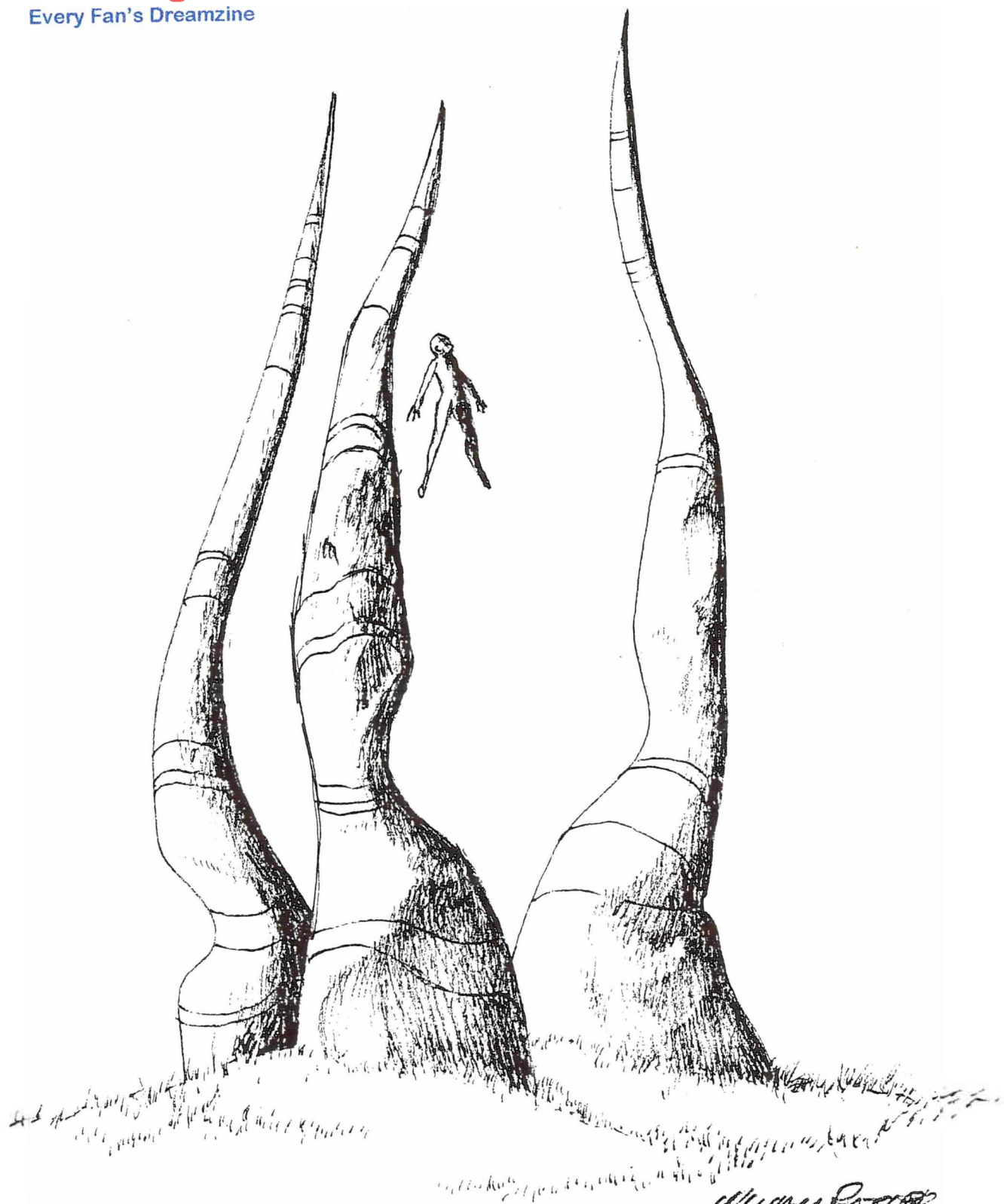


MASQUE

Every Fan's Dreamzine



PURIFICATION

You are more affected by your failures than your successes. Successes seem natural and inevitable, failures do not.

Like riding a bicycle, you never forget how to do sex, but as you get older it becomes harder to pedal fast.

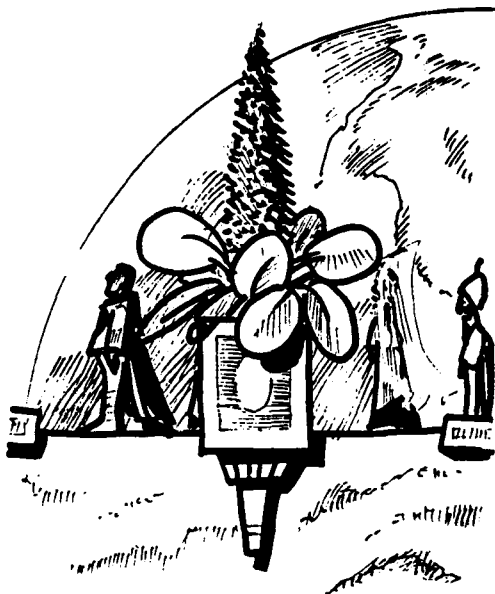
Never eat in a restaurant that says it has "home cooked" food. That is not necessarily a recommendation, and more than likely a warning.. You do not leave home to find "home cooked" meals.

There are a lot of egotists of both genders, maybe three, who would like to see sex made an Olympic event, and will always cite that the Games were originally done in the nude. But sex is too subjective for that. The only possible way would be for all the entrants fornicate all the judges in turn.

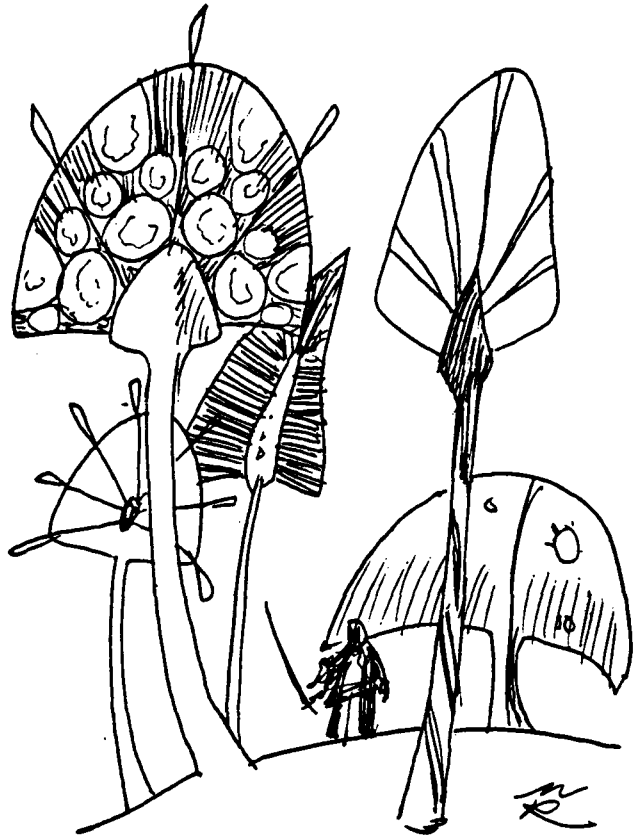
MASQUE

Every Fan's Dreamzine

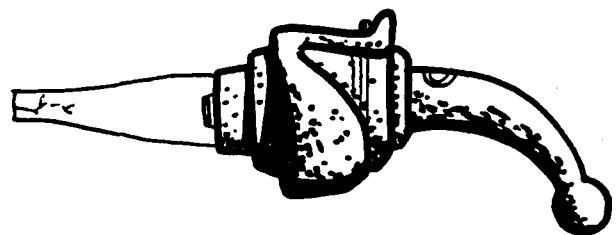
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17909 Lull St, Reseda, CA 91335



Dickens, Trollope, Balzac and Victor Hugo wrote a million words a year without a typewriter or a computer, so stop complaining.



A first draft says, "See, you *can* do it.
Now do it better."



ANCIENT DEVICE

ROTSLER

There are faces that are beautiful and faces that are interesting. Once in awhile a face is both. Or becomes so in time and familiarity. If you have a choice, always pick the interesting face—it will last better.

We've all heard "Life is not a destination, but a journey" and "Life is to be lived," and "Life is what you make it," and other such homilies. They're all true. Being a cliché doesn't make it any less true.

A William Rotsler & Marv Wolfman Sampler

The second most important thing doctors study is how much to charge.

Wheels are round because you don't want to get stuck on the speed-bumps.

Worms dream of sleeping birds.

A smile is the easiest thing to con people with.

The difference between happiness and misery is momentary.

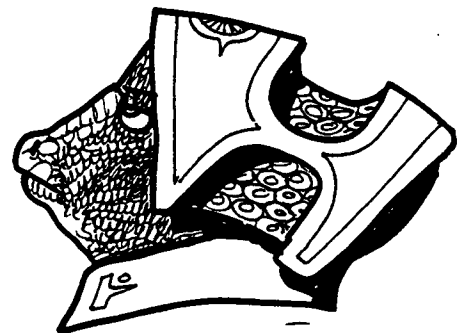
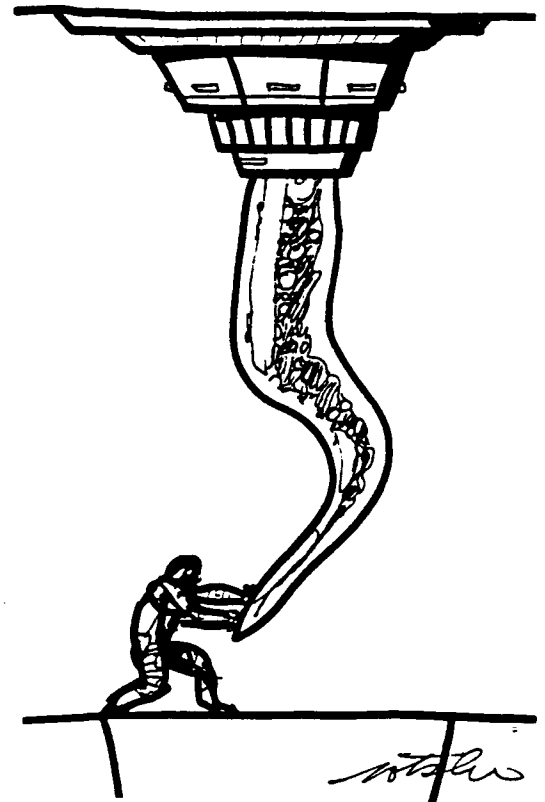
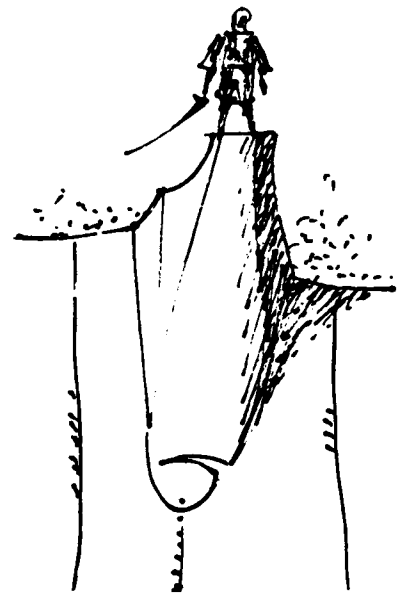
Every time a woman says, "Can't we just be friends?" a man dies just a little bit.

Everyone would like to be on TV because you're not real otherwise.

Fools and villains always give themselves away,
but so do saints and the competent.

The World's Twenty Worst Questions:

- 1: You don't honestly expect me to believe that, do you?
 - 2: Do you have the money?
 - 3: Have I kept you waiting?
 - 4: *Now* what's the matter?
 - 5: Will you promise not to get angry if I tell you something?
 - 6: Don't you have a sense of humor?
 - 7: Do you have any other identification?
 - 8: What's your alibi?
 - 9: You mean you are going out dressed like *that*?
 - 10: Why don't you call your mother more often?
 - 11: Well who *are* you?
 - 12: Am I getting fat?
 - 13: You don't remember me, do you?
 - 14: When are you going to grow up?
 - 15: Are you asleep?
 - 16: What's that between your teeth?
 - 17: Aren't I worth waiting for?
 - 18: Can't you read the sign?
 - 19: Don't you love me anymore?
 - 20: Where do you get your ideas?
-





 We'd all like to be young again--but only
 with the knowledge we now possess.

13 July 84 For some reason I have been drawing like a fiend. Maybe it is all the porn pix I've been sitting through. I've noticed that I've been using the Fast Forward less, just letting the picture run on as I keep drawing. Would Pauline Kael do this? Pauline Kael can't draw. So that ends that discussion of situational ethics.

What I have been drawing were (1) oodles of boxy space ships, seen all thru this fanzine; (2) aliens in helmets; (3) aliens in what I've come to call "technological crowns," i.e. things that look at first glance to be a helmet...no, a crown, but what's that doing there? They have been pouring out. Knowing me, I'll just draw until (1) I stop; (2) transmute into something else as subject matter; or (3) something else.

I'm still writing & pasting up pages for this MASQUE, sometimes even running off the pages. I've such a backlog...and no energy to assemble! I guess I'll have to have an assembly party or something.

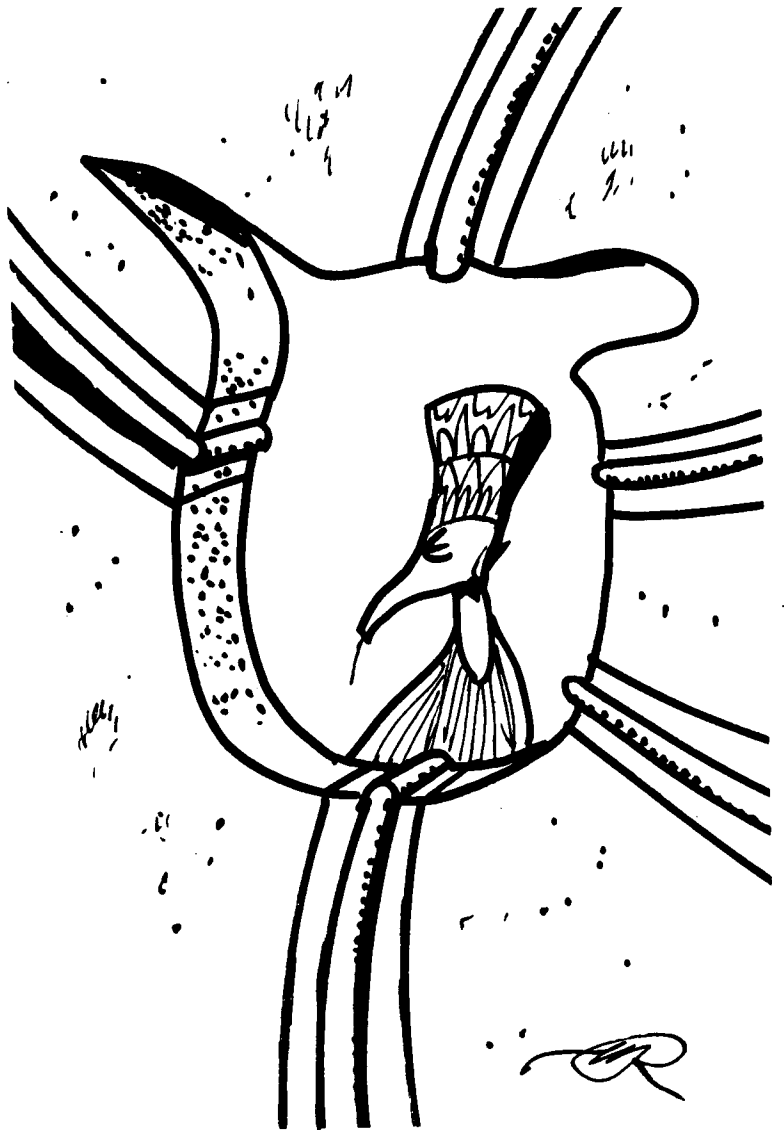
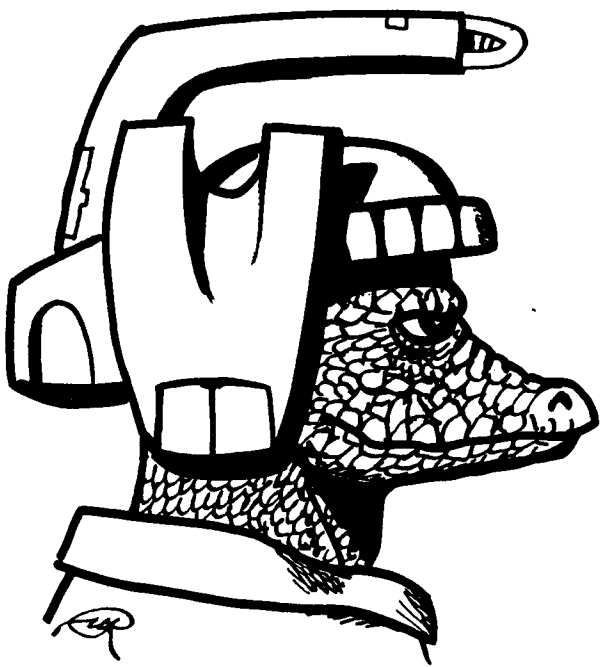
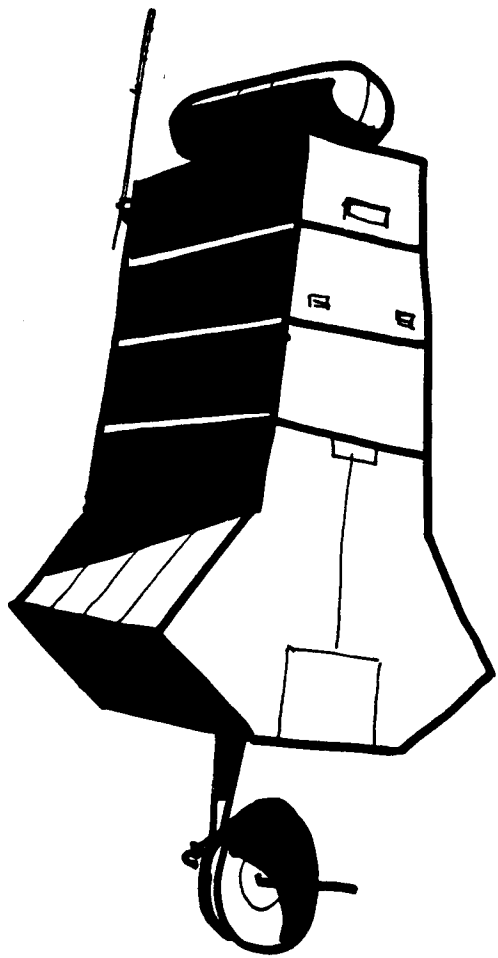
Bastille Day I don't expect everyone to watch their words at every moment, but you do expect (or should expect) a bit of care in professional talkers, such as radio announcers. I've been listening to "Comedy Radio" which is in Thousand Oaks, not far from my ex-ranch. Today, the announcer said he expected the heat to be "in the mid-one hundreds." Does he know about a nova or something?

