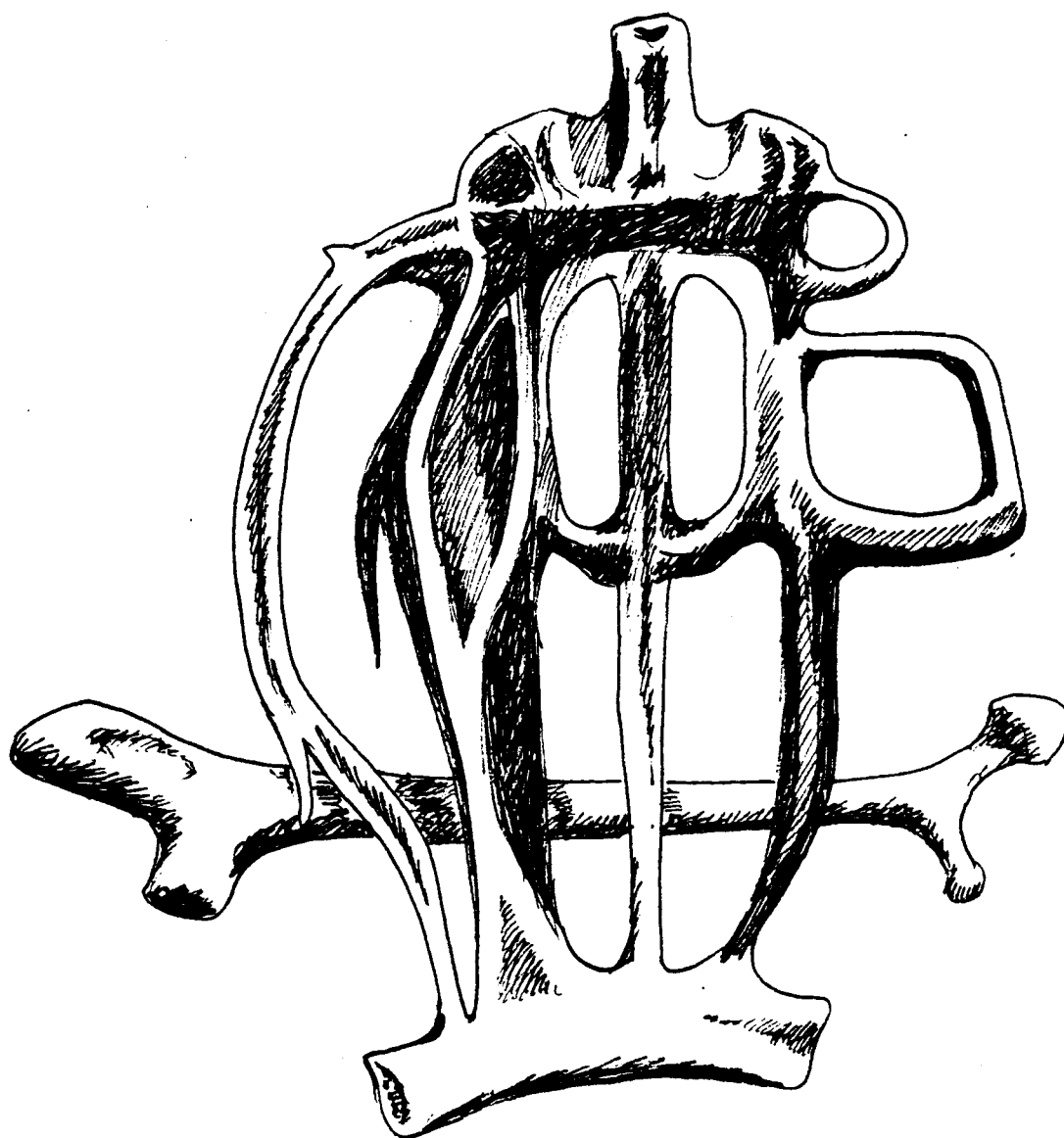
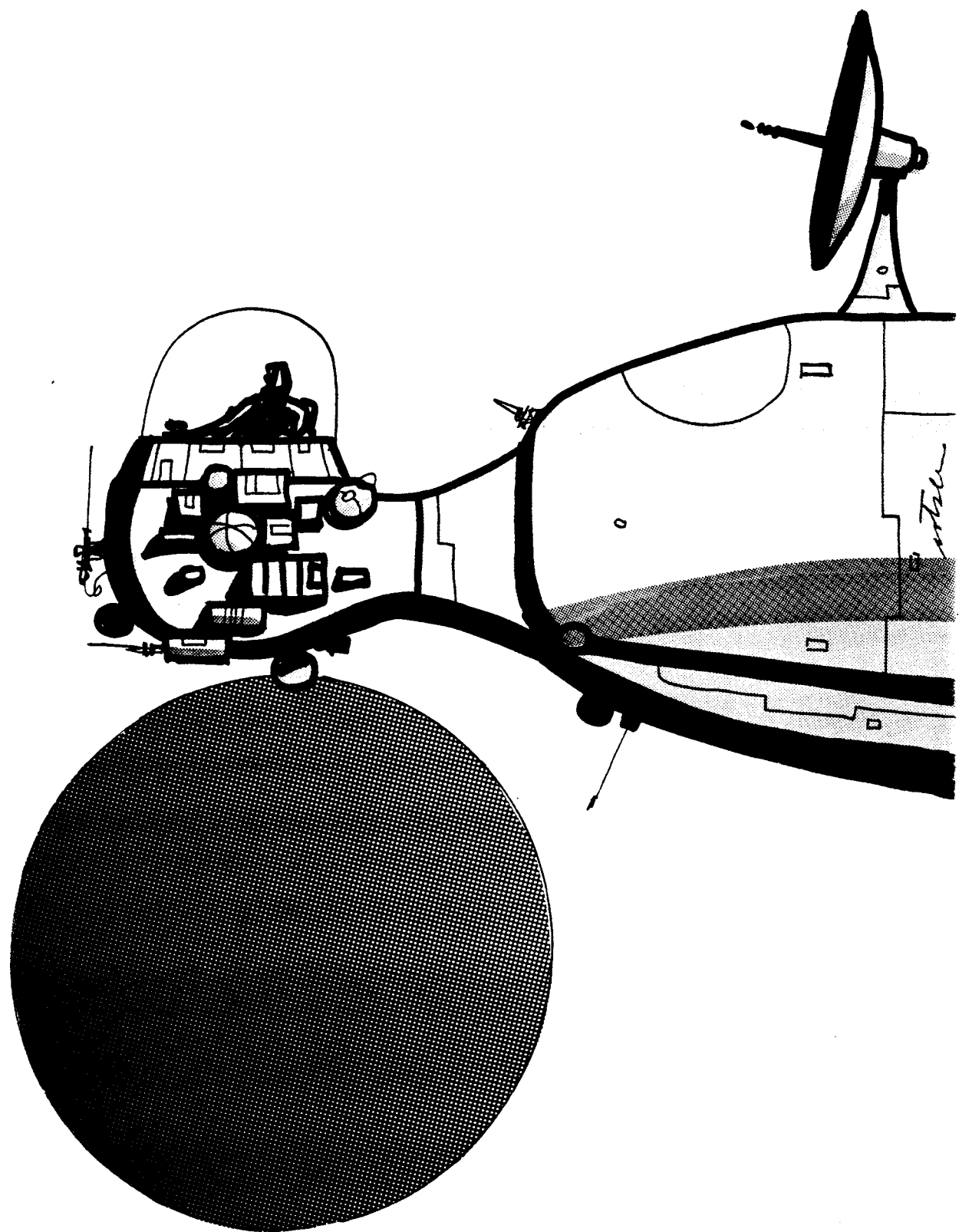


# Kteic Magazine



ALIEN BONES

ROBBER 'P2



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The greatest invention yet to be created is one that would snatch  
back the hasty words and rewind the repentent action.  
-----

14 April 1982 I'm finishing up the novelization of THE PIRATE STORY and it is a strange movie. It's all a dream so past/present/future get mixed up and there are lots of sight gags. I had fun in one passage where they are dueling in a library and then a chapel, crashing in & out of stained glass windows.

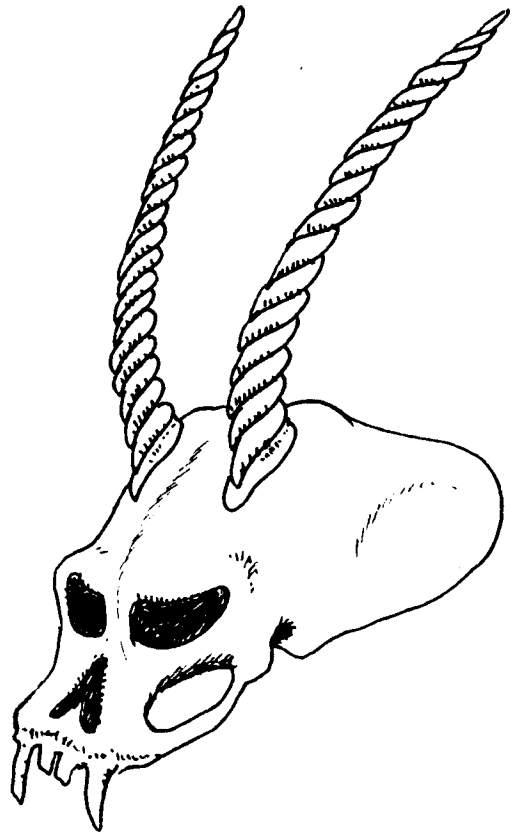
In the chapel I had a window called *The Presumption of St. Anthony That He Could Give a Speech*; in the library were *The Dunning of Johann Gutenberg to Pay His Paper Bill*; *Chaeles Dickens Being Tempted By a Paperback Contract*; *Henry David Thoreau Skinnydipping in Walden Pond*; *The Muses of William Blake Lose the Manuscript of Paradise Lost*.

In the manor are paintings: *Night Watch* is of a foppish voyeur; there's *Portrait of a Young Lout* and *View of Toledo During Lent*, with perhaps others to come.

Today I was asked to do two more books, not novelizations, but the 12th & 13th book of novels using franchised characters (a whole subgenre of mine) on a show I've not seen. Since the money is decent (not good, but quite decent, considering) I said yes. They have, I realize *Come To Depend on Me*. You want a novel overnight? Call Rotsler.

Since my real attention at the moment is on the diplomas & certificates (which you'll find out about later on) and on the fumetti this sort of thing is paying the bills.

But now Alan Dean Foster is the Bill Rotsler of yesterday. (Heehee...)



RELIC OF SAINTHOOD • ROTSLEK

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At the School of Hard Knocks the required courses are Failure, Theory of Hope, General Abuse, Adversity 101, Beginning Decision-Making, Advanced Foolishness, and any sport.  
-----

God--whoever she is--has decided Gregory Benford is not to have a special Nebula.

Last year we came up one short on the number of Nebulae in stock. Since I had thought Greg wasn't going to the awards ceremonies I thought we could not give him one & get another to him later, after a second pouring of awards.

So I called him up, told him there was good news & bad news. The good news was that he had won & the bad news was that he wasn't getting a physical award, at least for a time. (I figured it was a tradeoff; normally I never tell who won, except that year, too, Jim Frenkel called, saying Joan Vinge couldn't eat, write, sleep not knowing, so I told him.)

The shortage came at the plastics place where they imbed spirals made by Carol Emshwiller with rocks made by God in a basic design made by I-don't-know-who, all selected & coordinated by moi. They wrap up the awards in a couple of layers of tussue paper and two other awards from someone else got mixed in.

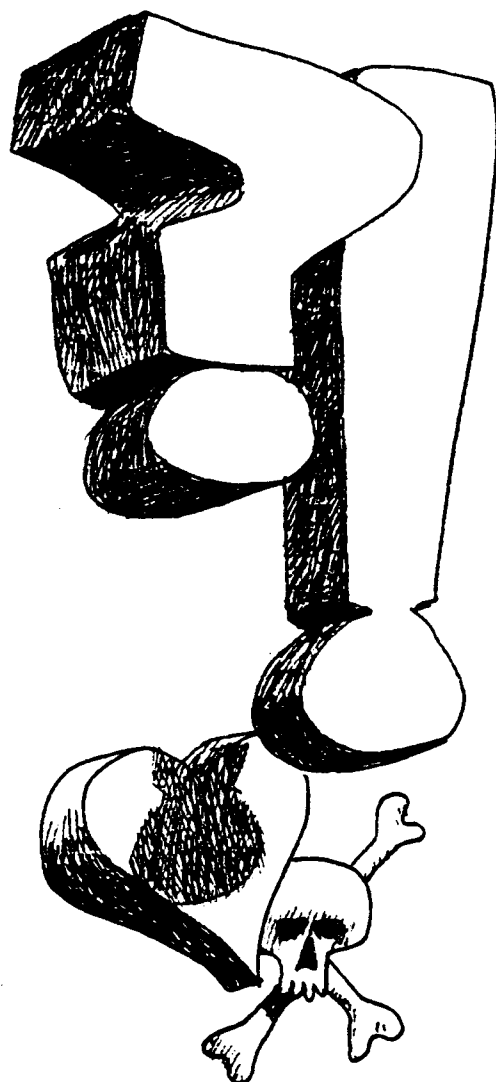
looking, when wrapped, very much like our Nebulas. So it came out the count was wrong & we were one short.

So, I thought, I had a chance to do the first design specifically for a winner. I thought & thought what would be right for Timescape and the only thing I could think of was a clock. I looked through a bunch of thrift shops, could not find one small enough, ended up buying a new clock & taking out the insides, adding a compass for distance & a couple of wee shells for La Jolla.

What we did do, in the end, was use one of the awards cracked in casting, engraving it at the last minute, and I took it to LAX and gave it to Greg--he didn't know he was carrying his own award, if I remember correctly. This because Norman Spinrad, El Presidente of SFWA, had gotten all ancy about not having an actual award.

So, in the fullness of time, I took

-----  
You must give God credit: He created Man and He isn't laughing all  
the time.  
-----



THE STANDARD SURPRISES LIFE  
HAS TO OFFER *is told,*

the awards to the engraver myself, each with a letter code matching the list. I gave him six, since the way they were packaged was easier. He engraved the wrong one for Greg.

So I want someone out there to write an award-winning story involving a clock, compass & seashells. Otherwise, any winning story with time/sea/distance in it is agonna get it.

Sorry, Greg. When the Great Finger writes, you pay attention.

Saw CONAN, THE BARBARIAN the other night at the Motion Picture Academy, thanks to Bill Warren.

Ron Cobb (who sat a couple rows in front, beaming) is the star. The costumes in the first few minutes do a superb job of setting the whole thing in the strange past. ("The past is a different country")

They wisely gave Arnold few lines. He did npt always have that fiery quality I (at least) think of in Conan, but as Bill Warren said, there are a lot of different Conans--the Howard Conan, the comic book Conan, the Conan people think of as Conan and (sorry, forgot the other). This was, I think, one of the Conans.

The photography was excellent. The surfer who played Subotai was a blank--not bad, just a kind of nothing, when a real actor could have made himself a star with the part. Everyone thought Sandahl Bergman was very sexy; she was okay, I thought, very good in the action scenes, but, to me, only so-so sexy. Jones was excellent, underplaying against everyone.

A good romp, but not a Great Movie, but great fun to look at.

My whiplash is finally, after almost five months, beginning to get better. I can do some of the exercises without too much discomfort & things are improving there.

-----  
Our government has great confidence in its citizens--which is why it continues to overspend.  
-----

As I assume you know, I send xeroxed pages of QUOTEBOOK as they are completed to READER'S DIGEST. I sell about 12-15 a year. I recently received a letter from head of their excerpt dept, moving me to Special Free-Lance Status, getting \$50 a quote, instead of \$35. "You continue to amaze us with the material you send. You don't know how good it is to have quotations that are something we do not see time and time again."

You do know I send them your witticisms (if in epigrammatic form) and quotations of various sorts, don't you? And I take 10% off the top as agent's fee, giving you the rest. They also contact you (I don't know if every time, tho) and pay you \$35. This got David Gerrold his highest word rate yet. SO SEND ME STUFF!

-----  
"If life ain't like a forties movie, you're getting lazy." (Art Costa)  
-----

This is the book I was instrumental in selling to Nancy Neiman. I don't think the reviewer has any idea of the way women/girls then&now throw themselves at people in any way connected to rock music. I had the same trouble with PATRON OF THE ARTS, where I described No-Last-Name-Women in the area of the very rich, women who are toys, with only a few (my main females) who can compete with men. I remember getting a several-page-long, single-spaced letter from Joanna Russ, who proceeded to tell me I was wrong. It was obvious she had not seen certain kinds of wealthy people at "work." I was not condoning it any more than I would murder, but I described it.

Craig, in fact, says its all true (but he lies a lot) and even toned it down so that people would believe. I thought the book moved like a bastard, was funny & weird & WEIRD & strange & entertaining. Oh, well, it's the purchasers who will decide. Note that hefty ad budget, though.

## Fiction Originals

### **BURN DOWN THE NIGHT**

*Craig Kee Strete.* Warner, \$6.95 ISBN 0-446-37071-1

Some time in the mid-'60s Strete met Jim Morrison at a party, and from that incident has crafted an involved fantasy of a friendship that defies credence, in a novel that is repulsive on almost every level. Poorly written, peopled by sociopaths, anchored in misogyny and misanthropy and self-pity, "Burn Down the Night" describes a Los Angeles summer during which Strete and Morrison meet four times—prior to Morrison's becoming a rock star—and the wild time they have together (though often tedious for the reader) guzzling booze, doing dope, sharing women and mouthing cryptic, pretentious inanities at each other. During this time, a number of women fling themselves at Strete, often in preference to Morrison, and Strete treats them like dirt. Morrison celebrates Strete: "You're one of us, ya know! A

frigging lord!" but Strete allows as how he's only a poor emotional cripple who always hurts the ones he loves. \$50,000 *ad/promo budget.* [June]

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You can handle it. Just think of rejection as their lost opportunity.  
-----

5 May 82 After the SFWA Bash, the next weekend, Evan threw a party here for Norman Spinrad. It was our first party. I wouldn't have done it--I thought the place too crowded, too messy. But though it was a small party, it was pleasant enough. Craig Strete was here & read for the first time the review above. Paul Turner was in town & dropped in, though missed Norman, who was out to dinner. Sherry Gottlieb's date was a snake.

