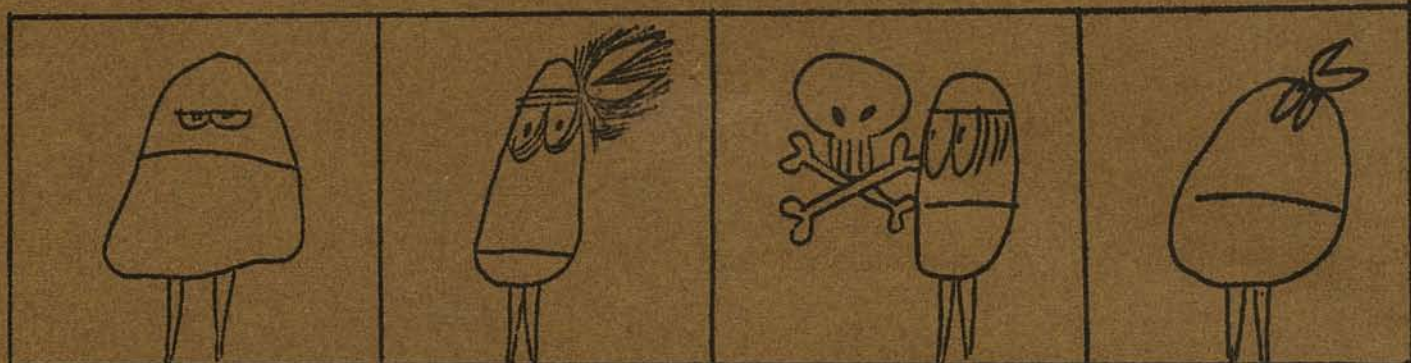


KTEIC MAGAZINE #118

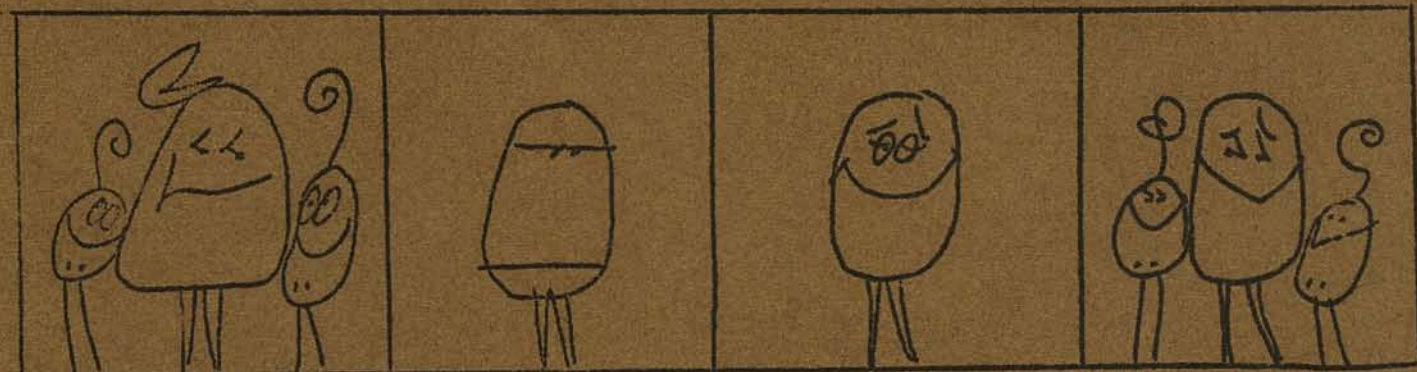


I WAS IN LOVE
ONCE-UNHAPPILY

I WASTED
AWAY TO
NOTHING

I CONTEMPLATED
SUICIDE

THEN I DE-
CIDED SHE
WASN'T WORTH
IT.

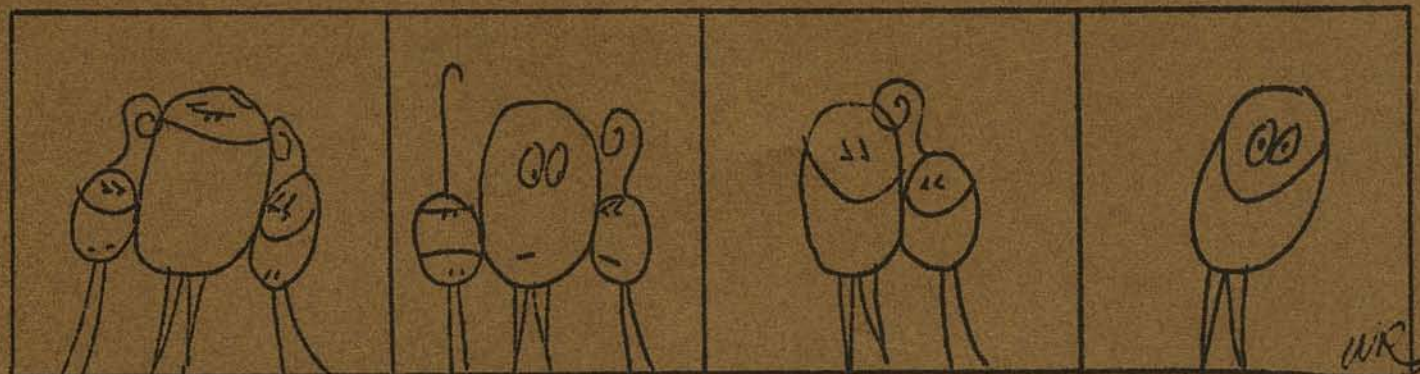


I TRIED OTHER
WOMEN.

