





 "What I like about you is that you have a mind depraved enough to be interesting. (Charles Burbee) "Is sex a noun or a verb to you?" (Wm Rotsler)

KTEIC MAGAZINE #141 is published on a strictly erratic schedule by none other than William Rotsler, the very same Bill Rotsler who blurted out that "God made women as a package deal--that way we can know joy, horror, delight, frustration, release, agony, love and happiness all at once." Kteic Magazine is published by the Rose and Hawk Press, perched at 971 North La Cienega, Los Angeles, pardon the expression, 69, California. It is intended to circulate in the Fantasy Amateur Press Ass'n. though who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? Furthermore, it is Copyright © 196 by William Rotsler, the idolent wastrel who murmured "Sex is a clever imitation of love...it has all the action but no plot."

 "A man looks at a woman and sees the effect; a woman sees how she got it." (WR) "Think of what American culture would be had there been no whorehouses in New Orleans." (Jim Caughran) "Some girls can't wear topless bathing suits--they're too underdeveloped to be overexposed." (WR)

OKAY, I'LL TAKE THAT AS THE CUE

Topless bathing suits. I'm agin 'em. A friend of mine, Rudi Gernreich, who I have known for years and whose office is across the street from ours, started this whole thing. I've shot them. I've gone swimming with girls wearing them. My reaction: ludicrous. LIFE magazine said it best when they said that if women are going to appear undressed in public then they would prefer to do it in a garment designed for it. I think they are silly. They show women at the worst. I think there should be two kinds of women: those who should never wear clothes and those who should never take them off. Only non-floppy girls can wear them and that limits you to some pretty teeny boobs or those rare creatures with some inches and a lot of firmness.

God knows I have nothing against nudity (see comments later in book) but by my standards these suits are a big bust. A big step frontwards. Ohm for Quotebook and Pageant I make quips like "The topless suit has no past, a lot of future, and happily, little present" but I think they're silly. I have spoken.

WILLIAM ROTSLER, NAKED LADY PHOTOGRAPHER

In response to many card and letter I am now going to reveal "all" about that far-off exotic "profession" of being a photographer of unclad females. A lot of my "readers" have wanted to know more about the whole thing--which I translate as wanting to know more about "the broads."

First of all, let me correct one impression: I am not the chef at some movable feast. I do not preside over some nightly orgy. I am not even a bus boy at an orgy. I hardly ever even attend an orgy. Because of the great wantonness of the photographs (mine included) people think the whole thing is just sex, Sex, SEX, S*E*X all the time. It isn't so.

Now if you care to read further I will try to give you some idea of how I proceed to be a naked lady photographer.

All my life (or almost all of it) I've done pretty much as I have wanted to do. As a result I've been stone broke more times than I care to think about. But I cannot bear working for anyone else. In 38-1/2 years (not counting working on the ranch and for Uncle Sam) I have worked 16 months for other people--eleven of those months as a sculptor for Bernard Rosenthal and a lady sculptress. I hardly count those months because I was really doing something I enjoyed, could do well, and was right in my line.

But as a photographer I have worked for myself. Even that trip to Hawaii and Washinton for Lockheed was working for myself, on a contract basis. I would find it terribly difficult to work for anyone now, after all these years. So doing "free-lance" work is the only way to fly.

I work in this manner and it is the basic way most "glamour photographers" work. I find a model I like, shoot her, send the proofs & color transparencies to my agent, Vista Photos, in New York. Sandy Harris sells them for me and sends me a statement at the end of the month.

How do I find a model? I find it most embarrassing to walk up to a girl on the street and pitch her to model. There are countless cornballs in the world who use that line and I just cannot bring myself to do it. I have done it about six times and one time the girl turned out to be a professional figure model. Sometimes a friend or a friend of a friend turns up a girl or a stripper for me. Usually it does not work out, however. A girl that a man might be mad for might just not have a figure or face good enough to model. (There is a local model, a large economy size Swedish girl with a 43" chest, that I dally with from time to time but have never shot because he face just isn't good enough for WR the photographer, even if from the neck down she's good enough for WR the man.) Once in awhile a girl will decide to model and she finds me. This is how I found the one girl I've sold to PLAYBOY.

