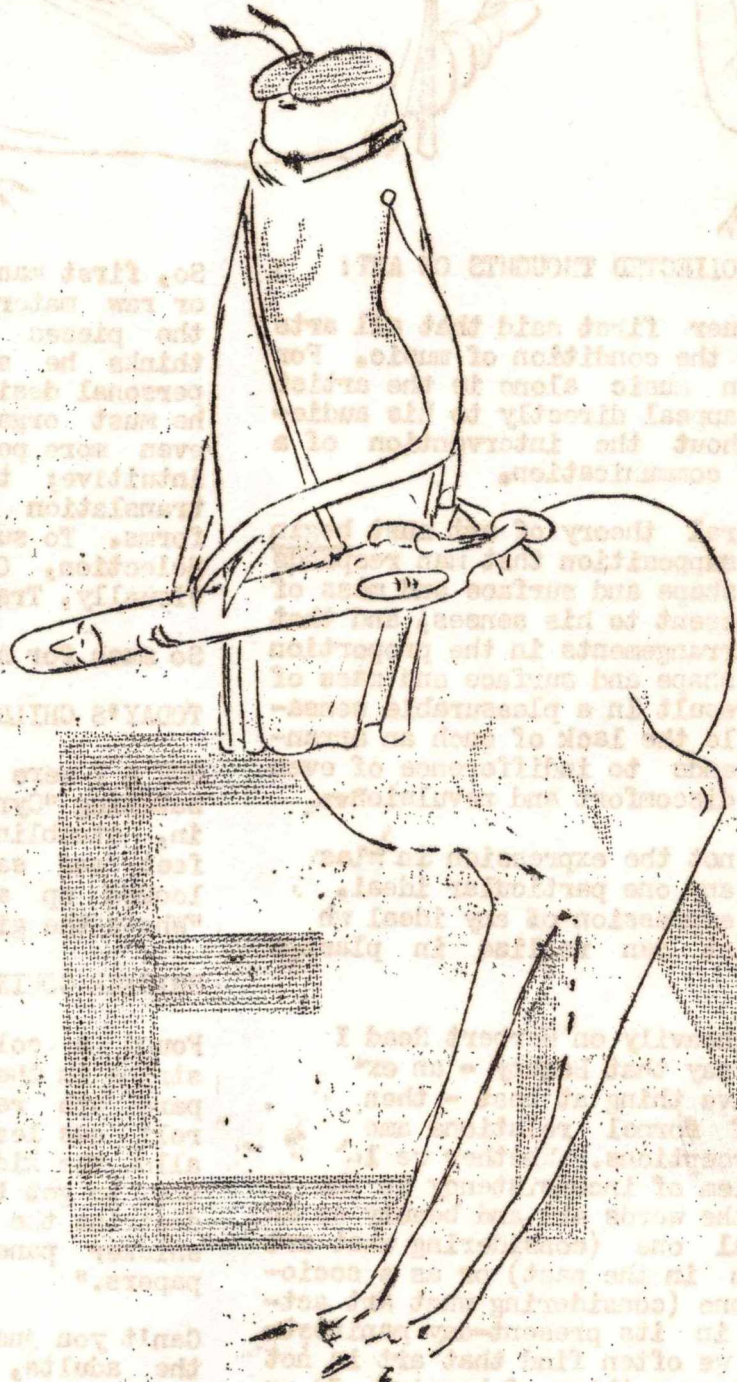
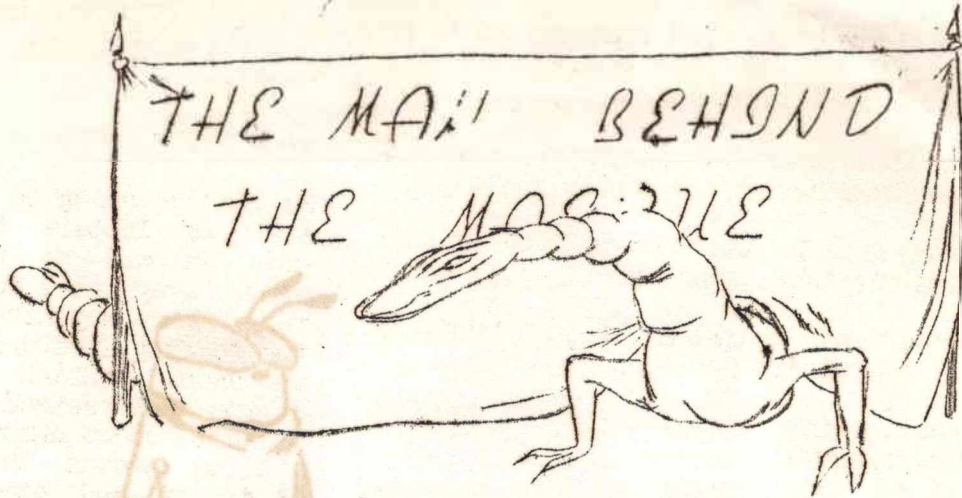


Page 66
MASQUE VOLUME TWO, NUMBER FIVE, WHOLE NUMBER TEN OF AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE PUBLISHED FOR THE FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION BY WILLIAM ROTSLER AT RANCHO SANTA ROSA, CAMARILLO, CALIFORNIA. A ROSE AND HAWK PRESS PUBLICATION, A SUBSIDIARY OF THE PERFIDIOUS PRESS AND FAINTLY ASSOCIATED IN TIME, MANNER AND CONDUCT WITH THE INSURGENT ELEMENT, OWNED AND OPERATED BY CHARLES BURBEE, RESIDENT OF WHITTIER. #

SHE HAS THE MOUTH FOR IT FOR ONE THING. # IT'S EIGHT FOR ABOUT AN HOUR THEN IT STARTS GETTING LATER. # IF YOU WANT TO SCREW, LET'S SCREW, BUT DON'T SPILL MY DRINK! # YOU'RE NOT SO MUCH A GIRL AS A STATE OF MIND. # DEATH SEEMS TO RUN IN MY FAMILY BECAUSE EVERYONE'S CAUGHT IT FOR TEN GENERATIONS. # I'VE BEEN IN 37 WHOREHOUSES BY ACTUAL COUNT -- FOUR TIMES AS A GUEST. # I INNOCENTLY WAVED AT THE GUY AT THE RIM OF THE CANYON AND THE MOUNTAIN EXPLODED. # SHE'S SO TALL THAT WHEN I WENT TO KISS HER I FOUND MYSELF IN A STATE OF PERVERSION. # I'LL DIE ONE AND ONE-HALF TIMES FASTER THAN ANYONE. # THERE THE APE WAS, CARRYING OFF THE HEE ROINE, SAYING 'THIS ONE'S FOR ME!' # DAWN WAS BREAKING ITSELF OVER MY HEAD. # AS OF YESTERDAY IT WILL BE TRADITIONAL FOR FRESHMEN TO WEAR GREEN HATS FOR HELL-WEEK. # HAVE YOU WIPED OFF YET? # I MAY NOT BE STRONG BUT I HAVE GREAT RECUPERATIVE POWERS. # A HOLLOW-POINT H-BOMB. # HE OVERPLAYS UNDERPLAYING. # YEAH, LIKE FULTON OURSLER UNDERPLAYS THE BIBLE. # WHAT IS WHIMSEY TO ME IS LITERATURE TO OTHERS. # QUITE THE CONTRARY -- I CONSIDER MYSELF A MEMBER OF THE UPPER CLASSES AND THE ARISTOCRACY (BRAAA-AA-AACK!) # ...AND INTRODUCING GERALD FITZGERALD AS ARCHDUKE FERDINAND! # I'M AN IGNORANT. # HE SHOT THE SLEEVES IN HIS SHORT-SLEEVED SPORT SHIRT. # 1 AND 2 AND 3 AND SPLAAT! 1 AND 2 AND 3 AND SPLAAT! # HES TAKEN UP STARING FOR A HOBBY. # I LAUGHED SO HARD I SPLIT A SHIT. # IF YOU'VE INVENTED A SUBSTITUTE FOR WOMANKIND WHERE'S YOUR SECRETSMILE? # WHY DON'T CHICKENS LAY SQUARE EGGS? THEY DON'T HAVE SQUARE, AH, OPENINGS. # I LOVE HEMINGWAY'S COMMENT ABOUT DAVID SCHINE GOING INTO THE ARMY BEING 'A TERRIBLE FATE FOR A PROFESSIONAL PATRIOT.' # GERALD'S GOT THE EARLY DONKEY WARMUP SHIFT AT 'LA PUTA'. # LUCKY I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND ON MY HEAD. # YOU JUST HOLLER AND A MERMAID COMES UP AND BLOWS YOUR TUBE. # (BRAA-A-AACK!) HE GOT AWAY! # HE FELL DOWN AND BRAINED HIS ASS. # I'M PREGNANT -- I DON'T LIKE 3D THINGS HAPPENING. # WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE MY COLLECTION OF URINE SAMPLES OF FAMOUS MOVIE STARS? # IF WOMEN WERE MEN YOU'D HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM. # JUST BECAUSE I WENT WITH YOU FOR TWO YEARS DOES NOT MAKE ME AN ANIMAL LOVER. # HE'S SO TOUGH HE PLAYS RUSSIAN ROULETTE WITH AN AUTOMATIC. # MAJOR COMEDIES ARE COMPOSED OF MINOR TRAGEDIES. # ANIMALS ARE PRIMARILY SECONDARY. # SINCE READING KRAFT-EBING I'HAVEN'T BEEN SURPRISED AT ANYTHING. # I WANT A NON-NAG, NON-SAG WIFE. # WAIT A MINUTE -- THERE'S JUST ONE MORE ARMPIT. # IT WAS DON WHO SICKED UP THE FROG'S LEGS. # I USED TO PART MY HAIR IN THE MIDDLE BUT MY HEAD GREW ON ONE SIDE. # I COULDN'T FIND THE RIGHT WRINKLE. # THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A BAD B.E.M. # HE WAS ARRESTED FOR DISTURBING THE GIRL'S PEACE. # I WAS SO MAD THAT TIME THAT EVEN IF SOMEONE DISMEMBERED ME MY STUMP WOULD ROLL ON THE FLOOR IN VIOLENCE AND SPIT ON THEM. # HE'S SO CHEAP HE MAKES HIS OWN TOILET PAPER. # THE FINEST FUNERALS IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION. # I AM TRAINING MYSELF TO BE MORE HARD-BLOODED. # WHEN I'M MAD THERE AREN'T ENOUGH NUMBERS TO COUNT TO. # THE WAY SOME GIRLS TALK VIRGIN BIRTH HAPPENS EVERY DAY. # SOME OF THE MOST INNOCENT COVERLINES ARE MUCH WORSE THAN YOU, EVEN YOU, WOULD EVER IMAGINE. # BISHOP SHEEN USED THREE BLACKBOARDS TO PROVE ME WRONG. # IT IS JUST A MATTER OF INDIVIDUAL SUPERIORITY. # IN HOUSTON THERE WERE PLACES WE NEVER WENT TO BUT WERE THERE ANYHOW. # CHRIST, IF BILL LIKES BIG TITS, I'VE GOT AUNTS WITH BIGGER ONES THAN ANYONE AROUND HERE! # YOU WOULDN'T CALL ME A LIAR FOR TWO INCHES, WOULD YOU? # SURE I LOVE YOU, BUT DON'T COUNT ON ME IN A CRISIS. # HE'S NOT WORTH THE MEAT HE'S STAMPED OUT OF. # BUT HE WAS TALL...AND THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT GASOLINE! # I'M NOT INTELLIGENT, I JUST QUOTE. # A LITTLE SEX GOES A LONG WAY IF IT GOES FAR ENOUGH. # SORRY, I WAS INTELLECTUALLY DOUBLE-PARKED. # I HATE YOU!.....I HOPE YOU GO OUT IN YOUR CAR AND EVAPORATE! # THAT GODDAMN THURBER CAN WRECK ANY CONVERSATION! # SHE USED TO GET HER GLASS EYE IN BACKWARDS. # HE WHO WASTES NOT IS PRETTY DAMN CAREFUL. # I'LL GET MARRIED WHEN THE SINK IS FULL AND THE BED EMPTY. # SHE PARLAYED A YARD OF CHEST SKIN INTO A FORTUNE. # AT ONE POINT THERE I DECIDED SHE WASN'T WORTH IT. # 'HITLER IS RIGHT!' HE'D YELL AND I'D SAY, 'YEAH, BUT NOT TOO MANY PEOPLE LIKE HIM. # NO, I AM NOT CIRCUMSIZED -- I HAVE ALL GOD GAVE ME AND MORE. # HE HAD A BAD CASE OF HOOF AND PEENIE DISEASE. # HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF USING THELMA RITTER AS A MASTURBATION IMAGE. # SURE, I CAN TOUCH MY TOES -- IT'S JUST THAT I NEVER SAW ANY REASON TO. # WHEN I FIND OUT EVERYONE IN HEAVEN'S A CATHOLIC MAYBE I'LL BE ONE, TOO! # IT'S A LITTLE OFF CENTAUR. # NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKED ME MY RELIGION I'LL SAY 'VIVISECTIONIST!' # END

