



# Les Polarophiles Tranquilles

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## NO ORCHIDS FOR JAMES HADLEY CHASE

### 1- How to shelve Crime fiction in France

For almost ten years, the detective novel has been the latest craze in France. Literary critics as well as readers rush frenetically to find the latest Nordic or Anglo-Saxon bestsellers while a number of obscure editors launch here and there a certain number of “black” collections. There are those who protest with good reason against this systematic exploitation and hype which may well end up becoming weary of the genre. In truth, it is quite ridiculous to find a Stieg Larsson (Swedish, 1954-2004) or a James Ellroy (American, born 1948) among just any “week-end” writer. Despite these reserves, the results are there: crime fiction is a success even if a somewhat temporary success. This is the problem.

Should this wave of success decline to-morrow, so would the genre, the critics in turn will concern themselves with some new subject, leaving behind them those readers fed up with the trend of crime fiction.

In time it will, in turn, fall into the hands of the detective-novel-specialist circle. Their first compulsive preoccupation will be to cordon off their subjects and the expectations of their readers who, as we know, have little understanding of crime fiction genre.

What better way to sink a profusion of authors into oblivion.

We are all well aware, this dire cycle has existed now for almost a century. It is news to nobody that the newly-published detective novel, once read, will be returned to the shelf only to end up on the dissecting table of some punctilious expert of the genre.

We have seen readers successively favour the mystery novel, the post-war horror fiction, the new detective story “à la française” which ends up dispersed for good in all directions. Too much success kills success and there are always opportunists (writers, editors, critics) ready to abuse the trend, and in doing so - shooting themselves in the foot.

The detective novel does not follow the same continuity as other literary disciplines: not only does it flow in successive waves, each wave drowning the previous one whatever qualities they may have shown. This is how the most up-to-date novelist end up, ten years later, a vague name in some specialized anthology.

One can easily see the unfairness of such treatment especially when the author is talented. What reader remembers the admirable Joseph Wambaugh (American, born 1937), author of works as remarkable as “The New Centurions, 1971” (in French: Les Nouveaux Centurions), “The Choirboys,

1975" (*Patrouille de Nuit*) or "Echoes In The Darkness, 1987" (*Dans La Clameur des Ténèbres*) ? In the 80's he was, at least in France, the guest of honor at many highly prestigious fictional detective-novel events and everyone went mad over his books. Ten years later, he had been completely forgotten. Wambaugh tried a timid return at the end of the 2000's with the publication of his last works edited by "Le Rivage" but do you think they thought of publishing his previous books to this new generation of readers? Certainly not and we are now facing an absurd situation where a crime story writer (far better than Ellroy with similar themes), author of some twenty books between 1970 and 2010 is only known for his four or five latest titles. No doubt that they too will be shelved when another vague emerges. They too will end up in oblivion.

It is easy to see what is missing, what has always been lacking on the question of the detective novel: replace the simple phenomenon of success by some sort of historical study (for the crime story is always fed with its preceding models only to surpass them).

The rudiments of this study have in fact been supplied by some specialists such as Claude Mesplede (French, born 1939), Jean-Jacques Schleret, Jacques Baudou (French, born 1946) or Michel Lebrun (French, 1930-1996). However their works are notably insufficient as they are limited to an anthology or to a listing. The weakness of the proposed literary studies writes off their erudition. Finally, to be sure to reign over the detective novel like a lord over his land, our specialists made the same mistake as their science-fiction colleagues: they did not train disciples to succeed or outdo them in skill. As a result, they will age without heirs !

However, we should not discount their anthologies nor the dictionaries they produced for they enable the neophyte to find certain points of reference in the labyrinth of the detective novel. And although it may be the most specific of its kind, it is battling again specific worlds and authors of various talents. Nevertheless, their works fail to give an account of this wealth through lack of thorough analysis, devoid of any ideological bias. Goodness knows, however, that the detective novel needs this effort to draw it out of its past to give the unfairly forgotten authors a new chance to remind us of the existence of the Classics of the genre.

Unfortunately, they are stagnating, awaiting their re-discovery, victims of the lack of general imagination. It is for this cause, the rediscovery of these neglected Classics that, modestly, the Polarophiles Tranquilles have been working for almost ten years now as they judge it unfair and absurd to silence writers of the size of Frédéric Dard (French, 1921-2000), Dolores Hitchens (American, 1907-1973), Georges Simenon (Belgian, 1903-1989) or Stanislas-André. Steeman (Belgian, 1908-1970). Or James Hadley Chase (American, 1906-1985), who cannot be ignored.

