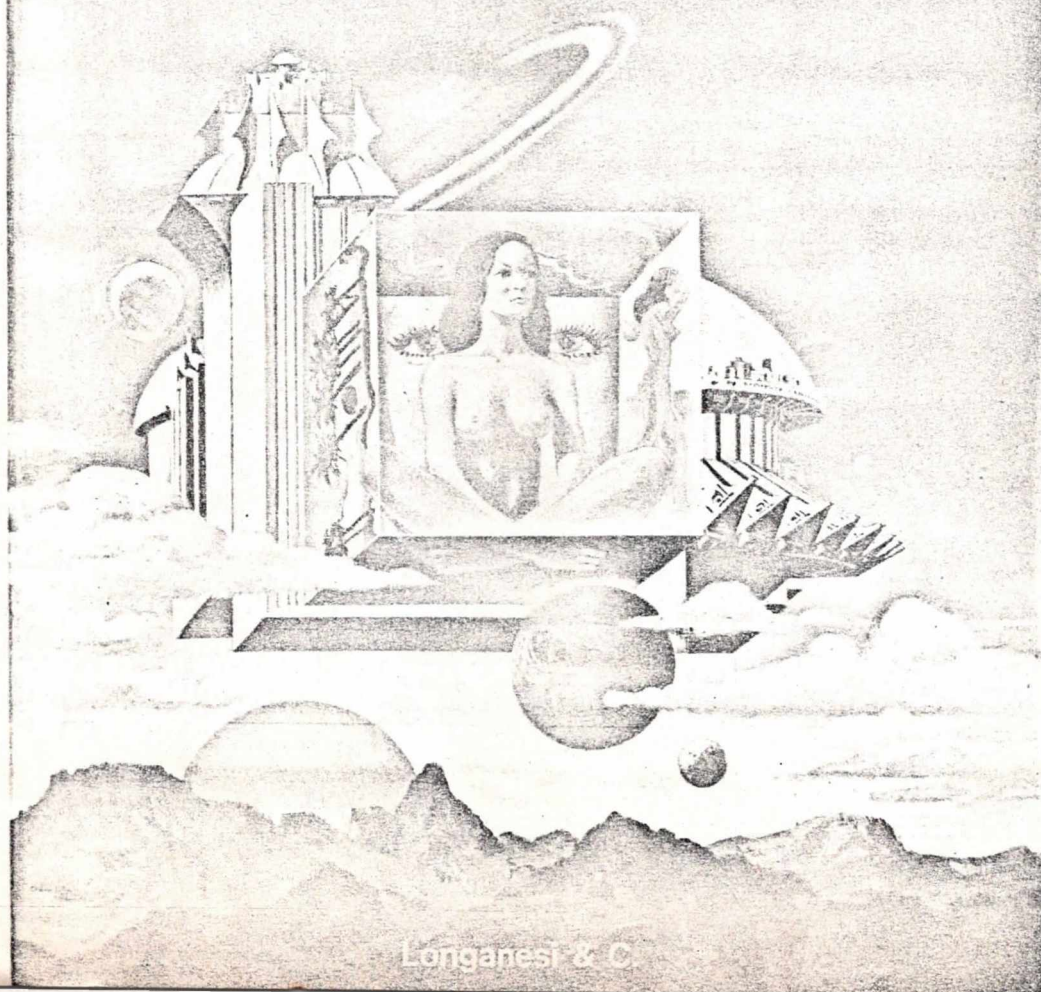


1977

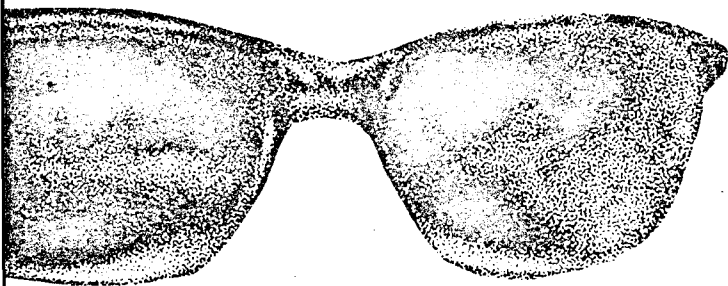
BECAUSE OF THE FOLLOWING FANZINE,
HYPHEN, GRUE AND ACOLYTE
WILL NOT BE READ TONIGHT
BUT WILL RETURN NEXT ALTERNATE TIMELINE
AT THIS SAME TIME

KLEIG MAGAZINE

WILLIAM ROTSLER IL PATRONO DELLE ARTI



Longanesi & C.



KTEIC MAGAZINE, the letter substitute that brings you all the trivia you'll ever need!

+++++

11 Apr 77 Last week I attended a memorial service for Eve Meyer, who was killed in the big KLM/Pan Am crash in the Canary Islands. Some of you might remember her as the big pin-up queen of the Fifties. She was a great, interesting, lusty lady with a business head that made her ex-husband, Russ Meyer, a fortune. She was ~~also~~ married to Chris Warfield, a friend of mine with whom I made moom pitchurs at one time. The service had 99% of everyone in the sexploitation film biz on the West Coast. I did cartoons during the service.

Saw "Two Minute Warning" the other night and wonder if it was the same picture the critics saw. Sometimes I wonder. Was pretty good, as a gimmicky suspense film. Saw "Demon Seed" a couple of nights later--excellent. Never read Koontz's book so don't know how true to the words it was but the graphics were SUPERB, as good as "2001" though different in "scale." And Julie Christie has got to be considered for an Oscar nomination next year.

"It became clear to me early on that I was the only person in the room who had been understanding all the in-jokes I had been telling all night.
(David Gerrold)

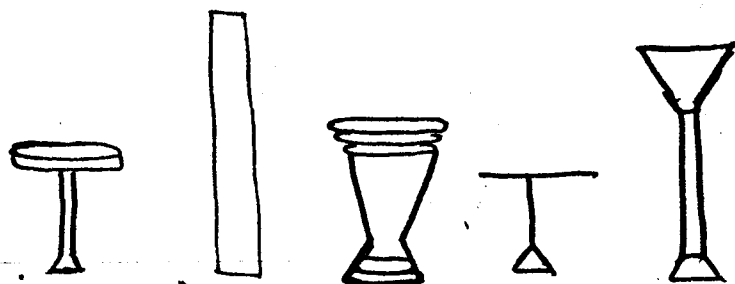
IF DAVID GERROLD CAN DO IT, SO CAN YOU! I received 8 good lines from David today, plus a couple in the PO the other morning, where we often meet. The one quoted above I don't think I can use, but there's an epigram in there somewhere. His line I liked best was, "The universe does not give first warnings." Somewhere else in this issue you'll also find some of his "Laws."

So are you going to let David Gerrold beat you out in the Send-Quotes-To-Rotsler Sweepstakes? No, of course you're not.

"A culture is only as good as its clichés."

(DG)

Rent A Pedestal 50¢/hr
does your loved one deserve
Less?

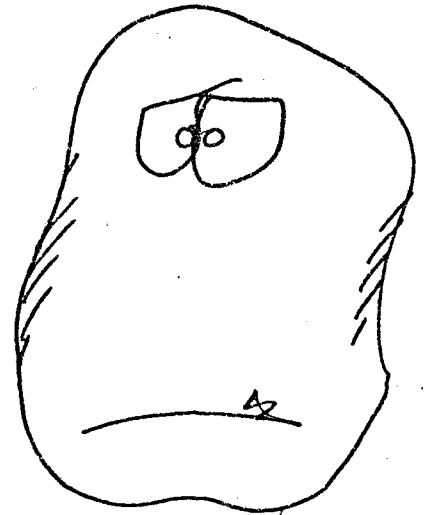


Last issue I mentioned going to an open house at the Los Angeles Museum of Natural History, going backstage (so to speak) and talking to people. I don't remember if I mentioned Dr. Charles L. Hogue. He is compiling any sort of fiction involving bugs. Since much of this is science fiction he would appreciate any listings of stories or books in which bugs (alien, Terrestrial, etc) are mentioned. Particularly those where bugs are featured.

He is Senior Curator of Entomology, Museum of Natural History, 900 Exposition Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90007.

I mentioned this at a LASFS meeting and already two people said they had sent lists. Mention me.

CONAN (A license plate I saw today...)



I'm a lump. I have no future...only ultimate lumphood. I think I'll publish a one-shot.

The three laws of Infernal Dynamics

An object in motion will always be headed in the wrong direction.

An object at rest will always be in the wrong place.

The energy necessary to change either of these states is always more than you wish to expend, but never so much as to be totally impractical.

