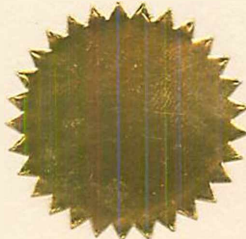


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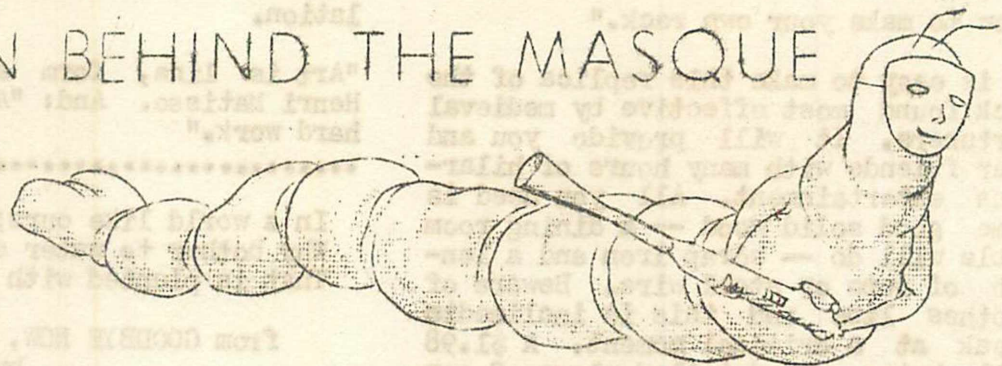
[illegible]

Ernst Wanner would
start infiltrating his
ideas as part of our
us.

load

unders

THE MAN BEHIND THE MASQUE



THE ESSENCE OF HONOR

The other night several of us were sitting around drinking and the subject of peeping toms came up. (Gerald FitzGerald squirmed uneasily in his chair.) "I had an experience that ended my looking through windows," said Tomo Yagodka (PhD in music from the University of Berlin, child prodigy, concert pianist and now Director of Musical Therapy at the Camarillo State Hospital). "It was in the 1920s. I awoke one morning and walked into the living room of my apartment and was admiring the day and happened to look across the street and see, standing stark naked in the window opposite me one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. A truly magnificent body! Then she opened the curtains still wider and my smile widened. Then she leaped out and was impaled on an iron fence twelve stories below!"

Gerald FitzGerald gasped. "Well," he said, "she was a decent sort and that was the only thing she could do after Tomo had seen her!"

G.B.S. REVISITED

When Bernard Shaw had been dead but a year (April '52) a spiritualist medium reported a series of complaints (something Houdini has so far failed to do despite good resolutions): (1) He's been cheated out of oblivion, (2) he suffered "the most undignified and self-humiliating experience" when angels made him wear a nightgown, (3) death does not kill, it only destroys the memory. Well, at least, it sounds like Shaw.

.....

"Enjoy your own life without comparing it with that of another." ...Condorcet

.....

A RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION STOPPER

Ask someone to name the twelve apostles. Anyone. We've tried the religious and irreligious and no one has been able to get them all yet. Actually, the less religious ones, shall we say, have scored highest. You can find the answer in Matthew 10:2-4. For those incompletetists who might not or will not have a copy here it is:

2 And the names of the twelve apostles are these: The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother.

3 James the son of Zebedee and John his brother, Philip and Bartholomew. Thomas and Matthew the publican, and James the son of Alphaeus, and Thaddeus.

4 Simon the Cananacan, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him.

VINDICATION AT LAST DEPT

An item appeared some time ago in the LA Mirror, quoting a University of Utah medical specialist and headlined LATE SLEEPER GIVEN EDGE IN CANCER WAR. "Generally speaking, the most stress that a person meets in everyday is getting out of bed." That sounds so much like our old line, "The hardest thing I do in any day is getting up." Or the old "What can you expect of a day that begins with getting up?"

THE GERALD FITZGERALD MUSEUM

Some day you must remind me to tell the story of the Gerald FitzGerald Museum. Among such mementos as a draped photograph (a tinted nude of GCF) and character quotes from certain women we had a "urine sample" composed of spaghetti, olives, old soup and hot sauce. Yes, the true story of that museum on Hollymont Drive has yet to be told. And somehow I think it will have a hard time getting told.

HELPFUL HINTS TO FANS DEPT

"How to make your own rack."

It is easy to make this replica of the rack found most effective by medieval torturers. It will provide you and your friends with many hours of hilarious entertainment. All you need is some good solid wood -- a dining room table will do -- scrap iron and a length of rope or steel wire. Beware of clothes line and this is inclined to break at a critical moment. A \$1.98 will bring you detailed plans of our Tiny Tot Torturer, our large Maiden Mauler or our new Neighbor Nullifier! And free while they last -- plans for an "Aluminumaiden" with every order!

It is important, you must remember, to get the right atmosphere. A besment is best of course, but make it really right with our "Dank and Clank" kits. Get the proper musty smell. If you're in a hurry send for our background records (they're a scream!); they will set the scene in a hurry! Rig up a few weird instruments on the wall. Our big How To books will help a lot! For the real thing, though, send for our free catalog of ancient and modern instruments. Just ask for The Headsmen's Handbook. And don't forget -- a dime will bring you a free copy of our chatty, informative newsletter, "The Chopping Block." Write care of this magazine.

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

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, whilst 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 particular ideal. It is the expression of any ideal which the artist can realize in plastic form.

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 form. To sum up

there is Experience, Selection, Organization, and finally, visually, Translation.

"Art is line, form and color," said Henri Matisse. And: "Art is mainly hard work."

.....

In a world like ours;
Why bother to water a garden
That is planted with paper flowers?

from GOODBYE NOW, PLATO AND HEGEL
by Louis MacNeice

.....

PROFESSIONAL HUMOR DEPT

GCF & I are professional gagmen now. My wife's brother-in-law, Jim Culber-son, is a cartoonist and his first sale was a gag of ours: front of large church, small sign reading THOU SHALT NOT PARK. Sold to American Magazine.

WE CALLED HER LACE FOR SHORT

One night, long ago, I took a girl with the improbable name of Alva Lacy out to dinner. It was our first date. I asked her, once we were settled and our wine glasses were full, "Well, fair maiden, tell me a b o u t yourself--married, divorced, widowed, g o i n g steady or what?" She told me, then countered with "And what about you, comely youth?" I colored becomingly and managed to say, "I am an unfrocked priest."

TRY TAKING THESE LITERALLY

I've got a hunch.
He's got a green thumb.
His face fell. Keep your eye peeled.
My heart's in my mouth.
I walked on eggs. Keep an eye out.
His nose was out of joint.
My head's splitting.
Sweet tooth. Bird brain. All thumbs.
He's got holes in his head. Or rocks.
Swan-like neck, pearly teeth, lily-white skin, raven hair, rosebud mouth.
Sleeping like a log. I feel like a dog.
I feel like two cents. Or a million.
He's a party-popper.

.....

"And how can a man love if he cannot forgive a woman her power to make him surrender his he-goat privilege of the herd?"

...Wm Lindsay Gresham in LIMBO TOWER

.....

HOW TO READ MASQUE

As you read through this issue you will notice certain seeming chronological and/or cohabitory mistakes. Not so. Just take each item as you come to it without trying to fit it into a cosmic pattern. When I am writing of living with Stibbard, for example, it was written at that time (or about 1952); when I talk of a wife, it was written during 1954. Simple -- for one to whom (like Al Ashley) the past, present and future unroll before him as one continuous scroll.

KNOW THYSELF

This appeared originally in E. WIRE but so that the researches of Dr. J. E. Schmidt are not lost to the ages (this magazine will appear in fourteen separate time capsules, three of foreign origin and one with the calcified body of Gerald FitzGerald) I am including it here in digest form.

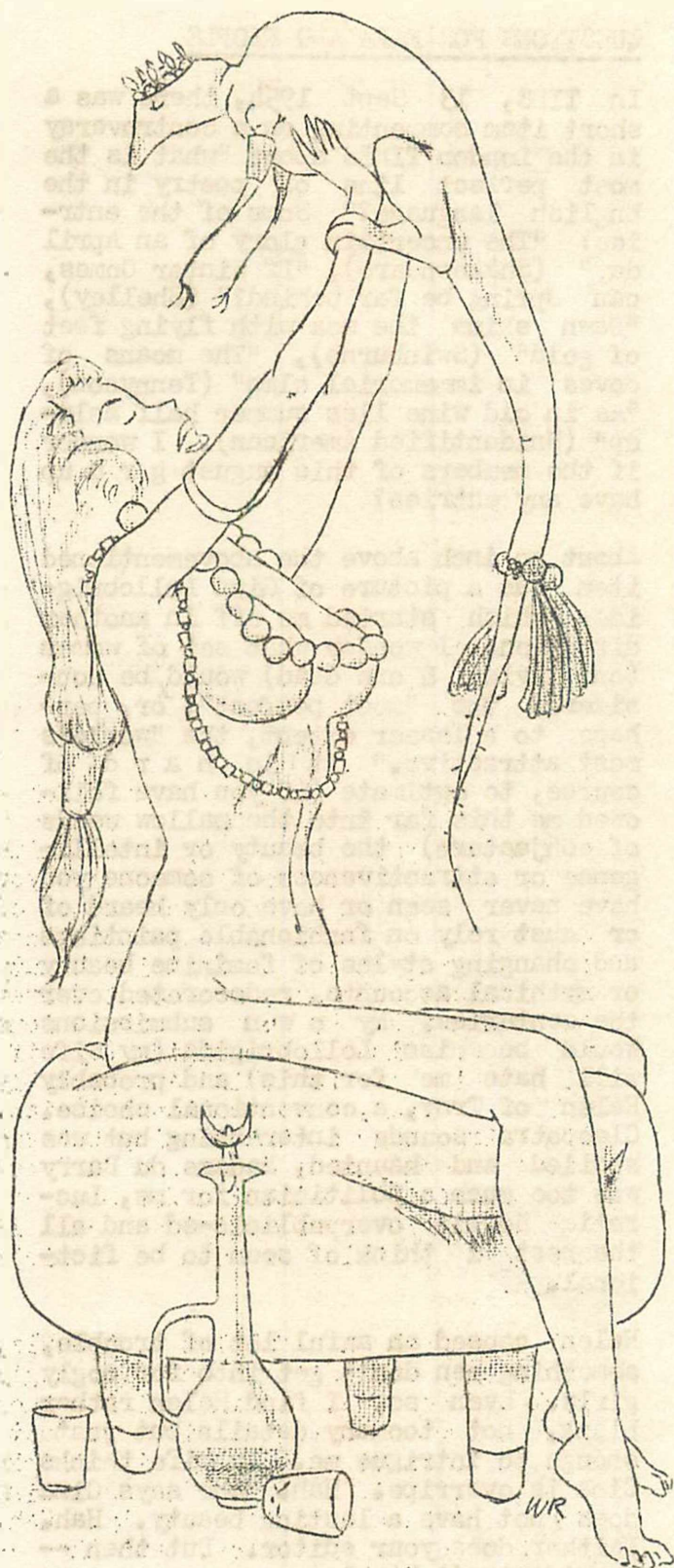
"Do you concentrate on looking at a girl's hair? If so, you're TRICHOERETISTIC. If you are susceptible to a pretty face you are PROSOPOPHILOUS. If lips make you lyrical you are CHEILERO-TIC. If you are an arm worshiper, you are BRACHIOERIGENTIC. If you are like many men -- i.e. bosom-crazy -- you are MASTOCONCUPISCENT. Intrigued by a waistline? LAPARALIBIDINOUS is the name. Applaud a pretty rear profile? You are PHILOPYGIAN. Sensitive to thigh size? FEMORALATOR. If you are a leg-man, you are just CRUROSENSUAL. Knee-conscious? GENUBULLIENT. Are you a calf-watcher? Then you are surely SURAMOROUS. Dream about ankles? Your name is TALOPROCLITIC."

Dear Friend:

This is to inform you that at 2:45, on June 23rd, I will push a certain lever which is cleverly hidden on my person. If my calculations are correct this should blast Ventura County into very fine particles which for all practical purposes will be unidentifiable. This card is just a friendly reminder and if the blast has already occurred please ignore this.

Yours truly,

G. C. Cagliostro



"Ever notice the different appearance a bedroom has when a stranger or someone like a doctor is in it?"

William Rotsler in
"Pau City Revisited"
The Bedspring Press
1955, \$2.75

QUESTIONS FOR FAPA AND PEOPLE

In TIME, 13 Sept 1954, there was a short item commenting on a controversy in the London TIMES about "what is the most perfect line of poetry in the English language?" Some of the entries: "The uncertain glory of an April day" (Shakespeare), "If Winter Comes, can Spring be far behind?" (Shelley), "Dawn skims the sea with flying feet of gold" (Swinburne), "The moans of doves in immemorial elms" (Tennyson), "As in old wine lies summer half asleep" (Unidentified American). I wonder if the members of this august group have any entries?

About an inch above the abovementioned item was a picture of Gina Lollobrigida, which started me off in another direction. I wonder what set of women (one living & one dead) would be considered the "most perfect", or, perhaps to a lesser extent, the "world's most attractive." It is hard, of course, to estimate (if you have followed me this far into the mallow weeds of conjecture) the beauty or intelligence or attractiveness of someone you have never seen or have only heard of or must rely on fashionable paintings and changing styles of feminine beauty or mythical accounts, redecorated over the centuries. My own submissions would be Miss Lollobrigida (my wife will hate me for this) and probably Helen of Troy, a conventional choice. Cleopatra sounds interesting but was spoiled and haunted, Madame du Barry was too much a politician for me, Lucretia Borgia overpublicised and all the rest I think of seem to be fictional.

Helen caused an awful lot of trouble, something men don't get into for oggly girls. Even so, I find Helen rather blank, not too many details but just enough to intrigue me. My wife thinks Gina is overripe. Hah. She says Gina does not have a lasting beauty. Hah. Neither does your editor. But then -- my wife isn't homely...

GIN, LUST AND DREAMS

The other day, in cleaning out boxes of crud prior to establishing a working area for child rearing, I ran across a besmudged piece of paper that had been written on a couple years back during a rather intoxicated party I hosted. Haphazardly arranged were bits of philosophy (gin style) like

"Lust is a mere figment of your under-nourished sex life" and "Mina Mittelman is certainly a darn tease!" Added was a section in which interested parties tried to spell dirty words as many ways as possible. But the longest section was a bit by Gerald FitzGerald (a Philopygian to the bitter end.....) whose name is becoming overly familiar on these pages.

"Once I had a dream," he wrote. "It was a pretty dream. Everyone in the street used to stop and admire it. 'Gerald,' they used to say, 'that is a wonderful dream.' And I, being quite young at the time, would smile and press my hand to my forehead and murmur, 'Ah, yes, but it is only a dream, only a dream.' I took awfully good care of this dream. I would water it on the hour and on Saturdays I would shine it up and rub down all the rough spots. All the fellows liked my dream a lot. Whenever we got together and drank Kool Aid or that sort of thing they would always ask me to relate my dream. I can't say that I enjoyed telling them all of it and yet plied with a cigar and the intimate feeling of good fellowship I would quite often rant and rave about my dream. I was known and loved in the community as the chap with the redundant dream. They loved me.

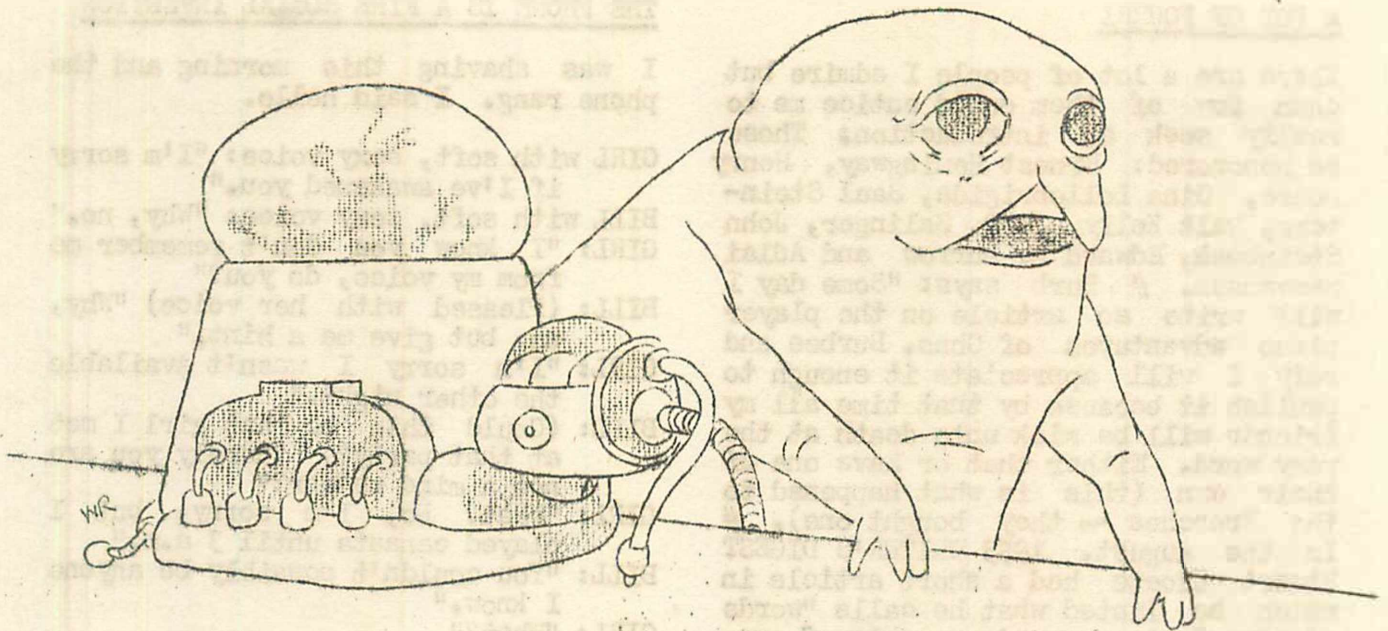
"Then one day my dream no longer existed. I walked in the fields and the farmers asked me, 'Gerald,' they asked 'tell us your dream that has made you so very famous far and wide.' And when they asked me I would look down at the blackened green earth and I would say, 'There is no dream.' And when I strolled through the towns, the townsfolk would ask me to tell them my dream. 'I have done with dreams,' I answered.

