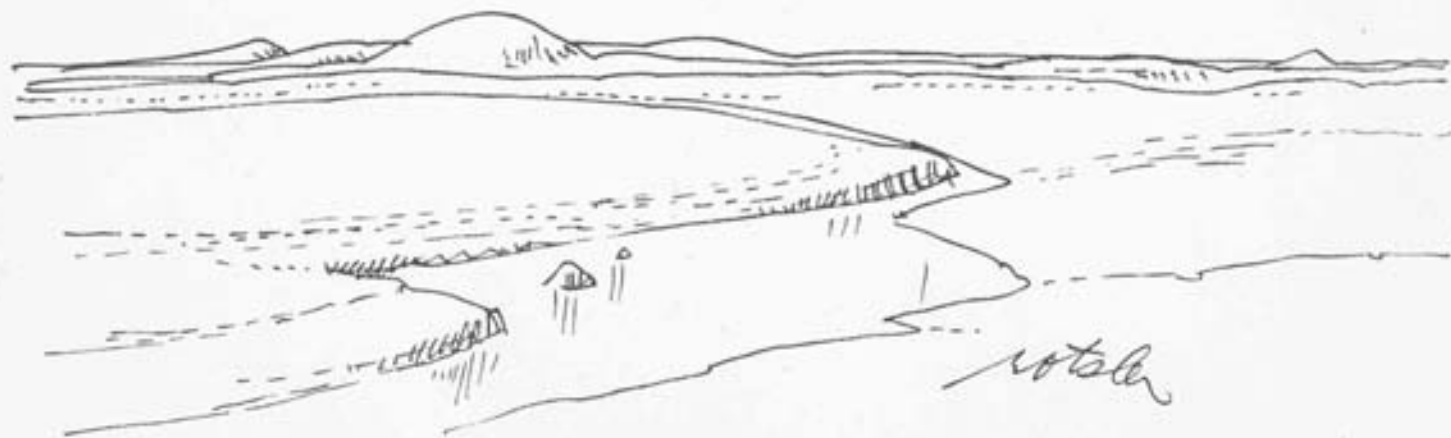
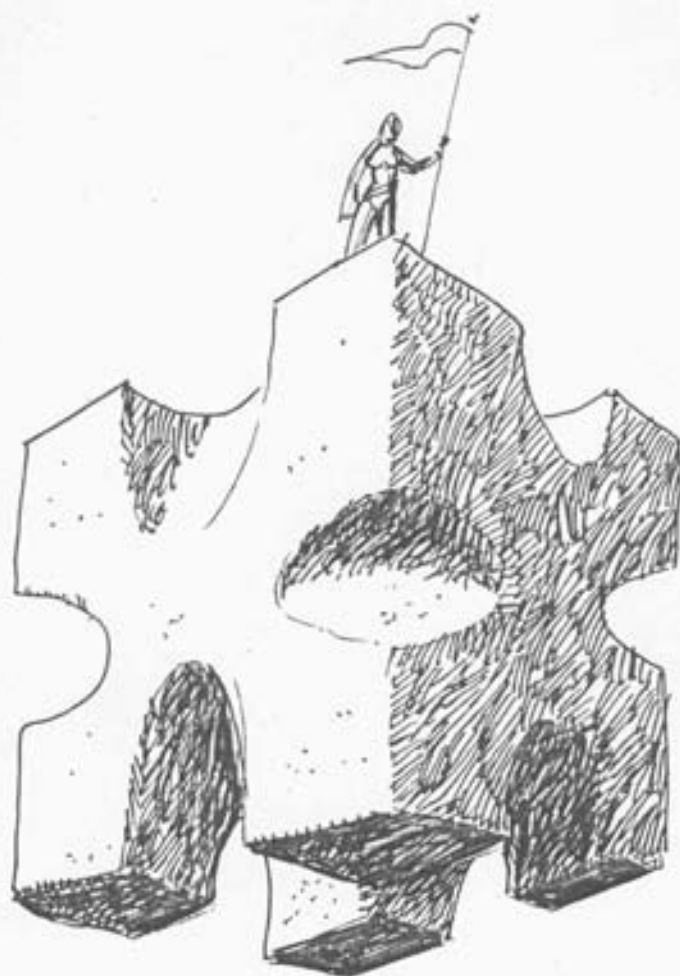


kteic





This is KTEIC MAGAZINE (© 1981 by William Rotsler, all rights returned to artists & writers.) the letter-substitute of the stars. Produced in the opulent offices of William Rotsler (not incorporated) at 2104 Walnut Ave, Venice, CA 90291. Above drawing by Stan Sakai, a CAPS member who works at (I think) Disney. Maybe Hanna-Barbera.

"When you die, your soul goes up on the roof and no one can get it down."  
(Herb Caen)

#### WHAT'S WRONG WITH ORAL SEX?

I went to the Fantasy Faire, a rather small con which was not the best-arranged con ever, but it was OK. I was on a couple of panels: "Working in someone else's world" (i.e. doing Tom Swift, Mr. Merlin, Tarzan, etc) and Sharman was on that one ("Star Trek," Swift).

Another panel, "Magic in Literature," was one I wondered why they put me on. Katherine Kurtz intrigued me, saying she had just finished a book based on the rumor that English witches got together and Hitler suddenly didn't invade England, and that the more research she did the more the "coincidences" made it seem plausible.

I showed my fumetti slides, including some new ones from The Collection of Don Simpson, and showed a few "real" props. I had a talk or two with Ed & Pam Kline re the fumetti weapons he is making. Had a very nice (in a FER, or "Fancy Expensive Restaurant" even though it was really only two of those things) with the Goldins & the Nivens.

Had a personalized display of six female breasts, no two alike. Walking through the huxter room I saw Susan Potter snuggled up with three busty women (one was just fat, actually) for a photographer, eight boobies like peas in a pod. Mostly covered, however. Later, I said to Susan, "What was that all about?" And she said, "Oh, did you want to see?" In seconds, there in the aisle, I had a personal demo, six boobs (the better selection) before my very eyes. At that moment-- to show how erractic the con-comm was, Bill Crawford came up to tell

me something. Dreadful, for as you all know, I am a boob man.

It was a nice, low-key affair. On the other hand, as Bill Warren says often, I have a good time wherever I go. Well, why not? Jesus.

Think I recruited a trio (1 guy, 2 women in "Flash Gordon" costumes) into the fumetti. Saw Lola Clayton Johnson in one of her (sadly) rare public appearances. Hung out. Talked.

Oh, the section heading? George Clayton Johnson, soon to be known far & wide as "Krasnak the Benign," asked me, "What's wrong with oral sex?" The answer is, of course, "The view."

---

People stuff their emptiness with floss and snow.

---

As I typed the above, I got a call: "Hello, I'm Blank Blank from the Los Angeles Times--" I knew he was trying to sell me a subscription. I'm sophisticated. I know enough to cover the seat in a public john. I can wipe my rear without getting my thumb dirty. I've been around. So I gave him Standard Response To Newspaper Callers #1.

"Sorry, I don't give interviews!" Click.

---

"Nobody ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public, but it gets harder and harder to get rich that way."

---

(Larry Niven)

## DO YOU MEAN I'VE BEEN DOING IT WRONG ALL THESE YEARS?

A letter from Charles Cropsey, ever alert to enlighten, bears a xerox of a page or two from THE COLLECTED WORKS OF PIERRE LOUYS, Liveright, "Aphrodite," section:

### APHRODITE

53

springs, awoke the first stirring of life. The crowd of obscure couples ranged sometimes by chance about an immortal scene: Europa, inclining, supporting the handsome Olympian animal; Leda guiding the robust swan between her young compliant thighs. Farther, the insatiable Siren exhausted the expiring Glaucos; the god Pan possessed, standing, a hamadryad with flying hair; the Sphinx raised her croup to the level of the horse Pegasus,—and, at the end of the frieze, the sculptor himself was figured before the goddess Aphrodite, modeling, from her own person, in soft wax the contours of a perfect cteis, as though all his ideal of beauty, joy and virtue, had long since taken refuge in that precious and fragile flower.

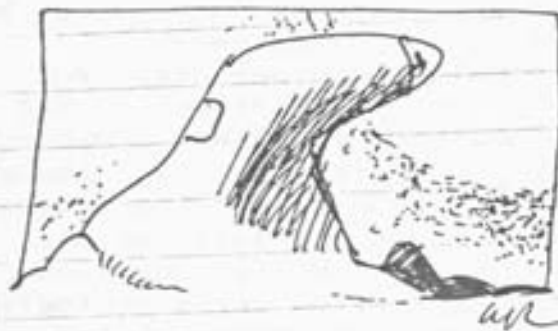


### NOTES

#### TO APHRODITE

THE REFERENCES ARE TO BOOK AND CHAPTER

- 1-1 *hierodules*—courtesans who served in the temples of Aphrodite.
- 1-3 *Berenice* the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes. Reigned about 57-55 B.C.
- 1-3 *pornasion*—a house where prostitutes and slaves were bought and sold.
- 1-7 *paranymph*—a bridesmaid.
- 11-1 *eighty stadia long*—that is, the wall was eighty stadia (about nine miles) in circumference.
- 11-1 The Author gives the initials of a Greek phrase, but no clue as to what the completed phrase might be.
- 11-1 *Baptas*—the elect.
- 11-1 *hamadryad*—a tree nymph.
- 11-1 *cteis*—interfemineum.
- 11-2 *satyrium*—an aphrodisiac beverage.
- 11-2 *a Thracian*—By this, Melitta may have meant a very cold person as Thrace was considered by the Greeks as the home of the North Wind. Or, possibly, a woman devoted to the cult of Aphrodite. (v-5.)
- 11-2 —



-----  
We all have cycles--mankind has cycles--and the end of each cycle means transition, change, adjusting to the following cycle. Some just don't ,ove on because change is an insecure state, so they keep on repeating, which is itself a cycle.  
-----

THE  
SHADOW  
KNOWS

Get  
with  
it!

PASS ON KTEIC  
TO THE NEXT IN  
LINE!!!!