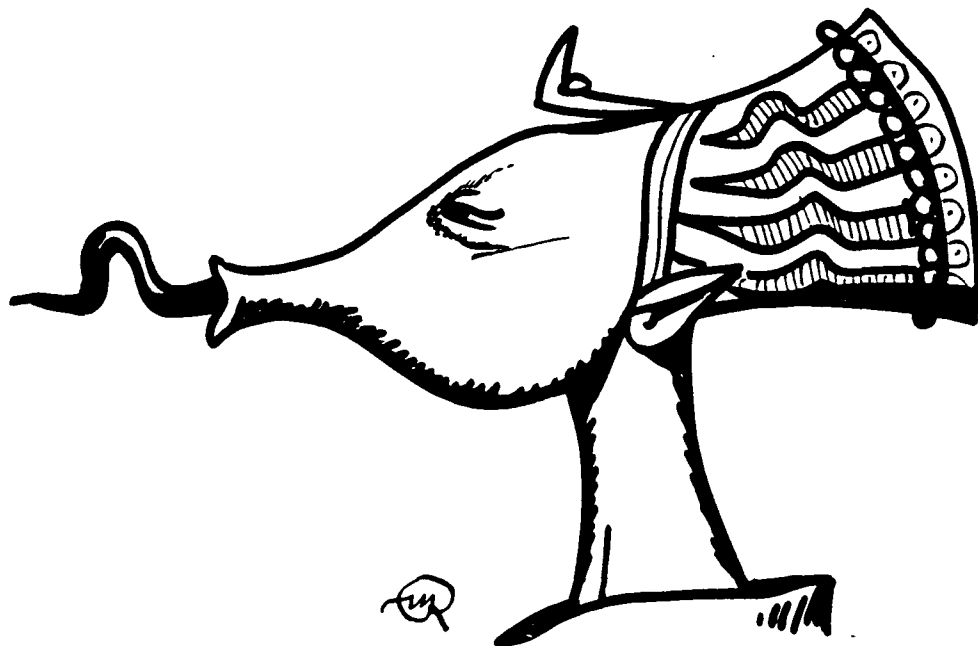
More on drawing: Most of the time I have no idea what I am going to draw when I start drawing. Oh, if I'm "into" helmets or starships or something I might have a good idea it's going that way, but I can't be certain. Cartoons even more so. Somewhere in the mysterious process I'll have an idea what I am doing and go for broke to the end.

The other night at CAPS, Sergio Aragonès found a copy of Geis's SFR lying about and rushed over to show me the Gilliland cover, which had a number of cartoons. Sergio pointed at one with a long nose, Wizenbeak, I think, and said "He's stolen from you!" No, no, I said...I did teach him everything I know, but it's his own style." Then I had to explain Alexis, explain our collaborations. I think Sergio finds my supernoses amusing.



I got sidetracked. I started to talk about "macho" drawing/cartooning. That's a term I made up to annoy cartoonists who have to pe-cil everything first before they can ink. Partially, it's just fun on my part and partially real. Within reasonable limits I think you should be able to draw a great number of things acappella as it were. Sergio, for the prome example, does this.





Sometimes, you cannot avoid pencilling...cartoon strips, comic books and other spots where you must contain the drawing within a certain preset space. But if you just have a sheet of paper why not go for it? Don't you know anatomy? Perspective? Where the light is coming from? Texture? The solidity or transparency of whatever you're drawing? You don't? They go back and start over.

The Aforementioned Alexis Gilliland is a fine example of a Macho Cartoonist (I can see his eyebrows going up.) But in his case he has not yet discovered that people in our culture read from left to right & he'd always putting the "after-comment" or sidecomment on the left, so you read it first.

But for me the main reason to "macho" cartoon (which is like jumping off a cliff in some respects) is that I don't know where I'm going with it. I love that. A magical mystery tour, indeed.

Now there is nothing against pencilling, and it delivers a much more disciplined drawing. But it is a philosophy which is automatically restrictive. You say, well, you can "macho" draw with a pencil, can't you? Theoretically, yes... but I haven't seen it much. (I'd be interested in hearing statements from the Loyal Opposition.)

Drawing is wonderful, but it seems to me that when you pencil, knowing this is a preliminary to inking, you become more conservative rather than less. I don't know why that is. I'm not speaking just of myself here.

(Sidetrack: If this TO THE STARS thing goes through they want me to write an art column and perhaps this could be a subject; thus I'd love to hear from Qualified Listeners as they say...and be able to quote. End of sidetrack; please return to main line thinking.)

Pencilling should be utterly free. I mean, you can erase it, change it with ease. But in practice, it seems to me, artists start the selection process with a vengeance here, working toward an end,

not making the journey interesting.

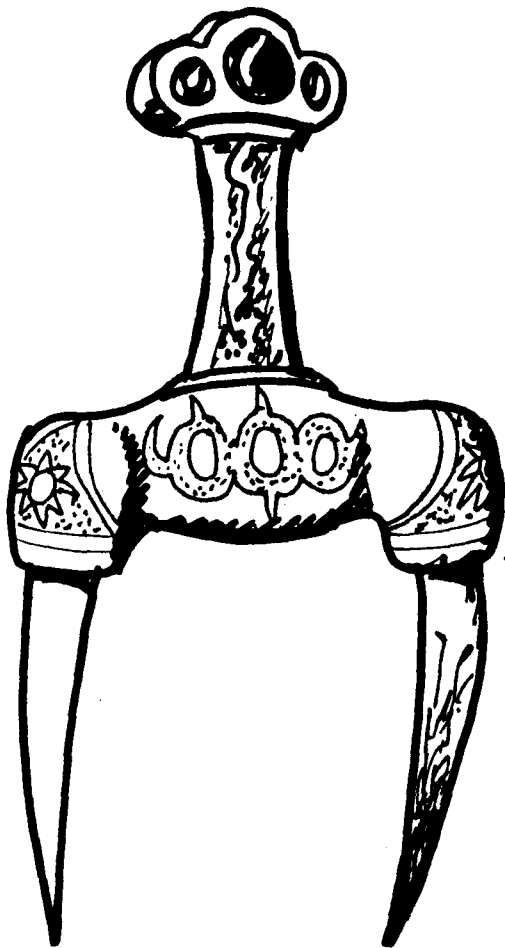
(Sidetrack: I write the same way, which explains a lot. At least to me.)

But if you are drawing in ink--or some other permanent method, especially one such as watercolor--you have to know what it is you want to do.

Now I know that seems contradictory. Knowing what you want to do and exploration. Strangely, I don't feel that. Perhaps I mean (and I'm first drafting here, as usual) that you must have confidence in your physical skills (of which being able to draw a straight line would be the way to explain it to a layperson) and, more importantly, in your mental ability to make it come off.



In years of drawing at conventions, I've had my elbow jostled as I was drawing, or the table bumped, or any other number of dislocations...yet had the ego to make something out of the accident. It became



a challenge. I've only thrown away a very few drawings--usually when the drawing was almost finished and there was no room for improvisation.

Am I making any sense? I realize there is only a handful of you in this audience that actually draws & they might not all be interested. But so few people actually write about art, especially in the "fan press", with G. Barr being by far the best and most intelligent, that I thought I'd just plunge ahead. (In my 2nd life this will get a polish.)

I might explain it this way to writers: You are Dickens and you're 3/4 of the way through "Christmas Carol" and you must insert Oliver Twist. Or you are 1/4 of the way through it and you must put Oliver in. See what I mean? One way would be a bitch and the other way uncomfortable but not impossible.

All this may be a tempest in a crockpot, and applicable only to moi, I don't know. But it does seem to me that an artist's worst enemy is himself. If you are drawing just for the hell of it, for yourself (with perhaps, the possibility of a fanzine publication) why shouldn't you explore?

A lot of artists fossilize themselves. (Writers, drawers, cartoonists, serigraphers, etc.) They find something that works and they continue to repeat it. Commercially, at first, it makes sense. Capitalize on what you are good at. Or (as I do) explore a theme. But then move on, mine another vein, plant the flag elsewhere. There was a serigraphy shop in LA that used to invite painters, sculptors, etc to

come and do a series of silk screen prints. Working in another medium can be really exciting. I've often thought of writing music (and I have zero ability) by doing a piece of sculpture, rather cylindrical in shape, and assigning a certain profile of it to an instrument or section, and seeing if it would translate to hearable music. My ignorance may be an asset there.

But, to me, to continue to do one thing is death. Oh, I've drawn steadily for over fifty years, but I haven't scratched the surface!

Oh, enough enow! You aren't interested in this. One last thing: I draw most stuff lying on the couch, using small stationary store note pads. If I was drawing sitting up, at a drawing table, the drawing would be much different. I could draw a straight line then. I'm not saying this to excuse any sloppy drawing, but to explain why there are few crisp straight lines. I have a couple of circle templates handy & use those, but mostly it is very freehand stuff.

Now I'm finished.

What we call experience is really the bumps, potholes, slick spots, detours and banked curves on the road of life.

I remember finishing Patron of the Arts and thinking, "That's everything you know about are," and before I could think the period I thought of something else. I went back & put it in and realized I hadn't even dipped the well much. In 1979, in Europe, where for 2 months I did little else but look at art & architecture, I notebooked a lot of comments, some of which have appeared herein as interlineation, the education channel of MASQUE/KTEIC.

Friendship is scratching your name on the mind of another.

18 July 84 Ed Kline just came in, a bit shaken. Seems he had borrowed my car, was coming home along Vanowen. A guy in a Pinto comes out of an alley backward, about 30-40 miles and hour. Ed manages to stop just in time, comes within a hairsbreadth of hitting him.

From 70 or so yards behind, a car zooms up and stops almost touching my Hondo's rear bumper. Ed, somewhat shaken by the sudden change of reality, is aware that both men are out of their cars. He said the "vibes" were "wrong," so he got out. He was looking at the Pinto driver when he heard/felt the rear man come up silently behind him. A quick glance showed the man looked "serious," and not at all in the way some driver might look who wanted to help. But, remember, there was no accident.

"It just felt wrong," Ed said...and kicked back, getting the man above the knee. "I heard something snap." The man went down, and Ed (doing just what I

would do) punched him in the face, then assisted his descent by shoving him into the side of my car. He called out to pedestrians, passing cars, for the cops. The Pinto guy, meanwhile, has zoomed away. Ed waited around. started thinking that he

had no witnesses, nothing tangible (and could only hope he'd get a streetwise judge) and decided discretion was called for, and left.

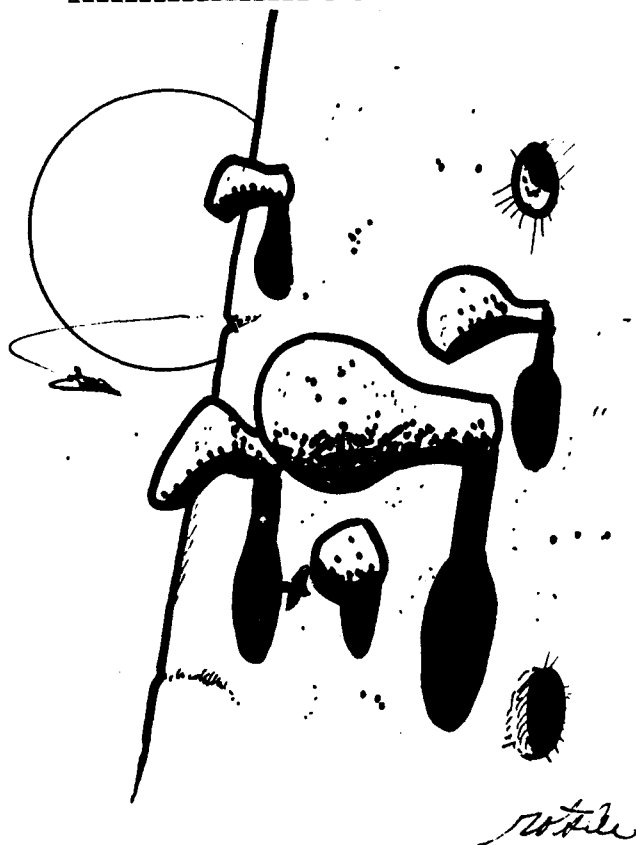
I think it had to be an insurance scam. Rear witness swears Ed hit the Pinto, etc, the other guy has whiplash, etc. What do you think? Since Ed did not recognize any of them, it seems the most logical explanation. Of course, the Pinto could have made a Dumb Move, pulling out. The guy in rear, though...most people would just pull out & around. Why block the car on both ends--that is what triggered Ed off. Trap. Anyway, the lesson is, don't walk up behind Ed Kline carrying the wrong vibes.

Went to LSFA last night. Told Bill Warren the above story. He doesn't think it's an insurance fraud, that they usually involve smashing into the rear of a car, from the front, by backing up, etc. Well, maybe they were trying something new & weren't too smart. On the way to LASFS we went by the spot, saw the car still there, a few drops of dried blood. We'll check out the license later. But on his license plate the holder says "I Brake for Tailgaters." Say anything to you?

Now I know a lot of you are going to be going, "Ugh, how violent!" Yet Ed's really a peaceful guy...but he's also not going to wait until the other draws first, as it were. Neither am I, for that matter, not if I read a situation a certain way.

Law of Conservation of Mess: "In order to make some place clean, you have to make some other place dirty." (Anon)

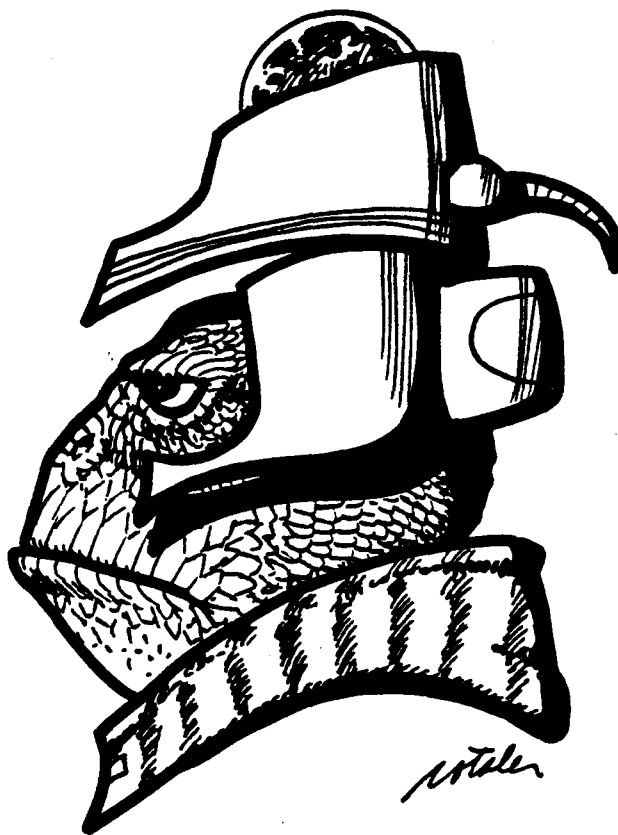
"Estelle Reiner has Thelma Diamond's teenage voice." (Evan Hayworth)



Gossip is the surface noise of conversation.

I was driving along the Ventura Freeway the other day, thinking about the re-sale of SHIVA DESCENDING, wondering where the money was. I remember talk that Greg Benford & my agent, Richard Curtis, had originally mentioned offering a sequel as inducement, but since the sale this had not been mentioned. And I thought of a title: SHIVA ASCENDING. At that point a sports car came up (ascended?) the on-ramp and its license plate was SHIVA-7.

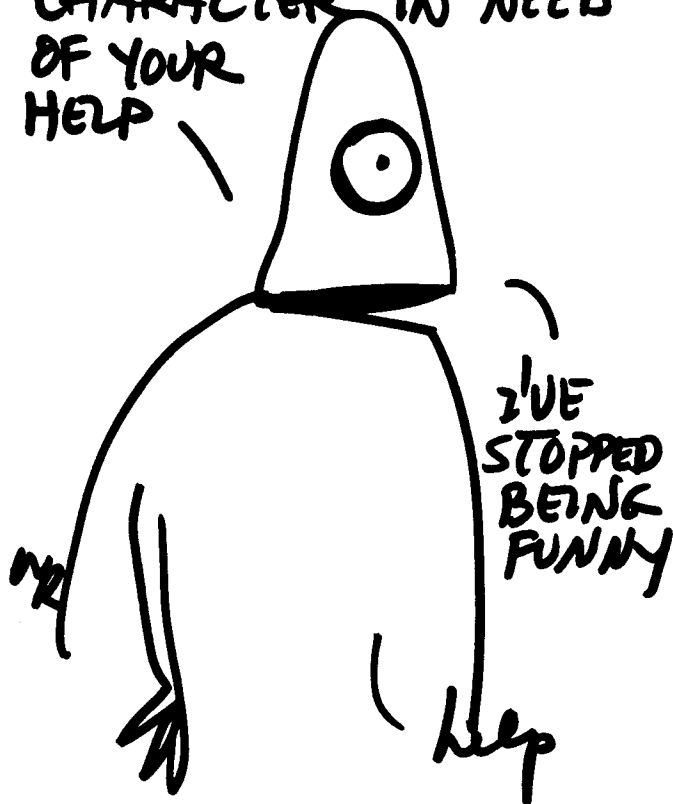
Taste is the practical, everyday form of art.



Power over yourself is called discipline.



I AM A PROTO CARTOON
CHARACTER IN NEED
OF YOUR
HELP

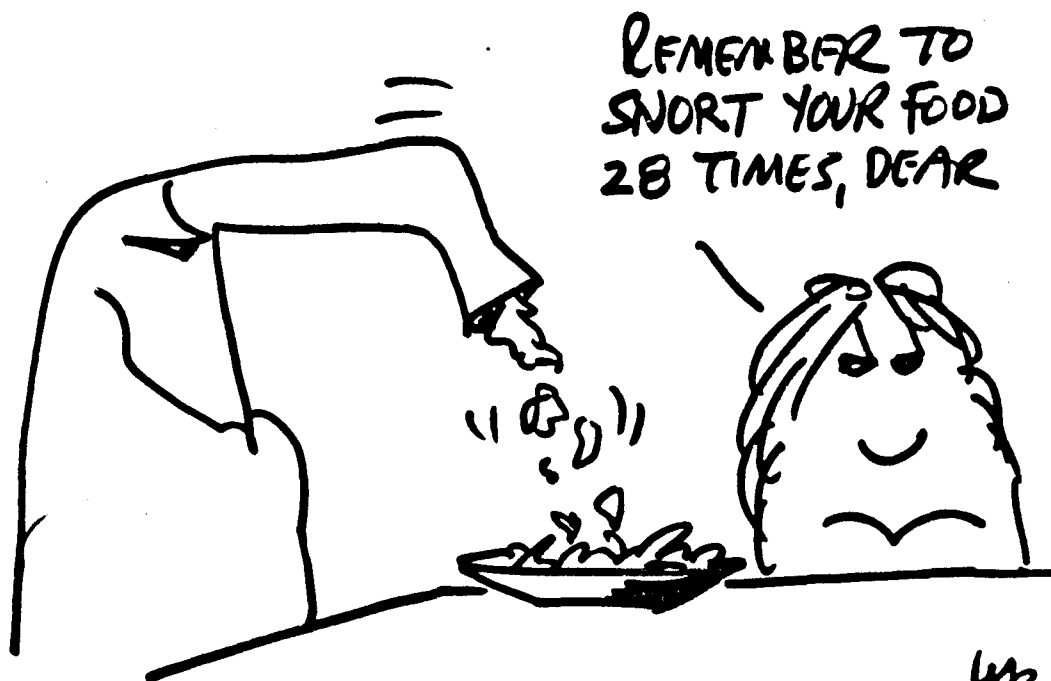


I'VE
STOPPED
BEING
FUNNY



THERE'S BEEN TOO
MANY OF YOU
LATELY AND NOT
ENOUGH OF ME!





A postcard from Maude Kirk:

Me: "Gee, David, you look terrible today-- didn't you get any sleep last night?"

David: "No. My roommate Ernie and his girlfriend were yelling at each other all night."

Me: "What were they yelling?"

David: "Instructions!"

25 July 84 Pocket Books sent me a bio to fill out--my next book is coming out through them--and since it is a novelization, what publicity can you possibly get? Also, they ask things I think is none of their business, such as religion, marital status, where I've lived, etc. and told them so.

