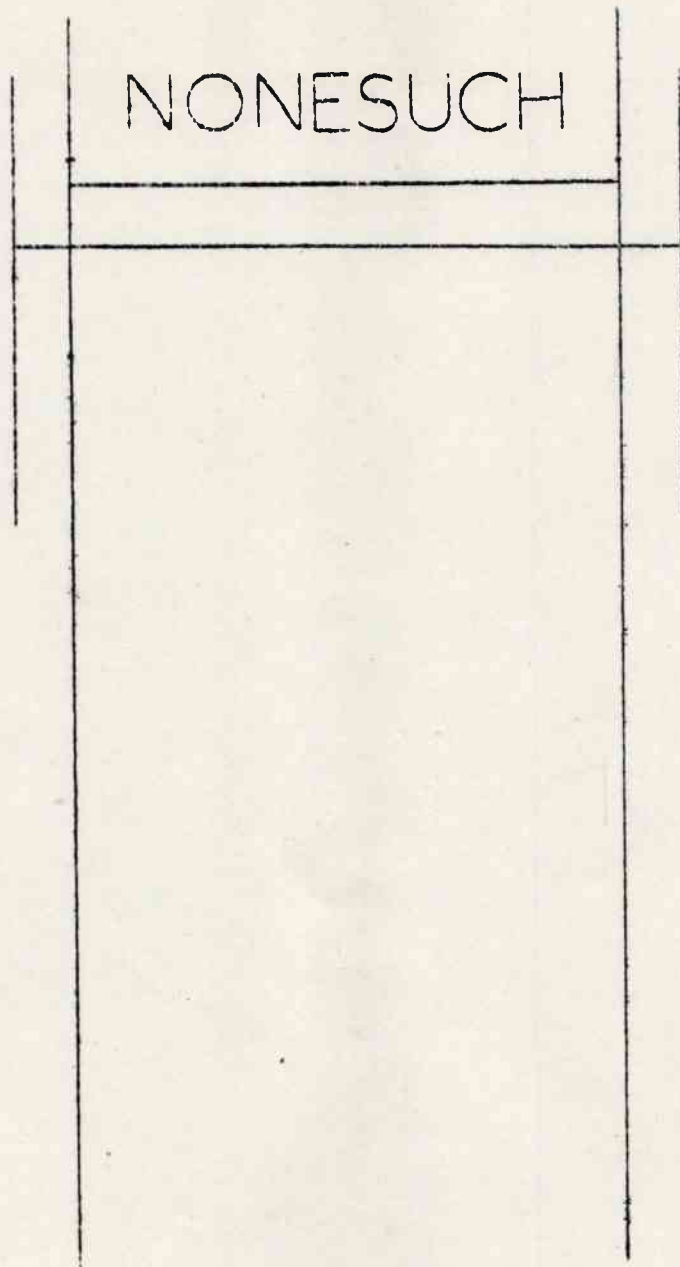


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This is the first issue of NONESUCH, edited and published at 22, Beresford Road, Longsight, Manchester 13, England, by Ron Lane. Distributed free to the FAPA.

To those erstwhile recipients of GEMINI who get this. There will, alas, be no more issues of GEMINI put out, and unless I receive instructions to the contrary I shall work off old subscriptions with copies of this magazine.

To those BAPA members who get this; you're welcome to this magazine if you're sufficiently interested to ask. RL

(conclusion AUTOBIOGRAPHY)

relatively short pieces cannot be sustained for the length of a symphony without lesser passages that can only detract from the worth of the whole... there's an analogy in poetry where I consider the short lyrical poem the highest form of literary art. But this is getting beyond a biography. Art, especially sculpture, interests me immensely, while in politics I incline to anarchism and pacifism while wondering to what degree to act on each.

I subscribe enthusiastically to the creed that most SF is tripe, but think highly of Stapledon and Blackwood and a few others, while I place what I shall loosely term the 'literary' content of a work before its fantasy content. Were I to subscribe to any religion, it would be Buddhism, and as things are my own synthesis of life is largely that of the Buddhist. From which it follows that I still have some faith in mankind, despite the atomic bomb.

R. Lane

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Ron Lane

FOR a long time I have been trying to get a friend to write a biography of myself, some strange corruption of modesty leading me to throw the onus of blowing my trumpet onto someone else; but the attempts have failed, &, forearmed by the versatile Mr. Potter, I must tootle gently my own sweet harmony. (For those unfortunate Americans who wot not of Mr Reginald Potter, he is the author of a 'How to do it' series on the BBC over here; and one of the most notable of the series dealt with the gentle art of 'How to Blow your own Trumpet', passing through the years from 'Is it not passing great to be a King!' to the more - subtle echoes of our own time; 'Well, I'm not really very good...' or 'What a lovely frock, darling' - 'But my dear, it's an ancient thing. I've just patched it up!' I cannot hope to rival this, but I have no doubt that the readers of my epic will carefully scrutinise the space between the lines..!)

