THE ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE APPRECIATION
OF
MYSTERY, DETECTIVE AND SUSPENSE FICTION

Volume 5 Number 4

July 1973

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July 1972

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The Armchair Detective
Subscription: $4.00 for four issues
Editor: Allen J. Hubin
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White Bear Lake, Minn. 55110
Submissions and correspondence are welcome and should be addressed to the editor.

Deadline for submissions to the next issue of
The Armchair Detective:
September 25, 1972

Cover: The Shadow statuette by Cassin Figures, London

THOUGHTS ON FREDRIC BROWN

by William F. Nolan

From 1947 through 1968 he published 36 books, including 22 mystery novels. His last book consisted of short story reprints—and no new Fredric Brown novel appeared over the past nine years. His last new short story was printed in 1965. Now, with his death at 65, in Tucson, Arizona on March 11, the notable career of this talented, immensely-readable man has finally run its course. Which is a sad fact to consider.

I got to thinking about Fred the other day when I happened across an old snapshot, dating back to 1951. Here we all were: me, Fred, Bill Gault and Cleve Cartmill, caught by the lens in that frozen moment: Fred, slight of stature, pale and pensive with a wisp of moustache, wearing steel-rimmed glasses; Gault, looking solid and tough in an open-necked shirt; Cartmill, seated, hand on his can (polio crippled him early in his life); me, tall and gawky and intense. Back then, two lost decades ago, we were all living in Southern California. Fred and Bill and Cleve were poker-playing drinking buddies who shared a long apprenticeship in the pulps. Fred had sold between 300 and 400 pulp tales, beginning in 1936, and Gault wasn't far behind him. Cartmill (who died in 1964) was less prolific but no less enthusiastic about the mystery/suspense field. (In his lifetime Cleve had no published books under his real byline, but did ghost-write two important mystery novels for major publishers.)

I was in awe of these men; I was 23, still unpublished, some three years away from my first fiction sale. As is the case with most working professionals, these men were active in several fields. Gault specialized in sports fiction and both Cleve and Fred had written extensively in the science fiction/fantasy genre.

Of the three, Fred Brown had the edge in reputation by late 1951; he'd already published 10 mystery novels and 2 science fiction books—and was in the process of helping launch Gault's career as a hardcover novelist. Don't Cry for Me, William Campbell Gault's first mystery novel, appeared the following year (1952) from Brown's regular publisher, E. P. Dutton, and bore a cover blurb from Fred which read in part, "This boy Gault can write, never badly and sometimes like an angel." Spurred on by Brown, Bill had turned out this 50,000 word novel in just 17 days; it won an Edgar from MWA as the best first mystery of the year, and remains one of Gault's finest.)

The gesture was typical of Fred; he always enjoyed helping others. He encouraged me in my early work, openly sharing his knowledge and skills. I found him to be a warm, quiet man with a wacky sense of humor, a "sideways thinker," who loved puns and who later wrote and sold many "miniatures" (one-page tales ending, quite often, in a pun). He enjoyed chess as well as poker, and entertained anyone who'd listen with his Chinese flute. I had just purchased a new tape recorder, and I still have an old 1951 tape of Fredric Brown playing his Chinese flute. He had lived in Taos, New Mexico, before coming to California, and claimed he was "the finest flute player in Taos," adding with a sly mouse-grin, "That's because no one else in town played a flute."

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in October of 1906 (as Fredric William Brown), he attended Hanover College in Hanover, Indiana for a year, and spent another year at the University of Cincinnati. By 1929 he had married a girl named Helen who bore him two children; their marriage ended in 1947 (ironically just as his career as a novelist began). He married Beth Brown in 1948, and this marriage endured to his death.

From early boyhood (inspired by H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, Sax Rohmer and Edgar Rice Burroughs) Fred wanted to be a writer, but it took him 15 years beyond high school graduation to reach the point where he was able to earn a living from words.

One of his first memorable jobs (at 18) was as an office boy with Conger & Way in Cincinnati. Much later, in 1957, he wrote an auto-biographical novel (The Office) based on his experiences there. In one passage of the book his employer asks young Fred what he wants to do with his life.

"I want to write. Stories."

"What kind of stories?"

"I haven't really decided for sure. I'll probably try various kinds until I find out what I can do best."

Of course, Fred Brown did exactly that.

He listed his first printed mystery as "The Moon for a Nickel", which appeared in a 1936 issue of Detective Story. He was soon featured in all of the mystery pulps and, in later years, was widely anthologized.

"I was an office worker until 1936, when I turned 30, and became a proofreader," he said. "That was also the year I started selling my fiction, so I worked at both proofreading and writing, off and on, until 1947, when I was finally able to devote my full time to fiction."

For several years during this period Fred made his home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he worked (as proofreader and "occasional" journalist) on the Milwaukee Journal. Later he moved to New Mexico for reasons of health and took up outdoor watercolor painting as a hobby while living in the historic Governor Bent House in Taos. ("I did my writing in the room in which the first American governor of New Mexico was assassinated in 1848. Which provided the proper climate for crime fiction!")

The Fabulous Clipjoint, Fred's first novel (published by Dutton in 1947) concerned the adventures of Ed Hunter and his Uncle Am of the Starlock Detective Agency. It won an Edgar from the MWA as best first mystery of the year. In all, he did six more novels in this series. Tony Boucher was one of the first of the major critics to praise the Hunter novels; he wrote and spoke of them with obvious delight.

Fred's other novels embraced various backgrounds. His newspaper work stood him in good stead when he wrote Night of the Jabberwock—and The Far Cry was set in and around Taos. At one point in his life Fred had traveled with a carnival, "soaking up the atmosphere." He had shared a tent in those days with a colorful carny mentalist, and incorporated this background in the second Hunter series novel, The Dead Ringer, and in Madball, a paperback original he wrote for Dell in 1953.

I vividly recall how Fred would agonize over his mystery plots. "Look," he'd tell me, "I have to do at least one new mystery a year for Dutton—and as each year rolls around I become more and more certain I can never think up another decent plot."

His solution was unique: Fred would buy a cross-country bus ticket, climb on board for a round trip to some distant city, and arrive back in California with a full plot worked out in his head. Then he'd sit down and write the novel.

One of Fred's pet peeves concerned the spelling of his first name in print. Magazine editors were constantly running it as "Frederic" or "Frederick" or "Fredrick." Sometimes he'd find one incorrect [illegible] on a mag's cover and yet another incorrect version inside on the story. That was [illegible] he looked at in a published piece—to see if they spelled Fredric correctly.

Fred [illegible] being with fellow writers; he welcomed the company of such men as Anthony Boucher [illegible] Bill Gault, etc., and for years his home in Taos was a "watering place" [illegible] writers: the door was always open to a fellow pro.

Science [illegible] formed a very important part of Fred's life when I knew him, and he eventually [illegible] (including five novels) within the sf field. His first sf story appeared [illegible] 1941 and he hit all of the top sf markets. He often enjoyed combining [illegible] fiction in the same story and produced at least one short classic in this [illegible] 195[illegible]. His first sf novel, What Mad Universe (Dutton, 1949), was an [illegible] fantasy and wacky science—reflecting Fred's offbeat sense of humor. [illegible] Thing, was published in 1961—which also happens to be the last year [illegible]

[illegible] from his home in Tucson to [illegible] for the Alfred Hitchcock show and [illegible] Thing as a film. (The film [illegible] never jelled, but he did do some tele[illegible]

[illegible] bad health, that he was thin and [illegible] He told me he liked [illegible] in the area; he had to have [illegible] air—and he got that in Arizona [illegible] then and, as it transpired, would [illegible] two more novels. (Daymares, [illegible] book in 196[illegible] from Lancer, was a collection of [illegible] stories.)

In all, Fred [illegible] dozen books. These include some of the [illegible]est mystery/suspense novels [illegible] The Screaming Mimi has always been one of my personal favorites, and I recently [illegible] the film version of this book with the man who adapted it for the screen, Robert [illegible] "That could have been one of the classic crime films," Blees declared, "but the studio heads messed it up. They never shot the version I wrote."

In my collection [illegible] Fred's work I particularly prize a first edition of his boldly experimental crime [illegible] Comes a Candle (Dutton, 1950). A stylistic tour de force, the book is written (in [illegible] sections) in the form of news clips, straight narrative, radio script form, screen[illegible] form, as a sportscast, as a TV script and as a stage play! Believe it or not, Fred pul[illegible] off beautifully. There's nothing [illegible] like it in mystery fiction and I'm only sorry [illegible] is long out of print.

I do not [illegible] expand this personal memoir into an analysis of Fred's contribution to the mystery [illegible] but it is high time some close critical attention be paid to his work. Up to now, for the most part, Fredric Brown has been neglected by scholars and researchers. Yet for fast, readable, gripping suspense mixed with sheer storytelling ability he was up there with the best. His characters live on a page and few authors could spin a better mystery tale.

Fred was a good man to know, and to read. He never let a friend or a reader down.

THE PUBLISHED BOOKS OF FREDRIC BROWN

Mystery Story Collections:

Mostly Murder - 1953
The Shaggy Dog and Other Murders - 1963

Mystery Booklet:

The Case of the Dancing Sandwiches - 1951

Mystery Novels (Ed & Am Hunter series marked **):

The Fabulous Clipjoint - 1947 **
The Dead Ringer - 1948 **
Murder Can be Fun - 1948
(aka A Plot for Murder)
The Bloody Moonlight - 1949 **
The Screaming Mimi - 1949
Compliments of a Fiend - 1950 **
Here Comes a Candle - 1950
Night of the Jabberwock - 1950
Death Has Many Doors - 1951 **
The Far Cry - 1951
The Deep End - 1952
We All Killed Grandma - 1952
Madball - 1953
His Name Was Death - 1954
The Wench Is Dead - 1955
The Lenient Beast - 1956
One for the Road - 1958
Knock Three-One-Two - 1959
The Late Lamented - 1959 **
The Murderers - 1961
The Five-Day Nightmare - 1962
Mrs. Murphy's Underpants - 1963 **

Autobiographical Novel:

The Office - 1958

Science Fiction Novels:

What Mad Universe - 1949
The Lights in the Sky Are Stars - 1953
Martians, Go Home - 1955
Rogue in Space - 1957
The Mind Thing - 1961

Science Fiction/Fantasy Story Collections:

Space on My Hands - 1951
Angels and Spaceships - 1954 (aka Star Shine)
Honeymoon in Hell - 1958
Nightmares and Geezenstacks - 1961
Daymares - 1968

(Note: There is often a "crime carryover" in Brown's science fiction and fantasy. Therefore, his collections in the sf field are well worth the attention of mystery buffs.)

Science Fiction Anthology (co-edited with Mack Reynolds):

Science-Fiction Carnival - 1953

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A NOTE FROM FRANCIS PARKMAN

by R. W. Hays

"We can not go quite so far as those rather literal critics who would nominate Fenimore Cooper's Red Indians as the first American sleuths,"[1] Howard Haycraft observes. In spite of Haycraft's reservations and Mark Twain's hilarious exposé of Cooper's ignorance and factual blunders, it appears that on this point, the Indians' skill in certain types of detection, Cooper had some basis for his assertions. Francis Parkman reports the following incident, which took place during his passage of the mountains on the Oregon trail in 1846, near Fort Laramie and Laramie Creek. He was accompanied by a Canadian employee named Raymond and an Indian, presumably an Ogillallah, whose name Parkman could not afterwards remember, though he remembered well "the ugliness of his face and the ghastly width of his mouth... The Indian had brought with him his pipe and a bag of shongsasha /red willow bark, which the Ogillallahs mixed with tobacco/; so before lying down to sleep, we sat for some time smoking together." Parkman continues. "First, however, our wide-mouthed friend had taken the precaution of carefully examining the neighborhood. He reported that eight men, counting them on his fingers, had been encamped there not long before,—Bisonette, Paul Dorion, Antoine Le Rouge, Richardson, and four others, whose names he could not tell." The men named were traders known to Parkman and Raymond. "All this proved strictly correct. By what instinct he had arrived at such accurate conclusions, I am utterly at a lost to divine."[2] Indeed, it is unfortunate that nobody seems even to have asked.

1. Murder for Pleasure (newly enl. ed.; New York: Biblo and Tannen, 1968), p. 100.
2. The Oregon Trail (New York: Garden City Publishing Co., 1948), pp. 237-38.

JOHN P. MARQUAND AND ESPIONAGE FICTION

By George J. Rausch

In the mid-1930's, John P. Marquand, the most successful twentieth century American novelist of manners, began a series of espionage novels with a far eastern setting. The series featured I. A. Moto, a Japanese agent. The five pre-war and one post-war novels were peculiar in several respects. Although Mr. Moto is an important character in each novel, he remains an enigmatic secondary personality; to a considerable extent he appears as a walking book of Japanese etiquette. The settings change from place to place in the far east and Moto changes lightly in character and appearance. In all but the post-war book the protagonists are harmless Americans caught up in international intrigue; typically, they are people on the verge of giving up but who recover their self-respect or interest in life through a successful encounter with danger

John P. Marquand was born in Delaware in 1893 to a rather impoverished branch of a prominent family. He moved to New England at an early age, attended public schools and then moved on to Harvard. At Harvard he was an obscure and moderately successful student who later looked back on his college years with distaste. In 1916 he went to work as a reporter on the Boston Transcript. A year later he was sent to the Mexican border with the National Guard and afterward served as an intelligence officer with the 77th Artillery in France.

After the war Marquand returned to journalism and then moved into advertising. In 1920 he began work on a novel which was sold to the Ladies Home Journal. From that point in his life Marquand worked largely at writing and for the next decade he made a satisfactory living writing fiction for popular magazines. He came to be regarded as one of the most successful authors of light fiction then writing. In 1934 he produced Ming Yellow, his first far eastern novel and the following year publication of his first Moto book No Hero. Two years later Marquand began publishing Marquand novels of social commentary that were to bring him fame and wealth. The first group, The Late George Apley (1937), won Marquand a Pulitzer Prize. For five years Marquand produced both Moto novels and more serious works, then Mr. Moto became a casualty of war. Marquand continued to write throughout the war and returned to one more time after the war. He died in 1960 ending a career that was a financial and popular success. His critics were always less kind to him than

[illegible] suspense novel [illegible] setting was Ming Yellow [illegible] in book form) [illegible] no espionage element in this novel but in [illegible] es the Moto series. The American protagonist is similar to those of [illegible] he is more competent than most. Philip Liu, an American educated [illegible] of the traits later found in Moto. Here we also find a reflection [illegible] combination with form in human [illegible] Ming Yellow is placed [illegible] in China, a locale to [illegible] later [illegible].

[illegible] first appeared in [illegible] which [illegible] the adventures of a broken [illegible] H. C. Jones. [illegible] life and [illegible] is stranded in Japan he [illegible] for Japanese intelligence [illegible] he moves around [illegible] west coast of Asia he re[illegible] and [illegible] of identity. [illegible] typical of [illegible]'s non-heroic protagonists [illegible] the least appealing [illegible] professional agent, is [illegible] as sympathetic in [illegible]

[illegible], Mr. Moto (1936) [illegible] somewhat different problem. [illegible], an American lawyer, has given [illegible] achie[illegible]thing, moved to Peking, [illegible] himself in [illegible] nothing re[illegible] matters". Against his will he becomes involved in plans of a [illegible] ader to sack Peking. A fanatical Japanese military group, supporting the [illegible], representing a more moderate viewpoint, ends up working [illegible] Nelson.

Although Think Back, [illegible] takes place largely in Honolulu where a rather stiff [illegible] New England [illegible] the gambling business of a distant relative. Again [illegible] political [illegible] Unlike Marquand protagonists, Wilson Hitchings has [illegible] moral motive [illegible] beyond mere wish to come out of the mess alive; he is working to save [illegible] of his family.

Mr. Moto Is Sorry (1938) brings [illegible] back to the Asian mainland. Calvin Gates, having been [illegible] blackmailed to forgery [illegible] to join an [illegible] theological expedition in Mongolia [illegible] with a girl [illegible] Japanese tension--and Mr. Moto. After siding with [illegible] Gates [illegible] out with both the girl and his reputation intact.

[illegible] earlier Moto books and were concerned with espionage, there was little direct [illegible] spies and spying as a profession. In Marquand's last pre-war Moto book Last A[illegible] (1942) the topic is discussed rather freely. A former naval officer, now [illegible] on the beach, becomes involved with spies from three nations. In the end the

amateur outsmarts the professionals, including Moto. In this book the scene moves to the Caribbean instead of the Pacific area.

The last appearance of Mr. Moto came fifteen years later with Stopover: Tokyo (1957). The post war work was the best of all the Moto books and it is also much nearer the usual pattern for such fiction. Stopover: Tokyo contains an entirely professional cast. American agents are sent to Japan to disrupt a Russian scheme to assassinate a prominent leader and blame the U.S. They end up ~~working rather~~ closely with Moto for their common end. Not only do we encounter espionage more directly in this book but we also find more comment about espionage and more information about Moto than in earlier books. The other Moto books were a mixture of the romantic and the cynical. Here we find unrelieved cynicism similar to that in the works of LeCarré; the style and excellent characterization of Marquand and the consistency of viewpoint result in an impressive performance.

Because of the odd nature of most of Marquand's espionage fiction many of the common themes are lacking or rarely apparent in the Moto books. One common feature that is present is the accidentally involved amateur. Through nearly all of the books similar protagonists appear but comments about their reactions to their involvement are fairly rare. The Marquand protagonist is usually a man who has fled from life and who is drastically changed by necessary involvement with others. Tom Nelson in Thank You, Mr. Moto is such a person. Here we see him before his involvement.

> Those sounds all came together into an endless wave of sound, peaceful, enveloping, the noise of China where men lived and died according to fixed etiquette, where nothing mattered very much, except perhaps tranquillity. I felt tranquil enough at any rate and I was very glad to be so. I was pleased with the thought that nothing would ever change the city very much and that I was a part of it in a way, as much at any rate as a foreigner might be. I took a fan from my pocket, a fan with a poem on [illegible] about [illegible] and lotus blossoms, which my Manchu friend Prince Tung had given [illegible]

Once involved [illegible] disbelief as he struggles to get out of the bind.

> [illegible] was impossible that I was there. What I had seen and [illegible] Yet there I was in spite of them, caught in one of [illegible] the distracted country which I had thought I loved; and I admit [illegible] there was no use in struggling against the tide, but still I had [illegible] struggle. It surprised me to realize that the desire was not wholly one [illegible] self-preservation. Pride had something to do with it, and there [illegible] more than [illegible]

The [illegible] restores Nelson's will to live and leads to an entirely [illegible]

> [illegible] It confirmed my reluctant conviction that things [illegible] had been before. I had felt that I was a part of [illegible] this conviction had been illusion, and that [illegible] would see myself [illegible] others may have seen me, [illegible] had seen me -- a stra[illegible] in a strange country, living [illegible] self as [illegible] thing uglier than that. I [illegible] who [illegible] the earth, like spoiled children, [illegible] adjustment [illegible] life where they were placed and indulging in [illegible] illusory [illegible] which certainly were no part of life. I could see myself [illegible] unable to face incontrovertible fact, con[illegible] at the same time endeavoring to gain applause [illegible] lonely, empty. More than that, it fill[illegible]

[illegible] finds that danger has a certain appeal to one who has always follow[illegible] was prescribed by etiquette or principle.

> Wilson [illegible] in his pockets watching her. He did not know [illegible] something which was right. He knew that he was close to [illegible] dangerous and he had never known that danger could carry with [illegible] intriguing fascination. He was aware of a strange exaltation beneath his [illegible] of habit and formality.[4]

Calvin [illegible] of Mr. Moto [illegible] experiences a similar radical change in outlook because of a [illegible] encounter [illegible] intrigue and danger.

> In less than half a minute, for the first time in his life he had fired upon a human being as cooly as though he were practising a snap shot in a shooting

gallery. Instead of hitting an abstract mark he had hit a human being and had inflicted what was probably a fatal wound. A moment later he had beaten a second individual into temporary insensibility, and it all had occurred almost as fast as thought.

He had never realized his own capacity until just then, and it had an ironic significance. Standing there inthat strange place, the conviction came upon him that he was doing exactly what he had always wanted, for he had always longed to be in danger. For once in his life he had achieved what he wanted, and now that he had achieved it he was not greatly elated, for he suddenly understood that his whole life had been built for such a situation and that he was only useful in such surroundings.[5]

As might be expected from an author whose series character is a representative of another culture, Marquand takes no clear stance with regard to the moral superiority of one nation over another. In most cases his protagonists are well traveled and not too enamoured with their home land. The professional agents are just that; they work for their governments without much concern about right or wrong. Perhaps the only perceptible stance by Marquand is a slightly greater than normal tolerance of Japanese goals. This is best reflected in Tom Nelson's comments in Thank You, Mr. Moto.

It has always seemed to me a piece of manifest destiny, or whatever one might choose to call it, that the Japanese Empire should control China and I told Best as much.

"Furthermore," I told him, "Imperialism is not a new or even an interesting phenomenon. My country has practised it and certainly yours has. If Japan wishes to expand she is only following every other nation from the time of Babylon; furthermore, I cannot see why outsiders should be so greatly worried. I think it would be better if everyone were to recognize what is an actual fact -- Japan's ability to control the mainland of Asia. I have never seen how anything is to be gained by diplomatic quibble. Japan is a world power and a growing power; we may as well admit it."[6]

Perhaps the most peculiar element in the Moto stories is the almost complete absence of background on Moto himself. Even his name is obviously false since Moto is not a name but a suffix (a serendipidal addition to the enigma for Marquand did not realize that he had chosen an impossible name). The few facts that are mentioned about Moto's life are questionable since they slip out in Moto's conversation and could well be purposely misleading. Those facts are gathered together for the following sketch of I. A. Moto.

Mr. Moto was born between 1900 and 1906. In 1912 he visited New York with his father who was a consular official. It seems likely that he belonged to a family of some prominence for he later stated that he had a cousin who was a baron and owned a semi-European house at Miyonoshita. In his youth he went to college in the United States, probably with a major in anthropology, and while there he worked for a time in domestic service, probably as a valet. He later visited the U.S. as an embassy attaché and tried to buy plans for an American submarine. At some point he was in the military, probably the army. During the thirties and early forties Moto moved around the Far East in the intelligence service of his country but was not directly involved in activities against the U.S. for he remained unknown to American intelligence. He was a member of the moderate wing of the Japanese nationalists before the war and after the war he was a member of the pro-Emporer, anti-communist National-ist Japan Party.

Mr. Moto is a small delicately featured man of something under one hundred pounds although he is once referred to as appearing chunky. He moves his hands with delicate fluttering gestures, has a mouthful of gold-filled teeth and wears his hair in the Prussian style. His English is perfect. Beyond these facts Mr. Moto's past and personality are a mystery. Moto's speech patterns and attitudes can best be portrayed by quotes directly from the novels.

"It is so nice to you to say that, Mr. Hitchings," he said, "so very, very nice. It means we will have a pleasant talk. I shall be so very glad to talk; but first please, I must be hospitable. I have some whisky in my bedroom. We shall talk over a glass of whisky. Please, do not say no. It will be so much more friendly, I think. Besides, all Americans talk business over whiskey." Mr. Moto's voice broke into a sharp, artificial laugh. "Please, it would be no trouble. Please, I must insist."[7]

* * * * * * * * *

"But you will excuse us, please," Mr. Moto begged. "And I am so very, very sorry there is no ice, but there is whisky, ha ha, there is whisky, and that is

the main thing, is it not? Will you say how much, Mr. Hitchings, and how much sqid? Up to there? Just so? And now excuse me, I shall pour a little for myself." Mr. Moto's hands moved swiftly and accurately from bottle to glass and then he handed a glass to Wilson, bowing. It was a beautiful bow, better than a Frenchman's, Wilson thought. Mr. Moto lowered his head, slowly. His whole body seemed to droop in a gesture of complete, assumed submission and then his head and shoulders mapped up straight.[8]

* * * * * * *

"Oh yes," said Mr. Moto, "they would liquidate, of course, but I hope so much that they were polite. I should not wish to report rudeness. What happened, please?"

Mr. Moto listened and rubbed his hands together, and looked troubled. "That is very serious," he said, "that they should have been so impolite. It makes me very, very angry. There is no reason to be impolite in a liquidation. I have seen so many where everything was nice."[9]

Although physical brutality always lurks in the background of the Moto books it rarely appears. The professional agents are willing to use torture to obtain information but in other cases they prefer to dispatch their opponents as quickly and painlessly as possible.

Comments about espionage as a profession, about the attitudes that go with it, and the affects of the business on people are largely restricted to Stopover: Tokyo. There they are a major preoccupation of the author. The picture that Marquand paints is not a pretty one. Even in the last pre-war novel Last Laugh, Mr. Moto the comments are bitter.

"How can one explain a matter like that?" she said, and even her accent was different. "One can tell if one has been in the profession. Why, one can pick out the others like us in a crowded street. I saw it in your face even before I met you. Why, anyone can read it on this Japanese."

"Madame has so very much intuition," Mr. Moto said.

"It's the everlasting lying," she went on as though she had not heard, "the everlasting trying to laugh and to smile when you're afraid, the watching and the danger. I have talked to Mr. Wallies and he hasn't it in him, not the personality nor the capacity."[10]

Stopover: Tokyo deals with two agents who fall in live and hope to get out of the business after their current assignment. In addition to comments about the loneliness and boredom of espionage, Marquand's characters keep returning to the affects the business has upon them.

"The hell of it is," she said, "that after a while you don't know what's what. You don't know what you are, because you can't be anything."

"Yes," he said, "I know what you mean. Maybe chameleons feel that way -- not the kind you buy at circuses but really good chameleons."

"We might have a nice time together, mightn't we," she said, "if we weren't all mixed up in this?"

"We might," he said, "but I'm not sure I would know how. I'm too much of a chameleon now. I might turn green and yellow and not know I was doing it."

"How long have you been in?" she asked.

"Long enough to forget what it's like outside," he said. "About ten years."[11]

The cold hopelessness of the spy's future is obvious from the following:

No matter what happened in the business you had to go on with the show. When they got theirs, you let them go, and the show had to go on, if only because you knew you had to get yours sometime in some sordid corner or some cellar of some prison, and you would try to take it without a prayer for mercy, if you were in the business. You learned how to dish it out, and to take it too, if you were in the business.[12]

Also important is the lost possibility of a normal life and occasional feelings of self-contempt.

Everyone in the business burned out eventually. Either their physical reflexes slowed up first, or their ability to keep concentrated on a single line. He knew it was the worst possible time to put his thoughts on a personal basis. It has been the girl's face that looked so young and happy in its sleep that

> had disturbed him. He began thinking just when he should not have, of the outside. If he had stayed on the outside he would undoubtedly be married by now. He would have been in law. He would have had a home and children, and he would have been a decent man -- warm hearted and genuine -- not a suspicious, machine-tooled robot who had been through too much, a man who had played under so many covers that it was becoming impossible to guess what he could have been.[13]
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> * * * * * * * *
>
> He was a spy, or a secret agent, if you cared for a politer word, trained to live a life of lying and of subterfuge; trained to submerge his individuality into something he was not -- to be a sneak, and if necessary a betrayer; trained to run from danger and let his best friend get it, if it helped the business; to kill or be killed inconspicuously; to die with his mouth shut, in the dark. There was only one loyalty -- loyalty to the business. It was, by outside standards, a contemptible profession, and in the end, everybody in the business paid, because deceit was the same as erosion of character.[14]

Just as a successful encounter with danger brings Marquand's amateurs back to life, an encounter with too much humanity may destroy the usefulness of a veteran agent. For Jack Rhyce this encounter came too late to provide anything but a blighted future; it destroyed him as an agent.

> "Things happened sometimes," he said, "that you can't put into words, sir. "After what happened over there, even if I stayed on the job, I could never be the man I used to be. I felt it coming over me in Tokyo. Being with her made me too human, Chief, and when you get too human you get fallible, and when you get to thinking about the outside you get forgetful -- part of you is on one side and part of you is on the other. Part of me's back there. I've lost something, and I'll never get it back."[15]

Odd though Marquend's books were, they provide a major contribution to espionage fiction. Without the excellent Stopover: Tokyo, the Moto series would have been lacking in significance. The total impact would have been pleasant but too enigmatic to be meaningful. Marquand's influence on other espionage fiction was probably small but he saw the major themes clearly and handled them well when he chose to do so.

NOTES

1. Mr. Moto's Three Aces (Little, Brown & Company, 1956) pp. 10-11.
2. Mr. Moto's Three Aces, pp. 94-95.
3. Mr. Moto's Three Aces, p. 144.
4. Mr. Moto's Three Aces, p. 199.
5. Mr. Moto's Three Aces, p. 376.
6. Mr. Moto's Three Aces, p. 26.
7. Mr. Moto's Three Aces, p. 216.
8. Mr. Moto's Three Aces, p. 216.
9. Mr. Moto's Three Aces, p. 379.
10. Last Laugh, Mr. Moto (Little, Brown & [illegible]) pp. [illegible]5-156.
11. Stopover: Tokyo (Little, Brown & Company, [illegible])
12. Stopover: Tokyo, p. 196.
13. Stopover: Tokyo, p. 102.
14. Stopover: Tokyo, p. 103.
15. Stopover. Tokyo, p. 312.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Professor John J. McAleer, of Boston College, has been authorized by Rex Stout, creator of Nero Wolfe, to write his official biography. Little, Brown & Company is the publisher. Professor McAleer is anxious to hear from friends of Stout and Stout collectors and enthusiasts from every quarter. Mail will reach him at 121 Follen Road, Lexington, Massachusetts 02173. The completed book, generously illustrated, will run to an estimated 200,000 words, and should stand as the definitive study of Stout's life and works. At 86, Stout is actively cooperating, a fact certain to delight Stout fans everywhere.

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER: The Emergence of an American Mystery-Writer

By Wendell Hertig Taylor

The period 1918-1930 has been called, by Howard Haycraft and others, "the Golden Age of the Detective Story." Whether the epithet is justified or not, an interesting matter of fact regarding the period remains to be pointed out: a phenomenon that is almost a paradox. It is this. Whereas the English detective story of the "Golden Age" was written largely by men, its American counterpart was produced almost exclusively by women. Thus in England we have Freeman Wills Crofts, J. S. Fletcher, H. C. Bailey, Eden Phillpotts and other men busily cultivating an area staked out just before the first World War by E. C. Bentley and R. Austin Freeman. Toward the end of the period the works of Anthony Berkeley, Philip Macdonald, John Rhode, A. A. Milne and Ronald Knox are to be added to the list. The ladies arrived, in the persons of Mmes. Christie and Sayers in 1920-23, a brilliant but decided minority whose real efflorescence came in the 30's.

Now let us look at the American mystery scene from 1918 to 1930. Arthur B. Reeve was well past his prime; his "scientific" detective stories with some praiseworthy innovations amidst much trash belong to an earlier period, as do also the solid achievements of Edwin Balmer in collaboration with William MacHarg. The three writers of stature were Anna Katherine Green (1846-1935), nearing the end of her career; Carolyn Wells (1870? - 1942) and Mary Roberts Rinehard (1876-1958). Perhaps to these should be added the name of Isabel Ostrander (1885-1924). The hugh output of mystery fiction produced by these four women is well known and need not be reviewed here. Against this flood (whose quality is not the point at issue) the relatively few productions of men like Melville Davisson Post, Frederick Irving Anderson, E. M. Poate and the early Hulbert Footner were but straws in the water. The significant contributions of S. S. Van Dine, Dashiell Hammett and Ellery Queen came only in the late 20's and early 30's.

It will not have escaped the thoughtful reader that, during the quarter-century following 1930, the roles were reversed. In England, Allingham, Christie, Heyer, Marsh and Sayers early established a feminine majority that was later to be challenged but scarcely defeated by Nicholas Blake, Carr-Dickson, Richard Hull, Michael Innes, Milward Kennedy and others. But in America the rise of the "tough" school put an end to the polite fictions of most lady-authors.

The work of the American novelist Henry Kitchell Webster provides an interesting illustration of the way in which the prevailing climate of American mystery-writing during the period 1918-1930 may have affected the output of a highly competent author. Although some of Webster's early work shows a decided taste for mystery it was only in the last few years of his life (ca. 1926-1932) that he consistently produced what may fairly be called mystery-fiction. In my opinion the delay was occasioned quite as much by the overwhelmingly feminine control of the American mystery-genre as it was by Webster's desire to establish himself as a major "straight" novelist dealing with the American scene.

Since Webster is unfortunately little-known today, a brief sketch of his career may not be out of place. He was born in Evanston, Illinois (in or near which he lived all his life) in 1875, graduated from Hamilton College in 1897 and, after teaching for a year, collaborated with Samuel Merwin in his first book, The Short-Line War (1899). This excellent railroad tale was followed by two other joint-efforts with Merwin; meanwhile Webster had established himself as a novelist with an interest in the big business of the day. His first mystery was his eighth book, The Whispering Man (1908), which contains a murder and some excellent clues. It could and should have been the first of a series but was not for reasons I shall suggest later. For the next twenty years Webster was an indefatigable contributor to various magazines while also producing a couple of volumes of short stories and a dozen novels; the best of which bear comparison with the work of Webster's close contemporary Booth Tarkington. With the appearance of The Clock Strikes Two (1928) Webster had finally given himself over entirely to the mystery-genre and, in the four years remaining to him, completed four more mystery novels of which the last, Who is the Next? (1931), is provided with most of the usual trappings of the detective story. Webster died in 1932, leaving The Alleged Great-Aunt incomplete. Its concluding chapters were written by two life-long friends, the sister-novelists Janet Ayer Fairbank and Margaret Ayer Barnes. Webster published in all 32 books under his own name, as well as many "pot-boilers" avowedly written to make money to support his serious work, and appearing anonymously or under a pseudonym.

In the group of fifteen novels which fall within the limits of our "Golden Age", eight were styled "romances" by their author, to which may be added Webster's first mystery, The Whispering Man. All are largely concerned with clues and have some amateur detection and, less often, police intervention. The narration is often in the first person; the setting is Chicago and its suburbs in about half the tales. The writing is smooth and competent, and

whatever complexities of plot may develop are remembered and neatly resolved at the end. Characterization is excellent; typical of the period is the love-interest which, however, is not allowed to impede the progress of the story. In his first mystery HKW gives us one murder, and in the last which he lived to complete there are three. But for the most part he avoided violence, proferring to deal with the social tangles provided by the relationships within a large family.

Before providing brief summaries of HKW's mystery tales let us stop to wonder why, after a promising start (in 1908) in the mystery genre he allowed 18 years to go by before writing another story with real detection. Is it possible that he was put off by the appearance in 1909 of The Clue which introduced Carolyn Wells' long series of Fleming Stone novels? HKW may have felt that this, coinciding with the publication that same year of Mary Roberts Rinehart's The Man in Lower Ten, following her first work, The Circular Staircase (1908), represented a marshalling of specialized forces with which he was ill-equipped to compete. Mystery and suspense continued to mean much to our author, as is evident from such novels as The Butterfly (1914), but only with The Corbin Necklace (1926) did he really find himself as a writer of mystery fiction, to which, from 1928 on, he devoted himself exclusively. One greatly regrets that HKW did not take a firmer stand in 1908!

The following comments on the nine of HKW's mystery novels known to me will be of interest to those who may be frustrated by the scarcity of the books themselves.

The Whispering Man (Appleton 1908; Nash 1909)
Two young professional men, a lawyer and a painter, undertake to find out how a prominent alienist was poisoned (by nicotine injection) in his New York consulting room. Some good detection, including an early use of the clock-seen-in-a-mirror clue.

The Butterfly (Appleton 1914)
An elaborate mystery plot, with the official police represented by a bright young State's Attorney. Setting is a midwestern university town where the narrator, a young professor of drama, becomes involved in amusing adventures with a visiting "interpretive dancer". Despite two deaths, a rather slender tale.

The Corbin Necklace (Bobbs-Merrill 1926; Hamilton 1929)
First-person narration, again by a middle-aged friend of the family, assisted by a well-drawn 13 year old boy in solving an intriguing mystery concerning the necklace, its location and its authenticity. No official detectives and the amateurs are just observers. Setting: a big country mansion near Chicago, with tensions within the Corbin family well portrayed.

The Clock Strikes Two (Bobbs-Merrill 1928)
An extremely good suspense tale which, if not detection, is on the verge of it. The reader must serve as the detective. An attractive young woman of brains and determination is pitted against a group of inconsistant villains who form a large family in a country-house setting strongly reminiscent of that in The Corbin Necklace. The head of the family, 90 and blind as well as tyrannical, is helped by the heroine to thwart the designs of his heirs. The mystery of how the unfortunate grand-daughter died forty years earlier is revealed with great competence.

The Quartz Eye (Bobbs-Merrill 1928; Hodder & Stoughton 1929)
Subtitled "A Mystery in Ultraviolet" and showing much evidence of its earlier serial publication, this is one of HKW's weaker tales, despite an attractive high-wire artiste, preoccupation with whom causes the narrator -- an amateur student of spectroscopy -- to fail to use his scientific knowledge very effectively. He does take a photograph of the criminal without the latter's knowing it.

The Sealed Trunk (Bobbs-Merrill 1929; St. Paul 1929)
This appeared a year earlier as a serial entitled Rhoda and has no detection and little mystery. Narration is by a young Chicago reporter and there are some amusing adventures and bits of local color. The problem is: does the trunk contain any papers that might re-establish Rhoda's deceased and discredited father -- a professor of chemistry whose "process" had been stolen by the oil interests and who had been literally railroaded into resigning his position.

The Man With the Scarred Hand (Bobbs-Merrill 1931/1930)
Adventure and some mystery, this time far from Chicago in what might well be the cave district of Kentucky. HKW's taste for science is shown by the discovery of a rare metal (radioactive?) in the clay of the young hero's 200 inherited acres which certain interests

are eager to grab. A fair amount of violence, unusual for HKW, before all ends happily.

Who Is The Next? (Bobbs-Merrill 1931)
The nearest thing to a real detective story that HKW ever wrote. A Chief of Police, a young lawyer to do the detecting and even a coroner's inquest are all present, as well as three murders. The plot is adroitly handled (as has already been stated in A Catalogue of Crime, item #2193) even though it employs features not too fresh even in 1931: impersonation of a victim by his murderer, etc. But there is a good railway alibi and clever use of amateur aviation. Scene: Oak Ridge, near Chicago.

The Alleged Great-Aunt (Bobbs-Merrill 1935; St. Paul 1935)
Left unfinished at his death by HKW and completed by his two friends Janet Ayer Fairbank and ~~Margaret Ayer~~ Barnes. It presents the attempt by a young jobless architect to solve the mystery of the relationship between his great-uncle and the now elderly diva, Lily DeLong. A handwriting expert is brought in to show malfeasance and the last chapters provide one violent death and an attempted murder to the accompaniment of the official police and a good deal of running around in cars, in the Adirondack foothills. But all ends happily: NO illegitimacy!

The author wishes to acknowledge his use of material taken from 20th Century Authors by Kunitz and Haycraft and from the obituary notice appearing in the New York Times for Dec. 10, 1932. He is also much in debt to Allen J. Hubin for the gracious loan of several Webster volumes from his collection.

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NOTES ON THE FILM AND THE DETECTIVE STORY

by Charles Shibuk

Readers of this journal should be aware by now that a sizable proportion of the staggering number of motion pictures produced throughout the years have been devoted to the mystery genre. A fair amount of this productivity has attempted to translate the classic detective story into screen terms, and the results have mainly been lamentable. An examination of the difficulties inherent in this undertaking, and a closer scrutiny of the film medium, might now be in order.

The detective story is presented to us as words on a printed page. This literary form must feature a detective who is concerned with the process of detection. Thus the author will tell us about the labors of his chief character through the medium of words.

On the other hand, the film medium (at its best) is concerned with visual images, and the power of this medium lies in the juxtaposition of its images.

The smallest unit of film is the "shot", which is composed of a group of frames (or still photographs) of one particular subject. When this "shot" is projected on the screen an illusion of movement is conveyed to the audience. When the camera which has photographed this "shot" is stopped and later started to take another view of its previous subject, or to photograph something enturely different, you have another "shot".

The completed feature-length film of say 100 minutes may contain anywhere between 200 and 1000 of these "shots". Each "shot" should follow its predecessor in a logical and understandable order. The duration of each "shot" is predicated on its content and should remain on the screen long enough to be grasped by the spectator.

The noted Soviet film director V. I. Pudovkin proclaimed in the 20's that the basis of film art is editing. In other words the placement and timing of each "shot" is vital.

A specific example of the power of editing might be instructive at this point.

Shot 1. A close-up of a man's face.

Shot 2. A close-up of a plate containing steak and all the trimmings.

When projected on the screen these shots will lead the audience to believe that the man pictured in shot one is hungry although his face may be devoid of all emotion or expression, and there is no intimation of the feeling of hunger in shots 1 and 2. Thus you have the power of suggestion via the process of editing.

Nothing has yet been mentioned about sound or dialogue in the film, but when The Jazz Singer with Al Jolson exploded on the screen with its songs and short dialogue passages in 1927, it was soon apparent that the silent film was a thing of the past and the 100% all-talking film was here to stay. Unfortunately, that was all the screen did. It talked and talked. The pace was slowed. The timing was destroyed in those early and experimental years of the sound film.

The film theorists such as the aforementioned Mr. Pudovkin tell us that the sound track is capable of adding another dimension to the film and thus enriching its potentialities still further. Unfortunately, too many films have taken the easy way out by abandoning the power of suggestion inherent in the editing process and substituting long, arid stretches of dialogue wherein the audience is told everything but shown nothing. This is a retrogression to theater. It is certainly not film.

Thus you have a film like The Black Camel (1931), which is fairly faithful in plot to Earl Derr Biggers' source novel. But all the characters do is stand around and talk to each other—endlessly. After 30 minutes you should be much too bored and restless to care who killed Shalah Fane.

A film cannot exist without a director to give it life from initial conception to its final form on the screen. Under ideal conditions the director alone should be responsible for every aspect of the film in its final form. The film is a director's medium. It is not an actor's medium. It is not a set designer's medium. It is not a writer's medium, and it certainly is not a detective story writer's medium.

The detective story is communicated by an author to the reader in the form of words. The problem is therefore to translate the essence of this particular form into a new medium that is primarily concerned with visual images that may be enriched with the proper use of the sound track. However, too many of the solutions to this problem have been inadequate at best and dismal at worst.

The detective story (or any other form of literary expression) should not be considered sacrosanct when it is being prepared for filming. These media represent entirely dissimilar methods of expression and what is suitable for one medium might be entirely wrong

for the other. It should be the task of the screenwriter working closely with and under the supervision of the director to preserve the merit and the essence of the work that is to be translated into screen terms.

The 1934 film version of Courtland Fitzsimmons' Death on the Diamond is a good and fairly clued film that is better than the novel. Furthermore, its concealed criminal differs from the one to be found in the novel. Purists might be up in arms over this substitution, but the film's tighter and superior plot line is the best possible argument against this form of criticism.

The history of the detective story on the screen has unfortunately not been a glorious adventure in terms of achievement. I am convinced that it is extremely difficult—if not almost impossible—to reproduce the classic form on the screen in such a fashion that the end product will be a good film that plays absolutely fair with its audience.

Yet there have been some conspicuous successes. Screenwriter John Huston had long wished to achieve directorial status by filming his own adaptation of the twice unmemorably filmed The Maltese Falcon. The resulting film is extremely faithful to its source (although like the novel it tends to concentrate on the colorful plot and bizarre characters to the frequent neglect of detection), and remains a highly popular and frequently revived film today. It is also one of Huston's very best films.

