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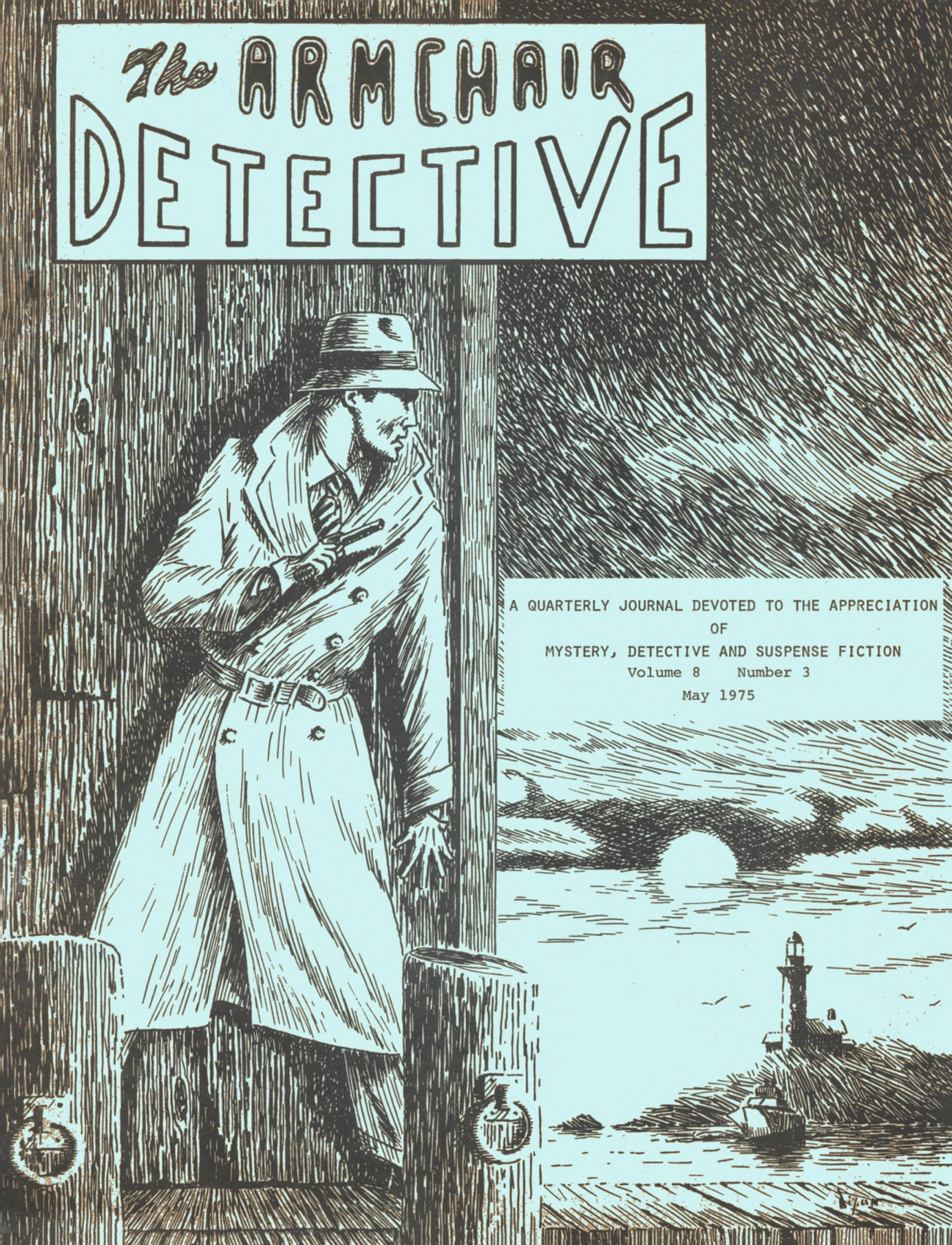

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JOHN JASPER'S DEVOTION

BY NATHAN L. BENGIS

To my wife Diana and my son Michael; and to John Tomlinson and Eric Jones-Evans, whose devotion is not of the Jasperian variety, and whose unflagging patience and encouragement (to say nothing of their good-natured prodding from time to time) made this study possible.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the authors of the books and articles referred to, or quoted from, in these pages, and listed in the bibliography at the end of this study. I am especially thankful to the following for permission to quote, from the indicated sources, passages longer than usual: Chapman and Hall, London, publishers of The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood, by J. Cuming Walters; Stephen Lushington Leacock, son of the late Stephen Leacock, author of Charles Dickens: His Life and Work; the University of California Press, publishers of The Drood Murder Case, by the late Richard M. Baker; The Daily Mail, London and Manchester, in whose pages two articles by Sir Frederic Maugham appeared in 1928; the Heritage Press, whose well-known edition of The Mystery of Edwin Drood is enhanced by the long and scholarly introduction of Vincent Starrett (now, alas, deceased); and of course Vincent Starrett himself, the dean of Droodists the world over.

FOREWARD

More than a hundred years have passed since the publication of the six monthly parts of The Mystery of Edwin Drood. A considerable literature, including articles, studies, sequels, and dramatic adaptations, has been written on Dickens' half-told tale, and the end is not in sight. What better proof is there of the viability of this unfinished mystery and of the ingenuity of its author than that, even after more than a century of debate and commentary, the last word has not been said?

Certainly my own study will not be—and makes no pretense of being—the last word. I will therefore not make the apology usually made in a foreward to a study on a controversial subject—something to the effect that, despite the author's modest disclaimer, he has had some sort of inspiration which assures him that to him alone has the true solution been vouchsafed. For my solution is not original, though some of the arguments advanced in its favor are new. I ask only that the prospective reader, who presumably has already read Edwin Drood, read John Jasper's Devotion with an open mind. If the Droodist bug has not already infected him, this study may do the trick, in which case I should consider myself amply repaid.

As for me, I have been a Droodist for more than twenty years. Mysteries—especially unfinished and unsolved ones—have always intrigued me. It may be that Droodery is a natural development for one who, like me, is a devotee not only of Charles Dickens but also of Sherlock Holmes. I have found keen enjoyment in following up every lead which I felt could give me a better understanding of Dickens' last plot; and in trying to best Dickens at his own game by sepearating what I consider the true clues from the red herrings in which Edwin Drood abounds. Then, too, being a collector, I have spared no effort in accumulating as many items as I could of the literature and ephemera on the subject. I have reached the point where my Droodiana are beginning to crowd out by Sherlockiana.

My Drood collection comprises about two hundred items, including books, magazines and newspaper articles, stills, original scripts by various commentators and playwrights, and all sorts of associational material. A few of my rarest and most treasured items are: The Trial of John Jasper for the Murder of Edwin Drood, signed by George Bernard Shaw, who was foreman of the jury at this mock trial, and whose autograph comment appears within: "The report is correct as far as I am concerned"; a printed scenario and time table of this trial, marked "Private and Confidential"; a bound typescript of The Mystery of Edwin Drood, a drama in four acts by Charles Dickens the Younger and Joseph Hatton; John Jasper's Secret, in the eight original parts, from the library of Jerome Kern; and a recording received from Sydney, Australia, of John Jasper's Secret, a radio adaptation of Dickens' book, with a conclusion by my friend and fellow Dickensian, Eric Jones-Evans, of Fawley, near Southampton, England. The recording is a condensation of Mr. Jones-Evans' play of the same name. It was my writing to the publisher in 1959 for an autographed copy of the play that led to the beginning of one of the most rewarding friendships of my life.

Another friendship which I owe to my Drood hobby is that of John Tomlinson, of Burton-

on-Trent, to whom I was introduced by Leslie C. Staples, former editor of The Dickensian. I have been corresponding with Mr. Tomlinson for over twenty years, without exhausting all there is to be said about the mystery.

In July 1955 I made my first pilgrimage to Rochester, the city Dickens loved so much, and which is the Cloisterham of Edwin Drood. All the famous landmarks were there, which I recognized at once from photographs and engravings I had seen in books: Mr. Sapsea's House, the Monks' Vineyard, the Cathedral (or Kinfredderal, in Winks' quaint lingo), Minor Canon Row, and of course John Jasper's Gate House, with the adjoining tea "shoppe," where I had a delicious luncheon for five shillings.

In June 1966 I had my last visit to Rochester, this time with my wife (who, alas, is not yet a Droodist, though I have hopes). It was my fourth visit and her third. With pleasant anticipation we climbed the winding stairway inside Jasper's Gate House, the famous postern stair. I knocked, and an elderly lady came to the door. I asked if a Dickens admirer from America could come in for a few minutes to see the lodgings immortalized by that author. She looked from one to the other of us for a few moments, as if trying to decide which of us was the Dickens lover, and then admitted us into Jasper's sitting room. It was a smallish but cozy lodging, which Jasper must have found congenial to his hermit-like existence. When I found out that the lady of the house was, like me, a retired school teacher, we chatted a while about our common profession. Just before we left she graciously signed for me a souvenir postcard showing the famous house.

A short bus trip now took us to Gad's Hill Place, Dickens' home during the last years of his life, and now—of all things—a girls' school. In the garden at the back of the house I found the headmistress, introduced myself and my wife, and once more made my Open Sesame speech about our being Dickens admirers from America, and asked if it might be possible for us to take a peek inside Dickens' library. The lady looked us over, decided we were respectable, conducted us inside, told us she could not stay as she had many chores to attend to, and then left us to ourselves inside Dickens' study. For a quarter of an hour we remained in that hallowed room, looking at the priceless momentos everywhere on display. The famous dummy book spines are still there, on the back of the door, with such droll names as Noah's Arkitecture (2 vols.) and Cats' Lives (9 vols.). I will always remember that visit, as well as the kindly headmistress who left us alone in that sanctum unsupervised.

When we returned to Rochester we paid a short visit to the Eastgate House Museum (the Nuns' House of Edwin Drood). I was surprised and delighted to find, in the garden at the rear, Dickens' chalet, originally erected near his home at Gad's Hill (but later transported to Cobham Park, and then in 1961 to its present location). Even though it was almost closing time, the genial curator took us up into the chalet to see the very room in which Dickens wrote the last pages of Edwin Drood the day before his death. It was for me an affecting visit—the climax of our little excursion.

I left Rochester, filled anew with a deep sense of the imaginative gift of the author who had peopled these streets and abodes, like many others, with men, women, and children as real, in the Pickwickian sense, as any we know in the everyday world. For such is Dickens' magic that he suffuses his characters with a glow of heightened realism, so that, even though they are like no one we know, we yet seem at once to have known them all our lives.

About five years after the writing of this study, my Edwin Drood collection was acquired by the University Libraries of the University of Minnesota. Certain references in the Foreward, giving the impression that the collection is still in my possession, are therefore no longer true.

Dover, New Jersey
May, 1975
Nathan L. Bengis

I.

Since most of the conceivable solutions of The Mystery of Edwin Drood were expounded long ago, contemporary students often try to achieve originality by straining after far-fetched ones. In this study no attempt will be made to prove anything so outlandish as that Neville Landless—or worse yet, his sister Helena—murdered Edwin Drood; or that Datchery is Miss Twinkleton, Mrs. Crisparkle, Mr. Honeythunder, or Lobely. On the contrary, I espouse the theory of Richard A Proctor, as outlined in his classic work, Watched by the Dead, that Edwin Drood escaped and reappeared as Datchery, a solution once considered highly ingenious, but never very popular and lately fallen into disrepute. Whatever merit this study may have will lie not so much in a restatement of the familiar arguments in favor of the Drood-Datchery thesis, as in the presentation of some novel considerations in support of it, and in a systematic refutation of the stock objections to it.

I shall confine myself to a discussion of three basic questions: first, the fate of Edwin Drood; second, the identity of Dick Datchery; and third, the nature of the "very curious and new idea" referred to by Dickens in his letter to Forster, and described as being "not communicable," but "very strong" and "difficult to work."

No attempt will be made to solve various subsidiary problems, such as the identity of the opium woman and her reason for hating Jasper. Speculation on such side-issues, while interesting, admits of too many possibilities to offer a profitable field of inquiry.

Many writers on the mystery, instead of patiently following where the facts lead them, have started with a preconceived notion, and often have either ignored the facts or else twisted them to bolster a weak case. But, as Sherlock Holmes warned Dr. Watson, "...it is an error to argue in front of your data. You find yourself insensibly twisting them round to fit your theories."[1]

For example, Professor Henry Jackson, in About Edwin Drood, in order to support his contention that Datchery is Helena Landless, advances the theory[2] that Chapter XVIII, in which Datchery first appears, properly belongs after Chapter XXII, and that Dickens would have made this alteration if he had lived to complete the tale. It should have occurred to Professor Jackson—and in justice to him it must be admitted that it later did—that if the facts were not in accord with his theory, it was his theory which needed readjustment, and not the facts. Another example may be found in the misinterpretation of the alternative titles Dickens left for the mystery among his notes. These titles are undoubtedly an unintentional clue to what he had in mind, and, by the same token, to what he did not have in mind. As has often been pointed out, at least two of the titles are incompatible with the Drood-dead hypothesis: "Edwin Drood in Hiding" and "The Flight of Edwyn Drood." Yet some writers have stubbornly refused to take this revealing clue at face value, and have invented all sorts of preposterous theories to explain it away. Thus, Richard M. Baker, in The Drood Murder Case,[3] a series of five scholarly studies on various angles of the mystery, makes short shrift of the two revelatory titles in question in the second half of his third study, "The Genesis of 'Edwin Drood'":

> *Numbers 12 and 13* [i.e., "The Flight of Edwyn Drood" and "Edwin Drood in Hiding"] *are undoubtedly the ones dearest to the hearts of those Droodians who insist that Edwin was not murdered, and that he was to reappear and confront Jasper. And yet the key word of number 12 might refer to the soul's flight—Dickens used three quotations from Macbeth in his novel—while "in hiding" admits of an interpretation favorable to the belief that young Drood was murdered. If Jasper had chosen a burial place for the reception of his nephew's body with such skill that it was beyond all possibility of being discovered, then his victim would assuredly have been "in hiding" for all time.*[4]

Yet Mr. Baker did not himself believe that Drood's body was so perfectly hidden as to defy discovery, since, in his final study, "What Might Have Been," he explains how Drood's ring would have been used to trick Jasper into making a nocturnal visit to the Sapsea tomb. Aside from this inconsistency, it apparently never occurred to Mr. Baker that the two alternative titles might mean just what they so clearly imply: that Drood escaped. It ought not to be necessary to point out that when one encounters facts which militate against one's theory, one should not try to put a forced interpreation on the facts, but should instead look for another theory which accords with them.

At another point in his book Mr. Baker advances a rather strained argument in support of his thesis that Datchery is Grewgious. The author juxtaposes two sentences, appearing in separate chapters of Edwin Drood, and, by showing what perfect sense they make if read together, expects us to believe that he has clinched his case. I quote from the second part of his study, "Who Was Dick Datchery?":

> *In order to [illegible] of Dickens' description of Dick Datchery, [illegible] description of Mr. Grewgious.*
>
> *DATCHERY: "This gentleman's white head was unusually large, and his shock of white hair was unusually ample."*
>
> *GREWGIOUS: "He had a scanty flat crop of hair, in colour and consistency like some very mangy yellow fur tippet; it was so unlike hair, that it must have been a wig, but for the stupendous improbability of anybody's voluntarily sporting such a head."*
>
> *And now for the rearrangement, [illegible] of my knowledge, an entirely new sentence.*
>
> *This gentleman's white head was unusually large, and his shock of white hair was unusually ample; it was so unlike hair, that it must have been a wig, but for the stupendous improbability of anybody's voluntarily sporting such a head.*
>
> *Is that sentence, perfect in its grammatical [illegible], and significance, the result of pure [illegible]; it is my firm conviction that the juxtaposition [illegible] Charles Dickens himself... Hiram Grewgious [?] Dick Datchery. [illegible], through the demonstrable intermingling of the descriptions [illegible].*[5]

I have no doubt that with some patience and ingenuity one could find similar matching sentences in Edwin Drood to "prove" almost any theory; but if Mr. Baker had considered the intrinsic impossibility of Datchery's being Grewgious, I believe he would have discarded his thesis at the very outset. As Harry B. Smith says in his Sherlock Holmes solution referred

to in Note 1 to this study, "Sherlock Holmes Solves the Mystery of Edwin Drood":[6]

> *...Datchery cannot be Grewgious, Crisparkle, Neville, Tartar, Durdles, Sapsea, or the dean, because they are all constantly before the reader, playing the roles provided for them. Not one of them disappears, so that for any considerable period he could be Datchery. He would have to be in and one of disguise, running up and down between London and Cloisterham...*

An equally fatal objection against the Datchery-Grewgious identification is that it is contrary to the canons of good art. The point is well made by that discerning critic, G. K. Chesterton:

> *...he* [Datchery] *might be Grewgious; but there is something pointless about one grotesque character dressing up as another grotesque character actually less amusing than himself...*[7]

Either consideration alone—and certainly both together—should have steered Mr. Baker away from his conclusion.

We can be quite certain that Dickens left no crytograms or other hidden message in his book. He did leave, as do most writers of detective stories, an abundance of clues and red herrings. Some of his statements are deliberately misleading, and, by modern standards, unfair. Unfortunately, it is precisely these statements which have caused many commentators to go astray. To cite a flagrant example, in Chapter XV, in describing the reactions of Neville Landless and Jasper after Drood's disappearance, Dickens says: "It would be difficult to determine which was the more opporessed with horror or amazement: Neville Landless or John Jasper. But that Jasper's position forced him to be active, while Neville's forced him to be passive, there would have been nothing to choose between them. Each was bowed down and broken." Now hardly any student of the mystery has been fooled by this passage, as it is quite obvious that Jasper was oppressed with neither horror nor amazement, though undoubtedly he was a good enough actor to give a convincing impression of being so; yet it is easy to see how deceptive passages such as this one have led some writers to believe that Jasper, in his normal state, considered himself innocent, and Neville guilty, of Drood's murder—or even further, in one or two cases, to believe that Jasper was entirely innocent.

Similarly, in Chapter XXIII, when Datchery drops some money which he is about to give to the opium woman, and stoops to pick it up, reddening "with the exertion," those who are used to the present-day canon about fair play with the reader are convinced that Datchery blushes for that reason and for no other. Our common sense, however, tells us that there is more here than meets the eye: a person in normal health does not as a rule redden under these circumstances. One has but to recall Rokesmith's paling at the mention of his real name, John Harmon, in Our Mutual Friend, to realize how perfectly natural it is for Datchery, if he is Drood, to blush at the mention of his name, precisely as Drood himself blushes earlier in the story when his nickname Eddy is referred to by the hag. Can one imagine any reason for Datchery's blush if he is Tartar, Helena, Neville, Grewgious, or a private detective—or, indeed, anyone but Drood himself? Yet more than one commentator has failed to draw the obvious conclusion from this clue; in fact, one writer—Montagu Saunders—has twisted the clue about, so as to derive a totally different meaning:

> *...Now Edwin-Datchery would either have recognized the woman directly he met her, or immediately after the three-and-six episode, and he would not have blushed when he heard the name Edwin; that he reddened only at that particular moment, conclusively proves, to my mind, that Datchery is not Edwin.*[8]

Mr. Saunders fails to consider that Datchery might indeed have recognized the woman immediately, but that Dickens could not tell us as much without giving the whole secret away; moreover, that Datchery, unless he was Drood, had no reason at all for blushing on hearing the name Edwin.

While these instances of deliberate deception on Dickens' part are so transparent that they do not—or should not—lead us astray, in other cases his intent is admittedly less clear and open to more than one interpretation. For example, compare Datchery's "second look of some interest" when Deputy points out Jasper's "winder and door," with his "sudden change of countenance" and "sudden look" at the opium woman when she mentions opium. Which action is genuine and unpremeditated, and which is mere attitudinizing? Or are both of either category? If Datchery is Drood, the former gesture is mere pretense, as is Datchery's questioning of the waiter at the Crozier concerning "cathedraly" lodgings. But if Datchery is Drood, how account for the "sudden look", since the woman is but repeating information already known to Drood? This latter question will be dealt with at length later on, but it is just as well to point out, thus early in our study, the constant dilemma confronting the Drood student.

The puzzle is further complicated by the deletions made by Dickens in the original manuscript but restored by Forster in the edition we have. To cite but one example, what conclusion can we draw from Dickens' deletion of the words "with a second look of some interest"? Did Dickens wish to omit these words because he considered them unfairly misleading, or too revelatory? The former supposition is correct if Datchery is a known character; the latter, if Datchery is a new character.

The difficulty is well expressed by Chesterton:

...into the critical estimate of such works as this, there is introduced a problem, an extra perplexity, which does not exist in other cases. I mean the problem of the things called blinds. Some of the points which we pick out as being suggestive may have been put in as being deceptive. Thus the whole conflict between a critic with one theory, like Mr. Lang, and a critic with another theory, like Mr. Cuming Walters, becomes eternal and a trifle farcical. Mr. Walters says that all Mr. Lang's clues were blinds; Mr. Lang says that all Mr. Walters' clues were blinds. Mr. Walters can say that some passages seemed to show that Helena was Datchery; Mr. Lang can reply that these passages were only meant to deceive simple people like Mr. Walters into supposing she was Datchery. Similarly Mr. Lang can say that the return of Drood is foreshadowed; and Mr. Walters can reply that it was foreshadowed because it was never meant to come off...[9]

In the face of this welter of suggestions and counter-suggestions, one may well ask if there is any criterion by which the true clues can be told from the false. There is of course no infallible standard, but at least two good tests do exist.

The first is the logic of common sense. For example, Datchery's "sudden look" at the opium woman is almost certainly a gesture of genuine surprise; its very suddenness and involuntariness tell us as much. Equally genuine and revelatory is Datchery's "wistful gaze" toward Jasper's lamp, from which we are justified in deducing a deep personal interest in Jasper, precisely as Drood's "wistful looking at, and dwelling upon, all the old landmarks" in Chapter XIV bespeak more than a casual interest. Similarly, Durdles' ability to ferret out "old 'uns" by tapping with his hammer, almost certainly promises that later on he will—either accidentally, or more probably while on an expedition with Datchery—discover the scene of the culmination of Jasper's supposed murder of Drood, in the Sapsea tomb.

Our second guidepost is an understanding of the methods of Dickens, of the idiosyncrasies of his literary style, and of his high standards of artistry. This test will be applied again and again in the course of this study. One of the first writers to stress this criterion was Richard A. Proctor. In the first chapter of Watched by the Dead he made an exhaustive investigation into Dickens' "favourite theme" in an attempt to reveal the "very curious and new idea" of Edwin Drood. How well he succeeded we shall see later. One instance of his attunement to the language of Dickens is his inference from Neville's remark that "he hoped he might live" to see himself cleared. Proctor comments in a footnote: "Anyone who understands Dickens knows as certainly from this that Landless will live so long and no longer, as if Dickens had said as much."[10]

One mannerism of Dickens' method, too often ignored by students, is his stepping out of character and making an observation supposedly from his point of view as omniscent author, but actually from that of an uninformed observer who judges from surface appearances. The example of Datchery's blushing from the exertion of picking up his money has already been mentioned. So also, those who understand this penchant of Dickens will not conclude, from Datchery's "boggling about" on leaving the Crozier, that he is necessarily lost and therefore unacquainted with Cloisterham.[11] In a present-day detective novel a similar direct statement by the author would be taken at face value: if the author says that a character is lost, he is lost. Otherwise, the author is simply not playing fair with the reader. We must bear in mind, however, that Edwin Drood was written at a time when the detective novel was in its infancy, and the modern canons of the ethics of the genre were not yet fully crystallized. Dickens in any case would not have had the slightest scruple in occasionally misrepresenting the facts in this fashion. If Datchery is indeed Drood, Dickens was not going to give the whole show away by having him walk too cockily through the streets of Cloisterham. Moreover, Dickens gave his readers credit for enough intelligence to see through his more obvious deceits. For instance, he must have realized that Datchery's "shock of white hair" would be taken by everybody for just what it was: a wig; and he would have been highly amused at the suggestion that so patent a misstatement could possibly be criticized as unfair misrepresentation.

Unfortunately, some writers on the mystery have imputed to Dickens such a reputation for veracity that they consider it inconceivable that he should sometimes have told even the slightest lie in his own person. Thus, Edward S. Everett, in "The Cloisterham Murder Case," deduces, from the passage describing Datchery as being lost, that he was in fact lost, and supports his conclusion with the observation:

In other words, he was really lost. For I have never found a passage in which Dickens tells us what a character thinks in order to mislead us. Characters often deceive by words, by acts, by expressions even—never by thoughts.[12]

To cite another example, Aubrey Boyd, in "A New Angle on the Drood Mystery," in discussing the rule of fair play with the reader, says:

...There is a certain kind of deception that no self-respecting author will employ to deepen a mystery: he will not lie in order to increase the confusion and nonplus the reader. In his own person, that is, he will not say anything in the course of his story directly contrary to the facts he intends to reveal in the denouement. He may, and will mislead, but the false trails will be voluntarily pursued by the reader; the author will not force his reader to a false anticipation by a misstate-

ment. The art of the final surprise demands that the reader, on reaching the denouement, can wonder at the extent to which he has been deceived in his conjecture, without feeling that the author has defrauded him.

Whereby hangs the no less important corollary that a good author will avoid even the appearance of this kind of wrongdoing...[13]

By this criterion Aubrey Boyd considers "Jasper's guilty intention" as absolutely established —a conclusion he need not have gone to such length to establish in the first place, since hardly any student of the mystery has doubted it; but therefrom he takes the totally unwarranted step of considering Jasper's guilt of the actual murder of Drood as being equally well established—indeed, as being a "self-evident fact."

It is interesting to know that no less a critic than Edgar Allan Poe, by proceeding on the premise that Dickens would not have made a misstatement of fact in his own person, was able to predict, with uncanny accuracy, the conclusion of Barnaby Rudge while it was appearing serially. Aubrey Boyd explains:

...The passage in the novel on which Poe based his theory was that in which the body of Rudge is described as having been found "at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds, scarcely to be recognized but by his clothes, and by the watch and ring he wore." The feature in this description that struck Poe as significant was that the author did not give it in his own person, but went out of his way to put it into the mouth of one of the characters in the story. Poe reasoned that since it was the author's design to make the murder of Rudge appear a certainty, his care to avoid stating in his own person that Rudge was dead was a strong indication that Rudge had in fact not been murdered, but that Dickens was creating an illusion that he had been, while showing due respect for the artistic canon that the author in his own person must never lie...[14]

Poe apparently assumed the universality of this rule because, as father of the modern detective story, he followed it himself. He was so fastidious in its observance that he could criticize Dickens for "a false assertion in his own person, though a minor one, when he designated Mrs. Rudge, after the murder, as 'the widow'."[15] By the same token, Poe would certainly have found fault with Dickens' very first reference to Datchery as "a stranger" in Cloisterham, as indeed with many misleading statements made by Dickens in his own person in other works, such as Our Mutual Friend and No Thoroughfare (the latter written in collaboration with Wilkie Collins).

Richard Proctor was well aware of this tendency on Dickens' part. In a footnote in Watched by the Dead he says:

It is quite in Dickens' manner to write of Datchery as if really confused when only going through the semblance of losing his way. Many instances might be cited in illustration. Let one suffice. Mr. Boffin is constantly described as being and doing what he only seemed to be and only pretended to do.[16]

Many other instances will indeed be found by anyone who takes the trouble to reread various parts of Our Mutual Friend, in particular Chapter XIV of Book III. Thus, while Boffin appears to be tempting Venus to destroy the will which Wegg has found, the reader, not knowing as yet of the later will found by Boffin in the Dutch bottle making him sole heir to the Harmon fortune, does not realize that Boffin really has no cause for apprehension and is merely testing Venus' integrity. So too, in Chapter III of Book IV, when the heat is put on Boffin by the scoundrel Wegg, the reader is misled by Boffin's display of discomfiture, which is later realized to have been a mere act. What is more, Dickens abets this deception by referring to Boffin a number of times as "unfortunate" and "unlucky", and by usuing such expressions as "eyed the potent Silas with conciliatory looks," "leaning forward in alarmed appeal," "Mr. Boffin in his mental irritation," etc. The last expression, incidentally, seems to refute Mr. Everett's assertion, previously quoted from his study, "The Cloisterham Murder Case': "...I have never found a passage in which Dickens tells us what a character thinks in order to mislead us. Characters often mislead by words, by acts, by expressions even—never by thoughts."

An even more clear-cut example of Dickens' penchant for misleading his reader by stating in his own person as fact what has merely the appearance of fact, is cited by Proctor,[17] from No Thoroughfare. The central idea, moreover, is superficially similar to that of Edwin Drood: that of a man presumed to have been murdered, but about whose fate we are to be kept in doubt till the end. John Jasper's role is played by Jules Obenreizer, and Drood's by George Vendale. Those who have read this tale will recall that when Marguerite Obenreizer, the villain's niece, found her lover George in the icy abyss, she said, just as the rescue party arrived: "...His heart no longer beats against mine..." This would not be considered unfair deception even in a mystery novel of today, as it is merely a character's erroneous impression. But when, shortly after in the same chapter, Dickens (who, significantly, wrote this particular chapter himself), tells us: "...She broke from them all, and sank over him on his litter, with both her loving hands upon the heart that *stood still*" (italics mine), it would seem that we are fully justified in accepting Vendale's death as an accomplished fact. What are we to say, then, when Vendale comes to life in the final part and confronts Obenreizer, who had plotted to kill him and had seen him fall down the chasm in the mountains? Surely Drood's return from the dead is more credible than Vendale's; very few who fall down a crevasse live to tell the tale,

especially when the author himself has pronounced them dead. Yet, if Dickens and Collins had both died before concluding this story, the very ones who have been convinced of Drood's death would have maintained that it was absolutely impossible for Vendale to have escaped from his snowy grave, and would have pointed to Dickens' own definitive statement—undoubtedly made with Collins' knowledge and consent—to clinch their argument.

If, then, a man whom Dickens in plain language called dead came back to life, may we not believe, *a fortiori*, in the escape of Drood, who Dickens never told us was dead, and who, besides, had a much better chance to survive?

I have dealt at length with this angle because it is important to discredit once for all the widely held notion that Dickens never misled his readers by making wilfully deceptive statements, and to establish that it was very much in his manner to do so.

II.

Before proceeding to an enumeration of the definite indications that Drood escaped and reappeared as Datchery, let us lay down a few premises, an irreducible frame of reference without which it is impossible to prove anything at all.

1. Jasper either knew or believed that he had murdered Drood.

Almost all commentators have taken this for granted, yet there are some who, while convinced that Jasper murdered or tried to murder Drood and that he considered himself guilty while under the influence of opium, maintain that in his normal state he believed Neville guilty.[18] To this theory there is one irrefutable anser: Jasper's guilty reaction in Chapter XV of Grewgious' disclosure of the utter needlessness of the murder as planned. Jasper's collapse makes absolutely no sense if he believed that Neville had murdered Drood.

The most throughgoing attempt, thus far, to whitewash Jasper and to prove him innocent not only of the murder of Drood but also of any plot against Drood, has been made by Felix Aylmer, in The Drood Case[19], a work of most meticulous scholarship. Mr. Aylmer's theory is based, in the last analysis, on Dickens' own statement in Chapter III of Edwin Drood:

> *...once for all, a look of intentness and intensity—a look of hungry, exacting, watchful, and yet devoted affection—is always, now and afterwards, on the Jasper face whenever the Jasper face is addressed in this direction. And whenever it is so addressed, it is never, on this occasion or on any other, dividedly addressed; it is always concentrated.*

But surely antagonism as well as affection was present in Jasper's concentrated look? The presence of love does not preclude hate. Plenty of people, alas, are lying six feet underground who were killed by those who loved them with a morbid, concentrated love akin to Jasper's love for Edwin. The passage in question, far from proving Jasper's innocence, proves the unhealthiness of Jasper's attachment. It bodes no good for Edwin. The very language used makes one feel like adding, as Dickens did in another connection: "Let whomsoever it most concerned, look well to it!"

In Chapter XIX Jasper admits to Rosa: "...my love is mad. It is so mad that, had the ties between me and my dear lost boy been one silken thread less strong, I might have swept even him from your side when you favoured him." Can one still doubt, after reading this, that Jasper at the very least made an attempt on Drood's life?

And when, a little earlier in the same chapter, Jasper says, in referring to the engagement between Edwin and Rosa: "I endured it all in silence. So long as you were his, or so long as I supposed you to be his, I hid my secret loyally. Did I not?", what does Dickens himself say of this hypocritical display? "This lie, so gross, while the mere words in which it is told are so true, is more than Rosa can endure." This is Dickens' statement in his own person, let us remember, and not Rosa's impression. Can anyone still maintain that Jasper was a good and blameless man?

Mr. Aylmer, it is true, gives an explanation of Jasper's fainting fit in Chapter XV which appears to be consistent with his elaborately constructed subplot of Egyptian intrigue; yet Dickens' own comment in his notes on Chapter XVI ("Jasper's artful use of the communication on his recovery") and another comment a bit farther on in the notes on the same chapter ("Jasper's artful turn") bespeak a duplicity which cannot be reconciled with complete innocense.

Aside from all this, my mind reels at the thought of the tremendous task DIckens would have had in untangling Mr. Aylmer's skein. Even Mr. Aylmer admits that, when this difficulty was pointed out to him by a friend, he offered no explanation of how this could be done. He merely says that it was not Dickens' method to explain himself. Dickens' explanations, it is true, are never elaborate, but this is because what he has to explain is never too involved. Aylmer adds: "The indications are all there, ready to be recognized, if a backward glance is given, when the fulfillment comes," and that therefore "no explanation should be needed at the end."[20] The sad truth, however, is that no number of backward glances would illuminate the reader in the final pages without some sort of detailed explanation. Aylmer's involved plot has so many ramifications that one cannot help wondering how the reader, without Dickens' assistance, could tie all the loose ends together.

Mr. Aylmer would have us believe that Jasper dies in the condemned cell as a result of "the privations of prison life acting upon a frame exhausted by strain and worry," but not before he has seen himself vindicated and has received "the regrets of Grewgious and the heartbroken penitance of Rosa."[21] And a bit further on: "The reader, though sharing in the general sorrow, will find that he is not grieving for the loss of a friend." In this last statement Mr. Aylmer has unwittingly supplied the best argument—an artistic one—against his own thesis. For of what use is it to establish Jasper's goodness qand innocence, if this revelation comes too late to change, in the slightest degree, the feeling of revulsion for him so sedulously built up by Dickens? A halo around Jasper's head in the condemned cell is just too incongruous. I cannot imagine Rosa—or anybody else, except possibly Drood—feeling heartbroken over Jasper's fate. Surely no reader could care less what happens to him. And this, I feel, is the fatal flaw in any theory based on the assumption that Jasper is essentially good and blameless: it is basically incredible.

2. Neville was to die (most probably at Jasper's hands while helping to seize him).

Forster's testimony that Neville "was himself, I think, to have perished in assisting Tartar finally to unmask and seize the murderer" is confirmatory, but, by its phrasing, inconclusive; still, almost all are agreed that Neville is marked for death. As has been previously pointed out in my quotation from Proctor, when Neville says "that 'he hoped he might live' to see himself cleared, anyone who understands Dickens knows as certainly from this that Landless will live so long and no longer, as if Dickens had said as much." Neville's mood of depression before he goes up the postern stair is full of foreboding, though he little suspects of whose doom. "How soon it will be over," he echoes his sister's sentiment gloomily. "What a strange dead weight there is in the air!" His reluctance to keep the appointment betrays an intuitive fear of some menace lurking in the night ahead. By contrast, Drood, before he goes up the postern stair, has no such presentiment of personal danger as we should expect him to have if he, like Neville, were marked for death.

3. Jasper was to die at the close, most probably on the gallows.

On the question of Jasper's fate almost all are agreed. It is, indeed, a corollary of our second premise. Even if we mistrust Forster's impressions of the plot as recalled by him, we know that Dickens had commissioned Sir Luke Fildes to make, for the final illustration, a sketch of Jasper in the condemned cell.[22] The logic of the story demands that Jasper, a murderer by intent if not in fact, shall suffer the extreme penalty—or, in the unlikely event that he has not actually committed a murder, that he shall at least, as Felix Aylmer surmises, die in prison. He is a tragic figure, frustrated in the attainment of his innermost desires, enslaved by a vicious habit, and enchained by the forces of evil. His only deliverance, his only hope of expiation, is in death; and Dickens was too kind, too just, to permit so miserable a creature to prolong a hellish existence.

Jasper's cryptic words during his second recorded visit to the opium den are also, I believe, a clue to the truth: "...and yet I never saw that before...Look at it! Look what a poor, mean, miserable thing it is! That must be real. It's over." Some writers have interpreted these words as referring to a clairvoyant vision of Neville's body. While this is possible, it is not likely, as Jasper had certainly been plotting to involve Neville in the murder charge, and had doubtless often, in his mind's eye, already visualized Neville as "a poor, mean, miserable thing", i.e., a corpse. At least one writer has taken this passage to refer to Drood's corpse. Edwin Charles, in his Keys to the Drood Mystery, says:

> *Of course! When he had previously committed the crime in fancy, prior to the murder, everything was fancy. Now that the murder has been committed, and he is recommitting it under the opium influence, he can see the body of his victim—the "poor, mean, miserable thing." He never saw the corpse in his opium trances till there was one in reality.*[23]

This interpretation, too, seems forced, as Jasper had undoubtedly seen Drood's lifeless body in his opium trances, to say nothing of his normal nightly dreams. The very words "...I never saw *that* before" (italics Dickens', let us remember), imply that he has seen some other body before, most probably Drood's. Is it far-fetched to suggest that this new "poor, mean, miserable thing" is his own corpse. If my guess is correct, then this glimpse of the future is prophetic of his own doom. He who tried to forewarn his own victim in Chapter II is too blind to see the handwriting on the wall foretelling his own destruction. With all too human perverseness he will not identify himself with his own victim.

Whether, then, as I believe, the "poor, mean, miserable thing" of which Jasper says *"That* must be real" refers to the corpse of Jasper; or whether, as others have thought, it refers to that of Neville, is there not a hint, by implied contrast, that the vision of Drood as dead, seen countless times by Jasper in his trances, is not real, but illusory, and that therefore Drood is not dead? It is a suggestion veiled in obscure language, it is true, and it cannot be insisted upon; yet it is, I believe, a new point and worth considering.

4. Datchery is a known character in disguise.

Forster tells us that Dickens "had certainly expressed to his sister-in-law" a misgiving as to the "Datchery assumption," i.e., the Datchery disguise. Plainly Dickens would have had no concern about introducing this feature too soon if Datchery had been a new character—say a

private detective, for in that case his true identity would be unknown to anybody, except possibly to Grewgious, and there would be no good reason for his assuming a disguise at all. Also, Datchery would not have commented to himself about having had "a rather busy afternoon" unless he had been under some strain in trying out his disguise and was elated over his success in fooling everyone he had met, including Jasper.

Over and above these considerations, it would be execrable art, would it not, for a character of obviously central importance to turn out to be nothing better than a private detective. It is an insult to the artistic skill of Dickens to think him capable of such a paltry trick, especially if, as Proctor believed, Dickens had planned to use in Edwin Drood the most unusual twist of his favorite theme. The few writers who were forced to this conclusion by what they termed a process of elimination should have realized the intrinsic absurdity of their position. It is like having the culprit in a drawn out mystery novel turn out to be the butler or the cat. It would be ever so much better for Datchery to be Bazzard—or even Mr. Honeythunder, rather than a nobody. Yet, so stubbornly have some Drood students adhered to this view that they have ignored all clear indications to the contrary, and have even invented some new "facts" to buttress their thesis. Thus, Montagu Saunders says:

> *The only phrase in the whole book which does not square with my hypothesis* [that Datchery is a lawyer in the employ of Grewgious] *is Datchery's "wistful gaze" to which reference is made in Chapter XXIII. It has been pointed out, and rightly, I think, that the word "wistful" implies a close personal and affectionate interest on the part of Datchery in the matter of investigating, an interest such as Helena or Edwin might have had, but which is quite unlikely in a stranger. I can only reply, first, that Datchery's gaze is directed "to this beacon, and beyond," whatever that may imply, and secondly, that it is not certain that he is only a lawyer, and nothing else. We are told, for example, in Chapter IX, that "Rosa, having no relation that she knew of in the world, had from the seventh year of her age, known no home but the Nuns' House." If Dickens had wanted to say that she had no relations, he would assuredly have said so; if he had wanted his readers to assume that she had none, while leaving the door open for the introduction of one later, he could hardly have chosen a form of words more apt to his purpose. While, therefore, I can offer no definite explanation of the word "wistful" I think I am at least entitled to put forward, as a tentative explanation, the theory that Datchery would have been found to be in some way related to Rosa, and therefore personally interested in Jasper's conviction. The mere use of one doubtful word, cannot, I think, be held to invalidate a theory otherwise consistent with all the known facts, more particularly as Dickens did in fact commit one or two errors which are attributable to carelessness.*[24] [Italics throughout this quotation are Mr. Saunders'.]

But the possibility of Datchery's turning out to be a new character is remote enough without the additional strain on our gullibility entailed in the assumption that he is a relative of Rosa's. Besides, would not the gaze of such a person, not related to Jasper and primarily interested in seeing him punished, be vindictive rather than "wistful"? And finally, is Datchery's "wistful gaze" indeed "the only phrase in the whole book which does not square with" mr. Saunders' hypothesis that Datchery is a lawyer employed by Grewgious? How, for exqmple, would Mr. Saunders explain Datchery's "sudden change of countenance" and "sudden look" at the opium woman in the final chapter? Or Datchery's blushing at the mention of Edwin's name?

5. Dickens' new and incommunicable idea must in some way be related to Drood; otherwise there are two mysteries and not one.

The very title of the book tells us this definitely. It is not, for example, The Mystery of John Jasper.

On this premise it is plain that the central theme, the new and incommunicable idea, cannot be any of the surmises so often advanced which, even if conceivably true, are basically unrelated to Drood. · Among these may be mentioned:

a) Howard Duffield's theory that Jasper was a Thug.[25] This view has been supported by other writers as well, notably by Jack Lindsay[26] and Edmund Wilson.[27]

b) Aubrey Boyd's theory that the basic idea was "animal magnetism" in its more mysterious manifestations, such as Jasper's hypnotic power over Rosa.[28] Edmund Wilson quotes Aubrey Boyd's study, and is convinced that hypnotism is of central importance in Edwin Drood; both authors believe that Helena was eventually to hypnotize Jasper. Boyd goes so far as to say: "...It might also be possible to prove that Jasper actually forced Neville to murder Drood and then dispose of the body."[29]

c) May Kavanaugh's ehtory that the John Jasper we know in the story is an imposter, who is impersonating the true John Jasper, a younger brother whom he murdered years before.[30]

d) The theory that the central idea had to do with Jasper's dual or split personality. This schizophrenia thesis, upheld by a few of the earlier writers, has been amplified by a number of more recent authors, such as Jack Lindsay (already cited, under "a") and Edgar

Johnson.[31] There is, furthermore, a current vogue among writers of the psychoanalytic school to see in John Jasper an unconscious projection of Dickens' own emotional conflicts.

In fairness it must be admitted that Edwin Drood does contain strong overtones of the themes mentioned under headings "b" and "d" (possibly even "a"); still, if our fifth premise is sound, none of these theories can be the new and incommunicable idea of which Dickens wrote to Forster, for the very good reason that they do not basically have to do with Edwin Drood.

6. Whatever solution is advanced for the elucidation of the mystery must be sufficiently novel and dramatic to justify Dickens' reference to his central idea as "new," "not communicable," and "difficult to work."

In our quest for the new idea we must, therefore, discard any motif mentioned by Forster as having been communicated to him by Dickens, for obviously Dickens meant to withhold his new idea even from Forster.

On this premise, the absurdity of identifying Datchery with, say, Helena, becomes obvious. There is, alas, nothing unusual or dramatic about a person's playing detective to find evidence to exculpate some close or beloved individual, such as a friend or a brother. I believe that the most cogent argument ever written in refutation of the Datchery-Helena identification is to be found in the magnificent introduction, by Vincent Starrett, to the Heritage Press edition of Edwin Drood:

> *In the matter of the Helena assumption one further word of comfort may be given to those indignant readers who reject that sultry lady in the part of Datchery. It has been repeatedly asserted that Dickens, at the time of Edwin Drood, was under the influence of his friend Wilkie Collins, with whom he had collaborated on more than one occasion. It has been pointed out also that, having been frequently assailed by critics for the weakness of his plots, he was making a special effort in Edwin Drood, eager to vindicate himself as a constructor of strong and original plots. The influence is generally admitted; and Sir Robertson Nicoll, in his valuable work on Drood, speaks strongly of Dickens' admiration for Collins and even finds in one of the female characters of No Name the inspiration for Helena Landless' masquerade. Yet the fact would appear to be that Dickens disliked the idea of women dressing up as men, whether used by Collins or another. In a letter written to his sub-editor, Wills, in June, 1867, he makes a significant remark that appears to have been overlooked. Commenting on Collins' The Moonstone, which later he published in his own journal, he says: "It is a very curious story—wild, and yet domestic—with excellent character in it, great mystery, and nothing belonging to disguised women or the like.* [Emphasis Mr. Starrett's.] *That may not knock the Helena-Datchery theory in the head perhaps; but it is a singularly revealing line. There is also testimony to the effect that, years earlier, while watching a performance of Oliver Twist, in which the parts of several boys were played by women, he was disgusted and lay down on the floor of his box rather than look at them. Yes, Dickens was writing Drood under the influence of Collins; he was trying hard to write a better mystery story than any yet written by his friend; but his disparaging comments on disguised women is arresting evidence that there were at least moments in his life when he was annoyed by them. But, in any case, it is difficult to believe that his curious and new idea in any way concerned a woman masquerading as a man, an idea which, in the words of Mr. Aubrey Boyd, "was already losing some of its freshness in the days of Tasso." There is no denying the interest and ingenuity of the works of Messrs. Walters, Jackson and Nicoll; but, between them, it is possible that they have done more to demoralize the study of Edwin Drood than they have done to promote a solution...*[32]

If, then, it is fatuous to assign the Datchery role to Helena, is it not even more so to bestow it on Tartar, on Bazzard, or—worse yet—on a private detective? Is there any point in keeping Datchery's identity a secret unless the premature revelation of his identity would give away the central mystery: the fate of Edwin Drood? I submit—and hope to demonstrate—that the Datchery-Drood identification is the only one which gives promise of a denouement sufficiently novel and dramatic for Dickens' purposes.

It is interesting in this connection so recall Miss Hogarth's question to Dickens: "I hope you haven't really killed poor Edwin Drood?" The reply, as reported by Mrs. Perugini, Dickens' younger daughter, was: "I call my book the Mystery, not the History, of Edwin Drood." What I think Dickens was trying to say, in cryptic language, was that, if Drood were really dead, then his life and history were finished, and that there was no mystery about him at all: everything turns out just as planned by the master criminal, and the only problem is the method by which Jasper will be brought to book. Now, while there is a genre sometimes called the inverted detective story, in which the identity of the culprit and his modus operandi are known to the reader from the start, and the suspense is engendered by the action involved in the steps leading to his apprehension, it should be fairly obvious that Edwin Drood does not belong in this category, as the mechanics of the revelation of Jasper's guilt are so plain as to constitute no mystery whatsoever. Every factor has been unmistakably exposed to the reader. The part to be played by Durdles in discovering the place where Jasper had planned to

hide the body; by Deputy and the opium hag in testifying at Jasper's trial; by the ring, "gifted with invincible force to hold and drag," in luring Jasper back to the scene of his crime to establish his guilt and thus to exonerate Neville: all the foregoing, and much more, is so clearly foreshadowed that no part of it could have been the basis of the "mystery" of Edwin Drood or of Dickens' new and incommunicable idea.[33]

7. The true solution must somehow make use of the opium theme.

The book is drenched in opium. Whatever red herrings there are in the story—and there are many—the opium motif cannot be one of them. There is just too much of it. To begin with, Jasper's whole personality is bound up with it. I shall show later how my solution depends on Jasper's opium addiction, a possibility stressed by some writers before me, but either ignored or minimized by others, notably by Proctor. Dickens of course was well aware of the uses other authors had made of opium in their novels, especially Collins in The Moonstone, where the solution hinges on it. It is important to note that, as far as Dickens tells us, Drood is the only other person besides the opium woman who knows of Jasper's vice (not counting Jasper, of course).[34] It is true that Grewgious, in Chapter XV, sees Jasper in a faint, but this is prostration brought on by the shock of highly unexpected news, not a fit like the one witnessed by Drood, which could come about at any time and without apparent provocation.

As already indicated, there can be little doubt that the opium hag was to play an important part by testifying at Jasper's trial. This point alone, however, would not justify the extensive use of the opium theme in the book.

This is a good place to discuss Dickens' misconceptions about the effects of opium addiction. In this regard he was greatly influenced by the notions of other authors, particularly Collins. Like most authors of his day Dickens did not delve too deeply into the factual basis—if any—for most of the scientific or pseudoscientific phenomena used in his plots. Thus, in Edwin Drood, he probably completely misunderstood the action of quicklime, one of the factors in Jasper's murder plot.[35] So too, as has been pointed out by Aubrey Boyd, the book abounds in instances of animal magnetism, telepathy, hypnotic suggestion, etc., most of which were inadequately understood in Dickens' day, but which he did not hesitate to use, all the more so because he believed himself to possess hypnotic powers and even practiced them. In the same way, no doubt, he accepted without question some popular but erroneous ideas about the effects of opium.

One of the sources of these misconceptions probably was the classic work on the subject by Thomas De Quincey. Yet, though De Quincey says that "...the varieties of effect produced by opium on different constitutions are infinite," I think that even he would have agreed that at least some of the effects attributed to opium by Victorian writers were greated exaggerated, especially in the case of Collins, who not only was acquainted with De Quincey's famous work but was an opium addict himself. Thus, in The Moonstone, Franklin Blake, after his first dose of laudanum, administered to him without his knowledge, walks in his sleep for the first time in his life and, while doing so, steals the moonstone. Moreover, later on, under the influence of a second dose of laudanum, this time taken deliberately as part of an experiment, Blake reenacts his former somnambulation. Because of the impossibility of reproducing with absolute fidelity the physical and psychological elements of the earlier occasion, Collins wisely keeps the experiment from being a complete success. Even so, the whole affair smacks of legerdemain, and I for one am not impressed by Collins' statement in his preface that he had "first ascertained, not only from books, but from living authorities as well, what the result of that experiment would really have been." Evidently there was in Collins' day the common notion that even the first use of opium was enough to put a person into a trance and to cause him to do all sorts of things that he would not do in his normal state.

Another erroneous idea, not apparently believed in by Dickens but by some writers on Drood, is that the prolonged use of opium may bring about a condition resembling split personality. A similar though milder effect is ascribed in The Moonstone to drunkenness, in the case of "an Irish porter to a warehouse, who forgot, when sober, what he had done when drunk; but, being drunk, again recollected the transactions of his former state of intoxication. On one occasion, being drunk, he had lost a parcel of some value, and in his sober moments could give no account of it. Next time he was intoxicated he recollected that he had left a parcel at a certain house, and there being no address on it, it had remained there safely, and was got on his calling for it." That Dickens was duly impressed by this passage is clearly indicated by the following well-known quotation from Edwin Drood (Chapter III): "As, in some cases of drunkenness, and in others of animal magnetism, there are two states of consciousness which never clash, but each of which pursues its separate course as though it were continuous instead of being broken (thus if I hide my watch when I am drunk, I must be drunk again before I can remember where), so Miss Twinkleton has two distinct and separate phases of being."[36] It is possible to see in this sentence the genesis of the preposterous idea already referred to, advanced by some writers, that Jasper in his opium trance believed himself guilty of the murder of Drood, but that in his normal state he believed Neville to be guilty.

This notion that Jasper had become deranged as a result of his addiction has, I think, misled even so discerning a writer as Stephen Leacock, who, in his splendid chapter on Edwin Drood in his biography of Dickens, says that Dickens' "new and curious idea" is that "an opium

fiend who has rehearsed his crime a thousand times may be hallucinated with the idea that he is committing it."[37] I shall return to this idea later and shall try to refute it. Meantime it is worth noting that Leacock, in common with most students of the mystery, believed that the opium theme was to play a pivotal part in the development of the plot.

Still another misconception about opium is that it can be used like certain drugs, such as pentothal nowadays, as a sort of lie detector, to induce truth statements in a semiconscious state. That Dickens apparently thought so is indicated during Jasper's last recorded visit to the opium den, when he discloses to the Princess Puffer, under her insistent wheedling but always in veiled language, his innermost thoughts and plottings. It is very possible that in the final chapters, as foreshadowed in Dickens' statement to Forster, Jasper was to reveal his guilt in a manner "as if told by another," while in a state of trance induced by opium.

This development of the opium motif has been used in a number of Edwin Drood sequels. For example, in the continuation John Jasper's Secret[38], Helena obtains from a private physician a concoction of herbs containing, not opium, but cannabis indica or bhang, and has it administered by the hag to Jasper to make him disclose his secrets. The author apparently knew that opium would not have this effect, and, if this is so, he knew more than Dickens in this regard.

More recently, in Le Mystere d'Edwin Drood, translated and completed in French by Paul Maury,[39] Jasper, while under the influence of opium in the condemned cell, reveals everything to Helena disguised as Neville, moreover answering her questions fully and coherently, even as to the most important detail as to how Jasper's murder plan fell through. We shall return to this interesting French sequel later on in this study, but it is noteworthy at this point that the author believes that Drood escaped and reappeared as Datchery.

With a view to obtaining an authoritative opinion on the subject of opium addiction in its relation to the Drood mystery, I sent a letter to a practicing neuro-psychiatrist, Dr. Hubert S. Howe of New York,[40] a Diplomate in Neurology of the National Board of Neurology and Psychiatry, an expert eminently qualified to pass judgment in such matters. My questions were basically two in number: first, is it possible for an opium addict who has planned a murder in full detail, and who has rehearsed it numerous times in his trances, to become hallucinated with the idea that he has successfully committed the murder and to maintain this idea in his normal state; and secondly, could he, while in a trance after taking opium, be led on by questioning to confess that he had committed a murder and to divulge the details of his plot? To this letter I received the following reply, from which I quote by permission:

> *Whereas in ordinary dreams the dreamer usually participates actively in the dream, the effect of hallucinations induced by a drug is more as though one were in a theater watching a play, with no personal participation. The distortions of reality, whether of color, form or space, are much more bizarre than during normal dreaming. Also, as a rule, the same dream is not repeated.*
>
> *Therefore I do not believe that a murder would be planned and rehearsed in an opium trance. Hallucinations at times are so vivid that they are believed to be real occurrences. Those due to drugs, however, usually have so many bizarre features that they are not considered a reality in the waking state.*
>
> *You are correct in stating that pentothal and also amytal have been used for truth statements. Alcohol intoxication also has some of the same characteristics. I doubt whether opium intoxication would lead the patient to disclose repressed ideas. At least it has never been used for this purpose.*

From this reply, as well as from other considerations already mentioned, I think we may safely conclude that at least some of the surmises held by Dickens and by various Droodists are erroneous. In view of this conclusion one may well ask what crucial function the opium theme was intended to serve in the development of the plot, and whether, in this respect also, Dickens was in error. This important point will be fully discussed further on in this study, when I hope to demonstrate that Jasper's addiction was responsible for an unpredictable flaw in his calculations. In any case it is sufficiently clear that no solution of the mystery can be considered adequate which ignores or minimizes the opium angle.

