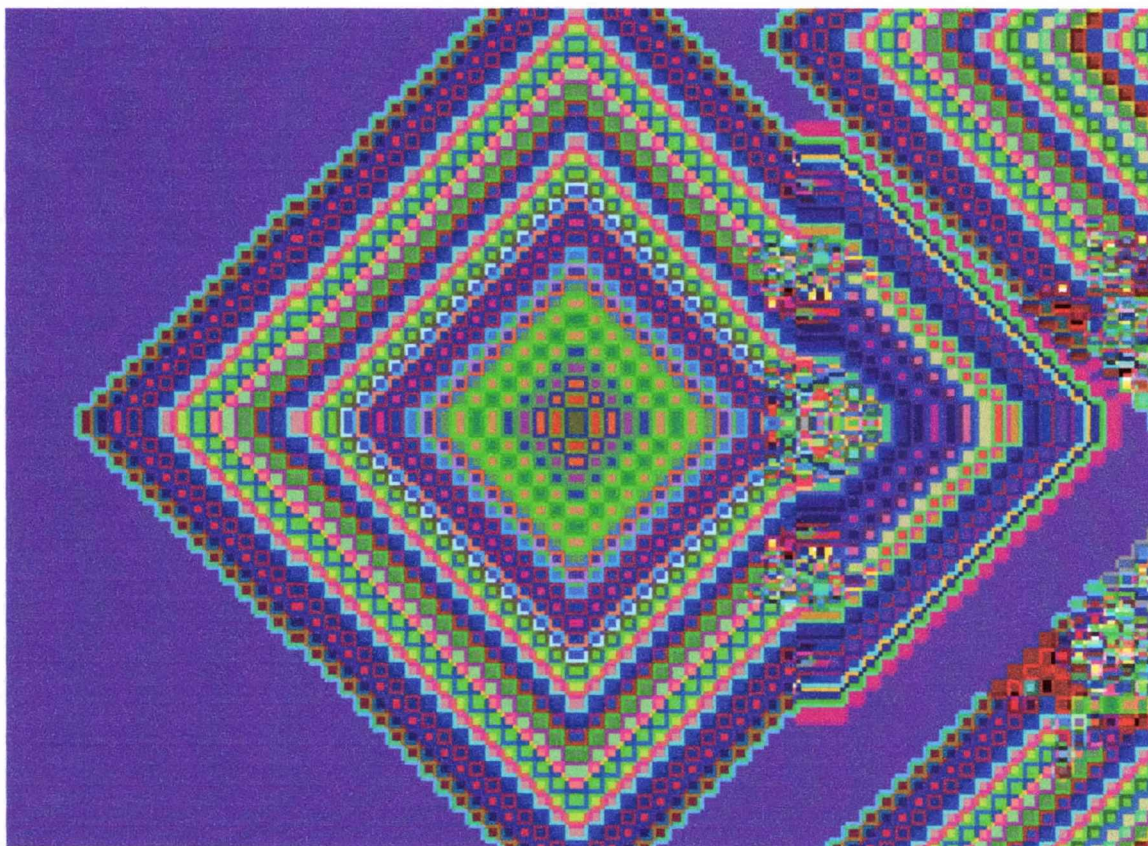


# MASQUE



The Fanzine Without a Title Page

I could add "time-machines, matter duplicators,"...

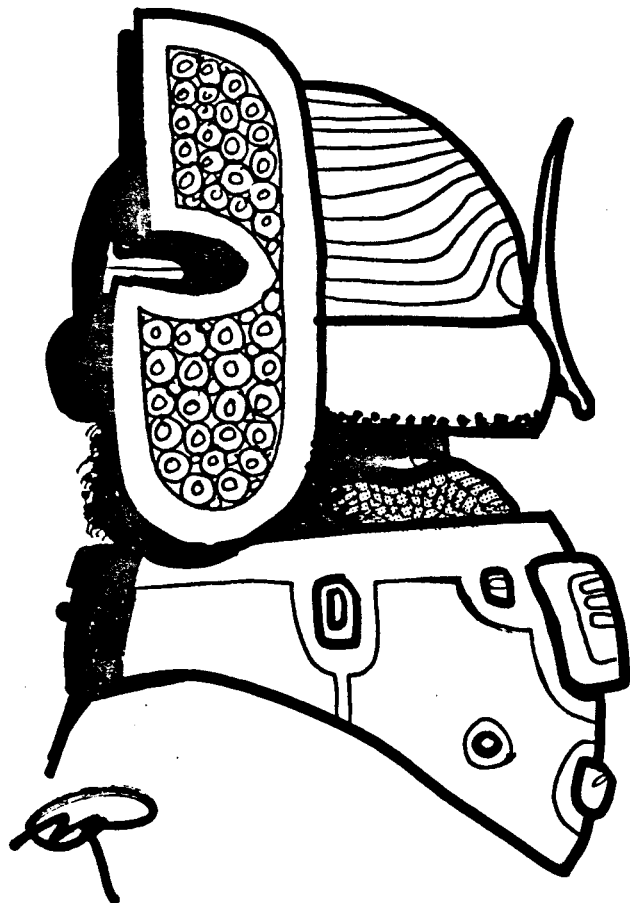
The masquerade was that night and it was pretty damned good. Ed appeared, in the audience, as Eon, so I hunted up Melissa Ann Singer, the horror cover editor at Tor, and showed her Ed in all his splendor as an example of craftsmanship. I'm pitching her on doing some photo covers.

Then, of course, the reason for Westercon. I have noticed that of late the newer fans are unaware that my birthday is the reason for Westercon and, sadly, some of the older fans have forgotten, so I'm going to have to pre-educate them.

Paul & Neola rented a suite for the party, paid for everything, even insisted I go about my fanning whilst they gathered the catered food, drink, etc.

Therefore, after the masquerade we had what I think was a nice party. Of course, when it is your birthday you have a distorted view. People bring you presents, girls kiss you and hardly anyone spits on you.

But Bill & Beverly Warren came all the way just for the party, and an old non-fan friend, the charming & delicious Charles Cropsy came all the way from Garden Grove (150 miles?) just for it. I felt honored.



Of course, it ended up with Neola & moi standing on the balcony talking for an hour after we had decided to go to bed. I have noticed in the past that hotels tend to have thick curtains and drapes which sometimes do not meet in the center so the sun will get you up. Well, we also found suites don't come with DO NOT DISTURB signs and about 4½ hours after we sacked out there was a maid pounding on the door. I got my revenge. I had intended to leave some cash for cleanup and didn't.

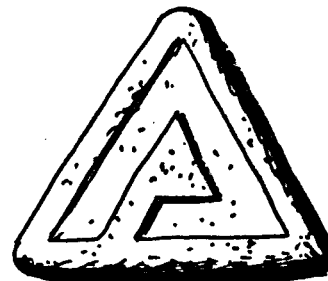
Naturally, during all the party I was hugged & kissed & congratulated. Any Thomson gave me a blue ribbon (and since it was my birthday, two boobs in the belly --she's short--); the Draw/Kathy Sanders gave me a Glitz Award. People had sent cards in the mail. Maureen Garrett gave me and IOU for a home-cooked meal in San Rafael. (See, I did send out a few invitations on the mail to people--like Gregg Calkins, say--who might come, but I didn't want people buying things. If I give the invitation to them at the con, and if they want to bring something, it pretty much has to be something they made...which I prefer.)

I had one panel on Sunday, "Homemade Myths" with David Brin & some just-about-to-be-published-fantasy-writer-whose-name-I-cannot-remember. But it, too, turned out to be truly interesting.

In the afternoon Neola wanted to take a one-last-tour of the art show. I diverted them to a corner where Bruce Wegmann had a case of meteorites & of Star Trek replicas, plus two laser cannons, about .30 machine gun size. He unlimbered one & fired it for us, told P & N more than perhaps they wanted to know about meteorites, but was interesting about it. And gifted Paul with a tiny polished meteorite of unusual mein as a gift to Neola. I told them later the gift was more significant than it appeared. For one thing, the chunk was worth more than they imagined, but mainly because Bruce, according to Ed who has known him a long time, has never been able to get along with people. Maybe all these weekends talking to him around here has made him a functioning member of society.

Well, they left & I decided to wait until 9 or 10pm and miss the traffic. Mary & I partied. Got a good line:

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"Outside of sex there are no cheap hobbies."  
(Adrienne Martine-Barnes)  
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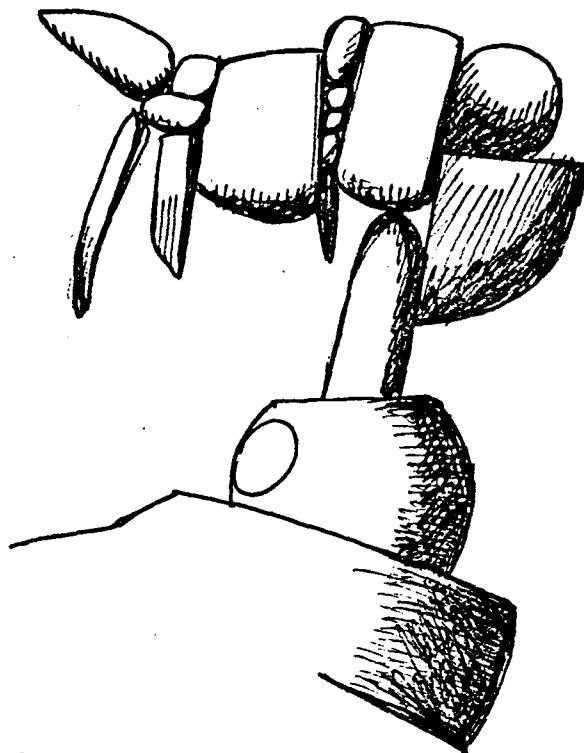
ALLEN COIN · UR

There was a button someone was wearing:  
SO MANY WOMEN, SO LITTLE NERVE. And the  
next interlineation, below (or wherever)  
which was on Rick Cook's t-shirt, out of  
Playboy.

I thought it was a good con, though  
I admit to prejudice. I'm glad I went.  
Though if it hadn't been one of those  
birthdays with a zero at the end (and  
therefore "apecial") I might have stayed  
home simply to watch the 4th celebration.  
On the "Future of Democracy" I had the  
audience "vote" on whether they wanted to  
do it, then led them in singing "Happy  
Birthday" to America.

I had a good time, got patted, petted  
(groped), presents, praise, laughs, and  
met a lady who somewhat interests me.  
What more can a man ask?

-----  
"Blank paper is God's way of saying it's  
not so easy being God." (Craig Vetter)  
-----



FINAL MACHINE

More sitting around in bars & patios  
& con suites. Talked to Karen & Poul  
Anderson, to their daughter & son-in-law  
(I thought Greg did a fine job as toast-  
master); to David Brin, art folk, Kolla  
Lawson (the art agent), all kinds of people.  
Good conversations, fun, etc.

Hardly went to any panels. Looked in  
on a couple of Ed Kline's, but I'd heard it  
all. Karen Haber & I walked out about  
half way through the Cyberpunk panel because  
Bob S. was shooting fish in a barrel, as  
Karen put it, with John Shirley. Talked  
to Joan Benford a teeny bit and to what's  
hisname, her hubby-wubby.

10 July 86 Yesterday I spent with Bill  
Warren, who had invited me  
to work with him on 2 script ideas for  
Murder, She Wrote. He has premises and  
we took them both through about end of  
rough outline. They were invited to  
a party held at Chateau Marmont by the  
New Orleans con bid people. I hadn't  
been there in years & I don't think Bill  
ever had.

It's the place Belushi died. If you  
say Myra Breckinridge the huge turning  
statue was right outside the windows.  
It's a late Twenties place where LOTS  
of shoboz & music & other types live for  
a week or month or quarter. So we went  
really just to see it and had a good  
time talking at a small party.

Today porn star Kimberly Carson  
bought me lunch at Musso & Frank's, an  
Old Time Hollywood restaurant called,  
in the vernacular Musso-Frank's. Her  
husband (a fellow XRCO critic), plus 2  
editors also were added & then we went  
to a lab to see a porn movie she starred  
in. I love those tiny plush, big-seat  
theaters. Kim is preggers & "retired"  
now & has become a sales rep.

I came home to find a strange &  
wonderful homemade card from Selina  
Phanara and an extremely heart-warming  
long-on-love-and-friendship poem from  
Betty Ballantine, who wrote embarrassing  
things on tiny papers & glyed them to  
a big paper. I like her.

-----  
"What every woman wants is what you're  
out of." (O. Henry)  
-----



-----  
Yes, Indeed--More! IBME...5FT II...1ST  
IN...TAZER...IKNOWBY  
...EPICURE...BANZAI...Sticker: I'm  
just catching up with yrsterday, By  
tmorrow I should be ready for today...  
-----

12 July 1986 In the new Time there's an  
article on "designer vest-  
ments" for the Catholic Church--newly  
designed stuff. Hell, I designed new  
vestments in the late Fifties, which  
Sister Mary Corita (then a nun and very  
famous as a serigrapher) said were being  
made by some nuns in the mid-west. I  
never saw them, however. I thought they  
were far more interesting than the  
Modrianish stuff shown in Time.

MAMMARY LANE This will mean nothing to a lot of you, but that is the Tempest Storm. When I was in art school they started running burlesque at the Mayan Theater, downtown LA. The Mayan was of the Grand Period of Movie Theaters, with lavish interiors. It's in, not surprisingly, a "Mayan motif." Except they have elephants. Honest. Elephants sculptured all over. Really.

Anyway, this was perhaps 1948-1950, somewhere in there. I have never seen burlesque and we all thought it would be wonderful to go. ("All" being my group.) So we went once.

I loved it. Corny gags, but I'd never heard or seen them. The women were gorgeous & sexy. After that first time a few of us went one or two more times and drew in the dark: lush action figures. This does not produce good drawing but it is great practice. They changed the show every week. I've been reading Minsky's Burlesque, just out, and found they changed the show every week. Furthermore, one, at least, of the comics, Harry Clexx, was of that original Minsky period. (How could you forget a name like Harry Clexx?)

The first time we went there was this tall woman with a great mass of black hair (it's red in the accompanying photo) who had the biggest, most beautifully shaped breasts I had ever seen! And she was so alive! Second trip, she had moved from the back of the chorus to the front. Third trip she was on the bottom of the stripper roster. Next trip, which I think I went alone, she was next-to-top, and then, later, headlining.

