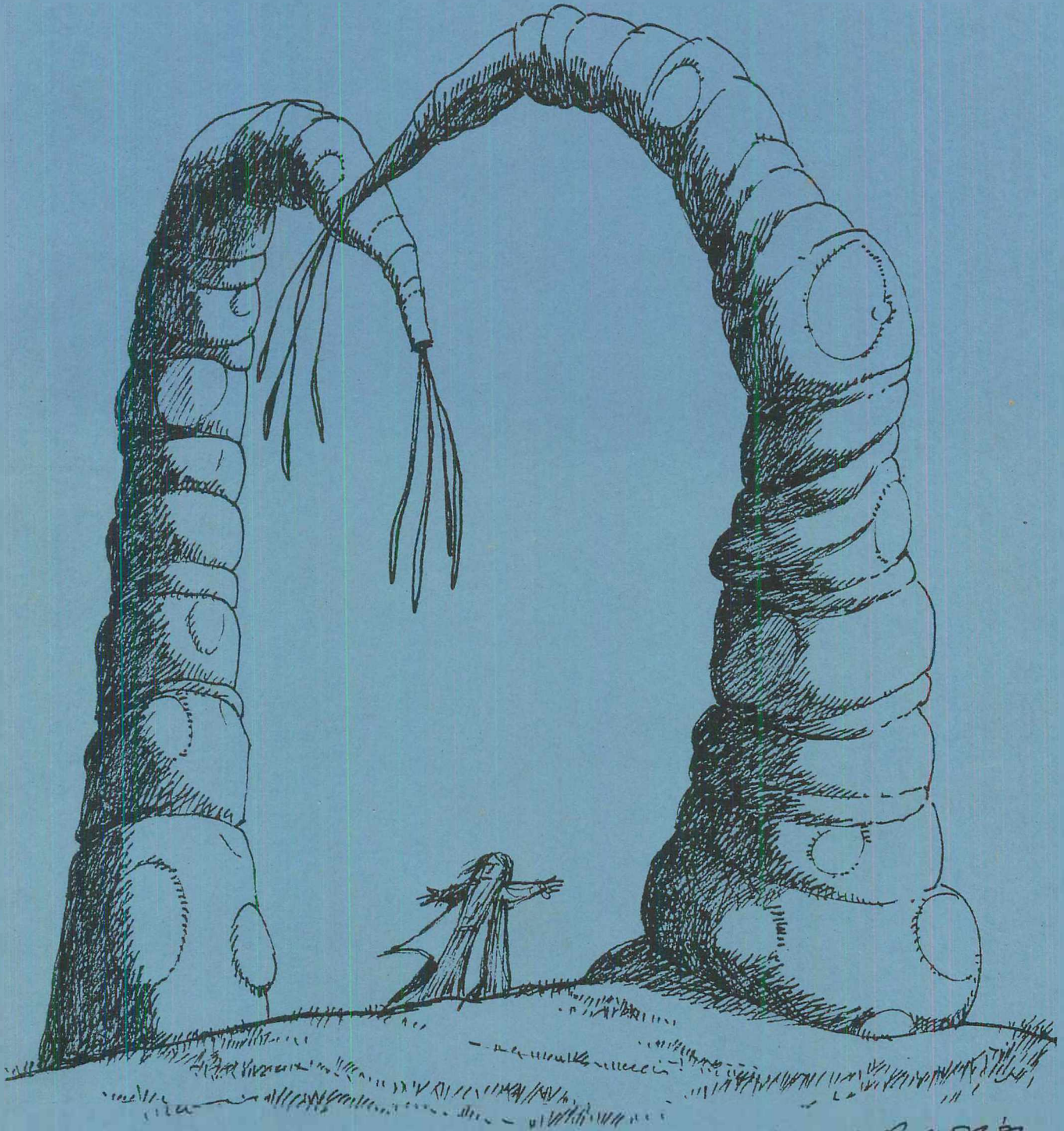


KTEIC MAGAZINE

11/23/82



Rotsler's Law of Conventions: The more people, the fewer elevators;
the more anxioys the people are, the slower the elevators; the high-
er you are, the less frequently the elevators arrive.

23 Nov 82 Charles Cropsey called, saying
he had "linguistic pretensions"
and gave me the translation on EL MECENAS
and correcting Uschi's one mistake and
that it's "Toward" the land of the Elec-
tric Angel, which is close to the orig-
inal "To." # Hank Stine called, said
everyone there liked my two quote coll-
ections & will soon make the pitch to the
Ultimate Editor or something. Better than
a poke in the orb with a pointed tentacle.

I also just found old material buried in
the crud of my desk, so here is a bit of
time-traveling:

24 Nov 82: Harlan Ellison (oops, H*A*R
L*A*N) called to say the
girl friend I never met & he are passé,
and that my dislike of Max Collins was
in good form. # Sav-on finally came through
with a 6-week order and for the first time
I have enough plain binders, 3 doz of 'em.
* The reason I *did* that to HE up there
is so he will see his name. He's always
complaining he isn't mentioned. (Now he'll
complain because I said "always." But at
least I know he's reading & commenting,
even if it was to my "HAL 9000 Answering
Robot."

A gift is love made apparent.

A CARD FROM BOB SILVERBERG:

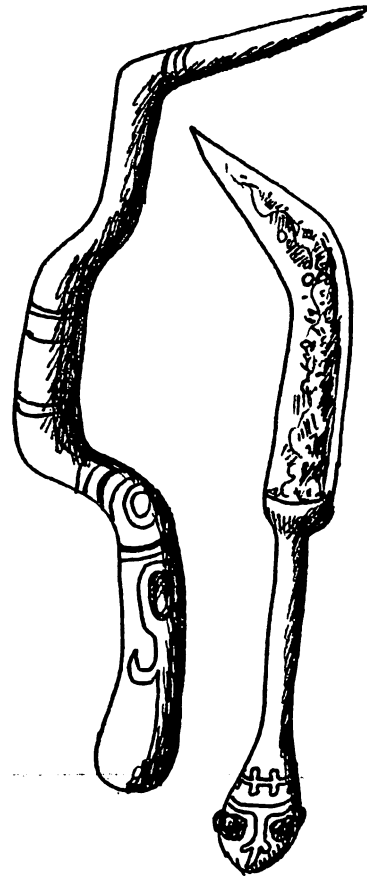
Dear Wm:

Isn't there anybody literate within a 250-mile
radius of Wilshire Blvd? FYI: Maecenas lived
in the reign of Augustus. He was Very Rich.
He was a friend of Horace, Virgil, and other
poets, and contributed mightily to their up-
keep. He was a well-known Patron of the Arts,
that is: so well-known that his name became
synonymous with the concept. And still is --
except in Los Angeles County, I guess.

Best,


The most self-sufficient of people is in
control of only a fraction of his or her
future.

LOSCON IX was a nice, quiet, friendly
affair as it is designed to be,
even if it was the biggest Loscon so far.
I missed my first panel, was on another on
Sunday with Sharman (who looked gorgeous).
Mostly I wandered around and talked, had an
autograph session with 3 others at Lydia
Marano's table, and, well, just hung out.
Not many parties & no Great Parties.



THE SWORDS OF ARCTURUS / mtlr

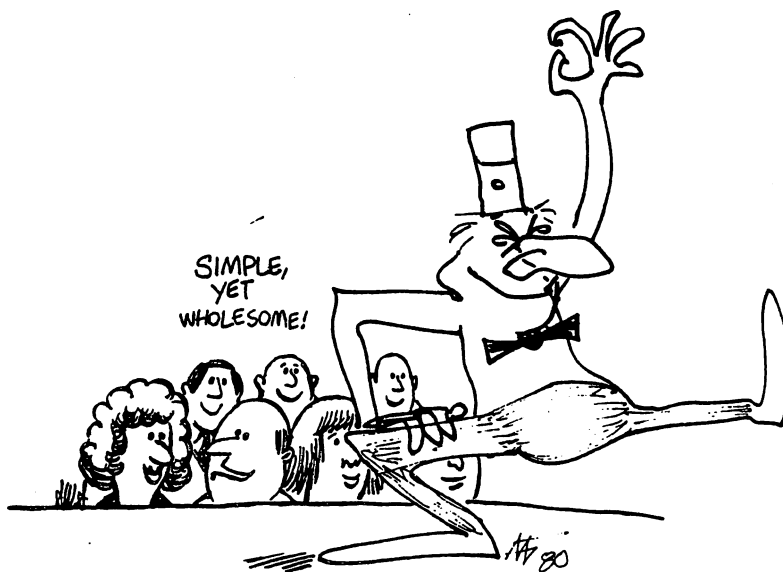
Ed Kline was there--he's splitting
from his wife--with a fantastic weapon which
has a working laser in it. David Joiner
had a shiny robot armor suit; he's so
skinny it looks very believable. Very good
masquerade--not big, but had quality.

1 Dec 1982 As I was leaving to go to the
LOSCON I received the three
new STAR TREK books. The covers are not
what they were going to be, but they are
still (I'm sorry to say) probably the best
I've had on any book. (Sigh)

They were a big hit at the con and
several people (such as Jerry Pournelle)
wanted copies. Strangers would do a take
and make a grab. Others would squeal and
say, "Where can I get one!?!". There are
still Trekkies about.

I showed it off because the Biograph-
ies is probably the most heavily "Tucker-
ized" book in history!

Fear of change from the known--even if
the known is boring, fearsome, frustra-
ting--is the greatest fear most people
ever experience, and certainly the most
common.



THESE SOURCES WERE USED IN THE COMPILATION OF THIS ISSUE OF KTEIC

FROGS IN THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE, by Sherlock Fern, Muckle Press, 1980

WASHINGTON SEX PRACTICES, by Oswald Fenwick, Blatant Books, (with map), 1982

CHILD DISCIPLINE MADE EASY, by Herr Doktor Herman von Manacle, Muckle Press, 1982

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WHAT TO DO WITH LEFTOVER JELLIED ROADAPPLES, by Julia Sibling, Yummy Press, 1980

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THE WILY WHORE, by X. Y. Xavier, Erotica Books, 1982

DWARF ORGIES (Illustrated), Finster Publications, 1982

"Rolling Roadapple Cigarettes in Your Spare-Time," by Fern Fenwick,

National Nosy, 5 August 1982

"Making Alligator Fondue," Yummy, September, 1979

Everyone's for a war until the casualty lists come in.

CHEKOV

PRESENT RANK: Lieutenant Commander
BORN: Moscow, Russia, Terra; 6 March 2145

KIRK

PRESENT RANK: Admiral
BORN: Farside Base, Luna, 28 July 2132
FATHER: Eugene Claudius Kirk
MOTHER: Marjorie Wimpole
SIBLINGS:
George Samuel Kirk
(James Tiberius Kirk)
Michele Suzanne Kirk
MARITAL STATUS: Unmarried
CHILDREN: David James Marcus (m: Carol Marcus)
EDUCATION: Thomas Jefferson Elementary School,
Farside Base, Luna; Junipero Serra Elementary
School, Santa Barbara, California, Terra; Oxnard
Union High School, Oxnard, California, Terra;
University of Southern California, Los Angeles,
California, Terra; Starfleet Academy, Class 92

*the STAR TREK
BIOGRAPHIES*

father's birthday

my h.s.

*Has my phone
number for serial
-> MCCOY*

STAR TREK II BIOGRAPHIES

PRESENT RANK: Commander
BORN: Atlanta, Georgia, Terra, 24 Oct 2119
FATHER: Robert Edward Lee McCoy
MOTHER: Maureen Abney
SIBLINGS:
Henry Clay McCoy
(Leonard Edward McCoy)
Landor Abney McCoy
Melissa Jane McCoy
Elizabeth Ashley McCoy
MARITAL STATUS: Married: Elinor Lee, 10 October 2148;
Divorced: 3 December 2153.

SCOTT

PRESENT RANK: Commander
BORN: Aberdeen, Scotland, Terra, 31 August 2121
FATHER: Robert Burns Scott
MOTHER: Mary Darnley
INTERESTS: Machinery; collects samples of alcoholic
beverages such as Sirian *belisk*, Coridan beer, Triacus
pod wine, Saurian brandy, Andorian wine-analog
Vegan aromatic, Trojan mead, Rigellian *dorf* whiskey,
Trora (from Eminiar VII especially), Antarean brandy,
and Centaurian swamp-sweet.
STARFLEET ASSIGNMENTS:

U.S.S. Steven Barnes, NCC-559 (Destroyer), Chief
Engineering Officer

SPOCK

*His serial is WR 39.733-906 -
my old Army number*

my h.s.

