

*W. T. S. L.*

# MASQUE

Published on nothing even approximating a schedule

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All the characters in a work of fiction  
are the writer in disguise.

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When things don't add up  
you don't have enough things  
to add up.

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Without variety, we'd all be the same.  
Being the same, why be anyone?

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If you cannot be moved by beauty,  
you are dead.

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You cannot raise a man up  
by putting him down.

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He's a Not in the lunatic fringe.

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He had his brain lanced  
by a defrocked veterinarian.

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She was so unattractive  
I was underwhelmed.

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The last homes of mystery are the rain  
forests, the sea bottoms, space, and the  
human mind.

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Money may not buy happiness,  
but poverty has little to sell.

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You can mislay your own life as easily  
as a piece of luggage, or the instruction  
booklet from that equipment you  
bought two years ago. And finding it  
again does not always solve the  
problem.

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Evolution is still in effect.  
It didn't stop with me and three.

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Only mankind thinks about where it  
comes from and where it is going. Only  
mankind ritually buries its dead.

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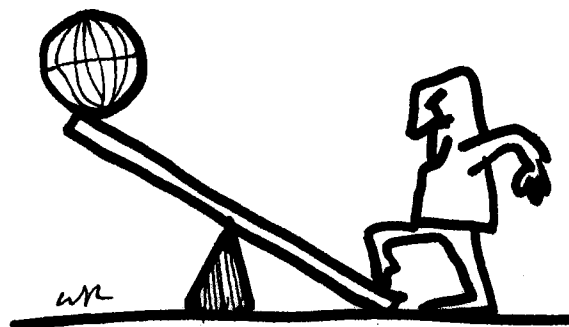
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No man is an island  
but a lot have barrier reefs.

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## MASQUE

Published on nothing even  
approaching a schedule  
by William Rotsler  
17909 Lull St., Reseda, CA 91335  
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the aforesaid W. Rotsler



ONE MAN CAN MAKE A  
DIFFERENCE

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"Is sloppiness in speech caused by  
ignorance or apathy? I don't know and I  
don't care."  
William Safire

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You must be honest with yourself, because if you can't be you can't be honest with anyone else. I know that sounds simplistic and corny, but it doesn't stop it being true.

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For some reason my wife thought she was the silence monitor. No conversational silence was permitted over two seconds or she would leap into the breach. Didn't matter whether what she was saying had anything to do with what went before or what might be going on around us, she filled the gap! Or she would, without warning, steer a conversation ninety degrees, onto a new subject, leaving you trying to work this new entry into what had been previous. To this day she simply does not understand it was a factor in our divorce.

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The worst sort of woman is one who is having a mad love affair—with herself. A man is just an a kind of shadowy mirror with credit cards.

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#### *How I Would Like to Die*

When asked how he would like to die, Woody Allen said, "Smothered in the flesh of Italian starlets." But he said that in the Sixties when there seemed to be a bumper crop of voluptuous Italian actresses. That would still be a fine way to go, of course, if you could find the raw materials. Perhaps the American equivalent would be *Playboy* centerfolds.

Other than that I think a good way to go would be with guns blazing at the moment of having defeated the forces of evil in a titanic battle. But there would probably be pain attached.

So going in my sleep seems to be a nice way. Not very dramatic (unless Sophia Loren was there, too, plucked from a time machine sent to 1952) and without benefit to Mankind, etc. etc.

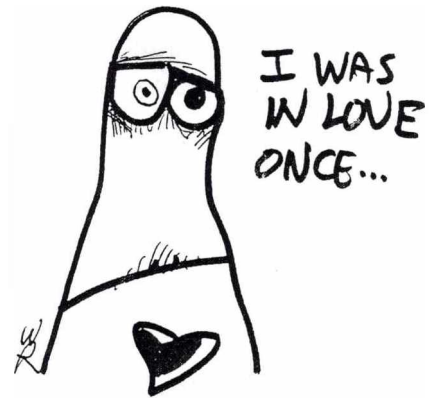
The only advantage I can see in dying is The Next Step. And since I am highly skeptical of The Other Side being anything but oblivion, that is no great whoopie, either.

Well, we'll see. Just not too quickly, please.  
But when I go, the Universe goes, y'know.

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Remember that rabbits are never foot-donors  
to the lucky.

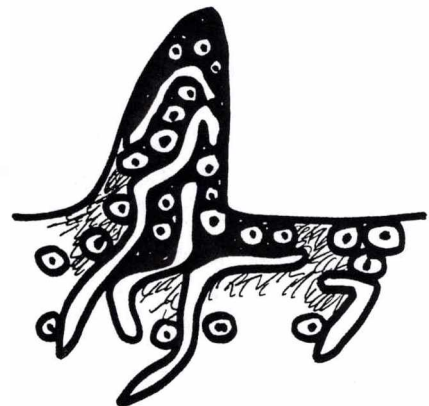
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MIRACLE



AFTER THE SNEEZE



DISEASE, CLOSEUP

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Fantatics are never uncertain.  
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11 Nov 84 Wendy Barish, my editor at Wanderer Books (also head of same) sent me an extremely polite letter, obviously from a child-type girl, that makes a correction on Lt. Saavik's racial heritage. Wendy asked me to answer and "please, be gentle," and copy her.

So I wrote her a letter which started "you stupid slut!" and went on from there, castigating the kid horrendously! I'm sending Wendy a copy...but of course enclosing the polite letter which I actually did send. I love doing stuff like that to Wendy. There's something about her which brings out the imp in me.

Saw a good (i.e. erotic) porn film at a screening the other day: VIVA VANESSA. Contains a scene which is unique in my filmgoing experience. Apparently, in real life, Vanessa (who is a mucho erotic woman, very poster-quality sensualist lived with porn actor George Payne for 2 years and they broke up under less than pleasant circumstances.

Henri Pachard does a bit of cinema verité by unexpectedly bring them together, with another actress, and Vanessa blows her top. All real, totally weird, and highly charged, as the director makes her stay and watch Payne ball the other girl. Weird, weird...and unique.

Bit by bit the shelves are getting painted around here, due considerably to Don Gebhart who comes by on weekends or days off, or even after work, and paints, takes off old paint, etc. I owe him. I have been lost and smothered in the literally hundreds of boxes around here. Can't find stuff, can't get around.

I'm sort of designing the toys--the worlds of Avalon & AstroKnights--but mostly thinking about it. Also, as a kind of odd therapy, doing a lot of badges of a different kind than you've seen before. Have work stacked up to do & not too much interest in doing that work.

Ed Kline has a short job, designing characters for a Big Company, all Top Secret, but a great break for him. More on that later, when it has been declassified.

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In space, one man's up is another man's down.  
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I get cards from Uschi still. Today brought one from the Virgin Islands, of an idyllic sea/rock/palmtree/luncheon bar with a steel drum band. Other cards recently have been from Bali, Hong Kong, etc. What are you doing. Oosh?

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Your memory is you. That is why the amnesiac has such a horror for us...and a fascination, an outré opportunity to start over.  
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St. Patrick's Day is the New Year's Eve of the Irish.  
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"Cuisine is when things taste like themselves."  
(Curnonsky)  
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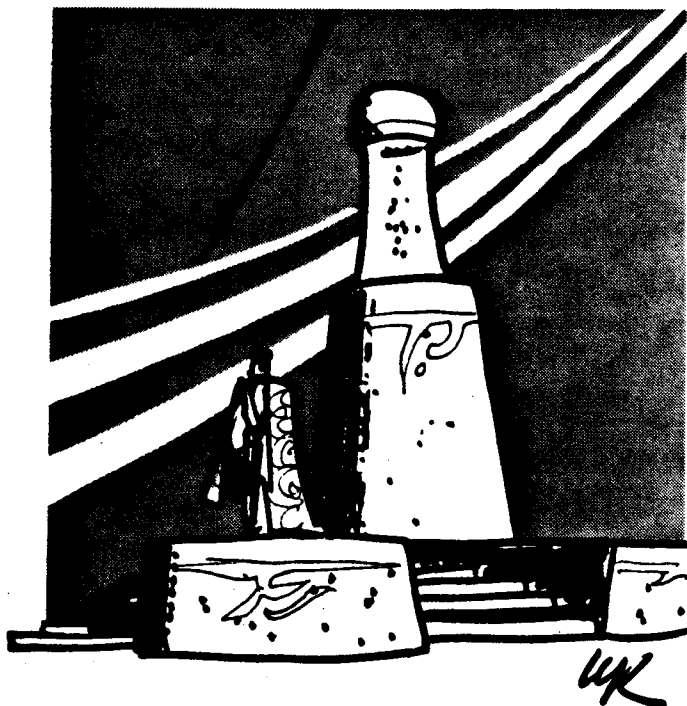
NYC ADDENDA: Saw THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL which was pretty good and interesting; lots of production, some new faces, too. # Spent the weekend with the Ballantines. Went to Zabar's and with Michael Kurland's friend, Ruth Epstein, as "cheese consultant" she picked a Stilton that was superb & I got the gratitude of many. Walking in the woods was really beautiful, with multiple colors, etc. Betty & I took a drive around Loon Lake (this is near Woodstock) which is fringed with pines or maybe fir, I dunno. But here & there was a bright gold red or a rust-red one, as if some National Park Exterior Director said, "Mmm, put it... um...there!"

Ever notice (sounds like Andy Rooney) how people, wherever you go, always tell you just missed the best weather, or got there too soon? Betty said, "You should have been here 3 or 4 days earlier, that's when the leaves were really beautiful."

My goodness, but the Ballantines are such nice people. I know & like Betty better than Ian, since I've spent so much more time with her. I met David Ballantine, Ian's brother ("HomeMade Houses of Woodstock" etc) and it was secretly funny, since it looked just as though he were doing an imitation of Ian.

The day after I turned in THE LITERATE COOKBOOK (quotes & recipes) to Doubleday for consideration I found a thin paperback of cooking quotations. Once again, either two years too soon or one year too late. But R. Epstein said that if she liked the final book (recipes added to the warm water of quotations) she might arrange to guarantee 5,000 copies for restaurants she publicizes.

Does anyone know who "Curnonsky" is?





DIZZINESS

ROXIER

You do a lot of walking in New York, only I did a lot of expensive taxi-taking because my feet just can't take that cement. I fell into a deal that may happen, and if it does, I'll make Good Money. I came up with a Good toy idea off the top of my head and am now developing it for a toy licensing firm. I sold a book series, but for 1986, when the next Star Trek film comes out.

Other than that, I'll report on developments later.

I flew Continental going to NYC and they took me via Houston & the east coast because there was a storm over Denver. VERY beautiful clouds, sunset, etc. Worse thing was that my creative flow was on & I forgot tablets & was drawing on cocktail napkins.

She's so ugly that the mirrors in her house committed suicide.

A NOTE TO STEVE DAVIS I was watching an episode of E/R and they had a person come in who did not speak English. Cleverly, the doctor called up a language professor, who translated. Does this happen? I mean, non-English speaking people? I realize you work in an industrial E/R and may not run up against this. But I had an idea: What about taking something like the following and having it printed in umpteen languages and show it to such people:

"I am a \_\_\_\_\_ and my name is \_\_\_\_\_. I will point to where it hurts." Adaptations could be done for police stations, hospitals, what else?

This was my good deed for the day and now it is Out of My Hands and up to you to become famous for implementing it.

This was on the same evening I thought of a series of "books" as "bibliography" to my columns...one book was Funereal Urns in the Shape of Huey, Louie & Dewey, by Gaston P. Mallard, Churchmouse Press, 1984.

Coming back, I came to Continental about 1:30 for a 2:45 flight. They switched me to USAir and said I had 5 minutes to get there, about three blocks. We flew to Louisville, Indianapolis, LAX. I sat by a pair of very attractive ladies. I struck up a conversation with the younger one, a blonde, and we had fun. After her friend got off at Louisville, she put on makeup for her arrival at Indianapolis and was one of those blondes that go from pretty to gorgeous with facial definition. We had a good time and as she left she said, "See you."

"No, you won't," I corrected and she nodded agreement as she shuffled up the aisle. Three minutes later the pilot said the frangus had gifilated from the freebus and we'd be delayed an hour, please deplane. I walked quickly to Baggage, where I saw the blonde, with another Very Attractice lady, just as she picked up her luggage.

"You were right, after all," I said to her surprised face. "I've decided to take you away to a sleazy motel, make mad. passionate love to you, beget you with child, then cast you aside like a sucked orange."

She gasped, started to laugh, choked, laughed. I said, with mock indignation, "Is this rejection? Well, madam, I can take rejection!" and I strode off without looking back. (Heehee)

All in all, I think it was a profitable (but expensive) trip. I had fun, made new contacts in the publishing biz, and left my sporr upon NYC.

A bore is a dull person set on High.



Sequoias are role models for trees.

of the old Gernsbach logo--a fist holding lightning bolts. They are doing it in 3 ten-year jumps, i.e. 1926/36/46. Danton Burroughs accepted for his grandfather, CLMoore for her husband. I thought I was just there to take pix for Charlie Brown, but I found 3 TV cameras, an assigned seat (properly picked for the cameraman) and that I was to Say Something.

Forry calls me up to meet a still-good-looking actress (name? I dunno, Angelique Something) in a recreated Star Trek costume she wore. What I did was get praise from Forry then was asked to escort her to her seat. Since she had come from "offstage" in a green wig I had no idea where her seat was. I felt dumb. (Thanks a lot, Charlie Brown.) What I really wanted to do was go back to the utterly decadent party to which I had been invited by Maude Kirk, so I did.

I showed van Vogt the HIDEOUS pink & sick green dust jacket on The Hidden Worlds of Zandra (2nd in the series, just out) and told him I thought after 40 books I ought to have at least one I liked.

He looked at this nothing, bland hills-in-sick-mist cover, a dustjacket they had actually praised, and said, laughing, "It looks like a very restful book!"

George Clayton said something like, "Oh, Bill..." Someone else snorted. The dust jacket is saved from Total Blandness by the raw-sore-pink & barf green colors. Gag.



Any map of Kansas is a relief map.

Those who call America a violent nation have not read the history of their own.



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"The truth can only make you free when the truth is free; don't bet such odds." (Chester Anderson, Trap Door, Nov, 1984)  
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5 Dec 84 Sharman bought me a belated Thanksgiving dinner last night. It was cold & she was wearing her "Polish mink," 40ssquirrel coat she bought from some old woman about ten years ago. It's warm & like lots of women, she is cold. I mean, cold affects her. She said, "I'm thinking of buying a new (fur) coat if they're killing something I can afford." # Tomorrow I go to Warner Bros, to visit the Spielberg "Goonies" set, as I am doing a tie-in book. # Things are slowly getting into order around here as Don & Ed get shelves painted. Ed is going to design a prototype weapon for The Weapon Shops of Isher film, if there is a film. If they like it, maybe he'll get the weapons contract.

6 Dec 84 Just came back from 2½ hours of climbing through excellently-done artificial caves, tunnels, waterfalls & other sets of Goonies. I signed a "confi-dentiality" agreement, so all I can say is that it's a kind of Temple of Doom adventure for kids.

The assistant art director took me around, even into the plaster shop and the special effects shop, where they demonstrated a mechanical squid for me. Two huge stages are filled with piping for all the many water effects, with caves and one has a chute that starts about 40 feet up, twists & turns all the way to the other end.

But the kicker was one stage that was all an underground set, a grotto, with a full-size pirate ship. AD said it was 7/8th scale. based on The Sea Hawk.

As we left, an iron bar, 3/4" thick, 3' long, bent into a hook and with 10-12' feet of rope, fell 70 feet and landing 2-3 feet behind me. It was an adventure just going to the set.

Later: I just told Ed Kline I was going to the fancy Century Plaza hotel for some kind of big press gala for a porn movie and he said, "Well, maybe they'll have someone with big boobs jump out of a meatloaf or something." A meatloaf?

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If I really learned from my mistakes I'd be the best educated person around.  
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"Dialogue is Dialogue; Sex is Sex; but what the audience really wants is Special Effects" (T-shirt seen on at Warner's)  
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7 Dec 84 The press party was in the Royal Suite on the top floor of LA's biggest/fanciest hotel. It was the suite where Reagan stays. They had a groaning board of top notch fingerfood and enough porn actresses to have a first class orgy.

I talked for some time to Candy Samples (who can stand closer to you and still be farther away than almost anyone) and mostly we talked about Uschi Digart.

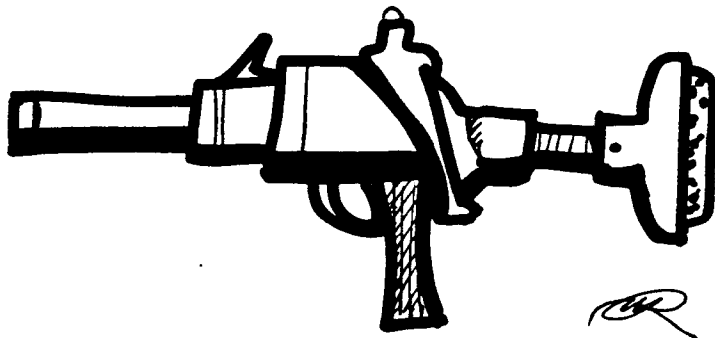
I met Joanna Storm for the first time, she in a black cocktail dress that made her look very good--and also the most expensive hooker in sight. There were a couple of others I didn't meet (or want to) but one had great boobs, and the dress which showed them off from the side, bare, every time she bent over. I talked with Cyndy Summers (Paul Turner knows her--remember the girl on the boat spread you did?) who looked like the Ultra-Expensive Hooker of All Time.

I talked with my fellow critics, showed them prelim designs for our award. Next Valentine's Day we critic folk are having an award ceremony of our own.

