

J D M B ibliophile

22

FAPA

August 1977

Edited and published by Len & June Moffatt, Box 4456, Downey, CA 90241 USA

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* This issue of JDMB is dedicated to the memory of *
* WILLIAM J. CLARK *
* Co-compiler of the JDM Master Checklist *

IMPORTANT NOTICE: If you aren't a member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, you are getting this issue because you sent us money, letters, cards, information, good will or whatever. If you are reading someone else's copy and want one of your very own, it will cost you 50¢.

A few copies of JDM Bibliophile #21 and JDMB Bulletin #2 are available. 50¢ for both. There are also a few copies of JDMB Bulletin #3 @ 25¢ per copy. All back issues of THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE and JDMB Bulletin are out of print, as is the JDM MASTER CHECKLIST.

THIS IS THE FINAL ISSUE OF THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE. We will continue to publish The JDMB Bulletin. We will publish JDMBB #4 later this year or next year, or whenever we have enough additions and corrections to the Master Checklist, news, and Seek & Swap items to fill at least four pages.

If you are not a member of FAPA, and if there is a circled X on your mailing label (or next to your address if it's hand-written), send 25¢ or a letter of comment on this issue if you want a copy of JDMBB #4.

Letters of comment should be written on one side of the sheet only. We won't be able to publish them in the Bulletin, but we will clip out comments on the various articles and forward them to the appropriate contributors.

If you MUST send money, do not send more than 25¢. JDMBB will be published on an issue-to-issue basis; we are not interested in long-range subscriptions or extensive bookkeeping.

For more information on our publishing plans, read "...& Everything", our editorial cum newsletter, in this issue.

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" & EVERYTHING "

- by Len Moffatt

May 25, 1977: Back in April we received (along with assorted clippings) a note which read: "Hey Moffatts--Condominium is ruining my quiet life! Best, John D." We replied that it served him right for writing a blockbuster bestseller. As I'm sure most of you know, CONDOMINIUM has been getting good reviews and is on bestseller lists around the country, as well as being a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. We have seen one or two reviews wherein the reviewer complained that John told us more than we wanted to know about everything, but even those weren't really panning the novel.

BRITAIN - John and Dorothy suffered from the flu during and after their trip to Great Britain in November of last year. Pan Books kept them hopping around the United Kingdom: London, Dorchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Dublin, Glasgow, Newcastle, etc. "I did not see the inside of a shop", says John.

According to the Shines (to whom you will be introduced in this issue) the MacDonalds were off on another cruise, but one that we hope was more pleasurable than their promo trip to Old Blighty. (June and I still hope to make a return visit to England in 1979 to attend the World Science-Fiction Convention in Brighton-on-Sea.)

Other than that, we haven't much in the way of news at this writing. We assume that the new McGee has been finished, or will be shortly. We assume that Lippincott and/or Fawcett will publish it some time in the next year or so. We don't know the title, but it may (or may not) have "ginger" in it.

Besides the clippings from John, we have received clippings from several of you, mostly reviews of CONDOMINIUM, for which many thanks. One wonders if it will be made into a movie. If it were turned into "just another disaster movie" that would be a disaster. It could be made into one hell of an excellent film. Considering how careful John is about not letting McGee into the hands of the film-makers again, it isn't likely he'll sell CONDOMINIUM's movie rights to anyone he isn't sure would do it right.

In one sense, it is a "disaster" novel, but the disaster is in the lives of the characters--problems (self-created and otherwise) that they must face...or should face, and yet, for my money, it isn't a downbeat novel. There is, at the end, after the hurricane has done its work, a sprig of hope.

BOUCHERCON NEWS: We understand that the 3th Annual Anthony Boucher Memorial Mystery Convention will be in New York this year, though it will not be sponsored by the MWA. Chris Steinbrunner phoned us last fall to advise us that the MWA in New York could not put on the '77 Bouchercon, as they have their hands full planning and preparing for the Second Annual International Congress of Crime Writers to be held in New York in March of '78, in conjunction with the MWA's Annual Awards Banquet. However, Chris said that he and Otto Penzler would organize the Bouchercon for '77 and that they have great plans for it. See page 22 of this issue for more details.

BOUCHERCON 9 will be in Chicago in 1978. To get on their mailing list, send your name and address to: John Nieminski, 2948 Western, Park Forest, IL 60466. Don't expect to get info on Bouchercon 9 immediately, as I'm sure they'll wait until Bouchercon 8 before releasing advertising, etc.

Bouchercon 10? We hope it will be somewhere in the West in 1979, but at the moment we do not know who will be running it. Any further news we get regarding the Bouchercons will appear in the JDMB Bulletin.

PUBLISHING PLANS, BEST-LAID & OTHERWISE: Despite the fact that June and I are not involved in any heavy convention work, we still cannot seem to find the time to do as much as we used to do in the publishing side of our hobby. There are numerous reasons for this, and I won't bore you by listing all the ones I can think of here. Suffice it to say that if we cut back or eliminated our local club and social life, stayed at home every night and every weekend (we both work five days a week), gave up reading, etc. etc., we would probably have time to publish JDMB, MOONSHINE and one or two other things several times a year--assuming the expense didn't kill us.

We have been neglecting MOONSHINE--a fanzine I started back in the 40's, and which June and I still publish for FAPA...except that we haven't published an issue since November of 1974...

Lately I have been toying with the idea of expanding MOONSHINE...but first, a bit of history for non-FAPAns (and for new FAPAns, for that matter): MOONSHINE started as a personalized zine. I chose the title because it was both a science-fiction and a fantasy/weird reference. I was reading mystery fiction in those days, too, but my primary reading interest was in the s-f and fantasy fields. It was a vehicle for me to express myself on any subject, actually. In later years, Rick Sneary and Stan Woolston boarded the vehicle with their articles and columns, and of course in more recent time I share the old mag with June. Now, based on the fact that MOONSHINE has always featured items we wanted to publish (even when said items weren't even indirectly related to s-f or fantasy) and that the mag's title could very well be a mystery fiction reference too, we see no reason why we shouldn't "expand" it to cover all of our literary interests--or all of our intellectual interests, for that matter.

That would include our reading in history and biography (in both of which one often finds copious quantities of "moonshine") and Foo knows what else. We might even solicit material for the mag--but don't start sending in your articles and reviews now. We aren't sure that we'll be going this route yet; it depends on how things (like time and money) work out for us in the next year or so. (We just got a new car--a Dodge Colt--which saves on petrol, but there are those monthly payment...)

If we do decide to put more into MOONSHINE it will still be initially distributed in FAPA, and we'd run enough extra copies for those of you outside of FAPA who would be interested in subscribing to such a magazine. If and when we decide to do this, it will be announced in the JDMB BULLETIN.

In any case, we do plan to have an issue of MOONSHINE of some size or other in FAPA by next year, and we do hope to have the JDMB BULLETIN #4 ready for the mails by that time, if not sooner. (The JDMBB will be distributed in FAPA too.)

THE MOFFATT HOUSE ABROAD Copies of this item, which is an account of our trip to England and Germany in the spring of 1973, illustrated with photographs and cartoons, are still available at \$2 per copy. Proceeds from sales of TMHA go to the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. If you aren't active in science-fiction fandom, you probably could care less about donating to TAFF, but you might get two bucks' worth of enjoyment out of reading about our adventures Over There. We can personally assure you that TAFF is a Good Cause.

- ljm

BRITAIN IN '79 IS FINE ** BRITAIN IS FINE IN '79 ** BRITAIN IS FINE IN '79 ** BRITAIN

AN EVENING WITH

JOHN D. MACDONALD

- by George R. Berryman

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA: Not often does the local blat contain an item that causes me to sit upright with bulging eyes and pulse quickening, but it accomplished this on March 14 with a report that "An Evening With John D. MacDonald" was scheduled for March 26 at Daytona Beach under the auspices of an outfit called "The University of Florida Patrons of Libraries".

