

# Wild Heirs 20

February 1998





# Wild Heirs 20



## European Director

Chuch Harris

## Editors

Arnie & Joyce Katz  
Tom Springer & Tammy Funk  
Ken & Aileen Forman  
Ross Chamberlain  
Marcy & Ray Waldie  
Ben & Cathi Wilson  
Alan White  
Ray Nelson  
Rob Hansen  
Shelby and Suzanne Vick  
Bill & Laurie Kunkel  
Cora Burbee

## Inspiration

Bill Rotsler  
Charles Burbee

Vague Rants (Some of Us) 3  
Katzenjammer (Arnie Katz) 10  
Vagrant Vagrant (Shelby Vick) 12  
Unwound (Ken Forman) 14  
Command Performance  
(Aileen Forman) 16  
Sercon Navigation (Tom Springer) 17  
Potshot Salutes the Tattooed Dragon  
(Bill Kunkel) 19  
Drugs and Sex and Rock n Roll  
(Joyce Katz) 21

**Wild Heirs #20** (Sixth Fandom in Your Parlor, the LA Insurgents in Your Bedroom) is produced at 12/97 and 1/98 Vegrants meetings at Toner Hall, home of Arnie and Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). Published: 1/8 **Wild Heirs** is available for trade, letter of comment or contribution of art or written material.

Member fwa, supporter AFAL  
EMail: WildHeirs@aol.com

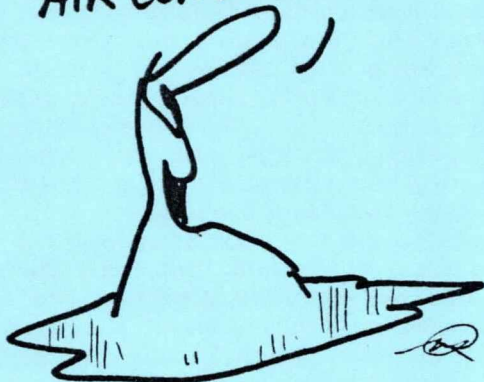
## **A R T**

Ross Chamberlain: Front Cover  
Alan White: Bcover4,  
Bill Kunkel: All on 19-20  
Ray Nelson: 4 (Top)

and featuring the art of  
**Bill Rotsler**



OKAY, OKAY —  
I'LL TURN UP THE  
AIR CONDITIONER.!



# VAGUE

The Editors  
Rev It Up!

# RANTS

Twenty-seven Vegrants, that's not too many... That's exactly how many of us showed up to send off Bill Rotsler in the proper insurgent fashion.

Joyce surreptitiously confirms the head-count, not quite believing that we have hit the Sacred Number. We couldn't have done it without Tom Springer and Tammy Funk, though. If not for Tom's incapacitating (and painful) back flare-up, and Tammy's desire to stay by Tom's side during his hours of torment, we might've had twenty-nine Vegrants -- and a different preface. (Look for Tom later in the issue, excruciating pain permitting...)

The Vegrants meeting has begun, we have convened the first sidebar and you-know-who settles into the big leather chair in front of the Macintosh...

#### Arnie Katz

Rotsler sent me a bunch of stuff for the next *Wild Heirs*. It seemed like every day, when Marcy went through the mail, she found another gleaming white envelope.

His envelopes stand out, you know. They are often indecipherable to Mundanes but a billboard to his disciples and co-editors.

The flood of envelopes was his subtle way of rebuking his Vegrants buddies for not getting out *Wild Heirs* with former regularity. Among the hundreds of illos in each packet were those specialty numbers he knew pleased me most. WH always has a certain kind of Rotsler on the contents page, another at the top of "Vague Rants", and a third variety as each issue's final fillo. He sent me all those and more, plus material for many installments of his "Bent Lance" column, knowing that it would spur us to get our sluggish butts to gear.

It worked. By the mid-October Vegrants meeting, we had a dozen pages laid out.





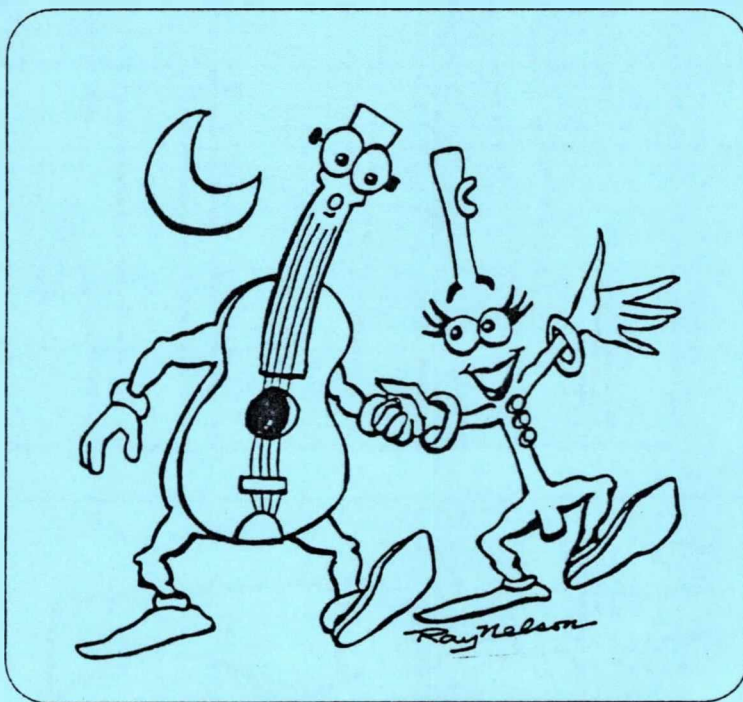
Tom had started pulling together the letter column and Ross' latest gem was hours from completion.

Then Lenny Bailes called. It seems Rotsler won't be here to help us finish **Wild Heirs** #20. I'm not really angry at Bill, though. Artists are no damn good at collating, anyway. And he'd have distracted the rest of us with those fascinating anecdotes and about a hundred funny and clever cartoons.

When the other Vegrants arrived, a couple of hours later, I broke the news. I'm not ashamed to say that I saw tears in more than one eye that night, however much we tried to keep up our usual banter. We knew how Rotsler would want us to take it, and we tried like we did with Burbee, but it wasn't any more possible.

I'm sure our wonderful **Wild Heirs** contributors understand why we put that issue aside. You'll see a lot of it as **Wild Heirs** #21, maybe around February, but our thoughts lie elsewhere at the moment.

I don't think I'm going out on a limb when I say that death in the family doesn't engender the light-hearted atmosphere needed to do a **Wild Heirs**. Bill was our Dashing Uncle. We gloried in his exploits,



and we will miss his insurgent attitude and his boundless creativity.

Yet the loss has inspired Las Vegrants to go forward as fans and fanzine publishers.

Rightly or wrongly, we feel like our friends have passed the torch and made us truly the heirs. Maybe we're not worthy to carry on in their names, but we're doing it anyway.

So we decided to wait a month and then do this special **Wild Heirs** to send Rotsler off to the Enchanted Convention in proper fannish style.

Most of the Vegrants are here today, Saturday November 15, to write assemble and perhaps even duplicate a **Wild Heirs** under conditions similar to

the LA Insurgents' **Wild Hair** oneshots.

### Ross Chamberlain

Bill Rotsler, the legendary and ubiquitous artist and raconteur, was never in the same physical fannish orbit for me to be introduced to him at NyCon 3. I was there, a semi-functionary on the committee (practically speaking), so no doubt our orbits crossed, but only as momentary vectors.

I got some kind of privileged membership in the WorldCon in Boston — Boskone? — several years ago [piquing off the 80s. joke. never mind] if I agreed to join a cartoon war, sharing the dais with Bill Rotsler and Grant Carrington.

As a cartoon war it went strange — Bill suggested we make it a suggestions-from-the-audience session, if I'm not confusing it with another occasion. There was some problem about the paper and pens, or I was offered a pen and I failed to take it thinking I had a workable one, or some such thing... They had an overhead projector, and my pen was only a Flair that wasn't at its darkest line.

I don't remember it as a very successful occasion, save with it I got to meet and talk to, or be talked to by, the Legend. And discovered that like many Legends in Person, he was a lot more accessible than I'd imagined. Carrington, too.

I have no anecdotes to tell of Rotsler from then, or quotes. Or since (he supplied all his own. Thank ghod!).

But he made all such occasions memorable, and I feel lucky that I arrived here in Nevada in adequate time to see him in action, and to even on good days join the circle that always surrounded him.

### Marcy Waldie

It's a funny thing about plates. There are so many different kinds: paper, dinner, wall, dental, tectonic, license, surgically implanted, etc. But the most often recognized connotation is the plate used for eating.

Ray and I have a plate in our bedroom, although we never eat in there. It's hardly decorative, rather plain, actually, with stark black markings on its roughened eggshell surface. It came from a dining room at a pretty decent eatin' joint in town, although it's not like similar plates (or even collections) that some of our friends have, all glossy and polished.

But ours is unbreakable paperboard and doesn't require a nail hole or stand to display. It props up just fine anywhere. Besides, this one is for private viewing only, by appointment, please.

I was always amazed at the speed with which Rotsler created his dinnerware illos. The man's hand and mind never stopped before completing a couple dozen originals. And even then, his mind sped on.

By the time we all meet up, he'll have a twelve piece setting for each of us.

Meanwhile, the one in our bedroom satiates us every day.

## Ken Forman

SilverCon 2, quite likely the very same convention where Marcy got her plate, John Hardin and I were standing on an outside balcony of Jackie Gaughan's Plaza Hotel and Casino, overlooking Downtown Las Vegas. Arnie and Joyce's suite afforded us this fantastic view of Glitter Gulch. We were quite circumspect (and quite serious).

"Can you believe it, John? We live in Las Vegas!"

"Yea," was his response. It's hard to be verbose when you're that circumspect (and that serious).

"Yea," I agreed.

The glass door behind us opened and we were joined by a brightly flowered Hawaiian shirt. The colors swam before my eyes, but I eventually focused on the face of our Fan Guest of Honor, none other than William Rotsler, himself.

"Evening boys," he greeted us.

"Greetings, Mr. Rotsler," I extended my hand; a welcoming smile on my face.

We had met earlier, but hadn't spent any time together.

"I'm sorry, but I'm terrible with names, and please don't call me 'Mister'. Bill will do just fine," he apologized, but shook my hand with genuine affection. He did the same for John.

(Some years later Bill confided in me that his memory for names was so poor that he "acted like he knew everyone as a close friend.")

After reading our name tags and reminding himself who we were, he joined us at the balcony rail.

"Sure is beautiful," he said.

"Yup," I agreed, "that's the brightest block on Earth." I made a proud sweep with my arm, encompassing the glitz before us.

"Really?" his eyebrows raised.

"Yup, you can see it from space."

