WG serialisations 1935-2002

How does an author make his money? He writes books and gets them published, of course – but that's only the start. They can be republished in translation in a multiplicity of secondary markets and then again in paperback and audio formats both at home and abroad. Dramatisation rights can be sold to cinema, television, radio, the theatre, even to opera, which can lead to tie-in spin-offs. Then there are serialisation rights, to broadcasting (radio) and the print media, with the world once again the literary agent's oyster. Not only are language barriers surmounted with ease, but rights may be sold many years after a book's first publication, such that a title may continue to earn its keep for as long as it remains in copyright (which, in the UK, is currently until seventy years after its author's death).

When it comes to the serialisation of WG's work, it's hard to know where to begin, since what a cursory search of newspaper archives suggests is the presence of a very large iceberg of serialised work awaiting rediscovery beneath the modest fraction, documented below, which bobs in plain sight. However, rigorous remote searching is not possible, because many archives remain either partly or wholly undigitised and others guarded by a paywall such that any attempt to compile a comprehensive list of WG's serialisations can only end in frustration and failure. Nonetheless, the list that follows, arranged chronologically but necessarily incomplete, records what has come to light to date:

(1) *The Riddle of John Rowe* (1935)

In the *Sydney Morning Herald*, unabridged, in fifty-nine parts (six a week, Monday to Saturday) from 17 October to 24 December 1935.

(2) *Without Motive* (1936)

Unabridged in fifty-seven parts, published every Monday to Friday except Christmas Day, in the *Lancashire Daily Post* (Lancashire being WG's home county) from 27 October 1936 to 14 January 1937.

(3) *The Dangerous Pawn* (1937)

In Swedish, unabridged, as *Den Farliga Bonden* – thus the earliest example of WG's work in translation – in Stockholm-based daily *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* on seventy-three consecutive days from 17 July to 27 September 1937.

(4) *The Giant's Chair* (1938)

In Danish daily *Nationaltidende* as *Huset under Klippen* (*The House under the Rock*) in 107 parts from 6 February to 26 September 1947.

(5) *Night Journey* (1941)

(a) In Luxembourg daily *Escher Tageblatt* as *Reise Durch die Nacht* (*Journey Through the Night*) in fifty-nine parts from 3 June to 14 August 1946.

(b) Over the winter of 1946/7 as *Nacht-Express* (*Night-Express*) in several Dutch regional dailies including Twente's *Twentsch Dagblad Tubantia* (7 December to 10 March, seventy-seven parts), Groningen's *Nieuwsblad van der Noorden* (13 December to 19 March, eighty parts), Leiden's *Leidsch Dagblad* (20 December to 28 March, eighty parts), Arnhem's *Arnhemsche Courant* (4 January to 25 March, sixty-nine parts), Utrecht's *Utrechtsch Nieuwsblad* (8 January to 31 May, 118 parts) and probably others.

(6) *Take My Life* (1947)

(a) In Swiss magazine *L'Illustré* in thirteen weekly parts from 5 December 1957 to 6 March 1958.

(b) Unabridged, over thirty-five consecutive days from 17 September to 21 October 1967 in New York's *Daily News* and *Sunday News*. [Note: the U.S. edition of this novel, published in 1967 and serialised here, differs significantly from the original 1947 Ward, Lock version.]

(c) In Swiss daily *Thuner Tagblatt* as *Die zweite Geige stirbt* (*The Second Fiddle Dies*) in twenty weekly parts from 24 December 1971 to 5 May 1972.

(7) *Night Without Stars* (1950)

(a) In *John Bull* magazine, abridged in ten weekly parts from 13 August to 15 October 1949.

(b) In Sydney's *Daily Telegraph*, abridged in six parts from Monday 19 to Saturday 24 December 1949.

(c) In Swedish daily *Dagens Nyheter*, in eighty-six parts from 18 December 1950 to 18 March 1951.

(d) In South Australian weekly *Radio Call*, unabridged but tweaked, in ten parts from 25 July to 26 September 1951.

(e) In Western Australian weekly *The Broadcaster*, in twelve parts from 29 September to 16 December 1951.

(f) On *Woman's Hour* on BBC Radio 4 on weekdays from Monday 31 January to Monday 14 February 1977; abridged in eleven parts by Sally Skrimshire and read by Simon Prebble. Editor: Wyn Knowles.

(8) *Fortune is a Woman* (1952)

(a) In Icelandic daily *Morgunblaðið*, abridged as *Happiness in my Hand* in twenty-eight parts from 19 December 1952 to 25 January 1953.

(b) In *John Bull*, abridged in seven weekly parts from 31 January to 14 March 1953.

