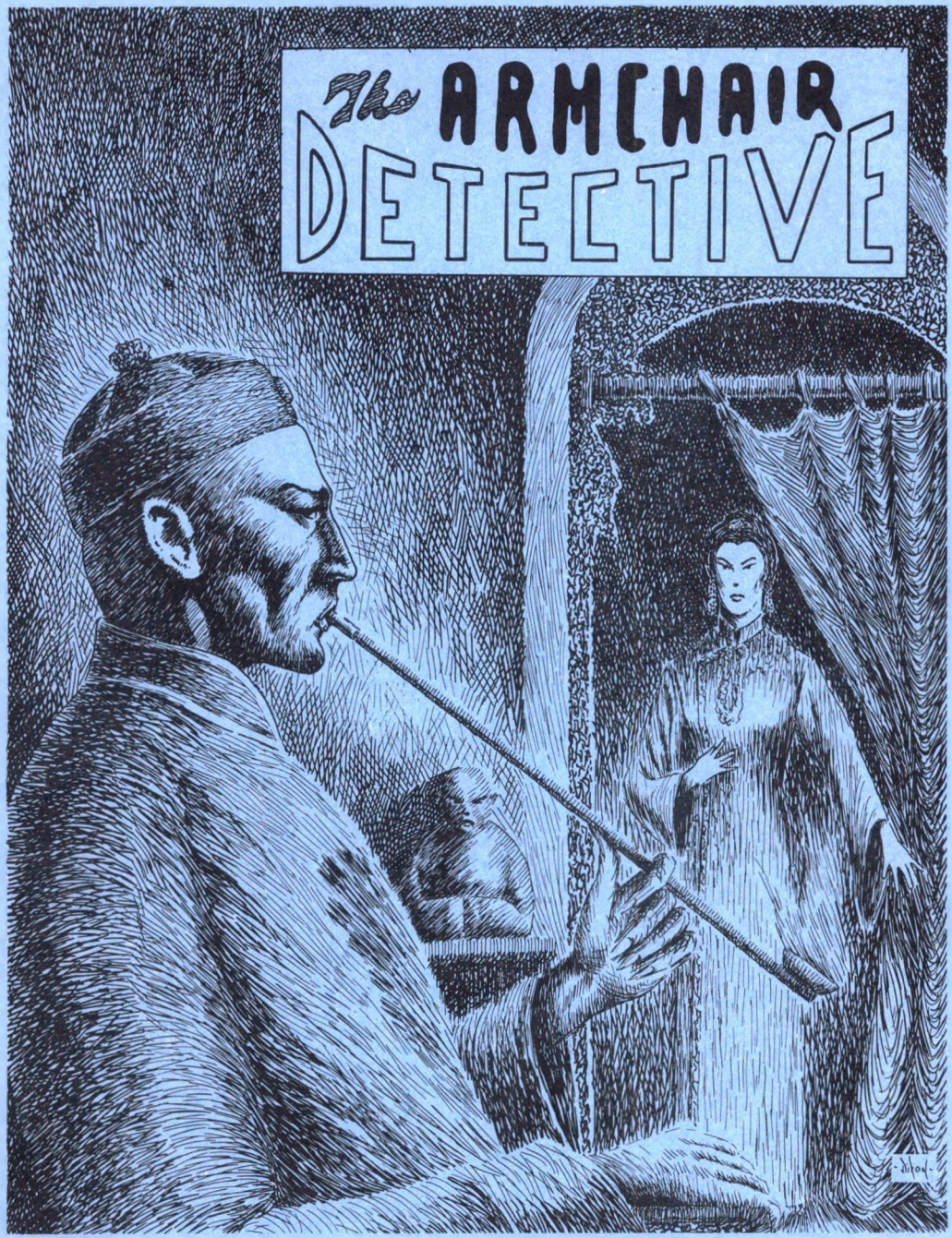

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE APPRECIATION
OF
MYSTERY, DETECTIVE AND SUSPENSE FICTION
Volume 8 Number 1
November 1974

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Subscriptions to The Armchair Detective: $6/year U.S., $7/year elsewhere.

Deadline for next issue: January 15, 1975. Submissions for publication are welcome and should be addressed to the editor: Allen J. Hubin, 3656 Midland Ave., White Bear Lake, Minn. 55110 USA.

Cover artwork by William Dixon.

ARTHUR WILLIAM UPFIELD

SEPTEMBER 1, 1888 - FEBRUARY 13, 1964

BY BETTY DONALDSON

Australia is a pretty large continent, but Arthur Upfield travelled over a good part of it by one means or another. We are aware of this when we read his thirty-three books, all of them set in Australia, and we are told of it in his various biographies.

Arthur's parents, James Oliver and the beautiful Annie Barmore Upfield, were a very hard-working couple. They lived in Gosport, near Portsmouth on the south coast of England, and ran a busy and prosperous drapery business. They had five sons, Arthur being the eldest. He was given the name William Arthur at birth, but to avoid the shop-boys asking after "little Bill" his name was reversed. This was not completely successful, as thereafter he became known as "Arker-Willum." Arthur was largely brought up by his grandparents and his grandmother's two unmarried sisters in a very Victorian atmosphere. He was not a strong little boy and in the winters he suffered from bronchitis, which confined him to bed a great deal. He passed the time reading voraciously and making up his own stories.

When he was nearly sistenn his father articled him to a firm of estate agents, auctioneers and surveyors. The budding author with a one-hundred-thousand-word novel behind him (written in school and unpublished) was much more inclined to write another book (about the conquest of Europe by the Yellow Peril) than study, so that, not surprisingly he failed the examination. He might have done better the following year, except that instead of studying he was writing a sequel to the Yellow Peril.

His father washed his hands of Arthur and sent him out to Australia to try his hand at farming, commenting that Australia was so far away that Arthur could never save up enough money to return home.

Arthur never seems to have regretted his exile. His romantic imagination was caught by the men who rode the boundary fences of the huge farms, or homesteads. He would be a Boundary Rider, he determined, but, alas, no one wanted a raw kid with no experience. For a while he worked on a farm, then as fourth cook in Adelaide's best hotel, but finally he was taken on at Momba, a million-acre sheep farm in Victoria. His journey there, the first of his many long treks, began with a train journey from Adelaide to Broken Hill, and continued with a thirty-hour ordeal in a horse-drawn coach without doors. The last part of the trip from Wilcannia on the Darling River to Momba was by buckboard. After three sleepless days and nights Arthur slept exhausted where he was dropped by the buckboard driver--on the ground.

His first job at Momba was as offsider to "One Spur Dick", driving a bullock wagon, but he finally got his chance as a Boundary Rider patrolling eighty miles of Momba's vermin fence. His knowledge of the bush deepened and he was fascinated by the abundant wild life of Australia. However, after twelve months of solitude he began to have hallucinations. He not only imagined he had a partner, he even set a place at the table for him. Realizing the loneliness was getting to him, he left Momba pushing a bike with the pedals removed, loaded with swag, rations, gun, dog and a check for ninety-eight pounds, and set off down the Darling River.

In Pooncarie his dog killed a policeman's cat. This cost Arthur a pound fine, which the policeman and he promptly drank. Arrested in Tilpa for having no visible means of support, the magistrate sentenced him to ten days, during which time he had to paint the police station. He got meals and two bob a day to spend at the pub, and entertained the policeman's little eight-year-old daughter with stories. (Arthur used this incident in Death of a Swagman.) On the road again, Arthur met many strange characters: Snivelling Harry; Dave the Spouter, who was silent until set off on a favorite subject, when he would lecture for hours; the Storm Bird; the Hangman, who estimated the weight and proportions of everyone he met and determined the number of inches for the drop. He used characters such as these to good effect in The Body at Madman's Bend.

I enjoy picturing him when he met up with Paroo Ted. They sold the bike, bought a boat and voyaged down the Darling River towards Wentworth, travelling effortlessly with the current, catching fish or duck, pulling in to land at night, making a fire and cooking the fish or duck buried in the fire in a seal of mud. What an idyllic existence!

Arthur was by then twenty years old, and for the next few years he roamed the continent working at many different kinds of jobs from digging for opals to droving. Sometimes he would just wander, looking for work but not particularly anxious to find it.

The year 1914 found him in Mount Victoria in the Blue Mountains where he was so enchanted by the soft, scented misty air, like an English spring, that he was tempted to stay for a while. But war intervened and on August 23rd, 1914, Arthur Upfield became a soldier in the Australian Imperial Force. During the next five years he saw service in Gallipolli and France.

In 1915 he married a young nurse called Anne Douglas and a son Arthur James was born, but not much else is known of the marriage. He told "One-Spur Dick" when he met him again after the way, blind and lonely, simply that he "was married. It was a failure."

He returned briefly to England and had a warm and affectionate visit with his parents. He became private secretary to an Army officer, but he was soon back in Australia again.

Shortly afterwards, in New South Wales, he met Angus and his wife Mary, who was to have a profound effect on Arthur by her constant gentle prodding to get him to write. Angus gave Arthur a job helping him build two four-thousand-gallon tanks, and the couple, who had lost their only son at Gallipolli, made much of the young man. He stayed with them for five weeks. Then, pushing his bike, he took the track out through Dunlop to Paroo and on to Wanaaring.

"Rabbits--trillions of them, they eat the grass, dig for roots, climb leaning trees and eat the leaves. Eat the bark at ground level and kill the trees. At night you can hear the grinding of jaws." In 1927 Upfield was patrolling a section of vermin-proof fence between South Australia and New South Wales. At the end of a hot day rabbit carcasses lay nearly two feet deep and ten feet wide along an eleven-mile stretch.

For about five months Arthur worked under extremely lonely conditions with Tracker Leon, who was to be the pattern for Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte. In her biography of Upfield, Follow My Dust, Jessica Hawke describes Tracker Leon thus:

> *He was a strange man, this Tracker Leon. About thirty, he was under medium height for a white man, tough of body and lean. The colour of his skin was brown, and his eyes were of that penetrating blue associated with the seafarer. On chest and back he bore cicatrices of the fully initiated, and this was unusual, as those of mixed blood are rarely so favored by the aborigines.*
>
> *Tracker Leon was ever conservative in his opinions, eager to impart what knowledge he had in store, pedantic in speech, always calm...*
>
> *He was of North Queensland origin, having been found with his dead mother in the shade of a sandalwood tree. It was assumed that the mother had been killed by her relatives for breaking the law, and how the babe escaped the avengers could not be guessed.*
>
> *The child was taken to a nearby mission, and the matron adopted him for her own. At the Mission School he showed such promise as to be sent to High School. For several years he had been attached to the Queensland Police Department as one of its most reliable and gifted trackers, because he added to his natural abilities as a tracker the honours of white education.*

Arthur Upfield took "Bony" one step further in that he sent Bony to Brisbane University and awarded him an M.A. degree.

Camels are often used in the novels of Arthur Upfield and he did have first-hand experience working with them. For a time he patrolled a twenty-two mile stretch of fence near Lake Frome. The heat was terrible and the flies were worse, and they gave Arthur and the camels a very miserable time. The only relief was to keep one's face in the hot air rising from a fire and there eat your salt beef and bone-dry soda bread. The camels were wretched, thrusting their heads on either side of Arthur's into the heat of the fire, and demanding kerosene mixed with fact applied around their eyes. At Burracoppin in Western Australia his two camels, Curley and Millie, spent their time plotting mischief together. It was they who pulled the heavy dray as he patrolled the fence.

Washing clothes posed no problems at the bores near Lake Frome. The water was hot and laden with alkalis; a garment held on a stick in the flow of the water was clean in five seconds, and waved in the air it was dry in a minute, but after six washes the garment fell to pieces. A billy-can dark stained became silver bright in half-a-minute--just think what the water would do to a man's insides!

Arthur's health began to suffer from lack of green vegetables and he returned to Broken Hill. In 1924 he went back to the Darling River to stay with Angus and Mary. Mary again tried to persuade him not to waste his talents and to write seriously.

> *Her hair was white and bountiful* [writes Jessica Hawke], *her face was lined. Her hands were large and work-spoiled. Her eyes were gentle and understanding. "D'you ever think of taking up writing again? None of us have talents one week and none the next. It is sinful to toss back to the Eternal the talents He has given. Try to understand that life is so very short, and roaming here and there, year after year, is just plain silly. And think of the hopes your father and mother had of you--next time you write ask them to tell you candidly if they are or are not disappointed in you."*

He found a job as cook at Wheeler's Well and in his ample spare time he started to write. Mary's "pen pointing" had paid off. His first book was The Barrakee Mystery (eventually the

first "Bony" book) which he sent to an agent who both praised and blasted it. Upfield put the manuscript aside and began The House of Cain.

He continued to wander, but he continued to write too. His travels provided his books with a full, rich and authentic background, in fact most of his books can be placed accurately on the map of Australia, and even those given fictitious names can be roughly located because he gives the names of nearby towns. He was fascinated by everything he saw, from the habits of an ant to a river in full flood. When he describes a forest fire we can feel the heat, hear the crackle of the flames and sense the terror and desperation of the fleeing animals.

Few of Arthur Upfield's women seem truly real. There are exceptions, of course, such as Alice McGorr in Murder Must Wait and The Battling Prophet, but in general he seems to be in awe of them and sets them on rather a rarefied plane. He makes his men, though, three-dimensional and totally believable. Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte is particularly well drawn, and comes to life dramatically and diversely in thirty of Arthur Upfield's thirty-three books.

Apart from his books, Arthur Upfield wrote many articles, quite a few on the topography and history of Australia. In 1948 he headed a party of experts who made a 6,000 mile expedition to northern and western Australia for the Australian Geographical Society.

He was made a Justice of the Peace in 1935 and often took a seat on the court bench. He continued to travel and, in addition to his Australian adventures, went around the world twice.

Arthur Upfield died at his home in Bowral, N.S.W. when he was seventy-five. His obituary in the New York Times is not entirely kind to his books or to his detective. Bony is called "pompous and long-winded" and the obituary goes on to say, "...Many critics complained that Mr. Upfield's plots moved too slowly and that he brought too much of his bush background into his mysteries with long descriptions of remote areas bogging down criminal action."

I don't agree with this summation, and the fact that The Widows of Broome (Doubleday, 1949) sold more than 200,000 hardback copies in the United States alone speaks for itself. The very richness of his descriptions of Australian life and the wealth of detail are what have made Arthur Upfield's novels stand the test of time.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE: THE MAN WHO NEVER FAILED

"Out there in the bush I am an emperor.
The bush is me, I am the bush, we are one."

Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte is a slender man in superb physical condition. His complexion is dark, his eyes a startling and penetrating blue, and his hair gleaming, smooth and dark, parted rather low. His nose is straight and his whimsical smile reveals even, white teeth. He is an elegant dresser. In Murder Must Wait he is described as wearing a gray suit, with creased trousers and a creaseless double-breasted coat, a maroon-colored tie and a spotless collar. Later in the book Sergeant Yoti is asked to hold the trousers so that Bony will not spoil them while kneeling on the floor, on which occasion sky-blue silk underpants and sock suspenders of the same hue are revealed!

But when it suits his purpose the Detective-Inspector can look very different. In fact we meet him in many guises as he melds into the background the better to solve his cases. In Bony and the Kelly Gang we are told that "his clothes were old and far from neat. His boots were elastic-sided riding boots. His trousers were of rough gaberdine, tight about the thighs and full in the seat. The jacket was of cheaper cloth and the blue shirt collar was frayed slightly and dirty." His love of bright colors is allowed to run riot at nighttime. In The Widows of Broome "Bony left the bed and from the wardrobe took a dressing gown. Sawtell audibly gasped when he saw it, a creation of pastel blue with yellow collar and cuffs and a large bright red pocket. The sergeant couldn't remove his gaze from it when it encased the striped yellow-and-green pyjamas."

Bony tells us that his white father is unknown. "I was found beneath a sandalwood tree, found in the arms of my mother who had been clubbed to death for breaking the law. Subsequently the matron of the Mission Station to which I was taken and reared, found me eating the pages of Abbott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. The matrom possessed a peculiar sense of humour. The result--my name. Despite the humour she was a great woman. Aware of the burden of birth I would always have to carry she built for me the foundation of my career."

Bony attended Brisbane University and obtained an M.A. degree. He joined the Queensland Police Department and married Marie, an educated half-caste like himself. They have three sons. At the time of Call of the Bush Charles, the eldest, was at University and following in his father's footsteps, the second son, Bob, wanted to go west and get a job as a station hand, and the youngest son, Ed, was at school in Banyo.

Bony has failed only once to clear up a case completely (The Sands of Windee) and that was because of the beseechings of a beautiful woman. He is determined and persevering. He ignores the pleas and demands of his superiors that he return to his own State of Queensland

leaving a case unfinished. His axiom is "Time is my greatest ally". As he puts it himself in Bachelors of Broken Hill, "I am a tortoise, and for twenty years my superiors have tried their hardest to turn me into a hare. Stupid of course, because so many hares never finish the race. I always finish a race, always finalize the case I consent to take up."

His methods of detection are a joy to watch. No clue is too insignificant for him to overlook, his phenomenal eyesight (and knowledge of what to look for) can detect the smallest deviation from the norm: a pebble turned, a single hair caught in the bark of a tree, the faintest of fragrances lingering in a room. All tell a story to Bony. He abhors the usual police methods of interrogation; instead he encourages the citizenry to tell their own thoughts about a case, hazard guesses, voice opinions, speculate, and often these seemingly insignificant comments give him a composite picture of the kind of person he is looking for.

Bony likes a challenge, and he usually gets one. Often the cases are weeks or months old. There is rarely a corpse to examine, and sometimes the victim is unknown. Time and weather have played havoc with the clues, and people have forgotten most of the details until Bony patiently jogs their memories. He knows that to fail to complete a case would have a devastating psychological effect on his ego, but that doesn't stop him from taking cases that are completely outside his usual terrain, such as The Swordfish Reef, where he is aware that the sea might defeat him as inland Australia never has.

Bony gives much credit to the Mission Station matron. He tells us: "She gave me all her affection and, too, she gained mine. She began my training before I could crawl, began the building of this misnamed man of two races. She inculcated in me beliefs and ambitions which were to become the driving forces of my life; and with these forces I have had to contend against prenatal influences inherited from my aboriginal mother. She instilled into my mind the ability to see and evaluate my own limitations, and enough wisdom to detour as it were. She taught me to fear nothing of the living, to fear no one other than myself. She didn't think of it, I suppose, because she didn't teach me not to fear the dead."

This fear of death was a very real burden to Bony. It was a "fear which, during his career of crime investigation had often leaped from the subconscious to gibber at him, reminding him of the ancient race from which he would never wholly escape."

He did, however, inherit many qualities from his mother that helped him in his career, his gift of observation, his patience, his ability to track, to walk without leaving a trace and to survive for days on end in the bush. On more than one occasion he uses his high standing with the black race to impress the aborigine. In The Sands of Windee, Bony's initiation marks are described to us. "He pulled his short about his neck, and old Moongalliti saw welts made by a sharp flint on Bony's chest, and chuckled with satisfaction. Bony turned about and showed Moongalliti his back. Across his shoulders was cut a rough square and in its centre a circle, and when Moongalliti saw these his black eyes bulged and he crept closer to Bony, the better to examine the brand. "My," he said, almost in a sigh. "You beeg feller chief Nor' Queensland, eh?" He was astounded to see that Bony was very high in the mysterious cult, little known even among blacks, which may be compared in many respects to Freemasonry. He describes the seesaw of his dual heritage as being similar to that of Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll, except that instead of good and evil, the opposing influences in Bony are the civilized and the primitive.

Bony is vain, conceited, boastful and entirely lovable. He never seems vindictive to the criminal, perhaps because to help in the search he often puts himself figuratively in that person's shoes. He is much in awe of beautiful women, attributing to them qualities of beauty and personality that would seem to transcend feminine humanity. For me, his most memorable woman is Alice McGorr, who appears in both The Battling Prophet and Murder Must Wait. She is an odd mixture of melting compassion for the young and helpless, and relentless toughness toward wrongdoers. She is some girl--and she is real!

So is Bony. His author may have died in 1964, but I can swear that after reading the thirty books in which his cases are documented, Bony, blue-eyed and debonair, rolling the inevitable cigarette with the hump in the middle, is very much alive.

****

In 1972 John McCallum formed a television series on the Upfield novels in Australia. James Laurenson stars as Boney (the television spelling of Bony).

THE NOVELS OF ARTHUR W. UPFIELD

The House of Cain. Published: Hutchinson, 1926; Dorrance, 1929.

Locale: Melbourne and South Australia.

Austilene Thorpe is in prison accused of the murder in Melbourne of a notorious blackmailer. Her future husband, Martin Sherwood, goes blind with shock. A dying man confesses to the murder, but Austilene has been "rescued" from jail and has disappeared. Surprisingly she does not return when her innocence is proved. Monty, Martin's brother, learns that she is in a luxurious sanctuary for murderers, "The House of Cain", financed and controlled by Anchor, a millionaire who has poisoned three wives. Anchor has fallen in love with Austilene, but Monty's

powerful physique and great determination win her release.

The Barrakee Mystery. Published: Hutchinson, 1928; reissued Heinemann, 1965.
Issued in America as The Lure of the Bush: Doubleday, 1965.
Locale: Barrakee Station, River Darling Basin, west New South Wales.
This is the first case involving Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte. He is, at his own request, put to work painting boats on the river edge so that he may observe the people on Barrakee Station where an aboriginal, King Henry, has been murdered one night during a thunderstorm. In spite of the heavy rain that had fallen Bony finds a footprint at the scene of the crime. He identifies a boomerang by a scar on a tree. He becomes involved in the family affairs of the rich owner of Barrakee Station, John Thornton, and his gracious, delicate wife, their orphaned niece Katherine (Kate) and their nineteen-year-old son Ralph. There are many exciting incidents before Bony clears up the murder and other troubling problems.
(This was Arthur Upfield's first novel, but he set it aside in dissatisfaction, wrote The House of Cain, then returned to The Barrakee Mystery, rewriting it with Bony as the detective.

The Beach of Atonement. Published: Hutchinson, 1930.
Locale: Dongerra, just south of Geraldton, Western Australia.
Dudley murders his wife's lover and in escaping, more from himself than from his crime, he travels to an isolated strip of coast where he lives in such loneliness he nearly goes mad. Two women befriend him--one a widow who sets herself to work the land her husband left her, and who gives Arnold Dudley a job, and the other a younger woman who falls in love with him. Arnold gets a chance to atone for his crime when a ship is wrecked on the coast. He dies trying to save the life of a passenger.

The Sands of Windee. Published: Aldor, 1931; Hutchinson, 1931; reissued Angus, 1958; British Book Centre, 1959, 1968.
Locale: Windee Station, western New South Wales.
Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte knows for certain that the man Luke Marks, reported as missing, has been killed when he translates a blackfellers' sign on a tree "Beware of spirits! A white man was killed here." In order to investigate the crime he assumes the garb of a bush tramp and takes a job on wealthy Jeffrey Stanton's sheep farm. He is puzzled by the inability of aborigine Moongalliti and his son Ludbi to read the tracks made by Marks and his killer, but with the aid of infinitesimal clues he is able to find the answer to much of the mystery. This is one case Bony does not finalize officially, though off the record and in confidence he tells the complete story to the Chief Commissioner, Colonel Spendor.
(The method for the total destruction of the body was suggested to Upfield by Mr. George Ritchie of Burracoppin.)

A Royal Abduction. Published: Hutchinson, 1932.
Locale: Eucla on the coast of the Great Australian Bight on the border dividing Western Australia from Southern Australia.
Lawrence, an Australian crook, kidnaps Princess Natalie of Rolandia and hides her in the caves at Eucla. He is in love with Helen, the ambitious daughter of an American gangster, Van Horton, and it is arranged that Helen and her father should "rescue" Princess Natalie so that they may benefit socially by her gratitude. Young Lund and his big silent assistant Snell complicate events. Lawrence's excellent arrangements to mislead the police are defeated.

Gripped by Drought. Published: Hutchinson, 1932.
Despite all my efforts over many months I have been able to find neither a copy of this book itself nor a review of it. The following information has been supplied by Mr. Gerald Austin of the Hutchinson Publishing Group, Ltd. in England, who called up "our precious file copy from our library at Tiptree." The first two paragraphs are part of Mr. Upfield's introduction, the third is the blurb from the front of the book.
"There is no greater Australian drama than a three-years' drought, and such a drought, associated with drought in the human heart, is the theme of this plain tale for plain people.
"The course of this fictitious drought is based on the course of a real drought. I have followed the weather records over an actual three-year drought period, and no city critic can say that such a drought is impossible. Similarly, I have followed actual wool prices over the same period. And, finally, the succession of mental phases which the "new-chum" in the bush proper must live through, or else desert to a city, is real and based on personal experience."
"Gripped by Drought is a powerful story of a man's battle not only with the elements of nature which threatened the ruin of his huge Australian sheep-farm, but also with a loveless and unhappy marriage. For Frank Mayre, master of well-nigh a million-acre sheep station, life assumed its most dreary aspect. No rain for his farm, a wife who involved him in an orgy of spending and entertainment, and with disaster just round the corner, there seemed little prospect of happiness. Yet in the darknest hour of all, after many unexpected and sometimes thrilling situations, the darkest hour of the drought gave way to rain and Mayre's tribulations became of the past."

Wings Above the Diamantina. Published: Angus, 1936; Hamilton, 1937, as Winged Mystery.
Issued in America as Wings Above the Claypan: Doubleday, 1943.
Locale: Coolibah Cattle Station on the Diamantina River, Queensland.
In the center of waterless Emu Lake, John Nettlefold and his daughter Elizabeth, out on a survey of his cattle station, find a bright red monoplane with an unconscious girl in the front seat. There are no human tracks on the sandy surface of the lake except for their own. They take the girl home but the doctors cannot help her. She appears to be conscious but unable to move even her eyes and it seems she will die. Bony has to delve into the past to solve the problem of the downed pilotless plane and the mysterious girl, and has to summon the help of Chief Illawalli to save the doomed girl.

Mr. Jelly's Business. Published: Angus, 1937; Hamilton, 1938; reissued Angus, 1964.
Issued in America as Murder Down Under: Doubleday, 1943; reissued, London House-British Book Centre, 1964, as Mr. Jelly's Business.
Locale: Burracoppin between Perth and Kalgoorlie, south Western Australia.
George Loftus has disappeared; only his car has been found, wrecked alongside the 1500-mile rabbit fence--the longest fence in the world. Shabbily dressed, Bony travels to Burracoppin and gets a job as a Rabbitoh repairing and maintaining a stretch of fence. In this guise he is accepted by the people and not only finds out what has happened to George Loftus, but what Mr. Jelly's mysterious business is that so distresses his beautiful daughters.

Winds of Evil. Published: Angus, 1937; Hamilton, 1939; reissued Angus, 1961. Doubleday, 1944; British Book Centre, 1961.
Locale: Wirragatta Station near Broken Hill, west New South Wales.
We meet Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte in the guise of Joe Fisher, swagman, struggling through a sand storm on his way to the little town of Carie to investigate two murders that had taken place many months before during similar dust storms. He hopes to discover the strangler who is terrorizing the area before he claims another victim. This case taxes Bony's ingenuity but, in spite of the time that has elapsed, his knowledge of the terrain and his extraordinary eyesight enable him to track down the murderer.

The Bone is Pointed. Published: Angus, 1938; Hamilton, 1939; reissued Angus, 1966. Doubleday, 1947; reissued London House-British BOok Centre, 1966.
Locale: Opal Town, St. Albans, Queensland.
Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte of the Queensland Police arrives at Opal Town on a fine warm September 23rd to enquire into the possible murder of Jeffery Anderson, who disappeared on the 18th of April. His efforts to solve the problem are hampered by many factors. The case is many months old, there is evidence that Bony is being constantly shadowed and that aborigines with blood-and-feather encased feet have him under constant surveillance to make sure he finds out as little as possible. Finally, when it is apparent that Bony will not give up until he finds the body, the reason for the murder, and the murderer himself, Bony has the bone pointed at him. The aborigine and white in him struggle against his dreadful fate and he becomes very ill, gaunt and weak. It seems that this time the bush will win--but Bony, as always, conquers. I think this must be Bony's most hated case, and one of Upfield's best books.

The Mystery of Swordfish Reef. Published: Angus, 1939; reissued, Heinemann, 1960. Doubleday, 1943.
Locale: Bermagui on the Bermaguee Estuary, S.E. coast of Australia on the Tasman Sea.
A most unusual Bony adventure in that sea instead of dry land is Bony's hunting ground. Mrs. Spinks and daughter Marion are very worried when the DO-ME does not arrive home with the other fishing boats. The head of the passenger, Mr. Erickson, is trawled up, riddled with bullets, but the fate of Marion's twin brother, Bill Spinks, and young Garroway, joint owners of the DO-ME, is unknown until Bony, in the guise of a sportsman enthusiastically fishing for the famed swordfish, solves the mystery.

Bushranger of the Skies. Published: Angus, 1940; reissued, Angus, 1963, 1965.
Issued in America as No Footprints in the Bush: Doubleday, 1944; reissued, London House and Maxwell-British Book Centre, 1963, as Bushranger of the Skies.
Locale: McPherson's Station, 80 miles N.W. of Shaw's Lagoon, South Australia.
Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte--swagman--relaxing in a grove of six cabbage trees has his noon-day tea break rudely disturbed when Sergeant Errey of the South Australian Police Department is killed by a bomb from a silver-grey monoplane which totally destroys the car in which he is riding. Bony rescues a leather attache case from near the burning vehicle and encounters Writjitandil, Chief of the Wantella Nation. This is a tremendously exciting bush adventure with kidnapping, torture and snakebite (not the least agonizing description being the treatment of the snakebite). Bony solves the mystery in his usual great manner.

Death of a Swagman. Published: Aldor, 1946; Angus, 1947; reissued, Angus, 1962, 1964. Doubleday, 1945; reissued, British Book Centre, 1962.
Locale: Merino, a small township in the western half of New South Wales.
After Sergeant Redman, who may be good at pinching thieves in Sydney, fails to discover who killed poor old Mr. Kendall in his lonely hut, Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte drifts into Merino and gets himself put into jail on a charge of vagrancy. He is set to paint-

ing the police fence a bilious yellow and while so doing he is able to observe the people of the town. He is much helped by the frank comments on the nature of these people by the Merino sergeant's adorable eight-year-old Florence "Rose Marie" Marshall. The first murder is followed by the suspicious death of Edward Bennet. The third corpse is found hanging amid a cloud of blowflies, but the most frightening incident is the kidnapping of little Rose Marie, who apparently knows something incriminating to the murderer.

The Devil's Steps. Published: Aldor, 1948; reissued Angus, 1965. Doubleday, 1946; reissued, London House and Maxwell-British Book Centre, 1965.

Locale: Wideview Chalet, near Manton, Mount Chalmers, Victoria.

Bony, passing as a squatter from western Queensland, has been seconded to the Army on a secret assignment. He is a guest at Wideview Chalet when Mr. Brumann is found dead in a ditch and his luggage is missing. Constable Rice is telephoned and arrives simultaneously with a visitor for Mr. Grumann. Constable Rice recognizes the visitor and is shot dead by him. Bony is ably assisted by Bisker, the handyman. Bony calls this "a lovely case--a glorious mix-up of a case".

An Author Bites the Dust. Published: Angus, 1948; reissued, Angus, 1967. Doubleday, 1948; reissued, London House-British Book Centre, 1967.

Locale: Yarrabo, Victoria.

Bony has been asked to investigate the case of Mervyn Blake, who had died of unknown causes nearly two months before, so that the case is nearly as cold as the author-critic. Bony is staying with Miss Pinkerton as a visitor, and in his gentle way he persuades everybody to talk to him about what they know or even just guess. By sifting through this mass of information and adding his own observations he is finally able to face the guilty person with the knowledge of how the crime was committed--a most unusual method of murder authenticated by Taylor's Principles and Practice of Medical Jurisprudence.

The Widows of Broome. Published: Heinemann, 1951; reissued, Heinemann, 1967; Doubleday, 1950.

Locale: Town of Broome, extreme northwest of Western Australia, Roebuck Bay.

Two widows have already been murdered with Detective Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte (as Mr. Knapp, psychiatrist) comes to Broome. The murders seem to be without reason and apparently without clues. In his patient, meticulous manner, Bony collects infinitesimal facts and begins to build a picture of the murderer, but he becomes increasingly disturbed as the moon grows old and he feels that there might be another murder. A third murder is committed, but Bony has acquired enough facts to lay a trap for the murderer, avert the fourth crime, and expose the killer.

The Mountains Have a Secret. Published: Heinemann, 1952, Doubleday, 1948.

Locale: Dunkeld, near Mount Abrupt in the Grampians, Victoria.

Detective-Inspector Bonaparte visits the Baden Park Hotel in the guise of a sheep farmer on vacation in order to find out the fate of two young Australian girls who had been hiking and were known to be well able to take care of themselves. Some weeks after the disappearance, young Detective Price out searching for them is found shot dead in his car. Bony doles out small drinks of whiskey to the elder invalid Simpson in return for what information he can give. The younger Simpson, Jim, owner of Baden Park Hotel, is a cold man, though an excellent organist, often heard playing on a large expensive organ brought from Germany for him by his wealthy friend Carl Benson. Carl and his sister Cora live behind high barbed-wire fences and electrically operated gates--ostensibly to protect their valuable breeding sheep--but Bony senses a more sinister set-up. Glen Shannon, an American, is yard man at the hotel. He has a personal interest in Bony's investigation.

The New Shoe. Heinemann, 1952; reissued, Heinemann, 1968. Doubleday, 1951.

Locale: Split Point, 80 miles from Melbourne between Anglesea and Lorne.

Bony, passing himself off as the vacationing owner of a sheep ranch, is investigating the murder of a naked man found in a locker at Split Point Lighthouse. Inspector Snook has failed to identify the dead man but Bony, working on the assumption that the murderer must have been a local person who knew the schedule of the Lighthouse Inspectors, interests himself in the local people. He shares and sympathizes with their joys and sorrows, past and present, and finally he unravels an unhappy story and solves the mystery.

Venom House. Published: Heinemann, 1953; Doubleday, 1952.

Locale: Answerth's Folly, Edison, south of Brisbane, Queensland.

The Answerths live in extreme isolation in a lonely house surrounded by a moat. Bony becomes interested in the case when Mrs. Answerth is found strangled in the moat. Inspector Stanley was unable to solve the previous similar death of the local butcher, Ed Carlow. Mary Answerth is a tartar, a rough, tough woman who reckons there isn't a man or horse she can't master. Her sister Janet is smooth and educated, speaking sweetly and with a slight lisp. Half-brother Morris is a great bear of a man with the mind of a child. He is kept locked in a room, plays with a toy train and is adept with a lasso... This is a strange, eerie and gripping mystery.

Murder Must Wait. Published: Heinemann, 1953. Doubleday, 1953.
Locale: Mitford on the northern bank of the River Murray, N.S.W.
Sergeant Yoti thinks the case of the four missing babies, which is completely baffling him, will be the one case that Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte will not be able to solve. Bony arrives in Mitford just as the police are discovering that Mrs. Rockcliff has been murdered and her baby has been taken from its crib. Bony is much helped in this case by his "cousin", First Constable Alice McGorr, whose penetrating comments on the nature of the mothers of the lost babies are most revealing. A delightful story.

Death of a Lake. Published: Heinemann, 1954; reissued, Heinemann, 1967. Doubleday, 1954.
Locale: Porchester Station, near Ivanhoe, Lake Otway, N.S.W.
Bony sets out to discover the reason for the death of young Raymond Gillen, who went swimming in the lake one hot moonlit evening and was never seen again. His twelve-thousand-dollar half-share of a lottery prize has also disappeared. Bony, accepted by Porchester as a horse-breaker, untangles a web of jealousies and hatreds among the men of the station and between Mrs. Fowler and her daughter Joan. The tension is high as the station hands and the two women watch the lake slowly but inexorably drying up. One night the house at Lake Otway (and Mrs. Fowler) goes up in a terrific blaze, and Bony is well on the way to clearing up the mystery.

Cake in the Hatbox. Published: Heinemann, 1955.
Issued in America as Sinister Stones: Doubleday, 1954.
Locale: Agar's Lagoon, 240 miles south of Wyndham in the Kimberley Ranges, north Western Australia.
Bony is stranded at Agar's Lagoon after the plane on which he is travelling develops engine trouble. He is asked to help solve the disappearance of Constable Martin Stenhouse. Bony will not subscribe to the theory that Stenhouse's tracker killed him. Smoke signals have told him that the tracker is dead and turned into a horse.

The Battling Prophet. Published: Heinemann, 1956.
Locale: South Australia/Victoria border near the town of Mount Gambier on the Cowdry River.
Meteorologist Ben Wickham is certified to have died from heart failure after an extended drinking bout. He was cremated and his ashes scattered over his 20,000 acre estate Mount Marlo. John Luton insists that Ben was murdered. In this case Bony, who is on vacation and is supposedly visiting his old friend John for the fishing, is greatly hampered by strongly worded telegrams insisting he return to Brisbane immediately, and he is forced to employ his detecting skills under very strange circumstances.

The Man of Two Tribes. Published: Heinemann, 1956. Doubleday, 1956.
Locale: Nullarbor Plain, Western Australia and South Australia on the Great Australian Bight.
Myra Thomas murdered her husband, but because of misplaced sympathy for Myra, the jury acquits her. Myra disappears and Bony, with only the slenderest of clues, begins the search for her. The story is complicated by the presence of the Atomic Testing Ground at the east of the Plain, and the fact that Myra was a bad security risk during the way. Bony, posing as the nephew of a wild-dog tracker, penetrates deep into the desolate sand and saltbush of Nullarbor Plain. He is captured by four wild aborigines and, in an odd and very uncomfortable manner, solves his problem. A very exciting story.

Bony Buys a Woman. Published: Heinemann, 1957; reissued, Heinemann, 1967.
Issued in America as The Bushman Who Came Back: Doubleday, 1957.
Locale: Mount Eden, Lake Eyre, South Australia.
Mrs. Bell, housekeeper at Mount Eden, is found murdered and little Linda Bell, seven years old, is missing. Ole Fren Yorky is suspected of the killing and the kidnapping. Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte is seconded to investigate the crime on behalf of the South Australian Police. He spends much time talking with the local aborigines because he is convinced that they know more about the case than they are saying. When he discovers that old Chief Canute has been promised Meena and that Charlie is in love with her, he buys Meena for forty plugs of tobacco and tells Charlie that he will give him Meena if he will help him. The story ends with a thrilling race against time as flood waters from the Northern River rush into the almost dry Lake Eyre.

The Bachelors of Broken Hill. Published: Heinemann, 1958, Doubleday, 1950.
Locale: Broken Hill, New South Wales.
Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte (Mr. Knapp) has been given two weeks leave of absense and has been seconded to the New South Wales Police Department to investigate the murders of two elderly men who have been killed by cyanide. Inspector Stillman has failed to solve the case. Bony recognizes Jimmy the Screwman, who had hoped he was safe in Broken Hill, and he mesmerizes a shocked Jimmy into being a useful ally. The cyanide poisoning pattern is broken by the death of a woman by stabbing. Inspector Stillman refuses Bony vital information, Bony's service in New South Wales is terminated and he no longer has authority, but of course

he succeeds as usual.

Bony and the Black Virgin. Published: Heinemann, 1959. Collier (pb), 1965.
Locale: Mindee on the River Darling, N.S.W.
Eric Downer and his father John Downer are returning home, after John's annual binge in town, to the 150,000 acres of land they lease at Lake Jane. Three years of drought have dried the lake, killed all the vegetation and most of the sheep. Even from a distance the homestead looks frighteningly desolate. The dog at the gate is near death, the "chooks" are all dead and outside lies the body--not of Brandt the overseer who had stayed behind, but of a stranger. Bony becomes more and more unhappy as he investigates the case and the scant clues all point in a direction which will cause those he has grown to admire much unhappiness.

Bony and the Mouse. Published: Heinemann, 1959; reissued, Heinemann, 1961, 1967.
Issued in America as Journey to the Hangman: Doubleday, 1959.
Locale: Daybreak, 150 miles inland from terminus of branch line at Laverton in Western Australia.
Daybreak is a one-pub town owned lock, stock and barrel by Mr. Samuel Loader, known as Melody Sam. He is universally honored if not loved. Three people have been murdered: an aboriginal girl, Mary; Mrs. Mavis Lorelli, the wife of a cattleman; and a garage apprentice. Then Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte is called in. He wanders into the town as Nat Bonnar looking for horse work and is taken on as a yard man by Katherine Loader, Melody Sam's granddaughter. Bony has a good friend and ally in Sister Jenks. The murders seem haphazard and motiveless and the only clue is the plaster casts of the footprints of a man who limps. Terrible, tormenting silence and solitude finally make the murderer happy to confess.

Bony and the Kelly Gang. Published: Heinemann, 1960.
Issued in America as Valley of Smugglers: Doubleday, 1960.
Locale: Bowral, a little south and inland from Sydney in N.S.W.
The Conways and the Kellys, who rule the Valley of the Smugglers, do not welcome strangers. An Excise Officer has been killed and in order to investigate the crime Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte, dressed in the disreputable clothes of a horse-thief, enters the valley one step ahead of the police, who are supposed to be chasing him. Nat Bonnay, horse-thief, in time ingratiates himself with the families, in particular with Grandma Conway, for whom he plays "Danny Boy" on a gum leaf and brings tears to the old lady's eyes. In this amusing case Bony even gives the smugglers a few tips on how they should conduct their business to avoid detection. Finally all loose ends are tidied up and the case ends with a little bit of sadness.

Bony and the White Savage. Published: Heinemann, 1961.
Issued in America as The White Savage: Doubleday, 1961.
Locale: Extreme south-west point of Western Australia, 150 miles west of Albany. Rhudder's Inlet, almost within sight of Leeuwin Lighthouse.
Karl Mueller finds it hard to believe he really saw Marvin Rhudder, thief, rapist and murderer, returning to his parents' homestead. After much thought he reports his suspicions to the police and Bony travels to One Tree Farm to stay with Matt and Emma Jukes as Nat Bonnar, tourist and fisherman. (The "One Tree" is a Karri tree--"girth at the butt sixty-eight feet. A hundred and seventy-seven feet up to the first branch--two hundred and eighty-six feet to the top.) Bony, with the help of tracker Lew and his son Fred, establishes that Marvin has not left the neighborhood. After a series of exciting sorties into the wild and dangerous shore, lined with many caves, Bony finds his man.

The Will of the Tribe. Published: Heinemann, 1962. Doubleday, 1962.
Locale: Wolf Creek Meteor Crator (Lucifer's Couch). Two hundred miles south of Wyndham on the northern edge of the great inland desert of Western Australia.
How did the stranger travel to Lucifer's Couch without apparently being seen by either whites, station aborigines or desert aborigines? Why was he killed and carried into the middle of the Crator and dumped--why was he not buried, or at least concealed? Kurt and Rose Brentner and their two adorable little daughters are Bony's hosts while he ponders on this fourteen-week-old puzzle and tries to find the murderer. Bony is a little older in this story, with a little gray in his well-kept black hair, but he has lost none of his abilities.

Madman's Bend. Published: Heinemann, 1963.
Issued in America as The Body at Madman's Bend: Doubleday, 1963.
Locale: A homestead of the Darling River, near White Bend, N.S.W.
Jill Madden's father dies and her mother marries William Lush to help her run the 40,000 acre homestead. Lush is a cruel man who badly mistreaks his wife. One night in a rage he nearly beats her to death and Jill is forced to fire her rifle through a closed door to keep him from breaking into the house. He disappears--did Jill kill him? Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte is badly hampered in this case by terrifying floods, but he solves his case as usual.

The Lake Frome Monster. Published: Heinemann, 1966.

Locale: Lake Frome (South Australia) and Quinambie (New South Wales).

The manuscript of this novel, left unfinished by Arthur Upfield when he died in 1964, was completed and revised by J. L. Price and Mrs. Dorothy Strange, using the copious and detailed notes which Arthur Upfield left for this purpose.

Maidstone is found shot to death near Bore 10. The aborigine trackers can find no clue to the circumstances of his death, and it is some three weeks and many sand storms later that Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte, alias Ed Bonnay, arrives to delve into the problem. Bony doesn't make much progress until he deliberately lets it slip that he is a policeman. This really stirs things up. Of course, Bony solves the mystery; does he ever fail?

This is not quite as good as a completely Arthur Upfield tale; it drags in parts, but some chapters are very gripping.

*****

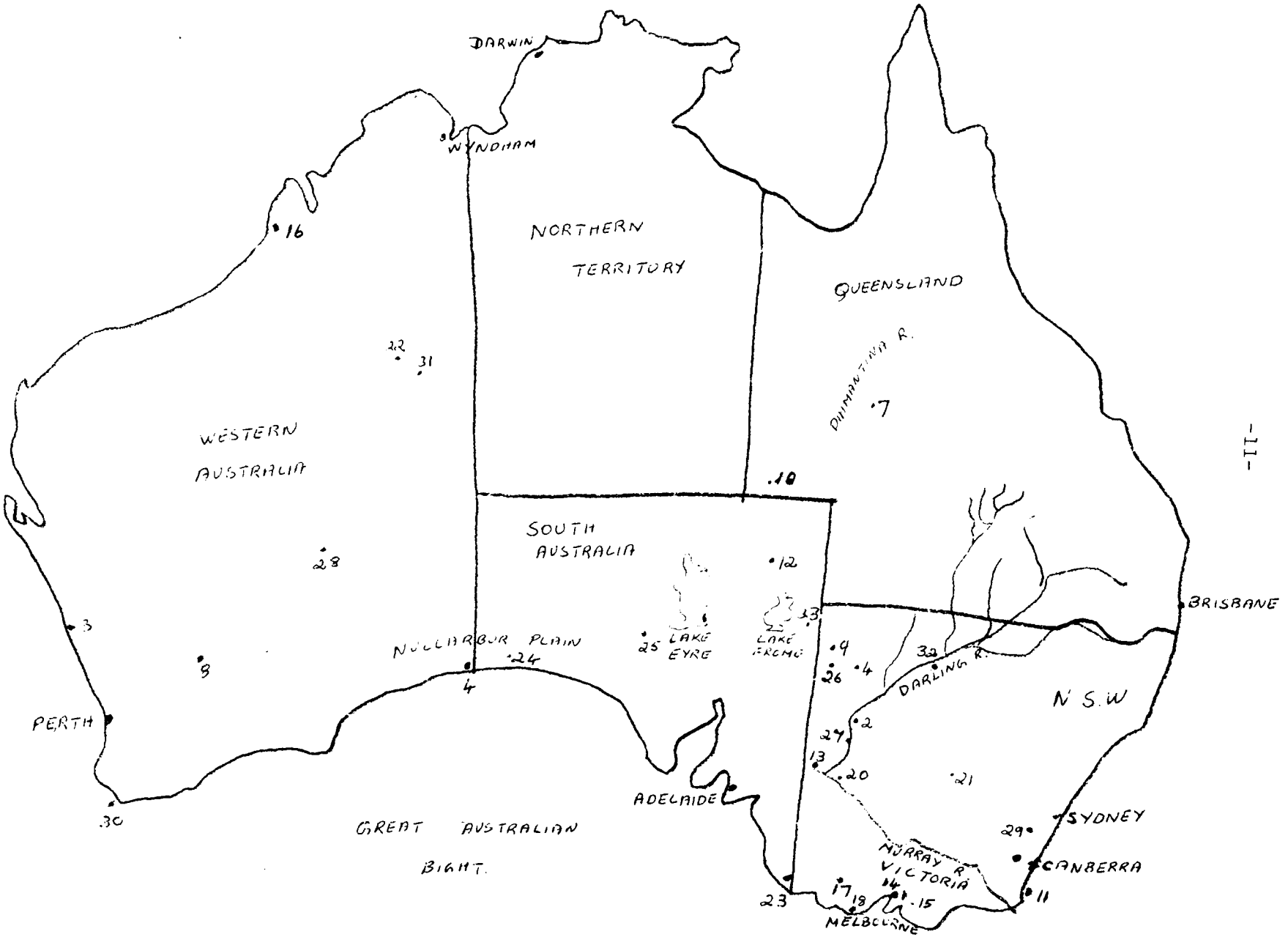
Follow My Dust: A Biography of Arthur Upfield, by Jessica Hawke. Published: Heinemann, 1957.

This is the only complete biography of Arthur Upfield, written by a woman who apparently knew him well (he refers to her in Twentieth Century Authors as "Partner Jessica"). The book tells us a great deal about Upfield and the wandering life he led, but it is apt to let one down on specifics such as dates and names of books, so is rather irritating as a source book. But for want of anything better it is useful reading for the Upfield fan.

*****

The action in some Upfield novels is set on homesteads or in small fictitious towns, the positions of which can often be deduced from details given in the story. For example, Rhudder's Inlet in The White Savage is said to be within sight of the Leeuwin Lighthouse. On the other hand, the position of Opal Town in The Bone is Pointed is only approximate. Each of the novels listed below is located by number on the map on the next page, and the fictitious towns and homesteads are marked below with asterisks.

1. House of Cain - Melbourne and South Australia
* 2. The Barrakee Mystery - Barrakee Station, River Darling Basin, N.S.W.
3. The Beach of Atonement - Dongerra, Western Australia
* 4. The Sands of Windee - Windee Station, western N.S.W.
5. A Royal Abduction - Eucla, Western Australia
6. Gripped by Drought
* 7. Wings Above the Diamantina - Coolibah Cattle Station, west Queensland
8. Mr. Jelly's Business - Burracoppin, south Western Australia
* 9. Winds of Evil - Wirrigatta Station, near Broken Hill, N.S.W.
*10. The Bone is Pointed - Opal Town, St. Albans, Queensland
11. The Mystery of Swordfish Reef - Bermagui on the Tasman Sea
*12. Bushranger of the Skies - McPherson's Station, 80 miles N.W. of Shaw's Lagoon, South Australia
*13. Death of a Swagman - Merino, west N.S.W.
*14. The Devil's Steps - Wideview Chalet, Manton, Mount Chalmers, Victoria
15. An Author Bites the Dust - Yarrabo, Victoria, near Melbourne, valley of the River Yarra
16. Widows of Broome - Broome, Western Australia
*17. The Mountains Have a Secret - Dunkeld, Victoria
18. The New Shoe - Split Point, Victoria
*19. Venom House - Answerths Folly, Edison, Queensland
*20. Murder Must Wait - Mitford, N.S.W.
*21. Death of a Lake - Porchester Station, Lake Otway, N.S.W.
*22. Cake in the Hatbox - Agars' Lagoon, 240 miles south of Wyndham, Western Australia
23. The Battling Prophet - Mount Gambier, South Australia
24. Man of Two Tribes - Nullarbor Plain
*25. Bony Buys a Woman - Mount Eden, Lake Eyre, South Australia
26. The Bachelors of Broken Hill - Broken Hill, N.S.W.
*27. Bony and the Black Virgin - Mindee on the River Darling, N.S.W.
*28. Bony and the Mouse - Daybreak, Western Australia
*29. Bony and the Kelly Gang - Bowral near Syndey, N.S.W.
*30. Bony and the White Savage - Rhudder's Inlet, Leeuwin Lighthouse, Western Australia
31. The Will of the Tribe - Wolf Creek Meteor Crator, Western Australia
*32. Madman's Bend - White Bend, N.S.W.
33. The Lake Frome Monster - Lake Frome, South Australia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NORTHERN TERRITORY
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WESTERN AUSTRALIA
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
NULLARBOR PLAIN
LAKE EYRE
LAKE EROMO
DARLING R.
N S.W
BRISBANE
PERTH
ADELAIDE
GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIGHT
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CANBERRA
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"SHADES OF DUPIN!"

FICTIONAL DETECTIVES ON DETECTIVE FICTION

BY GEORGE N. DOVE

"No doubt you think you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin... Now, in my opinion, Dupin was a very inferior fellow... He had some analytical genius, no doubt; but he was by no means such a phenomenon as Poe appeared to imagine."

Conan Doyle, A Study in Scarlet

He wished that he were Dr. Thorndyke--and then, with an excitement such as he had not felt for years, felt suddenly, if not like Dr. Thorndyke, at least like Inspector French.

Philip MacDonald, Warrent for X

"You mean one of them private eyes that goes around slapping dames and tearing their clothes off? Like that Mike Hammer in the movies?"
Shayne said, "Not exactly like Mike Hammer, Flo."

Brett Halliday, Stranger in Town

Like most of the useful devices in detective fiction, it started with Poe. Conan Doyle picked it up along with the other conventions Poe established in the Dupin stories, and it is likely to show up in the most recent paperback or in this week's newest mystery series on television.

References by people in detective stories to other people in other detective stories have been made so frequently that they constitute at least a minor convention of the genre. Readers of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" will remember Dupin's censure of Francois Vidocq[1] as one who "impaired his vision by holding the object too close," and who consequently "lost sight of the matter as a whole." As the three excerpts at the beginning of this paper show, writers of detective fiction have been cross-referencing each other ever since: Sherlock Holmes criticizes Dupin as sharply as Dupin had Vidocq; Sheldon Garrett wishes that he were Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke or at least Crofts' Inspector French; and Mike Shayne is reminded of his own kinship to Spillane's Mike Hammer.

This little convention is bound into no rule or formula. It turns up in stories of the writers of the classic "English" school (Sayers, Christie, Van Dine), the hard-boiled "American" school (Hammett, Chandler, Kane), and--though less frequently--the police procedural. It is used by Continental writers as well as American and British. It is not limited to any context and may pop up at any point in the story. Usually, the references are made by the fictional sleuth or someone in conversation with him. They most often refer to a detective in someone else's story, though occasionally a well-known author may be called by name, such as Poe or Doyle.

Almost invariably, though, they refer to a fictional detective well known at the time. Thus Fergus Hume in Bishop Pendle (1900) can let one of his characters twit a police inspector for not following the methods of M. Lecoq, and Mary Roberts Rinehart in The Man in Lower Ten (1909) has a character praise the works of Gaboriau, but nobody in detective stories mentions Lecoq or Dr. Thorndyke in our own time. Instead, Brett Halliday's Flo speaks of Mike Hammer. This pattern seems consistent: witness the way in which Chandler's Philip Marlowe is so sarcastic about the methods of Philo Vance in the earlier Chandler novels (published in the 1940's), but turns his guns on the sex-and-violence school in Playback (1958), when Vance had been forgotten and people were reading Mickey Spillane. As might be expected, however, two names always known to readers of detective fiction are used in stories of all times and places: Edgar Allan Poe and Sherlock Holmes.

Why do writers use this device at all? Obviously it does not serve the same kind of tactical purpose as the Fair Play convention or the ubiquitous staged-ruse-to-force-the-culprit's-hand, and when it is disparaging or satirical, it might appear to serve the purpose of turning the reader off. "Dull men in offices read detective stories," says Lord Peter Wimsey, and if the reader--at that moment reading The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club--chooses to take Lord Peter seriously, he will not only put down the book but forswear detective fiction forever. Such, of course, is not the author's intention, and we must look further for a more plausible motive.

Before undertaking the discovery of that motive, it would be well to look briefly at the types of references that people in detective stories make to other people in other detective stories.