DAVID RIKK
Box 203 Rosero
CALIF., U.S.A.





LOOSELY COLLECTED THOUGHTS ON ART: 1

Schopenhauer first said that all arts aspire to the condition of music. For almost in music alone is the artist able to appeal directly to his audience, without the intervention of a medium of communication.

Any general theory of art must begin with the supposition that man responds to the shape and surface and mass of things present to his senses, and that certain arrangements in the proportion of the shape and surface and mass of things result in a pleasurable sensation, while the lack of such an arrangement lends to indifference or even positive discomfort and revulsion.

Art is not the expression in plastic form of any one particular ideal. It is the expression of any ideal which the artist can realize in plastic form.

Drawing heavily on Herbert Read I go on to say that Beauty - an extremely relative thing at best - then, unity of formal relations and sense-perceptions. Whether we lay the problem of inconsistency in the use of the words art and beauty as an historical one (considering what art has been in the past) or as a sociological one (considering what art actually is in its present-day manifestations) we often find that art is not nor has been a thing of beauty. In an anthropomorphic philosophy of art human values are exalted and one sees in the gods nothing but "man writ large." The purpose of art, which is communication and expression of feeling (see quote by Graham Sutherland elsewhere in this issue) is often confused with the quality of beauty, which is the feeling communicated by particular forms.

So, first man must have the experience or raw material; then he must select the pieces or parts with which he thinks he shall work, dependent upon personal desires and influences; then he must organize them, and this is even more personal, often mystical or intuitive; then finally there is the translation into concrete plastic forms. To sum up there is Experience, Selection, Organization and, finally, visually, Translation.

So much for Art, Art and ART.

TODAY'S CHILDREN DEPARTMENT: 2

GCF & I were sitting in a movie theater watching "Cyrano." Two young men came in, stumbling over several people's feet and sat down. Then one of them looked up at the screen and said, "Who's the gink with the pig nose?"

SNICKER COMIX: 3

Found a column on religious comic strips in the paper the other day. One paragraph ran as follows: "So, many religious leaders reason, why not allow the kiddies and maybe the adults too, to get their Biblical history and doctrine the easy way - from a lively snicker panel in their Sunday school papers."

Can't you just see the kiddies (and the adults, too) roaring and knee-slapping over money-lenders doing prat falls, at pies (probably unleavened) hitting Leventines, at "Why did Moses cross the Red Sea? To get on the other side." Thus are born Snicker Comix:

Roman soldier (with tomb in background & stone rolled away): "Enough noise around here to wake the dead!"

con't

1st convert to 2nd convert: "He's an alright guy...He pals around with Mary Magdalen, doesn't he?"

Christ speaks to Lazarus: "Get off your dead ass!"

Voice from behind bush in Eden: "Stick with me, baby, and you'll go places!"

Christ and Devil on temple roof: "I can get it for you wholesale!"

Small voice at Last Supper: "What's for dessert?"

2nd voice: "We ought to get tight and make a night of it!"

RANDOM LINES:

Get rich quick schemes are of little value, even to the intellectual pauper.

Love comes as death comes -- if we wait long enough.

Never let hope get you down!

What is justice for you may not be justice for me.

It sometimes seems amazing that the gamblers in prime flesh can parley a yard of chest skin into fame, fortune and Technicolor dreams.

You'd never believe it but He looks just like Gerald FitzGerald!

.....
QUOTABLE QUOTES DEPARTMENT:

BCF: That's the pinnochle of jokes!

G B VAIL: Howard Duff should have named his child Plum instead of Bridget.

UNKNOWN WOMAN, after opening door into traffic: Well, I had to get out!

Rotsler: A lock is only good if it locks something.

.....
"What is humor? It is a kind of gentle and benevolent custodian of the mind which prevents us from being overwhelmed by the apparent seriousness of life."

...Charlie Chaplin

A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD, WHO GAVE US MANY OF THE ILLUSIONS WE HAVE TODAY:

Dear Bill:

So you are going to use endless quotes from my letters to you. In the old days it was so nice, I could just write away at a fast rate and never worry about anything -- and now, I get the feeling I am writing for posterity and should mention things like Christ coming next weekend or something. Soon I shall start dummifying my letters and sitting around thumbing through my thesaurus and composing letters like that old poop-jowls Chesterfield did to his son, telling him to lay off those Lucky Strikes.

Immortality, indeed!

(Editor's note: Stibbard and I had Hemingway's name printed on some pencils and sent to Gerald FitzGerald.)

Each morning about 10:30 when I'm not working I go into Camarillo (the village below, so to speak) to get the mail. Usually I am all draped out in stained baggy khakis with the fly half open, dirty tattered shirts and hauraches. This I do for comfort and not effect. Anyway, this morning I opened Number 56 and took out the customary papers and bills. I was walking out of the place when suddenly the postmistress calls out, "Gerald, is there an Ernest Hemingway staying at your place?" I stopped and turned around so quickly that I lost my left haurache. "Come again, please? (que ca?)" At last she gave me a package and I hastened to assure her it was a joke. I know she is dreading the day when Ernest Hemingway will come in and demand his parcel. I am usually above public demonstrations of laughter, but upon opening the package and seeing the Ernest Hemingway pencils I started laughing uncontrollably and dropped the package. Pencils went rolling all over the post office. And I (barefoot now for both hauraches managed to get off) skipped about trying to pick them up. I must have resembled a hopped-up Quasimodo. You getting them made with Papa's name on them is pure genius. I have every intention of using them. It is amazing, too, that the postmistress had no idea who E.H. was.

Yesterday's desire is today's mire; I go,

ON EXPERTS

Let us discuss, for a moment, experts and expertness. Obviously, such a profound subject is immediately classified, sifted, arranged in degrees, levels and columns. There are experts and experts, as one would be wont to say if one were given to such things. There are experts on horticulture, on thaumaturgy, on the world's wet areas, on the world's dry areas, on countless important and unimportant subjects. There are even experts on experts.

