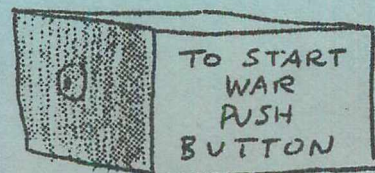
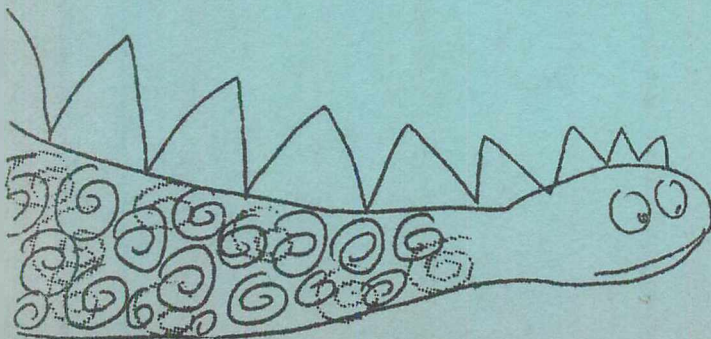


THE TATTOOED DRAGON AND HIS ELECTRIC WHING-A-DING

WILLIAM ROTSLER



THE TATTOOED DRAGON AND HIS ELECTRIC WHING-A-DING

by William Rotsler

Published 1964 by the Rose and Hawk Press in an edition of 200 copies of which
this is Number

36

and is especially inscribed for

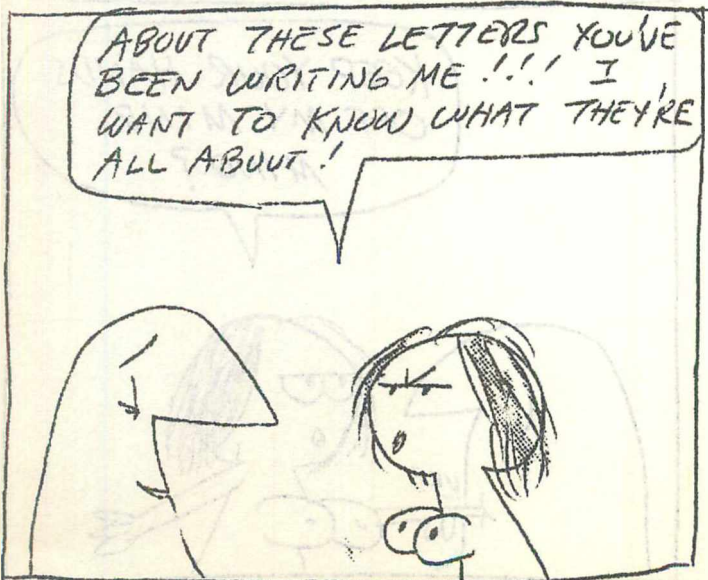
PROLOGUE

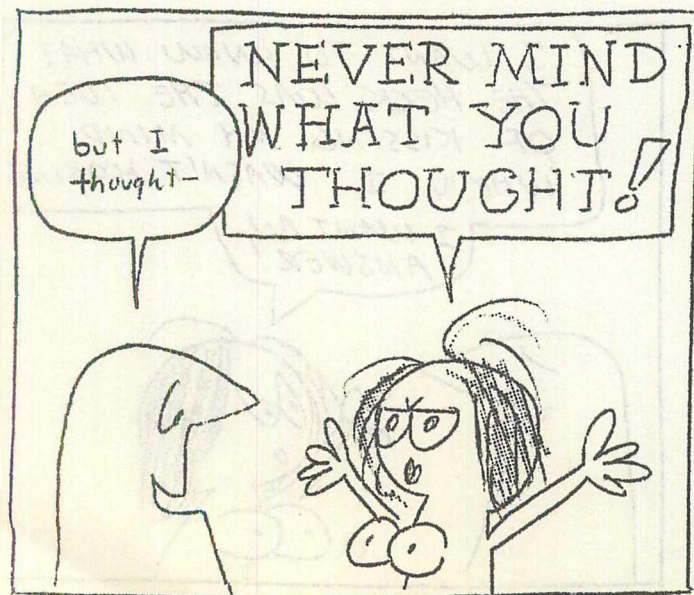
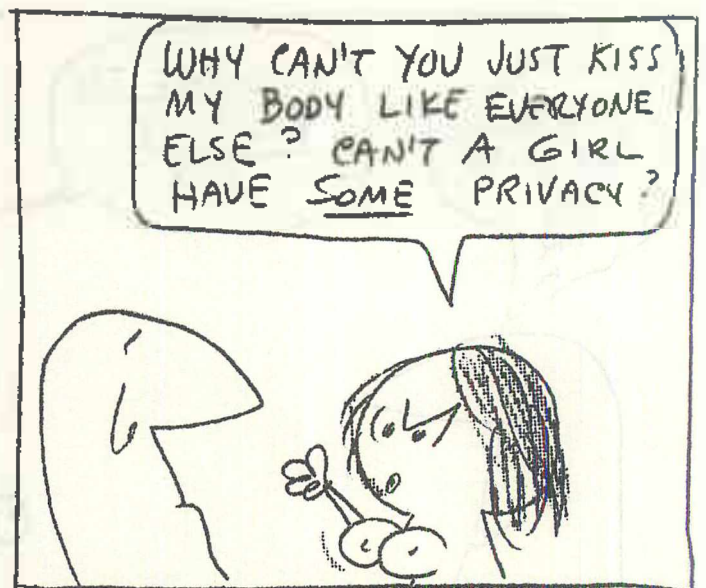
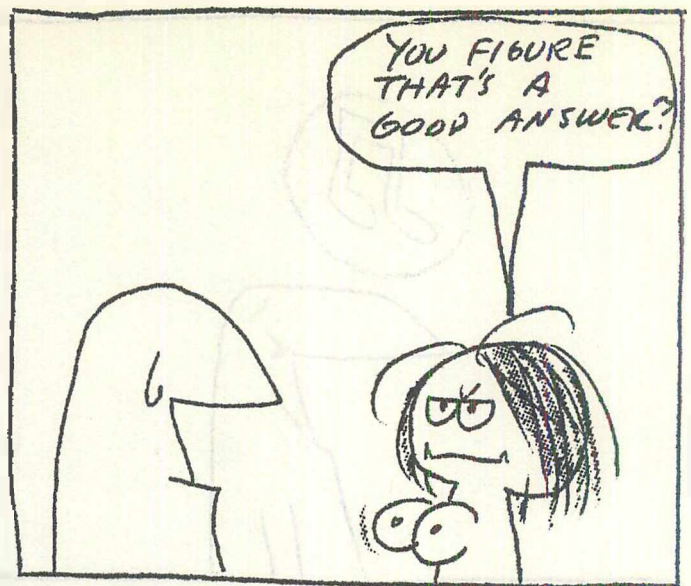
There are some women you don't have to know for half a lifetime to like and enjoy. I met one of these a half hour before she was to leave for Chicago. She was dressed sturdily and sloppily against the winter's snow and the boring car trip ahead. She looked far more like a lesbian than a stripper but was quite a woman. I haven't seen her since but she caused the pictorial parts of this book to happy. Her name is Toy Walker.

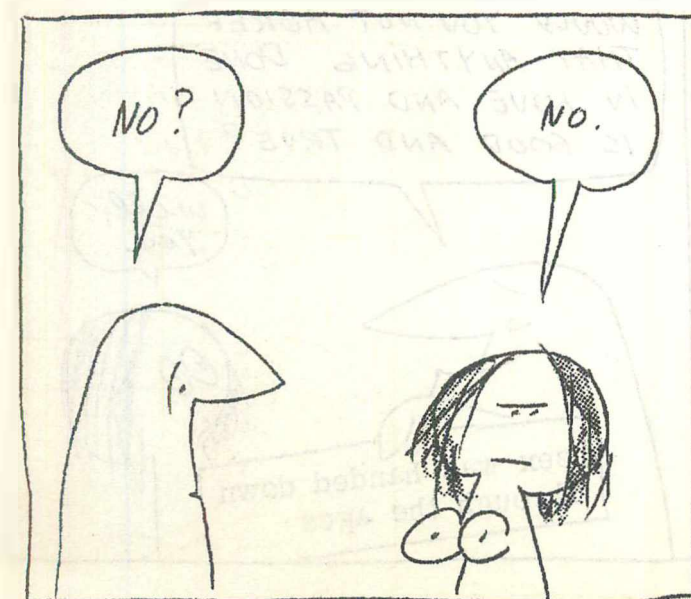
DEDICATION

See Above.

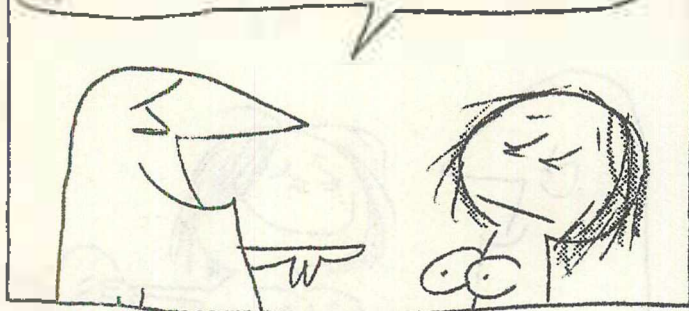
Printed by Redd Boggs, Los Angeles, February, 1964



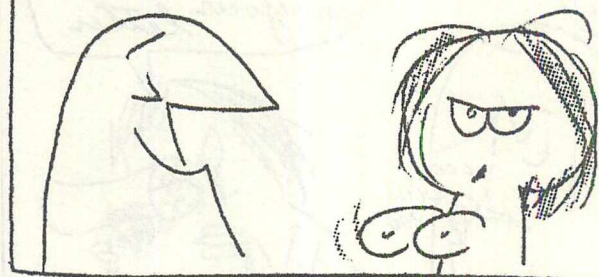




OKAY I'LL EXPLAIN SEX TO YOU IN A FRANK AND HONEST MANNER, IN A FRANK AND HONEST ATTEMPT AT HUMAN COMMUNICATION



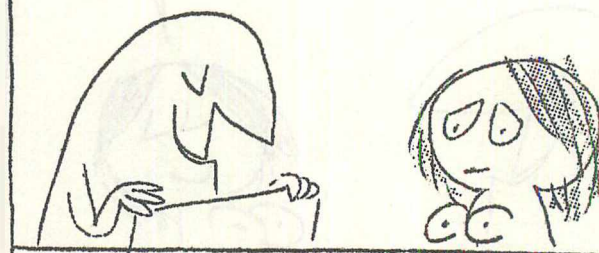
That means he's going to talk dirty



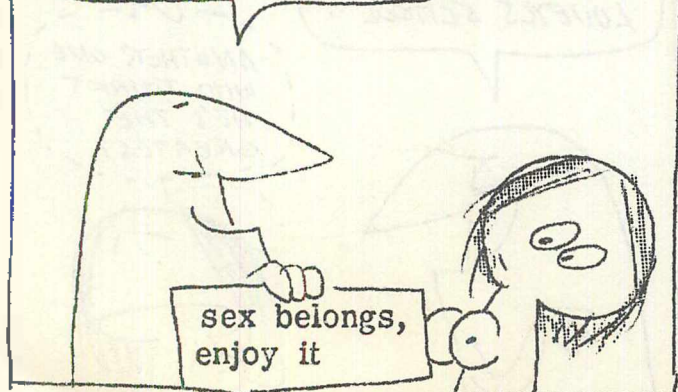
WELL, TO BEGIN WITH CHARLES BURBEE INVENTED SEX IN 1927. IT WAS EITHER INVENTING SEX OR BUBBLE GUM AND HE CHOSE GLORY INSTEAD OF MONEY AND INVENTED SEX RIGHT OFF THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.



