

# MASQUE







MASQUE



F A P A



# The mind and the masque



Masorah....masoretic...  
masque...ah, masque (misk), n, Var. of  
mask, n.

Mask (misk), n, F. masque l. a  
cover for the face, for disguise, pro-  
tection, etc.

I hope I shall not need protection  
after you have read the first issue of  
masque ("Love that famine!"). Except  
for a couple ideas fermenting there  
is to be but the minimum amount of  
writing in masque. Call it an artifice,  
pillaging pub, pitcher book or what  
have you, masque will continue to have  
pix, pix and more pix.

The article on and called ART was  
salvaged from a junior college psy-  
chology report, spuned of pages of  
psychological explanations and con-  
fusions, off-shoots into philosophy,  
(that may leave gaping holes in the  
continuity, especially regarding  
aesthetics, ethical considerations  
philosophy and so forth) re-written  
and padded with ramish crud. Writ-  
ten on and around excerpts from a  
half dozen or so books ART looms as  
the major bit of my writing in this  
sinon Pure famine. So much for  
writing - anyone can see I'm a  
better artist than writer.

continued next page:



The airbrush work herein is my very first attempt at this medium & I hope it will improve as time goes on.

I hasten to thank one Charles E. Burbee, Jr. for gratefully received assistance in the drab chore of mimeography. Without the calm, quiet help of this truly serious fan Masque would probably not have seen the light of a terran day.

Methinks a fan artist is truly lucky in publishing a fanzine for his fillers may be pictures and sketches and easily compressed or expanded to fit whatever space is required.

The man behind the masque? William Rotsler, born July 3, 1926 in El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles (shortened to LA by a type setter in 1909). Passing swiftly thru grammar school, high school, army, jr. college he is now a happy student at the Los Angeles County Art Institute. In three or four dimensions he measures 185 pounds (sterling?), 5'10" with raven locks and appendix scar. Dashing, courteous, gay and exciting. Rotsler is a shining example to all that meet him, a tribute to our modern educational system and generally considered as an excellent presidential choice.

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue.  
I'm a fan,  
Wave me, Sally.

MASQUE  
winter  
1948



A PERFIDIOUS PRESS PUBLICATION

Published for the

Fantasy Amateur Press Association

by William Rotsler  
camarillo, california

# FAN ARTICLE

by CHARLES BURBEE

In a moment of madness I promised Bill Rotsler I would write him something of lasting merit for his new fapazine. I meant it, too. But of course that was months ago, when February 13 looked like a nebular mist, it was so far away. I could have promised anything to anybody then. I don't know how many false promises I must have made; this is the only one I remember, and I remember it only because Bill Rotsler has been dunning me for material ever since.

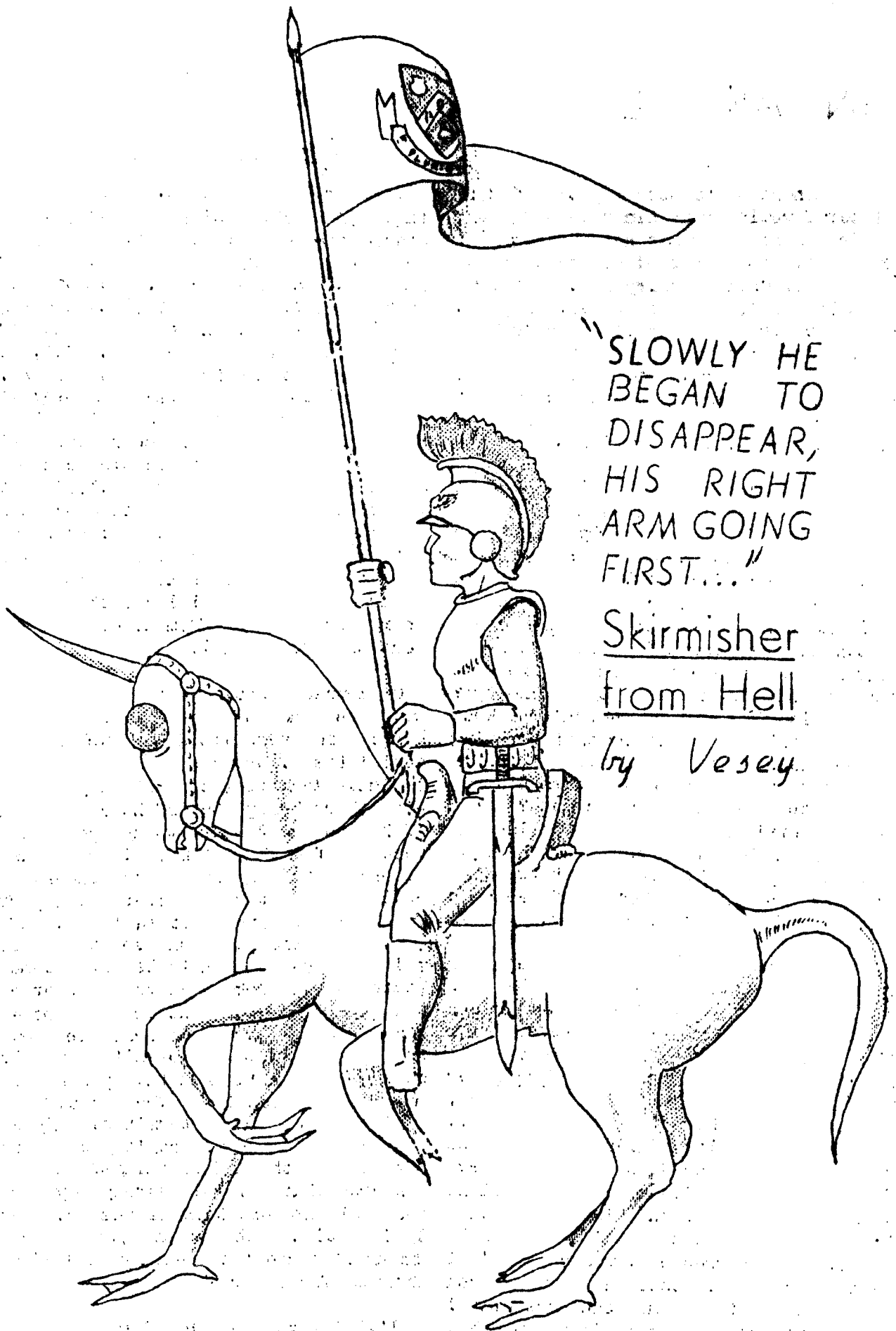
He won't take excuses. He just sits there staring at me like Al Ashley does, while I explain carefully why I can't do anything for him. A sudden thought just struck me---is Bill Rotsler a protege of Al Ashley? Is Al charging him some exorbitant rate for teaching him the now famous Indirect Manner? And is Rotsler staring at me silently in an effort to win me over to his side by psychology? If he is Al's pupil, doesn't he know that Al Ashley is wasting that tutoring fee---squandering it on lavish gifts for E E Evans as he tries to worm his way back into Everett's affections? (As incontrovertible proof of this last, I have Al Ashley's own word that he only last week presented Evans with two cigars---and sat rapt for half an hour watching Evans blow smoke rings.

