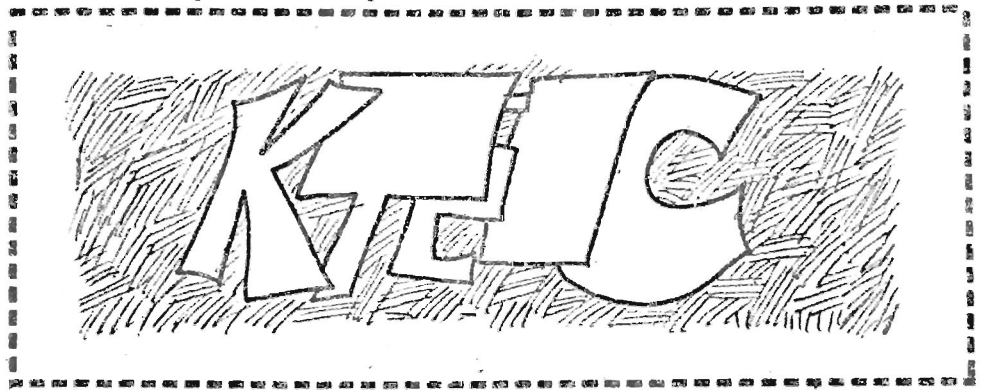


Here is the
knowledge that
separates the MEN
from the BOYS!

P.O.Box 3126
Los Angeles,
Cal 90028



KTEIC MAGAZINE announces its first contest! Caption this drawing and win the envy and genuine apathy of your friends! (Sample captions shown...)

"Well, I may
be a crook,
but no one
will be able
to prove a thing!"

"I am return-
ing to public
life--as the
Director of
Paranoids
Anonymous!"

"Would you
buy a used
scandal from
this man?"

"Would you
buy a used
anthology
from Terry
Carr?"

"I am still
President of
the United States, it's just that I don't like to be showy."



"Pat lets me
watch when she
and Checkers..."

"I miss being
corrupted by
power..."

"Actually, it
was Rich Little
that erased those
18½ minutes."

"John Dean is
a nurd."

"Why haven't I
been Tuckerized?"

"America is for
sale, rent, or
lease."

"Liberals can stand everything but people who don't understand them."

...Lenny Bruce

"Without a revolution, stagnation sets in and decay is just around
the corner."

...Orson Welles

"Anyone who isn't interested in politics is an idiot, because politics
affects your goddamn life."

...Lionel Stander

Just what you've been waiting for!

A STATISTICAL ABSTRACT OF KTEIC READERSHIP

As I was typing out the envelopes to send this "magazine" to others than those in Lilapa I started thinking...how many people read this? Actually, I have no idea. It is quite possible that everyone is polite & just passes it on or deep-sixes it. But if everyone I send it to reads it there are about fifty people.

To be precise there are 14 males, 10 females (plus Marie Ellington) in Lilapa; 14 males, 14 females outside of Lilapa. Then if George Barr's roommate, Gregg Calkins' girl friend, or Lola's children read this...Plus Sharman and occasionally Paul Turner...that's about fifty folks with a slight majority by males. The average IQ is over 100 (at last count), the total weight is 7,502 pounds, and not one of them is Roger Elwood.

"Lunacy is a condition where dreams overflow into life." (Connolly Norman)

How To Make The Women Of The World Your Sexual Slaves

Rule Number One: Give them everything they want--not necessarily when they want it--and do it with style.

Rule Number Two: There are no other rules.

