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#### EDITORIAL

We sent a copy of our 2nd issue to Mr. MacDonald, and wondered what his reaction would be. We were reasonably sure that he would react favorably, but I must say that his response was something more than we had expected. (For the benefit of new readers, we might explain that we had not sent a copy of the 1st issue to JDM, as it was simply a one-sheet ditographed listing of his published novels. He had sent this list to Ron Ellik some time ago, and there was no point in supplying a busy writer with information he already had...)

To give you an idea of what I'm talking about, I'll quote from his letter of comment:

"Received the JDM Bibliophile No. 2...and wish to report that I am non-founded and dumb-plussed. The pin has gone through the thorax and I am here under glass, wings spread."

Ed Cox's article ("Early JD"), covering some of the MacDonald stories that appeared in Doc Savage and The Shadow magazines deserves most of the credit for Mr. MacDonald's response. It served to get him interested in digging up some of his old magazine stories, in the hopes of getting them reprinted in paperback. In so doing, he is helping us to compile a list of the stories he has had in magazines over the years. We plan to publish as complete a listing as possible, devoting several pages each issue to the project. In this issue you will find a partial listing of the JDM magazine stories most likely to be of interest to science-fiction and fantasy fans. The information on the stories listed this time was supplied by Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Ed Cox.

Regarding his plan to get some of his older stories reprinted, JDM says: "My stipulation for publication, which he (the publisher) understands, would be that they should be prominently labeled as Very Early Me. I do not believe I would care to re-write. It would be like making genuine original worm holes in the wormy chestnut."

Personally, I don't think some of those early JDM stories are really "wormy chestnut", compared to some pulp writers of that era, but I couldn't resist quoting that paragraph, as it does give us some idea of what kind of man this author is.

Thanks to JDM we have enough material on hand to fill several issues, material that will be of interest to collectors, completist or otherwise. However, there are a number of "unidentified" stories, that is, stories he sold but does not know where or when they appeared. His files are incomplete because pulp publishers were not in the habit of sending tear sheets to their writers, save for the few editors who, as JDM puts it, "took on the chore as a favor".

"You had to prowl the newsstands and check them all to get file copies," says JDM, "So when we were out of the country for a year, holes appeared in the records."

So, this project consists of two operations. (1) Publish a list of all the "identified" JDM magazine stories. (2) Track down the ones we know about (thanks to clues supplied by JDM) and then list them... We may never come up with a complete list, but we would appreciate help from those of you who are in a position to supply the missing information.

You may or may not be interested in helping an already successful author complete his records (and perhaps make some money from reprints), but some of you, I am sure, are interested in bibliophilia... Sounds like a disease; maybe it is, but a rather enjoyable one.

As I said in my last editorial, I'm not a completist collector, and do not plan to try and collect every story JDM has had published--but I am interested in bibliographic information in as complete a form as possible, so that I can find the stories I may want to collect and read. I might add that JDM has appeared in all kinds of magazines, pulp and slick...detective, sports, mystery, western, women's magazines, and on into the night. And I used to think that Fredrick (Max Brand) Faust was prolific!

About Travis McGee: DARKER THAN AMBER, the 7<sup>th</sup> in the series, has been on the stands for a couple of months. The final draft of #8, titled ONE FEARFUL YELLOW EYE, was completed in May. JDM was working on the "9<sup>th</sup> McGee" early in June.

"My accomplice, T. McGee," says JDM, "is to date published in the Queen's English, and in Danish, Norwegian, German, Portugese, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Dutch, Israeli and Japanese. The Japanese bit bemuses me. Stories of McGeesan. Though a lot of the other works appear in French, it appears that McGee won't. Reason: The French publishers do not believe in series characters. Perhaps because they have one of their own--DeGaulle.

"Add incidental information: I have turned down the 4<sup>th</sup> substantial offer for the rights to put McGee on the little home boob tube. Not because I am rich and indifferent. Because I am never going to let the cufflink set mess with my boy. He would not translate well. I will entertain a motion picture proposal which would give me artistic control--but for the whiter wash, armpit and hair goo set, nevah!"

To go from the bibliographic to the biographic, I'll quote from a later letter. I wrote to him about the World Science Fiction Convention in Cleveland this fall, and mentioned that after the convention I planned to visit my old stomping grounds in western Pennsylvania. He replied:

"My old stomping grounds in western Pennsylvania are Sharon, where I was born, and that dreary Shenango Valley, Mercer, Farrall, etc. When I was a little kid we had a small, unworked farm we went to for the summer, over in Orangeville, Ohio on the Pymatuning River. Left that area when I was 12. My father changed jobs, went to work in Utica, New York. It so pleased my mother that in the Utica winters, the snow didn't get "all dirty" like it did in Sharon.