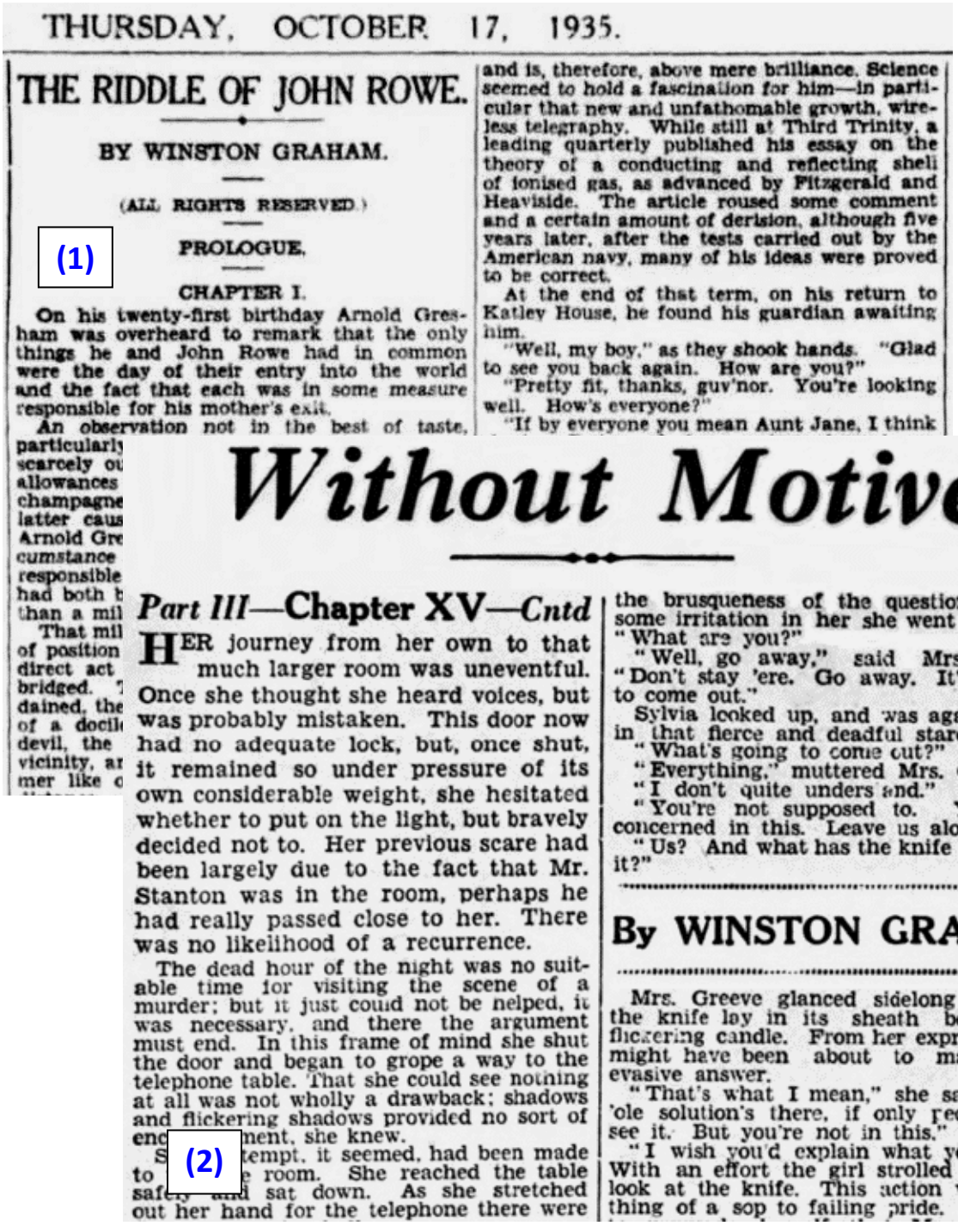
(c) In Swedish daily *Dagens Nyheter* in seventy-eight parts from 4 July to 24 September 1953.

(d) In New South Wales weekly *The Farmer & Settler*, abridged in twelve parts from 8 January to 26 March 1954.

(e) In Danish daily *Nationaltidende* in twenty-eight parts from 31 July to 1 September 1954.

(f) In Dutch daily *Limburgsch dagblad* in 132 parts from 26 February to 31 July 1964.

(g) On *Woman's Hour* on BBC Radio 2 on weekdays from 1 to 14 June 1971; abridged in ten parts by Pat McLoughlin and read by Barry Foster.



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1935.

THE RIDDLE OF JOHN ROWE.

BY WINSTON GRAHAM.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

(1)

PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

On his twenty-first birthday Arnold Gresham was overheard to remark that the only things he and John Rowe had in common were the day of their entry into the world and the fact that each was in some measure responsible for his mother's exit.

An observation not in the best of taste, particularly
scarcely ou
allowances
champagne
latter caus
Arnold Gre
cumstance
responsible
had both b
than a mil
That mil
of position
direct act
bridged.
dained, the
of a docil
devil, the
vicinity, ar
mer like o

and is, therefore, above mere brilliance. Science seemed to hold a fascination for him—in particular that new and unfathomable growth, wireless telegraphy. While still at Third Trinity, a leading quarterly published his essay on the theory of a conducting and reflecting sheli of ionised gas, as advanced by Fitzgerald and Heaviside. The article roused some comment and a certain amount of derision, although five years later, after the tests carried out by the American navy, many of his ideas were proved to be correct.

At the end of that term, on his return to Katley House, he found his guardian awaiting him.

"Well, my boy," as they shook hands. "Glad to see you back again. How are you?"

"Pretty fit, thanks, guv'nor. You're looking well. How's everyone?"

"If by everyone you mean Aunt Jane, I think

Without Motive

Part III—Chapter XV—*Cntd*

HER journey from her own to that much larger room was uneventful. Once she thought she heard voices, but was probably mistaken. This door now had no adequate lock, but, once shut, it remained so under pressure of its own considerable weight, she hesitated whether to put on the light, but bravely decided not to. Her previous scare had been largely due to the fact that Mr. Stanton was in the room, perhaps he had really passed close to her. There was no likelihood of a recurrence.

The dead hour of the night was no suitable time for visiting the scene of a murder; but it just could not be helped, it was necessary, and there the argument must end. In this frame of mind she shut the door and began to grope a way to the telephone table. That she could see nothing at all was not wholly a drawback; shadows and flickering shadows provided no sort of enc ment, she knew.

(2)

S tempt, it seemed, had been made to e room. She reached the table safely and sat down. As she stretched out her hand for the telephone there were

the brusqueness of the question aroused some irritation in her she went on coolly: "What are you?"

"Well, go away," said Mrs. Greeve. "Don't stay 'ere. Go away. It's all goin' to come out."

Sylvia looked up, and was again caught in that fierce and deadful stare.

"What's going to come out?"

"Everything," muttered Mrs. Greeve.