Not all the references are disparaging. Occasionally we come across an incidental neutral allusion to detective fiction generally, as when Nick Charles says to Nora, "Listen, darling, tomorrow I'll buy you a whole lot of detective stories, but don't worry your pretty head over mysteries tonight." (Hammett, The Thin Man)

Much more often, though, detective stories are satirized as impossibly romantic and impractical. Thus Arthur B. Reeve's Craig Kennedy in "The Silent Bullet":

> *"Detectives in fiction nearly always make a great mistake... They almost invariably antagonize the regular detective force. Now in real life that's impossible--it's fatal."*

Likewise the perceptive Henry, in one of Asimov's Black Widower stories, points out how a dying man in a mystery story is invariably pictured as presenting a complex clue. "His dying brain," says Henry, "with two minutes of grace, works out a pattern that would puzzle a healthy brain with hours to think it out." ("The Pointing Finger") In much the same spirit, detective fiction is often satirized as inferior and implausible: "I don't like detective stories," says Ellery Queen's Dr. MacClure. "Scientific information always garbled." (The Door Between)

As for the references to specific detectives, they are sometimes laudatory, as when someone in the story makes a particularly brilliant deduction and is compared with one of the acknowledged masters. "Shades of Dupin!" cries Anthony Gethryn in MacDonald's Warrant for X. "Pike, you're no policeman; you've got too much imagination."

More often, though, the allusions to fictional detectives are non-judgmental references dropped rather casually into the conversation, and as might be expected the name most frequently dropped is that of Sherlock Holmes. For example:

> *"I'd like to speak with somebody at Malden's bank about his actions there Wednesday."*
> *"Who are you--Sherlock Holmes?"*
>
> (Biggers, The Chinese Parrot)

> *"Sounds rather like the parsley that sank into the butter on a hot day. You know, Sherlock Holmes and the dog who did nothing in the night-time."*
>
> (Christie, Elephants Can Remember)

Most frequently the references are not complimentary and are sometimes sharply satirical. We have already noted Dupin's animadversions upon Vidocq, and Holmes' on Dupin. Holmes, in his turn, gets disrespectful treatment in an extended passage in A. A. Milne's The Red House Mystery, where two men engaged in the investigation of a murder carry on a burlesque of a Holmes-Watson conversation. Other fictional sleuths are treated without mercy, as when Ann Riordan says to Marlowe in Chandler's Farewell, My Lovely:

> *"You ought to have given a dinner party...and you at the head of the long table telling all about it, little by little, with your charming light smile and a phony English accent like Philo Vance."*

Ellery Queen even permits criticism of his own EQ: "You've been reading one of your own lousy detective stories," says Terry Ring in The Door Between.

One generalization can be made about all of these references, of whatever type: they tend to be unobtrusive, do not call attention to themselves as do some of the other devices used by writers of detective fiction. As the illustrations I have cited show, they typically appear in conversation, spoken as they would be by "real" people, some of whom like detective fiction, some who despise it, and some who consider it silly.

Here, I think, we get a clue to the real purpose of this device and the reason why it has become a convention. What the writer is doing, basically, is to suggest a contrast between THIS (the story in the reader's hands, the real thing) and THAT (the world of fiction). The juxtaposition is obvious when, for example, Inspector Grant says to Inspector Rodgers,

> *"I was just thinking how shocked the writers of slick detective stories would be if they could witness two police inspectors sitting on a willow tree swapping poems."*
>
> (Tey, To Love and Be Wise)

THIS is the real world in which policemen can be themselves, even doing things no writer would have them do; THAT is the slick world of fantasy in which characters behave according to a formula or a set of preconceptions.

If, as W. H. Auden and others argue,[2] the detective story is basically a myth, then the reference-convention is a device for the achievement of displacement, which Northrop Frye defines as "the adaptation of myth and metaphor to canons of morality and plausibility."[3] It is, simultaneously, a rejection of and a participation in the myth.

The examples I have cited earlier are all brief, but a more extended use of the device may be seen in the role played by Mrs. Ariadne Oliver in Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot

stories. Mrs. Oliver, author of The Affair of the Second Goldfish and other whodunits, is the prototype of the woman novelist whose capacity for fantasy knows no limits. She serves a useful and important purpose as a foil to Poirot: no matter how bizarre the situation in the Poirot story, it takes on the color of sharp realism in contrast to Mrs. Oliver's whimsies. Viewers of the NBC series The Snoop Sisters can see an example of the same technique adapted to television.

And, as might be expected, the television sleuth has also become a point of reference. "Omniscient," says Henry Kane's Peter Chambers in The Narrowing Lust:

> *"All private detectives are omniscient. They are also indestructible, brittle-mouthed, tough lady-killers, and indefatigable lovers. But most of all-omniscient. Don't you watch teevee?"*

NOTES

1. Vidocq (1775-1857) was, of course, a real person, but his Mémoires are so highly colored that most historians treat them as essentially fiction.

2. "The Guilty Vicarage: Notes on the Detective Story, by an Addict," in The Critical Performance, ed. Stanley Edgar Hyman (New York: Vintage Books, 1956), pp. 302, 306.

3. Anatomy of Criticism: Four Essays (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1957), p. 365.

* *

MOVIE NOTE

Lancer Spy (20th Century Fox, 1937). Director: Gregory Ratoff. Associate Producer, Samuel G. Engel; screenplay by Phillip Dunne from a story by Marthe McKenna; Camera, Barney McGill; Musical Director, Arthur Lange; Art Director, Albert Hogsett; edited by Louis Loeffler; 8 reels. With George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre, Lionel Atwill, Joseph Schildkraut, Fritz Feld, Maurice Moscovich, Sig Rumann, Virginia Field, Luther Adler, Holmes Herbert, Lester Mathews, Carlos de Valdez, Gregory Gaye, Joan Carol, Claude King, Kenneth Hunter, Frank Reicher, Leonard Mudie, Olaf Hytten, Clyde Cook, Egon Brecher, Frank Puglia, Lyn Bari.

In the face of all the spectacular and ultra-gimmicky spy films on more recent screens, it is perhaps hard to get excited over a film like Lancer Spy--and yet perhaps that is the point. One was never supposed to get terribly enthused over such a film; it was a programmer pure and simple, a notch above the "B" level to be sure, but by no means a major production. And on that level, and viewed in that light, it is rather impressive--and depressing too, for it shows how much we've gone downhill since those days. The economics of today's movies would make such a high-class programmer quite out of the question, and in any event the studios today no longer have stables of contract talent as they did then. Just glance at the cast above, and imagine the impossibility of trying to duplicate it with even remotely equivalent talents today.

Lancer Spy has a simple and fairly obvious plot-line, and doesn't go out of its way to bowl one over with breathtaking thrills or suspense. But it moves along neatly and quickly, on the way regaling us with some excellent performances from many old reliables, good dialog, first-rate camerawork and really solid production values. The ballroom scene would do credit to any major production today, and all the Fox standing sets that could in any way be made to look German are pressed into service. The very American main street theatre--utilized dozens of times as a movie house or radio station--is given a modicum of art direction and passes itself off very nicely as a Berlin hotel!

If the film has simplicity, it doesn't always have subtlety. Sig Rumann's rather oafish High Command officer seems like a dry run for his satirised Nazi in To Be Or Not To Be. Dolores Del Rio's character is never really explained--enough that, even as a German, she is named Dolores and gets to wear some exotic gowns! German motor cycles scream with those good old Yankee police sirens, and to make sure that no one misses the point that one climactic scene takes place in Switzerland, there are a couple of Saint Bernards romping all over the set! But that's all part of the fun, and it would be idiotic to criticise a film on a level to which it may accidentally have strayed in these years, but which it certainly never aimed at thirty years earlier. Admittedly it is a little disappointing to find Lorre wasted in a role that J. Edgar Bromberg or any other Fox contractee could have played, but nevertheless he adds stature to the scenes that he has. Sanders hams magnificently at times, helped by some ripe dialog, but evidently Fox were well pleased, judging by the post-"End"-title "introduction" that they give him.

If one is to criticise Lancer Spy at all, it can only be on the level of editing, and one Louis Loeffler has perpetrated some of the sloppiest cutting we've ever seen in a major company film. Probably the film ran over-long for its boxoffice category, and it was "trimmed" throughout rather than block cut. This results in a number of curious non-matching cuts--sometimes two or three consecutively when they want to finish off a tricky scene in a hurry (as with Sanders and the drunken Schildkraut leaving a room after a party), or sometimes just one obvious one--as in the chunk of dialog clearly removed from the Sanders-Del Rio dance sequence. Conditioned as we are to current New Wavery from France, the jump cutting is hardly disturbing today, but in 1937 it must have seemed sadly unprofessional.

——Wm. K. Everson

ARISTOTLE'S OPERATIVE, OR,

THE CASE OF THE CLASSIC BARZUN

BY NEWTON BAIRD

The truth is that Intellect can be diminished in its own eyes only with its own consent . . .
---Jacques Barzun, The House of Intellect

I love a detective story. The detective story imitates the greatest romance in life, the volitional search for truth. In just such a way as men use introspection to search for psychological truth, conceptualizing their feelings, or a scientist reduces the causes of disease to their primary elements, the detective story, in a microcosmic, universal version of reality, searches for truth by means of evidence. The mind is the instrument and the only evaluator.

Consider the following scene which appeared in a 1971 television movie: A beautiful girl, a former stewardess, and her married lover are on trial for the vicious murder of an elderly woman. The district attorney is attempting to prove in his examination of a witness that the girl purchased the articles found at the scene of the murder. The witness, a store clerk, testifies that the girl appears similar to the one who made the purchase, but that in some way she is different. The prosecutor produces a wig from a box and asks the girl defendant to try it on. She refuses. But when he suggests she is afraid to do it, she snatches the wig and thrusts it on her head. The witness, seeing a significant change in appearance, cries, "That's her! That's the one!" The camera closes in on the face of the defendant girl's mother. The mother's eyes close, faced with the revelation of her daughter's guilt. One dramatic prop, a wig, makes the difference between truth and uncertainty. And, the defiant action of the girl, provoked by the evidence of the wig, reveals an important insight into her psychology. She is challenging authority, and, in a real sense, seeking punishment. The crucial question of moral guilt or innocence is portrayed in the closing eyes of the mother, who is in turn discovering her own moral guilt or innocence through her daughter's trial. The wig not only applies to legal guilt or innocence, but also to the ethical and moral level. It literally transforms moral and physical reality.

I have described this scene, from the film adaptation of Zelda Popkin's A Death of Innocence, as an example of what Jacques Barzun calls the intensity of "the light of recognition" in the detective story. Mr. Barzun credits Aristotle as the originator of the phrase. Wilhelm Windelband, in A History of Philosophy, identifies Aristotle as the father of logic. Logic is the science of thought, or, as Windelband says, it is the "art of scientific investigation, cognition, and proof." H. W. B. Joseph defines logic as the scientific or objective method of determining the "true relation between the general and the particular." It is what every detective story that knows its business does, one way or another. In the logical process of the scene with the wign, for example, the "general" is the premise of guilt or innocence, legally and morally. The "particular" is the abstraction of the girl's hair, the evidence. The truth or falsehood depends, first, upon the efficacy of human perception, and, second, upon the relationship of natural objects to change. Thus, the application of the scientific method, the logic of Aristotle, in the detective story--"entirely methodogical." It places the genre in the mainstream of the volitional novel. Without this ratiocination, and Aristotle's law of identity upon which the process of logic is based, there would be no viable detective story. The great philosopher may legitimately be called the intellectual father of the detective story. If you believe that philosophy has no practical application to your personal enjoyment of the detective story, it may be you are wrong.

Jacques Barzun has made the most incisive study of the detective story, placing the genre in the context of history and philosophy. One need not agree with all of his conclusions--as I do not, for instance, in regard to length in the genre--to recognize that his work is pre-eminent. His work has an individual aura to it that emanates not only from a fine style, but also from the fact that he has made reason and the intellect his hallmark. Three of his essays are basic to the subject of detective fiction. In the earliest, "From 'Phedre' to Sherlock Holmes," he defined the classic in the field--his personal preference--the short detective tale. He analyzed its historical heritage from the "ancestral tradition of reading nature by signs" which evovled into the "physical clues of Greek tragedy," to the rise of the "spirit of modern science" and "respect for law and order." Poe's idea as the originator of the genre, he noted, was aroused by the wider indoctrination of the method of science in the nineteenth century.

Barzun made his most incisive probe when he placed the detective story in this precise context of philosophical and cultural history:

> . . . it is not the mind of any man, murderer or victim, that matters in our genre, it is the uniformity of Nature and its legibility. This

> is a philosophic concern, indeed an intellectual passion, and we hear it in the narrator's voice. Marking him off from the bewildered crowd, his is the belief in mind, the belief in the orderly life and the eventual triumph, not so much of justice--for the criminal may have his reasons that reason does not know, and escape scot-free--but for the triumph of evidential truth. We behold the apotheosis of Voltaire and the Enlightenment, itself a reflection of the classic order attempted in society.

The key word in this passage is "legibility." The essence of life in the detective story is understandableness, a demonstration that the mind works. The stress upon the Age of Enlightenment is important. Enlightenment, in the microcosm of the detective story, is that "light of recognition" of the denouement discussed earlier. In the macrocosm of history, the "age" of enlightenment was the period of the rebirth of science in the latter part of the Renaissance and the liberation and rapid expansion of knowledge which resulted when scholars were re-introduced to Greek science, especially Aristotle's "operative"--his epistomology and logic--a system of knowledge that had been lost for centuries. Existence became legible again, and the great minds of European Enlightenment brought about the "wider indoctrination" of the scientific method. It had its expansion into fiction through the early efforts of Voltaire and others, but, in the nineteenth century, Poe, in a handful of stories, introduced a hero who could be identified with this method--the detective--and the genre was off and probing. Therefore, one of the irrationalists in literature, Poe, introduced the classic format of one of the most rational forms of fiction. The history of ideas and culture is full of such ironies in the contention between rational and irrational. The struggle is basic to the search, the conflict and tension, "the intellectual passion" that Barzun speaks of in the plot of the detective story.

For a heightened appreciation of their pleasure, lovers of the detective story should read Barzun's analysis of plot, the various "parts" of the structure. I believe the following description, from his essay, "Detection and the Literary Art," is one of the best there is of the form:

> It is not enough that one of the characters in the story should be called a detective--nor is it necessary. What is required is that the main interest of the story should consist in finding out, from circumstances largely physical, the true order and meaning of events that have been part disclosed and part concealed.

The highest concept or premise of the story is truth. From the first moment we open our eyes or perceive through any of our senses, we set out to solve the mystery of existence, in order to survive. We seek order out of what seems disorder. The detective story, sometimes the "detective", does the same thing. But notice that Barzun says the story seeks "the true order" and the "meaning". The simplest tales go only so far as to find the order. They leave the "meaning" or premise of the story on a particularized level. Meaning is rarely reduced to first principles, or primaries. They merely recite a chronicle of events. If the reader is left with the question, "What's the point?", even the basic goal has not been achieved. A satisfying, well constructed plot, it should go without saying, is central. Yet many authors attempt to dismiss the importance of plot. There is the fact, of course, that the "classic" form has become a convention, taken for granted. In many cases, however, dismissal of plot idea may hide the author's inability to deal with plot. It is in his ability to create a plot that his art begins.

Aristotle, once more, led the way with his ideas on "unities" in art. The idea of unities is also unfashionable in modern theory. But, again, the reasons are not simple. It was not simply because these unities were stultified in schools by rote practice that they were discounted. Again, it is the difficulty of dealing with them that causes authors to evade this part of technique. I would go a degree further than Mr. Barzun in stressing that the detective story, as with any work of art, should have a completeness of three unities: plot, character and theme. I agree here with the arguments of Ayn Rand in her essay, "Basic Principles of Literature," that the most difficult task is the integration of these three parts, that is, overall unity. The short novel by Donald Hamilton entitled "The Black Cross" (1949) accomplishes its simple, but unified theme, by using the suggestions in the symbol of the black "cross" observed in a dream as the central question of both the plot and theme. Since the mind of the central character must solve the issue in this question, character, plot and theme are all integrated in the symbol. A novel that succeeds without a detective for the central character is Ira Levin's A Kiss Before Dying (1953). The art is outstanding in this novel, particularly in the innovation of point-of-view. The central character, the criminal, is the unifying core. Unraveling the criminal's devious course in the pursuit of the unearned, Levin enlightens us on the psychology of envy, the unifying strand of both plot and theme. Thus, plot, character and meaning (theme) are integrated in a unity of viability and volition. Purposefulness is the prime value of the detective story. The writer's art is revealed in how he uses the freedom of the form. He is, of course, guided by his imagination and discipline. His adeptness must be as effective as a fine detective. Starting with a premise, he studies the particulars through character and plot. His choice of premise is his theme; reducing theme to primaries achieves universality.

When these unities are ignored, and particularly the logic of plot, we get what might be called the deceiver's method of mystery. Pretending to be seeking the truth and purposefulness of the detective story, the author instead proceeds to the opposite of these goals: falsehood or illogic. This kind of story demonstrates the author's view of the untrustworthiness of human perception. The disordered result of the impulsive and the spontaneous (or, as it has recently been tagged, the "paranoic style") in current unthrilling novels and films, was accurately described in the response of Pauline Kael, reviewing the film version of Le Carre's The Looking Glass War: the frustration and anger of "starting a jigsaw puzzle and then discovering the pieces do not fit." The world may seem to be an easier place to live in for the creators of such work, rationalizing confusion in their work, but this dead end of determinism arrives nowhere.

* * *

The work of Agatha Christie deals with surprises and out-of-the-ordinary situations, and usually, although it may not be obvious, out-of-the-ordinary people. Miss Marple and Poirot are, it seems safe to say, more interesting to her readers than, say, most politicians. A Murder is Announced is one of her best. It was her fiftieth (as every one of her fans knows), and it has a denouement which demonstrates a delightfully plotted logic with brilliant clarity. (I could say, in the vernacular of the day, "It knocks me out.") The first murder in the novel takes place at a "Murder Game" party with several people assembled in one room of a house. The lights suddenly go out, a door bursts open, a bright flashlight shines into the room at the assembled people, and a voice orders, "Stick 'em up!" Hands go up--a lady, among the assembled, expresses a thrill--and a revolver shoots twice, followed by a scream. The figure in the doorway whirls around, another shot is heard, and the same figure crumples to the floor as the flashlight drops and goes out. The door slowly swings shut.

Close to the end of the story, Miss Marple has listed a number of clues, both material and non-material, among which is the word lamp, underlined. In a following scene, two maiden ladies, Miss Murgatroyd and Miss Hinchliffe, discuss the murder which puzzled all those who had been at the "Murder Game" and witnessed it. One tells the other that she hasn't tried hard enough to think over the moment of the murder. The difficulty in remembering is that the lights were out. Miss Murgatroyd speaks of the "muddle" her brain gets into when she tries to remember the scene. Miss Hinchcliffe asserts that it is not "a question of brains" but of getting "the facts firmly in your head." It is a "question of eyes." "Hinch" goes over the events of the murder scene for "Murgatroyd" again. She says that Murgatroyd is the only one who can remember, because in her position standing back of the opened door, she was aided by the bright light shining into the room, instead of blinded by it as were the others. Standing there, looking back into the room in the same direction as the figure in the doorway with the flashlight, she could follow the flashlight's path as it moved around the room. Hinch's method is brilliant. She is careful not to put ideas into Murgatroyd's mind, but to allow Murgatroyd to remember exactly the people that remained in the room as it was revealed by the light of the flashlight. In other words, Murgatroyd's point-of-view is unique for uncovering this evidence. Hinch is getting Murgatroyd to enumerate the people in her memory who were still there in the light of the flashlight, when the phone rings. Hinch leaves the house on an important errand. As she leaves, Murgatroyd is just saying, "But, Hinch, she wasn't there. . ."

The next use of logic is Miss Marple's. She is explaining the important clue that Dora Bunner, another elderly matron, revealed through her memory. Miss Marple explains that Dora's memory was thought unreliable for evidence, because of her tendency to distort and exaggerate her speculations about events and people. But, Miss Marple points out, Dora was usually wrong only in "what she thought," while quite accurate about "the things she saw." The "flash and crackle" in the darkened room that Dora saw is a crucial piece of evidence. Miss Marple then draws a parallel between the problem of reliability in Miss Murgatroyd's memory and Dora Brunner's. She takes her listener's minds back to the moment when Murgatroyd's eyes were following the light around in the darkness before her, picking out one person, then another, until Miss Murgatroyd remembered that it focused on a place, "a place that was in her mind." It was an empty place where someone should have been. The "someone" is the murderer. Says Miss Marple, "One does see things you know, and know one sees them." Thus, the volitional mind and the logical process overcome confusion. The story is an excellent demonstration of literal "enlightenment."

The rational premise in Agatha Christie's detectives is the premise in Aristotle's system: man's sense perception can be trusted in arriving at the truth. Efficaciousness depends upon method and effort. Agatha Christie also emphasizes another concept. She contrasts the morally trustworthy and untrustworthy, showing that deception, the opposite of truth, is the evil revealed by the detective. A Murder is Announced distills the theme of character and plot to a primary concept regarding human happiness also. Miss Marple explains that the murderer, a person with a grudge against the world, thinks "life owes them something," and is chronically discontented. A grudge has become an obsession of the mind. "Everything went to the wall," Miss Marple says of the murderer's mind. She contrasts this reaction with other unhappy people who have personal afflictions, but who bear up bravely, who are purposely contented. Miss Marple concludes, "It's what's in yourself that makes you happy or unhappy." The plot, with the emphasis upon volition and the ability of the mind (a rational concept of

self), proves this conclusion entertainingly and effectively. Agatha Christie's novels are increased in enjoyment by the way her best characters, including, of course, her detectives, use their minds to enrich their lives (and ours).

Another innovative author was the late Fredric Brown. His work, at its best, is uniquely imaginative, but, because a kind of restless and incomplete effort allows some of his stories to come to what Barzun and Taylor might call "huddled" conclusions, and because of off-handed explanations of plot, some books are better than others. He was a brilliant experimenter with abnormal psychology (the overall idea or theme in much of his best work), and his narrative method is more original than it would seem without analysis. There is a cognitive process in his first person narratives--the point-of-view used most frequently in his work--that provides a penetrating insight into motive and character.

There is no detective in several of Brown's novels. As Barzun says, it is not necessary to have a detective to create a story of detection. A great political and philosophical novel of detection is Joseph Conrad's The Secret Agent (1907), in which the ironic point-of-view is the focus of detection, arriving at the theme of moral anarchism. Another, from which Brown's work may be said to be derivative (as well as Levin's Kiss Before Dying) is Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment (1865). Here the volitional inquiry is in the nature of closely detailed analysis of the criminal mind. The plot follows the events of the crime, the aftermath, and psychological punishment. The point-of-view of the obsessively disturbed murderer is carried in a microscopic, third person narration.

One of his most unified and resolved stories is the first in the series featuring the detective characters Uncle Am and Ed. It was also his first novel, entitled The Fabulous Clipjoint (1947). Its theme is carefully integrated with the plot. It involves the search of the then eighteen-year-old Ed for the truth behind the unexplained death of his father, murdered in a Chicago alley. The theme is the overcoming of the first psychological wound in the knowledge of death, and the maturation involved. There is a too abundant "red-herring" sub-plot, but, fortunately, this fault does not overcome the narrative effectiveness. The main line of deduction follows Ed's probe into his memory of his family past. Memory is the focus of the plot's logic. When Ed's memory bogs down, Uncle Am jogs it by introducing new premises, causing Ed to pick out specific places, times and events which may be keys to the motive in his father's murder. This persistency on Ed's part demonstrates the non-automatic nature of volition, the necessity of continual effort, of reasserting the mind at every turn of the case at hand. Ed analyzes his mother's relationship with his father (she is an alcoholic), their life in an earlier home in Indiana, his father's friends and companions on the job, even physically probing into the house he remembered as a boy. Most effectively, this probe is carried on in the narrative present. Although the natural emotional thrust of Ed's obsession over his father's death is retained throughout, the emotion is carefully controlled by Am keeping his young nephew on the track of solving the cause of the emotional injury. The action of Ed's mind and body is focused upon the objective, controlling the subjective.

The relationship is in the knight-squire tradition of Holmes and Watson (or Wolfe and Archie). (See Barzun's "Detection and the Literary Art.") However, unlike the predecessors, the relationship between Am and Ed never becomes one of expert and foil. Nor is one the "mind" (or "brains") and the other the "body" (or "muscle") in the quest. The relationship between Am and Ed is always a learning or enriching situation for the younger partner. It is especially purposeful in the psychological sense, in that Uncle Am is the substitute psychological and intellectual father to Ed, while Ed's youth revitalizes the aging Am.

The story achieves the positive. Ed is alone in his mother's apartment at the novel's beginning, before he finds Uncle Am and they work together in his search. Ed stands and looks at his father's picture and realizes that he did not really know him. He looks out the window at the city, watching passersby, and says, "I hate them . . . they don't give a damn what happens to anybody else . . ." This collective hatred is allayed somewhat when he meets Uncle Am and goes back to his job for a time. In the end, after Ed and Uncle Am have solved the murder, they go to the top floor of a Michigan Boulevard hotel to a "swanky bar." It is cool and the windows are open, so that Ed can view the city again from his enriched point-of-view. Now the city seems "beautiful" to him. The buildings are "like fingers reaching to the sky." He realizes that a city can be, at the same time, beautiful and a "clipjoint", in the diversity of human values. Uncle Am adds that "the craziest things can happen . . . not all of them bad." Ed realizes finally that the truth of people, events and places, starting from premises created in the mind, are found in abstract particulars, and that these particulars must all be taken into consideration to determine the nature and value of reality. Reality is complex, never simple, and fathomable. The reader must, of course, conceptualize to a degree himself in order to arrive at this precise meaning. This kind of dramatic conceptualixation in the popular novel neglects precise definition. The writer, however, respects the intelligence of his reader enough to dramatize a universal meaning, though he does not define it. The novel ends with a train ride with the two still-amateur detectives laughing over their good times

and prospects.

The Fabulous Clipjoint appeared in 1947, an era in American literature known for naturalistic, socially conscious novels following World War II. Higher critics, with some exceptions, gave the naturalistic novel their attention, ignoring the more popular work of Fredric Brown. I am making no comparison between his novel and top rank naturalism. However, his work should be considered in the intermediate rank of romantic literature. In contrast to the predominant determinism of most other novels, Brown was a positivist (later considerably more a fantasist) who looked for the particulars in the causes of crime and unhappiness. His interest in the abnormal was guided by logic, psychological understanding and unreaveling of character. It is possible for an author to improve with the proper critical attention. In later years Brown's imagination concerned itself more with the unprovable premises of science fiction and fantasy. In The Lights in the Sky are Stars (1953) one sees an almost incredible sense of optimism and love of man and life, while fidelity and care in rational plotting become less of an object. Light humor and the horrific of the unknown dominate the later work. Fantasizing usually indicates a rejection of reality. In Fredric Brown's case his searching concern for the mind's possibilities could have found no answers to the scope of his imagination in the fantasies of most twentieth century "philosophy."

* * * *

Sometimes it is necessary to make premises and risk future action on the closeness of deduction to truth. And sometimes the results of deduction are negatives from which it is difficult to deduce something positive. But if there are effors in deduction, this does not mean that man cannot ultimately perceive the truth, only that the individual has not found it. Most detective stories are not concerned with higher premises, such as moral truth. A Death of Innocence (1971), by Zelda Popkin, is unusual, almost astonishing, as a detective novel in that moral and ethical issues are a major critical concern. The novel fails to resolve some of these issues, as well as solve some of its technical problems of plotting and character, but it is an unforgettable, thought-provoking achievement, nevertheless, that has received little critical attention. The novel sold well and was a book club "alternative." It was watched in its TV-adaptation by forty-five million viewers, the "highest rating of the year in number of people watching a movie on television, including movies that had been shown in theaters," according to Publishers Weekly. (Later in the season it was topped by one other film.)

Realistically detailed, the novel is the story of two families, one from Idaho, and the other of New York City, the setting of the novel. One family is nominally Protestant, lower middle class, and the other Jewish upper middle class, establishing a social breadth and background. The story of the New York family somewhat outbalances the weight of its thematic value. In Joseph Stefano's fine film adaptation, the Jewish family, the family of the lawyer, is eliminated, and the family of the boy defendant (lesser characters in the novel) is given larger prominence in drawing parallels closer to the Idaho family, both families being on trial. There is a "middle America/urban America" comparison, a popular political theme of the time. The New York and Idaho families are brought into contact when the New York lawyer, the father in the Jewish family, takes the murder case in which the Idaho girl and her New York boy friend are the defendants. Though the lawyer's mind works on a higher conceptual level than the minds of the Idaho clients, neither his nor their ethical or moral guides are sufficient for this crisis. (The father of the defendant, it should be noted, returns to Idaho to take care of his business, while the mother stays on in New York.) Pragmatism is the unidentified philosophy at work in the common premises. There has been a side-stepping of truth for too long.

A simple, but substantial detective plot carries the theme. It was described in The Mystery Guild Clues as follows:

> The tabloids were calling it "The Brownie Murder Case," because when the victim, an elderly widow, was found dead of suffocation, a gift-wrapped box of brownies lay beside her body. The State contended that Buffie Cameron had baked the brownies, that she and her married lover had lured their victim to a Manhattan hotel room, and had cold-bloodedly smothered the old lady after stealing her jewelry. In the West Side apartment the couple shared, police found the stolen gems. Despite the overwhelming evidence against her, however, Buffie Cameron stubbornly denied her guilt.

The question of Buffie's guilt hinges on the question of her complicity in the murder that her lover carried out. Marvin Hirsch, the lawyer (played in the film by Arthur Kennedy), takes the case with a growing belief in the girl's guilt. He gradually comes to recognize his own family traits in the Camerons, his children's in Buffie, and his own in her parents. Self-recognition and analysis in Hirsch and in Mrs. Cameron are the volitional, focused, detective-like point-of-view of the story. The dominant question becomes the moral guilt or innocence of the girl, the value in the girl's identity, as a daughter and as an individual. This is why the wig, the clue to identity, becomes the key to guilt and innocence on both levels, legal and moral. Self-value comes under scrutiny. The question is broadened to include moral value in terms of the families involved, and the value of family unity or "sanctuary," as it might be called. And, in broadest terms--and here the theme is unresolved--the morality of

American society.

A scene in the apartment of the mother of Buffie's boy friend brings into focus the parallels between the two homes. The boy's mother, slovenly, and on welfare, contrasts with the modest conservatism of Mrs. Cameron, played to perfection respectively by Ann Southern and Shelley Winters. (Shelley Winters' performance is so good in this film, that one can watch the film on reruns and enjoy it by just concentrating on her magnificent understanding of her character.) Yet, they share a common evasive idealism regarding their children. Here, as throughout the novel, the ideas are dramatized as well as stated. The educative premises of the two homes are put under the magnifying glass of the drama, as much as the physical evidence in the murder case. The scene shifts from the unkempt, dark atmosphere of the apartment to the impersonal sterility of the courtroom, making a strong causual inference: whether from an assumed heaven or an assumed hell, the children of these two families were given no viable instruction to prepare them for the real world, and so they must meet the force of the State's judgment.

Hirsch's investigation includes a psychologist's report which states that some parents fail to "apply restraints, to formulate disciplines, or to offer punishments," in their eagerness to make their children happy. The children receive no education "in the meaning of authority." Mrs. Cameron says she could pity her daughter's part in the killing it if had arisen from anger or fear, but she has no pity when the killing of a friend was done for a diamond ring. It was easier, she says, when we believed in "the ancient sins . . . in the all-wise and forgiving God." Hirsch does not put Mrs. Cameron on the stand because he knows that the mother is unsure she wants her daughter to escape punishment. In his summation, Hirsch pleads for the girl in the name of the mother who reared Buffy in "a moral home, a tender home, the best this country knows." He feels shame for pleading for undeserved mercy. Before the verdict is brought in, Mrs. Cameron asks Buffie to tell her whether discipline might have changed things, if she had said, "this and this you must not do." In reply, the girl says the mother could not have stopped her even had she tried, because "Mother . . . I'm me, not you, can't you understand?" She and the mother acknowledge their ignorance of each other, despite the closeness of their relationship. But whereas the mother is now more aware and understands better the complexities of the world around her, the girl's main concern is seeing her lover, a good meal and her clothes.

The most effective statement in the novel is Hirsch's reflection back over his experience in the Cameron case. He has analyzed the girl's legal responsibility in the boy's act of murder, and has no doubts regarding her complicity and legal guilt. And he has come to realize that neither the girl nor the mother, subconsciously, want mercy for a kind of innocence bred by ignorance. The girl's defiant action--the climax to a long history of senseless defiance--in thrusting the wig on her head before the jury, demonstrates an urge towards discipline, the need to know what is right and what is wrong. Hirsch believes the mother wants the State to apply the discipline the family failed to provide. He reflects on the emotional void in this kind of justice:

> ". . . I watched something happen in the courtroom. Something terrible. Frightening. I watched a death of innocence . . . I saw it sitting in the corner, dying day by day. The mother's innocence . . ."

The girl committing herself to the impulsive progress of a senseless murder without thought demonstrates ignorance, not innocence. The mother's failure was in ignorance also, but more in idealism, or "myth", as Zelda Popkin puts it, "the myth of unfailing mother love." Hirsch observed the gradual death of this myth in the mother's countenance at the trial, as well as the pain from the loss of so deceptive and critical an illusion.

The Hirsch family story, including the reckoning between Hirsch and his runaway son, is not as effectively drawn. It may be that the author was not prepared to go as far as her ambitious concept took her. There are suggestions instead of resolutions. There is a suggestion regarding the wastefulness of the struggle in the family between orthodox and non-orthodox religion, implying the need for a more enlightened common morality, as well as the suggested need of more complete assimilation in the individual, rather than the collective sense. The book attempts to tie up loose ends in the particulars of the thematics, rather than drawing them into the primary concepts involved. The theme of moral responsibility which is so well dramatized in the concept of loyalty or fidelity is resolved on the individual or family level, but not in any universal sense. Betrayal, the antithesis, is demonstrated in nearly every relationship, more explicitly in the murder of the old lady, a "friend". There is a discussion of American traditions and values, and the idea of national morality is questioned. The thematics, taken to their logical conclusion, would rest on the idea of the death of moral sanctuary. The unstated but implied question in the story is: what has happened to the idea of moral sanctuary for the individual, the intent of the founders of America? The novel does resolve the premise of moral responsibility by dramatizing and stating by means of the character's insights that responsibility and correction begin first with individuals. The novel, finally, is a search for moral principle.

A Death of Innocence dramatizes the ravages of the sin of ignorance, rather than of original sin. Buffie and her lover represent the degeneracy in terms of the future--the next generation--to near animalistic, non-human, amoral levels. But as Hirsch puts it, "there are

victories in failures too." There is a next generation, and if the knowledge gained is a corrective knowledge, it can be passed on beyond the generation of the error.

In contrast to A Death of Innocence, there are films like the current Badlands, based on an eight-day murder spree (the Starkweather case) by a 19-year-old boy and his 14-year-old girl friend in 1958. The young people who carry out mass murder are portrayed romantically as "lost" and innocent. An implied explanation for the acts of murder is the suggestion that since the boy and girl could not communicate with the authority figures in their lives, they chose murder as a method of gaining recognition and defying society. The issue of individual responsibility is never raised. Collective responsibility may seem the issue, but the film ends without significant introspection on anyone's part. The facts of the real case are altered. As a review in the Chicago Tribune put it:

> The most gruesome details of the case have been changed or omitted. The number of murders has been reduced to six. In the film all of the shootings take place at long-range; in reality, Starkweather confessed to the murder of Fugate's two=year-old stepsister, who died of a concussion, having been beaten to death. Another Starkweather victim, a teen-age boy, was shot six times in the back.

But the writer-director, a Rhodes scholar, apparently was not interested in the particulars of this kind of evidence. He approached his tale subjectively. Objective evidence (such as 10 murders in reality, six in the film), if it does not fit the emotional response the writer desires, is simply altered or deleted. Dramatic license, to be sure. But license to accomplish what? The emphasis is upon romantic "innocence" of childhood, as the author sees it, or as the Tribune put it, "fleeing responsibility to a child-like idyll in the woods." The idyll is, however, "punctuated by spasms of violence . . . The murders of Badlands stand as random events in a world crazy with beauty and ugliness." But the reviewer in the Tribune, nevertheless, praises the director's 'first effort', saying the promise shown may bear fruit with "more challenging source material." What about responsibility? Who is responsible for "a world crazy with beauty and ugliness"? How do men improve moral beauty and correct moral ugliness? Film a musical next time? Does technical ability make up for moral irresponsibility?

Judicial and moral questions involved in murder are not probed or understood when emotion is the only operative at work in the creative process. In reality, it is impossible to write without thought. However, the rationalization process of such a work as Badlands suggests that it is not only possible to live emotionally free in an "innocent idyll" with a few murders on the side, but that it is also possible to live and write effectively by such a philosophy. The result, however, as Badlands demonstrates, is mere sensation, here today and gone today. It is the writer of a film who is first of all fascinated by the killer. Which answers the Tribune review lead-in, "What is the fascination with killers?" Whatever emotional boost (or "high") it may give a writer to romanticize an immoral character, it does nothing towards solving anyone's real problems. A Death of Innocence, in examining issues by careful dramatization of the particulars in the characters involved, attempts to objectify and place responsibility, as well as arrive at corrective courses of action and moral principle. In Badlands innocence means wiping out reality. In A Death of Innocence, innocence, an objective concept, means "lack of knowledge."

As to why a writer uses a factual case on which to base a film, and then deliberately eliminates certain essential evidence, one could think that the objective is to shelter the sensibilities of the audience. Actually, the writer is merely doing what comes naturally according to modern philosophy, which jumps in a great leap backward to the conclusion that since "scientific exactitude is impossible in reasoning upon particular ethical cases" (Aristotle, Nicomachean Ethics), no ethics is possible in any case. And there may be another motive in some instances. The effort of constructing a plot may involve too much effort. In either case, deception is the method involved. The "deceiver's method of mystery" goes to work, borrows from reality, but makes no payment of fidelity in return. The "rip-off" is at work, but Aristotle's operative is not. Detection has no role in this Badlands.

The need for objectivity and moral inspiration in literature, as opposed to the encouragement of confusion and immorality, is also evident in journalism. Daily news reports cannot be as objective as the fine true crime stories of William Roughead or Joseph Henry Jackson, written in summation years after the event. However, an effort in the direction of daily objectivity, of thoroughness and incisiveness of evidence, was quickly recognized recently in the usually confused and blandly gray frontal lobe of the West coast television screen. In all the compounded horror of the Hearst kidnap case, nothing in the criminal acts could compete in intensity and freshness with the reports of KQED-TV (San Francisco) news reporter, Marilyn Baker. Day after day, with thoroughness in investigation and research, Mrs. Baker relentlessly pursued her subject. An article in TV Guide points out, and viewers will remember, that she had identified and reported background on the "Symbionese Liberation Army" (S.L.A.) before the group had been identified as responsible for the Hearst kidnapping. She dug further and was the first to identify the leader of the group as a former prison inmate.

Accompanied by photographic evidence to support her facts, she had this information ready to report before the rest of the news media and before the police or FBI. How she did it is reported in the TV Guide article:

> While the other San Francisco TV reporters were joshing each other on their "happy talk" newscasts, or playing cards in comfortable press trailers while waiting for press conferences at the Hearst mansion, Marilyn Baker was pushing through the back alleys to find evidence.

She was not content with the matter of what was being said in the tapes or in the press releases. She was additionally interested in the more substantive evidence: the background, the people, and, especially, the physical evidence. She was first, for instance, to critically examine a former S.L.A. residence (left unguarded by police) where she found critical documentary evidence lying around. This kind of investigation on the part of a reporter is objective reporting, a term lost in semantics. Not how objective the opinion, but how complete and based-on-evidence the report is.

The tribute in TV Guide to Mrs. Baker's work is well deserved. The article used a phrase which is especially striking: "She glistens . . . amid the dull and shameful torpor that seemed to grip all journalism in the case." Mrs. Baker, at the time of that article, said of Patty Hearst that she may be "someone who can be molded into anything anyone wants her to be. . ." This may also apply to many impressionable people, not just the young, today. The mind has been given no aids towards self-directed education, towards critical, cognitive thinking. The person may be adult in years, but with the moral judgment of a babe-in-arms. The result, historically, of this emotionally chaotic confusion, as Dostoevsky showed in The Possessed, is an incipient moral anarchist, not unlike the character of Buffie Cameron. The mind is vulnerable to the "reform" (actually first formation) of any enchanter or enchantress to step forward. Ignorance breeds bear, and fear searches out strength. (And see Edmund Fuller's article, "Patty Hearst and Dostoyevsky," listed among my sources at the end.) The escapist exorcism adventure, it should be noted, as a method of dealing with this kind of evil, is not equal to the task. As Barzun says, "the horror of the indefinite . . . is alien to the spirit of detection."

* * * *

Jacques Barzun said that after the "Robin Hood and Byronic Hero" have had their day in the detective genre (as well as "tough ideas proving very small . . . inventories of clothes and listless sluggings . . . sentimental plaints not far from a whine . . ."), and we have seen the last of pure detection, then, he said:

> We shall miss the advantage that literature always draws from having at least one fixed genre to satisfy the taste for dillettante concentration; but with both antagonists disposed of, we may regard their passing as the prerequisite and augury of a fictional art that shall be really new. ("From 'Phedre' to . . .")

I do not know whether Barzun still has this optimism about the future of the "classic" or whether he still thinks that the detective story tradition can augur "a fictional art that shall be really new" or not. A recent review by Edmund Fuller of Barzun's new book (my copy of which has still not arrived), The Use and Abuse of Art, quotes Barzun as follows:

> . . . if there remains in the public a desire that literature and the arts should criticize life, and not merely denounce it, then criticism through art must be held to the same standard as is required of criticism about art, that is: correspondence with the facts and the exercise of that rarest power of the mind which is called judgment.

I would add that judgment is made more difficult when the dominant philosophical trend of the time is now worse than relativism. Anti-philosophical describes the times. As the historian Windelband said in 1893, "Relativism is the dismissal and death of philosophy." Ayn Rand uses logic to extend Aristotle's view of causality and judgment in her essay, "Who is the Final Authority in Ethics?" She concludes:

> Who "decides"? In politics, in ethics, in art, in science, in philosophy--in the entire realm of human knowledge--it is reality that sets the terms, through the work of those men who are able to identify its terms and to translate them into objective principles.

What is needed at this stage, more than a political debate, as Zelda Popkin's novel shows better than real events, is a philosophical debate.

The Greek, as usual, had a word for what art does: it imitates. Aristotle also said:

> Since the objects of imitation are men in action, and these men must be either of a higher or a lower type (for moral character mainly answers to these divisions, goodness and badness being the distinguishing marks of moral differences), it follows that we must represent men either as better than in real life, or as worse, or as they are. (Poetics)

We have had a surfeit of lower type and worse-than-they-are imitations. We have not had careful enough judgment in distinguishing moral differences "as they are." It is time for fiction to encourage men to be better than they are. What other kind of novel provides so workable an

operative as a tradition for this purpose than the detective story? Agatha Christie, by example, encourages us about the often misunderstood efficacy of our minds, and how, in a workable sense, to enrich life in reality. Fredric Brown struggled in the great tradition of Conrad and Dostoevsky, and created entertaining and brilliantly insightful stories that lead in the direction of learning how to solve complexities. And Zelda Popkin, at the age of 73, after a career of writing bright but undistinguished detective and "women's" stories (as they were called), published an outstanding, almost astonishingly ambitious effort in the tradition of The Brothers Karamazov. She called forth a rich experience, attempting to universalize the story of the American family, and through the trial of one child to reveal the crisis in the American ethical ideal. Her novel leads; it does not merely follow.

In a special, efficacious way, the detective story imitates life finally in its sense of the immortal. Man achieves immortality on earth, one might say, in the fingerprints of his achievements. The criminal, on the other hand, is evidenced in the hidden devaluation of his destruction. In either way, we are read by the "legibility" of our acts. It is the passing on of knowledge, its lasting quality and value, that determines true immortality. Since life cannot stagnate, always changes, knowledge can also be mortal or immortal. The mortality of the detective and of the story which houses him depends upon the creative value of the "light of recognition." His essence communicates and passes on. The detective seeks immortal knowledge. The detective story imitates not only life, but its intellectual father, Aristotle, whose achievement continues to be found in every room of every microcosmic and macrocosmic detective story. There is no miracle in this achievement, despite its wonder. It is only logical.

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RELIGION AND THE DETECTIVE STORY

BY R. W. HAYS

This essay might better have been named, in old-fashioned style, "Some Aspects of the Relations between Religion and the Detective Story," since it makes no claim or attempt to be exhaustive. I am not the first, either, to point out that religion and detective fiction have a special affinity for each other: Marvin Lachman, in particular, has published observations on this subject.[1] The resemblance of the detective story to the moral tale, in which good is rewarded and evil punished, may account in part for this affinity. Even more, the ways in which the structure of Christian theology is built up, as expounded by scholastic philosophers such as Thomas Aquinas and modern disciples such as Karl Barth, are highly reminiscent of the denouement of a first-class detective novel, with all the little pieces falling into place. As scholastic philosophy reminded Henry Adams of the brilliant, sound, painstaking engineering that went into the construction of a medieval cathedral, so I, when I first studied Christian doctrine and saw how it makes clear and simple so much of life that had seemed mysterious, was reminded of the way a detective story ties together all its loose ends.

Getting away from this abstract level, several detective writers have contributed significantly to religious writing and study: Gilbert K. Chesterton, Freeman Wills Crofts, Ronald A. Knox, Dorothy L. Sayers, and, on a much lower popular level, Fulton Oursler (Anthony Abbot). J. S. Fletcher also wrote on theology, although his writings are not read nowadays. Victor L. Whitechurch is another example, besides Knox, of an ecclesiastic who wrote detective stories. Lachman adds, in this category, the name of Samuel Spalding, author of a number of the Nick Carter books, and Barzun and Taylor list also C. A. Alington, John Ferguson, and James Owen Hannay, alias George A. Birmingham. Robert E. Washer may be cited as a scholar and critic of detective fiction who is also a cleric. Not all of these, to be sure, have made extensive use of religious subject-matter in their detective writings.

Besides Chesterton's Father Brown short stories,[2] the best known series using religious personnel as detectives are the Sister Ursula novels and short stories by H. H. Holmes (Anthony Boucher)[3] and the novels by Harry Kemelman about Rabbi David Small: Friday the Rabbi Slept Late (Crown, 1964), Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry (Crown, 1966), Sunday the Rabbi Stayed Home (Putnam, 1969), Monday the Rabbi Took Off (Putnam, 1972), and Tuesday the Rabbi Saw Red (Fields, 1974). Chesterton and Boucher bring to their writings a thorough knowledge of Roman Catholicism and Kemelman a similar knowledge of Judaism, especially its conservative branch, although he is less sound on Christianity. Lachman and Hagen call attention to other detectives who are Roman Catholic priests: Leonard Holton's Father Bredder, Alice Scanlan Reach's Father Crumlish, Jack Webb's Father Shanley. Henri Catalan's Soeur Angele is another nun detective. Hagen mentions Margaret Scherf's Rev. Martin Buell, a detective and minister.[4] No writer seems yet to have created a detective who is an Eastern Orthodox priest.

One other clerical detective may be mentioned only to be dismissed from serious consideration: Brother Ignatius, in the novels of Francis Vivian, a pseudonym for Arthur Ernest Ashley.[5] Ignatius is said to be of the "Nestorian Order". The Nestorians, of course, are not an order but a church, one of the important Christian churches of Asia, dating from the fifth century and historically strong in Persia and China. "Nestorian Order" is as absurd as "Presbyterian Order" would be. Even worse, Ignatius is said to be attached to no particular position, but to have a roving assignment: he wanders about on his own, taking action where he sees fit. A church so impractical as to make this sort of assignment would not last long.

There follow a few examples of effective use of ecclesiastical settings as background, all Anglican cathedrals or churches: Edmund Crispin, Holy Disorders (Gollancz, 1945); Michael Gilbert, Close Quarters (Hodder and Stoughton, 1947); Dorothy L. Sayers, The Nine Tailors (Gollancz, 1934); John Trench, What Rough Beast (Macmillan, 1957). The reference works I have at hand do not enable me to identify the title of a book by E. C. R. Lorac that would otherwise have been included. The Victorian writer John Meade Falkner's The Nebuly Coat (Arnold, 1903), with a similar setting, contains elements of detection and is often cited as a detective story, although Falkner, like Wilkie Collins with The Moonstone (1868), clearly had no thought of writing in a special genre.

Chesterton must be granted the place of honor as the outstanding writer to use religious subject-matter for basic plot and clues. In the novel form, Harrington Hext's (Eden Phillpott's) The Thing at Their Heels (Butterworth, 1923), which Barzun and Taylor call "a masterpiece in a rare variety of the species,"[6] has a plot based on religion, albeit religion as seen through the eyes of a character with a perverted mind. A few instances may be cited in which religion plays a less fundamental role, but is used to provide an essential clue or an incident important to the development of the plot. In The Chinese Orange Mystery (Stokes, 1934), Ellery Queen makes a Roman Catholic missionary into a variation of Chesterton's invisible man: the victim's dexcription is given to several persons who had travelled with him, but nobody recognizes it, since it is not mentioned, or known, that he was a priest, wearing cler-

ical garb. Holmes' short story, "The Stripper", contains a particularly good clue based on Roman Catholic Liturgy, and one of his novels has an important detectival deduction based on the sacrament of penance. Agatha Christie, in Taken at the Flood (Collins, 1948), uses the Roman Catholic religion to plant a clever clue to a false identity. In Lord Edgeware Dies (Collins, 1933), she uses the Anglican religion to provide a motive for murder. The solution of Chesterton's "Vampire of the Village" depends on knowledge of the differences between High and Low Anglicism, and short stories by Kenneth Livingston (a very poor piece of work) and Joyce Porter ("Dover Pulls a Rabbit") come to mind, in which the detectives correctly interpret clues as showing that the murderer must be an Anglican priest, although none that fits the role has yet appeared.[7] Joseph Harrington, in The Last Known Address (Lippincott, 1965), makes effective use of religion, not to forward the plot, but rather the reverse: the customs of orthodox Judaism cause detective Frank Kerrigan to run up against a dead end just when prospects seem brightest. Chesterton's "The Quick One" contains a clue based on the Moslem religion.[8]

Monasticism seems an unlikely subject for a detective writer, but occasionally it has been worked into a plot. Jeremy Potter, in A Trail of Blood (McCall, 1971), a historical detective novel, uses a sixteenth-century monastic setting. A few episodes in Josephine Tey's A Shilling for Candles (Methuen, 1936) involve a monastery, but it turns out that in investigating one of its monks, Inspector Alan Grant has been distracted by a side issue irrelevant to his main problem. Murder in Mesopotamia (Collins, 1936), by Agatha Christie, and Come to Dust (Simon and Schuster, 1968), by Emma Lathen, use monasteries to provide significant elements of plot development and important clues. Christie similarly uses a nunnery in "The Apples of the Hesperides."[9]

A poor use of monasticism, involving an especially glaring mistake, occurs in The Crime at Black Dudley (Jarrolds, 1929), by Margery Allingham.[10] In this book, the murder plot depends in part upon a story about Black Dudley, an English country-house, formerly a monastery, now the family estate of the Petries. This story has gained the status of a family legend. The family legend, genuine or fraudulent, is of course a common detective-story device: an almost precisely similar use, but much more effective, appears in Ellis Peters' The Knocker at Death's Door (Morrow, 1971).

According, then, to the legend of "the Black Dudley Ritual Dagger," as related by Wyatt Petrie, twentieth-century representative of the family, it happened in the time of Quentin Petrie, c.1500, that a guest at Black Dudley was found murdered with a dagger. Trusting in a superstition that the dagger would somehow reveal the murderer, the host had it passed from hand to hand among the members of the household, thus initiating a ritual that continued in use up to the time of the action of the book.

Albert Campion appears in the book, but the solution to the mystery is provided by a Dr. George Abbershaw. One element in the solution is Abbershaw's discovery, based on research in the British Museum, that the Petrie legend cannot be true, since from 1100 to 1603, long after the latest possible date for the events of the legend, Black Dudley was a monastery and not in the possession of the Petrie family. It requires no great knowledge of history to see that it is Abbershaw's version that cannot be true. In 1536-1540, King Henry VIII dissolved all the monasteries of England in order to seize their revenues. Thereafter, except for a brief revival of a few houses under Queen Mary (1553-1558), there were no monasteries in England until the nineteenth century. For more than two hundred years, the English viewed monasticism with horror and disgust, associating it with superstition, popery, Spain, the Gunpowder Plot, foreign spies on English soil--everything that was anathema to a true Briton. Subsequently the murderer, who is not brought to book, declares his intention of ending his days in seclusion in a Dominican friary in Spain. The author evidently believes that Dominicans seclude themselves from the world (in fact, the mission of friars, unlike that of monks, is always worldly; in the Dominicans' case, it is primarily educational) and that they would welcome in their midst a self-confessed, unrepentant, and probably insane murderer--two mistakes of the first order. It may be argued that in a work of fiction, it is permissible to take some liberties with the facts, and that the early Allingham novels, of which this is one, are admittedly fiction of quite s fantastic kind. The liberties here nevertheless seem to exceed pardonable limits.[11]

Except for Chesterton's one use of Islam, nothing has been said of any religion but the Christian and Jewish, and few instances of use of any other come to mind. On the fringe of Christianity, Mormonism forms the background of the second half of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's A Study in Scarlet (Ward Lock, 1888), but is treated with no attempt at historical verisimilitude. The presentation of the background is so basically absurd that it is almost pointless to call attention to a particular error: nevertheless, I shall mention Doyle's mistaken assumption that polygamy, at one time permitted among the Utah Mormons, was required of them.

The Black Mass and the Witches' Sabbath, elements in a perversion of Christianity about whose historical basis scholars have not yet reached agreement, have perhaps been overused in detective fiction: A. E. W. Mason's The Prisoner in the Opal (Doubleday, 1928), Crispin's Holy Disorders, and John Dickson Carr's Below Suspicion (Harper, 1949) provide good examples. Anthony Boucher's The Case of the Seven of Calvary (Simon and Schuster, 1937) makes highly competent use of the author's knowledge of the religious philosophy of Gnosticism, a powerful

rival to early Christianity, which itself adopted many Christian ideas. Christian Science, a modern revival of Gnosticism, is the subject of one of Ernest Bramah's stories ("The Disappearance of Marie Severe") about Max Carrados,[12] but the story is used as a vehicle for polemic against Christian Scientist beliefs rather than for detection. Robert Barr, in "The Absent-Minded Coterie," makes ingenious use of Christian Science in a brief reference.[13]

Charles B. Child uses a Moslem background for his short stories (in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine) about Inspector Chafik J. Chafik, and H. R. F. Keating the background of India, with all its religious diversity, for his novels about Inspector Ghote.[14] Ellery Queen, in And On the Eighth Day (Gollancz, 1964), creates and uses as background a non-Christian, utopian religious community.[15] The fake religious cult, "so useful to writers of detective stories,"[16] could by itself provide enough material for an article. The present article may fittingly be closed with some examples of its use: Chesterton's "The Eye of Apollo"; Ngaio Marsh, Death in Ecstasy (Bles, 1936) and Spinsters in Jeopardy (Little, 1953); Holmes, Nine Times Nine (Duell, 1940); Christie, "The Flock of Geryon."[17] Effective use of spiritualism, which may suitably be classified under the same heading, occurs in William Gillette's The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road (Harper, 1927) and Mason's At the Villa Rose (Hodder and Stoughton, 1910). The inclusion here of debased and fraudulent forms of religion is for convenience only and is, of course, not meant as a slight on any of the world's great religions, whether mentioned here or not.