But I intend, in a mighty blind swing, to cleave expertness down the middle and to label the halves (still steaming and pulsing slightly) Expertness and Pseudo-Expertness.

For instance. One might say (if one had nothing else to do at the moment) that there are experts on women. Lord knows I've heard people say this -- or at least imply it. I decry these statements (waving my arms and brushing aside parenthetical remarks) and say no one can be an expert on women -- especially women, who do not have the perspective for it. It's like trying to investigate chromosomes, that change as you turn a revealing light on them. I think people who maintain they are experts on women are really Pseudo-Experts.

People come forth every once in awhile and say they're experts on God, on Your Inner Thoughts, on politics, on the End Of The World. Goodness, a man has a hard enough time trying to be an expert on himself! And most of us fail at it.

Hell, I'm a Pseudo-Expert! You're a Pseudo-Expert! Can't you think of a subject in which -- at least by default -- you excel? I can. For instance I'm an expert on wire sculpture (having labored alone for several years in the field and produced approximately 5,000 originals), on "fan art", on Intellectuals Amok in Santa Rosa Valley, on Gerald FitzGerald, his Life and Old Loves...

You there! You're an expert. Yes you are! You look like a pseudo-expert mink sexer or maybe an Assyriologist. You could be an assistant dauber at WAC medical inspections (that should qualify you as some kind of expert!). With that hair and hunted expression you could be a dandruff analyzer.

Then, of course, what is one man's expert is another man's goddamn fool. To some people Charles Burbee might be the dirtiest talking man they know, while to others he might be clean-cut, sophisticated, uninhibited or merely expressive.

So you see, one can be an expert without really being one. You can be an expert by default if no one else is in your line. You can be a Pseudo-Expert by just being glib, louder, bolder, talkative, first, last, lucky or unlucky. One could become an expert on Impotence with bad enough luck. Or an expert on one-shots with even worse luck.

CENSORSHIP IN FAPA!

Charles Burbee has imposed censorship, blatant censorship in FAPA! He has said, in an exclusive interview to this magazine, that there are to be no more articles with Burbee in the title, no more articles furthering Burbee as a man and as a Legend.

"Of course," he said, "there can be laudatory passages. There can even be laudatory paragraphs. No articles."



ABOUT ME

Those few who read mastheads (though usually Masque's is amidst ships someplace) may have noticed a change of address. I am once again "engaged in ranching." It is fine to be free of the smog and noise of the target area of Greater L.A., some 50 miles away, to have access to one of the better equipped home/ranch workshops, no rent, free gas, and to be once again next door to Gerald Camarillo FitzGerald.

There are plenty of things I miss about Life in Hollywood 28: evenings & drinks at the Vail's, foreign mood pictures, bookstores, art galleries, the daily lush sight of "Mammary Lane" -- Vine St between Hollywood & Sunset) and the happy fact that Hollywood is full of pretty girls.

Another thing I miss greatly is GCF's 500-1000 words a day. Some time ago, Gerald, in an attempt to get us to move up here to the ranch, offered us trips to Mexico, buying all our movies for a year and writing us about certain phases of his life so that I might include them in my time capsule. So far all he's ^{done} ~~is~~ teach us a few words like puta, told us when one of my wife's movies was playing locally and leave scrawled notes that he had run over to borrow a bottle of scotch.

Though I never made a fortune at wire sculpting I managed to work only about 2 weeks out of 4, see the plays and movies I wished, bought most of the books I wanted, dated liberally and usually had a full winecloset. Three times in three years I thought the bank account was getting low and took a job (aircraft worker, cashier in a Cadillac agency and opinion surveyer) but a total of less than four months work in three years isn't bad. And sleeping late became a dangerous habit.

CARTOON IN THE LOS ANGELES DAILY NEWS:

Man in stationers showing world globe to old harri-dan; caption: "Now this globe is especially made for isolationists -- it only has America on it."

GERALD FITZGERALD ON HOLLYWOOD DEPT:

"The screens are so wide nowadays I have to see the picture twice."

UNWANTED INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

Czarina's Early Autumn Sunshine.

That's the name of our new Golden Retriever. On top of a name like that she's a champion. Her mother, I mean dam, is Ch. Czarina of Wildwood; her sire is Ch. Golden Knoll's Shur Shot. Her grandsire is Ch. Wildwood Major, her granddam is Ch. Coronet of Wildwood. Her great grandsire is Czar of Wildwood, rated #4 Golden Retriever and the listing of cups, trophies, awards, winnings, points, sire-ing of champions, etc. would fill anybody's doghouse. Czarina's Early Autumn Sunshine also has sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles and the like that are champions. This blueblood of ours has run up against baseborn Howard Roark (persuasion: neutered male feline), my wife's pet beastie, whose only claim to fame lies in being, I'm sure, a cow in a cat's body.

A WARNING TO THE FUTURE

Gerald C FitzGerald (his claim to fame is to have as an ancestor an Aztec princess named Melance, a, ah, "friend" of Senor Cortez but this was not sufficient when he expressed an interest in our new red-headed virgin -- an especial delight of his) has proposed a new safety measure for cars of the future. What with radar, snorkel, guided missiles, power steering, et al soon the driver will simply watch the dials and TV-like screen in the center of the dash. The screen will light up at times with such warnings as OBSTACLE AHEAD or CAR APPROACHING FROM REAR or CROSS STREET. Sometime, however, the driver will look and see LOOK OUT!, panic and turn the car over in a ditch whereupon the screen will light up and say SEE.

TINY BILL

I don't know whether Tiny Tim had anything to do with it or not but as a child I used to spend hours amusing myself by ⁱⁿimagining how it would be to be able to make yourself four inches or maybe six inches tall. I would build a block house or dig a network of caves and paths in the bank of the creek that runs through our ranch and then imagine myself climbing happily about in this microkingdom. A bit of metal or wood would become a raft, a

shield, a beautifully textured wall. Toy soldiers would be friends and enemies, though I didn't employ them very much. Encounters with rats and ants, worms and snakes studded my imaginings like diamonds on a dowager. Those nicely detailed metal airplanes we had in the days before plastics became some damnably popular.

While by now Tiny Tim must have come face to face with more rats, cats and the like than any being alive, in the days of my youth it was not so common -- children and rats being what they are nowadays. And to this day it occasionally comes back to me -- I remember sticking my head into the convolutions of a beautiful Henry Moore sculpture in the San Francisco Museum of Art and staying there until all points of reference except gravity faded away and - lo! - there I was "standing" in a beautifully formed cavern of "unknown" material. All this might explain your editor "taking up" still another non-essential activity -- that of HO scale model railroading. Or maybe I just like the god-like feeling of creating, maintaining & running a microkingdom.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In the spring of 1953 a million pointy end electric bulbs lit above my head and I was the possessor of an ideathat delighted me so much I would snicker and giggle every time I thought of it. I have an all-metal 1950 Plymouth-"suburban" such as used by gentlemen farmers, oil companies, TV art directors, etc. Many of these have signs. Mine would have a sign, on the trim flat back end, a sign that could be easily removed and repainted. I thought of several "companies" or pseudo-services but the one that delighted me most was:

THE CUCKOLD POULTRY COMPANY
"We Lay The Best"

But I got married instead.

DREAM QUEST COMBINED WITH BURLINGS #1: The Wilson-Miller comments on lack of art (in terms of breasts) in MASQUE 9 were sufficient to rouse me from my fleece--lined stupor. I put forth that particular issue because I wondered I could ~~maybe~~ put out a decent mag sans balcon. Also because Burb, Laney and others were saying that I should try to write more. But it does, however, reveal a certain lessening in interest in things fapan. I just got married, moved here to our ranch, become more interested in writing poetry and in just plain writing (the other day I wrote a children's book about a wizard so maybe there is some hope yet.) I have also become interested in HO scale model railroading -- I have always been interested in toys (like stf and FAPA) and this is such a lovely one. Kid stuff, sure, but fun. The model railroad & surrounding scenery will have a double purpose. I hope to build a scale alien rocket & use same in a photo story with my scale community. It also makes me feel like God -- only without any of His troubles with fallen angels, satanic intrigues and that constant angelic music. Somehow this reminds me of FitzGerald (the only primitive artist I know) and the "Nativity Scene" Christmas card he drew for us last Christmas. The crib has "His" written on it, there is a calendar on the wall plainly marked December 25 and across the bottom is boldly written CHRIST WAS BORN TODAY! There are kings (with gaudily wrapped gifts), an angel with fantastic wings, a cherub that looks like a bagpipe impaled with a bazooka and there is also a mysterious half-nude redhead in one corner. How in hell did I get on this? All roads lead to FitzGerald around here. It all boils down to having a few other interests than stf -- which is certainly amazing, isn't it?



THE EDITOR TALKS ON...

Burbee and I were discussing FAPA the other night and neither of us, we realized, knew just when FAPA was established or any of the really early happenings or were the mailings really bigger back at the start as reported? We were hoping that one of the hoary old-timers like Warner or Speer would write three or four pages of "I REMEMBER FAPA" or something similar and Burbee would publish it in the amateur.

HOMEGROWN JOKE DEPT:

First man: I met a girl in Errol Flynn's hotel.

Second man: Jamaica?

.....

"A man who would make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket."

...John Dennis
in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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CORRECTION
PUBLISHED
AT
CAMARILLO,
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MASQUE, volume two, number five, whole number ten (which is as confusing a way to identify this as possible), published by William Rotsler at 6255 Hollymont Drive, Los Angeles 28, Calif for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association in the interests of fantasy fandom, sex, art, egoboo and the immortalization of Gerald FitzGerald, who is quite often a fictitious character.