So I got weird. Under "Brief summary of education" I put, "Sex: 17½, Cosmic Awareness: week ago Tuesday." Under organizations I played it straight but added "Society for the Preservation of the Open Cockpit Airplane." When they asked my religion I put down Druid and when they asked how this book differed, I wrote, "All the words were chosen by consulting Druidical portends."

When they asked about writing habits, I said, "I write naked, facing East, after turning around 3 times and burning a small dog." I gave them a cartoon of me rather than a photo (it's also cheaper) and when they asked for a biographical sketch I did this (well, these are parts):

"I was raised by a family of nomadic accountants and taught early that one and one will add up to anything you want it to. I spent my early years lusting after unattainable women and my later years lusting after unattainable women....My tall, tanned, lithe, sun-tanned, muscular, superfluous body is marked with countless encounters with Truth. I have telepathic powers, the kinetic ability to move molehills, and can cloud men's minds. My hobbies are looking down dresses, collecting pancakes, and writing biographical sketches."

Under the title of the book I put SWEATY/NURSES/IN/BONDAGE. Then, at the end: "Forget all of the previous material. Under the relentless self-analysis necessary to produce this biographical sketch I came upon a revelation. The scales fell from my eyes and I realized I was the younger son of the Grand Duke of Ruritania, stolen as a baby by a roving band of insurance salesmen and my true birthright was not royalties but royalty. I shall forever be in your debt." That'll keep 'em!

27 July 84 There's a party going on right now. Why am I in here, you ask? (You forget my psychokenetic connection to your house.) Well, it's Ed Kline's 34th birthday and they are looking at videotapes, instead of talking, as I believe you and I would. So after watching Hardware Wars & Mike Jittlov & Godzilla Meets Bambi, etc, they started on Heavy Metal, and I went in to read The Best of Randall Garrett and The Best of Wilson Tucker. (Hi, Bob--yes, there was a story or two I hadn't read, or if I did, I'd forgotten I had.)

Read Clan of the Cave Bear and loved it. I took Ed over to Virginia Aalko's to talk about casting Ed's face mask with Wil Guest (they're going to do it Monday, at the studio) and we got to talking books and V.A. put me onto it. Now I'm hot to get the sequel. But, in general, I'm really feeling the drought of Good Books to read. The trouble is, there's a box of them here "somewhere" in the hundreds of boxes and I can't find them. (Including, no doubt, one of yours, Noble Reader, since so many of you are writer-persons.)

Went to LASFS last night, talked to Eric Bentcliffe from faroff exotic Britain. Nice fellow.

The difference between caution and cowardice may be slight, but it is crucial, not only in effect, but in the minds of those involved. Caution is positive; cowardice is negative.

Familiarity dulls great art and kills
mediocre art.

Later: I went back to reading, and this
morning there were still a couple
of people here. Read my first Lord Darcy
stories, and liked them.

Easel art, exhibition art, "fine art,"
is more the art of the mind, while the
crafts are the art of the hand, the eye,
the needs and desires of people who want
to make everything beautiful as well as
functional.

2 Aug 84 The Olympics. That opening was
truly spectacular. As they
said, they were "putting one up on the
wall to shoot at." Too bad the eagle
died...that would have been a great bit.
I am astonished at how much of it all I
have watched. Not just the opener--which
I thought was exciting & moving & patriotic
& fun & friendly--but at just about
everything else.

You know I don't care about sports.
I might watch a car race, even went to a
few (Hi, Don!) But I was really in there
watching and enjoying it. I suppose it
was (1) because so far it has not been the
Boring Sports: baseball, football; (2)
because ABC had medal winners, or at least
competitors, as "color" people, thus expl-
aining what you were seeing; (3) the
coverage was good, except so far I have not
seen one second of the shooting events,
only terse announcements when we win
something. I guess they decided they
couldn't cover everything and shooting
wasn't photogenic. I thought I'd see ol'
Dean Grennell out there at Chino. You were
there, weren't you, Dino?

This is Friday and I've watched big
sections of each day. A by-product of all
this has been a HUGE stack of quite
elaborate drawings.

Last Monday I went to Disney Studios,
at the request of Simon & Schuster, to look
at the center 1/2-hr of Baby, a movie where
they discover a brotosauris family in
Africa. S&S had bought rights to do books
& I was available for criticism. Head of
Hasbro Toys was there, too; just us. I got
there early, got to wander all over the
back lot, the one studio I hadn't had much
of a chance to explore. Saw the man-mold &
the brotosauris-mold for "Baby" lying there.
Good opticals & full-size dinosaurs...except
the eyes are a little too "human" and the
baby "cries" when Daddy is downed.

Ed Kline has been casting new faces of
his Eon character & finally got one he is
crazy about. His will be a terrific costume.

Survival depends more on knowledge than
on tools, equipment or resources. With
knowledge you can make tools and equipment
and exploit such resources as you have.
Without knowledge, you just limp along.

Whom the gods would makes bores they
first make blind to themselves.



Good Housekeeping's version of an 18th
Century myth:

Marie Antoinette: "Let them eat
cake...made from this delicious
chiffon recipe."

(wr)

8 Aug 1984 Last weekend the Trimbles
came by with their traveling
circus and we took a lot of pretty funny
pictures to illustrate "Rotsler's Rules"
for Worldcon. Mostly, it was How Not To
Violate the Rules.

This week there has been a lot of
noise about Nixon, his "new" role, etc.
Which prompted this:

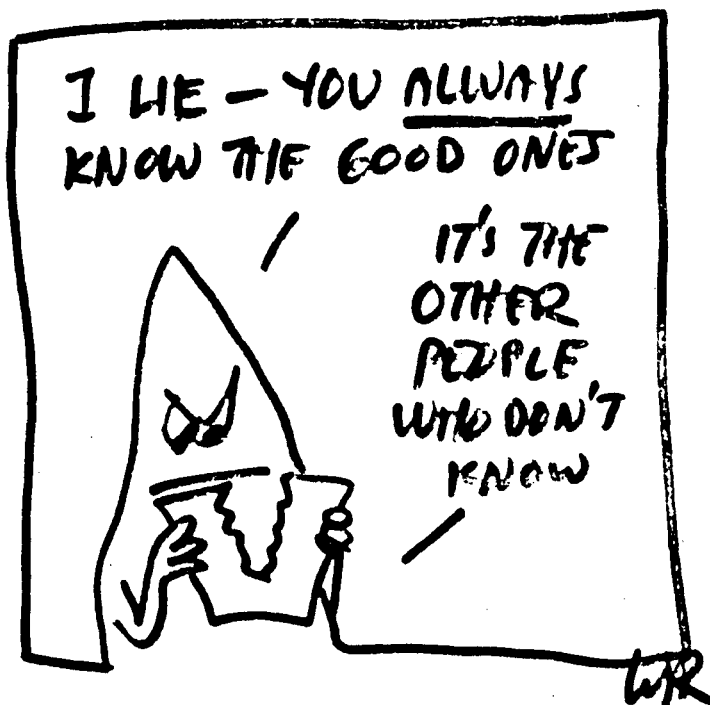
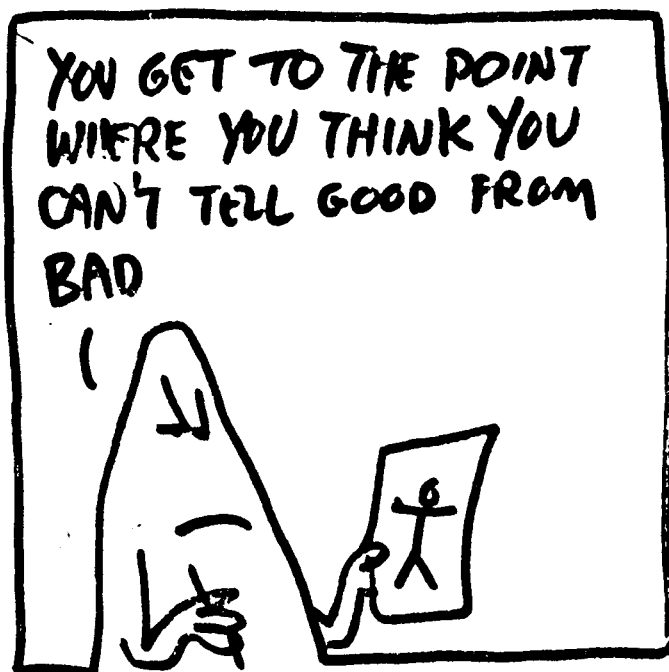
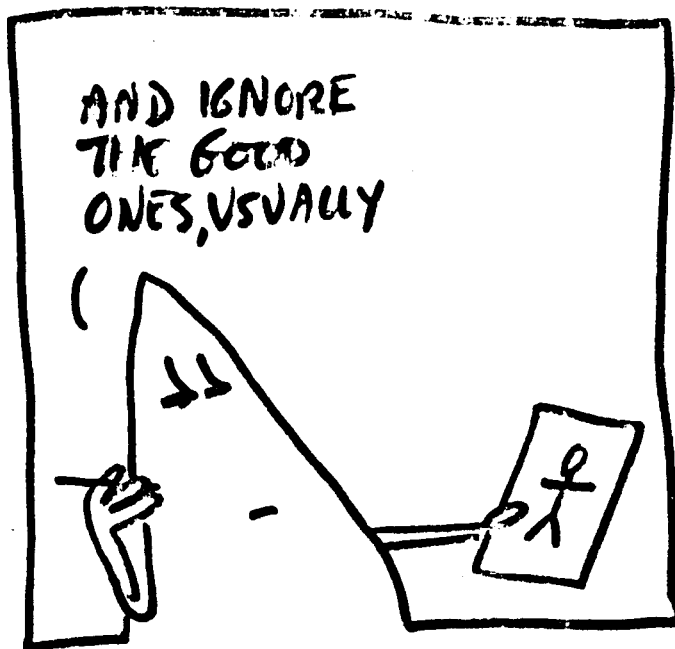
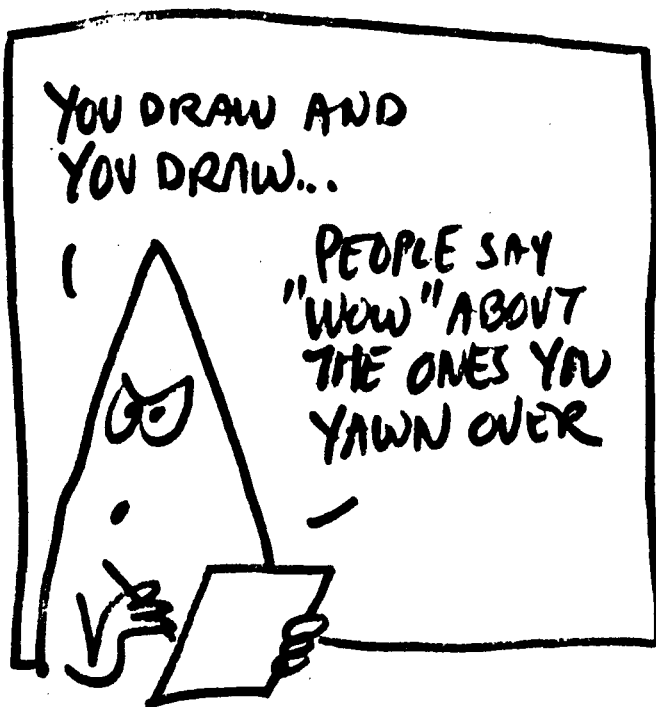
Outside of the common politeness due
anyone, why are we being so nice to
Richard Nixon? He disgraced himself,
he disgraced the office, he disgraced
America, and he is an unrepentant crook.
Why are we even being civil to him?

12 Aug 1984 Well, the Games are over and
I confess I was a couch
potato during most of it. It was fascin-
ating, tearful, exciting, dull, patriotic,
informative, and kept my interest.

Read THE BURNING MOUNTAIN, by Alfred
Coppel, an "account" of the invasion of
Japan after the first atom bomb test did
not go off. Most interesting as a book,
since it used real invasion plans and real
counterstrike plans, but also because that
would have been my Big Battle. I was just
the right age, 19, trained & ready...and
they expected one million American casual-
ties. I think of that whenever I think
about the A-bombs used on Japan. Saved my
ass without a doubt.

Thought of a bumper sticker today:
HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR PORCUPINE TODAY?

You don't call her a slut anymore--you
say she manizes.



Dignity crosses over into pompousness the moment the person perceives himself, smugly, to be dignified.

15 Aug 84 I don't think, anymore, I know if I'm being creative or not. I draw, I write, I do this and that and I don't think I can be certain I am being creative.

All work is built on the tip of a pyramid of all that came before. How I--or you--be certain what we are doing is creative...or just good memory? Are we really being "creative" or just rehashing old bits & pieces, consciously or otherwise. Is what we are doing just cutting up the one or two ideas we've had and rearranging them in new ways? Are we being creative if we re-do an old idea in a new bottle?

Do we care?

Seriously--do we really care? We do our work and maybe that's enough. We know we build on the work of others. In science, you must, if only for validation. In art, it becomes suspect, and I don't know why. "He works in the style of" or "She got her colors from." So what? As long as you put yourself into it.

I freely acknowledge my debt to Saul Steinberg, surely one of the finest artists of our time. But I don't think my cartoons look like his. A simplicity of line, perhaps, an "economy of line," as people have said. Nothing else. (But much else, really, for he showed me you could draw what you wanted, draw what was in your mind, and not have to draw or cartoon like everyone else. For that there is no way to repay...so we pay on, don't we?)

But there is a connection between my

drawing (not just my cartoons) and Henry Moore, surely the best sculptor of our time. It would be hard to explain and perhaps I couldn't, but it is there, and pretty much for the same reason as Steinberg.

But then Moore & Steinberg built on others, were influenced by others, were dinged and pushed and repelled by others. (There should be a paper on how artists are influenced by the art they hate.)

So why did I bother writing all this?

I dunno. Maybe I was influenced by Ted White, since I just finished reading a fanzine of his. Or by the Twiltone.

As revolution is fire, so civil disobedience is rust.

Over the past couple of weeks I've been "processing" a book of the sayings of Martin Luther King, Jr. and another of Gandhi's for QUOTEBOOK. (By processing I mean reading, selecting, xeroxing, adding attribution and filing in the proper categories.) I learned one thing--regardless of content King found it almost impossible to state a thought in 15-25 words, which by the way is probably the "usual" length of quotations in QBK, covering 3500 years of human writing.

No, King seemed to need at least 50, and usually 125-250. Gandhi, on the other hand, was on a word diet as well, and his longest quotes were about the the lower midrange for King, word-count-wise.

The Fast Walking event of the Olympics has always been a peculiar one to me. It looks so artificial. David Steinverg says it's one step away from high heels and a dress. Ed Kline says it looks as though they are hurrying to the bathroom.

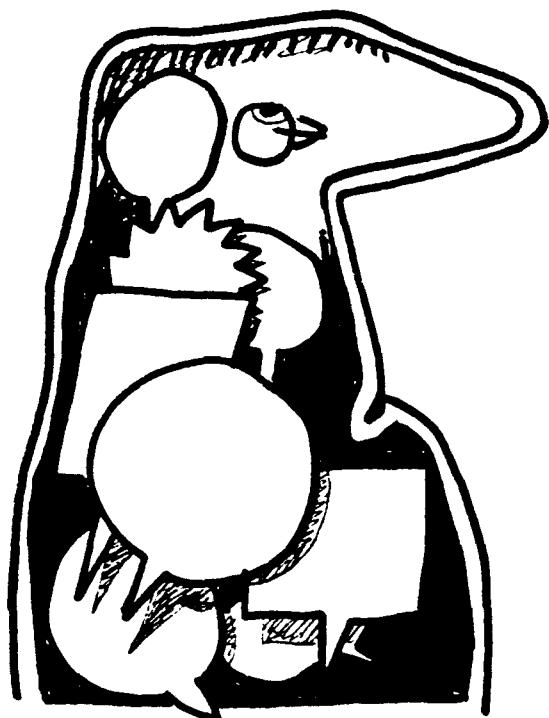
"It is the task of science to turn the impossible into the boring." (Robert Ornstein, in Omni. (And that is what NASA did with the space program, though that is not what Ornstein meant, o'course.)

18 Aug 84 Neola (Graef) Caveny-Turner came into town yesterday, to attend a jewelry convention. (She's selling expensive jewelry in a store in Santa Barbara, as she was on Maui.) She took me to a Thai restaurant & I took her to see Buckaroo Banzai and The Karate Kid. I really liked The Karate Kid...it was a kind of "sand in the face Rocky." Neola will be seen in all her splendor at Worldcon. We also dropped by a party at Dangerous Visions. Lydia Marano was kidding (I presume) about opening other stores... Again, Dangerous Visions, etc. Neola and I walked across to that excellent mystery & adventure book store across the street, Scene of the Crime, to buy & to find out they are doubling their space. Whee! I like to see bookstores thrive, but a specialty book store especially. I'd feel that way even if I were not an ~~author~~ writer ("authors" have three names, like Ralph Waldo Emerson), since I--like you--am a Reader.

You don't remember pain, you remember your feelings about pain.

"In Beverly Hills churches they have 8x10 glossies of the saints on the walls."
(Johnny Carson)

Work is something you do; a career is what you are.



TRYING TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT •

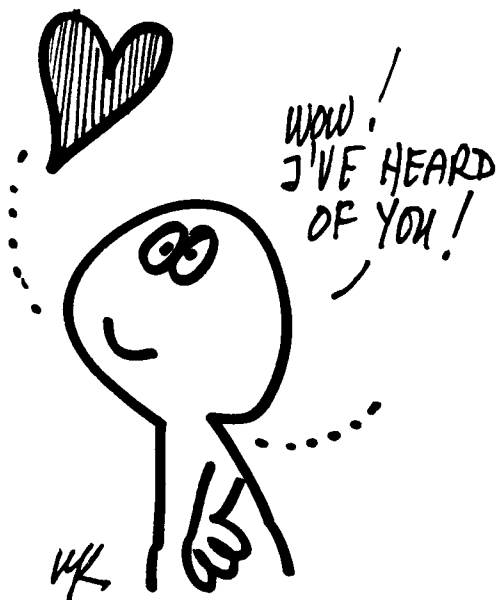
RODNEY

The object of the mastery of a technique—in *any* art—is to reduce the obstacles between you and what you want to do. Whether it is the proper lens exposure and film, the right colors and brush, a computer that is comfortable, a knowledge of spelling and grammar, dance steps, tonal qualities, or the proper chisel, the object is to make it all so automatic, so much a part of you, a function of your mind and eye and hand, that you don't have to *think* about it, only *do*.

Revolution: [1] Instant election without the necessity of voting. [2] Where two wrongs make a riot. [3] So often, New Prejudices for Old.

We are all very selective about our ancestors—who we select to reveal and how much we reveal.

Can a society go mad? Yes. Has a society ever gone mad? Yes. Are we in a society going mad? Yes.



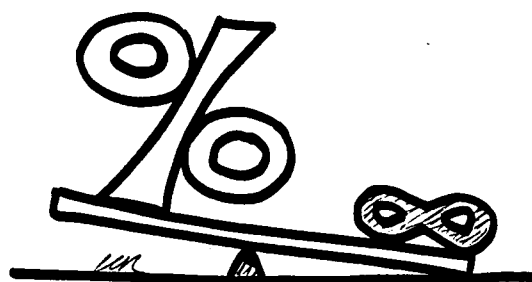
AMBITION

Because of the complexities of human behavior you can love someone without actually liking them, but you can't like someone without loving them at least a little bit.