NOTES

1. "Religion and Detection," The Armchair Detective, I, No. 1, Oct. 1967, 19-24. See also OrdeanHagen's list under the subject-heading "Clergy" in Who Done It? A Guide to Detective, Mystery, and Suspense Fiction (New York: R. R. Bowker, 1969), pp. 430-431, and Jacques Barzun and Wendell Hertig Taylor, A Catalogue of Crime (New York: Harper, 1971), Index s.v. Churches.
2. For a discussion of these, see R. W. Hays, "The Private Life of Father Brown," TAD, IV, No. 3, April 1971, 135-39.
3. For these, see J. R. Christopher, with D. W. Dickensheet and R. E. Briney, "A Boucher Bibliography," Pt. I, TAD, II, No. 2, Jan. 1969, 81-82.
4. Lachman, "Religion and Detection," loc. cit., p. 19; Hagen, op. cit., pp. 129, 431, 497.
5. Hagen, op. cit., p. 18, lists Vivian's books.
6. Barzun and Taylor, op. cit., p. 234.
7. For the Livingston story, about detective Cedric Dodd, see The Dodd Cases (Doubleday, 1933); the Porter story appears in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, Feb. 1969.
8. Many more of Chesterton's stories might be cited here; on some of these, especially "The Blue Cross" and "The Chief Mourner of Marne", see the article cited in n.2, above.
9. In The Labours of Hercules (Collins, 1947).
10. A "retrospective review" of this book, by Marvin Lachman, appears in TAD, II, No. 1, Oct. 1968, 61-62. The title is given there as The Black Dudley Murders.
11. For a good use of English religious history in a clue, see Knox's Introduction to The Best English Detective Stories of 1928, ed. Father Ronald Knox and H. Harrington (New York: Liveright, 1929), p. 13.
12. In The Eyes of Max Carrados (Simon and Schuster, 1923).
13. In The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont (Appleton, 1906).
14. See list in Hagen, op. cit., p. 215.
15. Other instances of Queen's use of religious subjects, as in Ten Days' Wonder (Gollancz, 1948) and The Player on the Other Side (Gollancz, 1963), are difficult to classify and so are not discussed here.
16. Barzun and Taylor, op. cit., p. 309.
17. Christie, The Labours of Hercules.

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THE PROBLEM OF MORAL VISION IN DASHIELL HAMMETT'S DETECTIVE NOVELS

BY GEORGE J. THOMPSON

PART VI: THE THIN MAN

"The End Game"

With the exception of one or two commentators, Dashiell Hammett's fifth and last novel, The Thin Man (1934), has earned very few admirers. Peter Quennel in a review of the novel in 1934 was one of those few. He admired several achievements of the work:

> *... it contains portraits, snatches of dialogue written in colloquial vein--and lurid glimpses of New York drinking society, that Hemingway himself could not have improved upon.*[1]

Many critics who otherwise find little to say about the novel that is positive would agree that it contains several good individual scenes,[2] but few would go as far as Joseph T. Shaw in proclaiming that both Nick Charles and Philip Marlowe (hero of Raymond Chandler's novels) are three-dimensional characters, and that in both novels (Shaw uses The Big Sleep as an example of Chandler's work) character conflicts are set up, and

> *The main crime and its victims are off-stage, and, while the solution of the crime is woven into the pattern of each story, it by no means constitutes the essence of the story.*[3]

These lines suggest that Shaw believes The Thin Man to possess not only depth but resonance as well, a view that runs counter to most critical opinion. Presumably, from Shaw's point of view the novel is more than the sum of its parts because the action radiates meaning above and beyond the solution of the mystery. Walter Blair argues a very similar point when he says:

> *Nick is very different from the Continental Op: he is attractive, sophisticated and witty. He resembles the earlier narrator in being cynical and worldly and in being unrevealing about his emotional and intellectual responses to most people and events. In the final novel as in the first, the author therefore utilizes a fictional point of view that is well adapted to the genre which he is writing--one productive of mystery and suspense.*[4]

Unfortunately Blair does not go into detail in an effort to define that fictional point of view or to show how the action in The Thin Man is handled artistically.

By and large, critics have been rather silent on The Thin Man. There are numerous short and pithy pronouncements on the novel's worth, but almost no close analysis of its plot action or its meaning. To my knowledge, for example, George Grella, one of the most interesting and provocative interpreters of the Black Mask school of writing and the hardboiled novel in general, ignores the novel almost entirely in three of his best works on the subject.[5] David Bazelon is content to say simply that the novel is weak because Nick Charles' "Weakness is the weakness of deliberate unconsciousness,"[6] an understandable comment from someone who believes that Hammett's art is wholly concerned with the work ethic. Ben Ray Redman sees The Thin Man as an illustration of sadism and heroic drinking,[7] and Philip Durham brushes aside serious consideration of the work by remarking that it was obviously "written under Hollywood influence."[8]

Two critics who expend useful critical energy on The Thin Man are William Kenney and Robert I. Edenbaum. Kenney calls it a novel of parts, not a successful whole, and points to the marvelously comic scenes in the Pigiron Club, the handling of the audacious Mimi Wynant-Jorgensen, and the fascination of Nora in her husband's underworld connections to support his point.[9] He argues that one of the major flaws of the novel is its plot: "The plot seems too often merely a pretext for cleverly executed but unfocused individual scenes and character touches."[10] Further, characterization is another major problem of the novel because the murderer, Herbert Macauley, is "the most weakly drawn character in the novel."[11] Once again we are faced with the problem we had with Fitzstephan in The Dain Curse, Brigid in The Maltese Falcon, and even Madvig and the Senator in The Glass Key: the artist cannot allow us to get inside the guilty minds if mystification is to be sustained.[12] Kenney is certainly accurate in arguing that Macauley is an unmemorable figure. Hammett managed with some skill to make Fitzstephan, Brigid, and Madvig interesting and memorable in their own right despite the limitations of his genre, but Macauley has even less personality than a man we never do meet in the novel: Clyde Wynant, the thin man of the title.

Kenney cannot find an organizing principle to the novel and, except to say that it resembles the preceding novels in its emphasis on the loss of love between men and women and the corruption of the family unit,[13] he finds little or no development of ideas or innovation in form in it which might distinguish it from the earlier works.

Robert Edenbaum argues that Nick Charles is the logical extension of Jack Rumsen in The

Glass Key:

> *That modification of the private-eye character in the direction of the cynicism and timidity of self-interest prepares the way for Hammett's last novel, The Thin Man... Nick Charles and his boozing is what happens to the Op/Spade when he gives up his role as ascetic demi-god to become husband, man of leisure, investor in futures on the stock market.*[14]

In short, Edenbaum suggests the tough guy has disappeared from Hammett's pages:

> *The martini-for-breakfast cracking wise of William Powell and Myrna Loy more than anything else accounts for the popularity of The Thin Man. Despite Nick Charles' tough manner, Hammett's tough guy has been retired for good before this book appeared.*[15]

Like Kenney, Edenbaum believes The Thin Man lacks substantiality because it is superficial and without visionary force and, presumably, because it does not do what the preceding novels did. But suppose Hammett has different intentions in this last novel? What bothers me about most of the negative criticism on The Thin Man is that it originates from questions about what the novel is not, rather than what the novel is. Edenbaum suggests that Hammett's power is weakened consi-erably by the absence of an authentic tough guy in this last novel, implying that Hammett should have kept doing what he had been doing. I think a fairer approach would be to ask why Hammett might have chosen to alter the character of his protagonist and whether the new figure makes any significant difference in our understanding of Hammett's developing moral and social vision.

I think it does, and I argue further that if we approach The Thin Man from this perspective we see that it is not an anomaly in Hammett's work but rather a continuation and a logical extension of the themes and concerns of the preceding novels. We noted that The Glass Key portrayed the destruction of Beaumont's relationship with Madvig and ended with him estranged from all that he had previously found meaningful. In his book The Uncommitted, Kenneth Keniston argues that the concept of alienation implies that "a positive relationship has ceased to exist" and that in many cases "alienation merely implies lack of any relationship at all--detachment and indifference."[16] The Thin Man captures this sense; without job or interest, Nick Charles is an apt post-Beaumont character. Hammett's social and moral vision has grown bleaker and bleaker as he has moved from The Dain Curse and The Maltese Falcon to The Glass Key. This last novel, The Thin Man, in one sense then, is the darkest of all because it suggests the almost total alienation of modern man. If I am right, it cannot them be an anomaly in Hammett's fiction.

Because the critics have been more interested in determining what the novel is not rather than what it is, they have isolated weaknesses that should more properly be seen as strengths, strengths that are intrinsically connected with Hammett's intention to render a dark vision. For example, it is accurate to call Herbert Macauley the weakest villain Hammett ever created. Like Fitzstephan and Madvig who are friends of the protagonist, Macauley is a friend of the ex-detective Charles, but unlike the Op-Fitzstephen and Beaumont-Madvig relationships, the Charles-Macauley connection is static and undeveloped. But is this necessarily a weakness in Hammett's conception? Is it not possible that Hammett intends us to notice this stasis? Similarly, should we not ask the same questions concerning the Nick and Nora relationship? It, too, seems relatively devoid of feeling and development. William Kenney comments that

> *This brittle, harddrinking, wisecracking couple seem almost as a matter of principle to avoid any direct expression of feeling for each other.*[17]

Kenney apparently takes this to be a criticism of their relationship, but is it necessarily so? Can we be so very sure that a lack of direct expression of feeling is evidence that no feeling exists whatsoever? Even if the answer to these questions is affirmative, does that necessarily mean the novel is flawed? I think such questions need asking, and I believe that the answers will show us that The Thin Man deserves a far better reputation as a work of art than has hitherto been conceded.

I have argued that in the earlier novels detection and human relationships have had an organic connection. Spade's detection of Brigid's guilt affects his relationship with her, and Beaumont's discovery of Madvig's complicity in Taylor Henry's murder affects his relationship with him. But we notice that in The Thin Man though relationships are stated, they are never allowed to develop. The discovery that Macauley is the murderer affects neither Charles' sense of personal relationships nor his sense of himself. His detective work, unlike Spade's or Beaumont's, leads to no discovery beyond the answer to a riddle. What are we to make of this? Ought we to see this as a weakness? I think not. Surely Hammett's point is that the quest for truth no longer carries any inherent meaning. Answers may be found, but nothing changes, and this suggests that what was once a meaningful human activity is no longer so.

Robert Edenbaum implies that Nick Charles is a tough guy manque and William Kenney argues that Nick "is distinguished only by a certain ironic detachment from his aimless and amoral friends."[18] Both seem to agree that Nick is a failed creation, but I do not think it is this simple. Previously, Hammett has successfully indicated the absence of all values in society by locating all existing ones within his protagonists, but here in The Thin Man there is little or no emphasis on values of any kind. The famous Op/Spade/Beaumont code has all but

shrivelled up; Nick's articulation of a code can only be seen as a hollow echo of the former stances. In Chapter Nine, for example, as Nick sees he is being forced into the Wynant case, he says:

> *I want to see the Jorgensen's together at home, I want to see Macauley, and I want to see Studey Burke. I've been pushed around too much. I've got to see about things.*[19]

And a page later:

> *I don't see what I'm going to do because I don't know what's being done to me. I've got to find out in my own way. (614)*

Despite these declamations of determination and individualism, however, Nick continues to resist being drawn into the case, and he never again mentions his desire to know or to do anything. In fact, later in the novel he is to say:

> *Things ... riddles, lies, and I'm too old and too tired for them to be any fun. Let's go back to San Francisco. (690)*

No comment better serves to reflect his emotional and mental state throughout the novel. Where the earlier heroes have worked to keep themselves true to their personal visions of reality and their identity, have, like Sisyphus, continued to push their own thing, Nick Charles has given up. The fact that Hammett's characters become mutilated in their struggle to become (like Beaumont) or to preserve what they are (like Spade) is in itself a kind of existential exaltation. But with Nick Charles the struggles has ceased, and with its cessation, Hammett implies, the dignity that was once man's.

A careful examination of the novel goes a long way towards confirming such a point of view. For the first time values are almost nowhere apparent. In marked contrast to the earlier works, The Thin Man fails to suggest the viability of any truth or value. Hammett uses one third of his novel showing Nick resisting Nora's interest in the Wynant affair, yet Nick's reasons are never made clear. In The Dain Curse the Op is pulled into the proliferating cases by a desire to finish a job and exact personal satisfaction, and in Red Harvest, by a desire to find the answers to what seem three separate cases. Spade in The Maltese Falcon is drawn into the falcon affair by his desire to help Brigid and his continuing desire to find the murderer of his partner. Beaumont enters the Henry affair initially out of loyalty to Paul, and he stays with it for the same reason. But Nick's disinterest is repeatedly stressed. Sometimes it seems to stem from laziness, sometimes from tiredness, and sometimes from indifference, but Hammett consistently suggests that detective work no longer holds much value for Charles. What conclusion can we draw from this portrayal?

There is surely one. Like Beaumont, Charles is not a detective; he is only an ex-detective, now retired and living on his wife's money and stock securities. Hammett's last protagonist is no longer a member of that special species of men who choose to stand midway between criminality and the law. Rather, he chooses not to; to a great extent, he is an establishment man, with the slick manners, disinterested attitude, and the bank-roll of that group. The quasi-proletarian hero--Op, Spade, Beaumont--is replaced by an ex-white collar worker whose interest in work has evaporated with his good fortune. When his wife makes repeated efforts to get him interest in Dorothy Wynant's case, he resists:

> *Anyway, it's nothing in my life ... But besides I haven't time: I'm too busy to see that you don't lose any of the money I married you for. (598)*

This is partly tongue in cheek, a characteristic aspect of his sardonic humor, but how much so we cannot be sure. Humor or not, Nick's point is always the same: "Let the Charleses stick to the Charleses' troubles and the Wynants stick to the Wynants'" (599). Such a statement has for the 1970's reader a wonderfully "relevant" sound to it: it's the uncommitted declaration which to so many of us seems partially responsible for the social failure of our time. We know that Hammett himself believed that man ought to be committed to something, not simply a hanger-on,[21] and it is hard to see how he would find Charles a positive figure.

Hammett goes out of his way to emphasize just how difficult it is to involve Charles in the action. He creates a series of episodes that function, in one way or another, to pull Nick in against his will. First there is Dorothy's plea for help, followed closely by her mother's: "Won't you help me, Nick? We used to be friends" (604). Nick's response, "For Christ sake, Mimi...there's a thousand detectives in New York. Hire one of them. I'm not working at it any more" (604), clearly reveals his disinterest. If words won't move him, actions get a better result. The gangster Morelli comes to his apartment to proclaim his innocence of Julia Wolf's murder and he is not convinced by Nick's argument that he is no longer a detective. The police unexpectedly show up and Morelli panics, shooting Nick and wounding him slightly. Nick finds himself caught up in a web of chance and accident. Morelli had come to Nick becuase of his reputation for being an on-the-level detective, and the police had staked out his apartment because Nora's intense interest in the Wynant-Wolf affair had led her to encourage the Jorgensen family to spend a lot of time at her apartment. Trapped by circumstances, Nick gives us his "I've got to see about things" speech.

Yet even now he is not committed. When a telegram is received, supposedly from Clyde

Wynant, and he is asked to enter the case, he simply sends it on to the police, paying no more attention to it. The police even request his aid in the investigation and he denies he's working for Wynant, saying: "If people keep on pushing me into it, I don't know how far they'll carry me" (623). He has no inner response to these repeated calls for help except exasperation. His diction conveys, at best, his intention to remain a passive figure, pushed along only by the interest of others.

In some ways Hammett's exposition seems to be working very traditionally--that is, the hero's importance and stature is stressed by the fact of everyone else's need to turn to him for help. But Hammett is using this traditional form ironically. Nick Charles is more the anti-hero, resisting the call. The impotence of modern society is suggested by showing that the police need Nick's help, and Nick's lack of commitment suggests the death of the last stronghold of justice: the private eye. Hammett has commented that the society that has need of a private detective lives by questionable values,[22] but how much bleaker must it be if the need is there but there is no one who cares any longer to do the job. If Archie Jones is correct in arguing that the private eye was created to replace the cowboy myth, to perform "the ritual cleansing of the new stables" and "to reassure the people that the lonely individual could still triumph,"[23] then Hammett's novel must, to a considerable extent, be seen as a shattering of that myth. As presented, although Nick finally ferrets out the truth, his entire demeanor exudes an absence of personal commitment or satisfaction in the deed. He is much more the armchair detective, remote and alienated from the world he so unwillingly serves. Charles' hardboiled exterior covers only emptiness; he seems quite representative of the kind of figure Sheldon Grebstein describes in some of Hemingway's novels:

> *This bleakness and despair, this exacerbated awareness of the betrayal of what had once been a precious innocence, and the grimly distrustful and corrosively ironic response which follow inevitably from the betrayal, compose the nucleus of the tough Weltanschauung.*[24]

Though we are not given much information about Nick's past, a reader of Hammett's novels can sense that the betrayal which befalls Beaumont in The Glass Key provides the Hammett perspective for this his last major fictive hero. From this point of view, Nick is really the only possible creation left for Hammett.

A reading such as this presupposes the kind of moral and social vision I have been arguing for. If indeed Red Harvest is Hammett's initial and unsuccessful search for a hero and dynamic form, and if indeed The Dain Curse represents Hammett's redefinition of that hero and a new direction in form, and if indeed The Maltese Falcon and The Glass Key represent Hammett's formulated vision of the dilemmas of a moral protagonist in a world devoid of values, then The Thin Man represents Hammett's pessimistic recognition that such men are no longer of this world. The hardboiled skin survives, but its reason for existing is gone.

Seen from this perspective, the so-called weakness of the novel in Edenbaum's and Kenney's analyses must be seen as strengths. We can now see that The Thin Man, though it seems considerably different in style and form from its predecessors, has its place in the total spectrum of Hammett's work. It is the novel of the end: it evacuates from the hardboiled hero precisely those qualities the other four novels tried so subtly to render. The relationship between Charles and Macauley is devoid of meaning because both are indifferent or incapable of dynamic relationships. The code is dissipated in Charles because he has nothing within him to make it a meaningful stimulus for action. The earlier heroes had direction and purpose, or found it, but Charles has nothing to hold on to except perhaps Nora and his wry disinterest in the world around him. The static world of the novel is best described by Nick himself at the very end. In response to Nora's question concerning what the end result will be of all that has taken place, he answers:

> *Nothing new. They'll go on being Mimi and Dorothy and Gilbert just as you and I will go on being us and the Quinns will go on being the Quinns. Murder doesn't round out anybody's life except the murdered's and sometimes the murderer's. (726)*

For the first time in Hammett's work, detection fails to become a metaphor for existence. Not only is there no education in moral terms, there is no change at all. Previously, detective work had, like a pebble dropped into a stagnant pool, created ripples of significance and meaning. In The Thin Man the pebble is dropped--the truth is discovered--but the stagnant waters are too turgid to respond. The tendency of the earlier novels was to suggest that very few, perhaps only the detective, learned from experience. This novel makes it categorical.

In short, the purported weaknesses of the nove--the lack of characterization, the superficiality of the hero, and the lack of resonances--become emblems of Hammett's dark vision of America's loss of a hero. The Thin Man illustrates the loss of self in modern times perhaps more completely than any other detective novel in the 1920's-1930's. Perhaps it is this recognition which prompts Ross Macdonald to say:

> *Hammett was the first American writer to use the detective-story for the purposes of a major novelist, to present a vision, blazing if disenchanted, of our lives.*[25]

Hammett creates a protagonist who lacks even the impulse to dream a better world. Though Nick is convinced of the unreality of the world around him, he feels no pain as a result of this perception. It may be that we are to interpret his obsessive drinking and hedonistic urges as a sign of his inner need to numb his sensibilities, but we cannot be sure. It may be that it would be more fitting to read his indulgences in drink and wit as the Hammett hero's last attempt to keep his distance from the corruption surrounding him.

The other characters in the novel express a negation of life through their actions, but Nick and Nora seem somehow different. Judged from conventional standards, their relationship seems superficial, but in the context of the novel their relationship seems the best possible. In a world where everyone else takes themselves so terribly seriously, often at the expense of others, Nick and Nora's ability to laugh at each other and themselves seems very healthy and refreshing. Their inability to communicate on a direct emotional level shows them to be creatures of Hammett's dark new world, but they seem free of the worst of that world. Their relationship seems to have its own rules and game theory; less a traditional marriage and more an understanding, they remind a reader of Lillian Hellman's description of her relationship with Hammett:

> *We never again spoke of that night because, I think, he was ashamed of the angry gesture that made him once again the winner in the game that men and women play against each other, and I was ashamed that I caused myself to lose so often.*[26]

Hammett and Hellman fought hard, drank hard, and laughed hard together, and Nick and Nora do the same. In comparison with the other marriages in the novel, Nick and Nora have something going for them. They understand one another and they interact. Where the others have surely lost connection, they seem right for one another in regard to their tastes and level of wit.

In fact, much of The Thin Man evinces a serious authorial concern for the way people relate. Hammett narrows and compresses his social vision markedly. His focus is on the disintegration of the family unit.[27]

The usual Hammett theme of deception is almost entirely illustrated through the portrayals of the various families in the novel. Such compression of focus suggests Hammett's overriding concern with the most corrosive of forces in modern America: family breakdown. Edenbaum remarks that

> *The Thin Man is perhaps less concerned with murder and the private-eye than with the people around the murder--with a wide range of social types spiritually sibling to the Alfred G. Packer of the long entry Gilbert Wynant reads in Celebrated Criminal Cases of America. The man-eaters Mimi, Dorothy, and Gilbert Wynant; Christian Jorgensen, Herbert Macauley, the Quinns, the Edges; as well as underworld characters like Shep Morelli and Julia Wolf are little less cannibalistic than Packer...*[28]

Edenbaum is quite right. The Thin Man is the least hero-centered novel of the group. It is most like Red Harvest in its social emphasis. Everyone in the novel exerts a negative influence on a family, and Hammett's intention is to explore and expose the hollowness of modern society.

Edenbaum is right to argue that man's cannibalism is the major theme in The Thin Man. The "true" Packer case reflects on the fiction just as the fiction reflects on life in modern America as Hammett sees it. The theme of the Packer story is similar to that of Goldings' Lord of the Flies or Robert Ardrey's African Genesis: in a state of isolation, man will revert back to his innate primitive nature. Packer, with his five companions in the wilds of the Colorado mountains, are joined together by the common desire for gold. As Packer tells the story, when the group finds starvation imminent, it agrees to a survival compact, a family agreement to eat the fleshiest members first. When only Packer and a man named Bell are left, they enter "into a solemn compact that as we were the only ones left we would stand by each other whatever befell, rather than harm each other we would die of starvation" (638). As Packer tells it, Bell breaks the compact and tries to kill him, thus forcing him to kill Bell first and to use him for food. Of course, this family compact turns out to be a fabrication. Under the pretense of human concern, Packer attempts to save his own neck. The truth is, he killed all five, obviously in hopes of keeping all the expected treasure for himself, and ate their flesh to sustain himself.

The Packer story reflects in a variety of ways the main action of the novel. The 'truth' as Packer tells it turns out to be a tissue of lies just as the 'truth' as articulated by Mimi, Dorothy, Gilbert and Macauley turns out to be webs of deception. Further, the Packer story functions as a paradigm of all the family relationships pictured in the novel. What we see in the Wynant-Jorgensen family, the Quinn family, the Edge family, and the Nunheim family is cannibalism masquerading behind the illusion of the family compact. In each case, the motivation for their vicious behavior is a combination of greed and a feeling of the necessity of self-survival, precisely the ingredients of the Packer story.

The novel opens, in fact, with Dorothy's description of her broken family and her hatred for her mother, her father, and her brother (596). As the novel develops, we see the mutual hatred, distrust, and greed which motivates the Wynant-Jorgensen family. Dorothy is repeatedly

beaten by Mimi (613, 677, 688), and Hammett's diction suggests the viciousness underlying the act: "Mimi slashed Dorothy across the mouth with the back of her hand." (677). Dorothy tells us that her step-father Christian intends to stay married to Mimi only so long as her money holds out (616) and that he married her only for her alimony-rich bank account (702-3). Jorgensen, it turns out, not only violates the marriage compact by committing adultery with Olga Fenton (646) but has violated it from the beginning by being a bigamist.

Jorgensen's ruthless approach to marriage is mirrored point by point by Mimi's behavior. Suspecting that her husband, who has just been discovered to be her former husband's business rival, Rosewater, married her solely to revenge himself on Clyde, she is more than willing to frame him for Julia Wolf's murder:

> *That some of a bitch made a fool of me, Nick, an out and out fool, and now he's in trouble and expects me to help him... The police, they don't believe me. How can I make them believe that he's lying, that I know nothing more than I've told them about the murder? (678)*

Initially out of revenge and monetary gain against Clyde (whose watch chain she found in Julia's room the day she was murdered), now, out of spite for having been played a fool by Jorgensen, Mimi is willing to send him to the gas chamber by holding back evidence against Clyde. She follows her most primitive instincts, wanting to strike back at the man who has hurt her. All pretense of a civilized relationship is dropped.

Affection is never given freely in the Wynant family. Gilbert, feeling his position as Dorothy's knight threatened by Nick, purposely lies to her about having seen her father and knowing who killed Julia in order to gain respect in her eyes. He lies out of hate and jealousy of Nick:

> *I was... I suppose it was jealousy really... You see, Dorry used to look up to me and think I knew more than anybody else about everything...and...when she got to seeing you, it was different. She looked up to you and respected you more. (708-9)*

As Nick himself describes the Wynants:

> *There doesn't seem to be a single one of them in the family--now that Mimi's turned against her Chris--who has even the slightest reasonably friendly feeling for any of the others, and yet there's something very alike in all of them. (661)*

The similarity is their equal lack of human feeling for any one other than themselves; ironically, Hammett suggests that intense self-interest only reveals the hollowness that lies within. Gilbert is only able to measure his identity by an external pecking order; his actions reveal his recognition that there exists no sound basis for a relationship between himself and his sister. He confuses affection with worship. Mimi's sole desire is to sell herself to the highest bidder, and Hammett illustrates the absurdity of this motive for living when he shows her unwittingly cheating herself by agreeing to Macauley's proposal toward the end of the novel.

The other families in this novel are likewise shattered by distrust and greed. Harrison Quinn, we are told, lusts after Dorothy and hopes to divorce his wife and marry her. Alice Quinn, his wife, remembers when "he had muscles" (665), probably her equivalent of manhood, and later admits to Nick and Nora that she only stays with him "for his money" (665). The last we hear of their relationship is that Harrison has disappeared from home.

The Alice-Harrison Quinn marriage is mirrored by the Nunheim-Miriam marriage. Nunheim, too, is unfaithful to his wife, and neither has any respect for the other. As she puts it,

> *I don't like crooks, and even if I did, I wouldn't like crooks that are stool-pigeons, and if I liked crooks that are stool-pigeons, I still wouldn't like you. (649)*

She later walks out on him, and he is killed trying to shake Macauley down for additional money.

Lastly, of course, we are told very early that Clyde's adultery with Julia Wolf was what caused the breakup between Mimi and him. William Kenney sums up his view of personal relationships in the novel by saying:

> *Moreover, as if to right some strange balance, Hammett depicts in this novel a series of relationships in which the strongest emotion either partner seems capable of feeling for the other is contempt.*[29]

I would add that the feeling of contempt is joined by the feeling of hate and the desire to survive financially. Though the novel deals explicitly only with the murders of two people--Julia Wolf and Clyde--it implicitly pictures a society of cannibals. Hammett may or may not have remembered Melville's line from Moby Dick, "Oh, horrible vultureism of earth! from which not the mightiest whale is free,"[30] but vultureism is what he renders.

One possible implication of Hammett's preoccupation with broken and alienated families is that, however incompletely or obliquely he articulates it, he perceived and gave warning to a birth of an attitude that Kenneth Keniston defines as part of a larger alienated pattern:

> *Central to alienation is a deep and pervasive mistrust of any and all commitments, be they to other people, to groups, to American culture, or even to the self. Most basic here is the distrust of other people in general--a low and pessimistic view of human nature.*[31]

Though set in New York City, The Thin Man was written by Hammett while living and working in Hollywood, and the insecurity, violence, and the failure to communicate on any level but the most primitive suggest his recognition that the Hollywood dream has become the American nightmare.[32] Philip Durham refers to The Thin Man as being "obviously written under Hollywood influence", by which he meant to imply that it was superficial.[33] But I think his comment carries more weight than he realized. The Packer story is exemplary of an aspect of America's historical move Westward in pursuit of the golden dream of success. The unconscionable rapacity of Packer mirrors what befalls the human race when it reaches the land of golden illusions. By letting the action speak for itself, Hammett raises the grim spector of what modern society has become.

Hammett reinforces his conception of a hollow world by emphasizing the problematic nature of identities in the novel. He presents us with a series of characters whose names turn out to be false. In The Maltese Falcon we noted that he employed deceptive images and details to illustrate that a character's outward appearance in no way reflected his true reality.[34] This same disjunction between one's appearance and one's real nature is embodied in The Thin Man by the uncertainty of one's name. Jorgensen is discovered to be Rosewater; Julia Wolf is Rhoda Stewart, finally Nancy Kane; Albert Norman turns out to be Arthur Nunheim; and Sparrow is discovered to be Jim Brophy. Climactically, the alive Clyde Wynant turns out to have been dead from the beginning. Ironically, almost all of the action in the novel emanates from the assumption that Wynant is alive, an assumption that proves as misleading and hollow of truth as everything else. Even when his body is discovered his identity is still obscured by the false signs of baggy clothes and a belt buckle carrying the intials of D.W.Q.

Undoubtedly, the greatest triumph of The Thin Man is its plot. For the first time, Hammett makes plot primary, and characterization secondary. As a mystery-detective plot it is a tour de force. The entire structure is built around the idea that the suspected murderer will be dead from the beginning, himself a victim of murder. The ingenuity of such an idea is well proven by its finding repeated use in later writers. Raymond Chandler employs this device in his first novel, The Big Sleep (1939), and Ross Macdonald repeats it with variation in The Wycherly Woman (1961) and The Underground Man (1971).

One point in using such a structure is to suggest the problematic nature of reality, a theme Hammett's novels all stress. The reader is consistently misled by red herrings, although Hammett plants enough clues that he cannot be accused of violating the fair-play doctrine. We are told early, for example, that Clyde supposedly gave Macauley power of attorney over his estate and though this turns out to be untrue, Macauley does possess that power. Therefore he has a motive for murder (603/626). Later we are told that Macauley had once lost a large amount of money on the stock market and therefore he has need of money (699-700). The main clue, of course, is the fact that no one sees Clyde through the first three-fourths of the novel; all we have are letters and telegrams supposedly from him. The triumph of the plot as a mystery plot is that these clues go almost unnoticed because everything else points to Clyde as the murderer of Julia Wolf. Only Nick's skepticism seems to point to other possibilities. When the truth is uncovered, we can see its probabilities, but throughout the novel we are taken in by Macauley's rendition of reality. He literally creates his own mystery fiction, planting clues (red herrings) and suggesting a host of possible alternatives for the police to examine.

Hammett is far more skillful in plotting The Thin Man than critics have hitherto realized. Aside from the ingenuity of its basic conception, the plot is shown to be an accurate reflection of Hammett's conception of mankind. It illustrates and gives resonance to Hammett's themes of greed and savagery.

If, for example, we examine Macauley's actions in the plot we note that all are precipitated by his greed and his instinct for self-survival. His murder of Julia Wolf is necessitated by his discovery that she has a lover--Face Peppler--who is about to be freed from jail. Knowing that she has always been frightened and uneasy over his murder of Wynant, he surmises that once she has a chance she will run away with Peppler, and perhaps reveal his crime. He therefore kills her to prevent discovery. Greed and financial self-survival drove him to murder Clyde, and here greed and self-survival drive him to kill her. Macauley had to kill Clyde who had discovered that Macauley had been cheating him. Macauley's savage murder recalls Packer:

> *He'd been sawed up in pieces and buried in lime or something so there wasn't much flesh left on him, according to the report I got... (719)*

As Nick puts it, two of the murders were "obviously done in cold blood" (721). Macauley's mur-

der of Nunheim was another motivated by greed and the instinct for self-survival.

But the plot does more than simply unmask a villain because it shows that the villain survives only because of corresponding greed and savagery in those around him. In the last fourth of the novel, Hammett reverses our growing expectation that Macauley may have been lying all along by bringing forward two characters who claim they, too, have seen Clyde: Gilbert and his mother, Mimi. Gilbert lies to rise in his sister's eyes, as aforementioned, and his selfishness and meanness of spirit temporarily aid Macauley, first by directing attention away from himself, and secondly by giving him the idea to use Mimi's own greed and selfishness to cheat her out of most of her fortune. Hammett's point seems to be that Macauley almost gets away with everything because everyone else is corrupt as well. The implication we draw is that cannibals like Macauley can feast off of others because the world is so devoid of values that he can appear as a natural part of the landscape.

A plot such as this emphasizes the interdependence of the criminal and his society and suggests that a Macauley is only an exaggerated form of a general malaise. As Eric Fromm has argued, modern man is empty and selfless because he is alienated from himself by society's extreme marketing orientation. By portraying society as an unwitting accomplice to Macauley, Hammett suggests a very similar point. George Grella has commented that Hammett's works imply, but do not articulate fully, "an urban chaos, devoid of spiritual and moral values, pervaded by viciousness and random savagery."[35] Seen this way, crime is not a temporary aberration but a ubiquitous fact. Wylie Sypher- in speaking of the nineteenth century and the modern existentialists, says that one question which these novelists pose is, "What does experience mean after the self has been diminished, or perhaps, has vanished?"[36] Though Hammett cannot rightly be called an existentialist, The Thin Man and even The Glass Key, can certainly be seen as a step in that direction. Hammett's rendering of Nick Charles, as well as the others in the novel, suggests that what he sees in the modern world around him is the loss of the authentic self. If, as Sypher argues, the existential question is "honesty," a searching for the authentic self,[37] can we not say that Hammett too has been concerned with this impulse in his creations Sam Spade and Ned Beaumont, and that Nick Charles et al embody the loss of this impulse? The comic tone of the novel masks the tragic vision lying beneath and lends to the events a sense of the absurd.

The Thin Man is Hammett's bleakest novel because it posits an entropic vision of man. The moral energy of his earlier heroes becomes squandered in the aimless motions of Nick Charles. The movement from the rough and brutally instinctive Op in Red Harvest to the cool and sophisticated Nick Charles is a drift towards inertia and ennui. Similar to Meursault in Camus' The Stranger, Nick is willing to surrender to a kind of comic neutrality, a distrust in actions that just six years ago had been his existence.[38] His will to act has been dissipated, and even when his analytic mind is forced into action and he discovers the truth, nothing changes. All will remain as it was. Hammett's heroes have been measured by what they did; identity was a matter of doing, a doctrine quite amenable to the existentialists. Andre Malraux, Andre Gide, and Camus were all admirers of Hammett.[39] Gide praised Hammett's rendering of deception in Red Harvest because he thought it was so truthful to experience.[40] What would probably be as satisfying to such writers is Hammett's portrayal of man's second fall, to use Heidegger's words, the fall from authenticity.[41]

Finally, even detective work in the novel is conceived as a matter of appearance, not truth. Nick's description of the way real detectives work defines the authenticity of guilt or innocence as largely a matter of probabilities:

> *You find the guy you think did the murder and you slam him in the can and let everybody know you think he's guilty and put his picture all over newspapers, and the District Attorney builds up the best theory he can on what information you've got and meanwhile you pick up additional details here and there, and people who recognize his picture in the paper--as well as people who'd think he was innocent if you hadn't arrested him--come in and tell you things about him and presently you've got him sitting in the electric chair. (722)*

This construct-a-villain approach works in this novel--Macauley is guilty--but the implication of such a doctrine is disturbing. Justice becomes a matter of good advertising and considerable luck; were police forces manned by people as intuitively bright as Charles turns out to be--he reconstructs the gestalt of the crime perfectly--then perhaps such an approach would be efficacious, but the novel makes it clear that the truth-conscious private eye is all but gone, and that leaves at best, a Guild, and at worst, a brutal and stupid Andy.

The moral vision of The Thin Man is dark indeed. In it we sense most acutely the emptiness which underlies human existence. At his best, Charles is a residue of Hammett's earlier figures, hardboiled people who would sacrifice all for a piece of the truth. They, at least, had the inner strength to will their own worlds into being, even if it meant making them totally alien to the world around them. In its presentation of the loss of will and belief in truth and justice, The Thin Man represents Hammett's rendition of the end-game.

1. "Books," New Statesman and Nation (New Series), VII (May 26, 1934), p. 801. For a different view see Joseph Haas, Review of The Big Knockover, Chicago Daily News, June 18, 1966. Haas writes: "It seems probable that neither man was familiar with the works of the other, in those early years. What is likely is that their approaches were the products of two similar minds affected by comparable influence."
4. "Dashiell Hammett: Themes and Techniques," Essays on American Literature in Honor of Jay B. Hubbell, ed. Clarence Gohdes (Durham: Duke Univ. Press, 1967), pp. 303-4.
5. See "The Gangster Novel: The Urban Pastoral," Tough Guy Writers of the Thirties, ed. David Madden (Carbondale: Southern Illinois Press, 1968), pp. 186-198; "Murder and The Mean Streets: The Hard-Boiled Detective Novel," Contempora, I.1 1970, republished in The Armchair Detective, V.1 (October, 1971), pp. 1-10; The Literature of the Thriller: A Critical Study." Diss. Kansas, 1967.
6. "Dashiell Hammett's 'The Private-Eye': No Loyalty Beyond the Job," Commentary, VII (May, 1949), p. 472.
7. "Decline and Fall of the Whodunit," Saturday Review, XXXV (May 31, 1952), p. 31.
8. "The Black Mask School," Tough Guy Writers, p. 71. Durham's interest is more in what The Thin Man, as it was originally begun, might have become. Begun in 1930, written in the third person, set in San Francisco, and with a "modified Op" whose main characteristic was a ghost-like, un-touchable character. Hammett only completed 65 pages of this draft.
9. "The Dashiell Hammett Tradition and The Modern Detective Novel," Diss. Michigan 1964, pp. 106-7.
10. Kenney, p. 107.
11. Kenney, p. 106.
12. Kenney, p. 106. See also Wayne Booth, The Rhetoric of Fiction (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1961), p. 225. Booth shows why it is almost impossible to have dramatic irony and mystification simultaneously.
13. Kenney, pp. 86-7, 84.
14. "The Poetics of the Private-Eye: The Novels of Dashiell Hammett," Tough Guy Writers, p. 101.
15. Edenbaum, p. 102.
16. (New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1970), p. 391.
17. Kenney, pp. 86-7.
18. Kenney, p. 94.
19. The Thin Man, collected in The Novels of Dashiell Hammett (New York: Random House, 1966), p. 612. All further references are from this edition and citations will appear in the text of the paper.
21. See for example his decision to enter World War Two at the age of forty-eight. Details can be found in William Nolan's Dashiell Hammett: A Casebook (Santa Barbara: McNally and Loftin, 1969), pp. 106-110.
22. Reported in Harold Orel, "The American Detective-Hero" JPC, II. 3. (1968), p. 400.
23. "Cops, Robbers, Heroes and Anti-Heroes: The American Need to Create," JPC 1 (1967), p. 118.
24. "The Tough Hemingway and His Hard-Boiled Children," Tough Guy Writers, p. 21.
25. "The Writer as Detective Hero," The Mystery Writer's Art, ed. Francis M. Nevins, Jr. (Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, 1970), p. 300.
26. Lillian Hellman, An Unfinished Woman (New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1970), p. 167.
27. See Kenney, pp. 83-4. He makes the excellent point that the corruption of the family unit suggests the larger corruption of society as a whole. Cf. George Grella, "Murder and The Mean Streets: The Hard-Boiled Detective Novel," TAD, pp. 5-6.
28. Edenbaum, p. 102.
29. Kenney, p. 87.
30. Herman Melville, Moby Dick, ed. Charles Feidelson, Jr. (Indianapolis and New York: Bobbs-Merrill, Inc., 1964), p. 402.
31. The Uncommitted, p. 49.
32. See George Grella, "Murder and The Mean Streets: The Hard-Boiled Detective Novel," p. 6. Speaking generally for Hammett, Chandler, and Macdonald, Grella makes the point that the hardboiled detective novel illustrates what happens when the "frontier" disappears and is replaced by the "urban jungle."
33. "The Black Mask School," Tough Guy Writers, p. 71.
34. See Walter Blair, "Dashiell Hammett: Themes and Techniques," p. 304-5.
35. Grella, "Murder and The Mean Streets," p. 5.
36. Loss of the Self in Modern Literature and Art (New York: Random House, 1962), p. 68.
37. Sypher, p. 66.
38. Summoning Camus here is not farfetched. See W. M. Frohock's The Novel of Violence in America (Dallas: Southern Methodist Univ. Press, 1950), p. 13. We are told Camus imitated James M. Cain in The Stranger; Cf. Robert Edenbaum, p. 94. He compares the Hammett hero to Camus' man without a memory in The Rebel.
39. "An Imaginary Interview," tr. Malcolm Cowley, New Republic, CX (February 7, 1944), p. 186.
40. See Sypher's discussion of Heidegger's concept, p. 91. in Loss of Self in Modern Literature and Art.
41. W. M. Frohock, The Novel of Violence in America, p. 27.

WOMEN AND WALL STREET:

PORTRAITS OF WOMEN IN NOVELS BY EMMA LATHEN

BY JANE S. BAKERMAN

I

The mystery novels of Emma Lathen (who is really Mary J. Latis and Martha Hennisart[1]) are generally praised, both collectively and individually; in fact, the "three clases: good, better, and best"[2] have been suggested as the means of categorizing her work.

The central character in the stories is John Putnam Thatcher, a senior officer of the Sloan Guaranty Trust bank, located on Wall Street. Naturally, much of the interest in the Lathen novels is based on the characterization of Thatcher, himself, "a man of much charm, bottomless suspicion, and Euclidian squareness,"[3] as well as in his "always shrewd and often funny . . . relationships with other people."[4] A further source of interest in this "remarkable series of detective stories"[5] is their Wall Street-Big Business background, and "it is apparent that Lathen has a thorough grasp of banking procedure,"[6] so that the stories are always reliably centered in the world of Big Money.

Beyond these factors which give impetus to Lathen's well-knit, brisk plots, however, lie other qualities which result in such evaluations as "the most intriguing mystery-writing woman in our country in at least a decade."[7] Foremost among these qualities is the Lathen style, "witty, beautifully controlled . . . a particular pleasure."[8] Another factor is her masterful use of irony, which is the chief tool of her perceptive and penetrating social commentary--"She is not only one of the best detective story writers now working. She is also a writer with a social conscience."[9] The end result is a set of generally excellent books following traditions identified early in the analysis of American detective fiction--the blending of the detective story with the novel of manners[10] and the "peculiarly American sub-division . . . the occupational or vocational story--the detective narrative with a specialized background."[11]

One other factor in the Lathen work is, however, crucial to its interest, its excellence, and its value. In the Lathen novels, the women characters are often more fully drawn, more able, and generally more nearly real people than is customary in the detective form. The deck is not stacked, of course; no unreal vision of the roles women play in Big Business is presented--for example, there are no women officers at the Sloan, in so far as we yet know, and the dominance of men in the power structure is certainly clear: "the real power on Wall Street lurked unseen . . . in the hands of the men who could make one telephone call and raise the price of steel"[12]--but nevertheless, the treatment of women, ranging from insightful thumbnail sketches to rather fully drawn portraits of women successful in areas of male dominance, is powerful, realistic, and interesting.

The uses to which these characters are put are those which one would expect in the hands of an able writer. They provide background continuity and color, move and shape the plots, serve as the axis for subplots, provide the genesis for much social comment, and act as criminals. An examination of the novels considered here, chosen for their display of Lathen's range and of the chronology of her writing, will serve to explain her use of female characters. The novels are A Place for Murder, 1963;[13] Murder Against the Grain, 1967[14]; A Stitch in Time, 1968; Murder To Go, 1969;[15] and The Longer the Thread, 1971.[16]

The general background for all Lathen novels is, of course, Wall Street, but each book takes up a separate area of human and of financial interest, ranging from divorce proceedings through illegal drug manufacturing houses to international relations. Against this spacious backdrop move a group of reappearing figures from the Sloan Guaranty Trust and its sister institutions; these reappearing characters provide continuity, and central among them is John Thatcher's ubiquitous secretary, Rose Theresa Corsa.

II

Miss Corsa is of great value to Thatcher, a fact which he acknowledges frequently (Grain, 111), and in his outer office, she rules with a stern, firm hand: She does not approve of profanity (Place, p. 115), is capable of reducing furious and powerful officers of the Sloan to memo-writers in an effort to clarify a cloudy situation and to protect her boss (Thread, p. 9), and regularly, she "disciplines" Thatcher (Thread, p. 10), who does not share her "high regard for dignity and ritual" (Stitch, p. 73).

Miss Corsa is aware of the importance of her position, even as she struggles with some of the demands of her job. She is committed to Truth, for example, even when speaking of the highly positioned-low intelligenced Bradford Withers: "'Mr. Withers did not want anything . . . He just wanted to talk'" (Place, p. 93), but at other times, she bends the truth when her job requires it:

> *She moved to the extension phone and Thatcher marveled, not for the first time, at the psychological power of that instrument. Miss Corsa had been raised by loving but strict parents and carefully prepared by the good sisters of Our Lady of Lourdes School for Girls. In consequence, she had a painfully high regard for veracity, as Thatcher knew to his cost. Yet put a telephone in her hand, and she could lie like a Trooper--without the slightest sense of guilt. Nothing transmitted by AT&T was a sin in Miss Corsa's catechism.* (Grain, p. 8)

Noticeable in this passage is a trick of Lathen's style: Miss Corsa is not a figure of fun, but she is, like every character, a source of humor because she is viewed with irony. That same irony is evident in this passage, indicating Corsa's awareness of her own skills:

> *Miss Corsa held a healthy and perfectly justifiable opinion of her own abilities... Any trifling question about investing in heavy industry in newly emergent nations she could handle herself. Indeed, Thatcher had long suspected that only her respect for protocol permitted him a view of the documents daily crossing her desk. As for those he did not see--well, he was too wily to raise awkward questions.* (To Go, p. 109)

Further, she is well aware of the attitude toward and function of the secretary in the Sloan scheme of things; at one point, Thatcher and some of his cohorts are about to go off on a fact-finding mission; Miss Corsa speaks, "'Mr. Thatcher,' said the realist, 'if you and Mr. Trinkham and Mr. Gabler and Mr. Withers are in Shaftsbury...and your secretaries are here in New York... who is going to run errands for you?'" (Place, p. 126); she's right, of course; they consequently take a junior officer along!

Miss Corsa constantly maneuvers and bullies Thatcher, and sometimes she treats him, often with good reason, like a not-terribly-bright child:

> *Miss Corsa relayed the endless string of numbers required for direct dialing, repeated them twice. She was always unnerved at the thought of Mr. Thatcher making his own calls. When she dialed a number, she not only got the number, but the party was available. If Thatcher tried to call an insurance company in Hartford, he was infallibly connected to a bar and grill in St. Louis. It was surprising how long conversation could be sustained before the error became apparent.* (Stitch, p. 105)

At one point, when Thatcher loses his temper and annoys her, Miss Corsa leaves the intercom open while she relays a phone message--automatically phrasing the comment in acceptable terms, which Thatcher has not provided. He sees, then, how a murder was accomplished, but he decides that Corsa should not be told about her contribution, "'Perhaps it would not be conducive to high office morale'" (Grain, pp. 164-165).

The continuity provided by the regular appearance of Rose Theresa Corsa is important; she is portrayed as a capable woman who can handle her job and, notably, can handle the egos of the men who are her superiors in rank; no character in the novels is superior to Corsa in ability or strength, and that portrait of a capable woman functioning well is one of the pleasures of the Lathen books.

III

Miss Corsa's constant presence lends continuity, and the brief appearance of some women, presented in thumbnail sketches, tends to make the books seem more fully fleshed out without interrupting or delaying the fast pace. One of the most delightful is a Mrs. Furness of A Stitch in Time:

> *The lady had had an expensive job of face-lifting as preparation for what she had intended to be a rambunctuous widowhood...*[her husband] *had been staunchly conservative. Like a good wife she too had extolled the virtues of Home, God and Country. She did not rate this experiment a success.*
>
> *'I gave it thirty-five years,' she announced judiciously. 'And that is long enough. Now, I please myself.'*
>
> *She was preparing to move to an artistic enclave in Colorado... 'Because,' she concluded forthrightly, 'I am interested in men younger than Edgar, not older. Lots of them! And I prefer them as unconservative as possible.'* (Stitch, p. 68)

Mrs. Furness, like many of the Lathen characters, has taken stock of the situation and then moved to improve her position; she intends to have fun and she will, providing the reader with a laugh along the way. The important thing to note is that we smile with Mrs. Furness; we do not laugh at her; she is a functioning woman, achieving her goals: not a figure of fun.

Another set of thumbnail characters frequently presented in the books is the "Robichaux wives." One of Thatcher's associates, Tom Tobichaux, is much married. At one point, Thatcher thinks, "while presumably he had met Tessie during her brief tenure as Mrs. Robichaux, she seemed to have slipped into and out of his life without leaving a ripple. Indeed this was a characteristic of all the Robichaux wives" (Place, p. 69). At another point, Thatcher becomes aware of "a conflict between Robichaux and the current Mrs. Robichaux, a Melinda who had hither-

to escaped Thatcher's notice. Melinda...was decidedly original. She did not want diamonds, ermines or Balenciagas. She wanted an island" (Stitch, p. 15).

Oddly, the wives and their arrivals and departures make Robichaux something of an "authority" on women in his circle, and their constant inroads on his money (To Go, p. 79) don't seem to worry his colleagues--they regard his financial judgment as a thing apart. Also, sometimes the wives have exposed Tom to experiences that prove valuable in the current man hunt; for instance, because of Veronica, Tom "knows" about hospitals and doctors:

> *'I was married to her for two and a half years, and I barely saw her. In and out of hospitals all the time. Sort of a hobby... Wonderful the way that woman could eat, considering she was missing most of her digestive system. And money! Went through it like water! ...when you can't tell the drugstore bill from the Tiffany bill... I'd say that's a hell of a way to take your fun...she finally settled down with a gynecologist. Benn with him a long time now...gives them a common interest. Something to talk about, don't you know.'* (Stitch, p. 64).

All of the wives we hear about (they are rarely met) are, of course, on the make. They are not, however, presented in a grisly or derisive light; for one thing, Tom Robichaux is on the make, himself; for another, he should know better than to be taken in; and finally, he doesn't suffer: at the least, he's cheerfully glad to see them come and go; at the most,he's a bit bemused and puzzled. The result is that here we have a group of women serving almost wholly as sources of humor, but not being belittled or made ugly in the process. They and Tom deserve each other; it's human foibles Lathen is examining; she's not capitalizing on the usual sexual stereotypes.

IV

But women are not confined to minor roles in the Lathen books. Not only are they used, as we have seen, to provide continuity, color, and a sense of depth, but also, they fulfill plot-moving roles and occupy major positions in some of the stories.

Two women, Iris Young and Joan Hedstrom, are forced, for example, to face the fact that they have become "the visible symbols of their husband's success." In order to move, as they now must, in "circles where women gowned in Paris and jeweled on Fifth Avenue" are constantly on display (To Go, p. 22), they must adjust their attitudes and life styles, even though these women "all tastefully turned out,...lean and fit, [were] on the whole looking rather less pleased with their lot than did their consorts" (To Go, p. 63). Much of the interest in this book, Murder to Go, lies in the taming of the terrific and sometimes dangerous ambition of Iris, who hates "playing second fiddle" to Joan (To Go, p. 24), and this tension is contrasted with the portrait of Dodie Akers, who is very conventional ("the greatest shock was that a mass poisoner had been near her daughter," To Go, 47-48) and uncomplainingly supportive of her husband (To Go, p. 11). What is interesting is that all three of the women are fully drawn; the ambitions of each are credible and honestly portrayed, and none has to sacrifice her sense of herself wholly to support and sustain her husband. Lathen is able to portray women whose roles are contributions to the main plot movement without making them into stereotyped, "subordinate" characters.

In one instance, Lathen shows a woman who has been a kind of stereotype, the wife of a bully, Lucille Martin (A Stitch in Time):

> *a smartly outfitted blonde with a clear fresh complexion and untroubled eyes, she managed to maintain an atmosphere of healthy calm despite Martin's endless complaints and outbursts... Her attention had remained centered on the children when they were still at home; now it was focused on running a house smoothly and efficiently.* (Stitch, p. 21)

When her husband is killed, Lucille is at first convinced that he has had a mistress, for all his money is gone: "'What else is there for me to think? ... Wen's money is gone! It must have been a woman! It's not easy for me...to realize I've been a failure...'" (Stitch, p. 62), and she falls into the trap of blaming herself, not her selfish, egotistical husband. She is so undone that her facade is shattered, and at the funeral she indulges in a powerfully executed demand for vengeance (Stitch, pp. 76-77). That scene, devastating to Lucille, is terrifying to the killer and forces him into the fear which precipitates further action. But Lucille, herself, is not left as a kind of unfinished stereotype; instead, grimly, she shows herself as a fit widow to Martin and a fit symbol of the grasping medico-social strata she represents, for when she discovers that it's not a woman, but a potentially wealth-making drug scheme which has drained off the money, she accepts the situation, and prepares herself to reap the profits (Stitch, p. 93). Lathen can use the stereotypes when necessary, but can also expand them into powerful symbols of her own. Women are people in the Lathen books, not just features of hearth and home.

In that same novel, Lathen uses a character notably lacking in one of the stereotype characteristics usually attributed to women; that is, she inverts a pattern, as it were. Marie Gentilhomme is a witness in an insurance trial where she unwittingly gives away some important information (Stitch, pp. 26-35); Lathen zeros in on journalistic use of conventional stereotypes:

> *Marie was young: not beautiful (despite the newspapers who ignored her solid contours and undistinguished features to describe her as slim and lovely), but young. This, spiced by the distress she could not hide, was enough for the vast majority of the newspaper reading public.* (Stitch, p. 35)

Early identified as "unimaginative by nature" (Stitch, p. 42), Marie knows the crucial clue about the murderer, but is simply not curious enough to chat about or ponder the facts and thus to realize what she does know. When the probability of her knowledge is finally figured out by others, they are able to get the facts from her, and then, again breaking the mold, she cooperates in setting a trap for the murderer. Unlike the usual "heroine," Marie is terrified, but still summons the nerve and the will to spring the trap successfully (Stitch, pp. 168-173). She's a solid, realistic portrait, and her characterization does a good deal to foster the credibility of the book.

In A Place for Murder, the murdered woman is the "other woman" in a triangle; all very usual, it would seem, except that Peggy Lindsay, "the girl," is not at all what one would expect:

> *Peggy Lindsay was younger than Olivia, it was true. In her twenties, she preserved the gaucherie of the uncertain teenager with none of the morning-of-the-world radiance that should accompany it. Her indeterminate coloring, her healthy vigor and her sudden bursts of enthusiasm could, no doubt, be attractive when she was not scowling with vexation. But she was not an Olivia and she never would be.* (Place, p. 26)

The puzzle over why Peggy would be able to lure a husband away from the very attractive, super-poised Olivia almost makes up a subplot of its own, and the author takes great pains to underscore Peggy's total lack of femme fatale qualities, usually by the comments of male characters, with whom John Putnam Thatcher, banker-detective, heartily agrees (Place, p. 28). Moreover, as the puzzle untangles, Lathen is able to portray Peggy in a sympathetic light, and not only because she is a murder victim; instead, she provides motivation for Peggy's love affair: her innocence, and the pressure she's under from her unattractive mother (Place, p. 26), further evidence of the skill and complexity of Lathen's treatment.