Even better is the strangely neglected Green for Danger, which was made in England in 1946 by Sidney Gilliat—a conscientious craftsman of no special distinction—who was able to translate successfully Christianna Brand's excellent and complex novel faithfully to the screen while playing absolutely fair with the viewer, and presenting the wary viewer with a genuine surprise at the climax. It is an example of filmmaking of a high order.

Another interesting detective film is The Kennel Murder Case (1933), wherein director Michael Curtiz solved the problem of verbal ratiocination by the use of astutely photographed flashback sequences to show the audience exactly what Philo Vance was telling the gathered group of suspects at the denouement. Director Curtiz had used his intelligence to visualize what had been primarily verbal exposition.

Other films have not done as well. Trent's Last Case and The A.B.C. Murders are two permanent classics of the detective story genre. The 1952 film of the former was a dull, routine affair that utterly failed to capture any of the merit of its source. The people perpetrating The Alphabet Murders, based on the latter novel, not only failed to respect the integrity of Miss Christie's stunning original, but burlesqued it with a heavy-handed attempt at humor that failed to please critics and public alike.

The film is an industry as well as an art, and the relative poorness in quality of too many detective films can often be blamed for sordid commercial reasons on the studios producing this type of fare. Most films within this genre were made in order to fill the bottom half of double feature engagements. Therefore little time and less money were provided for their preparation and production. Furthermore, highly unskilled writers (Philip MacDonald and Stuart Palmer are two happy exceptions) and untalented, unimaginative, often incompetent directors were frequently assigned to these "chores".

If screenwriters and directors of talent and integrity (two qualities, alas, in limited supply today) would choose to exert their skills in attempting to film the classic form, I'm convinced the results would be gratifying to all.

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Higgledy-Piggledies

by Mark Purcell

1

Higgledy-piggledy
Corpses in canneries?
Menu for Coffee who
  Dines cordon bleu.
Max collects facts retorted by Doris &
Motilal Mookerji,
  Babbling babu.

Higgledy-piggledy
Creampuffs & corpses? Then
Reggie's the doctor who
  Tackles the cases:
1-ups the Yardmen with
Bell for a peddle, plays
God with the victim while
  Feeding his face.

THE MYSTERY REVIEWER'S HANDBOOK: MAIGRET

Higgledy-piggledy
Simenon must be the
Only creator whose toy
  Wrote his memoirs, on
Tippling in faubourgs to
Soak up solutions (Too
Needlessly drippy for
  Purists like Barzun).

A. MERRITT'S MYSTERIES

by Walter J. Wentz

Merritt is primarily remembered for a series of brilliant and poetic fantasies, and it was to the world of fantasy that he owed his primary devotion. This being the case, it seems odd and somehow unfair that his most reprinted book should be the first of his "later" novels, Seven Footprints to Satan, the first book in which he sacrificed poetry for melodrama.

Though the book is, superficially, a mystery, it does not deal with bloody daggers, smudged fingerprints or lightning deductions. It deals with the career of a master-criminal who undertakes to loot the museums of the world of their greatest treasures for his own personal satisfaction, and who exerts a nightmarish influence over his servants and victims by means of an unique gamble offering the gambler the alternative of dominion over the underworld or death under terrible psychological torments.

Published in Argosy as a serial in 1927, the book was obviously directed at the general reading public. It has proved highly and perennially successful, coming out in repeated hardback and paperback editions, selling well over a million copies in the Avon paperbound editions alone. And Merritt was quickly punished for writing it, by seeing it mutilated as a movie. Though it is one of his two worst books (in this compiler's opinion), the story shows some of Merritt's magical touches.

It is a mass of melodramatic situations---many original, some "stock"---and the reader is pitchforked immediately into the action by means of a kidnapping of the narrator in the heart of New York City, under the very noses of the police and in a subway train crowded with people. The pace is rapid right up to the end of the book; one modern critic who complained that Merritt's plots move with "glacial slowness" would have little to object to in this story. But there are none of the quiet interludes of poetic beauty which Merritt had scattered throughout his three "early" novels.

"Satan", the enigmatic and memorable master-criminal who dominates the story, may have been modelled from Ivan Narodny, the exiled Russian intellectual (creator of the Constitution for the ill-fated Kerensky regime) whom Merritt knew as a friend during the 1920s. It is known, at any rate, that the character of "Satan" was based upon some real person, as was that of "'Arry", the little Cockney burglar. "'Arry" was apparently inspired by the memory of Mr. Gill, a Cockney "Policy" gambler known to Merritt when he was still a young man studying law.

The people who "inspire" authors often seem commonplace or even dull to outsiders; but we must thank Merritt's wide and strangely varied acquaintance, his newsman's ability to see the wonderful concealed beneath the mundane, for his succession of truly memorable villains and minor characters. If Merritt had not been a newsman, he could never have given them to us.

The theme of the "Old Man of the Mountain" has been used before, but Merritt brought his own treatment to this old story.

The film "Seven Footprints to Satan" was a 1929 release by First National, starring Thelma Todd and Creighton Hale. It was one of the first sound films, and was characterized by Variety as "utterly moronic", a phrase that seems hard to improve upon. The movie bore no resemblance to the book, and a flock of unrelated and ridiculous characters was used for a cast. Merritt sat and wept through the film. From the detached viewpoint of twelve years later, he commented, "Seven Footprints in the films was lousy, and I made no bones about it. Even tho they did pay me well, it didn't mitigate the hurt." It is stated that MGM presently holds an option on the book. This need not be bad news, even though many, if not most, film options are never taken up. Properly done, another film version could prove very entertaining, and might in fact "out-Bond" James Bond.

Though hardly the best of Merritt's novels, judged by his fans' standards, Burn, Witch, Burn (1932) has had the most widespread success of Merritt's novels, being translated into several foreign languages, and reprinted again and again both here and abroad. It has sold almost as many copies as Seven Footprints to Satan. It is highly melodramatic in spots, and was apparently turned out in a year or less, as compared to the long polishing of most of the author's other works. Of course, it is impossible to say how much time elapsed between the inspiration---the dream mentioned below---and the first printing as a serial in Argosy. Merritt sometimes worked intermittently on several stories at the same time.

(Excerpted from the forthcoming book THE MASTER OF FANTASY: A BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY OF A. MERRITT.)

The author's solid background in the study of witchcraft, plus his youthful experience as a newsman making the rounds of police stations, morgues and hospitals, add assurance to the character of his narrator, "Dr. Lowell"---who is, of course, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the author, a friend of Merritt's Philadelphia days. We must thank that young newsman of the past also for the character of the gangster boss Ricori---like most of Merritt's criminals a virile and arresting character, "unmoral" rather than immoral, as Merritt himself puts it---and for the appalling Mme. Mandelip, one of the most terrifying women in fiction. Merritt was, understandably infuriated when Lionel Barrymore was cast to play this role in the movie "adaptation".

This book begins with more of a mystery element than Seven Footprints; it concerns a series of strange deaths in New York, apparently caused by some unfamiliar disease or neurotoxin. Dr. Lowell and Ricori, representing Medicine and Crime, are forced into alliance to track down and obliterate the evil emanating from a little doll-shop on a dingy side-street. Sam Moskowitz has expressed the opinion that the theme of the story is borrowed from Fitz-James O'Brien's The Wondersmith. However, Merritt himself has related how the book came into being: "The outline of it was marked out subconsciously and, so far as I know, I never thought of the story until one night I awoke from a particularly vivid dream and wrote down what I could remember of it. In this dream I saw distinctly the doll-maker's house and over it the sign 'Mme. Mandelip--Dolls'. The placard over the crucified nurse-doll's head, 'The Burned Martyr', was also an incident in the dream."

Some of the more poetic passages in the book, standing out from the rather pedestrian style of the mass, certainly do have a dreamlike quality---as, for instance, Nurse Walter's diary, read by Dr. Lowell after her death.

Although the book was also to sell over one million copies in American paperback printings alone, and had the dubious distinction of being selected for the Book-of-the-Month Club listing for February 1933, Merritt found that there were punishments as well as rewards in writing for the general public. A considerable sum was paid for movie rights, but the film ("The Devil Doll", MGM, 1936) was a typical thriller, bearing little resemblance to the book.** Featuring Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton, the film is remembered today chiefly for its outstanding use of special effects. The book was also adapted for radio, being broadcast on the "Molle Mystery Theater" on January 25, 1946. (The compiler has as yet been unable to obtain a recording of this broadcast, so can make no comment on it.)

Though hardly comparable to his fantasy novels, the book undeniably has some power, as well as a little of Merritt's famous color interspersed through the rather journalistic narration; and while, as already noted, we must be grateful to Merritt for Ricori and Mme. Mandelip, it is hard to forgive him for McCann, the stage-cowboy gangster with his affected slang. Julius Schwartz has reported that "if Merritt had had his way, he would have ended the story where the nurse-doll stabbed Mme. Mandelip and left the rest to the reader's imagination." Perhaps he should have done so. In fantasy, an incredible ending does not necessarily have to be explained in a didactic manner, and Merritt's fans would probably have been content.

The last of Merritt's novels, but by no means the least, Creep, Shadow! differs from the rest of his work in many significant ways. For one thing, it was much more quickly written than most of his novels. A report in Fantasy Magazine for May-June 1933 stated that Merritt was thinking of writing a sequel to Burn, Witch, Burn!, and the story appeared in Argosy a little over a year later (beginning in September 1934). The only way in which it could be called a sequel is that a few of the characters from the earlier novel appear in secondary roles in this one. But, although turned out in a hurry, this book represents a distinct turn away from melodrama. It is, in places, a psychological story of considerable power.

The themes of the book---reincarnation, sympathetic magic through shadows, and the re-enactment of an ancient myth of Brittany---are methodically laid out and examined intellectually before the author proceeds to the action. There are flashes of the old poetic imagery, and some of Merritt's finest writing is in the "shadowland" sequence. (After Merritt read Clark Ashton Smith's "The Double Shadow" he found it necessary to delete an entire paragraph from his own novel, so similar were the two passages.)

This book, which I consider to be one of Merritt's finest works, is unusual in its pace and plot when compared to his other novels. It had its first hardback appearance in the Doubleday-Doran Crime Club series (October 24, 1934). Merritt's humor, notable in his earliest novels, returns here in the sequence in which the hero, fleeing from the Lady Dahut's hypnotic power, has to climb down the face of a skyscraper at night, in the nude. Arriving at a lower room where some drunken conventioneers are playing poker, he enters the game to such effect that he wins a complete, if ill-fitting, suit of clothes (without having any money to bet), and is able to make his escape properly dressed.

**The film released in America under the title "Burn Witch Burn" had no relationship to Merritt's book; it was a recent British adaptation of Fritz Leiber's Conjure Wife.

Merritt's widow provided me with numerous unfinished manuscripts, of which one, "Bootleg and Witches", may represent Merritt's sole venture into straight mystery writing. Apparently written in the early 1930s, it seems that the story was to have a very small or perhaps even nonexistent admixture of the fantastic "unknown" in which Merritt specialized. This may be one reason why Merritt did not finish the story; or perhaps he did finish it, but it was published somewhere where few fantasy fans would encounter it. The manuscript itself consists of six neat edited typescript pages, and ends with the narrator fighting for his life against two "Bonnie and Clyde" types after he has stopped at night to offer them assistance after a car wreck. If the story was published, it might conceivably turn up someday (perhaps under Merritt's penname of W. Fenimore), and it would indeed be interesting to read a straight mystery yarn by the renowned Master of Fantasy.

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MOVIE NOTES: Three "B" Thrillers of the 40's

Quiet Please, Murder (20th Century Fox, 1942). Direction & screenplay, John Larkin from "Death Walks in Marble Halls" by Lawrence G. Blochman; produced by Ralph Dietrich; Camera, Joseph MacDonald; Art direction, Richard Day, Joseph Wright; 70 minutes. With George Sanders, Gail Patrick, Richard Denning, Sidney Blackmer, Lynne Roberts, Kurt Katch, Margaret Brayton, Charles Tannen, Byron Foulger, Arthur Space, George Wolcott, Mae Marsh, Chick Collins, Ben McCallister, Bud Geary, Harold Goodwin, James Farley, Jack Cheatham, Theodore von Eltz, Bert Roach, Paul Porcasi, Minerva Urecal, Matt McHugh.

Quiet Please, Murder would seem to have more than a few resemblances to The Maltese Falcon, and perhaps therein is the problem: it's too literate and complex for a "B", yet not good enough in its basic material to be expanded into an "A". As such, it is somewhat of a parallel to Val Lewton's The Seventh Victim—a thoroughly fascinating and off-beat misfire. After a variety of locales in the opening reel, the ultimate restriction of action to a public library seems excessively rigid, and in view of the richness and variety of characters and plot threads, the wartime propaganda line seems a bit extraneous, too. The climax seems merely anti-climactic, until one realises that the picture is still going on, to be concluded via psychological rather than physical action. The late Gerald McDonald, head of the American History Dept. of the New York Public Library, once pointed out that Fox had a unit in the library researching library practices, and shooting footage—but that despite this, the library's foolproof measures for protecting rare books were totally ignored in this somewhat improbable yarn. The cast is exceptionally strong, with Denning and Gail Patrick in literal parallels to the Bogart-Astor roles in Falcon, and the only real mystery left unsolved at the end is why any library should have a miniature tabletop model of the set of the Welsh village from How Green Was My Valley!

The Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO Radio, 1940). Directed by Boris Ingster. Produced by Lee Marcus; original story and screenplay, Frank Partos; camera, Nicholas Musuraca, 64 minutes. With Peter Lorre, John McGuire, Margaret Tallichet, Charles Waldron, Elisha Cook, Jr., Charles Halton, Ethel Griffies, Cliff Clark, Oscar O'Shea, Alec Craig, Otto Hoffman.

While the plot structure of this film is familiar enough, and Peter Lorre, in a recapitulation of his old "M" role, is in only for boxoffice name value and to fulfill a contractual obligation, the film itself is one of the most interesting "B" thrillers from any period. Like The Informer, it creates all out of nothing—a few standing sets, and meticulous and imaginative lighting in dream sequences, where space rather than sets achieves a genuinely nightmarish effect.

My Name is Julia Ross (Columbia, 1945). Directed by Joseph H. Lewis; produced by Wallace MacDonald; screenplay by Muriel Roy Bolton from The Woman in Red by Anthony Gilbert; camera, Burnett Guffey, 65 minutes. With Nina Foch, Dame May Whitty, George Macready, Roland Varno, Anita Bolster, Leonard Mudie, Joy Harrington, Queenie Leonard, Harry Hays Morgan, Ottole Nesmith, Olay Hytten, Evan Thomas.

My Name is Julia Ross is one of the most famous "sleepers" of the 40's, and is in some ways an example of how critics can be led around by the nose. Without minimising the excellent work of ex-editor Lewis in getting such pace and style out of a minimal budget, at the same time it should be recorded that Columbia was aware of how well the film was progressing, providing him with extra (if not major) facilities, and then obtaining for the film the kind of playdates that brought it to critical attention. As always—and The Narrow Margin is another case in point—the critics went overboard, greeting it almost on a Hitchcockian level, and invariably creating audience disappointments when the film turned out to be good but hardly more than that. One would have much more respect for the "discoveries" of critics if they found (for themselves) the totally unheralded values of such real "B" films as for example Republic's Mystery Broadcast, instead of the films like this one and Monogram's When Strangers Marry which were always intended, by their studios at least, to be above-average products. But this diatribe is directed against the critics, not My Name is Julia Ross, which is still an expert if unsubtle movie. In fact one of its joys is the absurdly obvious behavior of the villains (and especially psycho

——continued on page 208

WHEN WAS THE GOLDEN AGE, ANYWAY?

by Robert Aucott

The Saturday Review of Literature for January 7, 1939 contained, among other good things (by H. G. Wells, Basil Davenport, Henry Seidel Canby et al), a short essay by John Strachey called "The Golden Age of English Detection". As they say in the HIBK books, "I have it before me as I wrote" (and happy I am to have it, too: a nice collector's item).

In his essay, speaking of "the detective novel", the distinguished historian states firmly that "here...there are in England the characteristic signs of vigor and achievement. This is, perhaps, the Golden Age of the English detective story writers. Here...we come to a field of literature...which is genuinely flourishing. Here are a dozen or so authors at work turning out books which you find that your friends have read and are eager to discuss." (Remember, please, that this was in 1939.)

Strachey mentions briefly, and with approval, "what we may call the 'old masters'", Sayers, Christie, Crofts and Bentley, and "what I may call the 'young masters', for example... Allingham....Innes...Blake." (Please note that he does not refer to these three as "white hopes.") He concludes with the hope that we will be given many masterpieces by them "and many others who may yet appear," but he has forebodings. How right he was to worry!

Very well. The Golden Age was, if wobbling, still in business. But when did it begin? With Bentley, in 1913, possibly, but certainly in the twenties with Christie, Crofts and Sayers? Or does the term "old masters" imply merely forerunners, still highly regarded as important, perhaps, but surpassed by the new, vigorous "young masters" and had it really begun with them, in 1935 or so? We can take our choice.

In 1941, in his great book Murder for Pleasure, Howard Haycraft quotes from Mr. Strachey's celebrated essay on three separate occasions, but not in his chapter entitled "England: 1918-1930 (The Golden Age)." It is this period, ending (kindly note) in 1930, that he calls "the richest single age in the literature," the three chief developments being (1) greater literacy, (2) greater plausibility (less melodrama), and (3) greater emphasis on character and less on mechanical plot. He does say that these came about "particularly toward the end of the period." Shall we believe 1927? 1928?

In the U.S. (further to confuse things) the Golden Age was apparently a little slower in coming. Mr. Haycraft, in his next chapter "America: 1918-1930 (The Golden Age)", explains that although "the great revival of the English detective story began almost immediately after...1918, its American counterpart did not arrive until the better part of a decade later," and he includes in the chapter both Hammett and Queen, the latter of whom could certainly not be said to have reached his (their) peak by 1930. Certainly the American Golden Age has to stretch into the thirties just a bit.

What of the post-Golden Age, the age that began in 1930? "A veritable flood," says Mr. Haycraft, "all-around improvement." But "in striking contrast to the...flowering in Britain in the 1920's, ...distinguished by only one significant technical departure...the novel of detection-cum-character. Some critics," he goes one to say, state, with some justice, that some writers of the thirties "have exceeded the bounds of the detective story and...have taken something away from the form as well as added to it." Not the Golden Age, surely, the thirties, after all. A hint of over-ripeness, perhaps?

In 1953, however, in a charming and strangely neglected book, Blood in Their Ink, Sutherland Scott says, commenting on Mr. Haycraft's "Golden Age", "his...description might more accurately be applied to the period between 1925 and...1939... It would be true that the early and middle thirties saw the mystery novel aspire to heights...not hitherto... reached." (Note: "mystery novel"; not "detective story".)

With no apologies to anyone, A. E. Murch in her fine work The Development of the Detective Novel, 1958, entitles a chapter "The Golden Age". She begins it with J. S. Fletcher and M. D. Post. (1918?) But wait.

"By 1930," she says, " detective fiction in England...stood at a crossroads." (It went the right way, thanks to the Detection Club of London.) What then? What happened? Only "the Golden Age of detective fiction", that's all, which "dawned in England in the early 1930's". Wow!

We move along. In TAD (October 1970) Donald Yates refers to the Golden Age in his inspiriting and knowledgeable essay, "The Detective Literature of the Americas". He names it without hesitation. "The period from 1930 up until the eve of the Second World War can rightfully be termed," he says, "the Golden Age of the detective story." Why? "Writers introduced human emotions, philosophical considerations and colorful fast-moving narrative style." Is this really the detective story Mr. Yates is talking about? Or is it Mr. Hay-

craft's "technical departure" which "some state...exceeded the bounds of the detective story"? I'm inclined to think it's the latter, myself (I couldn't stay out of this!) and Mr. Yates, too, seems to regretthe change. Bringing us back after a fascinating tour through golden Mexico and across the silver Argentine, he notes the existence of "a genuine yearning for the classical detective story of forty years ago." Forty years? That would be 1930. The classical detective story hardly began then, surely. Was that then the height, the peak? First the classical detective story, reaching its summit in 1930—and then the Golden Age? Seems odd. Was the Golden Age of the thirties (again we wonder), with its human emotions and colorful style, and so forth, with its "over-elaboration" (Scott) and its "[taking] something away from the detective story" (Haycraft)—was it not the Golden Age at all, but the beginning of the end?

Other recent critics are no real help. J. R. Christopher, in his brilliant essay "Poe and the Tradition of the Detective Story" (first published in TAD, October 1968, and revised for The Mystery Writer's Art, Francis M. Nevins' welcome 1970 anthology), says, at one point, something about "the Golden Age of fair play mysteries in the 1920's and 30's." No ambiguity, but no hint of any standing at the crossroads in 1930 in that.

Nevins himself is not too definite. In "Royal Bloodline" (Part One) as reprinted in the Queen Canon Bibliophile, Vol. 3, #1, he mentions "the giants of the Golden Age—Carr, Christie, Gardner (!), Blake, Innes and many others," and "in 1929...the Golden Age of crime fiction (sic) was about to burst forth in full flower." Clear enough, assuming he refers to Agatha Christie in her post-Ackroyd years, and noting that he does not say "detective fiction." But in his anthology, introducing Charles Shibuk's most excellent critique of Henry Wade, Mr. Nevins writes, "The Golden Age of the formal detective story may be dated from Agatha Christie's first novel (1920), or from S. S. Van Dine's (1926), or from any of several other events." Mr. Nevins may recognize two Golden Ages, and there's nothing wrong with that, I guess, except that he doesn't tell us in which one his "giants" flourished (the second, of course). (Quick, now: when was the Golden Age?)

To bring us right up to date, Jacques Barzun in A Catalogue of Crime mentions (on page 6), "the Golden Era, as John Strachey saw it, 1920 to 1939." Yet we know Strachey did not actually mention 1920, and did mention the earlier Bentley, and we know he did emphasize "the young masters" of the late thirties. Did Strachey think it had begun in 1920? A Catalogue of Crime is just about the best book since the King James Bible, but when was the Golden Age?

G. K. Chesterton says somewhere that "all that glistens is gold. It is the glisten that is the gold." Any period wherein your heart lies, any year that shines for you, maybe that's the Golden Age. Some time between 1913 and the "crime novel" (Ambler, Chandler, Woolrich?), there was a great good time when detective stories were at their best. How about 1930? It is a year we have bandied about. It was a good year: for one thing, the Philadelphia Athletics won the World Series (Cochrane, Simmons and Foxx!). Let's call 1930 The Golden Age, give or take a few years, shall we?

For your postscriptal delectation and amazement, I have you a partial list—a list of only the very best—of books published in the Golden Year of 1930:

About the Murder of Geraldine Foster
Charlie Chan Carries On
The Secret of High Eldersham
It Walks by Night
Four Faultless Felons
The Two-Ticket Puzzle
Sir John Magill's Last Journey
Author Unknown
Murder on the Marsh
The Peacock's Eye
The Hammersmith Murders
Mr. Pottermack's Oversight
Through the Eyes of the Judge
The Maltese Falcon
The Man in the Red Hat
Half-Mast Murder
The Link
The French Powder Mystery
The Door
The Day the World Ended
Strong Poison
The Man with the Squeaky Voice
Murder at College

Of course, come to think of it, there was 1929....

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MOVIE NOTE: My Name is Julia Ross, continued from page 206

Macready!) and the rather dunderheaded reactions of the lovely Miss Foch. Incidentally, many of the "old English mansion" exteriors were shot at Beverly Hills' Greystone Manor, now the scene of equally sinister but far more laudatory goings-on as the West Coast headquarters of the American Film Institute.

—William K. Everson

HARRY STEPHEN KEELER'S SCREWBALL CIRCUS

by Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

Harry Stephen Keeler was, to say the least, a man unappreciated in his own lifetime. His outlandish plots, his outrageous prose and people, were so far removed from the conventions familiar to mystery reviewers that the critical fraternity---when it bothered to take notice of him at all---delighted in using him as a dartboard. "All Keeler's novels are written in Choctaw," commented the New York Times (before Anthony Boucher's tenure). "He writes in a strange jargon which eschews the distinctions between the parts of speech and employs such a system of punctuation as no other writer save perhaps Gertrude Stein ever dared," said the Baltimore Evening Sun. "Keeler's wife, Hazel Goodwin, writes beautifully," reported Townsfolk Magazine, adding: "As for Keeler himself, the less said the better." Another wit remarked: "We look forward to the day when one of his novels is translated into English."

Will Cuppy of the Herald-Tribune was closer to the mark when he said: "There is nothing quite like Keeler in the mystery field; read any one of his works, and you're never quite the same again." But the truth of course is that Keeler was not a mystery writer any more than he could reasonably be called a science-fiction or fantasy writer. Keeler was Keeler. When they made him the mold self-destructed. In a four-part series currently running in the Journal of Popular Culture I've tried to provide an overall survey of HSK's wild and woolly world, but here I want to take a different approach and consider him as the creator of a series.

Keeler in fact created several series. One has a book as its protagonist; another (a trilogy never published in English) revolves around a house. Among the human protagonists of HSK's series novels are Quiribus Brown, a 7½-foot-tall mathematical wizard from the Indiana boondocks, and Tuddleton Trotter, an aged, bedraggled universal genius and patron of homeless cats. All of these deserve treatment in individual essays. But the longest Keeler series with continuing characters of the type Homo sapiens, and the subject of the present paper, is the great Circus Sextology; and at the center of the Sextology, sitting immovable in his office trailer while the world turns cartwheels around him, we find Angus Milliron MacWhorter, owner and proprietor of MacWhorter's Mammoth Motorized Shows, the Biggest Little Circus on Earth.

MacW, as his employees call him for short, is also the proprietor of one of the longest faces in history, a great sad old-fashioned face, seamed and brooding like a late portrait of Lincoln. His business dress includes silk hat and long frock coat, but after sundown he prefers a pink-striped nightshirt, the more comfortably to sit in the privacy of his trailer and peruse his great morocco-bound Bible or the latest number of the Weekly Ecclesiastical Review. But when a knock sounds on the outer door of that trailer, the time for tranquil theologizing is over, for Something Crazy Has Happened. Not that a lunatic event disturbs MacW's habits; he will continue to sit like a benevolent lump throughout all his adventures, thereby establishing himself as perhaps the first Anti-Hero.

MacWhorter and his circus were not created by Keeler. His first wife, Hazel Goodwin Keeler, dreamed them up as the background for a short story called "Spangles" (Best Love Stories, 6/26/30). Keeler fell in love with this inane and unreadable story, wove his Sextology around the MacWhorter circus, and even included "Spangles" as a chapter in two of the six novels. Anyone reading the books today will be flabbergasted at the astronomical difference in quality between Hazel's stone-cold-dead chapter and the crazy whirling universe her husband built around it.

The first MacWhorter novel, The Vanishing Gold Truck, was completed in 1940, published in this country by Dutton in 1941 and by Ward Lock in Britain a year later. The scene is Keeler Country, somewhere in the Bible Belt, probably not too far from the Kansas-Oklahoma-Missouri-Arkansas borders although Keeler will cut out his tongue rather than tell you what state the circus is passing through at any given moment. To orient the reader I've prepared a map of the area covered in The Vanishing Gold Truck. (See Map #1 at end of article.)

A great deal of action is taking place on the map. Up in the metropolis of Southwest City, for example, a fanatical anti-liquor clergyman named Rev. Zebulon Q. Holowynge has been trying to keep the delivery trucks from servicing the package stores and bars of the city. This man of the cloth, convinced as he is that the circus no less than the bottle is an enemy of God, is making plans to close down the MacWhorter show as the book opens. The circus has just completed its journey through the serpentine coils of Old Twistibus and is camped in the town of Foleysburg, whose founder believed that electricity was the devil incarnate and insured that no telephone, telegraph, radio or other diabolical device should ever darken the precincts of

the town, which is thus completely sealed off from the outside world. Meanwhile back at the east end of Old Twistibus, one lone circus truck is pulling up at Elum's Store, and unless this truck rejoins the circus by a certain hour The Sky Will Fall In---a pattern we'll run into several times in the Sextology. Since driver Jim Craney and the lioness in the back of his truck will never make it in time through Old Twistibus---especially since MacWhorter's elephant has knocked down the bridge across Bear Creek---Jim uses Elum's telephone to try and persuade Sheriff Bucyrus Duckhouse to let the truck use the Straightaway, a completed but not yet officially opened superhighway on pillars that tunnels through Smoky Ridge and cuts hours off the trip to Foleysburg. Meanwhile Al "Three-Gun" Mulhearn and his gang are about to steal a load of gold bars from the Cedarville Bank and make their getaway to Southwest City via the same straightaway. At the high point of the novel, both the Craney circus truck and the truck containing the robbers are reliably reported to be on the Straightaway; Duckhouse sits with his shotgun at the west end of the tunnel, waiting to nail the robbers; the Craney truck comes through the tunnel and its driver tells Duckhouse that another truck is indeed on the road behind him. But the robbers' truck never comes through, and it's physically impossible for it to have gotten off the road! Here is a miracle problem worthy of John Dickson Carr, and the outrageous solution makes it quite clear that the Carr locked room is precisely what Keeler is here lampooning. MacWhorter, it will be noted, has little to do with the plot or its climax, whose prime mover is Sheriff Bucyrus Duckhouse. Even in Hazel's story "Spangles" which is printed as a chapter of this book, MacW preserves his reputation as a walking lump.

In December 1946 Keeler completed the next MacWhorter manuscript, a 140,000-word monstrosity he called The Ace of Spades Murder. He was unable to persuade either his American or British publishers to issue the book in that length, so he simply broke the manuscript down into four separate MacWhorter novels, adding new plot elements as he needed them. Of the four, only one was ever published in the English language, being entitled The Case of the Jeweled Ragpicker in this country (Phoenix Press, 1948) and The Ace of Spades Murder in Britain (Ward Lock, 1949). It's a rather short book (although the English version includes some material deleted from the American), but has enough material for ten ordinary novels, including a cast of sixty-five characters (several of whom turn out to be the same person), a time span of more than thirty years, a plot with ramifications in ten or twelve different states, and enough screwball activity to choke a rhinoceros. The opening chapters are set three decades back in the past in Chicago's fabulous Hotel de Romanorum, built by a classics professor who came into money, with Latin quotations engraved in the floors and Roman numerals nailed to the doors. In the broom closet of this quaint hostelry is found the body of a black ragpicker, with an ace of spades affixed to his back by means of a jeweled dagger. Thirty years later the crime is still unsolved, but Bill Chattock, wine chemist turned circus truck driver for the MacWhorter Shows, thinks he knows where the key to the solution lies. But he has only a few days to get hold of the evidence and present it to Illinois State's Attorney Igl Carwardine who is by lucky coincidence vacationing in Ramsbottom, 25 miles north of the circus camp in Foleysburg; for the 30-year statute of limitations applicable to the murder of blacks (touchingly termed the Negro Homicide Protection Statute) is about to run out, and thereafter the killer will be forever safe. Bill takes leave of absence from the circus and goes off on his quest, winding up in the hamlet of Moffit, Indiana and the home of a greeting-card salesman named Pentwire Hughsmith, where with the help of a rare pocket dictionary Bill not only unravels the secret of the ragpicker murder but reconciles Hughsmith with his ex-wife, an indigent cookbook saleswoman subsisting on one pork chop a day. But on his way back to rejoin the circus in Foleysburg, Bill gets word from MacWhorter that he is to bring with him across Old Twistibus a new show wagon, complete with a large sum of money in a secret compartment.

As Map #2 indicates (see Map #2 at end of article), the topography of Keeler Country has changed since The Vanishing Gold Truck, and the valley of Old Twistibus has sprouted some new growths, not least among them the Great Poison Swamp at the western edge, filled with horrible man-eating Starky Fish. There are also several human hazards awaiting Bill in the valley, including a gun moll disguised as a lady novelist, who is intent on offering Bill some drugged strawberry wine when he passes by, and Spearfish Meldrum and his gang, who are waiting at the west end of Old Twistibus to relieve Bill of the money in the truck and throw him to the starkies. I refuse to reveal how Bill escapes these traps, but were it not for Capt. Gunlock Lanternman and his top-secret Supercopter, you might have wound up nibbling bits of Chattock with your next filet of starky supper. At journey's end Bill tells MacWhorter not only the entire story behind the murder of Ragpicker Joe but also his reasons for not telling the story to the authorities.

The Case of the Jeweled Ragpicker is a huge crazy canvas of inspired Keelerisms, burst-

ing on every page with outrageous characters and incidents that Keeler in his abundance puts before us for a few moments and then drops forever. HSK's prose is as always, so bizarre as to take the breath away, as when a person with many chores to do is described as "busier than a wet hen," or as when we are told that "Chattock seized a mental pencil out of one lobe of his brain and jerked a mental sheet of paper out of a second lobe." As Will Cuppy so truly said, you cannot remain the same person after reading Keeler.

But unless you know Spanish and Portuguese, or have access to HSK's original manuscripts, your knowledge of the MacWhorter saga must end here. Of the remaining three books which Keeler carved out of the 140,000-word version of The Ace of Spades Murder, two were published only in Spain and the third was perused only by the Portuguese.

The Case of the Crazy Corpse was completed in April 1953 and published by Editorial Seculo of Lisbon as O Caso do Cadaver Endiabrado. The book bears a very strong resemblance to Jeweled Ragpicker, even to the point of both novels opening twenty-five or thirty years in the past with the discovery of a body under grotesque circumstances. In Crazy Corpse the body, in its own coffin, is fished out of Lake Michigan and turns out to be two bodies, the upper half belonging to a Chinese woman and the lower half to a black man, the halves joined together by some kind of greenish gum. No sooner has Keeler set up this gruesome situation than he jumps ahead to the present and picks up MacWhorter, brooding in his show wagon. Unless he gets some quick cash into his hands, the entire circus will shortly be taken over by a sadistic retired lion-tamer named Geispitz Gmohling, who feels the urge to get back in the ring and "crack the old whip again over the big pussies' backs." Gmohling has bribed Flamo, MacWhorter's fire-eater, to spy on the circus from within, and Giff Odell, Angus' young assistant who has the sorely needed cash, is hundreds of miles away, searching for the solution to the Crazy Corpse case, and faces a rich assortment of obstacles in his race to rejoin the circus in time. But by the end of the book Geispitz and Flamo have been banished into outer darkness, MacWhorter's young protege has found himself a wife, and the mystery of the glued bodies has been solved, although the solution has some strong similarities to that of the Jeweled Ragpicker.

The Circus Stealers, completed in 1956 and published by Institute Editorial Reus of Madrid in 1958 as Ladrones de Circos, covers the same familiar ground we have traversed thrice before. As we open the circus is in Pricetown and will shortly cross through Idiot's Valley along Old Twistibus, which is compared "to a giant strand of boiled spaghetti tossed down by a super-giant." The Poison Swamp and its starkies still sit at the west end of the road, but the variation this time through the valley is that every single one of its inhabitants is a mental defective, and most of them tote guns. Foleysburg is still the stopping point at the other end of Twistibus and still survives without any electrical appliances, but its laws have undergone some changes since our last visit. Checks are not legal tender in this community, the U.S. Supreme Court has just ruled that in Foleysburg "midnight" means 6:01 P.M., and a local ordinance makes it a crime to bring a prehistoric animal within the city limits. Out of these and other elements a villainous rival big-top entrepreneur named Wolf Gladish has hatched a scheme to snatch the entire MacWhorter circus out from under its owner's nose. MacWhorter learns of the plot, and Gladish finds out that MacW has found out, and the rest of the book is move and countermove, thrust and parry, except for an interlude in which we are treated to one more appearance of Hazel's story "Spangles." The last-minute arrival of a truck driven by a skeleton saves both the day and the circus for old Angus. The young assistant who must cross Old Twistibus and rejoin the circus before X-hour is named Rance Holly in this version of the tale, but wonder of wonders, this time around the track he has not been off in quest of the solution to a 30-year-old murder.

Ecology-minded long before it became fashionable, Keeler was determined to recycle every last particle of his 1946 Ace of Spades manuscript, and the dregs of that 140,000-word effort were finally recast into the fifth Angus MacWhorter novel, A Copy of Beowulf, completed in July 1957 and published by Reus in 1960 as Una Version del Beowulf. This time the circus is not in danger of being taken away from MacW and the entire book concentrates on the quest of Angus' young assistant for the titular volume. The results are horrendous. In something like thirteen years of reading Keeler, this is the only book I've found which I must confess to be utterly boring and unreadable, with not even the usual brainbusting coincidences or outrageous lines of description and dialogue to enliven the enterprise. Keeler apparently intended to satirize the conventions of 19th-century riverboat melodrama for his Spanish audience, which is why we find the villain over and over referring to the heroine as "me pee-roud bee-u-teh" and the heoine denouncing the bad guy as "you villian." (sic). That is the limit of the fun in A Copy of Beowulf, which is the last MacWhorter novel to be published anywhere.

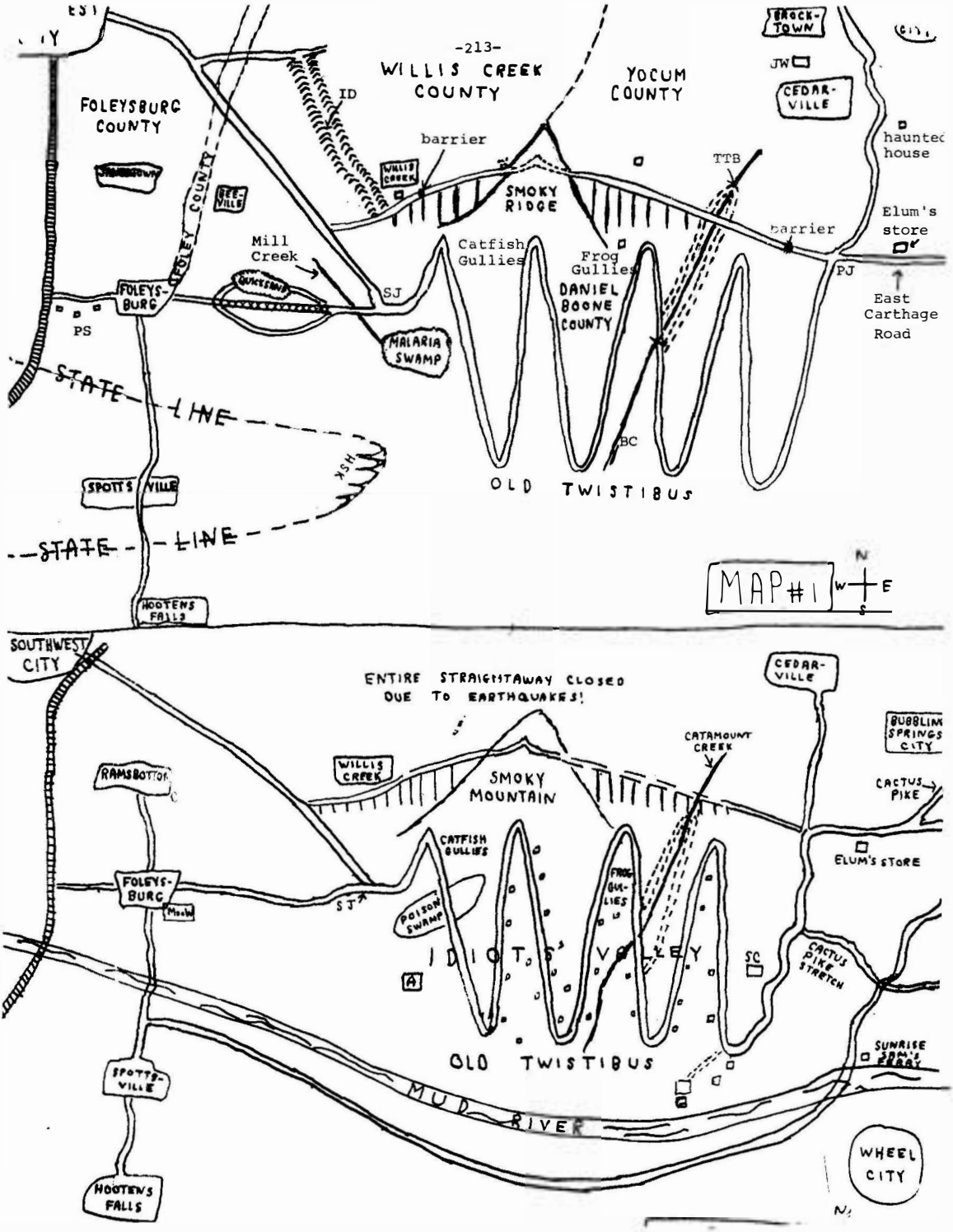
Later in 1957 Keeler completed another circus novel infinitely better than Beowulf but never published anywhere, Report on Vanessa Hewstone. For some reason HSK decided to change the names of all his circus people for this book, and so the protagonist is not MacWhorter but Noah Quindry, of Quindry's World-Colossal Motorcade Circus. Noah is bald and plump and round as a great dumpling, and wears a black-and-white checkered suit with crimson derby rather than MacW's tophat and swallowtail coat, but for all practical purposes this is the same MacWhorter circus. However, this time there is no Old Twistibus and no race to save the show from a Willian. The problem this time is that there is an unknown maniac with the circus who insists on cutting out and stealing every specimen of the letter U he can lay his hands on, including a part of a poster advertising the movie Union Station, a segment of a banner welcoming the Unitarians to town for a convention, a corner of a Fu Manchu paperback, an engraved letter from the underground tomb of Ulysses the Talking Dog ("a dog of so many patterns of coat that he must have been the son of all dogs in history"), and even a letter forming part of a tattoo on the dead body of Screamo the Clown. Suspicion focuses on a mysterious young archery expert who has recently joined the circus, and a great deal of the book is almost a parody of the classic Woolrich pattern of oscillation between belief and disbelief in the man's guilt. The solution giving the reason for the U-nappings is one of the wildest denouements in Keeler's career.

We've seen that the MacWhorter circus first came to life in an old pulp magazine, and another pulp is at the center of the last of Angus' adventures, The Six from Nowhere, completed in 1958 but never published. This one boasts the most juicily named villain in all literature, Gonwyck Schwaaa. (At the first appearance of his name in the manuscript Keeler adds a little footnote: "To Editor only: 3 a's. Author.") Gonwyck and his cohorts are plotting to steal a certain copy of the magazine Detective Narratives from MacWhorter's safe, and the intrigues over the pulp intertwine with the affairs of a British female mathematician, an educated hobo, the ashes of a corrupt politician in a Chicago crypt, and a pair of circus cats who have left 2,000,000 progeny across the United States. Among all the MacWhorter novels unpublished in English this one is the wildest, and every publisher in this country who rejected it should be placed in the corner with a dunce cap.

I don't think it's stretching things too far to say that the Angus MacWhorter series reflects a good bit of Keeler's view of life. If the people and incidents encountered along and at each end of Old Twistibus represent, in their grotesqueness and bizarrerie and casual monstrosity, Keeler's view of how the world goes, then the MacWhorter Circus is something like the ideal society---personalistic, communitarian, nonacquisitive, noncompetitive, content to travel over and over through the rocky absurdities of Old Twistibus, unpretentiously amusing those who wish to see---and MacWhorter himself is something of a self-portrait of Keeler, benevolent, ineffectual and without illusions. No other writer combines two seemingly contradictory qualities as Keeler did: the unfettered delight in creation of a small child, and the mathematically meticulous craftsmanship of a computer (albeit a computer that has somehow programmed itself). He was the sublime nutty genius of our century, and as long as boundless creativity is cherished so long will Harry Stephen Keeler be.