THEY DIDN'T
WORK.

BUT THEY
HELPED.

SO I KEPT
IT UP.



I SOON HAD A
REPUTATION OF
SORTS.

THEN SHE
CAME BACK
AND BEGGED
ME TO TAKE
HER BACK.

I DID, OF
COURSE.

BUT I
SAVORED MY
MOMENT OF
POWER

WR

KTEIC MAGAZINE is published by William Rotsler, 971 North La Cienega, Los Angeles 69, California. Add -ed to that, 'cause I'm sloppy. Very often Kteic is distributed by the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, but not always. It is intended as a "fanzine" of comment on the world and Wm Rotsler. It is not Significant or even Important. It might just barely be Interesting. My life passes before other people's eyes.

A NEW CAVE TO HIDE IN

I have a new house. It's just off the Hollywood Freeway, where it passes over the hills into the San Fernando Valley. You turn off at Barham and it's up on the hill. If you continue past it you will, in less than a mile, run into UPA, Warner Brothers, NBC TV and Disney's, in that order. Just behind us is the Revue Studios, or the old U-I lot or even older Universal lot. In the late afternoon traffic sounds like distant surf.

We have a two-bedroom house, Dan and I, with a large living room & dining room, two baths, lots of clothes closet, two useless teeny powder rooms, a double garage I've converted into a studio of sorts, four patios, a dog run that is really a jungle, LOTS of huge cactusplants, a 40-foot swimming pool and a paranoid landlord.

The landlord's wife is Iris Adrian, whom you may remember as playing all the gum-chewing, wise-cracking chorines in the war-time back stage pictures. Later, she was Jack Benny's phone girl for years. Lots of movie star types have lived in this house, and I'll put in a list if anyone is interested.

The house is on a 3-lot sized lot but at 45°. There is an entrance patio, with a fancy double white iron gate, where I've shot naked ladies. There is a laundry patio and a useless long thin patio on the bottom level of the house. Lowest down is the big patio, which is about 125 feet long, with the pool and a run-down pool-bar/house/shack/something. Behind that is a jungle of weeds, grass, trees, etc that works very effectively for me as Outdoor Set.

I bought new pads for the lawn furniture, painted the furniture, painted all the concrete retaining walls & steps an arty color, installed statues where there were buttress-like places on the wall running along and flanking the pool about fifteen feet back. Soon we will paint the interior of the house and try to get some new furniture. We rented it furnished but didn't like any of the furniture except the refrigerator. I've shot one model there plus an extremely busty young lass who I am trying for Playboy. With the arty-painted walls & all my harem style cushions and good angles the place looks pretty good. It's fairly private, though overlooked by two neighbors, the the side and from the front. No one really thinks they are seeing a naked lady, anyway. Unless I get notorious in the neighborhood I should get away with it for awhile,

We don't wear much in the way of clothing and people do have a habit of dropping in and staying a few days but it will get even more comfortable as the summer wears on and more pool time can be logged. Hollywood.....

THE PATRIOT

I was sitting alone in a movie the other night. In this age of loyalty oaths, witch hunts and Super-Patriotism it seems necessary to be Very Patriotic and show cinematic Salutes to the Flag and like that. So on comes the National Anthem, complete with gorgeous shots of The Flag. I was sitting down front and could not see, or didn't bother to look, people standing. The few I saw were divided. Some stood, some didn't. I didn't.

Behind me two rows I hear a rough voice say (and his dialogue will be rendered roughly phonetically), "Stand up!" He said other grumbles.

"Stand up, ya dirty Commie!" I have to grin to myself. It's just so pat.

"We outta turn him over to the Birchers!"

Well, that tore it. I was amused but annoyed as well. I turned around with the full intention of saying, "But I'm British," then decided a little education never hurt a patriot.

"If you knew protocol," I said in a British-type voice, "you'd know that under a roof and when the band is not live you do not stand." I started to add the British thing but people were saying Shut Up and he and his flanking two friends, all about 45 and slobbish, were grumbling. So I turned around and watched the theater owners pitch against Pay TV.