## **2 – Chase : First Class Funeral**

Should there exist an author who deserves, more than anyone, the crown of the mystery novelist Classic, it is definitely James Hadley Chase who is, without doubt a text-book case. The neophyte who knows maybe little or nothing about him, has but to imagine a man who made his name with his first publication "No Orchids For Miss Blandish", (*Pas d'Orchidées Pour Miss Blandish*) (Fifteen million copies sold since 1939) and had one of the longest careers (from 1939 to 1938) and was an uninterrupted public success throughout this period. He is the author of no less than ninety books and consequently the originator of one of the largest crime stories corpus of the twentieth century.

Whilst the mystery genre was still in force, he was above all a brilliant writer who introduced the modern, cold, free, clinical violence due to human deviance with no pseudo-social justifications that a certain sense of humor does not defuse.

One can see what a James Ellroy did with such a conquest: it is precisely this amorality (which appalled the critics of the time) which ensured the survival of Chase's work. It explains the admiration, still today, of authors such as Serge Brussolo (French, born 1951) or René Frégni (French, born 1947) who both wouldn't hesitate to put him at the top, far above the inevitable Dashiell Hammett (American, 1894-1961) or Raymond Chandler (Anglo-American, 1888-1959).

In brief, Chase is undoubtedly a master of mystery novels that both the academic and literary critics should have studied in priority. Yet, this almost completely neglected author is nevertheless subject to certain hasty summaries to be found in specialized dictionaries or obscure amateur-produced magazines who continue to repeat the usual clichés.

The only pertinent essay to be found on the subject of Chase is signed Robert Deleuse (French, born 1950) "A La Poursuite De James Hadley Chase" (In pursuit of James Hadley Chase) which is only partly understandable due to the numerous coded allusions. There remains the Internet, but the search engines are unable to provide any serious studies or information on Chase's work.

Such abandon is flabbergasting. How could a man, who has been courageous enough to build, book after book, a coherent world (to the satisfaction of millions of readers worldwide) be dropped by those who should have been his defenders, in other words his editor and the critics ?

How could we silence an author who, with "No Orchids For Miss Blandish", brought about such a radical change, far more could fundamental than Chandler or Hammet ? How could his French editor, the inevitable Gallimard, be satisfied with the simple re-publication of certain works on the odd occasion at a time when the Chase reader, although somewhat undermined, were still present, generation after generation ?

No ! There is no plot ! Just say that the ignorance of some is mixed with the uneasiness of others in what could be called Chase's Case.

He was the first to use the crime story, not to the letter but as a vehicle to depict a certain number of obsessions and specific themes which, backed up by his popular success, became a source of cash.

From these double objectives, the crime novel purists retained but the mercenary. In their eyes, Chase wanted only to make a living. This ended up creating a most depressing misinterpretation, still applicable to-day, of the author's image: Chase is categorized as a commercial author, an eye-catching flashy star of a black series, a second category novelist and classified in the same doubtful vein as a Mickey Spillane (American, 1918-2006).

Such is the opinion of the distinguished critic, Jean-Patrick Manchette (French, 1942-1995) who qualified Chase as a "coarse trader". In his opinion, this English opportunist could only be a vile exploiter of cash, violent and sadistic when it was the trend, moralizing and sanitized when violence no longer paid. Coming from the high priest of the "new crime novel", an outstanding connoisseur of the genre, such a profusion of abusive words makes you wonder.

For God's sake ! Nothing forbids a writer to earn money from his literary activity. "Le Voyage Au Bout de la Nuit" (Journey to the End of the Night) by Louis-Ferdinand Céline (French, 1894-1961) highly praised by the French intelligentsia, was not only a key novel of the twentieth century but also a commercial success carefully prepared by the writer. Proof of which can be found, firstly in Celines's correspondence and secondly in his letter to his editor Gallimard in which he presents his manuscript.

Can we bear a grudge against Chase? Using his literary talent to his best ability, whilst at the same time becoming financially successful?