"Eccentricity is often a kind of innocent pride, and the man of genius and the aristocrats are frequently regarded as eccentrics because genius and aristocrat are entirely unafraid of and influenced by the opinions and vagaries of the crowd." (Dame Edith Sitwell)

Small correction on that salad recipe last time. One stick, not one stalk of celery. # Saw The Infamous Thea on the Flip Wilson Special the other night. Now billed as Joyce Mandell. Her name is really Dorothea Mandelcorn, by the way. # Went out today and bought \$173 worth of lumber for making more shelves...and we need them! Never in my life will I have had so many feet of shelving! Marvelous! Can't have too many book-and-thingy shelves. # For those of you who are into this (Hi, Bob!) you'll be happy to know that the infamous Monique von Cleef has a book out: The House of Pain, the Strange World of Monique von Cleef, The Queen of Humiliation, An Autobiography and a Message to all Human Slaves. This is the woman that was supposed to put on a show for Anthony Coogan & myself about 5-6 years ago, in the hopes we would be "inspired" and do a film for/about her/them. But her plane was forced down in Denver and Tony & I couldn't stop giggling about it all. I've written it up, in here, and as an article, "The 'Hit Me!' Business."

+++++

Most endings are not as good as the beginnings.

This is reproduced from Len Moffatt's "The JDM Bibliophile" No. 20, without either his or JDM's approval, mainly because Kteic is a letter substitute (like a letter, see?) and I'm lazy & I think this is really beautifully written.

--WR

THE "AGING" OF TRAVIS MCGEE

EDITOR'S NOTE: John gave us permission to reprint the following letter, which was in reply to a letter from Marion Poynter, columnist for the St. Petersburg Times, in which she asked him to comment on the changes in Travis over the years.

-oOo-

I have the feeling I am going to tell you more than you care to know about your query, and I think it is going to be imprecise. I have thought about it for several days.

I do not know if this is any kind of an insight, but perhaps one can define aging as a process of isolation. Assume a stable community. Roots. Identity. There are cross-linked lines of communication. In his thirties, John Smith knows well a veritable alphabet of people, from Amy to Zelda. His sense of identity is based not only upon his direct contact with the 26 good friends, but also upon their contacts with each other in which they talk about him, directly or indirectly. "Saw John over at Al's last Saturday, looking beat."

To analogize, think of it as a big web with 27 places where a spider would appropriately sit, with each web-middle connected both directly and indirectly with every other web-middle. So along comes the drunk driver, or pneumonia, or Big C, and snipsnipsnip, when John Smith is in his forties, eight of the interconnected web-centers have been cut out, and his intimate identity, direct and indirect, is cut down to 18 other centers. Contacts suffer a geometric reduction. Whereas before, the contacts in one specific length of time could be expressed by 27 x 26 x 25 x 24... etc., it has now become 19 x 18 x 17... etc., a vastly smaller number.

Can John Smith, in a stable community, replace these holes in the web? Not in kind. Knowing a person means knowing them through a chunk of their history, seeing the growth and change. We can not explain ourselves to one another. We are what we are at that point in time when we make a new friend. So the sense of identity is missing. There are fewer voices in our background noise. They are supportive voices which are missing, because they were telling us who we are, and we were living up to those superimposed conceptions.

What has all this got to do with McGee? I have established him in a fairly static environment, peopled with friends and transients. In the beginning, I knew

that I wanted to have him grow older, without defining his precise age. In 16 books, he moves around. So it would be grotesque not to have some passage of time. But out of enlightened self-interest, I did not want him to age as fast as all the rest of us. Maybe one year every three or four? He began in 1964. I mentioned, in an early book, Korean war service. So would that make him about 35? I wouldn't know. Eleven years later, is he 38? Who knows? Maybe he was 33 and is now 36. I don't really want to know.

Chronological age is no great problem. The problem is, as I have tried to state, an emotional and psychological one. I have had to involve him deeply with people and then I have killed those people off. If I repeople his world with new intimates, and make him the same jolly-boy of yore, then I am saying, indirectly, that this is a shallow and trivial man. If I make him a shallow fellow, I shall tire quickly of him, and there will be no more books, because when they stop being fun I stop doing them. Guaranteed.

So, realistically, I must induce a malaise (without getting it mixed up with mine own) and understand why he has it. Meyer--and I have implied he is older--will have his own version of it.