"I now live in the kackeneyed kingdom of reality for my dream did shatter. I held it in my arms before me and laughed and cried and drank over it but at last I realized that it was always the thing that I thought it would not be -- it was a dream.

"The farmers and the townspeople all grew quite bored and walked away as without a dream I didn't seem at all interesting."

.....

"Art is I; science is we." - C Bernard



THE CHEAP PHILOSOPHER'S CORNER

Drink inhibits your inhibitions.

Are comic books our rosetta to tomorrow?

Art in photography is desirable but photography in art, as an end in itself, is deplorable.

Cold beer, warm heart.

The Bible and the Church tell us God created Man in His image. The cynics and the scientists say Man created God in his image. Perhaps both are true, in their extremes. In fact, it would look as if every extreme is a half-truth. God to me is not god nor gods; God is without the faults of Man but not without knowledge of their existence.

The power of free thought is like the wind and the leaf, the sun and the snowflake.

Love is a fishfry with you as sauce.

Strength is not inflexibility.

Market, battle-field and lonely room: the scenes of human endeavor.

The pessimist says half--empty; the optimist half-full.

About Gina Lollobrigida to say beauty is only skin deep is to reveal oneself as a surface thinker.

HEE: "I am tenticulerotic."

Upon an arbitrary set of symbols we build an inflexible and unarbitrary set of rules, measures, parasymbols, laws, punishments, rewards, mores, justices, classifications and the other observations of phenomena in an ordered life.

A picture of a naked woman is its own justification.

Korea is the price of bad eggs in China.

Let he who has not thought cast the first philosopher's stone.

It would seem as though every contemporary novel must have at least one homosexual incident to keep it in fashion.

God must have loved the Sunday driver because he made so many of them.

I said, "True or Falsie?" and that was an uncover line if I ever heard one.

THOUGHTS WHILE STARING INTO SPACE

Q - How many times would you say you have gotten behind your wife or girl friend to look at a pretty girl undetected?

Q - Where do elephants go to die?

Q - Why would any poor man ever become a Republican?

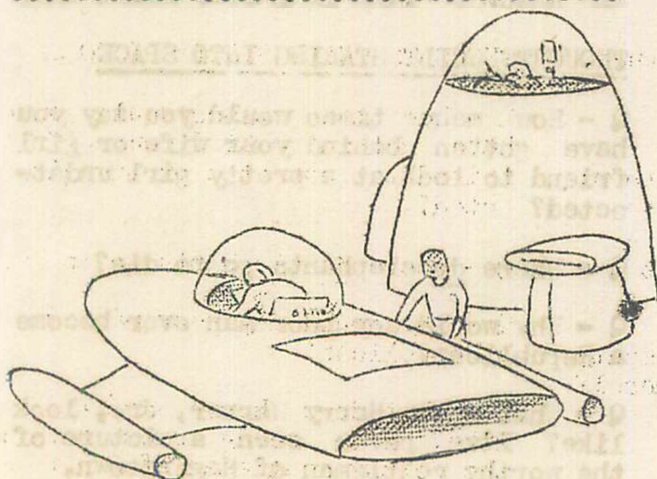
Q - What does Harry Warner, Jr., look like? I've never seen a picture of the worthy gentleman of Hagerstown.

A POT OF POURRI

There are a lot of people I admire but damn few of them could entice me to really seek an introduction: Those so honored: Ernest Hemingway, Henry Moore, Gina Lollobrigida, Saul Steinberg, Walt Kelly, J. D. Salinger, John Steinbeck, Edward R. Murrow and Adlai Stevenson. # Burb says: "Some day I will write an article on the player piano adventures of Chas. Burbee and only I will appreciate it enough to publish it because by that time all my friends will be sick unto death at the very word. Either that or have one of their own (this is what happened to the Frenches -- they bought one). # In the August, 1953 WRITER'S DIGEST Stuart Cloete had a short article in which he listed what he calls "words of power" i. e. words capable of evoking associated meaning and emotions, of "striking at the memory roots in the reader." His list: Mother, home, father, tree, rose, violet, dog, bed, horse, child, road, hedge, chair, carpet, Bible. My list: sea, sand, star, flesh, bone, blood, breast, sun, rain, woman, night, memory, clown, God, love, tree, sword, fruit, wine, mask, shadow, city, eye, mist, laugh, fire, carnival... # Books for your library: "Gems of Wisdom, Interest and Philosophy for Everyday Life in Action For The Common Man," "How To Make A Wife A Woman," "How To Convert Your Mimeograph, Dittograph or Typewriter Into A Genuine Reactor."

"If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing."

...Ben Franklin



THE PHONE IS A FINE SOCIAL INVENTION

I was shaving this morning and the phone rang. I said hello.

GIRL with soft, sexy voice: "I'm sorry if I've awakened you."

BILL with soft, sexy voice: "Why, no."

GIRL: "I know you don't remember me from my voice, do you?"

BILL: (Pleased with her voice) "Why, no, but give me a hint."

GIRL: "I'm sorry I wasn't available the other night."

BILL: (Could this be that girl I met at that party?) "Surely you are not a mind reader?"

GIRL: "What? No, I'm sorry, but I played canasta until 3 a.m."

BILL: "You couldn't possibly be anyone I know."

GIRL: "What?"

BILL: "Everyone I know reads." (Who is she?)

GIRL: "What number is this?"

BILL: "What number are you calling?"

GIRL: "Hollywood 3-7797."

BILL: "That's the right number but whom did you want?"

GIRL: "Alec."

BILL: "Alec who?"

GIRL: "Alec T-----."

BILL: "I'm sorry, there is no Alec here."

GIRL: "You're sure you're not Alec?"

BILL: "I'm too smart for that. Wait, I'll look in my wallet. (Pause) No, I'm not Alec."

GIRL: "Ooooh, I'm sorry."

BILL: "Well, my child, that's life."

GIRL: "Yes...yes, it is, isn't it?"

BILL: (Inanely) "Yes."

GIRL: "Is there a Mrs Alec T----- there?"

BILL: "Gentlemen don't reveal such things."

GIRL: "Oh...well, thank you. Goddbye."

About fifteen minutes later she called again, wanting to know the number and who it was registered to. I told her. "Oh," she said, "I guess someone gave me the wrong number." "Well," I said, getting set to deliver some sort of superior epigram, probably stolen from FitzGerald, but she hung up. Oh, well.

FILE TROUBLE?

Let our expert trouble shooters help U
Call THE BLOWUP BOYS: URanium 235

HEDY LAMARR AND THE TWO DOLLAR BET

Hedy Lamarr coughed on me last night. I, being a gentleman true blue and fresh out of Kleenex, refrained from coughing back. I was at the business end of a teensy tiny apologetic smile. I remained unmoved. She'll have to do better than that! to get me. It was at the ballet, of course, that our little tete-a-tete was consummated. The same crowded lobby allowed me to rub chests with Ava Gardner and get an elbow in the ribs from Georgie Jessel. Oh, I rub elbows (what a curious custom!) with the elite of Hollywood, the land of the fee and home of the rave.

I have been given the accolade of the racy set. I stopped in at the local newsstand, Benny's on Franklin Avenue, this morning and a man was huddling over a small pastel newspaper with Ben. At my entry the man quickly swung to the magazine racks and started a very fake hand-caught-in-the-cookie-jar perusal of the pulps, his eyes unseeing. Ben glanced up, at me, standing there in my honest-as-hell face, and said, "It's okay, he's all right." They went back to checking the horses, Ben gave him a fistful of ones and the man left.

NOVA-CAINE HELP HER

I made the mistake of explaining -- as well as I could -- about novae to my wife several months ago. The idea of the sun exploding even a little bit ("Rather like belching, dear.") terrifies her and every time I say, "Do you hear a rumbling?" or "Didn't the sun flicker just then?" she panics and it takes sometime for her to forget it. I don't want to make her out an idiot, but I'm going to have to take her to the Planetarium where they have models of such things because she has the strangest idea of the solar system. I guess when other kids were in class she was singing trios or art songs or something.

A LETTER TO GERALD FITZGERALD

I feel cheated. I was in the midst of a very colorful, very sexy dream and Syd went outside and slammed the door and caused me to float back towards the surface for a second. When I returned to the set it was there all right but everyone had gone home and I didn't know any of the fully clothed people that were coming in. They looked at me curiously and I got out

and into another dream that felt more like my property. The next no dream.

I set the mousetrap and baited it with a very traditionally (and carefully carved) triangular piece of cheese. I was eating a moment ago and the little bastard (the rat, not Syd) popped out to stare a moment at this strange contrivance. Then he walked boldly over and started nibbling. Hmm, I thought. Well, any moment. Then I became tired of watching him and letting my food cool so I made a "funny move" and he darted back to safety. Seconds later the impudent SOB was back nibblings. I kept making overt moves and he'd dart back and I hoped to get him nervous enough to snatch at the bait.

"Why kill him?" asked Sydney Stibbard, author of SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE PESTS. "Sanitation!" I roared. "Wash the dishes!" he said. "Goddamn rodent will eat up all my books!" "Nonsense," said Sydney. "I don't like his oily attitude," I shouted. "Discrimination" said Sydney calmly, a blood vessel bursting on his forehead. "Damn right," I said. And I won, too, by God. First I caught the mouse I had been playing games with. Then the next day a smaller one, the day after that a still smaller one until the 7th day I caught what must have been the last one since he was so small you wouldn't believe it. The domestic scene this conjured did not sway me from my vendetta, though.

(All this is quite irrevelent to the tenets of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, some members of which think you should confine yourself to aspects of le belle fantasy rather than have an interesting magazine, but if a thing is irrevelent, there must be something it's irrevelent to. No?)

.....

"Time is non-existent. Time is thought. Time is a concept hampered and enclosed by the limitation of the physical body. And a physical body is the outward manifestation of thought itself. Time is a circle, in which thought and all its creations go on in an everlasting cycle, repeating the same processes without end. And if you do not accept this as gospel truth a pox on you and yours!"

...Robert Carse in
TIME, SPACE AND OUR EXPANDING UNIVERSE
The Centurian Press, 1954

.....

A LETTER FROM CHARLES BURBEE DEPT

I was at one time hot for printing presses; this was a phase I went thru when I was around fifteen. But it never got past the wishing stage. Of course I am still more than ordinarily interested in any duplicating process. I'd like very much to own a press but I'd have to have it given to me--my urge to own one does not include the desire to pay for it.

I know that if you discount the time element, printing is far cheaper than mimeography, with greater reward in the finished product. But setting all that type by hand and justifying each line as you go--yeek--nextrhing you'll be wanting a linotype.

I would very much like to see you running loose with a printing press, especially as you are the printer who would really be having something to say. ((Good old Burbee. That's the part I like.)) Furthermore, you are blessed with a number of articulate friends. They have a lot to say and say it well and you could print it well ((that's yet to be proven.)) for the delight of printers and readers alike. Of course I don't even want to continue when you consider that printing presses are not on my list of favorite subjects.

My list of favorite subjects: steam cars, sex, magnetic recording, player pianos and home brew. Last Friday I was able to discuss four of these subjects at great length all evening, having as my audience at least 14 people at a party. The subject I left out was steam cars, and I feel a bit silly about this oversight.

.....
"Being an American covers a multitude of sins and usually does."

...from THE CRIMINALS

A LETTER FROM DEAN GRENNELL DEPT

I am...a Gerald FitzGerald fan. I am writing to inquire if there are any devotional accessories that are required--hymnals, rubrics, moebius rosaries, etc. If so, kindly ship via best carrier, collect. Am sending box-tops under separate cover. I think the guy is terrific. I got more hearty yakks

out of his letters ((MASQUE 10)) than I did from all the rest of the mailing put together. ((I showed GCF Dean's letter and he said, "He's no fool.")) I have just descended from The Fortress of Solitude where I was happily engaged in sitting upon the throne of culture and reading MASQUE whilst attending to the inevitable chores that accumulate. I am reminded that a well-known editor who should, perhaps, go nameless here, once told me that full many and many a story his magazine had printed was first read and accepted in similar locale. I believe at the time I asked about the fate of such mss as were rejected in his sanitary sanctum. ((As mentioned in other pages some time ago, my bowels and Art Rapp's SPACEWARP were deeply entwined. Whenever the mag would arrive I must needs read it enthroned. I thought perhaps Art had cursed the staples.))

.....
"There is only one thing that makes a man kill and that is survival. Survival in fact, essence or ego. Survival in retrospect. Survival of a basic and needed dignity, pride, lust, love and other subclassifications of the overworked ego."

...William Rotsler in
"Evenings and Nights With Latter-Day
Head Shrinkers."

THE COMPLEAT MIDWIFE

.....
Mr. Robert Peteler has come up with a stunning idea. GCF has promised to let one fingernail grow and act as midwife for our first born. Bob could not let this generous act go unaided and sought to help Big G. So now GCF has a Compleat Midwife Kit composed of two band-aids, a razor blade, a pair of rusty shears, a breast pump, and a length of rubber hose. Oh, yes, and a book of matches and a penlight. My wife need not fear, Gerald FitzGerald, (Ltd) now has everything in order!

YOU BLAME THE LOCUST FOR HIS SONG?

Coverlines from the Boggs/Silverberg/Grennell axis: (and 2 by Burbee)

FOR VARIETY, YOU COULD TURN A WINTER-SAULT. # FANDOM IS JUST A GODDAMN HOBBY. # A DOG, A WATER BUFFALO, AND A BAMBOO PERISCOPE MADE OUR SCHOOL ENROLLMENT JUST 100%. # SOME OF THE PARTS IN A GRATER ARE HOLES. #

A LETTER FROM GERAID FITZGERALD

Beautiful day today. Just don't know what to do with it, however. I even go so far as to go out on our back porch once in awhile and say, "Gee, it's sure a nice day," Aloud to myself, mind you, and yet there isn't a damn thing I can think of doing about it. It doesn't even remind me of that afternoon we telephoned Menck-en, not at all. Like Mark said, "Everyone talks about the weather, but it is just too much trouble to really do anything about it." You know in novels they are always remembering how the cumulus clouds were or just how the mountains looked on the misty horizon. But when I recall the more important things in my life (like learning to spell your last name) I don't remember a thing, not a frigging thing about the weather. In fact, I could easily have been in a wind tunnel or in the midst of a tidal wave...I simply do not remember. In fact, I don't even remember the weather yesterday so much, except I suppose it was a lot like today. I am a modern man and as far as nature is concerned I am mute, deaf, blind, coo coo. I never hear the poop of a robin or smell the perfume of a squirrel's armpit that announce that spring is here. I guess I am just too interested in reading my throbbing barometer or seeing which way the wind is blowing...how did I get on that vane?

As you know, at the writing of this ms I am working for the Navy, in IBM, at Port Hueneme, pronounced Why-knee-me? The other night, and a dark one, they told me we were to go in and vote for a "Shop Committee Member" -- they are suppose to represent our gripes. However, just before leaving I was told by my supervisor to vote for someone called Sybil. I said What!??? She repeated and in a very loud voice so that everyone around could hear I roared out something like, "I am an American citizen and a veteran and I don't care WHO tells me I am going to vote for whoever I want...I shall not be coerced!" She went on to explain that I didn't understand, that no one was forcing me to vote for Sybil, but that she was going to represent us. "Who is Sybil?" I asked stuffily. "How do I know she isn't a communist or that this is not some international ruse?"

I got everyone very upset and thinking about this (actually I didn't give a

damn) then higher authorities came up and wanted to know the trouble. In a loud voice I told them that democratic powers were being thwarted and that I wasn't going to be a minion of mass hysteria. Actually, at this point angry mutterings were heard around and someone said, "FitzGerald is right, by God! How do we know what's going on?" "Allright," said the wheel, "vote for whomever you please!" and stomped away. I could see no way of disturbing anyone else so I walked over to Personnel and voted for Sybil.

I am always demanding rights and roaring in a loud voice the oppressions that are being done to us. Everyone thinks of me as a trouble maker. Actually it is just a good excuse to yell loud...and if there is anything, anything at all that upsets a guvnamint worker it is someone absolutely demanding his rights (with his fists clenched). You have never seen anyone more righteous than I...it is an amusing act and I probably do it all mostly to impress the girl that reads. (That is Wanda, of course.)