Precisely, exclaims the devil advocate ! Take a look at this literary universe that we are so tired of hearing about. From one book to another, the same sadistic killers, the same omnipotent multimillionaires, the same poor chaps manipulated by the same greedy women. Your Chase exploits a recipe with the least amount of imagination. Jean-Patrick Manchette adds "Hadley Chase so prolix and so skilfully, placidly repeats the same old tunes made up of five or six invariable subjects". Later on, I will try to show all the richness of Chase's world, how it is less dependent on models than on motives and themes used all through his books, each with a different atmosphere which by no means in any way impoverishes Chase's realm. On the contrary, they enable him to tackle a very large field and maintain a unity of his work which is the trademark of the commercial author who never denied being one.

There is something else: Chase's own personality. From the start critics were against him because "No Orchids For Miss Blandish" was forty years ahead in his descriptions of violence, because he was successful, (an unforgivable mistake), because after some disorderly attempts (the usage of pseudonyms like Raymond Marshall, James P. Docherty or Ambrose Grant), he had managed to organize his career with magisterial brio because he knew how to adapt his sphere in other ways than the hardline novel.

But what puzzled French critics the most, was Chase's self-effacement. To say that we know little about him is a rhetorical device: when journalists interviewed him, they found a mysterious man as invisible as unapproachable. After many wrong tactics, the few who succeeded in come approaching Master found a reticent, tall, shy man with a mustache named René Brabazon Raymond, who, sparingly, pronounced but a few rather laconic words.

It was not particularly encouraging: Chase liked neither the U.S.A. or the Americans who were constantly the heroes of his stories. He didn't even appreciate his work to the extent that he was unable even to remember the intrigues of his last books. He was writing for money exclusively and did not consider himself as a complete writer. His biography was equally succinct: shop assistant in a library, pilot during the war,, everything assorted with unverifiable anecdotes.

In short, he had the smell of a straw-man and one can suppose that editor and critics did not want to take the risk of divulging certain practices widespread in the French literary world. And yet, we know that this circle was somewhat discredited after the disclosure of the Romain Gary-Emile Ajar case in 1981. For about ten years, Gary (Franco-Lithuanian, 1914-1980), had been considered as an aging traditional writer, whose works had been devalued to the profit of Ajar, who was being praised as new and audacious. Ajar (Romain Gary's pseudonym), like Chase, had a visage (Paul Pavlowitch, son of a Gary' s cousin) but assumed an air of mystery. The Parisian smart set had got it completely wrong. This lack of judgment was not supposed to happen again – even if it meant that Chase's work had to be thrown out.

Nevertheless, Chase's success being essentially French, there was no major risk that foreign amateurs of this genre would discover the literary hoax, if hoax there was. Albeit, a Classic of the detective literature is being kept deliberately lying dormant by those who should be keeping it alive.

### **3- The Corpse Is Going Well**

One might understand this silence and this disregard if it concerned a literary hack: Crime stories have always been full of them due to their commercial orientation. But just open any Chase to realize

that it is not a Peter Cheney (British, 1896-1951), a Carter Brown (Australian-British, 1923-1985) and even less a Harlan Coben (American, born 1954).

The stories and characters are captivating, the style restricted to the essential without negligence. We find not only a chain of ups and downs led at top speed and well under control, yet the English author manages to mix real entertainment with an appropriate social and psychological background. All his books have stood the test of time, for all of them present us with a certain vision of humanity to the detriment of the social bonds of time which have made many other detective stories illegible.

Even in a Chase as rickety as "So What happens to me?" (Le Zinc en Or) (among the 90 novels, the inspiration level is sometimes unequal), the reader is fascinated by his professionalism, by the continuity of the episodes and the dramatic line being, at the same time, sensitive to a deep analysis of a personae such as Bernie Olson, an aging maladjusted Vietnam-veteran, disgraced by an army which had been his whole life, and who is trying to put new life into the thief of an ultra modern plane knowing all too well as an old and lucid career soldier, his predictable failure.

An intrigue as banal as "Not My Thing, 1983" (C'est Pas Dans Mes Cordes) too, finds justification in the despicable character of Jamison, the billionaire to whom nothing resists (including his wife), which depicts a hardly altered Aristotle Onassis (Greek shipping magnate, 1906-1975).

Chase knows how to successfully describe a nasty person. He knows how to play with the secretive heroes and give them an in-depth psychological reality leaving the contour in the vague – action demands it. Could this be the work of a second-rate writer ?