Her name was Tempest Storm. A few years later I was in the office of a black singer named Herb Jeffries (I don't remember why) and saw on his desk a photo of Tempest Storm, totally covered in a fur coat. I remembered thinking, "Why would anyone have a photo of Tempest Storm with her clothes on?" Then I remember they were married.

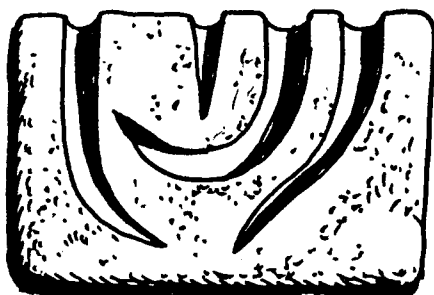
Over the decades I have, on occasion, wondered whatever happened to her. That was over 35 years ago when I saw her and in this photo she looks in her 40s. Just one of those things that makes you feel good, that she didn't end up a hooker, dead in a hotel with a needle in her arm.

I told you it would mean nothing to you. But it was a stroll down Mammary Lane if there ever was one.

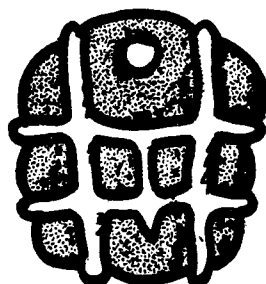


"This gal's so tall, her feet and head have different area codes!" quipped "Dick Van Dyke Show" costar Morey Amsterdam when he met statuesque stripper Tempest Storm at a Tinseltown fund-raiser. Morey looks stunned at the sight of tall Tempest.

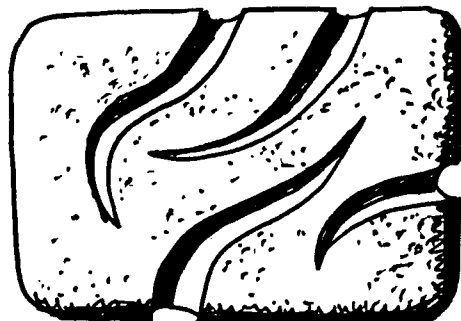
What marks us off from animals is the fact that we want to be marked off from animals.



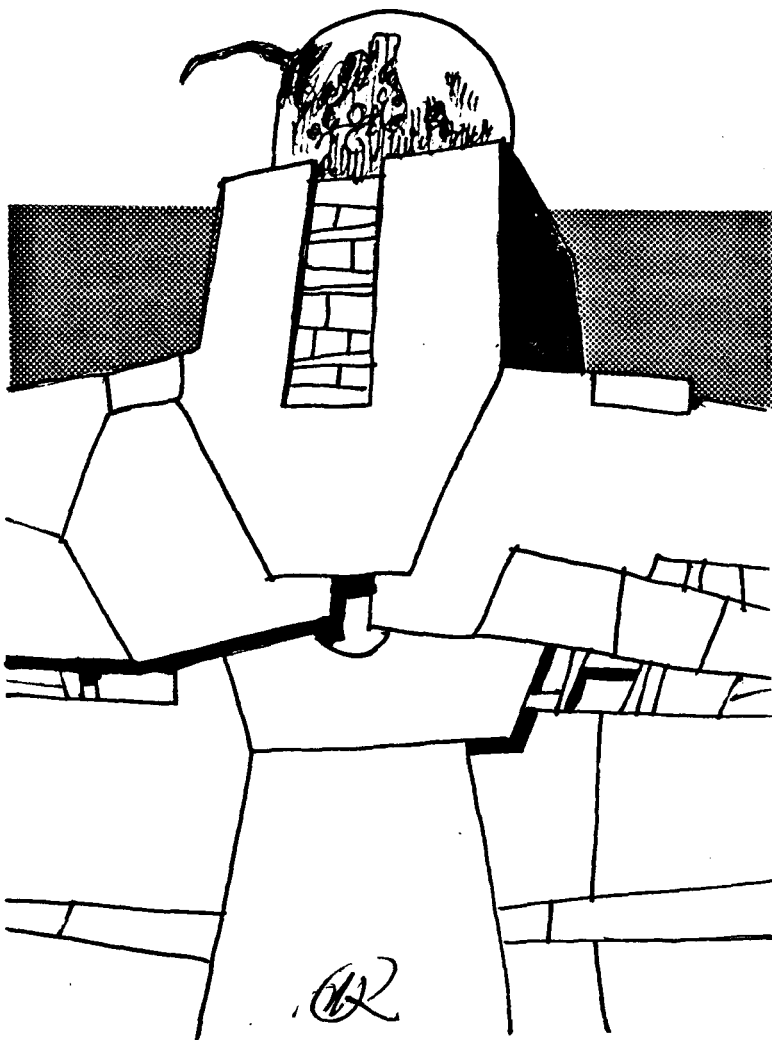
ALLEN MONEY - ROTSLER '86



ALLEN CONN. '88



ALLEN MONEY + ROTSLER



13 July 86 Well, last night was the Harlan Ellison Roast. I got to the LA Press Club early, spent some time getting the 35mm projector set up--finding outlets. (old building, few outlets), getting a mike strung to me in the back, finding a table & a chair on the table to get the projector high enough, etc. Then I reached for the tray of slides so that I might focus in & get organized. The tray was in Reseda.

Fortunately, Don Kephart was there & he brought them to me, the dear heart he is. I didn't have time to go home & back.

The place was crowded. Room officially holds 200, unofficially 300 & there were people standing. All kinds of people were there--fans, pros, movie folk, etc. including my daughter & my grandson, who I have not seen in half his life. His original dark skin has faded to a light color the Aryan Brotherhood would approve of. He was quiet as Lisa had tricked him into thinking this time slot was his nappie.

Then Came The Time. I was first. Digby Diehl read a slanderous statement by Harlan as my intro & I did my slide show. It seemed to be well received--I remember waiting for laughs before moving on--but I was concerned with (a)

holding the mike in one hand and (b) the projector remote in the other; (c) reading my script & getting the timing right. A friend of Lisa's held a flash-light on the script for me.

Then we went up on the stage. Some where in there Robin Williams had arrived. I was dripping with sweat--both from the closeness of the room & anxiety, I suppose. But Henry Holmes sat next to me wearing a coat & sweater and didn't look uncomfortable. Silverberg was next then Bob Bloch, then Phil De Guere, a TV producer.

The rostrum was so high I couldn't see the others: David Gerrold, Paul Krassner, Ray Bradbury, Williams & Harlan. But I could hear RW from time to time.

Everyone was pretty funny. Even the lawyer (Holmes) got off a couple of goodies. Phil De Guere had hired Hal Kantor, one of the greatest gag writers of all, to do his bit. His best line was about Harlan using a methane-powered word processor.



Bradbury did his--the least funny of all, I think--then left after a few minutes. I thought that was a bit rude. (We had talked a bit beforehand, him in a short version of his white suit.)

Then finally it was Robin Williams' turn and he was very, very funny. I kind of felt sorry, since several of the speakers had made mention--and Diehl had made a big thing--out of people really coming just to see Robin Williams. They were all probably right, but I felt for RW: "Be funny, goddamnit."

But he was. Then it was Harlan's turn and he lay waste those around him & some who had put the whole thing on. He even got into a bit of heavy repartee (read "Shouting") with RW and held his own. That's pretty good, considering RW is probably the premiere comic of the day.

I did a cartoon with Sergio Aragones looking over my shoulder. (He was on stage, drawing cartoons behind us, but he confided he didn't know enough about some of the people to do good ones.) I did the "I love roasts" part of the illustration that goes with this "report"...and you'll notice I did it over to one side. I'm no fool & Sergio was right behind me. He gave that little snorting laugh he does when he has thought of something funny and leaned over me to draw the rest. It was a hit among my side of the rostrum.

Afterwards, I introduced myself to Robin Williams, who was very "normal" and nice, showed him the drawing, and he asked if he could have it, very politely. I said yes, naturally; then later I took it back, saying I'd send it to him and he appreciated it wouldn't get hurt. But actually I wanted to make a copy. I'll drymount it & send it later.

There was a lot of milling about later, talking to the Great & Near-Great. Eventually, Fred Harris made a reservation at a restaurant, giving only the address. Silverberg & Karen Haber, Michael Reeves & I met there & found it a trendy, crowded place opposite the Improv, right in the middle of the Melrose "punk chic" district. We didn't want to go in, so when Harlan & Susan arrived we decided to skip, buy doughnuts & spent a couple of hours at Harlan's before beddie-bye.

A long, hot, adventuresome night. Laughs (public & private), meeting new people, seeing my grandson, etc. Nice time.

Son of Licence-getter RTOWNCR...ACTER..  
H2OSKIN...DRAEPLY  
...PATICAKE...BST NANY...IAMSWIS (which makes me wonder if the missing ltrter is "S" or "H"...HKYPLAYR...TAH DAH...  
TASSONE (I'm not certain what that one means)...STAMPS 2...YOU I...I RT GRP...  
BLUSTRO...DREEM 2...CAREXPRT...DR SWISH.

Saw a bumper sticker of a house trailer: "Get Too Close and I'll Flush!" Another sticker; "Screw Guilt."

Of course, in Hollywood you get a lot of "indystry" plates with "cinema code" such as PIXNTRK...FX...SFX... ACTORET...ZUUUM-IN (with added hyphen) & on one of those big white boxy trucks, unmarked as usual, which they use as location trucks:

17 July 86 I'm still getting birthday gifts! Christy Marx & Peter Ledger sent me poems far too, um, saucy to be included in this pristine journal. They couldn't be at my party because they were going to be in prison. (If memory serves--and it often doesn't-- they were teaching art.) Christy is a comic book & animation writer; Peter is a great burly Aussie artist; they live on top of a mountain south of LA.

The mail today brought a letter from my sister, enclosing a photo she took of my candelabra, done for the Church of the Holy Cross in Sedona, AZ, which I haven't seen since installation in 19 Ought 56 or whenever I did it. Pix NG for repro.

Later: Finally saw the attorney in the lawfirm which has taken over my accident case. (The old firm, which was no unresponsive, thought my case was "unusual" and passed it on to specialists. Grump.) Anyway, I now have a clearer idea of what is going on. Won't be in court, probably, until early 1987...the new lawyer thought this was 2-3 years late...and the hard part, the part that made my case :unusual," is that I am in an "unusual" business (writing) with no clear & distinct way to prove how much I lost not being able to work.

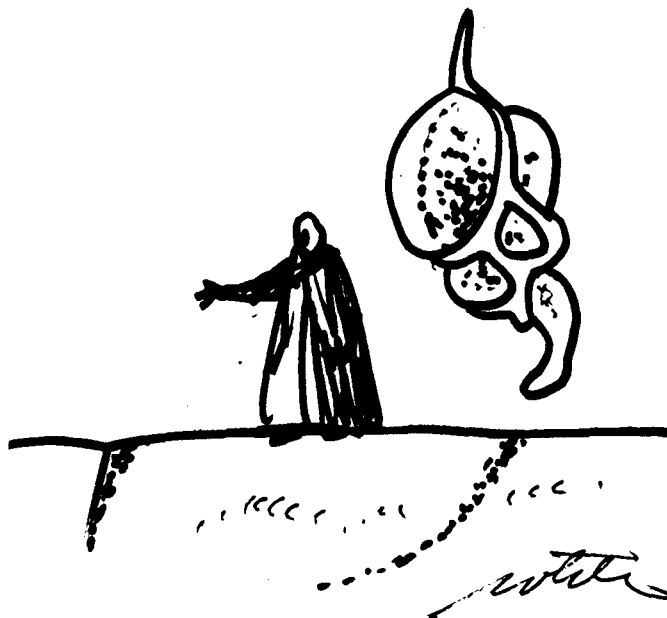
The true fact is that I feel my creativity is maybe 40% of what it was, due to 4½+ years of headache, plus just plain loss of worktime. I realize how the hell am I to "prove" loss of creativity? Chancy. So we may go to Arbitration; where a judge decides. If I'm not happy we can still go to trial.

In terms of money I might come out of it near zip (return medical, not much more) and maybe as high as \$40,000 if I am real lucky. Minus 1/3 for lawyers, etc. Grump, grump, grump.

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"We don't use the word 'tacky.' We say 'postmodern.'" (Sid Coleman)  
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21 July 86 Birthday presents are still coming in: A pair of scripts from Sid Coleman, one for comic strip, one for cartoons...George Barr sent a lovely name badge after 2 more timely tries. Both people made 17909 into 17090, but their gifts & thought is happily received.

Spent this past weekend partying & going to movies or playing tapes. La Dolce Vita on a dollar a day.





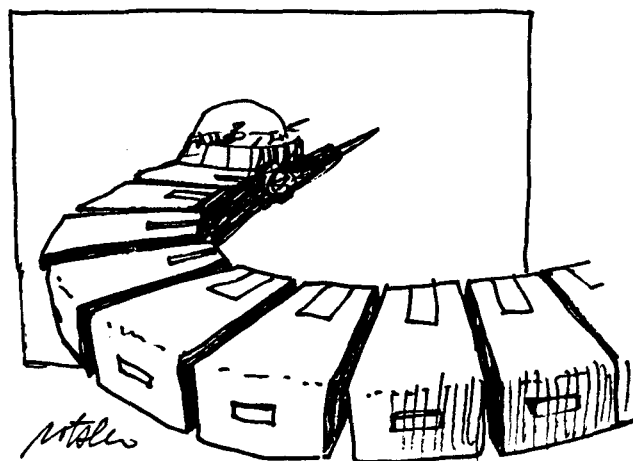
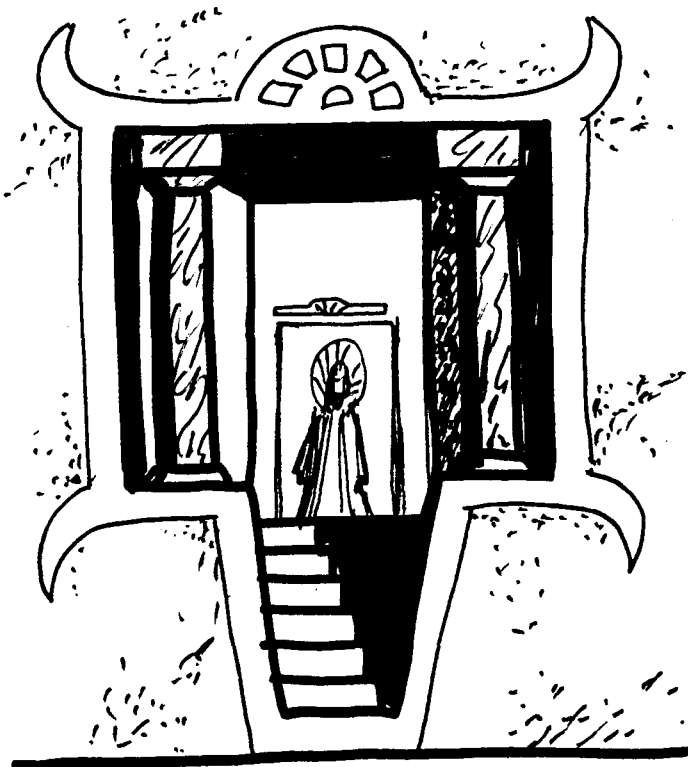
"Pink is the navy blue of India."  
(Diana Vreeland)

My god, I feel so sorry for people with no sense of humor. I'm tempted to say it must be a living hell, as though everyone around you knew some secret and knew that you did not know. But I have no sense of smell and no sense of loss about it (thank goodness!) so I feel nothing really, except once in awhile when someone waxes nostalgic about certain smells, or in survival situations, when a sense of smell would seem to be a good idea.