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Snow is the ecstatic form of rain.  
-----

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What good is a free press if no one reads and so many can't?  
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Disappointment is diluted tragedy.  
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A LETTER FROM GEORGE BARR, BUT FIRST A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

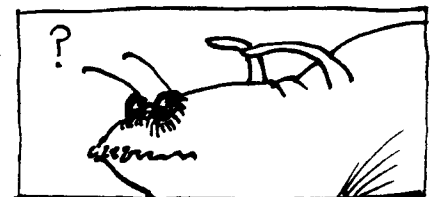
((This letter should have been in the last (April) KTEIC, but when I went to Xerox it I found George's typer ribbon was too faint, and I didn't have the time, then, to retype it. George, get a new ribbon.))

I received two issues of KTEIC the same day: one I had to pass on to Grant Canfield, and one that had been passed on to me. I understand the reasons for the pass-ons arrangement and usually I have no objection. But when t-e issue contains a folio, a larger-than-usual number of yoyr drawings--especially your "secenic," the rocks, mountains, cities, etc.--I'm awfully tempted to just let Grant think his issue was lost in the mail.

Why does your art so seldom show up for sale in the artshows at the cons? Or have I just managed to miss all of the shows you put it in? I know you give away hundreds of your cartoons on the spot as you draw them, but I've never seen the other kind in anyone's collection.

((Okay, GB, I'll put you at the end of a pass-on chain and you can keep 'em. # No, I rarely exhibit at cons. Some collage photos at a Comic-Con or two, one or two others. I think it comes from not having anything framed or even matted. But now I have a dry-mount machine & plan to mat up a WHOLE CLITCH of my recent drawings for exhibit & sale at upcoming conventions. You, George, get your free pick of anything you want, no charge. It would be an honor to be in your collection. (The rest a ya bums can pay!) Mainly you have not seen my other-than-cartoons in "collections" is because I don't do all that many anymore...until lately. Back in the Olde Days of Fandom people used to stencil them and usually, I guess, throw them away.))

Sharman's comment that she doesn't appreciate any art she thinks she can do herself was, I hope, tongue in cheek. Or does she have so low an estimation of her own ability that she figures if she could have done it, it can't be very good?

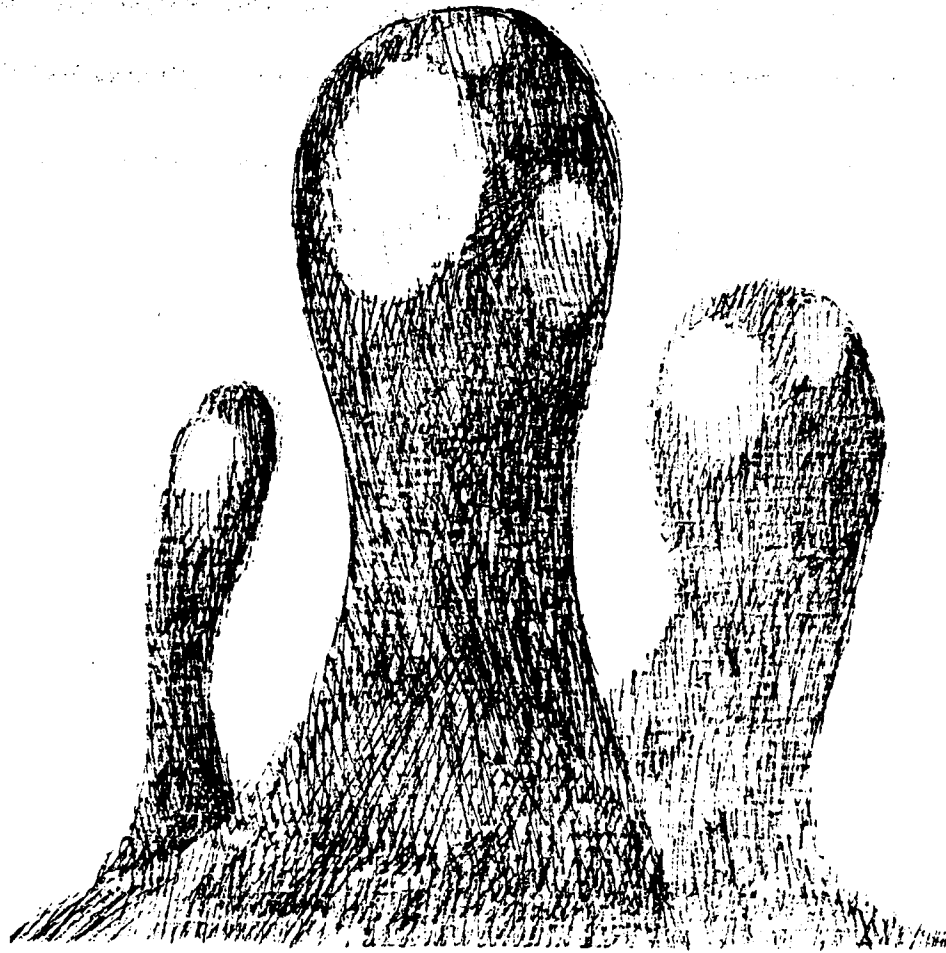


((Mainly she was kidding, but there was some truth in it, I guess. It's probably pretty common an attitude. On the other hand, when you do something & know how difficult it is, you are sometimes inclined to be lenient. Which is probably why I am often pretty liberal in my judgement of motion pictures. Sometimes it seems a wonder to me that they get done at all.))

The late Hank Eichner told me that Virgil Finley was the only one of the golden age SF illustrators he had any respect for, because his was the only art Hank himself couldn't have done better. The precision of Finlay's line and stippling was something Hank couldn't duplicate.

He showed me copies he had painted of several other artists' works in which, to his own satisfaction, he had duplicated to perfection

Cars proliferate faster than parking spaces.



THEY ARE HERE

ROSLER 82

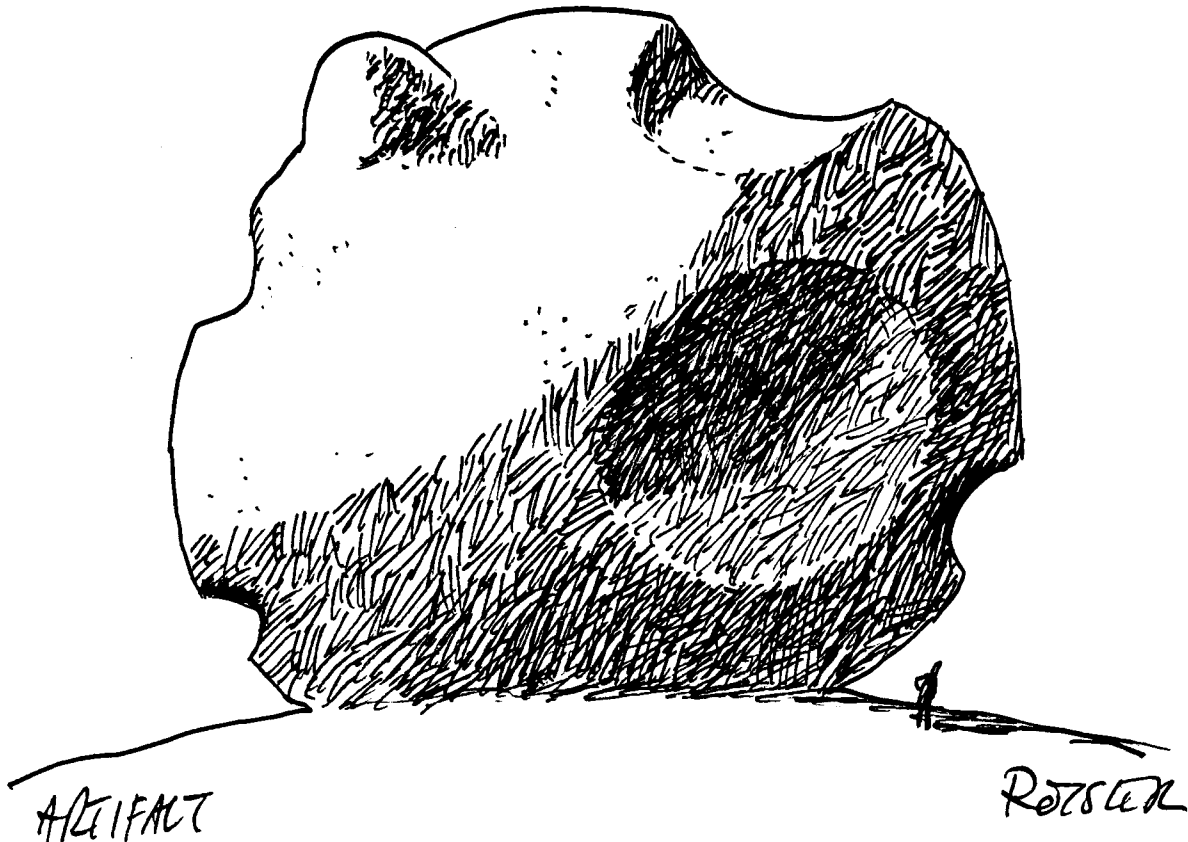
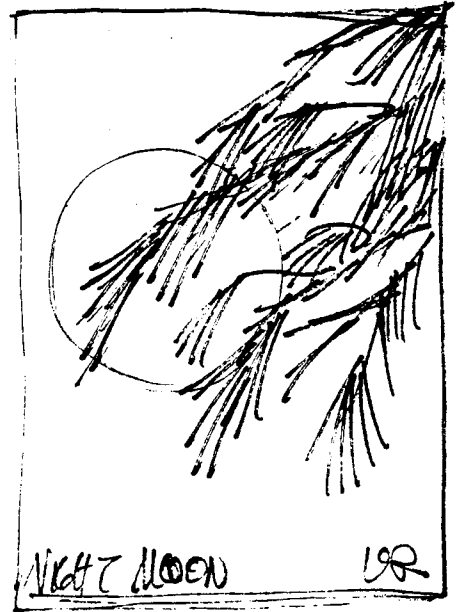
No one is above temptation of the right sort.

all that he felt was good in them, and "improved" all of what he saw as flaws. He brightened all the colors, eliminated all of the reflection and interplay of the color against color, sharpened all edges--foreground and distance--made all details equally precise, and corrected all of what he felt were anatomical inaccuracies.

I tried to tell him that I--and a number of other people--as a personal preference, chose to depict the human figure a little longer and leaner than the actuality. I got in the habit from a few years of fashion illustrating, and I rather liked the look of an eight-head figure rather than the seven or seven-and-a-half head figure which was more usual. ((By this George means that a "normally" proportioned figure is seven or so heads high, while the "heroic" figure is often depicted at 8, which gives a more massive torso and smaller head. Public statues are often

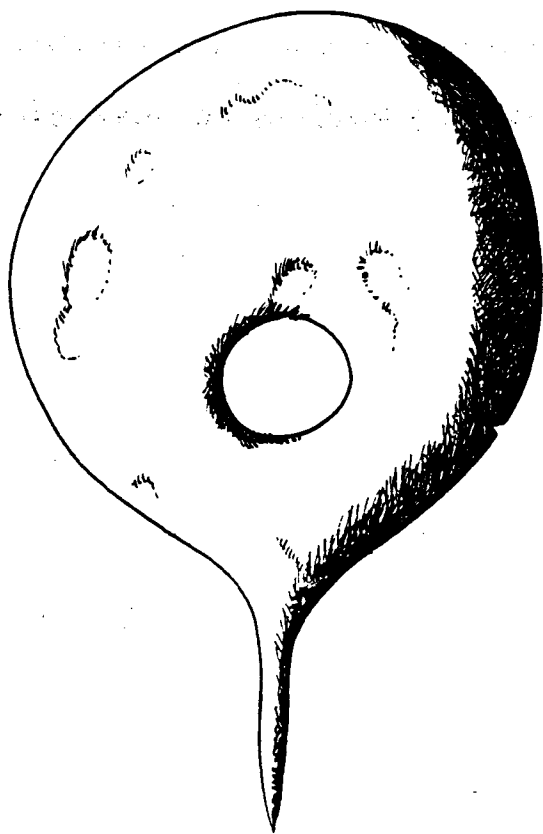
done this way. In fact, that's one of the "rules" which sculptor Bernard ("Tony") Rosenthal & I made up when I was his assistant in 1958. "Makes the heads smaller to look more heroic." The most important "rule" for us--since we were doing things 6-to-18-feet high and 35-36' long--was "Don't make anything heavier than you can lift." Another rule was not to make things just a little off from parallel--it looked sloppy. If it is to be "off" make it definitely off. But I diverge. Back to you, BG.))

But Hank was an anatomical artist who did painstakingly accurate renditions of physical injuries for use in court cases. He saw nothing of value in art except absolute accuracy. ((Sounds like the difference between a court reporter and a writer.)) He seemed unaware of the existence of such a thing as "style," seeing any exaggeration, subordination, or distortion, as an error. I tried to explain to him that colors could be muted for effect, that edges could be softened for the purpose of directing the eye elsewhere, that things of lesser importance in a picture could be minimized any number of ways in order that its message not be diminished by elements in the composition competing for attention.



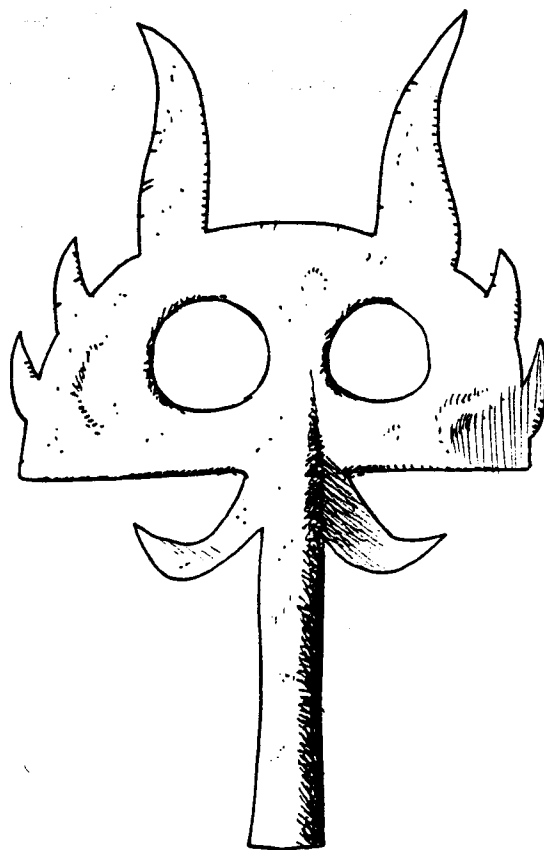


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We are in such a constant age of surprise that hardly anything  
surprises us any more.  
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ANCIENT TOOL

ROSLER '82



RTUAL OBJECT . ROSLER '82

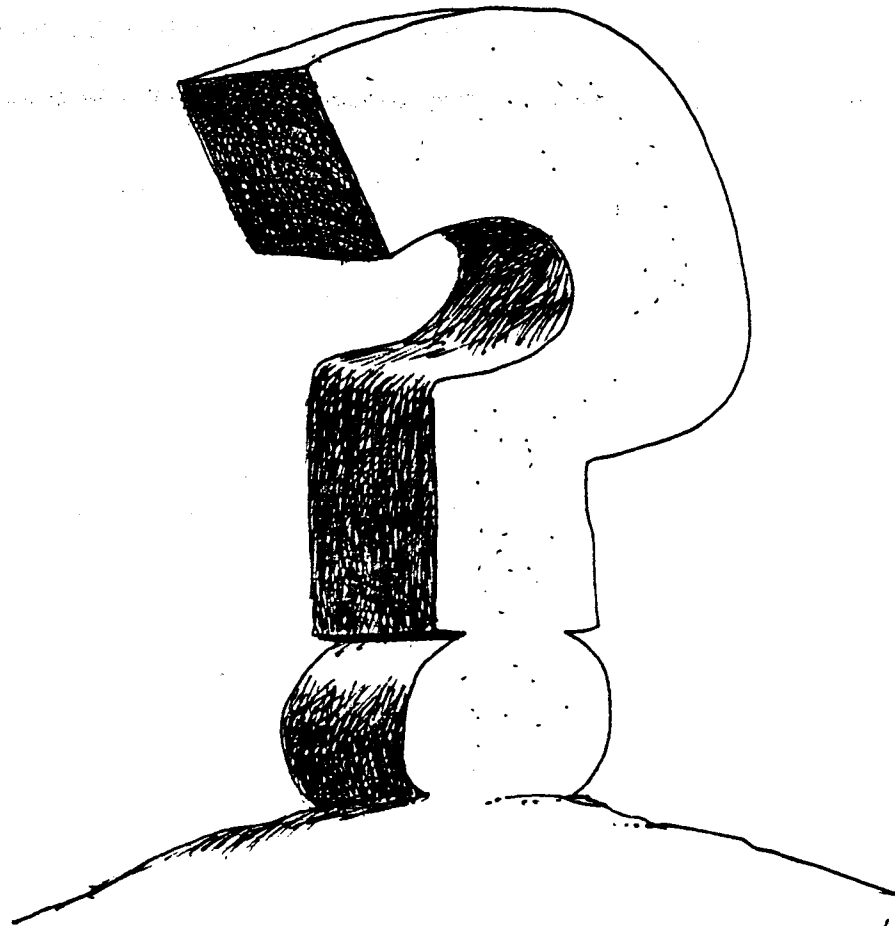
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If the you of now went back to talk to the you of yesterday, what  
would you say? Do it, don't do it? And would that you believe?  
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GEORGE BARR CONTINUES: He not only couldn't see it, he flatly didn't believe it. To him, the artist's duty was to paint things exactly as they were, or in the case of a science fiction artist, to depict things as photographically as possible. The degree to which an artist deviated from absolute realism was the measure of how bad an artist he was, in Hank's view. Therefore, if he could copy that artist's work, eliminating any trace of subtlety, bringing every detail of the picture into razor-sharp focus, to that degree he was a better artist than the one who had come up with the concept and decided on the composition. The actual creativity of it seemed unimportant. Since I was so much younger than he, and so demonstrably less of an artist, my opinion meant nothing. And that I didn't agree with him was a mark of my immaturity. He could have avoided me easily, but made it a point to speak (lecture) to me on several occasions, apparently in the belief that I had enough basic talent to be worth trying to salvage.

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People will walk all over you if you lie down on the job.

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ALL THE CERTAINTY YOU'LL EVER GET

ROSLER '82

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In science, even the obvious must be proven.

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Quite often I look at a picture and think, yes, I could have painted that. That doesn't minimize my appreciation of it. The ones I don't appreciate are those I know I wouldn't have bothered painting. The ones I love are those I wish I had painted. Just that I couldn't have equaled it doesn't automatically make me like it, however much I might appreciate its technical expertise. Lots of art is technically and conceptually way out of my range. Sometimes I like it, sometimes not. But usually when I do, there's that small feeling of wishing I'd done it myself. I'm envious of better technique certainly, but far so of a better imagination. It bugs the hell out of me when an artist who can't paint worth a damn comes up with a concept I'd give anything to have thought of.