REMEMBER THAT SEX IS LOVE WITH THE LUMPS TOOK OUT - AND THAT ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

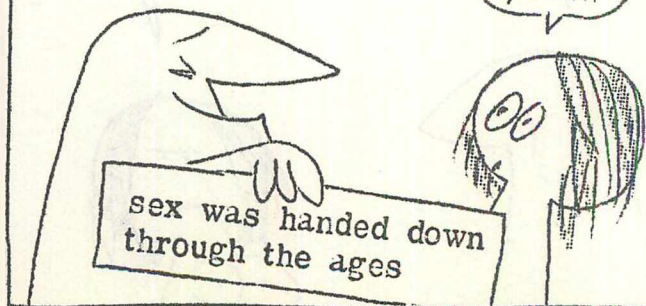


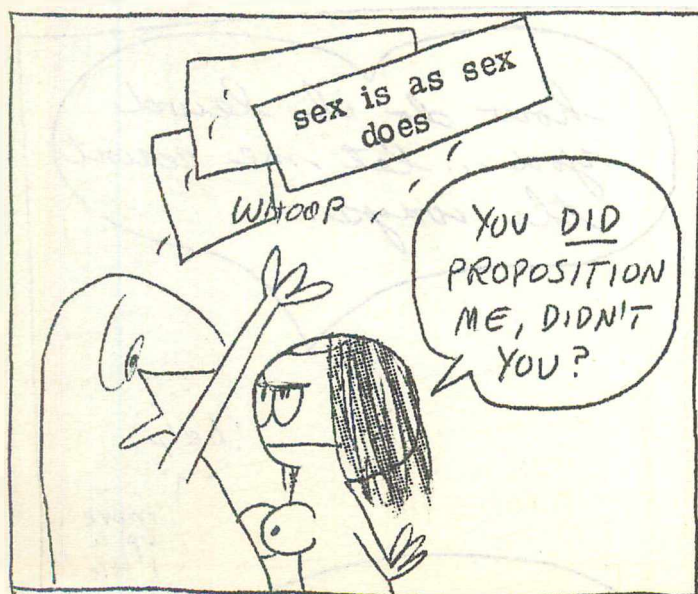
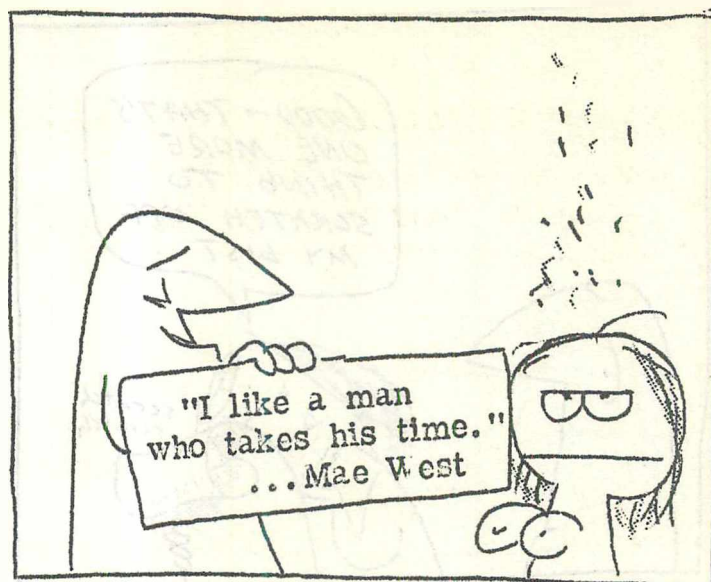
PIERRE LA MURE WROTE THAT LOOKS DO NOT COUNT IN THE PERFORMANCE OF LOVE

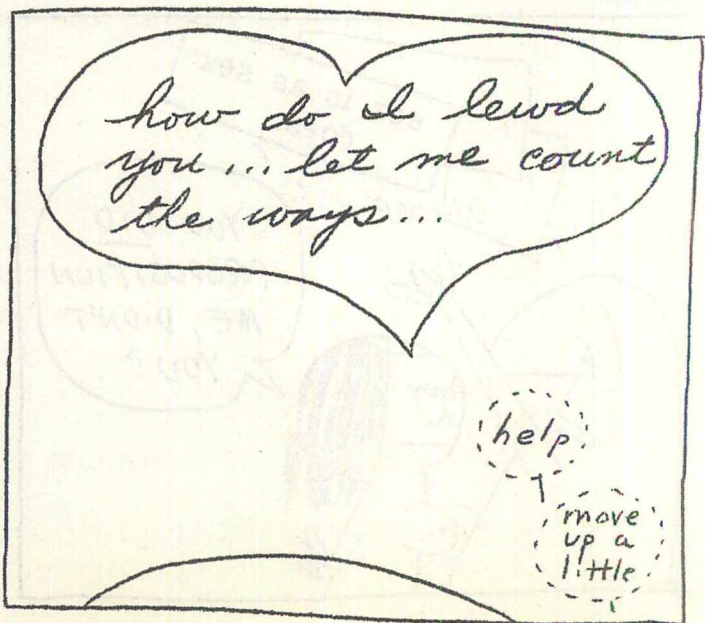
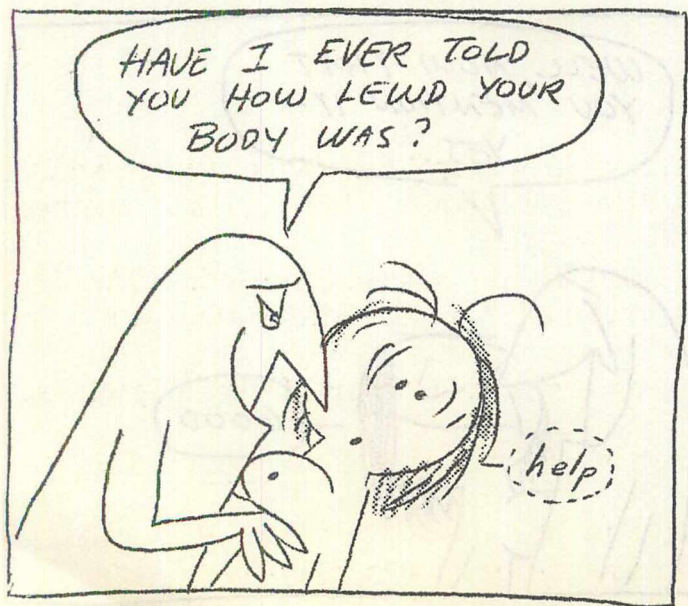
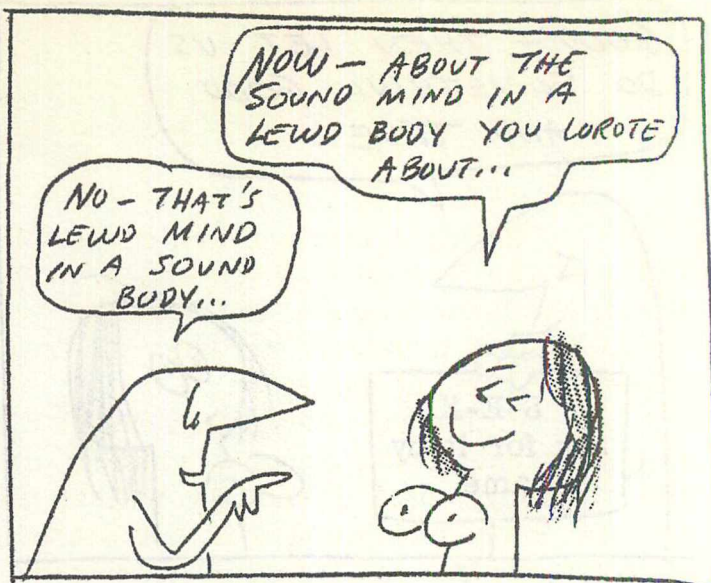


WOULD YOU NOT AGREE THAT ANYTHING DONE IN LOVE AND PASSION IS GOOD AND TRUE?

well, yes...







THE WAR

The night crashed and cried with the sound and fury of the last great battle of the War of the Magicians. The blackness swirled and split as desperate sorcerers hurled spells and launched screaming harpies into the smoky skies. Black knights thundered on huge chargers. Banners rose and fell, lit by the red flames of burning castles.

Frightened apprentices hurried from ruined monuments clutching armloads of parchments and stoppered vials of batblood. Ogres lumbered about, crushing and maiming, until downed by valiant pikemen or chanting magicians. Naked witches were pale smears in the starless sky, pinpointing incantations and dropping rocks.

The dragon legions charged and died and rose again to spread green-scaled death. Enchanted swords sang in air thick with smoke and smell and flying arrows. Heroic shields were raised, bloodied, downed. A knight rose like a giant on a plunging white steed, slashing about with wild cries in a strange tongue, then clutched at his breast and fell.

Hooded figures prayed and sacrificed bewildered virgins to gods they never knew. An empress deigned a knight to kiss her gown before he mounted an armored beast who delivered him to death. The battle whirled and clashed and deathless armies died. The centaurs charged with their strange war cries and a wizard brought down a rain of molten gold.