Maybe people with no sense of humor feel that way--except I think not having a sense of smell (one of the least visible senses) is a lot easier to conceal than no sense of humor. (I don't try to conceal it, I just never think about it. I think this simile has gotten out of control.)

But life without a sense of humor must be so borrrrrring! Without it you could easily go mad. Isn't it the way they depict madmen--laughing wildly in a satire of humor? And hasn't every bore you ever known been without a sense of humor, really?

Let's hear it for sense of humor, the seventh sense.



The painting said to me, "You think you know so much about art, tell me about myself."

"No," I said firmly. "I can only tell you about myself, about my reactions to the information, images, thoughts and emotions you have aroused."

"Oh, very well," it said. "I've been hanging here, totally naked, for some time, listening to the most gawdawful things said about me and my companions, I guess I can hang around some more."

"I'll keep coming back," I said quickly. "Because you've said something to me. Not all paintings do. Oh, some murmur, some whisper a few things, some speak in strange languages...some shout obscenities or worst, tell me everything in the first few seconds."

"I'll see you again, then?" the painting said.

"Definitely."

"I won't change, you know. Not a brushstroke."

"Oh, yes, you will, because I'll have changed, therefore my reaction to you will have changed and you'll be different."

"Hmm," the painting said though-fully. "I don't have to do anything?"

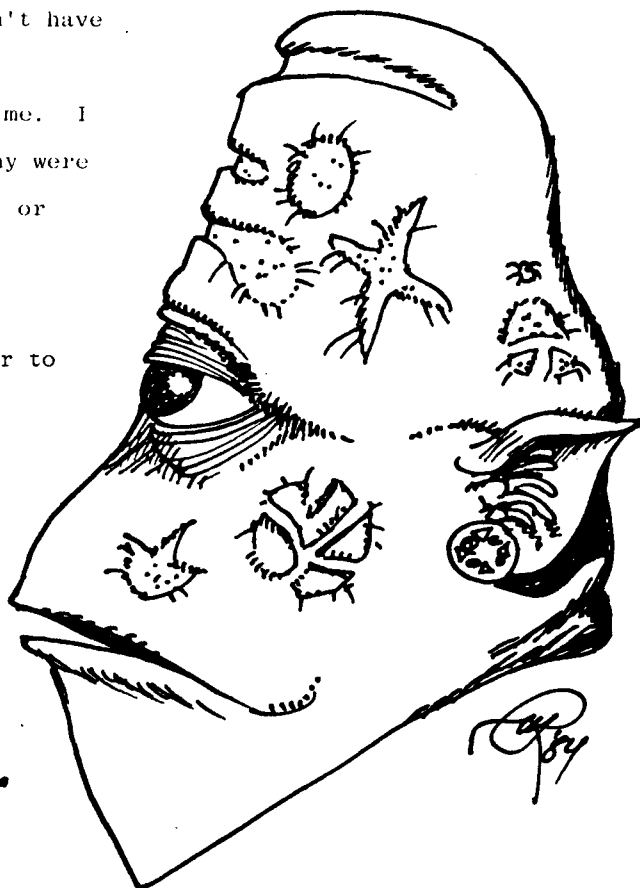
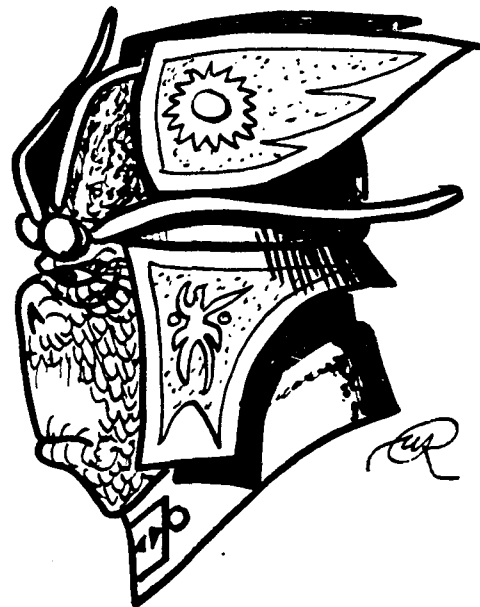
I shook my head. "Just keep saying things to me. I have friends like you all over the world, you know. Many were great friends before I ever actually met them in person, or because I knew the artist."

"When we meet again, what shall I say?"

"Don't worry about it. It'll come to you...or to me. See ya."

"See ya."

William Rotsler





IF A BOMB HAD GONE OFF IN GAZZARI'S LAST NIGHT THERE'D BE NO PORN INDUSTRY TODAY!

Last night being St. Valentine's Day and the 2nd Annual XRCO Awards ceremony, and Gazzari's being the 26-year-old rock 'n' roll club on the Sunset Strip.

It would be easier to say who wasn't there--scores of actors, actresses, directors, distributors, producers, camera-people, etc. If you know nothing of porn none of these names will mean anything to you, but think of it as the Oscar ceremony of porn.

Yes, it's true, the porn producers have their older, bigger, flashier, everyone-in-tux affair but it became so very political & corrupt that it caused the formation, about 14 months ago, of the X-Rated Critics Organization. It started with 9 of us and is now 23 & includes East Coast people.

Actor after actress, durettor after producer told us this award meant more because it came "from the heart," from people who knew the business, and was honest.

I had made the awards, both the Hall of Fame certificates & other certificates and the heart-shaped awards, branded with an X, with a brass plate. All of the critics (or those who were not taking still pictures) were up on the right side of the stage--as far from the small but LOUD rock band as we could get.

Colleen Brennan, who is really nice & fun, was our Mistress of Ceremonies, and Nina Hartley, who must have the most attractive rear end in the Western Hemisphere, was the giver-of-awards-to-announcers-of-awards. It went over very well--we had major star John Leslie sing & he was surprising good. We had a dancer whose sexy but clothed act was soiled by a very good looking blonde transsexual standing up, yelling "Take it off!" and baring her own breasts to illustrate what she meant. I found it odd that no man did and everyone just thought the ts was weird.

Not that it was a very sex show. I happened to be standing at the foot of some narrow stairs that come down from a green room and to the end of the stage & almost every woman made a big show of it, veddy veddy sexy, usually with no pants, lots of tease & tits, but all in fun.

The whole show was fun. There was a break while people danced on stage & everyone showed off a lot. I said to Colleen Brennan, "This room has a lot of sexual potential," which she found funny & kept telling people I'd said it.

I talked to my fellow critics, of course, but also to Gloria Leonard, founder/editor of High Society magazine, & out Best Actress winner. To David Friedman, legendary producer. To Anthony Spinelli (Jack Weston's bother--there, I remembered the name!). To Linus Gator, better known as Howard Ziehm, director of Flesh Gordon, who in his acceptance speech upon being put into the Hall of Fame, mentioned how he used to model for me & how much fun we'd had.

I talked to Nina Hartley, too, who is becoming more of our major actresses. I went over, introduced myself, said that we are in a strange business & you find yourself saying very odd things to people, such as I'd been in Lust with her for some time, but fell half in love with her because of one film where she was herself & was totally charming, funny & attractive. And that she had the Greatest Rear End in Christendom.

Also talked at length to her best friend, a woman who loads those giant containers on ships. Since Nina lives in Berkeley I assume she works on the East Bay docks. Attractive person. Also to Nina's husband, who was a most likeable guy.

Talked to Joey Silvera, our Best Supporting Actor, about how interesting the women were in porn now. A lot of interesting women, instead of hookers & swingers.

Suze Randall is a British porn producer & director who I happened to be talking to when someone took our picture. She did her usual number of striking a strange pose & grabbing my crotch.

I didn't meet Annette Haven, but I must say she made an entrance. No one thought she was there--the HEAVY rains had delayed her plane, then her getting out of LAX. She literally went up on stage to be induced into the Hall of Fame about a minute after she arrived. But you know how or have heard how crowds of stars will act like kids when Cary Grant walks in? It was that that, with people standing, craning their necks, etc. Her being there "made" the show, for she had not been to any industry affair or awards show in eight years.

I met Jacqueline Lorains, who is one of the Real Beauties in the biz, but that was at the end of the evening, when I took her & date to another club and by that time she was a bit tipsy...but wearing a see-through dress, binini panties, garter belt & no bra. One of those yummy bodies.

Talked to a woman named Cindy with a 912" bust & a job at one of those phone sex companies. Made a date to interview her.

Made a date to interview Nina Hartley, too, by long distance. I met Jessica Wyld, one of those quiet, librarian types who become wantons during sex. A very attractive & intelligent woman. Well, certainly charming. I didn't really talk to her long enough to give her an IQ test.

I had brief conversations with all kinds of people, PR people, etc. but the real "find" of the evening was to meet, talk to & "book" for an interview the most beautiful black woman in porn, who goes as Jeannie Pepper. Not only the best-looking & best-bodied black woman but one of the top half dozen beauties of any color. Why she didn't get in Playboy, etc. I don't know, because she is gorgeous! (My type, as you can see. This "May I interview you" gimmick is marvelous. I really do want to interview her, but an interview is the most remarkable "tool" in this field, because you not only commonly ask the most intimate questions & get the most intimate answers, but they expect you will ask.)

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An attractive woman is a novelty.  
A charming, attractive woman is a  
sensation. A charming, attractive,  
intelligent woman is a danger.

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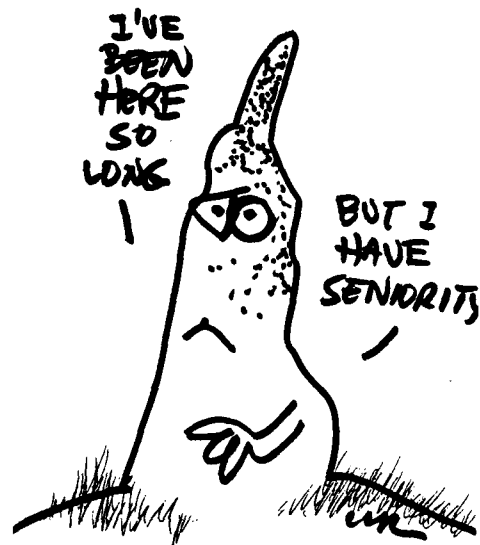


LIFE

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It's possible that a woman might forgive  
another who came in the same dress—  
but not if she looks better.

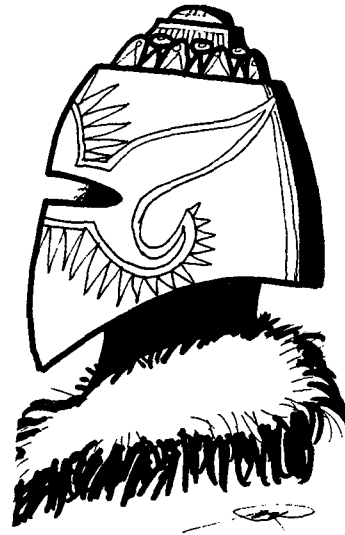
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"Books for Dummies don't go far  
enough—they should have Books for  
Drooling Idiots." Bill Warren

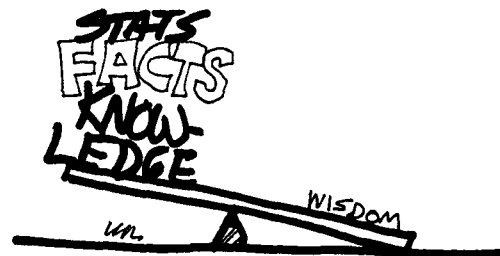
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Maturity is not a function of age.  
Alan Dean Foster

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The difference between ambition  
and drive is that ambition has a goal.

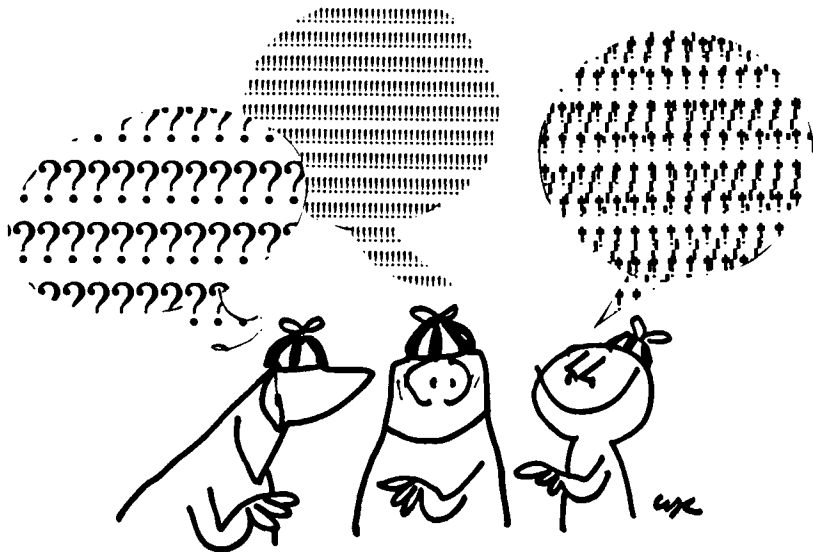
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*Rotsler's Similes are Like...*

As slow as the blow dryer in the men's room.  
He couldn't carry a tune in a catcher's mitt.  
He has the IQ of Ph.D. and the brawn of a prawn.  
He's like a refrigerator—behind the closed door of his  
mind the light is out.  
She had a voice like melted nails.

