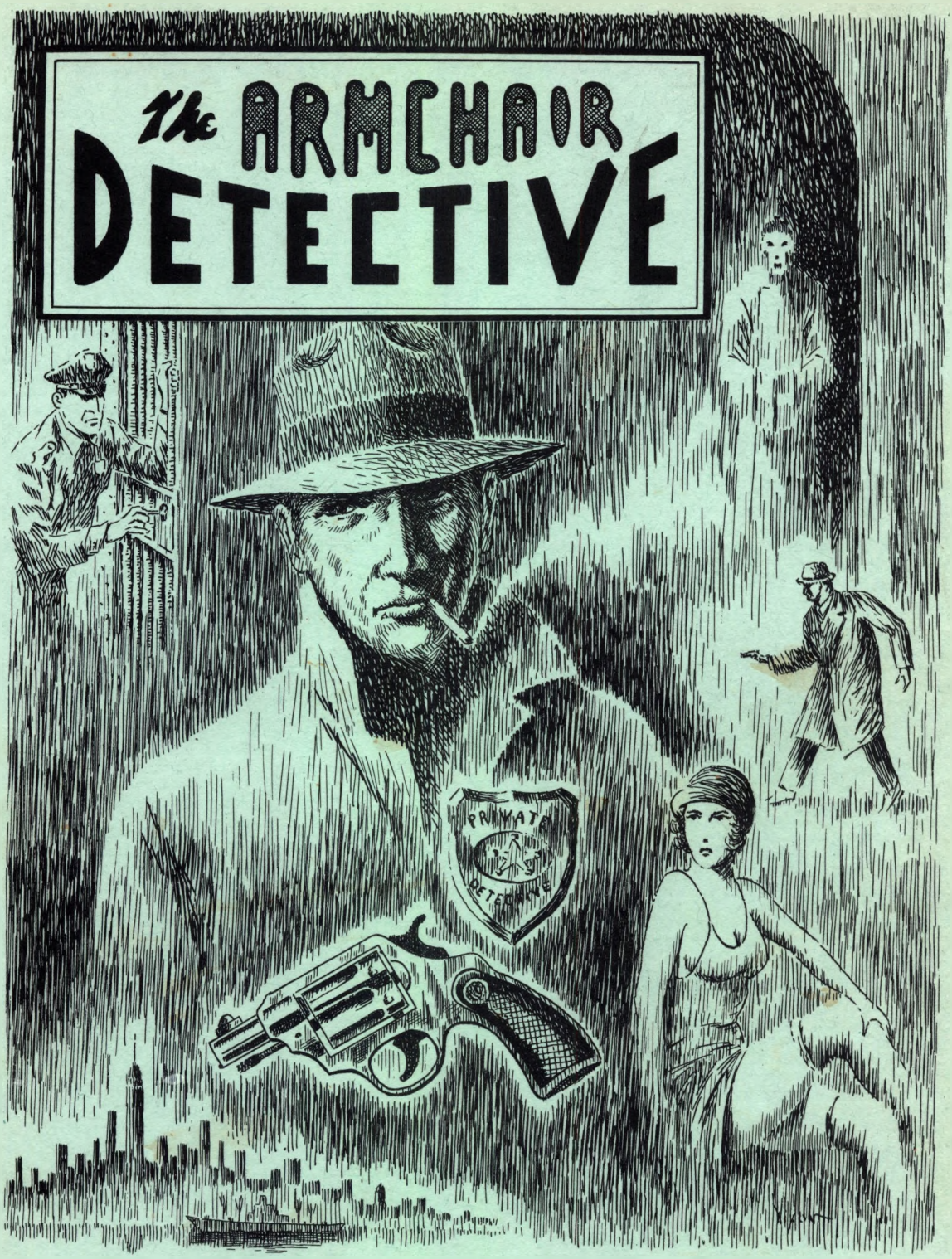

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MARGERY ALLINGHAM'S ALBERT CAMPION:

A CHRONOLOGICAL EXAMINATION OF THE NOVELS IN WHICH HE APPEARS

BY B. A. PIKE

PART I

The Crime at Black Dudley,* which appeared in 1929, is for all practical purposes Miss Allingham's first novel (although in fact it was preceded by Blackerchief Dick, "a novel about smuggling on the salt-marsh", published in 1923, and The White Cottage Mystery, a prentice work which she subsequently preferred not to reprint, published as a newspaper serial in 1927, "in a wildly mutilated form", and as a book in 1928).

Albert Campion makes his first appearance at the Black Dudley dinner-table, one murky evening, by candlelight, an uninvited guest at what rapidly whips into an eventful weekend party. Described in general terms by a fellow-guest as "a lunatic...just a silly ass" (a catchphrase that links him with Bertie Wooster and even facets of Lord Peter Wimsey), the initial account of his appearance bears out this impression. He is "fresh-faced...with tow-coloured hair", "foolish, pale-blue eyes behind tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles", a "slightly receding chin", and a "mouth...unnecessarily full of teeth", through which he speaks in an "absurd falsetto drawl". Although Miss Allingham does not in later novels insist on the receding chin, or the protruding teeth and falsetto voice, Campion's features do not in essentials change over the years: rather, they are modified as she takes him increasingly seriously.

In the same way, although his persona is decidedly comic at first, there is yet implicit in the absurdity something of the seriousness of his later self. Such a question as "Who would dream of the cunning criminal brain that lurks beneath my inoffensive exterior?" is, in fact, a flippant foreshadowing of Campion's essential attitude, that of the guileless-looking nonentity whom it is almost obligatory to under-estimate. (In this first book, it is Chris Kennedy, the beefy young rugger blue, who makes the mistake: "'You stand by,' said Kennedy, with something suspiciously like a sneer on his face... 'And by the way, I think you're the man to stay with the girls.' There was no mistaking his inference.") When Miss Allingham tells us that "Mr. Campion's personality was a difficult one to take seriously," she is establishing an image of him that persists at least as far as Flowers for the Judge in 1936 (where Miss Curley takes some minutes to realise that he is different from the many "consciously funny young men, most of them ill-mannered nincompoops" of her acquaintance, and that his particular "flow of nonsense" cloaks "more than poverty of intelligence").

Campion's eccentricities save him, in this first book, at least, from the danger of conventionality. There is, after all, nothing exceptional about his heroics at Black Dudley; the courage, the resilience, the resource, constitute the stock-in-trade of the most standard model of fictional adventurer. The special interest of Campion is that we do not at first know how to take him—that he proves, for instance, to have an "agility and strength altogether surprising in one of such a languid appearance": and it is this capacity for "surprising" that makes him, from the first, an intriguing figure with very real possibilities for development.

In this introductory adventure, Campion is very much a man of mystery, quite apart from the uncertainty engendered by his dual personality as harmless clown and man of action. George Abbershaw, the book's amateur detective, is at first unable to "place" him, although convinced that they have met before; and when he does call to mind the circumstances of their previous encounter, which are never specified, he identifies him, not as Albert Campion, but as "Mornington Dodd" (the first of several noms-de-guerre that enliven the earlier novels). Here, too, is the first reference to Campion's real identity, that of the younger son of a noble house: "'Campion...is your name, I suppose?' 'Well - er - no,' said the irrepressible young man. 'But...my own is rather aristocratic and I never use it in business.'"

So alarmed is Abbershaw by his earlier knowledge of Campion, and his reflections on the irregular nature of his profession, that he suspects him for a time of the Black Dudley murder; but his conduct is increasingly reassuring, and his apologia sufficiently disarming to remove any serious doubts, for the reader at any rate: "I live, like all intelligent people, by my wits, and although I've often done things that mother wouldn't like, I have remembered her parting words and have never been vulgar...I do almost anything within reason...but nothing sordid or vulgar—quite definitely nothing vulgar." Elsewhere, we have his additional assurance that most of his commissions "are more secret than shady."

This first novel sets the tone for the four "adventure" stories that form a distinctive group at the beginning of Miss Allingham's oeuvre. Although there is a definite murder mystery, which seems of central relevance, but is in fact no more than incidental, it is rather as a novel of action and atmosphere that The Crime at Black Dudley continues to make its effect. The book is dominated by Black Dudley itself, a "great tomb of a house," "bare and ugly

*U.S. title: The Black Dudley Murder

as a fortress," set on the Suffolk coast in "miles of neglected parkland." Within, it is "magnificent," with "a certain dusty majesty," the candlelight sending "great shadows like enormous ghostly hands, creeping up to the oak-beamed ceiling." Here is a fit setting for the Black Dudley dagger, a "long 15th century Italian" weapon of "unmistakably sinister appearance," that seems to "shine out of the dark background like a living and malignant thing," and for the unnerving ritual that attends it, in which it is passed from hand to hand in darkness, to run with blood if handled by a killer

It is during the ritual that Colonel Gordon Coombe, the owner of Black Dudley, suddenly dies, and a precious document concealed in a wallet disappears, thus establishing the two lines of the action (and, incidentally, a kind of basic pattern for all four "adventure" novels, in each of which a violent death occurs on the periphery of the action, while the main business of those concerned is to retain or gain possession of a precious object). There is much coming and going by way of trapdoors, secret panels, wardrobes and chimneys, and the central action culminates in a spectacular appearance by the Monewdon Hunt, led with impressive panache by Guffy Randall, an old school-friend of Campion's who reappears in Sweet Danger.

The narrative is enhanced by the author's characteristic felicity of detail, already much in evidence. The principal villain, "the most dangerous and notorious criminal of modern times" is, incongruously, "the living image of those little busts of Beethoven which are sold at music shops;" the Colonel's vintage car, "one of the pioneers of motor traffic," proves to be set mysteriously "upon the chassis and engine of the latest...Rolls-Royce;" Chris Kennedy attempts a bold break for freedom by filling his drained petrol-tank with high-class Scotch; and, impresioned in a room upstairs, a vengeful old besom called Mrs. Meade anticipates with onfidence the coming Wednesday, when her son, "a rare fighter," will come to exact vengeance on those who have dared to shut her up against her will.

With the departure from Black Dudley, and the disappearance of Campion ("through the portals of one of the most famous and exclusive clubs in the world"), the real impetus goes out of the book, and the closing chapters constitute a rather disappointing coda to the main action. There is an abortive chase after one of the villains for a time suspected of the murder, but the real killer, his motive, and the evidence that betrays him, are not revealed until the last chapter. Happily, Miss Allingham was to become more scrupulous in this respect.

Published in 1930, Mystery Mile, in which the violent death is a suicide, dispenses with the "whodunit" element altogether. Rather, it is a "whoisit"—who is Simister? the celebrated master-criminal, who was Campion's shadowy employer in Black Dudley, and who is very nearly his murderer on this occasion. There are not many candidates for the role, so that the revelation is hardly unexpected; but the clue to his identity is very beguiling, although we do not have sufficient information to read it aright, until the author is prepared to elaborate. (Incidentally, Simister's alter ego is revealed in passing in Traitor's Purse).

This second book is less openly melodramatic than Black Dudley and there is a slight but perceptible advance in sophistication. The setting is idyllic, a remote village on the Suffolk coast, linked to the mainland by a single strip of land (an attractive map, the first of several, is provided). The Manor is a "long, low, many-gabled building, probably built around 1500", hidden in a "thick belt of elms" sheltering "rose-trees under its eaves," and boasting in the grounds a maze, much overgrown. The Rectory is "ivy-covered," and the locals are interbred, close-knit and feudal to a man (except for the postmaster, a "foreigner" from Yarmouth, and arguably the novel's least successful feature).

Although the story is basically pure adventure—Biddy Paget disappears, and six chapters are devoted to getting her back—there are a number of intriguing questions to be answered, so that the element of mystery is stronger and more rewarding than in the previous book. Why does the Rector of Mystery Mile shoot himself after a visit from a sinister society fortune-teller? Why does he send Campion a red knight from a chess-set as a farewell message? Why must this cryptic message be such a closely-guarded secret? What is the significance of a suitcase full of children's books? The answers to these and other questions are invariably neat and satisfying, as Miss Allingham's answers almost always are, throughout her career.

The object of the villain's fell designs is human on this occasion, the only time in the four "adventure" novels that this is so. Judge Crowdy Lobbett is thought to know more than is good for him, and is accordingly in recurrent danger of sudden death. His preservation is therefore the main preoccupation of his family and friends, and the principal business of the book. Attendant on the action are a number of agreeably comic figures, including George and 'Anry Willamore, heading the army of local rustics; Thos. T. Knapp, an unsavory eavesdropper on telephone conversations, whose methods, though deplorable, produce undeniably useful results (he reappears, incidentally, in More Work for the Undertaker and The Mind Readers); his appalling mother, "a vast florid person" with "scrawny reddish hair" and a face "chiefly remarkable for some three or four attempts at a beard which grew out of large brown moles scattered over her many chins;" the exuberant Ali Fergusson Barber, a loquacious, ubiquitous, long-suffering Turk, drawn with immense bravura; and, in a first sketch already hinting at the richness of things to come, one of Miss Allingham's engaging and enduring charac-

ters, Campion's manservant, Magersfontein Lugg.

For addicts, that it features Lugg for the first time must be the chief distinction of Mystery Mile, just as, later, Sweet Danger is above all the novel that introduces Amanda. Lugg is first brought to our notice as a "thick and totally unexpected voice" on the telephone, huskily announcing himself as the "Aphrodite Glue Works" and thereby much alarming Marlowe Lobbett on the other end of the line. His actual appearance is delayed until the return to town in search of information, when he is revealed as "the largest and most lugubrious individual Marlowe had ever seen...a hillock of a man, with a big pallid face which reminded one irresistibly of a bull-terrier." He is "practically bald" and conveys an "all-pervading impression of melancholy." His criminal antecedents are delicately hinted at—he wears "what looked remarkably like a convict's tunic"—and the special nature of his relation with Campion—mutual derision veiling the deepest affection and trust—is defined in the first of many entertaining dialogues.

Also in attendace, and again for the first time, is Stanislaus Oates, for something like forty years a principal prop of the C.I.D. in Margery Allingham's stories. It is interesting to note that he is already "the old detective," although he has plainly just become a father—and presumably for the first time, since the new tooth of his "son and heir", Campion's godson, forms the opening topic of their initial conversation (also, coincidentally, over the phone). A detective-inspector at this preliminary stage of the acquaintance, he is no more than an outline of the definite character he was to become in later years, a pipe-smoker, a family man, informative and affable, but standing as yet only on the sidelines of the action.

Campion himself is much as before, "a pale young man...trying to hide behind his enormous spectacles," his "natural expression" one of "vacant fatuity," his voice "slightly falsetto." The "silly ass" element is still well to the fore, so much so that a fellow passenger on board the Elephantine wonders if he has "inadvertently stumbled on a mental case," and Marlowe is later prompted to ask, as Compion "rambled on inconsequentially," 'I say...do you always talk like this?' (Lugg's view is refreshingly different: when Campion says "I'm serious," he replies, "That's un'ealthy for a start.")

A revealing phone-call establishes that Campion's true Christian name is Rudolph, and that his exalted brother—owner of a Bentley and a chauffeur named Wootton—is called Herbert. Elsewhere we hear that his surname begins with a K (and that is all we ever do learn on the subject), and that, conversely, his list of aliases includes "Tootles Ash" (on the telephone to Oates), and "Hewes" (in conversation with "old W.T."). Supporting evidence of the variety of Campion's noms-de-guerre comes from Giles Paget's account of an extraordinary progress down Regent Street in his company, when they encounter a number of distinguished persons, "every single one" of them "called him by a different name."

Revealing in a different way is our first glimpse of Campion as lover, albeit an unsuccessful one. For the hand and heart of Biddy Paget, he finds himself in competition with Marlowe Lobbett, a conventional maiden's dream, and for once his eccentric looks and demeanor do prove a real handicap. But however difficult it is for Biddy to take him seriously as a lover—and one can see her difficulty—the reader is clearly expected to do so. In this respect, at least, Campion is vulnerable, and Miss Allingham in earnest.

Here, too, is our first acquaintance with the flat over the police station in Bottle Street, of Piccadilly, with its Girtin water-colour, its Rembrandt etching, its "remarkable collection of trophies," including the Black Dudley dagger, and its distinctive "tradesman's entrance," the service lift connecting Campion's dining-room with a cupboard at the rear of Rodriguez's restaurant, invaluable in an emergency. The full address of the flat—No. 17 (becoming 17A in Police at the Funeral)—is not specified until the next book, Look to the Lady.

First published in 1931, Look to the Lady* is a splendid affair, gay and exciting, and brimming with imaginative detail, from the opening sequence where Val Gyrth catches sight of his own name on a cast-off envelope lying amid the little of a London square, to the final conversation between Campion and Professor Cairey regarding the exact nature of the guardian of the Gyrth Chalice.

The setting is Sanctuary, another of Miss Allingham's charming Suffolk villages, "one of those staggering pieces of beauty that made Morland paint in spite of all the noggins of rum in the world." This time, there are two maps, one of the village with the Tower and Tye Hall, and the other of the gypsy encampment and the stables on Heronhoe Heath. The Tower is conventionally "attractive and even majestic," but an interesting touch of realism enters with the account of Peck's cottage as "one of those picturesque, insanitary thatched lath and plaster dwellings which stir admiration and envy in the hearts of all those who do not have to live in them."

The Gyrth Chalice is coveted by a member of "the most powerful and...wealthy ring in the world," and the Gyrth family, supported by Campion, Lugg, a tribe of gypsies and, ultimately and most effectively, by the fabled guardian of the treasure, find themselves ranged against "The Daisy," the agent for the covetous villains, whose identity is confirmed two-

*U.S. title: The Gyrth Chalice Mystery

thirds of the way through the action. The chalice is more than ordinarily precious, and the Gyrth's guardianship of it is in the nature of a sacred trust. It is invested with an aura of ceremonial and mystery, and Val regards his aunt's folly in allowing it to be photographed for a glossy magazine as sacrilegious. There is a ritual revelation to the heir on his 25th birthday, of a kind that leaves its mark, and proves to be truly awe-inspiring: the secret in which Campion is finally privileged to share is indeed on "of no ordinary magnitude."

Not only at the Tower is there an atmosphere of mystery and superstition: there is also a resident witch in the village, and a haunted wood nearby. So terrifying is the nameless horror that haunts the wood that Val's aunt, the foolish Lady Pethwick, is literally shocked to death by it, and even Lugg is so unnerved as to "bellow the place down...and generally carry on like an hysterical calf elephant." The evocation of the blood-curdling atmosphere of Pharisees' Clearing as the appalling creature approaches provokes something like an authentic shiver: Campion's is not the only scalp to tingle with sheer nervous apprehension. Nor is the explanation an anti-climax: if anything, it enhances the eerie effect of what has gone before.

The witch is a "venomous old party" named Mrs. Munsey, with "red-rimmed eyes" and a hairless head, living in unspeakable squalor with her idiot son, and commanding a "wealth of archaic invective" that is hair-raising in its intensity, and delivered with a "concentrated hatred" at the object of her displeasure.

Combining with her to add to the colour and verve of the narrative and to help justify the title are two other distinctive women—Mrs. Dick Shannon, a noisy, intrepid horsewoman, and Mrs. Sarah, the Gypsy Queen. Mrs. Shannon is an "evident...personage," a mannish, commanding woman with "an eye like a hawk," a "high strident voice" and a "wrist like flexed steel." People are "impelled by the force of her vigorous personality" to do what they would prefer not to do, and she reveals a positive genius for embarrassing her acquaintances in company. One is forced, however, to concede her a reluctant admiration: her superb self-possession quite literally never deserts her, not even in the most fantastically daunting circumstances.

Mrs. Sarah's authority is less abrasive, but no less positive in its quiet way. A much be-ringed, "monstrously fat old woman," who looks like a "figure of Hotei...all wrapped up in coloured print," she makes a single decisive appearance, and proves a very ready help when the call comes.

Campion is at his boldest, outsmarting the enemy by devious manoeuvres; invoking two aliases at need ("Christopher Twelvetrees" at the City house of Mr. Israel Melchizadek, and "Orlando" to secure the gypsies); decoying the horror of Pharisee's Clearing into the stack-net; and finally braving the lion in its den, and being almost trampled to death by a frenzied mare as a result (a near-death that is only marginally less spectacular than the villain's actual end). Still very much the conscious clown, he makes his first appearance at the door of his flat trailing a pink baloon on a string, considerably startling Val Gyrth, who has never met him before. The flow of badinage is usually agreeable and occasionally witty as when he swears by "the bones of my Aunt Joanna and her box," or reflects philosophically that "All these things are ordained, as the old lady said at the Church Congress." At moments of drama, the "inane expression upon his face" still appears, if anything, "more strongly marked than ever," and his assertion at a time of maximum danger that "Manly courage, intelligence and resource are my strong points" maintains the casual irony of his customary stance.

Oates is on hand as occasional consultant, and Lugg is happily much in evidence, emerging strongly as a personality in his own right. His nervous collapse after his night of horrors in the wood is one of the most engaging episodes in his entire career: "The room was darkened, and there was a muffled wail from a bed in the far corner... [Campion] turned to face the cowering object who peered at him wildly from beneath the bed quilt... Mr. Lugg pulled himself together. The sight of his master seemed to revive those sparks of truculence still left in his nature. 'I've resigned,' he said at length.

"'I should hope so,' said Campion bitterly. 'The sooner you clear out and stop disgracing me the better I shall like it.'

"Mr. Lugg sat up in bed. 'Gawd, I 'ave 'ad a night,' he said weakly. 'I nearly lost me reason for yer, and this is 'ow yer treat me... You spend the night in that wood and I'll take you to Colney 'Atch in the morning. That thing killed Lady Pethwick... And she wasn't no weakling, let me tell yer. She was a strong-minded woman. A weak-minded one would 'ave burst.'"

His final appearance is equally characteristic: "Coming across the lawn towards them, sedate, and about as graceful as a circus elephant, was Mr. Lugg. As he came nearer they saw that his immense white face wore an almost reverent expression.

"'Ere,' he said huskily as he approached his master, 'see 'oo's come? Orders are for you to nip into the 'ouse and report in the library. Lumme,' he added, 'you in flannels, too. I believe there's an 'ole comin' in the sole of them shoes.'"

These and similar "picturesque remarks" from Campion's incomparable henchman punctuate and enliven the novel, contributing richly to one of the author's most spirited achievements.

Last and best of the four "adventure" novels is Sweet Danger*, published in 1933, the book that introduces Amanda and gives Mr. Campion's "lighter side" its final uninhibited fling, including an improbable transvestite stint in some of Miss Huntingforest's old clothes. Even his first appearance is more than usually startling, and Guffy Randall may be forgiven for misjudging his welcome when he blunders cheerfully into his presence at the Hotel Beauregard in Mentone. With Joanthan Eager-Wright and Dicky Farquharson in solemn attendance, Campion is holding court as the Hereditary Paladin of Averna, which accounts for Guffy's decidedly chilly reception: it is, after all, hardly correct procedure to greet even a minor royal personage with the words, "What ho, your Highness!"

Averna, a minute Dalmation state of hitherto minimal significance, has been rendered "a natural habour with natural fuel" by a recent earthquake, and is now ripe for exploitation. It belongs both by right of conquest and subsequent purchase to the noble but depleted Pontisbright family, now represented by Amanda Fitton and her brother and sister; and it is Campion's concern to trace the proofs of their ownership before Brett Savanake, a bold, bad baron of commerce, can lay unscrupulous hands on them.

Specifically, both men are after the Pontisbright crown and its attendant documents, the charter granted by Henry IV, and Metternich's receipt for the purchase-money in 1815. The chase involves them in "a fine old-fashioned treasure hunt with clues complete"—a cryptic account of the crown from a MS in the British Museum, and a teasing verse octet carved on "a huge cross-section of an oak-bole.' Campion's ingenuity is fully equal to all this: he locates the charter by running a drum to earth in a Norwich museum; recognizes the crown in the more humbly decorative role to which time has reduced it; and, with Amanda's technical guidance, contrives a prodigious device for revealing the whereabouts of the Metternich receipt.

Pontisbright appears, if anything, even more idyllic than Mystery Mile or Sanctuary. The air seems characteristically "warm and flower-scented", and the village looks unalterably tranquil in "the last rays of the sun." The mill in its setting represents the "real rustic loveliness of Suffolk at its best," and the mill-house is revealed as "amazingly attractive," a "nearly perfect example of late 15th century architecture," with a "certain drowsy elegance ...very soothing and comforting in a madly gyrating world."

And yet this is not, after all, cloud-cuckoo-land. Our introduction to the vicinity is by way of a sign chalked on a gatepost—a cross surmounted by a cedilla—which Campion interprets as the primitive "God-help-us" mark, "probably the most ancient symbol in the world;" and it soon becomes apparent, from the innkeeper's patent terror of "the powers of darkness," and Lugg's discovery, laid out on the heath, of a corpse which subsequently disappears, that the village is in the grip of a supersititious dread so pervasive that not even Amanda is untouched by it.

This subsidiary mystery of the stricken atmosphere of the valley deeply involves the local doctor, whose explanation, of a curse afflicting the inhabitants in the form of a terrible disease, is rejected by Campion on at least two counts. But it is not until his primary concern is approaching its climax and demanding all his attention, that he realizes the full extent of the doctor's involvement, and the true nature of his "unusual practice," so that the two lines of the action finally converge in a vivid total denouement of gratifying splendour.

The Fittons, and their downright, dependable aunt, Miss Huntingforest, have a "family gift for making friends," and their charm is a potent force to which the visitors succomb to such an extent that Eager-Wright, during the initial interview with Amanda, is unable to "take his eyes off her face," and Guffy and Mary are engaged within the week. Mary, in the words of her lover, is "sweet...and womanly. Gentle, discreet, and all that sort of thing," and Hal, too, is sober, with a "grave courtesy which was his chief characteristic." At sixteen, the youngest of the three, he is indearingly solemn and middle-aged in manner, very much on his dignity as head of his diminished house, and deeply shocked by Amanda's questionable goings-on. Distinguished, like his sisters, by the flaming Pontisbright hair, he looks, in the innkeeper's memorable phrase, "like the burning bush coming along."

Amanda is at first a voice in the gloom, greeting her prospective paying guests in near-darkness, and establishing that they don't mind "tears in the furniture" before allowing any light to enter the threadbare room. But amid the vanished glories of her setting, "the girl herself" glows with youth and health and beauty. She is almost eighteen, with "big honey-brown eyes," "an extraordinary mop of hair so red that it was remarkable in itself," and a "wholly disarming" smile which "opened her mouth into a triangle, and revealed very small white even teeth." The author stresses her rarity: she is "at a stage of physical perfection seldom attained at any age," and her Pontisbright hair is of "a blazing, flaming and yet subtle colour which is as rare as it is beautiful."

She proves a splendid ally, distinguished especially by electrical skills uncommon in one of her age and sex. Her gifts are renowned locally—the landlord marvels at her offer to write his name in lights—and her proudest possessions are her dynamo and "an extremely ancient but unmistakable electric brougham," which cost her a pound, but is limited to a maximum of five miles at a time, two-and-a-half there and two-and-a-half back: "then the batteries have to be recharged." It is her technical expertise that enables Campion to bring the third and most testing part of the hunt to a successful conclusion, and it is typical of Amanda, no

*U.S. Title: The Kingdom of Death

believer in half-measures, that the device she achieves is so phenomenal as to become "one of the wonders of Suffolk for many years to come."

She is compact of all the virtues—candid, intelligent, loyal, resourceful and resilient, with a natural gaiety and, at the desperate climax to the adventure, uncommon courage. Even her wilfulness, the truculence with Hal, is enduring, so that one is inclined to agree with Guffy's reflection "that the Fitton family had a charm that made even their quarreling delightful." Her spirit is indomitable, whether she is staggering to her feet, "stiff and breathless and quivering with rage" after the "visitation" by Savanake's minions, or displaying, the morning after, "a light of triumph in her eye, and an even more pronounced jauntiness than before,...her spirit...strengthened rather than diminshed" by what she has been through. At the moment of greatest danger, when everything appears to depend on her and, for all she knows, Campion is drowned in the mill-pool, "her courage, which had temporarily deserted her," returns with the realisation that there "was something definite to be done."

At the end, Campion finds himself strangely moved by her as she lies in bed recovering from her ordeal—and by no means solely because she has saved his life. Earlier, he has gone "out after Savanake with the intent to kill," "because of something which he would not have explained even if he could, and which was definitely to do with Amanda;" and now, in assent to her request to be allowed to put him "on the top" of her "list", when the six years she needs to become "ready" for him are up, he holds out his hand "with sudden eagerness." He stands finally, "looking down very tenderly at this odd little person who had come crashing through one of the most harrowing adventures he had ever known and with unerring instinct had torn open old scars, revived old fires which he had believed extinct." As a love-scene it is decidedly unorthodox, though highly characteristic of the two people involved in it; and by concluding the first phase of Mr. Campion's career with an authentic emotional experience, Miss Allingham points decisively towards the time of greater responsibility and maturity that is now upon him.

——continued next issue

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DETECTIVES IN DISGUISE

A Quiz by Veronica M. S. Kennedy

Readers of TAD are invited to identify the following fictional detectives, who are here identified by a hobby, an avocation, or a profession or role other than that of detective:

1. Husband of a famous painter.
2. Former British Intelligence agents.
3. Minister of religion.
4. Blind sensitive.
5. Complacent father of a large family.
6. Wisecracking dog-owners.
7. Wearer of an immense box-pleated cloak.
8. Female confidence trickster.
9. Waiter.
10. Violinist.
11. Husband of fish-and-chip shopkeeper.
12. Psychic pet-store proprietor.
13. Husband of a devoted, gourmet cook.
14. Barrister nephew of a judge.
15. Knitter.
16. Houseboat enthusiast.
17. Cigar-smoking wearer of horrible hats.
18. Grower of giant vegetable marrows.
19. Son of NYPD Inspector.
20. Retired art teacher.
21. Elderly high school science teacher.
22. Husband of famous sculptor.
23. Wall Street banker.
24. Collector of incunabula.
25. Orchid fancier.

——answers on page 16

* *

MOVIE NOTE

The Chinese Bungalow. British Lion, 1940. Produced and directed by George King; Screenplay by A. W. Rawlinson, Ronald Fayre and Gordon Wellesley from the play by Matheson Lang and Marion Osmond, and the novel by Marion Osmond; Camera, Hone Glendinning; U.S. release 1941 as The Chinese Den; 7 reels.

This honorable ancestor to The Bitter Tea of General Yen was an old British stage reliable. Matheson Lang, writer and star of the play, also starred in a 1926 silent version, and a 1930 talkie (with Anna Neagle and Jill Esmond). This 1940 film was, with the exception of some later Hammer thrillers, the last gasp of traditional Yellow Peril material on the British screen, and was considered outdated even then. Tod Salughter played it—straight, and effectively—on stage in the mid-40's, however. It's a straightforward but quite handsome production from an independent producer-director who specialized in Tod Slaughter melodramas and Edgar Wallace thrillers; for what it's worth, it's one of his best films. The beautiful and underrated Jane Baxter is, as always, a pleasure to watch and listen to, and the film also boasts one genuinely classic line. Sitting way at the back of a smoky Chinese den, two jingoistic Britishers notice Kay Walsh walk on to the stage, and before she can open her mouth or really be seen through the haze, one of them exclaims, "Good Lord, an English girl!" For the rest it's a polished if creaky Oriental sex melodrama in which the Chinese live up to their sinister reputations, but generally come off rather better than in Hollywood counterparts. [With Paul Lukas, Jane Baxter, Kay Walsh, Robert Douglas, Wallace Douglas, Mayura, John Salew, James Woodburn, Jerry Verno.]

——William K. Everson

WHAT HAPPENS IN POINT BLANK

BY FRANCIS M. NEVINS, JR.

In August and September of 1961, very early in what was to prove a meteoric mystery-writing career, Donald E. Westlake wrote a novel which he provisionally entitled The Hunter. The book dealt with a professional theif who had been betrayed by his wife and some others over the proceeds of a robbery and who was determined to get even and recover the loot for himself. Westlake called this character Parker, but wrote the book at such white heat that he forgot to give the thief a first name until he was halfway through, and by then he couldn't find a graceful way to insert a first name. At the end of the book Parker had gotten his revenge but was in the hands of the police.

Bucklin Moon, then an editor at Pocket Books, liked the manuscript but wanted Westlake to let Parker get away at the end so that he could become the protagonist of future novels. Westlake made the change, and The Hunter was published by Pocket Books very late in 1962 under the pen name of Richard Stark.

Paperback originals had long been considered unworthy of notice by most reviewers of mystery fiction. This snobbishness was not shared by the late great Anthony Boucher, conductor of the Criminals at Large column in the New York Times Book Review, but unfortunately The Hunter came out during the newspaper strike of late 1962 and early 1963 which shut down the Times for four months. Nevertheless, in his second Criminals at Large column after the strike (4/14/63) Boucher reviewed The Hunter, describing it as "a harsh and frighening story of criminal warfare and vengeance...written with economy, understatement and a deadly amoral objectivity—a remarkable addition to the list of shockers that the French call romans noirs."

Four years later the novel was very freely transformed into an equally harsh and frightening film, directed in a style completely at odds with Westlake's Hammett-like simplicity of language, and constituting a remarkable addition to the list of American movies that the French call films noirs.

POINT BLANK. M-G-M, 1967 In Panavision and Metrocolor. 92 min.

Director	John Boorman
Producers	Judd Bernard, Robert Chartofi
Screenplay	Alexander Jacobs, David Newhouse, Rafe Newhouse (from the novel The Hunter by Richard Stark)
Photography	Philip H. Lathrop
Music	Johnny Mandel
Art Direction	George W. Davis, Albert Brenner
Set Directions	Henry Grace, Keogh Gleason
Film Editor	Henry Berman
Recording Supervisor	Franklin Milton
Special Visual Effects	J. McMillan Johnson
Color Consultant	William Stair
Special Production Photographs	David Steen
Makeup	William Tuttle
Hair Styles	Sydney Guilaroff
Assistant to the Producer	Rafe Newhouse
Production Associate	Patricia Casey
Assistant Director	Al Jennings

CAST

Walker	LEE MARVIN
Chris	ANGIE DICKINSON
Yost/Fairfax	KEENAN WYNN
Brewster	CARROLL O'CONNOR
Frederick Carter	LLOYD BOCHNER
Big John Stedman	MICHAEL STRONG
Mal Reese	JOHN VERNON
Lynn Walker	SHARON ACKER
Bridge Sharpshooter	JAMES SIKKING
Waitress	Sandra Warner
Mrs. Carter	Roberta Haynes
First Citizen	Kathleen Freeman
Carter's Man	Victor Creatore
Car Salesman	Laurence Hauben
Miniskirted Customer	Susan Holloway
Penthouse Lobby Guards	Sid Haig, Michael Bell
Receptionist	Priscilla Boyd
Messenger	John McMurtry

Two Young Men in Apartment	Ron Walters, George Stratton
Carter's Secretary	Nicole Rogell
Reese's Guards	Rico Cattani, Roland LaStarza

Point Blank is a film full of dissonances, ambiguities, fragmentations. Its people are without values and without emotions, having no past to remember, no future to hope for and a jagged=edged present. In many respects, as some critics complained, it's an anti-human film, a creation of ice and stone, with not the faintest trace of compassion or hope. But it's also a triumph of bleak cinematic vision on the part of its director, the Englishman John Boorman. Prior to Point Blank Boorman had made only one film, Having a Wild Weekend (1965), a little-noticed but very personal vest-pocket variation on the Beatles' and Richard Lester's A Hard Day's Night. In the eight years since Point Blank Boorman has directed Hell in the Pacific (1968), a two-character antiwar film with Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune; Leo the Last (1970), set in contemporary England like his first film; the spectacular Deliverance (1972) with Burt Reynolds and Jon Voigt; and the science-fictional Zardoz (1974) starring Sean Connery.

Point Blank begins with a series of Chinese puzzle boxes of consciousness. Walker (Lee Marvin), left for dead, is lying in a cell on deserted Alcatraz, thinking of how he was shot by Mal Reese; then he escapes; then we see him a year later on a sightseeing boat that passes the prison island, thinking of himself dying and thinking. With economy, visual brilliance and minimal dialogue Boorman has given us a viewpoint and a background, but now he proceeds to puzzle us with an enigmatic conversation between Walker and the godlike Yost (Keenan Wynn). We never learn how Yost found out that Walker was alive, or knew how to contact him, or came to choose as their rendezvous a boat that goes past the place where Walker was betrayed; until the end of the film neither we nor Walker even know who Yost is. This is not a movie for rationalists. It's enough for Boorman's purpose that we know Yost will be behind the scenes as Walker tears up the Organization, to whose good graces Walker's ex-partner Mal Reese returned thanks to the $94,000 Mal took from Walker. Yost's first service is to give Walker the present address of Walker's wife who had set him up for Mal's bullets.

Walker is next seen pounding through an endless corridor, at once brute fact and a fantasy of fear in Lynn Walker's mind that her husband is coming after her. The image accompanies her as she walks tranclike through her daily round, while the harsh reality comes nearer. In a frenzied moment when Walker breaks into her house and empties his gun into her mattress, dream and reality become one. The burst of violence clears the air and leads to a quietly terrifying dialogue between Walker and Lynn, as emotionless and ritualistic and antiphonal as a solemn high mass. Through a flashback sequence we learn a bit more zbout the two, but as to how the longshoreman of the flashback became the skilled professional thief of the Alcatraz hijack there is not the hint of an explanation. These people, drained of love and fear, capable only of hate, their pasts unconnected with their present, their present a mess of unrelated fragments, seem to be Boorman's images of what human nature is.

The next morning Walker discovers that Lynn has killed herself during the night, and the "wake sequence" that follows is perhaps the most puzzling in the film. Stephen Farber in a fine essay in Film Quarterly, Winter 1968-9, said that after three viewings the sequence was still not quite clear to him.

> *"After Walker . . . finds his wife dead and slips his ring onto her finger, he walks to the window of the living room, looks out and sees Yost... When Walker walks back into his wife's bedroom, her body is gone. He drops one of the bottles on her vanity table, and the camera moves in close on the spilt liquid; . . . now the bed is stripped, and all of the furniture of the living room has vanished. Walker sits down in a corner of the empty living room and recalls the moment of betrayal on Alcatraz. The sound of the gunshot in the subliminal flashback becomes the sound of a doorbell, and Walker goes to answer the door of his wife's apartment. But the living room is now furnished exactly as it was when he arrived."*

After seeing the film three times myself I found I agreed with Farber's tentative judgment: "Perhaps the stripping of the apartment is to be taken as only a fantasy, a visualization of Walker's forlorn state of mind." A letter Boorman himself wrote to me early in 1970 explains more fully what he was trying to do.

> *"The oils and lotions represent the life-essences of Lynn draining away and the vestiges of human feeling ebbing away from Walker. He re-enters the room which is now barren—like his marriage. The room has become the prison cell in which he was shot or, if you like, the prison cell that he now permanently inhabits. You may be interested in how the scene evloved. The book* [Stark's The Hunter] *spoke of him waiting out three days in the apartment, a wake or meditation. We wanted to render this cinematically. Jacobs* [the screenwriter] *had the idea of Walker slowly and systematically destroying everything in the apartment. But this seemed too heavy-handed and I decided to show Walker's mental disruption in terms of fractured time—forward/back/present. By the time I started shooting I had gone a step further by discarding rational progression and using each setting throughout the film boldly and primarily to externalize the mental state of this incommunicative man. Seen in this light, I think the apartment sequence becomes clearer."*

In The Hunter, Parker had taken Lynn's body out to the park, mutilated her face so it wouldn't be identified, then returned to Lynn's apartment and holed up there for three days. Boorman was not at all interested in the mechanics of moving a dead body and was able to achieve the results he wanted in this part of the film by fragmenting time, discarding rationality, and using something which he did not mention in his letter and for which there is no equivalent in Westlake's novel: the figure of Yost. The godlike aspect of this character, first suggested on the sightseeing boat, comes further into focus at the end of the wake sequence as he nods approvingly upward at Walker from the street, seemingly assuring him that everything will be taken care of. If one insists on asking what happened to Lynn's body, this is all the answer there is.

The sequence ends with the ringing doorbell and the arrival of the messenger with the monthly payoff for Lynn. Walker forces the messenger to name the source of the payoff, Big John Stedman. As Walker arrives at Stedman's auto sales lot, Big John and an assistant are maneuvering with equal effort to sell a car to a swinging chick in a low-cut mod outfit and to peer at her breasts. Walker manages to get Stedman into a car for a demonstration ride, then proceeds to demolish the auto and put a few dents in Stedman while Big John's "Love My Guarantees" commercial blares from the car radio.

What Stedman tells him leads Walker to the mixed-media club and the most savage scene in the film, the assault in the men's room, with the incredibly brutal attack counterpointed by the screaming singer, whirling lights, and hallucinatory images and sounds from the other side of the curtain. From the club Walker staggers to the home of Lynn's sister Christ (Angie Dickinson), who ostensibly owns the club, and in their quiet bedside dialogue we learn how their milieu is controlled by the Organization, which runs the club and Stedman's car lot, almost runs Chris, and has destroyed the man she loved. Only at the end of the film, however, will we see just how complete is the Organization's control. Chris decides—but it's not really a decision, just something she does for no adequate reason and with no discernable awareness that it means a change in her life—to help Walker nail Mal Reese.

Reese meanwhile has become aware, through the death of Lynn and the report of the battered Stedman, that Walker is alive and angry. On the advice of Carter, his superior in the Organization, Reese holes up in a penthouse at the Huntley Towers, a sumptuous apartment building owned by the Organization and now surrounded by a small army of guards waiting for Walker to show himself. Walker's strategy to get into the building is based on his having learned from Stedman that Mal Reese wants very badly to sleep with Chris, just as the year before he had desired her sister Lynn. Walker tells Chris to get herself invited up to the penthouse for a night in bed with the man who, as she had earlier told Walker, "makes my flesh crawl," and Chris casually consents.

The way Walker gets past or rid of the guards on the staircase leading up to the penthouse and overpowers the second set of guards on the roof is presented in a series of Godard-like disconnected fragments that have never been clear to me. Boorman's long letter once again explains what has happened in the sequence and why.

> *"As Chris and Walker case* [the building] *they establish that there are two rooftop penthouses, one reached by the outside elevator and one by the inside elevator. Walker gets into the inner elevator by distracting the guards. We next see him inside the second empty penthouse looking across at Reese and Chris in the other. The roof guards are leaning over the parapet also distracted by the police opposite. After cutting inside Reese's room, we next return to the roof where Walker has bound the guards and is disposing of their guns. I didn't want to spend footage on him hitting them on the head and tying them up. My theory is that the audience fills in these kinds of actions which they are intensely familiar with from hundreds of similar films—in other words, I jump over the cliches. Also it would have been a violent climax in a sequence which is smooth and dream-like. I could allow nothing to impinge on the form and rhythm of the movie which was its very existence."*

Walker enters the apartment via the sliding door left unlocked by Chris, separates Chris and Reese at gunpoint from their "love" making, and forces out of Reese the names of the three heads of the Organization: Carter, Brewster, Fairfax. Since Reese had used the Alcatraz loot to buy his way back into the Organization, Walker has decided that it now owes him the $94,000. At the end of the scene Reese topples naked off the roof and into the stream of traffic two dozen or so stories below. And amid the crowd milling and screaming around the accident we see Yost, knowing, self-confident and supremely satisfied.

Walker's next target is the urbane executive Frederick Carter and his approach is "If you don't pay me, I will kill you." The Carter episode's background of multi-faceted corporate conglomerates and ultra-modern directors' suites clarifies a theme that till this point was merely implicit in the broad and unconnected properties of the Organization. The business of the Organization is business. Free enterprise is not a front, it is the Organization itself. The assassin on the bridge, who casually kills two men with his telescopic rifle in full view of hundreds of passing motorists and then calmly returns his weapon to its case and blends into the stream of traffic, carries the theme even further, for we in those other cars know about and consent to the atrocities of the Organization, and the casual killers programmed

into the system blend effortlessly into our milieu because they and we are one. At the end of the storm-drain sequence Carter and Stedman are dead and Walker is the proud possessor of a parcel full of blank paper rectangles.

The next man he tries to get the money from is Brewster (portrayed by Carroll O'Connor, who has since exploded into stardom as TV's Archie Bunker). The Brewster episode is set in the world of the Organization man at play, a luxury ranch-house complete with public address system, home Muzak and automatic breakfasts. Yost takes Walker to the house and lets him know when Brewster is due there. The Organization having meanwhile demolished Chris' apartment, Walker takes her to the house with him. Chris begins the evening by physically attacking Walker, to which he reacts like a stone statue, and ends in bed with him, where from the little Boorman shows us he seems equally unmoved. The automated sumptuousness of the ranch forms an ideal setting for the nonrelationship between the man with no first name and the woman with no last name.

The next morning Brewster, arriving at the airport, is accosted by the bridge sharpshooter, looking for someone to pay him. Brewster declines the honor and suggests mockingly that maybe Fairfax would pay him. When Brewster reaches the ranchhouse and falls into Walker's hands, he protests that he can't pay Walker himself, since in this age of checks and credit cards he never carries more than a few dollars in cash. Fairfax, the Organization's accountant, the man who writes the checks, is reached on the phone but refuses to send any money, leaving Brewster to Walker's tender mercies. Brewster saves himself by remembering that one Organization activity still involves large sums of cash—the Alcatraz run, the same operation that Walker and Reese originally hijacked although since that time it has become an Organization property. So the circle completes itself and we return to Alcatraz where the film began. It is night, and a helicopter descends into the prison yard. Walker merges into the shadows while Brewster goes out into the yard to pick up the money. A shot, and Brewster falls, and two men emerge from the shadows. One is the sharpshooter from the bridge. The other is Fairfax, who has indeed paid the gunman, and we see with Walker that Fairfax is the man we have known as Yost.

How did he know that Brewster would take Walker to the Alcatraz drop before Walker could shoot him? Where has Chris gone between the ranch and Alcatraz scenes? Once again such matters are irrelevant to Boorman. The point of this final scene is Walker's realization that in every step he has taken as the ruthless lone-wolf individualist against the equally amoral bureaucracy he has been a pawn of the top echelon of that bureaucracy. Fairfax has used him as a living weapon to eleminate his rivals for supreme power in the Organization. He who lashes out at the system is just as trapped by it as he who does nothing. At the end of Boorman's earlier film Having a Wild Weekend, the lovers learned that their island was linked at low tide to the corrupt mainland they had been trying to escape. The island and the protagonist's frustration reappear in Point Blank, reinforced by the fact that Walker is as evil as his enemies and that having learned the truth he does nothing.

In the script as originally written by Alexander Jacobs, Walker was nowhere near so passive. On learning the truth he

> *"becomes absolutely incensed, and he advances upon Yost who has a gun, and Yost is suddenly terrified by this mad force, because Walker is now completely insane. And Walker just advances upon him—he's going to kill him with his bare hands, a complete animal, he's frothing at the mouth. And Yost shoots him three times and the three bullets miss. Yost actually cannot shoot this force. He tries, his hands shake, and he suddenly realizes his age; suddenly his age sinks through him like a flood, like a great stone sucking him under, and he's a completely old man, and he steps backward and falls off the parapet and dies. And Walker comes to at the edge of the parapet, and shaken and quivering is led away by the girl out into the world again."*

Boorman revised the ending radically to conform to his own concept of the film. Fairfax/Yost, shouting into the darkness, offers Walker a top slot in the Organization; Walker in outraged and frustrated silence blends into the deep shadows of the prison; Yost signals for the helicopter to pick him up. Walker has gained the $94,000 which lies in the prison yard waiting for him, but has lost the illusion that he was in control of his own life. The point is indeed blank. As Boorman put it in his letter to me, "Brutal predatory faceless forces crush the individual. The worst of it is that if he fights back, there is nothing he can grasp by the throat. He is left clutching a handful of smog."

All this, of course, is worlds removed from the simply told naturalistic crime novel that Donald Westlake had written back in 1961. And considering how many mystery writers have damned the movies for mauling and distorting their work, you might suppose that Westlake would not have been too happy with Point Blank. Actually, when I met him in 1970 he told me he had liked the film very much, which makes him both a rare bird among writers and a moviegoer of excellent taste.

THE AMERICAN REGIONAL MYSTERY*

XI: The Mountain States, Pacific Northwest, and Alaska

BY MARVIN LACHMAN

The distinctive climate and topography of this region, often so harsh and unfavorable, is very evident in mysteries set here. This was true back in 1887 when, for almost half of the book, the scene of Conan Doyle's A Study in Scarlet shifts from London to what one chapter heading calls "...the Great Alkali Plain." There were excellent descriptions of the "... barrenness, inhospitality, and misery" these plains brought to the Mormon settlers. Seventy years later an American historian, Theodore Mathieson, set his first mystery, "The Hollow Family" (EQMM 6/56), along Wyoming trails followed by the pioneers passing through on their way to California. Mr. Mathieson's protagonist is a history professor who, while doing research, finds evidence of past violence reminiscent of the tragedy which occurred at Donner Pass.

Though the settlers found the mountains, dense forests and endless plains at first inhospitable, they were eventually to wring their livelihoods from them. Precious metals were imbedded in the rocks, and the mysteries of this century still evoke traces of the mining boom of the 19th century. There is Hugh Lawrence Nelson's Gold in Every Grave (1951), set in the mountains of Colorado, and Carolyn Thomas' Narrow Gauge to Death (1952), about a former Colorado mining center which is now a ghost town. The Coeur d'Alene region of northern Idaho, the area of some of the richest mineral lodes, is the end point for a New England girl's perilous journey in Rim of Terror (1946) by Hildegard Holman Teilhet.

Mining was not the only industry to be found here. Mary Roberts Rinehart seldom wrote more graphically than in The State vs. Elinor Norton (1934), in which she described Easterners on a Wyoming cattle ranch just after World War I. The economics of raising livestock and the isolation of the area are equally well limned. I know of no mystery dealing with the lumber industry, but a recent short story, "The Stray Bullet" (EQMM 6/71) by Gary Brandner, involves a killing on an old logging road in Oregon.

This is a region of breathtaking beauty and many people come here solely to enjoy this. For this purpose Glacier National Park in Montana was established in 1910. Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Rinehart made a crime there the focal point of her 1916 novelette, "My Country Tish of Thee." Donald Hamilton is a man who can well appreciate the beauty of our Northwest. However, he and his hero, Matt Helm, appear to need hunting and fishing to enhance their enjoyment. This conclusion is based on what Mr. Hamilton has written of his own hobbies and of Helm's in The Interlopers (1969), set in Washington and Alaska. There are others who come to the Mountain States for the winter skiing. In A Time to Kill...A Time to Die (1972) by Jack Pearl we have a mad rifleman at large on the ski slopes at Aspen, Colorado. Naturally, the indispensable ingredient for this sport is snow of the sort found in an earlier Colorado mystery, Blind Drifts by Clyde Clason.

A number of mysteries reflect unfavorably on man's intrusion into this area. When Dashiell Hammett's Red Harvest was published in 1929 one did not talk of the ecology. The mountain state mining town Personville (called "Poisonville") to which the Continental Op travels is described as an ugly city of 40,000 with "...smelters, whose brick stacks stuck up tall against a gloomy mountain to the south, had yellow-smoked everything into uniform dinginess." In Murder by Gemini (1971) by Richard Gallagher, a novelization from the Cannon TV series, the setting is rural Wyoming. A local ecology crusader has been murdered. Vividly conveyed are the small-town milieu and details of the hunting and fishing there.

Hammett's Red Harvest gives a history of the violent conflicts between mine owners in the region and the I.W.W. (International Workers of the World). A later novel, The Viewless Winds (1949) by Murray Morgan, tells of the effect murder has on labor-management relationships in the Pacific Northwest. Conflict is not all man brings with him; he often brings the means (albeit addictive) of escaping the problems of life: witness Wade Curtis' Red Heroin (1969), set in the Seattle-Vancouver area. For some people escape comes in the form of gambling, as in the Portland, Oregon private club visited by Stu Bailey in Roy Huggins' The Double Take (1946). Though only a small portion of the Huggins book takes place in Portland, the author has done an excellent job of capturing that city which "lives on one side of the deep Willamette River and works and does its shopping on the other, so it is a city of bridges, some of the broad swaggering structures of concrete and steel and others ancient drawbridges that look as if they are weeping over the city." The city's rainy-misty climate is also depicted.

Labor strife, drugs, and gambling seem almost tame compared to other hazards man has the potential to unleash. Take Wellspring (1968) by Edward Hawkins, set in and around Fort Carson, Colorado. There is evidence that a poison, without a known antidote, has been introduced into

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*Continuation of a series of articles on this theme, begun by the author in The Mystery Reader's Newsletter.

a local watershed which supplies a quarter of the nation's drinking water. The isolation of this area has encouraged its use for projects unlikely to be found where population is dense. Mr. Hawkins' plot sounds less like science fiction when one recalls that thousands of sheep were killed in Colorado due to escape of poison gases with which the government was experimenting. A 1969 mystery, Jack Beeching's The Dakota Project, is about a secret government undertaking on the barren plains of the area. Most of Walter Wager's Viper Three (1971) is set in a Montana ICBM launching site. In those above-ground scenes we get a picture of the cold mists and desolate plains of the area.

Lest we forget man's potential for greatness and the introduction of good (as well as evil), we should mention two regional mysteries as evidence. Lenore Glen Offord's Walking Shadow (1959) is set at the annual Shakespeare Festival in Ashland, Oregon. Due to their daughter's consuming interest in the theater, the Offords spent at least ten summers there. From their experience has come a mystery with an unusual background—performances of The Bard in an amphitheater set amid forested mountains and valley streams.

Equally picturesque is the setting for Brett Halliday's Murder Wears a Mummer's Mask (1943). It is the annual drama festival in Central City, Colorado, an "ancient mining village wedged between the steep walls of a gulch high in the Rockies...mountains pockmarked with tunnels and scarred with placer mines which had produced tons of gold in the Sixties." Here, culture reigns yearly at the Central City Opera House, where Modjeska and Edwin Booth once performed. Though he gets short of breath on exertion in the rarefied atmosphere, Mike Shayne, on vacation here with his wife, "...felt alive and vibrant. A week in the high country had dispelled the lethargy which had slowly crept over him at sea-level Florida."

All Western festivals are not designed to pay homage to Culture. More often they stress the frontier qualities of the region. For example, in John August's The Woman in the Picture (1944) we are in the oil-boom town of "Hitchcock", Wyoming for Old West Week, a time of "bunting and gunfire...every Hitchcock male was wearing whiskers genuine or crepe. Everyone was wearing what was intended to be old fashioned costume-frock coats, hickory pants, coonskin caps, sunbonnets, hoop skirts, Indian shawls..." It is no surprise that a writer named John August should be interested in our frontier; August is the pseudonym of Bernard DeVoto, a famous writer on the literature and history of this aspect of American life.

Guns are so much a part of the heritage here that the narrator in Richard Powell's Say It With Bullets (1953) comments that no one in Cheyenne, Wyoming thought the sound of gun shots on Saturday night in any way remarkable. Guns figure in such "modern" Westerns as Dashiell Hammett's "The Man Who Killed Dan Odams" (Black Mask 1/15/24; reprinted in The Creeping Siamese, 1950) and Alan Vaughan Elston's 1951 short story "Tip-Off" (reprinted in EQMM 5/55 as "Jury of One"). In the latter story a New York judge travels to "Black Creek", Wyoming to investigate a murder.

Rex Stout and his detective creations seem to epitomize the East. Yet, he has made several literary journeys to the West. A non-Nero Wolfe mystery, The Mountain Cat Murders (1939), is set in Cody, Wyoming. Here we have the Cockatoo Ranch and some vintage Western characters like Squint Hurley, a crusty old prospector, and Lemuel Sammis, "...wealthy boss of a good share of Wyoming, whose lean old face and tough oil-bereft skin and watchful eyes make him look like the dry country around him." In a recent Nero Wolfe novel, Death of a Dude (1969), our hero incredibly leaves West 35th Street to journey to "Monroe County", Montana, where Archie is bogged down in an investigation. Wolfe in "Lame Horse", Montana (population: 160) is confronted by cold mountain streams, belligerent sherriffs, and non-cooperative cowhands. However, we are spared (or denied) any attempt on his part to ride a horse. The investigations of Wolfe and Goodwin are frequently outdoors and include such unaccustomed clues as trampled brush, displaced rocks, and the angles of the sun. Ultimately it proves to be worthwhile, and Wolfe is rewarded with a recipe to a new taste treat called The Real Montana Trout Deal.

Even if Nero Wolfe does not ride, many others in the region do. In Eleven Came Back (1943) by Mabel Seeley we are transported to Jackson, Wyoming beneath the "beautiful and terrible" peaks of the Grand Teton range of the Rockies. A dozen people go out on a midnight horseback ride, and one is murdered. Another mystery set here more than a decade later was Maude Parker's Murder in Jackson Hole (1955).

If we mention horses can Dick Francis be far behind? His "American Novel", Blood Sport (1967), is largely set in the Jackson area. The book's hero stays at a local dude ranch as he attempts to track down a kidnapped thoroughbred stallion worth over a million dollars. Jackson has changed from "the widest open town in the West", as Mabel Seeley described it. Progress has come, and the muddy streets are paved. Much of the Western flavor has been lost and we now have "motels with signs saying 'air-conditioned and central heating'...called Covered Wagon and Rustlers' Hideout". But one constant remains: the majestic Tetons.

William Blair Morton Ferguson wrote mysteries with many of the elements of the traditional Western, including his Wyoming Tragedy (1935). A more recent mystery set there was Lion in Wait (1963) by Dorothy Gardiner about Sheriff Moss Magill of "Notlaw", Wyoming.

Mystery author Margaret Scherf manages a cherry orchard in Montana during the summer months. The busy Mrs. Scherf has also served in the Montana State Legislature. A number of

her mysteries feature the clergyman-detective, Reverend Martin Buell of Christ Curch, "Farrington", Montana. These include such fattening items as The Curious Custard Pie (1950) and The Beautiful Birthday Cake (1971). Another novel set in the same state is Muriel Bradley's Murder in Montana (1950).

Everything which applies to the Pacific Northwest and the Mountain States also applies to Alaska—but on a larger scale. The mountain peaks are higher, the terrain is more rugged, and the climate harsher. The mineral resources are more plentiful, and this led to Seward's purchase of this territory and then the appearance of many who would get rich quickly. Jack London was one of those who went there without "striking it rich." However, as Irving Stone said in his biography of London, Sailor on Horseback, "yet he who had never mined an ounce of gold in Alaska was to make more money out of the gold rush than any sourdough who staked a claim in Bonanza Creek." For London wrote so well of the Alaska Gold Rush that he developed world-wide literary fame. What was not at first realized was that so many of London's stories deal with crime and detection. Ellery Queen was probably the first to show awareness of this when he reprinted many London stories in his magazine.

Jack London's first published story, "To the Man on the Trail" (Overland Monthly, Jan. 1899; reprinted in Son of the Wolf, 1900 and EQMM, Jan. 1955) was a crime story of how the Malemute Kid spent a Christmas Day. It includes reference to such intriguing locations as "Little Solmon" and the "Hootalinqua." One of the characters mentioned in this story reappears in a later tale, "The Sun Dog Trail" (The Love of Life, 1907; reprinted in EQMM 3/54 as "A Piece of Life"). We follow Sitka Charlie, who claims he was "...born on the trail and all my life I have lived on the trail...", up the Klondike to "Bonanza", then over to "Indian River" and "Sulphur Creek".

A theme frequently explored by Jack London was that of the man alone on the trail during the Alaskan winter. In "Which Make Men Remember" (The God of His Fathers and Other Stories, 1901; reprinted in EQMM 6/64 as "The Dead Horse Trail") we have a gambler who regards all of life as a "skin game." When he turns murderer he is hunted through the snow near Nome. In "Finis" (The Turtles of Tasman, 1916; reprinted in EQMM 1/59 as "The Death Trail") we have an incredible story of survival as we follow Morganson trying to survive on a daily ration of six biscuits and spruce tea as the temperatures plummet to sixty degrees below zero.

London was not unmindful of the fact that the white man was the more recent intruder, and that Eskimos and Indians had predated him in Alaska. In a 1910 short story, "Lost Face" (reprinted in EQMM 9/59), he describes Alaska at the time it belonged to Russia. Two fugitives, one a Russian Cossack, the other a Pole, are captured and tortured by the Nulato Indians. Witchcraft and Indians are important in "The Master of Mystery" (Children of the Frost, 1902; reprinted in EQMM 6/54), and there is a very primitive detecitve, Scundoo, who is a shaman. "The Unexpected" (The Love of Life, 1907; reprinted in EQMM 9/54) explores the relationships between a white man and his wife, seeking gold, and the Indians they encounter.

Evocative of the mood of London's great popular novel, Call of the Wild, is a powerful short story, "Bâtard" (The Faith of Men, 1904; reprinted in EQMM 5/58 as "The Devil Dog"), in which we follow a man and a dog, both of "uncompromising wickedness" on the trail near "Sunrise," Alaska.

A considerable contrast to some of Jack London's travellers to Alaska is F. Millard Smyth, the unlikely detective creation of Eunice Mays Boyd in Murder Breaks Trail (1943) and Murder Wears Mukluks (1945). Smyth is a shy, near-sighted grocer from Nebraska who has sold his store to go into the same business in Fairbanks. Mrs. Boyd was, herself, comparatively new to Alaska when she wrote these books, and she effectively captures the area from the viewpoint of one coming from what Alaskans call "The Outside." We have the newcomer who is called a "cheechako" as opposed to the more experienced "sourdough." The local dogs' howling is called The Malemute Chorus and is terrifying to hear—especially to the easily frightened Mr. Smyth. The winter weather is an affront to one's dignity, and we have good descriptions of the parkas and other warm garb which everyone wears to counteract it. I grew nostalgic reading about the boots called "mukluks", recalling the many times I wore these during my army days in Newfoundland.

Fairbanks is familiar to Steve Sherman, a Californian who has been a librarian at the University of Alaska in that city and also has taught in Ruby, Alaska, a village of 150 whites and Athabascan Indians on the Yukon River. His first short-story was "Yellow Fever" (EQMM 9/71). Greed has always brought men to Alaska, and this story indicates this is still so, telling of two greedy oilmen in Anchorage who meet up with Harold Toughluck, an old Eskimo with a story about gold. Flying, which is important to this story, is as much a way of life in Alaska as driving an auto is elsewhere in the United States.