Most people don't do what they think is right, but what they think other people think is right
Shannon Carse

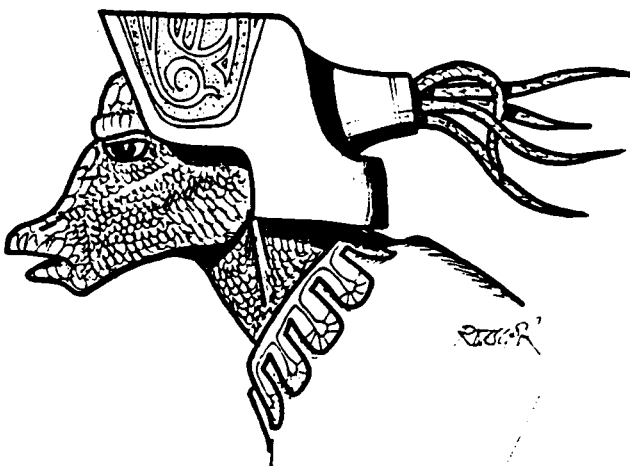
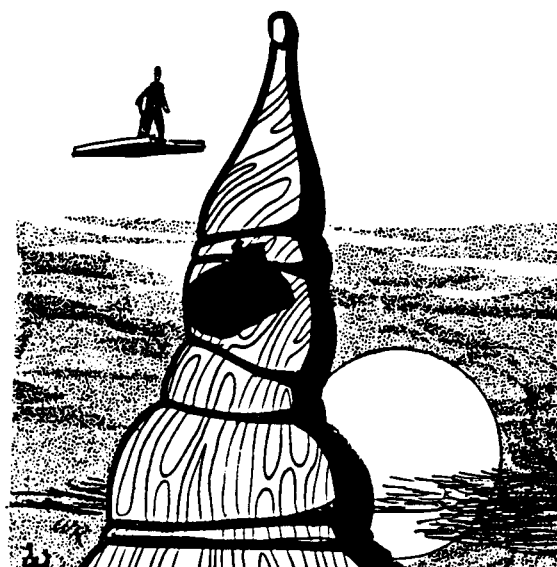
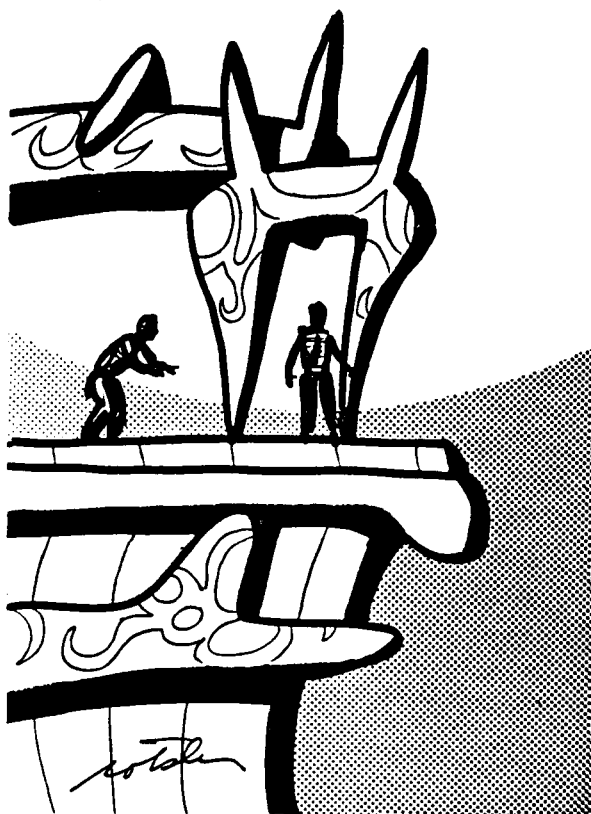
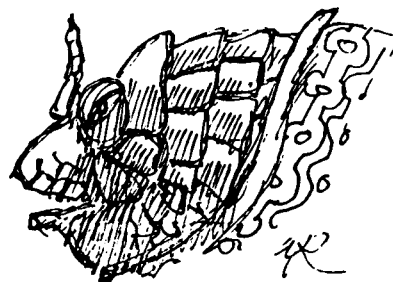
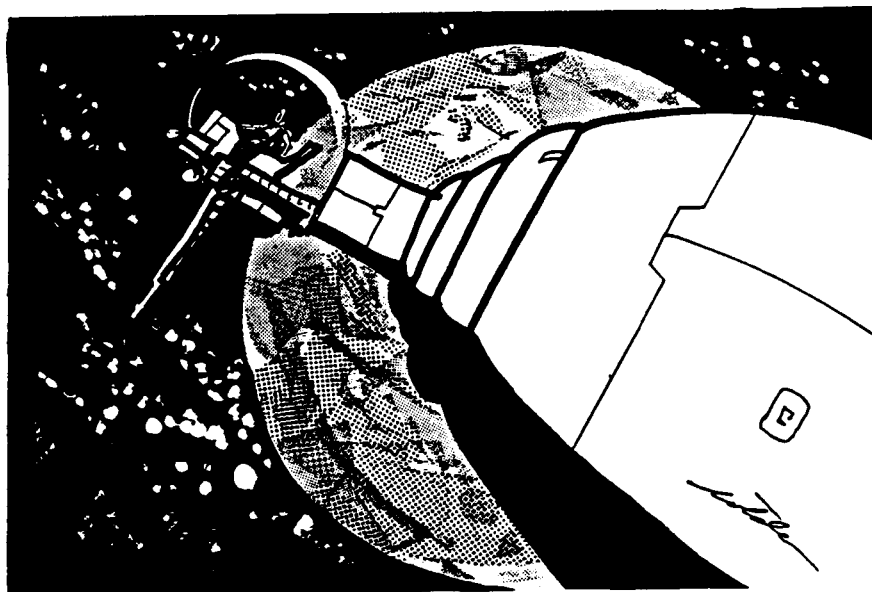
When we do or don't do something
we have *reasons*.
When others do or don't do something
they have *excuses*.

Revolution is always possible.



He who laughs most, learns best.
John Cleese

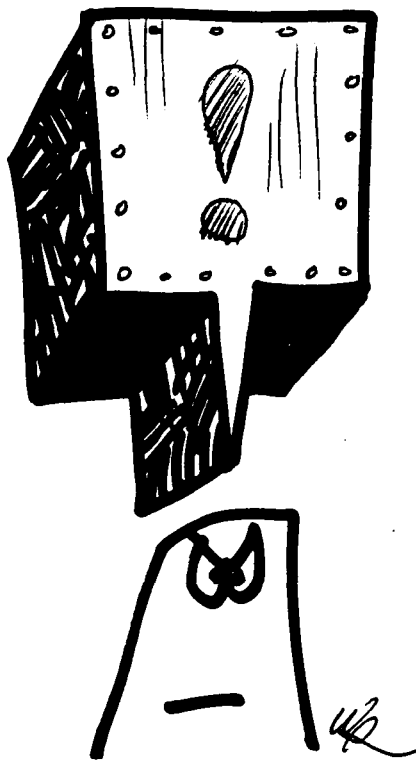
A word to the wise is presumptuous.



Life is nothing but detours. The main road of your life is a fantasy. We stray from path to freeway, from street to alley, from raceway to rutted back roads, over and over, with but glimpses of the True Path.

There are three kinds of felt-tip and ballpoint pens: Functional, artistic, and those past their prime that you are trying to squeeze more use out of anyway.

If you have a choice between telling the truth or hurting someone when the subject is not really important, then lie.



SERIOUS STATEMENT

Man is the only animal who suicides on an individual basis.

An ounce of sex
is worth a pund of celibacy.

Winston Churchill, by his own admission, entered politics because of ambition, but stayed in it because of anger. Some marriages are like that.

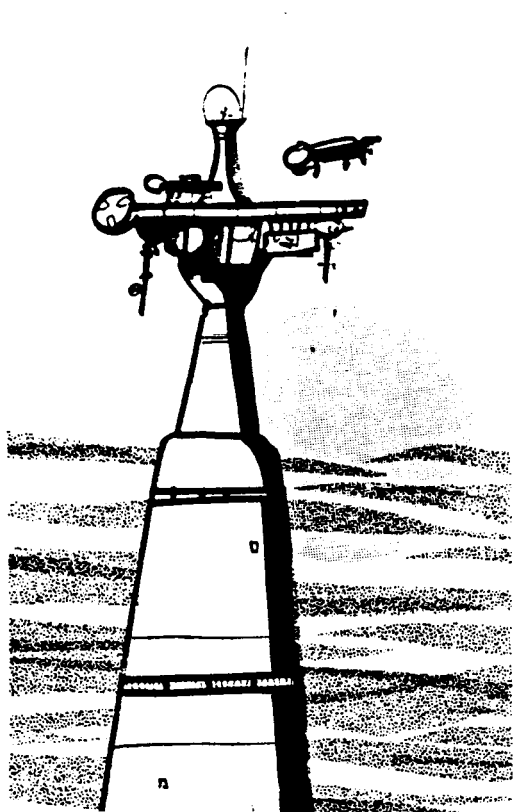
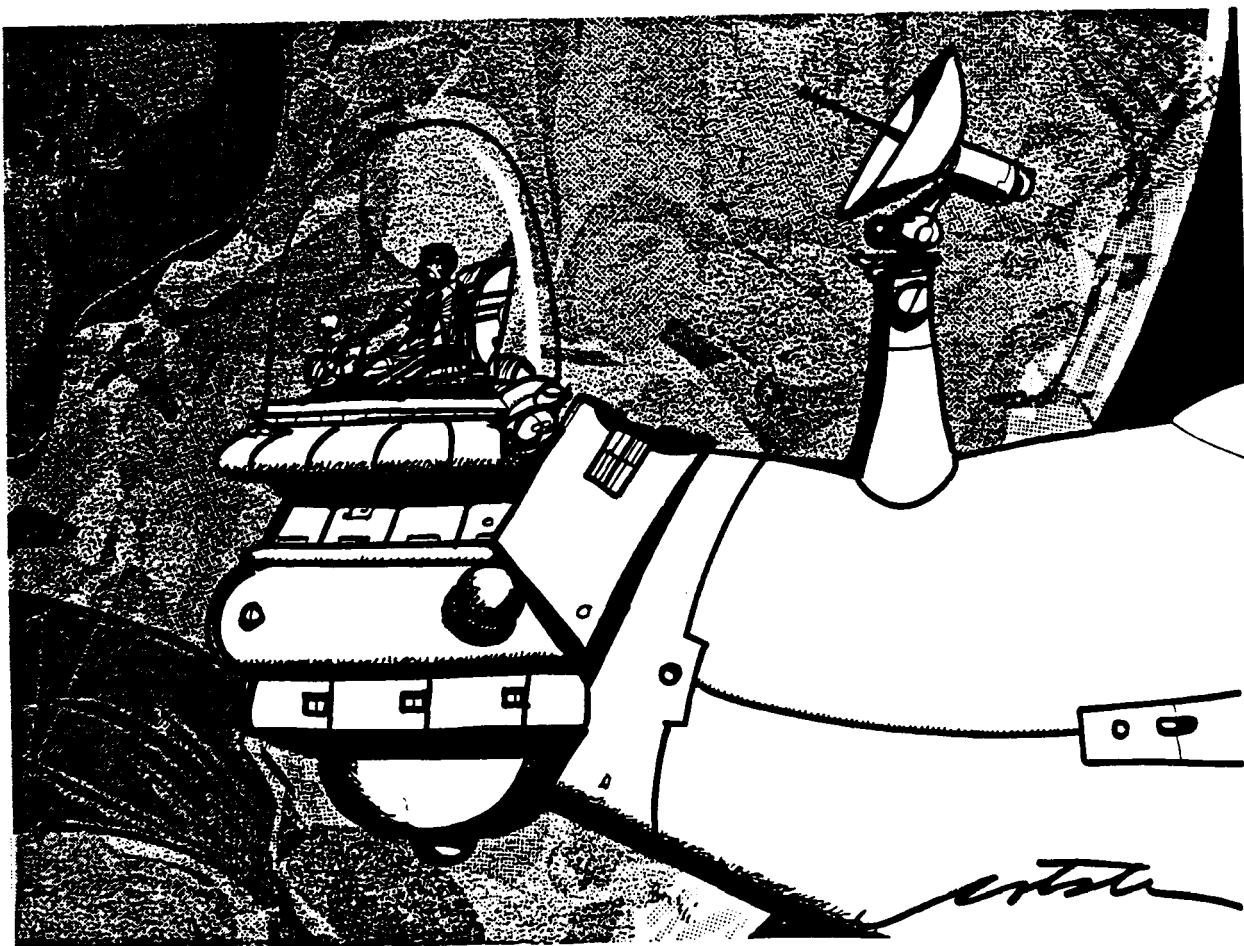
I'm glad women are mammals.
But then, everyone has obsessions.

A city cannot be imposed. A city cannot be successfully created from scratch. It must start for a reason, grow organically, changing with the needs, desires, habits and history of its inhabitants.



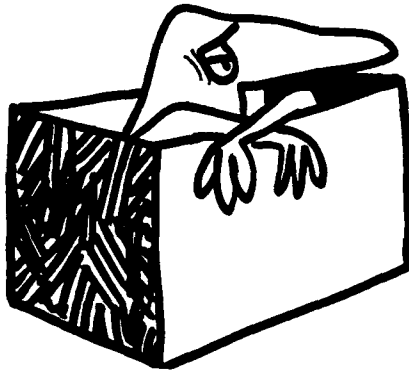
THE LIAR

If there is a sculpture inside every block of stone., then there are paintings squeezed inside tubes of paint, drawings in pens and pencils, and watercolor is trays of paint.



Words can be blows mightier than a warrior's sword. Words are the equilizer between the quick and the wise and the brutal and powerful. Words can wound and heal, exalt and defeat. Words are the paint brushes of the mind.

Having people around
is not a cure for loneliness.



WHO CARES!
WE'RE INTO RE-RUNS, ANYWAY

Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it. *Thomas Paine*

I've never thought of myself as completely civilized. I've always known that there was a dangerous beast within, but it was also comforting, like having King Kong as a buddy. That uncivilized savage exists in there with the sophisticate, the artist, the boy, the virgin, the baby, and the Mad Scientist, the Hero, the Adventurer and most definitely the Romantic.

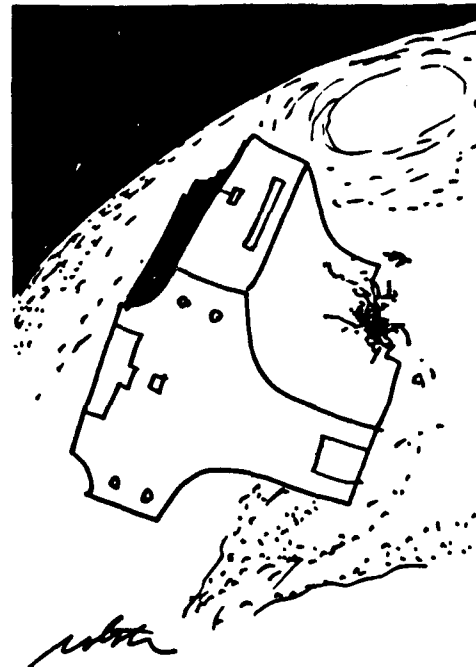
There are two kinds of hotel showers: Okay and the kind that needs study to operate while you are wasting a lot of hot water.

Censors and reformers always have God on their side, but it is a God pruned and trimmed to their liking, a mute God that speaks only through them.

Men think that if they are sexually satisfied, their women are satisfied.

They say "Everyone has a book in him, or her." Perhaps. Some people have only paragraphs or short stories. Some have only footnotes, other graphitti. But some have libraries.

Some places are worth goinhg to, but not worth getting there. Other places are worth getting there, but not worth going to.



There are only four ways to obtain money: begging, borrowing, stealing and working. One of these is most discomforting.

Never fish for a compliment for that is the surest way the big ones will get away.

Love is great medicine—
and great poison.

Don't be afraid of the future, even if it is increasingly startling, changable and often scary. For one thing, there is little you can do to alter it, but you can decide whether you are going to be a chip floating on the surface, going with the flow, staying alive, enjoying it all, or being a rock, sinking out of sight and washed over, covered and bypassed.

Technical knowledge is only the first step toward art. It is necessary because without it you cannot make your materials do what you want. And never, because you cannot express yourself in the way you want, let the inferior result substitute for the greater. Do not accept this. Don't fool yourself into thinking this less-than-full-realization being what you want.

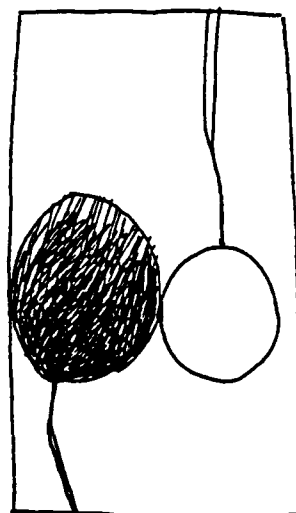
Technical knowledge should be a given, at least in the basics. You want to put as few obstacles between you and what you want to do as possible, whether mechanical, grammatical, scientific, physical, social or mental, to make the vision and the result as close together as you can.

In many cases technical knowledge is the very least of the skills needed. A photographer, for example, might know everything mechanical and technical about taking a photograph, but not be able to take an interesting photograph to save his or her life. In varying degrees with each photograph, it might require a sense of timing, the ability to have a rapport with the subject, an awareness of what is socially accepted, a dramatic sense, knowledge of how the photograph will ultimately be used and its purpose in life, an artistic eye as far as framing, point of view or a sense of design and color goes.

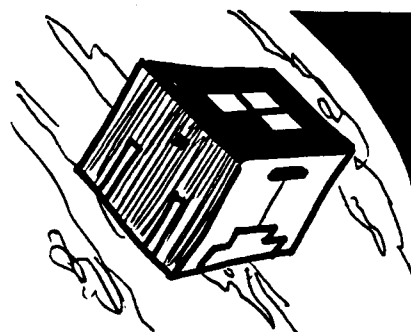
Ego? When he dies he expects to arrive at the pearly gates in a celestial limousine, having a confirmed reservation for a suite overlooking the angel's landing field, with a fruit basket from God.

Women will make men wait and wait and wait and never think a thing about it. After all, they are *worth* waiting for. But woe on any man who keeps *them* waiting! Who do they think they are?

No one is "cute" when they are angry,
but they may well be silly, ugly, or naked.



OPPOSITES BOKE FIGHT
OTHER WR



Abstinence in sex should be practiced in moderation.

Shannon Carse

Los Angeles was always more than one city to people everywhere. It has always been a collection of beach cities, mountain enclaves, industrial towns, business centers, residential areas, and even a few fantasy cities, like Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Bel Air.

Los Angeles has always been a collective: Non-cities, where you didn't feel as if you were in a city. It was—and is—rich cities, poor cities, instant cities, outdoor cities, island cities, and just for seasoning, a few slums. (But even then, there are not *slums* by Easterner thought.)

Los Angeles is El Dorado, Oz, Avalon, and a block or two of Camelot. It is like no other, yet no matter where you are you can probably find something familiar.

Habit is personal;
tradition is cultural.

We love what we like, for if we loved that of ourselves we see in others we would soon grow bored. Bored marriages are those based on surface—surface love, surface appearance—the easily recognized mirror self, that soon wears thin.

We should look deeper than that, for the stimulation and regeneration a different mind will give us. Love and marry a heart like yours, but hunt for a different mind.

