the "lake," share the knowledge. According to Michael the "soul" enters the body at birth. Hell, go read the book.

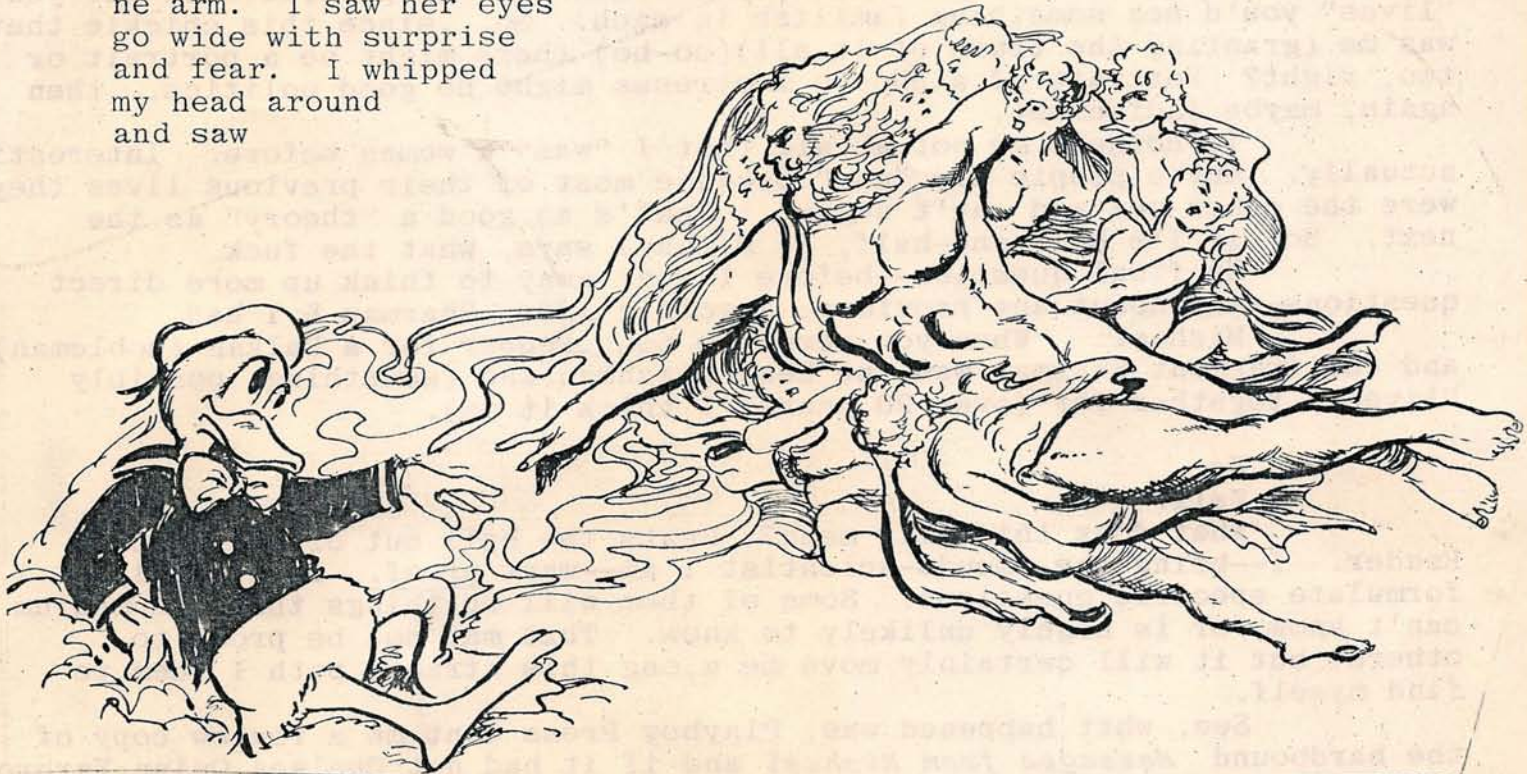
(I figure only a few of you have stuck through to this far, anyway. It is strange hearing me say/write "karma," etc.)



Naturally, hearing that you had been murdered in a previous life was bad enough, but a "prolonged death" was nasty. I didn't quite understand "of those of you in the car four" etc-- because I only remember four.