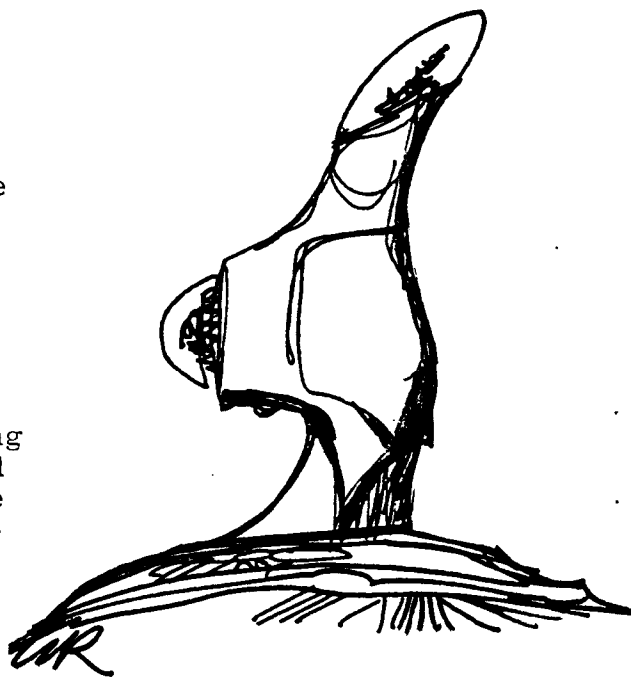
((Curious attitude. I remember a few years ago some rye doctor did some research and diagnosed--or maybe I should write "diagnosed"--El Greco as having this certain kind of eye trouble, names escapes me,

the effect of which was to elongate images. So the stretched figures in El Greco's work were--to him--realistic. However, that didn't/ doesn't explain why the painted elongated figures did not then look even more elongated. # I think too often people confuse technical excellence--manual handling of materials, the ability to "photographically" reproduce something--with art. No more than good grammar is writing, I sez. It's very nice and highly desirable to have all these manual & photographic skills, of course, as that gives you the better possibility of obtain the mental image you have. If your skills are not that great, you have an even lesser chance of getting close to that mental picture. Besides, you ought to know what you are doing. Art is an inverted pyramid. If Michaelangelo were alive today, I've maintained for 30 years, he would have at least tried a welding torch, tried plastic paints & plastics. Probably be too much of a historic background for him to overcome, but I think he would have tried. Know damn well Leonardo would.))

Your experience of being accused unjustly of being gay reminded me of an event in my own life.

I don't remember off-hand what year it was. I was in San Diego on concert tour with the Salt Lake Symphonic Choir. It had just been announced that Martin Luther King had been murdered, and the hotel manager cautioned us to stay inside as much as possible, as there was no predicting what repercussions there might be.

A bunch of us were sitting around discussing the event, and one young man--a guy I liked and thought of as a friend--was making some of the most ridiculous and viciously derogatory racial remarks I had ever heard. Finally, I'd had enough of it, and I said quietly, "The Black porcion of my ancestry could take offence at a lot of what you're saying."



There was that proverbial stunned silence. And I saw his eyes searching mt face, noting the curly hair, a broad nose, and very full lips. He forced a laugh. "You're kidding, aren't you?" he said, but it was obvious he wasn't very sure.

Figuring the point had been made, I admitted that I was kidding. But from that moment on we were no longer friends...because he was not sure and never could be. And it mattered to him. His manner became cool, and for the rest of the tour I was not invited along on many of the social activities that also included him.

I know it's not the same as growing up black. a far cry from having inferiority pounded into me by society from the day of my birth. But I had a sjort time of experiencing to a limited degree what blacks must experience constantly--a totally irrational and grossly unfair prejudice based on something which should have made no difference at all.

After sober thought about what I'd done, I decided not to even try convincing him--or anyone else--that it wasn't true. To do so would have been an admission on my part that I thought there was something wrong with being black. And I decided that the loss of any friend to whom it did make a difference was a pretty small loss.

((Considering Utah's attitude toward blacks, that must have had other repercussions as well. Having my daughter say I was gay--bisexual, I think she modified it to--did annoy me, of course, mainly because it was wrong--plus why on earth was she trying to hurt me by lying? I would have also been pissed off if she had said I was a Commie, a thief, or anything which was untrue.))

I understand your hurt and embarrassment at being accused unjustly, especially considering the source of the accusation. But when it comes right down to it, it should be as unimportant as being accused of having blue eyes, blond hair, or being left-handed. Any friends you lost because of their believing it, would be, as I said, a small loss...not because they'd believed such a thing of you--of all people--but because they are the kind of people who would let such a thing make a difference.



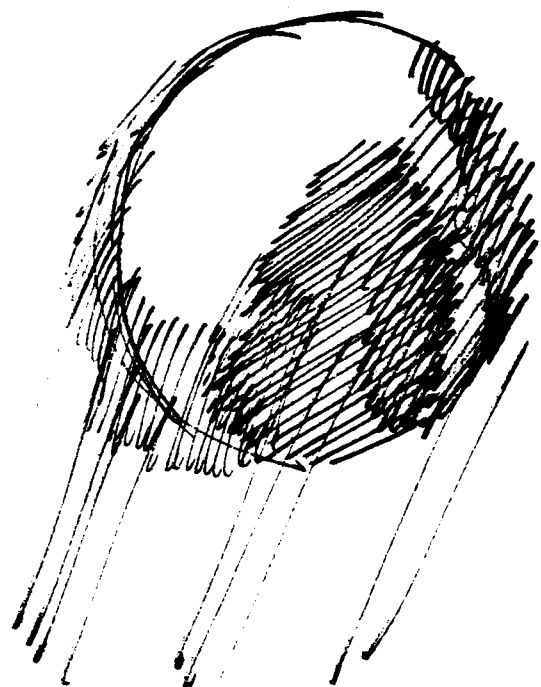
In some ways, it's a great opportunity: to understand first-hand, to a limited degree, the kind of irrational prejudice ten percent of the population lives with constantly, and to find out how many of your friends are really as liberal as they say they are, and to find out, if only by your own protestations, how liberal you are yourself. People don't often say any longer: "Some of my best friends are...but I wouldn't want my sister to marry one." They simply say, "Some of my best friends are." And they think, "but I'd rather be dead than be one."

((I think my greatest opportunity, as you phrase it, was/is during Women's Liberation. At first, all that fuss seemed dumb--I mean, if they didn't like their lives, just change them--after all, I always had. But I wasn't really thinking about the situation, and when I did...or more correctly, when I was forced to...I saw how dumb my thinking had been. And I hadn't thought of myself as a sexist, a dummy, or Evil. I know few women--Betty Ballantine, Virginia Aalko, some other quite strong women, who thought (think?) Women's Lib dumb because they had always just gone ahead, full steam, and let the chips fall. They've probably changed, too. And, gee, George, now I can refer to you as "One of my best friends once said he was Black."))

If the idea of not being able to convince people horrifies you: ((It doesn't at all...)) if you feel that your sexuality should be of any importance to any except those you plan to go to bed with, then you'll have learned something valuable to you.

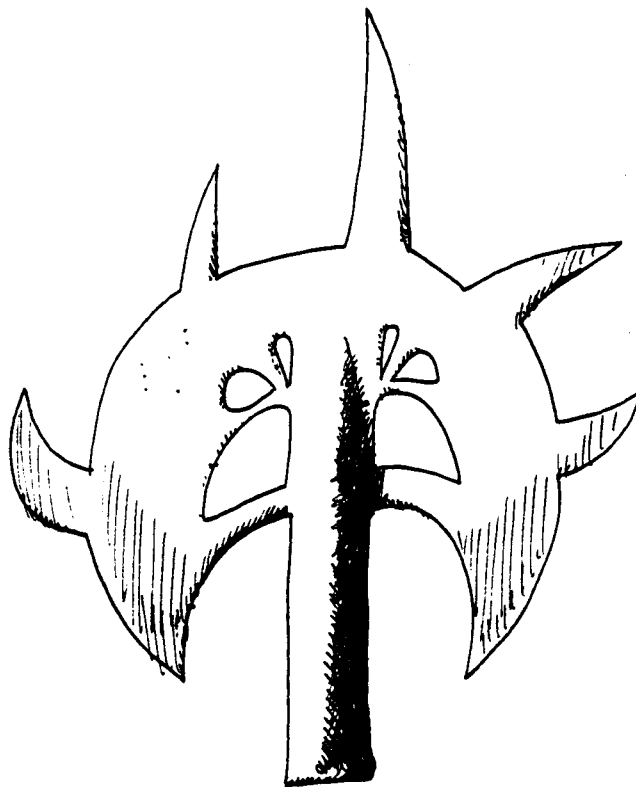
Strange...Homosexual--like Communist and Paranoid--is one of those self-proving accusations. Anything at all a person says or does after

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Guns are a civilizing influence, too. Think what would happen if all peace-loving citizens were to give them up. Guns are the first things denied to citizens of a totalitarian state, right after the loss of free speech.  
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MOON RISE

ROUSON



WEAPON

ROUSON

-----  
I don't think the great philosophies are created, but rather they are found.  
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GEORGE BARR Continues:

the thought has been planted, can be easily read in that light. Nobody's immune. Call a man a Communist, and any slight lack of obvious, outward patriotism condemns him. And genuine show of civic pride or concern is, naturally, what a Communist would fake to escape detection. The McCarthy mess was ample proof of that.

Call a man a Paranoid, and what on earth can he say or do that won't sound like the real thing? Bruce Pelz and Bjo used to take great pleasure in flinging that accusation at each other whenever they'd disagree, for just that reason. It always worked, and they'd sit back and watch the other squirm at the realization there was nothing they could use to counter it.

If he's Wo ld-Class, legend-in-his-own-time, all-purpose, anytime-anywhere stud: God, how he must fear detection to go to such lengths to hide it. But of course if he really liked women instead of just liking the idea of being known for liking women, one good woman really

ought to be enough. The sheer numbers are proof that he's not finding what he's really looking for.

He's caught coming and going, and there's no way in this God's world to convince somebody who doesn't want to be convinced. I heard a guy once, faced with the same situation, say to his accuser: "How would you like to bet your belief that I'm gay against one hour of your wife's time alone with me?"

"Go to hell," the man said. "I could fuck a sheep if I had to, but that wouldn't make me a ram." He was right, of course.

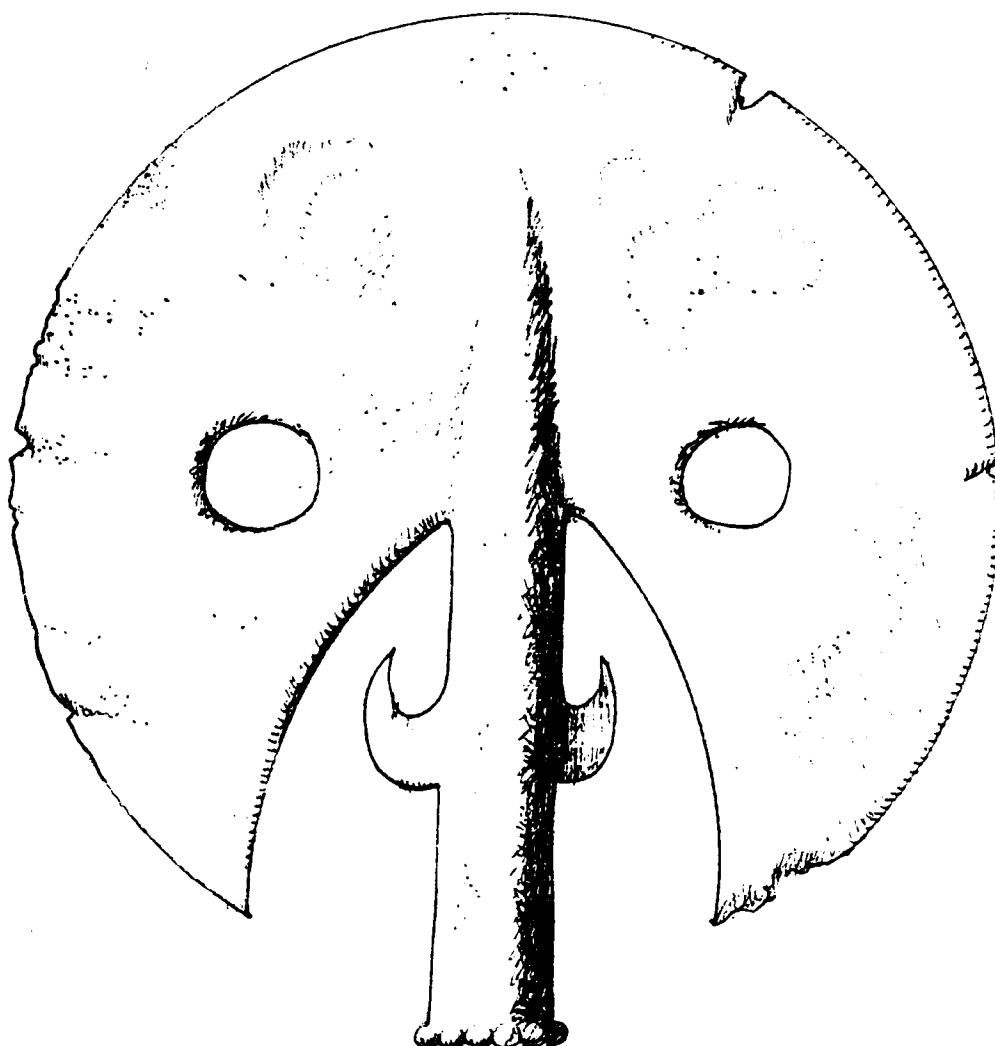
((I think some of my fannish "reputation" came about many years ago, when Bjo found herself trailed about by what were called, I think, "Mountain Movers" and something else. Anyway, a coterie of young male fans, a bit younger than Bjo--who was really very cute in those days--as Bjo was just about the only "free agent" female under 250 pounds in fandom. She pretty much deplored their naive attitude and in a discussion we had it was decided that I should be the father figure or guru or something, and "teach" these guys something about women. (As if I knew something! Well, more than they did, I guess.) So she went about building up my "rep" and I started having informal sessions in the William Rotsler Extension Course. I remember one, having taken Jimmy Darrin's beautiful ex-wife to a LASFS costume party in oriental drag--her not me--and giving a "session" to a bunch of the guys in a hallway. But the best was one time, with Bjo sitting on my lap, explaining how buttons were better than zippers. This was long ago when women did pretend it wasn't happening to them as you undressed them. Zippers made noise--which they "couldn't" ignore, and buttons were quiet. The climax came when Bjo suddenly realized, during the talk, I had unbuttoned her blouse all down the back. # But I know, compared to most fans, and a lot of proz, that I have had vastly more experience with a much greater range of women, all in the pretty-to-beautiful-to-stunning categories--some of which get this magazine/letter substitute--so that most fans seem like kids to me. And some ptos, too, for that matter. There are times, I must admit, when I see fannish males/female going about their mating rituals, that I feel positively jaded.))



On the subject of your closest approach to a homosexual experience; two times being one-third of a male-male-female trio. No one but you knows what you felt at the time. ((Mainly--guys are hairy.)) You say that so far as you were concerned, your two men were just giving a girl a good time, and that you enjoyed it enough that given the same circumstances, you'd probably do it again. ((Yup.))

Look at it this way: you'd have enjoyed it plenty with just you and her. Three people gave it a little something extra. Only to her? Was it only her added enjoyment that made it special? Would it have made any

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These days if you give someone enough rope, they'll make a macramé pot  
hanger.  
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RELIC OF EMPIRE

REISLELEZ

-----  
Sex is the only area in which your knowledge does not become  
obsolete. (You may, but it doesn't!)  
-----

ONWARD WITH G. BARR!

difference at all to your enjoyment of the event if the third person  
had been another girl?

Wait.

Not another girl there to make love to you; not there to be made love  
to by you; not touching you at all; not being touched by you; focusing  
all her attention on the same girl to whom you were making love...  
just as, I presume, the other man was doing.

Would she have added to the pleasure? Your pleasure? Would it have been the same? Would she have been a distraction? Would your pleasure have been in any way altered or diminished if that third person had been female instead of male?

This is, course, only to provoke some thought on the subject, not an attempt to pry or imply. They're rhetorical questions, and probably at this date not even answerable with any degree of accuracy.

((Sure, another woman, presuming she was attractive would add to my pleasure, even if she & I did nothing. It is (among other things, such as sheer hedonistic pleasure) a great kick to give some lady a Momumental Orgasm, or string of orgasms--as perhaps two or three members of my reading audience might attest--and it is, of course a big ego thing as well. A good job well done on one level; pleasure to a friend (or pleasant acquaintance) on another. The nearest I've been to the situation you describe was some years ago when Paul Turner & I developed the Sensory Trip. Myself, Uschi's husband Ron, (I think) and someone else, probably Paul, plus a blonde model, gave a Sensory Trip to another figure model one day after a photo session. We did everything to her but screw, including the blonde--with whom I had shared quite a number of sexual interchanges--sucking the breasts of the girl as I did. But that's paltry. I've screwed in a bed with another couple "doing it" (as Gerald C. FitzGerald used to say) on a few occasions. So I don't know how to respond. It would depend a great deal on the females involved. How they felt at the moment, hoe they felt about me & each other, etc etc.))

My personal opinion is: if the other guy provided an added fillip of fun that wouldn't have been provided by a girl, then yes, you had a genuine homosexual experience. Call it "barely" or "borderline" or whatever, I'd still say it qualified. And so what?

I mean it: so what? With all the wide variety of experiences you've had no objection to everyone knowing about, why should you feel even the slightest embarrassment at having had a side-wise brush with an experience which is anything but remarkable or uncommon...except perhaps in the circumstances under which it occurred.

No. Stop. Retraxt.

It would be nauve of me to say it doesn't matter, that it's not important. It shouldn't matter, and it shouldn't be important. But to a lot of people it is.

((To me it was something unusual, something quite uncommon in my experience, absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about--in fact until you mentioned embarrassment it had never ocured to me. # Two guys, one woman seem to me the best way, plumbing wise, though I'm certain, ego-wise and probably sensory-wise for the man, two wmmen, one male would be very desirable. I've done that in movies, and





since I was directing, I had set them up just to be able to experience that, but they weren't serious. (However, in several of the occasions, it led to sex with one of the women later. I'm no fool.)))

The portion of your income derived from the articles and columns you write for the men's magazines would be a loss to you. ((I don't understand.)) And it would be a loss if your daughter managed to raise enough doubt in enough people's minds. ((Actually, of course, none of the people she might have said that to even know the people at the mags, except Paul Turner, and if they did believe it, they'd probably ask me to write bisexual-oriented articles.))

