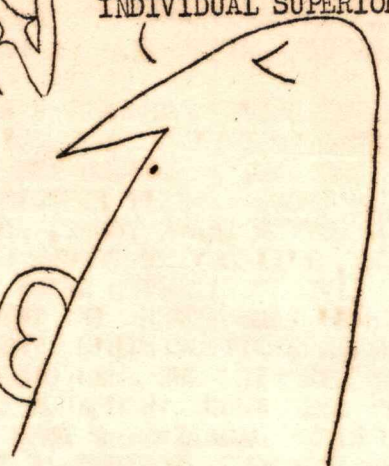


ASQUE VOLUME TWO, NUMBER FOUR, WHOLE NUMBER NINE OF AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE PUBLISHED FOR THE FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION BY WILLIAM ROTSLEER AT 6255 HOLLYMONT DRIVE, LOS ANGELES 28, CALIFORNIA. A PERFIDIOUS PRESS PUBLICATION OF THE INSURGENT ELEMENT.

TALENTED? WHY SHE'S A CHARACTER ACTRESS IN DIRTY MOVIES! # I DON'T HAVE ANY NEUROSES, JUST FETISHES. # YOU'RE SOMEBODY I'D LIKE TO GO ON A BIG THREE WEEK SAFARI WITH INTO SOME DARK BEDROOM. # BLESSED ARE THE MEEK FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH AND WELCOME TO IT. # THOSE AREN'T PISTOLS, THOSE ARE MY HIPS. # WILL I BE FORCED INTO ANYTHING? # YOU BETTER LEAVE THERE, ABNEY, THE YWCA IS CORRUPTING YOU! # IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT THAT WAY, I'LL DRY MY TONGUE OFF. # IN JAIL AND IN BED YOU KNOW YOUR FRIENDS. # HE WANTED TO LIVE IN SIN EVEN AFTER WE WERE MARRIED. # I AM ALWAYS INTERESTED IN HEARING ABOUT GIRLS' LEGS EVEN IF THEY ARE SKINNY ONES. # SHE MAY HAVE BEEN WRONG BUT SHE SAID IT WELL. # FITZGERALD'S THE GUY, WHO AS A JUROR AT A SEX TRIAL, SAID 'WELL, I COULD SEE IT IF SHE WAS OLDER, SAY 14.' # IE YOU MUST THINK, KEEP MOVING. # JUST THINK OF ALL THOSE THOUSANDS OF BREASTS AND NO TWO ALIKE! # HE WRITES SEX STORIES FOR THE ELKS MAGAZINE. # THEN WE'RE AGREED, GENTLEMEN? # AND I WAS GOING TO MAKE SCALLOPED POTATOES TONIGHT. # I JUST TOLD THE MAN SELLING POPPIES I HAD A SILVER PLATE IN MY HEAD AND HE WENT AWAY. # I'LL WORK HIM UP AND THEN TELL HIM 'NO LAY, BENNY.' # HE DOESN'T HAVE A GOOD PROFILE, THAT'S JUST THE KEYS IN HIS POCKET. # HOW MANY NOTCHES DOES SHE HAVE ON HER MACHINE GUN? # I HAVE PREHENSILE HIPS. # NOBODY EVER WENT TO SO MUCH TROUBLE BEFORE, NOT EVEN ME. # YOU ARE A THING OF AWESOME BEAUTY # WE GAVE FITZGERALD A SET OF PENCILS WITH ERNEST HEMINGWAY ENGRAVED ON THEM. # AND NOW, GERALD FITZGERALD, IF YOU PLEASE! # I CAN'T FIND MY GOLD-RIMMED TESTICLES. # SHE SAID THAT THE BEST PORNOGRAPHY WAS OF THE I-SHOVED-HER-DOWN-ON-THE-RESTROOM-FLOOR-AND-THERE-WAS-DIRTY-TOILET-PAPER-ALL-AROUND SCHOOL. # SHE'S A LADY FAIRY. # SHOULD ROCKETSHIPS HAVE FIGUREHEADS? # MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A THRESHING MACHINE? # ESCHEW THE BANAL. # IF YOU MUST DO IT, DO IT WITH A SOLDIER. # I'VE RUN ACROSS MIMOSA IN EVERYTHING! # MAN DOES NOT LIVE BY CHILIBURGERS ALONE. # STOP USING THOSE FANCY DIRTY WORDS! # THE YWCA JUST DOESN'T HAVE IT ANYMORE. # THE TRUTH IS, THEY MANAGED TO KEEP THEM TAPED DOWN. # ABOUT THIS SEPTEMBER DEAL... # ALL DAY LONG I BELT AS IF I WERE UNDERWATER. # SHE LIFTED HERSELF TO FAME BY THE STRAPS OF HER BRA. # SHE DESCRIBED HIM AS A SENTIMENTAL SADIST. # FLIGHTS INTO FANCY SHOULD CHECK OUT WITH THE CONTROL TOWER. # WHY, IT TAKES LONGER TO MAKE A GOOD WITCH DOCTOR! # AND THEN YOU GIVE IT BACK TO HIM, CAREFULLY CLEANED. # SHE LEFT HIS BED, BORED. # EVERY INCH A LADY! # DON'T BE PATRONIZING TO ME, YOUNG MAN, I KNEW YOU WHEN YOU DIDN'T HAVE A SWEAT SHIRT TO YOUR NAME! # AS PHILOSOPHERS WE MUST NOT FORCE... # I AM LYING IN BED NAKED THINKING OF YOU, LITTLE GIRL! # AND THERE WAS RUSS MANNING, PAINTING 'AH'D LAY FOR ADLAI' ON NAKED FEMALE CHESTS AT THE ART DIRECTORS BALL. # THE TOUCHSTONE OF THE HEART IS THE MILESTONE OF THE BRAIN. # AND THIS IS WHERE ARDVAARKS GO TO DIE, UNCLE JIM. # NOAH: GOD, MOST OF THESE OSTRICHS ARE MALE! # THE SETS WERE FUN, THOUGH. # WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS MORE TEAL EYES. # THE RUMOR THAT TEMPEST STORM IS A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR IS UNFOUNDED. # HE'S NOT FAT, JUST WELLCOORDINATED. # I COULDN'T GO TO A GYPSY, MY GOLD EARRINGS ARE TARNISHED. # HE MADE THE 'V' SIGN BUT FORGOT ONE FINGER. # IN THE BACKGROUND THE CLAP-CLAP OF THE TORTILLA MAKERS COULD BE HEARD. # SHE COLLECTS PLEASURES AND HOARDS THEM LIKE DREAMS. # YES, AND GET THAT LOOK OFF YOUR FACE! # THINK I'LL MOVE TO RATTLER'S ASSHOLE, TEXAS, AND HIBERNATE. # YOU CAN'T KID ME, EIMER HEMINGWAY IS RUNNING AWAY FROM A HOMOSEXUAL IMPULSE. # IT'S BETTER TO RUN AWAY FROM ONE THAN CRAWL TOWARDS IT. # I'D LIKE TO TANGLE ASSHOLES WITH SOME DAME ANYONE WOULD PAY TWENTY DOLLARS TO LOOK AT. # A CHILIBURGER A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY. # MERDE, I SAID, MONSIEUR, AND MERDE I MEANT! # SUDDENLY ONE DAY HER CHEST BLOSSOMED RIPELY AND HER POPULARITY INCREASED 300%. # I OFTEN THINK THE PUREST TYPE OF ARTIST IS ONE WHO LAUGHS ONLY AT HIS OWN JESTS. # HELLO, BISCAILLUZ? # HOLLYWOOD -- LAND OF THE FEE AND HOME OF THE RAVE. # I AM ALWAYS PREPARED TO FALL DOWN. # WELL, IT IS A HELL OF A TIME TO THINK OF THAT! # ONCE MORE SLOWLY AROUND THE IDEA, JAMES. # HE HAS CALLUSES FROM PATTING HIMSELF ON THE BACK. # WOT PRAWCE SELVYTION NAH? # HE HAS NO SENSE OF FORMAT AT ALL. # IT'S ONLY IN THE LAST YEAR THAT I'VE RECOGNIZED I'M A GIRL. # HAVE A UNO BAR, BOY. # THAT'S NO WAY TO PRACTICE FOR YOUR URINALYSIS. # IN 1938, THE FBI... # GET THE GINK WITH THE BIG NOSE! # HE WAS INVITED TO GIVE A LECTURE AT THE CHILD MOULSTERS ANNUAL BANQUET. # YOU'DL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, GIRL EVEN IF I HAVE TO CONDUCT THE TEST MYSELF. # HER LITTLE BROTHER CAME OUT WITH A T O Y ROULETTE WHEEL AND WON TWENTY CENTS FROM ME. # SHE HAD NIPPLES LIKE ELEVATOR BUTTONS. IF YOU HAVEN'T DUCKED A NOBILE, YOU HAVEN'T LIVED. # I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR A YEAR ON MY CAREER, AND NOW THAT I'M ALMOST SUCCESSFUL, I WANT TO PLAY AGAIN. # WE MUST NOT WORRY ABOUT THE TROUBLES OF EVERYDAY LIFE BUT MUST BEND ALL OUR ENERGIES TO THE DAY WE REACH THE STARS. # WE SHOULD ESTABLISH A THOUSAND-YEAR FANDOM. # TELL ME, WHAT DOES BURBEE THINK OF ME? # WHY, THESE ARE JUST INTERLINEATIONS LAID END TO END! # ROTSLEER.