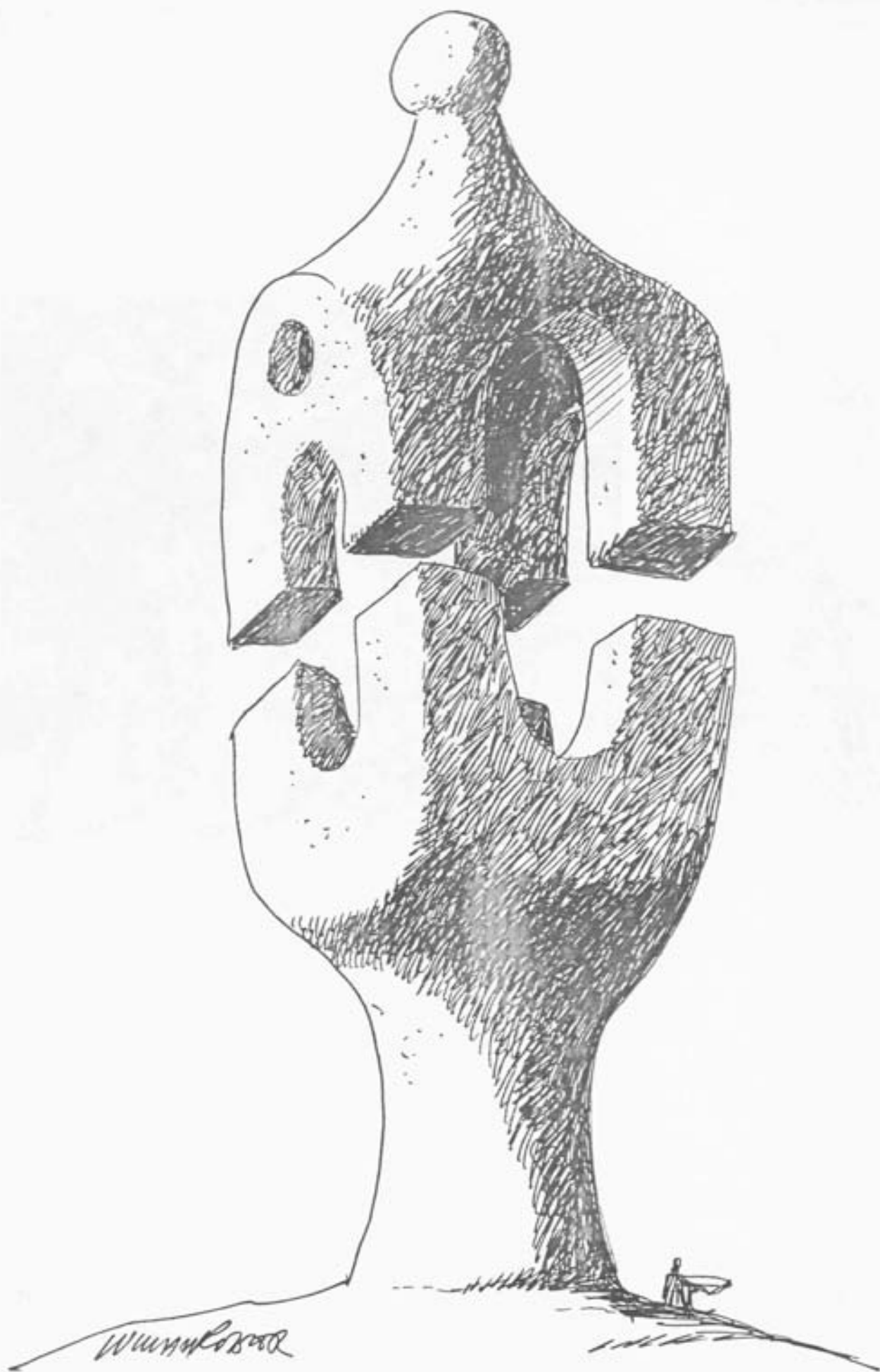


-----  
Genetics can be explained this way: You get out of it what you put into it.  
-----

The above photo was shot in, I think, 1975. Don Pfeil is lurking somewhere off camera (no doubt writing *THE HELL'S ANGELS' BOOK OF ETIQUETTE*). The purpose of the balloons is to draw attention to those of you who do not pass on Kteic, using the stamped, addressed envelope enclosed for that purpose, thus depriving others of the ultimate letter-substitute experience. Get with it! (This offer void by law in the Lilapa community.)

-----  
The only good questions have no easy answers, or perhaps any answers.  
-----

THE GEORGE BARR PORTRAIT OF SHARMAN DIVONO, seen on last issue's back cover, does not, of course, do it justice in that form. The size is trimmed to fit the eternal 8½x11 and the soft, delicate colors were, naturally, just gray & black. Sorry, George--but color Xerox is just too much.





A very good kind of fame would be that everyone knew your name and work, but very few people knew your face.

Below Right: S. Aragonés; Left: (I think)  
Don Dougherty



The world of the future apparently will not have rectangular doors, every one will wear metallic clothing and everything will either be white or garish.

Marriage changes men more than it changes women.

We are a bundle of habits and prejudices, desires and fears, cemented together with family, culture, and prepackaged thought.

You can't keep a bad man down. With society as it is, the good men are kept down and the bad men flourish.

-----  
"Just as you can't tell people how to raise their kids, you can't tell them how to raise their cat."  
-----  
(Sharman DiVono)

27 July 81 I finished up the MR. MERLIN original just in time to saddle up & go off to the San Diego Comic-Con with Sharman. We had a pretty good 4-day con. She was on a panel and belly-danced at the masquerade. I was a judge, my sole duty at the con. As usual, she was latched over, but she got to meet Julius Schwartz, who certainly liked her. (For you non-comic fans, but new SF fans, "Julie" was one of the first fanzine editors.)

We got to know Doug Munch (not the right spelling, but the correct pronouncing) and his wife. Saw John Byrne (of X-Men fame) and liked his new wife Andrea very much. Kidding Wendy & Richard Pini a lot. Gave her a calligraphed announcement; "The San Diego Board of Health has condemned this area because of an elf infestation." There were a lot of single Elfquest costumes and two large groups, one of 12 or so, another of over 20.

Hung out with Len Wein & Marv Wolfman a lot, as usual, and except for Mark Evanier, didn't have all that much to do with LA people on the principle I can see them anytime. Harlan showed up in a big surprise to give Julie Schwartz a ten-year-promised Batman script.

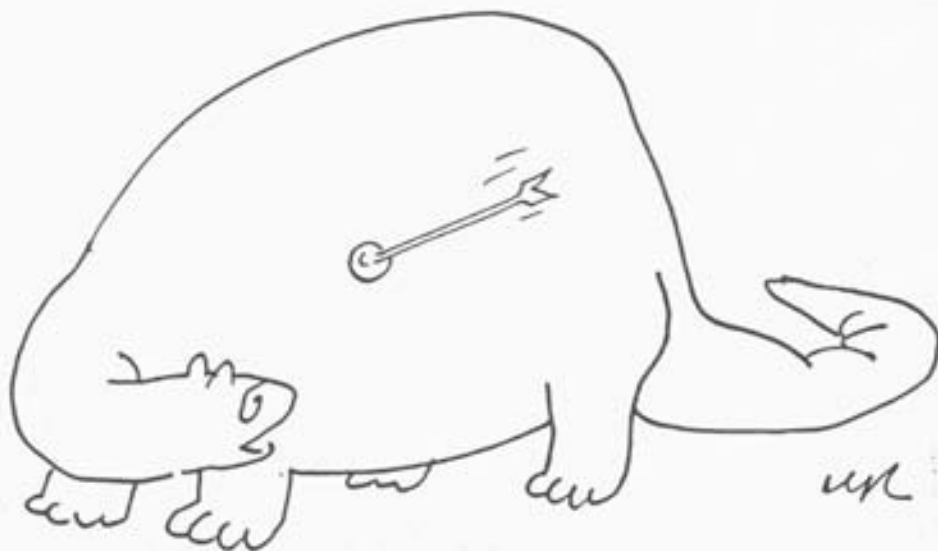
Had two fairly long talks with B. Kliban, but never had the nerve to ask him for a drawing, since I saw so many others doing it. But just before the banquet & awards function we were discussing how he's through with cats. Somehow he asked, "I did one (drawing) for you, didn't I?" I explained how I felt & that asking him to do something other than a cat would require thought--such as a cow in a tree--and so hadn't asked for that reason. He then said he'd do me one. "Catch me later," he promised as we started into dinner. But later was: a long dinner, a very crowded pro party in 10 Downing Street, a good English-style pub where we often eat, and then a round-the-pool melee. So I'll get him next year.

Some rather pretty but pear-shaped damsel decided Len Wein was hers, but he wasn't having any. She was overheard talking to a girl friend about how cute he was, too bad he was married but so what, etc. Then she fixed on me, asked me to do a namebadge. I couldn't remember her name, so did FREE SEX--Inquire Within. Discounts to Dealers,

She told me later it had been a big hit. Garp.

Saw Paul Levitz, the DC Wonder Boy, and his new wife...the usual CAPS gang...Richard Howell, from Boston, who wants me to do a romance fumetti...Ashley Grayson who says the Vice Squad novelization deal is on. (I'm becoming the Alan Dean Foster of the 1980s.)

Neither Sharman nor I bought anything at all; except I commissioned a portrait of Sharman as a superheroine from John Byrne.



HUMANE CAVEMEN

Dave Thorne last year brought me some scraps of illustration board with the corners rounded--any of you who have any, the stuff is imported from Paradise--and this year he brought me some discs. I took a quarter-sized one, put "5¢" on each side and gave it to Gary Owens in lieu of a wooden nickle.

We ate well, talked a lot, stayed up late and laughed a lot. But the funniest laugh of all took place Sunday night, at Mark Evanier's Now Tradition Pizza Party at his house, for all the LA proz & staying-over people. Len Wein, Wendy Pini, some woman whose name I never knew, Sergio Aragones & sometimes me, were playing Mark's penny slot machine (with house pennies). Everyone was trying everything to get the slot to "cooperate." Sergio was breaking us up with his Supercool Win-or-Lose-Stay-Cool number, or sneaking up on it & playing from behind the curtains. Wendy was praying to it, trying elf magic, seducing it, etc. I tried machine-to-machine. The machine just kept eating up pennies. Then Wendy noticed Sergio was staying next to the machine with his fist up by his shoulder...so she put a penny in his mouth and pulled his fist. His eyes rolled. And he spit ten pennies on the floor.