These, then, are our seven irreducible premises. To recapitulate them:

1. Jasper either knew or believed that he had murdered Drood.

2. Neville was to die (most probably at Jasper's hands while helping to seize him).

3. Jasper was to die at the close.

4. Datchery is a known character in disguise.

5. Dickens' new and incommunicable idea must in some way be related to Drood.

6. Whatever solution is advanced for the elucidation of the mystery must be sufficiently novel and dramatic to justify Dickens' reference to his central idea as "new," "not communicable," and "difficult to work."

7. The true solution must somehow make use of the opium theme.

——TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

NOTES

Any publication data omitted in these notes (as for some of the earlier works) will be found in the bibliography.

1. At least three Sherlockian solutions of the Drood mystery have been published in English: "At the Sign of the Ship," by Andrew Lang; "Dickens's Secret Book," a chapter in The Secret Book, by Edmund L. Pearson; and "Sherlock Holmes Solves the Mystery of Edmund Drood," by Harry B. Smith. An essay of mine on these Sherlock Holmes solutions appeared in The Baker Street Journal, the quarterly organ of the Baker Street Irregulars (New Series: Vol. 5, No. 1; New York, Jan. 1955). It is noteworthy that the authors of all three solutions are agreed that Drood escaped; and that the first two identify Datchery with Drood (Mr. Smith being a Bazzardite). There is also a solution in Danish, in the form of a pastiche, by Henry Lauritzen, who believes—or makes Sherlock Holmes try to prove—that Drood is dead and that Datchery is Grewgious (the view also of Richard M. Baker). Fuller bibliographical details on all these solutions will be found in the bibliography.

2. Later repudiated, in a letter to The Times Literary Supplement, London (Aug. 7, 1919).

3. The Drood Murder Case, University of California Press, 1951; p. 114. The studies originally appeared in five issues of The Trollopian (in quarterly installments, from March 1948 through March 1949) and in five issues of Nineteenth Century Fiction (in quarterly installments, from June 1949 through June 1950; both periodicals published at the University of California Press and the Cambridge University Press).

4. W. Robertson Nicoll, in The Problem of 'Edwin Drood' (pp. 130-1), agrees with Andrew Lang that the titles in question may have been intended by Dickens "to mislead his readers," and rejected "because he felt them to be too misleading..." So also Montagu Saunders, in The Mystery in the Drood Family: "In the twelfth and thirteenth [alternative titles] we meet with yet another idea, namely, a definitive suggestion that Edwin might not have been killed after all, but I take it that Dickens considered that he was not justified in actually misleading his readers in this way..." (pp. 16-7). And Henry Jackson, in About Edwin Drood: "...Two of these titles [same as preceding] may be thought to suggest that Drood escaped: but, inasmuch as Dickens plainly means to leave it doubtful to the last, I can hardly think that they are decisive." (p. 86).

5. Op. cit., pp. 40-1.

6. Original appearance in Munsey's Magazine for December 1924; reprinted by Walter Klinefelter, Glen Rock, Pa., in 1934. (For fuller details see bibliography.) Page references to this work will be given for both appearances, the passage quoted from being on p. 397 (Munsey's); p. 46 (Klinefelter). In this passage Mr. Smith overlooks that Datchery cannot be Durdles or Sapsea for the best reason of all: that he appears in their company. Mr. Smith might also have eliminated Helena Landless from the list of possible candidates for Datchery for the same reason that he discards the others.

7. From the introduction to the Everyman's Library edition of Edwin Drood—Master Humphrey's Clock, p. xii.

8. Op. cit., pp. 78-9.

9. Loc. cit., pp. xiii-xiv.

10. Op. cit., p. 137.

11. Proctor suggests (ibid., p. 97) that Datchery-Drood might conceivably have got lost: "...anyone who has wandered through the back streets of Cloisterham (Rochester) knows that even a resident might easily be bewildered there, and Drood was not a resident. The Croziers, we are expressly told, was a hotel of a most retiring disposition." Yet Proctor, apparently not satisfied with this explanation, gives an alternative one. (See Note 16, below; also the passage to which Note 16 refers.)

12. The Fred Newton Scott Anniversary Papers, The University of Chicago Press, 1929, p. 172.

13. Washington University Studies, Vol IX, Humanistic Series, No. 1; 1922; p. 55.

14. Ibid., pp. 64-5.

15. Ibid., p. 66.

16. Op. cit., p. 98 (footnote). See reference to this in Note 11, above.

17. Op. cit., pp. 70-1.

18. Among the exponents of the split-personality theory are Albert F. Fessenden (in a letter to the Boston Evening Transcript of February 7, 1908) and Eustace Conway (in Anthony Munday And Other Essays, New York, 1927).

19. The Drood Case, Rupert Hart-Davis, London, 1964; Barnes & Noble, New York, 1965. (Same pagination in both editions.)

20. Op. cit., p. 174.

21. Ibid., p. 171. Both quotations will be found on that page.

22. This fact has sometimes been cited as proof that Jasper's murder of Drood succeeded as planned, whereas it merely proves that Jasper murdered—or was convicted of murdering—somebody. Jasper can be hanged just as readily for murdering Neville as for murdering Drood.

23. Keys to the Drood Mystery, Collier & Co. (edition in wrappers), London, 1908; p. 45. For data on the cloth edition see bibliography.

24. Op. cit., pp. 89-90.

25. "John Jasper—Strangler," The Bookman, February 1930.

26. Charles Dickens (A Biographical and Critical Study), Andrew Dakers, London, 1950; pp. 391-2.

27. "Dickens: The Two Scrooges," Chapter I of The Wound & The Bow, W. H. Allen, London, 1941; Houghton Mifflin Co., Cambridge (Mass.), 1941. For fuller data see bibliography.

28. Loc. cit., pp. 70-85.

29. Ibid., p. 83.

30. A New Solution of the Mystery of Edwin Drood, John Long, London, n.d., but ca. 1919. For other appearances see bibliography.

31. Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1952; Vol Two., pp. 1120-4.

32. The Mystery of Edwin Drood, The Heritage Press, New York, [1941]; reprinted 1952; pp. xxviii-xxix.

33. With regard to the ring, Forster assumed—mistakenly, in my opinion—that its discovery would prove that Drood had been murdered. It apparently never occurred to Forster that the force of the ring "to hold and drag" was just as invincible on the assumption that Drood had escaped as on the assumption that he had not: even in the former case, Jasper, unaware that the ring had already been restored to Grewgious, would inexorably be lured back, when informed of its existence, in an attempt to find it.

34. Drood does tell Rosa, near the end of Chapter XIII, that Jasper "is subject to a kind of paroxysm, or fit—[he] saw him in it once," but it is noteworthy that Drood refrains from mentioning opium.

35. It is of course possible that Dickens was perfectly aware that quicklime would not destroy a corpse, and intended to use this fact as part of his surprise ending. The fallacy of the classic notion about quicklime was exposed by R. Austin Freeman in The Mystery of Angelina Frood (the points of resemblance of which to Edwin Drood were pointed out by Dorothy L. Sayers in the Winter Number, 1929-30, of The Dickensian); and by Richard M. Baker in The Drood Murder Case, already cited (pp. 141-3). Curiously enough, the notion that quicklime can destroy a body is used as a red herring in "The Disappearance of Mr. Davenheim" (in Poirot Investigates), by Agatha Christie, but is rejected or ignored by both the author and Hercule Poirot. One sentence in this ingenious tale is suggestive of a motif from Edwin Drood: "You mean that the lime which destroyed the body would be powerless to affect the metal of the ring?"

36. The suggestion of part of the plot of The Moonstone in this passage is pointed out by Aubrey Boyd (loc. cit., p. 70).

37. Charles Dickens: His Life and Work, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York, 1934; Peter Davies, London, 1933. (P. 301 in American edition; p. 253 in English edition.)

38. John Jasper's Secret: published anonymously, in 8 monthly parts, by Publishing Offices, London, in 1871-2; and in book form by the same company in 1872. The book has an interesting publication history, given in some detail in the bibliography. The name of the author, Henry Morford, did not appear till 1905; an earlier attribution to Charles Dickens the Younger and Wilkie Collins was incorrect.

39. Le Mystere d'Edwin Drood, Gerard & Co., Verviers, Belgium; La Collection Marabout; copyright date 1956. A translation of Edwin Drood, with a conclusion, in French.

40. Deceased before the completion of this study.

* *

THE ADVENTURES OF CHUBBLOCK HOMES, continued from page 193

he began to establish himself as an excellent artist and painter.

On his death on the 28th March, 1957, at the ripe old age of 86, he was a R.H.A., a D.Litt., an officer of the French Legion of Honour, and a Governor of the National Gallery of Ireland. His work had been exhibited in art galleries throughout the world, and many honours had been bestowed on him.

Curiously, Yeats never mentioned his detective series, nor did any of his biographers disclose anything about it. It was presumed that like Tom Browne he preferred to forget his early efforts. A great pity, this, as one might have learned more about a very amusing long series of picture parodies featuring Chubblock Homes and his dog assistant Shirk.

THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY

BY MARVIN LACHMAN

It seems that by the application of Gresham's Law, bad private detectives drive out good ones. How else can one explain the short, albeit memorable career of Max Thursday, who left the scene after only six novels published 1947 to 1951 while Mike Hammer, Shell Scott, Ed Noon and others keep going?

Thursday was the creation of Wade Miller, a joint pseudonym of Robert Wade (1920-) and Bill Miller (1920-1961), who also wrote as Whit Masterson and Dale Wilmer. Referring to their first novel in 1946, Anthony Boucher wrote: "Machine-gun tempo, tight writing, unexaggerated hardness and unorthodox and overwhelming ending mark highly satisfactory debut." In 1952 Dorothy B. Hughes said of them: "No one writes the hard-boiled mystery better." More recently, however, their work of this period has been dismissed perfunctorily by Barzun-Taylor and Symons.

The first Wade Miller novel, Deadly Weapon (1946), is a precursor to the Max Thursday series. Though Thursday never appears, a leading protagonist is his good friend, Austin Clapp, head of San Diego's Homicide Squad, who investigates a series of murders beginning in a local burlesque theater. Clapp appears in all of the Max Thursday novels. As the first of these, Guilty Bystander (1947), begins, Thursday is sleeping off one of his alcoholic binges in a seedy, Skid Row hotel where, by the charity of the owner, he is house detective. He is awakened by his ex-wife Georgia; their five-year-old son, Tommy, has been kidnapped. It is with this direct, extremely compelling opening that the short career of Private Eye Max Thursday begins.

San Diego-born, Thursday had been an operative for the Consolidated Detective Agency before leaving to serve in the U.S. Marines. He returns to civilian life, after serving in the invasion of Saipan, with "bum nerves." When his marriage breaks up, partly because he refuses to go into another profession, Thursday begins to drink.

Motivated by the need to keep all his wits about him if he is to recover his son, Max gives up drinking. As the series progresses Thursday's rehabilitation continues until he establishes his own office, attracts an increasingly respectable clientele, and at the end is on his way to comparative prosperity, employing operatives of his own.

Thursday is in his mid-thirties, a tall (six foot), thin man with very black hair and a "face that escaped sheer ugliness by the highness of his cheekbones and the strong arch of his nose." His gaunt appearance seems to be a result of hard work and little sleep as he follows his chosen profession. He is a man of intelligence and refinement; on the only two occasions during the series when he has time to relax, he reads novels by Cabell and Conrad.

One of the breed of very honest Southern California private detectives, Thursday is self-deprecating regarding this, once saying: "Anybody that makes loud noises about ethics like I do isn't any paragon, you can bet." Still we never see any evidence to doubt his honesty, and he was perhaps best characterized by the client who described him as "a sort of cavalier manque."

His friends are few except for Clapp, the hard-bitten, veteran detective whose personal philosophy is a surprisingly easy-to-take part of each book. Thursday's girl friend throughout the series is Merle Osborn, crime reporter for the San Diego Sentinel. Their relationship is one that is interesting and realistic, never smooth.

Written in far less permissive times than the present, the Max Thursday series is strong evidence that those times brought out the best in both writer and reader. The writer had to use greater skill, and the reader greater imagination. Sex is handled with considerable subtlety, and the result is actually more erotic than the novels of the "swinging 70's." Even cursing is kept to a minimum so that when employed, the words emphasize frustration and anger. How different from the indulgence in four letter words currently in vogue!

San Diego, a locale seldom employed in mystery fiction, was portrayed with obvious knowledge by Wade and Miller. They are especially good at conveying the influence of the Pacific Ocean and the U.S. Navy base on the city and its economy. A visit to San Diego by this writer twenty years after the last Max Thursday book was written left me with the feeling that his city had changed surprisingly little in two decades.

If they had written nothing but the Max Thursday books Wade and Miller would be worth recalling. However, they also wrote an excellent police procedural, A Hammer in His Hand (1960), one of the first mysteries about a policewoman. Their few short stories are also noteworthy. The first, "Invitation to an Accident" (EQMM, 7/55), won a Second Prize in the annual EQMM contest. A later story, "The Memorial Hour" (EQMM, 3/60), is even better, an excellent tale with a psychiatric background. Writing alone, after the death of his friend and collaborator since their junior high school days, Wade published Knave of Eagles (1969), a really suspenseful spy novel about a soldier-of-fortune who goes to Castro's Cuba to rescue a major league baseball player.

In writing the Private Eye novel, Wade and Miller never achieved the highs of Raymond Chandler in Farewell, My Lovely or The Big Sleep nor those of Ross Macdonald in The Drowning Pool or The Chill. But they never descended to the mediocrity of Chandler in Playback nor the recent repetitiveness of Macdonald. They wrote six very readable, remarkably consistent novels --and then quit while they were ahead.

——continued on page 184

A DISCOVERY IN ČAPEK

BY JOSEF ŠKVORECKÝ

This paper is going to be short. It does not have to be long to deal with a strange discovery. I was able to make it by applying in part the scholarly methods worked out by the doyen of us crime writers, Mr. Rex Stout, in his research on the sex of Dr. Watson. The credit for any results I may have obtained should therefore go to this gentleman, who is truly the Leo Tolstoy of crime fiction, as another resourceful researcher in the bloody field of letters, Professor Kathryn B. Feuer of the Slavic Department of the University of Toronto, has established. By applying Mr. Stout's celebrated method to his own name, she was able to decode its true meaning. "Leo" or "the lion" in English has from times immemorial been called "the king of the animals", or in the language of the ancients, "REX animalium". "Tolstoy" is the Russian word for "stout". And so it is only proper that my thanks go to Mr. Leo Tolstoy of West Thirty-fifth Street on Manhattan, New York, the Rex crimen scriptorum.

The subject of my paper is, as I have already mentioned, a strange discovery: a discovery in Karel Čapek. First of all, I'd like to ask you to remember the correct pronunciation of the name of that eminent Czech writer who has contributed an important word to the English language, the word "robot", first used in his play R.U.R./Rossum's Universal Robots/, which secured him a safe place in the valhalla of our colleagues, the science fiction writers. I am not asking you to learn the correct pronunciation of his name for some chauvinistic or petty reasons, but because to us, Czechs, a wrong pronunciation of our names can, sometimes, cause severe shock; and since our nerves are not used to shocks due to some forty odd years of overquiet life sheltered by mighty protectors, any disturbance like that might lead to a heart attack. I am not speaking academically, mind you, but from personal experience. When I left my native country after it had received an overwhelming military help against itself from the Soviet Union, I spent a month at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, as visiting fellow of the Society for the Humanities. Once I attended a party given by the Society; at that party I was approached by a youngish woman with very strange earrings. They looked like some sort of lizard or crocodile, but before I could make up my mind as to what kind of nasty animal they represented, the woman leaned over to me and whispered in a conspiratorial manner: "I know Kapek!" I jumped, I saw black and my heart began to beat like a doped rock drummer. Because you must know, Mr. Kapek was one of the leaders of the ultra-Stalinist pro-Soviet group in Prague, who, among other things, pleaded for an extradiction of dissident writers and journalists to the Soviet Secret Police, the KGB. Mr. Kapek was also one of the reasons why I left Czechoslovakia, since after the International Help I had been giving a dissident talk to the workers in the factory of which he immediately afterwards became the general manager. So I jumped when I heard his name from the lips of the lizard lady, and for a second I thought I would faint. Then the lady winked at me and said: "Which of Kapek's works do you prefer? My personal choice is The War with the Newts." Then it dawned on me that the crocodiles were in fact newts--she pointedly touched her earrings--and Mr. Kapek was in fact the late Mr. Capek; and later somebody told me that the lady was a minor American science fiction writer. This all is just by way of example of how a wrong pronunciation of a great Czech writer's name can endanger the life of a minor Czech crime writer.

As I said, Čapek had ensured a place for himself in the science fiction hall of fame because of his robots. What this paper proposes to prove is that he is entitled a place in the crime writer's valhalla, too. Not because he comes from a nation which contributed another important word to the English language, the "pistol", meaning hand gun, a word that is very much in use these days, but because of a much more personal achievement.

There are two points at which the mystery story touches upon the absolute: it involves death, the absolute end of life, and it strives for an absolute of its own--the perfect crime, the unsolvable mystery. Karel Čapek tried to give both these absolutes a concretization in that part of his work which can be classified as detective fiction.

This is very obvious in his treatment of death. Death, as you know, is in a proper mystery story only a prop, with little or no metaphysical value. Here and there, however, one encounters a writer who attempts to turn the prop into an object of philosphical probing, while at the same time observing all the rules of the game. Karel Čapek was such a writer, and he obtained results that are familiar with such experiments: philosophical art he did create, but not detective stories that would be accepted as mystery stories in the technical sense. In an essay entitled "Holmesiana, or About Detective Stories" he owns up to his defeat in his efforts: *I will own that at one time I myself tried my hand at a volume of detective stories; I meant serious business, but when I had finished, a booklet called Roadside Crosses was the outcome, and I am sorry to say that no one recognized my detective stories as such.*[1]

No wonder nobody recognized these stories as belonging to the classical genre, for as William E. Harkins in his excellent book on Capek says: *...there are only two typical examples of the genre* (in Tales from Two Pockets) ... (in all the remaining stories) *at least one element of the traditional detective story is left out. In "Dr. Mejalik's Case" it is the logic of detection itself which is missing. In "The Footprints" there is no solution. In "The Coupon" the identity of the murderer is unimportant*[2], etc. Professor Harkins goes on to enumerate

further examples of Capek's violations of the accepted canons, but let me just point out here that in the case of the story "The Footprints" he is not entirely right. This story is unique in Čapek's oeuvre: it exists--unlike any other of the tales--in three different versions or sequels. Two of them are in Roadside Crosses and one in Tales from Two Pockets, and it is the first version, entitled "The Imprint" in Roadside Crosses, that does contain a solution, as I am going to prove. This solution also represents Čapek's crowning achievement in his striving for that other absolute of detective fiction, which is the creation of a perfect mystery.

To prove my point I combined a method Čapek himself used in one of the few stories of his that can stand the technical criteria of the genre, and the method I mentioned earlier, the one employed by Mr. Leo Tolstoy in his sexological inquiries. The story mentioned above is contained in the first of the two volumes of Tales from Two Pockets, and its title is "The Poet."[3]

In this little yarn an old beggar woman is killed by a reckless driver who doesn't stop and drives away. There are three witnesses to the accident: a professional policeman on his beat, who runs to the old woman and tries to give her first aid before he thinks of noticing the license number; when this idea occurs to him, it is too late. The second witness is a student of mechanical engineering, who noticed only the sound of the engine and deduces from it that it must have been a four cylinder motor; otherwise he is completely in the dark as to the make of the car, its color, and of course, its license number. The third witness is the engineer's friend, a poet, who is in the dark about everything since at the time of the accident he was rather soused.

The case appears insoluble, and you will notice that the situation points to a kind of perfect mystery: the only clue being a four-cylinder engine. But then the poet remembers that, after coming home and before falling into alcoholic slumber, he wrote a poem. The detective in charge of the investigation is not too hopeful that the poet's artifact could provide him with a solution, but nevertheless, he reads it. It is a somewhat modernistic poem, modelled after the French surrealists whom Čapek translated so well into Czech. In my inadequate translation it goes approximately like this:

march on dark houses one two stop
the dawn plays on a mandoline
oh girl why do you blush
we'll drive a car 120 HP to the end of the world
or to Singapore
stop stop the car is rushing on
our great love lies in the dust
girl broken blossom
a swan's neck female bosom big drum and cymbal
why do I weep so much

Naturally, the poem does not make sense to the detective, but eventually the poet interprets the imagery of the lines so that they do make sense. The marching houses are the street in which the accident occured; the blushing girl is the red sky of the morning (the two friends were on their way home from a night club); the 120 HP engine indicates that the car was driving very fast as if it wanted to reach the end of the world. Up till now it is still pretty common and doesn't supply the detective with any new information. Then comes the mention of Singapore, about the meaning of which the poet himself is not sure. *"I don't know,"* he says. *"Perhaps because Malayans live there." "But what connection is there between the car and the Malayans?"* wonders the detective. *"Well,"* insists the poet, *"maybe the car was brown. I'm sure there was something brown there."* And that's the first material clue derived from the poem.

The next problem the unpoetical mind of the detective encounters is the line *girl broken blossom*. *"That's the drunken beggar woman?"* he asks ironically, and the poet replies somewhat heatedly: *"You don't expect me to write about drunken beggars, do you? She was simply a woman."* And finally comes the line *a swan's neck female bosom big drum and cymbal* which baffles even the poet himself. But he thinks hard. *"Wait,"* he muses. *"These are free associations...Something must have been there that reminded me of - Listen, doesn't the numeral 2 look somewhat like a swan's neck?"* And here we are. In the same associative way the *female bosom* is interpreted as the numeral 3 and the *big drum and cymbal* is the numeral 5 which resembles a sketchy drawing of half of a jazzband drum with a cymbal attached on top of it. The license number of the murderous car later proves to have been 235 (we didn't have so many cars in Prague after World War I) and the killer is duly apprehended. Thus the detective has solved the case with the help of the poet, by decoding impressions and associations which penetrated the poet's subconscious mind and emerged again, transmuted as visual images in the best tradition of Dr. Freud.

We see, therefore, that Čapek was a believer in the associative method of psychoanalysis which unravels the true meaning of symbolic images of the subconscious mind. His story, in fact, may be taken as a tribute to Čapek's famous compatriot, Dr. Sigmund Freud, which, as I am sure you will agree, gives us some right to treat other mysteries in Čapek's tales by the same means.

In the story which is the subject of this paper, "The Imprint,"[4] two strangers meet on a country road after a snowfall, and in the empty and snowy field beside the road they discover a mysterious footprint. It is about seven yards from the road, and there are no other footprints or tracks leading to or from it. To you, experts on the mystery story, this phenomenon of the isolated footprint that defies any rational explanation is easily recognizable: John Dickson Carr used it once in a story entitled, if I remember correctly, The Problem of the Wire Cage, and there must have been others, though Čapek's footprint, as I shall endeavor to prove, differs from all of them in its significance. Anyway, the phenomenon belongs to the same category of phenomena as the corpse in the room locked on the inside, the unbreakable alibi or the grotesque murder, the perpetrator of which must have been a superman, who later turns out to be an Ourang-Outang in a lovely ancient story we all know. This is how Čapek describes the baffling footprint: (it was an) *imprint of a large shoe of the American type with very broad sole and five strong nails on the heel.*

Well, the two strangers, after having examined the lonely footprint, proceed to explain it away rationally--which proves very difficult. Perhaps, suggests the first one, the shoe that made the imprint had been left by someone in the field before it started to snow, and then, when it stopped snowing, it was carried away by a bird for its nest. You will notice, please, the animal agent, a bird, which undoubtedly points to a subconscious awareness of that ancient lovely story I mentioned earlier. But finally this explanation is rejected: there would have been a stretch of ground uncovered by snow under the shoe when it was lifted by the bird, and the shoe was too large for a small bird to carry, and too small for a large bird to be used for a nest. The other stranger then opines that somebody played a practical joke on the world by descending to the field in a balloon, making the single footstep and then soaring up again. The man immediately apologizes for sounding improbable, but stresses the need for a rational, or as he puts it, natural explanation; and the balloon hypothesis is certainly rational, if improbable. Other equally possible, though improbable, eventualities are examined and discarded: a champion jumper--perhaps one-legged--who jumped from the road into the middle of the field, didn't lose his balance, and jumped back to the road. Even more improbable than the balloonist.

Now I certainly do not have to point out to this learned readership that these efforts by the two amateur detectives follow the pattern of the method employed in that lovely gruesome story mentioned twice already, a method described later by Dorothy Sayers in the following words: *when you have eliminated all the impossibilities, then, whatever reamins, however improbable, must be the truth.*[5] Now, the two strangers take the method to its logical conclusions. Since no "natural" explanation is found for the elusive footstep, and since, at the same time, any explanation has to be logical to meet the demands of the case, one of the searchers for the meaning of the imprint deduces that the footprint was made by a being possessed of supernatural powers; by a deity. He gives a strange little talk at this stage: *"Who knows..."* muses the man, *"maybe the next footprint is no longer in the snow but somewhere in society, mixed up with some event or accident that has already happened...perhaps a demigod walks this way... Some sort of guide, or leader, to be followed...*

An imprint made by a demigod as the solution of the mystery? We, the aficionados, feel naturally uneasy about such a solution. Didn't the great S. S. Van Dine write that *a reader...*who *must compete with the world of spirits...is defeated ab initio?*[6] And didn't that eminent legislator, Father Ronald Arbuthnot Knox, decress that *All supernatural or preternatural agencies are ruled out as a matter of course?*[7] Yes, they did. Karel Čapek is not playing fair with his readers.

Now, fair-play is something the reader has a right to expect from his mystery writer. And vice versa, of course: the reader, for instance, is not supposed to guess, but to logically deduce. The writer has his obligations to the readership, and a writer's readership have their obligations to the writer. The relationship is mutual and very complex.

Laws are laws, and they have to be obeyed under any circumstances. A nice sounding platitude--but is it really so true? Let's search our minds. Wasn't there a woman, once, a certain Antigone who broke the laws of men because she felt entitled, and indeed obliged, to follow the laws of the gods? And if this example seems too remote to you, or based on supernatural or preternatural agencies, as Father Knox puts it, let's open the Holy Script, where in the Book of Charles Augustus Milverton we find the following verse: *There are certain crimes which the law cannot touch, and which therefore, to some extent, justify private revenge.*[8] What else does this maxim express--in the legal terminology of the 19th century--than the right of man to disobey the laws of human society in certain cases that call for an application of divine law? And doesn't that mean that under certain circumstances the rules of fair play may be disregarded?

We have said that the duty of playing fair is mutual, binding both for the writer and for his readers. In the course of these pages I have hinted several times at a lovely ancient story which contains an Ourang-Outang; in other words, I have reminded you of our Founding Father, the beloved Master, Edgar Allan Poe.

But was he so universally beloved during his lifetime? We know that he wasn't. The readers and the critics of America, in fact, drove him to a sorry death, to a slow suicide, to a tragic end. We know that, had they paid him for his germinal works what he deserved to

be paid, he would not have died in poverty, and we can speculate that he would have died much later and more naturally. His readership, to tell the plain truth, did not keep their side of the bargain, did not meet their obligation towards the writer. In short, the readers of the early nineteenth century did not play fair with Edgar Allan Poe. These readers, in fact, murdered Poe.

But there are no laws for this kind of murder. Therefore, according to the Book of Milverton, the man who wants to see justice done, can resort to private revenge. It will look like a violation of the law, but in fact it will follow a higher law and exert a higher justice. I contend that Karel Čapek was a man seeking justice--not for himself but for a fellow writer--and that in seeking it, he followed a higher law.

Let's therefore return to Čapek's story which seemingly violates one of the basic laws of our genre. As we have seen, it is full of indirect references to poor Poe, the victim of the readers' crime. The two detectives employ the ratiocinative technique of Chevalier Dupin. An animal as the possible culprit is introduced. And the lofty speech of one of the amateur detectives (remember that Dupin wasn't a professional policeman either) clearly points to--whom do you think? *...the next footprint...mixed up with some event or accident...perhaps a demigod walks this way...some sort of...leader to be followed...*

All right, you may say, this is all very nice, but surely, this is a clear case of overinterpretation. Has it ever been established, for one thing, that Čapek really KNEW Poe's writings?

On this point I can produce evidence without any difficulty. First of all, Poe is THE American author in Czechoslovakia. No fewer than twenty-five different translations of "The Raven" have been done to date--and maybe more--and when in 1954 I worked on a bibliography of Czech translations of American literature, I found some 200 odd Poe titles published between 1891 and 1954. Moreover, in his rather interesting essay "Holmesiana, or About Detective Stories" Čapek mentions Poe explicitly four times, and one reference to the Master is especially significant in the context of this paper, for it proves that Čapek not only knew that lovely First Story, but that he had a deep understanding for the sarcastic treatment of the organized police by Poe; an attitude mirrored, by the way, in many of Čapek's own tales: *The police would solve the murders in the Rue Morgue without much ado if on the basis of reliable experience it could be said that as a rule such murders are committed by orang-utans.*[9]

Does that satisfy you? We have external evidence that Čapek knew Poe. We have internal evidence in "The Imprint" that Čapek was--consciously or subconsciously, it doesn't really matter which--patterning his story on the Dupin method and investing it with motives from "The Murders in the Rue Morgue". Which is certainly enough to form a working hypothesis. But since we are dealing with a mystery story, what we need is conclusive, irrefutable proof.

To find it, let us once more return to the tale and consider, first of all, its title. In Czech it is "Šlépěj", which means "footprint". But it is a slightly obsolete word; the word that was generally used in spoken language in Čapek's time--and Čapek was the pioneer in replacing bookish language with the vernacular in fiction--and the word which predominates in modern Czech, is its synonym "stopa". This word, now commonly used, is also a homonym for both "trace" and "clue". Well, in the name of Rex Stout, isn't this a clear indication that the footprint in the story is a clue to the solution of the footprint's mystery?

Let's therefore reread the description of that footprint, that trace, that clue. It was an *imprint of a large shoe of the AMERICAN type with very broad sole and FIVE strong nails on the heel* (emphasis mine). Well, in the name of Čapek's Freudian Poet, isn't the associative interpretation of this CLUE, based on the fact that impressions and associations that penetrate the writer's subconscious mind have a tendency to emerge again transmuted into VISUAL IMAGES, isn't this decoding of the message more than obvious and quite unequivocal? What does an AMERICAN shoe do in the midst of the BOHEMIAN countryside? And why exactly FIVE strong nails?

Yes, the symbolic meaning, the sublimation of a suppressed guilt, is more than clear. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", "The Mystery of Marie Roget", "The Purloined Letter", "The Gold Bug" and "Thou Art the Man": the FIVE stories universally accepted as the first five true mystery stories of literature, stories that laid the foundations for our art and contain all the principal methods, patterns, formulas and rules. The FIVE strong nails in the shoe of an AMERICAN perpetrator of a practical joke on the world which amounts to a PERFECT MYSTERY. All that apart from the fact that the name of our Founding Father in its most widely used form contains exactly FIVE letters: E. A. Poe.

And so I suggest that Karel Čapek wrote his little tale about the mysterious CLUE as a coded--perhaps subconsciously coded--TRIBUTE to the Master: it was EAPOE (to imitate Daniel Hoffman's orthography) himself who stepped with his American shoe on the snowy field in Capek's Bohemia, leaving the imprint of the five STRONG, solid American nails which have provided us with our solution. Or, if you are more mystically inclined, as Čapek himself certainly was, it may have been EAPOE in spiritual person who, like Dickens in the case of The Mystery of Edwin Drood, by a spirit pen[10] held in the hand of Karel Čapek pulled this malicious joke on the descendants of the readers who had murdered him by their indifference. By creating a perfectly insoluble mystery he thus took his personal revenge on us, money-making exploiters of his discoveries, breaking the laws of our game while following the higher laws of divine poetic

justice.

NOTES

1. Karel Čapek, In Praise of Newspapers, trans. by W. and R. Weatherall (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1951), p. 101.
2. William E. Harkins, Karel Čapek (New York: Columbia University Press, 1962), p. 122.
3. Since the standard English edition of Čapek's Tales from Two Pockets is only a selection of the stories from the two volumes, it does not contain this story. I translate from: Karel Čapek, Povídky z jedné kapsy (Praha: Čs. Spisovatel, 1967), p. 73-79.
4. There is an English translation of this story, under the title "The Imprint", in Richard Eaton (ed.), The Best Continental Short Stories of 1923-1924 (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company, Inc., 1924), p. 42-47. To it--omitting the title--its sequel "Elegie (Šlépěj II)" is added as a second part of the same story. Since the translation (and this edition does not identify the translator) is very poor, leaving out important words and mechanically substituting yards for meters, among other things, I use my own ad hoc translation.
5. Dorothy Sayers, "The Omnibus of Crime", in The Art of the Mystery Story, ed. by Howard Haycraft (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1964), p. 81.
6. S. S. Van Dine, "Twenty Rules for Writing Detective Stories", ibid., p. 190.
7. Ronald A. Knox, "A Detective Story Decalogue", ibid., p. 194.
8. A. Conan Doyle, "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton", in The Return of Sherlock Holmes (London: John Murray, 1924), p. 177.
9. Karel Čapek, In Praise of Newspapers and Other Essays on the Margins of Literature, trans. by M. and R. Weatherall (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1951), p. 120.
10. The Mystery of Edwin Drood Complete. Part the Second. By the Spirit Pen of Charles Dickens through a Medium (Brattleborough, Vermont, 1873).

* * * * * * * * * * *

INTRODUCING THE AUTHOR: Josef Škvorecký is a Czech author who numbers among his works a collection of mystery stories (The Mournful Demeanor of Lieutenant Boruvka, Gollancz, 1974) and a forthcoming mystery novel (Miss Silverstein's Past, Grove Press). He also operates a publishing house (of works in the Czech language, including a collection of Ronald Knox stories with a most intriguing theme), and teaches American Literature, Film and Creative Writing at Erindale College of the University of Toronto.

* *

BOOK EXCHANGE, continued from page 244

Leonie Van Ness is looking for a copy of a book that contains a short story by Arthur Machen called "The Terror." Address: #606, 260 Metcalfe, Ottawa, Ontario K20 1R6, Canada.

John Logan (Apt. #-301, 3 Oak Brook Drive, Oak Brook, Ill. 60521) wants Gilbert's Crime in Good Company for cash or trade. He has some scarce early EQMM for sale or trade.

Richard M. Lackritz, M.D. (Apartment 609c, 3000 Spout Run Parkway, Arlington, Va. 22201) wants books and articles concerning The Mystery of Edwin Drood; Fantomas books; John Collier short stories.

Andrew Zerbe (3154 Dupont St., Montgomery, Ala. 36106) is looking for Me Tanner, You Jane by Lawrence Block.

Sandra Scheraga (36 Palomino Drive, Pittsfield, Mass. 01201) has Volumes 1-3 of TAD for sale at $18.

Rik Thompson (Box 141, Milpitas, Ca. 95035) wants to buy the Hammett pamphlet "Battle of the Aleutians" and any letters from 'tec authors, especially hardboiled.

Philip T. Asdell (R. R. #5, Box 292-1, Frederick, Md. 21701) has a new list of out of print mystery/detective fiction.

The editor (3656 Midland, White Bear Lake, Minn. 55110) has an annotated list of mystery/crime fiction hardcovers for sale. List free on request.

Mystery House (Box 4235, Reading, Pa. 19606) has available 400 titles by Nicholas Carter, Street & Smith Magnet Library series (ca.1930), paperbacks. All vg cond, cello wrapped. $800ppd

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THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY——continued from page 179

A MAX THURSDAY CHECKLIST

Title	Hardcover Publisher & Year	Paperback Publisher & Year
1. Guilty Bystander	Farrar, Straus 1947	Penguin, Signet 1948
2. Fatal Step	Farrar, Straus 1948	Signet 1948
3. Uneasy Street	Farrar, Straus, Cudahy 1948	Signet 1949
4. Calamity Fair	Farrar, Straus, Cudahy 1950	Signet 1951
5. Murder Charge	Farrar, Straus, Cudahy 1950	Signet 1951
6. Shoot to Kill	Farrar, Straus, Young 1951	Signet 1953

HANS STEFAN SANTESSON AND THE UNICORN MYSTERY BOOK CLUB

BY EDWARD D. HOCH

A. HANS STEFAN SANTESSON

The last time I saw Hans Stefan Santesson, a few weeks before his death on February 20, 1975, we talked about my plans for this article on the Unicorn Mystery Book Club. Though still weak following a lengthy hospital stay, he was most enthusiastic about the article. His seven years as editor of the Club, beginning when he was 31 years old in 1945, launched him on a career as editor and anthologist in both the mystery and science fiction fields.

Hans Stefan Santesson was born on July 8, 1914, in Paris, of Swedish parents. He came to New York with his mother in the early 1920s and they settled in Brooklyn. As a young man in the 1930s he became interested in helping immigrants arriving in this country from India. He corresponded with Gandhi, Nehru, and other Indian leaders during this period, and a deep friendship with the Indian people was to occupy him through the rest of his life.

He served as editor of the Unicorn Mystery Book Club from 1945 to 1952. During this period and for some years after, Hans and his mother lived in an apartment in Harlem, where he established friendships with a number of black leaders including Malcolm X. They finally moved to Edgewater, New Jersey, where his mother died in the early 1960s, and where Hans was still living at the time of his death.

Following the demise of the Unicorn Mystery Book Club in late 1952, Hans held a brief editorial position with a short-lived mystery magazine. Then, in 1956, he took over editorship of The Saint Detective Magazine (as it was then called) and Fantastic Universe. Both magazines folded in 1960, but The Saint Mystery Magazine was quickly revived under a new publisher and continued until 1967, by which time it was known simply as The Saint Magazine. During the last six years of its existence, Hans also edited the British edition of The Saint, which used more wordage per issue and thus had a different table of contents. Stories often appeared first in the British edition, and some (by myself and other writers) never were published in the American edition.

After 1967, Hans devoted himself mainly to anthology editing, though he served briefly as editor of Sybil Leek's Astrology Journal in 1970. During 1971 and 1972 he was science fiction editor at Walker & Company, and at the time of his death he was science fiction editor for Warner Paperback Library.

The last magazine to be edited by Hans, in the early 1970s, was Pursuit, a quarterly journal of the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained. Hans was president of the Society, a somewhat Fortian group, and edited their journal without pay.

Two other pseudonymous editorial chores should be noted in passing. During 1959 and 1960, when The Saint Mystery Magazine was published for a time by Great American Publications, Hans edited more than a dozen monthly paperbound anthologies under the general title of The Saint Mystery Library. These usually consisted of one or two short novels and a few short stories, and Leslie Charteris was listed as editor. During the same period he edited a few issues of Great American's Tightrope Detective Magazine, a tie-in with a CBS-TV series starring Mike Connors. In this case, the editor was listed as "Jonas Carter."

In the bibliography that follows, I have listed all of the twelve anthologies and three works of non-fiction published by Hans Stefan Santesson during his lifetime. No attempt has been made to separate mystery from science fiction because in many instances, notably item #9 below, the two fields overlap. But I have added a few words of description where necessary.

At the time of his death, Hans had selected stories for three new anthologies—You May Die Chuckling (humorous mysteries), Masters of the Unknown (psychic detectives), and The Mighty Magicians (sword and sorcery)—but all had been delayed by publishing snags. It is to be hoped that these will someday find their way into print.

Additionally, Hans published a number of short, uncollected pieces during his lifetime, including a regular book review column in The Saint (for which he won the MWA Edgar as best critic of 1963), and a brief introduction to my collection of Simon Ark stories, The Judges of Hades (Leisure Books, 1971). He also published occasional mystery and fantasy short stories under the names of "John Stephens" and "Stephen Bond". I have not attempted to list these, but examples of them may be found in #5 ("Stephens") and #12 ("Bond") below.

Anthologies Edited by Hans Stefan Santesson

1. The Fantastic Universe Omnibus - Prentice-Hall, 1960. Hardcover. Nineteen stories from the magazine, with an introduction by Lester del Rey. Includes a rare fantasy story by Dorothy Salisbury Davis.

2. The Award Espionage Reader - Award Books, 1965. Paperbound. Nine reprints and a previously unpublished story by "Stephen Dentinger" (Edward D. Hoch).

3. The Saint Magazine Reader - Doubleday, 1966. Hardcover. Fifteen stories from the magazine. (Leslie Charteris is listed as co-editor of this volume, but all selections were made by Hans Santesson. A British edition, The Saint's Choice, was published by Hodder and Stoughton the following year and contains sixteen stories, with tales by John Dickson Carr and Edgar Wallace substituted for an R. Austin Freeman novelette.)
4. Gods For Tomorrow - Award Books, 1967. Paperbound. Ten science fiction stories, some with mystery overtones.
5. Flying Saucers in Fact and Fiction - Lancer Books, 1968. Paperbound. Fourteen stories and articles.
6. The Locked Room Reader - Random House, 1968. Hardcover. Sixteen stories, including a previously unpublished one by Anthony Boucher. (Reprinted by Dell in two paperbound volumes, 1970.)
7. Gentle Invaders - Belmont Books, 1969. Paperbound. Ten science fiction stories.
8. The Mighty Barbarians - Lancer Books, 1969. Paperbound. Five sword-and-sorcery fantasies.
9. Crime Prevention in the 30th Century - Walker, 1969. Hardcover. Ten mystery and crime stories set in the future.
10. The Mighty Swordsmen - Lancer Books, 1970. Paperbound. Six sword-and-sorcery fantasies.
11. The Days After Tomorrow - Little Brown, 1971. Hardcover. Eight science fiction stories, selected for young adult readers.
12. Mirror, Mirror, Fatal Mirror - Doubleday, 1973. Hardcover. The annual Mystery Writers of America anthology, with twenty-two stories by members.

Books of Non-Fiction by Hans Stefan Santesson

1. Reincarnation - Award Books, 1969. Paperbound.
2. Understanding Mu - Paperback Library, 1970. Paperbound. A companion to Churchwood's "Mu" books.
3. The Case For Exorcism - Warner Paperback Library, 1974. Paperbound.

B. THE UNICORN MYSTERY BOOK CLUB

In 1945, inspired by the success of the Detective Book Club's triple volumes, a small encyclopedia publisher named Unicorn Press decided to go them one better by offering monthly four-in-one volumes. The first advertisement for the Club appeared in the late summer of 1945, just as World War II was ending. The four-in-one volumes were offered in two editions—regular, at $2.00 each plus postage (just a few cents more than Detective Book Club's $1.89), and deluxe, at $3.00 each plus postage. The regular volumes had a standard binding which changed color each month, plus a dust jacket patterned somewhat after the DBC volumes. The deluxe volumes had a uniform beige binding, with the titles and the unicorn colophon stamped in gold on red and black backgrounds. Page tops were tinted, and the deluxe volumes had no dust jackets.

The first advertisement announced that the selections would be chosen by a special four-member advisory board, but this was merely a promotional device. In truth, from the third volume on, all selections were made by Hans Stefan Santesson, working under the Club's president, Joseph L. Morse.

Though its advertising budget was never large, the Unicorn Mystery Book Club did well in those early years. It paid authors less for its selections than did DBC, but in those days there were enough good mysteries each month to go around. It was not until the launching of Doubleday's high-powered Mystery Guild in 1948 that Unicorn began to encounter difficulties. The Mystery Guild paid more, advertised more, and offered the biggest names. (Its first two selections were Ten Days' Wonder by Ellery Queen and The Skeleton in the Clock by Carter Dickson.)

Though the field managed to support three mystery book clubs over the next four years, Unicorn finally called it quits late in 1952. By then its membership had dwindled to fewer than 10,000. During the seven years of its existence, Unicorn issued 83 of its four-in-one volumes - a total of 331 selections. (One lengthy MWA anthology was a double selection.)

Looking over the list of titles now, one finds many forgotten or half-remembered names, intermixed with authors like Simenon, Margaret Millar, Brett Halliday and Dorothy Salisbury Davis who are still widely read today. Since Unicorn paid less than the competitive book clubs, it's astonishing to note that its selections included three Josephine Tey novels—one of them her classic The Daughter of Time.

But if Hans Santesson had to take third pick of the best mystery novels of the period, he made up for it in his choice of short story collections—something the other clubs generally avoided. He was able to select two MWA anthologies, an Ellery Queen anthology, and eight collections by individual authors as varied as Percival Wilde and Henry Kane, Edward D. Radin

and Lawrence G. Blochman. Two were the undisputed classics of the period: Agatha Christie's The Labors of Hercules and Ellery Queen's Calendar of Crime. Another was August Derleth's The Memoirs of Solar Pons, complete with the 14-page Ellery Queen introduction omitted from the recent Pinnacle Books reprint. (I've indicated all collections on the checklist.)

During the Club's final years, Hans Santesson experimented occasionally with science fiction titles, reflecting his own growing interest in the genre. Usually they were books with some mystery interest, like the novels of Isaac Asimov or the short stories of Fredric Brown.

Not the least of the Club story was its bulletin, the Unicorn News. But more about that in the third section of this article.

Complete Checklist of Unicorn Mystery Book Club Selections

1. Sept. 1945 -
The Iron Gates
Margaret Millar
Cry Wolf
Marjorie Carleton
Hue and Cry
Thomas B. Dewey
The 17th Letter
Dorothy Cameron Disney

2. Oct. 1945 -
There Was a Crooked Man
Kelley Roos
A Time to Die
Hilda Lawrence
Born To Be Murdered
Dennis Allen
Death and the Devil
Paul Whelton

3. Nov. 1945 -
Wall of Eyes
Margaret Millar
Accident, Manslaughter or Murder?
Lee Thayer
So Much Blood
Zelda Popkin
Nine Strings to Your Bow
Maurice Walsh

4. Dec. 1945 (delayed till March 1946) -
The Key
Patricia Wentworth
Darkness of Slumber
Rosemary Kutak
Coroner's Verdict: Accident
Richard Keverne
Darling, This is Death
Dana Chambers

5. Jan. 1946 -
The Dead Men Grin
Bruno Fischer
The Whistling Legs
Roman McDougald
Blood From a Stone
Ruth Sawtell Wallis
Death Knell
Baynard Kendrick

6. Feb. 1946 -
The Devil in the Bush
Matthew Head
Expert in Murder
Charles L. Leonard
The Lucky Stiff
Craig Rice
Rumor Hath It
Christopher Hale

7. Apr. 1946 -
The Fearful Passage
H. C. Branson
An Eye For a Tooth
Dornford Yates
The Man Who Asked Why
Jessica Ryan
Vicious Pattern
M. V. Heberden

8. May 1946 -
Crows Are Black Everywhere
Yardley & Garbo
Death of a Swagman
Arthur W. Upfield
Silence in Court
Patricia Wentworth
The Owl in the Cellar
Margaret Scherf

9. June 1946 -
The Frightened Pigeon
Richard Burke
Midsummer Nightmare
Christopher Hale
Death, My Darling Daughters
Jonathan Stagge
The Birthday Murder
Lange Lewis

10. July 1946 -
Bermuda Calling
David Garth
Death Sails in a High Wind
Theodora DuBois
Dark Road
Doris Miles Disney
There are Dead Men in Manhattan
John Roeburt

11. Aug. 1946 -
Dead in the Mind
Lockridge & Estabrooks
Appointment in Manila
Elinor Chamberlain
Jethro Hammer
Michael Venning
The Scarlet Button
Anthony Gilbert

12. Sept. 1946 -
She Came Back
Patricia Wentworth
Money on the Black
Allan MacKinnon
Dig Another Grave
Don Cameron
Lie Down in Darkness
H. R. Hays

13. Oct. 1946 -
Corpse on the Hearth
Harry Lang
Tiger by the Tail
Lawrence Goldman
Murder by Matchlight
E. C. R. Lorac
Susanna, Don't You Cry
Mary Plum

14. Nov. 1946 -
Lay On, MacDuff
Charlotte Armstrong
Man of Brittany
Selwyn James
H as in Hunted
Lawrence Treat
Death Rides a Sorrell Horse
A. B. Cunningham

15. Dec. 1946 - The White Mazurka
Bettina Boyers
The Devil's Steps
Arthur W. Upfield
Dark Passage
David Goodis
The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By
Georges Simenon

16. Jan. 1947 - The Velvet Well
John Gearon
Pilgrim's Rest
Patricia Wentworth
Beckoning Shadow
Denis Scott
Let's Kill George
Lucy Cores

17. Feb. 1947 - Death of a Tall Man
Frances & Richard Lockridge
Beer for Psyche
Dorothy Gardiner
Stranger at Home
George Sanders
Deadly Weapon
Wade Miller

18. Mar. 1947 - The Big Clock
Kenneth Fearing
A Knife is Silent
David Kent
...And High Water
Aaron Marc Stein
The Saint Sees It Through
Leslie Charteris

19. Apr. 1947 - Terror in the Town
Edward Ronns
Dangerous Legacy
George Harmon Coxe
Where There's Smoke
Stewart Sterling
It Ain't Hay
David Dodge

20. May 1947 - Front for Murder
Guy Emery
The Bone is Pointed
Arthur W. Upfield
P. Moran, Operative (short stories)
Percival Wilde
The Lady Regrets
James M. Fox

(One month skipped at about this time.)

21. July 1947 - Deadline
Alexander Irving
The Fabulous Clipjoint
Fredric Brown
Uneasy Terms
Peter Cheyney
A Halo for Nobody
Henry Kane

22. Aug. 1947 - Once Upon a Crime
Robert Selman
Pop Goes the Queen
Bob Wade & Bill Miller
The Chair for Martin Rome
Henry E. Helseth
Latter End
Patricia Wentworth

23. Sept. 1947 - Girl Meets Body
Jack Iams
Miss Withers Regrets
Stuart Palmer
The Velvet Fleece
Eby & Fleming
Mally Lee
Elizabeth Kyle

(One month skipped at about this time.)

24. Nov. 1947 - The Labors of Hercules (s.s.)
Agatha Christie
No Place to Live
Edward Ronns
Detour to Oblivion
Frederick C. Davis
The Accomplice
Matthew Head

25. Dec. 1947 - The Voice of the Corpse
Max Murray
Bury Me Deep
Harold Q. Masur
A Moment of Need
Murdo Coombs
Last Year's Blood
H. C. Branson

26. Jan. 1948 - Armchair in Hell
Henry Kane
Foggy Foggy Dew
Amber Dean
The Nightwalkers
James Norman
A Hair of the Dog
Jean Leslie

27. Feb. 1948 - Death Casts a Vote
Margaret Yates & Paula Bramlette
Make My Bed Soon
John Stephen Strange
Death Commits Bigamy
James M. Fox
Sudden Fear
Edna Sherry

28. Mar. 1948 - Nightmare
Edward S. Aarons
Over the Line
Alec Coppel
The Dead Ringer
Fredric Brown
Flight Into Darkness
Philip Clark

29. Apr. 1948 - Fatal Step
Wade Miller
Night Cry
William L. Stuart
Lady Afraid
Lester Dent
An Author Bites the Dust
Arthur W. Upfield

30. May 1948 - Odds-On Murder
Jack Dolph
I Am the Cat
Rosemary Kutak
Blood on the Bosom Devine
Thomas Kyd
The Trial of Alvin Boaker
John Reywall

31. June 1948 - Murder One
Eleazar Lipsky
Wilders Walk Away
Herbert Brean
Report for a Corpse (s.s.)
Henry Kane
That Which is Crooked
Doris Miles Disney

(One month skipped at about this time.)

