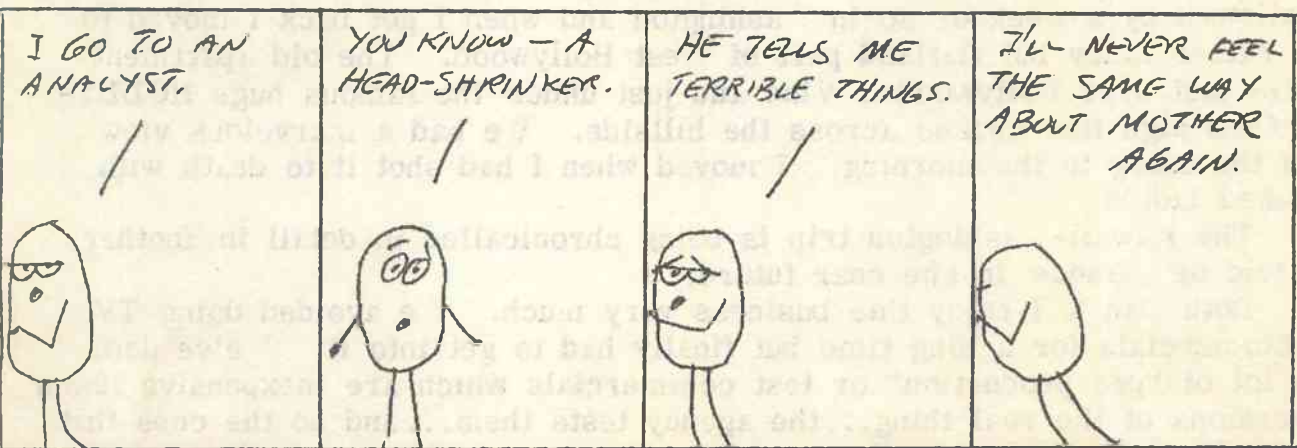
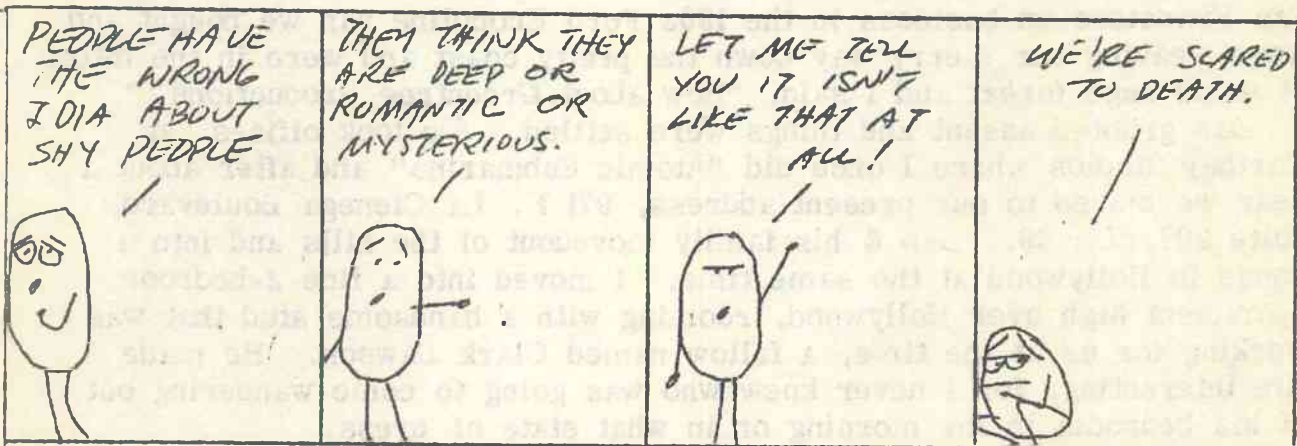
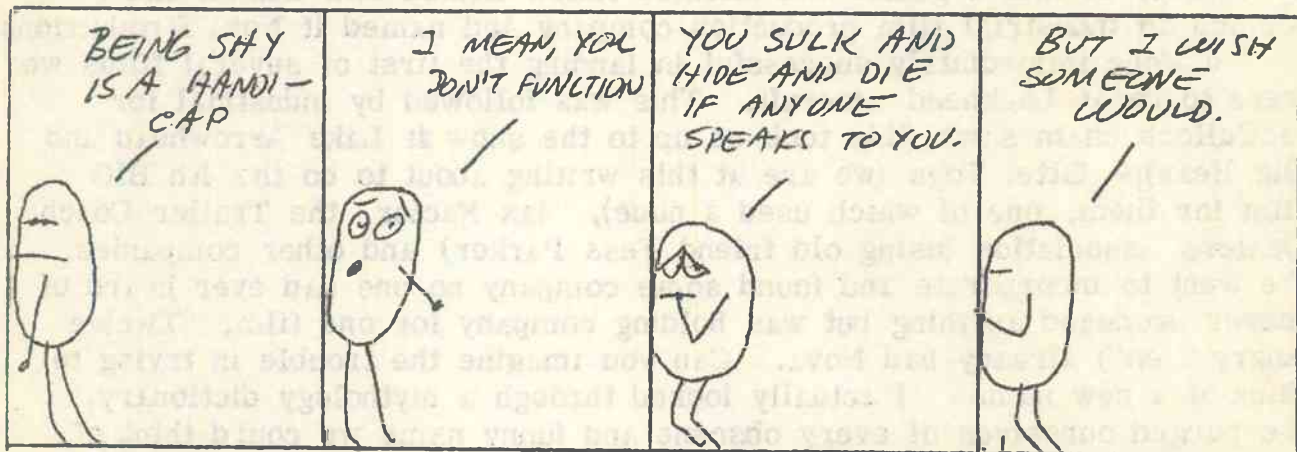


KTEIC MAGAZINE

WILLIAM ROZGER

MY WHOLE
LIFE PASSES
BEFORE OTHER
PEOPLE'S EYES



WR

THE SAME OLD EXCUSE

Whenever old-time members of the Kteic circle get a mimood instead of a typed typed letter they know it has been a long time and that Rotsler is catching up the easy way. This is no exception. I have been busy. In October of 1961 a genial and talented fellow named Dan Easton and I formed an industrial film production company and named it Nova Productions.