"I don't quite unders and."

"You're not supposed to. You're not concerned in this. Leave us alone!"

"Us? And what has the knife to do with it?"

By WINSTON GRAHAM

Mrs. Greeve glanced sidelong to where the knife lay in its sheath beside the flickering candle. From her expression she might have been about to make some evasive answer.

"That's what I mean," she said. "The 'ole solution's there, if only people could see it. But you're not in this."

"I wish you'd explain what you mean." With an effort the girl strolled across to look at the knife. This action was something of a sop to failing pride. She tried

(3)

TANTO Söder om Slussen

BELLEVUE- 10-årsjubileum Skandalen hos Karlssons.

Offentliga möten

FILADELFIAKYRKAN,

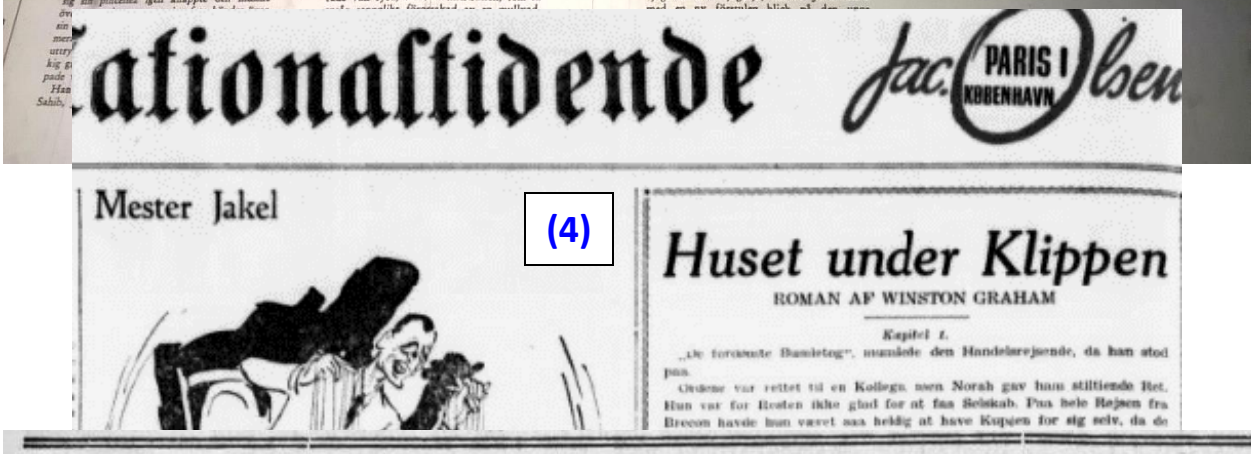
KLIPPAN Turisten N:o 6

DORINGS LIKTORNS-DÖD

Till SANDHAMN

DEN FARLIGA BONDEN

ROMAN AV Winston Graham


ationaltidende
Jac. Olsen
PARIS I KØBENHAVN

Mester Jakel

(4)

Huset under Klippen

ROMAN AF WINSTON GRAHAM

Kapitel 1.

Reise

WINSTON GRAHAM

DURCH DIE NACHT

COPYRIGHT BY PRESSE-VERTRIEB, L. DUKAS, ZÜRICH

(Schluß

Ich bewegte meine steif gewordenen Bei-

„Aber aus was für einem Grunde denn?"

„Der Bericht kam erst vor zwei Tagen

5(a)

„Nacht-Express"

Ons nieuwe feuilleton, „Nacht-express" van Winston Graham, vertaald door Alice van Iterson, waarmede wij heden een aanvang maken, is het verhaal van een spannende episode uit het begin van den tweeden wereldoorlog. Het speelt gedeeltelijk in Italië en behandelt op boeiende wijze den strijd van de Britsche spionnage tegen de Gestapo.

5(b): *Leidsch Dagblad*, 20 Dec 1946, front page announcement

PRENEZ MA VIE

DE WINSTON GRAHAM

TRADUIT DE L'ANGLAIS

Ref 6(a): excerpts from first and last parts of serial

— Où est le plus proche poste de police?

6(b)

TAKE MY LIFE

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THE STORY SO FAR: Circumstantial evidence builds up so strong a case against NICK TALBOT that he is committed to stand trial for the murder of ELIZABETH RUSMAN. They had been lovers at one time and Nick had not seen her for several years until she unexpectedly turned up as a violinist in the orchestra at the theatre where his wife PHILIPPA SHELLEY was appearing. The police are able to trace Elizabeth's whereabouts up until three years before her death. Philippa's interest is aroused by the jottings of a few bars of music found in Elizabeth's violin case. All signs point to Elizabeth's having changed her name, and there are no pictures of her to circulate for possible identification. Nick's trial begins and the prosecution presents a good case against him. STEPHEN TYLER, Nick's lawyer, tries to d
GRIEVE, but
man he saw
London SID
flects that h
move to clea
ports of the

you don't believe that, then you must believe in an unknown man X whom Elizabeth Rusman knew during the three missing years."

And Philippa thought, so far they say the case has gone fairly well, and I can see by their eyes that they aren't deceiving me. If we come through this and he's free I swear I'll shoot myself before I ever quarrel with him again. Keep your fingers crossed, Nick. God, don't let that fat man

was a nasty question at the outset.

"How do you mean?"

"I should have thought the question a simple one."

Simple but double-edged. "At one time I was fond of her. I never loved her as I love my wife."

"You loved for a little and then tired. So you slipped away and left her, and that was all so far as you were concerned?"

"If you wish to put it that way."

"Don't the facts put it that way?"

Quietly now. This was a different Wells from the one who had cross-examined Philippa. Terribly polite still, but with a little hidden sneer behind his eyes.

"Yes, I suppose so," Nick said.