The Aleutian Islands were the setting chosen by Mrs. R. H. Shimer, who also formerly taught school in Alaska. Her well-received first novel, Squaw Point (1972), deals with murder and sealskin hijacking, additional evidences of greed. The book abounds in local color with mention of places like Unimak, the Shumagins, Unalaska, Chichagof, Kodiak, Chignik, and Dutch Harbor. The conflicts between Alaskan natives and "the outsiders" are apparent throughout.

Our bibliographic journey is on its last legs. In the remaining parts of this series we will devote ourselves to the seemingly countless number of mysteries set in California with only brief side-trip to Hawaii. After braving the cold of Alaska (albeit vicariously) we deserve the milder climate found in the home-state of Sam Spade, Philip Marlowe, and Lew Archer, et al.

MYCROFT HOLMES AND IAN MURDOCK'S CASE

BY J. W. SCHEIDEMAN

Visiting London the first time, I found myself walking along Pall Mall, looking for the distinctive bow window of the Diogenes Club, even before making the pilgrimage to Baker Street. The secrets we are not told about Mycroft Holmes' life, the blank spaces all the way from his aloof armchair in the Diogenes Club's window to his classified government office in Whitehall, have more power over the imagination than what little is known.

Recreating Mycroft's walk from Pall Mall through Whitehall is pleasant, but not particularly enlightening. The traditional civil servant types with old school ties and too neatly-rolled umbrellas, briskly entering and leaving discreet private clubs and government offices, only bring alive the atmosphere of polite nondisclosure that envelops Mycroft. Somewhere in the dusty political secrets of British government archives there could be a set of files and account books that might almost equal in interest the contents of Dr. Watson's dispatch box in Cox's Bank.

But, if so, Mycroft's journals are sealed by his brother's politic silence and official discretion. Sherlock Holmes' circumspection controls his every phrase, particularly on the sensitive topic of brother Mycroft. Queen Victoria, their monarch, whose spirit is still probably unamused, always favored reticence. Her last wishes occasioned a great loss to historical scholarship, the destruction of her invaluable diary[1], and could conceivably have also closed Mycroft's papers.

Although accurately conveying both the period's social decorum and the tense international atmosphere of the 1890's, a prelude to World War I, this persistent secrecy is frustrating and can give rise to heady theories. But is its existence enough to justify suspicion of Mycroft's integrity? Some twenty years after Monsignor Knox's deservedly famous essay,[2] suspicion of Mycroft's character is still the controversial crux for any consideration of his role in the narratives. Ironically there is no real proof that Sherlock's brother was guilty of doing anything wrong.

This is not to say that his conduct was wholly admirable by today's standards imposed upon the past. Billy Wilder, in his movie The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes (1969), portrays the Diogenes Club as an agency of the British secret service and Mycroft as a determined imperialist, not a popular position in current public attitudes. Sherlock is shown as something of a modern liberal when face to face with his brother—who, regardless of politics and personality, is at least not villainous. This is the essential fact about Mycroft. Perhaps he was not wholly admirable; his younger brother had faults too, although we do not like to talk about them. However, Mycroft was not a villain and a tool of Professor Moriarty. Such a suggestion is thought-provoking, stylistically entertaining, but misguided!

The most convincing proof for Mycroft's integrity is Sherlock Holmes' explicit testimony to Dr. Watson and the significant point that Sherlock realized appearances were against Mycroft. It is most likely that if Mycroft had actually been a villain, Sherlock and Dr. Watson—or, depending on one's perspective, Arthur Conan Doyle—would have simply expunged his role from the published works as a bad moral example. During a period of active patriotism and international tension, like that prior to World War I, treason was considered a particularly heinous crime. And while the apprehension of traitors was a popular theme, unresolved treachery by a British official would not have been considered a very fit literary topic in Great Britain. Possible "censorship" would have been consistent with Victorian literary standards of ethical responsibility.

However, the narratives would never have been written and published without the strong motive of Sherlock Holmes' pride, which is an important motif in the thematic construction. And, again consistent with Victorian conventions, he did not want posterity to judge his brother unjustly. Within the limits of the rigid security imposed on Mycroft's image, the great detective therefore does provide a strong narrative suggestion to the reader to warn against the misleading impression of the circumstances surrounding Mycroft. Arthur Conan Doyle was, by the way, particularly interested in rectifying cases of injustice based on circumstantial evidence or prejudice: "what he cared about was that an innocent man should not be condemned."[3] "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane" warns the sensitive reader against just such circumstantial judgment of Mycroft.

Appropriately this somewhat puzzling episode cautions against giving undue credence to suspicions aroused by the strange, though innocent, manner of gifted individuals whose thoughts are fixed distantly on abstractions. Ian Murdock, the mathematics teacher, draws unjustified accusations because his eccentric behavior reflects his preoccupation with abstract thought. Murdock is described in "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane" as being:

> *so taciturn and aloof that none can be said to have been his friend. He seemed to live in some high, abstract region of surds and conic sections, with little to connect him with ordinary life. He was looked upon as an oddity...*

And Sherlock Holmes calls him, not unkindly, "a strange complex man," undoubtedly thinking of Mycroft as he did so. The descriptions of Ian and Mycroft interlock. Ian Murdock and Mycroft Holmes' similar deep focuses on mathematics, and the resultant fissures between themselves and common reality, could hardly have not been noted by the great detective. Unconventional and intelligent, they are ready targets for anti-intellectual distrust. Sherlock, himself, is uniquely the narrator of this case history, and it can be thought no accident that he is consciously making public this implicit parallel. Both Ian and Mycroft appear suspicious, but this does not automatically equate with guilt.

Even consideration of the thesis that Ian Murdock was actually guilty of the crime, and Sherlock had jumped to a hasty and misguided solution,[4] does not fully remedy the absence of Dr. Watson's narrative artistry and make this case more understandable. Suspicion does not equal guilt, nor can it fully dismiss the weight of Sherlock's considered opinion and established reputation, which work to validate Murdock's innocence. Conceivably this inferred error could have developed from an unconscious feeling of sympathy for Murdock, Sherlock granting him too much benefit of doubt because of his similarity to Mycroft. But the appearance of guilt is still so obviously delineated as to suggest an innocent lack of calculation on the subject's part. Intelligent villains don't usually flaunt a suspicious manner, but intelligent eccentrics can more often, than not, innocently find themselves misunderstood.

Both Ian and Mycroft openly arouse suspicion. They are not covert; they do not try to appear normal and average. Their eccentric preoccupations are so natural to their life styles as mathematicians in the 1890's[5] that they do not attempt, either politely or maliciously, to disguise them. In sharp contrast, Professor Moriarty, guilty as sin, behaves in just the opposite manner. Professional criminals seem to depend upon a cool facade, deliberately unsuspicious. A mathematician, as are Ian and Mycroft, Moriarty disguises his intellectual abstraction and his villainy alike behind an affable and disarming mask of contrived personality that even fools temporarily the canny Scotch C.I.D. detective, Inspector MacDonald.[6] The separation of appearance and reality is a basic operation of Sherlock Holmes' powerful mind; but in the turmoil of complex situations, the distinction can blur and become confused for the reader. Sherlock's personal evocation of Ian Murdock's case forcefully reminds one not to jump to lightweight surface conclusions, particularly since Ian is markedly similar to the detective-narrator's own brother.

Attempts to discredit the sincerity and credibility of Sherlock Holmes' witness—pertinent and well-founded as they may be—still perhaps accent the difference between flat contemporary skepticism and Victorian idealism more than anything else. The conventions inherent in the narratives cover honest secrets and indiscretions with the same matter-of-fact reticence that caused Victorians to drape statues and table legs alike. An undraped approach to life and art was, perhaps for the best, not yet in style.

Within the context of English literary style, Mycroft is quite an interesting example of the technical presentation of a minor character. Assuming an importance to the reader vastly out of proportion to the actual rhetorical space alloted him, his role is not even based on a strand from multiple plotting as much as it develops out of carefully motivated inference from a plot line artfully reduced to an undercurrent. His part represents an outstanding example of how to create a meaningful undercurrent—as distinct from a minor plot—in the atmospheric construction of detective narratives. Mycroft assumes a major role through implication and indirect emphasis, almost never by direct participation. The presence of an analogous figure like Ian Murdock is quite consistent technically with a diffused method of character revelation; such an indirect parallel is just another way by which Mycroft is creatively reflected.

Since few readers actually are familiar with "corridors of power" and the individuals who inhabit them, this appropriate indirection possesses verisimilitude to the generally shadowed awareness—awe mingled with suspicion—the average person has of brilliant specialists who apparently wield governmental power. Mathematics, by the way, was then associated with scientific mastery much as physics, and later biology, would be in this century. Tersely defined by Sherlock Holmes in strongly dramatic terms, Mycroft unexpectedly pops into and out of the narrative so that his image permeates the Sherlockian world by means of his very distant Olympian relationship to life and the narrative fabric. If we knew more about him, ironically, we would have a less accurate picture of him. Distance defines his role. A full length portrait would remove his mystery, the combination of awe and suspicion, and virtually destroy the accuracy of his characterization. He is a "grey eminence," perhaps comparable to a real life figure like F. A. Lindemann (Lord Cherwell), Winston Churchill's scientific advisor during World War II.

Technically, whether in terms of Dr. Watson's narrative fuction as a "Boswell" or in straightforward consideration of Arthur Conan Doyle's literary style, Mycroft is intended to be as he is portrayed: a brilliant government man with mysterious, but not villainous, overtones. Extending him into an appendage of Moriarty's web is over-reading.

The calculated vagueness surrounding Mycroft plausibly represents a measure of his confidential usefulness in Whitehall and security from internal or external intrigue. For example, in "The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans" probably it was Mycroft who personally devised the scheme for the costs of the submarine to be "smuggled through the Estimates." Surely he

would have had his career ruined if this ploy had been discovered at the time by reactionary opponents of naval modernization who were, it should be noted, a historical reality. Mycroft kept his "balance" with the help of judicious anonymity and ambiguity that allowed him a necessary degree of administrative freedom. His safeguarded image is consistent with his brother's dictum (The Sign of the Four, Chapter 1): "Some facts should be suppressed, or, at least, a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them."

Sherlock's "just sense of proportion" was measured at a point of honor that would do his brother justice. The narrative implications of "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane" sharply point to the thematic reminder that things are not always what they seem. It is just as easy, plausible and logical, to distrust Ian Murdock as it is to distrust Mycroft Holmes. And more than possibly, based on the stated intentions of the narratives, it is just as mistaken.

Perhaps someday, after most people have forgotten all about such subdued figures, H. M. Stationary Office will publish a massive set of documents in tiny type entited The Mycroft Holmes Papers. Then we might learn at last the official version of Mycroft's mysterious career. But there is no way to know for sure till then. And the suspicions remain just suspicions.

NOTES

1. Philip Magnus, King Edward the Seventh (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1964), pp. 461-462. (This mentions the destruction—ordered by will and final request—of other important documents, including papers of Edward VII, that speculatively could have cast light on Mycroft's career. The secrecy surrounding Mycroft does have an evocative authenticity when related to historical details like these.)
2. Ronald A. Knox, "The Mystery of Mycroft," Baker Street Studies, edited by H. W. Bell (Morristown, N.J.: The Baker Street Irregulars, 1956), pp. 131-158.
3. Pierre Nordon, Conan Doyle (London: John Murray, 1966), p. 117.
4. Joel W. Hedgpeth, "Re-Examination of the Adventure of the Lion's Mane," The Baker Street Journal, III, Old Series (July, 1948), pp. 285-294.
5. C. P. Snow tells an anecdote about two mathematicians at Cambridge in the 1890's. It is a bit long to retell here, and it is only an amusing story. But their eccentric refusal to communicate and the punch line ("Oh, those are mathematicians! We never talk to them.") gives some atmospheric substantiation to the eccentric portrayals of Ian and Mycroft. C.P. Snow, "The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution," Public Affairs (New York: Charles Scribners, 1971), p. 14.
6. In The Valley of Fear, Chapter II, "Sherlock Holmes Discourses," Inspector MacDonald says about Moriarty: "He'd have made a grand meenister with his thin face and gray hair and solemn-like way of talking. When he put his hand on my shoulder as we were parting, it was like a father's blessing before you go out into the cold, cruel world." Moriarty is a clever actor; the Inspector is not portrayed as being easy to deceive.

* *

FIND THE NAMES PUZZLE: answers to puzzle appearing on page 58

(John) Ball and (Virgil) Tibbs
(Leslie) Charteris and (Simon) Templar
(G. K.) Chesterton and (Father) Brown
(Agatha) Christie and (Hercule) Poirot
(Arthur) Conan Doyle and (Sherlock) Holmes
(Earl) Derr Biggers and (Charlie) Chan
(A. A.) Fair and (Donald) Lam
(Ian) Fleming and (James) Bond
(Erle Stanley) Gardner and (Perry) Mason
(Dorothy) Gilman and (Mrs.) Pollifax
(Brett) Halliday and (Michael) Shayne
(Dashiell) Hammett and (Nick) Charles
(Harry) Kemelman and (Rabbi David) Small
(J. P.) Marquand and (Mr.) Moto
(H. C.) McNeile and (Bulldog) Drummond
(Dorothy L.) Sayers and (Lord Peter) Wimsey
(Georges) Simenon and (Inspector) Maigret
(Mickey) Spillane and (Mike) Hammer
(Rex) Stout and (Nero) Wolfe
(S. S.) Van Dine and (Philo) Vance

* *

DETECTIVES IN DISGUISE: answers to quiz on page 6

1. Roderick Alleyn (Ngaio Marsh)
2. Tommy & Tuppence Beresford (Agatha Christie)
3. Father Brown (G. K. Chesterton) or Rabbi Small (Harry Kemelman)
4. Max Carrados (Ernest Bramah)
5. Charlie Chan (Earl Derr Biggers)
6. Nick & Nora Charles (Dashiell Hammett)
7. Dr. Gideon Fell (John Dickson Carr)
8. Lucilla Goodnight (Colin Watson)
9. Henry ("The Black Widowers") (Isaac Asimov)
10. Sherlock Holmes (Arthur Conan Doyle)
11. Sergeant Honeybody (Kenneth Giles)
12. Morris Klaw (Sax Rohmer)
13. Inspector Maigret (Georges Simenon) or Inspector Harry James (Kenneth Giles)
14. Anthony Maitland (Sara Woods)
15. Miss Marple (Agatha Christie)
16. Travis McGee (John D. MacDonald)
17. Sir Henry Merrivale (Carter Dickson)
18. Hercule Poirot (Agatha Christie)
19. Ellery Queen (Ellery Queen)
20. Miss Seeton (Heron Carvic)
21. Mr. Strang (William Brittain)
22. Nigel Strangeways (Nicholas Blake)
23. Mr. John Putnam Thatcher (Emma Lathen)
24. Lord Peter Wimsey (Dorothy L. Sayers)
25. Nero Wolfe (Rex Stout)

INNOCENCE AND ARSENIC:
THE LITERARY AND CRIMINAL CAREERS OF C.J.L. ALMQUIST

BY ALBERT I. BOROWITZ

Since the days of Thomas de Quincey, serious students of the aesthetics of crime have been discouraged by the fact that most crimes are simply not committed by mean of imagination. It would appear that the best cure for this disappointment would be to search out the pages of history for records of crimes of men who devote themselves without reserve to a life in the imagination—the crimes of poets and artists.

But our creative geniuses have either been well-behaved or clever in covering the historical traces of their misdeeds. It is true that in 1679 Jean Racine, the great French dramatist, was accused of poisoning his mistress, the actress Mlle. Du Parc, and of stealing a valuable diamond from her finger while she lay on her deathbed. But nobody took this charge too seriously, since Racine's accuser, La Voisin, was herself one of the leading poisoners of the time. And even if Racine was guilty, he had done no more than succomb to the bad habits of his age, when arsenic was used so routinely to pass riches from hand to hand that it became known as "inheritance powder."

It remained for Oscar Wilde in his article "Pen, Pencil and Poison" to make the first important study of the artist as criminal. In this piece, Wilde reviewed the career of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright as poet, painted, art-critic—and poisoner. From his study of Wainewright's life, Wilde drew a characteristic conclusion: "The fact of a man being a poisoner is nothing against his prose."

With all due respect to the accomplishments of Wainewright in the varied fields of his endeavor, his case must be judged a poor second to that of the nineteenth-century Swedish writer, Carl Jonas Love Almquist. Almquist, who was born in 1793 and died in 1866, was a novellist, poet, dramatist, essayist, composer and musical theoretician, civil servant, clergyman, journalist, and religious and social reformer. His career ended in 15 years of disgrace and exile, after he fled Sweden to escape charges of theft, fraud, and attempted arsenic poisoning. We need only point to the brilliance, scope and lasting significance of Almquist's literary and intellectual activities to justify our putting him far ahead of Wainewright in the list of artist-criminals. He was one of the leading European writers in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, and, but for his misfortune of writing in the little-known Swedish language, would undoubtedly be a part of the mainstream of European literature. In Sweden today, his novel It Will Do is still studied in secondary schools as an example of early realism, and his two principal romantic novels, Amorina and The Queen's Jewelry, were given successful dramatic presentations in the 1950's. In addition to his permanent literary achievements, we find in his case a feature that stamps it as unique in the annals of the artist as criminal: Throughout his career, Almquist was continuously fascinated by the study of crime, criminal responsibility and penology. And in Almquist's life literature and practice were eventually so fully to merge that he left behind him detailed memoranda documenting his criminal plans and his proposed defense against prosecution.

Almquist came from an interesting family. His ancestors on both paternal and maternal sides included a long line of scholars, clergymen and civil servants. His paternal grandfather was a professor of theology, but retained a sufficient interest in the earthly life to produce thirteen children. His paternal uncle was also a professor of theology and later a bishop. His mother's father was a distinguished librarian and historical researcher. Almquist's father, Carl Gustaf, served for a time with the Swedish Army Administration, from which he retired in 1798 to manage his country property.

Almquist's father apparently was a practical businessman with little inclination for literature or aesthetics. Quite different, however, was the author's mother, Brite-Louise. She was brought up by her father in the religion of the Moravian Brotherhood. The Moravians took no interest in dogmas and their worship and lives were marked by quietistic resignation, emotional, subjective religious responses, and enthusiasm for friendship and nature. Brite-Louise and her father fostered in the young Almquist a great and permanent affinity for the introspective religious feelings of the Moravians, to which he later gave a highly personal expression in his short lyrical poems, the Songes. Brite-Louise's devotion to nature was reinforced by her reading of Rousseau. Her son was to write of her that she loved nothing better than to daydream in the woods, "either alone or with Rosseau."

Almquist detected a duality in his own personality which he attributed to split inheritances from his father and mother. He said that he had two souls—the soul of a clerk, inherited from his father, and the soul of a poet, inherited from his mother. Whether or not Almquist had correctly defined the source of the elements of his character, there is no doubt that in his literary work and his own life there constantly recurs the theme of multiplexity and fluidity of personality. The most striking example in his novels is the androgynous Tintomara, one of the principal characters in his novel, The Queen's Jewelry. Tintomara represents not the bi-sexual but rather the Platonic unification (and neutralization) of the male

and female. She is the complete being free of the emotional and sexual cravings of the male or female. Tintomara also represents the transcendence of the human soul by what Almquist referred to as the "celestial animal" soul, a soul which moves in graceful accord with the rhythm of nature and is indifferent to considerations of convention and morality. It is tempting to relate to Almquist's impression of duality and change in personality his delight (no doubt also partly linguistic and antiquarian in origin) with the alteration of names as emblems of shifts in identity. Thus, the chimerical Tintomara was never baptized. She is identified first merely as "She" and then as "the girl." In the following pages of The Queen's Jewelry, she bears a bewildering succession of names, "Azouras," "Lazuli," "Tintomara," "Tourne-rose." The last name is particularly significant since it is a gallicized form of the name of the 13 volume work in which the bulk of Almquist's writings appeared, the Tornrosens bok, the Book of the Briar Rose. This collection is itself a mirror of multiplexity and change in literary expression and form: within its volumes poems, essays, and dramatic and narrative forms jangle against each other, often within the same work, creating the impression of what Almquist was to call a "fugue." Thus, the changeable Tintomara was consciously taken by Almquist as the symbol of his own work.

The heroine of the drama-novel Amorina is first known as Henrika, but her name changes to Amorina when she becomes a religious pilgrim. Here again, Almquist makes a conscious effort to link the heroine's name with the author. The name Amorina linguistically suggests the Latin word for "love," amor, and this association is appropriate to the heroine in her role as preacher of the gospel of love. But the name also is a cryptogram for the name of the fictional author of the work, who is identified in the introduction as Andreas Morin Anderson. This imaginary author rather oddly was accustomed to substitute initials for his first and last names, and thus he was A. Morin A., which, with the periods eliminated, also spells out the name of his heroine. Surely, no more elaborate linguistic trick has ever been played to identify an author was his character.

Were these changeable fictional creatures with the kaleidoscopic names also the symbol of Almquist's life? It is remarkable how often a change in name is associated with critical passages in his life. The first was his change of his name to Love Carlsson when he decided in 1824 to live the life of a peasant and to marry a peasant girl. Equally dramatic instances are the later charges that he had been guilty of counterfeiting (the crime most closely resembling the craft of the writer, according to Gide) through alteration of his name on promissory notes.

Almquist's mother died in 1806, when he was only 12. That this loss had a strong impact on Almquist we have from his own words, but he apparently made an effort to suppress any outward display of his grief. It is, of course, risky to attempt to assay the effect of this early loss of love on his later development, but some have related this trauma to his lack of success in marriage. Since other diurnal problems may intervene in these matters (such as poor housekeeping, of which he accused his peasant wife), it is perhaps safer to follow the traces in his literary work. Here we find that the death of a mother often plays an important role—the death of the mother of the Lowenstjerna children in The Hunting Lodge (Jaktslottet), the death of Henrika's mother in Amorina, the death of Tintomara's mother in The Queen's Jewelry (Drottningens Juvelsmycke).

Perhaps more significant is the death of Sara Videbeck's mother in It Will Do (Det Gar An). Almquist wrote this novel to illustrate the viability of "free marriage," which he also advocated in his essays and tracts, that is, a relationship of man and woman, unblessed by clergy, dissoluble at will, and without sharing of property (or even of permanent living quarters). Almquist's marraige theories were to find their fullest development in his reformist work, The Grounds of European Discontent (Europeiska missnojets grunder), published around the same time as It Will Do, in which he argued that children should belong to the woman alone and that child support payments should be provided from a children's insurance fund.

The story in It Will Do describes the origin of a free marriage between Sara Videbeck and a young sergeant, named Albert, whom she meets by chance on a boat journey. During the voyage it appears that the couple have become lovers but it is not completely clear, and Sara spends most of her time elucidating Almquist's marriage theories. In fact, one begins to feel that poor Albert may have fallen in love with Almquist in female disguise. However, the emotional tone of the book changes at the end, when Sara returns home several days late because of detours taken with Albert and learns of the death of her mother, who had long been ill. The expression of her grief at her mother's burial far surpasses any tokens of love which she had bestowed on Albert during their voyage, and it may be that there is also more than a tinge of guilt that the romantic voyage had been responsible for her not being with her mother during her last hours.

During his early years Almquist came under the influence of Swedenborgian teachings, an influence which was to continue to be felt strongly in his life and writings. He was particularly affected by the Swedenborgian belief that the earthly life was an experimental preparation for a personal life in eternity; that earthly marriage was a reflection of the celestial marriage of truth and beauty. Although, as noted before, Almquist was also attracted by the Moravians' inwardness, he did not follow them in their indifference to dogma, but instead, to his eventual downfall, followed the Swedenborgians in their aggressive assault on established church doctrine.

All of the intellectual influences we have noted—his mother's Rousseauist preference for the countryside and nature, his grandfather's Moravianism, and Swedenborgian doctrine—are joined together in shaping Almquist's doctrine of love which underlay his marriage theory and much of his fiction and poetry, as well. This doctrine was expounded in his first published work, What is Love? (Hvad ar Karlek?), which appeared in 1819. In this work he argued that genuine love is found only in the truly religious and arises out of emotion. This concept of love had nothing to do with conventional morality. In What is Love? we hear the first expression of his opposition to contractual, religiously sanctioned marriage. Wedlock to him was immoral except when sanctioned by love. The man who falsified a vow of love in a wedding ceremony was, in his view, far worse than a counterfeiter of notes. He wrote:

> *"The law hangs the forger of notes, no doubt rightly for the public good, but he who falsifies love, that is, he who for a thousand reasons other than love unites with a person whom he does not love and thereby creates an evil domestic circle, does not he commit a crime the magnitude of which and incalculable consequences of which, both present and future, occasion much more terrible misfortune than does the forging of millions of notes?"*

The counterfeiter with love in his heart was then less of a social evil than the bad husband with ready cash. Thirty-odd years later, however, it was Almquist himself who was charged with falsifying notes, and the Swedish court had not been convinced by Almquist's writings that the quality of his feelings had any bearing on the case.

Another characteristic of Almquist's career and work is the constant alternation between fantasy and realism. He was able to function brilliantly in either realm. During the period when he was penning some of the most bizarre books in Swedish literature he was also serving quite ably (between 1825 and 1840) as a teacher at the New Elementary School in Stockholm, where he turned out a number of respected text books, including Swedish, Greek and French grammars, a famous Swedish orthography, a beginners' arithmetic text and a general world history. He was able to put forward in his early career, in his organizational program for the short-lived Manhem Society (published in 1820), a fantastic proposal to re-educate the Swedish people in defined stages up from its origins in Nordic myth through medieval Christianity to the final form of an idealized peasant uniting love of God with love of the Swedish land. And 17 years later, despite his public differences with the religious establishment, he found it possible to become ordained as a regular Lutheran clergyman. In the same career, he could write science-fiction political satire, in which the ultimate power resided in a well-meaning but misguided divinity headquartered on the moon, and later serve quite ably as a contributor to the radical newspaper, the Aftonbladet. But sometimes, as in the pages of his literary fugues, the reader is wrenched without warning from realistically portrayed scenes to the wildest shores of fantasy, so in his life the borders of imagination and reality become blurred. Thus, the attempt of Almquist to carry out the life of the idealized peasant lasted only about a year, and his selection of a peasant girl for his wife doomed him to an unhappy marriage. He is said to have been happy with his wife only when he was away from her and his imagination could go to work again.

In his private relations, too, we see the signs of a personality frequently passing between fantasy and fact. It was observed that there was in the man a love of mysification for its own sake. He would regale his friends and acquaintances with outrageous fabrications to no apparent purpose except creative enjoyment. His son, at the time of Almquist's legal difficulties, was to write that Almquist had the ability to come to believe firmly in his own inventions.

Throughout his career, both in his fiction and in his essays and journalism, Almquist showed a keen interest in crime. One of his earliest works (published around 1820) is a treatise on the treatment of criminals, in which, without attempting to resolve the question of freedom of will, he concludes that the criminal is to be regarded as sick. The purposes of treatment of the criminal should be rehabilitation, and, if he is incorrigible, he should be separated from society to prevent him from doing further harm. This theme is echoed in his later novel, Three Wives in Smaland (Tre Fruar i Smaland), which appeared in 1842-3. Here Almquist's advocacy of the penal colony as an appropriate mode of punishment is given a Kafkaesque religious basis by one of the characters in the novel, who observes that, since the fall of Man, the whole world is a penal colony.

In addition to his theoretical interest in crime, it is known that while in Paris in 1840 Almquist mentioned in letters to the Aftonbladet the famous arsenic poisoning trial of Marie Lafarge, which was then proceeding in a small French town. Later, he was to write an article for the Aftonbladet comparing the Lafarge case with a sensational Swedish arsenic poisoning case, the Attarp murder.

In his novels, the treatment of murder raises certain disturbing questions in light of his subsequent actions. One wonders whether his Swedenborgian belief in the afterlife and the tentative quality of earthly existence made him rank murder (as he had rated counterfeiting) relatively low on the scale of crime when compared with what he proclaimed to be the greatest sin, the failure to love. In the prose epic Murnis, written in 1819, Albion's spirit in heaven unhappily confesses to a group of angels that while on earth Albion has accidentally caused the death of his best beloved. The angels reply: "Have you murdered your best beloved?

Then you have murdered her unto life." In The Hunting Lodge (completed in 1829), Richard Furumo, a poet closely resembling Almquist, pushes Magdalena over a cliff in just the moment in which she is filled with religious ecstacy. His action is a criminal application of the Swedenborgian idea that a person wakes up to the new life in the same spiritual state in which he departed the earthly life. Almquist in his own life was later accused of having caused the death of a young couple in a suicide pact by the inculcation of his Swedenborgian views.

It is also striking that Almquist's fiction tends to displace responsibility for murder from the murderer himself to outside influences—inheritance, society or nature. Thus, the crimes of the matricide and mass murderer, Johannes, in Amorina (written in 1822 and published in 1839) are due to an inherited bloodlust, to misuse of his criminal tendencies by corrupt nobles, to the rejection of his demand for absolution by a materialistic clergyman. Strangely enough, we end up sympathizing with him, much as we sympathize with King Kong as the fighters close in. Finally, Tintomara in The Queen's Jewelry (1834) is completely indifferent to the fact that she was used by the assassins of King Gustave III to lure him to death at the famous masked ball celebrated by Verdi. To her, the celestial animal, all death is a part of nature. When she is asked whether she has seen how it looks when a person dies, she replies: "My mother died and I saw it." Again, the theme of the death of a mother. Can this early loss have paradoxica-ly prepared the way both for Almquist's ready acceptance of Swedenborgian belief in the afterlife—and the underestimation of the significance of murder?

Hugo Hamilcar Lowenstjerna, one of the principal characters of the Book of the Briar Rose, claims, in Academic Thoughts (Akademiska Tankar), published together with the novel Three Wives in Smaland (1842-3), to have penetrated "the mystery of crime." He maintains that it is "through crime that humanity progresses, and each new stage of development consists of the foremost mortal sin which the preceding form of social development most of all forbad and with all its might, its wisdom, and its legislation sought to prevent." Hugo proceeded to explain that each society considers as the most dangerous crimes such actions as would tend to break down the structure of existing society and prepare the way for the next stage of development. When asked whether there were not also acts which were perpetually crimes against God, regardless of the stage of social development, Hugo replied, in Almquist's familiar formula, that the greatest crime against God was "not to love everyone and everything."

But as novelist, if not as theorist, Almquist doubtless recognized that, despite Hugo's dictim, the mystery of crime is impenetrable. At least at times he must have recognized the ambiguity which marks not only external evidence of guilt and innocence but also the nature and origin of crime and the criminal impulse. Certainly, some of this ambiguity is expressed in the famous paradox which Tintomara's mother leaves her as a final bequest in a dramatic scene in The Queen's Jewelry: "Tintomara," she cries, "two things are white: innocence and arsenic."

From 1841 on, Almquist's fortunes deteriorated. After public controversy over the publication of his fictional tract on free marriage, It Will Do, he was dismissed from his position with the New Elementary School and had to attempt to support himself with his journalistic work, and his small income as a regimental chaplain.

In early June, 1851, rumors began to spread that indicate he may have been supplementing his income by defrauding elderly ex-Captain von Scheven. Von Scheven was an eccentric and miserly recluse, who tried to support himself by usury. (It is hard to resist speculating as to how twentieth century history might have been influenced had the young Adolf Hitler read this case and come upon the fact that there is such a thing as a Nordic usurer.) But he made profits on paper and losses in fact because of his excessive credulity and because he was more interested in high interest than the reliability of the borrower. Almquist had been on close terms with von Scheven, and served him in some of his business dealings as well as sharing cultural interests. It was rumored that Almquist had stolen from ex-Captain von Scheven a number of promissory notes which had been signed by Almquist to evidence substantial personal borrowings. It was also said that, in order to avoid discovery of his theft, Almquist had attempted to poison the Captain. The belief in the rumors was strengthened by Almquist's flight from Sweden before his arrest could be effected.

The charges with respect to both the notes and the poisoning attempt were put before a military court. Under Swedish law at that time, attempted poisoning was a capital offense and the court had authority to pass judgment on Almquist despite his absence, since he was a fugitive from justice. However, the court, while making a finding of probable guilt on all counts, merely deferred the matter for further consideration and contented itself with stripping Almquist of his post as chaplain. Later, a bankruptcy court, on the petition of the understandably annoyed Captain von Scheven, sentenced Almquist in absentia to be pilloried, and then imprisoned, as an embezzler.

The evidence at the trial (which is considered at length by A. Hemming-Sjoberg in A Poet's Tragedy, which appeared in English translation in 1932) reads like a plot from one of Almquist's novels, but certainly not from his best period, more like one of the thrillers of his last period which he write in the French style: First there was a mysterious disappearance (around May 31, 1851) of the bearer notes which Almquist had issued to Captain von Scheven. Then the Captain prodded Almquist to replace them with new notes and Almquist finally

did so on June 3. The substitution of the notes was accomplished in a manner worthy of the comic artist. First, Almquist signed the new notes in a hand so faint that the feeble-sighted Captain protested he could not read them. Almquist rewrote the notes but placed them in a closed envelope. The next day the Captain's good friend and landlord, Alderman Lorentz, examined the notes and pointed out that they were signed "Almgren." The novelist, on being confronted with this variation of his surname, protested that this was his usual manner of signing, but he changed the final letters to a more regular "quist." However, what the eyes of Captain and friends did not catch was that Almquist had sealed the new notes with a seal which he did not customarily use.

The purpose of all this was apparently to prepare the way for a claim, on presentation of the notes for payment, that they were not genuine. But how much more convenient to make such a claim to representatives of the Captain's estate, than to the Captain, who could testify as to the original loan and the circumstances of the substitution of the notes? For this to be possible, of course, the Captain had to die before the collection effort began in earnest.

The evidence with respect to the poisoning charge was that Almquist had put arsenic into the old Captain's brandy bottle and also mixed it with his gruel.

The transactions relating to the substitution and signing of the promissory notes were punctuated by unhappy encouters (or near-misses) between the Captain and his gruel. The first gruel episode, which set the pattern for others, went like this: On June 1, after discovery of the disappearance of the original notes and the first requests to Almquist for new notes, the Captain felt unwell and ordered some gruel from his servant, Hedda. Almquist arrived at this point, and when the Captain renewed his request for new notes, Almquist offered to slip into the kitchen to see how the gruel was coming along. Hedda testified at the trial that Almquist had sent her out of the kitchen to fetch him the bathroom key. He was now alone with the gruel. When Hedda returned she noticed some white grains floating on the surface of the gruel. At Hedda's suggestion, the Captain threw the stuff away, but more whitish gruel was served up to the Captain in the succeeding days (not to mention some unpleasant experiences which the Captain had with his brandy).

And so Almquist's life, which had resounded so often to the themes of his writing, was to center now on the determination of the quality of a white substance in the gruel. Was this white substance innocent or arsenic? The chemists said arsenic.

There was also testimony indicating that Almquist had tried to obtain poisons other than arsenic, which he knew from his familiarity with the Lafarge and Attarp cases was easy to trace. Here, the hand of the artist appears. Most classic poisoners of the nineteenth century acquired poisons for the avowed purpose of improving their complexions or killing rats, but Almquist, in asking a chemist for the poison nux vomica, explained that he wanted to see what it looked like, so that he could describe it in a novel he was working on.

There is also evidence of energetic efforts to plant clues pointing the finger of guilt in every possible direction. He had a problem here. The first suspects in a domestic crime are usually the close relatives. But Captain von Scheven was alienated from his wife and son. Almquist apparently made an attempt to reconcile them with the Captain shortly before the poisoning attempts began. He also attempted to throw suspicion on a young girl who was living in the Captain's home (under equivocal circumstances) by sending her an anonymous letter urging her to flee. And then, for good measure, he left room for the possibility of suicide by claiming to have found a lump of arsenic behind a book in the Captain's bookcase. In fact, the police found a lump of arsenic in the bookcase, right behind a volume of Swedenborg which Almquist was fond of reading to the Captain.

The poisoning attempts failed, and Almquist made a dash for abroad, after pretending to the Captain (who was pressing for payment) and to his family and friends that he was leaving on a brief trip. On his way out of the country, he added another name alteration to his skein, changing his initials on his first passport application.

Unfortunately, in his haste he left behind several memoranda setting forth in detail the factual and legal arguments he would make in the face of criminal charges. Almquist claimed from overseas that the memoranda were prepared after the rumors of his crimes arose and not in advance. However, particularly damning were references in the memoranda to the arguments which he would make to contest the existence of any debt to the Captain in the event of the Captain's death.

In his letters from abroad Almquist indicated that it was his intention to praise the Captain, not to bury him. But the praise was decidedly faint. He wrote:

> *"...as on one occasion he rendered me considerable monetary assistance without usury (for which he was otherwise notorious), I conceived a certain attachment to him and considered him much better than most people's judgment of him."*

And he added in another letter:

> *"Why should I hate the old man, who, though he certainly was unpleasant on various occasions and is unwilling to wash himself, yet cannot possibly be the*

object of hatred on that account?"

In short, with a friend like Almquist, with his doctrines and messages of love, who needed enemies?

Almquist lived abroad for 15 years after his flight from Sweden. His escape route took him through Denmark, Germany and England to the United States. He stopped in St. Louis, New Orleans and Texas, and lived in Cincinnati in 1853 and 1854. He finally settled in Philadelphia, where he lived from 1854 until 1865. Then, driven by homesickness, he left for Bremen, Germany, where he died the following year.

Posthumous study of the final years of Almquist's life has yielded fascinating evidence of the persistence of certain personal traits we have already become familiar with. There is first that curious preoccupation with the alteration of names, as, Zorba-like, he wandered through the United States, first as Abraham Jacobson, and then as Louis Gustawi. During his last days in Bremen he was successively known as Professor Jules Charles and then as the presumably equally scholarly Professor Carl Westermann. In Philadelphia, while he was still Lewis Gustawi, he entered a bigamous marriage with his landlady, apparently obtaining his amatory success on the basis of his misrepresentations that he was a wealthy man. Again, as in the von Scheven case, he found refuge from his crime in literature, preparing a memorandum setting forth the defense he would make to the charge that the marriage was fraudulently induced. He did not say, he wrote, that he possessed property, but that he had an expectation of the recipt of property. His defense against the charge that these great expectations were also imaginary presumably was deferred for a later memorandum which was never written.

His powers of imagination remained unimpaired, if we may judge by a Munchausen-like letter which he wrote describing his personal attendance as spectator at the Battle of Gettysburg. He claims to have retrieved as a souvenir of the battle the hat of one of his best friends who evidently had a less favorable spot along the sidelines and, according to Almquist, fell "in one of the hottest melees."

It is a matter of speculation whether Almquist ever recognized himself as a criminal. It is ironic to note that if this recognition ever came to him, he had meted out to himself through his exile the punishment which his penological theory accorded to incorrigible criminals—separation from the society of his fellow-citizens.

However, research has never uncovered any evidence of a confession by Almquist of any of the criminal charges against him. In fact, his own final estimate of his life may have been that he had in all respects complied with the following credo which he avowed in a poem which he wrote shortly before his death:

"I will...never do the slightest harm
to the smallest creature in the world."

* *

MOVIE NOTE

The Enforcer (Warner Brothers, 1951). Produced by Milton Sperling; directed by Bretaigne Windust; screenplay by Martin Rackin. With Humphrey Bogart, Zero Mostel, Ted DeCorsia, Everett Sloane, Roy Roberts, Lawrence Tolan, King Donovan, Robert Steele, Adelaide Klein, Don Beddoe, Tito Vuolo, John Kellogg, Jack Lambert, Patricia Joiner, Susan Cabot, Mario Siletti.

This little gem is a lesser-known Bogey film that deserves a wider audience. Director Windust has crafted a terse, suspenseful thriller that is semi-documentary in approach to its subject matter.

The film consists almost entirely of flashbacks that focus on Assistant D.A. Martin Ferguson (Bogart) and his men as they unravel the web of Murder, Inc. The night before the trial of the syndicate boss opens, Ferguson's star witness is accidentally killed trying to escape. In an effort to find an important clue he feels is buried in the mound of evidence the police have gathered about the case, Ferguson and an assistant sift through that evidence and the case's history is reviewed for us. In these flashbacks we see the events from both sides of the law, and a series of vignettes outlines the entire chain of command of Murder, Inc. The film ends with Ferguson's discovery that another key witness is still alive, and the suspense builds nicely as the police try to find her before the boss's hired killers do.

The Enforcer is a film that can easily stand on its own with such classics of the genre as Huston's The Asphalt Jungle and Kubrick's The Killing. The cohesiveness and balance of the tension that Windust creates between the opposite sides of the law is a testament to his minor but nonetheless rewarding talent. Well-paced and acted, The Enforcer may not please Bogey fanatics (he hardly dominates the action), but anyone who cares for a tense thriller should find it very satisfying.

——A. J. Wright

* *

MYSTERY REVIEWER'S HANDBOOK: ROYAL BLOODLINE

Higgledy-piggledy
EQ's biography
Data's Dannay & Lee
What Nevins knows!

"EQ's" 2 characters;
Nikki's 4 girlhoods; full
Myst'ry League checklists, &
Writing that flows

(Save when mod liberalese
Lets his pen pose.)

——Mark Purcell

PHILO VANCE

BY FRED DUEREN

Philo Vance is one of the most widely known (and generally unlikeable) of fictional detectives. The twelve books he appears in were published between 1926 and 1939 but supposedly all the cases occurred during the four year period of John F. X. Markham's career as District Attorney of New York City. The cases all have a strong similarity of format and procedure, the same policemen and public officials returning regularly. In the first case Van Dine, who is singularly one of the main characters as well as the published author, tells us that Vance is only an alias chosen to hide Vance's real identity, preserving his privacy. He is never publicly linked with the cases, simply solving them for the intellectual enjoyment and the doing of a good deed. Yet apparently his connection with the cases did leak out, resulting in sudden fame. By the time of The Garden Murder Case (1935), when he is introduced to Zalia Green she exclaims, "Oh, Heaven protect me! Philo Vance, the detective! Is this a rad?" Vance replies by referring to Ogden Nash's poem ("Philo Vance/Needs a Kick in the pance."), saying that he would have been happier if he could have remained more obscure.

Vance was born about 1893, being about 34 years old when he began his detective career. Of his parents and family we know nothing except that he had an aunt who died several years before The Benson Murder Case (1926). Van Dine was called in to handle the estate and has been working for Vance ever since. The association renewed a friendship begun at Harvard. With the exception of Harvard, Vance's education was European. He was six feet tall, graceful, and full of a sinewy strength. He was goodlooking and attractive (but not handsome), with a "cruel" ascetic mouth, cold, widely-spaced eyes, a straight thin nose, and a prominent chin with a deep cleft. He was later described as a "marked Nordic type" with a long chiselled face and a straight oval chin. He was highly sensitive, had a mobile, detached manner, and held a certain fascination for anyone who knew him. At times he wears a monocle, using it mostly when he is particularly on the alert and trying to take in a lot at a time. But he saw perfectly well without it.

Yet a physical description does little for Vance as a whole. He is one of the most complex assemblages of contradictions to ever get past an editor's pen. He was a natural athlete, excelling in all sports—fencing and marksmanship included; he would go to Switzerland for the winter sports season, and later to Scandinavia for fishing; he has a comprehensive knowledge of archery (which he took up at Oxford); and even "at one time Vance was a polo enthusiast and played regularly." Yet in spite of these physical prowesses he was a night person—never rising or available even to Markham until after noon. He virtually refused to walk anywhere, either driving his own Hispano-Suiza or taking a taxi (he'd been known to get a taxi for a one block trip). Also opposing his athletic ability was a streak of character making him an "indefatigable student"—particularly of psychology and ethnology. His prime interest (we're told in The Benson Murder Case) was art—and he knew all aspects of it from Chinese ceramics to Japanese tapestries, specializing in all forms of Egyptian art. He was fluent in German and French and did translations from Greek and Latin; from 1929 to 1933 he sporadically returned to translating the fragments of Menander, and at one time was working on a biography of Xenophon. Yet even of his intellectual work Van Dine reports that Vance's intellectual spirit was always at odds with the task of actually sitting down and getting the work done

To list all of Vance's accomplishments and interests is a certain achievement in itself. In addition to those already mentioned he was a noted Egyptologist. He was a fine amateur pianist. He was praised for his culinary work. He had a kennel in New Jersey where he bred Scottish terriers and spent considerable time there studying pedigrees. In addition to the terriers, at one time he took a great interest in fish, winning awards from the Aquarian Society at the Museum of Natural History. He even turned the sun parlor of his apartment into an aquarium for breeding Siamese Fighting fish. At one other time he owned several race horses—but he lost interest in that when one of them broke a leg and had to be killed. He had been "deeply interested" in semi-precious stones ever since his college days, but never got around to collecting them. His boldness, complete lack of any physical fear and deadly aim combined to help him win the Croix de Guerre in World War I.

Vance was, obviously, of the upper social stratum, always correctly dressed in the latest fashions. He had his own impeccable valet, Currie, to see after his every need and run his apartment in the top two floors of the house on East 38th St. in New York. Vance was generally considered a snob and dilettante, but according to Van Dine he was actually debonair, whimsical and only superficially cynical. He had only an impersonal concern in social and moral problems. He was basically a man without any sense of humor but contradictorily remarks that the Gracie Allen Murder Case was his favorite because of the humor that occurred throughout it. He kept an active social life, allegedly only as a social convention, and spent considerable time at his various clubs—his favorite club being the Stuyvesant on the north side of Madison Square. Van Dine and Markham were also members of the Stuyvesant and the three spent many hours there enjoying leisurely meals while discussing their current case. Like all true aristocrats, Vance had a strong distaste for business, hiring Van Dine to handle all his monetary interests and act as his "agent at large." Maintaining the proper social ties,

it had always been Vance's custom to go to Paris in May of each year. But after the First World War his dislike of the nouveaux riches flocking to France made him change his plans. In The Dragon Murder Case (1933) Van Dine tells us it is not just trips to Paris but his summers on the Riviera that he gives up because of the growing number of undesirables. It's at this time that he turns to Scandinavian fishing trips.

Vance was an inveterate traveller. Although all his cases occurred in New York and its environs, Van Dine remarks on the several journeys Vance made. Obviously he'd been in Europe extensively—receiving his education there, and developing his slightly British accent and manner of speaking. In The Scarab Murder Case (1929) we're told that two years before he'd gone on an extensive trip through Egypt. And then following it he went on another Mediterranean cruise. Then again back to Egypt for a three month trip after The Garden Murder Case (1935). Van Dine never says if he accompanies Vance on these trips. For the 1935 Egyptian trip he definitely did not, but the others are open to question since Van Dine had work to catch up on after the trips. All the time spent taxiing back and forth between Europe and America did not greatly interfere with his detecting pasttime: he managed to solve most of his cases in only two or three days, the longest (The Winter Murder Case—1939) taking five days.

The cases were all recorded for us by S. S. Van Dine. As noted above, he and Vance became friends at Harvard where Van Dine was studying law to go into his father's firm of Van Dine, Davis and Van Dine at 120 Broadway. Coming from a legal family, Van Dine followed the tradition for a while, but had little taste or liking for the profession. Indeed, it was only "shortly after student days at Harvard" that he closed up his part of the law firm to manage Vance's affairs—a decision he never regretted making. He regarded himself as "commonplace, conservative, conventional"; and he felt he appealed to Vance as a foil for Vance's own flamboyant assertive character. His position in Vance's life seems vague. He had his own bachelor apartment in a hotel on the West Side, but actually spent most of his time at the East 38th Street apartment, even living there from time to time (1927 and 1933). He had no other office than the apartment and never hesitated (as Vance never hesitated) to drop everything else when a seemingly unsolvable case came along. He rose early in the morning to do his work before Vance had his Turkish coffee and Regie cigarettes in the roof garden. But Van Dine was more than a mere secretary. He was a deep personal friend, frequently going to concerts and the theatre with Vance; and he was, of course, a member of the same clubs. However, he apparently did not keep up the social life that Vance did, and if he had any private life of his own, and female acquaintances, any interest besides Philo Vance, he kept them strictly private.

Like so many other detectives, Vance was human at one time and fell in love with Zalia Green. Until The Garden Murder Case (1935) Van Dine remarked that he had never thought of Vance has having any "deep personal emotion." He had always impressed Van Dine "as a man so highly mentalized, so cynical and impersonal...an irrational human weakness like romance would be alien to his nature." It was immediately after this case that he took a solitary three month sojourn to Egypt.

The detection and solving of a murder is perhaps Vance's favorite pasttime. He will set aside his Menander translations, his art studies, his dogs and fish, just to get in on the beginning of a case. His first case (like all the following) was brought to him by District Attorney Markham. Markham explains his problems and Vance asks to go with him during the investigation—claiming his main interest is in the psychology of the murderer. His style is to let Markham do the questioning and dig out the facts with the full force of the New York Police—led by Sergeant Ernest Heath of the Homicide Bureau, detectives Guilfoyle, Snitkin, Hennessey, Emery and Burke, Medical Examiner Dr. Emanuel Doremus, and Captain DuBois, a fingerprint expert. During the investigation Vance mentions the salient points but Markham and Van Dine fail to see what he's getting at. Backed by Markham's full confidence and the results of the Homicide Bureau's legwork, he makes his own deductions based primarily on intuition and the psychology of the crime. He never failed to judge people accurately (and was thus one of the best poker players of the Stuyvesant Club). His own sense of justice, however, would let him allow a murderer to commit suicide rather than face trial (but what detective of long standing hasn't made the same choice sometime in his career?).

What finally happened to Vance is somewhat vague. In the first two cases Van Dine remarked that Markham only served as D.A. for four years, and then, being defeated, quit politics. Vance (per Van Dine in The Canary Murder Case in 1927) moved to Europe "last year" never to return to America. Are the cases published over the next twelve years simply a late publication of Vance's work during that four year period or did Van Dine (the author) decide to change history and leave Vance on his native soil? If he did leave, did Van Dine go with him? It's preferable to think of him as living in Italy, quoting, irritating others, smoking his Regies, and uttering "Amazin'... My Word!... Most extraordin'ry" as he did so often in New York.

* *

NOTE - - My thanks and tribute to Robert Breyfogle Green, who provided the Checklists of current mystery fiction for the past couple of years—but who will do so no more, for "Brey" Green died September 3, 1975.

I would be very pleased to hear from anyone who has access to the necessary bibliographic and reference works and would like to take on the compilation of the quarterly Checklists.

——AJH

JOHN JASPER'S DEVOTION

BY NATHAN L. BENGIS

FINAL INSTALLMENT

6. Dickens left in his own notes some definite indications that Drood was to die.

Among these notes were the headings Dickens used for his chapters, as guideposts, so to speak, to help in the development of the plot. It has been pointed out that at least two of these seem to point to Edwin's death. In the notes for Chapter II appears: "Uncle and nephew. Murder very far off." The heading for Chapter XII contains: "Lay the ground for the manner of the murder to come out at last."

In answering this argument I cannot do better than quote from Stephen Leacock's chapter on Edwin Drood in his biography of Dickens:

> *Now this looks at first like strong evidence. If there was no murder, why should Dickens, writing only for himself, call it a "murder"? But again, on examination, the evidence loses a great deal of its finality. Suppose that Dickens really meant the direction to "Lay the ground for the manner of the attempted-murder-which apparently-is-a-murder-till-the-sequel-discloses-it-not-to-be-one, to come out at last," by what word would he have indicated it? It is quite clear that he might have written "the assault" or "the crime," etc. But as he was writing only for his own eye, with no question of the honesty or dishonesty of the term used, one can well believe that he might call the thing "the murder." A certain supposition as to what really happened, if well founded, would give strong reason for his doing so.*[1]

7. It had all been done before. The idea of a man supposedly murdered, who mysteriously escapes and comes back to spy on the would-be murderer, had been used by other authors, and by Dickens himself.

This is a serious charge since, if we cannot refute it, we are violating our own sixth premise: Whatever solution is advanced for the elucidation of the mystery must be sufficiently novel and dramatic to justify Dickens' reference to his central idea as "new," "not communicable," and "difficult to work." In fairness, however, if we are expected to consider this allegation seriously, we should be shown more than merely the presence in Edwin Drood of some factor common to another novel by Dickens, or to a novel by another author. Unless it can be shown—or even plausibly demonstrated—that these common elements are the sum total of Dickens' new and incommunicable idea, the objection cannot seriously be entertained.

Mr. Sapsea, the pompous mayor of Cloisterham.

The stories usually mentioned in this connection are "Hunted Down" and No Thoroughfare, the latter of which was written by Dickens and Wilkie Collins in collaboration. A careful analysis, however, will show that, though Dickens used in Edwin Drood an idea he had already used elsewhere, actually he had never used it previously in precisely the same way. Besides, it is my contention that this idea—the dead-alive theme—was but subsidiary, and that Dickens' new motif, as I have already tried to show, was quite different, though the two are interwoven.

In "Hunted Down" and No Thoroughfare the dead-alive idea is used most effectively. Jasper could not have been more shocked out of his wits on beholding Drood in the tomb by the light of his lantern than was Obenreizer on being confronted by Vendale, whom he himself had seen roll into a chasm;[2] or than Slinkton was on discovering that Beckwith, whom he had thought he was slowly killing with drugged brandy, was not only well enough to have succeeded in tracking him to his doom, but was actually another man, Meltham, whom he had never met under that name. In No Thoroughfare, however, Vendale does not come back to spy on Obenreizer, as Datchery does on Jasper; and in "Hunted Down", Slinkton is tracked not by a man whom he thought he had killed, but by the lover of the woman he had killed. In neither story does the villain bring about his own destruction by trying to fasten his own crime on an innocent person.

I believe the truth is that the dead-alive theme was not, per se, the incommunicable idea Dickens meant to employ in Edwin Drood. That motif had been used not only by him but also by Collins, e.g.: in Collins' The Woman in White and in the little-known tale, "Gabriel's Marriage," in the splendid collection of stories known as After Dark, published in 1856.[3] In this tale the dead-alive theme is used not once but twice. Gabriel Sarzeau's father Francois and his younger brother, both supposed to have perished in a storm while fishing, return safely, after they have been mourned as dead and after Gabriel's grandfather has made a deathbed confession of how, years before, Francois murdered a stranger who had come to beg a night's lodging.

Gabriel's tortured conscience at being the son of a murderer leads him to break off his projected wedding. In the end, the man supposedly murdered turns out to have been miraculously rescued, and, returning as a priest, forgives Gabriel's father and receives his confession.

Several elements in this remarkable story are so reminiscent of Edwin Drood that it is almost certain that Dickens, who had published it earlier in Household Words, was at least subconsciously influenced by it. For example, Gabriel's going to the Merchant's Table, a Druid monument near his home, to verify his grandfather's story by trying to find the remains of the corpse his father was supposed to have laid there, brings to mind at once Jasper's putative return to the Sapsea tomb to search among Drood's supposed remains for the all-important ring. Jasper's guilty behavior on hearing Grewgious' news of the breaking off of Drood's engagement is paralleled by Francois' equally revealing conduct on learning that his son Gabriel knows the truth. The basic difference is that Francois commits no further crime and is regenerated by his confession to the very man he thought he had murdered, whereas Jasper "devotes" himself to bringing Drood's supposed murderer to justice, and in all probability succeeds, by an ironic twist of fate, in achieving that very end.

One of the Edwin Drood cover sketches seen through Sherlock Holmes lens.

This, as previously mentioned, I believe to have been Dickens' novel idea, not just the dead-alive theme which Dickens and Collins had already frequently used. It would seem, therefore that those who have objected to the Drood-alive theory and the Datchery-Drood identification on the ground that "it had all been done before," have made the mistake of assuming that in the dead-alive theme lay all of Dickens' new idea. They have failed, I think, to take into account that there was a new twist to the motif which Dickens had not previously explored.

Before leaving this phase of the subject I must mention another story by Collins, the plot of which shows such a remarkable resemblance to that of Drood that one could almost be certain that Dickens had copied from it, where it not for the fact that it was published after his death, in 1873-4. I first found this novelette, The Dead Alive, in a volume of Victorian tales, Murder by Gaslight, edited by Edward Wagenknecht (Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York, 1940). The Dead Alive is based on an actual case, tried at Manchester, Vermont, in 1819.[4]

In Collins' novelette a man, John Jago, disappears under circumstances which implicate two brothers, Silas and Ambrose Meadowcroft, in his supposed murder. A knobbed stick belonging to Silas, some charred bones, two metal buttons from Jago's clothing, and Jago's knife are found in a lime kiln. Silas, in terror for his life, accuses Ambrose, who, to escape a first degree sentence, signs a confession that he killed Jago under severe provocation. Both brothers abjure their confessions at the trial. It turns out that Jago, the man supposed to be dead, is very much alive. His purpose in disappearing was to involve the two brothers, whom he hates, in a murder charge. He comes back to see Naomi Colebrook, a woman staying at the Meadowcroft farm, who is betrothed to Ambrose but with whom Jago is in love. He offers to appear at the magistrate's court to clear the two brothers if she will promise to marry him, otherwise threatening to stay away till they are hanged. She refuses, but Jago is caught by a stratagem and the brothers are freed.

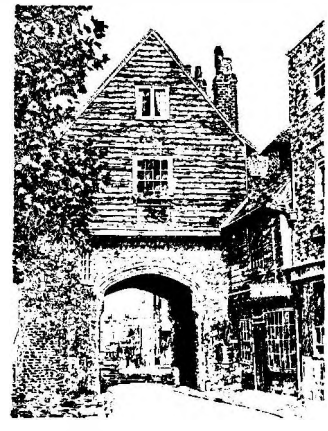
Sketch of Durdles, from original by Sir Luke Fildes.

Interestingly enough, Collins says, in his own note at the end of the tale: "All the improbable events in the story are matters of fact, taken from the printed narrative. Anything which looks like truth is, in nine cases out of ten, the invention of the author." Whoever wishes to go to the source materials listed under Note 4 to this section of my study will be able to separate for himself, with fair accuracy, the fact from fancy; but the resemblance to Edwin Drood are apparent at once. First of all, the finding of the charred bones in the lime kiln, with the metal buttons and other objects, as clues to the identity of the supposed victim, reminds one of Jasper's plot to lay Drood's body in the Sapsea tomb, Drood's ring remaining as the factor with "invincible force to hold and drag," which will lure Jasper into incriminating himself. Jago's leaving his red herrings in the lime kiln is analagous to Jasper's planting Drood's jewelry in the weir and in the ooze nearby. Equally striking, Jago's threat to Naomi Colebrook to remain away until the brothers are executed unless she promises to marry him, reminds us of Jasper's threat to Rosa, in his famous sacrificing scene, to destroy Neville unless she accepts his love. In both stories, too, a thwarted love is the motivating force.

These similarities are the more noteworthy because they are at variance with the facts

of the Manchester case of 1819. Thus, in the latter, the tell-tale objects were found, not in a lime kiln, but in a cellar hole and a tree stump. Also, the thwarted love motive and Jago's threat and proposal to Naomi Colebrook have no analogues in the original case. It is hard to resist the conclusion that, though Collins based his novelette on actual events, he embroidered them with notions from Edwin Drood. There is also the intriguing possibility—never before considered, to my best knowledge—that Dickens had read the proceedings of the 1819 Manchester trial and had been sufficiently impressed to employ some important features of that case in Edwin Drood.[5]

Surely it is now clear that Dickens' incommunicable idea could not have been one which he had used so effectively before, and which, besides, had been used by another writer whom he was trying to emulate and even surpass. Even though in Edwin Drood he used the dead-alive theme more dramatically than he had done in any previous work, his new idea, as I have stated before, went far beyond that: the idea of a man who is a murderer in intent though not in fact, and who, by "devoting" himself to ruining an innocent man, succeeds in destroying himself by "resuscitating" his own victim. Oddly enough, even Proctor, in his brilliant exposition of "Dickens' Favourite Theme," failed to pinpoint what I consider to have been the incommunicable idea. Proctor's thesis, as is well known, is that Dicken's favorite motif was "that of a wrong-doer watched at every turn by one of whom he has no suspicion, for whom he even entertains a feeling of contempt."[6] Proctor believed that "every conceivable form of [Dickens'] favourite theme had now been tried, save that which Dickens had himself indicated as the most effective of all—that the dead should rise from the grave to confront his murderer."[7] But, as Proctor himself pointed out, this very idea had been used in No Thoroughfare, and a close variation of it in "Hunted Down." It is incredible that Dickens would have described as "new" and "difficult to work" a theme he had used before. It is equally incredible that Dickens would have so characterized any plot which depended upon Jasper's succeeding in his murderous scheme. There is, alas, nothing original in a mystery novel about a known murderer, all the details of whose plot are revealed in advance. If Jasper succeeded, there is simply no mystery—not even as to the means by which he will be brought to justice. It is the tritest of plots, and we insult Dickens in believing that he had planned nothing better than that in Edwin Drood.



John Jasper's Gatehouse, Rochester (Cloisterham in Drood.).

The same consideration militates against our accepting Helena, or Grewgious, or Neville, or Tartar, or Bazzard, or a private detective, in the role of Datchery. There is simply nothing sufficiently novel or "difficult to work"—and certainly nothing artistic—in any of these identifications. Any such solution makes the matter of Datchery's identity so unimportant that Dickens might just as well have taken us into his confidence by revealing it at the outset. If, however, Datchery was to be the medium whereby Jasper would be beguiled into revealing his guilt and encompassing his own ruin, then Datchery's identity had to be such as would produce the maximum dramatic effect at the crucial moment. When Jasper revisited the Sapsea tomb to search for Drood's ring, he was to come face to face with a man who had been his neighbor and whom he had never thought of in any other connection. Any doubt as to the man's true identity would be dispelled when Jasper saw him remove his hat and wig. At that moment Jasper was to realize in a blinding flash that not only had he failed in his plot but that his own mask had been torn away by his intended victim, whom he had failed to recognize in his neighbor.