# THE MAN BEHIND THE MASH

IT IS JUST A MATTER OF  
INDIVIDUAL SUPERIORITY.



## GETTING IN THE ACT

Several fans have recently described thier "fanning area" or center of operations so I decided to get in the act.

For the past two years or so I've been living in a large California-type Moorish-Spanish-bastard apartment house that is sprayed up the side of a hill only three blocks from fabled but dull Hollywood and Vine. My two-room "pad" is 51 steps up from the street, on an outside stairway, with my small porch two stories above ground and abt four stories up from the street, but the side opens off a neighbor's huge hillside garden full of trees. And the backdoor opens on what sometimes could be called a badminton court but is usually just a big grassy plot, terraced and treed, and is used for sunbathing.

There is one small apt above me, occupied by a tiny "wind-up" dog and Margarite Moya, a model; the apt below and to the right houses several aspiring (but heretofore somewhat unsuccessful) actresses.

A garage at street level serves as my workroom for making wire sculpture. That part is really a mess.

In the main or "living" room there is a wall bed that is usually down and an army-style bed usually strewn with pillows. There are two Eames chairs, two folding leather stools left over from my defunct gallery and a canvas chair I've been trying to get Burbée to buy for years. Not this one, but one like it.

The bed is against one wall, bookcases run in double layers beneath the windows on two walls and a low bureau and a box full of drawings, mats, etc,

is along the other with the door leading to the short hallway. Fantasy and stuff are running haphazardly along the top layer near the door with art books and sundry special magazines, home-bound excerpts, and miscellany underneath. Fiction and non-fiction occupy the top layer on the other wall with records and bound copies of Theater Arts underneath. In the corner, from a silver cord, hangs a six-inch plain Xmas ball that I've just got to either break or take down some day -- it's been hanging there since Christmas of 1951.

On what little floor space is left sits my record player, stacks of books and magazines, empty frames, a few dirty glasses, shirts, shoes and crud. I have 250-300 pocketbooks stacked near the door.

On top of the bookcases sits a two-headed ceramic animal of some beauty that holds the outgoing mail against the wall. There are several pieces of wire sculpture sitting around, plus unframed prints and drawings and many of the collages (paper cutouts) I've been doing lately. There is an excellent & small Castelli (of Rome) bronze, couple of ceramic pots and ashtrays, candleholders and more books. There are 3 big albums of photographs and one slim one of nudes. I've become quite interested in photography lately and, in a rash of enthusiasm, have taken hundreds of shots, plus making props for a fashion photographer friend, Tommy Mitchell. I love photographing beautiful & interesting women. In a pinch I can forget they must be interesting.

The bureau might hold anything from ties and cans of nails to jars of pencils, a wooden bowl of goodies left over from a party or sheafs of miscellaneous papers. A hemp matting covers

the floor very nicely. There are 33 assorted prints, paintings, drawings, collages on the walls (I just went in & counted), plus three in the bath (and a mobile), three in the hall and three drawings & two photographs in the kitchen. I'm having an exhibition in New York in June so most of this will be shipped back there then.

A short hall leads to the kitchen, a room as large as the living room, which holds in addition to the usual kitchen type utensils, a table and benches of the outdoor type, usually covered with crud. There is also an office chair, an 18" paper cutter, drawing boards, chests of paints, boxes of canned goods, empty bottles, and laundry. The table has my typer, jars of pens & pencils, ledgers, notebooks containing parts of the novel (ahem) I am writing, letters to FitzGerald, (Stibbard, GCF & I have written about 3/4 million words in letters in the last two years - to each other.) There is a hall closet full of stuff unto overflowing and the door has become a pinup board, holding gallery announcements, bills, drawings, clipped PEANTS strips, excerpts from newspapers and magazines that have given me publicity and stray pieces of jewelry left here, accidentally, by sundry women.

I have to set the typer on the floor to make space on the table to eat but it's quiet here (even 3 blocks from H & V) and a little like the country and I have very nice landlords and it is "centrally located."

Frankly, the place is a mess. About every two months I throw everything in the closets, wash the dishes, buy quantities of likker & invite three dozen people and have a bal.

There are many transient touches: the Japanese paper balloons strung up in the kitchen, the sprig of mimosa tucked behind a painting in the hall, the stack of New Yorkers and Arts and Architecture under the bed I intend to give to certain people and the basket full of oranges and apples I intend to eat.

It's a mad little place, untidy and full of stuff that would fill a place three times the size, but it is comfortable to me and the few friends that visit it between parties (which are not as numerous as this article might lead you to believe) what with the

chairs and pillows and cushions and beds and usually ample supply of liquor. There have been a few fans ~~xxx~~ here: the Burbees, the Laneys, the F J Ackermans, Russ Manning -- that's all. There are only a few faaaaans that I'd let in anyway, at least, from what I know of them: Tucker and Boggs, Warner and Hoffman, maybe a coupla more.

Anyway, this is where I do my quite infrequent fanning. And with summer here I shall probably do more of same.

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"...the charm of art...it represents only the most amiable aspects of the most talented human beings." -- Huxley  
.....

#### TEN PLEASURES DEPARTMENT:

The other night I was sitting in a gin mill with a voluptuous jewess I know and she asked me to list the ten things or feelings I liked best. I think the results were interesting. To fulfill these ten would make me damn happy, wouldn't cost too much and certainly beats working as a CPA or putting out a 72pp Masque.

Here are my ten. The girl's list was similar, except she substituted smoking of "the shower." They are not necessarily listed in order of importance.

1: FORNICATION. Naturally this includes any fetishes or erotica you care to throw in. But for me, it's not with just any woman. Mercy, no!

2: FIRES AND OCEANS. Staring into fires and ~~xxxxxx~~ (oops) at oceans, especially on overcast days is positively hypnotic with me.

3: PRE-SLEEP AND POST-SLEEP. That lovely feeling of limbo, especially on days you don't have to get up--and before you taste yourself. If you are not alone, that helps.

4: A GOOD LAUGH. Naturally the best are those generated by your own wit or those of a dear friend.

5: GOOD FOOD. Ah, steak!

6: A GOOD BOWEL MOVEMENT. I've heard more heart-felt moans of pleasure in latrines than some have in bed.

7: GOOD CONVERSATION. Intelligent, witty, constructive, interesting and a soupcon of other adjectives.

8: A GOOD BOOK. Especially tthat little flip you get when you are about 3/4 of the way through something special and you look to see how much you have left and the nice sad feeling you have, wanting it to go on and on. Paranthetically, the girl that told me of the "ten pleasures" list is a beautiful type female, with a fine mind and an astounding bust line but has the deplorable and detestable habit of reading the end of a book, any book, first! "Anyone that would read the end of a book first would play with himself!"

9: THE SHOWER. I can't stand sitting in a tub full of dirty water. Ever take a shower with a woman? Lovely stuff that.