We were immediately successful in landing the first of several films we were to do at Lockheed Aircraft. This was followed by industrial for McCulloch chain saws (this took us up to the snow at Lake Arrowhead and Big Bear), Mattel Toys (we are at this writing about to do the 4th BIG film for them, one of which used a nude), Max Factor, the Trailer Coach Dealers Association (using old friend Fess Parker) and other companies. We went to incorporate and found some company no one had ever heard of (never produced anything but was holding company for one film, "Twelve Angry Men") already had Nova. Can you imagine the trouble in trying to think of a new name? I actually looked through a mythology dictionary. We purged ourselves of every obscene and funny name we could think of like Crisis Productions (yours, not ours). Finally, we had driven to San Francisco on business in the 1962 Ford Econoline van we bought and were weaving our merry way down the pretty coast and were in the midst of some huge forest and I said, "How about Greentree Productions?"

Dan grunted assent and things were settled. We took offices at Carthay Studios where I once did "Atomic Submarine" and after about a year we moved to our present address, 971 N. La Cienega Boulevard, Suite 207, LA 69. Dan & his family moved out of the hills and into a house in Hollywood at the same time. I moved into a fine 2-bedroom apartment high over Hollywood, rooming with a handsome stud that was working for us at the time, a fellow named Clark Dawson. He made life interesting, for I never knew who was going to come wandering out of his bedroom in the morning or in what state of dress.

Then I spent a week on a carrier going to Hawaii and two weeks there, followed by a week or so in Washington and when I got back I moved to a rather fancy but flatland part of West Hollywood. The old apartment was just over Hollywood & Vine and just under the famous huge HOLLYWOOD sign that snakes across the hillside. We had a marvelous view of the smog in the morning. I moved when I had shot it to death with naked ladies.

The Hawaii-Washington trip is being chronicalled in detail in another Kteic or Masque in the near future.

Both Dan & I enjoy this business very much. We avoided doing TV commercials for a long time but finally had to get into it. We've done a lot of "pre-production" or test commercials which are inexpensive 16mm versions of the real thing...the agency tests them...and do the ones that rate highest in 35mm with suggested changes. We've done a few "real"

commercials, but the best one was a stills-in-motion thing we did for Capitol Records & the Lettermen. For this we conned a free brand new Chevy II from the agency and drove a hundred miles an hour up to Reno where they were appearing. The only interesting thing was almost getting trampled by an elephant.

One of the Lettermen & his wife & I were backstage admiring the bejeweled beast and suddenly the trainer made a signal and the giant started forward at a trot and the only place for the three of us to go was up into the fly ropes and were all twisted around and the THING loomed over us forever.

The other thing is that There Are No Pretty Girls in Reno. None. We saw a few dhows & walked out. We were backstage at one of the biggest and they looked even worse close up. Las Vegas is different; Reno is for the Mouthbreathers and the Nosepickers.

The rest of this Kteic was written much earlier than these first two pages. In fact I had to throw out a couple of pages because they were too dated.

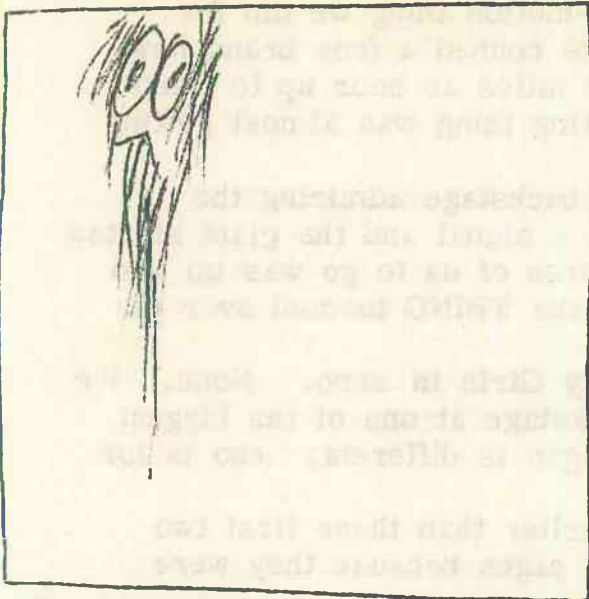
Those of you in the "regular" carbon-copied Kteic chain who thought I was not sending them copies were wrong. No body got anything. I have been truly busy. I've been shooting naked ladies quite a bit and carrying on several affairs and writing poetry (for some reason Meri Welles got me writing again) and working like crazy. We have shows being presented for possible purchase to two networks, there is a chance we may go to Naples on a deal for Lockheed similar to last year's trip, I've shot three short naked lady movies (4-5 minutes each) during the course of still photo taking. For a speculation potch an agency was doing to get the Falstaff Beer account we hired the Cinerama B-25 with the special 180° nose cone and made three passes over Lake Arrowhead just over treetop (and I mean just over!) and about 50-70 feet off the water at 170-200 miles per hour and then one LOW pass over Laguna Beach. We've journey to Mammoth Mountain snow resort area to do still photography (and get me on skis for the first time!) and did some shots of the sea and closeups of greenery for Cinerama for the HUGE exhibit to be at the New York World's Fair.

We almost got an idea to do a syndicated photo comic strip (similar to the Italian "fumetti") and shot one adventure (two month's worth) in one day, starring Rudy Solari, who was a regular in the REDIGO series, and a gorgeous friend of his, Lisa Seagram, who just signed with Paramount. We are now working on "Starlet" to go with "The Hunters" the Ian-From-CIA-type thing we did with Rudy. Others, including "Johnny Venture", a science-fiction strip, will be shot before we present the whole mess to the syndicates in New York.