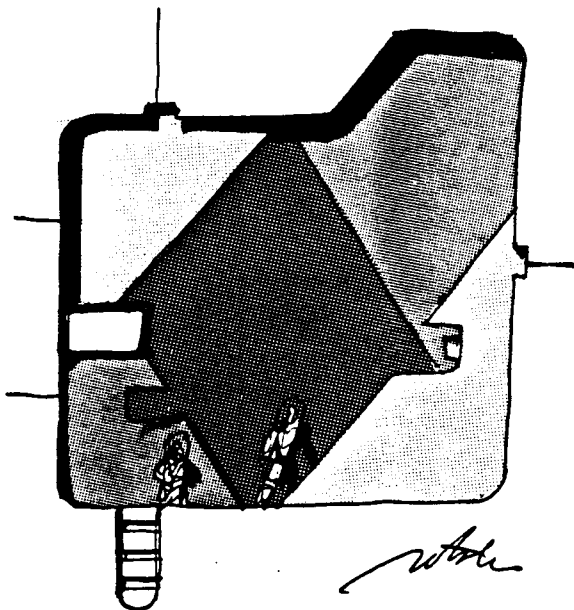
I was oiled & charmed by numerous business types--they were revealing a new tape distribution company & the fact they had signed numerous people to contracts. I talked with Kay Parker awhile about passion in films. But the most fun was meeting & talking to Mai Lin, an oriental porn actress who is more attractive & far more intelligent in person than I had suspected. She also had a plunging neckline and one or the other of her breasts frequently peaked out. "You're doing it again," I'd say sternly and she'd make a show of covering it/them up...most ineffectually. I had decided to fornicate her until her toes curled and we were progressing quite nicely toward that goal when I just suddenly thought about disease and turned off. Antone that fucks that much has got to have an occasional problem.

It was a silly kind of affair, not as strange or as sexually blatant as I thought it might be (despite my descriptions above), but the food was good, the company pleasant and the parking \$5.

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You know you're getting fat when the pennyscale demands two quarters.  
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Lynch-Mobb Industries, Inc. (Isn't that a good aryst-corporation name?)

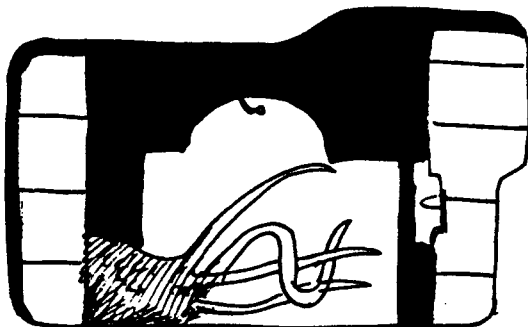


What every man wants is a friendly virgin who brings her own handcuffs and K-Y Jelly.



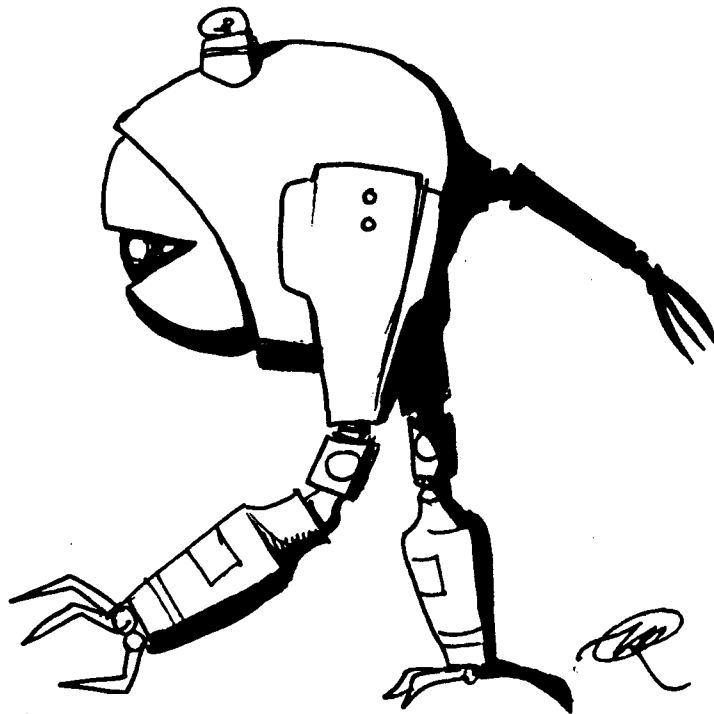
ALIEN MONEY. UR

If we are to live together as a society we must avoid chaos and to avoid chaos we must have a certain minimal number of rules which we all agree upon.



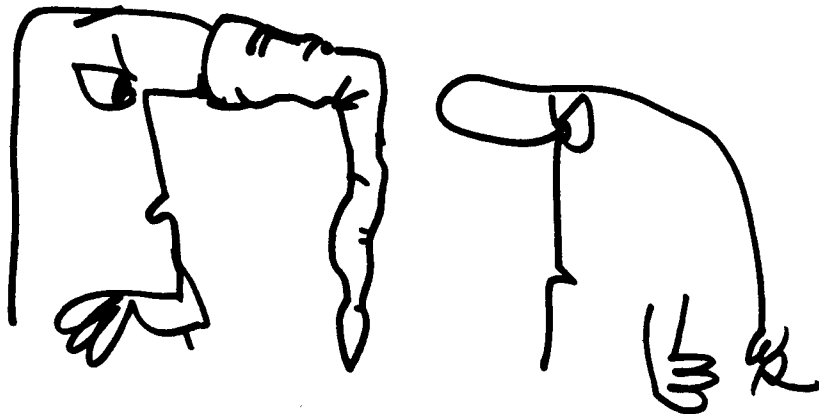
People who insist they are always morally correct should go in for a front-end realignment.

Why it is that so few Americans think of waitering as a non-profession, something you do not do professionally, only temporarily? Only male homosexuals (generally) do it well. Any time you find a really good waitress you should tip well, give thanks and hope she doesn't get a better offer. They are worth their weight in chocolate cake.



We are what we know and what we think we know.

I DID DESIGN FOR MY BODY TYPE!



Freedom should be the right to ask questions and get answers, no matter how bold, dangerous, silly or profound.

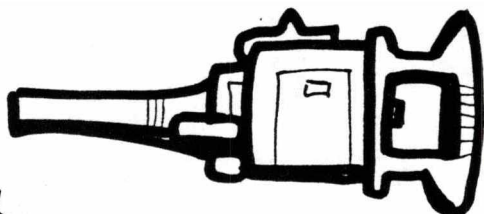
One of the things Candy Samples (whose real name is Mary Gavin) said was that when she was "on the road," i.e. stripping, is that people (well, men) were always coming up asking about Uschi "because I know you're bosom buddies with her." I guess every guy thinks he is being original. But then, don't we all?

#### A NEO-WINE SNOB'S GUIDE

WP

- 1: Never drink wine from a bottle with lumps inside you can't identify.
- 2: Never drink wine that breathes louder than your table conversation.
- 3: Never drink wine from bottles whose labels depict alligators bowling, purple feet, or Mohandas K. Gandhi.
- 4: Never drink anything called *Chateau Mimeo*, *Lafitte Rothstein*, *Moby Grape Squeezins*, or *Hell's Angels Sirprise Delight*.
- 5: Never drink a fruity wine that lisps.
- 6: Never drink a wine whose bouquet is candy apples, peppercorns, the sweat of wanton nurses, popcorn farts, or newly mown grass.
- 7: Never trust a wine steward named Ace.
- 8: It's tacky to say the bubbles tickle your nose unless you, technically, have a "schnozz."
- 9: You do not put cream in white wine, only red.
- 10: It's tacky to draw your heat at every cork pop.
- 11: Remember, it's a tulip-shaped glass with burgundy; a lotus-shaped glass with nepenthe; a skull-shaped glass for hemlock; mason jars for moon; hugo-shaped snifters for Xeno; Tiffany glass for *Swill Lite*; and Superman mugs for chablis.
- 12: Never drink from a size twelve shoe.
- 13: Never drink from a champagne bucket directly; always dipper some out.
- 14: Never sniff a cork with blood on it.

It's embarrassing to be over-introduced and under-introduced, to be over-praised and under-praised, for we live on the teeter-totter of the ego.



Everyone hopes the flattery they are getting is actually deserved praise.

9 Dec 84 During the heavy rainstorm we had the other night Ed Kline went out with his girl to see 2010 and did something I've been afraid of all my life--got an umbrella spoke in his eye.

Did it himself, too, opening it too close in the dark. Went under the lid and while it did not puncture the eyeball, it smarted, as Jonathan Winters said.

11 Dec 84 Bit by bit I'm getting things organized here. Quotebook takes up a lot of my office space (about 120 binders, with 213 binders in use, total) I use binders as organizers--work in progress, writer's msc., BG on Zandra, film reviews, a log of everything I've written, dead files, fumetti storyboards, etc etc.

QUOTEBOOK goes through a series of stages. 1: Books, magazines, notes from conversation/TV/radio/etc. 2: I type these up, or xerox them out of books and all that goes into a drawer. 3: I subdivide into a little over 100 major categories by using two binders with indexed dividers. When that is full enough I move them (4) into Quotebook-in-Progress binders, where they are taped down onto pages and further subdivided; i.e. Modern Living has, as subheads, Modern Living, Cities, Energy, The Arms Race, Automobiles, and a couple that may expand later.

Stage 5 is Xeroxing pages when they are full. A "spare" Xerox goes to Reader's Digest, where I sell them better than a quote a month at \$50 each, \$15 higher than the Standard Rate because I sell them so much. Reverse Discount for volume! One Xerox goes into stage 6: Quotebook Final. Another xerox goes into individual mss. of the AN OWNER'S MANUAL or USER'S GUIDE series.

Stage 7 is when I do Stage 4 I reassert the filled/xeroxed pages into the binders. When a section is getting fat I transfer it to Quotebook Original binders, thus relieving the pressure (and the lugging about) of those binders. At this writing there are 70 binders in Quotebook Original stage and 51 in the Final stage.

I think I just told you more than you want to know about Quotebook. But you do intend to send me your favorite quote, don't you? It may be your words. someone everyone knows, someone only you know--I don't care, as long as it is well said, original, expresses a point of view or an observation of some worth. I may not even agree with it, but I will put it in if I think it is a good observation from a legitimate point of view. Example: I have quotes by Idi Amin, Hitler, ~~Greg/Benford~~, Jerry Pournelle, various Nazis, etc.

I split Reader's Digest money with the originator of the quote, if I know him or her, taking 10% for my trouble. And RD will probably contact you & pay you \$50, too. In addition.

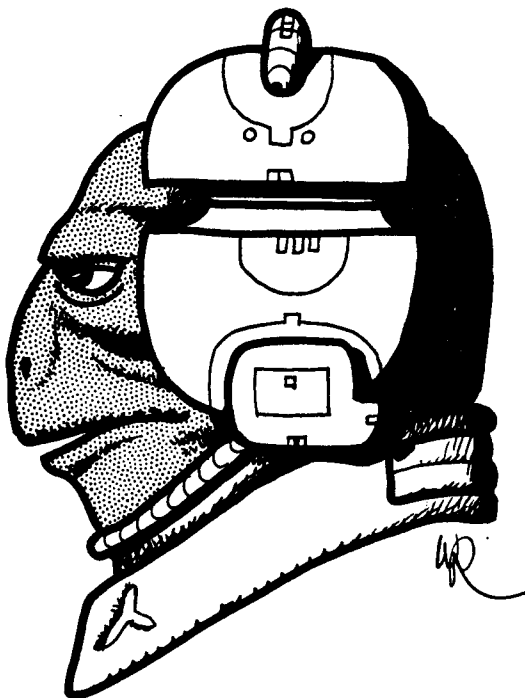
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Fuck as though this was about to be the last orgasm in the history of man, and it should be a good one.  
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15 Dec 84 Designed an "X-Rated Critics Organization" Hall of Fame award for our critics group & presented it to the "gang" for approval yesterday at a porn screening. Was reminded of the "Ball of Fame" award from some years ago. This was better designed, but not nearly so much fun...especially when I got a Grandmaster Award. # The "Goonies" book is going slow, mainly because there are other things I'd rather be doing. In fact, writing this instead of writing for money is one of them.

The other night (ultimate biographers take note: 12 Dec) I was trimming my beard and noticed that somewhere in the near past I had slipped from a dark-brown beard with a lot of white in it to a white beard with vestiges of brown. A watershed moment. Talked to an old friend last night, Charles Cropsey, and we are both amazed at being in our late 50s. What happened? Yesterday I was 37.

All this porn stuff is like a weird hobby, only it pays money. It would probably get me laid, too, if I wanted to pursue it. Now that I've dropped Penthouse and they dropped me, more or less, I don't get paid as much, but hey, I go see a film, or watch a tape in the brown paper privacy of my living room & spend a few minutes at a typer & have fun & get turned on & make \$75-100. It's a dirty job, but I'm doing it.

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"Hey! They found another Gabor sister!"  
(George Carlin)  
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If people acted like cats, we'd hate them.  
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Ever have the feeling that other people have tickets to life on the 50-yard line and you're watching from the parking lot?  
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That I'm a Titman is no secret. But I refuse to be apologetic about it or anything. We all have physical preferences and so do women. We all know women who like Latin lovers or blond Vikings or blacks or tall guys or whatever. That isn't quite as local & specific as boobs, but I don't see much difference.

Not talking about the other--and often intangible--reasons for attraction. I like beautiful breasts, especially on exotic looking women. The fact that most of the lovers in my life have not been Lady Bountiful in that area proves that thhat (those?) are not the only reasons I would like a female of the opposite gender. But given my druthers...

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A "statesman" may not be just a dead politician, but some politician another politician wants to quote, and naturally, he wants credit for stealing from the best.  
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17 Dec 84 Sharman & I saw 2010 last night, which we thought quite good, despite goofs. (I think they could have figured out ahead of time, for example, a better/safer way of testing for air in Discovery.) Saw it in the Cinerama Dome. Back in '68, when we seemed to go see 2001 every week (often on acid) it didn't play at the Dome, which we thought the proper "science fiction" theater for it. # Sharman is looking very well, horseback rides & bike rides a lot (including a stationary bike), is "into" her IBM Displaywriter... took a class on homicide procedure given by the Sheriff's Dept--filled with icky poo stuff, including a videotape in color of an actual double homicide. She's been selling \$10,000 Afternoon Special scripts to ABC/CBS, adapting books to TV, has two novels & a screenplay going (the screenplay is finished & circulating, the novels in research) and is going fine.

The homicide class was a 2-day seminar thing for writers, to get them to get their facts & procedures right. It is NOT like on TV. Toured the facilities, saw slides, etc on an autopsy, now knows all kinds of things about entrance & exit wounds & what weapons make what kind of wound. Fun, huh?

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If laughter is the best medicine and the best medicines are always bitter, then the best laughter is bitter?  
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"Women. You can't live with 'em and you can't shoot 'em."  
(Steven Wright)  
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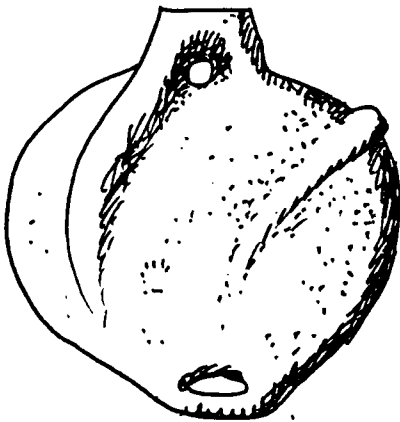
Presenting

# HARLAN ELLISON

"THE DARK PRINCE OF AMERICAN LETTERS"



I AM YOUR DARKSIDE —  
THE PART YOU ARE CAREFUL  
NEVER TO SHOW —  
THE PART YOU DENY,  
EVEN TO YOURSELF  
BUT I'M HERE...



ALIEN COIN : WRITZ

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YOUR ASTROLOGICAL FORECAST 4 1985

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ARIES, 21 March through 19 April

Decapitation early in the year will seriously delay any plans you have.

TAURUS, 20 April through 19 May

Beware of Taurus artists until mid-year, then have a good summer.

GEMINI, 20 May through 20 June

Not an auspicious time for you. However, on the bright side, they will name a disease after you, misspell your name, and refer to you as "the late" long before you are.

CANCER, 21 June through 22 July

Need we say more?

LEO, 23 July through 21 August

Beware of all trick questions; however, only two will lead to consequences which a cosmetic surgeon cannot help.

VIRGO, 22 August through 22 September

You will meet a handsome humunculi.

LIBRA, 23 Sept through 22 October

Loss of both legs below the knee will hamper your social life. Your mother-in-laws (present and past) will aid in your recovery.

SCORPIO, 23 October through 21 November

A thirteenth sign will be inaugurated in mid-1984 and, due to a technical error, your sign will be eliminated and not be reassigned. Beware of broccoli.

SAGITTARIUS, 22 Nov through 21 December

You will begin to resemble your Zodiac sign by the time Jupiter is in the House of Flavius and Scorpio has decided not to rise. A good time for home remedies.

CAPRICORN, 22 Dec through 20 January

Don't leave the house except between the hours of 3 am and 4:30 am. Wear purple. Sleep oriented north & south. Chew every bite 1,238 times. See advisability of sex change. Wear polo shirts with disgusted alien animals on them. Develop good habits about your pottyng. Speak softly and carry a banana. Have your breasts enlarged; if you have no breasts, have some transplated. Get a tattoo which states you are in the Hell's Angels Knitting Auxiliary.

AQUARIUS, 21 January through 19 February

Avoid all hot tubs over 212 degrees. Wear polyester socks, rolled. Learn to chew tobacco. Stay away from circles. In the third quarter you will have the urge to learn folksinging: do not, as it will ruin you socially.