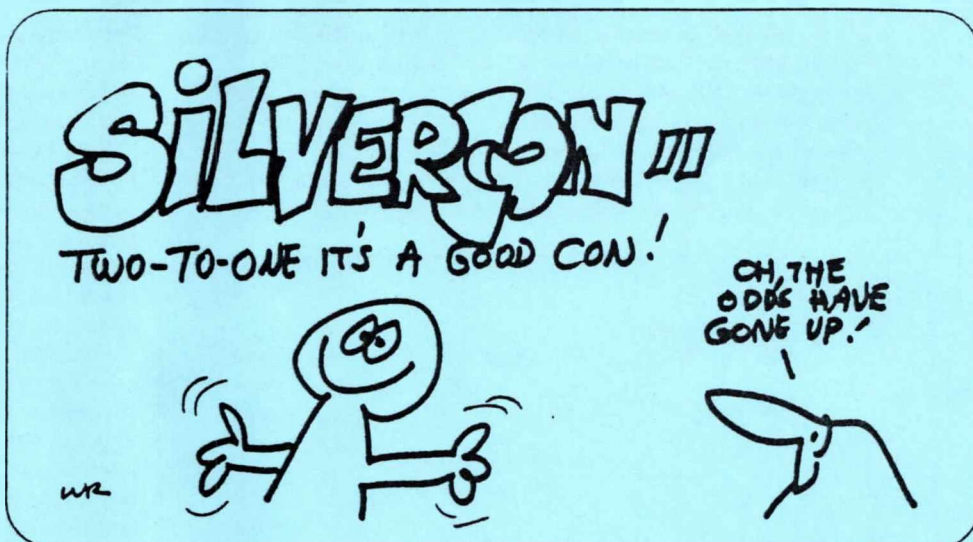
After reflecting on this a moment, he looked at us and said, "You know what? I've never really seen Las Vegas. I've been here thousands of times, but I've never really seen it."

Right then, as if awakening from a dream, John put down the fanzine he was reading and offered "We could show you! Ken, your car is here, right? We could show you!"

Having formulated an idea and developed the plan, John went back to his reading. Bill, on the other hand, thought it was a grand idea and I, being the 'Mainspring' of the 'Fandom of Good Cheer', quickly agreed. We made arrangements to meet after dinner.

## Jean Weber

Not long into my fannish career, I co-wrote an arti-



cle titled "How to Handle a Woman," which was published in a short-lived fanzine of Peter Toluzzi's. My first contact with Bill Rotsler occurred when I received a letter from him, complimenting me on the article and asking permission to revise it slightly and use it for some other purpose (the details elude me). I knew who Bill was, and was familiar with his artwork, but I was quite impressed to be contacted by him in this way.

Years later, we actually met, at a Westercon in LA. I was not surprised to discover that Bill was even more charming in person than in print. Please read that in the context of: that many fans who are charming in print are anything but charming in person.

I think I met Bill once or twice after that, but not often (I don't get to the USA from Australia all that often, despite what it may seem to some fans), and I



cannot say I really knew him as a person at all, but I felt like I knew him well. That's the kind of effect he had on me.

## Richard Brandt

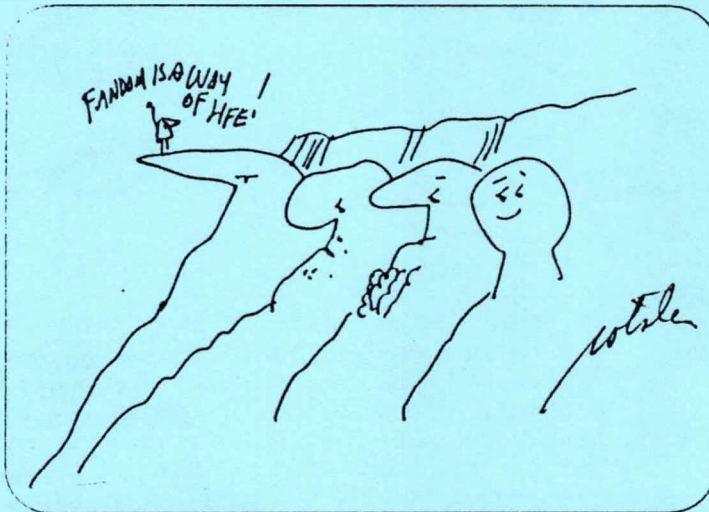
In 1976, at MidAmeriCon, I walked up to Bill Rotsler and asked him if he'd draw a little some-



thing in my program book. Marv Wolfman, who was standing next to Rotsler, said, "You know, I've always wondered what Mt. Rushmore would look like with all Rotsler faces."

And so it came to pass.

That was my first encounter with Bill. His capability to dash off an ingenious and fully realized work



on the spur of the moment—even with someone else suggesting the idea, although he certainly never ran out of his own—was then, and remained to the end, absolutely astonishing.

In 1987, he gave us a cartoon for the NASFiC newsletter, showing a typical fan's progression throughout the six days of the convention. In the first frame, our fan is wide-eyed with excitement and enthusiasm. In the last frame, his mingled exhaustion and jadedness are captured by the typically Rotslerian nose, which is not only drooping but singed to a char.

At the end of the 1994 Westercon business meeting—where it was announced El Paso had won its bid—Bill walked off with a sheaf of El Paso cartoons he'd drawn during the meeting. I was able to use a different Rotsler cartoon for an entire series of ads we placed in different program books and progress reports in the two years leading up to the convention. (Sample: First fan: "I'm going to Westercon in El Paso!" Second fan: "Do you need a passport?")

Bill could also produce work on commission that was admirably suited to the work at hand. Bill illustrated an installment of Harry Warner's "All My Yesterdays" column, describing how the one and only Claude Degler paid a visit to the Hermit of Hagerstown. At the end of the day, Harry agreed to walk with Claude back to the relative's house where he was staying. All through their walk, Claude was bursting with details of the various grandiose schemes he was cooking, while Harry became increasingly concerned then annoyed as it eventually developed that Claude was leading them miles in the wrong direction and well into the dark hours of the night. Rotsler's illustration perfectly captures Claude, bubbling over with enthusiasm and floating

a couple of feet off the ground, and in contrast bleary-eyed Harry's bleary-eyed slow burn—and manages to do so in just a few strokes of the pen. It's a small masterpiece.

You hadn't really arrived as a fanzine publisher, of course, until you had some Rotsler illos for your ish—it took me two titles about 15 years apart before I finally succeeded—and in a way Rotsler managed to wallpaper fanzine fandom, those instantly recognizable lines becoming an indispensable part of our landscape.

For those of us who got to know Bill personally, of course, he was even indispensable. To say Bill led a full life would be an understatement, and few privileges match that of being able to sit and listen as raconteur Rotsler told stories from his long and varied experience. (One moment I'll always recall from the Los Angeles Corflu is Bill recounting a lengthy saga of romantic entanglements culminating with how he effectively presented a woman as a gift to Harlan Ellison, while Pat Mueller, sitting next to him, looked appropriately and progressively more aghast.)

To think that those fat manila envelopes from Rotsler will stop coming in the mail, the only response that seems suitable is the same reaction one fan had when he heard ill health had forced Isaac Asimov to cut back on his writing:

"It's as if Niagara had stopped flowing."

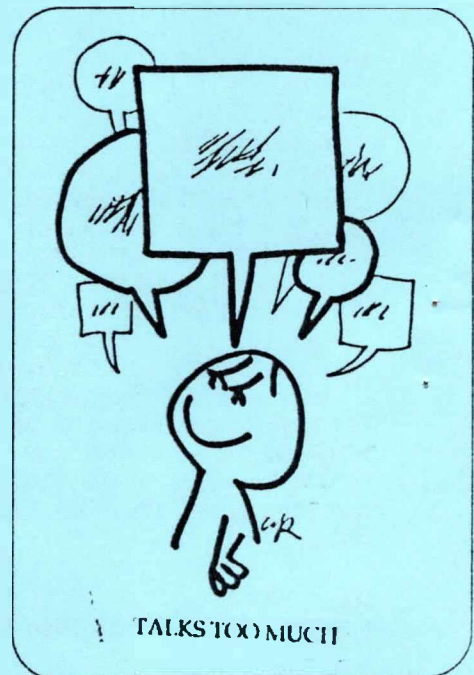
## Raven

Humor above all else, is what I value in life. Next, I value those who are able to create the substance by which we are amused. Emmett Kelly, Red Buttons, Red Skelton, Jackie Gleason, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnez, Mike Royko, Lilly Tomlin, Brett Butler, Gracie Allen, George Burns, and William Rotsler. On plates or rocks, with or without caption, I am always amused. Thank you, Bill Rotsler for allowing me to pass through you life and you through mine. I love you man!

## Arnie (again)

When it came to convention carousing, Rotsler favored what he called the two-party system. As he explained one smoky night in Vegas, his ideal convention needs two parties every night.

One, he told us, is the Cool People Party. He made it clear in so many words that the Cool People Party is



easily identified. It's the one he's at. That the implication that the Fabulous William Rotsler thought we were all Cool People influenced our verdict.

What about the other party? we asked. We may even have dared to tack on a "meyer," as some of the Virtual Fancub are wont to do when it's a smoky night in Vegas.

The other party is the Geek Party, said Rotsler. You invite all the people you don't want at the Cool People Party.

And that's why the two-dozen co-editors of Wild Heirs hope that Certain Fanzines continue forever.

### Laurie Kunkel

During our house repainting, all of Bill's and my Rotsler-enhanced plates—and my Native American Women collector series—made their way into safe keeping. For the longest time, they didn't make it back up on the unblemished wall, but the time eventually came to once again break the expanse of white in the dining room. My younger brother came over, planned the locations of the Fannish dinnerware, and promptly asked, "Who's Rotsler, and why are all of his characters well-endowed?"

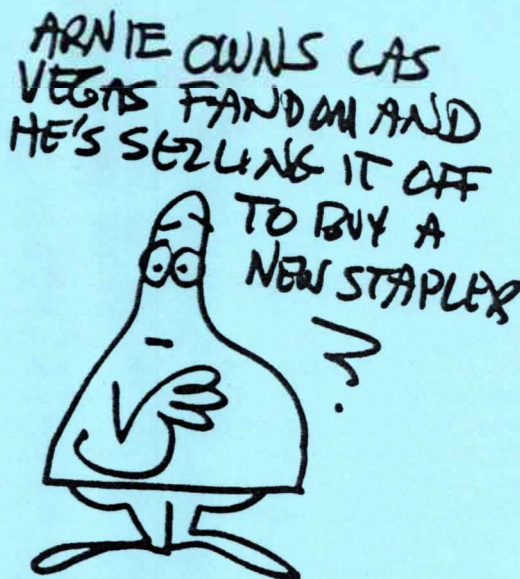
As I thought of the various ways to answer his questions, I realized that Rotsler would be happy: he was the first to be hung on the virgin wall.

Flash-forward to today: I discovered Bill sitting cross-legged on the bed, drawing illos, and making quips. Uncharacteristically, he was signing his creations WK, instead of his normal Potshot. He observed that he can draw in Rotsler's style, but it isn't the same.

He's right, but Rotsler left us all a piece of him to duplicate. Enjoy the Enchanted Duplicator, and keep it well inked for us!

### Linda Bushyager

My first knowledge of Bill Rotsler was when the N3F sent me a pile of artwork (which I desperately needed for the first issue of Granfalloon - 1968). I was surprised and delighted to see the number and variety of art that was included, since my only other artwork were a few (not very good) illos that Adrienne Fein had done (she and I and Suzle Tompkins were all students at CMU in Pittsburgh then). I had art!!!! From that point on, Rotsler sent me a lot of artwork, thank goodness. The strangest thing about Bill's cartoons was that probably 99+% of the time, they were funny. Most other fan cartoonists do good work,



but sometimes the humor misses. Not with Bill.