You have heard of putting people on the floor. After 20 minutes of funny build-up, it left me kneeling on the floor, holding onto a chair, and Wendy literally on the floor. (Well, maybe you had to be there.)

The evening before we had seen Sergio do a virtuoso turn. At the awards banquet, in front of The Big Time Proz From All Over, he stood in front of everyone and did 20x30 drawings, instantly, as the awards were announced & comments made, doing sketches of the people & being very funny. It was as astounding & professional a bit as I've ever seen and I know no one who I think would have tried it--not at that fast pace. He's a remarkable talent.

And we had a lot of fun. Sharman proposed to Larry Niven that they collaborate on a Star Trek comic strip sequence he had said yes & they did some work. I was asked to do the romance fumetti. Ashley & the Vice Squad thing. I saw Archie Goodwin, editor of EPIC, and he said, "When am I getting my fumetti?"

I was surprised and reminded him that at the Boston con, I had just been looking for his interest, leaving it until I finished the HEAVY METAL series and then showing it to him. He said, "No, I want one. If I wait until then it will be too long." The next day some fan/pro named Steve Garis said he was a mask maker & had a "great" mummy's mask. He said he had worked 48 hours on the airbrushing alone and that there were teeth, like a werewolf's and--

Bink.

Werewolf in ancient Egypt, condemned by a princess, played by Sharman...werewolf somehow survives the mummifying princess and goes after the look-alike in today's world...

So I am looking now for suitable EPIC stories.

---

The only unnatural sex is celibacy. And peanut butter.

---

Other con stuff: We saw "Superbman" which had some good bits but wasn't very good, really. I got on a "Carved Rock" kick and did a couple dozen rather elaborate (for me) drawings, many of which you'll be seeing in these pages from time to time. Masquerade was good & I recruited some people from Oxnard. Sharman was a sensation belly-dancing. Len Wein added a rule to Rotsler's Rules for Masquerades: Len's Law: Those who think the rules do not apply to them are wrong.

---

How nice it is when we are mistaken for what we'd like to be!

---



-----  
Nature is the most democratic thing there is. The laws work exactly  
the same for everyone and every thing.  
-----

A NEW GERALD C. FITZGERALD STORY

This is a section really onky for  
Terry Carr, who remembers Gerald.

I won't try to explain why I (and others who read his letters in "the old days:") think he is funny. Gerald has become a millionaire managing the estate of his family (inheriting from a multi-millionaire grandfather, the Camarillo of Camarillo, Calif.) and a right-wing Republican. If you knew GCF from back then that alone is funny. (Just realized I made it sound as if he took multi-millions & got them down to a million or so; not what I meant. His family's part is being managed by GCF & his investments, etc have made him rich.)

Seems he was visiting the Grand Canyon and his wife Lorraine \* bought two tickets to the burro ride to the bottom, then saw a sign forbidding anyone over 200 pounds from riding. He was furious when he found the burro ride people were sizing him up. But they finally let him go. (One of the few "straight" things he ever said was then--that he determined to lose weight, seeing what he was doing to the burr0.)

On the way down the woman in front of him had a burro that farted frequently and she was very embarrassed. Finally GCF's burro farted and she said, "See, yours does it, too."

GCF said, "Lady, that wasn't my burro."

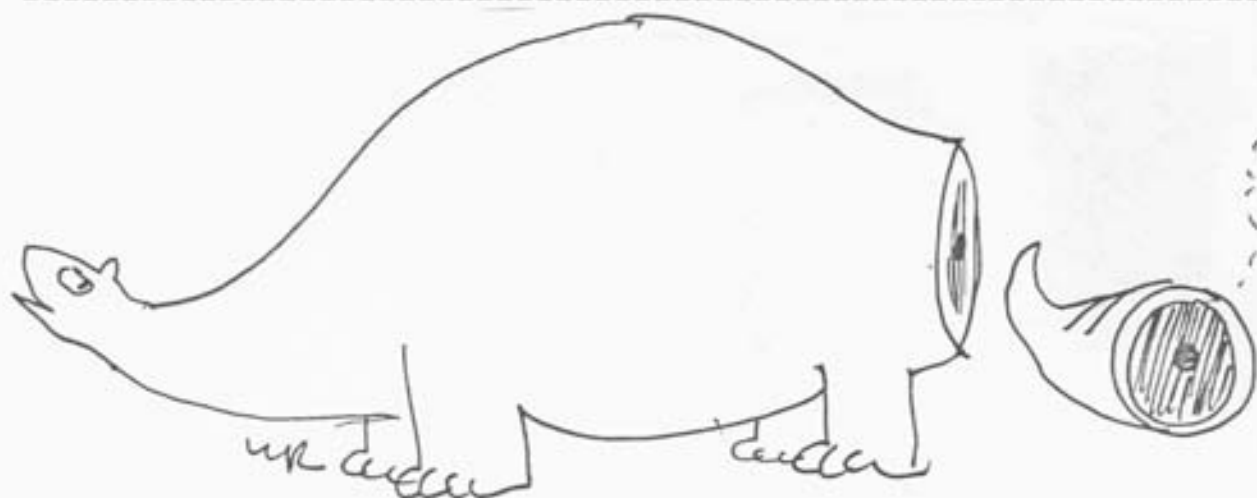
Then, after they reached the bottom and did whatever people do at the Colorado River they got ready to go back up...and GCF's burro had run away.

\* I am told that she stills bears a grudge against us (my ex-wife & I) after about 25 years. We barely knew her, haven't seen her since, and never did anything "against" her. The only thing we figure is that she, at about 30-33, had had an affair with a 21-year-old folk singer we knew who GCF didsliked. I guess she was afraid we'd "tell" him. Strange, strange. There's a 3-class/2 high school reunion later this month--it's going to be interesting.

-----  
Drinkers always take any comment on drinking personally. And they're  
usually right.  
-----



-----  
In a world becoming increasingly--alarmingly!--overpopulated the term "labor-saving" will become obsolete. We will need to find labor for all those hands and minds. Hand-labor will become more and more prevalent, in those areas where it can be, just to keep society sane and functioning.  
-----

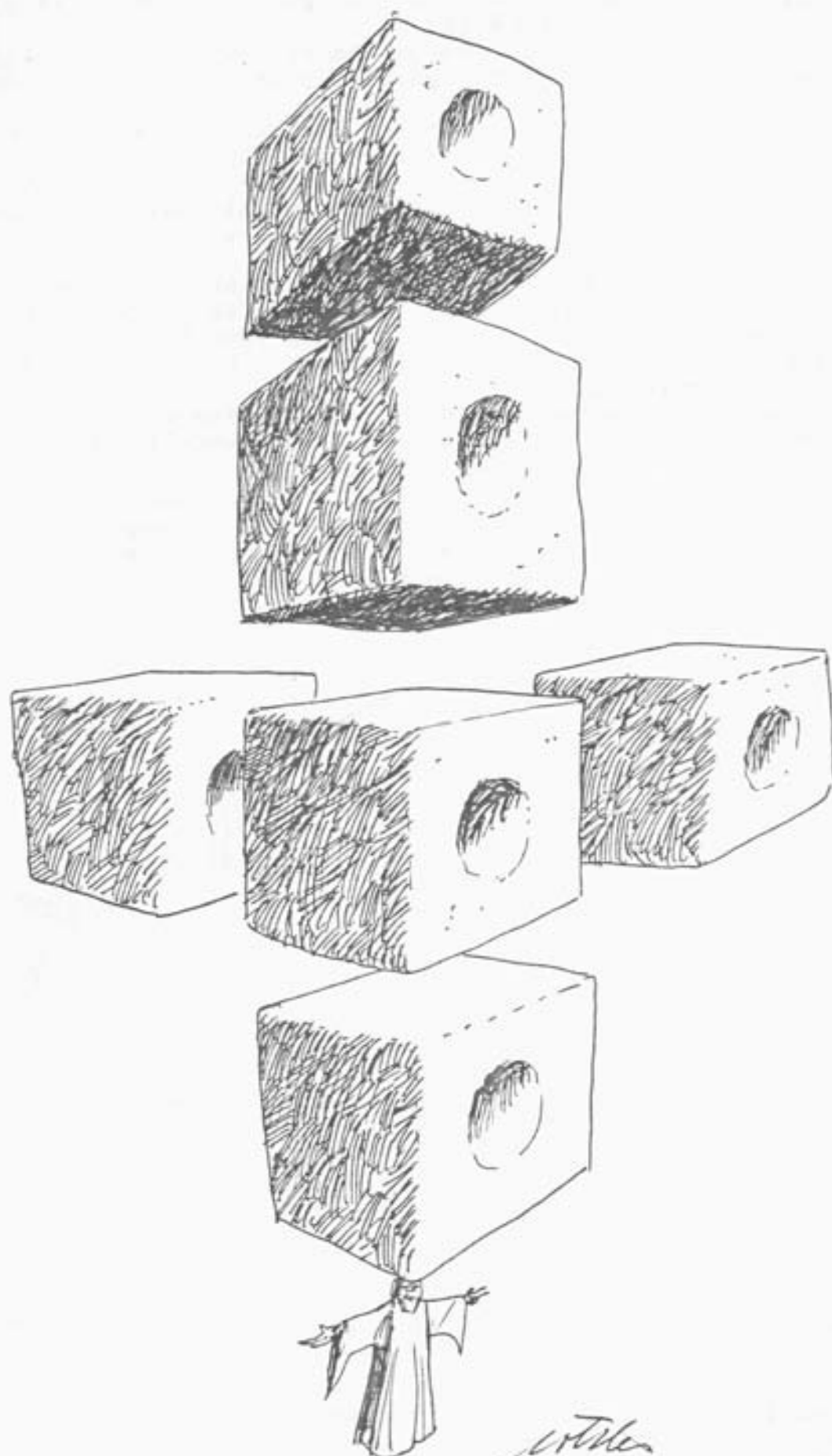


## DEATH FRISBIES FROM OUT OF TIME

-----  
Rituals and traditions are cultural habits, reassurances that life goes on with minimum changes and comforting repetition.  
-----