PISCES, 20 February through 20 March

Do not eat fish or relatives.

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ROTSLER TIRADE #2

I hate when entertainers begin by asking the audience how they are, how they're doing. As if they cared. And, of course, they always finish with, "You were a wonderful audience." Of course.

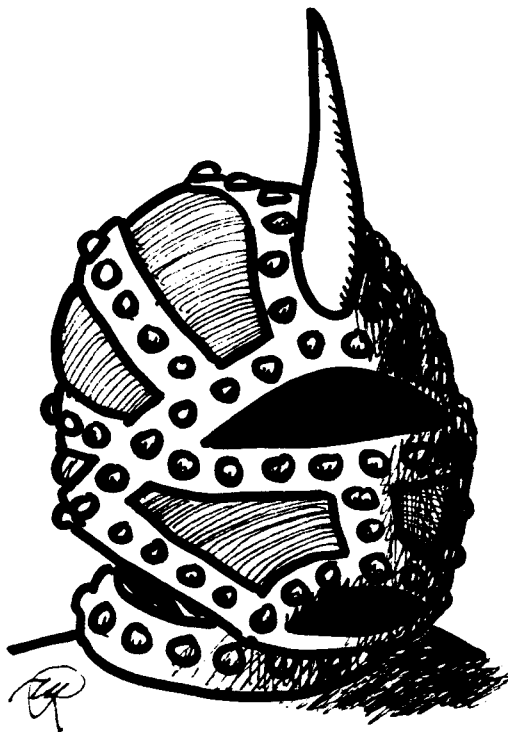
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I was watching the Kennedy Center Honors show last night. Very classy. I was very much taken with the sets, which managed to be incredible versatile & mobile & fancy & very classy all at the same time. That is not easy. I designed a ballet set once, for Dance Theater, here in LA, about 1951-52. One of the dancers was Carmen de Lavallade, who was one of those who spoke from the stage in appreciation of Katherine Dunham. With her was Art Mitchell, and I have not seen either of them since that time. I was dating Misaye Kawasumi, who was perhaps the most beautiful oriental girl I'd ever seen. But she kept going off on road tours with The King & I & Suzie Wong & shows like that and we never really got going.

Carmen was extremely attractive then--still is--but Misaye was the Great Beauty. I still have photos of her.

They had no money to do sets. My 1st set work was just to help, by doing some wire sculptures. Later, for a "pastoral" ballet (a barnyard, actually), I used some plain flats they had, had them painted the "right" colors, i.e. barn red, yellow for the house, white for the chicken coop & fence, etc. They were a very active group then, with the other Kennedy Center honorer, Geoffrey Holder, also one of their dancers, though I never met him. They all went off to NYC to seek their fortune & I believe Holder & Carmen got married.

And I lost track of Misaye. (You pronounce that "Muh-sigh")

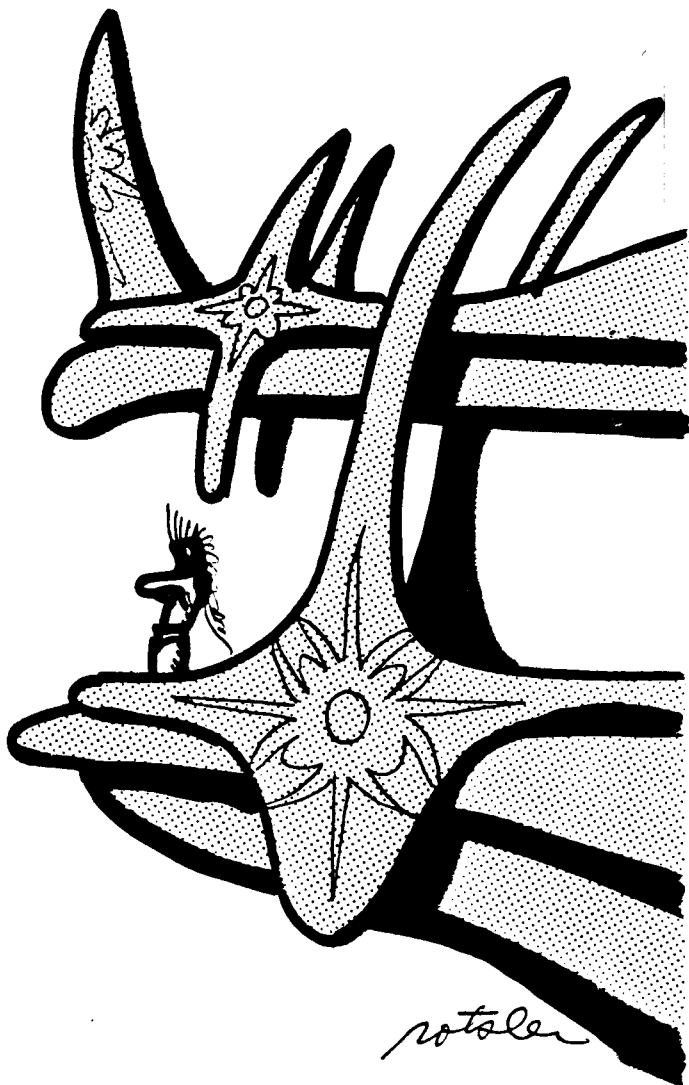


To a child there are two kinds of love:  
adoration and chocolate.

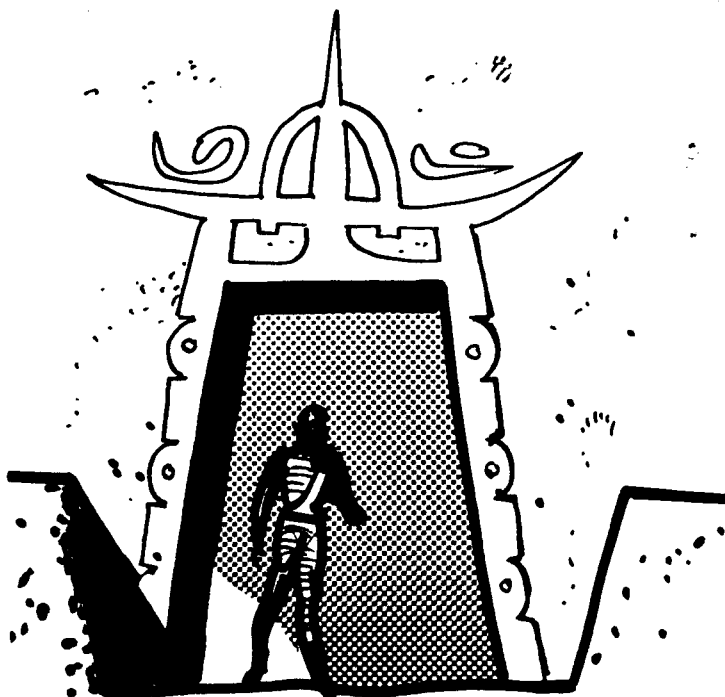
18 Dec 84 "Want to make a humanitarian gesture?" Harlan asked on the phone. What do you say to that, No, I want to be a shit. Seems he'd picked up a girl at a busstop (he & Jessie) and that she'd be a model, made a 12:30 appointment with Nina Blanchard (bigtime model agency head) and he was calling me after 11:30 am because their flash wouldn't work & Nina wanted pix. I'm about to eat breakfast. So I scramble about, find one light, grab gear, gulp a breakfast and bolt. It's raining. The freeway is a five lane parking lot. I plug in my one light & the \$100 bulb blows. I take her out in the rain, under an eve, with me hunched under a jacket (to keep the camera dry) and take Polaroids under shitty conditions. I hate ricky-ticky cameras. I haven't taken five Polaroids in my life before. Results are ho-hum. Girl is blah as far as I'm concerned, had no camera sense, a TERRIBLE haircut, all wrong for her face, whacked & scraggly. But Harlan gave her a Gung-ho going away speech and we'll see.

Forty years ago today, right about now, I lifted my right hand, took one step forward, etc and became a defender of democracy. That we won the war I'll not attribute to my participation, but on the other hand, we won. That's why I'm driving a Japanese car, have a Jap-made VCR (2, in fact), German & Swedish & Japanese cameras.

Some women say they are in love like making a declaration of war; some men say they are in love as though they have surrendered.



Gossips hate to be gossiped about because they know gossips get it all wrong.



---

*A Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

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**adieu:** Saying goodbye with class.

**adverb:** Those eager, shining, aggressive words in a commercial.

**amateur musicians:** The worst, but a period every musician must go through.

**analogy:** A parable without a religious connotation.

**anthem:** The theme song for a country.

**an atheist** it is the period set to life; to an agnostic it is the waiting room to an unknown business.

**cliché:** (1) A ready-made reaction. (2) Old saying in a thicket of quotation marks.

**clichés:** Prefabricated speech.

**dictionary:** All the words you'll ever need in an order you'll never understand.

**epigram:** (1) Words in a pretty package. (2) Well-packaged comment.

**epigrams:** The poetry of prose.

**etc** A mumble in print.

---

It is no accident that the language of diplomacy, with its need for flowery obfuscation, is French.

---

*A Len Wein-William Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

---

- Contentment is more elusive than the breeze.
  - Medicine tastes bad because it's good for you. Go figure.
  - Plastic surgery is good for now.
  - Everyone is afraid of *something* because they're jealous.
  - Pain is like public access TV, only less so.
  - Telling lies is like politics, only harder.
  - Those without broken hearts are still in diapers.
  - It's best to keep blood inside your body because nobody makes a jar that big.
  - Everyone is shy because we're never really good enough.
  - Everyone is embarrassed about something because there are usually photos.
- 

At the fountain of wisdom you have people who sip, who gargle, who swig. There are those who fall in, those who toss in pennies, all hoping to buy wisdom, and those who bring a bucket to take some home.

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UNBORN DANCING STRIPS



CELESTIAL WARFARE



OH, A ZERO IN DISGUISE



THE LAST NOTE OF "TAPS"



NEARBY PORCUPINE



RETRO



RIGHT ANGLE, DUMB IDEA



ULCERS

---

More things are possible now and fewer impossible that we used to think possible. The difference seems less technological than mental. If we want something bad enough as a country, as a race, as a world, we can have it.

---

Pets are the great equalizers. They don't care how famous or infamous their "owners" are. They ignore wit, intelligence, achievement and worth. They respond to love.

---

Democracy and dictatorship are both inevitable, given the minds of a nation's citizens. If they want freedom, they get one; if they do not want the responsibility, they get the other.

---

Artists should be the ones who design doorknobs and hubcaps and the humble effluvia of life. And why not? Michelangelo was not above designing fortifications and tombs and soldier's uniforms.

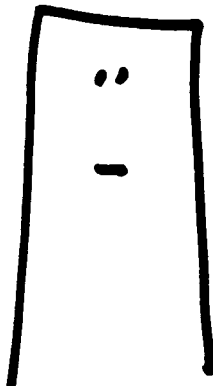
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Cats are the size they are for a purpose. Too small to carry loads, pull sleds, or be particularly dangerous, big enough to not be stepped on (the occasional tail excluded) and to put up a fight if necessary, light enough to be lifted and carried, beautiful enough to be valuable, fastidious enough not to make a mess, and they eat so little you hardly notice the cost.

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NEVER BE BORING  
NEVER



**FANNISH HINTS**  
**#5**

---

Imagination is seeing what isn't and hearing what isn't, and making it so that others can.

---

There is nothing new, there is only valid old knowledge that is discovered.

---

What a bleak moment it is when you finish a good book and realize you don't have another good one to pick up.

---

It is not so much accepting truth when you meet it as recognizing truth when you see it.

---

A lot of children are the kind of kids their mothers wouldn't want them to play with.

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For husbands the years married can be calculated like dog's years, seven for every one married.

---

The people you marry and do not marry are, depending on individuals, the hell and heaven of your life.

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*A Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

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**kisses:** They are as different as people, as indicative of not only mood, passion and relationship, but genetic and social history, culture, religion, upbringing and prejudices. And no person kisses alike every time. It is part of what makes kissing interesting.

**money:** (1) When money talks it usually says, "Good-bye." (2) It can't buy total happiness, but it bring some happiness and that's more than most get. (3) It changes man, but man doesn't change money. (4) The buck doesn't get this far, much less stop here. (5) You only have enough when you can consider it unimportant. (6) It may not buy happiness, but poverty has little to sell.

**prophecy:** A hopeful guess and the knowledge we probably won't be around when it does or does not come true, and even if it doesn't, who will remember?

**self-control:** If you lack it, you are control by others.

**rendezvous:** A date on neutral territory.

**romance:** (1) Wings. (2) If you were to lit the ten greatest aphrodisiacs I think Romance would be the first three or four. (3) What women see in women and so seldom sees in a man is tenderness and sympathy. (4) Mutual self-delusion.

**romantic:** I'm one, hoping for a medical miracle.

**romantics:** They like dramatic solutions.

**universe:** Without another one, another reality, to compare this one to it makes it difficult to understand the one we have.

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War cannot be separated from politics any more than theft can be divided from greed.

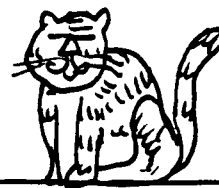
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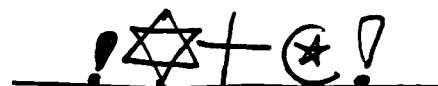
PROTOKNOT



CHECKING HIS BACK TRAIL



PORTRAIT OF SLOW CANARY



RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION



KITE RACING FOR THE BORDER



LEFT BEHIND

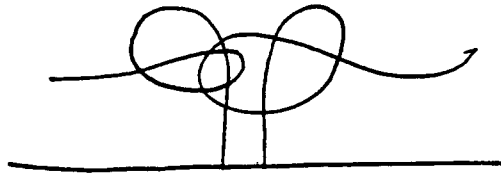


YOUNG SPIRAL

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Truly virtuous friends can sometimes be a burden, even a bore, but those without virtue cannot be a friend.

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TWO STRIPES TAKING A BOW

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A really good person never knows how many friends he or she has.

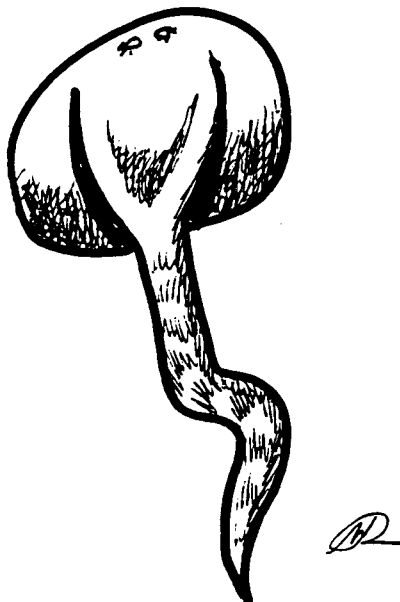
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No one average thinks they are.

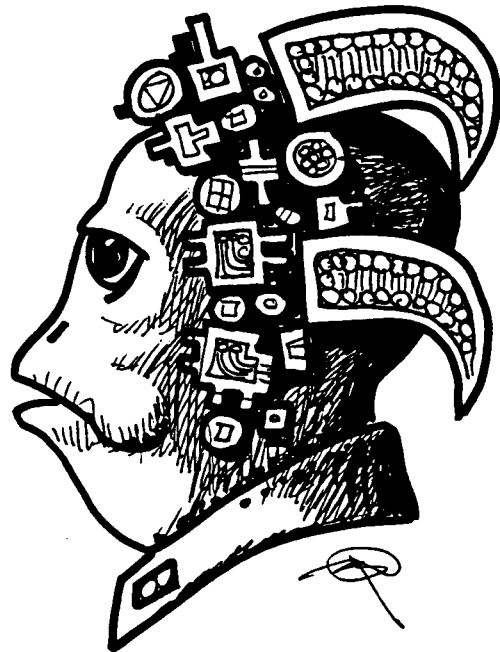
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Friends cannot be formal with each other, not and function as true friends. Civil, yes; with manners, of course; but not formal.

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*Italian Lesson*

**maggiorate fisiche:** Physically amply endowed women

**minorati psichichi:** Physically underendowed women

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I got the above from an encyclopedia of European film I gave Bill.

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THE SMILE THAT SLIPPED AND FELL OFF

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Liberty is noisy and freedom is dangerous, but would we live in any other way?

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If you never met a man you didn't like you have the lowest standards I know.

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Build your successes and learn from your failures. Easy to say, difficult to do—but certainly not impossible. We do this in small ways every day. We just need to do it on a larger scale.

---

## **FUTURE BOOKS BY WILLIAM ROTSLER**

The Complete & Certainly Authentic History of  
Uraguray Cinema  
Volume One: 1896-1900

•  
Moonflakes: The Astrology of Plants

•  
Robert's Rules of Ruling Robert

•  
Martha Stewart's Guide to Street Hustling

•  
A Chewing Gum Named Desire

•  
Healing Your Inner Lesbian Child  
If You Are Homophobic

•  
Comic Shennaigans in the Ouvre  
of Ingmar Bergman

•  
The 100 Best Recipes for Pork Tartare

---

Never name a child after yourself. You doom he or she to be eternally second class, to be a "Little" Something, a "Junior," a "Bud," anything but a first class them. They are their own person, not your shadow. Work out your ego and posterity problems another way, like doing something worth people remembering your name, for example.

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A tie is convention's uniform, male fashion's single chance at expression and conformity's noose.