It went on to say that "invitations for the event may be requested" by those sending a donation of \$35 (\$50 for couples) to an address in Gainesville. Needless to say, my check entered the postal system before you could say "Travis McGee"--even though I had not driven such a distance since my retirement four years ago. And lo! with a brief stopover for postmarking at Lake Butler, which has a similar zip, the invitation arrived five days later. I was momentarily taken aback to see that the event was to be "semi-formal" but reasoned that--in Florida--this probably meant you had to wear shoes and a necktie. (It turned out my surmise was correct; no dinner jackets, but some of the ladies were fetching in long gowns.)

Luckily, the function was timed not to coincide with the automobile races or other events in Daytona Beach that are known in the motel trade as "Special Events"--meaning a doubled tariff on rooms--but even so I found by phoning that all five Holiday Inns there were booked solid for the 26th. At least, I was told they were when I admitted planning to stay only one night. But I managed to book a room at a Ramada Inn near the idle racetrack (but in the direct flight path of the nearby airport).

I didn't know what to expect, and my imagination had prepared me for anything--from The Author seated at a table autographing books to a franzied assault upon him by crowds of groupies. In fact, the local paper said the next day that "more than 200 fans mobbed him". This was untrue; the affair was pleasantly sedate.

After successfully navigating the (inevitable) road construction in my trusty Checker (the only modern car a tall man can enter feet first) I surrendered my invitation at a card table outside the Museum of Arts and Sciences and entered to pay homage.

There in the lobby was as lavish a buffet as I ever saw: A big punchbowl filled with jumbo shrimp, thousands of little sandwiches and cakes, even a free bar (at which I could have recovered my contribution except that I used up my lifetime quota of alcohol some ten years ago). And, no matter where you were, elegantly-clad Japanese maidens kept sidling up to you with trays of hors d'oeuvres.

People stood around in knots or strolled about; no pushing, no mob scenes. I'm ashamed to admit that I had to ask someone to point out the Author. Somehow I had expected him to wear that seaman's cap he sports in the dust-jacket pix, but he was quietly dressed in dark slacks and a white jacket. No jostling mob surrounded him; he stood easily, chatting with one or two people. The lady I had asked to point him out performed an introduction.

I would like to say that, as an old newsman, I long ago got over my awe of celebrities. I have been comfortable talking with, for instance, Al Smith, Helen Keller, Gary Cooper. I must confess, however, I felt a certain diffidence under the circumstances. I had felt sure that something fatuous would come out of my mouth, and sure enough it did. My opening statement was that I had come "all the way" from St. Augustine to see him. He murmured his gratitude at this great sacrifice on my part. Later I learned that about half the 200 people there were from out of town, most of them, I'm sure, from a greater distance.

At least I didn't tell him that I had read all his books, some more than once, and owned all except one. However, to establish some sort of bond, I reminded him of an error in a McGee book years ago that I had pointed out in The JDM Bibliophile. (Why does everyone assume that authors like to have factual errors in their work pointed out to them?): That it was Benjamin Franklin, not Mark Twain, who had given sage advice to a young man on the choice of a mistress. He admitted recalling the incident.

In my letter requesting an invitation, in order to prove my bona-fides, I had identified myself as a ten-year member of the group of admirers led by the Moffatts of California.* I dropped their name to MacDonald, and a young man standing beside him broke in with the information that it was he who had handled my letter to Gainesville. He had not known that MacDonald had such an organized group of admirers: evidently jdm does not go around bragging that he is the only living writer accorded such tribute.

In this very brief encounter, MacDonald remarked to no one in particular that he was finding it difficult to maintain humility in the face of the homage he was receiving. I said this must be doubly difficult because of the continuing tribute paid him by the Moffatts. There was no graceful reply to this, and he made none.

There were others waiting to exchange words with him, so I drifted off--and then discovered there was an elaborate display of MacDonald materials in a large room at the end of the hall. Glass cases contained such items as: Many translations of the same paperback (I don't know why I was surprised that one was in Hebrew); letters to and from publishers and editors, including one marking his first sale--to, I think, a Western; letters to politicians and others relating to civic interests. On the walls were originals or magazine illustrations of his works.

There was a large poster quoting someone as predicting that future scholars would delve into MacDonalddiana in search of clues on how today's civilization works. This was a reference to the fact that jdm had agreed to donate his personal papers to the University of Florida. It was said that other universities had vied for this distinction. I was awed..

So, it was a double event: The official designation of a depository of the MacDonald Papers, and recognition of the forthcoming publication of CONDOMINIUM, a Book-of-the-Month prime selection, and one which will undoubtedly be heralded on the subsequent paperback as "Soon to be a MAJOR Motion Picture". (Of course, no minor films are ever made from books.)

You would have enjoyed the exhibit, and I hope the University can set it up on a permanent basis. Also, it would be nice to be able to see the second pages of some of those letters under glass, and the responses thereto. From Robert Mitchum, for instance (he was in "Cape Fear") for whom jdm offered to write something especially geared to his talents.

By now the crowd was increasing, and I learned that something I had hoped for--some sort of informal address by the Author--was not scheduled, so I prepared to leave. Although many collected their copies of CONDOMINIUM when they arrived, I saw that there were ample supplies, so I saw no reason to grab mine early. Now I collected my treasure and started out. (I would like to insert here that I think it unfortunate that jdm's new publisher, Lippincott, saved a few pennies by not giving this \$10 list book a full cloth cover.) The books, already autographed, bore a printed note that the copy had been "especially arranged" by the publisher for this event.

MacDonald was still holding court in the hallway, and I edged into the group around him to ask something--my memory triggered by one of the exhibits--that had long puzzled me: Back in 1968, when he wrote NO DEADLY DRUG, an account of the first murder trial of

Dr. Carl Coppolino, we were given to understand that it would be followed by a similar account of the second trial. Since this never appeared, I had speculated over the reason, and the only one that made sense to me was that he had privately concluded that Coppolino was guilty as hell and did not feel able to write from a disinterested viewpoint--as he did in NO DEADLY DRUG.

When I got the chance, I asked my question, carefully phrased so he could gracefully avoid such an admission: "Was it ever disclosed why you didn't follow up your first book on Coppolino?"

The explanation was simple, and shattered my guess. He said that, after writing the first book, he decided to write a book inspired by the Coppolino affair, but purely fictional. After it was completed, he was persuaded that it might be considered improper for an author to play both sides of the street in this manner, fact vs. fiction. So he dropped the entire affair. "You never published the novel?" No.

I was struck by a mixture of admiration and regret. I had heard of his burning a trunkful of early formative writings after he had begun to sell everything he wrote. But to mothball a salable novel! My regret, of course, was occasioned by having this work denied to those of us who so greatly admire him.

In all, a most satisfactory evening.

