

MASQUE

combined with

KTEIC Magazine

OH, NO!
NOT THE
"GAUDY FANZINE"
AGAIN!



MASQUE

MASQUE Copyright 1983 by William Rotsler, 2104 Walnut Avenue, Venice, CA 90291, USA: This is a letter-substitute fanzine, y'bet.

EDITORIAL, AS IT WERE

Maybe I better explain what you have here. Actually, it's just plain old KTEIC MAGAZINE in a "clever plastic disguise." MASQUE was my general fanzine, starting in (I think) the late 40s and coming out with decreasing frequency until it died in the early 60s. A dozen issues or so, plus one issue which was never distributed because I had second thoughts about a fanzine which was totally a sort of "diary" of a love affair I was having with Michele Saroyan. (Rather, which I had had with Michele.)

Why the name change, then? Well, you know "Rotsler's First Rule of Writing"? (You do, don't you? You mean you don't have it on your wall? Gawd.)

Rotsler's First Rule of Writing: Never have a word in your title which people cannot pronounce or are uncertain of pronouncing as they will not talk about or ask for your book.

Now you remember! Okay, so not even I was certain how to pronounce KTEIC. (Which came from kteis, a word given me by an old friend, meaning the female equivalent of "phallus" but which I have never found in any dictionary.) KTEIC started in the mid-50s and ended with the last issue in late 1982.

It began as a 3-way-or-so carbon paper fanzine. (Do you realize I had to think a moment to remember the words "carbon paper"? Soon, school children will think of it along with quill pens and illuminated pages.) It bumbled about until xeroxing came in. I think there were a few mimeo issues, but I don't really

remember. I have totally lost count on the number of issues, so fuggit, I'm starting over, with this as Volume Two, Number One; damn the completists, full speed ahead!

But one thing has not changed and that is the method of distribution. 15 or 16 copies go to a high-yield small and semi-secret apa, with the other 20 copies going out to a selected few, along with a stamped, addressed envelope. You are supposed to read & remail. If there is no envelope, you get to clutter up your life by keeping it. Due to a protest from George Barr I have rearranged the scheduling so that artists usually end up with the copy, plus a bearded Canadian, plus Bruce Pelz,

whose fanzine hoard is Avarice, Inc. and where, if I must, I can always find a copy. I'll try to keep the numbers right from now on, tho.



I like people with wide interests, but with some deeper than others. I like people whose sense of beauty and function and suitability can encompass a hammer, a motion picture, the skill of a race driver, or a chance arrangement of fallen leaves. I like people who have no taboos as to subject or depth of investigation, who are aware of science, politics, morality and art, not as distant and abstract subjects, but as things which touch us all. People who curl as a sea urchin upon the first touch of a "forbidden" thought, who shy from sex or evolution or a critical discussion of religion, these are not people who interest or excite me. And I like people with a sense of humor, including, most importantly, a sense of humor about themselves.

FAN MAIL I can hardly believe it but I received a fan letter forwarded by the publisher, on The Pirate Movie novelization I did. I thought it was a terrible movie but Phyllis Ann Karr of Wisconsin wrote: "You did a creditable & pleasurable job of novelizing 'The Pirate Movie.' Congratulations! I speak as a Gilbert & Sullivan fan almost literally from my cradle." She goes on like that for some length. Gawd. (Well, I mean, I did do a good job--it's more fun than the movie, that's certain, but still, it is as if I had gilded horse turds...) But maybe Bruce Pelz, or any other G&S fans, might like copies. I think I have a couple surplus.

A LETTER FROM SHERRY GOTTLIEB

Your "irkness" at the "Have a good day"s and "How are you?"s in stores really struck home with a shopkeeper. Here's the other side: I greet my customers with a basic friendly "Hi," but invariably they respond with "How are you." (Note period, rather than a question mark, at the end of the sentence, that's the way they say it.)

If I don't respond, it seems impolite, so I usually answer, "Well, and yourself?" which throws them for a loop. Not one of them seems prepared to have the question returned. I wish they'd stop asking me that...I'd be more comfortable with a "hi" or a smile.

((I think I first became annoyed at the meaninglessness of such exchanges in 1946, going to jr. college. Someone asked me, "Hi, how are you?" (With a ?) as we passed. I stopped him, told him about a pain in my shoulder, my pile troubles from the Army, a sniffle, etc--all to a dazed and bewildered face. WR))



I remember well the Sunday afternoon Summer parties on Ridpath in the early-mid-seventies. The sun, the pool, the dope, the sex, and most of all the nifty people. (Gee, that's when I first met many of the people I've kept up with through KTEIC during the intervening years.) Please get a home with a lawn & a pool so we can do it again...

Did I do something to offend you? You tuckerized everybody you've ever met (in the biblio in KTEIC) except me. Gtanted, I've never like STAR TREK, but I could have had my name affixed to something just to be there. I'll never get invited to any parties now that I've fallen off Rotsler's "A-list."

((Hey--you are one-half of a space trader company in my *fumetti*, name on a starship--along with Cropsey--and all. And I must have put you in other things--you just don't read exciting, blood-pounding novels like my Joanie Loves Chachi or Mr. Merlins or whatever. You weren't in ST because of your dislike of it. And you don't get invited to parties by anyone because ---oh, everyone knows why.))

I'm learning how to draw for the first time in my life. I'm taking a class called "Perceptual Skills in Drawing" at UCLA Extension, which is drawing-from-the-right-side-of-the-brain orientation. ((I've never understood that--maybe you'll explain it.)) I'm enjoying it quite a bit and have already improved about 400% in 3 weeks. I'm not planning a new career, I'd just like to be able to reproduce what I see and doodle better.

((Look at Burne Hogarth's book on figure drawing. But the looking and seeing is most important. Most people do not think in 3 dimensions and certainly don't draw it. Try is--which admittedly is a bit advanced--try drawing a model (human, still life, whatever) as if you were sitting directly on the other side of it. It will test your knowledge of spacial relationships, anatomy, brain-to-eye-to-hand coordination, etc. It is rather an advanced method, however; it will not produce Good Drawings--it isn't supposed to--no more than scales or warmup at the bar. But the most important thing is to see, truly see, what you are drawing. Getting the skills down, the brain-to-eye-etc...i.e. making the thing look like something, getting everything on the tabletop to sit on the same plane...get

No matter how intelligent you are, if you can't speak the language
you will be considered stupid by those who do.



People have more beliefs than convictions, more ignorance than truth,
more delusions than goals.

19 Dec 82 I was thinking tonight about emotion and how there are aspects of that I do not handle very well. I get very emotional at times and I began to list those things which, quite literally, bring tears to my eyes. (Where else, dumb?)

Unusual kindness will do it, thoughtful generosity, and bittersweet romance. Nobility of spirit, the kind that will not let life grind them down, will not let evil or physical disability or ill fortune stop them from proceeding with what they want to do, or must do.

Strong and clear evidence of dedication to humanity, of caring and love, of indomitable honor will always bring me to tears. Sacrifice of a truly significant nature will also do it. Adherence to a code of honor, of friendship, to truth instead of expediency. oftens turns on the eye faucets. Success against odds, triumph over injustice, and victory over evil can also make me run damp.

I don't know why that is, really. There are other things, just as emotional in their way, which do not make me weep. Death will, sometimes; other times, no. But those things above almost always do. Friends getting awards or recognition from peer groups very often do, such as the time Harlan gave a speech at a con, years ago, telling fans what nerds they were--and got a standing ovation at the end, or when Alexis won his first Hugo. I don't get

all teary when Harlan wins a Hugo, I usually just laugh cheerfully.

I cry in movies, watching TV, but not too many other places. Perhaps because emotion is not all that often put on display to trigger me.

I have no idea what brought this on. (This column, as it were.) But I've been thinking of it awhile. It's embarrassing at time. Whatever happened to the macho image of men? I mean, I do more running of my emotions now than I ever did. It can't be just getting older, can it? Perhaps more self-confidence, more certainty as to who I am...or perhaps it should be "less confusion about who I am."

Emotion is such a slippery, uncertain, tricky thing, easy to deal with one moment and totally out of control another. All emotion deals with ego, but some more than others and they are, of course, the most difficult to handle.

Well, no one said it was going to be easy. (Well, actually, some have said it, but who believed them?)

The loss of a child cuts us off from the future.

Old cats sleep like old men, distant and quiet, coming awake slowly, traveling back from a far world.

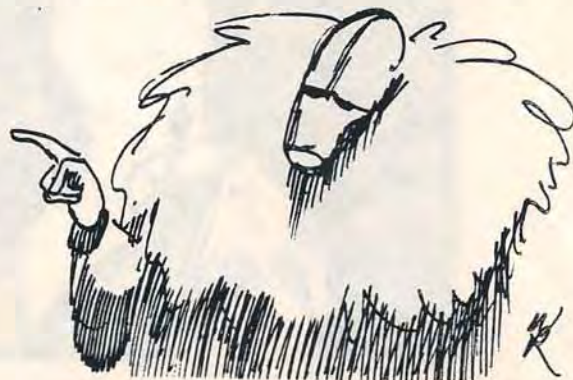
Never trust anyone who constantly speaks well of everyone, or
always condemns everyone.



that down and you can start *interpreting* later, when you have the skills to get what your mind sees. Draw, draw, draw.))

Speaking of UCLA Extension, we're doing "Escape Velocity II: More Worlds of Speculative Fiction," this spring. They (UCLA Ext.) lost a lot of money on the program last Spring (expensive to fly in abd house & feed so many authors) but the program was one of the most popular they've ever had, so we're coming back "by popular demand." Stay tuned.

Below, drawing on a shoe & a top poking thru, done at Loscon, 1981, I believe.



I am certainly in no financial situation to become a corporation, as have several of my friends. However, names for this corporation just keep coming, so I'm putting in my claim on these:

Chocolate Mango, Inc.
Giant Multinational, Inc.
Gummy Corporation.
International Widget, Inc.
Kaboom Corporation
No Two Words Alike, Inc.

Lies, according to common wisdom, come in packs, as if they need to support each other; truths come singularly, and with difficulty.

31 Jan 1983 Just came back from spending a couple of hours at Roger Corman's studio, which is about a mile from us. It's in an old lumber yard--the "Hammond Lumber" sign is still up. It looks like a gypsy studio--the old lumber stalls are set storage & construction, with mask-making, prop-making, etc tucked in here & there.

There are 5 small trailers which serve as dressing rooms & makeup, plus a "Mission Impossible" van and 2 or 3 huge metal trash bins the size of semi-trailers which are equipment storage, prop mfg, etc. You have the feeling someone blows a whistle & they could be gone in 20 minutes.

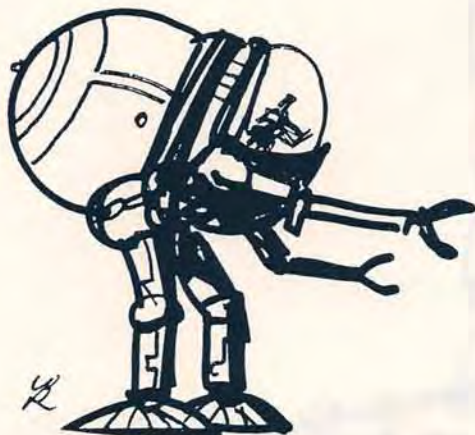
Mike Jones had invited me over, thinking he'd have time to show me around, but they had changed schedule and he had

had about 4 hours sleep & was doing the finishing touches on Thom Christopher's mask. (He was Hawk in the Buck Rogers series.)