Every once in awhile I talk sex a la man of the world. Once I said something very high brow and seriously, "Sex is merely that activity between the first faint kiss and abandoned prostitution." It is this language that upsets them more than anything. I just act like an ass and a man of the world. I shock them all terribly, like the other night. I was talking about all the sensual places on a woman's body (all 32 of them, I said)...I pulled the old routine about the 16th being the best and all that. Then as I really had them going I mentioned extra-sensitive areas. Wanda was sitting before me enthralled with my Sexology chatter...suddenly I mentioned, "...and of all the sensitive areas this (and with that moved quick as a flash and touched her knee with my pencil)"... She screamed and the girls almost fell down they were so upset. I got a laughing jag on after that. You have no idea how much sport I have with these babes of knowledge.

A couple of nights ago at work I was talking to some lusty wench and had occasion to say, "Yes, you seem rather promiscuous to me." In answer she sort of shrugged it off and I thought the customary, "Oh, well..." So last night at work she comes over to me and screams, "You can't call me that!" I ask what and she says, "Parmiserous!"

I frowned then smiled then laughed. She went on to say that she had looked the word up and she wasn't at all and why don't I talk English and quit using all those fancy dirty words.

The only thing that makes man immortal to himself is the obvious mortality of others.

I go, *g*

"Night and day do not tell you. They are only local changes. But at night, at sea, with the dark bowl of God overhead the rotation of the earth is revealed in the passing of the stars, and you feel the loneliness of Man and Earth."

Robert Carse in
"The Riven Fig"

"I know what it is with animals but what is it with vegetables?"

HOW TO MAKE A HUMAN PILLOW DEPT

You make a great big bag and put it on the floor. Then you get on your hands and knees and get down in it.

OUR VERY OWN DICTIONARY DEPT

MACHINIST - a person who likes to hurt himself.

CONSCIENCE - that secret society of you and your mind.

TELEVISION - the Wamba of the Atomic Age.

BEAUTY - in women that condition that exists between the first brassiere and the last uncorseted hour...but....some beauty is only makeup deep.

CALL GIRLS - many are called and all are chosen.

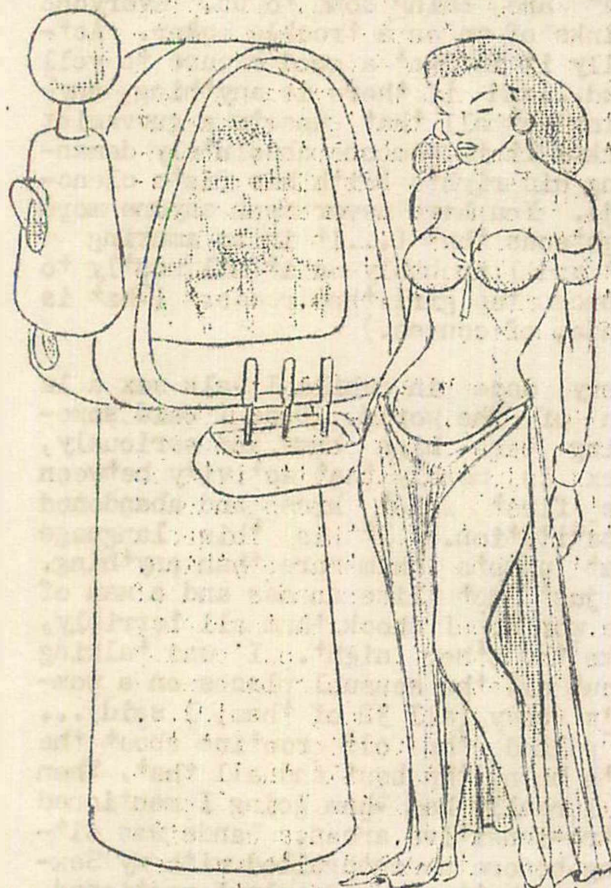
TENNIS - the sex play of the decathlon set.

CHESTNUT - one who likes chests.

QUOTES FROM WILL DURANT DEFT

"If one could build a system of morality absolutely independent of religious doctrine, as valid for the atheist as for the pietist, then theologies might come and go without loosening the moral cement that makes of wilful individuals the peaceful citizens of a community...But if the government itself is a chaos and an absurdity, if it rules without helping, and commands without leading,--how can we persuade the individual, in such a state, to obey the laws and confine his self-seeking within the circle of total good? ...Is it not a base superstition that mere numbers give wisdom?"

"We look before and after and pine for what is not."
(Plato)



UNFRIENDLY STATEMENT FROM ABNEYRODSLER

Some weeks ago a hapless fan paid us an impromptu visit. This brings up a cruel and unfeeling point: Bill may be a fan but I am most decidedly not. We lead a busy and relatively planned life and I am not interested in having fans drift in and out unannounced (with a few exceptions, i.e. Burbee, Grennell, Tucker and Boggs and respective families.) I find FAPA assinine beyond words and have become increasingly embarrassed by Bill's happy preoccupation with same.

You may all shake your heads slowly over William's horrid wife but for God's sake, no visitors unless first cleared with him.

PS: Burbee, how can a man so talented in the home brew field have time for FAPA?

WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT

by John D. MacDonald

Clearwater Beach has a plague. Mocking birds. In the mating season, and later, the mocking bird is a very rough type. They peck holes in the heads of my cats, then sit on wires and laugh like crazy.

But it is in the middle of the night that they really knock themselves out, and me. They sing all night. Hours and hours without repeating a phrase. And in a definitely mathematical cycle. Usually by fours. The first trill gets repeated four times, the second eight, the third four, the sixth four. As an old insomnia hand, I find myself on the bitter verge of bounding out the window, scrabbling up a tree and chewing them all to death.

So last year, during mocking bird time while they were rubbing shrill fingernails up and down a perfectly blank blackboard in the back of my mind, I decided that, by God, I'd lie there and mentally whump up a science-fiction opus. Hell with the mocking birds. The longer I worked on the opus, the better it went. It had everything. Honest to God characters, not a bunch of cardboard professors, wrapping paper professor's daughters, steel-eyed young technicians. Earth was not in danger. Nobody was leaping in and out of a time machine. Wholex pages of it came into my mind, all in one chunk.

Conversation with the emotional bite of Bradbury. Wryness of Bond. The epic sweep of Smith. Speed and movement of van Vogt. Plot tautness of Fred Brown. Imaginativeness of Kuttner.

And there was nothing adolescent about the story. Nothing trite. It was a story of real people facing a dramatic problem of their own which, on a microcosmic scale, was a duplicate of the problem facing their own planet, and on a macrocosmic scale, a problem facing man's precarious frontier in the galaxy. The way in which the protagonists solved their intensely personal problem was a key to the eventual solution of the larger problems facing mankind.

As dawn came up like thundah, I had it pat. I knew that as soon as I had it written, friend agent would place it for hard covers. And, just like you,

I had heard the rumor that BOMC was looking for a science-fiction selection.

Man, I was made.

With beautiful smile I went to sleep. Now the insomniac inspirations of most of the writing clan, we re-viewed after the morning coffee, turn out to be as practical as a tissue paper chastity belt. But this was a genuine exception.

Bright and early the next afternoon I sat down at my desk, hauled the scratch pad within range for plot notes, and tumbled headlong into the deepest, greyest, grimest mental blank ever. After a pack of cigarettes, a few letters to friends, an abortive start on another type of story, I tried again.

Now the mocking birds are yapping again, peeling off and buzzing the cats, making their night music, and I still have my opus filed under stasis.

I wish I had written it. I wish I had gotten up and started on it. While I was asleep somebody or something stole it.

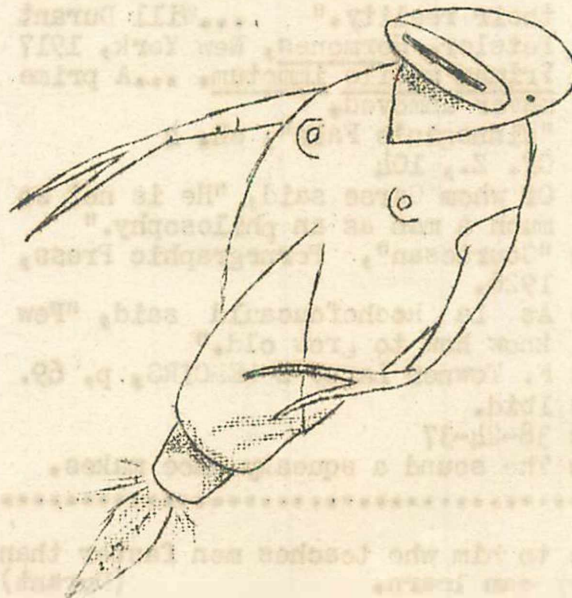
I wish I had...

JDM

845 Bruce Avenue
Clearwater Beach, Florida

.....
"Nothing's possible and everything's improbable."

...Gerald FitzGerald
in "Desperation"
.....



THE PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT¹

This is MASQUE², Volume Two³, Number One⁴, Whole Number Eleven, published⁵ by William Rotsler⁶ at Camarillo⁷, California for the Fantasy Amateur⁸ Press Association¹⁰. All unsigned material¹¹ is by the editor, who by some strange twist of fate¹², is also William Rotsler¹³.

DEDICATION

This issue is dedicated¹⁴ to Gerald C. FitzGerald¹⁵, without whom life would be¹⁶ ever so dull.¹⁷

PREFACE TO THE BEST OF BURBEE¹⁸

The Best of Burbee.¹⁹ That's almost²⁰ everything he ever wrote.²¹ Well, I'm going to publish some of what I think is Burbee's best in MASQUE, the masto-concupiscent fanzine. Things that did not appear in these pages, I imagine.

FOOTNOTES²¹

- 1: Genesis, 1:12.
- 2: Encyclopaedia Britannica; article; "Evolution of Four--Letter Words."
- 3: M. Goldie, Edinburgh, 330.
- 4: Huxley's, "the compleat man."
- 5: at various predestined intervals.
- 6: "In reality there are only atoms and the void." ...Democritus
- 7: 1886.
- 8: Metaphysics, ix, 7.
- 9: Boy, are we!
- 10: "Yet the aim of art is to represent not the outward appearance of things, but their inward significance; for, this, and not the external mannerism and detail, is their reality." ...Will Durant
- 11: Peteler, Hormones, New York, 1917.
- 12: Primum mobile immotum. ...A prime mover unmoved.
- 13: "Winnehan's Fake", ch. 4
- 14: Cf. Z., 104
- 15: Of whom Carse said, "He is not so much a man as an philosophy."
- 16: "Courtesan", Pornographic Press, 1926.
- 17: As La Rochefoucauld said, "Few know how to grow old."
- 18: F. Towner Laney's MEMOIRS, p. 69.
- 19: Ibid.
- 20: 38-24-37
- 21: The sound a squeaky shoe makes.

Woe to him who teaches men faster than they can learn. (Durant)

A LETTER FROM DEAN GRENELL DEPT

I recently acquired a real sure 'nough pneumatic pistol; a "Hy Score" caliber .177 which looks impressively stefnal and seems to shoot fairly well. ...I think it should prove just the thing for discouraging marauding cats and such next spring. We always have a couple nests of robins in the big pine tree by the corner of the house and the neighborhood cats loiter about it in hopes of snaring an unwary fledgling. There is a size of gelatine capsules--#0, I think, but I am not sure-- that is precisely the size of the bore of a .22 air pistol and I once bought a bunch of the empty capsules from the druggist and filled them carefully with Devco's American Vermilion oil paints--probably the brightest screaming-red pigment made--and used my Crosman to brand the various dogs and cats that lurked and made carnival in our back yard. I soon tired of merely adding red spots and expanded my line to Ultramarine and Phthalocyanine Green and Mauve and Chrome Yellow and several other vivid shades, selecting my colors with a judicious eye with regards to what shades the victim was already wearing. The neighborhood became populated with some of the most colorful pets the world has ever seen. The pigment makes a splotch and the critter digs and rubs at it and blends it in with the other colors. With some difficulty I was restrained from carrying the matter to its logical conclusion and polychromating the neighborhood kids, too.

Human behavior, says Plato, flows from three main sources: desire, emotion and knowledge.

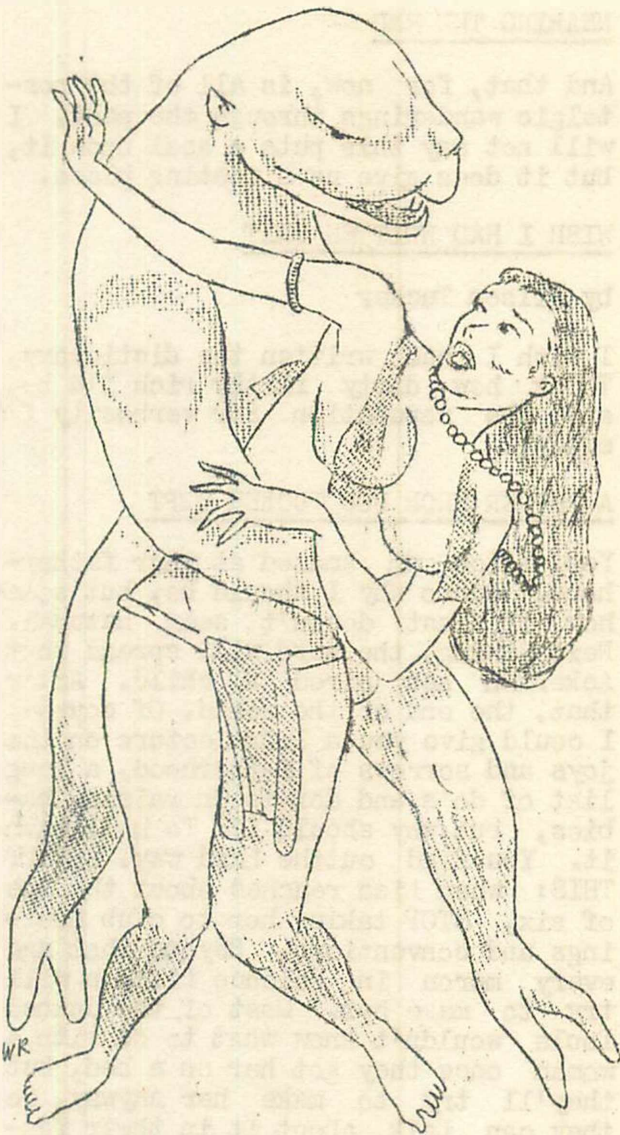


USE "COUCH" NOW!

Do you have a sagging psyche?
Are you troubled with forensic ids?
How is your ego these days?
IF YOU HAVE EVER NEEDED PSYCHIC TREATMENT, YOU'LL NEED "COUCH"
(with activated lanolized chlorophyll)

"Onward and Slaunchwise with Rotsler!"

"Silence is the unbearable repartee."
(Chesterton)



LO! I AM A PRO AUTHOR DEPT

McCall's Needlework & Crafts Annual, 1954, carries an article by me on How To Make Wire Sculpture. Made the cover plus a picture of me inside, the one I refer to as my snotty or "Go to hell you unamusing bastard" picture.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

Those tall, thin, sway-backed neurotics that posture through women's magazines. # The attraction redheads have for Gerald FitzGerald. # What's for supper. # Saul Steinberg's new book, "The Passport", as funny as "Art of Living" which the editor thinks is the funniest book ever published. # Chas. Burbee's wife, Isabel, down with polio for awhile. # The birth of a daughter, Lisa Araminta, 24 October (her mother's birthday) to the William Rotslers. # A bloodless duel with Grennell, Rotsler, FitzGerald, Carse and Burbee firing. # Plastic hand grenades in dime stores!

THE TWO DOLLAR KIND

Back about 1949 Gerald C. FitzGerald arrived one night with a bottle of domestic champagne and started us off on a champagne binge that has lasted to (hic) this day. We love it but the trouble is people always say, "What's the occasion?" or "Ohhh, it's so expensive!" I hate to sound like an ad for the wine industry but it isn't.

Now none of us here claim anything like cultivated palette (GCF's has, I'm afraid, lain fallow for several rainy seasons) but there are certain domestic champagnes that we like -- and they are the two dollar kind, noneover about \$2.50 or so, the best in our estimation around \$2.10. We like Santa Lucia, La Boheme, Vai Bros, etc.

Lying around in front of fires, drinking from fine german Gral glasses, on the beach at Capistrano, on summer evenings with city lights far below -- I think in about every position & every, every climate...talking of times gone by or those to come. It reminds me of the toast I always offer: "To those who have gone before and to those who will follow."

MY LAST WILL AND PROTESTMENT

To Charles Burbee, my mentor: my sense of humor, something he needs so badly.

To Harry Warner, Jr: all art, spaces and witty sayings in my backlog.

To Wilson "Bob" Tucker: the use of my name for any character in one or more of his books, providing the character be suave, intelligent, brave and a utter smash with women.

To Bill Danner: enough type to spell out RAH, RAH FOR ROTSLER!

To Gerald FitzGerald (who can give anything to one who needs nothing?) a framed, tinted photograph of myself.

To G. M. Carr: sleeping tablets.

To Redd Boggs: my collection of used tissues of famous fantasy authors.