"I am not one for conferences and conventions...It is my increasingly firm position that anything which requires three or more people to accomplish is doomed from the very beginning--whether it be soccer or Eastman Kodak."

In the same letter, JDM writes of an incident that will remind us of a similar incident in Ray Bradbury's life:

"Once up at our place in the Adirondacks, when my son was about ten, I kept him busy a large portion of one afternoon feeding impossible manuscripts into the burning barrel. Ten grossly swollen boxes which had once contained 500 sheets each of nice unmarred, unblemished bond. He had to feed it into the wire basket a few sheets at a time or it would not burn. I would guess 2 million words. It made a lasting impression on him."

I can add only that John D. MacDonald has made a lasting impression on all of us who have read him with the (how many million?) words he did not burn. Many writers are prolific, but few are as consistently entertaining.

The author's files indicate that this piece was published by the Spectator Club, possibly in 1948. Our thanks to Mr. MacDonald for permission to reprint it here. Further information as to when and where it first appeared would be appreciated. Of this piece, the author says: "The bit is certainly weird enough." And it is. Weird--and gripping... -ljm

# The Spiralled Myth

by John D. MacDonald

As she walked along beside him, she thought that it would be far better if he never walked. Standing, he was white, firm and unified, with bones and flesh neatly arranged in solid pattern. When he walked it was as though a generator bolted to the concrete of a power plant, tore loose the bolts and galumphed away. His white cheeks juggled and shook and the spasm of his step was uncertain and swooping, making her wary lest he might fall.

Walking beside him in the noon streets of the city, she felt contempt and scorn for her own rhythmic articulation of bone, tendon and muscle, activated by the secret and bitter little white nerves in their rubbery casings. It was as though her grace were a playful and slightly nasty little trick.

Because she knew that she was by far the weaker.

The city itself was in evidence against her. It was hard to maintain the tight little smile when she remembered that the city itself did not exist. He was so clever about it, that it was easy to forget.

Of course, he had given himself away when he had constructed the city for her, because he had made it more real than life itself.

He was the sort who enjoyed walking her through the noon streets, proud of his creation of the city and confident that she would never detect the falsity of it.

It would not be wise to let him know that she had long suspected that the city was composed of what he wanted her to see and to believe.

The faces of the people he had put in the city were moist clots of clay thrown against a rotting wall, and their eyes were dead, though still amused.

They scurried and hustled and pushed rudely, hiding their amusement, buffet- ing the man who had created them in a wonderful frenzy of playing their parts to perfection.

Sometimes when she looked high at the dusty windows shining in the sun, it was hard to remember that the city was not actually there. He was very good with windows.

But he had gone to too great extremes in the sidewalk litter, in the bits of torn paper that rolled in the hot noon wind, in the grey clots of spittle, in the flattened cigarette butts, the green gum wrappers, the sooted puddles. She knew that no city, unless it grew from his mind, would be littered with such intricate perfection.

He never talked while they walked the noon streets, and she knew that he was eager for her to live in this city he had made for her.

But his people were lazy. When she stopped and listened she could hear that the bustle and activity surrounded the area of their walking for but a few blocks. Beyond that was the great silence, where his creatures sat at the base of the walls, motionless, dead and amused.

Once she had turned quickly away from him, had fled down the iron treads to where the trains rumbled. She had almost caught them unaware, caught them sitting quietly on the cool stone, their clay faces quiet and amused.

But in the instant of her arrival, they were in furious activity. The stiles clacked and the trains rumbled and they jostled her with amused scorn, laughing silently at her idea of surprising them.

She walked beside him in the noon streets of the city he had made for her, and as she walked, she touched the tip of her tongue to the tiny stinging gash that his teeth had made on the inside of her lower lip.

That touch of tongue to gash was reality and the city was the fiction he had made.

She knew that there would be many more noons when they would walk together. And then one day she would tire of his incessant cleverness, and she would stand in the raw babble, in the clanging cauldron of the city, and with a perfect clarity of understanding, she would say loudly, "All this is not!"

Thereupon the city would fade, starting with the high and clever windows, and the bits of paper would cease to roll in the hot breeze, and his creatures would diminish to nothingness and, as had happened countless times over ten thousand years, they would stand together, facing each other, on a vast and barren plain.

The city would be gone and he would look at her with the expression of a child from whom candy has been taken.