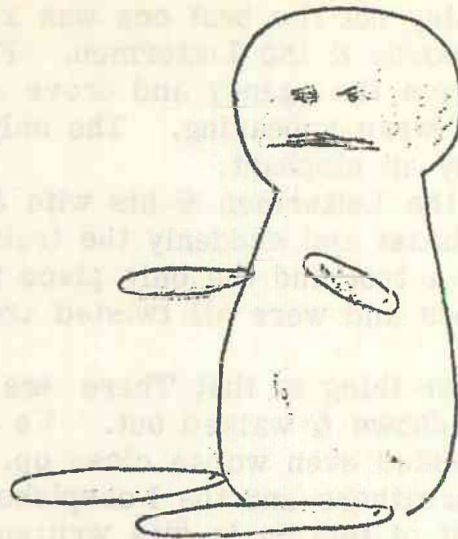
At this typing we are doing the storyboards for a musical version of "Fanny Hill". Someone took this 200-year-old pornographic book as soon as it was cleared by the courts & made a musical out of it...which is out on the FAX label on 2-LPs...and now we are most of the way there towards producing it. I'll believe it when it happens.

LOTS and lots of naked lady spread are out, have been out or are coming out. I am preparing a second photo-cartoon book (see details on the first one farther on) and SLICK FLICKS is appearing regularly.

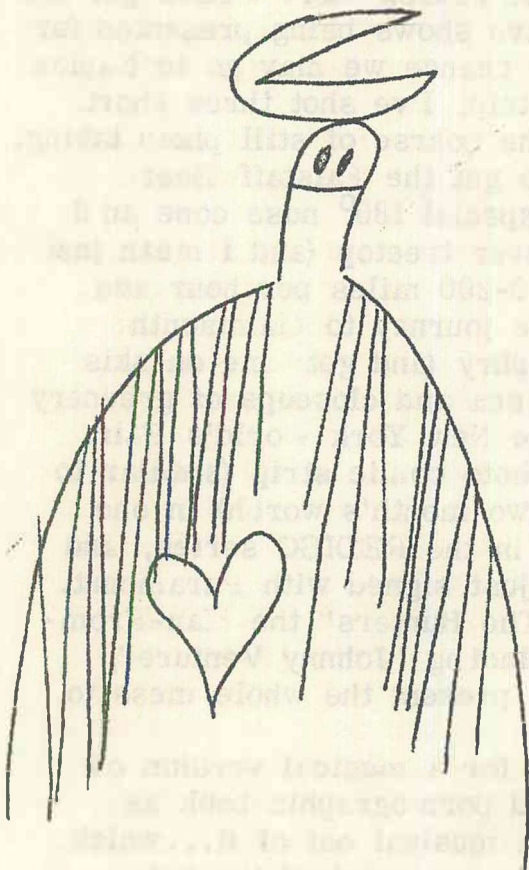
And I've started to write a little & I'm still drawing "abstract cartoons" like crazy. Even further out, by far, than those herein.



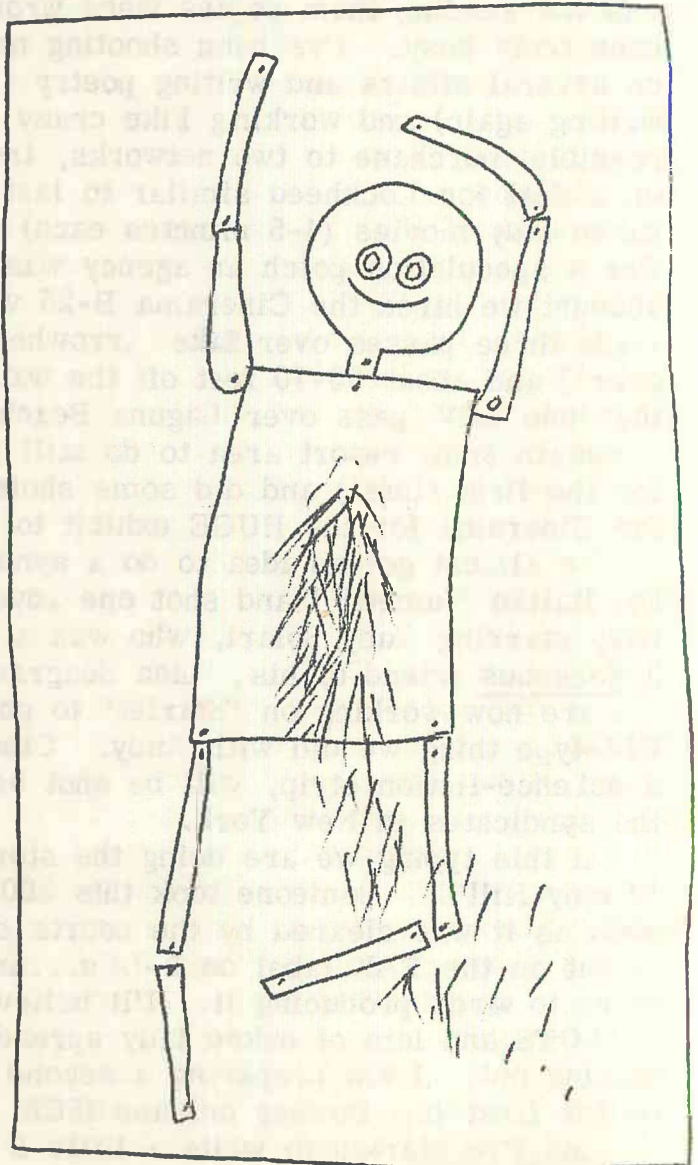
I'M TRAPPED IN THIS BODY



I CAN BE REPAIRED



WHY MUST I LOVE? I AM
CONTENT AS I AM.



SACUDUST HUMAN

.....

SIX HUNDRED NAKED WOMEN AND ME

.....

A USArmy recruiting sergeant in Hollywood has the license number HUP 234.

Judy Smith has come back to town from her multi-trips across the Pacific (Hawaii, Bora-Bora, Sydney, etc) as a librarian cum hostess on a Big White Cruise Ship. She moved into an ancient house a few feet down from the Sunset Strip and Jerry Lewis' restaurant, painted some walls orange/pink/green/purple/ugh & cream stripes, covered others with tapa cloth and pictures of herself in Genuine Bora-Bora. The first thing I did for her was to move a king-size mattress to make one small room literally into a wall-to-wall bed.