32. Aug. 1948 - Savage Breast
Manning Long
Map of Mistrust
Allan MacKinnon
Paul's Apartment
Van Siller
Love Lies Bleeding
Edmund Crispin

33. Sept. 1948 - The Cradle and the Grave
Aaron Marc Stein
Try Anything Twice
Peter Cheyney
The Mouse with Red Eyes
Elizabeth Eastman
Kiss Your Elbow
Alan Handley

34. Oct. 1948 - The Long Escape
David Dodge
Shadow of Fu Manchu
Sax Rohmer
The Mountains Have a Secret
Arthur W. Upfield
Halo for Satan
John Evans

35. Nov. 1948 - Fountain of Death
Hugh Lawrence Nelson
Murder Can Be Fun
Fredric Brown
Uneasy Street
Wade Miller
Echo My Tears
Jan Foster

36. Dec. 1948 - The Man With My Face
Samuel W. Taylor
Murder Is Mutuel
Jack Dolph
The Late Unlamented
R.A.J. Walling
The Corpse in the Corner Saloon
Hampton Stone

37. Jan. 1949 - Gift of Death
Edward Ronns
The Case of William Smith
Patricia Wentworth
A Killer Is Loose Among Us
Robert Terrall
The Black Coat
Constance & Gwenyth Little

38. Feb. 1949 - Shoes For My Love
Jean Leslie
Dead Sure
Stewart Sterling
Framed in Guilt
Day Keene
A Rope for the Baron
Anthony Baron

39. Mar. 1949 - Murder City
O. M. Hall
The Bloody Moonlight
Fredric Brown
Late Last Night
James Reach
Give Up the Ghost
Margaret Erskine

40. Apr. 1949 - Wicked Water
MacKinlay Kantor
The Cat Wears a Mask
D. B. Olsen
The Innocent
Evelyn Piper
The Leaden Bubble
H. C. Branson

41. May 1949 - The Innocent Bystander
Craig Rice
Atomsk
Carmichael Smith
A Corpse in Diplomacy
Miriam Borgenicht
He's Late This Morning
Christopher Hale

42. June 1949 - Rogue's Coat
Theodora DuBois
Before I Wake
Hal Debrett
Murder Is Contagious
Marion Bramhall
Murder in a Blue Moon
Margot Neville

43. July 1949 - Tough Cop
John Roeburt
Drop Dead
George Bagby
Sinister Shelter
Charles L. Leonard
The Girl with the Hole in Her Head
Hampton Stone

44. Aug. 1949 - Over the Garden Wall
Carol Carnac
Romelle
W. R. Burnett
Murder Without Weapons
A. B. Cunningham
Dr. Bruderstein Vanishes
John Sherwood

45. Sept. 1949 - The Golden Dart
Selwyn Jepson
Snare for Sinners
Ruth Fenisong
Hangman's Choice
Clifford Knight
Thin Edge of Violence
William O'Farrell

46. Oct. 1949 - Perilous Passage
Arthur Mayse
Dog Eat Dog
Mary Collins
The Tongue-Tied Canary
Nicholas Bentley
The Dark Light
Bart Spicer

47. Nov. 1949 - Days of Misfortune
Aaron Marc Stein
The Bulldog Has the Key
F. W. Bronson
Cover His Face
Thomas Kyd
Ring the Bell at Zero
Hugh Lawrence Nelson

48. Dec. 1949 - The Man Who Held Five Aces
Jean Leslie
Alarm in the Night
Stewart Sterling
Snipe Hunt
Amber Dean
The Smiling Tiger
Lenore Glen Offord

49. Jan. 1950 - The Hanging Heiress
Richard Wormser
Slay Ride
Frank Kane
The Man Who Covered Mirrors
Marten Cumberland
The Hunter Is the Hunted
A. B. Cunningham

50. Feb. 1950 - Bland Beginning
Julian Symons
The Owl and the Pussycat
Owen Cameron
Pebble in the Sky
Isaac Asimov
Just For the Bride
Dorothy Park Clark

51. Mar. 1950 - The Rim of Terror
Hildegarde Tolman Teilhet
Ill Wind
Ruth Fenisong
Diagnosis: Homicide (s.s.)
Lawrence G. Blochman
My Old Man's Badge
Ferguson Findley

52. Apr. 1950 - The Motive
Evelyn Piper
The Glass Spear
Sidney Hobson Courtier
Causeway to the Past
William O'Farrell
And When She Was Bad She Was Murdered
Richard Starnes

53. May 1950 - The 22 Brothers
Dana Sage
Compliments of a Fiend
Fredric Brown
Dead Giveaway
Hugh Lawrence Nelson
The Knife Behind You
James Benet

54. June 1950 - Brat Farrar
Josephine Tey
The Bride Regrets
Marjorie Carleton
Make Haste to Live
The Gordons
The Brading Collection
Patricia Wentworth

55. July 1950 - Calamity Fair
Wade Miller
Follow, as the Night
Pat McGerr
Murder Makes the Mare Go
Jack Dolph
Kill 'Em With Kindness
Fred Dickenson

56. Aug. 1950 - The Woman Under the Mountain
Roman McDougald
The Silver Spade
Louisa Revell
The Curious Custard Pie
Margaret Scherf
Hunt the Tortoise
E. X. Ferrars

57. Sept. 1950 - The Hungry Spider
Selwyn Jepson
Frightened Amazon
Aaron Marc Stein
Poisonous Relations
Joanna Cannan
Mourning After
Thomas B. Dewey

58. Oct. 1950 - Four-and-Twenty Bloodhounds
(MWA anthology) edited by
Anthony Boucher (double
selection)
The Yellow Hearse
Floyd Mahannah
Through the Wall
Patricia Wentworth

59. Nov. 1950 - Do Evil in Return
Margaret Millar
The Congo Venus
Matthew Head
Final Copy
Jay Barbette
Another Mug for the Bier
Richard Starnes

60. Dec. 1950 - Murder Charge
Wade Miller
Dead of Night
Stewart Sterling
Poor Prisoner's Defense
Richard Sheldon
Dream Sinister
Sturges Mason Schley

61. Jan. 1951 - Duenna to a Murder
Rufus King
Alibi at Dusk
Ben Benson
Murder Leaves a Ring
Fay Grissom Stanley
Night of the Jabberwock
Fredric Brown

62. Feb. 1951 - Shield for Murder
William P. McGivern
Skeleton in the Closet
A. B. Cunningham
These Arrows Point to Death
William O'Farrell
Mr. Blessington's Imperialist
Plot
John Sherwood

63. Mar. 1951 - Murder for the Holidays
Howard Rigsby
Hot Tip
Jack Dolph
Lady, Don't Die on My Doorstep
Joseph Shallit
Too Dangerous to be Free
James Hadley Chase

64. Apr. 1951 - Death Has Many Doors
Fredric Brown
Look Back on Murder
Doris Miles Disney
The Right Honorable Corpse
Max Murray
Handle with Fear
Thomas B. Dewey

65. May 1951 - Diplomatic Corpse
Phoebe Atwood Taylor
Murder on the Left Bank
Elliott Paul
Shoot Me Dacent
Aaron Marc Stein
Blame the Baron
Anthony Morton

66. June 1951 - Most Men Don't Kill
David Alexander
To Love and Be Wise
Josephine Tey
The Golden Goose
Floyd Mahannah
Mr. Byculla
Eric Linklater

67. July 1951 - The Polka Dot Murder
Frances Crane
Nightmare at Noon
Stewart Sterling
The Kiss-Off
Douglas Heyes
Dragon's Island
Jack Williamson

68. Aug. 1951 - The Beautiful Stranger
Bernice Carey
The Memoirs of Solar Pons (s.s.)
August Derleth
Hangman's Hat
Paul Ernst
Fish Lane
Louis Corkill

69. Sept. 1951 - The Paper Circle
Bruno Fischer
The Silent Witness
M. V. Heberden
Space on My Hands (s.s.)
Fredric Brown
Horns for the Devil
Louis Malley

70. Oct. 1951 - The Other Body in Grant's Tomb
Richard Starnes
Guilt Edged
Lee Thayer
Beware the Pale Horse
Ben Benson
Carry My Coffin Slowly
Lee Harrington

71. Nov. 1951 - A Corpse for Christmas
Henry Kane
The Snakes of St. Cyr
William O'Farrell
Copy For Crime
Carol Carnac
20 Great Tales of Murder (MWA anthology) edited by Helen McCloy & Brett Halliday

72. Dec. 1951 - When Dorinda Dances
Brett Halliday
The Virgin Huntress
Elisabeth Sanxay Holding
The Far Cry
Fredric Brown
Murder in Millenium VI
Curme Gray

73. Jan. 1952 - The Last Resort
Van Siller
Pagoda
James Atlee Phillips
Nice People Murder
Mary Hastings Bradley
Shoot to Kill
Wade Miller

74. Feb. 1952 - Calendar of Crime (s.s.)
Ellery Queen
The Three Widows
Bernice Carey
Venom House
Arthur W. Upfield
The Intriguer
Maude Parker

75. Mar. 1952 - Tragic Target
M. V. Heberden
The Road to Rhuine
Simon Troy
The Key to Nicholas Street
Stanley Ellin
Headline Crimes of the Year (short essays)
Edward D. Radin

76. Apr. 1952 - The Mamo Murders
Juanita Sheridan
The Crooked Frame
William P. McGivern
Date With Death
Maysie Grieg
From This Death Forward
Robert Bloomfield

77. May 1952 - Obit Delayed
Helen Nielsen
Dr. Gatskill's New Shoes
Paul Conant
Heavy, Heavy Hangs
Doris Miles Disney
The Daughter of Time
Josephine Tey

78. June 1952 - We All Killed Grandma
Fredric Brown
The Scarlet Slippers
James M. Fox
A Town of Masks
Dorothy Salisbury Davis
The Corpse That Refused to Stay Dead
Hampton Stone

79. July 1952 - Mask for Murder
Aaron Marc Stein
Bare Trap
Frank Kane
Nets to Catch the Wind
Dolores Hitchens
Foundation and Empire
Isaac Asimov

80. Aug. 1952 - What Really Happened
Brett Halliday
Campaign Train
The Gordons
Kiss the Killer
Joseph Shallit
The Black Dream
Constance & Gwenyth Little

81. Sept. 1952 - The Face in the Shadows
Peter Ordway
Vengeance Street
Robert Bloomfield
Flight into Peril
Douglas Rutherford
The Corpse with Sticky Fingers
George Bagby

82. Oct. 1952 - The Hunted Woman
Martha Albrand
Nice People Poison
Mary Hastings Bradley
Vanity Row
W. R. Burnett
Front Man
Francis Wallace

83. Nov. 1952 - So Rich, So Lovely and So Dead
Harold Q. Masur
You Die Today
Baynard Kendrick
This Island Earth
Raymond F. Jones
The Queen's Awards: Seventh Series (anthology)
edited by Ellery Queen

C. THE UNICORN NEWS

The late Clayton Rawson joined the Unicorn family as production manager, but before long he was editing a publication unique among book club announcements. The Unicorn Mystery Book Club News began as an eight-page slick-paper booklet inserted with volume 32 of the Club's selections in August 1948. It detailed the following month's selections, with biographies and photos of the authors, and featured a lead column, Booked for Murder, written by Rawson. The Unicorn News proved so successful that after just two months its size was doubled to 16 pages, where it remained for the next four years, dropping back to eight pages for its final issue.

To fill out its 16 pages each month, Rawson ran mystery quizzes, poems, letters to the editor, news of prominent Unicorn members, and even occasional brief fact-crime articles by Edward D. Radin. But the true value of the Unicorn News lay in its chronicling of those early years of the Mystery Writers of America. Almost every issue carried news items about MWA members, reports of MWA meetings, and extensive photographs from the annual MWA dinner and other social events. It remains today the best history of MWA during the years 1948-1952, and in fact was mailed to MWA members with their monthly bulletin.

In those years, one of the highlights of the annual MWA awards dinners each April was a series of brief humorous skits written and acted by members. Clayton Rawson hit upon the lively idea of reprinting these short sketches in the Unicorn News, with photos taken during their performance. To my knowledge no listing of these playlets has previously appeared in print, and none has been reprinted except the two by John Dickson Carr, which appeared in EQMM. The playlets vary in length but usually run about 1,500 words each. They were presented at the MWA Dinners under the general title The March of Crime.

In the following list I have used volume and number of the Unicorn News, since the issues were not dated by month. Volume 1, number 1, was sent to members in August 1948, and the final issue, volume 5, number 3, accompanied the second-last four-in-one selection in October 1952.

MWA Playlets Published in the Unicorn News

v.1, n.5 - The Great "Had I But Known" Mystery, by Kelley Roos
v.1, n.7 - The Case of the Hardboiled Egg, by Clayton Rawson
v.1, n.9 - The Adventure of the Conk-Singleton Papers, by "Dr. John H. Watson" (Reprinted in EQMM, 10/68, as by John Dickson Carr.)
v.1, n.11 - The Great Locked Room Mystery, by Kelley Roos
v.2, n.3 - The Adventure of the Parado Chamber, by John Dickson Carr (Reprinted in EQMM, 2/50.)
v.2, n.6 - The Maltese Edgar, by Clayton Rawson
v.2, n.10 - The Unsuspecting, by Clayton Rawson
v.2, n.12 - The Private "I", by William E. Roos
v.3, n.1 - The Perfect Alibi, by Clayton Rawson
v.3, n.9 - Dinner With MacAddams, by Will Oursler
v.3, n.11 - The Case of the Hopalong Cassidy Gun, by Harold Q. Masur
v.4, n.1 - The Planetary Puzzle, by Clayton Rawson
v.4, n.11 - The Editor's Secret, by Henry Klinger
v.4, n.12 - Pickpocket Books, Inc., by Clayton Rawson
v.5, n.2 - The Little Wonder Jim Dandy Murder Weapon, by Clayton Rawson

THE ADVENTURES OF CHUBBLOCK HOMES

BY W.O.G. LOFTS

Sherlockian parodies and pastiches seem tremendously important at the moment with devotees of the great Baker Street detective. Following the discovery of a long series of stories—probably the longest run of them ever published (to be reprinted in booklet form)—it was my good fortune to discover recently yet an even longer series.

This long run of Sherlock Holmes comic strip parodies could be said to have played no small part in building up the Amalgamated Press Empire, now known as I.P.C. Ltd, one of the largest publishing firms in the world, producing over 200 different magazines monthly.

Entitled "The Adventures of Chubblock Homes", these parodies appeared in Comic Cuts and Funny Wonder, two adult comic papers that came out in the 1890s, at the same time as Conan Doyle's famous stories were appearing in the Strand Magazine. Alfred Harmsworth (later Lord Northcliffe) and his brothers had initially launched their weekly family magazine, Answers to Correspondents (later shortened to Answers) in 1888. Sales were so good that they were able to embark on other publishing ventures. Comic Cuts first appeared on the 17th May 1890, and Illustrated Chips (or simply Chips, arguably the most famous of all the comic papers) appeared two months later.

Comic Cuts was intended for sale to the poorer of the English working class population. Children in those days did not have comic papers: they could not afford them. Comic papers solely for children did not start until around 1904 (Puck, for instance). Most of the early comic material was in the form of cartoons, some reprinted from American magazines like Life, Judge, and Harper's Weekly. Possibly some question of copyright may have been involved, because shortly after its first issue, the editor of Comic Cuts advertised for English artists to send in their contributions.

One such artist was a young Nottingham lithographer named Tom Browne, who created and drew a series of adventures in Chips about two tramps, later known as Weary Willie and Tired Tom. Over the years they were drawn by many different artists, and their cartoon adventures ran for over half a century. It was Browne who set the style and standard for future generations of comic artists, before he went on to more lucrative matters. He became one of England's most famous postcard, poster, and watercolour painters, and although he died in 1910, still a young man, he left behind not only a fortune but also a large body of work. Another of Harmsworth's young artists was Jack Butler Yeats, son of an Irish portrait painter, and younger brother of the poet W. B. Yeats. The younger Yeats had chosen to do a series of amusing parodies of the great Sherlock Holmes, who was then currently appearing in the rival firm of George Newnes' Strand Magazine.

Yeats' detective, named Chubblock Homes, first appeared in Comic Cuts No. 184, dated November 18th, 1893. A very tall lean man with the typical Holmes type of face, he was draped in a long coat, wore a black flat trilby hat, and smoked a cigar. The name "Chubblock" was especially cleverly thought out. Even in those days the famous locksmith firm that made Chubb locks and safes for homes was a household name. For Homes assistant, however, there was no parody on Watson, but he had a bloodhound with the unfortunate cowardly name of Shirk. This was another clever play on words on the Comic Cuts' own dog detective, who was featured in stories with his master Paul Sleuth, the famous criminologist.

The next episode did not appear until No. 190, some five weeks later, when it was curiously titled "Sherlock Holmes Again;" whether this was inserted by a whim of the editor, or was simply a printer's error, is obscure. Adventures of Chubblock Homes then began to appear regularly every week until No. 232, making a total of 38 appearances in Comic Cuts.

The series was apparently so popular with readers that different adventures had begun in the companion comic paper Funny Wonder, the first in No. 81 dated August 18th, 1894. Later the single complete weekly strip developed into a form of serial, with the titles being almost as extraordinary as the spoof detective. No. 114, for instance, was:

> *Adventures of Chubblock Homes, the great detective, and his dog Shirk, when on the trail of the poor artist stolen from Mr Comic Cuts by a wicked circus man.*

At one stage, there was even a separate parody of Chubblock Homes, called "Rattles, the Amateur" (curiously some years before Raffles the amateur cracksman was invented), plus another on Shirk, this being an elephant detective named "Smirk". Following 48 weekly appearances of Homes in Funny Wonder there was a curious gap for a year, before the series commenced again in 1897.

For a time, then, Chubblock Homes had the distinction of appearing in a full front page strip, the first regular one in the history of English comics. Sixteen further adventures appeared, and then either the editor or Jack Yeats decided that the series had run long enough, and so the last set appeared in No. 232, July 10th, 1897, leaving behind a grand total of 102 sets in the two comic papers.

Jack Butler Yeats was born at Sligo, Ireland, in 1871. From a very early age he showed an aptitude for drawing, and as a youth he chalked pictures indiscriminately on the quayside and countryside. He started to paint when he was only six years old. Like most other artists, he found the early going tough, and so turned to drawing for the penny comics. After his Chubblock Homes series, he continued to illustrate other comic strips until about 1906, when

——continued on page 178

TRAVELER WITH CRIME: SUZANNE BLANC

BY WINN KEARNS

The detective novel received a face-lift with the arrival on the scene of Suzanne Blanc. In The Green Stone (Harper, 1961) she gave readers Inspector Mendenes, a beguiling Indian detective employed by the Dept. of Tourism in San Luis, Mexico. Her initial foray won the Edgar for the best first mystery novel of 1961 and the Grand Prix de Litterature Policiere in France. A person longs to see it filmed.

Next in the series came The Yellow Villa (Doubleday, 1964) and The Rose Window (Doubleday, 1967). Mendenes, that huge, stoical Indian and dutiful family man, survived all, and will emerge again in the '70s, as stated by Ms. Blanc when I interviewed her. She's a small, brown-haired and brown-eyed woman who works for a newspaper in Portland, Oregon—and is enviable because she has turned her hobby of taking short vacation trips into a writing bonanza with a golden jingle.

In her fourth novel, The Sea Troll (Doubleday, 1969), Mendenes was not along the tourists on a freighter cruise to Hong Kong. Too bad, because without him the romantic widow in the tale almost got pushed overboard by the Captain. A sex escapade occurs but this bedroom scene is one of such delicacy that it would shock a telephone linesman into shaking his head.

Blanc does better with the anticipation of murder in her detective stories. In the interview, she said that The Yellow Villa was partly a suggestion from her editor. It was republished in Cosmopolitan. The setting is the coastal resort of Mazatlan with its tourist hotels, and as a starter there's a view of an aging Italian movie actress being thrown from her villa's balcony by her North American lover. The innocent damsel in distress is Marcie, an office worker from Seattle on vacation to meet her fiance at the hotel. One of Ms. Blanc's practices is the multiple viewpoint shift into the minds of her characters, major as well as minor. The reader is then plunged early into the mind of the killer who turns out to be tall, blonde, and handsome, a look-alike for the girl's fiance. We see one of these blonde men murder the other and then proceed to steal his identification papers and take a room at the tourist hotel. And if Mendenes had not been on vacation himself, and in the right dining room with his wife Teresa and daughter Marie, Seattle would have had one less resident.

The possibilities of The Yellow Villa as a film are interesting because it would take ingenuity to handle the look-alikes with clarity. The chase scene at the end would be workable as Marcie is forced to drive a car with a gun in her ribs. What woman hasn't imagined this terror?

Anthony Boucher generally spoke well of Ms. Blanc's novels, but in his review of The Rose Window he found the author "has simply not generated enough plot to match her characters and background. But you will not be bored." The traveling heroine here is Christina, a legal secretary from Winnetka on a visit to her aunt, Senora Borda in San Luis. The religious aunt, a widow, has an apartment adjoining a crumbling historical cathedral. Emilio, her son, is a wounded political terrorist. He and his murderous comrades hide in a concealed convent behind the rose window of the church. The timorous heroine, as in a Gothic, goes into this gloomy, secret cloister where in the past, during the time of the Calles terror, forbidden nuns languished in abandonment. Evan, the American newsman, has met Christina on a bus, may try to find her, may be too late. The terrorists could seal her off in a cell with gnawing rats forever. Where is Inspector Mendenes? The reader forgets about the romantic Evan and truly wants that detective. It is the background here that gives shadows of ancient religious rites, mysticism, the smell of incense, and the drip of blood oozing from the tortured body of a mistaken idealist.

Ms. Blanc has an uncanny sense for choosing lush descriptive words in her series of novels. Today in our mobile society it seems relevant to have an author give us not only the visual feel of a foreign place including streets, food markets, gift shops, hotels, museums, and the inhabitants, but also a sense of drama and pathos. In The Green Stone Ms. Blanc has produced a detective novel with sociological implications. She responds to her characters with tenderness and art. A couple touring Mexico in a Cadillac are shot on the highway by poverty-stricken Indian villagers. A boy disobeys his father and steals an emerald ring from the dead woman's hand. He sells it to Luis Perez, a Mexican guide and one of the most delightful villains around. Luis becomes the menace to an innocent bystander, Jessie, an American tourist. The boy's guilt in the end comes not through the killings but from his disobedience of his father.

In the interview Ms. Blanc said that each novel contains an Indian joke, and also a philosophy about life. Is our destiny foreordained? Is it determined by the need for love and because of moral principles? Philosophy emerges in the thoughts and dialogue of the characters and more strongly near the end of the books. The author speaks of the tangled web of life. At times these philosophies suggest the author feels self-conscious about the effect of her novels.

She need not worry. Inspector Mendenes is a great professional. He warms the heart and soothes the terror as we drive "through the rocky barren countryside" and encounter, in the words of Suzanne Blanc, "twig villages."

THE WORLD OF CLEVE F. ADAMS

BY FRANCIS M. NEVINS, JR.

Search through the standard works on mystery fiction and you'll find the name of Cleve F. Adams casually mentioned now and then, but you won't learn much about the man besides his name. Howard Haycraft in Murder for Pleasure (p. 213) tells us that he's a follower of Hammett and that his detective's name is Rex McBride. In an editorial note to his magnificent anthology The Art of the Mystery Story Haycraft commends Adams' novel Sabotage as worthy of our attention. Anthony Boucher in an essay in the same anthology warns us away from an Adams opus entitled Up Jumped the Devil. Adams' name pops up in Raymond Chandler Speaking, but we learn from that fine collection of Chandler's letter nothing more than that he received some letters from Chandler. More recently, Barzun & Raylor in Catalogue of Crime describe Adams as a "prolific author of low-tension, low-credibility stories on the margin of espionage, private-eye detection, and international intrigue." And that is virtually all that is discoverable about Adams in the major reference works on the genre.[1] He deserves better. No one in his right mind would rank him beside Hammett and Chandler, but he's a fascinating minor talent, worthy of more attention than he's received. And since it was my former neighbor Mike Avallone who first suggested to me a few years ago that I should read some Adams, I'd like to dedicate this result of his suggestion to him.

First a brief biography. Cleve Franklin Adams was born in Chicago in 1895 and moved to California in 1919. Early in the Forties he summarized his own life as follows:

> *"I have been, not necessarily in the order named, a soda jerker; a copper miner; a section hand; a motion picture art director; a detective; a window-trimmer; a chain-store magnate; an interior decorator; a life insurance executive. I finally decided that the only way I could capitalize on a life-time's mistakes was to write about them, and have been writing about them ever since—a matter of some seven or eight years."*

That would place his fiction debut sometime around 1934-35, around the same time Chandler and Woolrich began writing mystery fiction. Like them, Adams wrote virtually all of his mystery fiction during the Thirties for the pulps, including Clues, Double Detective, and Detective Fiction Weekly. His only sale to the slicks during that decade ("Speak No Evil," Collier's, 11/26/38) parallels Chandler's career, with a single sale to the Saturday Evening Post in 1939. Like Chandler and Woolrich, Adams broke into novel-writing at the end of the decade and wrote most of his books in a burst of creativity during the early Forties. Unlike Chandler and Woolrich, he is unread and unreprinted today, although in his own way he captured as much of the gray and gritty feel of the time as Chandler, and created as enduring an image of the private eye.

The Adams eye has many names—Rex McBride, Bill Rye, John J. Shannon, Steve McCloud, Jim Flagg—and sometimes he even wears a cop's badge, but he always remains the same figure, a sort of prose incarnation of Bogart created before Bogart began to play detectives. But there's a difference. Both the Bogey persona and the Adams eye display an apparent hard shell that conceals a sentimental heart, but the Adams protagonist's soft heart turns out more often than not to be a shell of its own, concealing a brutal and cynical core. A few representative passages may give the flavor of the Adams hero.

> *What a lovely world it would be if only everybody was as peaceably inclined as himself. He hoped he would not have to kill Mr. Walter Ambrose.*

> *"You wouldn't admit to any human emotion, would you?"*
> *"One," he said. "Avarice."*

> *"I'm a son of a bitch....But at least I'm not complicated. I don't have any aspirations beyond money."*

> *Quite suddenly his face became convulsed with rage and he shouted, "Listen, you kike bastard! I haven't got the rocks and I didn't knock anybody off." More quietly he added, "Not recently, anyway."*

> *He was inflexible. "What is Neil Buchanan to you?"*
> *Her eyes were a little scornful now. "Neil is my husband," she said steadily...*
> *He struck her across the face. "You tramp!"*

Physically the Adams eye is slim and dark, with sharply etched features like those of an Indian. His eyes reflect a capacity for deep brooding silences, for sudden ribald laughter, for tremendous rages and aloof arrogance. He has come up from the gutter. His forefathers were Black Irish railroad laborers but a look in the mirror suggests to him that his ancestors may have enjoyed some rolls in the hay with Sioux maidens. He has a wolfish, satantic look and a taste for gallows himor. He is perennially having an on-again-off-again affair with a tall cool intellectual woman who looks on him as the quintessential caveman, until he starts slapping her around in one of his maniacal fits of rage. He is a supreme mail chauvinist, demanding for himself full freedom to chase other women but exploding like a cobalt bomb if "his

woman" steps down for a split second from the pedestal to which he has nailed her. He's a fascist, a racist, a cynic and a hypocrite, but a sentimental ballad like "Sweet Leilani" can bring tears to his eyes. He has a capacity for liquor and physical punishment that seems to have no limits. In short, the Adams eye is a pungent character but far from an estimable one.

But the point is that Adams knows this too; at least he seems to be aware of it about half the time. Unlike Chandler, who said of his private eye that "He is the hero, he is everything," Adams frequently goes out of his way to make his private eye look like a royal ass. In Chapter 14 of Decoy, for example, Rex McBride is in his girl friend's apartment when a mad gunman breaks in. McBride in true heroic manner grabs a heavy crystal candlestick from the mantel and flings it with perfect accuracy at the gunman's wrist. The assassin drops the pistol and scurries out the door with McBride in hot pursuit—until our hero trips over the candlestick on the floor and falls flat on his face. The Adams canon is (to use one of his favorite words) replete with scenes of this sort, carefully designed to pull the rug out from under Chandler's knightly image of the private eye and reduce him to an oaf. Even in his final, posthumously published nove, Shady Lady, Adams works to undercut the heroic mode. The female lead, Margo Mazaryk, laughs sardonically in McBride's face and tells him: "For a man reputed to be shrewd you're the most transparent person I've met in years. And the biggest egotist, with your fat-headed assumption that everybody in the world except the great Rex McBride is either a halfwit or an idiot." McBride replies, in the tone of a man sorely put upon, "Well, aren't they?" If the private eye has evolved from a Lancelot figure under Chandler to a Jesus figure in the hands of Ross Macdonald, he certainly made a detour under Adams' guidance to the house of Archie Bunker.

Around the Adams protagonist revolves a sort of repertory company of recurring characters, mannerisms, scenes, plot elements, even tag lines of descriptions and dialogue. Pick up any of his novels at random and you'll find most if not all of the following: the good girl, the bad girl, the gambling czar, the good gray police captain, the sadistic toothpick-chewing Homicide cop, the corrupt politician, the hired goons, the pompous businessman or government official, and the Runyonesque taxi driver who miraculously pops up every so often to pull the detective out of a hot spot. Every book contains a smoke ring blowing scene, a couple of drunk scenes, at least two beating scenes (both the police and the gangsters being given a crack at the hero), and a confrontation between the detective and each of the women in the story, one of whom more often than not turns out to be the murderer. The same descriptions and lines of dialogue are recycled endlessly. If someone gave you a dollar for each time Adams wrote that one of his characters was "a very (supply your own adjective) man indeed," you'd never have to worry about inflation again; and likewise if you had a buck for each time a rich man or woman paradoxically tells the private eye that he is nothing but a snob. Lines such as "The perfume of her hair was like incense (or alternatively, like heady wine) in his nostrils" or "In the morning sun her hair was a blue-black casque" recur in book after book to indicate the effect of female beauty on the detective.

Most of Adams' plots were derived from combinations of the most familiar hardboiled elements, and he was an expert at lifting story structures from Hammett, rewriting Red Harvest three times and The Glass Key twice. He loved to describe his characters so as to evoke in the reader's mind the image of a movie actor, being especially fond of creating people who looked like Edward Arnold, William Bendix or Sydney Greenstreet. Occasionally he was able to convert these working habits into subtle insiders' jokes for film buffs. For instance, those who know that Edward Arnold played Paul Madvig in the first movie version of Hammett's The Glass Key (Paramount, 1935) will find a special significance when Adams in his two rewrites of the Hammett novel tells us that the political boss physically resembles Arnold. But even when Adams is coasting, relying on the old tried-and-true pulp formulas, he's an absolute genius at juggling disparate groups of shady characters each with their own greedy objective, and at filling his stories with that quality of raw readability that almost forces you to keep turning pages breathlessly.

Unfortunately, when Adams gets to his last chapter and has to sort out what happened, his books invariably collapse. There's not a single one of his fifteen published novels that does not permit the detective the most fantastic run of lucky guesswork ever bestowed on mortal man. And there are always sizable chunks of plot that are left without any explanation at all. In a revealing article, "Motivation in Mystery Fiction" (The Writer, 4/42), Adams said: "In the generally accepted sense I myself do not plot." Instead he allows plot elements to pile up around his protagonist "until the poor guy is in one terrific jam. Rarely do I bother with how I'm going to get him out—not at first. I'm too busy getting him in, and sweating with him, and getting kicked in the teeth. Then, along about the middle of the job....I go back and try to figure out why everybody did what he did. Sometimes this is pretty difficult," he observes—a masterly understatement if ever I've heard one.

By this method Adams turned out several dozen pulp stories of all lengths and fifteen novels: eleven under his own name, one as by Franklin Charles, and three under the byline of John Spain. McBride appears in six of the novels, but Adams had used him as the lead in pulp stories for at least two years before his hardcover debut.

Sabotage (Dutton, 1940), which introduced McBride to hardcover readers, had first appeared as a 5-part serial in Detective Fiction Weekly (beginning 3/11/39). The detective is

hired by a cartel of insurance underwriters to investigate the far too frequent "accidents" plaguing a huge Nevada dam site. He visits the dam exactly once, spending the rest of his time in the nearby boomtown of Palos Verde pitting each of the corrupt factions that run the town against all the others in the classic Red Harvest manner. When Adams attempts to plot—as in the silly, cluttered, unfair and unnecessary last chapter—he makes a shambles of whatever he touches. But in this first novel he proved himself a master of the hardboiled virtues of pace, action, violence, and the evocation of credible evil. It's certainly one of Adams' better books and, according to one critic (James Sandoe, in The Hard-Boiled Dick: A Personal Checklist), it's "by all odds his best."

McBride's second hardcover adventure, And Sudden Death (Dutton, 1940), had first seen print as a 6-part Detective Fiction Weekly serial entitled "Homicide: Honolulu Bond" (beginning 12/16/39). Rex's job in this caper is to trail the wife of an escaped embezzler across the Pacific from Los Angeles to pre-war Hawaii in search of the two million dollars with which the husband had absconded: a simple enough assignment except that among the other passengers on the Honolulu Queen are McBride's jealous girl friend, a murderous trio on their own quest for the two million, and a numer of Japanese spies. After a welter of murders and doublecrosses the tale climaxes in a blaze of action and pseudo-reasoning.

In Decoy (Dutton, 1941), which likewise had first been published as a 6-parter in DFW (beginning 1/25/41), the insurance company hires McBride to find out why so many of Continental Airways' passenger planes have been wrecked or have vanished into thin air. The trail leads him to an old gangland enemy, a fraternity of grounded pilots, a nest of Fifth Columnists, and hidden madness in a respected family. In between making time with the several luscious females in the case our boy is slugged, slapped, bombed, and in general treated impolitely by an equal number of irate males. His solution is outright guesswork as usual, but Adams keeps the pace brisk and the plot complications under relatively tight control.

His first three novels had been quite good of their kind, despite their faults, but Adams' fourth time at bat was less auspicious. The protagonist in The Black Door (Dutton, 1941) is Jim Flagg, a former Federal narcotics detective who's engaged to a millionaire's daughter and feeling distinctly ill at ease among the elite, just as McBride always does. In fact this character looks, talks and acts exactly like McBride in every respect, and Bogart could have played them both in his sleep. No sooner does Flagg recommend a private eye to shadow a U.S. senator's hell-bent daughter than the eye is killed and Flagg finds himself neck-deep in the traditional broth of gamblers, gunmen, tough cops, corrupt politicians and eager wenches, the extra added attraction being an Edgar Wallace-type hidden mastermind called The Keeper who runs a criminal empire based on torture and blackmail. Adams makes not the least attempt to tie together the strands of his chaotic plot, allows his hero the most colossal luck in getting out of tight corners and guessing secrets impermeable to mere reason, and climaxes the book with an infantile and climsily staged trap for the master villain. A poor performance no matter how you slice it.

Adams' fifth and final novel under his own name for Dutton isn't much better. The shamus in What Price Murder (Dutton, 1942) is an insurance dick once again but his name has changed to Steve McCloud, although everything else about him and the gritty world through which he moves remains the same as in the McBride novels. Tracing down a lead on a $250,000 diamond hijacking, McCloud finds the lovely potential tipster dead and his own married sweetheart, with whose husband the dead girl was playing around, standing with gun in hand over the corpse. A badger racket, a brutal cop, a love-struck gambler, several attorneys and even more loose women swarm through the crackling-paced but absurd plot, throughout which everyone simultaneously engages in fisticuffs, loveplay, liquor consumption, and target practice on everyone else. McCloud lacks McBride's cynical wit but resembles Rex in his ability to absorb enough physical abuse to fell a herd of bison. Most of Chapter Nine, for example, describes the stationhouse beating administered to McCloud by Lieutenant Brannigan and his goon squad. But by the end of Chapter Ten, McCloud has recovered sufficiently to decoy Brannigan into an alley and beat him to a pulp in return!

For his next book Adams found a new publisher and a new hero; new at least in name and to hardcover readers, since he'd been in pulp stories since 1938, as had McBride. The Private Eye (Reynal & Hitchcock, 1942) is the Adams title most often reprinted in paperback and is the only one specifically mentioned by Barzun & Taylor in Catalogue of Crime. It's also a return to Adams' best vein. The detective's name is John J. Shannon but once again he's a carbon copy of McBride right down to his Black Irish ancestry, taste for gallows humor, maudlin sentimentality, intermittent love affair with an intellectual woman, manic rages, and complete inability to explain his "deductive" conclusions. The plot is the old Red Harvest standby about blowing the lid off the corrupt city, this time Las Cruces, Arizona, which is plagued by a feud between rival copper mine owners, a force of crooked cops, an illiterate mayor, a long series of industrial "accidents," and a neat little racket involving a Polish Relief Society. When the Las Cruces police pass off the death of his old sweetheart's husband as suicide, Shannon storms into town, is nearly blown to bits on the night of his arrival, and proceeds to play each of the town's rotten factions against the others. If you ignore the senseless and arbitrary solution, and concentrate on Adams' gifts of action, pace, vivid depiction of the mining milieu (he used to work in the mines, according to his autobiographical statement), control of intrigues within intrigues, and evocation of the private detective in all

his seedy but effective loutishness, you can have a hell of an evening with this book.

The following year Adams stuck the name of Rex McBride back on his shamus and produced a novel that is neither his best nor his worst but certainly his most notorious. Up Jumped the Devil (Reynal & Hitchcock, 1943) is also the only Adams title which recognizably takes place on the home front of a country fighting a world war, and the vivid details of time and place are the best things in the book. As for the plot, when McBride scents something phony in the theft of a valuable necklace from a government bureaucrat, his suspicions lead him straight into a multiple murder mess involving Nazi spies, sadistic cops, nympho socialites, syndicate hoods and the like. Unfortunately Adams starts the book off with a whopping coincidence, allows McBride literally dozens of lucky guesses in the course of the action, and leaves countless potholes on the road to the solution.

If a prize were to be offered for the heaviest doses of racism and facism in a pre-Spillane hardboiled novel, Up Jumped the Devil would win in a walk. McBride throws around terms like kike, spic, wop and nigger with the same casual abandon with which he knocks people off. And Adams in his third-person narration makes it clear that he and McBride see eye to eye on the matter of white superiority. "The hall door opened and the Negro maid Beulah, also with gun, looked at McBride with the insolence a Central Avenue nigger gives the hapless white who invades his territory." McBride solves the case by guessing at a suspect and having him tortured by friendly gangsters until he confesses. And when an FBI agent suggests that there is something Gestapo-like about such tactics, McBride replies that "an American Gestapo is goddam well what we need....The only way you can lick these guys is to fight as dirty as they do....You think I liked doing what I did? You think it didn't make me sick at my stomach?....It was lousy, but by God it worked." No wonder Anthony Boucher was ambivalent about this novel. In his review for the San Francisco Chronicle (6/6/43) he described Up Jumped the Devil as "a grand piece of ultrahardboiled action and dialogue in the toughest tradition, and at the same time a very nasty piece of work" which displays "a really vicious attitude."[2]

Along with racism and facism goes a complete contempt for reason. In an uproarious little sequence at the beginning of Chapter Thirteen, McBride, lying in bed with the covers pulled up to his chin, gives himself over

> *to the pure luxury of what good—or at least fictional—detectives are supposed to employ when in a quandry: ratiocination.*
>
> *The hell with all this running around, he thought. The hell with wearing my shoes down to the last eyelet when I can just lie here and let the Induction-Deduction Twins do my work for me. Let's see, how, what was it Rourke hired me to do? Oh yes, to get the Adolphi necklace back! Well, hell, that's simple enough. All you've got to do is find the guy that's got it and take it away from him. All right, then; so far, so good. Now who do we think has got it?*
>
> *It was at this point that Deduction and Induction deserted McBride completely. He cursed them impartially....*

The way to solve crimes in Adams' world is to kill the suspects first and prove he did it later. One of McBride's tough-minded pals is describing an experience in the trenches during World War I.

> *"Why, I remember once—this was in France in '18—some son of a bitch lifted my coat and I like to froze to death till I found it on a corpse."*
>
> *McBride stared at him suspiciously. "How'd you know it was yours?"*
>
> *"Because the guy was wearing two of 'em when I shot him," Butch said.*

The Crooking Finger (Reynal & Hitchcock, 1944) was McBride's fifth book-length adventure, Adams' third rehash of Red Harvest, and the last novel to appear under his own name in his lifetime. The murder of a fellow operative who was investigating whether the reform District Attorney had sold out brings McBride and the dead man's widow to corrupt San Gorgonio, Nevada, where Rex proceeds to blow the city apart by pitting the crooked factions against one another until the Hidden Mastermind controlling the vice rackets crawls out of the woodwork to a point where our man can squash him. But by this time the whole Adams bag of fireworks had become deadeningly overfamiliar, and no amount of brisk telling and pacing could help.

How the author lived for the next five years remains a mystery. He didn't publish any more books, and he died of pneumonia complicated by a heart ailment on December 28, 1949, at the age of 54, leaving behind three novels all of which eventually appeared in print. The first to be issed is also the worst, as well as the hardest to locate today. The hero of No Wings on a Cop (Handibook pb #112, 1950) is Detective Lieutenant John J. Shannon, but don't waste your time asking whether he's meant to be the same person as the hero of The Private Eye. When the captain of Shannon's squad is both framed as a bribe-taker and murdered just before the city's mayoral election, Shannon's vow of vengeance against the skipper's killer quickly earns him a broken arm, despite which he spends the rest of the book distributing and soaking up enough physical punishment for seven normal men. The plot is full of gamblers, loose women, corrupt cops, beatings, bullets, sex teasings, and holes. But the pace is so headlong that only the strong-minded would be able to slow down and examine its nonsensical inner workings.

Contraband (Knopf, 1950) marks the first and last case of another "new" Adams detective

who's just like all the others. Federal agent Reed Smith is assigned to keep tabs on a millionaire's daughter who is suspected of smuggled narcotics from Mexico, and winds up in the inevitable Adams morass of gamblers, crooked cops, knife-throwing Latinos, and a beautiful young woman who's running a hideout for wanted criminals. The author's pervasive cynicism is somewhat muted this time, and the plot's rational underpinnings a bit sturdier than usual, with even Smith's exposure of the hidden boss of the racket making considerable sense for once. Anthony Boucher in the New York Times Book Review (7/16/50) summed up Adams' entire career neatly when he commented: "The stuff of [his] yarn is familiar enough....Few practitioners, however, know how to put these ingredients together with such hitting, driving economy. You'll be hard put to stop reading for an instant."

The last McBride novel was written somewhere around 1948 but took the better part of a decade to find a publisher. When it came it was well worth waiting for. In Shady Lady (Ace pb #D115, 1955) Rex trails a missing embezzler's girlfriend from Los Angeles to the mining metropolis of Copper Hill, Montana, arriving just in time to become involved in a vicious gubernatorial primary, a love affair with two sisters, and a string of murders. There are still a lot of loose ends in the plot, but the book is overflowingly rich in character sketches and powerfully understated scenes which suggest that, had he lived a while longer, Adams might have developed into a talent of almost Chandleresque dimensions. The electoral situation provides an excellent setting for the author's prophetically ghoulish cynicism about American politics and all in all I'd rank this as his best novel.

If you're looking for Adams' worst novel you should investigate The Vice Czar Murders (Wilfred Funk, 1941), written under his one-shot pseudonym of Franklin Charles. The protagonist, district attorney's investigator Bill Rock, is framed for the murder of a stripper, breaks jail, and stomps through the city cracking skulls in his search for the hidden mastermind at the top of the vice rackets. He proves that Rock was the right name for him by being completely impervious to the bashings and other more exotic tortures inflicted on him by assorted cops and hoods. The clockwork regularity with which he nonsensically suspects, manhandles and almost kills his boss, his girl friend, his sister and his brother-in-law makes us wonder whether he was named for the contents of his head. The climax is at once stupid, unconsciously hilarious, and totally without explanation for most of the plot elements. Add to these gaffes a full measure of racism, sadism, sniggering sex and choppy writing, and you have an unmitigated disaster.

If Adams as Adams had a tendency to rewrite Red Harvest, under his John Spain byline he indulged his weakness for switching models and stealing from The Glass Key. The first book in the Spin trilogy, Dig Me a Grave (Dutton, 1942), deals with the tribulations of Bill Rye, amoral troubleshooter for California political boos Ed Callahan who is plagued by a nympho wife, an alco son, a Mexican spitfire who claims to be his illegitimate daughter, various slimies who are harassing each of the Callahans, and a double murder rap which someone is trying to hang around Papa Ed's neck. Rye mixes into all of these skirmishes simultaneously, demolishing male obstacles with guns and fists, female with kisses, and pulling off coups against his boss' enemies with he help of fantastic runs of lucky guesswork. James Sandoe called this novel "fast, hard and credible" but I can go along with him only two-thirds of the way. It is, however, as Sandoe pointed out, a better book than its sequel.

Death Is Like That (Dutton, 1943) continues Rye's adventures as he protects the Callahans from the consequences of their peccadilloes so that Big Ed's crooked candidate for governor can beat the other side's crooked candidate. The fireworks begin when son Gerald is suspected of shooting his wife's ex-lover at the same time Gerald's mother disappears in the wake of two murders that might well be her handiwork. As usual, the plot collapse under scrutiny.

The protagonist of the final John Spain novel, The Evil Star (Dutton, 1944), is Lt. Steve McCord, Homicide Division, who is as wolfish and amoral as Adams' civilian sleuths and indistinguishable from them in character or procedure. His headaches begin when the police find and then promptly lose again a girl who had been beaten severely and faking amnesia. It soon develops that the girl is one of triplets and that someone with a spy in Headquarters is willing to commit multiple murder in order to keep the girl from being rediscovered. Jewel theft, intrigue over a $17,000,000 inheritance, political corruption and several additional homicides are tumbled together in this fast-moving but ultimately chaotic package.

So much for the world of Cleve F. Adams, a brutish and unredeemed world described with incomparable raw readability. Adams' friend and correspondent Raymond Chandler may have had Adams in mind when in his seminal essay "The Simple Art of Murder" he commented: "It is not a very fragrant world, but ... certain writers with tough minds and a cool spirit of detachment can make very interesting and even amusing patterns out of it." Chandler went on to argue that that "is not quite enough," that there must also be a knightly hero to redeem and counterbalance the rotten milieu, but that is precisely where Adams, as we've seen, disagreed violently. In his world there is no hero and the protagonist is as rotten as everyone else, just tougher and luckier. If Chandler's concept of the private eye story was romantic, Adams' was the essence of cynicism. You might find the Adams eye repulsive, but once having encountered him you can't put him out of your mind.

He stands in trenchcoat stony-eyed, surveys
The bleak and gritty world of greed and gore,
Then strides across that landscape of the night
Where it is always 1944.

NOTES:

1. Adams is not even mentioned in the first book-length study of the private eye genre, William Ruehlmann's Saint with a Gun: The Unlawful American Private Eye (1974), although he fits Ruehlmann's theosis of the inherent fascistic tendencies of the genre much better than many of the authors Ruehlmann cites as examples.
2. Boucher's review is reprinted in his Multiplying Villainies: Selected Mystery Criticism, 1942-1968, p. 17 (1973).

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A Cleve F. Adams Checklist

FRANCIS M. NEVINS JR. AND WILLIAM J. CLARK

I. NOVELS

A. As by Cleve F. Adams

1. Sabotage. Dutton, 1940. British title: Death at the Dam. Cassell, 1946. Also published as: Death Before Breakfast. Mystery Novel of the Month pb, 1942. Signet pb #522, 1943; #936, 1952; #1419, 1957. (Serialized as DFW 16.) Rex McBride.
2. And Sudden Death. Dutton, 1940. (Serialized as "Homicide: Honolulu Bound," DFW 20.) Rex McBride.
3. Decoy. Dutton, 1941. (Serialized as DFW 26.) Rex McBride.
4. The Black Door. Dutton, 1941. Handi-Book pb # , 1943. Popular Library pb #426, 1952. Jim Flagg.
5. What Price Murder. Dutton, 1942. Popular Library pb #456, 1952. Steve McCloud.
6. The Private Eye. Reynal & Hitchcock, 1942. Signet pb #850, 1951; #1405, 1957; #D2588, 196 . John J. Shannon.
7. Up Jumped the Devil. Reynal & Hitchcock, 1943. Handi-Book pb #33, 1944. Also published as: Murder All Over. Signet pb #765, 1950. Rex McBride.
8. The Crooking Finger. Reynal & Hitchcock, 1944. Condensed in Detective Novel Magazine, 12/44. Dell pb #104, 1946. Rex McBride.
9. No Wings on a Cop. Handi-Book pb #112, 1950. Lt. John J. Shannon.
10. Contraband. Knopf, 1950. British title: Borderline Cases. Cassell, 1952. Signet pb #902, 1951; #1298, 1956. Reed Smith.
11. Shady Lady. Ace pb #D115, 1955. Rex McBride.

B. As by Franklin Charles

1. The Vice Czar Murders. Wilfred Funk, 1941. Mystery Novel of the Month pb #38, 1942. Bill Rock.

C. As by John Spain

1. Dig Me a Grave. Dutton, 1942. Black Cat pb #3, 1943. Bantam pb #968, 1952. Bill Rye.
2. Death Is Like That. Dutton, 1943. Popular Library pb #178, 1949. Bill Rye.
3. The Evil Star. Dutton, 1944. Popular Library pb #239, 1950. Lt. Steve McCord.

II. MAGAZINE FICTION

Argosy

1. 2/ 4/39 Help! Murder! Police! (Part 1.)
1. 2/11/39 Help! Murder! Police! (Part 2.)
1. 2/18/39 Help! Murder! Police! (Part 3.)
2. 9/14/40 Passage for Satan.
3. 1/18/41 Sinners Three.
4. 5/31/41 Night in Sinaloa.

NOTE: A "Meet the Author" profile of Adams appears in the issue of 5/24/41.

Black Mask

1. 7/40 The Key.

2. 9/40 That Certain Feeling. (Lt. Canavan.)
3. 1/41 The Aunt of Signa Chi. (Lt. Canavan.)
4. 5/41 Murder Parade. (Lt. Canavan.)
5. 7/41 Nobody Loves Cops. (Car 97.)
6. 3/42 Herrings Are Red. (Lt. Canavan.)

Collier's

1. 11/26/38 Speak No Evil.

Clues

1. 2/36 Vision of Violet. (Violet McDade.)
2. 12/36 Important Money. (Violet McDade.)

Detective Fiction Weekly

1. 9/11/37 Double Shuffle.
2. 10/ 2/37 Private War. (Reprinted in The Saint Detective Magazine, 2/56.) (Lt. Steve McCloud)
3. 11/13/37 Money No Object.
4. 12/11/37 The Heel.
5. 1/ 1/38 The Girl from Frisco.
6. 2/12/38 Traffic Case.
7. 3/ 5/38 Murder Takes a Trade.
8. 3/19/38 Punk.
9. 6/11/38 Jigsaw. (Shannon.)
10. 8/20/38 Give the Guy Rope.
11. 9/10/38 Guardian Angel.
12. 10/29/38 Burn a Feather.
13. 11/ 5/38 Inside Straight.
14. 12/10/38 Homing Pigeon.
15. 12/17/38 Murder Goes Unshod.
16. 3/11/39 Sabotage. (Part 1.) (Rex McBride.)
16. 3/18/39 Sabotage. (Part 2.) (Rex McBride.)
16. 3/25/39 Sabotage. (Part 3.) (Rex McBride.)
16. 4/ 1/39 Sabotage. (Part 4.) (Rex McBride.)
16. 4/ 8/39 Sabotage. (Part 5.) (Rex McBride.)
17. 6/24/39 The Jade Ring. (Lt. De Guard.)
18. 8/12/39 Smart Guy. (Ernest McCloud.)
19. 9/ 9/39 Contraband. (James Flagg.)
20. 12/16/39 Homicide: Honolulu Bound. (Part 1.) (Rex McBride.)
20. 12/23/39 Homicide: Honolulu Bound. (Part 2.) (Rex McBride.)
20. 12/30/39 Homicide: Honolulu Bound. (Part 3.) (Rex McBride.)
20. 1/ 6/40 Homicide: Honolulu Bound. (Part 4.) (Rex McBride.)
20. 1/13/40 Homicide: Honolulu Bound. (Part 5.) (Rex McBride.)
20. 1/20/40 Homicide: Honolulu Bound. (Part 6.) (Rex McBride.)
21. 1/13/40 Exodus.
22. 7/ 6/40 Death Strikes a Chord. (Ed Cain.)
23. 8/ 3/40 The Dead Can't Vote.
24. 8/24/40 Clean Sweep. (Reprinted in The Saint Detective Magazine, 6-7/53.)
25. 11/30/40 Backfire. (Rex McBride.)
26. 1/25/41 Decoy. (Part 1.) (Rex McBride.)
26. 2/ 1/41 Decoy. (Part 2.) (Rex McBride.)
26. 2/ 8/41 Decoy. (Part 3.) (Rex McBride.)
26. 2/15/41 Decoy. (Part 4.) (Rex McBride.)
26. 2/22/41 Decoy. (Part 5.) (Rex McBride.)
26. 3/ 1/41 Decoy. (Part 6.) (Rex McBride.)
27. 5/17/41 Murder Ad Lib.

NOTE: This serial was published in book form as And Sudden Death, Dutton, 1940.

Detective Tales

1. 9/39 Cops Are Sissies.

Dime Detective

1. 12/40 Murder While You Wait.

Double Detective

1. 11/37 Pattern of Panic.
2. 1/38 Tragedy of Errors.
3. 4/38 This is Murder. (Rex McBride.)
4. 7/38 Flatfoot.
5. 8/38 Song of Hate. (Bill Rock.)
6. 12/38 Mannequin for a Morgue. (John J. Shannon.)
7. 8/39 Exit with Bullets.

III. NONFICTION

The Writer

1. 4/42 Motivation in Mystery Fiction.

FEMALE DETECTIVES, GHOST BOOKS AND THE RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF IT ALL

BY E. F. BLEILER

A chance conversation and a rereading of Mr. Kabatchnik's welcome summary of Revelations of a Lady Detective (TAD, February 1974) have led me to dig into old reading notes and do a little further checking on the adventures of Mrs. Paschal. Let me anticipate the remainder of this note by saying that Revelations of a Lady Detective and Experiences of a Lady Detective are the same book simply retitled.

Here is the bibliography of the copy of Experiences that I have examined:

Title page: EXPERIENCES OF A LADY DETECTIVE by the Author of Anonyma--Formosa--Annie--Left Her Home--The Soiled Dove--Skittles in Paris--The Beautiful Demon--Dalilah--Kate Hamilton--Agnes Willoughy--Incognita--Skittles--Love Frolics of a Young Scamp. London. Charles Henry Clarke. 7 Gough Square, Fleet Street. [No date]

Pagination: iv + [1] - 308 pp.

Contents: Same as Revelations. The last story, though, should be Incognita, not Incognito.

Back ads: Advertisements for The Idol's Eye; or, Strange Adventures in Search of a Big Diamond and Wild and Wonderful, both accredited to W. S. Hayward. (Actually, the latter is a retitling of Tales of the Wild and Wonderful, an anthology which contains stories by other authors in addition to those by Hayward.)

Binding: Partly rebound, but originally a yellowback pictorial, cover showing a man in a tophat grasping a woman by the arm.

A little checking reveals some surprises. This book does not date from 1861, as has been stated; it is obviously a product of the 1880's. Issues of Wild and Wonderful occurred in 1874 and 1881, while The Idol's Eye seems to have been first published in 1883. The British Museum dates this issue of Experiences as [1884], which in terms of binding seems correct. From about 1880 to 1885 Clarke, as part of a series, Clarke's Select Novels, issued and reissued many works by "the author of Anonyma," and it is reasonable to place Experiences within this group. No trace of an earlier edition has been found in the records.

Since Mr. Kabatchnik's copy of Revelations is dated 1864, with a claim that its contents are completely new, it would seem to be obvious that Revelations is the first issue and Experiences 1861 is a ghost book. Another hint is to be found in the publisher. Vickers (who published Revelations) was the first publisher of the works of "the author of Anonyma" in the early and middle 1860's: Agnes Willoughby, Annie, The Beautiful Demon, etc., which were then reissued by Clarke in the 1880's.

Experiences also reveals beyond question who was the author of Revelations: William Stephens Hayward. All the novels listed in "by the author of" are attributed to Hayward, though first published anonymously, and The Beautiful Demon is signed with Hayward's initials, W.S.H.

One question still remains. Is Revelations the first collection of stories about a female detective? The answer is no. Revelations of a Lady Detective (Vickers, London) is listed for October, 1864. The Female Detective by Andrew Forrester, Jr. (Ward, Lock & Co., 1864) is listed for May, 1864. Forrester's work, which is superior to Hayward's, shows obvious influences from both Poe and "Waters," and is (in a sense) a continuation of his earlier books, Secret Service and The Private Detective.

Still, I must confess I do not see that it matters very much which is the first book of stories about a female detective, any more than the first book about a customs officer or an Irish magistrate or a sheriff's deputy or any other of the subcategories that emerged within the general pattern of the early "casebooks," once the pattern had been established within the detective field by "Richmond" and "Waters." Much more important to me would be the best book.