To Dean Grennell: my mint copy of Bob Bloch's WITH KREIS AND GUN THROUGH DARKEST WISCONSIN.

To Lee Hoffman: a kiss from far-off & exotic Camarillo, to be chastely bestowed by every FAPAN who should meet her.

rest. Under normal circumstances I would never have fixed the damn thing. But what with being in the heat of passion and all I did. I am using the thing right now. However, I could never get the hat for the shift key to stay on--consequently I scream ouch! every so often. I shall bring the typer down and have Bill weld it on. All's weld that ends weld.

Last night I did a foolish thing. I returned home and read PARADISE LOST. Now someone with such stodgy ideas can write with such beauty is beyond me. It is like building a beautiful cathedral and then painting it purple.

My novel is coming along. I have the characters hopelessly confused but have them all saying nice things:

"That we need are a couple of women. Lusty lascivious wenches with a wide girth and slow of birth. If I had one here now I'd do all sorts of things to her."

"Unfortunately Balzac did not construct our lives."

"Who cares about Balzac? Who can speak French? A Hemingway woman would do just fine!"

"Not for you she wouldn't."

"Why not, pray tell."

"Oh, just because you talk in clipped sentences and are slightly portly, that doesn't make you a Hemingway. If you got hold of one of those Hemingway women, she'd want to go fishing and hiking or blow up a bridge at the wrong time..."

I'm sure the critics will refer to my novel as "GCF has written the greatest book since The Boys Book of Canada."

Yesterday I went to the dentist and made all sorts of passes at the nurse. Pass: "Well, what have you been doing with yourself, Rose?"

We have some new sex in our office. The tall kind with the derriere and the haughty look. I went by her yesterday and acting on mad impulse stroked her back where those elastic bands meet. She turned about quickly and said, "Don't do that to me...I'm in heat!" I'm still trying to think of a sharp comeback.

NEARING THE END

And that, for now, is all of the nostalgic wanderings through the past. I will not say this puts a seal upon it, but it does give us a resting place.

WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT

by Wilson Tucker

I wish I had written the dictionary. Think how dirty filthy rich I'd be, and the reputation for verbosity I'd enjoy.

A LETTER FROM BOB TUCKER DEPT

Yes, I too am amazed at your fatherhood. Dunno why I should be, but somehow it just doesn't seem natural. Next thing, the word will spread that Ackerman has sired a child. After that, the end of the world. Of course, I could give you a long lecture on the joys and sorrows of fatherhood, a long list of do's and don'ts on raising babies, but why should I? To hell with it. You find out the hard way. EXCEPT THIS: when Lisa reaches about the age of six, STOP taking her to club meetings and conventions. Beyond that age every moron in science fiction will try to make her. Most of the damned fools wouldn't know what to do with a woman once they got her on a bed, but they'll try to make her anyway, so they can talk about it in their fanzine.

If all the fans who talked sex and bragged of their conquests actually accomplished those deeds, the number of raped women would rival the national debt.

A LETTER FROM A FAN (NAME WITHHELD)

Incidentally, with all the talk that arises in FAPA about phallic symbols, do you happen to know the proper counterterm for phallus? In case you don't, it is Kteis. I don't know if you would say kteisic symbol or kteic--the former, more likely. You can stump neatly anybody with this query on account of the word isn't even in the unabridged dictionary. I chanced upon it in some side research here awhile back.

((Also incidently: Tucker did not contribute this item of information, regardless of the juxtaposition. ...Ed.

A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD

Thurber seems to be the embodiment of triviality with bifocals. Can't you imagine him writing a Spillane novel?

She got up and was ridiculously dressed. I would have felt better if her husband were here, I thought.

I edged back towards the couch and stumbled over her dog. "Why don't you go out and chase something?" I snarled at it.

Her gown was slipping off and I could see, rather fuzzily, of course, that she saw the gun in my hand. In a very sarcastic way she said, "Who are you today? Ronald Colman?" She has the true Emily Dickinson spirit except she gets fed up occasionally.

Outside it was getting dark and a storm came up. It was just like the night we called Mencken.

She smiled at me in a mysterious, lusty way. "I just love the idea of there being two sexes, don't you?" I wondered what dark flowers grew in the mysterious caverns of her soul as I levelled my gun at the man walking through a bus.

She stepped back and screamed, "George! If that's you, I'll never forgive you!" I wondered why I ever married below my emotional level. I aimed the revolver towards her stomach and fired three times. She looked up at me with one great dying stare.

"That martyred look won't get you anywhere with me!" I snarled and slammed the door.

Which just goes to prove there is nothing you cannot do with Thurber if you set your mind to it.

"When a man's living he should be a man. After his death, if other people refer to him as a philosopher, well, that's their business."

...Gerald FitzGerald
who is one of those people
that likes to put words in
his own mouth.



Le soldat to the left is your editor at nineteen. I had originally planned to use these about six or seven years ago...then in typical feckless fashion lost them. Now, years later, I am cleaning up and

find them with a stack of old fanzines and a packet of naked women pictures. As you can see I was then a member in good standing of the AUS in the middle or Big War.

I am round you like the green almond
That encloses the milky kernel in its
jewel case,
Like the soft husk with downy folds
That covers the childlike, downy grain.

The tear that comes to my eyes, you
know it,
Has the profound taste of my blood on
your lips.

Listen, while you still hear me,
Imprint your boyish mouth on my breast.

...Comtesse de Noailles

"In doing accounts we make mistakes much oftener in our own favor than to our disadvantage; and this without the slightest dishonest intention."

...Schopenhauer

I guess it was George Bernard Shaw who said "Resist everything but temptation." I simply tempt everything but resistance. This is enough of a filler, I'm sure.

GCF

"I think that Gerald FitzGerald has lived in so many incidents what I have tried to write in so many words!"

...Ernest Hemingway

"Let no man put God asunder,"

WR

I have gone overboard for fishing. Used to fish when I was a kid and since getting talked into it by my kid have been going each week and catching just about nothing but having a fine time just the same. It is vital to have a plentiful supply of fishing tackle so we can fish for food as soon as the fish stop being radioactive, after the Bomb(s). So you see I am doing something about the Millenium even if I just thought about that viewpoint this moment.

.....burb

.....

"An hour passed and I mused, throwing pebbles into the mind's pool until the circles spread so wide that form was lost. I must have been in a stupor."

....Norman Mailer

.....

A FILLER IN THE PUREST SENSE: WR

Quite often, in reading, in traveling, in movies and conversation I run across people and places whose very name intrigues me. Some of them evoke pictures, others go trippingly on the tongue. Then I change them to suit myself. Here are a few: Victor Shamm, August Ravin, Kaub, Cullen Espy, Edith Bearwig, Malcolm Berk, Martha Candour, Michael Fick, Audrey Viand, Alianora, Papillon; the kingdoms of Avalon, Huy Braseal, Lyonese, Trollheim, Faerie; the swords Joyeuse, Durandel, Excalibur, Cortana; Robert Carse, Gerald FitzGerald...

END

.....

Memories are hunting horns,
Their sounds die in the wind.

....Apollinaire

.....

Sign seen on a Hollywood Blvd bus: a picture of a well-dressed woman, presumably at a funeral, with her two children. Caption: U T T E R MCKINLEY ADVISED US RIGHT -- WE DID NOT OVERSPEND. My caption would read: WELL, WE PLANTED THE OLD BOY PRETTY CHEAPLY.

wr

The weather is really a fine thing. I go outside and sit on the porch and stroke Sheba and look at all the marvelous green weeds and smell the mimosa as it comes down from the hills. The sky is a blue that no pigment could hope to obtain...it is nostalgic weather...spring fever becomes contagious and one laughs and giggles at most any damn thing. Yes, I think Christ picked a very good time to be crucified.

I bought a copy of "Esquire" the other day; they had one of those "what the well-dressed man should have in his wardrobe" articles — the only thing I had were brown shoes.

Goodness gracious, did I say we were living exciting lives? I say so many things and still...of course this excitement does not include bullet-proof capes, cold water continually bringing people to and rolling over three times and bursting into glorious flame. Rather it is the verbose excitement bordering on vociferousness (sounds like something you might do/gr get with a girl of ill repute) plus the languid and thoroughly satisfying philosophy of "Once more slowly around the idea, James." Yes, it is exciting and happily so. Though 26 and well into my second driver's license I still don't dress well enough to be a critic or badly enough to be an intellectual and ofart I can but sigh. I merely stroll through life roaring loudly and observe what goes on in my third eye...of course, to the rear and a little to the left of the rest of you. Now that I have callouses from patting both you and myself on the back I will retire to the bathroom and make a visitation.

.....

Gerald, you may not be the top banana, but you'll always have appeal to me.

.....

"Does a painter cease to communicate if people cannot identify that which he had depicted? Does a form have to be namable before it can affect? Could not the contrary be true?"

....Graham Sutherland
English painter

THE VARIABLE EXISTENCE OF HYPERFAN by Charles Burbee

The Best of Burbee
REPRINTED

Hyperfan was a moody boy who began reading stf at an early age--even before he could read at all, which showed how bright he actually was, and how broad his mental horizons.

He grew up, wrote interminable letters to prozines each month and at length began a tremendous correspondence with fans all over the world. He wrote to German fans in German, French fans in French, Zulu fans in Bantú, Arabic fans in Arabic. He could not translate the answers since he wrote the languages but could not read them. This was just as well because it saved him the time of reading the letters and gave him more time to write more and more letters. He published four fanzines. One was a serious magazine, devoted to the heavier aspects of heavy fantasy and in it he titled himself a sincere acolyte. The second fanzine was composed of letters to the first fanzine. The third fanzine was a light frothy thing that caused jolliment wherever exhibited, for hyperfan was endowed with a great wide streak of humor which ran straight down the middle of his back. The fourth fanzine was made up of letters to fanzine #3 and their answers. He began a fifth fanzine for the sole purpose of conducting feuds, for he was at war with all fandom. In each of his fanzines he took a different stand, each stubborn as hell, and much of his time was spent writing scathing letters to his own fanzines in answer to his own previously published scathing letters.

At length, though he hid himself from the Outside World as best he could (he was a flagpole painter) he met a girl. She was charming, lovely, and could type 65 words a minute. He became aware of her with every fiber of his being when she drifted close to him and he got an elusive whiff of her perfume--Essence of Mimeograph Ink. It had heady overtones. It was exhilarating, exciting. His head buzzed in ecstasy. Though he never spoke to people, he got up enough courage to grunt when she asked him the way to the postoffice. She was patient, though, and at length he accompanied her to the postoffice where he shyly presented her with a brand new airmail stamp, gum unlicked. The way her eyes glowed made him realize that this girl was--what was that word---oh yes...different! She laughed gaily and chatted with him like an old friend as he went to his forty-five postoffice boxes and got his daily mail, which came to him under four hundred and ninety two aliases. After that they were inseparable. In fact they never left each other. In fact they were together all the time. They even slept together. And rumors were flying that they liked each other more than somewhat.

One day hyperfan breathed words into her ear. I love you, he said. More than fanzines. More than prozines...even Stortounding Sagas. More than blank paper in a typer. I love you more than a mailbox stuffed with thick letters. We'd better get married so we can be together like we've been from now on and also forever.

She agreed. So they got married. Before long she presented him with a child (whose arrival was no shock since he had suspected something of the sort). The child soon learned to peck haltingly at the keys of a typewriter specially fitted to type babytalk. The child spoke only to its typewriter and a small model of a space ship, and only the space ship ever bothered to reply.

Then came the war. Hyperfan was not drafted because when they took away his glasses they found another pair of glasses underneath. This second pair of glasses, explained hyperfan, was in order to see as far as the first pair of glasses so he could see as far as his glasses.

But his wife was drafted. She went to a basic training camp and hyperfan kept busy writing her letters each hour. After three months hyperfan began to grow a bit uneasy. He began to ponder on the situation. What, now? How could she be drafted, a woman, and the mother of a child? He set inquiries in motion and at length was made to realize that a very serious thing had happened to him---he had been married to a man for four years! What a colossal deception, thought hyperfan. I feel like a fool, said hyperfan. Can such things be? asked hyperfan.

He put his fannish mind to work. How could this all have happened? He used all the sciences in which he was adept (concise courses, sugar-coated with fiction, had been pushed at him in thousands of magazines) and could arrive at no answer that satisfied all conditions, because there was the child.

There is the child, said hyperfan. Obviously that is the product of a man and a woman and I am not a woman. So my partner in this adventure into thinking must be a woman. But the U.S. Army, which is infallible, says she is a man. A man in the days of his strength, strength which I understand the army is tapping daily as though the supply were inexhaustible. Now, if she were a woman, some inquisitive non-com would have found it out long ago. And if she is a man then the army is right and I am wrong. And though this is as it should be, there still remains the child.

He was nonplussed. And then, out of the maze of fannish events and fantastic fiction that cluttered his broad mental horizons, he got the answer. She had tricked him by semantics. God, it was easy to see now. Much as the Emperor of Juno had been tricked by a wily space prospector in that deal involving the Platinum Planetoid. He began to extrapolate and the story came bit by bit. This man, madly in love with hyperfan since he (hyperfan) had published his first fanzine, wished to consummate this mad, mad love. This man, whom we will now call X or perhaps Y, under the stupefying influences of applied semantics and null-R logic, had blinded hyperfan's psychically perceptive senses for long enough to entangle him in a mess not to be outdone by the jam gotten into by the Three Men from Mustodia when they got mixed up in Ganymedan politics.

Ah, but it had been so romantic! Hyperfan brushed away a tear as he recalled how the showers of shredded prozines had fallen lightly and warmly about him and his lambent-flame-beautied bride as they left the citadel of religion in which they had been wed. The first church hyperfan had ever entered under his own power, since he believed only in the power of the Infinite Will and natural selection. These beliefs had obviously been proven when he was born.

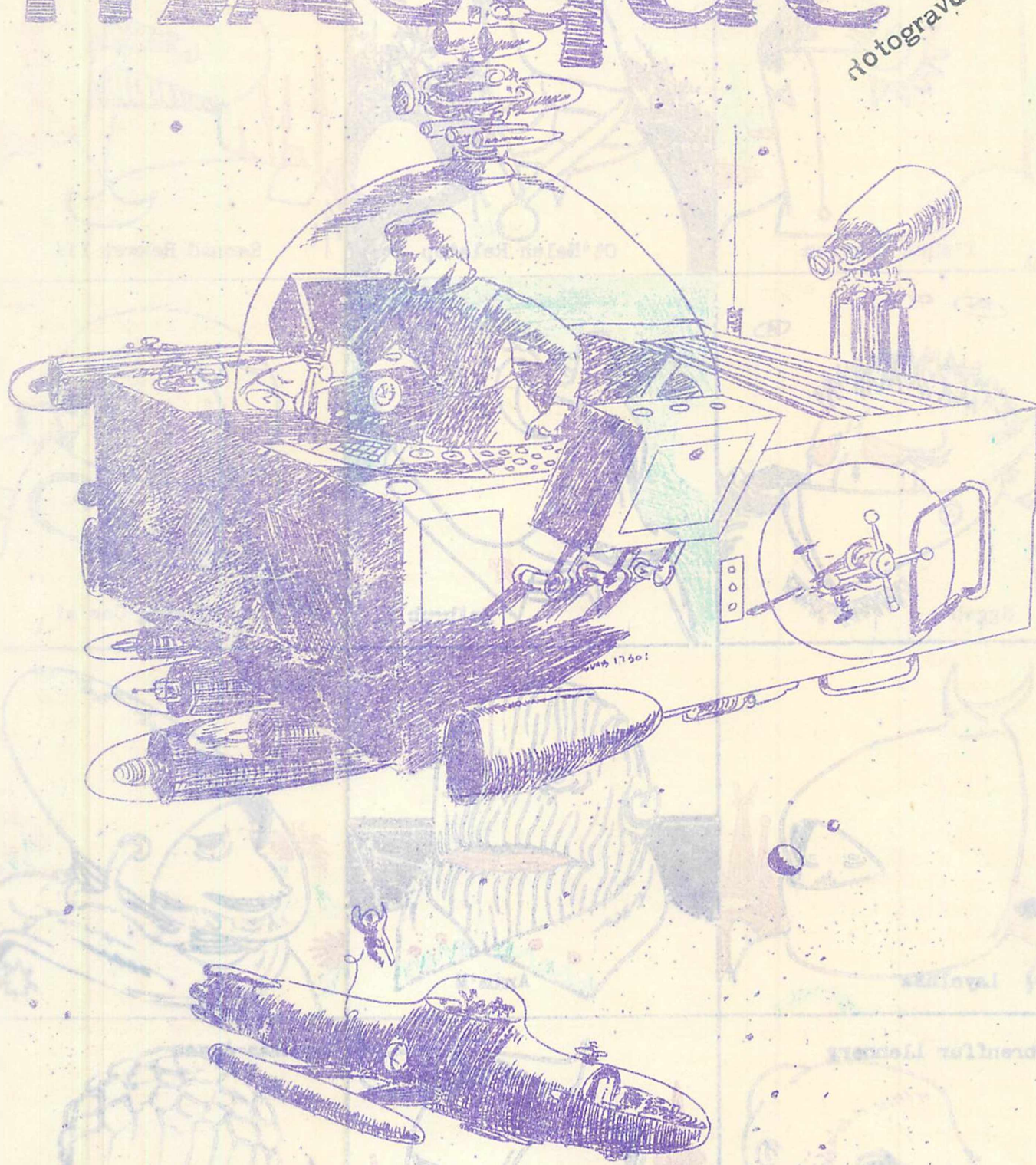
And there was the child. Say, said hyperfan, how did this all come about? How could this have happened. Semantics! he shouted at the child, who now turned its wobbly, slobbery, rubbery, wizened face (mirror image of his own) to him, eyes on fire. Hyperfan rattled off a formula which included mathematics he invented on the spur of the moment. "Cthulhu!" cried the child soundlessly (the sound passed through hyperfan's mind only) and did not vanish in a puff of green smoke.