PRESENT RANK: Lieutenant Commander

BORN: Wailuku, Maui, Hawaii, Terra, 3 July 2141

FATHER: Liholiho Sulu

MOTHER: Kalea Graef Hatoyama

SIBLINGS:

SULU

(Hikaru Sulu)

Kamehameha Fujiwara Sulu

Liliuokalani Dani Suly

UHURA

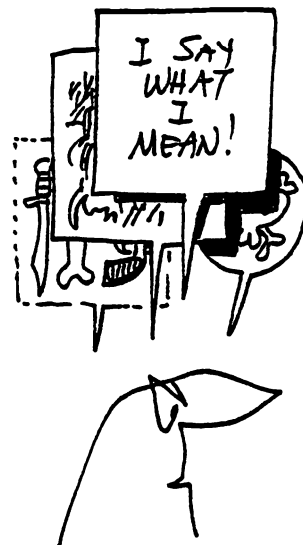
PRESENT RANK: Lieutenant Commander
BORN: Nairobi, United States of Africa, Terra, 24 October

2140

STARFLEET ASSIGNMENTS:

U.S.S. *Elsi Weinstein*, NCC-6005 (Transport),

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 AKHARIN TO FLINT, by Lewis Singer and Ramona Aroeste
 AMUSEMENT COMPUTERS OF THE LANGLEY CLASS, by John Meredith Matheson
 ANDORIAN NERVOUS SYSTEMS, by Teresa Flynn, Sc.D ← my aunt
 ANDROID DETECTION, by Wendy Allhuman
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 ASTRAL NAVIGATION DURING WARP-DRIVE OPERATION, by Edward Bookman
 ASTROARCHAEOLOGY, by Galen Tripp, Ph.D
 ASTRU NECAS, by Nicholas Gheorghe Ceausescu
 AT WARP SPEED: MEMOIRS, by Lieutenant Commander Lex Nakashima ← A Consortium at LAFS bought this for him
 BARBARIANS WITH SPACESHIPS, by John Gill ← an ST historian in the series
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 BATTLE STATIONS!, by Ashley Gray, Weapons Tech, IV-Class ← should have made it Jr. - then Grayson.
 BEAUTIFUL MINOS, by the Minosean Chamber of Commerce
 BERSERKER, by Vincent Sanderson
 BIOSPHERE CONTAMINATION PREVENTION, by Richard Hammond ← Rick + Asenath
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 BUILDING OF THE ENTERPRISE, THE, by Art Hagen ← Joel Hagen + Art Cook
 BURNT BY A HUNDRED SUNS: The Story of Pavel Chekov, by Beverly Beachwood ← Bev Warren
 CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER PIKE OF THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE, by Roderic N. Berry ← cute?
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 CENTAUR IS JUST NEXT DOOR, by Mira Romaine, Commander, Starfleet
 CHILDREN OF THE STARS: HUMAN EXPANSION 1990-2300, by Asenath Richards → Kathy Sanders + another costumer.
 CLOTHING & COSTUMES OF ALIEN RACES, by Kathy Miesel ←
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 with an Introduction by Captain James T. Kirk
 COMMON CODE OF JUSTICE FOR THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS, Edition 1/1a, United Federation of Planets Printing Office

I decided to
arbitrarily make a
"legit" (i.e. in the
Series) crew member
become an author

g.f. of
my French
translator

I switch sexes
a lot

Heh
heh
Hra, h-le!

Randy
L'Officier

actress who played
Janice Rand married
someone named Dal
in Real life.

pre-Paul Piper,
who was pre-
McCoy

Jim Webbert works at
Sperry

Maureen Barrett
works at Lucas

wife of X-Men
artist

this one everyone
just nods at
Ken
Rowland

Paul Caleb Turner
married Jocelyn Paine
Coco
Junger

I've often used Benford U
in books

Tom is a fanatic
about the Dummy "Nautilus"

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Marc Bixbey
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Bounds
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Vulcan Academy of Sciences
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cus

as always
misspelling it.

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MENACE OF FEDERATION INVASION, THE, by General K'tar, Order of the Klingon Star, translated by Bedar Turak

- oh Jim so clever!

← Patrick + Rebecca live together

← my first Japanese girl friend

Frank Franz

← my accident attorney w/ sea change

← my Japanese photo agent

Niven

Dale/Susan's daughter

← they live in Granada Hills

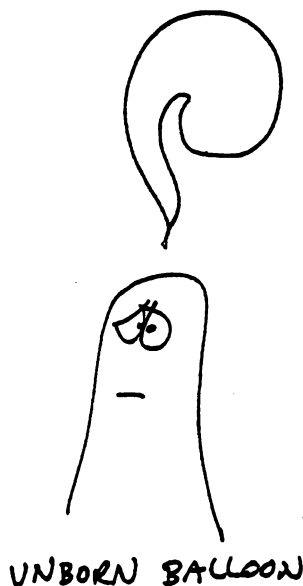
← my daughter

← who we all know and love.
Marine Sgt. Calkins gets bumped up in rank in every book - this is his highest so far

← another sea change

← Marv's daughter

I AM
FRANK
AND
FORTH-
WITH...



UNBORN BALLOON

Fred Patton →

Alex Cover +
Lydia Marano

Bjo's daughter
is Kathrin

the Bushys

Pini's firm Reno

Vs chi
names of people
in Paramount
Rights office

Sky
lives in
Bromont



DRUNKARD

Aussie

Bot
show

Vic
Komen

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gory Calkins
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SURVEY SHIPS: THE FIRST TO KNOW, by Gene Fontana

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TIME IN SPACE, by the Andruschak Space Laboratory

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TOTALITARIAN GOVERNMENT FORMATS: *Three Aspects of Societal Formation in Planetary Cultures*, by Harlan Steranko

TRANSPORTER PHYSICS, by Calvin Patten

TRANSPORTER TARGETING AND ACQUISITION, by Caleb Paine

TREATMENT OF XENOGRAPHIC DISEASES, by Kalea Edwards ← Kalea is the beautiful 40 old 2 met on Maui + Bill Edwards is friend on Oahu

TREK TO THE STARS, *The Story of Human Exploration*, by Christopher Lloyd

TRIBBLES ARE NO TROUBLE, by K. P. Malcor

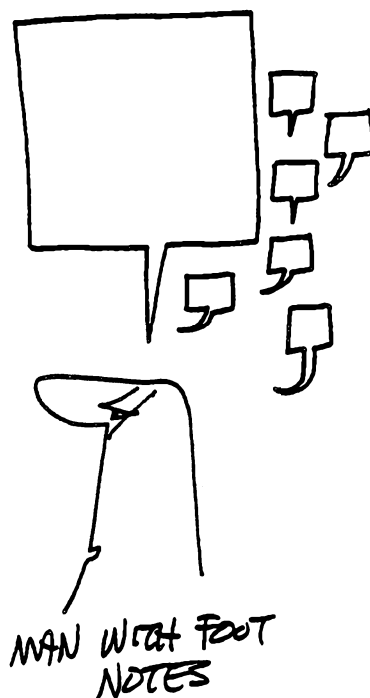
TRIBBLE MANUAL, THE, by Gerald Davis

TRIBES OF CAPELLA IV, THE, by Teer Leonard James Akaar

UNDEFEATED: STORIES OF THE GREAT STARSHIPS, by Dian Ardmore Crain

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UPGRADING STARSHIPS, *Techniques & Procedures, Amended*, *Starfleet Manual* 92-6a-G/4-1



heh
heh

on Kailua

English Edition

Switch

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USE AND MAINTENANCE OF BLOOD-ANALYZER UNITS, General Electro-medical Corp., 4th Edition

USED STARSHIPS, *A Renovation Guide*, by Lotus Newman & Hulan Davidson

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Writ by Bjo → "U.S.S. Jon Trimbal: The Lost Starship Nobody Remembers," by Betty McCarthy, *Stardate Evening Post*, Vol. XXXIV-3-C2

VESSEL INTEGRITY AT SUBLIGHT VELOCITY, by Donald Ivy

VOYAGES OF THE CONSTELLATION, THE, by Neola Graef

VOYAGES OF THE CONSTITUTION, by Halea Graef

VOYAGES OF THE CORIDAN QUEEN, THE, by Captain Meg Barish

VOYAGES OF THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE: *A Semiofficial Account*, by John Griffin

VOYAGES OF THE FARRAGUT, SHIP OF THE LINE, by Shelly Friedman

VOYAGES OF THE U.S.S. HOOD, by Marc Carabatsos

VOYAGES TO DISTANT STARS, by Prince Makhosini

"VULCAN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES," by Jean Sackett, *System Newsnet*

VULCAN CONCEPTS OF TIME AND SPACE, by Saalin

VULCAN: PLANET OF LOGIC, by Parkdale Van Hise

VULCAN PSYCHOLOGY, by Michael Simmons and Saarek

"Vulcan Seas," by Noel Haagen-Simpson, *Science*, Vol. XXXIV-7-C3

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VULCANS HAVE NO MYTHS, THE, by Lisa Araminta and Neola Graef

VULCANS IN HUMAN SPACE, by Tom Nellis

WARLOCK WITH A WAND, *The Story of Korob and Sylvia*, by Anthony Schneider

WARP DRIVE ENGINES, by Yuan-Shih-chang and Casimir Sigismund

WARP ENGINE MECHANICS AND THEORY, by Zefrem Cochrane VI

WARP STRESSES IN REAL TIME, by Richard Hammond

WATCH OFFICER HANDBOOK, by Galvin Condra

WATER PLANETS, by Astrid Behr and Greg Anderson

WHAT TO DO WITH A PREGNANT TRIBBLE, by Gerald Friedman

WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE: *The Autobiography of James T. Kirk*

WIN BY ANY MEANS, by Subcommander Tal, Grand Navy of the Romulan Empire

XENOAROSTIA, by Dr. S. G. Davis

XENO BIOLOGY, by Dr. Leonard McCoy

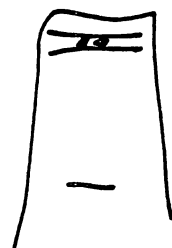
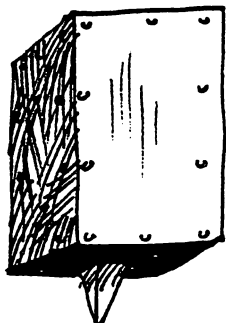
XENOBOTANY, by Dr. Ismail al-Ashari; Introduction by Hikaru Sulu

XENOGRAPHICS, by John Summitrose Lacky

XENOPHOBIA: *Its Cause and Cure Through Communication*, by Elizabeth J. McCarthy, Ph.D.

XENOPOLYCYTHEMIA, by J. Kinney Canfield, M.D.

ZIENITE MINING TECHNIQUES, by Kent Fuentes



MAN WITH SERIOUS
THOUGHTS

Editors at
Wanderer
PKs

Jim lives
on Parkdale.