Life does become smaller and more cautious because identity becomes more difficult to ascertain and maintain. The dwindled circle of intimates becomes aware of being survivors. Loss is more sharply felt because more acutely understood, but at the same time the pang is dulled by the pre-awareness of its inevitability.

So what do I do to keep McGee and Meyer from becoming too withdrawn and morose? I can move them about more. Or I can go back and pick up on the casual contacts and bring those people back into a more intimate and valued focus within their home turf. I favor the latter. Perhaps a birthday party for Meyer in the beginning of McGee #17. And if there are not enough folks, I can invent a few--shared memories and all.

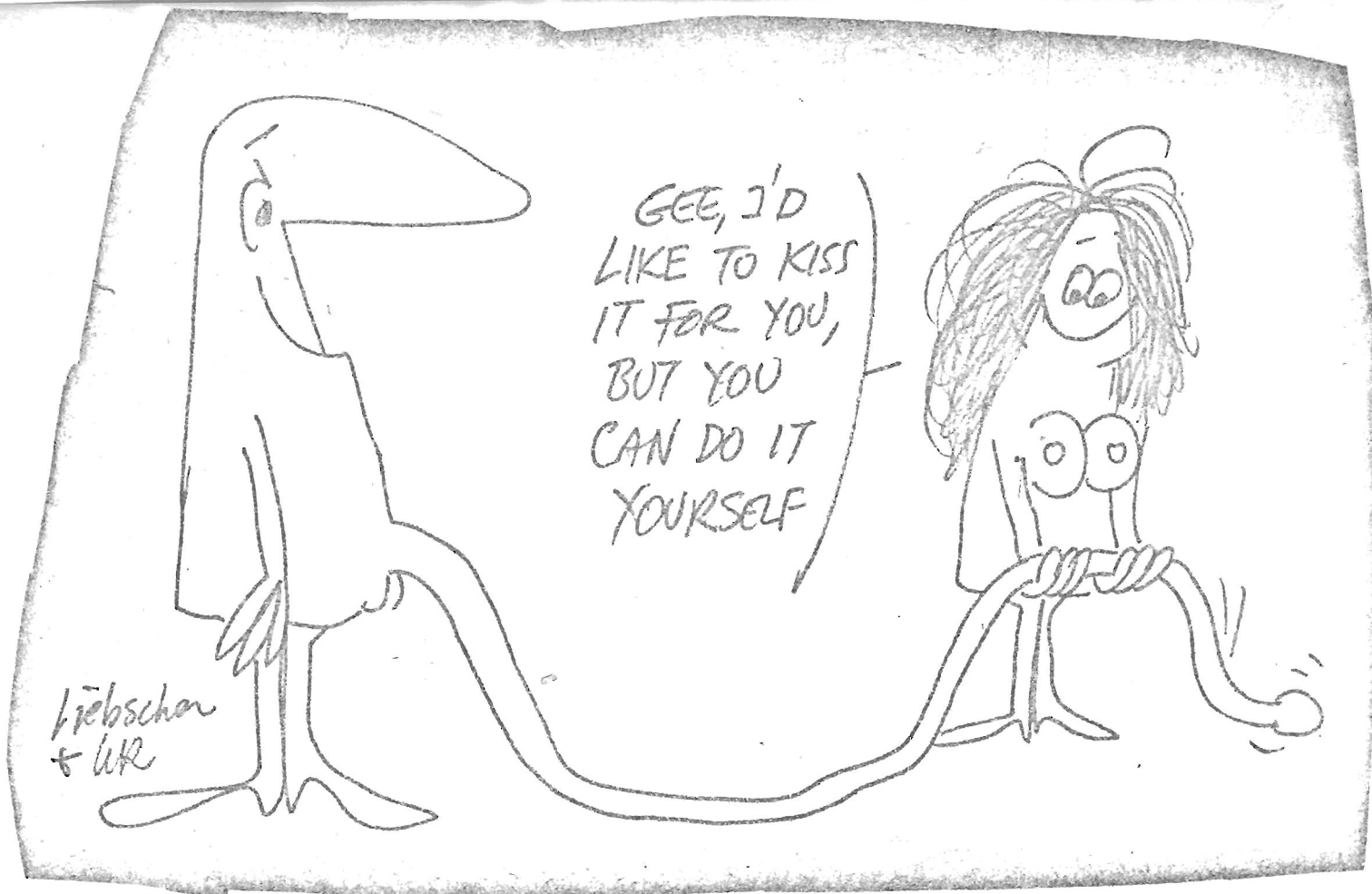
A couple of weeks before Alden Hatch died, he told me at lunch that he and Squeakie consciously cultivated "new friends" to fill the gap when old friends died. Acquaintances to replace friends, I think.