-----  
There is no such thing as "distant relations."  
-----

-----  
If you never risk anything no victory can be worth much.  
-----

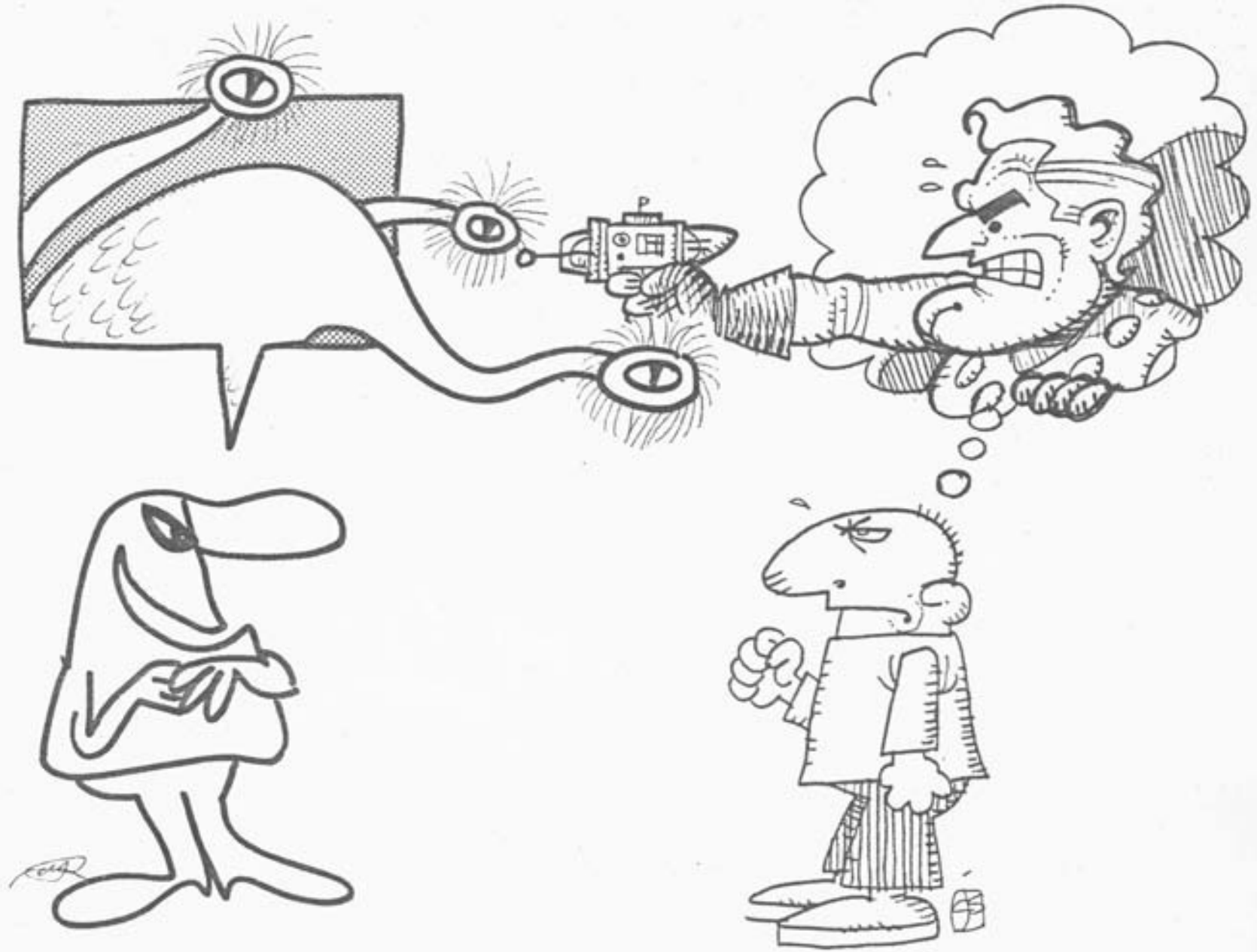


*A  
Dan Steffan-William Rotsler  
Portfolio*









out!  
**OUT!**  
OUT!

**OUT!**

out!

out!

OUT!



OUT!  
**OUT!**



OUT!

**OUT!**

OUT!

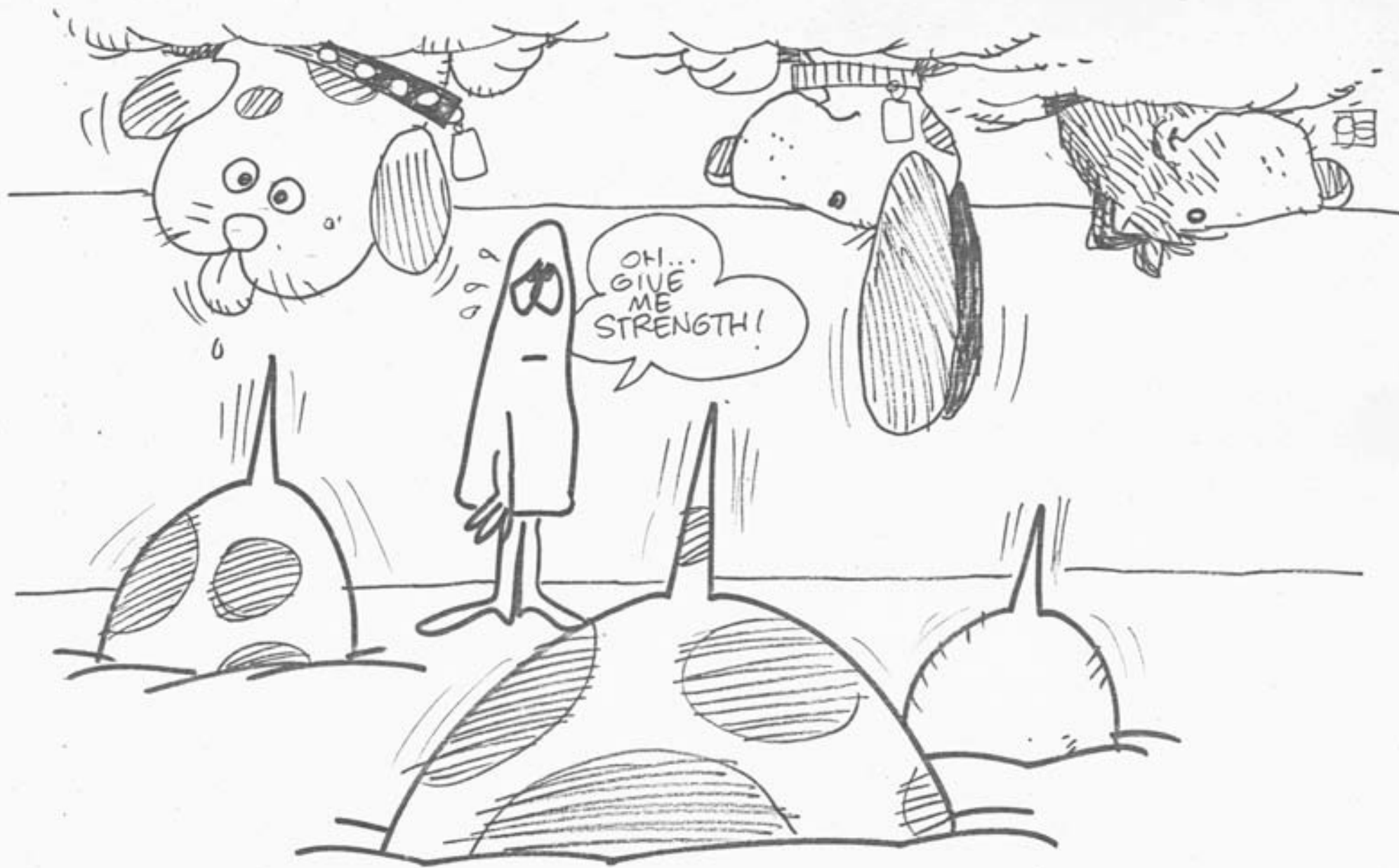
OUT!

**OUT!**

**OUT!**

STEREO!











-----  
Gender of mind and gender of body are sometimes misdealt.  
-----



-----  
So often, lies are easier to believe than the truth. They are often more plausible, and certainly more like what we want to hear.  
-----

Norman Spinrad was in town recently and we had dinner together. Going and coming to the restaurant we passed through the Hollywood High section of Sunset Blvd...and I have never seen more hookers on the street in my life!

Across the street from HH is a line of motels. Of these later years these have become hot bed hotels. The hookers are about one-third black, 90% young, and about half-pretty. You see black pimps parked on the north side, across from the motels, in their Cads & Continentals and a few Buicks. Lots of cleavage and shorts on the hookers and no cops. At least that night. The Hollywood merchants are making a big stink--which moved a lot of them off Hollywood Blvd, and the male hookers off Las Palmas & Selma (a block south of H'wood and a block north of Sunset) but they are still around.

But so many--!

-----  
The world of the future I see coming will be composed solely of experts, whores, the cheapest and most common of labor, mothers, and of course, lawyers.  
-----

THE DAN STEFFAN-WILLIAM ROTSLER PORTFOLIO is a by-product of all those Cartoon Jam sessions, although these were done by mail, with me doing the set-up and Dan the finishes. I especially like the one above, because he "made" the gag with minimum effort--the engraving.

-----  
"Imitation is the sincerest form of money-making." (Evan Hayworth)  
-----

-----  
In Isaac Asimov's Book of Facts he has a bit that shows, once again,  
that my lack of a sense of smell makes me the mutant of the future:

"Most people by the age of sixty have lost 50 percent of their taste  
buds and 40 percent of their ability to smell."



"In the beginning  
there was void,  
then I created  
Harlan Ellison..."

"Fred's hitting  
the booze  
again."

"I know, but  
he just read 3  
Dick novels..."



-----  
You only have enough money when you can consider it unimportant.  
-----

JUST WHO READS KTEIC, ANYWAY?

25 pro writers; one pro writer & teacher; one pro writer and  
office worker; one pro writer & housewife. Six housewives. One probation  
officer. 13 office workers (loosely lumped). One antique dealer, one gas  
company (maybe water company) worker. One movie critic, one teacher,  
one photographer, one pro tennis player, and the World's Most Famous Figure  
Model. One bookseller, one musician, nine artists ~~and a partridge in a tree~~.

One each: real estate salesman, computer type, bureaucrat, typeset-  
ter, and architect/cartoonist. Two scientists. Two medical personnel.  
A strange lot, to be sure.