Olivia, on the other hand, begins by being the epitome of the suburban woman--situation well in hand, modern, tolerant, capable, and beautiful:

> *Olivia Austin...referred to her husband's plans with calm, expressed pleasure and gratitude to Thatcher for undertaking an informal negotiation of the property settlement, then talked agriculture.*
>
> *She did it gracefully. But then, she was always graceful. It was the first thing one noticed about Olivia Austin. A beautifully balanced body that rose to a long slender neck and a fine-boned head almost too fragile to support the luxuriant mass of dark hair twisted into a chignon. She had a trick, during thoughtful pauses in a conversation, of bowing her head and lowering the outer corners of her eyelids so that her large gray eyes were half hidden from view.* (Place, p. 21)

The Wronged Woman--feminine, submissive, and brave, right? Not quite. When Olivia's icy demeanor finally breaks, it breaks resoundingly, **and** the real woman beneath the calm shows startlingly clearly: "'First, I'm left by my husband, **and** now I've got a murder to cope with. I'll be damned if I'm going to play the gracious hostess on top of it all'" (Place, p. 80). Another stereotype smashed.

V

Frequently, the full, fascinating characterizations Lathen draws for some of her capable women characters provide near subplots of their own; always, they deepen the fabric of the book, illuminating, generally, the financial situation from which the mystery evolves. One of the best of these presentations is Annie Galiano of The Longer the Thread. Annie is a "power in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union" and has been for twenty-five years; she is effective: "most things did become satisfactory from her point of view sooner or later," and she operates as a person, not simply as a symbolic woman: "She was a woman--yet she had never been publically asked for her views about equal pay for equal work or about new life styles" (Thread, p. 67). Annie is a functioning person among her peers. She "liked to sink her teeth into hard facts--and hard opponents too" (Thread, p. 68), and she is pictured in realistic terms:

> *The years had left their mark. Her abundant black hair, swept back into a careless knot, was now liberally streaked with wiry gray strands. Her once-slim figure had thickened into rugged solidarity, firmly planted on low-healed oxfords. Her clothes now looked as if they came from the Salvation Army. And after decades of unlimited black coffee, cigarettes and whiskey, the high enthusiastic screech of her youth had deepened into a basso growl."* (Thread, p. 68)

Certainly Annie is no laborite sex symbol; but her keen awareness of her own ability is one

among many factors which keep her from being simply a sexless frump. She says, "'I can swing over ten thousand voters any day. Not because I've hypnotized anybody, but because over the long haul I've been right more often than I've been wrong. And people notice little things like that'" (Thread, p. 157). She is so much her own person that at one moment of crisis Thatcher notes that "her tone of level common sense came as a surprise. Everyone else...had been talking in voices transformed by emotion. Only Annie remained Annie" (Thread, p. 111). Upon Annie's abilities and maneuvers depend the survival of a clothing plant as well as benefits for the workers; she manages all she has to do and manages it well; she is the axis upon which the economic structure of the book is set.

When Lathen does draw a sex symbol, she endows her with a life and vigor of her own. The most notable example is Katherina Ivanova Ogareva (Murder Against the Grain), a quick and capable interpreter during the Sloan's involvement in the Russian wheat deal. "'Katerina Ivanova knows very well that she has only to lift a finger to bring a man to her side'" (Grain, p. 180), and even the cold-blooded Thatcher recognizes her as "a notable example" of womanhood (Grain, p. 25). Thatcher discovers that she has taken an American lover and that she is totally realistic about this one incident in a series of like incidents; Katerina meets men on their own terms and enjoys herself while doing so.

> *Thatcher was amused. Katerina Ivanova was more perceptive--and more enterprising--than Maseryan knew... She was contented. She was young, attractive to men, competent at her work and seeing the world. But it was only a youthful deferral of adult responsibilities.* (Grain, p. 156)

Katerina is, in fact, a neat reversal of the Young Man of Affairs, seeing the world and sowing wild oats, an unusual portrait in current American fiction. She does take some chances, but she is always practical and she will be a success, as she herself knows: "True, she was walking on eggshells, but that was what gave spice to life. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. It wasn't as if she didn't have her final goal clearly fixed" (Grain, p. 93).

VI

Katerina is stimulating and fun to know, and with a good deal of skill, Lathen uses her to point up another major figure in the novel, Tessie Marcus, whose life has been, up until this point, useful but arid. Tessie has spent a lifetime caring for her mother, has been lonely since her mother's death, has led, therefore, an office-centered life, subordinating her passionate instincts and serving the man she works for. "Tessie was not apologizing for anything in her office management" (Grain, p. 37), and Thatcher's evaluation of her is a good one:

> *She was the kind of secretary he had come to associate with the Stringfellows of this world...simple men who did one thing and did it quite well but needed a steady no-nonsense woman to run the office, manage the paper work, and listen to their domestic troubles.*
>
> *Tessie must have been in her late thirties... Thatcher was willing to wager that Tessie had worked for him* [Stringfellow, her boss] *fifteen years, had called his wife by her first name for the past ten years, and would be as willing to arrange for a Nevada divorce as a gala party to celebrate his twentieth wedding anniversary. With Luke Stringfellow she was friends, but it was to Stringfeloow and Son that she was committed.* (Grain, p. 41)

Tessie is fascinating not only because of the contrast she presents to Katerina, but even more importantly because of the role she plays in the main plot. This woman who "had raised to a fine art the science of keeping her eyes open and her mouth shut" (Grain, p. 91), falls in love with one of the Russian functionaries, another lonely, bereft figure, and with him plots the financial swindle upon which the book turns. The swindle leads to murder, and Tessie becomes one of Lathen's few women characters who are actually involved in committing murder.

But there is one more interesting factor here. The reader is made well aware of the motivations behind every Lathen murder. With Tessie Marcus, a little more is done. Murder is well beyond Tessie's usual scope--she's a rule-follower, an orderly, submissive-seeming person. The result is that Lathen goes to great lengths to paint Tessie as a sympathetic character, a person denied personhood during much of her life, a person who in desperation strikes out for some kind of life and happiness of her own--away from Stringfellow and Son. She fails, of course; Thatcher always gets his killer, but he is enlightened by his encounter with Tessie, as is the reader, and the banker-detective takes little pleasure in his achievement.

Obviously, Tessie is one of Lathen's tools for social commentary; in fact, Emma Lathen's blend of "formal deduction and acute social sature"[17] is noted and commended by the critics as well as by her readers.

Embedded in that social commentary is a view of women as functioning people, not mere tools of the plot, not mere tools of the essentially masculine Wall Street world which they inhabit. The portraits so drawn are refreshing and exciting to the reader, products of the author's insight and of her knowledge of her craft.

"Emma Lathen," then, is not only a good writer of good mysteries. She is also a contemporary author who provides positive portraits of women--and that is a worthy accomplishment.

FOOTNOTES

1. Julian Symons, Mortal Consequences, A History from the Detective Story to the Crime Novel (New York: Harper & Row, 1972), p. 199.
2. Jacques Barzun and Wendell Hertig Taylor, A Catalog of Crime (New York: Harper & Row, 1971), p. 274.
3. Rev. of Murder To Go, by Emma Lathen, The New Yorker, 21 Feb. 1970, p. 128.
4. Symons, pp. 199-200.
5. A. J. Hubin, Rev. of A Stitch in Time, by Emma Lathen, New York Times Book Review, 7 Jul. 1968, p. 24.
6. Symons, p. 200.
7. Dorothy B. Hughes, "Murder in the Suburbs," Rev. of A Place for Murder, by Emma Lathen, New York Herald Tribune Books, 1 Sept. 1963, p. 11.
8. Hubin, p. 24.
9. "Kus and Conscience," Rev. of A Stitch in Time, by Emma Lathen, Times Literary Supplement, 15 Aug. 1968, p. 880.
10. Howard Haycraft, Murder for Pleasure, The Life and Times of the Detective Story (New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1941), p. 207.
11. Haycraft, p. 220.
12. Emma Lathen, A Stitch in Time (New York: Macmillan, 1968), p. 1. All further references will be indicated in the text.
13. Emma Lathen, A Place for Murder (New York: Pocket Books, 1972). All further references will be indicated in the text.
14. Emma Lathen, Murder Against the Grain (New York: Macmillan, 1967). All further references will be indicated in the text.
15. Emma Lathen, Murder To Go (New York: Pocket Books, 1971). All further references will be indicated in the text.
16. Emma Lathen, The Longer the Thread (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1971). All further references will be indicated in the text.
17. Anthony Boucher, Rev. of Murder Against the Grain, by Emma Lathen, New York Times Book Review, 17 Sept. 1967, p. 47.

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SHAKESPEARE QUIZ

by R. W. Hays

Each of the following detective-novel titles is a quotation from one of Shakespeare's plays. Allowing one point for the name of the author of the novel and one point for the title of the play, a score of 10 is good, 15 excellent. No two novels are by the same writer, nor are any two quotations from the same play.

1. And Be a Villain
2. By the Pricking of My Thumbs
3. Ducats in Her Coffin
4. A Dying Fall
5. Envious Casca
6. Full Fathom Five
7. Ill-Met by Moonlight
8. Let's Choose Executors
9. The Singing Masons
10. Ten Days' Wonder

ANSWERS

1. Joanna Cannan and Rex Stout have each used this title, from Hamlet I, 5, 109.
2. Agatha Christie, from Macbeth, IV, 1, 44. (H. C. Branson wrote The Pricking Thumb.)
3. Thurman Warriner, from The Merchant of Venice, III, 1, 94.
4. Henry Wade, from Twelfth Night, I, 1, 4.
5. Georgette Heyer, from Julius Caesar, III, 2, 180.
6. V. Galwey, from The Tempest, I, 2, 394.
7. Leslie Ford, from A Midsummer Night's Dream, II, 1, 60.
8. Sara Woods, from Richard II, III, 2, 148. (All of Sara Woods' novels have titles that are Shakespeare quotations.)
9. Francis Vivian, from Henry V, I, 2, 181.
10. Ellery Queen, from Henry VI, Part III, III, 2, 113.

CARMODY: SAGEBRUSH DETECTIVE

BY R. JEFF BANKS

To begin with, Peter McCurtin is a better writer than he is likely ever to get credit for being. His crime writing, restricted thus far to the Mafia school/fad, is probably better done than that of anyone else working that side of the street excepting Mickey Spillane and Don Pendleton; yet, despite the M.W.A. prize-winning Mafiosi and successful series for two publishers[1] his work has been thoroughly overshadowed by that of more (financially) successful and prolific writers.[2]

At the beginning of his career, in 1969, he created a Western anti-hero known only by his last name, and one well worth knowing. Typical of what might be called the "new wave" in the paperback Western, Carmody was an outlaw--and no apologies were ever made for his line of work--but he lived up to his own particular code. It was implicit, but nevertheless "perfectly clear", that he was a man of honor.[3]

The six books in the series are interesting for many reasons. Not the least is the striking fact that four of them are narrated in the first person, and even including the Carmody books most people can count all the first person Western novels they know on the fingers of one hand. Another is the frequent references to the Western dime novels,[4] which add fully as much to the verismilitude of the series as McCurtin's judicious use of gun lore. Finally, for the fan of the detective story, one of them is a very fine blend of historical novel and Hardboiled School thriller, and another has very strong detective elements although it remains strictly a Western.

The other four books, Tall Man Riding (1970), Hangtown (1970), The Slavers (1971) and The Killers (1973), are a cut or ten above your run of the hack Western, but they need not concern us here. What does is, first of all, Tough Bullet (1970), which finds Carmody unhorsed in New Orleans in July 1891. He has chosen "the Paris of America" as what he calls "the nearest Hell town" in which to rest up and spend the loot ($11,000) from a successful robbery.

Having checked into a hotel and put most of his money in safe keeping, we find Carmody in the opening chapter enjoying the many delights of a house of ill repute. But he is slipped a highly professional mickey, and instead of the transcendent delights he had been promised he finds that someone has relived him not only of the money he was carrying but of what he had secreted as well. On top of that, the corrupt local police force has been informed how he got the money and influenced to order him out of town.

Living up to the promise of the back cover blurb on the first Belmont printing, "Slow to Run, Hard to Kill," Carmody instead returns to the fancy house determined to force the madam to return his money. He fights his way into her room only to find her murdered. Temporarily foiled, he returns to his hotel only to find Police Captain Ned Basso (who had ordered him out of town) waiting to arrest him.

In Chapter 4, he has a rematch with the tough houseman (their first fight, mentioned earlier, was in Chapter 2), this time killing him. A careful search of the house yields no money but does turn up some clues.

The rest of the book is a search through the New Orleans underworld, where Carmody has contacts who are only too willing to betray him, to uncover the real murderer and recover his money. A little more than midway through the book, in Chapter 7, he manages to persuade Basso to join forces with him. Naturally, Carmody wins out in the end, but telling any more about how he does it might discourage potential readers.

Earlier in his career, in 1889, in Screaming on the Wire (1972)[5], Carmody hired out to help his old friend Sam Blatchford in a range war in New Mexico. On the way to Blatchford's ranch he saved a lefthanded youngster who had apparently been ambushed by two other men. At Blatchford's the young man introduced himself as "Tex" McCarty, the kid brother of the late Billy the Kid, and he made it plain that he was determined to eclipse Billy's reputation as a gunman.

Despite McCarty's frequent efforts to "stir the porridge", the range war was called off after only one shoot-out that can honestly be recommended even to those who don't like Westerns. That happened midway in the book, making both Carmody and McCarty superfluous presences; but before they could leave, old Sam was killed from ambush and suddenly the war was on again. Carmody performed a rough autopsy on his friend's remains and unmasked the real killer. Although too late to prevent a mini-bloodbath, he did manage to bring the murderer to justice. Again, to tell more would be to tell too much.

In these two books Carmody displays an impressive knowledge of primitive forensic ballistics,[6] a detective's nose for important evidence, and powers of intuitive reasoning fit to make an Anna Katherine Green heroine blush.[7] This is reading recommended with (I hope) obvious enthusiasm.

NOTES

1. He started out writing for Belmont, launched his series about Magellan the vengeful Marksman after the Belmont-Tower merger (under whose imprint the series has been continued by other writers) and now McCurtin and Briganti the vengeful Assassin are killing off the Capos under the Dell imprint. Depending upon how you feel regarding the merger, you could count his publishers as two, two-and-a-half, or three.

2. Spillane's tough Mike Hammer took on the Mafia in one of his "original canon" adventures, back when most newsstand browsers still called it "the Black Hand." For all that Kiss Me, Deadly! seems closer to the Hardboiled Schoolwork of Race Williams than to the more pyrotechnic anti-Mafia extracurricularism of Pendleton and his host of imitators, when its sales are coupled with those of Spillane's more recent The Last Cop Out (a work in tune with the times), Spillane can claim a circulation of books in the subgenre exceeded only by that of Pendleton's 20 Mack Bolan books. On the other hand, Pendleton's sales all belong to the modern period and his achievements certainly overshadow those of anyone following his lead. Both the Destroyer (a Pinnacle series, as is the Executioner) and the Marksman, now in other hands, have outperformed the Assassin thus far, as have some others. But the fad may run for years yet, and we would be well advised to wait for the final returns.

3. Carmody has never gotten around to putting his code into words, at least not in any single statement. However, Neal Fargo, the creation of John Benteen and an even more successful Belmont-Tower Western hero, has done so several times. In each case the wording, taken here from his Philippine adventure Massacre River, is varied, but the meaning is essentially the same.

"Maybe I could put it like this. Orientals aren't the only ones who worry about face. I have a reputation to keep up, myself. People come to me for the jobs I do because they know that, if they pay my price, I can be trusted. It's important to me that a man can trust me with his daughter and a hundred thousand dollars for a certain sum. That's my business... Maybe I have a certain honor of my own."

Fargo is a soldier of fortune, regularly hiring out his gun, and though Carmody is primarily an independent working for himself he occasionally (e.g., Screaming on the Wire) gets into Fargo's line of work.

4. Such limited checking of his dime novel references as I have found possible reveals them to be precise and accurate.

5. Only the two books discussed here can be tied to precise dates. The entire series fits into the period between 1885 and 1900, but publication order and order of occurrence are completely different chronologies.

6. Professor Llewellyn Hall's The Missile and the Weapon, the pioneer work in the field, was not published until 1900.

7. The same thing might be said of Carmody's language.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

JOHN J. MALONE (AND COHORTS)

BY FRED DUEREN

During the early 1940's and into the '50's Craig Rice wrote a series of novels involving three of the most inebriated detectives ever created. John Joshep Malone, Chicago's finest lawyer, was aided and abetted by Jake and Helene Justus in solving murders through a haze of rye and the wisdom of inverted proverbs. As with many series detectives, the first book is markedly different from the turn the series took as a whole. In Eight Faces at Three (1939) Jake was the major protagonist, working to save his own job and to see more of Helene Brand. As the series progressed Malone came more to the front, never able to control or direct Helene and Jake, but at least to head them in the right general direction.

An extended look at the first description of Malone in Eight Faces at Three is justified because it catches so well Craig Rice's own attitude toward him and his zany methods of misdirection. "John Joseph Malone did not look like a lawyer. A contractor, or a barkeep, or a baseball manager, perhaps. Something like that. At first sight he was not impressive. He was short, heavy--though not fat--with thinning dark hair and a red perspiring face that grew more red and more perspiring as he talked. He was an untidy man; the press of his suits usually suggested that he had been sleeping in them, probably on the floor of a taxicab. His ties and collars never became really close friends, often not even acquaintances. Most of the buttons on his vest were undone, and almost invariably he had one shoe lace untied." Only lightly touched on at first but later becoming a sort of trademark was his continuous state of disrepair. There was just something about his Contess Mara ties that made them always slide around one ear as sonn as he put them on. And his expensive, rumpled suits not only refused to stay buttoned, but had a talent for attracting cigar ashes faster than a stable attracts flies. His voice was an odd combination of a "silver-plated tenor" and a "pair of rusty old gates swinging in the wind." How it sounded depended on whether you were hearing it in the courtroom or in Joe the Angel's City Hall Bar at 2:00 in the morning. By 1941 his hair had thinned to the point of leaving a small bald spot.

Almost nothing is known of Malone's early life and the years during which he made his reputation. Larry Harris in The Pickled Poodles (1960) tells us he was born in Chicago. And in The People versus Withers and Malone (1963), written with Stuart Palmer, Malone mentions his "sainted mother." The first we hear of him from Craig Rice herself is that he worked his way through law school by driving a taxi. Even then his motives for becoming a lawyer are rather cloudy. In But the Doctor Died (1967) we are told he took a law degree because he was tired of getting nowhere driving a taxi (pun intended). However, The Lucky Stiff (1945) implies that law school was always the goal and driving a cab simply a way to get there.

We're never given Malone's exact age--always middle-aged, never too old for dining, drinking, and a pretty brunette. He must have been old enough for the First World War, but no mention is ever made of his serving in it. He met Joe the Angel in 1918 and moved into the Loop Hotel in 1925. The little lawyer apparently never married, preferring to keep long-legged, delicate-looking women until they left him--never once is there a suggestion that he was the one to cut off an affair. He was in the habit of buying beautiful clothes and expensive gifts for these lovely ladies. How much real affection he felt for them is vague and they never actually appear in the books; but after 1939 there is no question but that his deepest feeling and devotion is for the exquisitely blonde Helene. In spite of the heavy drinking, gambling and gangsters, and frequent allusions to Malone's women, he did not get his law degree from the School of Hard Boiling, and should never be classified with Marlowe or the Continental Op.

Malone's first recorded case was Eight Faces at Three. Except for a matter involving some postmen no reference is ever made to his early career or how he established his reputation. Having his office at 79 W. Washington (a dingy worn-out building), he was known as "Chicago's noisiest and most noted criminal lawyer." He boasted that he could get anybody out of anything, and proved it by finding the true culprit in The Big Midget Murders (1942) and then turning around and successfully defending him. (Don't ask me how, I only know that he did it.) His tactics would not always be endorsed by the Bar Association, but they worked and weren't really illegal. One time he smuggled a panel of jurors out of their sleeping quarters to take them to a party. When he later learned he would have gotten an acquittal anyway, he remarked that he didn't regret it because he never took chances with a client's interests.

Malone's method of questioning witnesses was dramatic and exciting-as long as you weren't the witness. "His courtroom manner was spectacular and famous ... He pointed a dramatic finger or pounded a dramatic fist. He also wiped his red face with a soiled and crumpled handkerchief every five minutes or whenever a pause for dramatic effect was indicated... A witness facing cross-examination at his hands was usually reduced to a state of complete nervous collapse before the short, untidy man had even opened his mouth." It's not surprising that Malone treated witnesses in such a cavalier manner. He disliked society as a whole, be-

lieved that witnesses were always lying, and was never surprised when his friends double-crossed him. "He had nothing but contempt for all but a rare few of the criminals he defended and saw acquitted and no sympathy. Yet he worked unceasingly, amassing a fortune in the process, at turning clients who were indubitably criminals loose upon society."

That fortune was quickly dissipated--probably spent on rye and women--as soon as Malone met Jack and Helene. He still made sizable fees on each case, but he spent "more money on women accidentlaly than most men do on purpose." He was always at least three months behind in paying his secretary's salary and even further behind in the rent. After The Right Murder (1941) he frequently "reached the stage of being broke where the only thing he could afford to do was to get expensively drunk." And there was no better place to start drinking than in Joe the Angel's City Hall Bar, first mentioned in The Right Murder. When he finally became desperate he'd turn to Max Hook for a loan, always being careful to repay the loan within twenty-four hours. Then he'd have to get into an all-night poker game to recoup Max the Hook's money and enough additional to finance what he originally needed the money for. There are fewer more comic scenes in detective fiction than those of Malone waking up after such a night to begin emptying his pockets and searching the room to discover how well he'd done. The fact that Helene had money that she would have cheerfully given him never once occurred to him any more than it did to Jake. His deep sense of gallantry absolutely prevented this, just as he would never let anyone else pick up the check when they went drinking.

Malone and the Justices did so much drinking, usually rye, that their detecting abilities became more or less addicted, not functioning properly without a few drinks. Helene's driving skill is actually indescribable but it would deteriorate considerably when she was sober. (The best example of her driving is an incident where she and Jake were being held hostage in her car by an armed gangster. When asked how she escaped from him she replied she had only driven him around the icy roads of Grant Park for a while and then put him out on the sidewalk when he passed out.) But Malone's drinking nights (and apparently there were some nights when he didn't drink) all had a depressing similarity, even to him. He'd either be in jail for disorderly conduct, or he'd wake up in some woman's apartment after being in a fight in which his collar was torn from his shirt.

Although the little lawyer's office was in Chicago, he and the Justices were travelers and several of their cases occurred far from the windy city. Most notable is a series of cases that Malone worked on with Hildegarde Withers, The People Versus Withers and Malone (1963) by Craig Rice and Stuart Palmer. Most of those cases took place in Los Angeles without the aid of Jake and Helene. Trial by Fury (1941) takes place in Jackson County, Wisconsin, where the Justices have gone on a fishing trip; and Having Wonderful Crime (1943) occurs in New York while Jake is trying (secretly) to get his novel published.

One of the greatest joys (and I suppose detriments to non-Malone lovers) of the Craig Rice books is the large cast of characters reappearing from book to book--and they are all somehow involved in the murder. Just a simple listing of them: Jake and Helene (Brand) Justice; Maggie O'Leary, his secretary; Joseph Di Angelo, bar owner (and his rather extensive family might also be included); Max Hook, gangster; and Daniel von Flanagan, police inspector. Jake and Helene are, of course, more central characters than the others and started out as the primary sleuths.

According to Having Wonderful Crime Malone and Jake first met when Jake was still a reporter with the Examiner and Malone was defending the "suspected slayer" of four innocent postmen--all of whom had been killed at the same point on their route. Apparently Craig Rice liked this idea and used it in The Fourth Postmen (1948); but instead of being represented as an account of Malone and Jake's first case, it is updated and appears in sequence as published. Jake left the Examiner (or was fired from it) and became the press agent and manager of band leader, Dick Dayton. Dayton and his fiancee become involved in a murder so Jake turns to Malone for help. Jake is a tall, rangy, lean man, big-boned with an indolent slouch and a thatch of rather untidy hair. He was an angular, freckled face, a square jaw, observant blue eyes, and a friendly grin for everyone. He's somewhere in his mid-thirties, old enough to have a few wrinkles in his face. He's also had a rather varied career. Originally a reporter, he turned press agent/manager--first for Dick Dayton and then for radio star Nellie Brown. Although he considered himself the second greatest press agent alive (who was the greatest?), he took over "The Casino" soon after marrying Helene. He never really gave up the Casino but there is very little mention of it in the last books. In Having Wonderful Crime Jake and Helene went to New York where Jake, a secret author, is trying to get his book, The Mongoose Murders, published. That book also has a complex history: starting out as Memoirs of a Reporter (true fact), at the publisher's suggestion he turned it into In the Shadows of the Jail (a novel). That wasn't right either and at the next publisher's suggestion he again reworked the material into One Wonderful Hour (a romance). Finally it came down to The Mongoose Murders and was rejected by Lee Wright (a close friend of Craig Rice) on the basis that the author had no knowledge of crime-detection methods. Jake tried one more career--as a television producer in My Kingdom for a Hearse (1956)--and again was not so successful. But the Doctor Died (published 1967) doesn't seem to have been completely finished by Craig Rice, but does refer to Jake still running the Casino and Helene being in New York "last year", so it was apparently written soon after Having Wonderful Crime.

It is necessary to backtrack a bit and find out more about Helene to understand Jake's somewhat frantic search for a career. Helene Brand first walked into Jake's life in Eight Faces at Three wearing blue silk pajamas and a fur coat--a costume she didn't change through the whole book. She is an "exquisite blonde" ("pale gleaming hair", the color of strained honey) with bright eyes and a delicate blue-white skin. She has a "patrician", "delicately sculptured face", a lazy drawl and "silvery mocking laughter." She is a rich society girl from Maple Park--"a famous beauty, socialite, heiress"--not the type of girl Jake is used to meeting. Her long slender body is always adorned with the simplest, most expensive clothes Jake has seen, always adding to her attraction but never detracting from her personally. The love between them was instantaneous although they both refused to accept it at first. At the end of Eight Faces Jake realizes he does want to marry her, only to find she has disappeared. They don't meet again for a year and a half, during which Jake's thoughts of her prevent him from kissing or making love to anyone else. When they do meet again in The Corpse Steps Out Helene admits that she ran out before because she loved him (running to Paris, Lake Geneva, and Wyoming) and proceeds to propose to him. Jake obviously wants to get married but feels unequal to her wealth and position. The Wrong Murder starts at their wedding reception--Jake still insisting he will support his wife and refusing to touch any of her money.

Helene's driving abilities have already been mentioned. ("Her driving was of a nature fit for neither man nor beast.") She had an unerring knowledge of Chicago's streets, claiming she learned while getting her driving lessons from her chauffeur, Butch. (Poor Butch was apparently discarded after that or at most relegated to driving for her father, George Brand, while Helene did all the driving for Jake and Malone.) She is completely uninhibited about doing or trying anything that gets her attention. She thinks nothing about buying beer after beer to learn how to slide them down the length of the bar, trying to get them to stop at any designated space. (After many broken glsses off the end of the bar she mastered the technique, comparing it to throwing a car into reverse on an icy street to get it to spin around to a stop.) Her money is unimportant to her and she has trouble understanding Jake's antagonism to it.

Closely related to these money problems, and almost having a life of its own, is the Casino. It first comes into the series in The Wrong Murder. At that time it is owned by Mona McClane--a society friend of Helene's. At their wedding reception everyone is, as usual, a bit under the influence and Mona bets she can commit a murder in broad daylight, on the public streets, and get away with it. Anyone who can pin the crime on her wins the Casino, "the night spot where out-of-town visitors always wanted to go first." Jake obviously sees this as an excellent way to provide for Helene and accepts the challenge. After a confusion or two he wins the bet (in an odd way) and takes control of the Casino. In The Big Midget Murders (1942) he has just remodelled the Casino on money borrowed from Max the Hook, turning it into "half nightclub, half theater, and two halves circus." Naturally, a debt to Max must be quickly repaid and Jake does this by enriching Max's art collection. It is interesting to note that the Hook's attendance at the grand opening after the remodelling is the first time he ever went to a nightclub--even though he owned the Casino before Mona McClane.

Max himself is a somewhat nebulous but unavoidable character. He first appeared in The Wrong Murder as the "head of a gambling syndicate." The terror he evoked in Chicago's underworld was never betrayed in his six foot "mass of fat, quivering flesh" nor reflected in his bald, egg-like head. But the terror was there and Malone was prudent enough to always borrow as little as possible and then repay it promptly. Max originally lived on the twenty-third floor of an apartment house on Lake Shore Drive--few of his neighbors knowing who he was. That apartment was very pink, with extravagant, feminine decor; later he lived in a two story penthouse on Lake Shore that he had decorated in a flamboyant Mexican style. Later still he redid it in gilt and brocade. The only thing that remained stable throughout this decorator's carousel was a huge golden oak desk in one corner that served as his office. From this desk his fat, ring-covered fingers would daintily pick out money or IOU's, as the case demanded, while Malone gulped his rye. Hook, of course, drank pink champagne. He was a gentle, quiet man with a voice "like a radio announcer advertising a facial cream"; he was appreciative of "nice things." And, like Malone, he preferred long black cigars.

As far as I'm aware there is never any direct confrontation between the Hook and Captain Daniel von Flanagan. Unfortunately for von Flanagan, there were many confrontations with Malone, Jake and Helene. Like most people, von Flanagan has a soft spot for Helene and is willing to stretch his own rules for her. He has no such leniency for Malone and Jake. Von Flanagan was a stereotype cop: big, red-faced, "an honest cop trying to do his duty". He never had intended to be a cop, as he mournfully tells anyone who will listen. He'd wanted to be an undertaker, but somehow an alderman's wife's brother had owed von Flanagan's father some money and the debt was paid off by giving young Daniel a job as a cop. His name had, of course, been merely Flanagan at the time so he went to court to add the "von" to help break out of the Irish cop mold. He continually complained about his job, thought that no one cooperated with him, and had a profound confiction that all murders were committed merely to harass him personally.

Physically he was a tall, big man, close to middle age, with a large moon face and a head half bald--and what hair he had was thinning and grey. He was married to Annie von Flan-

agan and liked to dream of the day (always "next year") when he would retire and raise mink, or avocados, or do anything to get away from Malone. Mentally he was not one of the detective giants--but neither was he a plodder. Malone, Jake and Helene were always able to keep a step or two ahead of him on the murderer's trail--but few people could keep up with the quirks and twists of Malone's mind and the problems he had to extricate himself from. Von Flanagan was "known to have a heavy-handed variety of humor" and probably spent hours, while he suffered from insomnia, plotting revenge on what he considered to be Malone's personal affronts.

The last member of the troupe was Joseph Di Angelo and his City Hall Bar. The City Hall Bar itself is small, simple and handy, located on Dearborn, right in the heart of the Loop. It had a long narrowish bar running the full length of the room. At the back was a 26-Game table, a few small tables and chairs and a phone booth. Like most of the other characters, Joe the Angel grew as the series continued. He didn't appear at all until The Right Murder, but was one of Malone's closest friends. By the time of My Kingdom for a Hearse (1958) he was truly closer to Malone in spirit and sympathy than any of the others. You feel that there is nothing Malone couldn't tell him and nothing that he wouldn't do for Malone. The best characterization of Joe the Angel was that he could fix it for you if you wanted to bet on a horse, cash a check, interview the Mayor, or meet a girl from the Rialto chorus. He did all those things and countless others for Malone, enlisting his family's funeral parlor and hearse as the occasion demanded. Naturally, favors were returned by Malone and there never seemed to develop the wall of restraint that had grown in an indefinable way between Jake and Helene and Malone.

Malone might not actually be practicing law any more, but there can be no doubt he is still downing large quantities of rye at Joe the Angel's City Hall Bar, keeping a long-legged brunette somewhere, and occasionally bothering to brush the cigar ashes from his shirt.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

MARTIN RUSSELL: A PROFILE

BY SVEN-INGMAR PETTERSSON

Martin Russell was born in 1934 in Bromley, Kent, southeast of London. From a career in journalism he moved into full-time writing and used his experience in creating journalist Jim Larken, who appears in four of his crime novels (Deadline, Concrete Evidence, Crime Wave and Phantom Holiday).

Mr. Russell prefers to be called "a delver into psychological motivation" rather than a "crime writer", which he does not regard as sufficiently descriptive of the contents of his books. But we can thank British publishers for his ever entering our genre in the first place, for he originally wanted to write humorous novels. However, after failing to find a publisher for one of these, he wrote No Through Road (1965), which is a psychological thriller. This book is about a man who is escaping from a crime he has committed--or perhaps he has not. He acknowledges responsibility for two murders to the police--but they do not find any corpses. Is he joking with the police or is he mad? Or...? In an early review Julian Symons commented, "a highly original first book." This is a view with which the reader can gladly agree; and an extraordinary final denouement does not make the book any less interesting, of course. This sort of original twist in the ending is something Mr. Russell is a master of creating.

MARTIN RUSSELL

After No Through Road came No Return Ticket and Danger Money, followed by Hunt to Kill, which provides insight into the fantasy world of the schizophrenic and is a chilling narrative based on the schizophrenic's actions. This book is the novel which Mr. Russell feels "came nearest to achieving what I set out to do."

Another theme which interests Mr. Russell is that of blackmail. Double Hit from 1973 deals with this. The book is enlivened with very vivid and thoroughly credible dialogue. When the author says that "the writing of plays seems to come more naturally to me," one readily believes him because his dialogue, not only in Double Hit, seems so genuine. I shall not say more about the book here than to suggest it as an appropriate introduction for the new reader to the work of Martin Russell.

The personality of Jim Larkin, Mr. Russell's series journalist, is taken from that of a "quiet but resolute reporter" whom the author met and worked with on a local paper. In Deadline, the first of the Larkin books, a small English coastal village is scourged by a series of killings. The townspeople become more and more frightened, despairing and desperate. They start shouting for "law and order." They complain about the inefficiency of the police; they arrange for "citizen guards" and so on. In this novel Mr. Russell shows "the actions of people under stress" in a very interesting and well-written fashion, and it is clear that this is a subject which greatly interests the author.

The second title in the Larkin series is Concrete Evidence, which deals with the housing racket. There is also something of a political interest in the book, but Mr. Russell is not engaged in party politics at all. His only interest is in the politicians--what they say and do; "the contradictions between their words and their actions, their spitefulness and hypocrisy and the ways they react upon each other."

In my opinion Crime Wave is the most thrilling and readable of the Larkin novels. Jim Larkin and his wife Bunty have moved to a suburb which has hitherto been free of serious crime. But suddenly a numer of muggings take place, soon followed by murder. And Larkin's life is

naturally endangered when he discovers some important clues.

I think the most interesting ideas appear in the non-Larkin books; the use of a continuing hero involves some limitations for the author. But personally I suspect Mr. Russell will reach a larger audience with his Larkin books. His professional knowledge and his ever more polished style should attract a large international readership. He has already been published in Germany, Italy, Holland, Norway, Finland, Spain and the U.S. (Though only his first book, No Through Road, was published in the U.S., I really hope the many American readers will have more exposure to his work in the future.)

I asked Martin Russell which readers he wants to write for. The answer from this highly professional author stands for itself: "The people I like to think I write for are those who want a reasonably well-written story with a few shocks and surprises, reasonably believable characters, and not necessarily a happy ending (although in this respect I'm mellowing). In other words those who wish simply to spend an entertaining hour or two with a book."

MARTIN RUSSELL CHECKLIST

No Through Road (Collins, 1965; Coward, 1966)
No Return Ticket (Collins, 1966)
Danger Money (Collins, 1968)
Hunt to Kill (Collins, 1969)
Deadline (Collins, 1971)
Advisory Service (Collins, 1971)
Concrete Evidence (Collins, 1972)
Double Hit (Collins, 1973)
Crime Wave (Collins, 1974)
Phantom Holiday (Collins, 1974)

* *

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

THE PAPERBACK REVOLUTION

BY CHARLES SHIBUK

A completely unexpected summer bonanza has provided us with a great deal of material--both fresh and familiar--from talented newcomers and classic masters. Let's hope that riches like these continue to rain down on us in the months to come.

EARL DERR BIGGERS

Bantam continues its good work by reprinting Behind That Curtain (1928), the third entry in the notable Charlie Chan series. It starts with a murder in fog-shrouded London, and continues 16 years later with a similar crime in San Francisco that is perpetrated upon a famous Scotland Yard detective. A pair of embroidered Chinese slippers provide the only link between these two crimes before they mysteriously vanish from sight.

JOHN DICKSON CARR

The Three Coffins (1935) (Award) returns to paperback format after 14 long years. It's one of the three best novels ever published under the Carr signature and represents this writer at the top of his form. Originally published in England as The Hollow Man, this novel is even more impossibly baffling and brilliantly bizarre than usual. As an added bonus, we have the erudite Dr. Fell's definitive and frequently quoted locked room lecture.

VERA CASPARY

This author has written many novels, and quite a few were bestsellers, but her best work--the haunting and evocative Laura (1943) (Avon)--is one of the all-time masterpieces. It's an intriguing blend of realism and romanticism as a hardboiled New YorkCity cop falls in love with the beautiful girl who is the defunct subject of his latest murder case. The film version was very good, but the novel is much better.

AGATHA CHRISTIE

In this quarter we find ourselves besieged by no less than five exploits of this author's renowned Belgian sleuth. Poirot discovers that railway travel is lethal as well as broadening in The Mystery of the Blue Train (1928) and Murder in the Calais Coach (1934)--both from Pocket Books. Dell presents the following volumes: In Poirot Loses a Client (1937) a missive arrives at the detective's door much too late to save a murder victim; There is a Tide (1948), but it seems that it was not taken at the flood soon enough; Murder in Retrospect (1942) provides Poirot with a 16 year old crime to solve, and was selected by James Sandoe for inclusion in his "Reader's Guide to Crime".

CARTER DICKSON

Belmont Tower brings us two more under-reprinted novels from John Dickson Carr's alter ego. The Plague Court Murders (1934) is notable for the introduction of the fabulous Sir Henry Merrivale, but it is only a minor though satisfactory entertainment from its creator's fertile pen. On a higher level we find The Bowstring Murders (1933) with the usual Dicksonian bafflement set in an old castle and featuring John Gaunt--a detective of the old school--in his only recorded investigation.

JOE GORES

Dead Skip (1972) (Ballantine) is a harsh and realistic story about a skip tracer who urgently seeks the man responsible for almost killing his best friend. This is a fast moving manhunt novel that probes the lower depths of San Francisco, is written with expertise by an ex-private detective, and is solidly rooted in the authentic early Hammett tradition.

SIR HUGH GREENE

The Further Rivals of Sherlock Holmes (1973) (Penguin) will, regrettably, be the last of Sir Hugh's splendid anthologies. It is also the best. The stories range in time from 1894 through 1914, and, in spite of their great age, will put efforts by modern craftsmen to shame. Of the 13 works, 10 are unfamiliar to me, and they are mostly excellent. This is one anthology that should not be missed by anyone with the slightest interest in the short form of the mystery story.

PETER LOVESEY

Wobble to Death (1970) (Dell) was this author's first historical detective novel and one of his best. Set in 1879 against the background of a six day walking race, we discover an apparently accidental death and a suicide, but Sergeant Cribb and Constable Thackeray are called in to investigate and find that appearances can often be deceiving. This work won the Macmillan-Panther prize competition for best British first crime novel, and you will find that it lives up to its reputation.

FRANCIS M. NEVINS, JR.

Royal Bloodline: Ellery Queen, Author and Detective (Bowling Green) is an absolutely brilliant and dazzling explication of the Queen canon. This is unquestionably the paperback publishing event of 1974--if not the decade.

BILL PRONZINI

Undercurrent (1973) (Pocket Books) is a fair specimen of the hardboiled private eye

novel from a writer who has received much praise. It starts with a young, attractive girl asking this story's anonymous investigator to find out where her new husband is spending his weekends. Complications such as murder and arson ensue; and a 19-year-old paperback original is dizzily sought by all. Unfortunately, it seems to me that we've all been there before, and without the inspiration of Raymond Chandler this book might never have been written.

REX STOUT

Much criticism has been leveled against this author for his inability to sustain plots throughout his later full-length novels. Trouble in Triplicate (1949) (Bantam) will not do anything to allay this judgment, but it does represent Stout at just about the top of his form. This is his first and very best collection of three detective novelettes, and is guaranteed to elicit nothing but praise for Messrs. Stout, Wolfe, and Goodwin.

ROBERT VAN GULIK

The Haunted Monastery (1961), The Lacquer Screen (1962), and The Willow Pattern (1965) --all presented by Warner--are set in exotic 7th century China and feature the wise but too little known detective Judge Dee. Based on a famous detective who later became an influential statesman in the T'ang Dynasty, Judge Dee is a welcome addition to the ranks of major fictional sleuths. His exploits are both entertaining and edifying, and all are worthy of your most serious attention.

* *

MOVIE NOTES

The Mysteries of Paris (France-Rolair, 1934). Written and directed by Felix Ganders, based on the story by Eugene Sue; camera, Bourges and Isnard; music, Georges Aurio; Assistant Director, Marcel Cohen; Art Direction, Robert Gys and Barsaq. English subtitles. 9 reels. With Henri Rollan, Madeleine Ozeray, Lucien Baroux, Constant Remy, Raoul Marco, Lucienne le Marchand, Roger Karl, Marthe Mussine, Marcelle Geniat, Raymond Cordy, Rolla Norman, Francois Rodon, Nadia Sibirskaia, Georges Vitray.

Both this film and the one discussed below have a certain amount in common in that both are melodramatic tales of the seedy Paris underworld, both were done as silent and as sound films, and both are based on relatively celebrated works from another medium. The Mysteries of Paris appeared first as a long running French newspaper serial, and one feels that the silent version must have been a good deal better. This sound remake is a rather strange combination of Feuillade and early Max Ophuls; slow, stately, often elegant, its story a mixture of old world romanticism and serial thrills. It moves too slowly for it to be wholly effective as pure melodrama, but the sets, the colorful characters and above all the terrible fates and revenges that are so often threatened (and sometimes carried out) keep it full of surprises if not constant excitement. It is frustratingly subtitled by an American distributor obviously hoping to keep his production outlay to a minimum. Elementary expressions which require but brief titles are translated faithfully; whole plot motivations and inserts of letters and documents are often totally ignored. Without a knowledge of French, you may find yourself floundering occasionally--but as with Feuillade's The Vampires, not always knowing why doesn't prevent one from enjoying the how.

The Rat (RKO Radio-British, 1937). Produced by Herbert Wilcox; directed by Jack Raymond; screenplay by Marjorie Gaffney from a play by Ivor Novello and Constance Collier; camera, Freddie Young; edited by Peggy Hennessey, 7 reels. With Ruth Chatterton, Anton Walbrook, Rene Ray, Beatrice Lehmann, Mary Clare, Felix Ayler, Hugh Miller, Gordon McLeod, Frederick Culley, George Merritt, Nadine March, George March, Leo Genn, Fanny Wright, Bob Gregory, Ivor Wilmot, J. H. Roberts, Aubrey Mallalieu.

The Rat too was perhaps better suited to the silent film, and as directed by Graham Cutts and starring author Ivor Novello with Mae Marsh, had a Griffith-like quality that was perhaps underlined through those two stars having made The White Rose for Griffith. (Its success was responsible for an imaginatively titled sequel, The Return of the Rat.) The original The Rat does still exist, and holds up well. However, despite being old-fashioned, and with a British sedateness that does not sit too convincingly with French abandon, this remake is a surprisingly good production. The sets are extremely handsome, Freddie Young's camerawork expert and imaginative, the cast strong, and the development fairly brisk. Indications are of a minor trim at the end; it seems to finish without grace, but the plot is all wrapped up, and all that seems to be (possibly) missing is a more stylish fadeout. Jack Raymond, who directed, was a veteran Hepworth actor from the earliest silent period who became a directorial specialist in comedies and thrillers. Most of his films were very entertaining, none of them outstanding, and The Rat is probably one of his most ambitious films. His last film, Little Big Shot, was finished and released shortly before his death (in 1953) at the age of 67. A financial if not historical footnote: the film was Herbert Wilcox's last under his old regime, its production company being dissolved and a new one formed to sponsor much more elaborate films--Victoria the Great and Sixty Glorious Years among them. The old company was liquidated just days before Ruth Chatterton was to get paid for The Rat--and she never did get paid!

——William K. Everson

A CHECKLIST OF MYSTERY DETECTIVE, AND SUSPENSE FICTION

PUBLISHED IN THE U.S., JULY-SEPTEMBER 1974

BY ROBERT BREYFOGLE GREEN

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RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS

Death Wears a Purple Shirt by R(alph) C(arter) Woodthorpe. Doubleday, Doran, 1934; Nicholson, 1934, as Silence of a Purple Shirt.

The satiric (but far from bestselling) novelist Nicholas Slade is persuaded to investigate the murder of an important member of a fascist organization by his niece, because her extranged husband has been unlucky enough to be accused of the crime.

Slade's investigation of this problem is later complicated by the kidnapping of a 5 year old boy whose relatives are so highly placed and influential that he can only be referred to by the initials E.S.W.J. that adorn every article of his clothing.

This novel starts very well as we are introduced to Slade, and gets even better as he arrives at the Island Hotel situated near Stockbarrow Bay in Dorset--the scene of the crime--in order to get down to work.

The first third of the novel is very typical of many of the virtues of the golden age of detective fiction. It is told in a light-hearted and slightly satiric manner. Its people and this portion of Woodthorpe's plot are very well handled, and its descriptions are a joy to read. All this novel's merits and delightful qualities are enhanced by Doubleday's attractive Crime Club format.

Woodthorpe's approach now becomes more serious and business-like, and concentrates on plot to the extent that there is a decided drop in quality in all departments--especially in plotting, which becomes little more than routine for the period.

All-in-all this charming novel is a slightly better than average example of the little-known work being done in the golden thirties. Its author, it should be remembered, was a better than average practitioner of the form whose Rope for a Convict (1939) is regarded by many, with a good deal of justification, as a minor classic.

——Charles Shibuk

The Bat by Mary Roberts Rinehart (based upon The Circular Staircase, 1908, by M. R. Rinehart, and the play, The Bat, 1920, by M. R. Rinehart and Avery Hopwood). Doran, 1926.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's The Bat is based on her first mystery story, The Circular Staircase (1908). It begins with these cryptic words: "You've got to get him, boys--get him or bust!", spoken by a tired chief of police. Who is it the boys have to get or bust? A super criminal; an evil mastermind who has eluded the New York police force, eager newspapermen seeking a super-scoop, and private investigators to boot. Many have attempted to "get" the Bat, and many have lost their lives in the process.

Like his namesake, the Bat strikes only at night under cover of darkness, mysteriously, cleverly, and deadly. Even the cream of New York's underworld hold the Bat in awe, and in fear as well.

At the beginning of the story, we learn that the Bat has taken to the fashionable suburbs for his nightly jaunts. He makes a great mistake, however, when he decides to tackle a little old (but clever) lady.

Miss Cornelia Van Gorder, an "indomitable spinster", has rented Courtleigh Fleming's country home for the summer, and the house is located in the Bat's latest field of operations. Soon after moving in with her maid, Lizzie Allen, and Billy, a Japanese houseboy, Miss Van Gorder receives threatening letters directing her to vacate the house. The spry old lady knows full well who those letters are coming from, and so does the hysterical and superstitious Lizzie Allen, who pleads with her mistress to return to the city, but to no avail. Miss Cornelia fancies herself as a capable sleuth, and would like nothing better than to come face to face with the Bat. For protection she sends to the city for a detective, one Anderson, who arrives on a stormy night. Anderson is suspicious of everyone, especially "the Jap", and the new gardener Cornelia's niece, Dale, brings from New York.

Unbeknownst to Cornelia Van Gorder, Courtleigh Fleming was an embezzler of funds from his own bank, and shortly before his death he had hidden a large sum of money in a secret room of his country house. The Bat is aware of this circumstance. Complicating the matter is the new gardener, who calls himself Brooks, but we learn that Brooks is Jack Bailey, Dale's fiance, and a clerk at Fleming's bank who has fled New York under suspicion of being the embezzler. In true, sleuth-like fashion, Cornelia quickly sees through Bailey's charade, but she believes in his innocence.

While the storm rages outside, a number of suspicious characters visit the country house. The first is Dr. Wells, who had been Courtleigh Fleming's physician. Somehow, Wells is aware of the money hidden in the house, and he snatches a blueprint which shows the location of the secret room in the attic. Richard Fleming, Courtleigh's nephew, also pays a call, and he too acts in a rather unusual fashion. The household is terrified when the house phone connected to the garage rings, and all that is heard over the receiver is a series of horrible groans.

Other terrors manifest themselves: another note from the Bat is thrown through the sittingroom window; Lizzie sees a gleaming eye on the back staircase; at one point all the lights go out, and when they come back on a dead bat is tacked above the mantelpiece--the Bat's distinctive calling-card. Thus begin events leading to the climax, wherein just about everyone in the house is suspected of being the Bat.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's story is a tour-de-force of suspenseful technique. While it may be said to be rather stereotyped (the howling storm, the colorful character of the super-

criminal, and the hidden room), the story is indeed a fascinating and very well-written tale. The characters too may be regarded as stereotypes: the "inscrutable" Japanese houseboy, and the very Irish Lizzie, whose comments are liberally spiced with "Mother o' Gawd"'s.

The Bat is extremely melodramatic, but this fact undoubtedly accounts for its great readability. Miss Rinehart's flair for atmosphere is an important asset in The Bat, as is her knack for characterization. As cliched as the players may seem to be, nonetheless they are quite real. Cornelia Van Gorder is presented as a stubborn but kindly spinster, a woman who keeps her wits about her while everyone else is losing theirs.

The climax of The Bat is indeed worth waiting for. The final scene occurs in the attic. Against the glow of the burning garage, a ladder is put against the house and a dark figure begins to ascend, while those assembled in the attic (along with the reader) hold their breaths. The revelation of the Bat's identity is an absolute shock, a fitting finale to an excellent tale. This reviewer highly recommends The Bat to anyone who likes a good old-fashioned mystery-thriller.

——Bruce R. Beaman

The Grouse Moor Mystery by John Ferguson. Collins, 1934; Dodd, Mead, 1934, as The Grouse Moor Murder.

After reading and enjoying Ferguson's Stealthy Terror (1917) and The Man in the Dark (1928), I sat down to read The Grouse Moor Mystery with a certain degree of anticipation, and didn't realize that I was in for a thundering disappointment. This novel is staggeringly dull, and I had to expend considerable effort and exercise great patience to finish it.

It starts with a serious shooting accident involving one of the participants while hunting on a fog-shrouded moor in Scotland. Preliminary police inquiry tends to indicate that it was not the victim's own fault, nor was it an accident. Further police efforts continue with little success until the recuperating victim is found dead in a library with all its doors and windows locked. It looks like suicide, but you can bet your bottom dollar it isn't.

The Grouse Moor Mystery has a decent plot and a fairly good puzzle, and reminds me of a lesser John Rhode novel in its unswerving attention to detail, but it lacks the impact of a major character and detective such as Dr. Priestley. Ferguson's people are much less than the cardboard characters one might expect from this type of novel: they are thin onion skin paper without a drop of humor or humanity to redeem them or lighten the burden of this narrative. The author's series detective Francis MacNab is completely colorless and would be indistinguished from the police or other characters if he did not "dominate" the second half of the book and solve Ferguson's puzzle.

The Grouse Moor Mystery is a cold, mechanical and boring detective story that adds no new laurels to its worthy creator's name.

——Charles Shibuk

Candidate for Murder by Mortimer Post (pseudonym of Walter Blair). Doubleday Crime Club, 1936.

This "one-shot" novel is a well-plotted tale replete with just the right amount of drama, suspense, action and clues, so as to be, in my opinion, more "typical of the best work done in the thirties" than The Mummy Case Mystery cited by Barzun & Taylor in A Catalogue of Crime.

The story starts with an apparent suicide of a foreign student and the investigation by four members of a university of three murders which take place after the suicide. The four academics declare themselves detectives and prove the "suicide" a murder, and the fourth murder finally proves the undoing of the killer when it ties all the murders together. Although the four deduce in concert to arrive at a fair solution, in reality it is one Professor Gaylord who is the principal detective in the story. The action revolves around a university setting, as in The Mummy Case Mystery, but unlike the latter there are no detailed descriptions of college scenes and life which are not much concerned with plot development. The action and story line in Candidate are much more to the point, reminding me of Van Dine without the bizarre element.

Actually, the unique feature of four detectives picking up the clues and arriving at a full solution suggests Candidate to be a cross between Van Dine and Anthony Berkeley, but in a recent conversation with Walter Blair he stated he patterned the story in the style of Christie and Hammett with the accent more on Christie. I failed to find signs of the hard-boiled Hammett in Candidate--which, as suggested above, is Blair's only trip into mystery fiction. (Blair told me he had a (secret?) collaborator named Kirby Miller, but the name is unfamiliar to me.)

Candidate for Murder is a highly underrated mystery, having never received the attention it should have, like so many other good mysteries which failed to be recognized by the literary critics and cognoscenti of that day who no doubt had their hands full with Van Dine and Queen.

A pity that B&T left out of their Catalogue this fine novel by Blair, who is a retired University of Chicago professor.

——Hal Brodsky

Last Year's Blood by H(enry) C. Branson. Simon and Schuster, 1947.

This novel is very typical of the intricate and unsensational type of detective story written by the mysterious Mr. Branson--about whom very little is known.

John Bent is a doctor who has abandoned his practice to become a private investigator. As often happens in Branson novels, Bent is summoned from his New York home, this time to an unnamed small town some 150 miles from Chicago, in order to investigate a case of apparent suicide which has given rise to some disquieting rumors and suspicions.

The situation becomes more dramatic and tangible when Bent's cantankerous client disappears, and is soon found as an obvious murder victim in the house of her son-in-law whom she had disliked and suspected of foul play.

Bent, a bearded and thickset figure, leisurely ambles through the narrative smoking innumerable Camels and drinking a wide variety of liquors. He sits calmly in a chair with his hands folded on his lap and asks a great many questions, and has to distinguish between truth, evasions, and lies.

He is an amiable and civilized man, and goes about his business offending no one, encouraging cooperation, and placating the emotionally overwrought, who become more numerous as Bent's investigation continues and the screws tighten.

The author also concentrates a good deal of his narrative skill in delineating family relationships, creating mood via the unpleasant and snowy February weather, giving us many precise descriptions of houses and rooms, and acquainting us with details of local geography.

This author's work (1941-1953) is highly individual, although he does somehow seem to be a more masculine version of Elizabeth Daly. His seven novels are very similar in style and low-key mood, and they are all worth reading.

——Charles Shibuk

The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road by William Gillette. Harper, 1927; Cassell, 1928.

The famous actor and co-author of the play Sherlock Holmes wrote a crime fiction novel when in his early 70's that might well prove to be the ultimate big caper novel of the first third of the twentieth century.