The battle was not going well. The wounded were crying. A sobbing angel with a broken wing limped past. A son of the Minotaur fell by the road, twitching and twisting. The sky purpled, then bloodied, as a magician misread an incantation. Nightmare things fluttered and fell among the cabalistic chalk marks.

There were cries and a sudden thunder of knights...

"Wake up, Ryan!"

Helmeted soldiers raised a forest of swords...

"Ryan! Please, Ryan!"

"No! Fall back to the Temple!"

"Ryan! Wake up, Ryan!"

"What?" I was somewhere else, bathed in sweat, and there was a woman bending over me. Gloria. The sounds of battle were gone. "Oh...I had another dream?"

"You had a beaut." She sat on the edge of the bed and smiled. The bedstand lamp was on. The night was quiet and cool. I could hear the faint rumble of traffic. "Want to tell me about it?" she asked.

"It was the War again. The...the magic war, the War of the Magicians."

"Bad?"

"Worst yet. I'm into the last big battle, I think. It's so real! They overran us--!"

She grabbed me and hugged me tightly to her bosom. "Take it easy, honey," she said, patting my shoulders. "Easy, darling, it's only--"

"I'm okay. Only a dream? I...well, I don't think so. I don't know what it is. It's...it's too real. Oh, I know, it's magic and there are knights

and sorcerers...but, it's real!" I grabbed at her. "It's more real than Korea! It's more real to me than Inchon and I left two toes at Inchon!"

She made soothing sounds and held me.

"What's happening to me, honey? Am I going mad? Night after night..."

"Hush, darling. They're just dreams..."

"No. You don't believe that and neither do I. It may be happening inside my head, and maybe it's happening...somewhere...some...when." I pulled away and sat up. "Everynight, every dream gets me farther into the War...but a different kind of 'war'." I couldn't sleep now. I didn't dare sleep.

I glanced at the clock. Five. Eighteen, nineteen hours to sleep-time again. H-hour minus nineteen. I stood up and tried not to look at Gloria. I went to the window. It was lighter. Dawn was not far off. The Night on Bare Mountain was over.

I turned my back on the battlefield and went into the bathroom.

Dr. Easton was kind and listened with a straight face. He gave me some pills and some easy advice about rest, relaxation, tension and so forth. H-hour minus ten.

Gloria poured wine into a chilled glass and smiled across the candlelight and tried talk, food, romance and sex to distract me. I doubled the good doctor's suggested dosage, then fought it at the last slipping moments...

I rolled over and came up fast, holding my shield over me. Steel rained on my battered symbol and I thrust and slashed at nightmarish figures. A snarling werewolf platoon leaped past me with bared fangs and I turned away toward the shattered tower where the battalion commanders hunched over smoky mirrors and bubbling pots.

A badly constructed man-thing lurched onto the steps ahead of me and I cut at it with impatient savagry. Nearly headless, it fell towards me, hung with stiffening fingers on my shield and looked into my face with dead eyes. I shouldered it aside and it fell with a clatter unhead in the screaming din.

The stairs curved around the tower, littered with shards of discarded armor and scraps of charred parchment. A hairy soldier in leather armor gave me a sullen salute and the thick oak door swung open.

Headquarters. Red-lit by cauldron fires and milk reflections from the battle mirrors. A white-skinned, hawk-nosed magician jerked his hooded head at me. "Well?" he snorted impatiently.

"Let me out!" I shouted at him.

"What? Why? Cowardice? Desertion?" He raised an arm and his long fingers pointed at me.

"No! For God's sake, wake me up! Let me out of this!"

A nearby wizard cursed and threw me a frightening glance. Red smoke imploded into a hollowed skull and the magician raged at me. "See what you've done? You've upset the incantations with your incautious curses! Out! Go! Back to the battle!"

"In the name of all that's holy," I cried, "let me out!"

Two hooded heads snapped up and I heard cursing that was not the formal, chanting cursing of the spell-makers.

"OUT!" screamed the face before me. Then I was.

The steps curved downwards and away into the battle. A witch fell and slammed against the stone, her naked body bloody and burnt. On the other side of the saw-toothed hill a rain of fire silhouetted rearing stallions and hurtling dwarfs. I ran down the steps, bloody sword in hand. I must get away! Run!

The enameled shells of a company of centurions forced me to turn towards the depression where goblins clawed and tore at something and naked Valkyries fought cloaked Nubians with fiery valor.

A brace of elementals rose before me. My sword was useless against their ethereal danger. Fear and panic came to smash me for they seemed to devour me...bit by bit...wholly...all...

"Ryan! Please, Ryan!"

...I ran. I leaped a fallen column and splashed through puddles of water, stained with swirls of blood. A centaur thrashing in his death throes kicked me into a rotting dragon not yet dead. I ran again, scraping slime from me with my sword hand.

I fell against a knight turned to stone and panted with heaving chest. My sword was gone. My armor was dragging me to the ground, to rest, to the grave. I lurched on, running, fleeing.

A trumpeting dragon crashed over the ridge, its flailing claws shattering and tumbling the frozen company of knights. Stone arms and stone heads rolled and broke again. Another great flame-mouthed beast, ridden by a laughing madman amid the spines, came over the crest and the two monsters fought across the forest of granite soldiers.

They were gone, suddenly, kicking clods of dirt and flesh. I was alone, hanging limply over a wounded statue. The sounds of battle moved away and at last I slowly raised my head.

At the head of his granite warriors a crested knight stood bravely, an unchanged sword in his hand, held upright by the blade. The sword was a thousand miles away. I told my muscles to move, then I cursed and commanded them.

Then I was holding the hilt and looking into the sculptured eyes of a marble king. I tugged and strained, then pulled again as I heard the sounds of battle again.

Slowly the sword came from the marble hands and blood oozed from between the fingers. It was free and alive in my hands! The face of the statue altered but I was already leaping away.

From the ridge I saw legions of demons cavorting on the fallen bodies. Satyrs were carrying their naked booty to humid lairs. The ghouls were at their work. Dragons feasted. An empress was stripped by firelight. Something howled and something growled and something moaned.

I raised my sword and cried the name of my God.

Pale and sweaty faces turned toward me. Swords hissed from scabbards. Hydra-heads turned. Animal eyes glared through armored visors. They stirred. They moved.

"Ryan...Ryan...please..."

Silently they came on.

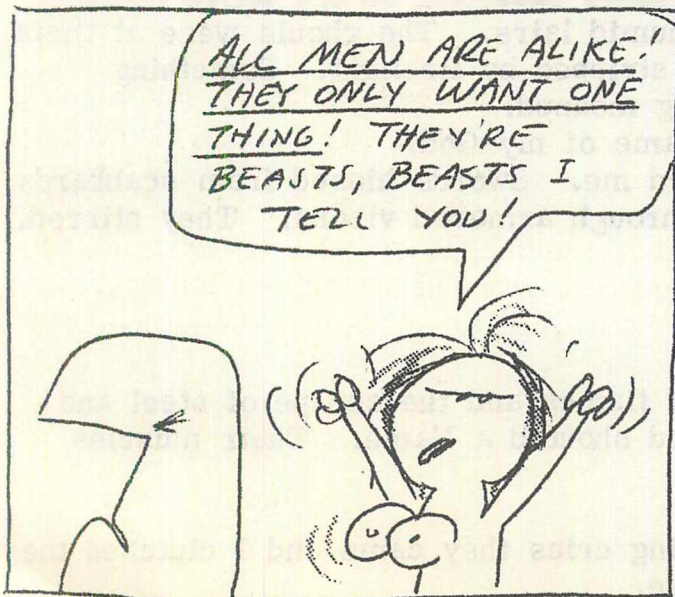
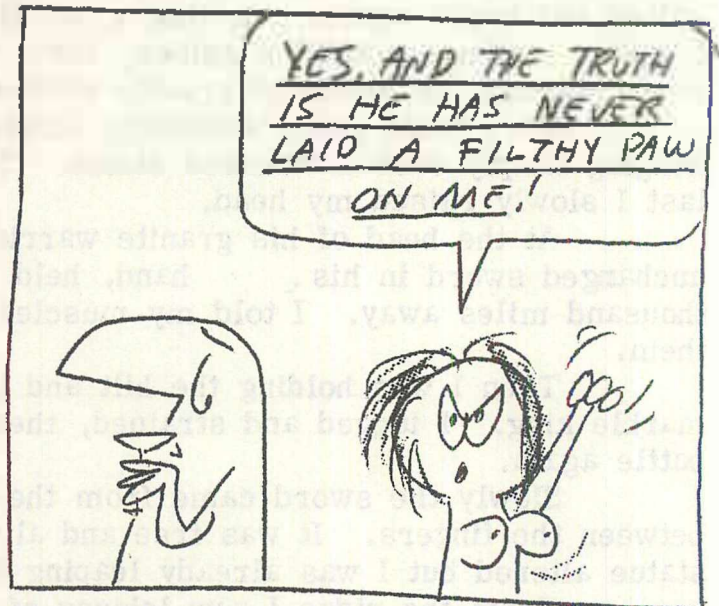
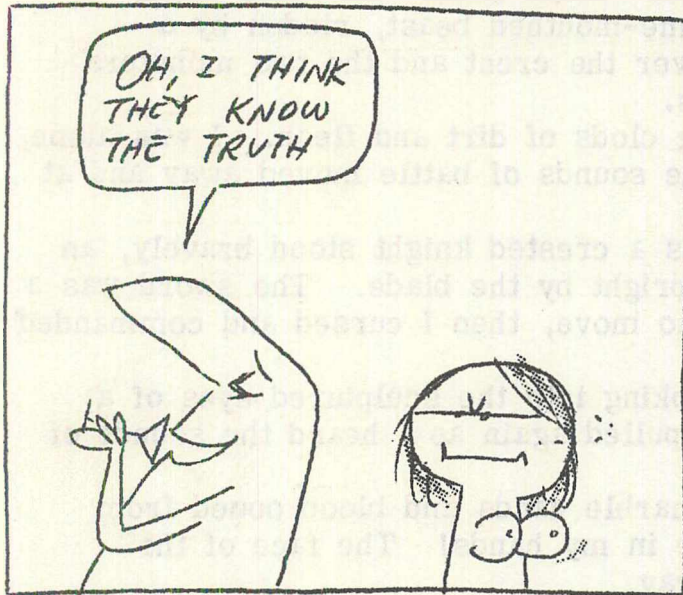
"Darling...?"

