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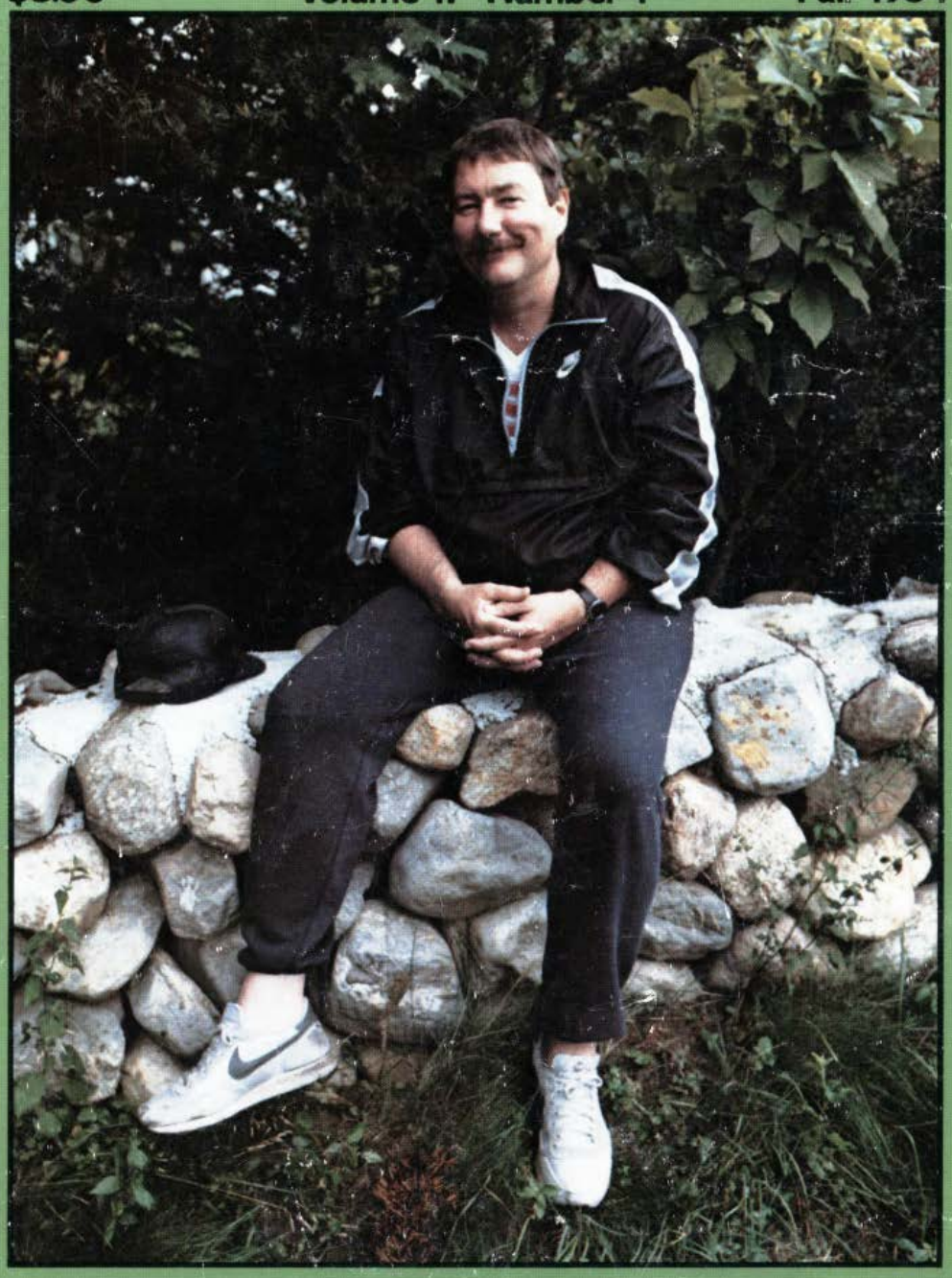

A Dialogue with Robert B. Parker

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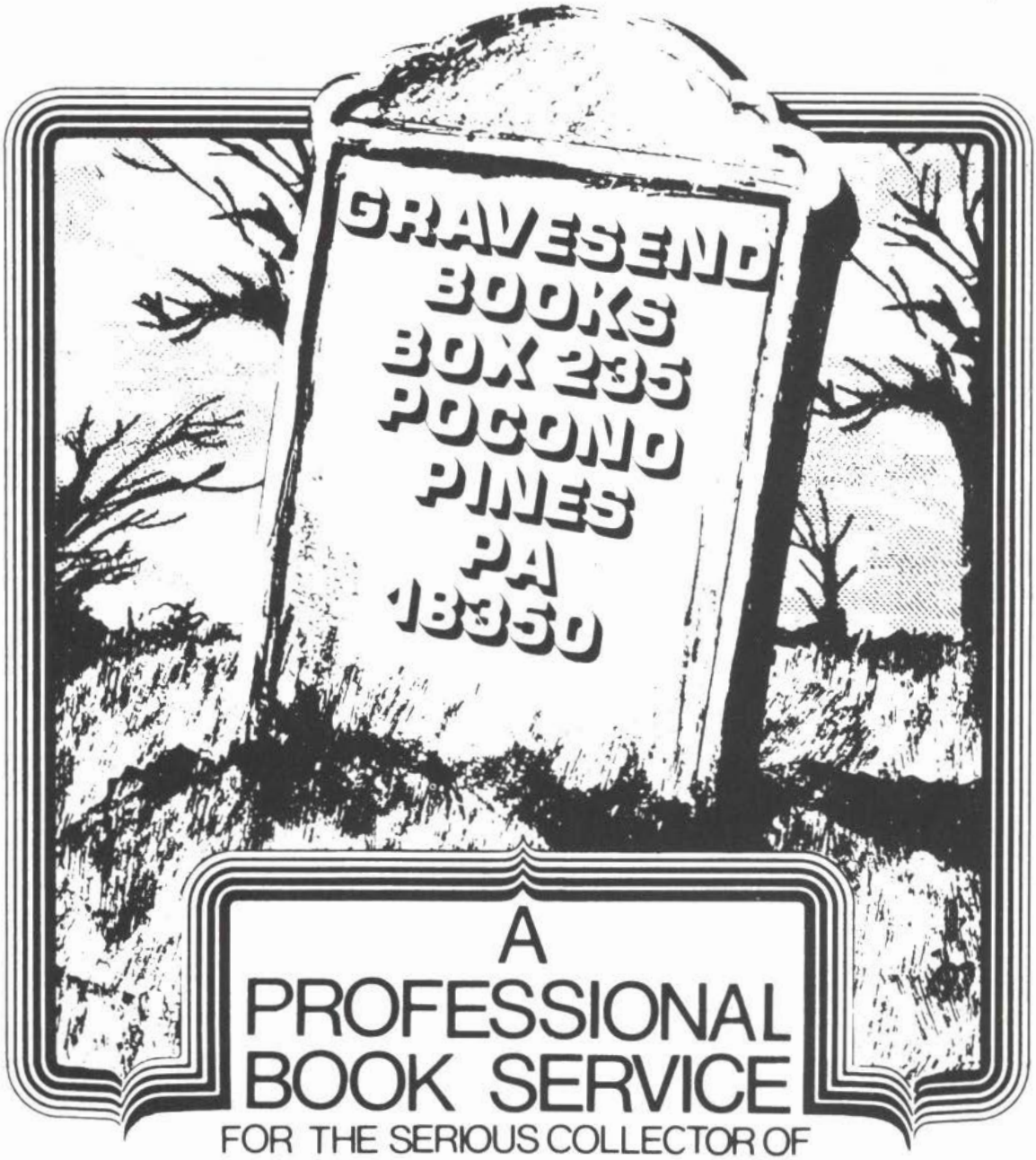

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THE UNEASY CHAIR

Dear TADian:

Pogo, I think it was, said, "We have met the enemy, and he is us." (If it was *not* Pogo, perhaps someone will send a letter to the editor. We've received only two for this issue, and that on the heels of the Donald E. Westlake article. Is anybody out there?) Well, I have just met the future, and, by the sametoken, he isus.

Gregory Mcdonald asked me recently whether it was true that we inherited our genius from our children. Yes, I reply now.

I've just had the pleasure of working for six months with a group of 5th, 6th, and 7th-grade public school students in New York City as part of a writing program. One of the factors which spurred me to involvement was the number of execrable manuscripts I've received over the years, and continue to receive. Not only can't Johnny read, he can't write, either. By the time a student reaches high school (or, even worse, college Comp I courses), it is generally too late to overcome all the bad habits picked up along the way. Unfortunately, the money with which to train the teachers (and by extension, then, to teach the students) doesn't seem to be available. Even if one puts such basics as spelling and the rules of grammar to the side, the problems abound. There is no sense of organization, of dialogue, or of the use of the English language... of the words, themselves, and what they mean and/or can mean.

I admit that I am not a grammarian, and while I have a dim recall of sittingstiffly in front of a teacher (who remains in my memory as being capable of performing a slam-dunk) and learning to parse a sentence, I would not begin to think I could pass any of that knowledge along. And for now, that is beside the point.

I came away from my recent experience with two signs of hope for the future. First, a vast majority of the students genuinely want to learn and are willing to do whatever rewriting, self-editing, and research is necessary to get their points across. (It was saddening to see how many of the children chose topics such as abuse and divorce as their themes; I don't remember any divorces or broken homes during the same period of my youth. However, using the writing as a therapy—and knowing they wouldn't get into trouble for expressing their feelings—seems to have been one of the keys to how these students approached the program.) I know that, for many of the children, the sense of excitement, wonder, discovery, and invention will remain. There are writers waiting to spread their wings.

The second high point was the fact that at least ten percent of the students chose to tell their stories in one of the mystery-suspense formats. Espionage, police procedural, private investigator, the pure suspense of a kidnapping story—they were all there. There were errors, true, but I see many of the same errors daily. What mattered most was, given the freedom to choose the storytelling mode (excepting pure fantasy in the sf sense), those who chose to use a genre approach to the telling of the tale chose mystery.

We know, of course, that they don't see all that much of it on television these days (though many of the—are you ready for this?—rock videos use the traditions of the genre; more on that at a later date, I hope), so they must be reading mysteries. And that takes care of two of the R's now, doesn't it?

Two last items of importance. Submissions are down in all areas. We need reviews, letters, essays, comments, complaints, everything.

Finally, an apology: We've received a number of compliments on the cover of TAD 17:1, the Maltese Falcon stained glass window. What we neglected to mention was that the original piece of glass shown in the photo (which hangs in the Mysterious Bookshop; there's at least one other, at Bogie's Restaurant in New York City) was conceived and designed by Karen Palmer, who, with husband Billy, owns Bogie's. There is a school of art criticism which states that a photograph of a piece of art is not itself art, but only the record of it. If that is the case, the compliments belong to Karen. If it isn't the case, the compliments are still hers... as are my apologies for not crediting her at the time the cover appeared.

Best mysterious wishes,

Michael Seidman

MICHAEL SEIDMAN

A Dialogue with Robert B. Parker

By Anne Ponder

Robert B. Parker writes the best American hard-boiled detective fiction since Ross Macdonald and Raymond Chandler. Parker's detective, Spenser, who began in the 1970s as a conscious reincarnation of Philip Marlowe, has developed into a premier series character. Parker lives north of Boston and takes Spenser with him wherever he goes. Anne Ponder is a young scholar whose doctoral work was on Chandler and Hammett. In this interview, Parker talks about his writing, Chandler and Hammett, and Spenser.

PONDER: Even when he's drinking, Spenser says that it's undignified to talk about oneself. I want you to do it anyway. Do you know why you write what youwrite?

PARKER: We can allude to Hemingway's "The Short Happy Life of Francis MacComber"—"It's not done." What you are asking about is a whole area which interviews rarely touch, both because the interviewer doesn't bring it out and the writer doesn't care to. On one level at least, it's because it's what I can do. I suspect it's got something to do with my interest in autonomy, but if so, the impulse is unconscious—and then, by definition, I don't understand it because if I did it wouldn't be unconscious. Obviously, all of the things that people write—me, Homer, Mickey Spillane, Harold Robbins, whatever range you want—are written by people who have an unconscious and who have particular needs and who gratify them in ways they are aware of and ways they are not. And while I don't think that one can decide, nor do I think literaure is merely the projection of unconscious needs, there may be things in myself that make possible and impossible various attempts at artistic execution. Certainly it is silly to pretend that writing is all a matter of artistic choice. We know that Fitzgerald was writing about Zelda, at least in part, when he wrote *The Great Gatsby,* and we know that John Updike could not have written *Rabbit Is Rich* thirty years ago. These things come out of oneself.

PONDER: There are writers who feel that in writing they expel or expunge or reflect or celebrate those things that are to them fundamentally important and that their work teaches them about themselves. What has Spenser taught you? What do you know about him?

PARKER: I don't know very much about what I know about Spenser. I know I know about me, which is not quite the same thing, but he comes out of me, and in many ways perhaps he is a commentary on me. The standard question is how much is he me, and how much isn't he? I have no answer for that. It's a wonderful question, the most interesting question about literature. How much of Joyce is in *The Portrait of an Artist.* Is that Joyce's boyhood or isn't it? I bet Joyce didn't know either. But perhaps Spenser is a commentary or an illuminated manuscript of me. I started the first book, *The Godwulf Manuscript,* still available in paperback, recently reissued for $2.95 at your local bookstore, in 1971, when I was not yet 40. In fact, I had just turned 39 and I am now 51. So I am somewhat older. My children, in 1971, would have been 12 and 8. Now they are almost 25 and 21. We have grown up together and learned a great deal. I have been with Joan Parker for 12 additional years and I have learned much from her and I know I have changed and grown and enlarged—no physical humor here, friends—over the years, I have come more and more to understand complexity and difficulty—more and more to achieve flexibility. I've been getting calmer and calmer about life and its grotesqueries.

PONDER: More forgiving?

PARKER: Not terribly forgiving. I have come to notice that the center probably does not hold, but there's nothing much I can do about it. I think Spenser is more and more interested in matters of the human condition and steadily less interested in the more conventional *métier* of detective fiction. The books from the beginning have never been interested in who took the Maltese Falcon or what happened to the Brasher Doubloon. They have always been interested in a matter of some mortal significance, and that is what justifies what might be considered ethically relativistic behavior patterns on Spenser's

part. The stakes are mortal, and what happens to a person, whether life or death or happiness or sadness or salvation or failure or momentary stay against confusion, is what he is able to invest a good deal of himself in. As I have gotten older and he has gotten older, the other issues have become less current.

PONDER: As you look at your work from the outside, you can see patterns, and, indeed, Spenser sees patterns in his own existence. Knowing that Spenser can't save the world he's in, because it's not a controllable, self-contained place, we see him make choices about what he will and will not do. One of Spenser's recurring choices puts him in the role of detective as parent. Spenser's relationship to Kevin Bartlett in *God Save the Child* and to Paul Giacomin in *Early Autumn* are two examples in which that kind of responsibility is a major feature of the detective, who becomes, if not a savior for society, a kind of parent.

I'd much rather be married to Joan Parker than be a writer.

PARKER: I won't talk about the detective—I'll talk about Spenser. My generalizations about the detective are probably less valid than yours. What I can contribute to the intellectual dialogue is not my views on categories. What I can talk about is what I do. Spenser cares about people who are in need of help. He is also the detective as savior of maidens as well as a detective as parent. Without any desire to offend the feminists among us, I would say that women and children are better objects for salvation by a male hero than are other men. Women are less powerful still, and children are classically powerless. Spenser's commitment is less, I think, to children and women than it is to the powerless, and women and children serve as a nice metaphor for the powerless. I also do know about children—I have two, and I have the good fortune to be their father. I'd much rather be married to Joan Parker than be a writer. The relationship between men and women and the relationship between fathers and sons has been the paramount interest of my life and remains so. Writers do write about what they know about and so the detective as husband and father—more than detective as savior or boyfriend—naturally grows into my work because it's what I'm interested in. For entirely unliterary reasons, but also for literary economy, I write about what I can write about. That's an amazingly difficult concept for beginning writers to grasp, but it's the cliché of every writing class, "to write about what you know." I draw on what I know and what I care about, and what I know and care about most is parent/child relationships and husband/wife relationships, and I think that—more than an intellectual or literary impulse—is the answer to that.

PONDER: What Spenser and the other characters do—the games, the cooking, the eating, the running, the weightlifting—are significant, it seems to me, because those activities have in and of themselves one level of meaning, and you also use them to flesh out character.

PARKER: It has been said that "life is fatal, but not serious." On a little larger scale, that's a definition of all sports. Sport is a creation of rules, and the consequences are exciting, but they can't really matter. Who won the World Series two years ago, real quick? I don't remember. The games and occupations are important. They do define who and what Spenser is. The physicality is after all an appropriate part of what he does; it tells you a little bit about the kind of guy he is. It's also handy. If you're gonna do Spenser's job, you probably ought to be big and strong. Also, in a random universe, sports matter because they are, if you accept the premise, entirely self-contained. It works. Nobody ever argues that three strikes shouldn't be out. They may argue if it's a third strike or not, but no one says, "Wait a minute, I want four strikes." It's an entirely stable universe in its context. All of those things are also accomplishment oriented. They do something. If you can benchpress 250 pounds or 300 pounds, how many times can you do that? That's a definable result, and it also shows up. You get very big pectoral muscles and a fine-looking, thick neck.

PONDER: That describes one of the two of us.

PARKER: Yes. And you have to wear 17-inch shirts, which are not easy to find. Cooking too has its own intrinsic order. They're all ordering techniques, but they're also ways of talking about Spenser. In his attempts to impose upon chaos a certain amount of order, he does everything in an orderly fashion. If he does it, he tries to do it right. He dresses appropriate to the occasion and is careful that his clothes fit. If he's going to cook, he doesn't boil an egg—he cooks. If he goes out to eat, if he can he tries to eat a satisfying and well-done meal. He tries to cook and eat as well as he can. He tries to keep himself in shape as well as he can. All of that is at work.

PONDER: Spenser's association with other men is also deftly drawn in the context of sports and gamesmanship.

PARKER: The men-in-groups phenomenon, the unspoken and inarticulate love relationship between Spenser and Hawk, and to a lesser extent between Spenser and a number of other characters (including the bad guys, who are beloved adversaries in some ways, like the lions in Hemingway), is given a kind of realistic context by what I know. I know a lot about locker rooms and gyms. I've talked to a lot of cops since I've been a writer, and most of the cops tell me that I've got it about right. They're not talking about police procedure—they're talking about what it's like being a cop. Well, I've never been a cop, but I've been with people who might be cops. I've been in the Army, and I've been on athletic teams. I've been in locker rooms and gyms, and I know what those guys are like. Part of me is like that too. I still play ball in a twilight league, with uniforms and umpires and lights and team jackets. Mine says "Bob-I" on the sleeve. My batting average is going down in direct proportion to my age. The games and sports serve the function of a couple of clowns in Shakespeare who stand on stage and say, "Look at that wedding going on," or, to fill time while Hal goes from England to France and back the characters say, "Look at that battle raging." When the grim necessity of exposition periodically intrudes, as it must even in the most crafty of prose, the cooking and the dining in particular, but also the weightlifting and hitting the bag, all make for wonderful stage business. In fact, most people don't even know they're getting dosed with exposition, because they are looking at Hawk and Spenser doing a little tune on the light bag, but, in the process of that, the reader learns something. I don't remember what because I don't remember which book they do that in. The books fade for me. They're all one long story. But it softens the redneck outlines for Spenser to cook, or for him to read. It's perfectly appropriate for a guy who lives alone—he reads. Those literary allusions, the cooking, tell us a little about him, and they also give me something to do while I'm letting you know that somebody's put out a contract on somebody.

PONDER: Indeed, in *Mortal Stakes*, Spenser says, "When in doubt, cook and eat something." I was sure that you were talking as much about the writing as Spenser was about what he, the detective, was going to do next. Let's talk about dialogue because I think dialogue is one of your strengths as a writer.

PARKER: Plot is one of my weaknesses

PONDER: Well, dialogue is also one of your weaknesses; because although you're in very good company with Chandler and lots of others—the dialogue is pungent and witty—but there's a technical problem in that sometimes your characters sound alike.

PARKER: I quit, you just criticized me.

PONDER: Do you know that, can you do anything about it? It happens less now than it did.

PARKER: It is something that occurs to me on occasion, and I wonder if it's happening. I make an

effort that it not happen; but again, it may be a confession of fault or whatever. Writing is not that intellectual an exercise. It is visceral, rather than intellectual. It's like trying to hit a curve ball. I could discuss how it's done, but that doesn't render the experience. It's only how you would do it if you slowed it down and talked about it. I write dialogue by and large by imagining the people talking. That's not quite an accurate description, but it's the best I can do. There is no way to render the experience. The dialogue flows along very easily, and it comes from the people, and they talk the way they talk, and if they tend to sound too much alike, that's something that shouldn't happen.

PONDER: Do you know how to make dialogue which is stylistically discrete to each character?

PARKER: No. I don't know how to write dialogue. I do, but I don't know how to tell you, and I don't know how I do. I know it's artificial. I know it doesn't come from listening to the way people talk and running around with a notebook. Maybe explaining what it's not is all one can do when one talks about literature. The way I used to explain it to students was with the old story about how to make a horse sculpture: You chip away everything that doesn't look like a horse. Maybe you chip away everything that isn't good dialogue and what's left is...I don't know. I have absolutely no way to articulate the process. Makes me a swell interview doesn't it?

PONDER: Are you conscious of any important sources for your writing style?

PARKER: I benefited a lot from the education, but the Ph.D. never helped me as a writer. We've both read enough writing by Ph.D.s to know that the two do not go hand in hand. Any copy of PMLA, for instance. Chandler once said of Hammett that he lacked the sound of music beyond the distant hill. And if I have that, as Chandler did, that sound of music beyond a distant hill derives in part out of all the stuff that I've read on the way to a Ph.D. I've read *Gammer Gurton's Needle*—we all have read that—and *Piers Plowman* text A and B (something to know and wish for longer). That's all useful to me, however much fun I make of it, and I do make fun of it, and it deserves to be made fun of. But that mass of data which resides inescapably inside of me is useful because it gives density and allusion, to the extent that there is some, to the work, and it does what Hammett didn't—Hammett's very flat. There are people who see that as a mark of excellence. I don't—I see that as loss. I don't think you have to give up minimalism and precision and conciseness. Hammett was unable to do what I think Chandler was able to do, and Chandler lost nothing in management of language—just as Faulkner didn't lose anything when he moved to a somewhat larger richness than Hemingway, and I think that Faulkner is a much better writer than Hemingway, and Chandler is a much better writer than Hammett. All of us have learned to write from Hemingway, and some of the things Hemingway did will never be done better—"The Big Two Hearted River"—but I would, if I could push the magic button, write more like Faulkner than I would like Hemingway, even though I probably write more like Hemingway than Faulkner. But Faulkner had something I lack: genius. Nobody can write like Faulkner, probably. At least I haven't run into him. What was the question?

PONDER: Are there writers whose writing is similar to yours whom you consciously emulate?

PARKER: I don't emulate anyone consciously any more. I started out emulating Chandler in the first book, maybe the first book and a half, because I was in my novitiate, and whenever I wasn't clear on what to do I would think about...actively think about Chandler, and what Marlowe would have done in this situaiton. Probably, there was a certain amount of nostalgia for Marlowe that I wanted to re-create.

PONDER: If it's any consolation to you, Chandler and Hammett couldn't have written Faulkner either.

PARKER: No, I know—and nobody else could. But I no longer think about any writer but me when I write. If I come out sounding like another writer, I do or don't.

PONDER: If we could place writers on some sort of continuum from those on one end who do their best to reproduce their own personal experiences realistically to those who, on the other hand, consciously make things up, Hammett's work comes as directly as he can get to from life to the page. But Chandler, even with his symptoms of plot constipation, is more inventive, less tied to experience. Where would you put yourself on that continuum?

PARKER: I'm not sure I will accept the two poles of the continuum, but with that reservation, I think that Hammett is as made up as Chandler. It's just a matter of how you recycle what you make up. Chandler's no more made up than Hammett. The trick is that experience gets transmuted through imagination—recollection in tranquility—and how that transmutation comes about is the trick of writing fiction. You can't be a novelist without it. You can't just transmit experience into fiction without filtering it through imagination, however directly the transmission may be. I have no idea of how much of Hammett's real-life crime and detective experiences

are actually contained in his novels, but I know that his novels are imaginative—his good novels, of which there are damned few. He wrote one great novel, one abysmal novel, and three adequate ones, some terrible short stories and a few good ones. I think he's overrated.

PONDER: Are you going to say which work is best?

PARKER: *The Maltese Falcon* is the best, and *The Thin Man* is awful. If autobiography is involved, if *The Thin Man* reflects his relationship with Lillian Hellman, it may have been good for him, but it was terrible for his art. That's an embarrassment. As for me, remember, James said it matters not so much what experience you have, it's what you do with it. I have never been a detective, I have never been a professional boxer, I have never been down and out in California, as Boone Adams is in *Love and Glory.* Even though *Three Weeks in Spring* is an autobiographical, factual rendition of things that happened to Joan and me, it is transmuted through imagination and organized and modified and colored. Stripped of its nineteenth-century elegance, James's essay on "The Art of Fiction" is as useful as I know, and better than I can do, in describing that indescribable process. I would say that at one end there is someone who uses a lot of himself in his work, and at the other end there is someone who disguises the fact that he uses a lot of himself in his work more adroitly, which I think is the real polarity. I would be one who certainly makes maximum use of his own life experiences and filters them through my imagination. On the other hand, neither of my sons was ever particularly like Paul Giacomin. The ordinary circumstantial realism is drawn when possible from things which I can talk about. I lift weights, he lifts weights. I run, he runs. If I did needlepoint, he'd do needlepoint, but I don't. If I played chess, he'd play chess, but I don't. I've tried to teach him, but he's not smart enough to learn.

PONDER: Then the simplistic biographical questions—like "How much like Susan Silverman is Joan Parker?" and "Is Rachel Wallace a sympathetic Marilyn French?"—don't tell you very much?

PARKER: They don't. I've never met Marilyn French, for instance. I have never laid eyes on her or read her book. I know her name, period. One of my early fan letters said that the villain in *The Godwulf Manuscript* was very clearly John Gardner, and there was no way I could deny it, and what did I have to say about that? I wrote back saying you leave me few options. In fact, I had not laid eyes on Gardner nor read any of his books. I have since. Before he died, I met him, and he looked not unlike the character, but there was no biography in that. Susan Silverman is more accurately described as my taking my reaction to Joan Parker and giving it to Spenser. Susan is more limited than Joan Parker. Joan Parker is a little better looking than Susan. Joan Parker is not Jewish. Some of that I do on purpose so that I'm not too close to the subject matter. Obviously, it is not inane to speculate about a correspondence between Joan and Susan, but what that relationship is in detail is beyond my powers to say. What I'm sure of is that what you refer to, I think nicely, as the simplistic biographical approach is not useful. That ain't it, whatever it is. The usual interview fare of "Are you Spenser?" and "Is Susan Joan?" and "Your son the dancer must be just like Paul Giacomin," are almost offensive to a writer, because he's being accused of just recycling his life, and he ain't. My artistic judgment is finished when the last pages leave my typewriter. After that, it's art or it's not, and whatever else happens to it—selling any copies or not, made into a movie or not, featured on the front page of the *Times* or not—is all "spillikins in the parlor." It was art when I stopped typing it, and after that it becomes a piece of commercial matter, and we try to sellit.

I think that Faulkner is a much better writer than Hemingway, and Chandler is a much better writer than Hammett.

PONDER: When and how did you come to start writing this "commercial matter?"

PARKER: I started writing in November of 1971. I had just gotten tenure at Northeastern University, having just completed my Ph.D. in nine short years, on my second try at the oral exams. I tried to wing it the first time, but it was the first time I couldn't get away with that. But I was 36 years old and had two kids and a wife and worked eighty-one jobs. Who

had time for reading and studying? I passed my orals by studying the introductions to the Norton anthologies.

PONDER: We'll get that information to the people who really need it.

PARKER: I was triumphant. If you can reasonably master all the introductions to the anthologies in English and American literature, in my case, you'll be a dazzler on your oral exams. Anyway, *The Godwulf Manuscript* took me a while because I was new and it was the first thing that I tried and I went slow and I had to outline. Now it takes me three to four months —that took me a year and a half. I sent it in the March of 1973, and it was accepted by the first publisher three weeks after I sent it in, and I haven't had a rejection since.

The women are there of necessity to illuminate Spenser, like they are in Western movies. That was Miss Kitty's role in GUNSMOKE for years.

PONDER: It may be related to what you see as the job of writing, but you don't seem to be very conscious of editing yourself, or being involved in an editing process where someone might say, "Look, Bob, in these places Susan or Paul or Healy or Samuelson sound just like Spenser. Do you want to do those pages again?"

PARKER: No. Nobody ever does that. I've been edited on one book, *Valediction.* The editing suggestions were valuable, but ordinarily what comes out of my typewriter goes. That is, I think, partly the condition of the publishing business—not many people edit. Most people acquire. Most editors are acquisition editors. In the recent book, they felt that there were real changes that needed to be made, and I reread it and agreed with them and made them. The copy editors take care of spelling and punctuation for me, and sometimes they also pick up mistakes. The readership will edit you. If you get something wrong with a gun, something minute, the mail will tell you you've made a mistake. But I write out of an outline, which has been developed out of a scenario, and I know what's going to happen. I try very hard to get the word right and I may make changes as I compose—stop, make a pencil change, X out or start over—but essentially I do one draft. I don't believe that editing produces fiction—it only improves it. I can do what I want. Absolutely nobody wanted me to do *Love and Glory,* which is not a Spenser book. Everybody wanted me to do another Spenser, just like everybody who makes a movie wants to do another *Gone With the Wind.* Their point of view is, since there's a goose that's laying golden eggs over here, let's trot it out again. Why should we put all this time and effort into something that is not as reliably profitable? But I do it anyway, and I can do it anyway again. That's freedom, and that has to do with money. *Love and Glory* has done nicely. But, for instance, in *Love and Glory,* the flaw in the book is that I do not establish Jennifer well enough. Jennifer's too thin, too small, insufficiently interesting, and she does not bear the weight of Boone's obsession. I know that, I knew it when I was writing it, I know it now. If I wrote it again, the same flaw would occur. I can't do it better. Now, I might have changed the point of view, and perhaps done a little more with Jennifer. Part of the flaw is not a limit in my talent but a limit in a point of view. First person narration makes it hard as hell to get at Jennifer. If I had changed the point of view, then I would have lost something in Boone and gained something in Jennifer, but who knows? There was also about a hundred pages of interchapter material, rather like Dos Passos' stuff in *U.S.A.,* which I call chronicle, which had ball scores and lyrics of popular songs and such. But the popular songs cost such an enormous amount in permission fees—twenty or thirty thousand —that we couldn't use it. Nobody wanted to come up with the money, and I don't blame anybody. So we excised it and made a much less dense book, and Jennifer's thinness became more prominent with the foliage cut away. I think it would have been a better book with chronicle. But the point is that if I read a review in which someone complains that I haven't made Jennifer right, I can agree with that to some degree. There's nothing I can do about it. It doesn't do me any good. I know that already, and to get her right, given the point of view that I chose to work with and I would choose to work with again, exceeds my talent. I don't know. Maybe Faulkner could have done it, but I can't. It doesn't do me any good to have someone say I should have. To that extent, I don't look back, nor do I pay attention to the earlier

books. I would rather have everyone love them rather than dislike them, but I'd rather have everyone buy them than either like them or dislike them. I do this for a living.

PONDER: I like your women characters. There are grown up relationships between men and women in your books, which in twentieth-century literature is quite rare. Linda Rabb, Susan Silverman, Rachel Wallace, and Candy Sloan seem to understand the themes important to Spenser—honor and integrity and autonomy—but then you write the Jennifer Grayle character, who is either the holy grail herself —somehow distant and abstract, which seems unlike the other women—or a reincarnation of Raymond Chandler's Mrs. Grayle, who is the Velma Valento character unveiled in *Farewell My Lovely*, or neither of these. Spenser and your male characters have continued to grow, but Jennifer is not as interesting as the other women in your work.

PARKER: I have no answer for that, and I agree with you that Jennifer is inadequate. Boone and she did not have a relationship which enabled them to talk in such a way that you would learn about her until very late in the novel. I decline to say what I had intended. It doesn't matter what I intended—it matters only what I wrote. Me and the New Critics. Writers stand around telling you what they meant to do, and it's a waste of time and kind of embarrassing. But she is clearly in part a projection of Boone's own idealizing impulses. While we are learning about her initially, he can't understand her, and she cannot communicate with him anymore than Gatsby and Daisy Buchannan could. There was no Nick Carroway in there to do it for them. And I had some deliberate idea that she was not unlike the Golden Girl, the king's daughter, in that she was flawed and superficial and she had to grow in order to be worthy of what he would grow into. What you get is his growing. You have to accept by and large that she did too, on another coast, at another time, under other circumstances. While he was kicking around the country, she was being married to a stiff and having a baby who was a pain in the ass and living close to in-laws who were driving her up a wall. From suffering alone comes knowledge. She wasn't around enough. When he comes back, you find her then grown, but so is he, and one of the aspects of his growth is containment and patience, and so again it does not lend itself dramatically to the kind of interaction wherein we would find out more about her. To get her right, I would have had to scrap that book and do another book, but I've never thrown anything away. Maybe there will be a son of *Love and Glory*—"fundamental things apply as time goes by." Who knows? But in the Spenser books the women in part are there to illuminate Spenser. You perceive these women as mature because they understand him so well, and you perceive him as better than you might otherwise perceive him because these good women do understand him, and they explain this understanding to him. Spenser can't wholly understand himself in the context of his society and in the culture in which he moves—that is, among other men. He struggles least in a male-bonding atmosphere in which much is done but little is said. The women are there of necessity to illuminate him, like they are in Western movies. That was Miss Kitty's role in *Gunsmoke* for years. Somebody once thought Spenser's first name was Matt because, as he was going out, Susan said, "Be careful, Matt." Somebody once introduced me as the creator of Matt Spenser. Now, at least two-thirds of the audience knew that that was nonsense.

PONDER: You could say, "It's a dangerous world out there, Kitty."

PARKER: Or "A man's gotta do what he's gotta do." Or "Never a horse that couldn't be rode and never a rider who couldn't be throwed, little lady." Anyway, one of the reasons that the women in the Spenser books do better than Jennifer did is that they have a different function, and I'm perfectly capable, I think, of writing about and presenting an adult, intelligent, full-fledged woman as fully fleshed-out as I can a man, within the limits of my not being a

woman. And I think that is a limit. I know all that stuff about you don't have to be a cook to know a bad soufflé, but I think I probably would never be able to write from a female point of view, because I think there's sufficient difference between my experience and a woman's, so that that would be a little artificial. I have been asked if I'm ever going to write a book about Hawk, to which I say the same thing—no, that's all I know about Hawk. I couldn't do that either. But Jennifer's failure is, I think, not a failure in my ability to image such a woman, but a failure in my ability to find a construct in which I could get at her and still get at Boone to the extent that I did. Boone Adams is a name not without its overtones. To have found a construct in which I could have gotten at Jennifer more would have sabotaged some other plans. All of this sounds a good deal more plotted out and thoughtful than in fact the process is. I outline, but once it's outlined, I go like that. (*Mimes typing on table.*)

PONDER: Is there something aside from the marketplace and the contracts and all of that that you are writing toward? If after today you didn't write any more, got bought off, got writer's cramp, or died. .

PARKER: I prefer the first two choices.

PONDER: Most of your novels are a series about the same character. If you didn't write any more, would your work be complete?

PARKER: I do use the history in the series, and not many writers do, except Faulkner and me. Spenser has a history, and it weighs on him as it does on humans, and what he does grows out of what he did, and that will continue to be so. If I died tomorrow, I would not feel that my work was unfinished. That doesn't mean that I don't want to continue to write. I wouldn't be bought off. I will write as long as I can, regardless of whether I need the money or not, but I might write at a slower pace. My youngest son is still in college, which costs $13,125 a year. When people say not to sell out to Hollywood, I say, right, you pay the tuition to Sarah Lawrence. I care about each book very much, and I make it as well as I can make it. I'm proud of it, I wouldn't stop, but I wouldn't do it for free. And I don't care what anyone thinks about it very much beyond that.

PONDER: The work satisfies you.

PARKER: The work satisfies me, and if it doesn't satisfy me, I am satisfied that I can't do it better. I'm an apostle of the possible. I'm not aiming toward finding a culmination in which Spenser represents not only my vision of mankind but humanity itself. I'm just doing a book at a time. And I build on what I've done because of the same kind of literary economy that I build on what I personally do. I use what happened in *Savage Place* in *Valediction* for the same reason that I have Spenser lift weights. I know about these things—people are motivated by what happens to them.

PONDER: Do you live an orderly life?

PARKER: I have three things I want to do in a day. I want to run two to three miles against the clock, I want to do my Nautilus workout, and I want to write five pages. Now I'm working on *Catskill Eagle,* a reference to the end of the Tryworks chapter in *Moby Dick,* if you want to get the implication of the title. On the first book, I did a page a day, and I'm not regularly up to five pages a day. And we'll see how many a day I can do, because I'd like to finish *Catskill Eagle.* It will be, by the way, 400 pages long by contract. The publisher refers to it as "the fat Spenser." I'd rather they'd find another phrase. It doesn't matter much in what sequence I do that. I can write in the morning or the afternoon, I can run morning or afternoon or evening, or I can pump the iron or whatever, but those three things I try to get done each day.

PONDER: Each of those is a very individual, private, potentially lonely activity.

PARKER: Their prime charm is probably their autonomy, and also you don't have to scrape up a partner. The possibility that a writer may become isolated is a danger for a writer who does nothing else but write. My children are grown and off—Joan lives in a condo we own in the next town. Isolation can become detrimental. It's, I think, why so many writers end up writing either about the crisis of imagination in the writer's life or the perfidy of the academic world where they are in residence some place, both of which get pretty boring after a while. Remember, I didn't write my first novel until I was almost 40. I have all that experience. I have a large number of friends, most of whom are nonliterary, and some of whom are not literate. And I play ball, hang out, but I do give some thought to the need to have actual contact. The appeal of my daily activities is not their loneliness but their autonomy. Self-employment has always appealed to me, and not only in my writing but in my exercise I'm self-employed. That means I can do what I want to, when I want to, and that pleases me.

PONDER: Kindly continue to write well.

This interview took place on December 15, 1983, at the National Humanities Center in North Carolina. At that time, LOVE AND GLORY *was out in hardback.* VALEDICTION *was complete but not yet published, and* CATSKILL EAGLE *was in progress.* □

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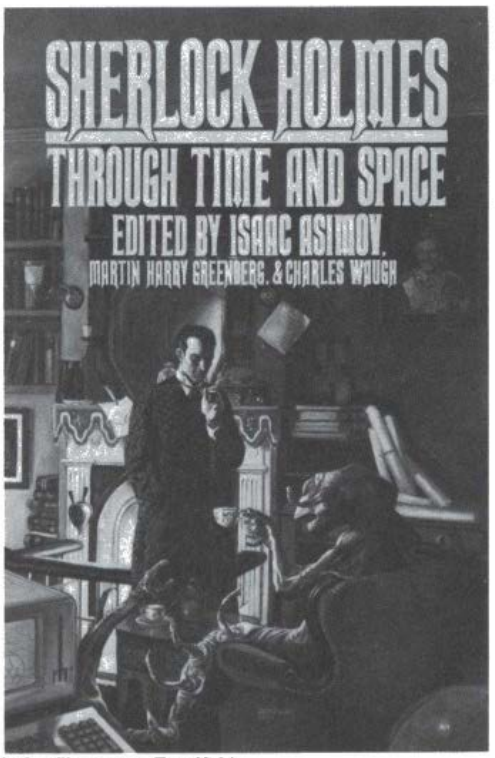

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AJH REVIEWS

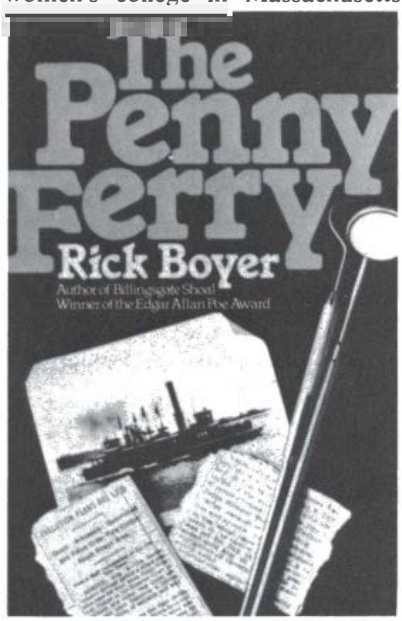
Allen J. Hubin, Consulting Editor

Short notes .

Intriguing and well put together is ***Chief Tallon and the S.O.R.*** (Dodd Mead, $11.95), the latest of John Ball's novels about Jack Tallon of the Whitewater, Washington police. The S.O.R. is the Society for Open Relationships, an organization promoting sundry perversions of the intended family. Members congregate in Whitewater for their annual convention. A TV evangelist, breathing fire and brimstone and promising violence to break up the conference, also descends with his followers. The city's clerics, by no means enchanted with either S.O.R. or the self-serving preacher, are in the middle. The confrontation turns nasty—and fatal. Tallon's young and inexperienced force acquits itself well.

Doc Adams is the Boston dentist-sleuth with a cop for a brother-in-law who first appeared in Rick Boyer's Edgar-winning *Billingsgate Shoal* (1983). He reappears in ***The Penny Ferry*** (Houghton Mifflin, $13.95), in which the murder of a messenger (carrying, among other things, one of Adams's expertly crafted upper plates) leads to a bloody and desperate search for something to do with the 1920s Sacco-Vanzetti case. Sacco and Vanzetti were Italian immigrants executed for murder and robbery in a much-disputed affair, saturated with ethnic and social fear and prejudice. Boyer's tale comes down firmly on one side of the dispute, and despite some plot disorder the story makes for an illuminating and satisfying read.

The seventh novel about Kate Fansler by Amanda Cross is ***Sweet Death, and Kind*** (Dutton, $13.95). The ingredients of greatness are here, and indeed the book can be read with considerable pleasure; but undue polemicism distracts, for this is also something of a tract on leftward feminism. Patrice Umphelby, like Kate a professor, came late to novels, achieving fame. She was fascinated, wooed by death, and walked one night into its arms. Now a pair of curious creatures are composing her biography and, troubled, come to Kate. Despite police convictions of suicide, could Patrice have been murdered? To the women's college in Massachusetts



where Patrice taught and died goes Kate, to dispute on matters social and academic, to discover the ridiculous and a bit of the sublime, to look for blood on learned hands.

The Suicide Murders (St. Martin's, $11.95) by Howard Engel, first published in Canada in 1980, introduces private eye Benny Cooperman, who practices his craft in an Ontario city near Niagara Falls. He's hired to follow a possibly errant husband—divorce work is so uplifting—but the fellow commits suicide. Or so the police believe. But Benny keeps asking questions—embarrassing questions, politically embarrassing, even. This could be harmful to the Cooperman corpus. Interesting tale, told with feeling and humor.

To the English village of Godlingham goes septuagenarian Prof. Andrew Basnett to work on his book in peace and quiet. But his new neighbors are still restless over an unsolved murder from six years past and still protecting their various secrets. Winter descends, bringing a power outage; next comes a corpse, a deadly revival of the past. This affair is ably recounted in ***Something Wicked*** (Doubleday, $11.95), which I make to be E. X. Ferrar's fiftieth crime novel.

Pushkin Shove (Dutton, $14.95) by the pseudonymous P. N. Gwynne spoofs spydom and has some genuinely funny lines and moments. But, like the products of some current infantile moviemakers, it contains an inartistic density of profanity, and it exposes the author's boring fixation on a certain four-letter-word. The CIA uses a bubble-headed professor for a minor errand in Moscow. Naturally, he ends up sentenced to ten years in the salt mines. Nobody seems much interested in getting him out, so his wealthy niece hires a couple of normally inert London private eyes to carry out her scheme: kidnap a visiting Russian and offer a trade. A trade with an enraged KGB? The fun is just beginning.

Supt. Kenworthy, now retired, makes his twelfth appearance in ***Corridors of Guilt*** by John Buxton Hilton (St. Martin's, $10.95). This is good, straightforward police stuff, with more than a hint of lampoon. A department of the British government, created as a depository for civil service castoffs, failures,

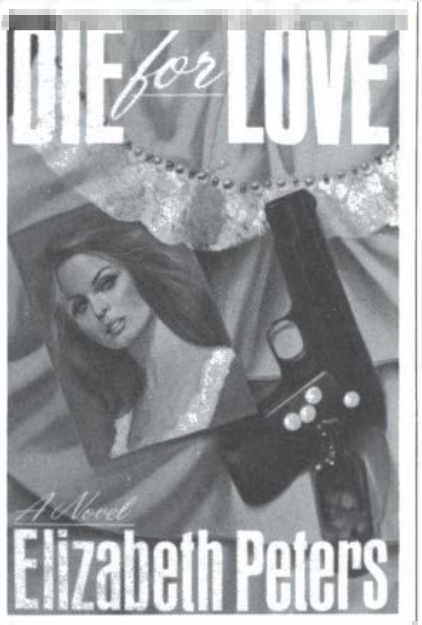
and other embarrassments, seems to have developed a life of its own. Kenworthy is drawn away from his garden to have a look. All is not bumbling idiocy in the Duchy of Axholme, finds Kenworthy: quite a nasty bit is stewing away, under the aegis of a few badly bent ex-coppers well known to Kenworthy of yore. Their game—manufactured public rioting—bids fair to succeed; can it be stopped?

In Carolyn Hougan's ***Shooting in the Dark*** (Simon & Schuster, $15.95), Claire Brooks's husband of eight years announces, without warning, that he's leaving her. Mind and emotions completely askew, she flees to Amsterdam, where Queen Juliana is about to abdicate and some old espionage scores are being evened up. Here she is drawn into revenge sex, into the profane and deadly world in which a deposed CIA head tries to lay hands on a Russian mole in the heights of U.S. Intelligence. An interesting story, but for me Claire failed to convince.

A psychopathic killer attracts the attention of Sarah Kemp and her pathologist Tina May in ***No Escape*** (Doubleday, $11.95). The setting is the English city of Westhampton, where a series of knife butcherings seems to be the work of a green-eyed woman who comes and goes, leaving her apparently random victims behind. Dr. May identifies the pattern in the deaths, characterizes the murderer, and recognizes—almost too late—the key clue. Unpersuasive story.

Jane Langton has done fine work in her Homer Kelly series. The latest, ***Emily Dickinson Is Dead*** (St. Martin's, $13.95), is a disappointment. Langton throws everything including the kitchen sink into the plot, and Kelly descends for the most part to the role of cartoon comedian. A conference is called together at Amherst College to celebrate poet Dickinson, dead one hundred years. The organizer is a pea-brained academic. Other half-cocked professors arrive, various romantic intrigues boil, local female Dickisonians revolt, and a lard-encased campus woman turns frustration into homicide. Difficult to run a high-class memorial symposium under these circumstances . . .

The premise of ***Eva*** by Ib Melchior (Dodd, Mead, $15.95) is that Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress, did not die with him in the Berlin



bunker, but rather, pregnant with Hitler's child, she was taken on one of the many escape routes established by the Nazis. Some actual support for this notion exists, and the makings of a superior suspense novel are here. Woody Ward, an American intelligence agent, suspects that Eva is alive and being spirited out of Germany. He goes underground as a fleeing concentration camp guard and follows Eva's trail. These plot ingredients, in surer hands, would have been quite effective, but the author's style and his handling of his protagonist render the story unmemorable. Melchior is, by the way, a Hollywood film and TV writer-director and the son of the late Wagnerian tenor Lauritz Melchior.

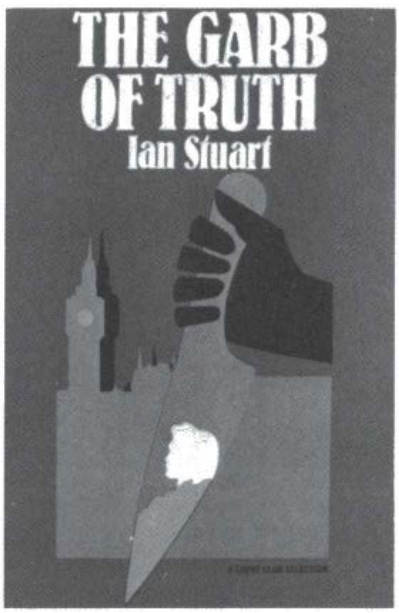
William Murray successfully invades Dick Francis territory with ***Tip on a Dead Crab*** (Viking, $13.95), a novel flowing with the rich juices of horseracing and wagering thereon, and weakened only by the author's carelessness with point of view. The omniscient narrator, a California magician and racetrack denizen, attends the horses at Del Mar with a covey of colorful characters. One is an expert and frequently successful handicapper; another is a sensuous lady who owns horses, about the racing of which something is funny. A lot of money could be made; a lot of folks could get killed.

Two writers have simultaneously chosen the same original setting and proposed death as an uninvited guest at a New York City romance writers' conference. The first is the debut or Orania Papazoglou, ***Sweet, Savage Death*** (Doubleday, $11.95). For the second, see Peters below. A great deal of loot, along with a few precarious reputations, is being made churning out romantic potboilers, according to both novels. Relatively new to these wars is Patience McKenna, who here had the ill-fortune of proximity to multiple murders. Police suspicions fix on her with glee. Can she stay out of jail—and alive—to figure out a motive and whodunit? Some first-novel weakness with definition and differentiation of characters here, but also some promise.

Ritchie Perry departs from his humorous series about unconventional British agent Philis to offer ***MacAllister*** (Doubleday, $11.95). This is fairly standard private eye

fare, spread over two countries. Frank MacAllister is the investigator. He goes into action when his brother-in-law and former business partner, Robert Latimer, is hacked to death while visiting Frank's home in England. Latimer was exporting ceramics and other products from Portugal, and MacAllister—convinced that the roots of the killing lie there—accompanies the corpse back to Lisbon. There, to his great peril, he figures out why and who.

Die for Love by Elizabeth Peters (Congdon & Weed, $14.95) is much the more assured and effective of our pair of mysteries about romance writers' conferences. Jacqueline Kirby, Nebraska librarian and



globetrotting amateur sleuth, flees Midwest boredom for a conclave of historical romance writers organized by an agent who has made herself rich and hated building the genre. Peters has a good deal of fun with the excesses of this breed of fiction and its manufacture, and puts chipper dialogue in the mouths of her intriguing characters. Good sport all around.

Gunner Kelly (Doubleday, $11.95), the twelfth of Anthony Price's stories of espionage with Dr. David Audley, does rather well with an undernourished plot—too bad the padding shows. Audley, while on leave, seems to have strayed into something nasty in the Englishhamlet of Duntisbury. Colonel Butler, unsure of the purity of Audley's motives, sends a borrowed German to spy out the land. Somebody has earlier killed a retired general, and now maybe this servant, the Kelly, has gone to ground in the hamlet, mobilizing the natives and awaiting the killer and an opportunity for revenge. What'sAudley doing in all this?

The Garb of Truth (Doubleday, $11.95) is the first of Ian Stuart's eleven mysteries to appear in this country, and a very tepid tale it is, boasting a leading character neither interesting not engaging and a plot and writing style to fit the character. David Grierson, a bank inspector, is the protagonist; I suspect he's also appeared in earlier books. He and his team are going through the books in the bank in Lemsfield, which boasts a technical school and the home of Britain's Minister of Defense. Unsecured credit, murder, mysterious envelopes in the victim's safety deposit box, sensitive NATO negotiations, and violent student demonstrations lock Grierson and the minister in a dance of death, which is unimpressively resolved.

Michael Underwood's lawyer-sleuth Rosa Epton returns in ***A Party to Murder*** (St. Martin's, $10.95). Murder attends a Christmas party of the prosecuting solicitor's office in Grainfield. A new Chief Prosecuting Solicitor has just been appointed, enraging a staff non-winner and exciting staff gossip. Supt. Tarr singles out Caroline Allard, an old friend of Rosa's, and will consider no other suspect. Caroline has, alas, told some lies. Pleasant reading.

—AJH

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Foreign Intrigue II

By William L. DeAndrea

LONDON—

"The reason it *took* so long," she explained, "was that you sent your letter to our *mailing* address."

Oh, I thought, silly us. And here I'd always thought somebody's mailing address was a fairly reasonable place to send letters.

Well, I've been wrong before. If you want to get in touch with the British Crime Writers Association, the mailing address is the slowest way to go. Unlike MWA, CWA has (or *have*, if we want to be British about it) no permanent headquarters, so the mail you send them at the International Press Centre in Shoe Street (a stone's throw from the *Daily Telegraph,* if that's your idea of a good time) only gets picked up about once a month.

For quicker service, you need to write to the organizing energy behind this outfit—its secretary, Marian Babson, an author best known in the States for *The Twelve Deaths of Christmas* and *Murder, Murder Little Star.*

It was Marian who (eventually) got our letter and invited the visiting firemen to come meet the bunch, who introduced us around, had us to her flat for dinner, arranged for us to be able to come to the Gold Dagger Awards Dinner.

It was consistent with what we'd come to expect of the Crime Writers that one of the persons instrumental in keeping this August British Body going should be an American. Marian is a New Englander, who decided around 1960 that she'd like Olde England better, and came here to live. She toughed it out until she was able to land a work permit, then labored for magazines and similar enterprises (publishing mysteries the while) until she was able to write full time.

The International Press Centre is a high-rise building in the world-famous Fleet Street area. The Press Club itself, whose facilities CWA uses for their meetings, is, not to put too fine a point on it, sumptuous. It's the kind of dark, wood-paneled, soft-carpeted place that should be in a Victorian manse instead of a modern concrete-and-glass tower. Frankly, it makes one ashamed when one remembers (the Queen talks like this) one is surrounded by Early Steam Pipe decor when one attends a function at MWA's New York Headquarters.

However, the festivities here are a little tame compared to the drunken revelry a two-fisted American mystery writer gets used to, whether he drinks or not. Which is not to say there is no drinking. Ha! No one gets drunk, at least not detectably so, but I suspect that someone has put about the rumor that buying someone a drink is a Church of England sacrament. The British are incredibly generous, almost insistent, in this regard, and I for one feel a bit of a crud when I ask for soda water or lemonade (which is something else here altogether). I, at least,

am able to plead my allergy to alcohol, but Orania just doesn't drink much, and she has to meet the hurt faces unexcused.

The meetings don't last long. If you don't get there on time you're likely to miss it, because groups of people are anxious to go someplace to eat. This causes early good-byes, since a restaurant that stays open past ten P.M. is a rarity, and, if you've found a place to eat after midnight, you're either in your own kitchen or in France.

There was a surprise late arrival to the first meeting we attended. Everybody was slurping down last drinks when Christianna Brand walked into the room, followed by a dapper, gray-haired, bearded gent.

My own beard dropped a few inches as I did a Lucille Ball astonishment take. "That's *Otto!*" I announced in a loud voice.

It was indeed our Esteemed Publisher, taking a quick holiday here accompanied by his wife, Carolyn Hartman, whom I recognized with only slightly less astonishment a split-second later.

We met next day at the Sherlock Holmes pub. Carolyn and Otto reported news from the States and stories of their travels, whereas I got to play Old London Hand and act as if we'd been living there since the Blitz.

When you visit London, you need only visit the Sherlock Holmes pub if you are a rabid Sherlockian and feel a sense of duty, or if you are homesick for the sound of American voices. The clientele, even in April, seems to be mostly tourists, and the prices there are sufficiently higher than those at other pubs to keep the Londoners away.