This 387 page novel is very long by contemporary standards, and is easily 10 years behind the time it was written, but it is filled with a peculiar charm all its own. It is also one of the most off-beat and compelling novels that you are ever likely to come across.

Its first 19 pages start very badly in a somewhat chaotic fashion when two men meet in a Boston restaurant and one tells about a curious conversation that he had heard a year before (1920) on the Boston train. A nearby diner overhears this conversation and states that he has just been given the answer to the final puzzle concerning the famous Torrington case. He proposes to dictate a book that will reveal all the true facts in this case for the first time.

Being less than enchanted, I wanted to give up at this point, but somehow managed to turn to the next page--where the story proper begins--and fell into a master story-teller's trap. Little did I realize that I had entered a roller coaster, and was immediately swept up into Gillette's breathless narrative.

I'd rather not go into plot details and spoil the author's surprises, but some of the elements involved in this complexly plotted novel include a master criminal and his clever schemes; an ingenuous and impractical inventor who discovers both love and the true value of the dollar; a super-secret invention; a brutal murder that is followed by three separate arrests and two trials; the manufacture of a perfect alibi; and clues provided by spiritualism.

This is an outstanding but unjustly forgotten novel that is always fascinating, extremely likable, often moving, unbelievably readable, and almost impossible to put down. Howard Haycraft aptly summed it up by stating, "Gillette's one original venture into detection should be better known to connoisseurs as an unorthodox but gripping tour de force."

——Charles Shibuk

REVIEWS OF CURRENT MATERIAL

Saint with a Gun: The Unlawful American Private Eye, by William Ruehlmann. New York University Press, 1974. 155pp. $7.95.

This first full-length study of that distinctively American genre, the private eye story, is a book with a thesis. Private eye stories are fairy tales for fascists. The genre is "vigilante literature," whose hallmark is a brutality rooted in American Puritan retributive moralism and intimately related to contemporary American urban frustrations. "The eye, above the underworld and the law alike, superior to the stupid cops, makes straight the way of the Lord in the tradition of Bible Belt revivalism," using the same sadistic methods as his adversaries, from whom he is distinguished only by the fact that his hat is white and theirs black. The quintessential private eye novelist is Mickey Spillane, who clarifies the nature of all the others and makes overt the "cheerful sadism and puritan rage" that were latent in his predecessors Hammett and Chandler. It is from this perspective that Ruehlmann recounts the history of the genre, from its roots in the fictionalized memoirs of Vidocq and Allan Pinkerton, through the heyday of the Holmes-Vance-Queen line of deductive detectives (most of them are

also condemned as "unlawful"), into the golden age of the Black Mask school and the work of Hammett and Chandler and numerous lesser figures down to the current spate of paperback Executioners, Butchers, Revengers and Marksmen. In Ruehlmann's view the genre as a whole is not only morally detestable but socially dangerous, since it advocates going outside "the system" to achieve what the private eye perceives as justice. Although he clearly respects Hammett and Chandler as writers, the only author whom he exempts from his wholesale damnation of the genre is Ross Macdonald, whose Lew Archer is not an enforcer-savior, does not go around knocking people off in the name of virtue, does not combat the guilty but simply protects the innocent.

Ruehlmann seems to believe that there is never any justification for going outside the law, either in real life or in fiction. He identifies the police with law, and order with justice, and fiction with reality. He refuses to distinguish between legal justification in real life, moral justification in real life, and dramatic justification in fiction. The Watergate hoods, anti-war demonstrators, Calley at My Lai, the Op blowing the lid of Poisonville, Philip Marlowe "stamping out injustice with a vigorous passion," Mike Hammer messianically puncturing the guts of Commies, Mafiosi, uppity niggers and liberated women--they all look alike to Ruehlmann.

Saint with a Gun is well researched, interestingly written, and eminently worth reading and arguing with, but it's a classic instance of overkill. Ruehlmann documents what most of us have long known, that there is a strong fascistic element within the private eye genre. But when he equates that element with the genre itself, he misses the central quality of this and other distinctively American genres such as the Western--its flexibility, its capacity to accommodate all sorts of contradictory social ideals. This book is an intriguing study of one side of a coin which the author mistakes for the coin itself.

——Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

Make Out With Murder by Chip Harrison. Fawcett-Gold Medal, 1974. 95¢.

This is a novel that may have trouble finding its proper audience. The cover illustration and blurb make it look like a Man from ORGY book ("Another irresistable chapter in the life of Chip Harrison, one-man anti-chastity movement"), but Ted Mark's fans will probably find the sex passages disappointingly meagre. What this novel really is is a book length parody-pastiche of Rex Stout.

The Nero Wolfe substitute is a bearded, not too fat tropical fish lover named Leo Haig, who believes Wolfe is a real person and dreams of being invited to dinner at the 35th St. brownstone. He imitates Wolfe's conversational style and (as far as possible) living arrangements and hires Chip Harrison, author of two published books, to be his Archie Goodwin and spread his fame to a wide public. Haig is a terrible chess player and worries that this failing may limit his appeal to mystery readers. He reads detective stories voraciously and offers this advice to his Goodwin: "If you want to learn about anything under the sun, you have only to read the right detective story."

Some other memorable Haig quotes: "Anything may be taken for a science when enough of its devotees attempt to codify their madness." "I always wanted to call someone a witling. Wolfe does it all the time. I always wanted to do that." "I think there's an element of Ross MacDonald [sic] in this... As though it all has its roots forty years ago, in Canada."

I use the term parody-pastiche advisedly. Despite the kidding, the story is played fairly straight, right down to the gathering of the suspects and the dramatic confrontation of the killer, and Haig and Harrison emerge as characters in their own right, not merely caricatures. It is easy to imagine Haig going on to future cases, becoming a sort of Solar Pons to Wolfe's Sherlock Holmes. Harrison writes so effectively in the Stout manner that I hope he does.

The dedication reads, "This is for Rex Stout, whoever he may be..." The real mystery, of course, is Harrison's identity. I feel sure he's a pro whose name we would all recognize, and internal clues lead me to guess he's either yet another incarnation of Donald E. Westlake or, more likely, Westlake's protege Justin Scott.

——Jon L. Breen

Sherlock's Last Case: A Play.

This summer devotees of Sherlock Holmes have had two theatrical treats in London: the Royal Shakespeare Company's lavish and convincing period recreation at the Aldwych Theatre of Sherlock Holmes, by Arthur Conan Doyle and William Gillette, with John Wood as a superbly stylish Holmes and Tim Pigott-Smith as a young and dignified Watson, and Charles Marowitz's production at The Open Space of Sherlock's Last Case, by Matthew Lang, in which Julian Glover and Peter Bayliss play Holmes and Watson very much in the style of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce in the film series, only very much "camped up."

Mr. Lang admits, nay even boasts, that, until after he had written the play, he had not read any of the stories, but had based his work on the films. His plot is tricky, his wit often brilliant, but he sometimes lapses into a bad taste unthinkable in the stories or in the Rathbone-Bruce movies (for instance, Holmes lectures to a ladies' association and is called suddenly away--the lady chairing the meeting announces the next lecture: "Mr. Frank Harris on 'New Positions for the Emancipated Woman'."). However, those who enjoyed the

movies will especially relish Mr. Lang's use of them. For example, from a wonderful line in Sherlock Holmes and the Trip to Algiers in which Holmes crushes Watson's naive opinion that the exquisite musical ability of a young lady proves that she must be innocent of the theft of a valuable emerald necklace and of committing or attempting several murders by saying, "Refined musical taste is not a criterion of moral virtue, Watson! The late Professor Moriarty was a virtuoso on the trombone!" Mr Lang extrapolates a whole history of musica and love for Moriarty. The plot is deft and tricky--and I am pledged not to divulge the denouement--and the characterizations are skilled. But Holmesian purists may perhaps be rather shocked at Holmes being made insufferably conceited, grasping and lecherous, as Mr. Lang works on hints given in the Rathbone characterization.

However, for those who are not too reverent worshippers at the shrine and who do not regard Mr. Lang's jeu d'esprit as downright blasphemy, Sherlock's Last Case offers an amusing, though perhaps rather too protracted a spoof, which begins with one's entry into a theatre that has been transformed into a period piece, complete with music of the period--"Meet Me When the Bloom is on the Rye" and "The Lost Chord" are two of the selections offered--and period photographs and posters, and ends with a nicely grisly macabre touch of grand guignol.

--Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Thirty-Four East by Alfred Coppel. Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1974. $7.95.

Thirty-Four East combines hot action, the upheavals of cold-war intrigue, and what adventure-fiction buffs call the caper--the daring maneuver which will either alter civilization (Buchan's The Thirty-Nine Steps, Ambler's Epitaph for a Spy) or save it (Greene's This Gun for Hire). The setting is the Sinai Peninsula, "a barren jumble of sand and thorn and rock" and "a land without kindness," which men have been fighting over for 5000 years. Thirty-four East, a line of demarcation but also "nothing but an idea," bisects the DMZ dividing Israel from the United Arab Republic. References to both the Olympic murders of 1972 and Watergate help set the action in the late 1970s. The United States and Russia, though heavily armed with nuclear weapons and distracted by the war-hawks from within, have been working together to maintain world peace.

Near the outset, the American Vice President and the Russian Deputy Premier, the second-ranking politician in the USSR, have arranged to meet in the DMZ in order to renew the Cyprus Accord. This important treaty divides control of the Sinai amogn Israel, the UAR, the United States, and Russia and gives supervisory power of the Peacekeeping Force to a rotating observer team sent by the United Nations. Neither partisan nor cynical, Coppel knows the difficulty of maintaining peace, military security, and public trust. Thus the kidnapping of the American Vice President, the book's key event, both upsets the delicate military balance in the Peacekeeping area and releases longterm tensions abroad.

Never in world history has a crisis developed like the one described in Thirty-Four East. Part of the novel's excitement comes from its careful blend of the planned and the accidental. A few hours before the snatch of Vice President Talcott Bailey, the President dies in an airplane mishap in California. The elevation of the Speaker of the House, a spineless party hack, to acting President gives control of our government to the violently anti-Communist Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Meanwhile, Bailey's anarchist captor becomes "the most important man in the world." Long in bargaining power, this disciple of chaos agrees to free his hostage in return for five hundred million dollars in gold, the withdrawal of all American troops from Sinai, the release of all Arab political prisoners everywhere, the repartitioning of Israel to the boundaries set for Palestine by the UN in 1948, and, finally, the delivery to the UAR of a squadron of American bombers equipped with nuclear warheads. Unfair demands? To be sure, but not according to the Albanian anarchist holding a cocked gun to the new President's head. Nor can the anarchist be dismissed out of hand as a madman. Much of the force and moral complexity of Thirty-Four East stems from the clash of fanatics who believe themselves dedicated, courageous, and just.

Moral rectitude also revives cold-war suspicion and hostility. Tension escalates as charges of conspiracy are made and requests for meetings between the UN Security Council and the Acting President, held prisoner by his military chiefs in the Pentagon, go ignored. The U.S. and USSR both call a full war alert, bringing to readiness their whole intercontinental ballistic missile force; nuclear warheads are armed, rockets are fueled, and missile launchers are opened. The world awaits a war whose casualties can only be reckoned in megadeaths.

Talcott Quincy Bailey, who becomes America's President while held captive in a thousand-year-old monastery, feels the force of this hysteria as much as anybody. A New England intellectual whose political rise dates from the peace movements of the 1960's, Bailey is rightly accused of harboring "a world of moral arrogance." His dislike of the budgets and practices of the military makes him a bad choice to send to a sensitive outpost like the Sinai. Our worst fears are fulfilled. Bailey angers the officers of the U.S. Component, and his demand that the smallest possible military escort accompany him through the DMZ helps bring about his ambush and capture.

Bailey learns that concepts like trust and brotherhood carry no weight in a primitive culture. His first personal encounter with organized terror jolts his lifelong humanism: "For the first time he could recall, he genuinely understood, with a visceral certainty, that his pacifism had created a situation capable of destroying not only himself, but also all

pacifists." His foil, General Bill Tate, American military commander in Sinai and "the youngest major general in the armed forces of the United States," represents the new-style soldier. Not a warrior but a guardian of the peace, he asks questions and requires that his conscience be satisfied before carrying out orders. This tough-minded independence quickly becomes America's only brake to the juggernaught being formed by the firebrand patriots in the Pentagon.

Alfred Coppel's technical expertise includes nuclear submarines, navigational radar, and cardiac anatomy. He knows both the morphology and dynamics of political groups, especially the tremendous effort required to enact the tiniest bit of legislation. Interested in decision-making in the upper reaches of government, he shows how friends and favorites can quickly become expendable, how the moral and psychological advantages of diplomacy can outweigh military strength, and how politics effect military decisions: the President decides to relieve Tate, "the best young commander in the Army," of his post for the sake of party unity. Coppel's politicians and military chiefs are the least free of men. This is but one instance where leaders support causes and persons they don't sympathize with. The President, who would prefer another emissary, sends Vice President Bailey to Sinai to renew a treaty which Bailey finds repellent. Later, General Tate risks his life to rescue Bailey, whom he disagrees with philosophically and, having been just snubbed by him, dislikes personally. The tensions exerted by the clash of ideology, expediency, and personal feelings deny politics a basis in personal choice or justice and, thus, make global disaster conceivable.

Writing with a clear sense of purpose, Coppel brings these tensions to shimmering life. Thirty-Four East is a process novel. Void of theory or polemic, it carries its meaning in its action. Though it uses melodramatic techniques, its effect is intensely realistic. A great deal of artistry underlies Thirty-Four East. Many characters and subplots describe the mounting of several different operations at the same time. Shifting scenes to generate stress between the operations, Coppel moves smoothly from the gleaming, computerized offices in the Pentagon to a straggle of ill-clad, wailing Bedouins thousands of miles away. He controls the freely shifting action with a firm Victorian novelist's hand--breaking in to summarize in his own person, delving into his characters' thoughts, and arrogating to himself Godlike knowledge of events past and future. Yet he also knows when to keep out of his narration. His description of a Bedouin herdsman shot in the face from the standpoint of an observer creates the impact of first-hand experience: "The lower half of his face was missing. His cheeks ended at the upper jaw, wet and glistening red, so that the upper teeth, all streaked with blood, hung like pickets over a pulsing crator that ended above the windpipe. The eyes rolled, fixed, and finally glazed."

The description demonstrates the accuracy, color, and tactile strength of Coppel's prose. Nearly every page of Thirty-Four East has a brilliant stylistic touch. The explanation of this brilliance lies in conventional rhetoric. Coppel's style gains concreteness from his extraordinary powers of observation; its drive comes from its tight, well-built sentences, which are usually energized with active verbs. This vividness suits the novel of accion, where impact and tempo outweigh subtle discriminations. Coppel can fix a character or set a mood in a few sentences of well-chosen, integrated details; he will strike in at the right time with the telling interpretive summary; he rehearses the main currents of the plot without offending the reader. Not only does he tell a good story; controlling his action, he also makes good the story's dimensional values. In other words, he knows how to turn a story into a plot. You don't have to like adventure fiction to enjoy Thirty-Four East. Rich in surge and craftsmanship, Alfred Coppel's new book can delight everyone.

——Peter Wolfe

The Masters of Bow Street by John Creasey. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1974. 507 pp. $9.95. (A Literary Guild Alternate Selection)

John Creasey, certainly with Simenon and Michael Avallone among the most prolific writers of mystery fiction the world has ever seen, left behind him a series of books to delight and puzzle his faithful readers for, we hope, many years to come. Among these posthumous works is a long historical family novel, The Masters of Bow Street, which might be described as a sort of eighteenth century English Law and Order.

To some readers, used to John Creasey's bountiful output of detective and science-fiction novels, it may come as a surprise to find him venturing a historical novel. However, this reviewer recalls a story (perhaps apocryphal) about the young Creasey, aged about sixteen, submitting to an editor a torrid love story set in China, having "mugged up" the local color, only to have the story returned, with the suggestion that he keep the plot and characters but change the locale to India: as indeed he did. Whether this anecdote is true or not, in The Masters of Bow Street John Creasey's heroes, especially John Furnival and Richard Marshall, are very much Roger West and George Gideon in eighteenth century guise, with more active and irregular sex-lives than those twentieth century pillars of rectitude, presumably to fulfill the reader's expectation for lustiness in a historical novel: remember being shocked by Forever Amber?

The novel strikes this reviewer as very carefully researched and as displaying a formidable knowledge of changing London and of the struggles of men like Henry and John Fielding to form an effective and incorruptible police force. However, John Creasey has occasional

lapses from correct period detail and he was not able to capture the cadences and vocabulary of eighteenth century dialogue. Most critics of historical fiction agree that this is perhaps the hardest part of the historical novelist's art. In the nineteenth century Thackeray brilliantly avoided the pitfall by literally writing Henry Esmond as if it had been written by Joseph Addison or Richard Steele. In the twentieth century Robert Graves and Alfred Duggan solved the problem by using rather formal diction or even by pretending, as Graves did in I, Claudius and Claudius the God, to be making a modern translation from an ancient Greek manuscript. So, perhaps it is too harsh to condemn a full and exciting work for the mistake of having a doctor wear a top hat in 1739 and for having people in the eighteenth century speak of one another "being under an intolerable strain." Certainly, though, John Creasey was too experienced a writer to have Henry Fielding play an important role in the story; one need only think of the current London play Bingo, in which Edward Bond has the temerity to try to put Shakespeare before us, to realize how astute John Creasey was.

In all, Masters of Bow Street can be recommended to readers as a colorful account of the criminal side of the eighteenth century of London life, as perhaps a kind of foretaste of The Complete Newgate Calendar and A. P. Herbert's Mr. Gay's London, where they can read what the journalists and pamphleteers of the day had to say about crime and punishment. But still, this critic ventures to predict that John Creasey will be remembered, honored and enjoyed less for The Masters of Bow Street than for his stories of Inspector West and Commander Gideon.

——Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Melville Davisson Post: Man of Many Mysteries by Charles A. Norton. Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1973. 261 pp. $8.95 (hardcover), $3.95 (paperback).

Melville Davisson Post (1869-1930) was born and bred among the West Virginia aristocracy, developed sternly Calvinistic notions about religion and morality, practiced law for a few years as a young man and then abandoned it for literature. Thanks to his classic collection Uncle Abner, Master of Mysteries (1918) he is generally considered the foremost American writer of detective short stories between Poe and Hammett. But aside from Uncle Abner and a few of the tales about rascally lawyer Randolph Mason, most of Post's work, which once commanded top prices from magazines, has been unread for generations. Charles Norton has read and re-evaluated it all--four novels, eleven collections of shorts, abundant stories and articles buried in the back issues of old magazines--and has combined his account of Post's work with a great deal of fresh information about the author's life and its relation to what he wrote. All who are seriously interested in the American mystery story will want to read this biographical-critical study.

But despite Norton's diligent research his book is unsatisfying in many respects, primarily because he seems unacquainted with a host of subjects that bear directly on Post's life and work. Thus, being unversed in general literature, he is unable to tell us when Post imitated another writer (as in The Revolt of the Birds he clearly tried to imitate Conrad) nor when Post influenced writers who followed him (like Faulkner, whose stories about Gavin Stevens were clearly influenced by Uncle Abner). Knowing little about law, Norton summarizes each of the 25 Randolph Mason stories and a large number of Post's articles on legal subjects without being able to relate any of them to the real legal issues out of which they sprang. Knowing even less about mystery fiction, Norton labors like Hercules to extract out of as many of Post's stories as possible some preachy "message" which will in Norton's view rescue the stories and their author from the ignominy of the detective genre. Norton's ideas about literature are about on the level of a junior-high textbook, and his prose is full of gaffes such as the statement that between 1883 and 1885 Post "consciously or not began to think of writing his own books," or the assertion that Post's "present fortune is to belong to that group of authors, due to some seemingly unwritten law, who are subjected to near-total neglect."

In every sense of the word, this book is the work of an amateur. But the root meaning of amateur is lover, and Norton's love, his enthusiasm for Post's work and his dedication to the task of re-evaluating that work in the context of the author's life and abiding concerns, illuminate the murky corners of this storehouse of fact and opinion and sense and nonsense about one of the least known and most intriguing mystery writers of this century.

——Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

Holmes shortchanged...

The Book of Changes, a novel by R. H. W. Dillard. Doubleday & Co., 1974, 239pp. $6.95.

"Sherlock Holmes Lives!" reads the recent advertising for this item; if he does, it must be in spite of books like this. In actuality, this novel's relationship to the great detective is as slight and ill-conceived as its publisher's claim to be a mystery. It does have a sleuth (not a very interesting one) in its Sir Hugh Fitz-Hyffen. And it does contain some occasional entertaining parody of various detective story styles, notably the early forties/Raymond Chandler kind of hardboiled school ("'Silver,' she said, in a voice like used motor oil, smooth and thick and dirty. 'Clarissa Silver.'"). But mostly it is a rather academic effort by its poet author to demonstrate his notion of virtuosity: an endless kaleidoscope of grotesque images, werewolves, dwarfs, Fu-Manchu, strippers, and other creatures of

the night, that dissolve and reform time and again with little perceptible purpose, and all narrated with a precociousness of style that sometimes succeeds in impressing and amusing, but is all too often merely tiresome. How erudite and esoteric it all is, perhaps...but to such little point.

——Jon L. Lellenberg

Scottish Tales of Terror, edited by Angus Campbell. London: Collins Fontana Books, 1972 (Second Impression, 1974). Paperbound: 35p. 190pp., including "Introduction."

Devotees of horror, terror and ghost fiction will no doubt be familiar with the English Fontana series of over twenty collections of stories, including Lord Halifax's Ghost Book. Angus Campbell's collection of regional stories is part of a series within a series--there are companion volumes, of Irish, Welsh, Cornish and London Tales of Terror--in which fictitious and factual stories and brief anecdotes are presented to the reader.

Perhaps this collection contains too much that is over-familiar--Stevenson's "The Body Snatcher" and Scott's "Wandering Willie's Tale" are in many anthologies--and much that is more fairy-tale than horror story--R. Chetwynd-Hughes' "Shona and the Water-Horse" and W. S. Morrison's "The Horns of the Bull" fall into this category--but Simon Pilkington's "The Inheritance" and Ronald Duncan's "Consanguinity" are fresh and genuinely eerie.

The true tales include the ineffably monstrous tale of Sawney Bean and his family (though this reader always cherishes the version in the old five-volume Navarre Society's Newgate Callendar, because of the exquisitely inappropriate steel engraving, showing the Scottish cannibal apparently practicing a few steps of the minuet in front of his cave-lair) and such tid-bits as two stories of Walking Dead from the Island of Uist. The collection is, however, more Scotch Ale than Glenlivet whiskey in its headiness.

——Veronica M.S. Kennedy

The Return of Moriarty by John Gardner. G. P. Putnam's Sons, xvi+347pp.; $8.95.
Raffles Revisited: New Adventures of a Famous Gentleman Crook by Barry Perowne. Harper & Row, xvii+311pp.; $8.95.

"He is the organizer of half that is evil and of nearly all that is undetected in this great city"--Sherlock Holmes' famous description of the infamous Professor James Moriarty in the fateful year of 1891. But this is not altogether a reputation that has grown with time. This year in particular has seen iconoclasts at work: so far we have been told that Moriarty was actually (a) Friedrich Nietzsche, in Samuel Rosenberg's Naked is the Best Disguise, and (b) a harmless, whining pedant, in Nicholas Meyer's bestselling The Seven-Per-Cent Solution. So it is refreshing to discover at last that in at least one author's imagination, Moriarty is still the Napoleon of Crime.

But it must be stated at the outset that The Return of Moriarty is definitely not a Sherlock Holmes pastiche. Through almost all of the book, in fact, Holmes remains well-nigh invisible in the background. It is obvious that this was a very deliberate decision on the author's part. John Gardner is best known for The Liquidator and the half dozen other Boysie Oakes spoofs of the spy genre, but his principal interest is in crime and criminals, real and fictional; and so in due course he has found himself confronted by the shade of Moriarty, a character he has borrowed and bent to his own use. His object has been to tell the story of a great criminal intellect and his life in the late Victorian English underworld, quite apart from Moriarty's well-known clashes with Sherlock Holmes. The latter are explained, and then left behind: Moriarty moves on. After all, as Holmes himself remarked once, Moriarty was not one to let the grass grow under his feet.

It is April, 1894. The confrontation at Reichenbach had resulted in a stalemate, and in self-imposed exiles for the detective and his quarry alike. Now Sherlock Holmes has returned to London, but so has Moriarty. Holmes moves quickly against the impetuously murderous Moran, and then falls surprisingly silent. The Professor beings to draw back into his own hands all the strands of the immense web of crime that he had spun in the days before Reichenbach. Still Holmes does nothing. Instead, it is an unfamiliar but rather promising adversary that now arises to combat Moriarty and his minions this time, the canny and scientifically-minded Scotland Yard inspector Angus MacCready Crow.

The novel deals only with the three weeks immediately following Moriarty's return to England, but it is certainly a Return with a vengeance. And mostly against his own kind: crimes against society, aside from the uninterrupted flow of prostitution, pickpocketing, and the like, take a secondary place while Moriarty turns his attentions to his colleagues in crime--dispensing advice and favors to supplicants, rewarding those who have remained loyal in his absence, punishing those who have not, and conducting a gang war against a band of thugs who have had the ill-advised temerity to challenge his authority.

It is quite clear, then, just how Gardner perceives Moriarty--as nothing less than the Godfather of the British. How accurate this conception may be is a moot point. It is certainly like to unsettle the fundamentalists. There is no question that Gardner did extensive research into the byways and folkways of Victorian crime, the results are manifest throughout the book. But the author evidently wrote with tongue occasionally in cheek as well, the reader realizes, when Moriarty speaks of his feudalistic criminal empire as "our family", and in one instance goes so far as to say: "I will be in a position to put a suggestion to

him that he will find hard to spurn." The Corleones might have been puzzled by the diction, but not in the least by the thought expressed.

So Gardner's Moriarty is not really the same cold-blooded murdering fiend we've all known and loved. No more the distant, steely, merciless mastermind of yesteryear. "The evil reeks on every page," as Gardner says in his introduction to the volume, and very personally in Moriarty's case. Moriarty has been humanized, in a properly vicious sort of way, and the inevitable result has been to remove at least a good measure of the evil mystique that was captured so well in Sidney Paget's classic portrait of the Professor, cold as ice, calculating and completely unreachable. But it is no less fascinating a book for all of that: the seething underworld of Queen Victoria's London is disclosed in a ruthless wealth of detail that we only occasionally suspect.

And whatever his differences from the original, Gardner's Moriarty is an engaging character of its own. The Napoleon of Crime lives on, spinning wider and deeper webs: not content to be only the Godfather, he conspires to become the capo di tutti of all European crime as well. He plays for vastly greater stakes than ever before, crime blends into politics and international intrigue, and political terror becomes the newest weapon in his armory of coercion; for as Inspector Crow soberly observes, Terror is a great force, Terror can drive most things. Moriarty lays his daring plans and attempts the most audacious murder of his entire career, an assassination of treasonous proportions--and even the frustration of his plans at book's end does not spell his final defeat. The Return of Moriarty is only the first volume of a projected trilogy about the doings of the iniquitous Professor; the succeeding ones should be worth the wait. (1)

Fortunately for us all, too, there is not the slightest hint of remorse or a desire to go straight in Gardner's Moriarty. He positively glories in his recidivism. Such was not always the case with A. J. Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman, in his heyday during the final years of Queen Victoria's reign. There are perhaps few bigger bores than a reformed literary crook; and to read Mr. Justice Raffles, the fourth and final book about the intrepid cricket-playing burglar which E. W. Hornung published in 1909, is necessarily to try to excuse his lamentably noble and selfless behavior as merely a momentary lapse. Raffles was really interesting only when he was hard at work being a crook. But of course admittedly he did surpass himself sometimes, and could be quite a scoundrel indeed...poor Bunny was never really sure just where he stood with Raffles, and Hornung succeeded admirably in communicating this fascinating ambiguity of character. Raffles can make even his staunchest fans blush with embarrassment from time to time. He was unquestionably an intriguing fellow, but you had to watch him. One never knew.

Barry Perowne has restored our villain to us, yet provided him with the grounds for salvation as well. The streak of callous cynicism in Hornung's Raffles has been replaced by a quality of wistful idealism in Perowne's: he steals as much to right some wrong as to enable himself to live comfortably and fashionably as a gentleman. So Perowne's Raffles is not quite Hornung's, as Otto Penzler points out in his knowledgeable and entertaining introduction to Raffles Revisited, but he makes for equally delightful reading nonetheless. Perowne has been writing these highly enjoyable pastiches of the Amateur Cracksman since the early 1950s, and this anthology's publication is overdue and most welcome indeed. It contains fourteen of the best, reprinted from Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine and other periodicals. They invoke both sunny cricket fields and fog-beshrouded gaslit streets, the innocence of amateur sport (the best and soundest thing in England, Sherlock Holmes called it) and the illicit touch on the safe's combination lock.

George Orwell once aptly wrote of Hornung's best creation that "the charm of Raffles is partly in the period atmosphere and partly in the technical excellence of the stories." His words are as true of Perowne's stories today as they were of the originals then. These pastiches sparkle like the diamonds Raffles steals by night, and have a comparable power to captivate and charm. The plots (all based on actual incidents in Perowne's life, Penzler tells us) are clever and fresh, and the style is both fastpaced and amusing. Fourteen in the collection seems scarcely enough, and the reader finds himself rationing them out to make the book last longer. Only the unfortunate illustrations detract from an otherwise lovely product, making us wish all the more for the originals' artwork by F. C. Yohn and Cyrus Cuneo. But one should not complain too much: as it is, we are lucky indeed to have Perowne's stories, some of them at least, between covers at last.

—Jon L. Lellenberg

Another view...

Raffles Revisited by Barry Perowne; Introduction by Otto Penzler; Drawings by Richard Rosenblum. Harper & Row. 311 pp. $8.95.

The July 1969 issue of this journal published my annotated list of those famous detec-

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(1) My above review of John Gardner's The Return of Moriarty mentioned the author's conception of The Professor as an English version of The Godfather, and looked a bit askance at having Moriarty refer to his league of criminals as "our family". Having seen an advance copy of the review, Mr. Gardner has written to set the record straight, pointing out that this was indeed an underworld term in Victorian England and quoting an article entitled "Flowers of Hemp" from the April 1841 issue of Tait's Magazine (London): "The Family...The generic name for thieves, pickpockets, gamblers, housebreakers et hoc genus omne...". —JLL

tives and rogues whose exploits had never been collected in book form. Since then short stories about four of those I had termed "Forgotten Men" (Edward D. Hoch's Rand, Lawrence Treat's Homicide Squad, and Erle Stanley Gardner's Lester Leith and Sidney Zoom) have been collected and published.

I had included Raffles in my list, taking care to point out that the Raffles to whom I was referring was Barry Perowne's edition of the gentleman-cracksman, reborn in a series of short stories in the early 1950's. I even ventured that one of those stories, "Raffles and the Princess Amen" was the best Raffles story I had every read--even better than those of E. W. Hornung.

"Princess Amen" is just one of fourteen stories in this new collection, and there are two others almost as good. "The Dartmoor Hostage" places Raffles in a cricket match in which he is literally playing for his life. "Bo-Peep in the Suburbs" is, from start to finish, as unusual as its title--a marvelously readable work. The remaining eleven stories are not much below these in quality.

In addition to fourteen stories, this generous volume offers eight charming drawings by Richard Rosenblum, taking one back to those golden days of the late 19th and early 20th centuries when most mysteries contained illustrations. Finally, there is an excellent introduction by Otto Penzler which sets all Raffles stories in historical perspective and reveals the person upon whom Perowne based his Raffles. Penzler also presents the strongest case I have yet read for Raffles' literary immortality.

——Marvin Lachman

Under Schlock and key...

The Memoirs of Schlock Homes: A Bagel Street Dozen by Robert L. Fish. Bobbs Merrill, $6.50.

Justifiably well-regarded as a detective-story writer, Robert L. Fish has also made a noteworthy contribution to the field of parody with his Schlock Homes stories. With this, his second collection of eleven stories from Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, he has demonstrated that his contribution is likely to stand as an unparalleled achievement in the genre. To the delight of Sherlockians and non-Sherlockians alike, Fish has proved that a parody need not be merely a transient, short-lived curiosity, but that with proper care, craft and wit it may stand quite firmly--if somewhat lopsidedly--on its own two feet. As students of Sherlockian parody and pastiche can attest, the large majority of such efforts are produced in a style, or with a satirical intent, that fades rather quickly with changing public political, social or artistic sentiment. This is perhaps less true of pastiche than of parody: the late August Derleth's Solar Pons stories, for example, form a Canon of their own which has attracted a devoted following. But in the field of parody the only effort which approaches Derleth's in terms of scope, quality and durability is Fish's fifteen-year-old undertaking.

This is true largely because Fish's admittedly outrageous sense of humor is not confined to what may be called "current events," nor is the humor exclusively derived from a laborious internal parody of the Sherlock Holmes stories. That the Schlock Homes tales are read with greatest pleasure by die-hard Sherlockians can hardly be disputed; but Fish has polished a literary form and loosed the reins of his wit in such a way that the parodies stand as worthy humorous stories on their own merits. While it might be argued that a working knowledge of the Sherlock Holmes canon, or at least of the Holmesian form, is a prerequisite to reading and enjoying these Schlockian stories, there is not likely to be any mystery aficionado, indeed any literatus, who lacks such knowledge. As the Sherlockian form has become virtually universal, so Fish has universalized the form of his parodies.

A description of the stories themselves would be unfair to those readers who have not yet read them, and doubly unfair to those who have not yet had the good fortune to encounter Schlock Homes at all. Each of them is a gem which the reader must himself experience fresh. It suffices here to say that Schlock Homes and Dr. Watney (both of 221B Bagel Street), the infamous Professor Marty, and even Irene Addled, pun their way through the pages of these stories with a comic elegance that looms somewhere between that of O. Henry and of the Marx Brothers, lunacy rampant in near perfect short-story form. At times, it must be admitted, the serious student of Sherlockiana finds himself wondering whether Fish actually has been inspired by that other great detective to whom reference has been made above. But in the Sherlockian mind, to which imitation, and even sacrilege, is indeed the sincerest form of flattery and devotion, Robert L. Fish might properly be regarded as the greatest heretic of them all.

——Peter G. Ashman

Whodunnit?, a program on ITV (Thames Television) in England

American viewers have been delighted with various imported British TV shows: from the BBC we have enjoyed the Forsyte Saga, Jack the Ripper and many other series and individual shows and from ITV we have enjoyed Upstairs, Downstairs. As yet, though, we have not seen either Sherlock Holmes series--the one with Peter Cushing, the other with Douglas Wilmer--but we live in hope. Meanwhile, readers of TAD may be interested to hear of and have their appetites whetted fro a new drama-cum-game show, Thames Television's Whodunnit?

The format of the show, devised and written by Lance Percival and Jeremy Lloyd, is one that, to this reviewer, was familiar from an old BBC radio magazine program, popular during

World War II, Monday Night at Eight, which included several short detective pieces--Inspector Hornleigh Investigates, Meet the Rev and others--in which a crime was committed, the listeners were presented with all the clues and invited to match wits with the fictional detective and given the solution later on in the show. Essentially Whodunnit? reproduces this format, but with some differences. There is a panel of "experts"--mostly actors who are famous for their portrayals of lawyers, policemen and the like on TV or in films: for example, Margaret Lockwood was a guest, in her capacity as a lady barrister on the TV series Justice, in the first program of the series; these experts are invited, along with a panel from the studio audience, to solve the crime. Those who present a correct solution are presented with a handsome magnifying glass, with an engraved tribute to their deductive powers, and a £50 contribution to the charity of their choice, in the case of the celebrity panelists. The quiz part of the show, which to this reviewer is generally inferior to the crime and its solution, is chaired by Jon Pertwee, familiar to TAD readers as the actor who fell a victim to the vampire charms of Ingrid Pitt in the last episode of The House That Dripped BLood. Unfortunately, Mr. Pertwee is allowed to be over-facetious, and some of the panelists seem to be chosen for their eccentricity of manner rather than for their brightness of wit or deductive powers. However, the short dramas are crisp, well-characterized, atmospheric, and absolutely fair in the presentation of clues to the viewer. The plots have included so far mostly murders, but one very good story was about an art theft, and, wonder of wonders, an ordinary village constable was allowed to solve the mystery.

It would be pleasant if this series, perhaps adapted and reset for American audiences, could be presented in the USA: it would be a valuable addition to the already excellent detective offerings on American TV.

——Veronica M.S. Kennedy

The Durable Desperadoes: A Critical Study of Some Enduring Heroes by William Vivian Butler. With a Preface by Anthony Lejeune. London: Macmillan, 1973. 288pp. £2.75.

If the quintessential American contribution to mystery fiction is the private eye, have the British developed any comparably typical figure? Mr. Butler tells us in this book that they have indeed, and defines the myth-hero of his countrymen in terms broad enough to include a host of hearty rogues, society cracksmen and noble adventurers. These are The Gentlemen Outlaws, and Butler traces their lineage back to Robin Hood.

Although some early 20th-century figures lake Raffles and Arsene Lupin and The Four Just Men are discussed in the book's first few chapters, for Butler's purposes the Age of the Desperado doesn't really get under way until the end of World War I and the creation by Lieutenant Colonel H. C. (Sapper) McNeile of Bulldog Drummond, that scourge of Jews, leftists, dagoes and other filthy swine who are menacing Good Old England. Butler acknowledges Drummond's "authoritarian tendencies" and compares his terror organization of patriotic veterans to the Ku Klux Klan, but devotes most of his space on this odious fellow to explaining that he wasn't such a bad chap after all.

In later chapters we are introduced to Bruce Graeme's reformed thief Blackshirt, and to the fabulous world of Amalgamated Press Ltd. and its fantastic boys' paper The Thriller, and --with appropriate trumpet flourishes--to the two writers who seem to be Butler's personal favorites in this genre. They are, as one might have guessed, Leslie Charteris, who in creating Simon Templar, the Saint Eternal, inaugurated the Golden Age of the Desperado, and John Creasey, who developed and humanized the type in his chronicles of The Toff and The Baron.

The relation of the Gentlemen Outlaws to the mystique of the 1930's, the strange metamorphoses which the outbreak of World War II forced on some stalwarts of the tribe, the laughing desperado's fate in the bleak England of the late Forties and his resurgence in the Fifties and Sixties in the altered guise of James Bond--Butler explores all these subjects in a bright, informative and readable style. He finds the key to the popularity of these slightly unrespectable heroes in the fact that they were their own men, on a level with the Establishment and at the same time cocking their snooks at it. "Identifying with them put you in a unique dream position--acceptable at all levels, liked at all levels (...even by the police) and yet a law absolutely to yourself." The Durable Desperados is full of off-trail information and intriguing opinions, overflowing with the author's enthusiasm for his subject, and richly deserving of an American publisher despite its exclusively British orientation.

——Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood by Charles Dickens. Edited by Arthur J. Cox. "Introduction" by Angus Wilson. The Penguin English Library paperback No. EL92. Penguin Books, 1974. 314 pp. $1.50.

In 1870 Charles Dickens published the first half of The Mystery of Edwin Drood but died before he could finish it. Though there have been various continuations, the novel as Dickens left it remains incomplete, and because of this no historian or critic of the mystery and detective story has ever been able to assess with sureness the exact place of Dickens' last novel in the evolution of the detective story. At times Edwin Drood has been compared to the mystery novels of Dickens' close friend Wilkie Collins, The Woman in White (1860) and The Moonstone (1868) or with J. Sheridan LeFanu's Uncle Silas (1864). Of course, there are

touches of oriental threat, some minor gothicism, a missing person and possible murder, and a strangely disguised character in Edwin Drood, and such elements can be compared with similar aspects in other Victorian mysteries. But since Dickens left his novel uncompleted such comparisons are rather unfair.

Since 1870 numerous articles and books have been written attempted to solve the mysteries or to continue the story of Edwin Drood. Though not quite so numerous as devoted Sherlockians and their endless writings, the Droodians have, over the years (especially from about 1900 to 1930) formed an equally enthusiastic group and devoted themselves as assiduously and with as much ingenuity to the explanation of Drood as the Holmesians have to an explication of the Baker Street Canon. However, though the Droodians and their writings form a fascinating sub-genre in the history of the detective story, Angus Wilson in his excellent introduction to this edition deemphasizes the more extravagant realms of Droodian scholarship and suggests that Edwin Drood should be studied as part of the continuing development of Dickens' novels and not as a unique example of the Victorian mystery story. Wilson is also very fair and does review, briefly, a few of the serious and more significant studies of Drood and a few of the possible solutions to the mysteries presented in the novel. And since books in The Penguin English Library are meant for scholarly use as well as for the casual reader, this edition of Drood contains notes on the exact text used, a fragment not originally published with the novel, and extensive glosses by A.J. Cox that explain many allusions, Victorian phrases and comment on Dickens' extensive revisions and changes of his manuscript. This is an admirable modern edition in paperback, well worth the price and worth the attention of mystery story enthusiasts. Surely every Droodian must have this new edition of Edwin Drood, and every serious collector of detective and mystery stories should read Edwin Drood at least once. For, as Vincent Starrett once said, "And yet...it is as un unfinished detective-story that most of us would have the book. Edwin Drood is its author's most fascinating work and the greatest detective-story in the world; and principally because it is unfinished and never can be finished. Because we may play with it for the rest of our lives --and others after us--in complete happiness and innocence--away from any faintest whisper of contemporaneous reality."

——Edward Lauterbach

The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook, edited by Peter Haining. Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., New York, 1974; 128 pages; $10.00.

I have just finished reading The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook in one sitting, and rush to paper and pen to convey my excitement into the written word.

Mr. Haining's book is an example of what is vulgarly known as a "coffee table book," but anyone who would allow this volume to idly rest upon a coffee table is either utterly unfeeling or no Sherlockian at all.

The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook is just that: a scrapbook; a loosely constructed compilation of Holmesian memorabilia in the form of essays, reviews, newspaper articles, advertisements, and a stunning collection of photographs and illustrations.

Within the confines of a review, it is rather difficult to select those portions of the book which deserve special attention, for the variety is indeed great, and one is sorely tempted to mention them all. Suffice to say, The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook offers something for even the most demanding of the Master's followers.

Haining's book contains many items which will be familiar to the majority of Sherlockians. We have the story behind William Gillette's letter to Conan Doyle concerning Holmes' marriage, Jay Finlay Christ's "The Old Tin Box", and a nice selection of Sidney Paget's illustrations, along with two of Julian Wolfe's Sherlockian maps.

It is the unfamiliar, however, which makes Haining's book such a delight. For example, there are reprints of letters written to The Times concerning the Sherlock Holmes Exhibition as part of the Festival of Britain in 1951. The reader will be shocked to learn that the St. Marylebone Borough Council was originally dead set against the inclusion of anything having to do with the Borough's most famous resident. We also have a somewhat flowery essay written by Sir Arthur's wife, dated 1934, in which she explains why "Conan Doyle Was Sherlock Holmes." There is a pastiche by Ronald Knox, an inquiry into the identity of an obscure accountant who played the Master in the first Holmes film in 1914, and an account of a law suit brought against the Russian publishers of the Sacred Writings by Conan Doyle's estate.

The numerous illustrations and photographs in The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook have evidently been selected with great care in order to avoid reptition, since many of the same illustrations often recur in any number of Sherlockian volumes or editions of the adventures themselves. One of my favorites in the Haining book is a woodcut depicting Holmes, Watson and the Hound after the style of Rossetti, and a detailed floor plan of the rooms at 221B including the famous Holmesian effects is most noteworthy. The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook is as much a picture book as (if not more than) a collection of written pieces. I must have paged through the volume at least four times before I read a single printed word, dwelling leisurely upon the fine selection of drawings and photographs.

The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook is a valuable book for two basic reasons. First, it presents the reader with a great variety of Holmesiana which today is indeed difficult to find. Many of the selections from the book are taken from old newspapers and magazines, and from Sherlockian works which have been out-of-print for years. Therefore, Haining's book is of

special interest to those Sherlockians of more tender years (such as this reviewer) who may not have been alive when the majority of such works were printed. Secondly, unlike other collections and volumes which deal with the affairs of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and John H. Watson, M.D. which might be read but once and then returned to the shelves, The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook is a book which the enthusiast may return to again and again with equal pleasure, like the Sacred Writings themselves.

Peter Haining deserves our thanks for putting together a totally enthralling collection, a most welcome addition to the library of every self-respecting Sherlockian. The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook is most heartily and unreservedly recommended to those who live in a state of mind "where it is always 1895."

——Bruce R. Beaman

Short notes on more of the current crop...

At the risk of sounding tiresomely repetitious, it must be said that Michael Gilbert has done it again. You will hopefully be familiar with his previous works: as sparkling and varied an exhibition of compelling storytelling as it's been my 'umble privilege to encounter. Now comes Flash Point (Harper & Row, $5.95)...

The story builds slowly, in innocence. A single-minded minor British solicitor continues pursuit of his objective--the alleged violations of law involved in the amalgamation of two unions some years before. Solicitor Jonas Pilley operates on principle: if the law is broken, the guilty must be convicted and punished, no matter how small the offense. But now Pilley has come across a related matter, involving possible misappropriation of funds by an official of one of the unions--a man who has since developed into quite an important member of the current government. That his new target is highly placed, that as highly placed it will be in the interests of many to see that the target remains unstruck, does not interest --does not, in fact, even occur to Pilley. At least in the early stages. Before things get ugly. And out of hand.

Compelling reading, as I've suggested; and certain carefully developed parallels to recent events in our country will certainly not escape the attentive reader.

Joseph Purtell's The Tiffany Caper (Coward McCann Geoghegan, $6.95) is what might be called a 'prepostory' --an adventure requiring an indecent amount of suspension of disbelief. If you're capable of this, you will be pleasantly entertained. Robert Castle, aspring author, is hired to write a history of Tiffany's, the famous New York jewel firm. In the course of this he becomes familiar with Tiffany's security system and with Jennifer O'Shea, who may cleverly be said to provide the romantic interest. Miss O'Shea also provides the leverage used by a sinister baddy to persuade Castle to heist the Tiffany diamond, all 128 carats of it. Castle succeeds with blinding ease, and spends the rest of the book triumphing against superhuman odds, besting the various villains, the cops, and Tiffany's. Good fun for all?

If I Knew What I Was Doing (Random House, $6.95) by Albert Ross is average private eye fare. Ben Lomax was retired from the New York police force by a shotgun, and eventually he took his cane and set up shop as an investigator, with an aspiring sculptress as his typist/secretary. He's asked by a notorious fence to arrange the return of some art objects stolen in a murder/robbery. Lomax treds warily--but murder crops up again, and Lomax almost sorts out too late who's got dirty fingers in the pie.

I seem to be meeting new authors for the first time in about their third book these days--I've been out of circulation more than I had thought, it appears. John Miles and his The Blackmailer (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95) is another of these, and the book proved to be quite a competent and enjoyable yarn, with useful emotional intensity. Lawyer Milo Rush is asked for help by his friend Dave Clarken: Clarken's wife is apparently being blackmailed through some sexually explicit photographs, and she shortly drops from sight, trailing a cloud of vague excuses and lies. Clarken is beside himself, and Milo trails the wife into a deadly and sordid industrial espionage scheme masterminded by a CIA dropout with a couple of loose bricks in his chimney.

Ritchie Perry, an English schoolteacher, has taken recently to recording the misadventures of Philis, a corrugated semi-hero who labors for one of the more unrestrained arms of British Intelligence. Ticket to Ride (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95) brings the scheming and unrepentent Philis back for the third time, and we find him masquerading as a private investigator and playing bodyguard to the female owner of a posh saloon. He proves to be no better at this than anything else, but nonetheless thinks to derive some retirement loot out of this Mafia-flavored brew, while perhaps at the same time driving a spike into a sensitive are of his vastly unloved boss, Pawson. All Philis' capers come acropper, of course, and we've had a goodly lot of fun along the way.

I've only missed one of Robert Rosenblum's books; his second is The Good Thief (Doubleday, $5.95). This is nicely inventive in plot and character, though adherents to the Roman church may not take kindly to all its features and I've a doubt or two about some of the technical details. Pete Reno, ex-cop (not guilty of double murder by reason of temporary insanity), successful co-owner of Total Protection Services, Inc., lapsed Catholic, is asked by a priest friend to undertake an investigation for a client in Italy. The problem is the puzzling death of a priest in a little Italian village, and the client turns out to be the

Vatican in disguise. Reno pokes about in Colverra, finds the priest widely loved and lavishly generous with the villagers. A priest with money...? The benevolent tip of a nasty iceberg, it develops, with art treasures, more murder and attempted murder, and mafioso littering the landscape. Reno spokes the scheme, of course, but ends up with more blood on his hands and some unanswered questions about alliances between heaven and hell.

John Le Carre's Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy (Knopf, $7.95) took off commerically like a rocket, and as of this writing seems to have become a fixture atop the bestseller list. A thoroughly fascinated perusal of the book left me with a better impression of public fiction reading tastes than I'd held before: with no sex, no violence, and blessed little action, the book is sustained through 355 pages on superb storytelling (remember that commodity?), masterful command of the language, and a beautiful exercise in controlled revelation. George Smiley--we've met him before--has been retired from British Intelligence, but he's invited by a Minister to have a sniff into his old organization: there's a good chance a mole--an enemy agent--has burrowed in, and everything is turning to ashes. So Smiley--without the knowledge of the current intelligence hierarchy--does some burrowing of his own, recreating, through interview with other agents and study of borrowed files and a goodly bit of reliving of past pains, the events involved in the establishment and operation of the mole. All this leading, in the end, to his identity. . .

October Men (Doubleday, $4.95) is my second exposure to the work of Anthony Price, after The Labyrinth Makers (1971), although there have been a couple of others. I recall Labyrinth Makers with much pleasure; October Men is very nearly as good, with some attractively contrasting characterizations and neat trickiness in plotting. David Audley, Dr. David Audley, an ultraintellectual in British Intelligence, departs for Italy with his wife for a brief vacation. On his sudden and unauthorized departure, Audley's house in invaded and the Intelligence hierarchy set in a tremendous flap: what has Audley got himself involved in, and what is going on in Italy? The game is a four-cornered affair, with some of the trickiest masterminding in recent memory.

There are some good moments in Michael Z. Lewin's The Enemies Within (Knopf, $5.95), the third caper for Indianapolis private eye Albert Samson. But the air of ennui that Samson cultivates seems to have communicated itself to the author and his plot, which trundles along in translucent fashion towards an objective I never became greatly interested in. Samson (a deliberately ironic moniker, we may be sure) is in one of his perpetual low points when hired by an antique-dealing playwright to get a copy of his play back from a prospective backer. This, as you may expect, is a load of bushwa, and the real game involves a vanished wife persued by an eye from Chicago and the romantic difficulties of said wife. Different this may be, but not the stuff of unforgettable detective fiction.

It has been 10 years since Charlotte Jay's last mystery. Now comes The Voice of the Crab (Harper & Row, $5.95), a brilliant, multihued novel set once again in New Guinea--this time Kipi Island, with its natives and their own strange cultural and religious blend of the indemic and adopted, wherein (as in more civilized lands) ear is given to the voice of a new prophet, whatever his madness. Kipi has its whites, too, all captured by the author with the skill of a painter in oils: Bruce Harding, district officer, drifting into professional paralysis and into hells of jealousy over his wife, Alice; Max Schramm, once a doctor and perhaps still salvageable; Elsie Knox, who keeps sane and civilized by observing all the old graces and schedules, including not sleeping in the afternoon; Arthur Knox, her husband, whose driving needs are (consequently?) unmet. To this setting returns Dutch Willy, a pirate and South Seas character and low-life, whose soddened mind conceives an idea at just the wrong time. Many tinder-dry combustibles, many caches of human explosive on short fuse--and the prophet and Dutch Willy dispensing the matches. . .

I don't know to what sort of person The Firesign Theatre's Big Mystery Joke Book (Straight Arrow Books, $5.95) would appeal, but I can at least make you aware of its existence. If you're an incurable Sherlockian and also addicted to National Lampoon type humor, you will probably want to know. FTBMJB is far-out madness: a "history" of the Firesign Theatre, a Sherlockian "pastiche" play ("The Giant Rat of Sumatra", with Mr. Hemlock Stones and Dr. John Flotsam, also available on record), "The Further Adventures of Nick Danger, Third Eye", and other criminous and non-criminous dramas. It may be useful for me to observe that I found the Sherlockian piece largely incomprehensible on record and reading the script in FTBMJB helped very little. Oh well, there are quite a number of cute puns scattered about and my brain circuits are probably inappropriate to appreciation of the thing as a whole.

Charter TADians may remember that in Volume 1 Number 1, I noted that Elmore Mundell of Portage, Indiana, had compiled an extended and updated version of Queen's The Detective Short Story: A Bibliography, and I uttered the pious hope that a publisher could be found to make this work available to us all. The years--quite a distressing number of them--have fled, but as it has elsewhere been observed all things come to him who waits. Over those years Mr. Mundell came in contact with G. Jay Rausch, who had begun work on a related project, and the combination of their efforts and energies has now produced The Detective Short Story: A Bibliography and Index (Kansas State University Library, Manhattan, Kansas 66506; $12.50 paperbound, $15.00 hardbound).

Here, in 493 oversize pages, are listed 1403 volumes containing at least one short

detective story of less than 20,000 words--with "detective story" taken in the sense defined by Carolyn Wells in The Technique of the Mystery Story: a story in which a problem is presented in such a way that an astute reader may deductively reason out the solution, as a character in the story does the same. For each of the 1403 volumes author/publisher/date information is given for first editions, along with the listing of each story in each volume that qualifies as short detection and identification of the detective involved; some 7500 stories are thus cited. The work is indexed by detective and by author/title.

There will doubtless be endless quarreling with the selection standards for individual stories, but each was identified on the basis of personal inspection and the application principally of one person's (Mundell's) standards and not through reliance on secondary sources. And--not surprisingly--many volumes that belong are not mentioned--anyone who has every attempted a work of this magnitude will know that total completeness is ever an unattainable goal. (Think of the pleasure in identifying unlisted volumes of detective short stories that awaits us all in future years!)

I'm sure there will also be sorrow over other features of this work: the first names of most detectives are omitted, and details about the state and appearance of cited first editions are completely absent (notso in the Queen bibliography). And I'm sure than an item by item inspection will show that the odd error has crept in; I've noted a few.[1]

But, accepting these limitations, I believe this Mundell/Rausch Bibliography to be a signally important contribution to our field. So large is the amount of truly useful new data supplied that I cannot imagine it absent from the shelves of any serious detective fiction aficionado or reference library. More satisfying editions will, we may hope, follow.

I must call your attention to a very pleasant addition to the chapbook series by The Aspen Press (P. O. Box 4119, Boulder, Colo. 80302): The Adventure of the Lost Manuscripts by Edmund L. Pearson (40 pp., $4.00). In addition to two entertaining Sherlockian parodies by Pearson (the title story and "Help! Help' Sherlock!"), we have a useful Forward by Norman D. Stevens and a most illuminating Afterword by Tom and Enid Schantz describing the background of the second story, which is both a Holmes and Philo Vance parody and grew out of popular speculation (unpopular with Pearson!) that ELP was the pseudonymous Van Dine.