DONALD E. WESTLAKE: A CHECKLIST

COMPILED BY
NOBUMITSU KODAKA WITH DONALD E. WESTLAKE
OCTOBER 1974

PART I: NOVELS AND OTHER BOOKS (1960-1975)

As by Donald E. Westlake

The Mercenaries	1960	Random House	Retitled: The Smashers (Dell)
Killing Time	1961	Random House	Retitled: The Operator (Dell)
361	1962	Random House	
Killy	1963	Random House	
Pity Him Afterwards	1964	Random House	
The Fugitive Pigeon	1965	Random House	
The Busy Body	1966	Random House	
The Spy in the Ointment	1966	Random House	
God Save the Mark	1967	Random House	The MWA Award
Who Stole Sassi Manoon?	1968	Random House	
Somebody Owes Me Money	1969	Random House	
Up Your Banners	1969	Macmillan	
The Hot Rock	1970	Simon & Schuster	
Adios, Scheherazade	1970	Simon & Schuster	
I Gave at the Office	1971	Simon & Schuster	
Bank Shot	1971	Simon & Schuster	
Cops and Robbers	1972	M. Evans	
Gangway	1973	M. Evans	With Brian Garfield
Help I Am Being Held Prisoner	1974	M. Evans	
Jimmy the Kid	1974	M. Evans	
Two Much	1975	M. Evans	
Once Against the Law	1968	Macmillan	Anthology edited with William Tenn
The Curious Facts Preceeding My Execution and other fictions	1968	Random House	Short story collection
Under an English Heaven	1972	Simon & Schuster	Non-fiction

As by Richard Stark

Parker series:

The Hunter	1962	Pocket Books	Retitled: Point Blank (Gold Medal)
The Man with the Getaway Face	1963	Pocket Books	
The Outfit	1963	Pocket Books	
The Mourner	1964	Pocket Books	
The Score	1965	Pocket Books	Retitled: Killtown (Berkley)
The Jugger	1965	Pocket Books	
The Seventh	1966	Pocket Books	Retitled: The Split (Gold Medal)
The Handle	1966	Pocket Books	Retitled: Run Lethal (Berkley)
The Rare Coin Score	1967	Gold Medal	
The Green Eagle Score	1967	Gold Medal	
The Black Ice Score	1968	Gold Medal	
The Sour Lemon Score	1969	Gold Medal	
Deadly Edge	1971	Random House	
Slayground	1971	Random House	
Plunder Squad	1972	Random House	
Butcher's Moon	1974	Random House	

Alan Grofield series:

The Damsel	1967	Macmillan
The Dame	1968	Macmillan
The Blackbird	1969	Macmillan
Lemons Never Lie	1971	World

As by Tucker Coe

Mitch Tobin series:

Kinds of Love, Kinds of Death	1966	Random House
Murder Among Children	1967	Random House
Wax Apple	1970	Random House
A Jade in Aries	1971	Random House
Don't Lie to Me	1972	Random House

As by Curt Clark			
Anarchaos	1967	Ace Books	Science Fiction
As by Timothy J. Culver			
Ex Officio	1970	M. Evans	Retitled: Power Play (Dell)
As by J. Morgan Cunningham			
Comfort Station	1973	Signet	Parody

NOTES: Paperback editions are not mentioned here except the original or retitled ones.

Alan Grofield is also one of the main characters in The Score, The Handle and Butcher's Moon in the Parker series.

PART II: SHORT STORIES AND ARTICLES (1954-1973)

Title	Magazine/Date	Note
Or Give Me Death	Uni #8, Nov. 1954	Science Fiction
The Blonde Lieutenant	Rogue, July 1957	
Arrest	Manhunt, January 1958	
Fluorocarbons Are Here to Stay!	S.F.S., March 1958	Science Fiction
Everybody Killed Sylvia	M.D., May 1958	Ed Johnson series
The Devil's Printer	M.D., September 1958	Ed Johnson series
Sinner or Saint	M.D., December 1958	Collected into the annual Best Detective Stories anthology ed. by David C. Cooke
Decoy for Murder	M.D., March 1959	Ed Johnson series
Death for Sale	M.D., April 1959	
Journey to Death	M.D., June 1959	Collected into Stories That Scared Even Me ed. by Alfred Hitchcock
*One (Man) on a Desert Island	AHMM, June 1959	Collected into Hard Day at the Scaffold ed. by Alfred Hitchcock
And Then He Went Away	Future, June 1959	Science Fiction
The Ledge Bit	M.D., September 1959	by "Richard Stark"
Knife Fighter	Guilty, November 1959	
The Last Ghost	M.D., Nov-Dec 1959	by "Richard Stark"
The Best Friend Murder	AHMM, December 1959	Abraham Levine series. Collected into A Hangman's Dozen ed. by Alfred Hitchcock
An Empty Threat	Manhunt, February 1960	
Travelers Far and Wee	S.F.S., May 1960	Science Fiction
Friday Night	Tightrope, June 1960	
Fresh Out of Prison	Guilty, June 1960	
Elephant Blues	77 Sunset Strip Magazine, July 1960	by "Ben Christopher"
Unproud Papas	Nugget, August 1960	Article
Anatomy of an Anatomy	AHMM, September 1960	Collected into Once Upon a Dreadful Time ed. by Alfred Hitchcock
*The Curious Facts Preceeding my Execution	AHMM, September 1960	by "Richard Stark". Collected into A Hangman's Dozen ed. by Alfred Hitchcock
Cat Killer	Shock, September 1960	
Down-Payment for Murder	M.D., Sept-Oct 1960	by "Richard Stark". Same story published as "Death for Sale"
Come Back, Come Back	AHMM, October 1960	Abraham Levine series. Collected into Skull Session ed. by Alfred Hitchcock
*Good Night, Good Night	AHMM, December 1960	
Man of Action	Analog, December 1960	Science Fiction
*You Put on Some Weight		Same story published as Fresh out of Prison
*Never Shake a Family Tree	AHMM, March 1961	Collected into Crimes and Misfortunes ed. by J. F. McComas, and also into A Treasury of Modern Mysteries (no editor)
Just a Little Impractical Joke	AHMM, March 1961	by "Richard Stark"
The Risk Profession	Amazing, March 1961	Science Fiction
*Murder in Outer Space		Same story as "The Risk Profession"
Call Him Nemesis	If, September 1961	Science Fiction
They Also Serve	Analog, September 1961	Science Fiction
The Spy in the Elevator	Galaxy, October 1961	Science Fiction

Title	Magazine/Date	Note
The Feel of the Trigger	AHMM, November 1961	Abraham Levine series. Collected into Games Killers Play ed. by Alfred Hitchcock
Meteor Strike!	Amazing, November 1961	Science Fiction
Break-Out	Ed McBain's Mystery Book #3, 1961	Article
A Time to Die	Saint Mystery Magazine, January 1962	Ed Johnson series
Look Before You Leap	Analog, May 1962	by "Don Westlake". Science fiction
Lock Your Door	AHMM, August 1962	
The Earthman's Burden	Galaxy, October 1962	Collected into Elsewhere and Elsewhen ed. by Groff Conklin. Science Fiction
The Sound of Murder	AHMM, December 1962	Abraham Levine series. Collected into Death Can Be Beautiful ed. by Alfred Hitchcock
The Question	F&SF, March 1963	with Larry M. Harris. Science Fiction
Nackles	F&SF, January 1964	by "Curt Clark". Collected into New Worlds of Fantasy ed. by Terry Carr. Science Fiction
*Just the Lady We're Looking For	EQMM, September 1964	Collected into My Favorite Suspense Stories ed. by Maureen Daly
The Death of a Bum	MSMM, June 1965	Abraham Levine series
The Letter	MSMM, August 1965	
Stage Fright	Saint Mystery Magazine, September 1965	
Paid	Swank, November 1965	
The Spoils System	AHMM, December 1965	
*Just One of Those Days	This Week, January 1966	
*The Mother of Invention is Worth a Pound of Cure	Dapper, February 1966	
Teamwork	Shell Scott Mystery Magazine, February 1966	
The Perils of the Sky Rangers	Cavalier, May 1966	with Dave Foley as "P. N. Castor". Parody
*Domestic Intrigue	Saint Mystery Magazine, July 1966	Collected into Merchants of Menace ed. Hillary Waugh
*Devilishly	Signature, August 1966	
Cool O'Toole	AHMM, September 1966	
*The Sincerest Form of Flattery	AHMM, October 1966	
*The Sweetest Man in the World	EQMM, March 1967	Collected into E.Q. Anthology, 1971.
*Sniff	Saint Mystery Magazine, May 1967	
It	Playboy, September 1968	Collected into Playboy's Short-Shorts and Process in Relationship ed. by Powers and Lees
*No Story		Only in the collection
The Winner	Nova 1, February 1970 ed. by H. Harrison	Collected into Tomorrow, And Tomorrow, And Tomorrow ed. by Heintz et al
Introduction to A New Leaf	A New Leaf and Other Stories, 1971	Introduction to Jack Ritchie's short story collection
In Anguilla It's the Spirit of 71	N.Y. Times, May 23, 1971	Article
Love Stuff, Cops-and-Robbers Style	L.A. Times, June 1972	Article. Collected into textbook published by McGraw-Hill

*Fifteen stories collected into Donald E. Westlake's short story collection, The Curious Facts Preceeding My Execution and other fictions.

Abbreviations:
M.D.: Mystery Digest
EQMM: Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine
AHMM: Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine
MSMM: Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine
F&SF: Fantasy and Science Fiction
Uni: Universe Science Fiction
S.F.S.: Science Fiction Stories

BLACK COPS AND/OR ROBBERS:
THE DETECTIVE FICTION OF CHESTER HIMES

BY FRANK J. CAMPENNI

The black detective movie got its start in 1969 with Cotton Comes to Harlem. But it could have started earlier, just as the movie and television career of Red Foxx—who charmed the audience with his portrayal of Uncle Bud, the junkman—could have started twenty years earlier, if anyone had cared. Author Chester Himes has described in recent interviews how in 1957 his series of Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed novels was commissioned in the mutual desperation of a slipping French publisher and a starving author:

> *When I was writing my first detective story I was desperate. I was living in a little crummy hotel in Paris which became a beatnik hotel. I sat there in my room and worked through Christmas Day, New Year's Day and New Year's night until four o'clock. I was drinking cheap red wine, two-three bottles a day, and when I could squeeze up enough money I would go out and buy a bottle of St. James wine—drink that too and still work.*

That he should have received a thousand dollars or less for each of these novels, even the prize-winners; that he should have turned back to the cops-and-robbers stories of his apprentice days, the crime fiction he labored over while serving seven years for armed robbery; that he and the critics could at last find agreement in denigrating the worth of these potboilers, churned out in about thirty days each; all of these facts match the bitter ironies of Chester Himes' literary career. The joyful ironies are that these furiously-written hackworks may now (mostly through movie rights) earn him a fortune and help educate a generation about the meaning of black life in America. It may seem strange that Himes, who had written "serious" fiction with skill in virtually every modern mode, should not be remembered for If He Hollers or The Primitive or The Third Generation, but instead for Rage in Harlem, All Shot Up, The Crazy Kill or The Heat's On. But aside from the imaginative plots and stunning action of these forays into the hardboiled genre, I believe that Chester Himes here brilliantly captures the essence of Harlem and of representative black life in urban America through the metaphor of the detective story. These are the blackest black-novels I know: absolutely uncompromising, throbbing with the wit, rhythm, danger and joy of real and allegorical Harlem.

Of course, the detective story or novel had long since liberated itself from the confines of the rich corpse in the locked room, but in the 1950's detective fiction was still very much a prisoner of capitalist values, even when crafted by a radical like Dashiell Hammett. The crime and the victim had to be important—a rich man slain for his will, a dowager for her jewels—and someone, after all, had to pay the private eye. Moreover, as has been observed, the traditional detective or private eye, since Auguste Dupin and Sherlock Holmes, was there to restore order. The villain had disturbed a just and natural order with unnatural violence; the hero would solve the puzzle and an orderly, just society could resume its proper affairs. Moreover, in a rational universe, there had to be method even in the madness of crime and, thus, by matching wits with a rational criminal, the hero would not only solve a puzzle in logic but reassure us that our universe made sense.

What a difference in Himes! First off, he assures us repeatedly, this is Harlem "where anything can happen" and "folks is just glad to be alive." His black detectives warn their white lieutenant:

> *This is Harlem. Ain't no place like it in the world. You've got to start from scratch here, because these folks do things for reasons nobody else in the world would think of.*

Himes' point is to turn the detective novel upside down, for its conventions do not fit where the mores and conventions are different. What are innocence and guilt, he asks, where life is lived on the margin and survival is triumph? What is illegal where "there are laws for whites and laws for blacks," where it's assumed (even incorrectly) that everyone has his hype or his hustle, where dope is common, numbers-playing universal and prostitution honorable employment? There is no justice to restore, no order to resume, no relevance to logic. When Coffin Ed and Grave Digger Jones are once again suspended in The Heat's On for physically beating a dope pusher, Jones comments bitterly, "It's all right to kill a few colored people for trying to get their children an education, but don't hurt a mother-raping white punk for selling dope." In Blind Man With a Pistol, widespread belief in a silly sexual rejuvenation swindle is justified thus: "It wasn't any harder to believe in rejuvenation than to believe equality was coming."

* *

This paper was presented at the Popular Culture Association meeting in Milwaukee, Spring, 1974.

The two black detectives, operating on home territory, serve as a buffer between the white and black communities. They know that blacks often exploit blacks because legitimate capitalistic enterprises are closed to most blacks, so they tolerate nonviolent black "crime" such as prostitution and numbers. Nor do they object to skimming a bit off the cream of the racket profits:

> *They took their tribute, like all real cops, from the established underworld catering to the essential needs of the people—gamekeepers, madams, streetwalkers, numbers writers, numbers bankers. But they were tough on purse snatchers, muggers, burglars, con men and all strangers working any racket. And they didn't like rough stuff from anybody else but themselves.*

Although illegal actions by public and private investigators are the staple of our detective stories and thrillers, Himes portrays such devices as torture, blackmail, raids without warrants and illegal entry as particularly appropriate to the Harlem beat. The toughness of Harlem life on the one hand, and the hypocritical bigotry of white-dispensed justice on the other, lead to some confusion as to what behavior is permissible, and some difficulty in sorting out the cops and the robbers. Himes rings many changes on this theme, often quite literally. In The Heat's On, two white police officers rush Coffin Ed and Grave Digger Jones with drawn guns:

> *"We got several reports that two colored prowlers have been seen around this house," one of them said in a hard challenging voice...*
> *"That's us," Grave Digger said.*

The two men are in fact indistinguishable from "other working stiffs—big, broad-shouldered, loose-jointed and flat-footed. Their faces bore marks and scars similar to any colored street fighter." They tease friendly white superiors about their racial ignorance but they threaten and even slug white policemen who use the term "nigger" and mean it. They are sensitive to racially-selective law enforcement and convinced that unjustified police brutality is the province of white cops. Thus, their empathic identification is frequently with small-time black criminals in their encounters with white policemen.

In only one of his detective thrillers—significantly the only one not employing Coffin and Grave Digger—does Himes literally reverse the cops and robbers situation. In Run Man Run a psychotic white police officer, Matt Walker, kills two innocent black men and pursues a third. Walker, while drunk one night, misplaces his car, decides that a black man he encounters has stolen his car, shoots him, and then shoots a black witness. He pursues still another black witness to the pointless murders, a student named Jimmy. When Jimmy reports the murders and pleads for protection, the white assistant D.A. and homicide captain do not believe him; he is virtually at the murderous cop's mercy until Jimmy gets a gun to protect himself. Himes manages to convince us of the plausibility of Jimmy's situation and the tale takes on allegorical overtones of terror in a world where one is "legitimate" prey without recourse.

In a world where even good black cops like Coffin Ed and Grave Digger Jones will either shake you down or shake you up, the police are greatly feared because they can break the law with impunity. Consequently and conversely, gangsters and swindlers often pretend to be cops —because the terror inspired in the victim makes the crime easier to perform! In the first chapter of the first novel of this series of ten, Jackson is swindled in a literla money-making scheme, supposedly to change ten dollar bills to hundreds. A fake marshall raids the scene, the swindlers escape with Jackson's fifteen-hundred dollar investment, and the "marshall" shakes down the gullible Jackson for an extra two hundred. Since Jackson now has no money, he embezzles it from his employer and delivers it to the patient "marshall," who admonishes the chastened Jackson that "Crime does not pay."

In All Shot Up, a young sailor has bought a Cadillac for $6,500; no sooner is the money transferred, than three "police" arrest buyer and seller, confiscate the car and money and then drive off. Significantly, the victims are not particularly suspicious, despite the outlandish behavior of the fake police, who presumably are mimicking authentic police methods. To reinforce the point, at the end of this same novel, the bona fide police don't report the official solution to the major crime of the book (there's never just one crime). They recover fifty thousand dollars of gangster's money and send it to a Fresh Air Fund to send underprivileged boys to camp. The case is closed incorrectly, while the informal, undisclosed solution, however illegal and illogical, better serves the ends of justice.

The theme of sacrificing legal justice or formal duty to social justice or practical duty is developed in The Real Cool Killers. A wealthy white pervert who preys upon black teenage girls is killed, apparently by a young hoodlum who simply wants to test out his new zip gun. Actually, one of the child seducer's young females has killed him; since the young hoodlum has been killed, the police hierarchy and the black detectives agree to let the verdict stand. Grave Digger tells the young girl to keep quiet about the murder, while Coffin Ed, who had again been suspended for needless killing, is reinstated. But in Big Gold Dream, Coffin Ed and Grave Digger turn the screw one extra by permitting Slick to be framed for murder. Slick's woman, whom he has beaten into blindness, gains revenge by falsely and convincingly accusing him of murder. The black detectives, Jones and Johnson, know that the foul Slick deserves what he gets and let matters stand; again, a rough, "real" justice is elevated

above legal justice and literal truth.

The triumph over literal truth or its sacrifice to poetic aptness is expressed through both form and content. The Harlem of these novels is a country of the mind, a theatre of the absurd with strenuous roles enacted by grotesques. To be sure, there is a wealth of naturalistic detail, for Himes knows Harlem and offers frequent set pieces, as suggested by this paragraph from The Crazy Kill:

> *It was a street of paradox: unwed young mothers, suckling their infants, living on a prayer; fat black racketeers coasting past in big bright-colored convertibles with their solid gold babes, carrying huge sums of money on their person; hardworking men, holding up the buildings with their shoulders, talking in loud voices up there in Harlem where the white bosses couldn't hear them; teenage gangsters grouping for a gang fight, smoking marijuana weed to get up their courage; everybody escaping the hot box rooms they live in, seeking respite in a street made hotter by the automobile exhaust and the heat released by the concrete walls and walks.*

In The Heat's On, East Harlem at two a.m. in the summer:

> *Colored people were cooking in their overcrowded, overpriced tenements; cooking in the streets, in the after-hours joints, in the brothels; seasoned with vice, disease and crime.*
>
> *An effluvium of hot stinks arose from the frying pan and hung in the hot motionless air, no higher than the rooftops—the smell of sizzling barbecue, fried hair, exhaust fumes, rotting garbage, cheap perfumes, unwashed bodies, decayed buildings, dog-rat-and-cat offal, whiskey and vomit, and all the old dried-up odors of poverty.*
>
> *Half-nude people sat in open windows, crowded on the fire escapes, shuffled up and down the sidewalks, prowled up and down the streets in dilapidated cars.*

There are many such passages in each work, detailing the physical sights and sounds of "real" Harlem, adding as well the cultural details of popular songs and movies, of dress and particularly of food, Himes lingering lovingly over the ingredients and spices of gumbo soup or alligator tails. Yet this disciplined literary realism serves as mere ballast for headier indulgences; the abundant details assert Himes' authority and counterbalance the surrealism of his vision and the mockery of his black humor.

In Rage in Harlem, the first of these novels, two black men are having a knife-fight, rough-looking men with switchblades:

> *One joker slashed the other's arm. A big-lipped wound opened in the tight leather jacket, but nothing came out but old clothes—two sweaters, three shirts, a pair of winter underwear. The second joker slashed back, opened a wound in the front of his foe's canvas jacket. But all that came out of the wound was dried printer's ink from the layers of old newspapers the joker had wrapped about him to keep warm. They kept slashing away at one another like two rag dolls battling in buckdancing fury, spilling old clothes and last week's newsprint instead of blood.*

In The Heat's On, a cleaver-and-pipe fight is broken up by the police: "The Man with the pipe quickly cached his weapon inside his pants leg and went limping rapidly away like a wooden-legged man in a race of one-legged men." These Chaplinesque touches, however, often give way to a mordant black humor. In the opening scene of Blind Man with a Pistol, a bleeding white man is running on wobbly legs through the street at night without trousers or underwear, trying to catch the man carrying his pants who has cut his throat to get them; the white man falls down and dies. In the closing scene of the same novel, a blind man on the subway precipitates a riot when he fires a gun in anger. People run about injuring themselves and each other and a woman screams,

> *"Blind man with a pistol!"*
>
> *The blind man groped about in the dark, panic-stricken, stumbling over the fallen bodies, waving his pistol as though it had eyes. "Where?" he cried piteously, "Where?"*

These minor comic touches are all symbolic: Straw men fight each other, rather than the Man downtown; cripples slink away from the police; men act blindly and frighten themselves. The stories are filled with desperate nonsense as unnamed bit players try to cope with their overwhelming circumstances: an addict squeezes a live rabbit and a glassine bag of heroine drops from its anus; on a bet, a 125-pound man wrestles a 250-pound woman, both in greased rubber suits; an old thief blows up himself and a goat and nobody can sort out the respective meat.

There is an enormous gallery of pretenders and misfits: a giant albino Negro who paints himself purple; a dwarf dope-pusher who swallows the evidence but then vomits it up; Dummy, a tongueless thief who scribbles crazy messages; the three black widows, a trio of male transvestites, each with a separate racket; an endless number of store front preachers and street-corner saviors, leading their flock back to Africa or up to the Lord, all for a price of what

you can get.

The plots of these novels are too dizzying to repeat. Occasionally, ten or fifteen pages at the end try to unravel the skein but usually fail; since there's really no order to restore, no justice that will ever prevail, Himes' heart isn't in these wrap-ups. The author's energy and best inspiration clearly go into the beginning, not the end; in a typical plot, something bizarre happens at once and then worse things immediately complicate matters beyond repair or unravelment. Thus, Jackson, the gullible protagonist of Rage in Harlem, is swindled by the money manufacturers who blow up his money in a stove; he is shaken down by their accomplice, a fake cop; he embezzles money, loses it on numbers and dice and enlists the aid of his crooked brother Goldy, who normall masquerades as Sister Gabriel and sells tickets to heaven. Thus it is that Jackson later finds himself pursued by everyone, caught up in an Eldorado lost-mine scheme, desperately trying to rescue his beloved Imabelle, who is in cahoots with the swindlers. Jackson escapes in a hearse, tears through Harlem, smashes through a block of fruit stands and loses the two bodies he's carrying, one of which turns out to be a nun with her throat slashed and then turns out to be his dead brother Goldy disguised.

In Real Cool Killer, a wealthy white stranger is chased down the street by a gun-wielding Negro who, for a gag, shoots at him with a blank cartridge—and kills him. All Shot Up begins with a professional car stripper, busy removing a wheel on the street, who witnesses a weird murder. Three oddly assorted characters go by in a gold Cadillac and knock down an old lady. She gets up and a black sedan slams into her rump:

> *He saw the old lady flying through the air, arms and legs spread out, black garments spread out in the wind like a nuclear-powered vampire full of fresh virgin's blood. She was flying in an oblique line to the left; the black car was streaking straight ahead; and her show-white hair was flying off to the right and rising, like a homing pigeon headed for the nest.*

Himes frequently reveals himself as more interested in imposing chaos upon order than the reverse. His detectives frequently appear late in the novel and take lengthy vacations from the scrambled plot. Anarchy prevails, even when order is allowed to pretend, for in an area where most crime is unreported or unsolved or is simply not considered as crime, the last act is not important. These are fantasies dealing with reality, not romantic fairy tales; there are myths of terrifying journeys and quests, but no grails to even seek, let alone bring home. Yet what should be noted in these very public, proletarian dramas (events happen in the streets to ordinary people and almost nobody reflects on things to himself) is the furious energy of all those involved. In their constant banter, repartee and signifying, in their fights and flights and pursuits, in their schemes and contests, Himes says, there is the exuberance of those who care, people committed to live who keep trying in a mad, mad world. It is appropriate to this world that the detectives, the Mr. Fix-Its, don't always get much done and that things go right on anyway.

CHESTER HIMES' DETECTIVE NOVELS

For Love of Ima Belle. New York: Fawcett, 1957.
The Crazy Kill. New York: Berkley, 1959; London: Panther, 1968.
The Real Cool Killers. New York: Berkley, 1959; London: Panther, 1969.
All Shot Up. New York: Avon, 1960; London: Panther, 1969.
The Big Gold Dream. New York: Avon, 1960; London: Panther, 1968.
Cotton Comes to Harlem. New York: Putnam, 1965; London: Muller, 1965.
The Heat's On. New York: Putnam, 1966; London: Muller, 1966.
Run Man Run. New York: Putnam, 1966; London, Muller, 1967.
Blind Man with a Pistol. New York: Morrow, 1969; London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1969.

* *

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE MYSTERY READER'S NEWSLETTER has been forced to suspend publication, as most subscribers will have deduced. This decision was arrived at reluctantly, and with sorrow, but nonetheless out of necessity in the great pressure of consuming personal and financial problems.

I am very grateful to all who have supported the magazine, in many ways, over the years. I hope at some future time to be able to revive TMRN, and in time I will be able to deal with accumulated correspondence, unexpired subscriptions, and the like.

—Lianne Carlin

THE PAPERBACK REVOLUTION

BY CHARLES SHIBUK

The first quarter of 1975 shows a slight improvement in the quantity of reviewable titles, and a really strong upsurge in sheer quality. There is also a fair number of not overly familiar titles, and an interesting attempt by our British cousins at Penguin Books to add to our reading enjoyment.

EARL DERR BIGGERS

Bantam Books continues to perform an invaluable service by reprinting episodes four and five in the illustrious Charlie Chan saga. The Black Camel (1929) starts with the stabbing of a famous movie actress in a secluded spot on Waikiki Beach, and continues with the public's demand that Chan find the killer immediately. Charlie Chan Carries On (1930) concerns a round the world tour that is plagued by a variety of dead bodies. This is probably Chan's second best adventure, and notable for its doom-laden shipboard atmosphere.

NICHOLAS BLAKE

A mentally distracted father sets out to find and punish the reckless driver who is responsible for the death of his small son in The Beast Must Die (1938)(Penguin). An unconventional study of murder and detection, this is Blake's masterpiece and a high point of the genre. Out of print for 17 years, it is welcome back especially when one remembers a recent and feeble film version This Man Must Die (a less than ingenious retitling!) that completely missed the boat and eliminated Nigel Strangeways to boot.

ANTHONY BOUCHER

Rocket to the Morgue (1942)(Pyramid) was originally published under the "H. H. Holmes" pseudonym, and presents a major critical problem for this column. Its detectives, Sister Ursula and Lieut. Marshall (L.A.P.D.), and its setting among a group of science fiction writers and fans (including the author) are attractive in principle. Its author has meant a great deal to very many readers of this journal. But let the buyer beware! This is not a very good book at all. It suffers from an alarming lack of literary quality, and is considered by many to be Boucher's worst effort.

AGATHA CHRISTIE

The success and publicity of the film Murder on the Orient Express has persuaded Pocket Books to reissue a group of ten of this writer's frequently revived titles. Superintendent Battle must contend with murder at the traditional house party in the under-appreciated Toward Zero (1944). Endless Night (1967) is a decidedly offbeat effort, even for its creator, and represents her last really good novel. The A.B.C. Murders (1936) and And Then There Were None (1939) are two of Miss Christie's greatest works, and should not require any further information or praise from this column.

AUGUST DERLETH

This master of the pastiche form had plied his trade for over 40 years in a sincere effort to prove his devotion to the greatest detective of them all. Of course, it was inevitable that he could never hope to equal the majestic prose style of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Most of the stories in The Chronicles of Solar Pons (1973)(Pinnacle) are pleasant and comfortable, and you will enjoy them. Of special interest is the longish "The Adventure of the Orient Express", an excellent spy spoof, and "The Adventure of the Unique Dickensians" is a sheer delight. An added attraction is a dreamy introduction by AJH.

STANLEY ELLIN

This author's early work proclaimed him to be a modern master of the short crime story form. One of EQMM's most felicitous discoveries, Mr. Ellin's work in this length is careful, highly polished, and infrequent. His second (and last) collection, The Blessington Method (1964), has been noted and approved by Julian Symons, who is largely responsible for its current revival by Penguin Books.

ELLERY QUEEN

I assume that everyone has read Royal Bloodline by now, so there is no need to go into detail here. The Murderer is a Fox (1945) is an excellent detective novel that has not yet had the honor of being as over-reprinted as it deserves. Although The American Gun Mystery (1933) was written in Queen's first and perhaps best period, it does have some serious flaws. Yet, it is a book that I seem to like very much. I might also add that this is American Gun's third reissue in paperback, but the first time that it has appeared in its entirety. Both are sponsored by Ballantine, and more will be forthcoming.

REX STOUT

A dinner at the Waldorf Astoria's Grand Ballroom for the National Industrial Association has murder for its main course when the director of our government's Bureau of Price Regulation, who was supposed to deliver the keynote address, turns out to be the first victim. The Silent Speaker (1946)(Bantam) is one of Stout's better post World War Two efforts in the detective novel, and finds Messrs. Wolfe and Goodwin functioning at their old time best form among the orchids, the beer, the suspects, and the corpses.

WAS WATSON JACK THE RIPPER?

BY EILEEN SNYDER

London in the autumn of 1888. Victorian England in the triumphant full bloom of Empire, gaslights, hansoms, yellow-green fog swirling through the streets. Wealth and opulence in the West end, slums and misery in the East End.

And here, in the Whitechapel area, the most squalid and notorious in the East End, from August 31 to November 9, occurred five unique murders.* Unique, not only because of their ferocity, but because of the character of the murderer himself.

He gripped the imagination of press and public, flaunted Victorian hypocrisy to its face, accomplished more for the relief of the poverty-stricken inhabitants of that area than many reformers had done before him, and taxed to the uttermost the ineptly-led London Metropolitan Police Force.

Jack the Ripper is interesting even today from two standpoints: the first, of course, is the name by which he called himself and the second is the fact that he was never caught. The case has never been officially solved. Thus speculation as to his identity has ranged from the eldest son of the Prince of Wales to a prominent surgeon, from a teacher at a boys' public school to a highly-placed police official.

Certainly not the typical murderer, he was witty, even gay, basking in the limelight, taking the narrowest chances as he defied capture. Making no attempt to hide his handiwork, he bragged about his deeds both before and after their occurrence with letters, notes, and poems to the press and to the police.

He was also mad, of course. Here again there is much speculation. Was he a religious maniac, as in The Lodger? Was he a mother killer? Had he or one of his relatives fallen afoul of a harlot? No one has any doubt that he was a homicidal maniac, "Probably an average, quiet-spoken man with a split personality—a real life Jekyll and Hyde."[1]

Yet some deemed him a social reformer; George Bernard Shaw called him an "independent genius." Whatever he was, Whitechapel's destitution and misery, even to child prostitution and actual starvation, were laid stark and raw before the public as never before—the Ripper had lifted the rug.

He came onstage, fortuitously for us, just at the time of the appearance of Sherlock Holmes and the inimitable Watson. And Sherlockians have not been slow in bringing forth their hypotheses. William S. Baring-Gould, whose chronology of the life and labors of Holmes must be accepted as definitive, devotes a chapter to the taking of the Ripper by Sherlock Holmes, asserting that he was the Scotland Yarder, Athelney Jones.[2] Ellery Queen has written a pastiche on this subject which was made into a movie called A Study in Terror. And there have been several others equally remarkable. The present paper asks the question, was John H. Watson, M.D., himself, Jack the Ripper?

As Mr. Constantine Evans in his paper on "The Dancing Men" so ably pointed out, and as we find throughout many of the chronicles, Watson seemed to be obsessed, if that's not too strong a word, with preserving the decorum of English ladies, or, perhaps I should say, with the appearance of decorum.

Now there exists a certain class of ladies of all nationalities, including, regrettably, even that of English, who are called by various titles, of which "ladies of the night" may be the least vulgar. It is upon these that the Ripper preyed.

Watson, being a physician, and especially having had experience in a large public hospital, as well as in the military overseas (as he mentioned in The Sign of the Four, "In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents..."),[3] well knew about these ladies and the havoc they could wreak among men. The question is, how far did Watson go in preserving this so-called decorum? Did he finally decide that the only way to solve the problem was that of eliminating it altogether?

What might lead us to postulate that Watson was indeed Jack the Ripper? When all is said and done, we have nothing to go on but the circumstances surrounding the case and the internal evidence of the chronicles themselves. Of primal importance is the fact that Watson wrote these stories, heretofore called "The Sacred Writings."

That fact should neither be overlooked nor forgotten as two passages that I quote here will demonstrate. The first is from Tom A. Cullen's book, When London Walked in Terror: "'Horror ran through the land,' reads a contemporary account. 'Men spoke of it with bated breath, and pale-lipped women shuddered as they read the dreadful details. People afar off smelled blood, and the superstitious said that the skies were of a deeper red that autumn.'"[1]

The second is from The Valley of Fear: Holmes in relating of an occasion in which he found himself in Professor Moriarty's study says, "...I took the liberty of running over his

papers—with the most unexpected results."
"You found something compromising?"
"Absolutely nothing. That was what amazed me."[4]

It is rather amazing, isn't it, when you come up against the astounding fact that this remarkable series of murders, this horror of which little else was spoken in London or in all England, this "crime of the century," was not even mentioned in any of the chronicles. You might expect to find some reference to these crimes, again using Baring-Gould's chronology, in those cases occurring in the autumn of 1888, but there is not one word. It brings forcefully to mind the curious incident of the dog in the nighttime.

And not only did Watson suppress material, he also rearranged it, as an episode from "The Cardboard Box" will illustrate. The interpretation of this episode not only gives one reason for Watson's unchivalrous attitude toward those certain indiscreet ladies, but also offers an explanation of his first wound.

Since Watson revealed himself to be a great admirer of Henry Ward Beecher, the recounting of some events in the life of Beecher is here in order. He was one of the great Americans of the nineteenth century, a reformer, writer, preacher, intellect, pastor of Plymouth Church (Congregational), Brooklyn, New York, and brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe. He was anti-slavery, but not an abolitionist, and did much to inspire the patriotism of the North when the war broke out. The British government, sympathetic to the South and hostile to the North chiefly because of Lincoln's blockade, leaned toward intervention by recognizing the Confederacy as an independent nation. Beecher went to England and, through a series of addresses, helped persuade the people to the cause of the Union.

His later years, however, were clouded by scandal when a man whom he had befriended brought charges against him of having had improper relations with the friend's wife. After a six-month trial which almost wrecked his career and ruined his previously unblemished reputation, Beecher was acquitted.

In that very singular dialogue, a la Poe, Halmes startled Watson gazing at a picture of Beecher with the statement, "You are right, Watson, it does seem a most preposterous way of settling a dispute." Watson was not only taken aback at Holmes' timely and appropriate remark, but extremely anxious to learn his line of reasoning.

I believe that although Holmes/ conclusion was correct, his analysis of Watson's train of thought was faulty. The interesting part begins, "But now your thoughts went back to Beecher, and you looked hard across as if you were studying the character in his features. Then your eyes ceased to pucker, but you continued to look across, and your face was thoughtful. You were recalling the incidents of Beecher's career." So far so good, but then Holmes did go astray. He assumed that Watson was reviewing Beecher's role in the American Civil War, but Watson was hardly thinking of that. His face was thoughtful as the scandal that had darkened Beecher's career came to mind.

Holmes then observed that Watson's "lips set, your eyes sparkled, and your hands clenched." Here Watson was really thinking of the woman in the case, the kind of unconscionable woman who could destroy a great man.

"But then, again, your face grew sadder; you shook your head." Watson now pondered his own encounter with just such a woman. It had happened while he was in India, and the memory must have been bittersweet as Holmes continued, "You hand stole towards your own old wound, and a smile quivered on your lips." Which old wound—the one in the shoulder or the one in the leg? I now assert that this was Watson's first wound, a wound received in the leg in a duel with another officer over the woman. Watson had got his man; we know that he was fairly handy with a pistol. Later, of course, the woman had proved completely worthless, and Watson had never forgiven himself for the death of a fine, though reckless, young man. It was because of that affair that he was removed from his brigade and attached to the Berkshires.[12]

And when Holmes concluded, "You are right, Watson, it does seem a most preposterous way of settling a dispute," Watson exclaimed emphatically, "Most preposterous!"

In light of the following, Watson must have been not only amazed and incredulous at Holmes' interjection, but also intensely relieved at finding that Holmes had not divined his true thinking. He would, of course, quickly agree with Holmes' erroneous, though logical, explanation.

Could brooding over this event have surfaced so spectacularly years later in the person of Jack the Ripper? Could Watson have put his skill to work in avenging a death he caused, but for which he held someone else responsible? In several of the murders, the Ripper, whom Cullen refers to as "that cool, but misplaced gynecologist," completed the entire job within a very few minutes of being seen with his living victim and the subsequent discovery of the body. Witnesses reported seeing him with a large, black bag, not unlike a doctor's bag or one used in carrying surgeon's instruments. In consequence, suspicion fell most heavily on doctors, of all occupations. Perhaps one reason why that should be true is admitted by Watson, himself, in "The Speckled Band" where he has Holmes say, "When a doctor does go wrong, he is the first of criminals. He has nerve and he has knowledge."[7]

After discussing the mutilations of Annie Chapman, the British medical journal Lancet

said in concluding, "Obviously, the work was that of an expert—of one, at least, who had such knowledge of anatomical or pathological examinations as to be enabled to secure the pelvic organs with one sweep of the knife..." Dr. Thomas Dalton is quoted as saying, "Without doubt, the Ripper was a fast operator, much faster than the average British surgeon could possibly have been." Other doctors testified that the Ripper accomplished in ten minutes what would have taken them an hour in an autopsy.[1]

What kind of British doctor would have this necessary speed and expertise with the added fillip that, since these murders were so public, he risked discovery at any moment? He had to be cool, cunning, and calculating. All these requirements are met very nicely by an army surgeon accustomed to working rapidly under fire.

"In his memoirs, Doctor in the Nineties, Dr. Halstead tells of the cloud of suspicion under which medical men walked in 1888, thanks to the Ripper. 'Naturally, those of us at the London Hospital were in the limelight,' he writes. 'The East End was alive with plainclothes men. They were lurking in every alleyway ready to pounce.'"[1]

Doctors were suspected, Watson was a doctor, yet Watson was not suspected. To explain why these premises do not assert the true conclusion in this particular syllogism, we must consider the theory of the "invisible killer." The invisible killer is someone who either blends so completely into the scene that he is never noticed, or else he is so well known that he may walk anywhere with impunity, even onto the scene of the crime itself. In the chronicles, Watson paints himself as rather a gray figure, a mere pilot fish, as it were, to the shark, Holmes. Was he really all that colorless, so imperceptive and unwitting?

Holmes noticed this tendency in The Hound of the Baskervilles: "I am bound to say that in all the accounts which you have been so good as to give of my own small achievements, you have habitually underrated your own abilities..."[8]

Furthermore, he was known to Scotland Yard not as a doctor but as the friend, confidante, chronicler and assistant of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Thus even as Holmes, himself, Watson was above, or perhaps beneath, suspicion.

Again, the killer took such daring risks that it was assumed that he knew a good deal about the routines of the police, timings of their patrols, sounds of their footsteps. In working with Holmes, Watson would have become very familiar with the London Police as it dealt with the case of Jack the Ripper. For it must be conceded that it is absolutely incredible that Holmes would not have been called into this case. Queen Victoria, herself, sent messages to the Prime Minister, Parliament, and the Home Secretary demanding that something be done. The entire government was in an uproar. Are we to assume that Mycroft did not consult Sherlock on this matter?

But perhaps the entire case against Watson will collapse when we examine the important question of opportunity. Was he available for any or all of the nights in question? Obviously, even one good alibi would completely exonerate him. However, when we consult Baring-Gould's chronology, we find in every instance that when a murder took place, it fell either between cases of Sherlock Holmes or during a period of inactivity within a case.

Of the five to seven murders, that of Catherine Eddowes in Mitre Square is the most relevant and instructive for our purposes. Hers was one of a double murder that took place the early morning of September 30 within forty-five minutes of each other. Mitre Square, in the Old City of London, just north of the Tower, was a heavily traveled, T-shaped thoroughfare with three exits. At the time, there were police patrols every fifteen minutes.

At 1:35 a man and a woman were seen talking and laughing at the entrance to Mitre Square by a Joseph Lawende, a commercial traveler, who was leaving a club with two companions. He recognized the woman as Catherine Eddowes. Just ten minutes later her extensively mutilated body was discovered by a police constable.

I shall quote now from Cullen: "All during this never ending Saturday night the major [Major Smith, Acting Police Commissioner for the City of London] was to find himself exactly one jump behind Jack the Ripper, who was fleeing for his life through the back streets of Spitalfields. In fact the major could trace the route that the killer had taken. From Mitre Square he had cut across Houndsditch and Middlesex Street to Goulston Street, where he left a tangible clue (a piece of Catherine Eddowes' bloodstained apron, whacked off with a knife) behind him, and then north to the notorious Dorset Street, where he paused long enough to wash the blood off his hands at a public sink set back about six yards from the street. (When Major Smith arrived not quite all of the bloodstained water had gurgled down the drain.) It shows his familiarity with Whitechapel that the Ripper knew about this sink, which was well set back from the street and located in a tiny close. From there (Dorset Street) all trace of the killer is lost."

Elsewhere Cullen states, "He had studied the terrain as a general might study a situation map. For his life depended on his knowledge of the area."[1]

In "The Adventure of the Empty House" Watson commented, "Holmes's knowledge of the byways of London was extraordinary,"[9] and Holmes replied in "The Red-Headed League," "It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London."[10] If Sherlock Holmes knew London so well, then why not Watson? And in "The Man with the Twisted Lip" we find that Watson took a

cab to the very vicinity of the murders and gave a familiar description of the area.

All who study the case of Jack the Ripper believe that he had to have some sort of sanctuary near the scene of the murders to which he could quickly retreat to evade the police and to remove all trace of the crime. Dorset Street, where, incidentally, the fifth murder took place, is located only about a mile to the east of St. Bartholomew's Hospital (Bart's), the very hospital at which Watson had been a surgical resident and where he had first been introduced to Sherlock Holmes. In A Study in Scarlet he related, "...we turned down a narrow lane and passed through a small side door, which opened into a wing of the great hospital. It was familiar ground to me, and I needed no guiding as we ascended the bleak stone staircase and made our way down the corridor..."[12] It would be difficult to imagine a more ideal refuge for a murderer, who also happened to be a doctor, than a hospital, where blood on clothing, even if remarked, could be readily explained. And, no doubt, there was an infrequented niche, corner, or room where he might change into clothing previously left there.

Not only is Bart's conveniently near the East End, it is directly on the way to Baker Street. Baker Street, the British Museum, the hospital, and the East End fall into a general line west to east, three and a half miles long, not quite equidistant from each other. In "The Blue Carbuncle" we find Holmes and Watson walking to an inn on the east side of the Museum: "Our footfalls rang out crisply and loudly as we swung through the Doctors' Quarter, Wimpole Street, Harley Street and so through Wigmore Street into Oxford Street. In a quarter of an hour we were in Bloomsbury at the 'Alpha Inn,' which is a small public-house at the corner of one of the streets which runs down into Holborn."[13] It could not have been more than twenty-five minutes, then, from Baker Street to Bart's.

The description given by Joseph Lawende of the man seen talking with Catherine Eddowes was that "he was about thirty years old, five feet nine inches in height, with a small, fair moustache, dressed in something like navy serge, with a deerstalker's cap—that is, a cap with a peak fore and aft."[1] These details tally closely with those of a man seen talking with Elizabeth Stride twenty-five minutes before her body was discovered in Berner Street.

What do we know of Watson's description? In "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton" Lestrade said in describing the second of two Hampstead burglers, "He was a middle-sized, strongly built man—square jaw, thick neck, moustache..."

Holmes replied, "...Why it might be a description of Watson!"

"It's true," said the inspector with amusement, "It might be a description of Watson."[14] (Note also how the inspector's amusement lends further weight to our theory of the invisible killer.)

How old was Watson in 1888? In 1878 he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine, so we may conjecture that Watson was in his early to middle thirties in 1888. And is it an accident that we always picture Holmes in a deerstalker cap? Why not then Watson?

In a letter postmarked September 27, mailed to the Central News Agency, the Ripper stated, "the next job I do I shall clip the lady's ears off and send to the police officers, just for jolly, wouldn't you?"[1]

On September 30, Jack wrote a postcard; it was in the same handwriting as the original letter, postmarked before any news of the double slaying had come out, and was signed "Jack the Ripper." "I was not codding, dear old Boss, when I gave you the tip. You'll hear about Saucy Jack's work tomorrow. Double event this time. Number one squealed a bit. Couldn't finish straight off. Had not time to get ears for police. Thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again."[1]

Passing over most of the details of the terrible mutilation of Catherine Eddowes, which, if you'll recall, took place in the astonishing time of ten minutes, we are left with two that are pertinent to us. The first is that the lobe of the right ear had been cut obliquely through. And the second is that "the left kidney...had been deftly excised. Dr. Frederick Gordon Brown in his post-mortem was of the opinion that the killer had shown 'a good deal of knowledge as to the positions of the organs in the abdominal cavity and the way of removing them...in particular of the kidney, which is covered with a membrane and hence is easily overlooked.'"[1]

The missing organ duly arrived in a cardboard box sent to Mr. George Lusk, Chairman of the Whitechapel Vigilence Committee. The box contained a portion of a kidney which had been placed in spirits within a few hours of its removal, and a note. The note began, "From hell, Mr. Lusk, sir..." and ended, "Catch me when you can, Mr. Lusk."[1]

Why didn't the killer take an ear as he had threatened to do? An ear would certainly have been easier to obtain than would a kidney. Among the dozen and half "Writings of Mr. Sherlock Holmes" as compiled by Mr. Baring-Gould and found in Appendix II of his book, there is one entitled "On the Variability of Human Ears." This monograph in itself is extremely interesting but even more so when we notice the date of publication—The Anthropological Journal of September and October, 1888.[2]

Consequently, I believe the ear incident to have been a deliberate flaunting of Sherlock Holmes, but that Watson decided at the last minute not to fully carry out his plan. We know

that Watson was occasionally annoyed with Holmes, relegating his powers to nothing more than the products of an inflated ego. Watson had even gone so far as to test Holmes, and we find in The Sign of the Four, "Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary,...I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."[3]

Could the entire Ripper affair have been but one more test, albeit that of a madman? And if that is true, might the victims chosen have been those with little to live for or those the murderer thought well rid of anyway? As no attempt was made to hide the bodies or to throw them into the Thames, he obviously sought to make the murders as public as possible —perhaps as a starting point for Holmes.

After sending the note and parcel to Mr. Lusk, the killer wrote a note to Major Smith, "Old Boss, have you see the devle with his mikerscope and scapul a-looking at a kidney with a slide cocked up?"[1]

Despite the device of misspelled words, this note was clearly written by an educated man trying to appear ignorant. There are technical terms here that would be beyond someone without some education, and furthermore, a scientific, if not a medical one, at that. The average person might know something about a microscope, but hardly that one normally mounts objects on a slide for examination, or that a scalpel might be used as a microtome to slice off sections of kidney to place upon that slide.

Mr. Cullen, incidentally, competely overlooks this aspect of the note, commenting instead on the similarity of handwriting with previous notes.

A second of Holmes' monographs, found in Appendix II, is concerned with handwriting. Experts have identified thirty-four communications to press and police as being in the handwriting of the Ripper. Did Watson try to conceal his handwriting, or did he brazenly use his own? How far did he go in throwing the murders in the face of Holmes? Watson knew that Holmes was an avid reader of the London dailies, so was this little quatrain addressed to him:

"I'm not a butcher, I'm not a Yid,
Nor yet a foreign skipper,
But I'm your own true, loving friend,
Yours truly—Jack the Ripper."

Mr. Baring-Gould places "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box" in August 1889, a year after these events began. As Holmes examined the ears lying on a board across his knees, he commented, "...Carbolic or rectified spirits would be the preservatives which would suggest themselves to the midical mind, certainly not rough salt."

Watson: "A vague thrill ran through me as I listened to my companion's words and saw the stern gravity which had hardened his features. This brutal preliminary seemed to shadow forth some strange and inexplicable horror in the background."[5]

Was Watson so forcefully reminded of similar events that took place scarcely a year before? Here indded is the one sentence of all that shows us Watson's schizophrenia! What a singular choice of words to use in describing a thrill. What kind of a word is "vague?" "A vague thrill ran through me"—some indefinable, indefinite something, a reminder, "some strange and inexplicable horror in the background." What background? In the background of Watson's mind. Watson did not consciously remember those events of a year before; they had receded into his subconscious, but there were there nonetheless, buried perhaps, but subject to some recall on occasion. At one point Watson described Holmes thusly, "In his singular character, the dual nature alternately asserted itself..."[10] Did Watson describe himself as well?

But the thrill might have been even more explicit since Catherine Eddowes' kidney had been placed in spirits, "the preservative which would suggest itself to the medical mind," as Holmes pointed out. Was Watson gripped with the fear of discovery? How much did Holmes know?

Then Lestrade posed an interesting question. "Why on earth, then, should any criminal send her the proofs of his guilt, especially as, unless she is a most consummate actress, she understands quite as little of the matter as we do?"[5]

Why did Watson send Lusk the proofs of his guilt? Was his package purposely misdirected, as this package was accidentally misdirected? Was the package really meant for Holmes? "Catch me when you can, Mr. Lusk." Holmes was a consummate actor; had he known all along? Or could it be that "...where he failed it happened too often that no one else succeeded and that the tale was left forever without a conclusion."[15]

And if Holmes did know, why might he have kept Watson's secret, other than the great affection between the two? In The Hound of the Baskervilles Holmes said, "I confess, my dear fellow, that I am very much in your debt."[8] Then again, "I would be lost without my Boswell." Was this another case in which Holmes acted outside the law? As Watson had helped Holmes get over his cocaine habit, perhaps so, too, did Holmes help Watson overcome his lapse into schizophrenia.

"Should you care to add the case to your annals, my dear Watson, it can only be as an example of that temporary eclipse to which even the best-balanced mind may be exposed. Such slips are common to all mortals, and greatest is he who can recognize and repair them."[16]

NOTES

1. Cullen, Tom A., When London Walked in Terror; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1965.
2. Baring-Gould, William S., Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street; New York: Bramhall House, 1962.
3. The Sign of the Four.
4. The Valley of Fear.
5. "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box"
6. Encyclopedia Britannica, Eleventh Edition.
7. "The Adventure of the Speckled Band"
8. The Hound of the Baskervilles.
9. "The Adventure of the Empty House"
10. "The Red-Headed League"
11. "The Man with the Twisted Lip"
12. A Study in Scarlet.
13. "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle"
14. "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton"
15. "The Yellow Face"
16. "The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax"

* Jack the Ripper is certainly responsible for five murders occurring from August 31 to November 9, 1888. Although some crime experts attribute Emma Elizabeth Smith, April 3, 1888, and Martha Tabrum, August 7, to the Ripper, many do not. The former was beaten with blunt instruments by a gang of three men, and the latter was stabbed thirty-nine times in a hallway. Those murders do not follow the Ripper's own peculiar modus operandi which consisted of slitting the throats of the victims before they could cry out, then, at the least, disemboweling them, with further refinements as time permitted.

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RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS

The Black Rose Murder by Paul McGuire. Brentano's, 1932; Skeffington, 1931, as Murder in Bostall

Jacob Modstone runs a detective agency in London, and employs his reliable nephew Edward Steyn for cases requiring intelligence and discretion.

Modstone is approached by the ambitious Lord Barbary, who suspects that his wife is carrying on with a certain member of Parliament, and wants this situation investigated and resolved.

Modstone assigns Steyn to the case, and after a decent interval of time has passed asks Steyn for a report. Steyn replies that his investigation is almost complete, but "something big" has been uncovered and requests a few more days before finalizing his report.

Time passes and Steyn disappears. His body is soon discovered in Bostall Wood. His head has been bashed in, all his identification has been removed, and a black rose is in his buttonhole.

The narrative proper now begins with Detective-Inspector Cummings investigating this crime. He is aided by veteran Sergeant Wittler, who does not stand in awe of his superior officer. The Sergeant will turn up again in Murder in Haste (1934), promoted to Inspector—no doubt for his efforts in this case.

A lucky coincidence reveals the identity of the dead man immediately, and the police continue to apply their routine methods to find the murderer.

Modstone is approached by the police and gives them what information he can, but withholds a few vital details and launches an investigation of his own. His efforts hinder the police, but he is hesitant to reveal his discoveries because they cast grave doubt on his dead nephew's integrity.

Modstone finally decides that his nephew is blameless—in spite of the evidence—and joins forces with the police. Together, they are able to bring this case to a satisfactory conclusion.

In this early effort the author of the classic A Funeral in Eden (1938) has written a readable and stadily absorbing murder mystery, peopled it with interesting and believable characters—especially notable is his intelligent and sympathetic portrait of supporting sleuth Modstone, who is definitely not Church of England—and kept his narrative moving forward at an acceptable pace.

Unfortunately, this is not an example of the fair play school, and Monsignor Knox and S. S. Van Dine might have had some strong objections to McGuire's choice of criminal, who is revealed to the reader in a dramatic and striking climax.

—Charles Shibuk

Double in Trouble by Richard S. Prather and Stephen Marlowe. Fawcett Gold Medal, 1959.

When Double in Trouble appeared in 1959, Richard S. Prather had written sixteen Shell Scott novels, and Stephen Marlowe had presented us with eight Chester Drum adventures. Both series were very popular.

While I am not a fan of Prather or Marlowe, Double in Trouble is definitely on my ten all-time favorites list. It should be read by all serious students of the genre, because it is probably the finest example of collaboration among writers in the field.

Both authors have their detectives narrate first person in their regular series, and use the same format here. Prather and Marlowe wrote alternate chapters. Both detectives are working cases concerning the same large labor union, Scott in California and Drum in Washington D.C. During the course of the dual, but not separate, investigations, each detective begins to suspect the other of being one of the bad boys. The plot switches back and forth in a manner to put Ross Macdonald to shame.

The exciting climax has Scott and Drum squared off in a bone crushing fight. Here the narrative switches almost on a paragraph basis. One detective tells of throwing a punch, the other how it feels to receive it.

Fawcett has always led the field in paperback original series. This is their best effort. Both writers are in top form. The book has been reprinted several times. It can be found on most used paperback book shelves. Get it. It is one of the few modern classics.

—John Vining

Fall of a Sparrow by Val Gielgud. Collins, 1949; Morrow, 1950, as The Stalking Horse.

Antony Havilland has just left his tedious job in the Ministry of Information at war's end and is in a mood to celebrate. A chance meeting with a Polish friend results in an invitation to a party and a meeting with as odd a group of characters as ever stepped out of the pages of The Maltese Falcon.

They propose that Havilland undertake a mission to find a man believed dead but rumored to be hiding in Poland. Havilland is no stranger to international intrigue and accepts the mission because it is unofficially sanctioned by the British general who is his godfather.

After three tense murders, Havilland journeys to Berlin and Poland as he finds some evidence that his quarry, the number one Nazi, could have escaped the final holocaust of World War Two.

However, a sudden trip to Zurich results in a complete reversal of plot as Havilland finds himself deeply involved in the Palestinian refugee problem.

Val Gielgud (whose brother John achieved greater fame in the theatre) has spent much of his life as a high-ranking official of the B.B.C., and most of the past 40 years turning out crime fiction at a slow but steady pace.

He has several series characters and writes mainly (but not exclusively) in the classic vein, but his books do not tend to resemble each other in the half dozen entries that I've sampled.

In this novel, which is an unexpected one to come from Gielgud's pen, he seems to have written a tale of intrigue that anticipates many of the themes used fourteen years later by John Le Carre in The Spy Who Came In From the Cold.

Here we find the deviousness, the twisted motives, the false appearances, the double dealing and triple crosses, and the shock ending—all set against the bleak background of a post-war Europe steeped in disillusionment and dispair.

Gielgud is not a major talent, but he is an always interesting and highly literate writer who is able to involve the reader in the fabric of his narratives. His work can, I think, be read with a great deal of pleasure and profit. ——Charles Shibuk

The Vanishing Celebrities or The Room in the West Tower by Adrian Alington. London and Paris: The Albatross Ltd. 1947. 209pp. Volume 5364 in The Modern Continental Library.