And what are the odds--again, granting belief in all this-- of four people in that position. On the other hand, what do I know of how these things work.

I then asked about my only experience with a "ghost" and experienced first hand a touch of Michael's manner. (Read the book.) About 1950-51 I was lying on the floor of the living room of Gerald C. FitzGerald's grandfather's town house (follow me so far?); as far as Gerald knew no one was there, just he, me, and my first love, Suzanne Johnson. Two couches and a chair formed a "U" before the fire. Suzanne was propped up on one arm. I saw--  
ne arm. I saw her eyes  
go wide with surprise  
and fear. I whipped  
my head around  
and saw



standing in the entrance to the darkened dining room a shape. Little over 4' high, gray, kind of knobbly gray as though crudely stippled on the dark BG, and very pointed on top. I got the feeling--perhaps from the size and "just standing there" pose that it was, perhaps, a 12-year-old girl.

I jumped up at once, as did everyone else. Only Suzanne & I saw it, as I remember. Within 3 or 4 seconds I was at the door, only nothing was around. All of us ran quickly through all the rooms and passages. No one, and everything was locked. So I asked M.

"That was (something) simple haunting and what you saw was (something, what, I think) you call a ghost."

I figured that if half my lives had been spent as a woman I'd like to know one, and asked for the "most interesting." (I know, I know, every time you hear about this sort of thing the people were Caesar or Cleopatra or something fancy.)

So Michael "said": "We would think that the life you spent as the mistress of the reigning pope might fill the bill. In that life you died in childbirth at age fifteen (maybe it was 14, I can't read my notes at this point)(something) until (something) the Roman (something) were petted and indulged. (Something) the fragment died in 1505 in of course Rome."



Now this was not a life that appealed to the 1981 me, but I thought, Hell, in 1505 it was probably a damned good life. So now, I am going to look up & see who was Pope then.

Well, in 1503 it was Pius III, but in the years 1503-1513 it was Julius II, who in 1513 was 70. Couldn't have been a love match, I guess. But this was the time of Leonardo da Vinci, a young Michelangelo, Tiepolo, Titian, etc. Not a bad time, not a bad time.

The medium told me that there seemed to be "something" of a look carried over from life to life, that is, if you could line up portraits of all your "lives" you'd see something familiar in each. So...since this chickie that was me (granting the truth of it all)(ho-ho) there might be a portrait or two, right? Portrait of a pope's mistress might be good politics...then again, maybe indiscreet.

It bothers me not at all that I "was" a woman before. Interesting, actually. Maybe people are "gay" because most of their previous lives they were the other sex and can't adjust. That's as good a "theory" as the next. So, if I'm half-and-half, as Michael says, what the fuck.

My final question--before I went away to think up more direct questions--was about any previous, specific life, Sharman & I had.

Michael: "When you were the housekeeper for a Balkan (nobleman) and the fragment Sharman was the head coachman and (something, possibly "lived") together for (over 20 years, I think it is).

So.

Well.

What does this all mean? Beats the hell out of me, Gentle Reader. I--being the pseudo-scientist I am--want proof. So I shall formulate specific questions. Some of them will be things that the medium can't know, or is highly unlikely to know. That may not be proof to others, but it will certainly move me along this strange path I seem to find myself.

See, what happened was, Playboy Press sent me a review copy of the hardbound *Messages from Michael* and if it had not Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's name on it, I would not have even opened it. Oh, another of those books. But I did open it and read it (eventually, twice) and in the middle of it I called her up and said the question that apparently everyone asks: "Is this real?"

I'll keep you informed.

Even if you don't care.

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We all edit the past, even the best of us.

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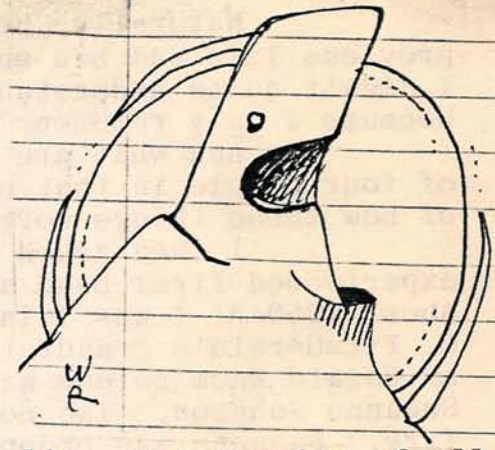
There would be less divorce if more men were really in attendance when their children were born.