She used to
work for
National Engineer

David

Steve +
Gemma

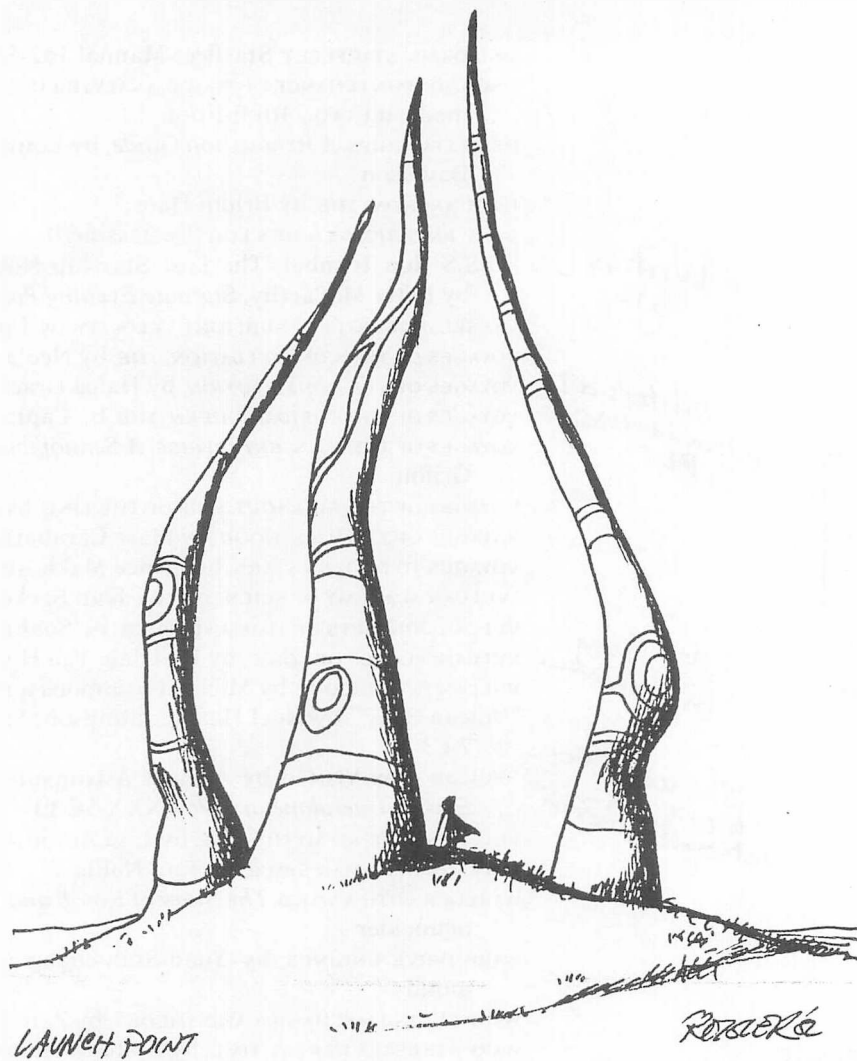
had dinner
w/ him night
before

Bjo →

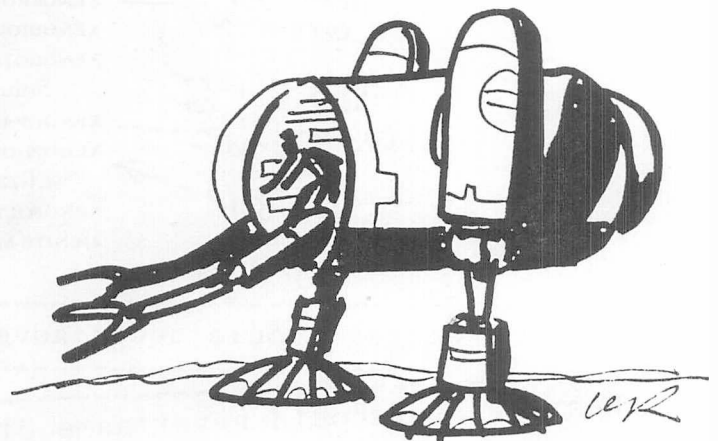
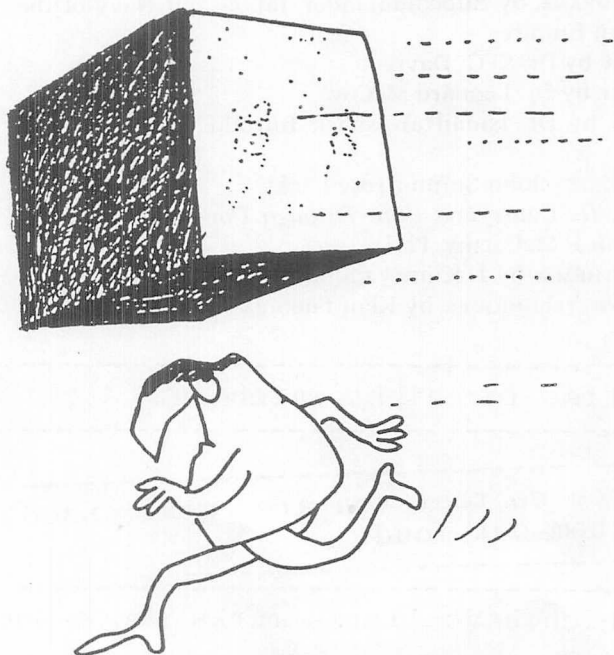
Stores should never advertise for night watchmen.

Restaurants should never name dishes so that you are embarrassed
to order them out loud.

Americans are distrustful of words which have little marks above the
letters.



Farming is a slow-motion art. There are no quick responses, unless you count disasters.



The discomfort of truth confronts us all and at the most inconvenient time.

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA

I suppose there is no way around first love, and there's certainly nothing like it. But how nice if somehow you could get past it, absorbing the experience but not the pain.

All this talk, among writers, about getting a word processor or some kind of elaborate electronic system reminds me of nothing less than the eagerness by which photographers upgrade their equipment.

I have known umpteen photographers--mostly amateurs & neo-pros--who think getting the latest pro version of a Brownie Starflash is going to make them a better photographer. Ha.

Some years ago in photo magazines they used to run articles where some pro took an ancient camera, a pin-hole or the earliest version of something and went out and took good pictures.

I think people confuse The Latest Gear with Better Creativity. About all "the latest" can do for you is increase, in some cases, your options. This is good, I think--better to have those options than not. But too often, I think, people think that is The Way.

You see it among artists--by learning how Artist A mixes his colors or B fixes his studio or C underpaints they will become better artists. There is no question that expanding your technique is helpful, but I think the trap lies in thinking once you have learned A-B-C-D-E² and XYZ you are going to automatically Get Good.

Those of writers among my readership know what I mean--we are so often on those How To Write panels, or on panels that become How To Write, How to Sell, etc. Would-be pros want to know what typer you use, do you face north, what hours and so on. Pooh.

I knew this sounds a bit like anti-word processor, but it isn't. It is a Cautionary Tale. If word processors did what I wanted them to do I'd have one, but they don't. Not yet.

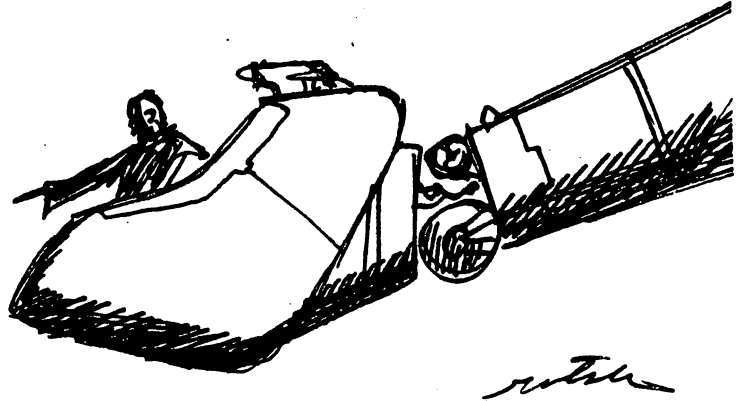
19 Nov 82 I picked Charles N. Brown, that Billy Randolph Hearst of fandom, up at LAX (which is going through a rebuilding and is a mess) and took him to Change of Habit, where we rendezvoused with Greg Benford. At last Greg got his Nebula. I added some quotes: this one via Sherry Gottlieb:

"I never fuck strangers, but sometimes I make friends very fast." (Robt. Silverberg)

Had a fine, talky dinner with Greg & Charles (he prefers that over Charlie he says, yet I've heard him on the phone identifying himself as Charlie) and this quote came from Greg:

"The truth will not only make you free but it will make you look like an asshole."

As I type Sherry is having Arthur C. Clarke autographing books in her gazebo & anticipated a HUGE crowd. Although I wouldn't mind talking to Clarke, I'm not about to ask him (or anyone) for an autograph. Onward.



"Remember, when you take the last page out of your typewriter you stop being a writer and start becoming a businessman." (Greg thinks it was Harry Harrison who said that.)

MYSTERY SOLVED!

In a recent issue of this "publication" I said that I had a Spanish edition of *Patron of the Arts* with a title no one could translate: *El Mecenaz*. Well, today's mail brought a card from F. M. Busby:

"mecenas m. fig. Persona que protege las artes y las letras, por alusión a Cayo Mecenaz. *Patrocinador, favorecedor.

MECENAS, Cayo. Bieg. (19-8 A.C.) Amigo del emperador romano Augusto y protector de las poetas d su tiempo Horacio y Virgilio.

Quoted from Elinor's enciclopédico UNIVERSO, diccionario en lengua española. I can't actually read that language but these passages come through clearly enough."

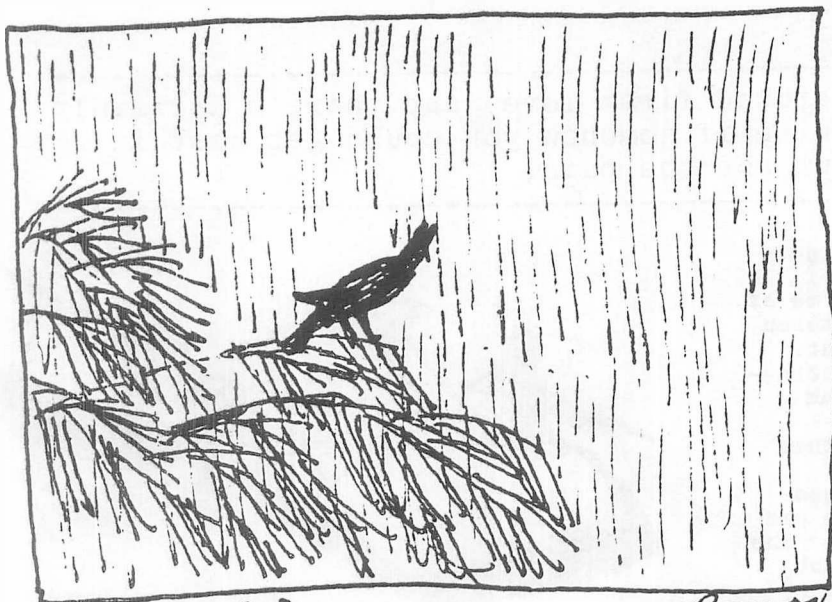
Thank, Buz!

Tact is practical sympathy.

A LETTER FROM STEVE LANGLEY, in part:

"...The depression has passed. Your diagnosis was very good. I'm changing the 'no woman in my life; aspect of it just now. My new lady and I are house shopping. Between us we have four kids and a pushy cat. We definitely need more than the two bedrooms I've been using for home for the past three years.

"The job is not very challenging just now. That is subject to change nearly without notice....Outside of falling in love, there hasn't been a lot happening lately. But then, when one falls in love everything else takes a distant second place. I'm going through



SUMMER RAIN

Ridpath

I'M SAINTLY, I'M
SAINTLY

I GOTTA
REMEMBER
THAT
HOPEFULLY



Cats always look as though they could talk and choose not to, while dogs look as though they want to and can't.

All uncredited interlineations are, of course, by none other than William Rotsler, your genial host into this exercise in postal conversation.

the manic phase called infatuation. I'm sure you've been there. I spend most of my waking and sleeping hours thinking about my new lady. I expect it will wear off soon (say ten or twenty years) but for now, I wouldn't have it any other way.

I've been fiddling with writing again. My new lady writes, so I write." (Steve goes on about a D&D story and gives me some advice, in case I decide to do the D&D book for Scithers. In talking to C. N. Brown last night he said that basically, the "choose-your-own-adventure" Star Trek book I did was a D&D. It certainly was in a dungeon...well, a huge stone temple with umpteen passages.)

But, Steve—you never told me (us) her name!

Radio makes you see with your ears.

21 Nov 82 I went to a party at Don Glut's last night, where I found I had offended an oft-times host (not Don) by my prior remarks concerning my rather impatience mood toward parties. I had thought I had made myself clear in my previous comments, but I guess I didn't.

Look, what I was saying was that just about every party I have been to in the last few years was pleasant-to-good. But none of them were exciting. What my readers (and offended host) must understand is the yardstick I use.

Starting in the mid-60s and going until 1973 I had a series of parties at the two Hollyridge houses, then at the Ridpath house, that were very special. They were exciting. You never knew what was going to happen, who you would meet. There were literally dozens of nude women, dope, food, fun, good guys, adventures in time & space, sex, great talk, silliness, etc. Each party was different and there was never a bad one.

Compared to those parties going to a fan party is dull, frankly. Oh, they are nice, usually pleasant, with raisins of good conversations. I don't mind going, but I often feel jaded; I guess. They are predictable. Nice, but predictable. Nothing exciting (to me exciting and it is from that perspective I write) ever happens.

I rarely meet anyone interesting (really interesting), and never any women. Look, you may find endless numbers of enterprising princesses, and you women may find Mr. Right four times a night...I don't care; I'm happy for you, but for me, they are rather any more than "pleasant."

So sue me. Trouble is, of the readership of this publication there are so few who know: Paul Turner, Neola Graef, Steve Langley, and Uchi & Ron, who came to a few parties. Oh, and George Clayton Johnson came to many, and Lola Clayton came to a few. Here & there some of you attended this party or that, but very few.

The point of all this is that I am

simply using a different yardstick. Sorry, gang, but while the Nivens, the Rothsteins & Warrens, the Pelzii & others have given a lot of parties to which I have gone, they are almost all pleasant. Worth going to, I have a medium-nice time and that's it. It's like (oh, God, I'm going to use a very egotistical illustration) a race car driver in a Volkswagen.

I am not putting down my frequent hosts. I do not mean to. I owe them since it has been nine years since I have been unable to give a good party. It is, frankly, one of the reasons I am exploring the idea of buying a house. I owe a lot of people. I have plans, ideas, but no "plant," as it were, to use. But there have been NO parties—before or after, actually—to compare to those scores of fantastic parties we have in those five or six years and I guess I'm comparing all parties to them. Perhaps I shouldn't, but I do. (None of this will do me any good with future hosts, I can see that.) Maybe if I met even ONE really exciting woman...

With one exception, I've been to bed with all the women in fandom I really want to go to bed with, so that might explain it, too. (I know how that sounds, but there are not that many I have ever wanted to.)(I bet you want to know who the one is; don't you? Well, I leave it up to her—she reads this—shall I tell 'em?)

Sexually, conventions are pretty much the same for me. There are so seldom any-one at a con that I want to go to bed with that you can almost say I never have sex at a con unless I brought her with me. Last time was, god, at least 15 years. I don't go to cons to fuck. I have nothing against it, mind you, I just never find anyone that interests me.

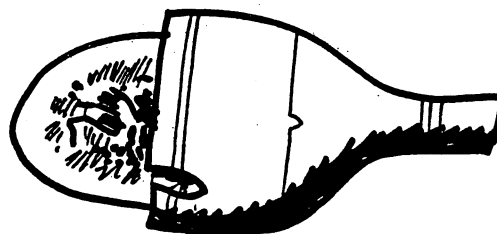
I've been spoiled, you see, and, to be frank, it is a terrible curse. I become monastic between Real Lovers simply because no-one interests me. I'm long ^Yast fucking someone because they were available, reasonably without disease, and no bag was needed.