Crushed, his last illusion gone, hyperfan plunged into fandom for escape and never came out. Not even when he died, for he refused to be buried, what with 18 deadlines to meet on 18 fanzines and 220 letters per day to be answered. My schedule won't permit me to be buried anyhow, said hyperfan. Not till spaceflight is achieved and my ashes can be scattered over a dead Martian sea-bottom, for such is my wish as declared in my will.

Besides, there was the child.

masque

photogravure Section

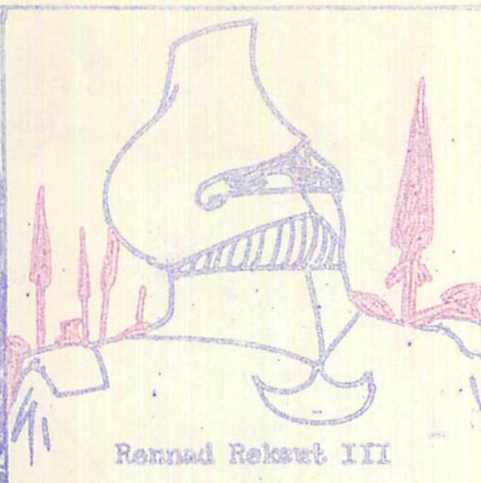




T'shun Therian



Ot'Nelah Raletop



Rennad Reksut III



Sggob



Pa'Nash II



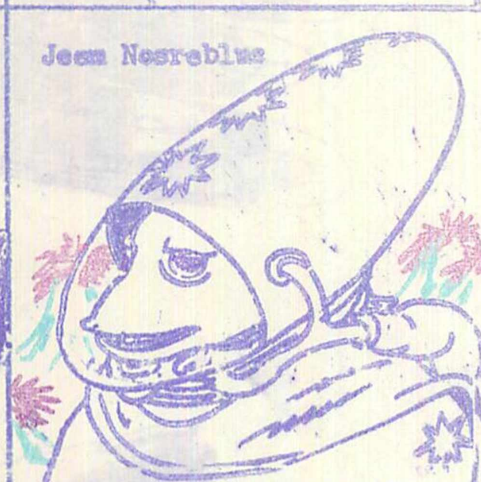
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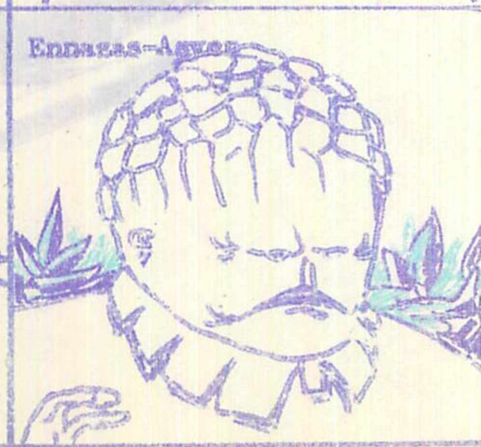
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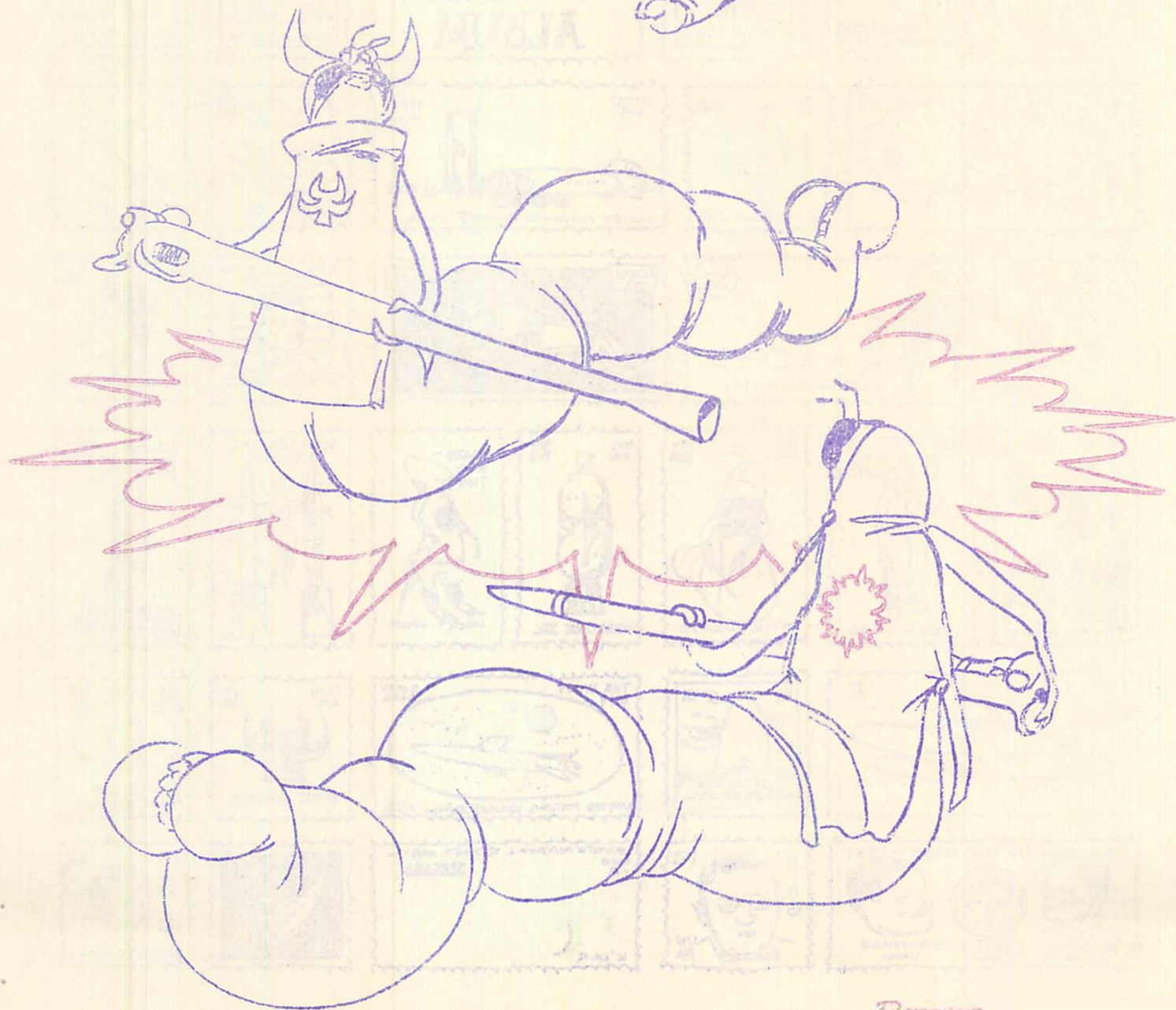
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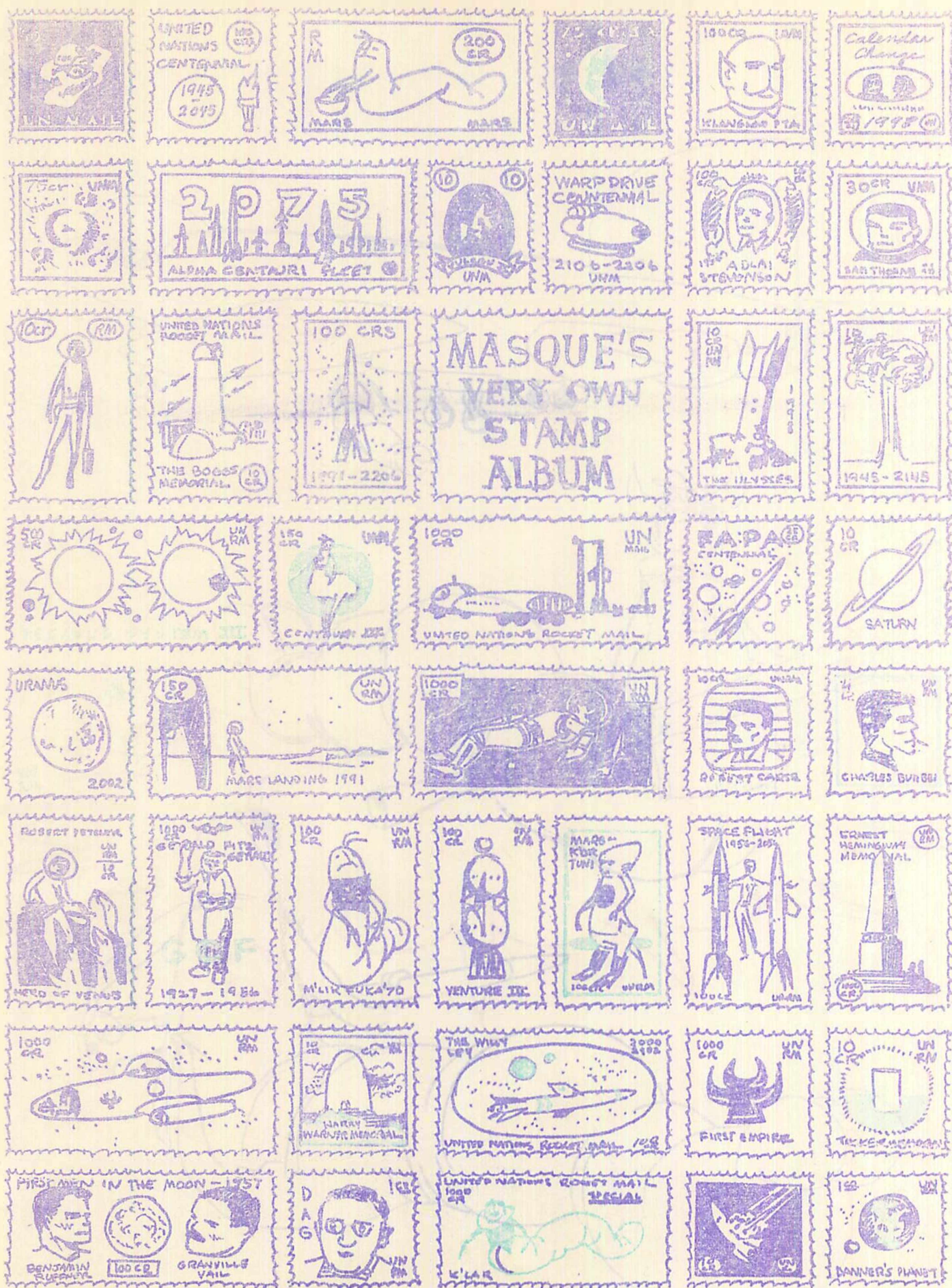
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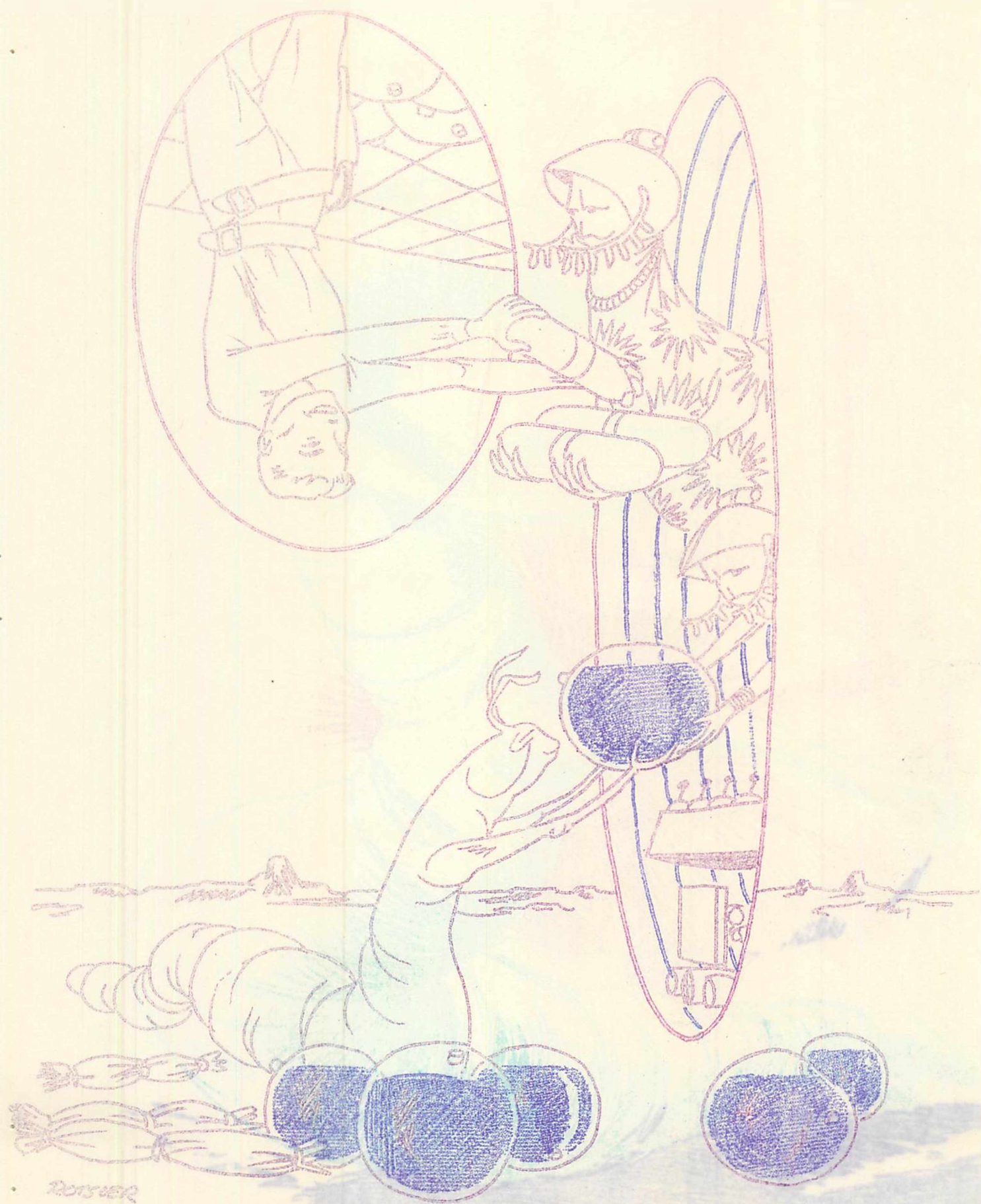


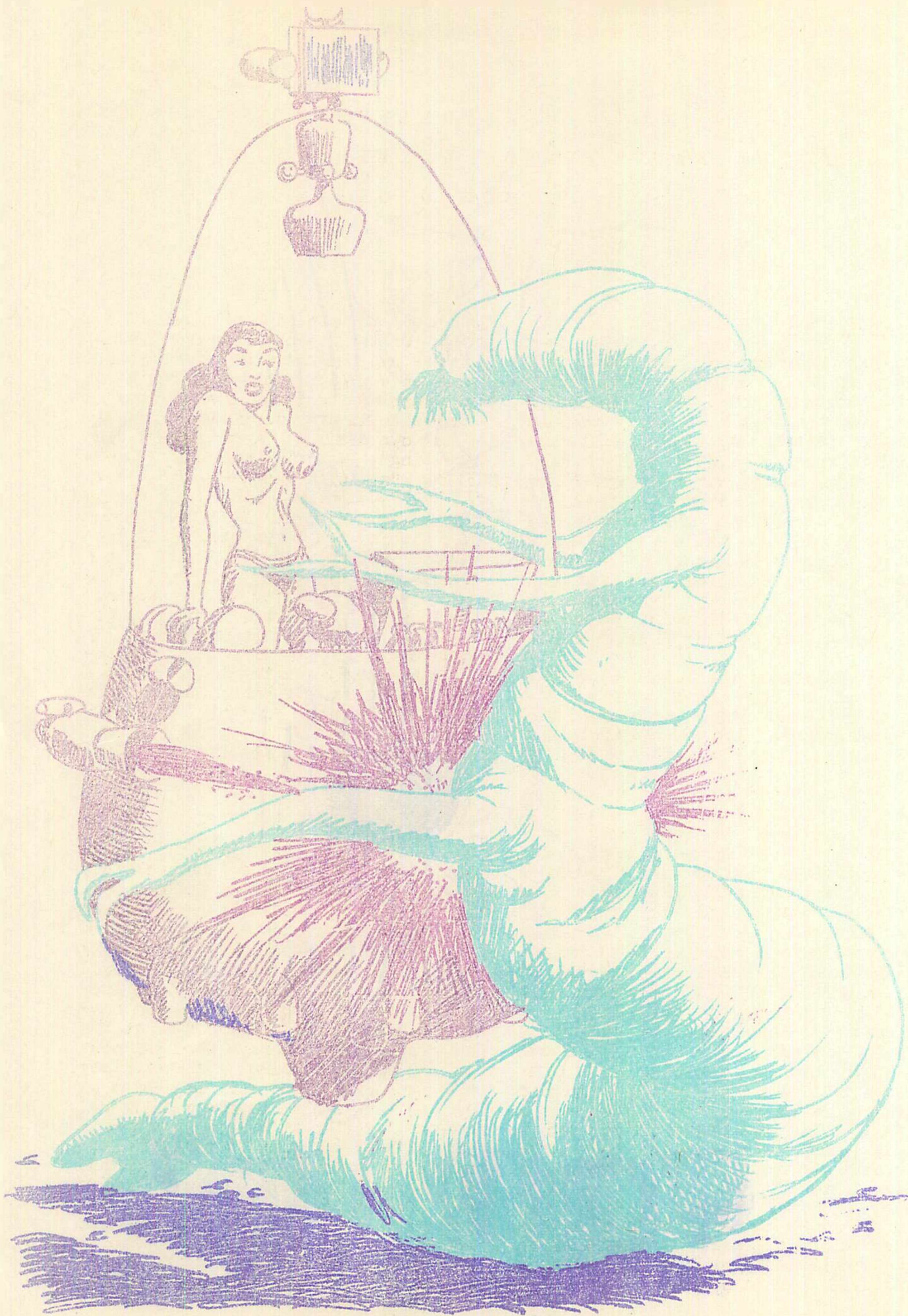
Ennagas-Agyer



20/10/2020









LES PETIT FAUVES

A COLLECTION

BY WILLIAM ROTSLER

SIC GLORIA NEXT MONDAY

THE SALAD DAYS

In those dear days of yore when I was living in Hollywood Gerald FitzGerald, Sydney Stibbard and I used to write to each other quite a bit. Every once in a while Stibbard would come live with me for several months and we would both write GCF in the same letter and he would write us and God would be right up there in his heaven. We wrote about 3/4 million words in 2½ years, from 1951 to 1953. We wrote plays, poetry, news, bon mots and such sundry items that we were sure the public could not long be without us and soon clamor for our flung pennies.