So if the man will not take excuses it becomes pretty obvious that the next move is up to me. I've either got to think up some clever counter-move in five dimensions or else sit down here and write a page of stuff for Masque, or rather, the man behind it. I tell you, I am fighting this idea tooth and nail. I am sick of writing fan stuff at the moment, having used up all my reserve fan energy doing five pages of excellent stuff for Wild Hair the Hirsute Fanzine. I don't know when I will ever write again. I am burned out, weary. Don't I sound convincing, especially when you are reading this and can see what I mean? But, convincing as it all may be,

Rotsler remains unmoved. He says nothing, just sits and stares or stands and stares (there is little difference). If he would use words to argue, I could refute him, point by point, because I have only recently taken the Al Ashley Legal Course which Al Ashley gave me for a very reasonable tuition fee. But, as I said, he says nothing. On this score, I am powerless, since the Al Ashley Word Analysis Course, which explains the new method of rooting out character traits and weaknesses (not to mention complexes and phobias) simply by analyzing the words a character uses to express his thoughts---this course, as I said, does not explain how to use Word Analysis when the subject does not use words. (It seems to me I am entitled either to further lessons free from Al or an adjustment on monies paid).

Of course I could just be fannish and stubborn and maintain the stand that I simply am overwhelmed by such frenzied activities of one sort and another that I simply lack time to write anything for him, there being but 27 hours in a day. (I had to add 3 hours to my personal 24 because of lack of time). I could answer silence with silence more bleak. I could match stare for stare and perhaps I could get out of it that way. After all, when somebody asks you to do something and you happen to be in a bemused state and say yes, does that person consider himself courteous and a gentleman and a scholar to come reminding you of this rash promise? Doesn't your first startled cry tell him that you had forgotten all about it? Why should he be so insistent, so determined? My God, I should say to him, can't you see that I am busy with mundane things? And if he answered What things? surely my brain would dig up some kind of answer. Surely it would. That's a good idea. I think I'll use that defense next time he duns me for material.

I'll let you know how I make out.



"SLOWLY HE  
BEGAN TO  
DISAPPEAR,  
HIS RIGHT  
ARM GOING  
FIRST..."

Skirmisher  
from Hell

by Vesey

# ART

**A**rt is anything made or done by man that affects or moves us so that we see or feel beauty in it. Wherever man lives, there you will find art. Art appreciation is the understanding and enjoyment of beautiful things. The power to appreciate grows through cultivating the sense of beauty.

We distinguish between beauty in nature and beauty in man-made things. A flaming sunset, a snow-capped mount or the cool green of the ocean are beauties of nature. The form, light, color, and even the movement of these scenes can be caught by the camera and reproduced. Though the camera is man's invention, he has nothing to do with primary creation of the beautiful effects that are recorded by the fotograf. They are nature's own. Such records, therefore, are not works of art. Copying forms of nature is merely recording nature. Such drawings & paintings & fotografas may help one to discover and appreciate the beauty in nature, but however accurate and skillfully done, unless the person gives interpretation of these facts, they are not art.