Watched them shoot on a small set, nosed around the other sets, saw a huge set from Battle Beyond the Stars which they are revamping. Sat and talked to Mike as he put together a mask. All around are masks, heads, models for heads, claws, alien heads, alien limbs which have been savaged by some creature, jars of guts & specimen (props), molds for more heads, Etc. Etc. When I finally left I found my car blocked by a BMW; after such searching I found it belonged to the actor who played Marty's lover on Barney Miller.

I love going to studios and I always learn something. (Oh, Vince Edwards is the star of this sf epic, the name of which I forgot to ask.)

If there are people who must censor books, let them censor those books which arouse no anger, no emotion, no sense of complacency or decency; let them burn those books which provoke no thought, incite no revolution, create no new ideas.



TOTEM

RTSUF182

The difference between immortal and eternal is that the first is that the first is flesh, the second nature.

TWO WEEKS IN OTHER TOWNS

There's this thing we have come to call Wintercon, which starts for the "hip" part of the Bay Area SF Prodom Cum Fans Cum Interesting Characters group on Christmas Eve with a big party at the home of Dick & Pat Ellington and proceeds panel by panel, event by event (held in cafes, homes, museums) until the culmination of the Social Event of the Season in Prodom, with the New Year's Eve party at Terry & Carol Carr's.

In years past this was followed, for a few, by a New Year's Day mellow-out at Bob & Barbara Silverberg's. But Bob's moat got stuck or something and for a few years you were on your own. But now Charles N. Brown, that Billy Randolph Hearst of SF Publishing decided to have a New Year's Day Party, so we naturally dubbed in Instantly Traditional.

But I veer.

I drove up a few days before Xmas, taking parts of 2 days to do it, as usual. It was drizzling, then raining, then raining, then POURING as I went north. It was infact, the day of the Big Rain in the Bay Area and after I arrived at mine host's, the estimable C. N. Brown Vast Multinational Editorial Offices of *Locus*, the rain stopped...and the power went out.

It was a mess for several days, with people without power for several days and others back in after a few hours. Phones

were befucked and I (wisely) jyst decided to stay in and read Charlie's voluminous collection of mystery/adventure/detect fic.

In daylight hours, however, after the power came back, I made a number of general and specific bookcases for him, rearranged his picture wall, and found I had created a monster. Already he was planning what my tasks would be next Christmas--! (A few days later, on moving to the Carrs and doing some domestic tinkering there was talk of spreading me around like Mr. Fixit, house to house, paying my way with a hammer & screw-driver. They may know what "Mecanas" means but not an Estwing hammer, methinks.)

All & all it was a good time, though, and I read a lot. Went to the Oakland Museum which still has some excellent western art painting. (Prepare for a veering! Ready? Veer!)

I don't know how many of you are "into" western art...i.e. indians & scenery & modern/old cowboys, etc...but I really love the good stuff. But for you artists, I strongly advise looking at or subscribing to SOUTHWEST ART, which is better than ART WEST in this, for they have excellent interviews with artists, write of approaches (physical/mental), techniques, etc. Besides, they have VERY good repro and a great range of artists, not all of whom paint boots & saddles. Frank McCarthy (who has done mahy paintings used on western books & a calendar you might have seen) is my favorite.



IN THOUGHT

ROBERT P2

Education may banish ignorance, but nothing can ban stupidity.

(Veer back.) One day Carol Carr & I went to an exhibition of stuff from the Pan-Pacific (1915) S.F. fair, which looked much like a Krenkel fantasy city.

I bought about \$150 worth of books, which considering how many I get free, is something. Had dinner with Charlie Brown and the Jim/Hilary Benfords, wandered around Berkeley, and one day I finally made it to San Francisco, after a week, to see the SF Museum of Art, which had a superb architectural exhibit with marvelous wooden models of a Golden Gate Bridge pier, an ornate SF house, another of a store, etc.

Had dinner with Marta Randall and her beau (love that) before they went back east for the holidays & Marta proudly showed me her word processor. (Bob Silverberg was around at various parties being a Born Again Believer in word processors.)

One night Mike Friedrich & Lee Marrs took me to dinner and Mike became my agent for the *fumetti* project for books, overseas, etc.

Being no fool I wanted to be at the Carrs for New Year's Eve, so I moved over there. Charlie is a good host & his house quite comfortable, even with 2 or 3 assistants pattering about doing Locuslike things.

Then Don Simpson & I went to the De Young and to the Museum of Natural History. I don't know if many of you have done that, but Don and I get on very well doing that, and his comments on whatever are most interesting. Only drawback: He's slow because he looks at everything.

Paul Nelson is a science fiction fan who sometimes does photos for *Locus*; he is also a purchasing agent (or the) for the Oakland Tribune. Chaelie Brown & I had a very nice Christmas dinner at their house (Mary & Paul's) and a few days later he gave me the VIP tour of the paper.

You never know what sort of info you might need, as a writer, y'know. But I found it really very interesting. What I was really interested in was finding out what might be the best form to present QUOTE/UNQUOTE in (which is the newspaper column format of QUOTEBOOK) in case I decide to try syndicating it myself...if I don't go to a syndicate (or if they reject the idea of a as-many-as-ycu-need-a-week-one-subject-each-day column and I try to syndicate myself.

Computers have really entered the newspaper field. After I was told everything about the makeup room the boss had an operator show me how they can select & vary type face size & placement by punching buttons. Automatic film development, etc.

(On mature women versus younger women:)
 "It's a question of Napoleon brandy versus Ripple. I am mellow and amber and I go down smooth," said Rita Moreno, 51.

Conservative: A Reactionary exceeding the speed limit.

The New Year's Eve party was, as usual, crowded with Everyone Of Note. All week I had been giving as Xmas presents the giftee's choice of drawings from a couple of portfolios. At first I thought the first picker would get the best, the second the 2nd best, etc., but that was only because I had "rated" the drawings... some of the very best last clear through to the end. Amazing. "Art is just taste," said WR.

The mellow-out party at Charlie's had a theme: The Sixties. Now you know "the Sixties" really means from about 1967 to 1972. Carol & I couldn't keep from giggling continuously at Terry's costume: authentic flowered shirt, funny denims, star-pendent, embroidered belt, and a great furry "hippie" coat...plus a stoned expression, two fingers in the air and "I love ya, man, got any spare change?" I think he was the hit of the day.

That evening I had dinner with Sid Coleman, Barbara Silverberg, Steve/Grania Davis for the usual, common, garden-variety brilliant repartee. Then an unusual thing happened.

For nearly twenty years various unnamed individuals have been trying to get me stoned on grass, hash, etc. Nothing. All I get is a sore throat. So I hate two hash brownies because I felt like chocolate... an hour later we went to dinner...and well after dinner I began to get high.

Amazing. I've eaten two huge brownies in the past, the kind where a half-brownie had people lying on the floor going (in the words of T. Carr) "Beautiful, man...it's so fucking beautiful!" and nothing happens to me. (Once, two hours later, I got a small poop, then nothing.)

It wasn't a big high and is only mentioned because it was a raity.

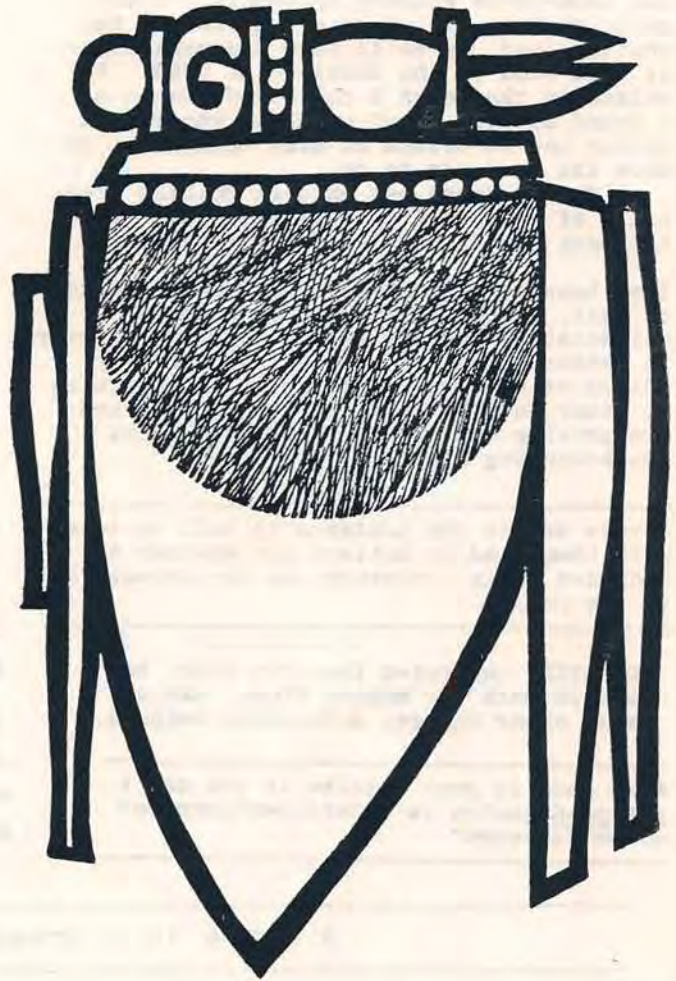
The next night the Carrs took me to AIRPLANE II (don't go) and the next night I went with Barbara Silverberg to see COME BACK TO THE 5 & DIME, JIMMY DEAN, JIMMY DEAN, which was strange but interesting.

I had a good time. I have friends there. I never see all of them so sometimes people get shorted of my exhilarating presense, but that's life.

The next day I drove to exotic Lompoc.

I stopped at GEORGE BARR's home in San Jose, thinking (as always) just to stay an hour, but also as usual I kept George away from the drawing board for 3 or 4 hours, talking, talking, talking.

George has done some great alien heads out of translucent Fimo (a kind of synthetic plastic you bake to a good flexible hardness in the oven). Knowing GB you know he gave them superb head-dresses of jewels & feathers. (In fact, George, could I use them in the fumetti? Next time I come through, if you are willing, I'll shoot them--use them in the big crowd scene finale. But I'll need some shoulders, maybe chest...which can be done easily with a few scraps of cloth.) The heads are apple to fist-size and really good.



HERALDIC DECLARATION

RODNEY '83

"No matter what era a film is set in you can usually tell the decade it was filmed in."

(Don Simpson)

Paul Turner is working on the instrumentation systems of the space shuttle for when it starts to be operational out of Vandenberg in 1985. He's moved into a nice house there with a fair amount of room. There are 22 representations of the shuttle in the living room, from pictures & models to etched glasses and belt buckles. There are a dozen or so in his office, several more around the house. I told him I was going to flock one of those inflated models so he'd have something cuddly to sleep with.

Speaking of which, he had just returned from a week on Maui with Neola Graef and I have the suspicion that Paradise is beginning to pall as she looks around and finds the intellectual stimulation of a mud puddle. She has property there & may build some to-sell things but I suspect she might move back, spending a part of her time in the Islands each year.

"People who aren't willing to fight for their homes usually live at very bad addresses."
(Jerry Pournelle)

Paul took the next day off and gave me a tour of the launch sites on the ocean, our soon-to-be Western Spaceport. Eventually rockets will take off there and the shuttle land, so we'll have the capability at both ends of the continental US&A. We walked on the beach & collected stones & I found my very first complete whole sand dollar and we talked of many things, as we have the tendency to do.