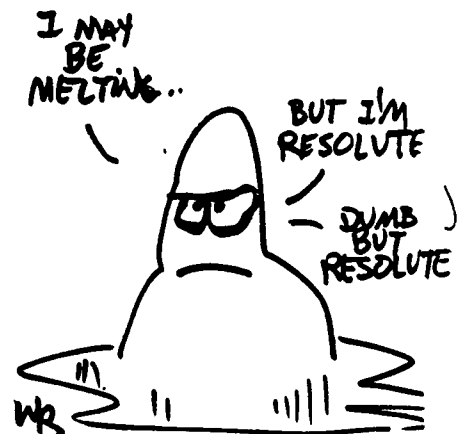
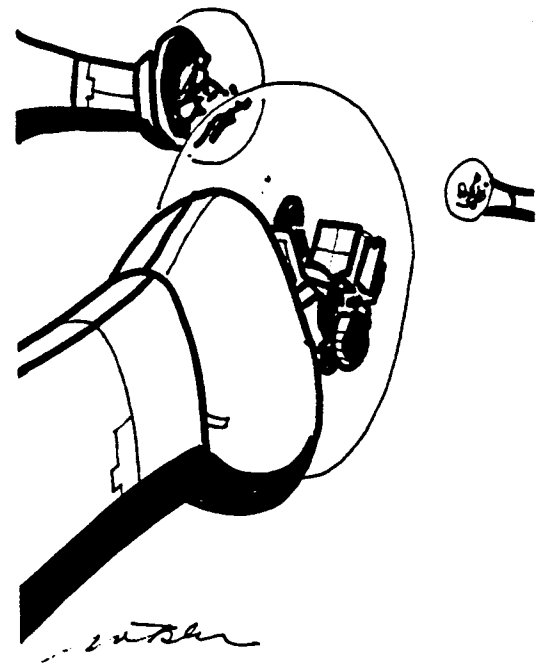
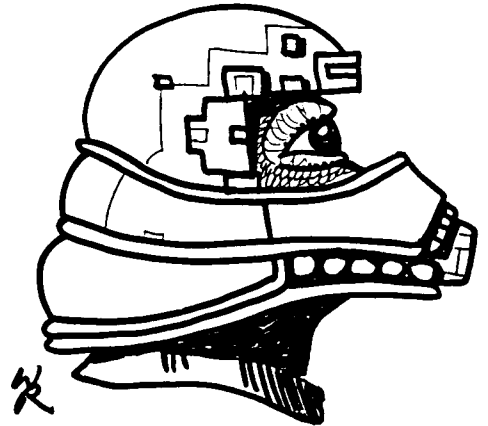
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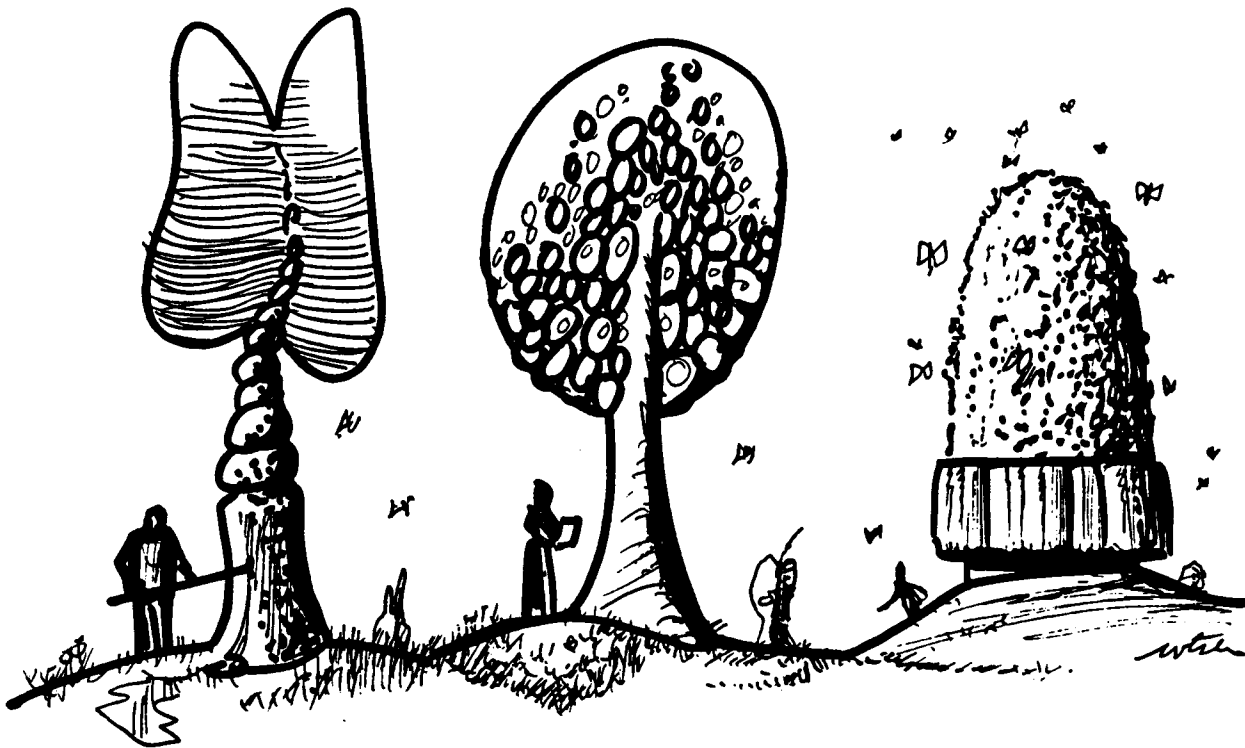
Never watch musicians play. If they like people to watch they put on a show that has nothing to do with making music. If they don't put on a show, you need to keep the sounds abstract—don't look at them and spoil the illusion.

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Remember that the best thing money buys is freedom.

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Men and women, especially married people and friends, always develop a language of looks, gestures, and key words that can signify everything from love and hate, to anger and boredom.

---

Why aren't the people in church art happy? They appear awed, sad, aloof, angry, bored, serene, fearful, intense, hopeless, and bewildered, but never happy? Where is the joy? Where is bliss, religious ecstasy and eternal happiness. Not good advertising for any religious organization.

---

She's so old she puts her age down  
in Roman numerals.

---

*The Law of Dividing Anything:*  
One does the division, t  
he other gets the first choice.

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Anyone who has awakened from a  
dream of smothering to find a cat sitting  
on their face knows terror.

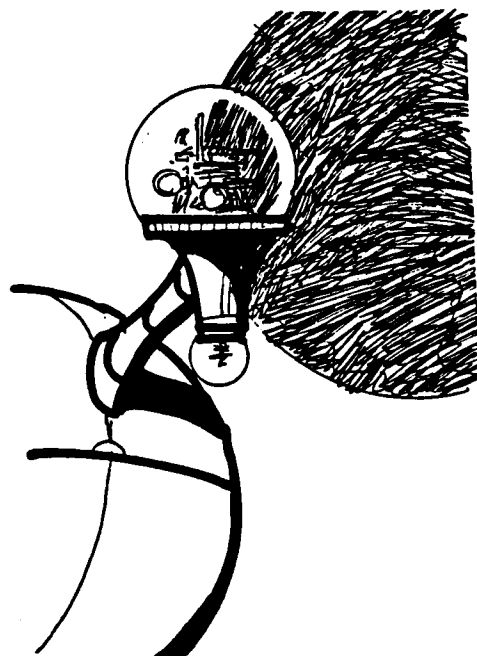
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It takes light to make shadows,  
just as new knowledge reveals the extent  
of our lack of knowledge.

---

Change always has enemies—but if they  
decide to like it they call it progress.

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A leader should be in touch with everything which could possibly affect his area and never look worried.

---

People who *you* think have fame do not always think *they* are famous. There's always someone else they can point to and say, "Now *they're* famous!" Pressed, they might admit to minor fame, but always in relation to someone they consider actually famous.

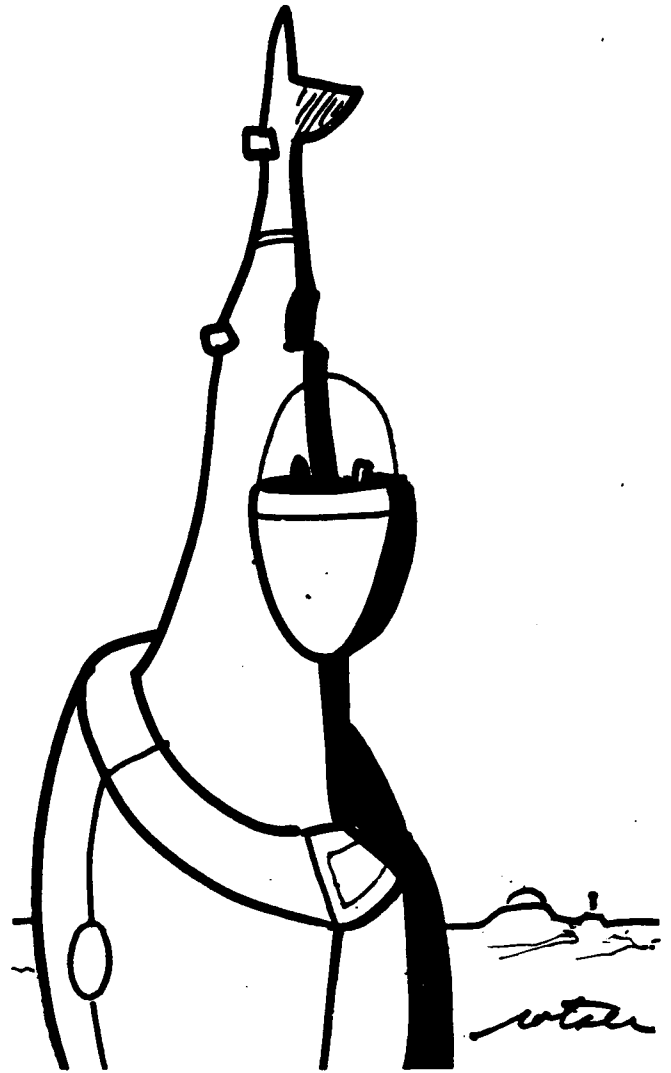
Naturally there are those who think they are famous and aren't, they're deluding themselves or are the biggest frog in the bucket. Bogart—someone so famous you don't need the rest of the name—said you aren't famous until they know your name in Karachi.

Don't forget "fame" does not necessarily mean your name up in lights. It might be on a book spine or at the bottom of a painting. It might be a wood worker, an actor no one but actors heard of, a musician who influenced you, someone who can fix anything, a teacher, a cook, someone who did something strange or wonderful, a "character," the best damn whatever you ever saw. but someone who does something as good or better (or sooner) than anyone else. There is no refrigerator for fame, some exterior way of keeping it fresh. It grows or dies.

---

In the 1920s the younger generation became self-aware. In all of history the younger generation did not have an identity. It had always been a smaller, younger, weaker version of the older generation, impatiently waiting in line. The younger generation became mature in its self-awareness after World War Two, and had its middle-aged crisis in the 1960s and 1970s.

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In supermarkets, corridors or streets, it is almost impossible to pass anyone who waddles or is in no hurry.

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#### **Preaching to the Converted**

Our Western civilization reached a peak—on the moon—on 20 July 1969. It was our crowning achievement—which we have since thrown away. It's all downhill now, until and unless we make the decisions to go out into space in a big way, Space can make us rich.

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Giving money, advice, things—that's easy. But giving time—that's hard. No matter how rich we are, that's the most precious treasure.

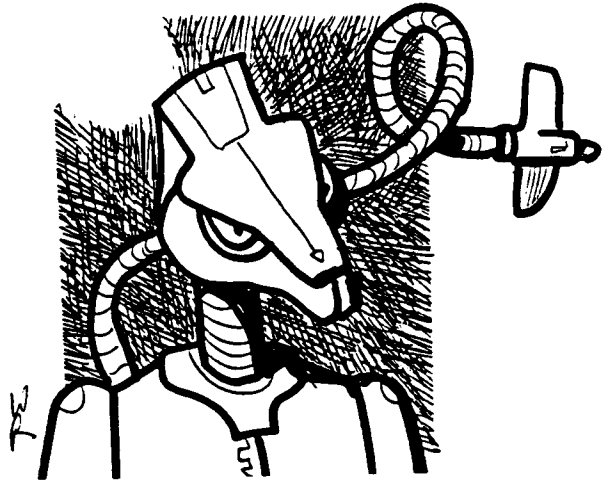
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*Rotsler Similies*

He couldn't find his cock in a nudist  
camp for strippers.  
He'd make a fine transvestite except for  
the mustache, sideburns, wooden  
leg and the forehead tattoo.  
He couldn't get laid in a Bangkok brothel  
with a wad of currency big  
enough to choke a gay bartender.  
She couldn't get laid on a schooner full  
of Lascar thugs and her panties  
flying from the yardarm.

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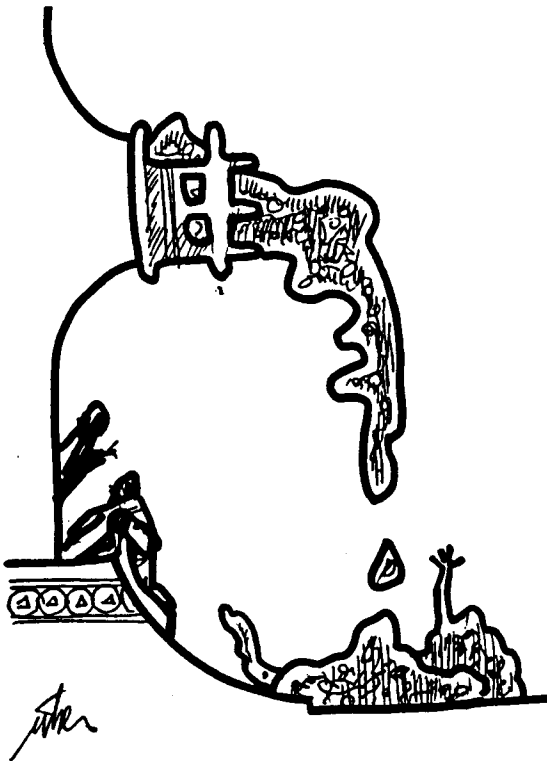


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*Len Wein Similies*

He couldn't find his ass with both hands  
and an anteater's tongue.  
He couldn't find his ass with both hands  
and a gay Sherpa guide.  
I'm as crazy as a bucket of bicarbonated  
bedbugs.

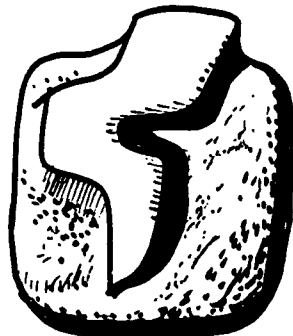
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A blonde in need is a blonde to feed.

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RITUAL OBJECT | WR



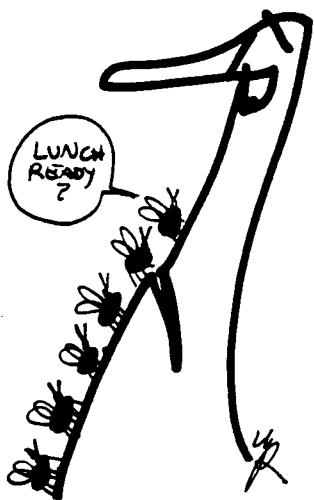
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People on the East Coast seem to me  
to tend to call it a dick  
and on the West Coast a cock.

---



HIDDEN COSTS



In a way, those who have an opportunity for an education and, in effect, refuse, are blackmailing society's future, for someday we will have to support them—or imprison them—or see them work at the lowest jobs.

### *A Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

**ignorance:** (1) The beginning of knowledge; knowledge is the beginning of wisdom; wisdom is the awareness of ignorance. (2) The cure is not knowledge but the desire for knowledge. (3) More than one explanation for anything shows our ignorance of everything. (4) What most of us don't know would fill a paperback rack. (5) Always in fashion, whereas knowledge goes in and out. (6) No appetite when there's food for thought.

**ignorant:** The curse of God.

**novel:** A fireside tale carried past midnight.

**overeducated:** More degrees than a thermometer.

**praise:** Sugar-coated Truth; Flattery is sugar-coated Praise.

**school:** Salt mine for minors.

**technological artist:** He frames his Etch-A-Sketches.

**Ten Commandments, The:** They are concise and clear because they weren't rewritten to death.

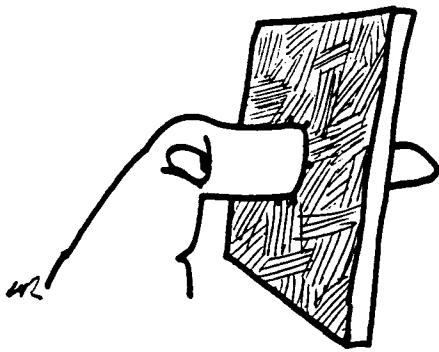
**stylist:** One who is concerned with form but not content.

**soul:** Clothes for the inside.

Never think a school is the only place you get an education. In fact, school is a very small part of anyone's education.

The only person I know who came out of golf ahead was my ex-father-in-law, a Texas lawyer, who hit a hole-in-one on his very first time hitting the ball. And gave up the game.

A pot stops being a pot when it cannot fulfill the basic function of a pot—holding something. If you want to make sculpture, make sculpture, but don't call a faulty pot sculpture.



Nobody I went to art school with every got Really Famous. Carl Gorman, who we called "the Chief," who had been one of the Marine "talkers" used in WWII, became the father of the most famous of Indian artists, R.C. Gorman. But I think his work sucks big.

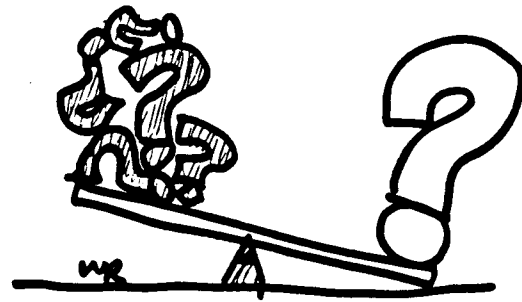
John Altoon was in the class ahead of me. He became locally famous, in in the museum ollection, etc. but he had a tragic love affair with a young actress named Fay Spain, committed suicide by laying his head on railroad track & letting the train run over him. (I always wondered which way he faced.)