I heard some movement behind me and surreptitiously moved so that I could keep the corner of my eye on him. He and his friends moved into the aisle and I'm thinking, "What a stupid goddamn thing to get in a fight over!" They are arguing among themselves and I'm cooling it. Then some kind, unseen male voice says I'm right & Shut Up & like that. They go grumbling away and I am left with thoughts of misplaced patriotism, red-white-and-blue heroes and What People Think Is Communism.

It's really very simple when you are a Super-Patriot. Anything that is different or has different thoughts than you is a Commie.

Daniel Webster, James Monroe, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, little ax-bearing Georgie, Daniel Boone, Abraham Lincoln--where are your children?

BLACK MAGIC AND THE HALF-WORLD

About a year ago my partner, Dan Easton, got an idea to do a naked lady still photo spread on a Black Magic theme. This was obviously a Big Underaking and we had a lot of thinking to do on it and a lot of pre-production work. We had a long discussion with my agent, Vista Photos, in NYC, about it and with ADAM and KNIGHT editors here in Los Angeles. They decided that a straight Black Mass would be much too strong (no upside-down cross, no priest vestments, etc) but it would be okay if there was a "cast party" at the end, as if it were a naked lady movie, thus in the realm of make-believe.

So after a lot of thought & work we rented the entire Carthay Sound Stage (where we used to have offices), built a Big Set from stone-like set pieces from a science-fiction picture "The Time Travellers", had a number of black robes made, built an altar, painted the floor stone-like, found torches and huge dripping candelabra. We rigged it with movie-style lighting and I hired Cathy Crowfoot, good old Lube Lopez, a busty new model named Vicky Sierre and, since unseen I'm afraid, a stripper named "Woody Hills" or Susan Harlow or something.

And I got the flower of manhood from the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Owen Hannifen, from whom I had borrowed a book of magic to get the design for

the pantagram, had National Guard duty and couldn't come. Others that were invited didn't make it but I had my crew of Dan, Craig Thurston (who worked lights on the "Time Travellers") and Phil Miller. Craig's Wife was there as Official Seamstress along with my girl, Michele Saroyan, and another. A friend of Craig's made a brief appearance as a black-hooded, bare-chested musclemans but most of the black-robed "monks" were members of the LASFS. Fredric Langley (Steve Tolliver), Ted Johnstone (Dave McDaniels), Bill Blackbeard, Ron Ellik and the Director himself, marvelously bearded, handsome Paul Turner, who became the head monk.

I think they enjoyed themselves. One of them got a little too handy and I had to apologize later to the girl. I hadn't noticed, I'm afraid, or I would have stopped that right then. I really do try not to expose my models to the public eye or to any sort of hanky-panky.

Cathy Crowfoot, who loves to put everyone on, was doing so, especially to Ted Johnstone, who was beginning to believe a little of it, despite himself. After all, she's put me on enough for me to know. She's a pretty good actress.

So there was a lot of naked running around and oiled bodies writhing by torch light and straining bosoms and "virgins" spread on the altar and smoke swirling mysteriously from the pentagram. (Liquid smoke, Wholesale Supply Co, Hollywood, Ted.) We had a hard time putting out the smoke, which was filling the stage and getting to everyone. It just didn't look like water would do the job but finally I slopped amop full of water over it. It ate the first layer of the mop and ate the stitching out of Craig's \$40 imported Bavarian boots so that the soles flopped.

I did "harem" shots with 3 & 4 nudes stacked up on luxurious cushions and I shot from the catwalks straight down at Ys and III of nudes. Finding a studio where you can get up high enough and still shoot straight down is very difficult and every time I shoot at Carthay I try to get somehigh shots. There was a big black background cyclorama spread around most of the stage so I couldn't set up the way I wanted on non-black magic sets so I stuck candles on the black-painted floor, against the cyc, and had three of the girls do the heavily-oiled dance bit over the clusters of candles. Ted lay on harem cushions right out of camera range in utter fascination, I am told.

I'm afraid when I go into a session I do not pick up on peripheral things. I go into a daze, I'm told. I am concentrating so hard that extra things are lost. I try to speak politely and say please (especially to non-paid help) but I don't always succeed. I try to warn assistants & cast about this and hope they can read my mind, for I do not communicate well, I am sure.

Later, Dan and Michele and I were talking about the reaction on the male guests and I said, well, why shouldn't they bepleased? There aren't many non-sex orgies like that. Also not one man in a million gets to sit in on a session like that. The girls were sexy, naked, built and friendly. The atmosphere was probably a little unreal to those not used to it. Craig, Phil & Dan have helped me lots of times and are quite blase about it, especially Dan, who sees pretty ladies come up here to the office to undress all the time.

But the LASFS members enjoyed themselves. Oh, I forgot Jerry Steir, who was not strictly in the Black Magic thing but had his marvelous "Mummy" suit on. Ever since I saw Jerry in that costume I've wanted to do one of those shots where the monster creature is carrying the girl--who has of course fainted and is lying back limp--but where the girl is nude. I did this with one or two girls, then with Jerry grabbing & crushing two nudes. He's a good grabber & always

in character, a gentleman and a scholar. He even stood still during the "party" part where some girl was pouring champagne down into his masked head through the small costume mouth.