10: THE JOY OF CREATION. To draw a good line, to say a good line, to build something solidly and well, to complete something -- a look or movement or story or twist of the wheel -- to complete it well and to know it is good,

And what are your ten? Who will be the first to include fan publishing?

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"The intellect is merely a tool for the gratification of the ego."

William Rotsler,  
"Onomatopoetic Egos and Ids,"  
The Bedspring Press, 1953

.....

FitzGerald and I know this girl who owns a newstand in Oxnard and the other day a woman came in and, slowly and a little incoherently, said, "ABCD EF."

The owner got all upset and said, "What? What?" which isn't very good dialogue but 'twas serviceable."

The woman became a little angry, glared at her, raised her voice and said very distinctly, "A-B-C-D-E-F!" The owner shook her head and the woman left, snorting to herself and doubtlessly mumbling, "H-I-J-K-L-M!"

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A CHILLBURGER A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR -  
.....

A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD DEPT:

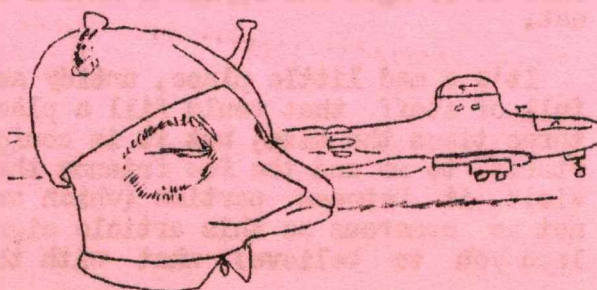
Today, while in the grocery in Camarillo, the grocer saw me and stopped. "God," he began, "you certainly had a time of it!" Thinking he referred to how I almost didn't graduate from high school because of flunking gym one semester, I smiled. "Boy, you really are lucky you weren't killed," he went on, "not many people ~~get~~ who get hit by a train live to tell about it." This stopped me completely and I stared at the cupcakes awhile then said, "Well, it was a short train." The grocer laughed and went away and I heard him telling someone else, "That's a good one, a short train." The girl who was waiting on me asked, "Did a train hit you?" I looked away from the epistle I recd from you, the one where you are talking about feeling as if you were underwater all day, and said, "Train, what train?" There is some little fat sonuvabitch going around making as ass out of himself and one of these days I am going to catch him...and when I do I'll club him on the forehead.

Heaven must be the place where there is no such thing as a radio or TV commercial. Maybe a celestial-disc-jockey would be like this, nevertheless:

"Ah, yes, a beautiful record. Nero on the strings and Kipling on the drums. Now before the weather report I would like to remind you that this program is brought to you by the courtesy of God. G-O-D, God. Now I don't expect you to take my word for it... just try God for three days at our expense and if you don't start lighting candles twice, your money back. God...write it down now...lots of products act like God but only G-O-D has the cross on top.

"God's in, Sin's out!  
You get less evils with Jesus C.  
You really do, my dear.  
Just rub God in and Devil's gone.  
And there just ain't nothing to fear!"

.....



MAILING COMMENTS: 63rd MAILING

Most members, commenting on MASQUE 7, seemed to think it was too big to digest all at once. Is this a result of "The Digest Age"? I admit it was a mish-mash and timidly offer the three-year gestation as the reason. It just grewed.

Is it my imagination/faulty memory combination but are fanzines getting more even edged? Rather, are more fanzines using even edging? Is it a reflection of a conservative Republican government? # Incidentally, I loved Howard Miller's comment: "90% of the world's governments are only worth a good revolution."

There seemed to be an unusual amount of comment on my art work...mostly along biological lines:

LARK: "The trouble with things like Rotsler's 'Fantasy Gallery' is that in such profusion the big-bosomed babes sort of lose their impact value so that one notices that the bored-looking guy on the second page is wearing some sort of shoes." Mr. Danner, sir, you may think they lose their impact value...or maybe you've just never been impacted by a profusion of big-bosomed babes. # "City of Taos 17301" is a tender to a larger ship that doesn't or can't land. Such an arrangement depicted would seem to me to make for quick & simple loading, on an advanced rocketry scale, that is.

PRIMAL: "From all the pictures of ripe females with swords, I'm beginning to think Rotsler's concept of sex goes along the lines of slicing a watermelon open." (That's okay...but I don't go for this Un-American stuff of spitting out the seeds.) "Rotsler's taste for the fine points of feminine anatomy..." (There are things I like better but this is a family magazine.) # Good issue, H.W., good issue. A few too many homelies and I don't go for articles like "On Sensation." But if you'd write more stuff like your lead article and your mailing comments you could have a top grade fanzine. And after all, what more is there in life but a good fanzine and juicy, ripe watermelons?

TARGET: FAPA!: Why did you hide MASQUE nudes from the other guys in the barracks? I know they are drafting young guys nowadays but they can't be that young! If you're old

enough to fight you're old enough to ~~vote~~ ah ~~shrey~~ ah...get eye tracks on photographic flesh.

HALLUCINATIONS: What do you mean, "Well, Rotsy in a zine of his own"? And I hate people that only put one staple in a fanzine. Grr.

SKY HOOK: Redd, you are only too right about 3 years changing the fannish landscape. MASQUE's entire contents weren't three years old but some of it was. Gee, most was only about two. # Burbee really seemed to hit a fannish ganglion with The Home Brew Story. I wanted to get some labels made with BURBEE BREW on them, but with all FAPA interested maybe FANNISH FOAM would be better. Burbee told me of a beer company's TV commercial that had "To be used for drinking purposes only" as a point in their selling.

HORIZONS: Harry, I know I'm just knocking my head against the wall but for THE LOVE OF GOD put some paragraphs in your magazine! I'll give you all the old ones from the last 7 MASQUES free. (I'm saving the ones from #1 for sentimental reasons.) You have such a goodie magazine so often that I feel like an ass, but I just get tired trying to finger out the lines. Come now, good format isn't difficult! Give a try for good old Rutgers!

BIRDSMITH: McCain's question, "Do e s anyone know if Rotsler was a bottle baby or not?" brought forth this comment from FitzGerald: "Of course you weren't a bottle baby...a mousetache cup baby perhaps...I was a bottle baby, I'll have you know. I once asked my mother about it and she said, 'Oooh, I got tired of all you children hanging on me all the time and switched you to the bottle' — I've been on it ever since."

CHAPTER PLAY: In these 1 e a n later days Tucker hasn't taken pen in hand nearly as often as I (and most of FAPA) think he should. When I can get solid entertainment out of reading a travelogue (re: recent issues) or personal trivia I think the writer is pretty good, if good means anything nowadays. I think Tucker is good. I especially like Chap. 3 about beautiful women not always being good, etc. I can only say, "More, more, more!" # I really like THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, too Bob. You're getting better and better.

A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD DEPT:

I had quite an experience the other night -- it was reminiscent of a certain Bill Mauldin cartoon. I was sound asleep, dreaming about surveying (oh, for one of Bill's staircase epics in technicolor!) and I heard this strange rustling sound. I turned on the light and looked about the room and saw nothing. This kept up for some time and at last I just left the light on. Then suddenly from behind my bookcase this mammoth rat appeared. Immediately I laid siege. I tossed my boot at it (a very lethal weapon you may be sure) and whacked at it with my genuine Sumarai sword. I tossed my copy of USA at it (you can see I was out for blood) -- I did all these things and more to no avail. At last I got out my .22 automatic, the Ruger, loaded it and, laying in bed, aimed at the corner of the bookcase where the rat would sneak out every so often. Sure enough, it appeared but just as I was about to squeeze the trigger I realized that my boot was in the way and it is not my wont to have perforated boots. So I got everything out of the way to have a clear field of fire, then waited and waited and waited. The rat would appear and then when I would move perceptibly, run away -- rattling out on me, so to speak. At last it came out in the open and I aimed carefully and fired. The rat leaped into the air and then came racing towards me with blood spurting everywhere -- I swear its teeth were bared. I know that my eyes widened. I imagined the rat leaping into the bed and doing all sorts of unpleasant things. So (it couldn't have been more than two feet from me) I fired again. That did it. The rat rolled over three times and while it didn't burst into flames ((old joke)) it emitted a pinkish stream from its rectum in a parabola that found my robe. God, it was dramatic. From now on I am going to wear my pith helmet to bed with me.