Chase held all the aces to reign over the detective novel. As we have seen it, he was a wise salesman with a mercenary attitude, a side he has never concealed. He was aware of the details of everyday life and became renowned through his first novel even though it was a scandalous success, it was a success that he maintained for over forty years. Whatever one might say about him, he was an expert in producing something that looked somewhat like a supermarket product, yet had a particular style recognizable among a thousand, in which the protagonists fought amongst each other.

The critics of the time insisted on the fatality afflicted on the characters, the sequences of the story and the little grains of sand that flustered even the best planned plot. The origin of these grains of sand have not been looked into for, more often than not there is another source other than pure simple cupidity.

If the "Chaseian" novel is simply a "machine to read" as described by Boileau-Narcejac (Pierre-Louis Boileau, 1906-1989 and Thomas Narcejac, 1908-1998, both French), it does not seem to be a bluff as described by the same Narcejac, for its cogs were controlled by motives more human than one might have imagined.

It's thanks to the courage of Susan Vedder and the fidelity of Joe the chauffeur to his billionaire patron that the dreadful Rollo's little schemes failed in "Make The Corpse Walk, 1954" (Faites Danser Le Cadavre). It is his beloved's treason that prevented the unscrupulous Chad Winters, fortune made, to leave the United States in "The Sucker Punch, 1954" (Une Manche Et La Belle). It is the love of a young Vietnamese Ng that saved Mrs Jamison from the terrible plot imagined by her husband in "Not My Thing, 1983" (C'est Pas Dans Mes Cordes).

Even a human being as pathologically violent as Carol Blandish in "The Flesh Of The Orchid, 1941" breaks the spiral, thanks to the help she received from some rare kind souls during her escape from the asylum.

Yet the most pitiless characters described by Chase are not all dedicated to their sadism. Look at Celie, the frightening Creole in "Make The Corpse Walks", obviously ambitious and without scruples but torn between her Haitian origins and her wish to carve out a place in a racist and mediocre Great Britain (As it turns out, this dilemma cost her her life).

We could multiply these examples infinitely. Everything shows that, more than money, more than greed, it is in essence, the tragic human feelings which lose or save the "Chaseian" personae in the course of action.

The bestiality found in the gallery of the mafioso, of shady landlords, of crooked doctors, of sadist killers and unscrupulous intermediaries, all overabundant in Chase's work, made a name for the author of "Trusted Like The Fox, 1954" (Traquenards). However, his originality is to never forget the human factor manhandled or encouraged by this depravity.

We see that from the unhealthy sensationalism, we have to tackle certain preoccupations that a Graham Greene (British, 1904-1991) would not have denied.

Chase's work is coherent not only in its commercial evolution but also in its thematic - its haunting portrayal of a world fearing neither God nor man to the extent that the treason (an obsessional element of the Chaseian and Greenian's worlds) is achieved in the name of human reasons (maybe too human).

A perception of insistent repetitions in his work, clearly shows an undervaluation of the author. The "five or six invariable models" described haughtily by Jean-Patrick Manchette (French, 1942-1995) become very complicated as soon as we have an overall view of his oeuvre. We have already seen that the series of characters fighting between each other, already form a nice gallery of portraits less than interchangeable. To schematize, it could be said that Chase can be subdivided into three periods as follows:

#### First Period:

From 1939 to about 1955, the British author explored the many facets of the "hard-boiled" novel (tough and callous by virtue of experience, [thefreedictionary.com](http://thefreedictionary.com)) including the most expressive sides: an avalanche of corpses in "I'll Bury My Dead, 1953" (Un Tueur Passe), brawls in "Twelve Chinamen and a Woman" (Douze Chinetoques Et Une Souris) where the detective Fenner rips open a man with his bare hands and the killer Pecos strangles a man bawling savagely "It's coming ! It's coming !".

Chase, here, uses the recipe of the time: savageries everywhere in an American atmosphere where such brutality was expected by the readers after the publication of "No Orchids for Miss Blandish".

To-day, the reader would smile at such excess given the fact that they have now put James Ellroy through the mill. But at that time, in 1940, Chase tried to experiment and there appeared a dissociation, a hidden meaning of violence which would make the detective story modernists of the 70's, green with envy.