If valued friends proved themselves of little worth by allowing a rumor to make a difference, their loss would still be painful. It hurts as much to learn that your faith has been misplaced. I haven't meant to be little your problem, just to show it to you from a different perspective.

((Hell, George, if I hadn't mentioned it in these pages, 99% of the people I know wouldn't even know about it. You blow it out of proportion. It is not a "problem" at all.

Hell, none of it is going to make any difference to my friends, either way, believing or disbelieving. And I am just independent enough not to give a shit. Not really. As long as they don't come up the path carrying wooden pitchforks and brandishing torches, I don't really care what beyond a few people think. And I had had enough sexual experiences to write another 800 articles, even if I never have sex again.))



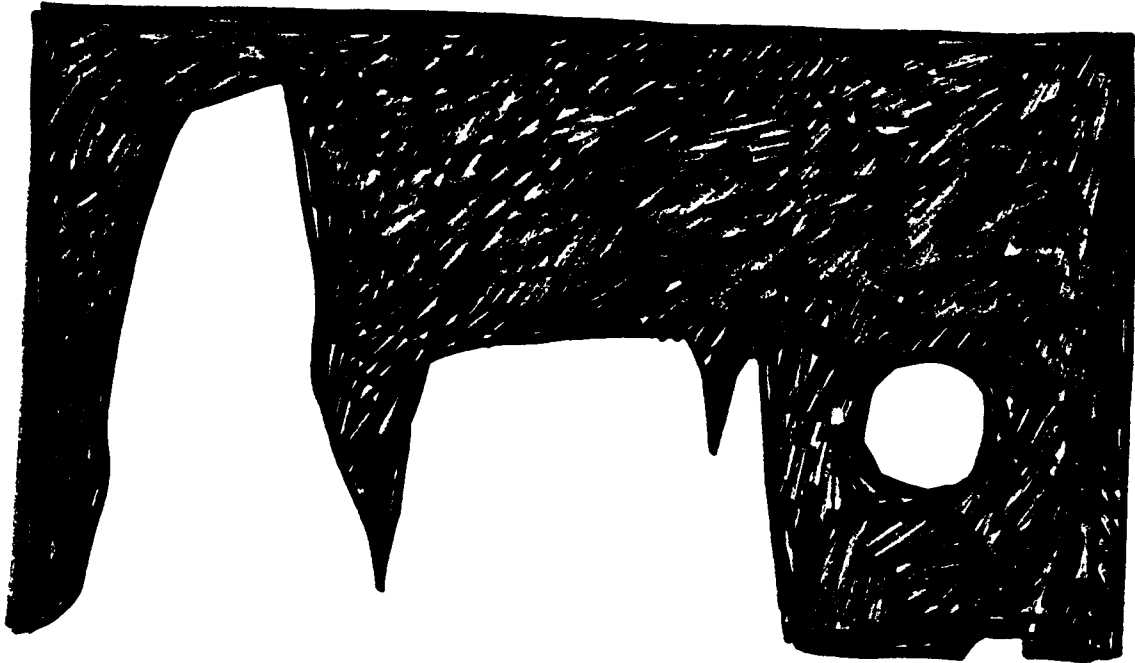
What qualifies as a "genuine" homosexual experience became a sticking point in a discussion I remember from years back. A couple of the participants were fairly openly gay, willing to answer non-derogatory questions, and not averse to utilizing the opportunity to dispell a few myths. Research on the subject was discussed, along with the results of some recent surveys and studies. This was a social situation, not an enounter group or anything like that--very unstructured conversation.

The point was mentioned that a very high percentage of men--all men, not just gay men--had had at least one homosexual experience in their lives, usually in adolescence.

One guy took great exception to the idea, insisting that in the first place he didn;t believe there were anything near as many gays as people were saying. He flatly refused to accept the idea that homosexual experiences were anything like that common, or they they were had by any but homosexuals.

"I've never had one," he said adamantly...and rather defensively, in

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Can God destroy something so complete He/She cannot reconstruct it?  
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DESERT MOONLIGHT

RAEOR

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Mind drugs are keys--you must find the doors they fit.  
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spite of the fact that no one there had evidenced any doubts at all about his sexuality. In fact, unless one or the other of the gays was nursing a crush, I doubt if anyone really cared.

But his flat insistence, not just that he hadn't experienced it, but that he didn't believe all that many other people had either, presented a bit of conversational challenge.

"Did you ever sleep over with a friend when you were a kid?" he was asked. And he admitted that yes, he had. "Didn't you ever lie there talking about sex?" Yes. "And didn't you get horny?" Yes. "Did you do any comparing?" Well...yes. "But never touched."

Pause. "Oh, come on," he said. "That's just kid stuff."

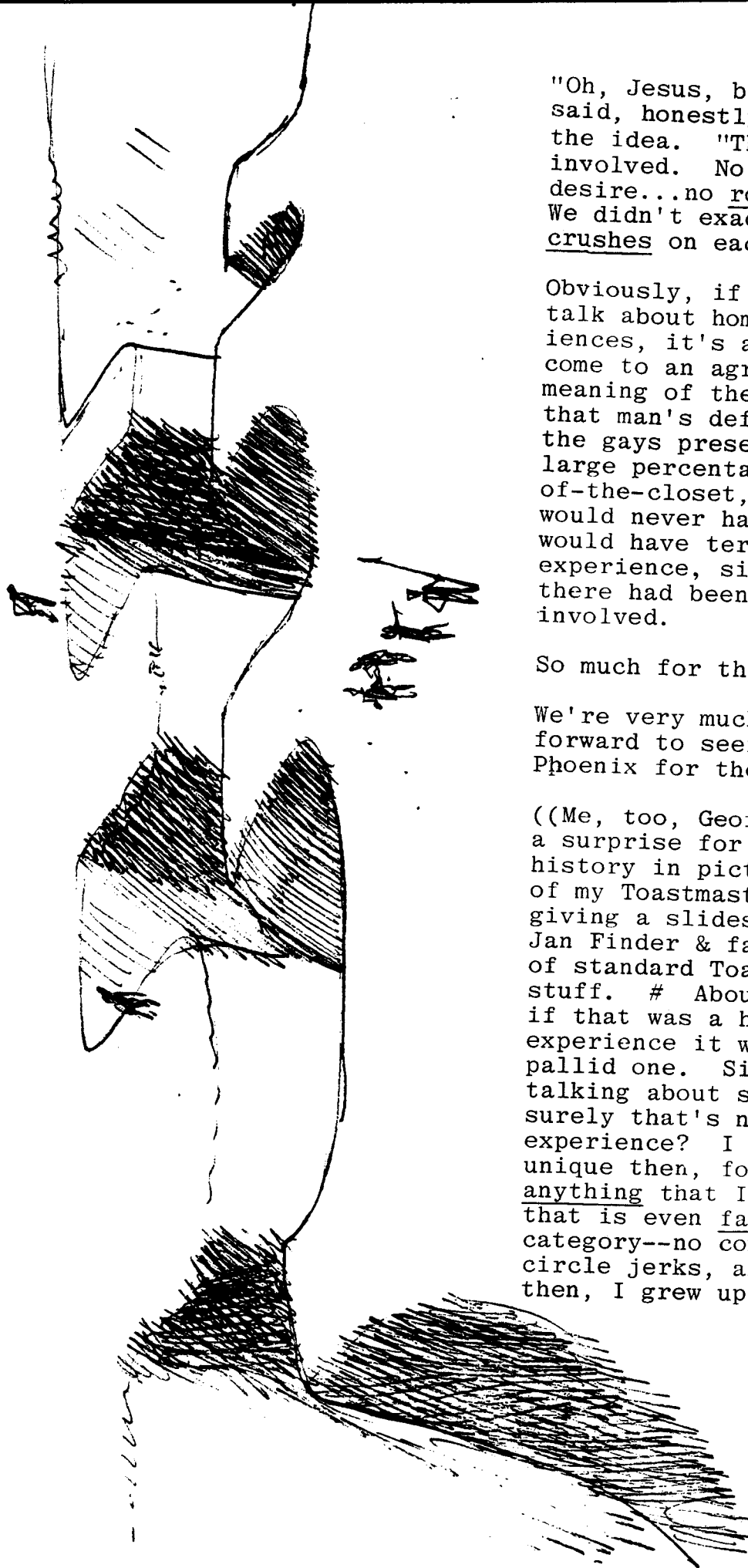
"How old were you?" he was asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Thirteen or so."

"Into puberty?"

"Yes, of course. But it was still just playing around. A couple of kids. Curiosity. That's not a homosexual experience!"

"Why not?"



"Oh, Jesus, be serious," he said, honestly shocked at the idea. "There was no love involved. No kissing. No desire...no romantic desire. We didn't exactly have crushes on each other."

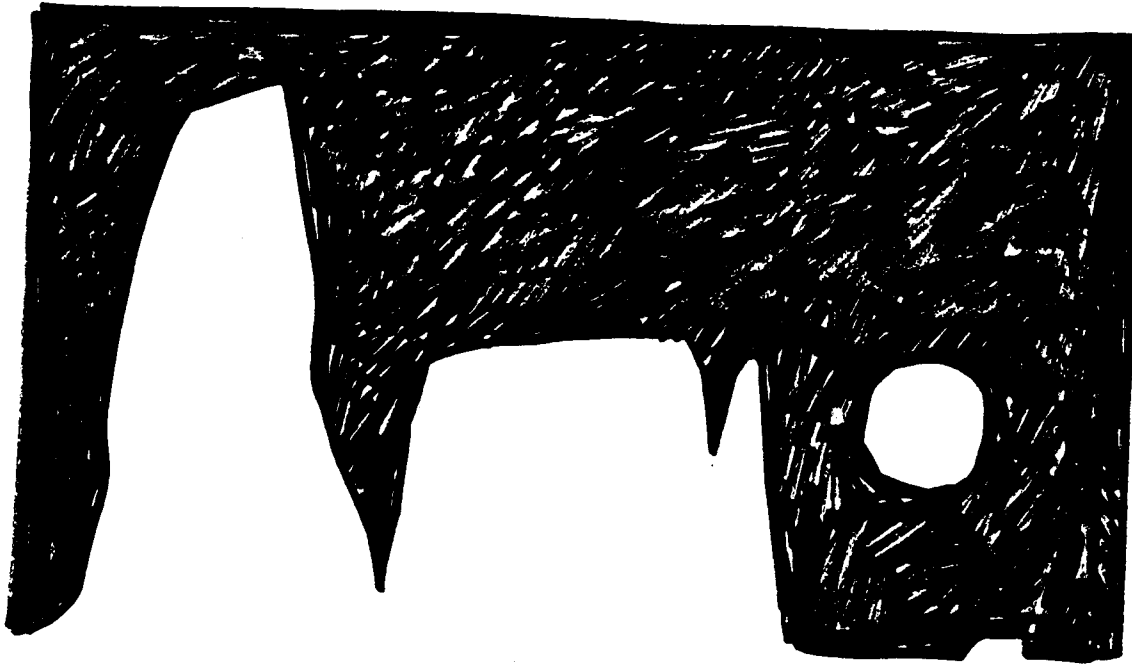
Obviously, if you're goin to talk about homosexual experiences, it's a good idea to come to an agreement on the meaning of the terms. By that man's definitions, so the gays present said, even a large percentage of open, out-of-the-closet, practicing gays would never have had what he would have termed a homosexual experience, simply because there had been no romance involved.

So much for that.

We're very much looking forward to seeing you in Phoenix for the LepreCon.

((Me, too, George--and I have a surprise for you: Your life history in pictures, as part of my Toastmastering. I'm giving a slideshow on you & Jan Finder & fandom instead of standard Toastmastering stuff. # About the above--if that was a homosexual experience it was a pretty pallid one. Sitting around talking about sex, though, surely that's not a "homosexual" experience? I think I must be unique then, for I never had anything that I can think of that is even faintly in that category--no comparisons, circle jerks, anything. But then, I grew up in the 30s &

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Can God destroy something so complete He/She cannot reconstruct it?  
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DESERT MOONLIGHT

RAGE2

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Mind drugs are keys--you must find the doors they fit.  
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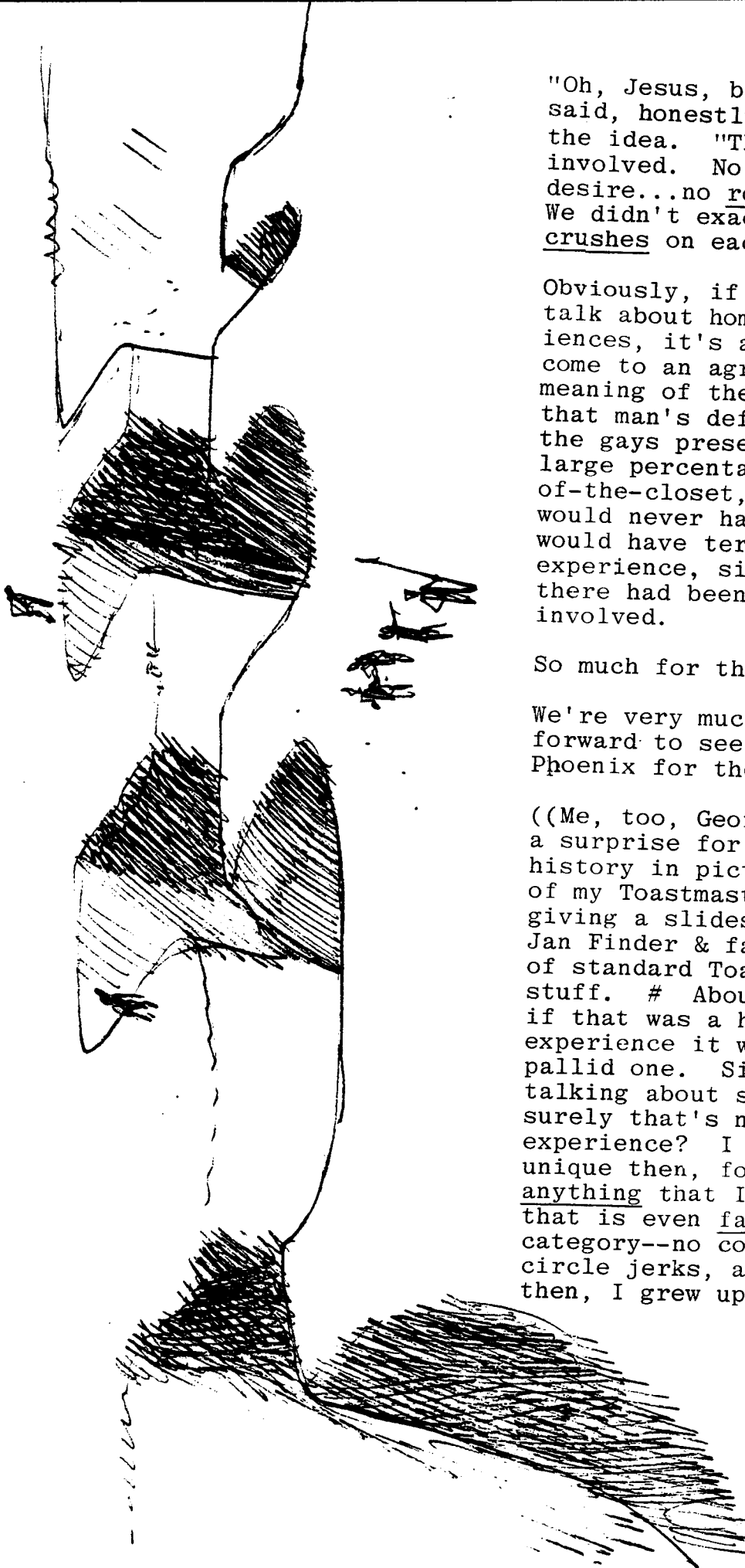
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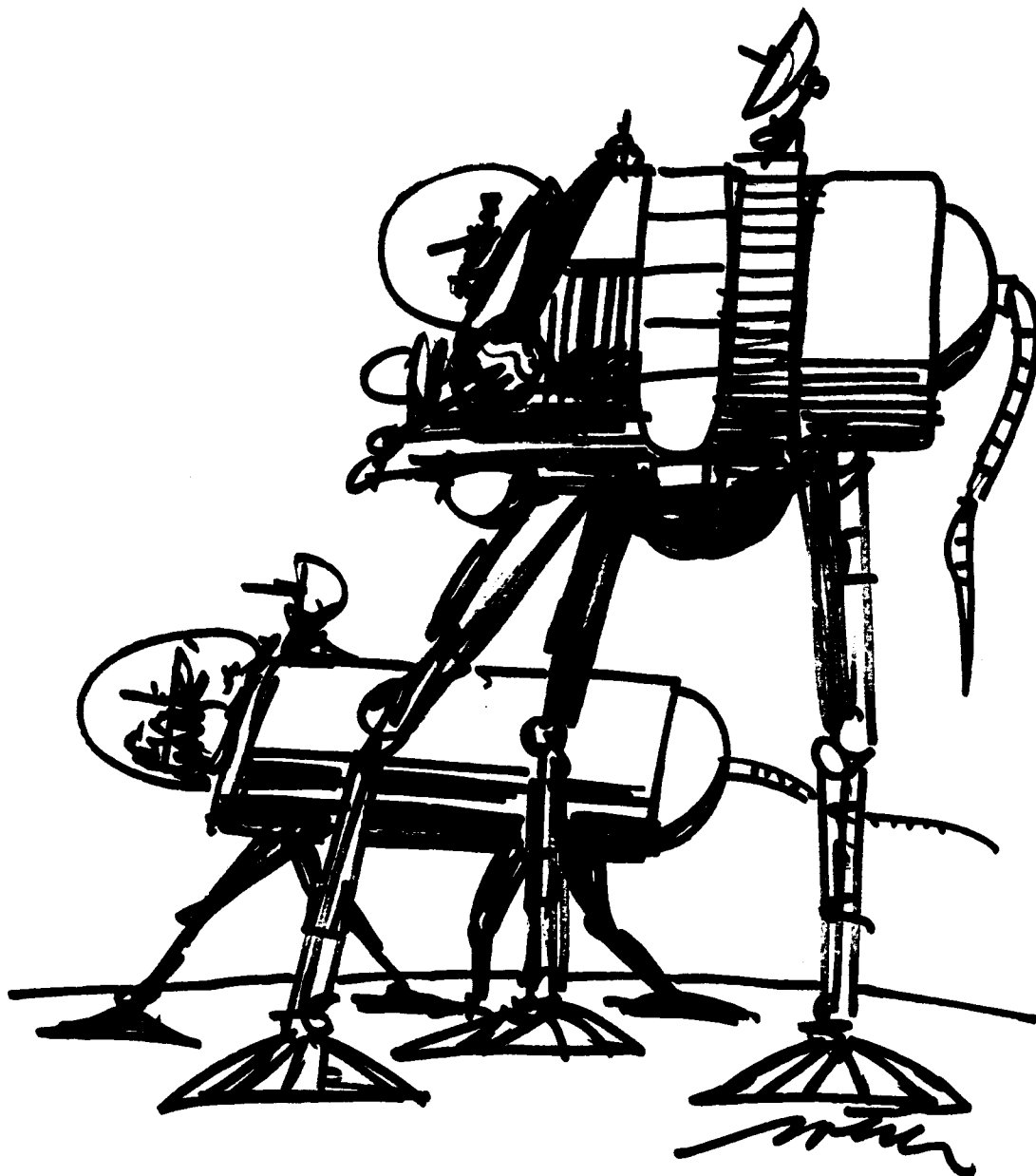
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Some people will never stand corrected. You have to knock  
them down to get them to accept it.  
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You cannot escape yourself until you know who you are.  
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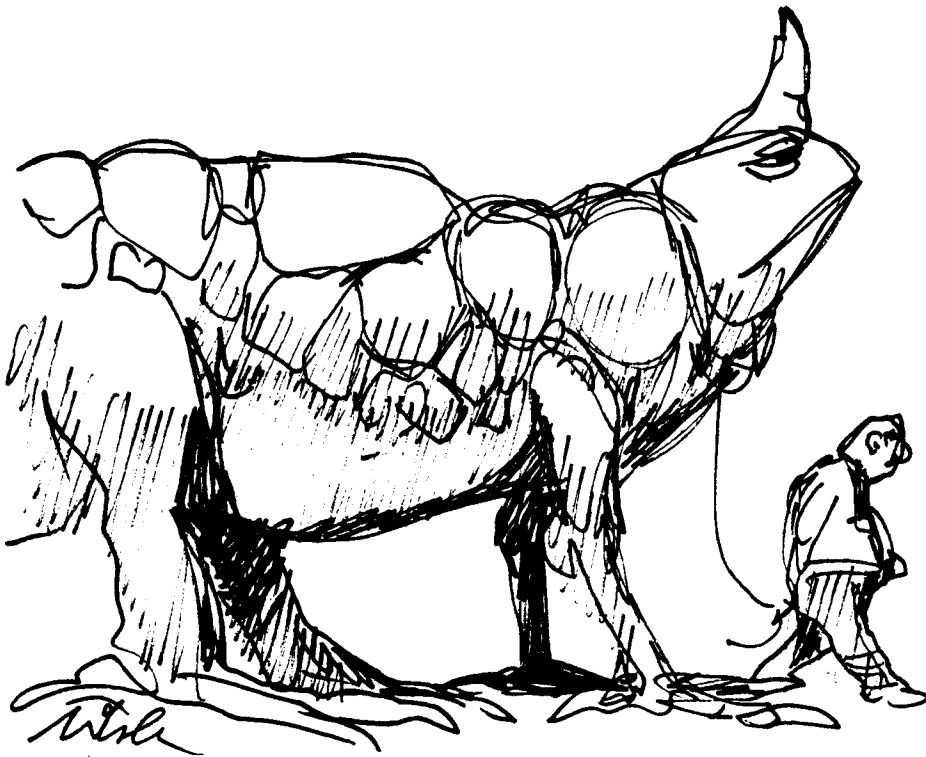
40s & we never even heard of gay people out there in Camarillo-land. I thought Franklin Pangborn & others in films were pretty "odd" but never even thought of them as gay...which indeed, perhaps they weren't. It was only years later...well, a couple of years, that I realized the young lieutenant who gave me & my two buddies such plush details during basic training was gay. A sort of Melrose Decorator type. My best buddy was a guy named Green, who looked like Monty Clift, and the loot used to come around, when we were in the field, to watch us