I used to think you were just talking through your adenoids when you would tell me that I am "incident prone." But consider the following. Today we went to Santa Paula on a simple lot survey job. It happened next to a sanitarium for old people who spend their declining years watching TV and losing what little they have left of their sphincter control. Of course there were nurses about and all that. Well, I was chaining and driv-

ing pipes and all sorts of civil engineeringtype bits. I decided to have a cigar so I took out my cigar and a box of penny matches. I struck my match and lit my cigar and then gave the box a quick shut--zut!--and stuck it back in my pocket. Immediately I smelled smoke and to my horror realized the box of matches had ignited. I quickly opened my pants and pulled them down, yelling, "Jesus Christ, I'm on fire! Do something! Do something!" Nurses were everywhere and old men almost twisted their knuckles off their canes. People were all over the place and I was swearing and screaming and running around in circles with my pants down. At last I managed to get the blazing inferno out of my pocket and onto the ground. I was weak and pretty upset and I imagine it was the most excitement around that sanitarium for a long time. Hell of a way to get "hot pants." Just before I left I couldn't help but bhortle as I read the sign which hung under a shady tree: "This is a rest home -- please be quiet." I was panic stricken.

END

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HARK! WHAT WAS THAT?

There was an editorial in GALAXY awhile back about a scientist saying that the old stiff kick about hearing the voices of famous men is crap because sound waves do die. Gold, the editor, thought that wasn't so bad, after all. Instead of high sounding phrases about honor and country we would hear things like Washington at Valley Forge saying, "Dammit, it's cold!" I thought I'd add a few to his list.

Caesar to Antony: "You should see the nigger I laid in Africa!"

Lincoln's last words: "Get that son of a bitch for me, will you?"

George Sand: "This stuff is okay except when they throw me out of the woman's can!"

Hannibal's henchman reports: "All is lost! We're out of peanuts!"

Pasteur: "Microbes be damned, I like boiled food!"

Hercules: "I just about flipped the way that crazy stable stank!"

:cont

Jupiter: "I'm getting damn sick and tired of every broad in the country saying I'm the father whenever they get laid by some olive-picking bastard ...and do I catch hell from Junc!"

Dale Arden: "I'm beginning to have my suspicions of that guy. And after all, the bloom is about off the rose!"

Mack: "Tillie, did you see the terrible things about us in those little comic books?"

Tillie: "I didn't mind it until Sandy came in."

Cortez meets Montezuma: "Hey, Melance, dig the crazy feathers on this cat!"

#### A FILLER OF SMALL NOTE:

It might be of small interest to fans with a genealogical bent (different, I think, from some fannish bents) that the abovementioned Melance is reportedly an ancestor of Gerald Fitzgerald's. He hates to admit it because Melance, a captive princess of Cortez's, was a notorious traitor and, indeed, the very name means traitor in Mexico today.

MASQUE COMBINED WITH BURBLINGS: I just love this cover idea and have been happily collecting "cover lines" ever since. Originally this appeared on a WILD HAIR cover but somehow didn't strike my elfin fancy until Burbee suggested it for this mag. I'm happy to say my fiancé contributed twenty lines, which makes her a worthy mate for a fan. Of course, she is a sensible girl and realizes there are some things a fan doesn't have time for. Yes, this might constitute a fannish wedding announcement:

William Rotsler to Marian Abney

on or about the end of September, 1953 if all goes well. She's an actress & goes just by "Abney." She has a bit part as a secretary in the forthcoming "How To Marry A Millionaire."

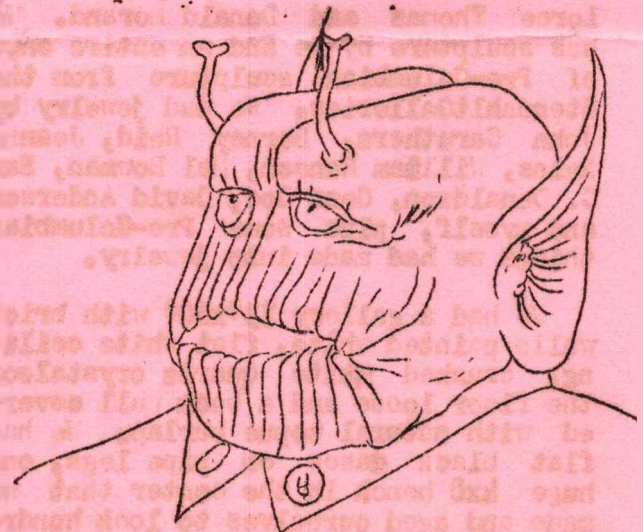
Burbee, upon hearing the above, wrote: "Getting married? Fine! We'll all get together on your wedding night and publish a one-shot fanzine. It will save you from just sitting around and just looking at each other all evening. Abney is a nice kid; I say this

even though I haven't seen her cut a stencil or heard her express the wish to turn a mimeo crank. Isabelle told me right after you left ((after the above one-shot session)) that she wouldn't be surprised if you married this young lady, and I told her she had a hole in her head. Maybe I'd better listen to her. She's been right on three counts so far--she spotted L----- for a nance, spotted T----- for a Lesbian and claimed you would marry Abney. It is quite possible that her prescience is a product of e-t intelligence...am I married to a flying saucer woman?"

#### MASQUE'S QUIZ CORNER:

(1) What sticks out of a man's pajamas that you can hang a hat on? (2) What does a dog do in a garden that a man doesn't want to step in? (3) What does a man do standing up, a woman sitting down and a dog on three legs? (4) Where is a woman's hair the curliest? (5) What does a man have in his pants that a woman wouldn't want in her face? (6) What does a cow have four of that a woman has two of?

Answers somewhere in this issue....but no cheating now.



(1) His head. (2) A hole. (3) Shake hands. (4) In Africa. (5) Creases. (6) Legs. (QUIZ ANSWERS)

It was the artiest, most avant-gar@ de shop in Los Angeles. And the brok-est.

We had custom sandals by Jim Baker, our own designs in metal and leather belts, four Siamese cats with custom collars by Caruthers and lots of music.

We had 300 people, 3 cases of champagne and a burglar alarm that rang for two hours next door on opening night.

We lost \$2000, too.

Potentially it was fine, with shows planned in the future of John Smith's tapestries, "Sandy" Roth's photographs, my wire sculpture, several highly interesting group shows of painters and sculptors, an exhibition of ancient tools and weapons, an exhibition from UPA and one with the cooperation of PHOTO ARTS magazine.

But like people, it died from a malady composed of many things, the biggest, of course \$\$\$.

Oh, well...

.....  
ERFQUAKE! ERFQUAKE!

When Stibbard was living with me, we used to play chess and, in our fashion, make up names for our gambits: "The Monparnasse," "The Soggy Teabisquit," "The French Bishop," "The Sticky Finger," "The Magoo Variation," "The Underground Gambit" (that's the one with three pieces under the board) and the Jimmy Yee gambit.

Jimmy Yee was a gentleman of Chinese ancestry at our art school who we said either had a scholarship to watch for earthquakes or an earthquake phobia. Maybe his mother was goosed by an earthquake or something. Anyway, we had shaky trestle tables in school and everytime they would shake he'd leap to his feet and shout "ERFQUAKE, ERFQUAKE!" And he was serious.

So, in chess, we'd upset the board, shout "Erfquake!" in an Albert-type manner and call it the "Jimmy Yee Gambit."

.....  
"A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak but to speak true."

lysander in  
"A Midsummer's Night's Dream"

## CONTEMPORARY DETAILS

In the fall of 1952 I entered into an ill-fated venture entitled "Contemporary Details." It was a v e d d y, veddy avant-garde, "arty" gallery shop on "gallery row", the plush La Cienega Boulevard in Los Angeles.

Critically we were a big success, but financially didn't make it and closed after four months. I discovered a term later that covered it: "undercapitalization." That means we did not have enough money to carry us over that sad period between opening and when we had a steady clientele.