"Don't you usually find that in such circumstances the lady is inclined to make trouble?"

"What do you imply?"

"Well, surely this is not the only case of its kind you've had experience of?"

"Of that kind, yes."

"Come, Mr. Talbot. The only one?"

"I suppose you could say there was one other."

"You suppose you could say there was one other." Sir Alfred took a slip of paper out of his brief.

"Might I crave your Lordship's permission to read a number of names from this paper?"

Mr. Justice Ferguson inclined

MR. JUS
"You
place and le
the police?"

She turned,
"My Lord, I
things which
the lotion and
the floor, wh
brushed the bi
piece of newsp
downstairs to t

"Why were
remove all tra
asked his Lord

"I was very
of what I'd d
ing my husba
posely tried t
any quarrel.
important,

6(c)

1

Etwa ein Jahr nach Beendigung des Krieges kam eine italienische Operntruppe nach London. Und im schönsten Theater von England, unter den goldenen Insignien der jungen Königin (Victoria), umgeben von den Spuren des Handels und Wandels in diesem Bezirk — welken Kohlblättern, Pferdeäpfeln, Blütenblättern, verwehten Strohhalmen und verirrten Tomaten —, bot sie eine Spielzeit lang die Opern von Rossini, Verdi, Puccini und Leoncavallo.

leuchtung war ihr zu hell, sie hatte die Arien im zweiten Akt nicht richtig in den Griff bekommen und sie fürchtete, dass die Oper, Madame Butterfly, bei dem englischen Publikum an Beliebtheit eingebüsst hatte.

Er beruhigte sie liebevoll und versuchte, ihr diese Bedenken auszureden, aber er merkte, dass sie an diesem Abend nervöser und angespannter war als sonst.

Schliesslich meinte sie: «Ehrlich gesagt, ich habe vor meinen Landsleuten Angst. In Italien war ich eine Fremde und trat vor fremden Menschen auf. Sie mögen genauso kritisch gewesen

Don't miss this thrilling new serial..

NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

BY

WINSTON GRAHAM

Brilliantly original in theme, sharp as a dagger in its writing, "Night Without Stars" is something new in romantic thrillers—and a guarantee of first-class entertainment for you and your family. If you saw the film "Take My Life," you will welcome this story by the same amazing young author, Winston Graham. It's exceptionally well illustrated in full colour and it begins—before publication in book form—exclusively in JOHN BULL, out to-day.

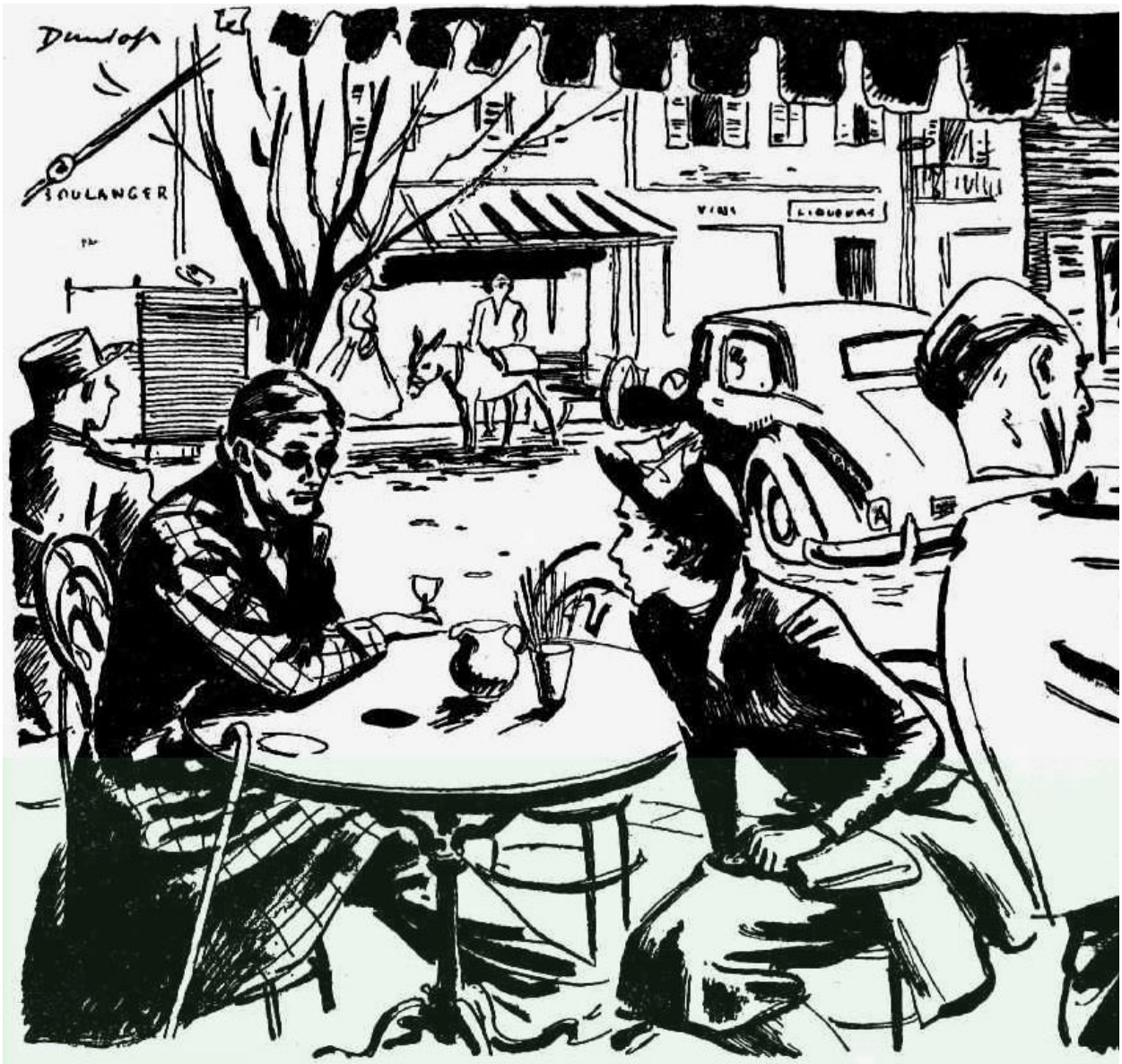
Hurry for to-day's issue and at the same time make sure of reading the whole story by giving your newsagent an order to supply JOHN BULL regularly.

exclusively in

JOHN BULL

OUT TO-DAY · 3d

Ref 7(a), from the *Daily Herald*, 11 August 1949



"Do you want to be left alone?" she said.