LEGEND FOR MAPS

(#2) - Ambush site where Spearfish Meldrum and his gang are waiting to throw Bill Chattock to the starky fish.
BC (#1) - Bear Creek. Where creek intersects Old Twistibus is the bridge knocked down by MacWhorter's elephant, forcing Jim Craney to detour through Little Bear Valley (dotted lines) to Tree Trunk Bridge (TTB).
C (#2) - Vacation home of (g) Carwardine, Illinois state's attorney.
ID (#1) - Invisible detour from west Straightaway to outskirts of Southwest City.
JW (#1) - Home of Jason Whitforth, miser, exactly halfway between Brocktown and Cedarville.
MacW (#2) - Campground of Angus' circus.
PJ (#1) - Perkins' Junction.
PS (#1) - Preachers' Shacks. Instant marriages performed for 25¢ - $1.00.
SC (#2) - Home of Saxone Crestfield, lady novelist and gun moll.
SJ (#1) - Simpson's Junction.
TTB (#1) - Tree Trunk Bridge; see BC, above.


WILLIS CREEK COUNTY
YOCUM COUNTY
FOLEYSBURG COUNTY
FOLEY COUNTY
DANIEL BOONE COUNTY
BROCK-TOWN
JW
CEDAR-VILLE
haunted house
ID
barrier
WILLIS CREEK
SMOKY RIDGE
TTB
barrier
Elum's store
Mill Creek
Catfish Gullies
Frog Gullies
PJ
East Carthage Road
FOLEYS-BURG
QUICKSAND
SJ
PS
MALARIA SWAMP
STATE LINE
HSX
BC
OLD TWISTIBUS
SPOTTS VILLE
STATE LINE
HOOTENS FALLS
MAP #1
N
W
E
S
SOUTHWEST CITY
ENTIRE STRAIGHTAWAY CLOSED DUE TO EARTHQUAKES!
CEDAR-VILLE
BUBBLING SPRINGS CITY
CATAMOUNT CREEK
RAMSBOTTOM
WILLIS CREEK
SMOKY MOUNTAIN
CACTUS PIKE
CATFISH GULLIES
ELUM'S STORE
FOLEYS-BURG
ST
POISON SWAMP
FROG GULLIES
IDIOTS VALLEY
SC
CACTUS PIKE STRETCH
SUNRISE SAM'S FERRY
OLD TWISTIBUS
SPOTTS-VILLE
MUD RIVER
WHEEL CITY
HOOTENS FALLS

EXPLAINING THE DETECTIVE STORY

by R. Gordon Kelly

J. R. Christopher's essay "Rites of a Mystery Cult" raises a number of interesting points. It is clear that the author, following Brigid Brophy, believes the detective story to be a modern myth which emerged historically as a response to the excesses of the French Revolution. His third point, on which I am less clear, seems to be that readers of detective fiction confront their own guilt through identification with the detective as they read of his exploits. It is the historical argument, outlined in the first two points, that interests me most, however.

Dr. Christopher's explanation of the explanation of the origins of the detective story seems to be to admit of two interpretations. The more general argument seems to run as follows: if a society undergoes a violent political upheaval, one consequence will be the emergence of a widely popular myth characterized, apparently, by the kinds of structural parallels that the author discovers among Sophocles, Arthurian legend, and the detective story.

It is more likely, however, that Christopher simply means to call attention to conditions specific to late eighteenth century France, and subsequently nineteenth century Britain and American, which obtained at those times and places but which have not necessarily characterized other political revolutions known to historians. The conditions that are particularly relevant to Christopher are, of course, the excesses of the Terror. Since he refers to no other conditions, he appears to be saying that the excesses of the Terror and the revulsion they engendered are sufficient to explain the origin of the detective story a generation later in another country and its subsequent popularity a generation further removed from its origin in Poe. Put in this form, the argument appears less compelling than it may seem at first glance, since the connections between cause and effect are remote to say the least. And even if it is admitted that the detective story emerges as a reaction to the French Revolution, this hardly accounts for the persistence of the form in the twentieth century.

If we are to have a more satisfactory explanation of the detective story, it is necessary first to clarify what "explanation" might mean in this particular context. This in itself is no easy matter, but we would probably agree that a statement of sufficient conditions would constitute acceptable explanation. Secondly, it is necessary to ask what factors might be relevant to an examination both of the origins and of the sustained popularity of the form. Inevitably this will mean moving beyond mere textual analysis of selected works of detective fiction, the strategy that characterizes virtually every effort to explain the detective story that I have seen. It is also clear that to explain the origins of the form is a problem distinct from that of its sustained popularity over the last eighty years. Thus to account for the detective story, we must consider not only its formal elements but also the fact that books circulate in a complex commercial system of production, distribution, and consumption. Yet commentators on the detective story have rarely had anything to say about these things. Nor have they had much to say about the people who read detective fiction, despite the fact that explanations typically make assumptions about the psychology of reading. Some psychoanalytic explanations, for example, find the motive springs for reading detective stories in unresolved anxieties about parental sexual behavior, but it is not shown that such anxious persons are generally readers of detective fiction or that actual readers of detective fiction tend to harbor anxieties about what went on in the parental bedroom. Similarly, Dr. Christopher appears to assume that readers of detective fiction discover a generalized guilt in themselves during their reading. This suggestion hardly explains why some people choose to confront their guilt in detective fiction while others testify to the same experience in radically different kinds of reading or activity.

In short, if we are to account for the origins and persistence of the form, it would seem essential that we differentiate who reads detective fiction from those who do not. It is unlikely, I think, that readers of the form represent a random sample of the population, for example. They are no doubt concentrated more in some socio-economic categories than in others. Nor would we expect to find that a passion for detective fiction is of genetic origin. Rather it is an acquired taste—learned, it might be added, without very much aid from the public schools or very much support from the critical establishment.

Unfortunately major problems confront anyone interested in examining the social function of a popular form such as the detective story. Unlike the act of buying a house or an automobile, buying a book does not generate systematic records that are preserved and so are likely to be available for the historian's later use. And unlike some activities, reading

does not routinely generate a commentary that is customarily preserved. We may never be able to identify more than a few individuals who regularly read detective fiction—and the relation of these to the greater audience for the form will remain problematical. Thus the general lack of data about the audience for detective fiction makes any explanation of the form uncomfortably dependent on psychological theories such as the one invoked by Dr. Christopher. Perhaps the most we can hope for is a greater attention to sampling procedures, to do away with the tendency to cite a very few authors; greater candor in stating the bases for inferences about the effect or function of this type of reading, and more ingenuity in linking detective fiction to other sorts of available reading.

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POETRY QUIZ

by R. W. Hays

Each of the following detective novel titles is a quotation from the works of some famous British poet. Allowing one point for the name of the author of the novel and one for the name of the quoted poet, a score of 15 points is good, 20 or better excellent. The novels are all by different writers and the quotations all from different poets. Shakespeare is not included.

1. An Air That Kills
2. A Cold Coming
3. Dead Men Rise Up Never
4. Go, Lovely Rose
5. Goblin Market
6. I Met Murder
7. Jack on the Gallows Tree
8. The Mirror Crack'd
9. The Moving Toyshop
10. My Foe Outstretch'd Beneath the Tree
11. One More Unfortunate
12. Smiling the Boy Fell Dead
13. Some Buried Caesar
14. There Came Both Mist and Snow
15. What Rough Beast

(turn upside down for answers)

ANSWERS

1. Margaret Millar, from A. E. Housman, A Shropshire Lad, XL.
2. Mary Kelly, from T. S. Eliot, "Journey of the Magi."
3. Christopher Landon, from A. C. Swinburne, "The Garden of Proserpine."
4. Jean Potts, from title and first line of poem by Edmund Waller.
5. Helen McCloy, from title of poem by Christina Rossetti.
6. Selwyn Jepson, from P. B. Shelly, "The Mask of Anarchy," Part Two.
7. Leo Bruce, from incidental song in Sir Walter Scott, Guy Mannering, chap. xxxiv.
8. Agatha Christie, from Alfred Tennyson, "The Lady of Shalott."
9. Edmund Crispin, from Alexander Pope, The Rape of the Lock, line 100.
10. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, from William Blake, "A Poison Tree."
11. Edgar Lustgarten, from Thomas Hood, "The Bridge of Sighs."
12. Michael Delving, from Robert Browning, "An Incident of the French Camp."
13. Rex Stout, from Edward Fitzgerald, "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."
14. Michael Innes, from S. T. Coleridge, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." (In the U.S., this book was called A Comedy of Terrors.)
15. John Trench, from W. B. Yeats, "Second Coming."

IAN FLEMING

by Iwan Hedman

Ian Fleming was born on the 28th of May, 1908. During his schooldays at Eton he was one of the most outstanding athletes of his school, and before he had reached the age of sixteen he had won a prize in practically every branch of sports except high diving. Among other things he was twice elected "Victor Ludorum" at Eton.

Later on he began as a cadet at Sandhurst, but because as Mr. Fleming put it "they suddenly had started to mechanize the army and the good old days of the cavalry seemed to be over—no more polo, wild-sow hunting, etc.", he decided to quit and left Sandhurst in 1925.

Under the strong influence of his mother, who wanted him to work with something useful in order to learn a profession, Fleming resolved to apply for a position in the Foreign Office. He went abroad to learn foreign languages; at the University of Geneva he learned French and at the University of Munich he learned German. After a few years he spoke those languages fluently, and in addition he had also learned some Russian.

In 1927 Fleming tested for an examination intended for applicants to the Foreign Office. He passed the examination but didn't get a job because he ranked last of seven applicants for five positions.

Already at this point in his life Fleming had begun to collect books. He decided early to collect only books that would have a lasting value to mankind. All kinds of books would be represented and they should cover different areas—from sports to arts, from psychology to encyclopedias. Together with one of his best friends Fleming made a list that included about two thousand items, all first editions and in excellent condition. Today this collection is one of the most valuable private libraries. At about the same time Fleming bought a small English magazine, The Book Collector, that nowadays is considered one of the leading magazines about books. The Book Collector is presently edited by the expert John Hayward.

Having failed entry to the Foreign Office, Fleming obtained a job at Reuther's through a personal friend of his mother, Sir Roderick Jones, who was running this large international news bureau. The following three years he spent at Reuther's and according to his own assessment these years were some of the best of his life. It was here at Reuther's that he learned to write fast and straight-to-the-point—skills either acquired at Reuther's or unemployment beckoned.

In the beginning of the thirties Fleming lived in London for a while and became a partner in a stockbroker's firm, Rowe and Pitnam. But he very soon found this kind of work boring, so he left his partnership.

In 1939 Fleming was employed by The Times as a foreign correspondent, and a special assignment brought him to Moscow. His journey to Moscow seemed to have focussed some public attention on him, and now he succeeded in securing a position in the admiralty, where he became a lieutenant and private assistant to the head of the intelligence service of the Navy, Sir John Goodfrey. Fleming retained this position during the whole of World War II. In 1941, during a journey to Washington, Admiral Goodfrey and Fleming made a stop in Lisbon while they were waiting for a flight to the U.S. While they were waiting they met several employees of the British Embassy who told them that Lisbon was crowded with German agents. When Fleming heard that the leader of the German intelligence service used to gamble at the Casino of Estoril he suggested Goodfrey go to the Casino and gamble against the Germans. Admiral Goodfrey did not know anything about the rules so Fleming went there alone in order to try his success. He only had 50 pounds and pretty soon he had lost it all. Goodfrey was not surprised by this, but you can consider this sequence to be the prologue to the first James Bond novel, Casino Royale. During these years in the Admiralty Fleming advanced to the rank of commander. Most of the tasks that occupied him during these years of war were and are still of a very confidential nature, and for this reason we will never know more about them. But through all of his books we can deduce that he took part in many exciting actions.

During a mission for the Navy in 1942 Ian Fleming visited Jamaica for the first time. He found this island wonderful and planned to return some day after the end of the war. But not until 1946 could he realize this dream, as for 5000 pounds he bought a house that he named Goldeneye. This house was situated near Orcabessa--a small banana-trade harbor. On his first visit to his new house Fleming suddenly happened to find a naked Negro woman casually having a swim on the beach. After this episode he considered renaming his house "Shame-Lady", but finally decided to retain his original choice. This estate on Jamaica became his retreat from this point on, and here he wrote all his thrillers and rested between

journeys to England. Fleming spent his visits in England at Berkely Square in Mayfair, where he devoted his bachelor's attention to beautiful girls.

At the end of 1945 Fleming became foreign manager of Kemsley Newspapers (later Thomson Newspapers Ltd.) and here a new era in Fleming's life started. His task here was to organize a news bureau from almost nothing and even with a very small amount of money. He started this project in his very special way by not stationing his correspondents in the way other news bureaus did. While other bureaus put their best reporters in Washington, Paris and Bonn, for example, Fleming stationed his reporters in out-of-the-way places like Tangiers, Istanbul, Stockholm, Vienna and Hollywood. The result was that the Kemsley press received a continuous stream of colorful and exotic stories about movie stars, treasures and illicit smuggling affairs.

At the age of 44, in 1953, Fleming abandoned bachelorhood in favor of Anne Geraldine Charteris; she earlier had been married to Lord O'Neill Rothermore, who was killed during the war. Mrs. Charteris was one of the most dynamic women in London society. One year after the marriage the Flemings had a son, who was christened Casper. Also this year the first Fleming book, Casino Royale, was published by Jonathan Cape.

What was the reason for writing this first book? One of Mr. Fleming's best friends, William Plummer, can tell us about that: "Once during the second World War when the victory of the allies seemed to be very close I happened to be together with Ian Fleming. We were talking about what to do after the end of the war. Spontaneously Fleming told me that he had a strong desire to write a thriller. A thriller about espionage and sudden death." But not until Fleming went to Jamaica and Goldeneye in the beginning of 1951 did he start to write Casino Royale. "I did not know anything about this," Plummer said. "Fleming returned to London but did not tell anyone about his manuscript. He felt ashamed of it and thought no publisher would accept it." "...and besides I could not stand seeing it published," Fleming said at a later occasion.

"After a while Fleming and I happened to have luncheon together," Plummer goes on. "We were talking about a lot of things but during our conversation I found myself wondering why Fleming was talking so much about how to write things down and how to describe for instance a person who is smoking. An idea struck me suddenly and I asked: 'You have written a book?' The answer was positive and I asked him to see the manuscript. Fleming gave it to me and asked me to tell him the truth straight out. As I read I clapped my hands and Fleming believed me."

As soon as Fleming's first book had been published the following ones were published at the rate of one per year. All his books were written in Goldeneye, Jamaica. He used his own special routine when writing (as do most authors)—writing about 1500 words in the morning and 500 at night. He wrote them straight down without looking back at what he had written the day before—a habit from Reuther's.

John Welcome wrote the following in his foreward to the book Best Secret Service Stories I: "And then in 1953 Mr. Fleming wrote Casino Royale and restored the blood and thunder—especially the blood—back into the thriller. It gave the thriller three of its essential ingredients which were in danger of being sieved out: pace, violence and vitality."

Fleming himself in an interview said that he never wrote about a place where he had never been himself. All his books give us excellent evidence of this, and his descriptions of milieus from all over the world are very much alive and can in many cases be used as travel guides (see, for example, You Only Live Twice).

Many well-known people were and are James Bond fans. Among some of the more familiar names are those of John Kennedy, Allen Dulles, Anthony Eden, Hugh Heffner (owner of Playboy magazine), John Osvald and Prince Philip. Fleming even was invited to John Kennedy's home and Kennedy always got a dedicated copy of every new James Bond book.

Fleming's London office was situated in Centre Court, Fleet Street, the top floor. His secretary was Miss Beryl Griffie-Williams who nowadays is employed by Glidrose Productions Ltd. owners of the James Bond-007

In 196[illegible] the chronicler of James Bond died suddenly of a heart attack in a Canterbury hospital. He was only 56 years old.

AN IAN FLEMING BIBLIOGRAPHY

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3.	Moonraker	1955	James Bond
4.	Diamonds Are Forever	1956	James Bond

5.	From Russia with Love (filmed in 1963)	1957	James Bond
6.	The Diamond Smugglers	1957	non-fiction
7.	Dr. No (filmed in 1962)	1958	James Bond
8.	Goldfinger (filmed in 1964)	1959	James Bond
9.	For Your Eyes Only	1960	James Bond
10.	State of Excitement (This was written in December in Kuwait, but publication was forbidden by the Government of Kuwait. One copy exists in the Ian Fleming library.)	1960	non-fiction
11.	Thunderball (filmed in 1965)	1961	James Bond
12.	The Spy Who Loved Me	1962	James Bond
13.	On Her Majesty's Secret Service (filmed in 1965)	1963	James Bond
14.	Thrilling Cities	1963	non-fiction
15.	You Only Live Twice (filmed in 1967)	1964	James Bond
16.	Chitty Chitty Bang Bang, Part 1 (filmed in 1968)	1964	children's book
17.	Chitty Chitty Bang Bang, Part 2	1964	children's book
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22.	Colonel Sun. Written by Kingsley Amis under the pseudonym of Robert Markham	1968	James Bond

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17.	Matzohball, by Sol Weinstein	parody	1966
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34.	"Parla 007"	L'Europeo, March 7, 1965
35.	"The Bond Mania"	War Cry, January 9, 1965
36.	"James Bond Conquers All in Thunderball"	Look, July 13, 1965
37.	"Bond, Bonditis und Bondomania"	Der Spiegel, October 11, 1965
38.	"James Bond Oder Kleinburger in Waffen"	Der Monat, Volume 203, August 1965
39.	"James Bond", by S. Labro	Elle No. 1009, April 22, 1965
40.	"007 and Little Annie Fanny"	Playboy, Jan-Feb. 1965
41.	"Meditations on the Literature of Spying"	The American Scholar, Spring 1965
42.	"Wie Ich Kein Interview Mit James Bond Machte"	Stern, May 23, 1965
43.	"James Fleming contra Ian Bond"	Midi-Minuit-Fantastique No. 12, May 1965
44.	"Killing Off Bond"	Esquire, June 1965
45.	"007's New Assignments $$$"	New York Herald Tribune, Jan. 24, 1965
46.	"James Bond: Modern Day Dragon Slayer"	The Christian Century, May 19, 1965
47.	"Hero of Death and Destruction"	Christian Advocate, July 15, 1965
48.	"Bond—From Man...Superman"	TV Times, February 5, 1966
49.	"Alias James Bond"	Sunday Star, February 20, 1966

--continued on page 222

THE PAPERBACK REVOLUTION

by Charles Shibuk

Eric Ambler

Very few novels within this field feature mystery writers as protagonists. In Bantam's revival of A Coffin for Dimitrios (1939) we follow Charles Latimer who is investigating the career of a recently deceased international criminal and spy. Unfortunately, Latimer is learning too much for his own good, and the old cliche curiosity killed the cat may soon apply. Ambler's recent novels seem feeble, but in this work—one of the best efforts in the spy/intrigue genre—he is at the top of his form. (Previously reviewed in Vol. 1 No. 3 of this journal.)

Leslie Charteris

The Robin Hood of modern crime is irresistibly tempted by lovely ladies—in this case the luscious Loretta Page—and a few odd bars of gold bullion that add up to quite a tidy sum. One can't really blame the Saint for his efforts to acquire both items for his private collection, but he fails to realize that he will soon find himself enclosed in a diving suit on the ocean floor with one of his mortal enemies who is determined to write finis to the Saint's rollicking career. The Saint Overboard (Curtis) was first published in 1936 and is an above-average example of the author's style of fun-and-games storytelling at novel length.

Agatha Christie

On the other hand, one of our favorite authors is represented by two entries—both from Dell—in the short form this quarter. The Labors of Hercules (1947) finds the wily Belgian detective M. Poirot trying to emulate the 12 tasks of his legendary namesake in a cleverly conceived volume. Witness for the Prosecution (1948) also contains several adventures of the same sleuth, but ironically he does not appear in the title story, or "Accident", or "Philomel Cottage", and all of these stories rank very high among Miss Christie's masterpieces.

Steve Fisher

I haven't read any of this author's stories in a long time, but like Cornell Woolrich his best work was both haunting and memorable. He was also an "original" and no one was quite like him. Readers of this journal have had an opportunity to sample Fisher's reminiscences, and he has also managed to take some time off from the tv and film mills to write Saxon's Ghost (1969), which was reprinted by Pyramid last month. It's a slightly erratic blend of fantasy and suspense and contains some elements of the detective story. It doesn't quite come off although it does have its moments, and it will keep you glued to your chair until you reach the final page.

Andrew Garve

The Long Short Cut (1968)(Dell) concerns a pair of ingratiating scoundrels who plan to get-rich-quick by expediting the removal of a notorious swindler from his native England which has become just a bit too warm for comfort. One facet of their plan involves the unwitting aid of the local police who would usually seem to frown on this type of activity. There is also an Inspector Kirby who has a few other ideas on the subject. This novel is well above average for Garve, who is usually a master story-teller with a compelling narrative drive.

Frank Gruber

The Spanish Prisoner (Pyramid) was published in 1969 and is one of its late author's last suspense novels. Its hero is an ex-FBI agent, and it starts with a bank robbery in California and ends in far-off Czechoslovakia. At stake could possibly be a hoard of gold coins worth a fabulous amount of money. Although highly praised on its first appearance, I think this book is a bit below the quality of Gruber's recent work, but if you do start reading it (and it is worth reading) you won't want to stop.

Dashiell Hammett

A firm new to this column, Vintage Books, has just reprinted the famous and popular The Maltese Falcon (1930) and its successor of the following year, The Glass Key. Much has been written about these two revolutionary hardboiled novels which threw off the shackles of British domination of the mystery story and turned it into a purely American idiom. Over 40 years have passed since their creation, but they both retain their original excitement in spite of subsequent attempts by many others which have failed to equal their considerable merits.

Baynard Kendrick

Lancer continues the Duncan Maclain saga with You Die Today (1952), which is possibly

the weakest investigation by the blind sl[illegible] drop in quality from the previous Maclain cases. In spite of these shortcomings, I think this novel is worth reading. I also think that minor Kend[illegible] highly-touted but talentless practitioners of recent years. The [illegible] Die Today is intriguing: a blind detective with a similarly afflicted [illegible] adjust to post-war life. It's unfortunate that Kendrick who has done a great deal [illegible] and writing about the problems of blindness could not have produced a better book.

Ngaio Marsh

When in Rome (1971) (Berkley) you must take a special and [illegible] tour if you want to see the really interesting and out of the way sights in this famous city. Your guide is the unpleasant and sinister Sebastian Mailer, and your fellow tourists are an odd and uncomfortable lot, but one of them is your old and valued friend Superintendent Roderick Alleyn, who is on the spot to investigate a highly illegal case of drug smuggling. Alas, at least two members of your group are never going to see this tour to its conclusion. While this novel is not one of its author's major achievements and is less complex in plotting than usual, it does manage to maintain the usual high standards of quality that we have come to expect from Miss Marsh.

Ellery Queen

Signet Books has recently published two more Queen titles. The Origin of Evil (1951) is Queen's 25th novel and set in Hollywood. It's a bit more seriously conceived than previous novels (The Devil to Pay and The Four of Hearts) which had been set in that mythical city. The printing of Ten Days' Wonder (1948) is timed to coincide with the release of a film that bears some slight resemblance to Queen's brilliant and original conception. The movie version is pretty awful and won't give the viewer any idea of the extremely high stature held by the source novel in the Queen canon.

Queen's talent as an editor is too well known to need any further discussion in this column. Ellery Queen's The Golden 13 (1970)(Popular Library) consists of first prize winners in the various contests held in the mid-40's and 50's by EQMM. Outstanding (although by now familiar) efforts by Carr, Ellin, Woolrich, Roy Vickers, and many others only serve to testify to the current lamentable decline in the shorter form.

Rex Stout

The adventures of Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin are extremely popular and have been reprinted many times. The following three novels have, in fact, seen a total of no less than 15 editions from Pyramid Books within the last nine years, but fortunately they rank high among Stout's better work. The Red Box (1937) concerns murder by poison at an important fashion show. Too Many Cooks (1938) is set in the midst of a convention of chefs in the state of West Virginia, but the method of murder is through the use of cutlery rather than by gastronomical means. In both of the above cases the overweight investigator is ambulatory. Black Orchids (1942) was previously reviewed in Vol. 2 No. 1 of TAD. The two novelettes that comprise this volume represent both Wolfe and Stout at the height of their powers.

Donald E. Westlake

Killing Time (Ballantine) was originally published in 1961, but its first reprint edition by another publisher saw its title changed to The Operator. Westlake's current work is extremely popular, but most of its merits (and attempts at humor) seem to have escaped me. This early effort was written under the influence of Dashiell Hammett, and like Westlake's other very early work it's really hard-boiled in the truest sense of that overworked term. If you are an admirer of the violent Red Harvest, you will find this novel a worthy successor.

Post Script

Five years and 20 columns of reviewing paperback mysteries have now left their shadow on the sands of time, and I think I might be forgiven for making a few more general remarks.

My first column dealt with the merits and the availability of much work in the mystery field that had been reprinted in soft covers. I also listed many prominent authors who have had little, if any, of their work available in paperback. Since then I have been trying to suggest the best material available in this format in each issue of this journal.

Since that time the reprint situation seems to be deteriorating instead of improving. The obvious example that comes to mind is the complete demise of Avon's Classic Crime Collection, which had ambitious plans to publish some 24 titles per year which would include major classics, worthy recent work, and a few practically "unknown" authors.

In addition to the many unworthy titles that should never have been reprinted in the first place, there is also a great number of titles which are just not to my taste. On the other hand, there is an increasingly large number of titles which I have mentioned on several

occasions due to multiple reprint editions, but I suppose you can't argue with success. Unfortunately, copies of Penguin's ill-fated Freeman Wills Crofts vanished after half-a-dozen years ago still languish unbought on too many bookseller's shelves.

There are also too many major classics such as Before the Fact which were once available at properly spaced intervals but now seem to have been forgotten for too many years. Think how easily that title could be sold to a gothic-hungry audience!

There are many major post-war works such as Browne's hard-boiled The Taste of Ashes or Brand's classical Tour de Force which were both reprinted in paperback in England but never on this side of the Atlantic. It also seems incredible that best-selling Ross Macdonald's first two novels The Dark Tunnel and Trouble Follows Me were reprinted in paper covers some 20 years ago, but are totally unavailable today.

Too many students of the form have done much of their reading and collecting of the reprint editions over the years and don't realize that there is an even greater range and depth within the mystery field that is practically unknown to many of us because too many works have never been reprinted, and their original hardcover editions are extremely difficult—if not impossible—to come by.

Even a hardened campaigner such as myself with over a quarter of a century of close attention to the genre—to say nothing about having access to some rather remarkably full and diverse private collections—was rather shattered by the large number of "unknown" authors and works detailed by Messrs. Barzun and Taylor in their Catalogue of Crime.

One is awe-struck by the almost limitless possibilities of the material that could and should be reprinted, but one finds the actual accomplishments disheartening. At this time the future of the paperback reprint industry appears to be remarkably bleak and discouraging.

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IAN FLEMING, continued from page 219

50.	"007 Panders to Young Punks"	Boston Sunday Herald, January 16, 1966
51.	"Moviegoers Tell Why They Like James Bond"	Boston Sunday Advertiser, Jan. 2, 1966
52.	"Toadstool" (a parody)	Plxybxy, October 1966
53.	"James Bond", by Mrs. Turovskaja	Novij Mir (Russia), October 26, 1966
54.	"The Girls of Casino Royale"	Playboy, February 1967
55.	"Killing Off Bond Again"	Esquire, March 1967
56.	"007's Oriental Eyefuls"	Playboy, June 1967
57.	"James Bond Meets the Mad Fiend"	Monster of Filmland, November 1967
58.	"Little Annie Fanny: James Bond" (a parody)	Playboy, November 1967
59.	"I Was 007's Armourer," by G. Boothroyd	ICI Magazine, April 1969

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MOVIE NOTE

The Girl in the News (Fox-British, 1940). Directed by Carol Reed; produced by Edward Black. Screenplay by Sidney Gilliat from an original story by Roy Vickers; camera, Otto Kanturek; art director, Vetchinsky; musical director, Louis Levy, 8 reels. With: Margaret Lockwood, Barry M. Barnes, Roger Livesay, Emlyn Williams, Margaretta Soett, Basil Radford, Wyndham Goldie, Irene Handl, Merwyn Johns, Betty Mardine, Kathleen Harrison, Felxi Aylmer.

Coming mid-way in Carol Reed's career, after The Stars Look Down and Night Train to Munich had established him as a major director, but before he launched into his big prestige vehicles, The Girl in the News is an interesting companion piece to Bank Holiday and A Girl Must Live. It's a typical British movie adapted from an equally typical British mystery novel of the period. There's never much doubt about the outcome and there's never much mystery about the villains; but there's comfortable and containable suspense in wondering how it will all be brought about. A gentle and civilized thriller—far more so even than the earlier Hitchcocks—it scores more on its characterization and acting than on its plot values, which don't even have the intriguing "puzzle" quality of so many other genteel British mysteries such as The Franchise Affair. Nevertheless there was a definite movie and literary market for this kind of fare at the time, and it's a pity that such simple yet solidly satisfying minor films are no longer economically feasible.

—William K. Everson

A CHECKLIST OF MYSTERY, DETECTIVE, AND SUSPENSE FICTION

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Bagby, George: Murder's Little Helper, Paperback Library, c.1963, 95¢
Bagley, Desmond: Running Blind, Fawcett, c.1970, 95¢
Berckman, Evelyn: She Asked for It, N.A.L., c.1969, 75¢
Bernkopf, Jeanne F., ed.: The Cream of Crime: More Tales from Boucher's Choicest, Dell, c.1959, 75¢
Bleeck, Oliver: Protocol for a Kidnapping, Pocket Books, c.1971, 95¢
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Chandler, Raymond: The Simple Art of Murder, Ballantine, c.1950, 95¢
Chandler, Raymond: Trouble is my Business, Ballantine, c.1950, 95¢
Christie, Agatha: The Labors of Hercules, Dell, c.1947, 75¢
Christie, Agatha: The Moving Finger, Dell, c.1942, 75¢
Christie, Agatha: Witness for the Prosecution, Dell, c.1932, 75¢
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Gates, Natalie: Decoy in Diamonds, Dell, c.1971, 75¢

Goulart, Ron: Too Sweet to Die, Ace, 75¢

Hall, Adam: Rooks Gambit, Pyramid Books, c.1955, 75¢ Original title: Dead Circuit

Halliday, Brett: Caught Dead, Dell, 75¢

Halliday, Brett: Fit to Kill, Dell, c.1958, 60¢

Hammett, Dashiell: The Glass Key, Vintage, c.1931, 1.25

Hammett, Dashiell: The Maltese Falcon, Vintage, c.1930, 1.25

Hammett, Dashiell: The Thin Man, Vintage, c.1934, 1.25

Hitchcock, Alfred, ed.: Alfred Hitchcock Presents: Terror Time, Dell, c.1969, 75¢

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[illegible] Who Overdid, [illegible] 75¢

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Stout, Rex: Not Quite Dead Enough, Pyramid Books, c.1944, 75¢

White, Jon Manchip: The Game of Troy, Dell, c.1971, 75¢

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MOVIE NOTE

The Man Who Knew Too Much (Gaumont-British, 1934). Directed by Alfred Hitchcock; produced by Michael Balcon; associate, Ivor Montagu; scenario by A. R. Rawlinson, Charles Bennett, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Edwin Greenwood from an original theme by Charles Bennett and Wyndham Lewis; additional dialogue, Emlyn Williams; camera, Curt Courant; sets, Alfred Junge and Peter Proud; music, Arthur Benjamin. Eight reels. With: Leslie Banks, Peter Lorre, Edna Best, Frank Vosper, Hugh Wakefield, Nova Pilbeam, Pierre Fresnay, Cicely Oates, George Curzon, D. A. Clarke-Smith.

The first of Hitchcock's six thrillers for Gaumont-British, The Man Who Knew Too Much is an incredible step forward from his previous thriller, Number 17, made less than two years earlier for a smaller studio and an infinitely smaller budget. If one accepts The Lady Vanishes as being the most entertaining of his British thrillers (by virtue of its humor and rich assortment of characters), The 39 Steps as being the perfect prototype of the light-hearted chase-suspense spy film, and Sabotage as being probably the most powerful and certainly the most "serious" of the group, then The Man Who Knew Too Much seems to be pushed into the lower half of the group, roughly on a level with Young and Innocent and superior to Secret Agent. But such 'ratings' are pointless, since all were so good; a more valid comparison would be with Hitchcock's own 1955 remake. Obviously (like Mary Pickford with Tess of the Storm Country) he liked the story, and felt that the initial version hadn't done it justice. He himself has said that he regards the original as the work of a talented amateur, and the remake that of a professional. There is certainly no disputing the professionalism of the second version, and in some ways it is superior. Hitchcock in the intervening 20 years had learned a great deal more about manipulating audience emotions, and is thus able to engage them more fully. In the original for example, the plot is under way almost before one has had time to get to know the principals, and thus to really care what happens to them. Nova Pilbeam is such a precocious little brat that one almost feels that the kidnapping will knock a little sense into her, while Edna Best seems so cold and self-assured that, fine actress that she is, she never quite brings to the role the built-in audience sympathy and "instant" vulnerability that the casting of Doris Day (with James Stewart as her husband) provided in the remake. There are also some production crudities, including very obvious back projection, in this first version. On the other hand, it is about half as long and certainly twice as taut as the remake, the characterizations are richer, the climax far more exciting, and the general atmosphere of nightmare well sustained, whereas it was merely dissipated by the travelogue aspects and the cheerful Technicolor of the remake.

---William K. Everson

WATCH THIS SPACE!

A book review
by

Frank D. McSherry Jr.

The spy story had hardly boomed into popularity with the creation of the famous fictional spy James Bond when full-length parodies of it began to appear. They came from everywhere. One was by Harvard students (Alligator, by Christopher Cerf and Michael Frith)[1]; two carried the by-line of voluptuous TV personality Dagmar; and they ran in quality from the crudity of Boldfinger by Paul Michael (Bee-Line Books, 1967) to the excellent novels by John Gardner about Boysie Oakes, a quivering coward who shakes like jelly at the mere sight of blood, but who, in order to keep his high-salaried job and unlimited expense account, cons his boss into thinking he is the deadliest, most coldly efficient killer any secret service ever secretly hired.

But from July 1892, when "A Scandal in Bohemia" appeared in The Strand, bringing Sherlock Holmes and, with him, the detective story, to world-wide popularity, no full-length parody of the detective story has appeared—except one. And it was not until 1968, nearly a century later, that William F. Nolan's Death is for Losers (Sherbourne) appeared. So far, this Bart Challis thriller is the first and only novel-length parody of the detective proper to date. (Though there was a parody of a detective-fantasy blend, The Pursuit of the Houseboat, by John Kendrick Bangs (Harper, 1897), describing how the great Sherlock located a stolen houseboat on the River Styx in the Beyond, containing such famous historical characters as Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh and others. And although Agatha Christie's Partners in Crime was presented as a novel by her publishers, it is actually a collection of short stories parodying several different authors. Marion Mainwaring's Murder in Pastiche is, as the title suggests, basically pastiche, but even then of several different authors and characters rather than a novel kidding one author or form.)

Why are there so many full-length parodies of the spy story and almost none of the detective story in any of its various forms? Perhaps since the parody has many aspects of the joke, it fares best, like the joke, in the shortest forms.* Certainly in these shorter forms the parody of the detective story has flourished mightily.

One of the earliest (1894) is also one of the best: "Tictocq, the Great French Detective", in which O. Henry presents a revelation—perhaps I should say an exposé—of French police methods as well as showing his mastery of the dialogue of the cultured, wealthy international set: "The gold and silver plate on the table must have cost over $76. ...just beginning to cut open a can of sardines with a silver jeu d'esprit, sits the most beautiful woman in France... 'Voila! Madame Tully!' says the Prince...'You have only eaten three watermelons. What is it Rosseau says: Bong le bonb, bong, bunghole gehaben?'

"'Diable, Mon Prince,' replies the madame, 'you flatter me!... I believe what Montesqueioux says is true—Scratchez mon back, and I'll scratchez votre. Nicht wahr?'

"'Ah, madame,' laughs the Prince. 'I know you of old. There is no putting the kibosh on you.'"[2]

In Stephen Leacock's 1917 short-short "An Irreducible Detective Story", the Great Detective finds a hair at the scene of the murder and realizes that finding the killer is child's play: all he has to do is find a man with one hair missing. When the guilty party turns out to be bald, our hero does not hesitate: "Good Heavens! He has committed not one murder but about a million!"[3]

Bret Harte's "The Stolen Cigar Case", from 1902, begins: "I found Hemlock Jones in the old Brook Street lodgings, musing before the fire...I at once threw myself in my usual familiar attitude at this feet, and gently caressed his boot." Jones shows his brilliance at once: "'It is raining,' he said...'You have been out, then?' I asked...'No. But I see that your umbrella is wet, and that your overcoat has drops of water on it.'

"I sat aghast at his penetration. After a pause he said carelessly...'Besides, I hear the rain on the window. Listen.'

"I listened. I could scarcely credit my ears, but there was the soft patterings of drops on the pane. It was evident there was no deceiving this man!"[4]

More modern kidding has kept up the standard, especially the collection of hilarious and beautifully double-plotted stories about The Incredible Shlock Homes by Robert L. Fish (Simon & Schuster, 1966), a Baker Street bonanza of parodies; Jon L. Breen's series that includes "The Lithuanian Eraser Mystery" (EQMM, March 1969)—I will never forgive Mr. Breen for the half hour I spent trying to figure out what the Lithuanian eraser had to do with the mystery—kidding Ellery Queen; and take-offs on the hardboiled story such as Ron Goulart's fine

"The Peppermint-Striped Goodbye" (EQMM, September 1965) and the first meeting of heroine and detective in Elizabeth Sanxay Holding's "Farewell, Big Sister" (EQMM, July 1952): "'You Corney Bassard?' she asked. 'That's me,' I say,"—kidding Philip Marlowe.[5] Perry Mason gets his lumps in the wildly funny "The Case of the Dastardly Double", by Rod Reed (EQMM, October 1970) as his secretary, Bella Boulevard, admires his decision to interview a naked young lady alone in the law library: "'A mind like a steel trap,' she thought. 'It's amazing that after only a few words with a client he can decide whether he wants me to take notes or not.'"[6]

For all this, though, novel-length parodies are vanishingly rare, which makes Space for Hire, a paperback original by William F. Nolan (Lancer, 1971, 74778-075, 75¢) all the more welcome, for it is the first full-length parody of detective-science fiction blends ever published. (And one of the few of any length, for that matter: all I can recollect off-hand are Anthony Boucher's short-short, "The Greatest Tertian" (in Invaders of Earth, edited by Groff Conklin, Vanguard, 1952) and Richard Marsten's (Evan Hunter's) "End as a Robot" (in Thrilling Wonder Stories, Summer 1954), poking fun at Dragnet, then one of TV's most popular series. "Robot" is a tale dead on target and wickedly funny even now.)**

"I try to make each book I write...fresh and unique,"[7] Nolan says in a brief foreward, and Space for Hire certainly is. It features Samuel Space, private eye working out of Mars. Detecting is in Sam's blood; his great-grandfather, Bart Challis, was an op, working out of L.A., Earth, way back when. Sam's client is a beautiful three-headed girl (her kisses are out of this world--understandable; she's a Venusian), who hires Sam to protect her mad scientist father, who is working (madly) to perfect an invention to save the Solar System from destruction by a villain known only as "F". Five minutes after Sam takes the job the scientist is murdered right in front of Sam's eyes—Sam is not exactly the best bodyguard you've ever seen—but, fortunately, the scientist has invented a device for transferring his brain from dead bodies to live ones, a technique you'll find handy yourself if you hire Sam to guard you.

After a weak first quarter the story rockets off (from its base on Hammett and Spillane) to Kubla Kane, the dragon-guarded castle on Mercury of Robot King Ronfoster Kane, with stops in route on even more off-beat worlds. You will enjoy (if Sam didn't) his Jupiter stopover, where he's arrested by its inhabitants, hatted, suited, brief-case carrying mice who worship an ancester called The Great Mouse. (He came to earth in the 1920's, creating an artificial human named Walt Disney to build a Shrine to the Mouse at Anaheim. Confirmatory details and contemporary documents on this matter were lost when California slid into the sea in 1998.) Most of the mice like Sam, though: "'I'm a licensed private detective working on a case,' I said. 'Oh, how Mickey!"[8] a mouse cries admiringly.

Some scenes are straight out of Lewis Carroll: a candycane forest of peppermint trees, chocolate boulders in an orange sodapop river, and when Sam eats the gumdrop grass, a witch lands her broomstick on the licorice road and snarls, "How dare you come along here and begin eating up my forest!" Somehow Nolan gives this scene an eerie, disturbing touch, along with Carroll's insane-but-making-sense dialogue that reminds the reader he co-authored Logan's Run; and other scenes are pure nightmare Nolan: an afternoon in an arena while Sam shoots it out with waves of advancing robots while exposed to a ray that ages him a year a minute; and a red-mouthed villain seven feet tall, dressed in black, whose artificial teeth are made of rubies and diamonds, who had had his arms amputated so they could be replaced with atomic-powered steel limbs—and who challenges Sam to personal combat.

Gleefully Nolan zeroes his custard pies into his targets of both the hardboiled detective style and structure and the themes and concepts of science fiction. The result? While not a major work, this novel is fast, entertaining and rewarding: the Mystery Writers of America chose it as one of the five best paperback originals of the year.

1. Well, I'd better qualify that. It was published as a separate book, but was actually only novelet length.
2. "Tictocq the Great French Detective," by O. Henry, EQMM, May 1971, p. 50.
3. "An Irreducible Detective Story," by Stephen Leacock, in The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes, edited by Ellery Queen (Little Brown, 1944), p. 228.
4. "The Stolen Cigar Case," by Bret Harte, in Ibid, p. 165.
5. "Farewell, Big Sister," by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding, in EQMM, July 1952, p. 73.
6. "The Case of the Dastardly Double," by Rod Reed, in EQMM, October 1970, p. 136.
7. Space for Hire, by William F. Nolan, Lancer 1971, p. 5.
8. Ibid, p. 52.
9. Ibid, p. 116.

* This doesn't answer the question, though: why are there so many novel-length parodies of the spy story and almost none of the detective story in any of its various forms? Does anyone have any ideas on this point?

** Several Ron Goulart novels blending detection and sf appeared before Nolan's, but I feel, perhaps mistakenly, that Goulart's works are satires rather than parodies, stressing the absurdities of a civilization rather than a type of story or a fictional character or style. (Gadget Man, Doubleday, 1971, for example).

REVIEWS

Ten Days' Wonder. Directed by Claude Chabrol. Screenplay by Paul Gardner and Eugene Archer, based on an adaptation by Paul Gegauff of the novel by Ellery Queen.

There has never been a decent movie based on an Ellery Queen story, and there still isn't, although the celebrated French filmmaker who was (asleep) at the helm of this attempt follows the structure of the parent novel far more closely than I expected. Queen's spectacular 1948 novel was set in Wrightsville, U.S.A. and told of Ellery's tragic involvement with the Van Horn family: patriarchal Diedrich, his lovely and trapped young wife Sally, and his adopted son Howard who is suffering from periodic amnesia and from the fear that in one of those bouts he will commit a murder. Chabrol changes the setting to an 80-room baronial estate in Alsace and the characters' names and psyches to appropriately European analogues. Diedrich is renamed Theo and played (hammily) by Orson Welles, while Anthony Perkins and Marlene Jobert enact the roles based on Howard and Sally. Ellery's functions are performed by Michel Piccoli as Paul Regis, a philosophy professor in whose classes Perkins lost his faith in God and to whom Perkins comes for help in learning the cause of his strange blackouts as Howard came to Ellery in the novel. Piccoli returns to the family chateau with Perkins and becomes trapped in the web of domestic intrigue, theft, blackmail, adultery, religious mania and other infractions of the ten commandments, culminating late but inevitably in murder.