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NEOPHANS

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The difference between fasting and starving  
is that one is voluntary and one isn't.

---

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Truth is invisible, but lies have a stench about them.

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Every really good social conversation is ruined  
by bringing up Significance  
or Disgusting Health Problems.

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**The Curse of the Rotsler Simile Strikes Again!**

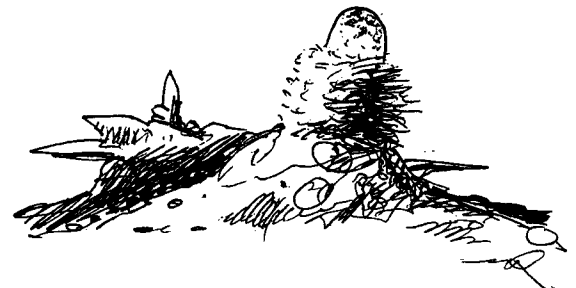
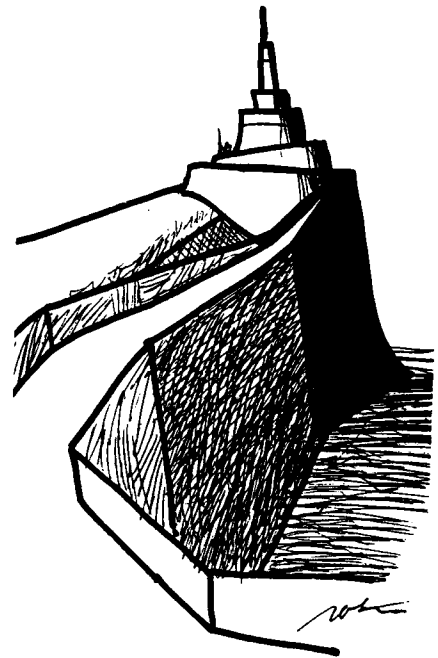
As sincere as a whore's cries of passion.  
As taut a tummy as a girl in a bikini with a camera  
around.  
The child had a face that had just been told Santa  
didn't exist.  
Her fried eggs were so tough you could nail them  
over rat holes.  
His future was a blank as the back side of a  
tombstone.

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Wisdom is awareness of the extent of our ignorance.

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If the French could make war as well as they make wine they'd be invincible.

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*A William Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

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**Africa:** An immense game board, played in blood with kings and pawns and savage dice thrown by primitive demons.

**Australia:** (1) It's like a plate of sand with food strewn around the rim. (2) Time moves so slowly there that any hour-glass is day-long.

**Egypt:** The country with the lowest suicide rate in the world. It would be larger, but jumping off sand dunes doesn't work very well.

**England:** A rainy season with an afternoon for summer.

**English, The:** They reason they use no ice is because it would demonstrate how bland everything is. To the English a cool drink is any drink that is not actually steaming hot.

**French, The:** They always make love—they never "have sex," for "having sex" [even when they do] does not fit with their idea of romance.

**Germans:** An industrious, well-mannered people who keep starting wars and have an indestructible ego and a misplaced sense of destiny.

**Ireland:** (1) The Texas of the British Empire. (2) A lot of Christians but very little Christianity.

**Japan:** A nation of workaholics, each a cog in the great feudal machine of Japan, Inc.

**Jerusalem:** Torn apart by war and strife for thousands of years, yet it is the holiest of cities and the center of three of the world's major religions—all of which teach peace and love.

**Paris:** By the time you can afford a trip there you've got a wife to take along.

**Sahara Desert:** When time broke its hour-glass.

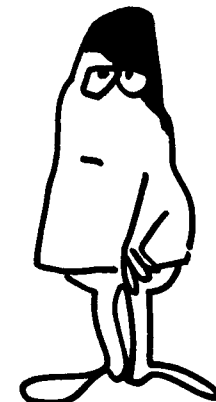
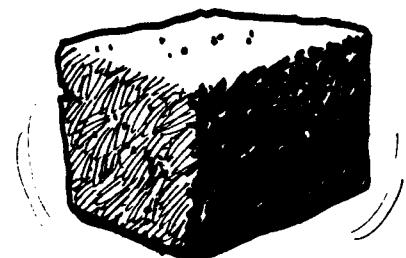
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East and West Germany were like something in a science fiction show where a character's nature is divided into the too-good and the very-bad.

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A monogamist is someone with one spouse, a bigamist someone with two. Does it follow there are trigamists, quadramists and so on?

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DESTINY



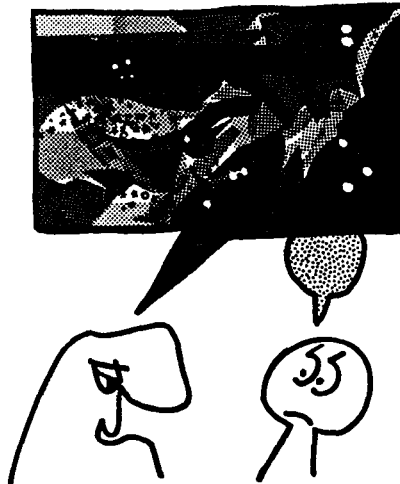
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*Clock:* A measuring stick for time.  
*Noon:* The summer of day.  
*Sundials:* Solar-powered time pieces.

---

Not to accept a new idea right away is not only prudent, but historic. But why not? There are hundreds of examples of excellent new ideas that took ages to implement, to get accepted, to be used. We see how clear the idea was in retrospect. But we forget that mixed in with the wheat is the chaff, the impossible, impractical, the silly ideas. It is just not that easy to extract the good ideas from the dumb and mediocre and politically-motivated. Foot-dragging on acceptance makes every idea fight for survival, pare down, be strengthened, to synthesize. It may be frustrating and individual cases stupid, but slow acceptance makes sense.

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### BOMBAST

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You fall in love, but you don't fall out of love—you crawl out, you miss the path, you stagger out, you wander out. Or you are thrown out.

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People do not buy talent,  
they buy results.

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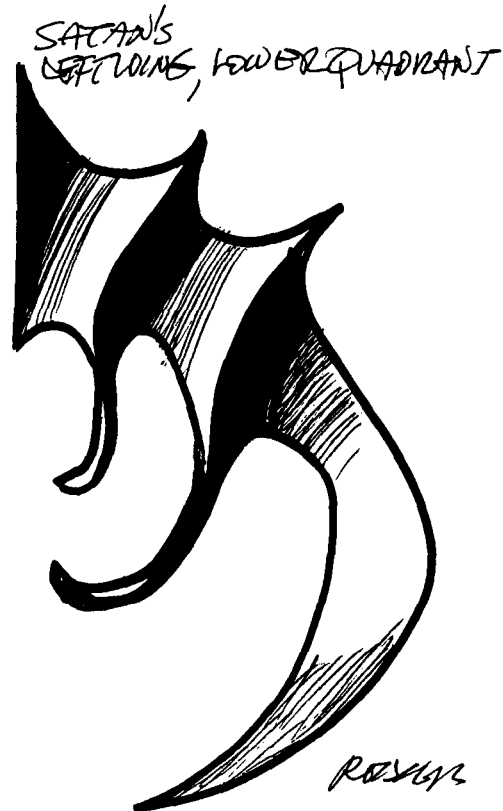
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No matter what you say for or against Hollywood, it just goes on, it exists, huge and powerful, like an elephant in your bathroom.

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Their swimming pool is their only liquid asset.  
*Shannon Carse*

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Not one person in a thousand really deserves his or her opinion, because it is uninformed, created out of emotion, fear and ignorance, or someone else's.

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He's such a bad artist the only work he can get is chalking lines around dead bodies.

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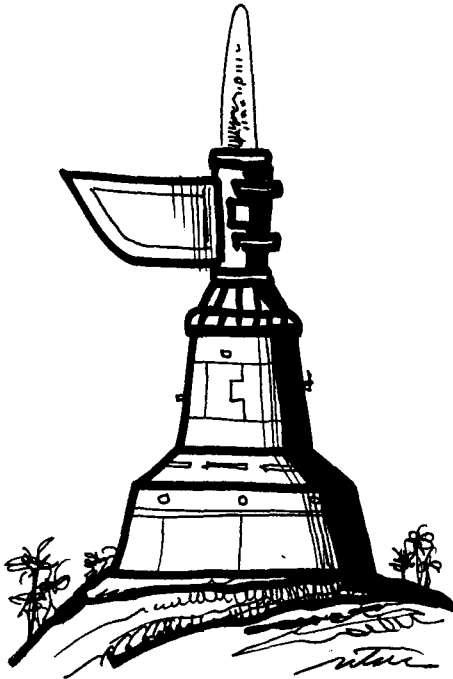
Poor taste means to make the obvious choice, to rely on other people's taste. Bad taste means a lack of subtlety, preference for bright color, harsh textures, the obvious and the unadventurous.

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There are three kinds of bedrooms: 1: The neutral, such as a hotel room. 2: The masculine bedroom. 3: The *boudoir*, a bedroom with flounces, No Man's Land.

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Love is the most curious of human emotion. It comes unannounced, it comes inconveniently, it's destructive and inspiring, beautiful and terrifying, fragile and enduring. We do things for love, to love, because of love, to get love, to get love back, to deny love. It's there and it isn't there and what happened?

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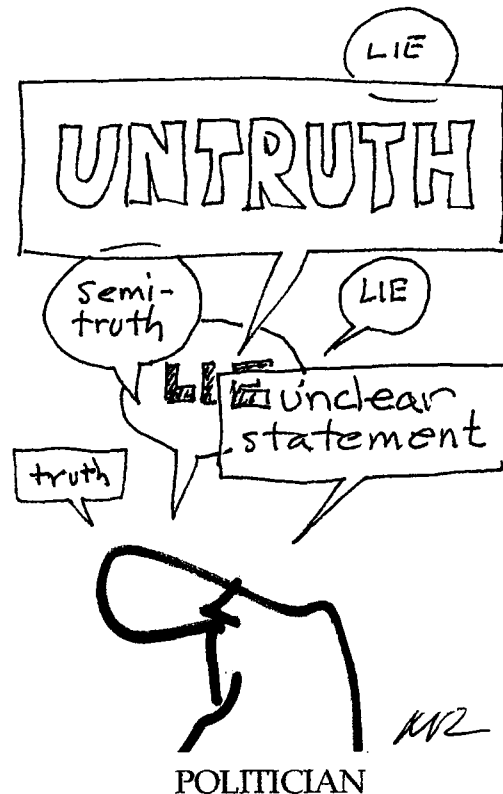
Every town, every city, even every home starts with a reason for being there. To command a port or river or pass, a good spot on the meeting of trails for a trading post, rich land for farming or mining, to take advantage of those coming to a natural highlight, a sea port, a way stop, or a good place to train troops. None is ever completely arbitrary.

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Sex may not be much good for insomnia, but it makes staying awake fun.  
Shannon Carse

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Lovers always have distorted visions of each other.

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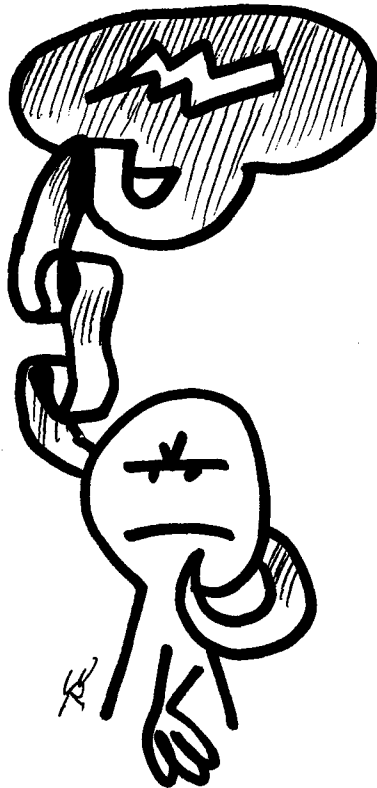
If there is one thing that the self-appointed nimcompoops of censorship cannot bear, it is laughter. Mirth is not in their prune-whip brains. Gaiety is not in their flaccid loins. Humor does not flow in their macaroni arteries. They do not understand the spring freshlets of laughter, and therefore fear it as a deluge.  
Gene Fowler

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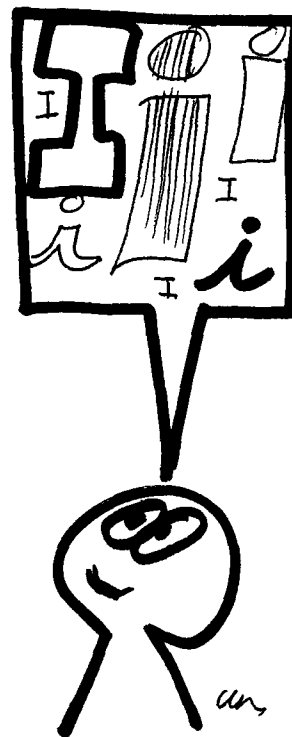
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Personal ornamentation—jewels, clothes, monograms, tattoos, eccentric variations—are but an effort to be different, to be non-conformist in conventional ways.

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I THINK SO



SELF-CENTERED

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Never get into a spraying contest with a skunk, a pissing contest with a beer drinker, or card playing with a man who shuffles with exceptional grace.