We had paintings by Richard Flu and Gene Coe, friends and rising local artists. We had dresses by my partners, Loree Thomas and Donald Morand. We had sculpture by me and an entire show of Pre-Columbian sculpture from the Stendahl Galleries. We had jewelry by John Caruthers, Barney Reid, Jeanne Rains, William Ransom, Mel Bowman, Sam C. Donaldson, Gene Coe, David Anderson and myself, plus some Pre-Columbian things we had made into jewelry.

We had a gallery 13'x60' with brick walls painted white, flat white ceiling, crushed white quartz crystal on the floor loose and a back wall covered with natural topus burlap. We had flat black cases on pipe legs, one huge 4x8 bench in the center that we made and aged ourselves to look hundreds of years old and was really just a slab door on four plain short blocks. We had a couple of cantilevered glass shelves and a few leather stools.

## ANOTHER LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD:

Have been doing all kinds of surveying recently and Zimmerman, the head of the party, lets me run the transit occasionally -- thus I turn angles, read azimuths upside down and amproably the first man in the world to put 105° in a right angle, murmuring, "Close enow for guvvamint work." I have a new routine now. When we are putting in a line I take the hand hatchet and dance around Zim, roaring out "White man break promise to Indian. This land for buffalo and squaw and white man bring in heap big trouble!" I dance around and curse and quite often they have to hold me to calm me down. Yesterday I started teaching religion to them. They get quite disgusted with me.

Today Fred Tifft and I had occasion to go to some obscure place to survey. Martin, the acting boss, was to meet us there later. We got there before Martin and saw this dump truck with its wheels sunk off the shoulder and half way over on its side. So when Martin arrived there I was, under the dump truck with arms outstretched and God knows what. He slammed on the brakes and ran over to Tifft yelling, "What happened?" Tifft said, "Fitz tried to stop it but it was no use." "TRIED TO STOP IT! The truck?" About then I started laughing uncontrollably and Martin was a very angry acting-boss indeed.

A long time ago I had to climb atop a hill and put a flag on its summit for obscure surveying purposes. The other day at work another person on another party was telling me something I didn't understand -- he was laughing and talking to people and everything. It seems that I had written "God Bless America" on the flag -- never really thinking that it would be seen by human eyeballs again.

More surveying stories...

Today something happened which will doubtlessly mark me as a dirty liar for all time. However, take it for what I say -- just consider it another story. After we finished working today I found myself the first one to the ((surveying)) truck. So I stole a little two pound square of lead for Bill for sculpture and thags. Then I went over to an orange tree to peepee. The other two guys had arrived and so

I took the lead and put it in my pocket et (makes a much nicer and more flattering bulge than keys). I was a little slow in my bodily function and was sauntering back across the field (this is the goddamn truth now) when Fred Tifft yelled, "Get the lead out of your pants and lets get going!" All the way back I just sat in the truck rather transfixed and decided that if I lived long enough all things would and usually do happen.

They are talking about a veteran's parade around the office. I am scared to death that some hot afternoon will find my stocky form wobbling down Main Street with a very ill-fitting combat serviceable Ike jacket and wheezing a bit. I shall probably carry a flag in one of those truss-like things which will throw all the weight onto my left testicle (that's the one with all the hereditary characteristics). I shall not do it. The last I was in a parade I was a fairy. Wait a moment, there! I remember that I had a green cheese cloth hat and short cheese cloth pants with stars sewn all over and so forth. I sort of escorted a float on which sat sort of a Sombination Snow-White-Corliss-Archer-Dale-Evans juvenile who was supposed to be the Virgin Mary or something. All I remember was that I peed my pants and had to walk all over Oxnard following that goddamn float singing something like "By A Waterfall." So much for parades.

There is a can of lighter fluid on my desk. On the back it says: CAUTION INFLAMMABLE MIXTURE -- DO NOT USE NEAR FIRE OR FLAME. It is quite upsetting, like having little plaques on boots with the inscription: "Do not under any circumstances place on feet."

Mother bought a new toy-toy seat for the other bathroom, a beautiful black one. I was to install it but in the midst of activities I left, thus leaving the seat just sort of sitting on the toilet. A while later I heard a scream from Mother. It seems that she had gone into relieve herself and had all but ended up on the floor. I went to throw the old seat away but Mother is all for sending it to Korea. I am sure if there is one thing our boys over there need it is an old stained toilet seat.

It is best I go...

END

## PRESS RELEASE

This, in essence, is the press release I send out to papers for exhibitions, etc. I always feel silly as hell writing about myself, especially in the third person. If I wished glowing phrases about me parceled out to "the press" I should get someone else to write the ego boo.

"William Rotsler, native Californian of 27, first started working in wire in 1949, developing from simplified animal designs to pure abstracts, and in size from a few inches to structures and sculptures as large as a man.

"Mr. Rotsler has held one-man shows in Los Angeles, Aspen, Miami and New York. Examples of his work in various media have been exhibited in the Los Angeles County Museum, The Brooklyn Museum, the Landau Gallery, UCLA and small galleries throughout the country. Has done lithographs, prints and drawings, paintings, ceramics, some magazine illustrations and jewelry, in silver, brass, ebony, iron and clay. He has executed murals, in wire, for many hotels, department stores and homes -- Errol Flynn's hotel in Jamaica, the Sky Room of the Wilton in Long Beach, the Plymouth House on the Sunset Strip, etc. He has done sets for television, light opera and, with Sydney Stibbard, an entire ice show. Mr. Rotsler is also interested in photography, publishes an amateur magazine, and is presently finishing a book of poetry entitled AN ACT OF LOVE.

"Born as the son of a California rancher, Mr. Rotsler has been a college student, a ranch foreman, a soldier, an aircraft worker, a set designer, and, until recently, owned his own gallery. He has sold fabric and jewelry designs and is presently interested in both glass-and-steel outdoor sculpture and bronze-on-steel exhibition pieces."

It probably sounds more impressive, more varied than it is...reminds me of Laney's article, "I AM A GREAT BIG MAN!"

.....

"Science is analytical description, philosophy is synthetic interpretation. Science wishes to resolve the whole into parts, the organism into organs, the obscure into the known." -- Durant

## WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT

by Jack Williamson

Writing this piece requires a difficult choice from among a great many things I should have been glad, at one time or another, for this reason or that, to claim for my own.

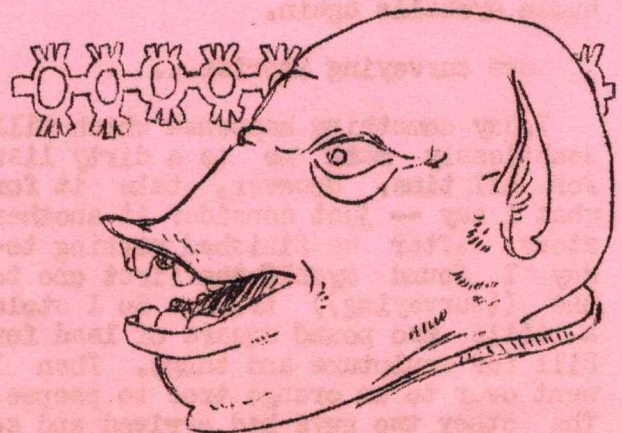
Twenty years ago, I might have selected Merritt's MOON POOL. The eerie underground world of Kakla and the Shining One was entirely fascinating to me then, but nowadays it seems pretty far removed from the war news and the sports page and the weather forecast for tomorrow.

A little later, I might have picked one of H. G. Wells' scientific romances, THE TIME MACHINE or THE SLEEPER WAKES or THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. They are vividly imagined and ably written. I can still read them with pleasure. I think they will always be readable, at least as adventure stories. To the extent that they were written as political tracts however, they are certain to be robbed by political changes of the original mainsprings of their interest.

Today, one book I wish I had written is George Orwell's 1984. It is a gripping story about sufficiently believable people in a too believable world. It is also something more. In the same sound manner practised by Wells, it follows one premise to a logical conclusion. The premise is the world Orwell saw around him in 1948, and his conclusion about it is worth the alert attention of everybody who hopes to stay on the bright side of the iron curtain.

END

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## HOW TO STOP WRITING FOR FANZINES by

charles burboo

When I wrote, in the long ago, the first part of this article, I still was not sure of myself. I was telling you how to stop writing for fanzines without really knowing myself how to do it.

But now I know.

You just stop, that's all.