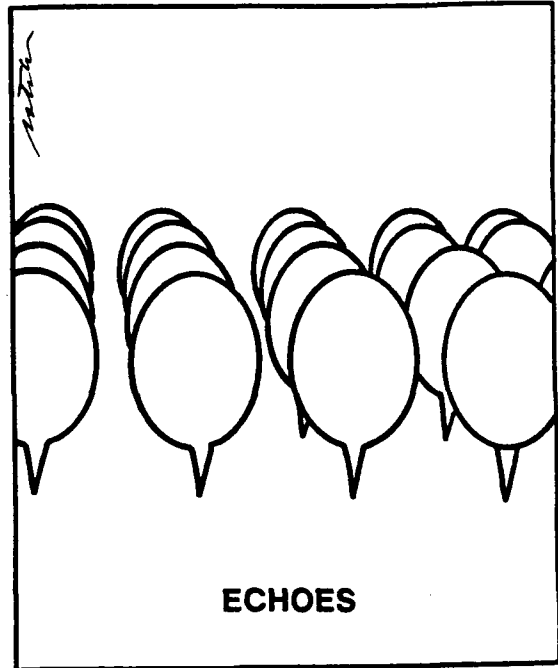
Sometimes we are loved more than we want, and we feel smothered. But more often we are not loved as much as we desire, and we feel starved.

Nostalgia is yesterday's jolt, annoyance or embarrassment turned into today's treasured memory.

Shannon Carse

There *will* be cockroaches in outer space.

Sharman DiVono, 1979



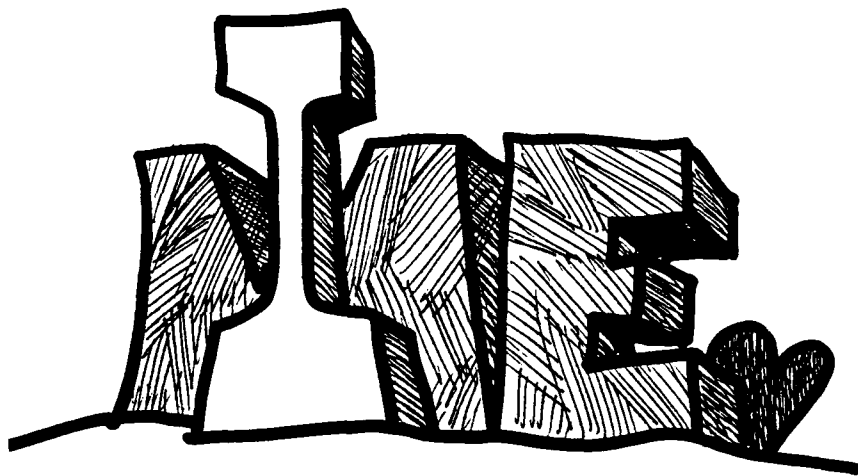
Man does not live by chiliburgers alone.

*William Rotsler, Syd Stibbard &
Gerald C. FitzGerald*

(Stibbard was my buddy in art school; we lived together for a year or so, and afterwards, he's spend about 6 months a year with me.)

Actors have practiced poses, both while acting and in real life. There's the casual and sophisticated, the by-the-mantelpiece, the committed & dedicated, the charming drunk, the lewd, the bawdy, the lover, and so on, each with a mirror just opposite.

To be a success at humility is impossible.



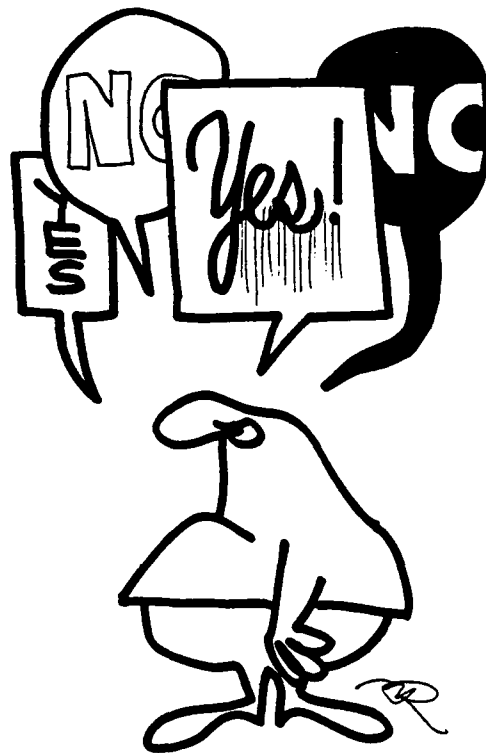
I BEFORE ME EXCEPT AFTER LOVE

If there were any medium that should not be concerned with censorship,
it should be TV. You have a dial. *Burt Reynolds*



WE DON'T ALWAYS
SAY WHAT WE MEAN

Where books are burnt, humans will be
burnt in the end. *Heinrich Heine*

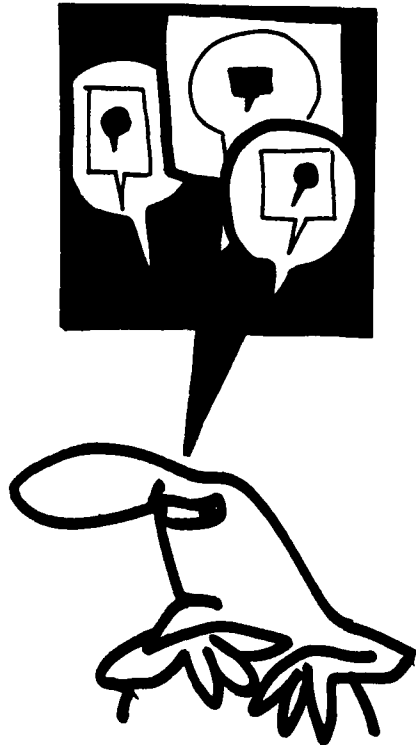


DECISIONS, DECISIONS!

"Human beings are ceaselessly
ingenious when it comes to self-
gratification."
Nelson DeMille, The General's Daughter

Never think the other loves you just
because you love them.

Every artist is an offense to a censor.
Every writer an actual or potential
enemy. They have no friends, only
cohorts.



WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?

We see a fool every day, first time right
after waking up, in the bathroom mirror.
Then we have the task of disguising the
fool from almost everyone.

If we are what we eat
a lot of critics are crows.

The pragmatic thing is there are those
who feel they know best for others.
After telling you what church to attend
and what books to read, comes the
"right" breakfast cereal, the proper car,
the manners and charities and fashion in
clothes. And so on into homogen-
ization, dullness, death and anonymity.

This is the age of the specialist. Some
doctors specialize in the diseases of the
insured. *Shannon Carse*

Opportunity knocks, but temptation
stands outside and whistles.

Statues in a garden are for people,
as the garden doesn't need them.
The British are gardeners,
Americans mow lawns.

The rough thing about temptation is that
it works so differently on each person.
We don't really know what temptations
torture or tempt our neighbors, our
friends, family or workers. We assume
theirs are like ours, but this is not at all
true, except perhaps statistically.

No saint is a saint to himself—or to God.

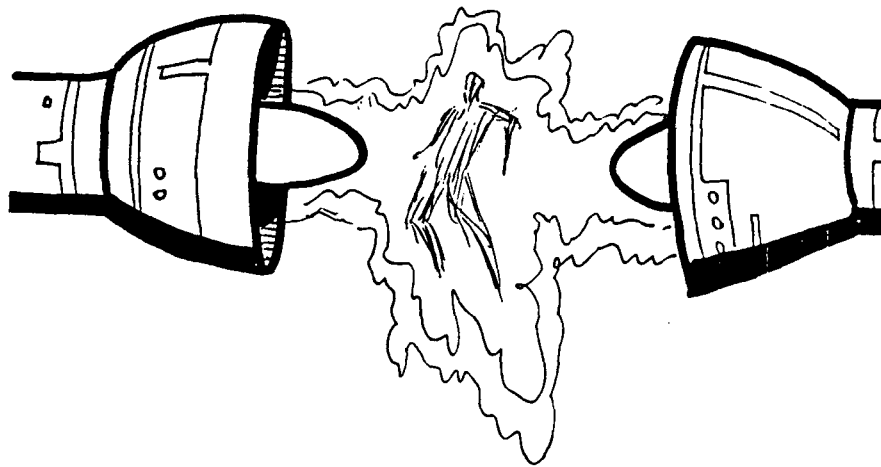
Vietnam was the war that came to our
living room, but the Gulf War is the war
that was fought in Real Time.





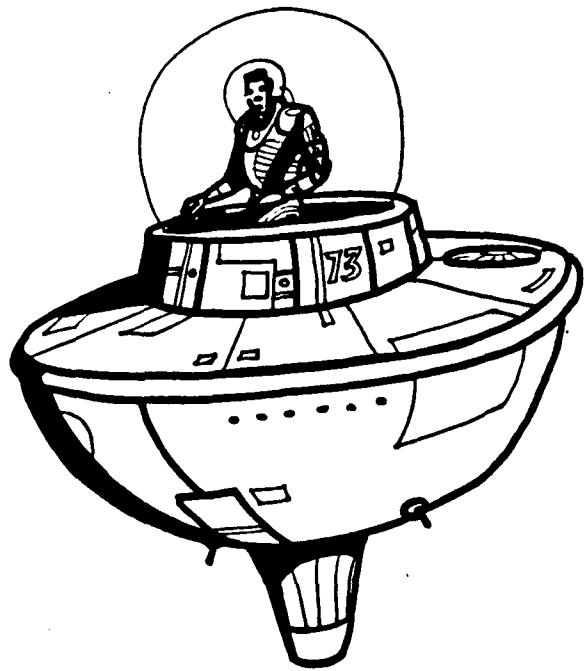
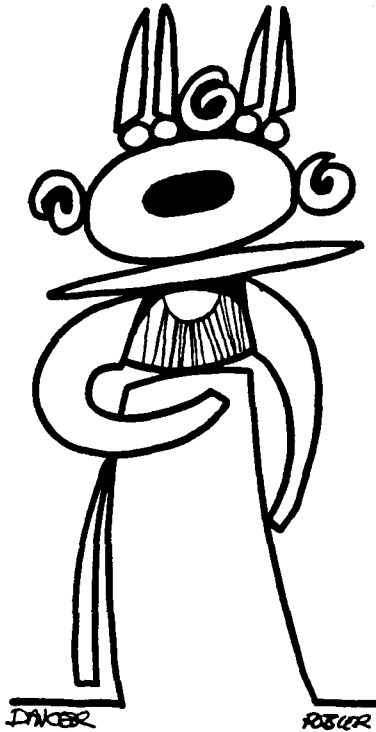
I have never understood the initial as part of the name. FDR, JFK, LBJ make sense, at least headline-limiting sense. The "S" in Harry S Truman is not a diminution of anything, hence no period. Parting your name on one side, as in H. Allen Smith or H. Ross Perot, seems trivial. Either use the name or don't.

Only exception I can see is to distinguish yourself from all the others in your family with the same first and last name. Modern women, if they have taken the last name of their husband, all seem to use in the middle the initial of their maiden name, or the full maiden last name, as in Anne Morrow Lindbergh, or hyphenate.



When in a tight or dangerous situation read the whole man. Do not focus on one thing, especially one obvious thing. There are clues everywhere—posture, language, what your opponent looks at or reacts to, backup, expression, clothing, weaponry, history, and what he or she has access to.

The ideal is not to have a confrontation, yet to have you win. A narrow path to tread. There are many weapons you may use, the last of which is your muscles or your weaponry. There is his fear of you, his fear of the unknown, his *perception* of you and your abilities. Foster his illusions if they are wrong, shatter them if it is to your advantage. use them if they are correct. Confusion, misdirection, uncertainty are your second weapons. Your first is your reputation.

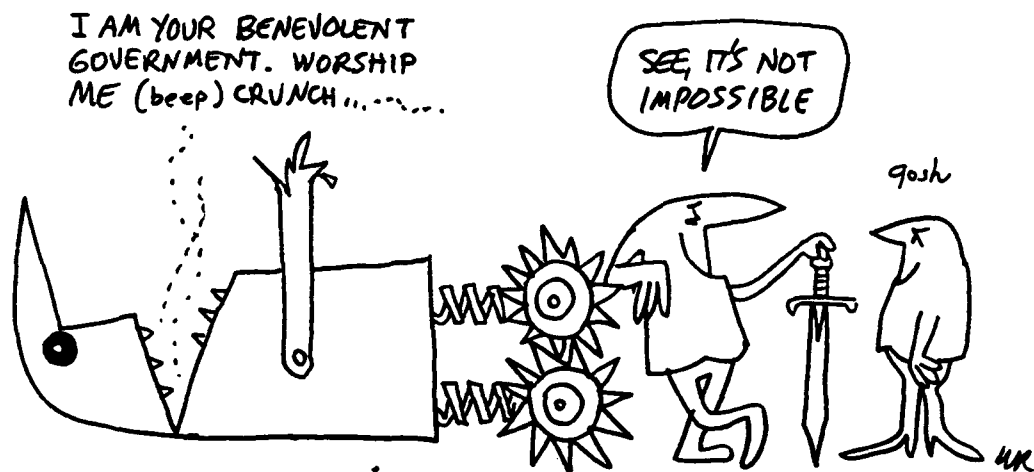


Some men fuss over their beards too much, trimming and shaving and torturing their facial hair into bizarre and unbecoming shapes. Some men can grow beards, others can't, and a few shouldn't.

One of the most common miscalculations is shaving the cheeks so that the beard makes a sharp right-angle turn, unlike anything else on the body. This leaves the sides of the beard looking like strips of hair rather sloppily laid on by an uncaring makeup person.

Some men seem to figure retaining their moustache is keeping a token beard, but only a beard is a beard.

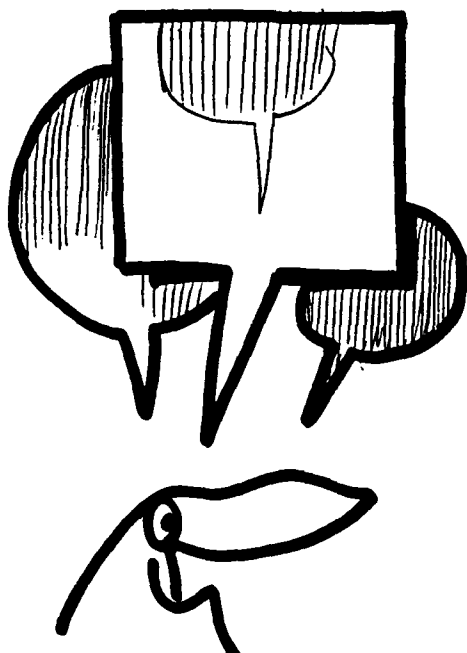
Remember, to grow a beard you must *stop* doing something.



The next best thing to sex is thinking about sex; the next best thing to thinking about it is talking about sex; the next best thing to that is a good memory.

There are four kinds of fat people:
Overweight, Fat, Gross, and Suicidal,

If you learn from your sins
I must be very well educated.

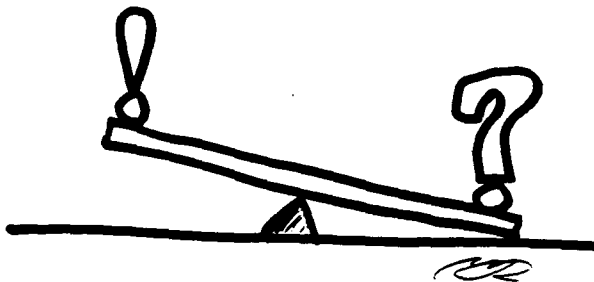


THE UNSAID

Learn this if you techies learn nothing
else: Inevitably computers will screw
up.

If you rely solely on inspiration,
you are not a professional.

There are two kinds of churches: Those
we attend and those we stay away from.

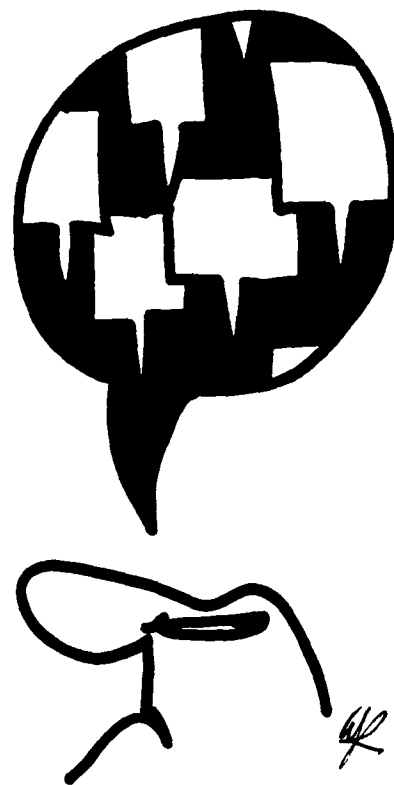


Cats are furry, sooty symbiotes.

Of course the candidates care for you.
Right up until the polls close. *F.M. Busby*

A lot of people in the USA speak the
English language but very few
understand it. *Lee Hoffman*

The first sign of death is when you no
longer have curiosity.



I'M QUOTING CORRECTLY,
I'M QUOTING CORRECTLY!

Never play games with Fate—
it's a poor loser.

It's so easy to see the paths others take,
but rarely our own, even when we stub
out toe.

Love is never over, it just evolves,
transmutes, changes, as steam become
water becomes ice, and vice-versa.

Some adventures are simply times when people got lost and managed to get back.



Artists are always thinking of "schools" and excuses and reasons to either get back to nature or to painting from the imagination.

Art is the beginning of understanding.

As a matter of fact, I invented sex in 1927. It was either inventing sex or bubble gum so I chose glory instead of money and invented sex right off the top of my head.

Charles Burbee

Elections are not won or lost on election day but during every day of the previous four years as people think about their lives. They just make a *decision* on that day.

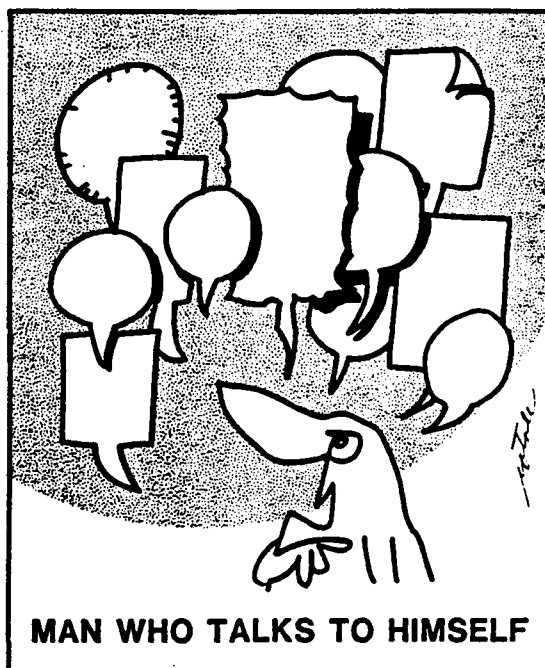


The English have a tradition of tradition.

We have gotten used to a blind future, to a coming world we cannot comprehend except to know it will be different, to constant change—seen and unseen—and we have grown to savor the Now even more.

Being a masochist took up too much of my time, so I became a sadist and enjoy myself at other people's expense.

Nothing makes for realism like a lack of money.
Shannon Carse



MAN WHO TALKS TO HIMSELF

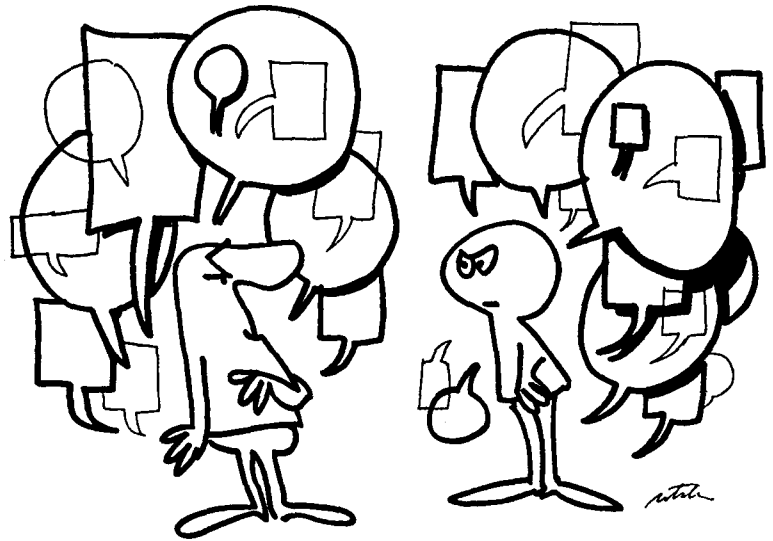
Never go to bed with a woman writer. She'll keep jumping up to type something. If she loves you, she'll keep a pad and pen on the bedside table.