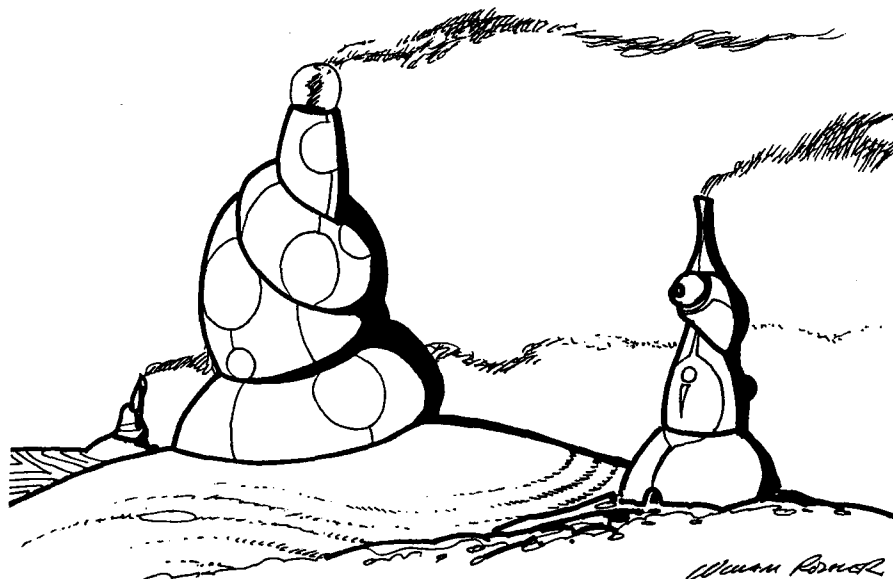
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Every man has a right to be heard. But no man has the right to strangle democracy with a single set of vocal cords.

---

*Aldai E. Stevenson*





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There is a thin man inside every fat man;  
there is a thinner woman inside every thin woman;  
there is a statue inside every block of stone;

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LOVE'S PATH

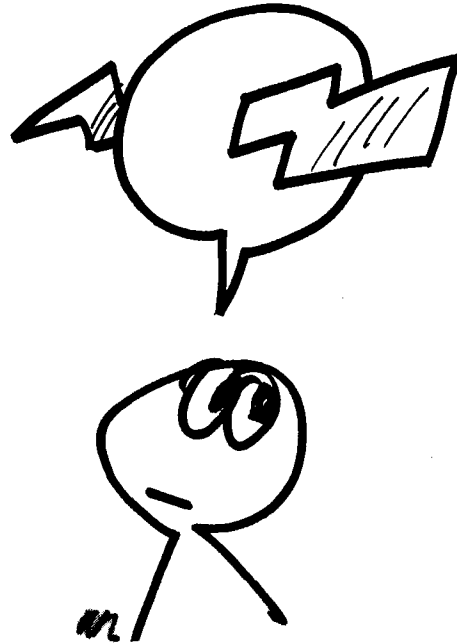
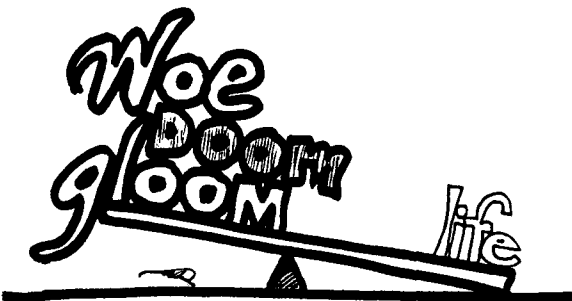
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Anything is a tool for the artist—some things are just more versatile. Anything, seen and unseen, can be the subject.

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Money represents energy.  
Nancy Hayes  
(one of my students, who works at JPL)

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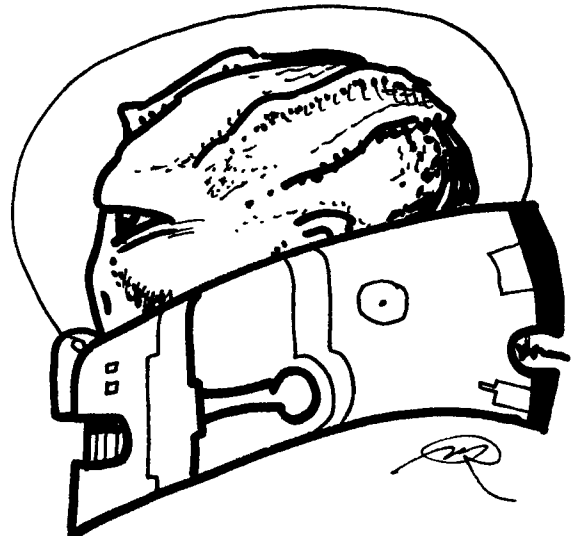


GOD HAS SPOKEN

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A jealous lover isn't satisfied with being Number One, he or she wants to be all the other numbers, too.

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Individuals may have epidemics of good health, but never mankind as a whole.

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Some women are not beautiful, though they give the impression they are, though skill, artifice and magician's skills.

Never strike a hornet's nest—real or figurative—unless you like pain.



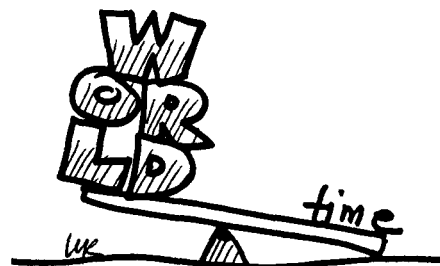
Every generation has its own set of Great Truths, which form the basis of revolution in the following generation. Never forget that computers remember.

Let people know that you keep a diary and they treat you nicer. Or fear you.

I lust for mail. I never know what might be coming. Not counting the army or on vacations or trips, I haven't had a dozen days without mail in fifty years. A day without mail is a day without hope.

If you're intelligent, you know when people are not; but if you are not intelligent, you do not always know when others are smarter than you.

The usual response to most problems caused by procrastination is a wait and see policy. *Shannon Carse*



"Love" is "like" with the sense squeezed out. "Like" is a pleasant condition with a low *love* content.

When a hypochondriac cries "Sick!" no one believes him or her—but even a hypochondriac gets ill.





## CHICKENS SHAPED LIKE CLOUDS

You don't have to be yourself *all* the time,. You get time off for good behavior, a night out, a holiday from hum-drum reality. Just don't make it a habit and don't forget to come back.

An unexamined life is often unnoticed, too.

## Quotable Quotes

DOCTORS are funny people. They order you to stop working and rest, and then they give you a bill that will keep your nose to the grindstone for the next six months.

—Contributed by William Rotsler

Always be *you* but be the best *possible* you. Of course that presumes you know who "you" are—not an easy thing to know. We keep changing, inside, outside, in every way, even while we think of ourselves as a "rock." You can only go by how it feels, as measured against a standard you (and no one else) has set for yourself.

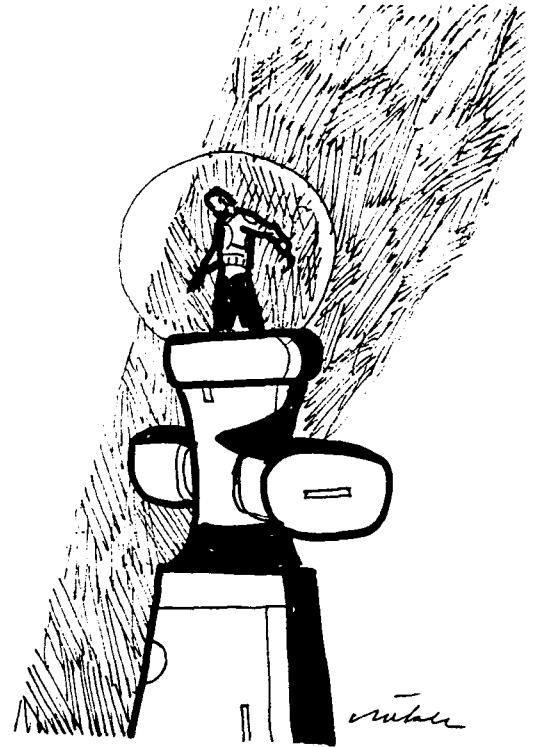
No one goes to war  
and returns to the same world they left.  
The warrior changes, the world changes,  
everything changes.

Wisdom doesn't necessarily come with age. If you were stupid and ignorant when you were young, you probably will still be like that when old. What comes with age is pain, wrinkles, liver spots, *déjà vu*, and a keen awareness of mortality.

We are all uncarved blocks with but scratches on the surfaces, a few random chips, and the pencilled design of a godling on the underside.

*Rotsler's Law of Repairs:*

The more expensive an item is, the least likely it will be to find the repair parts. The simpler an item is, the longer it will take to repair it.



---

*Yes, More Rotsler Similies*

About as dangerous as a rogue dandelion.

About as likely as a comic strip in the *Congressional Record*.

About as pleasant as a full ashtray at a christening.

About as quiet as a rhino in a bell shop.

As dark as the inside of a sounding whale.

As drunk as an Irishman on Saint Pat's night.

As fast as a party breaks up when the food and drink have run out.

As insistent as a used car salesman way behind in his quota.

As quiet as dead flies on a window sill.

---

**A William Rotsler & Marv Wolfman Sampler**

---

Having standards means that they can be lowered.

How happy can one person get? This much.

Sex is better than what's second best.

Old dogs dream of crippled cats

Pencils have erasers because...I think...I believe...I don't... Forget it.

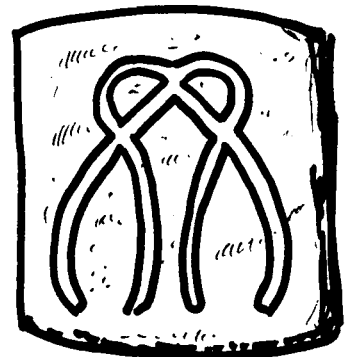
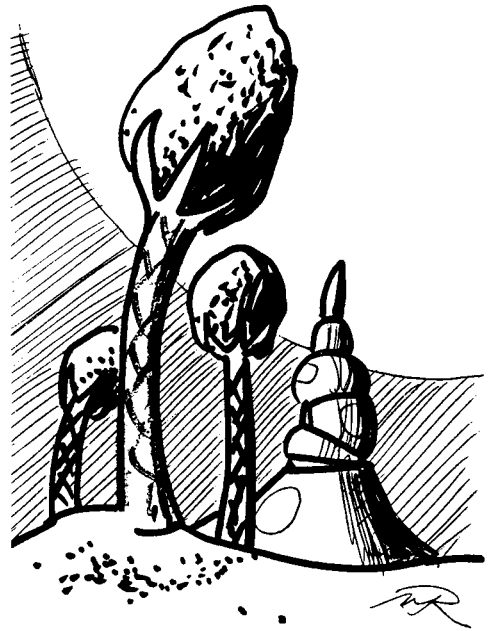
News anchors are jolly with each other because they're getting too much money for reading stuff they don't write.

Germany keeps starting wars because you've got to be good at something.

The difference between having a conversation and talking is listening.

The difference between airline food and real food is the difference in being pregnant and not.

---



ALIEN MONEY • ROTS & WOLF

---

The difference between a task, a job and a mission is that a job may have many tasks, but a mission is a focused one-time task.

---

#### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Bill, bitterly disillusioned by his unrequited affair with the young Sophia Loren, smashed his time machine with an original Michelangelo angel and has taken to swilling India ink and reciting bawdy Latin limericks.

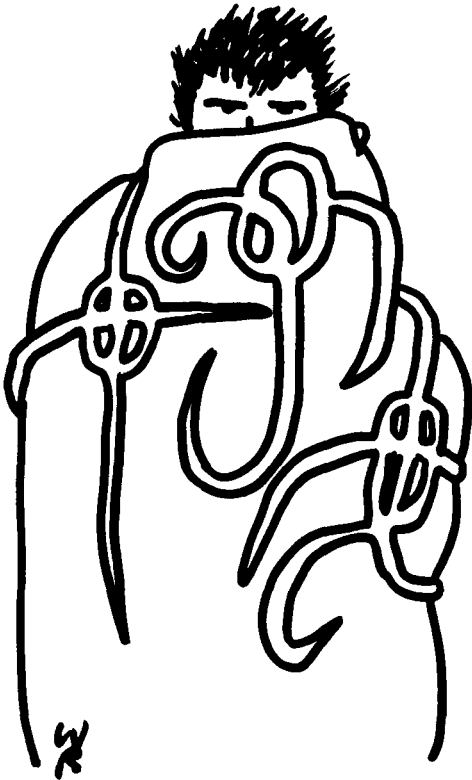
Now, back to the action-filled adventures of

*William Rotsler—!*

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Another way of looking at a "time-honored tradition" is that no one knows how to stop doing it.

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Too many people have opinions,  
but not ideas.

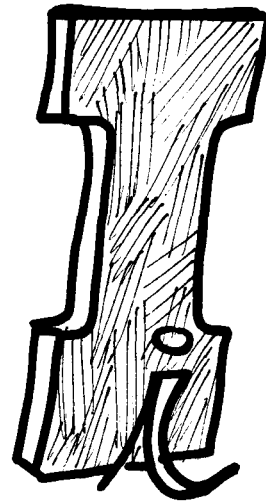
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We all know things we don't know we know, and we don't really know things we think we know.

---



#### THE INNER CHILD

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With children you are hopefully buying a ticket to tomorrow; when grandchildren come you feel as though you were in the semi-finals for genetic immortality.

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An artist doesn't see things,  
he sees himself.

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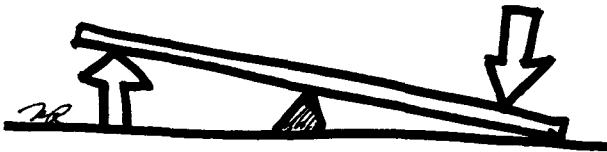


AT LONG LAST

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Why do you always itch where you  
can't scratch? Or if you can scratch it,  
you shouldn't, at least in public.

---



---

*Decadence:* Decay from the top down.  
*Communism:* Decay from the bottom up.  
*Bourgeoisie:* Decay from the middle  
to the end.

---

---

[On the Great Question:] What do  
women want? Same things we do, only  
in prettier colors.

Chris Stevens (John Corbett),  
of *Northern Exposure*,

---

Life is not a dress rehearsal. It's always  
opening night, going on live, with no  
practice, no script, and a hostile  
audience of critics.