This is a limp but nonetheless (somewhat) pleasing parody of the polite-English-country-house-party mystery, with its dulled and amiable barbs aimed pretty directly at Dame Agatha C. While it is only intermittently amusing (its humor being of the broad sort seen to best advantage in the British series of "Carry On" films—though without a heavy dose of double entendre), it certainly holds an element of delight for both the fan of the genre and for any cynically affectionate Angliophile.

Its most immediate point of inspiration might well have been the Christie short story "The Shadow on the Glass" (a Harley Quin tale) since, like the earlier story, Celebrities includes both a weekend-hopping, elderly gent snob (Christie's Mr. Satterthwaite transformed into one Mr. Titterways) and an intrepid big-game hunter (in the Alington, called "Trackless" Butterworth). However, the combinations and permutations of the Christie stereotypes are well known (and practically endless though the actual ranks are few), and, shouldering among the vast population of the English detective novel, one sees that the stock characters lend themselves to almost every author. Crude Hollywood magnates. Callow pop crooners. Clean-limbed specimens of English girlhood. Languid society women who collect social lions and toy Pekinese.

Suffice to say, the plot concerns a houseparty at Spindlesby Castle and the peeved and ultimately mischievous aggravation that the sixteenth Duke (a man who is most devoted to his vegetable marrows and his crossword puzzles) feels toward the guests his elegant young Duchess insists on inflicting upon him. From a 'haunted' room in the West Tower disappear, in short order: a strident female M.P.; "Trackless" Butterworth and his feckless actress wife' the mystery writer Carlotta Trott (a Sayers figure; her sleuth is Sir Cecil Sweetlip, Bart., who has each of the more maligned, teeth-grating Wimsey traits and none of the attractive ones); and, finally, "Steady as a Rock" Posse, one of the Yard's "Big Six" who has come to investigate the Spindlesby spectre. All England is naturally aflutter with the news; the public eye is glued to Spindlesby with jolly ghoulishness. Even Fay Peabody (the Christie figure, with little resemblance herself to Ariadne Oliver) determines to sneak in and see if, by impersonating her sleuth Monsieur Joujoupou, she can solve the puzzle of "the vanishing celebrities." The startling denouement reveals....ah, but see for yourself.

Other parodied references include: The Detection Club (called The Corpse Club), Fu Manchu (Sun Lit Foo), Ellery Queen (Sheldrake King), and Nero Wolfe (Dreary Stance). Indirect stylistic allusions are to: the Coles, Michael Innes, John Dickson Carr, Ngaio Marsh, and others. Even Shakespeare gets his nod, as the book begins and ends with family ghosts discussing events on the castle terrace.

——Michele B. Slung

The Imperfect Crime by Bruce Graeme. Hutchinson, 1932; Lippincott, 1933.

The very British Superintendent William Stevens of the C.I.D. is sent to Paris in order to extradite a wanted felon. He is met by his friend Inspector Pierre Allain, and soon discovers that he is acting as an intelligent and helpful "Watson" for Allain, who is involved in a murder case.

It seems that a prosperous farmer has found his dead wife in her bend, and her wounded lover near by. Neither of them was exactly dressed for dinner. Murder and attempted suicide, think the police, and arrest the man.

As the trial approaches Allain continues to gather evidence, but is not quite satisfied with the official view—especially when the farmer (who could possibly have been guilty) is found dead in a trunk. Allain soon discovers that one obvious suspect wore a disguise, and added insult to injury by impersonating him.

The jury's verdict does not stop Allain's investigation, but his superiors soon tell him that the case has been officially closed. Obviously political influence at the highest level has intervened, and Allain must not continue under any circumstances or he will be dismissed from the service.

The fiery Allain—noted for his prowess in detection as well as love—is unwilling to accept this judgment and continues his inquiry. Love clashes with honor and duty as Allain

follows a tangled web of evidence to reveal a clever killer whose attempt at the perfect crime is marred by a simple slip of the tongue.

This is a lightly textured and smoothly written detective novel that is firmly plotted and very deceptively clued. The identity of the murderer is a neat variation on the least-likely suspect gambit, and the unusual and shocking ending should have been enough to make Superintendent Stevens and a startled reader shout, "But such things just aren't done!"

—Charles Shibuk

Murder in the Moor by Thomas Kindon. Dutton, 1929.

A forgotten detective novel in the classic tradition, Murder in the Moor is still very readable, and in spite of its length contains a sense of a forward-movement towards an inevitable, exciting climax.

The tale consists of a few unusual features, including two maps on the front and end pages that are an integral part of the detection process, and a canon shell as a murder weapon. The atmosphere of foggy moors is well captured.

The Scotland Yard investigator who solves the case is Pithecanthropus ("Ape-Man") Smith, one of the ugliest sleuths in detective literature. There is an interesting love-hate relationship between him and his superior officer. The character of the villain is also well drawn, with interesting psychological overtones, and the motive of the crime is unusual.

In short, Murder in the Moor boasts a number of fascinating ingredients worthy of attention.

—Amnon Kabatchnik

House of Darkness by Allan MacKinnon. Collins, 1947; Doubleday, 1947.

Mr. MacKinnon betrays his wide familiarity with such thriller writers as Buchan, Ambler, and Household by using several of their devices in his second novel, House of Darkness. Readers will also find many of the standard thriller ingredients and cliches here, but there is a good deal more than just lazy borrowing to recommend this novel as a superior example of its genre.

It is all made fresh and vivid, and is well-written in such smoothly flowing prose that you will be compelled to follow the author's protagonist, Colin Ogilvie, to the climax of his many problems and dangers.

An ex-army friend meets Ogilvie in Cairo and asks him to deliver an important (but meaningless to Ogilvie) message to a highly placed Home Office official, Sir Alan Drexter. Ogilvie leaves for London, and his friend is promptly murdered.

Ogilvie attempts to contact Sir Alan but learns that he is away on vacation and completely unavailable. Sir Alan's second-in-command, Colonel Stanley (who is also the father of the pretty heroine), is located, but is kidnapped to Scotland before contact can be made. The police are notified, but even the famed Scotland Yard is powerless to render aid at this point.

Ogilvie dashes off to scenic Scotland and locates the Colonel in a dark old castle in Morvern. He is able to deliver his message, but before he can free the Colonel a murder is committed, and the villains pin it on Ogilvie.

Ogilvie is involved in a situation that is both complex and dangerous, and he resembles an Ambler-type hero—but is infinitely more resourceful. He escapes from the police, and a long Householdesque chase (with many interesting topographical details) ensues.

He finally makes his way back to London, but an unforeseen development places two lives in danger.

A second unforeseen development sees Chief Inspector MacCallum of Scotland Yard intervene and then turn this thriller into a fair play detective story by [illegible] a string of deductions that expose a murderer and extricate our hero from fatal danger—but not from the heroine's matrimonial designs.

—Charles Shibuk

You Shall Know Them by Vercors (pseudonym of Jean Marcel Bruller). Boston: Little, Brown, 1953. Translated from the French by Rita Barisse. Also published by Pocket Books under the title The Murder of the Missing Link (1955).

At first this provocative tour de force seems to be a straightforward [illegible] crime story. But the [illegible] straightforwardness [illegible] extremely short-lived [illegible] the reader [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "[illegible]" are simple [illegible] What is a human being? or rather what is man?, and [illegible] In order to "win" his point, the noble Douglas intends to lose, to be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The background [illegible] Douglas Templeton [illegible] [illegible] expedition during the course of which a living [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] discovered, an anthropoid group that might possibly be the missing link. In the interests of scientific classification, Douglas agrees to "donate" himself to a program of artificial insemination; if it works—if crossbreeding occurs—it will be the first step in [illegible] the tropis labelled men, not "apes", a state of affairs necessary to prevent their exploitation by seekers of cheap labor. A legal pronouncement (hence the need for a "murder" and a trial) of the tropis as men is the next step.

While not exactly a mystery novel (except for the perennial philosophical "mysteries"), You Shall Know Them does use the form to create a contemporary fable. (The paperback edition, it must be said, with its more obvious title, has quite a standard lurid cover.) It brings to mind John Collier's marvelous classic, "His Monkey Wife", and Peter Dickinson's recent The Poison Oracle. It also makes one think of Wilde and Saki, Orwell and Huxley, and also of Marcel Carne's very Gallic film spoof of Englishness and the English mystery, Bizarre, Bizarre.

As Bruller, the author wrote and illustrated a wicked and enchanting non-book called 21 Delightful Ways of Committing Suicide (1930).

——Michele B. Slung

The Thin Line by Edward Atiyah. Davies, 1952; Harper, 1951; Avon, 1957, as Murder, My Love.

Peter Mason is gainfully employed as a partner in the Consolidated News Service, lives in a comfortable suburban home within commuting distance of London, and has a loving wife and three fine children.

All this is shattered as the narrative proper begins because Mason has inadvertently killed his mistress (who happens to be his best friend's wife) while indulging in sadomasochistic fun and games.

The police investigation seems perfunctory, and barely touches Mason. It eventually peters out as Mason attempts to resume the tranquility of his former existence.

The voice of Mason's conscience asserts itself in no uncertain fashion, and the tortured protagonist is forced to tell his wife about his affair, and then the murder. Mrs. Mason takes it all in stride and forgives her husband.

Further inner rumblings force Mason to confess his guilt to the victim's husband. He forgives Mason and begs him to say no more for the good of all the parties concerned.

The unhappy Mason declines as the agony of his self-inflicted torture makes him resolve to confess all to the police—in spite of his wife and friend's opposition—and face certain disgrace, punishment, and unhappiness for all.

This little-known crime novel is overwritten, moves too slowly for its own good, and contains too much unnecessary repetition. It does have occasional glints of skill and power that tend to make it all worthwhile.

Atiyah's tale is written in an inverted style that might have found its inspiration in the work of R. Austin Freeman, and has an original twist at its climax that will more than justify the author's chosen method of narration.

——Charles Shibuk

REVIEWS OF CURRENT MATERIAL

The Dreadful Lemon Sky by John D. MacDonald. Lippincott, $6.95.

Four o'clock in the morning in Ft. Lauderdale. Travis McGee is sleeping on his houseboat, "The Busted Flush," which he won in a poker game some ten years ago. A friend he hasn't seen for six years gives McGee $94,000 to hold for her. Two weeks later, the same night her apartment is ransacked, the friend dies in a traffic accident. Before McGee can find out why she died or where her money came from, other deaths occur. And a near-death: an exploding bomb aboard the "Flush" knocks McGee unconscious for five days and hospitalizes him with concussion and skull lacerations.

McGee still likes to fight and will beat up witnesses to get them to talk. Yet it is clear straightaway that he has also mellowed a good deal from his previous cases. Though he gets his usual big helping of sex, he treats women more tenderly than before. With men, too, including the law, he is usually gentle, patient, and compassionate. He apologizes for his mistakes. He even dabbles in moral philosopy: "A fellow. . .once said that anything you feel good after is moral. But that implies that the deed is unchanging and the doer is unchanging. What you feel good after one time, you feel rotten after the next... And morality shouldn't be experimental."

McGee's change in personality and values stems largely from the way he is used. No roaring avenger, he has become a methodical sleuth. Honest leg-work leads him to the homes and offices of witnesses, where he checks stories, examines evidence, and follows up leads. Much of the book involves the nuts and bolts of detection: Why did Carrie Milligan get out of her car on the passenger's side the night she was killed? Why did her gas gauge read empty when she had her tank filled the day before at a local service station? McGee's search for answers carries the investigation into local politics and marijuana-smuggling. The forward drive and inclusiveness of The Dreadful Lemon Sky will hold your attention.

And so will the expertise of author MacDonald, who keeps his plot loose enough to include pocket treatises on the environment, the funeral trade, and social change in Florida—the effect of new industrial parks, housing developments, and population growth upon the tempo of life. Prevalent, too, is a fascination with violence. McGee, who knows the technical term for shock from insect bites (see p. 210), tells a witness before smashing the nerves in his neck: "We have a specialist... His nickname is Sixteen Weeks. He's very bright about guessing just how much punishment a given person can endure and still recover. He can guarantee you sixteen weeks in the hospital."

Sadistic? The Travis McGees have always featured cruelty; nobody can deny the bloodiness of MacDonald's imagination. Thus forewarned, you can exult in his sharp visual sense, bright agile sentences, and knack for reproducing speech which prints characters on your mind in a few lines of dialogue. Mixing violence and good manners, he has, in Sky, written an

entertaining shocker.

—Peter Wolfe (who will offer a course in detective fiction this fall at the University of Missouri-St. Louis, and is finishing a book on crime novelist Ross Macdonald)

Basil of Baker Street by Eve Titus. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill, 1958.

Dedicated to Adrian M. Conan Doyle, this short novel is the first of a series of detective stories starring Basil. In this highly amusing narrative Basil solves the mystery of the missing twins while at the same time thwarting a master criminal plan by capturing The Terrible Three.

It would be a mistake to assume from the title that the work is just another parody of Sherlock Holmes. Basil lives near Holmes (the story takes place in London, 1888), admires him tremendously, and attempts to emulate the great detective by deliberately dressing, acting, and even talking like Holmes. However, the author does not allow her character to slavishly imitate Holmes. Though many parallels exist (for example, Basil is a master of disguise and an expert deducer) Basil's obvious attempts are not always successful, as witnessed by his terrible violin playing, which he wisely abandons.

Titus has captured the flavor and atmosphere of Doyle without becoming either obvious or obsequious. There is a fine balance of humor and suspense, punctuated by wry dialogue and believable detection. And while the real Holmes does appear occasionally, his appearance is unobtrusive and well integrated into the plot.

Basil's characterization is not as complex as Holmes, but neither is it stereotyped. Titus has managed to effect the proper blend of ingenuous humility and modulated arrogance that often characterizes Holmes. A little too much of the plot is given away, but the author does manage to maintain suspense throughout the tale.

Holmesians might be interested in knowing that the second book in the series, Basil and the Lost Colony (McGraw-Hill, 1964), includes a letter to the author from Adrian M. Conan Doyle. The engaging and sensitive black and white wash illustrations make this a book for everybody, or as Adrian Doyle states, for "everybody who has a touch of youth still left in their hearts."

—Donald J. Pattow

The Conjurers by Marilyn Harris. 305 pp. New York: Random House, 1974. $6.95. The Twelve Maidens: A Novel of Witchcraft by Stewart Farrar. 213 pp. New York: Bantam Books, 1975. $1.50.

Those who enjoy books combining mystery with the occult, especially with witchcraft, will be drawn to The Conjurers and to The Twelve Maidens. The first is by Marilyn Harris, an American novelist who is writer-in-residence at Central State University, Edmond, Oklahoma; the other by Stewart Farrar, an English journalist (who, like Miss Harris, has a strong academic background) who is also the High Priest of his own coven of White Witches.

Both novels are similar in theme: both are concerned with the unleashing of ancient powers of evil in modern England. In both novels the evil is connected with ancient megalithic circles: in the first it is summoned out of the depths by villagers, concerned at an invasion of their lair by assorted hippies, including an American, Tom Brude, who has visions of Madame Blavatsky; in the second it is called forth by a coven of black witches. In The Conjurers we visit a village called Domeshaven, close to Avebury and Stonehenge in Wiltshire; in Maidens we visit Bewlay, in Devonshire (ah, the immortal Hound!). Though both writers are obviously deeply read, and in the case of Mr. Farrar, practised, in the occult, neither is really successful. Miss Harris uses themes and incidents that smack very much of some of H. P. Lovecraft's work, while Mr. Farrar is strongly reminiscent in his choice of material of Mr. Dennis Wheatley. Further, Miss Harris has failed to catch the atmosphere of Britain (as a Briton I question the election of village constables and the choice of names like "Arthur Attic", "Madrigan Estes," and "Easter Mulraven" (to say nothing of a "Mrs. Cawdor"—perhaps a refugee from Dunsinane?) in an English village. Mr. Farrar is too entranced with his white witches—providentially a center run by civilian scientists and the British Army has two white witches and an expert on ESP who is the close friend of two other white witches on its research staff of about forty persons, whose security team includes a black witch queen. MI5 (or is it MI6?) is getting a bit lax.

However, both books have their moments of satisfactory ghastliness, though the tender-stomached may find The Conjurers a bit much at times. Neither was "extraordinary and terrifying"—as the dust jacket of The Conjurers claims—to this reader at any rate. But perhaps he has read too many stories by H. P. Lovecraft and Dennis Wheatley, who is surely now the reigning master in this genre.

—[illegible] J. Kennedy

A Three Pipe Problem by Julian Symons. Harper & [illegible]

When someone who has said as many unkind words about Sherlock Holmes as Julian Symons picks up pen to write a Sherlock Holmes novel, it is [illegible] ated glee. The time has come. In his critical study Mortal Consequences Mr. Symons decried the practice of "emphasizing and enlarging the myth of Holmes" at the expense of Conan Doyle. Now he has done it himself with no noticeable compunction. His character Sheridan Haynes is an actor who lives in Baker Street in a replica of 221B and who plays the role of Sherlock Holmes—faithfully, lovingly, more than a little obsessively—in a British television series. With a bitter dislike for the twentieth century and a determination to prove the worth of his own Sherlockian values, Haynes plunges into a personal investigation of a series of baffling London murders,

to the disbelief, amusement, and then the growing consternation of his wife, his producer, Scotland Yard—and several sordid gangs of thugs and crooks as well.

Reading this book, it is difficult to resist the sneaking suspicion that Mr. Symons jumped aboard the current Sherlock Holmes bandwagon for the money; and one wonders whether he may not have read R. R. Irvine's story "Another Case of Identity" in the February 1974 issue of Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. At any rate, his new novel, his seventeenth, is a pleasant addition to the kind of parody landmarked in the past by Anthony Boucher's The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars and Arthur Lewis' Copper Beeches. The story is an improbable one, and it shows signs of being written hastily, but it is entertaining nonetheless. The book's unhappy view of modern England's social and economic problems is interestingly juxtaposed against Sheridan Haynes' sentimental and nostalgic, if scarcely accurate, image of gas-lit Victorian London. Haynes himself is an attractive character, a bit stiffly vulnerable on his own, but likably conjuring up enough of the Holmesian charisma to carry it all off in the end ... Except, as Haynes obligingly concludes, there probably is no end to it: Sherlock Holmes might go on forever.

—Jon L. Lellenberg, BSI

The Films of Boris Karloff by Richard Bojarski and Kenneth Beals. 287 pp. Profusely illustrated, includes Table of Contents, Biography, "Boris Karloff on Television." Secaucus. N.J.: The Citadel Press [A Division of Lyle Stuart Inc.], 1974. $12.00.

Is there room for yet another book about Boris Karloff and his films? Yes, if the book is that under present review. This work offers a complete Filmography, with cast lists, quotations from criticisms and copious illustrations of the late beloved artist's work, from His Majesty the American (1919) to The Snake People (1971) and also a well-illustrated supplement dealing with Karloff's work for television.

The biographical section is slender—but there are other good biographies, and this book is, after all, primarily about Karloff's films. This reviewer especially cherished a photograph of the actor, with toy horse, at the age of three and a half (p.11).

As a memento of, and a tribute to, one of the greatest (if not the very greatest) actors to appear in horror movies, The Films of Boris Karloff deserves a place on every movie-goer's shelf and in every movie-lover's heart.

—Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Ellery Queen. NBC-TV, 3/23/75, 2 hrs. Directed by David Greene. Produced and written by Richard Levinson and William Link. Based on The Fourth Side of the Triangle by Ellery Queen (Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee). With Jim Hutton (Ellery Queen), David Wayne (Inspector Richard Queen), Ray Milland (Carson McKell), Kim Hunter (Marion McKell), Monte Markham (Tom McKell), John Hillerman (Simon Brimmer), Gail Strickland (Gail Stevens), Tom Reese (Sergeant Velie), Tim O'Connor (Ben Waterson), Vic Mohica (Ramon).

The Queen pilot before this one, starring Peter Lawford and Harry Morgan as Ellery and Richard Queen, attempted to transplant Queen's 1949 masterpiece Cat of Many Tails to the early Seventies, for no good reason and with indifferent results. In this new two-hour telemovie and potential [potential now realized: Ellery Queen will be on NBC-TV in the fall—AJH] series pilot, Queen's interesting but flawed 1965 novel The Fourth Side of the Triangle is unaccountably backdated to the late Forties; but except for the presentation of Ellery himself it's a reasonably faithful version of the book, certainly the most accurate film rendition of any Queen story to date.

The producer-writer team of Richard Levinson and William Link made their mystery-writing debut in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine when they were twenty years old ("Whistle While You Work," EQMM 11/54). Since then they have enjoyed fantastic success as TV scriptwriters, culminating in their creation of that prince among stumblebum sleuths, Lt. Columbo. In the first episode of that immensely popular series ("Murder by the Book," Columbo, 9/15/71), a world-famous mystery writer murdered his collaborator in perfect-crime fashion, only to be detected by the shambling lieutenant. It was no secret to the viewing audience's Queen fans that the murderer and victim were based on Fred Dannay and Manny Lee (although the series detective created by these characters within the teleplay was clearly modeled on Agatha Christie's Miss Marple!). Now Levinson and Link have paid a more direct tribute to the author who started them on their literary career, and on the while they've done an admirable job, preserving intact and even in some ways improving on the structure of The Fourth Side of the Triangle. Fashion designer Monica Grey is murdered in her penthouse, pulling out the plug of her TV set and clock as a cryptic dying message (an element that wasn't in Queen's novel). Chief suspects are her Thursday evening lover, financier Carson McKell, and McKell's jealous wife and hot-tempered son, each of whom in turn is charged with and then cleared of the murder. Ellery uses a series of anagram clues to uncover a fourth theory and then—after issuing the standard Queenian challenge to the viewer—turns the dying message into the keystone of a fifth and final solution.

The only problem is that it's not the Ellery we know and love who does all this, but a nearsighted young stumblebum, forever misplacing his glasses and bumping into people and objects like Mr. Magoo. Jim Hutton plays EQ as if he were Elliott Gould imitating Peter Falk playing Columbo—and it's precisely as a diffident Columboesque sloucher that Levinson and Link seem to have conceived the role. It would have been closer to the original conception of Ellery to play him as a dormant volcano of nervous energy and intellectual excitement, a concept better suited to the acting talent of Monte Markham than to the pleasantly vacuous Jim Hutton.

David Greene's direction is reasonably competent—although the abundance of tight shots is a constant reminder of the skimpiness of the Forties decor—and the performances other than Hutton's leave nothing to be desired. This is all in all the most satisfactory Queen-based film extant and a well-crafted tribute to Ellery's cousinly creators.

——Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

Children of the Night by Richard Lortz. 160 pp. New York: Dell Books, 1974. $1.25.

At the risk of founding a new school of criticism, the Nauseated, this reviewer will comment on Children of the Night, described on its cover as "A Novel of Unspeakable Horror." Unfortunately, it was not also unwriteable!

Apparently inspired partly by the true and disgusting story of the 16th Century Scots cannibal family headed by Sawney Bean, and partly by stories of feral children in India, Mr. Lortz has imagined cannibal children in Central Park today. Unfortunately for those who read it, Mr. Lortz's work is more nauseating than horrid in the old-fashioned sense (oh for the days when Things too horrible to describe in detail fled down the cellar stairs!) because cannibalism, incest, assorted rapes and sexual perversions are described in detail. Further, there is no real explanation of why these five particular Puerto Rican children turn cannibal: their siblings, living in equally frightful surroundings, do not. Lest I should make Mr. Lortz seem prejudiced against any one ethnic group, let me hasten to say that the victims are selected with complete lack of prejudice: they include male, female, WASP, Jew, Puerto Rican, Negro, young, old, middle-aged, hetero- and homosexual, honest and criminal—but no orientals. I wonder why? Perhaps Mr. Lortz thinks they are too smart to wander in Central Park by night: we are not told. Also, in spite of his ability to describe all-too-vividly the horrors of the decayed slums of New York and their repulsive denizens, human and rodent, Mr. Lortz's notion of construction is poor: he reveals his secret in the first episode of the novel, thus robbing it of suspense. To all those attracted by the title, with its resonances of the immortal Lugosi in the 1931 Dracula, I would say choose rather the novel of the same title by John Blackburn (New York: Berkely-Medallion, 1970; 60¢)—you'-l enjoy that!

——Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Basil Rathbone: His Life and His Films by Michael B. Druxman. A. S. Barnes and Company, 1975; 359pp., $10.00.

Basil Rathbone's portrayal of Sherlock Holmes in fifteen motion pictures (not to mention stage, radio, and television appearances) is easily the most popular conception of the great detective in the United States. Much has been written about Rathbone as Holmes in the past, of course, and this book adds nothing in particular to our knowledge. But it does present about sixty stills of the Rathbone Sherlock, most refreshingly unfamiliar, some strikingly good. And it puts the Holmes films in the broader context of Rathbone's wideranging work, sketching out a sympathetic history of "not a great actor, but a very good one" in about one hundred pages of biography and two hundred fifty of chronologically-arranged film profiles. In fact, Rathbone often tended to overact, but he was usually interesting enough to be quite enjoyable nonetheless and get away with it. Sometimes he was splendid. This book never rises to the same level, but it does give us much more of the whole Rathbone than we have had before; and Basil would have approved of that.

——Jon L. Lellenberg, BSI

Short notes on more of the current crop....

There have been superhero spy stories, pioneered by Ian Fleming and perpetuated ad nauseum by a host of imitators; there have been antihero or parody reactions to these such as the Boysie Oakes tales; and there have been the more "realistic" novels of John Le Carre and his brethren. But The Spy Who Sat and Waited by R. Wright Campbell (Putnam, $7.95) is notably different from any of these in its pervasive humanness and memorable poignance. Will Oerter is a very minor cog in the German espionage machinery in World War I. As the Allies pull the curtain down on that exercise ("the war to end all wars"), Oerter is sent to Scotland, to the Orkney Islands, where he becomes pub owner Will Hartz, a Swiss, to await Germany's need for his services in the anticipated war after the war to end all wars. So he sits and waits: becoming more established, feeling more at home, building strong and loyal friendships among the natives, losing his original identity, becoming a British citizen, a husband and father. But his "control" turns up occasionally to remind him of his obligations to Germany and its new leader, and he's asked to carry out some very minor assignments—till WWII looms and Will, with British wife and son to tie him to Germany's enemy, must make some awful decisions. All the while the Oerter/Hartz portrait is consistent; he's a quiet man, thrust into activities for which he has no natural bent or desire, heaped with burdens he does not want, and forced to make choices that come at last to rend his soul.

I've an impression that early Donald MacKenzie crime novels were a bit awkward in style, though authenic in background. However, his latest, The Spreewald Collection (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95) is certainly smooth enough, and, allowing for modest demands on my capacity for suspending disbelief, tells an entertaining caper story. Scott Hamilton, professional thief, spends three years in an English prison, his only visitor wealthy Jewish businessman Philip Kohn. On release, Koln invites Hamilton to team with a French private investigator and a girl to heist a priceless jade collection stolen from Koln's family in Nazi Germany from its present owner,

a German known as Baron Szily who lives in a well-defended fortress outside Lisbon and who talks chummily with Portuguese government officials. And who gets wind of what's coming, organizing his defenses including a very interesting Portuguese cop, Inspector Machado of the state intelligence organization. Things, not surprisingly, come unglued for Hamilton and cohorts, but the resolution is fresh and unexpected.

Just last issue I was remarking on the rarity of crime novels set in wealthy urban Protestant churches, and so, hot on the heels of the book in question there and as if to prove me wrong, comes another: Solemn High Murder by Barbara Ninde Byfield and Frank L. Tedeschi (Doubleday, $5.95). This time it's the Episcopalian Church of St. Jude the Martyr in New York, whose influential and respected and rising rector is bludgeoned to death in the church's Lady Chapel. Reverend Simon Bede, aide to the Archbishop of Canterbury, has come across the water to offer the rector an important new post, and finds himself thrown willy-nilly into the murder and the intrigues that plague St. Jude's. There is much here to enjoy: the portrayal of the various clergy (none of whom would appear particularly eligible for elevation to sainthood, considering their machinations and/or occasional espousal of the new, flexible "morality"), of the inroads of Pentacostalism, of the structure of the prestigious city church, and of the pressures that drive clergy and laity alike. And if the murder/detection aspect isn't all that brilliant it isn't a liability either.

William P. McGivern's Night of the Juggler (Putnam, $7.95) is one of those basically simple stories that, if well told—and this is—is absorbing reading. Someone—nicknamed the Juggler—annually abducts, sexually assaults, tortures, and murders a young girl in New York City; his fifth anniversary is coming up, and Detective Gypsy Tonnelli has mobilized his task force for the occasion. Hulking Gus Soltik is repressed, subnormal in intelligence, and he celebrates his mother's death each year with an act of butchery. Luther Boyd, expert in guerilla warfare, one-half of an unhappy and divided marriage, is father to eleven-year-old Kate. Result: collision course in nocturnal Central Park, where the night creatures come to prey. Juggler is professional storytelling, a wrenching tale with the necessary elements of careful characterization and intercharacter conflict.

Steve Shagan's City of Angels (Putnam, $6.95) is Los Angeles, in which there is little if anything angelic. What there is in this book is sex and violence, violence and sex, and much imagery of either or both. It's really a trip through the sewer, inhabited by politicians, entertainers, businessmen, deviates and perverts and policemen and housewives. Phil Gaines is one of those cops, and knows he's been in the sewer too long to avoid contamination. But he has some residue of higher impulse. Against his will he finds himself looking into the drug-overdose death (apparent suicide) of a teenage girl, a sewer dweller, whose father sets out on his own vendetta. This is tough, brutal storytelling, not to be read for pleasure, and leaving me with the occasional and disturbing impression that the author was enjoying the wallow.

Young Australian-born world traveler Stuart Buchan's first novel, Fleeced (Putnam, $6.95), shows some of the roughness of its status: while reasonably inventive in plot, some technical aspects swallow with difficulty and the denouement is a bit of a fizzle. Geologist J. J. Smith, about at the end of his tether, runs across a couple of Californians with more money than sense or morals. I know where we can mine millions in gold, he tells them, and we can smuggle it into Mexico and sell it at the world price rather than the depressed U.S. government price. And since the Californians can swallow better than I, they take the bait. The gold is removed from the placer claim in question, whose owner is an old salt worth meeting. Down to Mexico it goes, per arrangement, but—well, you remember the title of the book.

Scorpio by William Harrington (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $8.95) is a timely sort of novel and has several characterizations that are intriguing departures from stock. Tad Putnam is a lawyer, an unconfessed alcoholic, on temporary assignment as a detective on the Winfield Beach, Florida police force. Winfield is also home to Alpha Gemini, a computer firm which has just lost through theft the design of its latest super model. Prime suspect is the machine's chief designer, a liberated and beautiful female named Johnny Verona. The deeper Tad digs the seamier the mess becomes and the fewer friends he has—and the more he drinks. There aren't many astonishing developments in the plot, but has a gloomy credibility and a smoothness of narration that make for a good read.

A Lovable Man (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $6.95) by "David Fletcher" is a polished first novel with admirable avoidance of some of the normal structures and expectations of the usual mystery novel. Roger Kilby, coeditor of an unsuccessful London magazine and collaborator in an even less successful marriage, is the titular chap, and you will discover he's "lovable" in several senses, not all compatible. Roger, goaded by his spouse beyond even his limits of toleration, kills her and departs as planned to cover the opera at Edinburgh for his magazine. He has some vague and naive and ineffectual ideas about how he's going to get away with the crime, and stumbles into a lovelorn and vastly impressionable American girl in Edinburgh, to whom he blurts out unwise statements and who falls desperately in love with him. Another complication...added to the fact that his wife's body does not appear to have been discovered on schedule. But, for all his sins, Roger seems also to have a guardian angel (or should that read "demon"?) who loves him too...

In the past I've had some difficulty with Desmond Cory's prose—I seem to have to work

to get through it. Not the dialogue, that's all right; the heavy ruminative sections, those are more trouble. And Cory's latest, The Circe Complex (Doubleday, $6.95), reinforces my impression. The book has, on the credit side, a clever plot, with some wrinkles that are not likely to be anticipated by the reader, and the pace and nature of character revelation fit nicely with that plot. Tom Foreman, a hitherto blameless British insurance valuator, copped $1.000,000 in jewels, stashed them away, and then killed a copper in a dustup. He declined to say where he'd put the loot, and nobody could find it. They stuck him in quod for the rest of his natural, and sent in a psychiatrist, one Oliver Milton, to see if he could pry the right bricks loose from Foreman's mental fortifications. No dice; but then Foreman develops an inoperable brain tumor and Milton sees a fine opportunity to get Foreman off, private like, for a session of expert, chemically-assisted crossexamination. Foreman's sexy wife is in the act, too, as is an experienced jailbreaker, and also Milton's golfing buddy, who happens to be the cop on the case. This is only the beginning...

Jane Langton rests a long time between mysteries, from The Transcendental Murder (1964) to Dark Nantucket Moon (Harper & Row, $7.95), which also brings back ex-cop lawyer Homer Green. And the interval has been worth the waiting, for Moon is tense, moody, evocative, very well integrated with setting and theme. The opening is a trifle hard on the gullet, I'll admit: Kitty Clark, poet, goes to Nantucket Island to view a total eclipse of the sun, finds herself running wildly in the gathering darkness to the base of a lighthouse, where she is shortly discovered, bloodied, over the knifed corpse of the wife of the man who was her lover not long before. It gets worse: the woman was beautiful, worshipped as a goddess, descendent of an old island family, a benefactress and leader in the drive to keep the island unspoiled by industry and development. How an innocent moonstruck poet might get herself in such a fix may boggle the mind, but all goes well from here. Green, who's doing research on Moby Dick (and the book is festooned with Mobian allusions and quotations), takes Kitty's case in hand, and it seems hopeless. Who else but Kitty could physically have committed the crime? But patience (and a bit of detection) shed light... (Never mind that some good police lab work could probably have exonerated Kitty in short order.)

Richard Maxwell is a member of the Texas Bar; The Minus Man (Putnam, $6.95), a courtroom suspense tale set in Federal Court in that state, is his first novel, and it's a good one, if not quite up to the dust jacket comparison with Anatomy of a Murder. On relatively inexperienced lawyer Alan Logan's shoulders falls the court-assigned task of defending Joe Gehring from a murder charge when Logan's partner falls ill. Gehring killed a federal judge with a shotgun, or so it seems, and did so without any discernable motive whatever. Logan's struggle to understand his client, Logan's confrontation with the galloping ambition, political intrigues and pettiness and struggles to survive of the other members of the cast make a fine reading experience—as do the shocking finale and the harrowing glimpses into more than one human abyss.

Probably The Extortioners (Scribners, $5.95) is the last Chief Superintendent Roger West story John Creasey wrote; at most there's one more. And it's quite good in its rush of action, its rising sense of eruption and peril, its interpersonal touches (a Creasey specialty). But, alas, I don't yet see that the plot makes sense... West is just back from a vacation abroad when he's handed the curious matter of a pair of recent high-level suicides. Then he's visited, in confidence, by a leading anthropologist, who's under threat of blackmail—and who, very shortly, is viciously attacked by a couple of motorcyclists. Soon such attacks come often, with deadly intent, against everyone involved in the case, including West himself. And Roger, under uncommon pressure from his superiors, must find the thread that unravels.

Pay some heed to a recent British entrant with fine suspense/intrigue novels to his credit: Anthony Price. His standard is far above the average, and Other Paths to Glory (Doubleday, $5.95) is the best of a fine lot. Little wonder it was shortlisted by the Crime Writers Association in England for 1974. Price was a reviewer of crime fiction for ten years before he took hold of the other end of the stick—to become a refutation of the old line about them who can't write, review. At any rate, Paul Mitchell is a rising young military historian, doing his own thing in a quiet corner of the British Commonwealth Institute for Military Studies when he's visited by a disquieting pair, who prove ultimately to be Dr. Audley and Colonel Butler of some sort of British intelligence or other. What they should want with an expert on the battle of the Somme in World War I is less than transparently obvious to Mitchell. They ask their odd questions, some about Mitchell's mentor Professor Emerson, and go away. Mitchell heads home; on his way a couple of polite total strangers try very hard to kill him, and he arrives home soaking wet to find his mother closeted with a policeman over a suicide note bearing Mitchell's impressively authentic signature. If this doesn't intrigue you I don't know what will....

Fiction about criminals has been around since fiction began, I suspect, and preoccupations with criminals can be found in the works of one of the first English novelists, Daniel Defoe. In modern times Richard Stark sparked the rise of the "caper" novel with his paperback "Parker" novels, and Mario Puzo's The Godfather stimulated a flood of tales about organized crime. The Mike Tucker novels by "Brian Coffey" fall into the former category, and my introduction to the series is the third, The Wall of Masks (Bobbs Merrill, $6.95). Tucker's cover is as an art dealer, but he lives on two other levels: an abiding hatred of his father, and professional thievery. Here he's in Mexico, teamed with a couple of other pros, and planning

to lift the $200,000 a wealthy Texas art collector is playing on the black market for the titular wall—a Mayan relic discovered in the jungle by a gang of looters. But there's a component of the mix Tucker hadn't counted on: General Garrido of the Mexican army, a vastly corrupt man who's determined to have a bite out of any underhanded pie around. In this case neither the Texan nor the looters have invited him in, according to protocol, so he arranges his own deadly surprises. An entertaining adventure is this, with attractive lightheartedness, and I'm encouraged to go back and read the first two books in the series, Surrounded and Blood Risk.

Remember Stephen Marlowe? He used to do the Chester Drum paperback originals. He stopped these in 1968 and took up hardcover non-series suspense novels, and I've enjoyed the couple I've read. His latest, The Cawthorn Journals (Prentice-Hall, $7.95), is certainly no slouch; in fact, it's quite good, treading a nice line between bleakness of outlook and the light at the end of the tunnel. The scene is Mexico, the city of Guadalajara and the village of Zacapango. The International Association of Chiefs of Police (IACP) is meeting in the former, and an unwholesome lot they appear to be. One of their number, the intensely unloved Police Commissioner of New York, is found near the village, the victim of energetic if unskilled machete surgery. The regional Mexican police chief, Guzman, wants a good political solution, so he picks a suspect out of Zacapango and begins a program to produce a suitable confession. The local Zacapango cop hungers semi-effectually after justice. Meanwhile David Braden, advisor to IACP, struggles with his conscience, his relationship with his father (a Pulitzer-prize winning journalist), and a beautiful Mexican girl he's just met. And General Cawthorn, famed consultant to policemen with problems (among them the most virulent haters of the dead man), pens his lethal journals... Tough, complex, absorbing.

I can restrain my enthusiasm for Bracknell's Law by Wallace Hildick (Harper & Row, $6.95), which seems to have about enough plot for a reasonable short story. I found myself needing to skim at high speed to keep my attention on the book. Pat Bracknell stumbles one day across her husband's diary, which he'd kept locked in his sacred tool chest. Pat learns her spouse has been carrying out a series of murders to keep his ego and confidence bolstered—or is it just that he pretends in his diary? At any rate, it does wonders for his social acceptance and Pat feels sorry for him. All carry on bravely. Till the end.

I fear Dick Francis has been off his feed for the past several books (particularly including Smokescreen, 1972), but he's back to form in Knockdown (Harper & Row, $6.95). This has the Francis attributes of relentlessly absorbing storytelling, fine suspense, and power to drag the reader into the story. Francis also characteristically batters his hero both psychologically and physically from Chapter One through the last crushing lines of the book—and not every reader will enjoy this continual protagonist flagellation. Said hero is Jonah Dereham, jockey turned horse buyer (bloodstock agent), who has a serious and awkward case of honesty. Serious and awkward, that is, to fellow buyer Vic Vincent and his various cronies, who have a very profitable system of fiddles and swindles in operation. Vincent badly misgauges Dereham's psychology, thinking that a few whacks at Dereham will induce cooperation. Which, in no respect, does it do. And the violence that follows spills over onto innocents, as violence is wont to do...

E. X. Ferrars' Alive and Dead (Doubleday, $5.95) is a light divertissement in which compulsive humanitarian Martha Crayle takes a couple more unwed mothers into her house—and murder comes too. Undemanding fare... The book served also to introduce me to the latest unhappy development in bookmaking: Doubleday has converted from cloth to cardboard for Crime Club covers.

Ted Willis (Lord Willis of Chislehurst) is a British writer known most for his scripts and plays. Westminster One (Putnam, $7.95), a solid and persuasive political thriller, would appear to be his first novel. As the dust jacket points out, this is in the vein of Forsyth's Day of the Jackal: Britain's labor Prime Minister, at some near future time, is kidnapped at a rural fair, out from under the eyes of hundreds of people and the usual assortment of security men. Clues point to Czechoslavakia, and the police and secret service organizations sniff out the leads—unsuccessfully—while engaging in a bit of infighting. The government sags, the populace reacts by swinging vigorously (and violently) right wing. Meanwhile the Prime Minister (and his wife, who was unfortunate also to be nabbed) is undergoing brainwashing to bring him to public repentence for his sins against the working class. The police get closer, the psychopath heading the kidnap gang begins to fray about the edges...

The latest Gavin Black, The Golden Cockatrice (Harper & Row, $6.95) is nice work: swiftly moving suspense well set against an oriental backdrop, with a useful entourage of characters who are never what they seem. Paul Harris, who runs various enterprises including a shipping line out of Hong Kong, finds a rival line of mysterious antecedents seems bent on ruining him through various unsavory strategems. He goes to Macao to smoke out the dirty dastards, and runs across an "old friend"—a Chinese agent, now old and fat and in disfavor, who once tried to kill him. He makes assorted new acquaintances, only some of which would prefer him dead, and receives an intriguing business proposition from a Far East variant on Howard Hughes. Wheels everywhere within wheels, of course, all well done; have a try at Gavin Black—this book is good as any as a starter.

Octagenarian James M. Cain's first novel in ten years (since The Magician's Wife in 1965) is Rainbow's End (Mason/Charter, $7.95). Cain is something of an old master in the suspense field (MWA named him Grand Master a few years ago), and I regret not being impressed with End. The flow of this tale is good—but my problem is one of fundamental disbelief. Perhaps this is occasioned at least in party by my ignorance of "mountain people" (here in rural southern Ohio) and their culture and ways. Davey Howell (age 22) and his sexy mother find a night's repose disturbed by the landing, on an island by their house, of a parachuting commercial plane hijacker and his stewardess hostage and his loot. Davey shoots the hijacker and rescues the sexy stew. While Davy tends to the girl, who has a penchant for undressing, his mother hunts the loot; the cops, on arrival, tend to share my disbelief in the whole situation. They rather suspect Davey and the woman have hid the money, and that maybe a bit of careful prearrangement was involved. So Davey gets a lawyer's help, the reporters move in, the law edges closer, and Davey's mother disappears—with the loot? The ways these peoples' minds work...!

The publishing venture of Southern Illinois University Press called Lost American Fiction touches our field for the first time with its seventh title, They Don't Dance Much by James Ross ($8.95; P.O. Box 3697, Carbondale, Illinois 62901). With this book, which was published originally in 1940 and has been out of print since, the author was clearly not intending to write a mystery or crime or murder story. That all three, and particularly the latter two, are present and major elements of the story is because the author chose to paint his social portrait of the depressed American south in these terms. There is very little joy here; the main characters, particularly narrator Jack MacDonald and his boss, roadhouse owner Smut Milligan, are unredeemed, cynical, motivated only by self-interest. MacDonald has lost his miserable farm to the tax man and goes to work for Milligan. Smut is in debt and fears a takeover of his gambling and illicit liquor establishment. Together they murder a local man and take his money, which Smut declines to split with his partner. MacDonald schemes to get the loot, while Smut throws the law a bone (some free liquor and an innocent man framed as the killer); and the affair ends in a bloody bath. Brutal, unusually frank for its time, unsympathetic—the book carries with it the unmistakeable stamp of authenticity.

Skull Still Bone (Doubleday, $5.95) is John Wyllie's fifth novel but first in our genre. He writes of the West Africa and its people that he clearly knows well, and this is a major strength of the book. I found the mystery—who conspired against, and blew up with a bomb, the President of Akhana?—far less compelling than Wyllie's unlikely sleuth, Dr. Quarshie, and his equally unlikely assistant, Mrs. Quarshie, as well as the revealing interplay of character, setting and culture. Quarshie, who's his own man, is confronted with various political activists of differing persuasions, including the dead man's half-brother and a Frenchman who seems to function as a professional agitator. Smuggling, tribal superstitions and practices, and zealous nationalism also come into the picture, as Quarshie gets close enough to the answer to be considered a menace. . .

If there can be said to exist a species detectivus academicus, Maggie Rennert's first crime novel Circle of Death (Prentice-Hall, $7.95) would be in it. The scene is Buxford, a Boston suburb sheltering that bastion of learning and erudition, Lambert University. And, more specifically, Elm Circle, with its Merrit Library, faculty homes and university-related dwellings and shops. The Circle's Prof. Hilary Bridge is visited by death in unpleasant form: he's chloroformed and locked in his garage, where he car's engine is left running. Lt. Guy Silvestri has a dichotomous and sometimes conflicting role: as a cop in investigating the crime, and as a grad student and hence part member of the academic community. He probes and pokes, with the help of his unofficial sidekick and Circle denizen Elliot Sterling—probes black-white tensions, faculty infighting, the local drug scene, on his way to a solution of what has now become multiple murder. You may find the resolution needing a mild suspension of disbelief and the densely-packed prose careful attention, but characterizations are nicely and appropriately developed and the narration quite smooth for a maiden crime venture.

Michael Butterworth's The Man in the Sopwith Camel (Doubleday, $5.95) is an amusing tale about a Casper Milquetoast character (name of Ernest Kitteridge) who treads willy-nilly down a path of sin, finding thereon various apparent rewards and more substantial punishments as he allies himself with a coothless prostitute in a scheme to bilk the bank he works for. Kitteridge is invited out for a drink by his boss, whom he dispises, and who is transferring to a new and better job at another bank. In the course of various energetic bedroom activities, and while in an embarrassing position, the boss succombs to loose life and a bad heart, presenting Ernest with a ready-made way to acquire £30,000. Without risk. Almost.

On April 25 the MWA gave an Edgar for best first mystery of 1974 to Gregory McDonald for his Fletch (Bobbs-Merrill, $6.50), and, at least from the standpoint of entertainment and creative characterization, the award is certainly well deserved. I am less enchanted with the celebration of successful amorality and irresponsibility, however clever, that the book and its protagonist provides. Fletcher is an ultimately unconventional chap: he's a reporter doing an undercover story on drugs among denizens of the beach, while feuding with his editor and fending off his amorous ex-wives and their lawyers (he's thousands of dollars behind in alimony payments). He roams around the newspaper barefoot in beach clothes, he misrepresents himself at every opportunity, and he's hired by a wealthy man who says he's dying and wants to be murdered so his family will get $3 million in insurance. Although Fletcher is a bit slow in figuring out both the drug scene and the murder scheme, his caper is a wild, woolly, funny lark.

It's a pleasure to recognize another very useful text for teachers of courses on mystery fiction: A Mystery Reader: Stories of Detection, Adventure, and Horror, edited by Nancy Ellen Talburt and Lyna Lee Montgomery of the University of Arkansas (Scribners, softcover, 458 pp.). This is a fine mixture of 24 stories and essays, with study questions, in two categories: "The Golden Age of Mystery Fiction" (including stories by Poe, Carr, Doyle, Sayers, Stribling, Berkeley and Crispin) and "New Developments: The Hardboiled School and After" (including stories by Hammett, Chandler, Dickson, Bloch, Macdonald, Christie, Simenon and Fleming). Among the essays are Stout's "Watson Was a Woman," Auden's "The Guilty Vicarage," Macdonald's "The Writer as Detective Hero," and Frank D. McSherry Jr.'s "The Shape of Crimes to Come."

If you want to know everything (or nearly everything) about Ray Bradbury, I can but recommend the boxed, oversized volume The Ray Bradbury Companion: A Life and Career History, Photolog, and Comprehensive Checklist of Writings with Facsimiles from Ray Bradbury's Unpublished and Uncollected Work in all Media, by William F. Nolan (Gale Research Company, Book Tower, Detroit, Michigan 48226; $28.50. That subtitle tells it all: this is an exhaustive (but not critical) work, and handsomely produced.

Holmesians will want to know about Holmesian Clerihews by D. Martin Dakin (The Pontine Press, P. O. Box 261, Culver City, Calif. 90230; 17 pp; $4.00), but I am not impressed. Perhaps this reflects a weakness in my poetic sensibilities—or my Sherlockian fundamentals, but very few of the 75 four-line Clerihews contained herein did anything at all for me, alas...

As its title declares, The Devalino Caper by A. J. Russell (Random House, $6.95) is another caper tale. It's a tough, cruel story about unlikeable, unwholesome people. Joe Devalino, an Easterner with connections, is invited to the Midwest by a local bigshot to help heist a million in stolen securities secreted somewhere in a wealthy native's fortress estate. A bit of internecine warfare intervenes, leaving the odd body or two, but Joe eventually is able to get on with the job for his "honorable" employers—who turn out to be anything but that.

The latest hardcover anthology from EQMM is available: Ellery Queen's Murdercade (Random House, $8.95), edited by Ellery Queen, with 23 stories taken from 1973 issues of the magazine. Perhaps the only comment I need make is that many of these stories appear on my 1973 honor roll in Best Detective Stories of the Year, and that a few of them, had they been available, would have been included in full in my anthology.

A final word for fanciers of true crime: have a look at Burke and Hare: The Resurrection Men: A Collection of Contemporary Documents Including Broadsides, Occasional Verses, Illustrations, Polemics, and a Complete Transcript of the Testimony at the Trial, edited and with an Introduction by Jacques Barzun. An examination of the activities of a group of early 19th century murderers from the standpoint of the 1970's is one thing, but here the generous (368pp) excerpts (and complete texts) from contemporary material have a richness and fascination all their own. The book is published by Scarecrow Press, Inc., P. O. Box 656, Metuchen, N. J. 08840 ($15.00).

I see I have room for one even more final word... Although I own more than a hundred volumes of Sydney Horler's thrillers, I haven't read one for some time. The recent appearance of the first American edition of his The Vampire (Bookfinger, Box 487, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York City, N.Y. 10009; $4.00), however, gave me an occasion to sample his wares again. This is unashamedly in the vein of Dracula, and in fact in his introductory dedication Horler indicates his considerable misgivings about the undertaking, misgivings apparently never fully relieved. He also observes that "this book has taken four times as long to write as any other of my fifty-odd novels. Three times I was forced to put it aside because the plot would not work out as smoothly as I wished." Vampire is readable enough; Horler was a sort of lesser Edgar Wallace, without the latter's redeeming sense of humor and with less facile storytelling. But perhaps the passage of time since original publication in 1935 has been unkind, as I found little compelling here. The tale, incidentally, deals with Dr. Martin Kent, on the brink of ruin because of the slanders of a wicked woman spurned. Kent then meets a fellow physician who retains faith in him, whose beautiful daughter is in the toils of the loathsome Baron Ziska...you can fill in the rest. I suspect you'll get greater pleasure out of others of the numerous Bookfinger reprints, such as of Vincent Starrett, Jack Mann and Sax Rohmer. Write for details. —AJH

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LETTERS

From Frank Eck:

Back in July 1971, I added one more habit (for good or ill) to an already long list and haven't been able to break it since. If you check your subscription files you might guess what that habit might be. It goes under the acronym TAD. Holmes had his habit, Sister Fatima had hers and unless the Surgeon General declares it hazardous to my health I shall continue my quarterly dose. Although in some circles it is frowned upon, I will state before any bipartisan committee that it does not impare my mental abilities or my ability to drive safely on Interstate 101 except when being pursued by dacoits or a Greyhound bus filled with Daughters of the American Revolution celebrating Jack Daniels' birthday.

To carry this metaphor one step further and actually lead up to something, when one has taken a stimulus over a long period of time it can become necessary to upgrade the dosage of the stimulus or its quality to get the same effect. Therefore, I would like to make a few suggestions and observations with that in mind.

First, that TAD have an editorial to set a mood, tone or focus to each issue. One of the strengths of science fiction magazines or fanzines is their use of the editorial personality to give the reader a sense of intimacy with the individual publication. For example, I'm sure that I'm not the only one that would eagerly read your thoughts on the crime field in general or on the content of the particular issue of TAD at hand.

Now I come to what I would like to see as a slight change of emphasis in TAD's makeup. Looking back over the contents of several years of TAD in my collection, I have noticed that by far the largest number of articles deal with the popular mystery writers of the past or about various aspects of crime fiction pre-1950. This emphasis even carries over to the review sections. Shibuk's "Paperback Revolution" remains permanently in suspended animation circa 1930-1940 and the Retrospective Review section speaks for itself. While much of this information is informative and entertaining, I do feel that there should be more articles concentrating on the current crime novel. My point is that this is 1975 and there is an exciting body of crime fiction being published by such writers as John Le Carre, Nicolas Freeling, Gavin Black, Peter Lovesey, Adam Hall, Julian Symons, Victor Canning, Francis Clifford and Peter Dickinson, to name a few. I would like to see more articles that deal with these writers and their fiction in such forms as interviews (for example, Deryck Harvey's "A Word With..."), critical writing and autobiographical pieces.

In conjunction with this newer emphasis would be news pieces on the current publishing scene in New York, London, Sweden, Japan and Purdue, Iowa. This could come from mystery fans involved in the publishing trade and give the reader a chance to see it from the inside.

Other than the above ideas, I have a few additional thoughts on changes for TAD. Besides being an avid reader of crime fiction, I also enjoy reading speculative fiction and its fanzines and would like to see TAD adapt a few ideas from them. For example, with slight changes in layout TAD could begin to include some interior artwork to enliven the now unrelieved line after line of print. Another idea would be a yearly wrap-up of the year's crime novels, listing your favorites, to be followed by a poll of TAD readers on best novel, novella, short story, film and television series. This would then lead up to a listing of the MWA and CWA award winners, including runners-up.

Well, that is pretty much all I've got to say now. I leave you with one last caveat: Newgate's Callendar won't give you the time of day.

> Inasmuch as one AJH edits TAD, types virtually all material for publication, handles all correspondence and subscription matters, sees to (and does at least some of) the collating, stapling, enveloping, addressing and mailing of each issue (in addition, of course, to a demanding regular job and a house full of kids and a wife), he hasn't the time to do all the things with TAD he'd like (and Frank Eck would like). And he can only publish what's written and submitted, and if that happens mostly to deal with earlier writers and writings, that's the way it is... AJH

From Fred Dueren:

I was very interested in all the replies to the question of different reviews in "The Paperback Revolution". If you have not had any other offers of attempting a second column on paperbacks let me know [I have done.—AJH] and I would be willing to take it on. Try to at any rate. My biggest problem is time and I know I would not be able to do anything on it until after the middle of May. I'm not sure what you had in mind, but I also know I would not be able to do the volume of books each issue that Shibuk does. I would write to Shibuk and try to get a clearer idea of just how he does pick what he reviews and I'd try to cover some of the other stuff. My own idea is to tackle more of the original paperback titles (which are not really my preferred reading) and some of the reprints of books that are not by the well-known authors, or were not recently reviewed as hardbacks.