The most foreign thing I've seen here happened at the Gold Dagger Awards, held the night before the Edgars at the Charing Cross Hotel.

Things started out fairly normally, with drink-buying and milling around and general socializing. Simon Brett, heroically, was going directly from the London affair to the airport, to fly to New York and have his tie back on in time to attend the Edgars the following night. Even with a five-hour time zone cushion, it seemed a daunting prospect, but Brett was unruffled. Perhaps the imminent publication of the new Charles Paris mystery *Not Dead, Only Resting* (since published, and a nice piece of work it is, too) had something to do with cheering him up.

It was the speech by the outgoing CWA president, true crime writer Madelaine Duke, (passing the gavel to thriller writer Peter Chambers) that induced the culture shock. Mrs. Duke, a charming woman, spent much of her speech being eloquently browned off at the government *for removing their subsidy from the cash portion of the CWA awards.*

Amazing. Crime writers who won awards *got money for it.* And even more astounding, the government gave money *to* writers, and the writers so accepted this situation that they were upset when it stopped.

As I said, culture shock. The day the U.S. Government gives a writer anything more than an acute pain, I will die from shock.

Anyway, the CWA story has a happy ending. They got their money from the Private Sector, specifically, a large security firm called Securicor.

The awards themselves had been announced in advance. This enabled the publishers of the books to get the publicity machine in motion, if they were so inclined, but it robbed the evening of any drama and suspense it might have had.

Still, it was all extremely pleasant. The Gold Dagger award for fiction went to an Englishman named John Hutton for *Accidental Crimes.* The contest for the John Creasey Memorial Award for best first mystery ended in a tie, with American Carol Clemeau (*The Ariadne Clue*) and Canadian Eric Wright (*The Night the Gods Smiled*) sharing the honor. In his acceptance speech, Wright thanked CWA for giving him credibility at home because, he said, Canadians don't believe anything they produce in the arts is worthwhile until it gains acceptance in London. The Gold Dagger for nonfiction was won by Peter Watson, for *Double Dealer.*

The CWA also awards a Silver Dagger to the second best novel of the year, winning which must be like kissing your sister. This year it went to Scots author William McIlvanney for *The Papers of Tony Veitch.* McIlvanney had also copped the second prize in 1977 for *Laidlaw,* when he lost out to John Le Carré and *The Honourable Schoolboy.* In his acceptance speech, McIlvanney, a Glaswegian who talks exactly like Sean Connery but is handsomer, offered to trade his two silvers for a gold.

The big news on the publishing front in England these days is Jeffrey Archer's new political thriller *First Among Equals.* Archer—and his book—have reached a level of public awareness rare for fiction writers. Newspaper humorists talk about him—he's mentioned in jokes by talks show hosts. Somber columnists write about him in the financial sections.

Archer is no stranger to the limelight, nor to controversy. He began writing when he was voted out of his Parliamentary seat (some say he dreamed of being Prime Minister), and many of his former colleagues were not pleased. He has also achieved something of a record in transcendentally gross bad taste as the author of *Shall We Tell the President,* a near-future story about a plot to kill President Edward Kennedy, which Archer managed somehow

to sell to the Viking Press when Jacqueline Onassis was working there.

The controversy over *First Among Equals,* though, is not over the book itself, but over the form of its publication. Collectors who want a true first edition of this book will have to eschew the hardcover and scare up four Sunday-magazine-sized supplements from the national mass-market newspaper *The Mail on Sunday.* The paper serialized the novel *in its entirety,* the first time this has ever been done in Britain. It was a great circulation builder for the *Mail,* and they did it up, producing four successive cover paintings, all better than the package Hodder & Stoughton came up with for the eventual hardcover edition.

The question is, how good an idea was it for Archer, or for Hodder & Stoughton? The consensus is, the *Mail* must have paid them a bundle for them to go through with it.

That stands to reason. Anybody who was hot to read the book could have gotten it *before* publication for a grand total of £1.32, or somewhere between a buck seventy and a dollar eighty, with four newspapers, magazines, and funnies sections thrown in. The publishing house has to be hoping that people who aren't regular readers of the *Mail* will rush out to see what they've been missing, or that Archer is a writer of such hypnotic power that everybody will want a hardback (or at least a paperback, later on) so that they can read it over and over.

I will keep an eye on the British bestseller lists and report. After all, who ever knew anything in the publishing business to make sense?

* * *

In addition to the venerable green-spine Penguins, as familiar in the U.S. as they are in Britain, there are three series of paperback mysteries currently being published here. Like the trend that swept America a few years ago, there isn't much in the program to encourage the native writer, since the people being published tend to be foreign, or dead, or both.

Zomba Black Box thrillers, in fact, started out with just those criteria—specifically, hardboiled fiction by dead Americans—but they've become a victim of their own success. Now, in addition to people such as Horace McCoy and Cornell Woolrich, they're doing volumes of living writers like Jerome Charyn (his Isaac Quartet) and Marc Behm, or people such as Anthony Boucher, whom nobody in his wildest dreams would describe as hardboiled.

The big theme in Zomba's advertising is Value for Money, and on that they deliver. Larger-format trade paperbacks, good paper, clear print, three or more—usually four—complete novels in every volume, all for about £6.00, or less than eight bucks.

There is also, at no extra charge, some unintended hilarity in the form of scholarly introductions. My favorite is the one H. R. F. Keating wrote for the Fredric Brown collection, most of which is spent apologizing on Brown's behalf for writing such corking good entertainment. He also delivers himself of this charmingly gratuitous swipe: "But a yet more powerful count is that he [Brown] wrote what to the unsuspecting might seem to be merely straightforward tough pulp fiction, and which, in paperback, was generally presented as just that. Indeed, even the notorious Mickey Spillane, a writer of brutish pulp if ever there was, hailed Brown as his 'favourite writer ever.' Something of a kiss of death."

A couple of points here. First, Keating is just wrong. An endorsement from Spillane is *not* a kiss of death. It is only the kiss of death among candy-ass academics and snobs. Like Spillane or hate him, but face facts—the man has sold millions upon millions of books. *Somebody* must like what he writes. Second, Zomba Books *knows* Keating is wrong, because, when we turn to the back cover, what do we find? Well, looky here, in big black letters—"My favourite writer of all time—Mickey Spillane." Simple deduction—Zomba Books knows more about this situation than Keating does. Third, I am damn good and tired of gratuitous swipes at Mickey Spillane. I am convinced that most of them are inspired by (a) his politics, (b) the fact that he makes beer commercials, or (c–z) his success with the celebrated reader in the street. Someday, in a more appropriate forum, I'll compare Spillane sex for sex and brutality for brutality with some of the darlings of those who continually snipe at him.

The Pluto Press has started a crime line called, appropriately enough, Pluto Crime. Again, they haven't done any British authors, but most of their list was written by people still living. Their angle is "thrillers with a political element." Their big title so far has been *October Heat* by Gordon DiMarco, a period, hardboiled private eye tale with a labor-movement background that was a small-press job back in the states. Pluto Crime is running a contest for manuscripts, with a £2,000 prize, open to anybody in the world. Before you enter, however, I must tell you that my sources among the British writers say that folks with a leaning toward the right side of things might possibly be happier elsewhere.

The Hogarth Press has begun a crime series, too. The approach here is to revive "novels unjustly neglected as well as those justly famous," to offer to "a new generation the cream of classic detective fiction from the Golden Age."

There are mixed British and American authors here, but *everybody's* dead. Hogarth is doing nice work, setting their plates photographically from first editions, so that one really has the feeling that one is

truly reading a book from the era in question, don't you know. The star of the first batch is Rex Stout's *The Hand in the Glove,* a 1937 effort that stars Dol Bonner and features Inspector Cramer but contains no reference to Nero Wolfe. There is a new introduction by Mary Cadogan and Patricia Craig which avoids being patronizing (for which they are to be commended), but never gets around to saying much of anything except "Neat book," and we knew that already.

On the tube, the practice of reviving hit shows from years past to rerun during the summer months continues. It's much to my delight, since I never got to see this stuff the first time. London Weekend Television has resurrected three shows, all different, all good.

First, there's *The Professionals,* or "The Man from U.N.C.L.E. Gets Relevant." That description is accurate but not entirely fair. There *are* two spys, young hunks of contrasting types (Martin Shaw as Doyle, curly haired and soulful, and Lewis Collins as Bodie, burly and brooding) who work for an older boss (Gordon Jackson as the righteous Scot, Major George Cowley) at a fictitious organization (CI 5, the civilian equivalent of M15,), and they do deal with Hot Issues of the 'Seventies (alienated youth, environment, government covert operations) but somehow manage to avoid getting silly or sappy.

The performers have a lot to do with it. There's a terrific chemistry between the two young leads, and dialogue that's funny without seeming like a music hall turn. Jackson plays their boss with the same stern morality readers may remember from his role as Mr. Hudson the butler on *Upstairs, Downstairs.*

The Professionals was the follow-up effort for producers Brian Clemens and Albert Fennell after *The Avengers* went off the air. It is as natural as the earlier show was escapist, and the theme music Laurie Johnson produced for it is as driving as that which he did for *The Avengers* is whimsical. In Britain, at least, it was every bit as successful, spawning a series of spin-off paperback original novels that remain in print. *The Professionals* may be the first TV show the title of which refers at least as much to the people behind the scenes as it does to the stars.

The Gentle Touch is a slice-of-life show, a police procedural centered around the most believable policewoman I've ever seen on television. Jill Gascoigne stars as Detective Inspector Maggie Forbes, a widow in her late thirties with a teenage son—a relationship, by the way, that's especially well portrayed. Gascoigne pulls off the impossible trick of playing a perfect person without making her seem that way. Maggie Forbes is tough without being mean, compassionate without being soft, dedicated without being obsessive, a feminist without stridency, sexy without being improbably glamorous—all in all, damned good company in a TV series, even without murders to solve.

The third LWT resurrection is a show called *Callan.* It is the most downbeat TV series I've ever seen. Edward Woodward plays the eponymous protagonist (I hesitate to say hero) of the series, an agent for the mysterious "Section" run by a man called only Hunter, played with amazingly amoral relish by William Squire, a man who is a dead ringer for Professor Donald Meinig of Syracuse University, my old geography teacher. Patrick Mowrer plays Cross, a young agent jealous of Callan's position as top gun. Rounding out the cast is Russell Hunter as Lonely, a sniveling, underbathed, small-time thief who does odd tailing and bag jobs for Callan and is the closest thing the agent has to a friend, aside from the model soldiers Callan crafts and paints so carefully.

Woodward is probably best known to American audiences as the star of the Australian film *Breaker Morant.* The moral ambiguities of that picture were in perfect keeping with the *Callan* series. The basic plot of a *Callan* episode revolves around whether or not Callan is going to figure out how to achieve his objective without committing the hideously immoral act his superior thinks is necessary. Sometimes he does, but *sometimes he doesn't.* I don't know how I feel about the lead of a TV series driving a girl to suicide to keep her from marrying a suspected Russian spy who is after the secrets to which she has access, but I know that the show is excellently written (by creator James Mitchell, story editor George Markstein, and others) and excellently performed by Woodward and the rest.

The new productions consisted of four short series—two completed miniseries, and two, I hope, capable of having a long run.

David Warner, who was a chilling Jack the Ripper in the movie *Time After Time,* tried his hand as a good guy in *Charlie,* written by Nigel Williams for Central TV.

Warner plays Charlie Alexander, a private eye whose life has come so close to dissolution that he could move to Southern California and be granted a P.I. license without taking a test. He's a former journalist, his wife has left him for a disgustingly perfect estate agent, and he himself is sexually impotent (ha! the American gloomy private eye writers never thought of *that* one). And this is all *before* he stumbles on the body of the leftist labor union executive, or learns about the Bulgarian spies and the rigged union election and..

Well, Warner is terrific, and he carries the show, even if, by the final episode, the plot has run itself

back through so many tighter and tighter circles that it's in danger of disappearing up its own fundament. And there's a strong supporting performance by Patrick Malahide of *Minder,* a show I mentioned last issue.

Incidentally, Nigel Williams has novelized his own teleplay, and Methuen has published it in paperback. The plot doesn't make any more sense, but the first-person narrative flows, and the story takes you into elements of British society you won't see from a tour bus.

Anglia TV, world famous for wildlife shows such as *The World of Survival,* has begun branching out into drama with dramatizations of P. D. James's Adam Dalgleish novels. Last year, they did *Death of an Expert Witness,* this time *Shroud for a Nightingale.* Roy Marsden, talented and versatile actor, returned as the poetry-writing policeman, and he did an excellent job.

I wasn't crazy about the production, but quite a bit of that has to do with the fact that, despite her skill, Ms. James is not among my favorites. Anglia did a fine job of putting across the cold misanthropy with which James invests her novels. Aside from Dalgleish (who is an Ideal Figure—something like a humorless Lord Peter Wimsey) and his aide, the only character in the book who could be described as admirable bites the dust in a particularly nasty way immediately after she comes to the moral decision the viewer has been led to hope she will reach.

But while they did justice to James's attitudes, Anglia served her less well when it came to plot, diffusing the book's intricate and surprising solution in order to stretch the show out to five hours.

Then there was *Mr. Palfrey of Westminster,* four self-contained episodes of counter-espionage, each of them marvelous. Alec McCowan played Mr. Palfrey (not to be confused with John Creasey's *Doctor* Palfrey) a fussy man of late middle age who works for (we suppose) MI5. He's a self-described "civil servant" who asks the right questions and finds the right answers. He is called back from a fishing holiday to find that he has a new boss (Carolyn Blakiston as the formidable—and decidedly Thatcheresque—"Coordinator"), a new secretary, and a new office in the Abbey School at Westminster Abbey, of which Palfrey happens to be an Old Boy.

Plots over the four weeks could be as grim as *Callan* or as whimsical as a Cary Grant movie. In each case, the friction between Mr. Palfrey and the coordinator was beautiful.

Thriller fans will have seen McCowan before as Q in *Never Say Never Again.* He played Broadway with a marvelous one-man show, reciting the Gospel according to St. Mark, and he currently is knocking London dead in a new one-man show as Kipling. He uses every bit of his talent as Mr. Palfrey, and I hope there are to be at least as many of his adventures as there are of Rumpole's, and that they reach the States. But not, I trust, until I'm back there.

Finally, we come to the Master.

Yes, Granada TV has brought us a new series of *Sherlock Holmes,* sparing no expense in the effort. They even built a full-scale, permanent Baker Street set on their lot up north in Manchester, and they have dressed the set with uncommon realism, right down to the evidence of the passage of horses who don't happen to be in the scene at the moment. They have stuck faithfully to the stories. They have dramatized stories you don't usually see dramatized ("The Naval Treaty," "The Solitary Cyclist," and "A Scandal in Bohemia," with Gayle Hunnicutt fabulous as Irene Adler). They have done Holmes's lodgings up brown.

To portray the Master himself, they reimported L.A.-based British actor Jeremy Brett. Brett is hawk-featured, and his eyes flash, and he looks fine in the part, but at first I wasn't too crazy about his portrayal. He was jumpy and waspish, and he got on my nerves.

That was at first. Then I realized what he was driving at—he was playing Holmes as a *coke head.* He did it at those times when, figuring from the stories, you could reasonably expect Holmes to have been under the influence of cocaine, and he did a damned fine job of it. By the last of this year's shows (more are scheduled to begin just about the time you read this), the coke had disappeared from the stories, and from Brett's performance. When the series ended (with "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle"), I sat there thinking heretical thoughts. Brett may well be as good as Rathbone, and, if he's not, he's so close as to make no difference.

Especially since he's accompanied by the best Watson of all time. David Burke is marvelous. For the first time, Watson is shown having a real role in Holmes's investigations—his good nature and concern let him serve as liaison between Holmes's genius and the rest of the world. He is also close enough to Holmes in looks and youth to enable you to understand why the fair sex was Watson's department. Burke gets equal billing with Brett, and deserves it.

Keep your eyes open for this one, if it hasn't reached home shores already. *Somebody* is going to make a lot of money showing these things in the U.S.A.

This is the last report from London. From here, we hydroplane off to Paris for an indeterminate time, and check out the Continental mystery scene. You'll get the report next issue. □

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A Decade of Dash

or:

The Further Adventures of the Hammett Checklist

By William F. Nolan

Yes, folks, as of July, 1984,* Ye Olde Checklister has returned to Hammettland. Or, in *Star Wars* terminology, the saga continues. Nearly eight and a half years have spun past since my last Hammett compilation for TAD ("Revisiting the Revisited Hammett Checklist" in the October 1976 issue—completed in April of that year). My first checklist was printed in *Dashiell Hammett: A Casebook,* in 1969; the second in TAD's August 1973 issue, so this current go-round marks my fourth assault on a comprehensive checklist of works by and about DH. It's a dirty job, but *somebody's* got to do it.

I am breaking my own rule of format with this one. Meaning I am not assigning the material to various categories as in previous listings. I feel that it will be more interesting to trace what has been written, year by year; thus the reader can follow the progress of Hammett criticism and bio data as it has unfolded over the last decade. Indeed, it *has* been a decade of Dash. With each new addition to the checklist, I uncover material unknown to me at the time of earlier listings. Therefore, I'll start with this newly-discovered data, extending from early 1930 through 1975.

*Completed on the day following Lillian Hellman's death. See end of this checklist for comments on Hellman/Hammett.

"The Art and Success of Dashiell Hammett" by Eugene Cunningham. *El Paso Times,* March 9, 1930.

Cunningham was a fellow *Black Mask* writer and a great Hammett admirer. This profile was found in a scrapbook owned by editor Joe Shaw.

"Some Recent Books" by William Curtis. *Town and Country,* February 15, 1930.

Curtis discusses *Red Harvest* and *The Maltese Falcon* in this early review/essay.

"Film Personalities" by Marguerite Tazelaar. New York *Herald Tribune,* Nov. 12, 1933.

A brief interview with DH. There were not more than half-a-dozen Hammett interviews, so each is of importance.

"Hammett Solves Big Crime; Finds Ferris Wheel" by Joseph Harrington. New York *Evening Journal,* 1934 (circa January).

This was a syndicated interview with DH designed to promote his new X-9 comic strip. With a 1934 photo of DH. Contains some fascinating Pinkerton anecdotes.

"First Degree" (no byline). *Time,* January 8, 1934.

This publication had chosen to ignore Hammett's first four books, but here reviews *The Thin Man* and offers a brief profile of the author.

"Dashiell Hammett Flees Night Club Round, Succumbing to Rustication in New Jersey" (no byline, but actually

written by Andrew Turnbull, then a student at Princeton). *ThePrincetonian,* Nov. 11, 1936.

Hammett was living at Princeton at the time and used this interview to vent his anger at MGM for ruining his *Thin Man* film sequel.

"Dashiell Hammett Confesses!" by James Moynahan. King Featuressyndication, 1936.

Moynahan had written for *Black Mask* in 1932 and admired Hammett's work. Again, this interview contains some fine material about DH's Pinkerton years.

"The Maltese Falcon" (no byline). *Time,* Oct. 20, 1941.

A review of the Huston film, with a mini-bio of DH.

"Lean Years for the Thin Man" by James Cooper. *Washington Daily News,* March 11, 1957.

Hammett's final interview. In it, he is weary and bitter andhasgivenup creativewriting. It is a sad portrait.

"The Continental Op" by John Leverence. *Journal of PopularCulture,* Winter 1958.

"A Gentle Man Who Wrote About the Underworld" by M. N. (initials only). *Daily Worker,* January 29, 1961.

An obit on DH from the Communist press.

[Title unknown] by James Bready. *Baltimore Sun,* May 8, 1966.

An interview with DH's sister, Reba Hammett. Not seen.

Book Reviews Which Appeared in Saturday Review of Literature by Dashiell Hammett. Compiled and printed in pamphlet format by E. H. Mundell, Portage, Indiana, 1969.

Limited to approximately 30 copies and never offered for sale. Collects all of DH's review columns from the *Saturday Review.*

"Chandler-Hammett-Hemingway: Teachers in the 'Tough School'" by Stanley A. Carlin. *Mystery Lovers/Readers Newsletter,* June 1969.

An amateur magazine piece. Not seen.

"Lillian Hellman—Walking, Cooking, Writing, Talking" by Nora Ephron. *New York Times Book Review,* Sept. 23, 1973.

An interview with LH in which she talks of DH.

The Movies on Your Mind by Harvey R. Greenberg. E. P. Dutton(SaturdayReviewPress), 1975.

Includes a chapter: "The Maltese Falcon—Even Paranoids Have Enemies."

"The Transfer from One Medium to Another: The Maltese Falcon from Fiction to Film" by Virginia W. Wexman. *The Library Quarterly,* January 1975.

Traces theevolutionin criticalterms.

"Hammett: A Tale of Violence" by Griel Marcus. *Rolling Stone,*Sept. 25, 1975.

A review of Joe Gores's *Hammett.*

"The End of the Trail: The American West of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler" by Joseph Porter. *Western HistoricalQuarterly,* Oct. 1975.

More criticalattention for the fathers of the hardboiled school.

"The Two Dashiell Hammetts" by Philip French. *Times LiterarySupplement* (London), Oct. 10, 1975.

Essay/review of Gores's *Hammett* and of *The Continental Op.*

. . . Which takes us into 1976, and the chronological continuation of data. In 1976, I wrote about the forthcoming volume of X-9's adventures—so let me begin with this book:

Secret Agent X-9 by Alex Raymond and Dashiell Hammett. Nostalgia Press, 1976. Paperback only.

Contains three of the four DH comic-stripadventures of the Op-like agent. Plus two more drawn by Raymond but not written by DH. Has an intro by Bill Blackbeard, "The Gala Wedding of the Pulps to the Comics," as well as a bio entry on DH and a facsimile article from the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* of Jan. 26, 1934, tracing some of DH's cases for Pinkerton. The Hammett X-9 material extends from January of 1934 into earlyMarch of 1935.

Myth and Ideology in American Culture edited by Regis Durand. Pul, 1976 (Publications de l'Université de Lille, in English).

Contains an essay on DH, "From the Crystal Sphere to Edge City: Ideology in the Novels of Dashiell Hammett" by Kathleen Hulley.

A Question of Quality: Popularity and Value in Modern Creative Writing edited byLouis Filler.

Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1976.

Contains an essay on DH, "The Wings of the Falcon and the Maltese Dove" by George Grella. Explores the strong influence of Henry James on Hammett's work.

The Mystery Story edited by John Ball. University Extension, Universityof California, 1976.

In "The Private Eye" by James Sandoe, the author reprints Anthony Boucher's 1952 review of *Woman in the Dark* from the *New York Times.*

Dreamers Who Live Their Dreams: The World of Ross Macdonald's Novels by Peter Wolfe. Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1976.

Contains many references to DH.

Tune in Yesterday: The Ultimate Encyclopedia of Old-Time Radio by John Dunning. Prentice-Hall, 1976.

Covers the Hammett radio shows.

Dimensions of Detective Fiction edited by Larry Landrum, Pat Browne and Ray B. Browne. Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1976.

DH discussed in several of the essays.

Contemporary Literary Criticism, Volume 5, edited by Carolyn RileyandPhyllis Mendelson.

Gale, 1976.

Collects criticism (excerpts) on DH by Ross Macdonald, Leonard Michaels, Richard Sale and Charles Nicol. No original material.

"The Other Side of the Jazz Age: The Continental Op Stories" by CandaceDempsey. *Unicorn 3,* 1976.

Critical essay on DH. Not seen.

1977

The Hard-Boiled Detective: Stories From Black Mask Magazine (1920–1951) edited by Herbert Ruhm. Vintage (Random House), 1977. Paperback.

Contains the only printing to date of Hammett's first detective story (as "Peter Collinson") from *Black Mask,*

"The Road Home," Dec. 1922. I was the first to uncover this story, while researching my *Casebook* in 1968 in the basement of the Library of Congress. Good to see it anthologized at last.

Murder Ink edited by Dilys Winn. Workman, 1977.
DH is discussed in "Marxism and the Mystery" by Robert B. Parker in the chapter "Private Eyes and Spies."

At Random by Bennett Cerf. Random House, 1977.
Containsan anecdote on DH.

The Private Lives of Private Eyes by Otto Penzler. Grosset & Dunlap, 1977.
Biographical treatment of 25 characters. Among them: Sam Spade.

Chandler by William Denbow. Tower Books, 1977.
Original paperback novelization of Gores's *Hammett,* featuring DH as a main character. Clumsy and ill-written.

"Justice, Proof and Plausibility in Conan Doyle and Dashiell Hammett" by Paul F. Kress. *The Occasional Review,* 7, 1977.
Not seen.

"A Still Unfinished Woman" by Christine Doudna. *Rolling Stone,* Feb. 24, 1977.
DH is discussed in this interview with Lillian Hellman.

"A Pinkerton Man in Spades" by Brian McGinty. *Westways,* March 1977.
Profile of DH.

"Murder in the Dark: Dashiell Hammett" by Frank Occhiogrosso. *New Republic,* July 30, 1977.
Critical profile.

"Remembering the Dashiell Hammett of 'Julia'" by Bernard Kalb. *New York Times,* Sept. 25, 1977.
A memoir by a friend who served with DH in Alaska when Hammett was editing *The Adakian.*

"CBS to Air Hammett's 'Dain Curse'" by Clarke Taylor. *Los Angeles Times,* Dec. 29, 1977.
On the upcoming TV show.

1978

The Detective in Hollywood by Jon Tuska. Doubleday, 1978.
This book is dedicated to DH, and contains two chapters extensively dealing with Hammett's life and film works, "The Black Mask" and "Marriage and Murder." Faulty research results in severalerrors.

Erle Stanley Gardner: The Case of the Real Perry Mason by Dorothy B. Hughes. William Morrow, 1978.
Contains an anecdote about ESG and DH.

Crime Writers edited by H. R. F. Keating. British Broadcasting Corporation, 1978 (England).
Contains an essay, "Dashiell Hammett: The Onlie Begetter" by Julian Symons.

The World of Mystery Fiction: A Guide by Elliot L. Gilbert. University Extension, University of California, 1978.
DH is discussed—and there is a chapter devoted to *The Maltese Falcon.*

Thrillers: Genesis and Structure of a Popular Genre by Jerry Palmer. E. Arnold, 1978 (England).
DH is discussed—and there is a chapter, "The Negative Thriller," dealing with *The Glass Key.*

Sleuths, Inc. by Hugh Eames. Lippincott, 1978.
Contains a long essay, "Sam Spade: Dashiell Hammett." Some solid research results in a very worthwile piece on Hammett.

The Great American Detective edited by William Kittredge and Steven M. Krauzer. New American Library, 1978.
Reprints "Too Many Have Lived" by DH, with a preface discussing him. The editors' introduction also deals, in part,with Hammett.

"Bay Area Rapid Typewriter" by Herb Caen, *San Francisco Chronicle,* Jan. 25, 1978.
Interview with Hellman. She was very unhappy about the Coppola film.

"Hammett the Writer" by Joe Gores. *Xenophile,* March-April 1978.
The Gores piece formed the basis for a lecture on DH. In the same number of this "special hard-boiled issue" is an essay by Peter Wolfe—"Sam Spade: Lover."

"Order and Disorder in 'The Maltese Falcon'" by Donald J. Pattow. *The Armchair Detective,* April 1978.

"Dashiell Hammett Haunts San Francisco" by James P. O'Neill. *Second Spring,* April-May 1978.
A painting of DH and John's Grill illustrates the cover. The O'Neill piece reports a Hammett dinner at John's Grill as well as a DH tour which I conducted.

"'The Dain Curse' Brings New Focus on Hammett" by Cecil Smith. *TV Times(Los AngelesTimes),* May 14-20, 1978.
Article on the three-part TV miniseries based on the Hammett novel, starring James Coburn as "Hamilton Nash." Actually, Coburn plays Hammett-as-Op, and if you turn DH's name around you have "Hammett Dash."

"A Classic Private Eye Comes to TV—Heroism and Fantasy" by Newgate Callendar. *New York Times,* May 21, 1978.
Another extensive report on the TV show.

"Days of Hammett and Hellman Were Good Old Days Indeed" by Jack Kofoed. *Miami Herald,* May 23, 1978.
Memoir by an old pal (who also wrote for *Black Mask* in 1920-21).

"Gooseberries and Dashiell Hammett" by Fred Wordon. *Baltimore Sun Sunday Magazine,* June 11, 1978.
Memoir by a boyhood friend who knew DH in Baltimore.

"Dashiell Hammett" by Joan Jackson. *San Jose Mercury News,* June 13, 1978

"Dashiell Hammett in the Wasteland" by H. H. Morris. *Midwest Quarterly,* Winter 1978.
Essay on DH (most of which was excerpted in *Contemporary Literary Criticism*).

1979

Dashiell Hammett: A Descriptive Bibliography by Richard Layman. University of Pittsburgh Press, 1979.
The first full-length bibliography. Using my work in the *Casebook* as a kickoff point, Layman uncovered new material and got excitedenough abouthis subject to plan a fullbiography.

Great Writers of the English Language: Novelists and Prose Writers edited by James Vinson. St. Martin's Press, 1979.
Bio/bibliographic entry, with an essay on DH by John M. Reilly.

Famous Movie Detectives by Michael R. Pitts. Scarecrow Press, 1979.
Traces the screen careers of Sam Spade and Nick Charles in separatechapters.

Contemporary Literary Criticism, Volume 10, edited by DedriaBryfonski.
Excerpts from criticism by Steven Marcus and H. H. Morris.

"The Mystery of Mystery: The Novels of Dashiell Hammett" bySinda J. Gregory.
Dissertation. University of Illinois Press, 1979.

"Symbolic Naming in 'The Maltese Falcon'" by Frederick Burelbach. *Literary Onomastics Studies, 6, 1979.*
Notseen. Seems impossible to locate.

"The Mutation of'The Maltese Falcon' " by W. J. Reeves. *American Notes and Queries.,* Oct. 1979.

"W. T. Ballard: An Interview" by Stephen Mertz. *The ArmchairDetective,* Winter 1979.
ContainsreferencestoDH, includingadoubtfulanecdote.

"The Thin Man of St. Mary's" by Rick Boyd. *Lexington ParkEnterprise,* Dec. 5, 1979.
Not seen.

1980

Beams Falling: The Art of Dashiell Hammett by Peter Wolfe. Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1980
A pivotal work. The first full-length critical study of DH. Essentialreading forHammettbuffs.

Twentieth Century Crime and Mystery Writers edited by John M. Reilly. St. Martin's Press, 1980.
Contains a bio/bibliographic entry on DH, with a short essay on Hammett by Robert B. Parker.

Detective Fiction: A Collection of Critical Essays edited by Robin W. Winks. Prentice-Hall, 1980.
DH is discussed in someof theseessays—all reprints.

"'V' and 'The Maltese Falcon'—A Connection" by Marcus Smith. *Pynchon Notes.,* 2, 1980.
Not seen.

"Hunting for Hammett Sends Biographers Sleuthing for Clues" by George Edmonson. *Richmond News-Leader,* Feb. 6, 1980.

"Hammett Lives Again" by Walter Addiego. *San Francisco Examiner,* Feb. 6, 1980
On-location report with Coppola and crew while filming *Hammett.*

"Shades of Sam Spade: Trading Tales at John's Grill" by Chris Barnett.*P.S.A,* March 1980.

"Hammett: The Writer as Private Eye" by Judy Stone. *San Francisco Chronicle "Datebook,"* March 2-8, 1980.

"Coppola Films 'Hammett' in 1928 San Francisco" by Don LeeMiller. *Nob Hill Gazette.,* March 1980.
Anotheron-locationreport.

"Dashing After Hammett in Film Biography" by George Anderson. *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette,* April 21, 1980.
Discusses the filming of *Hammett.*

"Sam Spade's San Francisco" by Jefferson Morgan. *Travel and Leisure,* May 1980.
A parody.

"On Location with a Dash of Hammett" by Kevin Thomas. *Los Angeles Times, Calendar,* May 25, 1980.
Another film report on *Hammett.*

"Beams Falling: The Art of Dashiell Hammett" by John Lutz. *The Armchair Detective,* Summer 1980.
A review of Peter Wolfe's critical study

"The Hardboiled Detective in the Fallen World" by Jeffrey H. Mahan. *Clues,* Fall-Winter, 1980.
Discusses Hammett, Chandler, and Ross Macdonald.

"Sam Spade Talking" by John Reilly. *Clues,* Fall-Winter, 1980.
Essay.

"California Babylon: The World of Detective Fiction" by L. K. Babener. *Clues,* Fall-Winter, 1980.
Discusses Hammett, Chandler, James M. Cain, and Ross Macdonald.

"The Making of 'Hammett'" by Time Hunter. *New West,* Sept. 22, 1980.
An important, extensive report, tracing the full history of the Gores novel-into-film through its multiple writers and screenplays.

"The 'Black Mask' Boys Go Legit" by William F. Nolan *TheArmchair Detective,* Winter 1980.
A review of the Hammett and Chandler bibliographies.

"Stirring Things Up: Dashiell Hammett's Continental Op" by John S. Whitley. *Journal of American Studies,* Dec. 1980.
Essay by a Britishcritic.

"Dash: An Account of the Thin Man From San Francisco" by Roy Meador. *Air California,* Dec. 1980.
Profile of DH.

1981

Shadow Man: The Life of Dashiell Hammett by Richard Layman. HarcourtBrace Jovanovich, 1981.
The first full-length biography of DH, backed by intensive research. Reveals much that is new. With transcripts of Hammett testimony.

Critical Survey of Short Fiction: Authors, 4 edited by Frank Magill. Salem Press, 1981.
Covers the shorter fiction in a Hammett entry.

Contemporary Literary Criticism, Volume 19 edited by SharonGunton. Gale, 1981.
Excerpted criticism on DH from Durham, Cawelti, Bazelon, Grella, and Wolfe. No original material.

Selected Letters of Raymond Chandler edited by Frank MacShane. Columbia University Press, 1981.
DH is discussed in severalChandlerletters.

The Letters of Nunnally Johnson edited by Dorris Johnson and Ellen Leventhal. Knopf, 1981.

Contains a letter from NJ to Julian Symons on DH, dated Jan. 16, 1961, in which Johnson talks about Hammett's longsilence as a writer.

Detectives and Friends: Dashiell Hammett's 'The Glass Key' and Raymond Chandler's 'The Long Goodbye' " by John S. Whitley. University of Exeter (England), 1981.

Pamphlet from a British critic.

The Whodunit: An Informal History of Detective Fiction by S. Benvenuit and G. Rizzoni. Macmillan, 1981 (first U.S. edition).

Contains a section on DH as "The Savage of San Francisco."

Hardboiled America: The Lurid Years of Paperbacks by Geoffrey O'Brien. Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1981.

Discusses DH in various sections, particularly in "Mythologists of the Hardboiled," and reproduces many of his paperback covers.

The Last Laugh by S. J. Perelman. Simon and Schuster, 1981.

Recounts a DH Pinkerton anecdote in "The Frost Is on the Noggin."

The Dark Side of the Screen: Film Noir by Foster Hirsch. A. S. Barnes, 1981.

Discusses DH in "The Literary Background," and his films in otherchapters.

Self-Portrait: Ceaselessly into the Past by Ross Macdonald (KenMillar). Capra Press, 1981.

The essay "Homage to Dashiell Hammett" is included in this collection of Macdonaldpieces, and DH is discussed in otheressays.

"Dashiell Hammett in the Dell Mapbacks" by William L. Lyles. *Paperback Quarterly,* Vol. 4, No. 2, 1981.

Covers the eight DH Dell editions.

"Expressionism and American Popular Literature: Hammett as a Continental Op-Eye" by Margaret Lamb. *Clues,* Spring-Summer 1981. Another critical look at DH.

"Hammett Fans Honor 'Falcon'" by Mike Hudson. *Los Angeles Times,* May 31, 1981.

On the formation of the Maltese Falcon Society.

"The Tough Guy at the Typewriter" by Julian Symons *Times Literary Supplement* (London), June 5, 1981

An essay/review of *Shadow Man.*

"Sleuthing Hammett" by Anthony Burgess. *Saturday Review,* July 1981.

Perceptive review/essay on *Shadow Man* by the famed British novelist.

"Life of Hammett: Some Spadework and Frustrations" by Charles Champlin *Los Angeles Times, Calendar,* July 12, 1981.

Review of *Shadow Man.*

"He Was His Own Best Whodunit" by Paul Gray. *Time,* July20, 1981.

Review of *Shadow Man.*

"The Lady and the Pinkerton" by Mary Cantwell. *New York Times Book Review,* Aug. 23, 1981.

Review of *Shadow Man.*

"Joe Gores Clears Up Some Mysteries" by Erik Jendresen. *Mystery,* Sept. 1981.

Interview with Gores in which DH is discussed.

"Including Murder: An Unpublished Hammett Collection" by Robert S. Powell. *Clues,* Fall-Winter 1981.

Shows DH's method of revision for several early Op stories he planned to collect. (This article is part of an extensive section devoted to the detective pulps, edited by E. R. Hagemann.)

"Facts Are Here, Personality Isn't" by William Glackin *Sacramento Bee,* Oct. 18, 1981.

Negative review of *Shadow Man* by a friend of Hammett, who served with him in Alaska.

NOTE: There were several negative reviews of *Shadow Man,* but my listing is selective. I include the most important reviews, pro and con, for this biography – as I do for my own biography *A Life at the Edge* and for Johnson's *Dashiell Hammett: A Life.* In each case, I am selective in my listings. It is interesting that all three of these major Hammett biographies received mixed reviews.

"Shadowing Sam Spade: A Hard-Boiled Tour of San Francisco" by John Justice. *New York Times,* Oct. 25, 1981.

Piece on the Hammett Tour conducted, on a regular basis, by Don Herron.

"Dashiell Hammett: The Shadow and the Man" by Reid Tyler. *San Francisco Review of Books,* Sept.-Oct. and Nov.-Dec. 1981.

Lengthy two-part essay on DH and his times.

"Murder by Client: A Reworked Theme in Dashiell Hammett" by Christopher Bentley. *The Armchair Detective,* Winter 1981.

Compares an earlier DH short-story plot to the same elements in *The MalteseFalcon.*

"Sandoe Retrospective Reviews" by James Sandoe. *The ArmchairDetective,* Winter 1981.

Review/discussion of three DH books: *The Thin Man, Dead Yellow Women,* and *The Return of the Continental Op.*

"OneBritisher'sViewofHammett"byEdwardS. Lauterbach. *The Poisoned Pen,* Dec. 1981.

More criticism from Great Britain.

"The Thin Man" by Jeffrey Meyers. *National Review,* Dec. 11, 1981.

Essay/review of *Shadow Man.*

1982

Dashiell Hammett Tour by Don Herron. Published by the author, 1982.

This booklet traces all DH locations in San Francisco, with photos of these sites.Also containsbiographicaldata. Neatlydone.

New Wild West: The Urban Mysteriesof Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler by Paul Skenazy. Boise State University, 1982.

A booklet in the Western Writers Series.

Which Way Did He Go? by Edward Margolies. Holmes & Meier, 1982.

Contains "Dashiell Hammett: Success as Failure."

Hollman in Hollywood by Bernard F. Dick. Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1982.

Contains an important chapter on DH's screen involvement with Hellman's play *Watch on the Rhine*. There are many other references to DH.

A Comprehensive Index to Black Mask, *1920–1951* compiled by E. R. Hagemann. Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1982.

Includes a complete listing of all of DH's work in 52 issues of *Black Mask*. A valuable reference volume.

Special all-Hammett issue of *Defunct* (an amateur magazine edited by Dave Lewis) Issued by Lewis, January 1982.

Contains facsimiles (from the original sources) of several pieces by DH: "The Parthian Shot," "Curse in the Old Manner," "Caution to Travelers," "The Advertisement *Is* Literature," "Advertising Art Isn't Art, It's Advertising," "A Communication to All American Writers," "Help Them Now," "Keep David in There, Fighting!" Fiction, letters, verse, ad writing, political messages.

"Forrest Free, But Still a Coppola Fan" by Roderick Mann. *Los Angeles Times, Calendar,* March 7, 1982.

Interview with Fred Forrest about his role as DH in the Coppola film.

"Dashiell Hammett's Glamour Grows" by Mickey Friedman. *San Francisco Examiner*, May 24, 1982.

"Lillian Hellman Dashes Hammett TV Show" (no byline). *California,* June 1982.

Again, Hellman was unhappy with what other people were doing with DH in terms of television and films.

"Frederic Forrest Tougher Than Sam Spade in 'Hammett'" by James Steranko. *Prevue*, Aug.–Sept. 1982.

Discusses the actor's role in the new film.

"The Hammett Succubus" by William Marling. *Clues,* Fall–Winter 1982.

A critical essay.

"Dashing Off on Hammett Caper in S.F." by Nancy Belcher. *Los Angeles Times, Calender*, Sept. 26, 1982.

Another piece on the Herron Tour in San Francisco.

"Hammett" by William J. Reynolds. *TWA Ambassador*, Oct. 1982.

Essay on DH, plus review of the film.

"The Hammett Case" by Catherine Maclay. *The Berkeley Monthly,* Oct. 1982

Interview with Diane Johnson in which she discusses her forthcoming DH biography.

"Hammett *Is* Hammett (Is *Not* Spillane)" by Merrill Shindler. *Los Angeles,* Oct. 1982.

Review of the film.

"The Mysterious Mr. Hammett" by Paul Wilner. *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, Oct. 8, 1982.

A review/essay, based on a DH television documentary.

"Old Gun for Hire" by D.A. (initials only). *Newsweek*, Oct. 18, 1982.

Review of the film.

"Classic Lighting for 'Hammett'" by Richard Patterson. *American Cinematographer*, Nov. 1982.

In-depth treatment of the Coppola filming, with many stills.

"Sam Spade's Haunts Are Part of the Tour in Hammett Land" by Erik Larson. *Wall Street Journal,* Dec. 1, 1982.

Yet more coverage of the Herron DH tour.

1983

Hammett: A Life at the Edge by William F. Nolan. Congdon & Weed (St. Martin's Press), 1983.

Based on fifteen years of research, this book represents my attempt to render DH in three dimensions via facts, anecdotes, letters, etc. In England, when this book was published there, I was named "the leading Hammett scholar." Naturally, I was pleased.

Dashiell Hammett: A Life by Diane Johnson. Random House, 1983.

A book that fails on many levels. Full of errors. Johnson's dislike for her subject and her contempt for his fiction is plainly evident. Leaves a sour taste.

Dashiell Hammett's Secret Agent X-9 by DH and Alex Raymond. IPL, 1983.

The first book to include all *four* of DH's X-9 tales. I wrote the introduction, "Some Kind of a Gum-Shoe."

The Maltese Falcon by Dashiell Hammett. Arion Press, 1983.

A special limited edition from the respected San Francisco printer. $325 per copy; 400 issued. Illustrated with 1920s period photographs showing sites from the novel. (A $20 trade edition was released in 1984 from North Point Press. Same contents, including a preface from the publisher.)

The World of Mystery Fiction edited by Elliot L. Gilbert. Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1983.

A biographical page on DH as well as his story "The House in Turk Street" printed in a section headed "The Black Mask School."

Count no 'Count: Flashbacks to Faulkner by Ben Wasson. University Press of Mississippi, 1983.

Wasson (who died at the time of publication) was a literary agent to both Faulkner and Hammett. This memoir includes a Faulkner–Hammett anecdote.

Critical Survey of Long Fiction: Authors, 3 edited by Frank Magill. Salem Press, 1983.

Entry on DH and his novels.

The Arbor House Treasury of Detective and Mystery Stories from the Great Pulps edited by Bill Pronzini. Arbor House, 1983.

Contains the first hardcover printing of "Arson Plus," DH's first Op story, with a biographical preface on Hammett by the editor.

"The Complexity of Writer Diane Johnson" by Beverly Beyette. *Los Angeles Times,* April 27, 1983.

Interview with Johnson. In the discussion, she compares her view of DH to that of Lillian Hellman: "She [Hellman] saw him very much as her guru, this wonderfully strong, terrifically honest, fabulously intelligent dream man. I saw him as a . . . troubled man, an alcoholic with [a] terrible writer's block. She didn't like to think of his life as having been painful, unsuccessful."

"Why the Writing Had to Stop" by Julian Symons. *New York Times Book Review,* May 8, 1983.

Review/essay on *A Life at the Edge*. Some of the points Symons makes are highly questionable.

"Hammett: An Operative Life" by Mack McMullen. *Los Angeles Daily News,* May 8, 1983.

Review/essay on *A Life at the Edge*. He calls the biography "definitive"—which was certainly my intention in writing it.

"Hammett" *Los Angeles Times, Calendar,* May 15, 1983.
Full-page ad for the film (which opened May 20) with the blurb: "He created 'The Maltese Falcon' Sam Spade and 'The Thin Man' But He Didn't Write This Mystery Thriller . HE LIVED IT."

"Hammett Nearly Ended His Career" by David Ehrenstein. *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner,* May 17, 1983.
A profile of *Hammett* director Wim Wenders, concerning numerous problems connected with the filming.

[Review quotes on "Hammett" from London and Paris] *Hollywood Reporter,* May 20, 1983.
A full-page trade ad, signed by Fred Forrest and Wenders, quoting rave reviews for their film from Europe.

"Film Review: Hammett" by Arthur Knight. *Hollywood Reporter,* May 20, 1983.
Knight liked the film, but it bombed commercially.

"Hammett" by Sheila Benson. *Los Angeles Times,* May 20, 1983.
Film review.

"Hammett: Hardboiled Detective Tale" by David Chute. *Los Angeles Herald Examiner,* May 20, 1983.
Film review.

"Hammett" by D.W.Y. (initials only). *West Coast Review of Books,* May–June 1983.
Review of *A Life at the Edge.*

"Another Look at Dashiell Hammett.. " by Diana Ketcham. *Oakland Tribune,* June 5, 1983
Review/essay on *A Life at the Edge* and the special edition of *The Maltese Falcon.*

"Shadowing Sam Spade" by Edward Regis, Jr. *Travel/Holiday,* July 1983.
The DH tour, covered in the form of a parody.

"New Light on Peak and Decline of a Classic Adventure Writer" by Peter Wolfe. *St. Louis Globe-Democrat,* July 16-17, 1983.
Review of *A Life at the Edge.* A very strong endorsement of my biography from one of the leading Hammett critics.

"Hammett Examined with Clarityy" by Marilyn Mayer. *Indianapolis Star, Book World,* July 24, 1983.
Review of *A Life at the Edge.*

"An Affectionate Portrait of 'The Shadow Man' " by Bruce Cook. *The Detroit News,* July 31, 1983.
Review of *A Life at the Edge.*

"The Changing Face of Evil in the Hard-Boiled Novel" by Frederick Isaac. *The Armchair Detective,* Summer 1983.
Essay, with references to DH.

"PW Interviews Diane Johnson" by Miriam Berkley. *Publishers Weekly,* Dept. 9, 1983.

"Dash" by Nicholas Richardson. *New Society* (England), Sept. 15, 1983.
Review of *A Life at the Edge.*

"Requiem for a Tough Guy" by Anna Shapiro. *Saturday Review,* Sept.-Oct. 1983.
Review of Johnson's book.

"Hammett: The Impenetrable Man" by Mary Cantwell. *Vogue,* Oct. 1983.
Review of Johnson's book.

"From Riches to Rags" by Ross Thomas. *California Magazine,* Oct. 1983.
Review of Johnson's book.

"Hammett's Long Goodbye" by James Wolcott. *Harpers,* Oct. 1983.
Review/essay based on the Johnson book. Wolcott feels that her book is "one monument too many" to DH, and that Hammett is "hardly worth all this. . . fuss."

"The Public Face of the Private Eye" by Jonathan Yardley. *Washington Post, Book World,* Oct. 9, 1983.
Review of Johnson's book.

"Dashiell Hammett: Searching for the Man Behind the Myth" by Anthony Olcott. *Chicago Tribune, Book World,* Oct. 9, 1983.
Reviews Johnson's bio and *A Life at the Edge.*

"Mysteries of a Hardcase" by George Stade. *New York Times Book Review,* Oct. 16, 1983.
Review of Johnson's book.

"The Original Thin Man" by Peter S. Prescott. *Newsweek,* Oct. 17, 1983.
Review of Johnson's book.

"A Dash of Mystery" by Dick Lochte. *Los Angeles,* Nov. 1983.
Essay/review of Johnson's bio and earlier material on DH.

"Struggling to Crack the Writer's Block" by Christopher Lehmann-Haupt. *New York Times,* Nov. 3, 1983.
Essay on DH's writing block and on other authors with this same problem.

"Red Harvest" by Pearl K. Bell. *New Republic,* Nov 7, 1983.
Essay/review of Johnson's book. Extremely negative. The author sees Johnson as politically naive, accuses her of having "swallowed Lillian Hellman's version of.. [Hammett's] politics hook, Party-line, and sinker."

"Notable" (no byline). *Time,* November 7, 1983
Review of Johnson's book

"The Detective Who Left a Trail of Facts—But Still Eludes Us All" by James Kaufmann. *Christian Science Monitor, Ideas,* Nov. 18, 1983.
Review/essay based on Johnson's book.

"The Hammett Mystery Remains Despite Her Investigative Efforts" by Elaine Warren. *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner,* Nov. 29, 1983.
Interview with Johnson, who admits to having received "a long letter from Hellman citing general displeasure with the book [and] commenting that perhaps it would have been better if the book had been written by a man." She claims that she quit talking to Hellman upon reaching a stage of total disagreement over the approach.

"Mystery Writer's Mystery" by D. Fetherling. *Maclean's (Canada),* Dec. 5, 1983.
Review of the Johnson book.

"Finding Clues to the Enigma of Hammett" by Theodore M. O'Leary. *Kansas City Star,* Dec. 11, 1983.
Review of both biographies by Johnson and Nolan.

1984

The Private Eye in Hammett and Chandler by Robert B. Parker. Lord John Press, 1984.

A trimmed, revised version of Parker's 1971 doctoral dissertation. With an introduction by the author, dated August 1983. Thin stuff. Outdated by more than a decade of new data and research.

Dashiell Hammett by Dennis Dooley. Ungar, 1984.

The second full-length critical study. Not seen, as of this writing, but announced for summer 1984.

The Doomed Detective by Stefano Tani. Southern Illinois University Press, 1984.

DH is discussed in the first chapter.

"Hollywood Great" by Anthony Lejeune. *The Tablet* (England), March 24, 1984.

Review of the Johnson/Nolan biographies.

"Playing the Sap" by Terry Teachout. *National Review*, April 20, 1984.

Essay/review of both biographies.

"Sam Spade's World as Hammett Saw It" by Digby Diehl. *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, May 2, 1984.

Review of the trade edition of *The Maltese Falcon* from North Point Press.

"Gangsters in Hats" by Richard Mayne. *London Review of Books* (England), May 17, 1984.

Review/essay of four detective-related books, including *A Life at the Edge*.

"Setting the Record Straight" by William F. Nolan *The Armchair Detective*, Winter 1984.

The title of my review explains its purpose. I found Diane Johnson's book "a disaster," and proceeded to state my case in detail, citing numerous errors in fact and content. This book was ill-conceived from the outset and written for all the wrong reasons. And I am far from alone in this opinion.

"The Hardboiled Dicks" by Donald E. Westlake. *The Armchair Detective*, Winter 1984.

DH is discussed in this essay.

. . . and now, to the question of Lillian Hellman.

"Lillian Hellman, Author and Rebel, Dies at Age 77" by Ted Thackrey, Jr. *Los Angeles Times*, July 1, 1984.

Much has been written of Hammett's writer's block but, in one important sense—in relation to Lillian Hellman's plays—he was always creatively fertile. In 1934, his last year as a published novelist, he helped launch Hellman's career by working closely with her on *The Children's Hour*. He continued to work with her until his death in 1961. It has always been my opinion that Hellman and Hammett formed a vital creative team when it came to her plays, and that they were a team effort. Indeed, she wrote them—but he supervised, cajoled, made detailed suggestions, cut, edited, shaped, and criticized every scene of every act. As a playwright, her dependence on Hammett was total. *Toys in the Attic*, based on a Hammett plot idea, was their last creatively-devised stage drama. Hammett lived just long enough to see it produced. But, once he was gone, Hellman's ability to fashion successful plays went with him. The evidence is conclusive: in all the 23 years following his death, she was never able to finish another original play. She adapted; she did not create.

A close friend, journalist John Hersey, declared that Hellman remained under Hammett's influence right to her death: "She talked about him all the time. In making a decision, she would wonder what Hammett would think."

She is quoted in this obit: "Hammett. . . made me rework. Rewrite. Rethink. Retest the characters and motivations and every damned line of dialogue, over and over and over again."

The original play she completed without his help was *The Searching Wind*, written when Hammett was in the Aleutians during World War II. The play was *not* a success artistically or commercially.

In truth, Hammett's creative career did not end in 1934; it simply entered a new phase, via Lillian Hellman. He had wanted to be a playwright; in effect, he became one.

The Hellman/Hammett process needs to be examined, the record closely studied. Now that they are both gone, the final truth needs to be told.

Hellman's real age was always in question, since (at various times) she cited three different years for her birth: 1905, 1906, 1907. In this obit, the *Times* accepts the latter year, placing her death at 77. Yet the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* headed its obit: "Author Lillian Hellman is Dead at 79." Thus, even in death, contradictions surround this controversial, tough-minded woman, whose entire career as a playwright was shaped in large part by Dashiell Hammett. He was *much* more than an influence—he was a creative collaborator.

What lies ahead regarding new works by and about Hammett? Lillian Hellman's death may well trigger publication of new material. Whoever takes legal control of the Hammett Estate may be willing to work with those of us who would like to see hitherto restricted fiction, nonfiction, and letters released for print. Time will tell.

At the moment, however, there are no fewer than three more books on Hammett in preparation: the long-delayed critical study in the Twayne U.S. Authors Series, *Dashiell Hammett* by William Marling . . . an untitled study on Hammett from British critic Julian Symons . . . and a collection of essays, interviews, articles and reviews which I am currently co-editing with E. R. Hagemann—*A World of Hammett*.

Additionally, there is a Hammett profile and checklist (of his work for *Black Mask*) in my new book, *The Black Mask Boys*, due from William Morrow in January of 1985. This is a combination historical study and anthology. I have backed my opening history of *Black Mask* with profiles of the eight "masters" of the Hardboiled School: Hammett, Chandler, Gardner, McCoy, Whitfield, Nebel, Daly, and Paul Cain—each with a classic story from the magazine (I include Hammett's "Bodies Piled Up").

And a final warning: one of these years I'll be back with yet *another* addition to the Hammett checklist.

The saga continues. . □

Britannia's Bull Dog

By Noel Behn

Great apes and little pygmies with blow pipes, Bull DogDrummondlives! Rereading *BullDog Drummond* stirs long dormant suspicions it is...for good and for bad...progenitor to a particular genre of contemporary espionage fiction; that the indomitable Hugh Drummond was none other than James Bond's granddaddy. Not that Bull Dog was a spy. He wasn't. He was, however, as unabashedly charming and ruthless an assassin as any killer in modern literature. And, like James Bond, Hugh Drummond was on the side of angels. Or at least the Empire.