(David Gerrold)

"It isn't what you should want to do, that you should do; it is what you should do, that you should want to do." (Ron Vogel, photographer)

By golly, I'm getting a response to my requests and I only sent out about 2-3 dozen (separately from Kteic). Norman Corwin (remember him in radio?) called to say he was going to dig out some, too.

Forgot to mention we saw SLAP SHOT with 2-MIN.WARNING and once again I wonder about critics, who raked this one over for the strong language. I guess they had never been around people who are either (1) an all-male group; (2) people involved in physical action & danger. It seemed appropriate and the film was interesting, but not great; worth seeing, I guess. (That is known as "mixed reviews.")

Sharman has been taking belly dancing lessons for some weeks and is starting to firm up the ol' bod and to create her costume. We also put her 10-speed together and she'll do some pedaling around; getting a rack for her unripe VW so she can drive to better places & bike there.

"Typos are a sign of technological involvement...or maybe terminal clumsiness." (And does Kteic have them!) WR

REMEMBER: DON SIMPSON FOR A HUGO AND SAVE YOUR PLASTIC!

"Why isn't there a Book of Judas in the Bible? He was the only really literate one of that group."

(Sharman DiVono)

13 Apr 77 Forry Ackerman and Ray Nelson sent quotes, but most of Ray's required extensive background or explanation. I don't want stories, folks, or fannish-type catch-phrases that need additional information. But send me anything & let me filter the goodies out.

"I'll never experience death. Either I'll be elsewhere or nowhere."

(Ray Nelson)

14 Apr 77 Today brought more response to my Q-Bk request, from Bob Bloch, Charles Cropsey and 4E once again.

Harlan: did you say, "Sci-fi: the sound of two crickets screwing"? It was an Ackerman submission.

Bloch gave one that I can't use, but it's funny. Rick Baker was the guy that was in the King Kong suit and was grumpy because he didn't get a special effects award himself.

"Rick Baker Died For Our Sins"

"Koreans: the Polacks of the Orient."

(Ann O Nymous)

SHARMAN IS WORTH HER WEIGHT IN ROYALTY CHECKS AND OTHER STORIES

She really is valuable to me in the writing biz; quite perceptive and analytical. Often puts her finger on what's wrong or where to go from here. She says that she picks up clues from what I've written or draws deductions from these things (a lot of them are unconscious on my part) and makes suggestions which have always proved valuable. Whenever I'm stuck I get her to read from where she left off to the stopping point & she always helps. Good on Sharman.

Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger arrived unexpectedly with a batch of review books today (no previous announcement even) and I found my request to take off "John Ryder Hall" and put on my name didn't get through channels. Cover looks misprinted, as they tried for a white border at left & bottom with projections into it to give the illusion of depth, but it just looks as if they missed the page. Oh, well...

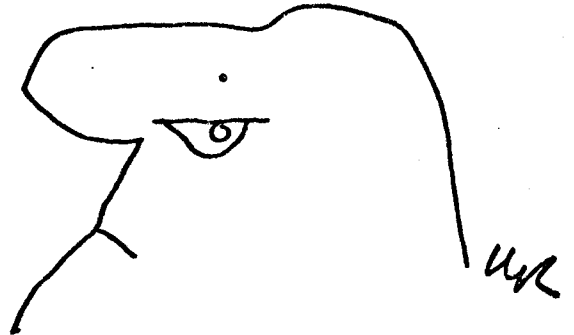
A rather bizarre thing is going on in Sharman's career right now and I'll pass it on when there's a "finish" to it.

"So far all wars have been civil wats; they've all been between human beings. (Relatively speaking, I mean.)"

(Andrew J. Offutt)

J'EVER GET
THE FEELING
EVERYTHING
IS UNREAL BUT
YOU?

BUT WHY
AM I TALKING
TO NOTHING?



"Everything you know is out-of-date." (Willie Meehan)

18 Apr 77 Mark Evanier wins this week's Quotebook award (a putty medal) because he sent in 2½ pages of single-spaced quotes. (Only 2 dupes I already had, one rejection, and one so-so.) Good On Mark! Forrest J No Dot Ackerman also continyes a barrage of quote-laden post cards. I love it!

"In Beverly Hills, when two cars come to a four-way stop, the most expensive car has the right-of-way." (Evanier)

Also today came the notice (this is ProNews) that my Italian sale of TO THE LAND OF THE ELECTRIC ANGEL is cancelled because "the Italian government is making it virtually impossible for small houses to transfer money out of Italy." Drat.

"It's not easy being half Jewish. On Chanukah, I have to light four candles." (Evanier)

"Jewish women don't fuck back." (Mel Brooks)

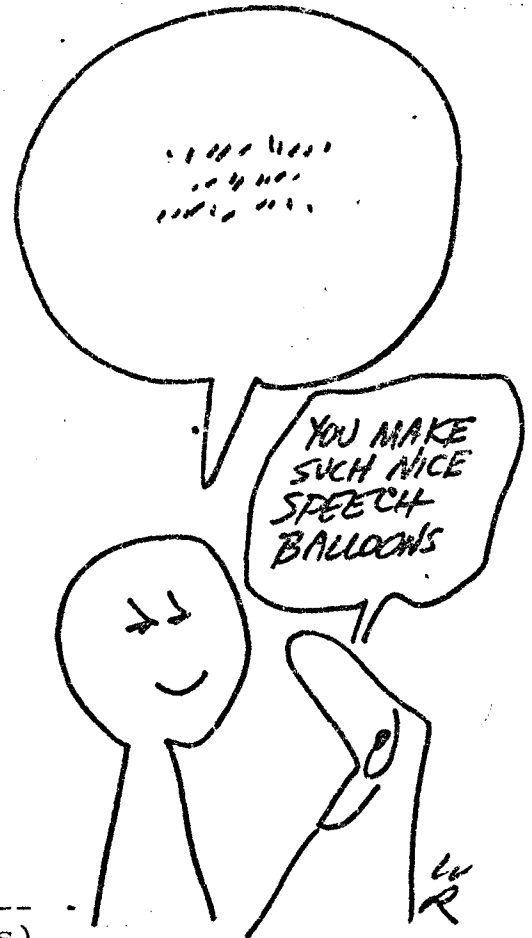
ROTSLER GOES UNDER Rusty Hevelin called me last night to say I had won 19 Apr 77 DUFF by some huge lead. So now I go Down Under come July. That month looks busy--if we can make Vancouver for the Westercon--then San Diego for Comicon, then immediately to Australia Do Not Pass Go Zip. Thank you, whoever voted. # The other night Sharman accidentally jabbed me in the genitals, then exclaimed, "When you don't have one you forget about it!" # Cards & letterd still coming in on Quotebook, I'm happy to say; two today from andy offutt.

"I don't want to play golf with him. When I want to play with a prick, I'll play with my own." (W.C.Fields via M. Evanier)

By the way, QUOTEBOOK has swolled to fill quite a few large 3-hole binders: the original is 16 binders (each about ½ to ¾ full), with the Xeroxes of those--the mss. that will go to the publisher filling 12 binders about half to 2/3 full; plus 2 binders just for setting-up. (Easier to sort things out by putting them into 2 binders filled with just dividers, one for each category). The reason for the difference between the original & the Xerox is that I cut & paste and the original sheets are thicker, two, sometimes three layers thick.

"Quicksand: Terra but not firma."

(Frank A. Coe)



"You're a handsome gentleman, you are," she whispered in awe. The beetle answered with a low growl.

"Handsome, anyway," she added, drawing back her hand.

Ray Nelson, Blake's Progress



(Terry Jeeves cartoon from KARASS)

"Every political group has its idiot element. If you can't find the idiot element in your political group, you're it!" (Mark Evanier)

20 Apr 77 Ms. Sherry Gottlieb just called to say she'll be sending stuff for Q-BK and that's she's been sick and that Bob Silverberg sold Dying Inside to Alan Arkin. "Why couldn't all that money go to a starving writer?" I asked, then quickly added, "Because a starving writer didn't write it!" I mentioned that Sinbad was out and Sherry said, "You've got to go back to writing them before they become movies!"

"Adultery is grounds for divorce in every state except California where it's usually grounds for marriage." (Mark Evanier)

21 Apr 77 Sharman has been working off and on (mostly off) on a s-f story, but had gotten stuck. We were talking it over and came up with a trader race that knows the humans and this other race, and is trying to get them together. I said, "Boy, have I got a race for you!" would be a good line.

"...he is to acting what Broderick Crawford is to ballet." (Evanier)

KNOW ANY GOOD PUT-DOWNS? I'm compiling an article, maybe two, on good put-downs. Fans are so good at this that I thought I'd ask. Another article-in-progress is EMBARRASSING MOMENTS. Some of you might remember I did one on my most embarrasing sexual moments, then at a dinner in SF with Spinrad/Silverberg/Vincene/Marta I got a lot more. Well, I'm asking again. Any good stories?

gimmee, gimmee, gimmee...