He would stand in his solid, white clumsiness and she would face him, vital with her quick and perfect articulation of bone and tendon.

Then, without regret, without thought, she would kill him as she had countless times before.

Quickly and without mercy.

-JDM

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Magazine Stories by John D. MacDonald

| DATE                                   | TITLE                         | WORDS  | BYLINE          |
|--|-------------------------------|--------|-----------------|
| <b>DOC SAVAGE</b>                      |                               |        |                 |
| Aug. 1946                              | The Dry Mouth of Danger       | 10,000 | JDM             |
| Oct. 1946                              | Justice in the Sun            |        | JDM             |
| Nov. 1946                              | The Little People             |        | JDM             |
| Dec. 1946                              | Private War                   |        | JDM             |
| Jan. 1947                              | Eight Dozen Agents            | 7,100  | JDM             |
| Feb. 1947                              | Bonded in Death               | 1,374  | "Henry Rieser"* |
| Feb. 1947                              | The Deadly Game of Darts      | 2,000  | JDM             |
| July-Aug. 1947                         | They Let Me Live              | 30,000 | JDM             |
| July-Aug. 1947                         | To Cut The Cards              | 5,200  | "Peter Reed"    |
| Sept.-Oct. 1947                        | The Chinese Pit               | 8,000  | JDM             |
| Nov.-Dec. 1947                         | Or The World Will Die         |        | JDM             |
| Nov.-Dec. 1947                         | Worse Than Murder             | 7,000  | "Henry Rieser"* |
| May-June 1948                          | The Cold Trail of Death       | 33,500 | JDM             |
| May-June 1948                          | The Tin Suitcase              | 3,000  | "Peter Reed"    |
| Sept.-Oct. 1948                        | Deep Death                    | 30,000 | JDM             |
| <b>THE SHADOW (and SHADOW MYSTERY)</b> |                               |        |                 |
| Sept. 1946                             | The Dead Dream                | 5,200  | JDM             |
| Nov. 1946                              | The Whispering Knives         |        | JDM             |
| Dec. 1946                              | Red Heads Won't Wait          | 7,900  | "Peter Reed"    |
| Dec. 1946                              | A Bat in the Hall             | 1,200  | JDM             |
| Jan. 1947                              | The Fixed Smile of Death      |        | "Robert Henry"* |
| Jan. 1947                              | The Hands of An Artist        | 3,000  | JDM             |
| Jan. 1947                              | The Bright Flash of Vengeance |        | "Peter Reed"    |
| Feb.-Mar. 1947                         | The Anonymous Letter          | 1,500  | JDM             |
| Feb.-Mar. 1947                         | Backlash                      | 1,200  | "Peter Reed"    |
| Fall, 1948                             | Fatal Accident                | 3,700  | JDM             |

\* See NOTE RE PSEUDONYMS, next page

**NOTE TO THE HELPFUL READER:** The lists on the preceding page are not complete. Any help we can get from collectors with complete sets of Docs and Shadows would be appreciated by Mr. MacDonald and by other readers, we're sure.

In his article last issue, Ed Cox mentions a story entitled "You've Got To Be Cold" as possibly appearing in the January, 1947 issue of SHADOW. The xerox copy of the contents page for that issue (sent to us by JDM) does not list it, so the question is: when and where did it appear?

Below you will find another missing story, which presumably appeared in the SHADOW MYSTERY MAGAZINE some time in 1946, or--considering the gap that sometimes occurs between time of sale and time of publication--some time in 1947. It could have appeared under another title, which is why the author has sent us the opening paragraph and story-situation to aid in tracking down the actual appearance of the story. -ljm

**Author's Title :** DEATH IN SMALL LETTERS (24,500)

**History :** Completed in August, 1946, sold the same month to Babette Rosmond, Street & Smith, for inclusion in SHADOW MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

**Opening:**

It was June again in Ohio and in the south the hot sun and warm rains had flared the buds into the broad leaves of summer. Janice Cowley opened her closet door and looked at the row of light dresses. She thought, "With what sparkling creation will I gladden the lives of the taxpayers of Burnt Fork, Ohio? With twenty-six useless Junes in my life, how many more will there be? How many times will I open the door of this closet and pick out a dress to wear without delight, without joy, without eagerness?"

**Situation:**

Inhibited girl living with mother and step-father, working for town, and paying back money her real father lost when drunk, lumber company money. Real father is at sea. Sends her presents. Sends her something very valuable and then loses his life and some strange types come looking for the valuable thing she has, and doesn't know she has.