Even though Chabrol and his collaborators have preserved almost the entire plot structure of Queen's novel intact, the film turns out an absolute disaster: slow, boring, unbearably pretentious in its symbolism, almost completely dehumanized except for the figure of Piccoli, whose evocation of somber and humane rationality is probably the closest cinematic rendering yet of the "real" Ellery. In Queen's novel the symbolic structure became apparent only near the end and grew out of a wealth of realistic social and psychological details, but Chabrol's film is set in a totally abstract chessboard universe and forces us to live exclusively with the heavy-handed symbolism for a full hundred minutes, with never a breath of humanity except for Piccoli's performance. I can't recommend this unbearable film to any devotees of Queen except those who might wish to suffer through it out of a sense of duty.

——Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

A New Leaf and Other Stories, by Jack Ritchie. Introduction by Donald E. Westlake. Dell Original, 1971. 75¢.

As Donald Westlake asks in his introduction to this collection: "What do you do with a man who persists in being a brilliant miniaturist in a society that equates literary excellance in terms of poundage, a world that determines how good a book is by how much grass it kills if you leave it under the hammock?" Westlake's answer is: "One thing you can do is try to tell people how good he is."

Which is precisely what I want to do here.

At least one test of a good mystery story is its ability to find its way into anthologies. Nearly all the Hitchcock anthologies include a Ritchie yarn. It is also noted here that "Jack Ritchie will again appear in Best Detective Stories of the Year. If Ellery Queen doesn't make it, Jack will be tied with him on frequency of appearances in this famous hardcover anthology—eleven in eleven years."

So much for credentials.

Why, then, has it taken so long before we had an all-Ritchie book? I would guess it is because, for some reason, publishers feel short story collections (unless they are anthologies) won't go over. Anyone in the writing game can verify that. Luckily, however, one of Jack Ritchie's stories, "The Green Heart," was spotted in AHMM by Elaine May. She bought it, adapted it, and gave us the film, A New Leaf. If the movie did nothing else, it got us this Ritchie collection.

About the stories. Many in this collection have been anthologized before. For example, "For All the Rude People", that delightful yarn about the fellow who spends his last days eliminating some of those boorish, insensitive people who enjoy making life painful for the meek people. That story alone is worth the price.

In fact I feel it's worth the price just for this one sweet gem of taut descriptive prose from "The $15,000 Shack":

> Charley was a small man with mild blue eyes and you wondered how he got to be as old as he was without being crushed on the way.

Jack Ritchie, one quickly learns, doesn't waste words. Even when he is ringing changes on a familiar theme he lets you know about it quickly and deftly indicates some new turns are coming. The story, "A New Leaf", for example, opens with this sentence:

> We had been married three months and I rather thought it was time to get rid of my wife.

Or the opening sentence of "The Crime Machine":

> "I was present the last time you committed murder," Henry said.

Ritchie tells a story with the utmost economy, yet manages to maneuver characters, plot, and action toward a usually inspired twist.

Master of the light touch, Ritchie really extends the range of the mystery story. As Westlake notes, he has "A quiet, deadpan humor that always seems to know precisely how far to go." In a recent novelette, for example, "Let Your Fingers Do the Walking", published in AHMM, he opens with the private eye telling the caller that he only handles messy divorce cases. There are elements of satire in all the stories, yet it's always in good fun.

My own favorite in the book is "Living by Degrees", in which a 57-year-old college student and his 13-year-old roommate try to do each other in over inheritance of a trust fund. It's the one original first-time-appearing story in the book.

Perhaps the finest testimonial to Ritchie's work is this statement from the late Anthony Boucher: "What I like most about Jack Ritchie's work is its exemplary neatness. No word is wasted, and many words serve more than one purpose. Exposition disappears; all needed facts are deftly inserted as the narrative flows forward. Ritchie can write a long short story that is virtually the equivalent of a full suspense novel; and his very short stories sparkle as lapidary art."

What else need by said? Amen.

——Ray Puechner

Night Watch, a play by Lucille Fletcher. Morosco Theatre, 217 W. 45th St., NYC.

Sleuth, winner of the Tony Award for 1971 as best play of the year, is still running strong at the Music Box on Broadway as this is written late in March 1972.

Now the Anthony Shaffer thriller from England has a competetive neighbor on 45th Street—a native-American suspense drama by Lucille Fletcher, a play that has become the toast of town.

It is Miss Fletcher's first theatre play, following a fruitful career of writing in all other media: radio plays, of which "The Hitch-Hiker" and "Sorry, Wrong Number" are the best known (the last one was adapted by her for the screen starring Barbara Stanwyck and for live television featuring Shelley Winters); a number of screen and television works; and, of course, four well-known mystery novels.

Night Watch takes place in a townhouse in the East Thirties, New York City. Its protagonist is a somewhat sickly and neurotic woman, who sees through a window the bloody corpse of a man, but the body is never found. It seems that her husband and her sexy best friend are planning to send her to a Swiss sanatorium for ulterior motives (or are they?). A good-looking female psychiatrist is possibly also part of the scheme (or is she?). A middle-aged neighbor surprisingly resembles the dead man. A homosexual acquaintance pops in and out of the apartment. The German maid too seems to have something up her sleeve.

It is all part of a fiendishly clever web, with seemingly loose ends that fall into place in a surprising climax (though, I suspect, TAD readers will figure it all out by the end of Act I. However, it is a sad fact that obviously the majority of the packed-house spectators attending the performance with me were not readers of TAD, as they reacted to the twist at the end with noticeable and vocal astonishment.

While not matching the brilliant production of Sleuth, Night Watch is solidly presented. Fred Cox's staging is clean and well-paced, though could have been more inventive in domestic detail and stage movement. The performances are uniformly convincing, with Joan Hackett in the leading role getting at long last her break for stardom.

So now Broadway has two major hits in the mystery genre. A healthy trend.

——Amnon Kabatchnik

Without Apparent Motive: a film.

Loosely based on Ten Plus One by Ed McBain, famed for his police procedural series about the 87th Precinct, Without Apparent Motive is a French suspense film of the first rank.

The action takes place in Nice. The quiet resort town is shocked by a succession of sniper killings of people without a seeming connection. It is Inspector Carilla's task to figure out the connecting link, establish a motive, and apprehend the murderer.

With the help of a nicely constructed screenplay and a personable cast, we get to

know the characters quite intimately, so when they fall prey to the telescopic sights we care. The murderer too turns out to be human and sympathetic.

In spite of a leisurely place there is no lacking in mounting suspense. The camera is graphic with a knack to dwell on interesting details.

Some key factors are not explained fully, including Carella's realization of the identity of the murderer (unless one accepts a psychological hand a la H. C. Bailey's Mr. Fortune as satisfactory) plus a few other items that I will skip for fear of being too revealing. But they do not take away from the obvious care and devotion that went into the creating of the picture.

While the puzzle, the locale and the people are interesting, the movie is less successful with the presentation of the investigating inspector. Jean-Louis Trintignant in the part of Carella is a bit mechanical and a far cry from his achievement in Z. Also, his clash with his superiors and his inner conflicts are too subtle and subdued to make a dramatic statement, so at the end his decision to leave the force is unconvincing. When "Dirty Harry" (Clint Eastwood), the San Francisco cop, finally throws his badge away, the moment makes sense because of previous scenes and incidents that lead up to it. In Without Motive the decision to resign comes from nowhere.

——Amnon Kabatchnik

Master of Villainy: a Biography of Sax Rohmer, by Cay Van Ash and Elizabeth Sax Rohmer. Edited, with Foreward, Notes and Bibliography by Robert E. Briney. Frontispiece and 12 pages of illustrations. Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1972. $10.00 casebound; $4.00 paperbound.

If you are seeking a book which discusses the life and works of Sax Rohmer and their relationship to cultural history and the intellectual currents of the time, this is not the book for you. If you wish a critical survey of the writings of Rohmer you would do well to consult Mr. Briney's study in The Mystery Writer's Art (the study is currently being serialized in a revised version in the magazine Views and Reviews). However, if you are partial to the sheer Romance of Rohmer (behind which stands a mysterious figure who calls upon a fund of strange lore acquired from his travels to remote corners of the world for his writing), you should enjoy this [illegible]. It is obvious that this book does not tell the [illegible] story of Rohmer's life but no biography can do more than present certain facets of its subject. Reading between the lines one does come away with an idea of the complexity of the man born Arthur Henry Ward (later calling himself Arthur Sarsfield Ward) who became completely identified in the public mind as Sax Rohmer.

The biography begins with one of several versions of the creation of Fu Manchu, [illegible] dramatic terms. Even if this had not been prepared in the editor's Foreward, we would be made aware that this is to be a book of reminiscence and anecdote rather than a marshaling of facts, [illegible] quotes drawn from letters and interviews. There would seem to be few references [illegible] writings that cannot be attributed to the editorial guidance of Mr. Briney. [illegible] even the most suspect flights of fancy or less than total recall are given [illegible] the context of Rohmer's own writings. Cay Van Ash knew Rohmer from 1935 until [illegible] 1959; Elizabeth Sax Rohmer is, of course, the widow of the Master of Villainy; [illegible] the editor of The Rohmer Review.

[illegible] this may not be a scholarly and critical work, it is an extremely fascinating [illegible] the sort of book, one suspects, that Rohmer himself might have written (it did [illegible] its beginnings in a [illegible] autobiography between Rohmer and his wife). It is a [illegible]ing book for the [illegible] which Rohmer became famous, and it does add much to our store of knowledge and understanding of the man. Like others who created characters destined to become household words, Rohmer would often have preferred to write other stories than those about Dr. Fu Manchu. He seems to have been more interested in Ancient Egypt than Ancient China, but the public expected the Far East and not the Middle East when they reached for a new Sax Rohmer.

Appended to the biography is an excellent bibliography of Rohmer's works in book form and a checklist of characters and series. No biography should be without such valuable and well-organized tools as these.

While one may argue with the evaluation of Mr. Van Ash that Rohmer was a "master of the English language", one has to admire his mastery of mood and atmosphere in his best work. The enthusiasm for the subject which fills this book overflowed onto this reviewer, who completed reading it and turned immediately to read again the works of the Master of Villainy himself.

——J. Randolph Cox

REVIEWS OF MYSTERY AND CRIME FILMS

by Richard S. Lochte II

Without Apparent Motive (producer: Jacques-Eric Strauss; director: Philippe Labro; screenwriters: Labro, Jacques Lanzmann, from the novel Ten Plus One by Ed McBain; studio: 20th Century Fox).

An almost-successful transplanting of McBain's 87th Precinct to Nice, with Jean-Louis Trintignant providing Carella with a number of Bogartisms—scowls, jaw-scratches, thumb hooked in belt. The mystery of who is killing the seemingly unrelated victims is never quite compelling. But the scenery and style of the director compensate for a portion of the loss. In his paean to 40's hard-boiled heroes, director Labro quotes Raymond Chandler at the film's beginning and, for no reason explained by the script, has placed a framed photo of the novelist in Carella's apartment.

Fuzz (executive producer: Edward S. Feldman; producer: Jack Farren; director: Richard A. Colla; screenplay: Evan Hunter, from the novel by Ed McBain; studio: United Artists)

Once again, the 87th Precinct, only this time it is turned into a building housing a modern version of the Keystone Kops, complete with wacky situations, crazy capers and a gloriously goofy circumstantial ending. Burt Reynolds is Carella; Jack Weston is Meyer and Raquel Welch is along for the ride as a lady cop. Yul Brynner is the murderous deaf man, bumping off city officials. Hunter (who is, of course, McBain) seems to have enjoyed burlesquing his own police procedurals. At times realism and slapstick collide for a confusing game of emotional tag, but for the most part it is good fun. Die-hard 87th fans may not be so amused.

Every Little Crook and Nanny (producer: Leonard J. Ackerman; director: Cy Howard; writers: Howard, Jonathan Axelrod and Robert Klane, based on the novel by Evan Hunter; studio: MGM)

Rumor hath it that the ubiquitous Mr. Hunter is most unhappy with the film treatment of his new novel. While I haven't read the book, I can see his point: it couldn't be as unfunny and uncharming as this latest film effort attempting to squeeze yocks out of the Syndicate. Story has bungling kidnappers snatching a Mafia Don's little lad. Naturally, the badly laid plan goes aglae. The only thing saving the movie from total disaster is Victor Mature's performance. As the top hood, his flamboyant, undaunted enthusiasm almost pulls off the miracle of breathing life into a long-dead corpse.

Frenzy (director: Alfred Hitchcock; screenplay: Anthony Shaffer, based on Arthur La Bern's Goodbye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square; studio: Universal)

As the ads proclaim, this is vintage Hitchcock, but with modern trappings of nudity, salty dialogue and nonheroic lead. Story involves a multiple murderer who strangles London ladies with his neckties. Jon Finch is the hapless exRAF hero who is pegged by police for the deaths and Barry Foster is the kinky killer. But acting laurels are lifted by Alec McCowen as a steak and kidney pie Yard investigator and Vivien Merchant as his wife, determined to bend his palate toward continental cuisine.

Humerous, engrossing, with mystery and detection taking a back seat to chase, suspense, character and atmosphere. Though I prefer the director's sophisticated romps, like North by Northwest and Notorious, the Hitchcock of Blackmail and Rope—and now, Frenzy—is certainly no slouch.

Shaft's Big Score (producers: Roger Lewis and Ernest Tidyman; director: Gordon Parks; writer: Ernest Tidyman, based on characters he created; studio: MGM)

The mixture as before, sex-and-action in black New York. Shaft (Richard Roundtree) is still the world's most formidable, worst tempered, highest living black private eye. Bumpy (Moses Gunn) is still the crime boss of Harlem. Forming an uneasy alliance, they try to halt encroaching Italian mobsters and after graveyard shoot-outs, helicopter, car and boat chases, they are successful and ghetto kids wind up with a small fortune in ill-gotten loot. Some of the visuals are interesting (a curiously non-brutal beating in a nightclub could serve as a blueprint for violence-shy TV directors), but the dialogue and most of the acting is barely professional.

Cool Breeze (producer: Gene Corman; director-writer: Barry Pollack from William R. Burnett's The Asphalt Jungle; studio: MGM)

A black version of the Burnett crime melodrama that John Huston once made into a successful suspense film. Again, the source serves well and Breeze is a much better black exploitation movie than other recent examples. As usual, however, the whites and police are stereotyped dullards much to the detrement of the overall quality.

Ten Days' Wonder (producer: Andre Genoves; director: Claude Chabrol; screenplay: Paul Gardner, Eugene Archer, based on the novel by Ellery Queen)

Poor Ellery Queen. Chabrol, normally a dependable director, assembled an interesting cast—Orson Welles, Anthony Perkins, Marlene Jobert and Michel Piccoli—and signs were pointing to a good film version of a Queen novel at last. But a number of things went wrong. Welles, as the patriarch of an adopted family, overacts with abandon. Ms. Jobert underacts. Perkins does a reprise of Psycho. And Chabrol seems uncertain as to what kind of movie he's making. Is it psychological thriller, who-done-it or what? Only Piccoli, the Queen figure (in this case a professor named Regis), does justice to the original plot which, even with all the confusion and histrionics, still manages to muster a workable surprise ending.

Puppet on a Chain (producer: Kurt Unger; director: Geoffrey Reeve; screenplay: Alistair MacLean, from his own novel; studio: Cinerama)

I'm not sure why MacLean's recent works are given such odd cinema presentations. The novels are bestsellers and one would assume that he could have his pick of productions. Yet the films have a patchwork look, awkward performances and sluggish pace. It's as though an international cartel, suffering from a breakdown in communications, guides their destinies. Sven-Bertil Taube is the American (?) spy and Barbara Parkins is a female agent. Supposedly, the film was so boring as originally completed that a different ending was shot, one involving a mindless, though well-photographed speedboat race through the canals of Holland.

TV

Wheeler and Murdoch (producer-director: Joseph Sargent; script: Jerry Ludwig and Eric Bercovici; 60 min.; ABC-TV)

Refreshingly old-style private eyes in Seattle. Good locales; good acting by Jack Warden as Wheeler, a Continental Op type down to his first-person narrative and Christopher Stone as his youthful assistant. Story, an original about the Syndicate and missing money, was weak link.

Jigsaw (producer: Stanley Kallis; director: William Graham; script: Robert E. Thompson; 120 min.; ABC-TV; Universal)

Pilot for a section of new tri-part The Men series, this one has a cop assigned to special nationwide Missing Persons manhunts. Story about the hunter's search for a woman who can clear him in a shooting incident suffers from obvious padding. But the lead, John Wainwright, is a very effective, natural-style actor which may make this a series to watch.

Assignment: Munich (director: David Lowell Rich; script: Jerry Ludwig and Eric Bercovici; 120 min.; ABC-TV; MGM)

Another pilot for a segment of The Men. There will, however, be some changes made before this one continues. First, the new show will be titled Assignment: Vienna. Second, the leads—Roy Scheider and Richard Basehart, both of whom refused to repeat in the series—have been replaced by Robert Conrad and Charles Cioffi. The situation in this supposedly original concept has an American bar-owner in Europe being blackmailed into governmental service by an tough U.S official. It is almost a carbon of the McCorkle-Padillo relationship in Ross Thomas' entertaining stories. The pilot episode involved another unoriginal idea—a group of crooks, searching for their recently departed partner's loot, are dispatched one by one. It was done on film before, as Charade. Since the show will undergo drastic changes, there is no way to predict what the series will be like. Hopefully, it will be better than the telefilm that sold the networks.

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BOOK EXCHANGE, continued from page 255

by Carter Brown to complete a checklist: The Deep Cold Green, The Exotic, The Myopic Mermaid, The Stripper, Walk Softly Witch, and Who Killed Dr. Sex?. Will pay $2.00 each for complete copies in any condition, or will send copy of completed checklist to anyone supplying bibliographic information. All letters answered. Wants many other Carter Brown books, plus Freeman: The Cat's Eye, Rice: Eight Faces at Three, Stout: If Death Ever Slept, and many others. Will send want list.

The editor is looking for the following paperbacks by Richard Stark: The Handle, The Mourner, The Rare Coin Score, and The Score. Also hardcover by Donald Westlake: The Mercenaries, and Pity Him Afterwards. Also the September 1967 issue of The Saint Magazine. And the following by Arthur W. Upfield: Beach of Atonement, Gripped by Drought, House of Cain, and Royal Abduction, as well as Percival Wilde's Rogues in Clover and James M'Govan's The Invisible Pickpocket and Solved Mysteries. Available: a free list of more than 100 volumes of hardcover true crime.

Claude Held (P. O. Box 140, Buffalo, N. Y. 14225) has a new free list of detective fictior

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS

The Snake on 99, by Stewart Farrar. Collins, 1958; Washburn, 1959.

Young electronics engineer Joseph Archer is transferred to the London office of his firm to take over a new position. He arrives at No. 7 Dextergate Rise where he will now live and meets a colorful array of fellow lodgers. First there is Mr. Prittlewell, the owner, who is built like a heavyweight boxer but looks like a bosun. Assisting him is the Junoesque Peggy Livingstone, the girl of all work. Miss Geraldine Graham is very pretty, but she is also very neurotic and has a great deal on her mind. Peter Knapp is an artistic photographer. Gerald Hardy and Frank Branson are chief reporter and news editor respectively of the Evening Announcer. There is also architect Anthony White, who is always overprotecting his young and very beautiful daughter Jane.

One evening Archer and Jane, who are getting along very well together, stand in front of No. 7 and wave to Branson who is sitting on the parapet of his roof garden. The latter returns the friendly greeting and suddenly plunges head-first to the sidewalk below with fatal results.

Inspector Elwyn Morgan and his assistant Sergeant Pitt are summoned to investigate the tragedy and determine the cause of death. It looks like an accident, but Archer is morally certain that Branson was pushed.

The narrative focus switches from Archer to Inspector Morgan, who must investigate the present and the past of a bewildering gallery of suspects and separate truth from falsehood. He must also determine the exact cause of Branson's death.

The Snake on 99 is an excellent novel—and it's a "first" too—that features attractive and believable characters, good plotting that moves at a lively clip, and contains an ingenious puzzle that will keep you guessing until the author reveals his solution.

By a lucky accident I was able to read this superior and substantial example of the classic form, and found myself richly rewarded. From the evidence at hand, Farrar's two subsequent novels should be worth investigation, and I intend to track them down.

——Charles Shibuk

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor, Second Series, by L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D. Bliss, Sands and Foster (London), 1896.

As everyone is aware who has sought L. T. Meade's crime fiction, it is scarce indeed. I count myself fortunate to have half-a-dozen volumes or so (The Sorceress of the Strand regrettably not among them), and when I turned up a copy of the above Doctor title in London (where it only cost me an arm and a kidney), I used it to entertain myself on the 7 hour flight back to this country.

Even though included in Queen's bibliography The Detective Short Story, Doctor contains detection only most broadly defined, and some of the stories do not even have an element of crime. This is not to say, to be sure, that the stories are unreadable, for they are pleasant enough and even on occasion achieve a mild emotional crescendo. But they are by no means brilliant nor prime examples of devious plotting.

Dr. Halifax, the protagonist in all stories, is a physician with a seemingly large and upper class practice in London. Though apparently a general practitioner, he is not above an occasional bit of specialist surgery where the experts have been baffled, and of course he is able to counsel wisely on diverse subjects.

An even dozen stories comprise this collection, and brief comment on each may be useful. (1) "Creating a Mind" finds Halifax in Warwickshire, where he performs miracles both medical and emotional and reunites a family; no crime or detection. (2) In "The Seventh Step" Halifax is on a vacation cruise to St. Petersburg, and on the way learns a bit of knowledge that would have doomed him to some desperate Nihilists had not a beautiful girl come to his rescue; a bit of crime, but no detection. (3) Halifax is attending a wedding party at the home of an old friend in "The Silent Tongue" when the festivities are disrupted by the arrest of the groom-to-be for murder. Halifax indulges in mild detection and explains the affair.

(4) "The Hooded Death" offers frustrated love, marriage to an old and mysterious man "to save father", and a deadly poison. Halifax accounts for the erratic behavior of the unloved husband and prevents a tragedy. Threat of crime and hints of detection are our fare. (5) Halifax frees a beautiful blind girl from the perilous and hypnotic influence of an evil man in "The Red Bracelet"—and then proceeds to one of his surgical miracles. Essentially no crime or detection. (6) "Little Sir Noel" is certainly a crime story, mostly Victorian melodrama; and Halifax discerns a deadly threat to a young heir and saves the lad.

(7) "A Doctor's Dilemma" is a curious affair, concerning a young doctor afflicted with amnesia and persecution complex, who disappears in terror of having given poison instead of medicine to a patient. With the help of a private detective, Halifax traces both doctor and

patient and effects a cure. The private detective's name, incidentally, is James Hudson; any relation to a certain landlady of whom we know? (8) Halifax is involved only on the fringes of "On a Charge of Forgery", wherein a virtuous young man is framed and sent to prison so the villain can exert his wiles on the young man's true love. (9) "The Strange Case of Captain Gascoigne" offers neither crime nor detection, but deals with the sudden and apparently inexplicable refusal of the Captain to go through with a perfect marriage to a young woman he loves.

(10) In "With the Eternal Fires" Halifax takes up the problem of the kidnapping of a young boy (and heir), and after some simple-minded detection follows the trail to Russia where the surmounting if a heap of coincidence resolves the matter. (11) "The Small House on Stevens' Heath" finds Halifax in trouble owing to his insistence on helping a wounded man, and only by feigning drunkenness and wielding a brace of pistols does the doctor escape the trap. (12) "To Every One His Own Fear" offers true love, thwarted love, revenge, cataleptic trance, premature burial and high predictability.

——AJH

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LETTERS

From Peter E. Blau:

A minor note on Nolan's letter: the first known actor to play Holmes on film was anonymous, in Sherlock Holmes Baffled (American Mutoscope & Biograph Co., 1903); then, also anonymous, in The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes; or, Held for a Ransom (Vitagraph Co. of America, 1905); then, still anonymous, in Sherlock Holmes in the Great Murder Mystery (Crescent Film Co., 1908); and Holger-Madsen played Raffles in the Danish series (Viggo Larsen played Holmes in most of the series).

From Mike Nevins:

The new TAD just came in and tremendous as always.

The only complaint I have about Bill Pronzini's superb piece on Evan Hunter is that he didn't write it three years sooner so I could include it in The Mystery Writer's Art! Just to be ultracomplete, the "Hunt Collins" novel he discussed, Cut Me In, was reprinted in paperback as The Proposition (Pyramid, 1954)—a tidbit I picked up too late for inclusion in your master bibliography.

Orley Holtan's paper on Duerrenmatt is another shoo-in for future anthologies of the best writing about the genre. It's interesting to note how closely the themes Holtan finds in Duerrenmatt are related to the work of earlier writers in the mystery field. I'm thinking particularly of Cornell Woolrich's masterpiece "Three Kills for One" (also called "Two Murders, One Crime" and "The Loophole") and how it parallels the Barlach novels. (See my detailed examination of this story in TAD v2n2, pp. 100-101.)

I hate to get bogged down in a literary feud with Bruce Monblatt but I still think he's most unfair to Gardner. What he describes as the "steady" use of the unfair device of having Paul Drake "whispering the key bit of information in Mason's ear" is a cliche from the TV series, not the novels, and I don't think Mr. Monblatt can find even three Mason books in which the device is used as he describes it. And of course my earlier comments about blacks and Vivaldi concertos were directed at Monblatt's line of argument, not ad hominem, and any implications to the contrary I both retract and apologize for. By the way, I agree completely with Monblatt's comments (p. 176) on Rex Stout.

Writing the last paragraph gave me a sudden thought about Gardner which I think no one has yet anticipated. The Supreme Court under Earl Warren has been attacked for contributing to virtually every evil in this country, most of the attacks being quite wrongheaded as Stephen Gillers points out in his recent book Getting Justice (Basic Books, 1971); but it does seem quite likely that the Court's long series of decisions upholding the rights of defendants contributed substantially to the decline of the Mason novels in the Sixties. I think Gardner was unable to adjust his fiction to a new legal world where the dirty tricks of Sergeant Holcomb and Lieutenant Tragg and Hamilton Burger were verboten and ground for reversal of any conviction obtained thereby; to a world where judicial recognition of defendants' constitutional rights means that Mason's pyrotechnics to save the innocent become superfluous and obsolete. This (along with ESG's advancing age and declining health) helps to explain why the last decade of Mason books was so wretchedly feeble. But lovers of the earlier Mason can take heart: the way Nixon's appointees are undermining the Warren Court's work, it won't be long before the pyrotechnician of the courtroom will become viable again.

In connection with Bob Briney's remarks on university press material relevant to the

genre, there is a very good essay on John Dickson Carr by Roger Herzel, in Minor American Novelists, edited by Charles Alva Hoyt (Southern Illinois University Press, 1970); another candidate for Son of The Mystery Writer's Art.

Rock music is not my bag, but here are two titles for Fred Blosser with a background of disk jockeys, golden platters, screaming teenies, etc.: "Ellery Queen", Death Spins the Platter (Pocket Books, 1962); Day Keene, Payola (Pyramid, 1960). The "Queen" book is quite a good one, with a trim competent plot dealing with the ice-pick death of a TV deejay who had just been exposed as a receiver of payola, and some vivid glimpses of life at a small TV station and of the moral climate of the very early Sixties. I suspect the payola scandals of those years led writers besides "Queen" and Keene to write rock-and-murder novels but I can't think of other titles at the moment.

One howler on George Rausch's latest checklist is the inclusion of Norman Mailer's Maidstone film script. Yes, I know Mailer subtitled it A Mystery, but it's not in any sense we are concerned with, and it no more belongs in TAD than a collection of medieval mystery plays or a scholarly study of the Greek cult associated with the Eleusinian mysteries. Go back to Time or Newsweek of early last year and you'll find some articles on this Maidstone thing which will convince anyone it doesn't belong.

From Randy Cox:

I would like to thank Tom Balow for pointing out an error in my article on The Shadow (TAD 4/4). Yes, Stedman's The Serials does indicate that Orson Welles was indeed The Shadow at one time. My article was written in theSummer of 1969 (if memory serves) and at that time all of the references to Welles as The Shadow were vague or limited to a sort of trivia question: "Did you know that Orson Welles was once..." Stedman says that Welles played the part for a year or so beginning in 1937. (The Hero Pulp Index says 1934.)

Mr. Balow is correct to say that a bibliography of Agatha Christie's short stories will be a terribly difficult task. Gordon C. Ramsey's Agatha Christie: Mistress of Mystery does list contents of short story collections and goes far to clear up some of the puzzles about which stories appeared in England but not in the U.S. and vice versa. But there is much work to be done. An example is a Poirot story, "Poirot and the Crime in Cabin 66", which appeared in The Strand Magazine for February, 1936. It was later published, abridged or rewritten, as "Problem at Sea" in The Regatta Mystery. Christie's work also appeared in The Thriller.

> I have in hand a partial answer to Mr. Balow's quest: a checklist of Agatha Christie's short stories, along with a guide to where they may be found, will appear in the next TAD. ——AJH

"Incredible Theft" has appeared in book form in America, in the hardcover edition of Dead Man's Mirror...but not in the paperback edition.

The comments on the Sherlock Holmes film on TV are interesting, but I wonder just how many viewers would have been able to follow the "continuing gag" about Bertillion. Oddly enough, I enjoyed the film, but then I'm afraid I am not a member of the Basil-Rathbone-was-the-only-Holmes group. Whatever happened to those who thought William Gillette was the embodiment of Holmes? My candidate for the perfect Sherlock Holmes (at least vocally) is John Gielgud, but of course each of us views the Master in a different light. (Even on a second viewing I wasn't terribly aware that the Hound was glowing...so why should anyone else notice it...?

With regard to the review of The Adventures of Nick Carter, the setting was not the 1890's, but the next decade, 1912 to be precise. In one scene a theatre marquee in the background advertised Sarah Bernhardt in Queen Elizabeth, a silent film released in this country in that year—or so Cornelia Otis Skinner's Madam Sarah would indicate. (A check of the photos in some 1912 issues of Good Housekeeping indicate the costuming is correct for the period, and so do covers of the Nick Carter Weekly in 1912.) Perhaps there was a flatness about the Nick Carter portrayed by Robert Conrad, but there was a certain flatness about the original Nick Carter as well.

My friend Ed Lauterbach refers to John Coryell's part in the Nick Carter saga. Since all books in the Bibliography of Crime Fiction are listed according to the author as given on the title page, nothing would be listed under Coryell, but under Carter.

As far as I have been able to determine, John R. Coryell wrote exactly three Nick Carter detective stories (The Old Detective's Pupil, A Wall Street Haul, and Fighting for Millions). His other four detective novels (The American Marquis, Crime of a Countess, A Titled Counterfeiter, and A Woman's Hand) star other detectives, although Nick Carter makes a brief appearance in Crime of a Countess.

As with Sherlock Holmes there was a hiatus after the initial offerings before a real

series of Nick Carter stories began and captured a sizable public. A Titled Counterfeiter was serialized in Street & Smith's New York Weekly between April 27 and August 10, 1889. Coryell then turned to other types of stories (including the "Bertha Clay" novels) while Nick Carter cooled his heels in semi-retirement. Exactly two years later (in August of 1891) the Nick Carter Detective Library was launched on its weekly run. Under various titles this was to last until 1915 when it then became Detective Story Magazine.

In 1892 a new serial (Nick Carter and the Green-Goods Men) began in the New York Weekly. From then on the deluge could not be checked. Both serials and short stories appeared intermittently in the Weekly until it ceased to be published in November 1915.

In 1897 the Magnet Library began a weekly series of books—at first alternating Nick Carter stories with other detective fiction but later dropping the other authors—which reprinted earlier material as well as "paperback originals". This format lasted until 1933 when the pulp magazine, Nick Carter Magazine, began.

A complete bibliography, even allowing for reprints and title changes, runs to quite a number of titles and would take up several pages.

Regarding the "publicity shortcomings of university presses": some of this is no doubt due to the nature and philosophy of the presses whose markets ordinarily are limited to the academic communities which they serve. Profit margins are often much narrower than with commercial firms and the presses owe their existances to subsidies from the universities. With the recent financial crises with which many universities are being faced, the local publishing venture is often the first area for cutbacks in budgets. Several venerable firms have already gone out of business or are teetering on the brink.

I think the expressions of preference for one branch of the genre or another (classic form or hardboiled, etc.) may be an extension of the age-old, irreconcilable debate between romanticism and realism. Thank goodness there is within the genre room enough for both.

On colleges buying detective fiction: college and university libraries generally buy books with some plan in mind and acquire material which will be directly or indirectly related to the curriculum...usually on faculty request. Anthologies and occasional detective novels are purchased for a browsing collection or recreational reading, but seldom for any scholarly intent—that may yet come. I believe that universities were once averse to acquiring current fiction of any kind, but the interest in contemporary writers in all fields is still a fairly recent thing. The St. Olaf library has a greater number of detective novels than many (but still not a really in-depth collection) because I have been personally responsible for donating duplicates from my collection, requesting that others be purchased, and actually purchasing others, all for the purpose of having enough materials on hand for teaching my course in the Detective Story. Too often, I have observed (and so have others) a college will offer a course without consulting the library to see if there is enough basic reference material to back it up. I was determined that this would not be the case.

Of course, getting students to use the material intelligently—if at all—is another problem. It came as no surprise to me that my students over the past three years have fallen into three categories: the true enthusiast who does the assigned readings with imagination (and even goes beyond what is assigned), the general student who does what is expected of him (but no more than that), and the goof-off, who takes the course because he thinks it will be easy, and then does everything except what is required.

From Bob Aucott (in occasional—very occasional—verse—on the last TAD):

Bill Pronzini
Is certainly no meany.

He likes the writings of Evan Hunter (as don't we all?) and he goes and puts him right up there ("Even better in some respects") with Ernie and old Sherry.

This is pretty fair country to be put with, and you might say that Bill is perhaps more heart than head right there, and is raising the stirrup cup high, very.

Bill, why not tip the cup right over into the saucer?

Can't we say that old Evan is probably better "in some respects" than sweet Will himself, or at least than old Jeff Chaucer?

Easier to read?
Yes, indeed.

Anybody who, like me (OK, OK, "as I am), is horrified by the thought of the detective story as a parable—by the way, is a parable ever immoral?

Should really have no quarrel
With our gallant editor
(To whom we are debtors, and who, therefore, is to us a creditor)
When he warns us of the fact that Orley Holtan has revealed an occasional Duerrenmatt denouement!

But, really, do you think poor Friedrich's denouements are actually worth not revealing? I sort of doubt he ever really wrote a detective story, or had a very clear idea of what a clue meant.

Norman Donaldson (all praise!) spent a lot of time reading the best tales of 1950 etc.
Some were poor, some good, and some, fortunately for old Norman, were even bettra.
But he won't say which are the ultimate best.
He's playing it close to the vest.
Certainly we should all take his advice and investigate all the writers who were ever recommended,
But so far as I'm concerned if Norman says Soandso ain't no good, then for me any likelihood of my reading Soandso is absolutely ended.

Thanks to good old Charley Shibuk I know more about Vulliamy than I ever really expected to know.
That's the way things go.
But I would like to say most emphatically that the only possible excuse for our putting up with all these thousands of cheap, flimsy paperbacks cluttering up the bookshops everywhere we go, and we go, of course, wherever the wild goose honks,
Is so that we can read every few months "The Paperback Revolution" by that veritable and venerable pride of the Bronx.

Mystery films, except those with Warner Oland or Rathbone, or perhaps Peter Lorre—
Or Bill Powell! I almost forgot him! Sorry!—
Seem to me to be like Sam Goldwyn said (and when he said something it was collosable),
"I can tell you how good they are in two words: IM POSSIBLE."

Ed Lauterbach, one of our most renowned library experts, though (alas!) interested in crime,
Can at least justify indulging his criminal instincts some of the time,
As for example when he deals with Thomas J. Wise.
T.J., as Ed explains, delightfully, cut a good many "first-editions" nuts down to size,
But was finally cut down himself by a couple of young literary chaps, Pollard and Carter,
Who quietly went about their sleuthing, and though T.J. was Wise, they were smarter.

Some time ago I sent Jon Breen a list of my favorite ten mystery tales
(Mostly set in England, Scotland, north Ireland and Wales),
But I never heard of his project again, or what books others voted for, and my hair gets grayer and grayer,
And now! here he is at last! but darn it!, wasting a couple of pages (charmingly, of course) writing about dear old Lee Thayer,
Whose books (good Heavens!)
Are even too unbelievable for Mike Nevins.
How about P. G. Wodehouse, Jon? He's in his nineties and never wrote a detective story yet.
(Though who says he never will? And better than anybody? Anybody care to bet?)
I guess though it really isn't fair
To compare Wodehouse with dear old Lee Thayer.

I'm glad Joe Christopher, kindly as he is, doesn't go all the way with Brophy (Brigid),
Because her "brilliant essay" leaves me rather frigid.
I think, actually, most of us would rather Prof. Christopher would stick (brilliantly!) to Poe,
Than go and get all tangled up with Brigid and Freud and Oedipus and the Dupin brothers, of which I can only say Good God! what a way to go!

As the little kid said, thanking his uncle for sending him for his birthday (without a rabbit) a rabbit hutch:
Dear George, a checklist of mystery books published in the U.S. in Dec., Jan. and Feb. is just what I wanted—but not very much.
(A great list, though, and not your fault we don't get it till late in May.
How about that, Allen? Sort of late in the day?

Wendell Hertig Taylor
Like Captain Ahab, that fairly well-known whaler,
Goes after big game.
In his reviews of two irritating and brilliant books by a couple of novelists of some fame
He is exceedingly patient, and even kindly, about their lop-sided books on mayhem.
I suspect that Symons and Watson are that sort of intellectual (as Taylor isn't) who is impatient with—shall be say?—people who are fond of night and also of day (or P.M. as well as A.M.)

Or, let's say, can't really say which they like more:
The Continental Op, or Lord Faversham found foully murdered on the library floor!
At least Symons and Watson are lucky they didn't get reviewed by—boy, he'd have found them at least 100% more bumblia—
Oh, you know who I mean! that guy from Columbia.

Marv Lachman and one or two others are exceptionally nice guys and give praise where not always perhaps quite due. But OK, some try and some don't, and it's good to acknowledge good tries.
However, for spice, we have several real old curmudgeons like J.R. Cox and somebody named AJH, who if a book is really bad, man! they tell no lies!

Writing,
Is this the same as fighting?
Sort of.
(Though, perhaps, abortive.)
Typical letter: Dear Allen, the latest issue of TAD
Drives me, as usual, mad.
(With joy, of course, what else?) But just let me send one or two or maybe ten criticisms
Mixed in with my witticisms,
OK?
Do you mind if I keep on writing to you for the rest of the day?
All the articles were great, of course, and really strong!
Except for the fact that naturally they have their facts either incomplete or all wrong.

I yield to no one in my admiration for Frank McSherry.
A brilliant draughtsman, a delightful writer, the old Maestro, a nice guy; with him we never worry.
Yet look at the novels he picked for his ten best: no Christie, no Freeman, no Ross Macdonald, no Allingham, no Crofts, no Bellamy Trial, no Trent's Last Case, no House of the Arrow, no Michael Innes, no Moonstone, no Rex Stout!
I tell you, old McSherry better watch out!
If you want to know the really ten best, ask Jon Breen for my list (I must confess I forget what they were.).

The cover, by David Fryxell, seems lighted to a light that never was on sea or land,
Hitting the oddly shaped blocks from one direction, and, from another, shadowing the dying (?) hand.
It must, therefore, be illustrative of some tricky mystery!
Perhaps that famous one by what's her name? —Agatha Christerie?

Books wanted!
No one is ever daunted
By their being scarce or even oh so rare.
They must be somewhere!
Bombay?
We're on our way!
I just want to warn all you collectors who think you are in the groove.
Amnon Kabatchnik is on the move!

The bibliography is always so welcome that it destroys me when I reach the end and realize there's no more till the next issue.
It always seems as though any writers I want to find out about—alas! dear old writers!—the current instalment seems ever to just miss you!
Ah, well, I shall only have to wait three more months and then again I can dance and sing!
(I can't believe that in just a few short hours I have read that whole thing!)

From Bob Briney:
Bill Pronzini's article on Evan Hunter was welcome; Hunter was overdue for the biographical/bibliographical treatment. It was disappointing not to see any mention of Hunter's stories under his previous name, S. A. Lombino. Seven sf stories under this byline appeared between November 1951 and July 1953, and there were probably some crime stories, westerns, etc., also under this name. It would be interesting to know the why and when of the official change to "Hunter". In the list of Hunter's books, one of the earliest was omittedL an sf juvenile entitled Find the Feathered Serpent (Winston, 1952). And the information on Tomorrow and Tomorrow by Hunt Collins is a little off: this book was published in hardcover under the title Tomorrow's World (Bouregy & Curl, 1956), then reprinted by Pyramid as Tomorrow and Tomorrow (also 1956); the novel is an expansion of a magazine story called "Malice in Wonderland",

which appeared under the Evan Hunter byline in If, January 1954.

The article on Thomas Wise by Edward Lauterbach was interesting, and nicely coincidental in its timing. The current issues (April and May 1972) of the British books and bookmen contain an article by Eric Osborne entitled "Wise before the Event" which complements Lauterbach's item, and provides information on the bookseller Herbert Gorfin, who acted as Wise's agent in selling the forgeries.

The articles on Lee Thayer were interesting, but I must say that they leave me with absolutely no desire to sample her fiction...

The letter column this time contains many fine and informative contributions, not the least of them Frank McSherry's meaty coverage of his choices for the Ten Best Mystery Novels. My choices are generally different (in fact, they change somewhat every time I try to compile such a list), but I could not defend them as persuasively as McSherry does his. For the record, my current list is:

And Then There Were None—Christie
The League of Frightened Men—Stout
The Crooked Hinge—Carr
Calamity Town—Queen
The Beast Must Die—Blake
Gaudy Night—Sayers
The Daughter of Time—Tey
Through a Glass, Darkly—McCloy
Lament for a Maker—Innes
A Puzzle for Fools—Quentin

I keep feeling that I should somehow find room for titles by Margery Allingham and Charlotte Armstrong, but I wouldn't know what to discard to make way for them.

From Wendell H. Taylor:

I have intended for the past week or so to send you a few lines congratulating you on yet another good issue of TAD (April 1972) and thanking you for including my "Two Recent Studies of Crime Fiction", which appeared without a single blemish save those for which the author must be held responsible.

Of more importance to you is the fact that I am able to supply you with a couple of additional bits of information for your monumental bibliography—what a labor!—now well into the D's.

Last November I received a letter from Professor J. H. Mennie, late of McGill University, in which he told me a good deal about "T. L. Davidson", the author of Murder in the Laboratory. "T. L. Davidson" was a pseudonym used by the late D(avid) L(andsborough) Thomson (1901-1964), who was educ. Aberdeen and Cambridge and served at McGill for many years as Professor, Chairman of Dept. of Biochemistry, Dean of Graduate Faculty, and finally Vice-Principal of the University. Professor Mennie, himself a Professor of Chemistry at McGill, knew Thomson well. Dr. Thomson wrote but this one detective story, says Mennie, although he had decided on a plot for another.

Another more slender point is that there is now a fourth book by Michael Delving: A Shadow of Himself (Scrib 1972) and in all four books the "series character" is the Connecticut antique- and book-seller Dave Cannon.

It occurs to me to say, just a matter of record, that I have just finished Bill Pronzini's two novels and liked both of them very much indeed. Quite a triumph to come up with a new and surprising twist at the end of a kidnapping tale like The Snatch!