-----  
Everyone is a little afraid they're boring, but the sad thing is that  
the real bores never seem to know.  
-----

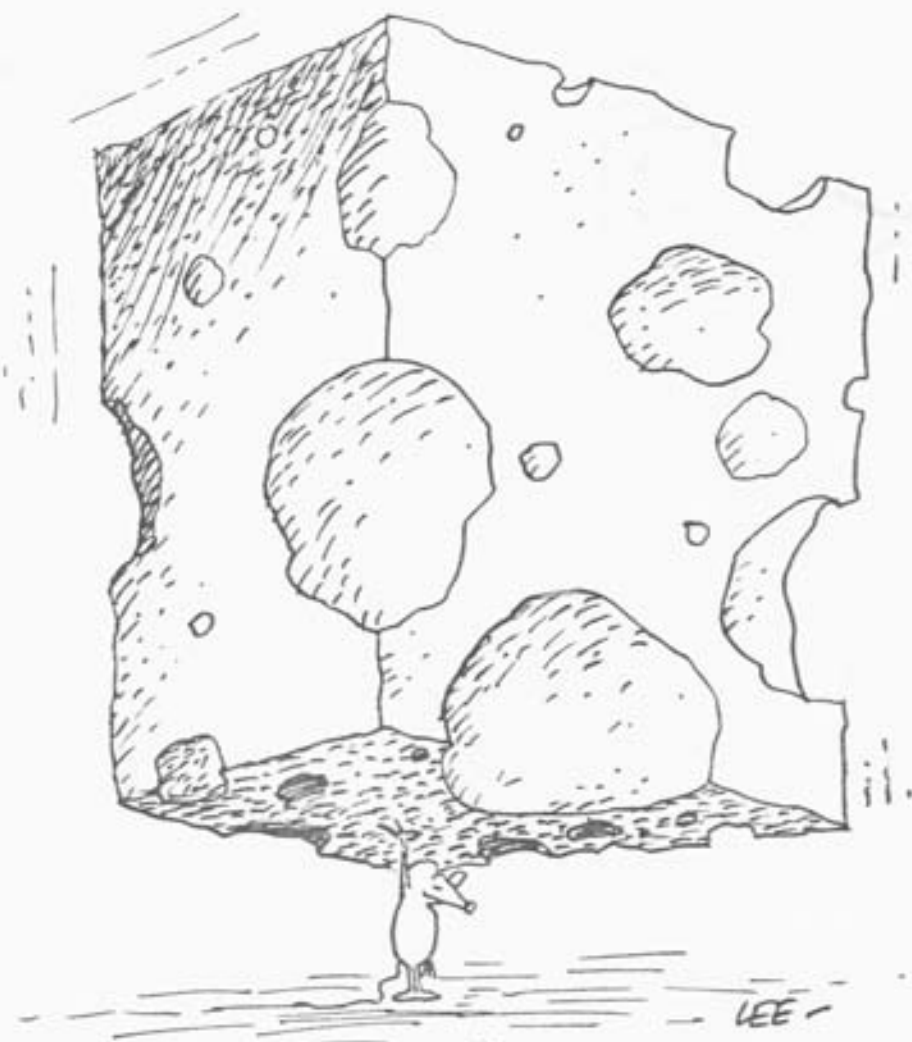
Remember the phone calls I got at all hours, for Emir, who had  
this number before? I don't get as many as I did, but just now the phone  
rang. "May I speak to Emir?" "He no longer has this number." "Oh. Do  
you know his number?" "No," I said formly, "I don't have his number."  
Pause. "Do you know where he is?" Pause on my part. "You're a friend?"  
"Yes," he said. "Then I can tell you. You must keep it quiet, though. It  
is a shameful thing he did." Pause. "Oh?" "Yes, he was caught with a  
chicken." "Oh?" "Yes...a kosher chicken." "Ahh..." As if that explained  
it. Good luck, Emir, wherever you are.

-----  
There are no foolish questions, only needless ones. Questions are  
not only an admission of ignorance, but a demonstration of  
intelligence.  
-----

-----  
America the Beautiful has become America the Bedraggled.  
pick up that trash!  
-----



-----  
Mankind is either too cunning for this world or not nearly intelligent  
enough; both conditions forecast doom.  
-----



"VITAMINS."

Lee Marrs was sitting next to me at the Comic-Con at one point and saw all my "carved rock" drawings and did the above in response.

-----  
Without its unpredictable qualities life would be intolerable.  
-----

RICHARD V. GRANT writes about Morgan le Fey perhaps being the Wicked Witch in Snow White, the Rebecca in Ivanhoe, the funny paper Broomhilda, or even Tinkerbelle in Peter Pan. "It's just a matter of what author you read," he says. "Modern literature recognizes conflicts within the individual. On the other hand Morgan was evil in Christian stories because she had been good in pre-Christian stories. She is generally considered a temptress, but that draws admiration or contempt from different authors." Commonly, the Christian church converted local gods & characters to "saints" and when they couldn't, they condemned them.

-----  
All the collected science and wisdom of man is set to shame by the simplest cell or a blade of the commonest grass.  
-----

-----  
The trouble is, we only hear of those radical new theories that were at first ridiculed and then proven true. What of all those theories that proved false? Not all new ideas are true--they are just new ideas.  
-----



1 Aug 81 I got my car washed today. I had to--there was blood all over it.

Went to the Broadway shopping mall in Santa Monica today, parked in the big concrete parking structure, walked into the Mall past the Santa Monica Bank (which advertises as "The Last Bank Before Hawaii") and bought a new suitcase & a mattress cover.

Coming out, going into the parking facility I noticed a young man, 18-20, blonde and quite tall, between cars about where I was parked. Thought he was at the car past mine, but as I got closer I saw he was taller than I thought... and trying to get into my VW Rabbit.

Now we've all made mistakes and started to get into the wrong car, so I wanted to be certain. He was glancing up at me from time to time, then down at the lock. I checked my

license number. Right car. I set down the suitcase at the rear bumper of the next car, as if I were going to put it in, then double-checked that the interior of my car was indeed my car. I did not want any embarrassing incidents. The guy grinned at me, said, "I've been having trouble with this lock." I grinned back, casually, as I edged between my car & the other one, said, "Sure you got the right car?" He gave a little laugh, said, "Oh, yeah." Then I noticed he had an extraordinarily large ring of keys. All doubt was gone.

I wedged past, to set the mattress cover package on the right fender of the other car, pretended to fumble for my keys. When he looked down at the lock again, I rammed his head into the top of my car with both hands. Blood sprayed all over the roof and ran into the rain gutter.

The guy (who was about 6'4" or better) went "Uhhhh," and folded up, banging back and forth between the cars to stretch out on the concrete. He lay there, going, "Uh, uh...oh..." and holding his face. I feel certain I broke his nose, if not his face.

I looked around. Nobody. No one coming in. I waited a few moments, hoping to send someone for the cops, but nothing. I forgot about the ring of keys, I forgot about the baseball bat behind the seat. He looked

like he wasn't going anywhere, so I went a hundred feet or so back into the Mall. Couldn't find a security man. None in sight. Finally a saleswoman called for security and I went back outside.

No bad guy. No key ring. Good deal of blood. So after giving name, etc. I went and got the car washed. The funny thing was, even with blood sprayed all across the roof and droplets and rivulets down the window, no one said a thing.

End of report. This is Johnny Dollar. (Olde time reference; you young punks will never understand. Actually, it's "Yours truly, Johnny Dollar.")

---

Blacks, as a rule, exercise the worst of taste with the greatest of style.

---

At the CAPS banquet the night of the above event I was sitting at a table with Sharman, Larry Niven, Gary & Arleta Owens, Karl Hubenthal & his wife, and Ron Harris & we got to discussing old movie serials, radio shows, etc. and Gary was talking about the feeling of justice done, etc. It was the perfect segue to this story above, for I did rather feel I was dispensing justice, however rough.

I also found Gary Owens was "into" survivalist thinking, which I must say surprised me. # Huebenthal (or Hubenthal, I dunno) is a Big Time Political Cartoonist, looks a bit like a likable Fletcher Pratt, no, de Camp.

---

Friendships rust without the polish of use.

---

You may have noticed--there are more (ho-ho) "serious" drawings in this issue that perhaps I've printed before. I don't know why, exactly. Guess I'm in the mood. Part of it comes from the new Pentel pen the representative gave us at the last CAPS meeting. Nice slightly flexible point, fine point, and I moved effortlessly into my "carved rock" phase. (Historians, take note.)

It's pretty usual for me to go into some "phase" or idea and wring it dry before I move on. Often it surfaces years later (if evidently only to me) in some other "phase." If I drew perspective on the damn things (like the cover) I'd have t-em look more "engineered" but on the other hand I am the Macho Cartoonist, drawing without a pencilling first.

There is nothing like drawing. It's so free. Unlike paint, even watercolor, it just can go. Noodling with blobs of clay would be the 3D version, I guess. It's fast, casual. You don't have to feel you are doing anything Signifixant and so your pressures are off. If it doesn't work out, so what. Little time, almost no resources lost. If it works, you can scale it up into whatever--more elaborate drawing, painting, sculpture, house, starship, etc. (I'd like to see a book on the original form certain things took, the first time they were visualized--i.e. the envelope Lincoln scribbled the Gettysburg address on.)