I would like to offer my humblest apologies to the honorable Mr. Chan for the unforgivable insult I inadvertently made. My deepest thanks also to R. W. Hays for pointing this out to me. I welcome any other comments or corrections that other TAD readers can supply.

I have a question for Bruce Beaman, as well as a comment. The comment first. I think his impression about TAD contributors is unfortunate. Many of them are undoubtedly experts in the genre—detective authors, critics, and admitted fanatics. I do admit that I look at the readership as a "select" group, in that we are the ones who are interested in the criticism,

bibliography, and dissection of the detective fiction field. I know many mystery-suspense readers who do not care at all for such minute inspection of the books. All they want to do is read them and go on to another, enjoying the books simply for themselves. Can you tell us, Mr. Hubin, how many subscribers there are for TAD? [Around 800.—AJH] Then who would like to guess what percentage this is of the total mystery reading public? Though he might not do so, I consider Bruce a part of an elite ("expert", if he will) group. Lastly, letting my vanity show through, I'd bet that I am not nearly as old as Bruce thinks I am.

The question with no insults, condescensions or sarcasm is: If you have not read or are not familiar with what the classics of detection are, what have you been reading? In all honesty I want to know. Write me at TAD or at 5324 Villa Angela, Hazelwood, Mo. 63042.

I recently saw that the movie credits of King Kong listed Edgar Wallace for either the story or screenplay. Does anyone know if the movie was based on one of his books or stories, and if so, which one?

Finally, I would like to buy one or two of the Sexton Blake books from the 20's or 30's. Anyone having good ones available please let me know.

From Frank D. McSherry, Jr.:

Again a superb issue, again with Thompson's original, well-thought-out installment on Hammett gaining first place, after a close battle with Pry's survey of Lew Archer's country of the mind for second and Cox's "Detection in the Guilt-Age" making some fine points for a close third—especially on the importance of everyday details of life for the detective story, something not found in other forms of fiction as a regular thing. Lachman on Sports Detective Stories keeps up his own high level of quality and Nolan and Cook provide excellent and helpful biblios.

When referring to Reader Vining's mention of five more Avenger stories, novelettes published in Clues Detective, I neglected to mention a sixth novelette, "To Find a Dead Man", published in The Shadow for August 1944 and, like the other novelettes, written by Emile C. Tepperman.

Mr. Lachman's article on Bouchercon V refers to Ray Nelson's novel-in-progress, set in the first century A.D., as containing "a unique detective"—a centurion. Well, maybe not quite unique: a centurion detective, Antonius Fronto, commander, Headquarters company, First Cohort, Cohortes Vigilum, appears in a novelet, "Gladiator Trained," by Edward A. Dieckmann in Detective Fiction Weekly for March 30, 1940.

Reader Kolesnik will probably be interested in the information in Ellery Queen's introduction to the short story, "Gay Falcon", by Michael Arlen, when he reprinted it in EQMM for March, 1945: "So far as your editor has been able to find out, it's the one and only Gay Falcon story Michael Arlen ever wrote. Thus, from short stories long sagas grow..." Queen adds that some of the screenplays were written by Stuart Palmer and Craig Rice, who changed the character of the Falcon from a "hardboiled, sardonic detective" in Arlen's story to a "charming and romantic rogue" for the movies.

Reader Christie will find another green-eyed Fu Manchu look-alike in The Case of the Six Coffins, by Robert J. Hogan, a digest-sized but otherwise facsimile reprint of the lead novel in the first issue of the pulp The Mysterious Wu Fang for September 1935, 96 pages with an introduction by Robert Weinberg, editor and publisher of a series of such pulp reprints of which this is No. 8. A black-and-white reproduction of the magazine cover is included, and the novel is graced with Australian artist John Richard Flanagan's pen-and-ink illustrations, the same artist who did so many of the Fu Manchu stories. ($5 each or 6 for $24, from Robert Weinberg, 10533 S. Kenneth, Oak Lawn, Ill. 60453.) "Wu Fang...was a tall yellow man with slim, drooping shoulders from which hung a mandarin robe of embroidered yellow silk. His long-fingered hands were clasped loosely behind him. His movements were dignified and deliberate like those of a kindly old doctor...His slanted eyes had widened...a strange light in the jade-green pupils that made them almost iridescent, like the eyes of a cat in the darkness...The voice of Wu Fang came softly...'The curse of a thousand demons will be his fate...It is my wish that he die the most painful death that is in our power to inflict...'"

Speaking of pulp reprints, Dover has just issued two Shadow novels, again in facsimile, and pulp sized: The Crime Oracle and The Teeth of the Dragon, Two Adventures of the Shadow, by Maxwell Grant (Walter B. Gibson), from the June 1, 1936 and November 15, 1937 issues, respectively, with a full-color reproduction of the cover of the first issue for the Dover collection's cover, with two introductions, one by author Gibson and the other by Shadow editor John L. Nanovic. ($2.50 from Dover Publications, Inc., 180 Varick St., New York, N. Y. 10014). Gibson says he wrote 283 Shadow novels in 15 years, a wordage whose "total was around the 15,000,000 mark," and gives background on how to write so much so saleable so long. Nanovic discusses the background of editing both The Shadow and Doc Savage—"action! That was the secret to pulp success, as it is in any fiction, I believe. Many of the pulp fans today analyze the Shadow and Doc novels for psychology and what have you. All we were giving the reader then is what he wanted—action. If there were other things in them, I never knew about it!" The second novel is set in Chinatown, incidentally.

The Spirit, a large-format comic magazine (Warren Publications, 145 East 32nd St., New York, N. Y. 10016, $1.25 a copy, bimonthly), reprints Spirit supplements by artist-author Will Eisner from the Forties. Clever, tongue-in-cheek, well-drawn and well-written strips. Issue No. 7 has a parody of the Maltese Falcon entitled "The Big Sneeze Caper", in which the Spirit's taxi-driving sidekick, a Negro kid named Ebony White, sets out on his own to form a private eyeball agency. Recommended.

Reader Veronica Kennedy, reviewing Amis' TV play about Dr. Watson, may be interested in the comments of John Wood, currently playing Sherlock Holmes in the Royal Shakespeare Co. production, about the Master. Woods—called by critic Clive Barnes "one of the great actors of the English-speaking stage," said in an interview: "I was astonished, when I went back to the original Conan Doyle stories while preparing for this role, to see how funny they are. There's a wonderful, fat, low-keyed burble of laughter in all of them, especially the early ones... They are tales...that have the air of myth discovered rather than a story written. Sherlock Holmes is one example, Jekyll and Hyde another... Our fascination with Holmes, who epitomizes the scientific method, may be an effort to persuade ourselves that our minds can deal with the mystical world that is pressing in on us now. But I'm making it sound very serious... Holmes' world is 'a lovely world to deal with—red velvet leather, soft lamplight, Holmes ordering up a brace of grouse and a good claret and then, suddenly, out into the London mist...'"

From Bill Dixon:

In answer to Mr. Randisi's letter in TAD 8/2, all covers are of my own making, except TAD 7/2 which was based on an Ellery Queen story, although I have forgotten the title.

I find it easier this way rather than going through the thousands of stories to pick out one scene. TAD 7/1 did represent Jack the Ripper, and 8/1 Fu Manchu and daughter.

From Allen Kleinberg:

I enjoyed the latest TAD very much, especially J. Randolph Cox's article on "Detection in the Guilt-Age." I think, though, that he could have put Van Dine and Queen in his list of Golden Age authors. After all, Van Dine was heavily influenced by British writers and Queen by Van Dine, so they should certainly be classified with the members of the British elite, or at least given a footnote.

Fred Dueren's Bencolin article was very good. It might be mentioned that Jeff Marle, Bencolin's friend and associate, also narrates Poison in Jest (1932). Bencolin doesn't appear; the detective is Pat Rossiter (he's sort of like Gervase Fen); the story takes place in Western Pennsylvania.

Another cricket story to go along with the others that Marvin Lachman mentioned is Nicholas Blake's A Question of Proof (1935). At the most exciting moment of a match, the headmaster falls to the ground, dead with a stab wound in his back. It fooled me, because I thought he was the murderer! Wrong again...

The new Bond movie is pretty terrible. Bring back Sean Connery! Well, at least he was in Orient Express. I kept hoping he'd pull out his Walther PPK, tear off his moustache, and arrest Poirot as a member of SPECTRE! On the other hand, he usually shoots first and asks questions later.

Like Bruce Beaman and Robert Randisi, I guess I am another of TAD's youth patrol. It seems most 23-year-olds read Tolkien or Vonnegut; they've never heard of Carr or Innes. Pretty disgusting, isn't it? Or worse yet, they read hardboiled stories!

From Ed Lauterbach:

Since I discussed Bland Beginning and The Ross Forgery, I have found another Wise related mystery, Lee Thayer's Murder Stalks the Circle (1947). This came to my attention in a letter by Professor Lyle H. Kendall, Jr., in Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, Fourth Quarter, 1974, p. 408, in which Kendall states that Thayer's book may be the earliest Wise detective story published. W. B. T[odd], PBSA, Second Quarter, 1974, p. 210, also suggests that Bruce Manning's Gutenberg Murders (1931) is a "tangential" Wise detective story because it is concerned with stolen leaves, and certainly Wise was very adept at stealing pages from rare books. So now there is a list of at least three mystery stories definitely based on Wise's forgeries, and possibly a fourth. Do TAD readers know of any more?

Pocket Books errs grievously with the covers for their current reprints for The Spider. Apparently, in an effort to make readers who do not know the original pulp novels believe that Richard Wentworth is similar to the hot shot avengers of 1970's series paperbacks, Pocket Books has placed on the covers a rugged blond man in a spiffy white turtle neck shirt and mod white trousers. The rugged features of this Spider look exactly like those of The Penetrator, The Executioner, or any of the other modern series heroes. Gone are the atmospheric covers of the original pulp magazine with The Spider in black hat and black mask, with an occasional web motif. The covers of the Pocket Books reprints imply the explicit violence and sexuality of various 1970's series; though the relationship of Nita Van Sloan and Richard Wentworth is fairly obvious in The Spider novels, there are relatively few scenes in The Spider that could be called sexy. And the violence in the pulp stories is nothing compared to contemporary descriptions of brutality. These covers of the Pocket Books reprints are simply false advertising and false packaging.

Even worse than the phony covers offered by Pocket Books for The Spider reprints are the texts. The editors decided to update the 1930's style of The Spider by deleting the definite article before the protagonist's name. The Spider is no longer The Spider but simply "Spider." What a difference the use of a simple article can make. It is irritating to have to amend a silent "The" before "Spider" as one reads these thrillers. Furthermore, it is heinous that these texts are no corrupted by some misguided editor's effort to make The Spider stories "modern" or "readable." In the heyday of pulp thrillers "The" was often a very important part of some super crime fighters; somehow "The" made the noun more impressive, even more sinister. Among the best known of these pulp crime fighters were The Shadow, The Spider, The

Avenger. To call The Spider simply "Spider" creates a curious effect, as if the superhero has been reduced to a nickname. "Spider" also sounds similar to the cute diminutive of the comic book Spiderman, who is often called "Spidey." The editors of Pocket Books are doing a great disservice to readers and collectors of pulp novels with their false covers and their textual changes because a great part of the appeal of old pulp thrillers is to have them as nearly like the originals as possible.

The "marginal" problems in the last issue of TAD evoked the following:

> There are so many heroes that escape,
> And ladies, too, from theft and death and rape,
> Who save themselves by just a narrow margin
> (E.g., note all those plots by B. L. Farjeon),[1]
> And 'tecs who reconstruct what must have been.
> But I have never seen margins so thin!
> Who cropped those pages, cutting off each Em?[2]
> Who mutilated and mishandled them?
>
> Oh, there are fiends that creep through darkling night,
> Who scare their victims, faces ghastly white,
> And there are crooks who rob the richest banks
> With guns that fail to fire, because of blanks,
> While there are 'tecs who counter every scheme,
> And there are blanks in this _____ magazine!
> Who misapplied the ink to these two pages,
> To save their pristine whiteness for the ages?[3]
>
> But never mind! The Minnesota gang[4]
> Put every page together, joked and sang,
> For issue eight:two's never, ever bad:
> All filled with crooks and 'tecs, that's good old TAD,
> Complete with criminal geography,
> Letters and notes and bibliography,
> Comments so ambient and pertinent,
> And articles both sage and impudent!

1. B[enjamin] L[eopold] Farjeon (1838-1903). See TAD 6:1, pp. F-2-3.
2. A term used in printing as well as a letter of the alphabet. See p. M-35.
3. See, for example, p. 164 verso and p. M-19 verso.
4. The James gang once tried to rob a bank in Northfield, Minnesota, but let's hope that this had nothing to do with the present editor-publisher and his helper(s).

> I switched printers at the end of Volume 7 since the old printer was going from bad to worse (or should I say verse?). I have careful instructions to the new printer for 8/1, and it was reasonably well done. I then rashly assumed that the new printer would remember these instructions for 8/2... He figured out ways to foul up the operation that defy anticipation—creative, he is, if nothing else. If you think the margins were small on your copy of 8/2, you should have seen those on some I didn't send out... And that's only the half of it! It can only get better (I piously hope).-AJH

From Dorothy Glantz:

You might be interested in knowing that Jury [a Swedish journal on detective/crime fiction——AJH] is well on its way, financially, since they got a state subsidy to help in the production costs. Just last night, Jury held its second Crime Soiree (translation attempts sometimes come up with interesting words). It was a panel discussion on the future literary road that Swedish crime novels could choose. Among the panelists were Sven Sormark and Kjell Stenssson, both in the Swedish Mystery Novel Academy, Olov Svedelid, author of police procedurals, a representative of a publishing house, an author specializing in popular paperbacks and a critic from one of the Stockholm papers. Chairman was Bertil Wideberg, publisher of Jury.

The audience was unfortunately overwhelmingly other authors, critics and profesionals within the crime novel field. Scattered here and there, however, were ordinary readers, like myself, and I know that Bertil is trying very hard to get "just ordinary readers" interested in these gatherings and even to have them write a bit once in a while in Jury.

Hans Stertman, the critic from Aftonbladet here in Stockholm, opened the discussion by throwing out tacks like "It seems the Swedish authors are following the English and American trends toward more and more police procedurals" and the discussion branched off into themes like "how well do Sjowall-Wahloo present the activities of the Swedish police—just how true 'to life' are their presentations?" Having in the audience a member of the upper echelons of the Swedish Police, this proved ro be rather interesting. Especially since the reply was that in the case of criminal police (Beck, Kollberg) the depiction was almost perfect. I had heard this opinion expressed before on a TV show about Sjowall-Wahloo, where they had remarked that albeit the criminal police work was excellent, the radio-car police and riot squad accounts were a little off.

The upshot of the discussion, as summarized by Bertil Wideberg, was that there isn't just one road, there will never be an "ideal" crime novel. There are many roads, and compari-

sons of good/bad crime novel can never be made across lines, only within the specific area itself. One simply doesn't compare Sayers with Svedelid, for example.

Before I finish, I would like to say that I have been enjoying tremendously the articles on Sports in Crime Fiction. Being interested in horse racing, my reading had mostly been confined to Dick Francis and in Swedish, to Olle Hogstrand's The Gambler. As you have mentioned in TAD, I'm not sure the translations there are getting across—but I haven't read the English version. It was just the title itself that struck me as being rather uninviting and could have lost readers on that point alone.

From Eunice Gormley:

Tad 8/2 is simply great! Since my first impulse is always toward the Book Exchange and Books for Sale in the wildly improbable chance that someone has died and put his collection of TADs on the market (I never dreamed that there might be extra copies for sale, and there WERE, and I wrote and I missed them!), there was a slight delay before I found, to my joy, the Detective Book Club list. My collection dates, spasmodically, from '42 to '73, but it was so satisfying to be able to put positive dates on the 320 I own, and also to have a definite list to shop with in the future. My thanks to Michael Cook and to TAD. It must have been a difficult bit of listing.

The article by Frank McSherry on Jim Thompson was so fantastic that I kept looking back to the heading to be sure it was in the Judge Crater category. The information was new to me.

J. Randolph Cox's "Detection in the Guilt-Age" was fresh and interesting. After so long a time, one sometimes feels there is little new to be said on the subject, but this piece had a new outlook and was beautifully organized. I had not known that Sayers published four anthologies that she had edited. The quotes from Freeman Wills Crofts were charming and have sent me back to Inspector French.

Certainly I approve of Mrs. Don Jackson's suggestion for a listing of British publications! Among the better known British writers there are only a few titles available here, while TAD lists dozens of titles completely unknown to most detective fans.

Barry Pike's estimate of Ruth Rendell couldn't be better. She has been a favorite of mine since her first book. The last one (I think), Face of Trespass, gave me some anxious moments but she redeemed herself fairly well in her conclusion. I can't bear to have idols smashed!

I read them all but the movie reviews of mysteries are the least interesting items in TAD. The characters that I picture so vividly during the reading of the book are always unbelievable and unacceptable on the screen. Sayers' Gaudy Night was the first movie adaptation I saw. I can't remember who portrayed Wimsey but he was all wrong. Constance Cummings, I believe, was Harriet Vane and I quarreled with every line she uttered. When, years later, Raymond Burr was born as Perry Mason, I was outraged. I watched them all but the hero was Burr, not Mason. I KNOW that Mason was slight, dapper, slightly foxy, and he had a definite smirk. Did you ever notice the fact that Mason was puritanical throughout, but when Della Street slid into his car, the glimpse of a "silken-clad thigh" almost unmanned him? And poor Della! She gave of herself all those years and all she ever got out of it was a well-done steak, mashed potatoes, and pie a-la-mode.

This is late acknowledgement, but the EQMM index was gratefully received. Mr. Nieminski's compilation is a must for those who are collecting the entire series. It was a revelation to find that the twelve copies I had been hunting for 1942 were really only six, of which I had four. Also '43, '44, and '45.

> Copies of Nieminski's EQMM 350—an author/title listing for the first 350 issues of EQMM—are still available from me at $4 (postpaid). ——AJH

From A. R. Whitaker:

I would like to identify a story, at least twenty years old, in which a principal clue is a man with a circle drawn around the name of a town which turns out not to exist. It transpires that the town had been deliberately faked by the map publisher to trap plagiarizers.

From Newton Baird:

Those who have read Fredric Brown's short story, "The Last Train," in his current collection, Paradox Lost (originally in Weird Tales, 1950) may find the following true mystery item of interest. Fredric Brown also included the idea in "The Last Train" in a dream that reoccurs to the character George Sperling in the novel, The Office. Brown's story is a psychological mystery-fantasy, a dream nightmare, a "real-life" version of which turns out happily for George Sperling.

The true mystery which appeared in Herb Caen's column in the San Francisco Chronicle of Feb. 6, 1975, does not have the end-of-the-world symbolic connotations of Fredric Brown's story. However, the symbolism in the true mystery is mind-boggling and larger-than-life. I quote it here for those discerning enough to appreciate its literal and symbolic meanings:

> *When American President Lines moved across the* [San Francisco] *Bay to Oakland, George P. Mazaruk went along for the ride, even though he has been dead these 25 years. "We couldn't leave George behind," explains Pam Petersen, aide to AFL Capt. John Going, chief of vessel operations. "He has been with us since we moved from Pier 50 to Pier 80 in San Francisco and we hope he likes Oakland," even though he made the trip in a filing cabinet. George—or rather, his ashes—"lives" in a*

teak box with a brass nameplate that reads "George P. Mazaruk. Died April 21, 1950. Age 51." A Russian national, he died in Shanghai and his ashes arrived here aboard the S.S. General Gordon, last U.S. vessel to leave that port before the Chinese Communist takeover. The manifest that accompanied his remains read "To be picked up in San Francisco," but nobody has ever claimed George, and inquiries through the State Department to Russia have turned up no clues. Fittingly, George is resting in what APL calls "Terminal Storage." "We hold unclaimed cargo there till the statute of limitations has run," explains Pam, "and then it is offered for sale. But we can't do that to George." It would appear that he has found his family at last.

My comment is philosophical: This true mystery can be seen as symbolic, if one wishes, of the "alienated condition of man" as seen by most modern philosophy. However, I believe a more rational approach, in terms of causality, would see this incident as demonstrating how in the search for individual freedom and sanctuary, the power of philosophy for good or evil result, is still at work even after death. However, if Fredric Brown had written it, as in "The Last Train," you can be sure the punch-line would have been much better.

From Rik Thompson:

Ms. Donaldson's Upfield article in the November TAD is much appreciated; and let me again praise George J. Thompson for his Hammett series—is some industrious publisher going to gather it all together and make a book of it?

From Gianni Menasce:

I made a mistake in my last letter: For Richer For Poorer Til Death by Pat McGerr was a pretty good boook; her abominations are more recent. The titles are Stranger with My Face and Is There a Traitor in the House.

From David Marohl:

I read Fred Dueren's article on the Rice mysteries. Very interesting. Two points, though—Malone was in the First World War and Justus is Justus, not Justice.

On page 276 of the Tower edition of Trial by Fury, Malone recalls "a similar moment when he'd lain face down in a ditch in the Argonne forest...he'd been hugging a quart of (stolen) cognac..." The rest of the anecdote proves Malone's attachment to some military service, presumably American.

Come to that, the anecdote also shows that he'd been hitting the bottle pretty hard before he even met the Justus group.

The Justus-Justice bit may have been a typo in the magazine, but I hated to see Craig Rice caught—attributed such a pompous bit of naming.

Maybe she meant the pun, but the other is too obvious. I never cared for people who name heroes Hero.

From Barry Pike:

I believe I mentioned long ago that H. F. Heard's detective is Mr. Mycroft in America and Mr. Bowcross in Britain—if not, the fact is worth noting. Does anyone know why the change of name came about?

Have you come across June Thomson, published here by Constable? I've just read the third book, The Long Revenge, and it's well up to the standard of her earlier ones. Jessica Mann's The Sticking Place was disappointing—even more insubstantial than The Only Security, and that was no heavyweight.

Incidentally, Gladys Mitchell's 49th book is due here in April: Convent on Styx. No doubt she's well on with No. 50. I hope TAD will mark the occasion in some way. Could someone interview her? I'm sure she'd have a lot to offer of interest.

From Mary Groff:

I would like to say a heartfelt "Thank You" to Michael L. Cook for the order he has put into my life by his Detective Book Club checklist. Can anybody provide a list of the Mystery Guild selections? Also could the selections of these two clubs be included in the new book checklist in each TAD? Final request: could we have a list of the winners and runners-up each year selected by MWA and CWA?

> Somewhere here I've got the CWA winners, but can't lay hands on it at the moment. But having just returned from my seventh consecutive MWA awards banquet, I'm ready with the list for 1974 (with the first book/story mentioned in each category receiving the Edgar, and the others getting scrolls as runners-up). Best mystery novel: Peter's Pence by Jon Cleary; Goodbye and Amen by Francis Clifford; The Lester Affair by Andrew Garve; The Man Who Loved Zoos by Malcolm Bosse; The Silver Bears by Paul E. Erdman. Best first mystery novel: Fletch by Gregory Mcdonald; The Jones Man by Vern E. Smith; The Kreutzmann Formula by Virgil Scott and Dominic Koski; Saturday Games by Brown Meggs; Target Practice by Nicholas Meyer. Best mystery short story: "The Fallen Curtain" by Ruth Rendell; "The Cabin in the Hollow" by Joyce Harrington; "The Game" by Thomasina Weber; "The Light in the Cottage" by

David Ely; "A Night Out with the Boys" by Elsin Ann Gardner; "Screams and Echoes" by Donald Olson. I'll omit runners-up in other categories and just list winners. Best juvenile: The Dangling Witness by Jay Bennett. Best fact crime book: Helter Skelter by Vincent Bugliosi and Curt Gentry. Best screenplay: Chinatown by Robert Towne. Best teleplay "special": The Law by Joel Oliansky. Best teleplay in a series: "Requiem for Smith" by Robert Collins in Police Story. Best paperback novel: The Corpse That Walked by Roy Winsor. Grand Master: Eric Ambler. Special Edgars to Howard Haycraft ("for distinguished contribution to mystery criticism and scholarship" and to Francis M. Nevins, Jr. (for Royal Bloodline: Ellery Queen, Author and Detective). Special Ravens to The Royal Shakespeare Company (for its revival of the play Sherlock Holmes), CBS Radio Mystery Theatre, and ABC-TV (for its Wide World Mystery series). ——AJH

From Mike Nevins:

Fans of the Detective Book Club might be interested to learn that several other Club titles besides Marjorie Bremner's Murder Most Familiar never had a U.S. trade edition. I'm thinking esp-cially of the following Club titles by Roy Vickers: The Sole Survivor (#108); Murder in Two Flats (#117); The Department of Dead Ends (#129) (this is not the same short-story collection as the 1947 volume of the same title edited by Queen); Murder Will Out (#141); Six Murders in the Suburbs (#151) (a reduced edition of Vickers' 1954 British collection Eight Murders in the Suburbs); Double Image (#164); and Seven Chose Murder (#201). I've never heard of the Vickers title The Girl Who Wouldn't Talk (#209) and would appreciate some bibliographic details from you or Mr. Cook. The DBC edition of Michael Underwood's Murder on Trial (#188) may be the first U.S. edition. In addition to the titles by Caspary and Matt Taylor, John B. Ethan's The Black Gold Murders (#208) is also a completely original book. Another matter of bibliographic interest is that of the occasional changes of title a book underwent when published by the DBC. Thus Agatha Christie's Blood Will Tell (#113) = Mrs. McGinty's Dead; George Bagby's A Big Hand for the Corpse (#134) = Give the Little Corpse a Great Big Hand; Helen McCloy's He Never Came Back (#149) = Unfinished Crime; Margaret Erskine's The Dead Don't Speak (#152) = Old Mrs. Ommanney is Dead; Jean Potts' Dark Destination (#160) = Death of a Stray Cat; Bagby's Shadow on the Window (#162) = A Dirty Way to Die. And I'm sure I missed several title changes besides. Whoops, almost forgot to mention John Hymers' Utter Death (#139), another British title with no U.S. edition other than that of the DBC.

Mr. Beaman's biographical sketch of S. S. Van Dine did not mention Jon Tuska's "The Philo Vance Murder Case" which is by far the best treatment of Van Dine the writer and the man. The essay is collected in the Bowling Green University pamphlet Philo Vance: The Life and Times of S. S. Van Dine (1971).

John Vining's review of Mum's the Word for Murder by Brett Halliday writing as Asa Baker reminded me that I'd never gotten around to mentioning the book in TAD after discovering it three or four years ago. What astounded me about this novel is that Halliday anticipated by more than ten years the now-classic device of two or more people exchanging murders with each other—a device I thought Patricia Highsmith had invented in Strangers on a Train. Halliday's treatment of law and psychoanalysis in this book is terrible but he shows some sharp insights into poverty, anti-Mexican bigotry and literary amateurism. And I liked the Pirandello twist that the book the narrator within the novel is trying to complete turns out to be this novel itself. At least that's the way things happen in the Dell paperback edition under the Halliday byline; perhaps Halliday rewrote the original edition and improved it considerably. Does anybody know for sure?

From William White:

As an ancient Ernest Bramah admirer (who has been virtually his PR man since my first article on him, a bibliography, in 1958), I was particularly pleased to see Charles Shibuk's retrospective review of The Bravo of London in TAD (February, 8:139). Anyone interested in the creator of the blind detective Max Carrados (and also Kai Lung) may wish to see my "Ernest Bramah in Periodicals, 1890-1972," Bulletin of Bibliography, 32 (January-March 1975): 33-34, 44. Collectors might also like to know that Max Carrados (Methuen, 1914), never published in America, has been issued in a Large Print edition (for the partially-sighted reader) by Lythway Press Ltd., Bath, 1972, 352 pp., £2.00 net.

I could not agree more with Mr. Shibuk about The Bravo of London—and disagree with Messrs. Barzun and Taylor—but when he says E. P. Bleiler "takes a completely opposite view," is Mr. Shibuk referring to the Introduction to Best Max Carrados Detective Stories (Dover, 1972, p. vii)? In this, Mr. Bleiler says Bravo "is an occasionally brilliant performance, with fine characterizations, devastating irony, and a great deal of amusing self-parody."

In reading over my review of Best Max Carrados Detective Stories in TAD (February 1973, 6:99-101), I noticed that there were a few minor errors in the Introduction I neglected to point out; perhaps here I might mention them to avoid their being perpetuated (as even minor errors have such a tendency). Mr. Bleiler says that Ernest Bramah Smith—to give him his full name—is "known in most of his work as Ernest Bramah." Except for his work as a newspaper correspondent for the South Birmingham News (1890-1892), when he used the name "Packwoodsman" (referring to the area he covered), Ernest Bramah was the name he always used. I know of no signed story with any other name.

Mr. Bleiler says that it has been hinted that Bramah "lived in the Orient for a time, where he obtained background for his stories, but there is no real reason to accept this." It's true about the hint; however, there is no truth to the fact that he lived in the Orient for a time, for in a letter to Grant Richards, his published, dated 27 April 1923, he said, "Specifically, I have never been in China..." (The whole story of this rumor and the entire letter are in my piece, "Ernest Bramah on China: An Important Letter," PMLA, May 1972, 87:511-513.)

Finally, Mr. Bleiler says that The Secret of the League, a science-fiction novel, "has been publshed as by Smith." I have three copies of the novel: the first edition under its original title, What Might Have Been: The Story of a Social War (London: John Murray, 1907), and two later editions, The Secret of the League: The Story of a Social War (London: Thomas Nelson and Sons, n.d. [1909?]). The first is anonymous, with no author's name; the other two are signed on the title page, by "Ernest Bramah.: (One of these later editions has an unsigned Preface, which is by John Buchan, by the way.)

All of these petty details I omitted from my TAD review, as I did not wish in any way to detract from the fine Introduction by E. F. Bleiler. It was pleasure enough to see Ernest Bramah republished: his writings, on either Max Carrados or Kai Lung, should not be allowed to go out of print.

From Bruce Beaman:

A curse on Jon L. Lellenberg for his fine review of The World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. I say "a curse" because reading the review made me long ever greater for this book, but I simply cannot afford the price. I count myself among the most devoted of the Master's followers, but... (I wonder if the New York Graphic Society offers easy time payments? Ah well, that's another matter...)

Richard Lackritz may be interested in Tales of Edgar A. Poe, which was published by Heritage Press (Avon, Conn.) and, to my knowledge, is still available. There are ten or twelve illustrations which, in my opinion, are quite good, and the book itself is very nicely bound and slip-cased. Also, would Mr. Lackritz be so kind as to send me (1417 Main St., Stevens Point, Wis. 54481) Ian Carmichael's address as I would like to write to him.

I was happy to see your note of thanks to William Dixon for his covers for TAD. I think a collection of past and present TAD covers would make an interesting portfolio, and I for one would like such a collection. I especially liked the cover for the February TAD with its Gothic flavor, and I count myself among those who mentioned that they like the new cover colors rather than the old yellow covers.

From Bob Adey:

February TAD arfived and has been consumed quickly (as always). Laurels go to Marvin Lachman for a remarkably complete and subtle essay on cricketing crime stories as he's not personally acquainted with the game. I certainly couldn't do as much for baseball. For further study he might like to read the Radford's Murder Isn't Cricket, featuring Inspector Manson, and Bernard Newman's Death at Lords (Lords is one of England's most famous county cricket grounds). A. G. Macdonell (known in mystery circles as Neil Gordon, John Cameron, etc) wrote a bitingly satirical (non-mystery) novel called England, Their England, with a devastatingly witty description of a village cricket match, as seen from a foreigner's eyes. Macdonell was a good Scot and the game is not particularly popular North of the Border. Finally, and most gruesomely, Marvin may recall that in Carter Dickson's Skeleton in the Clock the murder weapon was a cricket bat. What other pieces of sports equipment have featured in this way!

From John Vining:

I feel guilty for not praising the articles by Fred Dueren before now. His analysis of Hercule Poirot, Evan Pinkerton, Charlie Chan, John J. Malone and Henri Bencolin are the finest biographies of fictional detectives that I've seen. My hopes for his future articles include Michael Shayne, John Putnam Thatcher, and Philip Marlowe.

I also want to heap praise on the EQMM index by John Nieminski. It was quickly become one of the most used of my analytical works. My collection of EQMM is very meager, but I do have most of EQ's anthologies. The index is invaluable in many ways. It is the only genre book in which I have yet to find any errors. Perhaps that alone makes it worth four bucks.

The article on the Detective Book Club was outstanding. I'd like to see a similar article on the Fawcett Gold Medal paperback originals. They have managed to attract such superior writers as John D. MacDonald, Edward S. Aarons, and Donald Hamilton. Gold Medal novels have always seemed to have literary worth.

Numerous letters have discussed Hugh Wiley's Mr. Wong series, published in Colliers. Overlooked has been the collection of stories published in paperback by Popular Library in 1951. They were all reprints from Colliers.

Frank McSherry's article on the Jim Thompson disappearance was very good. I wonder if anyone thought to screen the newspapers Thompson bought the day he vanished. He seemed uneasy after purchasing them, and may have read something terrible to him. This idea comes to me from an excellent Arthur Porges short story entitled "The Reason." In it a man heard something from his past on a radio news show. It caused him to commit suicide.

From David C. Ralph:

As a brand new (though somewhat mature in age) convert to the mystery/detective field, I plead with you to remember us. I well realize that long-devotees of the field grow tired of learning about Agatha Christie and Ngaio Marsh and John Dickson Carr, but we newees are thrilled to learn about our heroes. So, please keep on giving us some of the basics. For instance, what does it mean when a reader throws off a remark about wondering who is now writing the Christie and Queen books?—some of us are destroyed by this sophistication. All right, who is writing under the name of Christie now? And what has happened since one of the Queen team is no longer living? How I long for basic information about the authors and their writings. Of course, Doyle is an exception. We do learn a lot about him, and the article on S. S. Van Dine (W. H. Wright) in the most recent issue of TAD was most revealing and stimulated my memory—I well recall when we first learned that Van Dine was Wright, in the early 1930s, I think. (You see, while I am a recent convert to learning about the genre, I have been a mystery fan for over forty years.)

Finally, I am tired of being secretly stupid and lacking the courage to ask: How can I got about learning whether someone somewhere will sell me copies (hardcover or paperback) of The Borrowed Alibi (Egan-Linington) and The Ace of Hearts and Case Pending (Shannon-Linington)? Where do I write? Who will listen to me? Furthermore, HOW can I obtain a copy of the complete bibliography, which is appearing in agonizingly few pages in TAD, when I just started a subscription, and I've already missed Creasey and Christie and Carr-Dickson? I don't really mind waiting for the rest of the Bib, but how can I get a look at the earlier parts, which are o.p.?

> I think I've already suggested this in a letter to Prof. Ralph—but if not, try your fellow faculty member Donald A. Yates; he's a charter subscriber.

From Elmer R. Pry:

J. Randolph Cox's "Detection in the Guilt-Age" (TAD 8/2), in an otherwise interesting essay, begins by nibbling at one of Poe's own red herrings—although Mr. Cox is probably neither the first nor the last to miscalculate the man Daniel Hoffman has called "Hoaxiepoe." In noting "Thou Art the Man" as an additional Poe contribution to detective fiction, Mr. Cox lists three or four "contributions" this tale makes, but overlooks the major one:

Poe wrote seventy-odd (or, some would say, seventy "odd") pieces of fiction in his forty years, and about half of them are properly classified as burlesques, parodies, hoaxes, or other classes of humorous tale; many of these tales do not seem as funny to audiences today as Poe intended them, but anyone reading "The Man That Was Used Up," "The Duc De L'Omelete," or "Loss of Breath" (a story in which Mr. Lacko'breath literally loses his breath—which is ultimately found by Mr. Windenough) will not doubt Poe's aims. And among Poe's burlesques—a popular literary form in America from about 1830 to about 1895—is a humorous exaggeration in 1844 of the very form he had mastered three years earlier, a burlesque of the analytical detective tale which introduces absurd reasoning to the ratiocinative tale.

Poe makes clear his satire of his own form in the story's third paragraph:

> *The foremost and most energetic in instituting this search was the bosom friend of Mr. Shuttleworthy—a Mr. Charles Goodfellow, or, as he was universally called, "Charley Goodfellow," or "Old Charley Goodfellow." Now, whether it is a marvelous coincidence, or whether it is that the name itself has an imperceptible effect upon the character, I have never been able to ascertain; but the fact is unquestionable, that there never yet was any person named Charles who was not an open, manly, honest, good-natured, and frank-hearted fellow...*

This zany instance of inductive reasoning clearly introduces a burlesque which includes a humorously effective travesty of the detective's reasoning powers, a plot common enough for mystery story fare, and a conclusion so preposterous and crude that the unwary reader is almost as surprised as Charles when the corpse sits up and speaks; the detective in this tale seems, indeed, more a dolt than a combination poet and scientist. I omit any further summary of the tale and invite other detective fiction fans to read it and note the circuitous and awkward reasoning patterns in "Thou Art the Man."

From Kanji Ohtsuka:

In our country, the Japanese Mystery Writer's Association (Nihon Misuteri Sakka Kyokai) announced the best mystery novel of last year on March 15, 1975.

Domyaku Retto (new railway lines on Japanese islands), written by Mr. Ikko Shimizu, won the award. It is a suspense thriller about the New Tokaido Line (Tokyo-Osaka). A young M.D. sympathizes with his patient, who suffers from the noise of the expresses, and sends the National Railway Office a threatening letter which said that if the expresses did not decrease their speed, the writer would obstruct their passing. Mr. Shimizu wrote thrillingly of the offensive and defensive struggle between an intimidator and the police.

From Donald J. Pattow:

As a teacher of both mystery literature and literature for the young I have followed with great interest the several exchanges in TAD between those advocating reviews and/or discussions of mystery stories for young people and those arguing against those reviews. I would like to offer my obvious bias in favor of the inclusion of children's and adolescent's mysteries.

By omitting any mention of these works an entire segment of the genre is denied careful examination and judgment. If, as has been claimed by Barzun and others, most mystery stories for the young are not very well done then it would seem incumbent for those interested in the genre at least to attempt to raise the quality of these works. I am not suggesting that TAD turn over half its pages to children's mysteries, but I would like to suggest that some parents and teachers might appreciate occasional reviews and/or articles dealing with those mysteries that rarely get exposure in anything more than library annotations.

There are, I believe, a number of mysteries written for various age levels that are clearly well done, and I would like to offer one for review [see elsewhere in this issue--AJH] and hope that you will consider it for publication. Also, if warranted, I would like to do either a critical appraisal of mysteries for the young or a selected bibliography.

From Frank M. Halpern:

Many thanks for your kind notice of my International Classified Directory of Dealers in Science Fiction... in TAD 8/2. The thought of a similar directory of specialist dealers in detective-mystery-suspense fiction occurred to me while I was in the last stages of the S.F. book and still interests me, but there is the little matter of finding a willing publisher. If you have any advice or suggestions, I would be extremely happy to hear from you.

From Jeffrey Meyerson:

I am very happy to see Betty Donaldson's fine article on Arthur Upfield (8/1), one of my favorites. I also enjoyed Frank McSherry's story about The Sands of Windee, especially since I have just obtained the book. McSherry's engrossing article on the disappearing Jim Thompson was fascinating, too. I was sorry to reach the end of George Thompson's series on Hammett's novels, but glad to read that he is now tackling the short stories. I wish him all due success in finding a publisher. I was glad to see Michael Cook on the Detective Book Club, but was disappointed in the absence of a list showing which authors have been published most frequently by the DBC. Since I love lists (and since I'm nuts) I did one myself, and enclose a copy. [I won't reproduce the entire list here, but Mr. Meyerson goes on to list the DBC's most popular authors——AJH:] Not surprisingly, Erle Stanley Gardner/A.A.Fair easily leads the field with an incredible 97 titles. He is followed by Anthony Gilbert (36), John Creasey etc. (33), Rae Foley (33), Judson Philips/Hugh Pentecost (30), Mignon Eberhart (26), Agatha Christie and Doris Miles Disney (20 each), Kathleen Moore Knight (19), Robert Fish/Pike (18), Frank Gruber (17), Frances Crane and Helen Reilly/Kiernan Abbey (16 each), Georges Simenon and Stanton Forbes/Tobias Wells/Forbes Rydell and Whit Masterson/Dale Wilmer (15 each), George Bagby/Aaron Marc Stein/Hampton Stone and Frances & Richard Lockridge (14 each), Peter Cheyney (13), Roy Vickers (12), Stephen Ransome, Helen McCloy, and Elizabeth Daly (11 each), and Lee Thayer, Kelley Roos, William Haggard, Velda Johnston and Manning Coles (10 each). (I apologize in advance for any slight errors.)

I heartily concur with your decision to publish two paperback columns, for while I enjoy Charles Shibuk's column I would like to know which of the new series are worth reading and which are just trash. Perhaps my favorite section of TAD is the letters. I am frequently amazed, and jealous, at how many people seem to be able to keep up with all the new works, let alone read the older ones. At my best I can read about two books a day, with time off for work, sleep, other reading, etc. I am constantly being turned on to new authors and books in your pages. I was intrigued by Gianni Menasce's letter from Italy, but I disagree with his analysis of today's scene. I suggest that he stop buying on past reputation and try newer authors like James McClure, Peter Lovesey, Peter Dickinson, Elizabeth Lemarchand, Tony Hillerman, Bill Pronzini, Catherine Aird, and Maj Sjowall/Per Wahloo.

To answer Jo Ann Vicarel, Creasey wrote Supt. Folly books in the late '40's: Find the Body, Mystery Motive, First a Murder, Run Away to Murder, Close the Door on Murder, and The Gallows are Waiting.

Lastly, I'd like to add my congratulations to those already heaped upon Mike Nevins for Royal Bloodline, and thank him for turning me on to Queen. I've read about a dozen Queens since and I really enjoyed them, especially Ten Days' Wonder, Cat of Many Tails, and the first two Drury Lane books. I am curious about who wrote the paperback originals, if not Dannay and Lee, and why they were published under the Queen name. I am sure that many people have been trapped by thinking they were genuine Queens.

From John Harwood:

John Vining mentions Jack Boyle and the Boston Blackie films. Mr. Vining lists the titles of two of the films and I found eleven more listed in Richard Bertrand Dimmitt's A Title Guide to the Talkies. All the entries mention the fact that the films were based on the character created by Jack Boyle. The list:

1941 Meet Boston Blackie
1942 Alias Boston Blackie
Boston Blackie in Hollywood
Boston Blackie in Washington
1943 After Midnight with Boston Blackie
The Chance of a Lifetime
1944 One Mysterious Night
1945 Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion

1945 Boston Blackie's Rendezvous
1946 Boston Blackie and the Law
A Close Call for Boston Blackie
1948 Trapped by Boston Blackie
1949 Boston Blackie's Chinese Venture

The American Film Institute Catalog of Motion Pictures Produced in The United States: Feature Films 1921-1930 lists several of Boyle's earlier screenplays:

1922 The Face in the Fog
1923 Crooked Alley
The Last Moment
1924 The Silent Accuser
The Whipping Boss
1925 The Sporting Chance
1926 Satan Town
1928 Burning Bridges

In relating the case of a murderer who based his crime on Upfield's The Sands of Windee, Frank McSherry asks if other instances exist in which a murderer deliberately used a method he found in a mystery novel. I remember a couple of such cases, but they weren't based on a book. Last year there was a crime drama on TV about a criminal pouring gasoline over his victim and setting him (or her) afire. Within a week or two there were similar murders in Boston and Florida (if I remember the locations correctly). There was a lot of talk in the newspapers on the subject in connection with too much violence on TV.

Robert Kolesnik is interested in the Falcon movies and wants to know how many books Michael Arlen wrote about the Falcon. He didn't write any books; the movie series was based on a single short story by Arlen entitled "The Gay Falcon", probably a title that wouldn't be used today.

There were sixteen Falcon movies, three with George Sanders, one with George Sanders and Tom Conway, nine with Tom Conway, and three with John Calvert.

Starting in 1939, Sanders made a series of five Saint pictures. Then in 1941 he switched over to the Falcon series in The Gay Falcon, in which he played the same type of role. He made three of the films and grew tired of the part and wanted to quit. The studio made him an offer he couldn't refuse: they told him that if he woulc make one more Falcon picture, they would give his brother, Tom Conway, an important part in it. This might lead to his brother becoming a big star.

Actually, the studio did this to get him to do one last movie in the series. The two brothers appeared in The Falcon's Brother, in which the original Falcon gets killed and his brother takes over as the Falcon. Although this was supposed to be the last of the series, Conway got such a response from the movie goers that he went on to make nine more pictures, most of them grossing more than the ones with his brother.

Later Leslie Charteris sued the studio for making the series with a character so similar to his Saint, but the case was settled out of court.

The Falcon films:

1941	The Gay Falcon	Sanders
1942	A Date with the Falcon	
	The Falcon Takes Over	
	The Falcon's Brother	Sanders and Conway
1943	The Falcon Strikes Back	Conway
	The Falcon in Danger	
	The Falcon and the Co-Eds	
1944	The Falcon Out West	
	The Falcon in Mexico	
	The Falcon in Hollywood	
1945	The Falcon in San Francisco	
1946	The Falcon's Alibi	
	The Falcon's Adventure	
1948	Devil's Cargo	John Calvert
	Appointment with Murder	
1949	Search for Danger	

Although Michael Arlen never published any Falcon books, three such books were published by another author, Drexel Drake, under the J. B. Lippincott imprint:

1936 The Falcon's Prey
1937 The Falcon Cuts In
1938 The Falcon Meets a Lady

This was another fictional character who operated on both sides of the law.

John Moroso is mentioned in the Bibliography section as a mystery author. Is this the writer who had a series of juvenile short mystery stories in the old American Boy back in the late 1920s or early 1930s?

As I remember them, the stories featured a rural detective called "Bonehead" Tierney. I don't remember whether he was a retired policeman who took an occasional case or not. He lived in a small town in New Jersey (I think) and played one of the big horns (French horn or tuba) in the town band. Most of the time when someone came to him with a case, he would be home practicing.

From Randy Cox:

I noticed Ron Goulart's comment on the "glaring omission of Sir Compton Mackenzie in the Bibliography." I am doubly chagrined at this since I was responsible for the initial list of authors in that section of the Bibliography (i.e., I checked Who Done It? against various indexes and bibliographies and—I thought—against my own shelves), and I am something of a collector and enthusiast of Sir Compton Mackenzie. How I could have overlooked his Extremes Meet (1928), The Three Couriers (1929) and Water on the Brain (1933) is something I will never understand. It is just as well I am no longer working on the Bibliography. Somewhere there is a note to the effect that Mackenzie was widely read by espionage agents themselves at one time—partly for his satire on the secret service, especially in Water on the Brain, which he says in his autobiography was intended as a "deliberate caricature of the work of intelligence."

Since most of TAD's readers aren't likely to want to hand over $20 for a copy of the 1973 Mystery and Detection Annual, I'd like to make one or two comments on the article on 19th century detective fiction by Wilbur Jordan Smith which appears in that weighty tome. He does, I admit, make a convincing argument for 6,000 volumes of mystery fiction being published in the 19th century. His glib use of Montague Summers' Gothic Bibliography as his source for more than half of them sent me to that volume to test his assertion. Since Summers makes no statement on what he considers a gothic novel to be (one must go to his other book, The Gothic Quest, for that), one has to take it for granted that all of these works cited really do fit into the category of mystery fiction, in embryo, at least.

The Gothic Bibliography includes fiction, non-fiction, verse, and a certain quantity of stories which sound like love stories. The entry for a Mrs. Rice lists three titles: The Deserted Wife. A Tale of Much Truth (1803), Montreith, A Novel Founded on Scottish History (1806), and The Nabob, a Moral Tale (1807). Granted, wife-desertion should be considered a crime, and Monteith is probably wallowing in blood at every turn of the plot, while the title character of the third is undoubtedly a con man. But without some scrutiny and recognition of standards, could not we allow many other wirters into the bibliography of crime fiction?

I'd like to include Edward L. Wheeler and Bertha M. Clay and numerous authors of women's stories in the story papers (if, of course, the works of these were actually published later as books). Wheeler's Deadwood Dick stories may look like westerns with their South Dakota settings, but Dick is constantly in disguise or acting as a road-agent and/or detective. Bertha Clay's heroines face perils similar to those in many thrillers. Any examination of story paper serial fiction shows constant abductions and murders...one of the final chapters in Dora Thorne is called "A Murderer's Confession."

My tongue, of course, is in my cheek (lest anyone mistake my point), but I do think we need to constantly examine and re-examine and not take any bibliography at face value. Why should we accept Summers' eccentricities and not Hagen's or Barzun and Taylor's? Do ghost stories and historical fiction belong in the genre? It might be far easier to compile a bibliography of all those books which are not crime fiction than those which are!

Mr. Smith seems somewhat ignorant about the history of the paperback series which he describes in his article: Street & Smith's Secret Service Series. This is understandable when one reads that these books have been in storage, unwrapped, at UCLA for nearly 20 years! I, for one, would never have been able to resist the impulse to unwrap and examine them! From correspondence with collectors and a check of the Library of Congress records, UCLA must have the only complete set of this series in existence. Advertisements in other Street & Smith publications of the period have never listed more than 61 titles, but we now know there were at least 62. I suspect this was the complete run, but Mr. Smith may have unwrapped a few more by now and could tell us how much further it went. In 1894, the publisher began another printing of many of these same titles under the series name of the Shield Series. There were at least 37 titles in this series. Then in 1897 they launched the Magnet Library which reprinted most of the stories from the first two series. This changed its name in 1907 to the New Magnet Library and run until 1933, when it expired with book number 1369. All numbers after 1025 were reprints of the earlier volumes.

The true first editions in book form of the early Nick Carters appeared in the Secret Service Series. Mr. Smith cites 10, but attributes them all to John R. Coryell. In this he is following the Library of Congress, a grievous error. Below I've corrected these and noted the original sources for these titles:

17. (Coryell, John Russell) The Old Detective's Pupil; or, The Mysterious Crime of Madison Square. By Nick Carter (pseud.) 1889. (serialized in Street & Smith's New York Weekly, 1886)

18. _____. A Wall Street Haul; or, A Bold Stroke for a Fortune. By Nick Carter (pseud.) 1889. (serialized in S & S's New York Weekly, 1887)

21. _____. The American Marquis; or, Detective for Vengeance, a Story of a Masked Bride and a Husband's Quest. By Nick Carter (pseud.) 1889. (serialized in S & S's New York Weekly, 1885) (This preceded the first story about Nick Carter, and was originally signed with the pen name "Milton Quarterly")

37. Coryell, John R. A Woman's Hand; or, Detective Wit Against Lawyer's Wiles. 1890. (This story was later published under the Nick Carter pseudonym, but is not about Nick Carter; no earlier publication has been found: a paperback original.

54. _____. The Crime of a Countess; or, The American Detective and the Russian Nihilist. By Nick Carter (pseud.) 1892 (serialized in S & S's New York Weekly, 1889; not about Nick Carter; detective is Wat Denton)

56. _____. A Titled Counterfeiter. By Nick Carter (pseud.) 1892. (serialized in S &

S's New York Weekly, 1889; another Wat Denton story)

57. _____. Fighting against Millions. By Nick Carter (pseud.) (serialized in S & S's New York Weekly, 1887; Coryell's third and last novel about Nick Carter)

59. (Dey, Frederic Van Rensselaer) The Piano Box Mystery. By Nick Carter (pseud.) (Combination of stories from Nick Carter Library, #13, 14, 15)

60. _____. A Stolen Identity. By Nick Carter (pseud.) 1892 (Combination of stories from Nick Carter Library #16, 18)

61. _____. The Great Enigma; or, Nick Carter's Triple Puzzle. By Nick Carter (pseud.) 1892. (Combination of stories from Nick Carter Library #6, 32, 36)

62. _____. The Gambler's Syndicate. The Story of a Great Swindle. By Nick Carter (pseud.) 1892. (Combination of stories from Nick Carter Library #61, 62, 63)

My reasons for attributing these last to Dey (note that there is no final "k" in his first name—letters and stories published under his own name spell it without the "k") are spelled out in the Nick Carter Library bibliographical listing published by the Dime Novel Round-Up last year. Copyright records, some records at Conde Nast Publications, and tradition that says he wrote the first year's stories for the NCL are among those given. Style is also a consideration.

Every year in the M&DA, the editor bemoans the dearth of "serious" criticism of Sherlock Holmes and puts down the Baker Street Irregulars. In the 1972 Annual he even had a resident psychiatrist speak of those who "sit around the table, mapping out moves and attempting to contact the spirit of Sir Arthur" (sic!). Apart from an incredible ignorance of just what the BSI do in their meetings, the shrink seemed to imply that there was something basically unreal and even unhealthy in this. Since much of the writing about Sherlock Holmes is in the nature of a game, and even a spoof of academic research, it would seem the people closest to the core of academia can't see the joke that is being told at their expense! Well, let's hope the editor finds someone to write the kind of "serious" criticism he's looking for. Maybe John Dickson Carr and Pierre Nordon said it all in their biographies of Conan Doyle and there is nothing left to say.

From Peter W. Conway:

I suggest serious thought be given to a series of articles (written by anyone) on the continuing theme of "My Favorite Lesser Light of Detective and Suspense Writers." This would be guaranteed to add more variety, give different insights, expose unsuspected gems, and afford delightful contrast to the giants—Chandler, Hammett, Christie, Queen, Stout, Gardner, Doyle, etc., etc.

From Robert J. Randisi:

Damn it! I knew Pronzini would be there!

I am speaking, of course, of Bouchercon V for which I had my plane tickets, my hotel reservations, my vacation time arranged and my enthusiasm at high level, when something came up (a legal matter) and I could not attend. Reading Marvin Lachman's account of the Con thoroughly broke my heart. Look at the names: Bill Pronzini, Joe Gores, Poul and Karen Anderson, Frank McAuliife, Reginald Bretnor, Michael Kurkland, Lenore Glen Offord—it's too painful to go on.

I would like to urge anyone who has not attended one of these Con's to try to make arrangements to be in Chicago for Bouchercon VI. Bouchercon IV, in Boston, was my first and it was great. I had the honor of meeting Bob Briney, Mike Nevins, Ed Hoch and, to me the highlight of the weekend, Ron Goulart. After the panel discussion on "Science Fiction and Mystery Fiction" (Ed Hoch, Bob Briney, and Ron; I have it on tape) I followed Ron outside into the lobby and asked him one question, whereupon he invited me to sit down with him and discuss it. We ended up sitting there for a good hour or more discussing many different things, including my attempts to sell my first mystery (which I subsequently did four months later, which I attribute to the advice Ron gave me. Thanks, Ron. I hope I can thank you in person, in Chicago.)

All I can say is that the man is a delight and so was the Con. Let's make Chicago the biggest and best yet. The address is in TAD 8/2. I ruge you to write for your tickets and information early. You won't be sorry.

Just a few words on TAD 8/2.

William F. Nolan's "Shadowing the Op" was delightful and informative. I am looking forward to more of the same, on different authors.

I wholeheartedly agree with Veronica Kennedy's review of Poul Anderson's award winning "Queen of Air and Darkness", which I read when it first came out in Fantasy and Science Fiction, 4/71. Let's hope Eric Sherrinford returns again and again.