8. The personal testimony of various people close to Dickens leads to the conclusion that Drood was murdered.

This argument has been advanced again and again by the pro-dead school with all the apparent incontestability of the ace of trumps. The personal evidence has been well summarized by J. Cuming Walters in the appendix of The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood; by W. Robertson Nicoll in Chapter II of The Problem of 'Edwin Drood'; and more recently by Philip Collins in his chapter on Drood in his fascinating book, Dickens and Crime.[8] The best refutations I have read of this argument are given by William W. Bleifuss in the second of his three-part study on the mystery (The Dickensian, September 1954) and by Stephen Leacock in his Edwin Drood chapter, already quoted from, in his biography of Dickens. I shall briefly recapitulate and comment upon this so-called personal testimony.

a. The evidence of John Forster.

As I have said earlier in this study, I do not believe that any letter from Dickens to Forster, or any conversation between them, revealed the new and incommunicable idea; for Dickens' very use of the words "not communicable" makes it plain that he had no intention of divulging his central idea to Forster or to anybody else. Although Forster outlines the plot with as much assurance as if he had had it at first hand from Dickens himself, his phraseology—in at least one instance—lead one to suspect that he has given us only an assortment of facts and surmises, some of the latter based on faulty recollection. Consider the haziness of such testimony as: "Rosa was to marry Tartar, and Crisparkle the sister of Landless, who was him-

self, I think, to have perished in assisting Tartar finally to unmask and seize the murderer." The phrase I think (emphasis mine) indicates how uncertain Forster felt about at least part of the recalled testimony, though in justice to him it should be noted that in this case his recollection was probably not at fault, as Neville was almost certainly to die in just the circumstances indicated.

It is clear, however, that when Forster speaks of the plot of "the murder of a nephew by his uncle," we have no assurance whatever that a murder actually took place, even if Dickens used that very word in his correspondence or conversation with him. If Drood was to escape after all, Dickens had no intention of giving the whole plot away by using some such locution as "the attempted murder" or "the supposed murder." I have earlier quoted Stephen Leacock's reply, in similar vein, to the argument that Dickens had used the word "murder" in his own private notes. Much has been made of the supposition that Dickens would not have led astray his closest friend and associate, but in this case I think he would have been justified in withholding any facts that were too revelatory, as otherwise there would have been no point in referring to the central idea as "not communicable." Dickens undoubtedly intended the solution to come as a surprise even to Forster, and he would have derived mischievous satisfaction if he had succeeded. If later reproached, he would have countered, with a good-natured twinkle in his eye, "But I gave you fair warning, didn't I, when I said that my real idea was 'not communicable.'"

There is, besides, important evidence that much of what Forster says was communicated to him by Dickens was not, in fact, so imparted. Felix Aylmer says as much in an interesting article on Dickens' memorandum book, in The Dickensian for December 1954 (pp. 19-23). Every Droodist recalls the letter quoted by Forster as having been written to him by Dickens in July, 1869: "What do you think of the idea of a story beginning in this way?—Two people, boy and girl, or very young, going apart from one another, pledged to be married after many years—at the end of the book. The interest to arise out of the tracing of their separate ways, and the impossibility of telling what will be done with that impending fate." Mr. Aylmer, who had access to the memorandum book, has discovered that this suppositious letter occurs therein, with hardly any change except in the first few words, among Dickens' private notes written about seven years previously. It is of course possible, though most unlikely, that Dickens knowingly phrased his letter in 1869 in the same language used in his memorandum book in 1862; but Mr. Aylmer cites one case of repeated falsification on Forster's part in the latter's references to the notebook, and gives a logical and convincing explanation for this deception. Mr. Aylmer concludes:

> *...the memorandum book provided* [Forster], *in Dickens' own words, with one part of the plot; while for the rest, no doubt some of his questions had been answered, and intelligent reading of the novel would enable him to make a reasonable guess...* [9]

In view of the foregoing, I think that Forster's reputation for complete reliability may safely be impugned, and that we are not obliged to accept as gospel truth everything he says about the mystery.

b. The evidence of Sir Luke Fildes.

This is based on the well-known letter of the famous illustrator of Edwin Drood in the London Times (November 3, 1905), dealing with his conversation with Dickens about the matter of Jasper's neckerchief, "of such dimensions as to go twice around his neck." As will be recalled, Dickens, when pressed by Fildes for an explanation, is reported to have said, "I must have the double necktie! It is necessary, for Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with it."

But surely it is not an infallible conclusion from Dickens' reply to Fildes that the author meant beyond a doubt that Drood was to be murdered. It is significant that Dickens did not use the word kills or murders, but strangles, which, like chokes, may or may not have fatal consequences. What I believe Dickens meant to say was "Jasper tries to kill Drood by strangling him with it," but of course he could not say that without giving his secret away. Indeed, his very hesitation and cogitation, as reported by Fildes himself, seem to indicate that he was thinking how best to frame an answer which would be perfectly honest without divulging the truth.

Felix Aylmer, in The Drood Case, discounts as untrustworthy Dickens' reply to Fildes.[10] He points out a few tiny discrepancies in the recorded versions of the artist's comments. Thus Fildes speaks of a neckerchief, and has Dickens mention a double necktie, whereas, says Mr. Aylmer, the original manuscript and the printed text read "long scarf." Actually, if one wants to quibble, the text says "large black scarf," but what difference do such minutiae make? The only point worth making is that Dickens told Fildes that Jasper was wearing something with which he was to strangle Drood. I fail to see how anyone can reach any other conclusion than that Jasper murdered—or at least tried to murder—Drood. The only other assumptions are that Dickens deliberately lied to Fildes or that Fildes' brain had grown so soft by 1905 that he could not remember so vital a disclosure.

Since we are on the subject of Fildes, it may be of interest to quote from a letter which appeared in Radio Times (London; December 28, 1951): "...Many years ago my old friend Seymour Lucas, R.A., invited me to join the annual outing of the Members of the Royal Academy. One of my companions was the artist who had illustrated Dickens' last novel, Sir Luke Fildes... He told me that Dickens had arranged with him that the final illustration should represent 'Jasper

in the Condemned Cell.'" (Letter contributed by Allan Fea, Whitstable.) But, as I commented[11] earlier in this study in a note referring to this projected illustration, this does not prove that Jasper killed Drood, but only that he killed—or was convicted of killing—somebody (almost certainly Neville).

c. The evidence of Charles Dickens, Junior.

This is based on three main sources: first, the statement by Mrs. Perugini (Dickens' second daughter Kate): "We know also that my elder brother Charles positively declared that he had heard from his father's lips that Edwin Drood was dead;" second, the play written by Charles Dickens the Younger in collaboration with Joseph Hatton, supposedly based on revelations regarding the outcome by the father to the son; and last, the son's personal statement concerning a conversation between him and his father. Since Mrs. Perugini's testimony, as well as the premise on which the play was constructed, is based on this conversation, as recalled by the son, it is important to set down his actual words, as they appear in various studies of Drood: "Of course, Edwin Drood was murdered?", and his father's reported reply: "Of course; what else do you suppose?" At first blush this seems to be conclusive; yet, on reflection, less so. For let us say that Dickens answered merely, "What else do you suppose?", and that the two extra words "Of course" were added by the overactive imagination of his son, and we have the perfect equivocal answer, like the one to Georgina Hogarth, already quoted, telling nothing but suggesting anything. It is so easy in retrospect to embroider one's recollections in this way, often unconsciously and with no intent to deceive. This obvious refutation of the younger Dickens' testimony has been made by others before me. To this I should like to add that it is not impossible that his father actually used the words "Of course," but with an interrogative and slightly sarcastic intonation, which could so readily be misunderstood. While I do not believe that Dickens would deliberately have lied to his son, I am sure he would not have had the slightest scruple about using an ambiguous manner or tone, especially when it was necessary to keep from communicating an idea which he himself had described as "not communicable." All we have to imagine is that he said "Of course" with the same rising inflection with which he would have said the slightly longer "Of course, did you say?", and we have an answer that would have deceived any but the most discerning.

Another enigmatic sketch from the monthly Drood cover.

With respect to the Dickens-Hatton play already referred to, an article by the latter published in 1905 and dealing in part with the genesis of the collaboration, is quoted from by W. Robertson Nicoll in The Problem of 'Edwin Drood":

> *...Consulting* [Dickens'] *son, Charles, to whom I offered my sketch* [i.e., his incomplete outline of a play], *I found that his father had revealed to him sufficient of the plot to clearly indicate how the story was to end. We agreed to write the play. Much of the son's version of the finale was proved by the instructions which the author had given to the illustrator in regard to certain of the unpublished and unwritten chapters. And so Dickens the younger and I fell to work and wrote the play of Edwin Drood...*[12]

The sections quoted by Nicoll from the play show—as we might have surmised—that Drood is killed by Jasper. This much, I suppose, the younger Dickens could have said he gathered from his father's reply to his question. The manner of the murder—strangulation with a scarf—was probably suggested to Hatton as a result of a conversation he says he had with Fildes, the artist. Whether the younger Dickens obtained any further elucidation from his father is questionable, if only because a reading of the entire play (of which fortunately I possess an early typescript) reveals the astonishing fact that there is no Datchery in it. The elder Dickens could not have revealed very much to his son if he left him with the impression that Datchery was a superfluous character.

As to confirmation of the son's ending "by the instructions which the author had given to the illustrator in regard to certain of the unpublished and unwritten chapters," about the only detail which might have come from Dickens' known instructions to Fildes has already been mentioned: the method used by Jasper in the murder. Another illustration, it will be recalled, had also been planned: that of Jasper in the condemned cell; but the playwrights either knew nothing of this idea or thought it too tame an ending, as in the play they have Jasper commit suicide in the opium den with poison. I very much doubt if any other evidence from instructions given by Dickens to Fildes could have been adduced by Hatton, for the very good reason that, if such confirmatory clues to a solution had existed, this information would surely have been given to us by Fildes himself; whereas, aside from the meager clues already mentioned and known to have been divulged by Dickens to the artist, no other ones—to my best knowledge—were ever divulged or published by Fildes.

It is clear that we must not expect to find in the Dickens-Hatton play the key to the Drood mystery.

d. The evidence of Charles A. Collins.

This is based on a letter written in May 1871 by Charles A. Collins (Mrs. Perugini's first husband, the brother of Wilkie Collins, and the designer of the original sketch of the famous Edwin Drood cover, to Augustin Daly, in reply to a request for information that might be helpful for a dramatization of the book. Collins' letter is reproduced by Felix Aylmer in The Drood Case (not the first appearance of the letter, but where I saw it for the first time):

> *Dear Sir,*
>
> *The late Mr. Dickens communicated to me some general outlines for the scheme of Edwin Drood, but it was at a very early stage in the development of the idea, and what he said bore mainly upon the earlier portions of the tale.*
>
> *Edwin Drood was never to reappear, he having been murdered by Jasper. The girl Rosa, not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was, I believe, to admit the sailor, Mr. Tartar, to supply his place. It was intended that Jasper himself should urge on the search after Edwin Drood and the pursuit of the murderer, thus endeavoring to direct suspicion from himself, the real murderer. This is indicated in the design, on the right side of the cover, of the figures hurrying up the spiral staircase, emblematical of a pursuit. They are led on by Jasper who points unconsciously to his own figure in the drawing at the head of the title. The female figure at the left of the cover, reading the placard "Lost," is only intended to indicate the doubt entertained by Rosa Bud as to the fate of her lover, Drood. The group beneath it indicates the acceptance of another suitor.*[13]

I have omitted a third paragraph, containing admittedly conjectural notions.

Here once more the vital sentence, "Edwin Drood was never to reappear, he having been murdered by Jasper," seems conclusive, except for a number of considerations. First of all, even Collins admits that he received this information "at a very early stage in the development of the idea," when conceivably Dickens' plot had not yet crystallized. Secondly, Dickens is not likely to have revealed to Collins, whom he originally disapproved of as a son-in-law though he accepted him later as his artist for Drood, more than he had disclosed to his intimate friend Forster or to his beloved sister-in-law Georgina Hogarth. Thirdly, it is hard to believe that crucial information given to Collins by Dickens would not have been imparted to his wife,[14] who, had she received any, would surely have mentioned or published it somewhere. On the contrary, in her article "Edwin Drood, and the Last Days of Charles Dickens" (Pall Mall Magazine, June 1906[15]), while she cites Forster and her brother Charles as "two very important witnesses to a fact" on which she insists [i.e., "that Edwin Drood was undoubtedly murdered by his uncle Jasper"], she makes very little of what, if anything, she learned from her husband about the mystery:

> *...The same reasons that prevented me from teasing my father with questions respecting his story made me refrain from asking any of Mr. Collins; but from what he said I certainly gathered that he was not in possession of my father's secret, although he had made his designs from my father's directions...*[16]

Even in the matter of the cover vignettes Mrs. Perugini does not seem to have been in her husband's confidence, for her own ideas, though in some cases in agreement with Collins', are based on conjecture and inference, whereas he himself, as we recall, had some definite thoughts on the subject. On the other hand, if the instructions he received from Dickens were specific enough to include the names of persons shown in the drawings, why did he not say so in so many words? And more particularly, why did he make no statement, in his letter to Daly, concerning the most controversial sketch of all, the one at the bottom, center?

There is still a fourth reason—the best of all, I think—why the seemingly revelatory sentence in Collins' letter need not be accepted at face value. Even if Dickens, in his conversation with Collins, used some such locution as "the murder of a nephew by his uncle," we have no assurance, as I pointed out when discussing the evidence of Forster, that a murder actually took place. From a phrase such as this, which Dickens would have been forced to use in order to preserve his secret, Collins could easily have concluded, even if he had never been told as much, that "Edwin Drood was never to reappear."

e. The evidence of Mrs. Perugini.

The views of Dickens' daughter Kate, as expressed in her article in the Pall Mall Magazine of June 1906, have often been used to bolster the Drood-dead theory. Their gist is that we must accept without question John Forster's testimony, based on information confided to him by Dickens. Thus, when Forster says he learned that the story was to be "that of the murder of a nephew by his uncle," Mrs. Perugini insists that this is irrefutable evidence that Dickens intended Drood to die; and when Forster adds "...the originality of which was to consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close, when its temptations were to be dwelt upon as if, not he the culprit, but some other man, were the tempted," she implies, without actually saying so, that this was Dickens' "new idea." But, as I have pointed out several times already, when Dickens wrote to Forster "not a communicable idea," he meant not communicable even to Forster; and we may therefore be quite sure that nothing he wrote or told to Forster or to anyone else contained this new twist.[17]

Mrs. Perugini was so deeply impressed by Forster's testimony that she wrote: "If we

have any doubts as to whether Mr. Forster correctly stated what he was told, we have only to turn to the story of Edwin Drood, and we find, as far as it goes, that his statement is entirely corroborated by what we read in the book."[18] In point of fact, however, the only part of Forster's statement regarding the plot, as told him by Dickens, that appears to be "entirely corroborated by what we read in the book" is: "Discovery by the murderer of the utter needlessness of the murder for its object, was to follow hard upon the commission of the deed." For we cannot of course accept Forster's statement as to "the murder of a nephew by his uncle" as being corroborated in the book in its unfinished state. This is a good instance of the overzealousness with which Mrs. Perugini defends—almost as sacrosanct—everything which Forster says, or she thinks he says, about her father.

Another example is to be found in the following quotation from the same article:

> *If those who are interested in the subject will carefully read what I have quoted* [i.e., from Forster's testimony as to the plot], *they will not be able to detect any word or hint from my father that it was upon the Mystery alone that he relied for the interest and originality of his idea. The originality was to be shown, as he tells us, in what we may call the psychological description the murderer gives us of his temptations, temperament, and character, as if told by another...*[19] [Emphasis mine.]

In sober fact, however, it is not Dickens who tells us this, but Forster who reports it, minus the elaboration of "temperament and character." Furthermore, as already pointed out, this psychological angle, for all its interest and novelty, could not be the incommunicable idea if Dickens communicated it. Lastly, if the "interest and originality" did not depend on the mystery and on its elucidation, whatever in the world could they depend on?

After this refutation of the personal evidence from people who were close to Dickens, the best rebuttal, in my opinion, has been supplied by Stephen Leacock in a witty passage which deserves to be quoted at length:

> *But when all of the above evidence* [i.e., from external sources, Dickens' notes, etc.] *has been duly tested in either direction, many will doubt that it has the same value as what is called the "subjective evidence" drawn from the book itself; by which is meant the idea that every reader must form for himself as to how the story ought, as a matter of art and in the manner of Charles Dickens, to continue and to end. Up to a certain point, proof of this sort is absolutely convincing. Thus, if one half of Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper had been torn off and lost and had not been completed, we should have a very positive idea of what the other half probably was, and an absolute certainty of many things which it was not; if, for instance, we were told that the other half consisted of a comic picture of the six missing apostles standing on their heads, we should have asserted that it simply was not so. And even if a friend of Da Vinci's had said that Da Vinci had confided to him before his death that the part of the picture still to be completed was to be made comic, we should have preferred to think that Da Vinci's friend had misunderstood him. This example is, of course, extreme, but it is at least illustrative of what is meant.*[20]

VI.

It may be objected that the preceding section, even if it weakens the objections to the Drood-Datchery thesis, does not establish it to the point of certainty. Absolute certainty is of course impossible to achieve, but in this final section I shall present a few additional arguments which will, I think, serve as clinchers.

Our main clue is to be found in the meeting between Datchery and the opium woman in the last chapter written. It is a clue which has been staring us in the face all these years, but which all previous comentators—to my best knowledge—have either ignored or misinterpreted. It will be recalled that when the hag asks Datchery for money to buy medicine, he asks her, "What's the medicine?" She replies, "I'll be honest with you beforehand, as well as after. It's opium." Whereupon "Mr. Datchery, with a sudden change of countenance, gives her a sudden look."

Minor Canon Row, Rochester (Cloisterham in Drood), where Reverend Crisparkle lived. (From original by F. G. Kitton.)

There it is, the masterstroke of Dickens, wherein he dangles the key to his mystery before us, secure in the knowledge that we will be too befuddled to recognize it as such. Even Proctor, the first advocate of the Drood-Datchery solution, failed to comment on the importance of the clue, either because he overlooked it altogether, or—what I should prefer to believe—because he saw in it a fatal objection to his theory. To quote from Watched by the Dead:

> *The old woman somehow feels that it is the same person, and asks for the same sum, telling him, this time, what she wants it for. He changes countenance when he learns that it is for opium, but he does not recognize the full significance of the fact...*[21]

But if anything is plain, it is surely that the hag has not the slightest idea that Datchery is disguised, much less who he is. And, even more important, why "learns," seeing that Datchery, if he is Drood, already knows from his first meething with her that she smokes opium? Proctor completely neglected the possibility that Datchery, if he was indeed Drood, changed countenance because he saw for the first time the significance of the opium angle in its relation to the mystery.

Now what has been the traditional interpretation of Datchery's "sudden change of countenance" and his "sudden look"? Precisely the interpretation which I believe Dickens intended and anticipated: that Datchery could not be Drood because Drood already knew of the hag's opium addiction from her own lips, and therefore would not be taken aback by the second disclosure of it as he might be if he were hearing of it for the first time. Even Harry B. Smith, whose Sherlockian solution of the mystery is in most respects a brilliant lesson in deduction, was fooled by this ingeniously misleading clue into concluding that Datchery could not possibly be Drood. He has Sherlock Holmes say: "Now, if Drood be Datchery, why the 'sudden change of countenance' and the 'sudden look,' for the opium woman was only telling Datchery exactly what she had told Drood?"[22]

It is surprising that it never occurred to those who took this view that there are perfectly good reasons for Datchery's reaction if he is Drood. What is more, as Drood is the only one besides the opium woman who knows of Jasper's addiction, there is no one else in whose mind the mention of opium can ring a bell or cause any sudden response—unless we suppose that Drood has told Grewgious or someone else, and this is most unlikely. Drood would never have dreamt of disclosing his uncle's secret vice to anyone, unless, after surviving Jasper's attack, he felt it might have a bearing on the solution of the case; and as yet there did not seem to be any indication that it did. If then, as appears all but certain, Drood has mentioned the secret to nobody, it is hard to see why Datchery would show any reaction at all to the mention of opium unless he is Drood himself. In precisely the same way, Drood is the only one who could have been shocked by the hag's appearance when he saw her for the first time—shocked, that is, for the same reason that he was. "Like Jack that night!" he thinks, as he sees the strange film pass over her eyes and recalls at once how similarly Jasper reacted during his seizure at the Gate House.

It is instructive, as an example of the reasoning of some writers on this very point, to examine what Montagu Saunders says:

> *...When...*[the opium woman] *states that her medicine is opium, "Mr. Datchery, with a sudden change of countenance, gives her a sudden look." I take this to mean, that Datchery, up to this point, not being Edwin, certainly had no precise knowledge, and probably no knowledge at all, of the meeting between the latter and the woman on Christmas Eve; but that, on hearing the word "opium," he recognizes that he may have happened on a likely clue.*[23]

But Saunders does not, at this point, make clear why, if Datchery has no knowledge of that previous meeting, the mention of opium should have any effect whatsoever on his mind. Further on, Saunders argues more cogently, though not faultlessly:

> *...Datchery's change of countenance when he hears the word "opium," shows that he had some knowledge either of the prior meeting, or of Jasper's opium habit, and I do not see that any other interpretation can be put upon it; we are therefore enabled to draw a most important inference. If Datchery is not Edwin, he can only have heard of this meeting from one of two persons, the woman herself or Edwin; about that there can be no question. The argument is, that he has not met the woman before, therefore he must have heard of the meeting from Edwin; ergo, Edwin, if not still alive, and not Datchery, at least did not die on Christmas Eve. The alternative view, however, that Datchery knew nothing of the meeting, but did know otherwise of Jasper's opium habit, so that mention by the woman of the word "opium" and her journey to Cloisterham to find out Jasper, cause him suddenly to change his countenance is, in my opinion, the preferable one.*[24]

With the exception of the last sentence this is perfect reasoning, the force of which should have convinced Saunders that Drood had survived; yet he rejected his own logic and supported the Drood-dead school of thought. He should have realized that, if it is hard to account for Datchery's knowledge of Drood's meeting with the hag on any other supposition than that he is Drood himself, or has learned of it from Drood, the same reasoning holds true for Datchery's knowledge of Jasper's opium habit, once we make the assumption that Datchery has this knowledge. Saunders goes on to surmise that Datchery had this information from Grewgious, who in turn had it from some private source of his own. But surely Grewgious, with Datchery spying for him, does not require the aid of yet another ferreting agency. Besides, if Saunders is right in his supposition, then this is so important a fact that Dickens would not have laid himself open

to the criticism of playing unfair with his readers by withholding it from them. For of one thing we may be fairly certain: that, though The Mystery of Edwin Drood is liberally strewn with red herrings, it is, by the same token, supplied with all the clues necessary for a true solution.

Even Andrew Lang, one of the earliest proponents of the Drood-alive thesis, completely misinterprets, in my opinion, Datchery's "sudden change of countenance":

> *Mr. Walters says, "Drood would not have changed countenance on hearing a fact he had known six months previously." But if Drood was playing at being somebody else, he would, of course, give a kind of start and stare, on hearing of the opium.*[25]

Earlier in this study I commented that Datchery's "sudden look" is almost certainly a gesture of true, not assumed, surprise. Aside from this, it is hard to understand why Datchery, if he is indeed Drood, would have to play-act for the benefit of the opium woman, who is about as unlikely a person as Jasper to see through his disguise.

If then, as is most probable, Drood has mentioned the secret of Jasper's habit to nobody,[26] it is extremely doubtful that Datchery would show any reaction at all to the mention of opium unless he is Drood himself. But why, in that case, does Datchery seem to be so visibly taken aback at the mention of a fact he already knows? One possible explanation is that Drood, as a result of Jasper's homicidal attack, has suffered a lapse of memory, so that his recall of the events of that fateful night would be vague in the extreme. I have already mentioned that Drood was almost certainly drugged before he was attacked. Jasper would have used a drug or poison so strong as to erase almost all recollection of what was to follow. A parallel case, previously referred to, is that of John Harmon in Our Mutual Friend, who, after being drugged or poisoned, suffered a sort of amnesia until the effects wore off, and remembered only vaguely the details of the attempt on his life. If Drood's mind reacted in the same way, he could easily have forgotten that he had seen the Princess Puffer and that she had mentioned opium on that earlier occasion.

Sherlock Holmes, apparently poring over Drood. (Courtesy of Henry Lauritzen.)

A little consideration, however, shows that this explanation, while possible, is not cogent. Drood might indeed have suffered a lapse of memory right after Jasper's assault, but it is hard to believe that Grewgious would have permitted him to embark on his dangerous mission with his faculties still beclouded. The assignment was dangerous enough, without the added hazard of a mental blackout. Grewgious would have insisted on waiting a suitable interval, to allow Drood to achieve full physical and emotional recovery. Indeed, as already pointed out, it is difficult on any other supposition to account for the lapse of six months before the appearance of Datchery on the scene. Unless Datchery is Drood, there does not seem to be any valid reason why he could not have begun his sleuthing almost immediately after Grewgious became convinced of Jasper's murder plot.

We are forced to the conclusion that if Drood, as Datchery, is startled by the mention of opium, it is not because he suddenly recalls something he was told more than six months before. But what other reason can there be? There is another reason, a very good reason in fact—one which, as far as I know, has never before been mentioned.

For months Drood and Grewgious have been wracking their brains to find out why Jasper, who ought to know that his scheme failed because he saw his victim escape, is, on the contrary, so fully convinced of his success as to be emboldened to lodge an accusation against Neville. Jasper is certainly sane, yet he seems to be confusing fact and fancy. Suddenly, at the mention of opium by the Princess Puffer, the explanation hits Drood with all the force of an inspiration. Does it not often happen that a fact, known to us privately and ignored by us because we have lived with it so long, strikes us with abrupt new impact when mentioned by another? "How stupid of me," we can imagine Drood thinking, "to have forgotten that Jack is subject to opium fits! Didn't I see him in one in his own rooms? Now I've got it! The night he attacked me he must have had one of those spells. He was having it when I escaped from that awful place. No wonder he didn't see me, even with his eyes fixed upon me. When he came to, he must have been too sick and terrified, just as I was, to stop and investigate, and fled without once looking back." Could anyone but Drood reach this conclusion? And if not, can Datchery be anyone else?

That the revelation has been important, but that there are still unexplained factors, is shown by the moderate chalk stroke Datchery permits himself inside his cupboard door. Unless Datchery, as Drood, has gleaned some such important fact from his talk with the hag, it is hard to account for even that modest line. For as yet Datchery has no reason for suspecting that she knows Jasper; and the fact of their both taking opium, and even of her having mentioned "Ned," on the occasion of her first meeting with Drood, as being "a threatened name," would still seem hardly more than a coincidence to Datchery, if he is indeed Drood. Yet, that

he has begun to suspect she may hold a key to the solution of the case, is clearly indicated by his commissioning Deputy to find out her address in London.

But why, after seeing her in the cathedral shaking her fists at Jasper, and shortly after hearing from her that she knows him "better far, than all the Reverend Parsons put together know him," does he, within the privacy of his room, add "one thick line to the score, extending from the top of the cupboard door to the bottom"? Quite obviously because what appeared before to be a coincidence has now suddenly been proved to be nothing of the kind. All the parts of the puzzle have at last begun to fall into place. If the hag knows Jasper, then what Datchery may have considered barely possible becomes now the nearest thing to certainty: it is she who supplies him with opium. It must be Drood himself, not someone else, whom she heard Jasper threaten under the name of Ned. Jasper's attack on Drood can no longer be regarded as possibly the sudden action of a madman, but rather as the premeditated assault of a cunning criminal. And to all this, if need arises, the opium woman will be only too glad to testify. For the hatred she bears him has at last become evident. It is hard to see how anyone but Drood could reach these conclusions. How Helena, Bazzard, Grewgious, Tartar, or a private detective hired by Grewgious, could reach them, is beyond comprehension.

One of the staunchest adherents of the Datchery-Drood school since Proctor was Sir Frederic Maugham, whose two articles on the mystery appeared in The Daily Mail (London and Manchester) for October 30 and 31, 1928. It is to his convincing reasoning in the second of the two articles that I am indebted for the explanation, given above, of Datchery's "one thick line," and I shall therefore quote the pertinent passage:

> *A number of different explanations have been given of this emphatic gesture* [i.e., the thick chalk line]*; but to my mind there is only one interpretation which can hold water. It is idle to suggest that Datchery (whoever he was) would draw his thick, long line merely because he had found an old opium-smoking woman who hated Jasper. The only conceivable justification for the long and thick line is that Datchery, being Drood, had remembered that the old woman had warned Edwin on Christmas Eve that a young man with a sweetheart, whose name was Ned, was threatened with destruction.*
>
> *Jasper alone called Edwin by that name. Jasper thought (and rightly till Christmas Eve) that Edwin had a sweetheart. Jasper had, by the following July, disclosed his insane passion for Rosa, and Drood, if alive, would know of it from Grewgious.*
>
> *If Datchery were Drood he would know that the Princess Puffer could prove that Jasper had threatened "Ned's" life, and had done so immediately before the murderous attack. But nobody else in the world could draw this deduction. The last words from the great writer's pen are sufficient to clear up the great mystery, Who was Datchery?*[27]

I do not see how any serious student of the subject can fail to be impressed by the force of this argument. By comparison, Proctor's explanation of the thick chalk line seems flat and weak because it merely belabors the obvious fact of Datchery's learning of the hag's hate of Jasper.[28] The one point I find a bit weak in Maugham's articles (in a part of the same article preceding the section quoted) is his interpretation of Datchery's "sudden look" at the opium woman at her mention of opium. Maugham assumes that this is due to Drood's suddenly recalling his earlier meeting with the hag, after a period of mental haziness induced by "a terrible illness." I have already expressed my opinion that this explanation, while certainly possible, is unlikely.

Maugham also discusses, in the article quoted from, the alternative titles which Dickens had considered for his novel:

> *It seems plain to demonstration that Dickens when he wrote these titles had no intention of killing Drood. His "kinsman" was no doubt to attempt his life; but he was to fly, and to hide, with "one object in life," the punishment of the would-be-murderer.*[29] *The author who recorded the tentative title "Edwin Drood in Hiding" cannot at that moment have been intending to make Jasper succeed in killing him on Christmas Eve.*
>
> *Those who contend for Drood's death might perhaps argue that Dickens must have changed his mind; but by a fortunate chance the page* [with Dickens' tentative titles] *is dated "Friday, 20th August, 1869." This date is of great importance, because as early as the 6th August Dickens was writing to Forster to say that he had "a very curious and new idea for* [his] *new story. Not a communicable idea..., but a very strong one, though difficult to work." ...*
>
> *I am convinced (like other commentators) that Dickens had used ambiguous language to Forster, so that the interest of the book should not "be gone". But the point I am insisting on is that this curious, new, uncommunicable, and difficult-to-work idea was fully fledged before the 20th August, and that at that date Edwin Drood was not to be killed but to hide with "one object in life"; and the tentative titles are there to prove it.*

Many writers have discussed these titles and have drawn all sorts of conclusions, some of them quite obviously illogical. Near the beginning of this study I mentioned by way of example Richard M. Baker's forced interpretation of two of the alternative titles: "The Flight of Edwyn Drood" and "Edwin Drood in Hiding." Mr. Baker also, I think, misunderstands the intent of the title "Flight and Pursuit." He says:

> *The third title in the list* [i.e., "Flight and Pursuit"] *would seem to refer to Rosa's flight from Jasper, after he had revealed his passion for her in the garden at the Nuns' House, and to Jasper's pursuit of her and Neville Landless. Dickens may have rejected this entry because it dealt with too restricted a part of his story.*[30]

But for that very reason I think it is plain that the title never had that meaning to begin with. I prefer to believe that the title refers to the flight of Drood, and the alternative title "The Flight of Edwyn Drood" is there to reinforce my belief. "Pursuit" might refer to Drood's pursuit of Jasper, but I prefer the ironic notion of Jasper's pursuit of himself. Three titles: "Sworn to Avenge It," "A Kinsman's Devotion," and "One Object in Life," seem clearly to point to Jasper's unwitting dedication to his own destruction; and I am glad to say that in this detail, at least, Mr. Baker and I are in accord.[31] The title of Chapter XVI of Edwin Drood, "Devoted," as well as Jasper's language in his diary, suggests that "devotion," in the alternative title, is used with the classic connotation of being consecrated or doomed as a sacrifice—and, in Jasper's case, with the ironic overtone of being self-doomed. For truly Jasper was devoted to his own destruction: the "one object in life" he had set himself was to be realized beyond his wildest expectations.[32]

I have no illusion that I have succeeded in convincing every reader of the correctness of my position on the Drood mystery. Droodists as a class are notorious for their stubbornness in sticking to their guns—even when they have no ammunition. Nevertheless, a few students of the mystery, such as Andrew Lang and Henry Jackson, have changed their views in the light of new arguments. Staunch as I am in my present conclusions, I would relinquish them if I could be shown sufficient reasons for so doing. At the present time, however, after years of research on this most fascinating literary puzzle, I am satisfied that the Datchery-Drood solution is in complete harmony with (a) the methods of Dickens, (b) the clues consciously or unconsciously planted by Dickens, (c) the demands of art, and (d) the seven irreducible premises laid down earlier in this study; moreover, that no other solution meets all these conditions.

Once we are agreed that Dickens was striving for a truly original and dramatic effect, we cannot reasonably settle for so commonplace a solution as that Drood was murdered. For, if Jasper's plot succeeded in all essential details, there is, alas, no "Mystery of Edwin Drood." In that case, no one could blame Philip Collins for saying, in his chapter on Edwin Drood in Dickens and Crime:

> *As a 'mystery', indeed, Edwin Drood deserves Gissing's adjectives, 'trivial' and 'paltry,' but it seems most improbable, both from the text as we haveit and from our knowledge of Dickens' methods, that we were intended to be much mystified by the central event...*[33]

Mr. Collins goes on to suggest that the mysteries in Edwin Drood were not really meant to mystify, any more than was the John Harmon mystery in Our Mutual Friend. He overlooks that in the latter book the Harmon mystery is entirely incidental and secondary to the main plot, whereas in Edwin Drood the mystery is the very warp and woof of the book. Certainly Dickens went to no trouble to mystify his readers needlessly, but, when mystification was his whole purpose, it was very much his method to build up to a shattering climax that would take his readers completely by surprise, as, for example, the dramatic revelation of the identity of Pip's benefactor in Great Expectations.

Then, too, as regards Datchery, it has already been pointed out that he cannot be Helena, or Tartar, or Neville, or Grewgious, since all of these are kept constantly within view, and none of them—unless provided with a magic carpet not mentioned by Dickens—can be shuttling back and forth between London and Cloisterham at the speed required by Datchery. Edwin Drood, after all, is not a fairy tale. It is equally incredible that Datchery, who is obviously a character of central importance, could be a nonentity like Bazzard, or an unknown detective hired by Grewgious. Indeed, there is no reason why Datchery should be disguised at all, unless he is Drood. Dickens was too fine an artist to superimpose one mystery upon another unless both mysteries were facets of one and the same idea. There might well have turned out to be a few subsidiary secrets, such as some unexpected blood relationship between the opium woman, Deputy, and Jasper; but these details could not have been so important to the solution as the question of Datchery's identity. Only if Datchery is Drood are all the main elements of the mystery explainable with that precision and artistic economy which are characteristic of Dickens' finest work. On any other assumption the promise implicit in the very title of the book remains unfulfilled.

It is especially interesting that those who were nearest to Dickens—the members of his family and his foremost friend—should have failed to perceive the truth, no matter what they heard or thought they heard him say. Is it not an illustration of the truism that those

who are closest to us are often too emotionally involved to know the workings of our mind as well as a detached and impartial observer can?

And yet, The Mystery of Edwin Drood is not definitively solved and probably never will be. For it must be admitted, despite all one's parade of data and arguments, that one may none the less be in error. As long as there are people who delight in puzzles, the unfinished novel will continue to tantalize the minds of readers. Great as is our debt to Dickens, it is the greater for his legacy to us of this, his last and half-told tale. Of all his jests I like to consider this unpremeditated one the most subtle: that he who had read the minds of so many others with such consummate skill and artistry, dared us—and will dare us till the end of time—to read his just once.

NOTES

1. Op. cit., American edition: p. 289; English edition: pp. 243-4.

2. Proctor, in discussing how Dickens used in No Thoroughfare his recurrent theme of one man watching another (op. cit., p. 20) says: "The circumstances of this supposed murder [of Vendale by Obenreizer] are akin, by the way, in two striking circumstances, to the supposed murder which was the real mystery of Dickens' last story." One circumstance seems fairly obvious: both victims had been drugged. The other I am less sure of, but it may be the completely trusting and unsuspecting nature of the victim in both cases.

3. For further details on After Dark and "Gabriel's Marriage" see the bibliography. The best known story in the collection After Dark is undoubtedly "A Terribly Strange Bed," often reprinted in anthologies. The tale "Gabriel's Marriage" was first called to my attention by the late Miss Katharine Kelly, of Weston-super-Mare, author of several unpublished works on Edwin Drood, including a sequel. Miss Kelly was an advocate of the Datchery-Drood thesis, and was also in agreement with me as to Dickens' incommunicable idea.

   The dead-alive theme appears also in "Sister Rose," another tale in After Dark. From this story, interestingly enough, Dickens seems to have borrowed a motif for A Tale of Two Cities.

   One of Dickens' less well-known stories which uses the dead-alive idea is "A Message from the Sea" (All the Year Round, 1860). In this tale a man presumed drowned turns up alive (as in "Gabriel's Marriage"). What is more, the man's wife is referred to by Dickens as a "widow" both before and after the reader has learned the truth. (Compare, in this connection, Poe's comments on Barnaby Rudge, given earlier in this study.)

4. The Manchester case was written up as The Trial, Confessions and Conviction of Jesse and Stephen Boorn for the Murder of Russell Colvin, and the Return of the Man Supposed to Have Been Murdered, by Hon. Leonard Sargeant, Ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont (Manchester, Vermont; Journal Book and Job Office, 1873). Collins came to America in September 1873, for a reading tour. The Dead Alive began a serial course in December of that year, and was brought out as a book by Shepard & Gill of Boston in 1874.

   The facts of the Manchester case are set forth by Richard Dempewolff in "They Put Him Where Potatoes Would Not Freeze," in his book Famous Old New England Murders (Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, [1942]) and reprinted in The Portable Murder Book, The Viking Press, New York, 1945. The changes made by Collins in adapting the case record may be found in an article by Robert Ashley, to whom I am indebted for some of the data herein referred to: "Wilkie Collins and a Vermont Murder Trial" (The New England Quarterly, Vol. XXI, No. 3; September 1948). The case has also been written up elsewhere, notably by the eminent criminologist, Edmund Lester Pearson (whose Sherlock Holmes solution of Drood I have referred to and quoted from in this study), in Studies in Murder (Macmillan, New York, 1924), under the title "Uncle Amos Dreams a Dream."

5. Earle Davis, in his discussion of The Dead Alive in his chapter on Edwin Drood, says: "The resemblances of this story to Edwin Drood are so remarkable that one must conclude that they either represent what Collins thought Dickens' intentions were, or else they may be studied as evidence that this is the way Collins would have finished Edwin Drood if he had been writing it." (Op. cit., p. 289.)

6. Op. cit., p. 6.

7. Ibid., p. 22.

8. Macmillan & Co., London; St. Martin's Press, New York; 1962. As will be plain from Section V of my study, Professor Collins and I are not in accord when he says, in his interesting chapter on Drood (p. 296): "...Dickens' recorded comments to Forster and the others [e.g., Fildes, Charles A. Collins, Mrs. Perugini, and Charles Dickens the Younger] are explicit about Jasper's having murdered Drood..."

9. "John Jasper and Dickens' Book of Memoranda," The Dickensian, December 1954; p. 23. Another writer who has had access to the memorandum book and makes an inference similar to Mr. Aylmer's is George H. Ford, in his article "Dickens' Notebook and Edwin Drood" (Nineteenth-Century Fiction, University of California Press and Cambridge University Press, March 1952, pp. 275-80).

10. Op. cit., pp. 206-7.

11. See Note 22 to Section II.

12. Op. cit., p. 44.

13. The earliest appearance of this letter in full was, to my best knowledge, in The Life of of Augustin Daly, by his brother Joseph Francis Daly (Macmillan, New York, 1917; pp. 107-8). The letter was reprinted at least twice, slightly abridged: in The Dickensian (October 1919, p. 196; June 1955, p. 121, in an article by Pansy Pakenham); also, more recently, in Felix Aylmer's The Drood Case (pp. 208-9). In the Daly biography (and only there), the crucial words was never to reappear, at the beginning of the second paragraph, are in italics, but I do not know if this emphasis appeared in the original holograph letter of Collins, or was introduced editorially by the biographer.

14. This argument is advanced by Gavin Brend in his article, "Edwin Drood and the Four Witnesses," in The Dickensian (December 1955), in which he refers to the Pakenham article and the Collins letter to Daly. (See Note 13, above.)

15. Quoted extensively, but not in full, in Nicoll's The Problem of 'Edwin Drood.' References to Kate Perugini's article will be given in both sources (as P.M. Mag. and Nicoll).

16. Loc. cit.: P. M. Mag., p. 650; Nicoll, p. 39.

17. J. Cuming Walters also realized this. In his Complete Edwin Drood (p. 224) he says: "Let us assume that Dickens, whose idea was 'incommunicable,' promptly communicated all this [Foster's recollections] to Forster. It simply proves that the murder was not the principal part of the story, and that it was not the 'new' and 'very curious,' and 'very strong' idea, 'difficult to work.' What was the part not communicated, never even hinted at? The answer is easy. There was no mention of Mr. Datchery!" In considering Datchery the core of the mystery, Walters was, I think, close to the truth; but, in identifying the buffer with Helena Landless, he was, in my opinion, completely wrong.

18. Loc. cit.: P.M. Mag., p. 644; Nicoll, p. 31.

19. Ibid.: P.M. Mag., p. 644; Nicoll, p. 31-2. Still another instance of Mrs. Perugini's tendency to state as true what is only partially true, or what she prefers to be thought as true, is to be found in the following statement: "As to the cover of Edwin Drood, that has been the subject of much discussion, there is very little to tell. It was designed and drawn by Mr. Charles A. Collins, my first husband..." (Ibid.: P.M. Mag., p. 650; Nicoll, p. 39) As is now well known, the cover design was completed by Sir Luke Fildes, with some alterations, after Collins fell ill. Mrs. Perugini must surely have known this, yet deliberately or otherwise withheld the information in her article.

20. Op. cit. (American edition), p. 291; (English edition), p. 245. Leacock did not realize that tearing off half of Leonardo da Vinci's picture would be as incredible as the standing of six apostles on their heads, for the very good reason that it was done not on canvas but on a church wall.

21. Proctor, op. cit., p. 123.

22. Loc. cit. (Munsey's), p. 391; op. cit. (Klinefelter), p. 23.

23. Op. cit., p. 78.

24. Ibid., pp. 104-5.

25. The Puzzle of Dickens' Last Plot, Chapman & Hall, London, 1905; pp. 43-4.

26. In this connection see Note 34 to Section II.

27. A most inadequate reply to Sir Frederic Maugham's two articles, by W. Pett Ridge, appeared in The Daily Mail for November 1, 1928.

28. Op. cit., pp. 127-30.

29. See below, Note 32.

30. Op. cit., p. 114.

31. Mr. Baker, in speaking of these three titles, says: "[They] tend to bear upon John Jasper, and all three of them...have a slightly ironical twist of meaning." (Op. cit., p. 114.)
Aubrey Boyd (loc. cit., pp. 78-9, footnote 8) cites two titles ("The Two Kinsmen" and "A Kinsman's Devotion") with the implication that they refer to Neville and Helena Landless.

32. I cannot agree with Sir Frederic Maugham, who, in part of the second quoted section from his article, takes "One Object in Life" to refer to Drood's resolution to bring about the punishment of his would-be murderer.
Other writers have come, in my opinion, very close to the truth in pinpointing Dickens' new idea, e.g., Montagu Saunders (op. cit., pp. 7-8): "...the idea of a murderer attempting and intending to fasten his crime on to another, but in reality tracking himself, and involuntarily putting the noose round his own neck!" (Emphasis Saunders'.); and Harry B. Smith [loc. cit. (Munsey's), p. 391; op. cit. (Klinefelter), p. 24]: "...The criminal sounds the alarm and starts in motion the machinery that finally convicts—himself."

33. Op. cit., pp. 290-1.

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Notes on the first dated appearances of The Mystery of Edwin Drood:

1. First appearance in any form: 6 monthly parts in light green wrappers; published by Chapman & Hall, London, from April through Sept. 1870; 12 illustrations, 2 in each part.

2. First book edition in England published by Chapman & Hall, London, 1870; same 12 illustrations. At least two variants: one in light green cloth, one in dark green cloth, with completely different styles of binding.

3. First appearances in parts in the United States:
   a. Appletons' Journal, New York; 6 parts, dated Apr. 23, May 28, June 25, July 30, Aug. 27, Oct. 1, 1870; no illustrations.
   b. Harper's Weekly, New York; 6 parts, dated Apr. 23, May 21, June 25, July 23, Aug. 27, Oct. 1, 1870; 7 of the original illustrations.

4. First book appearances in the United States published by three companies (no data at hand as to priority):

a. D. Appleton & Co., New York; light tan wrappers; no illustrations. Extremely rare; the only copy I have ever seen, or heard of, is in the Fales collection at New York University.
b. Fields, Osgood, & Co., Boston, 1870: The Mystery of Edwin Drood and Some Uncollected Pieces, in dark green cloth; with the 12 original illustrations. A scarce state in buff wrappers also exists, dated 1870.
c. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1870; buff wrappers, the front cover having the same pictorial design as the original Chapman & Hall parts; with the 12 original illustrations. Reprinted in 1871 in same format. (My own copy is the 1871 reprint; information as to the 1870 edition was very kindly supplied by E. T. Guymon, Jr.)

The Appleton and Harper editions described above (4a and 4c respectively) are separate apperances, i.e., without other Dickens stories.

5. First appearance in English in a country other than England or the United States: Tauchnitz Edition, Bernhard Tauchnitz, Leipzig, 1870; two volumes, white wrappers (Collection of British Authors, Vols. 1100 and 1116). Volume I has four of the original illustrations; Volume II has two, also other material dealing with Dickens. Copies of the Tauchnitz edition are not firsts, despite the presence of the 1870 date on the title page, if there are advertisements with a later date on the back cover.

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BOOK EXCHANGE—continued from page 86

Margaret Jacoby (280 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02116) has for sale 27 issues of TAD from October 1967 to August 1974. Please make offers; $3 per issue minimum.

Susie Thompson (7110 Westway Circle, Knoxville, Tenn. 37919) will pay $1 for any back issue of TAD.

Jim Kindall (92 Park Street, Tenafly, N.J. 07670) is looking for all four issues of Volume 6 of TAD.

Stanley Pachon (520 E. 5th St., Bethlehem, Pa. 18015) is lacking Vol 1 Nos. 1-4 of TAD.

Irene Rouse (3988 University Drive., Fairfax, Va. 22030) has a fine copy of The Dragon Murder Case by S. S. Van Dine (1st edition in beautiful d.j.): $15.00. Also Kennel & Kidnap 1sts in d.w. at $5 each. Non-firsts $3.00. Hundreds of mystery titles in hardback $1-$3, mostly 1.25 including postage. Send SASE for list of titles and/or return of check. P.S. She has dozens of Oppenheims!

William Murphy (405 Tennis Ave., Ambler, Pa. 19002) wants: E. Queen, 14th Awards, Murder by Experts; E. de Caire, Death Among the Writers; L.A.G. Strong, Murder Plays an Ugly Scene; Paul McGuire, Enter Three Witches; Alfred Meyers, Murder Ends the Song; Eliz. Dean, Murder a Mile High; Richard Hull, Excellent Intentions.

Helmuth Masser (P.O. Box 6, Bartschstr. 7, A-8042 Graz-St. Peter, Austria) wants to buy copies of Vol 1 - Vol 3 of TAD.

Gianni Menasce (Via Tamburini 4, 20123 Milano, Italy) has been seeking for following for years: The Haunted Strangler by I. C. Cooper; Before I Wake by Hal Debrett; Cry Murder by Nancy Rutledge; An Afternoon to Kill by Shelley Smith; A Banner for Pegasus (Not in the Script) by John & Emery Bonett; Dangerous Design by Lawrence Goldman; Keep It Quiet and My Own Murderer by Richard Hull.

Antero Virtanen (Ainolantie, Taska, 04400 Järvenpää, Finland) is interested in mystery and science fiction published in the U.S. in Finnish translations.

DAST MAGAZINE & SECOND HAND BOOKSHOP (Flodins väg 5, S152 00 Strängnäs, Sweden) has for sale 500 books in the mystery/detective field. Many first editions, many with jackets. All in very good condition. Book list on request. Search service - just send lists - all free!

Boulevard Bookshop (10634 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90064) as a free catalog of first edition mysteries. Write for Catalogue 20.

A. C. Ross (1200 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. 94108) wants to buy Vols. 1-7 of TAD.

Veronica M.S. Kennedy (106 W. 13th St., Apt. 11-F, New York, N. Y. 10011) is looking for copies of Poul Anderson's mystery novels.

Ilse Goldsmith (Park Court, Middletown, N. Y. 10940) has a few books by E. Phillips Oppenheim, Sax Rohmer, Edgar Wallace and R. A. Freeman, in hardcover. She will sell or trade, as desired. The books are in fair condition; write for titles. She is looking for Vol 1 No. 1 & 2 of TAD.

Per Skovlie (Ekebergveien 19E, Oslo 1, Norway) wants to buy Vol. 1-4 of TAD.

Howard Rapp (22070 Kelly Court, Timber Cove, Jenner, Calif. 95450) has a list of books for sale.

E. F. Bleiler (c/o Dover Publications, 180 Varick St., New York, N. Y. 10014) wants TAD 1/1, 1/2, 2/1, 2/2, 2/3, 3/1, 3/2, 4/3.

PAULETTE GREENE, BOOKS (140 Princeton Road, Rockville Centre, N. Y. 11570) has ready List 50, Mystery, Detective, Fantasy, which will be sent upon request to those interested in the rare and unusual.

Jonathan White (286 Corbin Place, 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235) has for sale a fine set of EQMM, complete to 1960, 90% complete thereafter. $450. Write for details.

THE PAPERBACK REVOLUTION

BY CHARLES SHIBUK

The mixture as before in our last issue with novels, various collections of short stories, plus an even greater number of items concerned with the greatest detective of them all.

RAYMOND CHANDLER

The Big Sleep (1939) is this author's first novel and shows the influence of his formative Black Mask training. Everyone should be familiar with the film version. Farewell, My Lovely (1940) indicates evidence of greater maturity and is the author's personal favorite of his own work. The latest film version is No. 3. Both novels are reissued by Ballantine.

G. K. CHESTERTON

The first three collections of Father Brown stories published by Penguin, and mentioned last issue, seem to be more evident in local bookstores. The fourth volume in this series, The Secret of Father Brown (1927), his just joined its brothers. Can the fifth and final volume be far behind?

AGATHA CHRISTIE

The Big Four (1927) (Dell) pits Hercule Poirot against a group of super-criminals bent on world domination in a serial-like thriller. In A Holiday for Murder (1938) (Bantam) Poirot must discover the identity of the bloody murderer who keeps removing the guests from an eccentric millionaire's Christmas family gathering.

JOHN COLLIER

The Best of John Collier (Pocket Books) contains the 47 short stories taken from The John Collier Reader (1972). These stories roughly parralel the contents of Fancies and Goodnights (1951), a Queen's Quorum selection. Collier's work ranges from crime to fantasy, and he can be depended upon to do the unexpected. At his best he is a master of the shorter form.

STANLEY ELLIN

Another master of the short story, and perhaps a slightly more conventional version of John Collier. The Blessington Method and Other Strange Tales (1964) was recently reprinted by a British firm. It now returns under the aegis of Ballantine. Still available from the same publisher is Ellin's long and meritorious private eye novel, The Eighth Circle (1958), and the even better novel of international intrigue, House of Cards (1967).

DICK FRANCIS

Pocket Books continues to reprint this author's early work. In Dead Cert (1962) a steeplechase jockey strives to avenge what he believes to be the murder of his best friend. Flying Finish (1966) combines the backgrounds of horse racing and aviation for the first time in a Francis novel. Odds Against (1965) details the harrowing problems of an ex-jockey turned detective. This is Francis' best work and a prime suspense novel of the 1960's.

ELLERY QUEEN

This author should be praised for his conception of And on the Eighth Day (1964), which attempts to probe the limits of the detective novel. Unfortunately, I am less than enchanted with the execution. Much more conventional (and satisfactory) is the autumnal Inspector Queen's Own Case (1956), which gives Ellery's long-suffering father an opportunity to indulge in romance, and prove that deductive prowess is not the sole province of the younger generation. Both volumes are part of Ballantine's continuing Queen reprint series.

JOSEPHINE TEY

Although The Daughter of Time (1951) (Berkley) is on everyone's "best" list, this writer has certain reservations about the detectival values inherent in this inquiry into the character of Richard the Third. Also available from the same publisher are To Love and Be Wise (1950) and the posthumous The Singing Sands (1952). Both feature Miss Tey's series detective, Inspector Alan Grant, in more conventional modes of investigation.

THE SHERLOCKIAN REVOLUTION

"So they still live for all that love them well: in a romantic chamber of the heart, in a nostalgic corner of the mind, where it is always 1895." —Vincent Starrett

JOHN DICKSON CARR

The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1949) (Vintage) is a masterpiece of the biographer's art. A breathlessly engrossing and informative volume that is literally unputdownable. Carr has written many really major works in his time and this is one of his very best.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

The Return of Sherlock Holmes (1905) (Ballantine) is the third collection of shorts and one that conclusively proved that the Master did not meet his end in the steaming caldron at Reichenbach. Eagerly awaited in its time by an untold number of devoted fans, this volume rewarded them with more than its share of major classics.

AUGUST DERLETH

The Return of Solar Pons (1958) (Pinnacle) contains the 10 pastiches from the original volume plus three additional stories that comprise the contents of Three Problems for Solar Pons (1952). Not only has Derleth created a sleuth in the image of the Master, but in several cases in this volume he has attempted to adjust an oversight by chronicling adventures that Dr. Watson referred to but never got around to elucidating.

SIR HUGH GREENE

The popularity of a British TV series has caused Penguin to reissue The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes (1970) and Cosmopolitan Crimes (1971). Both are splendid anthologies devoted to detectives and rogues of an earlier era.

NICHOLAS MEYER (Ed.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution (1974) (Ballantine) sees the redoubtable detective reduced to a pitiful wreck by his foul cocaine habit. The faithful Dr. Watson enlists the aid of the celebrated Dr. Freud of Vienna, and all are soon faced by the threat of world conflagration. Here is a fast-moving entertainment that deserved its best-seller status.

SAM ROSENBERG

Naked is the Best Disguise (1974) (Penguin) consists of speculative essays designed to unravel the nature of the Sherlock Holmes "myth." The author's conclusions are outrageous but logical, always readable, and great fun.

VINCENT STARRETT

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes (1933, revised 1960) (Pinnacle) is a charming and gracefully written biography of the Master. It's packed with information and suffused with gentle wit and love by one of the great literary scholars and Sherlockians. This volume is a true labor of love.

* *

K. C. CONSTANTINE

BY DAVID BROWNELL

Recently I read The Blank Page by K. C. Constantine (1974), and was so pleased by it that I went back to pick up the author's two previous works, The Rocksburg Railroad Murders (1972) and The Man Who Liked to Look at Himself (1973). What I found in The Blank Page was an unusual detective in an unusual setting, both of which the author makes likeable. Mario Balzic is Police Chief in the small city of Rocksburg—which seems to be an old coal-mining town with a largely Slavic population. The town has few charms—especially during a heat wave—and Balzic is a middle-aged cop, not very well educated. But he knows his town and its people, and has acquired empathy in the course of a rough life. When a female student with problems who attends the local junior college is found strangled, wearing only her panties and a black sheet of paper on her stomach, Balzic finds himself investigating people he doesn't know—the staff of the college. His dealings with them show him to have come closer to achieving the attitude an education should give than they have, and his solution of the murder offers insights on the society in which Balzic functions.

The small town and the junior college, somewhat indifferent to the needs of its students, are described well, and made interesting, and Chief Balzic comes off as a compassionate and intelligent man, doing his best to deal with the real problems of his world. The mystery is not impenetrable: Constantine presents a limited cast of characters, and the reader knows who the criminal must be before he understands the motives for the crime. Constantine is more interested in the motive, and in the interactions between his characters, than in preserving his secret to the end.

Constantine's earlier books are similar in spirit to The Blank Page. Chief Balzic makes his first appearance in The Rocksburg Railroad Murders, in which we learn more about his background and associates. His mother, who lives with his family, is an encyclopedia of information about the family backgrounds of the townspeople. She can provide Balzic with information about the roots of the crimes he sees: crime writers since Collins and Gaboriau have recognized that the motive of a crime often begins a generation or so back.

Balzic frequently finds himself in Muscotti's Bar, where he thinks about his cases. There he encounters Mo Valcanas, a heavy-drinking but highly competent lawyer, and there he avoids noticing that old Dom Muscotti is the local bookmaker. As far as Balzic is concerned, gambling should be legalized; he won't waste his time arresting small-time betters, and is even willing to bring Dom the bag of money carried by a runner who got killed. If Balzic confiscated it, the bar might go broke.

Balzic's second case is The Man Who Liked to Look at Himself. Again the question is less "whodunit?" than how and why. Constantine's interest is in the way people act—and his people act believably. Occasionally, too, Constantine has John D. MacDonald's ability, after hooking you with his story, to present people who do horrible things because horrible things have been done to them; then, when horror has already hurt you, worse things yet occur as a result of human stupidity. The reader believes, and is moved. I look forward to more Constantines.

CONRAD'S PROBE TO ABSOLUTE ZERO

BY NEWTON BAIRD

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive![1]

Something evil was afoot in London. Or was it in the world, in the very universe itself? Today the pattern is infamous. What does it mean? Destructive acts occur: assassination, terror, bombings, hijackings, mass killings, kidnappings, blackmail, death and more death. Outrage is heard. Conferences are called. Political scapegoats are sought. The sense of crisis weakens and frustration sets in, followed by apathy. Another law affecting individual liberty drops into the limbo of the arbitrary and uncertain.

It may seem inconceivable that these violent acts, along with the terror and uncertainty they cause—this evil—, have their source in the dream of a perfect world of certainty, a heaven-on-earth, an ideal. Joseph Conrad observed a pattern of anarchy at the end of the nineteenth century, and conceptualized it in his novel, The Secret Agent (1907), which brilliantly probes the mystery of how a search for an ideal world creates a hell-on-earth. It was the first serious work in the form of an offshoot of detection fiction, the secret agent or spy story, frequently categorized as one kind of "thriller." Many of Conrad's novels and tales have elements resembling the concealment or mystery aspect of the detective story.[2] The Secret Agent is related to the spy genre in plot, but more it atmosphere. The British poet and publisher, John Lehmann, according to his memoirs, at the advent of World War II, perceived as the dominant theme of modern times the theme that Conrad dramatized much earlier. Lehmann says:

> *...I was already becoming convinced that the great theme of our time was this problem of power running amok, power without moral sanction or restraint; and that there was something in the claim that the real image of the world we lived in was to be found in a certain class of detective and spy stories. A ceaseless murderou struggle for power, in which the protagonists are always, in peace or war, retreating behind more and more elaborate barriers of concealment and camouflage; a struggle which uses the individual with utter ruthlessness... secrets and espionage networks and war—this, the world of the modern thrillers, seemed to me the truest picture of our own inescapable environment...*[3]

John Lehmann calls attention to one thriller in particular, Graham Greene's The Ministry of Fear (1943). This novel comes very close to the atmosphere of evil in The Secret Agent, and the sense of unreality and confusion. But Greene's philosophical implications vary considerably from Conrad's.

The event on which Conrad's The Secret Agent is based was the "old story of the attempt to blow up the Greenwich Observatory."[4] In his preface to the 1920 edition Conrad states his opinion of that 1894 event:

> *...a blood-stained inanity of so fatuous a kind that it was impossible to fathom its origin by any reasonable or even unreasonable process of thought...*[5]

Conrad did, however, proceed to probe the event in a perceptive and reasonable process of thought. It was the atmosphere of the incident that first seemed to stimulate him:

> *...the vision of an enormous town presented itself, of a monstrous town more populous than some continents and in its man-made might as if indifferent to heaven's frowns and smiles; a cruel devourer of the world's light. There was room enough there for any setting, darkness enough to bury five million lives...*[6]

The essence of the setting of The Secret Agent is a quality of subdued light, of shadows and darkness. The sun is "bloodshot."[7] It is a symbolic abstraction of man-made hell, and in its conception, but not in its metaphysics, not unlike the supernatural inferno or Hell in Dante's The Divine Comedy, or Milton's Paradise Lost. Unlike Dante and Milton, Conrad depicted an earth-bound, non-supernatural evid. In his next novel, Under Western Eyes, it is stated that the "belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men are quite capable of every wickedness." By changing a few concepts, a striking similarity can be seen between the darkness, chaos and confusion of the novel and these lines from Paradise Lost:

> *Before their eyes in sudden view appear*
> *The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark*
> *Illimitable Ocean, without bound,*
> *Without dimension, where length, breadth and height,*
> *And time and place are lost; where eldest Night*
> *And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold*
> *Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise*
> *Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.*

Direction and time are out of joint in the London of The Secret Agent. Street names appear before streets begin, and houses have numbers belonging to streets that have disappeared.

Distance and direction are lost in the mind of one of the characters, and a "perfect" act of destruction is planned to destroy an institution (and anyone in it) that sets a standard for time and navigation. This institution focuses its scientific instruments upon a universe of order, while the minds and matter of the world of the conspirators are in disorder and chaos.

Conrad chose to treat the subject of the bombing incident and the characters involved in it with moral scorn and irony. Despite the inconclusive ending of the novel, The Secret Agent has an intense and abstract focus. The reader is aware of the conscious search for truth. But in the end the mystery of the "fate" of its characters is deliberately wrapped in "impenetrable mystery." The consistent volitional pursuit of truth is the author's.