-oOo-

* We have never--repeat, NEVER--thought of ourselves as leaders of a group (organized or otherwise) of "JDM admirers". As we have been telling people over the years, we are not running a fan club. We are positive that John's popularity as a writer is based entirely on his own talent, abilities and sweat. We have provided a vehicle whereby a few of his readers could discuss his works and obtain some information. With or without that vehicle, there would still be thousands of JDM fans all over the world. - ljm & jmm

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ADDITIONS & CORRECTIONS TO THE JDM MASTER CHECKLIST

106. THE ANNEX, reprinted in The Late Great Future, ed. by Gregory FitzGerald & John Dillon. Fawcett, December 1976
107. Letter to editor, Smithsonian Magazine, July 1976.
108. HIT AND RUN, reprinted in "52 Miles to Terror and Other Stories of the Road" ed. by Ruth Christoffer Carlsen and G. Robert Carlsen; Scholastic Book Services T728 (copyright 1965 by Scholastic Magazines, Inc.; 3rd printing Nov 1968)
- 109-121: FINNISH translations of JDM novels. Publisher: Vaasa Oy, Vaasa
109. Kuolleen Miehen Viesti (A Bullet for Cinderella) 1964
110. Pakene, Pakene... (On The Run) 1964
111. Tuomion Paiva (April Evil) 1965
112. Peli On Lopussa (Death Trap) 1965
113. Joku On Tuomittava (The Brass Cupcake) 1965
114. Ala Tuomitse Minua (Judge Me Not) 1965
115. Vaarallista Kiiltoa (The Deep Blue Good-By) 1966
116. Caarallinen Voitto (Nightmare in Pink) 1966
117. Vaarallisen Lahella (A Purple Place for Dying) 1967
118. Vaarallista Leikkia (The Quick Red Fox) 1967
119. Vaarallinen Suunta (Bright Orange for the Shroud) 1967
120. Sina Tiedat Liikaa (Dead Low Tide) 1967
121. Vaarallinen Saalis (A Deadly Shade of Gold) 1967

THE

SHINE

SECTION

by Walter & Jean Shine

((Walter and Jean Shine, 122 Lakeshore Drive, Apt. 1134, North Palm Beach, FL 33403, long-time fans of John D. MacDonald, recently discovered JDMB. Since that time, they have been sending us pages and pages of fascinating material. Some of it appears in this issue's ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO THE JDM MASTER CHECKLIST, and some of it appears below. Normally, letters from our readers are published in the lettercol, Please Write For Details, but we feel that the Shines' efforts on behalf of all of us deserves a special section in this issue. - ljm & jmm))

Dear Moffatts:

Oh, frabjous joy! Just returned from our second visit to the University of Florida at Gainesville, where we spent two rapturous days slobbering, chortling and ogling our way through the JDM Collection of correspondence, original manuscripts, original research materials, clippings, first editions and other assorted wonders deposited there some nine years ago by JDM--and, to our astonishment, never before examined by anyone. (JDMB 15 made passing reference to the Collection and decided us to take a gander.)

How to describe the Collection? Like Mecca to a Muslim? The Garden of Eden to a botanist? Billy Graham finding the Dead Sea Scrolls? Or a fat boy in a candy store?

More excellent unpublished writing than one could hope to come across in a lifetime. (And the Collection is up to only 1968 so far.) All in one place.

If you 'Philers think you've seen JDM's productivity, well--as the carny caller says--you ain't seen nothin' yet! He has been turning out a blizzard of words which, if frozen, would make his published works just the tip of the iceberg.

Just a small portion of the list of names he's corresponded with is an awesome sight: Irwin Shaw, Raymond Chandler, Robert Turner, Seymour Krim, Robert Lewis Taylor, William Buckley, Charles Williams, Pat Frank, Alec Rackowe, Howard Hunt, Willard "Stretch" Temple, Arthur Gordon, John Creasey, Judith Merrill, Ray Bradbury, Anthony Boucher, and, last but not least, Len Moffatt.

What's most fascinating about the man (as if the published materials didn't already show it) is his wide-ranging interest in everything and everybody. Some few examples:

A letter to The New Yorker magazine about a golfer's actions on the greens; to William Buckley about the Watts riots; to Wilbur Mills about the inequity to writers in the tax laws; to ex-Senator Smathers about Florida politics; to a friend about worthwhile stock market investments; to an actor about a Hollywood celebrity in a delightful though perhaps not publishable limerick; to magazines which mauled his efforts by changing the names of his heroes without his knowledge or consent; to a fellow author in 1959 when he first told the story of the woodchuck in brief, but in essence exactly the way it later appeared as THE WOODCHUCK in S*E*V*E*N.

But incredibly--in view of his sustained work habits and time limitations--there are innumerable carefully prepared and reasoned letters to fledgling writers guiding, advising and criticizing their work. A brief letter from a Marine, in a barely-decipherable scrawl, asking how to become a writer, elicits four pages of closely typed and meticulously reasoned analysis of what it takes. He judges a high-school short-story contest, not merely by selecting winners as asked, but providing extensive comments about each of a dozen stories submitted. The patience, earnestness, sincerity, friendship and scholarship are there--every time.

The most extreme example is in a very long series of letters with a prisoner who yearned for a writing career. JDM's lengthy, lengthy letters--over several years--about this man's ambitions and his work are worthy of a book unto itself.

Among other delights in the Collection: (1) A statement in a letter (August 3, 1962) that "work proceeds apace on our "teenager emeritus" which, we think, is the first concrete reference to Travis McGee; (2) a letter (October 1964) from a Sarasota Public Relations man named "John McGee"; (3) a letter from Charles Williams to JDM saying "You write faster than I can read."; (4) research notes, including boat tickets, menus, brochures, character notes about ship's crew and passengers, all of which were used for DARKER THAN AMBER.

We could go on, but we'll leave some of the surprises for those who follow our trail into the recesses of those files.

The loose-leaf index (prepared by the Library) of the Collection comprises more than 200 pages... and there are several boxes, more recently sent, which have not yet been indexed.

For 'Philers who next savor the literary feast that awaits we have one word: CAUTION--you'll get hooked! ((Access to The Collection would seem to be limited to those for whom Gainesville is not a major trip. - jmm))

Nearly three years ago, we happily completed our collection of every book JDM has published. We are now, at a snail's pace, working our way through libraries, used-book stores, distant magazine sellers, etc., attempting to complete our collection of all his published materials. (We know it's a humongous job, but--f'rinstance the other day we found INTERLUDE IN INDIA in Story Magazine, July 1946. NUMERO UNO--and don't think that wasn't a stimulus to keep on. We're more than halfway there!)

DEPT. OF SEMITIC SEMANTICS: Well, as long as we're at it, let's delve into ancient history. (We got our delving license last week.) Back in 'Phile 3, p. 2 you quoted JDM as having written: "My accomplice, T. McGee, is to date published in the Queen's English, and in Danish, Norwegian, German, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Dutch, Israeli and Japanese." You reprinted this in 'Phile 9.

We guess that Honorable MacDonald-san has had a chance to remember that the language is HEBREW and the people ISRAELIS. Next time you print the quote please to correct? ((A quote is a quote, quote unquote, quoth I, and does not take kindly to "corrections". If you insist, we might append (sic). - jmm))

Any man who hangs Syd Solomon paintings on the walls (both his own and McGee's) and sprinkles through his books words like "klütz" "plotzed", "futz", "shtick", "nudnik" and "boychick" knows better, we trow. (Incidentally, "klutz" is spelled correctly in SCARLET p. 48, but misspelled as "clutz" in TURQUOISE p. 198, Fawcett edition. Fawcett editors, please note.)

TECHNICAL TRAVIS TRIVIA:

1. 'Phile 20 p. 26 tells us that McGee No. 17 is on the way, "tentative title using color ginger". We don't want to be hasty, but we think THE GINGERSNAP JUDGMENT will be a fine book! We also think it will be better than the one we imagined named THE SAFFRON SIMIAN SEDUCTION, which we'll explain in another letter.

2. When we read 'Phile 21 p. 13, your "NOGGS BERGA" seemed like a real cute Moffatt in-joke just as the rest of the

paragraph was. But thereafter we re-read DARKER THAN AMBER and found (p. 187) you were only misspelling JDM's own gag. But please, it's "NOGS" as in egg-nogs, explains Del Whitney...so leave us have accuracy on these here quotes. ((Typos will happen in the best-regulated fanzines. - jmm)) Speaking of which brings us to a reference JDM makes in AMBER (p. 23) to Meyer's preference for successful "iron maidens". Meyer advises McGee to "read what Mark Twain had written about choosing a mistress". That struck a sour note, and had us hie ourselves to our nearest Bartlett's to find that he probably meant Ben Franklin, whose REASONS FOR PREFERRING AN ELDERLY MISTRESS (1745) includes:

"Eighth and lastly. They are so grateful!"