I think the first time I met him in person was at Baycon in 1968. If memory serves, I was introduced to him and he handed me a name badge he'd created in advance of the con. I couldn't believe his thoughtfulness and generosity. He had a whole big box of name badges for just about every fanzine fan he'd guessed would be at the con.

But even more memorable was the Hugo banquet. We waited for food, and waited, and waited.

Our table ordered some wine, since that seemed to be the only attainable sustenance. Suddenly I heard some snickers, then laughter, from the table in front of us. I noticed Bill Rotsler, and the fans passing something around. Then the cartoon was brought over to our table. Bill had drawn us a turkey for our dinner.

Suddenly he filled the emptiness in our stomachs with laughter. With Bill's passing, we all feel a terrible loss, but memories of his humor will help fill that void too.

### Ron Pehr

A giant does not depart unmourned or unremembered.

Long after the ink has faded on the paper plates, when the fanzines have been burnt for fuel, our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will tell the tales we tell them of when that giant walked the earth and we knew him just as if he was a real person instead of a legend. You knew that Rotsler knew everyone in, around, or related to fandom

worth knowing.... so if you were in his world why that meant you were worth knowing too.

There was nobody like him in his time, in our time, and such times can never come again. He will be missed more than he would have imagined, he will be remembered forever.

### Shelby Vick

Can fandom exist without Rotsler?

For a few years, possibly. There are enough manilla envelopes out there containing dozens of scraps of paper decorate with his genius that we can scrape by for a while. Maybe

WUUZZAT?  
DID I HEAR  
"NFFF"?





another year or two after those are all used up, we can still manage to struggle alone with reprints; let's face it: There have been so many Rotsler illos that no one has ever seen them all — or even the majority of them.

Tho I had, naturally, drooled over many a Rotsler illo, I didn't first meet him until a few years ago. I think it was Vegas; I don't recall him being at Magi-Con, and I don't see how I could have forgotten that. How could I have missed him all those years? Easy; the 1952 Chicon was the last con I attended until a year before MagiCon. (That was a TropiCon, where I first returned to fandom.)

Vegas was Rotsler's town, his setting, his proper framework. I know, I know; he worked in Hollywood — but let's face it: In a way, Vegas is a Hollywood suburb. (Down, Arnie! Vegas is its own town and has its own soul and is in another state; I know that. Nonetheless, many of Hollywood's citizens . . . denizens . . . elite? . . . make Vegas their home-away-from-home.) He fit in, hand-in-glove (when his hand wasn't somewhere else, that is.)

Like everyone else, I remember his wry, funny and wild tales, the never-idle pen, the face that always reflected humor and a deep wisdom beyond even his age. Wisdom, and a knowledge and understanding of the devious workings of the human mind.

At one Corflu he drew a requested cartoon for me and — of course -handed me one of those multitudinous manilla envelopes. At another one, he spent several minutes drawing a decorated "Corflu" on Suzanne's arm. She didn't wash that arm for days. We photocopied it, as best we could.

Can we make it without him? Our only hope is that, in the last few years of Rotsler reserves, maybe four or five others with great talent will surface and between them, carry on. . . . or six or seven? Only if their talent and characters are well above superior.

#### Al@n White

We shared a joint in 1970, a fumetti in '75, a beer in '80, a girl named Maude, a table top in Canter's covered with catsup in '85, and a panel called "The Panel with SEX in the Title" sometime later. Probably other things too.

#### Aileen Forman

I flip through my Rotslers in an effort to find just the right one to illustrate the article in the next Glamour. Alien landscapes — no. Mention of Harry Warner LoCs — no. Alien portraits — no, not those either. I thumb more rapidly. Ah! Just the right one — a lumpy little guy with a greedy look on his face, clutching a heart. I put it into my scanner and slip it into place on my computerized lay-

out. An all-Rotsler issue again.

I have plenty of other art from other artists available, but Glamour has only had Rotsler art from the very beginning, with the exception of some very weak visual puns that I drew and then outgrew. I carefully stuff the original slips of paper back into the envelope and smile at the memories. Rotsler at SilverCons; Rotsler in my car, talking about a book of advice that he was writing for his grandson. Rotsler at Toner, talking about the oddities of the adult film industry; Rotsler at Corflu Vegas, drawing cartoons of me forcing chocolate upon protesting fans. Rotsler leaning back against the kitchen wall at one of the Katz's party, with a look that said he expected great things of the conversation and a face full of humor and interest in whatever trivia I was prattling on about.

It has been many years since Rotsler's died and my life's not what I anticipated, but it's a good life nonetheless. I'm still writing Glamour and thanks to Bill's generosity and proliferation, there will always be a Rotsler in fandom's future. Not a bad fate for a science fiction fan...

#### Woody Bernardi

I met Rotsler for the first time at the LA. Corflu, my fannish "coming out" ball. I met Forry Ackerman, Andy Hooper, William Rotsler, too many other Fans to remember. I had met Bruce Pelz the previous November at VegasCon. I

I don't recall seeing any Rotsler illos until the banquet. I was sitting at a table with Arnie and Joyce, Laurie and Bill and some others, when suddenly a wave a laughter began building at the table behind us.

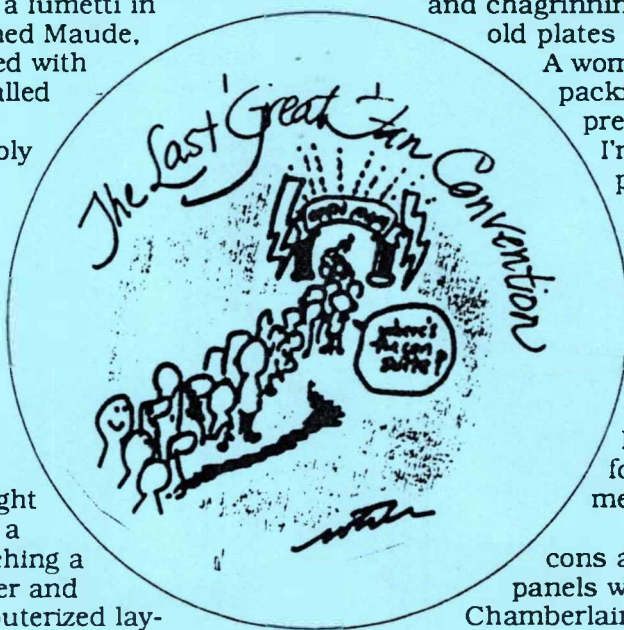
Some at our table knew, or at least guessed, what was going on, but I was completely in the dark. Then somebody brought a plate over to our table, and it became clear even to me.

I immediately walked over to Rotsler's table with my own place setting. Rotsler was delighting fans, and chagrinning the servers, by turning drab old plates into genuine fannish artifacts.

A woman sitting at Rotsler's table was packing a large bag (she had come prepared) with Rotsler dinnerware. I'm surprised she wasn't charging people for smuggling their treasures out of the hotel. Joyce was kind enough to transport my few trinkets out to the car for me.

That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. It wasn't until other cons, in Las Vegas, LA. and elsewhere, that I learned of Rotsler's propensity for drawing on any and all media.

He came to several Las Vegas cons and participated in drawing panels with Bill Kunkel, Ross Chamberlain and Stu Shiffman. Rotsler





would come to room parties and draw on paper, napkins, anything at hand, and he would tell stories of past cons and his drawing escapades. He told of how he could pickup women with just a twitch of the pen—to each his own, I always say.

Who will illustrate Fandom now? \*sigh!\*

### Eric Lindsay

Just a few weeks ago, at Basicon, the Australian National SF Convention, I looked at my accumulated Rotsler illos, and took a couple of really full envelopes to share with other faneds in Australia. Bill Rotsler was always sending off packets of illos, hundreds and hundreds of them. I figure I have enough for all the fanzines I'm likely to get through in my life, so I needed to share the hundreds of extras that had accumulated. Not that it was the first time I'd done so.

I don't know why Bill sent me so much material. He sent me material when I didn't use an illo, because I must have run out. He sent me material when I used them, because I must need more. He sent me material when I didn't do anything, perhaps as an incentive.

I never did anything for Bill, except cause him problems. In 1975, he was traveling through Australia after Aussiecon, the World Science Fiction Convention. At my place, he had cause to complain about the quality of toilet paper I supplied for the 47 US fans who ended up staying at my place. And then I asked him to autograph all his novels, and SuperTongue and various other of his books. Despite this, at a recent LosCon, he went out of his way to invite Jean and I to his birthday party.

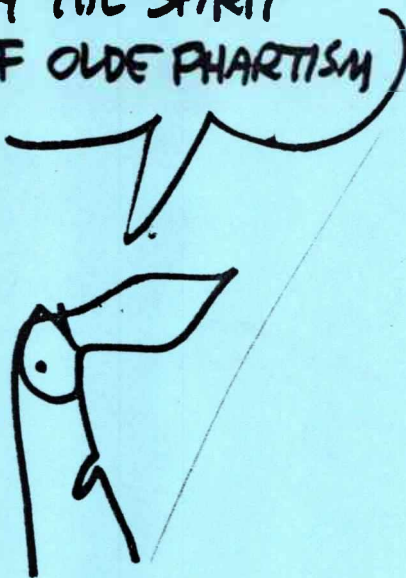
Bill will be remembered in fandom as long as his illos appear, and I predict that will be a long, long time. He was one of the people who put the fun into fandom for many of us.

### Joyce Katz

I met Bill the first time at NyCon 3 in 1967. He was part of the swirl of faces that jumped out at me at my first WorldCon. I'd seen his names in fanzines from Ray's old collection before I even got into fandom, but I was hardly prepared for him in the flesh. He was tall, dark and good-looking — definitely the most glamorous of all the fans I met that weekend.

By the time of BayCon in 1968, he was an old buddy, or at least someone I'd corresponded with to thank him for a handful of cartoons. BayCon was a great convention, despite the riots ... or perhaps because of the riots ... which cut off the hotel from the rest of the city, and produced a siege mentality among the partying fans. Fun flowed freely, along

THIS FANZINE  
IS OBSESSED  
BY THE SPIRIT  
OF OLDE PHARTISM



with the hog tranquilizers, beer and circuses.

When Phil Farmer took the stage to begin his marathon Guest of Honor speech, Rotsler whipped out his pen and paper and began to doodle. The acoustics of the hall lent themselves to fine dining, dampening the clink of china and murmur of conversations from other celebrants. They had the same effect on the Farmer speech; for the most part, his talk was lost in the rafters.

Ray and I were sitting over on the edge of the hall. A half-hour passed in discomfort and boredom. There are few things worse than a guest of honor speech you can't hear. Another half hour passed, and restlessness really set in. Sitting where we were, we were unaware of Farmer's discom-

fort; all we knew was that the speech was dragging on.

Finally, someone...perhaps it was Arnie, or maybe it was John D Berry, came to us and said, "Rotsler is going crazy; you've got to come over and see." So we silently slipped from our table, over to where Rotsler was holding court.

Cartoons flew from his pen in a tempo that matched Farmer's staccato words. Piles of cartoons lay on the table around him, and faneds circled, like wolves around prey, grabbing as he whirled them off his pad. All over the hall, there were fan editors, silently creeping up to the table to get their allotment, then stifling their chortles as they crept back to their own seats, cartoons pressed to their bosoms.