Who are the people least vulnerable to the malaise of the narrowing years? Those most certain of their own identity, those who have proof through accomplishment regarding who they are and what they have done.

The most vulnerable? The very old, who have done little with their lives, and who have absolutely no one left. This means there is no identity at all. Typically, in nursing homes, they will sit with chin on chest and not lift the head or eyes even to look at the television set in the lounge, to demonstrate their terrible and--to a great extent self-imposed--isolation.

What I guess I am saying in this very muddy letter is that a fictional hero has to be real to whatever possible extent I can make him real. And in order to make him real, I have to apply to him those same jolts and shocks of reality I have felt myself. Humor fades from slapstick to irony, and who can say which is better? There is more tolerance of error, and of the more gross of the human vices. There is more skepticism of the concept of justice. There is more value in gentleness.

- John D. MacDonald



4 Dec 75 The last couple of weeks have been very physical. I've been making bookcases. My hands are full of splinters & tiny cuts and the apartment still full of sawdust. I'm making modular cases 3' wide and 89" tall, but with different height shelves. Many are custom to certain things, but most are 13" or 12". When I finish I will have 15 foot-deep ones, 4 6" (pocketbook depth) shelves, plus some that are 89" but 18" or 24" wide to fit certain areas (3 or 4) plus 2 or 3 smaller shelves that will fit certain special places. One is for pans, another for shoes & boots, another for towels, some for Sharman's crafts stuff, etc.

This is the full-fulfillment of a childhood dream--enough bookcases! I made some bookends out of scrap, and will start on my new desk, another dream. The advantage of doing it myself, of course, is that I can customize. Also it is cheaper. I shudder to think what Silverberg's & Harlan's shelves cost, as they are made from very good wood & were built by a craftsman. Mine are cheap wood (#3 pine, which means knots, warping, etc.). I figure, not counting the \$250 I spent for a radial arm saw, that these cases will end up costing close to a thousand dollars! And they are not spackled or painted yet either. That is a task we will do when we get a house & move & know where things go in it.