A Rose and Hawk Press publication.

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A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD, creator of beauty, seeker of truth, prodigious lover, a clear thinker, great eater, deep drinker, prophet of heroic grandeurs and weaver of dreams:

Today Fred Tifft and I went into a draft beer joint. The owner was really stiff -- each movement it took to draw us a couple of glasses seemed to throw him into severe pain. Anyway, you know those Burgermeister displays, with the beer forever running into a glass? Well, his was all petered out. Beer was dripping slowly out of the bottle and quite upsetting. I called his attention to it and the poor fellow climbed up on the counter and started fooling with it. He twisted knobs, shook it and started pouring gallons of water into it. He was teetering all over and I was quite sure he was going to fall. Suddenly the mock beer started streaming out of the bottle and going everywhere. The fellow was behind the display and couldn't see this. "There is beer going all over!" I called. He evidently misunderstood me for he said back rather calmly, "Just a moment and I'll draw you one, I'm trying to fix this." The beer (or soapy water) by now was really coming out in torrents and splashing all over the peperonis and Schlitz display. The owner came around at last and I thought sure he would scream when he saw "Old Faithful" gushing all over the place. But he just calmly poured me another beer. "Don't worry about it," he said, "it'll stop after awhile." It was still frothing like a gnu with rabies when I left.

I sort of wish that you wouldn't really "publish" a lot of this crap of mine...I mean, that while it might be interesting or funny to you it probably isn't to many others (you noticed the word many). Also I feel that you are placing in the parlor what I usually confine to my bathroom. However, your editing is fine ((plug)) and I have great fun laughing and slapping my knee with great shouts of "Did I write that?"

I go,

.....

Boll Weevil: "Jes' don't take life TOO serious, I allus say."

Porky Pine: "Nope...it ain't NOHOW permanent."

A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD:

1

I have lighted a panetela, mixed myself some good whiskey and water and my record maquina is emitting popular arias of another era. Upon an examination of my conscience (a thing we Catholics are rather good at) it occurred to me that for each minute of good living and actual experience I have, I stand a week or so examining it and savoring it so to speak. Thus perhaps it is only the lonely ones who really appreciate some of these things lying around. I am starting to "sit back and observe" again; this, of course, could be confused with bitterness, but it is my contention that bitterness is 90% the way one holds one's mouth and 10% indigestion.

Yesterday at work it was hot and boring. Just walk walk walk and pound pound pound. Like going through High Mass with a plumb bob. Anyway, there was a little kid around with a big stick. A short time before Fred Tiff had exploded a fire cracker behind me, causing me to exclaim, "Jesus Christ everybody look out!" and roll down a bank. "Little boy," I said, "Why don't you take that stick and hit that fellow there on the head with it?" I pointed towards Fred. "I'll give you a nickle if you do. Here, here is a nickle." The little boy took the nickle and went running away to that nebulous spider webby place little boys always run away to. Much later Fred was down on his knees trying to get a hub in the dirt and all of a sudden the little boy came up and hit him over the head with the huge stick. It knocked Fred on his face but didn't really hurt him; he screamed and was scared half to death. Vaughn and I laughed and laughed and Fred chased me all over the place until I dtopped from laughter and exhaustion. Tears were in my eyes. Later when I saw the little boy again, looking at us with wide frightened eyes, I called him towards me and gave him a quarter. The sight was worth a hundred dollars. God, those guys hate me and my cheap tricks.

Today at work it was really hot. Had to use a handkerchief to take the lid off the canteen and all that. Anyway, we were working on this tract and I spotted a faucet so I headed towards it. A man told me they were running

chlorine through the line so it wouldn't be wise to drink any for several hours. So I turned to return to labor and I saw Fred Tiff coming towards me with his tongue hanging out. I immediately bent over and turned on the faucet and made loud slurping noises. Then I got up and said, "Boy, that sure is nice and cold!" Fred immediately turned on the faucet and took a long drink. Then he started coughing horribly and choking and his face turned all sorts of pretty colors. I got so hysterical that I practically lost all sphincter control. Fred was spitting and pointing at me and coughing and swearing something terrible. Fred couldn't even talk and with his eyes rolling around he looked like something out of Chapter Three of House of Usher. "What's wrong with Fred?" Vaughn called out to me. "Drunk again!" I answered. Fred came after me with a sledge hammer and I am quite sure that if I had not brandished my hatchet with agility I might be more level-headed about such pranks hereafter.

Famous quotes: "Never met a man yet I didn't think was a goddam fool..."
...A. Lincoln

...so I told Fred to pull into the gas station so I could relieve myself (not only that but I haven't seen it or used it for anything interesting in so long a time that I wanted to be sure it was still there). So I went into the restroom and started excreting (number one). Suddenly the door did open and a fair to middle aged woman stood there looking at me quite aghast. I fumbled about and peed on the floor and caused quite a ruckus you may be sure. The woman just stood there staring and so at last I said, "Well, lady, either come in or close the door. But do something!" She left and I waited a moment and departed. I looked up but sure enough it said MEN over the door. I told Fred and Vaughn about it but they wouldn't believe me.

I put in an electric switch recently for mother and did a few other Edisonian stunts. I am really not much of a handyman, but being a superbeing if I set my mind to, say electrical wiring, I find I conduit. So many words for so vile a pun!

I go...

9

A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD:

2

It has been so damn hot that I am quite sure that I could do a complete sketch of Hemingway with my wood-burning set without even plugging it in. I remember that wood-burning set from my faltering youth; I remember that horrible drive that kept me feeling the end of it to be sure that it was hot — that is why I drop things all the time these days. The wallets and comb cases and pencil boxes of the day all had ungainly welts on them you may be sure.

You know how I am with mechanical things. Well, yesterday or a day or so ago Jim was building this wall by the garage to sort of hide the debris (old whiskey bottles, eviscerated whores, etc). Well, he was having all sorts of trouble driving nails so naturally I had to show him how. You should see my thumb. It looks like it had been caught in the breech of a 105mm howitzer. And it really hurts. So tonight old Jack Dempsey was telling us all about old Bulldog Ale so I told Jimmy to stand up and I would show him how Dempsey used to fight. I immediately started swinging in a wild frenzy and crashed my poor thumb into Jimmy's hand. I could have cried it hurt so much. I held the damn thumb under water and even...well...it still hurts now. Also there is a black mark in the center of the nail that looks like North Dakota upside down.

I went into the drugstore this afternoon to get a bottle of bourbon. The sexy salesgirl with the dark mysterious eyes said something about my how I drink don't I with a smile (I always drink with a smile — makes me feel like Hopalong — in fact, I am brood from Hops). So I said, well, what would you like me to buy? A methusalah of vaseline and a big blue box of Modess (it was one of those times when I meant to say Kleenex I really did and something went wrong). Altho quite embarrassed about it all, I decided to ride it through. Fortunately at that moment all sorts of people wanted to buy shoelaces or something so I escaped with a sneer.

I think this typer is getting angry at my complaining and has taken just about all the ribbon it intends to.

A Harvard friend of my sister's dropped by the other night. I conversed with him in my most pompous air and drunk his drink of rye whiskey with a splash of water. We discussed literature: "My work may be like Hemingway's, but after all, what Hemingway didn't steal from Conrad he borrowed from Kipling."; philosophy: "The trouble with Socrates is that he talked far too much."; art: "Modern art seems to be little better than a man, preferably a homosexual, seeking what he believes to be his own level."; love: "An interesting past-time when one is not hungry."; work: "A void in which I would just as not talk about."; Kinsey: "Page 264 is the best."; farming: "Why buy a cow when women have tits?"; politics: "What I dislike about capitalists is that they have so much more money than I."; college: "I think many freshmen wear clothes for unstable reasons."; religion: "Religion is something you pray to, not something that preys on you."; reality: "If you don't recognize the existence of something quite often it doesn't exist."; life: "You are never lost if you were never found."; health: "Some people have hearts that murmur, mine soliloquizes." nobility: "One can only be noble 30 seconds before one's death else what shall one do with the next hour?"

You should see the lacerations on my arms. Through sheer will power and drive and with some sort of power which is not normally entrusted to human beings I scaled this impossible side of a mountain. It went up for about 200 feet with very little incline and no brush to hold on to. Thrice I got about half way up and would start sliding down on my face (actually) — it was just terrible. The whole day was spent in this manner. The thing about it all is I could have gotten out of it and go into the flatlands with the other surveying party but I insisted on returning to the damn mountain. Don't ask me why — I guess that so often I have been a quitter about things that this time I thought I would just go out and do something that I don't want to do at all particularly when it would be easy to get out of it. I suppose some people would call this character — I call it assholeitis.

He: "Kiss me."

She: "Make me."

A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD:

3

I recd this letter from the surveyor union people (they are trying to start a union in Ventura County) asking me for opinions and comments. Having little to do I knocked out a tome — it reads like the Geneva Treaty, I am quite sure. Full of "There is a Congreve and a Shakespeare in every era," and all that (a line I think I put in every English paper at USC). Had great wonderful time writing it — it took a whole page single-spaced — full of TIME expressions: "Miggardly compensation for a skill which provides the very foundation of other activities.." It shall probably go down as a classic of its type. I really shouldn't do things like that. I mean I even go so far as to say, "I think it is a credit to all the engineer's assistants in these three countries that you fellows have provided a refuge for the individual rights of we forgotten ones." I got the same kick out of it as I am sure Benchley must have gotten out of The Treasurer's Report. I am hoping they will read it aloud at the meeting so Fred Tiffit (who looks like the late Justice Vinson, a fact which has no bearing whatsoever) and his likes can tell me about it. Being a rear chairman for some 20 years I consider myself an authority on these things.