The appreciation of beauty is not only an important but a fundamental reaction of the human mind. The Greek philosophers enumerated three principle values - the good, the true and the beautiful. The first two have always been accepted. Beauty has had every position in this threefold

hierarchy, depending upon the prevailing philosophy of the period, and it also at times been banished from the world of desirable things. Yet it has continued to live in the hearts of men, even in ages which have seemed, when superficially judged, to be almost totally materialistic.

To enjoy beauty is often considered effeminate, and the artist, according to general opinion, is an erratic and somewhat abnormal individual. In instances where this is true it is due to a lack of balance between the individual's intellectual and emotional states. This balance is fundamental to art, and therefore to explain its significance and the nature of the processes involved in order that it may be more readily attained, it is one of the most important aims of aesthetics. That the exposition is easier than the accomplishment is readily admitted. Nevertheless the attainment of perfect balance must be considered an ideal goal of aesthetics, as are the factors of a perfect adjustment. Difficult as it may be to achieve, it must remain a guiding principle for the healthy development of a lasting art.

The artist does not shape materials by instinct according to a fixed pattern, as does a spider when he weaves his web. He does not follow nature's laws rigidly as plant forms do. When man works as an artist he invents new forms, new beauty. He does not repeat forms and patterns that he finds in



nature, nor does he copy or imitate the works of other men - we are speaking of the true artist. Nature may have been the inspiration, but the artist himself is the creator, the designer, of the works of art. This ability to design and invent - along with certain other physical talents and traits - raises man above all other living beings.

Art has grown out of man's desire to make or invent. Our earliest ancestor needed tools for hunting, tilling the soil, fishing, cups or bowls from which to eat and drink. At first he was satisfied to use what nature provided. A knotty branch torn from a tree to a stone picked up from the ground served as a weapon. Thorn and fishbone were his needle and awl. Then he whittled the branch and shaped it so that it could be grasped more firmly and wielded with greater power, and in place of a gourd bowl he molded a bowl of clay and shaped it to stand firmly on its base and to feel pleasant to the lips. Little by little man modified or adapted the shapes of all things he used so they would give better service. He found that as an object became better fitted to do the things it was made to do, its form became more pleasing, thus seemingly destroying the school of thought that function follows form.

Then man discovered how to make pigments or coloring matter from plants, animals and minerals. His weapons and utensils, his clothing and ornaments, his tents, and even his own body he decorated with red, brown, yellow, white or black because color fascinated him. On the walls of his cave he painted in color the animals he hunted, the reindeer & the bison, the wolf and the wild boar. Sometimes he molded clay, whittled wood, carved ivory, and chipped stone into forms resembling men, women and animals - not because he needed them but he found that doing so gave him joy. Thru experimentation he learned to control materials and to shape them so that things were beautiful to him; in other words, he worked as an

artist, for art is the result of man's striving to realize beauty in some form.

An appreciation of art, then, involves understanding of essential principles of art expression - balance, proportion, rhythm, variety, unity and harmony.

We are all potential artists - almost all of us. There are but few who seem entirely wanting in capacity for understanding or creating; many have considerable ability; a few become great artists. It is a matter of degree. Art and a way of art exist for most of us - not only exist but permeate all life, today as well as yesterday. Today life is more complex and its activities and contacts, however much as they differ in number and breadth with the individual, are varied and pressing.

A current opinion, far too common, holds that art is a luxury, a monopoly of wealth, a matter of museums, something to be indulged in at one's leisure, and quite inessential to and divorced from one's daily activities. How far from the truth! It is true that to understand a sonata one must hear it, undistractedly, many times. Few poems reveal all their beauty and meaning in one reading. Real understanding requires concentration of eye or ear, feelings and intelligence. Granted, however, that great art is relatively rare and requires contemplation and leisure for its true appreciation, still art and a way of art permeate the world in which we live.

How often we see men and women wandering about the galleries gazing intently at this or that painting or work of art and looking foolishly puzzled and probably foolish in their effort to understand and enjoy them. We see them stop perhaps before some famous painting in which they feel sure they should be interested, look long and longingly, then turn away with mournful expression as if refused admission to the pearly gates.

Not even the gallery catalog to which they refer offers them any help, for seldom does it contain more than a brief description of the picture's subject or its artist - not its art. And so they wander from gallery to gallery as if lost in a strange world, which they are, and finally leave, all too often never to return. There are thousands of persons who would like to enjoy the priceless works exhibited in our art museums, yet seldom darken their doors because of just such experiences.

It is one crying deficiency of our American system of education that it does so little for the appreciation of art. And the little it does generally puts the emphasis in the wrong place. We are taught to think of art in terms of subject, of technique, art history, of art schools, of artists; of everything except art. How few of us in viewing a work of art look at its art! Or know how to look or what to look for! The average layman, viewing a picture, sees at once its representative side - the people or things in it; but its esthetic side - the harmony of color, its play of light and dark, its fine flow of lines, its beauty of design - is a closed book to him. He looks but he does not see.

Some knowledge of art history and of the world's great artists is, of course, essential to any broad understanding of art, but it is not, in itself, art. Nor will it serve as a substitute for art. Though it is good to know "who's who" in any subject, it is better to know "what's what." Once a work of art is understood and enjoyed for its own sake, the natural inclination is to learn something about the artist. It rarely fails. But if unable to understand it, what difference does it make who the artist is?