It is "Lady, Here's Your Wreath, 1940" (Le Corbillard de Madame) which opened the ball. It describes a narrator who wishes to get rid of a woman's naked corpse that had been placed at his place to make him appear guilty. His friend Ackie helps him. But this ghastly scene is written with an out-of-sorts humour considering the morbidity of the situation. First the corpse has to be dressed from top

to toe (which provokes remarks like: if madam would get up, the work would be easier) and to do that, they have in turn to raise legs and arms and to make the corpse sit down. Chase uses an astonishing burlesque to paint such a horrible action: the reader has the feeling of see two men playing with a monstrous doll. But that is not all: the corpse has to be carried out to a car (taking care not to drop it !), installed on the seat (without alarming the police or the pedestrians), making sure that it sits up and when the police stop the car, moving it to give the effect of a lively body and even playing the ventriloquist to give the impression that it talks.

In parallel, Chase thickens the plot by constantly recalling the deathly rigidity which is setting in during the journey.

In the same chapter, Chase creates both breathtaking suspense, ragingly morbid obsessions and destructive black humour.

We are not surprised then that a little later, he is both elusive and delirious from start to finish in "Miss Chumway waves a wand, 1943" (Miss Shumway Jette Un Sort). We are no more surprised to read that this so-called recipe-worker brings out the best in diversity although he manages to stay true to form to the the most orthodox "Hard-Boiled" model.

It is also in 1944 that, parallel to a folkloric America where he admitted never having set foot, that Chase starts to set his books in England: they are the best, not only because the underworld practices fit in perfectly with the London environment, but also because some, such as "More Deadly Than The Male, 1944" (Elles Attigent) or "Trusted Like The Fox, 1948" (Traquenards) are the best of the blackest tragedies.

Second Period:

Around 1954, Chase goes definitely beyond the "Hard-Boiled" (which shows the wearing effect of his overworking) and diversifies more and more.

We have seen already how he turned his formula on its head by introducing a black and macabre humour as efficient as a clinical description of violence.

In 1954, he went a step further by turning to adventure and spy stories using characters such as the elegant Don Micklem or Mark Girland, specialists of impossible missions. At the same time, the scenery is no longer exclusively Anglo-Saxon but becomes international: it becomes essentially Italian - "Venetian Mission", 1954 - (Voir Venise Et Crever), Eastern Europe and Africa with the Girland' s adventures. It is "Cade, 1966" (Chambre Noire) in Switzerland and the ski resorts where the photograph Cade meets his fate. Other mercenaries go exploring Asia with profitable assignments in Vietnam "A Lotus For Miss Quon, 1960"

(Un Lotus Pour Miss Chaung) or in Hong Kong with "A Coffin From Hong Kong, 1961" (l'Heroine d'Hong Kong).

It is surprising to find in Chase's work, he who presented himself as a homely man, such a variety of settings and such an ability to make them credible. To the extent that we may well ask ourselves the question: might have he traveled more than he said he had ?

However, he does not abandon the detective intrigues but his style is no longer extravagant and the no longer uses comparisons or metaphors favored by the hard-boiled. On the contrary, he expresses himself using few words which are both economical and cold. His detractors are right in thinking that at that time, he had found his way and did not want to abandon a rational usage of his potential just

to satisfy certain readers. This is not only possible but even certain ! It is also, however, the proof that Chase's work cannot be reduced to a sadistic, sexual and poaching model of the detective story. In fact, he evolves gradually and it is not because this evolution leads him to the limits of the traditional crime novel (even outside) that this evolution is harmful.

Third and Last Period:

End of the 60's. Chase has now all the cards in hand to be successful and apparently, does not appear to be worried anymore about becoming a talented story teller.

The critics at that time considered that this is the point at which he got mixed up.

All his work is available: classic, spy, detective stories, thrillers - for instance: "The Vulture Is A Patient Bird, 1969" (Le Vautour Attend Toujours) - and even a detective procedural story such as the officer Tom Lepski and his brigade in Paradise City, the ultimate Florida hide-out of the billionaires and crossroads of all traffic.

In reality, at that moment, he had pushed his possibilities to the limit but he is the master of his themes which are far from being cursory. From one book to the other, we find the Chaseian obsession of treason; either by simple avidity (for money, for women) or, from the characters, by excess of humanity (the bad comes out from the good).

However we have to insist on the fact that his number of successes or failures is strictly the same as in the preceding periods.