But normally I go to the local model studios and to the one or two studioless agents. It saves lots of time, trouble and embarrassment. The agents know I'm a pro, the girls know what to expect and how to act and what to do, and the whole thing is clear-cut. I pay \$50 a day plus \$15 to the agent. A day's work is about six hours, plus lunch, plus a little travel time. Some photographers drive the girls, traveling two, three hours, expect 6 or 7 or 8 hours work, and a drive back for the same money. I can't see that. First of all, their fatigue will show; secondly, I don't want to work that hard myself for despite seeming gay la-la-la to the contrary, I work very hard and my

concentration drains me. I sometimes come off a session soaking wet, sore all over and spent, physically and emotionally. I seem to concentrate so hard I go into a world of my own and probably my biggest difficulty is that I do not communicate enough, thinking they can read my mind.

So I go to the studios frequently, checking up on who is new and looking at lots of "new" bodies. As I have said before I look at quite a few girls for every one I shoot so that by now I've "inspected" over 1300 nudes. I am still a little embarrassed at asking some girl I never x saw before to take her clothes off...but only because it seems so much like a "free show." I just don't think that's right. I only ask to see those whose face looks good and whose photographs in the agent's modeling book look like it would be worth taking a look. Sometimes an agent will trap me into looking at a girl when when I am pretty certain I won't use her. I make these decisions in my God Facet, based on her face. Once in awhile a really good body will be revealed and will offset a so-so face.

Unlike some photographer I do not shoot just anything willing to undress. I am pretty choosy, though I have made a number of mistakes. Every time I have had time, money and some unusual set or location made available to me at short notice and have hired a model sight unseen I have been rooked. Summer time and in the late Spring is the big shooting time. Then you can shoot indoors and out, in water and at the beach, without freezing the thing off the girl or giving her a cold. A sunburn, maybe, but not a cold. (It is really rather sad to see the tenderest parts of a girl's anatomy sunburned)

So I have selected a model. In practice this has turned out to be from Bill Jordan's Gigi Studios more often than not. His studio is the "cleanest" and the girls there more fun, less likely to be trouble, not part or full time hookers, and Bill keeps them all in line.

Let's face it--some of the studios are fronts ~~for~~ for prostitution, whether just on an individual basis or a wholesale one. I avoid most of these places, not going into some of them for months at a time. But I go into Bill's place quite often, usually just for fun and games.

As a professional you get treated much differently than any of the amateurs who come around. I do not fool around, I do not overstay my welcome and I do not mess with the girls during duty hours. Since ~~the~~ nudity is such a "commodity" in such places the girls usually treat it casually, hiding from the amateurs but often doing something rather bold when there are none around. I'll give you some examples later on, thus acting as a carrot to get you to read all the way through...if I didn't want you to read it all the way through I wouldn't be going to the trouble of writing this, would I?

So I have a model. My cameras are loaded, my gear packed, my film decanted from the boxes and from the foil envelopes and dumped into a compartmented box. If I am going on location I have the car packed with pillows, lace, cloth, oddments of props, towels, blankets and some wild item picked for that particular girl and/or location. It might just be a four foot diameter balloon or a statue to put in the woods or a twenty-foot Japanese paper streamer, all frilly and complex. It might be a chair to set in the grass of a hillside or an assistant in a gorilla suit or a Jungle Jane costume or a "found object" like driftwood. I've hauled great elaborate mirrors up hills and strung 9' wide sheets of paper from trees to reflect in them.

If I am shooting at home I can use my converted garage or any number

of spots around the house. I rented the Troy Drive house because it was on a large lot (three lots big) with one whole lot just wildness and trees. The whole thing is on a hill and about 30° from flat but it has a 40' pool in a 75' patio plus a small walled entrance patio, 2-bedrooms and lots of exterior nooks and crannies. I painted the retaining walls around the pool and knee art color and studded it with statues. I built Cleopatra's barge to float in the pool and a bamboo and screen lanai around the secluded pool bar. I bought matching blue-striped pads for all the furniture and painted this and that. As a result I have a pretty good place to shoot during the summer and quite versatile.