Robert B. Parker's Spenser is a welcome addition to the Private Eye story. I am a private eye fanatic and I love all private eye stories from Chandler's Marlowe to Macdonald's Archer to Michael Collins' Dan Fortune—and now Parker's Spenser.

I would like to take this opportunity to inform TAD's readers of another new private eye, now out in a Pocket Book edition. It's called The Big Fix, by Roger L. Simon, and it introduces private eye Moses Wine, a pot smoking, Clue (that's a game) playing, under-thirty hardboiled dick who also belongs in that Spade-Marlowe-Archer category. Now, I say it introduces Moses Wine because it's the first I've seen of him, but if there's anyone out there who knows more about him, please let us know. For those who haven't read The Big Fix, do so.

From R. Jeff Banks:

As you know from my past long harangues in behalf of Ted Mark and other similar authors that I wish you had not decided to exclude, the Bibliography is my favorite part of each issue. And articles on diverse subject matters (like Cook's on the DBC) follow close behind, especially when accompanied by thorough checklists. Thanks for including it.

Also, I am very interested in pulp bibliography, so I was delighted with Nolan's article and checklist on the Op. Now if someone would do the same sort of thing on Inspector Allhoff, Satan Hall and Thubway Tham, I would turn cartwheels in delight!

Among the Retrospective Reviews, I especially enjoyed that on Mum's the Word for Murder, and I wish someone would write reviews of the Dresser books under the penname of Matthew Blood. Dresser is a personal favorite of mine, for all that I agree the recent Shayne novels have been just about as bad as the "short novel" Shaynes in Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine. Apropos of that, I heartily agree with the statement in the Van Dine article in the current issue regarding the sharp decline in quality of the last half of the Philo Vance dozen, and with letter-writer Menasce who repeats what several other letter-writers have been saying about the decline of the Queen novels. Maybe Beaman's quote of Wright's statement that nobody has more than six good tec plots in him explains it all. Certainly, Thompson's theory on Hammett's abandoning tec novel writing seems to support this too. However, I think the better writers (that translates to mean "my personal favorites," no matter who says it) probably managed a good deal more than six (or Hammett's five), but surely there is a limit somewhere, and most of the more prolific writers probably surpassed it.

My thanks to the several nice people who commented favorably on my Carmody article!

I enjoyed Ron Goulart's letter immensely, and I'm looking forward to his comic strip book. And to reader Graham and his comments regarding that fine play R.U.R.: I had always assumed that science fictionists merely credit Capek with origination of the term "robot" and not the idea. Asimov's introduction to his collection The Rest of the Robots counts Mary Shelley's monster as the first one; Brian Aldiss implies agreement in his Billion Year Spree (a fine history of the genre). While I don't really agree with them, certainly Bierce's "Moxon's Master" (1909?) is a robot and it predates Capek, even if not the "muglugs".

Has there been an article anywhere on the Sexton Blake books? I'd like to read one! Maybe you can get one from one of your fine contributors?

A question I'd like to see answered, either in your Letters column, or perhaps in the form of an article. I imagine William Everson knows the answer. What movie actor portrayed the greatest number of detective series heroes, even if only doing one film as each? My best guess is: William Warren, who did Arsene Lupin, The Lone Wolf, Perry Mason, and Philo Vance (and others as well, for all I know); all the others I could think of did no more than three series heroes.

And finally, I want emphatically to second Bob Randisi's request for articles about those paperback original series.

* *

BOOK EXCHANGE

Allan Kleinberg (501 Cranford Road, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08003) is looking for Blake's There's Trouble Brewing and The Deadly Joker and M. Innes' A Night of Errors, The Crabtree Affair, and Appleby Talks Again. He can offer in trade Futrelle's The Thinking Machine and Gillette's The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road.

B. A. Buhrer (10 Arrow Drive, Livingston, N. J. 07039) wants Who's Whodunit by Lenore S. Gribbin (U. of N. Carolina Library, 1968), a paperbound listing of mystery writers' pseudonyms. She has for sale: TAD Vol. 7 #1, 2 & 3; Vol 8 #1 and 2 - $2.50 each. Also has early Leslie Ford and David Frome paperbacks; send list of wants.

Gene West (321 N. Scott St., Wautoma, Wis. 54982) will pay $2.50 each for Vol 7 #4 and Vol 8 #1 of TAD.

K. E. Bennett, Jr. (12 Garfield Ave., New Concord, Ohio 43762) has for sale The Canary Murder Case, Van Dine; Drink to Yesterday, Coles; Season of Danger, Gatenby; One-Man Show, Innes; The Honor of the Name, Gaboriau; at $1.50 each. Also, The Door Between and The New Adventures of Ellery Queen, Queen at $1 each. Also TAD Vol 7 #3 and #4 at $1.50 each. Please add 25¢ postage for each book.

Michael Lohse (8 Munchen 82, Wasserburger Landstr. 126, West Germany) is looking for Vol 1 #1 - Vol 7 #4 of TAD. Quotes are welcome for complete volumes as well as single copies.

Jim Finzel (14571 Fairway Drive, Livonia, Michigan 48154) would like to obtain Rhode's Paddington Mystery and meet other collectors in the Southern Michigan area. He has much to offer in trade.

Ulf Burholm (Hagagatan 89, S-871 00 Harnosand, Sweden) would like to buy issues of TAD 1971-1974. Please send quotations.

Nobumitsu Kodaka (50-122 Shimoyasumatsu, Tokorozawa City, Saitama, Japan) will pay $2 each for these issues of EQMM: Mar 44, May 44, Jan 45, Mar 45, May 45, Oct 47, Nov 47, Sept 49, Feb 54, Jun 54, Jul 54, Oct 57; and $1 each for: Aug 60, Apr 61, Feb 63, Nov 63, May 65, Jun 65, Sep 65, Oct 65, Dec 65, Mar 66, May 66, Nov 67. Duplicate issues for exchange: Apr 48, Mar 59, Feb 61, Nov 61, Feb 62, May 62, Jul 62 and Oct 62 of EQMM; Apr 60, May 60, Jun 60, Apr 63, Jun 63, Jan 67, Mar 67, May 67 of Saint Mystery Magazine.

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The Corpse-Bird Cries. Cassell, 1971
Dead on Prediction. Cassell, 1970
Now Lying Dead. Cassell, 1967
A School for Liars. Cassell, 1966
The Speight Street Angle.

NORWAY, G.
Falsely Accused. Digby, 1900
In False Attire. Digby, 1902

NORWAY, NEVIL SHUTE. Pseudonym: Nevil Shute, q.v.

NORWOOD, ELLIOTT
Audit in Death. Hale, 1970

NORWOOD, HAYDEN
Death Down East. Phoenix, 1941

NORWOOD, JOHN. Pseudonym of Raymond Stark
No Time to Laugh. Ward, 1958

NORWOOD, V.
The Caves of Death. Scion, 1951
The Island of Creeping Death. Scion, 1952
The Skull of Kanaima. Scion, 1952
The Temple of the Dead. Scion, 1951
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NOTLEY, F. E. M.
Beneath the Wheels. Blackett

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Corruption in Cantock. Jarrolds, 1941
Hotel Geneva. Jarrolds, 1942 ?
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NOTTINGHAM, POPPY
Hatred's Web. Ace, 1974
Shadow of a Cat. Ace, 1974
Without a Grave. Ace, 1975

NOVAK, ROBERT. Series character: Joe Blaze, in all titles
The Big Payoff. Belmont, 1974
The Concrete Cage. Belmont, 1974
Thrill Killers. Belmont, 1974

NOYES, PIERREPONT B.
The Pallid Giant. Revell, 1927

NULL, GARY
The Secret Circle: Cuban Expedition. Pyramid, 1974

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The Chinese Doll Affair. Hale, 1973
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It Adds Up to Trouble. Hale, 1972
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NYSON, J. E.
Death Calls at Scotland Yard. Blackfriars, 1946

OAKES, PHILIP
Experiment at Proto. Deutsch, 1973; Coward, 1973

OAKLEY, JOHN. See also Oakley, Nancy and John
The Blackmailer. Ward, 1902
The Great Craneboro Conspiracy. Ward, 1907

OAKLEY, NANCY AND John. [Nancy Oakley is a pseudonym of Marguerite Aspinwall, q.v.] See also Oakley, John.
The Clevedon Case. Jenkins, 1923; Lippincott, 1924
The Lint House Mystery. Jenkins, 1925

OAKROYD, SIMON
Maybe He's Dead. Belmont, 1971

O'BREEN, SALIEE
Beelfontaine. Berkley, 1974
Heiress to Evil. Beagle, 1974
Shadow of the Caravan. Berkley, 1974

O'BRIAN, FRANK. Pseudonym of Brian Garfield, 1939- , q.v.
The Rimfire Murders. Bouregy, 1962

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What Was It? and Other Stories. Ward, 1889 ss

O'BRIEN, FLANN
The Third Policeman. MacGibbon, 1967; Walker, 1967

O'BRIEN, HOWARD VINCENT. 1888-1947.
Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds. Doubleday, 1928; Hodder, 1928

O'BRIEN, MORROUGH
The League of the Ring and Torn Apart. Ireland's Own Library, 1914 ss, about Irish detective Dermod O'Donovan

O'BRIEN, ROBERT C. Pseudonym of Robert L. Conly, 1918-1973.
A Report from Group 17. Atheneum, 1972; Gollancz, 1973

O'BRINE, (PADRIAC) MANNING. 1915-
Corpse to Cairo. Hammond, 1952
Crambo. Joseph, 1970
Dagger Before Me. Hammond, 1957
Dead as a Dodo; see Dodos Don't Duck
Deadly Interlude. Hammond, 1954
Dodos Don't Duck. Hammond, 1953. Also published as: Dead as a Dodo. Corgi pb, 1954
The Hungry Killer. Hammond, 1955
Killers Must Eat. Hammond, 1951
Mills. Jenkins, 1969; Lippincott, 1969
No Earth for Foxes, Barrie, 1974; Delacorte, 1975
Passport to Treason. Hammond, 1955

O'CALLAGHAN, DIMITRI
The Scavengers. Paperback Library

O'CONNELL, CHARLES CHRISTOPHER
The Vanishing Island. Talbot, 1957; Devin-Adair, 1958

O'CONNELL, T. J.
Dead Man's Hoard. Mitre, 1946
The Tyson Murder Case. Mitre, 1946

O'CONNOR, DERMOT
The Eye of the Eagle, Long, 1971
The Restless Quiet. Long, 1971
The Slender Chance. Long, 1973

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Anonymous Footsteps. Cheshire, 1932

O'CONNOR, RAMONCITA SAYER
Murder Won't Wait. Arcadia, 1953

O'CONNOR, RICHARD. 1915-1975. Pseudonyms: Frank Archer, Patrick Wayland, qq.v.

ODELL, WILLIAM; see MARLOWE, DAN J.

ODLUM, JEROME. 1905-
Each Dawn I Die. Bobbs, 1938
The Mirabilis Diamond. Scribner, 1945
The Morgue is Always Open. Scribner, 1944
Night and No Moon. Howell Soskin, 1942
Nine Lives Are Not Enough. Sheridan, 1940; Boardman, 1944

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The Devil in the Pulpit. Archer, 1932 ?
Jennie Barlowe, Adventuress. Greening, 1906
Murder at Hide and Seek. Eldon, 1945

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Babes in the Woods. Abelard (New York & London), 1965
Death Blanks the Screen. Arcadia, 1960
Death of a Player. Abelard (New York & London), 1965
Death on the Grass. Arcadia, 1960
Death Schuss. Abelard (New York & London), 1963
Dial 577 R-A-P-E. Putnam, 1974; Barker, 1975 NM
Dive Into Darkness. Abelard (New York), 1971; Abelard (London), 1972
Don't Wear Your Wedding Ring. Putnam, 1973; Barker, 1974 NM
The Face of the Crime. Abelard (New York & London), 1968
Murder Under the Sun. Abelard (New York & London), 1964
The Phone Calls. Putnam, 1971; Hodder, 1972
The Sleeping Beauty Murders. Abelard (New York & London), 1967
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O'DONNELL, PETER. Series character: Modesty Blaise, in all titles
I, Lucifer. Souvenir, 1967; Doubleday, 1967
The Impossible Virgin. Souvenir, 1971
Modesty Blaise. Souvenir, 1965; Doubleday, 1965
Pieces of Modesty. Pan pb, 1972 ss
Sabre Tooth. Souvenir, 1966; Doubleday, 1966
The Silver Mistress. Souvenir, 1973
A Taste for Death. Souvenir, 1969; Doubleday, 1969

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The Runaway Wife; or, Love and Vengeance. Laird, 1889

O'DRISCOLL, H.
Flood's First Case. Mitre, 1946

O'DUFFY, EIMAR (ULTAN). 1893-1935.
The Bird Cage. Bles, 1932; Kinsey, 1933
Head of a Girl. Bles, 1935
The Secret Enemy. Bles, 1932

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And Die She Did. Doubleday, 1945; Hammond, 1953 MW
Death in a Chilly Corner. Hammond, 1964 (= Murder Helps?)
Death of a White Witch. Doubleday, 1949; Hammond, 1953 MW
The Kettel Mill Mystery. Doubleday, 1939; Davies, 1940 MW
The Man Who Didn't Answer. Doubleday, 1939; Davies, 1939 MW
Murder Comes at Night. Doubleday, 1940; Hammond, 1951 MW
Murder Helps. McKay, 1947 MW
Murder Makes Us Gay. Doubleday, 1941; Hammond, 1952

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Mystery on the River. Blackwell, 1936

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Brandy for a Hero. Duell, 1948
Causeway to the Past. Duell, 1950; Corgi, 1954
The Devil His Due. Doubleday, 1955; Hale, 1955
Grow Young and Die. Doubleday, 1952; Dakers, 1954
Gypsy, Go Home. Gold Medal, 1961
Harpoon of Death; see The Snakes of St. Cyr
Repeat Performance. Houghton, 1942; Allen, 1948
The Secret Fear. Corgi, 1954 (U.S. title?)
The Snakes of St. Cyr. Duell, 1951. British title: Harpoon of Death. Dakers, 1953
These Arrows Point to Death. Duell, 1951; Foulsham, 1952
Thin Edge of Violence. Duell, 1949
The Ugly Woman. Duell, 1948
Walk the Dark Bridge. Doubleday, 1952
Wetback. Dell, 1956

OFFORD, LENORE GLEN. 1905- . Series characters: Bill & Coco Hastings = H
And Turned to Clay; see My True Love Lies
Clues to Burn. Duell, 1942; Grayson, 1943 H
The Glass Mask. Duell, 1944; Jarrolds, 1946
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The Smiling Tiger. Duell, 1949; Jarrolds, 1951
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OFFUTT, ANDREW
Operation Super MS. Warner, 1974

O'FINN, THADDEUS. Pseudonym of Joseph Thaddeus McGloin
Happy Holiday. Rinehart, 1950
I'll Die Laughing. Bruce, 1955

O'FLAHERTY, LIAM. 1897-
The Assassin. Cape, 1928; Harcourt, 1928
The Informer. Cape, 1925; Harcourt, 1925

O'FLAHERTY, LOUISE
House of the Lost Woman. Pyramid, 1974

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Death on the Mountain. Little, 1931
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The Will and the Deed. Dodd, 1935

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OGILVIE, FRANCIS
Green Bondage. Nicholson, ca.1936

OGLE, RICHARD
Secret; A Mystery Tale of Wales. Burns, 1936

OGNALL, LEOPOLD HORACE. 1908- . Pseudonyms: Harry Carmichael, Hartley Howard, qq.v.

O'GRADY, ROHAN. Pseudonym of June O'Grady Skinner.
Bleak November. Dial, 1970; Joseph, 1971
Let's Kill Uncle. Macmillan, 1963; Longmans, 1964
Master of Montrolfe Hall; see Pippin's Journal
Pippin's Journal. Macmillan, 1962. Also published as: The Master of Montrolfe Hall. Ace, 1965

O'HANLON, JAMES D. Series character: Jason Cordry, in all titles
As Good as Murdered. Random, 1940; Withy Grove, 1941
Murder at Coney Island. Phoenix, 1939
Murder at Horsethief. Phoenix, 1941; Boardman, 1943
Murder at Malibu. Phoenix, 1937
Murder at 300 to 1. Phoenix, 1938; Long, 1939

O'HARA, BORIS
The St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Dell, 1967 (Novelization of the movie.)

O'HARA, KENNETH
The Bird-Cage. Gollancz, 1968; Random, 1969
The Company of St. George. Gollancz, 1972
Double Cross Purposes. Cassell, 1962
Sleeping Dogs Lying. Cassell, 1960; Macmillan, 1962
Underhandover. Cassell, 1961; Macmillan, 1963
Unknown Man, Seen in Profile. Gollancz, 1967
A View to a Death. Cassell, 1958

O'HARA, KEVIN. Pseudonym of Marten Cumberland, 1892- , q.v. Series character: Chico Brett, in all titles
Always Tell the Sleuth. Hurst, 1953
And Here Is the Noose. Long, 1959
The Customer's Always Wrong. Hurst, 1951
Danger: Women at Work. Long, 1958
Don't Neglect the Body. Long, 1964
Don't Tell the Police. Long, 1963
Exit and Curtain. Hurst, 1952
If Anything Should Happen. Long, 1962
It Leaves Them Cold. Hurst, 1954
It's Your Funeral. Long, 1966
Keep Your Fingers Crossed. Hurst, 1955
The Pace That Kills. Hurst, 1955
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Taking Life Easy. Long, 1961
Well, I'll Be Hanged. Long, 1958
Women Like to Know. Jarrolds, 1957

O'HIGGINS, HARVEY (JERROLD). 1876-1929.
The Adventures of Detective Barney. Century, 1915 ss
Detective Duff Unravels It. Liveright, 1929 ss
The Dummy, with Harriet Ford. French, 1925 (A play.)

OHNET, GEORGES. Pseudonym of Georges Henot, 1848-1918.
A Debt of Hatred. Cassell, 1891
The Great Marl-Pit. Remington, 1886. Also published as: The Marl-Pit Mystery. Vizetelly, 1889
The Marl-Pit Mystery; see The Great Marl-Pit
The Poison Dealer. Laurie, 1906
The Woman of Mystery. Chatto, 1903

OLAY, LIONEL
Dark Corners of the Night. Signet, 1960

OLDE, NICHOLAS
The Incredible Adventures of Roland Hern. Heinemann, 1928 ss

OLDFIELD, CLAUDE HOUGHTON. 1889- . Pseudonym: Claude Houghton, q.v.

OLDFIELD, PETER. Pseudonym of Per Jacobsson and Vernon Bartlett, 1894-
The Alchemy Murder. Washburn, 1929; Constable, 1929
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OLD HUTCH
The Detective's Clew. Street, 1887

OLDSEY, BERNARD
The Spanish Season. Harcourt, 1970

OLD SLEUTH
Aggravating Joe. Ogilvie
Aggravating Joe, The Prince of Mischief. Ogilvie
Allie Baird the Settler's Son. Ogilvie
Almon Mitchell's Double. Royal
An Amazing Wizard. Ogilvie
The American Detective in Russia. Royal
The American Monte Cristo. Royal
The American Thug. Royal
Amzi, the Detective. Ogilvie
Archie the Tumbler.
Arlie Bright. Ogilvie
The Bank Robgers. Royal.
A Beautiful Fugitive. Ogilvie
The Bicycle Detective. Ogilvie
Bicycle Jim. Ogilvie
Billy Preston. Ogilvie
Billy the Tramp. Ogilvie
The Boy Detective. Royal
A Boy Fugitive. Ogilvie
Brant Adams, the Emperor of Detectives. Street, 1887
Breezy Frank. Ogilvie

Bruce Angels, the City Detective. Street, 1887
Cad Metti, the Female Detective. Ogilvie
Carroll Moore. Ogilvie
The Central Park Mystery. Ogilvie
The Chief of the Counterfeiters. Westbrook
A Clever Boy Detective. Ogilvie
Clew by Clew. Royal
A Close Call. Ogilvie
Clyde, the Resolute Detective. Ogilvie
Cool Tom, the Sailor Boy Detective. Ogilvie
Creco the Swordsman. Ogilvie
Creston, the Detective. Ogilvie
Criminals Run Down. Royal
Crusoe Harry. Ogilvie
A Cute Boy Detective. Ogilvie
A Daring Conspiracy. Royal
Daring Meddie. Ogilvie
A Dashing Fugitive. Ogilvie
Days and Nights of Peril. Ogilvie
Dead Straight. Ogilvie
Desmond Dare. Ogilvie
A Desperate Chance. Ogilvie
Detective Archie. Royal
Detective Dale. Ogilvie
A Detective Enigma. Ogilvie
Detective Gay. Ogilvie
Detective Hanley. Ogilvie
Detective Kennedy. Ogilvie
Detective Payne. Ogilvie
Detective Payne's "Shadow". Ogilvie
A Detective's Daughter. Ogilvie
The Dock Rats of New York. Westbrook
The Doom of the Demon Band. Westbrook
A Double Crime. Royal
Dudie Dunne. Ogilvie
The Duke of Omaha. Ogilvie
An Eastern Vendetta. Royal
The Ex-Pugilist Detective. Ogilvie
A Famous Boy. Ogilvie
The Fastest Boy in New York. Royal
A Femal Ventriloquist. Ogilvie
Fighting for a Fortune. Royal
Fighting His Way. Royal
A Final Triumph. Ogilvie
Fire-Bomb Jack. Ogilvie
The Floating Head. Westbrook
Flyaway Ned. Ogilvie
From Death to Life. Royal
Funny Bob. Ogilvie
The Giant Athlete. Royal
The Giant Detective Among the Cowboys. Westbrook
The Giant Detective Among the Italian Brigands. Royal
The Giant Detective in France. Westbrook
Gipsey Rose, the Female Detective. Ogilvie
The Girl Champion. Royal
A Golden Legacy. Ogilvie
Grant McKenzie. Ogilvie
Great Folly. Ogilvie
A Great Boy. Ogilvie
The Great Indian Scout Detective. Royal
The Great River Mystery. Westbrook
The Gypsy Detective. Westbrook
Gypsy Reno, the Detective. Ogilvie
The Haunting Shadow. Royal
The Headless Crime. Royal
Headless Girl of the North River. Westbrook
His Greatest Shadow. Ogilvie
In the Russian Secret Service. Westbrook
The Irish Detective. Royal
The Italian Bandit. Royal
Jack and Gil. Ogilvie
Jack Breakaway. Ogilvie
Jack the Juggler. Ogilvie
Jack the Juggler's Ordeal. Ogilvie
Jack the Juggler's Trial. Ogilvie
Jolly Jess. Ogilvie
Kefton, the Detective. Ogilvie
The Kidnapped Heiress. Westbrook
The King of Detectives. Royal
The King of Fun. Ogilvie
The King's Detective. Ogilvie
Kingsley the Detective. Ogilvie
The Lady Detective. Royal
The League of the Counterfeiters. Westbrook
A League of Three. Ogilvie
Life in New York. Ogilvie
The Little Colonel. Ogilvie
A Little Confederate. Ogilvie
A Little Cowboy in New York. Ogilvie
Little Dead Sure. Ogilvie
A Little Giant. Ogilvie
The Little Miner. Ogilvie
Lively Luke. Ogilvie
The Lone House by the Sea. Westbrook
Lorie. Ogilvie
The Lure of the Black Pool. Westbrook
Magic Dick, a Boy Detective. Ogilvie
Malcolm the Wonder. Ogilvie
A Man of Mystery. Ogilvie
The Manordale Mystery. Ogilvie
The Man Trapper. Royal
Marie, the Dancing Girl. Ogilvie
A Marvelous Escape. Ogilvie
The Mechanic's Son. Ogilvie
A Midnight Ouest. Westbrook
A Million in Diamonds. Westbrook
A Million in Jewels. Royal
Mura, the Western Lady Detective. Royal
The Mysteries of New York. Royal
The Mystery of New York Bay. Royal
A Mystery of One Night. Ogilvie
The New York Detective. Royal
Nimble Ike's Mystery. Ogilvie
Nimble Ike's Romance. Ogilvie
Nimble Ike, The Trick Ventriloquist. Ogilvie
Norval, the Detective. Ogilvie
Old Electricity, the Lightning Detective. Westbrook
The Old Miser's Mystery. Royal
The Old Miser's Ward. Ogilvie
Old Sleuth, the Avenger. Westbrook
Old Sleuth, Detective. Royal
Old Sleuth to the Rescue. Westbrook
Old Sleuth's Greatest Case. Westbrook
Old Sleuth's Triumph. Westbrook
Old Sleuth's Winning Hand. Westbrook
The Omnipresent Avenger. Royal
A One Night Mystery. Ogilvie
Only a Photograph. Ogilvie
On Their Track. Royal
On the Wing. Ogilvie
Pawnee Tom. Ogilvie
The Phantom of Meadow Creek. Westbrook
The Phantom Wreck. Royal
Plot and Counterplot. Royal
Plucky Bob. Ogilvie
A Plucky Girl. Ogilvie
Preston Jayne. Ogilvie
The Prince of Ventriloquists. Ogilvie
A Puzzling Shadow. Ogilvie
Ramsay, the Detective. Ogilvie
Red Cecil, the Detective. Ogilvie
A Remarkable Feat. Ogilvie
A Remarkable "Shadow". Ogilvie

Resolute Jack. Ogilvie
The River Detective and the Wharf Rat's Game. Westbrook
The River Tragedy. Westbrook
Romance of a Salvation Army Girl. Ogilvie
The Runaway. Ogilvie
Seth Bond. Ogilvie
The Shadow Detective. Royal
Shadowed by Two. Westbrook
Shadowed to His Doom. Westbrook
The Sheik's Capture. Royal
A Single Clue. Ogilvie
Snap and Jerry. Ogilvie
A Straight Clue. Ogilvie
A Straight-Out Detective. Ogilvie
"Straight to the Mark". Ogilvie
A Struggle to Win. Ogilvie
A Successful "Shadow." Ogilvie
The Surprise of His Life. Royal
A Ten Day Mystery. Ogilvie
A Terrible Youth. Ogilvie
The Terror in the Night. Westbrook
The Three Boy Detectives. Ogilvie
Three Little Tramps. Ogilvie
Thrifty Abe. Ogilvie
A Thrilling Mystery. Royal
Tom, the Young Explorer. Ogilvie
Tracked by a Female Detective. Westbrook
Tracked by a Woman. Royal
Tracked on a Wheel. Ogilvie
A Tragic Mystery. Royal
A Tragic Quest. Ogilvie
Tragedy and Strategy. Royal
Trapped by a Female Detective. Westbrook
Trapping the Moonshiners. Westbrook
Tricks and Triumphs. Ogilvie
True Blue. Ogilvie
True Blue, the Detective. Ogilvie
The Twin Athletes. Ogilvie
The Twin Ventriloquists. Ogilvie
The Two Conspirators. Ogilvie
Two Wonderful Detectives. Ogilvie
The Ubiquitous Yank. Royal
Under a Veil. Ogilvie
Under Sentence of Death. Royal
Van the Government Detective. Street, 1887
Vavel, the Wonderful Treasure Seeker. Ogilvie
The "Veiled Beauty." Westbrook
Weaver Webb. Ogilvie
A Weird Sea Mystery. Ogilvie
The West Shore Mystery. Royal
Witch of Manhattan. Ogilvie
The Wizard Tramp. Ogilvie
The Woman of Death. Westbrook
A Wonderful Detective. Ogilvie
Wonder Jack. Ogilvie
Woodchuck Jerry, the Country Detective. Ogilvie
Yankey Rue, the Ex-Pugilist Detective. Ogilvie
A Young Alladin. Ogilvie
Young Chauncey. Ogilvie
Young Dash. Ogilvie
The Young Engineer. Ogilvie
Young Ginger. Ogilvie
Young Harold. Ogilvie
The Young Magician. Royal
Young Vigilance. Ogilvie
Zantelli. Ogilvie

OLD SPICER
A Dead Witness. Street (Magnet)
A Desperate Game. Street (Magnet)
A High Class Swindler. Street (Magnet)
In the Shadow. Street (Magnet)
A Matter of Thousands. Street (Magnet)
The Palace of Chance. Street (Magnet)
On the Brink of Ruin. Street (Magnet)
A Question of Evidence. Street (Magnet)
The Shadow of Guilt. Street (Magnet)
The Sport of Fate. Street (Magnet)
The Stolen Jewels. Street (Magnet)
The Tattooed Wrist. Street (Magnet)
The Three Finger Marks. Street (Magnet)
Tightening of the Coils. Street (Magnet)

OLECK, HOWARD L.
A Singular Fury. World, 1968

OLESKER, HARRY
Exit Dying. Random, 1959; Boardman, 1961
Impact. Random, 1961; Boardman, 1961
Now Will You Try for Murder? Simon, 1958; Boardman, 1959

OLIPHANT, MARGARET
Stories of the Seen and the Unseen. Blackwood, 1881; Roberts, 1889 ss

OLIVER, EDWIN
A Rogue's Progess. Low ss

OLIVER, GAIL. Pseudonym of Marian Gallagher Scott, q.v.
The Moon Saw Murder. Macmillan, 1937; Bles, 1938

OLIVER, JOHN
Detection in a Topper. Herbert Joseph, 1936

OLIVER, LIONEL
Mongolian Interlude. Paul

OLIVER, DR. N. T. Pseudonym of E. O. Tilburn. Other pseudonym: Nevada Ned, q.v.
Almeda. Rand McNally, 1889
The Confession of Lorraine Herschel. Laird, 1896. Also published as: A Desperate Deed. Laird, 1900
Dr. Wilbur's Note Book. Rand McNally, 1889
The Fateful Hand; or, Saved by Lightning. Laird, 1896
An Unconscious Crime. Laird, 1891
The Whitechapel Mystery. Eagle, 1889
A Woman of Nerve. Laird, 1900

OLIVY, D. J.
Never Ask a Policeman. Coward, 1970; Gollancz, 1970

OLMSTEAD, EDWIN
Clip Joint. Constable, 1939

OLMSTED, HOWARD J.
The Hot Diary. Ace, 1960

OLMSTED, LORENA ANN
Cover of Darkness. Bouregy, 1961
Death Walked In. Bouregy, 1960
Footsteps of the Cat. Bouregy, 1963
Setup for Murder. Bouregy, 1962
To Love a Stranger. Bouregy, 1964

OLSEN, D. B. Pseudonym of Dolores B(irk Olsen) Hitchens, 1907- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Dolan Birkley, Noel Burke, qq.v. Series characters: Rachel and

Jennifer Murdock = M; Lieutenant Stephen Mayhew = SM; Professor A. Pennyfeather = P
The Alarm of the Black Cat. Doubleday, 1942 M
Bring the Bride a Shroud. Doubleday, 1945; Aldor, 1945 P
The Cat and Capricorn. Doubleday, 1951 M
The Cat Saw Murder. Doubleday, 1939; Heinemann, 1940 M & SM
The Cat Walk. Doubleday, 1953 M
The Cat Wears a Mask. Doubleday, 1949 M
The Cat Wears a Noose. Doubleday, 1944 M & SM
The Cat's Claw. Doubleday, 1943 M & SM
Cat's Don't Need Coffins. Doubleday, 1946; Aldor, 1946 M & SM
Cat's Don't Smile. Doubleday, 1945; Aldor, 1948 M
Cats Have Tall Shadows. Ziff-Davis, 1948 M
Catspaw for Murder. Doubleday, 1943 M & SM
The Clue in the Clay. Phoenix, 1938 SM
Death Cuts a Silhouette. Doubleday, 1939
Death Walks on Cat Feet. Doubleday, 1956 M
Death Wears Cat's Eyes. Doubleday, 1950 M
Devious Design. Doubleday, 1948 P
Enrollment Cancelled. Doubleday, 1952 P
Gallows for the Groom. Doubleday, 1947 P
Love Me in Death. Doubleday, 1951 P
Night of the Bowstring. Hale, 1963 (U.S. title?)
Something About Midnight. Doubleday, 1950 P
The Ticking Heart. Doubleday, 1940 SM
Widows Ought to Weep. Ziff-Davis, 1947

O'MAHONEY, CHARLES KINGSTON. Pseudonym: Charles Kingston, q.v.

O'MALLEY, FRANK. Pseudonym of Frank O'Rourke, 1916- , q.v.
The Best Go First. Random, 1950; Benn, 1955

O'MALLEY, LADY MARY DOLLING SAUNDERS. Pseudonym: Ann Bridge, q.v.

O'MALLEY, PATRICK. Series characters: Harrigan & Hoeffler, in all titles
The Affair of the Blue Pig. Mill, 1965
The Affair of the Bumbling Briton. Mill, 1965
The Affair of Chief Strongheart. Mill, 1964
The Affair of John Donne. Mill, 1964
The Affair of Jolie Madame. Mill, 1963; Hale, 1965
The Affair of Swan Lake. Mill, 1962
The Affair of the Red Mosaic. Mill, 1961

O'MEARA, WALTER
Minnesota Gothic. Macfadden, 1956. Also published as: Castle Danger. Macfadden, 1966

O'NAIR, MAIRI. Pseudonym of Constance May Evans
Beautiful Crook. Mills, 1937
Dangerous Lady. Mills, 1934
The Girl with the X-Ray Eyes. Mills, 1935 ss
Jennifer Disappears. Mills, 1935
Judy Ashbane, Police Decoy. Mills, 1944
Mystery at Butlin's. Mills, 1960

O'NEIL, KERRY. Pseudonym of John Thomas MacIntyre, 1871-1951, q.v.
Death at Dakar. Doubleday, 1943
Death Strikes at Heron House. Farrar, 1943
Mooney Moves Around. Reynal, 1939
Ninth Floor: Middle City Tower. Farrar, 1943

O'NEIL, RUSSELL
The Alcatraz Incident. McKay, 1971

O'NEILL, ARCHIE. Series character: Jeff Pride, in all titles
The Duplicate Stiff. Bantam, 1974
The Ginzberg Circle, Bantam, 1974
High Bid for Murder. Bantam, 1974

O'NEILL, DESMOND
Life Has No Price. Gollancz, 1959; Dodd, 1960

O'NEILL, JAMES
The Molly Maguires. Gold Medal, 1969 (Novelization of the movie.)

O'NEILL, JOHN
As We Sow. Methuen, 1926

O'NEILL-BARNA, ANNE
Wentworth Hall, Popular Library, 1974

ONIONS, OLIVER. Pseudonym of George Oliver, 1873-1961.
A Case in Camera. Macmillan, 1921
In Accordance with the Evidence. Nisbet, 1915

OPERATOR FIVE
The Army of the Dead. Corinth, 1966
Blood Reign of the Dictator. Corinth, 1966
Hosts of the Flaming Death. Corinth, 1966
Invasion of the Yellow Warlords. Corinth, 1966
Legions of the Dead Master. Corinth, 1966
March of the Flame Marauders. Corinth, 1966
Master of Broken Men. Corinth, 1966

OPERATOR 1384
The Devil's Diplomats. Hutchinson
Hellhounds of France. Hutchinson
The Catacombs of Death. Hutchinson, 1936

OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS. 1866-1946. Pseudonym: Anthony Partridge, q.v.
Aaron Rodd, Diviner. Hodder, 1920; Little, 1927 ss
The Adventures of Mr. Joseph P. Cray. Hodder, 1925; Little, 1927 ss
Advice Limited. Hodder, 1935; Little, 1936 ss
The Amazing Judgment. Downey, 1897
The Amazing Partnership. Cassell, 1914; Little, 1932 [in omnibus Shudders and Thrills] ss
The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss. Hodder, 1922. U.S. title: The Curious Quest. Little, 1919
Ambrose Lavendale, Diplomat. Hodder, 1920 ss
The Amiable Charlatan; see The Game of Liberty
And Still I Cheat the Gallows. Hodder, 1938 ss
Anna, the Adventuress. Ward, 1904; Little, 1904
As a Man Lives. Ward, 1898. U.S. title: The Yellow House. Doscher, 1908
Ask Miss Mott. Hodder, 1936; Little, 1937 ss
The Avenger; see Conspirators
The Bank Manager. Hodder, 1935. U.S. title: The Man Without Nerves. Little, 1934
The Battle of Basinghall Street. Hodder, 1935; Little, 1935
Berenice. Ward, 1910; Little, 1907
The Betrayal. Ward, 1904; Dodd, 1904
The Bird of Paradise. Hodder, 1936. U.S. title: Floating Peril. Little, 1936
The Black Box. Hodder, 1917; Grosset, 1915 (Novelization of the movie.)

Blackman's Wood. Readers' Library, 1929 (with Underdog by Agatha Christie)
The Box with Broken Seals; see The Strange Case of Mr. Jocelyn Thew
Burglars Must Dine. Todd, 1943 (from Ask Miss Mott)
The Channay Syndicate. Hodder, 1927; Little, 1927 ss
Chronicles of Melhampton. Hodder, 1928 ss
The Cinema Murder; see The Other Romilly
Clowns and Criminals. Little, 1931 (Omnibus containing Michael's Evil Deeds, Peter Ruff and the Double Four, Recalled by the Double Four, Jennerton & Co., and Aaron Rodd, Diviner.)
The Colossus of Arcadia. Hodder, 1938; Little, 1938
Conspirators. Ward, 1907. U.S. title: The Avenger. Little, 1908
Crooks in the Sunshine. Hodder, 1932; Little, 1933 ss
Curious Happenings to the Rooke Legatees. Hodder, 1937; Little, 1938 ss
The Curious Quest; see The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss
A Daughter of Astrea. Arrowsmith, 1898; Newton, 191?
A Daughter of the Marionis. Ward, 1895. U.S. title: To Win the Love He Sought. Doscher, 1910
The Devil's Paw. Hodder, 1921; Little, 1920
The Double Four. Cassell, 1911. U.S. title: Peter Ruff and the Double Four. Little, 1912 ss
The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton. Methuen, 1914; Little, 1913
The Double Traitor. Hodder, 1918; Little, 1915
The Dumb Gods Speak. Hodder, 1937; Little, 1937
Enoch Stone; see Master of Men
Envoy Extraordinary. Hodder, 1937; Little, 1937
The Evil Shepherd. Hodder, 1923; Little, 1922
The Ex-Detective. Hodder, 1933; Little, 1933 ss
The Ex-Duke. Hodder, 1927. U.S. title: The Interloper. Little, 1926
Exit a Dictator. Hodder, 1939; Little, 1939
Expiation. Maxwell, 1887
The Exploits of Pudgy Pete & Co. Hodder, 1928 ss
The Falling Star. Hodder, 1911. U.S. title: The Moving Finger. Little, 1910
False Evidence. Ward, 1896
Floating Peril; see The Bird of Paradise
For the Queen. Ward, 1912; Little, 1913 ss
The Fortunate Wayfarer. Hodder, 1928; Little, 1928
Gabriel Samara, Peacemaker. Hodder, 1925; Little, 1925
The Gallows of Chance. Hodder, 1934; Little, 1934
The Game of Liberty. Cassell, 1915. U.S. title: The Amiable Charlatan. Little, 1916 ss
Gangster's Glory; see Inspector Dickens Retires
General Besserley's Puzzle Box. Hodder, 1935; Little, 1935 ss
General Besserley's Second Puzzle Box. Hodder, 1939; Little, 1940 ss
The Glenlitten Murder. Hodder, 1929; Little, 1929
The Golden Beast. Hodder, 1926; Little, 1926
The Governors. Ward, 1908; Little, 1909
The Grassleyes Mystery. Hodder, 1940; Little, 1940
The Great Awakening. Ward, 1902. U.S. title: A Sleeping Memory. Dillingham, 1902
The Great Bear. Todd, 1943 (16 pp.)
The Great Impersonation. Hodder, 1920; Little, 1920
The Great Prince Shan. Hodder, 1922; Little, 1922
The Great Secret; see The Secret
Harvey Garrard's Crime. Hodder, 1927; Little, 1926
Havoc. Hodder, 1912; Little, 1911
The Hillman. Methuen, 1917; Little, 1917
The Honorable Algernon Knox, Detective. Hodder, 1920 ss
The Human Chase. Hodder, 1929 ss
The Illustrious Prince. Hodder, 1910; Little, 1910
The Inevitable Millionaires. Hodder, 1923; Little, 1925
Inspector Dickens Retires. Hodder, 1931. U.S. title: Gangster's Glory. Little, 1931 ss
The Interloper; see The Ex-Duke
Jacob's Ladder. Hodder, 1921; Little, 1921
Jeanne of the Marshes. Little, 1909 (British title?)
Jennerton & Co. Hodder, 1929; Little, 1931 (in omnibus Clowns and Criminals.) ss
Jeremiah and the Princess. Hodder, 1933; Little, 1933
Judy of Bunter's Building. Hodder, 1936. U.S. title: The Magnificent Hoax. Little, 1936
The Kingdom of the Blind. Hodder, 1917; Little, 1916
Last Train Out. Hodder, 1941; Little, 1940
The Light Beyond. Hodder, 1928; Little, 1928
The Lighted Way. Hodder, 1912; Little, 1912
The Lion and the Lamb. Hodder, 1930; Little, 1930
The Little Gentleman from Okehampstead. Hodder, 1926 ss
The Long Arm. Ward, 1909. U.S. title: The Long Arm of Mannister. Little, 1908 ss
The Lost Ambassador; see The Missing Delora
A Lost Leader. Little, 1906, Ward, 1906
Madame. Hodder, 1927. U.S. title: Madame and Her Twelve Virgins. Little, 1927 ss
The Magnificent Hoax; see Judy of Bunter's Building
A Maker of History. Ward, 1905; Little, 1905
The Malefactor; see Mr. Wingrave, Millionaire
The Man and His Kingdom. Ward, 1899; Lippincott, 1899
The Man from Sing Sing; see Moran Chambers Smiled
The Man Who Changed His Plea. Hodder, 1942; Little, 1942
The Man Who Thought He Was a Pauper. Polybooks, 1943 (16 pp.)
The Man Without Nerves; see The Bank Manager
The Master Mummer. Ward, 1905; Little, 1904
Master of Men. Methuen, 1901. U.S. title: Enoch Stone. Dillingham, 1902
Matorni's Vineyard. Hodder, 1929; Little, 1926
The Mayor on Horseback. Little, 1937
Michael's Evil Deeds. Hodder, 1924; Little, 1923 ss
The Milan Grill Room. Hodder, 1940; Little, 1941 ss

The Million Pound Deposit. Hodder, 1930; Little, 1930
A Millionaire of Yesterday. Ward, 1900; Little, 1906
The Mischief-Maker. Hodder, 1913; Little, 1912
Miss Brown of X.Y.O. Hodder, 1927; Little, 1927
The Missing Delora. Methuen, 1910. U.S. title: The Lost Ambassador. Little, 1910
The Missioner. Ward, 1908; Little, 1909
Mr. Billingham, the Marquis and Madelon. Hodder, 1927; Little, 1929 ss
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo. Methuen, 1915; Little, 1916
Mr. Laxworthy's Adventures. Cassell, 1913 ss
Mr. Lessingham Goes Home. Hodder, 1919. U.S. title: The Zeppelin's Passenger. Little, 1918
Mr. Marx's Secret. Simpkin, 1899; Little, 1916
Mr. Mirakel. Hodder, 1943; Little, 1943
Mr. Wingrave, Millionaire. Ward, 1906. U.S. title: The Malefactor. Little, 1906
The Modern Prometheus. Unwin, 1896; Neely, 1897
A Monk of Cruta. Ward, 1894; Neely, 1894. Also published as: The Tragedy of Andrea. Ogilvie, 1906
Moran Chambers Smiled. Hodder, 1932. U.S. title: The Man from Sing Sing. Little, 1932
The Moving Finger; see The Falling Star
Murder at Monte Carlo. Hodder, 1933; Little, 1933
The Mysteries of the Riviera. Cassell, 1916 ss
Mysterious Mr. Sabin. Ward, 1898; Little, 1905
The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown. Bentley, 1896; Little, 1910. Also published as: The New Tenant. Collier, 1912
Nicholas Goade, Detective. Hodder, 1927; Little, 1927
Nobody's Man. Hodder, 1922; Little, 1921
The Ostrekoff Jewels. Hodder, 1932; Little, 1932
The Other Romily. Hodder, 1918. U.S. title: The Cinema Murder. Little, 1917
The Passionate Quest. Hodder, 1924; Little, 1924
The Pawn's Count. Hodder, 1918; Little, 1918
The Peer and the Woman. Ward, 1895; Taylor, 1892
A People's Man. Methuen, 1915; Little, 1914
Peter Ruff. Hodder, 1912. U.S. title: Peter Ruff and the Double-Four. Little, 1912 ss
The Plunderers. Hodder, 1916
The Postmaster of Market Deighton. Routledge, 1897
A Prince of Sinners. Ward, 1903; Little, 1903
Prodigals of Monte Carlo. Hodder, 1926; Little, 1926
The Profiteers. Hodder, 1921; Little, 1921
Pulpit in the Grill Room. Hodder, 1938; Little, 1939 ss
Recalled by the Double Four. Little, 1931 (in omnibus Clowns and Criminals.) (British title?)
The Secret. Ward, 1907. U.S. title: The Great Secret. Little, 1907
Seeing Life. Lloyds, 1919
The Seven Conundrums. Hodder, 1924; Little, 1923 ss
Shudders and Thrills. Little, 1932 (Omnibus containing The Evil Shepherd, The Ghosts of Society [originally published under Anthony Partridge byline], The Amazing Partnership, The Channay Syndicate, and The Human Chase.)
The Shy Plutocrat. Hodder, 1941; Little, 1941
Simple Peter Cradd. Hodder, 1931; Little, 1931
Sinners Beware. Hodder, 1932; Little, 1932 ss
Sir Adam Disappeared. Hodder, 1939; Little, 1939
Slane's Long Shots. Hodder, 1930; Little, 1930 ss
A Sleeping Memory; see The Great Awakening
The Spy Paramount. Hodder, 1935; Little, 1935
The Spymaster. Hodder, 1938; Little, 1938
Stolen Idols. Hodder, 1925; Little, 1925
The Strange Borders of Palace Crescent. Hodder, 1935; Little, 1934
The Strange Case of Mr. Jocelyn Thew. Hodder, 1919. U.S. title: The Box with the Broken Seals. Little, 1919
The Stranger's Gate. Hodder, 1940; Little, 1939
The Survivor. Ward, 1901; Brentano's, 1901
The Temptation of Tavernake. Hodder, 1913. U.S. title: The Tempting of Tavernake. Little, 1912
The Tempting of Tavernake; see The Temptation of Tavernake
The Terrible Hobby of Sir Joseph Londe, Bart. Hodder, 1924; Little, 1927 ss
Those Other Days. Ward, 1912; Little, 1913 ss
To Win the Love He Sought; see A Daughter of the Marionis
The Tragedy of Andrea; see A Monk of Cruta
The Traitors. Ward, 1902; Dodd, 1903
The Treasure House of Martin Hews. Hodder, 1929; Little, 1929
Up the Ladder of Gold. Hodder, 1931; Little, 1931
The Vanished Messenger. Methuen, 1916; Little, 1914
The Way of These Women. Methuen, 1914; Little, 1913
What Happened to Forester. Hodder, 1929; Little, 1930 ss
The Wicked Marquis. Hodder, 1919; Little, 1919
The Wooing of Fortune. Ward, 1896
The World's Great Snare. Ward, 1896; Lippincott, 1896
The Wrath to Come. Hodder, 1925; Little, 1924
The Yellow Crayon. Ward, 1903; Dodd, 1903
The Yellow House; see As a Man Lives
The Zeppelin's Passenger; see Mr. Lessingham Goes Home

ORAM, JOHN
The Copenhagen Affair. Ace, 1965 (Novelization of Man from U.N.C.L.E. TV series.)
The Stone-Cold Dead in the Market Affair. Four Square, 1966; Ace, 1970 (Novelization of Man from U.N.C.L.E. TV series.)

ORBISON, KECK; see KECK, MAUD and ORBISON, OLIVE

ORBISON, OLIVE; see KECK, MAUD and ORBISON, OLIVE

ORCUTT, W. D. 1870-1952.
Balance. Stokes, 1922

ORCZY, BARONESS (EMMUSKA). 1865-1947.
The Case of Miss Elliott. Unwin, 1905 ss
Castles in the Air. Cassell, 1921; Doran, 1922 ss
Lady Molly of Scotland Yard. Cassell, 1910 ss
The Man in Gray. Cassell, 1918 ss
The Man in the Corner; see The Old Man in the Corner
The Old Man in the Corner. Greening, 1909. U.S. title: The Man in the Corner. Dodd, 1909
The Old Man in the Corner Unravels the Mystery of the Fulton Gardens Mystery, and the Moorland Tragedy. Doran, 1925
The Old Man in the Corner Unravels the Mystery of the Khaki Tunic. Doran, 1923
The Old Man in the Corner Unravels the Mystery of the Pearl Necklace, and the Tragedy in Bishop's Road. Doran, 1924
The Old Man in the Corner Unravels the Mystery of the Russian Price, and of Dog's Tooth Cliff. Doran, 1924
The Old Man in the Corner Unravels the Mystery of the White Carnation, and the Montmarte Hat. Doran, 1925
Skin O' My Tooth. Hodder, 1928; Doubleday, 1928 ss
Unraveled Knots. Hutchinson, 1925; Doran, 1926 ss

ORDE-POWLETT, NIGEL. 1900- . Series character: Anthony Rillington, in both titles
The Cast of Death. Benn, 1932; Houghton, 1932
Driven Death. Benn, 1933

ORDWAY, PETER. 1916- .
Conspiracy of Vipers. Davies, 1961; British Book Service, 1961
The Face in the Shadows. Wyn, 1952
Night of Reckoning. Simon, 1965; Hale, 1967
The Teak Forest. Boardman, 1958

O'REILLY, MARY BOYLE
The Black Fan. Reilly & Lee, 1928

ORFORD, ELLEN
The Bride of Raven Island. Curtis, 1973

ORGAN, PERRY
The House on Cheyne Walk. Coward, 1975

ORGILL, DOUGLAS. 1922- .
The Astrid Factor. Davies, 1968; Walker, 1968
The Cautious Assassin; see Ride a Tiger
The Days of Darkness. Davies, 1965. U.S. title: Man in the Dark. Morrow, 1965
The Death Bringers. Davies, 1962. U.S. title: Journey Into Violence. Morrow, 1963
The Jasius Pursuit. Macmillan (London), 1973; St. Martin's, 1973
Journey Into Violence; see The Death Bringers
Man in the Dark; see The Days of Darkness
Ride a Tiger. Davies, 1963. U.S. title: The Cautious Assassin. Morrow, 1964

ORIOL, LAWRENCE. Pseudonym of Noelle Loriot
A Murder to Make You Grow Up Little Girl. Macdonald, 1968; World, 1972
Short Circuit. Macdonald, 1967; World, 1968

ORMEROD, ROGER
Full Fury. Hale, 1975
The Silence of the Night. Hale, 1974
Time to Kill. Hale, 1974

ORMOND, FREDERIC. Pseudonym of Frederic van Rensselaer Dey, 1861-1922. Other pseudonym: Varick Vanardy, q.v.
The Three Keys. Watt, 1909

ORNSTEIN, ALFRED
The Secret of the Ashes. Hutchinson, 1926

O'ROURKE, FRANK. 1916- . Pseudonym: Frank O'Malley, q.v.
The Abduction of Virginia Lee. Lippincott, 1970
High Dive. Random, 1954
The Man Who Found His Way. Morrow, 1957
A Private Agner, and Flight and Pursuit. Morrow, 1963
P's Progress. Morrow, 1966
Window in the Dark. Morrow, 1960

ORPET, FRED
Murder's No Accident. Arcadia, 1954

ORR, CLIFFORD. 1899- .
The Dartmouth Murders. Farrar, 1929; Hamilton, 1931
The Wailing Rock Murders. Farrar, 1932; Cassell, 1933

ORR, MARY
The Tejera Secrets. Dial, 1974

ORR, MYRON DAVID
White Gold. Capper, 1936

ORUM, POUL
The Whipping Boy. Gollancz, 1975

ORVIS, KENNETH
The Damned and the Destroyed. Dobson, 1962
The Disinherited. Hale, 1974
The Doomsday List. Hale, 1974
Into a Dark Mirror. Dobson, 1971
Night Without Darkness. Chatto, 1966; Berkley, 1967

OSBORN, DAVID
Open Season. Dial, 1974

OSBORNE, GEOFFREY
Balance of Fear. Hale, 1968
Checkmate for China. Hale, 1969
The Power Bug. Hale, 1968
A Time for Vengeance. Hale, 1974
Traitor's Gate. Hale, 1969

OSBORNE, HELENA
The Arcadian Affair. Hodder, 1969
The Yellow Gold of Tiryns. Coward, 1969

OSBORNE, MARK. Pseudonym of John William Bobin, -1935. Other pseudonym: John Ascott, q.v. All titles feature Sexton Blake, and were published by Amalgamated Press.
The Boarding House Mystery. 1931
The Case of the Crook Iron Master. 1934
The Consulting Room Crime. 1932 (Revised and reprinted as: The Consulting Room Mystery. 1940.)

Dead Man's Bay. 1932
The Dog Track Murder. 1934
The Great Art-Gallery Crime. 1934
The Kennels Crime. 1932
The Mystery of the Lost Legionnaire. 1933
The Stables Crime. 1933

OSBORNE, WILLIAM HAMILTON. 1873- .
The Blue Buckle. McBride, 1914; Hodder, 1915
The Boomerang. McBride, 1915
The Catspaw. Dodd, 1911; Hodder, 1916
The Girl of Lost Island. Hodder, 1916 (U.S. title?)
The Red Mouse. Dodd, 1909; Hodder, 1916
The Running Fight. Dodd, 1910

OSBOURNE, LLOYD. 1868-1947. See also Robert Louis Stevenson.
Not To Be Opened; see The Grierson Mystery
Peril. Heinemann, 1929; Doubleday, 1929
The Grierson Mystery. Heinemann, 1928. U.S. title: Not To Be Opened. Cosmopolitan, 1928
The Under-World. Appleton, 1907 (A play.)