The girls probably turned up bruised the next day because everyone got right into the spirit of the thing in this writhing bodies being held down or pulled along bit.

A few days later I showed the color & the B&W proofs to the LASFS and someone commented that at the time they didn't think I knew what I was doing, what with all my running around, up & down the catwalks, my "arch yourselves out, girls" and all the rush and froth. I took offense. Of course, I knew what I was doing! But they said they now saw what I saw and things were groovy. But looking at it from the standpoint of someone who is not used to all this fleshy running around I could see how it would look disorganized.

Anyway, I believe, as of this writing, it will appear in either ADAM or KNIGHT and then to NYC to appear God knows where for the next few years. We have about \$600 invested and MUST sell it often. First sale, however, should get a lot of it back. All, probably. Greentree Productions doesn't do this sort of thing just for kicks.

I don't think I shall lack volunteers for future assistants, however.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND WILLIAM ROTSLER

That line above, about maybe one man in a million sitting in on that kind of orgy, started me thinking. If I mean Americans, yes; if I mean the males of the world, the ratio is probably higher. It is funny--and almost impossible to explain and impossible for people to believe--how nudity is so accepted by me and so uncommon in the world of the Americas. Maybe that sounds pretentious, I don't know. But after shooting scores and scores of girls (and the nudity I'm speaking of is of superior-styled bodies) and viewing critically about a 1,000 girls I can say, honestly, that the room could be full of nude girls and I could get my work done.

Not that I don't appreciate them--it's just that it is no novelty. Let me tell you of an uncommon, but not un-typical, except in numbers, experience. There are a number of model agents in town, mostly operating "model studios." This is the easiest way to find models. You don't have to talk them into it and spend a lot of time doing it. You just go look at them & say yes or no. You don't have to talk to them--which is a blessing since 90% are stupid--and you don't have to "convince."

The nicest of the agents is Bill Jordan, who runs the Gigi Studio. He's a Good Fellow and nice/honest to his girls and I use his models whenever I can. So one day he calls me and says he has two new girls for me to look at. I drift by late one afternoon and he shows me the two girls (they strip down to panties, usually, and then pull those down so I can see if their rears are okay). Then he found I hadn't seen two others he had. Then he calls up the studio two doors away and has two more come in. He sees another walking by on the street and shouts at her to come in. I sit around a few minutes trying to help him fix a projector and other girl drops in. That makes eight and I figure that's enough for one day, because one had dropped by the office earlier. Then Bill takes me next door to see if that studio had any I hadn't seen. They had three. That makes twelve naked ladies. That's a lot. I have used one of those twelve so far. That's a little less than my usual proportion. Usually it is six or seven. All this has been brought to you in the public interest.

THE RETROHUGO

I have found a way for Science Fiction Fandom to make money. Not a Lot of Money but a Little Money. Suppose some enterprising fanzine editor were to run a Retrohugo poll--determining Hugo Awards for those years and categories prior to the first Hugo year. It shouldn't be difficult. As the years go by only certain stories and magazines stand out. One good fanzine issue could contain suggested or nominated items with a brief capsulated history of 1926 or 1934 or whatever year is under discussion.

Then with the votes counted and the awards pending that fanzine editor, acting for himself or for Fandom, could make deals with publishers and sell them the Retro-Hugo Award. A good commercial venture, fraught with all the business policy of modern-day living. Then, with the money thus gained, we could invest it in Moon Bonds or Plutonium Plutonium or publish a check-list of fannish typos or conduct a search for Clod Degler or, maybe, buy back our collective soul.

I'M JUST A CLEAN-CUT DIRTY OLD MAN

I am, at this writing, in the process of photographing a beautiful 22-year-old brunette with the Largest Bust In Captivity to try for a Playboy Playmate. She is shy and was a little nervous about the whole thing. So she brought her roommate along (who also would like to model and showed me her figure whereupon I pit her on a diet) as moral support. We all trooped into the bathroom and I had her undress and pit on her makeup, then I took her upstairs and had her sit on the couch while I gave a lecture on the Care & Feeding of Models, on the Philosophy of Peek-A-Boo, on Art, Nudity, Inhaling, Beauty, Comparative Shyness and other stories.

You know how it clarifies your thinking by explaining something to someone else, especially one who knows little or nothing about the subject. You see the incomprehension and you struggle for clearer terms, more clarifying illustrations and thus clear your own mind. You also sometimes discover flaws, where your inductive leaps have fallen short, or where you took things for granted or where your information was incomplete.

Thus it was that I explained about modeling to this shy, naked, and abundantly endowed young college girl. While the thoughts are fresh I'll pass them on to you, in case you are thinking of either modeling or photography.