Night Without Stars

By Winston Graham

(LAST INSTALMENT)

I looked at Alix. She hadn't shifted from her chair and she had her eyes down. She looked pretty bad.

I thought bitterly, this is the last time I shall see

"D'you think I care what the devil you say or do?"

"Yes. Over this."

"Well, you're wrong. Run after Deffand. Tell him what you please."

"I used to think you a man without illusions. It was a point of pride."

"I've no illusions about you, Gordon."

"No. . . . Only about yourself —since you've already per-

move. But if I didn't go today it was all to do again tomorrow. I was still suffering from shock, was stiff and bruised and could do with a day or two in bed. Should I stay? That was the coward's way. Better to make

"Yes."

"Thank heaven for that."

She made no movement. "But, Giles . . . are you quite sure again?"

I couldn't quite speak.

I took her back and rang up

There was a slight hesitation. "We have an Iraqi Airways private charter in from Baghdad, Nicosia, Athens. It will be leaving at six in the morning for London, but I don't think there are seats. . . ."

Something in the voice made me say: "For a consideration. . . ."

"Well . . . I will see what I can do. Two seats, m'sieu. Be at the airport by five-fifteen

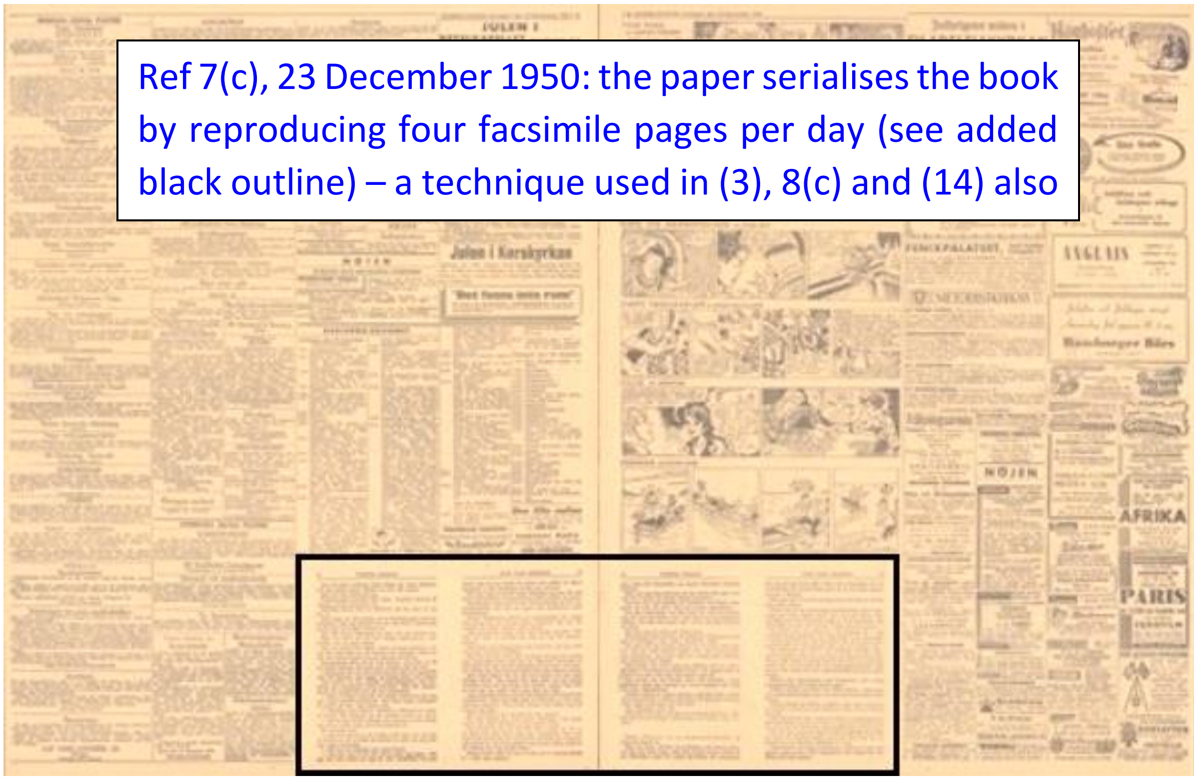
She said: "Is this our car? It looks——"

A car had stopped outside the hotel and a man got out. It was Maurice. . . .

On the way out of the hotel I said goodbye to the proprietor, told him we were leaving for Monte Carlo. Maurice came towards us with a smile and a bow, apologising for being early.

A big car came quickly round

Ref 7(b), from Sydney's *Daily Telegraph* of (i) 19th and (ii) 24th December 1949



Ref 7(c), 23 December 1950: the paper serialises the book by reproducing four facsimile pages per day (see added black outline) – a technique used in (3), 8(c) and (14) also

10 RADIO CALL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1951

NIGHT without ★ ★ STARS

FIRST INSTALMENT OF AN EXCITING NEW SERIAL

By WINSTON GRAHAM

WHEN the shell blinded me, they sent me back to a base hospital for some weeks while they grafted skin on my hand. Every now and then a surgeon would come by and look at my eyes and say, "Well, it's too early yet to be sure," and the nurses would say how lucky I was not to be disfigured.