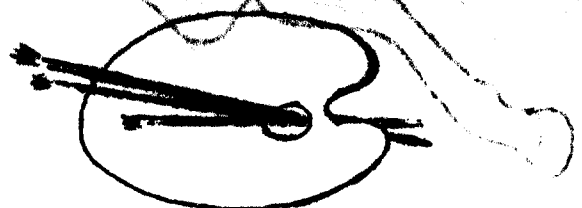
Nor is teaching drawing, painting or modeling, teaching art. Such exercises have their unquestioned value, but they do not contain the vital matter of art any more than the five finger exercises of a pianist contain

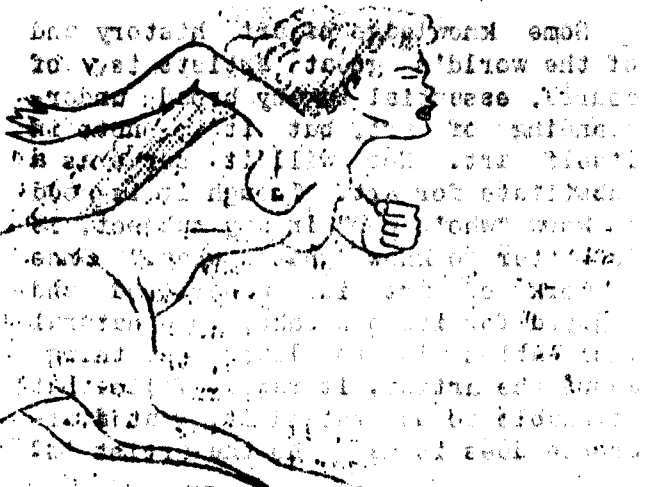
the vital matter of music. In fact, technical courses may be narrowing in their effect unless supplemented by other teaching, as the student is apt to judge the works of art in the galleries by the mechanically accurate standards of the classrooms. Art should be studied in the same way as we study other subjects. We do not begin our study of the sciences with the history of science, with the lives of famous scientists or with a lot of theories as to the nature of science. In studying chemistry, for example, we begin with the science itself.

Art is a language - a means of expression - and as foreign as Greek to the average layman. And the way to learn to read art is to study it, not through interpreters, but in the original tongue, so to speak; to study it directly rather than indirectly. Seeing is not a mechanical process. "The eye is blind to what the brain does not see," says an old Arabian proverb.

"Art is experience." With any study or that upon art whatsoever one would find this statement prevalent. Perhaps you had the idea we had that Degas had when we started this study - "To talk or write about a painting seems almost a waste of words. The painter's message is spoken in paint!" But after reading this report I hope the reader's attitude is modified to include the statement made in "Handbook of Psychology" by James Sully:

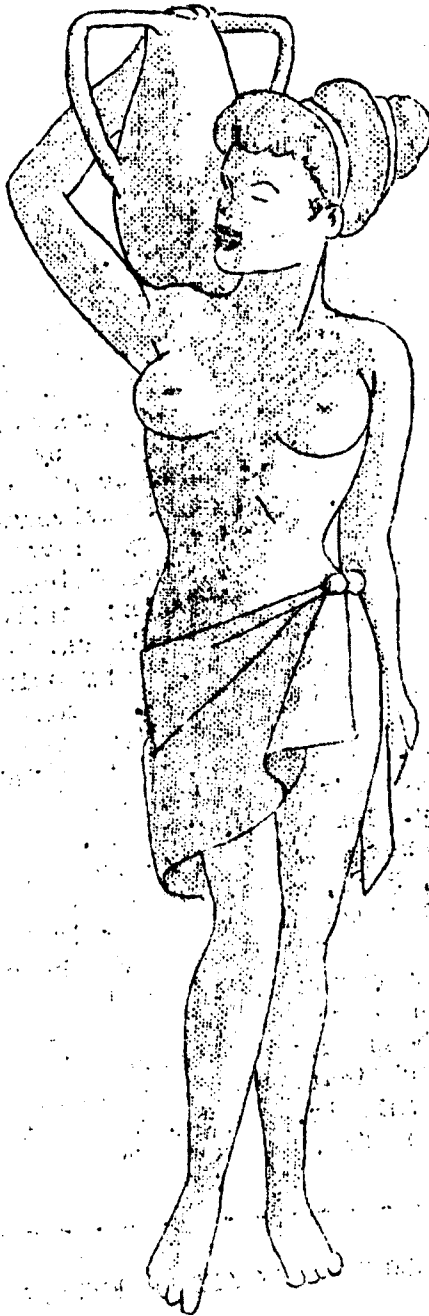
To wake up to a resemblance between two things hitherto kept apart in the mind is always an agreeable experience.



[illegible][illegible]

...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...

# ART AND FANDOM



Fantasy Gallery may become a regular feature in this publication and will consist of fantastic pictures that have no hidden meaning, no story, no connection with regular fantasy other than being fantastic pictures. I could follow this with a short dissertation on art, especially fan art. In fact, I will.