As for incorrect attributions, DEADLY SHADE OF GOLD has (p. 61) "old Sam'l Johnson saying (about the pursuit of women) "The expense is damnable, the position ridiculous, the pleasure fleeting". We've exhausted several tomes trying to pin that one down because we thought it was ole Winnie Churchill who said it, but all we could come up with is this:

SEX

The pleasure is momentary,
the position ridiculous, and
the expense damnable.

- Lord Chesterfield

If correct, this means MacDonald had the right generation but the wrong spokesman. Lest we too hastily charge JDM with error, we are reminded (we think by something read in The Collection) that JDM oftentimes amuses himself by deliberately misquoting. For example, he says it was years after ALL THESE CONDEMNED appeared that a Canadian professor wrote joyously exclaiming his shared glee in the knowledge that there were only ten satires by Junius and not, as the quotation beginning the book would have it, 12. (JDM confessed he had contrived this by adding the words "all these condemned" to the quote so as to avoid a title hassle with the publishers.)

So, Mr. Mac, if you were waiting to see if we're paying attention to call you on the Twain & Johnson references, we are!

Speaking of bloopers, we think a funny thing happened on the way to McGee #16. He seems to have changed size, shape and possessions. Dean Gremell ('Phile 20/7) has already pointed out the misprint about McGee's inseam in TURQUOISE/7 which JDM acknowledged should have been 34" instead of 44". But Dean G. didn't finish the job, because in PINK (p. 136) that same inseam was reported as 35". Oh well, fashions do change. ((As the mother of a couple of long-legged boys, I regret to state that while they require 35" inseams, it is not always possible to find inseams of that length, and sometimes they have to settle for 34"---or, perish forbid---33". - jmm))

But to continue:

In PINK/136 McGee's jacket size was 44 XLong, but six years later in BROWN/29 that same jacket became 46 XLong. And his shirt size PINK/136: 17/35 and waist or shorts 35" did a strange thing. They became (RED/111) 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ /36 and his waist shrank to 33". (Well, maybe it was the big lump in his throat when he realized Dana was at last going to bed with him.) And who's to say a fellow can't change? After all, "he's been sick a time or two."

Speaking of men's measurements (see what you started, Dean G?), way back in June 1948, one of JDM's earliest pulp stories "Call Your Murder Signals!" appeared in DIME DETECTIVE (price 15¢). His hero sent the girl out to replace his damaged duds and advises her: "Suit is 44 XLong with a 34" inseam." Nice coincidence?

Anyhow, John D.

pays strict attention to the tub on the Busted Flush. It always remains a magnificent 7'4". But consider this: everyone knows the Flush is a 52' houseboat, right? It so appears in at least BLUE, PINK and ORANGE. So how come the erudite Meyer calls it (GOLD/9) "this fifty-four feet of decadent luxury" and then HIMSELF repeats the exaggeration on page 66? Boat-owners (we are of the clan) know that's one mistake we NEVER make.

We were even more mystified when Meyer in LEMON/76 engages in the extraordinary act of "taking a shoreside shower". Every female guest has heretofore had shower and tub privileges; why not Meyer, of all people? Surely not for water conservation--the Flush was tied up at the dock.

Not quite so odd--but at least passing strange--Jason (LEMON/42) in response to McGee's saying he'd like some "phone service" says he'll "go bring an instrument..." But we have become much used to the on-board phones the Flush has (BLUE/63; RED/9; GOLD/6; YELLOW/195): one in the lounge with its accordion wire leading to the desk (YELLOW/196) and the other "in a compartment in the headboard" (RED/9)...and our marina experience would have led us to expect Jason to bring an extension cord from dock to boat, rather than "an instrument". In fact, there was no need for either, since the Flush, as might be expected, possesses its own "umbilical cord" for its telephone. Application hereby submitted for WEDNESDAY'S NIT-PICKER AWARD.

But it's no nit we're picking now (except a nitwit artist): we nominate as the worst artistic depiction of any story the monstrosity of a houseboat which decorated the paperback editions of TURQUOISE and the second edition of SCARLET. That spindly little 28' no 'count boat no more resembles the 52' custom-built "decadently luxurious" Busted Flush than Walter Shine resembles Travis D. McGee.

Insult to injury, the Grand Rapids Special-looking furniture shown on the sundeck in TURQUOISE is indoor furniture, no more suitable to the Flush than a quart of Plymouth gin is to a nursing mother's breakfast!

Worse still, there appears no place where there could be "topside controls" (AMBER/35-39; SCARLET/55-56; LEMON/29-77).

Fortunately, someone made a slightly better effort on the paperback LEMON, though the view of the boat is scarcely sufficient to permit critical analysis. Let's hope Fawcett will try harder in future.

Lest you think that Fawcett isn't interested (or at least JDM isn't) it had for long mystified us that in our edition of CONTRARY PLEASURE (which shows a 1954 copyright) an impressive young tennis player is asked whom she usually plays with: "Billie Jean?" Since that was 22 years ago, and Miss King had scarcely made her name the household word it now is, it purely puzzled us. But when we were in Gainesville, examining the JDM Collection, we found the first edition of the book, and she 'nuff there it referred to "Little Mo" who--we are told--was Maureen Connelly, at that time the "hotshot" girl player. So, apparently updating does take place in later editions--although this is the only one we have verified.

DEPARTMENT OF NET WORTH NAIVETE: Travis McGee outcons the cons, outsmarts the smarties, and hoodwinks the hoods. Agreed? Yet, in PURPLE/80, Jass Yeoman tells Travis that the tax people are investigating him, and says: "When they are working up a case against you on a balance sheet basis, they have to figure what you spend to live. Understand?"

To our utter astonishment, Travis replies: "Not very well. I'm sorry."

We submit, oh esteemed author, our Travis is far too savvy to need that explanation. Could he have forgotten how George Brell back in BLUE/76 explained how the "net worth" case was built against him? No, no, it's not in keeping with his otherwise all 'round financial expertise. He is simply not tax-free of tax info. In PINK/88 he gave us a very learned recitation on how tax-free shelters are used by real-estate developers. And Meyer is always around to expound on corporate niceties (AMBER/25). We do indeed ask for a retraction.

Nonetheless, we hasten to add that we remember what ole Sam'l Johnson said about his Dictionary--and we think this altogether applicable to JDM's work:

"a few wild blunders and risible absurdities...may for a time furnish folly with laughter..."

"In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much is likewise performed."*

DEPARTMENT OF DATING DETERMINATION: Dean Grennell tells us how to date the McGee stories (Phile 20/11). He used the little card he got with his Popular Science magazines. We turned to our World Almanac and, in response to your invitation (Bulletin No. 2) submit the following:

<u>BOOK</u>	<u>CLUE</u>	<u>FAWCETT PB</u>	<u>FROM W. A. PERP.</u>	<u>CALENDAR: TIME OF ACTION</u>
Blue	Tue, Aug 9	p. 56		1955 or 1966
Pink	Sat, Aug 10	p. 19		1953, 1957 or 1968
Orange	Thu, May 31	p. 171		1962
Yellow	Sat, Jun 5	p. 111		1965
	Tue, Dec 13	p. 124		1966
	Sun, Aug 22	p. 151		1965
	Fri, Dec 23	p. 186		1966
	Thu, Mar 2	p. 220		1967
Gray	Wed, Dec 27	p. 84		1967
Brown	Sun, Oct 6	p. 33		1968
	Thu, Oct 3	p. 5		1968
Indigo	Sun, Aug 3	p. 23		1969
	Mon, Jul 28	p. 223		1969
Lavender	Sat, Apr 25	p. 33		1970
Tan	Mon, Apr 26	p. 131		1971
	Mon, Apr 5	p. 68		1971
	Thu, Apr 29	p. 202		1971
Scarlet	Sun, May 2	p. 205		1971
	Mon, Sep 25	p. 169		1972
Turq	Fri, Dec 7	p. 80		1973
	Sat, Jan 5	p. 217		1974
	Sat, Jan 12	p. 234		1974
Lemon	Thu, May 16	pp. 15-11		1974
	Tue, May 14	p. 53		1974

'Philer Allan Pratt (JDMBB #2, p. 2) says he has done all but RED. Well, if he can come up with the dating on PURPLE, GOLD and AMBER, we'd sure like to know how.