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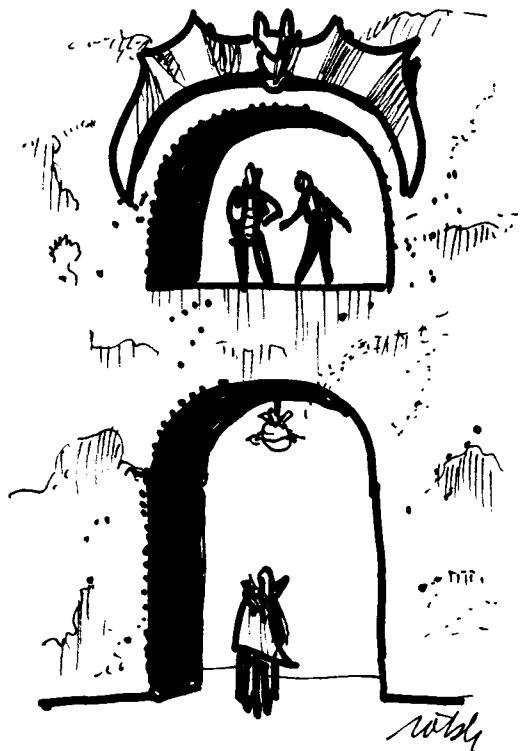
As to doing art or making art, all I want  
to know is technique—what works and  
what does work for what effect. How  
this tool works or that. Any toxic  
problems. A little history helps, I  
suppose, but only to keep you from  
making mistakes already made, or to  
explore dead ends already trod. You  
don't need anything else.

You may re-invent the wheel—do  
something that has basically been done  
before—but it is bound to be different  
because *you* are different.

Making your own mistakes and  
traveling up dead end alleys has value,  
however, but don't tell me something  
can't be done just because it hasn't been.  
If it can't be, I'll find that out. This is the  
attitude that would have keep us  
grubbing roots and chunking rocks at  
the fleeter-footed meat animals.

Art is unique. It is not like  
science, which absolutely depends on  
the foundation of the pyramiding of  
knowledge. Just tell me what the  
physical laws are, stay away, and don't  
bother me.

---



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You will never find a pearl in your oyster if you keep ordering hamburgers.

---

His bark is worse than his nibble.

---

No person of courage has courage in everything, nor should we expect them to.

---

*Warning!*

Now that we have computers and printers that can turn out excellent typography in dozens, scores—hundreds!—of typefaces they are pushing grung type! Wharts grung type?

To me it's Bad Type, the kind of thing you used to get on a typewriter when you didn't clean the keys. Or type designed by people with either no feeling What So Ever for the beauty of typography or are being doliberately obtuse, ugly and careless.

As I have said many times, the first duty of typography is to be legible. Whatevere you might do, that should be basic. With grunge type it isn't. It's being trendy, "aren't I c;lever to make such different type?" and "I am an artist, therefore anything I do is O.K."

The new Otober 95 *Playboy* came today and there are 5 examples on the cover! Eek. *Don't with grunge!*

---

Courage in functioning through fear. If you aren't afraid it really isn't courageous.

---

He wants the job of Universe Consultant if God decides to do a repeat, for he had many ideas for improvement.

---

You need not be the bravest, but you do need to be brave. You need not love everyone, but you do need to love.

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She has a lifetime membership in her own admiration society.

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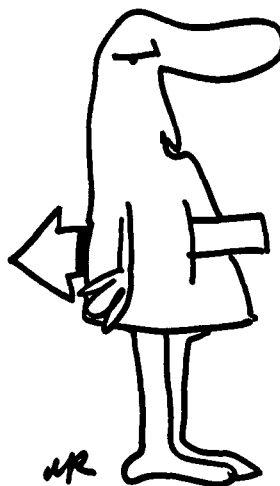
Life is full of risk, and it should be, for a life without risk, without a chance of failure, without doubt, is a life not worth living.

---

The trouble with education is that in later life you never know what part of it you'll need and what part you won't ever have use for.

---

I LOST DIRECTION  
IN MY LIFE



---

Her fashion style is to look as if she were the catcher during the National League of Clothes Flinging playoffs.

---

Your troubles may seem small to the world, but not to you, which is as it should be.

---

They say you should only be in competition with yourself, but what if the wrong one of you is winning?

---



SODOM (Erased)



---

The hardest thing for me to accept about religion is  
the almost total lack of a sense of humor.

---

*A Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

---

**baseball pitcher:** The power behind the thrown.  
**celibacy:** It can only be borne and maintained if there  
was once non-celibacy.  
**leer:** Lipservice to lust.  
**martooni:** Any song sung after too many.  
**Peeping Tom:** Anatomy student without portfolio.  
**sex:** A four-letter word to some people.  
**she:** The opposite of "he." Very opposite.  
**sportscasters:** All sportscasters are incapable of  
saying "zero."  
**cocksure:** A man who just checked his fly before  
coming out of the men's room.  
**cunnilinguini:** Being eaten by an Italian.  
**erection:** With original wit, the only things that can't  
be faked.  
**erections:** They are all very long—they reach from  
the mind to the crotch and outward.  
**fetish:** Someone else's intense interest.  
**Quality Orgasm:** The new female status symbol.  
**scarepro:** A straw-stuffed hooker-shaped object hung  
from lamp posts by shopowners.  
**sexual freedom:** It doesn't mean you can shout "I'm  
coming!" in a crowded theater.  
**swinger:** Sexual revolutionary.  
**tampontoon:** Menstruation device for a whale.  
**threesome:** A man, a woman, and her vibrator.  
**trident:** The mark left in a bed by a *menagé à trois*.  
**vibratome:** A book used as a marital aid.  
**vibrator:** The Model T of sexual technology

---

There are three things a woman think she can do  
better than a man—not counting having a baby—  
deciding on the path a marriage should take, how to  
be happy, and what everyone should wear.

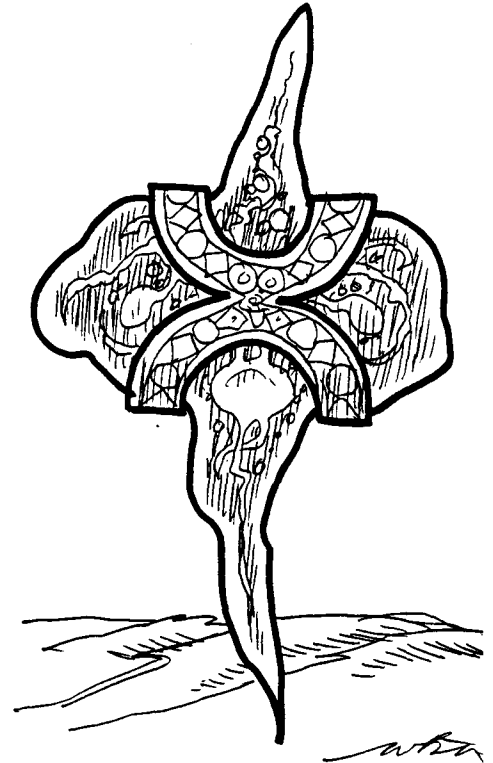
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Most people, given the opportunity to have power,  
take it—but fewer take the responsibility  
that goes with it.

---

There is no way to invent a new sin,  
we just have to do switches on the old ones.

---



DYING FLY

---

Everyone has dreams—small ones, big ones, silly ones, very personal ones, mad ones, stupid ones, false dreams, dreams based on love, fear, revenge, ego, ignorance, illusion—so the need is to find the best, longest-lasting and most interesting. I'm not asking much, am I?

---

A reputation is what others think of you, ego is what you think of yourself, and character is what you are.

---

The End of the World will come  
when...it's good and ready.  
*William Rotsler & Len Wein*

---

Recognizing a bad idea is a handy skill.

---

He's such a good golfer he could hit a  
hole-in-one from within a phone booth.

---



---

Many a man would like to keep his wife  
too happy for words.

---

Never go into a bar looking for a fight.  
Go home and do it in familiar territory.

---

One way to be certain to be invited back  
is to stay awhile and help clean up.

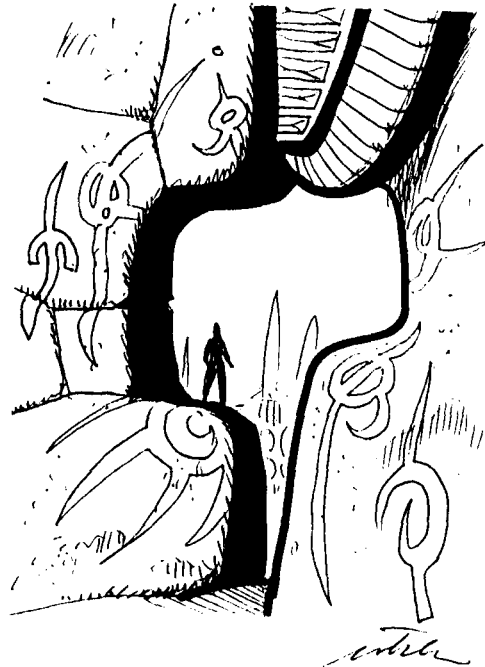
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A lot of women, while waiting for the  
right man to come along, got married.

---



---

There is no way to invent a new sin, we  
just have to do switches on the old ones.

---

A dream of who you want to be is  
creating your own role model.

---

A weed is an flower without ambition.

---

---

We've scaled down our desires from a fine place to dine to a good place to eat, from a secure future to making it through the night, from eternal love to lots of liking, from marriage to living together and two paychecks, from wealth to getting by. And the big crunch is yet to come.

---

There are three rules for writing a novel. Unfortunately no one knows what they are.  
*W. Somerset Maugham*

---

*Basic research:* Blindfolded pioneers.  
*Computer programming:* Memory for the tanks.  
*Gravity:* Invisible lead in our feet.  
*Molecule:* A gang of atoms.  
*Serum:* Bugs who have gone straight.  
*Spectrum:* The scientist's rainbow.

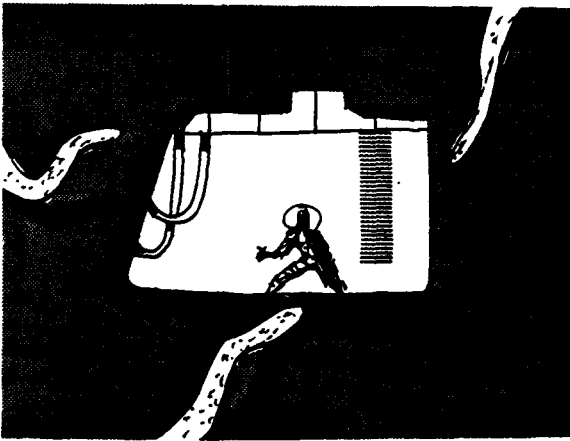
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Whom the Gods would destroy  
they must first get the IRS after them.

---

An ancestor crawled from the sea.  
Another straightened a hairy back.  
Another formed a tool. Now man in  
inhaling deeply, flexing his muscles,  
readying himself for his biggest leap.  
He has outgrown his home.

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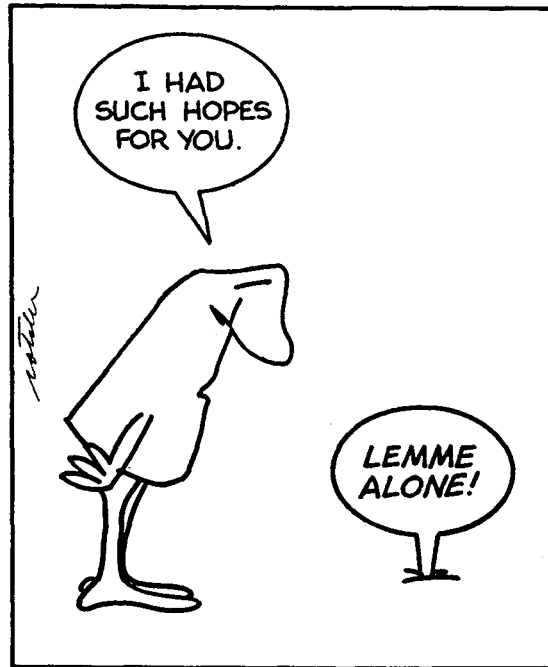
The world reaches in, for it must,  
even as we reach out.

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Why lie or insult  
when the truth is sufficient?

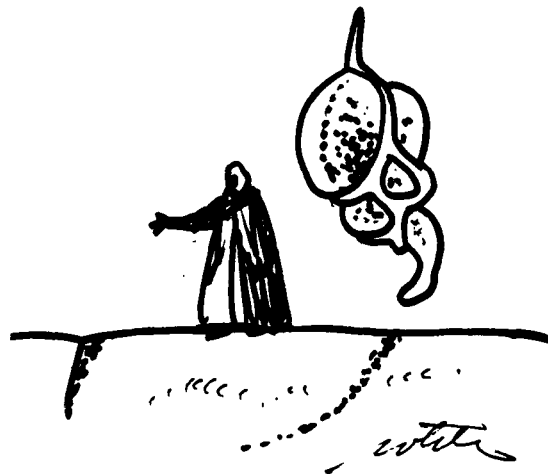
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To be considered a philosopher phrase  
your thoughts in dour and cynical  
terms, as people tend to believe the  
worst. Whoever heard of a happy  
philosopher?

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You do not know your lover until  
you have seriously argued  
about something serious.

---

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Man is a creature who defines himself again and again and never *quite* gets it right.

---

It's said that women are the only sex to understand women, but I disagree. I think even women understand women only *slightly* better than men.

---

There are five kinds of taxi drivers: Foreign, Domestic, Surly, Talkative, and Unprepared.

---

**Things I'd Like To Have:**

- A van with discrete lettering: *Lawrence S. Talbot Lycanthropy Institute*.
  - A house I've been designing for years, a kind of Martian-Persian mix, with a double-circle swimming pool, very rocky & tropical, where there is no place in which you can see all of it.
  - A daily newspaper (perhaps the *Terran Times*) that has just the comics I like, plus a rainbow of columns, features, and human interest stories.
  - A state-of-the-art computer graphic setup.
  - Travel: Tahiti, Rome, Paris, Egypt.
  - A deal to make action-adventure movies that show a lot of sexy women.
  - Women. My type. Plural.
  - And time to enjoy.
- 

Tastes change; what you liked before should not bind you to what you may like today. Explore, taste, benefit.

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Take any important moment, any passionate interlude, any momentous second and poll the cast present and you'll find very different opinions.

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Never show anger  
unless it has a purpose.