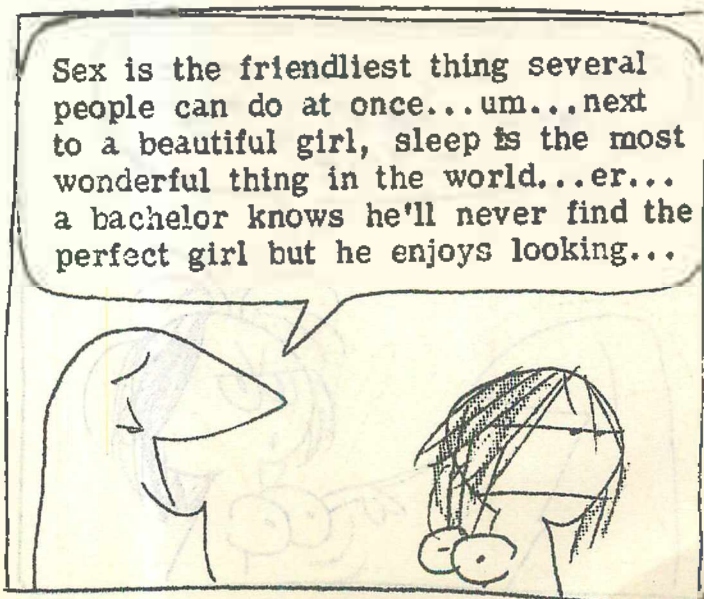
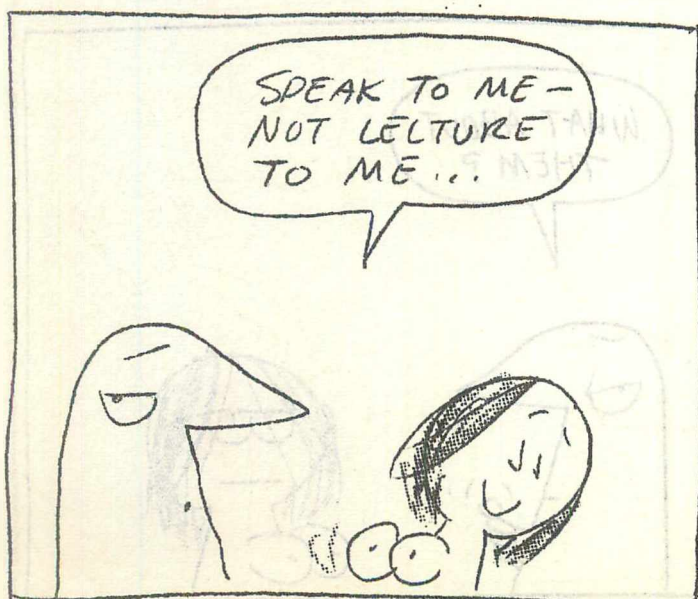
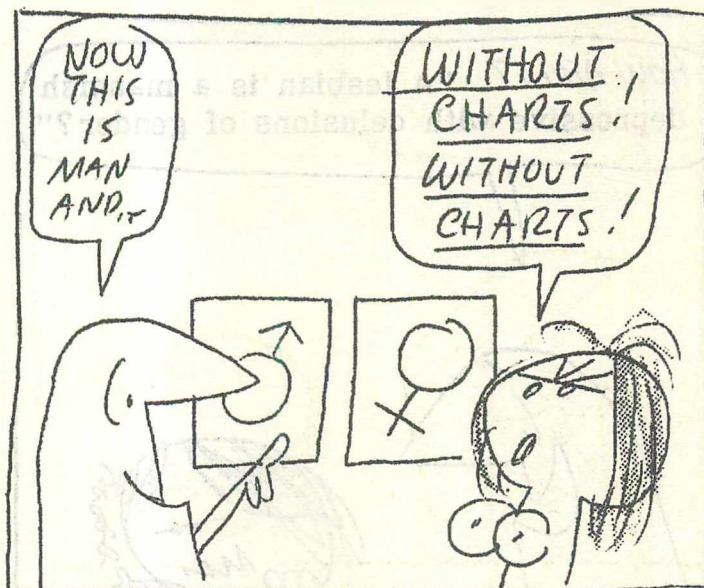
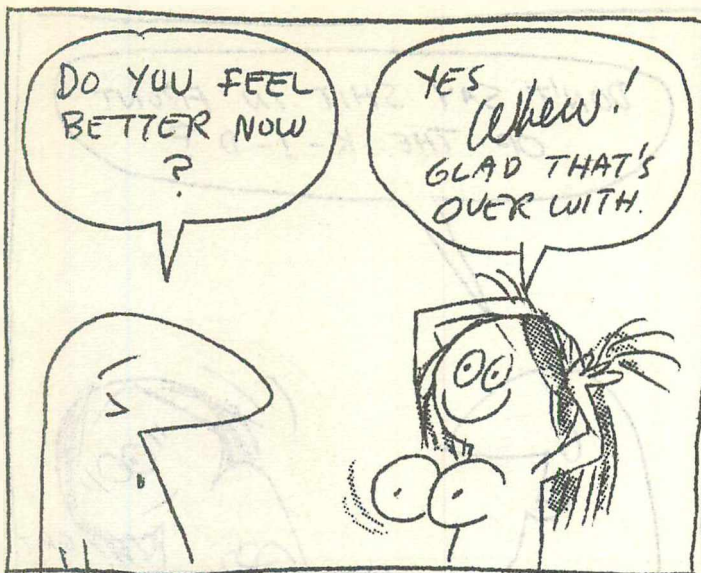
The only sounds were the crackle of flames and the scrape of steel and claws. I thrust my sword into the night and shouted a Name. Their muscles bunched for the charge.

"Ryan, for God's sake--wake up!"

With a sudden surge of throat-ripping cries they came and I clutched the sword with both hands and screamed a curse.

"Ryan, wake up! Ryan? Ryan? Ryan, where are you?"





A gentleman will give you a present,
but the other kind will give you a
past...er...if it has to be women or
drink, take women, because drink
always leads to women but women
don't necessarily lead to drink...uh...
the perfect lady is not the perfect
woman...umm...er...



DON'T SAY SHIT IN FRONT
OF THE K-I-D?



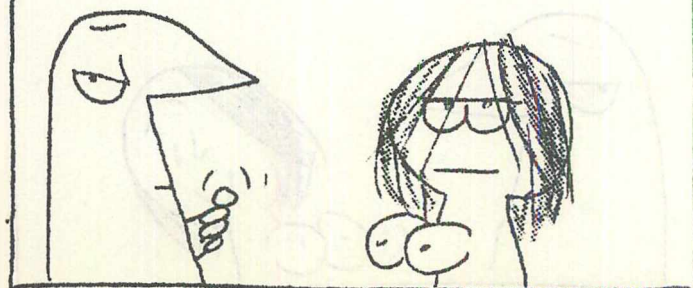
HOW ABOUT "A lesbian is a mannish
depressive with delusions of gender?"

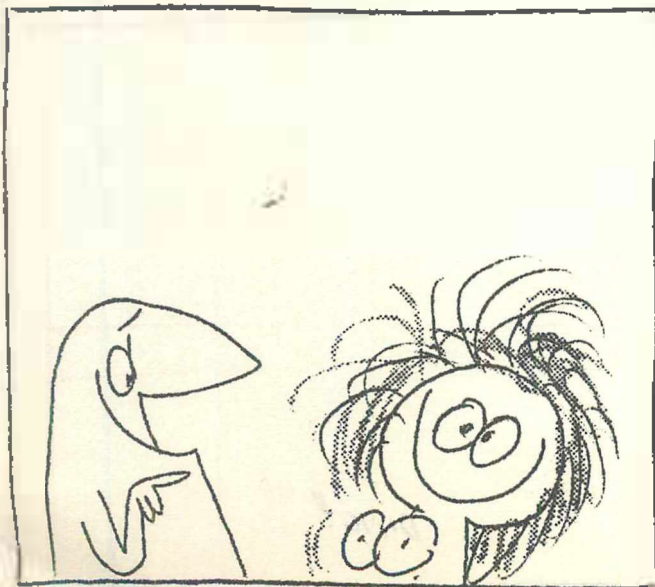
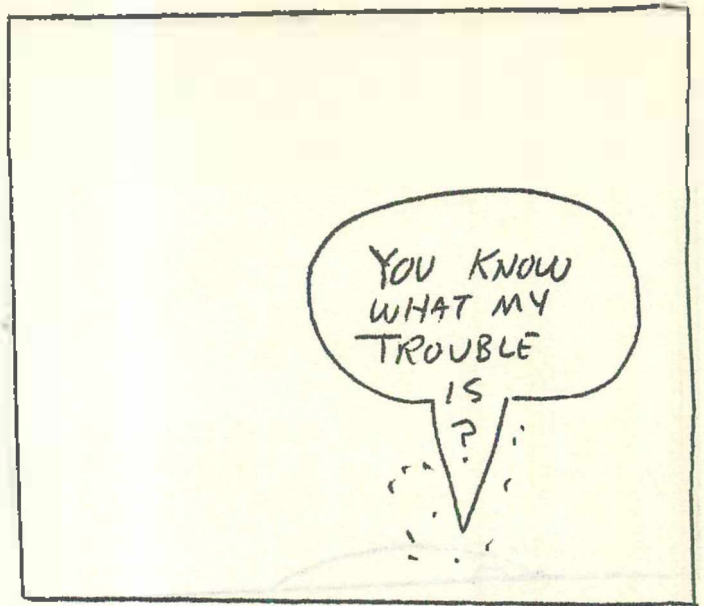
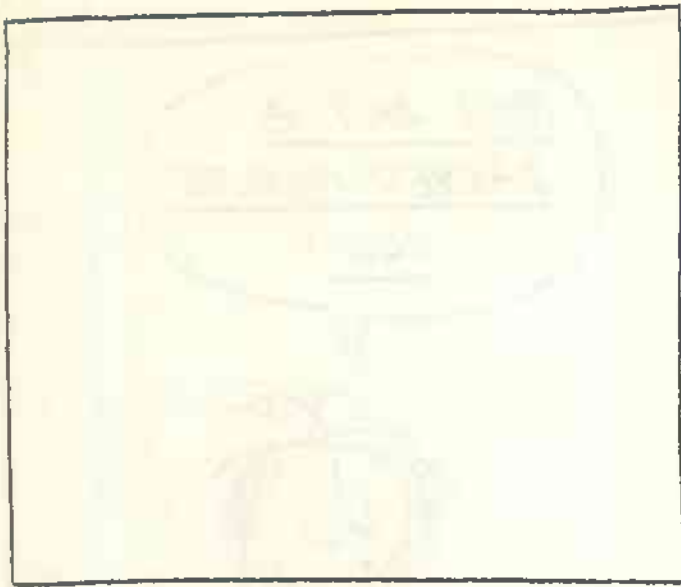