Then I drove out ythrough rolling green hills of the gee-I'd-love-living-here type and back into (*gasp*coff*) the LA smog.

I've been working my way through two weeks of mail, transcribing all the quotes I collected in the Bay Area & in books, answer- in letters, making phone calls, etc. My editor at Wanderer wants me to do something or other on STAR TREK III (a book(s)) and I'm getting caught up. Then I'll start house-hunting again.

Actors desire the audience to fall in love with them, and it matters not whether the audience is in a theater, on the street, or in the parlor.

ED KLEIN, separated from his wife, has gone to work for Modern Props, making, among other things, futuristic weapons.

What good is your fanzine if you don't put good quotes in interlineations for me to scayenge?

When I had lunch with my Wanderer Books editor the other day she said that my two (*g*a*s*p* choke!) Joanie Loves Chachi books are on the juvenile paperback bestseller list. I include below a few quotes:

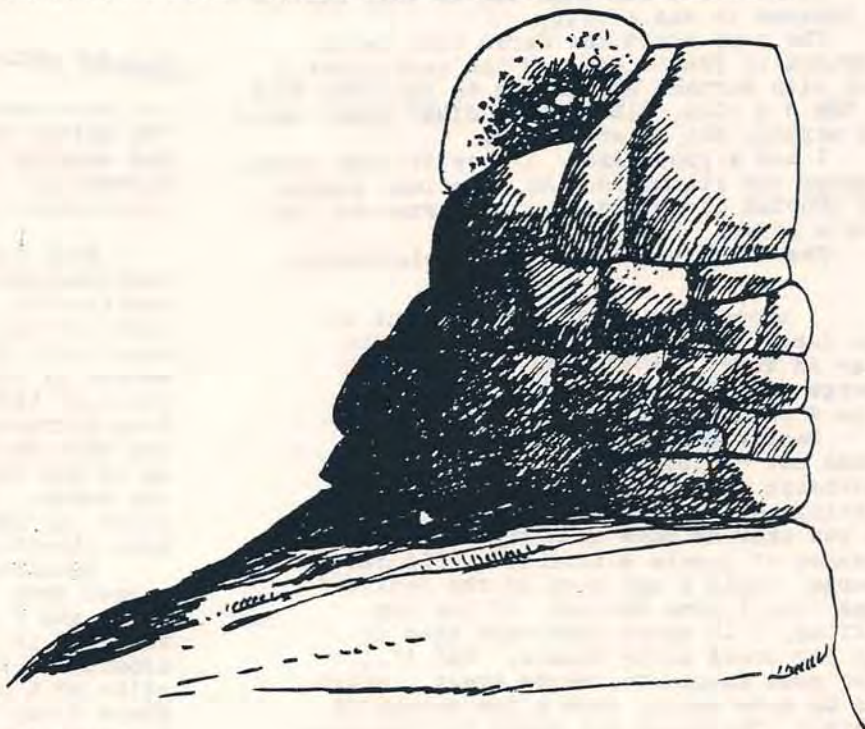
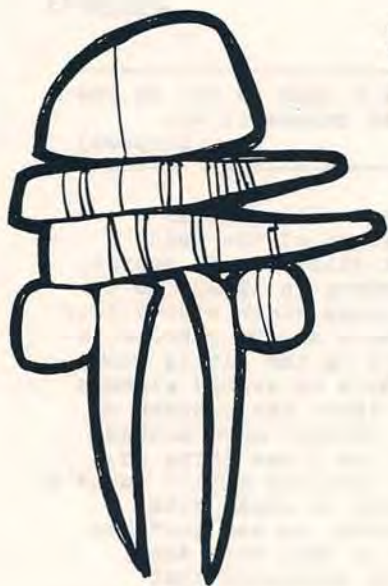
She smiled. "You know what Lola Clayton said, 'Remember when it was a whole year from Christmas to Christmas?'"

"Later," Rico said to him. "This is your foot in the door, Joanie, you know that. Centaur pushed Elayne and the Elephants, right? George Bearcloud? Sandy Redlands? All had hits. Remember 'Cha-Cha-Sizzle-Zim-Bang-Do'? 'You Ain't Lovin' Me Like I Oughta Be Loved'? Dave and the Foxes?"

"No, no, wait. I've dumped Way Claypool. He was all wrong. They won't suffer, so don't worry about them. I think what we'll build here are the *singers*, not a band and not a band with featured singers. Just you and Rick. Like Sandy Redlands, like what we did with Maureen Rowand and Ken Garrett."

In Hollywood, New York, here, we might have parties for some of our bigger stars—Fran Towner and the Burbees, or Tiger Digby, say—and we'd have you there. To see and be seen, huh? You know the kind of thing I mean."

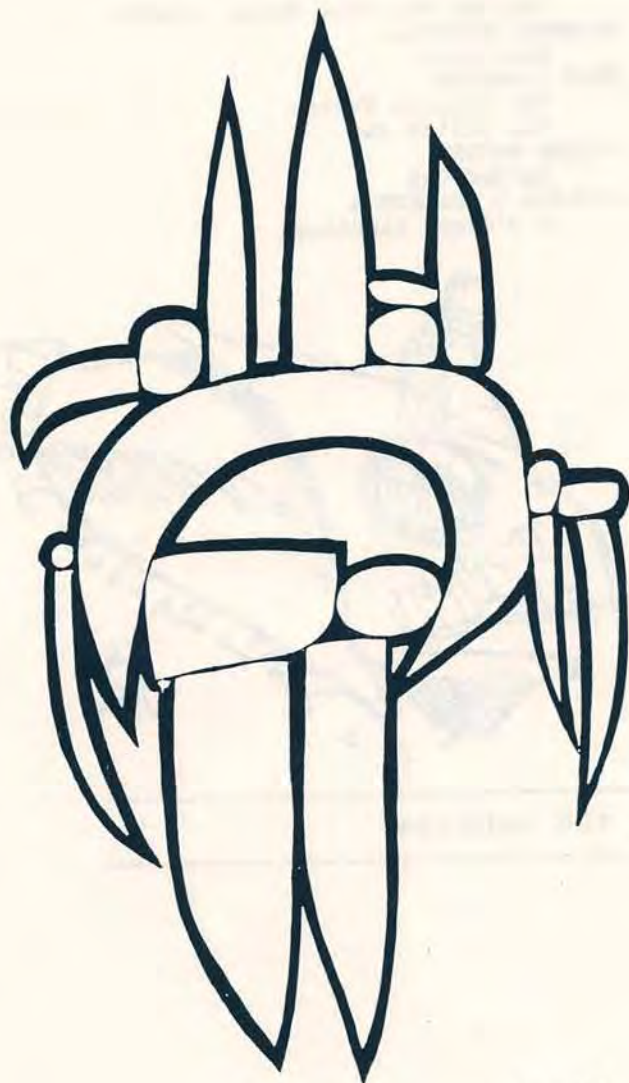
A snore is a dream's sound track.



lookout

Rico 12

Slogan for the 80s: "Happiness is herpetic immunity." (C. Cropsey)



Cropsey PL

CHARLES N. BROWN RECOMMENDS:

While staying with Charlie he made a number of author & book recommendations in the mystery/private eye field, and I thought I'd pass them on to you.

RICHARD HUGO
Death and the Good Life

WILLIAM HJORTSBERG
Falling Angel

JONATHAN VALIN
Final Notice
Dead Letter
Day of Wrath
The Lime Pit

CHRIS WILTZ
The Killing Circle

ROSS H. SPENCER
Echoes of Zero

L. A. MORSE
The Old Dick ("Only!")

MICHAEL Z. LEWIN
Missing Woman
Night Cover
The Enemies Withon
The Way We Die Now
Ask the Right Question
Hard Line

STEVE KNICKMEYER
Cranmer
Straight

FRED ZACKEL
Conderella After Midnight
Cocaine and Blue Eyes
(I've read both and they
are very good.)

SIMON BRETT
Star Trap (I believe CNB
recommended him in general.)

LOREN N. ESLEMAN
The Midnight Man
Angel Eyes

PETER ISRAEL
The Stiff Upper Lip
Hush Money

DONALD ZOGHERT
Another Weeping Woman

ARTHUR LYONS
Dead Ringer
Hard Trade
Castles Burning
The Killing (I think the word is
"Floor" but maybe "Fever")
All God's Children
The Dead Are Discreet

JON A. JACKSON
The Diehard
The Blind Pig

STEPHEN BECKER
The Chinese Bandit
The Last Mandarin
The Blue-Eyed Shan

ANDREW BERGMAN
The Big Kiss-Off of 1944
Hollywood & Le Vine ("Good, I read it")

MAX BYRD
Fly Away, Jill
California (Either Theater or
Thunder--my notes are a bit quick)

THOMAS CHASTAIN
Vital Statistics

RICHARD HOYT
Decoys

STEPHEN GREENLEAF
Grave Error

JAMES ELLROY
Clandestine
Brown's Requiem

JAMES CRUMLEY
The Wrong Case
The Last Good Kiss (Read it--good)

Yet another is a series about a homosexual P.I. by JOSEPH HANSEN. Charles also gave me City Primeval, by Elmore Leonard; Fast One, by Paul Cain.

An adventure book writer I have only recently discovered is WILBUR SMITH, who does a lot pf set-in-Africa things, and I like pretty well.

I had heard a number of people say Red Dragon, by THOMAS HARRIS (not Timothy Harris) was good. I bought it...urk...I thought I was reading a police procedural but it is really a horror story, insidious and gripping. (Yes, I know, an over-used "blurb-word.")

While at Charlie's I read through a stack of ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE magazines and from reviews, picked the following to get. (I am not recommending them, just mentioning them.)

And, of course, if you have not gotten hip to them, anything by ROSS THOMAS, WILLIAM DeANDREA, OLIVER BLEECK (who is Thomas), and and BRAD SOLOMON.

Charlie also recommends ANTHONY PRICE, who has a British Secret Service series--I have read several and they are good, but, to my taste, a bit dry, without much action. He also likes ATHUR MALING, which I have not read. Another is TONY HILLERMAN, who writes about an Indian detective.