What's what I did. I think I did it in a kind of roundabout way, though. I promised a big article to Boggs about f a n d o m in a satirical vein. Then I promised Lee Hoffman a huge article about F. Towner Laney. Well, it must have been the mere idea of having to do those articles that made me bog down for good. I wrote several pages of each. I think at last notice I had some 20-odd pages of the Laney item and some six or eight of the one for Boggs.

But the thought of finishing them, publishing them up for publication, was too much for my moribund fannish fancies, I suppose. I wrote scarcely a line for anybody after that. Boggs and Hoffman, wherever y o u are (in Minneapolis and Savannah, respectively?) I apologize for my inertia.

Oh, I am a beast.

For many moons I have lain here in this dark hole, both hibernating and estivating. But now I am crawling out of the hole.

And what do I find? Do I find my fannish interests dead as they deserve to be? I do not. Do I find that I look ~~xxxx~~ aghast at my past activity and vow no future such? Not so.

As a matter of fact, I am thinking quite seriously of finishing those titanic tasks I set myself to some time back, which means Boggs and Hoffman or somebody, will soon receive these items I promised them so long ago. And if they don't want them, odds are I'll publish them myself. With Rotsler illustrations, by golly.

I am even thinking seriously of running for FAPA office next year. I am thinking of running for both Prexy

and Official Editor. I see no reason why I can't hold both offices at the same time. The Constitution says nowt against it.

Actually, then, unless you are basically a fugghead, as I am, you can stop writing for fanzines any time you want to. Set yourself impossible or gigantic t a s k s and find yourself shrinking to inactivity in the face of such a monumental pile of work. You will fade away from the field and no one will ever remember you existed, except maybe Tucker, who will write a nostalgic paragraph about you in 1956.

But, if you are basically a fugghead, you are lost. You'll never leave fandom because fandom n e e d s fuggheads.

Fuggheads are the life-blood of a healthy fandom.

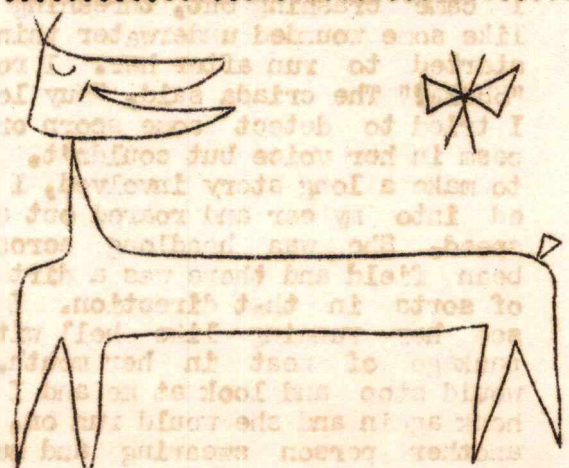
Yo0ll never stop writing, then. You'll go on and on and on, writing stuff like this for other fuggheads or for Willie Rotsler.

Sometimes, you can leave a little space for the editor to doodle in, especially if he fancies himself to be something of an artist.

This is the second of a two installment series on how to stop writing for fanzines. I can't write any more on this subject. It might interfere with my fanzine writing.

END

.....  
Tamam shud, effendi.  
.....



TAKE OFF YOUR QUOTE AND STAY AWHILE

or

another letter from Gerald FitzGerald, who gave us many of the illusions we have today. Introductory spiel by the editor.

We've worked it up into a gag line but these things are based on true incidents. Gerald is incident prone. He also knows how to tell a story. He groaned and cringed visibly when shown the items selected for publication. They are all excerpts from letters to me and were never intended or polished for public consumption. But I think they are humorous, a label he will blanch at when he reads this. -WR

Dear Bill:

Today I brought out the criada to work for us. I spoke to her in La Paloma Espanol. All I could think of was *limpio mi casa....* which seemed enough. I started briefing her and she suddenly looked over my shoulders (well, between my armpits at any rate) and screeched out "Perro con carne!" I frowned and made a mental note that after all she should do a little work before she asked to eat. Then I saw Sheba, my Doberman, running with great agility with a huge package of steaks. I screamed and ran after her. The criada watched all this. I roared out, panted and taxed hell out of my heart. She ran under the house and I managed to squeeze my bulk in after her. It was cunning man with infinite intelligence and good old American know-how against untamed beast. Occasionally I would roar out "SHEBA!" hoping to at least cause her indignation. Crashing through spiderwebs and bumping my head against timbers I followed her under the house and she suddenly darted out. I came crashing out, threshing about like some wounded underwater thing and started to run after her. I roared, "SHEBA!" The criada said, "May lejos!" I tried to detect some scorn or sarcasm in her voice but couldn't. Well, to make a long story involved, I leaped into my car and roared out at top speed. She was headlong across the bean field and there was a dirt road of sorts in that direction. I could see her running like hell with the package of meat in her mouth. She would stop and look at me and I would honk again and she would run on. I was another person swearing and cursing

and completely beside myself (which is upsetting if you are overweight to begin with). Anyway, she at last dropped the meat and scurried off. I drove up and got it and returned home. The criada was waiting and seemed pleased when I showed her the meat. A little later Sheba returned and peeked around a corner. I called her and admonished her with things like, "It is quite obvious what kind of a dog you are!"

My sister Jerry returned from her European trip weeks ago but is still boring everyone with her tales.

JERRY: Now, Gerald, think of some place you'd like to know about.

GERALD: Well, I have to write a letter now and...

JERRY: Let that wait. Sit down. Isn't there anyplace you want to hear about?

GERALD: I've always wanted to go to Paris, of course...

JERRY: PARIS! (Here she stops and lights a cigarette and bellows out a cloud of irritating smoke as she continues) Paris the city of lights and fun... Oh, the Arch of Triumph, the Louvre. P a r i s, wonderful Paris. Didn't you get that postcard I sent you from the Eiffel Tower?

GERALD: Yes, it is somewhere in my room...

JERRY: What else do you want to know about? Come, speak up. And go into the kitchen and get me a coke, will you?

GERALD: Gee, I don't know...it...it must have been exciting.

JERRY: Exciting? It was WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL! I have the hots for Paris.

GERALD: Excuse me, I have to go to the bathroom.

Well, let's talk about the weather. It is getting warmer. (Even if I could do something about the weather I wouldn't have the heart to.)

I have abandoned reading OZZER VOICES, OZZER ROOMS...it is too obtuse. I feel as if I am trying to read Proust in the original with an American-French pocket dictionary. Last night I got home and started reading. Suddenly my forehead clouded and I said aloud, "What are you talking about?" I slammed the book down and turned off

the light. Suddenly Jimmy ((G.C.F's brother, a UCLA student, who sleeps in the same room)) said, "What did I say? What do you mean?" I murmured and said, "What-what?" He said didn't I say "What was he talking about?" He pondered over this for a moment and then I heard him say, "I could have sworn you said that." He'll probably enroll in an institution if I keep this up.

Latest rumor on Bill Rotsler who dared to leave home dept: Today I came into contact with the common man again. Every once in awhile my natural beauty becomes encumbered when hair starts falling over my ears. So I get a haircut. There Smitty, the barber, started asking who Bill was living with. I said some buddy of his. ((At time of writing it was Stibbard the Gay)) Then Smitty said, "I hear a fellow doesn't have to live down there all alone if he don't want to." I said my customary oh and Smitty went on. "Lot of women down there you could live with." I said gee I never thought of that and resumed being clipped. An assistant of Smitty's asked about painting women nude. I told him they were nude alright but that there always had to be a third person in the room (matronly type) to see that everything went all right. He was sure surprised he didn't know about that. "Although," I said in a lower voice, "with the proper connections you could get one alright and maybe they wouldn't pose too long but who gives a damn?" This brought a good laugh from my worldly friend and he went back to cutting my hair. When they ask what Bill is doing I say wire sculpture and that usually keeps them quiet for awhile.

I have been drihking. I made a glass of lemonade, filled it with cracked ice and poured in rum and mixed and drank quickly. Wonderful sensation -- cuts down reflexes enoromously.