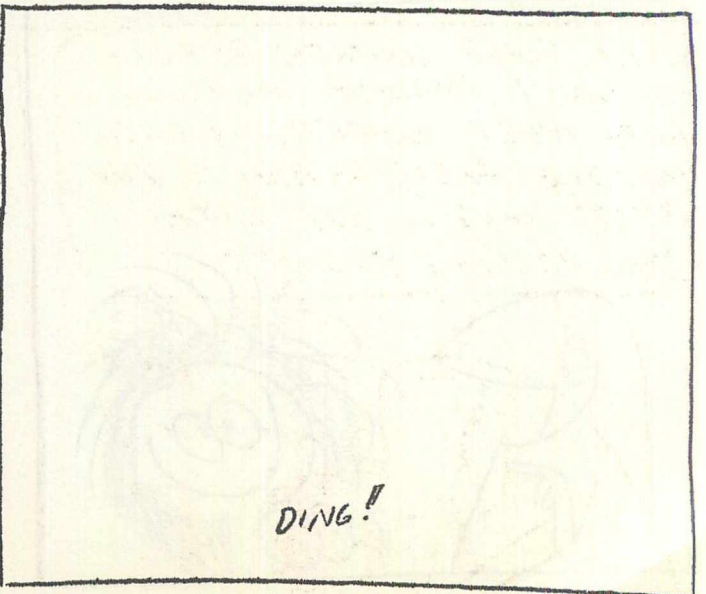
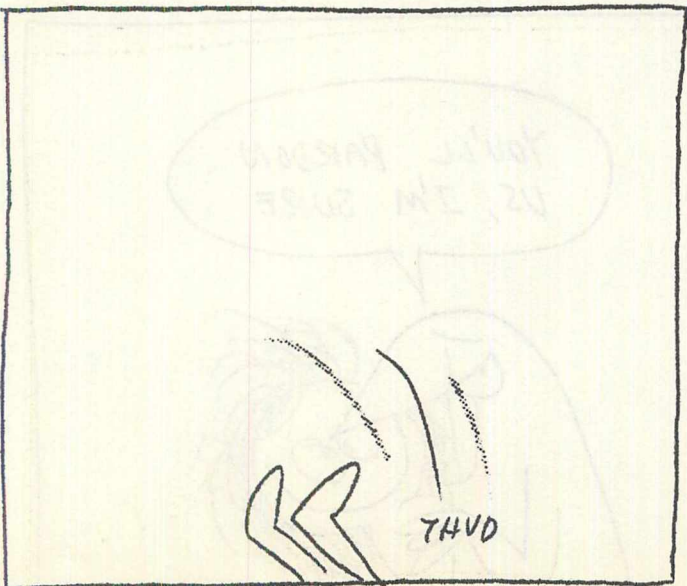
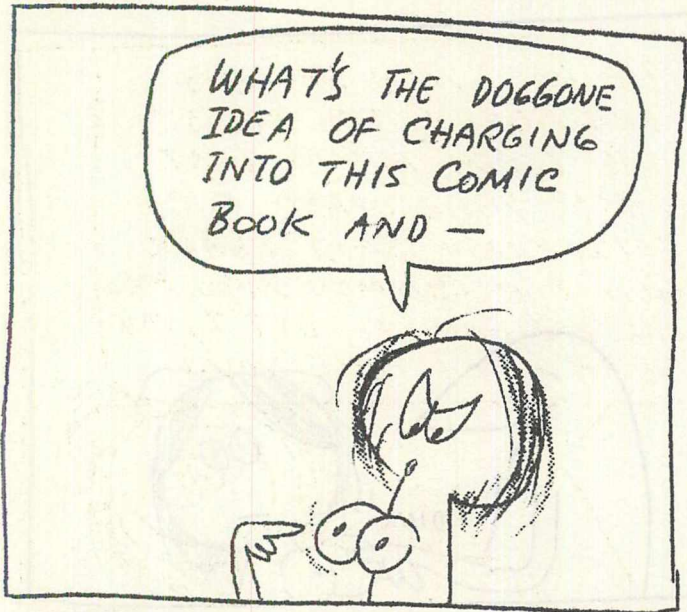
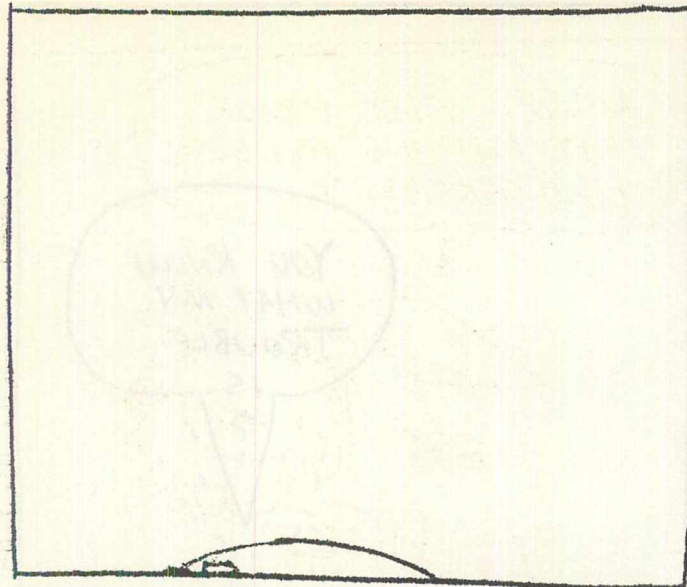
TALK, TALK, TALK, TALK!
MAN, WHERE'S THE
ACTION?

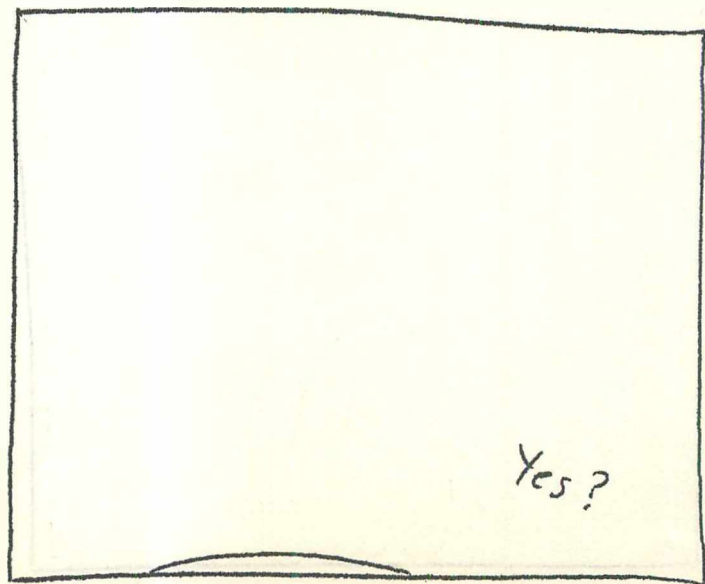
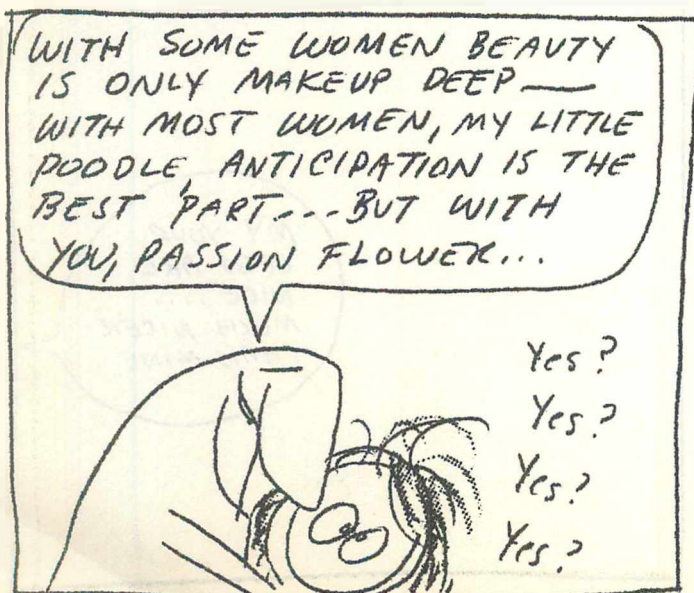
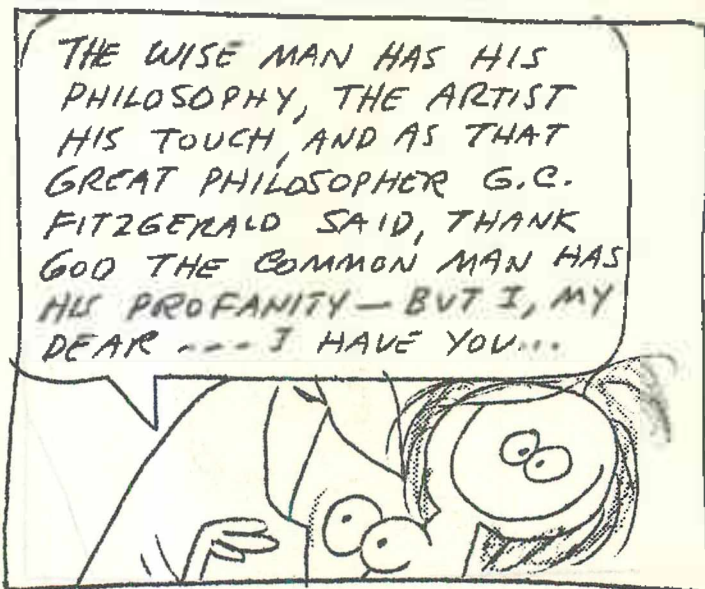
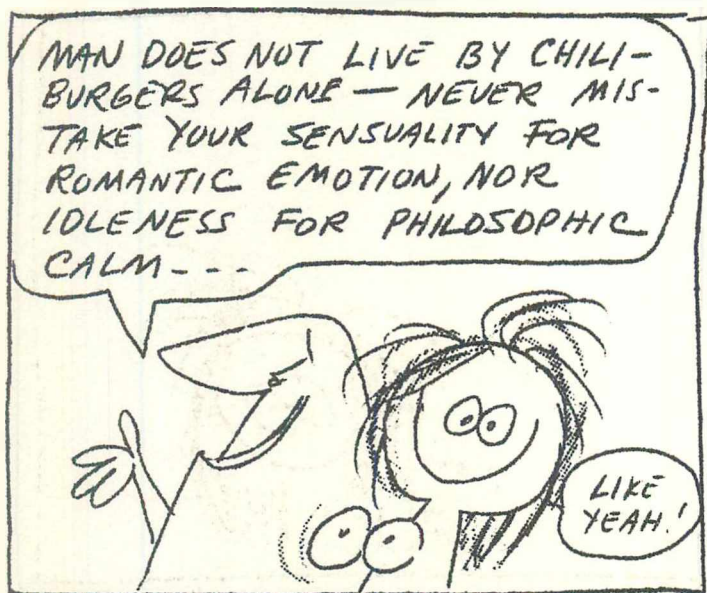
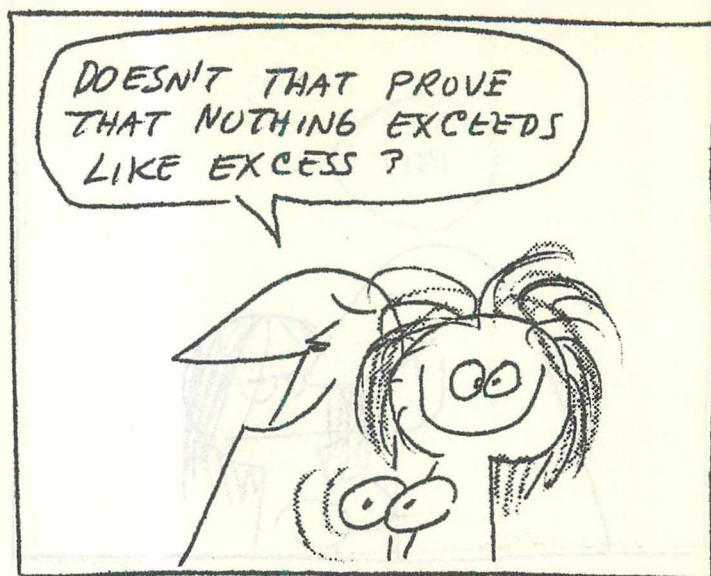