11 MOVIE—Thriller BW
"From Hell It Came" (1957) A monster tree stump menaces a research team. Tod Andrews. (2 hrs.)

"I tell you, you're barking up the wrong monster!"

The Nightmare Life Without Fuel

Americans are so used to limitless energy supplies that they can hardly imagine what life might be like when the fuel really starts to run out. So TIME asked Science Writer Isaac Asimov for his vision of an energy-poor society that might exist at the end of the 20th century. The following portrait, Asimov noted, "need not prove to be accurate. It is a picture of the worst, of waste continuing, of oil running out, of nothing in its place, of world population continuing to rise. But then, that could happen, couldn't it?"

So it's 1997, and it's raining, and you'll have to walk to work again. The subways are crowded, and any given train breaks down one morning out of five. The buses are gone, and on a day like today the bicycles slosh and slide. Besides, you have only a mile and a half to go, and you have boots, raincoat and rain hat. And it's not a very cold rain, so why not?

Lucky you have a job in demolition too. It's steady work. Slow and dirty, but steady. The fading structures of a decaying city are the great mineral mines and hardware shops of the nation. Break them down and re-use the parts. Coal is too difficult to dig up and transport to give us energy in the amounts we need, nuclear fission is judged to be too dangerous, the technical breakthrough toward nuclear fusion that we hoped for never took place, and solar batteries are too expensive to maintain on the earth's surface in sufficient quantity.

Anyone older than ten can remember automobiles. They dwindled. At first the price of gasoline climbed—way up. Finally only the well-to-do drove, and that was too clear an indication that they were filthy rich, so any automobile that dared show itself on a city street was overturned and burned. Rationing was introduced to "equalize sacrifice," but every three months the ration was reduced. The cars just vanished and became part of the metal resource.

There are many advantages, if you want to look for them. Our 1997 newspapers continually point them out. The air is cleaner and there seem to be fewer colds. Against most predictions, the crime rate has dropped. With the police car too expensive (and too easy a target), policemen are back on their beats. More important, the streets are full. Legs are king in the cities of 1997, and people walk everywhere far into the night. Even the parks are full, and there is mutual protection in crowds.

If the weather isn't too cold, people sit out front. If it is hot, the open air is the only air conditioning they get. And at least the street lights still burn. Indoors, electricity is scarce, and few people can afford to keep lights burning after supper.

As for the winter—well, it is inconvenient to be cold, with most of what furnace fuel is allowed hoarded for the dawn; but sweaters are popular indoor wear and showers are not an everyday luxury. Lukewarm sponge baths will do, and if the air is not always very fragrant in the human vicinity, the automobile fumes are gone.

There is some consolation in the city that it is worse in the suburbs. The suburbs were born with the auto, lived with the auto, and are dying with the auto. One way out for the suburbanites is to form associations that assign turns to the procurement and distribution of food. Pushcarts creak from house to house along the posh suburban roads, and every bad snowstorm is a disaster. It isn't easy to hoard enough food to last till the roads are open. There is not much in the way of refrigeration except for the snowbanks, and then the dogs must be fought off.

What energy is left cannot be directed into personal comfort. The nation must survive until new energy sources are found, so it is the railroads and subways that are receiving major at-

tention. The railroads must move the coal that is the immediate hope, and the subways can best move the people.

And then, of course, energy must be conserved for agriculture. The great car factories make trucks and farm machinery almost exclusively. We can huddle together when there is a lack of warmth, fan ourselves should there be no cooling breezes, sleep or make love at such times as there is a lack of light—but nothing will for long ameliorate a lack of food. The American population isn't going up much any more, but the food supply must be kept high even though the prices and difficulty of distribution force each American to eat less. Food is needed for export so that we can pay for some trickle of oil and for other resources.

The rest of the world, of course, is not as lucky as we are. Some cynics say that it is the knowledge of this that helps keep America from despair. They're starving out there, because earth's population has continued to go up. The population on earth is 5.5 billion, and outside the United States and Europe, not more than one in five has enough to eat at any given time.

All the statistics point to a rapidly declining rate of population increase, but that is coming about chiefly through a high infant mortality; the first and most helpless victims of starvation are babies, after their mothers have gone dry. A strong current of American opinion, as reflected in the newspapers (some of which still produce their daily eight pages of bad news), holds that it is just as well. It serves to reduce the population, doesn't it?

Others point out that it's more than just starvation. There are those who manage to survive on barely enough to keep the body working, and that proves to be not enough for the brain. It is estimated that there are now nearly 2 billion people in the world who are alive but who are permanently brain-damaged by undernutrition, and the number is growing year by year. It has already occurred to some that it would be "realistic" to wipe them out quietly and rid the earth of an encumbering menace. The American newspapers of 1997 do not report that this is actually being done anywhere, but some travelers bring back horror tales.

At least the armies are gone—no one can afford to keep those expensive, energy-gobbling monstrosities. Some soldiers in uniform and with rifles are present in almost every still functioning nation, but only the United States and the Soviet Union can maintain a few tanks, planes and ships—which they dare not move for fear of biting into limited fuel reserves.

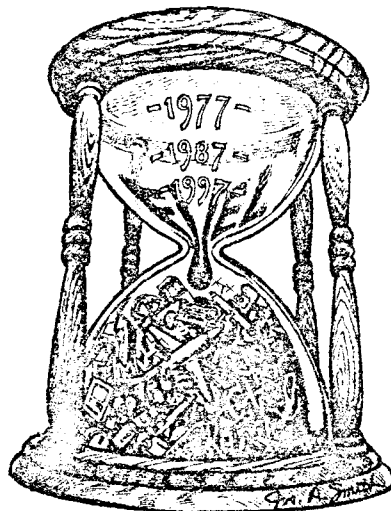
Energy continues to decline, and machines must be replaced by human muscle and beasts of burden. People are working longer hours and there is less leisure; but then, with electric lighting restricted, television for only three hours a night, movies three evenings a week, new books few and printed in small editions, what is there to do with leisure? Work, sleep and eating are the great trinity of 1997, and only the first two are guaranteed.

Where will it end? It must end in a return to the days before 1800, to the days before the fossil fuels powered a vast machine industry and technology. It must end in subsistence farming and in a world population reduced by starvation, disease and violence to less than a billion.

And what can we do to prevent all this now?

Now? Almost nothing.

If we had started 20 years ago, that might have been another matter. If we had only started 50 years ago, it would have been easy.



"I almost hauled off and punched him in the skins." (Harlan Ellison, after having smoke blown in his face by Philip K. Dick, submitted by Ray Nelson.)

4:30 (1) MOVIE--Thriller (87)
"The Bride and the Beast." (1957)
A clump of lunacy about a newlywed who, in a former life, may have been --ready?--a gorilla. Charlotte Austin. (90 min.)

"Talent is anything you can do that someone else can't." (Mark Evanier)

9 May 77 We flew up to San Francisco for the SFWA banquet, and took our first BART ride across to Oakland, where Terry "The Saint" Carr met us. We thought the BART very nice indeed--quiet, smooth on acceleration & de-same, clean cars & stations, etc. Nice way to travel; unless, perhaps, you had to do it all the time.

The annual Science Fiction Writers of America and the Inner Planets bash is used by Sharman and myself as our anniversary--and this was our Third! Ta-dah!

Dena Brown drove us back into San Francisco that night to attend a party at the Magic Cellar. A number of Bay Area VIPs were there (well, VIP in our world); Mike Kurland introduced me to Chester Anderson, who said immediately, "Ah, yes--you wrote one of my favorite stories. Twice." Marta, Bob, Terry/Carol, Grant Canfield, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (for some reason I always say all of her name), etc were there. Watched magicians, talked, met people, had a good time and I stayed out late, mommy.

The boat ride was quite nice, though the dinner they served was a bit skimpy. Marta did okay and I'm sorry she lost the Nebula, but, hell she's young, right, babe? There was one ex-writer there, too, and he also lost. The Benfords did a pretty good job of MCing and I had long talks with Larry Niven, Don Simpson, and other good folk.