Blindness takes getting used to, particularly in the mornings: at night you go to sleep and accept darkness as natural: it's the mornings that are the trying time when you wake and want to lift something off: pull the curtains, so to speak.

And in the night sometimes when you try to look at your luminous wrist watch. Once you're properly awake your mind can take control and argue things out. Seeing isn't everything. There's likewise a wind on the heath.

After a month or so they began to talk about an operation and shipped me back to England. Rachel came over to see me almost at once, but it was all rather stiff and formal and never got down to anything. It was bad knowing she was sitting beside me and not seeing her face or her hair or her eyes or what she was dressed in. I'd been thinking a great deal about Rachel, having had plenty of time for thought.

BUT it somehow wasn't right plunging in at that first meeting for over six months; and the next time she had her mother with her, and the time after that was just before the operation, and it seemed inappropriate to talk about the future when everyone was so hopeful and trying to sell me the idea that in a few weeks I should be as good as ever.

Once or twice I wondered if this were the tin hare designed to get the dog to run.

They did things to my left eye, this being the less damaged, and it was a success. At least, it was a success so far as it went. I'd been able to get a few glimpses out of this eye when allowed to for the past week or so, and when they took the bandages off I could make out things fairly clearly again. Admitted it still wasn't much of a view, but small change is riches to a beggar.

They said something about blood in the eye and inflammation and that these would clear up as time went on. It was a question of patience and good behavior now. I wasn't so sure.

Anyway, I'd had leisure to think things over thoroughly before Rachel came that time, and I was glad to see that she was alone. You see, I saw her blurred and misty and grey, like one of those factful screen close-ups done to disguise the fact that the heroine is long in the tooth.

But Rachel was 30, and I knew her color from memory.

"Is it—really all right, Giles?"

"It's all right."

". . . Sure?"

"You've got a new hat on, and you're doing your hair differently — and where did you get that brooch?"

"Well . . . thank Heaven. When did they take the bandages off?"

"Yesterday."

She said doubtfully, "How good is it?"

"Pretty good."

"It doesn't look much different."

"It is different, believe me."

"You can't earn your living and do any good with a wife and family on about a quarter of an eye."

Presently I lit her cigarette and one for myself, and carefully noticed that the flame which should have been amber was a sort of delicate mauve.

"I don't know what these damned surgeons have done," I said, "but they've taken the Technicolor out of life. I shall probably do pretty well as a solicitor now—seeing everything in field grey. No danger of glamor distorting the judgment."

"Shall you—go back to that? I mean, you're still a partner, aren't you?"

"Yes. I expect I shall go back."

"You should take a long holiday first. It would be crazy to plunge straight back into it."

"Maybe. It depends."

There was a short silence.

"You'll go on wearing glasses, I suppose?"

"If they help. D'you mind?"

"Of course not."

There was another pause. This was obviously the point to begin, but something in her voice made me wonder. She was nervously fastening and unfastening the [illegible] . . .

said, "that I've got a rival?"

She glanced up quickly. "Yes."

"Oh," I said. It looked as if my Traviata scene wasn't going to come off as billed.

"I've been in hell, Giles. Really, I have. It was absolutely out of the blue. It was three months ago. I tried to fight against it, not see him, etcetera, do all the usual things. But it wouldn't work. It doesn't work if you feel like that."

"Who is he?"

Rachel said, "I've been in hell, Giles. I've tried to fight against it, but it's no use . . ."

hadn't been a success you'd have felt bound to—go on sticking, eh . . . ?"

"No. Not bound."

"Not bound, but as good as. I think your naval bloke has done well for himself. Was he in on this?"

"More or less."

"All the prayers there must have been for my recovery!"

I paused. "Look, darling, stop mucking about with that button. You'll spoil your blouse."

She said: "It isn't as if I don't care for you in a way. I do, a great deal —"

"Suppose you leave the analysis for another day? We'll only get all tied up. Just at present every-

and those who felt like it danced in the streets. I was too preoccupied forgetting Rachel and making a little daylight go a long way.

The eye improved a lot, and it was surprising how much I got around to.

Driving a car was a bit of an ordeal from the beginning, because, apart from the bad vision, it isn't [illegible] . . .

and this fooled most people into thinking I could see as well as they could

7(d)

A Grand NEW Serial

NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

by WINSTON GRAHAM

Ref 7(e), from Perth's *Western Mail*, 4 October 1951

Winston Graham's new novel, "Night Without Stars" has been classified "brilliant" by critics.

It has been made into the film Europa, starring David Farrar and Nadia Gray.

This week it begins as a serial in The Broadcaster.

Graham presents a near-blind man desperately groping his way through a flesh-and-blood romance . . .

The villains are real people and the reader has some sympathy for them. For years they murdered, and a grateful nation acclaimed them. Now it is different.

In this week's issue of

The BROADCASTER

ALL NEWSAGENTS NOW!

Hamingjan í hendi mér

Skáldsaga eftir Winston Graham

Framhaldssagan 1

EF TIL vill kann fólk að segja, að [illegible] það í frásögur færandi [illegible] ég hitti hana fyrst. En [illegible]ir sem ég hugsa um það, þeim mun táknrænna finnst

8(a)

næsta morgun um ellefu leytið. Var það ég, sem hafði skipt um hjólbarða fyrir ungfrú Darnley? Einmitt. Þá átti ég að gera svo vel að koma með þeim á stöðina. Ungfrú Darnley hafði týnt armbandi með gimsteinum og það bauð mér stöðu í tryggingarfélagi föður síns.