Few authors have enjoyed the immediate popular success afforded H. C. McNeile for his novel *Bull Dog Drummond...The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull.* Rarer still are the fictional swashbucklers with the staying power of this title character. First published in England by Hodder and Stoughton in 1920 (and later that same year by New York's George H. Doran Company), the Drummond saga went on to include sixteen sequels.. the last written in 1954 by McNeile's friend and biographer Gerard Fairlie, who is responsible for seven of the stories. The printed appeal of Bull Dog was compounded by the emerging media of World Wars I and II. Radio and television in both England and America presented weekly serialization. Motion pictures provided the most celebrated group of Drummond portrayers and thereby nurtured Hugh to near legendary status. Between 1922 and 1971, some twenty movies were produced in which Bull Dog was acted by the likes of Ronald Coleman, Ralph Richardson, Ray Milland, Walter Pidgeon, Jack Buchanan, and many lesser-known actors. (For history buffs; the very first B-DD film, made in 1922 under the title *Bull-Dog Drummond,* had Carlyle Blackwell in the starring role.) Where movies left off, theatre picked up. In 1974, Alan Sherman appeared on Broadway in *Captain Hugh Bullshot Crummond,* a self-described "satiric reminder." New York City audiences have also seen an off-Broadway revival of the original dramatization, *Bull-Dog Drummond,* co-written by McNeile under his pseudonym "Sapper" and Gerald du Maurier. Produced in London in 1921, the play was presented in New York later that same year with A. E. Mathews starring.

Born in Bodmin, Cornwall, September 28, 1888, Herman Cyril McNeile was the son of a captain in the British Navy. After brief attendance at Cheltenham College, Gloucestershire, and the Royal Military Academy at Wolwich, McNeile in 1907, at the age of nineteen, joined the British Army. He served in the Royal Engineers for twelve years, inclusive of World War I. In 1914, he was both married and promoted to Captain...the same rank he would later bestow upon Hugh Drummond. Even before retiring in 1919 as Lieutenant Colonel, McNeile was writing military adventure stories. On accepting one of these pieces for publication in his *Daily Mail,* Lord Northcliffe assigned McNeile the pen name "Sapper"...a military slang expression of the day for "engineer." It is unclear if McNeile began *Bull Dog Drummond* before leaving the army in 1919, but that year his first novel *Mufti* was published. With *Mufti,* as well as *Bull Dog Drummond,* which appeared in 1920, the author forwent "Sapper" and used the name H.C. McNeile (though over the decade editions can be found credited to Cyril McNeile as well as to Sapper.)

As former naval officer Ian Fleming would 37 years later, Lieutenant Colonel "Sapper" McNeile returned to a post-war England different from the one he had left. Like his creator probably did, Captain Hugh Drummond, D.S.O., M.C., late of His Majesty's Royal Loamshires, finds post-World War I London

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Noel Behn's latest novel is the bestselling SEVEN SILENT MEN *(Arbor House).*

not only changed but boring . . . so boring that in the first chapter of the novel we learn Hugh has put this advertisement in the paper: "Demobilized officer finding peace incredibly tedious, would welcome diversion. Legitimate, if possible; but crime, if of a comparatively humorous description, no objection. Excitement essential . . . Reply at once Box X10." Many do reply, but only one is chosen—a damsel in the most insidious distress.

If a literary hero is best defined by the enemies his author seeks for him, then Hugh Drummond is every bit as jingoistic—and prejudiced—as McNeile. Granted, the Empire had been victorious in World War I, and Edwardian civility was generally intact, but at a devastating price. England and her allies were exhausted. Europe was sickly, ravaged, nearly bankrupt. Britain was beset by trouble (and, in the eyes of Drummond and McNeile, the troublesome). Economic trouble. Labor trouble. General unrest. New ideas. Worst of all, for Old Club, class-conscious military men such as Colonel Sapper McNeile and Captain Bull Dog Drummond, alien ideas. Ideas to imperil the fabric of Britannia. Meddle with the institutions. Alter the status quo. The Bolshevik revolution in Russia was filling far-off streets with blood, might be sweeping west across Europe at any moment . . . heading for you-know-where. Communists were boring from within. Along with socialists. Anarchists. Nihilists. The Jews were afoot as well. So were other foreigners. And industrialists. Particularly German industrialists who would wreak hideous revenge on Britannia for defeating the Hun Hordes.

These then were among the demonic forces many ordinary English men and women feared would destroy their nation. McNeile had a sense of the ordinary, of the common; possessed the skill to pestle such dreads into an odious concoction; equipped the horrors with every conceivable device of destruction from acid baths, which completely dissolved corpses, to apes and cobras and little pygmies with blow pipes. Galvanizing this layer cake of evil into a solitary reign of terror was an arch villian as multi-malevolent as Professor Moriarity (and who was every bit as loathsome as a Communist or Jew or Pygmy . . . or worse: who was Irish)—Carl Peterson. Aiding Peterson are two sub-vipers, his beautiful mistress Irma, and a scientific genius gone wrong named Henry Lakington (who dreams up the acid bath plus drugs no civilized physician can counteract). Nothing on God's good earth or Victoria's Realm stood a chance against this juggernaut of venality . . except McNeile's ultimate weapon, and alter ego . . . Hugh "Bull Dog" Drummond.

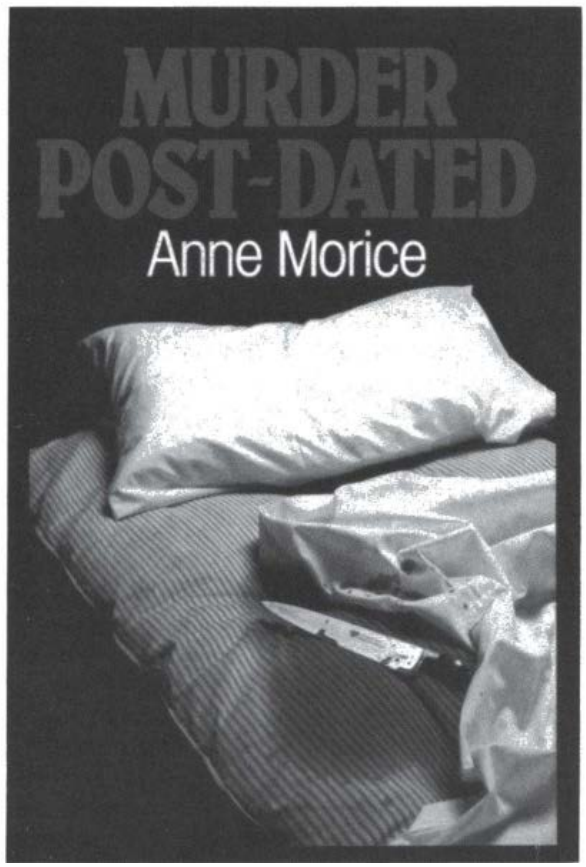
Like Fleming to come, McNeile opted for the urbane, was conversant with the trendy of his time . . . with middle class concepts of power and wealth and patriotism. Unlike Fleming, McNeile was sexually and morally a strict constructionist, Victorian to the never-unbuttoned britches. Drummond is a prototypical monogamist, the consummate anti-philanderer. Whereas Ian Fleming was physically attractive, the few photographs of McNeile show him somewhat less than comely. As was Drummond, whose "best friend would not have called him good looking, but he was the fortunate possessor of that cheerful type of ugliness which inspires immediate confidence in its owner. His nose had never quite recovered from the final one year of Public Schools Heavy Weights; his mouth was not small . . . Only his eyes redeemed his face from being what is known in the vernacular as the Frozen Limit. Deep-set and steady, with eyelashes that many a woman envied, they showed the man for what he was . . . a sportsman and gentleman. And the combination of the two is an unbeatable product."

Thus we are left with possible meanings for Hugh Drummond's nickname . . . as ugly as a Bull Dog . . as tenacious as a Bull Dog . . . as British as a Bull Dog.

His hero to the side, it was McNeile's flamboyant xenophobia that was to cast the die for Bondian spy fiction to come. If there is a difference between an adventure story and a romanticized espionage story, it is usually in the stakes each entity pursues. For the 007 breed of secret operative to rush into action, a cataclysm must be at hand; an entire nation, if not all of civilized mankind, must be on the brink of destruction or subjugation by some arch fiend . . . by Dr. No or Goldfinger or Blofeld. Civilized mankind, to McNeile, was the British Empire, and, in this first Drummond book, that is exactly what is at stake—derailing Peterson's plan to bring down the country.

Purists of espionage fiction are unremitting in their insistence that in a detective story you solve a crime and in a spy story you commit a crime . . . that espionage by definition is that illegal ten or fifteen percent of overall intelligence operations. Under these rules, neither the Bull Dog Drummond, Bond, nor most "spy books" would qualify. McNeile does do something else, however, that comes close to filling the bill. He allows his villain Peterson to concoct an international scheme to bring down England . . . a scheme the author lets his readers in on. To be technically correct, Hugh Drummond, as we see him in *Bull Dog Drummond*, might be one of the earliest counter-espionage agents.

Find a copy of *Bull Dog Drummond* and every now and then replace in your imagination the Bull Dog face with that of Sean Connery or Roger Moore, just to see what happens. Damn the anarchists and poison darts . . . full steam ahead! □



Anne Morice's Latest: An Apologia for A.M.

By J. M. Purcell

"Anne MORICE's latest": enough of a review for her fans. This time, in *Murder Post-Dated* (St. Martin's, 1984, 192pp., $10.95), we get little of heroine Tessa Crichton's theatrical profession except for the updated news bulletin that our Tessa is now a regular in a British telly soap and is shopping for U.S. film offers. Plot and characters are in fact located squarely in modern Christie country; i.e., the male and female characters are all members of a mobile squirearchy which interconnects socially via the freeway instead of walking across the village lane to exchange murder gossip with Mrs. Marple.

Any English woman mystery writer who does puzzles sooner or later gets tabbed as the new

Christie. It's not that easy. Even in Dame Agatha's own prime time, the 'thirties, competitors who were easily out of her league simply as prose writers (Cyril Hare, Monsignor Knox) could not duplicate her page-by-page tricks with the detectival form. Morice's mastery of them would make her Tessa Crichton series distinctive in the Golden Age; and today, in the purist-novel genre (not the thriller), either she or Peter Dickinson seems to me head of the class. And she writes much better prose than Christie ever did.

Her books are of course comedies of manners. They're not studies of criminal violence in any serious fictional sense. In *Post-Dated*—a fast read, which maintains narrative suspense throughout—the three homicides (all offstage in the narration) are the book's requisite murder, an abortion, and the suicide of the murderer. The only other violence is an arson, central to the plot, and the removal of her ladder while Tessa is clueing away in an attic. This would barely get a TV sitcom past the first commercial.

What involves the reader in vintageCrichton, as in vintage Marple, is the investigators' speculations and discoveries about the relationships within the milieu of a suburban, economically comfortable, literate social caste. One of the identifiable Christie ploys in *Post-Dated* is the trick on the reader whereby he makes the legitimate assumption that Character A is emotionally disturbed by the inquiries of Character B, the investigator. The reader is lulled by those same inquiries into forgetting another cause of disturbance —the presence in the vicinity of Character C. And a structural ploy familiar to Carr-Christie fans is Morice's concentrating the reader on the arson mystery in *Post-Dated*'s plot, without letting us realize until the end that we are investigating another matter(as detective readers) at the same time.

The main Carr-Christie *shtik*—as I say, much rarer even in the Golden Age than is often claimed—is keeping the reader in a *continuing* page-by-page sweat of speculation: not separating a "suspenseful" opening from later-on detectiving. Morice, like Erle Stanley Gardner, works through dialogue. (One is amazed to learn by her entry in Reilly's reference book of only one produced Morice play.) To enliven the books' pace and stimulate her readers' curiosity about the plots, she has them first-person narrated by her actress-inspector's wife heroine, Tessa Crichton. Tessa must be the most free-for-all speculative detective in fiction since early Ellery Queen, but it is her continual guesses, some of them wrong, which pace the novels. Since as I say *Post-Dated* is not one of the theatrical Morices, the book emphasizes only her Nancy Drew side. Some of us miss the taste of her performer's ego; in one Morice, when the plot required her to perform in some parish church play, Tessa was anxious to let the reader know she was playing to"packedchapels."

The Morices open so amusingly, I have a theory she is one of those writers (they include the author of *Anna Karenina*) who rewrite their Chapter Ones a lot, to set style, genre, and characterization. Technicians among the Morice fans will appreciate my wish to quote the first, two-page chapter in *Post-Dated,* line for line. It is an apparent low-pressure husband-wife dialogue that actually gives essential plot matters, labels the personalities of both speakers, has wit, and, most importantly, attunes the new reader to what this writer will be doing with words throughout the rest of the book.

EPILOGUE. "But not," to go on with my previous sentence, "her U.S. mystery critics." By 1984, the very friendly notice I have just composed for *Post-Dated* should suffice to recommend in TAD the latest entry of a steady series producer such as Morice (she averages four books every three years). There is no lag in the U.S. reprints of her British first editions, at least since her fifth novel made it over here back in 1973. Giving an Anne Morice entertainment the hard sell, as I do below, seems somehow heavy-handed, like promoting *Remington Steele* too loudly. You get it or you don't.

But then one notices that *Remington* has not yet, as I write, won any TV writers' awards. There are indications that Morice's comic mysteries are undervalued in the U.S. in a comparable way. I once

Tessa must be the most free-for-all speculative detective in fiction since early Ellery Queen.

noticed the omission of the annual Morice from a rather large, inclusive list of titles given Edgar nomination. At the time, I ignored this clue on the grounds that our Anne had become too *reliable* for awards, like Stout and Gardner. It is hard to give one book by a writer some special award when both of you know perfectly well that his next one will be at about the same qualitativelevel.

But another suggestive note is that the blurbs on the back wrapper of the hardbound book under review are raves from two library journals and two literate reviewers from South Bend and Cincinnati. In other words, with the three titles under mention on the blurb, the publisher found nothing usable from, say, New York, Chicago, Boston, or California.

In fact the serious theme of the novel is how one character can ruin another character's life with legal safety.

In TAD, oddly enough, the situation is even worse, and the last two Morice novels before *Post-Dated* were both bum-rapped in these pages. I say "oddly enough" because the fanatic loyalists for a member of the mystery establishment such as Morice are precisely the ones most likely to read and review for TAD. One of the unfriendly notices, which I savaged in the Letters column, worked from a sometimes eccentric feminist critical base. (The Morices must be the only contemporary mysteries with a credible, bright, *sexy* series lead.) I have tried to lay out below the more likely general grounds of resistance to her books, so as to knock them over all at once.

Item: like Christie, the Morices definitely suffer—as, e.g., a Hammett or a Matt Helm paperback doesn't—from the intrusive plot convention in the Golden Age-modern purist mystery, that there needs be a conscious homicide in the plot. There was no such convention in the work of the writers who actually developed this literary form (Poe, Doyle, the Edwardians overall), and the criminous novel of manners regards people who are able and willing to practice social evil in ways that do not usually risk them a prison sentence. In *Post-Dated,* for instance, the main character revelation about its "murderer" would remain the same if he/she/it had never buried a body. In fact the serious theme of the novel is how one character can ruin another character's life with legal safety.

I can't believe, however, that this technician's objection is any factor in what I will call the anti-Morice movement. The convention exists because crime-fiction buyers, including TAD readers, support it. And the fantasy level in fictional violence rises much higher in other murder books than it ever does in a Morice title such as *Post-Dated* (as I said, she usually huddles the violence offstage anyway). The violence in the average crime fiction, and notably the survival of the fearless hero, averages out in credibility with *Conan the Barbarian.*

With Morice's sisters in crime, we even have staggering new kinds of feminist incredibility in the action scenes of the more literate women's mysteries or women's-hero scripts; e.g. midway in the Edgared *Bishop in the Back Seat* by the estimable Clarissa Watson, the heroine-sleuth—whose occupation is indoors work in a posh art gallery—physically whips a male twice her size who has lived an outdoor existence handling racehorses. And in *Remington Steele*'s second season—one of the several improvements, so-called, supplied by NBC to make *Remington* look more like *The A-Team*—Laura is now propelled into regular gym-fights with the villains, who are conveniently packaged to be women at about Stephanie Zimbalist's fighting weight.

It would be impossible to find this kind of crap in Morice or Christie, whatever their fantasizing on other matters. (Christie was usually loyal to poisons, which suited both her milieu and her own wartime-nurse's professional background.) The point is, on a relativist modern-fiction scale, the Morice novels are comparably realist about physical violence.

A more serious critical objection to the Tessa Crichtons is, not that they have faults, but that they have limitations. Like Chesterton and Ross Macdonald, Morice has made no serious innovative contribution to the crime-fiction field, except in the sense that all good-quality work is innovative. Her fifteen-odd mysteries do not even have the same interesting geographical sprawl we would find in the

same number of Christie titles; and this, despite the fact that the real-life author has had some kind of postwar colonial-travel experience. Morice's interest in formal experiment is so small that she seems never to have written a criminous short.

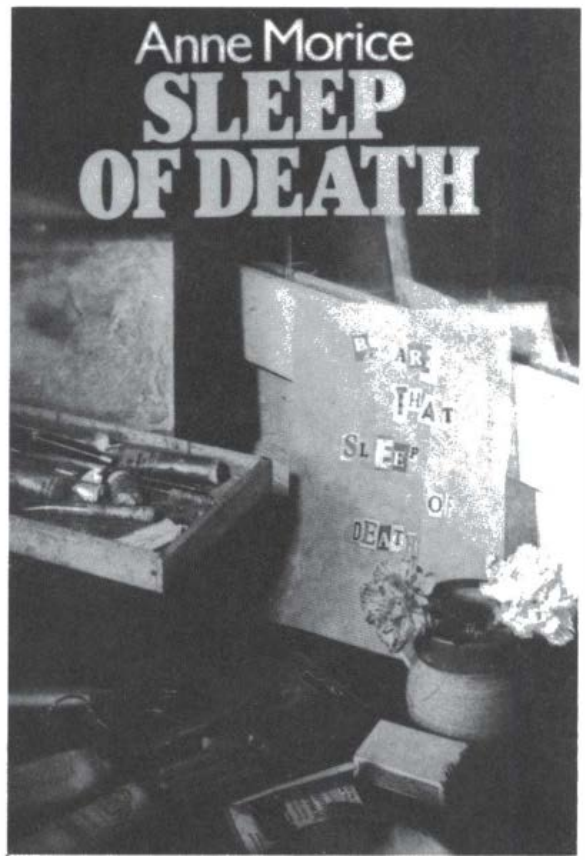
A final limit is that there are no "issues" in the Crichton series. The point here is not "relevancy" in any academic-liberal sense, but the value of adult subject matter to a novel. Most serious imaginative work is About Something. Morice apparently fears the eruption of anything controversial into her books would only divert the reader from concentrating on the puzzle (or else disturb the loyalties of her regular readers?). One series character, the playwright Toby, is implicitly homosexual; but the likely complications of his private life have never yet become part of a Morice plot. Tessa's professional existence as a working actress is a given in the stories' background and not made a source of any interesting complications in the plots, which as I say are usually loyal to Christie Country.

In a very minor way, *Post-Dated* could be made an exception to the general no-issues rule just laid down. It is the first Morice novel in which the tensions of a two-career marriage such as the Crichtons' are adumbrated, however playfully. Abortion erupts into the plot on pp. 143ff., but apparently only as a plot gimmick; the ending of the novel, for example, takes it for granted that abortion surgery carries minimal risk to the future fertility of the patient (p. 192).

I don't know what other heckling there can legitimately be of Anne Morice's reliable amusements. Simply as a prose stylist, she is competitive with Ross Macdonald and William Haggard. Unlike most literate American criminous prose narrators, she comes of course out of another tradition, and her pacing, her style, her characters, and certainly her dialogue owe more to Waugh, Coward, and the English mystery sisterhood than to any identifiable American source. The Morice books include, of course, socially boring people, but they have the marvelous convention that, if you're not literate and amusing, you don't get any lines to speak. Her readers thus attend a marvelous two-or-three-hour chat with eight or ten articulate types who form the spinal network of a fair-play spider's web which Tessa unthreads, like this metaphor, at the end of the chapter.

Despite Morice's generic conservatism, it is surprisingly hard to make comparisons with other writers in her chosen field. Her closest American equivalent is someone like Laurie Colwin, who doesn't write crime fiction. The Emma Lathens—which revived the "Morice" kind of mystery in what in 1961 was a very dry season for it—have enormously greater range than the Morice *oeuvre,* with its little patch of theatres and suburban villas; but the character relationships and the dialogue in Morice both seem to me superior.

Morice and "Amanda Cross" have a kind of updated Christie-Sayers relationship in that both Morice and Christie were much more careful to hide their education than the other two; it is striking that the Morices, with their tradition of literate poise, have never homed in on the British academic world, but for all I know the people in the Morice world incline to find red brick British academe underbred. Readers who prefer Sayers to Christie are in my guess likely to give the nod to Cross over Morice, and in



both cases I would myself argue that the seemingly more specialized and less pretentious mystery novelist was more successful both ways, with the puzzle and with the story as a mainstream fiction. No doubt, even among TAD readers, some people enjoy all four of these authors without making such distinctions among them.

Let me wind down with a few stray bits of information for the Morice regulars. The only useful criticism seems to be the excellent entry on her in John Reilly's volume, plus the reviews of her individual books. Jane Bakerman's *Murder X,* which lists one chapter on Morice, is announced but not yet published. By reason of respective dates, the Morices didn't make it into Barzun-Taylor.

"Morice" is a pseudonym for Felicity Shaw, who published two novels: *Happy Exiles* (1956) and *Sun Trap* (1958). The first "Morice" book, *Death in the Grand Manor* (1970), has since achieved U.S. publication. Not so for Morice novels 2–3–4: *Murder in Married Life* and *Death of a Gay Dog*(1971); *Murder on French Leave* (1972). Either Morice or Shaw is credited with the play *Dummy Run,* which has Morice's kind of title and was produced in Oxfordshire in 1977. With the modern interlibrary system, there is easy access to the first Shaw novel and *Murder in Married Life.* The hard-to-find Shaw-Morices, even in O.P. ads, are the play, the second Shaw novel, *Gay Dog,* and *French Leave.* I would appreciate price information on any decent copies or complete reprints.

Let me close with a little more straight criticism of Morice. (I have the feeling I am about to give away a free thesis topic to some reader taking a crime-fiction course, but no matter.) The Morice books radiate the obvious feel of a writer who should be at home doing a mainstream comedy novel of some kind. In fact, the available Shaw novel (*Happy Exiles*) suggests that she needed the new stimulus of the purist mystery plot to get her juices flowing. *The Happy Exiles* is a perfectly successful postwar colonial-empire novel, a study of its bureaucratic milieu from the point of view of what looks like the young author herself. This viewpoint-character is not a protagonist, and the novel is written third-person. It runs about a hundred pages longer than your average Morice book.

In other words, the invention of Tessa Crichton tightened up both the plots and the writing Shaw was doing. (Was there time out for raising small children in the twelve-year break between "Shaw" and "Morice"?) But I have one more bit of source or feedback information. Noel Coward's one novel, the 1960 *Pomp and Circumstance,* a characteristically successful amusement, is a comic novel of postwar empire quite similar in genre to *Happy Exiles,* which perhaps gave the Master a few ideas? (*Pomp and Circumstance* has the criminous significance of including a full-scale fictional portrait of Ian Fleming, who was a Jamaican friend of Coward's.)

What is even more likely is that *Pomp and Circumstance* gave Shaw, or I should say "Morice," a few ideas. Coward's novel, like Shaw's, carries the point of view of a woman in the colonial bureaucracy who is not herself the protagonist. But Coward wrote her first-person, not third, *à la* Tessa Crichton. She is married to a husband named, like Tessa's, "Robin," and the husband-and-wife dialogues about the comic permutations of Coward's plot read like Tessa and her policeman mate mulling over the midpoint of a Morice plot. I think Coward and Shaw helped each other out in this mutually beneficial way. □

COLLECTING MYSTERY FICTION

By Otto Penzler

JAMES BOND

Espionage fiction is not commonly associated with series characters, as is detective fiction. We are accustomed to reading of the numerous cases of private investigators, members of various law enforcement agencies, and even of those amateurs who seem constantly to walk into corpse-filled houses.

Spies, on the other hand, tend to last for a single book and then disappear forever. There are exceptions of course: John Buchan's Richard Hannay, John le Carré's George Smiley, Peter O'Donnell's Modesty Blaise, John Gardner's Boysie Oates and Big Herbie Kruger, and H. C. McNeile's Bulldog Drummond, but a disproportionate number of spy novels are one-shots.

None of Graham Greene's characters appear in more than one book, W. Somerset Maugham's titular protagonist acts only in *Ashenden,* ditto Joseph Conrad's seminal hero in *The Secret Agent*, and there is little or no reappearance of the central figures in the works of Robert Ludlum, Eric Ambler, Ken Follett, Frederick Forsyth, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Erskine Childers, Ross Thomas, or Alistair MacLean.

But James Bond is a spy with a difference, his name being instantly recognized throughout the world and identified with a type of flashy, sexy derring-do that has brought him into the language. *James Bond.* Just hearing the name instantly conjures the image of a sophisticated, handsome man in a tuxedo, surrounded by beautiful women, racy sports cars, and posh locales—Monte Carlo, St. Moritz (never Newark in an old pick-up truck with Jean Stapleton opening a can of Schlitz for him).

Inevitably, as a character becomes a household name and stirs excitement in the soul, the books about him become collected. The movies made from the James Bond books have been enormously important in helping to create his image, and many readers were introduced to Bond by those movies. It is possible that the Bond films have been the best and most successful series of films ever made about a single hero. While they are even less realistic than the books, they are undeniably more fun than such silly vehicles have a right to be. Sean Connery and, to a slightly lesser degree, Roger Moore are appealing actors who seem cut out for the role of Bond and have attracted a very large and faithful following. Many of the ardent film fans were young when they were introduced to the adventures and have matured to the point of collecting the books. A surprisingly young and affluent group of devotees has been active in collecting the first editions of the Bond books. Since the group is a large one, and sophisticated enough to insist on fine copies in dust wrappers, the market for Bond first editions has been exceptionally brisk in recent years, causing a stunning upward spiral of values.

Since the early James Bond books were produced in typical English fashion (cheaply and in small quantities), they have become extremely scarce (and correspondingly expensive). The later books, published when Ian Fleming had attained great fame and popularity for his hero, are far more plentiful. Thus, many James Bond collections are assembled quickly and relatively inexpensively at the outset, as the later books are acquired, and then bog down as the first four or five books are sought to complete the runs. This can be a difficult time for the collector, as the books, in truly fine condition, seldom appear on the market. And, contrary to expectations, they are less frequently found in England than in America, where collectors began to recognize the importance of Bond before they did in his native country.

Certain characters and authors capture the tone of an era perfectly. It is easy to identify those miniature time capsules because they last and last. Sherlock Holmes, of course, was the best at epitomizing and exemplifying his time, which was essentially the late Victorian and early Edwardian. Although stories about him continued to appear until 1929, we associate Holmes with hansom cabs, not automobiles. His time ended with World War I.

In England, the time between the World Wars was the correct ambiance for the works of Dorothy L. Sayers and Agatha Christie. Sure, Christie was still writing in the 1970s, but never mind. The *feel* of the books, the *tone,* the *attitude,* will forever be the Golden Age, 1920–40.

In America, that time was portrayed in a similar fashion by Ellery Queen and S. S. Van Dine. The later Ellery Queen was never a recognizable personality. The early Queen, like Van Dine, could never have survived, much less flourished, in the 1960s, for example.

At the same time, however, Dashiell Hammett, James M. Cain, and, only slightly later, Raymond Chandler, were creating the modern detective story. They could never have existed at the turn of the century as significant novelists. That is to say that the type of work they were producing would have been totally out of synchronization with that earlier, seeming lyg entler, time.

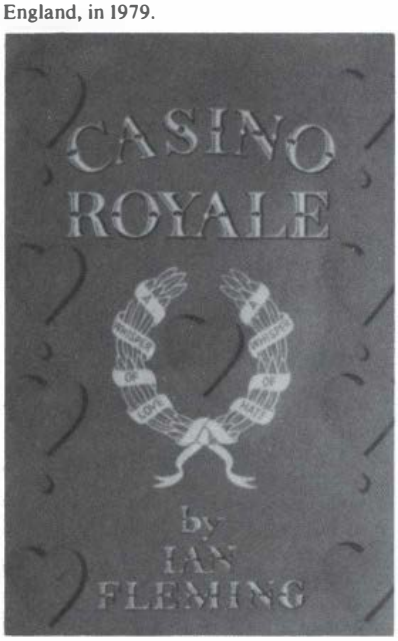
The authors who best captured the 1950s were, in America, Mickey Spillane with Mike Hammer, who, although a private detective, did battle more than once with Communists, and, in England, Ian Fleming with James Bond, whose job it was to keep the world safe for democracy.

While the West, sick of war, permitted the Soviet takeover of half of Europe (with barely an occasional harsh letter of protest), Spillane and Fleming, not very subtly, sent their heroes out to stem the tide. While those fictional struggles between the elemental forces of Good and Evil seldom received critical acclaim, the reading public devoured the tales by the millions. It is perhaps an accurate reflection of their continued appeal that none of the Mike Hammer novels has ever been out of print since *I, the Jury* was published in 1947 and none of the James Bond novels has been out of print since *Casino Royale* was published in 1953.

Since the number of books by Ian Fleming about James Bond is relatively small, and not terribly old, it does not seem at first glance to be overly difficult to assemble a good

collection. As notedpreviously, however, the first few books are very uncommon in collector's condition. In addition, the enormous popularity of Bond has spawned an apparently endless river of booksabout him. In addition to parodies and pastiches (for a time, in the 1960s, every comic book-type superhero involved in the world of espionage was described as "out-Bonding Bond), there has been a large body of work devoted to critical analyses of the booksand movies, as well as substantial work delving into the secret agent life of Fleming himself, who seems in retrospect to be as fascinating as his creation. His work as a (largely unofficial) spy remained a secret for many years but lent an air of verisimilitude to the books. Allen Dulles was a close friend, and John F. Kennedy anadmirerofthebooks.

It is reasonable to say that more books have been written about James Bond than any other fictional crimefighter except Sherlock Holmes. To prevent this article from becoming unwieldy, therefore, a very selectivelist will be found at the end of it. In addition to the great number of booksabout Bond, there is a glut of additional material relating to the motion pictures, as well as such merchandising"tie-ins" as dolls, jigsaw puzzles, coloring books, games—even a line of007 toiletries. A comprehensivelistingand description of all this material would require a large, full-sized book. Until then, the best (though far from complete, and not a monument to accuracy) bibliographical checklist is *Ian Fleming: A Catalogue of a Collection* by Iain Campbell, privately printed by the compiler in Liverpool, England, in 1979.



CasinoRoyale

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1953). Black pressed paper pasted on boards, texturized to resemble cloth (NOTE: all bindings of Cape editions of James Bond books use the same material, unless otherwise noted; these will be described below as "black boards"), printed with a red heart on front cover; red lettering and logo on spine; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper

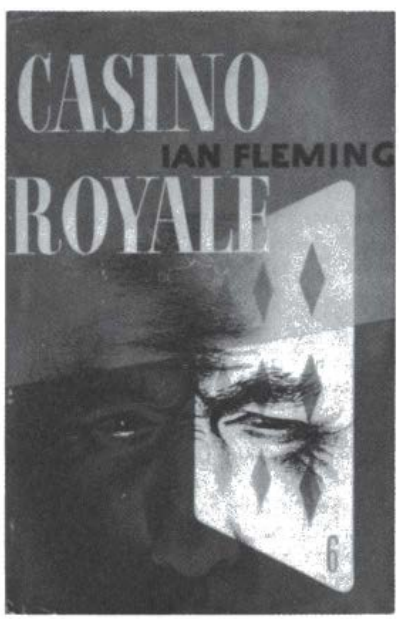
First American Edition: New York, Macmillan, 1954. Dark green cloth, red printed lettering and ornamental designs on front cover and spine; rear cover blank. Issuedin pictorialdust wrapper

Note: The first edition of 4,750 copies was published on April 13, 1953; the first American edition was published on March 23, 1954.

The second and third printings of the first edition are so noted on the copyright page ("Second Impression" and "Third Impression" respectively being printed below thewords"First Published")

Thedustjacketofthefirst edition (whichis more valuable and scarcer than the book itself)is different from thedustjacketoflater printings. The lower half of the front flap on the first dust jackets is blank except for the price (10*s.* 6*d.* net) in the lower right hand corner. On the second andthird printingdust jackets, a long paragraph of review from *The Sunday Times* is reprinted. Since the dust jackets of the first printings and later printings are identical in every other way, check this point carefully lest you acquire a first printing of the book with a later dust jacket, whichis essentiallyworthless.

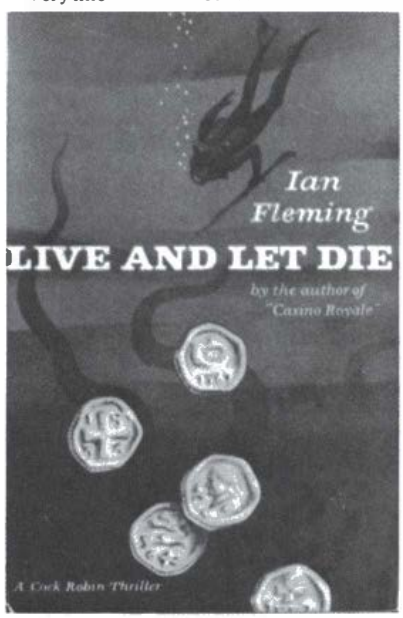
No proof copies of *Casino Royale* seem to exist. Two alleged proof copies have been offered during the past sixteen years but, on closer examination, give evidence of having been first edition sheets bound in wrappers.

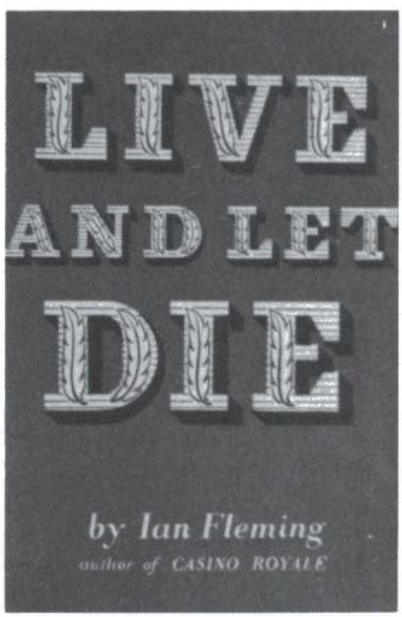


While they do indeed seem to be pre-publication copies, and hence desirable, the sheets are identical to those in bound books, and hence cannot be regarded, even at the loosest level of attention to accuracy, as proof copies.

There are two states of the dust wrapper for the American edition. One—the scarcer of the two—has a complete front flap. The other has both top and bottom corners cut off. Curiously, no text appears on the flap where the cuts have been made, so it is difficult to know the reason for them. Copies of the second and third printings have cut flaps, asdo most copies of thefirst printing.

First Edition		
Good	$ 500.00	$ 100.00
Fine	1,250.00	300.00
Very fine	1,750.00	400.00
First American Edition		
Good	100.00	35.00
Fine	250.00	75.00
Very fine	350.00	100.00





First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1954). Black boards, stamped with ornamental device on front cover in gold; lettering, logoand simple ornamentstamped in goldon spine; rearcoverblank. Issued in a printed dust wrapper.

First American Edition: New York, Macmillan, 1955. Bluecloth, yellow logoon front cover; yellow lettering on spine; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper.

Note: Thefirst edition of 7,500 copieswas published onApril 5, 1954.

Along with *Casino Royale,* this is the scarcest of the James Bond books in

Noproofcopiesare recorded.

Estimated retailvalue:		
FirstEdition		
Good	$300.00	$40.00
	600.00	60.00
Very fine	850.00	75.00
First AmericanEdition		
	40.00	20.00
Fine	80.00	30.00
Veryfine	125.00	40.00

First Edition London, Jonathan Cape, (1955). Black boards, frontcover lettered in silver;spine stamped with silver letteringand logo; rear cover blank. Issued in a printed dust wrapper.

First American Edition: New York, Macmillan, 1955. Greencloth, blacklettering and ornament on frontcover; black lettering on spine; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper.

Note: The first edition was published on April 7, 1955; the first American editionwas published on September 20, 1955. No proof copies of the first edition are recorded; no proofcopies of the U.S. editionwere issued, advance sheets being sent to reviewers instead.

retailvalue	*withd/w*	
First Edition		
Good	$250.00	$40.00
Fine	500.00	60.00
Veryfine		75.00
First American Edition		
Good	40.00	20.00
Fine	80.00	30.00
Very fine	125.00	40.00

DiamondsAre Forever

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1956). Black boards, blind stampedpattern and silver ornament on front cover, silver lettering and logo on spine; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dustwrapper.

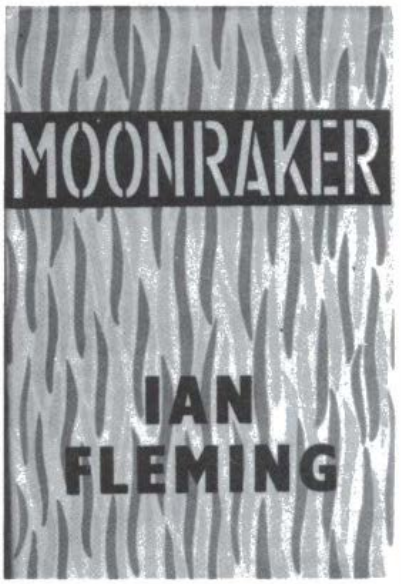
First American Edition: New York, Macmillan, 1956. Palegraycloth, lettered in red, with a black ornament, on front cover;

spine lettered in red and black; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorialdust wrapper.

Note: The first edition of 12,500 copieswas published March 26, 1956. The first American edition was published in October 1956.

No proofcopiesare recorded.

retailvalue		*withoutd/w*
First Edition		
Good	$250.00	$40.00
Fine	500.00	60.00
Very fine	700.00	75.00
First American Edition		
Good	40.00	20.00
Fine	80.00	30.00
Veryfine		



FromRussia With Love

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1957). Black boards, silver and red ornamental design on front cover; red lettering and silver lettering and logo on spine; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper.

First American Edition: New York, Macmillan, 1957. Palegraycloth, lettered in black on front cover and spine; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorialdust wrapper.

Note: The first edition was published on April 8, 1957.

The proof of the first edition is drastically different from the published version, with many names changed, sentences rewritten, andother emendations of a major andminor naturethroughout.

retail value:		
First Edition		
Good	$ 50.00	$10.00
Fine	125.00	15.00
Very fine	200.00	20.00
First American Edition		
Good	20.00	10.00
Fine	35.00	15.00
Very fine	50.00	20.00

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1958). Black cloth, spine stamped with silver lettering and logo; rear cover blank. Front cover in two states, no priority conclusively established. State A (called this for identification purposes only, not to suggest priority) is printed with a brown silhouette of a woman, much like the dust wrapper illustration. State B has a plain, unprinted cover. Copies have been described as having the woman's figure blind-stamped, but this appears to be simply an erroneous description, not a third variant. Copies of the first edition have been seen with the brown silhouette and with plain covers. Later printings, however, have also been seen in both states, indicating that any attempts at establishing priority would be conjectural. Finally, although the state with the silhouette is often described as being far scarcer than the plain covers, personal experience has been precisely the opposite: for every copy in plain covers of the first edition seen, there have been at least five of those with the silhouette. The value of each is approximately the same. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper

First American Edition: New York, Macmillan, 1958. Black cloth, red lettering on front cover and spine; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper.

Note: The first edition was published on March 31, 1958. The first American edition was published on June 24, 1958. No proof copies are recorded; no proof copies of the U.S. edition were issued, advance sheets being sent to reviewers instead. For description of variant bindings on first edition, see above

Estimated retail value:	*with d/w*	*without d/w*
First Edition		
Good	$ 50.00	$10.00
Fine	125.00	15.00
Very fine	200.00	20.00
First American Edition		
Good	20.00	10.00
Fine	35.00	15.00
Very fine	50.00	20.00

Goldfinger

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1959). Black boards, front cover stamped with a skull in blind, the eyes of which are stamped with gold coins; spine stamped with gold lettering and logo; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper

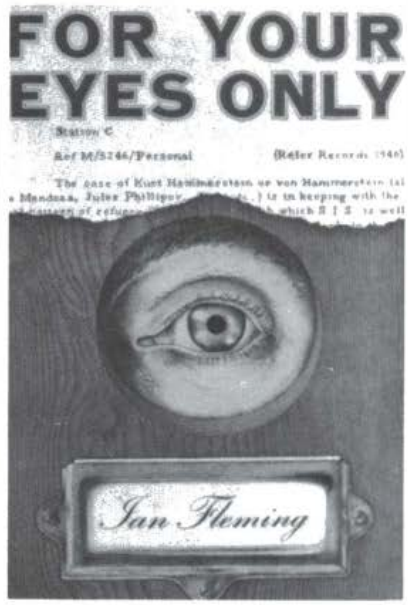
First American Edition: New York, Macmillan, 1959. Black boards, identical to above, with the Cape logo replaced by the Macmillan name on the spine.

Note: The first edition was published on March 23, 1959

The American edition was printed in England (so stated on copyright page) and was clearly bound there as well, the books being virtually identical.

Proof copies of the British edition were issued in greenish-yellow wrappers, the Cape logo printed in white, with black lettering.

retail value	*with d/w*	*without d/w*
First Edition		
Good	$ 40.00	$10.00
Fine	80.00	15.00
Very fine	125.00	20.00

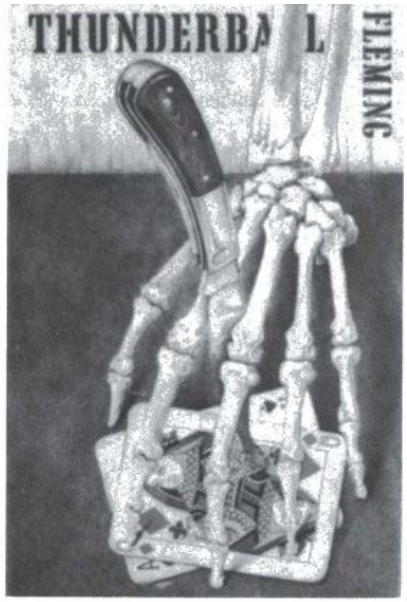


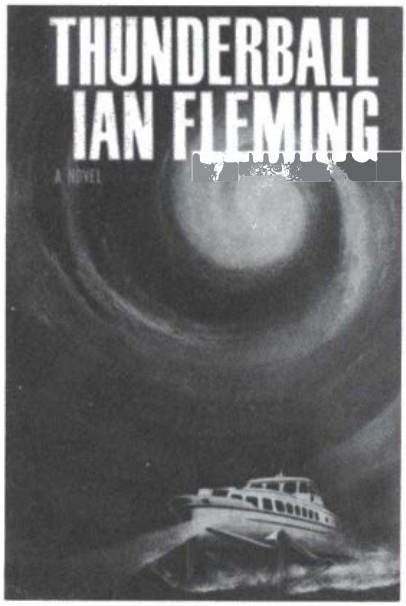
First American Edition		
Good	20.00	10.00
Fine	35.00	15.00
Very fine	50.00	20.00

For Your Eyes Only

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1960). Black boards, eye design printed in white on front cover; spine stamped with gold lettering and logo; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper.

First American Edition: New York, Viking Press, 1960. Lower portion of book bound in green cloth, upper portion in yellow cloth; all printing is in red and appears on the yellow cloth. Front cover has publisher's logo; spine is lettered with wavy rule; rear cover blank Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper





Note: The first edition was published on April 11, 1960.

No proof copies of *For Your Eyes Only* have been recorded

Estimated retail value:	*withd/w*	
FirstEdition		
Good	$ 45.00	$15.00
Fine	100.00	25.00
Very fine	150.00	35.00
FirstAmericanEdition		
Good	25 00	10.00
Fine	40.00	20.00
Veryfine	65.00	30.00

First Edition; London, Jonathan Cape, (1961). Black boards, skeletal hand blind stamped on front cover; spine lettering and logo stamped in gold; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorialdustwrapper

First American Edition: New York, Viking Press, 1961. Yellow cloth, logo printed in red on front cover; spine printed in red with lettering and three small ornaments; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper

Note: The first edition was published on March 27, 1961.

Proof copies of the British edition were issued in greenish-yellow wrappers identical to those used for *Goldfinger* (see above). Proof copies of all subsequent British editions of Bond books were issued in identical format, usually in dust wrappers marked as "Proof." No proof copies of any American editionshavebeen recorded.

Estimated retail value		
First Edition		
Good	$ 35.00	$10.00
Fine	65.00	15.00
Very fine	100.00	20.00
First American Edition		
	20.00	10.00
Fine	40.00	15.00
Very fine	65.00	20.00

The Spy Who Loved Me

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1962). Black boards, front cover blind-stamped with a knife-handledesign, the blade of which is stamped in silver; the spine is stamped in silver with lettering, two rules, and logo; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorialdustwrapper

First American Edition: New York, Viking Press, (1962). Tan cloth, front and rear covers blank; spine printed with brown lettering and logo. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper.

Note: The first edition was published on April 15 or 16, 1962

Iain Campbellreports avariantstateofthe first printing, in which the leading used to separate the "E" and the "M" in "FLEMING" on the title page has not been sufficiently pushed down, causing an ink blemish mark While logic suggests that this is the earliest state of the print run, it presumably being corrected for later copies of the same print run, this variant is singularly uninteresting andwould therefore do little to enhance the value of a copy bearing thisflaw

Proof copies of the British edition were issued in a format identical to previous volumes.

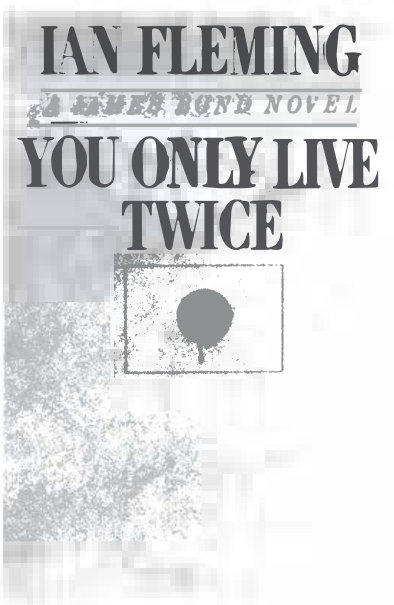
Estimated		
Good	$25.00	$ 7.50
Fine	50.00	10.00
Veryfine	75.00	12.50
FirstAmericanEdition		
Good	15.00	
Fine	25.00	7.50
Very fine	35.00	10.00

On Her Majesty's Secret Service

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1963). Blackboards,whitedesignprintedon front cover; gilt lettering and logo stamped on spine; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorialdustwrapper.

First American Edition: (New York), New American Library, (1963). Blue boards, Fleming's facsimile signature printed in black on front cover; black cloth spine, stamped with gold lettering, rulesand logo; rearcover blank.Issuedina pictorialdustwrapper

Note: A special edition, limited to 250 copies, signed by Fleming, with a full-color frontispiece, was also issued. Although Eric Quayle reports in *The Collector's Book of Detective Fiction* that limited, signed editions of most of Fleming's James Bond books were issued, this is not thecase.*O.H.M.S.S.* is the



only Fleming limited, signededition. Unlike most deluxe editions of this kind, it was not issued with a slipcase. It was bound in black cloth covers with a white leather spine. The front coverhasawhite designprinted on it. A rule in goldis stamped on both the frontand rear covers at the juncture of the cloth and spine. The spine is stamped with gold lettering, tworules, andthe publisher's logo. It was issued in a clear plasticdust wrapper with no printing or stamping of any kind. Even very fine copies of this edition frequently are offered with chipped or torn plasticdustwrappers.There is no evidenceto suggest priority between the limited edition andthe regulartradeedition.

The first edition was published in April, 1963. The first American edition was published in September, 1963.

Proof copies of the British edition were issued in a format identical to previous volumes

Estimated retailvalue:	*withd/w*	
FirstEdition		
Good	$ 15.00	$ 5.00
Fine	30.00	7.50
Very fine	50.00	10.00
LimitedEdition		
Good	500.00	350.00
Fine	1,200.00	800.00
Very fine	1,500.00	1,100.00
First American Edition		
[illegible]	10.00	5.00
Fine	17.50	7.50
Very fine	25.00	10.00

TheProperty of a Lady

(Contained in: *The Ivory Hammer*)

First Edition: (London), Longmans, (1963). Redcloth, gold lettering stamped on spine;frontandrear covers blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper

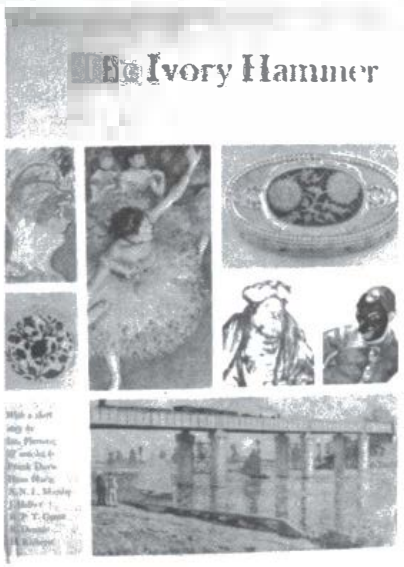
Note: No American edition was published

The oversized volume is a report of the auction year at Sotheby's and contains the firstappearance of "The Property of a Lady," a James Bond short story especially commissioned for this volume. It was later collected in the American paperback edition of *Octopussy* (seebelow).

Estimated retail value:	*withd/w*	*withoutd/w*
Good	$20.00	$10.00
[illegible]	50.00	20.00
Veryfine	75.00	25.00

YouOnly LiveTwice

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1964). Black boards, gold-stamped Oriental lettering on front cover; silver-stamped lettering and logoon spine; rearcoverblank. Issued in a pictorialdust wrapper.



First American Edition: (New York), New American Library, (1964). Yellow cloth, Fleming'sfacsimilesignature printed on front cover in black; spine printed with red lettering, rules and logo; rear cover blank. Issued in a printeddust wrapper.

Note: The first edition was published on March 16, 1964. The first American edition waspublished inAugust 1964.

Proof copies of the British edition were issued in a format identical to previous volumes.

Estimated retailvalue		
First Edition		
Good	$15.00	$ 5.00
[illegible]	25.00	7.50
Veryfine	40.00	10.00
FirstAmericanEdition		
[illegible]	10.00	5 00
[illegible]	15.00	7 50
Very fine	20.00	10.00

The Man with the Golden Gun

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1965). Black boards, front and rear covers blank;spine stamped withgold lettering and logo.Issued in a pictorialdust wrapper

First American Edition: (New York), New American Library, (1965). Black boards, front cover stamped with gold gun barrel design; spine lettered in white, red and gold, and gold gun design continued; rear cover stamped with gold gun handle design and numbers. Issued in a printed dust wrapper with six"bullet holes" cutout

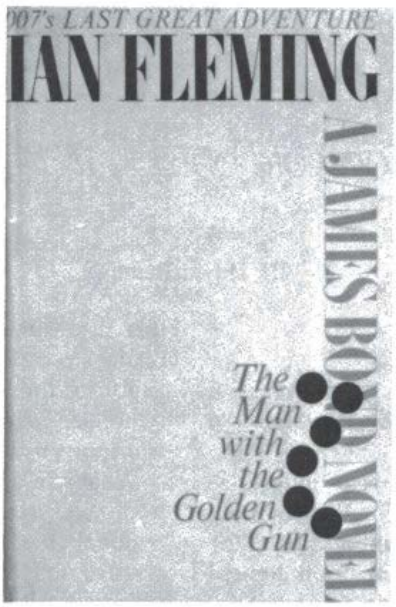
Note: The first edition was published on April 1, 1965. The first American edition was published onAugust 23, 1965

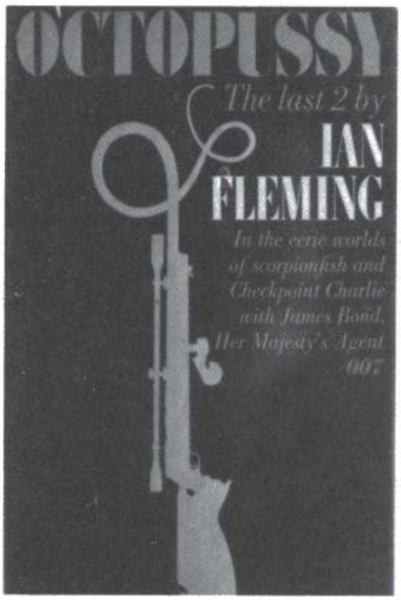
Iain Campbell notes thatthe Lilly Library has a copy of the firstedition boundin white mottled wrappers. It is impossible for this to have been a regularly issued variantbinding, so one must speculate that it is either a pre-bound set of sheets or a re-bound set of sheets

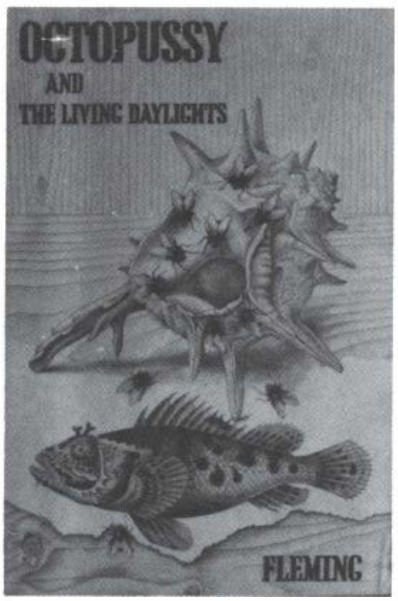
Copies of the first Britisheditionexistwith a variant binding on which, like the U.S. edition, the gun is stamped in gold on the frontcover andspine, withthe handle on the rear cover stamped in blind. It is reported that one thousand copies were produced for export to South Africa and Australia. It is extremelyscarce and a fine copywould fetch approximately $500.00.

Proof copies of the British edition were issued in a format identical to previous volumes

Estimated retailvalue:	[illegible]	*withoutd/w*
FirstEdition		
Good	$15.00	$ 5.00
Fine	25.00	7.50
Very fine	40.00	10.00
FirstAmericanEdition		
Good	10.00	5.00
Fine	15.00	7.50
Veryfine	20.00	10 00







Octopussy and The Living Daylights

First Edition: London, Jonathan Cape, (1966). Black boards, front cover and spine stamped with gold lettering; spine stamped with gold logo; rear cover blank. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper

First American Edition: (New York), New American Library, (1966). Black boards, front cover stamped with gold illustration; spine printed with orange lettering; rear cover printed with orange numbers. Issued in a pictorial dust wrapper.

Note: The English first edition contains the two stories stated in the title. The first American edition is titled only *Octopussy* but also contains "The Living Daylights." The first American paperback edition, published in New York by Signet in July 1967, also contains "The Property of a Lady." This paperback publication is its first appearance in a Fleming collection, its first book appearance being in *The Ivory Hammer* (see above).

The first publication of "The Living Daylights" was in *The Sunday Times* (London), February 4, 1962. The first U.S. publication was in *Argosy*, June 1962, under the title "Berlin Escape." The first publication of "Octopussy" was in *Playboy*, March and April 1966. The first U.S. publication of "The Property of a Lady" was in *Playboy*, January 1964.

Estimated retail value:	[illegible]	[illegible]
First Edition		
Good	$ 5.00	$ 2.50
[illegible]	20.00	5.00
Very fine	[illegible]	7.50
First American Edition		
Good	5.00	2.50
Fine	10.00	5.00
Very fine	15.00	7.50
First Paperback Edition		
Good		2.00
Fine		7.50
Very fine		10.00

Fortunately, the collector with one of the world's most comprehensive James Bond collections has set himself the frightening challenge of compiling a complete bibliography of all James Bond material, both in terms of the important books and related items, from the most significant to the most ephemeral. Since it will undoubtedly take several years of effort, a very brief list of some of the major "Bondiana" is appended for the serious collector who is not a completist.

Three names are of prime significance when discussing the James Bond books not written by Ian Fleming himself: Kingsley Amis, John Pearson, and John Gardner.