The them is an abstract projection of the metaphysical nature of man in an irrational state of moral unconsciousness. The them is integrated in character, setting and plot. An often-repeated expression, implicitly stating the them, is Winnie Verloc's view that "life doesn't stand much looking into." The subject is the role of deception and betrayal, cause and effect, in the pursuit of false idealism. Conrad's "unconventional grouping and perspective"[9] is used in handling the bombing incident—the shock upsetting the stability of life. Events are arranged, especially those of shock and climax, so as to be observed unemotionally, ironically, and objectively. The plot, which may seem melodramatic when condensed, is made compelling by this technique.

It begins, appropriately, in a dark and dingy shop where Adolph Verloc, his wife and her young brother sell pornography and revolutionary literature. The brother, Stevie, is mentally deficient, emotionally and mentally a child, though nearly an adult. Verloc's wife, Winnie, has sacrificed her own happiness to provide a home for Stevie and her mother. Verloc is an anarchist, a secret agent, double agent, and agent provocateur. He goes to the foreign embassy in London which employs him for a new assignment—a startling and incredible assignment given him by Vladimir, the First Secretary of the embassy. Verloc is told to carry out "an act of pure destruction," an outrage intended to influence a forthcoming international conference in Milan into enacting repressive measures ostensibly against revolutionaries. Basic individual rights are the real target. It is suggested Verloc blows up the Greenwich Park Observatory, the "first meridian."[10] Vladimir states his "philosophy of bomb throwing":

> *...The sensibilities of the class you are attacking are soon blunted. Property seems to them an indestructible thing...A bomb outrage to have any influence on public opinion now must go beyond the intention of vengeance or terrorism. It must be purely destructive...You anarchists should make it clear you are perfectly determined to make a clean sweep of the whole social creation...*[11]

Vladimir is the mind behind the act, but the anarchists must be seen by the public as the perpetrators of it. The triumverate of anarchists that meets at Verloc's is seen by the agent as most inadequate to the task of bombing the Greenwich Observatory. They are obsessed with the abstract, avoiding the concrete. One is Michaelis, a "ticket-of-leave apostle," called that because of a probationary status after a period in jail. Michaelis assumes a status of martyrdom among revolutionaries and members of the wealthy class. Another is Karl Yundt, an old "terrorist," who perpetuates an old dream of leading a destruction of established society. And finally, Comrade Tom Ossipon, pamphleteer and worker for the Red Committee, a former medical student and admirer of the Italian criminologist, Lombroso. Verloc is in a dilemma over the prospect of applying Vladimir's incredible scheme, as well as the obsessions of his fellow anarchists, to the practical world of reality.

As the plot continues the bombing of Greenwich Observatory has already taken place and Ossipon meets the Professor, the "Perfect Anarchist," in a restaurant. They discuss the Greenwich bombing and The Professor reveals that he gave Verloc the explosives. They conclude that Verloc is dead. The Professor confronts Chief Inspector Heat in an alley, his left hand purposefully plunged deep in his trousers pocket where the anarchist always carries a bomb and its detonator. He is a human bomb, and is delighted over the opportunity to challenge Heat, an official of the law for which the anarchist has contempt, as it not only affirms in him his superiority over "all the multitude of mankind," but over change and the unpredictable as well.

Inspector Heat pursues the case of the Greenwich Observatory, as does his superior, the Assistant Commissioner. An indifferent authority in the case is the "Great Personage," Sir Ethelred, a high member of parliament, whose current "revolutionary plan" for government is a "Bill for the Nationalization of Fisheries."

The narrative moves back in time when Mrs. Verloc accompanies her mother to an almshouse for destitute widows, a symbolic shift from the larger world to the domestic world, both contained in "hell." The old woman has proceeded with her plans to leave the Verloc home with "astute secrecy." Stevie is shattered by the change. He is sent to the country with Michaelis to distract him from the loss of his mother.

On the day of the bombing Winnie believes Stevie is still in the country. When a "stranger," Inspector Heat, comes to make inquiries about a coat the bomber wore, he shows her a triangular cloth remnant bearing the Verloc address. Winnie cannot believe this evidence has anything to do with her brother until, listening at a door, she hears Heat tell Verloc that the boy Verloc sent to do the bombing has been killed. Mrs. Verloc at first contemplates suicide when she realizes Stevie is dead, but instead with deliberation kills Verloc by plunging a

knife into his breast. Conrad describes her state of primitive consciousness:

> *Into the blow...Mrs. Verloc had put all inheritance of her immemorial and obscure descent, the simple ferocity of the age of the caverns, and the unbalanced nervous fury of the age of bar-rooms...she did not think at all...She did not move...Neither did the mortal envelope of the late Mr. Verloc reposing on the sofa.*[12]

Ossipon and Mrs. Verloc plan to go away together, but Ossipon deserts Winnie, and she commits suicide by jumping from a boat into the channel. Ossipon is now obsessed with a newspaper that carries a story of the suicide of a lady passenger on a boat crossing the channel that says, "An impenetrable mystery seems destined to hang forever over this act of madness and despair."[13] He cannot rid his mind of the words. The novel ends as the two anarchists, Ossipin and The Professor, walk away together, a most significant passage:

> *And the incorruptible Professor walked, too, averting his eyes from the odious miltitude of mankind. He had no future. He disdained it. He was a force. His thoughts caressed the images of ruin and destruction. He walked frail, insignificant, shabby—and terrible in the simplicity of his idea calling madness and despair to the regeneration of the world. Nobody looked at him. He passed on unsuspected and deadly, like a pest in the street full of men.*[14]

Much of the philosophical meaning of the novel resides in the characterization. The comparison made earlier to an abstract conception of man-made hell points up the novel's overall negative concept, along with the reliance of its technique upon irony and moral scorn. The novel has only a slim structure of volition and good in men. This may be why the novel met an equally negative response from audiences and critics when it was published. Also, of course, the novel gored a good many philosophical and political oxen, and continues to do so.

The purposeful search for the criminals on the part of Chief Inspector Heat and the Assistant Commissioner, the only two characters in the novel whose good purposes have any success at all, has probably been responsible for whatever influence it has had as an unintended prototype of the spy novel.[15] Several writers of thrillers besides Graham Greene have shown influence of this and other work by Conrad. Greene, as stated, made an interesting use of Conrad's imagistic and metaphoric technique, and captured a similar kind of chaos and moral confusion to that in The Secret Agent. On the other hand, there is Raymond Chandler, whose hero, sometimes anti-hero, Philip Marlowe, walks down "mean streets" that project a generous amount of evil. Chandler may have taken his detective's name from Conrad's famous narrator-character in several novels (but not The Secret Agent), Marlowe. But Chandler made only superficial use of Conrad's technique. Somerset Maugham's Ashenden (1928) is often compared to Conrad's work, but it shows no influence of importance. Ashenden may more correctly be said to be a prototype of the dominantly subjective, episodic spy novel featuring a naturalistic, procedural approach. This non-volitional, underdog approach is favored by cold war novelists. Conrad's spy novel shares some of this "moral grayness" in a "malevolent universe", chiefly in its relativism, and in the blurring of focus in the "impenetrable mystery" of the denouement particularly. However, Conrad's value orientation is greatly removed from the moderns.

As to romantic essentials, one has only to compare The Secret Agent with successful thrillers like, say, Baroness Orczy's early Scarlet Pimpernel, or Ian Fleming's vastly underrated and romantic Casino Royale, of the 50's, to see the complete absence of a volitional hero in The Secret Agent. When Conrad created a hero, as in Lord Jim, he showed him struggling throughout between body and soul, self-interest and self-sacrifice, ending an earth-bound, but symbolically Christ-like destructive.His shorter fiction, "Youth" or "The End of the Tether," for example, more often contains important attributes of romantic fiction.

The Secret Agent is, however, in the mainstream of the literature of detection in its objective and logical—and highly innovative—plotting. But it is the author who practices consistent forethought, not the characters of the novel. The plotting, disordering events, captures the subjectively disordered chaos of the characters' minds. Verloc is the ancestor of the cold war spy when there was still meat on the bones of the spy; but James Bond could squash Verloc afoot, clearly an inept opponent. As to The Professor as an opponent, ah—there's another matter.

The two "detectives" of The Secret Agent, Heat and the Assistant Commissioner, share the weaknesses of evasion and duplicity. To a degree they are guilty of the most common moral evil in the novel, betrayal, because each was willing to sacrifice the other or some scapegoat for his own purposes. Their motives are on a more practical level than some, Heat being more concrete-bound than his superior. Heat lapses into "holes in space and time," the exploitations and compromises in his official methods, and is subject to the fallacy of prejudice in his judgment. His methods of criminology parallel the views of the anarchist, Ossipon, and those of Ossipon's mentor, the Italian criminologist, Lombroso. Conrad demonstrates the anology between the irrationality of criminology-by-rote and the practice of religion-by-liturgy. The Assistant Commissioner evades the truth, as his subordinate hides it. And he is guilty of a measure of power-seeking, like that demonstrated by the larger political "fish" of the novel.

The scornful search for truth unifies the novel, in the absence of a hero or unifying central character. There is also unity in the character structure. There is a duality between characters, as well as contrast and counterpoint. The structure of morality in the character-

ization is weighted on the side of evil, portrayed as more powerful and enduring than good. But there are contrasts of morality. The extreme of evil which is absolute, the Professor, for instance, is contrasted with the non-absolute symbol of innocence, Stevie, the mentally-deficient youngster. Conrad often uses historical, religious or mythological names to identify his characters. The name Stevie, or Stephen (Winnie refers to him as Stephen), is probably derived from a well-known character by that name in Ben Johnson's sixteenth century comedy, Every Man in His Humour. That character, Stephen, is a country bumpkin, stupid and taken advantage of by other characters, a parallel Conrad may have wished to draw for ironic emphasis. The ironic treatment tends to blur the concept that Stevie represents: innocence betrayed. This kind of inexactness is intended as Conrad did not believe in thematic literary explicitness.[16] Some of the ironic and scornful passages describing Stevie's behavior may be offensive to the compassionate reader who shares Winnie's view of Stevie's condition. The intent of Conrad's focus on Stevie can be seen best in the scene of the anarchists' discussion at Verloc's. Stevie observes the anarchists, and at one point becomes emotionally disturbed over the prison brutality described by Michaelis. This is unobserved by the anarchists as Stevie sits behind a door. Then Verloc opens the door, revealing Stevie.

> *...innocent Stevie, seated very good and quiet at a deal table, drawing circles, circles, circles; a coruscating whirl of circles that by their tangled multitude of repeated curves, uniformity of form, and confusion of intersecting lines suggested a rendering of cosmic chaos, the symbolism of a mad art attempting the inconceivable.*[17]

Stevie's actions are a counterpoint to the discussions of the anarchists. He represents the extreme of moral unconsciousness, that is, in this case, moral ignorance. The madness of his art is neither good nor bad; it is unconscious. He is an unconscious destructive. He is described earlier setting off rockets, catherine wheels and squibs. A primitive version of the anarchists' own moral anarchy, this earlier incident portends Stevie's being used later as a tool in setting off the real explosive. The circles are symbolic of the chaotic, moral irrationalism of the anarchistic world of the novel, and can be likened to the circles of hell in Dante's inferno. Dante's nine concentric circles of punishment have a supernatural order, and the heaven or cosmos is of an especially divine order. But while the universe above as seen by the telescope (in the observatory the conspirators wish to destroy) is orderly, the abstract, man-made hell below, symbolized by Stevie's circles, is a "cosmic chaos." It is not supernatural, but man-made, and there is no order of absolute innocence. Stevie is mentally deficient, in the context of Conrad's universe, not without moral choice. His choices may be mad, but they are choices, and his own. They represent the extreme of moral unconsciousness in the absence of an objective sense of morality. Though Stevie is the subject of the most immoral betrayal in the novel, he is capable of self-betrayal and betrayal of others, by ignorance, and by accident. Stevie is at the apex of the novel's causality, and of the results, the full extent of which is total destruction of physical and spiritual values.

Conrad's larger-than-life exaggeration in the Professor, and in Stevie, emphasizes characteristics which are less obvious in other characters. The opposite of Stevie, the Professor, the Perfect Anarchist, represents extreme moral evil, and is a symbol of the misuse of intellect. His perverse ideal—everyone in the novel has some kind of "idealism" to a degree—is supremacy and the power of certainty over mankind. He is a fantastic exaggeration of the spineless, evil "gun-toter," an abstract metaphysical portrait of the totalitarian without power, the satan of Conrad's anarchia—the representation of absolute zero. His totem of power, as with totalitarianism, is not the use of destruction, but the threat of it. He lets others use it. He desires the position of total arbiter of mankind's greatest weakness, fear. And the concept that he symbolizes is mankind's greatest dread, violent death. His is absolute irrationality reaching the absolute negative in pursuit of the perverse ideal—an idealism based on the nightmare, rather than the dream. He makes a weapon of the property man prizes most, himself. In Conrad's short story dealing with London anarchists, "The Informer," the Professor appears briefly. It is stated that he died "a couple of years afterwards in a secret laboratory through a premature explosion of one of his improved detonators."[18] The Perfect Anarchist found his "ideal," the perfect detonator with no delay—no chance.

Another relative characterization of good for most of the novel is Winnie Verloc. She is not a heroine in the sense of consistent virtue. Her character represents in sum a state of unhappiness. She makes an unconscious, subjective search for happiness. Without studying either herself or her family objectively, ruled by contradictions, subjectively she makes her brother, Stevie, her ideal. She accepts the key concept of altruism, self-sacrifice. Her modus vivendi, "life doesn't stand much looking into," is a denial of reality, evasion. The name Winnie, or Winifred, may be taken from Saint Winifred, the Welsh patron saint of virgins. Winnie's sexual virginity is open to question, but until Stevie's death, she is a virgin in the sense of overall awareness and knowledge. The choices she makes, the evasions she practices, bring about her tragedy, and, indirectly, her brother's death. If she had not sought "protection" from Verloc, Stevie would not have died.

While Winnie represents a form of evasive idealism, her husband is an abstraction from Dante's lowest circle of evil: treachery. His name, Verloc, likely is taken from the old Anglo-Saxon meaning of "warloc": a traitor, deceiver, liar or faithless person. The word has come to mean a person having a pact with evil. In Dante's The Divine Comedy traitors reside in the

lowest circle, frozen eternally in ice. Conrad places heavy scorn upon Verloc. He is obese, mediocre, lazy, the exact opposite of the virtue of industry. His is the most obvious portrait of a betrayer in the novel. He betrays everyone, the anarchists, both governments that employ him, his wife, himself, and, worst-of-all, Stevie. And, in the end, he does not recognize his guilt. He betrays himself by blundering along in a pursuit he has obscured even from himself with secrecy. His concept of himself as a "protector of society" is as idiotic as anything in Stevie's mind. He wishes to be a revolutionary anarchist, but clings to the most mundane concepts of conventional morality. He finds obsessions of both the anarchists and Vladimir incredible. Yet he becomes as much a destroyer as any tool of either force.

Vladimir (the foreign diplomat and chief conspirator) and the Professor both lust for power and are doubles. Vladimir would destroy individual liberty, as the Professor would destroy everything. And Vladimir is not above taking life, though he may never directly put his hand to it. He destroys for personal power and through the misuse of knowledge. He is the conspirator epitomized, and deception within government revealed. By destroying individual liberty, the conspirator in government increases his personal power, just as the Professor uses his bomb for increased personal power. Vladimir's target of hatred is the middle class, and knowledge, purveyor of liberty. The attack on the observatory as a seat of learning, in this case astronomy, is no simple manifestation of anti-intellectualism. It is an urge calculated to establish eternal anarchy much as described in the lines quoted above from Paradise Lost, where "time and place are lost" and chaos and night "hold eternal anarchy," a condition easily exploited by the totalitarian. And, of course, the attack is also upon the minds that make the observatory an institution for the measurement of time, for the study of an ordered and meaningful universe in the heavens, and for safety in navigation upon the seas.

The Professor's double, Vladimir, misuses knowledge to gain power. The Professor's counterpoint is the Great Personage, Sir Ethelred, a man with power, as the Professor is without power. However, in possessing what the Professor desires, power, Sir Ethelred symbolizes the incompetency and evil Conrad saw in political expediency. Sir Ethelred is as removed from reality in the halls of parliament as the anarchists are in their dingy rooms. The politician's "revolutionary" crusade obsesses him as the Professor's search for the perfect detonator obsesses the anarchist. The Great Personage is morally unconscious, ignoring the real problem of the Greenwich Observatory for the nonsensical triviality of the fisheries bill.

The company of anarchists who reside in Conrad's earthly hell are like lesser-devil satellites of the monster-satan, the Professor. They are each trapped in obsessions of their individual visions of a "perfect world."[19] Michaelis dreams of a universe controlled by the material, a perpetual motion machine. Yundt, the old terrorist, believes in the destructive power of men. Ossipon is a witch doctor (a medical student without a degree) of scientific theory. His superficial interpretations of Lombroso's theories give him a false sense of certainty that make him feel above the lesser breed of mankind. When Yundt decrees in the famous line: "Lombroso is an ass!"—it is an ironic comment that irrationality makes "asses" of them all.

Ossipon is a kind of double to Winnie, in that his sins come out of inaction, rather than action, and when he takes a willful action, betraying Winnie and stealing her money, he suffers from the kind of psychological breakdown that drove Winnie to suicide after her "act of will" in revenging Stevie's death by killing Verloc.

Two other characters fill out a portrait of collective moral anarchy. They are the old patroness of Michaelis, and the old mother of Winnie and Stevie. These two women are alike in their near total evasion of problems that exist around them. The patroness, a leader of the "radical chic" of her day, protects the revolutionary and encourages her set to do the same. She is guilty of an ignorant betrayal of society. Hypocritically she lolls in wealth and believes in socialism. Winnie's mother, on the other hand, believes in self-sacrifice while promoting the selfish end of relieving herself of parental responsibility, betraying her trust.

The opposite of betrayal is trust. There is an intricate system of imagery and symbolism, the evidence and moral clues of the author's probe in The Secret Agent. For example, the concept of trust is carried by a number of ironic symbols. One is the letter carrying the seal of the embassy that Verloc presents there as a kind of pass. Ironically, it does not protect him from being reated as an incompetent by the embassy staff. The coup de grace in the thrust of the letter as a symbol is that it is the summons to Verloc that eventually brings him the assignment that ends, ultimately, in her own death. Trust turns to betrayal. Another symbol or talisman of trust is the small triangular emblem or code sign, representing the agent Verloc, used in all the secret papers of the embassy employing the agent provocteur. This is a brilliant symbol, but obscurely plotted evidence, for the tiny triangle is also the astronomical symbol for time and distance, the two concepts of learning Verloc is assigned to destroy.

Direction, another guiding knowledge determined by the observatory, is something "poor Stevie" cannot hold in his mind. An overriding concern of Winnie, his protectoress, is the fear of his becoming lost. She sews the tiny label (also triangular) with Verloc's address inked on it into the lining of Stevie's coat lapel, hoping it will be an identification that some trustful stranger will use in returning the boy. Verloc sends Stevie to carry the bomb, destroying the bastion of learning, killing the carrier. The label finds its way home by way of a "trustful" stranger, a representative of law and order, who uses it as evidence against

Verloc. Because of this evidence, Winnie determines that Verloc, in effect, murdered Stevie. The talisman of trust returns transformed by the "impenetrable mystery of an accident of fate" into a nemesis of betrayal, turning Winnie into a nemesis of revenge.

In its intricate structure and levels of meaning, The Secret Agent is quite removed from the later spy thriller, as removed from those as from the "intrigue" plots of Victorian fiction. As stated earlier, its relativism carries the seed of the anti-volitional, anti-heroic essentials of less serious efforts that followed. Its relativism, unlike the later efforts, is balanced with a strong sense of values and morality, and a sense of the ideal that gives it not only contradiction, but a sense of desperate conflict. The dominant theme, on the first level, of "power running amok without moral restraint" begins as a conflict of the mind. This 1907 novel succinctly dramatizes a classical conflict, as dominant then as now: the conflict between optimism and skepticism, reality and illusion.

Conrad did not resolve or identify this conflict explicitly. The reader and critic finishes The Secret Agent with a question regarding the "impenetrable mystery" which requires furhter "ratiocination". What does the pattern of violence and deception which has become infamous mean? As the telescope of the observatory probed the heavens for the truth of the cosmos, so Conrad used his art to probe the mystery of man on earth, to "make you see."[20] His mind, imperfect as he believed the human mind,[21] was the only tool in reality for that search. He attempted, through rearrangement and ordering, the cognition, the forethought of his art, to arrive at a more perfect, objective concept of the subject. He did not believe in absolutes. Yet he often arrived at a concept of good and evil in his work. There is no more absolute portrait of evil in fiction than the Professor.

The Professor is the symbol of one of the most destructive evils that man can encounter: fear. He also represents the absolute end of the use of force and destruction: death. Conrad's view of man's fear of existence was expressed in a letter to a wealthy socialist, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, a few years before he wrote this novel. He said that what makes mankind tragic is not that they are victims of nature, but conscious of nature. "To be part of the animal kingdom under the conditions of this earth," is all right, he said, "but as soon as you know of your slavery, the pain, the anger, the strife—the tragedy begins." He pointed out that since man cannot return to nature, men take refuge in drunkenness, in lies, in beliefs, in murder, "each man according to the promptings of his particular devil." And in the next statement he expresses the theme most dominant in his work—the tragedy of man's conflict with himself: "There is no morality, no knowledge, and no hope...only a consciousness of ourselves which drives us about a world...always but a vain and floating appearance."[22]

But, in 1917, in another letter, he expressed the other aspect of the conflict. He said that "as a matter of fact all my concern has been with the 'ideal' value of things, events, and people. That and nothing else."[23] And his ideal, although uncertain in its particulars, was life as a search for truth. He saw it most positively in man's relationship to other men, in gainful experience and trustworthy people. One of the characters in his great novel, Lord Jim, asks about Jim: "Is he true?" Meaning, can he be trusted? Will he remain true to me? In Typhoon, his fine story of the sea, he shows the concrete, non-conceptual efficacy of an old captain who trusts his experience more than his instruments. That experience for him was true; it exists. Although Conrad had an attitude of skepticism towards the accomplishments of science, he may have seen his own ideal of truth threatened by such a "fatuous inanity" as the attempted bombing of the Greenwich Observatory. He expressed his firm opposition to such an act of destruction by tracing it as objectively as possible to its roots. Fear and moral unconsciousness were what his probe discovered. Behind the scorn of the narrative is Conrad's indomitable love for man's courage, and his strong sense of what is right and wrong in human behavior.

Inadvertently, Conrad gave impetus to a strong and sturdy offshoot of the detective novel. It yet remains for the genre to capture Conrad's moral impetus. Above all else, because of the author's own morality, The Secret Agent has stood the test of time and remains a powerful, and in many ways, unique work. This in spite of the fact that it is a pure abstraction of a negative concept. In the word "pest" in the last line, one feels the author's scorn as a strong, accusing moral hand pointing toward evil.

The Secret Agent may need to be seen in the mirror of truth, to paraphrase the author. A correction for immorality, or moral unconsciousness, is rationality. Man needs the ability to deal objectively with reality. He needs the ideal of truth and the strength of an objective morality. He must be able to trust himself. Each man needs to know that another man, or woman, can be trusted.

The "secret agent" in all of us is fear. It should be denied its deadly position in society. Then when the satan of man's existence, the "pest", walks among men, he will be recognized and seen for what he is. In all moral consciousness, who would want to follow him?

NOTES

1. Sir Walter Scott, Marmion.
2. See my article, "The Mystery in Conrad's Lord Jim," Individualist, Vol. 4, No. 2, 8-14.
3. John Lehmann, In My Own Time, Memoirs of a Literary Life (Boston, Little, Brown and Co., 1969), 349-50. Mr. Lehmann does not refer to Conrad or his novel, citing Graham Greene for

for an example. For a more up-to-date survey and assessment of the spy genre, see Jacques Barzun, "Meditations on the Literature of Spying," The American Scholar, Spring, 1965, 167-178. As usual, Mr. Barzun has many shrewd insights on particulars, and an apropos comment from Conrad in his conclusion.

4. An attempted bombing of the Greenwich Park Observatory on February 15, 1894. A number of studies of the novel have contrasted the real events with those depicted in the novel. The novel is not a realistic or naturalistic version of the 1894 event. For those who are curious about the facts, however, two interesting secondary sources are Jocelyn Baines' Joseph Conrad, A Critical Biography (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1960), 330-1 & 482, and Roderick Kedward, The Anarchists (New York, American Heritage Press, 1971), 18-19. The latter contains a reproduction of an illustrative account of the bombing taken from the Illustrated London News.
5. "Preface" to The Secret Agent in A Conrad Argosy (Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1942), 340.
6. Ibid, 341.
7. The Secret Agent in The Conrad Argosy, op. cit., 347.
8. Under Western Eyes (Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923), 151.
9. Letter to Richard Curle, July 14, 1923, in Walter F. Wright, editor, Joseph Conrad on Fiction (Lincoln, Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1967), 43-4: "...my unconventional grouping and perspective, which are purely temperamental and wherein almost all my 'art' consists..."
10. The Encyclopedia Britannica, 11th ed. (New York, Encyclopedia Britannica Co., 1911), Vol XIX, 955: "Greenwich, royal obs... Founded in 1675 for the promotion of astronomy and navigation. The obs. have therefore from the first been principally intended to determine the positions of standard stars, the sun and planets, and above all to follow the motion of the moon with as little interruption as possible, both on and outside the meridian..." The observatory also establishes Greenwich time, the basis for standard time throughout most of the world.
11. The Secret Agent, op. cit., 355.
12. Ibid, 452.
13. Ibid, 469.
14. Ibid, 471-2.
15. From Tage la Cour & Harald Mogensen's The Murder Book (New York, Herder & Herder, 1971), 122: "The first work...of importance in the spy genre...: 'The Secret Agent, by the Polish Exile, Joseph Conrad, whose work has a clear-cut anti-czarist tendency and who had first-hand experience of political underground activity...'" For another assessment, see Jacques Barzun & Wendell Taylor, A Catalogue of Crime (New York, Harper & Row, 1971), 136.
16. Letter to Richard Curle, April 24, 1922, in Wright, op. cit., 39: "...Explicitness...is fatal to the glamour of all artistic work, robbing it of all suggestiveness, destroying all illusion."
17. The Secret Agent, op. cit., 361.
18. "The Informer," in A Set of Six (Garden City, N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923), 88.
19. Ibid, 359.
20. "Preface" to The Nigger of the Narcissus in A Conrad Argosy, op. cit., 82.
21. In A Personal Record, quoted in E. H. Visiak, The Mirror of Conrad (New York, Humanities Press, 1968), 44-5, Conrad wrote: "The appearances of this perishable life are deceptive like everything that falls under the judgment of our imperfect senses..."
22. Letter, January 31, 1898, in Wright, op. cit., 14.
23. Letter to Sir Sidney Colvin, March 18, 1917, ibid, 35.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

PAPER CRIMES

BY FRED DUEREN

With a special nod to Luc Van de Ven I'd like to add a few comments in general about paperbacks before getting to the individual books. The crime/adventure books that are doing so well for Pinnacle Books and others here in the U.S. are now going more international. Reprint rights for the "Earl Drake", "Chopper Cop", "Dracula", and "Expeditor" series have been sold in England, France, Germany and a few other countries... Pinnacle is also introducing a new "Vigilante" series by V. J. Santiago in November... Popular Library has announced a science fiction series that is to include fifteen titles by Seabury Quinn about Jules de Grandin, the "occult Hercule Poirot." The stories originally appeared in Weird Tales magazine between 1924 and 1950. How much detection or crime they involve I don't know, but it sounds interesting... Penguin Books is coming out with a Father Brown gift Pack for Christmas: four titles—The Incredulity, The Innocence, The Secret, and The Wisdom of Father Brown... For those interested in paperbacks reviews (original and reprints) the New York Times "Criminals at Large" columns for 2/10/74, 4/14/74, 5/12/74, 7/14/74, 10/13/74, 1/26/75, 4/27/75, and 7/27/75 are devoted to paperbacks only.

Strike Zone by Richard Curtis (Warner, 1975, #3 in The Pro series) is a very modern book. Rookie Willie Hesketh is viciously mutilated when he attempts to cross a ball players' picket line. Dave Bolt is recruited by the Commissioner to find the attackers. After several trips across the country, the solution is handed to Bolt by one of his feminist aides. There's a lot of four letter words, sex talk, and continuous action. Attempting to tone down the violence evident in so many other series, Curtis tends to overwrite—unknown land is "terra incognita," chile "sears every mucous membrane in your cranial cavity..." But on the whole agent Bolt is not a bad detective, even if his elimination of suspects consists of talking to everyone involved until he's convinced that, one after another, each is innocent. The baseball scene is presented as big business, but is a strong lure for the sports-minded.

Although John Dickson Carr has been writing Victorian and period novels for about 20 years, it wasn't until the early 1970's that the idea really caught on. According to The Thieftaker by J. G. Jeffreys (Manor Books, 1975; orig. 1972), one of the early Bow Street Runners was Jeremy Sturrock. Sent out to Putney Heath to investigate the theft of Lady Hartingfield's jewels, he is soon involved in the murder of Lord Hartingfield himself. Sturrock is an overblown character, obviously thinking more of himself and his "art and mystery of detection" than do the country folk. But he does not misrepresent himself. Excellent for its deduction and logic, Thieftaker refrains from being dry or dull by a fair smattering of fights, chases and bawdy roughness.

If you haven't been following the adventures of Chip Harrison and Leo Haig, start with The Topless Tulip Caper by Harrison (Fawcett, 1975). It is an excellent parody/copy of the Nero Wolfe stories told by 19-year-old Chip (as Archie), who is as interested in sex as he is in murder. However, the story has enough plot to stand completely on its own. It starts with the poisoning of 123 tropical fish—Haig's own private passion—and soon leads to the killing of topless dancer Cherry Bounce. Chip witnessed the murder (by curare, of course) and later finds another body. The denouement comes at Haig's apartment with all the suspects and police detectives suitably called together. If you like the old ways at all, this is one not to miss.

For real characters as well as an exciting chase-suspense novel read Fifty-Two Pickup by Elmore Leonard (Dell, 1975; orig. 1974). Harry Mitchell is a hard-working, self-sufficient businessman who, like us all, still does some things he knows he shouldn't. He has an affair with a young girl and finds himself the victim of a blackmail scheme. These blackmailers are particularly ruthless and kill the girl when Mitchell balks at the payments, framing Mitchell in the process. In both self-defense and revenge Mitchell must locate the killers; and he does so with a skill and daring that will stimulate the most jaded of readers. Since Mitchell is the hero we expect him ultimately to win, but there are a few surprises and twists before it all ends. I won't hesitate at all to pick up the next book Leonard gives us.

Some Things Fierce and Fatal, edited by Joan Kahn, is pleasant reading for the short story fancier, though it does not live up to the promises of the cover and the title. The stories vary widely in range, scope and age—something for almost everyone except the pure logician. My own preferences were "Traveller's Joy"—a priest is the unexpected owner of a little red dragon that eats princesses; Stanley Ellin's "The Nine-to-Five Man"—ordinary crime in a methodical, businesslike manner; H. G. Wells' "The Magic Shop"—an impossible shop where magic is very real; and "The Turn of the Tide"—a ghoulish little tale of a man who found the perfect way to dispose of the body.

The most frustrating thing about A Killer in my Mind by Gary Blumberg (Warner, 1975) is that with a little effort and time it could have been a very good book. A well-known psychiatrist is called in to examine intensively a man accused of killing a popular black musician—to "crack" him for the cops. In an odd way, Blumberg has a good plot; it would have been better if some information of the alleged murder had been given at the beginning. As it is we don't know what happened until the end. We are as much in the dark as the psychiatrist, who

knows less about people and the way they behave than his client does. The characters are stereotypes, their actions are cliches, and the only surprise is what doesn't happen at the end rather than what does.

The Red Menace by Maxwell Grant (Pyramid, 1975; orig. 1931). After last issue's admirable review of The Crime Oracle and The Teeth of the Dragon, I don't want to spend too much time here on The Red Menace, but it is highly enjoyable escape reading. One of the earliest Shadow tales, it involves Communist spies and secret plans, beautiful girls and secret enemies. Harry Vincent and Claude Fellows assist the Shadow, who is able to slip completely unnoticed into and out of a room, successfully battle a whole gang of villains, and correctly deduce complete messages from blank cards.

Nick Carter's 100 by Nick Carter (Award, 1975) contains two novels (Dr. Death, 1975, and Run, Spy, Run, 1964) from the Killmaster series, the first and the most recent titles, and one short story, "The Preposterous Theft" from 1895. J. Randolph Cox has written a pleasing capsule biography of Carter as both author and detective. "The Preposterous Theft" is a classic deduction problem involving the disappearance of a ten ton safe. Although not too credible, it is a gem period piece. The bulk of the volume, though, consists of the two novels. Both give us a super hero/savior, defender of the U.S. who single-handedly (almost) defeats the super villains. Both have a share of sex, violence, and deduction, but Carter properly keeps his conclusions to himself until he's readly to explain. Similar to the James Bond books, Dr. Death is the better of the two. There is continuous action and movement, building to a rousing finale that holds attention; it's a good sample of the simple spy story without too many social commentaries or double and triple crosses.

Royalty checks aside, it is easy to see why Nicholas Meyer turned to editing tales of Sherlock Holmes—he was not overly successful in writing private eye stories. Target Practice (Pinnacle Books, 1975; orig. 1974) is the story of Mark Brill, a standardized guilt-bound California detective who gets on to a big case. He's 48 years old, an ex-cop, divorced, and a sticker to his principles. The case itself is a conglomerate of news headlines—Viet Nam atrocities, ex-POW's running for Congress, political corruption evident everywhere. But cliches start in a good idea, and if Meyer managed to use them all, some he used very well. There are a couple of surprises at the end, and if the truth seems obvious at the beginning, don't jump to conclusions. There's more than adequate drive to the narrative, and the villain's character is so well depicted that we are cheering for the detective in spite of himself.

* *

MOVIE NOTE

Doctor Socrates (Warner Brothers, 1935). Directed by William Dieterle. Produced by Robert Lord; screenplay by Robert Lord and Mary C. McAll, Jr. from a story by W. R. Burnett; Art Director, Anton Grot; Camera, Tony Gaudio; 8 reels. With Paul Muni, Ann Dvorak, Barton MacLane, Raymond Brown, Ralph Remley, Hal K. Dawson, Grace Stafford, Samuel S. Hinds, Marc Lawrence, Hobart Cavanagh, Sam Wren, Henry O'Neill, Edward McWade, William Burress, Mayo Methot, Robert Barrat, Carl Stockdale, John Kelly, Helen Lowell, John Eldredge, Ivan Miller, Adrian Morris, Grady Sutton, Joe Downing, Otis Harlan, Jack Norton, Tom Wilson, Robert Ellis, Milt Kibbee, Olin Howland, Frank Darien, Bill Elliott, Al Hill, June Travis.

The fact that Doctor Socrates stars Paul Muni, who that same year appeared in Black Fury, Border Town and The Story of Louis Pasteur, and was directed by Dieterle, who likewise the same year made Pasteur and A Midsummer Night's Dream, among others, gives the film today an aura of class and stature that it didn't deliberately seek in those days. 1935 was also the year of "G Men", and the film was no more and no less than an attempt to life a programmer to a more profitable commercial level by the combination of star, director and genre. It worked, although critics did feel that Muni was somewhat wasted, and that the gangster cycle was being so overdone that it was perhaps unnecessary to let it invade other areas as well. It's a well done film, however, one of the last of the tight and slick "little" films (mainly comedies and thrillers) that Dieterle turned out so expertly before being absorbed into the bigger prestige films like Zola and Juarez. It's well directed and paced, and the small-town atmosphere neatly etched in, though the film is too fast and brief for this latter aspect to be explored as thoroughly as it might have been. Barton MacLane dominates every scene he's in with is roaring, careless bravado and second nature sadism, and all our favorite hoods from the 30's give him able support. The story moves along at a good clip, and there's a grand bank robbery and car chase in the old tradition, with machine guns blazing quite indiscriminately in all directions, and a rip-snorter of a gun battle for the climax. One or two lines about the FBI, with no underlying meanings in 1935, unwittingly take on a little added significance today! Incidentally, the film was remade twice, once in the late thirties as King of the Underworld with Bogart in the MacLane role, Kay Francis in the Muni role and James Stephenson taking over from Ann Dvorak, and again in the early 40's as Bullet Scars (Regis Toomey in the Muni role), which William K. Howard directed in a very tight 50 minutes, using a lot of stock action footage from this first version. Incidentally, June Travis gets surprisingly high billing in the film's credits (though it's never listed in her biographies or the film's credits as printed in reference books) but only has literally a few frames of film as the camera pans past her (in medium shot) in the gangster's hideout. Presumably she was one of the sub-molls, and her role just got trimmed out.

——William K. Everson

A NOTE ON THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE "DR THORNDYKE" NOVELS

BY MICHAEL G. HEENAN

There are twenty-one "Dr. Thorndyke" novels and forty short stories.[1] Of the short stories, it has been said by Dr. Routley without much exaggeration that "there are only two references...which give us any idea of their dramatic date".[2] Nearly half the novels, on the other hand, contain passages which enable them to be dated with perfect precision and there are indications in most of the others of the year in which the action takes place. They can, therefore, be placed in order of dramatic date—an order radically different from the order of publication.

1. The Red Thumb Mark

Published in 1907 but written after The Mystery of 31 New Inn (see below), the dramatic date is fixed by "a leaf of my pocket memorandum block" which shows that the crime took place on 9th March 1901 (p. 181; page references throughout are to British first editions).

2. The Eye of Osiris

Third in order of writing, this book was published in 1911. The dramatic date is fixed at the inquest, when it is stated that the victim was last seen alive "at six o'clock in the evening, on the fourteenth of October, nineteen hundred and two" (p. 188)—which was two years before Thorndyke's investigation began.

3. The Mystery of 31 New Inn

Written first, published in 1912, apparently with some revisions to take account of Thumb Mark and Osiris; no exact dates are given in the text. Jervis' statement on p. 1 that "the adventure...inaugurated my permanent association with my learned and talented friend" makes the action follow Thumb Mark and precede Osiris. This is confirmed (pp. 39, 41) when the narrator states that he "had been associated with him temporarily in one case" which "the newspapers called 'The Case of the Red Thumb Mark'." At the opening of the book it is dark by eight in the evening and Thorndyke had been trying "for months" (p. 88) to persuade Jervis to join him. We may therefore take the date to be the early autumn of 1901.

4. A Silent Witness

The story, published in 1914, begins "on a certain September night" (p. 1). The battle of Saarbrueck (31st July-6th August 1870) in the Franco-Prussian War was "more than thirty years ago" (p. 292). We may perhaps stretch that sufficiently to place the events after those of Osiris and call it the autumn of 1905.

5. Helen Vardon's Confession

Eight years separate this book from its predecessor in real time but it is set in 1908, less than three years after A Silent Witness. The beginning is fixed by the date, 21st April 1908, of Helen's agreement with Mr. Otway (p. 33).

6. The Cat's Eye

The action begins on "a certain evening near the end of the long vacation" (p. 1). According to the preface (dated 19th June 1923) the author had to "lay the book aside in order to complete some other work", otherwise it would have been published before an attempt on the life of Sir William Horwood (9th November 1922)[3] which resembled an incident in the book. The dramatic date is perhaps a couple of years before the year of composition. A boy "of about twelve" (p. 20) when the book begins is still "growing apace" when the narrator pens his short epilogue (p. 304). The autumn of the year 1920 would seem to be about right.

7. The Mystery of Angelina Frood

Uncharacteristically, there seems to be a tendency to avoid dates in this book. When incidents occur similar to those which in other books are utilized to give an exact date, it is here withheld—for example, the half-way summary (with several days and months specified), the inquest, the receipted bill "dated the 19th April". Other evidence is conflicting. "The singular experience remained with" the narrator "for long after" (p. 9); one of the characters "rises before the eye of memory as I write" (p. 83); "the blessed consequences still continue to develop like the growth of a fair tree" (p. 320); all reminiscent of the vists of the years in The D'Arblay Mystery; yet the spirit of the book seems to be that of the early twenties in which it was written (1923)[4] and published (1924). Thus in the absence of any specific indication to the contrary I take it that we are entitled to assume that like the average novel it is set in the immediate past—the summer of 1922. Certainly there is nothing in the text to preluce such a setting. If it is accepted, this is the first of the novels not to be set in a period some years before its real date. The events take place between "the end of April" (p. 97) and the end of July.

8. The Shadow of the Wolf

The events of this novel, published in 1925, begin "at about half-past on a fine, sunny, June morning" (p. 7) and the letter which brings Thorndyke into the story was posted that evening, the 23rd of June, 1911 (p. 48).

9. The D'Arblay Mystery

Published in 1926, the action begins "on a sunny morning in early autumn" "on which I

look back through the vista of some twenty years"—so we are back to 1906 or thereabouts.

10. A Certain Dr. Thorndyke

Leaving aside Book I, in which Thorndyke has no part, we find that Part II of this book, which was published in 1927, begins with a crime committed "about six years ago" (p. 182). That date is, however, given within the narrative and is therefore no indication of the book's "present". In the absence of other indications we may presume, as in the case of Angelina Frood, that the immediate past is intended—that is, the spring of the year 1926.

11. As a Thief in the Night

There is nothing in this book, published in 1928, to fix the date with exactitude although a reference in the final paragraph to the narrator's friendship with Thorndyke, which has "endured through the passing years", allows us to suppose that the "Women's Freedom League" with its headquarters in Knightrider Street, Maidstone (p. 67) was a Suffragette organization, in which case we are cast back to a date anterior to 1918; if that is accepted then the ready availability of "German candles" (several references) may allow us to push it back still further to the autumn of 1913. As none of the later novel-length cases is adduced, a reference (p. 127) to "the Hornby case, the case of Blackmore, deceased, the Bellingham case, and a number of others" (which could be short stories) offers some corroboration and alerts us to the possibility that the book may have been sketched out many years before it was published.[5]

12. Mr. Pottermack's Oversight

Again we are free to assume that the action of the book, published in 1930, takes place in the recent past—say, the summer of 1929.

13. Pontifex, Son and Thorndyke

Published in 1931, this book recounts among other things the investigation of a murder which took place on 15th July 1903 (p. 175).

14. When Rogues Fall Out

Jervis' "years of intimacy" (p. 79) with Superintendent Miller are consonant with a date in the recent past. The year of publication being 1932, however, seems to allow the murderer—an old "friend"—an inordinately long run of some thirty years' freedom since the commission of his first crime. For that reason, we can only tentatively put the action in the summer of 1931.

15. Dr. Thorndyke Intervenes

This book was published in 1933 and the action takes place in the autumn of 1921, when Mr. Christopher Josiah Pippet "began seriously to consider raising the claim...to his legitimate heritage" (p. 120).

16. For the Defence: Dr. Thorndyke

The events of this book, published in 1934, are set in motion by a letter written by one of the characters on 21st August 1928 (p. 10).

17. The Penrose Mystery

In the course of this investigation, which was published in 1936, Mr. Kickweed received a letter, purporting to be dated 26th March 1935 (p. 165), from his employer, who was last seen on "the seventeenth of October [1934]" (p. 63).

18. Felo de Se?

The case, published in 1937, begins on "an autumn evening in the year 1929" (p. 12).

19. The Stoneware Monkey

The narrator of this book, which was published in 1938, first becomes involved in the action "on a warm September night" (p. 1) of the year 1930 (p. 174).

20. Mr. Polton Explains

This, like A Certain Dr. Thorndyke, is in two parts, but here the doctor appears in both. Part I is an account of Polton's childhood and youth and his first meeting with Thorndyke; we may therefore say that it antedates The Red Thumb Mark (see above). Part II begins with a fire which took place on 19th April (p. 176) in the year 1936 (p. 202). The book was published in 1940 and faithfully follows the outline of Polton's life given by Thorndyke to Jervis on pp. 22, 23 of Thumb Mark.

21. The Jacob Street Mystery

This, the last Thorndyke book, was published in 1942. The action begins on "a pleasant, sunny afternoon near the end of May" (p. 1) in the year 1930 (p. 113).

From the dates of publication of these books and the dates of the action as given above, we obtain the following chronology; the order of publication is given (with the date in round brackets) and, as a reminder, the order of composition of the first three books is given in square brackets.

	Title	Date of Action	Sequence (Year of Publication)
0	Mr. Polton Explains (Part I)	ante 1901	20 (1940)
1	The Red Thumb Mark	March 1901	1 (1907) [2]
2	The Mystery of 31 New Inn	late 1901	3 (1912) [1]
3	Pontifex, Son and Thorndyke	1903	13 (1931)

	Title	Date of Action	Sequence (Year of Publication)
4	The Eye of Osiris	1904	2 (1911) [3]
5	A Silent Witness	1905	4 (1914)
6	The D'Arblay Mystery	1906	9 (1926)
7	Helen Vardon's Confession	1908	5 (1922)
8	The Shadow of the Wolf	1911	8 (1925)
9	As a Thief in the Night	1913	11 (1928)
10	The Cat's Eye	1920	6 (1923)
11	Dr. Thorndyke Intervenes	1921	15 (1933)
12	The Mystery of Angelina Frood	1922	7 (1924)
13	A Certain Dr. Thorndyke	1926	10 (1927)
14	For the Defence: Dr. Thorndyke	1928	16 (1934)
15	Mr. Pottermack's Oversight	Summer 1929	12 (1930)
16	Felo de Se?	Autumn 1929	18 (1937)
17	The Jacob Street Mystery	May 1930	21 (1942)
18	The Stoneware Monkey	Autumn 1930	19 (1938)
19	When Rogues Fall Out	1931	14 (1932)
20	The Penrose Mystery	1935	17 (1936)
21	Mr. Polton Explains (Part II)	1936	20 (1940)

NOTES

1. Norman Donaldson, In Search of Dr. Thorndyke (Bowling Green, Ohio, 1971).
2. Erik Routley, The Puritan Pleasures of the Detective Story (London, 1972), p. 66. Searches in a good run of Kelly's Post Office Directory of London ("one of Thorndyke's favourite books of reference") should enable some scholar to arrive at a close approximation to the date of "A Wastrel's Romance" (Famous Cases, pp. 137-75, especially p. 165). There cannot be many issues of the directory in which all the necessary conditions are fulfilled. Incidentally, Pearce Duff were (and still are) baking powder, not blacklead, manufacturers. The attribution looks like one of Freeman's rare slips; perhaps he misread, in a hurried glance, Kelly's abbreviated bkg. pwdr. mfrs. Moreover, it seems likely that the reference in "The Moabite Cipher" to "a Russian Grand Duke, who had torn himself away, amidst valedictory explosions, from a loving if too demonstrative people" (Famous Cases, p. 338)may have been prompted by the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergei on the 17th February 1905. On the other hand, good taste would seem to require that some time at least should elapse before so facetious a comment should be made on an event of that kind.
3. Donaldson, pp. 146-47.
4. Donaldson, pp. 150-51.
5. In that case the dramatic date may well be as early as 1905.

* *

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

ARCHER IN HOLLYWOOD: THE "BARBAROUS COAST" OF ROSS MACDONALD[1]

BY DAVID J. GEHERIN

There is certainly nothing unusual about a writer who uses Hollywood either as setting or as symbol in his fiction. Good novelists—F. Scott Fitzgerald, Nathaniel West, Norman Mailer, Joan Didion, to name only a few—and bad—Jacqueline Susann, to name only one—have written Hollywood novels. Nor is there anything unusual about a mystery writer using Hollywood, as readers of Raymond Chandler well know. But what is unique about Ross Macdonald is that he has been using Hollywood materials in his fiction for well over two decades and, although he has written only two novels which can, strictly speaking, be called Hollywood novels, all of his fiction is influenced by, and expresses variations on, that aspect of the American dream known as the Hollywood myth. By examining the entire Lew Archer series one can see a remarkably rich and subtly changing picture which reflects changes in Macdonald's artistry, his attitude toward Hollywood, and the nature of Hollywood itself.

We must begin, of course, with Lew Archer who, as narrator and guide, forces us to see things as he sees them, and his perspective is a distinctly Hollywood one. A veteran of ten years as a "Hollywood peeper" involved in divorce cases, a friend to many in the movie industry, a resident of West Hollywood who works out of an office on Sunset Strip, Archer is no stranger to his world. In fact, his whole narrative style testifies to his intimacy with his environment. When a character in The Ivory Grin accuses him of being very Hollywoodish, he says it is his "protective coloration;" his ability to blend in with his surroundings like a chameleon not only serves his investigative procedures well but also gives his narratives their distinctive voice and characteristic Hollywood atmosphere. Archer's language is peppered with descriptions, metaphors, similes, and images drawn from the movies. Moreover, Archer himself illustrates one version of the archetypal Hollywood dream: he reveals in The Barbarous Coast that he became a policeman in the first place because of his fascination with a detective hero in the Saturday afternoon movie matinees he watched as a boy on Long Beach.

But, despite this intimacy with his milieu, Archer is never one of them: just as he stands outside society in general, he remains the stranger in Hollywood. Significantly, his Hollywood friends are never the famous actors or glamorous actresses; his contacts are the obscure script writers and agents. His duel perspective of insider and outsider, much like Nick Carraway's in The Great Gatsby, gives him the advantage and the authority of one who sees all, but who doesn't like what he sees. His worm's eye view of the world is convincing in the reality of its observation, but his integrity is never compromised.

Macdonald's early use of Hollywood can be seen at its clearest and clumsiest in a short story, "Find the Woman," published in The Name is Archer (1955), although obviously written much earlier since it deals with Archer's first post-war case. He is hired by Millicent Dreen, publicity director for Tele-Pictures, to find her daughter. In a thoroughly unbelievable plot twist, Archer discovers that Mrs. Dreen has arranged for her own daughter's death in a fit of jealous rage when she discovers her lover has become engaged to her daughter. The less said about the plot, the better. The story's primary purpose seems to be to introduce the character of Archer as a private eye with Hollywood contacts: his friends include a screen writer and a girl who feeds gossip to a Hollywood columnist. What dominates in the story is a crude and heavy-handed satire on Hollywood and its shady characters, its artistic values (Mrs. Dreen equates trashy scripts with financial success) and its moral bankruptcy (Mrs. Dreen stoops to killing her daughter to preserve her own threatened love life).

The case is pretty much the same with The Moving Target (1949), the first Lew Archer novel. Movie characters and Hollywood scenes create atmosphere and, once again, are used as objects of Archer's scorn. Among the characters he encounters in the course of his investigation of a kidnapping are Russell Hunt, an old friend who, in typical Hollywood fashion, has sold his creative soul to become a Hollywood script-writer, and Fay Estabrook, an aging movie star now forced to accept bit roles in films. Neither character has much to do with the main business of the novel: both exist as stereotypes used to evoke conventional responses to Hollywood's destructive power over individuals. Archer does get to visit a movie set at Tele-Picture studios, a scene which has no relation whatsoever to the story except to allow him to comment, rather gratuitiously, that evil "hung in studio air like an odorless gas" (p. 29).[2]

Hollywood is treated in much this same way in the next four Archer novels, The Drowning Pool (1950), The Way Some People Die (1951), The Ivory Grin (1952), and Find a Victim (1954). In these books, Archer occasionally calls on his Hollywood contacts for information and once even poses as a literary agent for a Hollywood producer in The Drowning Pool. None of the Hollywood material is integral to these novels. But what does begin to emerge with greater insistence is Archer's disillusioned attitude toward Hollywood. Macdonald is beginning to use Hollywood less as simply the location of evil or absurd characters and more as a symbol of a dream which proves to be destructive. Archer still scores a number of cheap shots at Hollywood's expense. Unable to find a parking place in downtown Hollywood, he grumbles that they are "as scarce as the cardinal virtues" there (The Way Some People Die, p. 50). But there are other references which indicate that Macdonald is moving beyond the use of

Hollywood as such an obvious target. Driving toward Hollywood in The Way Some People Die, Archer remarks, "I felt as if I were passing through dream country, trying to remember the dream that went along with the landscape and not being able to" (p. 112). What is beginning to develop is Macdonald's use of Hollywood as a metaphor for the American dream, as the magic kingdom where people can fulfill their fantasies of success, power, and wealth. Or think they can, for what usually happens is that the dreamer awakens and finds his dream has broken up on the hard ground of reality. Hollywood is dream country, but only in the imagination.

It is this theme which receives its fullest treatment in The Barbarous Coast (1956), Macdonald's most characteristic Hollywood novel. Actually, Macdonald does not totally abandon his previous concern with the satiric possibilities of Hollywood. Once again, we have tasteless Hollywood producers who toss eager young starlets into swimming pools, famous actors who pay their mistresses off by arranging their abortions, and the usual supply of varnished young actresses. Here too we have scenes at lavish Beverly Hills mansions, at Anton's Ballet School on Sunset Strip, and at a motion picture studio. We also meet yet another incarnation of the Scott Fitzgerald stereotype, Sammy Swift, an alcoholic writer who compromises his creative ideals and agrees to re-write a happy ending to Flaubert's Salammbo to fulfill Hollywood's expectations. But unlike the earlier novels, where characters and situations like these are simply tacked onto the novel, the Hollywood material moves to the center of the stage. What had remained at the level of local color or atmosphere in the other books now becomes an integral part of the theme of The Barbarous Coast.

Early in the novel, Archer examines a picture in the office of Clarence Bassett, the director of a private Malibu club who has hired Archer to find Hester Campbell, a beautiful young girl who has run awqy from her Canadian husband, George Wall, and who has now disappeared in Hollywood. In the picture, Archer sees three divers, a young man and two beautiful young girls: "Their bodies hung clear of the tower against a light summer sky, arched in identical swan dives, caught at the height of their parabolas before gravity took hold and snatched them back to earth" (p. 11). The three figures are Gabrielle Torres, who was murdered several months before Hester's disappearance; Lance Leonard, born Manuel Torres, Gabrielle's cousin, an ex-boxer now under contract to Helio-Graff Studios; and Hester Campbell, who, it turns out, has left her husband to return to Hollywood, where she was born, because she has movies in her blood and wants to become a movie star. Before the novel ends, Lance and Hester are dead too; Lance is shot in the eye and Hester is found burned to a crisp, both killed because of their involvement in a scheme to blackmail Bassett. The picture on the wall all to clearly prefigures their eventual fates: buoyed by their dreams of success in Hollywood, all three are tragically brought to earth by the reality of the world they seek to escape. Little did Archer know how accurate he was when he described their "swan dives." It is clear that none of the three can be viewed as totally innocent victims of the system. Gabrielle is killed as a result of her affair with Simon Graff, head of Helio-Graff Studios, and the other two are involved in extortion. But what Macdonald clearly wishes to illustrate is the lengths to which people will go in pursuit of their dreams of money and success, and the price they often find they are called upon to pay for those dreams: in this case, death for all three. For each, the Hollywood dream becomes a nightmare and, in vividly grotesque fashion, the dream literally turns to ashes for Hester, whose body is found burned almost beyond recognition.

In this novel, Macdonald is squarely in the tradition of American novelists, dating back to West and Fitzgerald in the thirties, who use Hollywood as a symbol of the pursuit of the American dream of success, power, and happiness. But things never turn out the way they are supposed to in this scenario, only in the movies, where happy endings are expected. Or, as Archer says in The Barbarous Coast:

> *Hollywood started as a meaningless dream, invented for money. But its colors ran, out through the holes in people's heads, spread across the landscape and solidified. North and south along the coast, east across the desert, across the continent. Now we were stuck with the dream without a meaning. It had become the nightmare that we lived in (p. 72).*

The nightmare that we live in is identified in Macdonald's books with modern American society as it is lived in that whole affluent megalopolis stretching from Santa Barbara to San Diego. The spiritual center of that nightmare is Hollywood; indeed, the spiritual center of America, as Macdonald sees it, is Hollywood. In his introduction to Archer in Hollywood, Macdonald writes:

> *If California is a state of mind, Hollywood is where you take its temperature. There is a peculiar sense in which this city existing mainly on film and tape is our national capital, alas, and not just the capital of California. It's the place where our children learn how and what to dream and where everything happens just before, or just after, it happens to us (p. viii).*

In The Barbarous Coast, Macdonald identifies Hollywood with the failure of the American dream and establishes it as a controlling metaphor which extends outwards eventually encompassing the whole Archer series.

In this respect, Macdonald has an advantage over most authors who write their "Hollywood novels" and then move on to other concerns. Each Archer novel exists in the context of

the rest. Therefore, since Macdonald can count on a certain amount of reader identification and carryover from one novel to another, he is able to establish motifs, themes and myths which resonate throughout the series: the Oedipal myth, the search for the father, the effect of the past on the present, etc. As a result he can establish Hollywood as the spiritual capital and symbolic center for his view of the world without having to deal with Hollywood material specifically, or at great length, in each of the novels.

As his novelistic skills developed, Macdonald became more skillful at embodying his themes metaphorically and symbolically rather than by simply expressing them through Archer's narrative comments. The scene in The Barbarous Coast where Archer visits Helio-Graff illustrates this new treatment. George Wall, Hester's husband, has broken through the studio gate and is running through the lot looking for his missing wife. As two studio thugs pursue him, Archer watches from a window: "They ran on in the dust, up Western Street, through the fake tranquility of Midwestern Town...Ahead of George, in South Sea Village, Lashman jumped into sight around the corner of a palm-thatched hut" (p. 66). This pursuit through the almost fairy-tale city ends in violence, with the very real blood of Wall and Archer spilling out over dreamland. The artificial sets provide no protection from the reality of violence; when the dream is shattered, as it is for most of the characters in this novel, real blood spills out through the puncture holes. Unlike the studio scene in The Moving Target, this one is not only integrally related to the plot, but also takes on symbolic significance in the context of the theme of the novel.

As usual in a Macdonald novel, the family relationships in The Barbarous Coast are intricate and convoluted. Helio-Graff Studios was formed by the marriage of Simon Graff, a former assistant director of quickie Westerns, and Isobel Heliopolous, the daughter of a movie producer. It was a marriage of convenience arranged by her father; her real love is Clarence Bassett, whose roots are not in Hollywood (perhaps no one's are) but in early America: he can trace his ancestry back to William Bassett, a pioneer American settler, who landed in Massachusetts in 1634. This love triangle is further complicated by another "marriage," this one between Graff and Carl Stern, a gangster who is reputed to have been one of Anastasia's hired killers suspected of murdering over thirty people in his career. He is blackmailing Graff into fronting for him in the operation of a Las Vegas hotel called, of all things, The Casbah. This intricate conjunction of Hollywood glamour, early American heritage, and organized crime is responsible for all the violence in the novel. Furthermore, it suggests a kind of symbiotic relationship which illustrates Macdonald's point about the identification of Hollywood myth and American dream whose false promises and artificial exteriors cannot hide forever the barbarous reality underneath.

The Hollywood myth is not always destructive, as Archer's own life demonstrates. He discovers in the novel that Hester Campbell's father was a swashbuckling silent movie star whose serials Archer never missed as a boy growing up in Long Beach. He admits that Campbell's Inspector Fate of Limehouse series planted the dream of becoming a policeman in the mind of the young Archer. When the life of a cop went sour for him, it was the memory of Inspector Fate which pulled him out of the police force and into his career as a private detective. Why does Archer's dream turn out well, and the others so tragically? Luck, perhaps. Character, maybe. Or possibly it is simply that Archer's dream never exceeds his capabilities. Whatever the reason, the fact that Archer turns out all right in no way nullifies the largely pessimistic view toward Hollywood which informs the novel.

Hollywood does not reappear with any real significance in the next several Archer novels until The Far Side of the Dollar (1965), almost ten years later. In the interim, there are the usual number of off-hand references to Hollywood which color all of Archer's narratives. But with this novel, Macdonald returns to those Hollywood elements he used so successfully in The Barbarous Coast. The them of The Far Side of the Dollar is one of Macdonald's favorites: a boy's search for his real parents. But within the context of that theme, Macdonald introduces several elements which relate this novel to the earlier one. For example, Carol Brown, whom Tom Hillman discovers to be his real mother, originally came to Hollywood as a beautiful sixteen-year-old girl from Idaho to make it in the movies, to become what an agent who knew her calls "a really wholesome Marilyn" (p. 82). What she becomes instead is pregnant and now, twenty years later, when she tries to contact her son, she gets herself killed by the boy's adopted mother. Like so many of the characters in these novels, she was drawn to the West Coast by the magic lure of Hollywood, and like the others, instead of having her dreams fulfilled, she finds only disappointment and eventually death. Her story illustrates what Archer meant when he described the corner of Hollywood and Vine in The Moving Target as the place "where everything ends and a great many things begin" (p. 33). But it never is a fair exchange, because what one gets is seldom worth what one has to give up.

Carol Brown's nightmare begins in the Barcelona Hotel, once an elegant watering spot for famous Hollywood stars, now a deserted, bankrupt reminder of the past. With its broken windows, flaking paint, and threadbare furnishings, it reminds Archer of a ghost house; entering it, he feels "like an archaeologist exploring the interior of a pyramid" (p. 138). The hotel, now "dead as Ninevah," symbolizes the dead past, specifically Hollywood's glamorous past. Once filled with life, where Carol Brown in fact conceived her child, the Barcelona is now linked only with death; two people are murdered there. No longer is Macdonald interested in satirizing Hollywood's follies, for Hollywood is dead; not only the dream, but also the

place. A distinct note of sadness sounds throughout The Far Side of the Dollar. In the earlier novels, Hollywood was pictured as a place to be avoided, as a den of iniquity. Now it is a relic to be examined. The Hollywood which attracted the Carol Browns of America in 1945 no longer exists. All that remains is a tawdry reminder of the way things were.