Being on the street with him was my earlier lesson in What Women Saw In Men. John looked liked, as we said at the time, "the other side of a buffalo nickel" at a time (late 40s) when the ideal male image was Robert Taylor or some other chiseled profile. I remember carloads of women just hanging out, whistling (this was at a time when this was considered somewhat Outrageous Behavior). First time I thought, "Me? Can't be me!" for I had never had that happen to me. But it *certainly* couldn't be John! Alas, I realized I was invisible, and it *was* John.

No one else became famous. Of the same period, and later, in the 50s, came Wally Berman of the Beat Generation, who became slightly more than locally famous. I thought he was a jerk. He & his strange wife—she looked like a heavily made up dept. store dummy—had a child named Tosk, who

was Lisa's age, and they never taught him anything. He couldn't even talk very well. Lisa was appalled, even as a wee child. He's mess himself, eat with his fingers—all because the Bermans wanted to raise a "natural" child.

There were people I thought *should* have become famous. Gene Coe was one of the best artists I ever knew—later taught at USC. John Caruthers, John Smith (fakest name I ever heard), Richard Flu were good, but fame passed them by.



Bad typography drives out good typography.

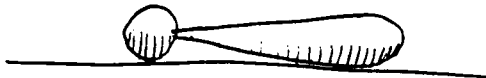
12 Nov 1995

I was thinking—I've had three "first" books. *Contemporary Erotic Cinema*, was not just my first book, but the first book about "adult cinema." *Patron of the Arts*, as far as I know, was the first science fiction novel on art. And *Science Fictionisms* is the first book of quotations by science fiction writers.

And only one of those was my idea. The "porno" book was Ian Ballantine's, though I had written most of it as articles. *Science Fictionisms* was the publisher's idea.

Never make a promise you know you'll have to break. Only make those promises you know you can keep.

MAN HIDING  
FROM A MOTHER-IN-LAW



BOREDOM

A formal education is just a foundation. You yourself must build the walls, put on a roof, get the plumbing and wiring in, then decorate it. No one else can do that.

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*A Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

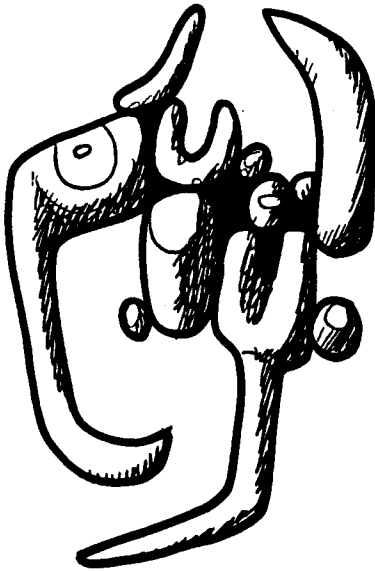
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**flattery:** (1) The only poison we take willingly. (2) Not praise but insult; praise is not flattery if true.

**Future Shock:** When they haven't even invented the job you are not being educated for.

**genius:** It has nothing to do with education. If anything, conventional educational systems get in the way.

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ENIGMA



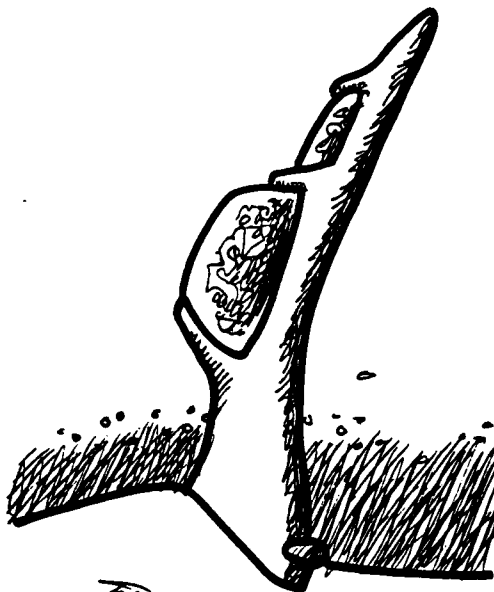
MICKEY,  
IN THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM

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The term *Anonymous* can be come by in so many ways. The person who said it was unimportant by contemporary opinion, a name not worth remembering, though the thought might be. Or one small thought is built upon, changed, and added to by a series of people, so none can be rightfully credited. Sometimes people just file off the attribution of someone they don't want to have the credit. Or careless people use the line without attribution so often that soon no one is really sure who did say it originally.

I always feel sorry for the real person who expressed a thought worthy of being repeated but through the above, the name is lost. "I said that!" someone cries and people respond, "Yeah, sure, uh-huh."

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THE GORDIAN KNOT, AFTER



STORM OF BLACK LINES BREWING



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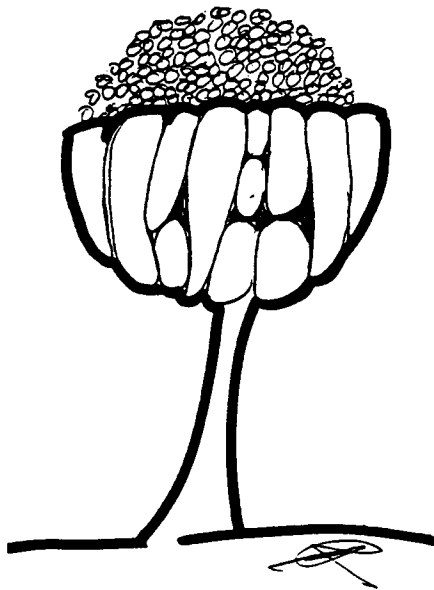
I've been in fandom 51 years. (Jesus H. Christ and his pet dog Floppo!) I got my draft notice to come be a dress alike to Ike and my first fanzine in the same mail. You know what has kept me in this odd little semi-secret society? Because you can talk to fans about anything. Okay, not *every* fan about anything, but to most about most things.

I used to be around a lot of artists, then photographers and fashion models, then farmers, then figure models, then porn queens. The subjects are limited, though (perhaps surprisingly) the porn actresses had the widest range and by far the most narrow range were high fashion models. (They are *all* surface!)

Then I was around comic books writers & artists and they are pretty good, subject-wise. Lately I've been talking to movie directors & support personnel a lot—they're okay, but the subject is movies, sex, movies, gossip, movies.

So fans are still the leaders in wideness of subject matter. (Wideness of otherthings, too, but we won't go into that.)

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In the game of love there can be two winners or two losers; where there is one of each there is unhappiness.

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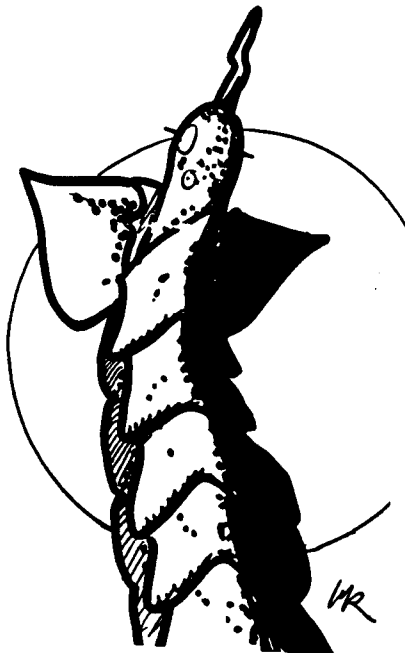


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I have done umpteen interviews, 98% with porn or sex film, actresses, who are not known for their facility with the English language. No, that sounds too harsh. They talk okay, but there is not too many memorable lines, unless they are about sex. But everyone seems to answer questions by starting out, say, North, and develop a line, decide that's not quite it, go East, say, "No, I have a better example," go South, go West, and so on.

In each case they explain something and, in toto, you get their point, but when you go to transcribe it they look like blathering fools. What I do is take *one* of those compass directions and simply develop it further...or I make up an answer they never said in the spirit of what they were talking about. But in 30 years of doing this *not one* person ever said "I didn't say that." Reason: It is what they *meant*.

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**New Clinical Definitions  
right off the Boat:**

**Aprilflopppppophobia:** Fear of everyone thinking you are too unimportant to even bother to fool.

**Aprilfooliphobia:** Fear of being fooled.

**Cherchezdegrubphobia:** Fear that in a French restaurant you will order the No Smoking sign, Charles De Gaulle's liver, or snails.

**Frogphobia:** Fear that the waiter will speak to you in French.

**Garconophobia:** Fear that the waiter will never, ever, come to your table.

**Materphobia:** Fear of getting a Dear John letter from your mother.

**Packratophobia:** Fear of throwing away something important.

**Whoyouphobia:** Fear of getting a Dear John letter from your Siamese twin.

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Some people confuse manners with servility. They seem to think if you exhibit manners you are being servile. Then they become surprised when you take offense.

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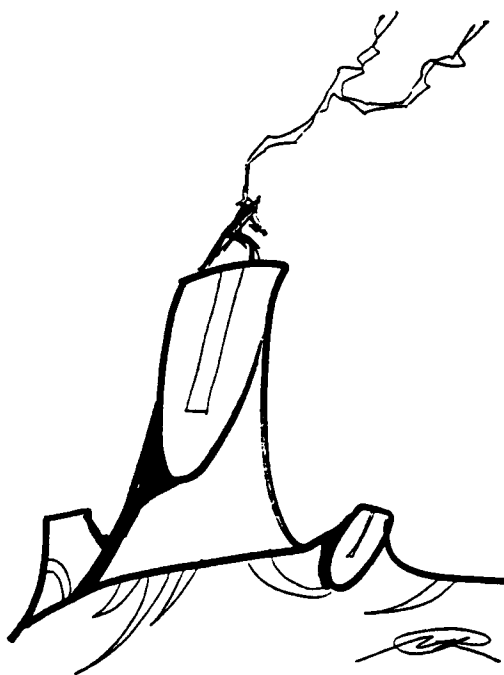
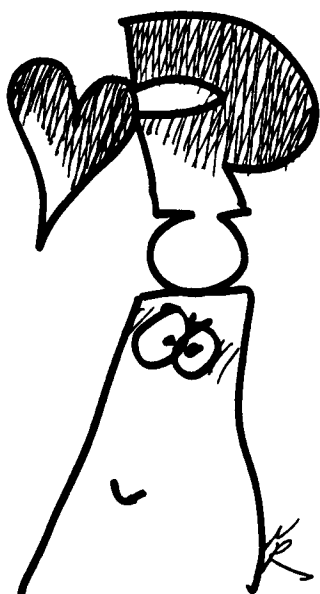



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Love and hate, they say, are the two sides of the same coin. What lies between is money. What lies is money.

---





METAPHORICAL NORTH POLE  
OF A THEORETICAL EARTH



SPONTANEOUS LEVITATION  
OF AN IDAHO RUSSET

### Things I Can't Stand:

- People who open car doors into traffic, who back up without looking, turn without looking, and take forever to get out of a parking spot.
- People who cross in mid-block and glare at you because you didn't stop.
- The texture of Shredded Wheat.
- The taste of dill pickles, napalm sauce & those funny little dishes of pickled dead vegies they give you early on in Japanese restaurants.
- People who throw burning cigarettes away without even looking, much less putting them out.
- Women who dress not in mannish clothes, but in a man's clothes.
- Women who think they look funny and/or cute in mustaches and beards.
- Men with beards and mustaches in women's clothing.
- Women who "pose" in real life.
- Ungraceful women.
- Beer bellies.
- Butt cleavage.
- People who automatically assume *they* are the center of attention at all times.
- Cold toast.
- Comedies which aren't.
- Things with more than four legs and less than two.

The difference between an experience we will never forget and one we shall always remember is that the first is awful, the second joyful.

### *A Wein-Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

**adversity:** A great teacher—life is the textbook, and brutes stride the halls giving tests.

**bum:** A dropout from the school of hard knocks.

**happiness:** Joy with tenure.

**kilter:** Something you don't know about until something is out of it.

**problem:** One of life's speed bumps.

**smile:** A cheery wave with the face.

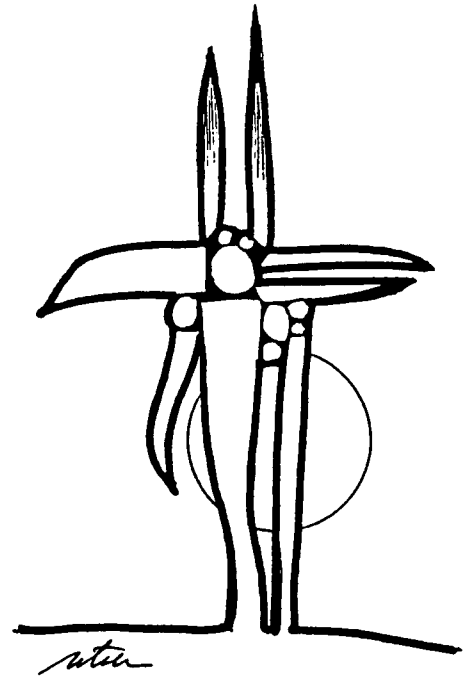
For New Yorkers, America ends with a bang in California. For Californians, America starts there and unwinds to New York, whimpering.

RAY NELSON  
GAVE ME  
THIS.



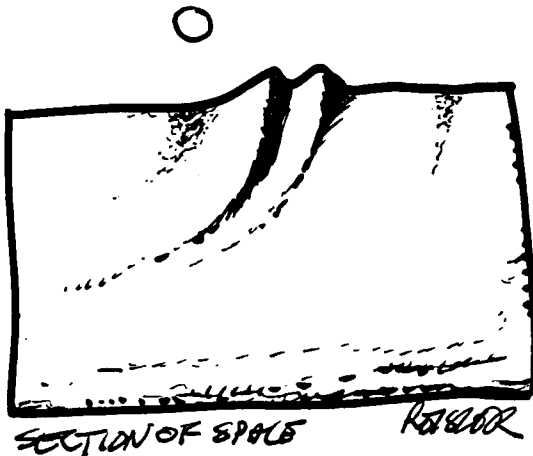
SEE A  
DOCTOR.

THESE DAYS  
IT'S CURABLE



I think God (or whatever) is making it up as He/She/It goes along, just keeping ahead of our perceptions, always making things smaller or larger than we can detect—molecules, atoms, photons, quarks in one direction, galaxies, clusters of galaxies, then cluster of clusters in the other. Maybe when God gets bored or just can't get smaller or larger He/She/It will end game, delete life as we know it, maybe reset to zero and restart with a different set of specs and rules.

As reliable as tissue paper  
in a windstorm.



It is not so much what you do in life as  
how you do it. Arriving atop Mount  
Everest by helicopter is a trick, not an  
accomplishment.



Lovers of books never open or close  
them abruptly.

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*A Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

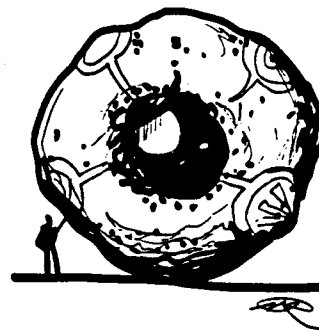
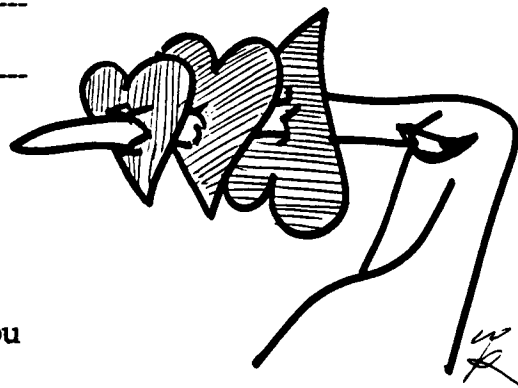
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- change:** You don't resist it, you *shape* it.
- checkbooks:** Monthly reviews, no plots, small budgets, and unhappy endings.
- civilized war:** A contradiction in terms.
- creative typing:** The lowest form of writing—and we've all done it.
- credit card:** (1) An invitation to spend more than you can afford. (2) Rectangular temptation.
- credit cards:** The root of all evil.
- critics:** Some chew more than they can bite off.
- ego:** Posturing before the cracked mirror of the mind.
- Englishman:** One who would like to "know thyself" but has not been properly introduced.
- evolve:** If you do not become more than you were, you become less than you can be.
- fabrication:** A lie done by committee.
- facts:** (1) It doesn't have to be understood to be true, and don't call something impossible to get rid of it. (2) Raw material for gossip. It's the same thing with total fantasy.
- fib:** A white lie ad-libbed.
- French, The:** They always "make love," they never have sex. "Having sex" does not fit their idea of romance.
- French, The:** If they could make war as well as they make wine they'd be invincible.
- future:** (1) It comes either too slowly or too swiftly. (2) We are the inventors.
- Germans:** They are an industrious, well-mannered people on their own soil, who keep starting wars, have an indestructible ego and a misplaced sense of destiny.
- Germany, East and West:** They are like a science fiction movie where a character's nature is divided into the too-good and the very-bad.
- gossip:** (1) The popular edition of history. (2) The surface noise of conversation. (3) That's what the middle-class calls it; in society it is "speculation."
- gossip, archeological:** One who digs up dirt from the past.
- gossip:** Tales told during dinner.