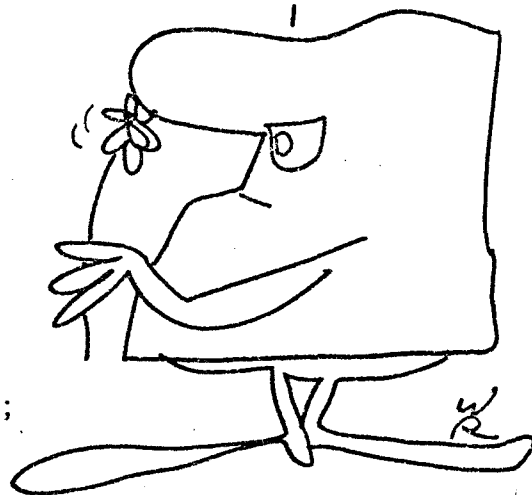
There was an excellent party at the Carrs afterwards, that lasted until 4am or so. Grant & I talked a bit and I'm getting to like him better all the time; he's also taken a few of my cartoon ideas to try. It was a relaxed version of the Carrs Now Traditional New Year's Eve party. Dena looked very nifty in a suit, wearing one of those hats (as was Becky Kurland) that look like Dietrich in the Thirties. (Why are women taking men's clothing as their own? Without really even adapting it in any way? Seems so tacky. What's next--jockey shorts?) I didn't mean that Dena/Becky looked tacky, it's just this whole women-in-ties trend that seems dum.

Slept late on Sunday and then I visited Don Simpson. We discussed more on our plans to do photo covers for ANALOG and I saw the latest Simpson art. (You are saving your plastic & odd-metal for Don, aren't you? And you are thinking of Don for a Hugo, after Grant. Then Alexis Gilliland after Don, right? Alexis is really getting good--very literate; just as soon as he softens up his line and gets it more flexible he should take off.) Some time here we went with Mike & Becky, & Chester Anderson to Chinatown for a very good meal, but I can't remember just

HM--SO THESE
ARE FLOWERS,
HUH?

NOT BAD,
NOT BAD,

MIGHT CATCH ON



8 1/2 VICTIMS OF A CENSORSHIP

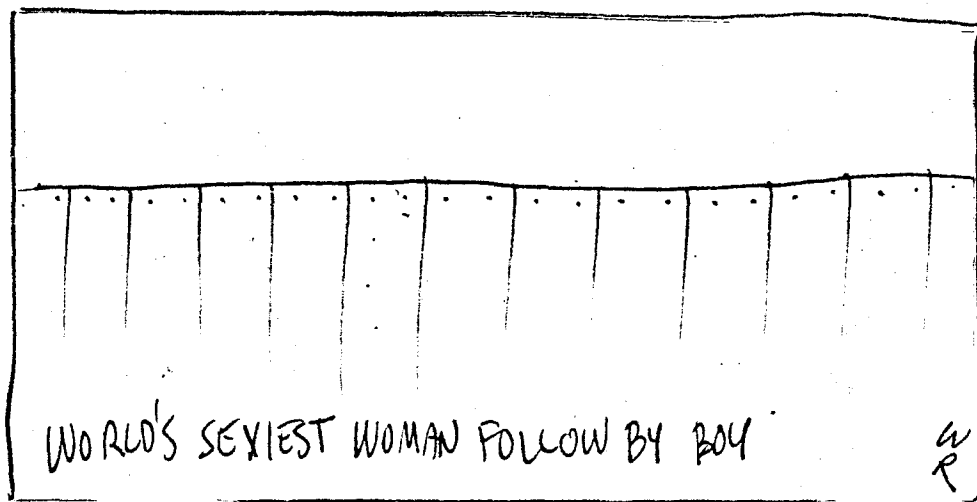
"All censorship looks ridiculous in retrospect." (Mark Evanier)

when this was. (The memory's going...) In any case, Mike was nice enough to drive us from Oakland all the way to the SF Airport (dropping Chester enroute) so we could fly back. Flying is nice. It scares Sharman a little, but I rather dig it.

The next night, at home, we were reading & watching TV news when Sharman goes, "Oh, my god!" Some nut went crazy in the barrio somewhere, shot a bunch of innocent people--granting them pseudo-intellectual innocence in retrospect--and snagged a cop. The cop was a man Sharman met when she first came to California and was working at the Greater Watts Redevelopment Corp, right out of Vista. She dated him up until she met me; then, of course, things changed. But she said he was a nice guy and un-coplike.

"Being superstitious is bad luck."

(Mark Evanier)



DO THESE things bug you like they bug me?

Waitresses who serve you and never seem to look at you again? People who stand right in front of the elevator doors, as if no one else ever traveled in them and would like to get out? Drivers with the reaction time of snails? Small-busted girls who knock the knockers of big-busted girls as "gross"? Big-busted girls who knock the tiny breasts of smaller women, as though they were less sensual, and as though they, by the power of their mind and/or goodness, created those big breasts? Doctors who ask if it hurts? Policemen who look at you suspiciously? People who ask "Hot enough for you?" instead of trying for real conversation? Drunks who lean on you? People who think their morality and standards are both the norm and God-given?

And those television commercials—?

Those ads for *Charlie* cosmetics: I've never met a woman like the ones they use that wasn't a bitch, self-centered and superficial as hell. With all the commercials tending to employ average or even homely people (audience identification, y'know) it is nice to see pretty people, too. This probably accounts for the popularity of *Charlie's Angels* (no relation)—sheer reaction away from all those ordinary faces.

As long as we are on the subject of gripes—! (This is National Vent Your Spleen Day and I'm doing my part!) A friend of mine, Dena Brown, a pre-med student, just spent five weeks in the hospital, including stomach surgery. She found certain of the interns and doctors much more sensitive to her considerable pain, so she conducted an informal survey and found that the insensitive ones had never had any severe pain in their lives or had been a patient in a hospital. She thereupon proposed a requirement for medicos: three weeks in the hospital, including major surgery. It would be a great help, I think, in getting a more sympathetic response from your doctor.

Stuff this page from my STUFF column in latest *Swingers World*; Dena & M. Evanier take note.

"Take what you can use and let the rest go by."

Oops--Ken Kesey said that. # 10 May 77: just found out ZANDRA, my ERB/Flash Gordon/modren novel won't be out until Jan 78. Drat. A full year & a half after finishing. # Response to my QUOTEBOOK request has been great! Every day brings quotes. I'm adding 5 to 8 thousand words a week (including stuff from my own reading.) # Think I shall buy a ~~little Nazi car~~ VW Rabbit tomorrow.

Some sexology books for your Hedonist's Library:

Kiss Me, Love Me, Beat Me, by Fenwick Forno

A Pictorial History of Feels

Squatter's Rites, by A. Bidet

Toud Jello and The Sensuous You, by "A"

The Clitoral Knowhow of the Porno Queens, by Fenwick Phuek

A Child's Garden of Sexual Misinformation

Fornication Power!

Suck Me, Fuck Me, Beat Me, But Call Me Darling! by Edna St. Vincent Price

Professional Fornication (Illustrated)

Group Sex As A Learning Experience, by Bobby, Tom, Alice, Thelma, Sherry, Rick, Rod, Nancy, Carol, Pat, Minnie, Ardis, Harold, Lloyd, Helen, Elizabeth, Connie, George, Lotus, Carl and Whatshername.

Explaining Hippo Sex, by Frank Dollar

The Bedroom Swashbuckler, by Addison Fenwick Montague

Small Town Sin, by Alice B. Toke

Dwarf Fellatrices (Illustrated with miniatures)

With all the personalized license plates out I wonder how long before they start using the punctuation signs as well? For example, someone goosy might have "!" and a banker might have "\$\$\$." Someone not exactly certain of his or her sexual orientation might have "?" and a hooker might have "\$?"

A supermarket manager might have "½ OFF" and another businessman might use "\$ + €." Someone who whippers might have "()" (or someone with bowlegs), while an agent might have "10%."

A petty crook in the numbers racket could have "# #" and an accountant an "@," while a writer might enjoy putting ";;!?" on his car. Someone from the NAACP might be proud of "=" while a minor celebrity might screw "" to his bumper. A swinger could get a kick out of "&&&" just as an athlete might like a series of dashes, "----."

But I still think the best one is FLAUNT on a Rolls Royce.

Phone answering machines are becoming ever more popular these days. They lack the personal touch of a phone service but they do permit some distinctive personal touches. Mark Evanier, a TV comedy writer, wrote animal stories for comic books for some years and his taped message opens with Looney Tunes music. Zero Mostel changes his messages frequently. Three recent ones were: (1) "Hello, I'm busy translating *Beowulf* into Yiddish. As soon as I'm through I'll call back." (2) Over ponderous organ music he says, "This is Leonardo da Vinci, the bastard. I'm out searching for my father. When I find him I'll call back if you have the nerve to leave your name." (3) "I can't come to the phone now because I'm having an amorous adventure with a cup of lard."

For about a year prior to being burned down, a second-run theater in L.A. used to tape the program information with a difference. A rather swishy voice would give you the film plots in breathless bursts, as though it were gossip. A swinger I know has his taped message say that he's at an orgy, but will return the call as soon as he recovers. A prostitute I know has a taped message—in her best sexy voice—that says, "I'm busy right now, but if you'll leave your name and fetish I'll get right back to you."