ROBERT TINE

State of Grace

SAMUEL PEEPLES

The Man Who Died Twice (1976)

RAYMOND OSSTFELD

Dead Bolt

SEAN FLANNERY

The Trinity Factor

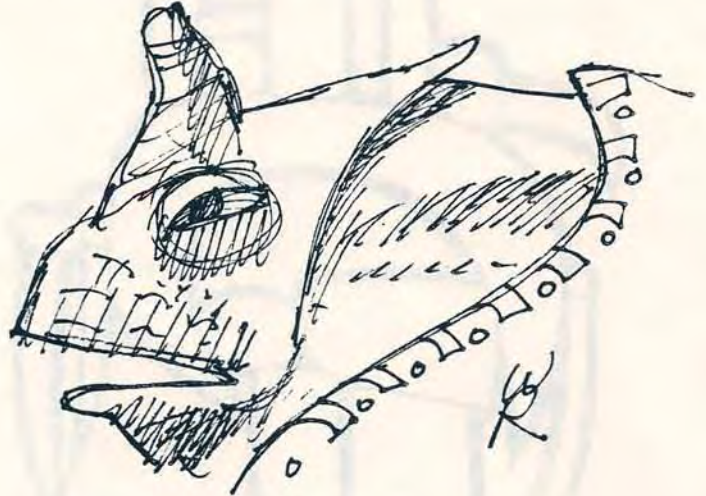
The Hollow Man

WARREN MURPHY

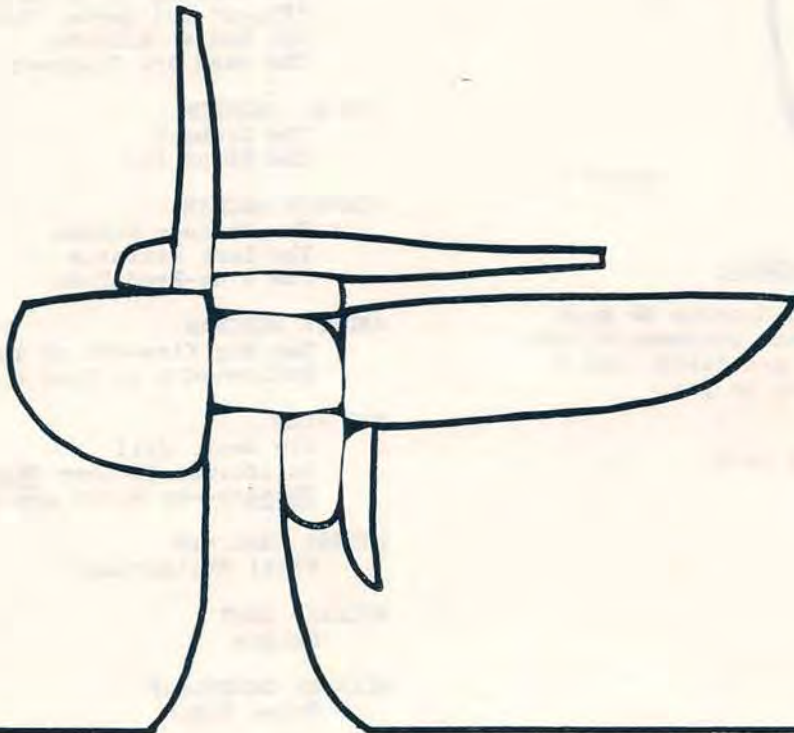
Smoked Out

WILLIAM L. DeANDREA

5 O'Clock Lightning



Subtlety is in the mind of the beholder.



MONUMENT

WILLIAM ROBERT '82

There are women who look as if they were designed for exhibition only and not for use. Avoid them.

When commercials are supposed to be humorous, and aren't, it is a
repetitious pain to endure.

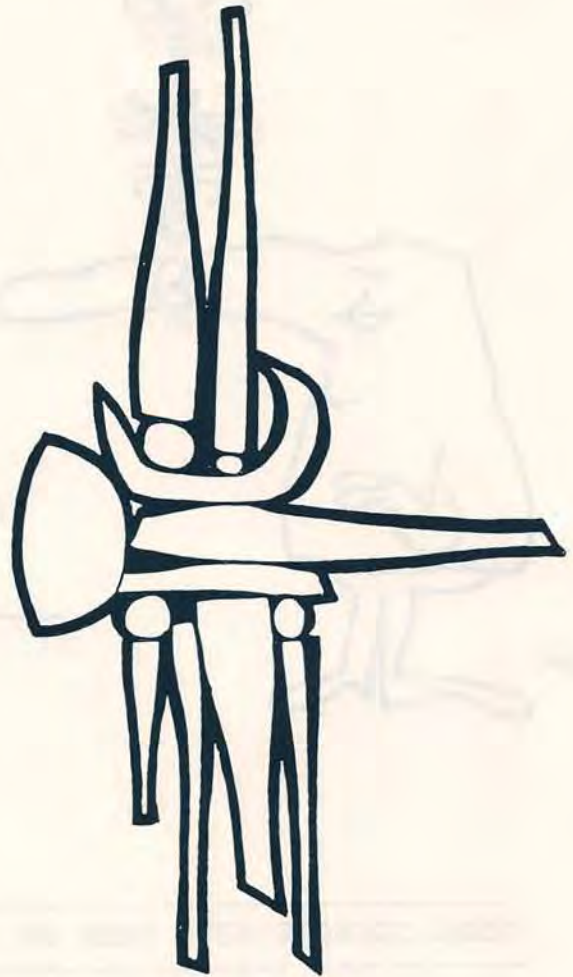
COSTUME-CON I

There was a 3-day Costume-Con in San Diego, put on by the Fantasy Guild, a first-ever costume convention. I drove down the day before, intending to do some sketching at the Zoo, but ended up looking at everything but--art museums, shops, etc in Balboa Park. There have a "Spanish Village" crafts center--a block-square collections of studios/shops filled with the most munsane of art--avoid.

But the con was fun. 200+ people but it seemed like a much bigger con because everyone was active--no filler people. There were wall-to-wall, morning-to-night panels, plus a very small huxter's room, an exhibition room where costumes were displayed, plus a sf/fantasy masquerade on Sat nite and a fashion show plus luncheon on Sunday, plus a historical masquerade on Sunday night.

I had to go back to LA before the historical show since I had to be bright and awake for a lunch with my Wanderer Books/Simon & Schuster editor on Monday to talk about books for STAR TREK III.

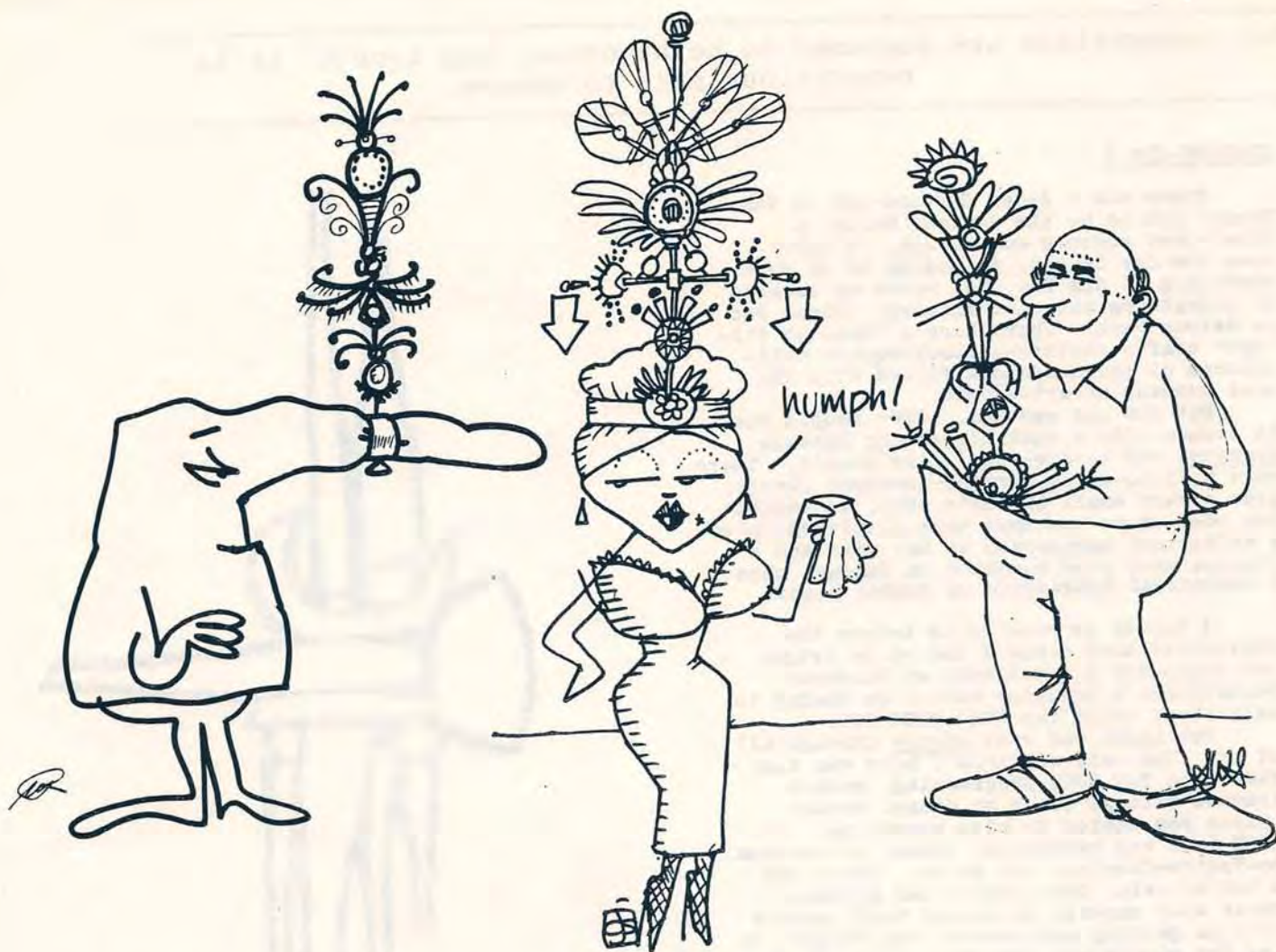
But there was vast energy through all of it. The only nitpicks I have was that there was TOO MUCH programming, double-tracked without lunch or dinner breaks unless you wanted to miss something. But MUCH info was exchanged, ideas, enthusiasm, So-You're-One-Too, and so on. There was a lot of talk, both public and private, about what amounts to making "our" muscle felt in getting masquerades run "right" by and for people who know what they are doing, from masquerade directors to judges. Rotsler's Rules were often evoked but everything has grown immensely with the real blossoming of interest in masquerades both by costumers & the fan public.



Rotsler '82

Wars of ideas are between immortals; no idea dies, it just goes
away for awhile, to disguise itself.





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

HOW TO BE A STUD BY FAKING IT, by Fenwick Q. Quaddle, Quaddle Oress, 1979

BESTIALITY FROM THE SHEEP'S P.O.V., by August R. Wool, Muckle Press, 1980

SWEAT, a study in color, by Armand Foss, Schweitzer Books, 1982

SHOW SUCKING, illustrated, by the Editors of High Heels, 1982

BEST PUNCTUATION OF 1979, edited by Terry Carr, Ruckle Press, 1980

INTIMATE PHOTOS OF FAMOUS SUICIDES, Muckle Press, 1978

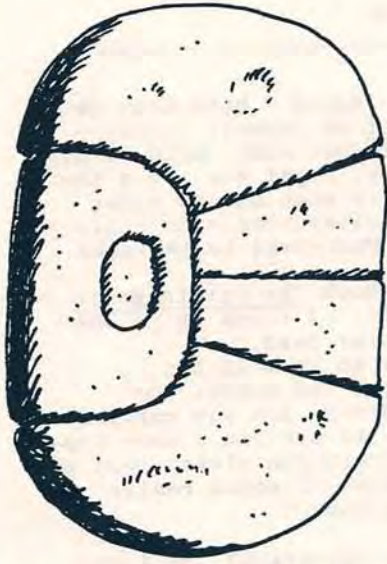
HOW TO MAKE MONEY FROM GARBAGE, TRASH AND POLLUTION, by the Brothers
 of the Order of St. Swithin, St. Swithins Press, 1982

WRIST-SLASHING, a new fad for the post rich, by Fenwick R. Turbo,
 Turtle Press, 1982

"Making Complete Societal Rejection Work For You," by the late T. R.
 "Tommy" McCormick, Gallop Press, 1982

DESIGNER DILDOS! The Dildoes Designed & Used by the Stars!, Muckle
 Press Special Edition, 1982

Cubism is boring; necessary but boring, like clearing the ground of an old structure before you build again.