The concepts behind a good quotation appear inevitable, once you've seen them written down.

That reminds me: the other night, when Greg Benford was here, I was kidding him, in Change of Hobbit, because of some remark of his, that he just put different bags over Joan's head and had his fantasies. Pasting on photos, doing crude drawings, etc.

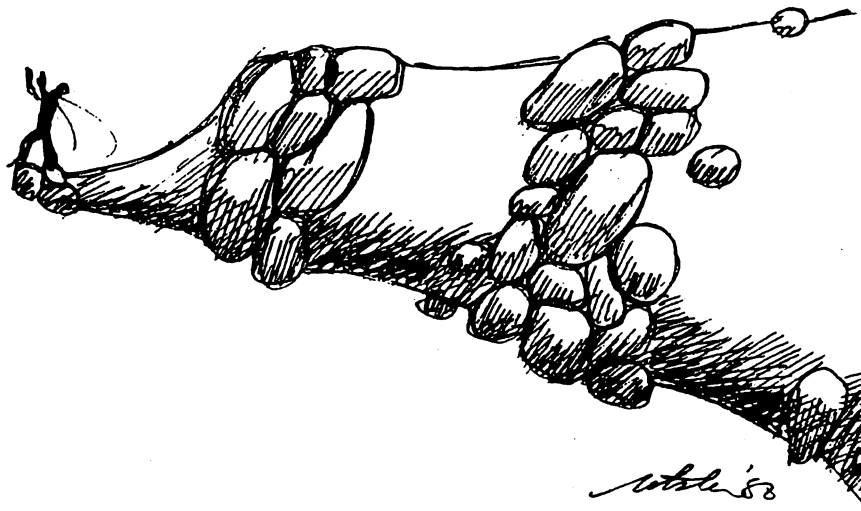
Later on, at dinner, Greg was saying that I should not change the name of KTEIC to MASQUE (reverting to my first fanzine title) for the simple reason that for years he wanted to be one of those rare and important few who got KTEIC and now that he was, he didn't want to not be one who gets KTEIC.

It's true, of course, that MASQUE is an ancient & virtually unknown title, but at least people can say it. It's terrible, and violates Rotsler's First Rule of Writing, to have a fanzine title people are uncertain of saying. So I'm going to change it—probably the beginning of 1983.



You are Cordially invited
to the Theological place of
Eternal Punishment.

Here's a card found in a great bag of plastic goodies from Kathleen Sky.



Wilson Bob Tucker

I thank you muchly for the swift arrival of Lilapa #322, plus Voyage #11, plus Kteic, plus your annual Christmas greeting, all of which arrived today in darkest Illinois in the midst of swirling fog and vagrant snow flurries. And I sometimes wonder whatever happened to the climate of a century ago when the hardy farmers hereabouts grew cotton, peanuts, and whipped their slaves for disobedience. On days like this I like to wander down to the Oldtown sections and stare at the ruins of the depots of the underground railroads, where slavery-lovers and slavery-haters sometimes fought duels in the streets.

A brief postscript to the letter from Mark Evanier: Boris Vallejo once told me that his wife posed for the photographs he used when painting his heroines. I was so impressed that I got her autograph above his, in one of his books of reproductions.

Enclosed are a news clipping on the dark doings of Elron's son, and a headline clipped from the paper about a convention in Chicago. I wanted you to know that not all Chicago conventions are similiar to the one that you attended. I suppose that police conventions are dull things, lacking masquerades and Nightstick Awards.

Double the pleasure, double the pun.

Police conventioners get tips on avoiding muggers

Son says Scientology founder either dead or incompetent

RIVERSIDE, Calif. (AP) — The oldest son of Church of Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard believes his father is either dead or mentally incompetent, according to a petition filed in Superior Court.

The son, Ronald E. DeWolff, also claims in the petition, filed last week, that officials of the church have stolen millions of dollars, gems and securities from his 71-year-old father or from his estate in the past year, the Riverside Press-Enterprise said Saturday.

Allen Hubbard, president of the Church of Scientology of California in Los Angeles, declined to comment on DeWolff's petition.

"I really cannot make a comment until I have seen the documents and have had a chance to consult with our attorneys," he said.

DeWolff, 48, of Carson City, Nev., is asking the court to appoint him trustee of his father's affairs to protect the assets. DeWolff, who changed his name from L. Ron Hubbard Jr., is the oldest of Hubbard's six children.

A hearing on DeWolff's petition was scheduled for Dec. 30.

A former Scientologist, DeWolff claims the worldwide organization is now run by Hubbard aide David Miscavage.

"The only way he (Hubbard) can contest all of this is to show up physically in court," DeWolff said Friday. "But I expect he may have trouble doing that because I don't think he's alive."

Hubbard, a former science fiction writer, developed Scientology after the success of his book "Dianetics, the Modern Science of

Mental Health." Claiming to be a blend of Eastern religions, Scientology has a stated goal of freeing man from painful experiences in this life and in previous lives.

The controversial church, which some sources estimate is worth millions of dollars, has been involved in numerous court cases regarding its tax status and financial dealings.

DeWolff said he has not seen his father since 1959 when he left the church, but has kept track of him through church members.

Gerald Armstrong, a former personal aide to Hubbard, also said last week in an interview with the newspaper that Hubbard may be dead. He said Hubbard suffered numerous medical problems, twice requiring hospitalization in the 1970s.

Armstrong was a member of the church for 12 years before leaving it last year.

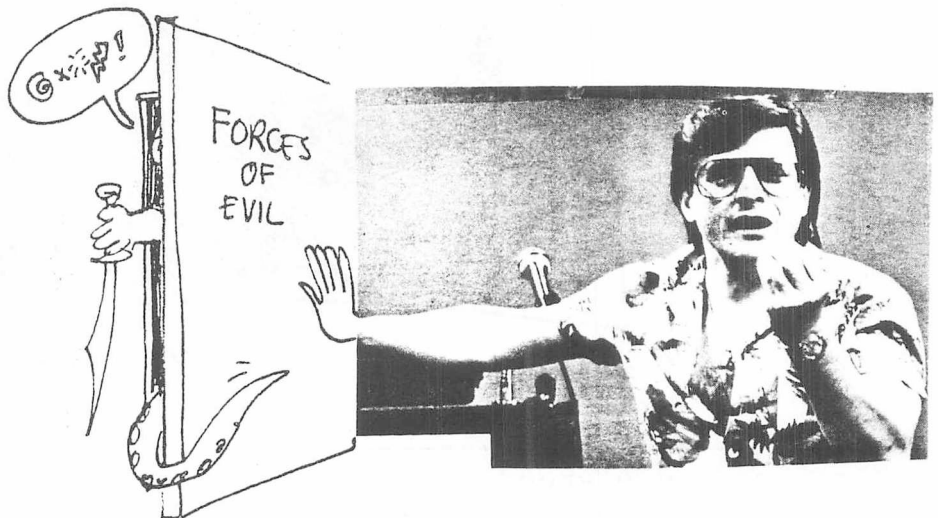
Hubbard's former personal medical officer, Kima Douglas of Palm Desert, declined comment other than to say the church founder had blood clots in the lung, the newspaper said.

While living in La Quinta in Riverside County, Hubbard made secret plans for his death, DeWolff said, and instructed Douglas to "bury him in the date fields" in the area and not to disclose her death.

"Shortly thereafter," DeWolff said in his petition, "my father disappeared."

Hubbard's son filed his petition in Riverside County because his father's last known whereabouts was Gilman Hot Springs, a former resort near Hemet that is now owned by the Scientologists.

Sometimes we are loved more than we want, and we feel smothered; but more often we are not loved as much as we desire, and we feel starved.



"Real men can't spell quiche."

(Evan Hayworth)

There's a certain kind of European that, I'm afraid, "gets" to me. Male & female, they are the kind that exude the attitude that, since you are an American (or anything that is non-European) you do not know anything about art, fashion, culture, etc. (And within the European circles there is still further stratification, with the French, of course, placing themselves at the top.)

But the worst of this type is the one who takes the attitude that not only do you not know anything worth knowing, but you can't, disqualified as you are by American birth.

Grr. Growl. Grumph. Some time ago I met a woman like that, a German fashion designer I had never heard of (which means nothing). She started a lot of sentences with "You Americans." I finally had enough.

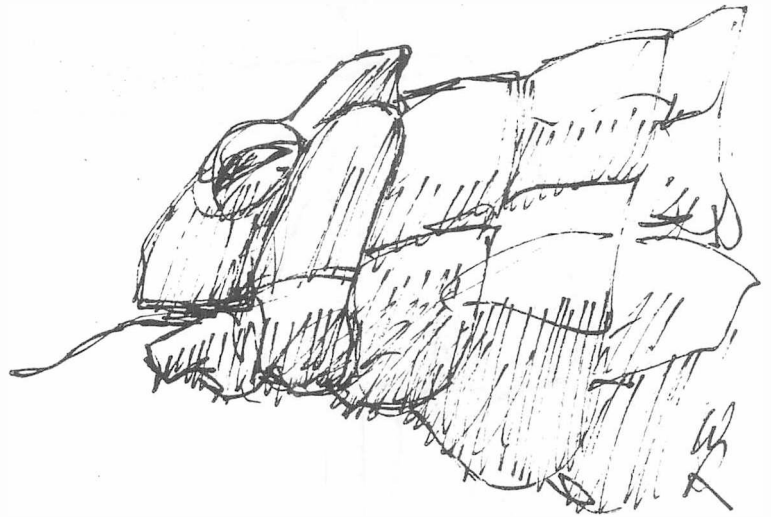
I had not been in her circles of conversation, but she was standing quite close. Finally, in a pause, I said, with a disarming smile (naturally), "Ah, but you Germans..."

She turned, smiling frostily, opened her mouth for a retort (I imagine) and I just kept going. "You Germans have such panache, such taste, such style." Her smile froze a bit--I must have been less subtle than I thought.

"What I can't imagine is a people with such zest for life starting all those wars they keep losing to primitive cultures, these artless tribes--"

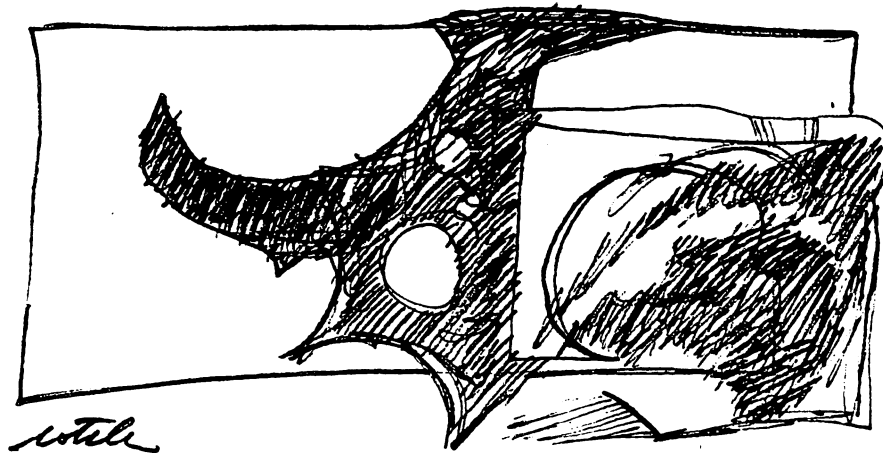
She walked away. I haven't been invited back since, though she was not my hostess. I wonder why? I must not be a good conversationalist.

No one has ever thrown away their high school year book. They may have lost it, or others may have thrown it out, but no one throws them away.