At this rate I wonder just how long it will take to actually immortalize me?

The World Series is on now. I have gotten into more pools and have lost them all. I actually didn't even know who was playing two days ago what with my addiction to cricket and all. We are working on a tract at present and yesterday some carpenter called out to me, "What is the score?" I had no idea, of course, so I yelled back, "96 to 12!" He roared "JESUS CHRIST!" and dropped his ball peen hammer two floors.

Imagine such a breaker of mores, laws, customs and so forth as I being a juror. A card I recd said "Consider your qualifications and availability as a juror." Isn't that silly? I'm the guy, my first time as a juror, who wistfully stated at a sex trial, "Well I could see it if she was a little older, say 14." The card also says "Physical incapacity is the only ex-

cuse for absense, please bring glasses (if you wear them) with you." I wonder if I should wear my 3D ones.

So for the last couple of days I have been subject to all sorts of jurisprudence nonsense. I was called for jury duty again — in a very dramatic way you may be sure. Brother Jim comes running in screaming, "There is a cop here to see you!" Grabbing my .45, telling Jimmy to cover me from the windows and yelling for Lamont Cranston I soon discovered that I was subpoenaed for my unbiased opinions. It could not have come at a more opportune time as I got out of the hot sun. Anyway, I donned my jury clothes, placed a wig carefully over my left eye and left for Ventura. They kept selecting and rejecting jurors until I was the very last one left in the hat. And so they asked me if I would be satisfied and would I feel confident if all the jurors would be in the same frame of mind if I was on trial. I said "Would I!" and made a motion across my neck with my forefinger winking all the time. It all seems that three cholos took out a fourth cholo and hit him on the head with a ball peen hammer and peed on Ditch Road and then bought hamburgers and tried to deny everything. After listening to all sorts of shyster lawyers repeat the same thing over and over again and the district attorney point at us for two days we all went into the jury room and promptly found them guilty of first degree robbery. It all went fine except for Rubin Silva — he stood up and said, "I'll get you, Gerald Fitzgerald, I'll come back and kill you some high noon, you wait and see!" Anyway I can embellish all this when next I see you and you can bet I will.

A pun from Stibbard: "Are Russian sharpshooters feferred to as Marx-men?" It is really pretty good and I doubt if he Tol it from stoi.

Stibbard drew this wonderful sketch of me — actually it is myself on a monument with a stubby cigar in my mouth & holding out my hand in that "stop the world, I have a thought" attitude.

It is better I go,

.....
"Why, Bill, Gerald's not crude and obscene at all and he even uses good English!"...the editor's mother-in-law

They have this program on TV called "WHAT'S MY LINE?" and on it they have people with odd jobs or professions and the panel asks all sorts of questions to try and figure out what he does. Wouldn't it be wonderful if there was a Kotex salesman on it? This all came to mind today when I was sitting in the parking lot outside the office (contemplating the effects of Rousseau on the French Revolution) and this well-dressed looking man went into a station wagon with a carton of Kotex. In my tired, broken state it struck me funny this man and his carton of Kotex going from store to store and each day taking all the jokes and trying to play like it is a job just like every other job but hating the day that his son will come home with a bloody nose and say that some guy was lying about him at school. I thought about all this and I looked at the guy and started grinning stupidly. I could see that it upset him and he turned crimson and leaped into the station wagon and headed north -- probably towards Carpenteria where he isn't known. I bet every Saturday night he gets real drunk and grabs bartenders by their bar rags and says, "What's wrong with selling Kotex? Someone's got to do it!" Thus one of the perils of civilization unforeseen by the signers of the Magna Charta comes to light.

I got a haircut the other day and look a teensy like Erich von Stroheim. I feel I should bend over ever so slightly and say "Mitte" or at least sigh and adjust my monocle. Again the barber asked me about my friend in the big city -- the artist. I told him that he (you) ((Me. Ed.)) was doing very well indeed and that he had this huge marble nude that he sculptured and that it was in some movie and perhaps he had seen it? "The Girl Who Had Everything?" (I had noticed that was the feature playing at the Camarillo Theater next to the barber shop) "No kidding!" the barber all but shouted. "Why, that is playing right next door!" I went through the being amazed routine and he and everyone else promised to go see the movie. Through my remarks I wouldn't be too surprised if they ~~themselves~~ had the idea that Elizabeth Taylor modeled in the nude for you -- ("Very flat chested girl but

lots of personality..." Sometimes I hate myself.

I see in the latest SRL that Thurber is practically completely blind -- one eye is all the way gone and he can only see about 6% out of the other. Which only goes to prove that 94% of the things we look at aren't worth seeing.

Still working around a subdivision today and there were some real pretty trees about. I wrote "Gerald FitzGerald -- Pax Nobiscum" on a tree with my knife and mused about how really beautiful and stately those trees really were -- almost sensual in a way (all phallic symbols be damned) but as I was recalled to task task of holding a plumb bob immobile in space it occurred to me that after all -- regardless how hot I was for them or anything else, only God can make a tree.

The whole day was out of focus -- Mike watching a 3D movie without the glasses. I would stare ahead unseeing and unhearing. I simply hope that nothing of any value was being measured today that's all.

Kept meditating all day about Wanda's legs. Everytime I would lean over to pound a stake into the ground I would think about Wanda's legs and the blush would run into my face in a mad frenzy. I didn't think at all about some of her other delicacies, just those wonderful legs of hers. They are such nice legs -- much nicer than mine.

I go,

GERALD FITZGERALD ON HIS 26th BIRTHDAY

"The first thirteen years of my life I spent stumbling into things; the next thirteen years I spent figuring out what I was stumbling into; the next thirteen I hope to set up things for other people to stumble into."

SEX IS THE ONLY ESCAPE!



A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD:

5

Vaughn has this horrible habit of yelling very loudly at me when I start falling asleep or staring at lemon trees. I all but fall out of the surveying truck when he screams at point blank range right into my ear. Often this occurs around railroad trax or intersections when things can happen. Thus, I am constantly screaming, "Look out!", clutching my heart with one hand and the door handle with the other. Sometimes, when he yells very loudly, he doesn't bother me at all but the citizens about. For instance, today he yelled out "YOU'RE SO UGLY!" (we had been singing Mercer's "Ugly Chile" with infinite variations all morn) at some fellow pulling out of a parking place. The fellow was immediately filled with terror, slammed on his brakes and slid into the car in front of him (also parked). We just had enough time to see the fellow's eyes widen and the slow, pitiful crash which followed. Laugh? We thought we'd...well...

Re-reading that I can see that it was an absolutely pointless thing to write. Just very little more than an incident if that. You must think that Vaughn & Fred Tiff are very funny fellows who are constantly horsing around and doing hilarious things. They really aren't at all -- you would be amazed how boring they can be, and the job, and the countless incidents that aren't one bit amusing that occur.

My life is like a formula that has been proved so many times it seems ridiculous to bother with future experimentation.

Every morning, on the way to work I listen to this stupid disc jockey play records and every morning he has the same commercials. There is the Anacin one, the used car one and the Edwards coffee one. (this is pretty bad -- he beats his key ring against the mike and plays like he is making coffee then he slurps and says things like, "Mmmm, good!"). But the really bad one is the Lydia Pinkham one. This cranky old woman in the throes of menopause is whining about Hot Flashes and talking about that "difficult time of life". At that "difficult time in the morning it is nothing short of obscene. At that time of the morning they

should play nothing but Clair de Lune without words they should play. Why do you listen you ask. Perhaps I have a streak of masochism in me to match my argyles, perhaps it is habit, perhaps to take my mind off the fact I go to work but the main reason is my battery charges too much and the radio sort of keeps it down you know. Yes. Well, you know how it is when you talk aloud to yourself, knowing damn well that no one could possibly hear you but you just want to go down on record about something. Well, everytime I hear this Lydia Pinkham ad I always say loudly, "All you need is a good obscenity, that's all you need!" (Or words to that effect) And then I laugh loudly and unpleasantly and it is not long until I arrive at work.

Glad that Abney's injured eye is okay now -- the Murine has landed and the situation is well in hand. I wonder if when an eye is crying you could say "Look at that eye bawl!" I have a very intelligent eye -- hardly a day goes by that it isn't smarting.

My bridge has really settled down to being a good sport. I have the feeling I could crack walnuts on it if I cared. Trouble is sometime I will probably be shooting it out with some criminal type and will open my mouth -- he will see the flash of metal and kapow! I shall talk a trifle slower for the rest of my days. Of course I am boring everyone with the same old routine. "Why, here comes Gerald now! Hide quick! No, it is too late, we'll have to go through with it." I walk up and say, "Hey, have you seen my bridge work yet ughghashpult cost ga ga 150 dollars gugh. See where this ughugboo tooth here is...ughsplut?"

I guess torture for me would be to be locked in a gymnasium for a month. # I am thinking of collecting my poems under the title "Visitations of No Importance." # The stars must be in the wrong position as I just don't feel much like writing...I conclude,

.....
"To get into the best society nowadays one has either to feed people, amuse people or shock people."