If this keeps up, the *future* is epilog.

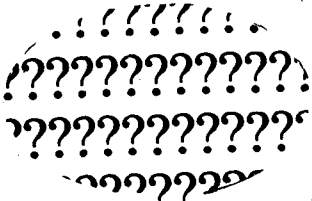
I want a mystery that gives the ending in the first chapter because I can't stand suspense.
Ex-wife Marian Abney

Boredom and fear
will push mankind into space.

YES,
BUT ARE YOU
SURE?



MOST CONVERSATIONS

[illegible]

HOW DO YOU FIGHT RUMORS?

Women often make request or express a wish that is a disguised command. Watch for them. You don't have to obey them, but you may pay a price for not doing so.

*There are five degrees
of female attractiveness:*

Handsome: Often this is female non-physical "strength," a low-grade attractiveness, a near-beauty, an inner spine showing.

Beautiful: Usually this means a fine example of what we presently consider beautiful—with obvious symmetry, unblemished and conventional, all within excepted standards.

Lovely: This usually is beauty with an extra intangible factor, usually an ethereal quality.

Stunning: This is *beautiful* with something very obvious added—manner, bearing, or personality, even coloring or behavior.

Attractive: This transcends all other categories. A woman may be attractive without being beautiful at all, just as a woman may be beautiful without being at all attractive—like a china figurine. To me this is the highest form of beauty, fades the least and is the least boring.

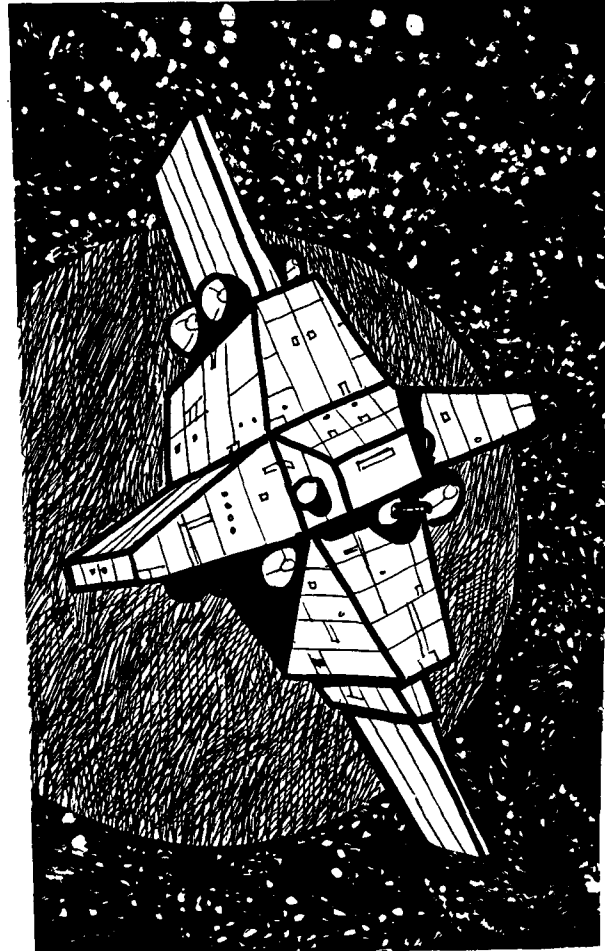
As in all categories beauty is not in the eye, but the mind of the beholder. My idea of beauty may well be your idea of ho-hum. And that is to everyone's advantage, that there are fans of every kind of person.

There are two kinds of people—
those who are bugs
and those who are windshields.

She had an apologetic little laugh,
obviously not often used,
a laugh that escaped despite her fear.

The journey of a thousand miles
requires a travel agent.

Why do women like "dangerous men,"
and then complain about the way
they are treated?



If you think and therefore "am,"
it does not follow that you "am"
and therefore think.

It's easy to choose between right and
wrong, between good and evil. What's
hard to decide is what is right and what
is good. There are many shades of gray.

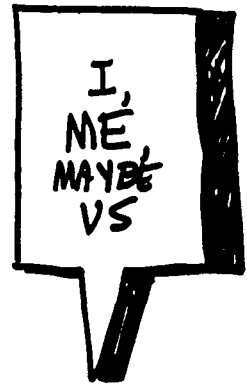
Life isn't fair. Get used to that.
But that's not any reason
not to act in a fair manner.

This "New Age" stuff is ruining things. Astrology is bad enough, but building on that, an enormous number of people have decided that they are not in control of their own lives, that Fate and unseen forces run them like robots. They are not responsible for what they do, this is bigger than all of us, we are all pawns, our destiny was cast by the gods long ago.

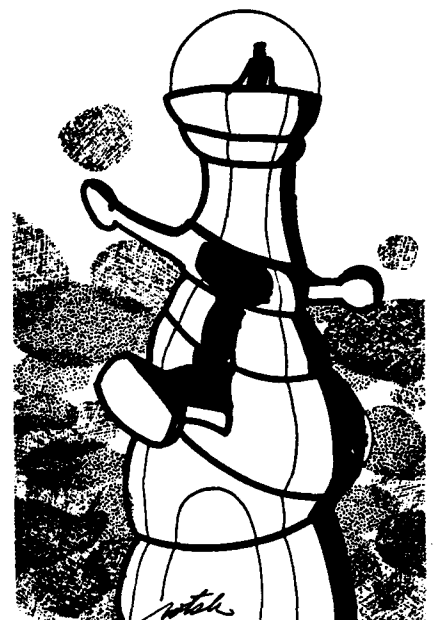
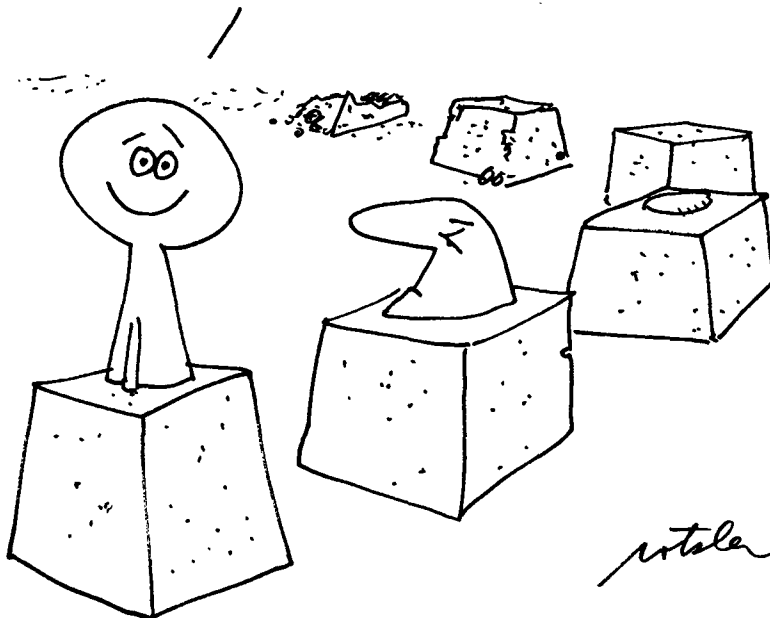
When you believe your fate is written on your forehead, as the Arabs do, and nothing you can do will alter it, there is no need to *do* anything. It happens or it doesn't, we are in the hands of God, Allah be praised, why should I try? With this attitude you do not even have to exercise common caution: open your door into traffic, walk right out in the street, put that power juice in your arm, snort heaven, listen to "voices," dump those chemicals, cut down the forests, send your money to the shouting man on the tube, elect him—he's cute.

But I do not believe in astrology, "New Wave" anything, old con games, teleministers, people who don't know me who call me "friend," sports hero role models, benevolent governments that know better, or anything else where *you* do not have at least some portion of control. I don't need anyone to guide me, just explain the technology and give me the facts, all of them, unadulterated—I'll decide my fate, thank you.

A friend has the right, even the duty, to tell a friend when he or she thinks that person is seriously wrong, misguided, or uninformed. Even when you know it will do no good, you should speak—even when it endangers the friendship.



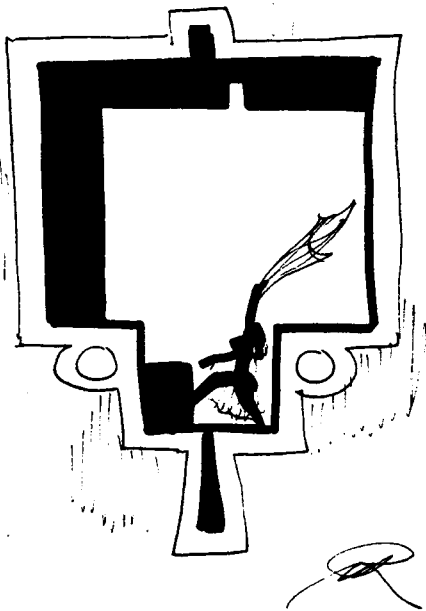
THEY TOLD ME I HAVE
A SECURE FUTURE.



Everyone has a talent, though it may not be obvious. Often they themselves don't think of it as a talent, but simply something they do or the way they do something. Some talents are very obvious—like carpentry or dance or cooking—while others are intangible, like the ability to create an atmosphere of love and caring, or making you want to be with them and help them.

Some talents are born out of time—a fine swordsman living today, or someone with a talent for computers or car mechanics living a thousand years ago. Many talents are crushed by adversity, by parents, by society. A few talents are huge and irresistible, while others are modest and unassuming.

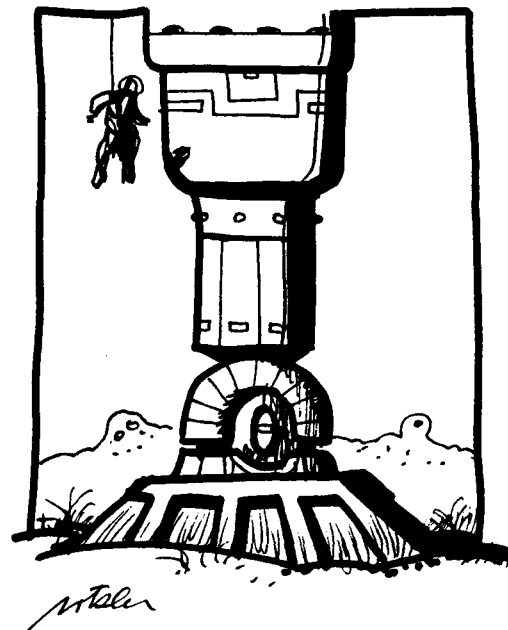
The trick is finding that talent, nurturing and helping it blossom. To me, a definition of happiness is doing well at what you like doing.



It may be a universal truth but it sounds like a damn lie to me. *Charles Burbee*

She was all dolled up
and anatomically correct.

I am a landscape artist.
I draw the landscape of my mind.



What a terrible fate it must be not to have laughed deeply or not to have made someone laugh.

The Politician's Progress:

- 1: I am honored to be chosen for this challenge.
 - 2: Nothing is wrong, it is all malicious, partisan gossip.
 - 3: The President has expressed every confidence in me.
 - 4: These are old charges.
 - 5: I categorically deny all charges.
 - 6: No comment.
 - 7: I welcome this investigation as a way to clear my name.
 - 8: I didn't do anything, and besides, everyone does it.
 - 9: This is a gross miscarriage of justice.
 - 10: I am reluctantly leaving government service to enter the private sector.
 - 11: I have found Jesus.
 - 12: I have found an agent.
 - 13: Now I can tell the real truth.
-

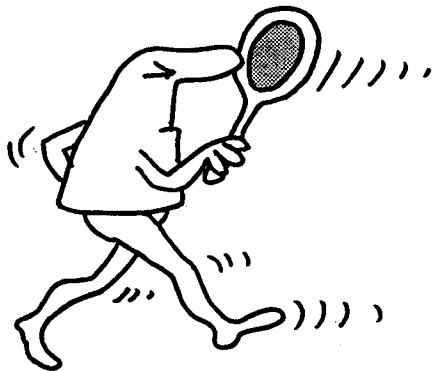
I suspect that people who tend to interrupt your reading are people who do not read. Then seem to think you can take your eyes from the printed page, breaking clean, as one might from a street sign, and be totally aware, completely focused.

Actually, you turn your head wreathed in the smoke of another place, the magic of another time. The clank of Roman armor or the zapbolts of an alien enemy are still ringing in your ears. Your eyes are still seeing a foreign city, a drawing room, a lover, the bars of a filthy prison, a far horizon. You still smell blood and flowers, sweat and burning towers. The scents and sounds and impressions of another place and time are still with you, befuddling your mind as you are two places at once—all as you so brilliantly say, "Huh? What?"

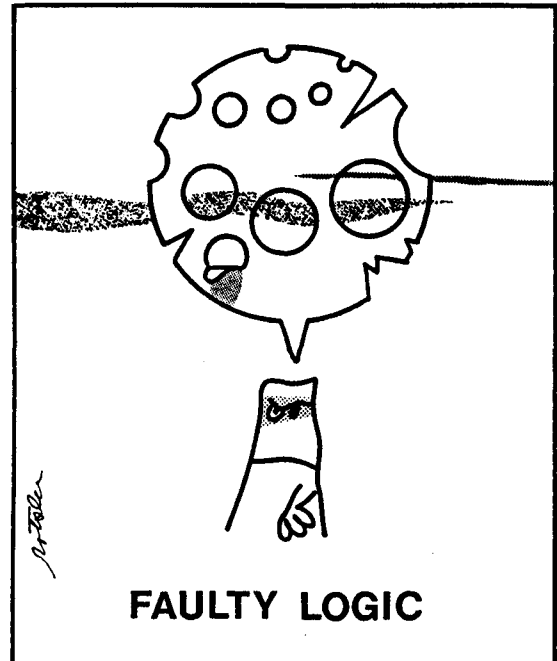
"...the more advanced a technology, the more fragily inter-dependent it is."
(Steven Barnes, *Streetlethal*, 1983)

A book you do not remember
is a book you have not read.

Every generation recreates God
in its own image.



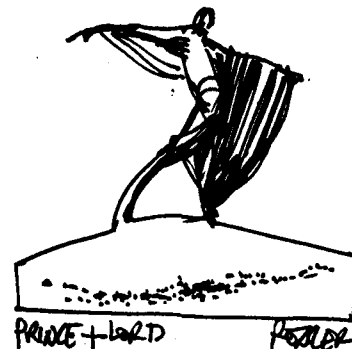
20-20 HINDSIGHT



Good art won't match your sofa.
Fred Babb



In this atomic age, where everything is computerized or robotized, we should get at least something good—like a bathroom scale with tact.



Another day, another dollar—
which is a lousy pay scale.

In the kingdom of the kind,
the one-eyed man has two.

In the last couple of years I have spent a considerable time in the hospital or as an outpatient, and numerous nasty things have been done to my personal body.

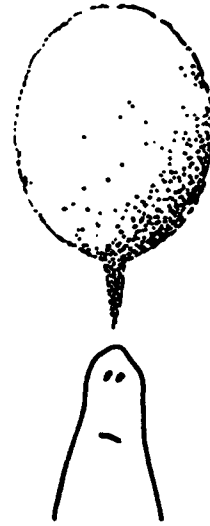
I started asking the doctors, "Have you had this done to you?" Not one had. I thought it was an example of the traditional doctor-arrogance the way they dismissed this as unimportant. I very often did not let them get away with it, saying, "May you'd not be so quick to order this if you had experienced it."

I had catheters (that's a tube up your cock to your bladder in case you don't know) and tubes to pump my stomach to see how much blood was in there, and more than once. Needles, my hand filleted. bitter icy freezing on some itchy moles on my back and slicing other moles off. I've had them go up my ass and down my throat with a TV camera (not at the same time) and once they thought I was out and I wasn't. I won't go on. While I don't think even doctors need undergo certain things I think have their stomachs pumped or a rectal invasion would be good for their souls, and make them more sympathetic to their patients.

Europeans have never mastered the art of the bath. They believe that Western Civilization started in the baths of ancient times and they see no reason to change anything since then.

I'd do a film where I actually had to copulate—if I could do my own casting.
Sylvia Miles (paraphrased)

When you let pride steer
you will eventually crash.



IGNORANCE

Men gossip as much as women, only they call it news, scores, speculation, reports, or prowess.

He's an entrepreneur. If he had been there he'd have had the apple concession in Eden.

In a just world game show hosts, unaware drivers, and bores should be shot on first offense. Drunks should be given only one more chance. The parents of annoying children should be whipped. Smokers tortured. However, people who talk to themselves on the street should be given someone to talk to, perhaps the bores that escaped the first purge.

It is more pleasing to read a book that is your own copy, than one which is borrowed, either from a friend or a library.

PERHAPS MAYBE
MAYBE PERHAPS
PERHAPS MAYBE
MAYBE PERHAPS
PERHAPS MAYBE
MAYBE PERHAPS
PERHAPS MAYBE
AYBE PERHAPS



YOU'VE LIVED
WITH YOUR MOTHER
ALL YOUR LIFE,
HAVEN'T YOU?



SUDDEN FAME



I'M NOT SURPRISED
I'M NOT SURPRISED!