I called up Pattie Brooks the other day (the stripper I shot on location in Searchlight, Nevada) and found she was pregnant, married and had a "hard-as-rock" 50" chest, still no tummy, and still just five feet tall.

I thought up some stripper names some months back and found that apparently there is now a girl going by that name: Jewel Box. Others: Beverly Hilton, Sunset Towers (famous hostelry here that seems to cater to the Mafia & hookers), Golden Sunset, Tequila, Flower Bedd (Helen Bedd used to be a roommate of Pattie's), Barrie Derriere, and the ever popular Brandy Punch.

In June of 1963 I shot three nudes on motion picture film and cut them into tiny shorts. From the outtakes I made up a little fantasy with all of them.

Also in June Greentree did another film for Max Factor and it contains such things as knights, castles, rocketships, castles in the air, dragons, and olde towns. A few months back we did a film for Mattel Toys and it had a nude, animated 3-D dolls, New York City, racetracks, Central Park and the Special Forces in the jungle. Our first TV commercial (for a bank) featured a dog peeing on a hydrant.

Clark Dawson got married in Tacoma a few weeks ago. We created a big of confusion by sending a telegram to the church that read DISREGARD FIRST WIRE. GET MARRIED ANYWAY. WE'LL FIX IT UP WITH HER HERE.

My book of photo-cartoons finally appeared: SEX, SPICE AND THE SINGLE MAN. It started out as "How To Handle Women", based on an idea of the publisher's. He wanted to call it "A Hundred Ways To Say No" but I shot him down. So I did the pictures, based on gags of mine and gags I "borrowed"...and wrote the copy...and did the color cover... then they changed the title, did a B&W cover, altered 18 out of 80 gags and mucked it up good. I had one gag showed a girl at a Loans desk in a bank showing her bust and the banker asking "What other assets do you have?" They changed the picture to a girl in a tub asking that of a man handing her a washcloth. A girl in a negligee was changed to a nude outdoors for "Let me slip into something that will make you less comfortable." I don't get it. They also put in four lousy pictures by another photographer when all they had to do was check my proofs for non-nude companion shots. Grr. Anyway, the book is selling. Fan names appear: Warner, Tucker, Ballard, etc.

Recently I cast and did the stills for another naked lady movie. It was filmed as "Love and Kisses" but I have the horrible feeling they are going to release it as (ugh) "Knockers Up." I immediately cast a number of girls I was dating: Christmas Cole, Cathy Crowfoot (we used her in the Mattel Film), Lube Lopez, and Monica Strand. Also a stripper named Baby Bubbles, Good Old Marsha Jordan, Michele Swain (who will appear to the public as Jeannette Mansieur), Penny Bello, Connie Hudson, and Ivana Noltz. Most of these will appear in future books. Frank Coe, he of the fantastic LASFS Halloween Party makeup, is in it.

Cathy, Monica & Michele are the ones I did the 16mm color films on. Nudes, of course.

In SEX, SPICE ETC there are 6 pictures of me; the first one is me in bed and they cut out busty, naked Marilyn Savage. S*n*i*f*f.

Being clean-shaven again is a real drag. I HATE IT. Business-wise it is most advantageous and all that jazz but I just hate it and avoid shaving as much as I can. A mark of success for Greentree will be me growing it back. It is interesting to me the reactions I have had from people who have known me no other way but bearded. Some notice immediately, some only after several minutes. A lot don't recognize me at all. Most people now say I look better clean-shaven; I have the feeling they were the same people who said I looked better with a beard when I grew it. Oh, well...

I'm beginning to hate the jet age. Especially when I have had little to do with it. Yesterday I went to the Post Office to mail things to Madrid, Paris, New York and North Hollywood and the clerk looked at the letter to Big Dick Bailey in Paris and said, "Oh, I'm going to be there in two months." I grumbled something and paid my pennies and left. It used to be something to go to Europe. Now everyone goes. Except me. That's the part I hate. I'm getting the travel bug...but I can't scratch.

Speaking of Dick: he just went off to do some film work in Paris & Rome (he's an actor/director/coach) and sent back a letter the other day that informed us on culture in Europe. Item: hookers wear Diors in Paris. Item: perverts go to Old Vic to molest children. Item: prostitutes are very good looking in France. Item: he saw a man making a sandwich of french fries in London.

Remember Sides of Bacon? She now works editorially for ADAM and is selling fiction, also a screen play, is known as Nancy and still looks very good.

I've had lots of naked ladies published in the last few months (also a section on Fawcett/Whitstone's GLAMOR PHOTOS) but usually without any credit line, darn it. A couple of magazines have been about 90% me as a matter of fact. Haven't had that "honor" since QUIRK some time ago. In 1963 I've photographed the abovementioned girls for that nudie cutie thing...also Donna Kane, Carol Luis, Donna Hannaberry, Bonnie Dewberry, Louise Lawson, Marilyn Savage (Joan Brinkman), Misty Shafer, Rita Merrill, and to try for FLAYBOY, Jeanne Lambert, Barbara Francew (who changed her mind before we finished).

Since I've started seriously to shoot women I've done nudes on 92 girls (including strippers) plus assisted on 3 or 4 others. I was figuring the other day that for every girl I shoot I look at at least five others. That's about six hundred naked women. My god in heaven. And many of those I shoot I photograph two or three times. Talk about flesh pots...

The other night I saw a preview to Russ Meyer's new naked lady film, "Heavenly Bodies" and got a surprise...the only studio sequence in the picture takes place in my old "Venus Organization" Fairfax Avenue studio and the girl is Ivana Kolte, who I cast & shot in Love & Kisses.

Just received the news that DUDE & GENT (which had folded just after buying \$700 worth of pix but before paying for them) has been revived and has bought \$1,500 worth of captioned movie stills that Dick Bailey and I put together under the title "Sick Flicks." It will run as a monthly feature and they are going to try them in See and Heal, their "Man's" magazines and if they go it will become a regular feature there, too. So for one year you will be seeing some pretty sick flicks in Dude and Gent magazines.