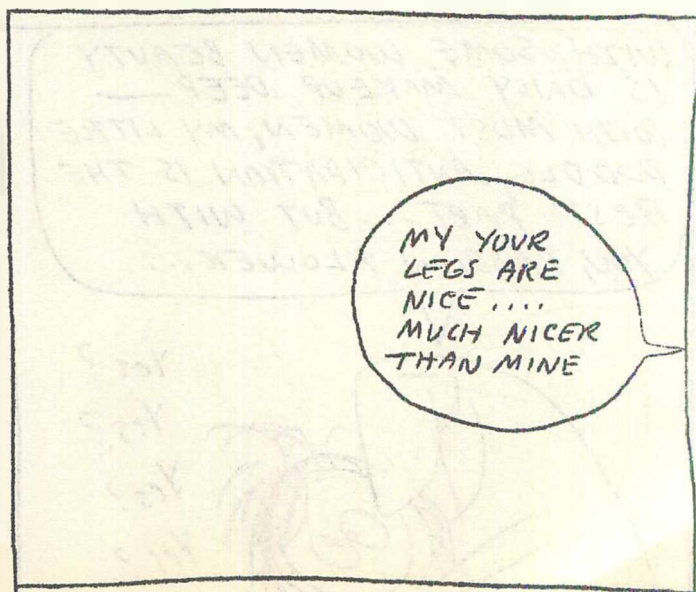
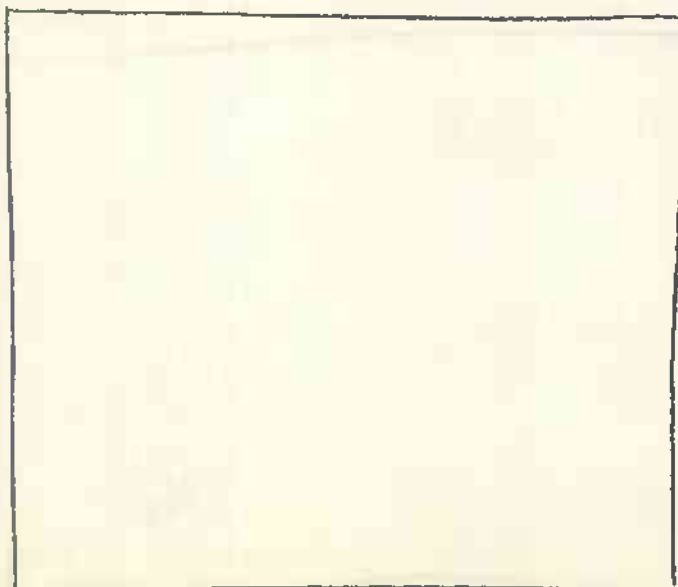
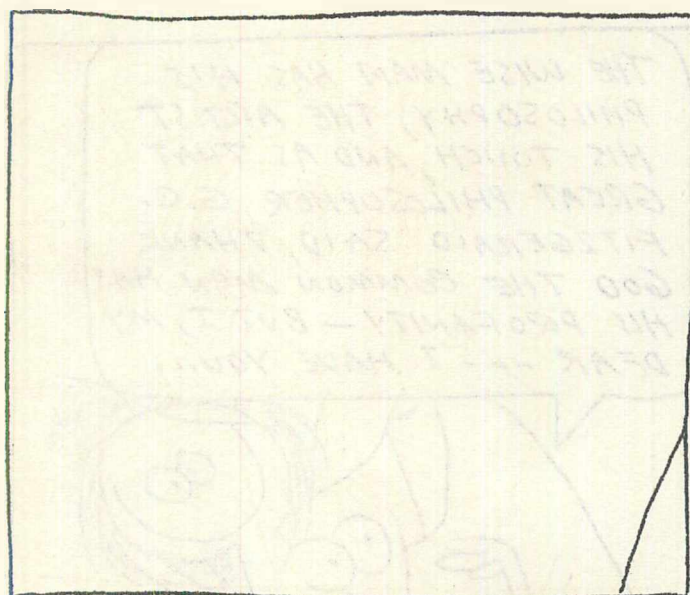
WHAT ABOUT
THEM?











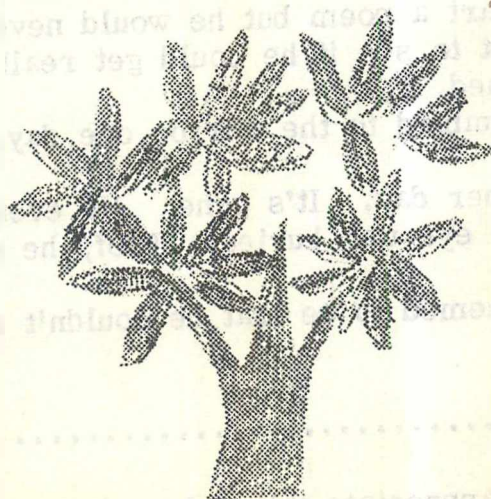
DING! DING!

DING!

DING!
DONG!
DING! DONG! DONG!
DING! DONG! DING!
DING! DING! DING!
DING! DONG! DONG!

MAYBE THIS TOWN
WILL BE BIG ENOUGH
FOR BOTH OF US IF
WE CAN JUST GET
CLOSE ENOUGH.

YOU'RE ALREADY
BEHIND ME



~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
THE POET
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

ONCE, VERY LONG AGO, there lived a man who thought he was a poet. He wrote what he thought were poems and people said Oh! and Ah! and How Nice! He lived a very poetic life, he thought. He liked green trees and brown birds and shadows on the river rocks. He listened to the winds in the night and he often thought he saw a man in the moon. He very much enjoyed the fresh taste of a beautiful woman in his mind and he was fond of finding flowers in the desert. He was made a nodding fool by a really good sunset. Fresh fruit and cool wine made him giddy with pleasure.

And he put all this into his poems. His poems loved life and beauty and Love itself. Sometimes he liked his poems, sometimes he did not. There were a few he loved because they truly reminded him of a lover. They truly reminded him of a feeling long ago and far away. They truly reminded him of a mortal wound he might once have suffered.

But then one day all this foolishness ended.

You Don't Write Poems, someone said to him. You Write Prose and Feel Sorry For Yourself and Wish For A Better Life and Do A Lot Of Dreaming.

How can I write a poem now, he said, feeling rather glum and putting out an eye. Here I thought I was doing something quite nice. I liked my poems. Sometimes.

They Were Harmless! he shouted after his tormentor, but there was no one around.

He grumbled and stared at a wall and then went for a walk. But he got a pebble in his shoe and had to sit down. He stared at the pebble awhile, feeling he should be very philosophical about it but after an hour or so it still looked like a pebble and not a Reflection Of The Universe. So he went home and drank some spring water and threw out yesterday's flowers.

He grumbled a little every day after that and was rude to his neighbors. Once in awhile he would start a poem but he would never finish it. He cut off his second toe from the left to see if he could get really angry at himself, but nothing, just nothing happened.

I've lost it, he mumbled to the mirror one day, as he sat there watching his hair burn.

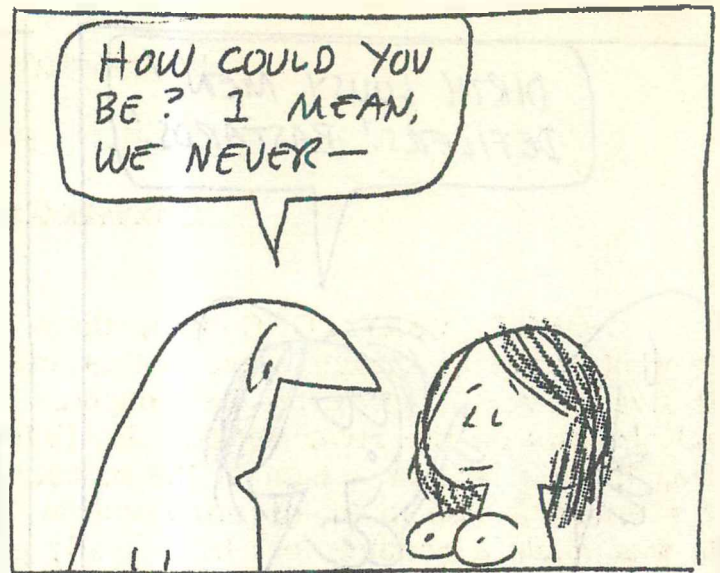
Foo! he said another day. It's gone. He even stopped putting flowers on the tiny grave where his eye was buried. Foo! he said. I've got better things to do.

The only trouble seemed to be that he couldn't exactly find out what they were.