Speaking of drinking, I was in that dark bar last night drinking of all things Rum Collins. I was completely alone in the bar except for the tender. I drank and drank and slowly felt the constriction that was strangling me through the working hours slowly let go and drop to the floor. True, my coordination wasn't any too sharp. I tried to drive home with the sun visor but I felt very good, invigorated and would in all probability, have contributed to something like the Red Cross

at the time. I just lost my head completely.

Back when I was working in IBM for the Navy at Port Hueneme this happened one night: I was standing in front of a machine reciting "Chile Harold" to myself. At crotch level there was a table. Just at that moment the supervisor and another girl with a dolly full of unfolded, unmutilated, unspirdled cards came by. In order to get through they have to push through the space on the other side of the table. Thus they pushed the table against my groin. I figured if I didn't faint everything would be fine. Then they have one more push. It was too much. I boared out, "God, if it's all right I'd like to have some children when I get married!" They both got red and left me pinned to the table. (Sounds ridiculous now that I write about it.) A couple of guys racked with laughter pulled it away from me. As I limped away someone said, "Gerald sure is funny!" I turned around and bellowed out in a feminine voice, "I get castrated in the line of duty and so I'm funny!"

At work now there are times when we just sit around and talk. I stopped them cold the other night. One of them asked what kind of hair oil I used. I said "Vaseline." Then one innocent little girl said, "Why that's what I use to..." I interrupted, yelling, "Christ, all I want to do is comb my hair not go to bed with someone!" (Fake indignation here) The poor little girl got very red and just stared straight ahead. Then she said, "I was going to say I use vaseline for my eyebrows!" I walked away and back to work, murmuring, "Don't feel you have to tell me anything!"

Haven't done a dman (most common typing error I make) about my novel, BRICKS ARE RED. I see there is a new Spillane thing out. The only way he can beat his past record is to ram a dooble-barreled shot gun up a broad and pull both triggers. He is so shitty -- I bet he's cherry.

The other day in Camarillo the traffic was stopped because of a train across the highway. I stopped behind a cop. I honked. He came back to the car and leaned in the window.

Gendarme: You see the train up there, don't you?

con't

Gerald: Yes.

Gendarme: You see I can't move, why did you honk?

Gerald: I didn't mean to honk. It slipped.

Gendarme: How could it slip?

Gerald: Well, my horn has just been fixed and I'm not used to it.

Gendarme: There's a law against not having a horn, you know.

Gerald: I had a horn; it just wouldn't honk.

Gendarme: Are you getting smart with me?

Gerald: No, I am merely trying to-- (Here I actually slipped and honked the horn again) Oh, God!

Gendarme: Now look here, you quit honking that horn or I'll write you a ticket right now.

Gerald: Really, I didn't mean to honk it then. Is there a law against honking?

Gendarme: When there is no reason.

Gerald: (senselessly) Well...what constitutes a reason?

Gendarme: Anything you think is important enough. When you didn't have a horn what did you do when an emergency occurred?

Gerald: I relied on my wits.

Gendarme: Oh, you did, huh? But sometime when a bus hits you or if you go over a grade (why you need a horn to go over a grade I didn't ask) then maybe I'll gather up your wits and send you to the morgue. (The train had gone by then and the card behind me started honking.) Well, I won't give you a ticket this time, but be careful, you understand.

Gerald: Yes, officer, I'll be careful and thank you again.

He walked away and I wouldn't even touch my steering wheel until he drove away. Then I took off. Five minutes later three Mexican girls giggled and waved at me as I honked at them. I

came home and honked three times before I got out of the car. Mother came running outside wanting to know what was wrong.

"Nothing is wrong," I said, "I just wanted to honk!"

END

.....  
DREAM SHEET COMICS

BY ROTSLER

I like comic strips. Good ones, that is, and there are damned few of them. Furthermore, no one newspaper carries all or nearly all of them. But fantasy being nearer to reality than fact in this publication, I've dreamed up an ideal newspaper to house this fine graphic medium.

I don't read the sports page and since financial considerations are of little importance in this dream sheet, no classified section is necessary. There would be a front page, 1st and 2nd page section of news, a 4th page for columnists I might like (which are few), art and music reviews. A fifth page for movies and miscellany and the 6th to 8th for comics.

First of all, there would, of course be POGO and PEANUTS, the very best two strips, methinks. Then CASEY RUGLES and STEVE CANYON, two of the best drawn and told strips. FLASH GORDON, as drawn nowadays by old comic book man Berry, is superlative. BUZ SAWYER is drawn well enough to be included herein but is a second choice. Then for laughs, of a sort, I'd like to have GRIN AND BEAR IT, LI'L ABNER, DICK TRACY and ALLEY OOP.

Sunday's edition would be the same, except dropping PEANUTS, which I don't think is a Sunday strip, FLASH GORDON, BUZ SAWYER and adding PRINCE VALLANT, perennially one of the better drawn strips.

It's a very slim paper but would give me all the news and things of interest I'd care to know about.

.....  
"I wish that I had two lives to call my own. One in which to pursue literature in and the other to simply dwell."

...Gerald FitzGerald  
in a speech to himself.  
.....

WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT

Comment on OUR FAIR CITY  
by Robert Heinlein (Weird  
Tales, 1948)

by H. BEAM PIPER

Although frequently bracketed together, science fiction and fantasy are entirely separate fields; they require different writing skills, and, equally important, they require entirely different mental attitudes on the part of the reader. With science fiction, the reader needs only to ask himself: "Is this story theoretically respectable? Is it a sound extrapolation from present scientific knowledge? Does it represent the probable level of scientific and technological knowledge in the period (future) in question, or the probable conditions on the planet on which the scene is laid?" If the answer is affirmative, the reader can then go on without further doubt or question, and judge the story on the basis of characters, motivation and so forth. In fantasy, however, the reader is introduced to a world in which the laws of nature have been considerably amended, nullified or repealed, in which things which he knows to be impossibilities (i.e. structural contradictions) can happen as a matter of course, and which is inhabited by orders of entities which simply do not exist in the world of normal sense experience.

Now, in order to enjoy fantasy, the reader must be able to believe it, at least for the duration of reading. He must practice what is academically known as "suspension of incredulity", or what I privately label the Act of Faith. He must be able to say to himself, "I am now in a world where so-and-so can happen; where, if I do not do thus-and-so, this-and-that will catch me." Having made this Act of Faith, he can then go on with the story and enjoy it as fully as its structure will permit him. But, in order to suspend his natural incredulity, in order to perform this Act of Faith, he needs considerable help from the author.

This perhaps over-lengthy preamble plus the fact that my own writing and reading preferences are for science-fiction rather than fantasy, will explain why it requires a more than ordinarily good piece of writing in the

fantasy field to impress me at all, particularly when the author is, himself, one of the top hands in the science fiction field.

Such a story -- the best of them all, to my mind -- was a little novellette in WEIRD TALES (('48)) by Robert Heinlein, entitled OUR FAIR CITY. The heroine of the story was a whirlwind -- one of those miniature cyclones, born of convections and competing temperatures and artificial air-currents, which swirl among the streets of big cities. She had a name -- Kitten -- and she was an intelligent entity, and she had a charming personality, and a lively sense of humor. She had two friends, an old parking lot attendant, and a reporter who was trying to get a campaign started to purge City Hall of its population of crooks and grafters. She brought to bear her not inconsiderable influence upon the latter's efforts, until she even became prominently mentioned for Mayor, and ended as the city's most honored citizen.

Now, everybody in cities has seen these little junior-grade typhoons which gather up funnels of dust, swirl old newspapers and occasionally rob pedestrians of their hats, and a good many have been annoyed or intrigued or amused, depending upon circumstances and temperament, by their whimsical pranks. Heinlein went further; he saw them as people -- gay mischievous, happy, capable of friendships and enmities -- and he created, for one of them, as delightful a character as I have ever seen in print. OUR FAIR CITY is by long odds my favorite fantasy story, and Kitten one of my favorite characters in any category.

END

.....  
LIMERICKS FROM HOLLYMONT DRIVE:

There once was a ~~man~~ named Bork  
Who controlled Nature's calls with a cork.  
Feeling blasé  
He removed it one day  
And offended the State of New York.

There once was a girl named Alice  
Who lived in a terrible palace  
With splintery chair  
And asses bare  
She now has a monstrous callus.

....Enough enow.