Well, I was born on Jan. 1st., 1924. My mother occasionally relates to eager visitors tales of my childhood, which I won't bother to repeat here. Let it suffice that I went to school, after which I worked a bit and went to a Technical College after which I worked a bit and went to the University after which I worked a bit and went down a mine from which I got discharged & that brings me to the present!

Fandom I first contacted in the early war days, my interest therein being of slow growth, and now being largely social. I've done most of the things fans usually do, however, even publishing four mags including this'n, one even reaching six issues, which in retrospect is rather amazing.

Physically I'm of medium build, my height being about 5'7". This I know because at my first medical - it was 5' 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", while at my second it was 5'7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Science is wonderful. My eyes are brown, my hair after washing is blonde, and I hate shaving. This is obviously sexual.

My hobbies are numerous, chief being books, of which I have some 650. I like music, wherein my tastes are middle - brow - swing I find rarely amusing, usually annoying, while I love Beethoven's quartets but find symphonies: in general too long for their themes; I believe the reaction to art is essentially emotional, and I believe the heights reached in

THOUGHTS ON THINGS

Ron Lane

THESE columns of comment are quite an important item of FAPA, yet with most I've seen I've been rather discontented. Maybe I'm something of a purist, but I find page on page of staccato notes annoying - tho I can't visualise a remedy! Oh well, to work. Dunk I like, for if I think less of fandom than you, Dunk, you're at least sincere and don't go out of your way to be unpleasant. ETE ditto - but you ought to have gotten my letter by now, so I shan't repeat myself. Raym gave me a pleasant surprise. While I can spot many clumsy phrasings, and a certain sentimentality which isn't a good substitute for sincerity, your stuff isn't bad. As to all this talk of non-fantasy stuff in FAPA, I suggest a little tolerance in some members. Surely it is very obvious that the FAPites will pay as much attention to fantasy as they want to and no more, and in any case the basis of FAPA is fandom, not fantasy. I'm with Al in the doctrine of the Golden Mean, but am against any ruling. Bluntly, I feel Searles and Co. are being selfish. I have little interest in FC but have not yet thought that it should therefore be banned from FAPA.

Les is rather fascinating, but I've no special desire to eat his sandwiches! I'm inclined to agree that it would be nice to have magazines that look such - but as to this fantasy problem - hell, there's room for everyone, Les.

Harry's reprint of the MARIANAS MODICUM is worthy of comment. I glee over the comment on Fort - there's a simple essential law which says that the simplest explanation shall suffice. Fort probably never heard of it. Not that I entirely discredit him - I'm kind. But he went too far with his denunciation of the orthodox.

Yes, I wonder what does cause one to appreciate satires on the things one loves? A sense of humour - the appreciation of the incongruity between satire and reality (as you see it)? Someone carry on please! And more of MARION, pliz, Harry.

Norman - on ETE, Looks as tho I start in the middle of this particular serial. As far as I'm concerned I feel any working philosophy must be 'optimistic', by which I mean it must hold that man has a purpose, a goal, in this and

future life. Whether the goal is termed Truth, or God, Nirvana or Brahman, matters little. I believe all these, and all the other names which man has symbolised the goal as, express in common the search for unity. I think any true philosophy must have this as a basis - if each man must find his own way, must make his own terms with life.

RE-INCARNATION

Ron Lane

RE-INCARNATION is a belief as old as man, and it's a safe guess that ancient beliefs have something in them. Just what is hard to say - and this particular one seems quite unprovable, altho only in the sense that God is 'unprovable'. It is possible, however, to demonstrate by history and incident just how widespread the belief was, and to multiply enormously on the 'I have been here before' lines. For which re-incarnation is at least a feasible solution. Belief in after-life is quite common, of course, & if one does believe thus, it is a strong indication in favour of re-incarnation - for of course if we are to have two lives there is no reason why we should not have more or why we should start life in this world. In my opinion a still stronger reason for belief is that re-incarnation answers so many problems which require devious hypotheses otherwise - and as I've said elsewhere herein 'the simplest explanation shall suffice'. For me at least the doctrine of Karma solves the conflict of free will v. determination, the problem why some people are more blessed than others in this life, the problem of pain. Above all there is none of the orthodox hypocrisy of Christianity, that sin can be washed away with tears, or the Catholic's selfish creed. The objection that we can remember nothing of past lives is easily answered; in the first place there is evidence that we do remember flashes, & in the second place birth wipes out memory, leaving only the instincts we have gained from bitter experience in past lives. Knowledge of what has been gone through to attain our present stage, when we are not highly developed in the large, might prove a heavy burden. Progress is only meaningful as a struggle, and only the truly enlightened can contemplate all the past. For us the fight in this life we know is enough if you know it has meaning. Here I must finish; no room!