That was the first time I ever saw Rotsler do his trick ... and that's when I first realized the enormity of his talent.

What a beautiful man! How lucky I am to count him as a friend.

### Arnie

"Why don't you wrap it up, Arnie?" They're always saying stuff like that to me. They pointed me at the big leather chair in front of the Macintosh and ceased to worry about it. Page after page of sincere bereavement, and I'm supposed to wrap it all up with one of my bright, fannish-as-hell contributions.

Their faith in me is touching, as is their naïveté.

I shouldn't say that no one offered to help me get through this difficult transition between the group editorial jam and the rest of WH #20. That wouldn't be strictly accurate, and as you all know, accuracy is my watchword. (I can watch that word all day as



long as I don't have to do it.)

Joyce saw agony etched in the lines of my sensitive fannish face. She rushed to my side, brandishing solicitude like a mace.

"Do you want your typing checked?" Joyce asked, ever the helpful wife.

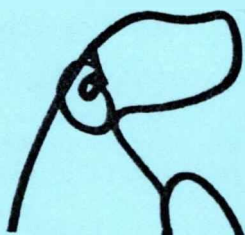
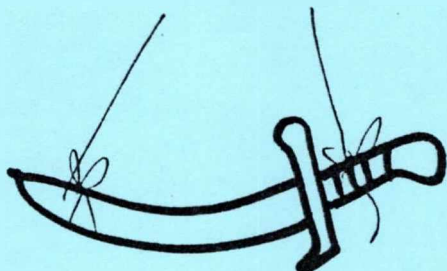
"No thanks," I said, "I prefer it all black."

I believe we're ready for the rest of the zine, now...

# KATZENJAMMER

## ARNIE KATZ

### Where Dear Anecdotes Play



### DEADLINES

A fabulous fannish anecdote is a fragile thing. So little separates the trenchant *riposte* from the dumb-ass remark. One botched line can send an article, already half-written in the brain skidding into the mental "trash" icon.

Classic anecdotes don't grow on trees. There are a dozen weeds for every fragrant bloom.

You can't force an anecdote. The best prepared *bon mots* are dross without the right context, so most anecdote-worthy incidents spring to life spontaneously.

The participants don't know they're part of a scintillating anecdote when it begins. It could be a timeless moment of fanhistory, or forgotten by lunch. In their innocent ignorance, they may say or do things that fatally cripple the story.

And let's not forget the thousand-and-one uncontrollable variables that can deflate a **Mimosa**-bound moment. Free food, unexpected sexual opportunity and hotel security throttle more potential anecdotes than slow wits.

With such formidable barriers, it's amazing that printable fannish incidents happen at all — let alone often enough to fill all the faanish

fanazines! **Wild Heirs** alone uses 17.3 anecdotes per issue,  $\pm 100\%$ . (Our scientific and unbiased survey also shows that 17.2 anecdotes per issue are undying classics, again  $\pm 100\%$ .)

It might be hopeless but for our hobby's 70 years of storytelling experience. Fandom has developed five strategies to address this difficulty.

**Make funny friends.** If you hang out with witty, perceptive and verbally agile people, it increases the probability that conversational combustion will occur. It works for Robert Lichtman,

Fanzine fandom itself is a big improvement over the general population. It has more quipsters per capita than anywhere else. In the mundane world, the repetition of prepared set-piece jokes is the closest most folks get to humor. Even a skillful re-telling of the one about the rabbi, the traveling salesman and the cop, is not the stuff of fannish legend. (Throw in a watermelon and a penis named Meyer, and we'll talk...)

Irish Fandom took this to the ultimate. The *Wheels of IF*, all consummate fanwriters and humorists, could hardly get together without quotable quotes and notable anecdotes flying all over the place. (The contrary example: The National Fantasy Fan Federation.)

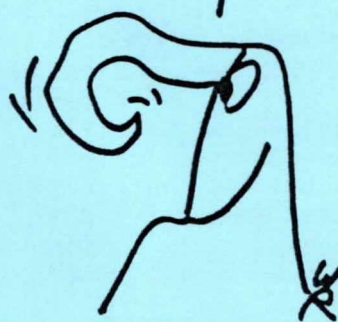
I have a great talent for inspired faanish humor. I married her in 1970. If

you check back, my articles got a lot funnier after I acquired an amusing wife.

You can't pre-stage a printable anecdote, but you can incite one. You can, that is, if you have one or more funny people to prompt.

Only the other morning, as Joyce and I sat listening to music, I put on a vinyl by The Holy Modal Rounders. I enjoy psychedelic bluegrass as much as any-

TRICKS!





one, but I picked the album to produce a specific result.

When the group sang "Don't Seem Right to Me," my comments about things that didn't seem right to me must've seemed totally natural. Casually, I mentioned my unease about some of the whining and combativeness that seem to emanate from some quarters of British actifandom.

After we batted around the subject, and a few of the worst offenders, Joyce was primed for The Straight Line to the Centerpiece Quip. You can't have a stellar anecdote without that lynch pin epigram. "What makes some of those Brit fans so damn angry?" I asked.

"It's cold in Britain," she said. "They have to get as much heat as they can out of every situation!"

"Say, that's a wonderful line," I said in honest admiration of her talent and my machinations.

"You may use it in a fan article," she said.

"That's a safe prediction," I said, deliberately misconstruing her rejoinder for comedic effect.

**Make them up.** Bertrand Russell suggested that we can't directly perceive reality. If that's true, why hobble your story with the fetters of truth?

People who do this successfully are called fiction writers. Maybe that's why so many fannish fans become science fiction writers. Add spaceships and robots to the typical con report and you've got the next lead novelette in *Isaac Asimov*.

The idea of concocting such an apocryphal episode terrifies some fans. It shouldn't. Just ask yourself, "What *would* Ted White have said about that?" and you're halfway to an amusing anecdote — and a bewildered (but trenchant) letter of comment from Falls Church.

Terry Carr is probably responsible for a famous imaginary Willis anecdote. It's the one about Walt Willis and the pesky neofan at ChiCon II.

In the story, Walt is sitting in the window of a big party suite. As he chats with other Sixth Fandom notables, he flicks his cigarette ash out the open window into the Second City night. The neofan, who has smothered him obsequiously for the previous week, rushes up to Walt. The eager young fan excitedly thrusts the ashtray in his hand toward Himself. Walt looks at the neo and then at the window. "No thanks," he says. "I haven't filled up the other one yet!"

Until a year or so ago, Rich Brown and I accepted it as fanhistorical fact. Then WAW said it never happened and challenged us to find the passage in "The Harp Stateside," in which we claimed to have read it.

We couldn't. It didn't exist. Someone, probably Terry, invented it and spread it to gullible fans like Rich and me.

Yet on another level, in another sense, that anecdote is real. Rich and I really told it to people who really believed it. Two or three fanzines have printed versions of it, so it's now part of fanhistory.

**Embellish the truth.** If your fan friends aren't clever enough to produce the required volume of

priceless anecdotes, embellishment can close the gap. One fan's "We-went-for-burgers-and-then-home" is a storyteller's fast food epic.

Personally, I would never do such a thing, so I can't provide specific guidance for those who wish to pursue this tactic. I believe that journalistic integrity is vital in fanwriting, whether you're talking to a dead BNF or reporting a ghoddminton game that erupts during a worldcon program.

This article is an apt example of the power of Embellishment. It started as a piece about an incident at Corflu Wave, but I quickly saw that it would not work. Like many anecdotes, its length is better for a con party than a fanzine. It's a cute exchange, but it wouldn't fill a whole "Katzenjammer" by itself. So I wrote this article to give it the needed length.

Having demonstrated the technique, I will now reap the benefit by recounting just about the first thing that happened to me when I arrived at Corflu Wave.

After stowing our bags, Joyce and I returned to the main lobby in search of fans. We found a few and someone mentioned a sidebar. The group headed toward the elevators.

The door opened to reveal Harry Andrushak.

He saw by our name tags that we were all fans and greeted us grandly. He assumed, rightly, that we would know of him, though our names didn't ring any bells in his recollection.

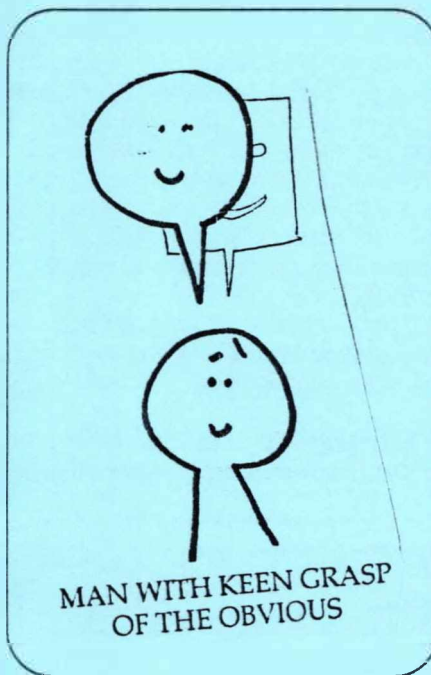
"We've met before," Joyce offered when Harry launched into a detailed personal introduction. (I can't quote it, though there was something about being a disgruntled postal worker.). She named a couple of Corflus, but her claims of close acquaintanceship didn't impress Andrushak. He spoke to us from an olympian height, conscious of the gulf that separated him from unknown, plebeian fans like us.

Andrushak seemed as nervous, and anxious to be in motion, as the White Rabbit. He had the urgent air of a Fan on a Mission from Ghu, or maybe hunting a bathroom.

"I'm sending post cards," he announced importantly. Harry waited for us to evince interest. When we didn't, he continued. "I'm sending these post card to... Lee Hoff-man!"

"To Lee Hoffman, you say?" I said, because I couldn't think of anything better to say. So that's what I said when I said it.

"Lee Hoffman is a famous fan," he elaborated.





politely covering our suspected ignorance. "We're close friends, and I always send lots of post cards from convention."

"Sorry, never heard of her," I murmured and walked determinedly toward the elevator.

A few minutes later, safe in room 666, Ted White's domain, I retold this story substantially as written here. Most of the members of the Virtual Fanclub were there, and though they laughed moderately, I sensed dissatisfaction.

Finally, after a brief silence, Andy Hooper said, "You should have said, 'Sorry, never heard of *him*.'"

I hung my head in shame. I'd captured a serviceable story and let a gem slip through awkward fingers. "You're right," I said, "and in the future, I intend to tell it that way from now on," I assured him. And at Corflu 40, when someone tells this anecdote, 'Sorry, never heard of him' will have become my line instead of yours."

Hmmm... that's over 500 words, enough for a column. Well, it's practical finished anyway, so consider it a bonus — or agony prolonged.

**Apply Creative Editing.** We're sfans: be science fictional. When a potential anecdote veers off the



path, construct a "what if?" scenario that continues in a more desirable vein. This is not quite concocting an anecdote from scratch, but it's more than a mere embellishment.

I once did this unwittingly. I returned from Corflu Madison with a full notebook, prepared to write another interminable con report. Unfortunately, I was having a lot of eye trouble at the time.

My penmanship, never good, had turned abominable. I labored over the cryptic scrawls until I extracted the details of the journey to Wisconsin, the opening section of my piece.