While we still have your attention, we'd like to harken back to Grennell's girls in 'Phile 20. He complains that "LAVENDER is the most depressing downer...in terms of the female lead and her sordid fate". He makes no mention of a cutesy that JDM played with us--but LAVENDER ends with a bed-partner for McGee, named Heidi Geis Trumbill, whom JDM brought back from YELLOW, she being one of the few leading ladies not deep-sixed, brainshot or drowned in all 16 sagas. ((Yes, we had rather expected Heidi to crop up again sometime. But the insurance rates on being a McGee heroine must be totally out of sight! - jmm))

Last but not least for you 'Philers is: DEPARTMENT OF JOCLAR

REPETITION: Query: What is JDM's favorite joke?

Answer: The one about the little dog losing its head over a piece of tail. How do we know? He's told it five times in writing!

SEE: JUDGE ME NOT (1951) p. 48

THE DAMNED (1952) p. 35

THE EMPTY TRAP (1957) p. 82

SEVEN "Random Noise of Love" 9/1971) p. 30

THE SCARLET RUSE (1973) p. 246

*A JOHNSON READER ed. McAdam & Milne, Pantheon 1964 pp 141-2

You'll be interested in this, too, we think: James Goodrich, one of your nice 'Philers from New Paltz, NY, succumbed to our entreaties for copies of issues 5 through 8. (Now all we lack is #4 and 15). This gave us a chance to read June Moffatt's essay on "Death and JDM". It's a fine piece (and could be extended to several other deaths in other JDM books) but it was weird to find June's reference to the deaths of Sally Leon and Ronnie Crown in ALL THESE CONDEMNED. Well, ma'am, that's either typographical or transmogrificational or transbibliocal or like that, because those two individuals happened to have lived and died in APRIL EVIL. Didn't ANYBODY pick up on that gaffe? The pupils weren't paying attention, teacher... ((Oh, well, even Homer nods... - jmm))

As for Prof. Pratt's attempt to date RED, we have only just begun to do the job for him, but find ten clues which will indicate the latest time of the action...since anything mentioned must necessarily pre-date the action. Here are the clues (paperback issue):

- p. 5 Station WAEZ Miami (no longer exists).
Bernstein had already made the Columbia recording of the Shostakovitch Fifth. Norm Thompson's old flannel shirt...perhaps the company made those only after an ascertainable year.
- p. 44 Syd Solomon's Bahama series has been painted.
- p. 68 "Beatle-mania" When did they start?
"Revive the Twist" Now there's a good clue!
- p. 77 N.Y. Thruway from Syracuse...date built?
- p. 84 Herb Caen, columnist. Is he still writing? ((Yes. - jmm))
- p. 109 December 6...?
- p. 160 Fury, Tempest, Dart...when were they first made?

As for our Bibliophile orgiastic feast, some of the "debates" in past issues call to mind the woman who, having given her son-in-law a red and a blue tie for his birthday found him wearing the red one the next morning and asked "What's the matter--don't you like the blue one?"

The opinions comparing (and sometimes denigrating) strike us as intellectual arrogance, oftentimes by nitpickers and spoilsports. No book can be exactly as "good" or as "bad" as any other--even when JDM writes them. If they weren't different, with different forms of appeal, his market would soon dry up. (Although some--like Ross Macdonald--always seem to write the same dreary thing and yet sell.) JDM's constant variations are what make him stand so far above the others. "Vive sa difference!" (oops, almost goofed on the pronoun!)

- Walter & Jean Shine

SEEK - SWAP

SALLY JEAN HEIBULT, 230 Remington Avenue, Ft. Collins, CO 80502, needs the following eight JDM titles to complete her collection: I COULD GO ON SINGING, NO DEADLY DRUG, DEATH TRAP, THE PRICE OF MURDER, THE EMPTY TRAP, SLAM THE BIG DOOR, THE LAST ONE LEFT and YOU LIVE ONCE.

JEAN LINARD, 24 Rue Petit, 70000 Vesoul, FRANCE, wants to buy Charles Williams books. (We assume he means the modern CW who has been compared to JDM) Send him your lists and prices.

DAVID SOUDERS, 1620 Maryland Avenue, Springfield OH 45505, needs a copy of THE JDM MASTER CHECKLIST.

MARGERY S. STERN, 3106 Lake Ellen Drive, Tampa FL 33618, wants copies (xerox or original) of JDMBs 1-20, and JDMBulletin No. 1. Will buy.

ian covell, 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland Ts3 7BP, ENGLAND, wants to correspond, swap info, books, etc.

WAITING FOR MCGEE

- by Fred Cropper

Anyone who collects books will know what I'm talking about when I say what a tremendous thrill it is to find a book unexpectedly; especially when you've been looking for it for a long time. So I thought it might be fun to reminisce about the times I found a new Travis McGee novel at the supermarket, newsstand or bookstore.

Back in 1963 I read THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH & EVERYTHING and thought "here's a writer who really knows how to write". A short time later I read somewhere that John D. MacDonald was soon to start a series starring an uncommon hero named Travis McGee. I began to keep an eye out for the first title. Imagine my surprise when, shopping at a nearby supermarket in South Pasadena, I found not one but two McGees: BLUE and PINK, sitting side-by-side in the wire racks. Well, naturally, I bought them and rushed home to read them. Much to my surprise, they far outstripped my most hopeful expectations. A Travis McGee fan of the most vocal sort was born.

A few months later I was again overjoyed to find my third McGee, PURPLE, waiting for me in a rack at the Thrifty Drugstore in South Pasadena. Oh boy, this guy is really turning them out, I thought. That night, I read late into the night to finish the book.

Before 1964 was over, RED was waiting for me at a bookstore in Pasadena, and I was thrilled beyond words to think that John D. had turned out four McGees in one year, and all for my enjoyment.

By this time, I had turned a friend named Ed onto McGee, and we used to sit guzzling bourbon and 7-Up, discussing the merits of Trav's latest exploits and emulating him by going out nights looking for damsels in distress at the local bar. We hardly ever found any.

It took a while for GOLD to show up, but the waiting paid off when I discovered that this one was double-length. It took me a couple of days to finish reading it, but since this was a particularly good McGee, the enjoyment was stretched out a little longer.

ORANGE came out that same year, 1965, and although '65 wasn't up to '64 with four McGees, I was still very happy, since it appeared that John D. was now writing longer novels in the series.

1966 was a very good year with AMBER and YELLOW. Then there was a long dry spell before GRAY appeared. I remember I found it in a bookstore in Alhambra. I also remember ordering my lunch at a nearby restaurant a few minutes later, and while waiting for my sandwich, I hurriedly started the newest McGee.

Later in 1968, I moved from South Pasadena to Huntington Park to be nearer to my love, Gloria, whom I was to marry in 1969. I used to jog from State Street to Pacific Blvd., approximately one mile. One reason I liked to jog to Pacific was because there is a bookstore on Florence Avenue right next to Pacific.

One night a little after 8 p.m. I stumbled into the bookstore and, utterly amazed, spied BROWN in the mystery section. Naturally, I made much better time than usual jogging back, and, huffing something fierce, collapsed on my bed to begin the latest McGee novel.

The most-traveled book in the series turned out to be INDIGO. A girl in my office in L.A. had shown me an ad for the book which was in Fawcett's August catalog in 1969. But I didn't find the book until September--in El Paso, Texas.