Obviously, no writer can mine a vein of material forever without falling into the trap of either repeating or parodying himself. Macdonald has been cautious in his use of Hollywood, devoting only two novels specifically to it, diffusing the rest of his Hollywood material over a number of books. In his later novels, notably The Underground Man (1971) and Sleeping Beauty (1973), he has all but abandoned Hollywood in favor of new metaphors for this themes. Natural disasters—forest fires and oil spills—now embody his thematic concerns the way Hollywood once did. It is obvious that Macdonald went about as far as he could with his Hollywood material without straining the detective novel format too severely. Also, Hollywood is no longer the compelling symbol it once was in the popular consciousness as the Land of Oz where dreams come true. It is certainly not true that oustanding Hollywood novels can no longer be written, as recent novels such as Joan Didion's Play It As It Lays (1970) and Cynthia Buchanan's Maiden (1972) ably demonstrate. But writers who use Hollywood today must find new ways to do so.

In Robert Altman's recent perversely witty film version of Raymond Chandler's The Long Goodbye, Elliott Gould, as Philip Marlowe, seems lost and out of place in contemporary Hollywood. Very much the romantic in a real world, Marlowe gets his comeuppance when he discovers at the end of the film that his friend, Terry Lennox, who he thought was dead and whose name he is trying to clear, is very much alive and well and living the good life in Mexico. Surprised, disappointed, confused, Marlowe, in Chandler's 1953 novel, is left pondering the lesson he has just learned. However, in Altman's movie, Marlowe pulls out his gun, shoots Lennox, and skips away, dancing to the sounds of "Hooray for Hollywood." The change from the romantic sentimentality of the book to the cynical absurdity of the movie twenty years later parallels one of the essential changes in Macdonald's use of Hollywood during the same period. More than just inheriting Chandler's hardboiled style of writing detective novels, Macdonald inherited Chandler's Los Angeles. But where Hollywood still had something of the romantic aura for Chandler, and for Macdonald in the early novels, it has become an increasingly realistic and unromantic place. Lew Archer finds that Philip Marlowe's romantic world has become his nightmare world. Macdonald stops short of expressing Archer's nightmare world in the extreme manner that Altman does in his movie, but an overview of his fiction shows an unmistakable progression away from romanticism and toward realism.

In the final analysis, there is perhaps nothing profoundly original about Ross Macdonald's use of Hollywood. He never, for example, creates his own myth about it, as West did in The Day of the Locust. But his use of it is skillful and, considering his themes, almost inevitable. In all of his fiction, he is concerned with people who try to evade the past, who try to create dream lives divorced from reality. What better symbol for his theme than Hollywood, the dream capital, where mundane reality is constantly reshaped and romanticized. This marriage between theme and symbol in Macdonald's books has been a fruitful one indeed.

NOTES

1. This paper was presented at the Popular Culture Association Conference, Spring, 1974.
2. All references are to the Bantam paperback editions of Macdonald's novels and page numbers are included parenthetically in the text.

* *

FIND THE NAME PUZZLE

BY LINDA GAMBINO

In the puzzle at the right, look for the last names of 20 mystery writers and their 20 creations. Look up, down, forward, backward, and diagonally. The names are always in a straight line.

Then when you have found the 40 names, match the authors with their fictional characters.

Answers are found on page 16

R	P	E	T	E	R	G	I	A	M	M	I	C	C	P	E	T	X
A	J	C	F	R	S	E	I	T	S	I	R	H	C	B	O	N	D
L	Q	N	Y	A	D	I	L	L	A	H	E	A	A	T	T	U	N
P	E	A	E	R	M	D	E	S	M	S	P	R	U	M	O	S	A
M	L	V	S	T	A	F	Q	U	T	A	S	T	A	P	M	R	U
E	Y	B	M	G	L	U	A	E	S	O	N	E	N	N	C	E	Q
T	O	R	I	O	P	G	R	I	E	T	U	R	W	O	N	G	R
F	D	X	W	W	O	T	N	H	R	N	S	I	O	N	E	G	A
I	N	S	O	M	O	V	A	I	D	D	Y	S	R	E	I	I	M
Q	A	X	A	N	A	M	L	E	M	E	K	A	B	M	L	B	G
Y	N	S	A	Y	M	S	B	C	F	E	J	A	H	I	E	R	A
K	O	H	L	E	E	F	E	N	A	L	L	I	P	S	H	R	R
N	C	P	T	M	B	R	P	O	L	L	I	F	A	X	K	E	D
W	P	T	L	B	B	O	S	A	D	N	O	M	M	U	R	D	N
S	T	O	U	T	T	R	M	S	B	B	I	T	J	J	U	Q	E
C	H	A	R	L	E	S	W	E	N	I	D	N	A	V	O	O	R

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS

Suddenly at His Residence by Christianna Brand. Bodley Head, 1947.

References to Christianna Brand in TAD are few and far between and it seems that she is perhaps less celebrated in America than she should be. Between 1941 and 1955, she produced 8 novels, all except one classical, closed-circle whodunits; the exception, Cat and Mouse, is a gothic mystery. More recently, there have been two volumes of short stories, What Dread Hand and Brand X, the former much the better value since the latter is short on crime and includes autobiographical pieces and non-criminous stories, agreeable but, to an obsessive, irrelevant. (In addition, there are two novels, The Three-Cornered Halo, perhaps best characterized as a jeu d'esprit, and Court of Foxes, a historical extravagance; Heaven Knows Who, a serious study of the trial of Jessie McLachlan; and books for children including one listed by Barzun & Taylor, Welcome to Danger—I've never seen this book, but have the author's assurance that it's for younger readers.)

Apart from Death in High Heels, a prentice work inspired by hatred of a fellow worker, according to the Penguin note on C.B., all her whodunits aspire to and attain classic status. Heads You Lose is the one in which the victim proclaims that she wouldn't be seen dead in a ditch wearing that hat, only to be found shortly after in precisely that condition; Green for Danger became a famous film, and contains, among other delights and distinctions, one of the finest red herrings ever invented (red, indeed); London Particular has the eponymous fog shrouding everything and features one of the most daring examples of authorial cunning that has ever taken by breath away; and Tour de Force has Cockie (Insp. Cockrill) grimly on holiday abroad and investigating a particularly bold and brilliant murder (built, incidentally, around a plot-device that recurs in Nicholas Blake's The Widow's Cruise). Death of Jezebel I recall less clearly because I don't possess a copy of it—and when I mentioned this fact in a letter to Miss Brand, she promptly sent me hers, which she described as "the only copy left in the world"!

There remains Suddenly at His Residence (The Crooked Wreath in America) which I mentioned recently in a letter as rather below the best of CB's output. Since then, I have re-read the book and repent of that judgment. It is, in fact, a dazzling achievement, featuring two "impossible" murders, keeping alive to the very end the possibility that any of the six suspects might be guilty, and reserving the true explanation of how the first murder was done for the closing page of the narrative.

How could anyone have killed Sir Richard? The paths leading to the lodge in which he spent the night were newly sanded just before dark, and only the footprints of those who discover him dead the next morning disturb their immaculate surface. It's an impossible crime and no one could have done it—but the author goes on to show us that any of her suspects could have done it, and, as she nurses the tensions and neuroses of her inflammable little house-party, she springs on us complex and plausible theories to incriminate, in turn, each of the six relatives of Sir Richard, and the gardener, who becomes the second victim.

The second death occurs in bizarre circumstances pointing to guilty suicide, and with a dying confession written in the dust, that convinces even Cockie (but see how Miss Brand disposes of that one!). Again, the explanation of an impossible crime has an ingenuity worthy of a master, and to look back at the account of how the victim was lying, after learning the truth, is to savour to the full the author's skill. Only in retrospect, like this, can one see how daring Miss Brand is: again and again, she points even to the final revelation, playing with ideas and images that hint at the truth (see p. 80 of the Penguin edition!).

She prepares us very shrewdly for the final revelation in terms of character, too: no one escapes suspicion, but there is an intensity peculiar to the description of the murderer's emotions. Only in the treatment of Edward, the "baby" of the family, supposedly subject to mental lapses, does the author's judgment falter a little. Wanting to have her cake and eat it, she makes a joke of Edward's mental insecurity, opening the book with a satirical account of his visit to a psychiatrist, only to invoke it later in deadly earnest, when the action requires it: the transition from the "darling little psychopath" of the opening to the frantic youth "with burning eyes and horribly shaking hands" is in some ways an awkward one.

Cockie moves implacably through it all, "small, brown and bright-eyed, a dusty little old sparrow...hopping and darting this way and that in search of crumbs of information", rolling, as ever, "a chain of untidy, wispy cigarettes." He has known the family for years, but is very much on his mettle, resisting any appeal to sentiment, speaking "sarcastically", "tartly", "austerely", "maliciously", "impatiently" and "sourly" in his attempt to make them accept that one of them is a murderer. Fate intervenes at the end, but Cockie remains in control, producing the evidence that clinches the killer's guilt in the closing sentences of the book.

——B. A. Pike

Death to the Rescue by Milward Kennedy. Gollancz, 1931.

This is an unusual, non-formula detective novel.

To begin with, there is a titillating introduction in the form of a letter addressed to Anthony Berkeley. Then there is a narrative related in the first person by a snooping, obnoxious, unpleasant, egocentric and ugly amateur detective, investigating a series of crimes committed by his neighbors many years before. He is somewhat reminiscent of the anti-hero of Richard Hull's classic The Murder of My Aunt.

And just when the painstaking effort and the accumulation of clues begin to pay off, on the threshold of a neat solution, the author shifts gears toward an unexpected, grim channel,

topped by another ironic, shocking twist.

——Amnon Kabatchnik

From Whose Bourne by Robert Barr. Copyright, 1888. Stokes, 1895.

This author's most famous contribution to the genre is The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont (1906), an outstanding collection of short stories, selected for the Haycraft-Queen List, and containing the classic "The Absent-Minded Coterie" that has seen much service in anthologies. Several critics have commented that the slightly comic Valmont was a precursor to the better known M. Hercule Poirot.

But no one seems to know very much about From Whose Bourne. It isn't even listed in Who Done It? or TAD's update. [It will still appear in the latter, under the byline Luke Sharp, as it was first issued.——AJH] Yet, it anticipates Guy Cullingford's Post Mortem, which certainly seemed to be original to the critics who reviewed it on its appearance in 1953, by well over half a century.

In the Barr novel, we have William Brenton complaining to his wife, at their Christmas Eve party, of feeling unwell. He goes upstairs to lie down for a while in the hope that he will soon recover.

He doesn't. In fact, he dies. That is, his body dies, but some part of him doesn't. This "spirit" insists on "hanging around"—in spite of the best advice his new "spirit" friends can offer.

This Brenton is, of course, quite unhappy about his new situation, and he is absolutely powerless to make his presence felt by anyone he has left behind—including his grieving wife.

This peculiar situation is complicated with a vengeance when morphine is discovered in his dead body, and his wife is arrested for murder and brought to trial.

Brenton and his new friends try to do some investigating on their own in order to clear Mrs. Brenton's name. They even consult that famous French sleuth M. Lecocq (sic), but he doesn't prove to be too helpful.

Although immaterial, they do have some slight influence on those left behind, but their efforts prove to be more hindrance than help.

Fortunately, a Chicago reporter, George Stratton, who has more than a passing interest in Mrs. Brenton, turns detective and is able to reach the true and logical reason for Brenton's demise.

This very short, slightly philosophical combination of mystery and fantasy is a completely unknown novel of some historical interest. It contains a good deal of pleasant entertainment, and is worth seeking out.

——Charles Shibuk

Halo in Brass by John Evans. Bobbs Merrill, 1949.

Recently I spent a leisurely hour getting knee cramps while trying to piece together a complete run of Dell Mapbacks. During my search I came across a Pocket Books edition of a title by John Evans that I remembered was on my wanted list. At that time I didn't realize that my placing it on the list was to insure that I would not get to bed until 6:30 A.M. the next morning, after I had finished Halo in Brass.

Paul Pine is a detective in the Philip Marlowe tradition. Armed with piercing wisecracks and a photostat of his license, he runs battered interference against everyone's interests except his clients'. He finds multiple murder in a case that, on the surface, hardly deserves a bloodied nose, and uncovers a web of murder that might have been better left untouched.

But unlike Marlowe's creator, John Evans (a pseudonym of Howard Browne) can plot—a skill rarely attributed to Raymond Chandler. He has Chandler's ability to keep the reader's interest and create characters, but in Halo in Brass he assembles a puzzle of a quality that I have rarely seen in a hardboiled mystery. He plants vivid clues that are assembled by Pine into a surprising and convincing solution of a chain of murders and mixed identities.

The action in Halo in Brass took me to Lincoln, Nebraska and to Pine's home base—Chicago. Not to mention to another bookstore where I managed to scare up a copy of Halo for Satan.

——D. M. Armato

The Incredible Adventures of Rowland Hern by Nicholas Olde. Heinemann, 1928.

Who is Nicholas Olde, and why has his only venture into crime fiction been allowed to fall into such a state of disgraceful neglect?

Who Done It? does not appear to be aware of this collection, but the record indicates that one story was reprinted in Crime and Detection (2nd series) (1930), and another in the July 1942 issue of EQMM. The only critical comment I can find on Rowland Hern is on the last page of Ellery Queen's introduction to 101 Years' Entertainment, where it is placed in a "highly recommended" category. Unfortunately, Queen has not chosen to include it in Queen's Quorum, although it is much better than many of his choices.

This volume consists of 14 short stories and a longer three-part effort. The protagonist is an experienced private detective who has traveled a great deal. We are told a little about his office and his home by the anonymous friend and "Watson" who narrates his exploits, but we learn little else about Hern.

Many of Hern's cases deserve the adjective "incredible". They are baffling and bizarre problems on the level of Queen, Carr, and Cornier, and are explicated by brilliant feats of deduction.

Olde writes in sharp, crystal-clear prose underlined with a gentle satiric edge, but at

times he invokes a staggering sense of Chestertonian paradox, and the effect of his narratives is truly extraordinary.

This collection's obscurity is probably due to its scarcity, and I venture to suggest that any reprint effort will go far toward establishing its status as a major work in the short form.

——Charles Shibuk

The Ingenious Mr. Stone by Robert Player. Rinehart, 1946.

Like many mysteries, The Ingenious Mr. Stone concerns the lives, fortunes, and misfortunes of an aristocratic English family, this one named Langdon-Miles. The format is that of Collins' The Moonstone, Stoker's Dracula, and Frome's The Strange Death of Martin Green. The narration is all in the first person, but is divided among three characters—a device that, pace Haycraft, I have often found interesting and valuable. Miss Sophie Coppock, Secretary and Bursar of a girls' school in Torquay, Devon, narrates two sections, which might as well have been combined into one. Her narrative contains the best writing in the book. Her character, with its good and bad qualities, comes through well, and the picture of the snobbish provincial school is admirably drawn, although sometimes verging on caricature. Adam Muir, a Scottish lawyer, narrates one part, set in Northumberland, and adds a brief foreward and epilogue, and in Part Five Mrs. Joseph Bradford, Miss Coppock's Aunt Bertha, "describes the methods used by Lysander Stone in solving the Langdon-Miles problem." A curious feature of suspense is that Lysander Stone, the Mr. Stone of the title, does not appear until page 144. The action of the story takes place in 1931, with the background of American and world economic depression, but the characters are supposed to be writing slightly more than ten years later.

The plot is reasonably well constructed, with a fairly ingenious least-likely-person idea, which, however, had been used earlier by Agatha Christie and Mary Roberts Rinehart. Much mystery is made over the vehicle for the poisoning of one of the characters, but the solution is so obvious that the author can excuse the attending physicians' failure to see it only by making one senile and the other a drunk, and even so is apologetic. A greater flaw is in the murderer's attempt to throw suspicion on an innocent person. Having chosen the scapegoat, an Australian pianist, the criminal by sheer coincidence is able to find records of a homicidal maniac, also an Australian and musician, with superficially the same physical description and even the same initials. To suggest that the two Australians are the same is not difficult. Another defect lies in the large number of pointless red herrings. One character is observed awake and fully dressed at 3 A.M. It develops that she merely suffers from insomnia. Aspersions are cast on the character of one John Smith, who turns out to play no part in the mystery. Still another defect, of a different kind, is in the thoroughly repulsive character of the detective, who perhaps was intended to be comic, but if so, the attempt fails.

The book, therefore, has definite weaknesses, but the author, in this first mystery novel, also shows distinct potential. This he failed to develop, producing no more mysteries until the recent Oh! Where are Bloody Mary's Earrings? This intriguing title led me to reread the earlier book.

The Ingenious Mr. Stone was first published by Gollancz in 1945. The American edition is poorly produced. On page 105 a whole speech by one character has evidently dropped out, and there are numerous minor misprints.

——R. W. Hays

The Endless Colonnade by Robert Harling. Chatto, 1958; Putnam, 1959.

First: we have an admirable travelogue of Northern Italy, detailing the sights and architecture of areas in and around Padua, Venice, and later Rome.

Second: there is a tender love story between the recently widowed, but not yet fully recovered, middle-aged psychiatrist Dr. Rupert Frost and the beautiful, generously endowed, though somewhat mysterious Bianca.

Third: a penetrating character study of the protagonist is provided—a feature not often found in this type of sensational fiction.

Finally: we come to a tense narrative of attempted treason and its aftermath, intertwined with the scenic and romantic aspects of this tale.

A physicist with cock-eyed dreams of one world and the brotherhood of man has joined an Italian tour for the purpose of handing over valuable hydrogen bomb secrets to representatives of a foreign power.

Plagued by mental torment and an unsuccessful love affair, he seeks the help and advice of fellow Briton Dr. Frost. The unhappy physicist suffers further setbacks, however, and hands his documents over to Frost. He realizes that exposure will soon follow and takes the only way out left to him—suicide.

Frost plans to turn the documents over to the dead man's superior when he returns to London, and just wants to get on with the tour and with his love life. However, the police become extremely suspicious of Frost when they learn about the documents from Interpol. Even worse are those two enemy agents disguised as Franciscan friars who are absolutely convinced that Frost has the documents they seek, and will stop at nothing to achieve their aims.

The Endless Colonnade is a really excellent though little-known thriller that is cited only in Barzun & Taylor's Catalogue of Crime.

It is narrated in a leisurely, underplayed style for much of its length by Dr. Frost, until the time comes to get down to business and turn on the suspense as Forst realizes that he must escape his pursuers by leaving the tour for the safety of Rome—only to discover that an ill-equipped amateur is no match for a group of hardened professionals.

——Charles Shibuk

The Cage by Talmage Powell. Avon, 1969.

Blurbed on the cover as "A New Kind of Western Adventure," this book probably has more interest for the reader who likes "tough" detectives than for the one who likes cowboy stories. The author is, of course, responsible for that competent Tampa private eye Ed Rivers, and for a goodly number of short magazine crime-detective stories. I do not know of any other Westerns by Powell in any form.

Hero Webb Cameron and his wife had fled Reconstruction in New Orleans to carve a living out of the sparsely settled, harsh land near El Paso. They were succeeding rather well until the day she was raped, shattering her mind, while he was fencing off a remote part of the ranch. Cameron sets off on a manhunt with a double purpose—revenge and a psychological shock treatment that he hopes will restore his wife. She goes with him in a quickly-built, hand-made cage intended to keep her from coming to further physical harm. So do a weirdly assorted trio of helpers: a middle-aged neighbor who fled a rape charge himself, and never stopped fleeing it in his own mind, years before; his rather mannish wife, who has been his protector all these years; an itinerant prospector who is the only man who can identify the two fugitives.

Telling more of the plot would spoil some well-contrived surprises. However, it should be said that the climactic fight which Powell builds toward for most of the book is very anti-climactically presented—no accomplished Western writer would be guilty of that. On the other hand, Powell's use of mystery techniques (including some clever detective work by Cameron in the last couple of chapters) makes up for the deficiences. And on the third hand—after all, a book like this is something of a literary freak—the psychological theorizing is questionable, yet it works with a pat predictableness that many a reader would probably find objectionable.

——R. Jeff Banks

He Never Came Back by Helen McCloy. Random House/Gollancz, 1954; Penguin, 1956.

Helen McCloy is famous for the psychological tensions she creates in her novels: she understands and deals grandly in the vagaries of the human mind, with its undertow of subconscious perception—the terrors just below the surface of civilized living, the fugues and the phobias, even the true, primitive ur-panic that is the fear of the god Pan.

Three such terrors beset the reader of He Never Came Back: the haunting, recurrent footstep of an unknown pursuer with "the shadow of a limp...steady as a metronome...tap and drag, tap and drag"; the heroine's irrational dread of lifts, a combination of claustrophobia and "mechanophobia—the fear of being at the mercy of a mechanism"; and a central identity crisis—a young man vainshes and when he reappears, though he looks the same he is a different person.

True to tradition, Sara, the heroine, invites persecution, venturing alone into the streets of New York where at least three men potentially dangerous to her are on the loose. Inevitably, she hears a sinister "tap and drag" behind her, and in panic she blunders into the lift where she becomes trapped. Gradually the voices in her terrified mind resolve themselves into one actual voice, "a low, lightly breathed tone just above a whisper...unaccented, sexless, almost as soundless as thought itself," and threatening to leave her to die. (Why didn't she stay the night with dear old Aunt Caroline?!)

Despite Sara's Gothic-girl idiocy, this scene has a remarkable intensity, and the threat to Sara's life seems almost less momentous than the threat to her mind—the "sharp blow" struck "at the point where there's already a fault in the structure." The confusion of identities is notably well-handled, too, and though it is not difficult to see the essential truth of the matter some time before Sara learns it, the tangle is continually absorbing and the explanations are just this side of outrageous. The author's gift for casting suspicion on everyone is also much in evidence: one doesn't suspect the police captain but virtually everyone else, even to passers-by in the street, is fair game for doubts and fears.

Another typical feature of Helen McCloy's work is her address in evoking an atmosphere of wealth combined with culture. Sara's Aunt Caroline and her friend Dickson Clive embody a vanished age with innate if frail distinction. Despite their years, both are alert, courageous and capable of the unexpected.

At the heart of the novel is a jewel, a huge cabuchon ruby known as the Fire of India. A true descendant of the Moonstone, it is of mystic Oriental significance, and constitutes a threat to anyone who comes into its possession. Miss McCloy imagines it brilliantly, investing it with antiquity, power, strangeness and a rare, subtle beauty, but despite all this it is difficult not to regard it as a standard trapping of romance fiction. Too much of the activity that the stone provokes is improbable, wildly so at times, and though the action holds up, it does so only in terms of an exotic, elaborate confection, remote from the reality that the author herself invokes elsewhere.

But to decry the improbability, the absurdity, even, of some aspects of the novel is not to deny its occasional brilliance and the continuous excitement that it generates. If it is on a lower level of achievement thatn Alias Basil Willing and Two-Thirds of a Ghost, so are most other detective novels—and this one does have the enormous advantage of being recognisably a horse from the same stable as those two thoroughbreds. ——B. A. Pike

Morocco Jones in the Case of the Golden Angel by Jack Baynes. Fawcett Crest, 1959.

Jack Baynes wrote five paperback originals between 1956 and 1959. They were about Morocco Jones, one of the toughest private eyes ever to appear in print. The books evidently sold well, judging by the number of copies I've seen in used book stores. For some reason Fawcett elected to publish them under the Crest imprint, instead of Gold Medal. Usually Crest was re-

served for hardback reprints.

In this novel Morocco Jones is hired to clean up a crook infested town, a la Red Harvest. He doesn't even make it into town before he bashes up four toughs in a truck stop. Instead of setting them off one against the other, Hammett style, Jones simply beats them to pieces. There is little plot at all, just action and mayhem, and a smattering of sex.

Bayne's writing would probably sell well in these days. He's a much better writer than most of the crop currently churning out paperbacks by the dozens. His characterizations are vivid, and his action seems a natural part of the story, not just thrown in to boost sales. All he needs is a fresh plot.

I've been unable to find any information on Jack Baynes. Had he continued writing and developed his plotting ability, I feel he could have become a first-rate writer. Perhaps he did, under another name.

——John Vining

REVIEWS OF CURRENT MATERIAL

Lady Audley's Secret by Mary Elizabeth Braddon. With a new introduction by Norman Donaldson, author of In Search of Dr. Thorndyke. 286 pp. New York: Dover Publications, 1974. Paperbound, $3.

Once more connoisseurs of Victorian mystery have cause to thank Dover for reprinting the legendary, but hitherto almost inaccessible, Lady Audley's Secret, originally published in London in 1872, with a helpful and informative introduction by Norman Donaldson. Let me say at once that the novel is gripping on its own terms and is no mere historical curiosity. The plot and the characterization are powerful, and, like her older and more famous contemporaries in the sensation novel, Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, Miss M. E. Braddon (as she liked to be designated) has a strong vein of humor and satire that enlivens the narrative. As to the plot, one thinks one knows the secret very early in the novel, and that one will be given what might seem to be a pre-Thorndyke exposure of a known criminal. But M. E. Braddon's Lady Audley has more than one secret, and it would be a shame to divulge any of them. However, in passing, in unreservedly recommending Lady Audley's Secret to the serious student of the mystery novel and to the reader who just enjoys a good, old-fashioned mystery, let me note that Robert Audley, the self-appointed detective in this novel, seems to be the original of all those languid chaps, like Lord Peter and Mr. Campion, who more or less accidentally turn out to have amazing powers of persistence and deduction. Let us hope Dover will soon give us East Lynne!

——Veronica M.S. Kennedy

The Stolen Pay Train by Nicholas Carter. Arno Press, 1974. $7.00

Nick Carter has often been faced with impossible crimes in his long career, but the theft of an entire train taxes even his ability. The pay train from Denver vanishes from sight on the run from Freeze Out to Haskins. The engineer, fireman, twelve guards, plus the gold and railroad payroll, are missing—a total loss of one million dollars. Nick and his assistant, Chick, travel West to solve the mystery. In and out of disguise, their investigation is based more on the style of Allan Pinkerton than Sherlock Holmes, but the results are satisfactory and the disappearance of the train is fully accounted for. While the solution may seem somewhat incredible to the realist, it is within the bounds of fair play and completely possible for the reader to guess.

Nick Carter may well have been one of the first true urban avengers of crime, but he was very often involved in frontier adventures as well. In those more traditional adventures in the Wild West, his adversaries were the cattle rustlers, bank robbers, and gamblers familiar to the readers of Deadwood Dick a decade or so earlier. The new century would change all that, but this episode from Nick Carter's casebook of 1894 is a representative example of his war against crime on the old frontier.

In actuality, this marks the fifth appearance of Pay Train in print, counting its initial publication as "The Stolen Railroad Train; or, What Fell from a Thief's Pocket" in the Nick Carter Library (No. 159) for August 18, 1894. It was reprinted in book form under the title of "The Stolen Pay Train" in The Stolen Pay Train and Other Stories in the Magnet Library (No. 101) on August 2, 1899, and the New Magnet Library (No. 992) in December 1918. The last edition was still in print as late as 1927 and it was from this printing that Whitman Publishing Company of Racine, Wisconsin, took the text for their edition of 1930.

Whitman attributed the book (which contained only two of the three stories in the Magnet Library edition) to John R. Coryell, as they did also with the other five Nick Carter books they published that year. Coryell's heirs objected since he had not written any of the books, while the widow of the real author, Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey, asked Street and Smith to intervene. The matter was settled out of court, and Whitman withdrew from the publishing of Carter stories.

It is the Whitman edition which has been copied in reasonable facsimile (the type is somewhat enlarged and blurred) for the Arno Press edition of the title story. The Whitman edition was somewhat altered from the original Street and Smith text, so this printing preserves an interesting attempt to update an 1894 story for a 1930 reader. In 1894 Nick traveled west by special train; in 1930 it became an airplane. Otherwise, the story and setting are still of the 1890s.

Although the Arno Press edition bears the date 1974 on the title page, Books in Print indicates that it was scheduled for publication in May 1975. This is not the only thing one can criticize about the present edition. One point in its favor is that it was printed on good paper

and bound in real cloth, a commodity most publishers have abandoned today. The price for 62 pages is an absurdity.

The book is part of a set called Popular Culture in America, 1800-1925. Advisory editor for the series is David Manning White and the editorial board consists of Ray Browne, Marshall Fishwick, and Russel B. Nye. It is possible that they only loaned their names to this venture, for the books (if The Stolen Pay Train is typical) have no introductions or other scholarly apparatus to explain their inclusion in a set of typical popular culture publications covering 125 years. One looks at the list of titles in the series, which follows the text of Pay Train, without understanding why some were included and others omitted. If these 27 titles represent popular culture of the 19th and first quarter of the 20th centuries, this country has had a strange history indeed. Jokes, songs, vintage verse, Elsie Dinsmore, Walter Camp on football, the Haldeman-Julius Little Blue Books, Davy Crockett, and (of interest to mystery readers) Old Sleuth's Flyaway Ned and William Allen Pinkerton's Train Robberies, Train Robbers, and the "Hold-Up" Men. A miscellaneous Horatio Alger and a Percy Keese Fitzhugh Roy Blakely seem to represent the boys book field, while Ned Buntline's Buffalo Bill is (hopefully) the novel which launched William F. Cody into legend when it first appeared in Street and Smith's New York Weekly in 1879. Of omissions, one looks in vain from Deadwood Dick, Frank Merriwell, the Rover Boys, Tom Swift, the Boy Scout Handbook, and McGuffey's Reader, as examples of the sort of books which seem central to an understanding of the truly popular American culture. One might also quarrel with the choice of Flyaway Ned by Old Sleuth when it is Old Sleuth the Detective which is considered to be a cornerstone in dime novel detection.

There seems to be no discernable purpose to the series other than to salvage some remnants of the past which otherwise might only be found by the most assiduous search of antiquarian bookstores.

—— J. Randolph Cox

The Casebook of a Victorian Detective by James MacLevy (Canongate, Edinburgh, 1975. £4.75, about $10.50)

The present volume reprints 27 of the 50 cases narrated in MacLevy's two rare books, Curiosities of Crime in Edinburgh and The Sliding Scale of Life, both of which were originally published in Edinburgh and London in 1861. MacLevy seems to have been a historical person, whose adventures were published to correct fantasies "latterly given out as the experiences of detective officers, the authors not only not being of that classs of men, but often entirely unacquainted with them or their ways" (Curiosities of Crime in Edinburgh). For crime fiction enthusiasts, however, MacLevy is usually group together with "Waters," McGovan, and other casebook writers, since all are based more or less on "factual" crime and share certain literary techniques.

MacLevy, if the introductions to the 1861 editions are to be believed, was the ornament of the Edinburgh force, an officer who carried through more than 2,000 cases. Irish by birth, he came to Scotland at an early age, and after various occupations joined the Edinburgh force in the 1830's. His cases are set in the dark alleys and teeming tenements of slum Edinburgh, and deal with the denizens of the area: sneak thieves, burglars, prostitutes, murderers, fences, toughs and the like. According to his own estimation he was a fearless officer, respected and held in awe by the "naturals" of Auld Reekie, omniscent, good-hearted, and socially awakened. A modern reader is more likely to consider him a sadistic cop who teased his victims cat and mouse, and might even spot here and there an erotic element in his feelings about crime. He was not a pleasant man.

It is good to have MacLevy available in print, even in a limited edition at a relatively high price, since MacLevy (or his ghost) writes well, and is probably the best of the casebook authors of the period. His stories are neatly set up and well-plotted, the narrator is strong, the characters are alive, and the slight Scots element in the language is rather pleasing.

But I am beginning to be depressed at the way British publishers and editors are ignoring their responsibility to provide editorial work in books of this sort. The earlier reprint of "Waters" covered some bibliography, but shirked the major questions about the identity of Waters, his other books, and the position of the casebook in the history of the form. In this volume the later George Scott-Moncrieff, an authority on Edinburgh history, says little about the Old Town, but otherwise simply summarizes the 1861 introductions. We really have a right to know, at this point, whether the 1861 introductions are completely accurate, whether any of the cases can be traced in the local newspapers of the time, whether court records survive, when MacLevy died, who his ghost writer was (if possible), and much more. Much of this information may not survive, but one should at least try. I can remember what a fine job Patrick Pringle did on the memoirs of Goddard, the London detective.

As I reread MacLevy in this edition, other questions arose in mind, questions that an editor should at least recognize.

Why Edinburgh? Is it chance that the early development of the casebooks was centered here? After the formally impure Richmond (1828), which seems to have been forgotten almost immediately, Scotland became the center for factual experiences of a professional detective. In 1849, in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, "Waters" started Recollections of a Police-Officer, which was soon followed by the anonymous Experiences of a Barrister, also in Chambers'. Even after the central publishing industry at London began to issue detective case books (Ward, Lock; Vickers, etc.) Edinburgh regained the lead with MacLevy in the 1860's, and McGovan and Henderson in the 1870's. Why?

Secondly, does the subject matter of crime lend itself uniquely to the short story, and conversely, does the short story arise "elegantly" (in the mathematical sense) from criminal sub-

ject matter? Is it chance that Poe is instrumental in the modern form, that MacLevy could write a b-ok of short stories of some formal strength?

—E. F. Bleiler

The Investigation by Stanislaw Lem. Trans. by Adele Milch. Seabury (Continuum), 1974. 216pp. $7.95.

This 1974 title is only one in a recent series by which the publisher is publicizing for Americans the Pole who may briefly and misleadingly be called the Asimov or Arthur Clarke of Eastern Eurasia. I therefore received my original reviewer's copy of Investigation (a 1959 Polish novel) as "science" fiction, and I get the impression the publisher made only limited efforts to penetrate the mystery-review columns.

Nevertheless TAD subscribers should at least hear about the book. For Investigation is one of the few serious attempts, fictional or not, to tackle the theoretical assumptions behind the purist detective mystery. As Barzun & Taylor point out (p. xxx), our classical mystery fiction has never even straightened out terms like "deduction" or "inference," and may be said to remain innocent on subject of investigation-theory in the researcher's sense.

What Lem has done in Investigation is to provide a "miracle" problem of the type that Fr. Brown or the early EQ used to rationalize, plant his miracle-case in the Insp. French area of the "good dull" British mystery, and then inflect on his two sober police detectives an irritable, aging theoretical scientist, Dr. Sciss—the updated lab version of Dupin or Mycroft Holmes—to restate the novel's mystery problem in terms of elementary modern statistical theory.

The object of Investigation is reverse-homicide; that is, a series of incidents involving galvanized mortuary corpses. The only death in the plot concerns a watchman-bobby frightened under a truck's wheels by the activities of one of the bodies. Sciss himself considers the whole problem "solved" as soon as he can reduce it to predictable statistical terms, an authentic theorist's attitude that only maddens the book's two official detectives, Lt. Gregory and Chief Insp. Sheppard. Sciss' thesis—obviously meant to apply beyond the bounds of this one Chestertonian caper—is that both the logic and the psychology of Anglo-Saxon legal investigation require an individual "culprit" who a) may not exist or b) may be only one example or illustration of a statistical trend.

The subject of the book is then literally the "investigation" of the title, rather than the actual baffling mystery that is the investigation's subject. This type of plot—where the official fictional "mystery" under investigation is deliberately subordinated to the emotional concerns of the investigators—may at first seem oldhat to the reader of Maltese Falcon and Simenon, or to the film viewer of L'Avventura or the Bogart-Ray-D. Hughes' In a Lonely Place (1950). Lem's first innovation is to make the investigated mystery challenging enough for Gideon Fell or Barnaby Ross.

But only one of Lem's innovations: the false solutions that pad out the average or above-average purist mystery novel, are here replaced by a series of "true" solutions that are deliberately overlapped. In the final chapter, for instance, Sciss makes an Arrogant Mastermind's Confession (192) to Gregory that He Done It; and then Sheppard makes a separate Surprise Final Solution (206ff.) involving a truck driver, now conveniently deceased. Lem is making the statisticians point that any general problem can absorb such overlapping solutions or hypothetical explanations of its data. If Lem for instance were rewriting Poisoned Chocolates Case or Siamese Twin Mystery, Berkeley's six and Queen's three separable "solutions" would all remain "true." Lem's versions would proceed from this "finishing stroke" onwards.

It will help a B.A. literary intellectual absorb Lem's thesis about the structure of the purist mystery as Lem (literally) galvanizes it, if he the reader is reminded of the New-Critical dream in Stanley Hyman's 1948 Armed Vision: where Hyman's heroes, the Great Critical Detectives—Inspectors Richards, Burke, Blackmur, T. S. Eliot, Empson—descend with their separate "solutions" on the body of some classic text. Hyman had in mind Moby Dick, on which in 1975 there is, as he remarked in 1948, no really important scholarly-critical study.

Much of Lem's sf is stylistically innovative, but The Investigation is written or translated in a neutral, low-key prose. More importantly for the general fiction reader, the emotional give-and-take of the few main characters is too tame, even blurred, for much emotional interest. The book will then intensely interest a particular minority of TAD subscribers who remain aware of the theoretical issues raised, but then ignored or simplified, in the vintage 1930s erector-set puzzle pieces of Carr-Dickson and EQ-Ross. The Investigation must at least be the first purist mystery in which the reviewer felt free to supply the page references of the final solution(s), as I have done above, without feeling that it would affect the total interest of any reader attracted by the earlier part of the novel.

—J. M. Purcell

Farewell, My Lovely, directed by Dick Richards. 1975.

There are some good, even great, things in the latest film version of Raymond Chandler's Farewell, My Lovely. Unfortunately, the great things are to be found in the minor departments. In its major departments, the film lacks, and due to the lack, it becomes a pleasant little way to diddle some time away, rather than the crackerjack detective fiction that it might have been.

The major weakness in the film is found in Dick Richards' direction. It is relentlessly mediocre. This film, like most detective fiction, is composed of a series of separate scenes which set up and ultimately solve a mystery. Richards' direction lacks vitality—scenes simply happen in front of the camera, rather than taking on a life of their own. Except when there is a murder or beating, the action consists of the movement of the actors' mouths. The film has

little visual dimension: it will lose little in its transfer to television. Richards' direction is, at best, workmanlike. To be kind, it might be said that at least this film won't put you to sleep. If only Richards were something more than competent.

Another major weakness lies in Robert Mitchum's interpretation of Philip Marlowe. The problem with Mitchum's interpretation is that he doesn't have one. Marlowe tells us that he is tired in the beginning and at the end of the film, but that's no excuse for Mitchum to sleep through his performance. In a few scenes, Mitchum comes to life (notably those with the mulatto child of one of his interviewees). However, through most of the film, he merely mumbles and looks tired. Perhaps Richards was intimidated by Mitchum; perhaps Mitchum didn't respond to Richards' direction. In any case, it looks as if Mitchum probably just walked through it for the money.

As Mitchum's femme-fatale foil, Charlotte Rampling is called upon to imitate Lauren Bacall. She has the look, but she cannot capture the voice; she is simply not up to the task (who is?). It's all a rather embarrassing and obvious device that leaves one wondering why they even tried in the first place.

The minor performances are very good—particularly impressive is Sylvia Miles as a sleazy, alcoholic ex-chorine.

David Zelag Goodman's adaptation is workmanlike, in its adequate delineation of the plot. However, it misses Chandler's hardboiled, wise-acre style. Chandler's vision is probably impossible to catch on film, though The Big Sleep had some measure of success (due in large part to Bogart). Goodman's adaptation misses Chandler's style, but more importantly, it misses Chandler's attitude.

The oustanding aspects of the film are its set decoration and cinematography. They say everything about Marlowe's world that Goodman's adaptation does not. The verdant mansions and neon-lit sidewalks are absolutely vivid and right. After his work on this film and on Chinatown, John A. Alonzo should be designated as America's new 1940's detective thriller cinematographer. He captures the glares of neon and sunlight which are essential to Chandleresque work.

You see, there are good things in Farewell, My Lovely. If only there were more of them, it would be more than a moderate entertainment.

—Joseph W. Smith

Hollywood and LeVine by Andrew Bergman. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.95.

Hollywood and LeVine is good, really good. Andrew Bergman knows how to creat that post-war-movie atmosphere and how to write in Bogartese—the problem is that he doesn't really know where to stop. After a reader-grabbing prologue, he begins a fifty-page streak of narrative written in that Let-Them-Eat-Bullets style that reads like it was spliced together from a cache of un-aired Banyon segments.

Fortunately he emerges from "Banyon Revisited" into a story of unflagging interest; punctuated twice, however, by "Watergate, Revenge!" segments featuring freshman Congressman Richard M. Nixon (portrayed, seemingly, by David Frye) as an unwitting, but nonetheless handy, scapegoat for the story's events. Jack LeVine, New York private eye, runs up against the congressman, as well as the F.B.I., in investigating a friend's death in Hollywood—an event that is a prelude to the HUAC "witch-hunts" of the fifties.

Bergman's realistic characterization lends credence to the events surrounding the death of Walter Adrian. His plotting is tight and his writing so persuasive that he can even weave Nixon and Humphrey Bogart into his story as active characters without responses of disbelief. It all makes so much sense that, somehow, you can't object even when it seems you should. His detective is likeable enough, though his personality doesn't seem to support all those Chandler-isms that sprinkle his narration. The secondary characters seem real enough, though the quick pace of the book never allows the reader to see more than glimpses of them. The local color, especially of Warner Bros. Studios, is very good after Bergman has dispensed with the obligatory decay-behind-the-gilt routine.

Hollywood and LeVine is fast-paced and full of action, which is undoubtedly for the best as it gives Berman little chance to indulge in the pastime of making up witting, tough-guy similes. The plotting and writing of the balance of the book is superior to most—but the element which impresses me the most is that he has mingled fiction with history and made it come out believable.

—Douglas M. Armato

Curtain by Agatha Christie. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. 238 pp. $7.95.

Captain Arthur Hastings is urgently summoned back to Styles (where it all began) by his oldest and dearest friend, Hercule Poirot. He is shocked to find that the famous Belgian detective is now a "broken, crippled old man" confined to a wheelchair, and not too far away from the end.

Poirot has discovered that five old murder cases are related by the presence of a certain person who always seems to be hovering somewhere in the background. He knows who this X is, but cannot fathom X's motive for these unrelated crimes.

He tells his friend Hastings that X is now at Styles, and he is positive that X is planning another murder. He doesn't know who the next victim will be, but he is absolutely determined to discover X's motive, prevent a crime, and insure that X gets his just deserts.

Since Poirot is enfeebled, and thus the perfect armchair detective, it is up to Hastings (who isn't as bright or witty as Archie Goodwin, but he can report conversations verbatim) to act as Poirot's eyes and ears in order to help avert tragedy.

The good Hastings wants to do his best, but Poirot places him under a grave handicap. He

absolutely refuses to reveal the identity of X.

This excellent novel is, of course, much better than many of Miss Christie's recent efforts, but that is not saying a great deal when one considers its date of composition.

Curtain appears to be written with effortless ease. Gone is the fumbling and prolixity of Passenger to Frankfurt and Nemesis. The plot, the puzzle, the handling of characterization, all betray the hand of one of the foremost masters of the form.

Curtain moves from start to finish with majesty and a great deal of skill. At the climax, its creator has propounded a fiendishly brilliant and staggeringly complex denouement to what has appeared to be a deceptively simple and straightforward set of criminous circumstances.

One aspect of the solution, admittedly, has been anticipated by a major detective story writer in the 30's, but in its totality, I think it is unique. I also think that Miss Christie has once more outdone herself.

Postscript: writing this review in late August, I have not bothered to state the obvious facts about Curtain mentioned on the front page of the Times, in various magazines, and, no doubt, by many reviewers here and abroad. The author and her publishers have done their utmost to tell you too much about Curtain in order to publicize this book onto the top of the bestseller charts. These misguided efforts will, I predict, be highly successful, but I feel that too great a degree of surprise and shock value has been lost.

—Charles Shibuk

Hammett by Joe Gores. Putnam, 1975. 251 pp. $7.95.

Structurally and thematically, this may be the most ambitious thriller-detective novel of the season. It's an "historical" about 1928 San Francisco; but more innovative is its use of the classic Dashiell Hammett as its fictional hero-investigator. Events cover S.F.'s different social and topographical levels with the same conscientiousness that, say Bolt's 1970 script for Ryan's Daughter covered a smaller island coastal village; and no doubt Hammett is meant to provide guidelines in this same way for some post-film sale director. But I will not be the only reviewer troubled by the endemic confusions of referring to the book's hero, title and real-life subject. So, below, Hammett means the book; "Hammett", Gores' fictional hero; and "DH" the real author and agency man, whose career stimulated Gores in the first place. OK?

Whatever temptations towards pretentious bulk were encouraged in the author by his historicizing ambitions have thank God been resisted. Pace is only sacrificed for regional local color in Chapter One; whose structural intention is to establish the curve of the relationship between the thirty-ish, tubercular ex-detective pulp-writing hero; and "Goodie" Osborne, an apartment floor-mate and young ex-Catholic h.s. graduate office girl. "Goodie," for whom Gores has a real source-name and address, illustrates the author's intentions. This is to extrapolate both story and characters from the available details of the unknown career of this late-1920's DH: between the agency/military/TB/nurse-marriage decade of his young manhood; and the later, famous mystery book/script/Hellman-editor of the depression. Where the story requires Gores to "cheat" with known, or even newly established facts, he semi-apologizes by a "factual" correction in the fascinating 9-page afterword attached to Hammett.

The novel is located very precisely in 1928; partly I think because this particular year marks the end of DH's cultural invisibility in the pulps, just before Blanche and Alfred Knopf began (2/29ff.) reprinting his Black Mask serials. The afterword's explicit point is that Gores wants to subplot "Hammett" the working pro writer to "Hammett" the pro investigator. Because Gores' thesis is that in real life the psychic demands of manhunting and of fictionalizing manhunting are mutually self-destructive when combined. Part of Hammett's plot is that the demands made on the hero by his magazine writing blur "Hammett's" parallel detecting. For those familiar with both DH's and Gores' careers, this thesis will be treated as autobiographical, of course. And it's at least obvious that his fictional 1928 "Hammett" has provided Gores with the means to conduct a serious investigation of his own professional career(s). It is a final irony, I think, that the psychic split between the meditative and the aggressive—between the monk and the crusader—which provides one theme in Hammett, also exists between "Hammett" and DH. More on this below.

Hammett's main plot concerns the imaginary activities of a San Francisco blue-ribbon civic reform committee. This group hires an ex-agency pal of "Hammett's" to head an investigation of police corruption. As real-life model, the afterword cites the activities (and some of the personnel) of a late 1930's committee active in the city. But surely Gores also had in mind the contemporary "secret 6" blue-ribbon operations, undercover, of the Chicago upper crust against Capone during his novel's time-period. (Prosty rings in Capone's Cicero are an essential part of the novel's plot; and one theme of Hammett is how "local corruption" in San Francisco prevents national gangs like Big Al's from expanding into the area.) At any rate, the pal gets killed, brutally; and "Hammett" accepts the fictional private eye's moral obligation to carry on.

In the further development of his main plot, Gores plays two games with his reader, one disguised and one overt: a) More explicit is the theme of the super-ego, deadline-ridden detective writer, at war with the id-investigator. b) More hidden is a continual teaser game of allusion to the original DH oeuvre. This means that Hammett will provide special pleasures for the TAD subscriber familiar with the nine paperback first editions of DH's magazine material that EQ reprinted, 1943-1962; especially, the TAD subscriber aware that the typical DH fictional detective isn't Sam Spade, but rather the fat middle-aged Continental Op (physically present in Hammett as a minor character; and physiologically revived in DH's 1940-ish "Fat Man" radio program). The I-must-avenge-my-murdered-(ex)partner plot, for instance, alludes as much to "Who Killed Bob Teal?" as to Spade and Archer in the Falcon. And one whole subplot goes back to "Dead Yellow

Women." I'm sure I only scratch the surface of a web of allusion here.

Now for some objections to the book: at least, these permit me to note a few more story-details. First, Gores is—as he'd surely describe himself—a meat & potatoes writer, rather than a souffle man. So while his fictional 1928 San Francisco is drenched in conscientious, sometimes striking detail, I believe there are not only off-notes in matters of nuance, but also detectable errors with some of the people and atmosphere of his chosen period; and, most surprisingly, with "Hammett" himself.

Gores' "Hammet" is for instance unleashed as an avenging (alcoholic) hero, roused to true Submariner fury by the murder of his pal on the Frisco docks. (See the rhetoric on p. 70.) The author undercuts this purist fury with only one superficial level of irony: the reader knows that "Hammett" has misinterpreted the "pathos" of the pal's last phone call; and comes to learn that the brutal ballbat murder represents not gangland defiance of the pal's reform committee, but a more personally psychotic behavior.

Now the plot of the two emotionally interlocked warriors, one of whom must avenge the other's death (and whose mutual involvement turns any desirably woman nearby into an Evil Temptress), goes back in our history to Gilgamesh and the Iliad. But the DH stories that explore this basic plot device seem to me to deal with it in a cooler, more objective manner. If I must bequeath Gores the Glass Key serial for "his" side of the argument, both "Teal?" and Falcon deal with a more objective moralist's problem: what do we owe, how far must we go, for the colleague who isn't going to make it? Sam Spade and the Op aren't (consciously?) "avenging" their colleagues any more than, in the days of the dynasty, DiMag or a Berra homer during a Yankee rally was "avenging" the incompetent pitcher who had put the team behind in the game. No doubt the grim-lipped, prohibition-meaded avenger on p. 70 would be familiar enough to Homer's audience; just as he will be acceptable to the mass film audience for a future adaptation of Hammett. But I don't think this aroused, grim avenger is realted to DH's own stoic moral world. I don't think the man of Hellman's memoir who cleaned latrines in Maryland for a year (and whom the warden called "sir") was "avenging" any person or party; he was rather one of the comparatively few important modern U.S. writers who comes across biographically as a grownup.

And "Hammett" doesn't operate like a DH detective. We even get John Wayne/Bulldog Drummond/Doc Savage investigative violence. We get (well written) South African chauffeurs and homosexual tong giants, and all the conveniences of pop-art violence: nobody really sympathetic is killed; and no backlash side-effects from its use. DH wrote this type of scene, too, no better than does Gores; but it seems to me that DH's narrative tendency was to establish the Op's ability to survive in a tougher world than Philo Vance's. Lest I mislead, I should add that the mystery-solution in Hammett is brilliantly conceived, and from a different mental world than the bar-busting and suspect-torturing of earlier chapters.

"Hammett" lacks DH's intellectuality. I don't mean so much the comparatively superficial CP membership or attachment; which DH probably absorbed later from his N.Y. intelligentsia-Hollywood-screenwriting contacts of the 1930's. What Hallman's memoir describes in a searching restless exploration of a dozen fields. However, as regards DH's politics, the experiential basis of his Marxism must lie at least partly in the agency experiences employed for his fictionalized pre-union Montana mining-company town in Red Harvest. And it is Harvest's serial composition which diverts "Hammett's" concentration on his Hammett investigation. The political views that "Hammett" expresses (pp. 76-7) are almost certainly Gores'. This would be platitudinous; but "Hammett" makes recommendations for "improving" the system; whereby the reaction of the Op in "Cleansing of Poisonville" was to wipe out everybody left standing up on both sides.

It's ironic that Hammett himself, by his own narrative innovations and technical developments[1], has somehow made the problem of imagining a high-IQ male lead even more difficult than it already was. The technical problem is of course that the more brilliant the character, the more he mentally pre-exhausts the imaginative problems of the fictional situation being explored. DH's own solution was to imply what his heroes knew or how they thought. Gores' "Hammett" manages one dialogue allusion to Boswell's Johnson; not enough to recreate Hellman's DH.

The final serious issue worth comment in a review-notice like this must go under-discussed. The problem lies in the special mystery-reviewer's taboo on disclosing solutions. Let me work around it a little, though. Gores seems to share the imaginative difficulty of the post-war thriller writer—very noticeable in colleagues like McGivern and J. D. MacDonald, for instance—in treating a lady in print. I am not making the libbies' complaint. (In this country, they seem to be hung up on types like Mailer and Brando, in any case.) And the sexual attitude I discuss is not honorably "patriarchal" nor protective towards women in any other way.

To cite one minor character in Hammett, the author's animus against the socialite member of his 1928 blue-ribbon committee member, Evelyn Brewster, 2-D's what could have been a more complex treatment of the Jane Addams—Eleanor Roosevelt approach to municipal crime. A more important technical problem for Hammett lies with the "nice girl", Goodie. I am (God knows) disqualified to criticize, say, Goodie's dress-styles; but as a film buff, I disbelieve that Goodie would first model herself on Billy Dove, then on Clara Bow. Surely, in any case, her filmstar-model would be Colleen Moore?—Catholic, and the big ingenue lead of the 1923-8 film period. And on their very first date I don't think Goodie (as a type) would have been ready to let "Hammett" take all the marbles out of her condom-less ring. Surely she'd have teased and then run?

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1. U.S. academics in this field refer to Hemingway's "influence" on DH, because they remain virginally unacquainted with the original magazine dates of DH's fiction; and because an academic interest in plot and narrative so so recent—only in the last decade—that they have had little time to absorb the non-Hemingway and pre-Hemingway aspects of DH's work.

But once the reader of Hammett—and this book will have many—reaches Gores' final chapters and his mystery solution, he will see that in the paragraphs above, I'm using the "wrong" or at least less important examples for the point I'm trying to make. Such readers may also complain that my objections apply as much or more to mainstream U.S. narrative art as to a "mere" thriller. I agree. Hammett is a legitimate candidate—though not a probable winner—for any 1975 literary award you wish to consider.

—J. M. Purcell

> Since I provided some advance comment for Putnam's publicity about Hammett my own favorable predisposition to the book is clear, and thus it's better that someone else should comment at length, as above. But, for the record, my comment went like this: "In Hammett Joe Gores has set himself an awesome task...to recreate a city, a social and political milieu, from almost half a century ago, to set an action plot believably into that context, and then to use as detective protagonist a historical figure, a detective story writer who in some camps approaches a folk hero. And Gores has brought it off—magnificently!"
>
> —AJH

Death of a Big Man by John Wainwright. St. Martin's Press, 1975. 187 pp. $6.95.

Charles Ripley, once Chief Superintendent in a county constabulary, is confined to a wheelchair ala Chief Ironside—with one important difference. His wound, inflicted by a gun-waving lunatic firing aimlessly, made him an ex-copper. For Ripley there is no police-nursing staff, no office-van to transport him to and from the scene of the crime...only a wheelchair, a lonely bungalow (his wife died after years of care and encouragement), and some bitter memories. One of the memories is of a certain Paul Gunter, arrested by Ripley after a vicious attack with a hammer on the village tease, who found she wasn't playing with fire but with a holocaust. During the questioning of Gunter, Ripley recognized him as that "rarest of all animals, the true rogue maile of the human species." After serving the five year term he drew, Gunter moved to the city and began a career of crime that carried him to the top of the heap. Protection, porno-film houses, clip joint bars, disco halls, and bordellos all fell under his sway, as he expanded his empire of graft, intimidation and corruption. As a master stroke of arrogance, Gunter kills a cop...or at least has the word spread that he pulled the trigger, knowing there was no evidence to convict him. The embittered Ripley accepts an invitation to the retirement party for Chief Supt. Collins. Ripley and Collins had been close as chief superintendents and as friends. Also at the party are David Raff (who along with Collins had labored long and hard to pin something on Gunter and failed, and who had suffered a mental breakdown, causing him to retire), and Mrs. Fixby, widow of the copper killed by Gunter. During the evening Gunter makes a surprise appearance and goads Raff into an attempted attack on him, knowing the others would prevent it. The next morning they find Mrs. Fixby a suicide, and the basic plot emerges. Collins, now free of his law and order obligations, decides to kill Gunter and invites Raff and Ripley to lunch where he discloses his intention and asks them to join him. Raff is agreeable, but Ripley finds the idea insane and tries to save the others from their folly by revealing the plot to Assistant Chief Constable Richard Sullivan. Sullivan asks Ripley to pretend to go along with the idea and keep Sullivan posted on the progress. Later Gunter calls on Ripley, reveals that he knows of the murder plot, and suggests Ripley act as his agent. This would enable Gunter to stop them just short of murder, and to turn them in for attempted murder. The offer he feels Ripley cannot afford to refuse is unlimited funds for a very expensive and very delicate operation, by a foreign specialist, that could restore the use of Ripley's legs. As the alternative to his "Mr. Nice Guy" offer, Gunter cites the possible mutilation of Ripley's newly-married daughter. The rest of the story covers Ripley's sturggles as an unwilling double agent. The novel is in first-person form with Ripley narrating, and the reader may feel that there is too much breast-beating on the part of the invalid, sorry though his plight may be. However, there is method in the author's sadness, leading to some tense moments and startling reversals.

The front flap of the dust jacket promises a shocking and astounding ending...and, by golly, there is.

—R. W. Hahn

Such a strange biography...

Such a Strange Lady: An Introduction to Dorothy L. Sayers (1893-1957) by Janet Hitchman. Harper & Row, 1975. 177 pp. $8.95.

Up until Masterpiece Theatre began its serializations of the Lord Peter Wimsey novels, the only people who had heard of Dorothy L. Sayers were mystery novel readers and Dante scholars. But with the great popularity of the Masterpiece Theatre shows, Sayers became something of a household name. And little else—for almost nothing could be found about her for publicity publication. A search would disclose James Sandoe's notes towards a bibliography of her work and Carolyn Heilbrun's essay "Sayers, Lord Peter and God" (reprinted from The American Scholar in 1972 as a coda to Lord Peter, which also contains an introduction by Sandoe) and perhaps a few other odds and ends, but no major treatment of her life and/or work. The situation obviously needed remedy, and besides, there was the present fuss about Sayers to cash in on. So Janet Hitchman was persuaded to write a biography.

Ms. Hitchman at first refused. She is a successful journalist and broadcaster and has written a novel and an autobiography, but she never knew Sayers, was never at Oxford, and, so

far as one can tell, is neither an avid mystery novel reader nor a medievalist. Why her publishers approached her with the idea is a mystery. Why she finally agreed to do it is a bigger one. But there can be no doubt that someone else would have been a better choice.

To be fair, Ms. Hitchman was up against a serious difficulty: she was denied access to Sayers' "most personal" papers and had "no assistance whatsoever" from her family, close friends and executors. Faced with this, Ms. Hitchman writes in her introduction, "This cannot be a definitive life of her, it is more like an introduction." But this disclaimer is not quite enough to let her off the hook.

For as far as it goes, the book is certainly of interest. After all, until this study almost nothing was known of Sayers' life, and the mere unearthing and presentation of the facts is worth a great deal. Perhaps the most interesting—astonishing, really—and saddest revelation is that of Sayers' relationships with men. Her present fame is riding not only on Masterpiece Theatre's popularity and on the coat-tails of the current Holmes boom, but on the fact that she was an early, outspoken and witty feminist, to the point of creating a feminist heroine, Harriest Vane, and writing an unmistakably feminist novel, Gaudy Night, in which the villain turns out to be a loyal wife and a mother. Harriet's relationship to Peter (which extends through Strong Poison, Have His Carcase, Gaudy Night and Busman's Honeymoon) is one of total equality: it is her fear that he will not allow her her freedom that makes her hold out so maddeningly (to some, tiresomely) long. She first begins to soften when, after hearing she is working on a case, he writes to her, "...I know that if you have put anything in hand, disagreeableness and danger will not turn you back, and God forbid that they should."

> *That was an admission of equality (Sayers writes of Harriet's reaction) and she had not expected it of him. If he conceived of marriage along those lines, then the whole problem would have to be reviewed in a new light; but that seemed scarcely possible. To take such a line and stick to it, he would have to be, not a man but a miracle. (Gaudy Night)*

Of course, Peter isn't a man. He's a highly romanticized, fictional creation. Harriet has more weight of reality about her, and she gains part of it from the facets she shares of her creator's personality: she is an Oxford alumnus with an M.A., a scholar, a writer of detective novels, a feminist (in thought, if not politically). The temptation has always been great to regard Harriet as Sayers' fictionalized, glamorized self-portrait, and even those, like myself, who don't agree with this view have tended to think of Harriet as at least being Sayers' intellectual mouthpiece and to suppose that the two women were much alike. This supposition is one of the things the biography smashes. Dorothy L. Sayers, creator of Harriet Vane, author of Gaudy Night, essayist who produced the witty and incisive "Are Women Human?" and "The Human-Not-Quite-Human", was an utter idiot about men. At Oxford, she made a fool of herself with her crush on Hugh Allen, the conductor of the Bach choir. After graduation, she fell madly in love with ex-officer Eric Whelpton and, despite his not reciprocating her feelings, flung herself after him in a humiliating manner. She ended up married to Oswald Arthur Fleming, a ne'er-do-well who enjoyed telling heroic and mostly untrue stories about himself and finished his life an alcoholic, and whom she supported. All of this is surprising enough; the shocker is that in 1924, two years before her marriage, she gave birth to an illegitimate son (father undiscovered by Ms. Hitchman) whom she gave to a cousin to bring up and with whom she had little contact for the rest of her life. To compare this sorry reality with the picture of Harriet and Peter and their three sons in the last Wimsey story "Talboys" is to move from surprise and absurdity to something disturbingly sad.

None of Sayers' life appears to have been particularly happy. She was precocious, intense, opinionated, brilliant, bossy and, in some areas, completely void of taste. She was never well-liked. She had a lonely childhood and an unfortunate marriage. It is not surprising that she turned at last (or, rather, again—her father was a clergyman) to God. Out of this came some lightweight, indeed rather embarrassing, theological writing, and a scholarly work of brilliance—her notes to her translation of Dante's Divine Comedy (to be accurate, Paradise was completed after her death by her friend Barbara Reynolds). And, perhaps and more importantly, out of it may have come some comfort for Sayers in the form of a Master in whose service she could utilize her extraordinary energies and unleash the power of her mind.

For providing all this information, Ms. Hitchman deserves thanks. The unfortunate aspect of the biography is the way in which she has presented her facts. In the first place, they come to us in utter nakedness, trailing neither a bibliography nor an index. In the second place, they are surrounded by dubious statements presented as facts. For example, Ms. Hitchman writes, "...at 22, she could have been innocent of all sexual knowledge, but by the time she wrote Unnatural Death she knew all about lesbianism." All about it? And if so, how? Ms. Hitchman has uncovered no evidence that Sayers was ever in love with a woman. What is likely is that she knew or knew of lesbians at her college at Oxford and that she based her treatment of the subject on them. This is hardly the same thing as knowing "all about lesbianism." Mine is a speculation, but not a wild one; Ms. Hitchman's comes out of nowhere to stand as a definite statement on the page. This sort of thing is common practice with biographers, but there is still no excuse for it.