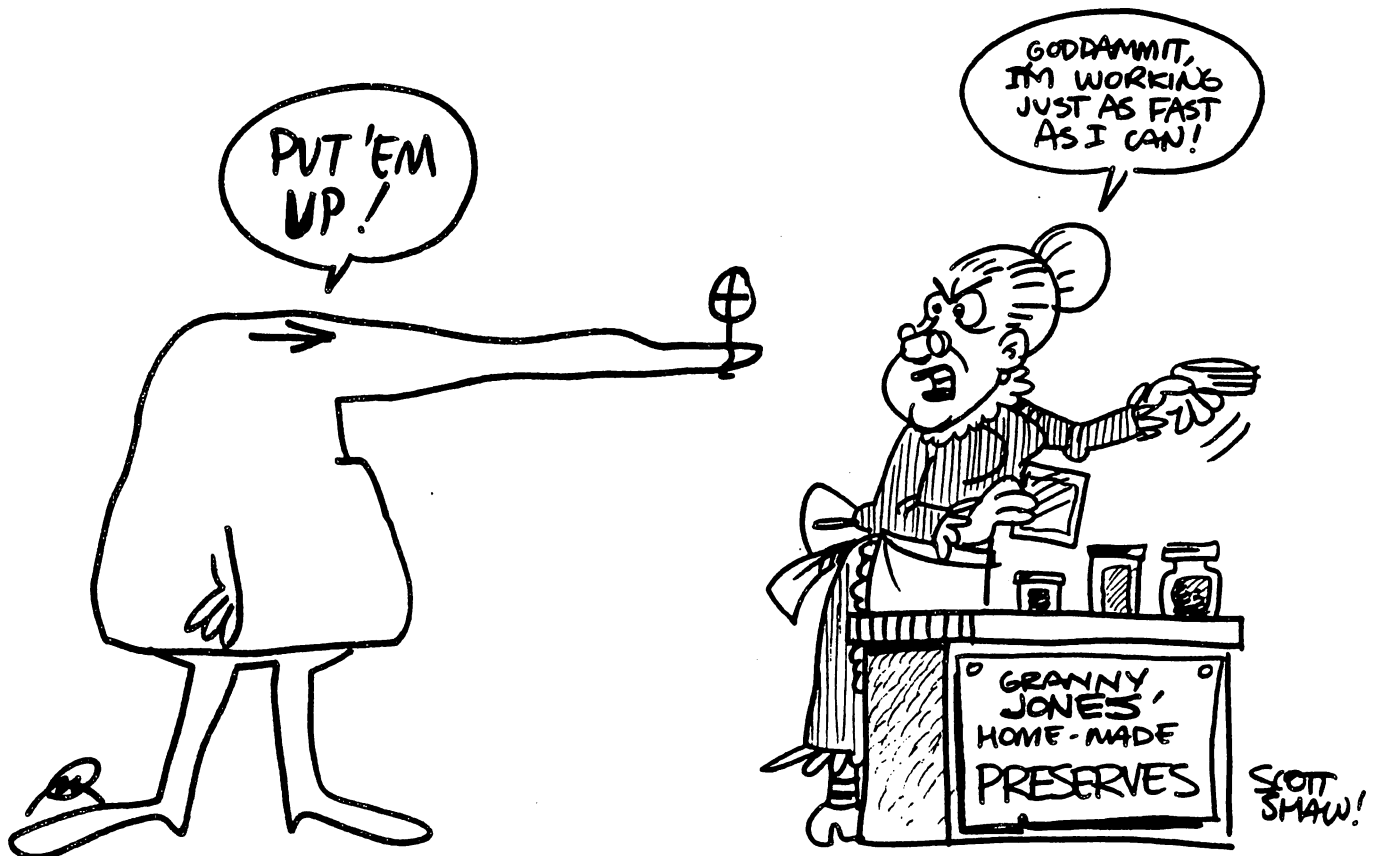


Even when there seems to be no answer, the best thing to do is to go ahead and work as if there was an answer...and perhaps you will find one. Maybe the answer, maybe just an answer...but an answer.

Everyone seeks a set of habits which will be comfortable,
productive and secure, like rocks in a rushing stream.



"Art is Nature speeded up and God slowed down." (Malcolm de Chazal)



If autobiography does not frighten you, then you have not lived enough
to try.

Remembering a War We Want to Forget

A veteran reflects on healing the wounds of war.

By WILLIAM BROYLES Jr.

Names. José K. Brown. Sai G. Lew. Glenn F. Cashdollar. Kenyu Shimabukuru. Famous L. Lane. Witold J. Leszczynski. Thomas L. Little Sun. Salvatore J. Piscitello. Max Lieberman. Savas Escamilla Treviño. Billy Joe Lawrence.

For 56 hours they read the names in the Gothic confines of the National Cathedral. Rhythmic Spanish names. Tongue-twisting Polish names, guttural German, exotic African, homely Anglo-Saxon names. Chinese, Polynesian, Indian and Russian names. They are names which reach deep into the heart of America, each testimony to a family's decision, sometime in the past, to wrench itself from home and culture to test our country's promise of new opportunities and a better life. They are names drawn from the farthest corners of the world and then, in this generation, sent to another distant corner in a war America has done its best to forget. But to hear the names being read, and to see them stretching down long expanses of black granite at the new Vietnam Veterans Memorial, is to remember. The war was about names, each name a special human being who never came home.

The permanent tribute to these Americans is hidden in the ground between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. Beyond a brief inscription, the only adornment is the long list of names. They died in an unpopular war, fought for uncertain ends and prolonged far beyond hope of success. But that was not their fault. When their country called, they answered, and they fought bravely and well. They gave no less than those Americans who died at Guadalcanal, Gettysburg or Normandy. But their memorial is not a monument to the abstract ideal of war, to glory and victories or even to a cause. It is a reminder of the cost of war. It is a bill of sale.

Like the war itself, the memorial is less than the dead deserved. It is a memorial that isn't a memorial for a war that wasn't, technically, even a war. The war had no official beginning and no official end, only a first death and a last death. Its deepest meaning is in the fate of those who fought there. The veterans gave the war that meaning, and they and their families quickly, and spontaneously, did the same for the memorial. Through countless acts of pure emotion they completed a monument that seemed incomplete. It invited them, somehow, to make it their own. They propped roses beside it, set photographs of dead sons and brothers on it, bedecked it with wreaths, touched it constantly and washed it with tears. But still, there was something missing, something special. The veterans, as they gathered last Wednesday and Thursday, couldn't quite put their finger on it, but they *knew*.

They would eventually solve that problem, but there was

one thing about the monument they couldn't fix. The names that speak most directly about the war aren't on the memorial. To my knowledge there are no names of any sons or grandsons of the policymakers who plotted the war or of the congressmen who voted the appropriations to keep it going. They weren't there. The war divided America, most of all by driving a wedge

between those who went and those who didn't.

The division was a matter of class. In my Marine infantry platoon were blacks from the South, ethnics from Chicago and Boston, hillbillies from Appalachia, Mexican-Americans from Texas and an Indian we called "Chief." Their average age was less than 20; only a handful had graduated from high school. They were the harvest of working-class America. Not one of the boys who joined my platoon in the rice fields and jungles was the son of a doctor, lawyer, businessman, politician or professor. In 1968, 6.8 million Americans were in college, about 500,000 Americans served in Vietnam, and there was virtually no overlap between the two. The educated kids who knew how to manipulate the system by and large avoided the war; the less-privileged Americans fought and died there.

It was a war fought with few exceptions by companies and platoons, by enlisted men and junior officers. The colonels and generals lived in permanent, air-conditioned houses safely in the rear. They slept in real beds between pressed sheets, ate splendid food flown in daily from Japan and the Philippines, watched first-run movies and flew out to the war in the morning and back in time for lunch. The war had no goal anyone who fought it understood. Our only stated objectives were meaningless bits of territory we would fight over and abandon. There were no dramatic pushes to the Rhine, no larger missions, nothing to feel a part of. When your 365 days were up, you went home, and the war went on, beginning anew for the new arrivals as it ended for those who left. It made no sense. Under those circumstances, my platoon's true mission was unrelated to any command from higher up. Our mission was to survive.

The Vietnam combat veterans drew this lesson: you are alone, no one else shares your experience or cares about it—no one except your "buddies." Only they matter. And so there grew up in Vietnam combat units a sense of commitment and love among the men who lived, laughed, suffered and died together. You took your turn on point, pushing into the terrible unknown of the jungle or down an exposed rice-paddy dike, you went up a hill under fire, you crawled out after the wounded—not for your country: you did it for your buddies.

One night, for example, a major in the rear, drunk after carousing with female singers from the Philippines, came on the radio and ordered me to send patrols out into an area infested with North Vietnamese soldiers. "Go get some," he kept saying. It would have been suicide. And so we faked the patrols on our radios, talking to each other from a few feet away as if we were crossing rivers, climbing hills, taking up new positions. We weren't about to risk our lives for him. For each other, yes, but not for him. Each other was all we had. Our country was ashamed of us, hated us. That



John Ficarra—Newsweek

The memorial: A flag for your buddies

explained, in part, how my platoon reacted when, shortly after I arrived, I passed the word that Da Nang was being rocketed. To me, the news sounded calamitous, as if Pearl Harbor were being attacked. My men didn't think so. They put down their cold C-rations, they stopped picking off leeches and they cheered.

I'm not proud of how we felt back then. I wish it had been different. I wish that college kids hadn't spit on working kids who served their country, by necessity or choice; that thousands of demonstrators had not carried the Viet Cong flag through the streets of America; that veterans themselves had not thrown their medals in anger back over the gates of the White House. I wish that no one had died at all. For most of us those resentments have long since been dissipated. We came home and found our way back into America. We have jobs and mortgages, children and, in some cases, grandchildren. We are in Congress and in business, in labor unions and other professions. We look just like everybody else. But for some of our fellow veterans the war is still a terrible burden. There are too many unanswered questions about the delayed time bombs in their bodies and their minds, too many unfulfilled promises about their education and their employment. We owe them more than that.

The memory of wars is the stuff of history. The Civil War cast a shadow across America that wasn't lifted until Jimmy Carter was elected president in 1976. World War I left Europe paralyzed and America disillusioned, and made Hitler possible. World War II created the conditions of nuclear holocaust that could destroy our world. Vietnam divided us and troubles us still, not only in the hearts and minds of veterans and their families, but in our crippled self-confidence. It is a specter we have yet to put to rest, a wound in need of healing.

And so from all over America we went to Washington for our long overdue homecoming. We brought parts of our old uniforms and a few of our medals. Some veterans wore camouflage fatigues and bush hats, others nylon vests with their unit's name on the back. Some wore old uniforms wrinkled and dotted with moth holes, as if they had been rummaged out of some long-forgotten box for the occasion. A helmet crowned the head of a veteran in a three-piece suit. There were cowboys and union men and Hell's Angels and members of bowling teams. There were men who walked with canes and too many men in wheelchairs. Families came, some with new babies. A crewcut, beefy man in a red windbreaker with MARINES on the back stopped before a panel, found a name and fell to his knees crying. "I came to find out if I had dried up," said Paul Rump of Thetford Center, Vt. Rump and a friend from Massachusetts brought the ashes of a fellow veteran who had killed himself. They scattered them in front of the panel that marked the year they were in Vietnam together. Then Rump and his friend embraced each other, and they wept.

How did you feel when you walked down in here, I asked Sid Smith, who was in long-range reconnaissance and now is a sculptor in Florida.

"I cried," he replied.

"We all did," said Ed Unkel, a Marine who owns Crazy Ed's Saloon in Cleveland. "We all did."

It was as if a common emotion held back in so many private corners was all at once coming out into the sunlight. I cried too,

more than once. I cried for the men who had been there, for their families, for the country, for myself. I cried because I couldn't help it. It was beyond knowing. As I stood in front of the polished granite I saw the names, but I also saw my own reflection. It fell across the names like a ghost. "Why me, Lord?" we asked ourselves in Vietnam. It was a question that came back as I stood there: "Why them?" It was a terrible sadness that brought the tears. But also, beneath it, there was a deep relief tinged with guilt: my name isn't on the wall.

"It's really odd," said Sid Smith. "When I came home in 1967 an Army dude had just been shot and killed by some protester when he got off the plane. Can you believe it? He made it through all the hell of the war and then was killed when he came home. When I got off that plane I had a pistol in my pocket. I was as scared as I'd ever been in Nam." Veterans were spit on and jeered at and turned away from jobs as likely drug addicts or crazies. We had no parades, no speeches. At best we were treated with a tolerant politeness, as if we had just recovered from a disease that was so socially embarrassing it best not be mentioned.

Last week was different. Bartenders bought veterans drinks. Cab drivers refused their money. Nameless people passed out

flashlights at night so veterans could find their buddies' names. Bands played. Politicians made speeches. Jets flew over. There was a parade. It was all we had grown up believing about the end of a war. A group of veterans standing by the memorial talked about how nice everybody was being, how different it was. Someone said it was 10 years too late. Ed Unkel thought about that. "Better late than never," he said.



Marine in Hué, 1968: Welcome home

Around midnight on Thursday night, a few Marines finally realized what the memorial was missing—a flag. And so, with the daring and skill that served them so well in Vietnam, they went on one last mission. Moving stealthily, they liberated a hotel's American flag and flagpole and spirited it off to the memorial. One of the Marines took the flag and stood motionless in the center of the memorial, where the two long courses of black granite meet to form a V. The others lit matches and shone flashlights on the flag. They sang "America," they swapped stories, and they cried. "They didn't have to put up a flag for us," said Terry McConnell, a Marine from Cleveland who is unemployed. "We take care of our own. We always did; we always will."

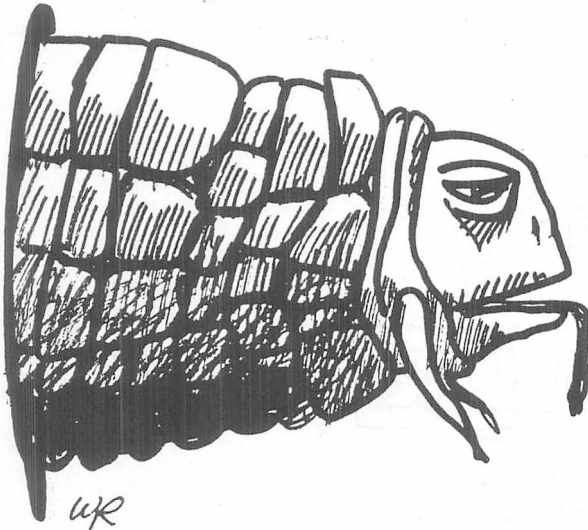
Early in the morning McConnell fell off to sleep, curled up beneath the flag. When he woke up into the hazy light of an overcast dawn Sid Smith was standing above him, holding the flag. Smith held the flag for almost four hours, then gave it to Ed Unkel, who gave it to Tony Redd, an unemployed Marine from Dayton, Ohio. It was now after 8, and the crowds had started to come back. Redd stood at parade rest, like a statue. "I haven't held the flag for a long time," Redd said. "It feels good." McConnell took the flag again. The wind began to blow, and a few drops of rain fell. The flag billowed, then whipped back and forth. Whenever a veteran came up, McConnell told him to touch the flag.