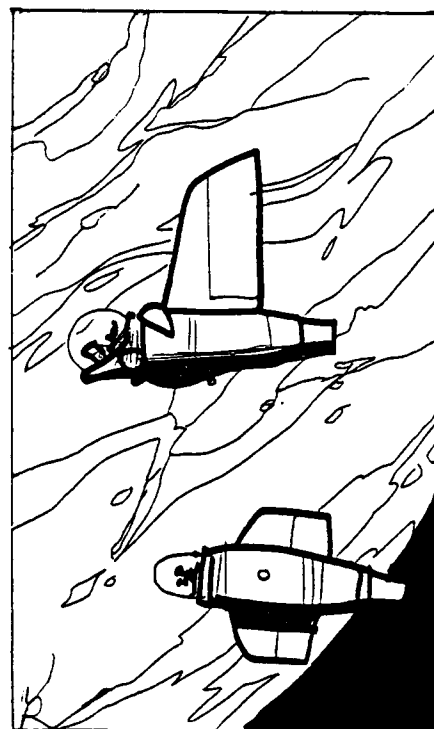
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Pain is Nature's Way of saying, "Hey, pay attention!"

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WEB OF THE MAD SPIDER



In a just world unaware drivers, game show hosts, and bores would be shot on the first offense. Drunks should be given *only* one more chance. The parents of annoying children 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.

---

*A Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

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**millionaire:** In Texas, having enough chips to enter the game.

**money:** (1) "Money doesn't buy everything." That's what you hear most from those with money. Is this true or a way of calming us? (2) The answer to most questions, but not the big ones. (3) The ruin of some people, just as the lack of it is the ruin of others. (4) You can be rich without money—you just can't buy things. (5) It means nothing—to those who have plenty of it.

**oral contraception:** Saying "no."

**overpopulation:** There weren't too many of us until recently, but arithmetic has caught up, and there are too many now, with the future rushing upon us.

**pauper:** A broke bum with class.

**pioneer:** They are always subject to arrows.

**poor:** I have never been poor but I have spent a lot of time without money.

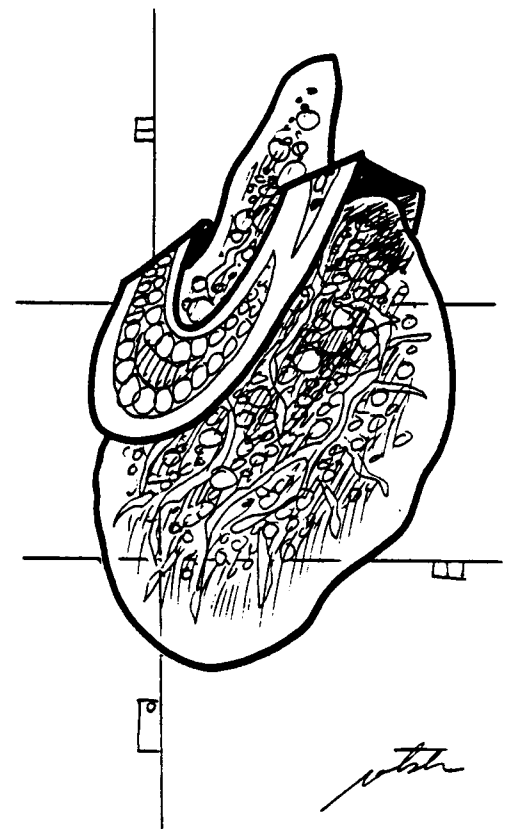
**poverty:** It tends to increase your ingenuity, improve your character, and sharpen your wits, but it is awfully wearing.

**progress:** (1) Most is advancement without improvement. (2) No one can stand in the way and not be a fool. (3) Revolution at a walk. (4) You don't progress by follow the beaten paths, or re-inventing the wheel. (5) Change is not progress, but you cannot have progress without change. (6) When things become so perfect it is difficult or impossible to fix them. (7) Progress and change do not have On/Off switches.

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Some people spend their career looking for one.  
*Shannon Carse*

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SAMPLED TORNADO

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Jews seem to view God as a irasible, distant relative, rich and opionated, a bit harsh but usually on their side when push comes to shove. Christians seem to view God as a very distant, aloof figure, but with a lobby of saints, who however, has pretty much given up the more flamboyant miracle-making. Muslims seem to view God as an implacable entity, not very human, with a set of rules tougher than the Ten Commandments. Agnostics see God as a question mark.

---

We wear love out through neglect and misuse, thinking once achieved it will always be there without maintenance.

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Don't lead me into temptation.  
I can find the way myself.

---

Remember—if the world becomes your oyster, you still have to pry it open.

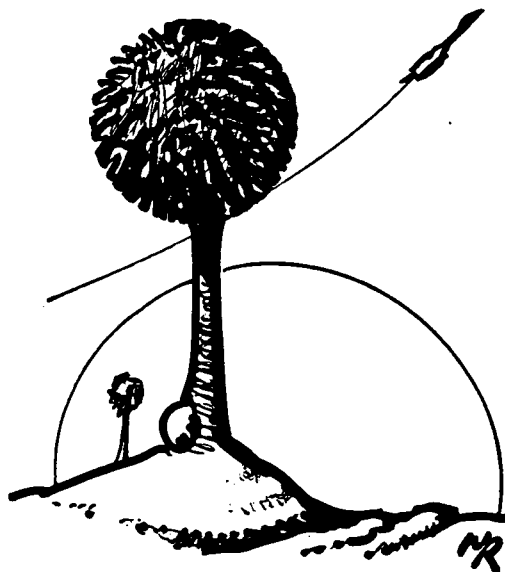
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The difference between don't and never—is that *don't* is advice and *never* is a prohibition.

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Earthquakes are like the quivers of a sleeping dog, trying to dislodge a flea.

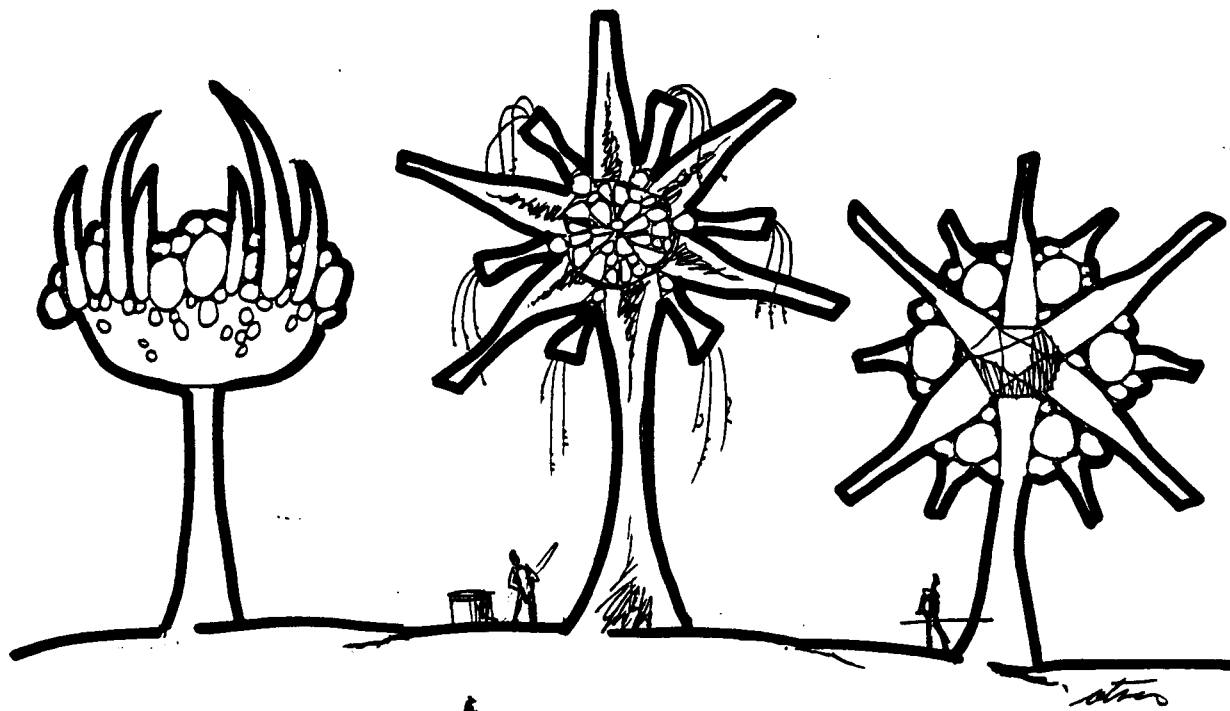
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When it comes to sex I don't like clothes, underwear, stockings , high heels, and especially garterbelts, surely the dumbest garment of modern times, on any woman I maked love to. This is paraphrenalia that doesn't turn me on, despite a national craze for it. A completely nude woman gives you better access, both physical and visual, and presents no inhibition to fantasy. She could be anyone, at any tme in history, in whatever condition of mind or body.

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*And a Few more More Epigram Jams*

Pain is structive but who wants to buy  
the manual?

White lies are just bleached fibs.

The requiremnts for a romance are at  
least two people,—most of the time.

The curse of glibness is that you end up  
with the emotional depth of  
a dandruff flake.

When I said, "You feast on human flesh  
every chance you get because—" Len  
said, "Move over a seat."

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Fashion is what you are supposed to be  
wearing; style is what looks good on  
you.

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Applause is a psychic paycheck.

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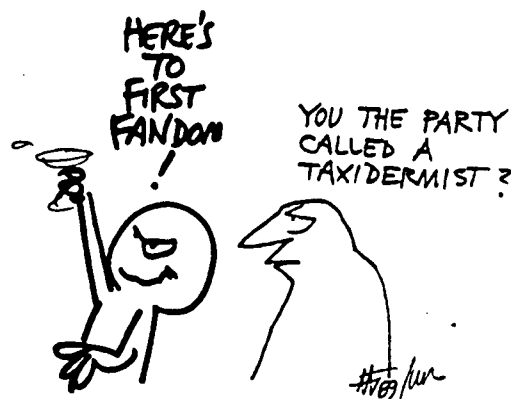
One person's stumbling block is another  
person's stepping stone.

---

Being unforgiving is unforgiveable.

---

In the war on crime the bad guys have  
all the high ground, the best intelligence  
service the fewest defectors, and the  
biggest areillery, as well as the initiative.  
All the good guys do is take prisoners  
sometimes.



---

Wives behave the way they universally do for a simple, basic and ancient reason: biology. They are the ones who bear the children. To bear and raise a child they need security, certain basic physical needs, and a father image. If the male is allowed to run free, he may not stay, or provide adequately, thus endangering the home, the nest, the family. It is in the genes.

---

The first husband is for love and for fathering any children; the second husband is for a different kind of love and a more reasoned idea of what marriage is about; the third husband is for security and/or peace; the fourth husband is for greed, peace, and/or fear of being lonely.

The first wife is for love and sex; the second wife is for companionship, household management and sex; the third wife is a habit; the fourth wife is ego.

---

After World War II Paris was quite wild for years. The wildest event of the year was the "artists and models" ball. In one, the auditorium was lined by the prows of Viking ships. Women—some of them females "kidnapped" from the streets and others actual artist's models—were shoved out stark naked to stand like figureheads on the ship's prows and be judged. Some of the women covered their *faces*.

---

Every once in awhile your mind walks out on your tongue, takes a bow, then does a dive into the deep do-do, and there doesn't seem to be a thing you can do about it.

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---

Never marry with your eyes alone, Beauty is marvelous and to be prized, but it is by no means the only thing. When the *person* is beautiful to you it is a glorious addition, but when only the shell is beautiful it can be disastrous, and short-lived.

---

Women do not understand the "guy thing" so they of course, denigrate it and think it unimportant and trivial. They never once think that the male bonding is how things get done, even when they rely on that process. Whether it is a hairy bug in the bathtub to an intruder to food and rent most women rely on men, yet at the same time running down the very thing that makes it possible.

Men often say they don't understand women—and they don't—but women *always* say they understand men—and they do understand men better than men understand women—but they treat it as a trivial talent, unworthy of more than a superficial understanding.

Women do not understand—and are often suspicious of—male bonding, and totally misunderstand *macho*. thinking it grotesque and unlike what it really is, the essence of what makes a man a man to other men. Men do what they must, which is universally sneered at as, "A man does what a man's got to do," but it is still in the genes. Those ancestors of ours who did what they had to do are the ones who survived, and that is in all of us.

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The sea of liberty is not a lake, placid and quiet, but a sea, a raging sea, swirling and changing.

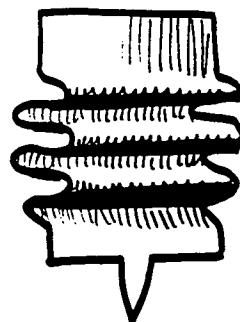
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I often dominate the conversation when I suspect—and a little testing prove—that the others in the group are going to be boring. I'd much prefer to be entertained, but I'd rather hear my own stories yet again, than be bored.

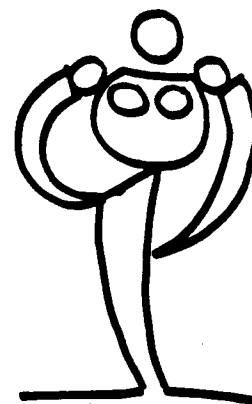
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You can't just say you are free then go about being free,. Inevitably, there will be adversity, stress, even war. Freedom just isn't a mail order item, though you do have to pay for it.

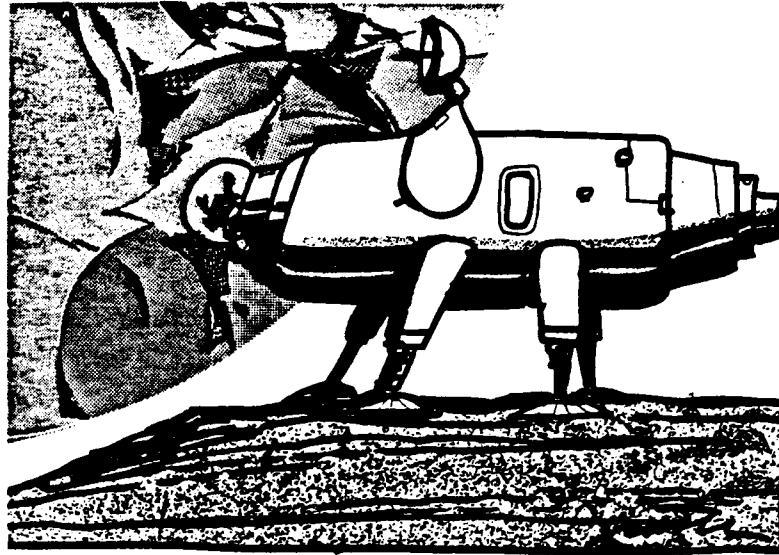
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IT'S CURTAINS!



HMA, HONEY. WR

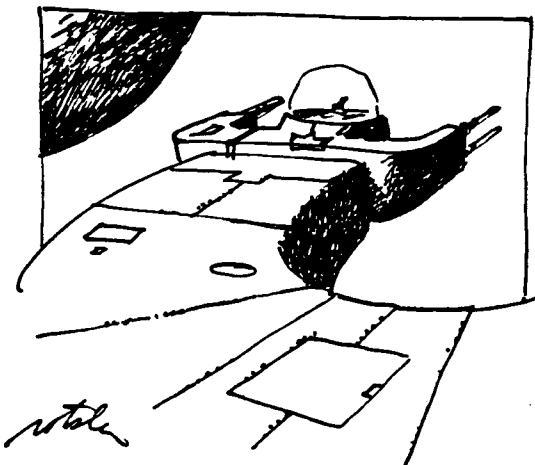


Days that are filled with nothing dribble away through our fingers. Days that are filled with love and doing leap from our hands like falcons.

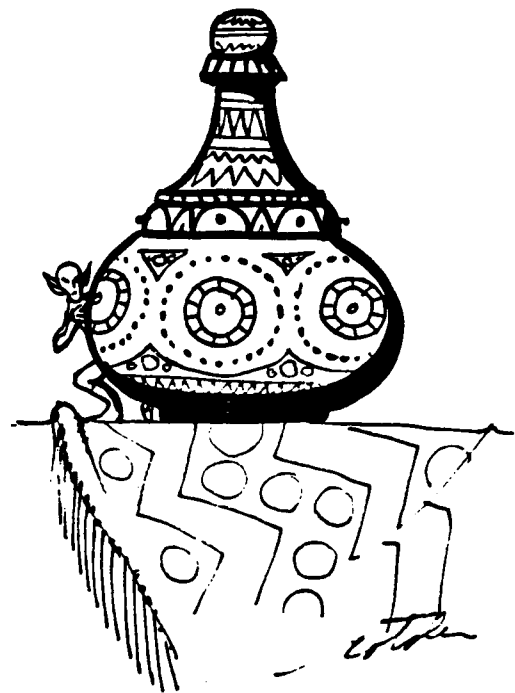
...the final frontier is *not* space; it is the human soul. Space is merely the place in which that frontier will be met.

David Gerrold,  
in *Starlog*, September, 1979

Monday and Tuesday are "the first of the week." Tuesday and Wednesday are "the middle of the week." Thursday and Friday are "the end of the week." All depends on what day you say it. But from time immemorial Saturday and Sunday have been the weekend, even if the week is supposed to start on Sunday.



No one can stand in the way of progress and not be thought a fool.



Modern science has given us a tomato superbly suited for shipping and storage but not for eating. Frozen foods have homogenized taste. Learning to use a microwave oven is the modern equivalent of graduation from Cordon Bleu.

*Music is fireworks for the mind.*

---

Some write their inscriptions on marble,  
others on sand, but the longest-lasting  
write on our hearts and minds.

---

"Space is to place what eternity is  
to time." *Joseph Joubert*

---

Fame lasts; notoriety is shirt-lived.  
Reputation lasts; being *known* fades. But  
all of them change and it is rare that  
even the greatest fame lasts very long at  
all.