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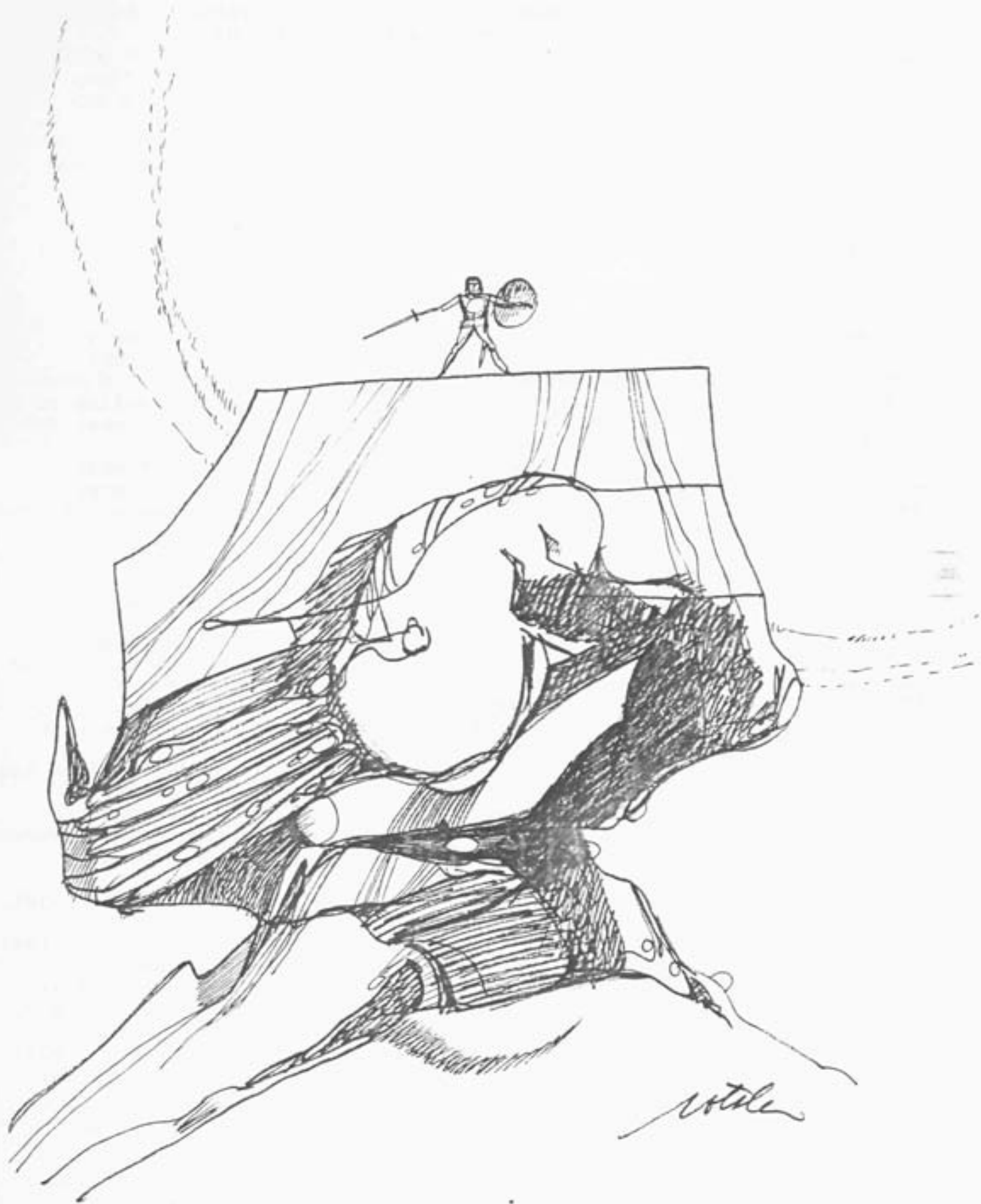
Everyone harbors some kind of grudge or resentment, no matter how small or how irrational.

---

---

Second mates are often like the first, only different.

---





-----  
"I was not being myself" is usually said about when they were. (wr)  
-----

PART OF A LETTER FROM KATHLEEN SKY-GOLDIN

As to your comments on the Michael book. I know I cut you off rather quickly at Fantasy Faire on the subject, but I had a good friend destroyed by the overuse of the Ouija board and scrying mirror, and I'm afraid my instant reaction is one of horror.

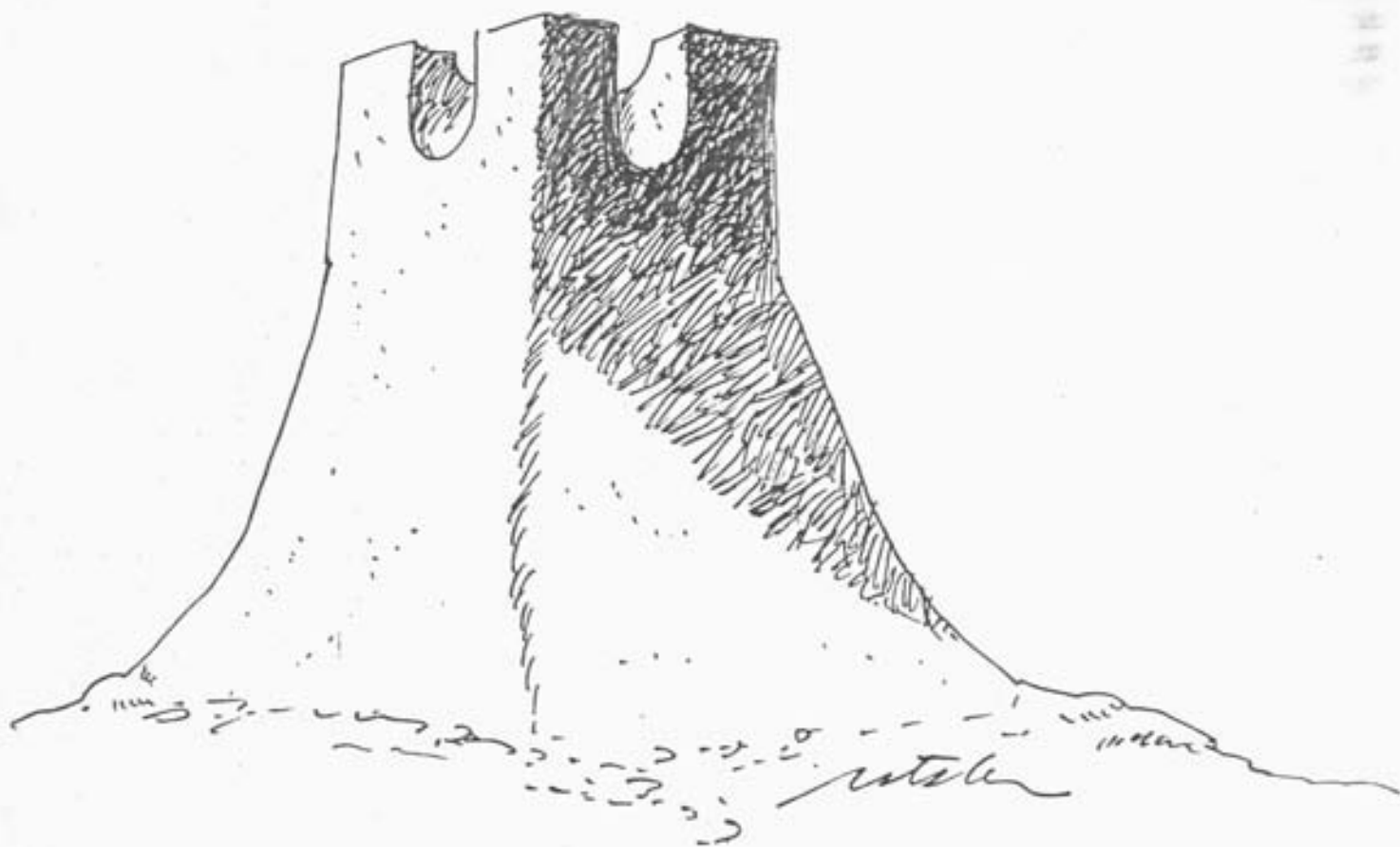
There is a fascination to looking into something beyond ourselves that is very tempting, but you can look so far into it that you fall in and never find yourself again. And to watch my friend destroy herself (to the point of cruising the streets in an attempt to get back a part of herself through sexual encounters) was a thing I will never forget. So you can see why I'm none too keen on the subject.

Now I'll try to be objective and say something about what I think of your experience. To quote a learned friend, "Magic is only science we don't understand yet." I don't feel that things like Michael stem from some sort of booga-booga magical mystical place. The human mind is a marvel we do not fully understand. Just because we can pin a label on something and call it the "subconscious" doesn't mean we know diddly squat about it. I have seen too many incredible things take place with the Tarot, scrying mirror, Ouija, etc., to be a total nonbeliever. I do believe in telepathy being possible under these circumstances, and a very unusual rapport being set up between the querent and the reader. But I am not sure I believe in life after death. That is another sticking point in the Michael book for me. I was brought up not believing in immortality, and I have yet to see anything to change my mind. I have, however, been near some very unquiet graves... I wonder if part of one's self can be buried with someone one loves deeply, and that part stays in the grave grieving forever....

Did you find that the spirit fragment could spell better/worse than you could? When I tried the Ouija board myself I found that it couldn't spell any better than I could. Made me a bit suspicious, although the person I was with assured me that messages did come through badly from the "other side." Reminds me too much of the story Harry Golden tells about trying to contact his uncle, but got George Washington instead. It was all very impressive, but he couldn't help wondering if his uncle's inability to speak anything but Yiddish was a problem for the gentile medium.

So I guess what I want to say with all this is: anything is possible, we simply don't have enough answers to a lot of questions. But don't get too wrapped up in this to the point where you lose your soul. We need the real Bill Rotsler around for more than just Kteic and fumetti, you know....

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There is no feeling quite like being well into a book and discovering you've read it before.  
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Having a thought is easy enough; keeping it clearly in mind, long enough to examine and clarify and expand is the difficult part.



Masks always slip:  
what you are will show, whether it is good or bad.

More books are taken to bed than passionate partners.

The world is changing so fast these days that tomorrow arrives before we are finished with today and still have business with yesterday.

Last week Sharman had an article on her as a mechanic in the Daily News, with a photo of her that was beautiful. Naturally she started getting calls from all sorts of people, from CBS News to weirdos. Almost the first call was from an obscene caller. After he did all the usual stuff of wanted to eat her out, etc., she said (I guess thinking it might be a joke by a friend), "Do I know you?" He said no and she asked, "Well, who are you?" "Mark Fisher," he responded. Sharman did not think he had much future as an obscene caller.

She continued to get calls until today, when she got a call from an older man named Andy, who said he was a homosexual. "Many years I went the way of homosexuality," he said, but that if he had seen her earlier "I'd never have wanted another man." Sharman thanked him, hung up and immediately called the phone company. She now has a new number, so if you want to talk to her & she hasn't gotten around to informing you, ask me.

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Everyone has one or more keys that doesn't fit anything.

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MORE FROM KATHLEEN SKY-GOLDIN

Found the following quotes in L.A. Weekly. No names attached to most of them; guess anonymous did it again.