From Veronica M. S. Kennedy:

Just recently I was looking through a recently-issued collection of Agatha Christie's short stories, The Golden Ball and other stories, published by Dodd Mead & Co. (n.d., but the latest date listed on the copyright page is 1971).

I thought that some of your readers might be interested to hear, if they do not already know it, that the hero of "The Rajah's Diamond", listed by G. C. Ramsey, in the Appendix C ("Short Story Collections Alphabetized") of Agatha Christie: Mistress of Mystery, Dodd Mead & Co., 1967, as being published in a collection, issued only in Great Britain, The Listerdale Mystery, 1934, is one "James Bond." Could this young man have been, perhaps unconsciously, recalled by Ian Fleming?

The thought, without doing an injustice to the late Mr. Fleming, seems to confirm Agatha Christie's long-acknowledged, though unofficial, title, "The Queen of Crime."

From Walter Albert:

In TAD 5/3 Elmore Mundell questioned the value of making mystery detective fiction

"academically" respectable while Bob Briney regretted the inability of the university presses to reach the potential audience for such titles as The Serials and The World of the Thriller.

The enormous amount of material being published by the Popular Press at Bowling Green University would suggest that a viable outlet through an academic press has been solidly established and, as a corollary, that Mr. Hubin's plea—in his answer to Mr. Mundell's letter—for a "movement of academia toward m/d fiction? is not a vain one. To implement this and to respond to Mr. Briney's comment, I would suggest that TAD inaugurate an annotated checklist of appropriate articles and books that would keep TAD's readership informed of developments in the field. This could include brief resumes of the content of substantial reviews like that of L. E. Sissman of The Midnight Raymond Chandler in a recent New Yorker and of Geoffrey Hartman's review of Ross Macdonald's The Underground Man in the May 18 issue of The New York Review of Books. Both these articles move beyond the books immediately in question to consider the appeal and quality of the genre. Luna Monthly does this in a cursory way for science-fiction but I think that TAD's readership, with its (our) voracious appetite for minutiae and elaborate detail would be receptive to something more than unannotated checklist. Anyone who has easy access to a large library and is an inveterate browser comes across pertinent items and would, if there were such a focal point as the column I have described, be happy to pass on the information.

> Good idea! And, consistent with the world-wide practice of assigning tasks to those who point out that a job needs doing, I hereby appoint Prof. Albert as the aforementioned Focal Point—having not even given him the chance to say nay! Send your items to Prof. Albert at 7139 Meade Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15208, and if this experiment works out we shall presently have an annotated checklist running in TAD. —-AJH

Prevalent in much of the criticism of m/d fiction are such standard assumptions as the dominance of action over characterization which means, to the traditional scholar, that such a work is of inferior quality and is aimed at a mass audience programmed for cheap thrills. The question of action in the novel is a complex one and it hardly need be pointed out that it may as legitimately be a mode of characterization as the tedious psychologizing in many mainstream novels. The creation of a "real" character (whatever this means) need not be the criterion by which the quality of a novel is judged and it is interesting that the French new novel, which uses many of the techniques of the detective novel, is often criticized because its characters are felt to be inadequately drawn and its complex narrative fabric (often compared to the intricate plots of detective novels) to rely too much on mechanistic swiss watch workmanship. (And isn't the same thing said in a different way about much of Stravinsky's music?) Such a column might, then, begin to assemble the materials for something more substantial than the agreeable but largely literary historical scholarship of most studies of the genre. It might move toward a consideration of techniques as a process that does not beg the question of human complexity but explores it in ways that may seem laconic and unrewarding but are rather unfamiliar and not properly understood.

I seem to have moved to a plea for establishment of "academic respectability" of the genre but basically I believe in the quality of the books which for years I have read as generously as I have the mainstream novels I teach in my university courses, and I should like to have perceptive, critical note taken of that quality in a consistent way.

From Jon Breeh:

I sent my extra copy of the latest TAD to Lee Thayer and received a reply from her last Friday, so this amazing lady is alive and well at 97 or 98 (she was born in 1874, but I don't know the exact date). She had some comments about Mike Nevins' article, which she agrees "had its points." She goes on to say that she "was sorry he bothered to damn me so hard with bits of faint praise. I was writing shamelessly for little old ladies like me who needed nice things to happen in books. They really do in life—the good endings. Not so often, maybe. And not with murder usually. Mine were always a side issue and I did dodge the electric chair and other horrors."

It should be obvious from the above that Lee Thayer does not take herself too seriously as a writer. I think her pervasive sense of humor is the one aspect of her style that is not even suggested in Mike's piece. Rather than offer an extended rebuttal, I'll confine myself to the following: if Lee Thayer does not deserve enshrinement in the Valhalla of detective fiction, neither does she deserve the ridicule and the negative superlatives offered in "Death Inside the Cow". (You can often find worse characterization, narrative and dialogue in the works of Erle Stanley Gardner, whom Mike Nevins admires very much—and, I hasten to add, I do too.)

I think it's a dirty trick on your part to make us wait for the T's to find out who

wrote The Metropolitan Opera Murders.

> A hint, then, as to the authorship of the "Helen Traubel" novel: the real author under his own name created a series character whose last name is that of a "rolling river". And I might be inclined to dispute that remark about finding worse characterizations in Gardner—I wasn't aware any characterizations could be found in Gardner! That should rouse the natives! ——AJH

From Eunice G. Gormley:

I would like to add my earnest plea for a reprint of the earlier issues of TAD, especially for some of us very late subscribers.

This last number is by far the best yet, but references to past articles and early reviews are driving me mad. The articles are so informative, so distinguished, and so reverent, that I no longer feel that I must apologize for a lifelong avocation.

The criticisms of A Catalogue of Crime are nit-picky. It is most enjoyable to compare Barzun and Taylor's preferences with many of my old stalwarts. Besides, without Catalogue I would never have met up with TAD.

Having missed the first format, I am somewhat confused with the alphabetical listing of titles at the end of each copy. Will this ultimately be a complete reference list for all detective-mystery fiction?

> For those recently added to the fold it may be worth repeating a partial explanation of the Bibliography. Begun in the January 1971 issue, it is an attempt to list all adult crime fiction in book form in English. It is inspired by the bibliography in Ordean Hagen's Who Done It?, but is vastly corrected, enlarged, updated and rearranged. It still contains a multitude of errors of both omission and commission, and all readers are hereby once again urged to send any and all data which will improve the Bibliography. At the end of the current sequence, perhaps about four years hence, I will run an addenda which will serve to update to that point and incorporate all substantial new data. About that time the Bibliography should be in such condition that book publication will be desirable. In any event, I am printing a limited number of extra copies of the Bibliography, and when the project has run its course I will offer these cumulated copies to TAD subscribers. ——AJH

From Werner Koopmann:

I enjoy reading TAD very much, and I wish to thank you and all the contributors for the pleasure it has brought me. I am especially grateful for the reading suggestions, e.g. the reference to Rev. Washer's Ellery Queen Review which I just ordered. It would be a great thing if this kind of hint at fam publications were continued and multiplied.

By the way, what became of the project of reprinting TAD for those subscribers who missed the first bus? I am still interested and would think a lot of other people are too.

Please accept my congratulations on the fifth anniversary of TAD.

> That reprinting project, about which appreciable interest does exist as the foregoing letters indicate, seems to have at least temporarily been swamped in an abundance of projects. My hope still is, however, to one day reissue Volume 1 (and perhaps then succeeding volumes) in mildly edited book form. ——AJH

From John Harwood:

I have received the April issue of TAD and considering my tastes, I think I found the reviews and letters the most interesting.

I will have to look up Mortal Consequences, Snobbery with Violence, The Murder Book, and The Serials. All of these books should contain material on some of the authors whose work I enjoy.

Snobbery with Violence, especially, should contain a mine of information on some of the authors whose work I have read in the past: Hornung, Oppenheim, Wallace, McNeile, Horler, Rohmer and Fleming.

As soon as possible after receiving TAD, I checked at the local library for the books but not one of them was listed in the catalog. For reasons of space, about the only new books I buy at the present time are non-fiction books about Edgar Rice Burroughs and his works. The

last such that I bought was Tarzan Alive by Philip Jose Farmer. In this book Phil goes to great lengths to "prove" that Tarzan is a living person, much in the manner of the Sherlockians "proving" that Holmes is a real person.

Some of the things in the book may cause controversy among ERB fans while other things may go along with their own ideas on the subject. In a genealogical section at the end of the book and a family tree in the end papers Phil tries to tell us that many of Tarzan's relatives were active in the mystery or thriller field. These range in time from The Scarlet Pimpernel to Doc Savage and along the way touch on Raffles, Bulldog Drummond, Sherlock Holmes, Professor Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, Nero Wolfe, Lord Peter Wimsey, and Richard Wentworth. Phil theories that Wentworth may have been three other persons: G-8, the Spider, and the Shadow.

But back to the books mentioned in the latest TAD.

I was interested in the mention of the Craig Kennedy serials in The Serials. Referring to The Exploits of Elaine, reviewer Lachman says:

> He refers to one sequel to this serial but not to three later serials based on Reeve's characters which appeared in 1919, 1926, and 1936.

This has me a bit puzzled. I imagine the three later serials are:

1919 The Carter Case
1926 The Radio Detective
1936 The Clutching Hand

Pearl White made three Elaine serials:

The Exploits of Elaine (14 chapters)
The New Exploits of Elaine (10 chapters)
The Romance of Elaine (12 chapters)

In some reference books these are referred to as three different serials. Others refer to the three together as a serial of 36 chapters. If the sequel referred to followed the first serial, then there were two sequels, not one. If The Exploits of Elaine was considered as one serial, then the sequel must be a serial I don't know about. Can anyone help on this?

The book also mentions the TV serial, Dark Shadows, which I used to follow, off and on, until it was taken off the air last year. Like many TV programs, Dark Shadows appeared in the form of a series of pocket editions. Unlike the other series of books based on TV programs, this series ran to quite a number of titles. Not only that, but after the program went off the air, there must have been about ten or a dozen additional titles published and they still seem to be appearing. The last title I noticed at the local bookstore wasabout #29 or #30.

Lew Martin asks about the possibility of someone compiling checklists of some of the old "who done it" pulp mags. Something of the sort has already been attempted in The Pulp Era.

Herman S. McGregor, in the #67 issue (May-June-July-August 1967), gives a list of the 118 Spider stories in the magazine of the same name. He just lists the titles of the Spider stories, not any of the shorter material. However, in issues #66, 67, 68, 70 and 71 he gives synopses of several of the stories, eleven in all. With each synopsis he gives the titles of the short stories.

In addition, there are brief checklists of a couple of other, short-run pulps. These are the Red Star Mystery by Bob Briney listing the contents of four issues, and Strange Detective Stories by Glenn Lord with four issues.

The former magazine featured Don Diavolo, the Scarlet Wizard created by Stuart Towne (Clayton Rawson). These two checklists appeared in The Pulp Era #64 and 65.

In Bob Briney's letter it seems strange that Sax Rohmer never mentioned the possibility of Fu Manchu being based on Hanoi Shan in his writing on the subject, yet had something to say about it on Joseph Henry Jackson's radio program and in a letter or article in Detective Story Magazine as mentioned in Samual Peeples' letter.

Bob mentions the fact that Rohmer always wove a lot of fiction into his articles and autobiographical notes. If Fu Manchu wasn't based on Hanoi Shan, it's possible that Rohmer may have heard the rumors and decided that it might be good publicity to hint at it. Possibly we'll never know the exact truth of the matter.

A few months ago Randy Cox gave me some information about the Elaine books by Reeve that I never knew before. For years I knew the titles of three books based on the early silent serials featuring Pearl White. These were The Exploits of Elaine, The Romance of Elaine, and The Triumph of Elaine. I had the first two titles and had always wanted to obtain the third title to complete the series.

Then Randy told me that the three serials had been published in England under the following titles:

Movie:	Book:
The Exploits of Elaine	The Exploits of Elaine
The New Exploits of Elaine	The Romance of Elaine
The Triumph of Elaine	The Triumph of Elaine

In America, however, the second and third movie serials had been published together in book form under the title, The Romance of Elaine. They were able to squeeze the plots of the two movie serials into one book by leaving out one of the episodes that appeared in the second serial.

From Julian Symons:

In my book Mortal Consequences I mention a book called Nena Sahib by John Ratcliffe, and ask whether this book (which is said to have contained a "locked room" murder method used by a murderer in Germany in 1881) was in fact the first locked room novel. I had at the time no other information about the book.

Now Dr. Heinrich Meyer of Vanderbilt University tells me that Sir John Retcliffe (not Ratcliffe) was a pseudonym used by a German journalist and novelist named Hermann O. F. Goedsche, and that Nena Sahib was published in 1858-9. So the book does exist, which was one of the queries I raised; but the problem of whether it was really a locked room mystery remains. The British Museum has no copy of the book in German, and presumably it was not translated into English. If any reader of The Armchair Detective can find a copy of the book, and read it, he will be performing a service to historians and readers of crime fiction.

From Carlton S. Cobert:

Just a vote agreeing with R. W. Hays (TAD 5/3, p. 190) to separate older book reviews from new. And my personal request to be more explicit in all listings as to novels, short stories, or anthologies.

> Such a separate has been effected in this issue of TAD, and although there was very little reaction to the Hays suggestion I will continue the separation insofar as possible (the late submission of reviews may make impractical the separation in some cases).... As to the second point, no anthologies are intentionally included in the Bibliography. We are attempting to identify collections of short stories, but not all of these are known to us and the help of all readers here too will be appreciated. As for such identification in the quarterly checklist, Dr. Rausch take note! ——AJH

From Jon Tuska:

With regard to the recent review of my pamphlet Philo Vance: The Life and Times of S. S. Van Dine by J. Randolph Cox, there are a few comments I would like to make.

In my essay "The Philo Vance Murder Case," it was my deliberate intention to capture by every means at my disposal the spirit and character of Willard Huntington Wright. Style was one of those methods, and, in part, the style was devised so as to give of itself a suggestion of the man and his times. The essay had, of necessity, to condense an immense amount of material in a very few pages. In the revised form, which will appear in 1976 in the book The Detective in Hollywood, it will run twice its present length. Mr. Cox is wrong when he asserts that I said the hard-boiled detective emerged after 1939. What I said was, "After 1939, the suspense novel, the hard-boiled detectives, the espionage novel, the police romance, and the highly erotic private eye came into their own. Thinking was no longer entertaining."

I am well aware of the antecedents to these trends, but only after 1939 did they come to dominate the field to such an extent that a Philo Vance would have been inconceivable. I point to the alterations Ellery Queen underwent as a case in point.

What I tried to do, above all, in that essay was to capture Van Dine's personality and its extension into his life and his detective stories. In this I apparently succeeded. Willard's daughter wrote to me, after reading the essay three times, "I have wanted to write you a note and tell you how much I enjoyed Philo Vance. ...You have a great deal of empathy for my father's writings and peculiar psychology." Willard's brother, S. MacDonald Wright, wrote to me in a similar vein, "I have just read (the) monograph ... on my brother Van Dine and I wanted to tell you of my appreciation—you have sensed his feelings of utter futility and despair during the last years of his life." Mike Nevins, in his review of the essay, called it "a model of technical skill."

My knowledge of Willard in that essay was scrupulously confined to what I could deduce from his novels alone. This has since been many times confirmed, and further extended, by what I have learned from those who knew him best.

Perhaps Mr. Cox is right and Willard deserves "suitable academic attention." But he hated academics, and doubtless wouldn't appreciate it. In any case, "academic attention" will be difficult, since his books do not sell at all today, even in paperback, and publishers are burned wherever they have tried. One happy circumstance of my essay was that I got four of the Philo Vance films reissued and they have caused some excitement on college campuses and in film study courses.

From Ed Lauterbach:

Will you ever get tired of hearing "You've turned out another great issue of TAD"? Issue 5:3 was packed with solid articles, the usual informed bibliographical information, and interesting notes and letters. I especially liked the honest appraisals of Norman Donaldson's "In the Wake of Haycraft-Queen" and Frank D. McSherry's "Ten Best Detective Novels" (letters section). Both Donaldson and McSherry give specific reasons for liking or disliking the works they discuss, and because of this I can see how they evaluate mystery and detective stories and can agree or disagree with their judgments.

One minor correction: on page 147, line 25, the word "bringing" should be "printing"—printing fonts, which makes the sentence in my "Wise Detective Stories" more intelligible.

I agree with the praise given the ABC-TV Adventures of Nick Carter by Dick Lochte and Randy Cox (pp. 159, 187). However, someone did not do his homework completely on the musical background for this TV production, and this was very evident when I watched the June 13 rerun. Approximately 12 minutes into the show, Nick visits the Plush Horse Club where Freddie Duncan enjoys a party. The band plays in a distinctly Dixieland style. Again, about 19 minutes into the show "Put Your Arms Around Me" is sung in a near-Dixieland style. However, the costumes, the interiors and the exteriors all indicate that the time of this Nick Carter story is in the early 1900's, probably pre-World War I, and according to all the histories of jazz I've read (and several of the ragtime and Dixieland records I've collected) Dixieland did not develop fully as a common jazz style until about 1915 and after WW I. It's not too likely that Dixieland would have been played in the Plush Horse in New York at the time supposedly depicted in this TV film. With so much attention lavished on other period details, I found this musical anachronism disconcerting, even though the Dixieland ran for only about two minutes or less in each scene. Another lovely gaff occurs near the end when Nick stands in the cemetery watching the burial of the false body of Ivy Duncan. Though this is supposed to be a New York cemetery, I've never seen so many bare trunks of twenty-foot palm trees—palm trees that are common in California and Florida. I can't believe that even in the early 1900's so many palms grew in New York! Again, the scene only lasted about two minutes, and viewers were not supposed to notice the trees but the actors and the action. Why fuss with details like Dixieland jazz and palm trees? Such small details of realism impress the viewer, perhaps subconsciously, and create the difference between the perfect and the merely good TV film.

I assume Bob Aucott (p. 189) is familiar with Hans Stefan Santesson's anthology The Locked Room Reader: Stories of Impossible Crimes and Escapes (1968), which includes Israel Zangwill's novel The Big Bow Mystery, as well as some other superb examples of locked room stories. The locked room short story by J. Sheridan Le Fanu is "The Murdered Cousin", which appeared in Le Fanu's Ghost Stories and Tales of Mystery (1851). This is a rather good locked room yarn and does use the same device to explain the mystery of the room as found in Le Fanu's Uncle Silas (1864). Should anyone like to see what a really good Victorian gothic mystery is like, let him read Uncle Silas. I recommend the recent Dover edition (1966) with the excellent introduction by Frederick Shroyer.

Can anyone tell me whether Roland Daniel's Wu Fang books (D-3,-4) are related in any way to the seven Wu Fang pulp novels published during 1935-36 and written by Robert J. Hogan, author of the G-8 World War I air yarns? The spelling of Wu Fang is identical in each series. Could Hogan be a pseudonym for Daniel? Both writers, obviously, were very prolific.

From Frank D. McSherry, Jr.:

Once again I thoroughly enjoyed every bit of the current TAD. I notice a tendency here that seems to have grown in the last two or three issues: the average quality of the issue is rising. First, second and third place used to be widely separated, but now they're getting closer and closer, and while I can't yet tie all the articles in an issue for first place I think we're getting close to it—is this just my imagination, or has someone else noticed this?

First goes to Orley Holtan this time, for his subtle yet clear article on the strange works of Friedrich Durrenmatt; second to Pronzini's well-researched article on Hunter; third to Nevins' very funny one on Lee Thayer, only its short length preventing it from getting a higher place. Lauterbach's account of the strange career of the world's only forger of books

and its reflection in fiction, written in an excellent style and touched with humor; Donaldson's indepent views of recent books; and Christopher's deeply thoughtful account of "Rites of a Mystery Cult", are so closely bunched together for fourth—and each nearly made third—it's hard to choose between them. In fact, picking 1-2-3 is getting harder all the time, due to the growing and rising level of excellence of the articles as a whole. As a reader, I'm certainly looking forward to the next issue; as a rater, I'm shuddering. . .

Regarding the Ten Best Detective Stories, perhaps your readers would be interested in seeing Rex Stout's choices, made some years ago, listed in Vincent Starrett's Books and Bipeds, a collection of his columns from the Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine of Books, Argus 1947: "Mr. Stout once gave me his list of the "ten best detective stories", naming them in the following order: The Moonstone (Wilkie Collins); The Maltese Falcon (Dashiell Hammett); The Benson Murder Case (S. S. Van Dine); The Documents in the Case (Dorothy Sayers and Robert Eustace); The Innocence of Father Brown (G. K. Chesterton); Call Mr. Fortune (H. C. Bailey); The Bellamy Trial (Francis Noyes Hart); The Cask (Freeman Wills Crofts); The Murder of Roger Ackroyd (Agatha Christie); Lament for a Maker (Michael Innes)."

Starrett comments that "I confess I should have difficulty keeping Nero Wolfe out of, say, the first dozen"; and adds "I am feeling faintly futile today, an inevitable prelude to list-making" and points out some omissions from "acknowledged masterpieces, Poe's three tales of ratiocination...Gaston Leroux's Mystery of the Yellow Room, Francis Beeding's Death Walks in Eastrepps, Trent's Last Case by E. C. Bentley, and—say—The Mystery of 31, New Inn by R. Austin Freeman, although there are three or four Freeman any one of which would serve equally well...he might have chosen one of Dorothy Sayers' very own novels instead of a collaboration, and thereby have done better by Dorothy and his list." Since decency would prevent Stout choosing one of his own works, "I shall do it for him—the choice perhaps is between The League of Frightened Men, The Rubber Band, and Too Many Cooks, all very close to tops in anybody's list." Starrett closes wisely: "The moral to this sort of game is: never name just ten books. Insist on twenty-five at least, and you will have fewer outraged readers at your throat." (From a 1943 column.)

Speaking of outraged readers, my apologies to Mr. Hoch, who must have found my clumsy phrasing confusing in my letter in the last TAD, where I explained that I had listed no authors of the last 10-20 years in my best mystery author selections, such as "Hoch...largely because I prefer to judge from a large amount of work if possible." Since as everybody knows Mr. Hoch has already produced a body of work considerable both in amount and quality, he must have wondered what I'd been drinking; it must have real punch. I should have added "and from the perspective of time". Sorry about that.

Starrett adds one or two "best" selections of his own in this fine gossipy book about books, wonderful for dipping into from time to time, again and again. "The most appalling murder in literature...is that of Geoghan, the drunken doctor in John Metcalfe's remarkable short story, 'The Smoking Leg'. I don't mean...this...is the best murder story I have read, although it is a good one; only that the mechanism of the murder, as performed by the lascar, Abdullah Jan, seems to me the most blood-chilling and horrendous in my remembered reading. It is impossible to think of Geoghan's death without a shudder. I hope I have now whetted a number of morbid apetites, and certainly I shall not spoil the story for anybody by telling what happened." Basically a grim fantasy about the curse of the Idol's Eye on its despoilers, the story also presents a shocking method of smuggling stolen jewels out of India.

Starrett lists another best, somewhat tongue-in-cheek here, in a column I'll quote completely: "The Shortest Murder Story. One of the briefest and best short stories in the world, in the opinion of this department, is the murder mystery written by Archie, the little boy in E. F. Benson's novel, Across the Stream. All it lacks in the way of mastery is a number of red herrings, and any reader can put those in for himself. The businesslike artistry of the thing makes a strong appeal. As follows"

'Chapter One.
There was once a murderer with yellow eyes, and his wife said to him,
"If you murder me you will be hung." And he was hung on Tuesday next.
Finis.'"

There's a real minimystery for Mr. Queen!

Remember the contests for most poetic word, "April, rose, etc"... that magazines used to run? But here is detective story writer W. J. Burley's choice, from Death in Willow Pattern, Walker, 1969, p. 171: "Murdered...the most evocative word in the language." You know, in a way, he's right?

An amusing sidelight on the creator of Uncle Abner and Randolph Mason is found in Paul R. Reynold's account of his life as a literary agent, The Middle Man (Morrow, 1972): "One day in the 1920s a successful writer, Melville Davisson Post, cabled my father to hire a Japanese

butler. Then Post instructed my father to bring the butler to the pier so that both could meet Post's boat when he arrived from Europe. When my father refused..and did not even meet the boat, Post withdrew his work. The above is far from typical." When Reynolds guessed wrongly that a movie studio would pay more for a Margery Allingham detective story, he lost Miss Allingham $5,000. He told her honestly about it and said she might want to take her business elsewhere; Miss Allingham replied don't be silly, everybody makes mistakes now and then, "bless her!", and stayed with him. Later he got a movie sale for her after all.

William F. Nolan's Steve McQueen: Star on Wheels is of interest largely only to fans of movies and racing, both fields in which Nolan shows an easy, thorough and well-researched expertise; but detective fans will enjoy Chapter 8: "The Great San Francisco Car Chase", which details the three weeks' filming of the car smashup in Bullitt needed to get nine minutes of finished film. Both film chase and Nolan's account of it are real hair-raisers. City authorities finally blocked off some streets for the movie men, "but," said McQueen, "they didn't realize just what we would be doing with those cars! ... I'd always had a yen to see a car hit a gas station and blow up...in a film, I mean. So we had this written into the end of the chase: the Charger shoots off the highway into this filling station and...the whole shebang blows skyhigh!" Nolan details it all, cars doing 60 over San Francisco's steep hillside city streets and literally airborne for thirty feet in doing so, full-out on the waterfront to the final spinout and crash. For us cynics, Nolan points out that it was really McQueen in that car, no stunt man. McQueen did eighty percent of his own driving in the film (the missing twenty percent came when his wife found out what he was doing).... Readers will recall the sensational news story in 1969 about the vicious, irrational sentence given two boys, one 14, one 15, of three years confinement in an adult, maximum security prison in Florida (they were conficted of breaking and entering with intent to commit a felony), and how the Governor finally broke precedent and removed the boys from the adult jail to a rehabilitation home with a good reputation. Nolan, in a behind-the-scenes story in Chapter 9, reveals who was the person really responsible for correcting this cruelty. Nolan's book is out from Berkley at 75¢.

Agatha Christie has a new story, her first in years about Harley Quinn and Mr. Satterthwaite, entitled "The Harlequin Tea Set", in Winter's Crimes 3, an anthology of all-new, never published before stories edited by George Hardinge and published by Macmillan (London, 1971). It contains 11 short stories, 272 pages, costs $4.55 in Yankee money, and includes tales by John Bingham, Julian Symons, Christianna Brand, P. M. Hubbard, Selwyn Jepson, etc. The two tales I've read so far are quite good, the Christie and especially the Symons. (I got my copy from Chapman's; add a quarter for postage, which at a guess should be about right.)

Reader Aucott asks about an 1851 story by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu about a locked room. Le Fanu published two books in 1851, according to the Bibliography in Norman Browne's Sheridan Le Fanu (Barker, London, 1951), one supernatural (Ghost Stories of Chapelizod) and the other, also a collection of previously printed stories, apparently a mixed bag: Ghost Stories and Tales of Mystery. Bleiler, in his large-sized quality paperback collection, Best Ghost Stories of J. S. Le Fanu, Dover, 1964 (all of 468 pages of some of the most frighening ghost stories ever written, ranking with M. R. James), calls this latter Le Fanu volume "impossibly rare" now. Two of its four stories are easily available in various forms today and in Bleiler's collection ("The Watcher", also known as "The Familiar", and "Schalken the Painter," each a real creeper; both are supernatural tales) and two are not. One of these latter is "The Murdered Cousin", which Browne describes briefly as a "short form of Uncle Silas"; the other is "The Evil Guest", which Browne says "has been styled the bloodiest of Le Fanu's stories. Certainly the physical details of the crime of murder are described with grim fidelity, though the crudities of a mere shocker...are counterbalanced by the great skill with which the morbid temperament of" one of the characters "is revealed to the reader." Browne says the murder is based on a real crime, referred to by Charles Dickens in The Holly Tree Inn: "the landlord was found at the murdered traveller's bedside with his own knife at his feet... he was hanged for the murder notwithstanding his protestations that he had indeed gone there to kill the traveller for his saddle-bags", but found the man already murdered. Years later the real criminal confessed. Le Fanu expanded this short story into a novel, A Lost Name, in 1868. "Not a distinguished work", says Browne. "The Evil Guest" is itself an expansion of an earlier version of this case, entitled "Richard Marston of Dunoran", and sounds like the one Reader Aucott is seeking. Le Fanu's Room in the Flying Dragon (Avon, n.d.) is a terrific suspense tale that does much to account for his reputation. Dorothy Sayers says that Le Fanu's novel Checkmate (1871) is the first story to use a plot turning on the employment of plastic surgery by the criminal to enable him to escape detection. Browne calls it "an absorbing mystery story" and says "The story of detection, with its hurried journeys, false scents, alibis and 'hunches', is astonishingly modern in tone and treatment." I imagine copies of this would be

hard to come by nowadays. Recent reprints have appeared of his The House by the Churchyard (Blond, London, 1968) and Wylder's Hand (Gollancz, London, 1963), both highly praised novels, but both in very small if clear print. Both are long Victorian three-deckers (496 and 387 pages respectively) and I'm not sure if they're classifiable as detective or supernatural tales. Miss Sayers lists both as detective but August Derleth planned to publish House as part of his Arkham House supernatural series years ago until rising prices and the great length of the work made this financially impractical for AH. Miss Sayers, like all others, praises both highly: "For sheer grimness and power there is little in the literature of horror to compare with the trepanning scene in Le Fanu's The House by the Churchyard" ... and Browne calls Wylder's Hand "a masterpiece of mystery story writing." Unlike many authors Le Fanu was a highly capable businessman, owning and editing several newspapers and the excellent Dublin University Magazine, with a passion for ghost stories—"Dublin booksellers in the less frequented parts of the city became accustomed to see him just before nightfall when he would emerge like an apparition from the shadows and ask in his pleasant voice and smile, 'Any more ghost stories for me?'" The death of the young wife he deeply loved led him to become a recluse; he withdrew more and more from the world, working at night, like Lovecraft, on his beloved ghost stories. All his life he was haunted by horrendous nightmares so vivid and horrible that he would wake up screaming; one, of a rotten, tottering old mansion about to collapse and bury him, was especially bad; and when he was found dead one morning his doctor, looking at the dead, fear-filled face and horrified eyes, said, "that house fell at last!"

Reader Balow asks about rare Lord Peter Wimsey stories that haven't appeared in book form. According to Publisher's Weekly, 1 May 1972, Miss Sayers' heir, Anthony Fleming, discovered a previously unpublished Lord Peter story, entitled "Tall Boys", among her papers after her death. The account said that this never-before-published story will be printed in booklet form and sent to booksellers to distribute to buyers of Harper & Row's collection of all the Wimsey stories known at the time the collection, Lord Peter, was printed; and this story will be included in forthcoming printings of the volume. Were these pamphlets of "Tall Boys" actually printed? Haven't seen one myself yet; does anyone have any later information on this?

Reader Balow's interesting letter asks if any other detective has disappeared. Yes, it happens in In the Best Families, by Rex Stout (Viking, 1950). It seems like an ordinary case and private detective Nero Wolfe only takes it for the money: rich Mrs. Rackham wants to find out where her younger, fortune-hunting husband is getting the large sums of cash he's been flinging around lately; they certainly didn't come from her. A month before someone poisoned a valuable dog owned by a dog-breeding friend of Mrs. Rackham, and under pretense of checking into this Wolfe's bodyguard and assistant Archie Goodwin will investigate. At noon the next day Archie signs a slip of paper for a package which starts to hiss when Wolfe opens it; he and Archie leave, fast—though Wolfe weighs about a sixth of a ton, he "can move all right, considering what he has to move." It's only tear gas, but it could have been high explosive, as the man with the nasty voice points out when he phones to order Wolfe to get out of the Rackham case and stay out. Ten months earlier he had given Wolfe another warning, backing it up by raking Wolfe's top-story hothouse with sub-machine gun fire, causing thousands of dollars damages and—worse to Wolfe—smashing hundreds of valuable, gorgeous orchids there. He's a Moriarty-style mastermind running a vast network of crime and political pull, "He is the most dangerous man in America," says Wolfe, and both know that any all-out clash between them will end in the death by violence of one or the other. But living under the orders and at the pleasure of Arnold Zeck is a kind of death too, and Wolfe refuses. Archie arrives at the kennels and finds murder by knife has come with him, the victim's guarding dog, a dangerous Doberman Pinscher, dying under that knife as well. Did Zeck order the killing? Is it connected with the earlier poisoning of a dog there and was the Doberman the intended victim? Or is the killing completely unrelated to those other cases? Puzzled, Archie reports by phone and goes home—to find the door to West 35th Street standing wide open and that mountainous Nero Wolfe had disappeared into the night, without a word. The last person to see Wolfe states, "He was standing ready to leave, after telling me those five things and no more. Having no reply, he turned and went. Beyond that I know nothing, but nothing." Next day's Gazette carries the ad: "Mr. Nero Wolfe Announces His Retirement From the Detective Business, April 10, 1950." "He walked out," said Archie. "He disappeared."

We might revise Reader Balow's question a bit, and ask: Which series detective will be next to vanish? I suggest John Putnam Thatcher—who takes long walks for a hobby (in the classic Vanisher vein), especially along the Appalachian Trail where Paula Weldon and several other people vanished in recent years. (See Pick Up Sticks by Emma Lathen, Simon & Schuster, 1970). Well, we'll see. Time, and the ladies Lathen, will tell.

I said there was only one book dealing with the effect Vanishers made on those they left

behind them; actually there's another—the Italian film L'Avventura and the book of its script, including scenes later cut from the film for reasons of length, comments by the director ("When I finished L'Avventura, I was forced to reflect what it meant") and film critics and reviews of the film, in L'Avventura by Michelangelo Antonioni, Grove Press paperback, illustrated profusely with stills from the film, 1969. During a vacation yachting trip in the Mediterranean with her lover, best friend and socialite friends, a young girl named Anna, a powerful swimmer, puts on a Theatrical Performance: She pretends to see a shark in the sea and later tells her friend there wasn't one, giving no explanation for this; and later goes ashore a pyramid-shaped island with several of the party to explore, rest and sunbathe, hints that she may leave her lover: "I'd like to spend some time all by myself...I mean longer—two months, a year, three years!", and only when it is growing dark and a rainstorm sweeps up from the sea do the friends realize that Anna isn't in sight anymore. They search the island, hearing the faint, brief sound of engines not belonging to their ship, though no other ship is visible, and slowly realize that Anna is gone... She never comes back, no reason for her disappearance is ever given, and the rest of the long (2½ hours) black-and-white film is devoted to the effect her vanishing has on the lives, feelings and acts of the others, especially her lover and best friend, who fall in love but are haunted by the feeling Anna may somehow return. ... It is an engrossing, strange, deliberately slow-moving film. Watch it for something different in film fare.

One excellent Vanisher story I overlooked (and a good entry for the list of Miracle Problems in Reader Adey's fine letter) is "Chinoserie" by Helen McCloy, second prize winner in The Queen's Awards 1946, edited by Ellery Queen (Little Brown, 1946).

It is a colorful tale, set in Pekin, the Tartar city, capitol of the Manchu Empire around the turn of the century, where powdered jade is medicine for anemia, where musicians are blinded to intensify their hearing, where beggars are found every morning frozen to death, where the nine great gates are locked at sunset; where the delicately beautiful Russian girl Olga Kyrilovna sets out, oddly dressed with white felt Mongol socks drawn over dancing slippers and in a Siberian cloak of blue fox paws, in a cart drawn by blindfolded Mongol ponies down high-walled doorless streets to the Japanese Legation dance—and vanishes on the way. The cart before her arrives, and the cart following, but no Olga Kyrilovna. Military attache and former Colonel of Cossacks Alexei Liakoff investigates in a case involving princes who imitate beggars, a Japanese art collector, a Russian Minister who is Olga's husband and three times her age, and the wondrous paintings on silk of the legendary and vanishing Wang Wei, so great a painter that his portraits of cats hung on the wall keep a house free of mice, and who it is said did not die, but when his time of passing came stepped through a Doorway in one of his paintings and was seen no more. A fine story; and Queen's introduction calls it "one of the most distinguished short stories written since the detective story came of age."

Another I overlooked was William F. Nolan's "Death Double", in Impact 20, Paperback Library collection, 1963. This is a short-short which manages to combine quite a lot of themes in a few words, combining the doppelganger theme with the Marie Celeste, Ambrose Bierce, Hollywood stunt men, and an unusual motive for murder—and all rather cleverly in a good story. And Ligny's Lake, by S. H. Courtier, is based on the recent disappearance of Australia's Prime Minister Harold Holt.

My thanks to Reader Adey for reminding me of The Curse of the Bronze Lamp, another good one I overlooked.

Reader Augott's suggestion for anthologies from TAD in book form is excellent. You ask if we should have selections from all volumes or reprints of earlier volumes complete. Why not both? Most buyers would have the later volumes complete, presumably, and the smaller earlier volumes could probably be reprinted complete in one not-too-large book; for the general public as well as TAD collectors and fans, the anthology of selections from all volumes would be indicated. One objection to anthology: it would probably leave out letters; or rather, I feel it should include selections from the letters department, many of which are short essays often as good or better than anything in the rest of the issue, and I'd hate to miss them.

In closing I would like to thank the many readers who have so generously gone out of their way to locate and list books about Vanishers and recommend them to me; in 5:3 alone, Readers Adey, Balow, Dukeshire, Harwood again, Finch, and in the preceding issue, Mr. Nevins—and all the other thoughtful people. I'm keeping an eye out for these volumes, most of them quite new to me.

Rush along the Black Mask Bibliography, something to make the mouth water! And I hope Mr. Nevins' updated article on books about books about crime stories and detective stories will be along soon—who is better qualified to write it? More too by Mr. Lachman, a most enjoyable writer; and I hope to see an article by Mr. Mayer on those rare old pulps he mentioned.

From Joe Christopher:

I'd like to take up a point which Joan Mooney and I were discussing about her dissertation: the emphasis on the bitch-heroine and the wenchdunit plot in hardboiled mysteries. I recently read Gershon Legman's Love and Death: A Study in Censorship (New York: Hacker Art Books, 1963; originally published 1949), an interesting and eccentric pamphlet of 95 pages. Legman is best known, I think, as a folklorist of erotic literature (he worked with Dr. Kinsey as a bibliographer at one time), and his thesis in this pamphlet is that the emphasis on brutality, which he usually calls sadism, is a direct result of sexual repression in literature. His thesis is explained in the first chapter, "Institutionalized Lynch" (pp. 7-24). Then he discusses crime comic books for a chapter, "Not for Children" (pp. 27-54). His discussion of mysteries, to which I shall return, comes next, "Avatars of the Bitch" (pp. 57-80). And finally he turns to popular authors, W. Somerset Maugham (this was before Maugham's homosexuality had been revealed), James Hilton, Ernest Hemingway, and Philip Wylie, in "Open Season on Women" (pp. 83-95).

The chapter on the Bitch begins with the historical novels of women writers, such as Gone With the Wind, which preach hate between the sexes (according to Legman), and then considers masculine writers of the same material, such as Ben Ames Williams. Then Legman considers the mystery writers—Dashiell Hammett (pointing out, by the way, that the Pocket Book edition of The Thin Man was censored espite the claim that not one word was changed), James M. Cain, Harry Kurnitz, Richard Sale, Matthew Head, James Hadley Chase, Vivian Connell, Gerald Butler, Raymond Chandler, Richard Pitts Powell, Mary Roberts Rinehart (next subsection), Craig Rice, Dorothy Sayers, and Cornell Woolrich.

Most of these paragraphs on mystery writers are just summaries of the sadism found in one work or another, but some are more than that (an odd discussion of Harriet Vane and Lord Peter Wimsey as making one hermaphrodite protagonist, for example). The most interesting charge that Legman makes is that of a homosexual attitude on the part of Chandler's Philip Marlowe, after he has compared a description of a dead woman and a man (the latter in Farewell, My Lovely: "His voice was soft, dreamy, so delicate for a big man that it was startling."). Legman comments: "And yet, no matter how 'strangely' Chandler's detective, Marlowe, moons over these big men, they are always beating him up..." Some of Legman's comments are now incorrect or otherwise explainable—such as Marlowe never going to bed with a woman. I assume that was publisher's policy, and if I remember correctly, Marlowe does make love to a woman in Playback.

But even with his errors (and a very odd list of mystery writers of emphasize), Legman makes some points which are worth discussion. Somebody more knowledgeable than I am in Freudian theory will have to take on his basic theory (I ran across a review of one of his other books a few days ago where the reviewer was saying his Freudianism was not up to date, but I'm not certain how significant that is). Second, I'd like to see someone—hopefully, Dr. Mooney—take on a survey of not only the hardboiled detective's attitudes toward women but his attitudes toward men. How complete is the private eye's rejection of either sex, or both sexes?

From Everett F. Bleiler:

There are [illegible] bibliography-cinematography problems that have been bothering me. Perhaps you or your [illegible] might be able to help?

[illegible] Years ago I saw a movie starring E. Arnold as a blind detective. I remember a scene with Arnold performing judo. Date perhaps 1945-50. I have a vague memory that Arnold was Carrados, but this may be wrong. Anyone know the title of the movie, and whether it really was Max C.?

(2) I would like to get a full bibliography of Stribling's Poggioli stories. I have all the EQMM stories, Clues of the Caribbees, "The Resurrection of Chin Lee," but I am not sure that I have all of the stories published in The Saint. I also ran into one in Rex Stout's Mystery Magazine. Are there any elsewhere? Which were the ones in The Saint?

You might be interested to know that Dover is doing a collection of Max Carrados stories, out perhaps September-October, and two Dr. Thorndyke volumes, next year.

From John E. Herzog:

I am writing this for a dual purpose, so I'll get the selfish one out of the way first. Over the years I have accumulated a dozen or so volumes on Holmes and Watson, such as Profile by Gaslight, Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes, In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes, By-Ways of Baker Street, etc., and would like to enlarge the collection. I have tried to contact the Baker Street Irregulars but received no answer—have they moved from Morristown N.J. or what? Anyway if anyone has any duplicate or interesting Sherlockiana or Watsoniana, I'm interested and please contact me at 938 Pine Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15234.

The second item is more altruistic. For those lucky enough to get to London do not miss

the Sherlock Holmes Pub. It is a pure delight to the Holmes fan. There is no 221B Baker Street unfortunately (and never was), but for the 1951 Festival of Britain a group of Holmes idolators assembled the sittingroom as complete as possible from all the data given in the 60 Holmes stories. When the Festival ended, it was universally agreed it was a shame to lose the sittingroom, and the Whitbread Brewery changed the name of one of its pubs to the Sherlock Holmes and installed the exhibit in toto in the pub. The ground floor is full of playbills and old newspaper clippings of the stories, plays, movies, etc., and a paper mache head of the Hound of the Baskervilles, but upstairs is the treasure. On display in a glassed in room is the sitting room at 221B including a dummy Holmes, gasogene, Persian slipper, even the pock-marked VR on the wall. No true believer in London should miss it, yet it is very easy to miss in spite of being a one minute walk from Trafalgar Square. It is up an alley called Northumberland Street, which is only about a hundred feet long branching off Northumberland Ave., which is quite prominent. Mine eyes have seen the glory, and I hope many will be steered there by this bit of information, to where it is always 1895 in our hearts.

From Ed Hoch:

I read the April TAD with great interest, as always, and was particularly pleased with the reviews of my recent collections by Joe Christopher and Marvin Lachman.

I can clear up one question raised in the Christopher review of The Judges of Hades and Other Simon Ark Stories. He's bothered by the name of the village of Gidaz in the first Simon Ark story, "Village of the Dead." I must admit that Gidaz is nothing but Zadig spelled backwards, and I suppose it's evidence of a youthful writer coming upon Voltaire's masterpiece for the first time. In this same early period I published a story called "The Last Darkness" (Fast Action Detective and Mystery Stories, August 1957) in which the East German detective is named Zadig.