First of all, men look at women, or pictures or movies of women, unclad women, from two basic viewpoints: they "peek" or they "look." The peek viewpoint is something I understand intellectually but not emotionally. This is where men get "dirty" in my mind...when carried to the extreme. Basically, they don't want the girls to know they are looking, hoping to see something "private" or unusual. This applies even in "real life" as well as just looking at nudes. Oh, I understand the provocativeness of a little cover-up, of something unseen, of teasing the imagination with something hinted at. I understand this and I shoot it but my heart isn't in it. The half-seen stimulates the imagination and the imagination creates "reality" that is so much better than reality.

I'm afraid that personally and professionally I prefer the "look." The simple, direct look, without shame or shyness or, for that matter, over-boldness. Carried to its extreme it results in those cheap little ads about photographs of women "so nothing is hidden." In its way that is just as bad. But cheapness I, personally & professionally am not concerned with.

But this direct look seems cleaner to me. Unfortunately, photographs of the nude female have a "stain" in the minds of most people. It is "dirty" and lewd and cheap. They seem to forget that art is Art in the hands of an artist and while paintings may be Art, paint and canvas do not automatically make art. I am oriented to Art, to paintings of the nude as classically, traditionally and rightfully they have been done.

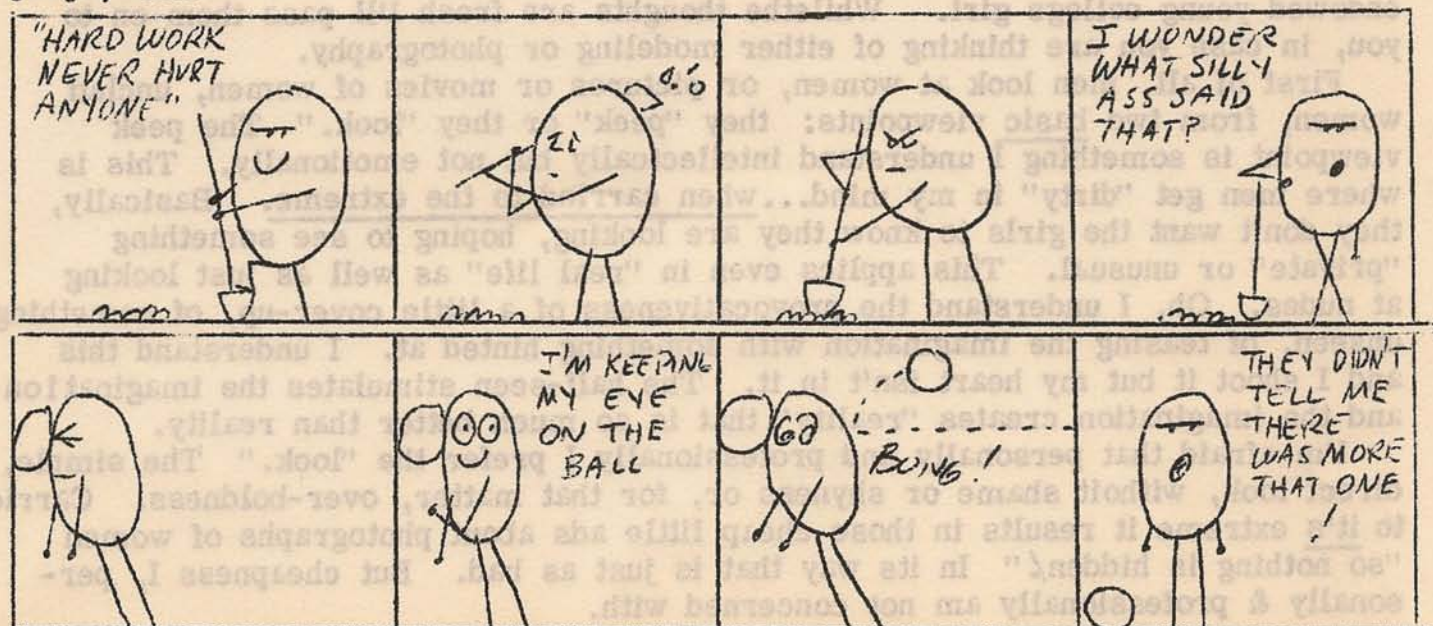
In my mind, there is nothing more beautiful on the face of the earth or in the starswarms of space more beautiful than a beautiful nude woman, a woman who savors life, who accepts her body, who might be proud or shy, even vain, but who accepts the beauty of her flesh. Whether it be oil on canvas, carved stone from the depths of the earth, real-life flesh and blood--this is the basis of Beauty. The female form permeates all art, all life. It is the fountainhead of life and we can't escape it.

At the same time, the female nude can be, in my mind, the worst thing you can view--when that basic beauty is tainted by cheapness, by ugliness of flesh and mind, by greed or animal lust or perverted reasoning.