take a shower with the .50 caliber machine gun water-cooling pump we had rigged. But as far as I know, nothing happened. He was the guy who came around, after Basic & after the Bomb was dropped & everything, while I was awaiting discharge (my father'd had a heart attack) who took me to Japan on a "secret" mission, for one week. # Agreement about terms is always important. I get annoyed, for example, by people's use of "pornographic", applied to anything they want it to apply to. Including things not even faintly pornographic but something they didn't like. But maybe, like beauty and cinders, it's all in the eye of the beholder...or beholderess.))

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The reason old folks act the way they do toward the young is that they remember how dumb they were at that age.  
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Quotations are fresh; sayings are middle-aged; proverbs are all old.  
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Imagination is your greatest resource.  
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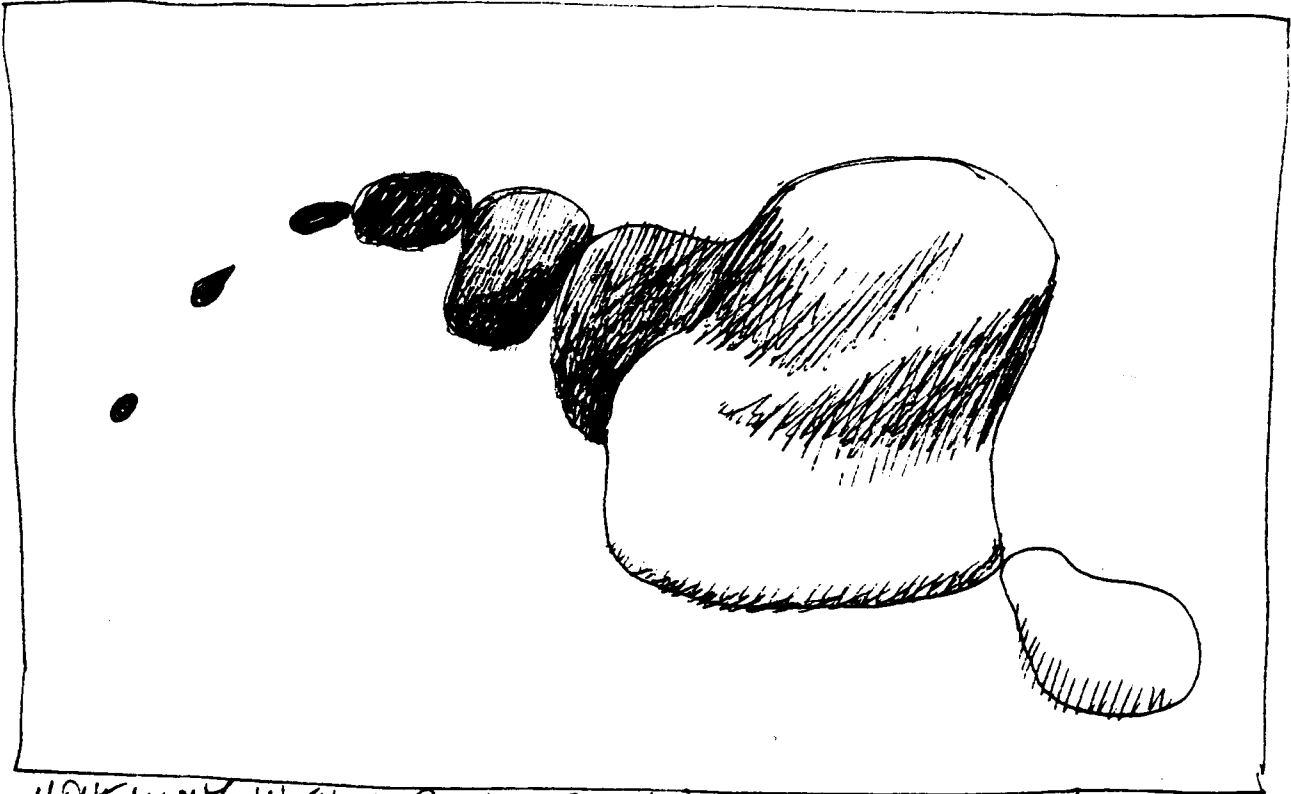


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Honesty is the best policy--but a lot of people have let the policy lapse.  
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THE MARTA RANDALL AWARD this issue goes to a tall person seen on LA streets wearing a t-shirt that said, "Life is too short to be snall."

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"Dreams are your unconscious playing charades." (Rebecca Kurkand)  
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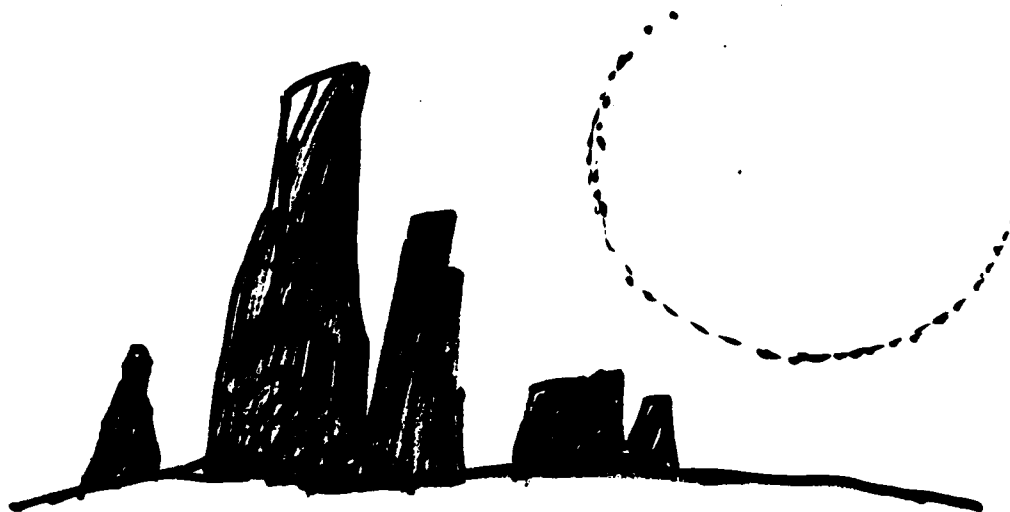
The odds are 10-to-1 against you getting a 50-50 break.



MOVEMENT WITH A COLL OF SKIN

RESKIN

Los Angeles has only two problems: there is no center and the air is no longer alive.

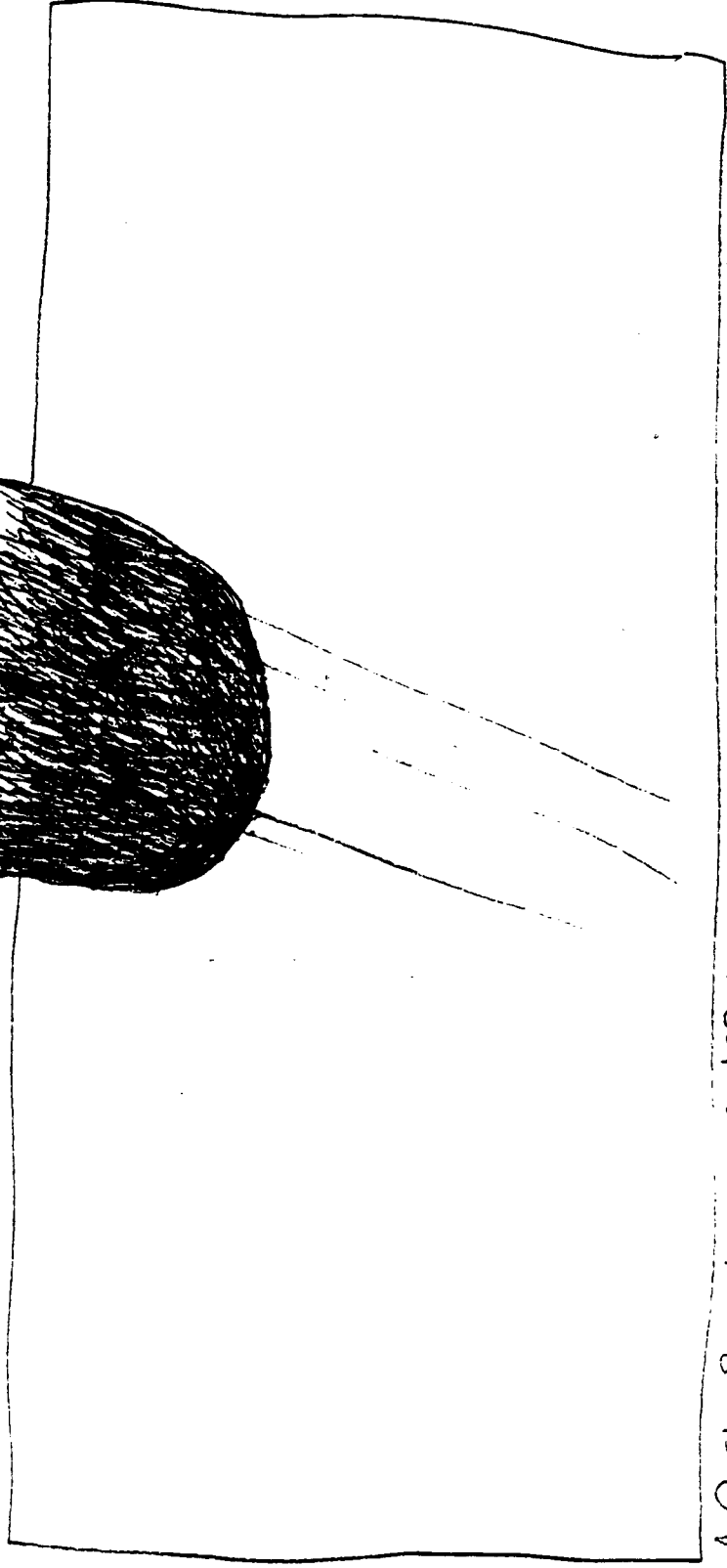
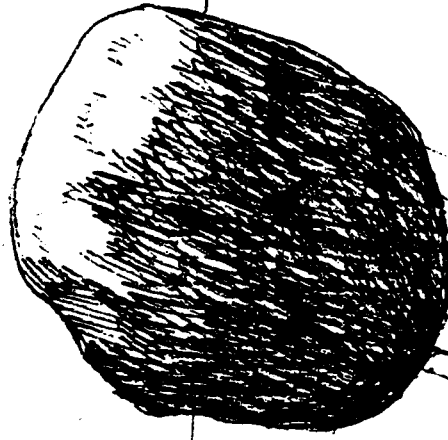
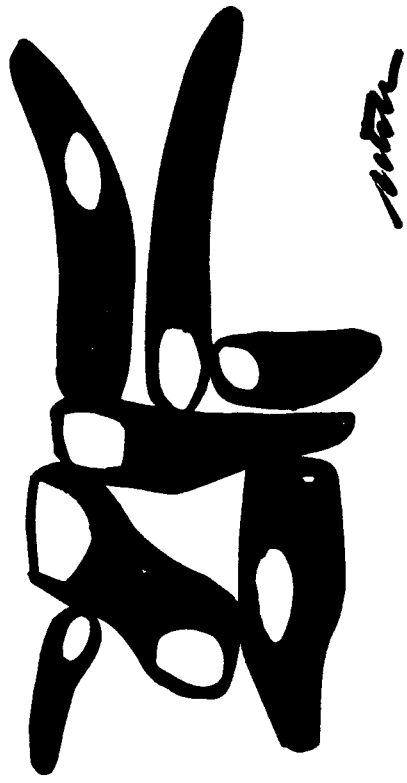
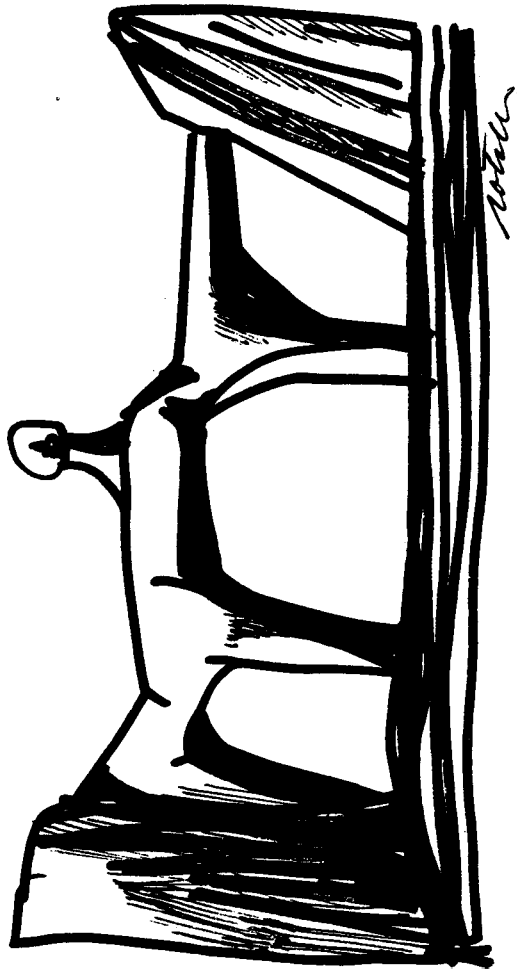


DESERT NIGHTALCON

RESKIN

If necessity is the mother of invention, then ambition is the mother-in-law.





A ROCK BEHAVING STRANGELY

EXERCISE 2

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Citizens not only get the government they deserve but the government  
they serve.  
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A LETTER FROM ALAN DEAN FOSTER

Thanks for the latest Kteics. Mike Glickson's (hi Mike) comments regarding Uschi bring to mind an incident of some years ago and bear on your comment that she's a woman worth knowing.

I had written a pot-boiler of a film which (fortunately) was never produced, entitled (not my title), 1,000,000 A.D. Through you, I was able to refer Uschi to the so-called producers, who promptly and sensibly signed her to appear in the 16mm promo reel they planned to shoot out near Barstow. Having never observed anything like this, I hastened out to the site to have a look-see.

While between scenes, the host of would-be Gables and Lombards milled around discussing who was doing what to whom in Hollywood, where to buy clean drugs, who they knew, and so forth. Off to one side sat Uschi, studying not Variety or The Reporter but a chess board. I sauntered over, affecting my most suave attitude (post-university-cocky) and asked if she played. Rejecting the chance to double-entendre, she replied yes. Whereupon she proceeded to beat the pants off me two games out of three, this despite the fact that I was a fair player and actually succeeded in concentrating on the board while we played. Subsequently I found myself discussing our respective retirement plans with her, she being the first person my own age I'd found who looked that far into the future.

Oh yes, someone worth knowing indeed. I hope she finds her island, if that's still what she wants. If you're lucky in life, you get to talk with people instead of just masks.

See you in Chicago, I expect.