Gloria and I had been married in February, and were vacationing in El Paso in September. We had gone from there to visit her folks, and then planned to go on into Mexico to visit more relatives. I found INDIGO in a newsrack at a bus depot in El Paso. So, this book went from El Paso to Chihuahua to Guadalajara to Los Angeles.

I lucked out on LAVENDER. I saw a squib in a trade paper that it was coming out soon, so I wrote to Fawcett Books with a check and reserved a copy, which came by return mail A FULL THREE WEEKS BEFORE it hit the newsstands. By this time, we had moved to Altadena after buying our first house. I remember spending a lot of time lying in bed, reading my head off, ignoring shouts from my wife to get out and do the yard work.

I had recently taken on a part-time job at the Alhambra Bookstore, and was very pleasantly surprised on day, when I came to work, to find TAN had just arrived. My mind wasn't on my work that day. All I could think of was that the day should end so I could rush home with my new McGee.

I gave up the bookstore job in 1972, but still visited the store frequently. I was passing by in July of '73, was suddenly thrilled to see the bright red cover of SCARLET prominently displayed with the new arrivals, and was particularly stunned to find out that the new McGee had arrived almost a week before!

When the Alhambra Bookstore received the hardcover of TURQUOISE, there was nothing for it but to spend the extra money and run home, sink onto the bed and begin Trav's latest adventure. I seemed to hear a far-off voice asking when was I going to mow the lawn?

Sometime later I read in the JDM Bibliophile that THE AZURE DISMAY would be out soon, so imagine my surprise when browsing at Vroman's in Pasadena to discover, newly arrived, LEMON, which I bought on the spot. I thought perhaps there were to be two McGees in a row, but after reading LEMON, I realized that John D. had merely retitled AZURE. Oh, well...

That brings us up to date, so until THE GINGER SLAP (my own title--don't panic!) comes out circa 1977-78, I am rereading all the old chestnuts. I am partway through PURPLE and am itching to get to RED, but since I am spacing them out, I'll have to wait a while. You see, I've finally learned self-control. That is, until GINGER arrives.

-oOo-

ADDITIONS & CORRECTIONS TO THE JDM MASTER CHECKLIST, continued:

(Incidentally, Reijo suspects that the Finnish editions are translated from the Swedish editions rather than from the original English.)

122. CONDOMINIUM, 447pp hardcover novel, Lippincott 1977. (Also main Book-of-the-Month Club selection for April, 1977.)

(Our thanks for the above info to Tom Emmans, Rick Sneary, Reijo Laaksonen and Leo Rand.)

The following Additions & Corrections are courtesy of Walter and Jean Shine:

123. Creative Trust (article) 4pp, THE WRITER January 1974. (Reprinted in THE WRITER'S HANDBOOK, ed. by A. S. Burack, 1976.)

EARLY

"CONDOMINIUM"

HURRICANE

WARNING

- by Jean & Walter Shine

Just as the weatherman finds advance warnings from disparate readings about the globe of the build-up of storms, we readers of JDM had many clues to the force and power--even some of the very words--of CONDOMINIUM from earlier writings.

The multiple themes of CONDO (as we'll now call it for brevity) include the machinations of builder-developers, their personal economic tragedies, the vain dreams of some senior citizens and the effects of a major hurricane on shore-built buildings.

Hints, clues and embryonic thoughts are found for these themes as early as 1953. In DEAD LOW TIDE pp. 19-21 (all page references are to Fawcett paperbacks except for CONDO, which is only in hardback at present) JDM told how the land in Florida is growing artificially--all the way from Cedar Keys to Naples--by the dredging of the bay flats.

"And you pray, every night, that the big one doesn't come this year...One year it is going to show up, walking out of the Gulf and up the coast, like a big red top walking across the schoolyard...that water is going to have real fun with the made land, with the seawalls and packed shells and the thin topsoil. It's going to be like taking a good kick at an anthill..."

What "that water" does in CONDO is no less than that prediction, but much more than the one made in THE SCARLET RUSE (1973) pp. 46-47:

"They want to pump umpty-seven billion yards of sand in front of all the big hotels, a big beach like 1919 they had. Bond issues, big assessments, more taxes, just so all the clowns can go parading by on public beach land for maybe two years before a hurricane takes it all back out to sea."

As for the hurricane, MURDER IN THE WIND (1957) took us through the terror and devastation of one not unlike that in CONDO. The source of the word huracan he explained: "A Taino word. It means evil spirit" (p. 152). CONDO calls it "Hurakan" ...and its threat quickened pulses, created a bowel flutter of queasy anticipation" (p. 290). "When a storm is on the way it does something to the animal part of you, to that very deep dark place where all reasoning is based on instinct" AREA OF SUSPICION (1954) p. 156.

CONTRARY PLEASURE (1954) detailed the ease with which an unscrupulous builder can, even without the connivance of county officials, so cheapen the materials and workmanship of his houses as to rob them of much of their lasting value (p. 178). And, in THE CROSSROADS (1959) how landfill operations on Florida's West Coast could be made possible "by the careful bribery of those public officials pledged to prevent further landfills" (p. 12). CONDO's Commissioner Justin Denniver, of course, repeats this chicanery.

In A TAN AND SANDY SILENCE (1972) p. 45, Travis (no, JDM) gave us an extensive economics lesson on how the developers compute their possible gains--assuming all apartments sell as planned. Marty Liss (CONDO, p. 28) goes through the same calculations. But what if you are left with 10% of them unsold? Then you are in the red...and you develop (TAN):

"A new (Florida) syndrome. The first symptom is a secret urge to go up to an unsold penthouse and jump off your own building, counting vacancies all the way down."

These symptoms and illness affect builder Jerry Stalbo (JDM resisted the lure of referring to his building as "Jerry-built") in CONDO p. 184:

"From the way the police had reconstructed it, Jerry had siphoned a two-quart milk container of gasoline out of his (car)...gone up to his penthouse...drenched himself, lit himself, and jumped flaring and screaming down through the soft black night..."

As for the "senior citizens" and their emotional dead-ends, the inhabitants of CONDO had had fair warning from JDM for many years before they took their paths down the palm-lined road:

DEA

DEAD LOW TIDE (1953) p. 89: "People retire and distrust the unfamiliar."
p. 105: "It seems as if everybody and his brother have been moving to Florida..."

SLAM THE BIG DOOR (1960) p. 123: "We don't accept the environment. We alter it... Bulldozing out the natural stuff and replacing it with tropical exotics for the next freeze to kill..."

p. 186: "Come to this retirement paradise, all you senior citizens. (This seems more palatable than "oldsters".) You've got your savings and you've got that Social Security so...live right on the water...Four more natural lakes ready soon..."

ONE FEARFUL YELLOW EYE (1966) p. 201: "No matter how lush the flower beds, how spirited the bridge games, the shuffleboard competitions, the golf rivalries-- now how diligently the Hobby Center turns out pottery waterbirds, bedspreads and shell ashtrays, this kind of solution still makes a geriatric ghetto where, in silence, too many people listen to their own heartbeats."

THE SCARLET RUSE (1973) p. 169: "Meyer made one of his surveys of the elderly couples in the Fort Lauderdale area, the ones being squeezed between the cost of living and their Social Security. They were very bitter about it...Amurrica should give them the financial dignity they had earned. Meyer's survey...(related) ...income over the working years to the pattern of spending... He said, '...the essence of it is that all too many of them were screwed by consumer advertising. Spend, spend, spend. Live for today. They blew it all on boats and trailers and outboard motors, binoculars and hunting rifles and department store high fashion. They lived life to the hilt, like the ads suggest. Not to the hilt of pleasure, but to the hilt of spending. They had bureau drawers full of movie cameras, closets full of record players and slide projectors. Buy the wall-to-wall carpeting. Buy the great big screen. Visit all the national parks in America. Funny thing. They had all started to lay away some dollars for old-age income, but when the Social Security payments got bigger and the dollar started shrinking, they said the hell with it. Blow it all. Now their anger is directed outward, at society, because they don't dare look back and think of how pathetically vulnerable they were, how many thousands they blew on toys that broke before they were paid for, and how many thousands on the interest charges to buy those toys."