So it is that I prefer the full nude, with nothing hidden (except where convention and commercial reasoning says nay), with no false modesty or awkward fears. There is nothing more beautiful.

So I explained to this girl about peek-a-boo and straight. I explained about how I believed that a "glamour" shot should be heightened reality, should show the girl, the setting, the props, etc in the very best light. I explained how I manicured plants to eliminate dead leaves, used clean seamless background paper, made sure lillows and sheets and fabrics were clean, fussed over the draping of a bit of lace or the fall of beads between and around the breasts, and so forth. I told her how the thigh must not flatten, how the stomach is sucked in to produce a taut, graceful line, how the hand should appear to caress, how the body should twist and bend and appear to move even in a still photograph.

I explained Sir Herbert Read's statement about the erotic is in every nude, no matter how classic or grand. I explained that I must also understand the commercial aspects that make this whole thing not only pay for itself and for the "artistic" portions but that permit me to invest in more models, more props, etc.



After about ten minutes of this I said, "Well, see, we're over the first hump." She said Huh? "You've stopped being nervous about being nude." And she had, basically. After that it was no trouble and I had a hard time getting her to cover up while I went off to load cameras or get a prop. But that was later. I went on with my "lecture."

I told her that I wanted her to get very casual about nudity. Not necessarily bold or daring but just casual, so that she trusted me, so that she knew I might take a picture at any time but not worry, knowing we could kill it later. I wanted her to feel free and casual, so that at no time would she look fearful or shy or nervous. I said I knew nothing of her sexual background but that I wanted her to have that no-shy/no-overbold feeling a girl has with her lover. And I wanted her to have fun, and I think she did.

This first lesson was the beginning of her training. She learned fast and became quite good even during that first session. Since I started writing this page and now she came into the office to look at her pictures ("See Yourself As Others See You!") and was pleased and amazed and shy and startled and embarrassed and delighted. We had a long serious discussion about her hair, her breasts, skin tone, pubic hair, nipples, her grandmother and bullfights.

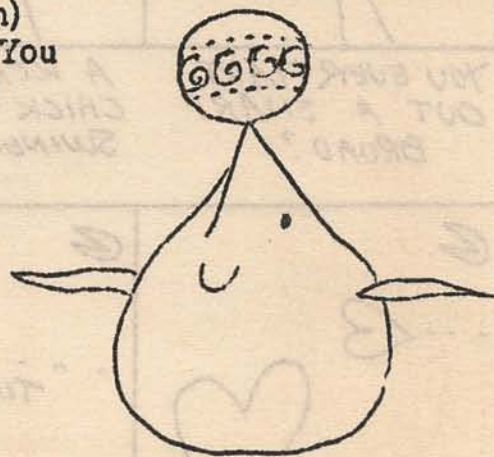
So after I had my talk with her we started shooting and she was an apt pupil, a beautiful girl, a willing worker and a nice kid, though not necessarily in that order. When I am photographing some dumb bunny I wonder why the hell I am out there shooting pictures of girls with their clothes off. When I have a beautiful model who is also responsive and intelligent I know that recording that beauty at the peak is one of the most delightful things I know how to do.

A MISCELLANY OF FACTS YOU DIDN'T WANT TO CARRY ABOUT BUT WILL

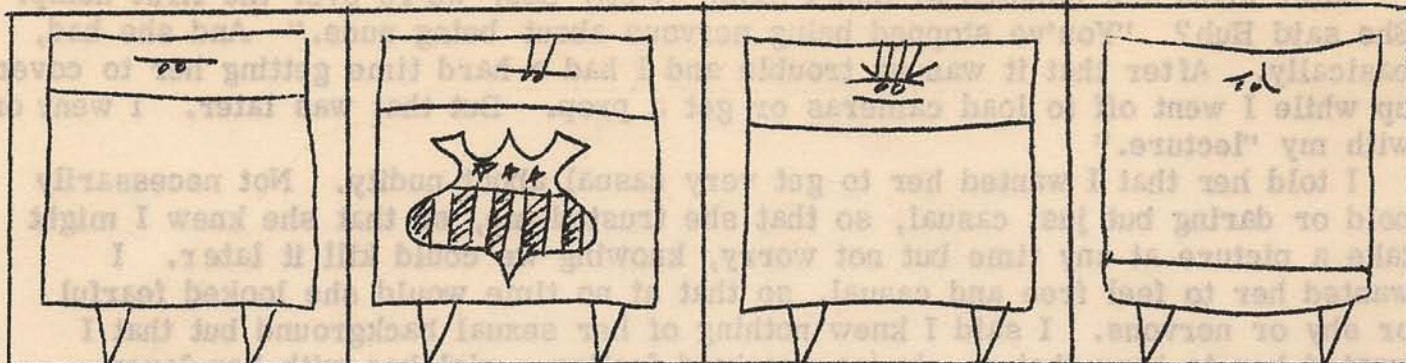
I'll burn them into your mind with my searing prose. # Since last Fall Dude and Gent magazines have been carrying monthly spreads of captioned movie stills captioned by Dick Bailey and myself. Well, now it looks as if JEM magazine will be carrying monthly spreads, at least for a time, of captioned naked lady photographs. This was to appear as another book, like my "Sex, Spice and The Single Man" that came out some months back. But after the book was done the publisher tried to get it for a silly and much lower figure and I told them what they could do with it. It still might appear as a book, later, but I doubt it.