I am a head/necklace, lace and kookie prop man. I've used stacks of 35mm film cans (movie type) and rented elegant tables and borrowed tapestries from my old art school buddy John Smith. I've used my partner's fancy Christmas tree and my own felt tapestries and machine guns used in the industrial films we do. These films supply the gorilla suits and fake little one-palm tree islands and set pieces for such Big Productions as the Black Magic spread we did with a number of the LASFS gang. I use lots of Japanese paper items: flowers, paper, streamers, even a folding bamboo-and-paper table. I've borrowed a superfancy birdcage from a Catholic nun I know (the famous Sister Mary Corita) and ended up using it with several nudes. I used umbrellas and LOTS of colorful pillows and seamless paper and artificial smoke and borrowed prop swords. I use symbols, like candles, singularly and in clutches. I use my own sculpture and Jerry Steir's magnificent Mummy costume. I rent great elaborate displays of artificial flowers and fruit and borrow guitars and horns and people's houses. I use hollow trees and plaster objects and once I took all my saved-up used seamless and draped it over the slanted lot by the house, running it over bushes and trees until the whole lot was a fantasy land of swoops of nine foot by 36' color. I've used a superb spanish shawl that belongs to Isabel Burbee for several years now and used it well. I have a deal with a friend of a friend who sells fancy, expensive arty carpets to borrow one or two or three. I've built sets and when we were using Carthay Studios I would sometimes shoot on sets there; most notably, the set for "Three Nuts In Search of a Bolt."

A photographer will use anything that's around, anything that's nutty or even just there. I've used cattle loading ramps, fallen trees, bowls of fruit, signs, bedheads, cycloramas, swords, skulls, candelabrae, and people. I have come to be noted, in "the trade" as a kookie photographer. That's okay by me. If it wasn't fun I wouldn't be doing it.

And it is fun. Despite the hard work and the expense--it costs from \$100 to \$200 to shoot a girl, counting model fee, film costs, developing, amortizing prop costs, prints for my files, food, transportation, etc.--I find it lots of fun.

When I am shooting a girl that turns out to be a lousy model I do wonder what the hell I am doing fooling around with this flesh-peddling--



but when I have a good model I swing. About 3/4 of the way along during a session is usually "the good place" and things really click. I hate to use an assistant but often must need to. (I pick "cool" guys, those that have some interest in photography and whose appearance will not freeze up a model) I prefer to work alone although an assistant will up your production a great deal. Depends on the model and depends on the assistant. Craif Thurston has been my best, mainly because he is so good looking he's pretty. He's SuperHip and that swings with most of the girls, and he's funny and charming and does the work. They respond to all this and feel beautiful and sexy and it all shows on film.

So I have my location, my model, my film, my few ideas. I don't try to push anything, often just putting a girl into a situation and see first what she does, directing her as little as possible. If I over-direct she becomes too much "me" and I do not shoot "her." It is not too difficult to get a model to feel beautiful, sexy and desirable...and after all, that is what we are selling, both of us, and that is what you are buying. My sex is usually a "clean" sex, though sometimes I shoot something really gutty. I don't think I shoot anything "dirty." My models have fun, even when they are looking smouldering and vampish. I always have something nutty for them to do and that loosens them up.

Take the clothes off a pretty girl and she starts reacting right away...not necessarily to me, but to the male image (and I am the male around.) Some models must react to the photographer to "get something going." Almost always this is an impersonal personal reaction. They can turn it off when we have stopped shooting. Once in awhile not, but these are few and far between.

I must have a reaction as a man to a model--then I turn that off and turn on The Photographer and away we go. Very seldom does a model "get" to me. ~~his~~ Usually only when we have had something going on off duty hours--then it is really fun. We can both relax and play and get silly as hell or sexy as hell and just have lots of fun and games. Once in awhile a particular pose or the atmosphere I have created or something will turn me on. Not often. I do not take advantage of this. I do not think it right that I should be able to get the clothes off a girl professionally and then take advantage of it personally. However, I am a man. If I have told two or three models that once they were dressed again I was going to make a pass. The first time I did that the model ended up, in my Creston Drive apartment, wearing nothing but a shorty nightgown. I said okay, shooting's over and started unloading my cameras. Then I noticed she was literally going around the room, hands behind her bare rump, actually whistling softly and looking at things. Well, I've missed a LOT of signals in my life, but this wasn't one of them. I went over to her and said, "You aren't getting dressed." No, she said. "Okay, lady," I said and we took a half-gainer into beddie-bye.