REIC ROTSLER 83

CARTOON



William Rotsler

CARTOON



Alexis Gilliland

Amazing

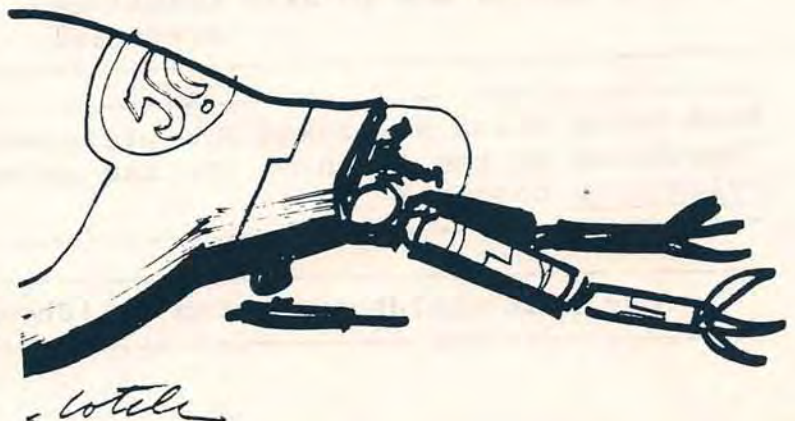
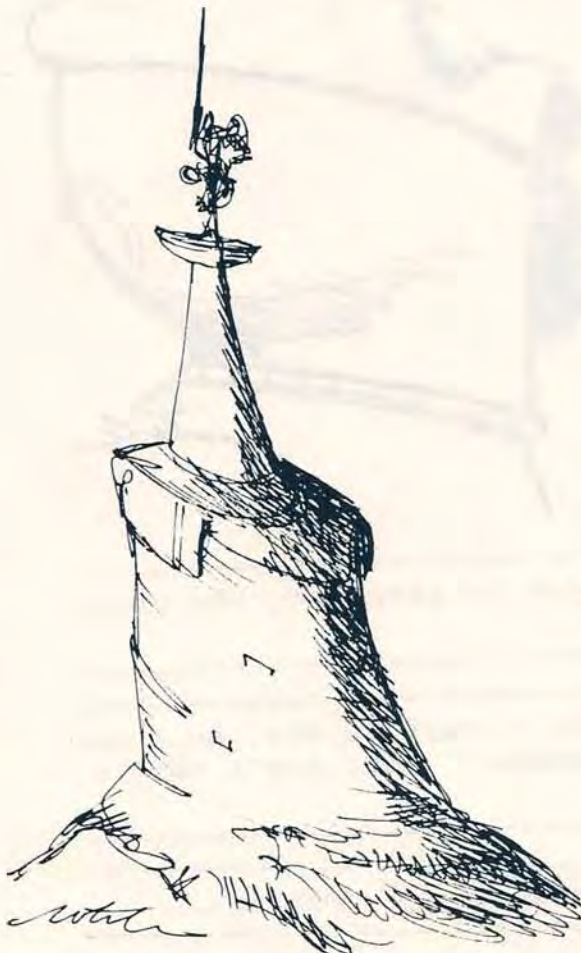
What you see here is the first of a series of collaborative cartoons done by Alexis Gilliland and moi. Historians will not ~~that~~ it appeared in AMAZING for March, 1983

"He initiates change when he is young and then mourns that change when he grows old." (Wilbur Smith, *A Sparrow Falls*, 1977)

WINDS OF WAR I've been watching it--it is still running as I write--and by and large like it. Strange casting though. Also a lot of the cast play people 10 to 15 years younger than they are. Don't think I'd care to see it again, however...as I would "Centennial" or even "Roots."

I am still looking for good original material for QUOTEBOOK...and an extra Xerox goes to *Reader's Digest* as well.

All typographical errors in MASQR are there to test your alertness.



All the creatures of the earth have evolved and are evolving. But the swiftest evolution moves with extreme slowness. Only man continues to evolve in a different way--culturally. And that culture is expanding to cover the world and obliterate all the other creatures. Soon, only those animals we eat will survive. Our success as a species and as a culture traps us.

Rotsler, William
The Hidden Worlds of Zandra
14614-0 • \$11.95 (SF)
Schiff, Stuart David, editor
Whispers IV • 18028-4 • \$11.95
(SF)

Naturally, it was no surprise to see the notice for my next book in the big Spring List edition of *Publisher's Weekly*, but under the Hasting House logo I saw this:

ART AND GRAPHICS

Willy Rotzler

Illustrated with black and white and four color reproductions

ISBN 8038-2723-7

May \$67.50

I've written to him since obviously the name is so close that we must somehow be related. (The "s" was "z", I believe, when one of my great-grandparents left Baden-Baden.) Stay tuned.

Machines are to make the complex simple.

7 Feb 83 Mike Jones, a friend who is a very good mask maker now working for Roger Corman, asked me to come over today. He had set it up so that I was asked to do an article or articles on the film they are doing. My "payment," in addition to the monies I'd get for the articles, is free access to the current sets--starship control rooms, etc. for my fumetti!

The control rooms are quite nice and I can probably use some of their starship models, too. That is worth more to me (in production values) than the money I'll get for the articles! So, off & on over the next couple of weeks, I'll be there (it's less than 2 miles away) doing this & that. I will also shoot BG shots for a possible starlet-in-Hollywood story as well, i.e. lights, backstage, etc.

We are the inventors of the future.

We have habits and we have traditions; one is personal, the other ceremonial.

When Woody Allen was asked his preference in ways to die, he said, "Smothered in the flesh of Italian actresses." God, isn't that a voluptuous concept?

Our real childhood is the childhood we truly remember.

FANMAIL For some reason I have been getting a lot of fanmail lately--not that I get all that much, much it does trickle in. Mostly, right now, it's the STAR TREK books, and some on the other Wanderer Books novelizations. Got this letter from a Kim Podwinski in Nebraska.

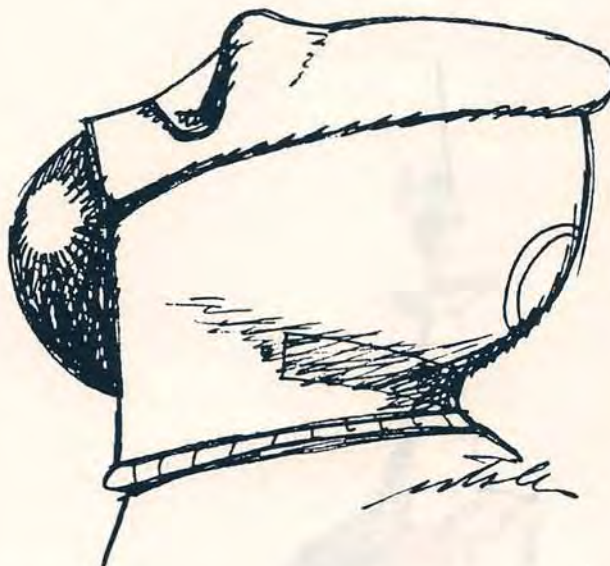
"I read your book The Pirate Movie. I really enjoyed it. I think it is the best book I have ever read.

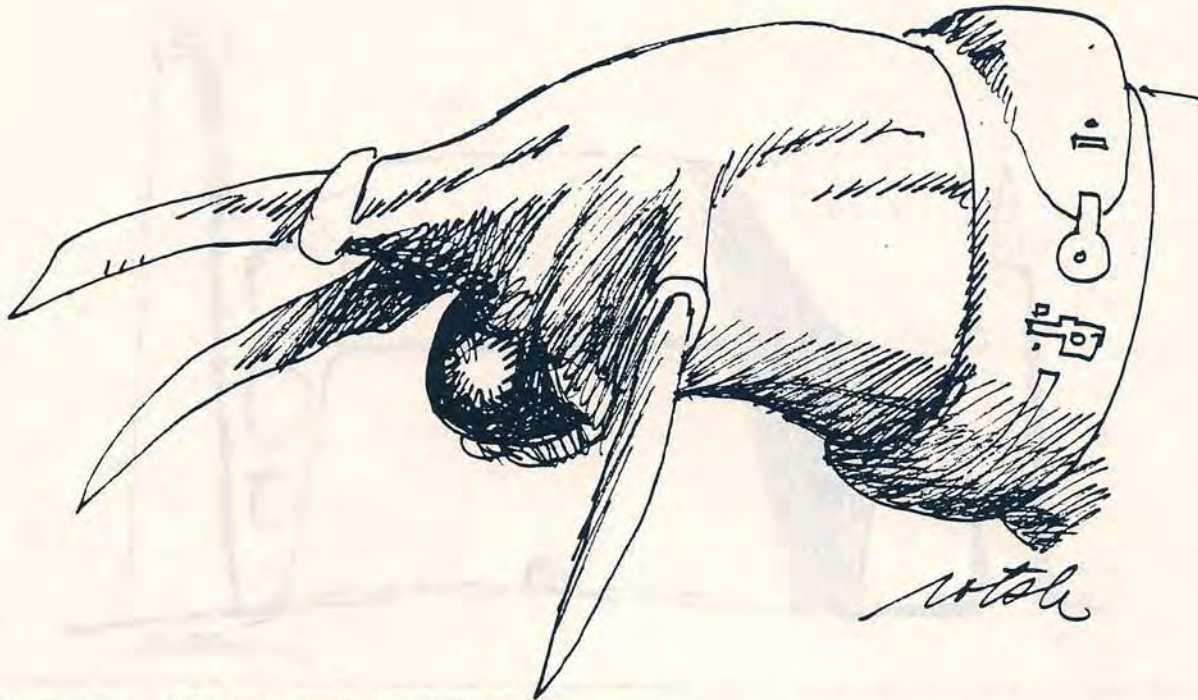
"I would like to know if you wrote the book after the movie. Do you have any children? Are you married?

"I would like to ask you a very important question, would you please send me an autograph picture? I would really appreciate it very much."

A picture of my autograph? Am I married? The best book she ever read? Gawd.

Unless you feel important--in the slightest way--to someone even to yourself, you cannot live.





"Processed cheeses: Yellow air and milk plastic." (E. Hayworth)

This whole "adventure" of sexual equality has produced some distinctly odd results. I'm sure we can all tell stories of the "liberated" woman who says/did/lives something definitely unliberated, *et al.*

Along that line I have a bit to contribute: Sexual Boutiques for Liberated Women. I truly find them amusing. I have driven by 2 or 3 and the other day I was walking by one, stopped, looked in the window. As soon as I realized I was getting hostile stares from a salesperson & a customer, well, I naturally went in.

In the window, you understand, was the goddamndestdisplay: headless-mannikins in the brightest of red underwear, the full garter-belt-and-stockings Irving Claw/Frederick's of Hollywood bit. But the place was definitely and TOTALLY a store for The Liberated. Yet it was filled with merchandise which I can only describe as Elegant Sleaze, Motel Erotica, and Meet-Em-At-The-Door-With-A-Martini-and-a-Leer.

Okay, so I saunter around, feeling (and probably looking) slightly amused. Red, pink, glitter, shimmer, gold and stark white seemed to be the predominate color and effects. Lurid lipsticks, *How To Make Love To A Man*, "parfums" in the mode, "whorehouse" style stuff by the bushel. Far "worse" than Frederick's of Hollywood. It was intense, serious, no-nonsense, knock-'em-dead merchandise.

"May I help you?" the salesperson said with a distinct sneer. Why so hostile, I thought.

"Yes," I said. (God, I was tempted to ask, "Where's your leather S&M line?" but I didn't.) "Excuse me for being totally stupid, but isn't this the sort

of thing liberated women have been yelling about for years?" I gestured at a half-mannikin on a glass counter sporting a shocking pink bra, garter belt & garter (as well) and white stockings.