As you will all know, the man many regard as America's greatest bookman, Charles Emerson Vincent Starrett, died January 5, 1974. Some of the words written and spoken in the memorial service at that time have been preserved by Luther Norris' The Pontine Press in Vincent Starrett: In Memoriam (P. O. Box 261, Culver City, Calif. 90230; $5.00). The best and major portion of this chapbook is the "Eulogy" by Michael Murphy, a friend to Starrett for a quarter of a century; it's a moving tribute to Starrett the man, the writer, the lover of books, the Sherlockian, the newspaperman. This little volume is well worth having, and all proceeds from its sale go to the Vincent Starrett Memorial Library Fund.

Norman Donaldson's great fondness for R. Austin Freeman and his detective fiction led first to a superb booklength study (In Search of Dr. Thorndyke, Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1971) and then to a marvelous pastiche describing Thorndyke's retirement (Goodbye, Dr. Thorndyke, Luther Norris, 1972). But still the ripples spread: Dr. John H. Dirckx, medical director of the University of Dayton student health service and a particular fancier of early detective fiction, was so inspired by Goodbye that in Dr. Thorndyke's Dilemma (The Aspen Press, P. O. Box 4119, Boulder, Colo. 80302; $5.00) he has taken the Thorndyke saga one step further, into a time when Thorndyke, nearing 80, and Dr. Jervis, now past 70, are reunited in mutually invigorating investigation of a curious fatality befalling a Greek restauranteur near Freeman's retirement home on the Thames estuary. Here is Thorndyke of the insatiable scientific curiosity, of the acute and perceptive intellect, of the independent cast of mind, deducing much from his analysis of the water in the dead man's lungs, the size of his spleen, and just perceptible evidence in his car. Very neatly and persuasively done, this pastiche short novel; but may I be forgiven for preferring the Donaldson tale?

Considering the stature that Dashiell Hammett has assumed in the chronology of American detective fiction, it is astonishing that his short stories remain largely buried in the unobtainable Black Mask issues of 1923-1930 and in the nearly unobtainable Queen-edited paperback collections of the 1940's. What a treasure trove for the perceptive publisher! Perchance that publisher will be Random House, which now offers us The Continental Op, edited and with an Introduction by Steven Marcus ($7.95). Here are seven of Hammett's 26 Op short stories, none of the seven (to my knowledge) in print since 1947. Dr. Marcus has selected well, his Introduction is apt without breaking new ground, and we have greatest pleasure in exposure once again to the creative and pioneering genius that was Dashiell Hammett. Buy huge numbers of this book--and maybe Random House will do all Hammett's shorts!

--AJH

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1. And we could dream on about what might have been: it would have been useful if the total number of stories in each book could have been indicated; better still if each could have been listed and those of detection marked; better still if each story could have been characterized (detection, crime, romance, fantasy, mainstream, etc.); better if more information were given on each detective story (such as approximate length, setting, quality); better if we were told more about the detective (as whether professional or amateur). But what a project!

LETTERS

From Don Hutchison:

Thanks for TAD, and in particular for the Dashiell Hammett material and for reviews and news of paperback mysteries. Being a pop literature enthusiast I'd like to see some attention paid to the current spate of series original softcovers; perhaps an article tracing the lineage of The Executioner and his ilk from the pulp heroes, etc. Some of the paperback originals (the Donald Hamiltons and the MacDonalds) seem worthy of attention certainly and while we're on that subject, how about recognition of our old friends The Shadow and The Spider who are about to be brought out by Pyramid and Pocket Books respectively. The old Shadow novels in particular strike me as being a definite part of the mystery heritage. Pyramid is beginning with the earliest stories from 1931 and hopefully working their way through. Some of the early stories were at least wonderfully evocative in their general mood of mystery. In fact, The Shadow's laugh belongs in a land dominated by Mystery, where the clock hands stand at perpetual midnight and black cars with running boards squeal around fog-shrouded corners. It seems to me that mystery enthusiasts should give some recognition to his re-emergence on the current scene.

From Barbara A. Buhrer:

I join Paul McCarthy (TAD 7/4, p.300) in his lament about DBC volumes. I, too, have wished for a list of the volumes.

Has anyone ever compiled a list of the winners of the Mystery Writers of America and the Crime Writers Association awards? I have attempted to do so, using the Readers Guide and the N.Y. Times Index. I have received no response to a request from MWA in New York. Since I abandoned my attempts to get a response from Lianne Carlin about the Mystery Reader's News Letter, this has been my latest exercise in futility. My thought was that these winners would make an excellent collection. Oh, well. . .

> You and others interested in the DBC series will be pleased to learn that I have an article, "An Old Friend - The Detective Book Club", by Michael L. Cook, on hand for publication in one of the next two issues of TAD. This article contains a brief history of the DBC, and includes a complete list of the over 400 triple-volumes DBC has offered.... As for award-winning mysteries, the most complete compilation of which I'm aware is in Ordean Hagen's Who Done It? (Bowker, 1969), p. 597-603, wherein are listed MWA, CWA and Dodd, Mead award winners through about 1967. ——AJH

From Veronica M.S. Kennedy:

I was much interested to see that Mr. Hoch had read my article on Sleuth in the May TAD. Naturally, I felt honored, as one always feels a sense of disappointment if a story by Mr. Hoch is not in both EQMM and AHMM.

I must confess that I have not yet had the pleasure of reading Mr. Hoch's "The Hoofs of Satan" (the title alone whets one's appetite!); however, I think that his letter simply underscores the point that I made in the article, namely, that Anthony Shaffer is very tricky and extremely eclectic in Sleuth: that is why it is so rewarding to see and to read it several times, especially for connoisseurs of mystery fiction.

From Ed Lauterbach:

As usual, TAD 7/4 is another great issue! An addition for Walter Albert's "Bibliography of Secondary Sources" is Richard J. Voorhees, "Flashman and Richard Hannay," Dalhousie Review, Spring, 1973, pp. 113-20, in which some perceptive comparisons are made between John Buchan's hero and George MacDonald Fraser's more recent anti-hero. Another important item for Albert's 1974 bibliography is Richard J. Voorhees, "John Buchan Today: The Richard Hannay Novels," University of Windsor Review, Spring, 1974, pp. 30-39. Students of spy-adventure stories will find Voorhees' analyses of Richard Hannay in both articles of special interest. And as Randy Cox points out (p. 304), Detective Fiction..., edited by Allen and Chacko, is irritatingly inaccurate. A grievous example of this occurs in the study questions for Doyle's "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," when on p. 121 Allen and Chacko call Helen Stoner "Mrs." Helen Stoner was engaged to Percy Armitage, not married, when she asked Sherlock Holmes to help her, and can hardly be called "Mrs." Admittedly, this is a small error, but why should students, for whom this anthology was prepared, be subjected to such errors? If the detective story is to be taken seriously in college level literature courses, then the editors should take care that critics cannot point to inaccuracies that can only reflect negatively on a form of fiction too often scorned by the critics.

> Yes, 'tis true about errors in the Allen/Chacko book; Randy Cox has called my attention to another howler: on p. 480, in "Suggestions for Further Reading," the editors include Before Midnight by Nero Wolfe! (Here's a case of a character coming back to haunt his creator with a vengeance!) But the Allen/Chacko book is, to date, unique in its attempt to provide a textbook for teaching

detective fiction, and so should be considered by anyone contemplating such a course. I was in modest doubt for some time that the book actually existed, since all my efforts, fair and foul, to obtain a copy had been fruitless for months. Now, of course, I've suddenly got two copies, but at least my existential doubts have been resolved! The complete title, incidentally, is Detective Fiction: Crime and Compromise (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $4.95).

From Katherine Thorp:

In the May 1974 issue of TAD Barbara Buhrer asks about a mystery which features a model railroad built of precious metals and jewels. She may be referring to The Boxwood Maze by Bentz Plagemann, Saturday Review Press, 1972. Dell has a 1973 paperback edition.

From Robert J. Randisi:

Mike Nevins has stabbed me in the heart!

I thoroughly enjoyed Mike's "Wall of Guilt: Donald E. Westlake as Tucker Coe, TAD 7/3, until the last paragraph.

"Westlake has abandoned Mitch Tobin and his Tucker Coe byline for good..." I read, almost sobbing by then, but then followed the magic words, the salvation for all of us Coe-Tobin lovers--these words, "...it seems." These two words form the string we cling to. Say it isn't so, Donald, and say it with Mitch Tobin #6.

I'm a relative newcomer to TAD, having just received my fifth copy. I'd heard of it, of course, but had never been able to find the mailing address until Bouchercon IV in Boston. There I picked an order blank and mailed it in immediately. TAD is a dream come true for mystery lovers. As much as I love reading it, though, that's not enough. I also wish to contribute. As a young writer (23) who just recently had his first story published ("Murder Among Witches, MSMM 10/74) I want to communicate with the writers and the readers. TAD is an excellent way of doing this. You will be hearing from me again and again and again. Until next time, stay well everyone.

All contributions welcome! ——AJH

From John Vining:

I recently read two of the Rocky Steele novels by John B. West, and skimmed the other four. Then I reread Darwin T. Turner's article in TAD 6/4. It is a very good article. Mr. Turner's theory seems to be that West made Steele in the Mike Hammer mold in order to make money. I tend to think that West wrote the first novel as a spoof. When he saw that it made money, he continued the series. Rocky Steele's pistol carrying secretary and violent nature were lifted directly from Spillane's Mike Hammer series. His wise cracks and big Cadillac are remindful of Prather's Shell Scott. The two cops, Richards and Morris, could easily by Will Gentry and Peter Painter from Brett Halliday's Mike Shayne novels. West's descriptive prose could easily be Raymond Chandler. Overall, the Steele novels are terrible, but a definite writing ability in West shows through. In time he probably would have matured as a writer. With his untimely death, we'll never know.

Douglas Armato requested help in identifying a Charlie Chan movie. Mantan Moreland's first appearance was in Charlie Chan in Secret Service (1944), with Sidney Toler as Chan. Moreland appeared in no Warner Oland Chan movies. He appeared in only two movies with the words "Charlie Chan" in the title, the other being Charlie Chan in Black Magic (1944). I think the movie in question is Charlie Chan at the Circus (1936), with Warner Oland.

I have a copy of the Ramparts magazine that Mr. Armato mentions in his letter, TAD 7/4. It is the March 1973 issue, and the article is by Frank Chin. Chin never appeared in a Chan movie, but did in several others. The article's title, "Confessions of a Number One Son," is misleading. According to Ramparts, Chin is working on a novel for Harpers titled Charlie Chan on Mau.

The movie The Mysterious Mr. Wong was not part of the Karloff series, even though it was made by the same studio, Monogram. The first Wong story appeared in June, 1934, and the movie early in 1935. It could conceivably have been based on Hugh Wiley's character, and the plot on a Harry Stephen Keeler story. Monogram released Keeler's Sing Sing Nights approximately two months prior to The Mysterious Mr. Wong. They started the Karloff series in 1938.

Anyone desiring more information on Don Pendleton, writer of the Executioner series, should consult Contemporary Authors. A recent volume profiles him quite well.

Contemporary Authors also says that the Mickey Spillane novel, The Twisted Thing, was written around 1947 under the title, For Whom the Gods Would Destroy. It was copyrighted and published in 1966. Spillane's first novel, I, the Jury, came out in 1947. Possibly The Twisted Thing predates it. I hope someone has more info on this.

From Edith Turner:

Some time ago there was some discussion about places one might be able to find books otherwise not available. I have had some luck with area "antique" shops, especially those buying estates. If one is willing to crawl over miscellaneous jelly glasses, etc., it is sometimes possible to find a few things at remarkable bargains, even to persuade the owner

to send you a card when a new lot arrives. Not all of these places keep the books they buy, but enough do to make it worthwhile to look. The more peculiar looking the business, the more likely you will be to find books. Remote areas (around here--Climax Springs, Missouri--that's about all there is) are the most fruitful.

From Patricia McGerr:

I can confirm TAD correspondent Jon Breen's speculation re "R. B. Dominic"--it is indeed another pseudonym for "Emma Lathen"--which may explain the unhappily long wait between recent Lathens.

From Mary Groff:

I think your idea of distribution of the extra copies of the Bibliography by a first come basis most unfair. Your neighbors and people living in your state will be able to walk off with the whole lot. What about your overseas readers?

Couldn't you ask those who wish to have a copy to write in advance (giving a time limit) and then pick out the names lottery-style? This would give us all an equal chance.

> I wanted to keep it as simple as possible--for me! But you have a good point and a good suggestion--which I shall follow a couple of years hence, when we approach the end of the project. ——AJH

From George Wuyek:

My letter--trying to correct previous errors--produced a few more! For the record, "Waters" was the pseudonym of WIlliam Russell "Miscellaneous Writer" and not "LL.B." I have tentatively completed a bibliography of Russell's works from secondary sources; his original titles were published from 1851 to 1874, with later reprints and collections. My attempt to write an article on him has been stymied by lack of biographical information. Two weeks ago I received the reprint edition of Recollections of a Detective Police-Officer from Covent Garden Press and, though misrepresented by the publisher, it is a reprint of the 1875 Ward Lock & Tyler edition of the first and second series (21 "chapters") and not the 1856 edition. The Introduction by Eric Osborne is very interesting but he also is unable to unearth any personal information on Russell. He traced the first magazine appearance of the stories to 1849, thereby predating Dickens' police articles by almost a year. Also, the 1852 edition I examined predates his Bleak House (1853)... Finally, Angus Bethune Reach joined Punch in 1849 not 1949; he lived only 35 years, from 1821 to 1856.

From Otto Penzler (2771 Bainbridge Ave., New York, N. Y. 10458):

For the forthcoming Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection, to be published in 1975 by McGraw-Hill, certain specific data is still needed, and I would greatly appreciate it if any TAD reader could supply:

Birth years for the following writers:
- Ben Benson (d. 1959)
- Patricia Wentworth (d. 1961)
- Ethel Lina White (d. 1944)
- Hilda Lawrence (b. ca. 1906)
- Frederick Knott (b. ca. 1915)
- Philip MacDonald (b. ca. 1896)
- William McGivern
- Christopher Bush (b. ca. 1885-1888)

Death dates for the following:
- R. C. Ashby (b. 1889)
- Charles Burdett (b. 1815)
- Vincent Cornier (b. 1898)
- Bruce Hamilton (b. 1900)
- Cora Hardy Jarrett (b. 1877)
- Milton Propper (b. 1906)
- Harrison Steeves (b. 1881)
- Hugh Wiley (b. 1884)
- Norbert Jacques (b. 1880)

And birth and death dates for the following:
- Jack Boyle (creator of Boston Blackie)
- H. C. Branson
- Carleton E. Morse (creator of I Love a Mystery)
- Joel Townsley Rogers
- Will Scott
- Emma Murdoch Van Deventer (wrote as Lawrence Lynch)

From Thomas Shaw, Jr.:

I haven't seen any mention of it in TAD, but were you aware that Black Mask is being reissued? So far as I know, only one issue has been released so far, dated August 1974. It will apparently be issued at two-month intervals, because an ad in the back says the next

issue will be out in October. The publisher's name and address is Lopez Publications, Inc., 21 West 26th St., New York, N. Y. 10010. The cost is $1.00 an issue. Perhaps TAD readers might like to know about it.

From Stephen Mertz:

The August TAD arrived yesterday and has already been eagerly devoured from cover to cover. Another wonderful issue! I was glad to see that my remarks on Don Pendleton and his Executioner books drew some response. I am, in fact, anticipating doing an article on the guy as soon as my current taks of collecting all his titles is completed. Prior to beginning his present series, Pendleton penned about 25 paperback books. Many of these were in the sex field but some others, featuring a private eye named Stewart Mann, may also be of interest to TAD readers.

Along other lines, I was wondering if anyone out there knows anything about the pulp author, Roger Torrey? I've got one novel and close to fifty stories by him and some of the stories, notably those appearing in Black Mask during the mid-thirties, rank very favorably with the likes of Hammett and Chandler. Torrey wrote private eye tales--usually starring incredibly tough loners with names like Donovan, Ryan or Mulraney--in a hard, understated style that was the Black Mask trademark. But while many of his colleagues graduated to hardcovers and Hollywood, Torrey's own career, beginning around 1940, seems to have taken quite the opposite course; degenerating first to the lower paying, second rate pulps, his name eventually disappeared from the covers and contents pages altogether. Frank Gruber recalled that Torrey was something of an alcoholic, which may account for what happened to him, but I'd really like to hear from anyone with more. I have the feeling that his personal story, if ever revealed, will be one of the great tragedies of the pulp era.

From Robert A.W. Lowndes:

George Thompson's series on the Dashiell Hammett novels is splendid, and I do hope we'll see his analysis of The Thin Man. Reading what we have so far, I was reminded of C. S. Lewis' comment that nothing quite so illuminates a work of criticism as going back and reading the work under discussion. Mr. Thompson seduced me into doing just that--up to now I had not read any of the Hammett novels except The Thin Man.

As I've mentioned before, the hard-boiled school of detective story writing is not my cup of tea. It still isn't, but a single reading leaves me with great respect for Hammett, and I look forward to re-reading before I say anything more. (Lewis said once, when having been asked what he thought of some particular book that he didn't know, he'd only read it once!)

In that respect, I'd say that my own final criterion for the worth of a genuine mystery story is whether I can reread it with pleasure once I know the solution. Dorothy Sayers (blessed be she) partly spoiled The Murder of Roger Ackroyd for me, as I read her comments upon it--which gave the solution away--in her first Omnibus of Crime before I read the novel itself. But the spoilation was only partial; and, of course, now that I know the solutions to just about every mystery story that Christie wrote, I can still get immense pleasure from following the way she worked out each one; the same goes for Sayers, Carr, Chesterton, Stout, Van Dine, and the (to me) still inexhaustible Sherlock Holmes. (Perry Mason I've always found enjoyable, but have never had the urge to re-read his cases.)

Another item I'm particularly grateful for in the latest TAD is Norman Donaldson's essay on Ronald Knox--who really can be considered the true father of Baker Street Irregularity, even if his Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes was not (as Donaldson suggests) actually the first to go beyond slapstick and really attempt to reconcile or point out the innumerable problems that the stories arouse in the mind of the reader who pays close attention. (I don't know if I'll bother to try to obtain Fr. Knox's detective stories, however; the descriptions arouse amusement enough so that I'd pick up any one I saw in soft covers--but that seems rather unlikely.)

Kudos to Frank McSherry for his "Golden Road" survey, particularly the addenda. I was a Weird Tales fan, and longed to read Oriental Stories, too, but 25¢ pieces weren't easy to come by in those days, when the latest issue of Amazing Stories, Wonder Stories, and Astounding Stories took top priority. I didn't get to OS until just about the time the title was changed to Magic Carpet--still a charming magazine.

From Newton Baird:

Vol 7 No 4 arrived in today's mail. The correspondence in the last 2 issues by Joe Gores makes them collector's items all by itself, as I predict great possibilities for this writer, especially if he raises his sights and creates the HERO I think he's got in him. His best novel is Dead Skip, but his best character and story is the great black detective Heslip in "File No. 7: O Black and Unknown Bard".

From Mike Nevins:

The new TAD came a few days ago and upset my schedule as usual by making me drop everything and read it straight through. Special congratulations to Norman Donaldson and George Thompson for their respective essays on Ronald Knox and The Glass Key.

I have an idea Kathy Esselman must have seen a Don Siegel-Clint Eastwood film called

Shiny Harry that doesn't have much resemblance to the picture anyone else saw. As Stuart M. Kaminsky points out in his book Don Siegel: Director (Curtis pb, 1974), "Dirty Harry has drawn criticism for its relentless defense of police action, its apparent applauding of a policeman taking the law into his own hands and violating civil rights to catch a murderer." And Siegel comments in the same book: "In Dirty Harry I show a hard-nose cop who believes that the work he is doing is correct...Harry, in the picture, is a racist, a reactionary. Those are things I loathe..." He goes on to say that many dedicated policemen "are like Harry, genuine heroes whose attitudes I abhor." Knight of the Round Table? Jesus figure? Hardly. I share Ms. Esselman's enthusiasm for Dirty Harry but for completely different reasons. One of the reasons is the fact that Siegel dared to give us a central character of such ambivalence, a heroic monstrosity. There's been nothing like this in the crime film since Hitchcock in Psycho dared to show us a sex-warped, schizoid mass murderer who had the most profound insights into the human condition of any character in any Hitchcock picture.

In his piece on Desmond Bagley, Deryck Harvey didn't mention the title of the John Huston movie based on Bagley's The Freedom Trap. It's called The Mackintosh Man and it's as drearily routine as a Man from U.N.C.L.E. episode, an awful disappointment from the director of crime classics like The Maltese Falcon and We Were Strangers.

Douglas Armato asks about Harry Stephen Keeler's relationship with the movie The Mysterious Mr. Wong (Monogram, 1935). It was an unwatchable picture with no connection with Monogram's later series of detective films starring Boris Karloff. The star of the '35 Wong was Bela Lugosi, playing a bushleague Fu Manchu complete with Transylvanian accent. The script was very loosely based on "The Twelve Coins of Confucius," an early Keeler novelet that was later included as the tale of one of the three prisoners in HSK's novel Sing Sing Nights.

From H. B. Williams:

A little while back I picked up Volume One, Number One, November 1951, of the magazine The Mysterious Traveler. I do remember that around 1943 over the old Mutual Broadcasting System of some 400 odd stations, the Traveler was a weekly feature. This first issue of the magazine contains, among others, stories by Craig Rice, Dorothy L. Sayers, John Dickson Carr, Brett Halliday and Ray Bradbury. I would like to know how many issues appeared.

From E. F. Bleiler:

The current TAD has just arrived, and I've found it exceptionally interesting. Donaldson's article on Ronald Knox is particularly welcome. It's refreshing to read a good survey that isn't simply an uncritical booster.

Particularly thought-provoking, of course, was Lofts and Adley's "Was 'Jack Wylde' Really R. Austin Freeman?" Since the final sentence invites comment, let me make one.

From the quotations that Donaldson and Lofts-Adley offer, it would seem to me most highly probable that R. A. Freeman was not responsible for the Wylde fiction. (a) The quotations, apart from the material that duplicates Freeman's wording, are not at all similar to Freeman's balanced, clasical (occasionally stodgy) style. One could say that an editor might have reworked them. But in fiction of this sort, major editorial rewrite would be most unlikely. (b) A stronger reason: R. A. Freeman, as a completely competent medical man, would not have had to consult his earlier writings and copy a passage word for word. If he wanted to use the same idea, he would have written spontaneously and freshly. On the other hand, a hack, who wants to imitate a story line he has read, but does not have technical knowledge, might well copy such a passage word for word. (c) I would disagree with Lofts and Adley's editor friend. The history of pulp fiction is filled with people who have raided one another.

While this is in the typewriter, let me give some news about Dover's crime and mystery program. We have just republished Yellow Kid Weil's autobiography, The Con Game and "Yellow Kid" Weil by W. T. Brannon. As everyone knows, this was one of the sources for The Sting.

In the works are Wagner the Wehr-Wolf by G. W. M. Reynolds, Victorian crime writer. This particular novel, of course, is supernatural. Due April. At the same time, Ghost Stories and Mystery Stories of J. G. LeFanu. This picks up JSL's remaining supernatural fiction, so that all will be in print, and includes his best short mystery fiction. Part of the contents is the short novel, "The Evil Guest."

Gaboriau's Monsieur Lecoq is at the typesetters, and should appear some time early in 1975. Also finished, and in process, is the anonymous Richmond, or Scenes in the Life of a Bow Street Runner (1827). This will be somewhat later, since it is a production problem: over 900 pages of text, which somehow must be rearranged into an economical format. The second volume of Jacques Futrelle's Thinking Machine is being copycast right now. It probably won't be ready until the end of next year. It will contain several stories that (as far as I know) have never been reprinted since first appearance.

Dover has contracted with Mrs. Stribling for reprint rights to the Dr. Poggioli stories. This is tentatively scheduled for the end of 1975.

What happens after this, I don't know. Several non-mystery projects that I've been dallying around with for years, I suppose.

From P. Schuyler Miller:

Frank McSherry's letter opens a door to the plays that stock companies at many radio

stations put on fifty years ago. If TAD scholars of nostalgia haven't explored this field, they should. The later network series such as the great I Love a Mystery have been pretty thoroughly explored, but the networks came into the picture only after local stations had shown the way.

I don't know now when my father put together our first crystal set, with the classic wirewound Quaker Oats box and a wire "cat's whisker" probing a crystal of galena. We were then on an upstate New York farm, and our usual station was WGY, the General Electric station in Schenectady. Then and later, WGY had a very competent company of players (or so it seemed to a farm boy, and still seems in memory), whose most memorable performance was The Green Goddess.

They must have played it first very shortly after it opened (or closed) on Broadway. I am inclined to think that the producer, or Samuel French, was smart enough to see that radio productions would be excellent publicity for the play itself. It was one of the most popular plays in the WGY Players' repertoire and must have been broadcast several times before the film was made. (I am quite sure that the adults of the family must have heard it at least once before they gave up the earphones to me, and I am equally sure that I heard it more than once.)

WGY had other mild mysteries in its varied round of weekly plays, but The Green Goddess is the only one I remember at all. I suppose the players were G.E. employees and Schenectady townspeople...and I imagine other stations, large and small, had comparable groups. (I vaguely recall that the college station at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy--usually the only other station we could pick up on ordinary nights--occasionally essayed "classic" drama, but we preferred the WGY Players.)

Time wasn't in the straitjacket that it is in today's broadcasting, and the radio companies may have played the whole stage play intact. More likely, someone on the local staff made an original adaptation of the French scripts. I think the WGY Players were still functioning after 1924, when we moved to town and got a church-window Philco, but somewhere in there I made the discovery that an aluminum mixing bowl made a good enough amplifier so that everyone could hear with one earphone.

There was a good deal of rivalry between the more powerful radio stations, and I feel sure KDKA here in Pittsburgh had its own players. So must stations in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, et al. They were "live" plays; the heavy wax discs that preceded tape couldn't have taken much travel from station to station, though the networks probably sent them out when sponsored dramatic series came along.

But what mysteries and thrillers were adapted and played in those early days of broadcasting? How many variant versions of The Green Goddess and The Cat and the Canary existed?

And why couldn't more of the "voice" actors and actresses of those days have survived to take over the dubbing of foreign-language films?

From Frank D. McSherry, Jr.:

Again a strong and varied issue, with George Thompson's study of Hammett and his violent world outstanding; this series deserves--and I hope gets--hardcover publication. Thompson does not merely rehash others' views on Hammett, but provides new, original, convincing insights that throw light on Hammett's works. Donaldson's quiet study of a quiet man, "Ronald Knox", shows that accounts of men who are not major writers in the field have value anyway in understanding the detective story; and Nevins' amusing account of the wacky working methods of a writer who is--to say the least--unique, throws light on the tangled pathways of the creative imagination. Following up these first three is a characteristically nice job by Lachman on golfing mysteries. (Another golfing mystery, in which the choice of murder weapon--a type of golf club known all too appropriately as a "dynamiter"--and the way it's used indicate the killer to be an experienced golfer, is a novel called Death Joins the Country Club by Claire Cameron in Blue Book for September 1940.) Most controversial this time around is Ms. Esselman's well-written article on Dirty Harry and I predict it will draw comment. I haven't time to go into this in the detail I'd prefer, but will only say that while I agree with some of her points I feel that Dirty Harry presented a reversed mirror-image view of reality: national events of the past several years (the Kent State Killings, Watergate, the Huston Plan, etc.) suggest that Harry Calahan's contempt for the Constitution and the rights of anyone except Harry Calahan are shared by a majority of our law enforcement branch--especially, as Watergate unfortunately showed--by a majority of those in the highest possible echelons of that branch. Harry is not a lonely, isolated knight opposed by the Establishment at all--unfortunately. Let us hope--all of us--that I am utterly, totally wrong about this. (The second Dirty Harry film, made some years later as Watergate was beginning to break, suggests that the makers of the film were beginning to have some second thoughts about the matter too, for here Harry faces a gang of murdering policemen who admire him and his philosophy, which they carry to its logical end of mass murder.)

I agree fully with your fine review of Nevins' Royal Bloodline--the text is Nevins at his best--and the production job is not so good. The cover is lousy, and as I did the cover perhaps a word of explanation may throw some background light. The publishers told me to do the cover in two colors for a wraparound book-jacket for a hardcover edition, which I did. When finally published the hardcover was issued without any jacket at all and the paperback had my cover on it in only one color--as it happened, the worst possible one, yellow. I was

not consulted about this. (To give one example of how this change ruined the cover, th spine had a drawing that I thought symbolized the title and Ellery Queen's position as American detective story" rather neatly--a drawing of the statue of the American Minute with red blood dripping down its bayonet. Printing this in a color other than red destro the entire point and punch, of course.) If you don't like it--and to date nobody has, including me, Mr. Nevins and "Ellery Queen" (Frederic Dannay)--I'll take the rap for drawing and composition, but not for color or printing. Comments such as the above by an interested party (me) are of course self-serving; those who wish to judge for themselves may consult another cover I've done for a Queen-related work, EQMM 350, an index of the first 350 issues of the magazine, compiled by TAD reader John Nieminski, and see for themselves. (The finished Bloodline cover painting was mailed more than a year ago; I have yet to see a penny of payment for it.)

Reader Albert might wish to add to his valuable "Bibliography of Secondary Sources" the forthcoming (December) title: A Mystery Reader: Stories of Detection, Adventure and Horror, edited by Professors Lyna Lee Montgomery and Nancy Ellen Talburt of the University of Arkansas, which will be half-fiction and half non-fiction, and will reprint my article, "The Shape of Crimes to Come", from The Mystery Writer's Art, ed. by Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

At long last, Dashiell Hammett's tales of The Continental Op will be published in hardcover in November at (probably) $7.95. The paper shortage has postponed the Spider and the Shadow pulp reprints from October to next January...though pulp fans will find paperback reprints of The Masked Invasion by "Curtis Steele" (Frederick C. Davis) (the first Operator #5 novel from the April 1934 issue) and The Invisible Empire (May 1934 issue) out from Freeway Press, 220 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10003 at $1.25 each.

Reader Vining mentions five Avenger stories written by Emile C. Tepperman (who also did some later Operator #5 novels) in Clues; these were not novels but novelettes and would probably have to appear together in one volume; I have no idea if they are going to. The next two Avenger novels will be titled Dr. Time (a good title) and Purple Zombie (glurk).

Mr. Nevins has a short excellent article, "Remembering John Creasey" (in the adzine-fanzine Xenophile no. 4) presenting Creasey as a modern Dumas, with an amusing reference to an early work, a Western, written long before Creasey ever visited the American West: "Occasionally his unfamiliarity with the setting peeped through these two-gun tales, as when he portrayed a cowboy loping across the desert while flying ominously overhead is a swarm of--coyotes". It concludes, "It was good to have known him."

From Barry Pike:

Someone ought to warn readers of TAD about the mass of inaccuracies in Erik Routley's Puritan Pleasures of the Detective Story, about which I've read nothing but good. For example, he discusses the action of Leo Bruce's Case with Three Detectives under the title of Christopher Bush's Case of the Fourth Detective. There are lots more horrors like this, but any reader who knows his stuff will spot them, unless he throws the book away in disgust, which might be the best plan.

> In his review in TAD 6/2, Mike Nevins referred to "Routley's fabulous fund of misinformation about every non-English writer in his book." Can it be that Routley is as addled about detectival affairs in his own homeland? ——AJH

From R. Jeff Banks:

I would appreciate your mentioning in some issue of TAD that I am very interested in knowing the names of the stars of the more obscure radio detective series--shows like Vee Brown and Mr. Bingle.

From Richard Laymon:

I have just been hired to edit two new mystery magazines that will probably be of interest to many readers of your TAD.

Leonard Ackerman is publishing The Executioner Mystery Magazine and The 87th Precinct Mystery Magazine. Both of these are monthly magazines, and will hit the newsstands after the first of the year.

The Executioner will feature fast-paced action mysteries. The 87th Precinct will concentrate on police and detective fiction. Both magazines, however, contain a wide variety of work--such as readers usually find in EQMM.

The first issue of 87th Precinct will contain an original Ed McBain novelette. We hope, every month, to have material of interest to Ed McBain fans: a bibliography, stories by McBain, and a wide variety of other material either about McBain or by him.

From Robert Kolesnik:

I'm curious about the opening segments of TV's Tuesday and Sunday Mystery Movie, in which a man starts walking in secluded shadows and flashes his light as he goes along, finally disappearing off the screen. What is the man's name and what is he looking for?

From John Hogan:

Contrary to general opinion I am not just an Edgar Wallace addict although he still

remains my favorite study, and in conjunction with my son-in-law who collects C. S. Forester I have been enjoying some good reading and indulging in a little research into this author's books.

As his name is automatically linked with that popular character "Hornblower", this appears to be one of those instances where a famous fictional hero has overshadowed the many other books by his creator, and as there was no mention of C. S. Forester in your Bibliography of Crime Fiction I wonder if it is generally known that among his 45 books there are at least three which, according to the publisher's blurb, rank as thriller-cum-crime stories. These are Payment Deferred (1926), The Wonderful Week (1927) and Plain Murder (1930). [Check the Bibliography again; you'll find the first and the third of these listed; please let me know when you confirm that Wonderful Week belongs in the Bibliography. ——AJH] I have a copy of the latter and most certainly it ranks as crime fiction; unfortunately copies of Payment Deferred and The Wonderful Week and of some of his earlier titles are not easily available and so far I have not been able to make a decisive check.

According to this bibliography of C. S. Forester first editions which I am compiling (if anyone wants a copy of this please let me know: 6, Fremantle Road, High Wycombe, Bucks, England), there are the following titles which I have not read and if anyone knows these stories perhaps they could advise whether or not they are crime fiction or not: The Paid Piper (1924), A Pawn Among Kings (1924), The Shadow of the Hawk (1928) (issued in the U.S. as The Daughter of the Hawk), and Two and Twenty (1931).

And of course if anyone has spare copies of these titles I would be interested in an offer.

An oddment which has come to hand and which may be of interest is a stiff paperback, 8vo size, published by I. & M. Ottenheimer, 321 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md, endorsed "Copyright 1921 by John R. Gette", with coloured illustrated front cover and containing a number of bull page black and white illustrations, entitled: The Auto-Bandits of Paris, 'The most amazing true story of crime ever told. The complete history of Bonnot, the Tiger Bandit, and his fearsome gang. A startling tale of the underworld of Paris and a graphic expose of the anarchistic brotherhood.' By Emile de la Vincendiere, pagination iii, iv: 6-175, plus end folios. It is obviously a cheap "thriller" of the period written in rather lurid style--can some detecrimyst tell us more, such as was this a "one-shot" story, or did Ottenheimer's issue a series like this, etc.?

From John T. Browne:

I looked recently to see if any of the old pulp detective magazines have been put on microfilm. They haven't been, but there is no reason why they should not be. There are many items on microfilm which can be considered comparable. The readers of TAD should band together in a pressure group. Perhaps some reader with the proper knowhow can tell us where to put the pressure. I understand that there is a very conomical microfilm lap-reader for those who would like to own their own films, which, incidentally, are very inexpensive. Some 19th century detective works, including those of Allan Pinkerton, are already on microfilm. Detective books and magazines which are difficult or impossible to botain should unquestionably be made available to the public through microfilming.

From Fred Dueren:

I'm a fanatic on detective fiction and always look forward to TAD and put other things aside until I've finished reading it. But I question the value and space taken up by Charles Shibuk's "The Paperback Revolution". I would bet that most readers of TAD are already well acquainted with Christie and Stout and Marsh (reviewed in the last issue) and don't need his opinion on them. Besides, what opinion did he give on any of the Christie books? I could learn more about what the books are about by reading the paperback cover. Conversely the Pronzini book was a new one that had been reviewed extensively a year before. Please don't get me wrong. I'm not saying cut out the column. But wouldn't it better serve our needs to use it for reviews of more paperback originals? Things that we are not mostly already familiar with? Or something like the Shadow books published by Bantam a couple years ago? Old books that are just now being reprinted in paper, or for which it would be difficult to find any type of opinion or even classification of what the book is? The Vol 7 #1 column including information on the Beagle books is much better. (But the column again includes Christie, Stout, Marsh, and Allingham and Carr. The only ones consistenly left out are Hammett and Chandler. The classical detectives are my own favorites, but I don't think Shibuk is saying anything about them we don't all know or could easily find out.

> Past comments on "The Paperback Revolution" have generally ranged from favorable to very favorable. But certainly both Charles Shibuk and I would welcome wider expressions of sentiment about the value of the column in its present format and with its present coverage. ——AJH

From Ross Russell (Box 1660, Escondido, Ca. 92025):

I am under contract to Alfred Knopf to do a biography of Ray Chandler (whom I knew in the 1940's); in fact I have been engaged in research for 8 months and am now writing.

Despite aggressive efforts I have been unable to locate the ESG yarn which RC used as a model in preparing to write for the pulps. Available data is that it was a short story or

novelette appearing in Action Detective (possibly Action Stories) by Gardner, featuring Kane, and the issue would be sometime between Jan 1932 and Fall 1933.

I would welcome correspondence with any reader who knew Chandler or has Chandleranania--in addition to the need to contact an owner of the Action issue. I don't need to see the issue; a photostat or a synopsis of the story will do nicely.

I wrote for the pulps in the late '30's and am the author of a biography of jazz musician Charlie Parker which made the Am Libr Assoc list of 1973 Notable Books, which got me into Knopf. I've wanted to do Chandler for some time, in fact I feel I "owe" him the biography. I'm also a native of LA and saturated with the settings and the general ambience.

From Clay Kimball:

I find it interesting that two people should compare Richard Stark's latest Parker book to Red Harvest. I had been toying with the idea that Westlake was rewriting Hammett: Killtown is The Big Knockover, The Mourner is The Maltese Falcon, Killing Time is Red Harvest.

From Bill Lofts:

I was astonished to learn only recently that seemingly no one knows anything at all about the creator of Boston Blackie, Jack Boyle. I use the phrase "astonished" since this character was tremendously popular in the thirties in the Chester Morris film series.

I understand that he was originally a comic strip character, a small time crook with a weakness for helping people. The first film was made in 1919 and there was even a TV series in 1951-3. Who Jack Boyle was, or what other stories he wrote nobody seems to know. Unfortunately he is abviously an American or else I would have discovered biographical details about him long before now. Someone (if he is long dead) must have got royalties from his Estate from films/TV/radio shows, and I'm completely mystified that in view of all the articles written in the popular culture mags that nobody has touched on this subject--though I'm open to correction.

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BOOK EXCHANGE (available to subscribers without charge)

Mrs. Deborah Sims is looking for Vol 1 No 1 to Vol 3 No 3 of TAD. Will take Xerox copies if available or will Xerox originals if provided. Would prefer original copies. Send price. Address: 230 West 82nd St., #1C, New York, N. Y. 10024

R. A. Buhrer (10 Arrow Drive, Livingston, N.J. 07039) offers for sale: Century of Thrillers 3 vol. ($3); Client is Cancelled, Lockridge, 1951 ($1); Colour Scheme, Marsh, 1943 ($1); Elizabeth is Missing, DeLaTorre, 1945 ($2); Jig Saw, McBain, 1970 ($1); Man from G-2, Mason, 1941 ($1.50); Omnibus of Crime, Sayers, 1929 ($1.25); Outsider, Cleaton, 1944 ($1); Spider House, Mason, 1932 ($1.50); add 25¢ per book postage.

Mrs. David Poller (7 Old Knollwood Road, White Plains, New York 10607) has a free list of detective fiction, mostly hardcovers, for sale.

Richard M. Lackritz, M.D. (Apartment 609c, 3000 Spout Run Parkway, Arlington, Va. 22201) is looking for books by Boothby, Stribling, George Dyer, Doyle; Rourd's The Fire Stories; Crime File #4; pre-1974 TAD. He would like to be sent all "For Sale" lists.

Dennis L. White (3212 Sawtelle Blvd., Apt. #2, Los Angeles, Calif. 90066) is looking for first editions of the following: Hammett novels and short story collections, any Chandler or 40's Ross Macdonald novels, and Hughes' In a Lonely Place; he has for trade a signed first edition of Queen's The Chinese Orange Mystery.

Gravesend Books (Box 235, Pocono Pines, Pa. 18350) will have a special Cornell Woolrich catalogue available in March 1975 at $1. Reservations accepted. Catalogue will list about 200 items.

Thomas W. Shaw (11 Albright Avenue, Albany, N. Y. 12203) issues bimonthly lists of detective books for sale. Bargain lists of Book Club editions and paperbacks also available.

J. M. Carter has for sale: Volume 7 of TAD. Also several out-of-print paperback novels of Charles Williams. Address: 201 E. 66th St., New York, N. Y. 10021.

Edward Kessel (11540 Sandhurst, St. Louis, Mo. 63141) has the following for sale: Marcel Allain, The Yellow Document; Eustace Ball, The Scarlet Fox; Henry Bellaman, The Grey Man Walks; Collin Brooks, The Ghost Hunters; Stephen Chalmers, The Whispering Ghost; Carroll John Daly's The Hidden Hand, Mr. Strang, Murder Won't Wait, Snarl of the Beast, The Third Murderer; Gerard Fairlie, The Reaper; John Goodwin, The Avenger, Shadow Man.

Peewee. Reilly & Lee, 1922 ?
The Surakarta, with Edwin Balmer. Small Maynard, 1913

McHUGH, AUGUSTIN. See CURRIE, BARTON

McHUGH, EDNA. See COXE, KATHLEEN BUDDINGTON

McHUGH, FRANCES Y. Are these all gothics and properly included here?
Bluethorne. Arcadia, 1966
The China Shepherdess. Arcadia, 1966
The Dropped Living Room. Lenox Hill, 1972
Emerald Mountain. Lenox Hill, 1970
The Frightened Bowerbird. Arcadia, 1968
The Ghost Wore Black. Lenox Hill, 1970
High on a Hill. Arcadia, 1967
The Hyacinth Spell. Lenox Hill, 1972
Love Like an Arrow. Lenox Hill, 1972
The Masqueraders.
The Missing Grandfather. Arcadia, 1968
The Pale Pink House. Arcadia, 1967
The Rocking Chair. Arcadia, 1969
Saratoga Lady. Lenox Hill, 1970
Shadow Acres. Arcadia, 1967
Shadow Over Mount Sharon.
Summer Velvet. Lenox Hill, 1972
Vow of Love. Lenox Hill, 1972
Window on the Seine. Arcadia, 1969

MacINNES, HELEN. 1907-
Above Suspicion. Little, 1941; Harrap, 1941
Assignment in Brittany. Little, 1942; Harrap, 1942
Decision at Delphi. Harcourt Brace, 1960; Collins, 1961
The Double Image. Harcourt, 1966; Collins, 1967
Friends and Lovers. Little, 1947; Harrap, 1948
Horizon. Little, 1945; Harrap, 1945
I And My True Love. Harcourt, 1953; Collins, 1953
Message from Malaga. Harcourt, 1971; Collins, 1972
Neither Five Nor Three. Harcourt, 1951; Collins, 1951
North from Rome. Harcourt, 1958; Collins, 1958
Pray for a Brave Heart. Harcourt, 1955; Collins, 1955
Rest and Be Thankful. Little, 1949; Harrap, 1949
The Salzburg Connection. Harcourt, 1968; Collins, 1969
The Snare of the Hunter. Harcourt, 1974; Collins, 1974
The Unconquerable; see While Still We Live
The Venetian Affair. Harcourt, 1963; Collins, 1964
While Still We Live. Little, 1944. British title: The Unconquerable. Harrap, 1944

McINTIRE, WEBB KYLE
Cider Row. Exposition, 1961 ?

McINTOSH, J. T. Pseudonym of James Murdoch MacGregor. Series characters: Ambrose and Dominique Frayne, in both titles
A Coat of Blackmail. Muller, 1970; Doubleday 1971
Take a Pair of Private Eyes. Muller, 1968; Doubleday, 1968. (Novelization of TV play by Peter O'Donnell.)

McINTOSH, KIM HAMILTON. Pseudonym: Catherine Aird, q.v.

MacINTYRE, JOHN T(HOMAS). 1871- . Pseudonym: Kerry O'Neil, q.v. Series character: Ashton Kirk = AK
Ashton-Kirk: Criminologist. Penn, 1918; Robinson & Birch, 1921 AK
Ashton-Kirk: Investigator. Penn, 1910; Robinson & Birch, 1921 AK
Ashton-Kirk: Secret Agent. Penn, 1912; Palmer & Hayward, 1916. Also published as: Secret Agent: Ashton-Kirk. Robinson & Birch, 1921 AK
Ashton-Kirk: Special Detective. Penn, 1912. British title: Special Detective: Ashton-Kirk. Robinson & Birch, 1922 AK
In the Dead of Night. Lippincott, 1908; Ward, 1909
In the Toils. Penn, 1898 (5-Act Melodrama.)
The Museum Murder. Doubleday, 1929; Bles, 1930
Secret Agent: Ashton-Kirk; see Ashton-Kirk: Secret Agent
Special Detective: Ashton-Kirk; see Ashton-Kirk: Special Detective

McINTYRE, MARGUERITE
Old-Fashioned Murder. Farrar, 1941

MacISAAC, FRED(ERICK JOHN). 1886-1938.
The Dealer of Death. Methuen, 1938
Death Rides the Deep. Methuen, 1938
Don't Let Him Burn! Methuen, 1938
False-Face. Methuen, 1939
The Hole in the Wall. Waterson, 1927
Hot Gold. Methuen, 1938
The Mental Marvel. McClurg, 1930
Millions for Murder. Methuen, 1938
The Murder Special. Methuen, 1938
Tin Hats. Chelsea, 1926
The Vanishing Professor. Methuen, 1939
The Wild Man of Cape Cod. Methuen, 1939
The Winged Murderer. Methuen, 1939
The Yellow Shop. Hurst, 1928

MacIVERS, SARAH
The Curse of Ravenswood. McFadden, 1973

MACKAIL, DENIS (GEORGE). 1892-
According to Gibson. Houghton, 1923
The Majestic Mystery. Heinemann, 1924; Houghton, 1924

McKAY, HERBERT
The Mystery of White Fell Gill. James, 1947

McKAY, KELVIN
Murder at Barclay House. Phoenix, 1936

MACKAYE, STEELE
An Appalling Passion. Weeks, 1895

McKEAG, ERNEST L.
Green Eyes are Dangerous. Fiction House
Traitor in the Fleet. Wright, 1939

McKECHNIE, NEIL (KENNETH). 1873-
The Saddleroom Murder. Penn, 1937

McKELWAY, ST. CLAIR
The Edinburgh Caper. Holt, 1962; Gollancz, 1963

McKENNA, MARTHE. 1892- Are all the titles below fiction?
Arms and the Spy. Jarrolds, 1942
Double Spy. Jarrolds, 1938
Drums Never Beat. Jarrolds, 1936
Hunt the Spy. Jarrolds, 1939
I Was a Spy! Jarrolds, 1932
Lancer Spy. Jarrolds, 1937
My Master Spy. Jarrolds, 1936
Nightfighter Spy. Jarrolds, 1943
Set a Spy. Jarrolds, 1937
Spies I Knew. Jarrolds, 1933
The Spy in Khaki. Jarrolds, 1941
A Spy Was Born. Jarrolds, 1935; McBride, 1935
Spying Blind. Jarrolds, 1939
Three Spies for Glory. Jarrolds, 1950
Watch Across the Channel. Jarrolds, 1944
What's Past is Prologue. Jarrolds, 1951

McKENNA, STEPHEN
Tales of Intrigue and Revenge. Hutchinson, 1924 ss
While of Sound Mind. Hutchinson, 1936

McKENZIE, A. R.
Death Gets a Head. Phoenix, 1942

McKENZIE, ANDREW (CARR).
Always Fight Back. Boardman, 1955
A Grave Is Waiting. Boardman, 1957
The House at the Estuary. Ward, 1948
A Man from the Past. Boardman, 1958
The Man Who Wanted to Die. Ward, 1951
The Missile. Boardman, 1959
Point of a Gun. Ward, 1951
The Reaching Hand. Boardman, 1957
Search in the Dark. Ward, 1948
Shadow of a Spy. Boardman, 1958
Shadows on the River. Ward, 1949
Splash of Red. Ward, 1949
Three Hours to Hang. Boardman, 1955
Voice from the Cell. Hale, 1961
Week of Suspense. Hale, 1962
Whisper If You Dare! Ward, 1950

MacKENZIE, DONALD. 1908-
Cool Sleeps Balaban. Collins, 1964; Houghton, 1964
Dangerous Silence. Collins, 1960; Houghton, 1960
Dead Straight. Hodder, 1969; Houghton, 1969
Death Is a Friend. Hodder, 1967; Houghton, 1967
Double Exposure. Collins, 1963; Houghton, 1963. Also published as: I, Spy. Avon, 1964
The Genial Stranger. Collins, 1962; Houghton, 1962
I, Spy; see Double Exposure
The Juryman. Elek, 1957; Houghton, 1958
Knife Edge. Houghton, 1961
The Kyle Contract. Hodder, 1971; Houghton, 1970
The Lonely Side of the River. Hodder, 1965; Houghton, 1965
Manhunt; see Nowhere to Go
Moment of Danger; see Scent of Danger
Night Boat to Puerto Vedra. Hodder, 1970; Houghton, 1970
Nowhere to Go. Elek, 1956. U.S. title: Manhunt. Houghton, 1957
Postscript to a Dead Letter. Macmillan (London), 1973; Houghton, 1973
The Quiet Killer; see Three Minus Two
Salute to a Dead Man. Hodder, 1968; Houghton, 1966
Scent of Danger. Collins, 1958; Houghton, 1958. Also published as: Moment of Danger. Pan, 1959; Dell, 1959
Sleep Is for the Rich. Macmillan (London), 1971; Houghton, 1971
Three Minus Two. Hodder, 1968. U.S. title: The Quiet Killer. Houghton, 1968
Zaleski's Percentage. Macmillan (London), 1974; Houghton, 1974

McKENZIE, DONALD J.
Detective Against Detective. Street (Magnet)
Face to Face. Street (Magnet)
A Past Master of Crime. Street (Magnet)
The Reporter Detective. Street (Magnet)
Under His Thumb. Street
The Wall Street Wonder. Street (Magnet)
The Working Man Detective. Street (Magnet)

MacKENZIE, JEANNE. Are these crime fiction?
All for the Apple. Hutchinson, 1948
The Deadly Game. Hutchinson, 1939
The Homeward Tide. Hutchinson, 1935
Linda Walked Alone. Hutchinson, 1944
The Wayward Heart. Hutchinson, 1951

MacKENZIE, KENNETH. 1903- . Pseudonym: Seaforth MacKenzie, q.v.

MacKENZIE, NIGEL
Adventure in Space. Wright, 1967
Bandit's Moon. Wright, 1952
Blood on the Snow. Wright, 1966
The Case of the Glass Slipper. Wright, 1962
Consider Your Verdict. Wright, 1952
Could It Be Murder? Wright, 1948
The Dark Night. Wright, 1950
The Dark Road. Wright, 1961
Day of Judgment. Wright, 1956
Death for a Traitor. Wright, 1948
Death Holds His Court. Wright, 1960
Death in the Smog. Wright, 1963
Death Takes a Holiday. Wright, 1966
Fear Stalks the City. Wright, 1965
Footprints of Death. Wright, 1957
The Ghost Walks. Wright, 1949
The Horror in the Dark. Wright, 1962
The House of Horror. Wright, 1959
In Great Danger. Wright, 1959
Invasion from Space. Wright, 1954
Killer at Large. Wright, 1961
Killing's No Murder. Wright, 1968
Missing--A Lady. Wright, 1964
Missing, Believed Dead. Wright, 1968
The Moon is Ours. Wright, 1958
Murder for Two. Wright, 1951
The Murder in Cardigan Square. Wright, 1954
Murder in the Rain Forest. Wright, 1952
Murder Over Karmak. Wright, 1949
Murder Round the Corner. Wright, 1968
Night of Fear. Wright, 1964
No Escape from Murder. Wright, 1964
Pyramid of Death. Wright, 1953
Queue Here for Murder. Wright, 1961
Race Toward Death. Wright, 1963
The Red Light. Wright, 1950
Seven Days to Death. Wright, 1959
A Storm is Rising. Wright, 1958
Strange Happening. Wright, 1967
The Terror in the Sky. Wright, 1955
Three Steps to Murder. Wright, 1965

The Last Encounter. Allen, 1972; McGraw, 1973
Line on Ginger. Chapman, 1949; Harcourt, 1950. Also published as: The Intruder. NEL, 1968
The Link: A Victorian Mystery. Heinemann, 1969; McGraw, 1969
The Man with Two Shadows. Longmans, 1958; Harper, 1959
The 1946 MS. War Facts Press, 1943
November Reef. Longmans, 1962
The Rough and the Smooth. Chapman, 1951; Harcourt, 1951
The Second Window. Heinemann, 1968; McGraw, 1968
The Servant. Falcon, 1948; Harcourt, 1949
Testament: Cairo, 1898. DeHarrington, 1972 (31-page short story)
The Wrong People. Heinemann, 1970; McGraw, 1971. (Revised ed.: Pan pb, 1973.)

MAUGHAM, W(ILLIAM) SOMERSET. 1874-1965.
Ashenden; or, The British Agent. Heinemann, 1928; Doubleday, 1928 ss

MAURICE, ARTHUR BARTLETT. 1873-1946.
The Riddle of the Rovers. Dodd, 1942

MAURICE, MICHAEL. Pseudonym of Conrad Arthur Skinner, 1889- Are these adult crime fiction?
Blind Vision. Hutchinson, 1929
But In Ourselves. Hutchinson, 1928
The Final Sentence. Hutchinson, 1926
Frail Ghost. Low, 1935
The Last House. Low, 1933
The Long Way Round. Unwin, 1925
Luther Wing. Low, 1930
Marooned. Low, 1932
The Mocking Star. Low, 1931
Not in Our Stars. First Novel Library, 1923; Lippincott, 1923
The Permanent Eclipse. Frank-Maurice, 1926 (British title?)

MAVITY, NANCY BARR. 1890- . Series character: Peter Piper = PP
The Body on the Floor. Doubleday, 1929; Collins, 1930 PP
The Case of the Missing Sandals. Doubleday, 1930; Collins, 1931 PP
The Fate of Jane McKenzie. Doubleday, 1933; Collins, 1933
Hazard. Harper, 1924 ?
He Didn't Mind Hanging; see The Man Who Didn't Mind Hanging
The Man Who Didn't Mind Hanging. Doubleday, 1932. British title: He Didn't Mind Hanging. Collins, 1932 PP
The Other Bullet. Doubleday, 1930; Collins, 1931 PP
The State vs. Elna Jepson. Doubleday, 1937
The Tule Marsh Murder. Doubleday, 1929; Collins, 1930 PP

MAXFIELD, HENRY S.
Another Spring, Little, 1974
Legacy of a Spy. Harper, 1958; Heinemann, 1958

MAXON, P. B.
The Waltz of Death. Mystery House, 1941

MAXWELL, ALLAN. Pseudonym of William J. Bayfield, q.v.
The Priest's Secret. Amalgamated, 1936 (Sexton Blake)

MAXWELL, BRIGID. 1916-
The Case of the Six Mistresses. Harrap, 1955

MAXWELL, GERALD
The Last Lord Avanley. Mills, 1907

MAXWELL, H.
The Three Judges. Digby Long, 1909 ss, mostly criminous
The Unclaimed Million. Amalgamated

MAXWELL, HELEN K.
The Girl in the Mask. Little, 1971

MAXWELL, PATRICIA
Dark Masquerade. GM, 1974
The Secret of Mirror House. GM, 1970

MAXWELL, RICHARD
The Minus Man. Putnam, 1975

MAXWELL, W(ILLIAM) B(ABINGTON). 1866-1938.
Bevan Yorke; see The Case of Bevan Yorke
The Case of Bevan Yorke. Benn, 1927. U.S. title: Bevan Yorke. Doubleday, 1927
Children of the Night. Butterworth, 1925 ss

MAY, GEOFFREY. Pseudonym: E.M.D. Hawthorn, q.v.