And each time, he said the same thing: "Welcome home."

Welcome home. The war is over.

William Broyles Jr., editor-in-chief of NEWSWEEK, was drafted in 1968 and served in Vietnam in 1969 and 1970 as an infantry lieutenant in the Marines.

ACTS OF GOD AND TECHNOLOGICAL DEPENDENCE



The big storm in Hawaii made me call Neola Graef a couple of times, but we couldn't get through; then the radio/TV asked people not to call. By then I figured out Maui is really a long way from Kauai. But we had our own storm here and no power for over 30 hours...which means no lights, no typewriter, no TV, and not even much reading because (1) it was a gray day & not much light came in; (2) we exhausted all my rechargeable battery flashlights, of which I have several large ones.

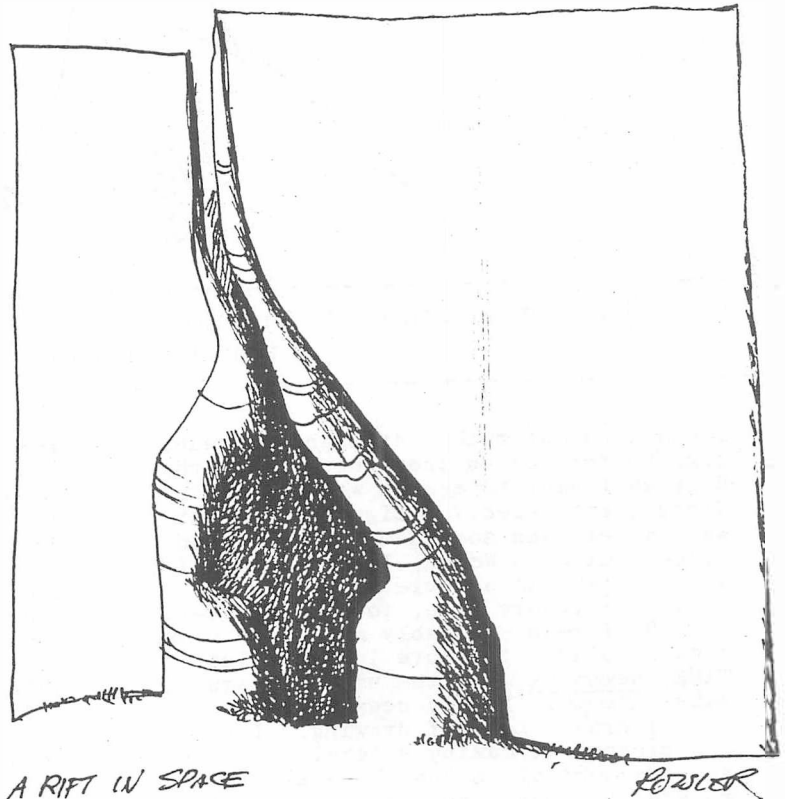
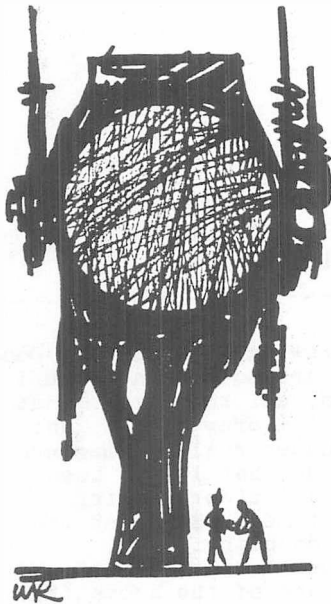
I really get frustrated when I'm cut off from my typer. Even if I don't use it I like to know it's there.

Man is the only animal with ambition.

Religion teaches submission, and not just to God.

It is amazing the amount of misinformation that has sprung up about the cat, due to a lack of interest in finding out the truth.

(Evan Hayworth)

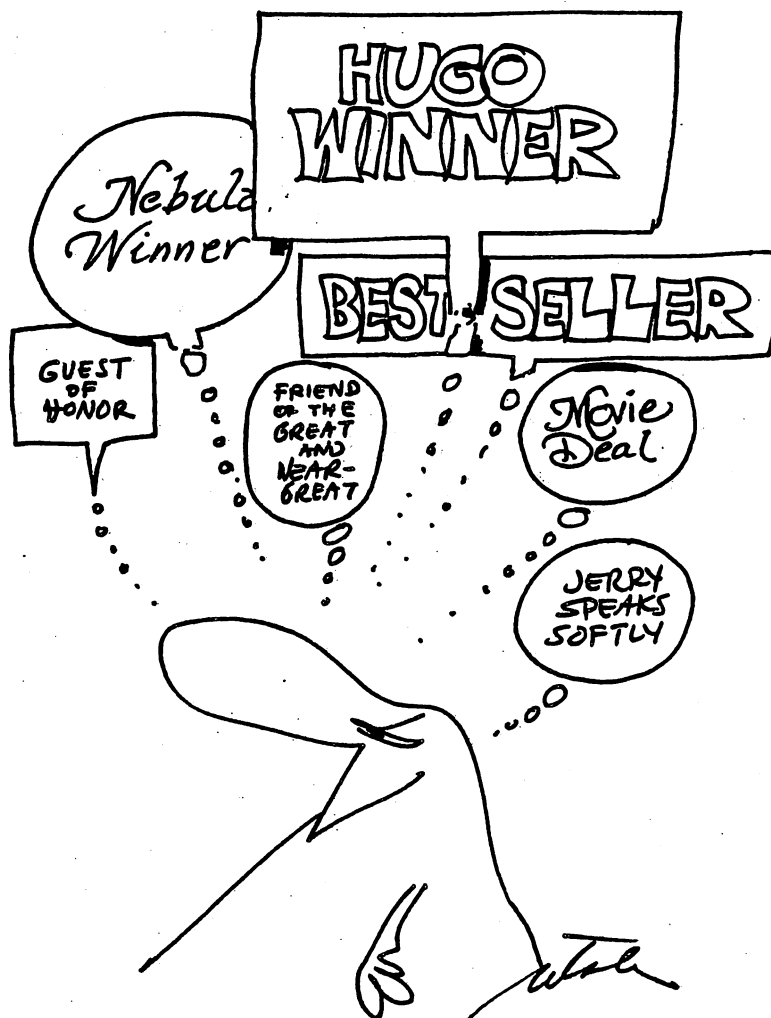


A RIFT IN SPACE

There are things worth seeing in this world, and people and events as well--but many are not worth going to see.

No one loves without reason, but hate is different.

Patriotism: fine in war, but in peace dangerous if excessive.



←
a cartoon
I did
for Larry
Niven

Self-delusion is one of the most serious dilemmas you can get into
for it blinds you to all solutions.

I don't go out much. At night, I mean. I go to few movies these days, just the Biggies I want to see on wide-screen. Since I got SelecTV I figure I'll just wait a year and see them "free." And since I have no Woman, I have no one I wish to take to a movie.

Or anywhere else, for that matter.

So I read--probably about 5-6 books a week, plus a few more I skim, plus TIME, Newsweek, and the umpteen mags I subscribe to. Rarely newspapers.

I draw. Lots of drawing. I am in the process of making several dozen storage portfolios just because I've mounted so many...not counting all I send off to faneds.

Been doing a lot of "organic drawing" lately. Just letting the ol' pen take off letting the wrist and mind go into automatic. Somewhere along the line I decide what it is I've been drawing and maybe I then do something--put fins on it or a pair of eyes, or do a figure for scale--so that people will

accept it as a Drawing instead of a Doodle.

Most people are so literal, and I suppose I am, too, all too often. But not so much when I'm drawing. I just draw and later, under real or imagined "pressure" I decide that I have been secretly drawing a fort or monster or starship all the time. (But deep inside I know I've been doodling...)

Not that I don't start out to actually drawing one of the above from the start...I do...but I've been letting the old subconscious out to play more than ever. Is that good or bad? Who knows? (Who cares?)

Drawing is such a WONDERFUL escape. That's why I've got the technology of con-going down so well now. A strong ring binder with a couple of plastic sealable envelopes inside and a few score sheets of paper. Doesn't matter if the panel is boring (including panels I'm on) I have some place to go. Or, to put it another way, I can listen and draw, too.

I actually love watching me draw.

Patriotism is the growl of territorial posession made legitimate.

About a third of the time I have NO idea what my hand will produce. None. That keeps it interesting and exciting. About another third I start out not knowing much, having only a vague idea, but quickly "find out" what I'm drawing.

Does that dismay you? That EVERY artist should know what he/she is doing at all times? Hah. Little you know, then, about the creative pricess.

As I grow older I am letting the subconscious out to play more and more and loving it more & more, too. I have been doing a lot of non-cartoon work and I'm beginning to feel like Woody Allen. You know, all those people telling him he should be making Funny Movies. Fuck 'em. I'll draw what I want. (Well, what SubC and I want...)

As Carol Carr so perceptively said years ago, I am reserving an entire art for my own amusement. And loving it. I guess drawing is what I've been doing the longest and shall always do. One of the

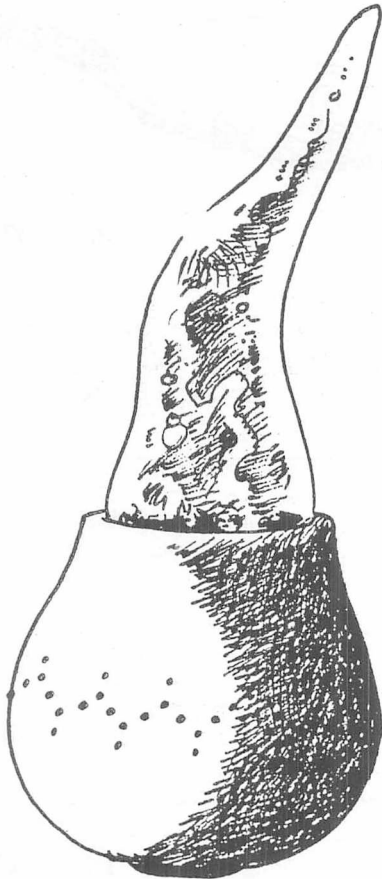
reasons, actually, that bothers me most about my Dupreytren's Contracture, which eventually shall result in a pair of hand operations. I know right now I don't have the dexterity I once had and have this fantasy that after the operations I shall have it again.

Having gnarled hands (or so they seem to me) whenever I touch a woman it is as if I'm doing it with mitts of an EC cover character. That bothers me a teeny; the physical discomfort (which is as if some one stepped on them yesterday, day before) is annoying but disregardful. (That a word?) But losing that fine edge of control, that bothers me.

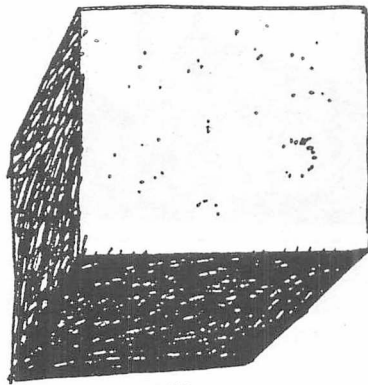
The operations will be a hellish annoyance. Painful, but that I can handle; one mitt at a time for, after all, who will wipe m'arse if I have both done. Will I play the piano again? Well, that will be a miracle, as I never did.

So I watch TV and read and draw when I am not working at this very machine, writing (no doubt to my neighbor's annoyance) at 1:49am. And so to bed...

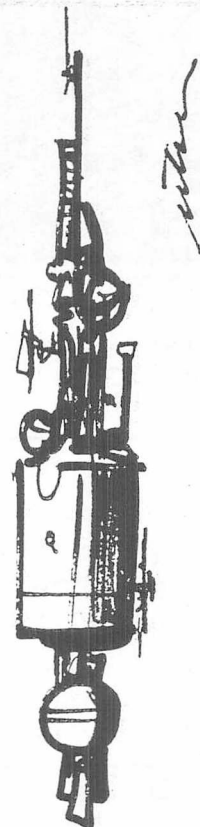
I am of two minds about portraiture: it must be one of the more lofty egotisms, and yet, historically, it has fed a lot of artists and sometimes even produced a few works of art.