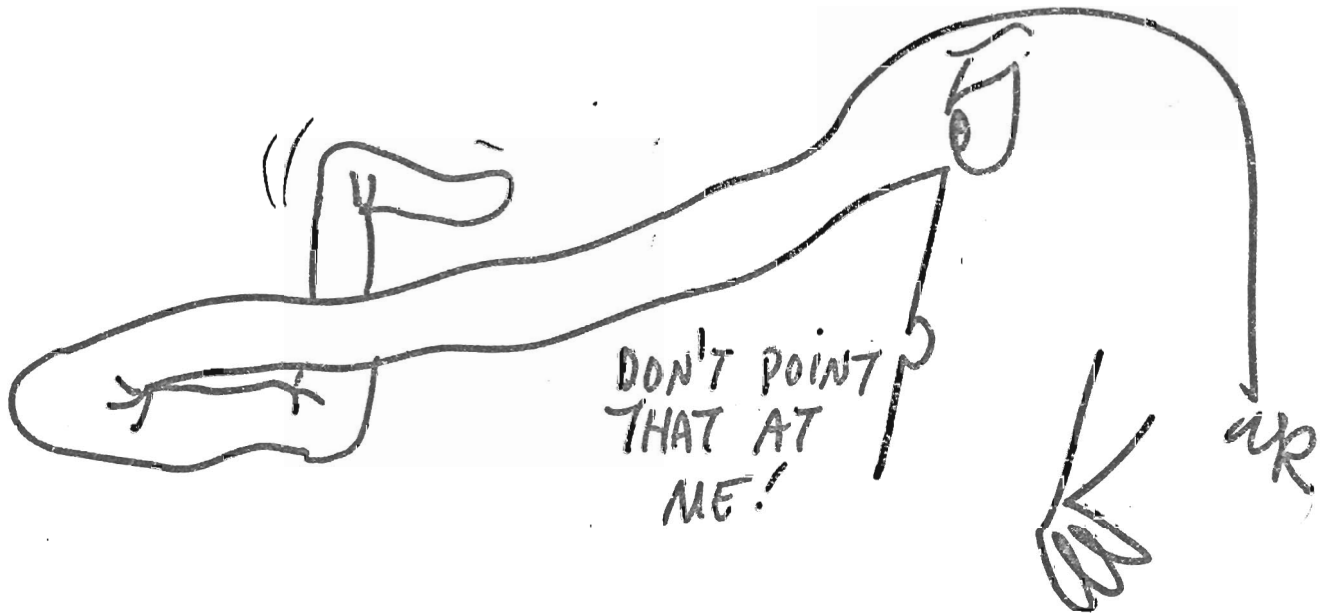
Other than that we have been going to shows...an Indian jewelry show at the Natural History Museum where we got Sharman a watchband...bought a \$750 squash blossom necklace from my daughter for \$200...saw Dog Day Afternoon (excellent) and Paper Tiger (very good)...went to a "con" of gun/antique/etc dealers where we had our pictures taken in old timey clothes...went to a party at Ackerman's (where Sharman & I went a year & a half ago)...but mostly it has been hammering & sawing.

I have a dado saw on my saw, so I can notch the wood & make

"Sadism is never having to say you're sorry." (Bruce Arthurs, AWEY)

fairly decent looking cabinets. The trouble is that the wood you get is so warped...usually only in one direction, but sometimes in two directions. And I go through & select the "best" as I buy it.

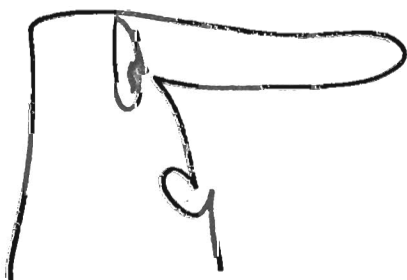
The cartoon about Silverberg which appears here in some of these editions is really about 2 years old, before he gave up writing.



6 Dec 75 Those who are old enough are always able to remember where they were when they heard about Pearl Harbor. The next definite date I suppose everyone remembers is Kennedy's assassination, then maybe Bobby Kennedy's. On Dec. 7th, 1941, I was about 15½ and had just come home from church. Everyone was listening to the news and there were a lot of my relatives there. I really don't remember much more, except it didn't seem all that surprising to me. After all, we had been building toward it, a war in Europe had been going on for 2½ years. In fact, it seemed to me (and for years after) that there was always a war going on somewhere. Newsreel shots of crowds rioting in Trieste looked to me just like the crowds rioting in Paris, Shanghai, etc. Only in early 1947 do I remember a time when nothing seemed to be going on. Maybe late '46. There was, of course, but after the "big show" of WWII those other things seemed like "settling in." How did I get on this? Stop me before I reminisce again!

"Speed is frequently confused with progress."

(Anon)



HEDONIST!

(1 ~~1/2~~ 1)

APPEARING SOON -

ROBERT SILVER BERG

AUTHOR OF