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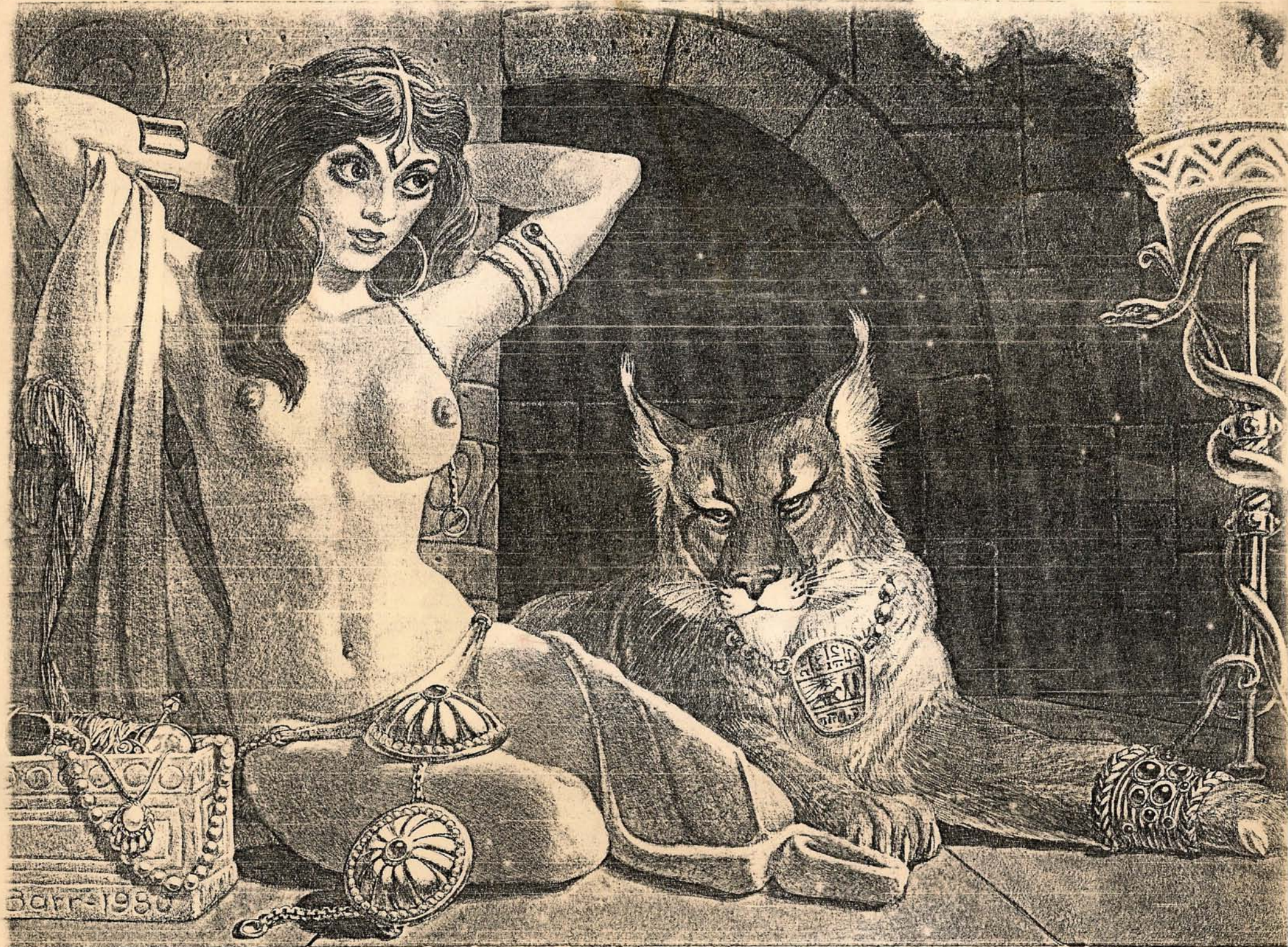
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Some people ask the same questions of life, over and over again, getting the same answers and never listening.

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60rr-1980