Ég man eftir því, þegar ég talaði við hann í fyrsta sinn. Við fórum út á veitingahús á eftir og spjölluðum saman yfir kaffibolla. Hann reyndi að útskýra

Fortune is a Woman

by WINSTON GRAHAM

I WAS WAITING in a London hotel lounge to meet a blackmailer, a crooked solicitor named Jerome. Sarah, my wife, had had some of him already. An unknown "client" of his claimed to have proof th[illegible] husband, had the tune of £2 half the mon[illegible]

I'm Oliver [illegible] adjusters, Abe[illegible] business, and least half true[illegible] to his house, Lowis Manor. I knew that, because I was in the house that night—a fact I had kept secret.

I'd been suspicious of Tracey for some time: I'd said as much, without mentioning his name, to Henry Dane, one of my oldest friends in the

Tracey's asthmatic breathing near [illegible] darkness: he was a martyr to the disea[illegible] the flames drove me out of the house.

Tracey had always been friendly t[illegible] I'd liked him well enough, though s[illegible] —notably Cli[illegible] al connoisseu[illegible] irritated me[illegible] en in love wi[illegible] marry me as[illegible] acey's death.[illegible] . . I was be[illegible] lose my nerve. On our honeymoon, had an appalling shock when an a[illegible] packet arrived containing Tracey's s[illegible] The insurance world was gossiping th[illegible] had been seen near the burning hou[illegible] had been a bad patch when I had

Ref 8(b), from *John Bull*, 28 February 1953

Ref 8(c), 23 July 1953 – see 7(c) above

First Instalment Of Our Fine New Thriller

Fortune is a Woman

8(d)

Lykken er en Kvinde

Novelle-Feuilleton af WINSTON GRAHAM

MAN kunde maaske tro, at første Gang jeg mødte hende ikke betød noget særligt. Men jo mere jeg tænker paa det, jo mere betydningsfuld bliver netop den første Gang. Det var lige før Krigen brød ud, og jeg vandrede rundt paa Landevejen for at finde Arbejde. Hendes Bilring var punkteret og det var ved at blive mørkt og hun stod og baksede forgæves med Hjulet. Det var en ensom Vej, og jeg tror, hun var glad for at høre mine Trin komme nærmere, skønt jeg sommetider har undret mig over, at hun tog imod mit Tilbud om Hjælp saa hurtigt. Jeg maa have set temmelig fordægtig ud.

Jeg skiftede Hjulet og hun tilbød mig at køre med. Jeg var glad for Byttet. Vi var flere Kilometer fra Salisbury, og jeg havde ikke meget Lyst til at sove under en Busk. Det var en stor Vogn, og jeg husker, at jeg tænkte, at baade hun og Vognen var af fornem Oprindelse. Hun var ikke mere end atten, høj og lidt buttet, som nogle Pigebørn er i den sandsynligvis blev Krig, og jeg blev hidsig, fordi jeg syntes, jeg havde andet at kæmpe for end Retten til at leve i Rendestenen og blive sparket rundt og jeg følte, at jeg ikke havde Lyst til at kæmpe for nogen af de Ting, hun holdt af.

Jeg ventede halvvejs, at hun vilde standse og bede mig staa af, men det gjorde hun ikke. Der indtraadte blot en uhyggelig Tavshed, til hun kørte op foran et Hus og sagde: — Her bor jeg. De skal bare gaa lige ud, saa kommer De til Centrum af Byen. Det er kun en god Kilometer.

— Mange Tak, sagde jeg og aabnede Bildøren.

— Tak, fordi De skiftede Hjulet for mig. Hun lødte i sin Taske, og idet jeg stod ud stak hun to Mønter i min Haand. Jeg trak mig hurtigt tilbage og en af Mønterne rullede ned paa Gulvet i Vognen. Hun begyndte at sige noget, og jeg begyndte at tale i Munden paa hende, og saa dukkede en Mand ud af Mørket og kom hen til os.

har skiftet Hjulet for mig, derfor lod jeg ham køre med.

Hendes Far maalte mig og sagde stift: — Jeg er Dem meget taknemmelig. Farvel.

Pigebarnet sagde Farvel lidt venligere, og saa gik de. Jeg kunde mærke, at hun vilde faa en Omgang for at have taget en Fyr som

givet mig. Det var to en halv Shilling.

Politiet fik fat i mig næste Morgen ved Elleve-Tiden. Om jeg var den Mand, der havde skiftet Hjul for Frk. Darnley og bagefter havde faaet Lov at køre med hende? Godt, maaske jeg saa vilde følge med dem hen paa Stationen? Frk. Darnley havde mistet et Diamantarmbaand, og man ønskede at forhøre mig.

Jeg var rasende og tænkte, at hun maaske ventede mig henne paa Stationen for at anklage mig. Men da jeg kom derhen, var der kun en Overbetjent og en anden Politimand. De stillede mig de sædvanlige Spørgsmaal og spurgte saa, om

Hun stod og baksede forgæves med Hjulet

Ref 8(e), part one (excerpt), 31 July 1954

Ik heb de stilte die tijdens het weekeinde over Londen valt altijd onnatuurlijk gevonden; het was meer een geheimzinnige, dan een weldadige stilte. Het leek niet zo lang geleden dat dit alles vreemd voor mij geweest was, alsof ik mij in een vreemd land had bevonden.

Ik had niet eens de gelegenheid gehad de mensen die mij terzijde gestaan hadden en geholpen, te bedanken.

Weliswaar had ik Michael en zijn vader even apart gesproken en getracht hem mijn gevoelens kenbaar te maken, maar ik had, zoals gewoonlijk niet de juiste toon weten te vinden.

Toen ik de weg naar de Bank, waar ik meer kans had een taxi te krijgen insloeg, pakte iemand mij bij de arm. Het was Henry Dune.