But that is unusual. Usually, I find my professional relationship a handicap. How am I going to bridge that gap I have created? When I was ~~sitting~~ first dating Virginia Gordon I was often early and she always ran late, coming to the door in a towel. Once she saw it was me she often dropped the towel or let it slip and just went on talking to me. Now she has one of the most beautiful bodies God ever built and is a very nice person to boot. "Virginia," I would say, "do you see a camera on me tonight? Tonight, I am a man, Virginia," I would say. "Stop doing that Virginia." She'd go pooh and ask me to rub something on her sunburn where she couldn't reach or just laugh like it didn't matter. I was Good Old Bill. Good Old Bill was used to nudity. Hadn't I shot her many times? Hadn't we spent a week in a motel together? (Making a movie in Nevada.) Hadn't we talked for hours with her naked? Why get upset? I don't think she ever understood.

A number of things have happened during a session that are interesting. Once I was shooting a luscious colored girl in my bed, in my Westbourne Drive apartment, and she was all spread about, looking sexy...and her face changed. She gasped and bolted for the bathroom--leaving a dinner plate size bloodspot. She was so embarrassed I thought she'd never come out of the bathroom.

I've shot lesbians and virgins and nymphs. I shot one girl with her brother looking on. He was a half-brother who just invited himself along every time--I am very suspicious of their relationship. I shot one girl while the man she was living with was hunting for us with blood in his eye. Outside of shooting stills for naked lady movies (a whole later article in itself) I have shot up to four girls at once. (With that many girls it is almost impossible not to get pubic hair at some time or another, a most annoying and money-consuming kind of trouble.) I've found sudden and unexpected guests watching us. I've conducted controlled orgies with two or four girls and up to fourteen others there. I've had girls panic at the thought of other people than me there and others who blossomed with the more eyes on them. I have had girls on cars, in wagons, in yucca "forests", on sand and rocks and hills. (I speak professionally, of course.)

I shoot fantasies. I love to shoot fantasies. The elaborate mirror in a bed of pillows in a forest is wild. A gorilla carrying off Jungle Jane. Jody Lynn on great spires of rock. Cleopatra on the raft. Wendy Wyatt by night on the draped raft, with statues and fruit and trailing lace. Pat Burns in the jungle of seamless. Diane Webber amid the golden brass fantasy of the 18'x36' screen I was making for Bernard Rosenthal--my first professional nude, my second nude and it is still selling. The wives of two friends, long ago, wearing magnificent, hand-made jewelry that looked at though it had come direct from Conan or Ur. Shirlee Quimby on the pillows before a John Smith tapestry. Colette Berbe and Pat O'Connell surrounded by cattle skulls and stuffed dinosaurs and plastic hand grenades, SF fans, movie gangsters and swords. Cindy Carr and Shirlee in a fantasy of costumes with Judy and Maggie, spreading confetti and wildness from one end of Tommie Mitchell's great studio to the other. Hope Hathaway with her solid, beautiful body taking a milk bath in Granville Vail's tub. Martha Bolling in the rain, AnnNita Burkhardt in the puffs of flowers, Lorraine Campbell behind the huge Number One. Pooh Blair on the golden rug, seen from a high ladder. Virginia Gordon at the ancient, weathered gold mine. Virginia, Marli Renfro, Pattie Brooks and others in the waters of the Colorado at the dawn of time, or leaping from the boat to run naked over the sand dunes in purest, wildness. Virginia, Marli and Lisa Drake in high heels and long black gloves and nothing else, lifting glasses of champagne to invite everyone to the Venus Organization opening. Carol Bailey leaping from the waters of the Peteler pool, frozen into a million droplets. Leigh Sands floating under the waterfall at Bill Edward's' marvelous tropical pool. Marcia Jordan, Tracy James and Dawn McAdams doing a Charade Strip at the "party" we threw. Five models posing for a film that never appeared. All the girls at the strip joints, in that strange backstage world of burlesque. Joanne Roblo in the forest of great yucca blooms. Joanne Labonar in the green-green-green grass. Allyson Roberts embracing the huge paper lantern. Zsu-zsa Barnacky stretched across a table. LaRaine Shane in the trees, draped with beads and quite wild at being naked out in the open. Denise Daniels photographed as sculpture. Monique Monet dancing on a high terrace. Yvonne Victor with a huge glass jar. Judy House reflected in the polished floor. Tina Freigang and the thick lei, standing in the stream in Hawaii. Penny Bello draped in fabric. Sherry Darnell glistening with sweat in Honolulu. Rita Merrill coy against the wall, Barbara Frances, seven months pregnant and looking good, due to camera