Amis compiled *The James Bond Dossier* (London, Cape, 1965; New York, New American Library, 1965) and tried his hand at a straightforward pastiche under the pseudonym Robert Markham, *Colonel Sun* (London, Cape, 1968; New York, Harper & Row, 1968).

John Pearson became the biographer of both the author—*The Life of Ian Fleming* (London, Cape, 1966; New York, McGraw-Hill, 1966)—and the hero—*James Bond* (London, Sidgwick & Jackson, 1973; New York, William Morrow, 1973).

John Gardner's James Bond pastiches have been on the bestseller lists with regularity, beginning with *License Renewed* (London, Cape, 1981; New York, Marek, 1981) and continuing with *For Special Services* (London, Cape, 1982; New York, Marek, 1982), *Icebreaker* (London, Cape, 1983; New York, Marek, 1983) and *Role of Honor* (London, Cape, 1984; New York, Marek, 1984).

It is safe to guess that, with the proliferation of James Bond fan clubs, a magazine devoted to him (*Bondage*), and the continuing saga as revealed in motion pictures and Gardner's books—among much else—the Bond phenomenon will continue for a long time, and may bloom even brighter as the children of the early Bond lovers grow into them themselves. They could do a lot worse. □

OUTRAGE AT OWLBURY HALL:

A Footnote on John Rhode

By David Beams

> The primitive village of Monksgladehad not risen to the level of gas or electricity..
>
> —Headon Hill

At a time when U.S. paperbacks appear under the rubric "Walker British Mystery" or "The Very Best in British Mystery" (Bantam); when in addition to Christie, Sayers, and Marsh, not to mention James and Rendell, such writers of the second Golden Age as Nicholas Blake, Michael Innes, and Cyril Hare are in print (Harper's Perennial Library); when a small house such as Academy Mystery (Chicago) with genuine inspiration champions the *oeuvre* of Leo Bruce; when in Dell's lengthening series the provenance and scene of the crime are as often English as otherwise ("A Whodunit in the Classic Tradition"); and when, in the face of all this, Penguin holds its own with releases such as the two Robert Barnards in 1983, it is manifest that the classical English detective story retains its appeal for the American public. The aspect of its Englishness which I propose to consider here, an admittedly frothy and incidental aspect compared to character and the traditional puzzle and detection, may best be intimated by the Bantam jacket copy for S. T. Haymon's *Death and the Pregnant Virgin* (1980; Bantam 1984). The browser in the bookstore reads that, in the Norfolk countryside, Detective Inspector Jurnet "turns his trained observer's eye on the stately homes, village vicarages, and cozy cottages where a cup of tea is often served with murder." In the opening pages of the book, we are introduced to the village Mauthen Barbary, to an outlying homestead Priory Farm, and to Forge Cottage and Maypole Cottage on the Green: names which will to some readers prove captivating even before the etymology of "Mauthen Barbary" is explained—in the Norfolk dialect, a young girl is a "mauther" (to our ears so like a "mother")—and before the incompatible avowal of barbarity is realized in the stark murder of just such a girl, lovely and with child. Whether a writer succeeds better or worse in conveying the atmosphere of rural life, of hamlet, home, farm, or manor house, the first dictate and opportunity lie in the *names* he must find or invent from which to beget this atmosphere, by which really to perfect the reader's escapism. In the genteel tradition at least, it is not to "the Smoke" but to Wychwood under Ashe (Christie, *Easy to Kill,* 1939) that the English mystery transports us.

What's in a name? It will to some extent depend upon the reader, of course, whether there are regional associations for him or simply a picturesque remove and bucolic simplicity in the village names (maybe euphonious words to begin with), and in the names of houses an architectural promise perhaps, if the writer's gifts encompass that, or merely a savor of hoary, creeper-clad grandeur and ceremonious custom and the labyrinthine past, romantic or baleful. Some of the village names, too, will hint at a sinister or macabre patrimony and others at a droll one. The Church will be ever present, giving a name to, or taking one from, the neighborhood, e.g. Winton St. Giles (Ngaio Marsh), or providing the genealogy of a great house, e.g. the Abbey of Severinge (Walter S. Masterman). Where the English counties themselves are often imaginary (for instance, John Rhode's Doveshire or Miles Burton's Aldershire), and, where our motive here is, however diffidently, aesthetic rather than geographical or cultural, we cannot adopt a very scientific approach to the placenames, even if some of the writers to whom we refer are indeed consummately faithful to an actual region. And, where we have a general familiarity with the morphology of English place-names, it is hardly necessary to know how many times in John Rhode, say, a compound is formed from *-ford* or *-bridge* or *-bury* or *-mouth,* but only that we rather like Pucklebury and Lockermouth. So what we can do is briefly to review and relish some representative names as a constituent of our entertainment by the English detective story, including the not rare allusions to flora and fauna, the beauty of nature borrowed by human beings to designate their habitations, or not borrowed so much as restored since the *words* are ours. Let us name names to test how impressionable we are.

Among the best in contemporary British mystery, according to both Bantam and Walker, is Elizabeth Lemarchand, who in *Unhappy Returns* (1977) sets the scene in the small parishes of Pyrford and

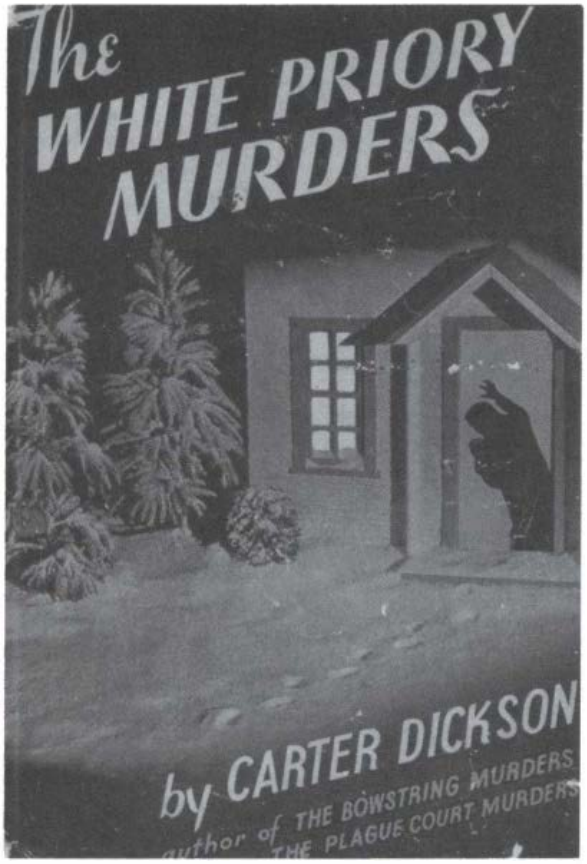
Ambercombe beneath the Whitehallow Hills in Whiteshire, and in *Suddenly While Gardening* (1978) translates us to a section of Glintshire, the dwellings Upway Manor and Starbarrow Farm, and the Possel Way over the Cattesmoor, a medieval pilgrim's route ("Apostle's Way"). In both books there is a prefatory map of the country showing us the direction to Kittitoeor Marchester.

To know how well the ladies have always done this sort of thing, we need only recall Agatha Christie and Ngaio Marsh, remembering that the appellations multiply where dwellings dainty or stately must be distinguished (divertingly if possible) and that the atmosphere generated by the names collectively is a mode of fantasy for many readers. For the nonce they breathe clean outdoor air, ramble along quaintly named lanes or into quiet copses (sometimes, to be sure, to meet with quiet corpses), climb stiles, and lay reverent claim to brook and heath and spinney and to civic and doctrinal relics of hardly less antiquity. They inhabit a house such as Little Paddocks, neighboring the cottages called Boulders, in a village like Chipping Cleghorn (Christie, *A Murder Is Announced,* 1950), or, more grandly if perhaps less comfortably, an estate like White Walls outside London (Allingham, *Dancers in Mourning,* 1937), or, perhaps still less comfortably, Toynton Grange in Toynton, Dorset (James, *The Black Tower,* 1975, where the cottages are named Hope and Faith). Ngaio Marsh's *Scales of Justice* (1955; Berkley 1977) is focused on four "old houses, all with old secrets," as the Berkley blurb informs us, and old houses presumablycall on reserves of fancy for theirchristening. Most readers will not be disappointed by Nunspardon Manor, Jacob's Cottage, Hammer Farm, and Uplands in the village Swevenings; nor, in the Dorset of *Overture to Death* (1939) by Pen Cuckoo (vale and manor), the Red House (in the hamlet Chipping), Chippingwood, and Duck Cottage (in the village Cloudyfold). In Miss Marsh's *Death of a Fool* (1956), South Mardian and Yowford during the winter solstice are memorable, as is Portcarrow Island in *Dead Water* (1963), nor should we forget the village of Little Codling (*Hand in Glove,* 1962) or, in London, Knocklatchers Row (*Death in Ecstasy,* 1936) or the Piggie Potterie at 12 Capricorn Mews, mixed up with the Ng'ombwanans in *Black As He's Painted* (1974). In a late book, *Grave Mistake* (1978), in the preliminary cast of characters we meet one who resides at Keys House, Upper Quintern; another who is Vicar of St. Crispin's-in-Quintern; another at Mardling Manor, Upper Quintern, and others from Quintern Village and Great Quintern, all of which may be judged a trifle Quintern, I mean quaint, even fora British mystery.

In this context, we cannot fail to acknowledge the inexhaustible ingenuity of other highly productive ladies, a little in the shade of the grand masters, who have discovered or contrived place names with equal effortlessness and charm: Josphine Bell invites us to Mulberry Cottage in the Sussex village of Upfold (*The Upfold Witch,* 1964), E.C.R. Lorac to the moorland parishes Milham Prior and Milham in the Moor (*Murder in the Mill Race,* 1952) or the habitations Manor Thatch and Little Thatch in Devonshire (what could the title be but *Fire in the Thatch?* 1946), and Gladys Mitchell, unflagging after a half-century of such far-flung peregrinations, to the Dorset villages of Lower Gushbrook and Strode Hillary (*Uncoffin'd Clay*, 1982). Anthony Gilbert delivers *Death at Four Corners* (1929); Patricia Wentworth, the ambiguously named abode *Pilgrim's Rest* in the village Holt St. Agnes (1948); Georgette Heyer, Greythorne and Ivy Cottage near Upper Nettlefold (*Why Shoot a Butler?* 1933) or The Poplars and Holly Lodge near Grinley Heath (*Behold, Here's Poison*, 1936); Patricia Moyes, Cregwell Grange populated by a lot of crazies in Fenshire (*Murder Fantastical*, 1967); and Elizabeth Ferrars, Bell Cottage, a white house with green shutters and "two surprisingly tall chimneys which put David in mind of the March Hare's cottage in *Alice*" (*The March Hare Murders*, 1949). Miss Ferrars also gave us such villages as Stillbeam. Joining Miss Ferrars and Miss Moyes in the lists today, June Thomson dispatches Inspector Rudd to investigate a crime at the obscure Abbots Stacey (*Death Cap*, 1977), and Miss Rendell sends Inspector Wexford to solve one at Myfleet Manor (*A Guilty Thing Surprised*, 1970) besides giving us the Vangmoor and other memorable scenes. Like certain great houses in John Rhode's books, Emma Page's Oakfield (*Add a Pinch of Cyanide*, 1973) has become a guest house, but they are all guest houses when a gratified readership is taken into account. (Indeed, Four Corners, the clifftop house near Little Kirbey in Anthony Gilbert's book, is said still to be standing because in the sixteenth century it gave shelter to a beggar who was Christ.)

But in the genre's game of names, frolicsome or sober, male practitioners have not lagged behind. Consider Nicholas Blake's contribution of "the perfect Queen Anne house" perfectly denominated Plash Meadow in Ferry Lacey, Oxfordshire (*Head of a Traveler*, 1949). Great houses in Michael Innes range from Scamnum Court (*Hamlet, Revenge!* 1937) and the more melodious Belrive Priory (*There Came Both Mist and Snow*, 1940) through Hazelwood and Charne to the Treskinnick and Mullion Castles of late books. From the regional writer J. S. Fletcher, here in Warwickshire rather than his native Yorkshire, we get the estate Heronswood Park near Monkseaton (*Murder of the Ninth Baronet*, 1933); from Walter S. Masterman,

the manor house Cold Stairs in *The Border Line* (1937); from Moray Dalton, the houses Spinacres in *The Body in the Road* (1930) and Laverne Peveril in *The Night of Fear* (1931); from Leo Bruce, the gray house Hokestones in *Cold Blood* (1952); and from Francis Gerard, Tolleshunt Tey Manor in *Golden Guilt* (1938), along with houses like Deep Hollow in other books. The contemporary James Fraser has a predilection for great houses such as Bent Hall in *Deadly Nightshade* (1970). In various works, Canon Victor L. Whitechurch dreams up villages like Little Mitford and Coppleswick, while in *The Man from the River* (1928) G. D. H. and Margaret Cole take us to Steeple Tollesbury and Market Crumbles in Essex



(with the inn the Old Malting House). V. C. Clinton-Baddeley gives us Tidwell St. Peter's (*No Case for the Police,* 1970) among other villages. W. Murdoch Duncan locates the fatal house of Gyle Towers near the village Fessenden Priory and for good measure gives us Great Deepledown (*The Clue of the Purple Asters*, 1949). And from Robert Barnard we have not one but two towns named Twytching, the second in Wisconsin (*A Little Local Murder*, 1976). And, before our removal to Molengi in the Balooma Territory, West Africa, in C. St. John Sprigg's *The Corpse with the Sunburned Face* (1935), the action is set in Little Whippering among the Downs of Berkshire.

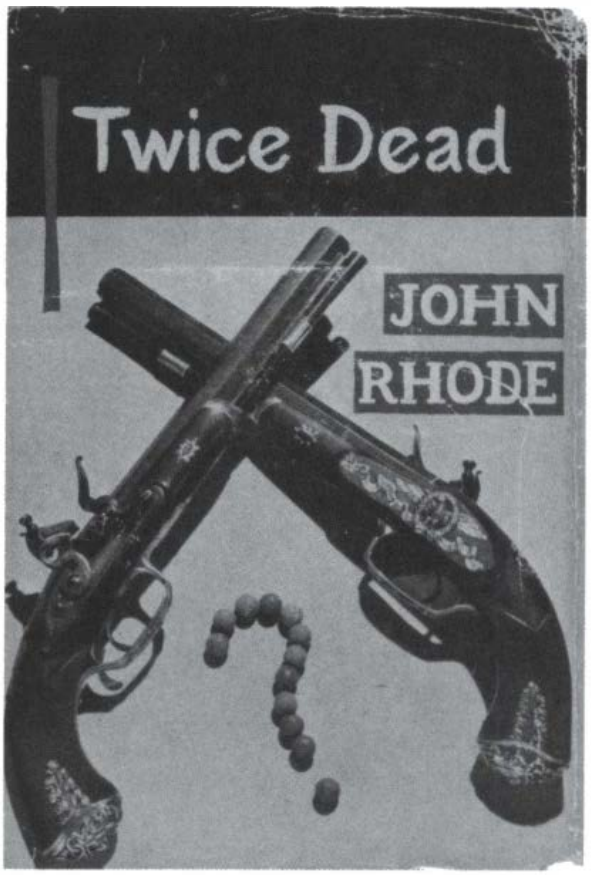
While readers of E. Charles Vivian became familiar with Westingborough and environs (Condor Hill, etc.) in the Inspector Head stories—and with an occasional spooky residence such as The Grey House (*Tramp's Evidence*, 1937)—the placenames in the books Vivian wrote as Jack Mann are more signal, for instance the Cumberland village Odder ("Much Odder," Gees thinks it should be) and Locksborough Castle in *Grey Shapes* (1937), Denlandham House and Knightsmere Farm in *Nightmare Farm* (1937), and Troyarbour in *Her Ways Are Death* (1939). Francis Grierson contributed Freath Abbey on the Wiltshire Downs (*The Mad Hatter Murder*, 1941) and Monkhurst Abbey and Oakmeed, adjoining estates with the village Starvel Magna (and the inn the Black Cygnet) in *The Monkhurst Murder* (1933), though this would not be typical of his later and better proto-procedural books, usually shuttling between London and Paris. Reginald Davis gave us Danes Priory near Eldenminster, "so full of shadows, so crowded with sighing ghosts" (*The Crowing Hen*, 1936), and John Bude in an early book Dyke House, Chalklands, and Brook Cottage (*The Sussex Downs Murder*, 1936). In Cyril Hare's Markshire, there are properties like Warbeck Hall (*An English Murder*, 1951) and villages like Yewbury (*Death Walks the Woods*, 1954). Edmund Crispin is responsible for the village Sanford Angelorum (*Buried for Pleasure*, 1949) and such others as Cotten Abbas and Glazebridge and many other felicitous inventions. Most recently, there is Peter Dickinson's Snailwood in the extraordinary *The Last Houseparty* (1982).

Hereas elsewhere in this note, the reader will think of sundry additional examples (how can we have omitted the village Fenchurch St. Paul when paying our respects to the ladies, or St. Loo on the Cornish coast, or Long Piddleton?). Even John Creasey, in his Jeremy York persona, permitted himself the frivolity of a house named Spindles (*Find the Body,* revised 1967). The Anglephile J. D. Carr inevitably produced such books as *Hag's Nook* (1933) and *The White Priory Murders* (1934). Not very close kin to this group, except to Jack Mann and Francis Gerard, is Sax Rohmer. Yet though the casual reader of Fu Manchu no doubt conjures up Limehouse, the more inveterate reader who returns to the books does so partly from the atmosphere associated with Graywater Park, Cragmire Tower, Great Oaks, the Tower of the Holy Thorn, or (earliest and best of all) Redmoat. No reader of *The Green Eyes of Bast* (1920) forgets the Red House in London or Friar's Park and the Bell House near Upper Crossleys.

The aforementioned titles of Bell, Gilbert, Wentworth, and Carr raise another point: that an index of the appeal of expressive placenames in

English detective fiction, whether of (ostensibly) wholesome hamlets or lofty halls, is their incidence in the *titles* of the books. Many times the locales are larger or more recognizable, of course: Berkeley's *The Piccadilly Murder* (1929; cf. H. Holt's *The Mayfair Murder*, 1929, etc.) or Crofts' *Crime at Guildford* (1935) or Sir Basil Thomson's *The Dartmoor Enigma* (1936) or Symons' *The Blackheath Poisonings* (1978) or, in the flood of C. F. Gregg's Inspector Cuthbert Higgins tales, *Tragedy at Wembley* (1936), a particularly agreeable title. Forsaking his customary scene of West Africa (but not Africans, who are among the undergraduates), Adam Broome gave us *The Cambridge Murders* (1936), and Glyn Daniel used the same title in 1945. More estimable among Crofts' contemporaries, Henry Wade produced *New Graves at Great Norne* (1947)—also many august houses and, while himself High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire (1925), such counties as Barryshire, Brodshire, and Brackenshire —and Herbert Adams, *Crime Wave at Little Cornford* (1948). In the anthology John Rhode edited for the Detection Club, *Detection Medley* (1939), a noted member of the club, Milward Kennedy, wrote of Henry Wade's *Mist on the Saltings* (1933) that "his description of the Saltings is better than any but a few of our 'straight' novelists could achieve" ("Murderers in Fiction"). Where this more generalized topography is concerned, the Downs of course recur in title after title: Rees and Watson's *Mystery of the Downs* (1918), Whitechurch's *Shot on the Downs* (1927), Burton's *Menace on the Downs* (1931), W. S. Masterman's *Secret of the Downs* (1938), and so on. To be sure, sometimes we meet with a writer whose titles excel in the pledge they give of places, e.g. J. Jefferson Farjeon (*The Mystery on the Moor*, 1930; *The House on the Marsh,* [American title 1933]; *Dead Man's Heath,* 1933; *Sinister Inn,* 1934, etc., and, surpassingly, *Peril in the Pyrenees,* 1946), who turns out to write pretty bad books.

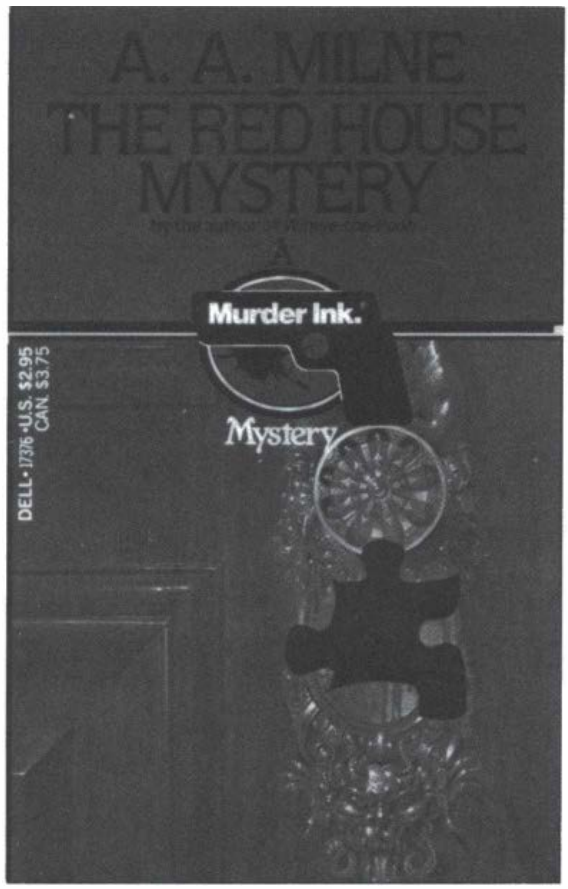
But it is in particular the nomenclature of houses great or greater that pervades the titles. Milne wrote *The Red House Mystery* (1922) and Bailey *The Red Castle Mystery* (Luel Castle on the moor; 1932); Fletcher produced *The Shadow of Ravenscliffe* (1914), with "its great stone hall, ornamented with guns and pikes and bows, the heads of deer, the masks of foxes," and Connington *Tragedy at Ravensthorpe* (1927). A now forgotten crony of Connington, Kennedy, Christie, Wade, and Rhode in the Detection Club, Edgar Jepson, who wrote *Murder in Romney Marsh* (1929) and returned to that scene in *Tracked by the OGPU* (1937) with the action at Pyechurch Manor House, had commenced with a house title: *The Mystery of The Myrtles* (1909; with a block of stone on its lawn, "just such an altar as there is in the heart of the wood in Borneo," and the fluttering and squawking of carrion crows overhead; less singular is The Cedars next door). The first of A. E. W. Mason's Inspector Hanaud stories was *At the Villa Rose* (1910; now in Scribner's paperback) and the last *The House in Lordship Lane* (White Barn; 1946), which is not to forget his masterpiece in the genre, *The House of the Arrow* (1924) (even if the settings were not always English). Even "Boathouse" and "Golf House" get into Connington's and Adams' titles, and there is *The Toll House Murder* (1935) by Anthony Wynne, a writer curiously anticipatory, in this and other books, of the crimes by legerdemain in J. D. Carr. Indeed, even *The Empty House*



(Grierson 1933, a house called Carriscot; M. Gilbert 1978) is preferable to no house at all!

Virtually at random, one thinks of such titles as *The Murder at Crome House* (1927) by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole, Gribble's *Mystery at Tudor Arches* (1935), Connington's *Death at Swaythling Court* (1926), Allingham's *Crime at Black Dudley* (1929) and *Estate of the Beckoning Lady* (1955), A. Fielding's *Tragedy at Beechcroft* (1935), Everton's *The Dalehouse Murder* (1927) and *Murder at Plenders* (Priory, though the more habitable house is Cherry Hay; 1930), Christie's *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* (1920), *The Secret of Chimneys* (1925), *Peril at End House* (1932), *The Hollow* (1946), and *Crooked*

House (1949), Gregg's *Danger at Cliff House* (1936) and *The Old Manor* (1945), Masterman's *The Baddington Horror* (Baddington Court and Baddington village, though a not baddington book; 1934), Crofts' *Fear Comes to Chalfont* (1942), and A. J. Rees' *Simon of Hangletree* (1926) and *Peak House* (1933; in addition to Peak House, with the really shocking secret of the African explorer's laboratory there, we get Red Gables in the Derbyshire scene of this book). From later years, there are Tey's *The Franchise Affair* (1948) and Rohmer's *Hangover House* (1949), Creasey's *The House of the Bears* (1962), and Carr's *The House at Satan's Elbow* (1965) and scores of



other such titles. We shall see that many of the titles of John Rhode and Miles Burton advert to houses. Rees' *Greymarsh* (1927) is one book in which the promise of the name, of an Elizabethan mansion and watchtower on the North Sea coast, is fulfilled in the atmosphere of mist-swept marsh canals, glittering sands, and waves tossing upward "like grey wolves leaping at the sky"; and in another of his books the Cornish house Charmingdene is scarcely less soaked and dyed in dark moodiness.

Is it American readers who are especially susceptible to the redolence of the placenames? Gilbert Collins is an author better known in another genre, but among his mysteries *The Phantom Tourer* (1931) was on American publication retitled *Murder at Brambles* (Brambles Cottage—surely a favorite—near to Cowleaze Hall). Collins' own favorite among his thrillers had a similar title, *Horror Comes to Thripplands* (1930). For American consumption, Fletcher's *The Million-Dollar Diamond* (1923) was retitled *The Black House in Harley Stret* (1928). Christie's *The Sittaford Mystery* (1931) became in the U.S. *Murder at Hazelmoor,* transferring emphasis from Mrs. Willett's residence, Sittaford House, to Captain Trevelyan's, Hazelmoor; and it is indeed the snowy Dartmoor atmosphere which distinguishes the book.

As is well known, in the really mirthful *Appleby's End* (1945) Michael Innes parodies the village names of British mystery fiction; Appleby's itinerary by rail includes Abbot's Yatter, Linger, Boxer's Bottom, Slumber, Snarl, and Sneak; and the stately home is in this instance Long Dream Manor. Some of this spirit carried over in the Australian place names in *What Happened at Hazelwood* (1946). More recently, Catherine Aird has added Larking in her county of Calleshire (*Henrietta Who?* 1968), and presumably the Innes—Crispin tradition is continued in Colin Watson's Flaxborough. Meanwhile, one of the conventions is summed up in another of Miss Aird's titles: *The Stately Home Murder* (1970; it is Ornum House).

Paradoxically, perhaps, it is one of the most masculine of English detective story writers, Major Cecil John Charles Street, who developed the lengthiest catalogue of placenames: of seaports, market towns, villages, hamlets, houses, farms, cottages, villas, lodges, bungalows, and public houses, as well as a topography of downland, hills, woods, rivers, lakes, and so on, some names appropriated, many others devised. That Major Street thought there was something in a name is proved by his adoption of the two pseudonyms John Rhode and Miles Burton. It is recognized that in particular the Miles Burton stories are distinctive in their rustic or seaside atmosphere even if they cannot qualify as regional fiction like Phillpotts' (what names there! the Devonshire house Heronfields in *A Deed Without a Name*, 1942; Penfold Heath in *The Wife of Elias,* 1937, etc.). To the Burton atmosphere, given Major Street's "direct" (Melvyn Barnes) or somewhat prosaic style, even and imperturbable, the names *per se* are left to make a major contribution. Many of the Rhode books too, though Dr. Priestley is increasingly loth to leave Westbourne Terrace in London, partake of this ambience.

It may be said of Major Street, as it used to be said of the Victorian romancers Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James, that probably no single reader is qualified to pronounce on his whole production of more than 140 novels. What follows is a selection of

titles (American alternative titles in parenthesis) setting forth (1) the names of cities, towns, and villages, real or imagined, in which the action takes place; (2) miscellaneous topography, rivers, hills, and various landmarks; (3) under the heading "residence" the names of houses, farms, cottages; (4) under the heading "public," the names of public houses—pubs, inns, and a few hotels. Although perhaps none of the public houses in Rhode and Burton is so well remembered as the Plume of Feathers at Ottercombe, Devon (Marsh, *Death at the Bar*, 1940) or the historic *Pale Horse* in Much Deeping (Christie, 1961), no other writer surpassed Street in the beguiling imagination of pubs, and he rarely repeated himself despite his great fecundity (with the inevitable exception of the Green Man).

On the serious side, Major Street awaits the study that his books on the whole merit. Among the great houses in which we've been trafficking, his Greengrave Manor is finally more appreciable to us than, say, Rees' equally evocative Redways (*Island of Destiny*, 1923) or W. S. Masterman's Roverfield Hall (in the fantastic *The Green Toad*, 1928) because it and the other names in Rhode and Burton subserve plotting of the first order from the Golden Age. Barzun and Taylor have gone far toward sampling the whole output in *A Catalogue of Crime* (1971; in the entries "Burton" and "Rhode"). Also, in their preface to the volume by Burton in the *Fifty Classics of Crime Fiction: 1900–1950* (Garland, 1976), they sum up the lasting claim of Major Street: "superlative cleverness in plot and detail." But it is also here that they argue the mystery story must "entertain in a variety of ways." In this book they find it does, the "doings" in a remote East Anglian village and "a fascinating bit of coast and river topography" contributing to the "varied repast" from which the book satisfies. To other highly qualified readers such as Julian Symons and Otto Penzler, entertainment is precisely what is lacking in Major Street, who in this view remains the doyen, next to Crofts, of the "humdrum" school and certainly the progenitor (they might prefer, and not only from genre considerations, perpetrator) of the largest body of work within it. Yet one thinks that, on the strength of the puzzles and perhaps of Dr. Priestley himself, who has already enjoyed a tenure not accorded his rivals Professor Wells and Dr. Eustace Hailey, some of Major Street's books will survive. And for some readers there is the modest romp of an outing at those hallowed hamlets Goose Common and Michelgreen and Deerpool, and ingress into a house such as Firlands or Moat Barn.

The Ellerby Case (Rhode, 1927). Gainsborough (Lincolnshire). Residence: Laxford Hall. Public: the White Hart.

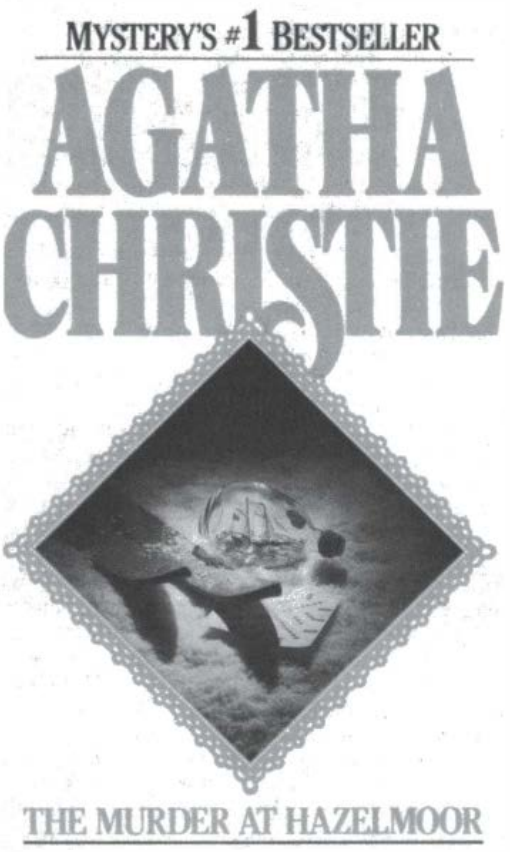
Tragedy at the Unicorn (Rhode, 1928). Clayport; Itchenthorpe; Swanham; Fromebridge; Erne; Shorecliff. Public: the Unicorn; the Starfish; the Pure Drop.

The House on Tollard Ridge (Rhode, 1929). Charlton Abbas (Downshire); Lenhaven; Haychester. Tollard Ridge (downs). Residences: the house on Tollard Ridge; Tilford Farm. Public: the Red Lion; the Anchor and Hope.

The Davidson Case (Rhode, 1929; *The Murder at Bratton-Grange*). Ansford (Somersetshire); Bruford. Druley Woods; Druley Hill. Residence: Bratton Grange.

Peril at Cranbury Hall (Rhode, 1930). Cranbury (near Reading). Residence: Cranbury Hall (nursing home). Public: the Wheatsheaf.

Pinehurst (Rhode, 1930; *Dr. Priestley Investigates*). Lenhaven; Haychester; Moorcaster; Whittlesbury; Hilyard's Cross. River Drew; Marydrew Mill Residences: Pinehurst; Creech House; Jasmine Cottage. Public: the Smelter's Arms; the Red Lion; the King's Head.



The Secret of High Eldersham (Burton, 1930). High Eldersham (East Anglia); Gippingford. River Elder; Vane Sand. Residences: The Hall; Elder House. Public: the Rose and Crown; the Tower of London. (In subsequent Miles Burton books, High Eldersham Hall is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Merrion.)

The Hanging Woman (Rhode, 1931). Quarley (Essex); Little Moreby; Waldhurst. Residences: Quarley Hall; Wargrave House (empty). Public: Old Bull Inn; Cross Hands; the Mermaid (hotel).

Mystery at Greycombe Farm (Rhode, 1932; *The Fire at Greycombe Farm*). Lavercombe (Wessex); Torcaster. River Laver. Residences: Greycombe Farm; The Mount

("a red brick horror"); Wedmore Lodge; Newborough Grange; Rosedown Park. Public: the Rose and Crown; the Mitre; the Anchor; the Rising Sun; the Bell and Buttercup; theBlack Bull.

Death of Mr. Gantley (Burton, 1932). Winterley (Downhamshire); Downham Minster; Carnford (originally Carronford); Carronport; Merton-on-Sea; Trentmouth; Norton Ferris. River Carron; Benger's Creek. Residences: Westerly Cottage; Tulip Lodge; Priory Park. Public: the Otterworth Arms; the Lobster Smack;SeaviewHotel.

Dead Men at the Folly (Rhode, 1932). Charlton Montague; Charlton Candover; Elverton; Upper Breenford; East Hensley; Kirdford; Pucklebury. Tilling's Folly (column on Breen Ridge). Residence: Elverton Manor. Public: theMitre; the Wheatsheaf.

The Claverton Mystery (Rhode, 1933; *The Claverton Affair*). London mainly; Martonbury (Yorkshire); Boroughby. Residence: The Willows.

The Motor Rally Mystery (Rhode, 1933; *Dr. Priestley Lays a Trap*). Bath and Torquay (starting and finishing points for driver in the British Motor-Car Rally); Droitwich (Worcestershire); Moorchester; Westernham; Byfleet; Denham (Middlesex); Slowford (Somersetshire); Hedgeworth. Residence: Highcroft Poultry Farm. Public: the White Hart; Feathers Inn; the Waggon and Horses.

The Venner Crime (Rhode, 1933). Bindon-on-Sea; Weyford (Hampshire); Barnsley (Yorkshire). Residence: Markheys. Public: the Artillery Arms.

Poison for One (Rhode, 1934). Waterton. Residences: Bucklersbury Park;GoveryManor.

The Charabanc Mystery (Burton, 1934). Dribbleford (Brookshire); Brookhampton; Ribwick; Cloborough; Yalding; Wroughton. Paynesford Hill. Residence: Meadow Cottage. Public: the Chequers Inn; the George; the Swan; the Boar's Head; the Three Tuns.

The Robthorne Mystery (Rhode, 1934). Milton Kirdmore; Fallowbridge. Residences: Donyatts; Holland Farm. Public: the Plough.

Hendon's First Case (Rhode, 1935). London mainly; Beckenham. Residence: Catalpa. Public: the Pelican; Golden Lion Hotel (London); Cockspur Hotel (London).

The Devereux Court Mystery (Burton, 1935). London mainly and Buckinghamshire: Slough; Beaconsfield; Wycombe. Devereux Court; Fulbourne Cathedral. Public:theGreenMan.

Mystery at Olympia (Rhode, 1935; *Murder at the Motor Show*). London; Weybridge; Byfleet. Residences: Firlands ("the maximum of pretentiousness without and discomfort within"); High Elms.

Murder in Crown Passage (Burton, 1937; *The Man with the Tattooed Face*). Faston Bishop; Belchester; Doveton. Crown Passage (footpath); New Barn Corner; Edmett's Meadow. Residences: Watermead Farm; Hill House; Heddon Farm; HarvestCottage. Public: the Victory.

The Bloody Tower (Rhode, 1938; *The Tower of Evil*). Lydenbridge (West of England); Winterspear; Catford. Farningcote Tower. Residences: Farningcote Priory; Farningcote Farm. Public: the George and Dragon.

Death at Low Tide (Burton, 1938). Brenthithe (West of England: Old Town and New Town); Brent Royal. River Brent; Bollard Bay. Public: the Topsail Schooner; the Lord Rodney; the Frigate; the King's Head; Brenthithe YachtClub.

Death on Sunday (Rhode, 1939; *The Elm Tree Murder*) London environs. Residences: Barleyfield Park (now Barleyfield Park Residential Hotel); Uplands. Public: theGreen Dragon.

Murder at Lilac Cottage (Rhode, 1940). Matchingfield; Broadminster; Crundwell. Residences: Lilac Cottage; Matchingfield House. Public: the Woodcock; the Marquis of Granby.

Death of Two Brothers (Burton, 1941). Lillingford; Midhampton. Lughorse Hill; Purchase Green. Residences: Sandway Hall; Tarrant House; Mockbeggar Farm; Rosebank Cottage; Pattenden Farm. Public: the Six Bells.

This Undesirable Residence (Burton, 1942; *Death at Ash House*). Wraynesford (South of England); Betherston; Hackett's Cross; Malden Fell (Yorkshire); Polhampton; Corthing; Sowerbridge. Residences: Iden Cottage; Ash House; Manor Park; Hollow Farm;-Hackett's Farm; The Laurels. Public: the Masons' Arms; the Peacock; the Rose and Crown.

Night Exercise (Rhode, 1942; *Dead of the Night*) Wealdhurst; Todhampton; Bridgelake; Poddenden. Potter's Post; Swan Farm (stations in Civil Defense and Home Guard military maneuvers). Residences: Fenwick House; Potter's Cottages. Public: the Red Lion.

The Fourth Bomb (Rhode, 1942). Yardley Green; Fetterworth; Stayneden; Bolthurst. Toll House Corner; the Pillory (Home Guard post). Residences: The Oaks; West Orchard; Fetterworth Park; Spring Bank; Weaver's Croft; Hammond's Farm. Public: the Fox andGoose.

Murder, M.D. (Burton, 1943; *Who Killed the Doctor?*). Exton Forcett; Marbeach; Reedsmouth; Slofield-by-Midden. Long Walk (footpath); Mill Lane; Gallows Wood. Residences: Exton House; Foursquare; Quenbies; Medlar Cottage; Folly Farm. Public: the White Bull.

Men Die at Cyprus Lodge (Rhode, 1943). Troutwich. Residences: Cyprus Lodge; Jessamine Villa; Upperly Park. Public: the Castle; the Rose and Crown.

The Four-Ply Yarn (Burton, 1944; *The Shadow on the Cliff*). Penmouth (West Country); St. Willery; St. Orran Cove. Sheer Head; Tregeagle's Bed (rock); Brandy Wick (sands). Residences: Morning Star Farm; St. Orran Castle; Headland Farm; Saffron Cottage. Public: the Ariadne Inn.

The Three-Corpse Trick (Burton, 1944). Deaning (Deanshire); Goose Common; Barsham; Heron's Cross; Wayton Farleigh; Sutton Deveril. River Lure; Cripple's Lock. Residences: Goose Cottage; Whitehouse Farm; Fishers' End; Treetops; The Limes; The Shack (empty). Public: the Puddingbowl Inn.

Vegetable Duck (Rhode, 1944; *Too Many Suspects*). London mainly; Colchester; Newton Soham. Dogkennel Wood; Malthouse Wood. Residences: Bareacre Farm (Sussex); Lochaber; Providence Cottage. Public: the Sceptre; the Henand Chickens.

The Bricklayer's Arms (Rhode, 1945; *Shadow of a Crime*). Glavenham; Winghurst; Lambermere; Merehead. Summers Lane. Residences: Woodlands Farm; Oakwell Lodge; The Hawthorns; Thrustwood Park; Flaxman's Farm; Fairview Cottage; Brightside Farm. Public: the Skewbald Mare; the Octopus; the Green Man.

Not a Leg to Stand On (Burton, 1945). Raynethorpe; Urchford (Norsex). Dead Man's Spinney; Coldharbour Lane. Residences: Orinoco; Ireton Place; Uplands; Antioch House; Hipsley House (Northamptonshire). Public: the Black Bull; the Dappled Horse; the Hollybush; the Plantagenet (Park Lane hotel). (In this book, Desmond Merrion frolics with village names; he putssome questions to Inspector Arnoldas coming from inhabitants of Little Gumption, Greater Cunning, and Much Doubt.)

Early Morning Murder (Burton, 1945; *Accidents Do Happen*). Swinford Mordayne; Bressingford (also Nether Markland, Gobblewick, and Rumbleborough in newspaper datelines). Great Barrow (tumulus); Barrow Mere; Swin Brook; the Coppin (brook). Residences: Brooksmeet; Barrow Park; The Tower; New Barn (farm with racing stables); Olde Thatch; Wide Horizon; Rat's Castle (farm); Evergood (farm); Springwater (farm); Yarmington Hall. Public: the Stirrup Cup; the Halberd(hotel).

Death in Harley Street (Rhode, 1946). London mainly; Bradworth (Yorkshire). Residence: Larch Hall (Dorsetshire). Public: the Tabby Cat (Marylebone Road, London).

The Cat Jumps (Burton, 1946). Oswaldby (Aldershire); Alderwick; Glintmouth. Residences: The Vintage; Shellback Cottage; Gables Farm; Windmill Farm. Public: the Pure Drop; the Black Ram.

Situation Vacant (Burton, 1946). Nearbridge; Nearport. Cutler's Grave (crossroads); Ivory Lane. Residences: Manson House; Alma Lodge; Bridge Cottage; The Bungalow; Ranch o' Rest (farm for superannuated horses in the Central American Republic of El Matador). Public: the SpeckledTrout.

The Lake House (Rhode, 1946; *The Secret of the Lake House*). Coltsbridge; Melcote Harding; Churchill Town (in the Nicobar Islands). Hibbert's Cross; Colt Brook. Residences: Melcote Priory; the lake house (unlike Lake House in Rees' *Pavilion by the Lake*, 1930, the word here is a description rather than a name); Stonecrop Cottage. Public: the Catherine Wheel; the Artichoke; the Cockchafer.

A Will in the Way (Burton, 1947). Thaxford (Somersetshire); Maidstone. Residences: West Leigh (asylum); The White Lodge; Copthorne House (Kent).

Nothing But the Truth (Rhode, 1947; *Experiment in Crime*). Yarminster; Burleyford; Peasegood; Midhampton. Cockley Wood. Residences: Mytton House; Pomfret Hall; Mill Cottage; The Willows. Public: the Four-in-Hand; the Huntsman.

Death in Shallow Water (Burton, 1948). Winderport; Windersham; Highdown. Archers' Bridge; Clandon Wood. Residences: Sundeck (Captain Barnham's house with masts and funnels on its roof, a "chartroom," etc.); Ash Lodge; The Barrows; Frensham Hall. Public: the Steam Packet; the Archers' Arms; the Green Man; the Maritime Hotel.

The Paper Bag (Rhode, 1948; *The Links in the Chain*). Bradworth; Swalesham; Dudworth-on-Blare (Midlands); Wyreminster (Wyreshire); Great Mallington; Wildthorpe (East Anglia); Glavenmouth. Craven Road; Mill Lane; Heathfield Road. Residences: The Grange; Knowles Hall; Owlbury Hall; Flint House. Public: the Running Horse; the Black Bull; the Oceanside (hotel); the Portico Club(London).

Devil's Reckoning (Burton, 1948). Dellmead (Downshire; originally Devil's Mead sacred to the rite of the Black Mass celebrated by Asmodeus); Flaxmouth. Thunder Down; Friar's Park. Residences: Prayver Priory (ruins); The Hall. Public: the Crossbeam; Windmill Inn; the White Hart.

Death Takes the Living (Burton, 1949; *The Disappearing Parson*). Fencaster (Icenshire); Clynde; Rendolvestone; Ousemouth; Dells. Hanging Coppice; Ainsley Sand; Dumpling Deep (deep water); St. Withberga's (church, Westminster). Residences: Bromhoe Castle; Clynde Rectory; Spithead Cottage. Public: the Anchor; the Cockleshell; the King'sHead(hotel).

Blackthorn House(Rhode, 1949). Braythorpe(Mincashire); Mincaster; Copmere Junction; Lingport; Nemberton (south of England); Hexford; Potterslade(Hertfordshire). River Ling; Rushbeck (stream); Fakenham Gallery (art gallery, London). Residences: Daisybank; Blackthorn House; Crabtree Villa. Public: the Railway Arms; the Sugarloaf.

Up the Garden Path (Rhode, 1949; *The Fatal Garden*). Litchgrave; Mawling; Plavenford. Residences: Prior's Farm; Litchgrave Priory (ruins); Milestone Cottage; Willow Lodge; Scraggs Farm; Heddon Grange (residential hotel). Public: the Barge; the Locomotive; the Red Bull.

Look Alive (Burton, 1949). Surbiton; Ridhurst. Fernbrake Forest; East Moon (lake); West Moon (lake). Residences: The Brake; The Retreat. Public: the Verderers' Arms.

Ground for Suspicion (Burton, 1950). Shellmouth; Keep Castle; Beachnor. Marram Ground (waste land). Residences: Samphire House; Malaga House; The Saltings (all houses in The Avenue).

A VillageAfraid (Burton, 1950). Michelgreen; Lockermouth; Hope Ferry. River Locker. Residences: Weaver's House; Palace Park; Little Bishop's Farm; Poppin Cottage; Mainbrace ("a Victorian horror"); The Lodge; Karachi (bungalow). Public: theSwan

Murder Out of School (Burton, 1951). Rosebridge; Roserhaven. Castle Court (preparatory school). Public: the Anglers' Arms; the Heliotrope (London restaurant).

Dr. Goodwood's Locum (Rhode, 1951; *The Affair of the Substitute Doctor*). Chilcaster; Patham; Kenmile; Yewport. Yaverley Forest. Residences: Brookway; Brickford House; Sapworth Place. Public: the Sprowston Arms; Moors Hotel (Ernesthorpe, Yorkshire).

By Registered Post (Rhode, 1953; *The Mysterious Suspect*). Stonehill; Sylford; Catford. Residence: Firlands.

Death at the Inn (Rhode, 1953; *The Case of the Forty Thieves*). Deerpool; Petminster; Griscombe. Beckett's Crossing. Residences: Carnbrae; Fairfield Farm (guest house); Oaktree Farm; Quarry Hall. Public: the Green Dragon; the Ariadne Inn.

The Dovebury Murders (Rhode, 1954). Dovebury (Doveshire); Dovecaster. Twopenny Lane; Dog's Leg Corner. Residences: High Gables; Ilex Grove (guest house); Upyonda (bungalow); Old Thatch; Rat Hall Farm. Public: the Tun and Flagon.

Death of a Godmother (Rhode, 1955; *Delayed Payment*). Badgersmead (Burdockshire); Quinton; Uptamp Magna; Uptamp Parva; Tampling; Tambridge; Roundham. River Tamp; Gallows Bridge. Residences: Smithy Farm; The Cowslips; Hogwash Farm. Public: the Four Leopards; the Black Bear; the Green Man.

The Domestic Agency (Rhode, 1955; *Grave Matters*). London mainly; Crowbarn (20 miles north of London). Residences: Catherine House (Hampstead); Sunny View. Public: the Vandal Arms; the Buck's Head (Sussex).

An Artist Dies (Rhode, 1956; *Death of an Artist*). Brestleigh; Haddersham; Larkspur Green; Minsham; Gipperford. Residences: Grange Farm; The Yews; Stockbane Farm; Chippendale; The Lodge; Jayford Park. Public: the Sorrel Horse; the Three Doves; the Antelope.

Open Verdict (Rhode, 1956). Cradwell; Asterwich; Cowslip Green. Hawthorn Cross; Murky Lane; Old Market Row. Residences: Cradwell Manor; Temple Farm; The Maples; Highmoor Hall (girls' school). Public: the Mercury; the Blue Anchor; the Two Riders; the Shepherd and Crook.

Found Drowned (Burton, 1956). Greycliffe-on-Sea; Silvermouth; Rickford. River Rick; Chatfield Weir. Residences: Creeking Hall (boys' school); The Cedars; Fair View; Buckbridge Place (Gloucestershire). Public: the Kettle of Fish; the Brewers' Arms.

The Chinese Puzzle (Burton, 1957). Cranport; Wychurst. Bacton Wood. Residence: Pottery Farm. Public: the Golden Fleece (hotel).

Death of a Bridegroom (Rhode, 1957). Ellaugh (Clipshire); Clipminster; Teaming (West Country); Morstead (Sussex). Residences: Dordon Hall; Lavender Bungalow; Moat Farm. Public: the Green Leopard.

The Moth-Watch Murder (Burton, 1957). Waynedown; Butterfield. River Wayne. Residences: Waynedown School (grammer school); Park House; Manor Farm ("a perfect specimen of Jacobean half-timbering"); The Orchard. Public: the Cross Keys; the Chequers; Bridge Inn.

Murder at Derivale (Rhode, 1958). Greymarsh; Claybridge; Otfield; Derivale. River Clay. Residences: The Old Mill; The Manor; Limekiln Farm; The Grange. Public: the Black Bear. (This is a book in which Barzun and Taylor have remarked the shipping interest; the vessels have such names as *Mendacity* and *Perversity*, coasters; *The Brazen Shield*, a tanker; and *Gemini*, a steamer.)

Return from the Dead (Burton, 1959). Greengrave (East Anglia); Eastwich. Residences: Greengrave Manor; Brent Farm; The Cedars; Primrose Cottage; Compass Farm; Sparse Farm; The Stronghold (community in Peru; also known as The House of the Dead). Public: the Three Pigeons; the Polar Bear.

Legacy of Death (Burton, 1960). Brookfield; Brookmouth. Residences: Forest House (convalescent home); The Moorings ("a barracks of a place"); The Cedars. Public: the Spotted Dog.

Death Paints a Picture (Burton, 1960). Port Bosun; Thramsbury; Merrymount; Yarndown. Residences: Moat Barn; Cliff Cottage; Shepherd Manor; Juniper Farm. Public: the Three Lions; the Greyhound; the Ninepins.

Twice Dead (Rhode, 1960). Bitterford (Bluntshire); Melmarket. Residences: Uplands; The Vicarage; Limetree House. Public: the Three Crowns.

The Fatal Pool (Rhode, 1960). Pegworth; Framby (Marlshire). The Mere (lake); Nine Elms (lorry depot). Residences: Framby Hall; The Agent's House; Potter's Farm; Yew Tree Farm; Hillcrest Farm. Public: the Ramsgill Arms; Tuscany Hotel (Paddington). □

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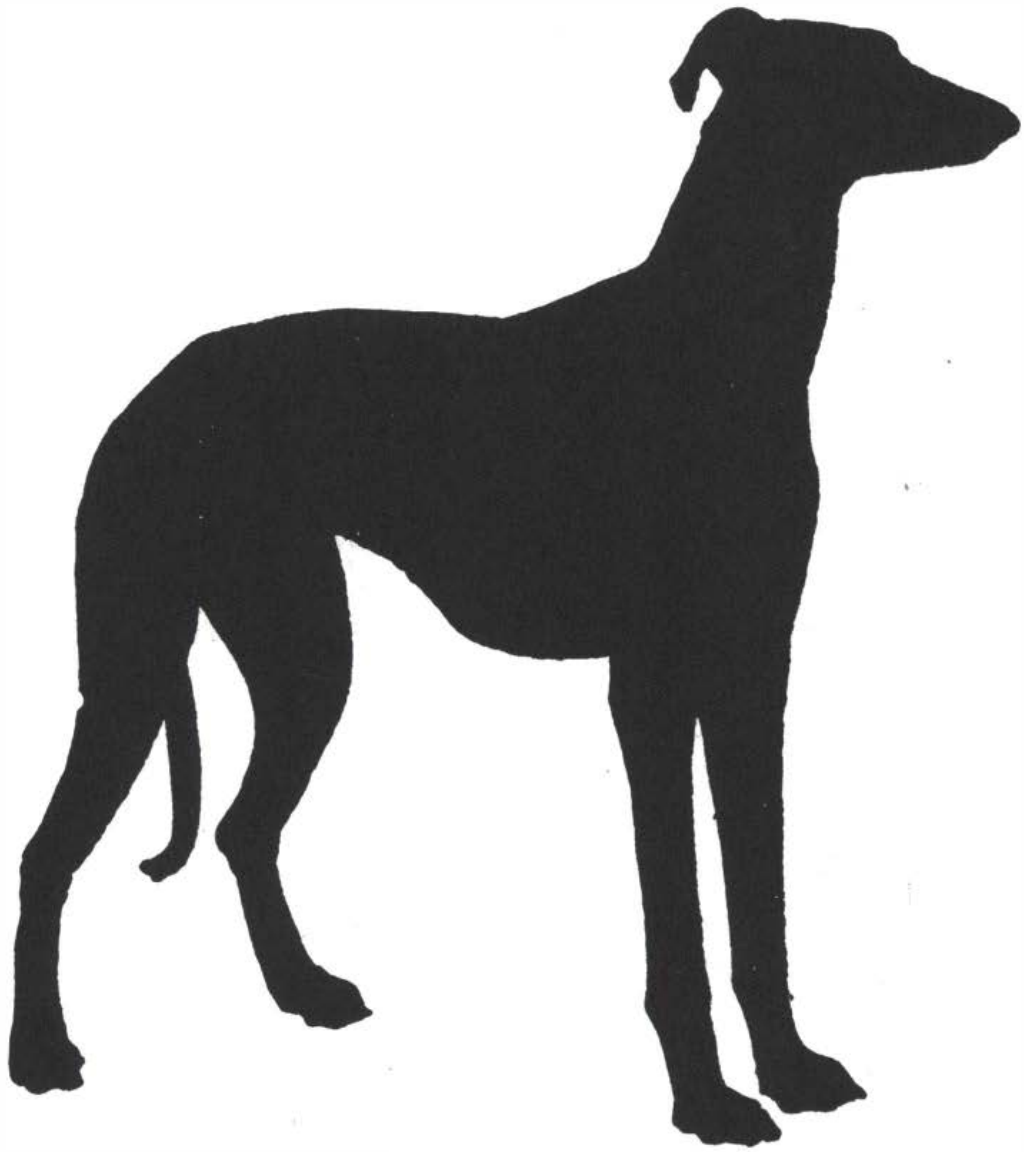

Edited by Frank Pemmon

This edition of the *Classic Corner* is a bit different from those in the past in that it reprints an entire book! In less space than most individual stories have required, the following installment of "Rare Tales from the Archives" contains the complete contents of a volume of which I have seen but a singlecopy. Issued as Volume 1, Number 11, of the *Multum in Parvo Library,* it is a small and fragile booklet dated November 1894 and published by A. B. Courtney ofBoston. Thetitle on the front cover is *Book of Detective Stories,* but at the top of the first page of text appears the title *Detective Stories,* with a subtitle, *From the Diary of a New York Detective.* Thetalesare typical of the period, neither better nor worse than many of the stories written as alleged fact by a variety of law enforcement personnel, most of which were published in far more elaborate format.

—Otto Penzler

Detective Stories

Betrayed by a Dog

Animals, especially dogs, have played an important part in the affairs of men. There is now in Chicago a dog that has become the companion and assistant of a policeman, and really does help his friend to detect and ferret out thieves and other evildoers. I was once concerned in a case in which a dog played a most important part, and led finally, through no fault of his own, however, to the detection of his master.