From William White:

Every time I get a new issue of TAD I want to sit right down and write the Editor a letter, but something always seems to intervene: a ball game, a research project, a deadline for a book review, or it's just too damn hot (or cold). Today, however, before I'm overtaken by a new "something", may I comment on two items in April 1972 TAD: Edward S. Lauterbach's "Wise Detective Stories" and Frank D. McSherry Jr.'s letter on "The Ten Best Detective Novels."

I certainly agree with Mr. Lauterbach on what a wonderful piece of detective work John Carter and Graham Pollard did in their Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets (London and New York, 1934). I had just started graduate school in California when I learned about the book from Professor Frank C. Baxter; and we watched the decline of Wise's great great reputation literally into the grave. It was both frustrating and, in a way, painful: as Wise attempted to answer the charges against him, he began to look more and more foolish—finally his wife put a stop to it.

There was something masterful and grand about his cleverness in the "creation" of his forged pre-first editions and his cheating his wealthy clients out of thousands. And what a fall there was with the Carter-Pollard exposé. Arrogant, stuffy, and with some of the qualities one often associates with the British, especially when they cheat Americans, Wise nevertheless had to be admired on how he carried it all off—until the Fall. And he surely fell.

I am glad for Wise's sake, however, that he was dead when it was discovered he had stolen those pages from British Museum books to make perfect his own imperfect copies of XVIIth century dramas. To fabricate those pamphlets was, in a sense, artistic, but to steal pages from library books is not only dastardly but is low, cheap, and so very petty. It took away a lot of the Wise sheen—he was no longer the magnificent forger, only a common thief.

In their very English way of understatement and suggestion, Carter and Pollard thoroughly implicated Wise without once directly charging him with criminal wrongdoing. Their choice of a quotation, as an epigraph to their Enquiry, is masterful:

> "The whole thing proves once more that, easy as it appears to be to fabricate reprints of rare books, it is in actual practice absolutely impossible to do so in a manner that detection cannot follow the result."
>
> Thomas J. Wise,
> Bibliography of Swinburne, I, 93.

I might add that the British title for Wilfred Partington's Forging Ahead (1939) is Thomas J. Wise in the Original Cloth (London: Robert Hale, 1946). Another book that might be mentioned is Sonia Cole's Counterfeit (New York: Abelard-Schuman, 1956), which has a fine chapter on Wise, Carter, and Pollard, and a lot of other material of interest to detectively inclined readers. Of much more importance is Fannie E. Ratchford's Letters of Thomas J. Wise

to John Henry Wrenn: A Further Inquiry into the Guilt of Certain Nineteenth-Century Forgers (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1944). And one of those implicated, really implicated, was Sir Edmund Gosse: here was a great man of letters in his day, and author of a great book, Father and Son (1907). Oh, how the mighty do fall.

Enough of T. J. Wise. The other April TAD item, on Mr. McSherry's "ten best", leads only to an often-made comment: to pick ten best anything is an exercise in futility. I wonder if any detective story reader could ever agree with any other detective story reader on the ten best detective novels: it depends so much on what your criteria are and how many stories you've read. I could not agree more with Mr. McSherry's comments on The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Maltese Falcon, The Murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey, and Gaudy Night. However, isn't it more accurate for a reader to say "My Ten Favorite" rather than "Ten Best"? My favorites? Well, here are a few, without comment: Agatha Christie's The Murder of Roger Ackroyd, Wilkie Collins' The Moonstone, Dorothy Sayers' Nine Tailors, Richard Hull's The Murder of My Aunt, and H. F. Heard's A Taste for Honey—add these to the four I list from Mr. McSherry's best.

As for my ten favorite writers, I couldn't possibly leave out Dorothy Sayers, but then I may be looking for literary qualities rather than "detective" qualities. And who could quarrel with such masters as Doyle, Carr, Hammett, Christie, and perhaps Chesterton and Poe—without a doubt, Poe. In the end, though, I'm afraid I just haven't read enough of others; and I'm not really an expert—I'm just a reader.

From Mary Lou Koenig (129 Woodward Ave., Lock Haven, Pa. 17745):

I've been trying to track down a story written by Helen Traubel, the opera singer. It is called "The Ptomaine Canary" and appeared in some magazine, probably in a two part story. Do any of your readers know where I could find it? Or would anyone having a copy lend it to me to read or be willing to sell same?

From Jim Goodrich:

I was very pleasantly jolted to see the wonderful responses in the January TAD from Doc Lowndes and Steve Fisher that my simple queries evoked. Wonder if I will ever be as fortunate again. Please inform Steve that, as a veteran 30-year cinema buff, I consider Hollywood "characters" as being delightfully human. That goes for writers also. I wish Steve had thrown in a few dates in his fascinating account of Roger Torrey: for example, when did he write "Wait for Me" and when did Torrey die?

I would like to order a copy of Tuska's Philo Vance, but couldn't find a price in your review. (You've probably caught it by now in Randy Cox's review: $1.50. ——AJH) Speaking of Bowling Green University Popular Press, what happened to their plans for publishing Lofts' biography of Charteris, which (according to Bob Briney) was appeared in England?

I must disagree with Dick Lochte's estimation of Cannon. The plots don't strike me as tired, and Bill Conrad (avoirdupois, notwithstanding) is a brilliant actor.

Now that Sam Peeples has informed, at least, me of the "absolutely incredible career" of William LeQueux, I want to hear much more!

From John A. Hogan (6, Fremantle Road, High Wycombe, Bucks, England):

As ever one turns to the oracle or fountainhead of knowledge when faced with a problem.

I have learnt that a number of Edgar Wallace short stories, articles and general ephemera appeared in an American periodical called Adventure possibly during the 1913-1918 era. I suppose this was what you call on of your "pulp magazines"—never heard of it before.

Can you give me any leads as to whom, what or where I approach to try and ascertain more precise detail as to issues which contained Edgar Wallace material—and, I suppose, a far more difficult question, who is there anywhere that might have these Adventure magazines for sale?

A suggestion for possible future thought: has anyone ever yet listed all the anthologies and omnibus volumes containing detective fiction? I know that the majority include purely reprints from elsewhere but also know that as far as Edgar Wallace was concerned many short stories appeared under entirely different titles and often with some revision to them, which makes the hunting down of these volumes rather a fascinating quest.

From Theodore P. Dukeshire:

In reply to Mike Nevins' letter in the January issue of TAD, he is correct in saying that Chandler didn't have any published works when Chase started writing. It's my oversight and I apologize for it. But the two books Cain had published, The Postman Always Rings Twice (1934) and Serenade (1937) did influence Chase's writing; There's Always a Price Tag and Strictly for Cash are two examples.

As to Sam Spade choosing love over duty, I reread my article and saw how that could be misinterpreted. What I meant to say was that while Spade chose duty over love, Chase's hero did the reverse and suffered the consequences.

Mr. Chase himself also found an error. He said, and I quote: "Mr. Dukeshire is mistaken

claiming I am Frenchborn. I am more English than the English, although I have lived in France for many years."

I'd also like to thank Messrs. Barzun and Taylor for their Catalogue of Crime, even though I don't always agree with their opinions. If it wasn't for Catalogue, I'd never have heard of Douglas Rutherford, Peter Chambers, Jean Bruce and others.

From David A. Jasen:

It is gratifying to know that TAD's readers are the helpful lot I hoped when I wrote the Craig Rice article. Although I had written to you that I meant the bibliography of short stories to be considered a beginning, I didn't mention it anywhere in the article (which did indeed contain some gremlins at work). It was, therefore, a delightful surprise to find Mike Nevins calling our attention to that lovely short in EQMM under the Venning name.

Joe Christopher can take heart. I did list all the short stories I knew about that appeared under the Craig Rice byline (whether or not she actually wrote them).

As one who bites nails and throws stones at defenseless creatures, may I express my pleasure with Frank McSherry's remarks. And I'm very sorry to destroy his charming illusion.

From Jim Goodrich's letter, the three novels by Craig Rice which do not feature either John J. Malone or the Bingo Riggs-Handsome Kusak team are Telefair, Home Sweet Homicide, and Innocent Bystander.

While the short story bibliography is incomplete, the novels or bound books I believe to be complete.

Back to friend Nevins with his nits: as my article dealt with Craig Rice and her byline (and not her creations), there wasn't place for the Janifer contribution. Miss Rice had nothing to do with it. The same holds true for my omitting movies and radio plays featuring John J. Malone, but written by others. I also know full well that But the Doctor Died wasn't written by her, but her name is on it and must be included for that reason. As for those short stories under her byline but not written by her, it should be obvious which these are. Craig Rice was a master storyteller with a particularly original style and these pale imitations fall by the wayside. Anyone interested in having me tell them can write me (40-21 155 Street, Flushing, N. Y. 11354).

I'm hoping that others will write in to list those shorts "by Craig Rice" which I missed, so that part of her bibliography may be completed.

From Howard Rapp (20 Don Court, Redwood City, California 94062):

Amnon Kabatchnik and Howard Rapp would like to hear from kindred mystery lovers in and around the Bay Area, California. Objective: to promote informal meetings of book discussions and book swapping.

From Charles MacDonald:

Recently, in thinking of an additional area to tackle in collecting, I decided on trying for the annual volumes of the Mystery Writers of America. As no source I had gave a listing of all the titles, I searched the Library of Congress catalogue and CBI and came up with the list which follows. If you think it would be of interest you might want to run it.

1946: Richard Lockridge, Murder Cavalcade
1947: Ellery Queen, Murder by Experts
1950: Anthony Boucher, Four and Twenty Bloodhounds
1951: Helen McCloy and Brett Halliday, Twenty Great Tales of Murder
1952: MWA Editorial Committee, Maiden Murders
1953: Bruno Fischer, Crooks' Tour
1954: George Harmon Coxe, Butcher, Baker, Murder Maker
1955: Frances and Richard Lockridge, Crime for Two
1956: Rex Stout, Eat Drink and Be Buried
1957: Dorothy Gardiner, For Love or Money
1958: Dorothy S. Davis, A Choice of Murders
1959: John D. MacDonald, The Lethal Sex
1961: David Alexander, Tales for a Rainy Night
1962: Hugh Pentecost, Cream of the Crime
1963: The Gordons, A Pride of Felons
1964: John Creasey, Crime Across the Sea
1965: Edward D. Radin, Masters of Mayhem
1966: Thomas B. Dewey, Sleuths and Consequences
1967: Lawrence Treat, Murder in Mind
1968: Robert L. Fish, With Malaice Toward All
1969: Hillary Waugh, Merchants of Menace

1970: Dorothy S. Davis, Crime Without Murder
1971: Harold Q. Masur, Murder Most Foul
1972: Edward D. Hoch, Dear Dead Days (forthcoming)

Thus if I have been accurate, three years (1947, 1948, 1960) have gone without an MWA annual. In 1958 an anthology was published, edited by Brett Halliday, Big Time Mysteries, which from the Library of Congress entry would seem to be a juvenile collection, and in 1962 a true crime collection, The Quality of Murder, edited by Anthony Boucher.

From Mitchell Grand:

I've been reading in TAD of all the mistakes in A Catalogue of Crime. I thought they were rather petty. But here I come with my finding. I've been re-reading all of Dame Agatha Christie's books. After reading Easy to Kill (Murder is Easy in Britain) I looked in Catalogue to see what they thought of it. They said, "Miss Marple is credible and does not irritate by fussiness." Miss Marple is not in Easy to Kill! Superintendent Battle is the main arm of the law! But I still love Catalogue and reread it more than any other book I ever owned.

Meet Me in Green Glen by Robert Penn Warren is to me a superb crime novel: suspense, murder and court room trials. Have any other readers thought of it in this way?

I want to close this letter with mention of Carolyn Wells. I read my first detective story when I was 12. And I thought Carolyn Wells was just wonderful! Now everybody writes how bad she was. I haven't read her in years—and can't locate any of her books. If any TAD reader has a copy of any of her novels I would gladly pay or swap one of my books.

From William F. Nolan:

Many things to cover—so I'll plunge right in by saying that it is going to take to the end of 1976, or 4½ more years, to complete the A-to-Z author/book listings at the rate they are now being printed. It has taken six issues thus far to get us a quarter way through the listings (roughly estimated), and this means 18 more issues at least to get them completed. Since they are covering the field through 1970 the listings will be six years out of date by the time they are done! Is there any way at all that this process could be printed outside the confines of TAD, as a single unit publication, selling for maybe five bucks or so? I know that just the job of putting out TAD four times a year is a huge one (God knows I couldn't do it!)—but it does seem a shame to string out the A-to-Z lists over six full years to get them into print! Suggestions, anybody? /But see my previous note. —AJH/

Heard from my old friend Leigh Brackett, who says her screenplay on The Long Goodbye will be the one used by Robert Altman when he begins directing the film next month. I assume she'll get solo screen credit on this Chandler; her last one, on The Big Sleep, was shared with William Faulkner and Jules Furthman. By the way, any cinema/hardboiled buffs who would like to own a copy of that classic Chandler screenplay can send for it at Appleton-Century-Crofts. Dunno the price, but they put out a book called Film Scripts One through the Educational Division of the Meredith Corp. in 1971, edited by George P. Garrett and two others, which contains the final shooting script of The Big Sleep by Brackett/Faulkner/Furthman. The pic was produced in 1946 and this is the first time the screenplay has appeared in book format to my knowledge. (The script in the book is, I note, some 14 pages longer than the one I looked over in the files of the Academy Library. The shorter one was by Brackett and Faulkner. No Furthman credit.)

And speaking of Chandler films, I talked to one of the money men behind that chopped-up mess of a film, Chandler, which starred Warren Oates as the Marlowe-type eye, and discovered that it started out to be a legit version of Chandler's final novel, Playback. Then they decided to change things around and drop the idea of basing the film on Chandler's novel; the final result was, of course, a total disaster. At one point, so this man told me, they even had a complete script called Playback. (Chandler wrote the original one himself, for Universal, which is now in the files at UCLA, and which was never produced by the studio. He used it as the basis for his last Marlowe novel.)

How many of you know that writer Peter Manso (whose latest book is Faster! with auto champ Jackie Stewart) once taught a course at Rutgers on James Cain, Ross Macdonald, Hammett and Chandler? That is what I was told.

Read A Time of Predators the other day in paperback and found the Joe Gores novel to be one of those edge-of-your-seat books. Terrific suspense, a real thriller! Gores had an excellent, informative piece in the may issue of The Writer (1972) in which he revealed that he got 1200 rejections before his first OK on a story! He tells the cold truth about writers and writing in this article, one of the best I have come across in The Writer.

In your listing (in the Ds) under Daly you did not mark The Snarl of the Beast as a Race

Williams book, yet it is about ole Race, the first of the series to be put into book form. (I found a mint copy in the used bookbin for a quarter last year!) In fact, unless any one of your TAD readers can correct me, I think that The Snarl of the Beast is the first hard-boiled first-person private eye book to appear anywhere. Date was 1927. Which marks it as a book of real historic worth. (Not literary worth, God knows, because it is just plain awful in style and content!)

Enjoyed the fine Pronzini article on Evan Hunter. As S. A. Lombino he began in the sci-fi field the same year (1951) he began, under "Hunter", in the crime mags. I don't think Lombino wrote any crime stuff under his birth name, but I'm not all that much up on crime detective pulps of the early 50s. (Later he went to court and legally became Evan Hunter.)

Bill Clark is within, I think, six issues of having a complete file of Black Mask indexed. I've been lucky enough to gather some half-hundred 1920s issues, and my collection contains a near-mint copy of Vol. 1 No. 2—the second issue of Black Mask dated May, 1920. I've only seen one other copy of this issue—in the Black Mask collection at UCLA, and it is tattered, yellowed and literally falling apart. (The Library of Congress has no copy at all of May 1920!) I paid two bucks for mine, but one dealer claimed it would fetch twenty times that much from collectors. (All of which proves how crime nostalgia is growing in this country.)

Well, at this writing, I'm a quarter-finished with my second "Sam Space" detective/science fiction novel for Lancer Books. This one is called The Trouble with Space. The fact that the first in the series, Space for Hire, won a MWA Award Scroll caused Lancer to give me the go-ahead on a second. Frankly, I was amazed (and naturally delighted) to see Space for Hire emerge in MWA listings as one of the five best paperback originals of the year. Amazed mainly because it was sold and packaged strictly as science fiction. Which leads me to my next section, on the "cross-over" mystery...

The 'cross-over' mystery is that in which the subject matter embraces two fields or genres. (My Space for Hire is a science fiction/mystery or a mystery/science fiction novel, depending on how one wishes to look at it.) TAD has covered many of these in its past issues, but no one thus far has mentioned one long-standing type of "cross-over" mystery: the auto-racing mystery. I list the following half-dozen to illustrate (each of which deals with murder, using auto racing as the background): Salute to the Gods, by Malcolm Calmpbell, Putnam, 1935; Grand Prix Murder, by Douglas Rutherford, Collins (England), 1955; A Shriek of Tyres, by this same author, Collins, 1958; Countdown at Monaco, by Larry Kenyon, Avon, 1967 (this was one in a series of auto/secret agent adventure novels dealing with agent "Don Miles" who raced cars when he wasn't chasing international crooks); Afternoon of a Loser, by Tom Pace, Harper & Row, 1969 (highly praised by Ross Macdonald). Such titles, of course, belong in the A-to-Z detective book listings. (Stick 'em in, Al!)

Hope Fred Blosser keeps his promise to give us a piece on Paul Cain (real name: Peter Ruric). Cain did several ice-hard stories for Black Mask and one novel, Fast One, which I rate as possibly the classic of them all in cold-blooded hardboiled crime writing. I know that Ruric died a couple of years ago, but his life story was never told.

I was amused that Time (in its May 8th number) finally got around to looking at Michael Crichton as a crime writer under many names. He has a new "John Lange" book out, which he is directing for films under his real name. As "Jeffery Hudson" he won an MWA award and his winning novel, A Case of Need, became The Carey Treatment on the screen. Of course he's half of "Michael Douglas" and all of "John Norman" (under which he writes sci-fi thrillers). And the guy is still under 30!

I am in the process of gathering the best of my crime/suspense tales into a book collection. Have 50,000 words readyto go. Anybody know an editor who w nts 50,000 words of shock/crime/terror/suspense?

Well, I'll wrap this up—since I must get back to Sam Space and his involvement with Nancy Drew, Charlie Chan and Sherlock Holmes. (They're all robot duplicates from a crime museum of the future who are programmed to help Sam solve The Case of the Missing Asteroid!—along with a policemouse from Jupiter.)

Tune in next issue for further adventures!

From Ted Serrill:

Every issue of TAD is a romp down memory lane, particularly when your contributors write about the ten best books, or best authors and books of this decade or that. Your latest issue has broken down my resistance and I've doodled up a ten best 'tec novel list that you might pass along to Mr. Breen.

My biases are very narrow and while I enjoy a wide variety of stuff, I deeply enjoy only a sliver—a sliver they don't hardly write any more. I'd like to nominate each of the initial two-thirds of the output of J. D. Carr, but for some balance I must restrain myself to three:

The Crooked Hinge, The Judas Window, The Three Coffins.

Then, I'd like to select the first quarter or so of Ellery Queen's output, but I must be content with:

The Chinese Orange Mystery, Tragedy of X.

And the early Agatha Christie:

The Murder of Roger Ackroyd, And Then There Were None.

Only three books left and the above three writers have a combined 60 books I consider all equally superb. But, almost at random:

The Hound of the Baskervilles, Doyle; The Big Sleep, Chandler; Nine Tailors, Sayers.

And where does that put the many splendid novels by Edmund Crispin, Clayton Rawson, Michael Innes, Michael Gilbert, Marjory Allingham, Anthony Boucher, Anthony Berkeley, Nicholas Blake, Rex Stout, Philip MacDonald, and on? Not to mention Harry Stephen Keeler, whom I have been won to by Mr. Nevins.

Despite the decreasing overall quality of work being written over the past two decades, in my view, there are still excellent authors that could be added to the up-dating of key novels being attempted by Mr. Donaldson. Almost anything, for instance, by Crispin and Dick Francis (for specific titles, maybe Sudden Vengeance and Nerve, respectively).

From Jo Anne Fatherly:

Marian Poller tried to help me with my question from several months back, and I thank her—only I had already found the solution, and it isn't the one she offers. When the Bibliography of Crime Fiction got to the C's I discovered that Frances Crame was the author I had in mind. The two titles I cited were actually The Applegreen Cat and (I think) The Ultraviolet Widow. Now at least I know what I'm looking for.

I especially enjoyed Norman Donaldson's "In the Wake of Haycraft-Queen". Although the mind boggles at the idea of anyone finding Ngaio Marsh a writer to lose interest in, on the whole I agreed with his ideas of those I had read, and instantly resolved to find most of those that I hadn't. Which makes it the near-perfect article!

From R. W. Hays:

The locked-room story by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu is his novel Uncle Silas. The book is a Victorian novel of the Dickens-Collins school, with a good mystery, much suspense and excitement, and a solution that by the mere revelation of one character's motivation clears up an accumulation of mysterious events. The heroine is the idiot type, always blindly walking into trouble, but is made more plausible and sympathetic by her youth. Unfortunately from the detective story fan's point of view, the book includes fragments ofnarrative and conversation that could have been known only to the villain and his accomplices and not the protagonist. There are also a number of loose ends, admittedly on side issues: one chapter deals, for example, with a mysterious nocturnal visitor, whose identity and intentions are never explained. The locked-room angle is far from satisfactory from the modern reader's point of view, but the book has value in that it provides one of the earliest examples of the use of the theme.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Out of His Head is No. 6 in the listing in Queen's Quorum, where it is mentioned that Chapters XI-XIV constitute the detective story. These chapters were also reprinted in EQMM some years ago.

With regard to Mr. Lauterbach's informative letter, it is clear, of course, that Charles Collins, Wilkie's brother, was a significant author in his own right. I have recently read, however (I think in a book catalogue), that "Charles Collins" was a pseudonym covering Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins working together. Could this also be true, or is it merely an ill-informed guess on the part of some editor or critic? It seems unlikely that they would have chosen as a pseudonym the name of a man so well known to both of them.

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BOOK EXCHANGE

Cary Joseph Black (20416 Hubbell, Detroit, Michigan 48235) would like to buy all back issues of TAD. He also has for sale an Italian edition of F. W. Crofts' The Cask, printed in Italy in 1930, in good condition with dust jacket.

Paul J. Winkles (1846 Washington Ave., East Point, Ga. 30344) is looking for the first six issues of TAD.

Barbara Slattery (71-36 110th St., Forest Hills, N. Y. 11375) would like to hear from anyone who'd like fairly legible Xerox copies of TAD Vol. 1 #3 (April 1968) and Vol. 1 #4 (July 1968), for which she'll trade a couple of paperbacks of interest.

R. Gordon Kelly (2940 Berkley Road, Ardmore, Pa. 19003) lacks the first three years of TAD.

Stephen F. Schultheis (7529 Carlisle Way, Goleta, Calif. 93017) needs the following paperbacks

——continued on page 232

Death and Taxes. Putnam, 1967; Hale, 1969 M
Death Turns Right; see The King Killers
Don't Cry for Long. Simon, 1964; Boardman 1965 M
Draw the Curtain Close. Jefferson, 1947; Dakers, 1951. Also published as: Dame in Danger. SB
Every Bet's a Sure Thing. Simon, 1953; Dakers, 1953 M
The Girl in the Punchbowl. Dell, 1964; Boardman, 1965 PS
The Girl Who Never Was; see The Girl Who Wasn't There
The Girl Who Wasn't There. Simon, 1960; Boardman, 1963. Also published as: The Girl Who Never Was. Mayflower, 1962
The Girl with the Sweet Plump Knees. Dell, 1963; Boardman, 1963 PS
Go, Honeylou. Dell, 1962; Boardman, 1962 PS
Go to Sleep, Jeannie. Popular Library, 1959; Boardman, 1960 PS
The Golden Hooligan. Dell, 1961. British title: Mexican Slayride. Boardman, 1961 PS
Handle with Fear. Mill, 1951; Dakers, 1955 SB
How Hard to Kill. Simon, 1962; Boardman, 1963 M
Hue and Cry. Jefferson, 1944. British title: The Murder of Marion Mason. Dakers, 1951. Also published as: Room for Murder. SB
Hunter at Large. Simon, 1961; Boardman, 1962
I.O.U. Murder; see And Where She Stops
The King Killers. Putnam, 1968. British title: Death Turns Right. Hale, 1969 M
The Love-Death Thing. Simon, 1969 M
The Mean Streets. Simon, 1955; Boardman, 1955
Mexican Slayride; see The Golden Hooligan
Mourning After. Mill, 1950; Dakers, 1953 SB
The Murder of Marion Mason; see Hue and Cry
My Love is Violent. Popular Library, 1956; Consul, 1961
Nude in Nevada. Dell, 1965; Boardman, 1966 PS
Only on Tuesdays. Dell, 1964; Boardman, 1964 PS
Portrait of a Dead Heiress. Simon, 1965; Boardman, 1966 M
Prey for Me. Simon, 1954; Boardman, 1954. Also published as: The Case of the Murdered Model. Avon, 1955 M
Room for Murder; see Hue and Cry
A Sad Song Singing. Simon, 1963; Boardman, 1964 M
A Season for Violence. GM, 1966
The Taurus Trip. Simon, 1970 M
Too Hot for Hawaii. Popular Library, 1960; Boardman, 1963 PS
You've Got Him Cold. Simon, 1958; Boardman, 1959 M

DE WITT, JACK
Murder on Shark Island. Boni, 1941

DEXTER, BRUCE
I'll Sing You the Death of Bill Brown. McGraw-Hill, 1963; Allen, 1964

DEY, FREDERICK VAN RENSSELAER. 1861-1922
Pseudonym: Varick Vanardy, q.v.

DEY, MARMADUKE
Muertalma; or, The Poisoned Pen. Street, 1888

DIAMOND, FRANK. Series characters: Ransome Dragoon & Vicky Gaines = D&G
Love Me to Death. Ace, 1955
Murder in Five Columns. Mystery House, 1944 D&G
Murder Rides a Rocket. Mystery House, 1946; Equerry, 1947 D&G
The Widow Maker. Ace, 1962

DIBNER, MARTIN. 1911-
A God for Tomorrow. Doubleday, 1961

DICK, ALEXANDRA. Pseudonym of Sibyl A. D. Erikson. Other pseudonym: Frances Hay, q.v.
The Comet's Tail. Hodder, 1938
The Crime in the Close. Hale, 1955
Cross Purposes. Hurst, 1950
The Curate's Crime. Hurst, 1945; (as by Sibyl Erikson) Bouregy, 1946
Death at the Golden Crown. Hale, 1956
The Innocence of Rosamond Prior. Hale, 1953
MacAlastair Looks On. Hurst, 1947
A Pack of Cards. Hodder, 1940

DICKENS, CHARLES. 1812-1870.
Bleak House. Bradbury, 1852-3; Harper, 1853
Hunted Down. Hotten, 1871 (Originally published in the New York Ledger, 1859.)
The Mystery of Edwin Drood. Chapman, 1870; Fields, 1870 (Unfinished novel, which a large number of later writers have attempted to complete.)

DICKENS, MONICA
The Room Upstairs. Doubleday, 1966

DICKENSON, FRED
Kill 'em with Kindness. Bell, 1950

DICKINSON, PETER. 1927- . Series character: Supt. James Pibble, in all titles
The Glass-Sided Ants' Nest; see Skin Deep
The Lizard in the Cup. Hodder, 1972; Harper, 1972
The Old English Peep Show; see A Pride of Heroes
A Pride of Heroes. Hodder, 1969. U.S. title: The Old English Peep Show. Harper, 1969

The Seals. Hodder, 1970. U.S. title: The Sinful Stones. Harper, 1970
The Sinful Stones; see The Seals
Skin Deep. Hodder, 1968. U.S. title: The Glass-Sided Ants' Nest. Harper, 1968
Sleep and His Brother. Hodder, 1971; Harper, 1971

DICKINSON, WEED
Dead Man Talks Too Much. Lippincott (Phil. & London), 1937

DICKSON, ARTHUR
Death Bids for Corners. Humphries, 1941

DICKSON, CARR. Pseudonym of John Dickson Carr, 1905- , q.v. Other pseudonym: Carter Dickson, q.v.
The Bowstring Murders. Morrow, 1933; Heinemann, 1934, as by Carter Dickson (All reprints as by Carter Dickson.)

DICKSON, CARTER. Pseudonym of John Dickson Carr, 1905- , q.v. Other pseudonym: Carr Dickson, q.v. Series character: Sir Henry Merrivale, in all but the starred titles.
And So to Murder. Morrow, 1940; Heinemann, 1941
Behind the Crimson Blind. Morrow, 1952; Heinemann, 1952
The Bowstring Murders; see Carr Dickson, pseudonym, above
The Cavalier's Cup. Morrow, 1953; Heinemann, 1954
Cross of Murder; see Seeing is Believing
The Crossbow Murder; see The Judas Window
The Curse of the Bronze Lamp. Morrow, 1945. British title: Lord of the Sorcerers. Heinemann, 1946
Death and the Gilded Man; see The Gilded Man
Death in Five Boxes. Morrow, 1938; Heinemann, 1938
The Department of Queer Complaints. Morrow, 1940; Heinemann, 1940 * (11 short stories, 7 about Colonel March, 4 non-series. The 7 March stories were reprinted as: Scotland Yard: Department of Queer Complaints. Dell, 194 .)
Drop to His Death, by John Rhode and Carter Dickson. Heinemann, 1939. U.S. title: Fatal Descent. Dodd, 1939 *
Fatal Descent; see Drop to His Death
Fear is the Same. Morrow, 1956; Heinemann, 1956 *
The Gilded Man. Morrow, 1942; Heinemann, 1942. Also published as: Death and the Gilded Man. PB, 1947.
A Graveyard to Let. Morrow, 1949; Heinemann, 1950
He Wouldn't Kill Patience. Morrow, 1944; Heinemann, 1944
The Judas Window. Morrow, 1938; Heinemann, 1938. Also published as: The Crossbow Murder. Berkley, 196 .
Lord of the Sorcerers; see The Curse of the Bronze Lamp
The Magic Lantern Murders; see The Punch and Judy Murders
Murder in the Atlantic; see Nine—And Death Makes Ten
Murder in the Submarine Zone; see Nine—And Death Makes Ten
My Late Wives. Morrow, 1946; Heinemann, 1947
Night at the Mocking Widow. Morrow, 1950; Heinemann, 1951
Nine—And Death Makes Ten. Morrow, 1940. British title: Murder in the Submarine Zone. Heinemann, 1940. Also published as: Murder in the Atlantic. World, 1959.
The Peacock Feather Murders. Morrow, 1937. British title: The Ten Teacups. Heinemann, 1937
The Plague Court Murders. Morrow, 1934; Heinemann, 1935
The Punch and Judy Murders. Morrow, 1937. British title: The Magic Lantern Murders. Heinemann, 1936
The Reader is Warned. Morrow, 1939; Heinemann, 1939
The Red Widow Murders. Morrow, 1935; Heinemann, 1935
Scotland Yard: Department of Queer Complaints; see The Department of Queer Complaints
Seeing is Believing. Morrow, 1941; Heinemann, 1942. Also published as: Cross of Murder. World, 1959.
She Died a Lady. Morrow, 1943; Heinemann, 1943
The Skeleton in the Clock. Morrow, 1948; Heinemann, 1949
The Ten Teacups; see The Peacock Feather Murders
The Third Bullet. Hodder pb, 1937.* (A paperback novelet about Colonel Marquis, a prototype of Colonel March. This novelet is included in hardcover in the collection of the same name as by John Dickson Carr, q.v.
The Unicorn Murders. Morrow, 1935; Heinemann, 1936
The White Priory Murders. Morrow, 1934; Heinemann, 1935

DICKSON, GRIERSON
Design for Treason. Hutchinson, 1937
The Devil's Torch. Hutchinson, 1936
Gun Business. Hutchinson, 1935
Knight's Gambit. Hutchinson, 1950
The Seven Screens. Hutchinson, 1950
Soho Racket. Hutchinson, 1935
Traitor's Market. Hutchinson, 1936

DIDELOT, (ROGER) FRANCIS. 1902-
Death of the Deputy. Lippincott (Phil. & London), 1935
Death on the Champs-Elysees. Macmillan (London), 1965
The Many Ways of Death. Belmont, 1966
Murder in the Bath. Lippincott (Phil. & London), 1933
The Seventh Juror. Macdonald, 1960; Belmont, 1963
The Tenth Leper. Macdonald, 1962
Warrant for Arrest. Macdonald, 1963

DIETRICH, ROBERT. Pseudonym of Everette Howard Hunt, 1918- . Other pseudonyms: Gordon Davis, Howard Hunt, qq.v. Series character: Steve Bentley = SB
Angel Eyes. Dell, 1961 SB
Be My Victim. Dell, 1956
The Cheat. Pyramid, 1954
Curtains for a Lover. Lancer, 1961 SB
End of a Stripper. Dell, 1959 SB
The House on Q Street. Dell, 1959 SB
Mistress to Murder. Dell, 1960 SB
Murder on Her Mind. Dell, 1960 SB
Murder on the Rocks. Dell, 1957; Ward Lock, 1958 SB
My Body. Lancer, 1962 SB
One for the Road. Pyramid, 1954
Steve Bentley's Calypso Caper. Dell, 1961 SB

DIETZ, LEW
The Running Man. Avon, 1969

DIGNAM, C. B.
Black Velvet. Hamilton, 1926
The Sons of Seven. Hamilton, 1928

DIKE, DONALD
The Bishop's Park Mystery. Cassell, 1926

DILKE, CHRISTOPHER
The Guardian. Hale, 1953

DILLON, EILIS. Pseudonym of Cormac O'Cuilleanain, 1920-
Death at Crane's Court. Faber, 1953; Walker, 1963
Death in the Quadrangle. Faber, 1956; British Book Centre, 1962
Sent to His Account. Faber, 1954; British Book Centre, 1961

DILLON, JACK
A Great Day for Dying. GM, 1968; Coronet, 1968

DILNOT, GEORGE. 1883-1951. See also: Frank Froest. Series characters: Inspector Strickland; (with many other authors) Sexton Blake = SB
The Black Ace. Bles, 1929; Houghton, 1929
The Black Ace. Amalgamated, 1938 SB
The Case of the Missing Bridegroom. Amalgamated, 1938 SB
Counter-Spy. Bles, 1942
The Crime Club, with Frank Froest. Nash, 1915
The Crime Reporter's Secret. Amalgamated, 1937 SB
Crook's Castle. Bles, 1934; Houghton, 1934
The Crooks' Game. Bles, 1927; Houghton, 1927
Fighting Fool. Bles, 1939
The Great Mail Racket. Bles, 1936
The Hat-Pin Murder. Bles, 1927
The Inside Track. Bles, 1935
The Lazy Detective. Bles, 1926
Murder at Scotland Yard. Bles, 1937
Murder Masquerade. Bles, 1935
The Real Detective. Bles, 1933
The Secret Service Man. Nash, 1916
Sister Satan. Bles, 1933; Houghton, 1933
Suspected. Clode, 1920
The Thousandth Case. Bles, 1932; Houghton, 1933
Tiger Lily. Bles, 1939

DIMENT, ADAM. Series character: Philip McAlpine, in all titles
The Bang Bang Birds. Joseph, 1968; Dutton, 1968
The Dolly Dolly Spy. Joseph, 1967; Dutton, 1967
The Great Spy Race. Joseph, 1968; Dutton, 1968
Think Inc. Joseph, 1971

DINES, MICHAEL
Operation—To Kill a Man. Ward Lock, 1967

DINNEEN, JOSEPH F.
The Alternate Case. Little, 1959; Cassell, 1960. Also published as: The Biggest Holdup. Ace, 1961.
The Anatomy of a Crime. Scribner, 1954; Cassell, 1955
The Biggest Holdup; see The Alternate Case

DINESEN, ISAK. Pseudonym of Baroness Karen Blixen, 1885-19 . Other pseudonym: Pierre Andrezel, q.v.
Last Tales. Random, 1957; Putnam (London), 1957
Seven Gothic Tales. Smith & Haas, 1934; Putnam (London), 1934
Winter's Tales. Random, 1943; Putnam (London), 1943

DINGLE, AYLWARD EDWARD. Pseudonyms: Brian Cotterell, "Sinbad", qq.v.

DINGWALL, PETER. Pseudonym of Robin Forsythe, 1879- , q.v.
The Poison Duel. Methuen, 1934

DIPLOMAT. Pseudonym of John Franklin Carter, 1897-196 .
The Brain Trust Murder. Coward, 1935
The Corpse on the White House Lawn. Covici, 1932; Hurst, 1933
Death in the Senate. Covici, 1933
Murder in the Embassy. Cape & Smith, 1930; Harrap, 1931
Murder in the State Department. Cape & Smith, 1930
Scandal in the Chancery. Cape & Smith, 1931
Slow Death at Geneva. Coward, 1934

DIPPER, ALAN
The Golden Virgin. Joseph, 1972
The Hard Trip. Joseph, 1970
The Paradise Formula. Morrow, 1970
The Wave Hangs Dark. Morrow, 1969

DISCH, THOMAS M.
The Prisoner. Ace, 1969

DISNEY, DORIS MILES. 1907~ . Series characters: Jeff DiMarco = JD; David Madden = DM
Appointment at Nine. Doubleday, 1947
At Some Forgotten Door. Doubleday, 1966; Hale, 1967
Black Mail. Doubleday, 1958; Foulsham, 1960 DM
The Case of the Straw Man; see The Straw Man
The Chandler Policy. Putnam, 1971 JD
A Compound for Death. Doubleday, 1943
Count the Ways. Doubleday, 1949
Dark Lady. Doubleday, 1960. British title: Sinister Lady. Hale, 1962
Dark Road. Doubleday, 1946; Nimmo, 1947. Also published as: Dead Stop. Dell, 195 . JD
Dead Stop; see Dark Road
Death by Computer; see Do Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate
Death for my Beloved; see Enduring Old Charms
The Departure of Mr. Gaudette. Doubleday, 1964. British title: Fateful Departure. Hale, 1965
Did She Fall Or Was She Pushed? Doubleday, 1959; Hale, 1962
Do Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate. Doubleday, 1970. British title: Death by Computer. Hale, 1971
Do Unto Others. Doubleday, 1953
Driven to Kill; see The Last Straw
Enduring Old Charms. Doubleday, 1947. Also published as: Death for my Beloved. Bestseller, 19
Family Skeleton. Doubleday, 1949 JD
Fatal Choice; see Two Little Children and How They Grew
Fateful Departure; see The Departure of Mr. Gaudette
Find the Woman. Doubleday, 1962; Hale, 1964 JD
Fire at Will. Doubleday, 1950
Flame of Evil; see Night of Clear Choice
The Halloween Murder; see Trick or Treat
Heavy, Heavy Hangs. Doubleday, 1952
Here Lies. Doubleday, 1963; Hale, 1964
The Hospitality of the House. Doubleday, 1964. British title: Unsuspected Evil. Hale, 1965
The Last Straw. Doubleday, 1954. British title: Driven to Kill. Foulsham, 1957
Look Back on Murder. Doubleday, 1951
The Magic Grandfather. Doubleday, 1966. British title: Mask of Evil. Hale, 1967
Mask of Evil; see The Magic Grandfather
Method in Madness. Doubleday, 1957. British title: Quiet Violence. Foulsham, 1959. Also published as: Too Innocent to Kill. Avon, 1957.
Money for the Taking. Doubleday, 1968; Hale, 1968
Mrs. Meeker's Money. Doubleday, 1961; Hale, 1963 DM
Murder on a Tangent. Doubleday, 1945
My Neighbor's Wife. Doubleday, 1957; Foulsham, 1958
Night of Clear Choice. Doubleday, 1967. British title: Flame of Evil. Hale, 1968
No Next of Kin. Doubleday, 1959; Foulsham, 1961
The Post Office Case; see Unappointed Rounds
Prescription: Murder. Doubleday, 1953
Quiet Violence; see Method in Madness
Room for Murder. Doubleday, 1955; Foulsham, 1959
Shadow of a Man. Doubleday, 1965; Hale, 1966
Should Auld Acquaintance. Doubleday, 1962; Hale, 1963
Sinister Lady; see Dark Lady
Sow the Wind; see Who Rides a Tiger
Straw Man. Doubleday, 1951. British title: The Case of the Straw Man. Foulsham, 1958 JD
Testimony by Silence. Doubleday, 1948
That Which is Crooked. Doubleday, 1948
Three's a Crowd. Doubleday, 1971; Hale, 1972
Too Innocent to Kill; see Method in Madness
Trick or Treat. Doubleday, 1955. British title: The Halloween Murder. Foulsham, 1957 JD
Two Little Children and How They Grew. Doubleday, 1970. British title: Fatal Choice. Hale, 1970
Unappointed Rounds. Doubleday, 1956. British title: The Post Office Case. Foulsham, 1957 DM
Unsuspected Evil; see The Hospitality of the House

Voice from the Grave. Doubleday, 1968; Hale, 1969
Who Rides a Tiger. Doubleday, 1946. British title: Sow the Wind. Nimmo, 1948

DISNEY, DOROTHY CAMERON
The Balcony. Random, 1940; Hale, 1941
Crimson Friday. Random, 1943; Hale, 1945
Death in the Back Seat. Random, 1936; Hale, 1937
Explosion. Random, 1948
The Golden Swan Murder. Random, 1939; Hale, 1940
The Hangman's Tree. Random, 1949
The Seventeenth Letter. Random, 1945; Hale, 1948
Strawstack. Random, 1939; Hale, 1939
Thirty Days Hath September, with George Sessions Perry. Random, 1942; Hale, 1950

DIVEN, ROBERT JOSEPH
The Black Wolf Mystery. Appleton, 1935

DIVINE, A(RTHUR) D(URHAM). 1904- Pseudonyms: David Divine, David Rame, qq.v.
The Admiral's Million. Methuen, 1936
Dark Moon. Methuen, 1933
Escape from Spain. Methuen, 1936
The Graveyard Watch. Methuen, 1931
Lawless Voyage. Hodder pb, 1937
Pelican Island. Methuen, 1932
Pub on the Pool. Collins, 1938
Sea Loot. Methuen, 1930; McBride, 1931
Seventy Fathom Treasure. Newnes, 1936
Slack Water. Collins, 1939
Terror in the Thames. Collins, 1938
They Blocked the Suez Canal. Methuen, 1935; Furman, 1936
Tunnel from Calais. Collins, 1942; Macmillan, 1943, as by David Rame
U-Boat in the Hebrides. Collins, 1940
Wings Over the Atlantic. Lane, 1936

DIVINE, DAVID. Pseudonym of Arthur Durham Divine, 1904- , q.v. Other pseudonym: David Rame, q.v. Doubtful entries marked ?
Atom at Spithead. Hale, 1953; Macmillan, 1953
The Blunted Sword. Hutchinson, 1964 ?
Boy on a Dolphin. Murray, 1955; Macmillan, 1955
The Daughter of the Pangaran. Hutchinson, 1963; Little, 1963 ?
The Golden Fool. Murray, 1954; Macmillan, 1954 ?
The Iron Ladies. Hutchinson, 1961. U.S. title: Thunder on the Chesapeake. Macmillan, 1961 ?
The King of Fassarai. Murray, 1950; Macmillan, 1950 ?
Thunder on the Chesapeake; see The Iron Ladies

DIX, BEULAH MARIE
Wedding Eve Murder. McBride, 1941

DIX, MAURICE B(UXTON). 1889-1957. Series character (with many other authors): Sexton Blake = SB
The Affair of the Smuggled Millions. Amalgamated, 1943 SB
Beacons of Death. Ward Lock, 1937
The Dartmoor Mystery. Ward Lock, 1935
Emily Coulton Dies. Ward Lock, 1936
The Fixer. Ward Lock, 1936
The Flame of the Kham. Ward Lock, 1934
The Fleetwood Mansions Mystery. Ward Lock, 1934
The Golden Fluid. Ward Lock, 1935
The Great Hush-Hush Mystery. Amalgamated, 1939 SB
The Kidnapped Scientist. Ward Lock, 1937
A Lady Richly Left. Staples, 1951
The Masinglee Murders. Hale, 1947
Murder at Grassmere Abbey. Ward Lock, 1933
Murder Strikes Twice. Ward Lock, 1939
The Night Assassin. Hale, 1941
Prologue to Murder. Ward Lock, 1938
The Secret of the Dead Convict. Amalgamated, 1937 SB
The Secret of the Siegried Line. Amalgamated, 1940 SB
The Third Degree. Gramol, 1936
This is My Murder. Ward Lock, 1938
The Treasure of Scarland. Ward Lock, 1936
Twisted Evidence. Ward Lock, 1933
The Victim of the Girl Spy. Amalgamated, 1936 SB

DIXON, CHARLES
A Fortune for the Taking. Hale, 1963
A Hand in Murder. Hale, 1962
Ministry Murder. Hale, 1961
Red Murder File. Hale, 1964
So Slender a Thread. Hale, 1962
A Trail to Treason. Hale, 1964

DIXON, H(ARRY) VERNOR
Cry Blood. GM, 1956
The Hunger and the Hate. GM, 1955
Killer in Silk. GM, 1957; Fawcett (London), 1957
A Lover for Cindy. GM, 1953; Fawcett (London), 1955
The Rag Pickers. McKay, 1966; Hale, 1967
Something for Nothing. Harper, 1950; H. Hamilton, 1950
To Hell Together. GM, 1957
Too Rich to Die. GM, 1953; Fawcett (London), 1956
Up a Winding Stair. GM, 1953; Fawcett (London), 1954

DIXON, PETER L. and LAIRD P. KOENIG
The Children are Watching. Ballantine, 1970

DOBBINS, PAUL H. 1916-
Death in the Dunes. Phoenix, 1950
Death Trap. Phoenix, 1951
Fatal Finale. Phoenix, 1949
Murder Moon. Murray & Gee, 1949

DOCHERTY, JAMES L. Pseudonym of Rene Brabazon Raymond, 1906- . Other pseudonyms: James Hadley Chase, Ambrose Grant, Raymond Marshall, qq.v.
He Won't Need It Now. Rich, 1939

DODD, ALLEN ROBERT. 1887- Pseudonym: Robert Allen, q.v.