magic. Lubi Lopez, squirming over a dozen locations, her body the Ultimate Vamp, her face the virginal oval. Misty Shafer through the blur of a vaselined cel. Cathy Crowfoot by the statue and special hammock...reflected in the mirror in the trees... high in a bare tree...her indolent walk too much to believe. Marilyn Savage all bust and hot mouth in the flower peach tree. Connie Hudson making gag shots. Jeanne Lambert looking like a movie star, all smiles and flesh. Louise Lawson and her professional sex appeal, professional innocence and artful poses. Bonnie Dewberry and Donna Hannaberry in paired beauty on fantasy carpets. Carol Luis in an ancient wagon, Diona Lawrence all coffee-color in the blue-green leaves, Rene Roberts against the chinese screen. Monica Strand oiling herself, draped in lace, Scanadavian lusty. Palva Itano by Edwards' pool, black hair like brush strokes, Basic Sex and hot eyes, strung with savage beads and golden dark. Sandy Galisa on the rocks, with the Pacific spray breaking over her, exotic and long-haired, muu-muu plastered to golden hips. Cathy Curtis all soaped and clean. Tonia van Deters against a background drop of Los Angeles, Barbara Bowman in the ancient oak, like a druid wench. Robin James with the golden mirror, raising her arms to the sun. Monica, Cathy, Lubi, Connie, Penny, Christmas and others all wet from the movie-flung water, a pink and tan cyclorama of flesh. Ivana Noltz's three times reflected image in the mirrors. Elaine "Baby Bubbles" Jones' strip, Eva St Pierre on the double seamless with the suspended gold angels, Joy Lowe holding a yard-wide snowflake and later, nude in the bridle path. Eve Lesley and Paula Angelos and tall, cool Gaby in the Black Magic sets, trapped virgins lit by candle flames. Pegga

and Patty cavorting. Erica Hardy with the mirror in the shower with her, the huge 5-foot-reflection. Vicky Sierre, Cathy, "Woody Hills" and Lubi in the dark, evil Black Magic set. Janice, with her incredible bosom. Pat Burns in the tropical fancy of Edwards' garden. Wendy Wyatt with the colored lights drawn around her. Jackie DeWitt in the all-pink set, a sex-fiend's dream. Althea Currier dancing to unheard music. Lucki Wynn faking an orgasm, Donna Padilla delighted with her busty walk, Judy Sille on her first pro assignment, embracing a huge broadsword. Lisa Collins swinging like Tarzan from a tree--and appropriately dressed. Jody Lynn under the red lights. Vickie Kay dancing in the spurts of smoke in the science-fiction set with the many color wheels going.

All these and more. Real and unreal settings. Real and unreal women. Beauty and beasts. Fun and games.

So now let's see...what interesting things happened at the studios? This sort of thing happens all the time, in various ways: the busts of girls get bigger and smaller at various times...menstruation, pregnancy, growing up, etc. One girl would say, See, I'm getting bigger again and pull up her shirt and stick her boobs into my face, or almost. Sometimes she is wearing a bra and sometimes not. If she is it is often the kind that the straps hook at the very sides, letting her turn the cup top under so that her nipples can stick



over the top to give them a very interesting silhouette or impression under the blouse. Come look at me, now, Bill, she might say and drag me off to show me how they've gained or lost or whatever. Sometimes it is just to show off and sometimes it is trying to drum up business.