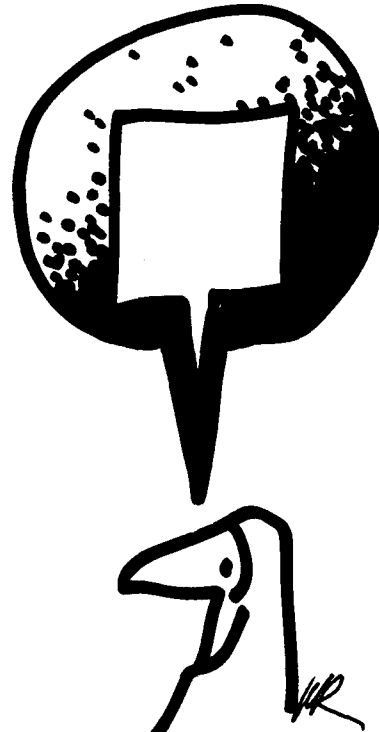
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There are five kinds of prostitutes:  
Mercenary, Lazy, Desperate,  
Enthusiastic, and Fated.

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RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

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There are four kinds of shoes:  
Work, fancy, well-fitting, and painful.  
If music is the food of love  
then rock must be the fast food version.

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Love is Nature's Way of insuring the continuation of the species—and social stability—after sex has done its work, for sex isn't going to be enough all the time.

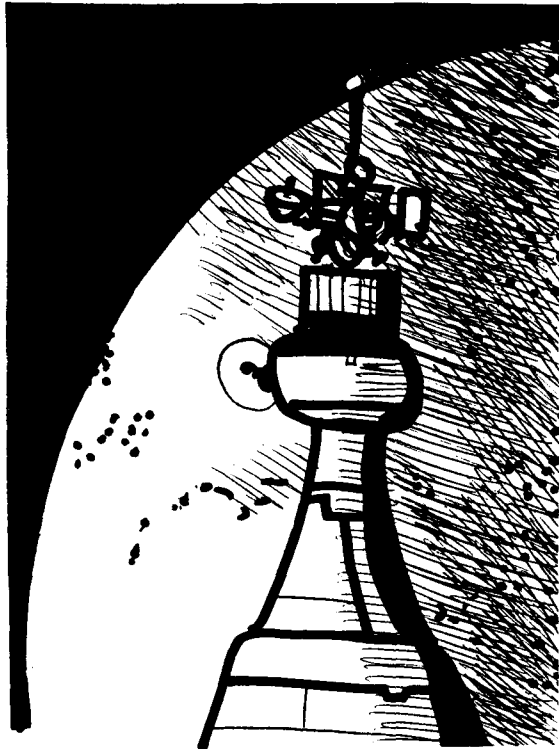
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No lover ever tells the complete truth.

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Words can uplift like helium, deaden like dirt, color like paint, hurt like knives, brighten like sunlight, weigh like lead, and explode like dynamite.



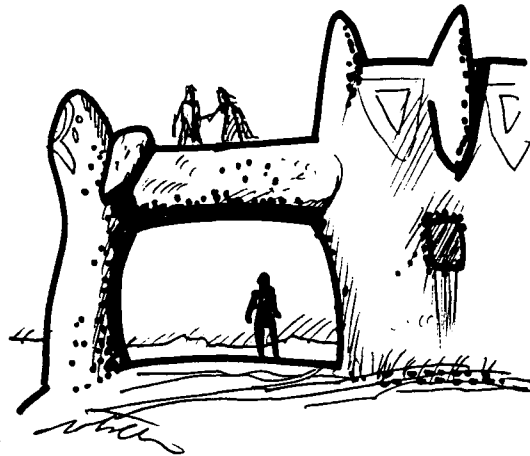
You must *do*. The study of religion alone will not make you saintly. The study of aesthetics will not make you an artist. Reading a library on horsemanship will not make you a rider. A box of tools will not make you a plumber. You must get out there and *do* something.



The hardest thing about learning how to draw is learning how to see.  
Learning how to draw  
is learning how to see.

Doodling in the mind wandering  
and the fingers keeping up.

I common refer to all dogs as hes and all cats as shes, because each personifies the most blatant, annoying and endearing aspects of the human genders, and will not let biology dictate reality to me.



The Right Question is more difficult  
than the Right Answer.

Slow fame is better than sudden fame.  
You needtime to adjust.



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A virgin forest is a wooded area where the hand of man has never set foot.

Dean A. Grennell

---

A diamond is a piece of coal gone to heaven.

---

Country people seem taciturn and unsociable to outsiders, but that is because outsiders are invaders, invaders who have no shame, no guilt, no apology for invading. They don't even understand they are invading, and most country people know they can never make the invaders understand. To city people, crops just grow for free, like wild berries, without a cent or an hour of work being contributed by the farmer.

---

The childhood we remember is not the childhood we lived.

---

Never talk to a woman man-to-man.

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To see a dawn or a sunset, you must conform to Nature's clock. You can procrastinate a lot of things, but there are two you cannot. (Unless you're an astronaut.)

---

On every bird  
There shines a star  
It don't say much  
It only are.

Alexis A. Gilliland

---

*Rotsler's Rule of Squibbly Science:*  
It's really only medium-sized water that's flat on top. Very big or very small areas of water are curved.

---

With all that bottom you'd think she'd be more stable.

Anonymous, quoted in *Hyphen*

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

One of the most terrible things you can say about anyone is that you can't imagine them in bed with anyone.

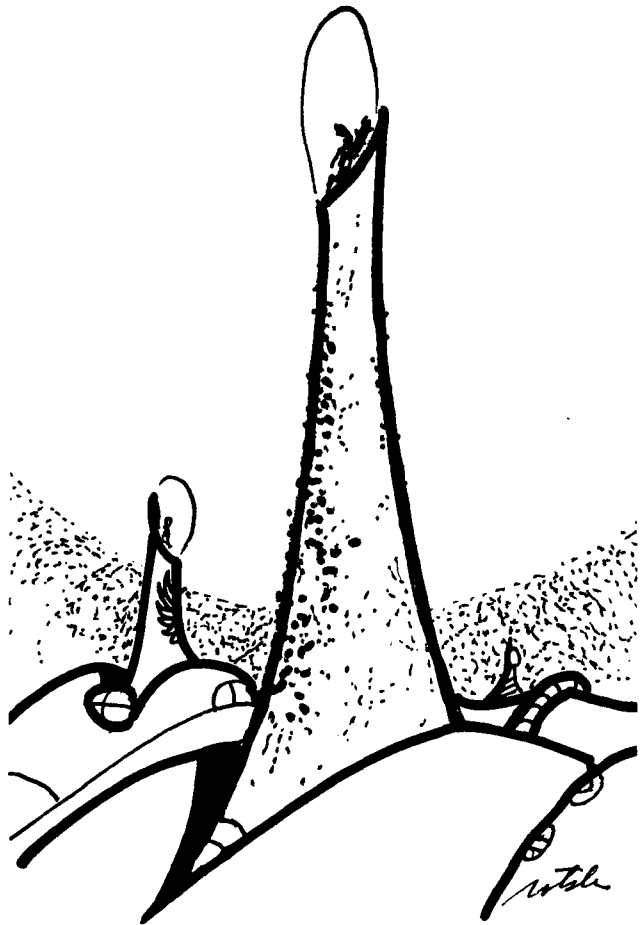
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The modern bureaucrat can write a fifty-page memo on the virtues and necessity for brevity.

---

Farming is a slow-motion art. There are no quick responses, unless you count disasters.

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*Bedspread:* Wall-to-wall beds.

*Double bed:* Best when ridden double.

*Mistress:* A non-marriage-of-convenience  
*Peeping Tom:* An unofficial medical student.

*Seraglio:* A house of ill repute with only one customer.

*Sex:* A contact sport.

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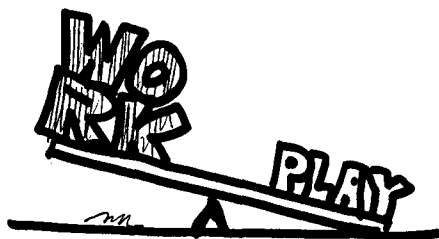
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She fluttered her sex like a soiled battle flag, but I was a conscientious objector.

---

Californians drive with the confidence born of practice, with smooth, easy motions, careful attention to the sides and to the rear-view mirror. They've been born to the automobile culture, know their cars, and often aim for smooth, even motion. They look with pity upon anyone who cannot master what to them is a simple, basic skill.

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The Pill is a chemical Declaration of Independence in the Sexual Revolution.

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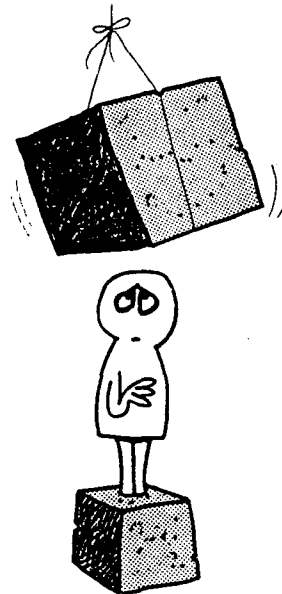
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You can never stop being a parent, once you are one. You can run away, the child can die, grow up, be middle-aged, you're still a parent. You can't resign, you can't switch jobs, no matter what other job you have or how many other children there are. All you can do is die and even then they'll call you a parent. It's like losing your virginity—once you've done it, it's done forever.

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People confuse the desire to love with loving. Love requires proof. Intentions are nice, but they warm no hearts.

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**ANXIETY**

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I'm losing my sex drive—  
I can't get by three-play.

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*Good looks* are not beauty. *Stubbornness* is not strength. *Manners* are not charm. *Sexiness* is not sensuality. *Drinking and rowdiness* are not companionship. *Insult* is not humor. *Jokes* are not wit. *Lust* is not love. *You* are not me.

---

Love loves are lost selves.

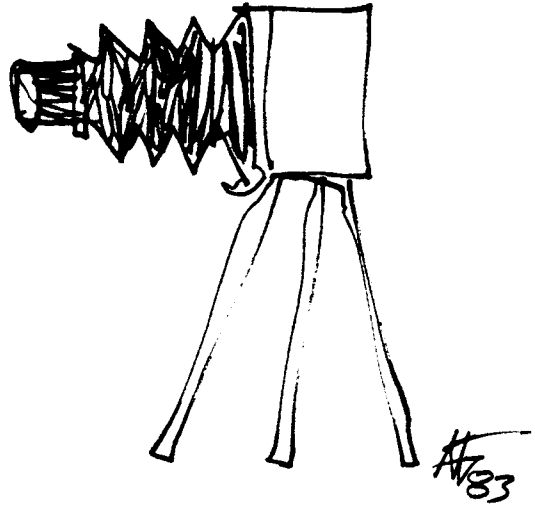
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*beauty bath:* Finishing pool.

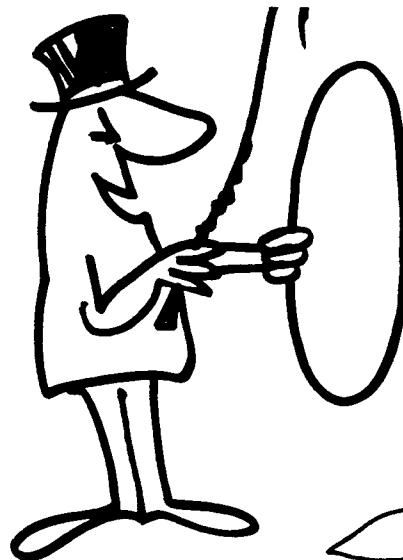
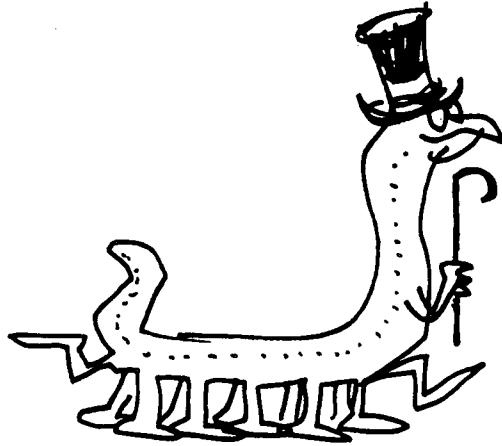
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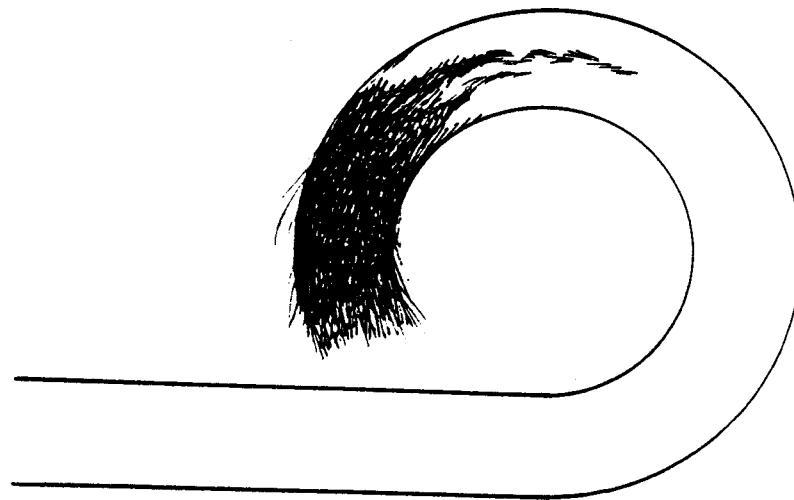


STOP CLOWNING  
AROUND AND GET  
TO WORK!



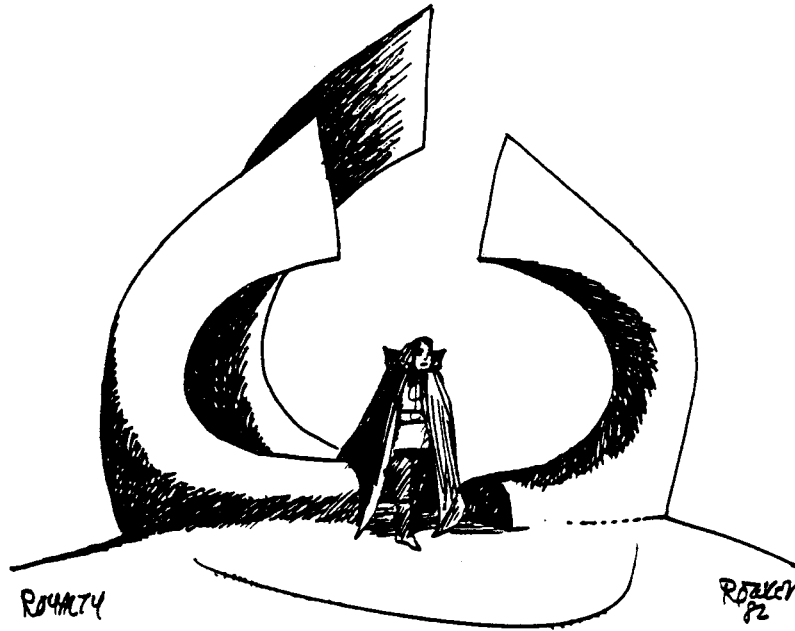
I COULDN'T  
BE IN HIS  
SHOES!