Until I sat down to write this, I never realized how smug -- or is it a lack of envy? -- I've been, because I've never wished I'd written anything else by any other lauthor. My ideal of writing (to which I now adhere after trying to be a hack with less success than whennot trying) is to wish I'd written a type of story I'd not as yet encountered -- and then to sit down and write it.

But while there's no s t o r y extant which I wish I'd written, I know of a number that I'd be proud or pleased to have written -- in the fantasy field, there is W. H. Hudson's A CRYSTAL AGE, because of the beautiful style, magical mood and transcendentalism; Achmed Abdullah's THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, a gem of style, florid imagery and again, transcendentalism; Ibsen's PEER GYNT, another gorgeous hunk of imagery and transcendentalism.

I can think of scads of stories I'm GLAD I've not written. I think most fantasy and science fiction of these days is purely lousy. You would too if you had to read the stuff four and five times in a row, trying to conjure up a workable illustration. I'm sick of half-baked writers with no basic creed who grind out crap full of gore and what passes as sex, all to make a buck, and to heck with revising the first draft, sell the thing hot off the typer, we gotta make some moolah, prices are rising, and want me to freshen your drink?

Thus it was with infinit pleasure that I recently read and illustrated Poul

Anderson's THE LAST MONSTER; there's a story - everything that happened in it was for a reason, and to point up its purpose. And it has humanity, and something more than humanity in it. I almost wish I'd written it, but not quite -- after all, SOMEBODY did write it, and that's the main thing.

It's not WHO WROTE IT which is important, but -- what is written.

END

#### ADDENDA TO WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT:

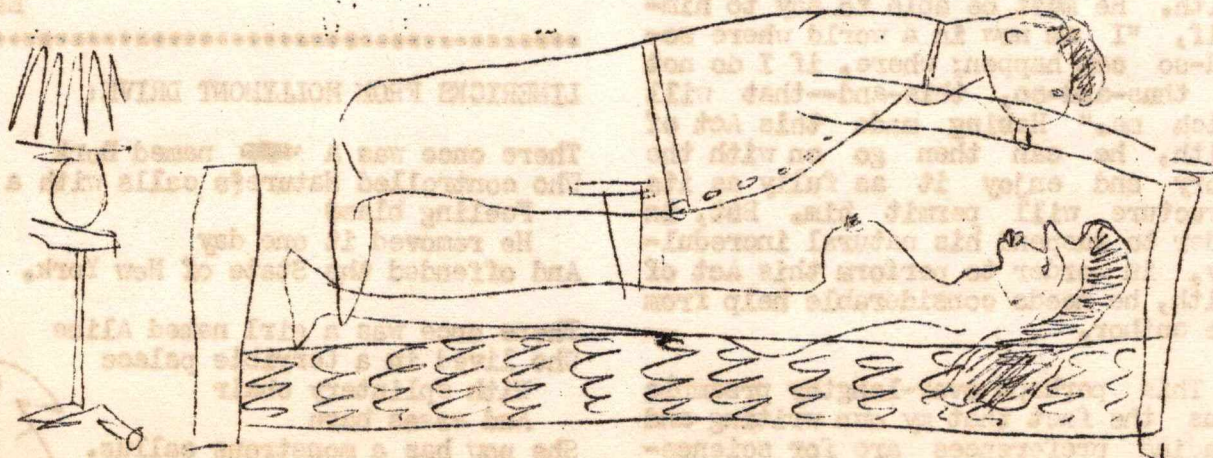
Hannes Bok: "As for what Merritt would have liked to write, I have no idea. I do know he was quite facinated with C. L. Moore's stuff, and he told me i n 1941 that he wanted to collaborate w/ her some day."

John W. Campbell: explained that he \* could not contribute to this series because of his editorial position and commented on Piper's contribution: "I recall his liking the story and it seems to me that I am unable to recall any occasions on which any author of my acquaintance has been made unhappy by having a fellow craftsman praise his work. They all seem to like it.

"I will give you an item for your amusement: a number of people seem to be under the impression that Fyfe is a pseudonym for Piper or visa versa or something. Will you help me in assuring them that this is not the case?"

END

"Every science begins as philosophy and ends as art. # ...Durant



"Isn't there some other way you can show your affections?"

(gcf)

# NOTHING SO MONSTER-IOUS

BURBEE AND  
ROTSLER DO  
IT TO YOU  
AGAIN —

"I have created a monster," said Gerald FitzGerald.

"Who have you been sleeping with now?" I asked.

"No, no, a real monster."

"Any special kind or just garden variety?" I asked.

"Oh, the genuine outsized kind - flathead, stitched scars, coats too small and everything."

"Big, too?"

"Tremendous. Huge. Monstrous, if I may say so,"

"An original model?"

"Oh, yes. I used parts from live people. None of these reclaimed parts or those silly kits for me. Oh, they complained a little, at first, but pretty soon everything was quiet and lo! like magic! A genuine monster!"

"My last one was only two feet high," I said. "I used baby parts."

"Oh," said Gerald, "do you make monsters, too?"

"Of course."

"No fair copying me now."

"No copyist I."

"Mine is self-propelled," he said.

"Does it lumber, hulk or move ponderously?"

"It minchs a bit, but generally it lurches."

"Ever have trouble fitting parts?"

"Sometimes, but never be afraid of trimming. But don't add things unless you have a reason. Extra arms give

some of them terrific problems in social adjustment."

"How about sex organs? And that stuff?"

"Please, I have enough trouble with the food bills. But I have ways," he said mysteriously.

"But most of them just sit around hunked up."

"They're ornamental." I could see he was getting defensive.

"Okay, maybe they were once, but in this day and age things are different. Functionalism. Don't you know word is getting around?"

"That's just the way I work."

"But you're getting too many. One should not go hog wild about this thing just because one has a talent. Limit yourself," I said.

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"I feel smug when I contemplate my handiwork," said FitzGerald, staring at me like he stares at Uno bars.

"Well, don't stare at me."

"Why not? You're my handiwork."

"The hell you say."

"I made you."

"You never laid a finger on me!"

"I created you out of spare parts and gluck I dreamed up in the john while reading one of those crazy science fiction magazines of yours."

"No, Gerald."

"Yes, Bill."

"No."

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"I'll prove it. You remember a childhood, don't you?"

"Natch. My girl even claims I'm still in it."

"Built-in memory. You are sometimes happy, sometimes sad."

"Yah."

"You groan and scream and look at colors and happy filth."

"Sure."

"Built-in. All of it. Built-in. You enjoy women."

"Whenever I...well, sure."

"Built-in."

"Golly," I said. "You seem to know a lot about me. You really did create me, then!"

"I know."

"And I'm your masterpiece!"

"Well, I..."

"Sure I am. Why, I even make monsters, too. Tell me, I have trouble with the brains. What is your technique in that department?"

"In your case I wanted you to be sharp so I used a handful of old razor blades. In other words, you have Schick for brains."

"You talk so plainly. And so wonder you feel smug. Just imagine. There you sit, arguing intellectually with a living breathing creature of your own design. And to think that I, a creature of your hands, can make monsters of my own. It's astonishing!"

"Well," said Fitz, yawning, "I don't always have such spectacular success. You were twins at first, you know."

"Gerald, you've doubled perfection! But where's the other one?"

"I don't know," he said. "When it was two days old it flew away."

"You could write that off."

"Yes, but good usable parts come high in this finicky civilization. My

old monsters go to make my new ones. A lot of good gluck--that's the scientific term for monster clay--was wasted that day."

"You still have me."

"But now I want to create another woman."

"Another woman?"

"Sure. I made Barbara, you know."

"That's a lie! You never laid--"

His evil smirk was my answer.

"I want to make another female. They're harder to build--so much interior machining and all. Worth the trouble, though. So much more fun than boys."

"I'll help you, Gerald."

"Sure you will. I used a lot of gluck on you. I built you when gluck was cheap. Your materials will make one woman, one comic dwarf and a large dog, man's best friend. Might--"

"Use my gluck?" I shouted. "You wouldn't do that! You couldn't! I'm your masterpiece!"



"That's your built-in egotism speaking, lad."

"It is?"

"Natch. Your built-in reasoning faculties should tell you that."

He was right, of course.

END

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