AMERICAN BOOK

ILLUSTRATION

Malcolm Ferguson

RON'S excellent appraisal of book design summed up in (x) superior fashion the justification for a greater concern in improved format in book production. I approve of his selection of examples, and rather than pile upon these I should like to give a brief outline of American book illustration and format as best I can.

Puritanism at first frowned on illustrated books unless of a didactic nature (the BIBLE, Foxe's BOOK OF MARTYRS or - beginning to relent - Guffey's READER). Thus America had to rely on imported talent at first, while American artists grew into mastership. Cuts from an Englished version of GRIMMS FAIRY TALES illustrated by Richards were among these early imports. The engraved work of the Weir family in England caused one of them to come to America, at the time when F.O.C. Darley was top man, his illustrations to Fenimore Cooper being considered quite something.

But before 1865 few artists who are among America's best known contributed to book illustrating, the chief exception being Audubon, who is in a class by himself. Winslow Homer did two or three children's books in the style of Kate Greenaway or Caldecott, however, but these are not among his best efforts.

The year 1865 saw the flowering of American book illustration. The Civil War saw the first of Thomas Nast's brilliant cartoons and Winslow Homer's more forceful scenes of camp life, these latter matched only by Remington's graphic pictures of the Indian Wars. Outstanding too is Nast's figure of St. Nicholas (to Moore's THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS), while in the field of political characterisation he had two influential contemporaries - Thomas Worth, whose humorous pictures, once sold for a song, are now rare items, and Joseph Keppler, editor of PUCK, America's first comic to catch on.

Before I go any deeper I'd like to point out that much work touched on herein is more readily available in England than in America, due to the vagaries of second hand stocks & concomitant issue in both countries. Sometimes you can get

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early editions made from fresh plates that don't look as if they were the effect of earthworms on leaf mould...

But to come back to American humorous books. Maybe you can get HUCKLEBERRY FINN illustrated by F.W. Kemble. When Alice asked 'What's the use of books without illustrations?' Lewis Carroll showed his agreement by delivering a book which was a hallmark in illustration. To read such books in poorer format detracts from the enjoyment until the game isn't worth the candle. An American book to prove this is Joel Chandler Harris' UNCLE REMUS, first well illustrated by Messrs. Church and Beard. The second edition is excellently illustrated by A.B. Frost, to whom later editions were dedicated. But while Max Adeler's ELBOW ROOM, done by Frost, had a larger sale in England than America, Frost and Lewis Carroll didn't hit it off well together. Mark Twain was also illustrated by F. Opper (you can get his OUR ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS), Frost, Peter Newell, (who did several delightful children's books on his own, as well as some of Stockton and Bang's HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX - beat up copies of which can be had in England). There are also the contemporary works of Oliver Herford, who has a delightful humour indeed.

Another delightful example of American book production is THE WIZARD OF OZ, illustrated by W.W. Benson, who, like Beardsley and Housman, designed the cover for his books.

Two well-known artists turned out a couple of books less well-known today. Elihu Vedder's RUBAIYAT and John LaFarge's illustrations to the RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE (in book form) would be given top honours by admirers of American graphic art of the 1890s. And I don't think they've dated as has the Gibson Girl.

Howard Pyle did his first art work for Giffey's READER in the 1870s or '80s. I give him top place as American book illustrator, bar none. He studied the work of Dürer, and is known principally for his black-and-white work, and in colour for a volume of Cabell, a series enlarging on LE MORTE D'ARTHUR, a volume of ROBIN HOOD, one of English folk tales, and Howard Pyle's BOOK OF PLATES.

Pyle commenced a school from which came many of the leading illustrators of today. In the 1920s the competition of black-and-white photography caused an over-emphasis on colour, but still in Pyle's pupils are many top men today -- Wyeth, Wilson, Rockwell, Kent, &c.

Naturalist artists include Ernest Thompson Steen, Paul Bransom, and Charles Livingstone Bull, (whose illustration to Jack London, Frank Bullen, and his own volume of the

Guianas, are best).

Rockwell Kent is outstanding today, notably for work illustrating Chaucer, and also CANDIDE, MOBY DICK, KABLOONA, and his own writings on Eskimo existence. Lynd Ward has done an admirable FRANKENSTEIN - man tortured by fate, and there is Alexander Laing's the HAUNTED OMNIBUS to his credit.

American publishers have recently paid more attention to good illustration - Modern Library and the new Arkham House being examples, though I have yet to see their latest products, as with those of the Heritage Press, Limited Editions Club, and others. But now the selection of the 100 Best Books in England and America is to be resumed, and the sets exchanged, each country will be able to see the others work. It is to be hoped France will join in; she had a very fine exhibition in London recently.

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DESOLATION

There was a King of Liang - a King of wonderous might -
Who kept an open palace, where music charmed the night

Since he was Lord of Liang a thousand years have flown
And of the towers he builded yon ruin stands alone.

There reigns a heavy silence; gaunt weeds through windows
And down the streets of Liang old echoes, wailing, die. /pry

Kao Shih; circa AD700