There are other irritants. The discussion of the Wimsey novels is marred by broad, unsupported statements such as "Bunter...is Wimsey's alter ego" and "...it is obvious she cared a great deal for Wimsey, who may have represented a long lost lover, or have stood for those moral and ethical values which she considered were vanishing from the world" (as if a fully created character had to represent something in order for a writer to care about him), and by the fact

that she finds Gaudy Night the worst of the novels. Gaudy Night is not a "pure" detective novel, the way The Nine Tailors is, but it is certainly Sayers' greatest one.

And still more irritants. In her introduction, Ms. Hitchman refers to Sayers as "probably the last of the great letter writers," but she makes almost no use of her letters. And it seems as if she could have found at least one photograph of Sayers between the ages of nine (she is a round-faced child with wonderful, cool, devastatingly intelligent eyes) and forty-nine (though she may be a bit younger than the latter age in the dust jacket photograph).

Then, is the biography worth having? The answer is that of course it is. Ms. Hitchman mentions in the introduction that two Americans and a Swiss and a German are bringing out studies of Sayers, but until these arrive, this book contains all we can know about that peculiar, unfortunate, brilliant woman who gave us Peter Wimsey; and that is worth having, no matter how poorly it may be packaged.

——Lloyd Rose

Crime and the clerical collar...

The Innocence of Father Brown, The Wisdom of Father Brown, The Incredulity of Father Brown, and The Secret of Father Brown, by G. K. Chesterton. Penguin Books, 1975; paperback, $1.50 each.

Embarrassing as it is to admit it here, I have never read any of the Father Brown stories before now. But however shocking an admission this may be, it is worth making an example of myself insofar as there may possibly be others who share this lamentable lapse. For all of us latecomers, then, the reissue of these extremely entertaining and unfailingly clever tales by G. K. Chesterton is welcome indeed. Penguin's green-covered mystery and detection series has languished in recent years, but apparently there are plans afoot to revive it, beginning with these beautifully written stories of the self-effacing little English priest whose uncannily accurate intuitive judgments hit the mark unerringly and persuasively every time. It is a nice way to kick the series off again, and certainly one to be encouraged.

——Jon L. Lellenberg

Wagner, the Wehr-Wolf by G. W. M. Reynolds, with 24 illustrations by Henry Anelay, edited by E. F. Bleiler. Dover, 1975. $3.50.

This, one of Dover's most recent reprints, is not a mystery, and so is of tangential interest to TAD's readers. This 1847 work is an example of a popular Victorian genre, the sensation novel. The works of such authors as Reynolds (1814-1879), the French Eugene Sue (The Wandering Jew, The Mysteries of Paris), Mrs. Henry Wood (East Lynne), and Miss Braddon (Lady Audley's Secret) were widely distributed—often, as with this work, published in weekly paper-covered installments selling for a penny, one-twelfth the cost of the monthly installments in which the works of more respectable novelists, like Dickens, appeared.

The sensation novelist wrote as fast as he could to stay ahead of his printer, with no idea how his work might end. Reynolds turned out 1500 words an hour. A good sensation novel contained enough violent action in every chapter to fill out an entire Jane Austen novel, often laid out in some very purple prose. Any appeal that would catch an audience was used. Reynold's novel is much more sexually explicit than respectable Victorian middle-class fiction, and was denounced (or welcomed) as pornographic by its audience: men who would stand at street corners hoping to glimpse a lady's ankle when she raised her skirt to mount the curb probably were quite turned on by Reynolds' descriptions of his bosomy heroine, and her problems in adopting male attire, resulting from a "voluptuous fulness which could not be comrpessed" (p. 30)—probably the result of too much pasta.

To summarize the plot would take more space than it's worth: briefly, Ferdinand Wagner, an aged Black Forest peasant, is approached by a stranger, later revealed to be Faust, in 1516. Faust gives Wagner youth, beauty, riches, and wisdom on condition that Wagner spend the last night of each month as a werewolf. Reynolds gets in some scenes of violence and brutality in describing Wagner's violent wolferies: having no power to control his animal self, Wagner savages monks, young lovers, children, and anything else he finds. Reynolds enjoys the gore.

Wagner goes to Florence, where he gets involved with the aristocracy, the local banditti, and the Catholic church—none of which have high moral standards. Some of the highlights of action involve stabbings, poisonings, aristocratic skeletons in the closet (literally), the flagellation of half-naked nuns (also bosomy), a bandit assault on a convent, abductions, seductions, attacks by serpents, adulteries, tortures by the Inquisition, and other episodes of everyday Italian life. From time to time, when Wagner has problems, the devil appears, looking rather like a third-rate tenor in a provincial opera house, and promises to cure everything if Wagner will only sign over his soul. Wagner, who must be the most pious werewolf in fiction, resists the lure of an easy solution, and in the end everyone goes to heaven.

Reynolds' characterization relies on cardboard, and his plotting relies on other peoples' bad plots. He employs a great deal of phony suspense, in the manner of Mrs. Radcliffe: when A meets B, he whispers something to him which causes B to blanch. The reader is not told what the remark is, or even who A is, and reads on, hoping to learn. The final revelation is not worth waiting for. This book is grade C claptrap.

——David Brownell

Scapegoat by Paul Ørum. Pantheon, $6.95.

Paul Ørum, one of Denmark's foremost writers, was recently awarded the Danish Poe Association's prize for the best crime novel of the year. Syndebuk was published in England by Gollancz as The Whipping Boy. It is now available from Pantheon as Scapegoat.

Ørum's protagonist, Detective Inspector Jonas Morck, joins the ranks of Lew Archer and Maigret as an intensely moral man. Morck is not only concerned with solving a crime but also with understanding the psychology of the criminal. When Kirsten Bunding, an attractive young nurse, is found brutally strangled on the outskirts of a small seaside resort in Copenhagen, Morck is assigned to investigate.

All the evidence indicates that the murderer is Otto Bahnsen, a simple-minded Peeping Tom. Otto has assaulted another girl on the very spot where Kirsten's body was found. No other suspect can be found and Otto, badgered by the police, breaks down and confesses.

Morck broods over the case. It seems clear to him that Otto is being used as a scapegoat by the real killer. So Morck reinvestigates the crime. He delves deeper and deeper into Kirsten's past and in doing so discovers the startling truth about her death.

Morck is an extremely sensitive person, troubled by man's inhumanity to man. As he becomes more involved with Kirsten's past he examines the history of his relationship with his wife, Marie, and with his partner, Einarsen. He is haunted by his responsibility for the permanent damage done to the simpleton, Otto.

Though there is only one body there are many victims. In this respect Scapegoat is reminiscent of the best of Raymond Chandler. It is not a novel that will surprise or shock, but it is a "good read" within the traditional format of detective fiction.

——Susan Harris Smith

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes by Vincent Starrett. Pinnacle Books, 1975; paperback, $1.95.

On the cover the words of Julian Wolff, the redoubtable editor of The Baker Street Journal, say it all: "The greatest book about Sherlock Holmes that has ever been written." It has nonetheless been out of print for some years, but now happily is back with all of Vincent Starrett's words, a true labor of love and devotion to a subject that was so close to this extraordinary bookman's heart for so many years. First published in 1933, this volume is based on the expanded 1960 University of Chicago Press edition but also contains new material, photographs, illustrations, and a bibliography which have not appeared in any earlier editions. In addition there is a worthwhile introduction by Michael Murphy, Starrett's devoted literary executor, who also contributed as a postword the biographical essay which he delivered as Starrett's eulogy at this funeral almost two years ago. In all Pinnacle has done a nice job, for which earlier editions of this remarkable book cannot fully substitute.

——Jon L. Lellenberg

The Destroyer Series (#1-19) by Richard Sapir and Warren Murphy. Pinnacle, $1.25 each.

If you've avoided this series for years (as I did) because of the idea that it was another Executioner (or worse), it's still not too late to rectify the situation: most of the Destroyer books remain in print. These books are the pulp of the 1970's; Remo Williams (the Destroyer) is the new Doc Savage, and just as outlandish, just as unbelievable, just as much fun. Of course, Remo does not have five amazing assistants or a superior mind, but he doesn't nedd the, being skilled in Sinanju, the most potent development of the martial arts. He also has the eighty year old Korean, Chiun, Master of Sinanju, Remo's teacher and an inveterate fan of "As the Planet Revloves." Those interrupting Chiun while he is watching what he calls "America's only true art form" are generally hauled away in Garby bags. Remo and Chiun are employed by CURE, an extra-Constitutional agency of the United States government, the purpose of which is to handle problems which can't be legally approached. Somehow, this series, with its poker-faced wit and its outrageous plots, manages to make this idea, and the inevitable violence which accompanies it, inoffensive.

——Bill Crider

A number of additional reviews are in hand for which there is no room this issue; they'll appear next time. Only space for some rather abbreviated Short notes on more of the current crop...

Four men on a fishing trip in Canadian wilderness; a storm; a planecrash nearby; theft of their bush vehicle (by a survivor?—nonsense?); murder; and determined and homicidal measures the keep the four (and the police) from investigating the crash. These are ingredients of Night of the Shooting Star (Bobbs-Merrill, $6.95), a fine first novel by Canadian reporter Don Vipond —a novel of solid suspense and effective interweaving of weather gone wild and rugged unspoiled terrain and the terrors of an unexpected battle to survive.

Miss Pink at the Edge of the World by Gwen Moffat (Scribners, $6.95) is set in a cloistered, even feudal, patch of the Scottish Highlands, into which intrude some climbers set on tackling the coastal crags—as well as murder. Chief Inspector Bell—with a grudging hand from Miss Pink—sorts it out. This is an attractive book, but its attractions lie more in the revealing of character and setting than in the brilliance of its mystery.

The first of James Grady's novels about reluctant spy Ronald Malcolm, Six Days of the Condor (1974), seems to have caused a certain stir, and resulted in a film version starring Robert Redford. I haven't read Six Days, and Shadow of the Condor (Putnam, $7.95), its sequel, certainly does not send feverishly back to the first book. Here Malcolm, licking his wounds in academia, is beckoned back into the fray. The Russians seem to have something nasty brewing out in western U.S., where our missiles grow, and Malcolm is sent to rummage. Without a full scorecard... Oh, it's a pleasant enough caper, but not much more than routine.

I don't know that Goodey's Last Stand (Houghton Mifflin, $7.95) by Charles Alverson makes a huge amount of sense in the long run, but its an amusing private eye caper set in one of

the archetypal private eye cities, San Francisco. Goodey is a cop; or was, since he accidently shot an umpteenth cousin of the mayor. Now the mayor is willing to give Goodey a second chance, if he can pin the murder of the mayor's mistress on somebody other than the mayor before the public gets word of unclean political sheets...

Paperback Thriller (Random House, $6.95) is a first novel by Lynn Meyer which starts with a very good idea, offers some 100 pages of near total inactivity, and then cleans up the affair in satisfactory fashion. The good idea is this: psychiatrist Sarah Chayse finds an accurate description of her home-office in a burglary sequence in a paperback mystery she picks up at an airport. She's certain that in some Freudian fashion it represents an actual break-in, carried out without her knowledge a year or two before. Who done it--and which of her patient's records were the target? Her investigation provides lots of time for us to look at length at the tortured Chayse psyche, with its lifelong identity crisis, expressed in a chaotic love life. Oh, well.

I was weaned on early Saint; the numerous imitations that have latterly arrived on the scene are clearly that: imitations. There's another pair in Catch the Saint (Doubleday, $5.95), which has Leslie Charteris' name on the cover. This volume is an attempt to recapture the glories of yore, as the two novelets are set in the late 1930's. And I suppose, for readers not familiar with the real thing, this would be pleasant enough entertainment: the book has a damsel in distress, another in love, assorted villainry, both an American and a British setting (the latter with Inspector Teal)... Someday someone is going to have to do a book by book survey of the Saintly canon; this volume lists 45 titles.

P. D. James writes well; anyone who has read one of her five earlier cases for Commander Adam Dalgliesh has likely reached this conclusion. I don't expect The Black Tower (Scribners, $6.95) to alter that view, though I surely wish the resolution didn't remind me so strongly of rabbits leaping out of hats. Dalgleish thought he was going to do, and prepared himself; then the doctors changed their minds and sent him home. Unsettling, this, and Dalgleish finds matters once of great importance (like his police career) have shrunk to near insignificance, and he goes to recuperate on the Dorset coast with an old priest-friend of his youth, who has been chaplain at a home for the disabled. Dalgleish arrives to find his friend dead a week, and neither the first nor the last to die among the little colony at Toynton Grange.

Jack Foxx is actually Bill Pronzini, who thinks x's are lucky; Dead Run (Bobbs-Merrill, $6.95) is the second Foxxy tale about bush pilot Jim Connell's misadventures in the Far East. Connell is a sort of misplaced Mitch Tobin, in that he's carrying around a festering backpack of guilt since his smuggling enterprises got his partner and good friend killed. Now he's given up flying, and is heading for a job on a rubber plantation near Kuala Lampur--but on the way he's beset by various strangers, including a couple of the ungodly who seem to think he has something of their's. Something worth killing for, in fact. Nice, taut suspense here; Pronzini is good at this, and does a neat job of playing out the mood of the story.

I started reading Ted Lewis' Jack Carter and the Law (Knopf, $6.95), which seems to be a sort of Anglican Friends of Eddie Coyle, but I am not enchanted with wall-to-wall four-letter words and gave it up as a bad job on page 16.

L. P. Davies likes to set up seemingly inexplicable situations, ones of immense contradiction and apparently irreconcilable conflicts, and then put a template on them, creating reason out of unreason. This he's done again in Assignment Abacus (Doubleday, $5.95) and the quite clever scene-setting is very nearly matched by the resolution. A junior director of a British conglomerate is taken by helicopter to a remote country house in Scotland for a secret and critical management meeting—and finds himself the only person for miles around. If one discounts the clock that keeps changing time, the ringing telephone that can't be found, and the fact that his suitcases repack themselves...

The IRA assassinate a British minister who'd done duty in Northern Ireland; the Prime Minister, after a week or two of unsuccessful police and security force efforts to nab the killer, insists an undercover man be sent in. Enter Harry Brown, who with two weeks intensive training becomes Harry McEvoy, native of Belfast. Harry's Game (Random House, $8.95) is to find the IRA assassin in Belfast before the IRA find him; it's an even race... Author Gerald Seymour is a BBC television reporter who's been stationed in Northern Ireland for several years; his book has good suspense, with persuasive, objective and detailed limning of the terrors and tragedies and occasional joys of living in that tormented spot of earth.

Miss Silver's Past (Grove Press, $8.95) is, according to author Josef Skvorecky's Foreward, told in the form of a sort of detective story. I would not recommend that it be approached as such, for the murder does not occur until page 259 (out of 297), the probable victim and the probable killer through the foregoing pages (if indeed one can even expect the occurrence of a crime) are fairly obvious, and whatever detective interest there might be is over-disclosed by the book's title, which was not of the author's choosing. More interesting are the insights into the publishing game in a controlled society; less interesting are sub-editor Leden's unsuccessful amorous adventures with the mysterious Miss Silver. There is much reflective of Skvorecky's own experiences as an author in Czechoslovakia in this novel, which certainly makes it worth having.

Carolyn Weston's Susannah Screaming (Random House, $6.95) brings back Santa Monica cop Casey Kellogg (and his tough older partner, Al Klug), who first appeared in Poor, Poor Ophelia (1971), which in some mysterious cinematic fashion became the pilot for the successful TV series, The Streets of San Francisco. The strength of Susannah lies more in its study of a haunted and hunted ex-con than in the tightness and credibility of its plot and motivations. Paul Rees sees a cyclist killed by a hit-and-run motorist, and is not much believed by the cops, who sort out

background quickly enough. So does a killer, who fits him for a frame.

Colonel Charles Russell has retired from Britain's Security Executive, but when he strays into the purview of some international ungodly in Spain, they prefer to disbelieve his retirement. And take steps. Something seems to be afoot on that island off Spain, and even a stern warning from the new head of the Executive won't keep Russell out of it. Diverting, as always with a Russell adventure, is The Scorpion's Tail (Walker, $5.95) by William Haggard.

Ruth Rendell is a skilled and effective writer; there seems to be general agreement on this score and I do not quarrel. (I also have an article about her Wexford novels for future publication in TAD). But it may be recalled that I was not enthusiastic about her recent The Face of Trespass, and her latest, Shake Hands Forever (Doubleday, $5.95), though bringing back the agreeable Inspector Wexford, lingers longest on the memory with certain negative features. A woman is strangled; Wexford's investigation goes nowhere, though he's certain the husband—alibi or no—had a hand in it. Wexford's superior warns him off the case, but it becomes a personal matter for Wexford, who invests his own time and money; it takes over Wexford's whole being... The final resolution, though surprising and certainly not anticipated by me, seems to be highly unlikely and overelaborate scheming by the guilty, and Wexford's treatment by his superior strikes a wrong note. And the narrative drags...

Arthur Maling's suspense novels are generally quite competent, but I rather think Bent Man (Harper & Row, $6.95) stands out from its fellows, largely on the basis of its strength of characterization. Walter Jackson, a pro football star years ago who gambled his way to oblivion, is now scheduled to die; he has his doctor's assurance. Then his long-estranged son arrives, followed by the cops, followed by homicidal associates of his son's girlfriend. Jackson tries to keep his son alive while he himself slowly and secretly dies...

I stumbled into Gothica again: Nightwind (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.95), a first novel by Sarah Allis. But this is nicely done, and once into the first chapter I was hooked. Elizabeth Remington, having botched life in New York, returns to her rural Wisconsin home. She could live with her brothers, but she opts for a remote lake cabin. There has been a grisly murder or two recently, but no matter. She meets the local gentry and a local surgeon; they are variously smitten with her. All could be well, except the murders continue—and one could wish the killer were as apparent to Elizabeth as to the reader.

Samuel Moses Kelly, the black house detective who plays private eye now and then, debuted in J. F. Burke's Location Shots (1974). He's back again in Death Trick (Harper & Row, $6.95), which much involves Roberta Mountjoy, the beauteous and bountiful natural blond, whose last name was doubtless selected with loving care, and who is one of New York's leading madams and Sam's girl. (We are doubtless supposed to be endlessly titillated by their continual copulation.) One of the clients of Roberta's firm has the poor grace to get himself strangled with piano wire during an appointment; Kelly takes over to protect Roberta from adverse publicity, and finds himself enmeshed in the machinations of big money--with big muscles and big guns. Pleasant reading.

I started Operation Nightfall (Bobbs-Merrill, $6.95) with the thought that, ho hum, here's another caper novel. But as the action moved along authors John Miles and Tom Morris had me compulsively turning pages and ignoring other things I was supposed to be doing; a very neat buildup of suspense is my diagnosis, and I hope somebody knows why this caper (the hijacking of an airport!) won't work, or I'm going to stick to cars...

Caper again: The Carpathian Caper (Putnam, $8.95) by Jacques Sandulescu and Annie Gotlieb must be very largely autobiographical, coupled with a nice dose of wish-fulfillment, for Sandulescu. There's this national and religious treasure in a nunnery high in the Carpathians in Translyvania, and an Americanized son of that soil decides that suitable vengeance for the death of his father at the hands of the totalitarian government would be to heist that treasure. He makes arrangements, gets funding and a gang, arranges for disposition, and in he goes... The book is long but the suspense is real and well-sustained; the Transylvanian setting (from whence Sandulescu cometh) and the casting of the protagonist are particularly well done.

Curiously, the same sort of idea occured to John Rossiter, who calls his variant The Deadly Gold (Walker, $5.95). Here the motive is less lofty: greed. Costain Quayle, a fairly well-known British black hat, is planning to heist a fabulously valuable stature from a Spanish mountain monastery. Word reaches British Intelligence, who include one of their number in Quayle's gang as the helicopter pilot. Said pilot's instructions are to scuttle the affair, and secondarily, to survive; neither proves to be easy. Smoothly proficient storytelling.

Lucille Fletcher is best known for the radio play, "Sorry, Wrong Number," but she has also provided some excellent suspense novels—of which Eighty Dollars to Stamford (Random House, $6.95) is certainly one: much attractive bafflement and nearly irresistable suspense, though the motivation of the malefactor would appear to rest rather unsatisfactorily on madness. Schoolteacher David Marks saw his wife mowed down by a hit-run killer who was never caught; his face haunts Marks' dreams. Moonlighting as a cab driver in New York, he's hired on several occasions to drive a girl to Stamford, Connecticut, where she stays at a rural house for an hour, then returns with him to New York. Finally, on one of these visits, he investigates the house when the girl fails to return, and finds the body of his wife's killer...

Inspector Septimus Finch has been around for a long time (something like 20 novels worth), and in Margaret Erskine's Harriet Farewell (Doubleday, $5.95) Finch is seconded to suburban Ilverstroke, where, he's told, violent crime never occurs. Just to prove him wrong, of course, a wealthy local alumnus of a mental hospital begins exhibiting homicidal tendencies, a riot appears imminent because of police attentions to a local folk hero, and the odd body turns up. The affair revolves around the seething Buckler family, which provides victims of various kinds, a Gothic heroine of sorts, the requisite killer, and somewhat less than adequate motivation. None-

theless, a sprightly novel, an easy and undemanding read...

I think K. R. Dwyer is science-fictioneer Dean Koontz; if so, I like him better in this guise than as his also criminous Brian Coffey byline. Witness Dragonfly (Random House, $7.95), which posits an all-too probable reality: that the CIA is infested with an organized and bountifully financed band of fanatical super patriots. This particular lot thinks mainland China should be wiped out, and new CIA director McAlister sends an undercover man out to China to defuse the human bomb the fanatics have sent out. Except his cover is lifted before he even leave his house... Good plotting, high credibility, sustained suspense; a bulky coincidence or two can be ignored.

I gather Justin Scott aspires to the mantle of Donald Westlake, which I don't think is available yet; at any rate, Scott is among us also as "J. S. Blazer", providing Lend a Hand (Bobbs-Merrill, $6.95). As criminous comedy it's not up to Westlake's best, but standing on its own it's quite an enjoyable affair; after all, this must be the first fictional hijacking of a transcontinental freight train thundering along at 100 miles an hour. Why it's done has to do with a corporation merger, an executive dropout, a marriage of advanced computers, a small band of Black-Irish militants, a few extraordinarily proficient and lissome ladies, and a frustrated Chinese restauranteer (sans restaurant).

The appeal, if any, of Jay Brothers' Ox (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.95) is not to the intellect: this is the tale of a "hero" full of preoccupations with sex, violence and profanity, who is lured by his old U.S. intelligence boss into a scheme to avenge the murder of his brother and family. This could have been a paperback original.

Israeli Michael Bar-Zohar, who writes in French, offers his second espionage novel, The Spy Who Died Twice (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95), and a nice,twisty affair it is. A corpse, quite fresh, turns up in Haiti; records show the body to be that of a British spy who died a year before. This disconcerts the CIA, whose poking in the matter disconcerts the British and turns up an odd Russian or two in the hedges...

I make no recommendation for Anna Clarke's Plot Counter Plot (Walker, $5.95); it's a poor thing, about a middle-aged, desperately unhappy, highly successful, totally unloved, mentally unreliable female mystery writer, who decides to take as a lover a young, one-book author who resembles the man she'd spent a lifetime of unrequited passion for.

The House of the Bears (Walker, $5.95) is a Dr. Palfrey thriller by John Creasey originally published in 1945 and now making its first appearance in revised version in this country. Palfrey is retired from 25 to the innocent practice of medicine, but is called by a colleague for consultation concerning a mysterious malady befallen an inhabitant of the house of Morne, a vast mausoleum set in the desolate moors near Bristol. He finds himself in the midst of a wild and absorbing affair of atomic science and scheming by the benevolent gone mad. Fun stuff in the usual Palfrey manner.

No "lady prose" in Joan Femling's first novel, Backyard (Harper & Row, $6.95); the writing is tough and terse, with realistic development of menace and danger, and a resolution which is all too much a piece of our times. Alma Hahn is in bed, one night, with her married lover when the police beat on her door: her car has been involved in a hit-run accident with another vehicle, whose woman driver has been found at the scene with her throat cut from ear to ear. Alma and lover go to jail; he hires an attorney who thinks them guilty; and Alma's sons do some poking around. With the result that Alma and friend are released and her elder son is arrested for a second murder...

I should have mentioned Michele Slung's anthology, Crime on Her Mind (Pantheon, $10.00) last issue. Again, since I provided advance publicity comment, I'll quote from that: "For more than three decades Ellery Queen's The Female of the Species has stood alone among anthologies as tribute to the women sleuths in detective fiction. No longer: Michele B. Slung's Crime on Her Mind, with its 15 carefully chosen tales from the half-century beginning in the 1890s and Ms. Slung's very useful annotation and commentary, is a substantial contribution to the field and a delight to read as well."

Schocken Books has leaped onto the current Holmesian bandwagon, and offers the following very useful reprints in soft covers: Sherlock Holmes in Portrait and Profile by Walter Klinefelter ($3.95), originally published in 1963 by Syracuse University Press; and Doyle's The Hound of the Baskervilles and The Return of Sherlock Holmes in facsimile editions (each $2.95). The latter two include new introductions by Samuel Rosenberg (author of Naked is the Best Disguise), as well as all the original Strand magazine illustrations by Sidney Paget—they are handsome volumes, the price is right, and I'm very pleased to have them. —AJH

LETTERS

From Bob Randisi:

Thanks to George N. Dove for "The Complex Art of Raymond Chandler" and to G. A. Finch for "Have You Met Hardman?" (I have and I've enjoyed all seven books, to date.) I hope Fred Dueren's "Paper Crimes" will become a fixture in TAD.

I am among the many who are interested in author's pseudonyms, so I will make a contribution and then pose my own question. Chip Harrison, whose second Leo Haig novel is now out from Fawcett Books (The Topless Tulip Caper), is in reality Lawrence Block, who had a previous series with Fawcett about an adventurer named Evan Tanner. My question is: Does anyone know who "Mark Sadler" is?

And while I'm on pseudonyms, isn't Alex Saxon, whose Run for Diamonds was published by

Pocket Books last year, in reality Bill Pronzini? [Yes.——AJH]

In closing I'd like to agree with Robert Kolesnik about the TV character of Ellery Queen. This series could very well have been called, "What Would Columbo Be Like If Played By Jim Hutton?" It's a question whose answer I for one am really not interested in.

From Mrs. Sandra Roy (3701 Augusta Road, Aiken, S. C. 29801):

I have a contract with Twayne Publishers for a book about Josephine Tey (Elizabeth Mackintosh; Gordon Daviot), and would like to correspond with anyone who might know about her personal history or who corresponded with her.

From Frank D. McSherry, Jr.:

For some time now, each issue of TAD has had three articles competing for first place in what's been practically a three-way tie; but in 8/4 there's no doubt about which one comes out first: Richard Gerber's electrifying account of the tracing of the thought processes of a man half a century dead is way out in front. It's a convincing and effective example of the ability of psychoanalytic techniques to throw light on literature, and its brief references to the psychological appeal of the detective story as permitting its readers to run with the fox and hunt with the hounds are most intriguing; I would like to see another article on this by Dr. Gerber.

Nor does this down-grade the second and third place winners: Prof. Briney's warm, brief but perceptive appreciation of Mystery Book Magazine and welcome Index, and Dove's account of Chandler's use of plot, were both excellent. Also worthy of more than usual note were Ms. Adams' coverage of husband-and-wife detective teams, "Double Jeopardy" (is that a nice way to speak of marriage, Ms. Adams?) and Prof. Finch's study of the Hardman character (finely written as usual, and not rated higher only because of its short length; more, Prof. Finch!). Adding to the pleasures were the cover, perhaps Mr. Dixon's best yet, and J. M. Carter's letter (really a superb short essay) on that enigmatic and interesting character, Parker, one of the best letters TAD has ever run. I would like to see Mr. Carter expand that letter into a full-length article.

Mr. Briney's letter refers to a statement in Robert Jones' The Shudder Pulps (Fax 1975) that the Operator 5 novels written by Emile C. Tepperman can be distinguished from those authored by Frederick C. Davis by the presence of footnotes; this comes from an interview with Davis and is apparently based on Davis' recollections. Memory can be deceptive and that seems to be the case here; though I haven't got a full run of Operator 5, 19 of the 22 pulp issues I do have have footnotes; so do three of the Corinth and one of the Freeway reprints. Nick Carr's thorough and interesting study of the magazine, America's Secret Service Ace (Weinberg, 1974; 64 pp. offset paperback with many black and white reproductions of the magazine's covers) states that Tepperman did use footnotes, but of a different kind than Davis', and quotes Davis: "Mine were all factual, based on actual news stories... Tepperman's footnotes were part of the fiction, sometimes quoting non-existent sources." Carr observes that "Mr. Davis never read any of the Operator 5 series after he stopped writing them." No matter who used them, the footnotes were clever and effective, adding much to the story's sense of reality. (A footnote to one of the Purple Invasion series, thirteen novels generally credited to Tepperman, about the fictional invasion of America by the Purple Empire, gives the words of the Purple Army's marching song: "By the grace of Rudolf and God, We march on conquered sod..." and the illustration even includes some lines of the music for it!) The presence or absence of footnotes then is not a reliable indication of who wrote the stories.

Since all the reprints are of early novels from the first year and a half of the magazine, they are probably by Frederick C. Davis. Goulart's entertaining and informative study of the pulps, Cheap Thrills, says: Signed with the forceful penname Curtis Steele, the Operator 5 novels were initially by Frederick C. Davis." Carr quotes Frank Gruber as saying, "There were about five or even six authors who had a hand in the stories." Carr tried to locate Tepperman but failed: "Thus far, all efforts to locate this elusive author have ended in complete frustration." Carr quotes Harry Steeger, former president of Popular Publications, as saying, "As far as I know, Emile Tepperman was—and still is—a real, live person." Among other stories, Tepperman did the long series of short stories featuring Ed Race, the Masked Marksman, who meets crime in every town his vaudeville act takes him to, that appeared for years in The Spider.

Wyatt Blassingame might have been the author, had it not been for a knife in the back from Fate, says Jones in The Shudder Pulps: "...shortly after starting his writing career... Blassingame was approached by an editor at Popular to do a novel-length feature to be called 'Operator 5.' He was just beginning to earn what passed for a living then, and the thought of a book-lengther a month, pre-sold, made his mouth water. He went home immediately and...wrote the story. As he tells it, 'The life of the country hung by a thread all the time. But nothing happened that would appear in the papers.' ...when the manuscript was taken in to Henry Steeger, he already had a cover painted. 'It showed the White House being blown sky-high—an incident that simply could not be worked into the story,' Blassingame ruefully notes. So the series went to another author—Frederick C. Davis. That was the only book-length story Blassingame wrote for the pulps, and it never sold."

Mr. Kabatchnik's review of Grey Shapes asks for titles and details of stories combining detection and the supernatural in a balanced way; an answer (some 70,000 words of it) will be published, probably sometime this year, by Mirage Press: my own A Study in Black. It's a study of detective stories whose protagonist (usually the villain) has supernatural powers or their scientific equivalent, from The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde to Alfred Bester's The

Demolished Man (set in a future world where the police have mind-reading powers) and Asimov's novels about robot detective R. Daneel Olivaw. The book is an expansion of an article done originally for The Mystery Reader's Newsletter, where part of the beginning appeared before the Newsletter's regretted demise. Some months back a reader wished an article on why readership of supernatural/science fiction fields and detective-crime fields overlapped; my book offers a somewhat surprising reason.

Odds and ends: Isaac Asimov says in an afterword to one of the stories in his recent Buy Jupiter (science fiction short-shorts) that there will be another volume of twelve More Tales of the Black Widowers... The Marvel large-format black-and-white comic book Sherlock Holmes has been cancelled; another company, DC, did put one out (smaller size, 25¢, in color, same title—Marvel must have been furious) with adaptations of "The Final Problem" and "The Adventure of the Empty House," pretty well done by writer Dennis O'Neil and better done by artist E. R. Cruz, October 1975; I haven't seen a second yet... A new organization, The Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes, ladies only, announced through secretary Patricia Moran in the June 1975 Baker Street Journal that they wanted more publicity; a sure-fire method of achieving this promptly leaped to my mind and I wrote the editor of the Journal; but I fear he felt I was facetious, and besides, would a Centerfold quite fit the ambience of the Journal? (I'm a male chauvinist what?) Address 12 West 19th St., N.Y. 10011; devoted, like all Scion Societies, to the life and times of Sherlock Holmes... Readers Christie, who likes Fu Manchu, and Banks, who wants more humor, will appreciate the latest issue of a small but high quality magazine, The Rohmer Review, this issue filled with parodies about the Insidious Doctor and his fiendish machinations; digest-sized, No. 13, orange-covered, 32 pp., from 4 Forest Ave., Salem, Mass., 01970. Contains side-splitting material by Jack Gaughan and Ron Goulart, and a hilarious take-off on what happens when the Sinister Doctor's methods are tried for real by Vincent Miranda. Recommended...Ms. Adams might be interested in Bob Sampson's excellent article about female detective Grace Culver, who appeared in 20 short stories in The Shadow from 1934-7, the first series character the magazine used apart from the Shadow himself, written by Roswell Brown, a penname for Jean Francis Webb, as revealed for the first time by Sampson in this article, "Grace Note", in Xenophile No. 17. A switch on the usual formula [illegible] stories it's the hero who's always stumbling into traps and troubles and has to be rescued by the heroine, his red-headed secretary whose trick necklace is really a set of disguised skeleton keys, and who quickly becomes the driving force behind the Noonan Detective Agency... Crooks Magazine, announced as forthcoming in last year's Writer's Market, to be devoted to fiction and non-fiction about successful crooks and slick swindles, not yet in print; it may be out some time next year. Sounds like fun... No longer with us: Edward S. Aarons, creator of the popular, long-running Sam Durrel spy series, who died in Connecticut at 58. Another to be missed...

All the fabulously rare cases of two famous detectives, M. P. Shiel's Prince Zaleski and Cummings King Monk, will be issued by Arkham House sometime next summer, probably, says their latest catalogue, at $7.00. The Zaleski tales are: "The Race of Orven," "The Stone of the Edmundsbury Monks," and "The S.S."; those of the less well-known detective, Monk, are: "He Meddles with Women," "He Defines Greatness of Mind," and "He Wakes an Echo." Outside of "The S.S.", included in 101 Years' Entertainment, and one of the Monk stories, revised and retitled, in EQMM for February 1946, as "Cummings Monk", these stories will be almost unknown to most readers; indeed, Queen's introduction to the Monk tale states that "so far as your editor has been able to check, no mention has ever been made, historically or critically, of...Cummings King Monk"; and adds that the book in which the three tales of him appear—The Pale Ape and Other Pulses, 1911—never appeared in America. Oops, I've said the book reprints every Prince Zaleski story; but the last one, the last story Shiel ever wrote, isn't mentioned—"The Return of Prince Zaleski," appeared in the January 1955 EQMM (I see from my copy of Mr. Nieminski's invaluable index, EQMM 350), and a fine, prize-winning tale it is. Hmmmm—I'll drop AH a line and see if they'll include that one too...

From Frank Eck:

At the risk of widening the verbal void that greeted my first letter of suggestions in TAD, I'll undertake one more paper craft journey down Poe's Maelstrom of lost missives and into the bottomless abyss.

While I wait for my Dramamines to take effect and prepare me for the dizzying descent and any further aberrant alliterations that I might encounter, I'll tighten the rigging and batten the hatches with a few comments on TAD 8/4.

What first attracted by attention about this latest issue were the interior illustrations for Nathan L. Bengis' fine piece on everything you've always wanted to know about The Mystery of Edwin Drood but were afraid to ask. These greatly added to the enjoyment of the article as did the photo of H. R. F. Keating that complimented Sven-Ingmar Pettersson's lively article. Here I would also like to include my appreciation for William Dixon's cover, with its use of swirling lines to achieve a sort of Poe-esque phantasmagoria.

After following the Dueren-Beaman debate for the last few issues, I was very pleased to finally see the appearance of Fred Dueren's new "Paper Crimes" column. It is a welcome counterpoint to Charles Shibuk's "Paperback Revolution" for golden agers. My response to Fred Dueren's query as to what to review, is to emphasize books that have either been overlooked or haven't gotten the credit they deserve, especially books by newer writers that are entertaining and well written both in style and originality of viewpoint. What I'm not interested in seeing reviewed, at least not on a regular basis, is a barrage of blood and guts books about such nouveau pulp masters as the Death Merchant, the Executioner and the Butcher.

Since TAD is probably the premier mystery journal in the world, I was delighted over the international scope of contributors and hope that in the future these writers will do articles on mystery-detective-adventure novels from their respective countries. In particular, I'd be very much interested in learning more about such writers as Anders Bodelsen and Palle Rosenkrantz from Denmark; Maria Lang, Vic Suneson, Sjowall-Wahloo and Jan Ekstrom from Sweden; Freidrich Durrenmatt and Helmut Kirst from Germany; and Hirai Toro (Edogawa Rampo) and Kobo Abe from Japan.

Well, the Dramamines seem to have taken effect and I'm ready for the descent. My concern again is with the form and content of TAD. Reading over the comments of several TADians, it seems clear that there is a division of opinion on certain aspects of TAD's contents. One group, probably the majority, seem to favor an emphasis upon the golden age writers such as Christie, Sayers, Stout, Carr and Tey, or more broadly, the classics. Other readers, myself included, prefer the modern crime and suspense novel that has the added element of social and psychological realism, as practised by such writers as Ross Macdonald, Nicolas Freeling, Patricia Highsmith, Francis Clifford and John Le Carre.

At the heart of this controversy or dialogue lies a very slanted and leading question. If TAD is "a journal devoted to the appreciation of mystery, detective and suspense fiction," is its main concern (and this is determined by the contributors) the current crime genre as an ongoing and developing form of fiction, or is it primarily a trip down memory lane, through the wax works and to the land of Lud? Perhaps a less partisan question might be, can a balance be found to convey a panorama of interests and tastes. I think Fred Dueren's new column is especially useful in this regard. Besides the suggestions I offered in my previous letter that appeared in TAD 8/3, p. 231, I would like to see spotlighted in some form the yearly winners of the Edgar Awards and the Golden Dagger Award, and in this way introduce major new writers.

From Jeffrey Meyerson:

The latest TAD was great, as usual, with a very interesting group of letters, and the articles on Chandler, Keating and the husband-and-wife teams. On another matter, I'm sure that many people will find Fred Dueren's column interesting, but I thought that he was going to tackle only (or mostly) paperback originals, which he now says is not the case. Perhaps Bill Crider, who says his main interest is in originals, can continue reviewing series, as he did this issue for The Inquisitor and Pepperoni Hero.

I agree with J. M. Carter that the Richard Stark/Parker books are Westlake's best, though I also enjoy the Tucker Coe/Mitch Tobin books. While they are virtually unavailable here at present, there are about half a dozen in print in England, and I was able to get a couple I was missing. I also get several 87th Precinct novels and other books not in print here, including Catherine Aird's The Religious Body, P. D. James' A Mind to Murder, Elizabeth Lemarchand's The Affacombe Affair, and several by Arthur Upfield. In all, my wife and I spent a lot more time buying books than sightseeing.

From William F. Nolan:

In many respects, I find myself in the position of Hemingway scholar Philip Young (Penn State University) who cannot, it seems, escape from his past. He wrote one of the first books on Hemingway (for Rinehart) in 1952, then went on to other work. Yet, in 1966, he felt compelled to revise and update his book on Hemingway—and this led to his being chosen, by Mary Hemingway, to make an inventory of her late husband's manuscripts. Though he had determined that he'd said his "last word" on Hemingway, this new task resulted in yet another book—which, in turn, led to his editing the "Nick Adams" stories as a Hemingway book for Scribners. Young has many other interests beyond Hemingway, yet is drawn back, again and again, to the subject—almost despite himself.

This is a lengthy explanation of why I'm back in the pages of TAD with yet another piece on Dashiell Hammett. Having done the first full-length study of his work, I find myself in Young's pioneering position. I have many other intersts beyond Hammett, yet am drawn back, again and again...

We are in the midst of a full-scale Hammett revival, in books, magazines, films and television. Many of his stories have been recently purchased by TV/film producers; a San Francisco magazine is about to devote one entire issue to Hammett—and no less than four books on his life and work are underway.

Well, "underway" is not quite the word for the first of these, since it has just been published as Hammett, a novel by Joe Gores (Putnam). It is fiction mixed with fact, dealing with a real Hammett involved, as detective, in a fictional murder case. The year is 1928, the setting San Francisco, and all the facts about Hammett's life and career which Gores includes are facts. It is tough, funny, fast and fascinating—and totally authentic in atmosphere and background detail, and in its depiction of Hammett the man. An offbeat "must" for any serious Hammett reader. Needless to say, Lillian Hellman is most unhappy with it. In her bulldog pose as guardian of the Hammett estate, she resents anyone writing about "Dash" without her blessing.

She's finally given that blessing to Steven Marcus, a professor of English at Columbia University, and the author of a rather heavily pedantic essay/introduction to Hammett's life and works in the recently-published book from Random, The Continental Op (see my last piece in TAD, Vol. 8, No. 2 for contents). Prof. Marcus is laboring, at this very moment, on a full-length "authorized" biography of ole Dash, aided by Lillian and her Official Papers. Hammett was a man of much juice and vigor. It is hoped that the Hellman/Marcus combo will present the full portrait—including such truths as the fact that he once "shacked up" (to use the term as I got it

from my informant) with Peggy O'Toole—the prototype for Brigid O'Shaughnessy in The Maltese Falcon. Hammett was a hard-living, hard-drinking character whose full story, with all the wraps off, would make one hell of a book!

Another full-scale effort (this one in the critical-biographical genre) is being written for Twayne's United States Authors Series by William L. Godshalk (English Dept., University of Cincinnati), who has devoted more than a year of intensive research to Hammett and who combed through the Hammett collection at the University of Texas, reporting (in a letter to me) that "the stuff in Texas is very interesting—and now open to any legitimate researcher... There are unpublished short stories, manuscripts from which stories were written...letters to L.H. [Hellman]... The collection takes up two boxes and I was apparently the first one to go through it." Then he goes on to tell me: "My book won't be out for years... I have a lot to learn yet."

The fourth book deals exclusively with Hammett's work, and is titled Dashiell Hammett: A Descriptive Bibliography. It is another university-inspired project, this one from Richard Layman (Dept. of English, University of South Carolina). In August of this year he wrote to say that "my work is still in an early stage...and many of H's English editions are very difficult to locate." It will be published by the University of Pittsburgh Press as part of their "Pittsburgh Series in Bibliography."

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, another Hammett project is at full boil. Warren Hinckle, the editor of City, a spirited local publication, has turned over one entire issue of the magazine to a remarkable character named David B. Fechheimer, who runs his own detective agency in that city and is currently working the Patty Hearst case. Fechheimer, something of a local wizard, has not only tracked down Hammett's marriage license, records of his Pinkerton cases, and numerous "old cronies"—but has actually managed to unearth the model for the Maltese Falcon itself—a ruby-encrusted human skull! He has also enlisted the aid of a small army of artists, writers and photographers to fill this all-Hammett issue—and these include, of all people, Lillian Hellman herself. Also on hand with Hammett pieces: Joe Gores (with a full rundown on all the places H. lived and worked in San Francisco), Steven Marcus (with an article on Hammett's trial—in which he was convicted and sent to prison), and myself (with a section of my Dashiell Hammett: A Casebook reprinted).

This one's bound to be a real collector's item, and will be out in Oct-Nov of this year (1975). There is talk of its being later printed in book format, but this is uncertain.

Turning to the film/TV front, there's much activity. Joe Gores reports that producer Martin Poll is preparing to film The Dain Curse (with Joe doing a draft of the screenplay), and the Hollywood trade papers reported that Poll also has film rights to "four other Hammett stories." Additionally, Allan Kalmus, of Bob Hope Productions, is dickering for a TV series to be titled "The Continental Op" and based on many of the old Op tales.

Over at Paramount Studios, Hannah Weinstein has been named producer of a Hammett novelet, "This King Business," with James L. Brooks to write the screenplay.

And that ain't all, folks! The son of Sam Spade is featured in a comedy sequel to The Maltese Falcon, this one titled The Black Bird, from Columbia Pictures. And producer Richard Roth is getting ready to film H's "Dead Yellow Women," to be produced in San Francisco's Chinatown. This one was scripted by Roger Simon and wife Dyanne.

And, last but not least, European producer Bernardo Bertolucci talks of Hammett's Red Harvest as his next big-budget production.

Biographies ... critical studies ... bibliographies ... motion pictures ... TV adaptations ... and the irony of it all is that Samuel Dashiell Hammett died broke, hounded to his deathbed by government tax collectors.

Today his work is still very much alive—and something tells me that the "Hammett boom" has just begun.

From Michael Heenan:

In a short story by Rex Stout the murderer was responsible for 303 deaths. Is this a record? Has the villain of any full-length detective story claimed a larger number of victims?

From Randy Cox:

In October 1935, George Harmon Coxe published his first novel, Murder with Pictures. This October—forty years later to the month—he published his 62nd novel, No Place for Murder. The publisher, as always, was Alfred A. Knopf. The fact that he is still with the same publisher may in itself be something of an achievement.

A few years back I set out to compile a checklist of his books. Like what's-her-name in the cliche, it grew. The result was a celebrated series for TAD which was called "Mystery Master", but has also been referred to in learned circles as "Cox on Coxe." Perhaps the similarity in our surnames explains my initial interest in George Harmon Coxe. Perhaps it was simply nostalgia: when I was a boy we subscribed to the American Magazine where I saw his novelettes. I was also an avid fan of Crime Photographer, the radio show based on his Flashgun Casey stories.

I hoped to accomplish two things in "Cox on Coxe": to pay tribute to a writer who I felt had been neglected by the critics if not the fans and reviewers, and to explain my fascination with this writer to someone who was definitely not a fan of George Harmon Coxe. I may have succeeded in the first, but I will never know about the second. The person to whom it was addressed refused to read it.

There is little to add to that assessment of a few years back although I have sometimes

thought of recasting it by tracing various themes in his work rather than taking it series by series in strict chronological order. Recent re-readings of Murder with Pictures and other Coxe novels only re-enforce my enjoyment. Is it any wonder that I include him in my annual seminar in American Detective Fiction?

His books may not seem to be remarkable achievements filled with deep insights into the corruptibility of the human soul. Perhaps he cannot be dealt with on the levels with which Hammett, Chandler, and even Ellery Queen have been discussed. He has peopled his fictional world with the knights and maidens, ruffians and scoundrels, that we can all somehow recognize. They may not be the people we know intimately, but we've all seen their like on the next bar stool or coming into the hotel lobby. They are people caught up in webs of their own spinning, their stories told in a deceptively simple formal style.

There is a sufficient distance between reader and protagonist for the reader to feel the danger without needing to lock the door or pull the covers over his head. And therein lies his strength, for he appeals to the vast reading public which wants a solid night's entertainment without the aftermath of nightmares. There are enough occasions when I, myself, want that. Right now, while waiting for a copy of No Place for Murder, I may just dip into a vintage yarn.

More from Frank Eck:

My purpose in writing this letter is to present for discussion a proposal I would like to make for the institution of a new annual mystery award. At the present time, the two most prestigious awards are the American Edgar Awards and the British Golden Dagger Award, given by the communities of professional mystery writers. These annual awards are voted upon and awarded by the Mystery Writers of America and the British Crime Writers Association. I would like to propose that beginning next year a new award to be called The Anthony Boucher Award be given at the annual Anthony Boucher Memorial Mystery Convention. The Anthony Boucher Award would be unique and distinct from the above awards in that it would be given by the general community of mystery-crime and suspense fans. The award would be based on the ballot of all attending and supporting members of the annual mystery convention and would be given for such categories as best novel, novella, novelette, short story, dramatic presentation (stage, film, TV or radio), best fan magazine and fan writer.

I believe that establishing this new award would be an excellent way to permit the non-professional mystery, crime and suspense aficionados to express their opinion directly on what they consider to be the best in the current output, and it would also have the secondary beneficial effect of generating more enthusiasm in the annual Anthony Boucher mystery convention.

From Paul M. Jensen:

TAD readers might be interested in the Nov-Dec, 1974, issue of Film Comment magazine, which is devoted to "film noir" of the forties and fifties. The issue was sold out, but has recently been reprinted. An article by yours truly about Raymond Chandler's work and its relationship to Hollywood (entitled "Raymond Chandler: The World You Live In") is included in the issue. It discusses the films he wrote (like Double Indemnity) and the films based on his novels, as well as his general attitudes toward films and the "film colony."

On a more peripheral level, my book Boris Karloff and His Films was published this past Spring by A. S. Barnes (Cranbury, N. J.).

From Bill Crider:

I just finished reading 8/4, and found it very interesting. I was particularly interested in the retrospective review of Snarl of the Beast, as I devoted 4-5 pages of my doctoral dissertation to that novel and subsequently submitted that section to The Journal of Popular Culture; they accepted it for publication more than three years ago, but it has never seen the light of day, and I guess it never will. But Snarl is certainly an interesting book.

The article on the Hardman series pleased me, as I, too, am a fan. I did not read any of the books until seven (all that have been printed at this date) were on the stands. After I read one, I went out and bought the others, which is some indication of how much I enjoyed them. Unfortunately, the next book I found by Ralph Dennis was waht I think of as a "Grand Hotel" book, what some people call a "big" novel, called Atlanta. It was nowhere close to being as good as the Hardman books, and I haven't seen a thing by Dennis since.

From Herbert Ruhm (351 E. 52nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10022):

I have been commissioned to do a Best of Black Mask. It occurs to me that many of your readers must have their favorite Black Mask story which they would like to see in print. I would welcome their suggestions.

From John Vining:

Fans of Brett Halliday might be interested in the fact that he wrote at least one western under his own name, Davis Dresser. I recently came across a paperback edition of Gunsmoke on the Mesa, originally published in 1941.

Does any TAD reader have the time, and necessary information, to prepare a definitive checklist of Raymond Chandler's short stories? Philip Durham says in the introduction to Killer in the Rain that Chandler had 23 published. I have run across references to over 30. I think that Durham must have been referring to the detective stories only. He did write some fantasy type material.

Arthur Betz commented on Roy Huggins. Huggins wrote three novels about private eye Stu-

art Bailey in the late forties. In 1958, he brought Bailey to TV in the very popular series 77 Sunset Strip. He then novelized the TV version of Bailey in 1958. The series lasted for 185 episodes, 1958-1963. Huggins was producer. Incidently, he writes many episodes of The Rockford Files, but lists a pseudonym in the credits.

I was pleased with G. A. Finch's article on the Hardman series. I agree with him about author Ralph Dennis putting too much emphasis on exact details and setting. I lived in Georgia for many years, and can vouch for the authenticity. Dennis is authentic to the point of boredom at times. I hope he will develop as a writer. His plots aren't too bad, but he can't make me feel "back home" as yet. I assume the series is his first work.

I hope somewhere in the TAD readers rank, there is a scholar of Richard S. Prather to answer a couple of questions. He published at least four Shell Scott novels under his own name for Gold Medal. Then, one was published under his David Knight pseudonym by Graphic paperback in 1952. Then back to GM for a long run under his own name. The Graphic odd ball was Pattern for Murder, which reappeared in 1958, titled The Scrambled Yeggs, under the GM imprint. Also, I have noticed a couple of mainstream novels recently by a David Knight. Is this Prather? Can anyone elaborate more on these items?

From Ed Lauterbach:

TAD 8/4 is, as usual, another fine issue. I am always impressed with the continuing "Retrospective Reviews." The contributors to this department of TAD are creating what can only be called "A New Catalogue of Crime," which accumulates, with various astute remarks, many titles not listed or perhaps undervalued by Barzun and Taylor. Taken in their totality, "Retrospective Reviews" will eventually equal in number and usefulness Barzun and Taylor's volume as a valuable guide to detective and mystery fiction.

Cadaco, Inc., of Chicago, has put on the market "The Sherlock Holmes Game." For two to four players, it is aimed at younger players six years old and up. Small magnetic "treasure" pieces are hidden under colorful game boards and then found by "detectors" which are moved on the three of the die. Here's a tip: press down fairly hard with the detectors as they are moved over the game boards or else the "treasure" discs may not register. Obviously meant for children, this is a nice game for dads and moms to play with youngsters. Though the places depicted are non-canonical, for Sherlockians the best part of the game is the painting of Holmes on the box cover. This game is for Sherlockian completists or for families who think that mystery games, even rather elementary ones, are fun to play together.

It is always interesting to discover the reaction of contemporary readers to detective and mystery stories because their opinions may differ from our own judgments. Since Dover recently published a collection of Thinking Machine stories, my eye caught the following anonymous comparison of Holmes and the Thinking Machine in the New York Bookman for December, 1906, pages 322-23: "Mr. Jacques Futrelle...first attracted attention through a series of stories which originally appeared in the Boston newspaper on which he was employed as a reporter. These stories chronicled the achievements of the Thinking Machine, as was termed the man whose powers of mentally scenting out crime and getting at the heart of mystery far surpassed those, for instance, of Sherlock Holmes. Candidly, the Thinking Machine as a creation was not an entire success. He lacked any definite personality. On the other hand, the stories themselves were really extraordinary in the ingenuity of their plots. Had they been written around vivid and living individuality, like that of Holmes, they would unquestionably have ranked with five or six of the very best tales of Conan Doyle." A photo of Futrelle is included on page 322 for any collector who wishes to see what this author looked like.

From Allan Kleinberg:

I enjoyed the latest TAD very much. Another instance of detectives in a book realizing they are detectives in a book ("More 'Shades of Dupin'") is in Edmund Crispin's The Case of the Gilded Fly (1944). Professor Gervase Fen is lecturing his guests on the relation between detection and literary criticism. He concludes, "I'm a very good detective myself. In fact, I'm the only literary critic turned detective in the whole of fiction." Not surprisingly, "the company considered this claim for a moment in silence."

Also, I liked Mr. Dixon's cover. Next time I suggest he tackle John Dickson Carr—lots of good stuff in his books for a cover!

From Don Hutchison:

I can't resist commenting on Bob Briney's letter on the Operator 5 pulps. I've made something of a study of Operator 5 and have corresponded with Fred Davis, who originated the series. It's not entirely accurate to say that you can spot the Davis novels by the use of footnotes. Actually the Tepperman books also used footnotes to the text; the main difference is that Davis' footnotes were usually quotations from newspapers and other journals of the time, whereas Tepperman's footnotes were not a result of research but simply comments on previous stories or quotations from fictitious sources. Tepperman, in other words, didn't bother doing the research which characterized Davis' work.

The difference between the two writers' contributions is more evident in the stories themselves. Davis' earlier yarns are better written in my estimation; each episode is complete in itself and most of the stories are excellent examples of pulp melodrama at its flamboyant best. Tepperman's Purple Invasion series is probably what people remember Operator 5 for best, but Tepperman's work is much sloppier, much more difficult to read today—again, in my opinion.

Briney states another popular misconception when he says that Davis wrote the first few

of the Operator 5 yarns. In fact Davis wrote 24 of the 48 Jimmy Christopher yarns. You may be interested to know that Davis has kept no copies of the Operator 5 magazines and was completely unfamiliar with Tepperman's contribution to the series. In one of his letters to me he stated that he quit the series of his own decision because he was being sadly underpaid—$500 per novel—and because he was beginning to feel the strain of a heavy work load. In addition to the Operator 5 epics he was also turning out more than an equal number of words for other markets—among these, the long-running Moon Man series, a novelette every month, for Ten Detective Aces.

From Philip T. Asdell (R. R. #5, Box 355, Frederick, Md. 21701):

I wanted to let you know that plans are afoot to establish a publication which might be of interest to R. Austin Freeman and Dr. Thorndyke fans. Expressions of interest and brief descriptions of potential contributions would be most welcome if sent to me at the above address. Very tentatively, I am thinking of two issues per year to start some time in 1976.

From Charles Shibuk:

Further film dramatizations addenda:

Author	Character	Actor	Film
Vance, Louis Joseph	The Lone Wolf	Thomas Meighan	1932 Cheaters at Play (based on "First Cabin")
Wheatley, Dennis	Duke de Richleau	Christopher Lee	1968 The Devil Rides Out (Br.) (U.S. title: The Devil's Bride)

I might mention that although the official credits of the French film Drole de Drame (1937) (U.S. title: Bizarre, Bizarre) indicate that it is based on Joseph Storer Clouston's novel The Lunatic at Large, it was actually based on Clouston's The Mystery of No. 47 (a.k.a. His First Offence).

I regret to inform Miss Adams that Dora Myrl did not marry Paul Beck in 1900. The lady sleuth first appeared in 1900 in Dora Myrl, The Lady Detective. She met Mr. Beck in The Quests of Paul Beck (1908), and the result was inevitable.

From Bob Briney:

In "The Paperback Revolution" Charlie Shibuk could have mentioned that the Penguin reissues of the Father Brown stories have covers featuring actor Kenneth More as Father Brown. Are these from a British TV series, or were they posed especially for the paperbacks?

Mr. Dueren's "Paper Crimes" is welcome as a complement (but never a replacement) for "The Paperback Revolution". I agree that coverage of current paperback originals and similar recent material is desirable, but not at the expense of the continuing retrospective on older titles. ... It is worth noting that the Avenger novel Demon Island, praised by Mr. Dueren, is not a pulp reprint but a new novel by Ron Goulart hiding behind the "Kenneth Robeson" byline.

From Robert Kolesnik:

Harper & Row have recently published a unique item: Ellery Queen's 1976 Mystery Calendar. Each page has various photographs of prominent mystery writers. One is supposed to look at these photographs and try to guess their identities; the answers are printed at the bottom of the page. Opposite the photographs is the usual day by day calendar layout, but for many of the days useful information relating to that day and mystery fiction is given. This is a truly remarkable item for the mystery collector.

From Bruce Beaman (1417 Main Street, Stevens Point, Wis. 54481):

Being a good Sherlockian I read Gerber's essay on Doyle's use of names before I read anything else. I must say in all frankness that I found Gerber's analyses to be rather ridiculous if not boring. I especially disliked Gerber's use of the term "insignificant explanations" when he refers to theories put forth by other writers as to the origins of the names Doyle bestowed on his characters; this seems to be a rather hasty dismissal on Gerber's part of scholarship which may happen to differ from his own. In any event, I may be biased since I tend to disapprove of Sherlockian scholarship a la Sam Rosenberg which Gerber exhibits.

I was interested in the letter from Jo Ann Vicarel re the idea for a list of bookdealers for volumes in our genre. I too would like to see something like this, but I can understand the difficulties involved. A fellow-Sherlockian, Andrew Malec, and I have been corresponding about compiling a directory of bookdealers for Sherlockiana, but we really don't know quite where to begin. Any suggestions or addresses of bookdealers from TADians would be appreciated.

Finally, if I may digress from matters strictly TADian, I have some words of advice for your readers: I assume most of you collect books in the genre, or if you are not serious collectors you have considerable libraries. Well, my advice is that if you value your books, keep them in a fire-proof vault or some such contrivance. A fire in late July took with it all my books, past issues of TAD, and most terribly, my collection of Sherlockiana. It will be well nigh impossible for me to rebuild my library because of the expense involved. It rather makes one want to tear out his hair accompanied by much gnashing of teeth! In this respect, I'd appreciate hearing from anyone who has any Sherlockiana for sale, and I'm especially interested in back issues of the BSJ, SHJ, etc. Many thanks.

From Jeff Banks:

Picking out a favorite item from all the very interesting and varied material in this

issue is quite a problem. R. E. Briney did a beautiful job with his article on Mystery Book Magazine, managing to answer a few questions I had regarding it that I'd not managed to get answered before. I guess this must be my favorite—after all, it is bibliography. I do hope he (and others) will publish more of the same sort of thing.

Gail Adams on husband and wife teams was very interesting and well done, but I wish someone would do a checklist of these. I'm frequently discovering new ones that are really old ones that I didn't know about.

George Dove's work on Chandler was as beautifully done as his articles always are. Dean Dove is one of the few writers in TAD (or anywhere else, for that matter) whose stuff I frequently reread. And I was delighted that R. W. Hays extended the former Dove article in "More 'Shades of Dupin'".

I found Fred Dueren's new column delightful, but I hope this does not mean that you won't be running any more of this always interesting biographies of fictional detectives! And since I was one of the more vocal agitators for the Dueren column, I should mention here that G. A. Finch's article on Hardman and the Crider reviews of books in the Inquisitor and Pepperoni Hero series greatly pleased me. Information on the newer writers (and especially on their series) is always welcome.

I'm also grateful to see the reprint of Richard Gerber's study of the significance of Sherlock Holmes' name. I hadn't read it before, or even heard of it, and it would have been a shame to miss it.

Now, as to the letters, I was particularly interested in the comments of Frank McSherry and John Vining regarding my movie question. I wonder now if maybe Davis Dresser decided on his series hero's name as a result of seeing Satan Finds a Lady? Surely the movie appeared before the earliest Mike Shayne story.

Let me close by saying that I both heartily second reader Van de Ven's wish for more frequent TADs and sympathize with your feeling of being overworked by the whole thing. If ever the burden of a quarterly got too great to bear, I would rather see the magazine go semi-annual than cease altogether as Mystery*File and The Mystery Reader's Newsletter did!

From Edith Turner:

I don't think I have ever noticed anyone's mentioning that Editions, Box SW, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412 is a source of books. Detective and mystery fiction are listed with general fiction. I have found quite a few things that I needed. My collection is small in comparison to most TAD readers, I am sure (3200), but I still find more than the budget will allow. One dollar brings you a list of 20,000 books in all categories and once you order, the renewal lists come once or twice a month. They also keep a list of what was out of stock and send you a card if it comes in later.

From Joe Gores:

I guess I'd better be the one to answer Clay Kimball's query about the crossover scene in Don Westlake's Plunder Squad and my Dead Skip (TAD, v8n4), as I am not sure Don is a regular TAD subscriber.