And now I'm a philosopher right out there where the world can see it. Starting in the June Pageant there will be a 2-page spread every month (at least for three or four months or as long as it gets a good reaction) called "Quotes You Might Have Heard" and "Quotes You Never Heard." The first is half the spread and is composed of quotations from famous people. The second half is from Quotebook and will be quoting such modern-day philosophers, in the first section, as Rick Sneary, Bob Bloch, Dean A. Grennell, Bob Shaw, Steve Tolliver and Gerald FitzGerald, plus an Ackerman quote incorrectly attributed to Walt Willis. And, of course, William Rotsler, because I'm usually around when I talk.

Keep your eye on it as you may appear.
Possibly in a cloud of smoke.



.....
"I'm going to jump on the bandwagon in favor of mass circumcision." Michele
.....

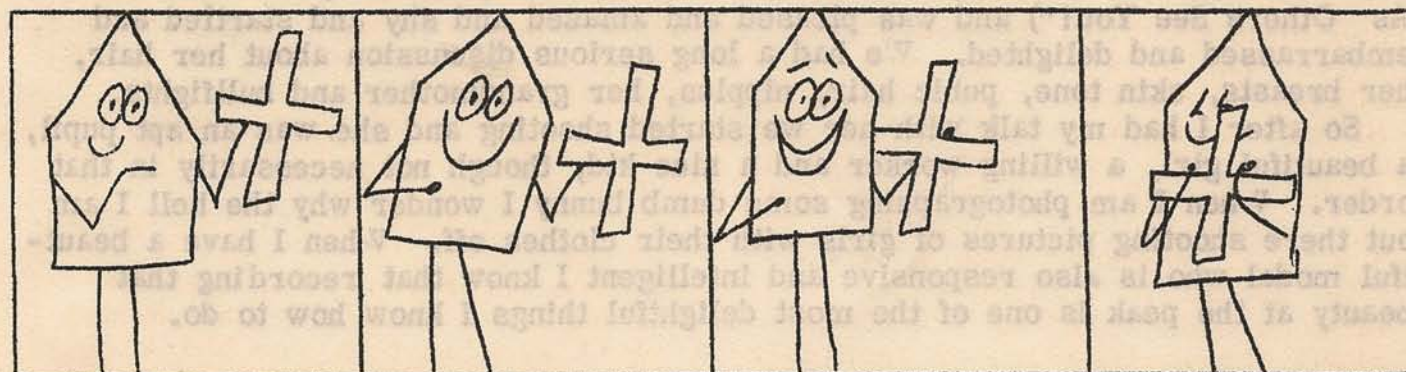


I STAND FOUR
SQUARE FOR MY
AVOWED PRIN-
CIPLES.

I AM THE
ATESTED ENEMY
OF ANYTHING
UN-AMERICAN.

I WORK HARD
AND AM FAR FROM
A SPENDTHRIFT.

I JUST DON'T
SEEM TO HAVE
ANY FUN AT
ALL.

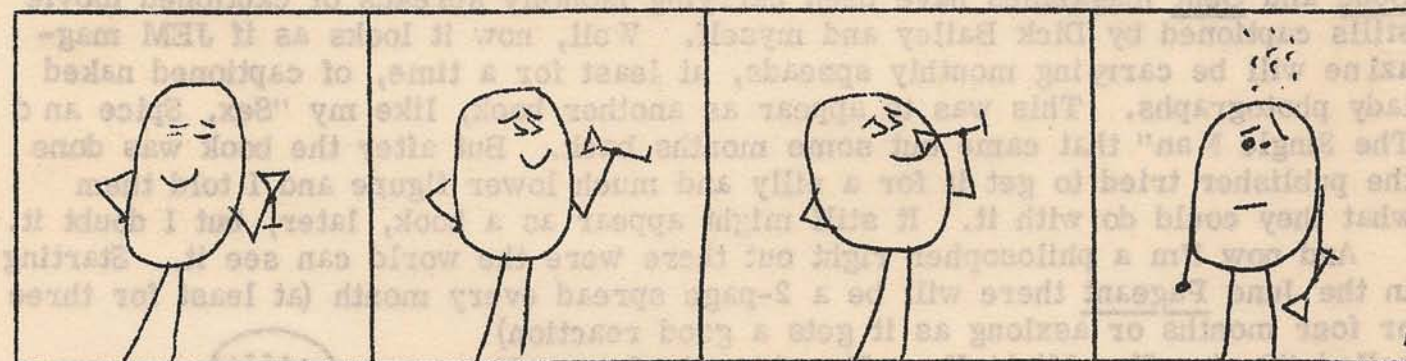


THE CHURCH IS
GOOD FOR YOU.

