

think, or take a walk down Park Avenue, or spend your time any way you please while chewing on the puzzle. Unfortunately, we can't let you have more than an hour. My chef Charlot's dinner won't be edible after nine o'clock. Which is your pleasure?"

"Inasmuch as all this ratiocination has made me hungry," Ellery said, grinning back, "I think I'll answer your puzzle right now."

CHALLENGE TO THE READER
*Can you qualify for membership
in The Puzzle Club?*

"The clue," Ellery chuckled in the attentive silence, "stemmed from old Tarleton's hobby—his painting of miniatures. It naturally suggested that he had written the spy message in miniature—in lettering so small it could be read only through a strong magnifying glass. That much was obvious.

"The question, of course, was: On which object Tarleton carried on his person was the miniaturized spy message inscribed?

"I just questioned whether I had covered everything about the old spy that you people had mentioned in your description of him. Of course I had not. I eliminated every possible object on Tarleton's person *but one*. The message must therefore have been written in miniature on that one object.

"Old Tarleton was in the tradition of the very select few who have been able to inscribe the Gettysburg Address or the Lord's Prayer on an object no bigger than an oversized period.

"He wrote the spy message on the head of the pin that secured his flower to his lapel."

"Miss Wandermere and gentlemen," said the tycoon heartily, "I give you the newest member of The Puzzle Club!"

CURRENT MYSTERY AND SUSPENSE PAPERBACKS

AUTHOR	TITLE	PUBLISHER	PRICE	ON SALE
Aarons, Edward S.	ASSIGNMENT—CONG HAI KILL	Gold Medal (Orig.) Crest	.50 .60	7/28 8/11
Armstrong, Charlotte Atlee, Philip	THE WITCH'S HOUSE THE IRISH BEAUTY CONTRACT	Gold Medal (Orig.) Popular Library Crest	.50 .60 .50	7/28 8/2 8/11
Ford, Leslie Porter, Joyce Queen, Ellery	RENO RENDEZVOUS DOVER ONE WHY SO DEAD?	Popular Library (Orig.)	.60	8/2
Van Thal, Herbert	THE PAN BOOK OF HORROR STORIES	Gold Medal (Orig.)	.50	7/28

Two "Detective-Crime Discoveries" from SHAKESPEARE

In January 1966 we received an exciting, and to us, an extraordinary letter from Anne Janet Braude of Berkeley, California. The letter read:

Dear Ellery Queen:

I have just finished reading Dr. Banesh Hoffmann's *Sherlock, Shakespeare, and the Bomb* in the February 1966 issue of *EQMM*. As a detective-story addict, I want to thank you for a brilliant and thoroughly delectable tour de force. But as a graduate student pursuing a Ph.D. in English literature, I am moved to lodge a protest, in behalf of the Bard, against a trend which this story exemplifies.

The greatness of Shakespeare is naturally an irresistible lure to any mystery writer with literary interests, and the bait may be taken in two ways. One is to invent a crime involving a Shakespeare folio, manuscript, or autograph—e.g., Vincent Starrett's *The Unique Hamlet*; Lillian de la Torre's *The Missing Shakespeare Ms.*; Ernest Bramah's *The Ingenious Mind of Mr. Rigby Lacksome*; Carolyn Wells's *The Shakespeare Title-Page Mystery*; Gerald Kersh's *The Thief Who Played Dead*; your own *My Queer Dean* and (Barnaby Ross's) *DRURY LANE'S LAST CASE*—and so many others over the years, including Edmund Crispin's *LOVE LIES BLEEDING* in which a copy of *Love's Labour's Won* is energetically pursued.

The second method matches the wits of the protagonist, or the author, against Shakespeare's. This class includes Dr. Hoffman's story as well as all the attempts, serious or frivolous, to dispute the authorship of the plays, especially those attempts involving cryptographic methods.

Now this is all good clean fun, but what I object to is the implied assumption that the modern author—or scholar—can so easily outwit on his own ground the greatest literary genius our language has produced. In support of my objection let me call to your attention a point which seems to have escaped scholars and sleuths alike—that the "classic" detective short story was invented by William Shakespeare nearly 400 years ago—more than 250 years *before* Poe!

Ignorance of this fact is perhaps forgivable in light of the circumstances that the story in question appears in one of the least familiar plays, *HENRY VI, PART II*. It is inserted in Act II, Scene I,

of this play (lines 59-160), and is based on an episode in Grafton's CHRONICLE which in turn derives from a story in Sir Thomas More's DIALOGUE OF THE WORSHIP OF IMAGES. The detective story begins with the stage direction: *Enter Townsman of St. Albans crying, a miracle!*—and it concludes with Gloucester's speech: Let them be whipped . . . from whence they came.