DODGE, ALICE M. and MADELEINE SAFONOV
The Eye of the Peacock. Bouregy, 1966

DODGE, CONSTANCE W(OODBURY). 1896-
The Unrelenting. Doubleday, 1950

DODGE, DAVID. 1919- . Series characters: Whit Whitney = WW; Al Colby = AC
Angel's Ransom. Random, 1956. British title: Ransom of the Angel. Joseph, 1957
Bullets for the Bridegroom. Macmillan, 1944; Joseph, 1948 WW
Carambola. Little, 1961. British title: High Corniche. Joseph, 1961
Death and Taxes. Macmillan, 1941; Joseph, 1947 WW
A Drug on the Market; see It Ain't Hay
Hatchetman; see Hooligan
High Corniche; see Carambola
Hooligan. Macmillan, 1969. British title: Hatchetman. Joseph, 1970
It Ain't Hay. Simon, 1946. British title: A Drug on the Market. Joseph, 1949 WW
The Lights of Skaro. Random, 1954; Joseph, 1954
The Long Escape. Random, 1948; Joseph, 1950 AC
Loo Loo's Legacy. Little, 1961; Joseph, 1961
Plunder of the Sun. Random, 1949; Joseph, 1950 AC
Ransom of the Angel; see Angel's Ransom
The Red Tassel. Random, 1950; Joseph, 1951 AC
Shear the Black Sheep. Macmillan, 1942; Joseph, 1949 WW
To Catch a Thief. Random, 1952; Joseph, 1953
Troubleshooter. Macmillan, 1971; Joseph, 1972

DODGE, LANGDON. Pseudonym of Victor Wolfson, 1910- , q.v.
Midsummer Madness. Doubleday, 1950

DODGE, LOUIS. 1870-
Whispers. Scribner, 1920

DODGE, STEVE. Pseudonym of Stephen Becker, 1927- , q.v.
Shanghai Incident. GM, 1955; Fawcett (London), 1956 (Later reprints are as by Stephen Becker.)

DODSON, DANIEL B.
The Man Who Ran Away. Dutton, 1961; Barker, 1961

DOE, JOHN. Pseudonym of Tiffany Thayer, 1902- q.v.
Eye-Witness! Day, 1931; Hurst, 1931

DOHERTY, EDWARD J. 1890-
The Broadway Murders. Doubleday, 1929. Also published as: Murder on the Roof. Grosset
The Corpse Who Wouldn't Die (as by Ed Doherty). Mystery House, 1945
Murder on the Roof; see The Broadway Murders

DOLAN, PATRICK
Poison in the Blood. Hale, 1970

DOLBEY, ETHEL and GEOFFREY. Pseudonym: E. M. D. Hawthorne, q.v.

DOLE, JEREMY
Venus Disarmed. Crown, 1966

DOLINER, ROY. 1932?-
Sandra Rifkin's Jewels. NAL, 1966

DOLINSKY, MEYER
There Is No Silence. Hale, 1959

DOLLOND, JOHN
A Gentleman Hangs. Longmans, 1940; Macmillan, 1941

DOLPH, JACK. 1894- . Series character: Doc Connor, in all titles
Dead Angel. Doubleday, 1953; Boardman, 1954
Hot Tip. Doubleday, 1951; Boardman, 1952
Murder Is Mutuel. Morrow, 1948; Boardman, 1950
Murder Makes the Mare Go. Doubleday, 1950
Odds-On Murder. Morrow, 1948; Boardman, 1949

DOLPHIN, REX. Series character (along with many other authors): Sexton Blake, in all titles
The Devil to Pay. Amalgamated, 1961
Guilty Party. Amalgamated, 1959
Murder Goes Nap. Mayflower, 1966
Some Died Laughing! Amalgamated, 1960
Stop Press—Homicide! Amalgamated, 1959
The Trial of the Golden Girl. Mayflower, 1967

Trouble is my Name. Amalgamated, 1961
Walk in the Shadows. Amalgamated, 1959

DOLSON, HILDEGARDE
To Spite Her Face. Lippincott, 1971

DOMINIC, R. B.
Murder in High Place. Macmillan (London), 1969; Doubleday, 1970
Murder Out of Court. Macmillan (London), 1971. U.S. title: There is No Justice. Doubleday, 1971
There is No Justice; see Murder Out of Court

DONAHUE, JACKSON
The Confessor. Barker, 1963; NAL, 1964
Erase My Name. Barker, 1964; NAL, 1964

DONALD, STUART
The Uncertain Agent. Hale, 1970

DONATI, SERGIO
The Paper Tomb. Collins, 1958

DONAVAN, JOHN. Pseudonym of Nigel Morland, 1905- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Mary Dane, Norman Forrest, Roger Garnett, Neal Shepherd, Vincent McCall, qq.v. Series character: Sergeant Johnny Lamb, in most if not all titles
The Case of the Beckoning Dead. Hale, 1938; Hillman-Curl, 1938
The Case of the Coloured Wind. Hodder, 1939. U.S. title: The Case of the Violet Smoke. Arcadia, 1940
The Case of the Plastic Man. Hodder, 1940. U.S. title: The Case of the Plastic Mask. Arcadia, 1941
The Case of the Plastic Mask; see The Case of the Plastic Man
The Case of the Rusted Room. Hale, 1937; Hillman-Curl, 1937
The Case of the Talking Dust. Hale, 1938; Arcadia, 1941
The Case of the Violet Smoke; see The Case of the Coloured Wind
The Dead Have No Friends. Home & Van Thal, 1952

DONNEL, C. P. Jr.
Murder-Go-Round. McKay, 1945; Boardman, 1948

DONNOLLY, ELEANOR CECILIA
The Fatal Diamonds. Benziger, 1897

DONOVAN, DICK. Pseudonym of Joyce Emmerson Preston Muddock, 1843-1934, q.v.
The Adventures of Tyler Tatlock, Private Detective. Chatto, 1900
Caught at Last! Leaves from the Notebook of a Detective. Chatto, 1889; Street,
The Chronicles of Michael Danevitch of the Russian Secret Service. Chatto, 1897
The Crime of the Century. Being the Life Story of Richard Piggott. Long, 1904
Dark Deeds. Chatto, 1895
Deacon Brodie; or, Behind the Mask. Chatto, 1901
A Detective's Triumphs. Chatto, 1891
Eugene Vidocq: Soldier, Thief, Spy, Detective. A Romance Founded on Fact. Hutchinson, 1895
The Fatal Ring. Hurst, 1905
The Fatal Woman. White, 1911
For Honour or Death. Ward Lock, 1910
Found and Fettered: A Series of Thrilling Detective Stories. Hutchinson, 1894
From Clue to Capture: A Series of Thrilling Detective Stories. Hutchinson, 1893
From Information Received: Detective Stories. Chatto, 1892
A Gilded Serpent. The Story of a Dark Deed. Ward Lock, 1908
The Gold-Spinner. White, 1907
The Great Turf Fraud, and Other Notorious Crimes. Mellifont, 1936
In the Face of Night. Long, 1908
In the Grip of the Law. Chatto, 1892
In the Queen's Service. Long, 1907
Jim the Penman: The Life Story of One of the Most Astounding Criminals That Have Ever Lived. Newnes, 1901
A Knight of Evil. White, 1905
The Knutsford Mystery. White, 1906
Lil of the Slums. Laurie, 1909
Link by Link: Detective Stories. Chatto, 1893
The Man from Manchester. Chatto, 1890
The Man-Hunter. Stories from the Note-book of a Detective. Chatto, 1888. U.S. title: Stories from the Note-book of a Detective. Street, 1900
The Mystery of Jamaica Terrace. Chatto, 1896
The Naughty Maid of Mitcham. White, 1910
Out There: A Romance of Australia. Everett, 1922
Preaching Jim. Aldine, 1919
The Records of Vincent Trill of the Detective Service. Chatto, 1899
The Rich Man's Wife (with E. W. Elkington). Ham-Smith, 1912
Riddles Read. Chatto, 1896
The Scarlet Seal: A Tale of the Borgias. Long, 1902
Scarlet Sinners: Stories of Notorious Criminals and Crimes. Newnes, 1910
The Shadow of Evil: In Which is Narrated the Startling and Extraordinary History of James Mackouli, One of the Cleverest and Most Remarkable Rogues of His Age. Everett, 1907
The Sin[illegible] Preaching Jim: A Romance Founded [illegible] Fact. Everett, 1908
Startling Crimes and Notorious Criminals. Mellifont, 1936
Stories from the Note-Book of a Detective; see The Man-Hunter

Suspicion Aroused. Chatto, 1893
Tales of Terror. Chatto, 1899
Tangled Destinies. Laurie, 1908
Thurtell's Crime: The Story of a Strange Tragedy. Laurie, 1906
Tracked and Taken: Detective Sketches. Chatto, 1890
Tracked to Doom: The Story of a Mystery and Its Unraveling. Chatto, 1892
The Trap: A Revelation. White, 1911
The Triumphs of Fabian Field: Criminologist. White, 1912
The Turning Wheel: A Story of the Charn Hall Inheritance. White, 1912
Wanted! A Detective's Strange Adventures. Chatto, 1892
A Wild Beauty. White, 1909
Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan? and Other Detective Stories. Chatto, 1890

DOOLEY, ROGER
Flashback. Doubleday, 1969

DORAN, JAMES
In the Depth of the First Degree: A Romance of the Battle of Bull Run. Peter Paul, 1898

DORLING, HENRY TAPRELL. Pseudonym: Taffrail, q.v.

DORN, DEAN M. Joint pseudonym with C. E. Carle: Michael Morgan, q.v.

DORRANCE, JAMES
Get Your Man, with Ethel Dorrance. Macaulay, 1921
Never Fire First. Macaulay, 1924

DORRINGTON, ALBERT
The Fatal Call. Methuen, 1929
The Radium Terrors. Nash, 1912; Doubleday, 1912
The Velvet Claw. Wright, 1932

DORY, JOHN. Pseudonym
The Casting of the Shadows. Stockwell, 1922
Grip Finds the Lady. Benn, 1932

DOUBLEDAY, ROMAN. Pseudonym of Lily Augusta Long, 18 -1927.
The Fullerton Case. Nash, 1920
The Green Tree Mystery. Appleton, 1917
The Hemlock Avenue Mystery. Little, 1908
Red House on Rowan Street. Little, 1910
The Saintsbury Affair. Little, 1912

DOUBTFIRE, DIANNE
Behind the Screen. Davies, 1969
Escape on Monday. Macmillan (London), 1970
The Flesh is Strong. Davies, 1966
Kick a Tin Can. Davies, 1964
Lust for Innocence. Davies, 1960; Morrow, 1960
Reason for Violence. Davies, 1961

DOUGALL, BERNARD
I Don't Scare Easy. Dodd, 1941
The Singing Corpse. Dodd, 1943; Boardman, 1944

DOUGALL, LILY. 1858-1923.
The Earthly Purgatory.
U.S. title: The Summit House Mystery. Funk, 1905

DOUGLAS, DOYLE
Haunted Harbor. Arcadia, 1943

DOUGLAS, ELLEN
Moon of Violence. Bouregy, 1960

DOUGLAS, F.
Thorpe of the Hole-in-the-Wall Country. Ogilvie, 1916

DOUGLAS, GAVIN. Series character: Captain Samson = CS
Captain Samson, A.B. Collins, 1937; Putnam, 1937 CS
The Obstinate Captain Samson. Collins, 1936; Putnam, 1937 CS
Rough Passage. Collins, 1936. U.S. title: The Tall Man. Putnam, 1936 CS
Search for the Blue Sedan. Collins, 1938
The Struggle. Hale, 1951
Tale of Pimlico. Hale, 1948
The Tall Man; see Rough Passage

DOUGLAS, GEORGE
The Case of the Greedy Rainmaker. Bouregy, 1963

DOUGLAS, GEORGE. Pseudonym of D. G. Fisher, 1902-
Crime Most Foul. Hale, 1971
Dead Reckoning. Hale, 1969
Death in Duplicate. Hale, 1968
Death Unheralded. Hale, 1967
Death Went Hunting. Hale, 1967
The Devil to Pay. Hale, 1969
Gunman at Large. Hale, 1968
Murder Unmourned. Hale, 1970
Odd Woman Out. Hale, 1966
One to Jump. Hale, 1972
Time to Die. Hale, 1971
Unwanted Witness. Hale, 1966

DOUGLAS, LAURA W.
The Mystery of Crooknose. Bouregy, 1963
The Mystery of Arrowhead Hill. Bouregy, 1963

DOUGLAS, MALCOLM. Pseudonym of Douglas Sanderson, 1922- , q.v. Other pseudonym: Martin Brett, q.v.
The Deadly Dames. GM, 1956; Consul. 1961
Murder Comes Calling. GM, 1958
Prey by Night. GM, 1955; Fawcett (London), 1957

Pure Sweet Hell. GM, 1957
Rain of Terror. GM, 1956; Fawcett (London), 1957

DOUGLAS, RONALD MacDONALD
Tuesday I Die. Modern Age, 1941

DOUGLAS, ROY
Who Is Nemo? Harrap, 1937; Lippincott, 1937
Winner Takes All. Mellifont, 1934

DOUGLASS, DONALD McNUTT. Series character: Bolivar Manchenil, in all titles
Many Brave Hearts. Harper, 1958; Eyre, 1959
Rebecca's Pride. Harper, 1956; Eyre, 1956
Saba's Treasure. Harper, 1961; Eyre, 1963

DOUGLASS, GEORGE
The House with the Green Shutters. Macqueen, 1901
The Mystery of North Fortune. Ogilvie, ca. 1895

DOUIE, M.
The Fourth Side of the Door.
The Pointing Man. Dutton, 1920

DOUTHWAITE, L(OUIS) C(HARLES). 1878- Series character (with many other authors): Sexton Blake = SB
The Army Defaulter's Secret. Amalgamated, 1943 SB
The Clearing. Blackie, 1935
The Ghost Trail. Amalgamated, 1932. Also published as: The Riddle of the Yukon. Amalgamated, 1940 SB
Horror House. Amalgamated, 1930 SB
Murder Goes West. Nelson, 1946
The Riddle of the Yukon; see The Ghost Trail
Seconds Out. Nelson, 1938
Yukon Patrol.

DOW, JOHN
The Little Boy Laughed. Arcadia, 1945. Also published as: The Blonde is Dead. Handibooks, 1945

DOWLING, RICHARD
A Baffling Quest. Ward, 1891; Lovell, 1890
Old Corcoran's Money. Chatto, 1884
The Weird Sisters. King, 1900
While London Sleeps. Ward, 1895

DOWNES, DONALD. 1903-
The Easter Dinner. Rinehart, 1960
Orders to Kill. Rinehart, 1958; Panther, 1960
A Red Rose for Maria. Rinehart, 1959; Panther, 1961
The Scarlet Thread: Adventures in Wartime Espionage. Verschoyle, 1953; British Book Center, 1953

DOWNES, QUENTIN. Pseudonym of Michael Harrison, 1907- , q.v.
Heads I Win. Wingate, 1953; Roy, 1955
No Smoke No Flame. Wingate, 1952; Roy, 1956
They Hadn't a Clue. Arco, 1954

DOWNING, (GEORGE) TODD. 1902- Series characters: Peter Bounty = PB; Hugh Rennert = HR
The Case of the Unconquered Sisters. Doubleday, 1936; Methuen, 1937 HR
The Cat Screams. Doubleday, 1934; Methuen, 1935 HR
Death Under the Moonflower. Doubleday, 1938 PB
The Last Trumpet. Doubleday, 1937; Methuen, 1938 HR
The Lazy Lawrence Murders. Doubleday, 1941 PB
Murder on the Tropic. Doubleday, 1935; Methuen, 1936 HR
Murder on Tour. Putnam, 1933
Night Over Mexico. Doubleday, 1937; Methuen, 1938 HR
Vultures in the Sky. Doubleday, 1935; Methuen, 1936 HR

DOYLE, ADRIAN CONAN and JOHN DICKSON CARR, 1905-
The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes. Murray, 1954; Random, 1954

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN. 1859-1930. Series character: Sherlock Holmes = SH
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Newnes, 1892; Harper, 1892 ss SH
Beyond the City. Westbrook, ca.1920
The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes. Murray, 1927; Doran, 1927 ss SH
The Doings of Raffles Haw. Lovell, 1892
His Last Bow. Murray, 1917; Doran, 1917 ss SH
The Hound of the Baskervilles. Newnes, 1902; McClure Phillips, 1902 SH
The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. Newnes, 1894; Harper, 1894 ss SH
My Friend the Murderer and Other Mysteries and Adventures.
The Mystery of Belgrade Square. Donohue, ca.1897
The Mystery of Cloomber. Fenno, 1895
The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Newnes, 1905; McClure Phillips, 1905 ss SH
The Sign of the Four. Blackett, 1890; Lippincott, 1890 SH
Strange Secrets. Fenno, 1895 (only one of the stories is actually by Doyle)
A Study in Scarlet. Ward Lock, 1888; Lippincott, 18 SH
The Surgeon of Gaster Fell. Westbrook, ca.1920

DOYLE, DR. C. W.
The Shadow of Quong Lee. Lippincott, 1900

DRABBLE, J. F.
Death's Second Self. Sidgwick, 1971

DRACHMAN, THEODORE S.
Addicted to Murder; see Something for the Birds
Cry Plague. Ace, 1953
Reason for Madness. Abelard-Schuman (NY & London), 1970
Something for the Birds. Crown, 1958; Boardman, 1959. Also published as: Addicted to Murder. Avon, 1958

DRACO, F. Pseudonym
Cruise with Death. Rinehart, 1952
The Devil's Church. Rinehart, 1951

DRAGO, HARRY SINCLAIR. Pseudonym: Bliss Lomax, q.v.

DRAKE, ARNOLD
The Steel Noose. Ace, 1954

DRAKE, DREXEL. Series character: The Falcon, in all titles
The Falcon Cuts In. Lippincott, 1937
The Falcon Meets a Lady. Lippincott, 1938
The Falcon's Prey. Lippincott, 1936; Harrap, 1937

DRAKE, H(ENRY) B(URGESS)
Cursed Be the Treasure. Lane, 1926; Macy-Masius, 1928
The Shadowy Thing. Macy-Masius, 1928

DRAKE, MAURICE. 1875-1924.
The Coming Back of Laurence Averil. Clode, 1915
The Doom Window. Hodder, 1923; Dutton, 1925
Galleon Gold. Hodder, 1924
Lethbridge on the Moor. Laurie, 1908
The Mystery of the Mud Flats; see WO_2
The Ocean Sleuth. Methuen, 1915; Dutton, 1916
WO_2. Methuen, 1913; Dutton, 1913. Also published as: The Mystery of the Mud Flats. Collins, 1930
Wrack. Duckworth, 1910

DRAPER, ALFRED
The Death Penalty. Macmillan (London), 1972
Swansong for a Rare Bird. Macmillan (London), 1970; Coward, 1970

DRATLER, JAY J. 1911-
Dream of a Woman. Popular Library, 1958
Ducks in Thunder. Reynal, 1940
The Judas Kiss. Holt, 1955. British title: Without Mercy. Hale, 1957
The Pitfall. Crowell, 1947
Without Mercy; see The Judas Kiss

DRAX, PETER. Pseudonym of Eric Elrington Addis
Crime to Music; see Tune to a Corpse
Crime Within Crime; see Death by Two Hands
Death by Two Hands. Hutchinson, 1937. U.S. title: Crime Within Crime. Appleton, 1938
He Shot to Kill. Hutchinson, 1936
The High Seas Murder. Hutchinson, 1939
Murder by Chance. Hutchinson, 1936
Murder by Proxy. Hutchinson, 1937
Sing a Song of Murder. Hutchinson, 1944
Tune to a Corpse. Hutchinson, 1938. U.S. title: Crime to Music. Appleton, 1939

DRENNEN, RAYMOND
Murder Beat. Mystery House, 1956

DRESSER, DAVIS. 1904- Pseudonyms: Asa Baker, Matthew Blood, Hal Debrett, Brett Halliday, qq.v.

DREW, SIDNEY. Pseudonym of Edgar Joyce Murray, 1878- Series character (with many other authors): Sexton Blake, in all titles
The Fortnight of Fear. Amalgamated, 1931
The Gangster's Deputy. Amalgamated, 1930
The Mansion House Mystery. Amalgamated, 1931

DREWE, MARCUS
The Barber of Littlewick. Jenkins, 1930

DREWRY, EDITH S.
Death Ring. Moor, 1881; Maxwell, 1887

DRISCOLL, PETER
The White Lie Assignment. Macdonald, 1971

DRIVER, C. J.
Elegy for a Revolutionary. Morrow, 1970

DROBUTT, RICHARD
I Spy for the Empire. Low, 1939

DRUMMOND, ANTHONY. Pseudonym of John Hunter, 1891- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: John Addiscombe, L. H. Brenning, Anthony Dax, Peter Meriton, qq.v.
Blood Money. Gramol, 1935
The Devil's Signpost. Gramol, 1935
The Island of Dangerous Men. Gramol, 1937
The Scented Death. Unwin, 1924

DRUMMOND, CHARLES. Pseudonym of Kenneth Giles, q.v. Series character: Sergeant Reed, in all titles
Death and the Leaping Ladies. Gollancz, 1968; Walker, 1969

Death at the Bar. Gollancz, 1972
Death at the Furlong Post. Gollancz, 1967; Walker, 1968
The Odds on Death. Gollancz, 1969; Walker, 1970
Stab in the Back. Gollancz, 1970; Walker, 1970

DRUMMOND, IVOR. Pseudonym. Series characters: Jennifer Norrington, Allexandro di Ganzarello and Coleridge Tucker III, in all titles
The Frog in the Moonflower. Macmillan (London), 1972
The Man with the Tiny Head. Macmillan (London), 1969; Harcourt, 1970
The Priests of the Abomination. Macmillan (London), 1970; Harcourt, 1971

DRUMMOND, J. Pseudonym of John Newton Chance, 1911- , q.v. Series character (with many other authors): Sexton Blake, in all titles. All titles published by Amalgamated Press.
At Sixty Miles Per Hour. 1945
The Case of the "Dead" Spy. 1949
The Case of L.A.C. Dickson. 1950
The Case of the Man with No Name. 1951
The Case of the Two-Faced Swindler. 1955
The Essex Road Crime. 1944
Hated by All! 1951
The House in the Woods. 1950
The House on the Hill. 1945
The House on the River. 1952
The Manor House Menace. 1944
The Mystery of the Deserted Camp. 1948
The Mystery of the Five Guilty Men. 1954
The Mystery of the Haunted Square. 1950
The Mystery of the Sabotaged Jet. 1951
The Painted Dagger. 1944
The Riddle of the Leather Bottle. 1944
The Riddle of the Mummy Case. 1945
The Riddle of the Receiver's Hoard. 1949
The Secret of the Living Skeleton. 1949
The Secret of the Sixty Steps. 1950
The South Coast Mystery. 1949
The Teddy-Boy Mystery. 1955
The Town of Shadows. 1948
The Tragic Case of the Station Master's Legacy. 1944

DRUMMOND, JUNE
The Black Unicorn. Gollancz, 1959
Cable-Car. Gollancz, 1965; Holt, 1967
A Cage of Humming-Birds. Gollancz, 1964
Farewell Party. Gollancz, 1971
The Gantry Episode. Gollancz, 1968. U.S. title: Murder on a Bad Trip. Holt, 1968
Murder on a Bad Trip; see The Gantry Episode
The People in Glass House. Gollancz, 1969; Simon, 1970
The Saboteurs. Gollancz, 1967; Holt, 1967
Thursday's Child. Gollancz, 1961
A Time to Speak. Gollancz, 1962
Welcome, Proud Lady. Gollancz, 1964; Holt, 1968

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM
Gaslight. Arrow, 1967; Paperback Lib., 1966
Life for Ruth. Corgi, 1962
Midnight Lace. Pan, 1960
Night Must Fall. Fontana, 1964; Signet, 1964
Victim. Corgi, 1961

DRYER, BERNARD VICTOR
The Image Makers. Harper, 1958; Hutchinson, 1959
Port Afrique. Harper, 1949; Cassell, 1950
The Torch Bearers. Simon, 1968; Heinemann, 1968

DU BOIS, THEODORA. 1890- . Series characters: Anne & Jeffrey McNeill = *
Armed with a New Terror. Houghton, 1936; Heinemann, 1937
The Body Goes Round and Round. Houghton, 1942
The Case of the Perfumed Mouse. Doubleday, 1944; Boardman, 1946 *
The Cavalier's Corpse. Doubleday, 1952; Boardman, 1953 *
Death Comes to Tea. Houghton, 1940 *
Death Dines Out. Houghton, 1939; Readers Library, 1942 *
Death is Late to Lunch. Houghton, 1941; Boardman, 1943 *
Death Sails in a High Wind. Doubleday, 1945; Boardman, 1946 *
Death Tears a Comic Strip. Houghton, 1939 *
Death Wears a White Coat. Houghton, 1938 *
The Devil and Destiny. Doubleday, 1948; Boardman, 1949 *
The Face of Hate. Doubleday, 1948 *
The Footsteps. Doubleday, 1947; Boardman, 1949
Fowl Play. Doubleday, 1951; Boardman, 1952 *
High Tension. Doubleday, 1950; Boardman, 1951
It's Raining Violence. Doubleday, 1949; Boardman, 1950 * Also published as: Money, Murder and the McNeills. Lancer, 196
The Late Bride. Washburn, 1965; Hale, 1966
The Listener. Doubleday, 1953
The McNeills Chase a Ghost. Houghton, 1941 *
Money, Murder and the McNeills; see It's Raining Violence
Murder Strikes an Atomic Unit. Doubleday, 1946; Boardman, 1947 *
Rogue's Coat. Doubleday, 1949
Seeing Red. Doubleday, 1954; Collins, 1955 *
Shannon Terror. Washburn, 1964
The Wild Duck Murders. Doubleday, 1943; Boardman, 1948 *

DU BOIS, WILLIAM. 1903- . Series character: Jack Jordan, in all titles
The Case of the Deadly Diary. Little, 1940. British title: The Deadly Diary. Macdonald, 1947
The Case of the Frightened Fish. Little, 1940; Swan, 1947
The Case of the Haunted Brides. Little, 1941; Swan, 1947
The Deadly Diary; see The Case of the Deadly Diary

DU BOISGOBEY, FORTUNE. 1821(1824?)-1891. Here listed are all known English translations of his works. Some (but which?) are probably not crime fiction.
The Ace of Hearts. Munro, 1883; Vizetelly, 1889
The Angel of the Bells. Aldine, 1877; Munro, 1885. Also published as: The Blue Veil; or, The Angel of the Belfry. Maxwell, 1886. Also as: The Blue Veil; or, The Crime of the Tower. Lovell, 1889. Also as: The Angel of the Chimes. Greening, 1903
The Angel of the Chimes; see The Angel of the Bells
Babiole, The Pretty Milliner. Munro, 1884-5
Bertha's Secret. Lovell, 1888; Munro, 1888; Vizetelly, 1885
The Blue Veil; or, The Angel of the Belfry; see The Angel of the Bells
The Blue Veil; or, The Crime of the Tower; see The Angel of the Bells
The Bride of a Day; see The Convict Colonel
Cash on Delivery. Munro, 1887; Routledge, 1887
The Cat's-Eye Ring, A Secret of Paris Life. Routledge (London, N.Y.), 1888
Cecile's Fortune; see Merindol
Chevalier Casse-Cou. DeWitt, 1875; Munro, 1884
The Closed Door. Munro, 1886. Also published as: The Condemned Door; or, The Secret of Trigabon Castle. Lovell, 1884. Also as: The Condemned Door. Routledge, 1887
The Condemned Door; see The Closed Door
The Condemned Door; or, The Secret of Trigabon Castle; see The Closed Door
The Consequences of a Duel. Munro, 1885. Also published as: The Results of a Duel. Lovell, 1888; Vizetelly, 1888
The Convict Colonel. Vizetelly, 1887; Street, 1891. Also published as (?): The Bride of a Day. Routledge, 1887
The Coral Pin. Munro, 1883; Vizetelly, 1886
The Count's Millions. Street (Magnet #216)
The Crime of the Opera House. Munro, 1881
The Cry of Blood. Munro, 1886. British title: The Cry of Blood: A Story of Crime and Its Penalty. Maxwell, 1886
The Day of Reckoning. Vizetelly, 1885
The Detective's Crime. Donohue, ca.1897
The Detective's Dilemma. Street, ca.1888
The Detective's Eye. Lovell, 1888. Also published as: Piedouche, A French Detective. Munro, 1884. Also as: Parisian Detective. Ivers, 1887
The Detective's Triumph. Street, ca.1888
Doctor Villagos, or, The Nihilist Chief. Pollard & Moss, 1889; Street, 1901
An Exchanged Identity. Street, ca.1897
Fernande's Choice. Vizetelly, 1887
The Ferry Boat. Munro, 1882. Also published as: Love's Triumph: The Tragedy of the Ferry. Tousey, 1882. Also as: Was It Murder? Or, Who is the Heir? McNally, 1883
Fickle Heart. Maxwell, 1890
A Fight for a Fortune. Vizetelly, 1886; Donohue, ca.1897
Fontenay, the Swordsman: A Military Novel. McNally, 1891
The Golden Pig. Munro, 1882. British title: The Golden Pig; or, The Idol of Modern Paris. Vizetelly, 1886
The Golden Tress. Claxton, 1896
The Great Jewel Mystery. Donohue, ca.1897
The Half-Sister's Secret. Routledge, 1889
The High Roller; or, Plunging and Honeyfugling on the Race Track: A Sporting Romance. Pollard, 1891
His Great Revenge. Munro, 1882
In the Serpent's Coils. Vizetelly, 1885
The Iron Mask. Munro, 1884
The Jailer's Pretty Wife; see The Pretty Jailer
The Lost Casket. Putnam, 1881. Also published as: The Severed Hand. Munro, 1888; Lovell, 1888; Vizetelly, 1885. Also as: The Severed Hand; or, A Terrible Confession. Ogilvie, ca.1895
The Lottery Ticket. Munro, 1885. Also published as: The Red Lottery Ticket. Vizetelly, 1887; Lovell, 1888
Love's Triumph: The Tragedy of the Ferry; see The Ferry Boat
Marie-Rose, or, The Mystery. Munro, 1883
Married for Love. Routledge, 1888
The Matapan Affair. Munro, 1880; Vizetelly, 1885. Also published as: The Matapan Jewels. Lotus Library (London), 1902
The Matapan Jewels; see The Matapan Affair
Merindol. Munro, 1884. Also published as: Cecile's Fortune. Vizetelly, 1886
The Millionaire's Fate.
The Missing Rubies. Donohue, ca.1897
The Mysterious Juror. Higgins, 1892
The Mystery of an Omnibus. Munro, 1882. Also published as: An Omnibus Mystery (with The Old Age of Lecoq, the Detective). Vizetelly, 1885
A Mystery Still. Boulevard Novels, 1888; Vizetelly, 1888
The Nameless Man. Vizetelly, 1887
An Ocean Knight; or, The Corsairs and Their Conquerors. Warne (London & N.Y.), 1891

The Old Age of Monsieur Lecoq. Munro, 1888; (with An Omnibus Mystery) Vizetelly, 1885
An Omnibus Mystery; see The Mystery of an Omnibus
Parisian Detective; see The Detective's Eye
The Phantom Leg. Vizetelly, 1886
Piedouche, A French Detective; see The Detective's Eye
The Pretty Jailer. Munro, 1886. Also published as: The Jailer's Pretty Wife. Vizetelly, 1886
The Prima Donna's Husband. Munro, 1885
The Privateersman's Legacy. Munro, 1882
A Railway Tragedy. Vizetelly, 1887
The Red Band, The Adventures of a Young Girl During the Siege of Paris. Munro, 1887. Also published as: The Red Band; or, The Siege and the Commune. Maxwell, 1887
The Red Camelia. 1874
The Red Lottery Ticket; see The Lottery Ticket
The Results of a Duel; see The Consequences of a Duel
The Robbery of the Orphans; or, JT's Inheritance. Munro, 1882
Satan's Coach. Munro, 1883
Saved from the Harem. Vizetelly, 1888
The Sculptor's Daughter; see The Vitriol Thrower
Sealed Lips. Munro, 1883
The Severed Hand; see The Lost Casket
The Steel Necklace. Vizetelly, 1886; Street, 1891
The Temple of Death. Westbrook, ca.1920
Thieving Fingers. Vizetelly, 1887
The Thumb Stroke. Vizetelly, 1886
The Vitriol Thrower. Tousey, 1884. Also published as: The Sculptor's Daughter. Munro, 1886
Was It Murder? or, Who Is the Heir?, see The Ferry Boat
Where's Zenobia?, see Zenobie Capitaine
The Youngest Soldier of the Grand Armee. Higgins, 1892
Zenobie Capitaine. Munro, 1884. Also published as: Where's Zenobia? Vizetelly, 1888
Zig-Zag the Clown; or, The Steel Gauntlets. Munro, 1885

DU CANN, CHARLES GARFIELD LOTT. 1889-
The Secret Hand. Methuen, 1929

DUCHESS, THE. Pseudonym
A Passive Crime. Abbott, ca.1892

DUDLEY, DOROTHY; see JUANITA SHERIDAN

DUDLEY, ERNEST. Pseudonym of Vivian Ernest Coltman-Allen, 1908- Series character: Dr. Morelle = DM
The Adventures of Jimmy Strange. Long, 1945
Alibi and Dr. Morelle. Hale, 1959 DM
The Blind Beak. Hale, 1954 (Historical novel about Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate of Bow Street.)
Callers for Dr. Morelle. Hale, 1957 DM
Confess to Dr. Morelle. Hale, 1959 DM
The Crooked Inn. Hodder, 1953
The Crooked Straight. Hodder, 1948
The Dark Bureau. Hodder, 1950
Dr. Morelle and Destiny. Hale, 1958 DM
Dr. Morelle and the Doll. Hale, 1960 DM
Dr. Morelle and the Drummer Girl. Hodder, 1950 DM
Dr. Morelle at Midnight. Hale, 1959 DM
Dr. Morelle Meets Murder and other new adventures. Findon, 1948 DM
Dr. Morelle Takes a Bow. Hale, 1957 DM
The Harassed Hero, Hodder, 1951
Leatherface. Hale, 1958
Look Out for Lucifer! Long, 1951
Meet Dr. Morelle. Long, 1943 DM
Meet Dr. Morelle Again. Long, 1944 DM
Menace for Dr. Morelle. Long, 1947 DM
The Mind of Dr. Morelle. Hale, 1958 DM
Mr. Walker Wants to Know. Wright, 1939
Nightmare for Dr. Morelle. Hale, 1960 DM
Picaroon. Hale, 1952; Bobbs, 1953 (Historical novel about actor-thief George Barrington.)
The Private Eye. Long, 1950
To Love and To Perish. Hale, 1962
Two-Face. Long, 1951
The Whistling Sands. Hodder, 1956

DUDLEY, FRANK. Pseudonym of Ward Greene, 1892-1956, q.v.
The Havana Hotel Murders. Houghton, 1936; Bell, 1937
King Cobra. Carrick, 1940
Ride the Nightmare. Cape, 1930 (N.Y.)
Route 28. Doubleday, 1940

DUDLEY, OWEN. Pseudonym of Dudley Dean McGaughy. Other pseudonym: Dudley Dean, q.v.
The Deep End. Ace, 1956
Murder for Charity. Ace, 1957
Run If You Can. Ace, 1960

DUDLEY, OWEN FRANCIS
The Coming of the Monster. Longmans, 1936

DUDLEY-SMITH, TREVOR; see Elleston Trevor

DUFF, BELDON
Ask No Questions. Doubleday, 1930
The Central Park Murder. Doubleday, 1929

DUFF, DAVID. 1912-
Castle Fell. Burke, 1950
Loch Spy. Burke, 1948
Traitor's Pass. Staples, 1954; Roy, 1955

DUFF, JAMES P.
Dangerous to Know. Ace, 1959

Run from Death. Bouregy, 1957
Some Die Young. Graphic, 1956
Who Dies There? Graphic, 1956

DUGDALE, GILES
Should a Corpse Tell. Earl

DUHART, WILLIAM H.
The Deadly Pay-Off. GM, 1958; Fawcett (London), 1959

DUKE, MADELAINE
Claret, Sandwiches and Sin. Doubleday, 1964
This Business of Bumfog. Doubleday, 1969

DUKE, WILL
Fair Prey. Graphic, 1956; Boardman, 1958

DUKE, WINIFRED. 18 -1962. Many of the following are probably mainstream and not crime fiction; but which are which?
Bastard Verdict. Jarrolds, 1931; Knopf, 1934
The Black Mirror. Jarrolds, 1948
Blind Geese. Jarrolds, 1946
The Cherry-Fair. Hale, 1954
The Continuing City. Jarrolds, 1929
Counterfeit. Jarrolds, 1940
Crookedshaws. Jarrolds, 1936
The Dancing of the Fox. Hale, 1956
The Dark Hill. Jarrolds, 1932
Death and His Sweetheart. Jarrolds, 1938
Dirge for a Dead Witch. Jarrolds, 1949
The Drove Road. Jarrolds, 1930
Finale. Jarrolds, 1933
Funeral March of a Marionette. Jarrolds, 1945
Heir to Kings; see The Laird
The Hour-Glass. Jarrolds, 1934
The House of Ogilvie. Long, 1922
Household Gods. Jarrolds, 1939
The Laird. Long, 1925. U.S. title (?): Heir to Kings. Stokes, 1926
Long Furrows. Jarrolds, 1936
The Lost Cause. Hale, 1953
Madeleine Smith. Hodge, 1928
The Magpie's Hoard. Jarrolds, 1934
The Mart of Nations. Jarrolds, 1949
The Murder of Mrs. Mallabee. Jarrolds, 1937
My Grim Chamberlain. Hale, 1955
The Needful Journey. Jarrolds, 1950
Out of the North. Jarrolds, 1939
Room for a Ghost. Jarrolds, 1937
The Royal Ishmael. Jarrolds, 1943
Second Spring. Hale, 1955
Seven Women. Jarrolds, 1947
Shadows. Jarrolds, 1951
The Shears of Destiny. Jarrolds, 1942
The Ship of Fools. Hale, 1956
Skin for Skin. Gollancz, 1935; Little, 1935
The Sown Wind. Jarrolds, 1932
The Spider's Web. Jarrolds, 1945
Stubble. Jarrolds, 1935
Tales of Hate. Hodge, 1927
These Are They. Jarrolds, 1933
The Unjust Jury. Jarrolds, 1941
We Owe God a Death. Jarrolds, 1944
A Web in Childhood. Hale, 1952
The Wild Flame. Long, 1923
Winter Pride. Hale, 1952

DU MAURIER, ANGELA
Treveryan. Joseph, 1942; Doubleday, 1942

DU MAURIER, DAPHNE. 1907-
The Apple Tree. Gollancz, 1952. U.S. title: Kiss Me Again, Stranger. Doubleday, 1953. Also published as: The Birds and other stories. Penguin, 1963 ss
The Birds and other stories; see The Apple Tree
The Blue Lenses and other stories; see The Breaking Point
The Breaking Point. Gollancz, 1959; Doubleday, 1959. Also published as: The Blue Lenses and other stories. Penguin, 1970 ss
Don't Look Now. Doubleday, 1971 ss
The Flight of the Falcon. Gollancz, 1965; Doubleday, 1965
The House on the Strand. Gollancz, 1969; Doubleday, 1969
Jamaica Inn. Gollancz, 1936; Doubleday, 1936
Kiss Me Again, Stranger; see The Apple Tree
My Cousin Rachel. Gollancz, 1951; Doubleday, 1952
Not After Midnight. Gollancz, 1971
Rebecca. Gollancz, 1938; Doubleday, 1938
The Scapegoat. Gollancz, 1957; Doubleday, 1957

DUN, (MARIE DE) NERVAUD
Point of Death. Hammond, 1954

DUNBAR, DOROTHY.
Blood in the Parlor.

DUNCAN, ACTEA. 1913- Pseudonym: Carolyn Thomas, q.v.