The store of John Camden had been broken into and the safe blown open and robbed of a large sum of money. The cash had been received that day too late to be deposited in the bank. Next morning it was gone, and no trace of the thief was to be found. At least, Mr. Camden and his clerks and the police officials found no trace of him. Not so with me. I was sent to look up the affair. I found the office in a state of confusion. The door of the safe had been blown off and the contents lay scattered over the floor. I asked Mr. Camden if he had disturbed anything. He said he had not, except to satisfy himself that the money was gone.

Near by was a cat, dead, her throat cut evidently by a hatchet that lay close at hand This seemed to me to be the basis of a clue. Why had the cat been killed? It is not necessary to kill cats in order to prevent them from telling tales. I examined the unfortunate feline more carefully. In addition to the ugly cut on the throat there were other and more significant marks upon the back. A saucer, evidently having recently contained milk, stood near by. Also an overturned can from which pussy's supply of milk had evidently been obtained. The contents of this had been consumed. Mr. Camden informed me that this can had been filled with milk only the previous evening. Among the papers scattered upon the floor was one that attracted my attention. It was a portion of a note written in French. I was aware that Mr. Camden did not write or speak French. I questioned him about it. He could give me no information. He had never seen it before.

"Did anyone know you had a large sum of money in the safe?" I asked.

"Yes, a number of people knew of the fact I had been expecting to receive the money for the past two weeks."

"Who are those who knew you had it?"

"My wife, brother, the man I sold the property to (that is how I came to have such a large sum at one time) and the real estate dealers through whom I sold it."

"Anyone else?"

"Oh, yes, a friend, my daughter's music teacher. He it was who found me a purchaser for the property."

"He is a Frenchman, is he not, and is invariably accompanied by his pretty little dog?"

"Why, yes; do you know him?"

"No—never saw him. He knew you had a large sum of money in the safe?"

"Yes; he saw me deposit it there."

"When did he give your daughter her last music lesson?"

"Last evening, but he complained of being ill and went away earlier than usual."

"Did he have his dog with him?"

"Yes; he claims the dog is his only friend."

"Have you a specimen of his handwriting at hand?"

"Yes; I have several acknowledgments of money received."

He produced them. I compared the writing with that of the note I had found near the safe. They were, as far as I could determine, identically the work of the same person

Satisfied that I was on the right track, I caused a watch to be put upon the music teacher with the result that he was arrested as he was about to leave the city. He made a full confession.

"How did you guess it was a Frenchman who robbed my safe, and that he was accompanied by a pretty little dog?" inquired Mr. Camden.

"I found the cat had been killed by a dog, and his master afterward cut her throat with the hatchet to ward off suspicion from the dog; the dog drank the milk which had been provided for the cat. I found a note written in French and evidently dropped by the thief near the safe, and his dog was a pretty little animal because his master's patrons, like yourself, would not tolerate the presence of any other kind, and you told me the dog always accompanied his master."

The Key to the Mystery

The most puzzling case upon which I ever worked was that of the murder of John Long. The facts are briefly these: Mr. Long, a wealthy, retired merchant, living at the home of his nephew, failed to answer the dinner-bell one day. He was a man who always prided himself upon his punctuality, and his failure to appear at dinner at the usual hour caused no little surprise. A messenger was sent to his room to call him. No response came to repeated knocks upon his chamber door. The door was locked. Fearful that something had happened to him, Mr. Brant—the old gentleman's nephew—set about breaking down the door. This was no easy task, as the door was made of oak and fastened by a ponderous lock and large brass hinges. After considerable effort the door yielded to their blows and fell in. A horrible sight met the gaze of the anxious family. Mr. Long lay across the bed, cold and still in death, with his throat cut from ear to ear.

Had the old man been murdered? If so, how had the murderer entered the room? The old man was known always to keep his door locked. Besides, there did not appear to be anything missing. If it was a case of suicide, what had become of the implement with which the deed had been done? It was nowhere to be found. The old man always seemed in the best of spirits, and had everything to live for.

If not suicide, then it was, of course, murder. Who, then, was the murderer?

It was my good fortune to be assigned to work up the case. I say good fortune because I like a difficult job, the more difficult the better, and this was one of the most difficult of all I had ever undertaken.

I examined the premises, and questioned the family and the servants in order to learn all I could about the murdered man, his habits, his financial affairs, etc. In particular I examined the room in which the foul murder had been committed. One of the windows was partially opened. This suggested the theory that the murderer might have gained access to the room by means of the window, but it was impossible for him to have done this in broad daylight, and the window was over twenty feet from the ground.

One of those who seemed most eager to believe that Mr. Long had committed suicide was Thomas Brant, a scapegrace nephew of the old man.

"If he committed suicide," said I, "where is the implement with which he did the deed?"

"Perhaps he used his razor and then threw it out of the window," suggested Thomas.

"Impossible. The jugular vein was cut and death must have been almost instantaneous."

Nevertheless, I examined the grass under the window (which opened over the orchard) and found the old man's razor. There was, however, no blood upon it.

The most peculiar thing in the room was the lock on the door and the key belonging to it. It was a large lock, much larger than those made at the present time, and the key was a large, heavy, brass one weighing several pounds. I was informed that this lock had done duty in the door of the store in which Mr. Long started in business, and when the building was demolished, Mr. Long preserved the lock and key (which, by the way, he had designed himself). Furthermore, as soon as he entered his room it was his custom to lock his door, remove the key from the lock and hang it upon a nail on the wall. Here it had been found on the day of the murder. There was believed to be but one such key in existence. I believed otherwise, and made a tour of all the locksmith's shops in the city in order to verify my suspicions. At last my search was rewarded. I found one who admitted, although at first unwilling to do so, that he had made a key similar to the one I carried. He had made it for a young man who answered to the description of Thomas Brant. This much gained, the next step was to connect Brant with the murder of his uncle. This was soon done. Brant was sent to prison for life, as it was not proved that he had entered his uncle's room for the purpose of murder, but simply of robbery.

The Missing Finger

Red Joe was an industrious young man. He worked early and late at his profession. While others slept he toiled upward in the night; in fact, night was his favorite time for toiling. He didn't exactly make hay while the sun shone because he didn't do any work while the sun was shining on his side of the earth. He was willing to put his hand to almost anything that did not belong to him, and which he could dispose of without fear of detection. Red Joe was a burglar, and a most successful one. That is to say, he succeeded so well at the burglary business that he spent the greater part of his time behind prison walls. He was concerned, either alone, or in company with others of his ilk, in some of the most important "breaks" that the police have any record of. Whenever a big burglary was committed, the police invariably tried to connect Red Joe with it, providing that gentleman didn't happen to be "otherwise engaged" at the time. This was the case in the burglary of which I have to tell. The facts are as follows:

The home of Mr. Reed, the rich banker, had been broken into and a quantity of silver plate, valued at $5,000, stolen. It had occurred during the absence of the family. The affair was reported to the police, and a large reward offered for the detection and conviction of the guilty parties. The police at once set about unearthing and following up clues. But all their labor was in vain. The burglar had carefully covered up his tracks, and left no clue as to his identity. Nobody had seen him enter or leave the house. There was no one in the house at the time of the robbery. The family had gone off for the night, and the butler who had been left in charge took advantage of their absence to visit some of his friends. During his absence—which he averred did not extend over two hours—the burglar had come, seen and conquered. He entered a poor man and went away comparatively rich. At first the butler was suspected and arrested, but he established a satisfactory alibi and was soon released from custody.

The police did all in their power to bring the guilty ones to justice, but failed. The affair was then placed in my hands. The solution of the mystery seemed hopeless. The thief had left no clue as to his identity, and none of the booty had been disposed of at any of the pawnshops in the city or surrounding cities. I did not despair, however. I went to the scene of the robbery and made a most thorough examination of the premises. I found nothing. I was about to give up when I came upon something that promised to be a clue. I inquired from the master of the house whether there had been any repairs made in the house recently. There had. The whole interior of the house had been repainted and repapered just previous to the robbery. In fact the finishing touches had been given the very day the burglary had been committed. Good. Then getting the address of the painter and other workmen, I went to them and made certain inquiries which were answered to my satisfaction. Then I reported at headquarters. Two days later, Red Joe was arrested and charged with the robbery. His premises were searched and most of the stolen plate recovered. The clue I had discovered was this. On the door frame near the safe, was the imprint of fingers in the then fresh varnish. The imprint of only the thumb and three fingers appeared. One finger was missing—the one next to the little finger. This was a peculiarity of Red Joe's right hand. This discovery might mean a good deal for me, possibly nothing. You know the result. Red Joe was watched, and his suspicious actions furnished sufficient grounds for the issuing of a warrant for his arrest. He is now "doing time."

A Grave Robbery

One of the most peculiar cases with which I have ever had to deal was that of a grave robbery. The grave—or rather the vault, in which the remains of Mr. L——, a wealthy Russian (I do not given his name for reasons which will presently appear), had been deposited was found disturbed two days after the burial. Examination proved that the lid of the casket had been removed with the apparent intention of robbery. But, strange to say, no robbery had been committed. The gold rings on the fingers of the dead man had not been touched, and these were the only valuables the body contained. Why had the grave been opened? Nobody could offer an explanation, least of all I who had been detailed at the desire of the family of the dead man to sift this strange affair to the bottom, and discover, if possible, who had dared to desecrate the grave of their relative. Nothing had been taken from the body as far as the family of the dead man knew; yet the thief of thieves had plenty of time in which to rob the body if they so desired. They had not been frightened off. They had carefully covered up the grave and gone away evidently unmolested.

It was impossible to arrive at a conclusion as to *why* the grave had been opened. It now lay with me to find out *who* had done it. It had rained during or previous to the time of the grave robbery, and the footprints of those concerned in it— three different persons it appeared—were plainly discernible in the soft ground. The signs of carriage wheels were also present. This was my only clue upon which I had to work. I questioned the superintendent, whose office and residence was at the entrance to the cemetery. He had been away on the evening of the robbery, and could give me no information. He was confident no carriage had entered the cemetery after ten o'clock, at which hour he had returned and locked the cemetery gates. There was only one carriage entrance to the cemetery. I had an impression at the time that the man was unnecessarily nervous in answering my questions, and seemed relieved when I got through.

A month passed and an event occurred which threw considerable light upon the mystery. The will of the late Mr. L—— had been opened and read. Among the many bequests was the following most peculiar one: "I bequeath to John Johnson, the dentist (with address), a certain gold-capped tooth in my lower jaw, and request that he extract this and preserve it according to the terms of an agreement made between us many years ago." This not only threw light upon, but complicated the mystery. Perhaps the grave had been opened to allow the dentist to claim his strange legacy. Once more the body was disinterred by the friends of the dead man. The gold-capped tooth was missing from the lower jaw

I next called upon John Johnson, the dentist. Despite his American name I could see that he was a foreigner—a Russian, I was certain

I mentioned the occasion of my visit. "Did you open the grave of Mr. L—— and remove a certain gold-capped tooth from the mouth of the dead man?" I asked, point blank.

Mr. Johnson seemed at a loss how to reply. At last, he said "No."

"Then the cemetery superintendent was wrong. You did not drive in with two companions in a carriage, and this is not your card which I picked up near the grave of Mr. L—— ?" said I, showing him one of his business cards which I had surreptitiously obtained. "You might as well confess. You were only getting your rights, after all, but why did you go about it in such an underhanded way?"

"I don't understand you."

"Are you not acquainted with the contents of Mr. L——'s will, the gold-capped tooth and all?"

"Did he put that in the will?" inquired the dentist in a surprised tone.

"Then you do know something about it?"

"Yes; it is a strange story, and if you will promise—nay, swear—never to reveal it, I will tell it to you. Do you swear?"

Something in the manner and bearing of the man told me that he was no thief, and I readily promised what he asked, and he told me the following strange story.

A Strange Story

Mr. Johnson conducted me into an inner room, closed and locked the door and bade me be seated.

"My name," he began, "is not John Johnson. I am living under an assumed name for reasons of a political nature. I am a Russian by birth, and a Nihilist by thought and training. I deplore the condition of my unhappy country. I have done my part and am still willing to do it, to help bring about her freedom from the terrible despotism under which

she suffers. I am acquainted with the horrors of Siberian prison-mines. I was sentenced to Siberia for life, for complicity in a Nihilistic plot. My brother was sent there soon afterward. Together we planned escape. I succeeded. He fell. Shot down by an officer of his Despotic Majesty. I managed to reach England, where I found many friends. In London I became acquainted with the late Mr. L——. He was also a Nihilist, and a victim of Alexander's wrath. He, too, was an exile from his country. For either of us to return meant instant capture at the hands of the Czar's well-trained police—or worse than that, Siberia. I lived in London five years. There I learned the trade of a dentist. Upon my banishment to Siberia, my property had been confiscated to the government.

"At the end of five years I came to the United States, where I have lived ever since Mr. L—— came here soon after I did. He was a rich man. Just previous to his arrest, he had managed to convert most of his property into money which he deposited in a London bank. This had been used to effect his escape from Siberia. He had relatives in this country with whom he lived up to the time of his death. Soon after coming to this country, he imparted to me a secret which had been in his keeping for thirty years, it having been transmitted to him by his father. He was then a man of sixty. One day, ten years ago, he came into my office—this very room—and said he wished to speak with me upon a most important matter, one concerning our beloved country.

"'Do you see this tooth?' he inquired, pointing to a large, gold-capped molar in his lower jaw.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'That tooth,' he continued, after having made sure that we were alone, 'that tooth holds, has held for thirty years, a secret of the utmost importance to you and me, and to all liberty loving Russians. I tell you this because I know you will guard the secret as you would your life. In the cavity of that tooth, under the gold cap (here he lowered his voice) is a piece of parchment which contains the plans of a secret underground entrance to the Czar's palace at St. Petersburg, an entrance which, as you will readily understand, will prove of the utmost importance to our friends when the time is ripe to use it. This plan has been in the possession of our family for hundreds of years, having been drawn originally by an ancestor of mine, one of the designers of the palace. I am the last male member of my family, and now bequeath this secret to you. Upon my death, I desire that you extract the tooth, and preserve or dispose of the plan in whatever way seems best to you. You know its importance. I can rely upon your judgment. The dentist who inserted it in my tooth, thirty years ago in Russia, is now dead. You and I alone now hold the secret. Do you accept the trust?'

"'I do,' I answered.

"That was Mr. L——'s story.

"When he died I happened to be out of the city. On my return I hastened to obtain possession of the tooth in the manner that seemed best to me. I was not aware that the matter was mentioned in Mr. L——'s will, which it would appear he had intended to make public before his death, but was unable to do so. The plan which I found in the cavity of the tooth is now in safe hands in Russia, and the world may yet learn whether the well-guarded secret is destined to be utilized.

"I tell you this because I know you are an American, a lover of liberty, and will not divulge the secret I have told you."

Mr. Johnson died many years ago, and now I give this story to the world, confident that even its perusal by the Russian officials cannot in any way endanger the secret of the gold-capped tooth □

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Who Was Hiram Grewgious?

A Further Study of Identity in Charles Dickens'

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

By Apryl Lea Denny Heath

Charles Dickens's *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* has intrigued critics since 1870, when Dickens died, leaving his first attempt at detective fiction unfinished. Despite Dickens's title, the real mystery of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* does not involve Edwin Drood at all. As Phillip Collins writes, this "'Watched by the Dead' device [the suggestion by critics that Drood is still alive]...would seem frivolous as the central episode in a story which has so strongly suggested that the eponymous character is dead."[1] Neither is the mystery a question of who committed the murder.

> It would be a very stupid and inattentive reader who could fail to see that John Jasper is a wicked man, that he has "cause and will, and strength, and means" to kill Edwin, that he makes careful preparations to do so and to throw suspicion elsewhere, that Edwin disappears permanently at the climax of these preparations, and that Jasper thereafter continues to act in a fashion compatible—to say the least—with his being a reasonably prudent murderer.[2]

The real curiosity in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* is the identity of Dick Datchery. Over the years, critics have identified Datchery with nearly every character in the novel—Neville Landless, Helena Landless, Tartar, Bazzard, Edwin Drood, and Hiram Grewgious. But of all the proposals, the most likely seems to be Hiram Grewgious. Richard M. Baker's landmark article, "Who Was Dick Datchery?" in *The Drood Murder Case,* argues most convincingly for Datchery's identity as Grewgious.[3] A closer look at Grewgious and at the novel's major themes verifies Baker's assertion that Datchery is indeed Grewgious in disguise.

It is difficult to project the exact ending of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* but it is plain that several of the characters are destined to become benevolent. In fact, as in many of Dickens's earlier novels, benevolence seems to be one of the major themes in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* Septimus Crisparkle has already helped Neville Landless to become less impassioned and will probably aid in freeing him from the suspicion of Drood's murder. Neville's London neighbor, Tartar, has promised to brighten Neville's hideaway by bringing flowers to his window box. Helena Landless has promised to aid Rosa Budd in refusing the advances of Jasper and—like Crisparkle—will probably become involved in freeing her brother from suspicion of murder. But one character in the novel who surely must become benevolent is Hiram Grewgious.

As Rosa Budd's guardian, Grewgious's job is to help her to control her life. Grewgious, however, is not in control of his own life. He maintains that he is a "particularly Angular man" and refuses to admit his emotional side. Only when he comes to see that Rosa needs his compassion does he begin to feel emotions strongly. He reflects on his repressed love for Rosa's mother and is reluctant to give Drood her ring, which calls to mind so many of those denied emotions. Grewgious is torn between two aspects of his character, much as is the novel's villain, John Jasper. Each man's situation constrains his passionate side. As a result, Jasper is stuck in the "cramped monotony of...existence" as a respected choirmaster, when he really desires adventure; and Grewgious remains cloistered alone in London, where he dreams of a lost love. The difference between the two is that Jasper never learns to look within to discover his hidden self. In one of his two states of consciousness, "which pursues its separate

course as though it were continuous instead of broken," Jasper frequents the opium den of Princess Poffer and murders Edwin Drood. Because Jasper denies this other self, it surfaces without his knowledge.

If Grewgious were to deny his alter ego totally, he too would be the sort of villain that Jasper is. I suspect that Grewgious finds an outlet for his emotional self by assuming the role of Dick Datchery. In disguise, Grewgious can become benevolent to Rosa by discovering the truth of her fiancé's disappearance and Jasper's villainy toward her, without sacrificing that "particular Angularity." By trying on the mask of his other self, Grewgious can come to realize and to harmonize both sides of his character. Once in control of himself, Grewgious can take benevolent control of Rosa.

Grewgious and Datchery have two traits in common. To begin with, Datchery repeatedly calls himself a "single buffer," an idea with which Grewgious is also obsessed. Grewgious speaks of himself as an old bachelor and continually implies that this is the reason for his "Angularity," his lack of emotion, and his unfamiliarity with young ways. He is reluctant to speak of marriage to Rosa, and, when the subject is raised, he replies: "I am the last man to intrude into a sphere for which I am so entirely unfitted."

Yet Grewgious is not ignorant of the ways of love. Despite his pretense to Rosa and his similarity to the "single buffer," Grewgious explains love very plainly to Edwin Drood and quickly perceives that Drood's love for Rosa is more closely akin to manipulation. Grewgious warns that the true lover "must not make a plaything of a treasure" and subtly implies that he feels Drood has done exactly that to Rosa. Grewgious makes it plain that he dislikes Drood's pet name for Rosa, "Pussy," and even mocks Drood for his slip of "PRosa." Grewgious claims that he is not an "arch man" and pretends to have no understanding of irony. That statement itself, however, is ironic in light of his advice to Drood. Furthermore, Grewgious is adept at dropping ambiguous lines throughout the novel. When Bazzard agrees to dine with Grewgious if he is "ordered" to do so, Grewgious responds, "You are not ordered." The irony lies in the fact that Bazzard is neither controlled by Grewgious nor internally harmonized since he desires to be "ordered" (in both senses of the word) by Grewgious.

Grewgious is much more clever than he cares to admit, and such archness—despite Grewgious's protestations—is very like Dick Datchery's. When Datchery meets Thomas Sapsea, he reacts toward the auctioneer much as Grewgious does toward Drood. Datchery sees through Sapsea's pomposity and pretended knowledge and shrewdly insults Sapsea's intelligence while pretending to agree with him. Sapsea states, "It is not enough that Justice should be morally certain; she must be immorally certain." Datchery responds, "His Honor. . . reminds me of the nature of the law. Immoral. How true!" Not only is the archness of this statement similar to that of Grewgious, but, since it insults Sapsea as well as the law, it is doubly ironic when spoken by the disguised lawyer, Grewgious.

But the most convincing proof of Datchery's identity is that Datchery appears in the novel for the first time immediately after a speech by Grewgious. At the end of Chapter 17, after introducing Tartar and showing his friendliness to Neville, the author suddenly shifts the scene for one brief paragraph to Mr. Grewgious's consideration of the stars. His revelation that "few languages can be read until their alphabets are mastered" certainly applies to Tartar. He is an ordered man who understands that one must become benevolent one step at a time. Unlike Honeythunder, who desires to save all mankind but ignores the immediate problems of Neville and Helena, Tartar wants to feel his way to the "command of a landed estate" by "beginning in boxes." His offer to bring his flowers to Neville is a small step toward benevolence.

But Grewgious's realization as he stares at the stars also applied to Datchery. Dickens is sensitive to juxtaposition and often implies unstated relationships between two consecutive chapters. If Grewgious is indeed Datchery, his disguise may represent an attempt to look into the "windows" of himself in order to learn his "letters in the stars." Grewgious, as Datchery, illustrates Tartar's philosophy by moving one step at a time toward realizing and harmonizing his inner self, while aiding his ward, Rosa.

Evil in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* results from ignorance of the inner self—from internal chaos. In order to become benevolent, chaotic men must look within and discover their two conflicting selves. Once they have harmonized themselves, their duty is to help others realize their inner natures. Grewgious, as Datchery, retreats to Cloisterham to discover the truth of Drood's disappearance and to realize his other self—Datchery. At the end of the novel, Grewgious will return benevolently to London to aid Rosa in the realization of her innerself.

1 Phillip Collins, *Dickens and Crime,* 2nd ed. (London Macmillan, 1964), p. 295

Ibid., p. 291.

See one of the most notablearticles arguing for Datchery's identity with Grewgious: Richard M. Baker, "Who Was Dick Datchery?" in *The Drood Murder Case* (Los Angeles Universityof California Press, 1951). □

ON TEACHING DETECTIVE FICTION

By Steven R. Carter

I read detective fiction for many years sheerly for the pleasure it gave me as literature before I began to see some overall designs in it and to observe its relation to the society and times in which it was created. Once I noticed these patterns, however, I became as fascinated by them as I had been previously by the puzzles in the detective stories themselves. For this reason, my approach to teaching detective fiction is both culturaland literary.

The major pattern which I have noticed concerns detective heroes. Detective heroes are generally intended to reflect or to comment on the cultural values of the societies in which they function. Taken as a whole, detective heroes have undergone a massive shift in values and effectiveness which parallels the shift from nineteenth-century attitudes to twentieth-century ones. For example, in spite of all their eccentricities and their occasional criminal behavior— such as taking cocaine— the early detective heroes use reason to bring order out of chaos and to gain some degree of control over their world. In addition, they are usually proud men, confident of their abilities and always willing to employ their skills in the pursuit of justice. Many of them, such as Uncle Abner, Father Brown, and even Poe's M. Dupin, express a belief in God, with the implication that, in using their reason to solve mysteries, establish justice, protect the innocent, and sometimes to save souls, they are performing God's will. They are always able to find out "whodunit" and to triumph over the forces of evil.

Beginning with Dashiell Hammett's protagonist Sam Spade, however, the detective hero loses much of his traditional virtue and invulnerability. Spade refuses to lean on any of the favorite abstract values of the nineteenth century, such as belief in God, Law, Civilization, Justice, or any predetermined Morality. Instead, he relies on existentialist situational ethics and uses reason to weigh the probable consequences of any action. For him, reason is not a divine instrument for ferreting out guilt but is rather a practical tool for deciding what to do in a given situation. He believes that, if he fails to use reason effectively, he can be destroyed.

Detective heroes after Spade have become increasingly vulnerable and morally ambiguous. Even the best-intentioned of them, such as Ross Macdonald's Lew Archer, are subject to errors based on inadequate information and to impulses of cruelty and lust arising from the unconscious and not always observed and controlled in time to prevent their being acted upon. The quintessential detective hero today is unsure about everything and carries around a heavy load of guilt.

Consider Tucker Coe's Mitch Tobin. Tobin is fired from the police force for making love to a woman while he is on duty. As if this were not enough to give him a guilt complex, his partner is killed on the assignment they are supposed to be doing together that afternoon, and Tobin is left with the knowledge that he has simultaneously betrayed his wife, his professional ethics, and his partner, who was also his best friend. Afterward, he wants only to construct a literal and symbolic wall around his back yard and consents to perform private investigations strictly in response to pressure from others.

Going a step beyond the Tobin mysteries, there are now many books in which the detective is unable to solve the crime. Among these are Chester Himes's *Blind Man with a Pistol,* in which the detectives' failure to solve a murdercase parallels a city's failure to resolve a racial crisis, and Mark Smith's *The Death of the Detective,* in which the corrupt, guilt-ridden detective's real problem is to solve the riddle of death, a riddle which is naturally beyond his powers.

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The ultimate in vulnerable and morally—not to mention sexually—ambiguous heroes is George Baxt's Pharoah Love. He is a black, homosexual policeman, which of course makes him a three-time loser in his society. He appears in a trio of novels with the titles *A Queer Kind of Death, Swing Low, Sweet Harriet,* and *Topsy and Evil.* The fact that the first of these titles refers to the slaying of a homosexual should give some idea of the social and moral profundity of the series. Ben Bentley, the homosexual in question, is sitting in a bathtub when someone places a plugged-in radio in it, thereby bringing his life to a shocking conclusion. When Pharoah Love discovers that this someone is Bentley's cute roommate Seth Piro, he "black-males" Piro into moving in with him. Later, when they stop living together, Pharoah puts a plugged-in radio in Seth Piro's bathtub, thus unplugging the two of them. Afterward, Pharoah decides to take the advice of his analyst and have a sex change. Unfortunately, he is neutered by death shortly after his operation and never gets to sing "I Enjoy Being a Girl" before an audience. On the other hand, he does, appropriately, help his creator achieve both a pinnacle and a climax. It would be hard for any writer to screw the mystery form more than Baxt did.

Along with the changes in the ethical values of detective heroes, there have been some important changes in the form of detective fiction, with the early emphasis on puzzle and solution giving way to new emphases on psychological probing, social commentary, metaphysical speculation, and technical experimentation. In the classic detective fiction of Poe, Doyle, Freeman Wills Croft, Agatha Christie, Ellery Queen, S. S. Van Dine, John Dickson Carr, and many others, the puzzle is not merely the main thing, it is almost the only thing. Ellery Queen, for example, emphasized it to the point of interrupting his narrative to issue a challenge to the reader to solve the puzzle before the detective. As Julian Symons has observed, the puzzle value in these books is so high that often "the detective and the puzzle are the only things that stay in the memory."[1]

Significantly, the major practitioners of the classic form have been conservative. Agatha Christie even pulled off the neat trick of getting to the right of John Wayne. These conservative writers could afford to devote most of their attention to the puzzle because they could assume that the majority of their readers shared their values. After all, few of these writers held any extraordinary views; they had derived their ideas from their society and felt no need to challenge that society. They might, on occasion, accuse the police of being unimaginative and inefficient, but never of being bad-hearted. For them, the criminal was the despicable one, who had to be found out so that society could return to normal. For society was Civilization, the achievement of ages of struggle up from the primitive and out of the darkness of the unknown—in short, all that a rational man held dear.

When mystery writers began to question the virtues of Civilization, they also began to question the efficacy of the classic form. Writers such as Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler believed that there were cesspools under even the most opulent structures which society had erected, and they wanted to explore the whole stinking understructure. Although they were not social reformers, they thought that others should not be permitted to hold their noses and pretend the cesspools did not exist. Like their contemporaries Ernest Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis, they were imbued with a hatred of hypocrisy and cant and an unwillingness to accept any ideal dictated by society unless it met the test of their personal experience.

Prompted by all of these attitudes, they created a form of detective fiction which emphasized character, situation, and milieu over puzzle. This form was called "hardboiled," a name which seems justified when one considers the toughness of the attitudes behind it. The form proved to be a highly efficient instrument for probing psychological and social problems, in addition to being a fine means of relieving the writers' own sado-masochistic impulses, since their detectives were able to give and receive a wide range of punches. In the hands of Hammett and Chandler themselves, as well as in those of Ross Macdonald, John D. MacDonald, Joe Gores, Roger Simon, Robert B. Parker, Arthur Lyons, and many others, the form has been able to teach us much about the way we live and the way we should live.

More recently, a new form evolved when writers began to take even more radical views toward society or turned from questioning society to questioning the universe. I have named this new form "experimental mystery fiction" and have analyzed one writer's use of it at length in my essay "Ishmael Reed's Neo-Hoodoo Detection," which is included in *Dimensions of Detective Fiction.* In that essay, I give the following definition of experimental mystery fiction:

> (1) it combines elements of detective and crime fiction [crime fiction is a category which includes hardboiled detective fiction] with the devices of mainstream and/or experimental fiction; (2) it reshapes the elements of detective and crime fiction to fit a personal vision; (3) it usually examines the mysteries of the spirit and/or the skeletons in the closets of societies (it generally aims at exposing the spiritual weaknesses of entire societies rather than ferreting out the hiddenvillainy of a singleindividual; it is closer to metaphysics and sociology than to intellectual gamesmanship and psychology); (4) it may or may not resolve anypuzzleor problem it poses; and (5) the detective and crime novel elements must play a major role in the work as a whole.[2]

Some examples of experimental mystery novels are Ishmael Reed's *Mumbo Jumbo* and *The Last Days of Louisiana Red,* Chester Himes's *Blind Man with a Pistol,* Mark Smith's *Death of the Detective,* Thomas Pynchon's *V,* Joseph McElroy's *Lookout Cartridge,* Colin Wilson's *Necessary Doubt,* Muriel Spark's *Robinson,* Kobo Abe's *The Ruined Map,* Michel Butor's *Passing Time,* and Alain Robbe-Grillet's *The Erasers.*

In selecting the texts for my course, I naturally choose books which emphasize the moral character of the detective hero and include examples of all three forms of the detective novel. I generally use three classic detective novels, three hardboiled, and three experimental. I do slant the selection of favor of the theories that I have just outlined, but not so much so that the students can'targueagainstthem.

Consider my current list. The three works of classic detective fiction are Edgar Allan Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination,* Dorothy Sayers's *Gaudy Night,* and Harry Kemelman's *Tuesday the Rabbi Saw Red.* The three hardboiled detective novels are Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon,* Joe Gores's *Hammett,* and Robert B. Parker's *Mortal Stakes.* The three experimental mystery novels are Chester Himes's *Blind Man with a Pistol,* Mark Smith's *The Death of the Detective,* and Stanislaw Lem's *The Investigation.* Taken in the order I have given here, these works show a progression—or regression—from the detective whose reason gives him full control over his world to the detective who is lost in a world of chance in which nothing makes sense. They also show some glaringly obvious changes in the form of the detective novel.

Students could, however, challenge these patterns at several key points. For example, they could point out that Poe's hero is not completely rational since he likes to live in the dark and seems to be a bit of a weirdo.[3] They might also contend that Kemelman's Rabbi David Small is a highly intelligent modern detective who possesses the early detective's belief in abstract values and his ability to order his world and aid society through reason. In regard to form, they could assert that experimental mystery fiction strays so far from the original aims and patterns of detective fiction that it should not be considered part of the same genre. To support this, they could argue that a work such as Lem's *The Investigation* is really an anti-detective novel, since its "puzzle" involves corpses coming to life instead of following the usual detective fiction procedure, and since it mocks the use of reason in an absurd world.

The basic goal of my course is to make students pay attention to the moral character of detective heroes, to the relationship between these heroes and their societies, and to the evolution of the form of detective fiction. I want to introduce students to my theories about detective fiction, not to brainwash them into accepting my views. I believe that it is important for them to learn how to weigh evidence and think for themselves. Students, after all, must be detectives themselves in their studies and should not have all the solutions handed to them.[4]

Notes

1. Julian Symons, *Mortal Consequences: A History—From the Detective Story to the Crime Novel* (New York: Harper and Row, 1972), p. 180.
2. Steven R. Carter, "Ishmael Reed's Neo-Hoodoo Detection," in *Dimensions of Detective Fiction,* ed. Larry N. Landrum, Pat Browne, and Ray B. Browne (Bowling Green, Ohio: Bowling Green State University Popular Press, 1976), pp. 273–74.
3. They could similarly point out that Poe's detective may not be morally upright since the initials of his name, C. Auguste Dupin, spell C.A.D., and since his behavior in "The Purloined Letter" parallels that of the villain, Minister D They might further note, as several critics have, that Dupin's last name begins with the same initial as Minister D.'s and thatDupinand D. maybe related,evenbrothers.
4. The followingreferences areespeciallygoodfor background on the historyand development ofdetectivefiction: Larry N. Landrum, Pat Browne, and Ray B. Browne, eds., *Dimensions of Detective Fiction;* William Ruehlmann, *Saint with a Gun: The Unlawful American Private Eye* (New York: New York University Press, 1974); and Julian Symons, *MortalConsequences.* □

Mary Francis

THE REIGNING PHOENIX

By Charles E. Gould, Jr.

Thirty years ago today, Dick Francis lay on the ground unable to move.

> Pondapatarri had fallen, but as so often happens, it was not he who had done the damage. I fell easily on my shoulder, but another horse jumping behind me tripped over Pondapatarri as he was struggling up, and as it fell over it kicked me in the back. It was the most sickening, frightening blow I have ever felt. I was instantly numb all over, and my muscles seemed to have all turned to jelly. I looked up at the high, white, puff-ball clouds in the blue sky and thought that the Atlantic would have to roll on without me.
>
> —*The Sport of Queens*, Ch. 10

At Beaufort Hunt Races, his first journey to America—to ride a horse for Peter Cazalet in the International Steeplechase—exactly a fortnight away, Dick Francis *in propria persona* came the same cropper that his persona was to make famous a few years later. "I lay on the ground unable to move. . . . It was not he who had done the damage. . . . I fell easily on my shoulder. . . . It kicked me in the back. The most sickening, frightening blow I have ever felt. Instantly numb, all over. The Atlantic would have to roll on without me." Here is, practically verbatim, the Dick Francis whom we have come to know, and love, speaking in the voice we did not know in 1957 when this passage was written, but which we recognize as the voice we know now and could have loved then.

Its pellucid lyric and romantic strains are unmistakable, even in the morning-mist of nonfiction.

We recognize the instant exculpation of the horse, the easiness with which the professional takes his falls, the objectivity with which he assesses the damage, the subjective nod to nature; the pronomial humanization of Pondapatarri and dehumanization of the other horse, the hyperbolic description of pain and fear which is of course not hyperbolic at all. We hear the rare harmony of truth and humility. "We love the things we love for what they are," wrote Robert Frost; and we find in reading the foregoing passage what we knew all along: that what we love in the Dick Francis novels is the persona, and what he *is* is Dick Francis—his own self, as Huck Finn would have put it.

A week ago yesterday, I met Dick Francis. He was not lying on the ground unable to move but, among other graceful gestures, mounting a horse donated in his—or Sid Halley's—name to the N.Y.C. Mounted Police. The Atlantic, printing press of Time though it may be, has not rolled on without him.

II

The question of why we like to meet celebrities—not, perhaps, hottest on the tip of anybody's tongue, I admit—is, like a lot of questions that nobody is asking, not easy to answer. The impulse throbs at first, I suppose, like some ancient pulse of germ and birth, from the needs of the human heart and mind to find analogues for themselves which at the same time are more attractive than themselves. We meet a celebrity and we find, to our avowed surprise, that he is to all appearances, and perhaps in profounder ways too, just like us; our subconscious and irrational expectations that he will be quite different from us in some observable and memorable way is not fulfilled, and we go away satisfied that the only important difference between us and him is that he made himself famous; and, since we didn't really want to be famous anyway, that difference is not so important after all, and we are comforted in having reaffirmed the essential and democratic unity of humanity.

There is, of course, an essential and democratic unity of humanity; but the process I have just described is not the best way by which it can be affirmed. "Does he have wings or sumpn'? I wanna see if he has wings," said a voice in the crowd gathered around the celebrated Dick Francis last week; and the assurance to the naked eye that he did not have wings is a pretty tawdry leveler: surely one need not be angelic to be celebrated, and we are quite content most of the time not to be very angelic ourselves, so we feel better at once to see that our celebrity is only human after all.

And that is just what we wanted to prove to ourselves. Or is it? The condition of being "only human" does not carry with it much pleasure or prestige. "Only human" means subject to the world's and flesh's rage; it means lazy sometimes, and sleepy sometimes, angry and inept, frustrated and confused, envious and envied, sick and tired. Do we really want to discover that our celebrities are like that too? Of course we don't—*unless* it is those very celebrities who by their celebrated works have somehow made "only human" mean more to us than that catalogue of ills. It is then that the discovery that they, too, seem "only human" has its proper meaning: their humanity thrives in their works, not in their persons, and when we meet the celebrity we are gratified in our vanity to find that he is flesh and blood, but we are much more importantly—and humbly—exalted in spirit as we examine anew the celebrated works produced by that same flesh and blood.

Kids like to meet famous baseball players, grown-ups like to shake hands with the governor's wife, tours through Beverly Hills (I imagine) like to see the movie star walking the dog. All such pleasure as that is harmless, but it is also unexamined: it doesn't *mean* anything—until, or unless, the celebrity on view has already, by his art, made himself part of your life.

My own experience of celebrities has been embarrassingly slight. I shook hands with Tallulah

Bankhead early on, and was sending poems and flowers to Anna Moffo by the time I was a senior in prep school, where I was taught French by a man who had taken tea with Thomas Hardy. While in college I mistook the then very famous Judy Collins, when we were introduced, for my roommate's date, and heard a classmate ask Northrop Frye how it felt to be a literary critic. Since that far-off time I have done even more poorly: I had breakfast a few years ago in the same hotel dining room as Rudolph Serkin, but I have confessed elsewhere that on purpose I never went to meet P. G. Wodehouse—wanting, as I thought, not to collect him but to collect his books. Lady Wodehouse I have met, and her grandson Edward Cazalet. But that haul of fame is, you will agree, pretty small; and my impulse to meet celebrities has been pretty well stamped out of me by the earlydiscovery that they are, afterall, only human, and by the far more devastating realization that they make me feel even more so.

For one thing, you never know what to say to them, and what you do say never measures up very well. (P. G. Wodehouse himself records what a hash he made of his youthful encounter with W. S. Gilbert.) You know, or you assume, they're busy, and you feel guilty about taking up their time. Your clothes don't fit right (I was wearing a shirt of my father's the first time I met Anna Moffo), and your face does not assume the comfortable and fascinating proportions or promises which are so regularly evident in the shaving mirror (if you're old enough to shave). And you are conscious that, while back home you are the life and soul of the party, here you have forgotten how to talk at all, let alone say any of the good things that would show that however sub-normal you look, you are actually more than only human yourself.

No, it just doesn't seem worth all the effort and expense, to go all the way to New York to meet somebody whose work you admire and whose life you imagine must therefore be equally admirable. He'll turn out to be only human, and you yourself will do well to appear even remotely human at all. Why not forget it?

III

Like Shakespeare's Cleopatra, we have immortal longings in us. Sinclair Lewis couched them, less elegantly, as our "reactions to sex and praise," but, for the most of mankind, the distinction need not be made quite so clearly as that: it is enough to be aware, however fleetingly or hauntingly, that in the celebrity there is some of us, albeit little enough of us in him; and for one brief magic moment, meeting one is being one.

Dick Francis puts it better:

> I followed [Peter Cazalet] over, bowed, shook hands with the Queen and the Queen Mother, and discovered how very awkward it is not to be able to takeone'shat off in respect when it is firmlytied onagainst the buffets of 'chasing. . . . I had plenty of time to wonder at the coincidences which had led to my meeting the Queen and the Queen Mother, for I had no idea then that it was not the only time I should do so.
>
> —*The Sport of Queens*, Ch. 10

Coincidence and "having no idea" are, I suspect, the substance of celebrity itself, but certainly they figure largely in our having much to do with celebrities. A. A. Milne's Emmeline ("Sillies, I went and saw the Queen./She says my hands are *purfickly* clean!") had her share, and I've had mine, some of it through collecting P. G. Wodehouse and Dick Francis.

When I mentioned Wodehouse to Dick Francis last week, he said, "Oh, he's great," which is and is not the definitive critical comment on a writer who in his lifetime probably never rivaled Dick Francis as a celebrity and whose works in his lifetime certainly did not command from collectors the prices Dick Francis's books do now. As writers they have much in common, chiefly the ability to tell a story so that the reader knows what the story is about, but also the

strongly-marked and individual style which makes such storytelling into literary art. Their stuff has little in common, it is true; but the stuff of which it is made is the stuff of all good writing: perfect clarity, verbal economy, and the suiting of sound to sense. Surely Wodehouse would have enjoyed Francis, as perhaps he did: he was a great lover of Rex Stout, Edgar Wallace, Agatha Christie, and others of the detective/adventure line of fiction; but what he would have liked in Dick Francis is the tight plotting and the tight writing that he worked so hard to achieve himself.

No two approaches to that achievement, however, could be more different from each other. Wodehouse re-worked every plot and re-wrote, it seems, almost line by line. Exhaustive outlines and summaries preceded the actual writing of every novel and story, and the draft which reached the publisher had behind it acres of paper laid waste by the revising scythe of Wodehouse's pencil.

On the other hand, Dick Francis says,

> I listen in a daze to people talking knowledgeably of 'first drafts' and 'second drafts,' because when I began to write I didn't know such things existed. . . . I thought that a book as first written was what got (or didn't get) published, and I wrote accordingly. The first shot had to be the best I could do.
>
> — *The Sport of Queens,* Revised, Ch. 13

The literary achievement in the end, however, is the same: just as Wodehouse reads as though he had never blotted a line, Francis reads as though he had polished and then buffed every syllable—and vice-versa. The biographical truth of how they do it becomes irrelevant in the light of what they do; and to that extent Dick Francis is right when he says, "Books write authors as much as authors write books" (*The Sport of Queens,* Revised, Ch. 13).

As a long-time collector of Wodehouse, I am not much surprised by the coincidental associations between him and Dick Francis that have turned up in the last few months. The Acknowledgement in *Banker* happens to go, for a completely unrelated reason, to one of America's greatest Wodehouse collectors. Peter Cazalet, who trained the horses Dick Francis rode for the Queen Mother, married Leonora Wodehouse, P. G.'s step-daughter; and their son, Edward Cazalet, whom I've just mentioned, is not only a foremost collector of Wodehouse in England but also, I am told, an expert and prize-winning amateur jockey.

I hope "jockey" is *le mot juste*: it's a small world, as these minor coincidences in my small world of celebrities suggest, but there is much to learn. Meeting celebrities means—requires—learning a good deal, if our image of ourselves is to stand up to our image of them; and I have ever been a slow study (twenty-one years since meeting Anna Moffo, and I still can't sing!). One thing the Dick Francis novels teach even the slow study quickly, however, is that if you're fit you heal fast, whatever the arena in which you take your inevitable falls; and that's enough to be getting on with.

IV

"In October 1954," writes Dick Francis,

> As I shaved in the early evening before the dinner [in honor of the Champion Jockey of the season], and mumbled 'My Lords and Gentlemen' past the razor, I thought back over the events of the past year, and wondered at the great good fortune which had come my way.
>
> In that year I had made a journey to the New World, built a house, and became a Champion Jockey. Three dreams fulfilled, and all at once.
>
> As I steered the razor carefully under my nose, I thought that there was really one more thing that I passionately wanted to do.
>
> I wanted to win the Grand National.
>
> — *The Sport of Queens,* Ch. 10

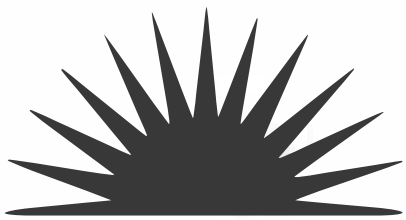
Why not forget it? One shaves in the early evening, mumbling past the razor which, when all is said (or mumbled) and done, must be steered carefully past the nose—however non-mint the nose may be. But dreams are fulfilled in every life. "We'll build our house, and chop our wood, and make our garden grow," Richard Wilbur wrote for *Candide*; and those images of domestic happiness imply, in the very homeliness of their achievement, the eternal truth of the one *more* thing that we passionately want to do, just as the house and garden and woodpile are eternal truths of another sort. There *are* immortal longings:

> Now I will believe
> That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
> There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
> At this hour reigning there,

as Shakespeare wrote in *The Tempest.* And tonight, my reigning phoenix is Dick Francis, thirty years ago lying unable to move.

As we examine again the celebrated works, we find again the rare human capacity for truth in humility, for ingenuous self-deprecation, less alliterative and more sublime than the disingenuous self-deprecation which we can all achieve every now and then. The Dick Francis persona embodies, over and again, the truth that springs to life in another line from *The Tempest:* "The rarer action/Is in virtue than in vengeance." Dick Francis protagonists, like Dick Francis himself, don't blame the horse, the course, the leather, the weather, the villain; they don't seek vengeance, they affirm virtue. In that, if in nothing else, they are more than only human; and in meeting them, if only for a moment, we can be, if only for a moment, more than only human too. □

From the Dawn of Television:



The Live Television of Ellery Queen

By Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

Extensively though I've written on the subject of Ellery Queen in all his manifestations, what I've said in the past about the earliest of the several television series chronicling the great American detective's exploits has always been skimpy in the extreme. My parents hadn't yet bought their first set when that series came on the air, I was still too young in the early 1950s to have developed any interest in mysteries, and, since the first Queen series had been live and not on film, there seemed no way to catch up with it in later and more mature years. Consequently, neither my book *Royal Bloodline: Ellery Queen, Author and Detective* (Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1974) nor my later article "Ellery Queen on the Small Screen" (TAD, Summer 1979; *The Golden Years of Radio & TV,* Winter 1983) provides more than a few bare facts about the network, time slot, sponsorship, and stars of the series.

Then, quite recently, and thanks to my friends Ray Stanich, Roy Bright, and Dave Godwin, as well as to further digging of my own, I came upon a mass of detailed information about individual episodes of that series and was also able to screen rare kinescopes of two of them. Armed with this new material, I've decided that the time is ripe for a return trip to the dawn of TV and an in-depth look at Ellery's first incarnation in that medium.

Ellery of course had long been a staple in other non-print media. There had been two movies about the character in 1935–36 plus a series of seven released by Columbia in 1940–42. Frederic Dannay (1905–1982) and Manfred B. Lee (1905–1971), the cousins who had created the Ellery Queen character in the late 1920s, had nothing to do with any of these films, and Fred was perfectly correct when he described the movies in a 1970 interview as "each one more dreadful than the others." Infinitely more rewarding both to the cousins and their fans had been the long-running radio series *The Adventures of Ellery Queen* (1939–48), for which Fred and Manny (or, in the final years of the program, top-flight mystery writer Anthony Boucher and Manny) had written the weekly scripts. It was about two and a half years after Ellery left radio that he made his debut on television.

The men primarily responsible for giving the detective visible life were producers Norman and Irving Pincus, who bought the TV rights to the Queen character early in 1950 and began assembling the team that would create the weekly episodes. Eugene Burr was signed as story editor for the series,

and J. R. Lloyd as scenic designer. To direct the live dramas the Pincuses hired a young man named Donald Richardson, who later helmed episodes of all sorts of series, including *I Remember Mama, DuPont Play of the Week, The Defenders, Lost in Space, The Virginian,* and *Lancer.* Fred and Manny had no desire to grind out weekly scripts in a brand-new medium so the Pincus brothers put together a coterie of freelance writers such as Ethel Frank, Henry Misrock, Betty Loring, and John C. Gibbs, whose original scripts were modified at times by story editor Burr and by Irving Pincus. The only regular Queen scriptwriter who went on to success in other media was Helene Hanff, author of *84 Charing Cross Road* (1970), which was recently adapted into a Broadway play. Hanff's forte was crime in an artsy milieu: in her scripts Ellery solved murders at a ballet school, a ballet performance, an opera, a summer theater, an art gallery, and during a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado.*

The actor whom the Pincuses signed to play Ellery was a darkly handsome young man named Richard Hart. Born in Providence, Rhode Island in 1914, Hart became a soccer star at Brown University, from which he graduated in 1936. His early stage experience included playing opposite Constance Bennett in the Cambridge (Massachusetts) Summer Theatre's production of *Without Love* and a stint with the Shoestring Players of Tiverton, Rhode Island. He moved to New York City, studied at Tamara Daykarhanova's School for the Stage, and landed his first Broadway part in *Pillar to Post* (1943). Two years later, he was chosen for the lead in *Dark of the Moon.* His brooding good looks captured Hollywood's attention and won him three juicy parts at MGM in *Desire Me* (1947) with Greer Garson, *Green Dolphin Street* (1947) with Lana Turner, and *B.F.'s Daughter* (1948) with Barbara Stanwyck. In 1949, he returned to Broadway, replacing Sam Wanamaker in an important role in *Goodbye, My Fancy,* then winning a featured part in another stage hit, *The Happy Time* (1950). As live television began to make its presence felt, Hart got his feet wet in the new medium, appearing in several early New York-based productions, including one of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar,* in which he played Marc Antony. Then came the offer from the Pincus brothers to solve small screen murders on a weekly basis.

For the role of Ellery's father, Inspector Richard Queen, the Pincuses recruited another Broadway veteran, Florenz Ames, a peppery little man who closely matched most readers' visual image of the master detective's beloved dad. Born in Rochester, New York, Ames had debuted on Broadway in 1917 and spent most of the next quarter century in musical-comedy roles such as that of the French Ambassador in *Of Thee I Sing* (1931). In 1942, he joined the Boston Comic Opera Company and played in Gilbert and Sullivan productions with that group until 1945, when he returned to Broadway to take over the part of Andrew Carnes in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!* Even during the two years that he was playing Inspector Queeneveryweek on TV, he moonlighted in at least two musical comedies, including an *Of Thee I Sing* revival. The stage work didn't prevent him from turning in excellent performances on the small screen as Ellery's father.

On October 19, 1950, *The Adventures of Ellery Queen* debuted on the short-lived Dumont network, occupying the Thursday evening time slot from 9:00 to 9:30 P.M. The Pincus brothers were taking no chances on original scripts: for the initial episode starring Hart and Ames, they chose "The Bad Boy," which was based on one of the sixty-minute plays Fred Dannay and Manny Lee had written for the Queen radio series back in 1939. A week later, on October 26, Hart and Ames solved the case of "The Mad Tea Party," the source of which was the 1934 Queen short story which Fred Dannay till the end of his life ranked as his personal favorite among all the shorts he and his cousin had written. Of the eleven Queen adventures telecast during 1950, at leastseven were clearly adapted (although not by Fred and Manny) from genuine Queen short stories or radio scripts. Not until the beginning of 1951 did the Pincuses begin to rely on originals by their stable of freelance writers.

It was also at the start of the new year that the career of Richard Hart came to a sudden end. On Tuesday, January 2, during rehearsal for the following Thursday's broadcast, he suffered a heart attack and died soon afterward in New York's French Hospital. On 24 hours' notice, the role of Ellery was taken over by Hollywood actor Lee Bowman. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio on December 28, 1914, Bowman graduated from the University of Cincinnati and then came to Manhattan to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. In 1934, he migrated to Southern California, determined to become a movie star or die trying. He won his first part three years later in *I Met Him in Paris* (Paramount, 1937), a romantic comedy starring Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Young. The studio that employed Bowman most frequently was Columbia, where he co-starred with Jean Arthur in *The Impatient Years* (1944) and with Rita Hayworth in *Cover Girl* (1944), and where he built a reputation as a reliable B-picture leading man. With his thin mustache and cool, suave demeanor, Bowman projected a different Ellery Queen than had the Heathcliff-handsome Hart. But the new image

worked, keeping audiences tuned in for just short of two full years. After the show left the air, Bowman alternated between Broadway—where he appeared with Uta Hagen and Robert Preston in *The Magic and the Loss* (1954)—and such top-flight TV dramatic series as *Studio One, Robert Montgomery Presents, Kraft Theatre,* and *Playhouse 90.* Subsequently, he became active as a communications consultant, training the public spokesmen of corporations in acting techniques, and also dabbled in politics, serving as master of ceremonies at the Republican Party's 1972 and 1976 national conventions. He died on Christmas Day of 1979, a few days short of his 65th birthday.

My parents bought their first TV set sometime in 1951 or '52, during Bowman's weekly appearances as Ellery Queen, but as far as I can recall I never saw him, for I was spending my tube time watching old B Westerns and series like *The Lone Ranger.* Luckily, at least two Bowman episodes—"Murder in Hollywood" (Jan. 25, 1951) and "The Coffee House Murder" (Oct. 25, 1951)—survive on kinescope. Or perhaps the better word would be unluckily, because I've seen both of them recently and they're dreadful. Silly stories, third-grade acting, perfunctory direction—you name the flaw and these plays have it. Perhaps this pair is unrepresentative, or maybe the competition was even worse; in any event the Queen series won an award from TV Guide as the best mystery program of 1950–51.

What was it like to be associated with Ellery's televised adventures? In a letter dated September 15, 1951 and included in *84 Charing Cross Road,* Helen Hanff writes:

> I'm stuck on 95th Street writing the TV "Adventures of Ellery Queen." Did I tell you we're not allowed to use a lipstick-stained cigarette for a clue? We're sponsored by the Bayuk Cigar Co. and we're not allowed to mention the word "cigarette." We can have ashtrays on the set but they can't have any cigarette butts in them. They can't have cigar buttseither, they're not pretty. All an ashtray can have in it is a wrapped, unsmoked Bayuk cigar.

Whatever the quality of its scripts, *The Adventures of Ellery Queen* continued in its Thursday evening time slot (except for an eight-week summer vacation) until early December of 1951. At that point, the show moved to the ABC network and was seen Sundays from 7:30 to 8:00 P.M. under the sponsorship of the auto manufacturer Kaiser-Frazer. After thirteen weeks in this slot, the series left the air for a month, returning to ABC in mid-April 1952 in the 9:00 P.M. Wednesday time slot, with a new sponsor, Phillies Cigars, and a slightly altered title, *Ellery Queen's Adventures.* Throughout all these changes, the Pincus brothers continued to produce, Donald Richardson to direct, the same stable of freelancers to write the weekly scripts, and Bowman and Ames to play Ellery and his father. The final episode of the series was broadcast November 26, 1952, and the next week the time slot was taken over by local basketball games.

But that wasn't the end of the program in all senses of the word. Two years later, a small independent production company entered into contracts with Fred Dannay and Manny Lee to make a half-hour filmed TV series, *The New Adventures of Ellery Queen.* Signed to play Ellery in the telefilms was Hugh Marlowe (1911–1982), who had been the first to enact the master detective on the long-lived Queen radio show. In the role of Inspector Queen was none other than Florenz Ames. Nor was Ames the only link between the films and the earlier live Queen TV series: at least half of the 32 *New Adventures* were based on scripts from the Bowman era. Some were altered considerably—for example, the film version of "Custom Made" has Ellery trying to recover his girlfriend's dress rather than, as in the live rendition, his own dinner jacket—but all of them preserve at least the outlines of their origins. And, as I mentioned earlier, two kinescopes of the original Bowman episodes are available in 16mm or on videocassette. *The Adventures of Ellery Queen* was not in

the same league with other and better detective series such as *Perry Mason* or *Columbo* or *Banacek,* and not even in the same universe with the Queen novels and short stories, but it was a typical example of small-screen detection in the pioneer days of TV and, like so many other forgotten programs, deserves its moment in our memories.