But there is something about impersonal machines that irritates people. When I run into one I am inclined to say, after the taped message, "Beep! This is the William Rotsler talking machine called the Mark Evanier talking machine! Beep! Prepare for flash transmission! Beep! Five, four, three, two, one, blaaaap! Thank you."

Or I will run on, blather, blather, blather, until I figure the time allotted is about up, then say, "Oh, what I called about was, well, there's this terrific way for you to make a great deal of money very easily, only you have to call back right away—" And the time is up.

Or I will leave mysterious messages, cryptic and confusing, under names the tape machine owner never heard of. Or have a sexy female voice invite him to a party but run out of time before she gets to the where. Or . . .

I know one lady who has dubbed off some of the bizarre obscene calls she gets onto a separate tape and will play them for her friends. Apparently there is something about a tape machine that excites certain people. There is a swinging couple in Marina del Rey that has a taped message that the phone company would probably censor, if they caught it. The phone is apparently answered after three rings by a couple, hard-breathing, in the middle of a fornication exercise. While the man is pantingly giving you the usual "after the beep" information the woman is making very interesting panting, sucking, slobbering noises.

Ah, me—technology!

"Government of the politicians, by the
bureaucrats, for the non-producers."
(Richard E. Geis).

I never made love to Sophia Loren
on a bearskin rug before a winter fire.
I never got to Tahiti before other white
men. I was too late to save Joan, to
talk with van Gogh after a day's work,
to watch Michelangelo chipping away. I'll
probably never set foot on another planet,
sail past distant stars. fondle alien
jewels, or breathe the oily air of a
starship. But perhaps, in some other life,
in some divergent timeline, I have, I am,
and I shall. There is always hope,
however fragile.

WR

"You always know a song is out of date as
soon as Ray Conniff records it."
(Mark Evanier)

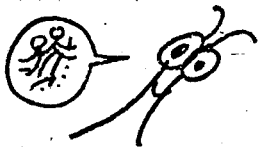
If you've ever thought you were
paranoid, you should get a copy of the
"Conspiracy Theory of History Research
Catalog" from Alpine Enterprises, P.O. Box
766, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. I got it,
I think, in connection with a QUOTEBOOK enquiry, but it is quite a trip.
Really a sales catalog, offering books, there are capsule reviews and a
lot of comment on the "Rockefeller" conspiracy, secret societies formed
to control the world, "your life is their toy" thinking, etc. Probably
right, but all in one package you should read it while looking over your
shoulder. "Catalog mailed FREE! to serious students of the ruling class
conspiracy."

Read "Kid Andrew Cody & Julie Sparrow" by Tony Curtis (yes, the
movie star); not bad. Quite interesting, bizarre, real, sometimes a bit
confusing, but held my interest.

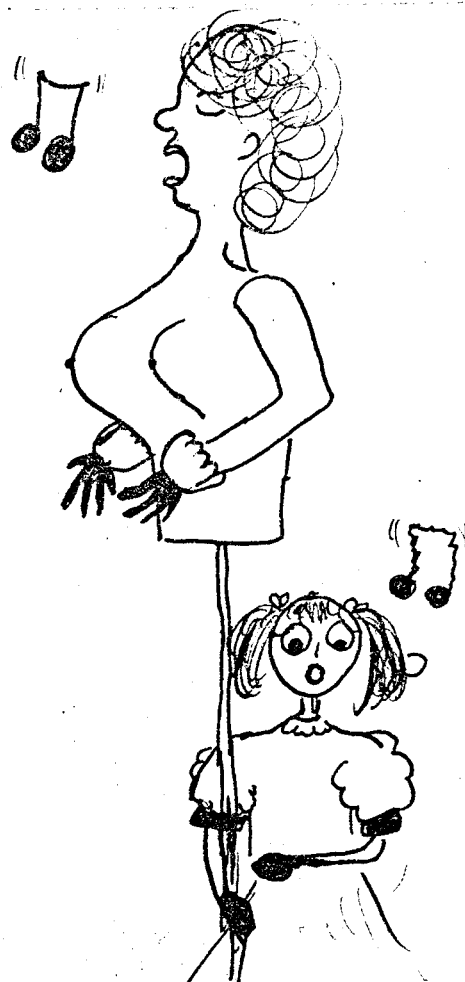
Also read ELINOR BUSBY'S comments on a writer's workshop she
attended. Elinor--very good! Most perceptive descriptions of people;
at least of those I knew. But what did you write?

Also read an Alan Dean Foster story in del Rey's BEST that I
liked very much. Would have recommended it for something had I read it
in '74 instead of '77. Sorry, AD & F.

Watched EARTHQUAKE last night on TV. Once again, it's strange
to see the town you are sitting in dissolving. We'd be right on the
eastern bank of the water from the broken dam. I could look out my
window, west, and see Lorne Green's office building. Knew people who
lived in a house right at the base of that dam. Effects still superb;
model work still practically perfect. (When you have to rationalize that
they didn't shake down a whole building or wreck a skyscraper, then
you know the effects are good. Just as in parts of the new KING KONG, you
know they don't have a 40-foot ape, so...)



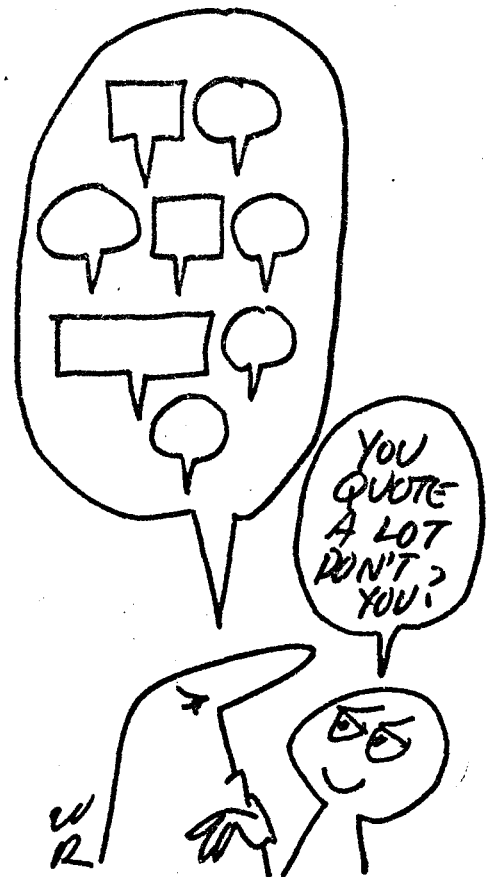
"I don't trust any philosophy I can understand."
(Mark Evanier)



"No, I won't stop smoking--I'll see you inhale first."
(Walter A. Willis)

14 Apr 77 QUOTEBOOK is really growing fast, at least 5,000 words a week. Up to 24 binders in the original but each is only $\frac{1}{2}$ full. The response from people has been great. Donn Brazier must do nothing else but transcribe from his reading. Bud Webster, Andy Offutt, L. Sprague de Camp & others have sent bundles; some just a quote or two. Only 2 or 3 people have sent things too fannish to use. I've been going through old fanzines, some up to 25 years old, finding stuff.

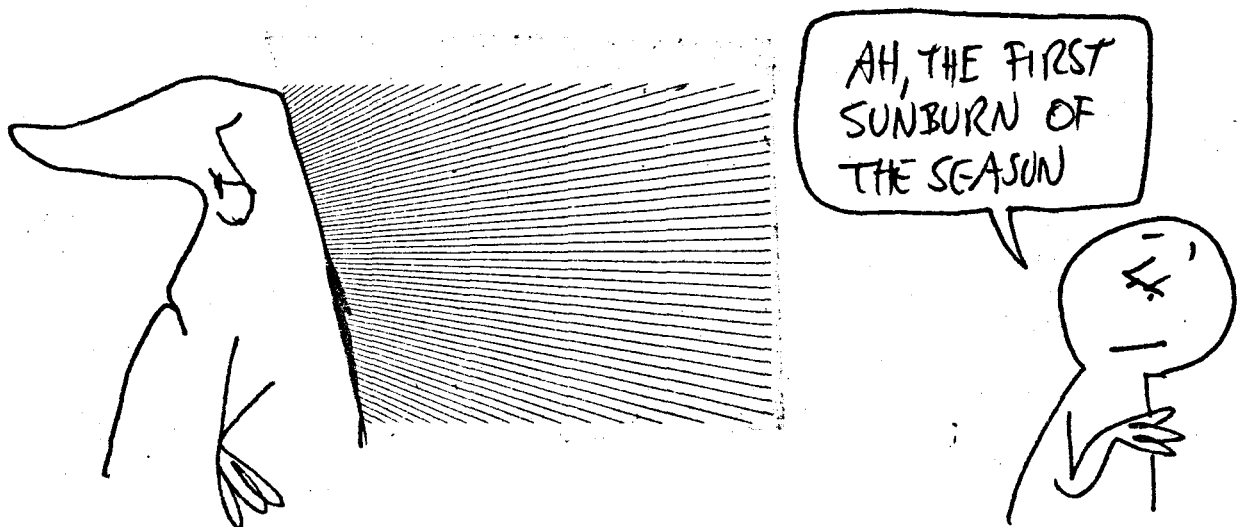
Bought a 1977 VW Rabbit day before yesterday; delivery in a couple of days--a nice "agate brown" with stick shift, 2-doors, 8-track, AM/FM, air and that sort of thing the fender-pounders talk about. Good acceleration, excellent mileage (the main reason for buying) and rated tops in the Consumers Report tests. My car of preference, of course, is a Corvette, with Mercedes, Jaguar after that, but... Have you priced cars lately? Jesus H. Mohammed!