I finished the chapter, not without considerable mental strain. I reread those two pages of Katzian ramblings with considerable pride. I had brought forth a coherent narrative out of chaos.

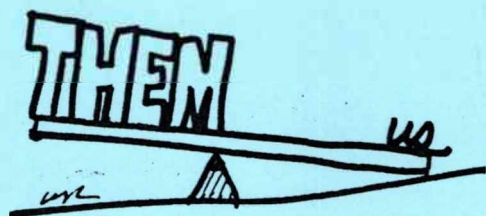
Except that when I reread it, I dimly recalled the actual trip. It wasn't anything like the one I was preparing to enshrine in toner. I'd taken a few facts, including a couple of mis-reads, and built up a lengthy story.

It wasn't the greatest anecdote, and I eventually tossed it away, but the principle is sound. Reality can provide a structure, and even plot elements, for those too cowardly to simply invent everything.

**Write book reviews.**

# VEGRANT VEGRANT

## SHELBY VICK



Starting this was far more difficult than the other writing I've done lately. This has nothing to do with the contents, subject, style, or anything like that.

I'm not doing it Online!

I've had some problems with my computer — nothing involving hardware; just programming — plus, I want to get my handheld scanner hooked up to it. So I turned it over to my friendly computer expert for reprogramming and whatnot. It's been gone for days, and will be gone days longer.

Suzanne is suffering from withdrawal pangs.

But, back to my writing problems.

### Hangin' on the Line

Tho I had troubles and complaints back when I first got my 133 Pentium and wrote e-mail, it developed into a habit. If I had fanstuff to write, I'd get Online and write it.

One great advantage — over the years, there have been many letters I've written and misplaced before I mailed them. Another: There have been other times when I'd get an idea for a fanpiece, sit down and start it . . . and never finish it. Something would come up to interrupt me, or I'd just get to a rough spot and put it aside, or whatever. Online, it has to be finished and sent.

Now I'm just sitting down and writing.

Oh, well . . .

This Vegrant has been rambling lately. It started because of something Marcy has had experience with — work at a convenience store. My daughter



Cheryl has been in the convenience store business for about 10 years. She is acting as Assistant Supervisor for a chain in Georgia. I say "acting" because, tho she has been offered the position of Supervisor, she doesn't want it — and the only way she can keep from having the position forced on her is by helping the current Supervisor. If she doesn't help him, he'll quit, and she is the only one there eligible to take his place.

Anyway, there are six stores under her, but she still manages her old store and is there more than at any other.

The other day, one of her regular customers came in. "Regular" meaning that he had been coming in for months, usually about every day. She gave him her usual friendly greeting — and he pulled a gun.

Being not only a regular customer, but also an observing regular, he knew where the alarm button was, where the cameras were, and where the safe was, and that the manager could get into the safe.

"I want all the money," he said, standing where the camera would not show his face. "And stay away from that alarm button."

Per corporate instructions, she emptied the cash register.

"All the money," he repeated. "Open the safe." She did.

When he had everything, he put his gun to Cheryl's head and said, "I hate to do this, but I've got to kill you."

(At this point I should mention that Cheryl has always been quick on her mental feet and is good at handling people. I keep telling her she belongs in sales.)

Even tho she was stunned by his announcement, she quietly asked, "Why? I've done everything you asked."

"Because you can identify me," he replied.

"I don't know your name," she objected. She was having a bit of trouble talking around the heart that was in her throat.

"No, but you'd recognize me on sight," he explained.

"I'll have to admit, you are good-looking," Cheryl said, swallowing. "Too good-looking to kill someone."

To her surprise, he started singing.

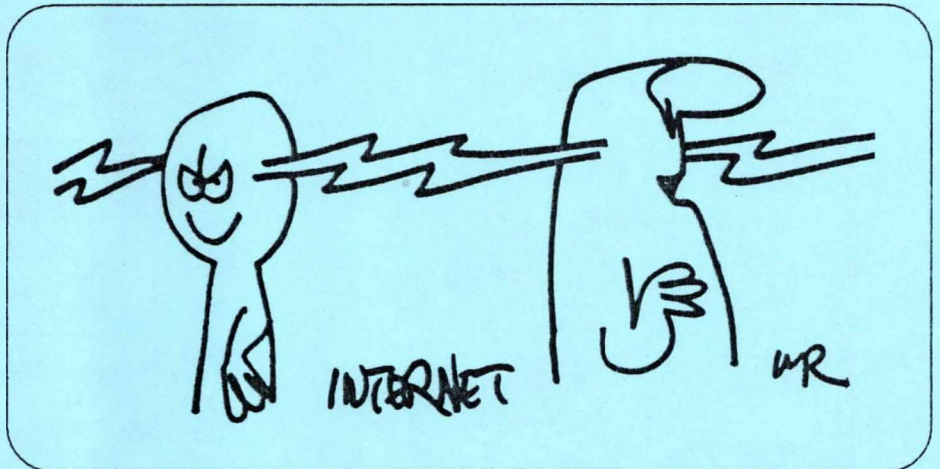
"That's good!" Cheryl said, admiringly. "You must be a professional." She was trying to keep from trembling.

"Part time," he said. "I'm in a rock band."

The conversation continued, Cheryl flattering him every way she could

think of. Eventually, he put away his gun and left with the money. She didn't save the money, but she did save her life. She leaned on the counter and fought off collapsing.

As I said, Cheryl should go into sales. Anyone who can talk her way out of being killed should be



able to sell anything.

That night, we got a phone call from her begging us to pick up the granddaughters. The weekend was coming up, and she didn't want to go to pieces in front of them. Of course, we agreed — leading to my rambles.

No point in recounting our trip and the weekend with the kids (Memorial Day weekend, that was; quite memorable to Cheryl). The police had shown her a bunch of mug shots, but she couldn't identify any of them. She was still upset. Her superiors gave her shorter hours, and let her work a lot in other stores, so she wouldn't be easily located in

case the gunman had second thoughts and came back.

But she survived.

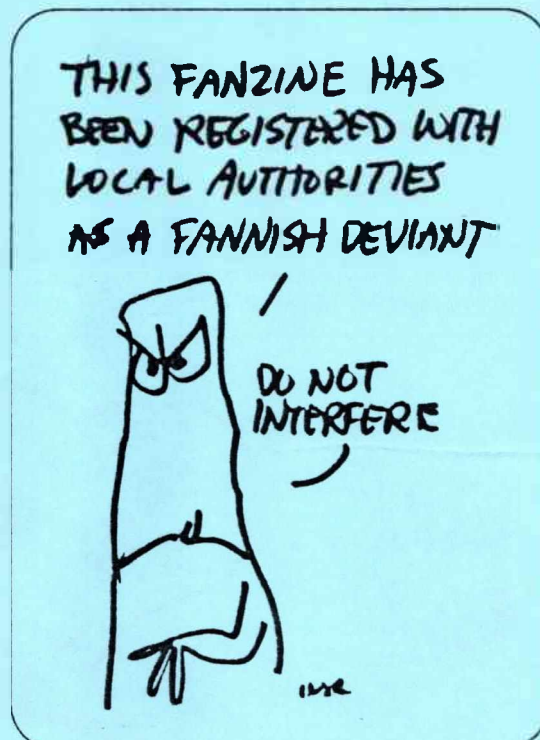
On the return trip, after taking the kids back, Suzanne said, "Look at that naked pickup truck!" I looked. (We were still in Georgia.) Ahead of us was a shiny blue pickup. "Look," she said. "No rifle rack in the rear window."

"No bumper stickers on it. Nothing!"

"Yep," I agreed. "No bird-dogs, not even a toolchest in the back. Worse than naked — it's positively obscene!"

It was the highlight of our trip.

...





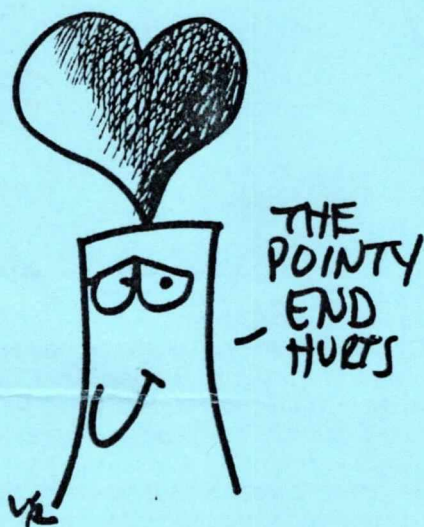
Okay, I did it. Next thing is to wait for my computer so I can send this as an attachment. Even tho I wrote it without the Pentium, there's no reason I should trust this to snailmail . . . and any

way, I can't print it until I get the Pentium back. This Tandy isn't compatible with my printer. Next time.

— Shelby Vick

# UNWOUNDED

## KEN FORMAN



"That does it! I want out! I want a divorce!" Suzanne Vick vehemently shouted towards her lanky husband Shelby across the room. An accusing finger pointed in his direction, and the look on her face would wither the heartiest flower. She glared daggers into his back.

On the other side of the room, Shelby was chatting aimably with some other BNF, but he halted his discourse when he heard Suzanne's shout. He was suitably surprised.

"What's that, dear?" he inquired.

"You heard what I said, you old son-of-a-bitch, I want a divorce."

Shelby wasn't the only one who was surprised. All within shouting distance turned to gawk. This wasn't the kind of thing any of us expected to hear from either of two of the sweetest people in fandom.

Having entered the convention room just as the shouting started, I was one of the astonished crowd, but

### Drawing False Conclusions

Suzanne is a dear heart and I just had to comfort her in her time of distress.

"What's wrong? What are you shouting about? Why would you want to divorce Shelby?"

"Look at this," she shoved a half-page of white paper in my face. "What do you think this is?"

The paper had black lines on it, and it only took me several moments to realize I was holding (upside-down) a Rotsler cartoon. Righting the page, I smiled to myself. The drawing was one of the classic Rotsler fans, spouting some witty wisdom about fandom being a god-damned hobby. I wasn't too surprised. Bill Rotsler was at the convention, and – as was his custom – was furiously dashing off cartoons and handing them out to fans. He had given me a number of them, and I had several squirreled them away in various stashes, too. The page I held, however, was a different size than the 4" by 6" pad he had been using.

"Do you know what this is?" Suzanne queried, drawing me back into the story.

I almost answered the obvious, but decided that her mood was much too foul to mess with. "Other than the obvious, no..."

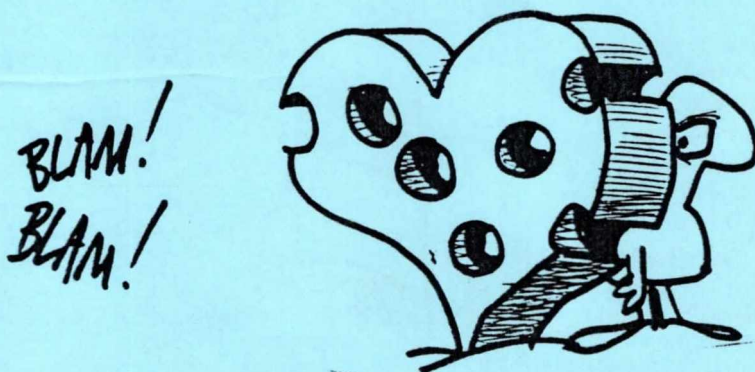
"That's a Rotsler cartoon!" she exclaimed, and harumphed back into her chair.