THE ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN

The first season of Ellery's televised adventures consisted of 39 episodes, broadcast live over the Dumont Network on Thursdays from 9:00 to 9:30 P.M. The series was produced by Norman and Irving Pincus and directed by Donald Richardson, with Eugene Burr as story editor and J. R. Lloyd as set designer. Richard Hart starred as Ellery and Florenz Ames as Inspector Queen. Hart died of a heart attack during a rehearsal on January 2, 1951 and was replaced on 24 hours' notice by Lee Bowman. An asterisk (*) next to an episode's title indicates that the scriptwas based on a short story or radio play by Ellery Queen (Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee), and a dagger (†) next to a title means that the scriptwas later adapted foran episode of the filmed series *The New Adventures of Ellery Queen* (NAEQ) starring Hugh Marlowe as Ellery and Florenz Ames as the Inspector. A name in parentheses signifies the writer of a TV story which was adapted into the week's script by the person(s) named outside the parentheses. Phrases such as "The Adventure of" or "The Case of" are omitted fromthe titles.

10/19/50 *"The Bad Boy"
Ellery and Inspector Queen investigate the poisoning of a hateful old matriarch in a rooming house. Adapted from the Queen radioplayfirst broadcast July30, 1939.

10/19/50 *"TheMad Tea Party"
Ellery investigates some mad doings at a houseparty featuring a private performance of *Alice in Wonderland.* Adapted from the Queen short story collected in *The Adventures ofEllery Queen* (1934).

11/ 2/50 *"The Invisible Lover" S: Ethel Frank
Ellery probes the boarding house murder of an artist who was romancing his landlord's daughter. Adapted from the Queenshort story collected in *The Adventures of Ellery Queen* (1934).

11/ 9/50 "The Long Count" S: Richard Morrison
Apparently this was a boxing story, but no description orcast namesare available.

11/16/50 *"TheThreeLameMen" S: Richard Morrison
Ellery and his father look into what seems to be a case of three cripples who kidnapped a banker and left his girlfriend to suffocate to death. Based on the Queen short story collected in *The Adventures of Ellery Queen* (1934).

11/23/50 *"The Human Weapon" S:Alvin Sapinsley
No description or cast names are available, but the scriptseems to have been adaptedfrom the Queen radio play of the same name, first broadcast April I and 3, 1943

11/30/50 "The Crooked Man" S: Ethel Frank
Nodescriptionorcast namesavailable

12/ 7/50 *"The Blind Bullet" S: Blanche Gaines andHenry Misrock
Ellery tries to protect a ruthlesstycoon from an anonymous enemy who has threatened to kill him at a precise minute on a precise day. Based on the Queen radio play first broadcast June 30, 1940.

12/14/50 "Two Pieces of Silver" S: Ethel Frank
No description orcast namesavailable.

12/21/50 *"The Hanging Acrobat" S: Gilbert Braun
Ellery and Inspector Queen probe the backstage murder of a trapeze star with too many boyfriends. Based on the Queen short story collected in *The Adventures of Ellery Queen* (1934).

12/28/50 †"TheStar of India" S: Ethel Frank
Ellery tries to solve the theft of a valuable jewel and a connected murder. NAEQ title: "The Star of Kashmir."

1/ 4/51 "TheSurvivors'Club" S: HenryMisrock
No description or cast names available, but this was the first episode in which Lee Bowman starred as Ellery.

1/11/51 "Prescription for Treason" S: Robert Tallman
No description orcast namesavailable.

1/18/51 "The House of Terror" S: Nancy Moore
No description orcast namesavailable.

1/25/51 "Murder in Hollywood" S: Ethel Frank
While working as a Hollywood screenwriter, Ellery becomes curious about a twenty-year-old murder case and finds that the murderer is ready to kill again. With Judith Evelyn, Dennis Hoey.

2/1/51 "The Man Who Killed Cops" S: Henry Misrock
No description available, but Jean Carson and Matt Briggswere in the cast.

2/ 8/51 "The Hanging Patient" S: Ethel Frank
Nodescriptionorcast namesavailable.

2/15/51 "The Jewel-Handled Knife" S: Henry Misrock
No description orcast namesavailable.

2/22/ 1 "The Falling Corpse" S: Ben Radin
No description orcast namesavailable.

3/ 1/51 "The Strange Voyage" S: Henry Misrock
Nodescriptionorcast namesavailable.

3/ 8/51 "The Madcap Robbery" S: Robert Tallman
No description or cast namesavailable.

3/15/51 "The Man Hunt S: Bob Patterson
No description orcast namesavailable.

3/22/51 "Murder at the Museum" S: Russell Beggs
No description orcast namesavailable.

3/29/51 "The Man Who Enjoyed Death"
S: HenryMisrock
No description orcast namesavailable.

4/ 5/51 "TheFrightenedLady" S: Ben Radin
Nodescriptionorcast namesavailable.

4/12/51 "The Baseball Murder Case" S: Ben Radin
No description orcast namesavailable.

4/19/51 Episodeapparentlypre-empted.

4/26/51 "Murder for Twelve Cents" S: Norman Lessing
No description orcast namesavailable.

5/ 3/51 "The Key to Murder" S: Henry Misrock
Nodescriptionorcast namesavailable.

5/10/51 "DeathSpinsa Wheel" S: Ethel Frank
No description or cast names available.

5/17/51 "Dissolve to Death" S: Henry Misrock
No description or cast names available.

5/24/51 "Frame-Up" S: Norman Lessing
No description orcast namesavailable.

5/31/51 "TheHappinessClub" S: Henry Misrock (Evelyn Goodman)
No description or cast namesavailable.

6/ 7/51 "TheChineseMummer Mystery"
S: Norman Lessing
No description available, but Anne Marno was in the cast

6/14/51 "Murder in the Zoo" S: Ethel Frank
No descriptionavailable, but Joan Wetmore was in the cast.

6/21/51 "Death in a Capsule" S: Henry Misrock
Ellerygoesaftera narcotics dealingring.

6/28/51 "TheUprightMan" S: Betty Loring
No description available, but John Carradine was in the cast.

7/ 5/51 "The Frightened Child" S: Henry Misrock
Nodescriptionorcast namesavailable.

7/21/51 "The Ballet Murder" S: Helene Hanff (IrvingPincus, EugeneBurr)
No description available, but Tamara Geva and Robert H. Harris were in the cast.

The series went off the air for an eight-week summer vacation, during which its time slot was occupied by a quiz show, *Down You Go,* which itself became a hit later in the 1950s. Ellery returned in September for a cycle of thirteen new episodes, still produced by the Pincus brothers and directed by Donald Richardson, and still featuring Lee Bowman and Florenz Ames as the Queens.

9/13/51 "The Twilight Zone" S: Henry Misrock
No description available, but Eva Gabor was in the cast.

9/20/51 "The Dead Man Who Walked"
S: HenryMisrock
No description available, but Mary Beth Hughes was in the cast.

9/27/51 "Murder in the Death House" S: Betty Loring
Ellery tries to solve a prison murder and frustrate a jailbreak.

10/ 4/51 "TheGardenof Death" S: Henry Misrock
Ellery becomes involved with a frightened sculptor anda murderproblem.

10/11/51 *"The HangingAcrobat" S: Gilbert Braun
Repeat of the episode first broadcast on 12/21/50. Sono Osatowas in the cast.

10/18/51 "TheGridiron Murder" S: Henry Misrock
No description orcast namesavailable.

10/25/51 "The Coffee House Murder" S: Norman Lessing
Ellery visits a poor neighborhood to solve a murder in anethnic coffeehouse.

[illegible] †"Death in A Ghost Town" S: Henry Misrock
Ellery and his father find a body in a Western ghost town, but it vanishes before anyone elsesees it.

11/ 8/51 "Murder to Music" S: Helene Hanff
No description or cast namesavailable.

11/15/51 "TheInsideMan" S: HenryMisrock (IrvingPincus, EugeneBurr)
No description available, but Valerie Bettis and Rex O'Malleywere in the cast.

11/22/51 "Pavane for a Dead Princess" S: Betty Loring
No description available, but Billy Redfield andRebaTassel were in the cast.

11/29/51 "TheShape-Up" S: HenryMisrock
No description orcast namesavailable.

11/29/51 "TheShape-Up" S: HenryMisrock
Nodescriptionor cast namesavailable.

12/ 6/51 "Death at the Opera" S: Helene Hanff
No description orcast namesavailable.

The series now changed its date, time slot, network, and sponsor. Beginning December 16, it was seen Sundays from 7:30 to 8:00 P.M. on ABC, under the auspices of the auto manufacturer Kaiser-Frazer. Norman and Irving Pincus continued to produce, Donald Richardson to direct, and Lee Bowman and Florenz Ames to play Ellery and InspectorQueen duringthe next brace of thirteen episodes.

12/16/51 "Ticket to Nowhere" S: Henry Misrock (Carol Gluck)
No description available, but Nils Asther was in the cast.

12/23/51 "A Christmas Story" S: Raphael Hayes
No description or cast names available.

12/30/51 "The Long Shot" S: Norman Lessing
Ellery and his father investigate a murder in a betting parlor.

1/ 6/52 "TheUnhungJury" S: John C. Gibbs
No description orcast namesavailable.

1/13/52 "Death in the Sorority House" S:Henry Misrock
No description orcast namesavailable.

1/20/52 "The Feminine Touch" S: Raphael Hayes
No description orcast namesavailable.

1/27/52 "Danceof Death" S: HeleneHanff
Ellery investigates some mysterious doings at a ballet school.

2/ 3/52 †"One Week to Live" S: John C. Gibbs
A bereaved widow comes to Ellery for help after she's visited by a stranger who demands thatshe share with him the insurance proceeds on her late husband'slife.

2/10/52 †"Mr. Big" S: BettyLoring
Ellery tries to uncover the mysterious figure who has risen to the leadership of a narcotics ring.

2/17/52 "Left-Cross" S: Raphael Hayes
Ellery investigates a corrupt boxing manager's plot to fix a championshipfight.

2/24/52 "The Red Hook Murder" S: Richard Ellington
No description or cast namesavailable.

3/ 2/52 "King Size Death" S: John C. Gibbs
No description orcast namesavailable.

3/ 9/52 "The File of Death" S: Henry Misrock
Ellery investigates a murderand uncoversan incometax fraud.

The series left the air for slightly more than a month and returned to ABC in mid-April in a new time slot, 9:00 P.M. Wednesdays, with a new sponsor, Phillies Cigars, and a new title, *Ellery Queen's Adventures*. Norman and Irving Pincus continued to produce, Donald Richardson to direct, and Lee Bowman and Florenz Ames to star during the program's final 31-weekrun.

4/16/52 "TheBar Peaceful Murder" S: Norman Lessing
Ellery investigates themurder of a kindlyold lady on a Westernranch.

4/23/52 †"Doodle of Death" S: Betty Loring
Ellery probes a murder that is connected with the disappearance of a million-dollar diamond, and finds a clue in a series of penciled doodles.

[illegible] †"TheMen Without Faces" S: Henry Misrock
Ellerytries to track down a group of masked neo-Fascist vigilantes. NAEQ title: "The Night Visitors."

5/ 7/52 †"Death of a Wax Doll" S: Betty Loring
Ellery investigates a murder that was discovered by an eleven-year-old boy taking a shortcut through a vacant lot.

5/14/52 "Catand Mouse" S: HenryMisrock
Ellery's life is threatened by a vengeance-seekingcriminal.

5/21/52 "Coroner's Inquest" S: Raphael Hayes
Ellery tries to help a boy prove that his father's death was not an accident but murder.

5/28/52 "The Not So PrivateEye" S: Henry Misrock
Nodescriptionorcast namesavailable.

6/ 4/52 Episode pre-empted.

6/11/52 "Rehearsal forMurder" S: Helene Hanff (IrvingPincus, EugeneBurr)
Ellery investigates murder in the milieu of a summer theater.

6/18/52 "PrizeCatch" S: Raphael Hayes
Ellery and his father go on a fishingtripand wind up as usual investigating a murder.

6/25/52 "The Heartbroken Men" S: Henry Misrock
Elleryandhis fathercrackavicious insurance racket.

7/ 2/52 "The Third Room"
No description or cast names available.

7/ 9/52 Episode pre-empted by coverage of the Republican National Convention.

7/16/52 "The Pool of Death" S: Betty Loring
Ellery checks into a tourist resort, rents a poolside cabana, and runs into a murder plot.

7/23/52 Episode pre-empted by coverage of the Democratic National Convention.

7/30/52 "DeadSecret" S: IrvingPincusand HeleneHanff
Ellery finds that his lifedepends on how well he remembers the details of his recent visit to a bank

8/ 6/52 "TheCanvasShroud" S: IrvingPincus Eugene Burr, John C. Gibbs
WhileEllery is on vacation, InspectorQueen takes in a circus performance but finds murder under the big top.

8/13/52 "A Frame for a Chair" S: Henry Misrock
Inspector Queen tries to save a teenaged boy, sentenced to the electric chair, who claims he didn't commit the murder for which he was convicted

8/20/52 "The Winner Was Death" S: John C. Gibbs
Inspector Queen attends a prizefight that culminates in murder.

8/27/52 "Confidential Agent" S: Betty Loring
Inspector Queen becomes involved with a blackmailvictim and a murderess.

9/ 3/52 "The Ten Dollar Bill" S: Henry Misrock
Ellery and Inspector Queen visit a waterfront magic shop while investigating a strange banknote found on a murdered man's body.

9/10/52 "TheWiseMan" S: John C. Gibbs
Ellerytries to track down a blackmailring.

9/17/52 "Ready for Hanging" S: HeleneHanff (IrvingPincus)
Ellery tries to break up an art swindleaimed at high-society aesthetes.

9/24/52 "Legacy of Death" S: Betty Loring
Ellery plays bodyguard to a woman who is marked for murder.

10/ 1/52 "Buck Fever" S: HenryMisrock
Ellery is suspected of killing a man while on a hunting trip.

10/ 8/52 †"Custom Made" S: Raphael Hayes andHeleneHanff
When his tailor sends Ellery the wrong dinner jacket, Ellery hunts for the right garment and finds itin the possession of a dead

10/15/52 †"TheTwo-FacedMan" S: Michael Morris
On a visit to Italy, Ellery joins the search for a missing plastic surgeon. NAEQ title: "The Mask of Rosselli."

10/22/52 †"A Touch of Death" S: Betty Loring
Ellery tries to save a blind girl, the only witness to a murder, who is stalked by the killer in the Braille room of the public library. NAEQ title: "Stranger in the Dark."

10/29/52 †"Close-Up of Murder" S: Henry Misrock
Ellery uses a hidden microphone to solve a murder that took place on TV during the broadcast of a live privateeyeprogram.

11/ 5/52 "TheDestructiveAngel" S: Michael Morris
Ellery investigates the theft of a literary manuscript that leads to murder. With Haila Stoddard.

11/12/52 "The High Executioner" S: Helene Hanff
Ellery probes a murder that took place onstage during an amateur opera company's performance of *The Mikado*.

11/19/52 †"Companion to a Killer" S: Irving Pincus and Betty Loring
Returning to his old college town for a class reunion, Ellery checks into a small hotel whose bellhop has just murdered the desk clerk and then taken refuge in an old woman's room. NAEQ title: "The Recluse."

11/26/52 †"Double Exposure" S: Henry Misrock
A frightened father comes to Ellery for help when his son's kidnappers warn him not to go to the police. Ellery compares two photographs and finds a clue. □

Dorothy L. Sayers,

By Joe R. Christopher

"Duchess of where?" is a legitimate question. Redonda is a small island—about half a square mile in area—in the Caribbean, between Nevis and Montserrat, west of Antigua. Specifically, it has a latitude of 16°58′ N and a longitude of 62°19′ W, and it is part of the Leeward Islands. Politically, it now belongs to Antigua. One writer has described it as a "deserted rock, once used for phosphate mining," and as a "rugged island."[1] If deserted now, it presumably had some people living there during its mining period, whenever that was.

"And how did Sayers become Duchess of this island?" Ah, that is a more complicated story. It begins with the creation of a kingdom by the father of M. P. Shiel. Here is what Chris Steinbrunner and Otto Penzler record in the *Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection:*

> Shiel was born in the West Indies, the first son (aftereight daughters) of a Methodist preacher. On his fifteenth birthday, Shiel's Irish father had him crowned King of Redonda, a small island that no government had bothered toclaim.[2]

The latter statement may not be true, since another source says Britain had annexed it in 1872;[3] Shiel was born in 1865, and his coronation must have taken place in 1880.

Mike Ashley, in his *Who's Who in Horror and Fantasy Fiction,* adds that Redonda was, in that year of 1880, "an uninhabited islet." Further, "Britain never recognized [Shiel's kingship] and a legal wrangle continued for years. Shiel regarded it as binding, since he later made his friend and biographer, John Gawsworth, his successor."[4] This transfer of kingship occurred on Shiel's death in 1947.[5]

I got interested in this matter when I was doing some research on Dorothy L. Sayers in the Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas at Austin, in the summer of 1977.[6] Among other things, I looked at a two-volume edition of Sayers's 1928 mystery anthology, *Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery, and Horror.* The copies in the H. R. C. are from John Gawsworth's library, with his bookplate:

> Realm of Redonda
> [crown]
> Ex Libris
> John Gawsworth (1912–
> (H. M. Juan I [*sic*], 1947–

Further, in each book, on the front pastedown endpaper and on both sides of the front free endpaper, John Gawsworth has some reminiscences about Sayers and some of the authors in the volume.

Since I do not have permission from the Gawsworth estate—nor from the Sayers estate, for a letter below—I cannot quote the comments directly. But I can at least suggest where to look for some specific information and offer some paraphrases. It is in the notes in Volume I that, besides mentioning that Sayers and he had been Great James Street neighbors in Bloomsbury and that they had a common friend, E. H. W. Meyerstein (whom Sayers mentions in her introduction to the volume), Gawsworth calls Sayers a duchess.[7] This is suggestive, but not proof by itself.

The other piece of evidence is a letter from Sayers to Gawsworth. There are three letters from Sayers to Gawsworth in the H.R.C., and, unfortunately, the one without a date is the significant one for this purpose. It does have a date added in pencil—July 1957—which *may* be the date Gawsworth received it. At any rate, Sayers writes from Witham, Essex (to which she had moved in 1929) that she thanks His Majesty Juan I for the honor bestowed; she says she remembers John Gawsworth. The latter comment presumably means she remembers him before he became King Juan, so the letter must have been written in 1947 or later—and before Sayers's death in December of 1957. But the thank-you-for-an-honor is the main point. When combined with his reference to her as a duchess, it strongly suggests that he elevated her to the rank of Duchess of the Realm of Redonda.[8]

"Is that the end of the matter?" No, not quite. I wonder what has happened to the Realm of Redonda. Ashley's description of Gawsworth's 1970

Duchess of Redonda

death does not suggest that he passed on the kingship. "He lived his last years in Italy, returning to London to exist on charity, sleeping on park benches and dying, forgotten and penniless, in a hospital."[9] A tragic end for a king.

But then I found in a review both another, augmenting account of Gawsworth's death and an account of the kingship. James Wade writes of

> the alcoholic Götterdämmerung of John Gawsworth, the British poet and anthologist who had been Shiel's last disciple, his expected biographer, his heir and literary executor. . . . Gawsworth went to pieces rapidly, sold his Shiel collection for drink, peddled patents of nobility for Redonda, and became a freak and clown in the London literarycommunity. . . . Hedied in 1970, havingnevereven begunhis planned biographyof Shiel.[10]

I should add that I saw no signs of Sayers's title being "peddled" to her. Wade also mentions "Jon Wynne-Tyson, the British bookman and relative of Gawsworth to whom the inebriate bequeathed his own and Shiel's estates, along with the royal title of Redonda."[11]

I wonder how many peers Gawsworth created. Wade mentions one duke, A. Reynolds Morse, who has published two bibliographies of Shiel's works. His is certainly a non-peddled title also. But how many titles were sold? Also, surely, we cannot consider them simply Life Peers as is the current British practice. Sayers had a son, John Anthony Fleming, and he has children. Her line, and title, is secure.[12]

"And that, finally, is the end of the story?" No, there is one thing more. In 1979, Duke Morse, King Jon, and others made a trip to Redonda:

> The expedition climbed to a peak of the island, where King Jon planted a flag improvised by his wife from the royal pajamas, and read a proclamation noting that the realm was a purely literary and visionary one with no political or economic claims on the territory.[13]

And *that* is the kind of territory of which Sayers should be a duchess! Duchess Dorothy L., of a literary and visionary Realm.

Notes

1. James Wade, "The Shielography, Volumes II and III," *Riverside Quarterly,* 7:3/27 (May 1983) 178. This article is a review of *The Works of M. P. Shiel: 1979 Update.*
2. Chris Steinbrunner and Otto Penzler, eds., *Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1976), p. 362(listing forM[atthew] P[hipps] Shiel, 1865–1947).
3. Wade, p. 178
4. Mike Ashley, *Who's Who in Horror and Fantasy Fiction* (New York: Taplinger, 1978), p. 162 (listing for M. P. Shiel). Ashley has some inaccurateentries, but this one seems to be correct
5. *Ibid.,* p. 82 (listing for John Gawsworth, 1912–1970). At least, Shiel died in 1947, and Gawsworth became King of Redonda in 1947; I assume the first preceded the second. ("John Gawsworth" is actually a pseudonym for T[erence] I[an] Fytton Armstrong. Sayers's letter cited in Note 8 is addressed to him under his actual name, although, as indicated in my essay, "John Gawsworth" is the name which FyttonArmstrong used on his bookplates.)
6. I wish to thank the Research Committee of Tarleton State University for the grant which allowed me that visit, and to acknowledge the helpfulness of the H. R. C. staff while I was there, especially Charlotte Carl-Mitchell and Lois Bell Garcia.
7. I hope, in the relatively nearfuture, to publish a checklist of manuscript materials about Sayers in the H.R.C.; there will notbeanythingmoreonthis particular point,however.
8. For a fullerdescription of the letter, see my annotated checklist of Sayers's letters in the H.R.C., in *As Her Whimsey Took Her: Critical Essays on the Work of Dorothy L. Sayers,* ed. Margaret P. Hannay (Kent, Ohio: The Kent StateUniversityPress, 1979), p. 270. I suspect thatthe Sayers estate has Gawsworth's letter, which would offer proof positive; certainly Sayers seems to have kept most of her correspondence. Some evidence forthis statement is found in thenumberof lettersquoted in James Brabazon,*Dorothy L. Sayers: A Biography* (NewYork: Scribner's, 1981)
9. Ashley, p. 82
10. Wade, p. 177
11. *Ibid.,* p. 178.
12. It is truethat Sayers's son wasborn out of wedlock, but that legal restraint did not keep William I of England from inheriting Normandy from his father, its Duke. Sayers acknowledged her maternity on the official form and later "adopted" her son informally. See Brabazon for details (via "AnthonyFleming" in the index).
13. Wade, p. 178. □

In TAD 17:2 (Spring 1984), we were privileged to publish an interview with Joe Gores and Ross Thomas, written by Brian Garfield. Unfortunately, the article—"Vee Vere Young Then: The Filming of HAMMETT*"—appeared in a garbled state, and it was often unclear as to who was speaking and whose thoughts were being expressed.*

Therefore, we are reprinting the text in its entirety now, in order to do away with the confusion we know has resulted from the article's initial appearance.

We would also like to apologize to Brian Garfield, Joe Gores, and Ross Thomas for the embarrassment caused them, and the disservice done them, in these pages.

MICHAEL SEIDMAN

VEE VERE YOUNG THEN

Joe Gores is a former San Francisco private eye who turned to mystery writing in the late 1950s. He quit full-time detective work in 1966, and his first novel, *A Time of Predators* (Random House, 1969), won the MWA Edgar Award. He is the only writer to have won Edgars in three different categories (the others were best short story and best series-episode teleplay). He has written screenplays and quite a number of teleplays, notably for the Telly Savalas *Kojak* series and for the 1984 *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer* series with Stacy Keach, but is probably best known to aficionadoes of crime literature as the author of a growing series of "File" novels and short stories about San Francisco's DKA detective agency. Right now he and I are collaborating on a proposed movie script about two Dashiell Hammett characters—the detective partners Sam Spade and Miles Archer.

Brian Garfield is the 1983–84 president of the Mystery Writers of America, Inc. His novel HOPSCOTCH *won the Edgar Award in 1976, and his screenplay for the movie of the same title was nominated for an Edgar in 1981. He has written* DEATH WISH *and many other novels, short stories, and screenplays. His newest suspense novel is* NECESSITY *(St. Martin's Press/Richard Marek, 1984). Joe Gores, Ross Thomas, and Brian Garfield have been friends for quite a few years.*

Joe and his wife Dori live on a Marin County hillside with a view of horse-pasture hills and distant mountains. At intervals, Joe commutes the 450 miles to Los Angeles for meetings, script conferences, and other motion picture business.

In 1975, Joe wrote the novel *Hammett* about that other former San Francisco private eye turned mystery writer. This novel was the basis for a movie produced by Francis Ford Coppola and abortively released in 1982. The actor Frederic Forrest (*The Conversation, When the Legends Die, One From the Heart*) stars as the young Dashiell Hammett in 1928, when he was still writing short stories for pulp magazines. Hammett in real life had been a Pinkerton detective before taking up the typewriter. In Gores's novel, Hammett sets out to expose San Francisco's elaborate corruption in order to discover those guilty of the murder of an operative who was his friend.

From the time Francis Ford Coppola first acquired motion picture rights in the novel for his American Zoetrope producing company, it took nearly seven years to bring *Hammett* to the screen. In an attempt to retrace some of the events of those seven years, I got together several times with Joe Gores and Ross Thomas. On the most recent of those occasions—January 10, 1984—I tape-recorded the conversation. The interview portion of this article consists of transcripts from that tape.

Ross Thomas worked in what he says was the occupation of public relations in Europe and Africa, and in election campaigns in the United States, before turning to writing with *The Cold War Swap* in 1966. Like Joe Gores's first novel, it won the Edgar Award. Ross has written about twenty books, some of them under the pen name Oliver Bleeck. At this writing, the most recent is *Missionary Stew* (Simon & Schuster, 1983). Most of his novels contain dissections—very funny and very cynical—of human corruption: how elections are rigged, how the game of politics is *really* played, how the innocent are manipulated, how crooks operate. His wry, dry writing has no equal.

Ross and his wife Rosalie live on a hill overlooking the ocean at Malibu. The doormat outside the entrance to their house bears the legend "GO AWAY."

A while ago, my company acquired film rights in Ross's novel *The Seersucker Whipsaw* (1967). Ross wrote the screenplay—several versions of it—and I have had the pleasure (perhaps more mine than his) of working with him on the script. Our collaboration (that of producer and screenwriter)—along with similar work I've done with friends Donald E. Westlake and David Morell—has convinced me that I don't have what it takes to be a moom pitchah producer. In particular, working with Ross has had plenty of moments of lunacy ("Well, if they won't buy it set in Africa, whydon'twesetitinNorthDakota?"), but at least it has been a little less adventurous than some of those described below.

The movie *Hammett* actually was filmed twice, as the reader will learn. Joe Gores wrote the novel (the basis for it all) and the first five drafts of the screenplay; Ross Thomas wrote the last several drafts including the final (shooting) draft for the second (i.e., the released) version of the movie. Between them, the two writers have quite a few amusing and horrifying recollections. Some of them are here.

Prominent in the history of *Hammett* is the redoubtable Francis Ford Coppola. I have never met him. He is 2½ months younger than I and is a former UCLA film student who got a job with Roger Corman's shoestring movie company in the early 1960s. He produced, wrote, and/or directed a fairly witless studentnudiemovie(*TonightforSure*), a low-budget horror movie (*Dementia 13*), and a sex comedy generally described as "zesty" and "campy" (*You're a Big Boy Now*). He wrote or co-wrote screenplays for *This Property Is Condemned* and *Is Paris Burning?* His first major work was directing the big musical *Finian's Rainbow* for Warner Bros. in 1967; it was overblown and unsuccessful. His next production was *The Rain People* in 1967, a small, sentimental charmer that no one noticed; it is a good little movie, I think, and is graced by the presence of Robert Duvall in a small but exciting partas a redneck (cf. *Apocalypse Now*).

Coppola's peak—both artistically and financially—seems to have occurred in the five-year period between *Patton* (1969, half a screenwriting credit) and *The Godfather, Part II* (1974, writer-director-producer). Within that period, he directed *The Godfather* and *The Conversation* and produced *American Graffiti*. But he also co-wrote *The Great Gatsby* (1974); consistency of quality is not his strong suit.

Coppola lives in a rural Victorian house on a vineyard in Napa County. He grows grapes commercially and likes to cook pasta and to entertain; he seems to dislike being alone. Allegedly, he has been exploring the the possibility of setting up a film studio—or perhaps an empire—in Central America. He has developed an avid fascination for electronic gadgets, particularly video equipment; he edited the seven-hour television version of the combined "Godfather" movies on Betamax videotape machines in his home and in Philippine hotels while he was directing *Apocalypse Now*.

Driven by what some say is a compulsion to control it all, Coppola founded American Zoetrope in the late 1960s and has produced several films under its banner, including *Apocalypse Now, The Black Stallion,* and *One From the Heart.* At one time, Zoetrope had complete studio facilities in both Los Angeles and San Francisco. Coppola himself was publishing *City* magazine in San Francisco (which put out an issue devoted to Dashiell Hammett that has become a collector's item) and was acting as cinematic and financial godfather to an entire generation of *enfant terrible* filmmakers, among them George Lucas and Steven Spielberg. But Zoetrope's downs have been as spectacular as its ups. The compant has gone bankrupt more than once during the past fifteen years. At this writing it is an empty shell, and Coppola seems to have no connection with it. This corporate failure may account partially for the rudimentary release given the movie *Hammett*, which appeared in commercial playdates in a few cities but has never received a general nationwiserelease.

GARFIELD: What's the chronology of the movie?

GORES: I finished writing the second draft of the novel and the typescript went to my Hollywood agent in 1975. Francis Coppola saw it before the book was published. There's a kind of cachet to that—producers always like to see a book in manuscript or in galleys because it makes them feel they're the first ones to see it.

Francis bought it at the urging of Fred Roos [Coppola's assistant and the eventual producer of HAMMETT*] and said he wanted me to do the screenplay. Two years later, he got a contract to us. It was 85 pages long.*

I signed it, and he hired Nicolas Roeg to be the director.

Nicolas Roeg is English, a film director who began his career as a cameraman and cinematographer. He was second-unit cameraman on *Lawrence of Arabia* and photographed such films as *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and *Far From the Madding Crowd.*

Roeg directed among others the Australian movie *Walkabout,* the Mick Jagger movie *Performance,* and the stylized science-fiction movie *The Man Who Fell to Earth* with David Bowie. He is regarded by some as a fascinating director with a genius for image and offbeat stories, and by others as an infuriating purveyor of pretentious cinematic tedium.

GORES: At this point, I hadn't been asked to write anything yet. There was no screenplay. I had dinner with Fred Roos and with Nicolas Roeg. Nick said, "We will work from the book and gradually work away from the book, and gradually we will end up with a screenplay that is *the book."*

THOMAS: Could you say that again?

GORES: It's one of those classical director remarks. What it's supposed to mean is that you're working in a different medium so you have to approach the story differently. What it really means is that you have to get away from the source material so the director can put his own imprint on it. Nick's a very individual director.

GARFIELD: Judging by his directing style, I get the feeling he must have read one of those French auteuriste magazines.

GORES: So anyway, that night at a dinner party at Richard Brautigan's house, Nick and Brautigan allegedly got into a slight altercation over a point of grammar and Nick fell down the stairs and broke his ankle. The next day, when I showed up to work at the Fairmont Hotel, there was Nick with his foot up in the air. Nothing much was done that day.

Finally, some time later, Nick and I settled in to work at Zoetrope's flatiron building where Columbus, Kearny and Pacific streets come together in San Francisco. It's an incredible room, all gorgeously wood-inlaid. Francis had it built as a private apartment for when he had to stay over in San Francisco working on something. He did a good bit of the APOCALYPSE NOW *script there.*

★

The screenplay of *Apocalypse Now* is credited to John Milius and Francis Ford Coppola. The film was released in 1979. Ten years earlier, the original screenplay for the picture—suggested by but not adapted from Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*—was written by John Milius. A comparison of that screenplay with the finished film has led some observers, including me, to wonder just how much "writing" Coppola actually did. The film is surprisingly faithful to Milius's 1969 script. The main difference seems to be that a bloody opening sequence featuring the Marlon Brando character does not appear in the finished movie.

GARFIELD: Did Coppola pay much attention to the work you and Roeg were doing? Did he keep abreast of it and supervise it?

GORES: No. When Nick and I started work on the script, Francis was in the Philippines starting to shoot APOCALYPSE, *so it was just Nick and me up on the top floor with our special keys to the elevator. We sat around and drank gallons of tea and fought a lot and laughed a lot. I found him a great guy to work with.*

I did a draft, and they read it. They told me that, while this was one of the best scripts they'd ever read, it was also one of the most violent. I said, "Read an Agatha Christie, then. There are more people dying in an Agatha Christie than die in this script."

I did two versions of the script for Nick. Then a year went by. Francis was still absorbed in APOCALYPSE. *He hadn't even started to cast* HAMMETT. *Nick couldn't get his attention.*

Nick had been offered another job—he thought he was going to direct FLASH GORDON *for Dino De Laurentiis. He never did, as it turned out. But Nick likes to keep working. If he can't be directing a feature he does commercials. He just isn't the kind of person who can sit around waiting.*

I was very sorry he quit. He was a terrific guy to work with.

More time went by. Then Wim Wenders was hired.

Wim Wenders (pronounced "Vim Venders") is still in his thirties and has been a leading name among the young West German directors of the 1970s and 1980s.

Wenders seems enamored, if not obsessed, with old American movies—especially gangster pictures and *film noir* mystery films of the 1940s—but he seems to understand them surrealistically, the same way Sergio Leone understands American Westerns: with a brutalized, romanticized, and highly inaccurate vision.

Wenders directed his first feature film at 25. His prolific output (seventeen movies in fourteen years) includes most notably *The American Friend,* based on a mystery novel by Patricia Highsmith but re-set in Hamburg. The movie has its aficionadoes; they see it as an *hommage* to, and a respectable revival of, the classic Hollywood thriller style of forty years ago. Others have criti-

cized it as imitative, self-indulgent, and boring.

I think of him the way I think of quite a few directors of our time—as a talented but overrated filmmaker with a good camera eye and a reverence for the tricks and gimmicks of his predecessors (Hitchcock *et al*) but a very poor sense of what makes a story work.

GORES: I remember when Wim and Fred Roos and I spent a day driving around San Francisco and Marin, looking at locations. Fred took a picture of Wim and me leaning over the parapet where Bush Street passes above the Stockton Tunnel, that location Hammett made famous because that's where Miles Archer gets killed (in THE MALTESE FALCON*), right beside the tunnel at the mouth of Burritt Alley.*

Wim went back to Germany for three weeks, and, when he came back, Fred gave us prints of the photo. Wim looked at his and said, "Ah, veevere young then."

GARFIELD: The good old days.

GORES: Wim and I spent the next two months in a room at Zoetrope that wasn't quite a cubbyhole—it would have been a cubbyhole, but it had a view of the street. We spent two months tape recording our reactions to the book.

GARFIELD: Your reactions*?*

THOMAS: What did you say about it?"I love *it!"*

GARFIELD: What reactions?

GORES: Wim would say, "Vut is Loew's Warfield?" and I'd say, "A movie theatre on Market Street," or he'd say, "I'd like to understand ze use of ze word 'punk' in 'punk and plaster,'" and I'd say it was 1920s slang for bread and butter. We went through the whole book like that, taping all this, and Anita Luccioni, the production secretary, had to transcribe all the tapes. We ended up with a stack this high.

Then Wim moved into the apartment house that Hammett had lived in, at 891 Post. Lots of cockroaches. The first thing he did was put a huge corkboard on the wall. Wim never likes to work without his corkboard and his three-by-five cards. He likes to know everything that happens each day that the script covers—regardless whether he's filming it or not—so he starts out and says, "Okay, vut vould Hammett do ze first day? He vould get out of bed." And he'd write that on a card and Wham! *onto the corkboard. "Vut vould he do zen? He vould go in ze bathroom." He'd write* that *on a card.* Wham! *We ended up with* hundreds *of cards on that corkboard.*

GARFIELD: Maybe that explains the Busby Berkeley shot in the movie, looking straight down into the toilet bowl while Hammett gets sick into it.

THOMAS: That thing went thirty minutes on film before they cut it. Freddie [Frederic Forrest, who played Hammett in the film] coughed and hacked—it took two days to shoot it.

GARFIELD: He went a little overboard with a couple of those shots. The one looking straight up from under the typewriter, watching the typewriter mechanism and Hammett's face above it.

GORES: Well, I did a new version of the script for Wim.

THOMAS: Why didn't you just give him the one you'd done for Roeg?

GORES: I did give him the old script. I liked it. But he wanted a

GARFIELD: At that time, he hadn't made a movie in English, had he?

THOMAS: He shot THE AMERICAN FRIEND *in English.*

GORES: It was shot in Germany, but my remembrance is that it was in English. Dennis Hopper and the rest.

THOMAS: I went to sleep in it twice.

GORES: Anyway. I did one draft for Wim. Then he decided he wanted a framework, where we'd start out with Hammett as an old man and then go back to a scene at the end of Hammett's writing career where he turns down a movie script—he's taken the guy's money and tried to write it, but he gives the money back and says, "I can't do it. I can't write any more." And then Wim wanted to go back into the story itself, as if this movie we're making is the story Hammett was trying to write, in his mind.

GARFIELD: A flashback within a flashback. A movie about a movie about a movie.

GORES: Yes. I didn't think much of the idea. But I gave it my best shot. That was my second draft for him.

By now it was 1978. We were in Las Vegas—I was doing a script for Paramount, and I was getting background on gambling in Las Vegas—and Wim tracked us down on the phone and wanted to come over there, and I said, "Well, Wim, we're leaving tomorrow."

"Ver are you going?"

"We're going to Guadalajara to visit our son. He's in school there."

"I vill come to Guadalajara!"

So Wim shows up at the Phoenix Hotel in Guadalajara, saying, "Vee haff to write ze script," and I go to work writing these changes in longhand on yellow legal pads. As fast as I finish each page, Wim grabs it and runs downstairs and types it up on the old office manual. It's two in the morning and people are trooping through the lobby to the disco up on the roof—Wim is checking people into the hotel as he's trying to type—and we spent two days in that damn hotel. I never did get to see Guadalajara.

We wrote a whole draft in those two days.

GARFIELD: Wenders could always get a job typing, anyway.

GORES: No, he couldn't. It came out kind of Germanesque. The slang was very Teutonic and it was all "Down the stairs my coat throw" kind of sentence construction.

Anyway, that was the third draft I did with Wim. I had done two versions of the novel and five versions of the screenplay, and I was all out of HAMMETTS. *There are only so many ways you can see one piece of material.*

THOMAS: Don't kid yourself.

(Laughter)

GORES: They said, "We think maybe we need some fresh blood on

this," while at the same time I was telling them I'd run out of ways to go and also was committed elsewhere, so it was a very amicable parting. I gracelessly bowed out.

In desperation, while he was waiting for them to bring in another writer, Wim tried to write a draft on his own. It had a scene in which Hammett grabs a bottle, breaks it across the bar and slashes a guy's throat with it, on screen. And this was replacing my "too violent" script!

This incident strikes me with a strong feeling of *déjà vu* in sinister reverse. There's a movie due to be releasedshortly after thetimeof this writing. I worked several weeks on the screenplay of it but then was fired when the producers and star belatedly decided they didn't like my approach to the story.

What they wanted to include (among others equally charming) was a scene in which a man and a woman are shown making love, and in which just as the man reaches his climax the woman stabs him to death in the throat: we are treated to a graphic description of blood spurting all over the pillow.

When I suggested that such grue didn't belong in a light-hearted Cary Grant sort of caper entertainment, that was whenmy employersdecided I was"toosoft."

GORES: After Wim had done his version of the script, Tom Pope was hired. He did two versions. He's got an "adapted by" credit on the

THOMAS: I never sawhis versions.

GORES: I think he raised a stink with the Writers Guild. Anyway, then Dennis O'Flaherty came in. And then finally Ross.

GARFIELD: I thought there'dbeen more writers than that. Seventeen of them or something like that.

GORES: There were four writers but thirty-two different versions of the screenplay. O'Flaherty dideighteen himself. Most of them were written while they were shooting the first version of the movie up in San Francisco. They'd dressed several streets and built this enormous edge-of-Chinatown set just off the corner of Union and Hyde.

THOMAS: That was when they did the radio program with all those high-priced actors. Francis got all the good voices in Hollywood. [Reputedly Howard Duff's was among them—BG] He brought them all up to San Francisco and they did it with sound effects like an old radio program. A reading of the script with sound effects. A narrator reading the stage directions and so forth. Why they did this, I don't know, and what came of it, I don't know.

GARFIELD: Coppola doesn't read any more, does he? Everything's on tape. Video or audio. Maybe he wanted to listen to it so he wouldn't have to readit.

GORES: Anyway, after that they didthefirstshoot upinSan Francisco. As I said, they'd dressed some streets and built this enormous set. They got permission to shoot in City Hall and on the old ferryboats tied up at the Hyde Street pier, and they went ahead and filmed about eighty percent of the movie. Wim would call me up periodically and say it was going great, looking good.

What we found out was that none of the producers was there. Nobody was supervising the filming. Fred Roos was doing THE BLACK STALLION *over in Malta, and Francis was still busy cutting* APOCALYPSE. *When they all got together again, they realized Wim had spent nine or ten million bucks below the line and he'd only shot eighty percent of the movie. This was supposed to be a five-million-dollar picture, seven million tops, total negative cost including both above the line and below the line expenses.*

GARFIELD: The HEAVEN'S GATE *syndrome. What happened then?*

GORES: Well, finally somebody actually looked at the footage.

GARFIELD: I'd heard the filming was interrupted by the actors' strike.

GORES: No, this was before the strike.

THOMAS: The filming was interrupted by Francis looking at it. He looked at the eighty percent they'd shot, and he despaired.

GORES: He said, "It doesn't go anywhere. There's no story at all." And they shut the whole thing down.

GARFIELD: But wasn't that fairly typical of Wenders's movies? The lack of comprehensible story? Shouldn't Coppola have foreseen that when he hired Wenders?

GORES: I don't know. He'd seen some movie of Wim's, and he'd liked it. I think that was about all he knew about Wim.

GARFIELD: First Nicolas Roeg, then Wim Wenders. Two very European directors for this quintessentially American subject—Dashiell Hammett. I wonder why it didn't occur to Coppola to hire an American director.

GORES: He was interested in seeing a quintessentially American story through the eyes of a very European director. I think he felt this would infuse it with a mythic quality. I have to say I really like Wim, he's a sweetheart guy, but I think the American system of filmmaking was a bit of a mystery to him then. Particularly the Francis system of filmmaking. Maybe it wouldn't be now—Wim's English is a lot better now, and God knows he'd been kicked in the teeth enough times. That's really what that little filmhe shot mostly overin Portugal, THE STATE OF THINGS, *is allabout.*

Anyway, theyshut down the production, uncompleted, in 1979, and this is where Ross blossomed. Over to you, Ross.

THOMAS: Theycalled me in about 1977, 1978, and wanted to know if I'd be interested in polishing some dialogue. I said sure, no problem. I always say that. But I didn't hear anything more from them.

Then, I think it was 1980, I got a call from Fred Roos.

★

People who know Fred Roos tell me he can be right across the table from you and you'll never hear a word he says. Reportedly he whispers.

They say this makes him an effective phone man because he

sounds very confidential on the telephone.

. . . Wenders filmed *The State of Things* in black-and-white during the interval that Zoetrope was reassessing *Hammett* and deciding what to do with the 80%-completed film Wenders had shot. *The State of Things* is a surrealistic film that seems to be about a group of lunatics from Hollywood trying to shoot an insane movie in Portugal. I have tried, and failed, to sit through it. To me, it seems to bring a whole new meaning to the word *pretentious*. After Wenders completed his Portuguese venture, he returned to California to resume shooting *Hammett*, this time from a different script – Ross Thomas's.

THOMAS: Fred Roos asked if I'd come down and see him and Lucy Fisher, who's now a vice-president at Warner Bros. Then she was in charge of production at Zoetrope. I went down there, and they said, "We'd like you to look at this film. We have a little trouble."

So they bought me a sandwich from the deli across the way, and I sat there eating it and looking at the eighty percent that had been shot. I saw that they'd lifted a lot of lines directly from THE MALTESE FALCON, *like the punk saying, "'A crippled newsie took it away from him," and Spade saying, "The cheaper the crook, the fancier the patter." So forth. Lines anybody would recognize. I knew those would have to be taken out, but other than that it bore little resemblance to Hammett or to Joe's novel or to any other thing I'd ever seen.*

So I said, "Well, you've got trouble."

They said, "What we'd like you to do, we'd like a beginning and an end, see, and then we can use all this in the middle. What we really want are bookends. Then maybe you can write some new dialogue we can dub in, using the film footage we've already shot. What can you do?"

I said I thought it might be possible. But I didn't think they could use all the footage they had. They'd have to shoot some more. How did they feel about that?

They said, "Why don't you come back in ten days? Francis will be here then."

They offered me X amount of money, and I went home and got an idea. Mostly I got the idea by rereading Joe's novel. I wrote the thing in ten days. A treatment—an extended outline, with some dialogue, based loosely on the novel. I used scissors and paste to keep what I could of the shooting script they had, trying to save some of the money they'd spent filming that stuff, although most of it made no sense at all.

GORES: Oh, boy. Some of the scripts that I read. In one of them, Hammett is having his shoes shined by a black kid and Hammett looks down at the kid and says, "Spade! Sure!" and that's where the name Sam Spade comes from. Can you believe that?

THOMAS: I came in to meet Francis, and Francis brings them all in. There must have been fifteen people.

Francis taped it. When we had a meeting, Francis would often tape it. Then he'd send out transcripts. I'd come out sounding like an illiterate stumbler, and then these polished sentences of Coppola would roll out. Much use of the subjunctive. Italianate. That's the way he talks. And mine would be, "Uh, well, yeah." I didn't realize I was quite that inarticulate.

At this particular meeting of fifteen people, I wasn't going to try and tell *the story. I read it to them. Played all the parts. I couldn't tell if they liked it.*

Francis walked me out to the car afterward, and I said, "How'd you get into this mess?"

He thought I meant his studio, Zoetrope. He said, "You mean this?" I said, "Oh, no, I mean the movie." He said, "I don't know. It's just one of those things that happen."

GARFIELD: Like "One More From the Heart of Darkness."

THOMAS: About four or five days later, I had a call from Lucy Fisher, and she asked, "Has anybody called you?" I said "No." She said, "We'd really very much like you to do the script." I said, "Okay, no problem."

I did a few pages and took it down, and Francis said, "Great, it's just great."

I said, "You want me to go to screenplay?"

He said, "No, not yet."

So I kept writing a little more. I'd take it down and Francis would look at it. "Great. It's just great." And I'd say, "You want me to go to screenplay now?" And he'd say, "No. No, no." So I'd say okay, and we'd do it again.

Then finally he said, "Go to screenplay."

I wrote it. Then I got a call from Fred Roos, who says, "We'd like you to come down and have lunch with Nastassia Kinski, Freddie Forrest, and Raul Julia." I did. I had lunch with Nastassia Kinski, Freddie Forrest, and Raul Julia. Then Fred Roos took me over to Lucy Fisher's office. She was in a meeting, so we sat outside, Fred Roos and I, and then Lucy came out of her office and said, "Let's get married."

She said, "We'd like you to go to work for us as our writer in residence at Zoetrope."

It seems Francis had this story he wanted me to write, starring Nastassia Kinski, Freddie Forrest, and Raul Julia. So I met with him and asked what the story was that he had in mind, and he said, "Miami . cocaine . . . money . . . salsa *music."*

Okay. Then what?

He said, "That's it."

I said, "That's a hell of a story, Francis."

About a week later, my agent got a call. Tragedy had struck. Zoetrope was near bankruptcy.

No film, no salsa *music.*

I thought that was it. But then I got another call from Zoetrope. This one said, "I'm Ron Colby, and I'm the producer of HAMMETT."

So I went down to see Colby. He had a few suggestions for rewrites, and I did a polish, but I still had to keep that crap in there from the earlier script. Then I had another call from Fred Roos, who said, "I'd like you to have lunch with Wim Wenders."

I said okay. Then I asked Francis who was going to direct.

He said, "Wenders. Because it's difficult to take a director off a picture. It doesn't do the guy you

bring in any good, and it does a lot of harm to the guy you take off."

So I had lunch with Wim Wenders. I told him how I'd lived in Germany for a couple of years, and he talked about how he had lived in Malibu, and I was living in Malibu so obviously we had a lot in common.

After that, I didn't hear anything for a time—evidently Francis had lost interest in the film and it was shut down—but then Ron Colby called and said, "I want you to come down and see the latest production of HAMMETT.*"*

I said I didn't know they'd done any filming.

He said they hadn't, not really, but they had this production, and he said, "It's your script."

It turned out to be a filmstrip. The art work had been done by the students in the junior high school down the street. They'd rounded up a few actors and the director of WHITE DOG *—?*

GORES: Samuel Fuller.

THOMAS Yes, Samuel Fuller, Colby himself, and a couple of secretaries. And they had put it on a video. I looked at it. I thought it was prettygood.

(Laughter)

Actually, it was pretty bad, but it got Francis's attention because he didn't have to read anything. This way they got him to look at it and they got it started again. They got the money from Orion. They shot it all on the studio lot in Los Angeles and they brought it in for two-point-seven, or near that.

They were re-shooting almost the entire picture, so seventy or eighty percent of the old footage was thrown out. They decided they didn't want Brian Keith [who had played a prominent role in the first version], so they had to bring in an actor to take his place. But the day before they were scheduled to shoot, they discovered, lo and behold, they didn't have an actor. So they called the actor who played the monster in YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN *—?*

GORES: Peter Boyle.

THOMAS: Yes, and he flew out the next day and they shot the picture with many vicissitudes.

They threw me off the lot once. They had a rehearsal where they ran through the script. It was the first rehearsal, and it was probably the last time they paid any attention to the lines as they were written. So Francis called me down to keep the actors on the lines, to keep them from straying off.

How I was to do this I had no idea, but I went down there and hung around for weeks until Freddie Forrest blew up. And Ron Colby came over to me and said, "I'm sorry, but you'd better go home."

So I went home. They called me the next day. They wanted me in a meeting to talk about yesterday.

It was in Francis's office—Colby and Wenders and Roos and Freddie Forrest and Peter Boyle. And Francis says to Freddie Forrest, "I like this script. I really like this script. But more important, THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK LIKES THIS SCRIPT! *"*

But Freddie Forest says, "You know what Ross does, don't you? He takes off his glasses and sighs. Every time we get through sayin' the words, he takes off his glasses and sighs."

Then they went back and shot the rest of the picture. I don't think anyone interfered with them much after that. I know I didn't. And they finished the picture, and what you see is what you see.

★

What you see, I suppose, is in the eye of the beholder. Ross Thomas thinks it's "awful—but not as awful as it was." Joe Gores seems to think of it as a pretty good "B" picture, and taken in that light I think it is an enjoyable one. Some of the small parts and walk-ons—including Elisha Cook, Jr. as a venal cabbie and Ross Thomas himself as one of a group of corrupt politicians sitting around a big table—are most amusing. Hammett's dingy apartment and his prowls through Chinatown are photographed in rich smoky browns that are color photography's best answer to the mysterious shadows of *film noir.* The misty atmosphere is that of a studio movie set rather than of the real San Francisco, but that artificiality is not necessarily a bad thing.

Even after being "fixed" by actors and director, they story conforms in several particulars to that of Joe's novel; the search for a missing Chinese girl triggers murder after murder, leading to the discovery of slimy corruption in high places, and Dashiell Hammett is an ideal character to carry this kind of story. Frederic Forrest, in mustache and short gray brush hair, bears a remarkable physical resemblance to the Hammett we've seen in photographs taken at the time.

But Forrest has no magnetism on the screen, and Hammett really should be played by an actor with star quality. Between that and Wenders's gimmicky photographic style, which never lets you forget that you're looking at a movie, *Hammett* is a great deal less than a masterpiece. It lurches along an uncertain path, swayed first this way by Joe Gores's straightforward storytelling manner and then another way by Ross Thomas's wry, incisive humor. The two qualities seem to quarrel with each other. They don't make a comfortable blend.

Hammett is an interesting but not fascinating example of the period-piece crime movie—a skewed 1980 view of a 1928 that existed only in pulp magazines. Perhaps the main thing wrong with it is that it is a partly satisfactory "B" second-feature movie that just happened to cost nearly $15 million when it should have been made for one tenth of that amount of money. If that had been done, the distributors might have been able to afford to give it a modest nationwide release so that mystery fans and Hammett admirers might have had a chance to see it in theaters. As it is, they can see it on their small home screens. A videocassette version is available.

THOMAS: It opened to wild acclaim in The Valley.

GORES: Yup. We're sitting here just rolling in royalties.

THOMAS: It's become a cult film faster than anyone expected. Or wanted. It's shown in such places as the Houston Museum of Fine Arts and one or two film schools.

GARFIELD: Thank you both very much. □

A MYSTERY LEAGUE CHECKLIST

By John W. Mitchell

The following is the introductory paragraph appearing on the back of the dust jacket on the first Mystery League to be published in 1930:

The Mystery League Inc., is a publishing house formed after many months of careful study, through the co-operation of the United Cigar Stores Company of America and affiliatedcompanies to supply the self-evident, nation-wide demand for the best books of mystery and detection, at a price never before attempted in publishing history for NOT REPRINTS BUT NEW WORKS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

The Mystery League kept its promise, from its first book to the last one, published in 1933; the price of each book was kept at fifty cents. In this four-year time period, they published a total of thirty books by such authors as Edgar Wallace, Sydney Horler, Sheldon Truss, and Francis Beeding.

In 1930, a total of eleven books were published; in 1931, they again published eleven books. For 1932, they only published seven books. In 1933, they published one book and announced that their second for that year, *Death Holds the Key,* would be forthcoming, but it was never released.

The first possible sign of trouble for the Mystery League came in the release of the last three books of 1931. These three books contained the $250.00 Prize Baffle Contest. The rules of the contest were simple: at the end of the book were additional pages which presented a mystery; the reader had to solve the

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mystery and tell how it was logically deduced. If the reader's answer matched the author's, they would win $100.00. The next reader who came close would win $75.00; third prize was $50.00; and fourth prize, $25.00. There have been many such contests in the history of mystery fiction, but what made the Mystery League organization different was that the prize was in *Gold*—real *Gold*.

The first book released in 1932 dropped the contest, and it was not mentioned again. The Contest books are Numbers 20, 21 and 22.