---

I was once in a rather dangerous  
situation, all inner alarms ringing, all  
senses on Red Alert, with the threat of  
fearsome physical damage a strong one.  
I admit to considerable apprehension,  
perhaps even fear—though I think being  
afraid when you let fear control you is  
countersurvival—right up until the  
other person said, "I'm not afraid of  
you." I relaxed, for I knew by his  
admission he was, and that if I did  
nothing to push him further than he was  
prepared to go, I would walk away  
unscathed and the clear winner. And I  
did.

---

Anxiety is fear unvisualized.  
Panic is fear on fire.

---

Lovers who cease to love and retain  
friendship are very special people to  
each other.

---

Politics make strange bedfellows,  
but then so does one drink too many.

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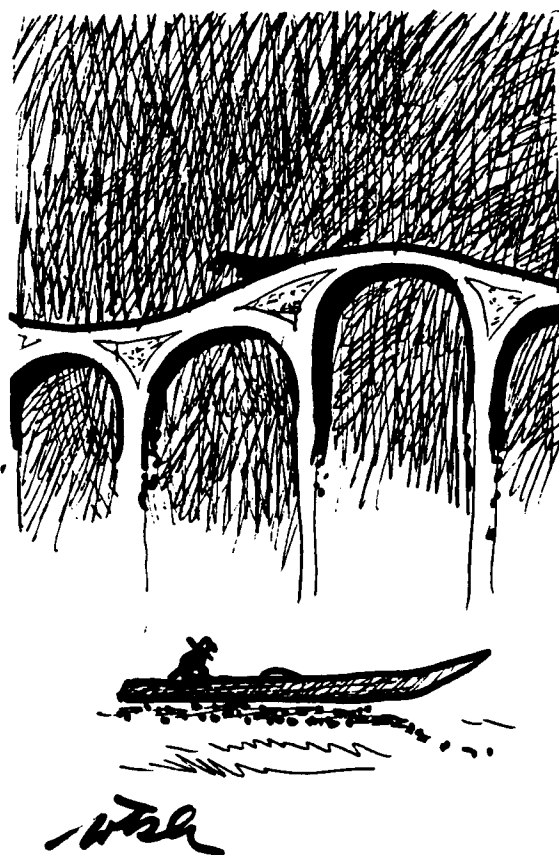
To love some women is an entire  
education; to love others is but night  
classes and surprises tests. Some give  
you street lore and others like a mail  
order lessons. Then there is that rare  
woman with whom and for whom you  
get your Ph.D.

---

---

*Showing off.*  
The fool's request for attention.

---



---

I've conquered my fear of fear itself.  
Now I'm working on being afraid of a  
conquering fear.

---

Just as one is truly wealthy who does  
not know how much money he or she  
has, the truly loved also do not know  
how much.

---

The reason that the grass looks greener  
in the other guy's yard is that it is.

*Shannon Carse*

---

Parents who set bad examples  
provide children with excuses.

---

It's safe to live on the fruits of love  
as long as you don't slip on the peels.  
*Tom Newman*

---

---

In science, the best information is whatever Nature had yet to reveal.

In politics and government, the best information is the kind of information you have no business knowing.

In love, the best information is what your heart reveals.

---

Women are like perfume, which is different as it warms on different skin. Women are different with each man, sometimes only slightly, often radically, but always different.

---

Everyone sees the stone,  
a genius sees the sculpture within.

---

Next to a work of art in a museum, the thing that has been exposed to the largest amount of human stupidity is the common wastebasket.

---

As soon as man settled down and stopped being nomadic change happened faster. Freed from the immemorial natural cycle man first took his destiny in his hands. Humankind accumulated and experimented, developed art and warfare, began the first pollution, and there is no going back.

---

Almost every example of modern architecture isn't. These soulless and repetitious constructions are not architecture and their "modernity" is decades old. They are designed by accountants and paid for by corporations whose idea of beauty is a symmetrical balance sheet.

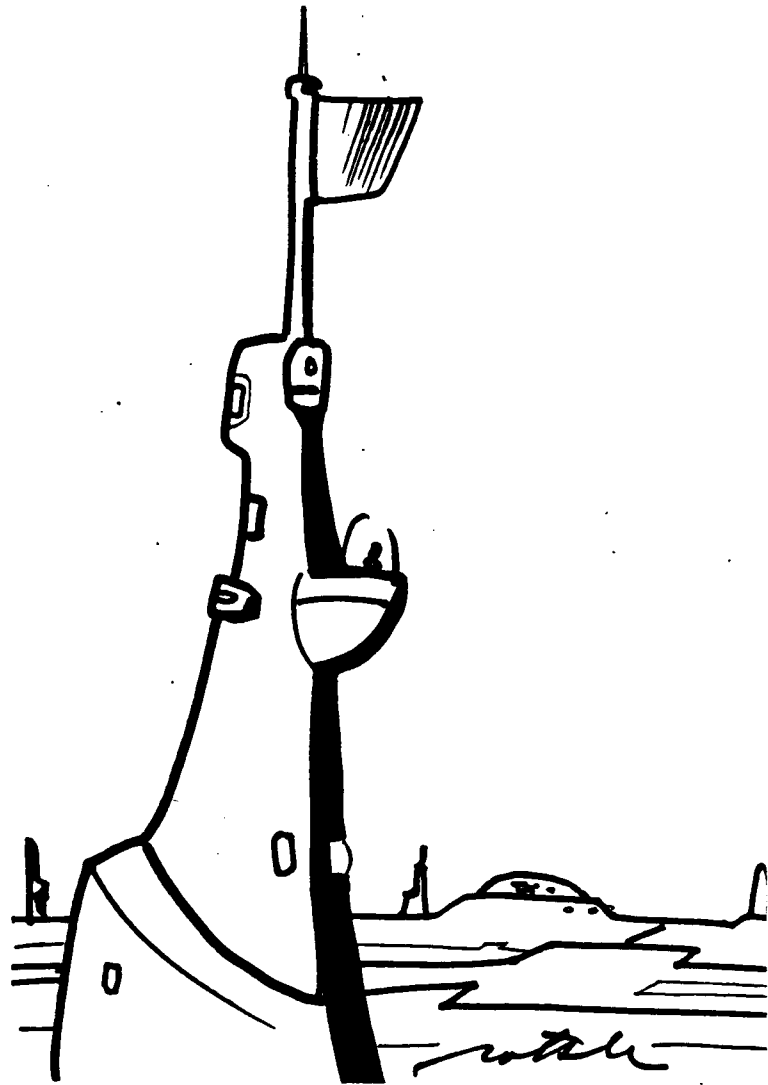
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1957

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The lives we see lived out on television are more dramatic, more interesting, more dramatic than our own. We do not see the smoothing, the careful editing of reality, the selection. These are professional lives, lived expertly. Nothing like ours at all, which are first-draft and without rehearsal.

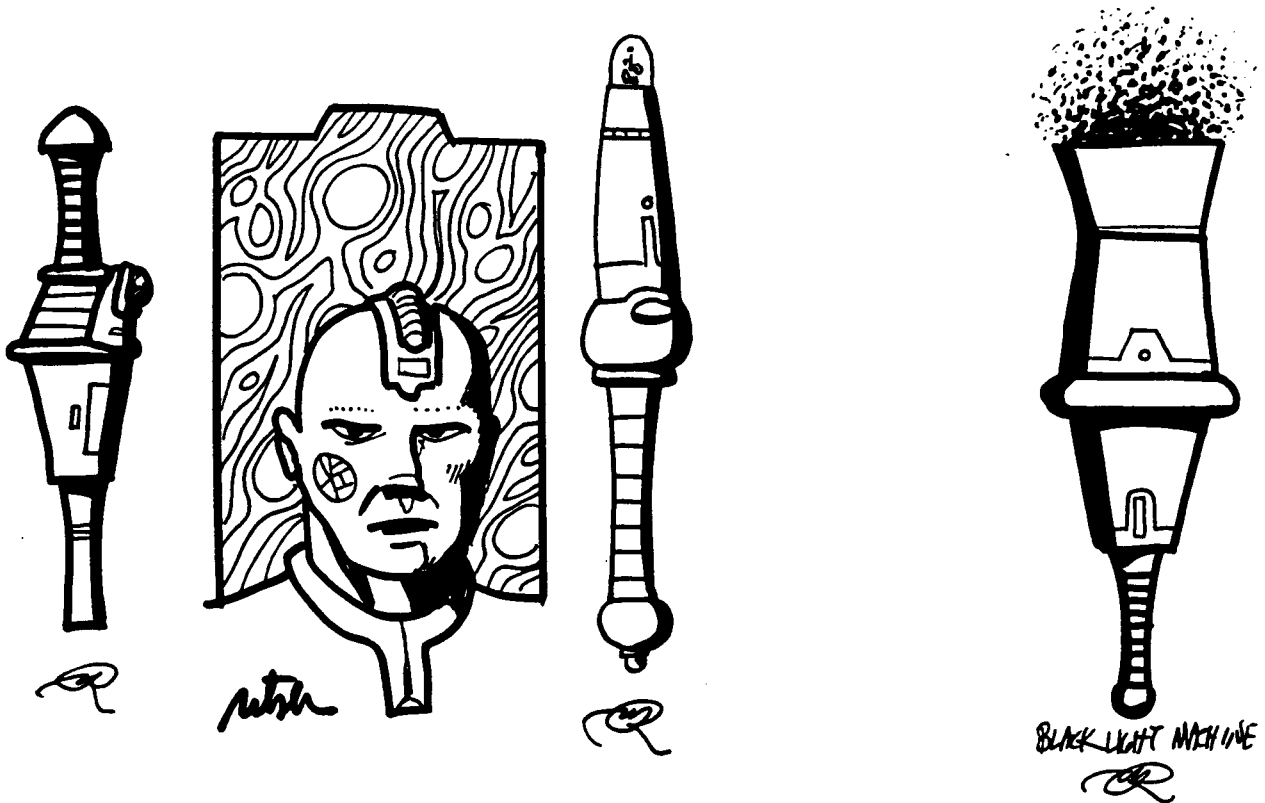
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People want to see you fail. Since they aren't trying to succeed, or are and failing, they feel better when other fail. It makes failure less personal and a matter of luck, in the laps of the gods, and they cannot then be personally responsible for their failure. Or they don't mind your success as long as it is not seen as greater than their own.

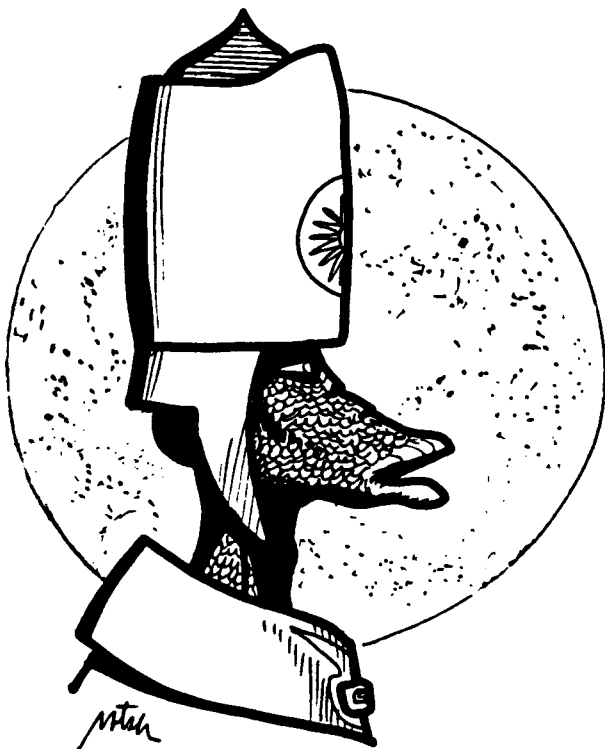
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There are some mysteries you don't want to solve.  
 You don't want to know how magicians do their tricks, for example,  
 or how your woman puts on makeup. It isn't worth it.

---




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Liars need good memories.

---

### *More Similes*

Annoying as five commercials in a row.

Apprehensive as a sky diver who packed his own chute for the first time.

As comprehensible as a set of instructions translated into English.

As packed with information as a microdot.

As professionally sexy as a starlet hoping for a job.

Brief as a whore's smile.

Brown as a nudist in September.

Bumpy as a tractor road.

---

In dreams, logic is in hiding  
 and reasons are unimportant.

---

Look at our language about war and peace: We *keep* the peace, the peace is *broken*; war *breaks* out, war *ravages*.

---

I hate self-sacrifice. It's so selfish.

---

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You must approach spaghetti with an attitude and patience. That's your software; your hardware is a fork and a large spoon.

---

*A William Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

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**Brussell sprouts, turnips & squash:** Second-rate vegetables.

**cabbage:** Tough-guy lettuce.

**canned fruit:** Like fresh fruit playing some sort of role; the taste is similar but the texture is different, almost as another fruit entirely, or at least like a cousin to the fresh one.

**chicken consommé:** Fowl bathwater.

**earthquake:** If you are in one, they never seem "mild," no matter what the seismologist say.

**food:** When it's bad it's the rent you pay on the body you use. When it's good, 'tis a joy to be a landlord.

**frozen food:** The canned goods of the late 20th century.

**garlic:** It makes you talk with your hands.

**grapefruit:** Treacherous fruit.

**hamburger:** By another other name it costs more.

**horseradish:** The teargas of foods.

**lemons:** Oranges gone bad.

**luncheon:** Lunch with real napkins.

**nature:** People are always rediscovering it, as though no one had ever noticed. These people are, of course, those who haven't been paying attention.

**Nomegnome:** Midget Alaskan chef

**persimmons:** Bloodshot pears.

**pizzas:** They look like closeups of diseases.

**snails:** Fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong!

**tangerine:** An orange in hiding.

**Tong:** A breakfast drink made from ripe Chinese people.

**truncheon:** Midday meal forced upon you.

**vanilla:** The wimp of ice cream.

**variety:** The spice of food.

**vegetable:** A piece of furniture made from leftovers.

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*Help me before I write again — !*

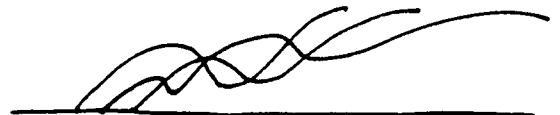
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OH, YEAH?



WHERE OLD BALLOONS  
GO TO DEFLATE



A GREAT LEAP FOR MANKIND



MOON OVER MIAMI  
OR SOON WILL BE



THE GOLD HEART MINE



SUGAR CUBE BLACK SHEEP



SNAG



CLOCKWORK ORANGE

---

Never eat anything  
that leaves a trail of slime.

---

Even psychiatrists make mistakes. There have been several authenticated cases of them curing millionaire patients in less than six visits.

---

Most commercial bakery bread is so blah it's only to keep your hands from getting dirty while eating an egg salad sandwich.

---

I like baked potatoes because they've got the bones on the outside. *Charles Burbee*

---

Artists get desperate. They are as uncertain as anyone else, and sometimes they sacrifice sensitivity for what will "sell." People like bright colors, so they put in bright colors, they do things to "popular sizes," they do subjects everyone knows. But artists must eat, too.

---

I don't have neuroses, just fetishes.

---

The world of the future I see coming will be composed of experts, whores, the cheapest and most common of labor, mothers, and of course, lawyers.

---

The trouble with being non-paranoid is that you feel so...unimportant.

---

*Richard E. Geis*

---

The pessimist says the glass is half-empty. The optimist says the glass is half-full. The realist asks what's in it and how much it is and whether it is cancer-causing or not, and how it will effect the ecology and will it make people love him. The cynic says the glass isn't big enough.

---

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Nobody promised you tomorrow. No one can assure you the peace of the next few minutes. There *are* no assurances. The trouble is., even hope is being rationed.

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*Glutton:* Someone who never puts off until tomorrow what can be eaten today.

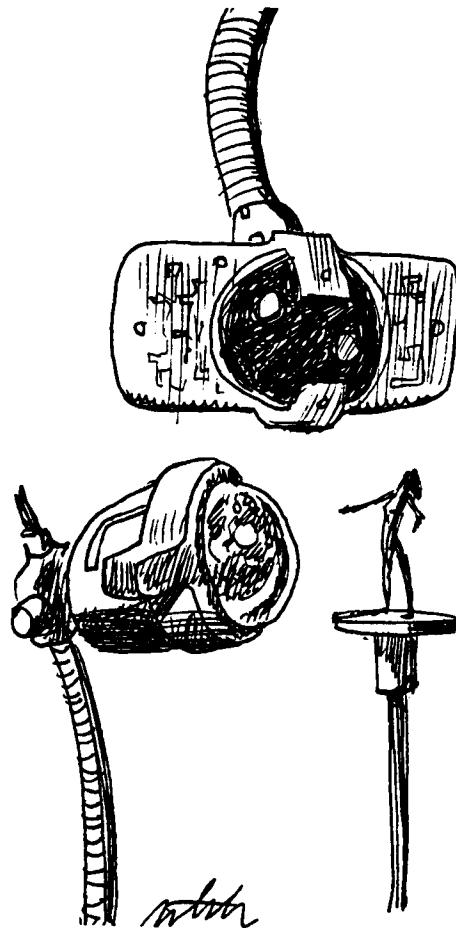
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*Shannon Carse*

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The world of the future apparently will not have rectangular doors, everyone will wear metallic clothing and everything will be either white or garish.

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*Happiness:* Doing what you like most to do. *Joy:* Doing it well.

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When you get to that fork in the road of life, take the higher road, the one marked Extra Effort. The other one, the downhill one, goes straight to Failure.

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Some of my best friends have been brain-washed by women; others have just been taken to the cleaners.

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It used to be when you were old you were virtually in the same world as the young, at any given time. That is no longer true. Every few years is a whole new world, a kind of alternate universe series co-existing, and we are all tourists, except for those born into that brief time span. But they, too, will age and be displaced and feel the stranger.