Mario Casilli, the official, on-the-payroll Playboy photographer and the man I consider the best glamour photographer, has moved in next door. This was his old studio before Playboy got him another & bigger place. But they lost the lease & he's marking time until the Playboy Club is built, complete with studio. Mario is a very nice guy. It amuses me that the two photographers I consider tops in their field (Casilli in glamour, Andre de Dienes in pure figure work) both talk constantly of getting out of the girl field and into something else. But they don't. Mario originally signed with Playboy because they had Show Business Illustrated' and he thought he'd get a chance to do other things. But that folded and poor Mario is left with the naked ladies.

I understand Arthur Thomson is planning to run for TAFF. That ATOM is a Good Man and I'd like to nominate him...I'd even do a better job if the M...M...M...M...M wasn't so fouled up on this typer. A friend of ours dropped it a month or so ago and it hasn't been the same since.

Cathy Crowfoot asked me to marry her again today. She's a lovely girl with a beautiful body that has to be seen in naked motion to really appreciate it...but she's a kook. In the last weeks she has gotten it in her head to get married and one day I arrived to shoot her and she wasn't there. I awoke her beautiful room-mate Michele Swain (we invented the modeling name of Jeannette Mansieur) and together we found a note from her. She had gone off from the previous night's party with a guy and when we phoned she said she was getting married...but not to the guy she was with, but to another guy. Then she asked me to marry her or rather "Did you want to marry me?" I said no and she said oh, well, then she'd marry this other guy then. (I now swear to you she called me just then to cancel a date for tonight and asked me to marry her again. She's a 14 karat kook.) So I just said forget shooting that day and Michele and I went out to breakfast and down to the sea to find clams for a later lunch and ended up in a big flower farms (acres of reds) in Malibu and we did some semi-nudes in the pretties and later walked on piers and rode merry-go-rounds and had a fine time. Last Memorial Day (boy, I'm really hitting those girls!) I took Michele up to a set of very fancy Open Houses in Hollywood that were richly decorated and very colorful and shot non-nude, pretty-girl stuff with her. She's a redhead (natural, you have my word on it--a rarity these days) but with a blonde's coloring.

Hmm...I seem to be wandering. It's a warm Sunday afternoon and the first free afternoon I've had in ages. Why I am sitting here writing gunk to you when I could be out doing something? Ah-way-we-gooooooooooooo...!

I'm still filing things away for QUOTEBOOK, you know, and would like contributions. Here's a few recent additions.

"It doesn't matter how accurate it is as long as it is precise." (Bruce Anderson.)

"Many a virginity has been saved because the nicest underwear wasn't on." (Gloria Saunders.)

"Often people don't grow up, they only age." (WE)

"Marriage is a phallacy." (Is this Les Nirenberg?)

"No man is lonely while eating spaghetti, for it requires so much attention." (Christopher Morley.)

"The subconscious has a mind of its own/" (Bob Flein.)

"He who sells softly wields a big stick." (Alan Barzman.)

"There is no such thing as 'too wild'." (Stan Freberg.)

"You're anti-semantic." (Alan Barzman.)

"A comedian says things funny; a comic says funny things." (Rotsler.)

"I don't mind living from day to day, but this hour to hour stuff is killing me." (Big Dan Easton.)

"Food is to be enjoyed, not just endured." (Dan Easton.)

"The same month I was delivering papers I was in WHO'S WHO." (Jack Boynton...this one was delivered when Dan & I were in San Francisco in the spring of 1962 and doesn't really belong in a Quotebook.)

"Like most criminals they know right from wrong whereas 'common' people don't." (Frank Ashe.)

"Clear reasoning is not necessarily correct reasoning." (Rotsler)

"I paint like Mondrian without a ruler." (A girl named Sandra I found in a nice little bar called the Backstage.)

"If it was unwise to voice an unpopular point of view during the Depression and War, it was positively foolhardy once the war had been won, for it could cost a man his job and his good name. Conformity was the safest road; to be outstanding or outspoken was to be exposed; to be invisible was to be secure. We had created a nation of conforming, security-conscious, stay-in-line, group-oriented, nonthinking, unquestioning responsibility-avoiding Invisible Men." (Hugh Hefner in The Playboy Philosophy.)

"Half-truths are dangerous. You might inadvertently tell the wrong half." (Anonymous, at least to me.)

That's enough and it has used up a lot of odd scrapes of paper I've had floating around in my Quotebook file. Any contributions? Tear out the Quotable Quotes pages of old Reader's Digests & send to me.

MODERN LIVING

a manmade sun burns the flesh of a slim girl
a hundred cities vanish in a second
a thousand furious lights dot the night side
ten thousand men die with fingers reaching towards buttons
a million women die in tandem with unborn life
a fireball of energy ends the childhood of man
a world twists and shudders, dying hard
the universe sighs, to begin the slow rebuilding

a sparrow has fallen unseen

DID YOU KNOW THAT TEXAS IS THE LARGEST GLACIER-FREE STATE?

I was standing outside our office building the other day, waiting for a friend of ours to return our movie projector as he drove by. He had been using it to show stag films to a starlet. He did not say whether it was with the idea of casting future epics or just for pleasure. In any case I was there, watching the traffic zipping by and wondering why, now that our offices are at one end of a six block stretch of "gallery row" and now that I live within three blocks of 90% of the art galleries in Los Angeles I go to fewer galleries than when I lived in Camarillo, which is fifty miles away.

The mailman wandered by, peering uncertainly about, being a substitute carrier. I saw he had a book-type bpx in his hand and hailed him. He was very suspicious about giving it to me right out there on the street. I think he would have preferred that I lurk behind the slot in the office door.

I open it. It's Bob "Wilson" Tucker's (or should that be Wilson "Bob" Tucker?) latest mystery for Doubleday: "LAST STOP." I open it to the inscription and find, "To Bill Rotsler...my unwitting collaborator and ghost writer." I grin and at random open the book to page 100 and the very first words I see are "An orgy is the friendliest thing two people can do." I glance over the next few pages and read "My orgies are always well-mannered." and "I drive a Caddy but I felt a need to justify it so I put a Vote Democratic sticker on the windshield." and this section heading and other lines are belong to fandom.