That unexpressed regret overcomes Howard Elbright (CONDO p. 141) while fishing the bay:

"All the attics and cellars and backs of closets of his mind were full of abandoned adult toys: Heathkits, rock tumblers, photo enlargers, tape decks. He kept thinking that if he could go back in time and cancel those purchases, and

put the money to work in good places, retirement would be a lot less worrisome. ...The golden years had become, he thought, a little bit brassy."

And, finally, on a most pathetic note he reflected (1975) THE DREADFUL LEMON SKY, p. 27:

"On the tube the local advertising for condominiums always shows the nifty communal features, such as swimming pool, putting green, sandy beach, being enjoyed by jolly hearty folk in their very early thirties. These are the people who keep saying that if you've got your health, you don't need anything else. But when the condominiums are finished and peopled, and the speculator has taken his maximum slice of the tax-related profits and moved on to crud up somebody else's skyline, the inhabitants all seem to be on the frangible side of seventy, sitting in the sunlight, blinking like lizards, and wondering if these are indeed the golden years..."

and the mournful note continues a bit later, p. 120:

"In a world where violence is ever less comprehensible and avoidable, people --especially the middle-aged and the old--settle more comfortably behind barred gates, locked lobbies, roving guard dogs. They seek to die in bed, of something gentle and merciful."

Another interesting facet of JDM's writing displays itself in CONDO (p. 41) when he tells the joke about the trainer who hits the mule with a sledge, drops him in his tracks and says "Now I've got his attention". What's curious is that he's told this twice before. (A FLASH OF GREEN, pp. 248-9; A TAN AND SANDY SILENCE p. 350.)

In case Dear Reader wasn't paying attention to another joke he told us in THE LAST ONE LEFT (p. 337) he repeats it for us in CONDO (p. 350): "If your aunt had balls she'd be your uncle, Johnny". In a more genteel manner, a young man (LAST ONE LEFT, p. 80) remarks: "There's that old saying, if your aunt had wheels she'd have been a tea cart."

And maybe there's a clue to JDM's favorite dessert in this quote from LEMON (p. 61):

"I could see a screened swimming pool as motionless as lime Jell-O in the white glare."
while in CONDO (p. 71) it reads: "...beside a pool as still as lime Jell-O."

Friend Meyer was mocked by Travis in TURQUOISE, p. 99, about his "illness" as follows: "Terminal hangnail is one of the challenges modern medicine must face." and Marty Liss (the Developer) wonders (CONDO p. 310) whether his wife will divorce him "or will terminal hangnail end her dramatic life first?"

In TURQUOISE Travis described a type of boat which could "roll you sick on a wet lawn", (p. 139). Whereas Jack Mensenkott, an avid boatman, has a wife who not only "sunburned quickly and painfully" but "could become seasick on a wet lawn" (CONDO, p. 134).

Hold that sledge, Professor MacDonald, we mules pay good attention!

We end this piece--as condominium dwellers and former sufferers of a prior mad-house (who have, regretfully, sat through many an Owners Association meeting) with applause and awe for JDM because his meeting portraying owner insanity (CONDO pp. 204-222) in so-called fictional form, is a near-verbatim transcript of one of our calmer meetings at a condo whose name included Paradise but was Hell on earth. Thanks, good sir!

Gratefully, Walter & Jean Shine

MORE ADDITIONS & CORRECTIONS TO THE JDM MASTER CHECKLIST:

124. "Forward in the Back" (approx. 200 words) McGee's "recipe" for cooking a black mullet. The Admiral's Wardroom GALLEY BOOK, published by The Left Bank, a restaurant in Venice, Florida, circa 1974.
125. An Appreciation of the Artist Robert Larsen. For the catalog of a one-man show of Larsen's paintings at the St. Armand's Key Gallery, January, 1962.
126. "Richard Glendinning: The Man and the Legend" (2pp biog) POCKET PETE, March 1960.
127. p. 37 NORWEGIAN - Het Sommer (Cancel All Our Vows)
128. p. 37 NORWEGIAN - Pengene Eller Livet! (The Price of Murder)
129. p. 38 FRENCH - Une Part Du Gateau (April Evil)
130. p. 38 FRENCH - Vandetta Palace (The Empty Trap)
131. p. 38 FRENCH - Le Bouillon Redempteur (The Drowner)
132. p. 38 FRENCH - Echec Aux Dames (You Live Once)
133. p. 38 FRENCH - Meutre Pour La Mariee (Murder for the Bride) pub by Presses de la Cite
134. p. 38 FRENCH - Midi Sonne (Death Trap)
135. p. 38 FRENCH - Devil en Violet (A Purple Place for Dying) 1969
136. p. 38 GERMAN - Wie Ein Tigerin Der Nacht (Soft Touch) 1964
137. p. 38 GERMAN - Eine Stunde Fur Den Morder (The Empty Trap)
138. p. 38 GERMAN - Boser April (April Evil) 1960
139. p. 38 GERMAN - Ein Koder Fur Die Bestie (The Executioners)
140. p. 38 GERMAN - Tod in Der Sonne (A Purple Place for Dying)
141. p. 38 GERMAN - Das Haus Der Dreizehn (Murder in the Wind)
142. p. 38 GERMAN - Einmal Holle und Zuruck 1966
143. p. 37 DUTCH - Dode Getuigen Spreken Niet (The Price of Murder) 1962
144. p. 37 DUTCH - De Dood Kaatst Terug (April Evil)
145. p. 37 DANISH - Mord i Purpur (A Purple Place for Dying) 1966
146. p. 39 ITALIAN - Aut Rut (Dead Low Tide) Longanesi
147. p. 39 ITALIAN - La Casa di Carne (Death Trap) Longanesi
148. p. 39 ITALIAN - La Volpe Scarlatta (The Quick Red Fox) 1966
149. p. 39 ITALIAN - Ti Ho Visto (A Man of Affairs)
150. p. 39 SPANISH - Los Malditos (The Damned) Compania General Fabril (Argentina?)
151. p. 39 SPANISH - En Fin de la Noche (End of the Night) Emece Editores 1970
152. p. 39 SPANISH - La Unica Mujer en El Juego (The Only Girl in the Game) Emece Ed 1970
153. p. 39 SPANISH - Adios en Azul (The Deep Blue Good-By) Editorial Brugera 1967
154. p. 39 SPANISH - La Dorada Sombra de la Muerte (Deadly Shade of Gold) Editorial Brugera 1968
155. p. 39 SPANISH - Pesadela Cor-de-Rosa (Nightmare in Pink) 1966

P
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F
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D
ETAILED

REIJO LAAKSONEN, Helsinki, Finland: A footnote to Donald C. Wall's "Ecology and The Detective Novel" (JDMB #21). MacDonald wrote about environment and ecology long before A FLASH OF GREEN in 1962. See, for instance, his science-fiction novel BALLROOM OF THE SKIES (1952).

JAMES R. GOODRICH, New Paltz, NY: Wall's article on Ecology should be reprinted in an environmental periodical where it can benefit a larger audience. Very well done.

My thanks as always to the prolific Mike Nevins for his reviews--indeed, for everything. Wish my college could woo him away from St. Louis.

Let's hope the next Bouchercon is in the New York area.