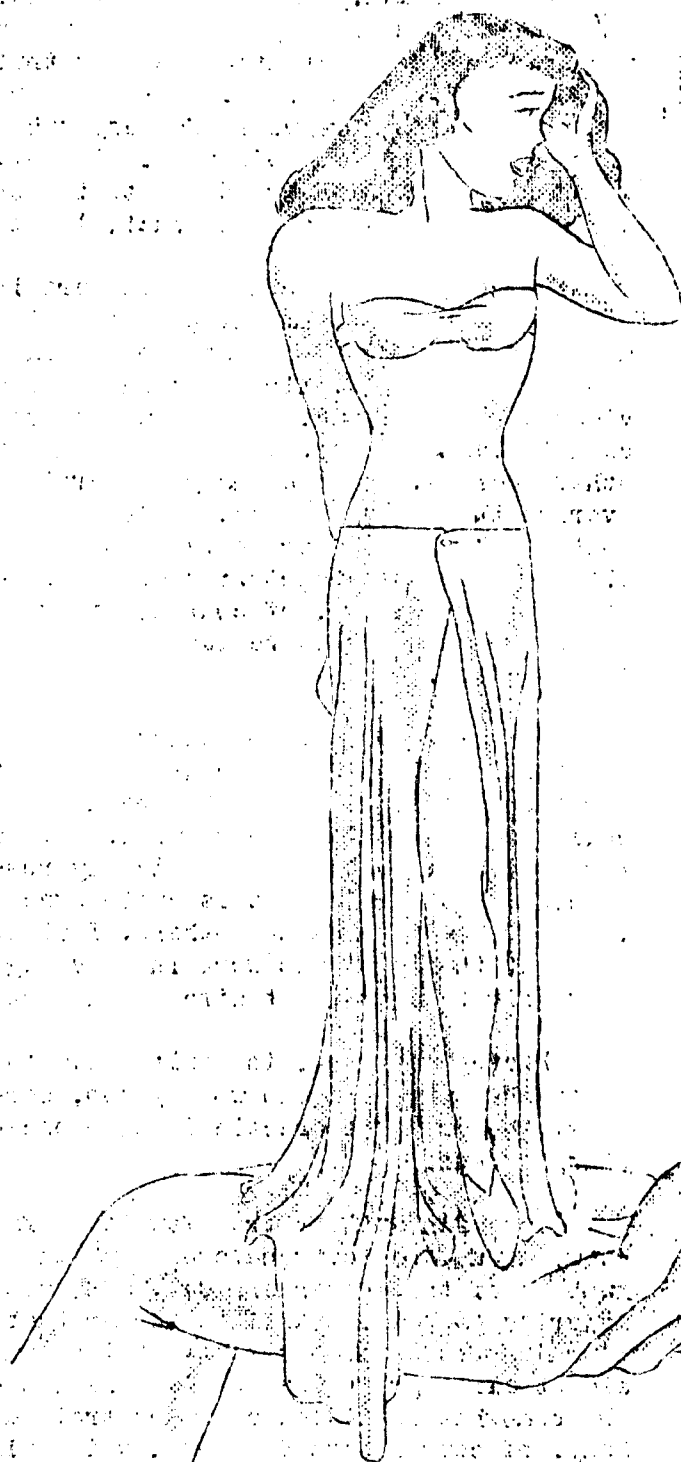
Since the vast bulk of fan art is reproduced via the mimeograph the artist must slant his work in that field toward the "line" drawing. Line drawings have a vigor and strength all their own for you cannot "fake" as easily as you can in other mediums. Far too many fan artists overuse the shading plate, relying on that to "cover up" or to fake something that they cannot competently draw. Shading plate or screen, of course, has many advantages but should be subordinated to line drawing.

The airbrush, perbe because of its increased work and expense and somewhat limited production run, has been sadly neglected. In limited runs (well, every run is limited - perbe I should say restricted) such as FAPA it is quite practical - witness NOVA and others. I might add that the air brush work in this mag is my first attempt at airbrushed art.

Hectograph, too, is quite limited & somewhat messy. Litho work gives, perhaps, the greatest practical range excluding expense.

Good fan artists are few and far between and are overshadowed by the numbers of the lesser endowed. The vast majority of all fan artists (or art dabblers) possess some sort of talent and almost all a great deal of imagination - tho somewhat unbridled and uncontrolled. Many, of course, are dabblers, using pix to fill up gaps in fanzines and should not be considered true artists, tho many have talent and considerable imagination.

## AN ARTISTIC ARTICLE ON ARTISTIC ART



THE TUT, TUT BURBEE DEPT.:

Burbree expressed great disappointment that the fair damsel above was genteelly dressed in clothes or anything else for that matter. Why, Burb, do you think for one moment that I allow wimmin to run nekkid in these Simon Pure pages?

Many fans have found they have a little drawing talent and have taught themselves a little bit by copying from magazines and comic strips for practice and have thusly fallen into certain pitfalls or habits of drawing singular to certain artists. I have a great respect and admiration for Milt Caniff, Harold Foster and Alex Raymond and my work has taken on some of the characteristics of each, chiefly Caniff. My admiration for these artists extends to 7 & 8 year files of strips of each, plus side-lites such as Caniff's excellent KALE CALL, Foster's old TARZAN drawings & Flash Gordon pocketbooks. Further I have been influenced by Heinrich Kley (see Neophyte #1) and certain more academic artists. This is as it should be, providing this influence is not too severe or pronounced. Every artist is influenced by other artists, living or dead, by his times and beliefs, and by his environment.