She looked at me as if my hair were on fire. "Sir?"

I really wouldn't have gone on with this but whatthehell, I might have a piece for my column. "This stuff, this, um, gaudy underwear--isn't this the sort of thing that...well, if it appeared in a men's magazine, you'd complain."

She frowned, then an expression came over her face I can only describe as, "You're a man and wouldn't understand." She sniffed. (Yes, sniffed, just like driving off in am '83 Huff.) "The modern woman may wear anything she wishes." That put me down, boy.

"Where were you in the 60s and 70s," I said, "when I was saying people should be any damn thing they want, if they can."

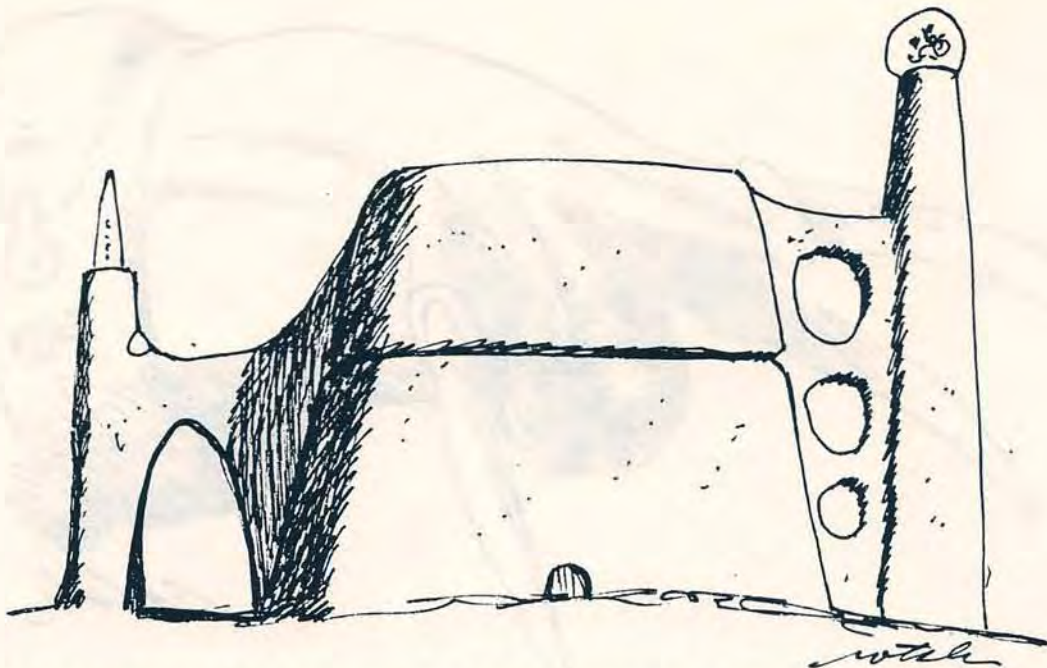
Her eyebrows went up. "The modern woman--" she began, but I was walking out.

"There's nothing wrong with these clothes," the customer said.

I nodded. "Uh-huh--and there wasn't anything wrong with them ten years ago when all the women were wearing army fatigues, either." I stopped in the door. "I think garter belts are the ugliest garment ever created, worse than the bustle. Or the maxi dress."

I left. They may have said something after me, but I didn't hear it. I was reminded of how much VOGUE, etc put down nude photos of women...until they started using them. Of course theirs were art and fashion and anyone else's was trash.

Proverb: A kind of flashlight battery of wisdom, ready to light your brain.



Stupidity is a high wall composed of blockheads.

13 Feb 83 PAUL TURNER called today; he continues to "make himself useful" in the space program and takes a lot of "schools" & classes...to the point where he is beginning to instruct the instructors in some cases. He feels pretty secure now in his job (works on the instrumentation section of the Space Shuttle toward the day when they will become operational out of Vandenberg, taking off as well as landing.)



ALIEN COIN : MRF

GOOFUP Not putting out a KTEIC/MASQUE for a bit, plus having pages run off for FUMETTI REPORT, plus pages for LILAPA, plus VOYAGE pages...well, I lost some stuff. On the next page ends a letter from STEVE LANGLEY which had its tail cut off. That is, this is the tail from last time. I gotta get organized.

SPACE RAIDERS That is the name of the movie I'm shooting stills on at Roger Corman's studio. Well, not really shooting the "official" stills, just what I like. I drop every every couple of days & shoot. Vince Edwards is in this one and half the people there call him "Doc." # It was Valentine's Day today and most of the people were munching of luridly coated heart-shaped cookies.



Riedmatt
CH-8915 Hausen a. A.
Tel. 01 764 0530

February 22, 1983

Mr. William Rotsler
2104 Walnut Avenue
Venice, California, 90291

Dear Mr. Rotsler,

Through Hastings House and my Swiss Publisher your letter has been forwarded to me. As you see I do not live in the States but in my native Switzerland.

I am quite shure that we are - though in a very distant way - related. As you tell me your name originally was spelled with a z - as it is mostly spelled over here.

Our family used to live on both sides of the river Rhine which separates Switzerland from Germany. The name mainly occurs between the Lake of Constance and the city of Basel in the north-western corner of Switzerland. As a matter of fact, my proper family comes from Basel, but in my youth I have been told that we have relatives in southern Germany - a region to which Baden-Baden belongs - where your great-grandfather came from. I should say there are still many Rotzlers in southern Germany. I once visited a village in the Black Forest in the North of Switzerland - almost every inhabitant bore the name Rotzler!

The family must be quite a great one for in the course of my life I met many Rotzlers no more really related to me. Twice I think I got letters from people with the name Rotzler living long since in the States.

It is nice to know that another Rotzler with the christian name of William (Wilhelm it used to be spelled in our family) is doing creative work in California. I am an art historian and a art writer. I recently returned from New York to Switzerland, I had a lectureship there at the Graduate School of the City University.

I enclose the prospectus of one of my books just for your information. You will find there also a few biographical notes.

Whenever you turn up in Switzerland, let me know. And then I will show you the place where our family - according to the legend - originally came from - a place in central Switzerland called "Rotzloch" (= Loch means hole or cave). And above that place there is the mountain "Rotzberg" - even with the ruins of a castle - the "Rotzburg".

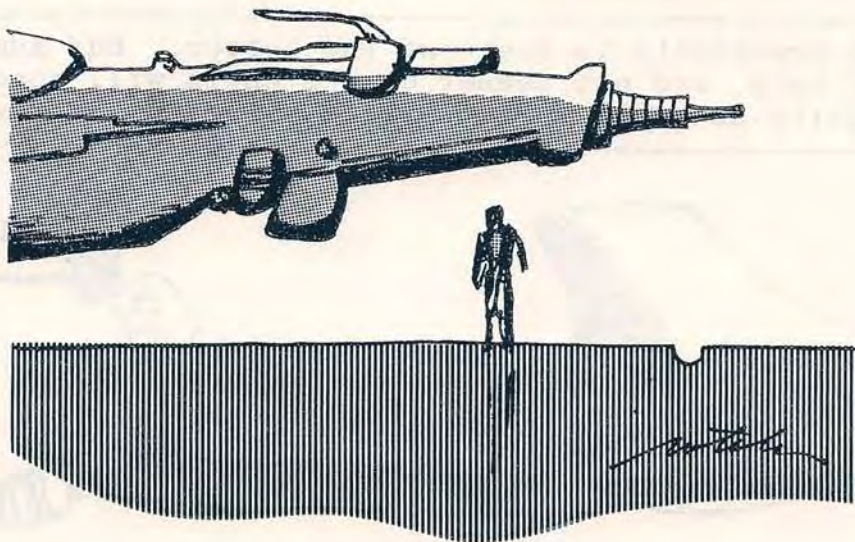
Perhaps one day I hear more from you. Sincerely, yours

If you demand friendship you will get hatred.

The author: Willy Rotzler, D. Phil., born in Basle in 1917, 1948–1961 Curator of the Kunstgewerbemuseum, Zurich 1962–1968 Editor of the cultural monthly «Du», since 1972 freelance art writer living at Hausen am Albis near Zurich. Author of numerous works on contemporary art and contributor to international magazines, guest lecturer at several universities, member of the Swiss Federal Art Commission and Chairman of the Art Commission of the City of Zurich.



Philosophy is the road, ethics are the fences along it, temptations
are the intersecting paths, adversity the streams to ford, and
happiness the end of trail.



 It isn't sunrise, but horizon-fall; it isn't sunset, but horizon-rose. But the glory of it remains the same.

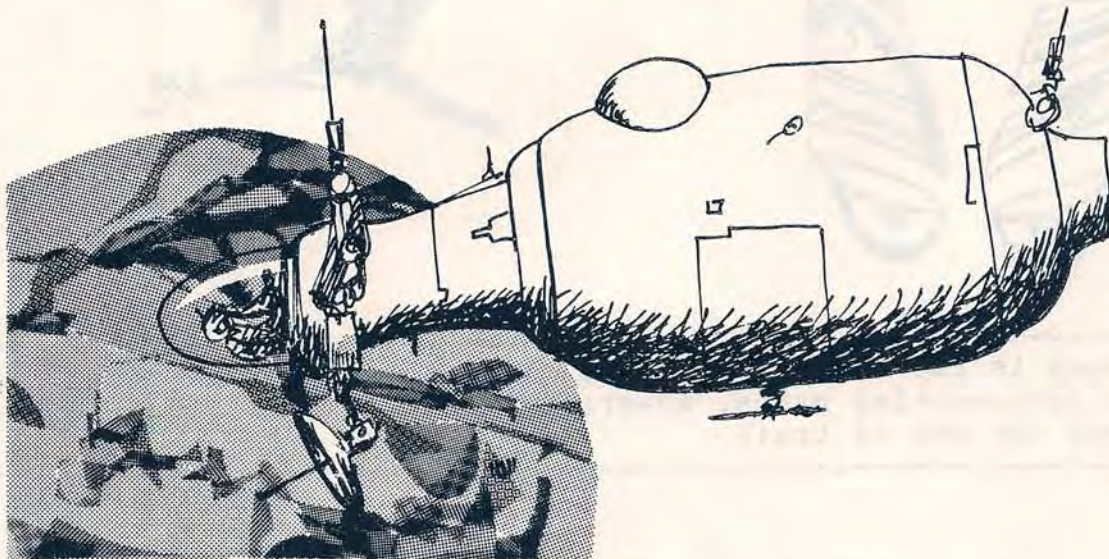


Coins

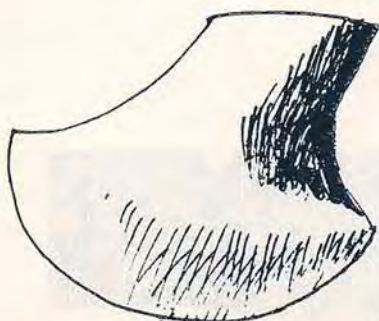


Rosclairs

 Looking back, great discoveries seem obvious, but prior to that discovery everything is a blank page, or a page with faint, indecipherable markings. Anyone can get a ream of paper, but only a few can put upon it War and Peace, a portrait, the theory of relativity, or The Fountains of Rome.