By this time, Shelby had finished his conversation, and had ambled to our side of the room. Suzanne's accusing finger came into play again.

"Get away from me, you awful, awful man." She was nearly in tears.

Shelby shrugged, and turned to someone else to talk to. He didn't seem too concerned, so I wasn't either.

"Can you believe he did this?" she asked. I still wasn't sure what she was talking about, but figured that when I wrote this article, I would just keep typing until she came out with it.





"It's a Rotsler," I prompted.

"That's an old Rotsler, and unpublished Rotsler, a Rotsler from an earlier time."

"Are you going to publish it?" I asked...a perfectly reasonable fannish thing to ask.

"No, I'm not going to publish it. It belongs to Shelby." I couldn't understand why there was a problem, but I pressed on, being the sensitive young fan I was.

"Is he going to publish it?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," she harumphed again.

"Look Suzanne, when I write this up for a fan article, the audience is going to want to know what all this shouting and harumphing is about. If we keep this up for another few paragraphs, we'll lose them to whatever daily/weekly/bi-weekly/tri-weekly fanzine Hooper is doing."

"You're right, here's what happened...Shelby and I were unpacking some old fanzines we brought for Arnie Katz to auction. Shelby was thumbing through one of them when this fell out." She brandished the cartoon.

"I remember this," the snake said..."I remember this" he says, as if it happened every day."

It seems that many many years ago, a very young Bill Rotsler sent a few cartoons to a young Shelby Vick. Some of them got pubbed, but one got slipped into a recently received, albeit unread fanzine. It seems it stayed there until discovered just this morning.

"Rotsler sent this to us just after we were married. I was doing a lot of publishing then, so I shared Shelby's art file. But he obviously was holding out on me. I asked him for it, and he told me he sent it to Arnie. Not only was he holding out on me, but he remained deceitful until this very day. Decades of deceit. The snake - I want a divorce!"

Once again, Mr. Vick's ears perked up at her words. "Why do you want a divorce, dear?"

"Because of this," she indicated the white paper.

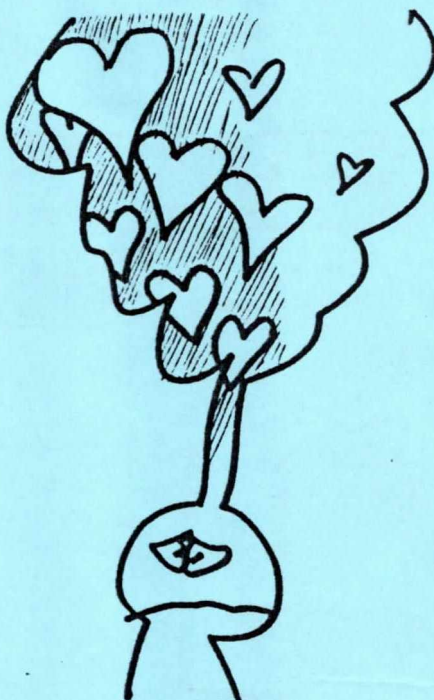
Shelby just chuckled and strolled away.

Completely at a loss for words, I walked off to find other distractions.

Later that day, Suzanne found me in the Con Suites and asked, "Have you ever been a lawyer, Ken?"

"No," I said thoughtfully, drawing out the 'o' to sound thoughtful. "But I did study pre-law for a semester."

"Good enough." She seemed satisfied with my qualifications. "I want to go through with this divorce, and I want



LOVESICK

you to represent me."

What could I say? I'm a sucker for a pretty face.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Why, serve him the papers, of course."

I agreed. We talked a little more, and I made some plans.

The next day, I handed Shelby 'the papers' I'd prepared. Actually, they were quickly written scrawls that shouldered their way down the back of some fannish flyer. The words sounded official: "Be it known among all Fen, That the fan of the first part, Suzanne Vick, heretoforth seeks, asks, and demands from the fan of the second part, Shelby Vick, a divorce." And so forth and so on. It listed 'marital cruelty' as the reason for the divorce, and went on to lay claim to 50% of his fanzines, fan pubbing equipment, and egoboo - as was her right.

Shelby was suitably impressed, and handed the paper to Jack Speer, who happened to be seated at the table where I found Shelby. I wasn't the only one prepared. The alledged 'snake' informed me that none other than the honorable Jack Speer was representing his fannish interests, and that I could take up Suzanne's grievence with him. I felt like a butterfly, Speer-ed to a cork board, waiting for the killing jar. Jack was about to show his 'judge-mental' side. We were doomed, but I put on a bold face, shook Jack's hand and trotted off to do something at the convention.

"Suzanne, we've got to settle this out of court," I advised the next time I saw my client. "If we push this, you'll have to give up half your boyfriends, and a large chunk of the lusty thoughts sent your way from other fans. Shelby will demand his share."

"I have faith in you, Ken. You're a trufan at heart, and I just know you'll do what's right," my client soothed.



PLEASE PASS  
THE HEKTO

CORRECTION



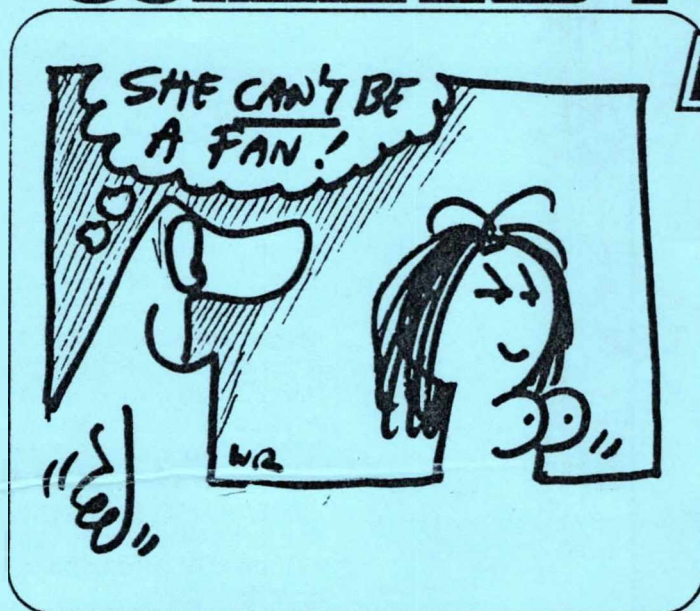
I was saved from the killing jar that night. Shelby and Suzanne made up, and Arnie presided over a 're-marrying' ceremony. I got away with my skin intact, Jack got to keep his reputation as a

nice guy, Shelby got to keep his blushing bride, and Suzanne got the cartoon (which she plans to publish "Real Soon Now").

Oh, and Arnie? He got a pie in the face.

# COMMAND PERFORMANCE

## AILEEN FORMAN



I first met Arnie and Joyce Katz around seven years ago. Arnie called us and we went over to their home within the week. Now, we had been founding members of our SF club and had gone to several conventions, but we were not really aware of many other aspects of fandom, especially fanzine fandom. Our lack of knowledge didn't daunt Arnie. He proceeded to try to fill us in on What Has Gone Before us in about the span of an evening. Needless to say, it was stunning. And stupefying. It was almost as if Arnie was impatient to get his new group of friends caught up as quickly as possible, whether we were ready or interested in catching up at all! But, natu-

Is this fanac? Huh? Is this fanac? Does it count? Is this fanac? Huh? Is this fanac? Does it count? Whaddya say? Is it really fanac? Real fanac, good fanac, huh? Huh?



### My First Rotsler

rally, he was correct in that we eventually wanted to know our hobby's past and he patiently repeated himself time and again.

One of the things about that night that stands out in my mind is the cartoon works of Bill Rotsler.

Arnie proudly pointed them out, told me everything about Rotsler from his days as a callow youth to his current position within society and then asked me what I thought about the art.

"Well," I said cautiously. "It doesn't look particularly...art-y. I mean, it's just a simple drawing."

"It's a cartoon! It's supposed to be simplistic!"

Arnie replied indignantly and then told me about the insight, the wit and the genius that went into these simple designs, how they captured the essence of the fan gathering that inspired them. He went on to tell me again of the early days when the famous William Rotsler and the famous Charles Burbee would do famous things. I nodded politely and wondered if either Arnie or Joyce liked filking.

I don't recall the first time I met Rotsler. I think it was SilverCon 2. Bill came to see Burbee and there was a great reunion at the Katz household the night before the convention started. As I walked in, it seemed like the house was full to bursting with laughter and fans. I was quickly introduced to the guests, including some people that I had met before, like Robert Lichtman who had been SilverCon 1's fan GoH.

"And this is William Rotsler," Joyce said proudly, "The artist that drew all those cartoons we've shown you." I shook his hand and looked him over. He didn't look much like I'd expected. For one thing, he didn't have that 'bohemian' look - oh, he was wearing a Hawaiian shirt, but that doesn't count! Instead, he was a fiercely intelligent-looking older man with a neat beard and mustache and a proud bearing. Immediately he drew me into the conversation - something about X-rated films, I think - and made me feel as though he'd always known me.

Running conventions is tough and eventually our group decided it wasn't fun anymore and quit throwing SilverCons. Rotsler had attended the two that were held after SilverCon 2 and I



really started to like him, his gruff manner and quick wit. There was a kindness there and also an unspoken challenge that made me want my conversations with him to be insightful and witty. I was glad he continued coming to Vegas even after we no longer held SilverCons.

That I grew to appreciate his art goes without saying to anyone who has ever read *Glamour*. In fact, there probably wouldn't be a *Glamour* if it weren't for Bill. He'd given me many cartoons, all personal and needing publication, which made me realize that I'd better actually start publishing! The topper was a cartoon that said, "Aleen, you have three choices; you can start pubbing a zine, divorce Ken

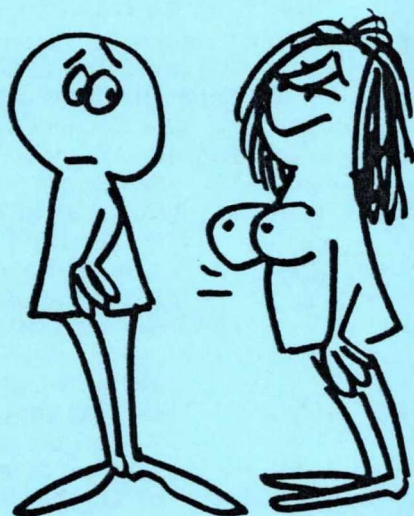
or give away these cartoons!" Now, I'm not sure what divorcing Ken had to do with anything (it probably had significance in the conversation we were holding at the time), but it peeved me to no end that I lost that cartoon before it made it into *Glamour*.

Bill, I'll miss you. I know Arnie said not to make these sad, but the fact is that you were a big part of fandom to me and I'm sorry that I never took the time to tell you that you inspired me to write my best. Often, your cartoons reminded me of some topic that I just had to tell everyone else about. You were indeed a giant in fandom and I'm proud to have met you and become your friend and the recipient of your generosity and wit. Thank you, Bill.

# SERCON NAVIGATION

## TOM SPRINGER

HI-NEW TO  
FANDOM?