((Yes, that does sound like Uschi. She's level-headed to the point of ridiculousness. And I see--as all others who comes with her telepathy range--that you fell under her spell. One of these days she will raise her army of admiring slaves & rule the world!))

CONDENSATION OF A LETTER FROM NEOLA GRAEF

((Some of you will remember Neola (I love that name!) as the remarkably constructed blonde woman who lived with Paul Turner for some time, first at our 2nd Hollyridge house, then at Ridpath. I put her on the cover of the last LOSCON book cover & sent her a copy.))

When I opened your letter and saw the cover of the program, I had to sit down, I started laughing so hard! When we took those pictures on the Big Sur coast so many years ago, I certainly had no idea I'd end up on the cover of a LASFS program--au natural, at that! Photographs are definitely a form of immortality.

You turned up in a dream I had last night (a very nice one, by the way--lots of pretty scenery), along with Ron and Uschi Digart, whom I haven't thought about in a long time. Your letter must have started my unconscious along Memory Lane...

((She's living in a 2-acre estate on Maui, which is up for sale at \$819,500 and is working weekends in a shop on the waterfront at Kihei, and taking business-type courses 3 days a week at Maui Community College, is phasing out the most recent boy friend. The house has a pool, the ocean (top left in pic) and on the other side, a stream and a jungle. She's also thinking of a trip to the Mainland to use up a tax refund, though why, once on Maui, you'd come to LA, I don't know. Maybe even Paradise gets boring.

((I would contemplate a trip there, Neola, if you could find me at least one figure model of the "native" type and could point me toward a suitable location. You know the kind I mean. I'd love to go into one of those beaches on Maui where you can only get yo in a helicopter. Thanks for the invitation.

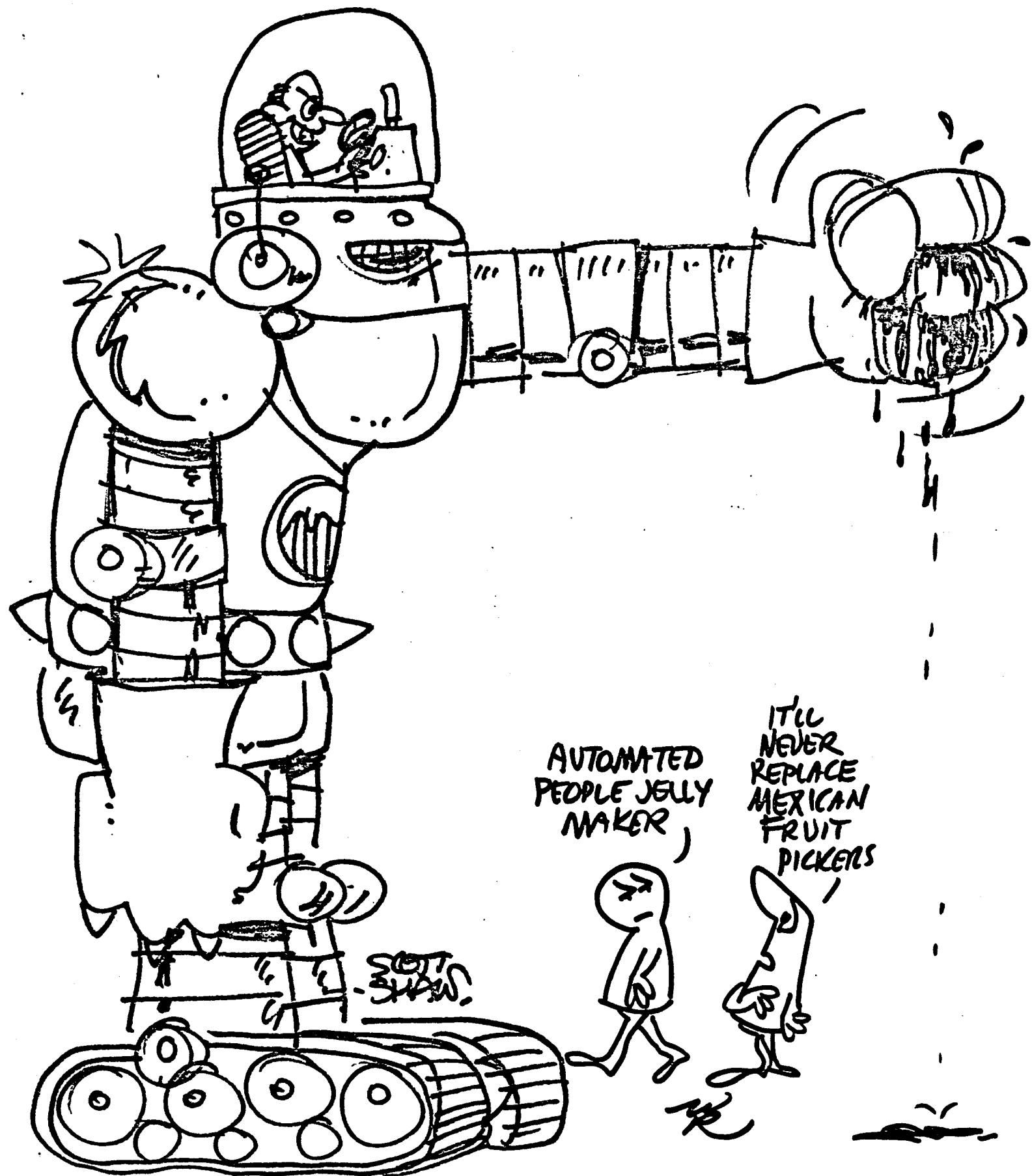
((She reminds me of the time she appears nearly nude, but in the bottom, I think, of a macrame bikini. We couldn't think of a title for her masquerade entry until Bob Silverberg (you all remember him) dubbed it "Fringe Fan."

((She gives her aloha to all who remember her. One of the things I remember most about Neola was the way she hated to wear clothes. She'd come home, start to strip naked by--and sometimes just outside--the front door and she didn't give a damn who was there. We got a kick out of the expressions on the faces of guests somewhat unused to our life style in those days, watching the sudden appearance of a long-haired blonde with a great body undressing as she tromped through.))

((By the way, it's offered by Trimble Realty...))



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Whom the Gods would destroy they must first get the IRS after them.  
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# VALERIAN

## Graphic Renaissance

Foreword by William Rotsler

America has a throw-away culture. We use and discard at a fantastic rate, sucking up and spitting out rock stars, television shows, automobiles, politicians, endangered species, comic strips, fashions, and so on.

This is both our strength and our weakness. It is our strength because it makes for a high metamorphosis rate, we adapt easily and quickly. New ideas are not strange things, just the next thing along the line.

It is our weakness because we tend to devalue some very good things. After all, something *else* will be along soon, something just as original, something more finely tuned. We ignore one of the most original forms of expression ever created: the graphic story.

No, we don't ignore it actually, we relegate it to unimportance. We may quote from *Peanuts* and pin up strips from *B.C.*, and start off each day with a good dosage of our life-long favorites, but we treat comic strips with virtually no reverence.

Perhaps because they make us laugh, they take us to another time and place. People always tend to discount and not fear anything that makes us laugh, anything at all that amuses us in any way.

Americans have been ignoring the graphic story while at the same time taking it in with their mother's milk. And, boy, are they missing something! Perhaps it is because most of what we see are once-a-day or once-a-week capsules, a tiny "maintenance dosage" of graphics.

But in France, in Europe, this is not the case. There you see hard-bound editions of long and complete stories, in that luscious "European color", and a lot of them, too. I remember my first time in Paris, going into a "comic store" on the Left Bank, a store close to Notre-Dame, and seeing *banks* of graphic stories, shelves clogged with Indians & cavalry & cowboys, with fantasies and science fiction, children's stories and magazines filled with a variety of stunning graphic work.

Not here. Except for a few specialty stores who import a few copies of the best-sellers you'd never know such a thriving and exciting "industry" exist-

ed. We have water, not wine. Throw-away publications that only die-hard fans save. Momentary flashes, not a steady light.

One of my reasons for going to Paris was to meet Mezieres and Christin. We spent an evening talking of the comic industry as it existed in America and France, and pretty much decided that one of the reasons the comic "business" flourished in France was that their television was so bad, that the kind of adventure people looked for was simply not evident on the small screen, as it is in North America, and that the comic industry provided it.

With the entry of Valerian into the "throw-away" culture of America on a regular and steady basis you will find, very soon, that lesser talents will steal from Mezieres/Christin. Flattering, perhaps, and influential, but I have no fears for Valerian, or any other venture by either of these two talents. They are so far ahead, so inventive, that no one will catch up.

I have noticed that in American graphic stories (i.e. comic strips) there is almost no architectural inventiveness. Not even in the venerable *Flash Gordon*, where Raymond took most of his ideas from Franklin Booth. Not even on science fiction book covers is there any interesting or even believable futuristic architecture. None. In fact, quite the opposite — 90% of the "futuristic" architecture is bad, impossible to build, or (worst of all) dull. Not so in the work of European graphic artists. Perhaps this is because they live surrounded by a thousand years or more of architecture, many styles and examples, whereas here we have today's and yesterday's and that's about it.

Our aliens tend to be horrendous, whereas Mezieres' extraterrestrials are everything needed: funny, charming, frightening, powerful, vulnerable, varied and inventive. Mezieres tosses away concepts, structures, spaceships, vehicles, aliens, flora and fauna with the ease of a Leonardo, a Johnny Appleseed of inventive artistry.

I fell in love with Valerian without speaking a word of French... well, I can order the same breakfast, swear a little, and ask a woman to go to bed with me, but that's *it*. Yet the stories were spelled out so strongly and clearly in their graphic aspect that when I was able to read any of them in English,



I found I was not wrong; I only found more to love. Like silent movies, the graphic story is an international language.

I hope Valerian becomes an American household word, like Snoopy or Dick Tracy, because that means the Mezieres/Christin team will do more, and it means other great European artists will do more and others will be developed. (I often wonder what Michelangelos are lost because they were born out of their time. What Mezieres was born in the Renaissance and spent his or her life doing frescoes for a pope instead of colored comics? What artist, working today as a greeting card painter, would, in a hundred year's time, be the premier artist of the holographic Renaissance?)

If you have not met Valerian before, I envy you. There is nothing like that First Time, so get on with it. You have a rich feast ahead of you, an Epicurian delight for a people fed on fast food awaits you!

*Note*

**William Rostler**

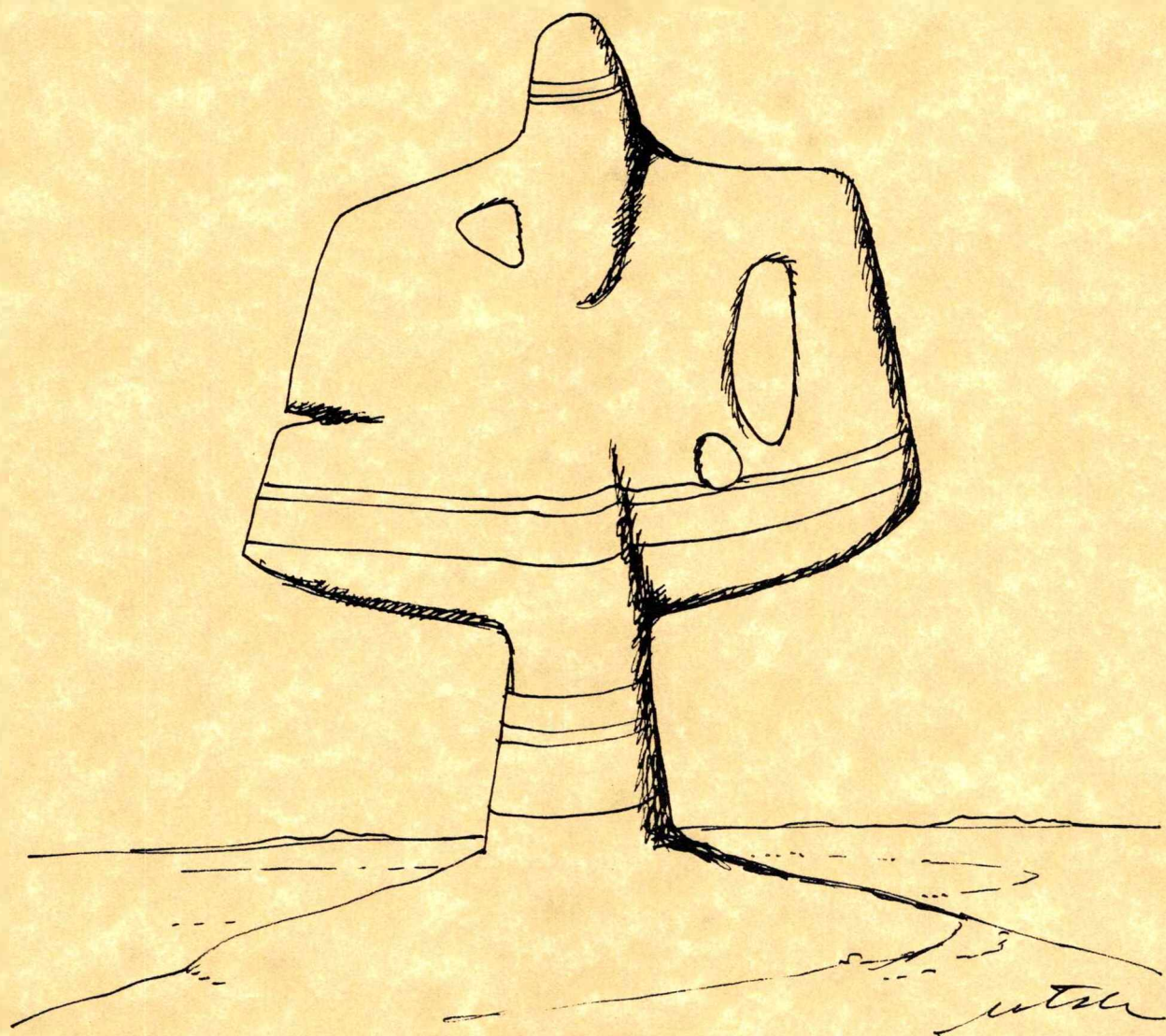
American writer, cartoonist  
and S.F. magazine critic.

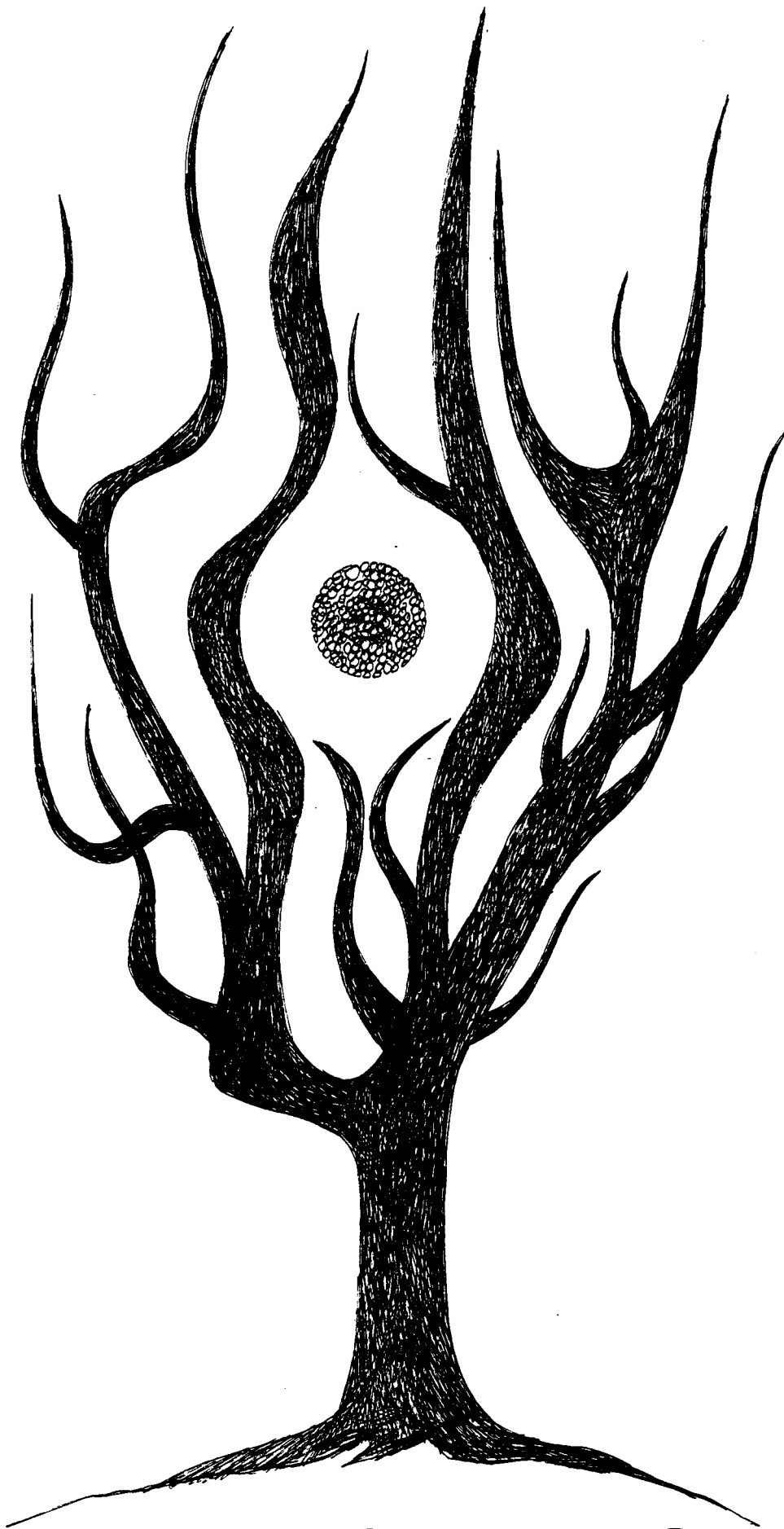
THIS IS FROM  
THE NEW EDITION OF  
"WORLD WITHOUT  
STATES"