REVELATION

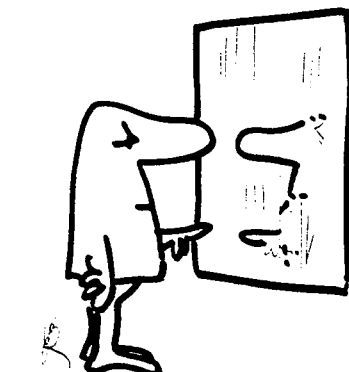


I'M
CAUTIOUSLY
OPTIMISTIC

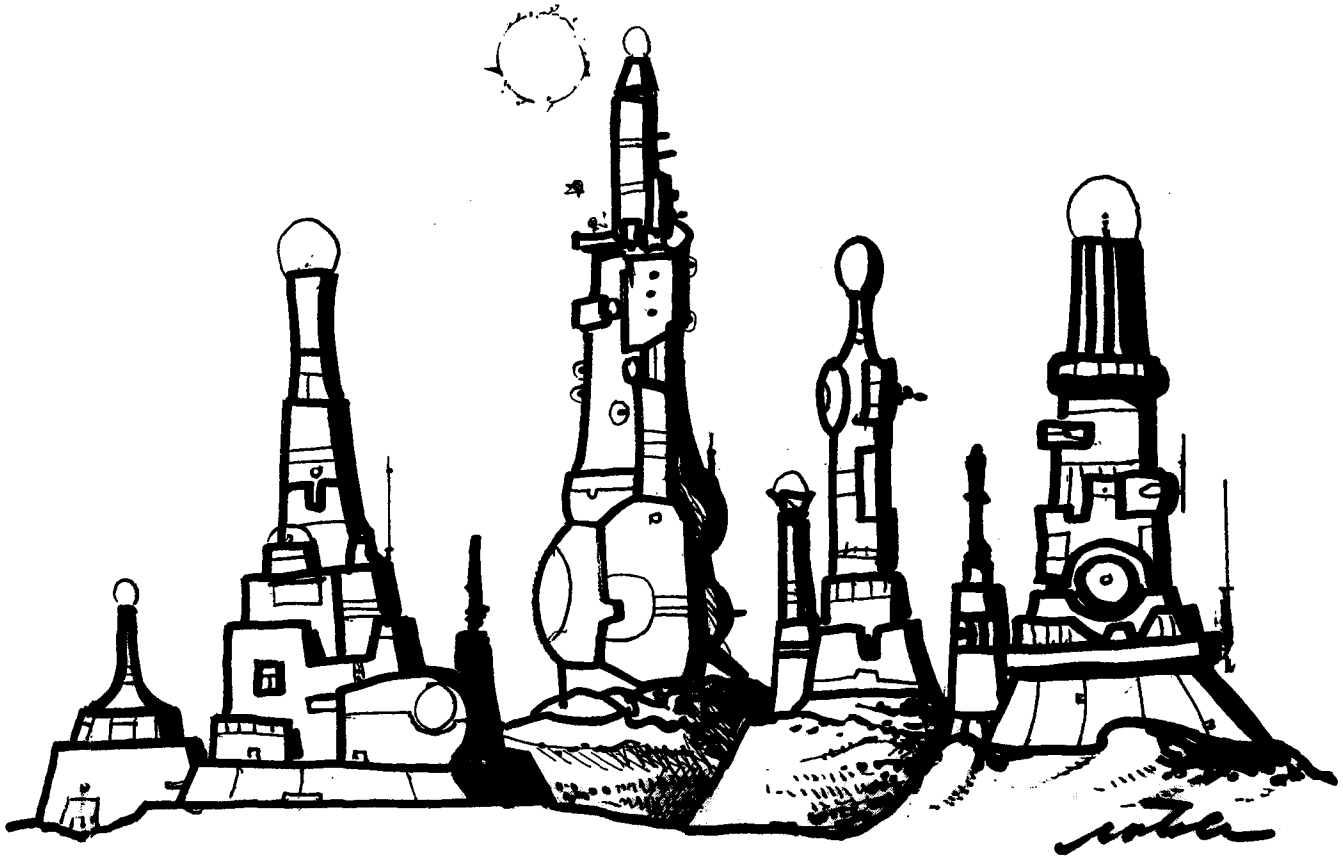


OK

I'VE MET YOU
BEFORE, HAVEN'T
I?



PSYCHOANALYSIS



OXNARD, NEW CALIFORNIA

Modern presidents have been criticized for having speechwriters, unlike the giants of the past, like Jefferson or Lincoln. These critics forget that all presidents up to the electronic age made few speeches, were asked fewer questions, had simpler issues, and didn't know what a "press conference" was.

Her voice came softly,
asking for assurances,
quietly hoping for an erotic medal.

Images of Love

I was cast aside like a sucked orange.

Neuroses, symbols, fetishes,
compulsions—doesn't anyone do
anything for fun anymore?

If you cannot accept the truth, then get
violent, abusive or skeptical—that's the
normal reaction.

The basis of every relationship
is needs.

Art is the only certain communication
between one people and another,
between one generation and another, no
matter how distant in time or space.

Artichokes are the only vegetables that
fight back.

Sharman DiVono

My head is due
for a 40,000-think tuneup.

Today's woman is not yesterday's
woman. She's not even this afternoon's
woman.

Artists are translators of reality.

Most people think more about sex and love than they would ever admit. Dreams, wishes, raw desire, sweet love, fantasies, wishful thinking, the whole lot. But eventually they come to terms with it. Sophia Loren will never grace my bed. Centerfold models will not be calling at all hours, I probably won't fall in love again.

Oh, people will admit to thinking about love. That's a "nice" thing to admit. But sex, no. Sex is on a limited conversational budget. Sex isn't "nice," no matter how many people do it or think about it. Sex in a kind of general, sanitized, statistical way may be mentioned. Not talked about, but mentioned.

You don't talk about sexual emotions except in the broadest terms. You don't talk about sexual functions except in a crude, embarrassed way. Both these things can reveal how you really feel, and most people are deathly afraid of that.

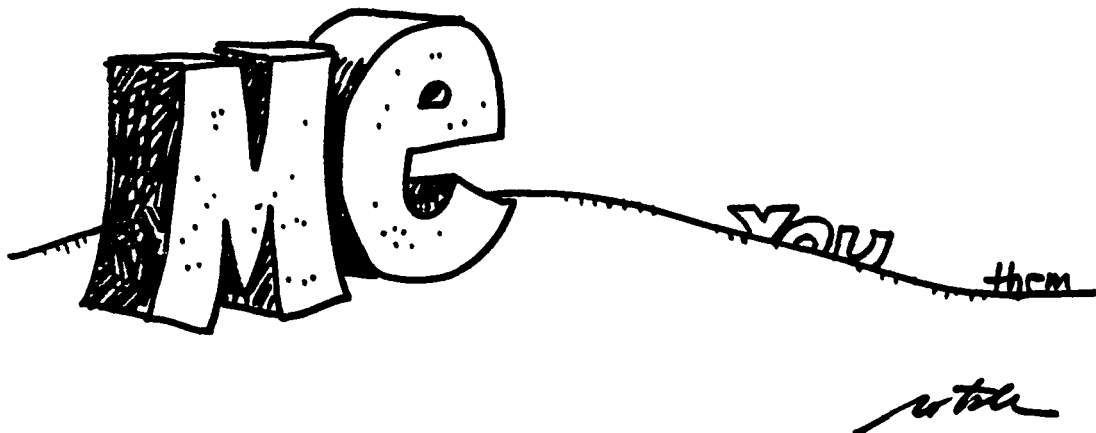
THEOLOGY IS
SUSPICIOUS



PRESENT
COMPANY
EXCEPTED
?



The stupidest sexual thing any man can say is "I've never had any complaints." Oh? And how many rejections? How many "headaches" and evasions? The worst I've heard personally is years ago when a young man I thought a nerd said smugly the classic, "I've never had any complaints." The very next night a woman admitted to me that (1) that man had been to bed with five women, four of them only once; (2) that he was the dumbest and least erotic person in bed she had ever known; (3) she felt sorry for him because his smugness and ego would never let him learn.



Rotsler's Rules About Animals:

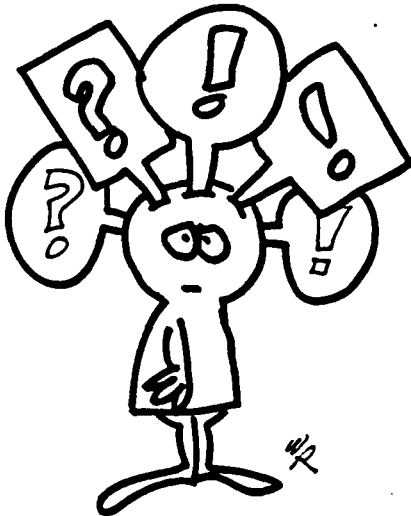
1: Always give the owners of an annoying animal one quick chance to correct the offending behavior, but only one.

2: If no swift corrective action is taken by the owners, you are fully justified in protecting yourself in any way whatsoever.

3: When and if owners of offending animals protest your defensive actions, tell them people are more important than animals, even if they are their surrogate children.

4: You must distinguish between normal behavior for that animal and anything you might have done to encourage it, by either stupidity or lack of knowledge. But some animals are evil, not just friendly.

5: When people say you must be a bad person because you don't like assault by animals, defend yourself from this secondary attack by insisting that you like people, peace of mind, safety, and clean clothes better than untrained beasts.



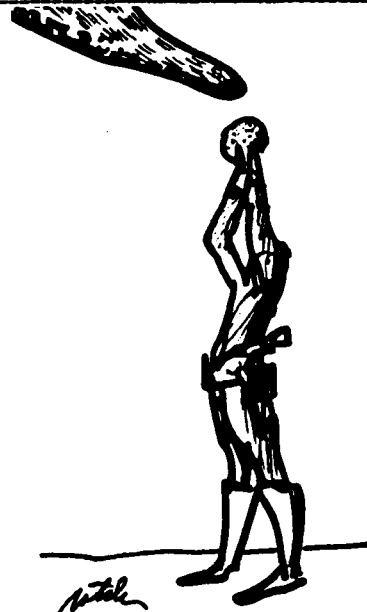
STRUCK BY THOUGHTS

Waiting is time deducted
from your lifespan.

Memory is *us*; memory is our
personality, our reality, ourselves.
Without it we'd be someone else.



There is a difference between collector and an accumulator. A collector wants everything in that line, every variation, every edition, everything. In one sense they are like alcoholics or fanatics. An accumulator just gets things that they like. Some people think they are "accumulators" when they are really collectors, and there are indiscriminate "collectors" who are really accumulators.



Always marry a friend.

I simply cannot understand the conflict., much less the vehemence and passion, about prayer in school. Leave aside the vital item that the Constitution forbids a mingling of church and state, our Foundin Fathers having seen what a mess that can make of innumerable governments—we have churches and temples to pray in and schools to learn in. Pray in one, not both.

It's easy to lie and after a bit you get good at it, then proud of your inventions. Lying becomes a habit to avoid little unpleasant moments, then it becomes a way of life, and soon you are unsure of what is true and are lost.

Never call anyone your best friend lightly, or without considerable thought. Best friendship has many obligations—honesty and truth, objectivity and support, love and humor, shared interests across a wide range, and most of all trust.

No one has *total* freedom, who can see another person. So we have to compromise. As few as possible, as seldom as possible, and only to not impinge upon another's rights.

Of all the things I've lost, I miss my mind the most.

Beauty is only a light switch away.

At the feast of ego, everyone leaves hungry.

I sold my expectations to reality and got ripped off.

(4 graffiti)

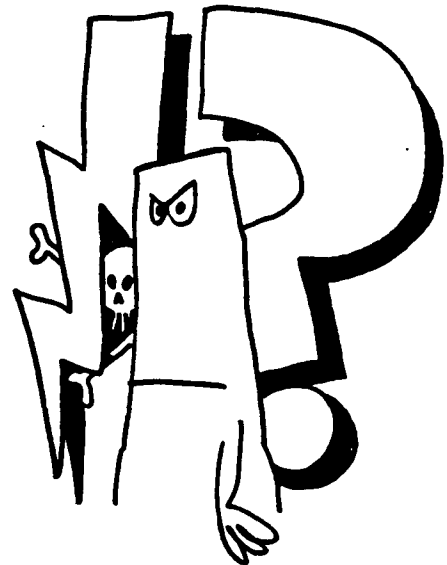
It's nice when celebrity doesn't translate into attitude. Some celebrities work at not getting the swollen noggins. Some are only nice to those above them or who can do them good. Others are also nice to their peers, but never to all of them. Some mask massive insecurities by demanding—just demanding anything—because compliance implies they have power. Celebrity is no walk in the flower garden.

May your dentist grin fiendishly.

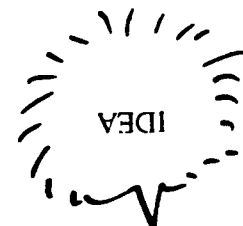
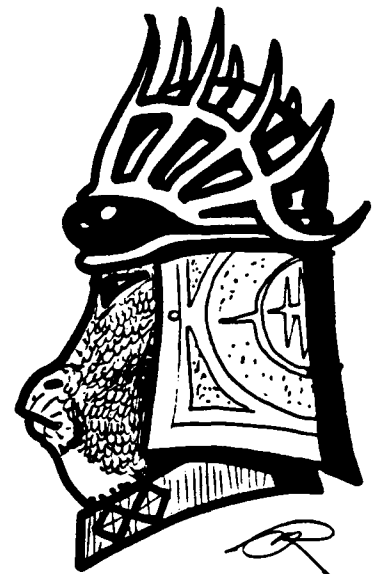
May the novacaine wear off much too soon.

May your X-rays have all sorts of spots
and fuzzy places.

May your blood pressure cuff explode.



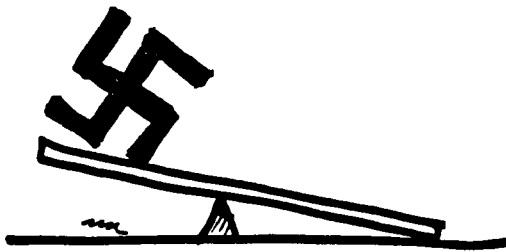
SUSPICION



There are two kinds of politicians:
Those who could find a way to shake
hands with Venus de Milo, and those
who would fund a probe into
why she is armless.

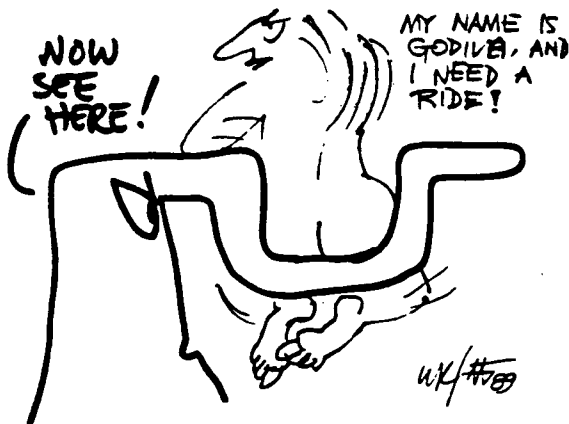
Efficiency is the shortest distance
between two goals.

Fame comes in bubbles. Popularity
comes in Chinese take-out boxes.
Notoriety is wrapped around the brick
which came through the window.



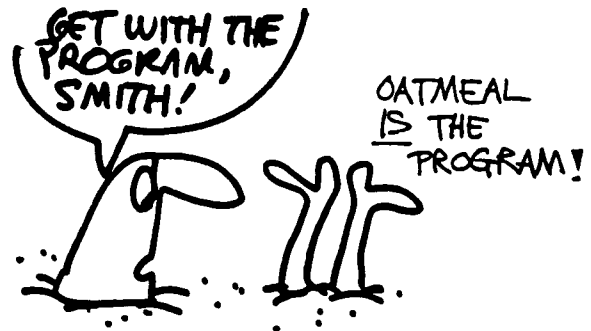
Bad health is like a rusty suit of armor
welded upon you. You can't escape or
ignore it.

Divorces should be settled so that each
gets three-fourths of everything.



She was so ugly
she could stop a sundial.
Len Wein

Pets are so you are not alone
when you are lonely.



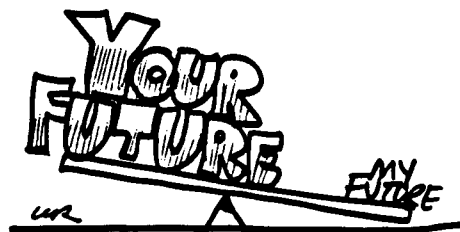
Life is a library where you write your
own books.,

"I" is the public version of the more
modest "me" and "We" is the royal, the
elegant, implying much, a status
pronoun, and very pretentious.

Living well is not only the best revenge
but pretty good even if you don't have
anyone to get back at.

There may be a time when you must
abandon a love because it may destroy
you. If you understand that, then walk,
Maybe run.

Never tell a crazy person they're insane,
but you can tell a sane person
they're crazy



Some people will mistake good manners
for diffidence, even fear. Don't make
the same mistake.

Car accident: Triumph of horsepower over horse sense.

Freeway rush hour: Long thin parking lots..

Parking structure : Architecture for the automobile.

Pedestrian: In California a suspicious figure, a second-class citizen.

"No woman is convinced of her beauty. This surprises men. To a woman this is merely something to shrug at. Of course it's true....Men are intimidated by beauty., Women never feel they truly possess it. Physical beauty has some of the qualities of a dirty secret. No one wants to admit how powerful it is.

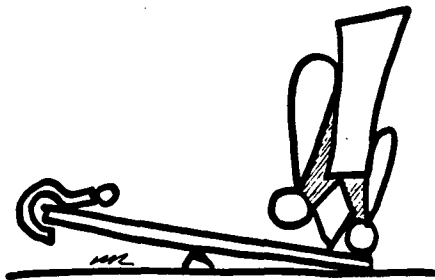
"A beautiful woman does not necessarily gather great strength from her beauty. To her it is merely a sad fact. Her beauty won't last and she knows it. Often a certain kind of beauty lasts only a day.

"A man who knows this about women has a great advantage....Men think that when a woman is beautiful she can get what she wants. They do not understand it when she makes bad choices..."

(Susan Minot, in *Esquire*, October, 1993)

"Dignity is not only knowing when to duck, it's also knowing how to look like a gourmet when you take a pie in the face."

Harlan Ellison



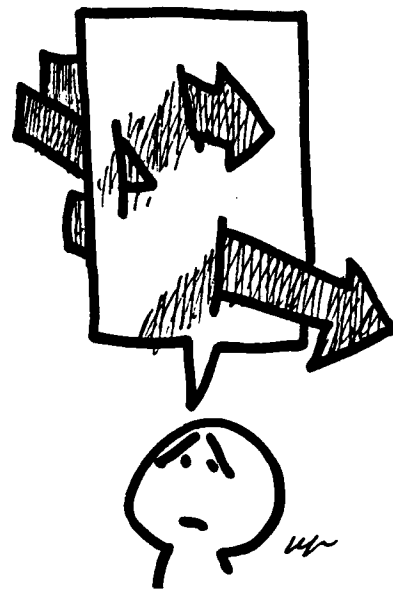
An unexamined life
is a life without tears.

I cannot understand people saying art must be *this*, but not that, or that art cannot be like a photograph (or that a photograph cannot be art). Art simply is. If the artist chooses to express his or her raw emotion, deep intellectual rationale, or the silliest of feelings in the most realistic of styles—or the most abstract—utilizing traditional or radical materials or unorthodox mediums, then fine, let it be.

What counts in the work of art, that it be judged good, bad or indifferent first by the artist, then by a succession of viewers. The style, the subject, the approach, the "school," the materials—these are not important thing, they are only tools and avenues. What is important is the final result.

However you happen to be;
act like you got that way on purpose.

Ray Nelson

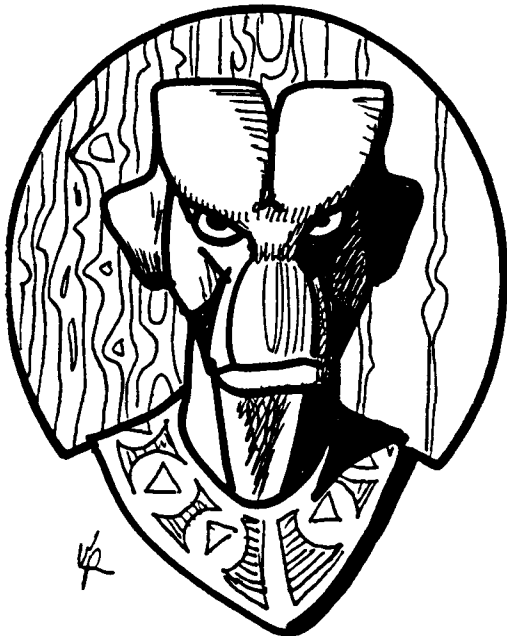


THE PAST CAN STILL
AFFECT US

People sure must like hard work: It takes 47 facial muscles to frown, but only 13 to smile.

My office has IN, OUT,
and BACK AGAIN baskets.

They broke up over a disagreement over
which love song was theirs.

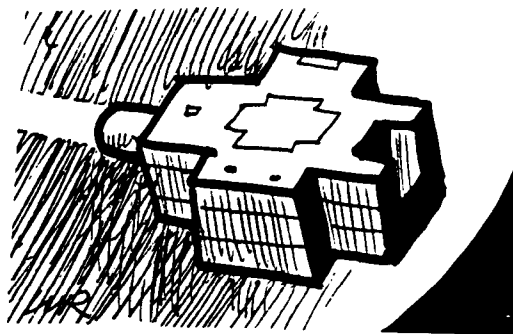


Sometimes the only way you can get a
raise is to own the company.