"The only charity I donate to is the one to eliminate Jerry Lewis telethons."
(Mark Evanier)

COMING IN THE NEXT KTEIC--! "SHARMAN'S ALIEN SEX SERIES" WATCH FOR IT!

"There are only three certain things in life: Death, taxes and kids who come around to repaint the house number on your curb and ask for money."
(Mark Evanier)



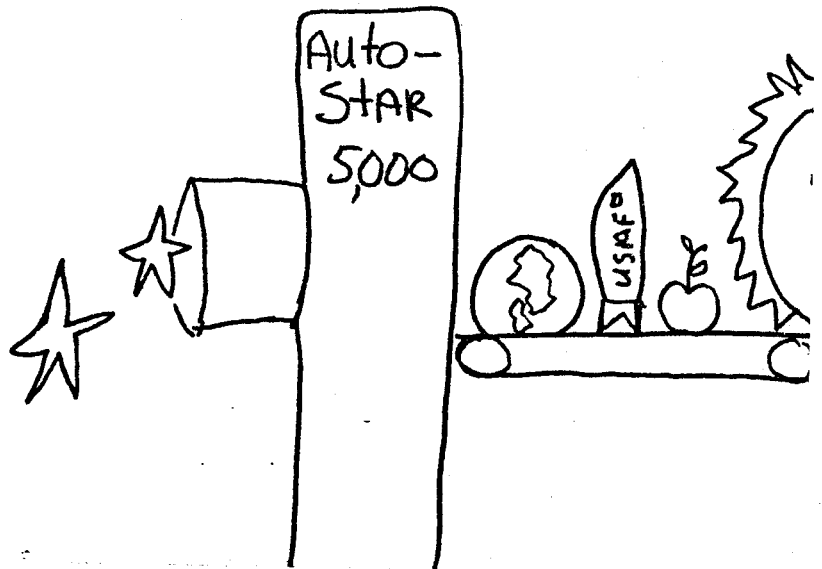
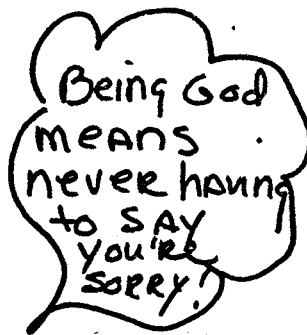
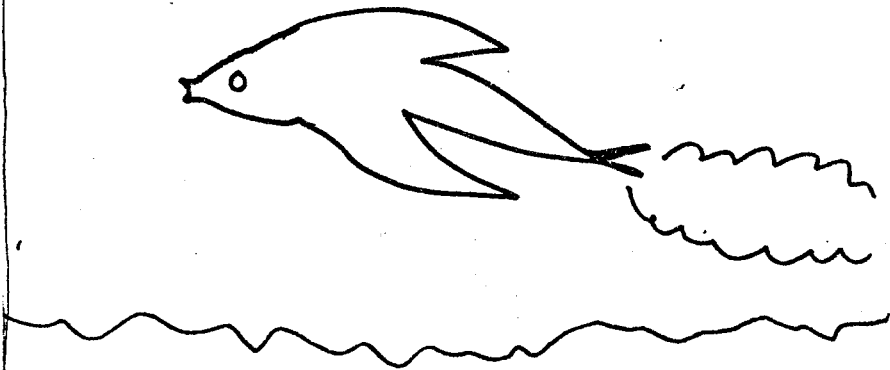
KTEIC MAGAZINE, the fearless letter-substitute that brought you TURTLE-MATING FOR THE MASSES
now brings you the treat you have been waiting for--!

The NEW, the STARTLING, the ONLY--

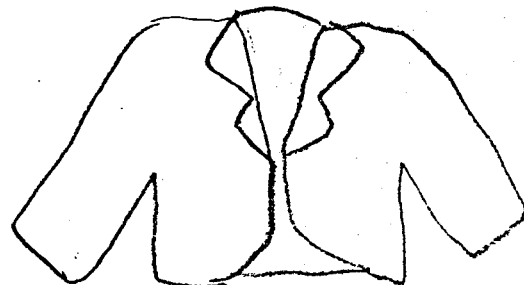
SHARMAN DIVONO ART PORTFOLIO!



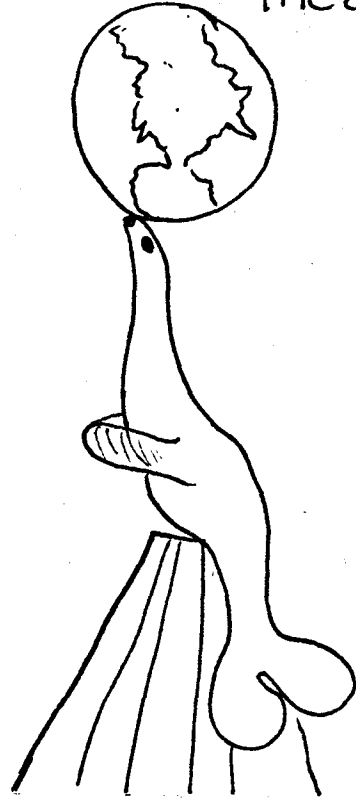
Rocket Powered Fish



Ravel's Bolero

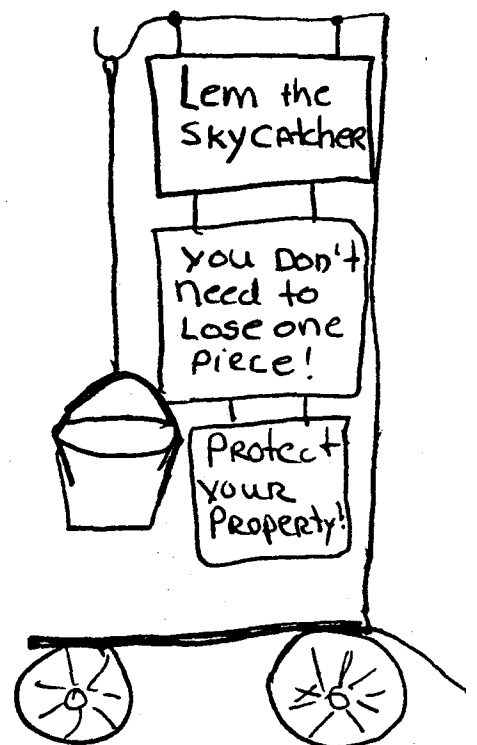
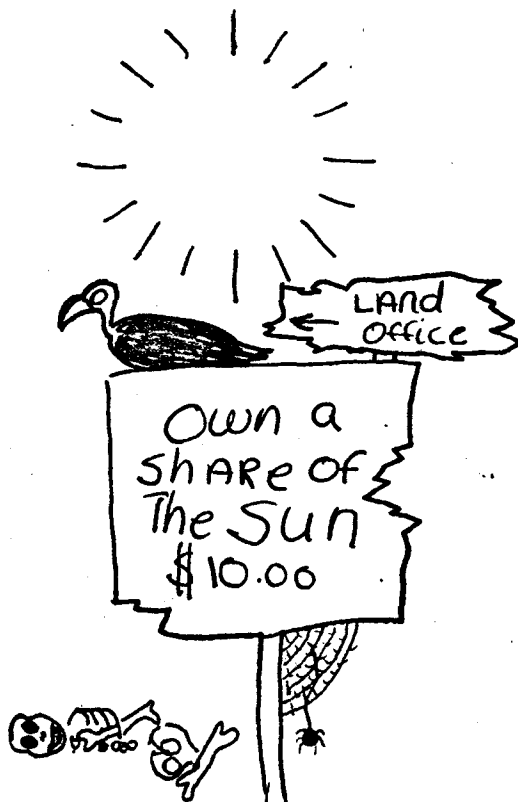
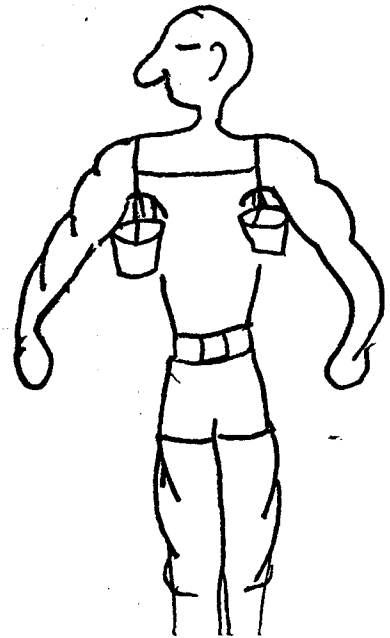