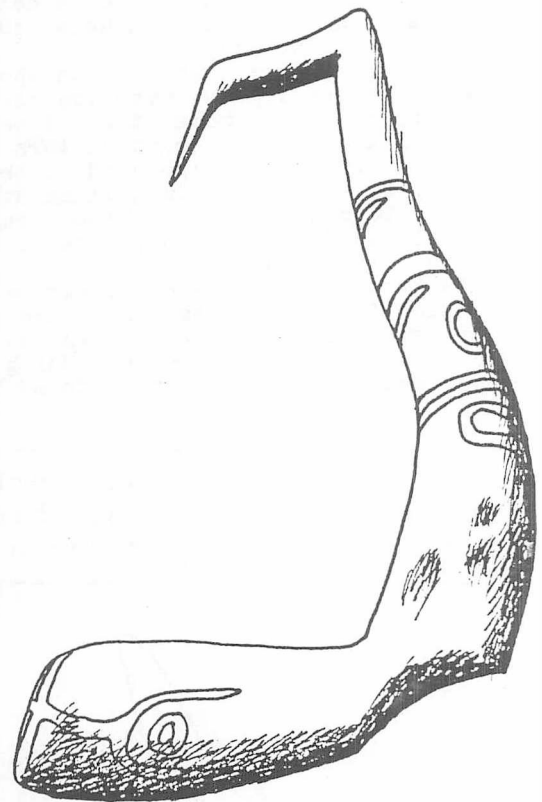
HEAD OF THE PRIMAL GOD / *int'l*



A FATE CAN BE TOO CLOSE



Americans have a phobia against reality, each sex expecting the other to be clean, unblemished, handsome/beautiful. erotic and intelligent, as well as amusing (when appropriate only).



ALIENTOOL

ROBBER

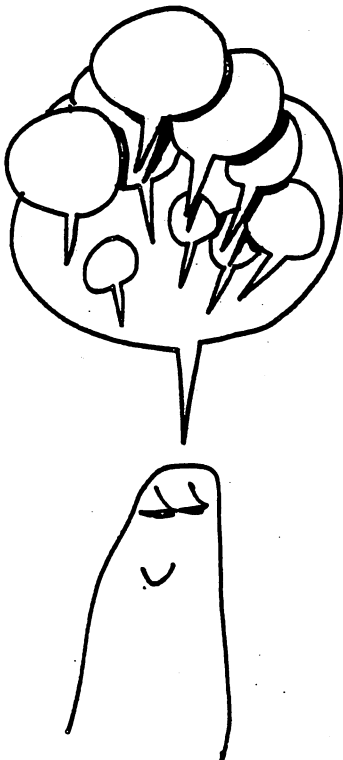
It is unfortunate that we cannot have anonymous leaders, so that they might move quietly among us, observing, listening, finding the reality and truth leaders so desperately need, but from which they are commonly isolated.

We are all money hungry. Some of us nibble, some eat hearty, and others are gourmands. We like to eat regularly and there are very few of us on voluntary diets.

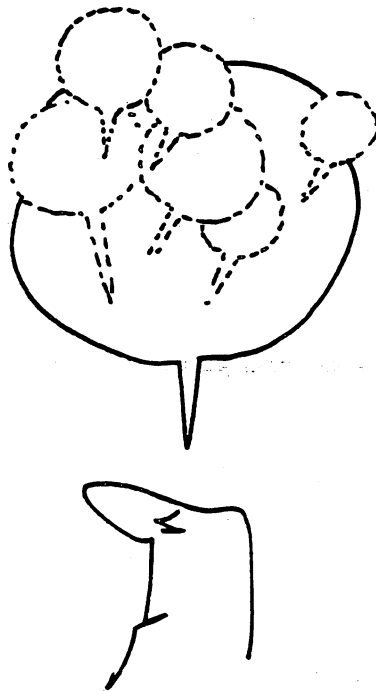
You can accomplish anything if you reduce it to simple, bite-size chunks and keep at the work of handling them.

The more expensive an item is, the less likely it will be to find the repair parts. The simpler an item is, the longer it will be to repair.

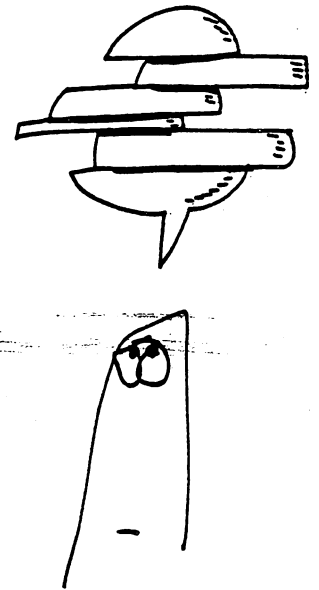
For everything there is a season and a time for every purpose under heaven. There is a time to plant and a time to spray pesticide. There is a time for TV and a time for re-runs. There is a time for elegant dining and a time for junk food. There is a time for work and a time to goof off. There is a time to job and a time to sit on your buns. There is a time for making love and a time to *fuck*. There is a time to learn and a time to teach. There is a time to sew and a time to sue. There is a time for art and a time for vulgarity. There is a time for protest and a time to vote. There is a time for singing and a time to be quiet. There is a time for sleeping and a time for dreaming. There is a time for individuality and a time for cooperation. There is a time to laugh and a time to cry. There is a time to read and a time to write things like this.



MAN WHO QUOTES



MAN WHO QUOTES
BUT DOES NOT
GIVE CREDIT

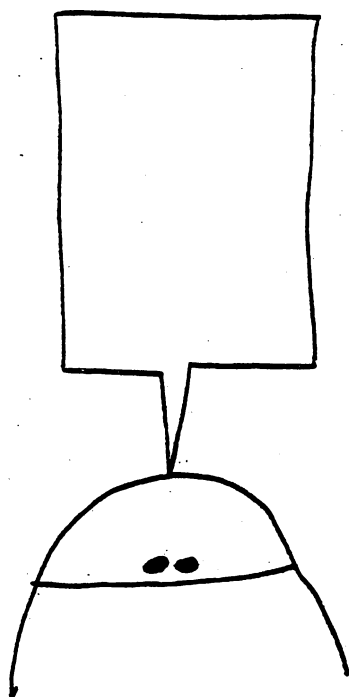


VICTIM OF REPARTEE

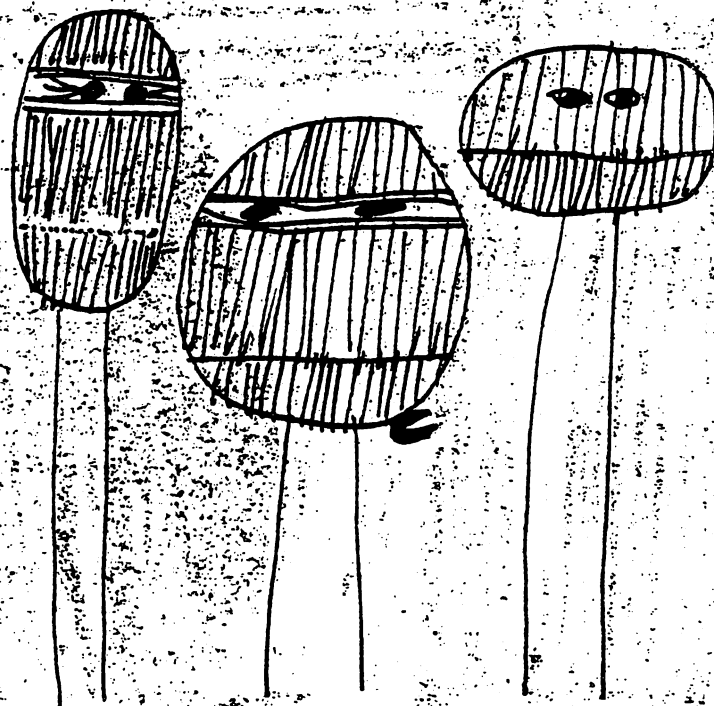
The trouble is, first you must identify and understand the exceptions; by that time someone has integrated the exceptions with a new theory and created a whole new set of exceptions.

KTEIC MAGAZINE is copyrighted c 1982 by William Rotsler, 2104 Walnut Avenue, Venice, CA 90291, all rights returned to artists and writers. This is quite probably the last KTEIC--I think I shall reopen up a new banner, that of MASQUE, beginning with the first issue in 1983. Stay tuned.

Somehow, death and taxes seem more certain today than ever.

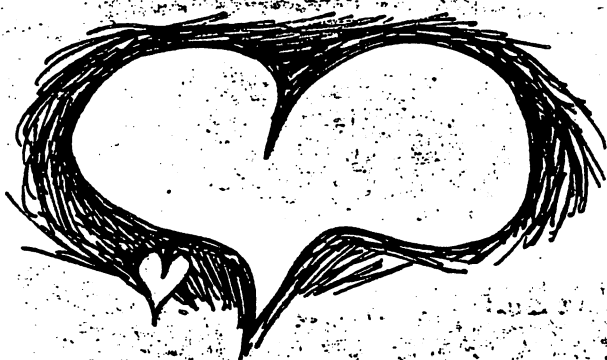


I HAVE AN OPEN MIND.
WR 60

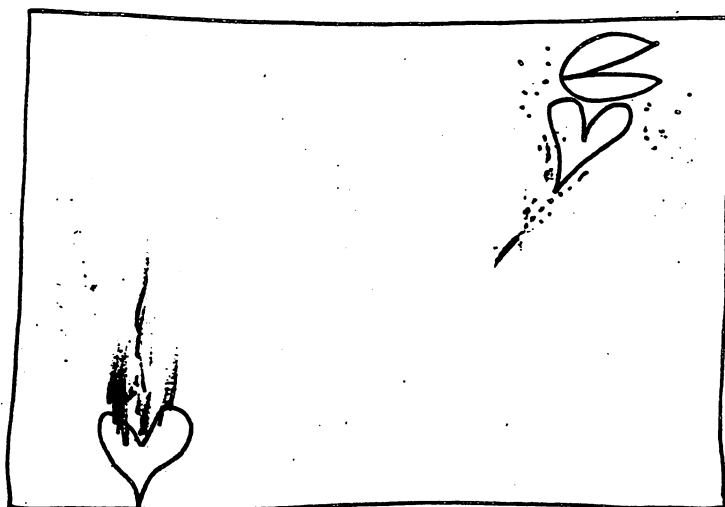


WE ARE WISER THAN YOU

WR 60



I WILL PROTECT YOU. WR 60



WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU STILL WANNA MAKE LOVE?

WR 60

Some 1960 drawings —

You used to go to war; now war comes to you.

In groups of those considered highly educated (especially by themselves) and in groups of those considered ill-educated or even semi-illiterate, I have heard just about the same percentage of wisdom uttered and foolishness expressed.

I just did a count on QUOTEBOOK and discovered my estimate was a coupla hundred thousand short. If I figure 150 words per page it's a total of 938,280 words; with the unfinished pages still in the master file it is easily one million.

I have a few categories with only one page and the largest is CINEMA, at over 26,000 words. There are 255 major categories and dozens of subdivisions. It grows at an average, I'd say of 2 or 3 thousand a week these days. In bursts, of course.

I did all this counting to get a handle on what I have, with the idea of eventually trying for a One-Subject-A-Day newspaper column & a syndicated radio 2 or 3-minute show. Gary Owens said he'd check on the radio possibilities for me.

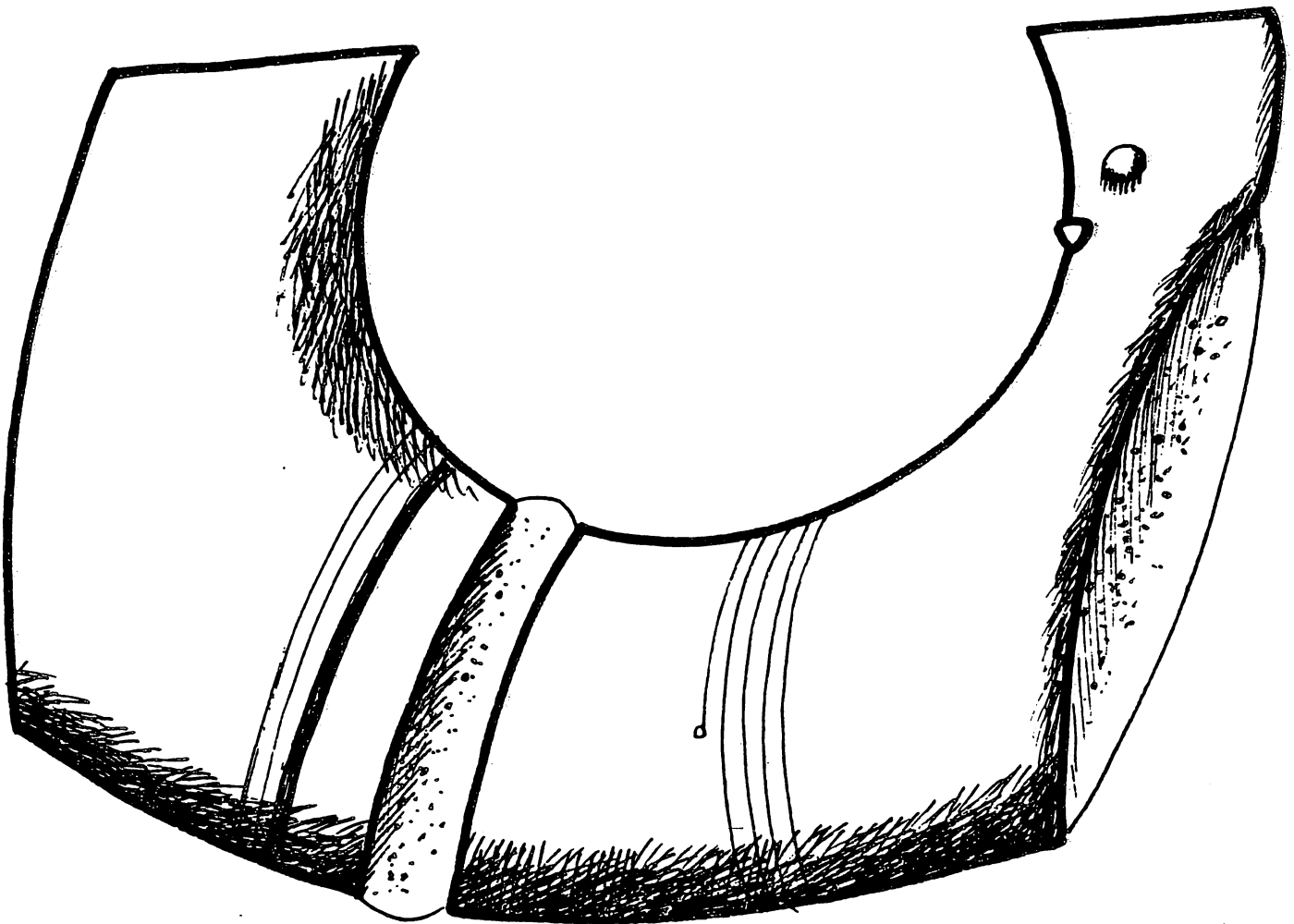
Since I divided the huge original QUOTEBOOK into An Owner's Manual mode I feel I can repeat certain quotations, and have; before I was making very certain

I didn't repeat. This "repeat guard" was the main reason I needed (or wanted) a computer with a global search capability. So now maybe I don't need one at all.