I laughed aloud at seeing that first line and an old lady and a girl with a too-big nose sitting on the bus stop bench look at me. Up walks Meri Welles, fresh from almost three years in Europe (she's in Cleopatra and has a big part in "The Pink Panther" and other flicks) and looking even more beautiful. "What's funny?" asked Meri.

"An orgy is the friendliest thing two people can do," I answer.

"You told me that line three years ago," said the freshly divorced blonde.

"No, I said 'sex'..."

"You decadent Americans," said the Dallas-born lass.

I INVITE GREGG CALKINS TO AN ORGY

Boyd Raeburn was due in town so I call up Burbee to see where and when I might get together with our New Zealand transplant. Gregg Calkins, in town for a few days before going back to his job in Seattle, was also on the line. I say to Burbee et al, "I don't know what they are doing but there is a beautiful nude blonde across a king-size bed from me...and a brunette on her knees in front of her." Burbee offers several theories, none being the correct one, that of a 39-24-37 big-busted beauty that I am trying for Playboy and the pretty brunette (wearing only pants) is her roommate putting body makeup on her. I don't think Burb/Gregg believe me so I have the girls speak into the phone. This was a mistake. They were both very horny and start being sexy. They eventually corner me against a wall and rub all over me while being sexy into the phone to our invisible audience.



A couple of weeks previously the blonde and I had made a "dirty tape" on her battery-powered recorder. I tell Burbee & Calkins that we did it on the living room floor on a Sunday morning while the brunette was still in bed. The blonde got quite carried away and became quite realistic in this ad-lib and (I assure you) fake tape. The best line was a very realistic "Move up a little, will you, honey?" So I turned it on and listened to the whole thing on an extension phone.

This whole affair agitated Mr. Calkins so I invited him over, since it was not too far away. Soon after I was to regret this invitation as I had been feeding them both strong Scotches to relax them--a necessary device in the case of these girls--because I was going to use the well-built but unprofessional brunette as a foreground "set piece", nude but with no face showing and she was nervous about it. But the relaxing liquor also got them all sexy and we almost gave up the photography, except that we had a guest on the way. Just as well, for that is not the way to do business and certainly not the way I usually conduct my sessions unless there had been prior liaisons with all concerned before.

In any case Gregg arrived with still more Scotch and we planted him in the living room with the brunette, now wearing a bathrobe. The blonde wandered about holding her robe in front of her rather inadequately and walking away forgetting she had no postern cover. All in all Mr. C had a preview of a possible Playmate. Every time he went to get more water for his Scotch he discovered that the bedroom had no door. (The floors had just been carpeted and the doors not yet planed to fit and were sitting against walls.) Gregg took the bathrobed brunette out for food.

At last the session was over and while the blonde was washing off the body makeup I am afraid the brunette and I rather disturbed the restless Gregg by a display of affection on the living room couch. When the blonde came out of the shower all pink and white the brunette and I disappeared. Gregg & the blonde were doing something in the kitchen when I walked out of the bedroom to slide a loose door across a doorway to give the brunette more privacy.

The last time I saw Gregg Calkins was with a blank expression and a glass of warm scotch standing in the kitchen door. I have never asked whether geological engineer Calkins ever struck oil or not.

.....;.....
 "God is merely an excuse for man's ignorance."Lowell Sandler

AND THE NEXT NIGHT I SHOW BOYD RAE BURN DIRTY MOVIES

I like Boyd. He's one of the few "sophisticated" fans I have met. We had dinner at an "actor's" bar & restaurant I like and then spent several hours in our office. I showed him lots of photos, complete with stories, a "dirty" movie I made of a extremely busty model (it isn't really dirty, of course, just something that could be a section in a naked lady film) and of another model. Then I showed him set sketches for "The Ballad of Fanny Hill."

FAX Records had "Fanny Hill" done as a musical...honest...and it is not bad. And he wants Greentree to do it as a movie! Dan and I have been working hard at the present writing trying to storyboard the entire film, creating our concept and desperately trying to figure out how we are going to put on the screen a lesbian sequence, a whipping scene and some of the more blatant fornication. We must work with two very difficult horns: we must retain the original record sound track--it would be so much easier if we could re-record with sync sound--and we cannot at this time cut those really rough passages mentioned.

I think Boyd was interested in this rather far-fetched idea. I told him about delays in the Roman Games and other ventures and we had a long discussion about something I had written in KTEIC ages ago, that line about most fans being "square." We agreed "square" meant "unawareness" and cited several instances where we had found amazing ignorance, even in fields where such-and-such a fan was supposed to be an "expert" or "aficionado."

It was a pleasant meeting, our second and the first since 1958. Boyd spoke of how he has kept his private business life out of Glorious Fandom because he not only didn't think it was anyone's business but also because it was really not interesting. What could he say, "I read the most interesting trial balance the other day"?

AND THE NEXT DAY AFTER THAT I TAKE VENUS TO THE LASFS

I arrive at the blonde/brunette household at nine in the morning. We are supposed to go up to our ranch in Camarillo to do exteriors in this attempt at Playboyhood. She was supposed to be ready but, as usual, she is not. Everyone is still asleep. I try pulling off the blankets...sprinkling water...taking off her pyjamas and spanking...tugging...attempting to get her into the shower. All is in vain so I say the hell with it and go in to awaken the brunette in the house's other king-size bed.



It was about 1:30 in the afternoon before we finally started to shoot and it was not in Camarillo but in West Covina (which to Angelenos is one of "the funny places out on the edge of the world where the wagons are still burning") and at her mother's house. Eventually her father and mother were both watching us do nudes. Her father is a deputy sheriff and was watching still in uniform with gun and

all. I was able to work only an hour and a half before the light became too blue and we quit.