DUNCAN, ALLAN.
A Cabinet Minister Resigns. Hutchinson, 1939
An Official Secret. Hutchinson, 1937; Crowell, 1937

DUNCAN, DAVID. 1913-
The Bramble Bush. Macmillan, 1948; Low, 1949. Also published as: Sweet and Deadly. Mercury,
The Madrone Tree. Macmillan, 1949; Gollancz, 1950
The Serpent's Egg. Macmillan, 1950
The Shade of Time. Random, 1946; Grey Walls, 1948
Sweet and Deadly; see The Bramble Bush

DUNCAN, FRANCIS
Behold a Fair Woman. Long, 1954
Dangerous Mr. X. Jenkins, 1939; Withy
Fear Holds the Key. Jenkins, 1945
The Hand of Justice. Jenkins, 1945
In at the Death. Long, 1952
Justice Limited. Jenkins, 1941
Justice Returns. Jenkins, 1940
The League of Justice. Jenkins, 1937
Ministers Too Are Mortal. Long, 1951
Murder But Gently. Long, 1953
Murder for Christmas. Long, 1949
Murder Has a Motive. Long, 1947
Murder in Man. Jenkins, 1940
Murderer's Bluff. Jenkins, 1938
Night Without End. Jenkins, 1943
A Question of Time. Hale, 1959
So Pretty a Problem. Long, 1950
The Sword of Justice. Jenkins, 1937
They'll Never Find Out. Jenkins, 1944
Tigers Fight Alone. Jenkins, 1938

DUNCAN, LOIS
Point of Violence. Doubleday, 1966; Hale, 1968

DUNCAN, PETER
The Tell-Tale Tart. GM, 1961

DUNCAN, W(ILLIAM) MURDOCH. 1909-
Pseudonyms: John Cassells, Neill Graham, Martin Locke, Peter Malloch, Lovat Marshall, qq.v. Series character: The Dreamer = D
Again the Dreamer. Long, 1965 D
The Black Mitre. Melrose, 1951
The Blackbird Sings of Murder. Melrose, 1948
The Blood Red Leaf. Melrose, 1952
The Breath of Murder. Long, 1972
The Brothers of Judgement. Melrose, 1950
Case for the Dreamer. Long, 1966 D
Challenge for the Dreamer. Long, 1969 D
The Company of Sinners. Melrose, 1951
Cord for a Killer. Long, 1969
The Council of Comforters. Long, 1967
The Crime Master. Long, 1963
The Cult of the Queer People. Melrose, 1949
Death Beckons Quietly. Melrose, 1946
Death Comes to Lady's Steps. Melrose, 1952
Death Stands Round the Corner. Rich, 1955
Death Wears a Silk Stocking. Melrose, 1945
The Deathmaster. Hutchinson, 1953
Detail for the Dreamer. Long, 1971 D
The Doctor Deals with Murder. Melrose, 1944
The Dreamer Deals with Murder. Long, 1970 D
The Dreamer Intervenes. Long, 1968 D
The Green Knight. Long, 1964
The Green Triangle. Long, 1969
The Hooded Man. Long, 1960
The Hour of the Bishop. Long, 1964
The House in Spite Street. Long, 1961
The House of Wailing Winds. Long, 1965
The Joker Deals with Death. Long, 1958
Killer Keep. Melrose, 1946
A Knife in the Night. Rich, 1955
Meet the Dreamer. Long, 1963 D
Murder at Marks Caris. Melrose, 1945
Murder Calls the Tune. Long, 1957
The Murder Man. Long, 1959
Mystery on the Clyde. Melrose, 1945
The Nighthawk. Long, 1962
Pennies for His Eyes. Rich, 1956
Presenting the Dreamer. Long, 1966 D
Problem for the Dreamer. Long, 1967 D
The Puppets of Father Bouvard. Melrose, 1948
Redfingers. Long, 1962
Salute the Dreamer. Long, 1968 D
Straight Ahead for Danger. Melrose, 1946
The Tiled House Mystery. Melrose, 1947
The Whisperer. Long, 1970
The Whispering Man. Long, 1959

DUNCOMBE, FRANCES
Death of a Spinster. Scribner, 1958; Secker, 1958

DUNDAS, LAWRENCE
Behind the Spanish Mask. Hale, 1943
He Liked Them Murderous. Hammond, 1963
A Spider at the Elvira. Hammond, 1949
The Strange Smell of Murder. Hammond

DUNDEE, ROBERT. Pseudonym of Robert Kirsch
Inferno. Signet, 1962
Pandora's Box. Signet, 1962

DUNLOP, AGNES M. R. Pseudonym: Elizabeth Kyle, q.v.

DUNN, DETECTIVE. Pseudonym of Charles E. Pearce
The Beautiful Devil. Paul, 1924
Queen of the Crooks. Federation, 1924
The Red Mill Mystery. Modern, 1925

DUNN, DOROTHY. 1913-
Murder's Web. Harper, 1950; Foulsham, 1951

DUNN, IRMA LARAWAY
A Slightly Disjointed Affair. Vantage, 1963

DUNN, J. ALLAN
The Death Gamble. Hamilton

DUNN, N. J.
The Vultures of Erin: A Tale of the Penal Laws. Kenedy, 1886

DUNNETT, DOROTHY. Series character: Johnson Johnson, in all titles
Dolly and the Singing Bird; see The Photogenic Soprano
Match for a Murderer. Houghton, 1971
Murder in the Round. Houghton, 1970
The Photogenic Soprano. Houghton, 1968. British title: Dolly and the Singing Bird

DUNTON, JAMES GERALD
The Murders in Lovers Lane. Small, 1927

DUPREE, MORRISON. Pseudonym of Sherlock Bronson Gass
A Tap on the Shoulder. Doubleday, 1929

DUPUY, ELIZA ANN
The Gipsy's Warning. Putnam, 1873
How He Did It. Peterson, 1871. Also published as: Was He Guilty? Peterson, 1873
The Mysterious Guest. Peterson, 1873
Was He Guilty?; see How He Did It

DUPUY, WILLIAM ATHERTON
Uncle Sam Detective. Stokes, 1916

DUPUY-MAZUEL, HENRI. Pseudonym: Henri Catalan, q.v.

DURAND, ROBERT
Lady in a Cage. Popular Library, 1964

DURBIN, CHARLES
Vendetta. Coward, 1970; Joseph, 1971

DURBRIDGE, FRANCIS. 1912- . Joint pseudonym with James D. M. McConnell, q.v.: Paul Temple, q.v. Series characters: Paul Temple = PT; Tim Frazer = TF
Another Woman's Shoes. Hodder, 1965
Back Room Girl. Long, 1950
Bat Out of Hell. Hodder, 1972
Beware of Johnny Washington. Long, 1951
The Case of the Twisted Scarf; see The Scarf
Dead to the World. Hodder, 1967
Design for Murder. Long, 1951
The Desperate People. Hodder, 1966
The Geneva Mystery. Hodder pb, 1971
A Man Called Harry Brent. Hodder, 1970 (Novelization of the TV series.)
My Friend Charles. Hodder, 1963
My Wife Melissa. Hodder, 1967
News of Paul Temple. Long, 1940 PT
The Other Man. Hodder, 1958
Paul Temple and the Front Page Men. Long, 1939 (Adapted by FD and Charles Hatton from the play by FD.) PT
Paul Temple and the Harkdale Robbery. Hodder pb, 1970 PT
Paul Temple and the Kelby Affair. Hodder pb, 1970 PT
Paul Temple Intervenes. Long, 1944 PT
The Pig-Tail Murder. Hodder, 1969
Portrait of Alison. Hodder, 1962; Dodd, 1962
The Scarf. Hodder, 1960. U.S. title: The Case of the Twisted Scarf. Dodd, 1961
Send for Paul Temple. Long, 1938 PT
Send for Paul Temple Again! Long, 1948 PT
Tim Frazer Again. Hodder, 1964 TF
A Time of Day. Hodder, 1959
The World of Tim Frazer. Hodder, 1962; Dodd, 1962 TF

DURHAM, DAVID. Pseudonym of Roy Vickers, 1888-1965, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Sefton Kyle, John Spencer, qq.v.
Against the Law. Jenkins, 1939
The Exploits of Fidelity Dove. Hodder, 1924 (Reprinted as by Roy Vickers. Newnes, 1935.) ss
The Forgotten Honeymoon. Jenkins, 1935
The Girl Who Dared. Jenkins, 1938
Hounded Down. Hodder, 1923. (Reprinted as by Roy Vickers: Newnes, 1935.)
The Pearl-Headed Pin. Hodder, 1925. (Reprinted as by Roy Vickers: Newnes, 1935.)
The Woman Accused. Hodder, 1923. (Reprinted as by Roy Vickers: Newnes, 1936.)

DURHAM, MARY
Castle Mandragora. Gifford, 1950
Cornish Mystery. Crowther, 1946
Corpse Errant. Skeffington, 1949
Crime Insoluble. Crowther, 1947
The Devil Was Sick. Gifford, 1952
Forked Lightning. Gifford, 1951
Hate Is My Livery. Gifford, 1945
Keeps Death His Court. Crowther, 1946
Murder by Multiplication. Skeffington, 1948
Why Pick on Pickles? Crowther, 1945

DURRANT, THEO. Byline on a collaborative novel by California MWA members, reportedly under the guidance of Anthony Boucher.
The Marble Forest. Knopf, 1951; Wingate, 1951

DÜRRENMATT, FRIEDRICH. 1921- . Series character: Kommissär Hans Bärlach = HB
A Dangerous Game. Cape, 1960. U.S. title: Traps. Knopf, 1960. (Translation of Die Panne. Zürich: Verlag der Arche, 1956.)
The Judge and His Hangman. Jenkins, 1954; Harper, 1955. (Translation of Der Richter und Sein Henker. Einsiedeln:Benziger, 1952.) HB
The Pledge. Cape, 1959; Knopf, 1959. (Translation of Das Versprechen. Zürich: Verlag der Arche, 1958.)
The Quarry. Cape, 1962; New York Graphic Society, 1962. (Translation of Der Verdacht. Einsiedeln: Benziger, 1959.) HB
Traps; see A Dangerous Game

DURST, PAUL. 1921- . Pseudonym: Peter Bannon, q.v.
Backlash. Cassell, 1967
Badge of Infamy. Cassell, 1968

DURSTON, P. E. H.
Mortissimo. Random, 1967; Macdonald, 1968

DU SOE, ROBERT C.
The Devil Thumbs a Ride. McBride, 1938

DUSTON, MERLE
The Wind in Our Hands. Harlo, 1966

DUTTON, CHARLES J(UDSON). 1888-
Black Fog. Dodd, 1934; Hurst, 1934
The Circle of Death. Dodd, 1933; Hurst, 1933
The Clutching Hand. Dodd, 1928
The Crooked Cross. Dodd, 1926
Flying Clues. Dodd, 1927; Lane, 1927
The House by the Road. Dodd, 1924; Lane, 1924
Murder in a Library. Dodd, 1931; Hurst, 1931
Murder in the Dark. Brentano's (London), 1929. (Must = either The Clutching Hand or Streaked with Crimson.)
Out of the Darkness. Dodd, 1922; Lane, 1922
Poison Unknown. Dodd, 1932. British title: The Vanishing Murderer. Hurst, 1932
The Shadow of Evil. Dodd, 1930; Hurst, 1930
The Shadow on the Glass. Dodd, 1923; Jenkins, 1925
Streaked with Crimson. Dodd, 1929
The Underwood Mystery. Dodd, 1921; Robinson & Birch, 1922
The Vanishing Murderer; see Poison Unknown
The Westwood Mystery; see The Second Bullet

The Second Bullet. Dodd, 1925. British title: The Westwood Mystery. Hurst, 1926

DUVAL, CLAUDE. The following are 4 x 6¼ inch, 100 page books, published beginning in 1870 by Munro. Listed chronologically.
Claude, the Highwayman.
Claude in the Palace.
Claude and Adele.
Claude and the Banker.
Claude and the Beauty.
Duval and the Prince.
Claude in Jail.
Duval and the Mohocks.
Duval and the Ghost.
Claude's Stratagem.
Luke, the Swell.
Duval and the Spy.
Claude and the Brigands.
Claude in Love.
Claude and the Coiners.
Duval at Bay.
Claude and the Sheriff.
Duval's Escape.
Claude and the Detective.
Duval and the Knight.
Claude at the Farmhouse.
Duval in London.
Claude and the Cornet.
Duval in Court.
Claude's Victory.

DUVAL, H.
Devil in Her. Murray, 1946
Mayfair Nights. Hamilton, 1946
Search the Lady. Murray, 1946
She Vamped a Stranger. Murray, 1946

DWIGHT, OLIVIA. Pseudonym of Mary Hazzard
Close His Eyes. Harper, 1961

DYAN, JOHN
Exit—The Killer. Paul, 1938

DYAR, H. G.
Diamonds Going and Coming. Stratford, 1926

DYE, WILLIAM H.
The Devil's Cameo. Exposition, 1956

DYER, GEORGE. 1903-
Adriana. Scribner, 1939. British title: The Mystery of Martha's Vineyard. Heinemann, 1939
The Catalyst Club. Scribner, 1936; Heinemann, 1937
The Five Fragments. Houghton, 1932; Skeffington, 1933
The Long Death. Scribner, 1937; Heinemann, 1938
The Mystery of Martha's Vineyard; see Adriana
The People Ask Death. Scribner, 1940; Heinemann, 1940
A Storm is Rising. Houghton, 1934; Skeffington, 1934
The Three-Cornered Wound. Houghton, 1931; Skeffington, 1932

EADES, M(AUD) L.
The Crown Swindle. Jenkins, 1925
In Another Man's Shoes. Jenkins, 1936
The Torrington Square Mystery. Jenkins, 1932

EADIE, ARLTON
The Carnival of Death. Fiction House, 1935
The Crimson Query. Jarrolds, 1929
The Death Express. Fiction House, 1935
Her Lover's Peril. Fiction House, 1935
Heroine of the Desert. Fiction House, 1935
The League of the Lotus. Fiction House, 1935
Murder Manor. Fiction House, 1935
Murder on the Wing. Mellifont, 1935
The Murillo Mystery. Fiction House, 1935
The Phantom Lover. Fiction House, 1935
The Phantom of the Films. Fiction House, 1935
The Trail of the Cloven Hoof. Skeffington, 1935
The Veiled Vampire. Fiction House, 1937

EAMES. R. A.
The Lady is in Danger. Morris, 1947

EARL, C. K.
The Shadow of a Crime. Abbott, ca.1892

EARLIE, M. A. Pseudonym of May Agnes Fleming
Eulalie; or, The Wife's Tragedy. Brady, 1866

EARLY, CHARLES
The Tigers are Hungry. Morrow, 1967; Rapp & Whiting, 1968

EAST, FRED. Pseudonym: Fred Orpet, q.v.

EAST, MICHAEL. Pseudonym of Morris L. West, q.v.
The Concubine; see McCreary Moves In
McCreary Moves In. Heinemann, 1958. Also published as: The Concubine. Four Square, 1967
The Naked Country. Heinemann, 1960; Dell, 1961

EAST, ROGER. Pseudonym of Roger d'Este Burford, 1904- . Joint pseudonym with Oswell Blakeston: "Simon", q.v.
The Bell is Answered. Collins, 1934
Candidate for Lilies. Collins, 1934; Knopf, 1934
Detectives in Gum Boots. Collins, 1936
Kingston Black. Collins, 1960
Murder Rehearsal. Collins, 1933; Knopf, 1933
The Mystery of the Monkey-Gland Cocktail. Putnam (NY & London), 1932
The Pearl Choker. Collins, 1954
The Pin Men. Hodder, 1963
Twenty-Five Sanitary Inspectors. Collins, 1935

EASTMAN, ELIZABETH
The Mouse with Red Eyes. Farrar, 1948; Heinemann, 1950. Also published as: His Dead Wife. Lion, 1950

EASTMAN, ROY
The Mysteries of Blair House. Conjure House, 1948

EASTON, JOHN
Red Sap. 1930

EASTON, M.
Solent Intrigue. Stockwell, 1969

EASTON, M. G.
The House by the Bridge. Lane, 1906

EASTON, NAT. Series character: Bill Banning = BB
Always the Wolf. Boardman, 1957
Bill for Damages. Boardman, 1958; Roy, 1958 BB
A Book for Banning. Boardman, 1959; Roy, 1959 BB
Forgive Me, Lovely Lady. Boardman, 1961
Frangipani. Boardman, 1958
Mistake Me Not. Boardman, 1959; Roy, 1959 BB
Moment on Ice. Boardman, 1960
Nothing for Nothing. Boardman, 1958
One Good Turn. Boardman, 1957
Quick Tempo. Boardman, 1960 BB
Right for Trouble. Boardman, 1960 BB

EASTWOOD, JAMES. 1918- . Series character: Anna Zordan = AZ
The Chinese Visitor. Cassell, 1965; Coward, 1965 AZ
Come Die with Me. Macmillan (London), 1970. U.S. title: Diamonds are Deadly. McKay, 1969
Diamonds are Deadly; see Come Die with Me
Henry in a Silver Frame. Macmillan (London), 1972
Little Dragon from Peking. Cassell, 1967; Coward, 1967. Also published as: Seduce and Destroy. Pan, 1969; Dell, 1968 AZ
Murder Inc. Dakers, 1952
Seduce and Destroy; see Little Dragon from Peking

EATON, FRANCIS U.
A Fearless Investigator. McClurg, 1896

EATON, HAROLD
Prisoners of Women. Collins

EBERHARD, FREDERICK G(EORGE)
The Microbe Murders. Macaulay, 1935

The Secret of the Morgue. Macaulay, 1932
The Skeleton Talks. Macaulay, 1933
Super-Gangster. Macaulay, 1932
The 13th Murder. Macaulay, 1931

EBERHARDT, WALTER F. -1935.
A Dagger in the Dark. Morrow, 1932
The Jig-Saw Puzzle Murder. Grosset, 1933

EBERHART, MIGNON G. 1899- Series characters: Sarah Keate & Lance O'Leary = K&O; Sarah Keate = SK
Another Man's Murder. Random, 1957; Collins, 1958
Another Woman's House. Random, 1947; Collins, 1948
Brief Return. Collins, 1939 (in U.S.?)
Call After Midnight. Random, 1964; Collins, 1965
The Cases of Susan Dare. Doubleday, 1934; Lane, 1935 ss
The Chiffon Scarf. Doubleday, 1939; Collins, 1940
The Crime at Honotassa; see The Cup, The Blade, or the Gun
The Crimson Paw. Hammond, 1959 (Three novelets, two included in the U.S. collection Deadly Is the Diamond, the third uncollected here.)
Danger in the Dark. Doubleday, 1937. British title: Hand in Glove. Collins, 1937
The Dark Garden. Doubleday, 1933. British title: Death in the Fog. Lane, 1934
Dead Men's Plans. Random, 1952; Collins, 1953
Deadly Is the Diamond. Random, 1958 (Four novelets, two each collected in the British volumes Five of My Best and The Crimson Paw.)
Death in the Fog; see The Dark Garden
El Rancho Rio. Random, 1970; Collins, 1971
Enemy in the House. Random, 1962; Collins, 1963
Escape the Night. Random, 1944; Collins, 1945
Fair Warning. Doubleday, 1936; Collins, 1936
Five of My Best. Collins, 1949. (Five novelets, two included in the U.S. collection Deadly Is the Diamond, the other three uncollected in the U.S.)
Five Passengers from Lisbon. Random, 1945; Collins, 1946
From This Dark Stairway. Doubleday, 1931; Heinemann, 1932 K&O
The Glass Slipper. Doubleday, 1938; Collins, 1938
Hand in Glove; see Danger in the Dark
The Hangman's Whip. Doubleday, 1940; Collins, 1941
Hasty Wedding. Doubleday, 1938; Collins, 1939
House of Storm. Random, 1949; Collins, 1949
The House on the Roof. Doubleday, 1935; Collins, 1935
Hunt with the Hounds. Random, 1950; Collins, 1951
Jury of One. Random, 1960; Collins, 1961
Man Missing. Random, 1954; Collins, 1954 SK
The Man Next Door. Random, 1943; Collins, 1944
Melora. Random, 1959; Collins, 1960. Also published as: The Promise of Murder. Dell, 1961
Message from Hong Kong. Random, 1969; Collins, 1969
Murder by an Aristocrat. Doubleday, 1932. British title: Murder of My Patient. Lane, 1934 K&O
Murder of My Patient; see Murder by an Aristocrat
The Mystery of Hunting's End. Doubleday, 1930; Heinemann, 1931 K&O
Never Look Back. Random, 1951; Collins, 1951
The Patient in Room 18. Doubleday, 1929; Heinemann, 1929 K&O
The Pattern. Doubleday, 1937; Collins, 1937
Postmark Murder. Random, 1956; Collins, 1956
The Promise of Murder; see Melora
R.S.V.P. Murder. Random, 1965; Collins, 1966
Run Scared. Random, 1963; Collins, 1964
Speak No Evil. Random, 1941; Collins, 1941
Two Little Rich Girls. Random, 1972
Unidentified Woman. Random, 1943; Collins, 1945
The Unknown Quantity. Random, 1953; Collins, 1953
While the Patient Slept. Doubleday, 1930; Heinemann, 1930 K&O
The White Cockatoo. Doubleday, 1933; Lane, 1933
The White Dress. Random, 1946; Collins, 1947
Wings of Fear. Random, 1945; Collins, 1946
With This Ring. Random, 1941; Collins, 1942
Witness at Large. Random, 1966; Collins, 1967
Wolf in Man's Clothing. Random, 1942; Collins, 1943 SK
Woman on the Roof. Random, 1967; Collins, 1968

EBERT, ARTHUR FRANK. 1902- Pseudonym: Frank Arthur, q.v.

EBY, LOIS, 1908- and JOHN C. FLEMING, 1906-
Blood Runs Cold. Dutton, 1946
The Case of the Malevolent Twin. Dutton, 1946
Death Begs the Question. Abelard, 1952; Abelard-Schuman (London), 1959
Hell Hath No Fury. Dutton, 1947
The Velvet Fleece. Dutton, 1947

ECHARD, MARGARET
Before I Wake. Doubleday, 1943

Dark Fantastic. Doubleday, 1947
I Met Murder on the Way. Doubleday, 1965
If This Be Treason. Doubleday, 1944
A Man Without Friends. Doubleday, 1940
Stand-In for Death. Doubleday, 1940

EDELSTEIN, MORTIMER S.; see SANDERS, MARION K.

EDEN, DOROTHY. 1912- . Pseudonym: Mary Paradise, q.v.
Afternoon for Lizards. Hodder, 1962. U.S. title: The Bridge of Fear. Ace, 196 .
An Afternoon Walk. Hodder, 1971; Coward, 1971
Bella. Hodder, 1964. U.S. title (?): Ravenscroft. Coward, 1965
The Bird in the Chimney. Hodder, 1963. U.S. title (?): Darkwater. Coward, 1964
Bride by Candlelight. Macdonald, 1954; Ace, 196 .
The Bridge of Fear; see Afternoon for Lizards
The Brooding Lake; see Lamb to the Slaughter
Cat's Prey. Macdonald, 1952; Ace, 1967
Crow Hollow. Macdonald, 1950; Ace, 1967
Darkwater; see The Bird in the Chimney
Darling Clementine. Macdonald, 1955. U.S. title: The Night of the Letter. Ace, 1967
The Daughters of Ardmore Hall; see The Schoolmaster's Daughters
The Deadly Travelers. Macdonald, 1959; Ace, 1966
Death is a Red Rose. Macdonald, 1956; Ace, 196 .
Lady of Mallow; see Samantha
Lamb to the Slaughter. Macdonald, 1953. U.S. title: The Brooding Lake. Ace, 1966
The Laughing Ghost. Macdonald, 1943; Ace, 196 .
Listen to Danger. Macdonald, 1958; Ace, 1967
The Marriage Chest. Hodder, 1965; Coward, 1966, as by Mary Paradise
Melbury Square. Hodder, 1970; Coward, 1971
The Night of the Letter; see Darling Clementine
The Pretty Ones. Macdonald, 1957; Ace, 1966
Ravenscroft; see Bella
Samantha. Hodder, 1960. U.S. title: Lady of Mallow. Coward, 1962
The Schoolmaster's Daughters. Macdonald, 1946. U.S. title (?): The Daughters of Ardmore Hall. Ace, 196 .
The Shadow Wife. Hodder, 1968; Coward, 1968
The Singing Shadows. Paul, 1940
Sleep in the Woods. Hodder, 1960; Coward, 1961
The Sleeping Bride. Macdonald, 1959; Ace, 196 .
Summer Sunday. Macdonald, 1946
The Vines of Yarrabee. Hodder, 1969; Coward, 1969
The Voice of the Dolls. Macdonald, 1950; Ace, 196 .
Waiting for Willa. Hodder, 1970; Coward, 1970
Walk Into My Parlour. Macdonald, 1947
We Are for the Dark. Macdonald, 1944
Whistle for the Crows. Hodder, 1962; Ace, 1964
Winterwood. Hodder, 1967; Coward, 1967
Yellow is for Fear and other stories. Ace, 196 .

EDEN, FRANCIS I. S.
The Ninth Life. Arcadia, 1969

EDEN, MATTHEW
Dangerous Exchange. Hale, 1969
Flight of Hawks. Abelard, 1970
The Gilt-Edged Traitor. Abelard (London), 1972
The Man Who Fell. Hale, 1970

EDGAR, ALFRED. 1896- . Series character (with many other authors): Sexton Blake, in all titles, all published by Amalgamated Press
The Cup Final Mystery. 1927
Lawless Justice. 1922
The Power of the Unknown. 1922
The Secret of the Safe. 1923
The Sign in the Sky. 1922. Also published as: The Secret of the Tong, as by H. Gregory. 1936

EDGAR, GEORGE
The Red Colonel. Mills, 1913

EDGINTON, MAY
The Adventures of Napoleon Prince. Cassell, 1912

EDGLEY, LESLIE. 1912- . Pseudonyms: Robert Blomfield, Brook Hastings, qq.v.
The Angry Heart. Doubleday, 1947; Barker, 1949. Also published as: Tracked Down. Ace, 1954
Diamonds Spell Death; see The Runaway Pigeon
A Dirty Business. Putnam, 1969; Hale, 1970
False Face. Simon, 1947; Barker, 1948
Fear No More. Simon, 1946; Barker, 1948
Final Reckoning. Hale, 1971
The Judas Goat. Doubleday, 1952; Barker, 1953
One Blonde Died; see The Runaway Pigeon
The Runaway Pigeon. Doubleday, 1953. British title: Diamonds Spell Death. Barker, 1954. Also published as: One Blonde Died. Bestseller, 195 .

Tracked Down; see The Angry Heart

EDGLEY, MARY; see Brook Hastings, joint pseudonym of Leslie & Mary Edgley

EDHOLM, CHARLTON; see Frank Condon

EDINGTONS, THE (Arlo Channing Edington, 1890-1953, and Carmen Ballen Edington, 1894- .)
Drum Madness, with Marianne Barrett. Cassell, 1934
The House of the Vanishing Goblets. Century (NY & London), 1930
The Monkshood Murders. Collins, 1931; Cosmopolitan, 1931
Murder to Music. Collins, 1930
The Studio Murder Mystery. Collins, 1929; Reilly & Lee, 1929

EDMISTON, HELEN. 1913- . Pseudonym: Helen Robertson, q.v.
The Shake-Up. Macdonald, 1962

EDMONDS, H(ARRY) M(ORETON) S(OUTHEY)
Across the Frontiers. Ward Lock, 1936
The Clockmaker of Heidelberg; or, The Strange Affair of Hugh Brodie, Englishman. Macdonald, 1949
The Death Ship; or, The Tragedy of the 'Valmeira'. Lane, 1933
The East Coast Mystery. Ward Lock, 1934
The North Sea Mystery: A Story of Naval Intelligence Work. Ward Lock, 1930
The Orphans of Brandenburg. Ward Lock, 1953
The Professor's Last Experiment. Rich, 1935
The Red Desert. Ward Lock, 1931
The Red Invader. Ward Lock, 1933
The Riddle of the Straits. Ward Lock, 1931
The Rockets—Operation Manhattan. Macdonald, 1951
The Secret Voyage. Macdonald, 1946
The Trail of the Lonely River. Ward Lock, 1934
Wind in the East. Ward Lock, 1935
Yvonne. Jarrolds, 1933

EDMUNDS, BRENT
Beware the Crimson Cord. Laurie, 1956
A Gun in my Back. Laurie, 1955
Ride a Dead Horse. Laurie, 1955
Spiders in the Night. Laurie, 1956

EDQVIST, DAGMAR
Black Sister. Doubleday, 1963; Joseph, 1963

EDWARD, MARIE ELAINE
Amberleigh. Paperback Library, 1967
Lenore. Paperback Library, 1967
Terror Manor. Paperback Library, 196 .

EDWARDS, ANNE
Miklos Alexandrovitch is Missing. Coward, 1970; Hodder, 1970

EDWARDS, BLAIR
Murder Blues. Modern Fiction, 1946

EDWARDS, CHARMAN. Pseudonym of Frederick Anthony Edwards, 1896- . Series character. Percy Huff = PH
A Big, Strong Man! Low, 1923
The Blue Macaw. Ward Lock, 1935 PH
Confetti for a Killing. Ward Lock, 1937
Derision. Ward Lock, 1926
Dolly's Walk. Ward Lock, 1950
Drama of Mr. Dilly. Hale, 1939
Drink No Deeper. Ward Lock, 1933
Fear Haunts the Roses. Ward Lock, 1936 PH
Gabriel Sounds for Africa. Hale, 1938
Give Me a Ship! Ward Lock, 1932
High Street. Ward Lock, 1928
No Coffins in China. Hale, 1937
Rainbrother. Ward Lock, 1927
Sir Richard Penniless. Ward Lock, 1928
Tall Pines in Paddington. Ward Lock, 1949
Ten Thirteen. Ward Lock, 1936 PH
Terror Ship. Ward Lock, 1935 PH
Windfellow. Ward Lock, 1925
The Yellow Wagon. Ward Lock, 1932

EDWARDS, FREDERICK ANTHONY. 1896- Pseudonym: Charman Edwards, q.v.

EDWARDS, HARRY STILLWELL. 1855-1938.
The Marbeau Cousins. Rand, 1912

EDWARDS, H. SUTHERLAND
The Case of Reuben Malachi. Rand, 1886

EDWARDS, HUGH. 1878-1952. Doubtful inclusions marked *.
All Night at Mr. Stanyhurst's. Cape, 1933. (Reprinted, with Introduction by Ian Fleming: Cape, 1963.)
Crack of Doom. Cape, 1934; Bobbs, 1934
Helen Between Cupids. Cape, 1935 *
Macaroni. Bles, 1938 *
Sangoree. Bles, 1932 *

EDWARDS, JAMES G. Pseudonym of James Williams MacQueen, 1900-
But the Patient Died. Doubleday, 1948; Cherry Tree, 1949
Death Among Doctors. Doubleday, 1942
Death Elects a Mayor. Doubleday, 1939
F Corridor. Doubleday, 1936
Murder at Leisure. Doubleday, 1937
Murder in the Surgery. Doubleday, 1935
The Odor of Bitter Almonds. Doubleday, 1938
The Private Pavilion. Doubleday, 1935

EDWARDS, JANE
The Houseboat Mystery. Bouregy, 1965

EDWARDS, NORMAN
Dilemma. Jenkins, 1936
The Frightened Village. Jenkins, 1937

EDWARDS, RICHARD KEMBLE
Mystery of the Miniature. Clark, 1908

EDWARDS, STAFFORD
Money Order Murder. Vantage, 1963

EDWARDS, WALTER. Pseudonym of Walter Shute, d.ca.1940. Series character (with many other authors): Sexton Blake, in all titles, all published by Amalgamated Press
The Ambush. 1931
The Barber's Shop Crime. 1936
The Case of the Murdered Pawn Broker. 1935
The Fatal Memoirs. 1934
The Great Stores Crime. 1933
The Great Stores Mystery. 1940
The Hiker's Secret. 1933
The Man in Brown. 1935
The Murder on the Moor. 1932
The Mystery of the Marchers. 1937
The Newspaper Seller's Secret. 1938
The Secret of the Cellar. 1939
The Secret of the Identification Parade. 1936

EDWIN, MARIBEL
Sound Alibi. Ward Lock, 1935; Hillman, 1938
The Valiant Jester. Ward Lock, 1930
Windfall Harvest. Ward Lock, 1931

EGAN, LESLEY. Pseudonym of Elizabeth Linington, 1921- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Anne Blaisdell, Dell Shannon, qq.v. Series characters: Jesse Falkenstein = JF, Vic Varallo = VV
Against the Evidence. Harper, 1962; Gollancz, 1963 JF
The Borrowed Alibi. Harper, 1962; Gollancz, 1963 VV
A Case for Appeal. Harper, 1961; Gollancz, 1962 JF
Detective's Due. Harper, 1965; Gollancz, 1966 VV
In the Death of a Man. Harper, 1970; Gollancz, 1970 JF
Malicious Mischief. Harper, 1971; Gollancz, 1972 VV
The Nameless Ones. Harper, 1967; Gollancz, 1968 VV
Run to Evil. Harper, 1963; Gollancz, 1964 VV
A Serious Investigation. Harper, 1968; Gollancz, 1969 JF
Some Avenger, Rise! Harper, 1966; Gollancz, 1967 JF
The Wine of Violence. Harper, 1969; Gollancz, 1970 VV

EGERTON, DENISE
Design for an Accident. Hodder, 1957; Washburn 1958
The Hour of Truth. Hodder, 1959; Washburn, 1960
It Couldn't Be Caroline. Hodder, 1961
A Man That I Love. Hodder, 1955
No Thoroughfare. Hodder, 1954; Coward, 1955

EGGLESTON, EDWARD. 1837-1902.
The Mystery of Metropolisville. Judd, 1873;

EGLETON, CLIVE
The Judas Mandate. Hodder, 1972; Coward, 1972
Last Post for a Partisan. Hodder, 1971; Coward, 1971
A Piece of Resistance. Hodder, 1970; Coward, 1970

EHRLICH, JACK. Series character: Robert Flick = RF
Court Martial. Pyramid, 1960
Cry, Baby. Dell, 1962 RF
The Drowning. PB, 1970
The Girl Cage. Dell, 1967 RF
Parole. Dell, 1959 RF
Revenge. Dell, 1958
Slow Burn. Dell, 1961 RF

EHRLICH, MAX. 1909-
Dead Letter; see First Train to Babylon
Deep Is the Blue. Doubleday, 1963; Gollancz, 1964
First Train to Babylon. Harper, 1955; Gollancz, 1955. Also published as: Dead Letter. Corgi, 1958; and as: The Naked Edge. Corgi, 1961
The Naked Edge; see First Train to Babylon
Spin the Glass Web. Harper, 1951; Corgi, 1957
The Takers. Harper, 1961; Gollancz, 1961

EHRMANN, MAX
The Mystery of Madeline Le Blanc. Cooperative, 1900

EICHLER, ALFRED. 1908-
The Big Bruiser. Phoenix, 1941. British title: The Gentle Giant. Swan, 1943
Bury in Haste. Arcadia, 1957
Death at the Mike. Lantern, 1946; Hammond, 1954
Death of an Ad Man. Abelard, 1954
Death of an Artist. Arcadia, 1955; Hammond, 1955
Election by Murder. Lantern, 1947
The Gentle Giant; see The Big Bruiser
Hearse for the Boss. Hammond, 1956
Moment for Murder. Arcadia, 1956; Hammond, 1957
Murder in the Radio Department. Gold Label, 1943; Hammond, 1953
Murder Off Stage. Hammond, 1963
Pipeline to Death. Hammond, 1962

EINSTEIN, CHARLES
The Bloody Spur. Dell, 1953. Also published as: While the City Sleeps. Dell, 1956
The Last Laugh. Dell, 1956
The Naked City. Dell, 1959; World Distributors, 1960 (Novelizations by CE of TV scripts by Stirling Silliphant.)
No Time at All. Simon, 1958; Davies, 1958
The Only Game in Town. Dell, 1955

While the City Sleeps; see The Bloody Spur
Wiretap! Dell, 1955

EISINGER, JO.
The Walls Came Tumbling Down. Coward, 1943; Jarrolds, 1945

EKBERGH, IDA DIANI
The Mysterious Chinese Mandrake. Pageant, 1954

ELAND, CHARLES
The Desperate Search. Hale, 1971
Dossier Closed. Hale, 1970

EL COMANCHO
The Green Opal Ring. Shores, ca.1918

ELDER, EVELYN
Angel in the Case. Methuen, 1932
Murder in Black and White. Methuen, 1931

ELDER, MICHAEL
The Phantom in the Wings. Murray, 1957

ELDREDGE, GILBERT
Death for the Surgeon. Phoenix, 1939
Murder in the Stratosphere. Phoenix, 1940

ELDRIDGE, GEORGE DYRE. 1848-
In the Potter's House. Doubleday, 1908; Methuen, 1908
The Millbank Case. Holt, 1905; Nash, 1907

ELDRIDGE, JIM
Down Payment on Death. Hale, 1972

ELDRIDGE, RUBY
The Legend of the Grey Castle. Vantage, 1969

ELDRIDGE, WILLIAM TILLINGHAST
Meryl. Dodd, 1908

ELEGANT, ROBERT S(AMPSON)
A Kind of Treason. Holt, 1966

ELGIN, MARY
Highland Masquerade; see Return to Glenshael
A Man from the Mist; see Visibility Nil
Return to Glenshael. Hodder, 1965. U.S. title: Highland Masquerade. Mill, 1966
Visibility Nil. Hodder, 1964. U.S. title: A Man from the Mist. Mill, 1965
The Wood and the Trees. Hodder, 1967; Mill, 1967

ELIAS, DAVID
The Cause of the Screaming. Hammond, 1953
Dress Up and Die. Hammond, 1955
The Gory Details. Hammond, 1954

ELIOT, ANNE. Pseudonym of Lois Dwight Cole, 1902-
Return to Aylforth. Meredith, 1967
Shadows Waiting. Meredith, 1969
Stranger at Pembroke. Hawthorn, 1971

ELIOT, GEORGE FIELDING
Federal Bullets. Caslon, 1936
The Navy Spy Murders. Dodge, 1937

ELIOT, HENRY WARE. 1879- Pseudonym: Mason Deal, q.v.

ELLERBECK, ROSEMARY
Inclination to Murder. Hodder, 1965

ELLERTON, EDWARD
A Fatal Resemblance: A Novel. Lennon, 1885

ELLETT, HAROLD PINCTON. 1912- Pseudonym: Nigel Burnaby, q.v.

ELLIN, STANLEY. 1916-
The Big Night; see Dreadful Summit
The Bind. Random, 1970. British title: The Man from Nowhere. Cape, 1970
The Blessington Method. Random, 1964; Macdonald, 1965 ss
Dreadful Summit. Simon, 1948; Boardman, 1958. Also published as: The Big Night. Signet, 1966
The Eighth Circle. Random, 1958; Boardman, 1959
House of Cards. Random, 1967; Macdonald, 1967
The Key to Nicholas Street. Simon, 1952; Boardman, 1953
The Man from Nowhere; see The Bind
Mystery Stories. Simon. 1956; Boardman, 1957. Also published as: Quiet Horror. Dell, 1959. ss
The Panama Portrait. Random, 1962; Macdonald, 1963
Quiet Horror; see Mystery Stories
The Valentine Estate. Random, 1968; Macdonald, 1968
The Winter After This Summer. Random, 1960; Boardman, 1961

ELLINGER, GEOFFREY
The Baggage. Jenkins, 1932
Bars of Gold. Heritage, 1935
The Blasted Acre. Smith, 1936
The Lyddon House Mystery. Jenkins, 1928
The Return of Cardannesley. Heritage, 1934
The Ricksha Clue. Jenkins, 1931
The Trap in the Tunnel. Jenkins, 1931

ELLINGTON, RICHARD. Series character: Steve Drake, in all titles
Exit for a Dame. Morrow, 1951; Boardman, 1954
It's a Crime. Morrow, 1948; Cassell, 1956

Just Killing Time. Morrow, 1953; Boardman, 1954
Shoot the Works. Morrow, 1948; Cassell, 1950
Stone Cold Dead. Morrow, 1950; Cassell, 1952

ELLIOTT, BRUCE
You'll Die Laughing. Five Star, ca.1946

ELLIOTT, FRANCIS PERRY
The Haunted Pajamas. Bobbs, 1911

ELLIOTT, PEERS
The Mystery of the Black Dagger. Hale, 1952
The Pay Out. Hale, 1940
The Silent Bullet. Hale, 1941
Trust the Police. Hale, 1939

ELLIOTT, R. C.
The Phantom Bat. Amalgamated Press, 1930 (Sexton Blake story)

ELLIOTT, W(ILLIAM) J(AMES). 1886-
Series characters: Ed Gunning = EG; Royston Frere = RF
"And Worms Have Eaten Them..." Swan, 1940
Bren Hardy Again. Swan, 1945
Bren Hardy, Tough Dame. Swan, 1942
Captain Lion. Swan
The Circle of Death. Swan, 1942 (In the same volume is Thomas Tyler Jackson, The Reign of the Ravishing Corpse; the book totals 48 pages.)
Dope Devils. Swan, 1942 RF
False Pretences. Mellifont, 1934 (64 pp)
Footprints in the Sand. Eldon, 1937
Freak Racket. Swan, 1941 EG
Gunning in England. Swan, 1946 EG
The Mystery of Me..? Swan, 1944
£1,000,000. Swan, 1949
Running Killer. Swan, 1946 RF
Sheer Silk. Swan, 1946
Shot-Silk. Swan, 1943
"Silk!" Swan, 1942
The Silver Panther. Gramol, 1934
Snatched Dame. Swan, 1941 EG
Spun Silk. Swan, 1947
The Suicide Circle. Gramol, 1934
Tough Ghosts. Swan, 1941
Triggers are Trumps. Swan, 1942 EG
The Wolf of Corsica. Mellifont, 1932 (80pp)
The Yellow Fiend. Mellifont, 1932 (64 pp)

ELLIS, EDWARD S.
The Heart of Oak Detective.

ELLIS, J. C.
Black Fame. Hutchinson, 1926
Blackmailers & Co. Selwyn, 1929
The Night of Mystery. Selwyn, 1929

ELLIS, J(OHN) BRECKENRIDGE. 1870-1956.
The Mysterious Dr. Oliver. Macaulay, 1929
The Red Box Clue. Revell, 1902
The Third Diamond. Badger, 1913

ELLIS, KENNETH M.
Dolores Divine. Grosset, 1931

ELLIS, N. A. TEMPLE-; see N. A. TEMPLE-ELLIS

ELLIS, VIRGINIA
Death Comes Like a Thief. Arcadia, 1952

ELLISON, HARLAN
The Deadly Streets. Ace, 1958; Digit, 1959
Gentleman Junkie and Other Stories of the Hung-Up Generation. Regency, 1961 ss
The Juvies. Ace, 1961
Memos from Purgatory. Regency, 1961
Rockabilly. GM, 1961; Muller, 1963
Rumble. Pyramid, 1958

ELLSON, HAL. 1910-
Blood on the Ivy. Pyramid, 1971
Duke. Scribner, 1949
Games. Ace, 1967 (Novelization of the movie.)
The Golden Spike. Ballantine, 1952. British title: Reefer Boy. Spearman, 1955
I'll Fix You. Popular Library, 1956
Jailbait Street. Monarch, 196 .
A Killer's Kiss. Hillman, 1960
The Knife. 1961
A Nest of Fear. Ace, 1961
Nightmare Street. Belmont, 196 .
Reefer Boy; see The Golden Spike
Rock. Ballantine, 1955
Stairway to Nowhere. Ballantine, 1960
Summer Street. Ballantine, 1953
Tell Them Nothing. Ballantine, 1956 ss
That Glover Woman. Award, 196 .
Tomboy. Scribner, 1950

ELLSWORTH, PAUL. Pseudonym of Paul E. Triem, 1882-
Alias John Doe. Chelsea, 1930; H. Hamilton, 1931

ELMORE, CLARE
A Buried Crime. Abbott, ca.1892

ELSTOW, T. FRANCIS
A Human Vampire. Modern
The Scarlet Gargoyle. Modern
Yellow Fangs. Modern

ELSWORTHY, A(LEXANDER) L(OCKHART)
Death Glides In. Hutchinson, 1935

ELTON, EDWARD
Murder Chase. Hutchinson, 1929

ELTON, J. T.
Assignment in Tokyo. Badger, 1960
The Quest of the Seeker. Badger, 1958