One tends to be in the habit of holding Chase's first works in esteem, with regrets for his succeeding sloppiness. In reality, there is no difference in the quality of his dissimilar works such as "Make The Corpse Walk, 1945" (Faites Danser Le Cadavre), an extravagant story of stolen corpse with all the Chaseian excesses of the period and the far later "Knock ! Knock ! Who' s there ? 1973" ( En Galère) in which there is a lucid and cold description of the organized and modernized American Mafia.

From one book to another, from a setting to another, we find the same losers (i.e. Susan Vedder in "Make the Corpse..." and Johnny Bianda in "Knock, Knock...") fighting to do well for themselves, the same all-important characters who would (or ask someone to) trample anyone who got in their way, the same style in which there is an absence of the feeling of warmth, the same harsh sequences of the scheming and the same cynical vision: the world is one huge pitfall in which one can only try to escape from traps that become increasingly cleverer until they finally catch you.

Fun has been made of Chase's alleged decline. It was simply an additional cliché. We should instead speak about a successful renewal: from the "hard-boiled" the most ostentatious, Chase has succeeded in not only refining but exceeding it.

But,

Above all however, although he enlarged his realm, he neither distorted or ruined either it or himself.

Few authors can pride themselves on having succeeded such a challenge...

So, is Chase a purely commercial writer ? Rarely has an author had the ability of presenting to his vast number of hard-to-please readers such obsessions and themes. Many French writers have understood this and, in spite of the critics have tried, pos-war, to apply the Chaseian recipe.

They obviously used specific American pseudonyms: the most famous case being Boris Vian (French, 1920-1959) who published his book under the pseudonym Vernon Sullivan, but it is significant to note that they all failed. This shows that Chase's books are in a realm of their own, far more original than the stories published at regular intervals to keep their readers happy.

The sadism and the excess shown in his first novels relate only to the global vision of the world and of the human condition at that time, and understood by the reader of that time.

This explains how, situated in the U.S.A. and in Great Britain, Chase was able to transpose this pitiless universe to the four corners of the world, from Italy to U.S.S.R. passing by Africa. This sadism, is in fact his most visible translation: Chase stayed faithful to a certain humanism and described merciless human beings in order to find the other side of this hardness which is – to no surprise – metaphysical: the horror of being in an environment with no way out, the need to fight to survive or, on the contrary, once at the top of the pyramid, the frightening effort of trying, by any means available, to maintain that position.

These are human emotions – the best and the worst – it's not just the author's simple technical skills which are weaving this amoral environment. These feelings can be either positive or negative and sometimes both.

The reader cannot forget Cushman's character in "Trusted Like The Fox", a confirmed pro Nazi, crossing the post-war world with his heart full of hatred and bitterness. He knows perfectly well that he cannot become attached to anyone, but although this does not stop him from growing fond of the poor Grace, he eventually loses.

This harmful and perverted character, however enamored, who prefers to humiliate his love, is symptomatic of the Chaseian vision of the world and manhood. One can show his strength, even proclaim his hatred to all and sundry, but one will always be caught by the "human factor", a weakness that makes your existence more difficult but emphasises the willingness in you.

Such a rich subject, developed with so many variations cannot be the creation of a greedy good-for-nothing author. Chase knew pertinently that the detective genre was an ideal structure in which to express his sensibility.

Having exhausted this genre, he turned to spy and adventure stories to keep his readers. It is almost certain that no other man has been able to cover such an area with such a talent.

## **5- Some kind of Conclusion**

One day, during a function, while speaking about Chase to a crime story specialist, I got the following remark: "Very well, but you should also express an interest for the contemporary writers who are just as talented as your Chase."

Yes sir, I could have replied, but everybody does it for me and as a bookseller-friend of mine once said: why should I do the same as the others when they are doing it so well ?

Such an attitude demonstrates the loss of interest for what has been written in the past given the fact that the genre is going from success to success, no longer following a trend as it previously did.

But it is not because a detective novel author is dead that his work should be buried with him. Above all, Chase's work holds an importance, a richness, a consistency and an actuality which have never been refuted. In one word, nothing is more alive than his world !

As far as we are concerned, we hope that the French critics and our classical scholars will, one day, realize this and will agree to give him all their attention and that the editors will accept to widely re-print his books.

Considering that there are not a legion of classical authors of the detective genre, we esteem that we cannot forget a novelist the size of Chase.