SHARMAN'S THEORY OF
The structure of
The Universe: Chapters
The Earth



Deoderant HALL
OF FAME

Arnold "Pits" Kowalski
world Record holder
FOR continuous sweating

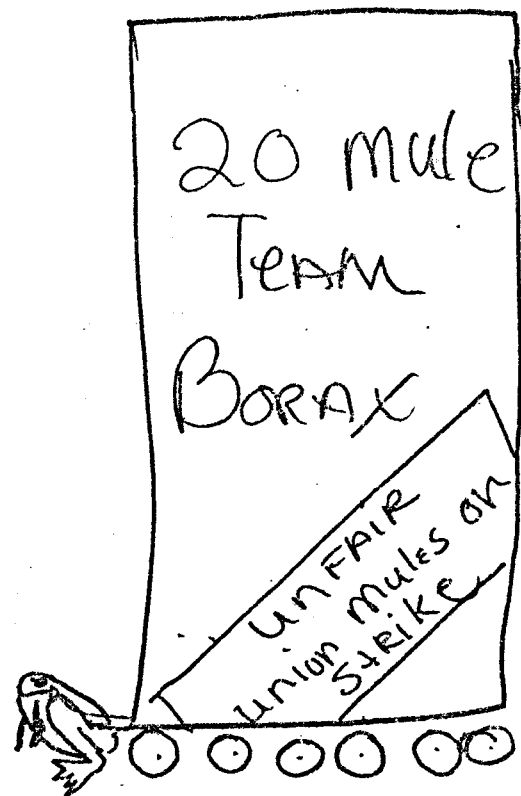
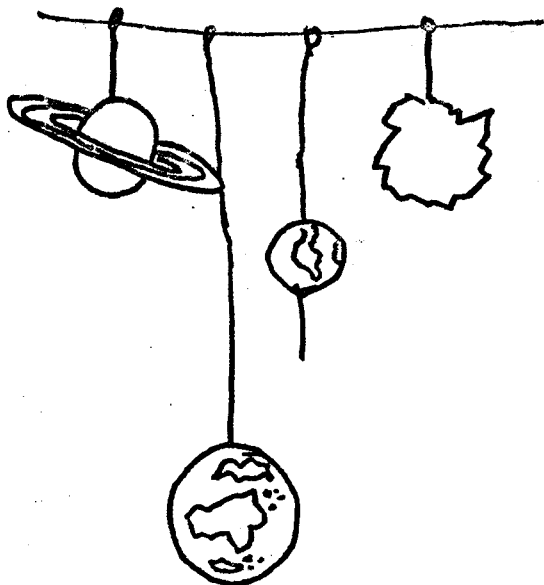


CLEARANCE SALE
slightly used
Pimples - 10% off



UNIVERSAL
used Planet
Depot

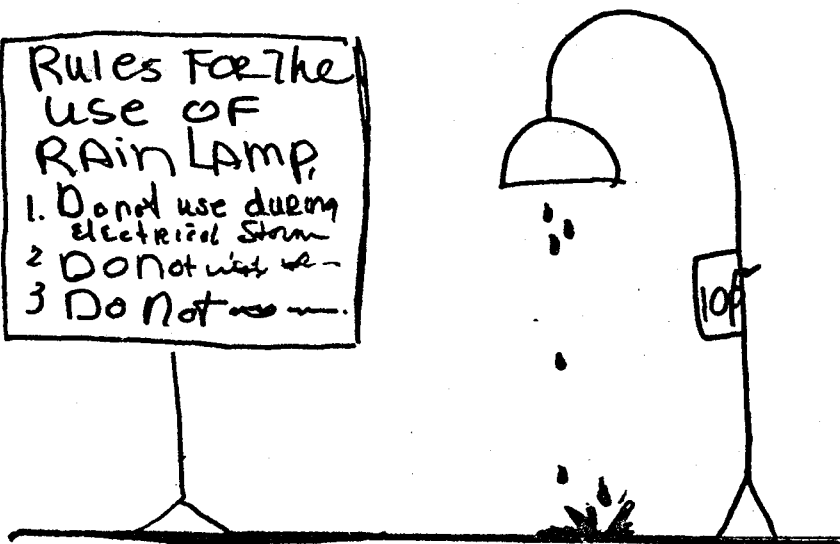
Leasing Available
(ask about asteroids, too!)



May I remind you that these are drawings generated by a line, a square, a squiggle or something indefinite by me, and then Sharman "completes" the drawing. She thinks they are trivial, is embarrassed (and I think secretly astonished) by me "publishing" them, but I love 'em!

WR

Rules For The
use OF
RAIN Lamp
1. Do not use during
electrical storm
2. Do not use in
3. Do not use in



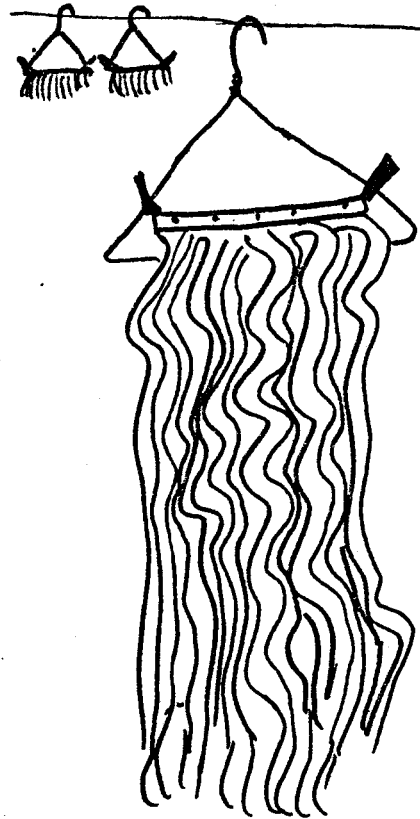
a gundeop
being
airlifted
to king
kong



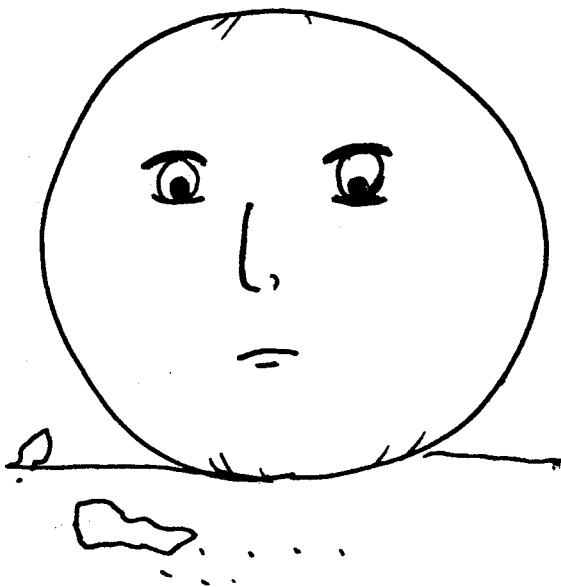
(Below:) "A
Marked Man"



(RAPUNZEL'S closet)



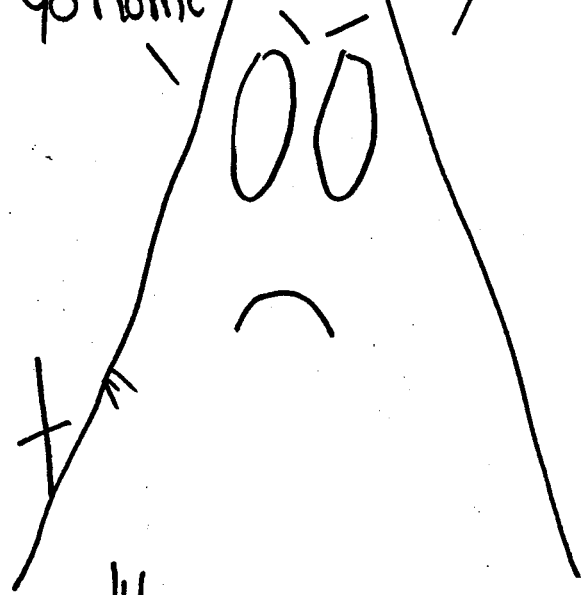
It's not easy being
Perfect in a haphazard
world.