Among fan artists my favorites are Lou Goldstone and Jack Weidenbeck with Alva Rogers running third by reason of inadequacy of others. Jack Weidenbeck's best work, in my opinion, is his sculpture. Among the former fan artists Ron Clyne and Bok, of course. In the pros the "old" Rogers couldn't be beat for space and machinery, Schneeman, Cartier, Robert Gibson Jones, Finlay, Malcolm Smith, Rod Rath, Paul, Fuqua, Enoch & Henry Sharp, Lawrence coming after in that order. Coye is tops for sheer horror for my money, with Edd Cartier leading the pure fantasy parade. Of course, these artists rise and fall with the publication of various pictures but this is, for me, about the way I rate fan, former fan & pro artists.

#### A FILLER ABOUT A FOX AND A FORREST

Forry's article THE FOX FRAU was originally for Neophyte #1, stenciled and mimed for such. But when Neo went all-litho it was cast aside. So it appears herein as a faparticle. #

# AN APPRAISAL OF THE FOX WOMAN

By Forrest J Ackerman

Several friends of mine have regretted the fact that THE OUTSIDER was published in micro-type because their visual acuity is deficient. Let us hope your Snelling is up to snuff, because the print in The Fox Woman is pretty rough, being even a fraction smaller than that used in the original Lovecraft selection.

Imagine (if you have not seen the volume) one of the large size Unknowns illustrated by Bok and professionally bound in black with gold stamping on the cover. This is the physical aspect. As for its non-physical content..

The story is first class! When one observes that only the first 25 pages of the 109 page book are by Merritt, the natural reaction is to wonder if Bok will be able to successfully imitate the master. Of the quartet that has tried - Williamson, Hamilton and Kuttner the other three - I say the mantle of Merritt indubitably belongs to Bok. It comes as a shock to realize that fantasy's great artist with pen and brush is also a wizard of auctorial mimicry. The peculiar Merritt phraseology, famous for "long and long and long", is there; the picturesque inversion of sentence structure; the opulent adjectives and magnificent word murals. The metaphors and similes abound and delight; and the undercurrent of psychological conflict has the power of the riptide!

Merritt but sets the stage with the fratricide in the first quarter of the book; it is the Bok written chapters that vixen vengeance takes its supernatural toll. The volume falls more in the category of "Burn Witch Burn!" and "Creep, Shadow" than the more alien "Metal Monster"; but there is an exotic excursion toward the end into an unknown world, bizarre and dangerous, that strikes the "Mirage" note.

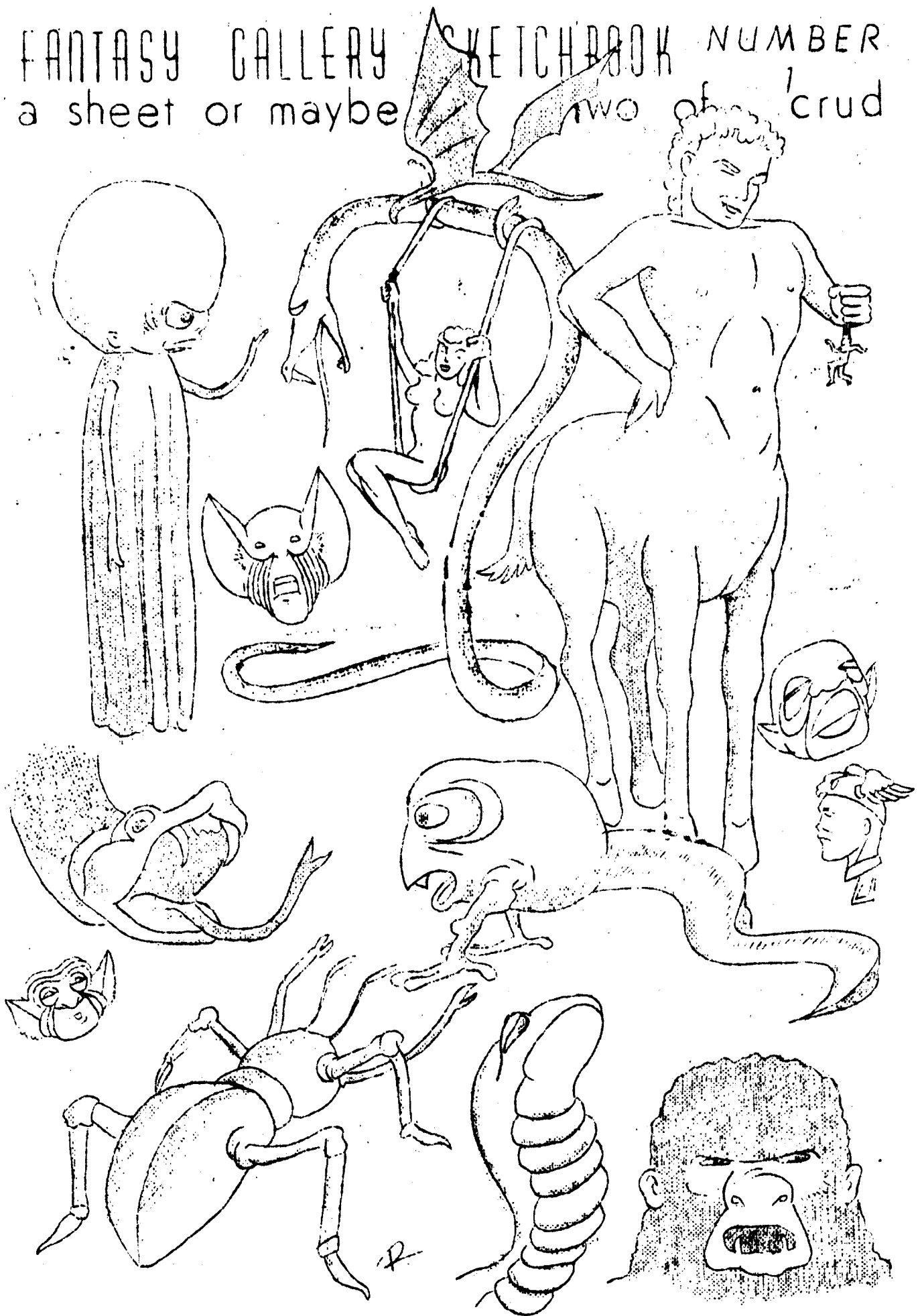
I differ from most Merritt fans in preferring his "Dwellers in the Mirage" and "Face in the Abyss" to the more universally popular "Moon Pools" and "Ship of Ishtar". From my personal viewpoint of enjoyment, "The Fox Woman" rates third of Merritt novels, just behind the former two titles. The climax is savage stuff and, if it is true that the book is being considered for the screen, would seem to be about as objectionable to the censors (as distinguished from the fantasy fan) as was the film version of Wells' "Island of Dr. Moreau", which was banned in England and cannot be revived in the USA today because it lacks the S. 1711.