.....

"I would rather be able to appreciate things I can't have than to have things I can't appreciate."

...Ernest Hemingway



DIRTY LOUSY MEN!
DEFILERS! BASTARDS!

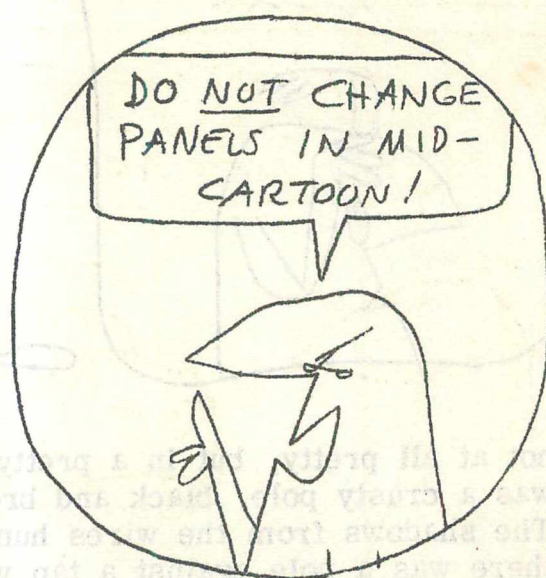
BUT YOU PICKED ME
UP IN THAT BAR.

THAT JUST GOES TO
PROVE HOW SNEAKY
YOU MEN ARE!

I'M STILL STUCK WITH
YOUR FUN! ME! I'M
GOING TO BE A MOTHER!

OKAY, OKAY, WHAT DO
YOU WANT ME TO DO
ABOUT IT?

MAKE AN HONEST
WOMAN OUT OF ME!
BUY ME A DRINK!



THE STRANGE MIND OF WILLIAM ROTSLER

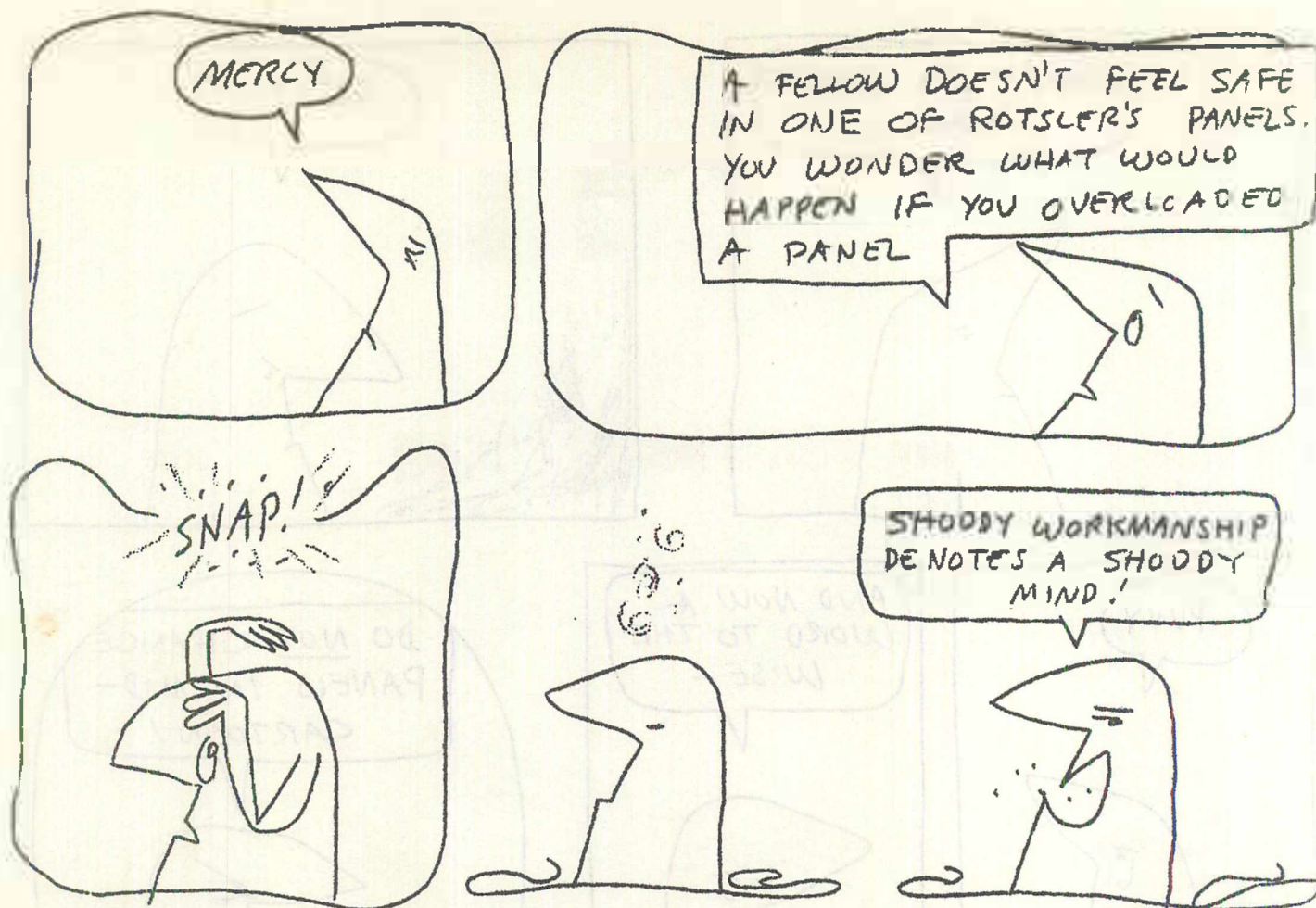
There I was, sitting in this movie and looking at a beautiful woman with pretty trees behind her and pretty paintings here and there and I started thinking about beauty. What is beauty to me? So I gave my claim check to the girl in the office and got my brain back and went off some place to think about it.

I saw an old beatup sign. It was a beautiful old sign, worn by wind and rain, used and misused by life, oft-repainted, much maligned...but it was proud and had no misspelled words. It bore a trade name much admired in the streets of concrete and steel. Some talented gas station attendant (for therein it lived) or some tipsy sign painter had long ago bought bread and wine and perhaps a little cheese with the labor of making it. I thought it beautiful; what's beauty to you?

Do you find beauty only in the obvious and accepted form? Art is one thing, but beauty is another and the two are not necessarily interchangeable or equal. Do you find beauty only in beautiful women, safe paintings and flowers?

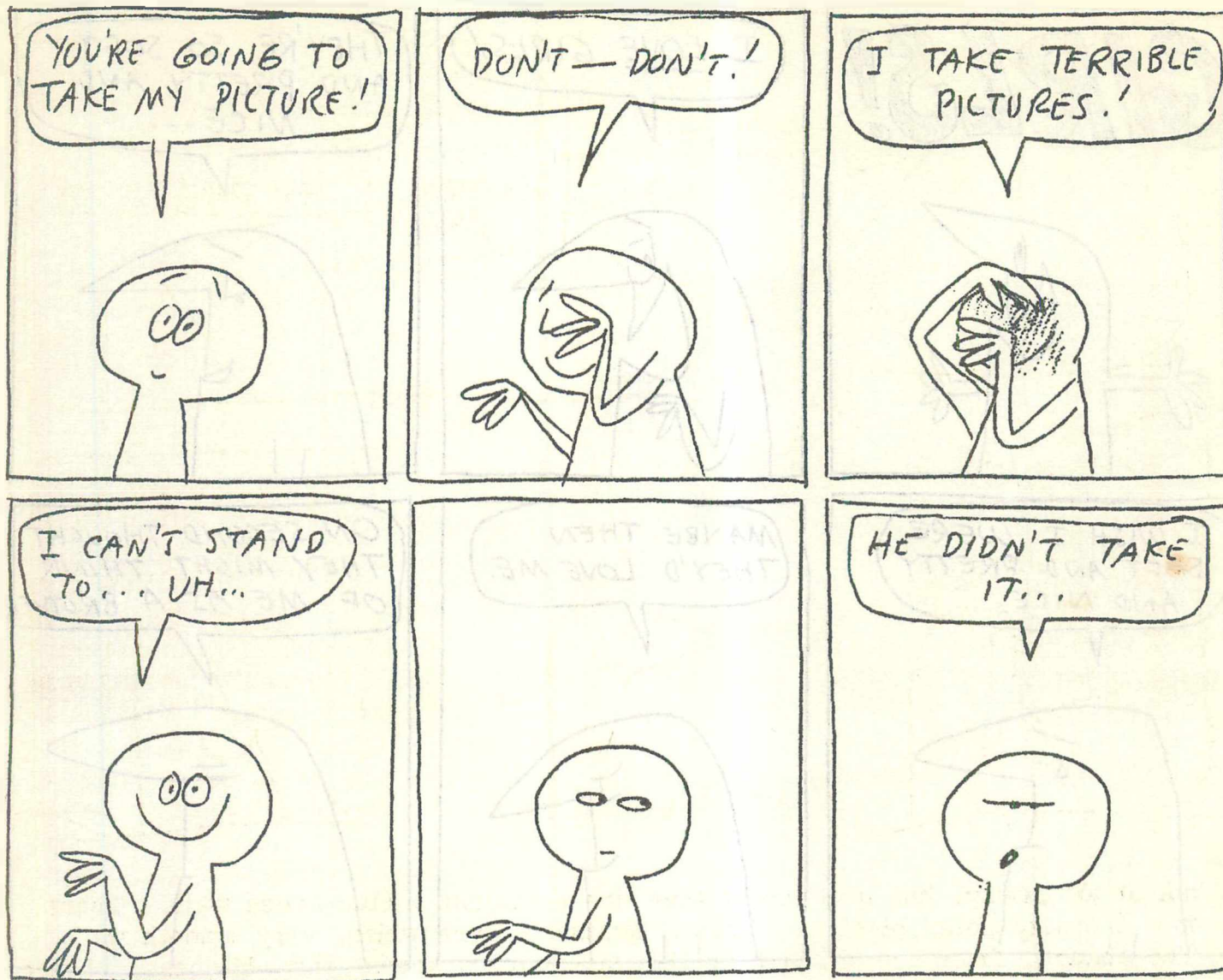
Today I noticed these things and I find them beautiful:

I saw reflections on cars and a big piece of tissue paper crumpled in a gutter, with a fascinating wet texture. I saw a girl, blonde and trim, but not