Back a few years when I was starting work on Dead Skip, I was rereading for the umpteenth time Don's crossover opening chapters in his Grofield novel Blackbird (Macmillan, 1969), written under his Stark pseudonym, and his Parker novel Slayground (Random House, 1971), also written as by Richard Stark. I thought that Don must have had a lot of fun doing that, and thought it would be even more fun if two different authors tried it. I was going to New York for the annual Mystery Writers of America bash anyway, so when Don and I got together I braced him about it, and he said sure.

Since I was already working on Skip, it was decided I would write the scene and Don would later fit it into his novel, not yet begun, which would eventually be Plunder Squad. So I wrote an original rough of the scene, describing Parker with bits and phrases adapted from earlier Stark novels, and giving him the sort of dialogue I always envisioned him using (Parker has been a favorite character of mine in fiction ever since he and some of my short stories shared appearances in the old Manhunt pulp magazine in the late 1950's). I invented and described Sharon Beaghler, described the house, and created the name Bob Beaghler.

Don revised the chapter in a way of evening out the Parker description and dialogue, and sent it back approved. I used it, getting into Kearny's mind—and using his viewpoint. Don used it getting into Parker's mind—using Parker's viewpoint. Don had much the harder task, as he had to fit a scene from my book into one of his not yet written. Both books were published by Random House, and we both had the same editor—that boon to all writers who are lucky enough to work with her, Lee Wright. Lee knew about it but her assistant, Barbe Hammer, didn't, and apparently thought she was going crazy because she happened, also, to read the two ms back to back. Our common agent, Henry Morrison, chewed us out ("You fellows ever stop to think what happens when I sell subsidiary rights and have to exclude one or the other character from the sale?") when he read the mss. But we had a lot of fun.

There was a marvellous epigraph to it all. Don tends to write late at night, so occasionally he will call me on the phone at what's two a.m. or so on the east coast, but only 11:00 p.m. out here in California. So a couple of times while writing Plunder Squad, he called to complain. "Those Beaghlers of yours," he'd grouse, "they're sprawling all over my book. I can't get rid of them."

The final word was spoken one morning (my time) about 3:00 a.m. The phone rang and it was Westlake's voice, with the tone that only a writer who has written all night himself would

recognize. "I just called to tell you that I finally killed off that damn Bob Beaghler of yours!"

That was it. He hung up the phone. But I always felt it was a little unfair. I mean, granted, I made up Beaghler's name; but Don made up the guy himself. Why should I get the blame if he can't control his characters?

From Mike Nevins:

To those readers who pointed out pulp stories by Cleve F. Adams that weren't included in the checklist attached to my article i give apologetic thanks. I had thought the checklist was complete but Bill Clark has told me he didn't intend it as such but only as a collation of the Adams appearances in magazines he has indexed. I'd appreciate it if other pulp fams would send TAD any other additions they might know of.

From Barry Pike:

J. Randolph Cox is wrong about A. A. Milne's short stories (8/2, p.115)—there are more than two. Catalogue of Crime, entries 2663/4, mentions three ("Portrait of Lydia," "Murder at Eleven," and "The Wine Glass" = "Once a Murderer"); and there are two more in the Evening Standard Detective Book (1950): "A Savage Game" and "Bread Upon the Waters." The magazine Suspense, Vol. 1. No. 2, Sept. 1958, has another: "Nearly Perfect." If there are more, I'd be interested to hear; perhaps there are enough for a book, even if it were a small one. Publishers don't sufficiently investigate this field, I fear: there are at least 5 L.A.G. Strong stories awaiting "collection", at least 6 Gladys Mitchells, several Josephine Bells and 4 Nicholas Blakes (possibly 5--what is the story, referred to by Barzun & Taylor, in Murder for the Millions?) ["The Assassins' Club"——AJH] I expect the 7 uncollected Allingham stories will see publication some day, since Joyce Allingham, her sister's literary executor, has her eye very much on the market (her edited version of The White Cottage Mystery has recently appeared from Chatto & Windus, and even if Margery is turning in her grave I for one am delighted to have it at last)—but what enterprising editor or publisher is going to gather up the Strong stories so late in the day, as clearly they should be gathered up? And what about all those Michael Gilbert stories that distinguish nearly every anthology that appears?—there's material there for 3 or 4 books, surely.

One enterprising publisher has recently appeared, and to my incredulous delight he is reissuing Leo Bruce's Sgt. Beef books. He is Ian Wilkes of Ian Henry Publications: write to him at 38, Parkstone Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex for news of Case for 3 Detectives, Case with Ropes & Rings and Case for Sgt. Beef. He's also reviving Margaret Erskine, John Trench, Nigel Morland and Mary Fitt, among others.

Gianni Menasce (8/2, p.163) writes a challenging letter—would that I could express myself as forcefully in Italian! But how perverse of him to single out Cat and Mouse as "a wonderful book by a usually dull enough author." Cat and Mouse is the only one of Miss Brand's books I can't read—I've started it twice to date—but her other books are indeed "wonderful" and so far from "dull" as to qualify for master status: Green for Danger, London Particular and Tour de Force are the creme de la creme, the out-and-away leaders of the field (how much more devastating is Miss Brand's ingenious use of the central trick in Tour de Force than Nicholas Blake's use of it in The Widow's Cruise four years later!). Death in High Heels lumbers rather and loses impetus, but the others—Heads You Lose, Suddenly at His Residence (shades of Sleuth!) and Death of Jezebel are only marginally less stunning than the three from the very top drawer. I've been trying to talk Mr. Wilkes (of Ian Henry) into reissuing Death of Jezebel, which has not been reprinted since 1947 and seems in fact not to exist except in the author's own copy; this is simply incredible when one thinks of the acres of rubbish that do get into print.

Signor Menasce is equally perverse over Dominic Devine: Three Green Bottles is much his worst book, and of a crudity so distressing that I wrote to him deploring it (he didn't reply, and there's been no further book from him!). The Fifth Cord is probably the best thing he's done, but they're nearly all good and very, very tense. P. D. James and Ruth Rendell are much, much more than "good enough"—but one inclines to agree that Helen McCloy is losing her grip. Menasce singles out Through a Glass Darkly for praise, but surely Two Thirds of a Ghost and Alias Basil Willing are even better—and what a brilliant title that is for the former! In the light of these achievements, The Sleepwalker, though I enjoyed it, seems unremarkable and A Change of Heart positively footling—your remarks about soggy spaghetti were only too true, alas.

I fear that Agatha Christie may have lost her grip finally—I agree absolutely with Signor Menasce about Elephants Can Remember, and I can't bring myself to read Passenger to Frankfurt or Postern of Fate. I see from the programme of Murder at the Vicarage (currently at the Savoy Theatre, with Barbara Mullen eccentric beyond belief as Miss Marple, jerking about the stage like a puppet on a string, and raking her hair feverishly as the mood, only too often, takes her) that Poirot's Last Case [Curtain in the U.S.——AJH] is due in the Autumn—I hope the old lady has pulled off something good for the old man's farewell but it doesn't seem likely. There were some very touching photos of Dame Agatha recently in one of the Sunday supplements, taken by Lord Snowdon: one had grown used to seeing pictures of her as tall, commanding, even rather grand, but here she was tiny and angular and pathetically frail.

I liked Veronica M.S. Kennedy's review of Alibi for a Corpse by Elizabeth Lemarchand. This is E.L.'s best book to date, though Cyanide with Compliments comes near it. In both books the author sets up her situation, investigates and ultimately dismisses the innocent suspects, and then shows how and why the crime was committed by entirely new suspects (in Alibi) or virtually new ones (in Cyanide). Supt. Pollard's uxoriousness and paternalism are tedious, but he works interestingly with real detection, and his gentle good manners make a pleasant change from

some of the louts one encounters elsewhere (in Reginald Hill's novels, for instance). Miss L. never fails to work out an intricate and carefully "tested" plot—but she can come dangerously near to soppiness at times (cf. Allingham at her worst), especially in The Affacombe Affair.

I enjoyed Kingsley Amis' Darkwater Hall rather more than Ms. Kennedy, and for once I did not find the sex he insists on introducing into everything obtrusive. Amis has written a new mystery currently being serialized in The Sunday Times, The Crime of the Century. The fifth episode will end just as the killer's identity is to be revealed, and readers are invited to provide their own final chapter, which does not have to name the same murderer as Amis to qualify for a prize (and possibly publication in book form, it is hinted).

I see from an ad in this week's TLS that we are at last to have August Derleth's Solar Pons over here--2 books, The Adventures and The Chronicles, are to be published here by Robson Books, of whom I've never heard, but more power to their arm. Derleth's Pons books were on the list I am making for Mr. Wilkes of neglected writers likely to be resuscitated successfully but it looks as if that's one battle already won. Now to persuade Mr. Wilkes to revive Dorothy Bowers and Elizabeth Daly!

If it's not too late I would like to thank Ann Waldon for her piece on Elizabeth Daly, which provided a history and personality for one who had previously been an enigma (even Penguin could not penetrate her reserve: she gave them a full biography of Henry Gamadge to put on the back cover!); Lillian de la Torre for her entrancing account of the way she works—would that one could get hold of her books; Fred Dueren for his account of Poirot; and Joshua Goldberg for his exhilarating perception that masquerade/mascarado and Max Carrados are evidently (now that's been pointed out!) akin. I'd also like to ask George Grella, who is on record has having said that Emma Lathen is "a mediocre writer", but what standards he is making this judgment? If Lathen is mediocre, where does that leave everybody else? (And why did no one take him up on that remark, either at the time he made it, or subsequently in TAD?)

A few questions: which Christie is Unfinished Portrait (Dell, 1971)? Why does Norman Donaldson spell Ronald Knox's middle name with a double "t" at the end?—I've always seen it with one. Have you noticed the strangely masculine bias of contributors to TAD?—except for pieces on Daly and Lathen, all the recent in-depth studies, biographies of detectives, notes and queries relate to male writers and investigators. Who's going to tackle Josephine Tey and Ngaio Marsh and Anthony Gilbert and Mary Kelly and Helen McCloy and Dorothy L. Sayers and Carol Carnac/E.C.R. Lorac and Joanna Cannan and Edward Candy and Phoebe Atwood Taylor/Alice Tilton and Conyth Little and Patricia Moyes and Joan Aiken and Josephine Bell and Georgette Heyer and Patricia Wentworth and Dolores Hitchens/D.B. Olsen and Hildegarde Withers and Eve Gill and Miss Hogg and Miss Marple and all those other real and imaginary female luminaries? Dashiell Hammett and Harry Stephen Keeler have had it all their own way for far too long. I'm doing what I can for Gladys Mitchell [upcoming next year in TAD——AJH] and Margery Allingham, and in a smaller way, Christianna Brand, but there must be others who'd like to celebrate the distaff side.

From Walker Martin:

My favorite article in the August TAD was Briney's piece on Mystery Book Magazine. I hope you can get more like it.

I would also like to see more reviews of paperbacks such as the retrospective reviews of the Stephen Marlowe paperbacks and Howard Rigsby's Lucinda.

From John Harwood:

Murray Pearce's letter in the August issue suggested to me that some TAD contributor should write an article on the subject of authors who have died and had their series continued by other writers. There have been several instances of this.

Perhaps the most famous series character whose adventures were carried on after the death of his creator was Bulldog Drummond. After H. C. McNeile ("Sapper") died the series was continued by Gerard Fairlie, who had been the model for Drummond. McNeile had written eleven Drummond books and had started a twelfth (Bulldog Drummond on Dartmoor) but died before he could finish it. Fairlie completed it and went on to write about half a dozen more.

E. W. Hornung wrote five books about the cricket-playing jewel thief, Raffles, and when he died, the adventures of the gentleman crook were taken over by Barry Perowne, who wrote nine or ten more books.

Ian Fleming's James Bond entertained vast numbers of the spy story fans for a number of years in fourteen books. After Fleming passed away, Kingsley Amis, under the pen name of Robert Markham, wrote one other adventure of Band in Colonel Sun. Evidently this further case didn't go over well as nothing more has been heard of the character.

When Albert Campion's creator, Margery Allingham, died, her husband, Philip Youngman-Carter, completed an unfinished book and went on to write two more Campion books before he, too, died.

There's another case of one author taking over another's character, but this time the creator didn't die. When Bruce Graeme, creator of Blackshirt, gave up writing about him, his son, Roderic, continued the series.

Of course, there are the parodies and pastiches of Sherlock Holmes and Fu Manchu (to a lesser extent), but this is another matter.

This brings to mind the case of Wu Fang. I discussed this more fully in my letter in TAD 6/1, so I will not go into it in such detail here. Simply, the facts are these:

A Chinese villain appeared in the Pearl White serial, The New Exploits of Elaine, in 1915. This appeared in book form in 1916 as The Romance of Elaine by Arthur B. Reeve. Then in

1919 Pearl White appeared in another serial entitled The Lightning Raider, in which appeared another Chinese villain called Wu Fang. Later, in 1929, Roland Daniel wrote a book called Wu Fang, which was followed by Wu Fang's Revenge, 1934, The Son of Wu Fang, 1935, and The Return of Wu Fang, 1937. Then, starting with the September 1935 issue and ending after seven issues with the March 1936 number was a pulp magazine called The Mysterious Wu Fang; the stories were written by Robert J. Hogan.

Did the last three writers get the names from previous writers or was it just coincidence?

It's possible that the Wu Fang of The Lightning Raider was suggested by the Wu Fang of The New Exploits of Elaine. Both featured Pearl White and were made by the same studio. However, although the first story was based on the work of Arthur B. Reeve, he had nothing to do with the second serial.

When an author dies and another author continues the series, does the second author have to get permission from the survivors of the first author? I would think the copyright would be passed along to the family of the first author and they would have the say about the continuation of the character's adventures.

In case the first author's family doesn't want the series to continue I imagine they can refuse permission. However, when the copyright runs out can anyone write about the character?

From William White:

You don't have to be a bibliographer to know that all compilers of checklists and bibliographies do miss things and sometimes spell names wrong. So it is not to Walter Albert's discredit whatever that I merely wish to add to his very useful "Bibliography of Secondary Sources for 1974" (TAD 8/4, 290-293, 274) the periodical Presenting Moonshine. Subtitled The John Collier Newsletter, it has been appearing for several years, mainly quarterly, and four issues were published in 1974: Vol 2, Nos 12, 13, 14 and 15, March, May, August, and December. John Collier is not, by far, the only author treated in the magazine. PM is published by Morley Fox and Charles E. Yenter, the latter also serving as editor; its 125 free copies are distributed by the Fox Book Company, 1140 Broadway, Tacoma, Washington 98402, and the editor's address is 1015 South Steele Street, Tacoma, 98405. Mr. Yenter's Checklist of the Writings of William F. Nolan is listed by Mr. Albert, but he misspells the name as Yentes. [Misspelling probably the responsibility of idiot TAD typist, one AJH. ——AJH]

While there's nothing esoteric about The New Republic, it's really not the place that most TAD readers would be looking for the latest in detective and mystery story gen. Yet here are six relatively brief views of six subjects that are well worth reading, all in the NR Summer Book Issue, July 26, 1975, volume 173, pages 21-34, under the general heading of "Murder, Mystery and Private Eyes."

The individual pieces are "The Sordid Truth: Donald Hamilton, on Matt Helm," by Robin W. Winks; "Evil Plots: Ross Macdonald," on Lew Archer, by George Grella; "Murder She Says: Agatha Christie," on Hercule Poirot and Miss Marple, by Michale Holquist; "Key Witness: J. D. MacDonald," on Travis McGee, by David A. Benjamin; "It's Chinatown: James M. Cain," by Kevin Starr; and "The Back of the Book: S. S. Van Dine," on Philo Vance, by Roger Rosenblatt.

They ought to be reprinted.

From James W. Thomson (523 Homewood Avenue, Narberth, Pa. 19072):

As a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania who is writing his dissertation on pulp detective magazines of the 20's and 30's, I would like to correspond with collectors and addicts. I am especially interested in hearing from anyone who has an extensive collection of Black Mask during the Shaw era. All replies and leads will be greatly appreciated.

From Murray Pearce:

Although I haven't seen all the back issues of TAD yet, I'm surprised that no one has yet coined the term TADdict for those of us "hooked" on your brilliant and illuminating magazine. TAD is definitely habit-forming. On that point I am TADamant. And of course when the Bibliography is done you will publish a TADdendum. The junior TAD readers are TADolescents, while us old fogies are TADults. Supporters of TAD are TADherents while those not interested in the mystery field wonder what all the TADo is about. Enemies of TAD are known as TADversaries. Classifieds are known as TADvertisements and the only lack in the magazine is a TADvice column. I could go on but I have already TADdled my brain—and yours too probably.

* *

BOOK EXCHANGE

Deborah Sims (230 W. 82nd St., New York, N. Y. 10024) is looking for Vol 1, Vol 2 and Vol 3, #1 and 2, of TAD to complete her set.

Jeffrey Meyerson (44 1st Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11231) wants 1/1-6/2 of TAD

Clay Kimball (1441 Delaware, Eden, N. C. 27288) needs Hammett's Nightmare Town, and Man Called Thin; Stark's Rare Coin Score, Dame, Damsel, Blackbird, and Lemons Never Lie.

Fred Stepniak (3301 1st Ave. So., Mpls, Minn. 55408) would like to acquire any novels by Anthony Boucher or H. H. Holmes.

Wray Brown (1400 Westover Lane, Ft. Worth, Texas 76107) needs Emma Lathen's Accounting for Murder.

George Wuyek (115-70 237th St., Elmont, N. Y. 11003) is looking for Albert Johannsen's two volume The House of Beadle and Adams.

——continued on page 40

Locke from some unsold short stories by Reeve.)
The Exploits of Elaine. Hearst's, 1915; Hodder, 1915 CK ss
The Film Mystery. Harper, 1921; Hodder, 1922 CK
The Fourteen Points. Harper, 1925 CK ss
The Gold of the Gods. Hearst's, 1915; Hodder, 1916 CK ss
Guy Garrick. Hearst's, 1914; Hodder, 1916 ss
The Kidnap Club. Macaulay, 1932 CK
The Master Mystery. Grosset, 1919. (Novelization of film serial by Reeve and John W. Grey.)
The Mystery Mind. Grosset, 1921. (Novelization of film serial by Reeve and John W. Grey.)
The Panama Plot. Harper, 1918; Collins, 1920 CK ss
Pandora. Harper, 1926 CK
The Poisoned Pen. Dodd, 1913; Hodder, 1916 CK ss
The Radio Detective. Grosset, 1926 CK (Novelization of film serial by Reeve.)
The Romance of Elaine. Hearst's, 1916; Hodder, 1916 CK ss (U.S. edition combines text of British edition with part of The Triumph of Elaine.)
The Silent Bullet. Dodd, 1912. British title: The Black Hand. Nash, 1912 CK ss
The Social Gangster. Hearst's, 1916. British title: The Diamond Queen. Hodder, 1917 CK ss
The Soul Scar. Harper, 1919 CK
The Stars Scream Murder. Appleton, 1936 CK
The Treasure Train. Harper, 1917; Collins, 1920 CK ss
The Triumph of Elaine. Hodder, 1916 CK ss (Part of this is included in U.S. edition of The Romance of Elaine.)
The War Terror. Hearst's, 1915. British title: Craig Kennedy, Detective. Simpkin, 1916 CK ss

REEVE, CHRISTOPHER
The Emerald Kiss. Jarrolds, 1932; Morrow, 1931
The Ginger Cat. Collins, 1929; Morrow, 1929
The House That Waited. Ward, 1944
Hunter's Way. Jarrolds, 1934
Lady, Be Careful. Ward, 1948; Mill, 1950
Murder Steps Out. Ward, 1942; Mill, 1951
The Toasted Blonde. Collins, 1930; Morrow, 1930

REEVES, H. B.
The Mystery of No. 13. Ogilvie

REEVES, ROBERT. Series character: Cellini Smith, in all titles.
Cellini Smith, Detective. Houghton, 1943
Dead and Done For. Knopf, 1939; Cassell, 1940
No Love Lost. Holt, 1941

REEVES, RUTH
Lament for a Lonesome Corpse. Phoenix, 1951

REGESTER, SEELEY. Pseudonym of Meta Victoria Victor
.The Dead Letter. Beadle, 1867

REGIS, JULIUS. Series character: Maurice Wallion, in both titles.
The Copper House. Holt, 1923; Hodder, 1923
No. 13 Toroni. Holt, 1922; Hodder, 1923

REID, C. LESTOCK
Dark Destiny. Allan
Masque of Mystery. Books for Today, 1947
Revenge with a Vengeance. Robertson
Sons of Solomon. Allan
The Trail of Pharaoh's Treasure. Allan

REID, DESMOND. House name. All titles below feature Sexton Blake, and those without publisher were published by Amalgamated Press.
The Abductors. Mayflower, 1968
Anger at World's End. 1963
Bullets are Trumps. 1961
Caribbean Crisis. 1962
The Case of the Renegade Agent. Mayflower, 1968
Conflict Within. 1960
Contract for a Killer. 1960
The Corpse Came Too. 1961
Cult of Darkness. 1963
Dead on Cue. 1962
Dead Respectable. Mayflower, 1967
The Deadlier of the Species. Mayflower, 1966
Deadly Persuasion. 1961
Death in Dockland. 1962
Death on a High Note. 1962
Death on the Spike. Mayflower, 1966
Flashpoint for Treason. 1957
Frenzy in the Flesh. Macfadden, 1966
The Girl Who Saw Too Much. 1963
High Heels and Homicide. 1958
Homicide Blues. 1957
Hunt the Lady. 1961
Let My People Be. Mayflower, 1968
Murder by Moonlight. 1961
Murder Comes Calling. 1960
Murder Made Easy. 1960
Murder's Rock. 1961
Roadhouse Girl. 1957
Showdown in Sydney. 1959
The Slave Room. Mayflower, 1967
Something to Kill About. 1961
Stand-In for Murder. 1957
State of Fear. 1961
Victim Unknown. 1957
Witch-Hunt! 1960
The World-Shakers. 1960

REID, LESLIE
The Rector of Maliseet. Dutton, 1925

REID, CAPTAIN MAYNE
The Headless Horseman: A Strange Tale of Texas. Bentley, 1866

REID, PHILIP. Pseudonym of Richard Ingrams and Andrew Osmond.
The Fun House. Houghton, 1974
Harris in Wonderland. Cape, 1973

REILLY, HELEN. 1890?-1962. Pseudonym: Kieran Abbey, q.v. Series character: Inspector McKee = M.
All Concerned Notified. Doubleday, 1939; Heinemann, 1939 M

The Canvas Dagger. Random, 1956; Hale, 1957 M
Certain Sleep. Random, 1961; Hale, 1962 M
Compartment K. Random, 1955. British title: Murder Rides the Express. Hale, 1956 M
The Day She Died. Random, 1962; Hale, 1963 M
The Dead Can Tell. Random, 1940 M
Dead for a Ducat. Doubleday, 1939; Heinemann, 1939 M
Dead Man Control. Doubleday, 1936; Heinemann, 1937 M
Death Demands an Audience. Doubleday, 1940 M
The Diamond Feather. Doubleday, 1930 M
Ding Dong Bell. Random, 1958; Hale, 1959 M
The Doll's Trunk Murder. Farrar, 1932; Hutchinson, 1933
The Double Man. Random, 1952; Museum, 1954 M
The Farmhouse. Random, 1947; Hammond, 1950 M
File on Rufus Ray. Morrow, 1937; Jarrolds, 1937
Follow Me. Random, 1960; Hale, 1961 M
Lament for the Bride. Random, 1951; Museum, 1954 M
The Line-Up. Doubleday, 1934; Cassell, 1935 M
McKee of Centre Street. Doubleday, 1934 M
The Man with the Painted Head. Farrar, 1931
Mr. Smith's Hat. Doubleday, 1936; Cassell, 1936 M
Mourned on Sunday. Random, 1941 M
Murder at Arroways. Random, 1950; Museum, 1952 M
Murder in Shinbone Alley. Doubleday, 1940 M
Murder in the Mews. Doubleday, 1931 M
Murder on Angler's Island. Random, 1945; Hammond, 1948 M
Murder Rides the Express; see Compartment K
Name Your Poison. Random, 1942 M
Not Me, Inspector. Random, 1959; Hale, 1960 M
The Opening Door. Random, 1944 M
The Silver Leopard. Random, 1946; Hammond, 1949 M
Staircase 4. Random, 1949; Hammond, 1950 M
Tell Her It's Murder. Random, 1954; Museum, 1955 M
The Thirty-First Bullfinch. Doubleday, 1930
Three Women in Black. Random, 1941 M
The Velvet Hand. Random, 1953; Museum, 1955 M

REISNER, MARY
Death Hall. Belmont, 1971
Black Hazard. Belmont, 1966
The Four Witnesses. Dodd, 1947; Hammond, 1948. Also published as: Web of Fear. Belmont, 1967
The House of Cobwebs. Dodd, 1944; Methuen, 1948
The Hunted. Belmont, 1967
Katherine and the Dark Angel. Dodd, 1948; Hammond, 1949
Mirror of Delusion. Dodd, 1946; Hammond, 1947
Shadows on the Wall. Dodd, 1943. British title: Twelve Steps at Miramar. Methuen, 1946
Twelve Steps at Miramar; see Shadows on the Wall

REIZENSTEIN, ELMER L.
On Trial. Dodd, 1915 (Novelization by D. Torbett of ELR's play.) Reprinted as by Elmer L. Rice. Grosset

REKAB, BILL
Cry from the Dark. Five Star
The Dead and the Damned. Five Star

REMENHAM, JOHN. Pseudonym of John Alexander Vlasto, 1877-1958. Other pseudonym: John Alexander, q.v.
Arsenic. Skeffington, 1930
The Canal Mystery. Skeffington, 1928
The Crooked Bough. Macdonald, 1948
The Dump. Skeffington, 1931
Fog: A Dartmoor Mystery. Skeffington, 1929
The Loom. Skeffington, 1933
The Lurking Shadow. Macdonald, 1946
The Peacemaker. Macdonald, 1947
Righteous Abel. Macdonald, 1943
Sea Gold. Skeffington, 1931
Seed of Envy. Macdonald, 1944
Tregar's Treasure. Skeffington, 1932

REMY, JACQUES
A Race for Life. Lane, 1957

RENARD, MAURICE. 1875-1939.
Blind Circle, with Albert Jean (1892-). Dutton, 1928; Gollancz, 1929
The Hands of Orlac. Dutton, 1929
New Bodies for Old. Macaulay, 1923
The Snake of Luvercy. Dutton, 1930

RENAUD, J. JOSEPH
Doctor Mephisto. Hutchinson, 1929

RENDELL, VERNON (HORACE). 1869-
The London Nights of Belsize. Lane, 1917 ss

RENDELL, RUTH. 1930- . Series character: Chief Inspector Wexford = W.
The Best Man to Die. Long, 1969; Doubleday, 1970 W
The Face of Trespass. Hutchinson, 1974; Doubleday, 1974
From Doon with Death. Long, 1964; Doubleday, 1965 W
A Guilty Thing Surprised. Hutchinson, 1970; Doubleday, 1970 W
In Sickness and in Health; see Vanity Dies Hard
Murder Being Once Done. Hutchinson, 1972; Doubleday, 1972 W
A New Lease of Death. Long, 1967; Doubleday, 1967 W
No More Dying Then. Hutchinson, 1971; Doubleday, 1972 W
One Across, Two Down. Hutchinson, 1971; Doubleday, 1971
The Secret House of Death. Long, 1968; Doubleday, 1969
Shake Hands for Ever. Hutchinson, 1975; Doubleday, 1975 W
Some Lie and Some Die. Hutchinson, 1973; Doubleday, 1973
To Fear a Painted Devil. Long, 1965; Doubleday, 1965
Vanity Dies Hard. Long, 1966. U.S. title: In Sickness and in Health. Doubleday, 1966. Also published as: Vanity Dies Hard. Beagle, 1970
Wolf to the Slaughter. Long, 1967; Doubleday, 1968 W

RENEK, MORRIS
Las Vegas Strip. Knopf, 1975

RENNERT, MAGGIE. Series character: Guy Silvestri, in both titles
Circle of Death. Prentice-Hall, 1974
Operation Alcestis. Prentice-Hall, 1975

RENNIE, J. ALAN
The Riddle of Rainbow Mountain. Muller, 1939

RENWICK, PETER
Leatherface Lonergan Stakes a Claim. Low

RESSICH, JOHN SELLAR MATHESON. 1877-
Joint pseudonym with Eric de Banzie, 1894- : Gregory Baxter, q.v.

REVELL, LOUISA. Series character: Julia Tyler, in all titles.
The Bus Station Murders. Macmillan, 1947; Boardman, 1949
The Kindest Use a Knife. Macmillan, 1952; Boardman, 1953
The Men with Three Eyes. Macmillan, 1955
No Pockets in Shrouds. Macmillan, 1948; Boardman, 1949
A Party for the Shooting. Macmillan, 1960
See Rome and Die. Macmillan, 1957; Gollancz, 1958
A Silver Spade. Macmillan, 1950; Boardman, 1950

REVELLI, GEORGE. Series character: Amanda Nightingale, in both titles.
Commander Amanda Nightingale. Grove, 1968
Resort to War. New English Lib., 1971

REYBOLD, MALCOLM
The Inspector's Opinion. Sat. Rev. Press, 1975

REYBURN, WALLACE
Port of Call. Cassell, 1957
Three Women. Cassell, 1960

REYMOND, HENRY
Deadlier Than the Male. Signet, 1967
(Novelization of Bulldog Drummond movie.)

REYNAUD-FOURTON, ALAIN
The Reluctant Assassin. Collins, 1964; Coward, 1964

REYNOLDS, ADRIAN. Pseudonym of Amelia Reynolds Long, 1904- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Patrick Laing, Peter Reynolds, qq.v.
Formula for Murder. Phoenix, 1947
The Leprechaun Murders. Phoenix, 1950
The Round Table Murders. Arcadia, 1952

REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE. Pseudonym of Gertrude M. Robins Reynolds.
Accessory After the Fact. Hodder, 1928. U.S title: The Innocent Accomplice. Doubleday, 1928
The Affair at the Chateau. Hodder, 1929; Doubleday, 1929
Black Light. Hodder, 1937; Doubleday, 1938
Brother Wolf. Wright, 1931
The Flight of the Duchess and other stories. Wright, 1935 ss
The Gift in the Gauntlet. Hodder, 1927; Doran, 1927
The Innocent Accomplice; see Accessory After the Fact
The Intrusive Tourist. Hodder, 1935; Doubleday, 1935
It is Not Safe to Know. Hodder, 1939; Doubleday, 1939
The Lost Discovery. Hodder, 1923; Doran, 1923
The Missing Two. Hodder, 1932; Doubleday, 1932
The Nameless Strange and What Happened at Flaunce. Wright, 1933
The Notorious Miss Lisle. Hodder, 1911; Doran, 1911
The Prisoner of the Garret. Partidge, 1915
The Sheikh Touch and other stories. Hurst, 1931 ss
The Stranglehold. Doubleday, 1930 (British title?)
The Terrible Baron and other stories. Wright, 1933 ss
The Trouble at Glaye. Hodder, 1936; Doubleday, 1936
Very Private Secretary. Hodder, 1933; Doubleday, 1933
Whereabouts Unknown. Hutchinson, 1931; Doubleday, 1931

REYNOLDS, BONNIE JONES
Truth About Unicorns. Garnstone, 1974

REYNOLDS, GEORGE
Victor Maury, the French Detective. Ogilvie, 1882

REYNOLDS, GEORGE WILLIAM MACARTHUR. 1814-1879.
Agnes; or, Beauty and Pleasure. 1855
Agnes Evelyn.
Alfred de Rosaun. 1840
The Banker's Daughter.
The Bronze Statue; or, The Virgin's Kiss. 1849
Canonbury House; or, The Queen's Prophecy. 1858
Caroline of Brunswick.
Catherine Volman; or, A Father's Revenge.
The Coral Island; or, The Hereditary Curse. 1849
Count Christoval.
The Countess of Lascelles.
Duke of Marchmont.
Ellen Percy; or, The Memoirs of an Actress. 1855
Edgar Montrose.
Eustace Quentin.
Faust; A Romance of the Secret Tribunal.
Gipsey Chief.
Grace Darling; or, The Heroine of the Fern Islands. 1839
Gretna Green; or, All for Love.
Isabella Vincent.
Joseph Wilmot; or, The Memoirs of a Man-Servant. 1853
Karaman; or, The Bandit Chief.
Kenneth; A Romance of the Highlands. 1851
Lord Saxondale.
The Loves of the Harem. 1855
Life in Paris.
Mary Price; or, The Memoirs of a Servant Girl. 1853
The Massacre of Glencoe. 1853
Master Timothy's Bookcase. 1842
Mary Middleton.
Mysteries of the Court of London. 8 vols. 1848-1856.
Mysteries of the Court of Naples.
The Mysteries of London. 8 vols. 1845-1850.

The Necromancer. 1852
Omar Pasha; or, The Vizier's Daughter.
The Parricide; or, A Youth's Career of Crime.
Pickwick Abroad; or, Tour in France. 1839
Robert Macaire in England. 1839
Rose Foster.
Rosa Lambert; or, The Memoirs of an Unfortunate Woman. 1854
The Rye House Plot; or, Ruth, The Conspirator's Daughter. 1854
Robert Bruce.
The Seamstress. 1850
A Sequel to Don Juan. 1843
The Soldier's Wife. 1853
The Steam Packet. 1850
Vivian Bertram.
Venetian Trelawney.
Wagner, the Wehr Wolf. 1847
Wallace, the Hero of Scotland.
The White Lady; A Romance of Love and War.
The Youthful Imposter. 1835

REYNOLDS, MACK
The Case of the Little Green Man. Phoenix, , 1951

REYNOLDS, M. J.
The Terror. Macmillan, 1930

REYNOLDS, MINNIE JOSEPHINE
The Crayon Clue. Kennerley, 1915

REYNOLDS, PETER. Pseudonym of Amelia Reynolds Long, 1904- . Other pseudonyms: Patrick Laing, Amelia Reynolds, qq.v.
Behind the Evidence. Visionary Pub. Co., 1936

REYNOLDS, QUENTIN
The Man Who Wouldn't Talk. Random, 1953

REYNOLDS, W(ARWICK)
The Mawpeth Millions. Amalgamamated, 1946 (Sexton Blake)

REYWALL, JOHN. Pseudonym.
The Trial of Alvin Boaker. Random, 1948; Boardman, 1948

RHODES, EVAN H.
Carrion Eaters. Allen, 1975

RHODES, KNIGHT
She Died on the Stairway. Arcadia, 1947

RHODE, JOHN. Pseudonym of Cecil John Charles Street, 1884-1961. Other pseudonym: Miles Burton, q.v. Series character: Dr. Priestley, in all but the starred titles.
A.S.F.: The Story of a Great Conspiracy. Bles, 1924. U.S. title: The White Menace. McBride, 1926 *
The Affair of the Substitute Doctor; see Dr. Goodwood's Locum
The Alarm. Bles, 1925 *
An Artist Dies. Bles, 1956. U.S. title: Death of an Artist. Dodd, 1956
Blackthorn House. Bles, 1949; Dodd, 1949
The Bloody Tower. Collins, 1938. U.S. title: The Tower of Evil. Dodd, 1938
Body Unidentified; see Proceed with Caution
The Bricklayer's Arms. Collins, 1945. U.S. title: Shadow of a Crime. Dodd, 1945
By Registered Post. Bles, 1953. U.S. title: The Mysterious Suspect. Dodd, 1953
The Case of the Forty Thieves; see Death at the Inn
The Claverton Affair; see The Claverton Mystery
The Claverton Mystery. Collins, 1933. U.S. title: The Claverton Affair. Dodd, 1933
The Corpse in the Car. Collins, 1935; Dodd, 1935
The Davidson Case. Bles, 1929. U.S. title: Murder at Bratton Grange. Dodd, 1929
Dead Men at the Folly. Collins, 1932; Dodd, 1932
Dead of the Night; see Night Exercise
Dead on the Track. Collins, 1943; Dodd, 1943
Death at Breakfast. Collins, 1936; Dodd, 1936
Death at the Dance. Bles, 1952; Dodd, 1953
Death at the Helm. Collins, 1941; Dodd, 1941
Death at the Inn. Bles, 1953. U.S. title: The Case of the Forty Thieves. Dodd, 1954
Death in Harley Street. Bles, 1946; Dodd, 1946
Death in the Hop Fields. Collins, 1937. U.S. title: Harvest Murder. Dodd, 1937
Death in Wellington Road. Bles, 1952; Dodd, 1952
Death Invades the Meeting. Collins, 1944; Dodd, 1944
Death of a Bridegroom. Bles, 1957; Dodd, 1958
Death of a Godmother. Bles, 1955. U.S. title: Delayed Payment. Dodd, 1956
Death of an Artist; see An Artist Dies
Death of an Author, Bles, 1947; Dodd, 1948
Death on Sunday. Collins, 1939. U.S. title: The Elm Tree Murder. Dodd, 1939
Death on the Board. Collins, 1937. U.S. title: Death Sits on the Board. Dodd, 1937
Death on the Boat Train. Collins, 1940; Dodd, 1940
Death on the Lawn. Bles, 1954; Dodd, 1955
Death Pays a Dividend. Collins, 1939; Dodd, 1939
Death Sits on the Board; see Death on the Board
Death Takes a Partner. Bles, 1958; Dodd, 1958
Delayed Payment; see Death of a Godmother
Dr. Goodwood's Locum. Bles, 1951. U.S. title: The Affair of the Substitute Doctor. Dodd, 1951
Dr. Priestley Investigates; see Pinehurst
Dr. Priestley Lays a Trap; see The Motor Rally Mystery
Dr. Priestley's Quest. Bles, 1926
The Domestic Agency. Bles, 1955. U.S. title: Grave Matters. Dodd, 1955
The Double Florin. Bles, 1924 *
Double Identities; see The Two Graphs
The Dovebury Murders. Bles, 1954; Dodd, 1954
Drop to His Death, with Carter Dickson (pseudonym of John Dickson Carr, 1905- , q.v.). Heinemann, 1939. U.S. title: Fatal Descent. Dodd, 1939 *
The Ellerby Case. Bles, 1927; Dodd, 1927
The Elm Tree Murder; see Death on Sunday
Experiment in Crime; see Nothing But the Truth
Family Affairs. Bles, 1950. U.S. title: The Last Suspect. Dodd, 1951
Fatal Descent; see Drop to His Death
The Fatal Garden; see Up the Garden Path
The Fatal Pool. Bles, 1960; Dodd, 1961
The Fire at Greycombe Farm; see Mystery at Greycombe Farm
The Fourth Bomb. Collins, 1942; Dodd, 1942
Grave Matters; see The Domestic Agency
The Hanging Woman. Collins, 1931; Dodd, 1931
Harvest Murder; see Death in the Hop Fields

Hendon's First Case. Collins, 1935; Dodd, 1935
The House on Tollard Ridge. Bles, 1929; Dodd, 1929
In Face of the Verdict. Collins, 1936; Dodd, 1940 (as In the Face of the Verdict)
Invisible Weapons. Collins, 1938; Dodd, 1938
The Lake House. Bles, 1946. U.S. title: The Secret of the Lake House. Dodd, 1946
The Last Suspect; see Family Affairs
Licensed for Murder. Bles, 1959; Dodd, 1959
The Links in the Chain; see The Paper Bag
Mademoiselle from Armentieres. Bles, 1927 *
Men Die at Cyprus Lodge. Collins, 1943; Dodd, 1944
The Motor Rally Mystery. Collins, 1933. U.S. title: Dr. Priestley Lays a Trap. Dodd, 1933
Murder at Bratton Grange; see The Davidson Case
Murder at Derivale. Bles, 1958; Dodd, 1958
Murder at Lilac Cottage. Collins, 1940; Dodd, 1940
Murder at the Motor Show; see Mystery at Olympia
The Murders in Praed Street. Bles, 1928; Dodd, 1928
The Mysterious Suspect; see By Registered Post
Mystery at Greycombe Farm. Collins, 1932. U. S. title: The Fire at Greycombe Farm. Dodd, 1932
Mystery at Olympia. Collins, 1935. U.S. title: Murder at the Motor Show. Dodd, 1936
Night Exercise. Collins, 1942. U.S. title: Dead of the Night. Dodd, 1942 *
Nothing But the Truth. Bles, 1947. U.S. title: Experiment in Crime. Dodd, 1947
Open Verdict. Bles, 1956; Dodd, 1957
The Paddington Mystery. Bles, 1925
The Paper Bag. Bles, 1948. U.S. title: The Links in the Chain. Dodd, 1948
Peril at Cranbury Hall. Bles, 1930; Dodd, 1930
Pinehurst. Bles, 1930. U.S. title: Dr. Priestley Investigates. Dodd, 1930
Poison for One. Collins, 1934; Dodd, 1934
Proceed with Caution. Collins, 1937. U.S. title: Body Unidentified. Dodd, 1938
Robbery with Violence. Bles, 1957; Dodd, 1957
The Robthorne Mystery. Collins, 1934; Dodd, 1934
The Secret Meeting. Bles, 1951; Dodd, 1952
The Secret of the Lake House; see The Lake House
Shadow of a Crime; see The Bricklayer's Arms
Shadow of an Alibi; see The Telephone Call
Shot at Dawn. Collins, 1934; Dodd, 1935
Signal for Death; see They Watched by Night
The Telephone Call. Bles, 1948. U.S. title: Shadow of an Alibi. Dodd, 1948
They Watched by Night. Collins, 1941. U.S. title: Signal for Death. Dodd, 1941
Three Cousins Die. Bles, 1959; Dodd, 1960
Too Many Suspects; see Vegetable Duck
The Tower of Evil; see The Bloody Tower
Tragedy at the Unicorn. Bles, 1928; Dodd, 1928
Tragedy on the Line. Collins, 1931; Dodd, 1931
Twice Dead. Bles, 1960; Dodd, 1960
The Two Graphs. Bles, 1950. U.S. title: Double Identities. Dodd, 1950
Up the Garden Path. Bles, 1949. U.S. title: The Fatal Garden. Dodd, 1949
The Vanishing Diary. Bles, 1961; Dodd, 1961
Vegetable Duck. Collins, 1944. U.S. title: Too Many Suspects. Dodd, 1945
The Venner Crime. Odhams, 1933; Dodd, 1934
The White Menace; see A.S.F.: The Story of a Great Conspiracy

RHODES, DENYS
Fly Away, Peter. Richards Press, 1952

RHODES, KATHLYN
Crime on a Cruise. Hutchinson, 1935
The Lady was Warned. Hutchinson, 1936

RHYS-WILLIAMS, JULIET
Forty-Nine Chances. Rich, 1947

RICE, CRAIG. 1908-1957. Pseudonyms: Daphne Sanders, Michael Venning, qq.v. See also: Lee, Gypsy Rose. Series characters: John J. Malone and the Justuses = M&J; Bingo Riggs and Handsome Kusak = R&K.
The April Robin Murders (completed by Ed McBain, q.v.). Random, 1958; Hammond, 1959
The Big Midget Murders. Simon, 1942 M&J
But the Doctor Died. Lancer pb, 1967 M&J
The Corpse Steps Out. Simon, 1940; Eyre, 1940 M&J
Death at Three; see Eight Faces at Three
The Double Frame; see Knocked for a Loop
Eight Faces at Three. Simon, 1939; Eyre, 1939. Also published as: Death at Three. Cherry Tree pb, 1941 M&J
The Fourth Postman. Simon, 1948; Hammond, 1951 M&J
Having Wonderful Crime. Simon, 1943; Nicholson, 1944 M&J
Home Sweet Homicide. Simon, 1944
Innocent Bystander. Simon, 1949; Hammond, 1958
Knocked for a Loop. Simon, 1957. British title: The Double Frame. Hammond, 1958 M&J
The Lucky Stiff. Simon, 1945 M&J
My Kingdom for a Hearse. Simon, 1957; Hammond, 1959 M&J
The Name is Malone. Pyramid pb, 1958; Hammond, 1960 M ss
People vs. Withers & Malone, with Stuart Palmer. Simon, 1963 M ss
The Right Murder. Simon, 1941; Eyre, 1948 M&J
The Sunday Pigeon Murders. Simon, 1942; Nicholson, 1948 R&K
Telefair. Bobbs, 1942. Also published as: Yesterday's Murder. Popular Library, 1950
The Thursday Turkey Murders. Simon, 1943; Nicholson, 1946 R&K
Trial by Fury. Simon, 1941; Hammond, 1950 M&J
The Wrong Murder. Simon, 1940; Eyre, 1942
Yesterday's Murder; see Telefair

RICE, ELMER; see REIZENSTEIN, ELMER L.

RICE, JEFF
The Night Strangler. Pocket, 1973 (Novelization of TV movie.)

RICE, LAVERNE
Well Dressed for Murder. Doubleday, 1938

RICE, LOUISE (GUEST). 1880-
By Whose Hand? Macaulay, 1930

RICH, A. T.
The Curate Finds a Corpse. Bear, 1945

RICH, KATHLEEN
The Lucifer Mask. Tower, 1967

RICH, NICHOLAS
The Blane Document. Hale, 1972
The Seajet Spies. Hale, 1973
Spy Now, Pay Later. Hale, 1972

RICH, WILLARD. Pseudonym.
Brain Waves and Death. Scribner, 1940

RICHARD, SUSAN
Ashley Hall. Paperback Library, 1967
Intruder at Maison Benedict. Paperback Library, 1967
The Secret of Chateau Kendall. Paperback Library, 1967
Terror at Nelson Woods. Paperback Lib., 1973

RICHARDS, ALLEN. Pseudonym of Richard A. Rosenthal, 1925-
To Market, to Market. Macmillan, 1961. British title: The Merchandise Murders. Hammond, 1964

RICHARDS, CLAY. Pseudonym of Kendall Foster Crossen, 1910- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Bennett Barlay, M. E. Chaber, Richard Foster, Christopher Monig, qq.v. Series characters: Grant Kirby = GK; Kim Locke = KL (begun under KFC byline).
Death of an Angel. Bobbs, 1963 GK
The Gentle Assassin. Bobbs, 1964; Boardman, 1965 KL
The Marble Jungle. Obolensky, 1961; Cassell, 1963 GK
Who Steals My Name. Bobbs, 1964; Boardman, 1965

RICHARDS, DAVID
Double Game. Brown, Watson, 1958

RICHARDS, FRANCIS. See LOCKRIDGE, FRANCES & RICHARD; LOCKRIDGE, RICHARD; LOCKRIDGE, RICHARD & FRANCES

RICHARDS, HEDLEY
The Beautiful Suspect. Fiction House
The Meshes of Fate; or, The Curse of the Blue Diamonds. Henderson
The Ossington Mystery. Henderson

RICHARDS, MARK
Vengeance is Mine. Columbine

RICHARDS, ROBIN
Cold Blood. Hutchinson, 1920

RICHARDS, ROSS
The Death Seekers. Hale, 1964
Murder on the Monte. Mayflower, 1966 (Sexton Blake)

RICHARDS, WILLIAM
Dead Man's Tide. Graphic, 1953

RICHARDSON, ALBERT D.
The Secret Service; The Field, The Dungeon, and The Escape. American Pub. Co., 1865

RICHARDSON, ANTHONY (T. S.C.) 1899-
Ransom. Constable, 1925
The Rose of Kantara. Odhams, 1951

RICHARDSON, CARL
Effigy of a Spy. Hale, 1971
Jump the High Wall. Hale, 1969
The Name of the Game is Death. Hale, 1971

RICHARDSON, FRANK (COLLINS). 1870-1917.
2835 Mayfair. Laurie, 1907; Kennerley,
Also published as: The Mayfair Mystery. Collins,

RICHARDSON, H(ENRY) M(ARRIOTT). 1876-
The Rock of Justice. Hutchinson, 1928
The Temple Murder. Hutchinson, 1926

RICHARDSON, LEANDER P.
The Prairie Detective. Street, 1887

RICHARDSON, MOZELLE
A Candle in the Wind. Morrow, 1973
The Song of India. Morrow, 1975

RICHART, MARY
Murder in the Town. Farrar, 1947

RICHBERG, DONALD
The Shadow Men. Forbes, 1911

RICHMOND, D.
The Film Star Vanishes. Bear, 1945

RICHMOND, MARY. (Pseudonym of Kathleen Lindsay?) (Prolific author of mysteries and romances; title selection below not based on inspection.)
Brides of Doom. Wright, 1946
Cabin Nineteen. Wright, 1953
The Clock Strikes Ten. Wright, 1944
Concealed Identity. Wright, 1938
Danger Ahead. Wright, 1937
Dark Horizon, Wright, 1937
The Devil Laughed. Wright, 1950
Disciples of Satan. Wright, 1936
Footprints in the Sand. Wright, 1939
For Those in Peril. Wright, 1957
The Grim Tomorrow. Wright, 1953
Her Convict Lover. Wright, 1948
The Hidden Horror. Wright, 1937
Hounded! Wright, 1936
In Deep Waters. Wright, 1934
In Fear of the Hangman. Wright, 1938
In the Grip of the Dragon. Wright, 1939
Jewels of Death. Wright, 1938
Judgment of Death. Wright, 1942
Justice for Julia. Wright, 1955
Lady in Distress. Wright, 1936
Lady of the Night. Wright, 1950
A Leap in the Dark. Wright, 1949
Magnet for Danger. Wright, 1943
The Mark of the Dragon. Wright, 1935
The Masked Terror. Wright, 1934; Godwin, 1935
Murder by a Maniac. Wright, 1937
No Escape. Wright, 1952
Passport to Danger. Wright, 1938
Pirate Love. Wright, 1937
The Pointing Finger. Wright, 1940
Put Back the Clock. Wright, 1952

Poison Weed. Wright, 1940
Red Claws. Wright, 1940
Red Dawning. Wright, 1946
The Secret Hour. Wright, 1949
The Secret of the Marshes. Wright, 1940
The Secret of the Priory. Wright, 1935
The Seven Bloodhounds. Wright, 1937
Shadow of the Gallows. Wright, 1940
Stealthy Death. Wright, 1935
Strange Cargo. Wright, 1933
Suspicious Company. Wright, 1938
Tempest at Dawn. Wright, 1944
Terror by Night. Wright, 1939
Terror Stalks Abroad. Wright, 1935
That Fatal Night. Wright, 1949
Thin Ice. Wright, 1950
This Road is Dangerous. Wright, 1950
Tragedy at Blue Aloes. Wright, 1958
Traitor's Harvest. Wright, 1942
Troubled Heritage. Wright, 1942
Unnatural Death. Wright, 1952
The Valley of Doom. Wright, 1947
The Valley of the Shadow. Wright, 1947
The Woman Cain. Wright, 1936

RICKARD, JESSIE LOUISA. 1879- . Are all the following adult crime fiction?
Ascendancy House. Jarrolds, 1944
The Baccarat Club; see The Mystery of Vincent Dane
A Bird of Strange Plumage. Hodder, 1927
Blindfold. Cape, 1922
Cuckoo Street. Jarrolds, 1937
The Dark Stranger. Hodder, 1930
The Empty Villa. Hodder, 1929; Liveright, 1929
The Guests of Chance. Hodder, 1928
The Guilty Party. Jarrolds, 1940
House-Party. Jarrolds, 1935
The Light That Lies. Hodder, 1927
Murder by Night. Jarrolds, 1936
The Mystery of Tara Heston. Jarrolds, 1938
The Mystery of Vincent Dane. Hodder, 1930. U.S. title: The Baccarat Club. Liveright, 1929
Not Sufficient Evidence. Constable, 1926
Old Sins Have Long Shadows. Constable, 1924
The Passionate City. Hodder, 1928
A Perilous Elopement. Hodder, 1928
The Scarlet Sin. Hodder, 1929
Sensation at Blue Harbour. Jarrolds, 1934
Shandon Hall. Jarrolds, 1950
Sorel's Second Husband. Jarrolds, 1932
Spring Hill. Jarrolds, 1932
White Satin. Jarrolds, 1945
Without Justification. Cape, 1923
Yesterday's Love. Hodder, 1931
The Young Man in Question. Jarrolds, 1933
Young Mrs. Henniker. Jarrolds, 1931

RICKETT, FRANCES
The Prowler. Simon, 1963; Hale, 1964
Tread Softly. Simon, 1964; Hale, 1964

RICO, DON
Nightmare of Eyes. Lancer, 1967
So Sweet, So Deadly. Paperback Lib., 1970

RIDDELL, FLORENCE
Suspicion. Lippincott, 1931

RIDDELL, GILBERT
Murder with Music. Alliance, 1935

RIDDELL, JOHN. Pseudonym of Corey Ford, 1902-196 .
The John Riddell Murder Case: A Philo Vance Parody. Scribner, 1930

RIDDELL, MRS. J. H. 1832-1906. Are all the following adult crime fiction?
Above Suspicion. (London), 1876; Munro, 1879
The Disappearance of Mr. Jeremiah Redworth. Routledge, 1879; Munro, 1878
The Mystery in Palace Gardens. Bentley, 1880; Munro, 1881
The Nun's Curse. Ward, 1888; Lovell, 1888
A Silent Tragedy. White, 1893

RIDEAL, CHARLES; see MOSER, MAURICE

RIDEAUX, CHARLES DE BALZAC. 1900-1971. Pseudonym: John Chancellor, q.v.

RIDER, ANNE
Bad Samaritan. Bodley Head, 1965
A Safe Place. Bobbs, 1974

RIDER, SARAH
The Misplaced Corpse. Houghton, 1940

RIDGE, W. PETT
A Breaker of Laws. Macmillan, 1900; Methuen, 1903
By Order of the Magistrate. Harper, 1898

RIDGEWAY, PHILIP and COLIN FRASER
The Switch. Roberts, 1964

RIDGWAY, JASON. Pseudonym of Stephen Marlowe, 1928- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Andrew Frazer, C. H. Thames, qq.v. Series character: Brian Guy = BG.
Adam's Fall. Perma pb, 1960 BG
Hardly a Man is Now Alive. Perma pb, 1962 BG
People in Glass Houses. Perma pb, 1961 BG
The Treasure of the Cosa Nostra. PB, 1966 BG
West Side Jungle. Signet pb, 1958

RIDLEY, NAT, JR. Pseudonym.
The Crime on the Limited; or, Nat Ridley in the Follies. Garden City, 1926
A Daring Abduction; or, Nat Ridley's Biggest Fight. Garden City, 1926
The Double Dagger; or, Nat Ridley's Mexican Trail. Garden City, 1926
The Great Circus Mystery; or, Nat Ridley on a Crooked Trail. Garden City, 1926
Guilty or Not Guilty? or, Nat Ridley's Great Race Track Case. Garden City, 1926
In the Grip of Kidnappers. Garden City, 1926
In the Nick of Time; or, Nat Ridley Saving a Life. Garden City, 1926
The Mountain Inn Mystery; or, Nat Ridley with the Forest Rangers. Garden City, 1926
The Race Track Crooks; or, Nat Ridley's Queerest Puzzle. Garden City, 1926
A Scream in the Dark; or, Nat Ridley's Crimson Clue. Garden City, 1926
A Secret of the Stage; or, Nat Ridley and the Bouquet of Death. Garden City, 1926
The Stolen Liberty Bonds. Garden City, 1926
The Stolen Nugget of Gold; or, Nat Ridley on the Yukon. Garden City, 1926
Tracked to the West; or, Nat Ridley at the Magnet Mine. Garden City, 1926
The Western Express Robbery; or, Nat Ridley and the Mail Thieves. Garden City, 1926

RIECE, DAVID
A Blonde to Burn. Triangle

RIEFE, ALAN. Series character: Huntington Cage = HC.
The Black Widower. Popular Library, 1975 HC
The Bullet Proof Man. Popular Library, 1975 HC
The Conspirators. Popular Library, 1975 HC
The Killer with a Golden Touch. Popular Library, 1975
The Lady Killers. Popular Library, 1975 HC
The Silver Puma. Popular Library, 1975 HC

RIEMAN, TERRY
Vamp Till Ready. Harper, 1954; Gollancz, 1955

RIENITS, REX
Assassin for Hire. Muller, 1952

RIESENBERG, FELIX
The Left-Handed Passenger. Doubleday, 1935

RIESS, CURT
High Stakes. Putnam, 1942

RIFKIN, SHEPARD
Ladyfingers. Gold Medal, 1969
McQuaid. Putnam, 1974; Hale, 1975
The Murderer Vine. Dodd, 1970; Hale, 1973

RIGSBY, HOWARD. 1909- . Pseudonym: Vechel Howard, q.v.
As a Man Falls. GM, 1954; Muller, 1960
The Avenger. Crowell, 1957 ?
Calliope Reef. Doubleday, 1967
Clash of Shadows. Lippincott, 1959; Hale, 1961
Kill and Tell. Morrow, 1951; Muller, 1954
Lucinda. GM, 1954; Fawcett (London), 1955
Murder for the Holidays. Morrow, 1951; Muller, 1952
Naked to My Pride. Popular Library, 1958 ?
A Time for Passion. Dell pb, 1960 ?
The Tulip Tree. Doubleday, 1963

RILEY, FRANK
Jesus II. Sherbourne, 1972
The Kocska Formula. Sherbourne, 1971

RILLA, WOLF
The Dispensable Man. Allen, 1973; Day, 1974

RIMEL, DUANE W.
The Curse of Cain. McKay, 1945
The Jury is Out. Withy Grove, 1947
Motive for Murder. Withy Grove, 1945

RIMMER, ROBERT H.
The Zolotov Affair. Sherbourne, 1967

RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS. 1876-1958. Series character: Hilda Adams = HA.
The After House. Houghton, 1914; Simpkin, 1915
The Album. Farrar, 1933; Cassell, 1933
Alibi for Isabel. Farrar, 1944; Cassell, 1946 (Title story published separately: Dell 10¢ pb, 1951.) ss
The Amazing Interlude. Doran, 1918; Murray, 1918
The Bat, with Avery Hopwood. French (NY & London), 1932. (A play based on Rinehart's novel The Circular Staircase.)
The Bat, with Avery Hopwood. Doran, 1926; Cassell, 1926. (Novelization of the play.)
The Breaking Point. Doran, 1922; Hodder, 1922
The Buckled Bag; see Mary Roberts Rinehart's Crime Book
The Case of Elinor Norton; see The State vs. Elinor Norton
The Case of Jennie Brice. Bobbs, 1913; Hodder, 1919
The Circular Staircase. Bobbs, 1908; Cassell, 1909
The Curve of the Catenary. Royce pb, ca.1945
Dangerous Days. Doran, 1919; Hodder, 1919
The Door. Farrar, 1930; Hodder, 1930
The Double Alibi; see Miss Pinkerton
The Episode of the Wandering Knife. Rinehart, 1950. British title: The Wandering Knife. Cassell, 1951. (Three novelets.)
The Frightened Wife. Rinehart, 1953; Cassell, 1954 ss
The Great Mistake. Farrar, 1940; Cassell, 1941
Haunted Lady. Farrar, 1942; Cassell, 1942 HA
K. Houghton, 1915; Smith Elder, 1915. Also published as: K, the Unknown.)
K, the Unknown; see K
Locked Doors; see Mary Roberts Rinehart's Crime Book
Lost Ecstacy. Doran, 1927; Hodder, 1927
The Man in Lower Ten. Bobbs, 1909; Cassell, 1909
Mary Roberts Rinehart's Crime Book. Farrar, 1933. (Includes two otherwise uncollected Hilda Adams novelets, The Buckled Bag and Locked Doors, of which the latter was later published separately: Dell 10¢ pb, 1951.)
Miss Pinkerton. Farrar, 1932. British title: The Double Alibi. Cassell, 1932
The Mystery Lamp; see The Red Lamp
The Pool; see The Swimming Pool
The Red Lamp. Doran, 1925. British title: The Mystery Lamp. Hodder, 1925
Sight Unseen and The Confession. Doran, 1921; Hodder, 1921 (Two novelets.)
The State vs. Elinor Norton. Farrar, 1934. British title: The Case of Elinor Norton. Cassell, 1934
The Street of Seven Stars. Houghton, 1914; Cassell, 1915
The Swimming Pool. Rinehart, 1952. British title: The Pool. Cassell, 1952
This Strange Adventure. Doubleday, 1929; Hodder, 1929
Two Flights Up. Doubleday, 1928; Hodder, 1928
The Wall. Farrar, 1938; Cassell, 1938
The Wandering Knife; see Episode of the Wandering Knife
Where There's a Will. Bobbs, 1912
The Window at the White Cat. Bobbs, 1910; Nash, 1911
The Yellow Room. Farrar, 1945; Cassell, 1949

RING, ADAM. Pseudonym of Blair Reed, q.v.
Killers Play Rough. Crown, 1947

RING, DOUGLAS. Pseudonym of Richard S. Prather, 1921- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: David Knight, q.v.
The Peddler. Lion pb, 1952. (Reprinted as by Prather: GM, 1963; Muller, 1963.)

RIOTI, R.
Scarlet Widow. Milestone, 1953

RIPLEY, CLEMENTS. 1892-1954.
Murder Walks Alone. Messner, 1935

RIPLEY, JACK. Series character: John George Davis, in all titles
Davis Doesn't Live Here Any More. H. Hamilton, 1971; Doubleday, 1972
My God How the Money Rolls In. H. Hamilton, 1972
My Word You Should Have Seen Us. H. Hamilton, 1972
The Pig That Got Up and Slowly Walked Away. H. Hamilton, 1971

RIPPON, MARION
Behold the Druid Weeps. Doubleday, 1970; Hale, 1972
The Hand of Solange. Doubleday, 1969
The Ninth Tentacle. Doubleday, 1974

RISCO, M.
Over My Dead Body. Milestone, 1953
Ramona. Milestone, 1953
Visa for Violence. Milestone, 1954

RISING, LAWRENCE
She Who Was Helena Cass. Doran, 1920; Hodder, 1920

RITA. Pseudonym of Mrs. Desmond Humphries.
The Mystery of a Turkish Bath. Donohue, ca.1893
The Philanthropic Burglar. Modern

RITCHIE, HETTY
Death Runs on Skis. Methuen, 1939

RITCHIE, JACK
A New Leaf. Dell pb, 1971 ss

RITCHIE, ROBERT WELLES. See also Biggers, Earl Derr
Deep Furrows. Crowell, 1927

RITNER, PETER
Red Carpet for the Shah. Morrow, 1975

RITSON, JOHN. Pseudonym of Douglas Baber, 1918-

Beneath the Precipice. Boardman, 1962
The Deadly Blunder. Boardman, 1964
Death of a Mind. Boardman, 1962
The Desperate Venture. Boardman, 1963

RITTENBERG, MAX
Gold and Thorns. Ward
Swirling Waters. Methuen, 1913

RIVER, WALTER LESLIE
Death of a Young Man. Simon, 1927

RIVERS, ANNE
Payment for Silence. Hurst, 1974; Walker, 1975

RIVERS, RONALD
The Counterfeiters. Ogilvie, 1895

RIVES, ANNE
The Incident. Dutton, 1962

RIVES, HALLIE ERMINE
The Magic Man. 1927

RIVETT, EDITH CAROLINE. 1894-1958. Pseudonyms: Carol Carnac, E. C. R. Lorac, qq.v.