THE CROSS IS
VITAMIN-PACKED
WITH GOODNESS.

RELIGION IS
GOOD FOR YOU!

THIS HAS BEEN
POLITICAL ADV.

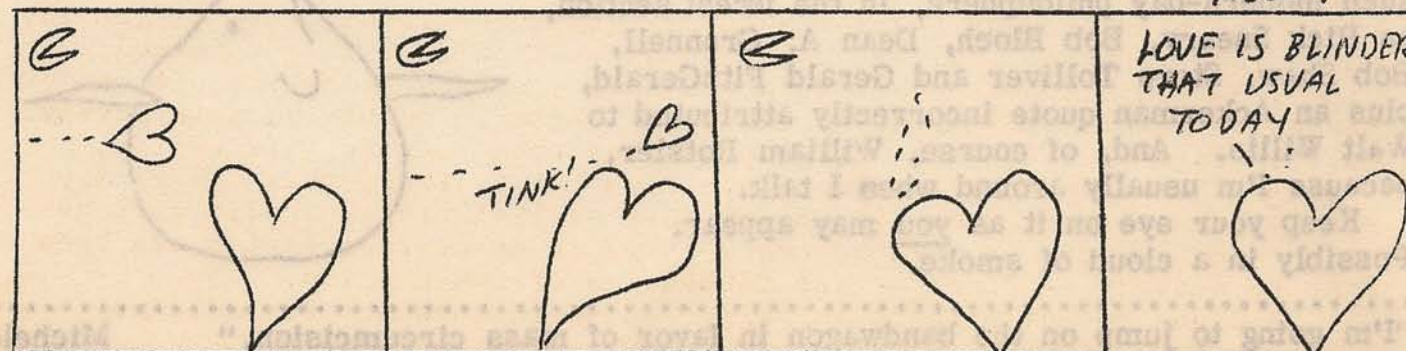


YOU EVER TAKE
OUT A SHARP
BROAD?

A REALLY HIP
CHICK - A
SWINGIN' DOLL?

A RING-A-DING
DAMIE WITH ALL
THE ACCESSORIES?

DOESN'T SHE
MAKE YOU FEEL
INFERIOR AS
HELL?



LOVE IS BLINDER
THAT USUAL
TODAY

I CAN MAKE YOU IMMORTAL!



I can make you immortal. The only problem is you. Are you good enough to be immortalized? We want quality here, not quantity.

In 1960 I published, as an amateur publication, a collection of quotations culled and sifted and picked from the writings, publications, speech balloons, screams and mumbles of my friends. I called it QUOTE-BOOK. It was well received and professional authors such as Robert Bloch said it was a delightful and off-beat source for them. Wilson Tucker used a number of selections in one of his books. One line seems to have turned up as a title song in a Broadway musical.

Shamelessly, I included a lot of William Rotsler in it. After all, I'm usually around when I talk.

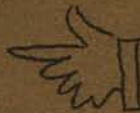
My original intention was eventual hard-cover publication, a sort of modern Bartlett's. The oldest I went back was to Huxley, which was about the most modern of people in Bartlett's. (In case you think Aldous was a friend, I hasten to add that while the back bone of the book were quotes from friends, I included much by professional authors, movie stars, politicians, etc.)

Starting in the June issue of PAGEANT magazine there will be a two-page spread of quotes...half from Quotebook and half from more well-known sources. This column or filler or whatever it is will go on as long as I can supply them with appropriate quotations. Material they do not use still might very well appear in "Quotebook."

I can use LOTS of quotations. Mainly, we are looking for original stuff, but quotations from newspapers, magazines, books, TV, personality interviews, and so forth are all welcome. There must be something you've said that is good and original. This is your chance to be immortalized! Act now! Act without thinking! Send quotes to:



William Rotsler
971 North La Cienega
Los Angeles 69



Epigrams are the best but "comments" on the passing scene are very welcome. Stories are not. Jokes are not, really. If you have to explain the situation or set the scene to get the fullest benefit from the quote then it is not suitable. A quotation should be able to stand alone, although knowing that such-and-such a person said it might enhance the value. Let me do the culling. When in doubt, send it anyway. Cull through old fanzines, dredge up goodies from your fertile brains, create! Switches on old sayings are fine but be aware that others may easily have already done it. I say this so that proper credit will be given and that no one will be angry at me if an obvious switch has been made by another -- first -- and robbed you of immortality.

Act now -- act without thinking! Be a philosopher for all the world to see!