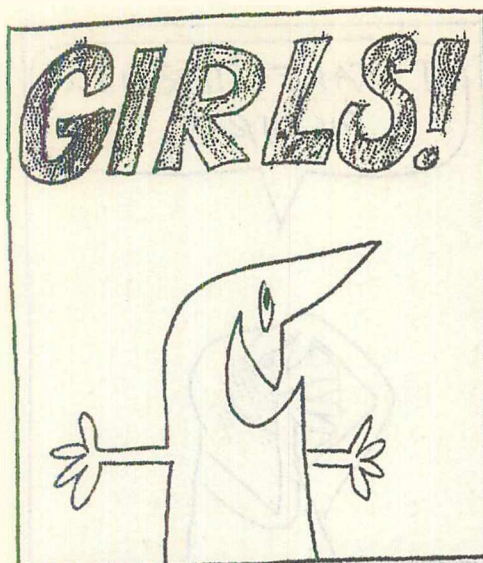


not at all pretty, but in a pretty blue dress against a blue-green wall. There was a crusty pole, black and brown, against a pure white, very smooth wall. The shadows from the wires hung like sine curves across the whiteness. Later there was a pole against a tan wall with a blonde little girl in a grey dress. A black door in a white wall. Someone's sideyard, cool and green and moistly deep. The late afternoon on the city, seen from the hills, brings each building into sharper focus, sharper relief, more alive. The sky shading into lavender behind the solid grey bulk of high rise apartments. The first sprinkling of lights along the coast, blossoming and brightening as the night deepens. The hiss of the surf, bursting into white waves in the lights below our restaurant seat by the sea. The millions of jewels cast on the fluvial plain, rolling towards the sea from the hills. The shadows whirling past the poles as the car speed towards dinner.

Sure, there is beauty in the peach-bloom curve of a woman's cheek, but there is also beauty in an adobe wall, aged and broken and used by man and nature. Sure, there is beauty in the way a woman's buttocks move and curve and feel, but there's beauty in an old sign, an old tool smoothed by use, in old posters peeling from walls in a dozen layers. There's beauty in the round fullness of a woman's breast, warm and soft in your hand...but there's beauty in the oiled functional beauty of a gun, in the streak of white paint making a strong graphic design against the black of the street. There is beauty in the pulsing curve of a woman's throat, in the way her hands move against her cheek when she flustered, in the amused arch of an eyebrow...and there's beauty in a rumpled city dump, as mysterious as a treasure from the east, laden with



rusted, well-used portions of the life of a thousand families. There is beauty, potent beauty, in the way a woman's belly curves into her lojbs and there is beauty in leaves against the sky and ripples in the water. There is beauty in the soft inside of a woman's arm...and beauty in the way some curbs turn from red to green to yellow in bright, garish suddenness. There's beauty in a woman's back, in the play of muscles moving and bending, brown and golden...and beauty in a sports car, in a well-designed pot, in the furrowed curves and lines and corrugations of a ploughed hillside. There's beauty in a woman's eyes, looking up at you through her tumbled hair, looking at you over abare shoulder, over a wine glass, half obscured by a pillow, out of the corner of her eye...and beauty in a frosted window, a matted heap of rotting leaves, in the pagan calligraphy of an insect's death on a high-speed window. There is beauty in a freshly scrubbed face where before there had been only a mask of makeup...and beauty in the drawings of children, in their first tries at communication from inside. There is beauty in the sudden lusty laugh of a lusty woman...and beauty in the smooth fast pull of a gun, in the reflections of a wall of windows butting a hundred square suns zippity-wham across another wall of brick. There is beauty in a woman's hands, doing woman's work, in the feel of them touching you, touching you with lust or reassurance or casual fondness...and beauty in a pebble tossed



a hundred years by a mountain brook, a boulder caressed by a million tides, a sandy swell of beach, built and cut by a rising tide. There's beauty in the intricate formation of a nipple, the malleable, reinforced ear shell, in the way hair curls at the nape of a young girl's neck...and beauty in a brickyard full of giant cubes of bricks, in the fresh yellow and tan of a lumber yard, in the clutter, organized into cubicles and rectangles, of a big hardware store. There is beauty in the way a woman laughs, hard, soft, big, little, a smile, a caress with the lips...and beauty in the bare functionality of an old alley, the skeletal bareness of a fire escape, the bright red of a stop light at evening's fall.

There is beauty in a sunset, a flower, a baby's round face...and beauty in shoulders of cement holding back hills of earth laid bare by the big yellow machines, breaking trail for the million cars. There is beauty in the intricate bas relief of an Oreo cookie, the fresh slash across the top of a loaf of bread, in the winter's fire burning low, in the accidental superimposition of reflections upon store windows. There is beauty in the tapering slimness of a woman's leg and beauty in the way a bullet is put together, beauty in a leaf, a street full of lights blurry in the fog. There is beauty in the movements of forest animals, in the laughter of a child, in the conventional prettiness of a formal garden, in the bright, clean row of pots hung over a stove...and beauty in a pile of sewer pipes, symmetrical and heavy, repeating their circles of design endlessly.

There is beauty in the bursting forth flight of birds from a tree, in a great ditch plowed through the earth by the mechanical monsters, in the diagrammed, mechanical curves of a factory wound ball of string. There is beauty in the accidental juxtaposition of chance colors and shapes, in the sprinkling of autumn leaves and the fresh new grass of spring along the fence posts. There is beauty in the fast, clinking whirl of a track of new cans going into a factory machine and beauty in well-worn machinery, oft touched by the hands of man.

There is beauty in the feel and look of books, old and new, in the spider's web bejeweled by rain, in the fiery function of a rocket, in the cracks of a drying puddle. There is beauty in the flow of an athlete's muscles, in fine printing, in the horrible brightness of blood. There is beauty in a stone, in a tree, in a field of flowers, in a dried stem, in the almost microscopic detail of a shell.

There is beauty in sculpture and painting and fresh bread...in armor, in military gear, in military weapons fearsomely functional, in a bowl of marbles. There is beauty in a ream of paper, so mysteriously neat, white and ordered. There is beauty in the eternal beat of the sea, in a cold wind against your cheek, in the glare and flare of fireworks in the air. There is beauty in a woman's navel, intimately cued to the past, and beauty in the displays of fruit at the market, in the awesome spines of a pineapple and the frosted overcoats of ice in a refrigerator.

There is beauty in the carved letters in a monument, proudly speaking of past glories. There is beauty in native crafts, nurtured by tradition and culture and beauty in woven cloth, in jewelry, in wet inks mixing colors on a sheet of white paper. There is beauty in a woman's mouth, curving, smiling, speaking without words...and beauty in a tall cold glass of whatever you like best, in typography, in the heavy chunkiness of an old steam engine. There is beauty in the froth of excelsior, in fresh shavings, in the discards of man's labors. There is beauty in the potentialities of a fresh, white sheet of paper. There is beauty in maps, in boats, in cut glass, in great bins of flower, in a letter found in an old book. There is beauty in warehouses full of wheat, in stars, in santos, in cave paintings, Indian headdresses, in the thousand shades of blue seas. There is beauty in seeing the wind whip and curl and writhe across a field of grain. There is beauty in the ascending confusion of midshipmen's hats, in a streambed full of rounded stones, in a distant city's haze, in a river full of self-important boats, in a weathered jetty, a stone arch where you didn't expect one, in the last rays of the sun hitting the tops of buildings.

There is beauty in the play of lights on a woman's face, in fat dishes of ice cream, boxes of candy and butterflies. There is beauty in leather and stone and polished wood and worn brass. There is beauty in an old saddle, in an old holster, in a wear-shiny buckle, in a sturdy old barn, unpainted but still there. There is beauty in moon rockets and great cranes and faded levis. There is beauty in architecture and a whiskey glass against the light and melted ice cubes creating blurry universes. There is beauty in the full moon and the half seen white limbs of a woman next to you in bed. There is beauty in fresh blankets and grottos and vintage cars and wine bottles and horses and white fences and the tiny necklace of lights that is a faroff shore line. There is beauty in the curving sure aim of a jetliner and the sure bursting of a root through a sidewalk. There is beauty in the blurred photographs of history, in watchchains heavy with gold, pawnshops with backstage glimpses of a hundred lives. There is beauty in laughter, in shared memories, in a typewriter.

There is beauty in cool, clean sheets, in a bathroom misty with steam on a winter's night, in the slithery wetness of a woman under a shower with you, in carved heads from India and knives from Africa. There is beauty in dusky faces from whatever is your local Harlem, in the big bloneness of Scandinavians, in the petite charm of Orientals. There is beauty in muddy rivers, angry and annoyed at themselves...and in the conventional white-capped ranges of mountains challenging us from the horizon. There is beauty in that "different" girl, in a crack in a sidewalk which hides its hundred tiny secrets of pods, seeds, leaves, crushed white things, grass, sand, grit and such. There is beauty in broken glass, standing desolate in frames in the desert.

There is beauty in warehouse skylights, in Big Sur cabins, in circles and ovals and hard, straight lines. There is beauty in broken Coke bottles, tossed by a multitude of waves and carried by a hundred tides until it is whitish green and lumpy like some strange alien jewel from another planet. There is beauty in diamonds and squares and pentagrams and starbursts and the sound of music filtering through summer's midnight trees.

There is beauty everywhere...and ugliness, cheapness, depravity, unconcern, and perversions of taste and sense and order and color and rightness. There is beauty and evil and the lackluster creams and muddy browns of non-commitment. There is beauty and hypocrisy and lies and cheating and smallness and "the organization man" and conformity and a notable lack of bravery.

But there is beauty. Sunny days and starry night. Green hills and greener valleys. Golden suns and deep. blue lakes. Golden-white women and food and cool dippers of water. The surprise that brings laughter and the regrets that brings tears. There are fools and jesters and knights and kings.

And there are people who are not ashamed to see beauty in a brick or loveliness in a dead inland sea. I'm one of those. My mind and eye and hand are very good to me, bringing me the beauty and texture and feel of the world. I hope that yours are as good to you as mine have been to me.

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"To the best of my knowledge, I don't know." Dallas Deputy Sheriff, 22 Nov 63
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OUR LOVE IS MORE

Tahiti is more than just another island.
Champagne is more than just fermented grapes.
Venus was more than just Vulcan's wife.
The treasury of Midas was more than just collected taxes.

Our love is more than just mutual affection.
The Gardens of Babylon were more than landscaping.
Cleopatra was more than just a Grecian import.
Paris is more than just a river town.
The Holy Grail is more than just a drinking cup.

This love is more than just another love.
This love is us.

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"People who say you can't buy happiness must be unimaginative spenders." WFR
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