I don't know a lot of people who keep doing things, who never stop doing what they believe in, looking to satisfy some grand passion or inner mystery. They seem far and few between. I can count them on one or two hands, the people I know who live what they are and reflect that definition in everything they do. Some are living dynamos, never slowing down and always turning, churning, creating with an energy they automatically instill in their work, and friendships, and conversations. Some of them are frantic, others fanatical. No matter what they do or how they do it, they never give up on what they are doing despite the surging pull of a room crowded with interesting people. Despite the women, the drugs, the sex, the booze, and the mooning fans one such artist kept his search alive,

### Something About That Arty Fella

even when copping a feel on the side, and gave us a laugh to boot.

A more arty fella I never met. Rotsler lived to create. Ideas, pictures, feelings, stories. Why, I remember our little BurbeeCon in Temecula, where Rotsler, Robert Lichtman, and a host of Vegrants visited Cora and Burbee. Rotsler was writing science-fiction and bouncing ideas off Burbee's son, and they would go back and forth, from time-travel to space travel, to universe creation to inventing story-lines long-forgotten or yet to be. He was bubbling over with science-fictional ideas. Brainstorming with Rotsler was a fabulous experience in that he kept right on storming; even when everyone else was done, Rotsler never was. I think he lived with a passion that powers one to create and exchange ideas, to share life experiences and information, and apply what he learned in his life. He'd give it a try. For the very short time I knew Bill he was never afraid to do that. I think that was something he learned very young. Other things, by his own admission, took a little longer.

I remember one night at Toner he told me how he could use his talent to his advantage in most any social situation, and he confided to me things would

Springer



have been even better if he'd wised up fifteen years quicker. He then proceeded to relate the agony and joy of keeping several models and a Playboy Bunny on a continual dating rotation that descended into even more raucous conversation. Rotsler talked the talk and walked the walk. After everyone he's known, after everything he'd done, how could he not?

I only knew him a short time. Compared to Arnle, I knew him not at all, and compared to Burbee, well, that was a whole other world — their world. The world of Wild Hairs and Outsiders, LASFS and one-shots, home brewed beer and FTL. Their world, their fandom, is bigger than life to me, legendary, like Irish Fandom. A completed idea grown over with success. They have created a long lasting and well lived history we are still applauding today.

The words Bill wrote, the pictures, the art and illos he drew, are all stories and moments in time he's seen and wants to share. Every time I see a Rotsler that is really funny I know Bill's had his

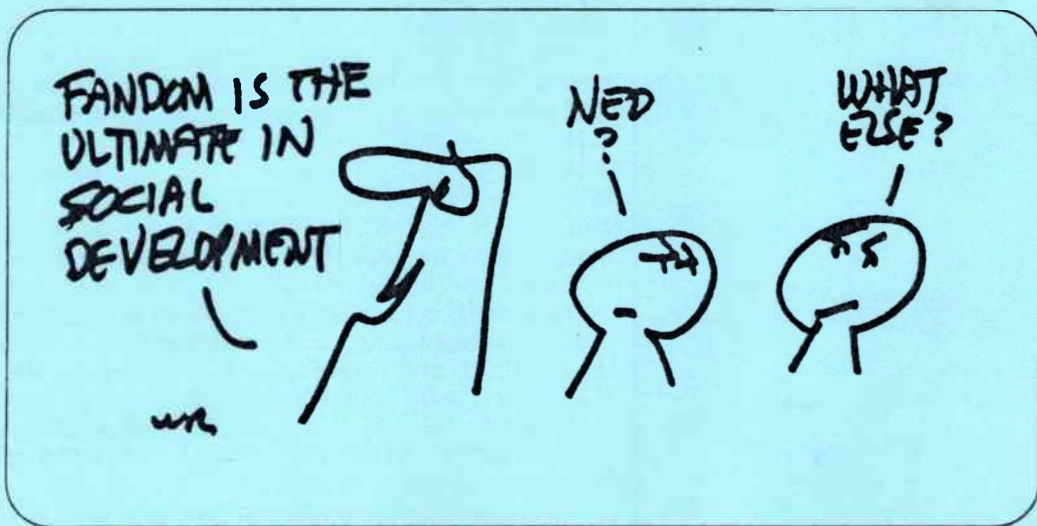


But we did publish fanzines. He's been a part (in some cases an integral part) of every fanzine I've published or contributed to, and in that respect he's been a long time Vagrant. I think I've published more fanzines with Bill Rotsler than I realize. But that's just like Bill, Rotsler Hindsight, there's more there than meets the eye.

While I haven't had deep meaningful contact with Bill Rotsler, which might be just as well, we've had constant contact. He's been at almost every convention I've been to, photographer's vest, pen and pad and smile — will travel! Oh yeah, that extra mile, seemingly, is nothing to him. I can not relate such experiences as Robert Lichtman has surely had, or Arnle, or Joyce, or Art Widner, or Jack Speer, or Burbee or FTL, but I can say I knew the guy. For the short time we had I knew him pretty well, not closely, just pretty well. I knew what might make him laugh, or what

might start him on a criticizing diatribe about D. West of Dan Steffan. I knew how to generate a lecture about "line" from Bill. I knew when he was hearing or learning something he never had before because his attention and fascination are a burning spotlight to stand beneath. His scrutiny is brutally honest, efficient, and wise. I knew he couldn't have a lot of sugar and that he still munched with the

best of us. Most of all, I think what helped me understand Bill better than I might have was all of the stories about him, by him, for him, with Burbee and Laney and Wild Hairs, and really, what he was looking for was that momentary perfection and good time. Like we all are, in one form or another. Bill just had a flair for it none of us could match. A style and élan that separated Bill from the crowd. Or was it his incredible talent with a pen and pad. In any case, Rotsler was a rare treat and one I



laugh and is now passing it around for everyone to enjoy. That's what made Bill so great, he never stopped passing it around and sharing, even when all he had was an old chipped tea cup or ketchup stained tablecloth.

That fan kept going. He had a rubber band inside that never completely unwound. Like I said, I can't say I knew Bill real well, I didn't have the time. I have no deep personal insights into his character and well being. No cute stories of Bill and I in the old days, or even the later days. We didn't pal around, we didn't get drunk together or play cards.

still savor thanks to fandom and his incredible work.

### Where Are the Locs?

"Heir Mail," the letter column, is among the missing this issue. We wavered about running letters. We liked the idea of surrounding them with some of Bill's cartoons about the arcane fannish art of responding to fanzines but we finally decided to hold that for next issue.

We've got a big stack of those Rotslers about locs, so write lots...



# Potshot

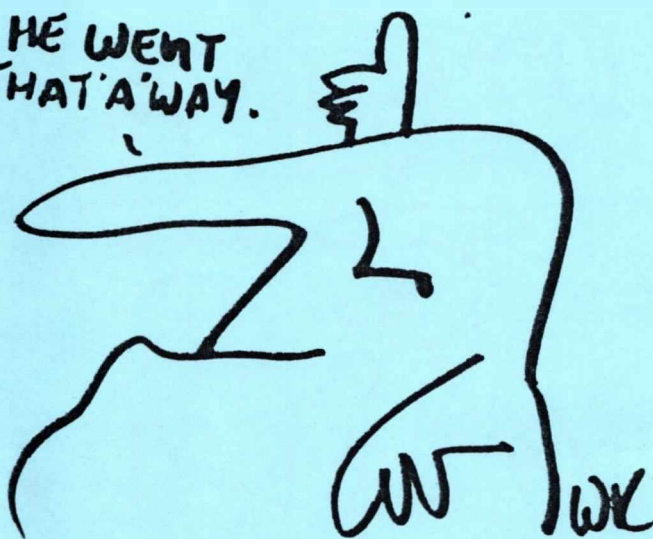
Salutes the

## Tattooed Dragon

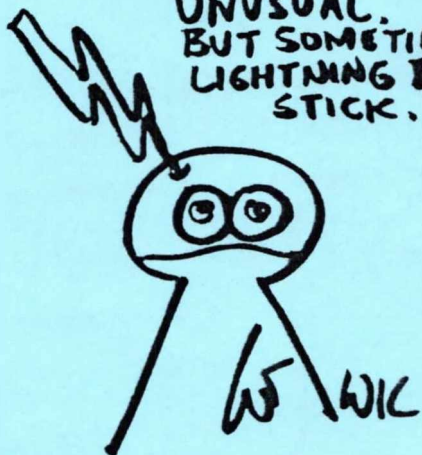
Bill "Potshot" Kunkel and Bill Rotsler cooperated on several cartoon jams in the '90's, including the mammoth one at Silvercon 3. Many of their collaborations appeared in earlier issues of this and other fanzines

The cartoons in these pages are Bill Kunkel's homage to the king of the fanzine cartoonists.

HE WENT  
THAT'AWAY.



SURE IT'S  
UNUSUAL,  
BUT SOMETIMES  
LIGHTNING DOES  
STICK.









I was right there on hand for the invention of Drugs & Sex & Rock n Roll, back in the Fall of 1958. It happened when Ben Thacker pulled out his stash and some rolling papers and asked, "Would you like a little toke?"

Duggie, who'd encountered pot in college, then again while studying photography in L.A., allowed as how he wouldn't mind, and lit right up.

So there they were, tokin' and a jokin', putting on like a couple of musicians from the 30's, with a lot of "oh, maaaaan"s and "all right"s and holding their breath until their lungs were coming out their ears. I believe "Work With Me Annie" was playing on the radio, but it coulda been Mingus or Parker or Miles Davis. Hell, it mighta been Mendelsohn, or Strauss.

Whatever, it was Cool, because we were Cool.

'Bout then there was a hammering on the door that sounded like someone was trying to bash it in. Quick as a paranoid junkie in a police lineup, Ben swallowed the rest of the still-burning roach, while Dug waved a magazine in the air to scatter the miasma of smoke they'd raised. It was probably an *Analog*, but it coulda been *F&SF*. Whichever, it didn't do much for dispersing the fumes.

The door flew open, and in rushed big George "Tarzan" Henby. "Man, I could smell it all the way 'cross town," was his only comment, as he held out his huge fist to take the joint.

Grass was hard to get in Poplar Bluff in the 50's. Now and then, someone'd make a trip to the Border, but it was a long way to Mexico from Missouri. Once in a while, some would drift down from St. Louis, or Duggie'd pick some up at the Blue Note R&B bar down by the railroad tracks. Usually, though, we'd just wish. That's really what got George started on *The Quest*.

George still mostly went by the name Tarzan at this point, because of his mighty strength. He was famous for swimming Black River upstream against the current every Christmas Day for the last decade or so. He'd dive in off the Vine Street Bridge. Then while well-bundled friends yelled and cheered, he'd muscle his way upstream, under the Pine Street Bridge, past the power plant, all

# DRUGS AND SEX AND ROCK N ROLL

## BY JOYCE KATZ

the way to the railroad bridge on the north end of town.