...O. Wilde, of coyrse

.....
"Love is a wine that goes flat if kept too long."
...Remarque

Recently we have gone insane over a piece of marble that Vaughn got out of an old school house -- out of the girl's can, in fact. Really pretty stuff even if it does have "Lupe Obscenity Joe" scratched on one side of it and some panoramic views of intercourse. So I end up with half of it and we go insane trying to figure out ways to cut it up. At last we did all this with a power saw and a carborundum blade. It is pretty ragged on the edges so we take off from work and go all the way to Santa Barbara to see a stone cutter about polishing. He was about 80 years old and tossed the marble around like balsa wood. He talked to us about the old days and had me feel different kinds of stone and breathed on me and told me with my weight I would make a good mason (which really has been bothering me). Actually, I think the damn fool had rocks in his head. "In the old days we would work the stone with our sweat and very careful, you see. But now it is all grinding zzzzzzzzz. They call this zzzzz stonecutting." He pointed at his huge paunch, which looked indeed as if he had swallowed a round boulder, and said, "See this, this gives me balance! When I die they will make tombstones out of wood or mud with their goddamn zzzzz!" He got so worked up over the whole thing. It was quite a thing to see him bare his teeth and go "Zzzzzz!" So we are back again and the stone still looks pretty bad -- but we are supposed to rub it with some moon-shaped rock he gave us and then rub acid into it. Anyway, seeing us haul this marble around and grunting as we nurse our hernias is rather pathetic. Although we didn't work at all this afternoon, we came home quite exhausted from the rock-querry.

This week I have been reading like a blue streak (which goes well with my denims). Even Esquire.

In the latest issue there is a story by the master of the cliché Ben (what the) Hecht. There is a picture of a very lush looking woman in a bikini and looking very nice. The caption is "She was so graceful Dr. Brownplate did not notice she was almost nude." That's sure realistic, a l l right. Mary's the time I have been having

sportive measures with healthy country wenches and quite often I have absolutely and positively been set back when they cuddle up to me. "My goodness!" I would say, "You are quite nude! How did you ever manage it?" And she would look up at me and those big cow eyes would droop and say in her soft voice, "I guess it is because I am so graceful!" And I am broke thinking of things for the good of humanity.

Christ, you sleep with a girl and they think you're their friend...

Whoop de do! I go,

.....
It is true I have never prayed
Said the tall woman with the gentle
body
But give him my breadt,
my belly and my youth
He will be satisfied.

....Jouve



"All men are born with an equal and inalienable right to disillusionment. So, until they choose to waive that right, it's three cheers for Technological Progress and a College Education for Everybody."

....Aldous Huxley

.....
Oh, please, God -- a one line filler!!

• AN ORACLE, OUT OF FOCUS

in a night without darkness,
in the soot and lava of a tower city,
I hear songs and washing rain.

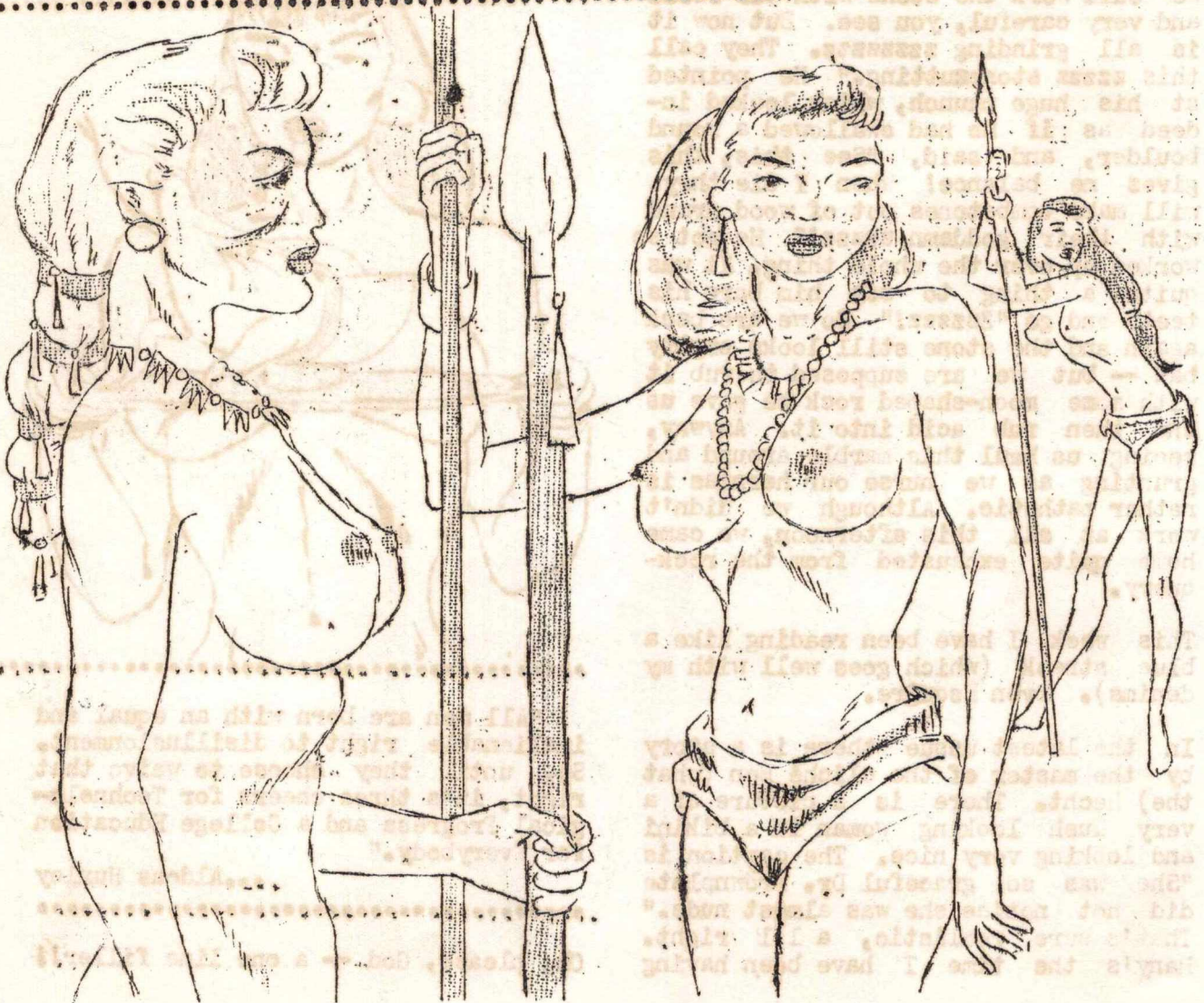
a music shape, a muted horn
a fingertip romance:
synonyms for pain,
for dust and phantoms
and broken shards of time.

an oracle, out of focus
bubbling
babbling
I own my own body

• DEEP NIGHT

the sun falls in flames
and it is night:
a deep night filled with loose stars
and the restless dreams of earth-bound men,
a winding sheet,
laying the earth into the grave of forever.

...William Rotsler



TURNABOUT

A filler composed of Irish-type cover-lines via Walt Willis, who seems to like Insurgent humor enough to quote once in awhile. I might caution Walt and others who have picked up my little "ghost" or phallic figure that the "double" figure they use is not 2 people standing close together but a 2 headed person. I'm afraid too often those who have used (or stolen) this li'l design haven't realized that and lost both the point and the humor...or humour, if it be an Anglo-fan. Oh, well...

THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT HIM—HE NEVER SAYS ANYTHING WE DO IS MARVELOUS. # HE HIT THE NAIL UNERRINGLY ON THE THUMB. # IT'S A LONG LANEY THAT HAS NO BURBEE. # I HAD A POSTCARD FROM GHOD THIS MORNING. # IF SHE HAS HER FACE LIFTED ONCE MORE SHE'LL HAVE A MOST PECULIAR DIMPLE ON HER CHIN. # ON TOP OF THIS I WAS DISSATISFIED WITH MY FAN STATUS. # REMEMBER, PEOPLE SNEERED AT HUBBARD AT FIRST. # AND HE BLEW HIS

OWN TRUMPET AS HE CROSSED OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE. # WHY, THE UNIVERSE WAS CREATED FOR EGOBOO. # WHAT DID WE DO WITH OUR SPARE TIME BEFORE FANDOM? # OUR GREASEPIT WASN'T DUG RIGHT. # WE HAVE DECIDED TO GET OURSELVES DISCOVERED # FANDOM IS LIKE ENTERING A MONASTERY. END

"A fact doesn't have to be understood to be true and don't call something impossible to get rid of it."