Capitalism is the opiate of the bankers.  
Marxism is the opiate of the intellectuals.

If looks could kill, they probably would.

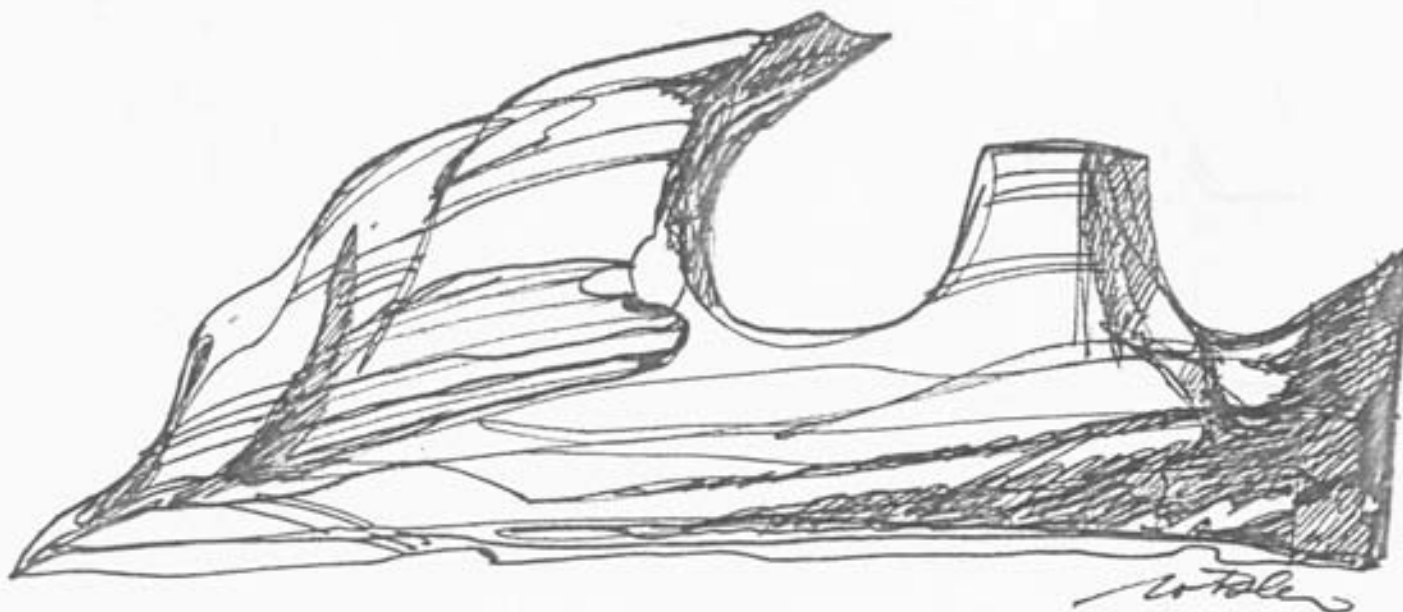
Real estate is to the 80s what drugs were to the 60s.

To say that a complete human being exists at conception is like saying that the Bible was a fully complete book the moment someone thought of the phrase "In the beginning...."

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The writers of inscriptions, eppitaphs and plaques are not bound by oaths of truths...nor are historians.

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You can excuse yourself from anything if you say you have to go to the bathroom.

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3 Aug 81: Last night I saw a director's cut of VICE SQUAD. This is without music/effects/titles and is a kind of first draft. They want me to do the novelization. This is unique in that it's the first time I've seen the movie before doing the book; though I did see the MR MERLIN pilot. Good money, too. But still only a "job of work," as Silverberg says of such things.

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Faith is not lost in one mighty moment, one supreme revelatory experience, but it is lost in moments, bits lost and pieces forgotten or ignored.

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## Why There Are No Dinosaurs Today

As I believe you must know by now, after the monthly meeting of the Comic Art Professional Society (CAPS) we go to Canter's a block up the street and six to ten or twelve of us talk and laugh...and draw. This, to me, the generally the best part of the meeting. I have learned to take lots of paper along (or they will draw on napkins, a most unresponsive medium). Sometimes the drawings fall into a theme--purely by accident--and some of the best drawings this time were about Sergio Aragonès as our new El Presidente...and about how the dinosaurs disappeared. Above is one of Sergio's suggestions. Then Bil Stout's (who has this beautiful Dinosaur book coming out) and then another of Sergio's.

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We forgive ourselves so easily and so quickly, but forgiving others  
is slow and difficult.

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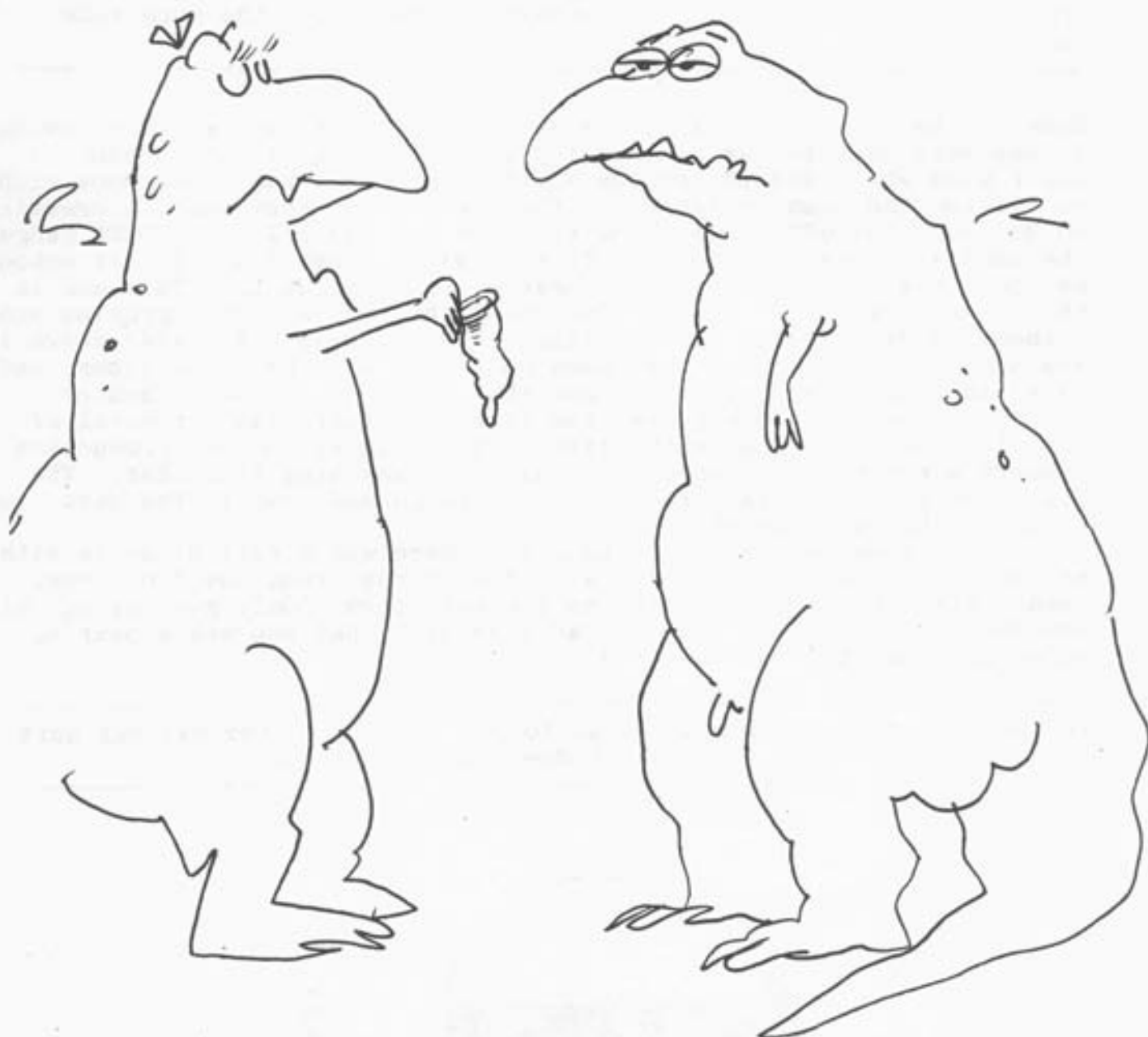


DINOSAURS ENJOYING SUPERNOVA



HOW

MAMMALS BECAME  
SUCCESSFUL



Good hardware stores are seductive.

14 Aug 81 I went a banaanananas today, buying a Big Fancy New VTR because my old one had to go to the shop. Bought a radio, too, to listen to music whilst writing words to pay for the radio, etc. Had lunch with a Commander, LAPD, who told me all kindsa stuff about LA vice, whores, pimps, etc which I promptly went home and put into the Vice Squad novelization, finishing it up. Came out undoubtedly the nastiest book I've ever done. Hardly anyone in it is sympathetic and if they are even a little bit, they get beaten, killed or fucked over. (That was in the script, y'see.) I may take days before I stop writing/talking like a muthafuckin' pimp, y'hear, bitch?

Pianos are the only instruments that come with locks. Fair warning.

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Democracy and government would seem foreign to a Latin. Power and class distinction they understand, along with the uses and mis-uses of power. Not understanding organization once they accept the form they embrace it fanatically, without understanding the substance and reason.

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Some of the rather abstract drawings you will see here & in following issues were done in the dark during the screening of VICE SQUAD. I don't know why I did it; reflex action maybe as I had a notebook with me. I touched them up later, in the light. But they were interesting to do, bouncing off images from the film. I did all those DUFF badges the same way, really, watching TV & drawing. When I was in art school we sometimes went to the Mayan Theater, in downtown LA. This was in the "grand tradition" of big time movies houses, ala the Egyptian and Chinese in decor. But it had fallen on hard times. In later years it was a church--which must have been odd, with all the Mayan decor, and they had elephants in it, too, get that. Now it's a porn theater.

But in those years, the late 40s, there was a revival of the old time burlesque, with skits, chorus lines, comics, production numbers & everything. None of us had seen anything like that. The bodies were spectacular, too. We used to go and draw in the dark. Or at least that was our excuse.

When we first started going there was a tall brunette with enormous breasts in the back row of the chorus, then the front row, then a stripper, then featured as Tempest Storm. (Only guys my age will remember her, although I saw an ad somewhere that she was appearing today...she must be 53-55 now.)