And I collected the letters. Sydney once said no one should bother reading them because there was no character development. But on we wrote and were happy.

We wrote sections dealing with certain quiet portions of our lives under the general title of "We Strolled Through Life." Other references, mostly to the facetious view we held of posterity's views, under THE CRIMINALS. You will find these in this and possibly a few succeeding MASQUES, the magazine for people who think...they think. We referred to each other as "Goon" and "Ape" and "Blackie" and even less flattering things. We talked and drank and sat long hours over coffee in any of several Coffee Dan's. Syd and I would spend maybe four hours over coffee, talking furiously and sketching out happenings of our youth and fancy. Finally I had some cards cut approximately postal card size that were very pleasant to draw upon and we'd take a pair of freshly filled pens and even a colored pencil of two along with us and after we had drawn a "goodie" I'd stick on a stamp and we'd mail it to some toothsome young lady...probably mystifying her no end.

We used to draw with a spoon and the dregs of coffee on paper napkins or, in less exalted niteries, the masonite top. We would draw and wave our hands in amorphous motions and chatter in semi-esoteric arty terminology, mostly of our own making. "Arty marks", "interesting", "Neat", "Mooreish", "Coe-like", "strictly avant-garde", "arty as hell", "modern with an é", "bent-stick", "wiggly lines", "Wiltorn modern", "levis and sweatshirt philosophy", "bat chair", "strictly for kicks", "miner's wives pictures", "the arty bunch", "kitchen chair green", "obviously", "gay boy", "the grey flannel suit & black knit tie crowd", "a real funny line", "arty card", "rope-belt-and-jangly-earring-type", "just a real fine picture", "the frame is nice RIGHT?" "artistic, ain't it, Stibbie?" "our English could be better but our taste is perfection itself," "TEXTURE!" and so on...

THE NOSTALGIA BIT

Coffee at Luigi's over painfully traditional red/white check tablecloths; coffee at the Vine Street Coffee Dan's, in comfortable plastic leather, watching the western Tinpanalley cats and TV chorus girls still self-consciously in makeup; coffee at the Hollywood Coffee Dan's at 2 in the morning, seeing FilmLand's lunatic fringe and drawing on little cards; coffee at The Patio on Wilshire across from Bullocks and under the palms and umbrellas; cafe avec creme avec fish and ships at The Keg at Vineland and the Hollywood Freeway; coffee at Biff's in midmorning with sleepy prostitutes and aging character actors; coffee and bourbon at Barney's Beanery on Santa Monica, watching people watching us; coffee at Hamburger Hamlet's, watching aspiring actors and actresses aspire; coffee at The Continental Shop, listening to old German songs; amid a thousand art th-

coffees and a gross of sweat shirts was coffee at Harold's, next to school; coffee at The Tropical, after drinks and smuggled down in their dusty, empty bamboo booths; coffee at The Gotham, when we were feeling flush; coffee at the drive-in at Wilshire and Vermont, where GCF left 1¢ tips and we were all afraid to ask Jan for a date; coffee at Art openings, with a tie and Mina; coffee everywhere but at home. We rarely had coffee at home.

We would salt lean sentences with such phrases as: never mistake your sensuality for romantic emotion, nor idleness for philosophic calm; a poetic allusion is less dangerous than a rapier's point, but has a more lasting balm; a soul that yearns for romance, in other words, an idealist, quite often lies and never knows that it lies; the population of Russia is something like 180 million; I was a N---- for the FBI...; I

WE STROLLED THROUGH LIFE GCF

It was a beautiful Saturday-afternoon. The three of them stood outside the old house near Wilshire Boulevard.

"So you are going to the football game, r one said,

The heavy one was quiet and brooding.

"Think of the fun you will have with that girl...real coilitch."

The other one laughed and said, "Sure hate to miss a football game...hip, boom rah rah.J"

"Alright, you bastards! Dammit, a guy can't do anything; he doesn't want to do with you-aroundi Hell with her. she can play with her pom-pom...let's go.*"

The three of them laughed and roared and choked with merriment. Ten minutes later all three were drinking and had forgotten about the coe-ed who wai+edi .1 e ?

TEE GOOD LIFE: GIN, WOTN AND BOOKS

Those were the lazy, happy sort of days one always remembers fondly and bore people with in their old age. They were full of coffee and gin, women and art, talk and laughter...and such similar things that send men to rhapsodizing in their cups.

In the days when Sydney was only spending and not earning (fruit of months of labor in other lands or something) and I was only making wire sculpture when the Muses were about we would lie around until the approaching hour of noon would shame us from our beds. Even then most of the afternoons were spent with Sydney lying on his pallet (literally) reading The New Yorker or some obscure book of philosophy he fancied at the moment and I, diaphanously clad, on a rumpled bed reading, perhaps, Huxley or the latest Theater Arts. The windows would be open and the breezes blowing softly in and out and the refrigerator lulling us to that land where dreams are the only reality, the future Fordless, the past a murmur. We would read certain passages aloud and later trade magazines. Sometime later I would sit up and gaze across the Hollywoodland lot between our sprawling hillside apartment house and the next, some distance away, higher up and white. Syd would caution my rash action (that of sitting up) with something like: "Sway not thy head on my shoulders in the heat of the day. To him that waits...comes a fascination with the properties of the mind."

Oh, we were a lazy bunch of bastards.

Those clean, quiet days seemed to exist "within themselves without parasitic man" (GCF) and progressed smoothly into warm evenings and long, cool nights. At two or three or sometimes four in the morning we'd come back from some conversational casserole and park around the corner on Hollymont, where it curves up and disappears from the end of Arlyle. The great light dome over the city would be dimmer now but Hollywood lay sparkling below in a neon font and the larks or mocking birds or whatever the hell they were would be making all kinds of nature noises and we'd yawn and try not to clatter the iron grille gate and tip-toe up the 51 steps to the apartment.

Gerald would come down on weekends and we'd talk until 2 or 3 and laugh like hell. The girl upstairs (Margarite Moya, a life model, whose story is as yet untold in these pages) thought we had a party every weekend. Actually it was just the booming voice of the scion of the Camarillo family, Gerald C. FitzGerald.

We'd usually have a letter in the

typewriter to Gerald, each of us writing something when he felt the urge or when he wanted to quote a book or tell of some trivial happening. When the letter was as long as we deemed suitable we mailed it. Every morning I'd roll over and peek down to see if the mailman had arrived and if I could see one of Gerald's traditionally blue envelopes. Mail was always important and exciting for it brought not only words of wisdom from Camarillo but sometimes checks, my life's blood. It had been said the only reason any of us did anything was so that we could write it to each other with suitable parenthetical remarks, polishedup dialogue and "asides."

Sometimes Gene Coe (a young man I predict -- in my god facet -- will be a top modern painter if he doesn't wander) would come to see us and we'd get up in the very earliest hours and drive to Palos Verdes and climb down the steep, crumbling cliffs there and look about for objects d'art d'nature cast up on that narrow rocky beach. The sun would be high, the air, to put it tritely, like crystal, and the water green close to the rocks and green and blue and black farther out. We'd often come back with our faces looking as if we'd sneaked looks into an atomic pile.

WE STROLLED THROUGH LIFE

GCF

They went through the museum and looked at the art gallery. Bill walked quickly along, seeing what he liked and digesting all within a few seconds. Ed was quiet and kept saying things in an undertone to Marge and Syd, both who laughed and rolled their eyes. Gerald followed, completely bored and bewildered with it all and looking for the next water fountain. At last they emerged and it was a beautiful day and they commented on it. So they bought some pop; they called it that and thought it very amusing. They sat in the park that surrounds the museum and watched the young, the old, the poor, the bored, all those who inhabit parks walk by. They sprawled out in the grass and rolled about and yawned and laughed and they were all in love...not with women or creeds or ideals...just with the very common, simple life.

FILLING THE BACKGROUND A BIT

All this had a beginning late in 1947, when Gerald entered USC and Sydney and

I the Los Angeles County Art Institute where we flourished. By 1948 we were friends, by 1949 inseparable, by 1950 impossible. Unfortunately for late comers (Gerald just said, "Hear, hear!") we became a closed society, opening briefly like poisonous flowers (oh, brother!) only to admit beautiful damsels. Our jokes became inbred and of course there was The Cheap Period. Some of that exists to this day. That was the era in which the cheaper the pun the better and it was hard to take those groaners sometimes. Officially, as in all biographies and legends, those were the Sordid Days...R.I.P...

And there was Perfidious Press Publications and later The Rose and Hawk Press which "published" my poetry. And the Mimosa Press, The Expanding Universe Prose and Poetry Society, The Bedspring Press...and Gerald's novel.

Gerald started writing a novel called BRICKS ARE RED in college about 1943 and periodically we'd write what we hoped he'd use as "art talk" inserts. Then I caught the bug and started one we called THE OCEANS ARE BLUE YOU BET as a "companion" novel. Granville Vail, from whom all blessings flow, suggested TREES GROW UP as ending the trilogy. Of course, nothing ever came of any of this. (How many people do you know with unfinished manuscripts?) We wrote pages and pages of talk. No one could possibly interrupt...something like this thing you're reading now darlings. There was about as much character development as a cook book and as much plot as a want ad section. But -- naturally -- it was fun to write. We had lots to say: raveled sleeve philosophies, down-at-the-heels theories, pompous talk and the delightful chance to enter certain girls in our microcosm, clothe them with morals and words that pleased us and, at the same time, find it was monstrously easy to keep their mouths closed.

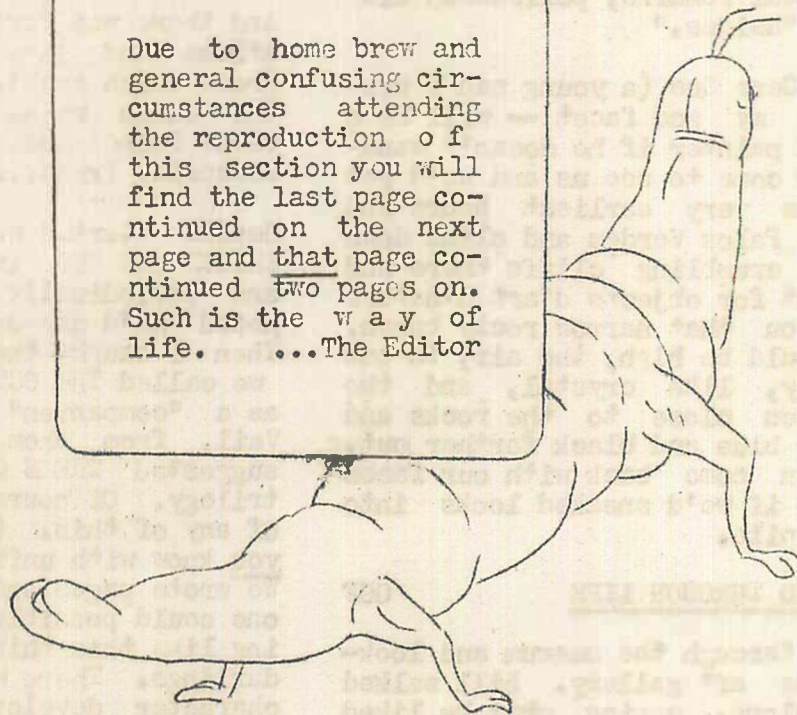
Gerald said, "Everyone should write a novel. Wonderful way to fill up an afternoon." He paused, then continued: "In the preface of my book I'm going to have stamped in good old block letters, 'Don't anyone EVER make a movie of this novel, do you hear?'"

A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD

Where do we get the fuel for these browsing of the letters? Our experiences are certainly nothing to excite

Handwritten note:
Gerald
Sydney
Barker

Due to home brew and
general confusing cir-
cumstances attending
the reproduction of
this section you will
find the last page co-
ntinued on the next
page and that page co-
ntinued two pages on.
Such is the way of
life.The Editor



old people. I suppose our best fuel is our "Adventures in Literature"... and, after all, there is no fuel like an old fuel.

I hope that by this time Senor Syd has not filled his wine skin with Kool Aid and gone on down a little lower than Baja Calif. In a way I hope he does not go...to lose his companionship, we'll miss that firm true hand at the helm, that soft voice when bigotry is at hand, the philosophical comment when chaos is in its most drastic (whimpering) form. But Sydney Stibbard is one of those monuments to mankind...not a statue of mixed sentimental cement...but a moving one that travels through the world making the people just a little happier and perhaps, yes, most certainly, a little wiser in his wake. To Sydney, then... the last of the Romanticists!

REASONS FOR (THIS) BEING

The letters from Gerald FitzGerald you have read in past MASQUES were taken from the letters of Les Petit Fauves, as we sometimes referred to ourselves. As I've said before, they were not meant to be published -- but were... over GCF's wilting protests. In the following pages you'll read more of those and other adventures, thoughts, sadnesses and phake philosophies. Some people, I'm sure, will find them boring, crude and/or trivial. Others have found them interesting and amusing. Some people -- craven plebians -- might think us egotistical to thus present our laundry, as it were. To hell with this latter group (never did like the way they played Scrabble anyway). Why, son, I'm reconstructing an Age!

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

In those days it was always great fun to drive down "Mammary Lane", that strip of Vine St between Hollywood and Sunset. Because of our location it was almost impossible not to drive by there to get anyplace. Once, with Syd Stibbard as a passenger, we saw a girl with a beautifully supported bosom, a sort of false front, only real. The dialogue went something like this:

"Boy, look at that! What a support!"
"And nipples like elevator buttons!"
"They come in three sizes: Small, Medium and Going Down!"
"You mean going up and down."

"For that you get the booby prize."
"No, if you win you get the booby prize!"

Oh, yes, we were clever fellows in those days, quick to sieze on a mispronounced word, squeeze it dry, instant in our repartee, devastating in our small, medium and fair-sized talk...

WE STROLLED THROUGH LIFE

GCF

I suppose it was really one of the first and only times all three of them were together with suits on and with women that were disturbingly so their dates. The theater was packed to capacity and way off to the side with the seats leaning at an upsetting angle from the balcony Gerald and Sydney sat. They did not talk to their dates but merely kept looking at each other and muttering incantations which should have been forgotten when man left the cave.

The play was a musical. At every opportunity they would walk on stage and squeal out melodies in bagpipes that seemed pregnant with horrible rasping notes. It gave them headaches.

Suddenly Syd said, "Look, there's Bill up there!" They both looked back to the very last row of the balcony where the spot lights were and sure enough friend Bill and his date were ducking while the spots swung back and forth over their heads. Even in their utmost agony Syd and Gerald could not help but smile for an instant. They had purchased seats at the last moment and this was as good as they could do. Then the bag pipes started again.

Later, when they left the building and Sydney got over feeling faint, they made a silent oath to themselves, "Never again." They could not get rid of their dates and get back to their sweat shirts and denims quick enough.

OBSERVATIONS AND A POEM

Sometimes we tried to clean up the place (described with fantastic insight in MASQUE 9) but usually ended up, as Sydney said, looking as if we had stirred everything with a stick.