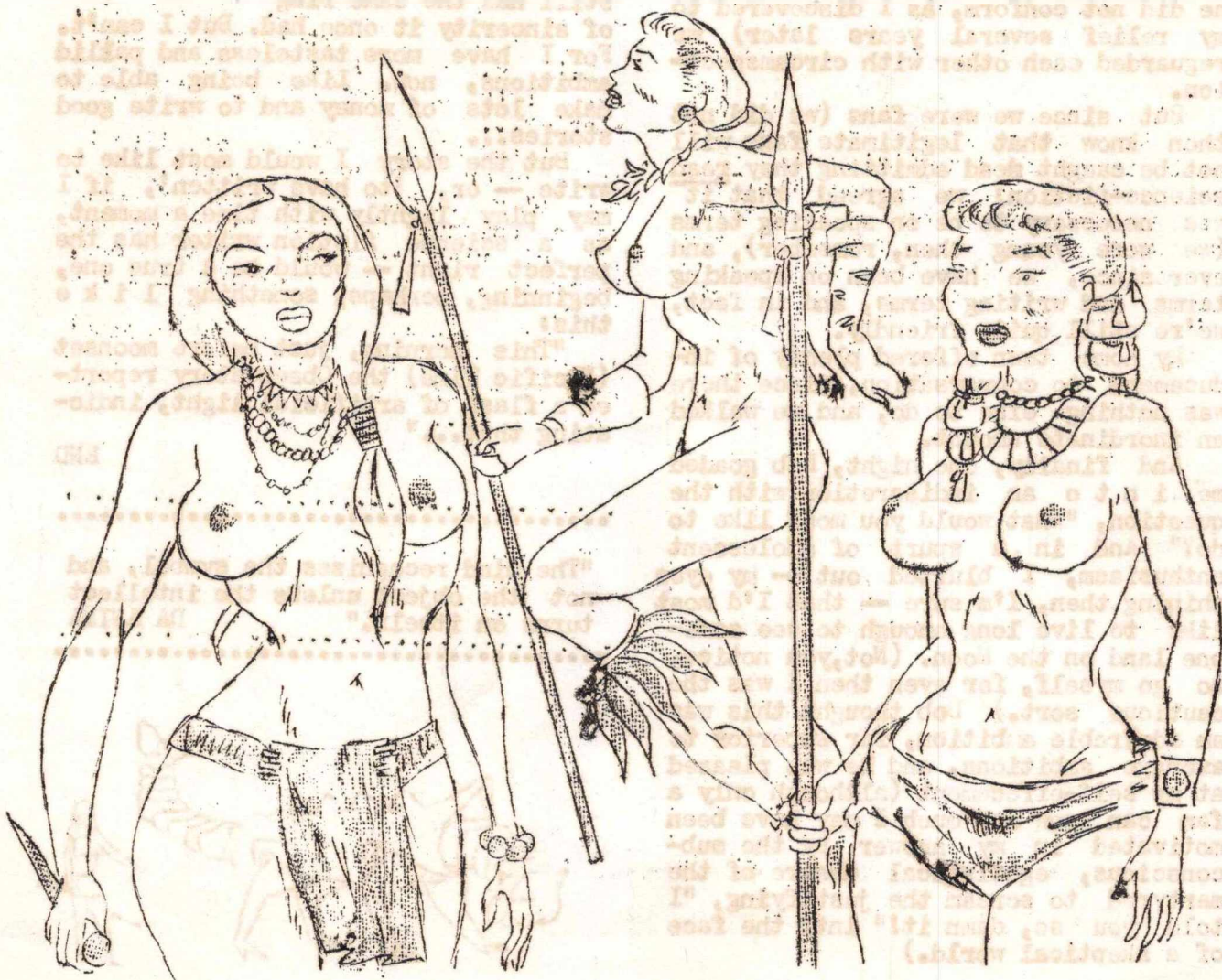
...William Rotsler
discussing Gerald FitzGerald, 1953

"It is wonderfully easy to escape the vices towards which one doesn't happen to be drawn."

...Aldous Huxley

"Friends are people who dislike the same people."

...from THE CRIMINALS



WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT

by Kris Neville

I met Barnett when he stopped me on the stairway between the second and third floor of the High School Building (I was a sophomore), and he said, right off, "You're Kris Neville?"

"Uh-huh," I said.

"You read science fiction, I heard."

"Uh-huh," I said.

"I read science fiction, too," he said. (He was a senior at the time; impatient, as I recall, with the way physics was being taught. Later I saw him boot a high school physics' text across South Lyon Street with a cry of utter frustration: for, although he had the highest IQ in the senior class he could never manage to pass that subject, and in consequence, had the highest IQ for two years straight.)

Both of us were rather young at the time, and neither having seen an honest to God fan before (although already we'd built up a mental picture of Ackerman, one to which, incidently, he did not conform, as I discovered to my relief several years later) we regarded each other with circumspection.

But since we were fans (we did not then know that legitimate fans will not be caught dead admitting they read science-fiction) we agreed that it was necessary to be on speaking terms (we were young then, remember), and ever since, we have been on speaking terms and writing terms, and in fact, we're still quite friendly.

My home town offered plenty of inducement to conversation, since there was nothing else to do, and we walked an inordinate amount.

And finally, one night, Bob goaded me into an indiscretion with the question, "What would you most like to do?" And in a spurt of adolescent enthusiasm, I blurted out -- my eyes shining then, I'm sure -- that I'd most like to live long enough to see someone land on the Moon. (Not, you notice, to go myself, for even then I was the cautious sort.) Bob thought this was an admirable ambition, far superior to average ambitions, and he was pleased at my self-effacement (although only a fan can know how much I may have been motivated in my answer by the subconscious, egotistical desire of the martyred to scream the justifying, "I told you so, damn it!" into the face of a skeptical world.)

But, as I say, this outburst may be regarded as a childish indiscretion; and now that I'm older, I will no longer admit it as an ambition, and, indeed, laugh silently at my own remembered idiocy.

Bob and I walked on, as I recall it, and I purchased two "frösty malts" (a pseudo-ice cream concoction, sold in wafer cups) and gave one to him. He thanked me politely, and as was his wont, smashed his into the gutter, splattering the mixture over the pavement, and stood eyeing the results with evident relish. Being more conventional, I ate mine.

I've always wished that, just once, I had had the guts to smash a frösty malt on the pavement. I never did.

And since, I have often wished that I could recapture the enthusiasm to proclaim the same juvenile ambition, and perhaps have the guts to commit to print while it still had the same ring of sincerity it once had. But I can't. For I have more tasteless and palid ambitions, now. Like being able to make lots of money and to write good stories...

But the story I would most like to write -- or, 'to have written', if I may play lightly with time a moment, as a science fiction writer has the perfect right -- would be a true one, beginning, perhaps, something like this:

"This morning, just before moonset (Pacific Time) the Observatory reported a flash of artificial light, indicating that..."

END

.....
"The mind recognizes the symbol, and not the object unless the intellect turns on itself."
DA ANIMA
.....



A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD, A MAN
WHO LOATHED HUMANITY AND LOVED LIFE:

Last weekend I was on a grunion hunt-drinking party that lasted until dawn. Some of the "gang" started kidding me and were going to throw me in the water. I got fearlessly angry for one of the first times in my life and roared out as I struggled out of their grasp, "Okay, you bastards! I'll take you on one at a time!" Then I swung horribly and fell headlong into the fire.

This weekend I'm staying home like a good boy, watching TV and answering phone calls.

A little while ago I went out to empty the garbage and as I was bossing the old soup cans towards their allotted section my eyes encountered a snake basking in the sun. I screamed SNAKE! SNAKE! James came running with .22s and we both started blasting away. The snake made that old naval maneuver and we never saw it again. All this time Jerry kept screaming out "Did you kill it, did you kill it?" James and I riddled the immediate area but outside of giving a lizard a scare we didn't do much I'm afraid. I shall have to get a mongoose, I guess...I wouldn't know what to feed the damn thing, tho.

.....
what message is written on a fallen leaf?
what poem is here, within the ground?
I have seen their faces
and I have known their language
yet I know them not
(he knows only latin and greek and a smattering of coptic)
where is my rosetta?

.....
...Gene Coe
translated from the french

THE HEART'S TOPOGRAPHY

a monolith of sacred tears
staggers towards the stars
a crimson tower of unseen fears
rises from the scars
I close my eyes, I close my ears
to monuments and burning biers

HEAR THE SEA

Watch the bird and hear the sea,
Feel the wind and smell the rose.
Feed the fire and brew the tea,
Here we are at summer's close.

Today seems to be my day for faux passes. We were drinking tap beer in some place and some woman with wonderful breasts waited on us and what with wonderful low-cut tunics and that sort of thing I got a wonderful panoramic view. Immediately I turned to Fred Tiff and said, "Boy, did you see the tits on her!" Fred immediately turned all sorts of red and I turned back to see the hoyden standing there looking askance and rather burned up. I sort of gulped and laughed and said, "I mean they are really very nice, oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean they...I meant it...that is to say..." By this time, of course, she had left with a huff and a puff. With my luck I could have been a prisoner for five years in a vermin-filled Commie camp, come home to discover they had lost my shot record. My experiences to date certainly do not warrant the talents of a Tenniel — indeed, there seems to be too much alas in my wonderland.

Overheard at the signing of the Magna Charta: "Of course, we shall establish a veto power in case we disagreed about anything that might come up."

It is better I go,
.....

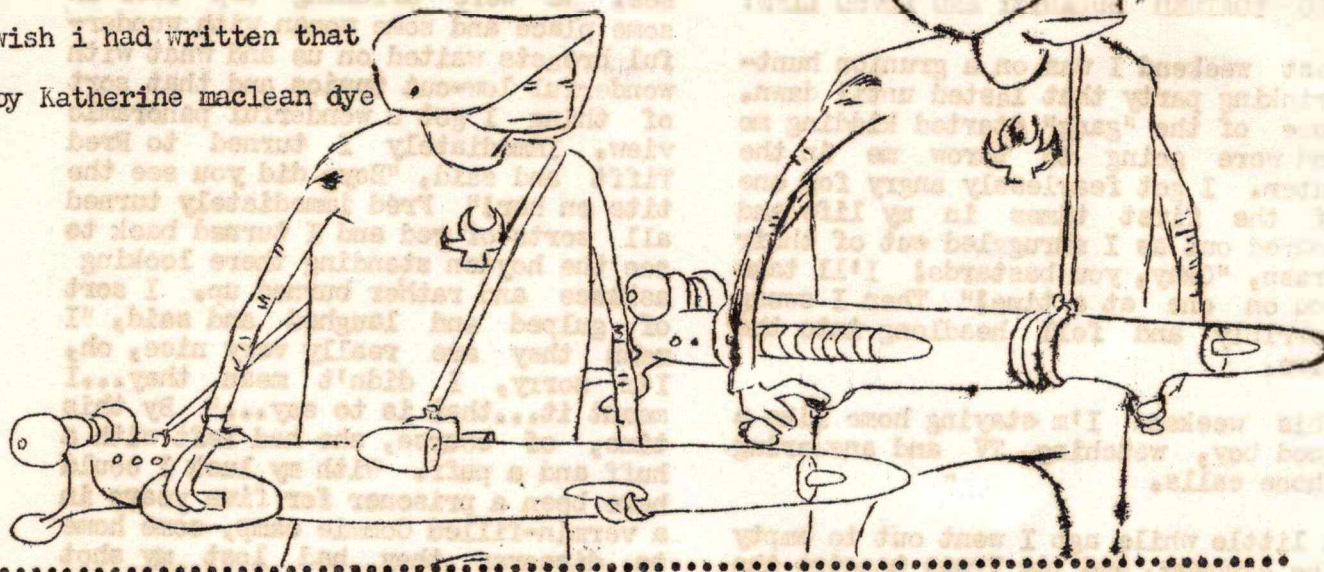
"You are a very sick poet."