MAY, HENRY BAK
The Doctor Didn't Prescribe Murder. Exposition, 1957

MAY, ROBERT HAROLD
7 Murders. Macaulay, 1932

MAYBURY, ANNE. Pseudonym of Anne Buxton
The Brides of Bellenmore. Ace, 1964
Enchanter's Nightshade. Also published as: Winds of Night. Ace, 1967
The Falcon's Shadow. Ace, 1967
Green Fire. Ace, 1966
The House of Fand. Ace, 1966
I am Gabriella. Ace, 1966
Jessamy Court. Random, 1974
The Midnight Dancers. Random, 1973; Collins, 1974
The Minerva Stone. Holt, 1968
The Night My Enemy. Ace
The Pavilion at Monkshood. Ace, 1965
Ride a White Dolphin. Random, 1971
Shadow of a Stranger. Ace, 1966
Someone Waiting. Ace, 1961
Stay Until Tomorrow, Ace, 1967
The Terracotta Palace. Random, 1970
Walk in the Paradise Garden. Random, 1972; Collins, 1973
Whisper in the Dark. Ace, 1961
Winds of Night; see Enchanter's Nightshade

MAYDWELL, W. D.
The Dartboard Mystery. Mellifont, 1954
The Greyhound Murder Mystery. Mellifont, 1954
The Soccer League Scandal. Mellifont, 1954

MAYFAIR, FRANKLIN
Over My Dead Body. Book Co., 1965

MAYFIELD, SERENA
The Lonely Terror. PB, 1973

MAYLON, B. J.
The Corpse with Knee Action. Phoenix, 1940

MAYNARD, GUY L.
Senor Red Mask. Low, 1939

MAYNARD, LAWRENCE
The Pig is Fat. Farrar, 1930

MAYNE, ETHEL COLBURN. 187 -1941. Are any of these adult crime fiction?
Blindman. Chapman, 1919
The Clearer Vision. Unwin, 1898 ss
Come In. Chapman, 1917
The Fourth Ship. Chapman, 1908
Inner Circle. Constable, 1925 ss
Jessie Vandeleur. Allen, 1902
Nine of Hearts. Constable, 1923 ss
One of Our Grandmothers. Chapman, 1916
Things That No One Tells. Chapman, 1910 ss

MAYO, GAEL
It's Locked In With You. Hutchinson, 1968

MAYO, JAMES. Pseudonym of Stephen Coulter, 1913- , q.v. Series character: Charles Hood = CH
Asking for It. Heinemann, 1971
Hammerhead. Heinemann, 1964; Morrow, 1964 CH
Let Sleeping Girls Lie. Heinemann, 1965; Morrow, 1966 CH
The Man Above Suspicion. Heinemann, 1969
Once in a Lifetime. Heinemann, 1968. U.S. title: Sergeant Death. Morrow, 1968 CH
The Quickness of the Hand. Deutsch, 1952
Rebound. Heinemann, 1961
A Season of Nerves. Heinemann, 1962
Sergeant Death; see Once in a Lifetime
Shamelady. Heinemann, 1966; Morrow, 1966 CH

MAYOR, DOROTHY
It's an Ill Wind. Mill, 1947
Last Call for Lissa. Mill, 1948

MAYSE, ARTHUR
The Desperate Search. Morrow, 1952; Harrap, 1953
Morgan's Mountain. Morrow, 1960; Harrap, 1961
Perilous Passage. Morrow, 1949; Muller, 1952

MAYSON, WALTER H.
The Stolen Fiddle. Warne, 1897

MAZ. Pseudonym of Alfred Leonardus Mazure. Are these adult crime fiction?
The Adventures of Dick Boss. Literary Press, 1948
Cash on Destruction. Spearman, 1962
Pigeon Parade. Spearman, 1961
Priscilla Darling. Muller, 1963

MAZURE, ALFRED LEONARDUS. Pseudonym: Maz, q.v.

MEAD, MATT
Star Crossed. Macfadden, 1969

MEAD, SHEPHERD
How to Succeed at Business Spying by Trying. Simon, 1968

MEADE, DOROTHY COLE
Death Over Her Shoulder. Scribner, 1939
Fatal Shadows. Long & Smith, 1933
Hostages. Hamilton, 1938
Shadow of a Hair. Hamilton, 1939

MEADE, L(ILLIE) T(HOMAS). Pseudonym of Elizabeth Thomasina Meade (Smith), 1854-1914.
The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings, with Robert Eustace. Ward, 1899 ss
The Chateau of Mystery. Everett, 1907
Confessions of a Court Milner. Long, 1902
The Curse of the Feverals. Long, 1907
A Double Revenge. Digby, 1902
From the Hand of the Hunter. Long, 1906
The Gold Star Line, with Robert Eustace. Ward, 1899 ss
The House of Black Magic. White, 1912
The Lost Square, with Robert Eustace. Ward, 1902 ss
Maid of Mystery. White, 1904
A Master of Mysteries, with Robert Eustace. Ward, 1898 ss
Micah Faraday, Adventurer. Ward, 1910 ss
On the Brink of a Chasm. Buckles, 1899
The Oracle of Maddox Street, Ward, 1904 ss
A Race with the Sun, with Clifford Halifax. Ward, 1901 ss
The Sanctuary Club, with Robert Eustace. Ward, 1900 ss
The Secret of the Dead. White, 1901
Silenced. Ward, 1904 ss
A Son of Ishmael. White, 1896
The Sorceress of the Strand, with Robert Eustace. Ward, 1903 ss
Stories from the Diary of a Doctor, with Clifford Halifax. Newnes, 1894; Lippincott, 1895 ss
Stories from the Diary of a Doctor: Second Series, with Clifford Halifax. Bliss, 1896
This Troublesome World. Chatto, 1893
Twenty-Four Hours. White, 1901
Under the Dragon Throne. Gardner

MEADE, RICHARD. Pseudonym of Ben Haas
The Danube Runs Red. Random, 1968
The Lost Fraulein. Random, 1970

MEADOW, HERB
Uncertain Glory. Grosset, 1944

MEADOWS, ALICE MAUDE
Days of Doubt. Ward, 1901
The Eye of Fate. Ward, 1899
A Million of Money. Sisley, 1907
The Odd Trick. Long, 1908
Out from the Night. Ward

MEADOWS, CATHERINE
Doctor Moon; see Henbane
Friday Market. Gollancz, 1938; Macmillan, 1938
Henbane. Gollancz, 1934. U.S. title: Doctor Moon. Putnam, 1935

MEADOWS, F.
The Death Dealer. Mellifont

World Without End. Wright, 1955
The Wrath to Come. Wright, 1957

MACKENZIE, SCOBIE. 1906-
Doctor Fram. Eyre, 1933; Dutton, 1933
Three Dead, One Hurt. Eyre, 1934

MACKENZIE, SEAFORTH. Pseudonym of Kenneth Mackenzie, 1903-
Dead Men Rising. Cape, 1951; Harper, 1951

McKENZIE, SUSAN
Death Has Many Doors. Lancer, 1968

MacKENZIE, W. A.
The Bite of the Leech.
The Drexel Dream. Chatto, 1904

MacKERSEY, IAN
Long Night's Journey. Hale, 1974

MACKEY, LEWIS HUGH. Pseudonym: Hugh Matheson, q.v.

MACKIE, JOHN
The Man Who Forgot. Jarrolds, 1901

McKIMMEY, JAMES
Blue Mascara Tears. Ballantine pb, 1965; Boardman, 1966
A Circle in the Water. Morrow, 1965; Muller, 1966
Cornered! Dell, 1960; Boardman, 1965
The Hot Fire. Hale, 1969
The Long Ride. Dell, 1961; Boardman, 1963
The Man With the Gloved Hand. Random, 1972; Hale, 1974
Never Be Caught. Boardman, 1966 (three novelets)
The Perfect Victim. Dell, 1958; Boardman, 1965
Run If You're Guilty. Lippincott, 1963; Boardman, 1964
The Satyr. Monarch pb, 196 . ?
Squeeze Play. Dell, 1962; Boardman, 1965
24 Hours to Kill. Dell, 1961; Boardman, 1963
Winner Take All. Dell, 1959; Boardman, 1963
The Wrong Ones. Dell, 1961; Boardman, 1964

MACKIN, MRS. M.
Mystery of the Marbletons. Abbey, 1903

MacKINLAY, STERLING
The Enemy Agent. Long, ca.1925

McKINLEY, FRANCES (BURKS). 1907-
Death Sails the Nile. Stratford, 1933

MacKINNON, ALLAN. Series character: Mike Darroch = MD
Assignment in Iraq. Collins, 1960; Doubleday, 1960 MD
Cormorant's Isle. Long, 1962; Doubleday, 1962
Danger By My Side. Collins, 1950
Dead on Departure. Long, 1964. U.S. title: Report from Argyll. Doubleday, 1964
House of Darkness. Collins, 1947; Doubleday, 1947
Man Overboard; see No Wreath from Manuela
Map of Mistrust. Collins, 1948; Doubleday, 1948
Money on the Black; see Nine Days' Wonder
Murder, Repeat Murder. Collins, 1952; Doubleday, 1952
Nine Days' Murder. Collins, 1945. U.S. title: Money on the Black. Doubleday, 1946
No Wreath from Manuela. Long, 1965. U.S. title: Man Overboard. Doubleday, 1965
Red-Winged Angel. Collins, 1958. U.S. title: Summons from Baghdad. Doubleday, 1958 MD
Report from Argyll; see Dead on Departure
Summons from Baghdad; see Red-Winged Angel

MacKINNON, CLARK K.
The Flame Lily. Dakers, 1954
Leopard Valley. Long, 1963
Lost Hyena. Long, 1962

MACKINTOSH, ELIZABETH. 1896-1952. Pseudonyms: Gordon Daviot, Josephine Tey, qq.v.

MacKINTOSH, IAN
The Brave Cannot Yield. Hale, 1970
Count Not the Cost. Hale, 1967
A Drug Called Power. Hale, 1968
The Men from Destiny. Hale, 1969
A Slaying in September. Hale, 1967

MACKINTOSH, MAY. Series characters: Laurie Grant and Stewart Noble = G&N
Appointment in Andalusa. Collins, 1972; Delacorte, 1972 G&N
Assignment in Andorra. Delacorte, 1973 G&N
A King and Two Queens. Collins, 1973
The Sicilian Affair. Collins, 1974; Delacorte, 1974 G&N

McKNIGHT, BOB. 1906-
The Bikini Bombshell. Ace, 1959
Downwind. Ace, 1957
Drop Dead, Please. Ace, 1961
The Flying Eye. Ace, 1961
Homicide Handicap. Ace, 1963
Kiss the Babe Goodbye. Ace, 1960
Murder Mutuel. Ace, 1958
Running Scared. Ace, 1960
A Slice of Death. Ace, 1960
A Stone Around Her Neck. Ace, 1962
Swamp Sanctuary. Ace, 1960

MacKNUTT, M. G.
Death on the Cuff. Phoenix, 1951

MACKWORTH, JOHN (DOLBEN). 1887- . Are these adult crime fiction?
The Axe is Laid. Longmans (London & NY), 1925
Broadcast. Longmans (London & NY), 1925
Free Drinks. Cassell (London & NY), 1926
The Menace of the Terribore. Harrap, 1936. U.S. title: The Raid of the Terribore. Lippincott, 1937

McLACHLIN, DONALD
No Case for the Crown. Sidgwick, 1972

McLAREN, MRS. JACK
Which Hath Been. Allan

MacLAREN-ROSS, J(ULIAN).
The Doomsday Book. H. Hamilton, 1961; Obolensky, 1961
Until the Day She Dies. H. Hamilton, 1960

McLARTY, NANCY
Chain of Death. Doubleday, 1962

McLAUGHLIN, ROBERT J.
A Horsehair Santa Claus and other stories. Christopher, 1931 ss

McLAUGHLIN, W. R. D.
So Thin is the Line. Harrap, 1963
Syndicate of Evil. Hale, 1965

MacLEAN, ALISTAIR (STUART). 1922-
Pseudonym: Ian Stuart, q.v.
Bear Island. Collins, 1971; Doubleday, 1971
Caravan to Vaccares. Collins, 1970; Doubleday, 1970
Fear Is the Key. Collins, 1961; Doubleday, 1961
Force 10 from Navarone. Collins, 1968; Doubleday, 1968
The Golden Rendezvous. Collins, 1962; Doubleday, 1962
The Guns of Navarone. Collins, 1957; Doubleday, 1957
H.M.S. Ulysses. Collins, 1955; Doubleday, 1956
Ice Station Zebra. Collins, 1963; Doubleday, 1963
The Last Frontier. Collins, 1959. U.S. title: The Secret Ways. Doubleday, 1959
Night Without End. Collins, 1960; Doubleday, 1960
Puppet on a Chain. Collins, 1969; Doubleday, 1969
The Secret Ways; see The Last Frontier
South by Java Head. Collins, 1958; Doubleday, 1958
The Way to Dusty Death. Collins, 1973; Doubleday, 1973
When Eight Bells Toll. Collins, 1966; Doubleday, 1966
Where Eagles Dare. Collins, 1967; Doubleday, 1967

McLEAN, ALLAN CAMPBELL. 1922-
The Carpet-Slipper Murder. Ward, 1956; Washburn, 1957
Deadly Honeymoon. Ward, 1958
Death on All Hallows. Ward, 1958; Washburn, 1958
Murder by Invitation. Ward, 1959
Stand-In for Murder. Ward, 1960

MacLEAN, ARTHUR. All titles below feature Sexton Blake and, where not otherwise indicated, were published by Amalgamated Press. Pseudonym: Arthur Kirby, q.v.
Bargain in Blood. 1962
Broken Toy. 1956
Canvas Jungle. 1956
Dark Frontier. 1956
Deadline for Danger. 1957
Fatal Curtain. 1958
Find Me a Killer! 1957. Also published as: Slaying on the Sixteenth Floor. Mayflower pb, 1965
The House on the Bay. 1958
The Man Who Killed Me; see Redhead for Danger
Mask of Fury, 1957
Mission to Mexico. 1960
Night Beat. 1956
Pursuit to Algeria. 1961
Redhead for Danger. 1958. Also published as: The Man Who Killed Me. 1962
The Savage Squeeze. Mayflower pb, 1965
Slaying on the Sixteenth Floor; see Find Me a Killer!
Touch of Evil. 1959

MacLEAN, KATHERINE
The Man in the Bird Cage. Ace, 1970

MacLEAN, ROBINSON
The Baited Blonde. Mill, 1949; Barker, 1950

McLEAVE, HUGH
Only Gentlemen Can Play. Barker, 1974; Harcourt, 1974
A Question of Negligence. Collins, 1973; Harcourt, 1970
The Steel Baloon. Muller, 1964
The Sword and the Scales. World, 1968
Vodka on Ice. Harcourt, 1969

McLEISH, DOUGAL
The Traitor Game. Houghton, 1968
The Valentine Victim. Houghton, 1969

MacLEOD, ADAM GORDON
The Case of Matthew Crake. Harrap, 1932; Dial, 1933
The Cathra Mystery. Harrap, 1926; Dial, 1926
Death Stalked the Fells. Harrap, 1937
The Marloe Mansions Murder. Harrap, 1928; Dial, 1928

MacLEOD, ANGUS
Blessed Above Women. Dobson, 1965; Roy, 1967
The Bodv's Guest. Dobson, 1958; Roy, 1958
The Dam. Dobson, 1968; Roy, 1969
The Eighth Seal. Dobson, 1962; Roy, 1962
The Tough and the Tender. Dobson, 1960; Roy, 1960

MacLEOD, CHARLOTTE
Mystery of the White Knight. Bouregy, 1964
Next Door to Danger. Bouregy, 1965

MacLEOD, ROBERT. Pseudonym of Bill Knox, 1928- , q.v. Other pseudonym: Noah Webster, q.v. Series characters: Talos Cord = TC; Jonathan Gaunt = JG
All Other Perils. Long, 1974
A Burial in Portugal. Long, 1973; Doubleday, 1973, as by Noah Webster JG
Cave of Bats. Long, 1964; Holt, 1966 TC
Drum of Power. Long, 1964. U.S. title: The Drum of Ungara, as by Bill Knox. Doubleday, 1963
The Drum of Ungara (as by Bill Knox); see Drum of Power
Flickering Death (as by Noah Webster); see A Property in Cyprus
Isle of Dragons. Long, 1967 TC
The Iron Sanctuary; see Lake of Fury
A Killing in Malta. Long, 1972; Doubleday, 1972, as by Noah Webster JG
Lake of Fury. Long, 1966. U.S. title: The Iron Sanctuary. Holt, 1968 TC
Nest of Vultures. Long, 1973 TC
Path of Ghosts. Long, 1971; McCall, 1971 TC
Place of Mists. Long, 1969; McCall, 1970 TC
A Property in Cyprus. Long, 1970. U.S. title: Flickering Death, as by Noah Webster. Doubleday, 1970 JG

MacLEOD, RUTH
Hawks of Glenaerie. Curtis, 1974
Murder on Vacation. Bouregy, 1962

M'LEVY, JAMES
At War with Society; or, Tales of the Outcasts. Cameron & Ferguson ss
Curiosities of Crime in Edinburgh. Kay, 1861 ss

McMAHON, ROBERT. See BERGSON, LEO

McMAHON, THOMAS PATRICK
Cornered at Six, with Brian Patrick McMahon. Simon, 1972
The Hubschmann Effect. Simon, 1973
The Issue of the Bishop's Blood. Doubleday, 1972; Collins, 1973
Jink. Simon, 1971
The Little Victims. Constable, 1974
Mayday, with Brian Patrick McMahon. Simon, 1973

McMANIS, J. ALLEN
The Hooded Asp. Wetzel, 1928

MacMILLAN, GEORGETTE
The Woman in Mauve. Chelsea, 1925

MACMILLAN, W. B.
The Riddle of the Burning Castle. Atlas, 1947

McMORROW, THOMAS. 1886-
The Sandalwood Fan. Sears, 1928
The Strange History of Ambrose Hinkle. Sears, 1929

McMULLEN, MARY. 1920-
Death of Miss X; see Strangle Hold
The Doom Campaign. Doubleday, 1974
Strangle Hold. Harper, 1951. British title: Death of Miss X. Collins, 1952

McMURDIE, ANNIE LAURIE
Nightmare Hall. Lancer, 1973

McNALTY, A. SALISBURY
The Mystery of Captain Burnaby. Pawling, 1934

McNAMARA, ED. 1911-
Once Over Deadly. Abelard, 1958; Consul pb, 1961

McNAMARA, LENA B(ROOKS). 1891- Pseudonym: Evalina Mack, q.v.
The Penance Was Death. Bruce, 1964
Pilgrim's End. Ace, 1967

MACNAUGHTAN, RICHARD
The Preparatory School Murder. Fenland, 1934

MacNEE, PATRICK
Dead Duck. Hodder, 1966
Deadline. Hodder, 1965

MacNEIL, NEIL. Pseudonym of Willis Todhunter Ballard, 1903- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: P. D. Ballard, Harrison Hunt, John Shepherd, qq.v. Series characters: Tony Costaine and Bert McCall, in all titles
The Death Ride. GM, 1960; Muller, 1962
Death Takes an Option. GM, 1958; Fawcett (London), 1960
Hot Dam. GM, 1960; Muller, 1960
Mexican Slay Ride. GM, 1961; Muller, 1963
The Spy Catchers. GM, 1963
Third on a Seesaw. GM, 1959; Muller, 1961
Two Guns for Hire. GM, 1959; Muller, 1960

McNEILE, H(ERMAN) C(YRIL). 1888-1937. Pseudonym: Sapper, q.v. Series character: Capt. Hugh "Bulldog" Drummond = BD, whose adventures continue under the Sapper byline.
The Black Gang. Hodder, 1922; Doran, 1922 BD
Bull-Dog Drummond. Hodder, 1920; Doran, 1920 BD
The Dinner Club. Hodder, 1923; Doran, 1923 ss
Jim Maitland. Hodder, 1923; Doran, 1924
The Man in Ratcatcher and other stories. Hodder, 1921; Doran, 1921 ss
The Third Round. Hodder, 1924. U.S. title: Bulldog Drummond's Third Round. Doran, 1924 BD

McNEILLY, WILFRED. Series character (with many other authors): Sexton Blake = SB; title marked JD, for John Drake, is novelization of the TV series known variously as Danger Man and Secret Agent.
The Break Out. Mayflower pb, 1965 SB
The Case of the Muckrakers. Mayflower pb, 1966; Macfadden pb, 1967 SB
The Case of the Stag at Bay. Mayflower pb, 1965 SB
Come Dark, Come Evil. Amalgamated, 1962 SB
Death in the Top Twenty. Mayflower pb, 1965 SB
Killer Pack. Amalgamated, 1962 SB
Land of the Free. Mayflower pb, 1966
No Way Out. Consul pb, 1966; Macfadden pb, 1966 JD
Terror Loch. Amalgamated, 1962 SB
Wanted for Questioning. Mayflower pb, 1965 SB
The War Runners. New English Library, 1970

MACOMBER, DARIA. Pseudonym of Ferdinan Stevenson and Patricia Robinson
Bury Her Deep. Hale, 1971
A Clearing in the Woods. World, 1970
Hunter, Hunter, Get Your Gun. Hodder, 1966. U.S. title: Return to Octavia. NAL, 1967
Return to Octavia; see Hunter, Hunter, Get Your Gun

MACONECHY, JOANNA
Four Extra Daughters. Chatto, 1932
James Ballingray, Murderer. Collins, 1925
The Secret Journal of Charles Dunbar. Collins, 1923
Vanishing Shadows. Chatto, 1930

McPARTLAND, JOHN. 1911-195
Affair in Tokyo. GM, 1954
Danger for Breakfast. GM, 1956; Fawcett (London), 1957
The Face of Evil. GM, 1954; Fawcett (London), 1955
I'll See You in Hell. GM, 1956; Red Seal pb, 1958
The Kingdom of Johnny Cool. GM, 1959; Muller, 1960
The Last Night. GM, 1959; Muller, 1960
Love Me Now. GM, 1952; Muller, 1957
No Down Payment. Simon, 1957; Macdonald, 1958
Ripe Fruit. GM, 1958; Fawcett (London), 1959
Tokyo Doll. GM, 1953; Fawcett (London), 1954
The Wild Party. GM, 1956; Red Seal pb, 1959

McPHELLAMY, STEPHEN
Murder Without Alibis. Quality, 1947

MACPHERSON, JOHN F.
Yetta the Magnificent. Long, 1908

MacQUADE, MIKE
Who's for Dying? Hale, 1961

MacQUEEN, JAMES WILLIAM. 1900- . Pseudonym: James G. Edwards, q.v.

MACRAE, TRAVIS. Pseudonym of Anita MacRae Feagles, 1926-
Death in View. Holt, 1960; Hammond, 1961
Multiple Murder; see Twenty Per Cent
Trial by Slander. Rinehart, 1960; Hammond, 1960
Twenty Per Cent. Holt, 1961. British title: Multiple Murder. Hammond, 1962

McREAY, ERNEST L.
Murder at Eight Bells. Columbine, 1939

MacROSS, ROSS. Pseudonym of James Reach, 19 - 196 , q.v.
The Beautiful and Dead. GM, 1954

McROYD, ALLAN. Series character: Inspector Franklin Brady, in all titles
Death in Costume. Greystone, 1940
The Double Shadow Murders. Greystone, 1939
The Golden Goose Murders. Greystone, 1938

McSHANE, MARK. 1930-
The Crimson Madness of Little Doom. Hale, 1967; Doubleday, 1966
The Girl Nobody Knows. Hale, 1966; Doubleday, 1965
Ill Met by a Fish Shop on George Street. Hodder, 1969; Doubleday, 1968
The Man Who Left Well Enough. McCall, 1971
Night's Evil. Hale, 1966; Doubleday, 1966
The Passing of Evil. Cassell, 1961
Seance; see Seance on a Wet Afternoon
Seance for Two. Hale, 1974; Doubleday, 1972
Seance on a Wet Afternoon. Cassell, 1961. U.S. title: Seance. Doubleday, 1962
The Singular Case of the Multiple Dead. Hodder, 1970; Putnam, 1969
The Straight and the Crooked. Long, 1960
Untimely Ripped. Cassell, 1962; Doubleday, 1963
The Way to Nowhere. Hale, 1967

MacSWAN, NORMAN
The Inn with the Wooden Door. Cassell, 1958

MacTYRE, PAUL. Are these adult crime fiction?
Bar Sinister. Hodder, 1964
Fish on a Hook. Hodder, 1963
Midge. Hodder, 1962

MacVEIGH, SUE. Pseudonym of Elizabeth Custer Nearing, 1898- . Series characters: Capt. Andy MacVeigh and his wife Sue, in all titles
The Corpse and the Three Ex-Husbands. Houghton, 1941
Grand Central Murder. Houghton, 1939
Murder Under Construction. Houghton, 1939
Streamlined Murder. Houghton, 1940

MacVICAR, ANGUS. 1908- . (Starred titles are 1-act plays.)
The Black Wherry. Foley, 1948 (Juvenile?)
The Canisbay Conspiracy. Long, 1966
The Cavern. Paul, 1936
Crime's Masquerader. Paul, 1938
The Crooked Finger. Paul, 1937
The Crouching Spy. Paul, 1941
The Dancing Horse. Long, 1961
Death by the Mistletoe. Paul, 1934
Death on the Machar. Paul, 1947
Duel in Glenfinnan. Long, 1969
11 for Danger. Paul, 1939
Escort to Adventure. Paul, 1952
Final Proof. Brown, Son & Ferguson, 1958 *
Flowering Death. Paul, 1937
Fugitive's Road. Paul, 1949
The Golden Venus Affair. Long, 1972
The Grey Shepherds. Long, 1964
Greybreek. Long, 1947
The Hammers of Fingal. Long, 1963
The High Cliffs of Kersivey. Harrap, 1964 ?
The Killings on Kersivay. Long, 1962
Maniac. Long, 1969
Mercy Flight. Brown, Son & Ferguson, 1959 *
Murder at the Open. Long, 1965
Night on the Killer Reef. Long, 1967
The Other Man. Pemberton, 1947 ?
The Painted Doll Affair. Long, 1973
The Purple Rock. Paul, 1933
The Screaming Gull. Paul, 1935
The Singing Spider. Paul, 1938
Storm Tide. Brown, Son & Ferguson, 1960 *
Stranger at Christmas. Brown, Son & Ferguson, 1964 *
Strangers from the Sea. Paul, 1939
The Temple Falls. Paul, 1935
The Ten Green Brothers. Paul, 1936
Under Suspicion. Brown, Son & Ferguson, 1962 *

McWATTERS, GEORGE S.
Knots Untied; or, Ways and Byways in the Hidden Life of American Detectives. Burr & Hyde, 1871

M.A.A.B.
Clouded in Mystery. McKinney, 1874

MAARTENS, MAARTEN. Pseudonym of Joost M. W. van der Poorten Schwartz, 1858-
The Black Box Murder. (London), 1889; U.S. Book Co., 1890
The Sin of Joost Avelingh. Macmillan (London), 1890; Appleton, 1890

MAASS, EDGAR
A Lady at Bay. Scribners, 1953

MAASS, JOACHIM. 1901-
Gabrille; see The Gouffe Case
The Gouffe Case. Barrie & Rockliff, 1960; Harper, 1960. (Translation of Der Fall Gouffe. Vienna: Desch, 1958.) Also published as: Gabrielle. Corgi pb. 1964
The Magic Year. Barrie & Rockliff, 1964. (Translation of Der Magische Jahr. Vienna: Desch, 1957.)

MACAO, MARSHALL
Rape of Sun Lee Fong. Tandem, 1974

MACE, GUSTAV
My First Crime. Vizetelly, 1886

MACE, HELEN
And Death Came Too. Hammond, 1961
Death of a Golden Goose. Hammond, 1965
House of Hate. Hammond, 1958
Murder Among Those Present. Hammond, 1957

MACE, MERLDA
Blondes Don't Cry. Messner, 1945
Headlong for Murder. Messner, 1943
Motto for Murder. Messner, 1943

MACHARD, ALFRED
The Wolf Man. Clode, 1925; Butterworth,

MACHEN, ARTHUR
The Three Imposters. Knopf, 1924

MACHRAY, ROBERT
The Ambassador's Glove.
A Blow Over the Heart. Chatto
The Disappearance of Lady Diana.
Her Honour. Chatto
Her Secret Life. White, 1913
The Mystery of Lincoln's Inn. Chatto, Munro, 1903
The Mystery of the Middle Temple. Everett, 1908
The Private Detective. Chatto
Sentenced to Death. Chatto, 1910
The Woman Wins.

MACIAS, GABRIEL
Detective Reynold's Hardest Case. Street (Magnet), ca.1897

MACK, EVALINA. Pseudonym of Lena B. McNamara, 1891- , q.v.
Corpse in the Cove. Arcadia, 1955
Death Among the Sands. Arcadia, 1957
Death of a Portrait. Arcadia, 1952
Murder in Miniature. Arcadia, 1959

MACK, J.
Body in the Boathouse. Paget, 1949
Fall Guy. Paget, 1948
Faust of the F.B.I. Hamilton Stafford, 1953
Payoff. Paget, 1948
Shakedown. Paget, 1948
Shamus. Paget, 1948

MACK, THOMAS
The Spectre Bullet. Gernsback, 1932

MADDEN, E(DWARD) S(TANISLAUS)
Craig's Spur. Heinemann, 1961; Vanguard, 1962

MADDEROM, GARY
The Four Chambered Villain. Macmillan, 1971

MADDOCK, LUCY
Fantine Avenal, Cornhill, 1922

MADDOCK, STEPHEN
Close Shave. Collins, 1952
Conspirators at Large. Collins, 1937
Conspirators in Capri. Collins, 1935
Conspirators Three. Collins, 1936
Danger After Dark. Collins, 1934
Date with a Spy. Collins, 1941
Doorway to Danger. Collins, 1938
Drums Beat at Dusk. Collins, 1943
East of Piccadilly. Collins, 1948
Exit Only. Collins, 1947
The Eye at the Keyhole. Collins, 1935
Forbidden Frontiers. Collins, 1936
Gentlemen of the Night. Collins, 1934
I'll Never Like Friday Again. Collins, 1945
Keep Your Fingers Crossed. Collins, 1949
Lamp Post 592. Collins, 1938
Overture to Trouble. Collins, 1946
Private Line. Collins, 1950
Public Mischief. Collins, 1951
Something on the Stairs. Collins, 1944
Spades at Midnight. Collins, 1940
Spies Along the Severn. Collins, 1939
Step Aside to Death. Collins, 1942
The White Siren. Collins, 1934
A Woman of Destiny. Collins, 1933

MADDUX, BERTON J.
The Veil Withdrawn. Dillingham, 1900

MADELEY, JOAN
The Shining Head. Hale, 1955

MADISON, R.
Hit the Jackpot. Spencer, 1952
The Lady Gets Wise. Spencer, 1952
Save Your Tears. Spencer, 1953
Set Up for Danger. Spencer, 1952
Star Witness. Spencer, 1953
Stranger Beware. Spencer, 1952
Terror Rides the West Wind. Spencer, 1951

MADREYHIGO, L.
The Phonographic Mystery. Remington, 1890

MAGARSHACK, DAVID. 1899-
Big Ben Strikes Eleven. Constable, 1934
Death Cuts a Caper. Constable, 1935; Holt, 1935
Three Dead. Constable, 1937

MAGEE, BRIAN
To Live in Danger. Hutchinson, 1960

MAGGS, DEREK
Reporting Murder. Fiction House, 1945

MAGILL, MARCUS. Pseudonym of Brian Hill, 1896-

Death-in-the-Box. Knopf (London), 1929; Lippincott, 1930
Hide, And I'll Find You! Hutchinson, 1933 ?
I Like a Good Murder. Knopf (London), 1930; Lippincott, 1930
Murder in Full Flight. Hutchinson, 1932; Lippincott, 1933
Murder Out of Tune. Hutchinson, 1931; Lippincott, 1931
Who Shall Hang? Knopf (London), 1929; Lippincott, 1929

MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM
Count Zarka. Page, 1903
The Fruits of Indiscretion. Paul, ca.1912
The Hunt Ball Mystery. Macmillan (London), 1918; Brentanos, 1918
The Master Spirit. Little, 1906
The Mystery of the Unicorn. Ward Lock, Brentanos,
Powers of Mischief. Ward Lock
The Red Chancellor. Ward Lock, 1900; Brentanos, 1901
The Red Stain. Ward Lock

MAGOON, CAREY. Joint pseudonym of Elizabeth Carey and Marian Austin Magoon, 1885-
I Smell the Devil. Farrar, 1943; Cassell, 1949

MAGOON, MARIAN AUSTIN. 1885- . See Carey Magoon, pseudonym.

MAGOWAN, RONALD
Barracuda. Hale, 1972
Fox in the Sea. Hale, 1974
Funeral for a Commissar. Hale, 1970; Roy, 1970
Monopoly to Murder. Hale, 1968

MAGUIRE, P. P.
A Certain Dr. Mellor. Browne & Nolan, 1946

MAHANNAH, FLOYD
The Broken Angel. Macrae Smith, 1957; Boardman, 1959
The Golden Goose. Duell, 1951; Boardman, 1952
The Golden Widow. Macrae Smith, 1956; Boardman, 1957
Stopover for Murder. Macrae Smith, 1953; Boardman, 1954
The Yellow Hearse. Duell, 1950; Boardman, 1951

MAINWARING, DANIEL. 1902- . Pseudonym: Geoffrey Homes, q.v.
One Against the Earth. Long & Smith, 1933

MAINWARING, MARION
Murder at Midyears. Macmillan, 1953; Gollancz, 1954
Murder is Pastiche. Macmillan, 1954; Gollancz, 1955

MAIR, ALISTAIR
The Douglas Affair. Morrow, 1966
Where the East Wind Blows. Heinemann, 1972

MAIR, GEORGE B(ROWN). Series character: David Grant = DG
Black Champagne. Jarrolds, 1968; Berkley pb, 19 . DG
Crimson Jade. Jarrolds, 1971 DG
The Day Khrushchev Panicked. Cassell, 1961; Random, 1962
Death's Foot Forward. Jarrolds, 1963; Random, 1964 DG
The Girl from Peking. Jarrolds, 1967; Berkley pb, 1968 DG
Goddesses Never Die. Jarrolds, 1969 DG
Kisses from Satan. Jarrolds, 1966; Berkley pb, 1968 DG
Live, Love, and Cry. Jarrolds, 1965; Berkley pb, 1968
Miss Turquoise. Jarrolds, 1964; Random, 1965 DG
Paradise Spells Danger. Jarrolds, 1973 DG
A Wreath of Camellias. Jarrolds, 1970 DG

MAIR, JOHN
Never Come Back. Gollancz, 1941; Little, 1941

MAIS, S. P. B.
Black Spider. Hutchinson, 1941
Men in Blue Glasses. Hutchinson, 1940

MAITLAND, JAMES A.
The Lawyer's Story; or, The Orphan's Wrongs. Peterson, 1858
Sartoroe: A Tale of Norway. Fetridge, 1857; Peterson, 1858

MAITLAND, OSCAR
The Society Detective. Street, 1887

MAKIN, WILLIAM J(AMES). 1894-
The Adventures of Red Head of the Red Sea. Jarrolds, 1933. Also published as: Red Head of the Red Sea. Newnes, 1937
The Covent Garden Murder; see Murder at Covent Garden
The Exploits of Jonathan Jow. Pearson, 1936
The Four Brains. Eldon, 1934
Gipsy in Evening Dress. Eldon, 1935
Murder at Covent Garden. Jarrolds, 1930. Also published as: The Covent Garden Murder. Newnes, 1938
Murder at Full Moon. Eldon, 1937
The Price of Exile. First Novel Library, 1922
Queer Mr. Quell. Hodder, 1937; McBride, 1938
Red Head of the Red Sea; see The Adventures of Red Head of the Red Sea
Red Mask. Hamilton, 1935
Red Sea Spy. Jarrolds, 1936
Syncopated Love. Jarrolds, 1930
Two Moons. Unwin, 1925

MAKRIS, JOHN N.
Mystery of the Brompton Road. Pan, 1945
Night Shade. Ace, 1953

MALAN, ERNESTINE and LEDIG, ALMA K.
Cobwebs and Clues. Dorrance, 1944

MALCOLM, DAVID
A Fiend Incarnate. Tait, 1895
Fifty Thousand Dollars Ransom. Tait, 1896

MALCOLM, JEAN (EILEEN)
Discourse with Shadows. Doubleday, 1958; Gollancz, 1958

MALCOLM-SMITH, GEORGE. 1901-
Come Out, Come Out. Doubleday, 1965. British title: Dividend of Death. Hale, 1966
Dividend of Death; see Come Out, Come Out
If a Body Meet a Body. Doubleday, 1959; Hale, 1961
The Lady Finger. Doubleday, 1962
The Trouble with Fidelity. Doubleday, 1957; Hale, 1959

MALCOM, GRANT
The Green Mandarin Mystery. Curtis Warren

MALCOM, MARGARET
Headless Beings. Doubleday, 1973

MALIM, BARBARA
By That Sin. Archer, 1935
Death by Misadventure. Murray, 1934; Macmillan, 1934
Missing from Monte Carlo. Walker, 1929
Murder on Holiday. Murray, 1937
Seven Looked On. Butterworth, 1939
"To This End." Walker, 1927

MALINA, FRED
Murder Over Broadway. Phoenix, 1948
Some Like 'em Shot. Mill, 1949

MALING, ARTHUR
Decoy. Harper, 1971; Joseph, 1971
Dingdong. Harper, 1974
Go-Between. Harper, 1970
Loophole. Harper, 1971
The Snowman. Harper, 1973

MALLARY, AMOS
The Eight Penny Spy. Hale, 1971

MALLESON, LUCY BEATRICE. 1899-1973. Pseudonyms: Anthony Gilbert, Anne Meredith, qq.v.

MALLET, JACQUELINE
They Can't Hang Me! Harper, 1974

MALLETTE, GERTRUDE
Mystery in Blue. 1946

MALLOCH, PETER. Pseudonym of William Murdoch Duncan, 1909- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: John Cassells, Neill Graham, Lovat Marshall, Martin Locke, qq.v.
The Adjuster. Long, 1970
Anchor Island. Long, 1962
Backwash. long, 1969
The Big Killing. Long, 1974
The Big Steal. Long, 1966
Blood Money. Long, 1962
Blood on Pale Fingers. Long, 1969
Break-Through. Long, 1963
Cop-Lover. Long, 1964
Death Whispers Softly. Long, 1968
The Delinquents. Long, 1974
Die, My Beloved. Long, 1967
11.20 Glasgow Central. Rich, 1955
Fly Away Death. Long, 1958
Fugitive's Road. Long, 1963
The Grab. Long, 1970
Hardiman's Landing. Long, 1960
Johnny Blood. Long, 1967
Kickback. Long, 1973
Lady of No Compassion. Long, 1966
Murder of a Student. Long, 1968
Murder of the Man Next Door. Long, 1966
My Shadow. Long, 1959
The Nicholas Snatch. Long, 1964
The Slugger. Long, 1971
The Sniper. Long, 1965
Sweet Lady Death. Rich, 1956
Treat Softly, Death. Rich, 1957
Two with a Gun. Long, 1971
Walk In, Death. Rich, 1957
Write-Off. Long, 1972

MALLORY, ARTHUR
Apperson's Folly. Chelsea, 1930
Black Valley Murders. Chelsea, 1930
Doctor Krook. Chelsea, 1929
Fiery Serpent. Chelsea, 1929
The House of Carson. Chelsea, 1927
Mysteries of Black Valley. Chelsea, 1930

MALM, DOROTHEA. 1915-
Claire: Memoirs of a Governess. Putnam, 1956; Davies, 1957
Every Third Thought. Doubleday, 1962; Davies, 1962
On a Fated Night. Doubleday, 1965; Davies, 1966
The Paper Mistress. Coward, 1959; Davies, 1960
To the Castle. Appleton, 1957; Davies, 1955
The Woman Question. Appleton, 1957; Davies, 1957

MALMAR, McKNIGHT
Fog Is a Shroud. Hurst, 1950
Never Say Die. Hurst, 1944; Coward, 1943
The Past Won't Die. Hurst, 1948

MALO, VINCENT GASPARD
And Why Not? Barker, 1958; Abelard, 1959
Murder on the Mistral. Barker, 1957; Abelard, 1958

MALONEY, RALPH
The Nixon Recession Caper. Norton, 1972

MALOT, HECTOR HENRI
Doctor Claude. Vizetelly, 1879
A Mysterious Crime.

MANCERON, GENEVIEVE
The Deadlier Sex. Dell, 1961

MANCHESTER, IVY
Pinecastle. Curtis, 1973

MANCHESTER, WILLIAM (RAYMOND). 1922-
Beard the Lion. Mill, 1958; Coward, 1959. Also published as: Cairo Intrigue. PB, 1959

MANCINI, ANTHONY
Minnie Santangelo's Mortal Sin. Coward, 1975

MANDEVILLE, D. E.
Hot Line: Capricorn. Hale, 1972

MANER, WILLIAM
Die of a Rose. Doubleday, 1970
The Image Killer. Doubleday, 1968; Hale, 1970
There Goes the Bride. Hale, 1972

MANGIONE, JERRE. 1909-
Night Search. Crown, 1965. British title: To Walk the Night. Muller, 1967

MANKIEWICZ, DON M. 1922-
It Only Hurst a Minute. Putnam, 1966; Deutsch, 1968
See How They Run. Knopf, 1951
Trial. Harper, 1955; Deutsch, 1955

MANLY, A. STEWART
Kidnapped; or, Secrets of a Great Mystery. Rhodes, 1899

MANLY, MARLINE
Old Specie, the Treasury Detective; or, The Harbor Lights of New York. Street (Magnet), ca.1897
The Poker King. Street, 1887
The Rube Burrows League. Street, 1888
The Vestibule Limited Mystery. Street (Magnet), ca.1897

MANN, ABBY
Kojak. PB, 1973

MANN, ABEL. Pseudonym of John Creasey, 1908-1973, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Gordon Ashe, M. E. Cooke, Norman Deane, Robert Caine Frazer, Michael Halliday, Charles Hogarth, Brian Hope, Colin Hughes, Kyle Hunt, Peter Manton, J. J. Marric, Richard Martin, Rodney Mattheson, Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, qq.v.
Danger Woman. PB, 1966

MANN, ANTHONY
Tiara. Bodley Head, 1973

MANN, EDWARD ANDREW
The Portals. Simon, 1974

MANN, ERNEST L.
The Chislehurst Mystery. Eyre, 1938

MANN, JACK. Pseudonym of E. Charles Vivian, 1882-1947, q.v. Series characters: Rex Coulson = RC; Gregory George Gordon Green = Gs
Coulson Alone. Wright, 1936 RC
Coulson Goes South. Wright, 1933 RC
The Dead Man's Chest. Wright, 1934; Godwin, 1935 RC
Detective Coulson. Wright, 1936 RC
Egyptian Nights. Wright, 1934 RC
Gees' First Case. Wright, 1936; Bookfinger, 1971 Gs
The Glass Too Many. Wright, 1940; Bookfinger, 1973 Gs
Grey Shapes. Wright, 1937; Bookfinger, 1971 Gs
The Kleinert Case. Wright, 1938 Gs
Maker of Shadows. Wright, 1938 Gs
Nightmare Farm. Wright, 1937 Gs
The Ninth Life. Wright, 1939; Bookfinger, 1971 Gs
Reckless Coulson. Wright, 1933 RC

MANN, JESSICA
A Charitable End. Collins, 1971; McKay, 1971
Mrs. Knox's Profession. Macmillan (London), 1972; McKay, 1972
The Only Security. Macmillan (London), 1973. U.S. title: Troublecross. McKay, 1973
The Sticking Place. Macmillan (London), 1974; McKay, 1974
Troublecross; see The Only Security

MANN, LEONARD. 1895-
A Murder in Sydney. Cape, 1937; Doubleday, 1937

MANN, PATRICK
Dog Day Afternoon. Delacorte, 1974
The Vacancy. Hart-Davis, 1974

MANN, RODERICK
Nothing to Declare. Jenkins, 1957

MANNERS, ALEXANDRA
Candles in the Wood. Putnam, 1974; Millington, 1974
The Stone Maiden. Putnam, 1973; Millington, 1974

MANNERS, DAVID X.
Dead to the World. McKay, 1947
Memory of a Scream. Mystery House, 1946

MANNERS, GORDON
Murders at the Crab Apple Cafe. Jenkins, 1933

MANNIN, ETHEL
Mission to Beirut. Hutchinson, 1973

MANNING, ADELAIDE FRANCES OKE. Pseudonyms: Manning Coles, Francis Gaite, qq.v.

MANNING, ARTHUR
Tainted Money. Hale, 1963

MANNING, BRUCE. See BRISTOW, GWEN

MANNING, JOHN
Blue Invective. Bobbs, 1974

MANNINGHAM, BASIL. Pseudonym of Basil Henry Homersham, 1902-
Motive for Murder. Hale, 1939

MANNON, M. M. Joint pseudonym of Martha Mannon and Mary Ellen Mannon
Here Lies Blood. Bobbs, 1942
Murder on the Program. Bobbs, 1944

MANOR, JASON. Pseudonym of Oakley M. Hall, 1920- , q.v.
The Girl in the Red Jaguar; see The Red Jaguar
The Pawns of Fear. Viking, 1955; Secker, 1955
The Red Jaguar. Viking, 1954; Secker, 1955. Also published as: The Girl in the Red Jaguar. Popular Library, 1959
Too Dead to Run. Viking, 1953; Secker, 1954
The Tramplers. Viking, 1956; Secker, 1956

MANS, ADRIENNE
On the Shores of Night. Walker, 1967; Harrap, 1967

MANSFIELD, PAUL H. 1922-
Final Exposure. Collins, 1957; Macmillan, 1958

MANSON, WILL. Series character: Black = B
The Chinese Conundrum. Caravelle, 1967 B
The Dangerous One. Caravelle, 1968 B
The Deadly Game. Caravelle, 1967
The Duke. Caravelle, 1968
The Mathematician. Caravelle, 1967
A Man Called Black. Caravelle, 1967 B
A Talent for Violence. Tower pb, 1970
A Very Black Deed. Caravelle, 1968 B

MANTINBAND, JAMES. Pseudonym: Oliver Keystone, q.v.

MANTLE, BEATRICE
In the House of Another. Century, 1920

MANTON, PETER. Pseudonym of John Creasey, 1908-1973, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Gordon Ashe, M. E. Cooke, Norman Deane, Robert Caine Frazer, Michael Halliday, Charles Hogarth, Brian Hope, Colin Hughes, Kyle Hunt, Abel Mann, J. J. Marric, Richard Martin, Rodney Mattheson, Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, qq.v.
The Charity Murders. Wright, 1954
The Circle of Justice. Wright, 1938
The Crime Syndicate. Wright, 1939
The Crooked Killer. Wright, 1954
Death Looks On. Wright, 1939
The Greyvale School Mystery. Low, 1937
The Midget Marvel. Mellifont, 1940
Murder in the Highlands. Wright, 1939
Murder Manor. Wright, 1937
No Escape from Murder. Wright, 1952
Policeman's Triumph. Wright, 1948
Stand By for Danger. Wright, 1937
Thief in the Night. Wright, 1950
Three Days Terror. Wright, 1938

MANTZ, L.
Hijacker's Morgue. Hamilton Stafford, 1952
The Snatch. Hamilton Stafford, 1952
Trapped. Hamilton Stafford, 1952

MANVELL, (ARNOLD) ROGER. 1909-
The Dreamers. Gollancz, 1958; Simon, 1958
The Passion. Heinemann, 1960

MAPPLE, NELSON
High Explosive. Hurst, 1938

MARA, BERNARD
A Bullet for My Lady. GM, 1955; Fawcett (London), 1956
French for Murder. GM, 1954
This Gun for Gloria. GM,

MARASCO, ROBERT
Burnt Offerings. Delacorte, 1973; Hodder, 1973

MARBLE, DANA
Sail into Silence. Mystery House, 1958

MARBLE, M(ARGARET) S(HARP). 1913-
Die by Night. Rinehart, 1947; Barker, 1948
Everybody Makes Mistakes. Rinehart, 1946; Barker, 1947
The Lady Forgot. Harper, 1947

MARCH, JERMYN. Pseudonym of Dorothy Anna Webb
The Dago. Hurst, 1928. U.S. title: The Scarlet Thumb. Henkle, 1929
Dear Traitor. Hurst, 1925
The Man Behind the Face. Hurst, 1927
Rust of Murder. Hurst, 1924; Watt,
The Scarlet Thumb; see The Dago

MARCH, LINDSAY
These Cliffs are Dangerous. Simon, 1973; H. Hamilton, 1973

MARCH, MAXWELL
The Man of Dangerous Secrets; see Other Man's Danger
Other Man's Danger. Collins, 1933. U.S. title: The Man of Dangerous Secrets. Doubleday, 1933
Rogue's Holiday. Collins, 1935; Doubleday, 1935
The Shadow in the House. Collins, 1936; Doubleday, 1936

MARCH, WILLIAM. Pseudonym of William E. M. Campbell, 1894-1954.
The Bad Seed. Rinehart, 1954; H. Hamilton, 1954

MARCHANT, CATHERINE. Pseudonym of Catherine Cookson, q.v.
The Fen Tiger. Macdonald, 1963. U.S. title: The House on the Fens. Lancer, 1965
Heritage of Folly. Macdonald, 1962; Lancer, 196
House of Men. Macdonald, 1964; Lancer, 196

MARCHETTI, VICTOR
The Rope-Dancer. Grosset, 1971

MARCHMONT, ARTHUR W(ILLIAMS). 1852- . Are these all adult crime fiction?
At the Call of Honour. Cassell, 1910
Because of Misella. Cassell, 1916
By Hand Unseen. Ward, 1922
By Right of Sex. Hurst, 1923
By Right of Sword. Hutchinson, 1897; Grosset, 1897
By Snare of Love. Ward, 1904; Stokes, 1903
By Wit of Woman. Ward, 1906; Stokes, 1906
The Case of Lady Broadstone. Hodder, 1910; Empire Book Co., 1908
A Courier of Fortune. Ward, 1905; Stokes, 1904
A Dash for a Throne. Hutchinson, 1899; New Amsterdav. 1899
Dorothy Marlow; or, A Heritage of Peril. Rand McNally, 1900. Also published as: The Heritage of Peril. New Amsterday, 1901 (British title?)
The Eagrave Square Mystery. Hodder, 1912
Elfa. Hodder, 1911
Face to Face with Death. Ogilvie
The Faith-Healer. Hurst, 1924
For Love Or Crown. Oliphant, 1900; Stokes, 1901
The Greatest Gift. Hutchinson, 1899; Buckles, 1900
The Heir to the Throne. Ward, 1914
Her Sentinal. Cassell, 1916
The Heritage of Peril; see Dorothy Marlow; or, A Heritage of Peril
"His Majesty." Skeffington, 1920
An Imperial Marriage. Ward, 1909; Dodge, 1909
In the Cause of Freedom. Ward, 1907; Stokes, 1907

In the Name of a Woman. Longmans, 1901; Stokes, 1900
In the Name of the People. Ward, 1911
Isa. London Daily Mail, 1911
The Lady Passenger. Hodder, 1915
The Little Anarchist. Ward, 1907
Madeline Power. Oliphant Anderson, 1891
The Man Who Was Dead. Cassell, 1907; Stokes, 1908
A Man Without a Memory. Ward, 1919
A Millionaire Girl. Cassell, 1908
A Millionaire Mystery. Ward, 1924
Miser Hoadley's Secret. Methuen, 1904; New Amsterdam, 1902
A Moment's Error; or, The Mystery of Mortimer Strange. Methuen, 1904; Rand McNally, 1898. Also published as: The Mystery of Mortimer Strange; or, A Moment's Error. Rand McNally, 1907
My Lady of the Yellow Domino. Hodder, 1914
My Lost Self. Cassell, 1908; Cupples, 1908
The Mystery of Mortimer Strange; or, A Moment's Error; see A Moment's Error; or, The Mystery of Mortimer Strange
The Old Mill Mystery. Taylor, 1892 (British title?)
Parson Thring's Secret. London Daily Mail, 1910; Cassell (NY), 1895
The Price of Freedom; or, In the Grip of Hate. New Amsterdam, 1903 (British title?)
Prince Punnie. Ward, 1923
The Queen's Advocate. Ward, 1904; Stokes, 1904
The Ruby Heart of Kishgar. Hodder, 1912
Sarita, the Carlist. Hutchinson, 1902; Stokes, 1902
Sir Gregory's Silence. Cassell, 1909
Sir Jaffray's Wife. Warne, 1895; Rand McNally, 1898
A Tight Corner. Cassell, 1915
Under the Black Eagle. Ward, 1913
The Unguarded Hour. Cassell, 1918
When I Was Czar. Ward, 1903; Stokes, 1903
When Love Called. Hodder, 1913
When the Empire Crashed. Ward, 1920
Who? London Daily Mail, 1911

MARCIN, MAX
Was She His Wife? Nash, 1911

MARCUS, A(RTHUR) A. Series character: Pete Hunter = PH
Make Way for Murder. Graphic, 1955
Post-Mark Homicide; see The Widow Gay
The Widow Gay. McKay, 1948. Also published as: Post-Mark Homicide. Graphic, 1950 PH
Walk the Bloody Boulevard. Graphic, 1951 PH

MARDER, IRVING
The Paris Bit. Collins, 1967; Dodd, 1968

MARFIELD, DWIGHT
The Ghost on the Balcony. Dutton, 1939
The Man with a Paper Skull. Dutton, 1932
The Mandarin's Sapphire. Dutton, 1938
Mystery of King Cobra. Dutton, 1933
Mystery of the East Wind. Dutton, 1930
The Sword in the Pool. Dutton, 1932

MARIE, JEANNE
Arrow of Terror. Remploy, 1974

MARIEL, ANNE
One Evening I Shall Return. Pinnacle, 1973

MARIN, A. C.
The Clash of Distant Thunder. Heinemann, 1969; Harcourt, 1968
A Storm of Spears. Harcourt, 1971; Hale, 1973
Rise with the Wind. Heinemann, 1969; Harcourt, 1969

MARINER, DAVID
The Beaufort Dossier. Zebra, 1974
Countdown 1000. Pinnacle, 1974
The Yaroslav Incident. Zebra, 1974

MARINER-SCARRETT, ELIZABETH
Quid Est. Abbey, 1902

MARINO, NICK. Pseudonym of Will Oursler, 1913- , q.v. Other pseudonym: Gale Gallagher, q.v. (See also: DEMING, RICHARD.) Series character: Mike Macauley, in both titles
City Limits. Pyramid pb, 1958; Digit pb, 1958 (Written by Deming from an outline by Oursler.)
One Way Street. Holt, 1952

MARIO, C.
Six Graves to Munich. Banner, 1967

MARIO, QUEENA. 1896-1951.
Death Drops Delilah. Dutton, 1944
Murder in the Opera House. Dutton, 1934
Murder Meets Mephisto. Dutton, 1942

MARION, ELIZABETH. 1916-
The Keys to the House. Crowell, 1944; Hale, 1948

MARION, FRANCES
The Secret Six. Grosset, 1931

MARK, GEOFFREY
The Veils of Fear. Long, 1960

MARKHAM, ROBERT. Pseudonym of Kingsley Amis, 1922- , q.v. Series character: James Bond (a continuation of the character created by Ian Fleming, q.v.)
Colonel Sun. Cape, 1968; Harper, 1968

MARKHAM, VIRGIL. 1899-
The Black Door; see Shock!
The Dead Are Prowling. Collins, 1934
The Deadly Jest. Collins, 1935
Death in the Dusk. Knopf (London & NY), 1928
The Devil Drives. Collins, 1932; Knopf, 1932
Inspector Rusby's Finale. Collins, 1933; Farrar, 1933
Red Warning; see Song of Doom
Shock! The Mystery of the Fate of Sir Anthony Veryan's Heirs. Collins, 1930. U.S. title: The Black Door. Knopf, 1930
Snatch. Collins, 1936
Song of Doom. Collins, 1932. U.S. title: Red Warning. Farrar, 1933

MARKO, ZEKIAL
Scratch a Thief. 1961. Also published as: Once a Thief. GM, 1965

MARKS, PERCY. 1891-
A Dead Man Dies. Century, 1929
Knave of Diamonds. Reynal, 1943

MARKS, PETER
Collector's Choice. Random, 1972

MARKSMAN, H. CARSON
The Lust of Treasure. Allan

MARKSON, DAVID. 1927-
Epitaph for a Dead Beat. Dell, 1961
Epitaph for a Tramp. Dell, 1959. Also published as: Fannin. Belmont, 1971
Fannin; see Epitaph for a Tramp
Miss Doll, Go Home. Dell, 1965

MARKSTEIN, GEORGE
The Cooler. Doubleday, 1974; Souvenir, 1974

MARLE, T. B.
Cleopatra's Nose. Barker, 1937

MARLETT, MELBA. 1909- Series character: Sarah O'Brien = SO
Another Day Toward Dying. Doubleday, 1943 SO
Death Has a Thousand Doors. Doubleday, 1941 SO
Death Is in the Garden. Doubleday, 1951
The Devil Builds a Chapel. Doubleday, 1942
Escape While I Can. Doubleday, 1944
The Frightened Ones. Doubleday, 1956 ss
Tomorrow Will Be Monday. Doubleday, 1946
Witness in Peril. Cherry Tree pb, 1948 (U.S. title?)