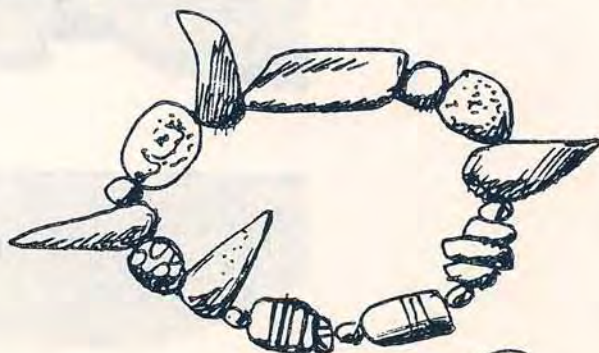


 The sooner creativity is fostered the better. But adults must encourage, help, and not censor or the child will abandon his or her creativity and seek more conventional paths of expression.



Tool

UK's



eg

The Population Bomb and Limits to Growth tell us all we need about the danger we are rushing into so recklessly. What we need is a third book--the way out.

AQUACON II It was a nice little con, held in Ontario, about 50 mi. from me. I was a judge at a very small, not very good masquerade, which had the worst narrator I've seen. Had three good talks, which may or may not have been worth the roughly \$200 it cost.

Don Simpson, Ed Klein & I had a very good rattle-on in my room for several hours as Ed made some repairs on one of his super rayguns. Then the next night, an even longer conversation with George Barr, with others coming & going as spear carriers. And a long talk with Jeanne Robinson, mostly about How To Make Spider Work Faster But Still as Good. (She said he'd kill her if he knew she had "talked" but whatthehell, the man has to get past his own obstacles. She said that when he had finished "Star Dancer" he had raged that it was the worst piece of shit he had ever done, etc etc. So you can see the man has no perspective.)

Sherry Gottlieb called to say that a customer had come in, unsure of the title he wanted but asked for "Requiem for Weintraub." (A Change of Hobbit Adventure)

Sidebar on Sharman Saw her at Aquacon and found that she is working on a graphic novel, based on true Japanese history, but with the added joy of a dead samurai. The Japanese artist looks very good from the prelim art.

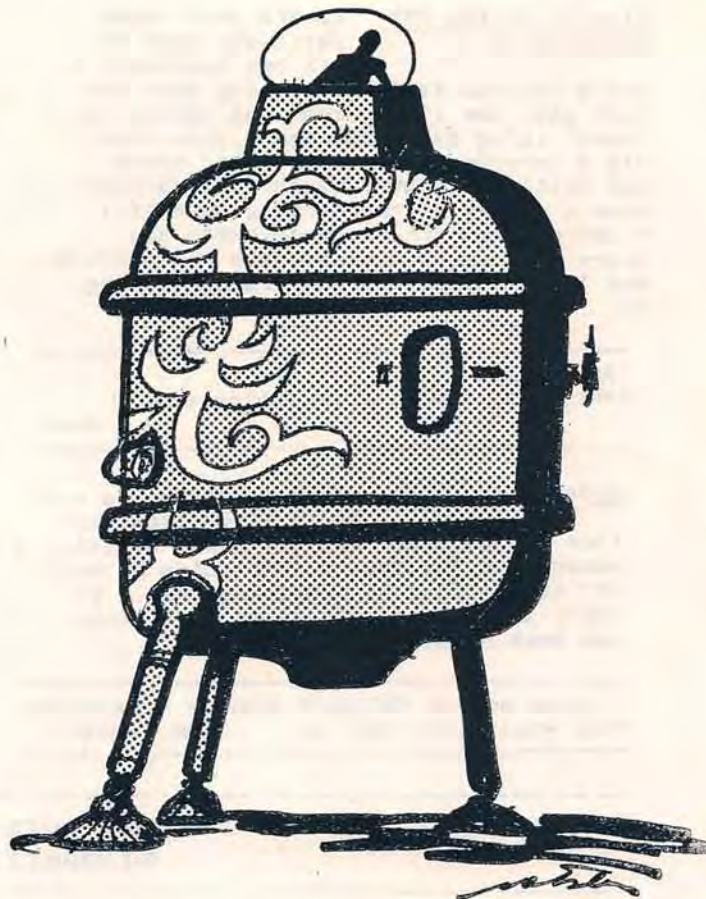
"Never hug a Wookie in flea season."
...Fran Evans

27 Feb 1983 CAPS--the Comic Art Professional society--had a barbeque at the studio of Sergio Aragonés yesterday. All sorts of people in his backyard, a group picture taken, general laughter and good cheer. Sergio remains one of the most charming of gentlemen.

22 Feb 1983 Busy day yesterday--did an interview with porn star Eric Edwards. A charming & down-to-earth guy who says he's very "American" in that he likes backpacking, biking, and "fucking girls." Then I spent the afternoon with Maude Kirk and a friend of hers, David Del Valle, an ex-agent who is trying to establish himself as a movie expert.

I was invited back to a party for a PBS documentary, "The Horror of It All" for which David did some work--supplying stills, info, & appearing on camera.

25 Feb 1983 So I went. A curious, odd gathering of curious, odd people. Outside of curious, odd Maude there was Ferdy Mayne, who you might remember as the Jew in whose house Bob Mitchum lived in *The Winds of War*. He was very curious as to my reasons for liking him in a recent "Cagney & Lacey" and we talked acting a bit.



Off & on all week I've been on the set of Roger Corman's *Space Raiders*, doing stills for an article I'm going to write, and picking up stills for my ol' fumetti project. Thought I'd have to build a miniature bar, but I have a very scruffy one I can use, I think. Shot miniature rockets being photographed, actors, empty sets, etc.

I knew Mike Jones, the talented guy who did all or most of the heads, but the most fun was long talks with Ray Stewart, who plays the villain quite well indeed--from within an excellent reptilian head. In fact, while I've had maybe a 1/2 hour's worth of conversation with his regular face, I really know him from a couple of hours talk in his full costume. Ray Stewart is the lover of Marty, the gay, on *Barney Miller*.

Also got to know Thom Christopher, "Hawk" from the Buck Rogers series. Told him today he had the Best Unknown Head of Hair in Hollywood--he wears a mask which covers everything except nose & mouth.

"Information can't be put in any container that isn't leaky." ...Spider Robinson

"If everything you know is wrong, so are the scary parts, so relax."
...Spider Robinson

Oh, how advanced we are! We can now self-destruct by strictly scientific means. We no longer have to rely on Mother Nature or Father Time, on the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse or Cain's stone.

Sidebar on the PBS Documentary

In the part where David was shot in his own apartment I had a curious feeling--looking down the hall into the living room and seeing the "real" thing as background...then they did a reverse and were shooting where I was sitting. Just a touch odd. Brought back a memory of the opening show of a *Mission: Impossible* season years ago... where he goes to the Griffith Planetarium and I could look out the window and see it.

"Art is Art;
Everything else is everything else."
...Anon

Sidebar on Maude

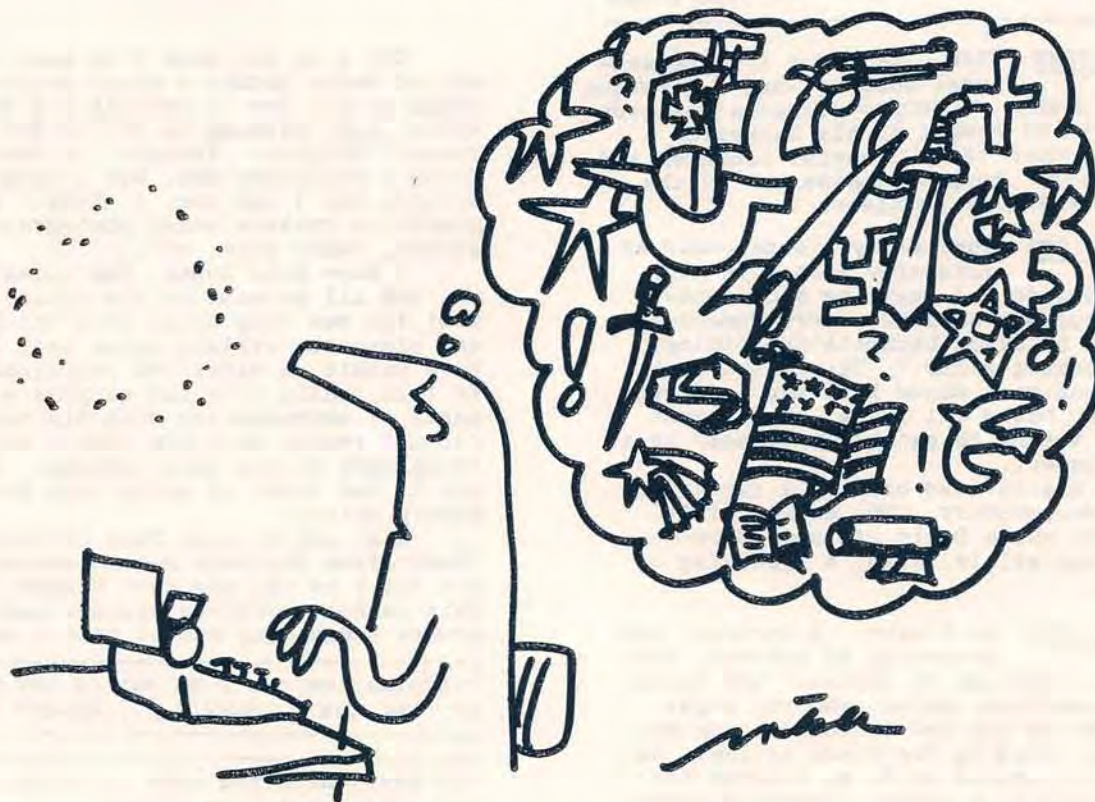
After my "36 Hours with Maude Kirk" item last time she said she got all kinds of calls & comment on the fact she & I didn't "make it" even though we slept together. We can't figure out just whose reputation has been besmirched.

"I wish people who have trouble communicating would just shut up." (Tom Lehrer)



ALLEN MONROE, UK

Some people fall in love; others fall against it, scratching and whimpering.



Animals have no history, only evolutionary record.



"If you're naturally kind you attract a lot of people you don't like."
(William Feather)

28 Feb 1983 Took Ed Kline to the set of "Space Raiders" today. It was his first time on a set (though I had previously given him a backlot tour of Paramount & Warners, last year). He was just soaking in it, saying it was the most exciting day he'd had. I told him it was all up from here because this was Roger Corman El Cheapo Productions.

Anyway, just as I predicted everyone loved his laser (real working laser inside!) and the ass't prop man loved it, said his boss had to see it; the boss said, "Where were you two months ago?" which was exactly what the director said when I introduced Ed. The actors loved the gun (but they don't count as they don't decide who does the props) & the special effects/model crew loved it.

Ed is coming back tonight to stay here & tomorrow show them his portfolio and some more guns.

It rained today; it is going to rain BIG tonight. We have been getting clobbered by rain. Most unusual...yet better than back east. While watching the reports of record blizzards I was sitting shirtless & rather warm. (Heheh heheh...)

3 Mar 1983 For the past week or so we have been getting torrential rains (a most unusual thing here in semi-arid SoCal), record-breaking rains, floods, an earthquake-a-day for three days, thunder, lightning, tornadoes and mini-tornadoes, and god knows what. Just a moment ago there was a sudden LOUD crash of thunder--the first today--and Evan walked in and said, "There's a Mr. God to see you."

The house has sprung a couple of minor leaks, the studio is full of plastic wastebaskets to catch the leak (up to now the one leak was all, but the rain came down so heavy it couldn't all get thru and ran up the plastic skylight and started coming in another place). Bids are out for arks. A mile away the 15-20 foot breakers have smashed half of the Santa Monica pier. Malibu is sliding into the ocean, mud slides all over. I heard a newscaster gives Frankel's Law: "If the weather is bad enough to be a story, you can't get there to cover it." (God just stumbled through here, cursing and mumbling.) But so far, this storm, now power outages here.