One day Stibbard wrote: "You should see the big city today. It looks as though half of Hollywood is built in the hills and that you could throw a stone into the Pacific, or at least as

WE STROLLED THROUGH LIFE

GCF

He got slowly off his bed and placed the novel he was reading on the table. Then he wandered into the ice box and poured himself a glass of water because there was nothing else. Cold wet water in a dry, irritated mouth. He paused as he passed through his parent's room and he looked at his own image in the mirror and he laughed to himself and wondered why he bothered to look.

The radio played commercial music in endless succession and what birds there were outside remained silent. He thought of several girls and combined them into the one girl he really wanted...a girl that he would never know what to do with if he had her. His hair askew, his teeth unbrushed, his fly unzipped...he felt like an old boot stuck in the rear of a closet with laces still intact.

He sat on his bed and looked around the room thinking of the usual things and for a moment he subsided into his favorite dream drama: "We've only 15 men left and one machine gun but we can hold them..." He decided to kill time by writing to his friends in the city although he had seen them yesterday and there was really nothing to... say, nothing...at...all...

THE FEARS OF GERALD FITZGERALD

GCF is a person who hates to meet people. He will go to great lengths to avoid meeting people, even though when trapped into it by unscrupulous friends he will quite often enjoy it and form fast friendships. I'm sure that when he was in the Army and they told him that today they were going to march with the adjoining group he would glower and say, "What are those guys in Company B like?"

Gerald would shy away from coming to see us when he thought we might have "those talented, voluptuous jewesses with the impossible foregrounds" around. Why, I could never understand. I believe foreward women bothered him.

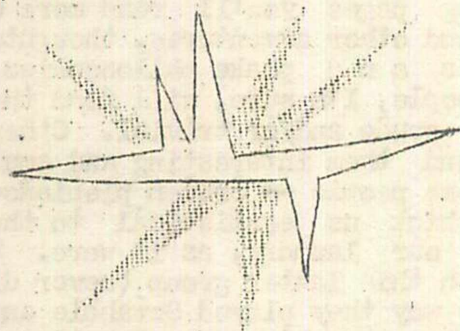
TRAVELOGUE

While most of our adventures took place with us as near to horizontal as possible we would venture out to movies and bars, coffee shops and theaters. We'd wander through Pickwick Bookshop and look at bindings and thumb countless &

sundry volumes and wish we could go thru there with a market pushcart.

And we'd go down to bullfights in Tia-Juaná, starting out at dawn or as near to it as we ever got from that direction. By noon we'd be at Hotel Caesar buying tickets, drinks and lunch, in that order. About two o'clock we'd take one of those murderously driven taxis to the bullring and shoulder through the crowd to climb the rickety wooden steps to the general admission seats in the sombra, or shady side. We'd settle down and buy beer and see what movie stars were there and watch them throw a hat around on the sunny side and look at the luscious women coming in. We'd look for friends and make nasty remarks about the tourists and strike up friendships with surrounding Mexicans.

After the corrida (there is no use writing about it because Hemingway has said it better) we'd have a drink or maybe two or six and start walking back over the bridge to the border, edge past hundreds of cars awaiting their turn and file past the border guards and climb into our hot car and drive back to Los Angeles with none of the lively talk that we had coming down.



A NOTE FROM SYDNEY STIBBARD

"Today my new Gentry came, and I lay on it so that the grass wouldn't tickle my stomach and read The Greek Way to Western Civilization. Am looking a little healthier because of this sitting in the sun...not really tan as of yet, but not that very stylish fish-belly-white that I affected this last winter. I lay the book aside and inhale the scent of mimosa and lick the drops of gin and lime juice from my upper lip and feel the sweat running down my warm chest and listen to the fellow in the other apartment house playing his violin and think that life can be beautiful and restful at times. Yes...yes."

... "Abattoir Antics" 1952.

far as the Palos Verdes hills. Certainly looks fake. The sun is warm, as though it is making its last effort of the year...beaming very hard so we may not forget it through the long winter. Right now, late in the autumn afternoon, everything is bathed in a funny harsh light and the leaves keep scrambling in small circles in the street."

And he added:

don't speak to me of Art, my friend
I think of other things
of black and white and beauty, too
and why a cowbell rings
ennui may cause your hands to twitch
(oh, build a house of dreams)
they speak of speed and progress
but I'm busier it seems.

HE STROLLED THROUGH LIFE

GCF

Those were the days, about fifteen of them, when both Bill and Syd used to stay at the place called 609 with Gerald. They each bought Army cots and slept in the closet. It was a large closet with a window at the end which was usually open. Far into the night they would shout things back at one another until one by one the voices would drop off by the wayside. In the morning the electric clock would buzz off with great annoyance.

A scuffled swearing groan could be heard from Gerald as he rolled out of his great Victorian bed. From the closet Syd and Bill would both laugh and stretch and remind him they could sleep for another three hours if they chose.

"Get your goddamn clothes off the chair!" Gerald would burst out. Then go on mumbling to himself, "Goddamn bastards leave your stuff all over the place and I can't find a frigging thing. Live in a closet but never occurred to you to hang anything up."

"Don sware, friend Gerald, aren't you feeling well?"

"Poor friend Gerald has to get up and get educated. The price of intelligence is certainly not boredom!"

"Sons a bitching bastards!"

There is silence for a little while and then the splash of water is heard in the basin and great bubbling gasps from Gerald. After awhile the ruthless

brushing of teeth permeates the silence. Then:

"Where in obscenity is that English book? Oh. I'll see you guys in the Patio about 12 then. And how about cleaning up this place--it looks like hell!"

Then he would walk out and slam the door. But his two friends never heard it, they were fast asleep again. Had anyone bothered to look they would have noticed two strange, twisted smiles on each of their faces.

They were living the days that counted, the ones that they would never remember individually but only collectively. They never had it so good and they knew it.

THEATER ARTS AND WINTER SKIES

Every once in awhile a young man named Candy Keleman would come around at some early hour and talk Syd and I into doing a set or repainting a portion of a set for the American Opera Lab or even, one time, an entire ice show. It was called "Icelandia" and they put it on in the Las Palmas, one of LA's small legit theaters. We had a week to design, build & paint it. We painted outside when it was snowing (yes, one of those rare times in LA), and furiously right up to opening curtain. In fact, the curtain went up on wet flats. We never did see the show. In fact, we never saw any of the sets we did. Oh, we went to see a couple of the things "on paper" but walked out as soon as we had seen the sets under stage lights. We operated in a very strange fashion, I can see that. We did some TV sets (never saw those either) and had fun romping around the studios and watching ourselves on the monitors. Those were in the infancy days of TV and if either of us had wanted a job I'm sure we could have gotten in on the ground floor and be Big Men today. One time I did a whole operetta by myself (painting over old flats) and Candy got me the use of the Culver City Civic Center and I painted flats spread out around the pool. It was winter and the pool was empty and when I was waiting for paint to dry or Candy to get something I'd lie on the diving board and stare up at the sky and think how much more interesting winter skies were than summer. If I stayed there long enough I could lose points of reference seeing nothing but

A small brown bird hopped across the paving blocks and onto the rung of a nearby chair. It was the only bird in the Patio at the moment and Bill thought it seemed lonely and a bit forlorn. I wish I had something to give him, Bill thought, I don't think he'd like a piece of ice from my lemonade. He realized Mina was saying something.

"Don't you think it sounds like a good arrangement?"

"Oh, sure... Do you know what kind of bird that is?"

"Weren't you listening?"

Jesus Christ, thought Bill. "Yeah, yeah...is that a wren, do you think?" Mina looked at the bird and said she didn't know. She drank her lemonade with a grace that was mostly natural but looked mostly studied. I like her, thought Bill. She's a good kid. I wonder why I think about that now. I don't really care but I'll tell her about birds. That will keep her from asking me about things I don't want to be asked about now. "I don't know one bird from another, except maybe sea gulls or pelicans or something... I remember when Gerald and I were kids we shot at a pigeon that was sitting on the water tank. Later we found it was a carrier pigeon and even though we didn't make any sense out of the message on his leg we felt the arrival of the MPs was impending."

"Why did you shoot it then?" asked Mina. Christ, I don't know. "We were kids," said Bill. "We got a big kick out of stalking it." Bill could see the visible evidence of her rising to the defense of a bird dead a dozen years or more. Why is it, thought Bill, all these arty-type women throw up their hands in horror over the death or abuse of small creatures? Some of it must be put on, he thought. They don't get as excited over dead GIs in Korea as they do a mousetrap. Jesus, I don't kick lap dogs, thought Bill.

"It was a cruel thing to do," Mina said, chastisement in her voice.

"Some time when I have time I'll tell you about the time Gerald and I tried to drown some kittens and lost courage." Or better yet, thought Bill,

about Gerald's dog that came crawling back a day and a mile later after getting the top of his head lopped off with the prop of an idling crop dusting plane, getting beaten with shovels by several men to put him out of his misery. He lived five days until Gerald's father put a .45 slug through him. I wonder if GCF would know what kind of bird that is. ...What is she saying?

"...and if you like we could stay over and come back Monday after the corrida. What do you think?"

"Sure, sounds fine. I hope I can afford it." Bill wondered if she really wanted to go to a bullfight or thought it was the season to do this thing. She probably will like them, Bill mused, but she seems more excited over the trip and the surrounding "glamor" of the fight than she does the fights. Oh, well...give her the benefit of the doubt...in my god facet.

"Will Syd have to get back to work at that horrid shop?"

"He has the morning off, I think."

"John and Patti Caruthers will be there."

Where? thought Bill. Oh, yes, they were planning to go down, too, weren't they. "That will be nice. What are we doing --- 'getting up a party?'" There goes the bird. Bill sighed and swished the rounded cubes in his glass and tasted the thinned drink. It's nice here in the Patio...empty, he thought, and the late afternoon traffic killing itself getting someplace. Sounds like ocean out there beyond the hedges. An octane ocean beating on an asphalt shore. Oh, brother.

"Sounds like surf out there," Bill said.

Mina listened a moment, bird-like, and said yes. She glanced at her watch and started pawing through her purse.

"Want to go?" asked Bill.

"I suppose we should." Mina put fresh lipstick on pursed lips as Bill untangled his legs from the chair and stood up with a grunt. "You boys nowadays certainly slouch," Mina said.

"It's the secret of our schoolboy charm." Bill paid the check with a

handful of coins and they dodged the umbrella edges back out to the parking lot. Bill took one last look around for the plain brown bird but did not see it. In a minute Bill was jockeying for position in a watergate spillway of steel and rubber.

A POEM BY SYDNEY STIBBARD

clouds converge
on dusty plain
(funny spots on window pane)
the grass will whisper
of rain's descent
frogs sit and pray
where reeds are bent
hurry down the lane
people in the city pent
hear the song
the clouds have sent
votive urns their coffee brew
smooth the sidewalk
blue the view
ppalms with elbows bent
steady rain
and gutters croon
summer dies in an afternoon
man and woman, lad and lass
raise their eyes as seasons pass
gone is summer's moon.

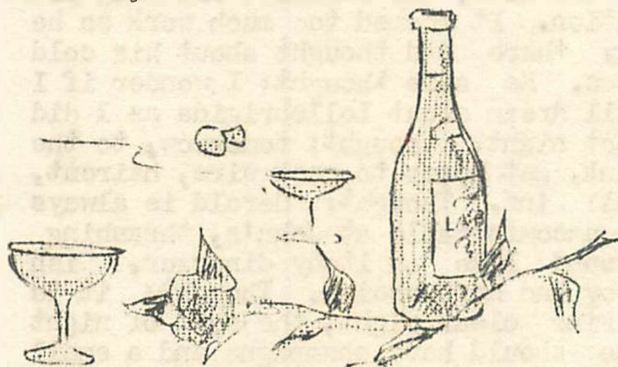
A LETTER FROM GERALD FITZGERALD

A friend of mine named John B----- told me a fine story I must needs write into hard covers some day. It seems during WWII ("the big war") he was in Iceland, of all places, for 19 months and then got a chance to go to England for a full month. Only oneman per regiment could go and he shall never figure it out. Anyway, everyone gave him money and told him he was going for them. He went and drank every night and made all kinds of women constantly. He told me that many times he wanted to quit or sleep or relax but he thought of all those guys he was doing it for and surged ahead. A real hero, by god. He actually used to pick out women (course this could be all toro cagada but it makes a good story) who would appeal to certain guys he knew back in Iceland. Spent \$1000 in a month. When he returned he had to spend a month in the hospital. All his buddies would come around and ask him millions of details. Guys would come in from far outposts with their tongues hanging out and John would tell them the stories. He said that he has never been so proud of himself...that in combat he frigged up continually but that trip to England probably did more than

the Frances Langford tours.

I have a short vacation coming. A future of sleep--drink--selfworship--and writing letters to my dear friends. Man was not meant to be so fortunate.

Bill will be very delighted with the volume of Shakespeare I have for him. It is one of those big books one must read with both hands and if one isn't careful when closing it the publishers cannot be responsible for injuries. It is a better edition than mine as it has the complete works...this includes a thing he wrote when he was in the Second Grade entitled, "How I spent Arbor Day."



STILL ANOTHER MS FROM GCF

I trust you read my latest satire. The story of writing it, however, is much better than the story itself. I was pounding away in the midst of absolute creativeness when suddenly sister Geraldine enters my study and demands her typewriter. I call out, "Get out, you fool! Get out!" But she keeps whining away and finally I stand up enraged & throw the typewriter at her. She moves aside and the typewriter bounces off my bed and goes crashing to the floor. All this time I was screaming "Don't you ever, ever interrupt me when I am writing again or I'll kill you!" I cursed and swore and acted as if I was insane. My sister took the typewriter and threatened that I could never use it again. Then I tried to use my own and cursed to the sky Him or Carmelita or you Bill Rotsler for breaking the ribbon mechanism on it. Later Geraldine came back crying, saying I had ruined her typewriter. I yelled impossible and went in to look at it. The shift key was beheaded and the carriage would simply not work. For 2½ hours I worked on the damn machine. Took out intricate springs, adjusted this and that. All this time I was cursing humanity, my stupid family the Elks, the machine age and the

sky and pretty soon I could make it look as if the clouds were coming down rather than passing, as they do with such foaming speed in winter's winds. It was very pleasant and I got paid for it.

WE STROLLED THROUGH LIFE

WR

Bill pulled on his sweat shirt and crawled into bed. He lay there, feeling his hands along his sides and the warmth of his body slowly pushing back the cold. His toes were cold and he could hear, very softly, Sydney's breathing. He snuggled a bit into the pillow and thought about turning over on his side, his favorite sleeping position. It seemed too much work so he lay there and thought about his cold toes. He also thought: I wonder if I will dream about Lollobrigida as I did last night? Thought: tomorrow, to the bank, get boxes to pack wire, haircut, call Lina. Thought: Gerald is always so uncomfortable at John's, thrashing around like an itchy dinosaur. Wish they had more chairs. Thought: it is a fine clear night, the sort of night one should have champagne and a small fire or stand outside a cathedral on a hill overlooking Paris. The cathedral is tall and gaunt, crusty with carving and age and there are wide steps leading down past flat-faced houses and textured stone facades. Thought: you can't hear a thing tonight, not even a horn or a car grinding gears on Argyle Ave. Very quiet, country style. Make your own noises. Thought: I think I will have another party soon, some weekend Gerald can get down. Lots of arty women. Purple Jesus in a galvanized tub. No, too cold. ...Bourbon. Bring your own. Thought: certain girl is sex purified. Eau-de-sex. Thought: book title, "What To Do Until The Abortionist Comes." Thought: sheep, sleep, sheep, sleep... Thought: "How To Avoid Sex Errors." Thought: so much of Art is just Taste. Thought: I wonder whatever happened to Rick...

IN THE BEGINNING

Early morning on Hollymont Drive. One of us would unlimber our "taste treats and phlegm cutters" while the other would rise from his bed (where he had lain as if bludgeoned until the heat of the day) and stare at himself in the mirror. The day had started.

Sydney would sleep even later than I on many an occasion and sometimes I'd try to get him up subtly by stomping

around, flushing toilets, slamming ice box doors, typing but more often by getting down close to his ear and in a high pitched, drawn-out whine say, "Ssssssyd-mneeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" several times. I'd hold a color picture or something close to his face and when he'd swim to the surface and his eyes could focus on a Vat 69 bottle or a babbling brook or Matisse print, and realize he had not yet gone to his reward. I never did find out exactly what he thought his reward should be. Something philosophic, I'm sure. Other people had an idea but space does not permit...

WE STROLLED THROUGH LIFE

WR

"Care to say anything, Sydney?" I asked, turning the typer with the letter to Gerald towards him.

"Well..." He lowered a book of Santayana, putting his finger in as a marker and pursing his mouth.

"Make up something then," I said.

"Make up something, make up something?"

"Yeah, he'll never know. He lives in a world of his own up there, shared only with indifferent wenches with nasty tempers and prune-like breasts."

"Does he...you know...recess?"

"He never talks about it."

"Oh, well, I'll take the typer now."

"Tell him about the French movie we saw last night," I said, getting up and peering into the refrigerator. "Tell him about the conversation you had with one of those detestable 'guess who' people that called up last night. Tell him about our aversion to guest towels or make up something about mass seductions."

Sydney crossed his legs and stared into space apace. Then he typed raggedly to the music on the player for a few minutes and finished the letter. I addressed the envelope and Sydney said, apropos of GCF's answer, "It is a wonderful thing to wake up to a blue envelope."