The Checklist is as follows:

No.	Title	Author	Year
1.	*The Hand of Power*	Edgar Wallace	1930
2.	*The Curse of Doone*	Sydney Horler	1930
3.	*The House of Sudden Sleep*	John Hawk	1930
4.	*Jack O'Lantern*	George Goodchild	1930
5.	*The Mystery of Burnleigh Manor*	Walter Livingston	1930
6.	*The Invisible Host*	Gwen Bristow and Bruce Manning	1930
7.	*The Day of Uniting*	Edgar Wallace	1930
8.	*Peril!*	Sydney Horler	1930
9.	*The Monster of Grammont*	George Goodchild	1930
10.	*The House of Terror*	Edward Woodward	1930
11.	*The Hardway Diamonds Mystery*	Miles Burton	1930
12.	*The Maestro Murders*	Frances Shelley Wees	1931
13.	*Turmoil at Brede*	Sheldon Truss	1931
14.	*Death Walks at Eastrepps*	Francis Beeding	1931
15.	*The Secret of High Eldersham*	Miles Burton	1931
16.	*The Gutenberg Murders*	Gwen Bristow and Bruce Manning	1931
17.	*The Merrivale Mystery*	James Corbett	1931
18.	*The Tunnel Mystery*	J. C. Leneham	1931
19.	*The Mystery of Villa Sineste*	Walter Livingston	1931
20.	*The Hunter-Stone Outrage*	Sheldon Truss	1931
21.	*Murder in the French Room*	Helen Joan Hultman	1931
22.	*The Bungalow on the Roof*	Achmed Abdullah	1931
23.	*The False Purple*	Sydney Horler	1932
24.	*Two and Two Make Twenty-Two*	Gwen Bristow and Bruce Manning	1932
25.	*For Sale—Murder*	Will Levinrew	1932
26.	*The Ebony Bed Murder*	Rufus Gilmore	1932
27.	*Spider House*	Van Wyck Mason	1932
28.	*The Mardi Gras Murders*	Gwen Bristow and Bruce Manning	1932
29.	*The Stingree Murders*	W. Shepard Pleasants	1932
30.	*Death Points a Finger*	Will Levinrew	1933
31.	*Death Holds the Key*	David Frome	Never Released

□

SPY GUY

By Ramond Obstfeld

RUMBLE WORMS

Meand Digger and Zuluwasonourwayto the rumble when Zulu says to me, "Hey, Shadow, what kinda weapons?"

"Their choice," I answer, stopping to spit onthisant hill we passed. Direct hit,righton the top. Digger kicked the ant hill with his sneaker and a thousand ants went running away in every direction. Looked like the school cafeteria just after their meat loaf is served

"Theirchoice,hug?"Zulu says.

"Yeah," I answer. "We challenged this time."

"Oh." Zulu looked scared. He got his nickname because he claims he was in a past life aZulu warriornamed Mogambo, onlyin thislifehis name is Donald Zimmerman and he works in his Uncle Chaim's deli in the Bronx.

"Could get ugly," Digger said, "like last time."

"We're ready for'em," I said.

They nodded nervously. Lasttime we'd lost a couple guys that still weren't right in the head.

We wasearly, standingbackofthe library, reviewingstrategy.

"Whoevergoes downfirst,theotherstryto gettohim.Helphim out."

"If we can," Diggersaid.

Nobody said anything after that. We was toobusypolishingour glassesand wondering who'd makeit.Who wouldn't.

"There theyare," Zulusaid,squintingashe quickly shoved his glasses on. The right lens was still smudged and I worried that that mightcostus later.

The Feneday Triplets had the sun behind them, so we had to shield our eyes as they climbed the fence back of the library. They were all wearing their jackets and ties from Our Lady of Perpetual Qvetching, the Catholic/Jewish school over by Yankee Stadium. They were identical triplets except that Tim and Mickey were boys and Maria was a girl. They were also known as the O'Yeahs.

"Let's getonwith it," I says.

"Oh yeah?" theysay

Hencethe nickname.

"Your choice," I reminded them. "What'll itbe?"

They allgrinat once andtheir braces flash like TV trays floating in the Hudson. Maria speaks right up, "Currentespionage fiction "

"Christ," Zulu chokes. "I knew they'd try something tricky "

"Foul," Digger says. "Last time it was *Canterbury Tales,* time before that was the Nineteenth Century British Novel. None of thisspystuff."

"Ohyeah?" Tim Fenedaysays.

"Your challenge, our choice," Maria says.

I'm worried now, but I try to bluffit out. "Noproblem. Takeyourbest shot."

"*WarToys,*"Mariasays.

Thethree of us exchangeglances. I take it **"War Toys** (Avon) by Hampton Howard. A diverting little novel about ex-CIA agent Noah Fredericks, who fell from grace after avenging thedeathsofhis fellow agents.Now he's being set up to take a hard fall while agentscross and double-cross each other. The book starts well, with a clipped style and bemused tone that gets you involved However, it never really goes anywhere Fredericks is a likeable character, but, without astrongplot,thebooksoon unravels. Add to that the author's annoying habit of digressingforbitsof historicalbackgroundon various European locations, and you get a novel with potential that never is reallyvery involving. Thestructure ofthe novel, with its awkwardlyplaced flashbacks, prevents a real atmosphere ofmenacefrom evolving." I took a breath. "And one other thing, not the author's fault but Avon's. The book is 264 pages, not very long, but respectable. However, when you examine the printing format Avon used, you'll see they found a way to do their chapters as to wasteabout 40 pages. Pages that are blank or do nothing more than announce the chapter to follow At $3.50, the readers deserve better than a crummy trick like that."

The Fenedays just stood there, their mouths hanging open, their grill work reminding me of the Buick coupe my grandmother used to drive. Digger and Zulu bounced excitedly behind me. "How come youknowaboutthisspy stuff?"

"Got tired of studying for my bar mitzvah last couple months and started reading the booksthe rabbi keepsstashed inhis closet."

"Your turn," Maria says, licking her lips like a lizard

Digger and Zulu shut up. It's my show from here on and we all know it. "*Metzger's Dog,*" I challenge.

She grins. **"Metzger's Dog** (Scribner's) by Thomas Perry. PerrywontheEdgarlastin1982 for *The Butcher's Boy. Metzger's Dog* is billed as a kind of funnythriller, but as such it's neither fish nor fish sticks. The premise is promising: anamusing bandofmisfitspullsa heist, accidentally netting a secret CIA document. The CIA will kill for it, but the gang, lead by Chinese Gordon (who is not Chinese), is foolish enough to hold the document for ransom. The tone is light, despitese veralmurders, butthenovelis never actually funny. Yet, because ofthe lighttone, it never is very menacing either. There's no tension. Espionage fiction needs a shadowy undercurrent, a sense of the walls closing in onthe characters thatthisbook doesn'thave. The Metzger of thetitle is Gordon's cat,and one should be properly suspicious of any bookthat features toomanycute actions of a pet. I enjoyedhis laconicstyle andseveralof his characters, but the book had a sketchy feel. Two of the gang members are hard to tell apart, their dialogue is so similar. The romantic element is there, but skimpy, as if the author considered it an annoying convention. The book certainly echoes some of Donald Westlake's earlier comic caper novels, but without fully realizing its own possibilities."

She paused and I was about tojumpin, but she went on. "Now, **The Butcher's Boy** (Charter) had a few similar problems. The title refers to a hiredassassinwho, once he's killed a Senator, is on the run from the law and the Mafia. The writing in this book is actually richer than in *Metzger's Dog,* but it too is not a fully realized novel. Aside from minor factualerrors (the Senator is killed by curaresmeared on his dentures; according to Dr. Rodger J. Winn in *Murder Ink,* curare is notlethalwheningested,onlywhen injected), it is difficult for the reader to fully sympathize with the protagonist. Let's face it, he's a hit man. Okay, there areechoesagain of Westlake's (as Richard Stark) Parker series. But Parker, though a criminal, hadhis own code. This man does not. Then there is a woman character who is hunting the killer down. Sheis shamefullyvague, with little to do but be confused. There is a hint of romance for her in the beginning and end, butshe is a character that never comes alive, more promise than realization. The book's ambivalant ending is as predictable as it is unfulfilling. Both books have the feel of a talented writer learning his craft rather than whole mature works."

We were in trouble, I knew. Notonly had shegive na double review, she'd extended it to includethe author'scareer potential. I had to think fast. Sweat wasstartingto steam upmy glasses.

"Yourturn,"she said. "*Missionary Stew.*"

I forced some air down into my gut and relaxed. I had this one wired. **"Missionary Stew** (Simon & Schuster) by Ross Thomas Ross Thomas is thekind of author youcan't wait for his next book to come out, all the time worrying that you're building your expectations toohigh. So high no book can

meet them. Then his book arrives and it's every bit as good as you'd hoped. Maybe better. *Missionary Stew* has his usual twisting plot concerning secret goings-on in Central America, CIA cover-ups, and hapless heroes caught in the middle. There are some superficial similarities between Ross Thomas's novel and Thomas Perry's *Metzger's Dog* Both mix humor and suspense; both deal with CIA cover-ups and innocent bystanders. However, Thomas's novel is a writing lesson in characterization. Each character—from the ex-journalist Morgan Citron just back from an African prison where he was forced to dabble in cannibalism, to Draper Haere, political fundraiser and maker of Presidents—springs fully developed from just a few sentences. The wry tone still manages to convey danger and suspense. And there are plenty of plot twists. Indeed, Thomas seems to have a grudging relationship with plot, satisfying our need for one without elaborating greatly on it. It is a wonderfully entertaining novel, the kind that reminds you why you like genre. If there was any complaint, it would be that it was too short."

"Oh yeah?" Tim Feneday said. His brother nodded agreement.

"Yeah," I said. "And there's more where that came from. Harper has just reissued some of Ross Thomas's earlier novels under their Perennial Library imprint. One of them, **Money Harvest,** is a fascinating novel of political intrigue involving the illegal

"Yeah," I said. "And there's more where that came from. Harper has just reissued some of Ross Thomas's earlier novels under their Perennial Library imprint. One of them, **Money Harvest,** is a fascinating novel of political intrigue involving the illegal manipulation of the commodities market. What separates this novel from others of its type is the sophistication of its characters, the wit of its dialogue, and the knowledgeable tone of its author. The voice that always emerges from Ross Thomas's cynical novels of political corruption and human greed is an underlying sense of human dignity. Beneath the distant observer's voice is another voice: outrage and compassion that elevates his novels to the top of the genre. He avoids the self-pitying or self-righteous tones that infect so many of the other writers in this field."

"Big deal," Micky Feneday said.

"Shutup," Maria told him.

I thought I caught a glint of respect in Maria's eyes. But I couldn't afford to go soft now. I remembered what happened to Goldberg when she'd asked him to recite the biblical references to each character's name in *Moby Dick.* Last time I saw Goldberg, he was reading Classic Comics. Sad. "Okay, Feneday," I says to Maria. "You mentioned Donald Westlake. How about *Kahawa*?"

"Easy," she said. "*Kahoowy,* I mean, *Kaweewee,* I mean..." She swallowed. It was a toughie to pronounce. I'd practiced in front of a mirror so my lips would quit slapping into each other.

"*Kahawa,*" I said.

"**Kahawa**" she repeated." By Donald Westlake from Tor Books, distributed by Pinnacle." She was trying to make up for lost ground. "This is a departure for Westlake. With 459 pages, the book's scope is much bigger than anything he's done before. Set mostly in Africa, the novel follows an attempt to hijack a trainload of coffee from Uganda's Idi Amin. There's plenty of action and double-dealing as characters endure torture, the jungle, love, and each other. But beyond that, the novel is memorable for the wonderfully polished prose that Westlake delivers Stylistically, it's his best book. His portrayal of monstrous Idi Amin is powerful, even quotable. Each character is vivid, especially the woman pilot and her mercenary-with-a-conscience lover, who add a mature romantic element. My only hesitation concerns the length. There are too many unnecessary chapters dwelling on minor characters or minor plot points. Those chapters are wonderfully written, but they tend to deflate the suspense rather than build it. Otherwise, a thoroughly enjoyable book "

"So there," her brothers sneered at me. Then turning to their sister chanted, "The Nazi book. The Nazi book."

She nodded. "*Falls the Shadow.*"

Digger and Zulu looked worried, knowing how I avoided the flood of Nazi books as being mostly hollow and derivative. I just smiled and polished my glasses with the hem of my shirt. "Interesting choice. **Falls the Shadow** (Stein and Day) by Emanuel Litinoff. When this book was released, Stein and Day ran ads offering the reader who didn't think *Falls the Shadow* was better than Le Carré's *Little Drummer Girl* both books free. I hope for Stein and Day's sake that not a lot of people took them up on their offer. This book about a murdered Jew in Israel who may be a Nazi war criminal is written with such a heavy hand, with such a sense of self-importance, that only those with cast-iron kidneys or advanced insomnia will want to finish. The characters are boring, the prose style is flat, and the pace is slightly slower than watching a fingernail grow. The inside jacket claims that, with this book, the author 'must be regarded as a major novelist whose moral scope makes much fiction of recent years shrink in perspective.' The Preparation H of fiction, huh? The only writer more pretentious than the author of *Falls the Shadow* is the author of the jacket blurb."

The quote shook them and they waited anxiously for the titl'dspringon them.

Finally, after watching them click their braces in fear, I let 'em have it. "*19 Purchase*

Maria paled. Her brothers fidgeted with their ties. They went into a long huddle When they broke apart, Maria spoke, stuttering slightly. "Uh, *19 P-P-Purchase Street,* by, um..." And she broke down sobbing, tears carving ruts through her make-up. Her brothers sobbed with her.

I knew I had them now. I said, "**19 Purchase Street** (Berkley) by Gerald A. Browne. Lots of Mafia books are really espionage books, simply replacing gangsters with agents. This is one such book, involving billions of dollars of dirty money and the elaborate laundering process used by organized crime. Nice idea But the cleverness of the idea never gets enough help from the plodding style. Endless background is given on several of the characters, keeping the book from ever finding a satisfactory momentum. It moves in fits and starts, using explicit violence to give it the kick the writing just doesn't have. Basically, it is 468 pages in search of an editor."

I'd hardly finished when we watched the three of them sulk away, knuckling the tears from their eyes, the weight of humiliation hunching their shoulders

I'd hardly finished when we watched the three of them sulk away, knuckling the tears from their eyes, the weight of humiliation hunching their shoulders.

"We won! We won!" Digger shouted, dancing up and down with Zulu, their pens and slide rules hopping in their white pocket liners that read MINVOWITZPLUMBING. Then we heard the library door being unlocked. They were open for business

As we climbed the stairs, I thought about that morning. Yeah, we'd whupped 'em, gotten back for Goldberg and all the other fallen brothers and sisters who'd been intellectually stomped into the dirt behind the library. Still, I took no pleasure in their defeat. They'd been tough and honorable competitors and deserved our respect. But then I thought about it a little more and thought, What the hell, and laughed at them all the way into the library. □

TAD ON TV

By Richard Meyers

It wasoneof thosedays.

Yeah, one ofthosedays. Oneofthose days when the heat slipped through the smog to rabbit punch you behind the e ars. One of those days when the pavement leaped up to slam-dunk your Nikes. One of those L.A days . . June l, 1984. The first day of my seventee n days researching *TV Private Eyes* in Hollywood

I got off the World Airways nonstop 727 after an edited, and far superior to the theatrical version, showing of *Octopussy*— the latest Roger Moore 007 opus. That put me in the right mood. At the Avis Rent-a-Car office, I had my eye on a gold Datsun. I got a white American Motors Alliance instead. That's okay, that's fine. L.A. private eyes were meant to suffer. I got introspective.

I had my assignment—get the real poop on the great television dicks from the actual alleged perpetrators. I had my client—Crown Publishers, Harmony Books, they went under a couple of names. That's all right . . . I can handle aliases. As long as I got my advances and royalties (translation: 200 bucks a day and photo permission expenses).

Cool is the rule, but I was concerned. I got word on my hotel from a travel organization called Encore. The place was inexpensive . . downright cheap, in fact. My L.A. stoolie, Jumpin' James Ellroy, told me the place was in the bad side of town. I motored over to South Park View and the Park Plaza Hotel in trepidation.

Marlowe would have been proud. The place was right out of a movie. It was in a couple of movies, as a matter of fact. And a couple of commercials and music videos as well. Marble floors (with a single crack from the quake of '35), steel chandeliers, wrought iron gates, a carpeted grand staircase, sword-wielding statues, and a cranky phone switchboard (with equally harried switchboard operators).

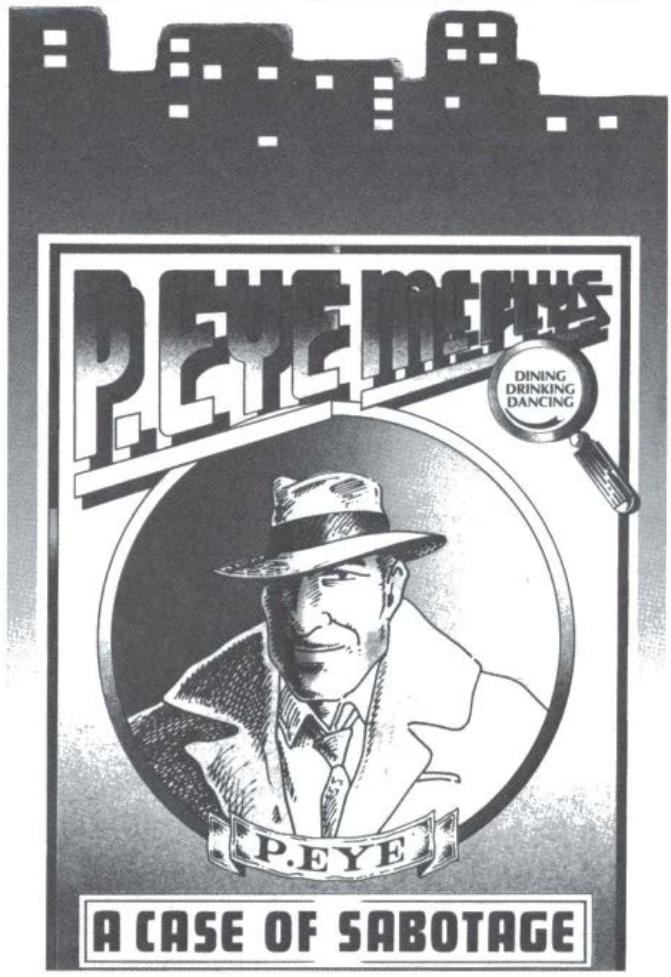
I was ready. If the pen is mightier than the sword, then the tape recorder is mightier than the gat. I packed my piece and headed for Universal Studios and the office of Phil DeGuere, creator and producer of *Simon and Simon*. I like this guy. Always have, ever since he sent an invitation to watch his first TV Movie, *Dr. Strange,* to my *Starlog Magazine* office in the late 'seventies.

If he didn't roll out the red carpet, he brought forth the comfy chairs and we talked about A. J. and Rick, the Simon brothers, and their climb to the top of the Nielsens. We charted their trek from a pilot set in Florida, to the danger fraught second season teaming with *Magnum, P.I.,* to their present prominence. Phil threw a lot of credit at Richard Chapman, the producer, for introducing classic literary private eye concepts to the series.

From DeGuere, I went directly to Shayne. Not Mike Shayne, but Bob Shayne, co-creator of *Whiz Kids*, who *did* have the red carpet. He rolled it out (just missing me) and did his damnedest to show me a good time His damnedest was plenty good. But the pleasure of his company did not deter me from my job. It would take a lot more than Bob's hospitality to do that! (It would take a dame with a face that could jumpstart a clock and g ams that wouldn't quit.)

I tracked down Jerry Thorpe, producer of *Harry O.* He got away, but I caught Harvey Frand, *Harry O's* Executive in Charge of Production, instead. He was good. . . real good. But not quite good enough. So I leaned on him. Result? Howard Rodman, the creator of *Harry O.* The veteran television writer opened his home to me, dropped the post-pilot memo which sold a sinking Harry to the network where I could lay my hands on it, and was just generally gracious above and beyond the call of duty.

Stepping out into the LA-LA Land morning, I took a deep breath. After the hacking jag, I headed over to Columbia



Studios. After wandering around the lot for ten minutes, I finally found Roy Huggins's office inside a building that had been cleverly camouflaged for filming that very morning. I knew this much: Huggins had created *77 Sunset Strip* and *The Rockford Files*. What I didn't know was that he was an energetic, white-haired, friendly, gregarious (dangerously gregarious at times) gentleman with an office one could stage *Rigoletto* in.

I learned a few things. Huggins also worked on *The Outsider* and *City of Angels* but wasn't too thrilled with the casting on either (to put it mildly). And he was back in business. Just before I left the city, he dropped the bombshell on me that the Ray Stark office had contacted him about doing a *Sam Spade* series. What he wanted to know from me was whether anybody else had done one before this. I didn't play hard to get. The

The answer was yes in Donald Bellisario's office. He co-created and executive produces *Magnum, P.I.* and my suspicions were confirmed upon our meeting in his office at Universal's Hitchcock bungalow. My suspicions: here was one sharp cookie riding herd on a neat show. "*Magnum* falls through the cracks of other private eye shows," he suggested. His crew delights in turning clichés and expectations on their heads.

So far, it was easy. Too easy. That very night, the coshes started to fall. Peter Gunn called me. Not once, but twice. We couldn't make connections. Craig Stevens said we'd have to do it over the phone, later. Frank Cannon called me through his "people." He didn't want to talk about it. There was only one thing I wanted to know. Why? I started to dig.

QM Productions was a dead end. Quinn Martin had retired, they told me. Taft Industries had bought the company for a cool five mill, they said. No one knew anything about the *Cannon* series, they swore. I didn't buy it. I pushed a bit deeper. Bold Bob Shayne connected me with the writers of the *Return of Frank Cannon* TV movie. They pointed at Harold Gast, *Cannon* producer He talked. I listened. You'll read.

Barnaby Jones was easier. Buddy Ebsen answered the phone himself. He was reporting to work on the *Matt Houston* set as ex-spy "Uncle Roy" the next morning at six, so we had to make it fast. I made it quick. He made it good. Cocky now, I swaggered at Aaron Spelling. The man was gone. Vacation. Two months. Sure, I said. Make me believe you, I told his people. They did. My ambush for Spelling was set up. All I gotta do now is wait.

My swagger was deflated. In this weakened condition, I charged Stephen Cannell. I never saw him. When the fog cleared, Frank Lupo was sitting there. Yeah, *the* Frank Lupo. The *A Team/Riptide* Frank Lupo; co-creator and co-producer. He filled me in on the lives and times of Mr. T before fingering Patrick Hasburgh, the likeco-manon *Hardcastle and McCormick*. These boy-os teamed with the Cannell fellow to come up with winners.

I could understand why. They worked on character in sumptuous surroundings, namely Stephen Cannell Productions, a six story, black glass edifice on Hollywood Boulevard, handsomely adorned and decorated in oriental themes. I had to get out of there before the creative, cushy environment got to me. I hit Westwood. Yeah, Westwood, home of UCLA, beautiful movie theaters, and damn good donuts. In a pretentious, ostentatious croissant shop I sat down with Richard Levinson.

Come on, I don't have to tell you people, do I? *Burke's Law, Mannix, Ellery Queen, Columbo*. How about this name, then. William Link. Levinson and Link, right? Yeah, that Dick Levinson. He talked. My machine recorded. I asked the management to turn down the background music. Politely They told me what I could do with the volume. I calmly explained the nature of good business practices. They made some interesting motions with a loaded croissant.

It's like I told the cops afterward. I had to do it. They forced my hand. No one jabs a loaded croissant at me and gets away with it Things got hairy about then. When the smoke cleared, I still had my mitt son the recorder. I pressed play. Levinson's voice came through loud and clear. Beethoven took a back seat to the latest dope on his new series, *Murder She Wrote* starring Angela Lansbury as a Miss Marple/Agatha Christie type, and its pilot, *The Murder of Sherlock Holmes*.

I listened more. Good. All that stuff about the third TV movie in the trilogy so far made up of *Murder by Natural Causes* and *Rehearsal for Murder* was still there. This one's about a lawyer who makes up a fictional prosecuter to find holes in his murder plot against his wife. It sounds good and he sounded good.

It looked as if I had made it. Okay, Mannix and Mike Hammer hadn't gotten back to me, but their people promised they would Besides, I'd be back. Over Labor Day Crusadin' Craig Miller had made me a guest of the Anaheim World Science Fiction Convention during my TV investigation. (Oh? Hadn't I mentioned? I do great undercover work, too.)

Anyway, it looked as if I had survived to write my report. Soft, but wait. Brash Bob Shayne wasn't through beating the red carpet He took me to a Sherman Oaks eatery. Get a load of this: P. Eye McFlys. That's right, a drinking, dancing, dining establishment dedicated to and decorated in early detective

On the windows: gorgeous, giant stained glass art of Holmes, Marple, Nick and Nora, Sam Spade, Bulldog Drummond, and Charlie Chan. On the bar walls, dozens of literary and television detective caricatures, including one of the best of Ellery I have ever seen. In the dining room, a loving re-creation of Holmes's study (with delusions of grandeur) Along the walls were movie posters— The Shadow, Chan again, and others

Even the menu was a mystery. Literally. The menu had a mystery woven throughout its ten pages that the diner could solve. In the meantime, the eater could *mange* on "Hawaii Five-O Maui-style Ribs," "Remington Steele's Macho Nachos," "James Bond's Brie," "Mike Hammer's Tostada Grande," "Boston Blackie's Clam Chowder," or even "Nick Carter's Calamari." I didn't name 'em, folks, I only'et 'em.

The manager, Gene Hewitt, was a hard-boiled host, but I pumped him for more info and pictures. This was the kind of place a gumshoe far from home could get to like. Hewitt delivered the goods in spades. The dance floor was filled with the kind of spandex Hollywood made famous. All in all, quite a capper to a successful case

I faced the return flight with a mixture of regret and relief. I didn't want to go, but I couldn't wait to leave. Those are the kind of emotions LA-LA Land inspires. I thought of the crystal-eyed girl in the checkerboard shoes. Yeah, we could talk about all kinds of words, but I wasn't going to be her sap. And she wasn't going to take the fall for me either. But we'd see each other again. You can set your watch on that. You can take that to the bank. Yeah.

So, I got the dope, the poop, the buzz, the scoop, the info, the long goodbye, the short hello, the deep green, the cinnamon skin, the

sittin'-at-the-computer blues. Now I know where Harry Orwell walks, where Thomas Magnum came from, what Travis McGee means to the Simon brothers, what address Stu Bailey had before 77 Sunset Strip, who might've been Mike Hammer, what Dan Ross had in his fridge, who just missed Ellery Queen, the Harts' real names, and loads of other things.

You can too. It won't take much legwork. But can you pay the price? We'll see. Just hold tight. My book deadline is October, like, three months before you're reading this. The book's supposed to come out, like, twelve months after that. It'scalleda year. But TAD will leak the information in half the time, right here in this column. Stay tuned. Be there. Aloha. □

By Charles Shibuk

PAPERBACK REVOLUTION

After the First Death (1969) (Foul Play Press) is the oft-told tale of the average man who awakens after a drunken blackout to find a murdered girl's body in his room. After much thought and soul-searching, he'sfirmly convinced of his innocenceanddeterminedto find the guilty party. Unfortunately, he's just beenreleased from jailfora similar offense.

FREDRIC BROWN

Thisauthor is noted for inventive(and off-beat) plotting, appealing characterizations, a delightful sense of humor, and, especially, for the compulsive readability of his narratives. Therefore, it seems incrediblethat Brown's crime fiction hasnot been reprinted inAmerican paperback forovertwo decades. This embarrassing situation is somewhat ameliorated by the publication of **Night of the Jabberwock** (1950) (Quill) which is considered the height of Brown's achievement by many aficionados

W. R. BURNETT

The narratives by the master of the hard-boiled underworld crime novel have also remained unreprinted forfartoomany years. **The Asphalt Jungle** (1949) (Quill) is one of Burnett's best, and details, with sharply etched characterizations, the execution of a big caper that has been conceived with rigorous attention to detail by a criminal mastermind.

(Note: admirers of John Huston'sexcellent 1950 film version will experience no disappointmentwith Burnett'sorginalwork.)

JANE DENTINGER

Murder in a theatrical setting is a long-running staple of the mystery genre. **Murder on Cue** (1983) (Dell) is a first novel, written andplottedwith authority andwit, by a professional actress. Its protagonist is an aspiring understudy who receives her big chance when an unlovable leading lady is murdered, butwho also becomes the logical chiefsuspect atthesametime.

A. A. FAIR (ERLE STANLEY GARDNER)

The first entry in the Donald Lam–Bertha Cool sweepstakes, **The Bigger They Come** (1939) (Quill), was written to prove the author's contention that he could commit murder and escape punishment through a legal loophole. Be that as it may, Gardner was usually at his best when he wrote the initial novels in each series, and *The Bigger They Come* is his masterpiece, which should surprise (if not shock)those readers whoonly know (or remember) the later Perry Masons.

Although held in low esteem by this columnist, Mary Fitt is capable of producing good work on occasion. **Death and the Pleasant Voices** (1946) (Dover) starts with medical student narrator Jake Seaborne stumbling into the tense situation of a new and unwelcome heir's arrival at an English country estate where he (Seaborne) seeks temporary refuge from a raging thunderstorm. This unknown work turns out to be both a pleasant surprise and an outstanding murder mystery with rich merits of plot construction and characterization.

The curiously titled **Death Among Friends and Other Detective Stories** (1959) (Perennial) was originally published as *Best Detective Stories of Cyril Hare*. This posthumous collection of thirty stories—many betraying the hand of a master—was edited by fellow lawyer and mystery writer Michael Gilbert, whose illuminating introduction is a moving tributetoa majorwriter

C. H. B. KITCHEN

Death ofMy Aunt (1929) (Perennial) is the firstdetectivestorynarratedby young British stockbroker Malcolm Warren. It's been highly praised by Barzun and Taylor, but Warren's deep concern with his own sensibilities, while in the position of chiefsuspect, tendstodivertthe reader's attention fromthe crime problem. *Death of His Uncle* (1939) (Perennial) is Warren's thirdappearance, and it's longer and much more satisfactory than *Aunt*. This novel starts with an unexpected disappearance,and, oncethe hesitantWarren decides to investigate, it's full speed ahead—toan easily anticipateddenouement.

BILL PRONZINI

FoulPlayPresshasjust reprinted thefirst two enjoyable entries in the increasingly popular "Nameless Detective" series, and it's good to have them available in papercovers once more. **The Snatch** (1971) deals with a case ofchild kidnapping that turnsinto adult murder, and **The Vanished** (1973) describes the condition of a recently discharged professional soldier traveling to San Francisco and a marriageceremony.

CHARLES MERRILL SMITH

Mattersofecumenicaland culinary interest are present, as usual, in **Reverend Randollph and the Unholy Bible** (1983) (Avon), but thereis significantly more emphasis on crime fiction elements such as theft, kidnapping, and murder than can be found in the last several entries in this series. The appeal of this novel (and its attractive characters) is as strong asits readability.

The Julian Symons Omnibus (Penguin, 1974) contains *The Man Who Killed Himself* (1967), *The Man Whose Dreams Came True* (1968), and *The Man Who Lost His Wife* (1970). The first two novels are seriously flawed by disappointing endings, and the third, whilebetter, is marginalcrime fiction All are worth reading, however. Much more satisfactoryare the eleven impeccablycrafted short stories (many of which have been published in EQMM) that appear in **The TigersofSubtopia** (1982) (Penguin). □

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ By Thomas Godfrey ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

TAD at the MOVIES

★★

Giving as good as it gets

I found myself wondering out loud recently about the validity of the MWA award selection process as it applied to the mystery-suspense film category. Ever since one committee voted the Edgar to the benumbed and confused *Cutter's Way* over the masterfully executed *Body Heat* (actually any of the alternatives was preferable), it seems reasonable to wonder just how much actual movie-watching is going on. Certainly the offense of that year stands out in the same way as the Golden Globe award to Pia Zadora, but there was some concern in this year's selection, too.

Gorky Park (see below) won out over a pretty undistinguished field. You can't much argue with that, although I wonder how much of the good will and success engendered by Smith's book rubbed off on the film. What bothers me was that the year's best film (certainly most imaginative), *The Mission*, wasn't even nominated. Maybe the committee didn't see it. Maybe they never even heard of it. If not, it speaks strongly against the present selection process; a committee chairman selected in consideration of his position in the national MWA hierarchy and members for their social compatibility. Familiarity with the mystery-suspense film ought to be a consideration, too. In case you are frowning, that could easily be accomplished without including the author of this column.

And next year, I wish it would.

Mea Culpa! (Latin for: I was a jerk.) William K. Everson is right about the date of *The Missing Juror* (1945) (Letter to the Editor, TAD 17:1). I relied on information supplied by USC at the screening, which I had found to be inaccurate before Everson's letter appeared but, alas, after the issue was in the works. It was not an easy date to double-check. To say that this film is obscure is like saying that *Casablanca* is not. My apologies.

I would, however, like to defend myself against any impression of being out of sympathy with the "B's" of this period. My greatest complaint about them is that they are not more available. They often make more tolerable viewing than much of the contemporaneous big-budget stuff with their psycho-social and moralistic pretentions.

While, as Everson states, *Arson Squad* and its cronies may be deficient productions, *My Name Is Julia Ross, When Strangers Marry, Detour*, and *Railroaded* need no apologies. They are superior to *Juror*, as well, by virtue of the care shown in telling the story and balancing whatever elements happen to be around, about the only things you can reasonably expect of "B's" of this period.

From the (admittedly) few examples of Boetticher's work I have seen, I would not be inclined to put him in the same class as Joseph Lewis, Anthony Mann, or even Edgar G. Ulmer, who, on a good day, could turn out a product that was better than it had any right to be. Lewis's *Ross*, made the same year, at the same studio, and using one of the same stars, is better on all counts.

Detour (1946, PRC Releasing) is, of course, the classic example of a minor miracle done on loose change. Ulmer, who seemed only sporadically inspired by the challenge of *Carnegie Hall*, done the same year on a much bigger budget, actually makes the cheapness of the production, limitations of the actors, and protracted nature of the ending work *for* the picture. I never got a sense of any similar intelligence at work behind the scenes of *The Missing Juror*.

Lee Marvin, William Hurt and Ian Bannen in *Gorky Park:* Lacking Volgarity

The embarrassment of having my error caught by William K. Everson is more than compensated by the knowledge that he is a reader of these pages. That many of these budget films of the '30s and '40s survive and are seen at all owes much to his admirable work. So, while I regret the error, it was fortuitously made, as it provoked his thoughtful response. More, please.

A recent sojourn to London afforded me an evening in which to catch *The Business of Murder* in the fourth year of its run at the Mayfair Theatre. Best described as a what's-going-on-here melodrama, this two-act play opens with an elderly man deviously setting an elaborate scheme into motion. Just what this is all leading to is kept secret until after the interval, when some revenge-cum-tragedy machinations emerge from all the murk. Playwright Richard Harris (not the actor) works out the contrivances of his plot in well-considered fashion, if without the sort of glitter and vibration Ira Levin and Antony Shaffer can bring to lesser material. The only real quibble with the play is that its first act is just a measure too plodding for its own good. The audience ought to return to their seats dying to know what's happening, instead of

just idly curious about how the second act willturnout.

Incidentally, the central character was played solidly and without flash by Richard Todd, best remembered for his films *The Hasty Heart* (1949) and Hitchcock's *Stage Fright* (1950). The biggest jolt of the evening camenten minutes intothe performance, when I discovered that the faded resident of the set's drabbedsitter wasthe dashing *RobRoy* of my childhood filmgoing. So completely does he submerge himself in thepart thatone searches in vain for any moment resembling a star turn.

I assume that the success of *The Business of Murder* owes much to Todd's involvement in it and to the surprising lack of any competition in this form in the West End (or on Broadway, forthat matter). It'snot liable to turn up on this side of the Atlantic, where flash and glitter seem to be a must, unless some enterprising cable TV executivepicks it up as a recorded presentation. Given some of the surpassing awfulness of the plays I've seenoncable inthelast year, *The Businessof Murder* might come across looking like *Crimeand Punishment* in comparison.

★★ ½ **Gorky Park** (1983) William Hurt, Joanna Pacula, Lee Marvin (D: Michael Apted)

This adaptation of Martin Cruz Smith's 1981 novelof crime andcorruption in Soviet Moscow makes a partially successful transfer to the screen. Much of what made this detective story fascinating as literature (well-researched detail, frame of mind, means of expression) is nextto impossible to puton the screen. Apted safely sticks close to the basic story,not perhapsthe book's strongest point, but elects to have his Russians speak in cultured English voices more appropriate to Regent's Parkthan Gorky Park.

William Hurt as the determined Arkady Renko, Communist cop on the case, suffers most from this decision, sounding pinched and inhibited with his faked accent. Hurt is ultimatelydull beyond endurance. He cannot affordmiscasting likethistoo often.

Lee Marvin, at least, doesn't have to fake an accent as the nefarious American in the case, but he doesn't fake a characterization either. His acting is so unvaried and monotonous, youkeephoping he'll goaway.

Ian Bannen as Arkady's chief is much too civilized and vitiated to give his part much force. And whoever decided that giving him yellow teeth would make him appear truly Slavic should be turned over to a group of KGB dentists and tied up with cheap dental floss.

Joanna Pacula is closer to the markas the sexy, ermine object of much desire, though heractinglackssome neededauthority

It is ultimately theplot that holdsinterest, andthatis done reasonablywell, especially if you don't know the book. The Finnish settings make acceptable approximations of the real thing, but what we're getting here is Moscow-on-the-Thames, and, given the number of unemployed actors of Slavic origin scratching around foran assignment in *Footloose* and *Reckless* Hollywood these days, it shouldhavebeen much better.

★★★ **Mike'sMurder** (1984) Debra Winger, Mark Keyloun, Paul Winfield (D: James Bridges)

Hot on theheelsof another L.A. vice-and-suspense film (*Against All Odds*) comes this original effortwith similar thoughts. *Odds*, a remake, has done well financially in spite of mixed reviews and disappointing artistic decisions. *Mike's Murder* has done only modest business based solely on Oscar nominee Winger's name above the title. Too bad, for this film, with all its flaws, is more thoughtfuland imaginative.

Writer-director James Bridges (*The China Syndrome, Paper Chase, Urban Cowboy*) hasconcocted a freshlydrawnand genuinely suspenseful mystery from the trappings of post-designer-jean Southern California. He hascrafted a new styleofstorythat owes less to Raymond Chandler and James M. Cain than it doesto Nathaniel West by way of the Beach Boys.

Winger is cast as a thirtyish, single apartment dweller working in a drive-up teller'swindow, living offthe tattereddreams of the past. Into this humdrum, sterile existence comes sunny, hunky Mike, a tennis bumand certified good time. He charms her, she's fascinated, they match, but hecuts out Sixmonths later, she passes him along Sunset Boulevard and gives him a ride to a secluded Bel Air home. Interest is rekindled, andthey planto get togethe rag ain. He stands her up, but the next day she discovers he's been murdered

What happened to Mike? Winger is as curious as anyone, and this leads her into a labyrinth of drug trafficking, shadowy dealings in the record and entertainment industry, deviant sexuality, disillusionment, betrayal, and, finally, a veryrealbrushwith death. The experience proves cathartic, the wrong note in her life is (literally) retuned, andshe goes onsatisfied.

But is the mystery of Mike's Murder solved? In terms of a straight mystery-thriller, I thinknot, but, asan allegory of life andloveamong thenative sofsunnyCalifornia, itcomes close

Bridges makesit fairly clear all alongthat we are meant to take thisstoryontwo levels. Manylines have an open, ambiguous quality thatallowsthe meaning tobe readboth ways, and as a consequence the film has a diffuse, unformed feel to it. Mike himself emerges as the personification of California culture—tanned, blond, superficially winning and appealing, but also sexually confused, morally opportunistic, ambitious yet purposeless. "He loved the Polaroids," a friend recalls. "He was impatient and wanted to see the results immediately."

Unfortunately for the film, newcomer Keyloun gives this pivotal character little but his own basic physical attributes and a competent reading of the lines. For a part that depends on charm and personal magnetism, the kind that gets several of the characters into trouble, Keyloun is out of his depth. It needs a Robert Redford or a Tab Hunter in his early heart-throbdays. Charm here is almost everything.

Winger is competent as the problem-solving bank teller,though I foundher a little too draband emotionally neutral in some of the more personal scenes. I missed thehintof obsession her character must have to go through this ordeal. Winger could be researching a paper for all the personal commitment she projects

PaulWinfield surprises by turning up as a slightly bloated, burnt-out wreck in the recordbusiness whokeeps a stable of house-boys. It's a smallpart, but he is very true to this figure, who'sstayed too long at his own partybutcan't seemto bring it toan end. The best acting, though, comes from Darryl Larsen as Mike's ill-fated, self-destructing friend-on-the-run. As sleazy as he is, you really don't want him to get the fate you knowmustbe coming.

Throughout, there is an unsettled quality to this film which makes it seem fresh but unfinished, as if Bridgeswere stillworking it out when someone pulled the plug. The point of view shifts subtly from scene to scene. A few extraneous shots look like they'd been edited in simply to give some semblance of continuity.Consequently, theheart of *Mike's Murder* eludes us. You applaud Bridge's work for avoiding pat answers and easy questions, butyou come awaywishing ithad hadastrongersenseof itself. □

PAPER CRIMES

By David Christie

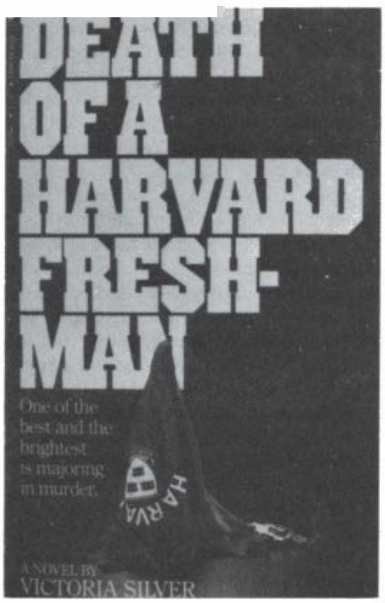
Death of a Harvard Freshman by Victoria Silver (Bantam, 1984), $3.50. **Squeeze Play** by Paul Benjamin (Avon, 1984), $2.50.

Russell Bernard, who is killed in the second chapter of Victoria Silver's *Death of a Harvard Freshman,* is perhaps to be congratulated rather than mourned. True, he was in life an accomplished musician, a published author, a political activist, and a near nest and brilliant student. True, as a black who mixed equally well with blacks and whites, he has managed to some extent to overcome racial bias. And true, all his accomplishments and promise die with him. Yet in dying, he accomplishes something to which only one other character even comes close: he gets out of this book while the getting is good.

The novel revolves around Lauren Adler, a Harvard freshman who resolves to solve the murder of her classmate, Bernard. She selects a set of suspects, only to discover that the reasoning by which she did so is too unorthodox for the police. So she recruits a friend to help her with her own investigation and finds that her suspects are surprisingly forthcoming with incriminating information: most, she discovers, have motives, and those whose aren't evident have at least behaved suspiciously. Her task, then, is not so much to find a murderer as to narrow a field of ten potential killers.

The book, in other words, adheres pretty strictly to the amateur-sleuth formula. In the first chapter, the suspects—all members of a seminar on the Russian Revolution—are introduced. In the second, all reappear, making rather forced allusions to violent death. Suddenly, the murder is announced and Adler is off and running. It comes as no surprise that so many of the suspects had motives, or that the apparently guileless victim had secrets that fostered those motives, or even that a second murder is committed midway through the book. But when Silvers attempts to overcome predictability by writing more into the book than the formula requires, her efforts usually fall flat.

She doesn't even make the effort with most of her characters, who, stereotyped and static, serve as little more than warm bodies to which suspicions can be attached. Adler, the reader is told, "liked geographical clichés," and so apparently does Silver: among the seminar students are a laid-back, surfer Californian, a patrician New



Englander, a courtly, gallant Southerner, and a quiet Oriental girl known for her small feet—and the teacher is a Russian, by way of Paris, who impresses Adler, if not the reader, with old-world elegance. The stereotyping is not purely geographical, however: there is a football player who is, of course, both big and stupid. Only one character develops in any way: a closet homosexual who begins to come to terms with himself, but, although he is Silver's best character, he manages to shed the pain and humiliation of being found out much too easily to be very believable.

Silver's attempts to enliven her book do not fail invariably. There is a nicely realized scene in which Adler, hoping for information, joins a table of black students in Harvard's freshman dining hall. She has to overcome her own sense of intimidation and their initial hostility. The scene demonstrates an awareness on Silver's part of social tensions and is nice both because it seems accurate and because that awareness has nothing essential to do with the mystery. It suggests that there may well be an intelligent, observant mind somewhere behind this book.

But that scene is about the best Silver can manage; more often, her writing simply doesn't arouse interest. When Adler decides that Bernard's killer must be one of her Russian Revolution seminar classmates, for instance, she does so because the killer has used rather more force than necessary, and Adler therefore associates the killing with an account, delivered in class, of the death of Rasputin, who was poisoned, shot, and drowned. Adler goes on to assume that the killer must have been affected deeply by that account. Credibility demands that the story of Rasputin's death be very compelling. But it's not well told; it's so flat, in fact, that the reader is expected to react not to the story, but to the students' reaction to it. "Quite a performance!" exclaims one, but how much better for the novel if Silver had made the story itself as vivid as the students' reactions suggest it should have been.

Lauren Adler's character poses problems also. Silver sums up her vanity nicely: "Some Harvard freshmen, upon arriving in Cambridge, went right out to buy file cabinets or pocket calculators. Lauren's first purchase had been the full-length mirror." She considers an interchange with another person to be an opportunity to triumph over that person. She can be selfishly callous: "The discovery of the identity of the murderer had the effect of eliminating her number one romantic possibility." Yet she is also easily intimidated—one character looks "like a million-and-one trips to Las Vagas. She was certainly impressive." One is left with an impression that Adler is insecure and compensates for insecurity through self-absorption; she is concerned primarily with justifying herself, not me rely to others, but to herself.

There is nothing necessarily wrong with an unappealing main character, and this portrait probably pretty accurately reflects the attitude of many college students. But it is very difficult to imagine that anyone this self-absorbed would possess the detachment necessary to judge others accurately, to

determine which of ten people might be a murderer. Her methods of detection are, in fact, very shaky. She jumps to conclusions, as she does when she learns of the second murder. Even before she learns any details, "she did not doubt for a moment that they [the two murders] were intimately connected." There's no reason for her to be correct, except that Silver wants her to be. And when finally she uncovers the one clue that points clearly to the real murderer, it turns out not to point very clearly after all; a more conscientious writer might have used this clue to initiate, rather than settle, an investigation

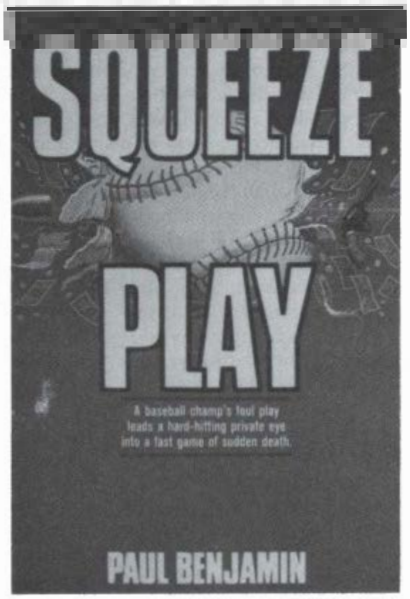
This book meets the requirements of its formula—barely—but does not afford any real pleasure.

In *Squeeze Play,* Paul Benjamin demonstrates a fair amount of skill in a book which, for various reasons, doesn't quite work. The book's narrator and main character is Max Klein, a private eye hired to protect the life of George Chapman. Chapman was once among baseball's finest players, until his career was ended by an automobile accident that cost him his leg. But, after writing a book about his experiences, he is more popular than ever—"if there's one thing America worships more than a celebrity, it's a celebrity who makes a comeback"—and is considering a run for the United States Senate. As the book opens, however, he has received an anonymous and threatening letter, which is what brings him to Klein.

Benjamin wants there to be a sense of discomfort, of tension, between Chapman and Klein when they first meet, but he wants the true cause of that tension to remain hidden until much later. So he creates a very clever bit of characterization: Klein once saw himself as an unsuccessful version of Chapman. Also a baseball player, who once played against Chapman in college, Klein had an undistinguished amateur career and never made, or hoped to make, the pros. Whereas Chapman's marriage appears to be entirely successful—he and his wife "had become everyone's favorite couple"—Klein's ended in divorce. And unlike Chapman, who was forced through injury to leave his first career, Klein left his, the law, voluntarily, after becoming thoroughly disillusioned.

As a result of this self-perception, Klein's feelings for Chapman are a mixture of admiration and jealousy. The reader is therefore inclined to accept not only the slight insolence with which Chapman responds, but also Klein's willingness to take the case despite this apparent hostility and despite his own earnest desire for time off. And what Benjamin wants to keep hidden remains placidly beneath the surface.

Klein's relationships with his former wife and son are illuminating; they show a side of him that contrasts his professional self, and that contrast makes him seem more than just another tough P.I. And those relationships work all the better in that they develop over



the course of the book and continue to affect the readers' opinion of Klein; they don't seem simply thrown in for color. Although one begins to question Klein's capacity for taking punishment, Benjamin's characterization of him is generally good. Good enough, in fact, that it very nearly compensates for the novel's faults.

But those faults do mount up. As good as Klein is, other major characters lag behind. One might think that, in a book which includes a former player for a New York professional baseball team, the idea of including a George Steinbrenner-type character would be rejected as too obvious. Yet here he is, in the person of Charles Light, who is appropriately rich, manipulative, and egomaniacal; perhaps, however, we've had enough of him in real life. A group of stock characters includes an unprepossessing but powerful mobster, an antagonistic police lieutenant, and a surprisingly large number of tough, dumbhoods who try to warn Klein off the case. Although Benjamin attempts to portray them as individuals, one has too great a sense of having met their types before in other novels. A college professor and friend of the Chapman family, William Briles, seems better simply because he is not a stock character; but that fails to make him particularly interesting. And Chapman's wife, Judy, who seems a fresh creation when first introduced, ends by serving a purely clichéd function.

Benjamin is capable of turning a nice phrase. He describes a slow elevator as "a decrepit machine that moved about as fast as a Wagner opera," a gunman as "nervous, as if the gun in his hand was a small and vicious animal he wasn't sure he could control," or Klein, meeting with a lawyer and a D.A., both dressed in business suits, as feeling "a little like a ditch digger who had been invited to a haberdasher's convention by mistake." Yet one's overall impression is that Benjamin tries too hard for wisecracks, a great many of which do not seem funny or biting.

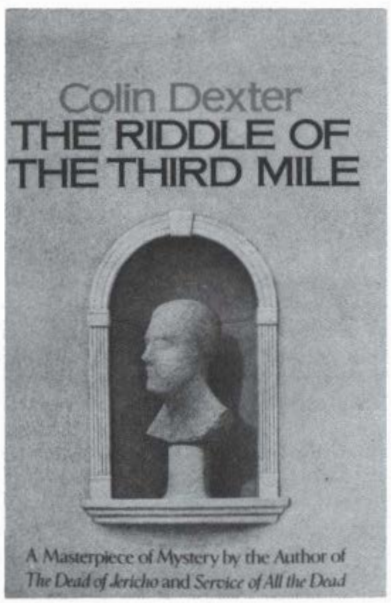
Worst of all, the mystery does not make complete sense. I found myself left with one unanswered question, and the only explanation I could devise led to another question. The process continued until I had arrived at unanswerable questions. Even so, the mystery does hinge on a clever idea and is quite enjoyable; it just doesn't quite add up.

All in all, the book is worth reading; there is enough good writing here to keep one entertained. But don't expect a masterpiece. □

CURRENT REVIEWS

The Riddle of the Third Mile by Colin Dexter. St. Martin's Press, 1983. $11.95

There is something exciting and special about starting a book about which you know nothing and have no preconceived ideas, and finding that it draws you in and captures your imagination. *Riddle* is one of those rare books—something you don't want to put down. The alluring question is: whose body, minus hands, legs, and head, was found in the canal? But there are other pressing questions. What does the body have to do with a wartime casuality in the North African desert? Why did both Browne-Smith and Wester by disappear from Oxford at the same time, but only one body surface? Exactly what did happen when Browne-Smith went into the prostitute's room in Soho and was served a drugged drink? Can Inspector Morse, who sees so much so easily, explain it for us?



There is also something depressing and frustrating in a book that starts so well and then falls apart in the last third. Well, *Riddle* doesn't really fall apart, but vital information is kept from the reader. Morse doesn't explain how he knows some things, and chance and circumstance seem to play a large part in the whole affair. Perhaps that is reality, but it is not what is normally expected from English detective novelists.

Not to end on a sour note, both Morse and his Sgt. Lewis are fascinating characters. Much-deserved praise has already been bestowed on them and their creator. And the plot is one of the trickiest and cleverest since the prime of the Golden Age writers. Where else in the past year have we received dismembered corpses and multiple murders? As an extra twist, we also have the least likely victim, but finding that out is a trick in itself. This is a good/bad book. Highly recommended—with a warning.

—Fred Dueren

A Novena for Murder by Sister Carol Anne O'Marie. Scribner's. 183 pp. $12.95

It begins as peacefully as you could imagine, with a quiet evening of pinochle among the nuns in the community room of San Francisco's Mount Saint Francis College for Women.

The air of serenity is quickly shattered when an earthquake shakes and shivers MSF's hilltop campus. In its aftermath, a professor noted for his sponsorship of Portuguese college youth is found slain, and a grad student disappears along with every known copy of her thesis.

Saints preserve us! As if all that wasn't frightful enough, there's a moaning foghorn from the Bay and lots of atmospheric Frisco mist, a stalker in the adjacent woods, and a sinister gardener who may be planting something besides flowers up there on the shadowy slopes of Ignatian Heights.

The police, being only human, are as baffled as you or I. So the burden of detection naturally shifts to the college's own amateur sleuth-in-residence, Sister Mary Helen. She's a seventy-five-year-old darling whose keen eyes belie her bifocals, whose nimble mind misses no clue, and whose favorite pastime is devouring the whodunits which she conceals behind the decorative plastic cover of her prayer book (she is currently reading "Saint P. D. James").

Shrewd, fearless, and spunky, Sister is as efficient as she is endearing. Before the first chapter of this nine-chapter novel (one for each day of the novena) is over, we've developed an affection for her which the balance of the book only intensifies.

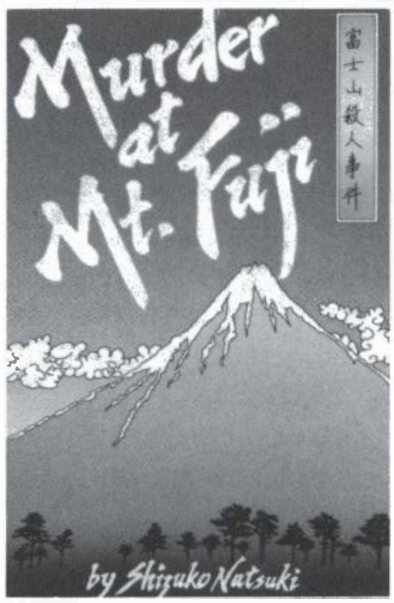
A Novena for Murder marks the mystery-writing debut of native San Franciscan Sister Carol Anne O'Marie (of the Sisters of St. Joseph). A self-confessed lover of detection stories, Sister Carol's affection for the genre is everywhere apparent in her novel's brisk pace and human interest, its frequently delicious sense of humor, its ability to make us care about its characters, and its careful planting of fair-play clues for readers who wish to match wits with Sister.

Sister Carol's previous claim to local fame was her second-place finish in the 1979 Cable Car Bell Ringing Contest, in which she was billed as "the ringing nun." Her novel will take second place to none as a skillful combination of academic and ecclesiastical murder mystery. It introduces a sleuth who will win not merely a warm place in the hearts of her readers, but a rank of honor among San Francisco's sleuthing immortals (move over, Sam Spade! make room, Ms. McCone!)

The good sister is a retired schoolteacher who is supposed to be spending her golden years pursuing scholarly research at the college. She'll get to that when she has time. In the meantime, she prefers to "just sit and relax and read a good, clear, objective murder mystery, one in which you don't know the victim personally and in which the killer is easy to guess."