JOANNE SADER, Eugene OR: I thought as long as I'm writing, I would jot down my views on a TV character in the role of T. McGee. As far as I'm concerned, T. McGee is bigger than life. Each fan of T. McGee has a different picture of him. (Walk, talk, looks, gestures, mannerisms, etc.) No "one" actor could ever live up to the thousands of T. McGees in the minds of his avid admirers. I'm sorely afraid a great amount of something intangible would be lost in the transition. Or something! Hmmm? ((My own idea of McGee's looks has been formed by the sketch that Fawcett used on the first paperbacks. I have seen European editions, however, and they use a different sketch(es). - jmm))

I too am one of the many who feel sad to see JDM slowing down on his output of novels. But I can certainly understand and appreciate his motives. If anyone has earned a well-deserved rest, it's JDM.

I don't feel that JDM digresses too far afield in his quest to put over his feelings as to conservation, etc. What better way than through his writings to say the things he feels; as to what "civilization" is doing to our air, land, animals, etc.

We all have the choice: to read or not to read. I choose to read and enjoy, because it is not just empty platitudes but a man who feels very deeply about our existing and future conditions. After all, he could say "What the hell, I won't be here in 40 years anyway" as so many seem to be saying. Possibly I am just prejudiced. So be it!

JOHN NIEMINSKI, Park Forest, IL: Many thanks for JDMBB β . The JDM information was welcome, as walways, but the page three resume of the Kansas City happenings had such a wanly discouraging tone to it that I felt I had to take my IBM in hand and peck out a cheer-up note.

Cheer Up.

And what the hell is all that nonsense about 55 being a good age for retirement from anything. Look at me. I'm 75, but you wouldn't know it, because I refuse to get old or discouraged. (Of course, the only two Cons I've ever bid on--Bouchercon '75 and '78--I won, but what the hell, you can't lose them all!) As the midwest's number one SF fringe fan, with years of experience reading the predictive type of SF tale, let me predict you will chair at least two Worldcons before you're done. So what if they're wheel-chairs. Think of the beanie brigade scurrying hither and yon, respectfully panting after your every wish and command, the sole and permanent survivors of 1st & $\frac{1}{2}$ Fandom. ((No, YOU think of it! -jmm)) Think of the balding, pot-bellied voiceless Harland E. gratefully accepting another Hugo from your hallowed hands at Hong Kong in '92--or some other exotic place (like Gary, Ind.) ((Gary, Indiana? What a beautiful name... - jmm)) The thing that really disturbed me about your remarks was the threat that you may actually start reading again. Considering some of the stuff I've looked at lately, I predict that will really age you!

Have two Chivases (as I did before I began this note) and you'll find things not so gloomy.

J. M. Carter, New York, NY: Too bad JDM is still (obviously) touchy about "cousin" Ross--two very different yet quite brilliant writers who have more in common than just that last name. "Blue Hammer" (a very poor title choice, I admit, is one of the best yet!

Glad to hear about CONDOMINIUM. From its length (and weight!) it has to be JDM's definitive Florida novel. Let's hope so.

BILL WILSON, Douglasville, GA: With regard to Kenneth Millar cum Ross Macdonald, I just don't know what it is with him. He has been on this imitative kick for years. The Lew Archer series is a direct attempt to copy Chandler, and of course his use of the John Ross Macdonald name was pretty evident. ((Evident of what? - jmm)) And I don't know how many times in recent years he has used the same basic plot--decadent family of inherited wealth--recent crime with roots in something that happened years ago, etc. Funny thing is that a certain class of critic really praises him up. I think these are the same types who fall for anything avant-garde in art. They throw around "innovative" (meaning new and untried) and "significant" (meaning I really don't understand it, but I'm not going to admit it). They seem to be intrigued with Millar's thesis that inherited money makes people evil and also at times with his "profound" observations on the contemporary scene. However, most of these observations seem to me to be parroting the latest tantrum or crusade (take your pick) of Ralph Nader. As for inherited wealth, most of them I've known were rather on the indolent and self-indulgent side. And now Millar is copping in on JDM's "color-coded" titles.

((Bill recommends pp. 54-55 of RAYMOND CHANDLER SPEAKING wherein Chandler comments on Ross Macdonald's THE MOVING TARGET in a letter to James Sandoe. - ljm))

MICHAEL J. TOLLEY, Adelaide, South Australia: Have you noticed John Fraser's book, VIOLENCE IN THE ARTS (Cambridge U.P. 1974)? He says some approving things about John D.

You may be interested to hear that I have just completed a ten-lecture series for our University radio station on "The Hero in Popular Fiction", including one on Travis McGee. For the series I produced an 80-page booklet of notes and the whole job took up most of my spare time this year. Next year I really must get back to my major research interest, Blake. However, I have it in mind to write about crime fiction from time to time. I'd like to do a paper on A KEY TO THE SUITE sometime (which might have got a mention in that ecological article) and I'd like to ask you whether you have anything good on this novel in your journal?

Over here we have some very keen SF fans but I haven't struck a similar group of CF lovers. I myself read a lot in both fields and lecture on SF occasionally. I might say that I think that John D's SF is so good that he would certainly be one of the top names in the field if he'd persisted with two or three more stories, even, and been able to keep them in print.

You ask whether I am, like you, a "Boney" fan. Unfortunately, I got off on the wrong foot with Upfield, having started one of his stories at the recommendation of a friend, and finding it morally offensive, of all things. What stuck in my gullet was the author's apparent endorsement of his hero's behavior at one point in the story. As a policeman, Boney is shown as resolutely sitting on the fence while two groups of Aborigines go for each other with spears, apparently on the ground that it would be wrong to interfere with traditional intertribal behavior, whereas he could have checked the danger of bloodshed by intervening. I don't believe in the principle that intertribal wars or circumcision ceremonies are good just because Aborigines practice them. I don't approve of gang warfare or college initiation rites in our own society, either. An author may give me a sympathetic account of what it is like to go through such experiences but he shouldn't be so crass as to endorse them.

Perhaps if I'd proceeded with the story I'd have broadened my view of Upfield, and I am willing, after a lapse of years, to give him another try. But then, I read very little Australian fiction. Richard Clapperton's not bad, and Jon Cleary can be very good indeed, as he is in Helga's Web, a brilliant account of Sydney society. Jon Cleary's main trouble is with pace of narrative. ((We certainly haven't read ALL of the Boney books, but the "behavior" you describe sounds most unlike the Boney/Upfield we know. - jmm))

((Despite the fact that A KEY TO THE SUITE is one of our favorite novels, we have had no major coverage of it in JDMB and look forward to seeing Mr. Tolley's paper. Meanwhile we direct our readers' attention to the January 1977 issue of THE ARM-CHAIR DETECTIVE which features Mr. Tolley's fine article on the early McGee novels, "Colour Him Quixote".

JEFF MEYERSON, Brooklyn, NY: Thanks very much for the JDM Bibliophile #21 and Bulletins #2 and 3. I enjoyed them very much, and I'm only sorry that the earlier issues are no longer available.

Donald Wall's article "Ecology and the Detective Novel" was well-done but ultimately depressing. Like McGee (and MacDonald) I see no sign that things are going to get better. Rather, every week seems to bring more bad news on pollution, relaxation of safety standards, etc. It's a very sobering thought that though it may even now be too late to reverse the trend, industry is still fighting every step of the way. Our incredible waste and arrogance in this country is truly dismaying.

If you have not yet received an answer to Jack Cuthbert's question in #21, "Jack Higgins" and "Martin Fallon" are both pseudonyms of British author Henry Patterson, who has also published as "Harry Patterson", "Hugh Marlowe" and "James Graham". A very fine writer.

((ian covell of England sent us a list of the Jack Higgins books he owns. He says his real name is Harry Patterson, b. 8 September 1929, and lists his bylines as "Hugh Marlave", "Martin Fallon", "Jack Higgins" and "Harry Patterson". If anyone wants a xerox copy of ian's list, send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and a dime to cover cost of xeroxing. - ljm))

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