GERALD FITZGERALD ON ART

There seems to be three basic things: Nature, God and Art. Nature is there, God might be and Art is left to the imagination. (from "Laisser-aller 3")

IT IS BETTER TO LIVE LUSTFULLY THAN TO LOVE LISTLESSLY. # YOU! HERE? # GERALD HASN'T YET ACCEPTED EITHER THE GERM THEORY OR THE WHEEL. # MAYBE I'LL WEAR SOME DARK GLASSES AND GO TO THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE THIS AFTERNOON. # GCF'S GIVING BISHOP SHEEN A MAGIC-SLATE FOR CHRISTMAS. HE'S ALSO WRITING A CHRISTMAS STORY CALLED "NO WOMB AT THE INN." # BRING ME COFFEE, LOTS OF COFFEE, I HAVE A BRAIN OPERATION TO PERFORM! # GCF WANTS EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED IN 1954 TO HAPPEN IN 1955 BECAUSE HE HATES CHANGE. # YOU! HERE? # GCF DOESN'T LIKE MIRRORS, PICTURES OF HIMSELF OR PREDICTIONS ABOUT HIM. # THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A LOT OF HUMAN HAIR IN OUR FAMILY. # BEN'S MORAL ON THE INSIDE AND GERALD'S MORAL ON THE OUTSIDE. # I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET THE PETSIFERS. # YOU'RE GERALD FITZGERALD! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A FIGMENT OF BILL'S IMAGINATION! # YES, I WAS AN ENGLISH MAJOR BUT I AIN'T ONE OF THEM THERE GRAMMAR MINORS! # YOU! HERE? # GERALD IS ONE OF THE PEOPLE WHO CARRY WISDOM TOO FAR. # IT WAS A CASE OF ARTIFICIAL INSINUATION. # HE'S A SORT OF LATTER DAY ABE LINCOLN, READING THE NEW YORKER BY FIRELIGHT. # GCF, THE LOOSENEED STALLION. # LIONEL BARRYMORE HAS ONLY BEEN DEAD A MONTH AND YOU CAN TALK LIKE THAT ABOUT CHRISTMAS! # A MICKEY MOUSE DREAST PUMP. # GERALD KNOCKED HIM DOWN, YELLING "YOU VILE-MOUTHED PERSON!" AND THEN STARTED KICKING HIM. # SHE HAS THEM TATTOOED HIS AND HERS. # THE STRANGE PLEASURES OF GERALD FITZGERALD. # HE'S A CHARTER MEMBER OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. # MCCARTHY IS THE RECTAL THERMOMETER OF AMERICAN HYSTERIA. # WHORES HAVE NO SEASONAL EMPLOYMENT PROBLEM BUT THEN THEY HAVE LATE HOURS. # IT IS A PROUD AND LONELY THING TO BE GERALD FITZGERALD. # I ONLY GET DRUNK WHEN A WOMAN HAS LEFT ME OR THE DRINKS ARE FREE. # OH, I ALWAYS USE ONE--IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE WAY MY MOUTH IS SHAPED. # SHE WAS DECENT TO ME. # NEYSA MUST BE SLIPPING, I UNDERSTAND SHE'S GIVING GREEN STAMPS NOW. # LGST CAUSES ARE ALWAYS NOSTALGIC. # I MAY PASS OUT AT A SPIDER BUT I CAN UNDERSTAND GOING TO THE STAKE. # IT WAS A FRANK AND ERNEST STORY. # HER ASKING PRICE IS YOUR GETTING PRICE. # IT WAS A CASE OF EON'T OR DIE. # I AM A CHEST-NUT AND SHEE IS MY NUTCRACKER. #BBW I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO THANK HIM! # YOU! HERE? # ANY GUY THAT HIRES ME MUST HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR. # GILETTE ME, BABY? # WOULD A GOOD MEXICAN FOOTBALL PLAYER BE CALLED ALL-MEXICAN? # I'VE DECIDED TO CALL MY FANZINE REVIEW COLUMN "THE URINAL." # I HAVE A HI-FI VICTROLA. # ALL I KNOW ARE STANDARD PEOPLE. # YOU! HERE? # THE BEST OF BURBEE--DOES THAT MEAN HE HAS 68 IDENTICAL CHILDREN? # THE ONLY CLASS THAT NEVER GAVE US ANY TROUBLE WAS GENERAL KNOWLEDGE 31-A. # GENE AND DANE COE ARE GOING TO OPEN A NIGHT CLUB CALLED "THE FRIGHTFUL NOSTRIL" -- 'THE BEST PLACE YOU CAN PICK.' # I LOVE EACH AND EVERY WOMAN BUT I HATE WOMEN. # I AM GOING OUT AND GIVE MY LIBIDO A RUN AROUND THE BLOCK. # I NEVER EAT ON AN EMPTY STOMACH. # HOMO SAPIEN, HOMO SUPERIOR, HOMO GESTALT OR JUST PLAIN HOMO? # YOU! HERE? # I WON'T BE PIGEON-HOLED! # GCF ON CHRISTIANITY: I THINK THEY HAVE NICE ARCHITECTURE BUT IT DOESN'T LEAD TO A GOOD PERSONALITY. # I'M A VICTIM OF PRENATAL MASTURBATION. # HE HAS SUGGESTED SHE SHOULD GO IN FOR STENCILLING PATTERNS ON GOVERNMENT LINEN. # I'D ASCEND TO HEAVEN RIGHT NOW IF SOMEONE WOULD MEET ME HALFWAY! # WITH MY MOUTH SHAPED THE WAY IT IS MY WORDS ALWAYS GET IN EDGE-WAYS. # LOOK! A DEMON IS FORMING OF MY GASEOUS EMISSION! # SILVER VIRGINS AMONG THE OLD. # I WAS A LIAR FOR THE F.B.I. # YOU SATYR, YOU BROUGHT HER. # I HAVE A PREMONITION THAT ONE OF THESE DAYS I MAY BECOME A SAINT. # MY IMAGINATION IS RENT FREE. # FREEDOM IS MERELY THE IGNORANCE OF CAPTIVITY. # GCF, LTD. # WE WERE REMINISCING OVER THE FUTURE. # I'VE HAD SIX JULEPS AND I'M NOT EVEN SOBER. # I THINK-I-CAN I THINK I CAN I THINK I CAN...I...THINK...I TH...INK I...F---! # YOU! HERE? # THIS MAGAZINE IS DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION. # HE'S SO HENPECKED HE SITS DOWN TO FEEL. # NEVER LET A MAN DISHONOR YOU, TINA, DISHONOR HIM FIRST. # I THINK SHE'S BECOMING TO THINK OF HERSELF AS A WOMAN. # YOU CAN'T READ THROUGH STAINED GLASS WINDOWS. # I BELIEVE IN QUOTES AS LONG AS THEY REMAIN ANONYMOUS. # I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A JOURNALIST BUT MY HANDS WERE TOO SMALL. # THIS BOURBON IS SPIED--IT IS EXCITING ME AND I HATE TO BE EXCITED TOO OFTEN. # YOU! HERE? # BUT THERE CAN'T BE TOO MUCH GERALD PHITZGERALD IN MASQUE! WHY, HE'S PRACTICALLY A REASON FOR BEING--DIDN'T HE SAY, "WHILE IT IS NOT TOO HOT BEING A HUMAN, IT IS AT LEAST WORTHWHILE BEING A MAMMAL?" # EVEN THOUGH GREEKS TODAY JUST SELL VEGETABLES THE OLD GREEKS USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD PHILOSOPHERS. # IT WILL FALL OFF HIM THRU DISUSE LIKE A TASSEL FROM A WATERMELON AND I THINK THE METAPHOR MOST APT. # G.I.F. # QUIT READING THOSE PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVELS AND STOP TRYING TO MAKE ME FACE MYSELF! # THE RETROSPECT OF THE FUTURE CANNOT BE DISCOUNTED. # I WAS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF SOBRIETY. # THE F.P.O.A. # YOU! HERE? # GERALD, WE WANT YOU TO BE A HAPPY, HEALTHY BOY. # DON'T WORRY, IF IT WASN'T SHE IT WOULD BE SOME OTHER GIRL YOU WEREN'T CALLING. # I HATE PEOPLE USE USE WORDS INDISCRIMINATELY AGAINST ME. # I WILL NOT BE KIDDED ABOUT LIQUOR OR WOMEN -- LIQUOR AND WOMEN ARE NOT FUNNY. # DON'T PRAY FOR ME, JUST DISCOUNT ME. # HE'S SO INTROVERTED HIS TOENAILS ARE INGROWN. # JEAN'S LOVE LETTERS WERE SIGNED "SINCERELY." # VASELINE MY FINGERS, I'M GOING TO CALL A GIRL. # 85¢ WORTH OF SILENCE LENT BY. # A SENATOR IN THESE DAYS IS ONE WHO BELIEVES IN CAPITOL PUNISHMENT. # G. IMERT FITZGERALD. # HERE?

UNLESS CHRIST GOT A SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT HE COULDN'T BUY A HOUSE IN OUR BLOCK. # I AM SO GLAD TO HAVE SOMETHING STABLE, LIKE DRINK, TO TURN TO. # BRICKS ARE RED! DON'T YOU EVER FORGET THAT! # DOUBLE NEGATIVES HELP YOU PLAY THE GUITAR. # SHE'S BARING HER SOUL AS FAR AS A LOW NECKLINE WILL PERMIT. # WE COULD MAKE SOME, WE'VE PLENTY OF FEET. # SHE SAID SHE HAD AN AFFAIR WITH A MAN SHE CALLED ARMPIT. # HOW COULD YOU HATE ANYTHING YOU HAVE TWO OF? # RELIGION IS SOMETHING YOU'VE EITHER GOT TO BE BLIND ABOUT OR KNOW A LOT AGAINST. # DEATH TO ME IS VERY IMPORTANT. # I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING BUT I'M CONVINCING ENOUGH. # YOU CAN GET A TWO-FOOT HIGH STATUE OF CHRIST THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK BY WRITING TO JESUS CHRIST, CLINT, TEXAS. # OF COURSE WE SHALL ESTABLISH THE VETO POWER IN CASE WE DISAGREE ABOUT ANYTHING THAT MIGHT COME UP. # GERALD GAVE ME A BIRTHDAY PRESENT AND I HANDED HIM A CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH 'THANK YOU, GERALD FITZGERALD' WRITTEN ON IT. # I'D RATHER HAVE A WOMAN THAN A CHURCH ANY DAY. # EVER SINCE I WAS A WEE CHAP I'VE CALLED DOGS HES AND CATS SHES. # I WONDER IF SEAGULLS KNOW WHEN IT'S SUNDAY? # A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY ROTH. # HIS CRIMES WERE SO COLORFUL THEY SENT HIM TO A PRISM. # ABNEY IS THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW WHO CAN PRONOUNCE A WORD INCORRECTLY IN TWO WAYS. # HE DOESN'T WANT TO USE THE SAME WORD TWICE IN HIS NOVEL. # BUT IF YOU'LL TELL ME THE PUNCH LINE I'M SURE I'LL ROAR. # IF CAMARILLO IS THE ARMPIT OF CIVILIZATION, GUESS WHAT THIS IS. # I JUST FOUND A PLUMB BOB, THE RAILROAD MUST BE GOING THROUGH HERE. # RATIONAL THINGS CAN BE SAID IN A LOUD VOICE! # WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ONLY ORGANIC? # I DON'T HAVE TO ACT LIKE A MAN IF I DON'T WANT TO! # ABNEY, IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T LOVE YOU, IT'S JUST THAT I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOU TOO LONG. # THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY SHE SAYS MY NAME. # EVERYTHING HAS OCCURRED TO ME AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER. # I AM A BED-TIME TORY. # YOU ARE ORIGINAL, BUT THAT'S ALL. # HE CONDUCTS WITHOUT MISSING A STROKE. # SHE WAS STOOD UP BY A WHITE SLAVER. # I WOULDN'T TALK TO ONE OF THOSE KINSEY PEOPLE FOR THE WORLD! # AS THE MINER SAID, I JUST ABOUT DROPPED MY LODE. # THE LITTLE GIRL GOT OFF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND AND SAID, 'DADDY, THOSE HORSES ARE DEAD.' # I NEVER HAD THE FEELING BEFORE THAT BRICKS WERE MAN-MADE. # SHE COULD UNDRESS AND NEVER NOTICE ANYONE HERE. # MY GIRL FRIEND IS TAKING A LEATHERCRAFT CLASS--SHE COULD HAVE ME FOR A THONG. # I'M SORT OF HURT THEY DIDN'T CHRISTEN HIM GERALD BUT AGAIN IT WOULD HAVE GIVEN THE KID SO MUCH TO LIVE UP TO. # BUT YOU SHOULDN'T LAUGH FOR I HAVE FEELINGS JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. # MY NAME IS GERALD FITZGERALD, I WAS BORN IN 1927... # IT'S TEN DOLLARS WITH A CAMERA AND TWENTY WITHOUT. # I DON'T CARE IF THE FUNDAMENTALS ARE THERE, IT'S STILL SIMPLY ISN'T LOGICAL. # BETTER A SMILE FROM A FRIEND THAN ANOTHER DECIMAL IN MY BANK ACCOUNT. # I DON'T KNOW HOW HIGH THE CLIFF WAS BUT I FELT ITTY-BITTY BESIDE IT. # HOW HIGH DO YOU SHAVE YOUR LEGS? # I HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MODEL WITH THAT BROOM! # SHE HAS THE GREATEST BUSTLINE SINCE GREYHOUND. # BUT THIS IS AN INDIVIDUAL CASE OF LUST. # THAT WAS AN ENTIRELY SEMANTIC STATEMENT. # HOW COME THAT DOG ~~XXXX~~ CAN SWIM? HOW KNOW HE CAN THAT HOW COME! # ONE SHOULD NEVER FIGHT A BULL WITH GOUT...AND I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN. # PROMPTNESS -- PUNCTUALITY WITH HANDLES -- IS THE ONLY VIRTUE I DEMAND OF MY FRIENDS. # I'LL RIDE IT THROUGH, HE SAID, AND CRASHED THROUGH THE FENCE, THE TRACKS AND INTO THE POLE. # IS THERE A NOUVEAU POOR, TOO? # BOY, AM I ENTHUSIASTIC! BOY, AM I ENTHUSIASTIC! # I AM UNDOUBLY LOGICAL, DON'T YOU THINK? # I GUESS I'M AN EXCEPTION TO KINSEY. # MAYBE I'LL NOT LIKE, BUT I'M QUOTED. # HE CERTAINLY IS THE BEST MAN! # I JUST READ THREE LETTERS ABOUT LEFTHANDEDNESS. # YES...YES...SKYRANCH. # GOT WROTE 'JUST MARRIED -- PRACTICALLY CONSUMMATED' ON OUR CAR. # STIBEARD'S QUOTE MARKS ARE SOMETIMES ANFULLY FAINT. # I'M THE GREATEST WRITER SINCE VOLTAIRE AND I DON'T HAVE TO BE TRANSLATED. # HE'S SO OLD HE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE YES FOR AN ANSWER. # A SLEDGE HAMMER HANDLER I. # I MAY BE CURATOR OF THE GERALD FITZGERALD MUSEUM BUT I ENJOY A LAUGH, TOO. # HE TURNED OFF HIS FINE MIND WITH A CLICK. # OF COURSE HE'S INSANE--BUT IN THE BEST SENSE OF THE WORD! # I'VE GONE THROUGH TWO YEARS OF HELL. # WHEN I GET BACK I'M GOING TO PRACTICE WITH THE BULL. # I THOUGHT I WAS JOAN-OF-ARC-ON-A-HORSE. # GERALD'S SHAKING HIS HEAD PSYCHOLOGICALLY. # YOU GET IN THE POSITION AND I'LL GET A MATCH. # GERALD IS NOT THE LOCAL PAPAL CENSOR. # THERE IS SO MUCH THAT IS UNSEEN IN THE OBVIOUS. # PLAYPAPER! # SAY! RUBY PORT, MY FAVORITE WINE! # WE ARE THE ADAMS PATROL! # DOES AN ARTIST EXPRESS OR COMMUNICATE? # AS SOON AS I LEARN TO TYPE I'M GOING TO BE A TOP FAN EDITOR. # I DIDN'T EVEN KISS HER -- THAT'S A TERM I USE. # YES, SHE IS STILL HOLDING AN OPEN BED. I WONDER WHEN YOU TAKE THOSE LITTLE WHEELS OFF A BED COULD YOU SAY YOU WERE CASTERATING IT? # THE AVERAGE I.Q. OF THE BACKFIELD IS 153. # I'M SO AFRAID I MIGHT BE IMMORTAL. # I HAVE THE TEXT BUT I NEED ABOUT 500 HOURS OF LAB IN SEX EDUCATION. # YOU ARE NOT A PURIST, YOU ARE IGNORANT. # DOES THIS SILVER BULLET M-E-A-N ANYTHING TO YOU? # LET'S GO WATCH A COUPLE OF HAIRCUTS. # I THINK WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A SPYRING--EVERYONE'S SO COSMOPOLITAN. # MAY I KISS YOUR ARMPIT? #. END