From reading fictional mysteries, of course, it is only one small step to solving real ones. Obviously benefitting from her reading, Mary Helen shows a distinct talent for the fine points of observation, deduction, and cross-examination. A bulldog in her relentless pursuit of the truth, she is wise enough not to work alone, aided by a small band of faithful colleagues that includes former student (now S.F.P.D. inspector) Kate Murphy, college librarian Sister Eileen, and the hip Sister Anne, whose Paiute moccasins and Mickey Mouse watch fascinate our clue-hunting heroine as much as the mystery itself.

The novel takes its name from the decision of anxious and pious Sister Therese to offer a novena for divine assistance in the solution of the Mount Saint Francis mystery. Never one to underestimate the power of prayer, Mary Helen herself keeps in close contact with The Supreme Sleuth. "People murdering one another is not exactly the way I plan things," God confides to her during a crisis of faith, "but relax, old dear, and stick with Me. We'll work it out!"



Whatever You say, Sir. After all, You *were* the first detective in history, even though You probably already knew the answer to the question ("Cain, where is thy brother?") which You posed the chief suspect in that seminal murder case.

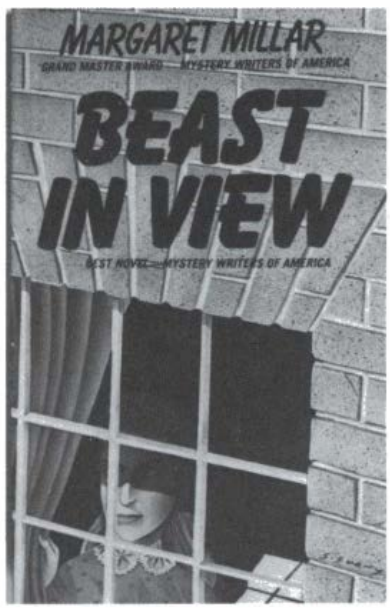
With her debut in *A Novena for Murder*, Mary Helen continues a tradition established by Anthony Boucher back in the 1940s, when A. B. introduced the crime-solving nun to American mystery fiction through his series tales featuring Sister Ursula.

I am not convinced thatthe secondvictim in the novelwould reallyhave returned to the scene of her most obviousjeopardy, or that her murderer could have hidden her in the chapel without being observed. But let that pass. Mary Helen is what matters, and on a scale of ten, Sister Carol's high-spirited and richly entertaining novel rates all nine of its novenacandles.

Murderat Mt. Fuji by ShizukoNatsuki. St Martin'sPress, 1984. $12.95

When Jane Prescott accepts a New Year's invitation with Chiyo Wada, she does not expect to get caught in a familycover-upfor murder. Soon afterher arrival, Chiyotriesto kill herselfbecause her grandfather hastried to seduce/rape her and she has stabbed him in self-defense.

An 800,000 copy bestseller in Japan, according to the publisher, in so manyways this is a throwback to the British houseparty crimestory. Even the titleis alluring but has little to do with the story. It all could have



happened anywhere else and had a different title. Translated booksaredifficultto critique fairly, since it is almost impossible to know where the author left off and the translator began. Here, I think, we have only the average of all possibleworlds.

Lack of a consistent viewpoint, unsympathetic characters, and an unclued denouement are distractions. On the other hand, a basic plot as good as this has kept many lesser books in print. One major lapse—how can footprints in the snow be altered without it being apparent? Sincethis is a major part of the plot, I assume the author wasnot writing with a fair-play-with-the-reader attitude. As much as we hear about Japanese detective fiction, it is interesting and worthwhile to have some available. But if this is typical, as a steady diet, no,thank you.

Beast in View by Margaret Millar. InternationalPolygonics, Ltd. $5.00

Margaret Millar knows what most of us only suspect, that our greatestfears lie in the "deepest shadows" of our minds. In the recently re-released *Beast in View*, we share the terror of protagonist Helen Clarvoe's tortuous trip through the dark and convolutedpsyche of a murderess.

Helen lives in the lonely realm of social detachment, "shut off from the world by a wall of money and the iron bars of her egotism."Following the death of her father, Helen moves out of the Clarvoe home in Beverly Hills, with its "hand-carved chairs and the immense drawing room where the rug hasbeen especially wovento match a pattern in the Gauguin abovethe mantel," to take a spartan, ill-furnished suite in a second-rate hotel. Along with the carved chairs and the Gauguin, Helen leaves behind a closeted homosexual brother and a neurotic, self indulgent mother.

Helen's world is not only determined by financial independence but also by the strangely prophetic nature of her earliest memories. A mother's words, once overheard behind a closed bedroom door—"What a pity we didn't have a girl likeEvie"—havea lasting effect. A father's words, spoken in anger and disappointment—"Your punishment is being you and having to live with yourself"—are chillingly ironic. After a disturbing and threatening phone call—"Mad? Oh no. *I'm* not the one who's mad. It's you, Clarvoe"—Helen's long-repressed memories begin to surface. Thewallsand ceiling of her room seem to contract and entomb her in a "tight, airless [space]sealed forever."

How can Helen Clarvoebreak out of this coffined existence? How can she achieve the immortality she so desperately desires? How can she track down and destroy the Beast, before it destroys her? In this beautifully crafted psychological thriller, in which murder,suicide,and psychosis aredeftly portrayed, we find the answers to thesequestions and to manymorewe wouldn't daretoask

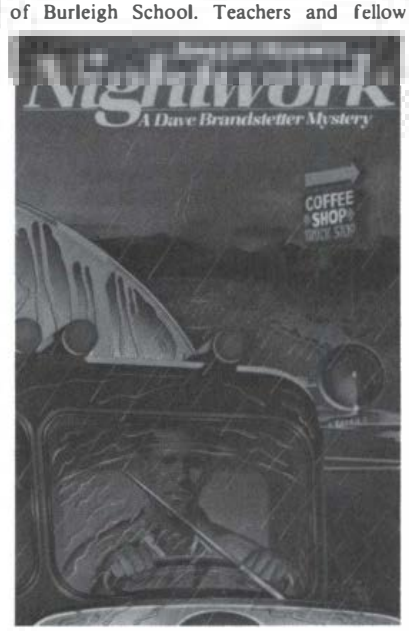
The cast of characters is finely drawn and admirably realized. Paul Blackshear, Miss Clarvoe's financial advisor, is a reluctant "knight in Harris tweeds." Mr. Terola, the proprietor of a photographic workshop of questionable intent, employs pretty, vivacious, andpopularEvelynMerrick.Miss Merrick is the "kind of girl [who'd] do anything for a friend"; the kind of girl Helen "would havegiven hersoul to be." Even the most peripheral of characters, those only casually associated with the murderess, are artfully fleshed out using an absolute minimum of words. From the middle-aged bartender, "sporting a bow tie in Princeton colors," to Harry Wallaby, a passerby waiting to use the phone so he can "call his wife in Encino andtell herthe old Buickhad broken down,"we encounter a vivid montage of convincingly real personalities.

In a new afterword written by the author especially for this edition, Millar tells of almost abandoning herbook when, halfway through its construction, she saw a Gore Vidaltelevision play in whichthe plotwasthe same as the one she was writing. At this point,her husband, RossMacdonald, madea suggestion which altered Millar's design of the book. Without giving anything away, Macdonald's idea provided the catalyst for turning a cliché into a classic.

In 1956, *Beastin View* received the coveted Edgar Allan Poe Award for best mystery novel of the year. In 1983, Margaret Millar received the Mystery Writers of America's greatest honor, theGrandMasterAward,for lifetime achievement. If you niissed the first edition, don't miss this new release. *Beast in View* was and is as innovative as it is entertaining.

School for Murder by Robert Barnard. Scribners, 1983. $12.95

Sixteen-year-old HilaryFrome is the terror of Burleigh School. Teachers and fellow



students alikeknow that he is the leader and instigator of most of the pranksand unpleasantness about the school. The school is unpleasant enough to start with, pictured as only Barnard can depict a scholastic environment. The teachersare cast-offs of the system, the students are rejects, unwanted by their parents, and the headmaster is a bumbling, mercenary fool who has no idea whatisgoingonaroundhim

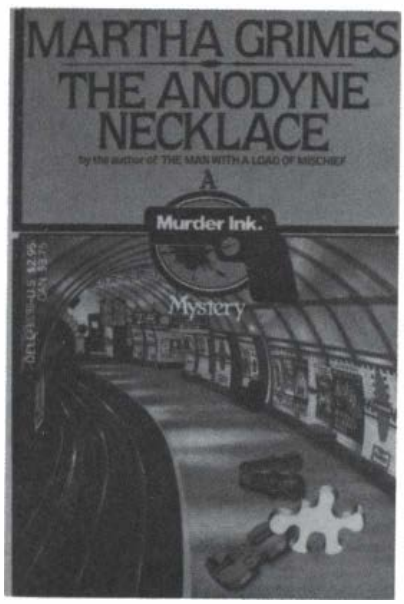
Then the pranks get meaner. The boys' punch is spiked on Parents' Night. A razor blade is hidden in a washcloth. Finally, one of the boysdies in a ratheruglymanner

As usual with Barnard, all these sordid events and ill-assorted misfits are thrown together into a thoroughly enjoyable book. Humor, wry comment, and truth about the foolishness of people abound. *School for Murder* is one of Barnard's better efforts, makingit verygood indeed. It is wellrounded and has more clues and fair detection than

most of his work. This is another "don't-

The Anodyne Necklace by Martha Grimes. Little, Brown, 1983. $14.95

In her third Richard Jury mystery, Martha Grimes once again rings changes on established conventions from the Golden Age of British detective fiction, and she does so, as in the earlier *Man with a Load of Mischief* and *The Old Fox Deceived,* surely and unerringly. This is no mean accomplishment, because, the more self-referential mystery novels become, the greater the danger of preciousness and contrivance. Grime scarries it off without "cuteness" precisely because she makes it clear that we, the readers of the 1980s, are looking into a tidy, fictionalized England—part nineteenth-century Romantic, part Dickensian, part comedy of manners, and very much steeped in the Sayers/Allingham/Marsh tradition—



which coexists with some dirty, explosive features of a "real" England.

To do so in her third novel, Grimes juxtaposes the inhabitants of the postcard village of Littlebourne (where a murder-cum-dedigitization has occurred) with those of London's sleazy East End (where a Littlebourne teenager has been mugged in the Wembley Knotts tube station). Detective Jury (now promoted from Inspector to Superintendent) and sidekick Melrose Plant (formerly Lord Ardry) move between those two locales, each with its characteristic pub (Littlebourne's Blue Boy and the East End's The Anodyne Necklace), just as Grimes leads the reader through a maze of characters which includes Plant's Aunt Agatha (American and trying so hard to be, oh, *so* British), eccentric crime story writer Polly Praed, overbearing Sir Miles Bodenheim, harried postmistress Mrs. Pennystevens, ten-year-old stable hand Emily Louise Perk, the bird-watching, elderly Craigie sisters, local policeman Peter Gere, London violin teacher Cyril Macenary, and flasher Ash Cripps.

The maps that Grimes provides for tracing the movements and motives of her suspects in the Littlebourne murder are numerous: a map for birdwatchers chasing the elusive Great Speckled Crackle ("Rare? *Rare?* It's been sighted only five times in the last three years. Once in the Orkneys, once in the Hebrides, and once in Torquay"), the London colored subway grid, a charted scenario for a game of Wizards and Warlocks (a fantasy dive rsion not unlike Dungeons and Dragons), and, finally, the crayon-colored poison pen letters that plague village inhabitants. Grimes, whom I first took to be a novelist focusing on character and a sense of place (the earlier two Jury mysteries work because of talent in those areas), begins in *The Anodyne Necklace* to develop decided skill in plotting, in interrelating and interlocking true and false leads, motivations, and opportunities. It will be interesting to watch how this technique develops, just as it will prove intriguing to see what Grimes does with Jury's and Plant's love interests, which she has introduced in *The Anodyne Necklace* in much the same way that Harriet, Troy, and Amanda came into, respectively, Wimsey's, Alleyn's, and Campion's view—through crime. Moreover, Grimes has thankfully sof-tpedaled tiresome Aunt Agatha and her inevitable fairy cares. And finally, she has given Jury more latitude for development by not limiting him to a rural backwater, as charming as it may be, but by showing that the links between village and city can be traced not only over a transportation net map but also over a commonality of the criminal mind.

Nightwork by Joseph Hansen. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1984. $12.95

By now, the rules of hardboiled detection are well established. And David Brandstetter's place as one of the best and most (outwardly) hardboiled is equally set. *Nightwork* expertly mixes all the familiar elements, but Brandstetter, Southern California, and all the major characters fail to come alive to evoke any passion or caring

Brandstetter's problem this time is the death of a truckdriver who has had an accident while carrying unauthorized loads at night. Hansen tries for sympathy for the common man pitted against evil and corruption, but the symbols become more toxic than the contraband cargo.

Being gay, Brandstetter has a specialized viewpoint and knowledge which he had brought to all his previous cases. This task does not need any of that uniqueness, so Dave has no chance to excel. Outside of his special world, he is just another man. Private eye fans will not want to miss this one, but most general readers will do as well or better elsewhere.

RETRO REVIEWS

The Week-End Crime Book by James M Walsh and Audry Baldwin. London: John Hamilton, 1929.

Though congratulated by a reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement* for "the invention of a new and social use for the ever-popular crime story" (20 June 1929, p. 497), Walsh and Baldwin's effort actually post-dates Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay's *The Baffle Book* (1928), the British edition of which did not, in all fairness, appear until 1930. Walsh and Baldwin supply twenty-five

problems and assign points for correct answers to questions posed at the end of each story; different questions have different point values, and the total number of points available varies from story to story.

The authors take an ironic view of their material, remarking that the game improves as the number of players increases, especially if each has a book—"the more players, you see, the more books. After all, authors must live" (p. 8).

Some of the puzzles—particularly those on Australian topics—are fun. But the book's solutions often tend to move far beyond the conclusions justified by the evidence, confusing reasonable inference with demonstrable fact. Nothing in the second story indicates what the cattle thieves placed over the earth road to conceal the animals' hoofprints, yet the solution says "blankets," and nothing else will do.

A few cases are simply unbelievable, even for a puzzle format. Why would someone read every third word of an advertisement in an agony column unless she had arranged in advance for a message to be sent using that particular cipher? And if such an arrangement had been made, shouldn't the authors have mentioned it?

But perhaps the most striking feature of *The Week-End Crime Book* for someone reading it fifty-five years later is its incredible reliance on stereotypes, particularly those based on racial or national origin: for example, "His Latin blood urged him to kill her; a certain cautiousness . . . due to long residence in a northern clime made him plan to do it in a way that would make it seem like suicide" (pp. 210-11).

—William Reynolds

Be Your Own Detective: 15 Crime Mysteries for You to Solve by Mileson Horton. London: Fenmore Publications, 1948

A sequel to the earlier *Photocrimes*—with some of the pictures having a pre-World War II look about them—the book places the clues in the photos (three or four) which accompany the stories (all under three hundred words).

Almost forty years have made it harder for us than for original readers to deal with puzzles involving such things as the starter-handle of an auto; English readers then and now would find it easier to identify the size of the beer glasses and bottle in mystery #10, "No Miracle." Moreover, the pictures are not always clear and/or detailed enough to show what the solutions claim they reveal—the boiling milk in mystery #1, "Death in the Kitchen," for example; and the reasoning is not always perfect (the companion-housekeeper's suppression of the truth about who opened a box containing poisoned chocolates does not *ipso facto* make her a murderer).

But, taken as a whole, this is a clever entertainment, successfully challenging the reader's ability to observe small details and properly relate one to another. I was especially nettled with myself for not noticing that the over-flowing tube of pellets (ten of them cyanide, the rest saccharine) could not possibly have been sealed with the grooved, screw-in cap pictured and for this reason not recognizing that the murderer must be the suspect with the most recent access to the tube.

This, then, is that rare case: a sequel better than its original.

—William Reynolds

Minor Offenses

By Edward D. Hoch

Anthologies of mysteries about food and drink seem to hold a perennial fascination for editors, and perhaps for readers as well. Since 1956, we have had five such collections, including two published just last spring:

Rex Stout, ed. *Eat, Drink, and Be Buried.* New York: Viking Press, 1956. Twenty stories by members of the Mystery Writers of America.

Clifton Fadiman, ed. *Dionysus.* New York: McGraw-Hill, 1962. Twenty-four stories about wine, at least eight of them in the mystery-suspense field.

Tony Wilmot, ed. *The Gourmet Crook Book.* London: Everest Books, 1976. Twenty-four stories by British and American mystery writers.

Carol-Lynn Rossel Waugh, Martin Harry Greenberg and Isaac Asimov, eds. *Murder on the Menu.* New York: Avon Books, 1984. Sixteen stories, one new, by American and British mystery writers. ($3.50)

Barry Woelfel, ed. *Through a Glass, Darkly.* New York: Beaufort Books, 1984. Thirteen mystery-crime stories about wine and liquor. ($16.95)

If these five books prove anything, it is that just about every important mystery writer has dealt with food or drink at least once. Not surprisingly, Stanley Ellin's "The Specialty of the House" is included in all three of the food anthologies, and three stories are duplicated in the two wine anthologies—E. C. Bentley's "The Unknown Peer," Ronald Dahl's "Taste," and Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado." Ellin, in fact, appears in four of the books, as does Michael Gilbert

Both of this year's food and wine anthologies are good ones, with *Murder on the Menu* arranging its stories in courses which run from soup to nuts and beyond. Ellin's "Specialty of the House" and Dahl's "Lamb to the Slaughter," voted the two best short mysteries in a recent poll of MWA members, are both in *Murder on the Menu,* while *Through a Glass, Darkly* shows these two writers to be almost as skillful in Ellin's "The Last Bottle in the World" and Dahl's "Taste." (Before anyone asks, *Ellery Queen's Murder Menu* [1969] is *not* an anthology of food or drink stories, though it happens to include Ellin's "Bottle" tale.)

The first two issues of the revived *Saint Magazine* are now at hand dated June and July 1984 It's probably unfair to say they lack the excitement of the first two issues of the original *Saint Detective Magazine* back in 1953, which offered stories by Leslie Charteris, Damon Runyon, Ben Hecht, Mignon G. Eberhart, Cornell Woolrich, Sax Rohmer, Agatha Christie, Lawrence G. Blochman, Ray Bradbury, Fredric Brown, and Ellery Queen, among others. Charteris and Bradbury are both present, but with reprints, and many of the remaining stories in the new *Saint* are routine. Highlight of the first issue is a fine tale of pure suspense by John Lutz, "High Stakes." Both issues include brief tales by Francis M. Nevins, Jr. about female detective sergeant Gene Holt, the start of a promising new series. Coincidentally, the second issue includes the first U.S. publication of Tony Wilmot's own story from his anthology *The Gourmet Crook Book,* mentioned above, but a passing reference to champagne hardly qualifies it as a food or drink story.

A minor point, but one worth noting, is the near-total absence of women writers in these first two issues of *The Saint Magazine.* At a time when EQMM, AHMM, and MSMM generally have at least two or three women writers in every issue, *The Saint* has only one out of fifteen (Christianna Brand) in its first issue and only one out of sixteen (Betty Ren Wright) in its second. I realize that the editors can only purchase what is submitted to them, so let's hope there are lots more submissions from some of our fine women writers. (The last fourteen Edgar awards for short story have gone to six women and eight men—pretty close to an even split.)

Anyway, it's good to have *The Saint Magazine* back. Distribution problems with its first few issues should be ironed out by the time you read this, and I'd suggest you give it a try. This fall promises the first issue of *Espionage* magazine too, and we'll be looking forward to that one as well. With two new mystery-suspense magazines appearing in a single year, the short crime story is far from dead. And we hear talk of a mystery puzzle magazine too.

I'll call your attention briefly to two new mystery collections from The Mysterious Press: Mickey Spillane's *Tomorrow I Die* and Donald E. Westlake's *Levine.* Both are $14.95, and both belong in any library of the best short crime fiction. If the Westlake is the superior of the two, more unified in theme and character, the Spillane offers a few gems like the novelette "Everybody's Watching Me," serialized in early issues of *Manhunt*

When speaking to writing classes, I often stress the importance of a satisfying ending in a short story. I don't know of another writer around whose endings are as consistently satisfying as those of Henry Slesar. To see what I mean, try "The Tin Man" in the June issue of EQMM □

By T. M. McDade

Real Life Cases

CRIME HUNT

THE MURDER CASE AS A SOURCE OF FICTION

There is a long tradition among writers of mining old criminal trials and turning them into novels and short stories. Poe used the death of Mary Cecilia Rodgers to create "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt." From the case of Constance Kent, Willkie Collins took Inspector Whicher and made him into Sergeant Cuff in *The Moonstone*. S. S. Van Dine used the Joseph Elwell murder to write *The Benson Murder Case*, and Meyer Levin turned the Leopold and Loeb case into *Compulsion*. Theodore Dreiser considered a number of murders as the framework of a novel, studying those of Carlyle Harris, Roland B. Molineux, the Rev. Clarence T. V. Richeson, and William H. Orpet. He finally selected that of Charles Gilletteand turned it into his best remembered work, *An American Tragedy*.

These are but a few of the many examples one might cite, and new illustrations appear daily. Only recently, the *New York Times* reviewed *The Tragedy at Tiverton* by Raymond Paul, a novel based on the 1932 death of Sarah Cornell in Rhode Island, a *causecélèbre* of the day. And of course Lizzie Borden is the perennial favorite, whether in novel, short story, movie, opera, or ballet.

Why do writers use real cases instead of creating their own, and how do you find such cases if you want to examine them for possible use? One need not be intending to use the whole of the original case. Writers might use parts such as motive, *modus operandi*, clues, investigation, trial procedures, and courtroom dialogue, including cross examination. Their authenticity provides a reality which creative imagination cannot easily produce. It is surprising how even small details lifted from actual trials give color and excitement to a story.

Recently, I had occasion to try to find the record of a murder case for a friend whose father had represented one of the defendants. She was interested in learning about the case because she had been a child at the time and wanted to know something about his practice. In the course of running down that case, I not only had the pleasure of the research but was agreeably surprised by discovering many small matters of interest in a case which at first seemed lacking in color or the unusual.

As my friend recalled it, the case dated from about 1917 and involved the holdup of a subway station in the Bronx, during which the ticket collector was killed. Four men had been tried and sentenced to death. One of them, "Bull" Cassidy, was the man her father had represented in an effort to save him from the electric chair. It was hardly a case to suggest literary possibilities.

Through the *New York Times Index*, I found that the date of the crime was November 14, 1918, and a two-inch news item announced that Otto Fiala, the 68-year-old ticket seller at the Intervale subway station in the Bronx, was slain when he resisted during a holdup. A fourteen-year-old girl and her mother, along with two sailors, were witnesses. The men escaped in a taxi waiting at the foot of the stairs which led to this elevated section of the subway. The sailors pursued the taxi for several blocks before losing it. Ten days later, the *Times* reported the arrest of five men in connection with the crime, three of whom were seized in a rooming house in Syracuse. In these accounts, the names of the men were not given. The amount taken in the robbery was $61.

Knowing from my friend that the men had been convicted, and armed with the date of the event, I was able to find the report of the case in the *New York State Reports* (227 NY 615, 650), but no opinion had been written except that the court affirmed the judgment of the trial court. Fortunately, the Supreme Court Library in White Plains has copies of the appeal record of most cases, so I found the transcript of the trial testimony and could read the evidence of all the witnesses in the 343-page volume.

Four men had been indicted for felony murder: Joseph Milano alias Joe the Guinea, James P. Cassidy alias "Bull" Cassidy, Charles F. McLaughlin alias Charles Reilly, and Joseph Usefof alias Onions. Separate trials were ordered for the four men, and I confined myself to reading the record of the trial of Cassidy. Cassidy was 26, McLaughlin 22, and both were of Irish extraction. Milano, an Italian, was 21. Usefof, born in Russia, was also 22. I shall make no attempt to cover the evidence of the thirty witnesses called by the prosecution. Trials are notoriously confusing and put together in bits and pieces. This is the case for the state as best I can put it from the stories of those witnesses.

The four subjects all lived near 125th Street and Park Avenue, hanging out in a saloon on the southeast corner. Cassidy had approached William Kirk, driver of a Ford taxi, and asked him to pick them up at 11:30 P.M. that night. Kirk arrived at that time, and Cassidy and Usefof entered the cab; at the next corner they were joined by Milano and McLaughlin. They then drove to Niemeyer's Café, where Cassidy spoke to Joseph Higgins, the barman. Cassidy had asked him to get a gun for that night, and when they came in Higgins said, "I think you have enough tonight, you don't need me." Cassidy agreed with him, and so Higgins, who was nearly charged with being a conspirator with them, found himself being paid $2 per day while being held as a material witness.

The five men, Kirk driving, then went to Westchester Avenue and Intervale, where they entered a saloon run by one Hufheiser. Here all had a drink except Usefof; they were really just killing time, as the saloon was at the foot of the elevated stairs. Kirk had parked the car at the foot of these stairs, and now, with the motor running, he awaited the event. The quartet climbed the stairs, Usefof stopping halfway to act as lookout. Milano, who had the only weapon, threatened Fiala, who was counting money when surprised. He struggled with Milano and was shot. The thieves seized the money he was counting, all one-dollar bills, ignoring the larger bills in the drawer. They got but $61 and fled down the

William Kirk, 24, told of the effort to recruit him into the band, Cassidy claiming that the take would be from $2,000 to $3,000 and that Kirk could always claim that he was just driving passengers. Milano had worn the uniform of a subway guard, and, after all came running down the stairs, they had had Kirk drive to McLaughlin's house on 104th Street, Kirk returning to his taxi stand. Later, Cassidy came by and gave him $9 as his share of the loot, saying, "Keep your mouth shut. You are liable to be knocked off."

It seems that Kirk was charged in the Magistrate's Court along with the other members of the gang when all were arraigned. Later, together in a cell, McLaughlin said, "What do you say if we toss up a coin to see which one will take the chair?"

"You won't toss no coin with me," Kirk interjected. "I'm looking out for Willie Kirk."

"All right, you son of a bitch," Milano said. "We will frame you and say that you planned it all."

If anything were needed to make Kirk turn state's evidence, that did it, for from then on he was a state witness.

When Detectives Shiels and Behan arrested the trio in the Syracuse rooming house, Cassidy had a battered countenance, with a cut over one eye, a banged-up nose, and a split lip. It was later charged that the police had manhandled him, but this was not the case. The night before his arrest, under the name of Ryan of Yonkers, he had entered the prize ring in Syracuse to fight four rounds with Kid Fisher, for which he was paid $10. He admitted it had been some years since he had last fought.

Cassidy himself made a statement to the police when he arrived in New York. He named his only companion as "Joe the Ginney" and admitted going to the station "with the intention of getting some money." When asked who had suggested going there, he replied, "Jesus, I don't know which one it was." He claimed that Joe fired the shot and divided up the money.

The defense objected to the admission of Cassidy's statement, as he had not been cautioned before being interrogated. The court ruled that it was not necessary. Not until the Supreme Court ruling in the Miranda case did such statements become inadmissible in the absence of the necessary caution. The defense did not call a single witness, which made the jury's task easy. The jury did ask if they could bring in a verdict of less than murder in the first degree, but the Court instructed that they could not do so in a felony murder charge. Three hours later, there was a guilty verdict.

All four were convicted in trials lasting three or four days each, and, after their being sentenced to die in the electric chair, appeals were taken to the Court of Appeals where all of the convictions were affirmed without opinion. It was now November 1919, just a year since the holdup, and time appeared to be running out. With the convictions of three of the men affirmed, a new date for the executions was set for the week of January 5, 1920. Even before that date, however, the Governor granted a reprieve until February 9, as Milano's appeal had not been decided. When it was affirmed, a new date of February 23 was set. Though each of the men had had a separate trial, it was apparent that the fate of all would be decided at the same time

On February 19, Governor Alfred E. Smith, after a hearing, gave a third respite, moving the date to the week of April 26 in order to give the attorneys an opportunity to present arguments for a new trial. A recent case from Buffalo was thought to have a bearing on their case. This did not prove to be so, and a new date for the execution of the four was set for April 29. The newspapers observed that this was the first time four men were scheduled to die at the same time since the execution of the four Rosenthal gunman in June 1912. These had become notorious as much for their monickers as for their crime – they were Lefty Louie, Gyp the Blood, Whitey Lewis, and Dago Frank.

Though Dr. Amos O. Squire, the prison physician, was reported as describing McLaughlin as an imbecile and Cassidy as a mental defective, plans for the executions went ahead. On April 29, the four had the traditional last meal of the condemned, made their last farewells, donned the black execution clothing with the slit trousers, and had their heads shaved for the electrodes. In this atmosphere, Milano confessed to Warden Lawes that he had fired the fatal shot and also tried to exonerate Usefof, saying that Usefof had not known of the impending holdup and had been told merely to wait for them on the stairs. When this information was conveyed to the Governor, a fourth reprieve was granted. So the case moved from crisis to crisis as the attorneys struggled to find legal impediments to the executions.

On May 22, the Appeals Court, having considered the Milano confession, decided that there was no reason for granting a new trial and set a new execution date three weeks away. At the same time, a Sanity Commission was reported to be examining McLaughlin and Cassidy. Then a new defender entered the lists.

James J. Barry, an attorney whose aunt had known Cassidy as a boy and who had known Cassidy himself, started a *habeas corpus* proceeding in the Rensselaer Court on the ground of Cassidy's mental incapacity. To allow the courts time to consider this new problem, the Governor granted a fifth reprieve for all the men. Rebuffed in the lower court, Barry appealed, presenting affidavits from six "alienists," as psychiatrists were then called, that Cassidy had the mental age of a nine-year-old. The argument was unconvincing to the highest court, and on November 23 the appeal was rejected and the executions scheduled for the week of December 7.

On December 7, Barry applied to Judge Charles L. Guy for an order to show cause why Cassidy should not be granted a new trial. Guy was the judge who had stopped the Stielow execution three hours before it was due and saved Stielow's life, for he was subsequently found innocent (TAD 17:1). The application was referred to another Justice, but Guy urged Governor Smith to stay the execution pending a decision. Barry also addressed a telegram to the Governor, adding that, if none were granted and Cassidy executed, he would hold the state executioner John Hurlburt of Auburn personally responsible for putting to death a man lacking the capacity to commit a crime. This time there was no stay, and Barry hurried to Washington to see Justice Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court in an effort to stop the execution, now set for December 9. This too was denied.

By the morning of December 9, all hope of further stays had been exhausted. Thomas O'Neill, one of Cassidy's counsel, had sent to the Governor the day before a copy of the testimony of Dr. Marcus Heyman, Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane on Ward's Island, that Cassidy had the mind of a nine-year-old child. Hearing nothing from the Governor, O'Neill had applied to Judge Hotchkiss for a stay but had been refused. Late that night, the executions went ahead

Usefof, feared to be the weakest of the quartet, was selected to die first. He entered the death chamber at 11:05 P.M. and announced to the spectators, "You see an innocent man dying tonight." He was pronounced dead at 11:15.

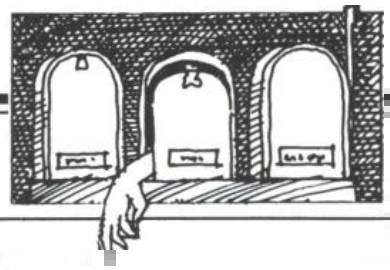
As he left his cell, Mclaughlin called to his companions on death row: "God bless you, boys. I got the old smile on my face." Milano followed him to the chamber. As he left his cell, he could hear Cassidy singing, "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary." Only ten minutes elapsed from his entry to his death.

Cassidy entered the chamber at 11:48 and, as he sat down in the electric chair, said, "I know I've done wrong. I know I am paying for it." Then, seeing the warden in the back of the room, he said, "Hello, Warden. I see you back there, old timer." As they buckled him into the chair, he said, "Tighten 'em up." His last words were, "Give her the gas, kid. I'm taking it with a smile."

Cassidy had been illiterate when he entered prison but had been learning to read and write. On the morning of his execution, speaking to a reporter, he pointed to a dozen words written on the wall, including the word "remembrance."

"Isn't it hell, Warden," he said, "when you get so you can write words like that to have to be bumped off?" Then he added, "I hope I won't have to go before Barry comes back." Barry, his attorney, was in Washington; he didn't make it back. □

LETTERS



From Bob Randisi:

I am writing this letter for several reasons, not the least of which is to blow my own horn. (Listen, if I don't . . .) I'll save the horn-blowing for last.

I found TAD 17:1 interesting. I thoroughly enjoyed the interview with Jerome Charyn, having read *Blue Eyes,* as well as the interview with David Morrell, whose work I've enjoyed (*Brotherhood of the Rose,* from St. Martin's, is quite good). I found several of the other articles interesting—the Collins/Traylor piece, the Bouchercon piece—and some of them extraneous—A Geologist as Mystery Writer? And needless to say, I am not a Cyril Hare fan. The piece I found "interesting" but will refrain from commenting on is Westlake's "The Hardboiled Dicks."

Ah, hell, I'll comment—I swore I wouldn't, but . . .

I did read it, and must honestly say that I agree with some—the final paragraph, in which he says that the P.I. is not dead—and disagree with some—Marlowe a homosexual? Of course, when I read and reread the fourth paragraph from the end, I inhale but don't sense any air. My God, if the Western and the P.I. story are on the decline, there must be a lot of people—and a lot of *us*—out there treading water. Are we to believe that only Big books—read: *Kahawa*—and Police stories—read: *Levine*—are selling? Or is that what Westlake would like the reading public to believe for obvious reasons? (At the Bouchercon, when Westlake gave his speech—read: diatribe—James Ellroy served on a panel and came out to agree with him—and now *his* new book is out and—surprise, surprise—it's a police story.)

I think I'll do an article on the decline of the *Big* book and police stories.

I'm gonna blow my horn and get out of here. My third Miles Jacoby novel, *Full Contact,* will be out in hardcover from St. Martin's Press in November. Hopefully, we'll be able to have some copies at the Bouchercon the last weekend of October, where I can intimidate—*try to intimidate*—people into buying it. If you don't come to the Bouchercon, consider this letter intimidation and please buy it. I promise it won't hurt.

✔ Bob, your knee-jerk reaction is totally out of line and off the mark. Donald Westlake never mentioned sales, except to say that private eye novels are being published and read throughout the world. I think it is abundantly clear that the decline, if you will, that he sees in the Western and the P.I. novel has to do with character, plot, and storytelling. He is, I think, talking about the reduction of the genre to an almost no-frills *absurdity. (Remember the no-frills mystery published by Jove a few years ago?) That Westlake or James Ellroy or anyone else is writing hard-boiled, non-P.I. material has, perhaps, to do with the feeling that they have nothing to say in that genre. It does not mean that they see better sales resulting from police procedurals or caper or "big" books. (Whatever* they *are: long reads, perhaps? Is* True Detective *a "big book"?* Kahawa *is easily defined as a caper. How do you classify* One Police Plaza, *or Sanders's "Sin" series?)*

I'm also more than a bit surprised that you would accuse either Westlake or Ellroy of taking their respective stands in order to push the sales of their current books. Are you defending the genre only *to sell* Full Contact *or because you think there is growth and vitality present in private eye writing?*

I had hoped that printing the text of the speech would give people the opportunity to read at leisure—and consider at leisure—rather than continue to cry Foul! *without all the facts. It would seem, however, that some territorial imperative, some unwarranted sense of being threatened (some paranoia?), still prevails. I had also hoped that if anything ensued after the appearance of "The Hardboiled Dicks," it would be a dialogue, a reasoned refutation, a forensic experience, not an accusation of egoism and self-service.*

Logically, one may disagree with Westlake's stand, either conceptually or in fact (see Mike Nevin's letter, below), and it may be that someone is working on a rebuttal. (And what are we to think if nobody is?) Until such an article arrives, however, I think we must consider the file still open. There is certainly much to be said, but I'm afraid you didn't say it. —Michael

From Mike Nevins:

The Winter 1984 TAD was an exceptionally meaty issue, and Don Westlake's piece on private eye fiction is probably the finest work of its kind since George Grella's classic essay of more than a dozen years ago. But I caught a number of factual errors both small and large which I hope will be fixed when the article is reprinted—as I'm sure it will be, and more than once—in anthologies.

First, the littlest stuff. On page 5, Westlake credits Émile Gaboriau for some "absolutely wonderful" English-language titles which often are not at all like their French originals (*The Widow Lerouge* in French is *L'Affaire Lerouge,* and *Within an Inch of His Life* is *La Corde au Cou*). On page 9, Westlake misdates the year of Raymond Chandler's crime-writing debut, which was 1933, not '36, and on page 11 he gives the year of Kenneth Millar's debut as 1947 when in fact his first novel, *The Dark Tunnel,* came out in 1944. Also on page 11, the first appearance of Richard S. Prather's Shell Scott is misdated: it should be 1950, not '51. Moving right along into the late 'sixties, Westlake pins a couple of ill-fitting labels on Frank Sinatra, who wasn't brutal in *The Detective* and wasn't a cop in *Tony Rome.*

Next, a side excursion which Westlake manages to get 100% wrong. On page 8, he tells us that Western writer Clarence E. Mulford, the creator of Hopalong Cassidy, was totally ignorant of the real West, "lived his life in New England and was over fifty the first time he traveled west of the Hudson River." In fact, Mulford was born in Streator, Illinois; spent his adult life in Brooklyn until he moved to rural Maine in 1926; and was 41 when he first visited the Southwest. But, long before that visit, he had earned his reputation as the most painstaking researcher of all the Western writers of his time. He accumulated the largest private library of Western Americana in existence: not just published books but pioneers' diaries, military reports, surveyors' maps, and the like. He put together a labyrinthine cross-index of all these factual materials and worked like a horse to make sure that all the thousands of details about terrain, animals, weapons, and the conditions of frontier life were accurate. Mulford's notions of plot, pacing, and character were rather conventional, and few of his books holds up well today, but what goes on in the interstices of those books is real.

Returning to the subject of P.I. fiction, Westlake makes his first large mistake on page 11 when he suggests that the genre "had to mark time" during World War II. As if Chandler, A. A. Fair, Brett Halliday, Cleve F. Adams, and dozens of pulpsters were not turning out reams of P.I. stuff while the war raged! Then, a bit later, discussing Mickey Spillane, Westlake makes the astonishing claim—well, not all that astonishing, because others have said the same thing—that "almost all" P.I. fiction before *I, the Jury* was Left-Liberal in orientation; as if Carroll John Daly and Cleve Adams and Robert Leslie Bellem and countless of their right-wing *compadres* had never published a word! And the current success of the new Mike Hammer TV series pretty much knocks into a cocked hat Westlake's remark that Hammer has failed to recover his lost popularity

Finally, in his brief discussion of the P.I. in the post-Vietnam era, Westlake rightly criticizes the sameness and ritualistic repetitions in many recent books of this sort, but he fails even to mention the one writer who firmly sets his investigators on the downside of the Nam experience, James Crumley. Now that Ross Macdonald is gone, Crumley seems to me the finest living private eye novelist, and a blazing exception to Westlake's strictures.

I haven't written this long a commentary on something in TAD since the days when it was being published in Al Hubin's basement, but the Westlake article was so good that I wanted to do my bit to make it even better. □

A CATALOGUE OF CRIME

By Jacques Barzun
and Wendell Hertig Taylor

S245 Burns, Rex
The Avenging Angel
Viking 1983

This is the fifth tale about Gabe Wager by a member of the English Department at the University of Colorado in Denver. The occasion this time is a sort of feud between the Mormons "across the range" (i.e. on the Utah border) and their neighbors, known as Gentiles, which means only non-Mormon. The only clue to a series of murders is a Xeroxed drawing in the hand of one of the victims: it depicts an avenging angel. A stirring conclusion winds up a story with more life in it than previous Wager adventures, though it contains virtually no detection

S246 Burt, Olive Woolley
American Murder Ballads
OUP 1958

An enterprising schoolteacher from Utah, whose mother used to save mournful ditties from local newspaper obituaries, started on a quest to find the words and music detailing notorious killings. They form a large collection and include the well-known (Lizzie Borden, Joseph Smith, Jesse James, Aaron Burr, Guiteau) and many of the obscure but picturesque, up to "The Pinkerton Men Killed My Father." Several of the melodies are given, and explanations where needed. A curious fact: only one piece about Lincoln's assassination has ever been found

S247 Clark, Douglas
Poacher's Bag
Goll 1980

A delightfully entertaining and splendidly engineered piece of work. Masters and Green are spending the weekend, with their wives, at the house of M's mother-in-law. She confides her worry over a recent murder for which—she thinks—an innocent man has been arrested. The first third of the book is a beautiful example of armchair detection, followed of course by action and the obtaining of solid proof supplemented by a good motive—perfection in the classic genre

S248 Edwards, Owen Dudley
The Quest for Sherlock Holmes
Mainstream 1983

This massive work, subtitled "A Biographical Study of Arthur Conan Doyle," is a wide-ranging effort, intensely written, of Doyle's formative years as a physician and writer. It introduces us to a large number of acquaintances and contemporaries of Doyle's and quotes from little-known works relevant to the thesis that Sir Arthur was the greatest master of the short story in our century. The author is an academic man with a post at the University of Edinburgh. He is eminently worth reading.

S249 Egleton, Clive
A Conflict of Interests
Atheneum 1983

Brisk narration, legitimate surprise, well-made plots, and appropriate wit characterize this English author's novels of what used to be called international intrigue, i.e. spying for far-reaching purposes. Starting with *Backfire* (1979) and going on to *The Eisenhower Deception* (1981) and *The Russian Enigma* (1982) and half a dozen others, we reach the present tale which combines the CID investigation of a commonplace murder with political pressures that threaten the detective's life. Excellent of its kind and as authoritative as a retired colonel can make it.

S250 *Ellery Queen's Prime Crimes*
(Anthology #48)
Winter 1983
Edited by Eleanor Sullivan

This substantial collection of sixteen stories is the first of a new series which offers work never before published in the United States and sometimes not elsewhere. This issue starts with a splendid Sherlock Holmes pastiche by John H. Dirckx; it is in fact the first in our experience that catches the tone and language of its model and supplies a good plot as well. Patricia Moyes contributes a short novel which is a good variation on the theme of the kidnapped child, and there are entertaining pieces by the dependable Edward Hoch, Christianna Brand, William Bankier, and Seicho Matsumoto.

S251 Ormerod, Roger
Face Value
Const 1983

In this eighteenth performance, Richard Patton, resentful of impending retirement, tells us in the first person how he solved in his country town a murder that seemed open-and-shut and in the course of it found his inamorata. The plot is quite good, but Patton's self-conscious behavior—nervous indecision, anger without cause, hostility toward his chief and his lady love—are simply intolerable.

S252 Resnicow, Herbert
The Gold Solution
St. Martin's 1983

A would-be humorous affair based on the idea of an entire family—that of the nice Jewish girl whose fiancé is charged with murder—going to work to disprove the charge. The dialogue is colloquial and contains a few good cracks, but the events are not meant to be believed. As burlesque and make-believe, it will pass.

S253 Tapply, William G.
Death at Charity's Point
Scribner's 1984

North of Boston, a mild prep school teacher jumps off a cliff with a suicide note in his pocket. His mother, now heir to a large sum, is not convinced it was suicide, especially after certain events in a series increase the chances of its having been murder. The plot complicates rapidly, with activism, bomb manufacture, and a legal mind at work. The unwinding is fair but somehow tame in spite of much action □

CHECKLIST

By M. S. Cappadonna

MYSTERY, DETECTIVE AND SUSPENSE FICTION PUBLISHED IN THE U.S. APRIL–JUNE 1984

Aldyne,Nathan: **Slate.** Villard, 12.95
Ashford, Jeffrey: **A Sense of Loyalty.** Walker, 12.95
Ball, John: **Chief Tallon and the S.O.R.** Dodd, 11.95
Barrett, James: **Marked for Destruction.** Secker & Warburg (David & Charles), 14.95
Bayer, William: **Switch.** Linden, 13.95
Boyer, Rick: **The Penny Ferry.** Houghton, 13.95
Brierley, David: **Blood Group O.** Summit, 9.95
Bruce, Leo: **Death at St. Asprey's School.** AcademyChicago, 14.95
Burns,Rex: **StripSearch.** Viking, 13.95
Cannell, Dorothy: **The Thin Woman: An EpicureanMystery.** St. Martin's, 12.95
Chernyonok, Mickhail: **Losing Bet.** Doubleday, 14.95
Crane, Caroline: **Woman Vanishes.** Dodd, 12.95
Davis, Dorothy Salisbury: **Lullaby ofMurder.** Scribner's, 12.95
Dean, S. F. X.: **Ceremony of Innocence.** Walker, 12.95
DeAndrea, William L.: **Killed on the Ice.** Doubleday, 11.95
Dentinger, Jane: **First Hit of the Season.** Doubleday, 11.95
Early, Jack: **A Creative Kind of Killer.** Watts, 12.95
Engel, Howard: **The Suicide Murders.** St Martin's, 11.95
Francis, Dick: **TheDanger.** Putnam, 14.95
Gibson, Walter: **The Shadow and the Golden Master.** MysteriousPress, 14.95
Giroux, B. X.: **A Death for Adonis.** St Martin's, 11.95
Grimes, Martha: **The Dirty Duck.** Little, 14.95
Hansen,Joseph: **Nightwork.** Holt, 12.45
Hebden, Mark: **Pel and the Stagehound.** Walker, 12.95
Hill, Reginald: **Deadheads.** Macmillan, 12.95
Hilton, John Buxton: **Corridors of Guilt.** St. Martin's, 10.95
Hinkemeyer, Michael T.: **A Time to Reap.** St. Martin's, 12.95
Hutton, John: **Accidental Crimes.** Bodley Head, 14.95
Jeffreys, J. G.: **The PangersbourneMurders.** Walker, 12.95
Kaye, M. M.: **Death in Cyprus.** St. Martin's, 13.95
Kelton, Elmer: **Stand Proud.** Doubleday, 14.95
Kemp, Sarah: **No Escape.** Doubleday, 11.95
Kienzle, William J.: **Kill and Tell.** Andrews, McMeel, and Parker, 12.95
Krasner, William: **Death of a Minor Poet.** Scribner's, 11.95
McBain, Ed: **Jackand the Bean Stalk.** Holt, 14.95
Mcdonald, Gregory: **Flynn's In.** Mysterious Press; 15.95
Nabb, Magdalen: **Death in Springtime.** Scribner's, 11.95
O'Marie, Sister Carol Anne: **A Novena for Murder: A Sister Mary Helen Mystery.** Scribner's, 12.95
Pachter, Josh, ed.: **Top Crime: The Author's Choice.** St. Martin's, 14.95
Perry, Ritchie: **MacAllister.** Doubleday, 11.95
Peters, Elizabeth: **Die for Love.** Congdon, 14.95
Price, Anthony: **Gunner Kelly.** Doubleday, 11.95
Radley, Sheila: **The Quiet Road to Death.** Scribner's, 11.95
Rafferty, S. S.: **Cork of the Colonies: The First American Detective.** International Polygonics, 14.95
Rendell, Ruth: **The Killing Doll.** Pantheon, 12.95
Resnicow, Herbert: **The Gold Deadline.** St Martin's, 12.95
Riggs, John: **The Last Laugh.** Dembner, 13.95
Roberts, WilloDavis: **TheSniper.** Doubleday, 11.95
Roosevelt, Elliott: **Murder and the First Lady.** St. Martin's, 12.95
Rosen, Robert: **Strike Three You're Dead.** Walker, 12.95
Rose, Angus: **The Darlington Jaunt.** Walker, 12.95
Schorr, Mark: **Aceof Diamonds.** St. Martin's, 13.95
Shannon, Dell: **Destiny of Death.** Morrow, 12.95
Simpson, Howard R.: **The Jumpmaster.** Doubleday,11.95
Smith, J. C. S.: **Nightcap: A QuentinJacoby Mystery.**Atheneum,12.95
Stuart, Ian: **The Garb of Truth.** Doubleday, 11.95
Sullivan,Eleanor, ed.: **ElleryQueen'sCrimes andPunishments.**Dial/Doubleday,12.95
Wainwright, John: **Cul-de-Sac.** St. Martin's, 10.95
Webb, Martha G.: **Darling Corey's Dead.** Walker,12.95
Westlake, Donald E.: **Levine.** Mysterious Press,14.95
White, Teri: **Bleeding Hearts.** Mysterious Press, 14.95
Wilkinson, Sandra: **Death on Call.** Dodd, 13.95
Williams, David: **Advertise for Treasure.** St. Martin's, 11.95
Wood, Ted: **Murder on Ice.** Scribner's, 12.95
Woods, Sara: **The Bloody Book of Law.** St. Martin's, 10.95
Wren, M. K.: **Wake Up, Darlin' Cory.** Doubleday, 11.95

Paperbacks

Brahms, Caryl and S. J. Simon: **A Bullet in the Ballet.** International Polygonics, 5.00
Brett,Simon: **Murder in the Title.** Dell, 2.95
Brown, Fredric: **Night of the Jabberwock.** Quill, 3.25
Burnett, W. R.: **The Asphalt Jungle.** Quill, 3.25
Burns, Rex: **The Avenging Angel.** Penguin, 3.50
Cross, Amanda: **The Question of Max.** Ballantine, 2.50
Davis, Kenn: **Words Can Kill.** Ballantine, 2.50
De la Torre, Lillian: **The Detections of Dr. Sam: Johnson.** International Polygonics, 5.00
Edwards, R. T. and Otto Penzler: **Prize** [illegible]
Fair, A. A.: **The Bigger They Come.** Quill, 3.25
Gardner, John: **The Garden of Weapons.** Mysterious Press,4.50
Gardner, John: **Icebreaker.** Berkley, 3.50
Greenleaf, Stephen: **Fatal Obsession.** Ballantine,2.50
Hartland, Michael: **Down Among the Dead Men.** Jove, 3.50
Hill, Reginald: **A Pinch of Snuff.** Dell, 2.95
Hoyt, Richard: **Siskiyou.** Tor, 3.50
Hughes, Terence: **The Day They Stole the Queen Mary.** Jove,3.50
Kaminsky, Stuart: **Catch a Falling Clown.** Penguin, 3.50
Kaminsky,Stuart:**HighMidnight.** Mysterious Press, 3.95
Kaminsky, Stuart: **He Done Her Wrong.** Mysterious Press, 3.95
Kaminsky, Stuart: **When the Dark Man Calls.** Avon, 2.95
McCarry, Charles: **The Last Supper.** NAL/Signet, 3.50
Mcdonald, Gregory: **Carioca Fletch.** Warner, 3.50
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Thompson, Gene: **Murder Mystery.** Ballantine, 2.25
Thompson, Gene: **Nobody Cared for Kate.** Ballantine, 2.50
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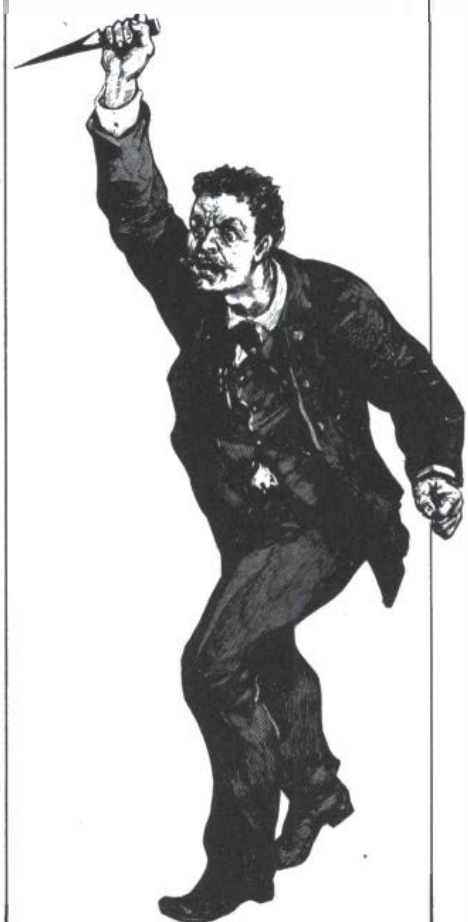

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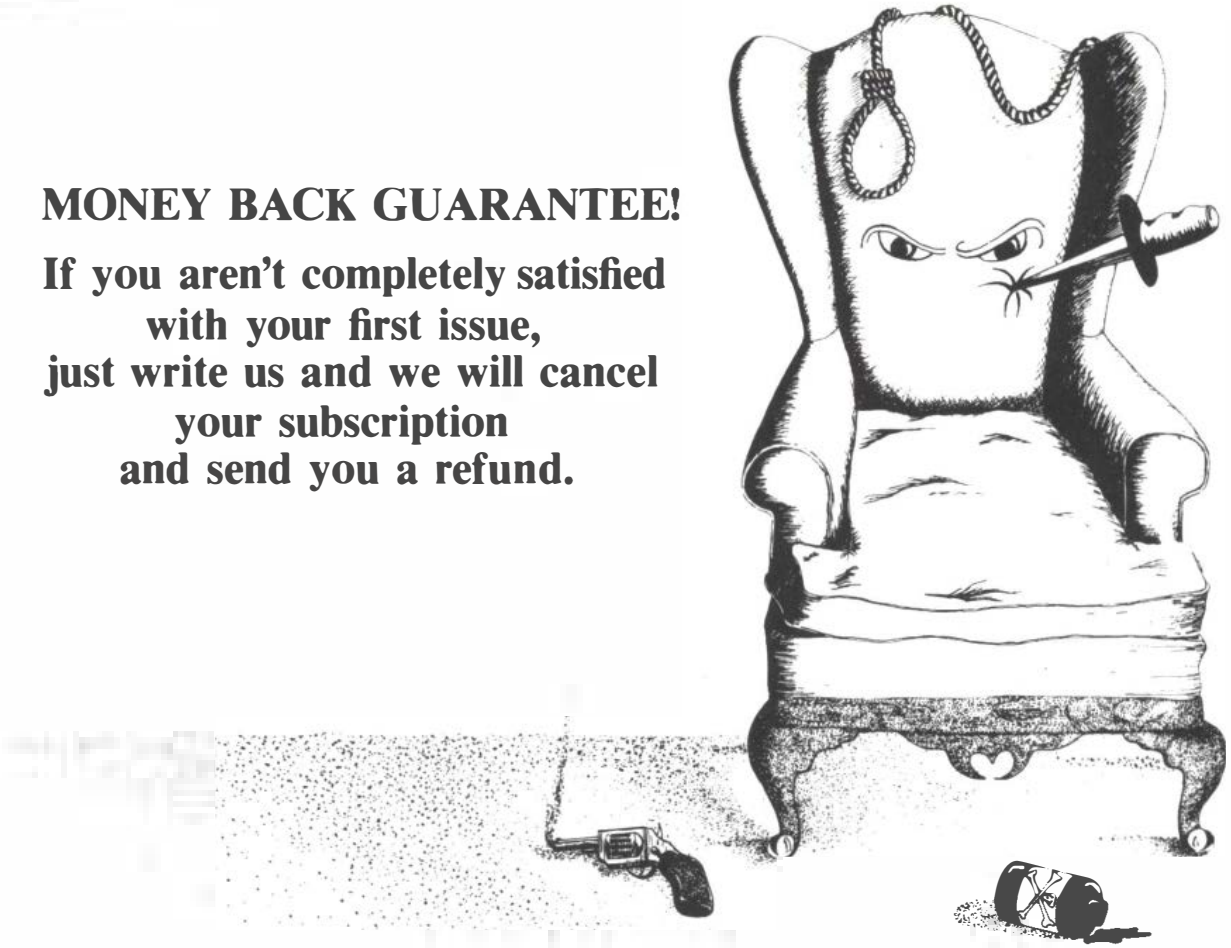

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