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**NOTE RE PSEUDONYMS:** "Henry Rieser" and "Robert Henry": To the best of our knowledge (to date) "Robert Henry" was used on just one, and "Henry Rieser" on just two MacDonald stories, all three published by Street & Smith, Inc., as listed above. Eventually Babette Rosmond, the editor, and Mr. MacDonald settled upon the house names of Peter Reed, Scott O'Hara and John Wade Farrell for stories not published under his real name.

**ON THE STANDS:** END OF THE TIGER, a collection of 15 short stories by JDM. (Fawcett Gold Medal, 50¢) Reprinted from various magazines and newspapers. Excellent example of MacDonald's ability as a short story writer.

**COMING SOON:** THE LAST ONE LEFT, "a long, long hardcover novel" by JDM, to be published in January, 1967 by Doubleday.

## Magazine Stories by John D. MacDonald

| DATE                        | TITLE                       | WORDS  | BYLINE |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|--------|--------|
| Astounding SCIENCE FICTION  |                             |        |        |
| Feb. 1948                   | Cosmetics                   | 4,000  | JDM    |
| May 1948                    | The Mechanical Answer       | 6,500  | JDM    |
| Sept. 1948                  | Dance of A New World        | 5,800  | JDM    |
| Aug. 1949                   | Trojan Horse Laugh          | 18,000 | JDM    |
| FANTASTIC ADVENTURES        |                             |        |        |
| May 1950                    | Vanguard of the Lost        | 10,200 | JDM    |
| FANTASY and SCIENCE FICTION |                             |        |        |
| May 1953                    | Labor Supply                | 3,400  | JDM    |
| GALAXY                      |                             |        |        |
| Jan. 1951                   | Susceptibility              | 2,500  | JDM    |
| July 1951                   | Common Denominator          | 4,000  | JDM    |
| Oct. 1952                   | Game For Blondes            | 3,500  | JDM    |
| PLANET STORIES              |                             |        |        |
| Nov. 1950                   | Final Mission               | 2,400  | JDM    |
| STARTLING STORIES           |                             |        |        |
| Sept. 1948                  | Shenandun                   | 7,200  | JDM    |
| Nov. 1948                   | Ring Around The Redhead     | 8,000  | JDM    |
| Jan. 1949                   | Flaw                        | 3,200  | JDM    |
| May 1949                    | Immortality                 | 2,000  | JDM    |
| Sept. 1949                  | A Condition of Beauty       | 3,000  | JDM    |
| Jan. 1950                   | The First One               | 2,000  | JDM    |
| Sept. 1951                  | The White Fruit of Banaldar | 4,300  | JDM    |

Magazine Stories by John D. MacDonald

| DATE                     | TITLE                    | WORDS  | BYLINE              |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------|---------------------|
| SUPER SCIENCE            |                          |        |                     |
| April 1949               | All Our Yesterdays       |        | "John Wade Farrell" |
| April 1949               | Delusion Drive           | 2,400  | "Peter Reed"        |
| July 1949                | The Hunted               | 5,000  | JDM                 |
| Sept. 1949               | The Miniature            | 4,500  | "Peter Reed"        |
| Sept. 1949               | Minion of Chaos          | 15,500 | JDM                 |
| Nov. 1949                | Appointment For Tomorrow | 3,600  | JDM                 |
| Nov. 1949                | The Sleepers             | 5,500  | "John Wade Farrell" |
| May 1950                 | By The Stars Forgot      | 2,000  | JDM                 |
| May 1950                 | Gift of Darkness         | 4,500  | "Peter Reed"        |
| July 1950                | Half-Past Eternity       | 20,000 | JDM                 |
| July 1950                | Escape to Fear           | 2,600  | "Peter Reed"        |
| Jan. 1951                | Hand From The Void       | 20,000 | JDM                 |
| Jan. 1951                | Destiny Deferred         | 3,600  | "John Wade Farrell" |
| June 1951                | Escape to Chaos          | 18,000 | JDM                 |
| June 1951                | Cosmic Knot              |        | "Peter Reed"        |
| THRILLING WONDER STORIES |                          |        |                     |
| Oct. 1948                | That Mess Last Year      | 3,300  | JDM                 |
| Dec. 1948                | A Child Is Crying        | 1,400  | JDM                 |
| Aug. 1949                | Amphiskios               | 13,200 | JDM                 |
| Feb. 1950                | Spectator Sport          |        |                     |
| WEIRD TALES              |                          |        |                     |
| Jan. 1949                | The Great Stone Death    | 3,600  | JDM                 |
| May 1949                 | But Not to Dream         | 3,400  | JDM                 |