Minor Items Bill Warren took me to a screening of "Local Hero," which I found quite charming, very well photographed and had scenes which you could not be certain how they might turn out. # Charles Cropsey called and among other things, told me of a dictionary store in downtown LA. Now maybe I can get that English-Greek/Greek English Romanized dictionary I've hunted three continents for. (Maybe...) # New Robert Parker novel approved. (Suppressed whee!)

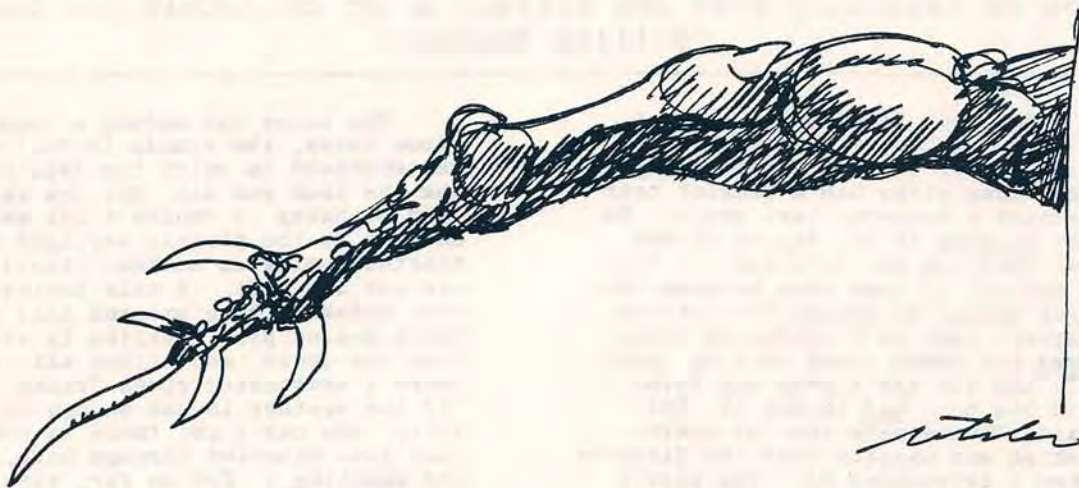
Things I wonder About You know those incredible photos taken of an unborn embryo, fetus, etc? I've always wondered if they even followed up on those children, to see if they had a fear of bright lights.

The other day Evan & I heard a most marvelous insult, but neither of us can remember what TV show or the rest of the insult other than, "...you flat-headed, single-helix--"

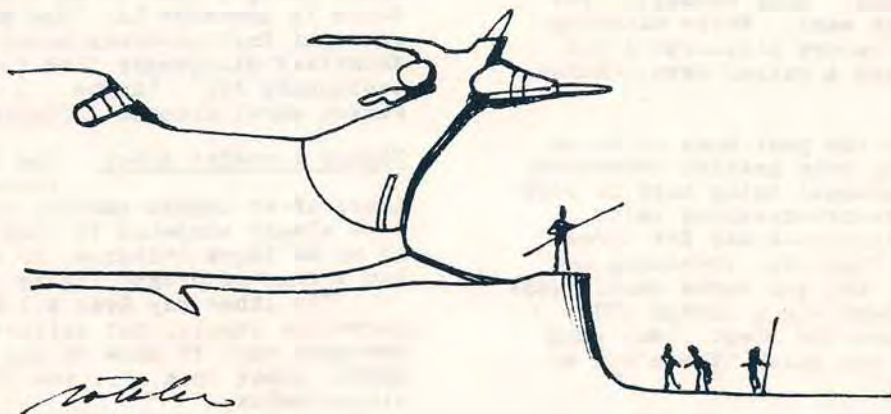
Proverbs are cultural quotations which the common man manages to remember.



Everyone should be given lessons in sudden wealth--most especially the poor.



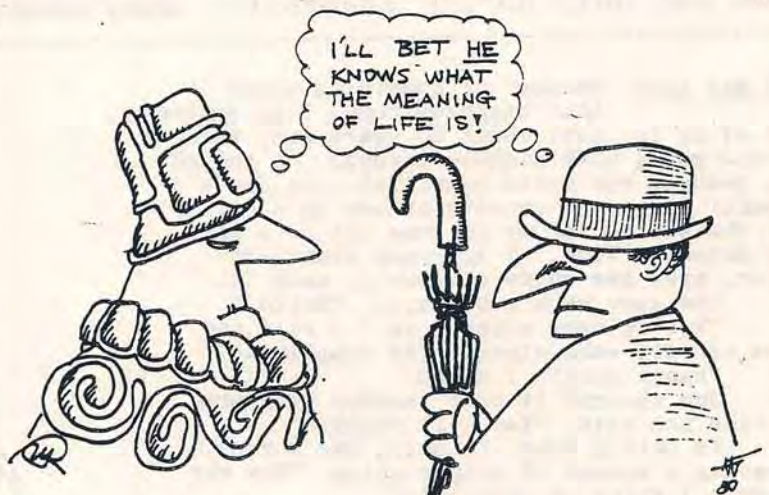
Some prefer the illusion of love to the real thing, for it avoids the necessity for responsibility, emotional expenditure, and involvement.





CARTOON

CARTOON



William Retsler

Alexis Gilliland

The most severe of critics of children are always childless; parents are driven to leniency.

7 Mar 83 My fan mail is increasing as the STAR TREK books get around. They all say the books, especially the Biographies are great, but...then they have some nitpick. And so far, they are always wrong, partially wrong, or misinformed...which means, I guess, I did a pretty good job.

The most common nitpick (3) is that Scotty didn't have siblings...because of a single mention ("non-official") in The Making of Star Trek years ago. I just point out two things: explain the nephew in ST-II and that my BIOGRAPHIES is the Official Record.

Got more fan mail in the last month than in just about my entire writing career, almost. And for a Star! Trek! Book! Gad.

Just finished a most interesting new book, WEALTH ADDICTION, by Philip Slater (trade ed.) which I highly recommend to all. Got umpteen pages of quotes from it.

9 Mar 83 Yesterday was a curious day--and expensive. Had another eye exam, and that means new glasses. Then I went to my orthopedic surgeon for a checkup on my accident damage. I've been having trouble with my right knee for years. It just doesn't bend like the other and I have trouble getting on a sock. Well, in the last few weeks it had gotten worse.

I never injured it in any significant way. The only time was in 1962 when I "kneed" the U.S.S. Hornet going through a hatch with an armful of photo equipment. But it seems I have a patella that doesn't track. I'm now taped from mid-thigh to mid-shin, with shots, and will go into therapy for it in a week or so.

Then Bill Warren took me to a screening of High Road to China. It has good

actors doing well, an OK story, not enough laughs, and wasn't tight & sharp & tense like Raiders, to which it will be inevitably compared. (Indiana Jones & O'Malley are very much alike, as characters.) It's the director's fault, I think. And despite lush scenery, it didn't look it. But well worth seeing. (The female star, Bess Armstrong, took a bit of getting used to, but I ended up liking her. She was there, too, dressed much as she was in the film.)

Today, going by Safeway on the way to my bank, a 15-16-year-old-girl just walked her bike right into me (on the taped side) and I shoved it back, took a step, and she just rolled into my heels--so I just kicked back, heard a crash & yelp and never looked back. I am VERY tired of drivers (of any kind) who are oblivious of anyone else on the road. I think I am a Curmudeon, 2nd Class. (1st class writes letters to the Times.)

I have never been in a cast before and while this isn't a cast, it is "kind of" like on; a "soft" cast, if you will. Made it difficult when today I got the first flat tire I've had in years. (I also found those Jap instruction books are just as fucked-up as you might expect...drawings don't conform to reality and vital instructions confusing, or just left out. Steps are reversed or omitted.)

What you think is what you are.



Most people lack confidence about creativity, creating their own blockages. People are often afraid of putting ideas into practice for fear of going wrong. Hidden abilities seem, these days, to come out only during adversity, when under pressure or during danger.

10 Mar 1983 Because of something minor that happened today I am reminded of an incident about 20 years ago, when I was going with Michele Saroyan. I thought La Redhead was quite beautiful...as did a number of people gawking at her on a corner as she waited for me to come out of a bank on Sunset & Vine. I approach from left rear, eyed her quite obviously, said "Hi:"

She gave me a cool, arch, "Hello."

"You're very attractive," I said and she aloofly acknowledged the compliment.

"Wanna fuck?" I asked.

She thought it over, nodded with precision and said, "Yes, all right."

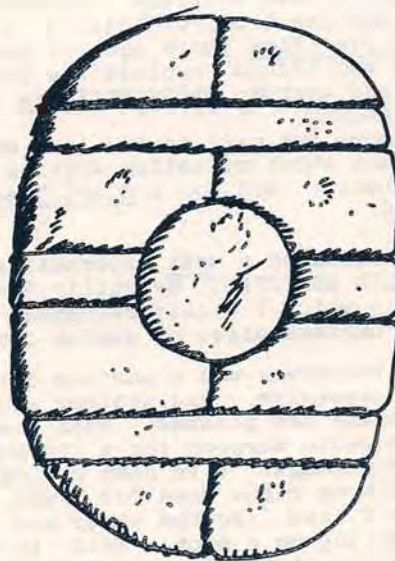
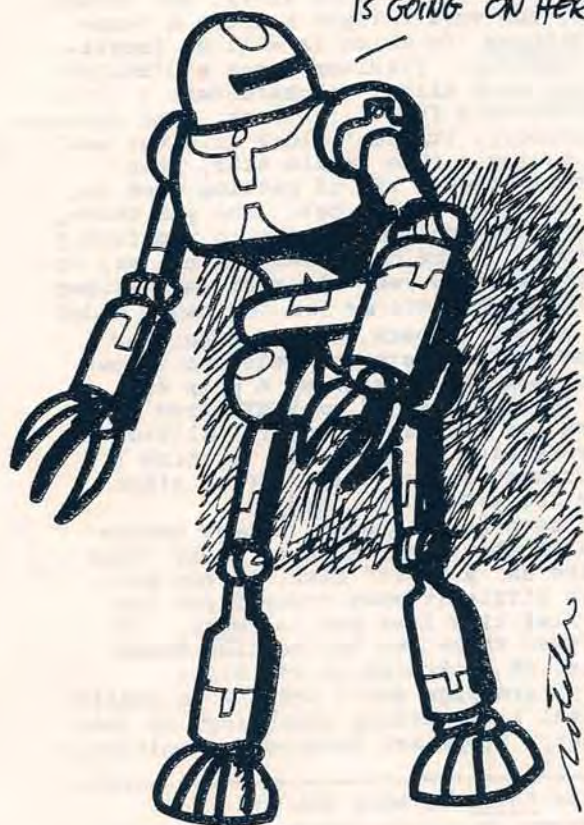
We walked away, crossing the street, leaving a number of people going, "Now why didn't I think of that!!?!!!"

This morn I wrapped Saran Wrap around mt "soft cast" and took a shower. Works fairly well.

The brain is the bottle and the mind is the contents.



WHAT THE GREAT CHAP
IS GOING ON HERE?



REUC. ROMAN'S

No one owns knowledge, not even if they were the first to discover it or think of it. Knowledge of every kind is the common treasury of mankind.