# A WILLIAM ROTSLER PORTFOLIO



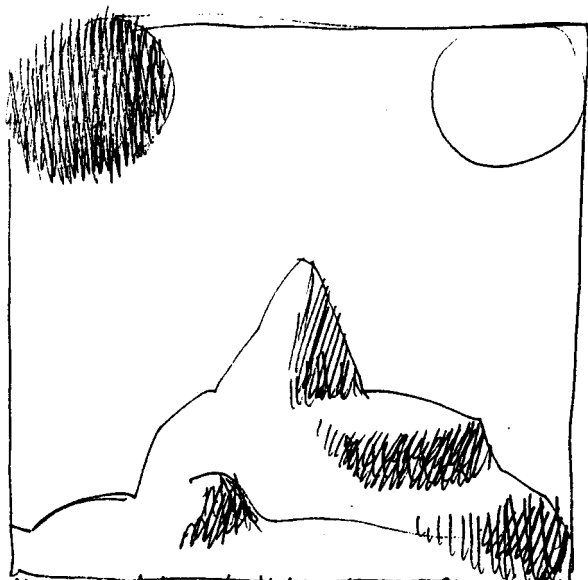


THE BURNING BUSH AND THE EYE OF GOD

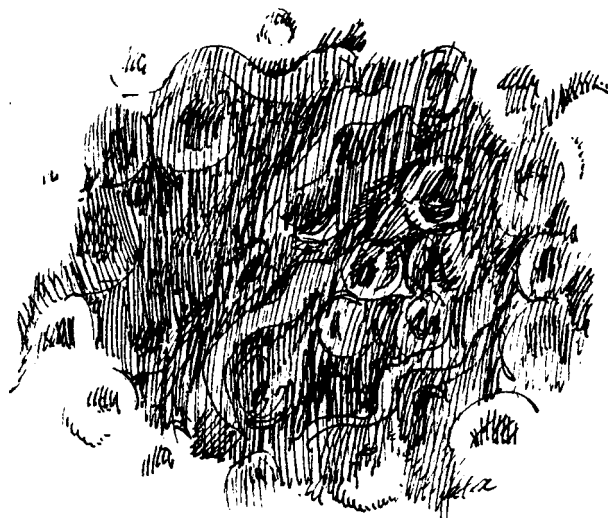
ROSLER





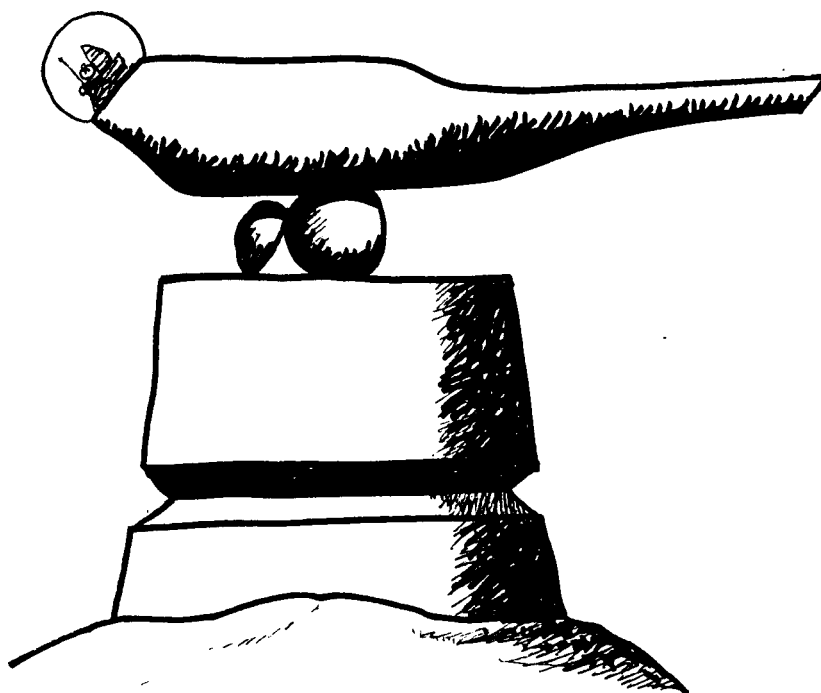


MORNING AND EVENING OF THE BLACK SUN



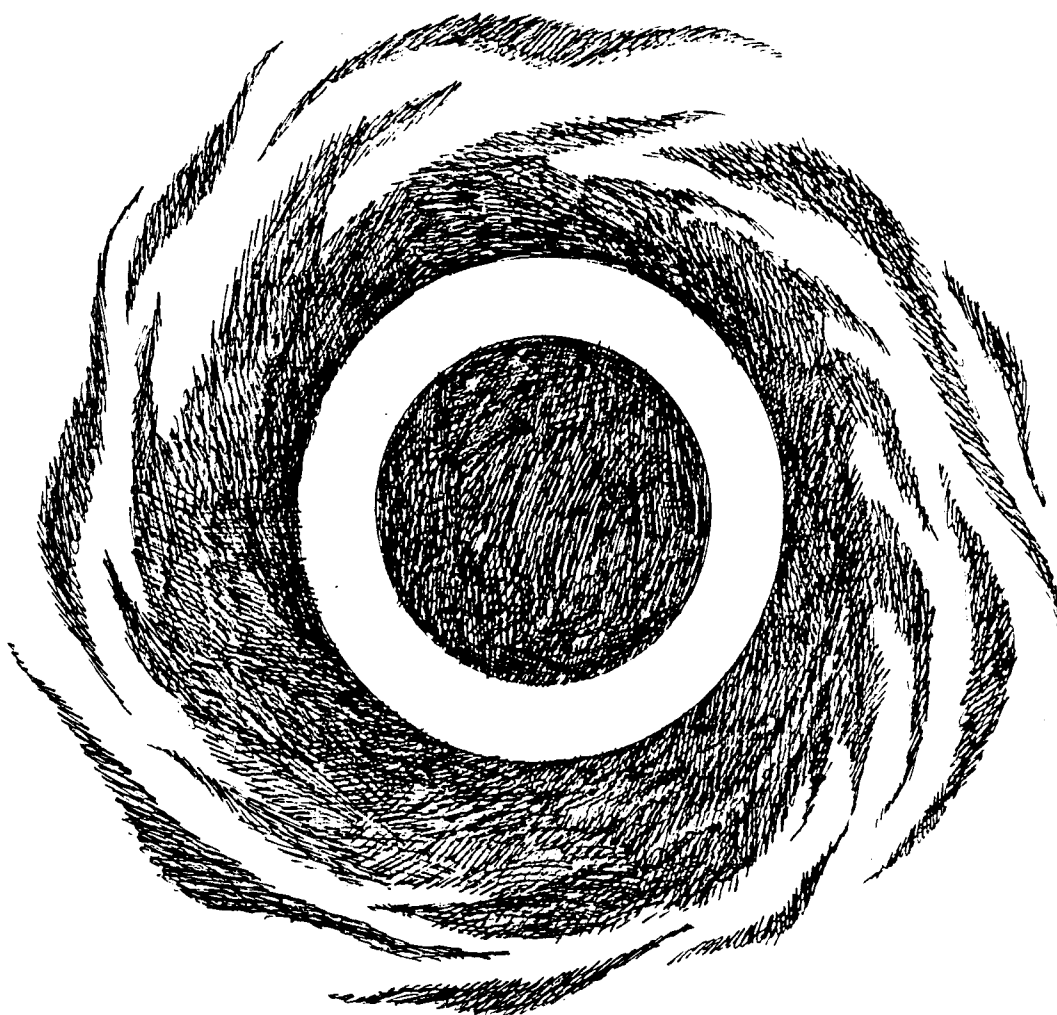
NIGHTMARE

ROTHKOPF



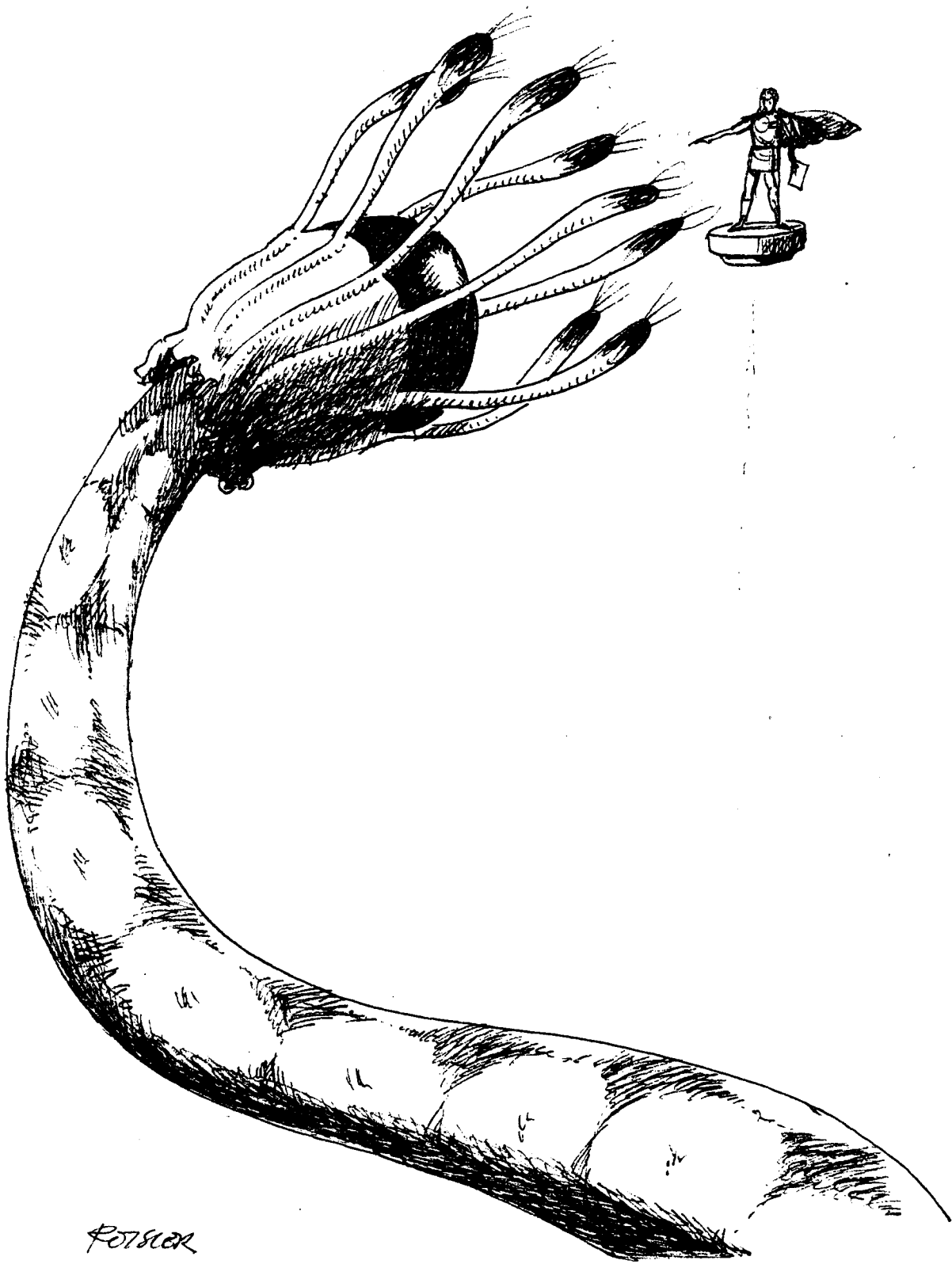
MONUMENT WITH A DEADLY PURPOSE

ROTHKOPF

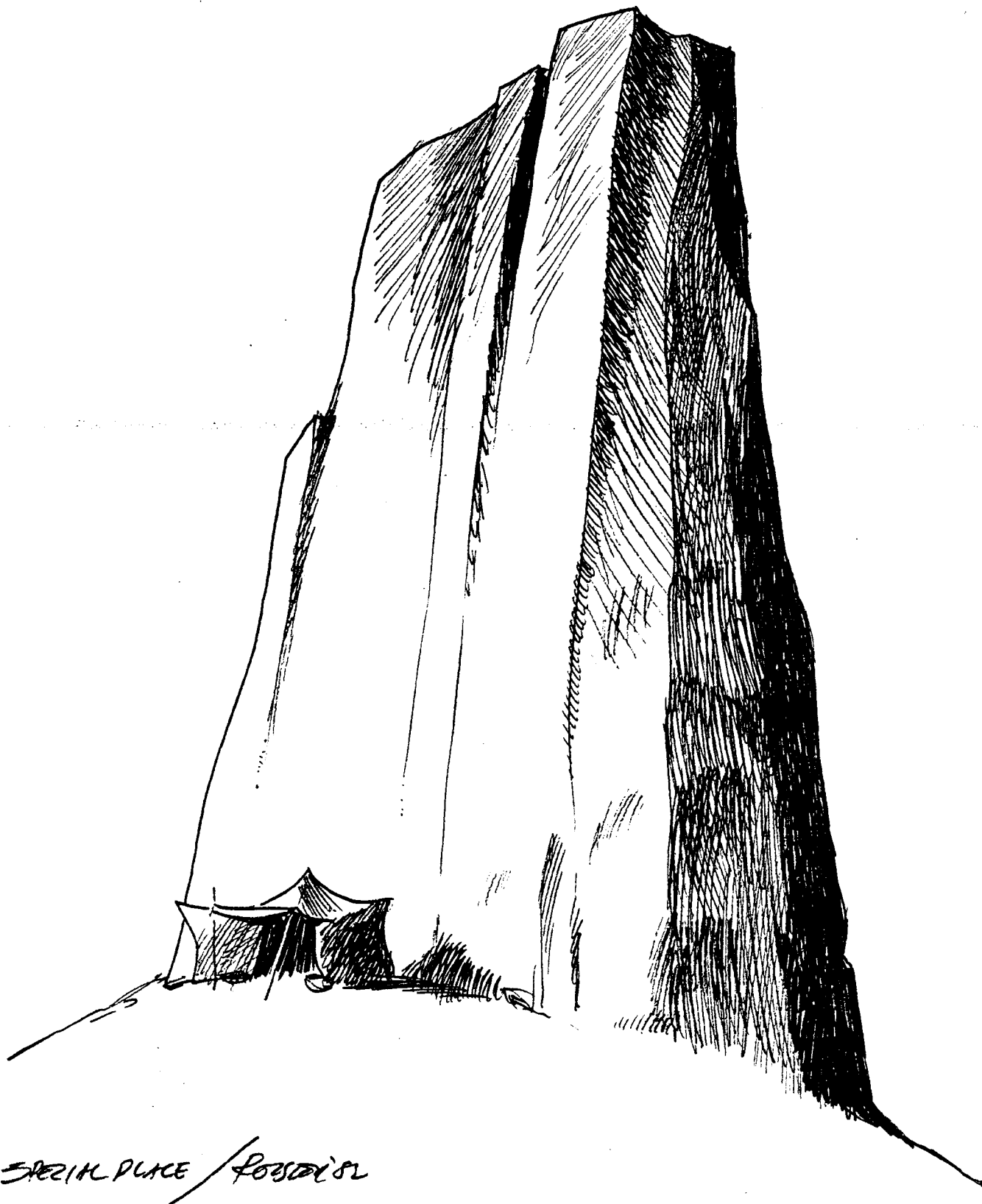


APPROACHING GOD

ROTZLER 82



Potter



SPECIAL PLACE / 1000000

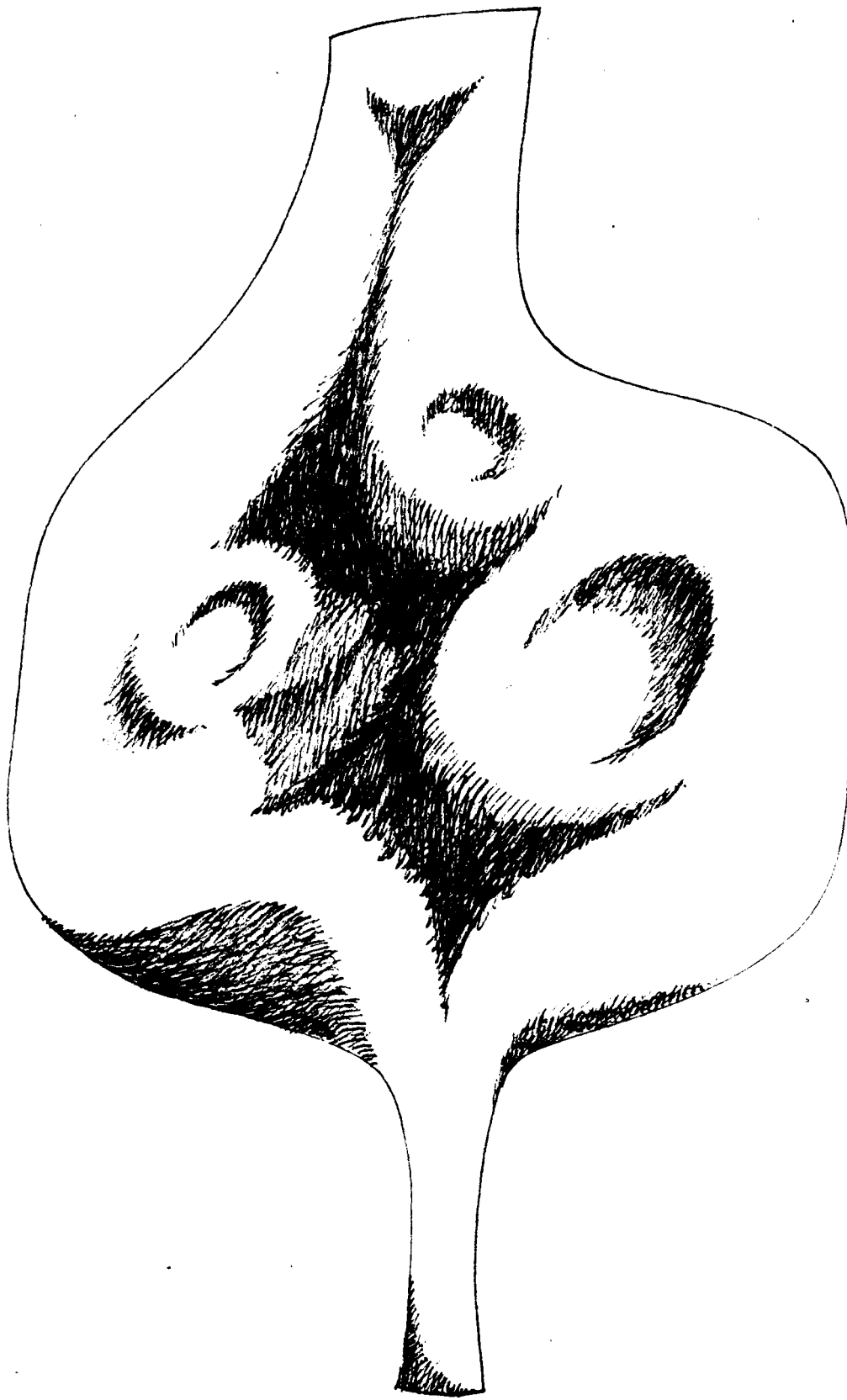


FACTORY

ROTSER



William Rosier

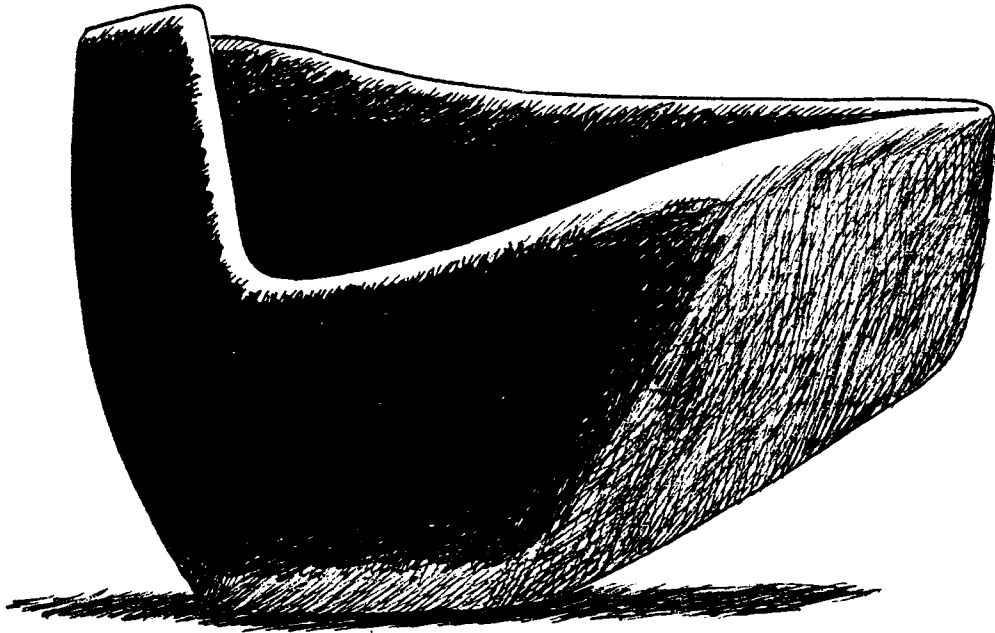


TROUBLE