The illustrations, of course, are not to be overlooked. Bok has his work with zeal. The frontispiece is an outright chuckler. The depiction of Yin Lu, the Fox Woman, leaves nothing to the imagination and is a 3-dimensional temptation. The final, phantasmagoric ending is as tasty as chocolate plane-men's.

Merritt himself, I do sincerely believe, would give the accolade to his acolyte for both Bok's art work and word work. Any further praise I might give, therefore, I feel would be but gilding "The Blue Pagoda".

# FANTASY GALLERY SKETCHBOOK NUMBER

a sheet or maybe two of 'crud



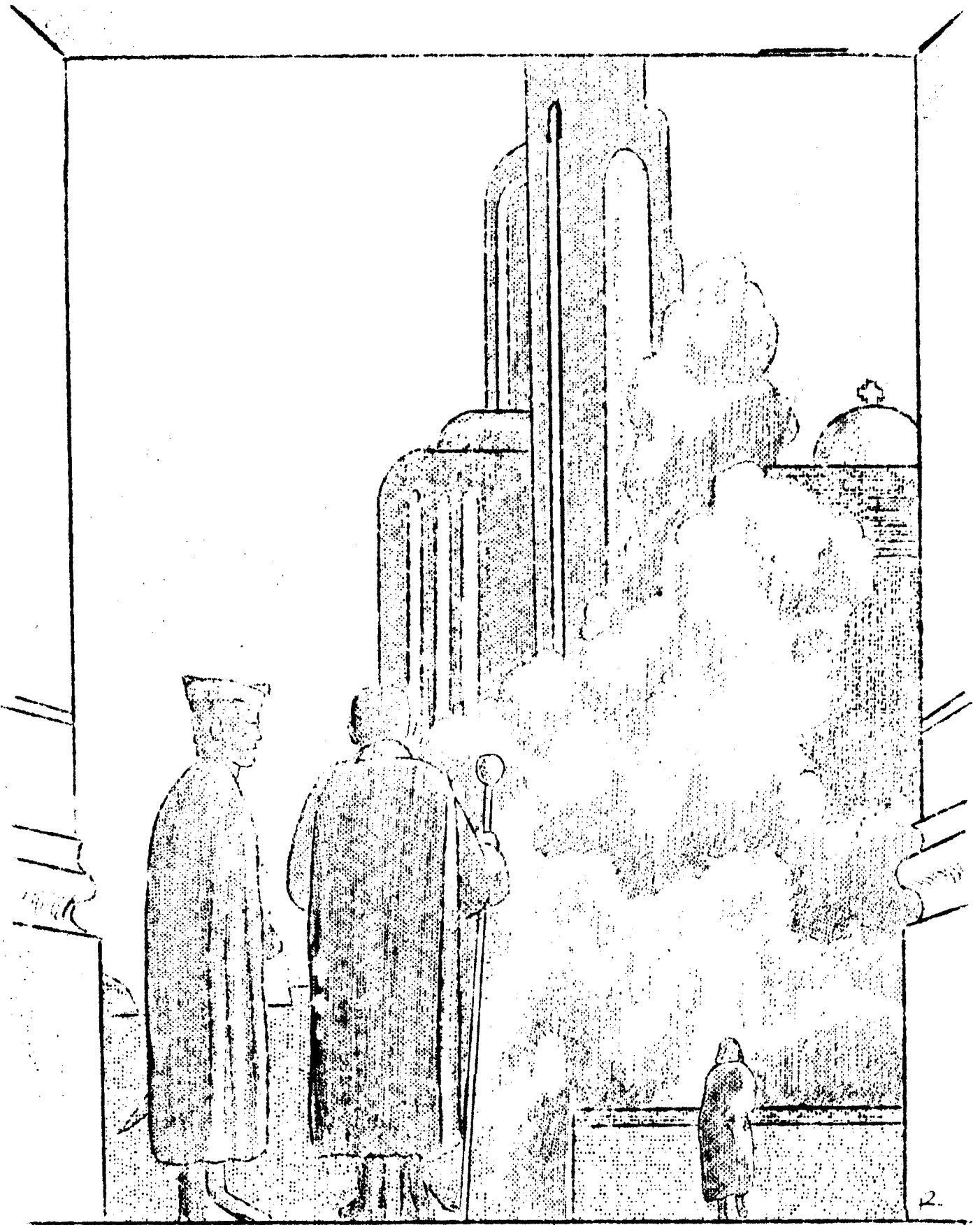


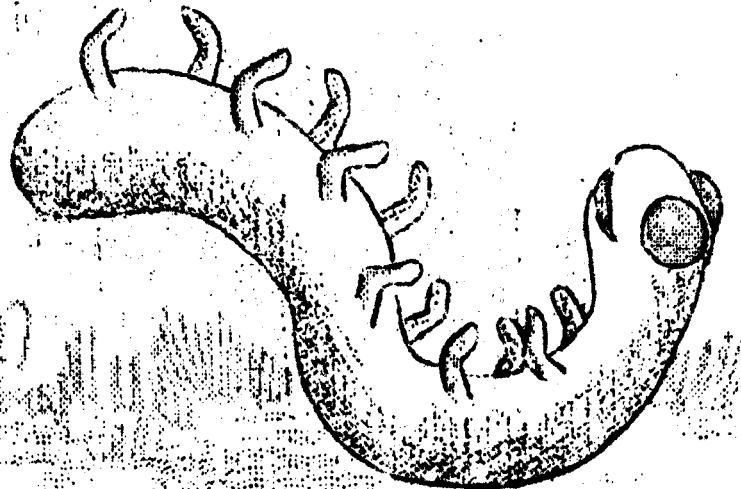
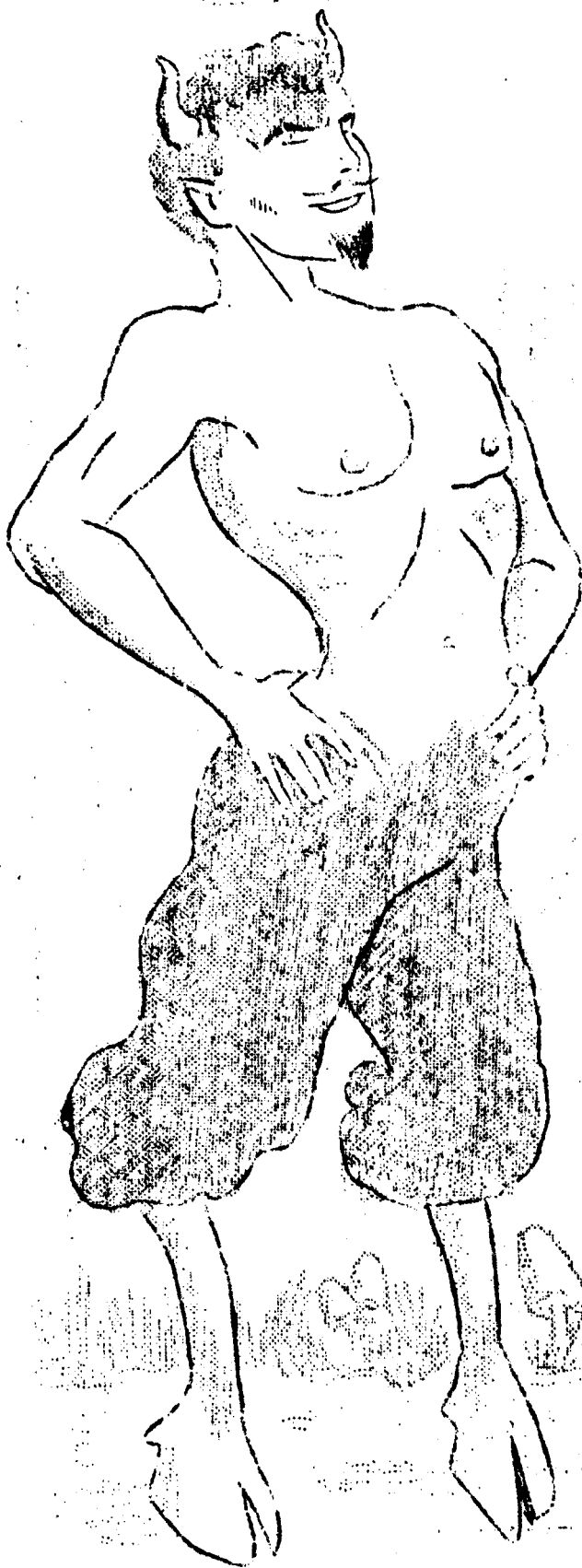
# FANTASY GALLERY











rotsler