THE CONCRETE ANGEL

imprisoned by iron pipes
and rusting chain,
a concrete angel weeps.
set in gray soil
marble monoliths and books of stone
stand company in rigid rows
and wait.

three poems by william rotsler
from "an act of love"
the rose and hawk press, 1953

wish i had written that
by Katherine maclean dye



WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT

BY KATHERINE MACLEAN DYE 24 MARCH 1951

The story I wish I had written at this moment is SYNDROME JOHNNY by Charles Dye, published in GALAXY.

It is smooth and compact and builds up to a strong ending, and it is sufficiently slaughterous to satisfy a strong wish fulfillment drive of mine to reduce the population of this badly overpopulated planet in a direct and obvious way not mentioned by any of the worried books which appear on the subject.

But this is not the real reason I wish I had written it.

The real reason is that the central idea, silicon metabolism, is a little jewel of possibilities that I had been cherishing and planning to write a story on for a long time -- if only I could manage to think up a plot for it.

Charles Dye stole a march on me. He thought of it and wrote it in the same month.

I am being just. It is a fine story. I have not allowed even the fact that Charles Dye is my husband to influence me against it, but grrrrrr--

I Wish I had Written That.

.....
A frig a day keeps gloom away.
.....

WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT

BY RICHARD MATHESON

I wish that I had written PRIVATE, KEEP OUT! by Philip MacDonald.

It is an easy first among the very few fantasy stories that remain with me to this day.

I cannot forget it. It scared the pants off me. Because, to me, the idea involved comes pretty close to the ultimate in horror.

I find no shivers whatsoever in the endless varieties of monsters ranging from B.E.M.'s to vampires. There is, for me, in fiction, little frightening in the seen, the known, the understood.

That is why this story appeals so much.

It's theme is downright hideous - but in the most delicate of ways. It places believable people in the grip of a convincing terror; a terror which surpasses understanding.

And no props needed. It could happen to any one, anywhere, any time. That's why I liked the story. So much so that I used the same idea in a story of my own without even being conscious of it.

PRIVATE, KEEP OUT! had done its work on my mind -- top to bottom.
.....

WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT

by Horace L. Gold

11 June 1951.

There are so many hundreds of fine science fiction and fantasy stories that picking one particular favorite is impossible. DEAR DEVIL by Eric Frank Russell, THE FIREMAN by Ray Bradbury, TO SERVE MAN by Damon Knight, COMING ATTRACTION by Fritz Leiber, HOSTESS by Isaac Asimov, VINTAGE SEASONS by Catherine Moore, PRIVATE EYE by Henry Kuttner, YOURS TRULY, JACK THE RIFPER by Robert Bloch, MANNERS OF THE AGE by H. B. Fyfe...these are only a few of my special science fiction blueplates.

The worst of it is that more and more excellent stories are being written nowadays -- worst, that is, from the standpoint of finding favorites and remaining faithful to them. From the editorial angle, it couldn't, of course, be better. New writers with highly developed talent are being attracted to the field, and the old standbys are advancing steadily in skill, sensitivity and taste.

Assuming that my back is to the wall and a dagger at my throat, forcing me to choose a single favorite, I'm afraid I'll have to take a real surprise -- my own TROUBLE WITH WATER -- and say "Wish I Had Written That."

Yes, somebody named H. L. Gold wrote the story. Fingerprints, blood type, birthmarks and other means of identification indicate that I am the same person who wrote it. But, Lawdy, what has happened in between then and now, and the changes all those experiences, traumatic and otherwise, have made in me!

TROUBLE WITH WATER was written twelve years ago by a lad of twenty-five. He was filled with creative fire, intent on becoming a great writer, having difficulty with techniques and plots, but sure of mastering them. For characters, he used his father and mother, and with tender affection he made them the story. Chan Davis had said that the characters are stereotypes, but, to those who have known such persons, grown up with them, learned to fill in gestures and intonations with no more than a single sentence in cold type, these are living human beings. Thus the characters were alive, loved and were loving, and

the financial conflict they struggled with was something I had encountered almost daily.

That captures only a fraction of the emotion that went into the writing of TROUBLE WITH WATER. I was in love with a girl. It was in Central Park that I groused back and forth along the shore of a lake while talking out the plot, and the girl, with wonderful joy, wrote down my fragments of sentences, dialogue, descriptions. We had a fine time, one of those long moments that stand like a Christmas tree in my memory.

War was in the air, but it hadn't arrived. The World of Tomorrow was pulling in the dimes and quarters at the World's Fair, and giving, in return, an overpowering nostalgia and hope for the future.

I married the abovementioned girl. That same weekend, the everlastingly cursed, monstrous, bestial Nazis roared into Poland. The problem of survival grew larger than the problem of literary immortality. A child was born, the draft, like a heartless vacuum cleaner, sucked closer and closer, defeats came, both military and personal. I went into partnership in writing radio scripts, comics, slick articles and pulp stories, as well as, when the capital finally came in, publishing comic books and detective reprints, and then, in March, 1944, I was snared by HBT fatigues and ODS. Fort Bragg, N.C., pre-airborne artillery; Fort Jackson, S.C., combat engineers; Luzon; end of war, emergency furlough to find my father dying, my partner engaged in some odd practices that resulted in the death of our writing and publishing enterprises...

Everything had changed, including, I suppose, mainly me. My son, four years old then, was afraid and jealous of me. My wife suffered enormous strain as my wartime disability went from 10% to 30% and then 50%. I had lost all my publishing and radio contracts, particularly one bastard with a saintly mouth who had promised that I wouldn't lose a thing by going into the army.

Bitterness, pain, a constant battle against disability and the feeling of defeat to make my adjustment from physical violence to business softsoap and main-chancing, the sense of betrayal by the flag-waving swine that most

combat veterans, I imagine, must feel...and now the world is plunging down again into the cockpit of war.

No, I'm not the same guy who wrote TROUBLE WITH WATER, so I can honestly say that I wish I had written it. The civilization that produced the writer of that story is all but dead. What exists instead is an embattled product of treachery, indecency, violence, corruption, brainless racial suicidal compulsion...and a grimly unyielding determination to fight against cultural gangrene with even as small a scapel as GALAXY.

I'm glad P.G. Wodehouse has selected the story for an anthology of humor. Appearing with James Thurber, E. B. White, S. J. Perelman and other masters of wit will make ~~me~~ me feel flattered and yet uncomfortable, like a first year student of composition who has incomprehensibly been invited to a gathering of great composers. But I won't read the story. There is no humor in a story that makes me grieve for a world gone beyond all hope of recall.

END

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"One should be serious about what deserves to be taken seriously." - Aldous Huxley
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ARS GRATIA BOGGS

For the past two years or so I've been mailing Redd Boggs fat envelopes full of drawings and he, poor lad, has been pushed to the brink in passing them out to good and deserving fans...fans of a better life, fans of things of beauty. First, of course, Redd culls out the few he plans on using but that still leaves quite a few. If you are desperately in need of a stfantasy drawing and/or like lots of women drop Boggs a line...and it would be a good idea to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. I send about 95% of my drawings to Redd because I feel he is more "in the center of things" and would be better able to dispose of the stuff in a sane and reverant manner.

CARD FROM BOE TUCKER DEPT:

"...Oh, you having a child, too? Gee, you must of done the same thing I did."

CARD FROM CHARLES BURDEE DEPT:

"Did I comment on that ((printer's)) rubberstamped "comic book" you sent me for my inspection? Now do I transmit a head-shake (slowly, as in heavy oil) on paper? Kind of reminded me of some of these low-budget TV plays where a coupla backdrops do the job. So it was, I understand, that Shakespeare saw his plays performed in the old days. So he brightened up the dialog to make up for the set deficiency."

MORE ON ART

"We think that we have progressed today in developing an abstract quality in our art. It has always been in man's nature from the earliest times to express his relation with life through abstract form and design. Art forms have always fluctuated between the tendency to pure abstraction and the tendency to realism. Abstraction and formal design existed in Iran in 2000 B. C. The very earliest Greek sculpture was definitely abstract and there was an abstract quality in Archaic Greek sculpture. The late Greeks became fascinated by the beauty of the human body and forgot the human spirit. Western sculpture had definitely towards the realistic. The Renaissance became fascinated by the interplay of muscles and by the effect of suffering and strain as expressed in muscular form and they forgot the meaning of strain and suffering to the human soul. This led logically to the elaborate, superficial and unsculptural bronzes of the 18th and 19th centuries when even the interest in the human form was lost in the wonder of perfectly executed details of costumes and ornament."

...William Zorach

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"It is not the artist who by his knowledge or skill produces the beautiful -- but the idea of beauty in him itself produces it."

...Schelling