ROSSLER 82

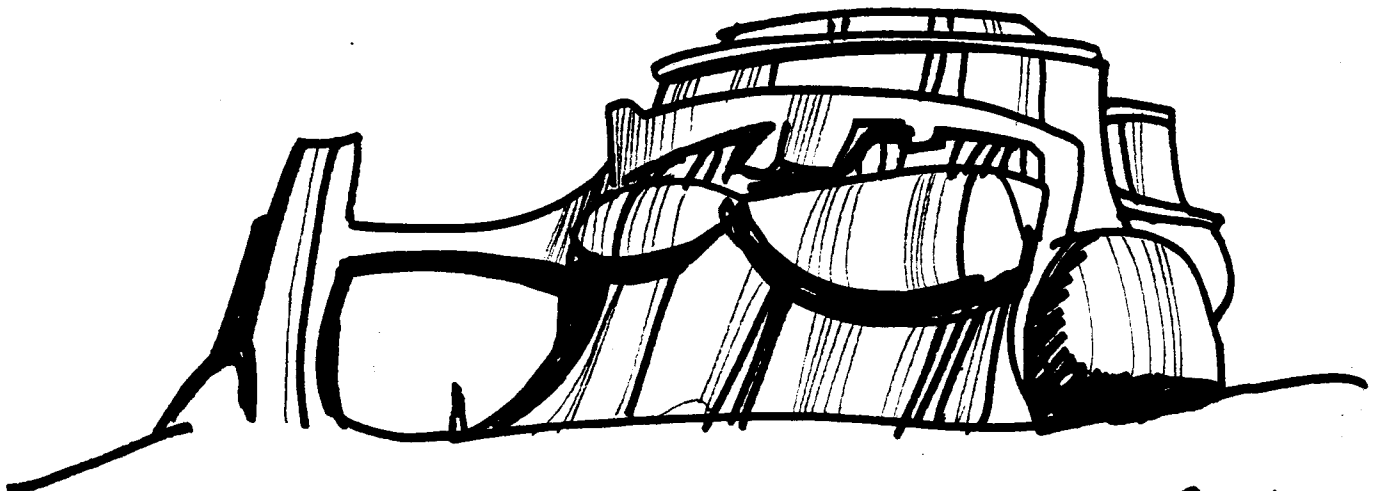






CRECHE

ROGER

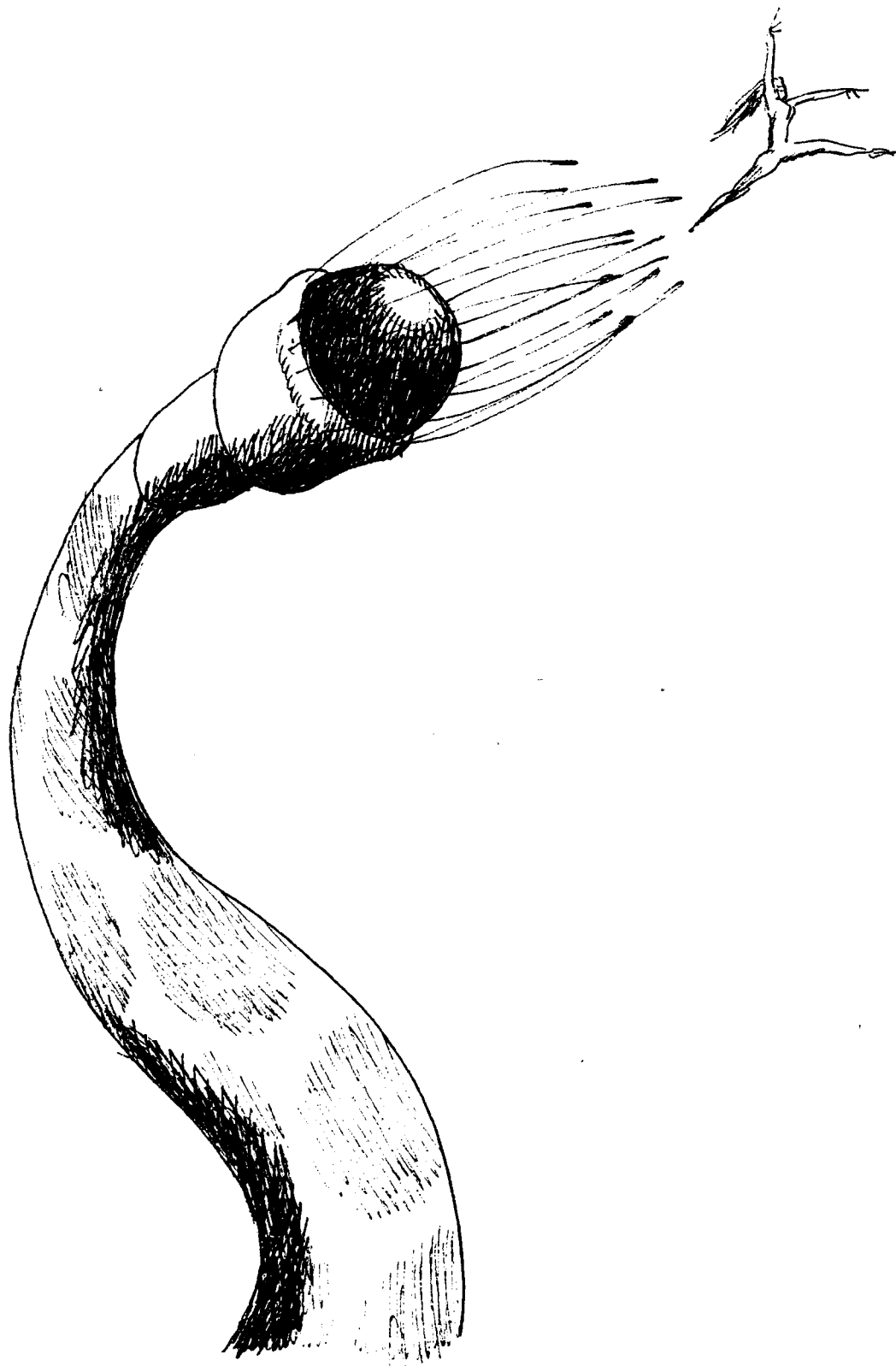


THE GREEN FORTRESS IN THE SECOND CENTURY - ROTUNDA



SPIRIT

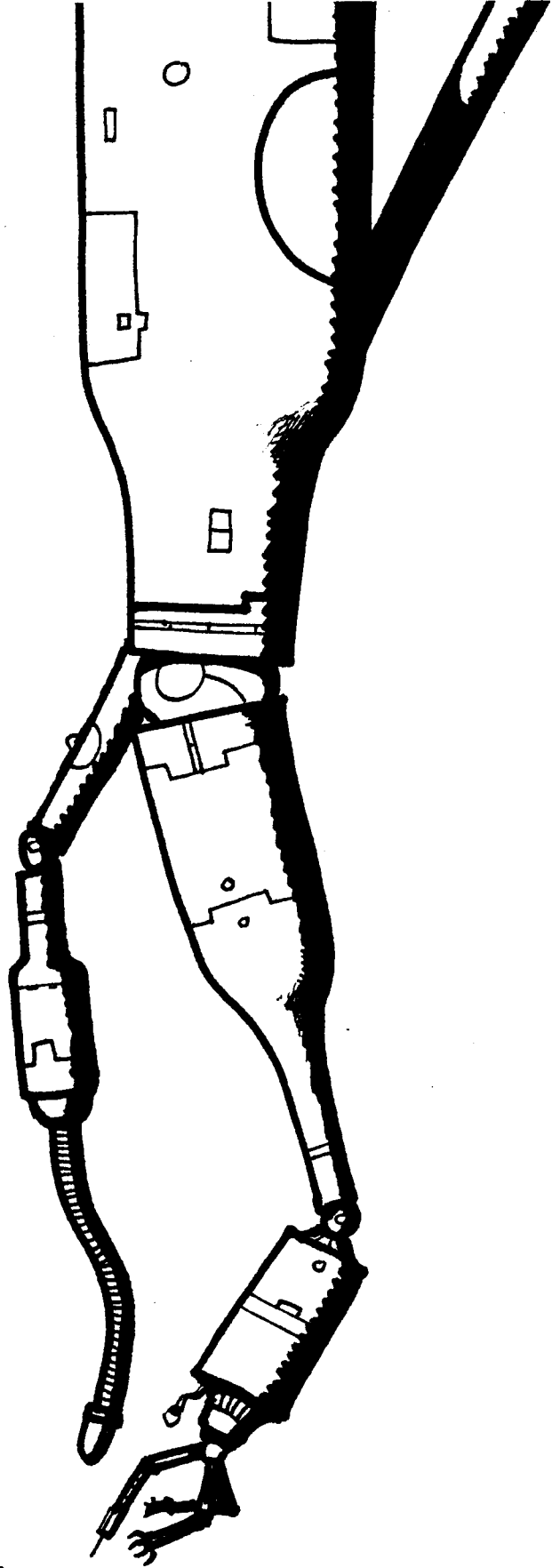
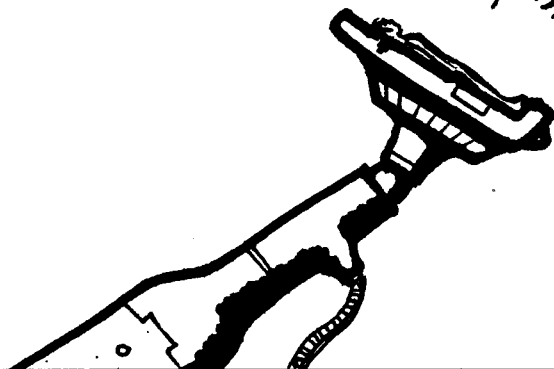
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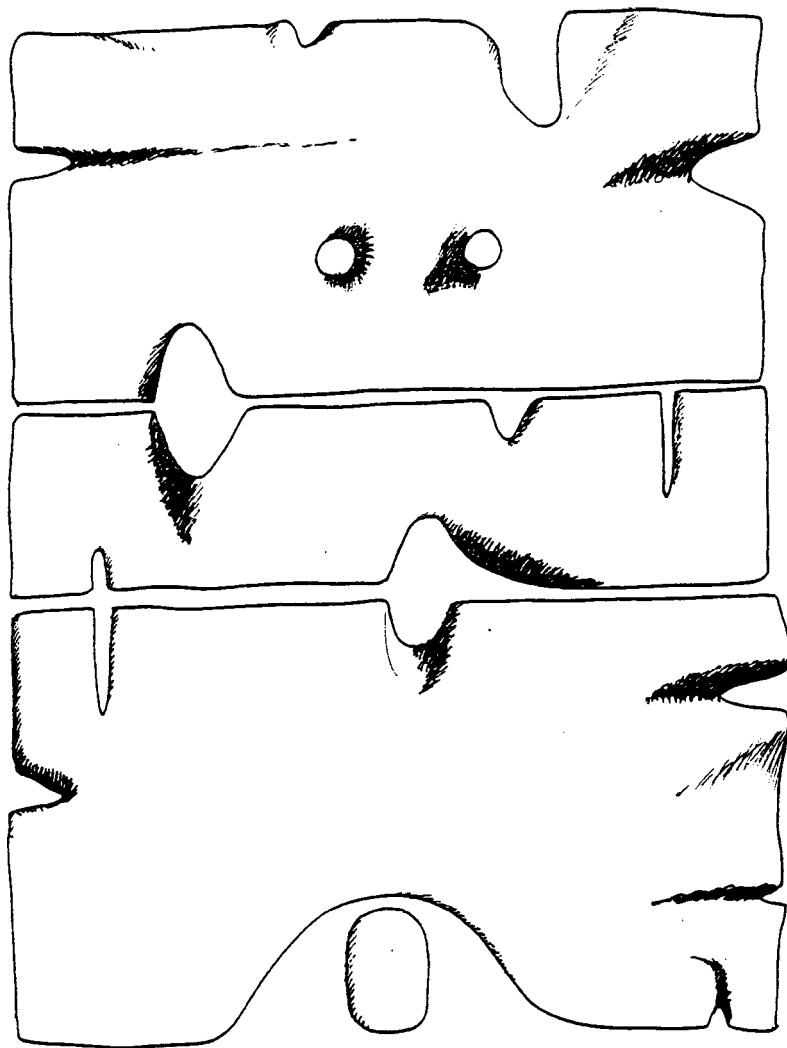


THE DANCERS

RÖSLER

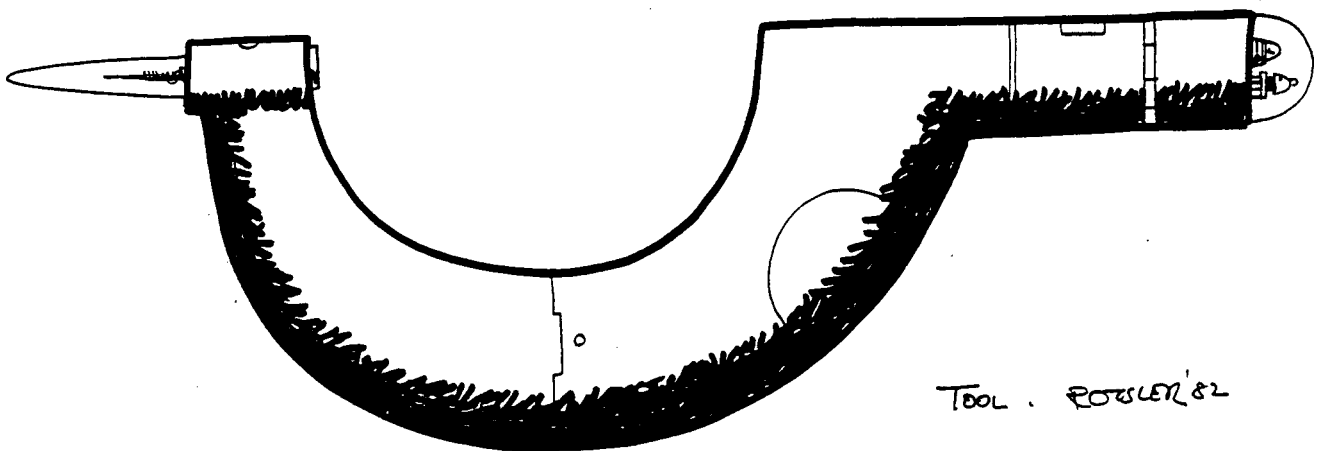
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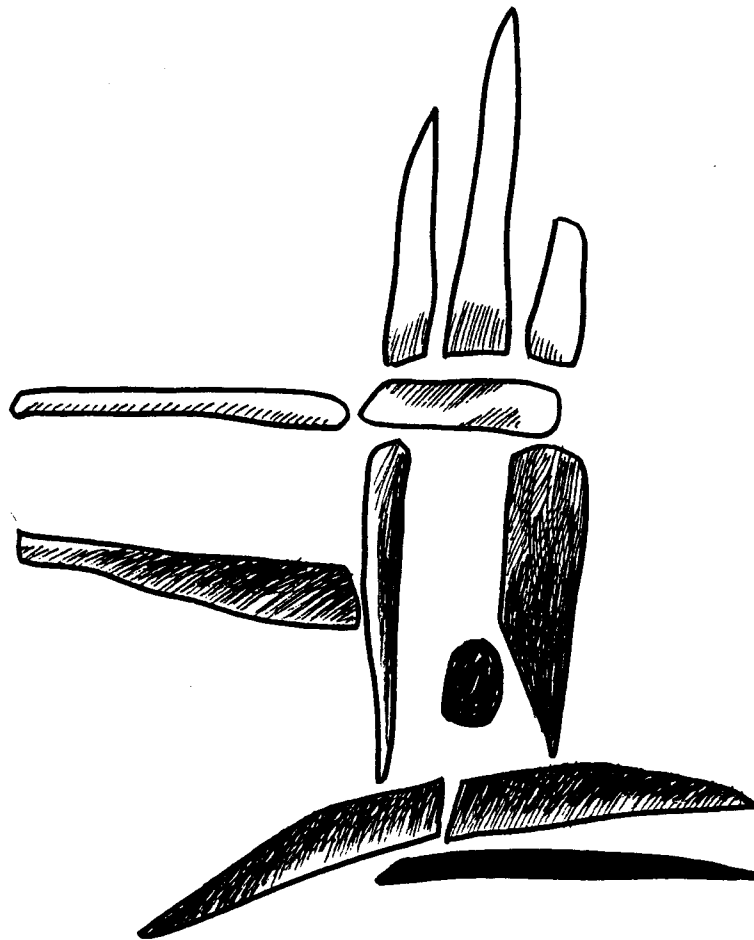


SCULPTURED PLAINS

ROSSLER



TOOL . ROSSLER '82



NON-STRUCTURE

ROTSCH



STORM AND THE TRAVELER

ROTSCH

kteic