This happened one night: I come by the studio to kiss everyone Happy Thanksgiving and I get kidnapped outside by Vicky Sierre and Suzie Dolving, two blonde, very bosomy Swedish girls, 21 and 19. (I kidnap easy, even in Volkswagens.) They have only a few minutes to rush to Sears to buy a pair of blouses, because they want to go out after ten, after work that night. So Vicky almost hits a car--it is only my yell that prevents it--and I make her let me drive back. They go racing into Sears and people's eyes actually bugged. Big, blonde, tight light cotton t-shirts over those huge busts, black pants, skin tight, and those silly high black boots girls have taken to wearing. They stride in and the sea of people part. I'm wearing my Nazi submarine commander black leather raincoat and they are wearing shorter versions of the same. It breaks me up. A bit later Suzie and I are standing chest deep in dress racks and I say, "Come on, you can't have lost any in your bust like you say." Sure, I have, she says and rips up the t-shirt to show her deepcut bra, top curled under...and we are three feet from a HUGE window on Santa Monica Boulevard.

An other time Bill Jordan was trying out a new 8mm camera and Robin James runs out into the yard of the house that is the studio complex, waits until Bill is set and opens her blouse...with heavy traffic twenty feet away. At the studio next door to Bill's I was standing there talking to Bill, who was temporarily running things while Terry Collins, the headmistress of that establishment, was baring her really fine figure for an amateur. We both look up to see her creeping carefully down the hall, timidly holding a towel over her breasts and belly. Anyone there? she asks. No, we say. Oh, she says, and throws the towel over her shoulder and goes rummaging through a cupboard. A few days later I am in Bill's and one of the models from the other studio comes running in, yelling there is a peeping tom. Bill investigates, finds that some creep had found a way into the attic and had bored holes in the ceiling of each studio. He ran him off, rather than arrest him and get more publicity of the type they don't need.

I like Bill's place best because he treats the girls well and they like him and his girls are just fun. They don't want to be hookers (a fate a lot of pretty girls with no talent or a lot of laziness end up with) but they do want to have fun. I usually do not date any of the girls in the studios, but date the free-lance models. There are a few exceptions, however. I do try to maintain a professional detachment. This prompts some of the ladies to see if they can get a rise out of me. It has happened that I've been talking to Bill or some other model when one of the girls is literally crawling on me. I ignore the whole thing and/or make remarks and treat the whole affair like "You mean girls don't crawl on everyone?" Besides, since it is not going to do me any good at the moment, why get excited? Althea Currier, a free-lance model and a stripper at the Largo, LA's finest strip joint, loves to do this sort of thing. I just keep on talking to her roommate, Jackie De-Witt, and ignore Althea with her head in my lap trying to look up my nose to see why my sniffer doesn't work...or having her rub perfume in her cleavage and try to trap my unfunctional nose in there...or something.

Such things are fun and games, all right, but hardly real. I want a real woman, not a fantasy, or something playing games, as much fun as games can be. Nudity holds no great LUST for me. It's great, I love it, but I just can't turn off the real world for it...except when I have a camera in my hand.

Anything else you'd like to know, people?

INTERNATIONAL FAME COMES TO WILLIAM ROTSLER

Michele Saroyan was across the border in Mexico. Her mother was getting insurance on her car for their brief stay there. Bored in the tiny dusty office she leaned on a counter and idly scanned a hideously printed throw-away sheet called "Tijuana HELLO!" She read about what the peso can buy and lists of national fiestas and why Tijuana is a shortened way to say Tia Juana and such garbage. Then she flipped over the "newspaper" to find some fillers, read them ("An orgy is the friendliest thing six people can do") and flipped: it was credited to me. (IT's not mine but a paraphrasing of "Sex is the friendliest thing two people can do" by Walt Willis.) Just above that was "He who frights and runs away... lives to run away another day," by Bob Shaw.

I wonder where they got the quotes? I don't think these got in my Pageant column. There's been a leak in fandom!

Addenda One: Poor Walt. Just about every time Pageant uses something of his they credit it to other people, mostly me. I've told them time and again that I can't expect people to send me quotations if they think I'm going to steal them. I don't, people--really I don't. You will find the quotations properly credited in my Giant Quotebook Manuscript, which is now bulging three LARGE binders.