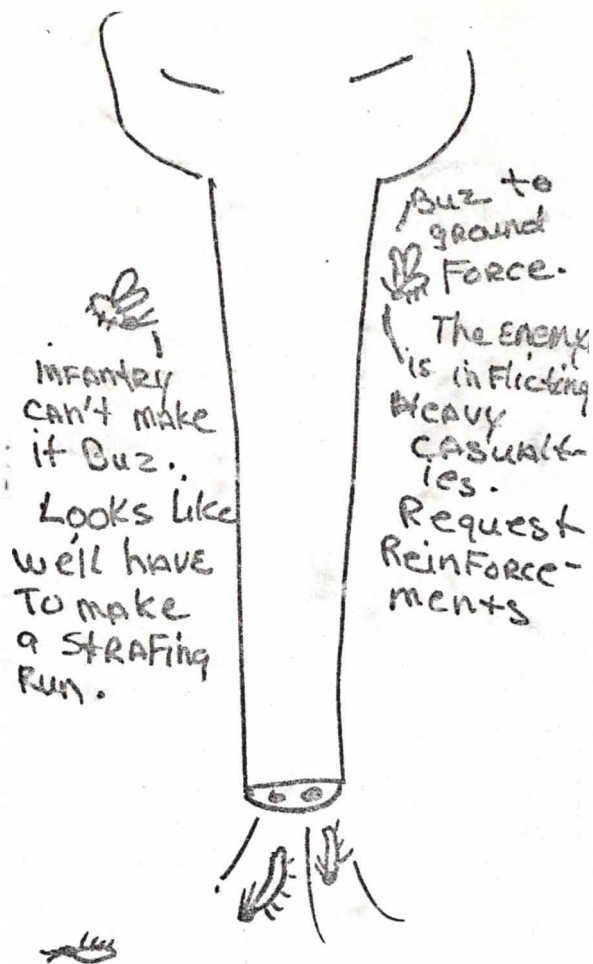


I hate
basalt!

Obsidian
go home

We don't
want no
volcanic
Rock
around
here!



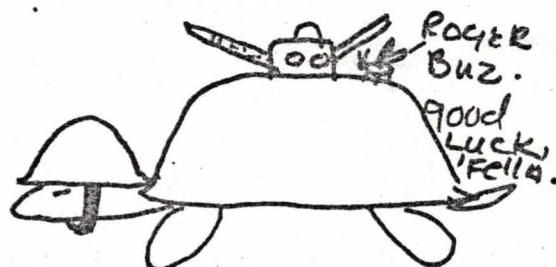
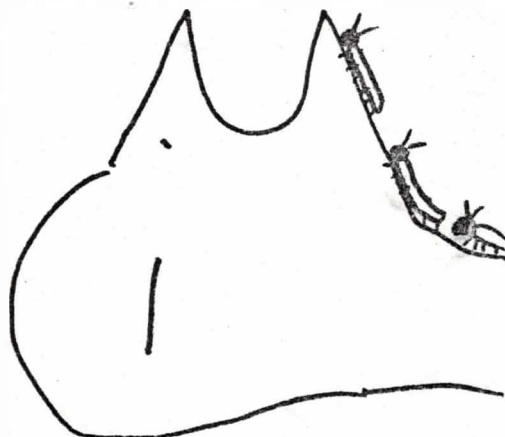


Fleas Bailing out OF A dead duck

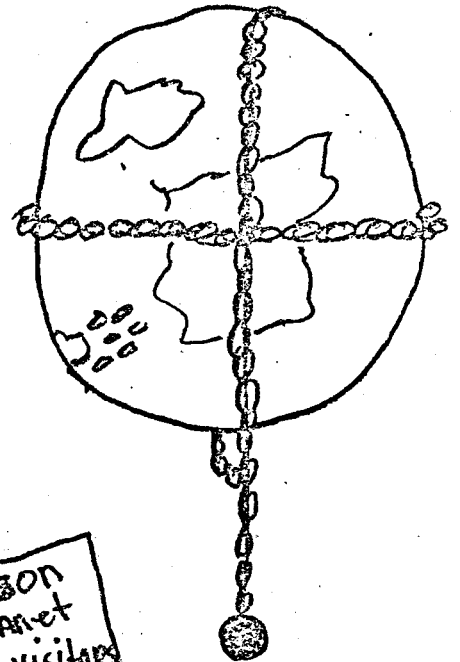
This is Red Fly to control. Bring in The Armored division! Rendezvous at 0800.

Buz to ground Force come in ground "B" Force.

I AM Low on Fuel. I'll HAVE to ~~attempt~~ attempt a CARRIER Landing, over.



MOSES TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT
WENT WRONG.



EAR IN ORBIT

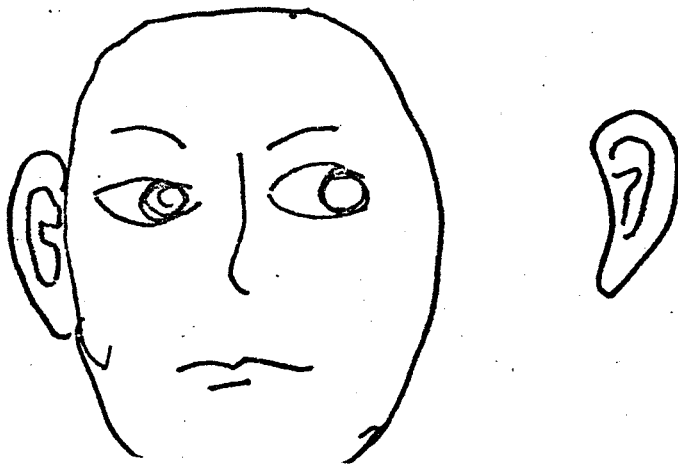
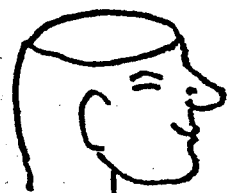
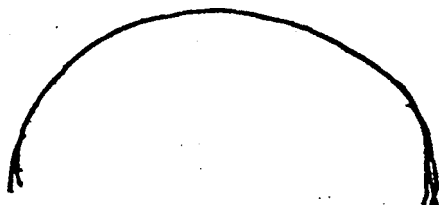
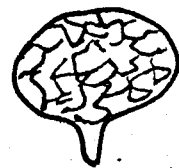
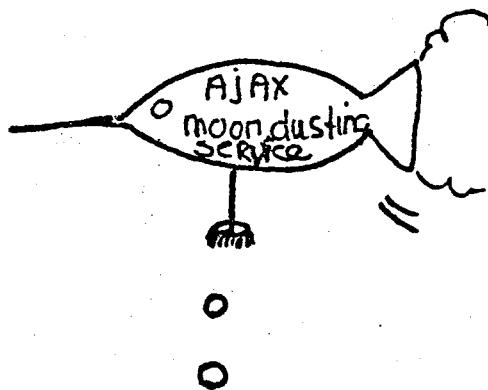


Fig. 2:

Person Jetisoning
his BRAIN. High
stress level
Response.





IS YOUR NAME ON THIS LIST?

The Kteic mailing list is getting too big. These things cost money & a lot of my time assembling them. (The writing/drawing part is the fun part.) So if your name is on this list I should like some kind of response to indicate that you would care to continue receiving this letter-substitute:

Burbee, Bernstein, Calkins, Barr, Hughes & Steffan, Wein, Wolfman, Niven, S. Wood, Foster, Jacks, Gerrold, Hoffman, Pelz, Lupoff, Canfield, Mitch E..

The people on this list need not respond (at least for a bit of distance into the future, at the next "weeding" out): Browns, Glicksohn, Hupp, Tom Newman, Neola, Kurland, Rausa, Randall, Sherry G, the Johnsons.

No response means you will be dropped, no hard feelings and thank you for shortening the list. It's bad enough I have to send along envelopes so you can pass your copy on, but the trouble on my end I want to be as brief as possible.

"Life is like a sewer--you get out of it what you put into it."
(Tom Lehrer)



KTEIC MAGAZINE PRESS PASS

The bearer is a working journalist and/or photographer fully authorized by the above-named publication in an assigned or free-lance capacity--any consideration or assistance rendered would be greatly appreciated.

Issued to _____

Date: _____ Expires: _____