BUT I WOULD STILL LIKE YOUR QUOTES!!!!!!

You endure half a lifetime of misfires and pain and glories until you can finally encapsulate your experiences into "Never play cards with anyone named Slick" or "There is nothing so boring as an idea whose time has passed," and you tell it to someone. They say, "Is that all? 'Don't play cards with anyone named Slick'? Hell, everyone knows that." Only they don't, not really, not until they have gone through their travail and wonders, then they'll say, "Never play Russian Roulette with an automatic," and someone will say to them, "That's all? That's obvious!"

Poverty, injustice, anger and ignorance are the recruiting sergeants of revolution.

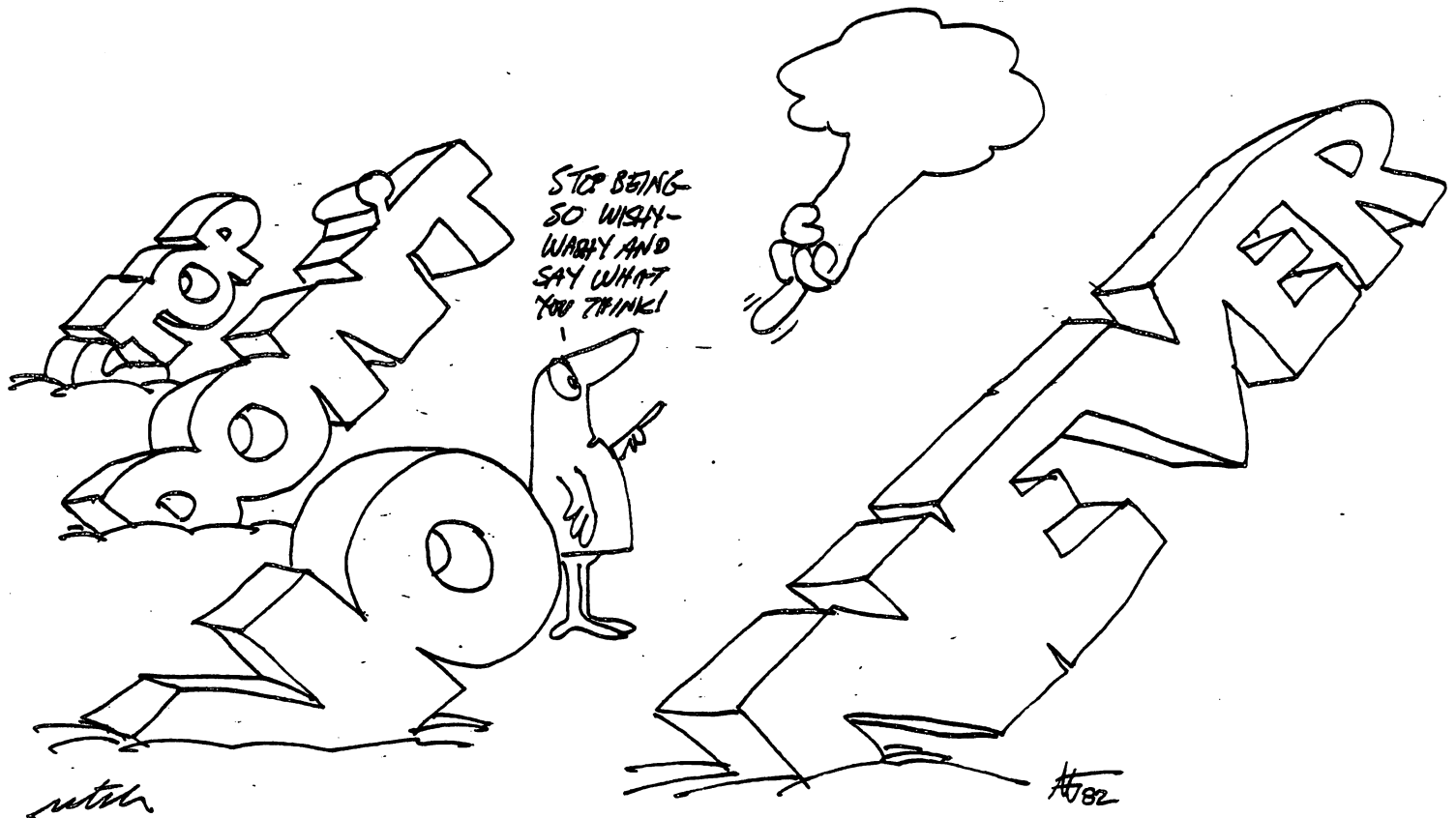


THE BARD'S WEAPON

RODGER'S

Women manipulate, men capitulate; women capitulate, men succumb.

 Education so often only confirms prejudices. An educated airhead
 is not only a waste of education, but a danger. A fool with the
 finest of educations is still a fool.



 Compromises, even the sanest and most practical, are sandpaper to
 the soul, and pins to the ego.

WILL THAT BE ALL? Last week, at a super-market the checker asked me that? I've been asked that a zillion time, I suppose, but somehow it got to me. (I'd already had one "Have a good day" and one "How are you?", the latter by someone who would have been startled if I had told him.)

"If there was anything else, I would have it in the cart," I said.

"Eh?" (I know, it looks dialecty to write it like that, but that's the way it sounded; I left out the mindless squint.)

"I said, if there was anything else I wanted it, I would have gotten it already." (The more perceptive among you will realize I was not being precise.)

"I meant, you know, did you want anything else."

"I know what you meant, and I answered you." Somewhat surly in manner, I admit, but it was an answer.

She looked at me as if I had my Funny Farm papers in my pocket. "Yeah, uh." Pause. One more squint, then the finger punched out the Total and I paid her. I walked away, feeling not to brilliant that

I had just berated a nimcomposs, but you must draw, you know, the, uh, y'know, line somewhere.

Today, I had some of my secret pleasure at permitting one of my mental diatribes to leak out taken away. I'm reading both of Andy Rooney's books (A Few Minutes With and And More By together, so I don't know which) and found his "Will That Be It?" column, in which he, in essence, has much the same thing happen.

Drat. Reminds me of the day, years ago, when I had just finished a great series of drawings (well, I thought they were good!) about YES/NO/MAYBE/?!/etc and felt proud of my brilliance...to find in that week's New Yorker a considerably more brilliant series of the same nature by Saul Steinberg. I felt so grumpy about it I tore them up. (Mine, not his.)

 I know a wee bit about an immense amount of things; a fair amount about quite a few subjects; and a great deal about a few things. Don't we all?

Giving good, clear, simple directions to any place or for any thing seem to be beyond the abilities of most people- There should be classes in school field trials and rigid examinations. Furthermore, the people who put up street signs in a dozen different places at intersections should have to answer for their crimes.

15 Dec 1982 Today's mail brought an international & varied clutch of Xmas cards--from Hawaii, England and Japan, plus one from Kitten Natividad in Toronto and Uschi Digard in Jamaica. As faithful readers of this semi-divine publication know, I have an annual tirade about "store-boughten" cards. Pat Ortega, the young woman who draws the two-of-everything animals, did a cartoon within a commercial card; Stan Burns had a card made from one of his flower photos (which is also a calendar shot); and Drew & Kathy Sanders sent a shot of themselves in fantasy costume. So far, those are the high mark cards.

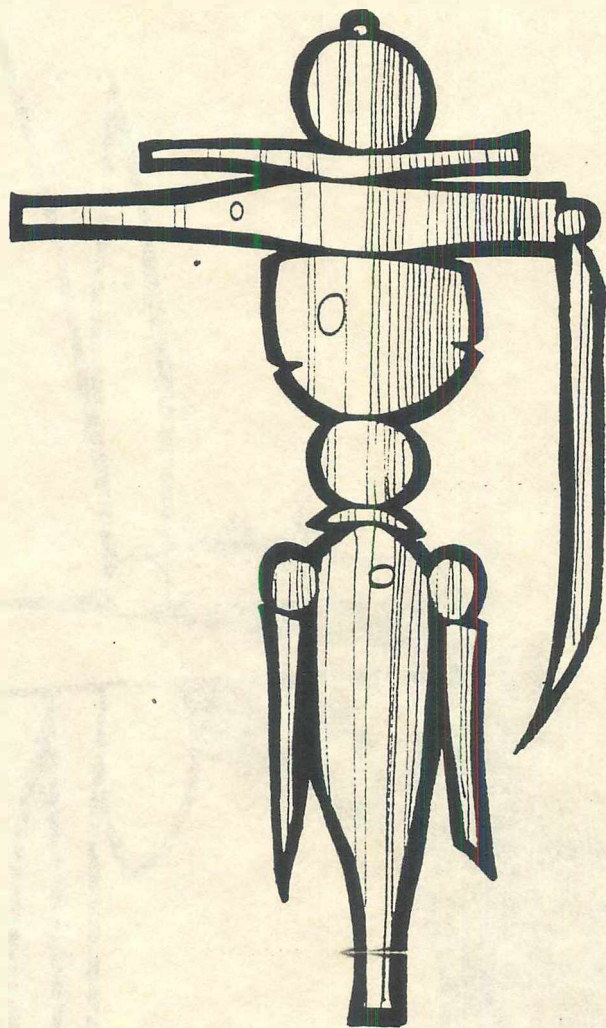
The other day HARLAN ELLISON called and, among other things, asked me to give the eulogy at his funeral. (No, he wasn't having a feeling...) Now, ordinarily I would never mention this (you'd be surprised at the things I don't mention) except that, at last night's CAPS meeting I mentioned this to MARK EVANIER, who immediately said, "If you want, I'll punch it up."

It just occurred to me some of you might not know that that Sho-Biz term means: Punching up means to put in gags, sharpen lines, etc. Not a rewrite, really, but a heightening.

So Harlan-honey, you have a team ready for when you go. Which reminds me of a story.

My mother had seven brothers, with one exception they all lived into their late seventies-to-late-eighties. One is still alive, over ninety and looks like a guy about 60-65 in not too good health.

Anyway, the one exception was my uncle Clarence Flynn, who was a passenger in a car that crossed the freeway in Camarillo, in the days when you could pull out and cross, and was hit by a truck. He was 68 and probably drunk, as many of my uncles were Irish-drinker types. (My surviving uncle,



JEWELRY FOR THE BARONESS - RODNEY

One success can erase all the failures.

when he moved back to Camarillo after retirement, said people told him, "Oh, yes, you're the Flynn boy that didn't drink.")

So came the funeral. Now for years my uncles came as a kind of "set" for pall bearing duties, to the "old families" around Ventura County. One call got you all the pallbearing you need. But eventually came the day when these guys were getting a bit old to carry those damnably heavy coffins and their nephews (my first cousins) started taking over. (I remember one funeral procession to East L.A., to a Greek cemetery, to bury a very nice friend of the family, and my uncles started telling stories of previous mishaps at funerals to us nephews and we got a lot of strange looks by passing cars--whooping & laughing in the back of a limo.)

We lined up outside the chapel, ready to take the coffin as the funeral guys trundled him out. What we didn't know was that the vestibule was a perfect amplifier and the assembled throng could hear every word.

I got it started, turning to the man who was about 15-18 years older than the rest of us, saying, "Well, John, in the natural order of things you'll go first and you know we come as a set. You just observe, take notes if you must, watch how we do things and when you go we'll do you up just fine. Think of this as a preview, a kind of rehearsal..." And so on.

I wondered why we got these odd looks as the throng decanted the chapel as we plunked Clancy into the ~~pickup~~/~~truck~~ the hearse.