Addenda Two: And that leads us very nicely into a plug for (you guessed it!) QUOTEBOOK. I still can use quotes. Pageant says they intend to continue the column (or whatever you call the bottom half of two pages) indefinitely... so I need more quotes. I can still make you immortal. So far they have used quotes by Gerald C. FitzGerald, Rick Sneary, Bob Bloch, Bob Shaw, Dean Grennell, Willis, Steve Tolliver, Dale Frey, John Magnus, Ted Johnstone, HYPHEN, Ron Fleshman, Abney Rotsler, Arthur C. Clarke, Bruce Pelz, Terry Carr, Charles Burbee, Richard Bergeron, Dan Easton, Eric Frank Russell, Ray Nelson, Dan McPhail, Larry Maddock, Redd Boggs and lots of others. Those of you who have had their names stolen from their quotes by the magazine (sic) don't despair: in the same column they put my name on your quote they have put someone else's name on my quote! cAnd more than once!

So be brave! Live dangerously! Send quotes!

A POT OF POURII

I've learned a new word. It doesn't exactly spring easily to the tongue but I'm carrying it around in my vocabulary (like an empty Coke bottle rattling around in the back seat) waiting for a place to use it. The word is "muliebrous" and it means, in reference to women, the same as virile in reference to men.

You've all read this before, but I want to record it in my personal file. Both Lincoln and Kennedy were concerned with civil rights issues. Lincoln was elected President in 1860, Kennedy in 1960. Both were slain on Friday, in the presence of their wives. Both were shot in the head. Their successors, both named Johnson, were Southern Democrats and previously served in the U. S. Senate. Andrew Johnson was born in 1808, Lyndon Johnson was born

in 1908. John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, was born in 1839, Lee Harvey Oswald in 1939. Kennedy had a secretary named Lincoln. Lincoln had a secretary named Kennedy.

I've always found that eerie. There's another "fact" floating around... I forget the details... something about every President elected every twenty years on even numbered years gets shot.

I just found another note, left out of my account of my trip to Hawaii and Washington, recorded in Kteic Magazinex #117. It's a little lecture on patriotism and it goes like this:

I don't think patriotism has gone out of style. I am not "embarrassed" to be patriotic. I think there should be "one world" but I don't think the French should forget the Maginot Line and the Louis. I don't think the British should forget Agincourt and the Battle of Britain. The Aussies shouldn't forget the Lybian desert of the Israelis forget the Negev. The Russians should not let Stalingrad (by any other name) slip from their cultural memories.

We should always be proud of Concord and Valley Forge, of the Argonne and Tarawa and Wake and Corregidor and Korea. We should never forget Pearl Harbor--nor should the Japanese--or that little walk back from the Inchon Reservoir. These were times that us what we are, more than hot dogs or TV or baseball series. These battles are the violent, hard-to-take parts of becoming a country, becoming a culture, of growing up.

It is easy to say there should be no war. I agree, But I also say that if there is no war then there must be a place where men, individually, in groups, in whole countries and cultures, must test themselves. That was part of Heinlein's meaning in "Glory Road" and, in another sense, in "Starship Trooper." That's the part of the books that science fiction fans--who are noticeably shy, untested and virginal to the world,--rejected.

Now I'm not a flag-draped patriot or a reactionary or a war monger. I just think that if there is no war there must be something. If the "emerging countries" of Africa, for example, want to join the Family of Nations, then they must either grow up or stay out. There is a sickness that seems unfightable in the world, that of giving democracy to EVERYONE. Living in a democracy is something that should be earned, developed, built. If you say a country or a people is not ready for self-governing then you are a reactionary or an obstructionist. There must be a way to have these countries grow, mature and join the rest of us. If they didn't struggle, then they would not "emerge", and that's all right by me, that is, they should earn the right to sit at out table. Earn it by their own sane efforts. We did. Every culture did. Who are the Africans or anyone to be given Instant Democracy. Maybe democracy isn't what they would have if they evolved it. Let them build their own culture their own way... then they will have a country to be patriotic about, not a hand-me-down government.

We Americans had a tremendous start on the rest of the world. We came to a rich, virgin land when our background cultures were advanced enough to develop it. The whole world needs a frontier. We need "a place to go"... which is the best reason for the space program I can think of. Even if only a handful of men in the next hundred years get past the Moon it will still be worth it. Millions can dream of the escape route from The Mud Ball. It is the Frontier of the Future.

Boy, when I veer, I veer!