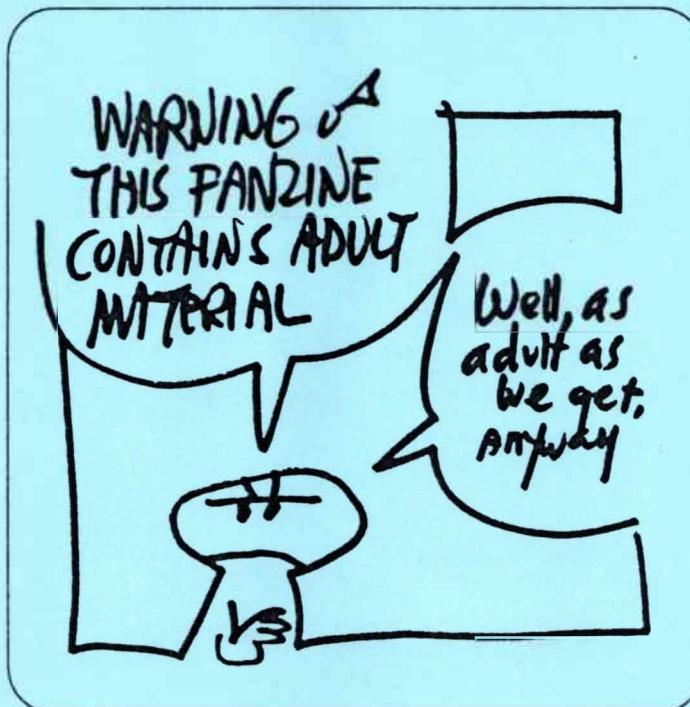
He was also famed for his prowess with the bow. Once he shot an arrow all the way over the County Courthouse. It came down on the other side, barely missing Sheriff Bill Brent. Bill was pretty doggone mad, too. He ran around the courthouse to see who'd been such a damned fool. When he saw Big George, he calmed down in a hurry. All he said was, "Now Tarzan, you ought to be careful where you're aiming." But he took care to keep his voice mild; wouldn't do to rankle the big man.

Anyhow, George was a grass-loving man. It was uncanny how he'd know, if anyone had even a smidgeon hid away. There'd be George, knockin on the door, ready to get down and get stoned.

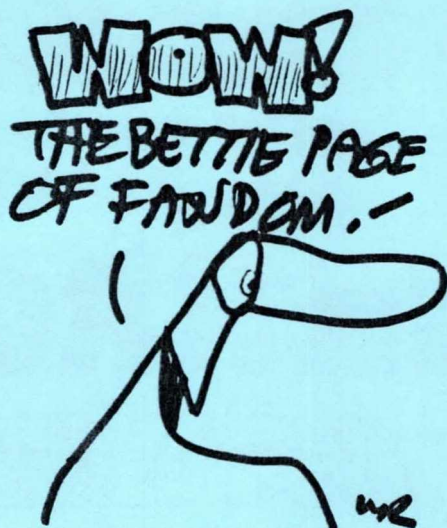
But, there really wasn't much of it around. So George started his great hunt.

The man never rested; he always had his ear to the ground, his nose to the air. And, he always kept his eye peeled to spot it growing along side the road. George knew it was there, and by god, he was going to find it.

The next really big score was thanks to George. He'd been walking the tracks north of town, and came upon a patch of what looked like weed to him. It was shaped right, the leaves smelled right, and it had tiny little yellow flowers on it, since he caught it in bloom. Not a man to leave incriminating matter around, he harvested the whole crop







right on the spot, bundled it into burlap bags, and hauled it on his back right down to Ted Borth's Pharmacy.

Ted was a cautious kind of head; always wanted to know just exactly what drug he was using before he scarfed it down. So he put a sample of it under the microscope. "Swamp Marigold!" he cried out as he looked at the specimen. "It's nothing but wild marigold plants!"

"But it sure smells nice, doesn't it," said George. He was certain he had discovered something significant, and wasn't ready to give up his proud moment.

Ted allowed as how he didn't care to smoke it. He thanked George politely and declined to buy anything out of the burlap bag. So George brought it to Ben.

Smokables were really hard to come by. Neither man was ready to give it up without a thorough experiment. They smoked it, ate it, boiled it and cooked it into cornbread, but the most they could get out of it was a strong headache. Finally, they decided to give it The Treatment. They spread the marigold plants on pie plates, then sprinkled them liberally with opiated paragonic, and care-

fully dried the grass in the oven.

Suddenly, they had something. It still caused a pretty potent migraine and even some nausea, but first it gave you a kick in the head that sent your senses reeling.

I smoked some that night. It didn't have a bad taste, sort of earthy with spice. I liked it, and put away a fair amount all by myself. Next thing I knew, George and Ben were on either side of me, holding me upright, and we were outside. They were walking me back and forth in the cold night air. As my mind began to clear, I saw the sky; it seemed to blaze, and all the stars looked like they were falling toward me.

That was some pretty potent smoke.

Well, after that, there was no stopping George. Having succeeded so dramatically once, he was primed for an unending hunt.

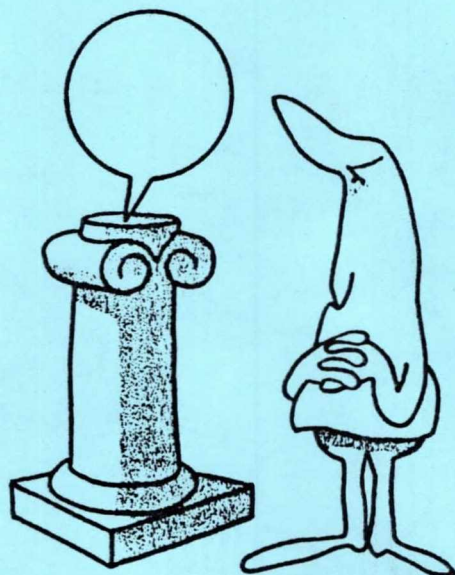
Everytime he'd walk past an open lot, he'd have to stop to examine every weed. "Man, I know it's here; I just gotta find it," he'd say. Driving with him became an ordeal. We'd tool along the highway, and he'd slam on the brakes, shouting "That's it...look at that...it's here!" He'd jump out of the car and attack some poor innocent piece of greenery like a Hun at the Battle of the Bulge. Then he'd stomp back to the car, huffing his disappointment in quick angry breaths, and he'd be still for a few minutes. Then, a mile or so down the road, he'd slam on the brakes again, shout "There it is!" and the whole performance would be repeated.

Once, after Dug and I had moved to St. Louis, George and I rode the bus downtown to go shopping. His face was pressed to the window all the way. When we went past the Hiroshima Flats (that's what we called the area where the slums were torn down, waiting for new buildings to be constructed) he couldn't stand it anymore. He jumped off the bus at 12th Street, saying, "I saw it! I know it's here! I just gotta look!"

When he came walking up to the apartment, he was stony faced and silent for a couple of hours. I never did want to question him too carefully about what happened. The one thing I know didn't happen was him finding grass growing wild in downtown St. Louis.

But if you try hard enough, and you hunt long enough, you're bound to find something. Finally, George had his day, and we all had to quit laughing.

George talked Jim Wray into driving him up toward Kansas City. He'd heard about the Battle of the Hemp Bales up that direction during the Civil War, when bales were used as breastworks. We liked to imagine how it must have been. The battle raged, until the fire started some of the bales to burning. Then, we figured, the battle would have just



THE ONLY GOOD THOUGHT  
HE EVER HAD



dwindled away, as everyone breathed the fumes and mellowed out.

Anyhow, George wanted to find and raid the legendary hemp fields of Missouri. He and Jim tooled along the highway in their rattletrap car, north of the Kansas City area. I figure George musta been hopping out of the car every half mile, trying to test every plant growing from Kansas City to St. Joe. And, then, he found what he wanted...a whole field full of marijuana.

The two men started cutting and packing, cutting and packing. They filled the six burlap bags they'd brought and stuffed them into the trunk. Then they stuffed as much as they could carry into the backseat.

When the frenzy passed, they looked at the car, which had grass plants sticking out every seam. "Now, lookee here, this won't do," they agreed. So they emptied the tow sacks; just stuffed the loose grass plants into the trunk until it wouldn't hold anymore, and slammed the lid down over it. Then they used the tow sacks to cover up the plants that filled the backseat from floor to roof.

So, there they were, driving west to east across Missouri, scattering plant debris from one side of the State to the other like modern day Johnny Appleseeds. They were toking as fast as they could drive, just stuffing whole pods into their pipes, and they were feeling pretty good.

'Bout then, they got the idea that they wouldn't go direct back to Poplar Bluff. George knew a couple of girls in St. Louis; they'd drop in for a friendly visit.

So, they parked the grass-filled car on the street in front of the ladies' apartment building, and went inside. They were ready to party.

The next morning, when it came time to leave, they walked out the door and the car was gone. They searched for blocks each direction...not a sign.

What were they to do? They couldn't call the police and report the car missing. What would they say? "You'll know it when you see it; it's the car with six hundred pounds of pot in the back seat."

Broken, ruined, grassless, they caught the bus and returned to Poplar Bluff.

But now George knew where to go, and he knew there was more pot waiting for him. He hopped a bus, and took off for Northern Missouri again. This time he managed to fill a couple of suitcases, and carted them back to Poplar Bluff without incident. He passed it around liberally to his friends; he didn't save any, cause he was aiming for one more big score.

Somehow he got ahold of another junker car, and the whole process was repeated. He and Jim drove back to the hemp fields of Northern Missouri, stuffed the trunk, and filled the back seat.

This time, as they drove home, they took a

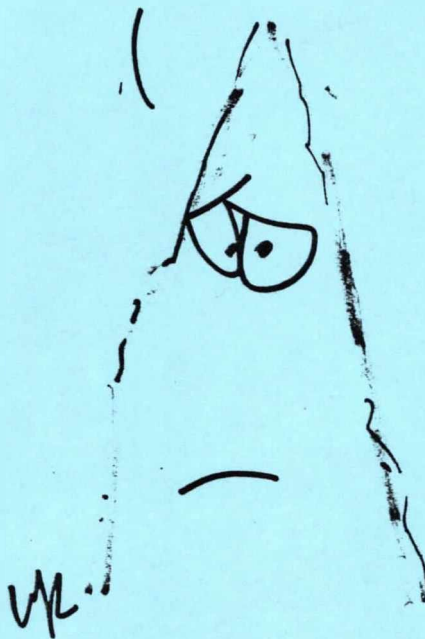
turn in Kansas City and started down a one-way street, going the wrong direction. Luck was against them; a brief siren, and up walked a patrolman.

Before the patrol could say a word, George panicked and blurted out, "You got me fair and square, copper." The policeman was a bit nonplussed by this sudden confession. He glanced in the back seat, saw the burlap, and reached out his hand to pull it back, exposing the payload of marijuana plants.

George got out of that one, eventually, because it was illegal search and seizure. But he was a ruined man. Every step he'd take, there'd be six Treasury boys behind him, like a conga line moving through Poplar Bluff. He couldn't shake them off his tail. They figured he was transporting the grass for Mr. Big, and that he'd lead them to the master criminal behind his movements. They figured that sooner or later he'd score another big haul, and they intended to nab him with the goods.

That pretty well spelled the end of drugs & sex & rock 'n roll for George, and for us, too. The local cops got it into their minds that maybe Dug was Mr. Big, and for two weeks, they parked a patrol car across the street in front of the Fisher Family Home. Finally their presence unnerved him so much that Dug burned his own stash. Carried it out of his attic, built a bonfire in his driveway, and burned the whole burlap bag right in front of their eyes.

I'M FADING  
AWAY...!







# BEARING SCARS

From Battles of the Future

*Crazed, but not forgotten*