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The news that senility is a disease and not a consequence is a door opening in a blind alley.

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My best friends are those I would never want angry at me, for their enmity would be formidable. I feel more secure having friends like that than friends who, should they concoct a hatred, would be ineffectual. Naturally, it works both ways.

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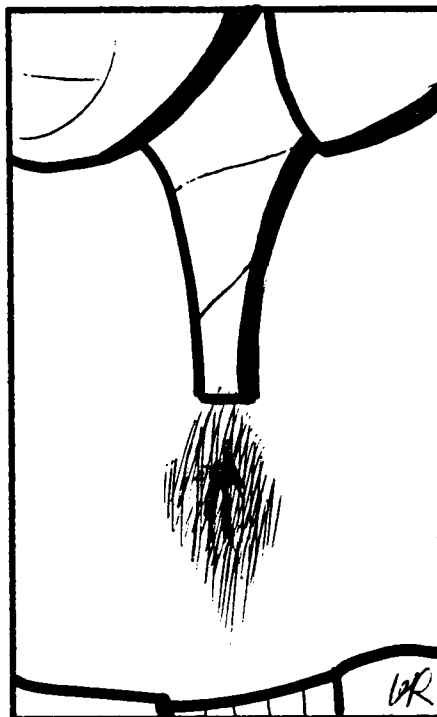
In my heart I find it difficult to believe that millions of Americans are *that* interested in sports they do not personally play. Admiration or study of professionals at work, yes—but total submersion in various professional sports in which you do not and cannot participate in seems very silly to me. They must lead very shallow lives., adrift on a sea of statistics and meaningless trivia.

Standby—the future will be here  
in a moment.

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She stopped going to her analyst. She figured any inhibitions she had left she was going to need.

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*Progress:* When things become so perfect it is difficult or impossible to fix them.

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Bowling is better than golf because you hardly ever lose a bowling ball.

*Shannon Carse*

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The handwriting on the wall of the future just may not be in English. 1969

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If talking to plants really does increase growth and productivity, why not play political speeches to plants and fertilize them at the same time. *Shannon Carse*

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Art is supposed to be communication. Good art *does* communication. Bad art natters and blathers, speaking in tongues, becoming static on the line of your mind.

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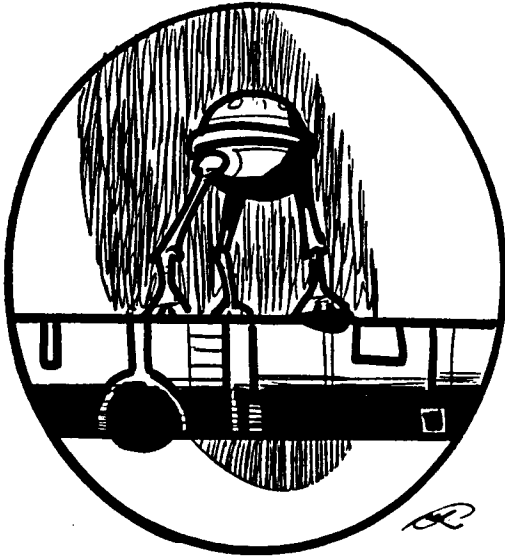
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I've got a great name for a line of stylish women's shoes: Sheer Agony.

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

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Escalators are role models for staircases because they are going places.

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Women look at men's bottom because their tops are so uninteresting.  
*William Rotsler & Len Wein*

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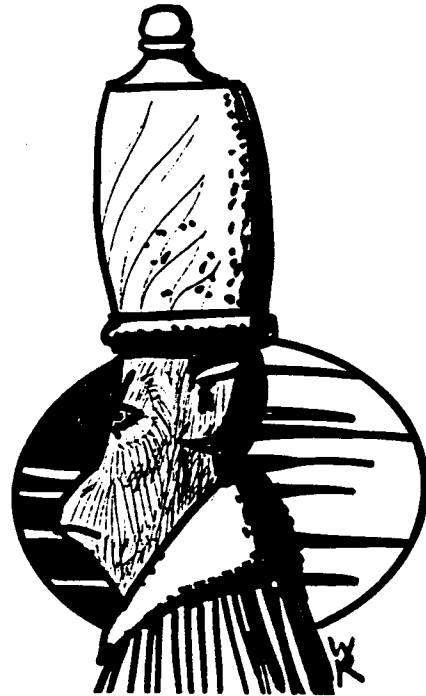
What's impossible keeps changing.

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To get rid of mice, give your five-year-old a tuba.

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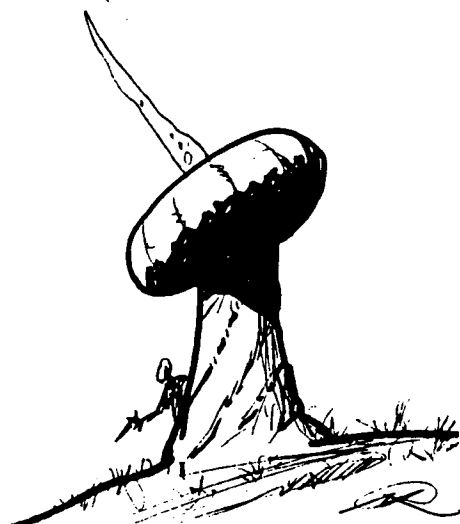
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Henpecked?  
He wore a formal apron to his wedding.

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An old-fashioned girl used to be a woman who can cook. Now it's one who knows all the settings on the microwve oven.

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Never give advice—point our options.

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Sometimes the only way to see a doctor early is  
to be left over from the day before.

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*A William Rotsler Mini-Dictionary*

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**death:** A very long period of doing nothing and the  
main reason for belief in an afterlife.

**genius:** Someone who sees the obvious when most  
do not.

**information:** Reliable data.

**life:** A series of unexpected adventures you were not  
prepared for.

**whore:** Specialty of the house.

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We are fortunate to be citizens of a country where  
we can say what we think without thinking.

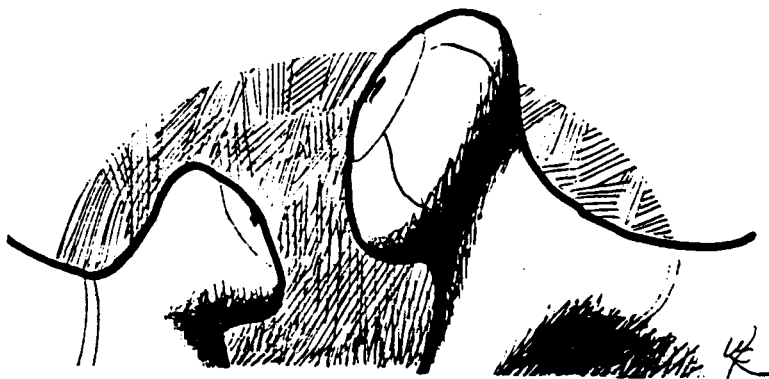
*John C. Vivian*

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*William Rotsler:* The way to a woman's heart  
is...?

*Len Wein:* You go two blocks, make a left...

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ANCIENT CREATURES OF THE FUTURE

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The unknown scares everyone—king, peasant,  
warrior, sage, the intelligent, the stupid  
and most of all, the ignorant.

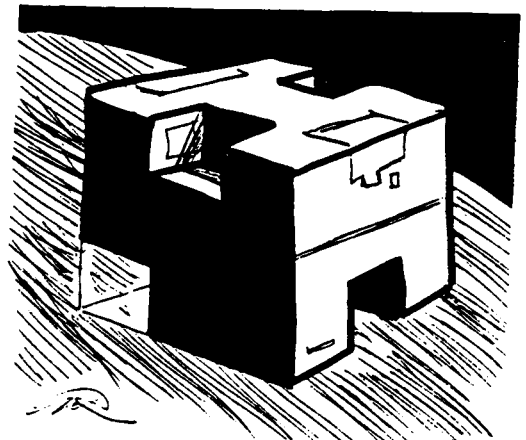
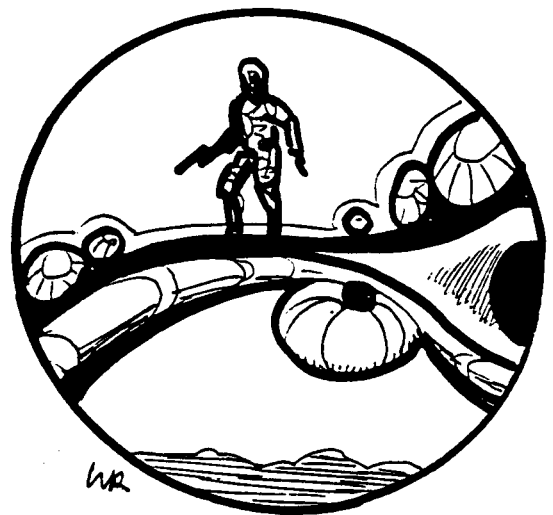
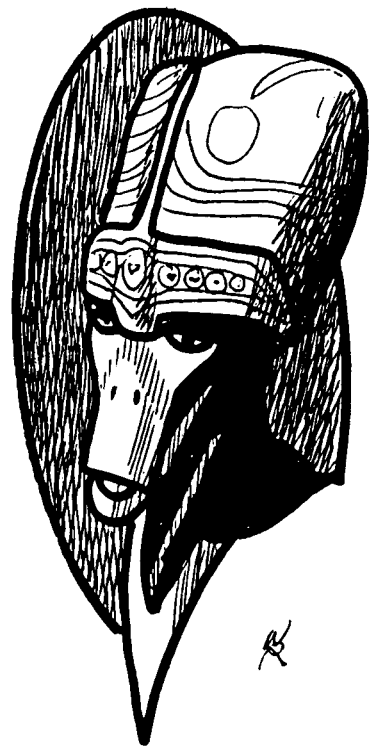
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She likes to live dangerously—she only dates men  
who have appeared on *Hard Copy* who didn't cover  
their heads with their coats.

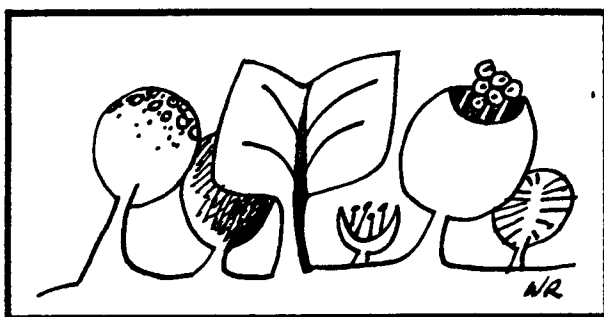
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Love conquers all things, they say, but it also  
demands tribute and peace treaties are not worth the  
brain tissue they are written on.

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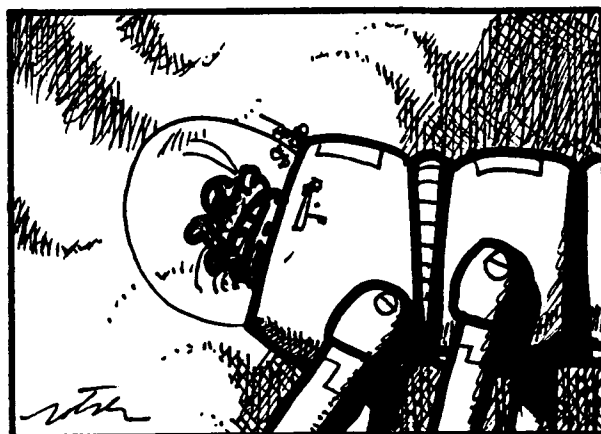
There are no love stories in porn. Oh, people *say* they are in love, but it is a love of lust—or a plot point. Love is a hindrance in XXX productions. Sex and love are very distinctly different in pornography, both on screen and in the minds of those doing it. There is love (abstract) and there is sex (very tangible, visible, and profitable). When it comes to the immediate reality of casual sex, of recreation sex, love is not what is important.



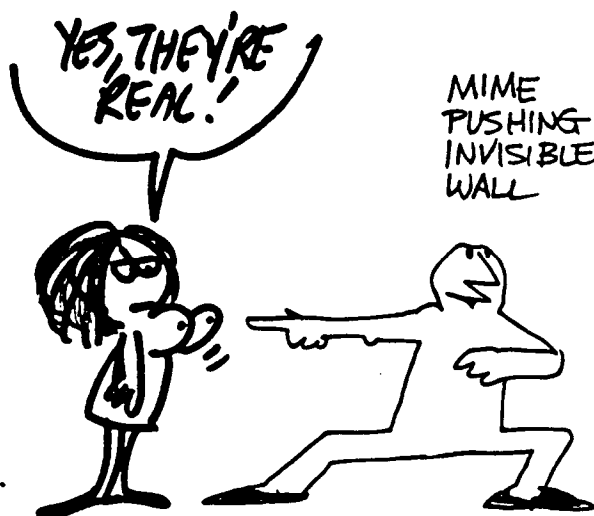
When a woman fakes—or exaggerates—her sexual responses, telling you how good you are, how good she feels, with repetitive “Oh, yeah!” and “Ohhs” you soon tend to stop believing her. Soon after that comes anger, at being lied to, and then you stop believing.

But the thing is, a woman may well be not lying at all. The same sounds and responses could all be honest. Originality is not the most important thing in a female’s mind in those moments. I think the key lies in the automatic response, a reading from a limited list, a “this is what he’ll like to hear” list.

However, true telepathy might well be too devastating to anyone’s ego. Illusion is an important part of sex. Love, too, I guess, and probably life in general.



A craftsman has skill; an artist has talent; a great artist has genius.



*Instinct:* (1) Action and reaction on automatic. (2) Given a stimulus and having a limited set of options for reaction. (3) Knowing without having to understand.

Next to eternal love,  
excessive amounts of tax-free money,  
and quick directions to the john,  
the greatest thing you can give anyone  
is a really good Straight Line.

We are not only what we eat, but what we think, what we feel, what we fear and desire,  
what we love and even what we hate.

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Opera is very old musical comedy.

Mike Glyer

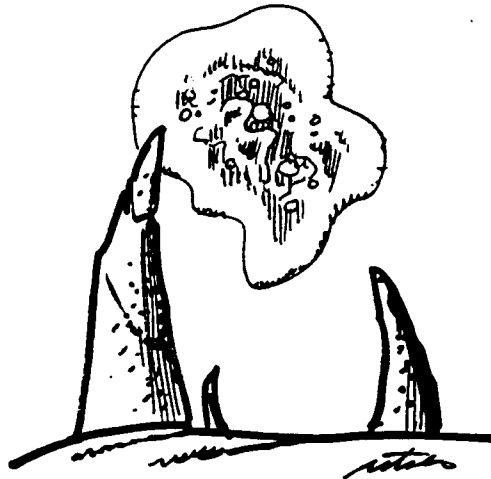
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In the early days of film the only ones to really have talkies were the deaf lip readers.

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It's strange how we don't remember the good times as well as the humiliating ones. If we had *really good* memories we'd only have sex once. Bill Warren

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Don't let them get away with "Those are our rules" or "That's our policy." I say, "Well, those are not my rules. If you can explain to me why that rule exists, if it seems logical, if it explains something I don't know about, then I'll probably obey. If not, I shall not." Approached like that, firmly and without noise, it is amazing what you can do. Or get away with.



The fact that the camera does lie has built an industry and created myths.

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*Boredom:* Being put on Hold by life.

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I don't want to sit in the theater and think, "What a fine work of cinematic delight!" I don't want to think, "Good acting!" or "Bad editing" or "Great photography!" I want to believe it is real, I want to be transported, to be *consumed*. And sometimes I am, and that is what I go to movies for.

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Carved in stone though they may be, the Ten Commandments are easily broken.

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Style is finding what looks good on you and what you are comfortable in, and wearing it until people can describe you that way.

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There are no cures for snoring except separate bedrooms or the headsman's axe.

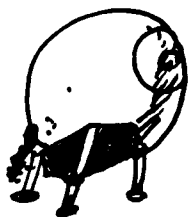
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Life is so slick in the movies. There is always a parking place, no one runs out of milk or booze unless it's a plot point. Shop girls have enormous wardrobes and live in interesting apartments. Guns contain unlimited ammunition (unless it's a plot point) and people always answer the telephone with startling swiftness, even when the caller hasn't punched or dialled all the numbers. Conversations are always interesting, cars always explode when they go off things, things happen with rapidity. It's wonderful. Like Disneyland, it shows how life *could* be.

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I *crave* books as starving person desires food. Books are needed by some of us second only to air and food, and sometimes before sex. Sometimes.

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In fluid situations, where the photographer has little or no control, luck does pay a large part, but so does the ability to anticipate, patience to wait for it, and the ability to recognize "the moment" when it comes.

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*Baked Alaska: Heat wave in Fairbanks.  
Frank A. Coe*

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Astrology believers are such frauds or dupes. If we are supposed to be categorized into a dozen signs (with this rising or that descending) we should then be easily recognized by anyone pretending knowledge of astrology. When they ask that inevitable and stupid question, "What's your sign?" I always say "Do Not Provoke" or "Feed Me" or "Danger: Explosives" or some such evasion. If they persist, I say "guess." No one so far has guessed correctly in less than five tries, and one self-proclaimed "expert" went to eleven.

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It's going to be hard to test my theory without destroying the universe...but what the hell!? It's a really neat theory!  
*Alexis A. Gilliland cartoon*

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If you don't get it the first or second time, you usually have a basic defect in design, concept or execution.

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Some people—mostly ministers, prudes and old ladies—act as if they were second-in-command to God.

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*Shannon Carse*

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Our Earth is fat with people. Just as a too fat person shortens his or her life with gluttony, so will Mankind with unreasonable numbers of consuming individuals. We must go on a people diet.

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