The incident of the pretended miracle of St. Albans—or perhaps we may call it *The Adventure of the Simpcox Miracle*—anticipates the modern detective story in several respects. First and most basically, the reader is given all the clues necessary to solve the mystery himself—the First Principle of Poe-try. Next, the detective, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester (the real hero of the play), has a "Watson" in the person of King Henry, the naive observer who perceives the necessary clues (Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?), yet fails to make the proper deductions, since he lacks Gloucester's Dupinian powers of ratiocination. Note also that Henry, like "Watson," is a great one for moralizing. In addition, it may be tenuously suggested that the nature of the crime—the faking of a miraculous cure—gives the story a religious cast which anticipates G. K. Chesterton. Finally, the episode is uniquely Shakespearean in its poetry and wit, even including a moderately famous quotation, though it is one not dignified by inclusion in Bartlett's: Have you not beadle's in your town, and things called whips?

It is of course a familiar observation that Shakespeare created, in plays like OTHELLO and MACBETH, masterpieces of psychological crime fiction. But I believe that his "invention" of the tale of pure deduction springs from a root other than the mature considerations of human nature that produced the great tragedies. It is the youthful Shakespeare's delight in sheer wit, revealed also in the dazzling assaults on language that he perpetrated in ROMEO AND JULIET, and in the mind-stunning plot complications of THE COMEDY OF ERRORS. The Simpcox Miracle is an intellectual puzzle, meant to delight the mind rather than to tear the heart; any sympathy we feel is for the criminals (Alas sir, we did it for pure need) and is not shared by the "detective." But even in a "trifle" tossed off in 101 lines, Shakespeare outstrips most of his successors who devote themselves seriously to the task.

Sincerely, Anne Janet Braude

The three parts of HENRY VI were written early in Shakespeare's career, probably between 1588 and 1592. All three parts are relatively

unknown, both to readers and playgoers. James Sandoe has written that "the HENRY VI trilogy is nearly *terra incognita* for playgoers, for they have only rare chances to see it. And, in spite of some bustle among scholars . . . one may still emerge from a course 'on Shakespeare' without meeting these three plays at all."

And now we give you a Sixteenth Century "detective story"—with further editorial comment after you have read this "trifle" tossed off in 101 lines" . . .

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIMPCOX MIRACLE

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Enter Townsman of St. Albans crying, a miracle!

GLoucester

What means this noise?

Fellow? what miracle dost thou proclaim?

TOWNSMAN

A miracle, a miracle!

SUFFOLK

Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

TOWNSMAN

Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight,
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

HENRY

Now God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

*Enter Mayor of St. Albans and his brethren, Simpcox borne in
a chair, his Wife, and Townsmen.*

BEAUFORT

Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your Highness with the man.

HENRY

Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

GLoucester

Stand by, my masters. Bring him near the King,

His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

HENRY

Good fellow, tell us here the circumstances,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restored?

SIMPCOX

Born blind, an't please your Grace.

WIFE

Ay indeed was he.

SUFFOLK

What woman is this?

WIFE

His wife, an't like your worship.

GLoucester

Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

HENRY

Where wert thou born?

SIMPCOX

At Berwick in the North, an't like your Grace.

HENRY

Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee.
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

MARGARET

Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
Or of devotion to this holy shrine?

SIMPCOX

God knows, of pure devotion, being called
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban, who said, Simpcox, come;
Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

WIFE

Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

BEAUFORT

What, art thou lame?

SIMPCOX

Ay, God Almighty help me.

SUFFOLK

How cam'st thou so?

SIMPCOX

A fall off a tree.

WIFE

A plum-tree, master.

GLoucester

How long hast thou been blind?

SIMPCOX

O born so, master.

GLoucester

What, and wouldest climb a tree?

SIMPCOX

But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

WIFE

Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

GLoucester

Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldest venture so.

SIMPCOX

Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

GLoucester

A subtle knave but yet it shall not serve.

Let me see thine eyes; wink now, now open them.

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

SIMPCOX

Yes master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

GLoucester

Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

SIMPCOX

Red, master, red as blood.

GLoucester

Why that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

SIMPCOX

Black forsooth, coal-black as jet.

HENRY

Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

SUFFOLK

And yet I think, jet did he never see.