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It takes as much skill and talent to get rid of a lover without hurt as it does to acquire one.

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# MR. MERLIN

Episode 1  
By William Rotsler



Rotsler

MR. MERLIN Episode 2

Wanderer

# MR. MERLIN

Episode 2  
By William Rotsler



When things don't add up you don't have enough things to add up.

## THE REAL TARZAN THE APE MAN



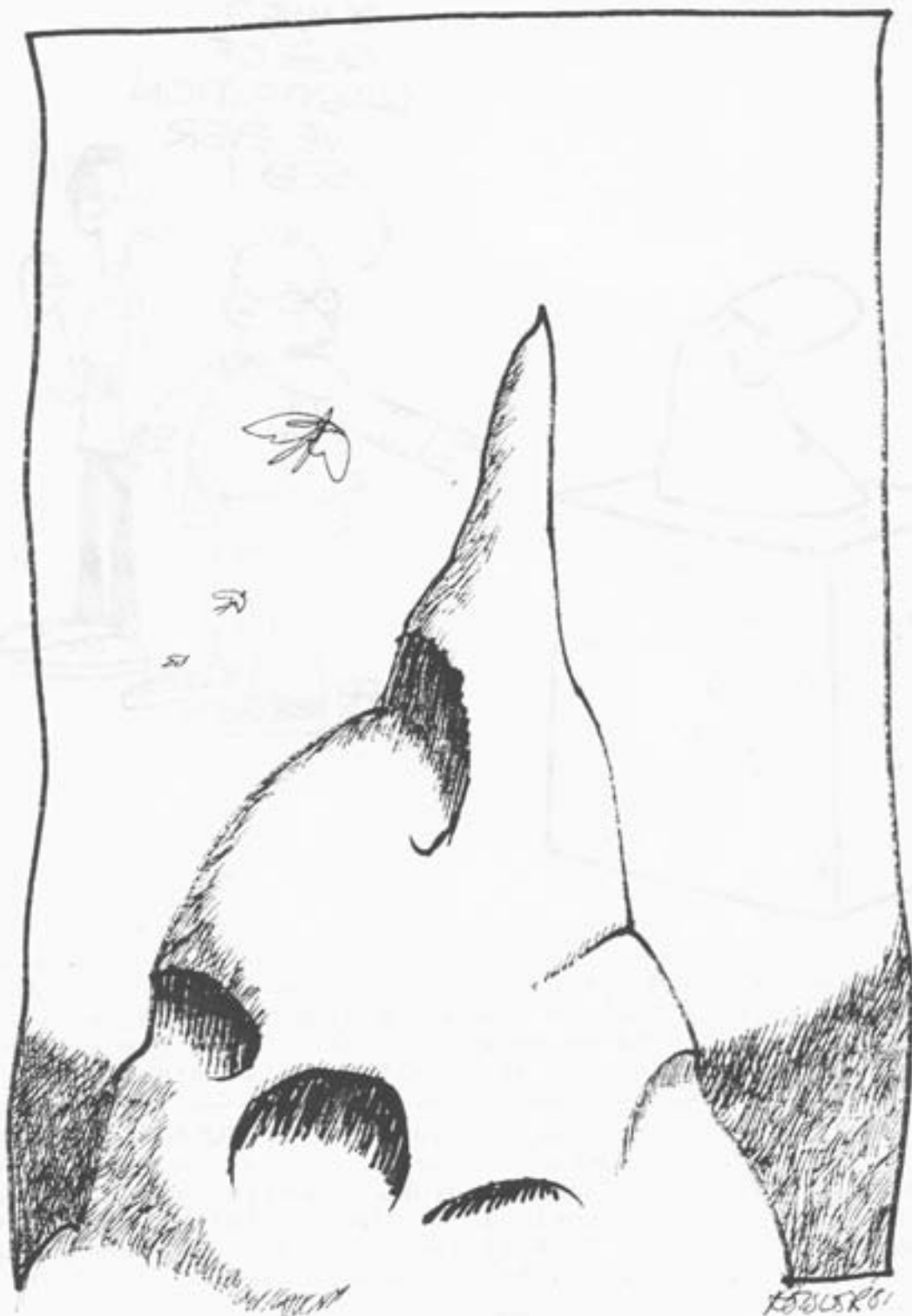
We fear helplessness the most. A common theme in nightmares is not being able to move. Involuntary inaction is frustration and threatens survival.

MR. MERLIN As you can see from the covers, they were thrown together. The cover for #1 barely makes sense if you've read the book or seen the pilot. I didn't even recognize the kids. Really a stupid cover. The "symbol" for the show is the ca-ved chair with the conical hat on it...yes, that is what is in the BG of #2. What do publishers think of? Even without photos they could have done something better than either, like a "cute" drawing of the chair 'n' hat. What am I worried about? I don't get more money, no matter how they sell. But my name is on 'em, dammit. And I hate waste. The editor tells me they plan to re-do #1's cover. Since it is printed, I doubt it. On the other hand, if they do, I have a collector's item.

The first atomic war will be the first war in which courage will play almost no role. No one will have the time to be courageous. The courage comes before, in preventing the first atomic war--which could also be the last. (The one after that, of course, will be fought with clubs.)



The trick of writing a good epigram is knowing when to stop your thought and ignore exceptions.



The lives we see lived out on television are more dramatic, more exciting than our own. We do not see the smoothing, the careful editing of reality, the selection. These are professional lives, lived expertly. Nothing like ours at all, which are first-draft and without rehearsal.

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Gods recognize devils and devils know gods, but man can seldom tell  
the difference.  
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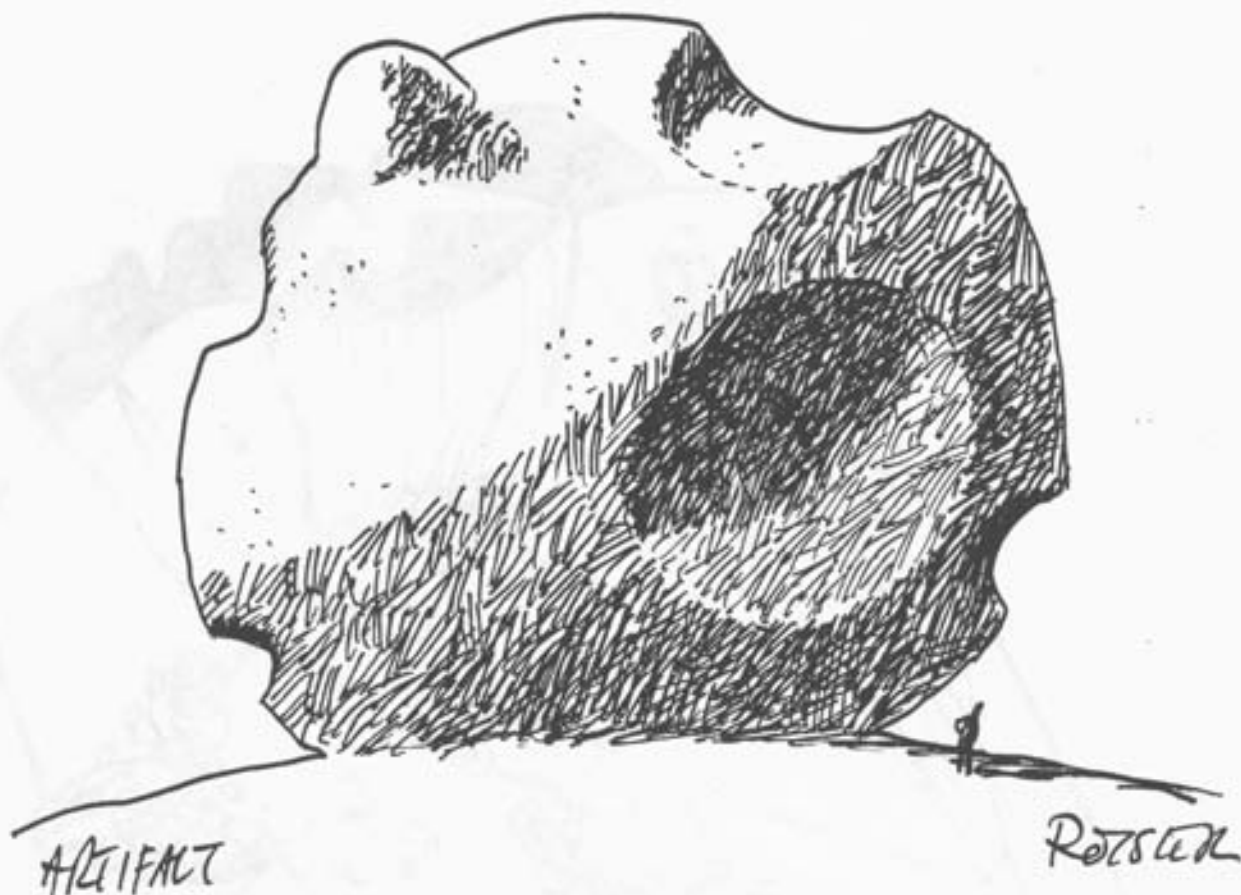
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Time will narrow the distance between computers and the human mind until--perhaps--they will be indistinguishable. They will either become separate and perhaps equal, or one will be the extension of the other. The question is, which will be the extension?  
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15 Aug 81 I finished the novelization on VICE SQUAD today, complete with a huge glossary on terms. This has been a really nasty book to do--blood, sadism, pimps, hookers, etc. Gave me a chance to "show off" my knowledge of the seamier side of life and Hollywood. Did a little Tuckerizing, not much. Put every damn hooker story I could find in it. Or knew. Weird, weird world.  
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The Present, not the nanosecond or the picosecond, is the shortest period of time we can measure. Everything else is either Past or Future. And yet we live eternally in that Present.  
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The source of compulsion for collectors is buried far deeper than they ever suspect.  
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An evil nature is easier to hide than a generous one.  
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"A motto is a smug epigram."  
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(Charles Cropsey)

*KTEIC*

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You must be somebody to someone to be anyone.  
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People hate change, except in very small, very slow increments. But once the change is accepted it becomes part of the concrete reality which must now resist further change.  
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All artists think they are not appreciated; even when they are adored and given position, money, power and prestige they think it is for wrong reasons.  
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