OSGOOD, LUCIAN AUSTIN
Murder in the Tomb. Unique Mystery Novels, 1937

O'SHEA, SEAN
Operation Boudoir. Belmont, 1967

OSTRANDER, ISABEL (EGENTON). 1883-1924. Pseudonyms: Robert Orr Chipperfield, David Fox, Douglas Grant, qq.v. Series character: Timothy McCarty = TM
Annihilation. McBride, 1924; Hurst, 1923 TM
Ashes to Ashes. McBride, 1919; Hurst, 1921
At One-Thirty. Watt, 1915; Simpkin, 1916
The Black Joker. McBride, 1925; Hurst, 1926
The Braddigan Murder; see The Sleeping Cop
The Clue in the Air. Watt, 1917; Skeffington, 1920 TM
The Crevice, with William J. Burns. Watt, 1915. British title: The Lawton Mystery, with William J. Burns. Nash, 1917
The Crimson Blotter. McBride, 1921; Hurst, 1921
Dust to Dust. McBride, 1924; Hurst, 1924
The Heritage of Cain. Watt, 1916; Hurst, 1922
How Many Cards? McBride, 1920; Hurst, 1922 TM
Island of Intrigue. McBride, 1918; Hurst, 1919
The Lawton Mystery; see The Crevice
Liberation. McBride, 1924
McCarty, Incog. McBride, 1922; Hurst, 1923 TM
The Mathematics of Guilt. MacBride, 1926; Hurst, 1927
The Neglected Clue. McBride, 1925; Hurst, 1925
The Primal Law. Kennerley, 1915
The Sleeping Cat. McBride, 1926; Hurst, 1926
The Sleeping Cop, with Christopher Booth. Chelsea, 1927. British title: The Braddigan Murder. Hutchinson, 1928
Suspense. McBride, 1918; Hurst, 1918
The Tattooed Arm. McBride, 1922; Hurst, 1922
The Twenty-Six Clues. Watt, 1919; Hurst, 1921 TM

OSTRANDER, KATE
The Ghosts of Ballyduff. Popular Library, 1972
The Image Seller. Popular Library, 1974
Ring of Darkness. Berkley, 1974
Sea Tower. Popular Library, 1974
The Specter of the Dunes. Popular Library, 1974

O'SULLIVAN, JAMES BRENDAN. 1919- . Series character: Steve Silk, in at least those marked SS
Backlash. Ward, 1960 SS
Casket of Death. Grafton, 1945 SS
The Castle of Death. Grafton, 1945 (with Paul Pry's Poison Pen, by Edwin Baird.)
The Cherry in the Wine Glass. Grafton, 1945
Choke Claim. Ward, 1958
Cold Chisel. Ward, 1960
Death Came Late. Pillar, 1945 SS
The Death Card. Pillar, 1945 SS
Death on Ice. Pillar, 1946 SS
The Death Seat. Ward, 1957
Death Stalks the Stadium. Pillar, 1946 SS
Disordered Death. Ward, 1957
Don't Hang Me Too High. Laurie, 1954; Mill, 1954 SS
Double Negative. Ward, 1962
Gate Fever. Ward, 1959
Guilt Edged. Ward, 1959
Hue and Cry. Ward, 1961
I Die Possessed. Laurie, 1953; Mill, 1953
It Could Happen to You. Pillar, 1946
The Long Spoon. Ward, 1956
Lunge Wire. Ward, 1965
Make My Coffin Big. Ward, 1964
Murder Proof. Ward, 1968
Nerve Beat. Laurie, 1953
Pick Up. Ward, 1964
Raid. Ward, 1958
Someone Walked Over My Grave. Laurie, 1954
The Stuffed Man. Laurie, 1955
There is One S.O.S. Ward, 1961
The Third Horseman. Mellifont, 1946

O'SULLIVAN, VINCENT
A Book of Bargains. Smithers, 1896

OTIS, G. H.
Bourbon Street. Lion, 1953

O'TOOLE, GEORGE
An Agent on the Other Side. McKay, 1973; Barker, 1974

OTTOLENGUI, RODRIGUES. 1861?-1937.
An Artist in Crime. Putnam, 1892
A Conflict of Evidence. Putnam, 1893; Ward, 1904
The Crime of the Century. Putnam, 1896
Final Proof; or, The Value of Evidence. Putnam, 1898 ss
A Modern Wizard. Putnam, 1904

OURSLER, (CHARLES) FULTON. 1893-1952. Pseudonym: Anthony Abbot, q.v.

OURSLER, GRACE
The Spider. Harper, 1929 (Novelization of play by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano)

OURSLER, WILL(IAM CHARLES). 1913- . Joint pseudonym with Margaret Scott: Gale Gallagher, q.v.
Bullets for a Blonde; see Departure Delayed

Departure Delayed. Simon, 1947. Also published as: Bullets for a Blonde. Best-seller
Folio on Florence White. Simon, 1942; Art and Educational Publishers, 1947
Murder Memo to the Commissioner: The Carl Houston Case. Simon, 1950
The Trial of Vincent Doon. Simon, 1941; Museum, 1943

OVALOV, LEV
Comrade Spy. Award, 1965
Secret Weapon. Award, 1965

OVERTON, ROBERT
A Chase Round the World. Warne, 1899

OWEN, ERIC R.
Dr. Zolinoff's Revenge. Modern

OWEN, H(ARRY) COLLINSON. 1882-
The Adventures of Antoine. Hodder
The Rockingham Diamond. Hodder

OWEN, HANS C.
Ways of Death. Furman, 1937

OWEN, J. L.
The Dene Hollow Tragedy.
The Great Jekyll Diamond. Roxburghe Press

OWEN, JAMES
Deferred Payment. Rivers, 1930

OWEN, RAY
Date with Doom. Hale, 1971
End of the Road. Hale, 1972
The Fall Guy. Hale, 1968
Find Tracey George. Hale, 1968
Flight From Fear. Hale, 1969
Mask of Shadows. Hale, 1972
Seek and Destroy. Hale, 1970
So Deadly a Web. Hale, 1971
Who Cries for a Loser? Hale, 1969

OWEN, WENDY
Whatever Happened to Ruby? Corgi

OXFORD, JANE
Die for Love. Ward, 1961

OZAKI, MILTON K. Pseudonym: Robert O. Saber, q.v.
Case of the Cop's Wife. GM, 1958
Case of the Deadly Kiss. GM, 1957
The Cuckoo Clock. Ziff-Davis, 1946
The Deadly Pickup. Graphic, 1953
Dressed to Kill. Graphic, 1954
The Dummy Murder Case. Graphic, 1951
A Fiend in Need. Ziff-Davis, 1947
Inquest. GM, 1960
Maid for Murder. Ace, 1955
Never Say Die. Ace, 1956
Too Many Women. Handi-Books, 1950
Wake Up and Scream. GM, 1959

PACE, ERIC
Any War Will Do. Random, 1973; Deutsch, 1974
Saberlegs. World, 1970; Deutsch, 1971

PACE, TOM
Afternoon of a Loser. Harper, 1969; Gollancz, 1970
Fisherman's Luck. Harper, 1971; White Lion, 1973
The Treasure Hunt. Harper, 1970

PACKARD, FRANK (LUCIUS). 1877-1942. Series character: Jimmie Dale = JD
The Adventures of Jimmie Dale. Doran, 1917; Cassell, 1918 JD
The Big Shot. Doubleday, 1929; Hodder, 1929
Broken Waters. Doran, 1925; Hodder, 1927
The Devil's Mantle. Doran, 1927; Hodder, 1928
Doors of the Night. Doran, 1922; Hodder, 1922
The Dragon's Jaws. Doubleday, 1937; Hodder, 1937
The Four Stragglers. Doran, 1923; Hodder, 1923
From Now On. Doran, 1919
The Further Adventures of Jimmie Dale. Doran, 1919; Hodder, 1926 JD
The Gold Skull Murders. Doubleday, 1931; Hodder, 1931
The Hidden Door. Doubleday, 1933; Hodder, 1933
Jimmie Dale and the Blue Envelope Murder. Doubleday, 1930; Hodder, 1930 JD
Jimmie Dale and the Missing Hour. Doubleday, 1935; Hodder, 1935 JD
Jimmie Dale and the Phantom Clue. Doran, 1922; Hodder, 1923 JD
The Locked Book. Doran, 1924; Hodder, 1924
The Miracle Man. Doran, 1914; Hodder, 1914
More Knaves Than One. Doubleday, 1938; Hodder, 1938 ss
The Night Operator. Doran, 1919
Pawned. Doran, 1921; Hodder, 1921
The Purple Ball. Doubleday, 1933; Hodder, 1934
The Red Ledger. Doran, 1926; Hodder, 1926
Running Special. Doran, 1925; Hodder, 1925
Shanghai Jim. Doubleday, 1928; Hodder, 1928
The Sin That Was His. Doran, 1917; Hodder, 1926
The Slave Junk; see Two Stolen Idols
Tiger Claws. Doubleday, 1928; Hodder, 1929
Two Stolen Idols. Doran, 1927. British title (?): The Slave Junk. Hodder, 1927
The White Moll. Doran, 1920; Hodder, 1920
The Wire Devils. Doran, 1918

PACKER, JOY
The Man in the Mews. Dutton, 1965

PACKER, VIN. Pseudonym of Marijane Meaker.
Alone at Night. GM, 1963
Come Destroy Me. GM, 1954
Dark Don't Catch Me. GM, 1956
Dark Intruder. GM, 1952
Don't Rely on Gemini. Delacorte, 1969; Macmillan (London), 1970
The Evil Friendship. GM, 1958
5:45 to Suburbia. GM, 1958
Girl on the Best Seller List. GM, 1960
Intimate Victims. GM, 1962; Muller, 1963
Look Back to Love. GM, 1953
Something in the Shadows. GM, 1961; Muller,

1962
Spring Fire. GM, 1952
Three-Day Terror. GM, 1957
The Thrill Kids. GM, 1955
The Twisted Ones. GM, 1959
Whisper His Sin. GM, 1956
The Young and Violent. GM, 1956

PADDON, WREFORD. 1917-
A Corpse in the Coupe. Hammond, 1951
Solo for No Voices. Boardman, 1955

PADGET, MEG
House of Strangers. Lancer, 1965

PADGETT, LEWIS. Pseudonym of Henry Kuttner, 1914-1958, q.v.
The Brass Ring. Duell, 1946; Low, 1947
The Day He Died. Duell, 1947

PAEON, DR. JUPITER
The Dead Man's Secret. Munro, 1869

PAGANO, JO
The Condemned. Prentice-Hall, 1947

PAGE, ALAIN
So Late, Monsieur Calone. International, 1969

PAGE, EMMA
Add a Pinch of Cyanide. Walker, 1973
Family and Friends. Collins, 1972
A Fortnight by the Sea. Collins, 1973

PAGE, EVELYN. Joint pseudonym with Dorothy Blair: Roger Scarlett, q.v.

PAGE, MARCO. Pseudonym of Harry Kurnitz, 1907-1968, q.v.
Fast Company. Dodd, 1937; Heinemann, 1938
Reclining Figure. Random, 1952; Eyre, 1952
The Shadowy Third. Dodd, 1946. British title: Suspects All. Withy Grove, 1948
Suspects All; see The Shadowy Third

PAGE, MICHAEL FITZGERALD
The Innocent Bystander. Hale, 1957
Spare the Vanquished. Hale, 1953

PAGE, STANLEY HART. Series character: Christopher Hand, in all titles
Fool's Gold. Knopf, 1933; Paul, 1934
Murder Flies the Atlantic. King, 1933
The Resurrection Murder Case. Knopf, 1932; Paul, 1933
Sinister Cargo. Knopf, 1932; Paul, 1933
The Tragic Curtain. Dial, 1935

PAHLOW, GERTRUDE (CURTIS BROWN). 1881-
Somebody Shot the Captain. Skeffington, 1930. U.S. title: Murder in the Morning. Clode, 1931

PAIGE, LESLIE
A House.Possessed. Tower, 1974

PAIN, BARRY. 1864-1928.
Collected Tales. Secker, 1916; Stokes, 1916 ss
The Death of Maurice. Skeffington, 1919
The Luck of Norman Dale, with James Blyth. Nash, 1908
The Memoirs of Constantine Dix. Unwin, 1905 ss
One Kind and Another. Secker, 1914; Stokes, 1915 ss
The Problem Club. Collins, 1919 ss
The Shadow of the Unseen, with James Blyth. Chapman, 1907
Stories and Interludes. Henry, 1892; Harper, 1892 ss
Stories in Grey. Laurie ss
Stories in the Dark. Richards, 1901 ss

PAIN, MARGARET CAMERON
The De Marigny Affair. Stockwell, 1974

PAINE, ALBERT E.
The Mystery of Evelyn Delorme. Areno, 1894

PAINE, LAURAN BOSWORTH. 1916- . Pseudonyms: Mark Carrel, Robert Clarke, qq.v.

PAINTER, THOMAS and ALEXANDER (KINNAN) LAING. See also Alexander Laing
The Motives of Nicholas Holtz. Farrar, 1936

PALERMO, ANTHONY J.
Who? Vantage, 1964

PALLEN, CONDE B.
Ghost House. Manhattanville, 1928
The King's Coil. Manhattanville, 1928

PALMER, BRUCE (HAMILTON)
Blind Man's Mark. Simon, 1959. Also published as: The Shattered Affair. Avon, 1960
Flesh and Blood. Simon, 1960
The Shattered Affair; see Blind Man's Mark

PALMER, EVA PEARL
Rival Claimants. Day Library, 1895

PALMER, FREDERICK
Danbury Rodd, Aviator. Scribner, 1910

PALMER, GRETTA; see JOHNSON, EVELYN (DAVIES) and GRETTA PALMER

PALMER, JOHN
Above and Below. Hodder, 1967
The Caves of Claro. Hodder, 1964
Cretan Cipher. Hodder, 1965
So Much for Gennaro. Hodder, 1968

PALMER, JOHN (LESLIE). 1885-1944. See also BEEDING, FRANCIS, joint pseudonym with Hilary Aiden St. George Saunders, 1898-1951.
Mandragora. Gollancz, 1940. U.S. title: The Man with Two Names. Dodd, 1940
The Man in the Purple Gown. Dodd, 1939
The Man with Two Names; see Mandragora

PALMER, LUCILLE
Cat-Eye. Sargent, 1949

PALMER, P. K.
The Rainbow/Seagreen Case. Pinnacle, 1974
The Turquoise/Yellow Case. Pinnacle, 1974

PALMER, PAUL
Murder From Heaven. Phoenix

PALMER, STUART. 1905-1968. Pseudonym: Jay Stewart, q.v. Series characters: Hildegarde Withers = HW; Howie Rook = HR.
The Ace of Jades. Mohawk, 1931

At One Fell Swoop; see The Green Ace
Cold Poison. Mill, 1954. British title: Exit Laughing. Collins, 1954 HW
Death in Grease Paint; see Unhappy Hooligan
Exit Laughing; see Cold Poison
Four Lost Ladies. Mill, 1949; Collins, 1950 HW
The Green Ace. Mill, 1950. British title: At One Fell Swoop. Collins, 1951 HW
Hildegarde Withers Makes the Scene. Random, 1969 HW
Miss Withers Regrets. Doubleday, 1947; Collins, 1948 HW
The Monkey Murder. Bestseller, 1950 HW ss
Murder on the Blackboard. Brentano's, 1932; Eldon, 1934 HW
Murder on Wheels. Brentano's, 1932; Long, 1932 HW
Nipped in the Bud. Mill, 1951; Collins, 1952 HW
No Flowers by Request; see Omit Flowers
Omit Flowers. Doubleday, 1937. British title: No Flowers by Request. Collins, 1937
The Penguin Pool Murder. Brentano's, 1931; Long, 1932 HW
The People vs Withers and Malone, with Craig Rice. Simon, 1963 HW
The Puzzle of the Blue Banderilla. Doubleday, 1937; Collins, 1937 HW
The Puzzle of the Briar Pipe; see The Puzzle of the Red Stallion
The Puzzle of the Happy Hooligan. Doubleday, 1941; Collins, 1941 HW
The Puzzle of the Pepper Tree. Doubleday, 1933; Jarrolds, 1934 HW
The Puzzle of the Red Stallion. Doubleday, 1936. British title: The Puzzle of the Briar Pipe. Collins, 1936 HW
The Puzzle of the Silver Persian. Doubleday, 1934; Collins, 1935 HW
The Riddles of Hildegarde Withers. Jonathan Press, 1947 HW ss
Rook Takes Knight. Random, 1968 HR
Unhappy Hooligan. Harper, 1956. British title: Death in Grease Paint. Collins, 1956 HR

PANBOURNE, OLIVER. Pseudonym of Howard Rockey, 1886-1934.
The Varanoff Tradition. Macrae Smith, 1926

PANCOAST, CHALMERS L(OWELL)
Cub. Devin-Adair, 1928
Pass the Aspirin. Pancoast, 1945 ss, some criminous

PANGBORN, EDGAR
The Trial of Callista Blake. St. Martin's, 1961; Davies, 1962

PANGBORN, FREDERICK
Perdida; A Round Unvarnished Tale Truthfully Delivered. Wright, 1889

PAPE, RICHARD
No Time to Die. Elek, 1962

PARADISE, MARY. Pseudonym of Dorothy Eden, 1912- , q.v.
Face of an Angel. Hale, 1961; Ace, 1966
Shadow of a Witch. Hale, 1962; Ace, 1966

PARADISE, VIOLA
A Girl Died Laughing. Harper, 1934; Heinemann, 1935

PARGETER, EDITH. 1913- . Pseudonym: Ellis Peters, q.v.
The Assize of the Dying. Heinemann, 1958; Doubleday, 1958 ss
A Bloody Field by Shrewsbury. Macmillan, 1972

PARIS, MATTHEW
Mystery. Avon, 1972

PARISH, DAVID MONROE
The House of Rhinestad. Pageant. 1965

PARK, HUGH
Death Flies Low. Stockwell, 1942

PARK, JORDAN. Pseudonym of Cyril M. Kornbluth
A Man of Cold Rages. Pyramid, 1959

PARK, MAEVA DOBNER
The Woman in the Maze. Dell, 1970

PARK, MALCOLM
The Honest Rogue. Macdonald, ca.1947

PARKE, F. G. Pseudonym.
The First Night Murder. MacVeagh, 1931; Paul, 1932

PARKER, BEATRICE
Jamintha. Dell, 1975

PARKER, BOB
Crooked Cop. Manor, 1973

PARKER, GAY
Mr. Perkins of New Jersey; or, The Stolen Bonds. Ogilvie, 1888

PARKER, JANE
The Midnight Cry. Dodd, 1886

PARKER, MAUDE. -1959. Series character: Jim Little = JL.
Along Came a Spider. Hodder, 1957
Blood Will Tell. Hodder, 1952
Death Do Us Part. Hodder, 1960
Death Makes a Deal. Hodder, 1961
Final Crossroads. Hodder, 1955
Impersonation of a Lady. Houghton, 1934
The Intriguer. Rinehart, 1952 JL
Invisible Red. Rinehart, 1953; Hodder, 1954
Murder in Jackson Hole. Rinehart, 1955 JL
Secret Envoy. Bobbs, 1930
Which Mrs. Torr? Rinehart, 1951; Hodder, 1952 JL
The Wrong Side of the Tracks.

PARKER, NORMAN
Don't Cry, Little Girl. Whitmore, 1970

PARKER, PERCY SPURLACK. 1940-
Good Girls Don't Get Murdered. Scribner, 1975

PARKER, RICHARD. 1915-
The Gingerbread Man. Collins, 1953; Scribner, 1954
Harm Intended. Scribner, 1956

A Kind of Misfortune. Collins, 1954; Scribner, 1955
Only Some Had Guns. Collins, 1952

PARKER, RICHARD A.
Three Knots. Macaulay, 1924

PARKER, ROBERT B. 1906-
Passport to Peril. Rinehart, 1951; Hodder, 1952
Ticket to Oblivion. Rinehart, 1950; Macmillan, 1951

PARKER, ROBERT B. 1932- . Series character: Spenser, in both titles
God Save the Child. Houghton, 1974
The Godwulf Manuscript. Houghton, 1973; Deutsch, 1974

PARKES, ROGER. 1933-
Death-Mask. Constable, 1970
The Guardians. Constable, 1973; St. Martin's, 1974
Line of Fire. Constable, 1971

PARKMAN, SYDNEY (MULLER). Which of these are not adult crime fiction?
The Accidental Adventurer. Hodder, 1931
Account Closed. Hodder, 1932
The Acting Second Mate. Hodder, 1935. U.S. title: Out from Shanghai. Harper, 1935
Captain Bowker. Hodder, 1946
The Cuban Legacy. Hodder, 1940
East of Singapore. Hodder, 1931; Macrae Smith, 1932
The Facts About Floyd. Hodder, 1938
The Island Feud. Hodder, 1937
Life Begins Tomorrow. Hodder, 1948
Night Action! Hodder, 1936; Harper, 1936
Out from Shanghai; see The Acting Second Mate
The Passing of Tony Blount. Hodder, 1939
Plunder Bar. Hodder, 1934
Seven Days' Hard. Hodder, 1938
Ship Ashore. Hodder, 1936; Harper, 1937
Sunk Without Trace. Hodder, 1933
The Tide Watchers. Hodder, 1937
Uncharted. Hodder, 1935. U.S. title: The Uncharted Island. Harper, 1936
The Uncharted Island; see Uncharted

PARMER, CHARLES B.
Murder at the Kentucky Derby. Doubleday, 1942

PARMER, ENRIQUE
Maple Hall Mystery: A Romance. Author's Publishing, 1880

PARRISH, RANDALL. 1858-1923.
The Case and the Girl. Knopf, 1922; Paul, 1923
The Mystery of the Silver Dagger. Doran, 1920; Hodder, 1920
The Strange Case of Cavendish. Doran, 1918; Hodder, 1919

PARRY, HUGH JONES. 1916- . Pseudonym: James Cross, q.v.

PARSONS, ANTHONY. 1893-1963. All those listed without publisher were published by Amalgamated Press and feature Sexton Blake.
The Affair of the Missing Parachutist. 1947
The "Allah's Eye" Conspiracy. 1938
The Bad Man of Cairo. 1951
The Blackmailed Refugee. 1945
Calling Whitehall 1212. 1943
The Car Park Mystery. 1954
The Case of the Banned Film. 1952
The Case of the Blackmailed Prince. 1952
The Case of the Crook Rajah. 1939
The Case of the Dangia Millions. 1949
The Case of the Frightened Man. 1955
The Case of the Indian Dancer. 1951
The Case of the Indian Millionaire. 1944
The Case of the Indian Watcher. 1955
The Case of the Missing D.F.C. 1943
The Case of the Nameless Millionaire. 1953
The Case of the Missing G.I. Bride. 1946
The Case of the Missing Major. 1940
The Case of the Missing Scientist. 1952
The Case of the Missing Surgeon. 1949
The Case of the Japanese Contract. 1952
The Case of the Prince's Diary. 1953
The Case of the Prince's Prisoners. 1946
The Case of the Renegade Naval Officer. 1944
The Case of the Second Crime. 1954
The Case of the Secret Road. 1943
The Case of the Sinister Farm. 1954
The Case of the Six O'Clock Scream. 1955
The Case of the Spanish Legatee. 1945
The Case of the Spiv's Secret. 1950
The Case of the Stolen Evidence. 1945
The Case of the Swindler's "Stooge". 1946
The Case of the Unknown Heir. 1953
The Case of the Wicked Three. 1954
The Clue of the Stolen Rupees. 1941
The Crime of the Cashiered Major. 1943
Crook's Deputy. 1953
The Crooks of Tunis. 1955
Death by the Nile. Wright, 1955
Death of a Governor. Wright, 1954
Death on the Mail. Wright, 1947
The Euston Road Mystery. 1947
The Great Dollar Fraud. 1950
The Harem Mystery. 1939
Hotel Homicide. 1956
The House with Steel Shutters. 1942
The Income Tax Conspiracy. 1948
Living in Fear. 1950
The Loot of France. 1945
The Loot of Pakistan. 1948
The Man from China. 1940
The Man from Kenya. 1947
The Man from Maybrick Road. 1954
The Man from Occupied France. 1941
The Man Who Backed Out. 1948
The Man Who Had to Quit. 1946
The Man Without a Passport. 1952
The Millionaire's Nest Egg. 1951
The Murder at the Red Cockatoo. Wright, 1955
Murder at the Stadium. Pyramid (London),
The Mystery of Avenue Road. 1948
The Mystery of the Bankrupt Estate. 1946
The Mystery of the Blitzed Tower. 1951
The Mystery of the Bombed Monastery. 1944
The Mystery of the Cairo Express. 1944
The Mystery of the Crooked Gift. 1950
The Mystery of the Free Frenchmen. 1940
The Mystery of the Girl in Green. 1951
The Mystery of the Indian Relic. 1944
The Mystery of the Mason's Arms. 1952
The Mystery of the One-Day Alibi. 1948
The Mystery of the Red Cockatoo. 1948
The Mystery of the Stolen Despatches. 1942
The Mystery of the 250,000 Rupees. 1946
The Mystery of the Whitehall Bomb. 1947

No Alibi for Murder. Wright, 1951
On the Stroke of Nine. 1941
The Plot of the Yellow Emperor. 1942
The Prisoner in the Hold. 1955
Retired from the Yard. 1951
The Riddle of Big Ben. 1938
The Riddle of the Burmese Curse. 1947
The Riddle of the Captured Quisling. 1942
The Riddle of Cubicle 7. 1943
The Riddle of the Disguised Greek. 1943
The Riddle of the Escaped P.O.W. 1947
The Riddle of the Gambling Den. 1945
The Riddle of the Indian Alibi. 1946
The Riddle of the Prince's Stooge. 1950
The Riddle of the Rajah's Curios. 1949
The Riddle of the Russian Bride. 1948
The Secret of the Burma Road. 1942
The Secret of the Castle Ruins. 1954
The Secret of the Golden Horse. 1939
The Secret of the Indian Lawyer. 1953
The Secret of the Moroccan Bazaar. 1954
The Secret of Oil Creek. 1940
The Secret of the Roman Temple. 1955
The Secret of the Ten Bales. 1937
The Stowaway of the S. S. Wanderer. 1942
Terror at Tree Tops. 1949
Those on the List. 1950
The Trail of the Missing Scientist. 1955

PARSONS, GLORIA
A Secret of the Sea. Ogilvie, 1896

PARSONS, LUKE
Clough Plays Murder. Jarrolds, 1942

PARTRIDGE, ANTHONY. Pseudonym of E(dward) Phillips Oppenheim, 1866-1946, q.v.
The Black Watcher; see The Kingdom of Earth
The Court of St. Simon. Little, 1912
The Distributors; see The Ghosts of Society
The Ghosts of Society. Hodder, 1908. U.S. title: The Distributors. McClure, 1908
The Golden Web. Little, 1911; Lloyd, 1918, as by E. Phillips Oppenheim
The Kingdom of Earth. Mills, 1909; Little, 1909. Also published as: The Black Watcher, as by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Hodder, 1912
Passers-By. Ward, 1911; Little, 1910

PASSINGHAM, W(ILLIAM) J(OHN). 1897- . Series character (with many writers): Sexton Blake = SB
Angels in Aldgate. Long, 1933
The Case of the Ace Accomplice. Amalgamated, 1953 SB
The World Championship Mystery. Amalgamated, 1953 SB

PASTOR, TONY. Pseudonym of Harlan Page Halsey, 1837-1898. Other pseudonyms: Old Sleuth, Judson R. Taylor, qq.v.
Fritz, the German Detective. Ogilvie, 1882
The Swordsman of Warsaw. Street, 1887
Tom and Jerry, the Double Detectives. Street, 1887

PATERNOSTER, (GEORGE) SIDNEY. 1866- .
The Cruise of the Conqueror. (London), 1905; Page, 1906
The Hand of the Spoiler. Hodder, 1908
The Lady of the Blue Motor. Long, 1907; Page, 1907
The Master Criminal. Empire, 1907
The Motor Pirate. Chatto, 1903; Page, 1904

PATERSON, NEIL
Man on the Tight-Rope. Random, 1953

PATON, RAYMOND
The Autobiography of a Blackguard. Houghton, 1924

PATRICK, CHANN
The House of Retrogression. Jacobsen, 1932

PATRICK, KEATS. Pseudonym of Walter Karig, 1898-1956.
Death is a Tory. Bobbs, 1935; Melrose, 1936
Abridged edition: The Pool of Death, 1942

PATRICK, Q. Pseudonym of Richard Wilson Webb, with Martha Mott Kelley, alone, and with Hugh Callingham Wheeler, 1913- . Other pseudonyms: Patrick Quentin, Jonathan Stagge, qq.v. Series character: Timothy Trant = TT
Cottage Sinister. Swain, 1931; Longmans, 1932 [Written by Webb and Kelley]
Danger Next Door. Simon, 1950; Cassell, 1951
Darker Grows the Valley; see The Grindle Nightmare
Death and the Maiden. Simon, 1939; Cassell, 1939 TT
Death for Dear Clara. Simon, 1937; Cassell, 1937 TT
Death Goes to School. Smith & Haas, 1936; Cassell, 1936
Death in Bermuda; see Return to the Scene
Death in the Dovecote; see Murder in the Woman's City Club
The File on Claudia Cragge. Morrow, 1938; Jarrolds, 1938 (Crime File #4)
The File on Fenton and Farr. Morrow, 1937; Jarrolds, 1938 (Crime File #3)
The Grindle Nightmare. Hartney, 1935. British title: Darker Grows the Valley. Cassell, 1935
Murder at Cambridge. Farrar, 1933. British title: Murder at the 'Varsity. Longmans, 1933
Murder at the 'Varsity; see Murder at Cambridge
Murder at the Women's City Club. Swain, 1932. British title: Death in the Dovecote. Cassell, 1934 [Written by Webb & Kelley.]
Return to the Scene. Simon, 1941. British title: Death in Bermuda. Cassell, 1941
S. S. Murder. Farrar, 1933; Gollancz, 1933

PATRICK, VICTOR .
Three to Make Murder. Mystery House, 1947

PATTEE, FRED LEWIS
The House of the Black Ring. Holt, 1905

PATTERSON, ARTHUR M.
The Heaviest Pipe. Jacobs, 1921

PATTERSON, HARRY. Pseudonym of Henry Patterson, 1929- . Other pseudonyms: Martin Fallon, James Graham, Jack Higgins, qq.v. Series character: Nick Miller = NM
Brought in Dead. Long, 1967 NM
Comes the Dark Stranger. Long, 1962
Cry of the Hunter. Long, 1960

The Dark Side of the Island. Long, 1963
The Graveyard Shift. Long, 1965 NM
Hell is Always Today. Long, 1968
Hell is Too Crowded. Long, 1962
The Iron Tiger. Long, 1966
Pay the Devil. Barrie, 1963
A Phoenix in the Blood. Barrie, 1964
Sad Wind from the Sea. Long, 1959
The Thousand Faces of Night. Long, 1961
Thunder at Noon. Long, 1964
Toll for the Brave. Long, 1971
Wrath of the Lion. Long, 1964

PATTERSON, HENRY. 1929- . Pseudonyms: Harry Patterson, Martin Fallon, James Graham, Jack Higgins, qq.v.

PATTERSON, INNIS. Series character: Sebald Craft, in both titles
The Eppworth Case. Farrar, 1930
The Standish Gaunt Case. Farrar, 1931

PATTERSON, John M.
Doubly Dead. Doubleday, 1969; Hale, 1969

PATTERSON, ROBERT
Gold is the Color of Blood. Ballantine, 1960; Muller, 1961

PATTINSON, JAMES. 1915- . Series character: Harvey Landon = HL
Across the Narrow Seas. Harrap, 1960
Away with Murder. Hale, 1972
Contact Mr. Delgado. Harrap, 1959 HL
The Deadly Shore. Hale, 1970
Find the Diamonds. Hale, 1969
Fortune in the Sky. Hale, 1973
The Golden Reef. Hale, 1969
The Last Stronghold. Hale, 1968
The Liberators. Harrap, 1961 HL
The Marakano Formula. Hale, 1973
Murmansk Assignment. Hale, 1971
The Mystery of the Gregory Kotovsky. Harrap, 1958
On Desperate Seas. Harrap, 1961
The Petronov Plan. Hale, 1974
The Plague Makers. Hale, 1969
The Rodriguez Affair. Hale, 1970
Sea Fury. Hale, 1971
The Silent Voyage. McDowell, 1959
The Sinister Stars. Hale, 1971
Three Hundred Grand. Hale, 1970
Weed. Hale, 1972
Whispering Death. Hale, 1969
Wild Justice. Harrap, 1960

PATTON, DAVID KNOX
Murder on the Pacific. Dodd, 1940

PATTON, JOSEPH
The Abbey Murder. Westbrook, 1920

PAUL, BARBARA
The Seventeenth Stair. Macdonald, 1975

PAUL, ELLIOT (HAROLD). 1891-1958. Pseudonym: Brett Rutledge, q.v. Series character: Homer Evans, in all titles
The Black and the Red. Random, 1956
The Black Gardenia. Random, 1952
Fracas in the Foothills. Random, 1940
Hugger-Mugger in the Louvre. Random, 1940; Nicholson, 1949
I'll Hate Myself in the Morning and Summer in December. Random, 1945; Nicholson, 1949
Mayhem in B-Flat. Random, 1940
Murder on the Left Bank. Random, 1951; Corgi, 1951
The Mysterious Mickey Finn. Modern Age, 1939; Penguin, 1952
Waylaid in Boston. Random, 1953

PAUL, ERNEST
Curtains for Komespi. Hale, 1968
The Golden Fleece. Hale, 1969
Jewels in Jeopardy. Hale, 1967
The Komespi Affair. Hale, 1968
The Reluctant Cloak-and-Dagger Man. Hale, 1971
The Silent Murders. Hale, 1969

PAUL, GENE
The Big Make. Lion, 1957
Little Killer. Lion, 1952
Naked in the Dark. Lion, 1953

PAUL, HUGO
The Smashers. Lancer, 1965

PAUL, JOHN
Murder by Appointment. Skeffington, 1952
Oil by Murder. Skeffington, 1953

PAUL, PHYLLIS
Echo of Guilt; see Pulled Down
An Invisible Darkness. Heinemann, 1967
A Little Treachery. Heinemann, 1962; Norton, 1962
Pulled Down. Heinemann, 1964; Norton, 1965. Also published as: Echo of Guilt. Lancer, 1966
Twice Lost. Heinemann, 1960; Norton, 1960

PAUL-JAMES
What Became of Eugene Ridgewood? Carleton, 1883

PAULL, H. M.
Bluff! Hodder, 1928

PAULL, JESSAYCA
Rendezvous with Death. Award, 1970

PAWLEY, E.
Death Was Her Escort. Streamlined, 1947

PAXTON, LOIS
The Quiet Sound of Fear. Hawthorn, 1971
Who Goes There? Ace, 1974

PAYES, RACHEL C(OSGROVE)
Curiosity Killed Kitty. Bouregy, 1962
Death Sleeps Lightly. Bouregy, 1960
Forsythia Finds Murder. Bouregy, 1960
Memoirs of Murder. Bouregy, 1964
The Mystery of Echo Caverns. Bouregy, 1966
O Charitable Death. Doubleday, 1968; Hale, 1968
Shadow of Fear. Bouregy, 1961
The Silent Place. Ace, 1969

PAYN, JAMES. 1830-1898.
By Proxy. Chatto, 1878; Munro, 1878
A Confidential Agent. Chatto, 1880; Harper, 1880

The Disappearance of George Driffell. Smith, 1896
Found Dead. Chapman, 1869; Munro, 1878
Lost Sir Massingberd. Low, 1864; Munro, 1879
The Mystery of Mirbridge. Chatto, 1888; Harper, 1888
Sunny Stories and Some Shady Ones. Chatto, 1891; Lovell, 1891 ss, some criminous
Two Hundred Pounds Reward, and other tales. Chatto, 1887 ss, some criminous
A Woman's Vengeance. Chatto, 1888

PAYNE, ALAN
This'll Slay You. Ace, 1958

PAYNE, EVELYN
Held Open for Death. Arcadia, 1958

PAYNE, GODFREY
Earmarked for Murder. Hale, 1968

PAYNE, LAURENCE. 1919- . Series character: Chief Inspector Sam Birkett = SB
Birds in the Belfry. Hodder, 1966; Lippincott, 1967
Deep and Crisp and Even. Hodder, 1964 SB
The First Body; see The Nose on My Face
The Nose on My Face. Hodder, 1961; Macmillan, 1961. Also published as: The First Body. Avon, 1964 SB
Spy for Sale. Hodder, 1969; Doubleday, 1970
Too Small for His Shoes. Hodder, 1962; Macmillan, 1963 SB

PAYNE, RACHEL ANN
Ghostwind. Paperback Library, 1966

PAYNE, RONALD. Joint pseudonym with John Garrod: John Castle, q.v.

PAYNE, WILL. 1865-1954.
Overlook House. Dodd, 1921
The Scarred Chin. Dodd, 1920

PAYNTER, THOMAS CAMBORNE
They Sailed on a Friday. Longmans, 1928

PEACOCK, DENNIS
The Secret of the Mere. Hutchinson, 1931
A Thief by Night. Hutchinson

PEARCE, CHARLES E. Pseudonym: Detective Dunn, q.v.
The Bungalow Under the Lake. Paul, 1910
The Eyes of Alicia. McLelland, 1905; Paul, 1913
The Mystery of Judith. Lloyd, 1923
The Mystery of the Furlined Cloak. Lloyd, 1921
The Secret of Room No. 13. Lloyd, 1922
The Tanglewood Mystery. Aldine, 1926

PEARCE, DICK
The Darby Trial. Lippincott, 1954

PEARL, JACK
Our Man Flint. PB, 1965. (Novelization of the movie.)
Robin and the 7 Hoods. PB, 1964. (Novelization of the movie.)
A Time to Kill, a Time to Die. Norton, 1971; Hale, 1974
Victims. Trident, 1973

PEARSON, D. A. G.
The Golden Stone. Dutton, 1929; Methuen, 1929

PEARSON, DIANE
Bride of Tancred. Bantam, 1967

PEARSON, WILLIAM. 1922-
The Beautiful Frame. Simon, 1953; Reinhardt, 1954
Hunt the Man Down. Simon, 1956; Ward, 1957

PEATTIE, ELIA W.
The Judge. Rand, 1900

PECHEY, ARCHIBALD THOMAS. 1876-1961. Pseudonyms: Mark Cross, Valentine, qq.v.

PECK, DAVID WARNER
The Greer Case. Simon, 1955; Penguin, 1963

PECK, LEONARD
Touch Pitch. Long, 1967

PECK, RICHARD E.
Through a Brief Darkness. Viking, 1973

PECK, WINIFRED
Arrest the Bishop. Faber, 1949
The Warrielaw Jewel. Faber, 1933; Dutton, 1933

PECKHAM, RICHARD. Pseudonym of Raymond P(eckham) Holden, 1894- , q.v.
Murder in Strange Houses. Minton, 1929; Eyre, 1930

PEDEN, WILLIAM
Twilight at Monticello. Houghton, 1973

PEEBLES, NILES N. Series character: Ross McKellar, in both titles
Blood Brother, Blood Brother. Pyramid, 1969
See the Red Blood Run. Pyramid, 1968

PEEL, COLIN D.
Adapted to Stress. Hale, 1973
Bitter Autumn. Hale, 1973
Cold Route to Freedom. Hale, 1975
On a Still Night. Hale, 1975
One Sword Less. Hale, 1973

PEEL, FREDERICK. 1888- . Joint pseudonym with Charles Siddle, 1892- : Rufus Slingsby, q.v.

PEI, MARIO
The Sparrows of Paris. Philosophical, 1958

PELL, FRANKLYN. Pseudonym of Frank E. Pelligrin
Hangman's Hill. Dodd, 1946

PELLEY, WILLIAM DUDLEY
The Blue Lamp. Fiction League, 1931

PELLIGRIN, FRANK E. Pseudonym: Franklyn Pell, q.v.

PEMBER, WILLIAM LEONARD. Pseudonym: Jack Monmouth, q.v.

PEMBER-HILL, GUY
Run, Corpse, Run. Swan, 1946

PEMBERTON, MARGARET
Rendezvous with Danger. Macdonald, 1975

PEMBERTON, MAX. 1863-1950.
A Bagman in Jewels. Skeffington, 1919
Captain Black. Cassell, 1911; Doran, 1911
The Diamond Ship. Cassell, 1907; Appleton, 1907
The Diary of a Scoundrel. Ward, 1891
Dolores and Some Others. Mills, 1931 ss, some criminous
A Gentleman's Gentleman. Innes, 1896; Harper, 1896
The Giant's Gate. Cassell, 1901; Stokes, 1901
The Iron Pirate. Cassell, 1893; Rand, 1897
Jewel Mysteries From a Dealer's Notebook; see Jewel Mysteries I Have Known
Jewel Mysteries I Have Known. Ward, 1894. U.S. title: Jewel Mysteries From a Dealer's Notebook. Fenno, 1904 ss
John Dighton, Mystery Millionaire. Cassell, 1923
The Man Who Drove the Car. Nash, 1910
The Mystery of the Green Heart. Methuen, 1910; Dodd, 1910
The Phantom Army. Pearson, 1898; Appleton, 1898
White Motley. Cassell, 1913; Sturgis, 1911

PEMBERTON, MAX JOSEPH
Kidnappers of Women. Mills, 1927
The Mystery of a Millionaire. Mills, 1924

PENDERED, MARY L.
The Uncanny House. Hutchinson, 1927

PENDLETON, DON. Series character: Mack Bolan, The Executioner, in all titles. See also Peterson, Jim.
Assault on Soho. Pinnacle, ; Corgi, 1973
Battle Mask. Pinnacle, 1970; Sphere, 1973
Boston Blitz. Pinnacle, 1972; Corgi, 1974
California Hit. Pinnacle, ; Corgi, 1974
Caribbean Kill. Pinnacle, 1972; Corgi, 1973
Chicago Wipeout. Pinnacle, ; Corgi, 1973
Continental Contract. Pinnacle, ; Sphere, 1973
Death Squad. Pinnacle, ; Sphere, 1973
Detroit Deathwatch. Pinnacle, 1974
Firebase Seattle. Pinnacle, 1975
Jersey Guns. Pinnacle, 1974
Miami Massacre. Pinnacle, ; Corgi, 1973
Nightmare in New York. Pinnacle, ; Corgi, 1973
Panic in Philly. Pinnacle, 1973
San Diego Siege. Pinnacle, 1973; Corgi, 1974
Texas Storm. Pinnacle, 1974
Vegas Vendetta. Pinnacle, ; Corgi, 1973
War Against the Mafia. Pinnacle, 1969; Sphere, 1973
Washington IOU. Pinnacle, 1972; Corgi, 1974

PENDOWER, JACQUES. 1899- . Pseudonym: T. C. H. Jacobs, q.v. Series character: Slade McGinty = SM
Anxious Lady. Hale, 1960
Cause for Alarm. Hale, 1971
The Dark Avenue. Ward, 1957
Date with Fear. Hale, 1974
Death on the Moor. Hale, 1962
Diamonds for Danger. Hale, 1970
Double Diamond. Hale, 1959
The Golden Statuette. Hale, 1969
The Long Shadow. Hale, 1959
Master Spy. Hale, 1964 SM
Mission in Tunis. Hale, 1958; Paper. Lib. 1967
Operation Carlo. Hale, 1963 SM
Out of This World. Hale, 1966
The Perfect Wife. Hale, 1962 SM
She Came by Night. Hale, 1971
Sinister Talent. Hale, 1964 SM
Spy Business. Hale, 1965
Traitor's Island. Hale, 1967 SM
Trap for Fools. Hale, 1968
Try Anything Once. Hale, 1967
The Widow from Spain. Hale, 1961

PENFIELD, CORNELIA. 1892-1938.
After the Deacon Was Murdered. Putnam, 1933
After the Widow Changed Her Mind. Putnam, 1933

PENLEY, NORMAN
Miss Melbourn's Million. Modern

PENMARE, WILLIAM. Pseudonym of (Mavis) Elizabeth (Hocking) Nisot, 1893- , q.v.
The Judge's Private Life. Paul
The Man Who Could Stop War. Hodder
The Scorpion. Hodder, 1929

PENNY, RUPERT. Pseudonym of Ernest Basil Charles Thornett. Series character: Chief Inspector Edward Beale, in at least those marked EB
The Lucky Policeman. Collins, 1938
Policeman in Armour. Collins, 1937 EB
Policeman's Evidence. Collins, 1938 EB
Policeman's Holiday. Collins, 1937 EB
Sealed-Room Murder. Collins, 1941
She Had to Have Gas. Collins, 1939
Sweet Poison. Collins, 1940
The Talkative Policeman. Collins, 1936 EB

PENOYRE, MARY
Breach of Security. Barker, 1974

PENROSE, MARGARET
Death on the Files. Long, 1961
The Fatal Fifth. Long, 1963

PENTECOST, HUGH. Pseudonym of Judson Philips, 1903- , q.v. Series characters: Pierre Chambrun = PC; John Jericho = JJ; Julian Quist = JQ; Grant Simon = GS; Lt. Pascal = P; Luke Bradley = LB; Dr. John Smith = JS; George Crowder = GC.
Around Dark Corners. Dodd, 1970 GC ss
The Assassins. Dodd, 1955
Bargain with Death. Dodd, 1974 PC
The Beautiful Dead. Dodd, 1973 JQ
Birthday, Deathday. Dodd, 1972 PC
The Brass Chills. Dodd, 1943; Hale, 1944
Cancelled in Red. Dodd, 1939; Heinemann, 1939 LB
The Cannibal Who Overate. Dodd, 1962; Boardman, 1963 PC
The Champagne Killer. Dodd, 1972; Hale, 1974 JQ
Chinese Nightmare. Dell 10¢ paperback, 1951
Choice of Violence. Dodd, 1961; Boardman, 1962 GC
The Creeping Hours. Dodd, 1966; Boardman, 1967 JJ
Dead Woman of the Year. Dodd, 1967; Macdonald, 1968 JJ
The Deadly Joke. Dodd, 1971; Hale, 1972 PC

Death Wears a Copper Tie and other stories. Edwards, 1946 ss
Don't Drop Dead Tomorrow. Dodd, 1971; Hale, 1973 JQ
The Evil That Men Do. Dodd, 1966; Boardman, 1966 PC
The Gilded Nightmare. Dodd, 1968; Gollancz, 1969 PC
Girl Watcher's Funeral. Dodd, 1969; Gollancz, 1970 PC
The Girl With Six Fingers. Dodd, 1969; Gollancz, 1970 JJ
The Golden Trap. Dodd, 1967; Macdonald, 1968 PC
Hide Her From Every Eye. Dodd, 1966; Boardman, 1966 JJ
I'll Sing at Your Funeral. Dodd, 1942; Hale, 1945
The Judas Freak. Dodd, 1974 JQ
The Kingdom of Death. Dodd, 1960; Boardman, 1961
Lieutenant Pascal's Tastes in Homicide. Dodd, 1954; Boardman, 1955 P ss
The Lonely Target. Dodd, 1959; Boardman, 1960 GS
Memory of Murder. Ziff-Davis, 1947 JS ss
The Obituary Club. Dodd, 1958; Boardman, 1959 GS
Only the Rich Die Young. Dodd, 1964; Boardman, 1964 P
A Plague of Violence. Dodd, 1970; Hale, 1972 JJ
Shadow of Madness. Dodd, 1950 JS
The Shape of Fear. Dodd, 1964; Boardman, 1964 PC
Sniper. Dodd, 1965; Boardman, 1966 JJ
The Tarnished Angel. Dodd, 1963; Boardman, 1963
Time of Terror. Dodd, 1975 PC
The Twenty-Fourth Horse. Dodd, 1940; Hale, 1951 LB
Walking Dead Man. Dodd, 1973; Hale, 1975 PC
Where the Snow Was Red. Dodd, 1949; Hale, 1951 JS

PENTELOW, JOHN NIX. 1872-1931. Titles below published by Amalgamated Press and feature Sexton Blake
The Cleopatra Needle Mystery. 1927
Missing in Mexico. 1925
The Three Masked Men. 1927

PEOPLE, GRANVILLE CHURCH. Pseudonym Granville Church, q.v.

PERCY, CATHERINE. Pseudonym.
Death is Skin Deep. Abelard, 1953

PERDUE, VIRGINIA. Series character: Eleanora Burke = EB
Alarum and Excursion. Doubleday, 1944; Jarrolds, 1947
The Case of the Foster Father. Doubleday, 1942; Jarrolds, 1946 EB
The Case of the Grieving Monkey. Doubleday, 1940 EB
He Fell Down Dead. Doubleday, 1943; Jarrolds, 1944
The Singing Clock. Doubleday, 1941; Jarrolds, 1945

PEREIRA, MICHAEL. 1928-
An Angel Came Down. Bles, 1966
Brought to Bay. Bles, 1974
Masquerade. Collins, 1973
Pigeon's Blood. Bles, 1970
Second Cousin Twice Removed. Collins, 1974
The Singing Millionaire. Collins, 1972
When One Door Shuts. Bles, 1969
The Fifth Answer. Bles, 1969

PERELLI, M.
A Dame Doles Death. Scion, 1953
Take It Easy. Milestone, 1953
Two Dames Too Many. Scion, 1952

PERKINS, FREDERICK B.
Scrope; or, The Lost Library. Roberts, 1874

PERKINS, KENNETH. 1890-
The Horror of the Juvenal Manse; see Voodoo'd
The Mark of the Moccasin; see The Moccasin Murders
The Moccasin Murders. King, 1931. British title: The Mark of the Moccasin. Paul, 1929
Voodoo'd. Harper, 1931. British title: The Horror of the Juvenal Manse. Hutchinson, 1931

PEROWNE, BARRY. Pseudonym of Philip Atkey, q.v. Series character (following E. W. Hornung): A. J. Raffles = AR
All Exits Blocked; see Gibraltar Prisoner
The A.R.P. Mystery. Amalgamated, 1939 AR
Arrest These Men! Cassell, 1932
Ask No Mercy. Cassell, 1937
Blonde Without Escort. Cassell, 1940
Enemy of Women. Cassell, 1934
Gibraltar Prisoner. Cassell, 1942. U.S. title: All Exits Blocked. Mystery House, 1942
The Girl on Zero. Cassell, 1939
I'm No Murderer. Cassell, 1938; Hillman-Curl, 1939
Ladies in Retreat. Cassell, 1935
Raffles After Dark. Cassell, 1933. U.S. title: The Return of Raffles. Day, 1933 AR
Raffles and the Key Man. Lippincott, 1940 AR
Raffles Crime in Gibraltar. Amalgamated, 1937 AR
Raffles in Pursuit. Cassell, 1934 AR
Raffles Revisited. Harper, 1974; H. Hamilton, 1975 ss AR
Raffles Under Sentence. Cassell, 1934 AR ss
Raffles vs. Sexton Blake. Amalgamated, 1937 AR
The Return of Raffles; see Raffles After Dark
She Married Raffles. Cassell, 1936 AR
A Singular Conspiracy. Bobbs, 1974
Ten Words of Poison; see The Whispering Cracksman
They Hang Them in Gibraltar. Hillman-Curl, 1939
The Tilted Moon. Cassell, 1949
The Whispering Cracksman. Cassell, 1940. U.S. title: Ten Words of Poison. Arcadia, 1941

PERRAULT, E. G.
The Twelfth Mile. Doubleday, 1972

PERRAULT, GILES
Dossier 51. Weidenfeld, 1971; Morrow, 1971

PERRELLI, N.
At Dead of Night. Milestone, 1954

Dead on Time. Milestone, 1954
Sweet and Low. Milestone, 1954

PERRETT, GEOFFREY
Executive Privilege. Coward, 1974

PERRING, DOUGLAS
Apostles of Violence. Hale, 1957

PERRY, CHAS. F.
The Gables Mystery. Modern
In Satan's Bonds. Modern

PERRY, FRANK
The Mystery of the Girl in Blue. Dodge, 1938

PERRY, GEORGE SESSIONS; see DISNEY, DOROTHY CAMERON

PERRY, JAMES (DeWOLFF). 1895-
Murder Walks the Corridors. Macmillan, 1937. British title: Corridors of Fear. Constable, 1937

PERRY, PATRICIA
Deadly Memorial. Hale, 1973

PERRY, RITCHIE. 1942- . Series character: Philis = P
The Fall Guy. Collins, 1972; Houghton, 1972 P
A Hard Man to Kill. Houghton, 1973 P
Holiday with a Vengeance. Collins, 1974
Nowhere Man. Collins, 1973
Ticket to Ride. Collins, 1973; Houghton, 1974 P
Your Money and Your Wife. Collins, 1975

PERRY, TYLINE
The Never Summer Mystery. King, 1932
The Owner Lies Dead. Covici, 1930; Gollancz, 1930

PERTWEE, ROLAND. 1885-1963.
A Chalk Stream Killing. Jenkins, 1939
Death in a Domino. Houghton, 1932
Hell's Loose. Houghton, 1929
Interference. Cassell, 1927; Houghton, 1927
Men of Affairs. Knopf, 1922
The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis. Murray, 1917; Dodd, 1918 ss

PERUTZ, KATHRIN
The Garden. Atheneum, 1962. Also published as: A House on the Sound. Signet, 1966

PERUTZ, LEO. 1884-
From Nine to Nine. Viking, 1926; Lane, 1927
The Master of the Day of Judgment. Boni, 1930; Mathews, 1929

PESKETT, S. JOHN. 1906-
Murders at Turbot Towers. Butterworth, 1937

PETERS, ALAN
Who Killed the Doctors? Heath, 1933; Mussey, 1934

PETERS, BILL. Pseudonym of William P(eter) McGivern, q.v.
Blondes Die Young. Dodd, 1952

PETERS, BRYAN. Pseudonym of Peter George, 1924-1966, q.v. Series character: Anthony Brandon, in both titles
The Big H. Boardman, 1961; Holt, 1963
Hong Kong Kill. Boardman, 1958; Washburn, 1959

PETERS, ELIZABETH
Borrower of the Night. Dodd, 1973; Cassell, 1974
The Camelot Caper. Meredith, 1969
Crocodile on the Sandbank. Dodd, 1975
The Dead Sea Cipher. Dodd, 1970; Cassell, 1975
The Jackal's Head. Meredith, 1968; Jenkins, 1969
The Murders of Richard III. Dodd, 1974
The Night of Four Hundred Rabbits. Dodd, 1971
The Seventh Sinner. Dodd, 1972

PETERS, ELLIS. Pseudonym of Edith Pargeter, 1913- , q.v. Series characters: one or more members of the Felse family: Inspector George Felse, his wife Bunty, and their son Dominic = F.
Black is the Colour of my True Love's Heart. Collins, 1967; Morrow, 1967 F
City of Gold and Shadows. Macmillan (London), 1973; Morrow, 1974 F
Death and the Joyful Woman. Collins, 1961; Doubleday, 1961 F
Death Mask. Collins, 1959; Doubleday, 1960
Death to the Landlords! Macmillan (London), 1972; Morrow, 1972 F
Flight of a Witch. Collins, 1964 F
Funeral of Figaro. Collins, 1962; Morrow, 1964
The Grass-Widow's Tale. Collins, 1968; Morrow, 1968 F
The Horn of Roland. Macmillan (London), 1974; Morrow, 1974
The House of Green Turf. Collins, 1969; Morrow, 1969 F
The Knocker on Death's Door. Macmillan (London), 1970; Morrow, 1971 F
Mourning Raga. Macmillan (London), 1969; Morrow, 1970 F
A Nice Derangement of Epitaphs. Collins, 1965
The Piper on the Mountain. Collins, 1966; Morrow, 1966 F
Where There's a Will; see The Will and the Deed
Who Lies Here? Morrow, 1965 F (=A Nice Derangement of Epitaphs?)
The Will and the Deed. Collins, 1960. U.S. title: Where There's a Will. Doubleday, 1960 F

PETERS, GEOFFREY
The Claw of a Cat. Ward, 1964
The Eye of a Serpent. Ward, 1964
The Flick of a Fin. Ward
The Mark of a Buoy. Ward, 1967
The Twist of a Stick. Ward
The Whirl of a Bird. Ward, 1965

PETERS, L. T.
The Eleventh Plague. Simon, 1973

PETERS, LUDOVIC. 1932- . Series character: Ian Firth, in at least those marked IF
Cry Vengeance. Abelard (New York and London), 1961
Double Take. Hodder, 1968