GLoucester

But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

WIFE

Never before this day, in all his life.

GLOUCESTER

Tell me sirrah, what's my name?

SIMPCOX

Alas master, I know not.

GLOUCESTER

What's his name?

SIMPCOX

I know not.

GLOUCESTER

Nor his?

SIMPCOX

No indeed, master.

GLOUCESTER

What's thine own name?

SIMPCOX

Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

GLOUCESTER

Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

SIMPCOX

O master, that you could!

GLOUCESTER

My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadle's in your town, and things called whips?

MAYOR

Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

GLOUCESTER

Then send for one presently.

MAYOR

Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit Townsman.]

GLOUCESTER

Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [A stool brought out.] Now sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

SIMPCOX

Alas master, I am not able to stand alone.

You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter Beadle with whips.

GLOUCESTER

Well sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEADLE

I will, my lord. Come on sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

SIMPCOX

Alas master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and Townsmen follow and cry, a miracle!]

HENRY

O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

MARGARET

It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLOUCESTER

Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

WIFE

Alas sir, we did it for pure need.

GLOUCESTER

Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

EDITORS' NOTE: Shall we replace Edgar Allan Poe, as Patron Saint of detective-story writers, with Shakespeare? Should Mystery Writers of America award not an "Edgar" but a "William"? No, not quite. Edgar A. Poe is still the Father of the Detective Story, as we know the genre and think of it today. The 101 lines from Shakespeare's HENRY VI, PART II, belong to the "incunables"—the short-story forerunners that include the Ancient Hebrew (Wisdom of Solomon, and from the Apocryphal Scriptures, the "detective" feats of Daniel), the Ancient Greek (Herodotus), the Latin (Cicero and Virgil), the Medieval (GESTA ROMANORUM, Juan Manuel, Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Murner), the Elizabethan (William Painter in addition to William Shakespeare), the Seventeenth Century (Sancho Panza episodes from de Cervantes), and the Eighteenth Century (ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS, Chevalier De Mailly, and Voltaire's ZADIG).

But while we shall not rush to enthrone Shakespeare as the "inventor" of the "classic" detective short story, we are vastly grateful to Anne Janet Braude for her "discovery" and for giving *EQMM* this opportunity to publish a passage from the work of, as Miss Braude so correctly describes him, "the greatest literary genius our language has produced"—the greatest in our language or in any other . . .

But may we go Miss Braude one step further on the road of "discovery"? In *HENRY VI, PART II*, Act II, Scene V, Shakespeare dabbles in another species of the genre, the "crime story"—two murders, this time in a mere 67 lines. Of course, murder is an older "fine art" than detection, and therefore the theme was more prevalent in earlier periods of literature, especially in the Sixteenth Century; but this particular "crime story" by Shakespeare is also virtually unknown, so we offer it to you as the second part of a pair of "detective-crime" discoveries . . .

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his father, bringing in the dead body.

SON

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns,
And I that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? O God! It is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have killed.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the King was I pressed forth,
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, pressed by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me God, I know not what I did;
And pardon father, for I knew not thee.
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flowed their fill.

HENRY

O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.

Weep wretched man; I'll aid thee tear for tear,
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his son.

FATHER

Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see, Is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son.
Ah boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye. See, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

HENRY

Woe above woe! Grief, more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses.
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish.
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON

How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

FATHER

How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

HENRY

How will the country for these woful chances
Misthink the King, and not be satisfied!

SON
Was ever son so rued a father's death?

FATHER
Was ever father so bemoaned his son?

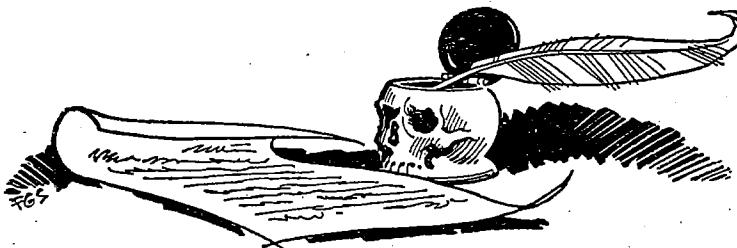
HENRY
Was ever King so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

SON
I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

FATHER
These arms of mine shall by thy winding-sheet.
My heart, sweet boy, shall by thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Meet for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the body.*]



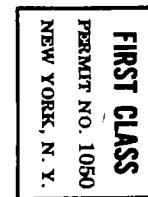
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