ROAN, TOM
The Dragon Strikes Back. Messner, 1936

ROANS, E.
Catspaw Ordeal. Gaywood, 1953

ROBB, JOHN
Four Corpses in a Million. Big Ben, 1942
I Shall Avenge. Hamilton Stafford, 1954
Mission of Mercy. Hamilton Stafford, 1954
Punitive Action. Hamilton Stafford, 1954
Storm Evil. Hamilton Stafford, 1954
We, the Condemned. Hamilton Stafford, 1954
Zone Zero. Hamilton Stafford, 1954

ROBBE-GRILLET, ALAIN
The Erasers. Calder, 1963; Grove, 1964
Jealousy. Calder, 1960
Voyeur. Calder, 1959; Grove, 1958

ROBBINS, CLARENCE AARON. 1888-1949. Pseudonym: Tod Robbins, q.v.

ROBBINS, CLIFTON. 1890- . Series character: Clay Harrison = CH.
Death Forms Three. Rich, 1940
Death on the Highway. Benn, 1933 CH
Dusty Death. Benn, 1931; Appleton, 1932 CH
The Man Without a Face. Benn, 1932. U.S. title: The Mystery of Mr. Cross. Appleton, 1933 CH
Methylated Murder. Butterworth, 1935 CH
Murder by Twenty-Five. Butterworth, 1936
The Mystery of Mr. Cross; see The Man Without a Face
Six Sign-Post Murder. Rich, 1939
Smash and Grab. Benn, 1934; Appleton, 1934 CH

ROBBINS, TOD. Pseudonym of Clarence Aaron Robbins, 1888-1949.
In the Shadow. Mathews, 1929
The Master of Murder. Allan, 1933
Silent, White and Beautiful. 1920
The Three Freaks; see The Unholy Three
The Unholy Three. Lane, 1917. Also published as: The Three Freaks. Allan, 1928

ROBERTS, ANTHONY
Scheme for One. ca.1945

ROBERTS, CARL ERIC BECHHOFER. 1894-1949. Pseudonym: Ephesian, q.v. See also: GOODCHILD, GEORGE and C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS

ROBERTS, CECIL. 1892-
Labyrinth. Doubleday, 1944

ROBERTS, DAVID
Journey from Baghdad. Doubleday, 1969

ROBERTS, JAMES HALL. Pseudonym of Robert Lipscomb Duncan, 1927-
The Burning Sky. Morrow, 1966
The February Plan. Morrow, 1967; Deutsch, 1967
The Q Document. Morrow, 1964; Cape, 1965

ROBERTS, JAN
The Judas Sheep. Souvenir, 1974; Saturday Review, 1975

ROBERTS, JANET LOUISE
The Cardross Luck. Dell, 1974
Rivertown. Avon, 1972

ROBERTS, KATHERINE
The Center of the Web. Doubleday, 1942

ROBERTS, LEE. Pseudonym of Robert Martin, 1908- , q.v.
The Case of the Missing Lovers. Dodd, 1956; Foulsham, 1957
Death of a Ladies' Man. GM, 1959; Muller, 1960
If the Shoe Fits. Dodd, 1959; Hale, 1960
Judas Journey. Dodd, 1956. British title: Mahogany Murder. Foulsham, 1957
Little Sister. GM, 1952
Mahogany Murder; see Judas Journey
Once a Widow. Dodd, 1957; Hale, 1961
The Pale Door. Dodd, 1955; Foulsham, 1956
Suspicion. Curtis pb, 197 ; Hale, 1964

ROBERTS, MARION
A Mask for Crime. Eldon, 1935
Red Greed. Eldon, 1935
Yellow Robed Wago. Eldon, 1938

ROBERTS, MARY CARTER
Little Brother Fate. Farrar, 1957; Gollancz, 1958

ROBERTS, MORLEY
The Grinder's Wheel. Nelson, 1907
Midsummer Madness. Nash, 1909
The Scent of Death. Nash, 1931

ROBERTS, RANDAL HOWLAND
Hard Held. Blackett, 1889

ROBERTS, RICHARD ELLIS
The Other End. Palmer, 1923

ROBERTS, ROY
The Crayfish Club. Hodder

ROBERTS, THOMAS A.
The Heart of the Dog. Random, 1972

ROBERTS, WALTER ADOLPHE. 1886-1962.
The Haunting Hand. Maculay, 1926
The Mind Reader. Macaulay, 1929
The Top-Floor Killer. Nicholson, 1935

ROBERTS, WILLO DAVIS
Dangerous Legacy. Lancer, 1972
Didn't Anybody Know My Wife? Putnam, 1974
The Girl Who Wasn't There. Arcadia, 1957
Key Witness. Putnam, 1975
Murder at Grand Bay. Arcadia, 1955
White Jade. Doubleday, 1975

ROBERTSHAW, JAMES
Merivale; or, Phases of Southern Life. Dillingham, 1898

ROBERTSON, A.
Old Specie, Treasury Detective. Street, 1888
The Vestibule Limited Mystery. Street, 1888

ROBERTSON, COLIN. 1906- . Series characters: Vicky McBain = VM; Supt. Bradley = B; Peter Greyleigh = PG; Edward North = EN; Alan Steel = AS.
Alibi in Black. Ward, 1944 PG
The Amazing Corpse. Ward, 1942 PG
Calling Peter Grayleigh. Ward, 1948 PG
Clash of Steel. Hale, 1965 AS
Conflict of Shadows. Hale, 1963 B
The Dark Knight. Ward, 1946 PG
Dark Money. Hale, 1962
Dead on Time. Hale, 1964 B
Death Wears Red Shoes. Ward, 1949 PG
Demon's Moon. Ward, 1951
Devil or Saint? Ward, 1936
The Devil's Cloak. Hale, 1969
The Devil's Lady. Ward, 1949 PG
Double Take. Hale, 1967
Dusky Limelight. Ward, 1950 EN
The Eastlake Affair. Long, 1957 VM
Explosion! Ward, 1945 PG
The Fake. Ward, 1937
The Frightened Widow. Hale, 1963 B
Ghost Fingers. Ward, 1941
The Golden Triangle. VM
The Green Diamonds. Hale, 1970
The House of Intrique. Ward, 1937
The Judas Spies. Hale, 1966 AS
Killer's Mask. Hale, 1966 B
Knaves' Castle. Ward, 1948 PG
Lady, Take Care. Allen, 1952 EN
The Marble Tomb Mystery. Ward, 1936
Murder in the Morning. Long, 1957 B
Murder Sits Pretty. Hale, 1961 VM
Night Shadows. Ward, 1935
Night Trap.
No Trial, No Error. Allen, 1953 EN
North for Danger. Allen, 1952 EN
Painted Faces. Ward, 1935
Peter Grayleigh Flies High. Ward, 1951 PG
Project X. Hale, 1968
Sinister Moonlight. Hale, 1965 B
Smugglers' Moon. Ward, 1954 PG
Soho Spy. Ward, 1940
The Stalking Stranger. Ward, 1939
Sweet Justice. Ward, 1949
The Temple of Dawn. Ward, 1940 PG
The Threatening Shadows. Hale, 1959 VM
The Tiger's Claws. Ward, 1951 VM
Time to Kill. Hale, 1961 B
Twice Dead. Hale, 1968
Two Must Die. PG
Venetian Mask. Ward, 1956 VM
White Menace. Ward, 1938
Who Rides a Tiger? Long, 1958 VM
Without Music. Pendulum, 1946
The Yellow Strangler. Ward, 1934; Hillman-Curl, 1938
You Can Keep the Corpse. Ward, 1955 VM
Zero Hour. Ward, 1942 PG

ROBERTSON, CONSTANCE NOYES. 1897- Pseudonym: Dana Scott, q.v.

ROBERTSON, HELEN. Pseudonym of Helen (Jean Mary) Edmiston, 1913- , q.v. Series character: Insp. Lathom Dynes = LD
The Chinese Goose. Macdonald, 1960. U.S. title: Swan Song. Doubleday, 1960 LD
The Crystal-Gazers. Macdonald, 1957; Doubleday, 1958
Swan Song; see The Chinese Goose
Venice of the Black Sea. Macdonald, 1956 LD

The Winged Witnesses. Macdonald, 1955

ROBERTSON, JOHN
Death Went to Sea. Foster, 1947

ROBERTSON, KEITH CARLTON. 1914- . Pseudonym: Carlton Keith, q.v.

ROBERTSON, L. M.
Frederika and the Convict. Doubleday, 1965

ROBERTSON, MANNING K. Series character: Steve Carradine = SC.
Blueprint for Destruction. Badger SC
Night Passage to Kano. Badger SC
The Secret Enemy. Badger
Seek and Destroy. Badger SC

ROBERTSON, MUIRHEAD
A Lombard Street Mystery. Blackett

ROBERTSON, WILFRID
Black Meg's. Dent, 1958
The House on the Broads. Quality, 1954
The Missing Legatee. Oxford, 1947
The Mystery at Manthorpe. Dent, 1957

ROBERTSON, WILLIAM
Morris Hume, Detective. Hodge

ROBESON, KENNETH. Pseudonym. The first series listed below are all Doc Savage stories, reprinted from the pulps; the second series are all Avenger stories, reprinted from the pulps through #24, thereafter new stories by Ron Goulart under the KR byline. The Doc Savage stories were all written by Lester Dent, except where indicated. Authorship of The Avenger series is indicated by Paul Ernst = PE (#1-24) and Ron Goulart = RG (#25-36). The series number is given in parenthesis for both series. Except where indicated, Doc Savage titles were first published in book form by Bantam Books; all The Avenger books were published by Warner Paperback Library.
The Annihilist. (31) 1968
The Black Spot. (76) 1974 (by Laurence Donovan)
Brand of the Werewolf. (5) 1965
Cold Death. (21) 1968 (by Laurence Donovan)
The Crimson Serpent. (78) 1974
The Czar of Fear. (22) 1968
The Dagger in the Sky. (40) 1969
The Deadly Dwarf. (28) 1968
Death in Silver. (26) 1968
The Derrick Devil. (74) 1973
The Devil Ghengis. (79) 1974
Devil on the Moon. (50) 1970
The Devil's Playground. (25) 1968 (by Alan Hathaway)
Dust of Death. (35) 1969
The Fantastic Island. (14) 1966
Fear Cay. (11) 1966
The Feathered Octopus. (48) 1970
The Flaming Falcons. (30) 1968
Fortress of Solitude. (23) 1968
The Freckled Shark. (67) 1972
The Giggling Ghosts. (56) 1971
The Golden Peril. (55) 1970
The Gold Ogre. (42) 1969
The Green Death. (65) 1971
The Green Eagle. (24) 1968
Haunted Ocean. (51) 1970 (by Laurence Donovan)
He Could Stop the World. (54) 1970
Hex. (37) 1969
The King Maker. (80) 1975
Land of Always-Night. (13) 1966 (Recorded as by Lester Dent but very likely ghosted by Ryerson Johnson)
Land of Fear. (75) 1973
Land of Long Juju. (47) 1970 (by Laurence Donovan)
The Land of Terror. (8) 1965
The Living Fire Menace. (61) 1971
The Lost Oasis. (6) 1965
Mad Eyes. (33) 1969
Mad Mesa. (66) 1972
The Majii. (60) 1971
The Man of Bronze. (1) Street,
The Man Who Shook the Earth. (43) 1969
The Man Who Smiled No More. (45) 1970 (by Laurence Donovan)
The Mental Wizard. (53) 1970
Merchants of Disaster. (41) 1969
The Metal Monster. (72) 1973
Meteor Menace. (3) 1964
The Midas Man. (46) 1970
The Monsters. (7) 1965
The Motion Menace. (64) 1971
The Munitions Master. (58) 1971
Murder Melody. (15) 1967 (by Laurence Donovan)
Murder Mirage. (71) 1972 (by Laurence Donovan)
The Mystery of the Snow. (69) 1972
The Mystery Under the Sea. (27) 1968
The Mystic Mullah. (9) 1965
The Other World. (29) 1968
The Phantom City. (10) 1966
Pirate of the Pacific. (19) 1967
The Pirate's Ghost. (62) 1971
Poison Island. (57) 1971
The Polar Treasure. (4) 1965
Quest of Qui. (12) 1966
Quest of the Spider. (68) Street,
The Red Skull. (17) 1967
Red Snow. (38) 1969
Resurrection Day. (36) 1969
The Sargasso Ogre. (18) 1967
The Sea Angel. (49) 1970
The Sea Magician. (44) 1970
The Secret in the Sky. (20) 1967
The Seven Agate Devils. (73) 1973
The South Pole Terror. (77) 1974
Spook Hole. (70) 1972
The Spook Legion. (16) 1967
The Squeaking Goblins. (32) 1969
The Submarine Mystery. (63) 1971
The Terror in the Navy. (34) 1969
The Thousand-Headed Man. (2) 1964
The Vanisher. (52) 1970
World's Fair Goblin. (39) 1969
The Yellow Cloud. (59) 1971

The Black Chariots. (30) 1974 RG
The Black Death. (22) 1974 PE
The Blood Countess. (33) 1975 RG
The Blood Ring. (6) 1972 PE
The Cartoon Crimes. (31) 1974 RG
Death in Slow Motion. (18) 1973 PE
The Death Machine. (32) 1975 RG
Demon Island. (36) 1975 RG
The Devil's Horns. (4) 1972 PE

Dr. Time. (28) 1974 RG
The Flame Breathers. (12) 1973 PE
The Frosted Death. (5) 1972 PE
The Glass Man. (34) 1975 RG
The Glass Mountain. (8) 1973 PE
The Green Killer. (20) 1974 PE
The Happy Killers. (21) 1974 PE
The Hate Master. (16) 1973 PE
House of Death. (15) 1973 PE
The Iron Skull. (35) 1974 RG
Justice, Inc. (1) 1972 PE
The Man from Atlanta. (25) 1974 RG
Midnight Murder. (24) 1974 PE
Murder on Wheels. (13) 1973 PE
Nevlo. (17) 1973 PE
The Nightwitch Devil. (29) 1974 RG
Pictures of Death. (19) 1973 PE
The Purple Zombie. (27) 1974 RG
Red Moon. (26) 1974 RG
The River of Ice. (11) 1973 PE
The Sky Walker. (3) 1972 PE
The Smiling Dogs. (10) 1973 PE
Stockholders in Death. (7) 1972 PE
Three Gold Coins. (14) 1973 PE
Tuned for Murder. (9) 1973 PE
The Wilder Curse. (23) 1974 PE
The Yellow Hoard. (2) 1972 PE

ROBINS, DENISE
Dance in the Dust. Hale, 1959
Gold for the Gay Masters. Rich, 1956
House of the Seventh Cross. Hodder, 1967

ROBINS, ELIZABETH. 1862-1952.
The Secret That Was Kept. Harper, 1926; Hutchinson, 1926
Time is Whispering. Harper, 1923; Hutchinson, 1923

ROBINS, RAYMOND. 1900-
Murder at Bayside. Crowell, 1933; Hutchinson, 1934

ROBINSON, BERTRAM FLETCHER
The Chronicles of Addington Peace. Harper, 1905 ss
The Trail of the Dead; The Strange Experience of Dr. Robert Harland. Langton, 1904

ROBINSON, DAVID
The Confession of Andrew Clare. McKay, 1968
The Confessions of Alma Quartier. Signet, 1962

ROBINSON, DEREK
Rotten with Honour. Barrie, 1973; Viking, 1973

ROBINSON, EDWARD L.
Sloth and Heathen Folly. Macmillan, 1972

ROBINSON, ELIOT H(ARLOWE). 1884-
Dee Dee. Small, 1925; Hutchinson, 1925
The Scarred Hand. Page, 1931

ROBINSON, ETHELBERT McKENNON
Death Designs a Dress. Hammond, 1958
The Secret of the Swinging Boom. Hammond, 1957

ROBINSON, F(LETCHER) W.
The Keeper of the Keys. Lovell, 1890
Lazarus in London. Blackett
The Memoirs of Jane Cameron, Female Convict. Blackett
99, Dark Street. Blackett

ROBINSON, FRANK MALCOLM
The Power. Lippincott, 1956; Eyre, 1957

ROBINSON, FREDERICK WILLIAM. 1830-1901.
The Woman in the Dark. Chatto, 1895

ROBINSON, DR. J. H.
The House of Silence. Street, 1890

ROBINSON, JIM
Together Brothers. Award, 1974; Tandem, 1974

ROBINSON, L(EONARD) W(ALLACE)
The Assassin. World, 1968; Macdonald, 1969

ROBINSON, LEWIS GEORGE. 1886- . Pseudonym: George Limnelius, q.v.
The General Goes Too Far. Nicholson, 1935; Putnam, 1936
The Manuscript Murder. Barker, 1933; Doubleday, 1934

ROBINSON, PATRICIA. Joint pseudonym with Ferdinan Stevenson: Daria Macomber, q.v.

ROBINSON, PHILIP
The Pakistani Agent. Hart-Davis, 1965

ROBINSON, RICHARD BLUNDELL. 1905- .
Pseudonym: George Leaderman, q.v.

ROBINSON, ROBERT HENRY. 1927-
Landscape with Dead Dons. Gollancz, 1956; Rinehart, 1956

ROBINSON, TIMOTHY. 1934-
When Scholars Fall. Hutchinson, 1961

ROBISON, HAROLD R.
Rat Alley. Monarch, 1965

ROBY, ADELAIDE Q.
Sea Urchin. Milton House, 1974

ROBY, MARY LINN
Afraid of the Dark. Dodd, 1965
Before I Die. Hale, 1966
The Broken Key. Hawthorn, 1973
Cat and Mouse. Hale, 1967
The Cry of the Peacock. Milton House, 1974
Lie Quiet in Your Grave. Signet, 1970
Marsh House. Milton House, 1975
Speak No Evil of the Dead. Signet, 1973
Still as the Grave. Collins, 1965
The Tower Room. Hawthorn, 1974; Milton House, 1975
The White Peacock. Hawthorn, 1972

ROCCO, A.
Build Me a Blonde. Milestone, 1953

ROCHE, ARTHUR SOMERS. 1883-1935.
Among Those Present. Sears, 1930
Callingham's Girl, with Ethel P. Roche. Dodd, 1937
The Case Against Mrs. Ames. Dodd, 1934; Archer, 1935

Conspiracy. Sears, 1934
The Eyes of the Blind. Doran, 1919
Find the Woman. Cosmopolitan, 1921; Hodder, 1921
The Great Abduction. Sears, 1933
Hard to Get. Dodd, 1937
In the Money. Dodd, 1936
Loot. Bobbs, 1916
No Stockings. Boston American, 1928
Penthouse. Dodd, 1935
The Pleasure Buyers. Macmillan, 1925
Plunder. Bobbs, 1917
Ransom! Doran, 1918
Shadow of Doubt. Dodd, 1935
Slander. Sears, 1933
Sport of Kings. Bobbs, 1917
Star of Midnight. Dodd, 1936
Uneasy Street. Cosmopolitan, 1920
The Wrong Wife. Sears, 1932

ROCHE, ETHEL P.; see ROCHE, ARTHUR SOMERS

ROCHE, KAY
The Shuttered House. Hurst, 1950

ROCHE, PETER
The Dean of Clonbury. Wright, 1957

ROCHESTER, DEVEREAUX
Forever Timeless. Vantage, 1969

ROCHESTER, GEORGE E(RNEST)
Air Ranger. Hamilton, 1936
The Black Chateau. Amalgamated, 1935
Brood of the Vulture. Hamilton
The Crimson Threat. Amalgamated, 1934
Dead Man's Gold. Amalgamated, 1935
The Despot of the World. Hamilton
Grey Shadow—Master Spy. Hamilton, 1936
The Return of Grey Shadow. Hamilton
The Riddle of the Missing Wardress. Amalgamated, 1945 (Sexton Blake)
The Secret Squadron. Hamilton, 1938
Vultures of Death. Hamilton

ROCK, GILBERT
The Crime of Golden Gully. Street (Magnet)

ROCK, PHILLIP
Dirty Harry. Bantam, 1971 (Novelization of the movie.)
Hickey and Boggs. Popular Library, 1972 (Novelization of the movie.)
Tick...Tick...Tick. Popular Library, 1970 (Novelization of the movie.)

ROCKEY, HOWARD. 1886-1934. Pseudonym: Oliver Panbourne, q.v.

ROCKWOOD, HARRY. Pseudonym of Ernest A. Young
Abner Ferret, the Lawyer Detective. Ogilvie, 1883
Allan Keene, the War Detective. Ogilvie, 1884
Clarice Dyke, the Female Detective. Ogilvie, 1883
The Dexter Bank Robbery. Street (Magnet)
Donald Dyke, the Yankee Detective. Ogilvie, 1885? Also published as: Donald Dyke, the Down-East Detective. International Book Co.
Dyke and Burr, the Rival Detectives. Ogilvie, 1883
File No. 114. Ogilvie, 1886 (A sequel to File 113 by Emile Gaboriau.)
Fred Danford, the Skillful Detective; or The Watertown Mystery. Ogilvie, 1885. Also published as: The Watertown Mystery. Street (Magnet)
The Handkerchief Clue. Street (Magnet)
Harry Pinkurton, the King of Detectives. Ogilvie
Harry Sharpe, the New York Detective. Ogilvie, 1893
Lake Darby, the "World" Detective; or Romance of the Dexter, Maine Robbery. Ogilvie, 1887
Luke Leighton, the Government Detective. Ogilvie, 1884
The Man and the Crime. Street (Magnet)
Mrs. Donald Dyke, Detective. Street, 1900
Nat Foster, the Boston Detective. Ogilvie, 1883
Neil Nelson, the Veteran Detective; or, Tracking Mail Robbers. Ogilvie, 1885
The Railway Detective. Street, 1900 (Magnet)
The Secret of the Missing Checks. Street (Magnet)
Walt Wheeler, the Scout Detective. Ogilvie
The Watertown Mystery; see Fred Danford, the Skillful Detective

RODD, RALPH. Pseudonym of William North, 1869-
Blind Man's Bluff. Collins, 1929
The Claverton Case. Mellifont, 1940
Midnight Murder. Collins, 1931
The Secret of the Flames. Collins, 1924; MacVeigh, 1929
Sleuth of the World. Collins, 1933
Without Judge or Jury. Collins, 1928; Dial, 1929

RODDA, CHARLES (PERCIVAL). 1891- . Pseudonyms: Gardner Low, Eliot Reed, Gavin Holt, qq.v.
The House Upstairs. Barrie, 1949
The Scarlet Mask. Nelson, 1926

RODELL, MARIE (FREID). 1912- . Pseudonym: Marion Randolph, q.v.

RODELL, VIC
Free-Lance Murder. Mystery House, 1957

RODEN, H(ENRY) W(ISDOM). 1895-196 . Series character: Johnny Knight = JK.
One Angel Less. Morrow, 1945; Hammond, 1949
Too Busy to Die. Morrow, 1944; Hammond, 1947 JK
Wake for a Lady. Morrow, 1946; Hammond, 1950 JK
You Only Hang Once. Morrow, 1944; Hammond, 1946 JK

RODNEY, BRYAN
The Owl Flies Home. Wright, 1952
The Owl Meets the Devil. Wright, 1949
The Owl Hoots. Wright, 1945

ROE, KIM
The Gang Buster. Hale, 1961

ROE, VINGIE EVE
The Slow White Oxen. Cassell, 1950

ROEBURT, JOHN. 1908?-1972. Series characters: Johnny Devereaux = JD; Jigger Moran = JM.
Al Capone. Pyramid pb, 1959 (Novelization of the movie.)
Blind Spot.
The Case of the Hypnotized Virgin; see Corpse on the Town
The Case of the Tearless Widow. Handibooks, 1946 (Original or reprint?) JM
The Climate of Hell. Abelard (NY & London), 1958. Also published as: The Long Nightmare. Crest pb, 1958; Digit pb, 1959.
Corpse on the Town. Graphic pb, 1950. Revised ed.: The Case of the Hypnotized Virgin. Avon pb, 1956 JM
Did You Kill Mona Leeds?; see The Lunatic Time
The Hollow Man. Simon, 1954; Jarrolds, 1955 JD
The Lady and the Prowler.
The Long Nightmare; see The Climate of Hell
Jigger Moran. Greenberg, 1944; Wells Gardner, 1948. Also published as: Wine, Women and Murder. Avon pb, 1958. JM
The Lunatic Time. Simon, 1956. Also published as: Did You Kill Mona Leeds? Crest pb, 1958
The Mobster. Pyramid pb, 1960
Murder in Manhattan; see There are Dead Men in Manhattan
Seneca, U.S.A. Curl, 1947
Sing Out, Sweet Homicide. Dell pb, 1962. (Novelization of Roaring Twenties TV series.)
Ruby Maclaine. Hillman pb, 196 .
There are Dead Men in Manhattan. Mystery House, 1946. Also published as: Murder in Manhattan. Avon pb, 1957. And as: Triple Cross. Belmont pb, 1962. JM
They Who Sin. Avon pb, 1959
Tough Cop. Simon, 1949 JD
Triple Cross; see There are Dead Men in Manhattan
Unholy Wife. Avon pb, 1957 (Novelization of the movie.)
Wine, Women and Murder; see Jigger Moran

ROFFMAN, JAN. Pseudonym of Margaret Summerton, q.v.
Ashes in an Urn. Doubleday, 1966 (British title?)
A Bad Conscience. Doubleday, 1972 (British title?)
A Daze of Fears. Doubleday, 1968 (British title?)
A Dying in the Night. Macdonald, 1975; Doubleday, 1974
Death of a Fox; see Winter of the Fox
Grave of Green Water. Long, 1968; Doubleday, 1968
The Hanging Woman. Bles, 1965 (U.S. title?)
Likely to Die. Bles, 1964 (U.S. title?)
Mask of Words; see A Penny for the Guy
A Penny for the Guy. Bles, 1965; Doubleday, 1965. Also published as: Mask of Words. Ace pb, 1973
Reflection of Evil; see Winter of the Fox
Seeds of Suspicion. Long, 1968 (U.S. title?)
A Walk in the Dark. Long, 1969; Doubleday, 1970
Winter of the Fox. Bles, 1964. U.S. title: Death of a Fox. Doubleday, 1964. Also published as: Reflection of Evil. Ace pb, 1967
With Murder in Mind. Doubleday, 1963 (British title?)

ROGERS, BEN
The Murder at the Coffee Stall. Modern
Murder Pays a Call. Modern
The Vengeance of the Tong. Modern

ROGERS, GARET
Scandal in Eden. Bodley Head, 1964

ROGERS, JOEL TOWNSLEY
Lady with the Dice. Handibooks, 1946
Once in a Red Moon. Brentano's (NY & London), 1923
The Red Right Hand. Simon, 1945
The Stopped Clock. Simon, 1958

ROGERS, KERK. Pseudonym of Edward Rogers Knowlton, q.v.
Vantage Point. Bouregy, 1959
With Intent to Destroy. Hammond, 1946

ROGERS, MILTON
Born Reckless. Avon, 1959. (Novelization of the movie.)

ROGERS, RAY MOUNT
The Negotiator. McKay, 1975

ROGERS, SAMUEL (GREENE ARNOLD). 1894-
Don't Look Behind You! Harper, 1944
Murder is Grim. Hammond, 1955 (U.S. title?)
You Leave Me Cold! Harper, 1946
You'll Be Sorry! Harper, 1945

ROGGER, L(OUIS) L.
Faceless Corpse Murders. Longmans, 1937

ROHDE, ROBERT H.
Hunted Down. Chelsea House, 1928
Sucker Money. Chelsea House, 1927

ROHDE, WILLIAM L(AURENCE)
The Heel. Pyramid pb, 1953
Help Wanted—for Murder. GM, 1950; Fawcett (London), 1953
High Red for Dead. GM, 1951; Fawcett (London), 1953. Also published as: Murder on the Line. GM, 1957
Murder on the Line; see High Red for Dead
Uneasy Lies the Dead. Ace pb, 1957

ROHMER, ELIZABETH SAX. Pseudonym of Rose Elizabeth (Knox) Ward, 1886- . [Wife of Arthur Sarsfield Ward (Sax Rohmer)]
Bianca in Black. Mystery House, 1958

ROHMER, SAX. Pseudonym of Arthur Henry Sarsfield Ward, 1883-1959. Other pseudonyms: Michael Furey, q.v. Series characters: Fu Manchu (and Nayland Smith) = FM; Nayland Smith alone = NS; Paul Harley = PH; Daniel "Red" Kerry = RK; Gaston Max = GM; Sumuru = S.
The Bat Flies Low. Cassell, 1935; Doubleday, 1935
Bat-Wing. Cassell, 1921; Doubleday, 1921 PH
Bimbâshi Barûk of Egypt; see Egyptian Nights
The Bride of Fu Manchu. Cassell, 1933. U.S. title: Fu Manchu's Bride. Doubleday, 1933; reprinted under British title: Pyramid pb, 1962 FM

Brood of the Witch-Queen. Pearson, 1918; Doubleday, 1924
Daughter of Fu Manchu. Cassell, 1931; Doubleday, 1931 FM
The Day the World Ended. Cassell, 1930; Doubleday, 1930 GM
The Devil Doctor. Methuen, 1916. U.S. title: The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu. McBride, 1916 FM
Dope. Cassell, 1919; McBride, 1919 RK
The Dream-Detective. Jarrolds, 1920; Doubleday, 1925 10ss
The Drums of Fu Manchu. Cassell, 1930; Doubleday, 1930 FM
Egyptian Nights. Hale, 1944. U.S. title: Bimbâshi Barûk of Egypt. McBride, 1944 (Hale edition presented as novel; McBride edition presented as collection of 10 ss.)
Emperor Fu Manchu. Jenkins, 1959; GM, 1959 FM
The Emperor of America. Cassell, 1929; Doubleday, 1929
The Exploits of Captain O'Hagan. Jarrolds, 1916; Bookfinger, 1968 6ss
The Fire Goddess; see Virgin in Flames
Fire-Tongue. Cassell, 1921; Doubleday, 1922 PH
Fu Manchu's Bride; see The Bride of Fu Manchu
The Golden Scorpion. Methuen, 1919; McBride, 1920 GM, FM
The Green Eyes of Bâst. Cassell, 1920; McBride, 1920
Grey Face. Cassell, 1924; Doubleday, 1924
The Hand of Fu-Manchu; see The Si-Fan Mysteries
Hangover House. Jenkins, 1950; Random, 1949
The Haunting of Low Fennel. Pearson, 1920 7 ss (incl. 1 NS) (All but one story reprinted in U.S. edition of Tales of East and West, q.v.)
The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu; see The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu
The Island of Fu Manchu. Cassell, 1941; Doubleday, 1941 FM
The Mask of Fu Manchu. Cassell, 1933; Doubleday, 1932 FM
The Moon is Red. Jenkins, 1954
Moon of Madness. Cassell, 1927; Doubleday, 1927
The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu. Methuen, 1913; U.S. title: The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu. McBride, 1913 FM
Nude in Mink; see Sins of Sumuru
The Orchard of Tears. Methuen, 1918; Bookfinger, 1970 (very marginally mystery)
President Fu Manchu. Cassell, 1936; Doubleday, 1936 FM
The Quest of the Sacred Slipper. Pearson, 1919; Doubleday, 1919
Re-Enter Dr. Fu Manchu. Jenkins, 1957. U.S. title: Re-Enter Fu Manchu. GM, 1957 FM
Re-Enter Fu Manchu; see Re-Enter Dr. Fu Manchu
The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu; see The Devil Doctor
Return of Sumuru; see Sand and Satin
Salute to Bazarada and Other Stories. Cassell, 1939; Bookfinger, 1971 short novel + 5 ss, incl. 3 PH
Sand and Satin: A Sumuru Story. Jenkins, 1955. U.S. title: Return of Sumuru. GM, 1954 S
The Secret of Holm Peel and Other Strange Stories. Ace pb, 1970 8ss, incl. 1 FM
Seven Sins. Cassell, 1944; McBride, 1943 GM
Shadow of Fu Manchu. Jenkins, 1949; Doubleday, 1948 FM
She Who Sleeps. Cassell, 1928; Doubleday, 1928
The Si-Fan Mysteries. Methuen, 1917. U.S. title: The Hand of Fu-Manchu. McBride, 1917 FM
Sinister Madonna. Jenkins, 1956; GM, 1956 S
The Sins of Severac Bablon. Cassell, 1914; Bookfinger, 1967
Sins of Sumuru. Jenkins, 1950; GM, 1950 S
Slaves of Sumuru. Jenkins, 1952; GM, 1951 S
Sumuru; see Slaves of Sumuru
Tales of Chinatown. Cassell, 1922; Doubleday, 1922 10ss, incl. PH, RK
Tales of East and West. Cassell, 1932 10ss, incl. PH, NS
Tales of East and West. Doubleday, 1933. 13ss, incl. PH, NS (Includes 6 of the 7 stories from The Haunting of Low Fennell, q.v., and 5 of the 10 stories from the British edition of Tales of East and West)
Tales of Secret Egypt. Methuen, 1918; McBride, 1919 12ss
10.30 Folkestone Express. Lloyd's Home Library #41, nd (ca 1916) [existence of this book has not been confirmed]
The Trail of Fu Manchu. Cassell, 1934; Doubleday, 1934 FM
Virgin in Flames. Jenkins, 1953. U.S. title: The Fire Goddess. GM, 1952 S
White Velvet. Cassell, 1936; Doubleday, 1936
The Wrath of Fu Manchu and Other Stories. Stacey, 1972 12ss, incl. 4 FM
The Yellow Claw. Methuen, 1915; McBride, 1915 GM
Yellow Shadows. Cassell, 1925; Doubleday, 1926 RK
Yu'an Hee See Laughs. Cassell, 1932; Doubleday, 1932

ROLFE, EDWIN, 1909- , and FULLER, LESTER, 1908-
The Glass Room. Rinehart, 1946; Low, 1948

ROLFE, MARO O.
The Band of Mystery. Street (Magnet)
The Branded Hand. Street (Magnet)
The Cross of the Dust. Street (Magnet)
An Eye for an Eye. Street (Magnet)
The Man Who Knew. Street (Magnet)
On the Stroke of Midnight. Street (Magnet)
A Queen of Blackmailers. Street (Magnet)
A Rascal's Nerve. Street (Magnet)
A Secret Suspicion. Street (Magnet)
A Transatlantic Puzzle. Street (Magnet)
The Two Conspirators. Street (Magnet)

ROLLINS, ALICE WELLINGTON
The Finding of the Gentian. (Author), 1895 3ss, 2 criminous

ROLLINS, KATHLEEN. Joint pseudonym with Davis Dresser, 1904- : Hal Debrett, q.v.

ROLLINS, WILLIAM. 1897- . Pseudonym: O'Connor Stacy, q.v.
Midnight Treasure. Coward, 1929
The Ring and the Lamp. Simon, 1947
The Shadow Before. McBride, 1934

ROLLS, ANTHONY. Pseudonym of C. E. Vulliamy, 1886- , q.v.
Clerical Error; see The Vicar's Experiments
Family Matters. Bles, 1933
Lobelia Grove. Bles, 1932
Scarweather. Bles, 1934
The Vicar's Experiments. Bles, 1932. U.S. title: Clerical Error. Little, 1932

ROMAN, HOWARD
Pitfall in August. Harper, 1960; Allen, 1961

ROMANES, NORMAN HUGH
Young Lord Falliot. Jenkins

ROMANO, DEANE
Banacek. Bantam, 1973 (Novelization of the TV series.)

ROMANO, DON
Operation Cocaine. Pyramid, 1974
Operation Hijack. Pyarmid, 1974
Operation Hit Man. Pyramid, 1974
Operation Loan Shark. Pyramid, 1974
Operation Porno. Pyramid, 1973

ROMANOFF, ALEXANDER NICHOLAYEVITCH. 1881-1945. Pseudonym: Achmed Abdullah, q.v.

ROME, ANTHONY. Pseudonym of Marvin H. Albert, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Albert Conroy, Nich Quarry, qq.v. Series character, Tony Rome, in all titles.
The Lady in Cement. PB, 1961; Hale, 1962
Miami Mayhem. PB, 1960; Hale, 1961. Also published as: Tony Rome. Dell, 1967
My Kind of Game. Dell, 1962
Tony Rome; see Miami Mayhem

ROME, TONY
God's Gift to All Women. New English Library, 1971

ROMSEY, PETER
The Lidless Eye. Jenkins, 1950; Roy, 1957

RONALD, E. B. Pseudonym of Ronald Barker, 1920- , q.v.
The Cat and the Fiddle Murders. Gollancz, 1954; Rinehart, 1954
Death by Proxy. Boardman, 1956
A Sort of Madness. Boardman, 1959; Abelard, 1959

RONALD, JAMES. 1905-
The Angry Woman. Hodder, 1948
Counsel for the Defense. Gramol, 1932
Cross Marks the Spot. Hodder, 1933
The Dark Angel. Modern
Death Croons the Blues. Hodder, 1934; Phoenix, 1940
Diamonds of Death. Gramol, 1934
The Green Ghost Murder. Gramol, 1936
Hanging's Too Good. Rich, 1933
Lord Peter Goes a-Wooing. Gramol, 1933
The Man Who Made Monsters. Gramol, 1935
Medal for the General. Hodder, 1943
The Monocled Man. Gramol, 1933
Murder for Cash. Rich, 1938
Murder in the Family. Lane, 1936; Lippincott, 1940
She Got What She Asked For. Lippincott, 1941 (British title?)
Six Were to Die. Hodder, 1932
The Sparks Fly Upward. Hodder, 1954
The Sundial Drug Mystery. Gramol, 1934
They Can't Hang Me. Rich, 1938; Doubleday, 1938
This Way Out. Rich, 1940; Lippincott, 1940
The Unholy Trio. Gramol, 1933
Young Quentin. Hodder, 1952

RONNS, EDWARD. Pseudonym of Edward S. Aarons, 1916-1975, q.v. Other pseudonym: Paul Ayres, q.v.
The Art Studio Murders. HandiBooks, 1950. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 1964.)
The Big Bedroom. Pyramid pb, 1959
The Black Orchid. Pyramid pb, 1959 (Novelization of the movie.)
But Not for Me. Pyramid pb, 1959; World Distributors pb, 1960. (Novelization of the movie.)
Catspaw Ordeal. GM, 1950. (Reprinted as by Aarons: GM, 1966.)
The Corpse Hangs High. Phoenix, 1939
The Cowl of Doom; see Death in a Lighthouse
Dark Destiny. Graphic pb, 1953. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 1968.)
Dark Memory. HandiBooks, 1950
Death in a Lighthouse. Phoenix, 1938. Also published as: The Cowl of Doom. Hangman's House pb, 1946
Death is my Shadow. Bouregy, 1957. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 1965.)
The Decoy. GM, 1951. (Reprinted as by Aarons: GM, 1966.)
Don't Cry, Beloved. GM, 1952. (Reprinted as by Aarons: GM, 1966.)
Gang Rumble. Avon pb, 1958
Gift of Death. McKay, 1948. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 1964.)
The Glass Cage. Pyramid pb, 1962
I Can't Stop Running. GM, 1951. (Reprinted as by Aarons: GM, 196 .)
The Lady Takes a Flyer. Avon pb, 1958 (Novelization of the movie.)
Million Dollar Murder. GM, 1950; Fawcett (London), 1952. (Reprinted as by Aarons: GM, 196 .)
Murder Money. Phoenix, 1938. Also published as: $1,000,000 in Corpses. Select pb, 1942
The Net. Graphic pb, 1953. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 1969.)
No Place to Live. McKay, 1947; Boardman, 1950. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 1964.)
$1,000,000 in Corpses; see Murder Money
Passage to Terror. GM, 1952. (Reprinted as by Aarons: GM, 1966.)
Pickup Alley. Avon pb, 1957. (Novelization of the movie.)
Point of Peril. Bouregy, 1956. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 1965.)
Say It With Murder. Graphic pb, 1954; Red Seal pb, 1960. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 196 .)
State Department Murders. GM, 1950; Fawcett (London), 1957. (Reprinted as by Aarons: GM, 196 ; Coronet pb, 1974.)
Terror in the Town. McKay, 1947. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 1964.)
They All Ran Away. Graphic pb, 1955. (Reprinted as by Aarons: Macfadden pb, 1970.)

RONZONE, B. A.
The Marquis of Murray Hill; The Story of a Criminal Case. (Author), 1909

ROOF, KATHERINE (METCALF)
Murder on the Salem Road. Houghton, 1931

ROOK, CLARENCE
The Hooligan Nights. De la Mare, 1899; Holt, 1899

ROOK, TONY
Strange Mansion. Milton House, 1974

ROOS, AUDREY (KELLEY), 1912- , and WILLIAM, 1911- . Pseudonyms: Kelley Roos, Willliam Rand, qq.v.
A Few Days in Madrid. Scribner, 1965; Deutsch, 1966
Speaking of Murder. Random, 1957; French (London), 1959 (Play)

ROOS, KELLEY. Joint pseudonym of Audrey (Kelley) Roos, 1912- , and William Roos, 1911- , q.v. Other pseudonym: William Rand, q.v. Series characters: Jeff and Haila Troy = T.
Bad Trip. Dodd, 1971
Beauty Marks the Spot; see Triple Threat
The Blonde Died Dancing. Dodd, 1956. British title: She Died Dancing. Eyre, 1957
Cry in the Night. Dodd, 1966
The Frightened Stiff. Dodd, 1942; Hale, 1951 T
Ghost of a Chance. Wyn, 1947 T
Grave Danger. Dodd, 1965; Eyre, 1966
If the Shroud Fits. Dodd, 1941 T
Made Up for Murder; see Made Up to Kill
Made Up to Kill. Dodd, 1940. British title: Made Up for Murder. Jarrolds, 1941 T
Murder in Any Language. Wyn, 1948 T
Murder Noon and Night. Eyre, 1959 (= Requiem for a Blonde?)
Necessary Evil. Dodd, 1965; Eyre, 1965
One False Move. Dodd, 1966 T
Requiem for a Blonde. Dodd, 1958
Sailor, Take Warning. Dodd, 1944; Hale, 1952 T
Scent of Mystery. Dell pb, 1959 (Novelization of the movie.)
She Died Dancing; see The Blonde Died Dancing
Suddenly One Night. Dodd, 1970
There Was a Crooked Man. Dodd, 1945; Hale, 1953 T
To Save His Life. Dodd, 1968; Cassell, 1969
Triple Threat. Wyn, 1949. (Three novelets, of which one was published separately as: Beauty Marks the Spot. Dell 10¢ pb, 1951.)
What Did Hattie See? Dodd, 1970; Cassell, 1970
Who Saw Maggie Brown? Dodd, 1967

ROOS, WILLIAM. 1911- . Pseudonym: William Rand, q.v. Joint pseudonym with Audrey Roos, 1912- : Kelley Roos, q.v.

ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN
The President's Mystery Story. Farrar, 1935; Lane, 1936

ROOT, PAT
The Devil of the Stairs. Simon, 1956
Evil Became Them. Simon, 1952

ROOTE, MIKE
Badge 373. Award, 1973
Born to Win. Award, 1971 (Novelization of the movie.)
CC and Company. Award, 1970 (Novelization of the movie.)
Enter the Dragon. Award, 1973; Tandem, 1974 (Novelization of the movie.)
Prime Cut. Award, 1973 (Novelization of the movie.)
Scorpio. Award, 1972; Tandem, 1973 (Novelization of the movie.)

ROSAIRE, FORREST
White Night. Lippincott, 1956

ROSCOE, JOHN, 1921- , and MICHAEL RUSO. Pseudonym: Mike Roscoe, q.v.

ROSCOE, MIKE. Pseudonym of John Roscoe, 1921- , and Michael Ruso. Series character: Johnny April = JA
Death is a Round Black Ball. Crown, 1952; Foulsham, 1954 JA
The Midnight Eye. Ace, 1958
One Tear for My Grave. Crown, 1955; Foulsham, 1956 JA
Riddle Me This. Crown, 1952; Foulsham, 1955 JA
A Slice of Hell. Crown, 1954; Foulsham, 1955 JA

ROSCOE, THEODORE
A Grave Must Be Deep. Harrap, 1937 (= Murder on the Way?)
I'll Grind Their Bones. Dodge, 1936; Harrap, 1936
Murder on the Way. Dodge, 1935
Only in New England. Scribner, 1959
To Live and Die in Dixie. Scribner, 1961

ROSE, ALVIN EMMANUEL. Pseudonym: Alan Pruitt, q.v.

ROSE, ELIZABETH
Grand Jury. Avon, 1974

ROSE, FREDERICK HORACE VINCENT. Are these adult crime fiction?
Bride of Kalahari. Duckworth, 1940
Four Kings in the Street of Gold. Duckworth, 1942
The Harp of Life. Duckworth, 1946
Hell's Acre. Duckworth, 1941
Maniac's Dream. Duckworth, 1946
The Prodigal Soldier. Duckworth, 1942

ROSE, GEOFFREY
The Bright Adventure. Macmillan (London), 1975
A Clear Road to Archangel. Macmillan (London), 1973
Nobody on the Road. Macmillan (London), 1972

ROSE, H.
Twelve Ravens. Collier-Macmillan, 1971

ROSEN, NORMA STAHL
Touching Evil. Harcourt, 1969

ROSEN, VICTOR
A Gun in his Hand. GM, 1951

ROSENBACH, A. S. W. 1876-1952.
The Unpublishable Memoirs. Kennerley, 1917; Castle, 1924 ss

ROSENBERG, ELIZABETH and JOHN ROSENBERG, 1931-
Fanfare for a Murderer. Hogarth, 1960
Out, Brief Candle. Hogarth, 1959

ROSENBERG, JOHN. 1931- . See Elizabeth Rosenberg

ROSENBERG, PHILIP
Contract on Cherry Street. Crowell, 1975

ROSENBERGER, JOSEPH. Series characters: Richard Carnellion (The Death Merchant) = RC; Murder Master = MM.
The Albanian Connection. Pinnacle, 1973 RC
The Billionaire Mission. Pinnacle, 1974 RC
The Caribbean Caper. Manor, 1974 MM
The Castro File. Pinnacle, 1974 RC
The Chinese Conspiracy. Pinncle, 1973 RC
The Death Merchant. Pinnacle, 1972 RC
Death Trap. Manor, 1973 MM
The KGB Frame. Pinnacle, 1975 RC
The Laser War. Pinnacle, 1974 RC
The Mainline Plot. Pinnacle, 1974 RC
Manhattan Wipeout. Pinnacle, 1975 RC
Operation Overkill. Pinnacle, 1972 RC
The Psychotron Plot. Pinnacle, 1972 RC
Satan Strike. Pinnacle, 1972 RC
The Whore-Smash Operation. Manor, 1974 MM

ROSENBLUM, ROBERT
The Good Thief. Doubleday, 1974; Hart-Davis, 1975
The Mushroom Cave. Doubleday, 1973; Gollancz, 1974

ROSENHAYN, PAUL. 1877-1929. Series character: Joe Jenkins, in both titles.
Joe Jenkins' Case Book. Heinemann, 1930 ss
Joe Jenkins: Detective. Heinemann, 1929; Doubleday, 1929 ss

ROSENKRANTZ, BARON PALLE
The Man in the Basement. Cupples, 1907
The Magistrate's Own Case. Methuen, 1908; McClure, 1908

ROSENTHAL, NORMAN C.
Silenced Witnesses. Ace, 1955

ROSENTHAL, RICHARD A. 1925- . Pseudonym: Allen Richards, q.v.

ROSER, VAL
Murder in the Wind. Long, 1947

ROSMANITH, OLGA L.
Signature to a Crime. Cassell, 1938

ROSMER, JEAN. Pseudonym of Jeanne Alcanter de Brahm
In Secret Service. Lippincott, 1938

ROSNER, JOSEPH
The Habits of Command. Harcourt, 1975

ROSNY, J. H.
The Giant Cat. McBride, 1924

ROSS, ALBERT
His Foster Sister. 1896

ROSS, ALBERT. Pseudonym.
If I Knew What I was Doing... Random, 1974

ROSS, ANGUS
The Amsterdam Diversion. Long, 1974
The Bradford Business. Long, 1974
The Dunfermline Affair. Long, 1973
The Huddersfield Job. Long, 1971
The Manchester Thing. Long, 1970
The Leeds Fiasco. Long, 1975
London Assignment. Long, 1972

ROSS, BARNABY. Joint pseudonym of Frederic Dannay, 1905- , and Manfred B. Lee, 1905-1971. Other pseudonym: Ellery Queen, q.v. Series character: Drury Lane, in all titles.
Drury Lane's Last Case. Viking, 1933; Cassell, 1933. (Reprinted as by EQ: Little, 1946)
The Tragedy of X. Viking, 1932; Cassell, 1932. (Reprinted as by EQ: Stokes, 1940.)
The Tragedy of Y. Viking, 1932; Cassell, 1932. (Reprinted as by EQ: Stokes, 1941.)
The Tragedy of Z. Viking, 1933; Cassell, 1933. (Reprinted as by EQ: Little, 1942.)

ROSS, CARLTON. Pseudonym of Edwy Searles Brooks, 1889-1965, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Berkeley Gray, Victor Gunn, qq.v.
Black Skull Murders. Swan, 1942
Racketeers of the Turf. Swan, 1947

ROSS, CHARLES H.
Hot and Cold; The Story of a Life and Death Search. Routledge
A Private Enquiry. Tinsley, 1870

ROSS, CLARISSA. Pseudonym of Dan Ross, q.v. Other pseudonym: Marilyn Ross, q.v.
Beware the Kindly Stranger. Lancer, 1972
China Shadow. Avon, 1974
Corridors of Fear. Avon, 1971
Drifthaven. Avon, 1974
Durrell Towers. Pyramid
Face in the Pond. Avon, 1972
Gemini in Darkness. Lancer, 1972
Glimpses into Terror. Lancer, 1971
The Ghosts of Grantmeer. Avon, 1972
A Hearse of Dark Harbor. Avon, 1974
It Comes by Night. Lancer, 1972
Mistress of Ravenswood. Arcadia, 1966
Out of the Fog. Lancer, 1972
Phantom of Dark Harbor. Avon, 1972
Phantom of Glencourt. Lancer, 1972
Secret of Mallet Castle. Arcadia, 1966
Whisper of Danger. Bantam, 1974
Whispers in the Night. Bantam, 1971

ROSS, DAN. Pseudonyms: Clarissa Ross, Marilyn Ross, qq.v.
The Castle on the Cliff. Avalon, 1967
Murder at City Hall. Bouregy, 1965
Mystery of Fury Castle. Bouregy, 1965
Out of the Night. Bouregy, 1964
The Whispering Gallery. Macfadden, 1970

ROSS, DANA
Demon of the Darkness. PB, 1975
The Haunting of Clifton Court. Popular Library, 1972
Lodge Sinister. PB, 1975
This Shrouded Night. PB, 1975

ROSS, DONALD
Dead Men Do Tell Tales. Methuen, 1938

The Devil was Kind. Whitman, 1939
Five Keys to Mystery. Methuen, 1938
House of Horror. Methuen, 1939
M.D.—Doctor of Murder. Methuen, 1938
Murder C.O.D. Methuen, 1938

ROSS, G.
Corpse in the Boudoir. Harborough, 1953

ROSS, HAL
The Fleur de Lys Affair. Doubleday, 1975

ROSS, HELEN HALYBURTON
The Mystery of the Lotus Queen. Jenkins, 1931
The Scarab Clue. Hutchinson, 1935

ROSS, IVAN T. Pseudonym of Robert Rossner. Series character: Ben Gordon = BG.
The Man Who Would Do Anything. Doubleday, 1963; Heinemann, 1965
Murder Out of School. Simon, 1960; Heinemann, 1960 BG
Old Students Never Die. Doubleday, 1962; Heinemann, 1963 BG
Requiem for a Schoolgirl. Simon, 1961 BG
Teacher's Blood. Doubleday, 1964 BG

ROSS, JAMES
They Don't Dance Much. Houghton, 1940; Jarrolds, 1940

ROSS, JAMES E.
The Dead are Mine. McKay, 1935

ROSS, JEROME. See DAVIS, DOROTHY SALISBURY

ROSS, JOHN. Series character: The Major (Major Seary) = S.
The Black Spot. Hodder, 1936
Bless the Wasp. Hodder, 1938
The Drone-Man. Hodder, 1937
Federal Agent. Collins, 1941
The Major. Hodder, 1938 S
The Major Steps Out. Hodder, 1939 S
The Man from the Chamber of Horrors. Hodder, 1939
The Moccasin Men. Hodder, 1936 S
The Tall Man. Collins, 1940

ROSS, JONATHAN. Pseudonym of John Rossiter, q.v.
The Blood Running Cold. Cassell, 1968
The Burning of Billy Toober. Constable, 1974
Dead at First Hand. Cassell, 1969
The Deadest Thing You Ever Saw. Cassell, 1969; McCall, 1970
Diminished by Death. Cassell, 1968
Here Lies Nancy Frail. Constable, 1972; Saturday Review Press, 1972

ROSS, LEONARD. Pseudonym of Leo Rosten, 1908- , q.v.
Adventure in Washington. Harcourt, 1940
Balkan Express; see Dateline: Europe
The Dark Corner. Century pb, 1946 (Novelization of the movie.)
Dateline: Europe. Harcourt, 1939. British title: Balkan Express. Heinemann, 1939

ROSS, MALCOLM HARRISON
Death of a Yale Man. Farrar, 1939

ROSS, MANDER
The Sorting Van Murder. Melrose, 1935

ROSS, MARILYN. Pseudonym of Dan Ross, q.v.
Other pseudonym: Clarissa Ross, q.v.
Novelizations of Dark Shadows TV series = DS (published by Paperback Library).
The Amethyst Tears. Beagle, 1974
The Aquarius Curse. Paperback Lib., 1970
Assignment: Danger. Paperback Lib., 1967
Barnabas Collins. 1968 DS
Barnabas Collins and Quentin's Demon. 1970 DS
Barnabas Collins and the Gypsy Witch. 1970 DS
Barnabas Collins and the Mysterious Ghost. 1970 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Avenging Ghost. 1970 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Body Snatchers. 1971 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Crystal Coffin. 1970 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and Dr. Jekyll's Son. 1971 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Frightened Bride. 1970 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Grave Robbers. 1971 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Haunted Cave. 1970 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Hidden Tomb. 1971 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Mad Magician. 1971 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Magic Potion. 1971 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Mummy's Curse. 1970 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Nightmare Assassin. 1970 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Scorpio Curse. 1970 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Sea Ghost. 1971 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Serpent. 1970 DS
Barnabas, Quentin and the Vampire Beauty. 1972 DS
Bsrnabas, Quentin and the Witch's Curse. 1970 DS
Barnabas Collins vs. the Warlock. 1969 DS
Behind the Purple Veil. Paperback Lib., 1973
Beware, My Love. Paperback Lib., 1965
Cameron Castle. Paperback Lib., 1967
Cliffhaven. Avalon, 1966
The Curse of Collingwood. 1968 DS
Dark Legend. Paperback Lib., 1966
Dark Shadows. 1966 DS
The Demons of Barnabas Collins. 1969 DS
Desperate Heiress. Paperback Lib., 1966
The Devil's Daughter. Paperback Lib., 1973
Don't Look Behind You. Paperback Lib., 1973
Face in the Fog. Curtis, 1973
Face in the Shadows. Paperback Lib., 1973
The Foe of Barnabas Collins. 1969 DS
Fog Island. Paperback Lib., 1965
Fog Island Secret. Popular Lib., 1975
A Garden of Ghosts. Popular Lib., 1974
A Gathering of Evil. Paperback Lib., 1966
The Ghost and the Garnet. Beagle, 1975
Ghost Ship of Fog Island. Popular Lib., 1975
Haunting of Fog Island. Curtis, 1973
House of Dark Shadows. Paperback Lib., 1970 (Novelization of the movie.)
House of Ghosts. Paperback Lib., 1973

Loch Sinister. Popular Lib., 1974
The Locked Corridor. Paperback Lib., 1965
The Long Night of Fear. Paperback Lib., 1972
Marta. Paperback Lib., 1973
Memory of Evil. Paperback Lib., 1966
Mistress of Moorwood Manor. Paperback Lib., 1972
The Mystery at Collingwood. 1967 DS
Night of the Phantom. Paperback Lib., 1972
The Peril of Barnabas Collins. 1969 DS
The Phantom and Barnabas Collins. 1969 DS
Phantom Manor. Paperback Lib., 1966
The Phantom of Belle Acres. Curtis, 1973
Phantom of Fog Island. Paperback Lib., 1971
Phantom of the Swamp. Paperback Lib., 1972
Satan's Rock. Paperback Lib., 1966
The Secret of Barnabas Collins. 1969 DS
Secrets of Sedbury Manor. Curtis, 1973
The Sinister Garden. Paperback Lib., 1972
Step into Terror. Paperback Lib., 1973
Strangers at Collins House. 1967 DS
Tread Softly, Nurse Scott. Paperback Lib., 1966
Victoria Winters. 1967 DS
Witches' Cove. Paperback Lib., 1974
Witches of Bralhaven. Paperback Lib., 1972

ROSS, PAUL. Pseudonym. Series character: Terry Bunker (Chopper Cop) = TB.
The Assassin. Manor, 1974
Dynamite Monster Boogie Concert. Popular Library, 1975 TB
Freebie and the Bean. Warner, 1975
The Hitchhike Killer. Popular Lib., 1972 TB
Valley of Death. Popular Lib., 1972 TB

ROSS, PHYLLIS
Miranda Clair. PB, 1965

ROSS, REGINA
Falls the Shadow. Delacorte, 1974; Barker, 1975

ROSS, SAM
Hang-Up. Coward, 1968; Hale, 1969
The Hustlers. Popular Lib., 1965
He Ran All the Way. Farrar, 1947
Ready for the Riger. Farrar, 1964; Barrie, 1965
The Tight Corner. Farrar, 1956

ROSS, SHEILA
Foam on the River. Collins, 1975

ROSS, W(ILLIAM) E(DWARD) D(ANIEL). 1905- . Pseudonym: Leslie Ames, q.v.
Dark Villa of Capri. Arcadia, 1968
The House on Mt. Vernon Street. Avon, 1974
Mansion on the Moors. Dell, 1974
The Yesteryear Phantom. Avon, 1974

ROSS, WILLIAM
Bamboo Terror. Tuttle, 1969

ROSS, ZOLA HELEN. 1912- . Pseudonyms: Helen Arre, Bert Iles, qq.v. Series characters: Beau Smith and Pogy Rogers = S&R
One Corpse Missing. Bobbs, 1948 S&R
Overdue for Death. Bobbs, 1947
Three Down Vulnerable. Bobbs, 1946 S&R

ROSSI, BRUNO. Series character: Johnny Rock (The Sharpshooter), in all titles.
Blood Bath. Leisure, 1974
Blood Oath. Leisure, 1974
Head Crusher. Leisure, 1974
Hit Man. Leisure, 1974
The Killing Machine. Leisure, 1974
Las Vegas Vengeance. Leisure, 1975
Muzzle Blast. Leisure, 1974
Night of the Assassins. Leisure, 1974
No Quarter Given. Leisure, 1974
Savage Slaughter. Leisure, 1975
Scarfaced Killer. Leisure, 1975
Stiletto. Leisure, 1974
Triggerman. Leisure, 1975
The Worst Way to Die. Leisure, 1974

ROSSITER, JOHN. Pseudonym: Jonathan Ross, q.v. Series character: Roger Tallis = RT
The Deadly Gold; see The Golden Virgin
The Deadly Green. Cassell, 1970; Walker, 1971 RT
The Golden Virgin. Constable, 1975. U.S. title: The Deadly Gold. Walker, 1975 RT
The Manipulators. Cassell, 1973; Simon, 1974
The Murder Makers. Cassell, 1970
A Rope for General Dietz. Constable, 1972; Walker, 1972 RT
The Victims. Cassell, 1971
The Villains. Cassell, 1974

ROSSNER, ROBERT. Pseudonym: Ivan T. Ross, q.v.
The End of Someone Else's Rainbow. Saturday Review Press, 1974

ROSTAND, ROBERT
The Killer Elite. Delacorte, 1973; Hodder, 1974
Viper's Game. Delacorte, 1974; Hodder, 1975

ROSTEN, LEO. 1908- . Pseudonym: Leonard Ross, q.v.
A Most Private Intrigue. Atheneum, 1967

ROTH, HOLLY. 19 -1964. Pseudonyms: K. G. Ballard, P. J. Merrill, qq.v.
Button, Button. Harcourt, 1966; H. Hamilton, 1967
The Content Assignment. Simon, 1954; H. Hamilton, 1954
The Crimson in the Purple. Simon, 1956; H. Hamilton, 1957
The Mask of Glass. Vanguard, 1954; H. Hamilton, 1955
Operation Doctors; see Too Many Doctors
Shadow of a Lady. Simon, 1957; H. Hamilton, 1957
The Shocking Secret. Dell, 1955. (Reprint of The Content Assignment or The Mask of Glass; which?)
The Sleeper. Simon, 1955; H. Hamilton, 1955
Too Many Doctors. Random, 1962. British title: Operation Doctors. H. Hamilton, 1962
The Van Dreisen Affair. Random, 1960; H. Hamilton, 1960

ROTH, SAMUEL
Murder at Sycamore Lodge. Faro, 1931

ROTHBERG, ABRAHAM
The Heirs of Cain. Putnam, 1966