Then we started to shop for costume for the two costume parties we were going to that night. Since the blonde (who had been wearing a black wig all day) looks amazingly like Ava Gardner we decided to dress her as "Once Touch of Venus." She almost wore only a gauzy drape through which her skin showed beautifully but could not find a way to cover her nipples properly. At one point she came into the living room wearing a slip which she had tried to wear under with one strap off. A breast was out, having gone pa-loop as soon as she bent over. Then she laughed and said "Look at us!" I was wearing only trousers, reading TIME, the brunette was sitting next to me wearing only pants, fixing a pixie hat and the blonde was shucking the slip.

We eventually costume the brunette as a pixie and me as something strange from some planet or other and Venus in a scanty undergarment of an old sheet & the wig & an gauzy overlay. She wanted me to be certain to watch one side of her bust where the sheet kept slipping.

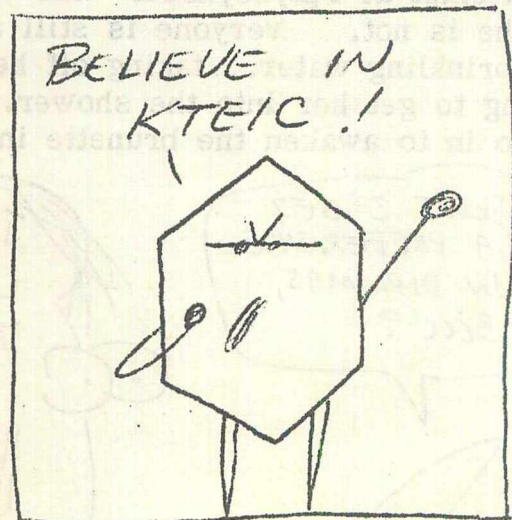
Then we got to the party I walked in and set down a gold painted Corinthian capital pedestal and she stepped up on it to do her "Once Touch of Venus" bit. Then I commissioned Ron Ellik to watch her bust during those times I was busy elsewhere. He seemed to take a certain amount of interest in his job (as did Trimble, Dale Hart and others) but while I thought I had pointed out the objective with reasonable care ex-marine Ellik did not make a beachhead. I don't know about ex-Marine Sgt Calkins but ex-trained killee Ellik got shot down without even picking up his rifle.

I don't know what was the matter with the men at that party but all the women were either talking to themselves or each other. The men were talking in groups or were clustered about Venus. And Ron to whom I had given the blonde-under-the-wig, has not yet graduated from the William Rotsler Extension Course. I just don't know about you, Ron Baby.

"Beauty is unbearable...offering us for a minute the glimpse of an eternity that we should like to stretch over the whole of time." and: "The body, a true path to culture, teaches us where our limits lie." (Albert Camus)

KTEIC MAGAZINE is published sporadically on the world's most erratic schedule by one William Rotsler, at 971 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 69...I refuse to add the Zipcode. If you have received this copy through the auspices of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, consider yourself unduly honored. If not, you are among The Elite. Or a non-FAPAn.

This is, I think, Number 116, which is a lot of Kteics in anybody's book, even as spread out as they are. And some people thought Kteic was a myth!



A POT OF POURII

I'm supposed to be working on another captioned nude book--as yet untitled--but my heart isn't in it. Nothing much seems funny right now. Not only because, at this writing, it's only a week after Kennedy's death--but because I'm not in the funny-picture mood. I have lots of naked lady spreads out right now but damned few of them are credited. The December GENTLEMAN, for instance, has three sprwads by me in it (including the "love & Pisses" movie) but only one is credited. The December MODERN MAN had a spread on Lubi Lopez and the January MODERN MAN will have two spreads on Jeanne Lambert--as two different girls, one in a black wig, and both uncredited. The un-crediting is annoying but wherever you see Vista Photos it might be a picture by me.

Saw Dean Grennell's name in BIG letters on the current GUNsport cover and was mightily pleased. I knew him when. # Bob & Helen Peteler are building a house in the wilds near Santa Barbara, carving a home out of the wilderness (literally) as a place to retire to. Bob is building the manse with his own hands and most of the walls are great roundish river rocks. Place looks like a fort, which prompted me to look up "forte" in the dictionary. And I was right! You say "forte" as "fort." If you want to be fancy--and the the e-ther/eye-ther type--you can say "for-tay" but we amuricans should say "fort." All knowledge is found in fanzines.

Which reminds me: I'm still looking for QUOTEBOOK items. Who said "Self-praise is no praise at all"? This was one of the favorite sayings of a guy I know (F&J Records owner who put out the Fanny Hill album from which we hope to do a movie) who was found beaten & shot to death in his home four doors from Dan Easton's house. Also his beautiful nude mistress had the side of her face caved in & five shots in her chest. No clues as yet. His name was Bill Door. # Gene Barry quote below.

"If you want to enjoy the simple things in life you've got to be rich." GB

THE AMERICAN JOURNEY

Dan Easton and I have been shooting 35mm color motion & 35mm color slides for Cinerama, to be included in the U.S. pavillion in the New York World's Fair in 1964. In my estimation it will be super-Disneyland, but arty, good, exciting & the best of its kind ever. Ray Bradbury did the script and it was he who put me on to seeing about work with Cinerama.

Already we've done one day's shooting of closeups of greenery and of crashing waves, the later shot at Laguna Beach. We did a day shooting at Inott's Berry Farm (western-town tourist trap) which is semi-authentic Americana and at Marineland-of-the-Pacific where I shot through the window at the whales. Then we got a free 1964 Chevy convertible and drove up Highway 1 (Big Sur, past Hearst Castle to Carmel) and shot around there. Then Cannery Row in Monterey and in the countryside around.

Bjo Trimble had pit us on the trail of an authentic, restored narrow-gauge railroad in Santa Cruz, which is in the redwood forest between Monterey and San Francisco. It was raining when we checked in there but we found a wonderful train, authentic track leading into a stand of forest

Prime Evil, very cooperative people and a great gloom. Coming through Big Sur we were in radio blackout (this is at the far western edge of the continent & behind great mountains) and when we came out of it we heard "...-ident John F. Kennedy has been assassinated..." and we almost drove off one of the thousand foot cliffs we were on the edge of. We were, of course, shocked and stunned--commonplace emotions that day--but still had to work. The railroad people didn't want to work, for one thing thinking they shouldn't. We talked them into doing it the next day when the rain stopped and drove on to San Francisco.