MARLOW, EDWINA
Falcon Ridge. Ace, 1970

MARLOW, SIDNEY. Pseudonym of Paschal Heston Coggins
Moncasket Mystery. Penn, 1912

MARLOWE, CHARLES
The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown. Buchanan, 1897

MARLOWE, DAN J(AMES). Series characters: Earl Drake = ED; Johnny Killain - JK
Backfire. Berkley pb, 1961
Death Deep Down. GM, 1965
Doom Service. Avon pb, 1960 JK
Doorway to Death. Avon pb, 1959; Digit pb, 1959 JK
The Fatal Frails. Avon pb, 1960 JK
Flashpoint. GM, 1970. Also published as: Operation Flashpoint. GM, 1972; Coronet, 1972 ED
Four for the Money. GM, 1966
Killer with a Key. Avon pb, 1959 JK
The Name of the Game Is Death. GM, 1962; Muller, 1963. Also published as: Operation Overkill. Coronet, 1973 ED
Never Live Twice. GM, 1964
One Endless Hour. GM, 1969; Gold Lion, 1973 ED
Operation Breakthrough. GM, 1971; Coronet, 1972 ED
Operation Checkmate. GM, 1972; Coronet, 1973 ED
Operation Drumfire. GM, 1972; Coronet, 1972 ED
Operation Fireball. GM, 1969; Coronet, 1972 ED
Operation Flashpoint; see Flashpoint
Operation Hammerlock. GM, 1974 ED
Operation Stranglehold. GM, 1973; Coronet, 1974 ED
Operation Whiplash. GM, 1973; Coronet, 1974 ED
Operation Overkill, see The Name of the Game is Death
The Raven is a Blood Red Bird, with William Odell. GM, 1967
Route of the Red Gold. GM, 1967
Shake a Crooked Town. Avon pb, 1961 JK
Strongarm. GM, 1963
The Vengeance Man. GM, 1966

MARLOWE, DEREK. 1938-
A Dandy in Aspic. Gollancz, 1966; Putnam, 1966
Echoes of Celandine. Cape, 1970; Viking, 1970
Somebody's Sister. Cape, 1974; Viking, 1974

MARLOWE, FRANCIS
Adventure Mysterious. Gray, 1934
The Brig Jane May. Jarrolds, 1911 ?
The Crime of Philip Garrison. Gray
Crooked Business. Gramol, 1933
Crooked Company. Gramol, 1933
The Hatton Garden Mystery. Gray, 1934
In Pursuit of a Million. Gray, 1936
The Man Who Lost an Hour. Aldine, 1926
The Secret of the Sandhills. Low, 1907
Seven Red-Headed Men. Gramol, 1934
So the Wheel Spins. Gramol, 1936
The Son-in-Law Syndicate. Gramol, 1934
The Sunset Express. Nelson, 1925 ?

MARLOWE, G.
Burma Battle. Hamilton Stafford, 1953
Espionage. Hamilton Stafford, 1953

MARLOWE, HUGH. Pseudonym of Henry Patterson, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Martin Fallon, James Graham, Jack Higgins, Harry Patterson, qq.v.
A Candle for the Dead. Abelard (London & NY), 1966. Also published as: The Violent Enemy, as by Jack Higgins. Hodder pb, 1969
Passage by Night. Abelard (London & NY), 1964
Seven Pillars to Hell. Abelard (London & NY), 1963
The Violent Enemy, as by Jack Higgins; see A Candle for the Dead

MARLOWE, PIERS
Cash My Chips, Croupier. Hale, 1969
The Dead Don't Scare. Gifford, 1965
Demon in the Blood. Paul, 1955
The Double Thirteen. Low, 1947
Hire Me a Hearse. Hale, 1968
Killer in the Shade. Hale, 1973
A Knife for Your Heart. Gifford, 1966
Loaded Dice. Low, 1949
The Men in Her Death. Gifford, 1964
Promise to Kill. Gifford, 1965

MARLOWE, R.
All or Nothing. Spencer, 1953
Big Time Girl. Spencer, 1952
Bullets Speak Louder. Spencer, 1950
Homicide Dragnet. Spencer, 1952

Identity Unknown. Spencer, 1952
Perilous Assignment. Spencer, 1952
Vengeance is Mine. Spencer, 1953

MARLOWE, STEPHEN. 1928- . Pseudonyms: Andrew Frazer, Jason Ridgway, C. H. Thames, qq.v. Series character: Chester Drum = CD. (See also: PRATHER, RICHARD S.)
Blonde Bait. Avon pb, 1959
Catch the Brass Ring. Ace pb, 1954
Come Over, Red Rover. Macmillan, 1968
Danger Is My Line. GM, 1960; Muller, 1961 CD
Dead on Arrival. Ace pb, 1956
Death is My Comrade. GM, 1960; Muller, 1961 CD
Drum Beat--Berlin. GM, 1964 CD
Drum Beat--Dominique. GM, 1965 CD
Drum Beat--Erica. GM, 1967 CD
Drum Beat--Madrid. GM, 1966 CD
Drum Beat--Marianne. GM, 1968 CD
Francesca. GM, 1963; Muller, 1963 CD
Homicide Is My Game. GM, 1959; Muller, 1960 CD
Jeopardy Is My Job. GM, 1962; Muller, 1963 CD
Killers Are My Meat. GM, 1957; Fawcett (London), 1958
The Man with No Shadow. Prentice-Hall, 1974
Manhunt Is My Mission. GM, 1961; Muller, 1962 CD
Mecca for Murder. GM, 1956; Fawcett (London), 1957 CD
Model for Murder. Graphic pb, 1955
Murder Is My Dish. GM, 1957 CD
Passport to Peril. Crest pb, 1959
Peril Is My Pay. GM, 1960; Muller, 1961 CD
The Search for Bruno Heidler. Macmillan, 1966; Boardman, 1967
The Second Longest Night. GM, 1955; Fawcett (London), 1958 CD
The Summit. Geis, 1970
Terror Is My Trade. GM, 1958; Muller, 1960 CD
Trouble Is My Name. GM, 1957; Fawcett (London), 1958 CD
Turn Left for Murder. Ace pb, 1954
Violence Is My Business. GM, 1958; Fawcett (London), 1959 CD

MARQUAND, JOHN P(HILLIPS). 1893-1960. Series character: Mr. Moto = M
Don't Ask Questions. Hale, 1941
It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer. Hale, 1949
Last Laugh, Mr. Moto. Little, 1942; Hale, 1943 M
The Last of Mr. Moto; see Stopover: Tokyo
Ming Yellow. Little, 1935; Dickson, 1935
Mr. Moto Is So Sorry. Little, 1938; Hale, 1939 M
Mr. Moto Takes a Hand; see No Hero
No Hero. Little, 1935. British title: Mr. Moto Takes a Hand. Hale, 1940. Also published as: Your Turn, Mr. Moto. Berkley pb, 1963 M
Stopover: Tokyo. Little, 1957; Collins, 1957. Also published as: The Last of Mr. Moto. Berkley pb, 1963 M
Thank You, Mr. Moto. Little, 1936; Jenkins, 1937 M
Think Fast, Mr. Moto. Little, 1937; Hale, 1938 M
Your Turn, Mr. Moto; see No Hero

MARQUIS, DON(ALD R. P.). 1878-1937.
The Cruise of the Jasper B. Appleton (NY and London), 1916

MARR, R.
Death at Salterton Court. Everybody's. 1945

MARRIC, J. J. Pseudonym of John Creasey, 1908-1973, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Gordon Ashe, M. E. Cooke, Norman Deane, Robert Caine Frazer, Michael Halliday, Charles Hogarth, Brian Hope, Colin Hughes, Kyle Hunt, Abel Mann, Peter Manton, Richard Martin, Rodney Mattheson, Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, qq.v. Series character: Commander George Gideon, in all titles
Gideon's Art. Hodder, 1971; Harper, 1971
Gideon's Badge. Hodder, 1966; Harper, 1966
Gideon's Day. Hodder, 1955; Harper, 1955
Gideon's Fire. Hodder, 1961; Harper, 1961
Gideon's Fog. Hodder, 1974; Harper, 1974
Gideon's Lot. Hodder, 1965; Harper, 1965
Gideon's March. Hodder, 1962; Harper, 1962
Gideon's Men. Hodder, 1972; Harper, 1972
Gideon's Month. Hodder, 1958; Harper, 1958
Gideon's Night. Hodder, 1957; Harper, 1957
Gideon's Power. Hodder, 1969; Harper, 1969
Gideon's Press. Hodder, 1973; Harper, 1973
Gideon's Ride. Hodder, 1963; Harper, 1963
Gideon's Risk. Hodder, 1960; Harper, 1960
Gideon's River. Hodder, 1968; Harper, 1968
Gideon's Sport. Hodder, 1970; Harper, 1970
Gideon's Staff. Hodder, 1959; Harper, 1959
Gideon's Vote. Hodder, 1964; Harper, 1964
Gideon's Week. Hodder, 1956; Harper, 1956. Also published as: Seven Days to Death. Pyramid pb, 195
Gideon's Wrath. Hodder, 1967; Harper, 1967
Seven Days to Death; see Gideon's Week

MARRIOT, TAM. See BLOOD, ADELE

MARRIOTT, CRITTENDEN
Via Berlin. Shores, 1917

MARRYAT, FLORENCE
Blindfold. Lovell, 1890
On Circumstantial Evidence. Lovell, 1889

MARS, ALASTAIR. 1915-
Arctic Submarine. Elek, 1955
Atomic Submarine: A Story of Tomorrow. Elek, 1957. U.S. title: Fire in Anger. Mill, 1958
Fire in Anger; see Atomic Submarine
Submarine at Bay. Elek, 1956

MARSDEN, ANTONY. Pseudonym of Graham Sutton
Death on the Downs. Jarrolds, 1929
Death Strikes from the Rear. Low, 1934
The Man in the Sandhills. Jarrolds, 1927; Boni, 1927
The Mercenary. Jarrolds, 1931
The Moonstone Mystery. Jarrolds, 1928
The Mycroft Murder Case. Low, 1935
Salter's Folly. Jarrolds, 1927
The Six-Hour Mystery. Jarrolds, 1929
Swooning Venus. Low, 1932
Thieves' Justice. Jarrolds, 1929

MARSDEN, JOHN PENNINGTON
Job Lot: Sketches and Story. Hallowell, 1892 ss, one criminous

MARSH, ANNE
Room 12a. Pearson, 1939

MARSH, CHARLES L.
A Gentleman Juror. Rand McNally, 1899

MARSH, ELLEN
Drink to the Hunted. Dutton, 1945

MARSH, JAMES J.
The Peking Switch. McKay, 1972

MARSH, JEAN. 1898-
Death Among the Stars. Long, 1955
Death at Peak Hour. Long, 1957
Death Stalks the Bride. Long, 1943
Death Visits the Circus. Long, 1953
Identity Unwanted. Long, 1951
Murder Next Door. Long, 1933
The Pattern is Murder. Long, 1954
The Shore House Mystery. Hamilton, 1929

MARSH, JOHN. 1907-
Body Made Alive: A Study in the Macabre. Stanley Smith, 1936
The Brain of Paul Menoloff. Robertson, 1953
By the World Condemned. Amalgamated, 1949
City of Fear. Gifford, 1958
The Cruise of the Carefree. Ward, 1955
Girl in a Net. Hale, 1962
A Glimpse of Paradise. Boardman, 1944
The Golden Teddybear. Boardman, 1965
Hate Thy Neighbour. Hale, 1969
The Hidden Answer. Gifford, 1956
House of Echoes. Gifford, 1956
Lonely Pathway. Paul, 1933
Maiden Armour. Paul, 1932
Many Parts. Swan, 1946
Master of High Beck. Hale, 1969
Monk's Hollow. Gifford, 1968
Murderer's Maze. Gifford, 1957
Not My Murder. Gifford, 1967
Operation Snatch. Gifford, 1958
The Reluctant Executioner. Hale, 1959
Return They Must. Paul, 1933
The Secret of the Seven Sisters. Ward, 1950
Shipwrecked Schoolship. Swan, 1949
Small and Deadly. Hale, 1960
Two Mrs. Farrells. Boardman, 1946
The Wrong That Was Done. Leng, 1935

MARSH, NGAIO. 1899- . Series character: Insp./Supt. Roderick Alleyn, in all titles
Artists in Crime. Bles, 1938; Furman, 1938
Black As He's Painted. Collins, 1974; Little, 1974
The Bride of Death; see Spinsters in Jeopardy
Clutch of Constables. Collins, 1968; Little, 1969
Colour Scheme. Collins, 1943; Little, 1943
Dead Water. Collins, 1964; Little, 1963
Death and the Dancing Footman. Collins, 1942; Little, 1941
Death at the Bar. Collins, 1940; Little, 1940
Death at the Dolphin. Collins, 1967. U.S. title: Killer Dolphin. Little, 1966
Death in a White Tie. Bles, 1938; Furman, 1938
Death in Ecstasy. Bles, 1936; Sheridan, 1941
Death of a Fool; see Off With His Head
Death of a Peer; see Surfeit of Lampreys
Died in the Wool. Collins, 1945; Little, 1945
Enter a Murderer. Bles, 1935; Pocket Books, 1941
False Scent. Collins, 1960; Little, 1959
Final Curtain. Collins, 1947; Little, 1947
Hand in Glove. Collins, 1952; Little, 1962
Killer Dolphin; see Death at the Dolphin
A Man Lay Dead. Bles, 1934; Sheridan, 1942
Night at the Vulcan; see Opening Night
The Nursing-Home Murder, with Dr. Henry Jellett. Bles, 1935; Sheridan, 1941
Off With His Head. Collins, 1957. U.S. title: Death of a Fool. Little, 1956
Opening Night. Collins, 1951. U.S. title: Night at the Vulcan. Little, 1951
Overture to Death. Collins, 1939; Furman, 1939
Scales of Justice. Collins, 1955; Little, 1955
Singing in the Shrouds. Collins, 1959; Little, 1958
Spinsters in Jeopardy. Collins, 1954; Little, 1953. Also published as: The Bride of Death. Mercury pb, 1955
Surfeit of Lampreys. Collins, 1941. U.S. title: Death of a Peer. Little, 1940
Swing, Brother, Swing. Collins, 1949. U.S. title: A Wreath for Rivera. Little, 1949
Tied Up in Tinsel. Collins, 1972; Little, 1972
Vintage Murder. Bles, 1937; Sheridan, 1940
When in Rome. Collins, 1970; Little, 1971
A Wreath for Rivera; see Swing, Brother, Swing

MARSH, PATRICK. Pseudonym of Leslie Hiscock, 1902- , q.v.
Breakdown. Longmans (London), 1952; Longmans (NY), 1953

MARSH, RICHARD. -1915. Are these all adult crime fiction?
Ada Vernham, Actress. Long, 1900; Page, 1900
The Adventures of Augustus Short. Treherne, 1902
The Adventures of Judith Lee. Methuen, 1916 ss
Amusement Only. Hurst, 1901 ss
Apron-Strings. Long, 1920
An Aristocratic Detective. Bell, 1900
The Beetle. Skeffington, 1897; Brentano's, 1915
Between the Dark and the Daylight. Long, 1902
Both Sides of the Veil. Methuen, 1901
A Case of Identity; see The Twickenham Peerage
The Chase of the Ruby. Skeffington, 1900
Coming of Age. Long, 1916
Confessions of a Young Lady: Her Doings and Misdoings. Long, 1905
The Coward Behind the Curtain. Methuen, 1908
The Crime and the Criminal. Ward, 1897
Curios: Some Strange Adventures of Two Bachelors. Long, 1898
Cuthbert Grahame's Will; see A Duel
The Dagger of Fate. Westbrook, 1922 (British title?)
The Datchet Diamonds. Ward, 1898
The Deacon's Daughter. Long, 1917
The Death Whistle. Treherne, 1903. U.S. title: The Whistle of Fate. Street
The Devil's Diamond. Henry, 1893
A Drama of the Telephone and other tales. Digby Long, 1911 ss

A Duel. Methuen, 1904. Also published as: Cuthbert Grahame's Will. Pearson, 1930
The Flying Girl. Ward, 1915
Frivolities: Especially Addressed To Those Who Are Tired of Being Serious. Bowden, 1899. Also published as: The Purse Which Was Found and other stories. Pearson, 1918 ss
The Garden of Mystery. Long, 1906
Garnered. Methuen, 1904 ss
The Girl and the Miracle. Methuen, 1907
The Girl in the Blue Dress. Long, 1909 ss
The Goddess: A Demon. White, 1900
The Great Temptation. Unwin, 1916; Brentano's, 1916
A Hero of Romance. Ward, 1900
His Love Or His Life. Chatto, 1915
The House of Mystery. White, 1898
If It Please You. Methuen, 1913
In Full Cry. White, 1899; Street
In the Service of Love. Methuen, 1906
The Interrupted Kiss. Cassell, 1909
The Joss: A Reversion. White, 1901
Judith Lee: Some Pages from Her Life. Methuen, 1912 ss
Justice--Suspended. Chatto, 1913
Live Men's Shoes. Methuen, 1910
Love in Fetters. Cassell, 1915
The Lovely Mrs. Blake. Cassell, 1910
The Magnetic Girl. Long, 1903
The Mahatma's Pupil. Henry, 1893
A Man with Nine Lives. Ward, 1915
Margot--And Her Judges. Chatto, 1914
The Marquis of Putney. Methuen, 1905
Marvels and Mysteries. Methuen, 1900
A Master of Deception. Cassell, 1913
A Metamorphosis. Methuen, 1903
Miss Arnott's Marriage. Long, 1904
Molly's Husband. Cassell, 1914
Mrs. Musgrave--And Her Husband. Pioneer, 1894; Appleton, 1895
The Mystery of Philip Bennion's Death. Ward, 1897
On the Jury. Methuen, 1918
Orders to Marry. Long, 1918 ss
Outwitted. Long, 1919
The Purse Which Was Found and other stories; see Frivolities
The Romance of a Maid of Honour. Long, 1907
Sam Briggs: His Book. Long, 1912
Sam Briggs, V.C. Unwin, 1916
The Seen and the Unseen. Methuen, 1900; New Amsterdam, 1900
A Spoiler of Men. Chatto, 1905
A Strange Wooing; see The Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler
The Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler. Pearson, 1895. U.S. title: A Strange Wooing. Street
The Surprising Husband. Methuen, 1908
Tom Ossington's Ghost. Bowden, 1898
The Twickenham Peerage. Methuen, 1902
Twin Sisters. Cassell, 1911
Violet Forster's Lover. Cassell, 1912
Who Killed Lady Poynder? Appleton, 1907 (British title?)
The Whistle of Fate; see The Death Whistle
The Woman in the Car. Unwin, 1914
A Woman Perfected. Long, 1907
The Woman with One Hand, and Mr. Ely's Engagement. Bowden, 1899

MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD. Pseudonym of Arthur Hammond Marshall, 1866-1934. See also VACHELL, H. A.
The House of Merrilees. Turner, 1905
The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm. Paul, 1911; Dodd, 1925
The Terrors and other stories. Methuen, 1913 ss

MARSHALL, ARTHUR HAMMOND. 1866-1934. Pseudonym: Archibald Marshall, q.v.

MARSHALL, BRUCE. 1899-
The Accounting. Houghton, 1958
The Month of the Falling Leaves. Constable, 1963; Doubleday, 1963
Operation Iscariot. Constable, 1974

MARSHALL, CHARLES HUNT. Pseudonym: Peter Hunt, q.v.

MARSHALL, EDISON
The Death Bell. Garden City, 1923

MARSHALL, EDWARD
The Middle Wall. Dillingham, 1904

MARSHALL, HURST
Enter Two Murderers. Longmans, 1937

MARSHALL, IAN
The Strange Case of Vintrix Polbarton. Nelson, 1929
The Vengeance of Kali. Nelson, 1930

MARSHALL, LOVAT. Pseudonym of William Murdoch Duncan, 1909- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: John Cassells, Neill Graham, Martin Locke, Peter Malloch, qq.v. Series character: Sugar Kane, in all titles
Blood on the Blotter. Hale, 1968
Date with Murder. Hale, 1973
The Dead Are Dangerous. Hale, 1966
The Dead Are Silent. Hale, 1966
Death Casts a Shadow. Hale, 1972
Death Is For Ever. Hale, 1969
Death Strikes in Darkness. Hale, 1965
Key to Murder. Hale, 1974
Ladies Can Be Dangerous. Hale, 1964
Loose Lady Death. Hale, 1973
Moment for Murder. Hale, 1972
Money Means Murder. Hale, 1968
Murder in Triplicate. Hale, 1963
Murder Is the Reason. Hale, 1964
Murder of a Lady. Hale, 1967
Murder Town. Hale, 1974
Murder's Just for Cops. Hale, 1971
Murder's Out of Season. Hale, 1970
The Strangler. Hale, 1974
Sugar Cuts the Corners. Long, 1957
Sugar for the Lady. Hurst, 1955
Sugar on the Carpet. Hurst, 1956
Sugar on the Cuff. Hale, 1960
Sugar on the Kill. Hale, 1961
Sugar on the Loose. Hale, 1962
Sugar on the Prowl. Hale, 1962
Sugar on the Target. Long, 1958

MARSHALL, MARGUERITE MOOERS. 1887-
Murder Without Morals. Clifford Lewis, 1947

MARSHALL, RAYMOND. Pseudonym of Rene Brabazon Raymond, 1906- Other pseudonyms: James Hadley Chase, James L. Docherty, Ambrose Grant, qq.v. Series character: Don Micklem = DM
Blondes' Requiem. Jarrolds, 1945; Crown, 1946
But a Short Time to Live. Jarrolds, 1951
Hit and Run. Hale, 1958. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1967.
In a Vain Shadow. Jarrolds, 1951. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1965
Just the Way It Is. Jarrolds, 1944
Lady, Here's Your Wreath. Jarrolds, 1940. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1961
Make the Corpse Walk. Jarrolds, 1946. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1964
Mallory. Jarrolds, 1950. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1964
Mission to Siena. Hale, 1955. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1966 DM
Mission to Venice. Hale, 1954 DM
No Business of Mine. Jarrolds, 1947
The Paw in the Bottle. Jarrolds, 1949. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1961
The Sucker Punch. Jarrolds, 1954. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1963
The Things Men Do. Jarrolds, 1953. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1962
Trusted Like the Fox. Jarrolds, 1948. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1964
The Wary Transgressor. Jarrolds, 1952. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1963
Why Pick on Me? Jarrolds, 1951. Reprinted as by James Hadley Chase. Panther pb, 1961
You Find Him--I'll Fix Him. Hale, 1956

MARSHALL, SIDNEY
Some Like It Hot. Morrow, 1941

MARSON, G. F.
Ghosts, Ghouls and Gallows. Rider

MARSTEN, RICHARD. Pseudonym of Evan Hunter, 1926- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Curt Cannon, Hunt Collins, Ed McBain, qq.v.
Big Man. PB, 1959
Death of a Nurse; see Murder in the Navy
Even the Wicked. PB, 1958
Murder in the Navy. GM, 1955. Also published as: Death of a Nurse, as by Ed McBain. PB, 1968; Coronet, 1972
Runaway Black. GM, 1954; Red Seal pb, 1957. Reprinted as by Ed McBain: PB, 1968; Coronet, 1971
The Spiked Heel. Holt, 1956; Constable, 1957
Vanishing Ladies. Perma pb, 1957; Boardman, 1961

MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE
Miss Beresford's Mystery and other stories. Scott ss, some criminous

MARTEL, CHARLES. Pseudonym of Thomas Delf
The Detective's Note-Book. Ward, 1860
The Diary of an Ex-Detective. Ward, 1860

MARTENS, PAUL. Pseudonym of Stephen Southwold, 1887-1964, q.v. Other pseudonym: Neil Bell, q.v.
Death Rocks the Cradle. Collins, 1933 (Reprinted as by Neil Bell: publisher and date unknown)
The Truth About My Father. Collins, 1934

MARTIN, A. RICHARD
The Cassiodore Case. Methuen, 1927; McBride, 1928
The Death of the Claimant. Methuen, 1929; McBride, 1929

MARTIN, ABSALOM
Kastle Krags. Duffield, 1922

MARTIN, A(RCHIBALD) E(DWARD). 1885-
The Bridal Bed Murders. Simon, 1954. British title: The Chinese Bed Mysteries. Reinhardt, 1955
The Chinese Bed Mysteries; see The Bridal Bed Murders
The Curious Crime. Doubleday, 1952; Muller, 1953
Death in the Limelight. Simon, 1946; Reinhardt, 1956
The Outsiders. Simon, 1945; Nimmo, 1948
Sinners Never Die. Simon, 1944; Nimmo, 1947

MARTIN, AYLWIN LEE
Black Blood. Low, 1929
The Crimson Frame. GM, 1952
Death for a Hussy. Graphic, 1952
Death on a Ferris Wheel. GM, 1951; Fawcett (London), 1954
Encumbrances. Low, 1930; King, 1931
Fear Comes Calling. GM, 1952
The Gambler. Crowell, 1929
Mad Interlude. Low, 1930

MARTIN, CARL
Delta Deputies. Greenwich, 1959

MARTIN, CAROLINE
The Blue Ridge Mystery. Weed, 1897

MARTIN, DESMOND
Death When You Want It. Hale, 1974
No Hero. Boardman, 1957
Prescription for Death. Hale, 1972
Wine, Women, and Murder. Boardman, 1955

MARTIN, DOROTHEA. Pseudonym of Kathleen Hewitt, 1893- , q.v.
Black Sunshine. Methews, 1933

MARTIN, ED
To Hell with the Law. Columbine

MARTIN, FRANCIS
Ace in the Hole. Hamilton Stafford, 1954
Blood on the Sand. Hamilton Stafford, 1954

MARTIN, GIL
Bad Times Coming. Berkley, 1973
Satan's Mules. Berkley, 1974

MARTIN, HECTOR P(AULIN)
Encore to Murder. Skeffington, 1939
Time for Murder. Skeffington, 1938

MARTIN, HELEN R(IEMENSNYDER). 1868-19
The House on the Marsh. Dodd, 1936

MARTIN, HENRIETTA and LEWIS, GITA
The Naked Eye. Greenberg, 1950; Jarrolds, 1951

MARTIN, JAMES
The 95 File. Simon, 1973; Collins, 1973

MARTIN, KAY
Vanessa. Putnam, 1974

MARTIN, L. W. and LYNRAVEN, N. S.
Murder on Mount Capita. Quality, 1946

MARTIN, LANE
Bait. C. Warren, 1951
Chicago Rod. C. Warren, 1951
Verdict. C. Warren, 1951

MARTIN, NELL
The Mosaic Earring. Henkle, 1927

MARTIN, RALPH
The Man Who Haunted Himself. Award, 1971

MARTIN, RICHARD. Pseudonym of John Creasey, 1908-1973, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Gordon Ashe, M. E. Cooke, Norman Deane, Robert Caine Frazer, Michael Halliday, Charles Hogarth, Brian Hope, Colin Hughes, Kyle Hunt, Abel Mann, Peter Manton, J.J. Marric, Rodney Mattheson, Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, qq.v.
Adrian and Jonathan. Hodder, 1954
Keys to Crime. Earl, 1947
Vote for Murder. Earl, 1948

MARTIN, ROBERT BERNARD. Pseudonym: Robert Bernard, q.v.

MARTIN, ROBERT (LEE). 1908- . Pseudonym: Lee Roberts, q.v. Series character: Jim Bennett = JB
Bargain for Death. Curtis pb, 197 ; Hale, 1964
Catch a Killer. Dodd, 1956; Hale, 1958 JB
A Coffin for Two. Curtis pb, 197 ; Hale, 1962 JB
Dark Dream. Dodd, 1951; Muller, 1954
Death of a Ladies' Man. Hale, 1968
The Echoing Shore. Dodd, 1955; Muller, 1956
Hand-Picked for Murder. Dodd, 1957; Hale, 1958 JB
Just a Corpse at Twilight. Dodd, 1955; Muller, 1957
Killer Among Us. Dodd, 1958; Hale, 1959
A Key to the Morgue. Dodd, 1959; Hale, 1970 JB
Sleep, My Love. Dodd, 1953; Muller, 1955 JB
She, Me, and Murder. Curtis pb, 197 ; Hale, 1962 JB
Tears for the Bride. Dodd, 1954; Muller, 1955 JB
To Have And To Kill. Dodd, 1960; Hale, 1961
The Widow and the Web. Dodd, 1954; Muller, 1956 JB

MARTIN, SHANE. Pseudonym of George H. Johnston, 1912-1970, q.v. Series character: Professor Challis, in all titles
The Man Made of Tin. Collins, 1958
Mourner's Voyage; see A Wake for Mourning
The Myth is Murder. Collins, 1959. U.S. title: The Third Statue. Morrow, 1959
The Saracen Shadow. Collins, 1957
The Third Statue; see The Myth is Murder
Twelve Girls in the Garden. Collins, 1957; Morrow, 1957
A Wake for Mourning. Collins, 1962. U.S. title: Mourner's Voyage. Doubleday, 1963

MARTIN, STELLA. Pseudonym of Georgette Heyer, 1902-197 , q.v. Is following title an adult crime book?
The Transformation of Philip Jettan. Mills, 1923

MARTIN, STUART. 1882-
Babe Jardine. Selwyn, 1927 ?
Capital Punishment. Hutchinson, 1931
The Fifteen Cells. Selwyn, 1927; Harper, 1927
Ghost Parade. Rider, 1947 ?
The Green Ghost. Selwyn, 1928
The Hangman's Guests. Hutchinson, 1931; Harper, 1931
Inheritance. Ouseley, 1912 ?
Minto of the Movies. Pearson, 1935 ?
The Mystery of Clough Mills. Mascot, 1920
Only Seven Were Hanged. Harper, 1929 (=Capital Punishment?)
Pirates of the Main. Pearson, 1924 ?
Princess of Paradise. Selwyn, 1928 ?
The Surf Queen. Hurst, 1925 ?
The Trial of Scotland Yard. Hutchinson, 1930; Harper, 1930

MARTIN, TROY
The Italian Job. Signet, 1969

MARTING, RUTH LENORE. 1907- . Pseudonym: Hilea Bailey, q.v.

MARTON, GEORGE
Catch Me a Spy, with Tibor Meray. Harper, 1969; Allen, 1971
Three-Cornered Cover, with Christopher Felix. Holt, 1972; Allen, 1973

MARTYN, DON
House of Shadows. Hale, 1969
Nightmare Fiesta. Hale, 1967
No Guest at the Villa. Hale, 1971
Only at Sunset. Hale, 1970
Operation Castanets. Hale, 1966
Sinister Legacy. Hale, 1968
Treachery at Guadamonte. Hale, 1965

MARTYN, FREDERIC
Holiday in Gaol. Macmillan, 1911

MARTYN, OLIVER. Pseudonym of Herbert Oliver White, 1885-
The Body in the Pound. Eldon, 1933. U.S. title: The Man They Couldn't Hang. Morrow, 1933

MARTYN, WYNDHAM. 1875- . Series characters: Anthony Trent = AT; Christopher Bond = CB
All the World to Nothing. Little, 1912; Low, 1913 ?
Anthony Trent: Avenger. Jenkins, 1928 AT
Anthony Trent, Master Criminal. Moffat, 1918; Jenkins, 1922 AT
The Bathurst Complex. Jenkins, 1924

The Blue Ridge Crime. Jenkins, 1937 AT
Cairo Crisis. Jenkins, 1945 CB
Capture. Jenkins, 1940 CB
Christopher Bond, Adventurer. Jenkins, 1933 CB
The Chromium Cat. Jenkins, 1942 CB
Criminals All. Jenkins, 1935 AT
Death By the Lake. Jenkins, 1934 AT
The Death Fear. Jenkins, 1929; McBride, 1929 AT
The Denmede Mystery. Jenkins, 1938 CB
The Ghost City Killings. Jenkins, 1940 AT
The Great Ling Plot. Jenkins, 1933 AT
The Headland House Affair. Jenkins, 1941 AT
The House of Secrets. Jenkins, 1936 AT
The Last Scourge. Jenkins, 1946 AT
The Man Outside. Dodd, 1910 (British title?)
Manhunt in Murder. Jenkins, 1950; Roy, 1958 AT
The Marrowby Myth. Jenkins, 1938 CB
Men Without Faces. Jenkins, 1943 AT
The Murder in Beacon Street. McBride, 1930 (British title?)
Murder Island. McBride, 1928; Jenkins, 1929 AT
Murder Walks the Deck. Jenkins, 1938 AT
The Mysterious Mr. Garland. Jenkins, 1923 AT
Nightmare Castle. Jenkins, 1935 AT
Noondav Devils. Jenkins, 1939 CB
The Old Manor Crime. Jenkins, 1937 AT
The Recluse of Fifth Avenue. Jenkins, 1925; McBride, 1929
The Return of Anthony Trent. Jenkins, 1923; Barse & Hopkins, 1925 AT
The Scarlett Murder. Jenkins, 1931 AT
The Secret of the Silver Car. Moffat, 1920; Jenkins, 1922 AT
Shadow Agent. Jenkins, 1941 CB
The Social Storming. Jenkins, 1930
The Spies of Peace. Jenkins, 1934 CB
Stones of Enchantment. Jenkins, 1948 AT
Trent Fights Again. Jenkins, 1939 AT
Trent of the Lone Hand. Jenkins, 1927 AT
The Trent Trail. Jenkins, 1930; McBride, 1930 AT
The Triumphant Prodigal. Jenkins, 1928
Under Cover. Little, 1914; Jarrolds, 1914. (Novelization of the play by Roi Cooper Megrue.)

MARVELL, HOLT. Pseudonym of Eric Maschwitz, 1901- See GIELGUD, VAL

MARVIN, SUSAN
The Secret of the Villa Como. Lancer, 1966

MARY, JULES
The Mendon Mystery. Vizetelly, 1888

MASCHWITZ, ERIC. 1901- . Pseudonym: Holt Marvel; see GIELGUD, VAL

MASEFIELD, JOHN
Dead Ned. Macmillan, 1938

MASKE, JOHN
The Cherbourg Mystery. Rich, 1934
The Dinard Mystery. Rich, 1933
Ghost of a Cardinal. Rich, 1935
The Saint-Salo Mystery. Rich, 1933

MASON, A(LFRED) E(DWARD) W(OODLEY). 1865-1948. Series characters: Inspector Hanaud & Mr. Ricardo = H&R
The Affair at the Semiramis Hote; see The Four Corners of the World
At the Villa Rose. Hodder, 1910; Scribner, 1910 H&R
At the Villa Rose (4-act play by Mason based on his own novel). Hodder, 1928 H&R
Blanche de Maletroit. Capper, 1894 (1-act play based on the story "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" by Robert Louis Stevenson.)
The Clock; see The Four Corners of the World
Dilemmas. Hodder, 1934; Doubleday, 1935 ss
The Four Corners of the World. Hodder, 1917; Scribner, 1917 ss (NOTE: Two stories in this collection were also published separately as little books. The Affair at the Semiramis Hotel, Scribner, 1917, 77 pp., is an H&R story. The Clock, R.H. Paget, 1910, 12 pp., is not.)
The House in Lordship Lane. Hodder, 1946; Dodd, 1946 H&R
The House of the Arrow. Hodder, 1924; Doran, 1924 H&R
No Other Tiger. Hodder, 1927; Doran, 1927
The Prisoner in the Opal. Hodder, 1928; Doubleday, 1928 H&R
The Sapphire. Hodder, 1933; Doubleday, 1933
The Secret Fear. Doubleday, 1940 (22 pp.)
The Summons. Hodder, 1920; Doran, 1920 ?
They Wouldn't Be Chessmen. Hodder, 1935; Doubleday, 1935 H&R
The Turnstile. Hodder, 1912; Scribner, 1912 ?
The Watchers. Arrowsmith, 1899; Stokes, 1899 ?
The Winding Stair. Hodder, 1923; Doran, 1923
The Witness for the Defence. Hodder, 1913; Scribner, 1914. (Play version, in 4 acts: French, 1913.)

MASON, ARTHUR CHARLES. 1879- Pseudonym: Mason Scrope, q.v.

MASON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
The Village Mystery; or, The Spectres of St. Argyle. Whiting, 1887

MASON, BURNHAM F.
The Stroke of a Knife. Street (Magnet)

MASON, CAROLINE ATWATER
Mystery of Miss Motts. Page, 1909

MASON, CHARLES. Pseudonym: S. C. Mason, q.v.
Death in Regatta Week. Long, 1960

MASON, COLIN
Hostage. Macmillan (London), 1973; Walker, 1973

MASON, GREGORY
If Two of Them Are Dead. Arcadia
With Soul So Dead. Arcadia, 1956

MASON, HILARY
Tread Warily. Paul

MASON, HOWARD. Pseudonym of Jennifer Ramage
Body Below. Joseph, 1955
Fit as a Filly; see Photo Finish

Photo Finish. Joseph, 1954. U.S. title: Fit as a Filly. Morrow, 1954
Proud Adversary. Joseph, 1951
The Red Bishop. Joseph, 1953; Mill, 1954

MASON, JOHN WILLIAM
Hot Blood--Cold Blood. Hale, 1958
Jail Bait. Hale, 1959
The Saboteurs. Muller, 1955
The Tiger's Back. Hale, 1957

MASON, LEONIE
Murder by Accident. Temple, 1947

MASON, MICHAEL
71 Hours. Coward, 1972

MASON, PAULE
The Dark Mirror. Collins, 1967. U.S. title: Here Lies Georgia Linz. World, 1968
Here Lies Georgia Linz; see The Dark Mirror
The Man in the Garden; see The Shadow
The Shadow. Collins, 1969. U.S. title: The Man in the Garden. Washburn, 1969

MASON, RAYMOND
And Two Shall Meet. GM, 1954; Red Seal pb, 1958
Forever Is Today. GM, 195 ; Fawcett (London), 1958
Someone and Felicia Warwick. GM, 1962; Muller, 1963

MASON, ROBERT
Courage for Sale.
Murder to Measure. Pawling, 1934
The Slaying Squad. Hurst, 1935
Three Cheers for Treason.

MASON, S. C. Pseudonym of Charles Mason, q.v.
'Bloody Murder.' Bell, 1937
The Gold of Gabria. Warne, 1950
The Man on the Spot. Bles, 1938
Murder at Bador. Bell, 1938
Murder on Manoeuvres. Bell, 1937

MASON, SARA ELIZABETH
The Crimson Feather. Doubleday, 1945; Gordon Martin, 1946
The House That Hate Built. Doubleday, 1944
Murder Rents a Room. Doubleday, 1943
The Whip. Morrow, 1948; Corgi pb, 1952

MASON, TALLY. Pseudonym of August Derleth, 1909-1971, q.v.
Consider Your Verdict. Stackpole, 1937

MASON, (FRANCIS) VAN WYCK. 1897- . Pseudonym: Geoffrey Coffin, q.v. Series character: Capt./Maj./Col. Hugh North, in all except the starred titles.
The Branded Spy Murders. Doubleday, 1932; Eldon, 1936
The Bucharest Ballerina Murders. Stokes, 1940; Jarrolds, 1941
The Budapest Parade Murders. Doubleday, 1934; Eldon, 1935
The Cairo Garter Murders. Doubleday, 1938; Jarrolds, 1938
The Castle Island Case. Reynal, 1937; Jarrolds, 1938. * (Revised ed., with HN added as detective: The Multi-Million-Dollar Murders. Cardinal pb, 1960; Hale, 1961.)
The China Sea Murders; see The Shanghai Bund Murders
Dardanelles Derelict. Doubleday, 1949; Barker, 1950
The Deadly Orbit Mission. Doubleday, 1968; Hale, 1968
The Fort Terror Murders. Doubleday, 1931 Eldon, 1936
The Gracious Lily Affair. Doubleday, 1957; Hale, 1958
Himalayan Assignment. Doubleday, 1952; Hale, 1953
The Hong Kong Airbase Murders. Doubleday, 1937; Jarrolds, 1940
Maracaibo Mission. Doubleday, 1965; Hale, 1966
The Multi-Million-Dollar Murders; see The Castle Island Case
The Rio Casino Intrigue. Reynal, 1941; Jarrolds, 1942
Saigon Singer. Doubleday, 1946; Barker, 1948
Secret Mission to Bangkok. Doubleday, 1960; Hale, 1961
Seeds of Murder. Doubleday, 1930; Eldon, 1937
The Seven Seas Murders. Doubleday, 1936; Eldon, 1937 (4 HN novelets)
The Shanghai Bund Murders. Doubleday, 1933; Eldon, 1934. (Revised ed.: The China Sea Murders. PB, 1959; Consul pb, 1961.)
The Singapore Exile Murders. Doubleday, 1939; Jarrolds, 1939
Spider House. Mystery League, 1932; Hale, 1959 *
The Sulu Sea Murders. Doubleday, 1933; Eldon, 1936. (Revised ed.: PB, 1958.)
Trouble in Burma. Doubleday, 1962; Hale, 1963
Two Tickets for Tangier. Doubleday, 1955; Hale, 1956
The Vesper Service Murders. Doubleday, 1931; Eldon, 1935
The Washington Legation Murders. Doubleday, 1935; Eldon, 1937
The Yellow Arrow Murders. Doubleday, 1932; Eldon, 1935
Zanzibar Intrigue. Doubleday, 1963; Hale, 1964

MASSEY, MORRELL. Series character: Thornton Zane, in both titles
Left Hand Left. Penn, 1932; Hutchinson, 1932
Through the Lens. Penn, 1933

MASSEY, RUTH
Crime in the Boulevard Raspail. Nelson, 1932. U.S. title: Death in the Wind. Nelson (NY), 1932

MASSIE, CHRIS. 1880-
Death Goes Hunting. Faber, 1953
Corridor of Mirrors. Faber, 1941 ?
Death Goes Hunting. Faber, 1953
Escape from Julia. Faber, 1947 ?
Farewell, Pretty Ladies. Random, 1942 (British title?)
The Green Circle; see The Green Orb
The Green Orb. Faber, 1953. U.S. title: The Green Circle. Random, 1943
The Incredible Truth. Random, 1958 ? (British title?)
The Love Letters. Random, 1944 ? (British title?)

My Love Is Stone. Faber, 1949 ?
Pity My Simplicity. Faber, 1944 ?
Portrait of a Beautiful Woman. Low, 1944 ?
The Undivided Light. Faber, 1952 ?
When My Ship Comes Home. Faber, 1959 ?

MASSON, RENE. 1922-
The Bottle Organ. Wingate, 1962 (Translation of L'Orgue a Bouteilles. Gallimard, 1950.)
Cage of Darkness; see Sicily Street
Green Oranges. Knopf, 1953. (Translation of Oranges Vertes. Laffont, 1951.)
Landru; see Number One
Number One. Hutchinson, 1964. U.S. title: Landru. Doubleday, 1965. (Translation of Les Roses de Gambais. Presses de la Cite, 1962.)
Sicily Street. Wingate, 1961. U.S. title: Cage of Darkness. Knopf, 1951. (Translation of Les Gamins du Roidu Sicile. Laffont, 1950.)

MASTERMAN, J(OHN) C(ECIL). 1891-
The Case of the Four Friends. Hodder, 1956
Fate Cannot Harm Me. Gollancz, 1935
An Oxford Tragedy. Gollancz, 1933

MASTERMAN, MARGARET. 1910-
Death of a Friend. Nicholson, 1938

MASTERMAN, WALTER S. (See also: Greene, L. Patrick.) Series characters: Sir Arthur Sinclair = AS; Dick Seldon = DS
The Avenger Strikes. Jarrolds, 1936; Dutton, 1937 AS
Back from the Grave. Jarrolds, 1940 AS
The Baddington Horror. Jarrolds, 1934; Dutton, 1934 AS
Blood on the Floor; see 2 L.O.
The Bloodhounds Bay. Jarrolds, 1936; Dutton, 1936 DS
The Border Line. Jarrolds, 1936; Dutton, 1937 DS
The Crime of the Reckaviles; see The Curse of the Reckaviles
The Curse of Cantire. Jarrolds, 1939
The Curse of the Reckaviles. Methuen, 1927; Dutton, 1927. Also published as: The Crime of the Reckaviles. Methuen, 1934. AS
The Death Coins. Jarrolds, 1940
Death Turns Traitor. Methuen, 1935; Dutton, 1936 AS
The Flying Beast. Jarrolds, 1932; Dutton, 1932 AS
The Green Toad. Gollancz, 1928; Dutton, 1929
The Hooded Monster. Jarrolds, 1939
The Hunted Man. Jarrolds, 1938; Dutton, 1938 AS
The Man Without a Head. Jarrolds, 1942
The Mystery of Fifty-Two. Jarrolds, 1931; Dutton, 1931
The Nameless Crime. Jarrolds, 1932; Dutton, 1932 AS
The Perjured Alibi. Methuen, 1935; Dutton, 1935
The Rose of De-th. Methuen, 1934; Dutton, 1936 AS
The Secret of the Downs. Jarrolds, 1938; Dutton, 1939 AS
The Silver Leopard. Jarrolds, 1941 AS
The Tangle. Jarrolds, 1931
2 L.O. Gollancz, 1928; Dutton, 1928. Also published as: Blood on the Floor. Newnes, 1935 AS
The Wrong Letter. Methuen, 1926; Dutton, 1926 AS
The Wrong Verdict. Jarrolds, 1937; Dutton, 1938 AS
The Yellow Mistletoe. Jarrolds, 1930; Dutton, 1930 AS

MASTERS, ANTHONY
The Syndicate. Joseph, 1971

MASTERS, JOHN
The Breaking Strain. Joseph, 1967; Delacorte, 1967

MASTERS, W. W.
Murder in the Mirror. Longmans, 1931

MASTERSON, WHIT. Joint pseudonym of Robert Wade, 1920- , q.v., and Bill Miller, 1920-1961. This byline continued by Wade alone after Miller's death. Other joint pseudonyms of Wade & Miller: Wade Miller, Dale Wilmer, Will Daemer, qq.v.
All Through the Night. Dodd, 1955; Allen, 1956. Also published as: A Cry in the Night. Bantam pb, 1956; Corgi pb, 1958.
Badge of Evil. Dodd, 1956; Allen, 1956. Also published as: Touch of Evil. Bantam pb, 1958
A Cry in the Night; see All Through the Night
The Dark Fantastic. Dodd, 1959; Allen, 1960
Dead, She Was Beautiful. Dodd, 1955; Allen, 1955
The Death of Me Yet. Dodd, 1970; Hale, 1972
Evil Come, Evil Go. Dodd, 1961; Allen, 1961
The Gravy Train. Dodd, 1971; Hale, 1972
A Hammer in His Hand. Dodd, 1960; Allen, 1960
Killer with a Badge; see 711--Officer Needs Help
The Last One Kills. Dodd, 1969; Hale, 1972
The Man on a Nylon String. Dodd, 1963; Allen, 1963
The Man With Two Clocks. Dodd, 1974
Play Like You're Dead. Dodd, 1967; Hale, 1969
711--Officer Needs Help. Dodd, 1965. British title: Killer with a Badge. Allen, 1966. Also published as: Warning Shot. Popular Library, 1967
A Shadow in the Wild. Dodd, 1957; Allen, 1957
Touch of Evil; see Badge of Evil
The Undertaker Wind. Dodd, 1973; Hale, 1974
Warning Shot; see 711--Officer Needs Help
Why She Cried, I Do Not Know. Dodd, 1972; Hale, 1974

MASUR, HAROLD Q. 1912- See also: TRAUBEL, HELEN. Series character: Scott Jordan, in all titles except The Attorney
The Attorney. Random, 1973; Souvenir, 1974
The Big Money. Simon, 1954; Boardman, 1955
Bury Me Deep. Simon, 1948; Boardman, 1961
The Last Breath; see The Last Gamble
The Last Gamble. Simon, 1958. British title: The Last Breath. Boardman, 1958. Also published as: Murder on Broadway. Dell, 196
The Legacy Lenders. Random, 1967; Boardman, 1967
Make a Killing. Random, 1964; Boardman, 1964
Murder on Broadway; see The Last Gamble
The Name Is Jordan. Pyramid pb, 1962

Send Another Hearse. Simon, 1960; Boardman, 1960
So Rich, So Lovely, And So Dead. Simon, 1952; Boardman, 1953
Suddenly a Corpse. Simon, 1949; Boardman, 1950
Tall, Dark, And Deadly. Simon, 1956; Boardman, 1957
You Can't Live Forever. Simon, 1950; Boardman, 1951

MATCHA, JACK
Ask for Lois. Monarch pb, 1962
Gambler's Girl. Athena, 1961 ?
Prowler in the Night. GM, 1959; Digit pb, 1959

MATHER, BERKELY. Pseudonym of John Evan Weston Davies
The Achilles Affair. Collins, 1959; Scribner, 1959
The Break; see The Break in the Line
The Break in the Line. Collins, 1970. U.S. title: The Break. Scribner, 1970
Geth Straker. Fontana pb, 1962 (Novelization of the TV series.)
The Gold of Malabar. Collins, 1966; Scribner, 1967
The Pass Beyond Kashmir. Collins, 1960; Scribner, 1960
The Road and the Star. Collins, 1965; Scribner, 1965
Snowline. Collins, 1973; Scribner, 1973
The Springers. Collins, 1968. U.S. title: A Spy for a Spy. Scribner, 1968
A Spy for a Spy; see The Springers
The Terminators. Collins, 1971; Scribner, 1971

MATHER, VIRGINIA. Pseudonym of Jean Mayer Liebeler, q.v.

MATHERS, HELEN B(UCKINGHAM)
Blind Justice. Ward, 1890
The Land o' the Leal. Munro, 1878
Love, the Thief. Paul
Murder or Manslaughter. Routledge, 1885
The Mystery of No. 13. White, 1891; Ogilvie, 1896
The Sin of Hagar. Hutchinson, 1896

MATHESON, HUGH. Pseudonym of Hugh Lewis Mackay, 1897-196 .
The Balance of Fear. Gibbs & Phillips, 1961
The Third Force. Wingate, 1959; Washburn, 1960

MATHESON, JEAN (CHISHOLM). Are these all adult crime fiction?
The Dire Departed. Hodder, 1958
The Goldfish Bowl. Hodder, 1961
The Little Green Bird. Hodder, 1963
So Difficult to Die. Collins, 1957

MATHESON, RICHARD. 1926-
Fury on Sunday. Lion pb, 1954
Hell House. Viking, 1971
Ride the Nightmare. Ballantine pb, 1959; Consul pb, 1961
Someone is Bleeding. Lion pb, 1953
A Stir of Echoes. Lippincott, 1958; Cassell, 1958

MATHEWS, D(ONNA) L(ORRAINE). 1922-
The Fatal Amateur. Rinehart, 1959; Jenkins, 1960
The Late Unlamented; see A Very Welcome Death
The Reach of Fear. Rinehart, 1958; Jenkins, 1959
A Very Welcome Death. Holt, 1961. British title: The Late Unlamented. Jenkins, 1961

MATHEWS, FRANCES. See SHORTT, VERE DAWSON

MATHEWS, FRANCES AYMAR
The Flame Dancer. Dillingham, 1908
The Staircase of Surprise. Dodd, 1905

MATHEWS, NIEVES M. 1917-
She Died Without Lights. Hodder, 1956

MATHIESON, THEODORE
The Devil and Ben Franklin. Simon, 1961
The Great "Detectives." Simon, 1960 ss

MATSCHAT, CECILE HULSE
Murder at the Black Crook. Farrar, 1943; Cassell, 1945
Murder in Okefenokee. Farrar, 1941

MATSUMOTO, SEICHO
Points and Lines. Kodansha, 1970

MATTHESON, RODNEY. Pseudonym of John Creasey, 1908-1973, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Gordon Ashe, M. E. Cooke, Norman Deane, Robert Caine Frazer, Michael Halliday, Charles Hogarth, Brian Hope, Colin Hughes, Kyle Hunt, Abel Mann, Peter Manton, J. J. Marric, Richard Martin, Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, qq.v.
The Dark Shadow. Fiction House
The Secret of Ferrars. Fiction House

MATTHEW, CHARLES
The Inspector's Puzzle. Street (Magnet), ca.1897
Mabel Seymour. Street, 1888

MATTHEWS, ANTHONY. See BLACK, LIONEL

MATTHEWS, BRANDER
The Last Meeting. Unwin, 1885; Scribner, 1885
Tales of Fantasy and Fact. Harper, 1896 ss

MATTHEWS, CHARLES
Bazi Bazoum; or, A Strange Detective. Ward Lock, 1889

MATTHEWS, CLAYTON
The Big Score. Brandon, 1973
Dive into Death. Sherbourne, 1969

MAUGHAM, ROBERT CECIL. 1916- . Pseudonym: Robin Maugham, q.v.

MAUGHAM, ROBIN. Pseudonym of Robert Cecil Maugham, 1916- . Are these adult crime fiction?
The Barrier. Allen, 1973
Behind the Mirror. Longmans, 1955; Harcourt, 1955
The Green Shade. Heinemann, 1966; NAL, 1966
The Intruder; see Line on Ginger