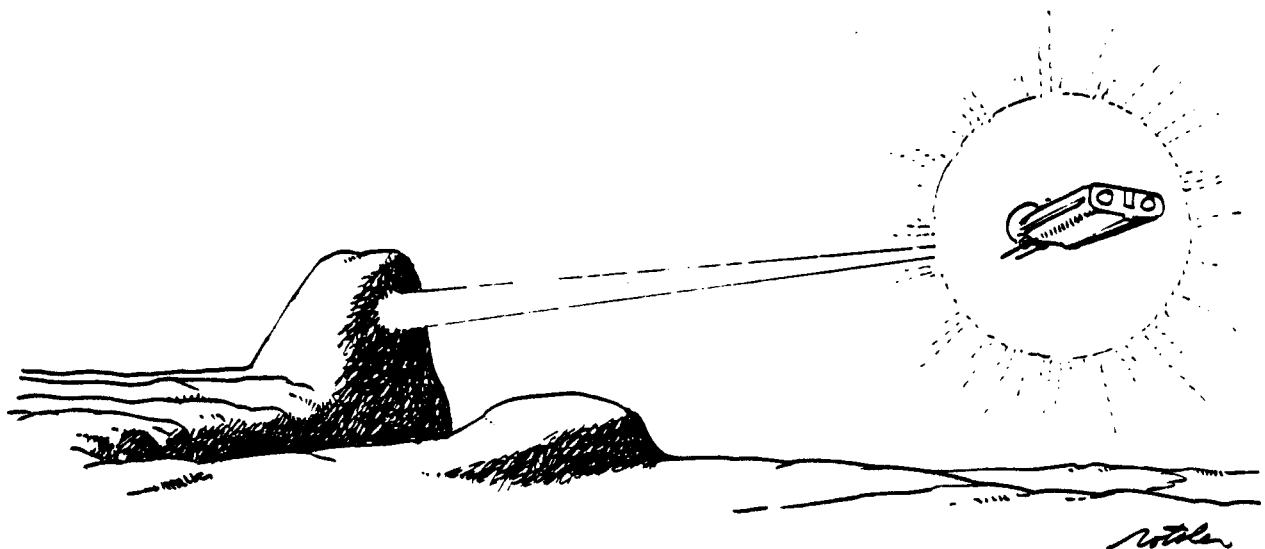
SUICIDE

ROBERTA

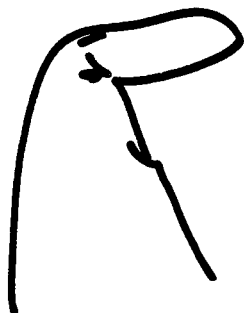
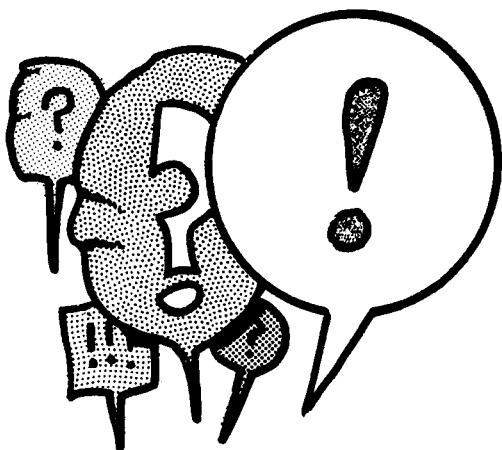


ROYALTY

ROBERTA  
P2



ROBERTA



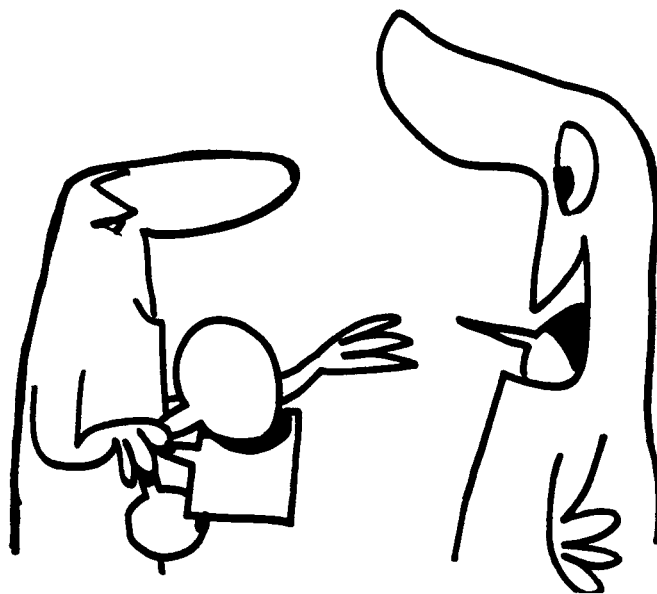
REWRITE



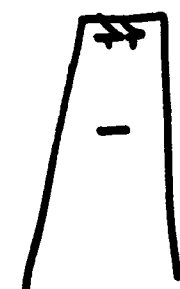
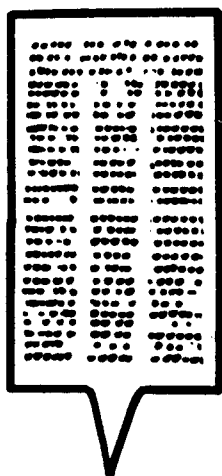
THE ANNOUNCEMENT



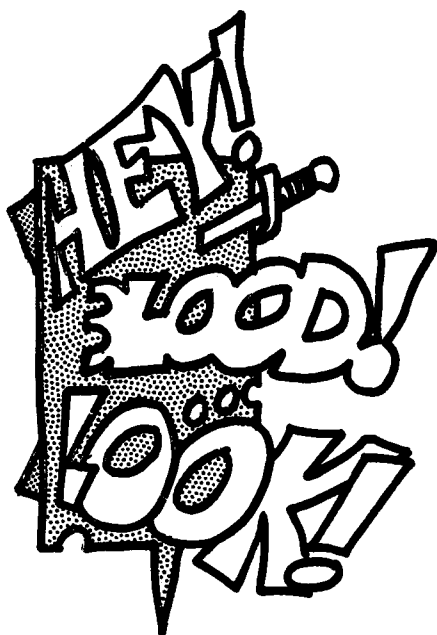
SHE DOES ALL OF HIS THINKING



YOU TOOK THE WORDS  
RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH



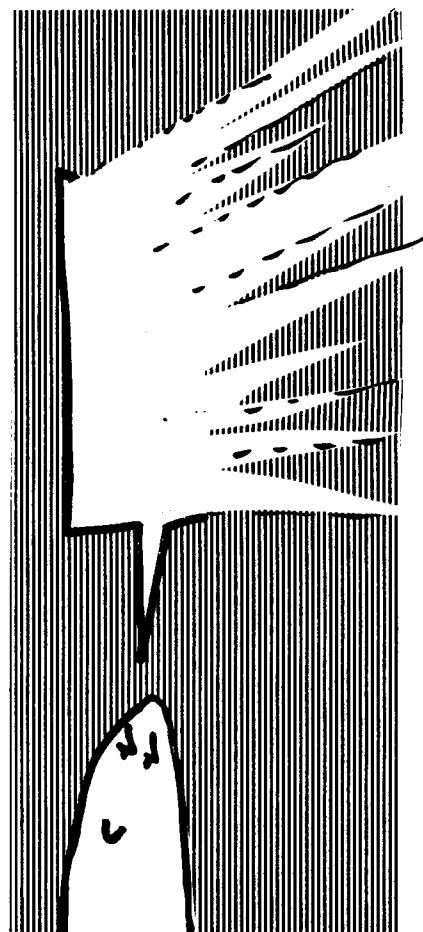
RESPECTABLE  
NEWSPAPER



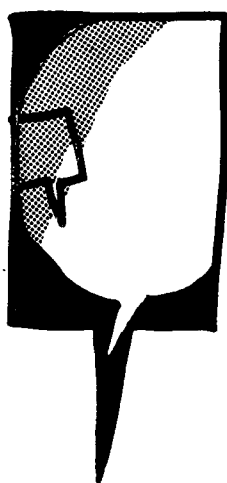
TABLOID



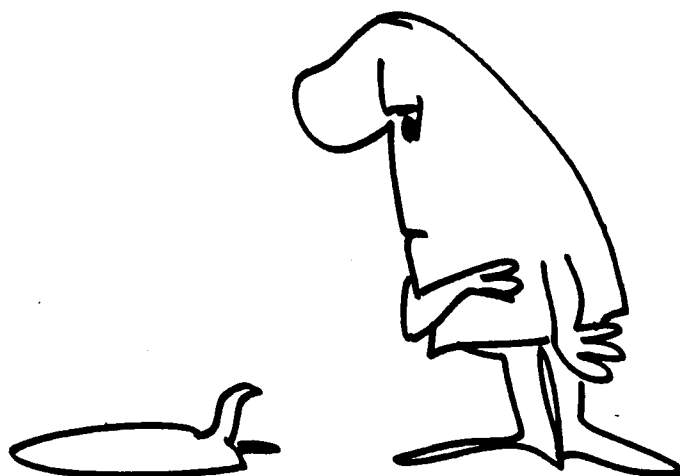
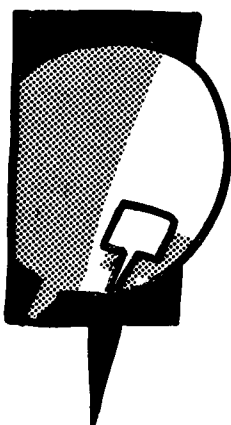
DIGEST



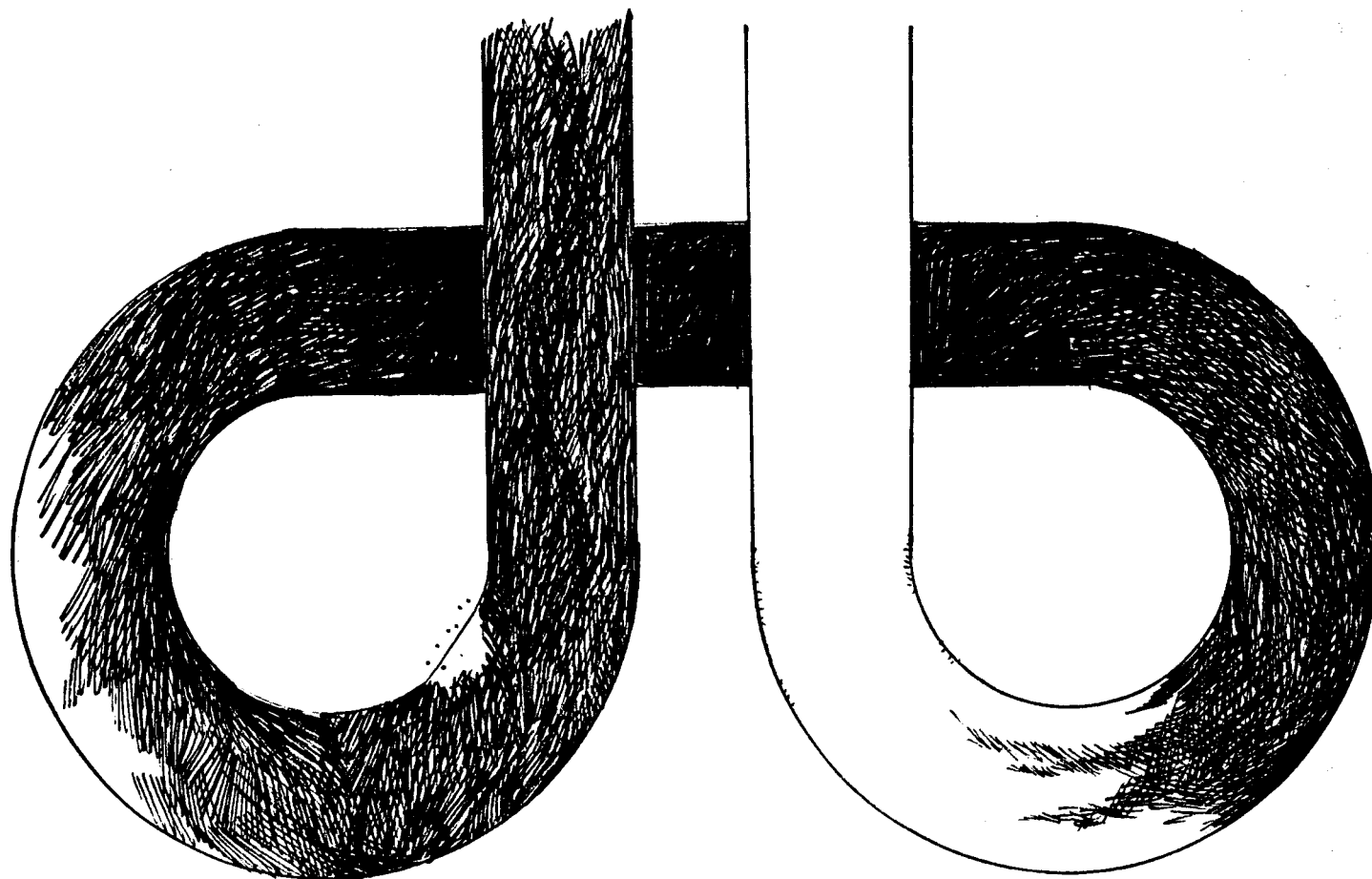
SAINT



GUARDED CONVERSATION



AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAD PASSED



SECOND CHANCE

ROSLER'S