The proper response to
"Do you take this man?" is not
"I'm glad you asked that question!"

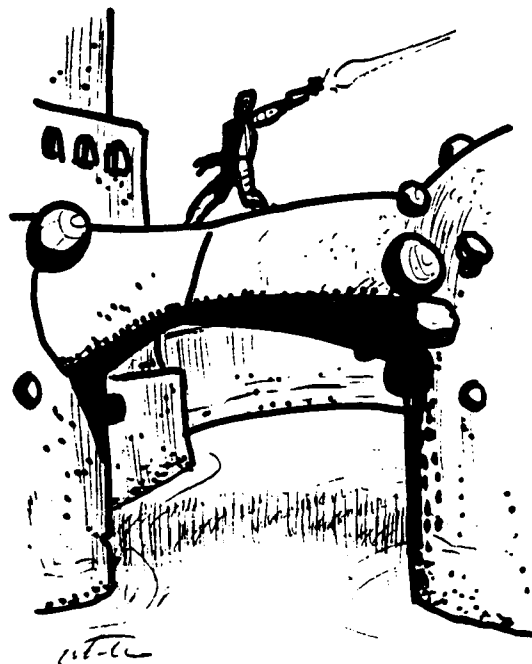


The more skill and experience you have
the less courage you need to do
what you do.



Gold, jewels, crowns, swords—
but tools are still the most valuable
things we have.

Most of us are willing hostages to love
and seldom seek to escape.



I've got a great name for a line of stylish
women's shoes: Sheer Agony.

The search for the meaning of life
is funded by fool's gold.

A William Rotsler-Bill Warren Mini-Dictionary

- In a world of pollution, corruption, AIDS, racial tension, terrorists, mutating bugs, famine, high taxes, deteriorating infrastructure, societal disintegration and threats of war you have to find a good place to hide.
- You can be so fashionable that gays and blacks copy you.
- If your leather pants are too tight you have to be skinned every night.
- Public executions might be a good thing because anything would be better than what's on TV.
- Women! You can't live with them and you can't shove them through an interdimensional doorway.

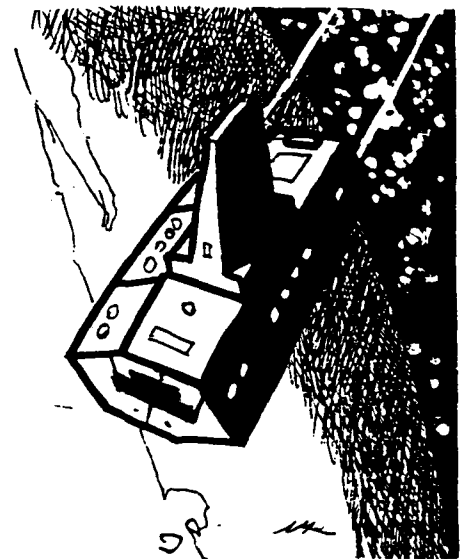
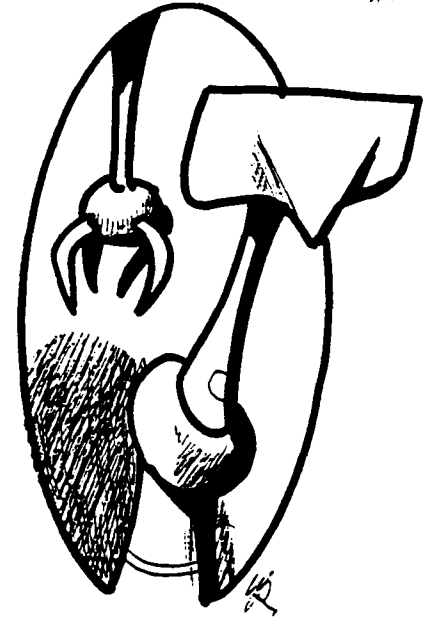
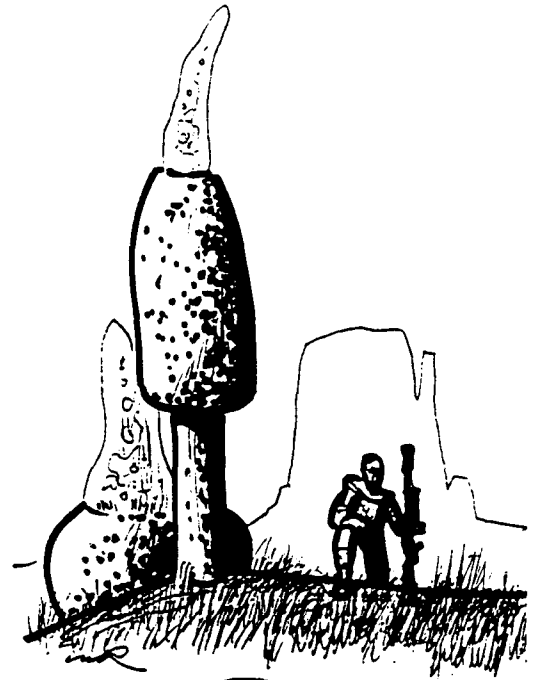
MORE THINGS THAT ANNOY ME

- People who put more than one "!" at the end of something.
- Movie actors who hold a gun sideways to shoot.
- How characters can outrun exploding fireballs in movies.
- Customers in post offices who come in, go straight to the window as if they don't notice all the people standing in line.
- Drivers who take up two parking places—some to avoid dings on their shiny new cars, but most because they can't park.
- Parking lots who try to put as many slots in as possible and make the paces way too narrow.
- People who do not have even the most rudimentary understanding of how science works, that you have to gather information, do research and tests, to find something—something that well might help them.

Love conquers all, occupies, loots, oppresses
and pulls out for fragile reasons.

Death gives life meaning. Suppose your great-great-great-grandparents were still alive, and all those in between, all expecting you call?

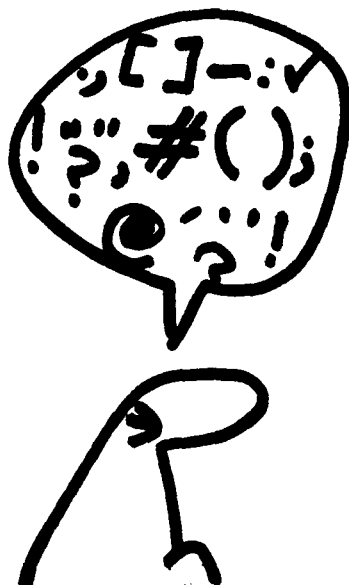
If we left blanks in our writing for the things we do
not know our books would be lace.



*On nudity in the theater:
My breasts aren't actresses.
Liv Ullman*

*Few of us are qualified
to be in charge of ourselves.,*

*There are four kinds of inventors:
Thoughtful, Prodding, Inspired, and
Lucky.*



NO ONE KNOWS PUNCTUATION

*Nothing we will ever know will seem
longer than life, no matter how short it
may be.*

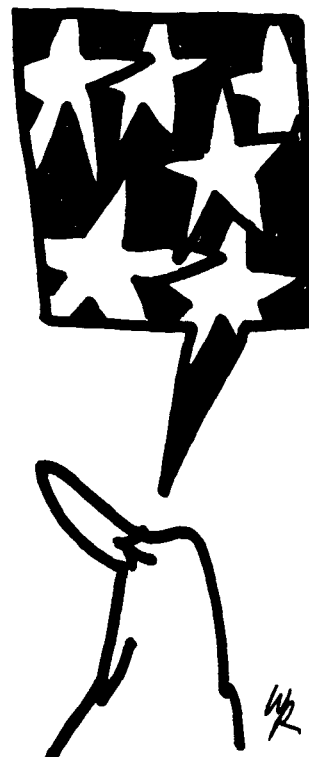
*I've always said I would never fly on a
plane where the pilot believes in
reincarnation.*
Spalding Gray

*The right to express ideas, good ideas,
bad ideas, wicked ideas, crazy ideas,
impossible ideas—this is the most
precious right the individual can have.*
Dalton Trumbo

*Women like to be wanted, to be desired,
to be pursued even when they have no
intentions of doing anything about it
with you.*

*Machines
are to make the complex simple.*

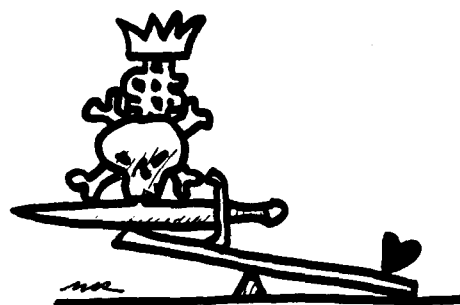
*Love is not only blind it sees things
which are not there.*



PATRIOT

*The worst kind of fear is that based on
intangibles, because you can't disprove
it or fight it.*

Censors are pretty sure to be fools.
James Harvey Robinson



*The self-taught can never be sure
they did it right.*

A stitch in time will make newsweek happy.

Gerald C. FitzGerald

All my life I've worked at *not* finding out what musical instrument makes what noise. I wanted music to be *abstract*. But when I was a kid every movie program, besides a cartoon, a newsreel, and the previews (or *prevues* as they were often called) often had a "musical short."

You'd see Harry James and his band in white tails or Tommy Dorsey in a double-breasted suit, and you'd see ranks of trumpeters stand up to blare, and drummers have seizures. I hated them. They kept showing me what made what noise.

My first love, Suzanne Johnson, was a concert pianist and was always playing. Bit by bit, byte by byte, I've learned, much against my will, about French horns, oboes, soprano horns, snare drums and the like. I hate it.

I just loved to listen to rich orchestral classical music when I was on acid. Rock was needles in the brain. Wait, the Beatles were okay, but the best, the best, was *Days of Future Past* by the Moody Blues. We must have played that 500 times at the first Hollyridge house, sometimes over and over for hours. Never got tired of it.

I have always thought of classical music as a kind of horizontal abstract totem pole. The pole or shape goes from left to right, and the tip is the *now* that is playing. It is rich in texture and sculptural shapes, but not too much color.

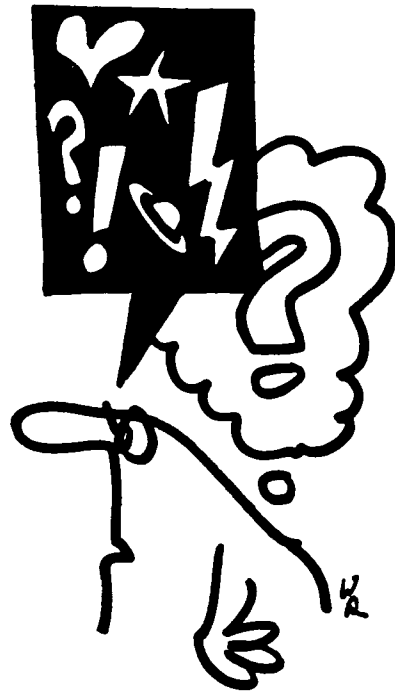
Sometimes I have thought of assigning certain tones to textures and shapes, then constructing a pleasing, changing shape in graphic form,

translating that back into music and synchronizing.

But I still know more than I want to know about musical instruments. In every other art I want to know the technology—that's all I want. I'll do all the rest myself, thank you.

Music is abstract. I want it to stay that way.

Love is a renewable asset.



HOW TO LIE

A bachelor is one who has learned to avoid certain foods—like wedding cakes.

Shannon Carse

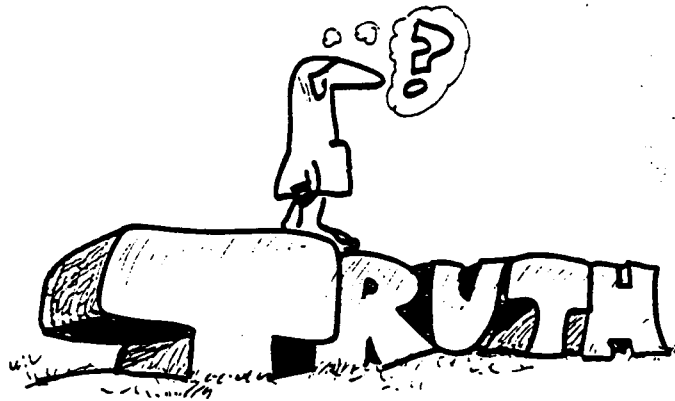
They say that times make the man. But we are not exactly blessed with an overabundance of great men and great women, and we certainly have an abundance of "times," so perhaps Greatness does not result from adversity after all.



ALIEN MONEY. 1985



A lot of people follows in the footsteps of others. Some because of admiration, but others because the path was defined and safe, some followed in filthy sneakers, and some because they did not want the trouble of making their own path.



When you are thinking of up-grading an acquaintance to the status of friend or lover, take a good hard look at their character, what their values are, how they look at the world, how they see themselves and their place in society, the nature of their ego,

A simple pragmatic test is how they treat people who usually have no real recourse but to "take it," such as waitresses, flight attendants, store clerks, children and vulnerable old people. Do they treat these people as *people*, or as servants or inferiors?

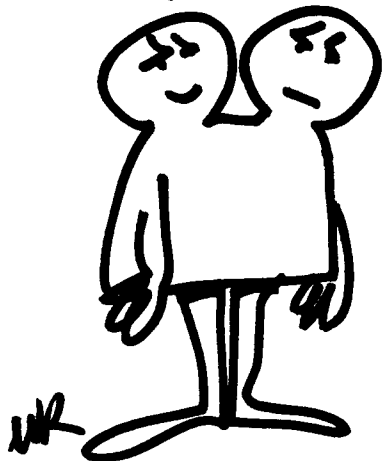
People will always treat you nice if they want something from you—or are afraid of you—or wish to impress you, so look to see if they enjoy any petty advantages, and how they treat those in a position to do them good.

Blackstone and others have said that the king can do no wrong is a necessary and fundamental principle of the English Constitution. But doesn't that mean the king *shall* do no wrong? That any ruler must take special care *not* to do wrong, by commission or omission?

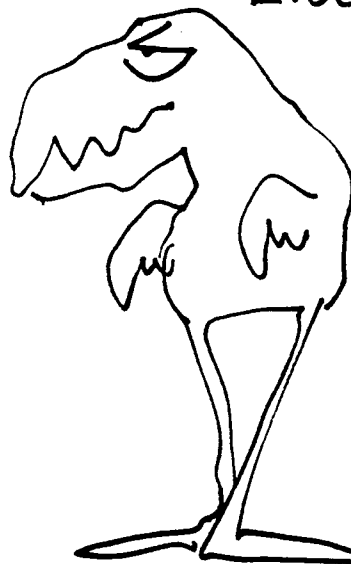
Doll houses are very realistic these days—they come with mortgages, flooded cellars, faulty wiring.

Remember, you marry her mother as well.

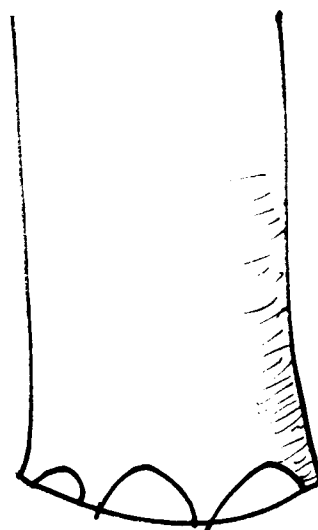
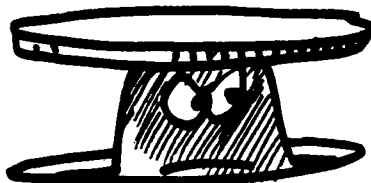
COLLABORATIONS
ARE STRANGE



BUT THEY DO
EVOLVE.



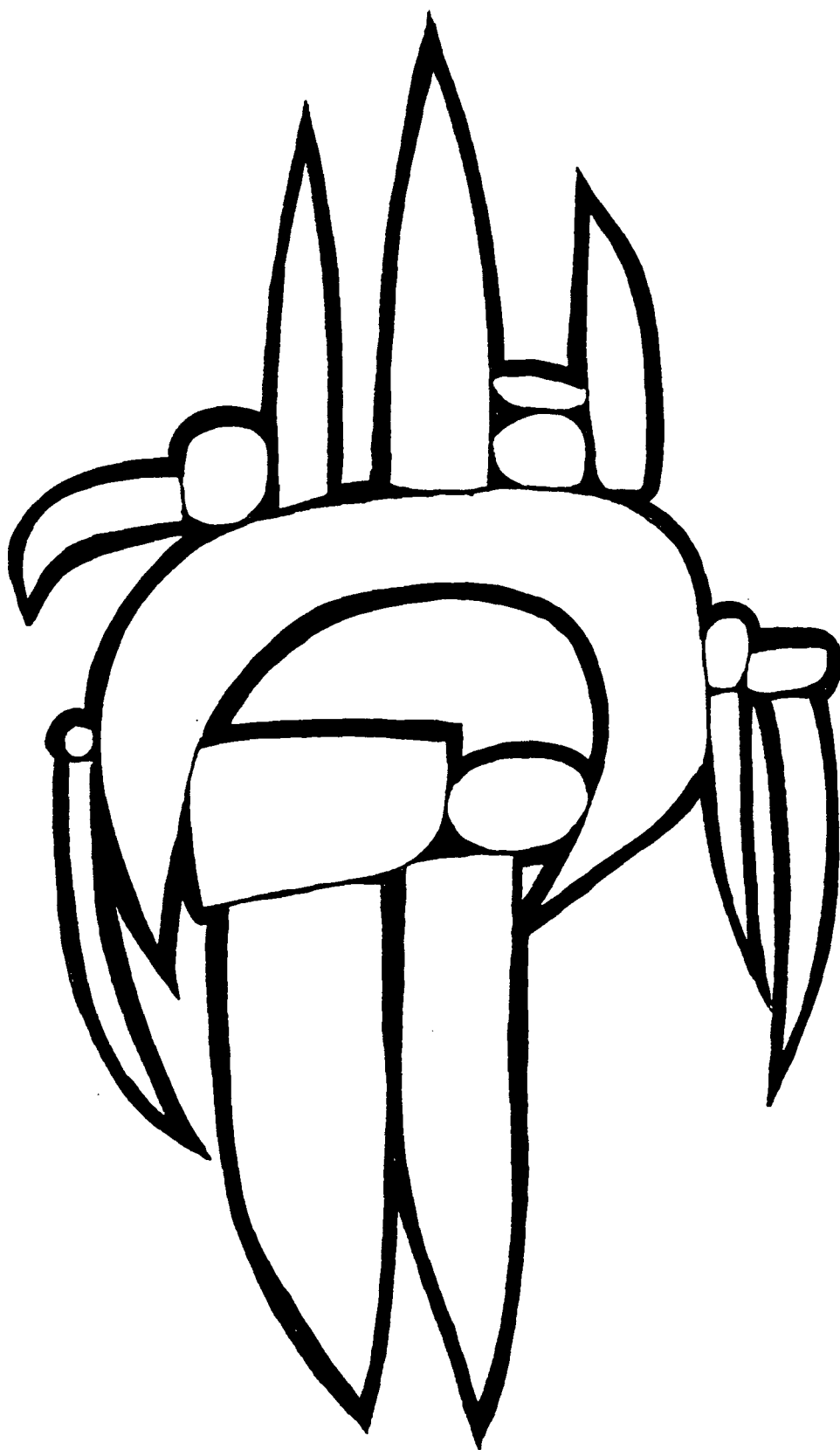
GET OFF
MY BROTHER,
YOU STUPID
BEAST!



ANYONE
CAN DRAW!

THINKING
IS THE
DIFFICULT
PART





Ross 82

KNOW THYSELF
but don't tell anyone!