There I shot old buildings & funny signs and we rode the transparent elevator up the side of the Fairmont Tower to the top, then went up to the Top of the Mark to see if there was a good city-at-night shot. Oh, before that we drove across the Golden Gate Bridge at sunset to Sausalito and I shopped in a ferry boat converted to a fine arty shop. We ate in Chinatown and we asleep by 8pm.

At dawn the next day we drove back to Santa Cruz and had a fine time shooting the old train. It's magnificently restored and the forest is a truly exciting experience, especially just after the rain, with the sun raising heavy ground mist and the silence in the trees. We walked the track first, shooting here & there. Then we sat on a power handcar while the train came chugging down on us. Then I set up a shot that almost got Dan killed. I set the Arriflex about a foot from where I guessed the train would pass, looking straight down the track. The train came huffing and puffing around a curve, sending smoke and steam flying 75 feet in the air. It bore straight down on us and was to turn at the last moment with that quick little turn narrow gauges are capable of. But the train passed within an inch and a half of Dan & the camera, going full speed. It makes a very dramatic shot.

Then we went to Point Lobos, one of America's most beautiful spots, to find that the waves were coming in as never before. Dan was stationed at nearby Fort Ord for two years and visited Lobos perhaps a hundred times and had never seen it like that. We shot the great roiling, boiling waves coming in, spindrift sailing off the crests, hitting the great carved rocks and exploded like depth bombs, 50-60 feet in the air. It was a sight to remember.

Then we drove back down Big Sur, hoping to get a gorgeous sunset but there was nothing special. As dark was falling we did not want to get caught on those twisting, turning roads at dark Dan made 90 miles in 90 minutes, a feat those who have seen Big Sur will find astounding. But the new Chevy was great. We get brand new Chevys & Chryslers free from time to time, supplying them infrequently with shots on location, or by using them in commercials.

Next week Dan is scheduled to go into the tank at Marineland and get some closeups of whales. They have just added a new killer whale with 3-inch teeth and no one has been in with her yet.

Would it be presumptuous for me to add a note about Kennedy? We lost a good man, possibly a great man, but definitely a man with intelligence and style. I mourn.

ADMISSION DAY

There once lived a man who lived a very quiet life. He minded his business and paid his taxes and did not complain excessively at having to wait in lines. Then he died.

He came sauntering across that limitless field of ankle-high fog he always knew was en transit to Heaven. There was a lot of traffic that day but he waited patiently in line, for after all, why change now?

"Next," said Saint Peter. Our hero (if you'll permit this literary deceit) stood just a little straighter as he moved up.

"Who are you?" asked Saint Peter.

"I am, rather I was King of the World."

"Hmm," said Saint Peter, not unkindly. "What did you say your name was?"

Our hero told him his name and an angel with corporal's stripes thumbed through a big book with that day's date. Our hero thought to himself that there was more papyrus work than he had imagined in getting into Paradise.

"He's here, sir," the corporal angel said briskly and efficiently, but not unkindly. "But his occupation is not listed as King of the World. I cross-checked under Prince, Leader and the equivilants in the other major languages." The corporal angel glanced at our hero and said, not unkindly, "Shall I check 'Queen', sir?"

Saint Peter waved an impatient wing behind his back, a process our hero observed with some interest. "King of the World, huh?" He grunted, not unkindly, and said sternly, "Liars never prosper, you know."

"Yes, sir," said our hero, uncertain as to his status. He thought once you got this far Admission would be a rather routine affair. Oh, he did rather imagine that for some there might be a trumpet flourish or two but he thought he'd rate nothing more than the standard fanfare. Our hero was no egoist.

"King of the World, huh?" Saint Peter said again. Our hero could plainly see the first Pope was wondering if there was blasphemy afoot. "What makes you think so?" he asked, not unkindly.

"Well, I just always thought of myself that way, that's all."

Saint Peter looked at him narrowly, but not unkindly, and said, "You didn't go around trying to perform miracles, did you? I mean, there's a franchise on that, you know."

"Ch, my, no!" said our hero. He didn't like the direction the conversation was going at all.

"Well, then, what makes you think you were King of the World?"

"Well, uh..." Our hero didn't care for the way the corporal angel was fluffing his wings and hitching at his robe. "I...well, I just knew that given a chance I'd make a very good King of the World. I felt I had it in me."

Saint Peter looked at our hero for a long moment and then said something in an aside to the corporal angel that our hero didn't catch. This made our hero nervous and he let his eyes wander away so it wouldn't look as if he were trying to overhear. He admired the mother-of-pearl panels in the gates and tried to see beyond them but

he couldn't seem to get the right angle. People behind him were getting restless but decent order was preserved with only a few restive coughs far back down the line.

"Euh? Ch, I beg your pardon!" said our hero quickly.

Saint Peter spoke, "I said we've solved your problem."

"Ch, good...what do I do now?"

"Go to Hell," Saint Peter said, not unkindly.

When destroying idols, please save pedestals.

...Anon.

THE QUESTION

We are made of more than air and water
We love and laugh and dream like fools.
We design great palaces and sputter anger.
We race and run and crush small flowers,
but create deathless gods and challenge stars.
We bury ourselves in words and filth and jewels
and dream our fantasies into rough reality.
We send our finest sons to fight in wars
then bathe our bodies in gentle fallout.

We are made of the breath of gods and dragons,
of fear and heart, temptation and illusion.
The universe is there for searching minds,
for high-speed dreams and grimy clutching hands.
We are made of all the things that make us ask:
Are we made of more than air and water?

There is no heavier burden than a great potential.

...Peanuts

AI MEMORY FROM THE FUTURE

your smile of summer moves the sun
the dome of sea lifts a plume of dark fancy
the washed gold wreath frames your face
the dome of sky and night displays its jewels

my hand moves across your breasts in my mind
my mouth memorizes your flesh, unhurried
my eyes are drunk with the wine of beauty:
a memory yet to form

I'm going to have as many babies as I can; that's giving more people a chance to live.

...Lisa Rotsler, 8-1/2