„En mijn beste vriend, ben je tevreden over je prestaties van vannacht gen", vroeg hij.

„Ben je het soms wel?" beet ik hem grimmig toe.

„Nee, om de drommel niet. Als ik geweten had, dat je van plan was harakiri te plegen, had ik mijn partijtje golf niet laten schieten".

„Of een van je beste pleidooien gehouden", zei ik en had meteen spijt van die woorden.

„Kan ik je ergens afzetten?" vroeg Dane.

„Nee, laat maar". Na een paar passen bleef ik staan, vastbesloten hem te zeggen wat ik op het hart had.

„Beste Henry, ik wilde je nog hartelijk bedanken. Ik snap verdomd niet waarom je het gedaan hebt. Ik begrijp niet, waarom je al die moeite genomen hebt en dingen hebt gezegd, die niet door de beugel konden, alleen maar terwille van..."

HET FORTUIN IS EEN VROUW

door Winston Graham

„Luister eens, oude jongen..."

„Niks", viel ik hem in de rede, „je zult naar me luisteren. Ik zal nooit vergeten hoe jij... enfin alles...

Maar je moeite is niet voor niets geweest, want door jou heb ik de kans gekregen om mij ordelijk terug te trekken, in plaats van in wanorde er vandoor te gaan".

„Maar waarom zou je er vandoor gaan?"

„Omdat ik geloof, dat dat de beste oplossing is. Tenminste zo dacht ik er een paar uur geleden over. Maar nu weet ik niet meer wat ik moet geloven".

„Het feit dat je er nu vandoor gaat, terwijl die praatjes nog niet de wereld uit zijn, is..."

„Maar ik ga nog niet. Ik heb beloofd om nog wat te blijven — tot de gemoederen wat gekalmeerd zijn. Die geruchten laten mij koud, maar ik doe het voor de Abercrombies, omdat ze het mij gevraagd hebben..."

„Daar ben ik blij om".

We zeiden niets meer, voor we aan de hoek van de volgende straat kwamen. Toen vroeg ik hem: „Jij bent het er dus niet mee eens, dat ik naar Nieuw Zeeland vertrek?"

„Ik geloof dat je een grote fout begaat, door niet hier te blijven en het uit te vechten. Er zullen nog allerlei moeilijkheden blijven bestaan, dat weet ik, maar er is er geen enkele die je niet zou kunnen overwinnen. Je overwint geen moeilijkheden door ze uit de weg te gaan, vooral niet wanneer sommige met jouw eigen persoon in verband staan. Engeland heeft van jou gemaakt wat je nu bent, Olivier, dus heeft het 't recht om er de eer voor op te eisen — of de consequenties ervan te dragen. En zo staat het met jou ook. Hier ben je begonnen en daarom moet je hier de oplossing vinden. Als je daar behoefte aan hebt, dan kun je nog altijd gaan als je daar behoefte aan hebt, maar niet eerder. Je bent eerlijk en moedig en je hebt een vrouw die in beide jouw gelijke is. Met haar hulp kun je praktisch alles bereiken wat je maar wilt. Maar niet als je hem nu smeert".

Ik keek hem eens in zijn gegroefde, krachtige gezicht en zei: „Ik mag dat woord „smeren" niet zo erg".

„Dat dacht ik al", zei hij. „Daarom gebruikte ik het met opzet,...

Daar staat mijn wagen. Ik ga er nu vandoor".

Terwijl we elkaar een hand gaven, zei ik: „Nogmaals bedankt voor alles — voor je hulp en je adviezen. Ik moet je nog een heleboel vertellen over mijn bezoek bij de politie. Ik kom je gauw weer eens opzoeken".

Er kwam een glimlach op zijn gelaat toen hij sprak: „Dat wist ik al.

Vraag Sarah ook eens naar haar mening. Je zou je zelfs door haar raad kunnen laten leiden".

„Dat zou nog niet eens zo gek zijn", antwoordde ik.

Toen we de straat overgestoken waren en op het punt stonden ieder onze eigen weg te gaan, zei hij nog: „Ik hoop dat het al wat beter met haar gaat. Het enige dat jou alleen maar interesseert, is 't niet?"

Nadat ik hem alleen gelaten had en in de richting van de Bank liep, wist ik dat wat hij zojuist gezegd had, inderdaad waar was.

EINDE

Ref 8(f), part 132, 31 July 1964

(9) *The Little Walls* (1955)

(a) In *John Bull*, abridged in eight weekly parts from 26 March to 14 May 1955.

(b) In Danish daily *Aftenbladet* as *Den Sorte Gade* (*The Black Street*) in thirteen weekly parts from 20 September to 20 December 1956.

(c) In Swiss magazine *Pour Tous* as *L'homme d'Amsterdam* (*The Man from Amsterdam*) in twenty weekly parts from 15 December 1959 to 26 April 1960.

(d) In Swiss daily *Thuner Tagblatt* as *Zwischenfall in Amsterdam* (*Incident in Amsterdam*) in thirty-three parts from 28 May to 6 July 1977.

(e) On *Woman's Hour* on BBC Radio 4 on weekdays from Thursday 1 to Friday 16 September 1983; abridged in twelve parts by Jack Singleton and read by David McAlister.

(10) *The Sleeping Partner* (1956)

(a) In *John Bull*, as *The Silent Partner*, abridged in five weekly parts from 28 April to 26 May 1956.

(b) In Swiss magazine *Wir Brückenbauer* as *Der Andere Mann* (*The Other Man*) in twenty-two weekly parts from 5 September 1958 to 6 February 1959.

(c) In Swiss magazine *L'Illustré* as *Celle Qui S'en Alla* (*The One Who Went*) in fifteen weekly parts from 17 September to 24 December 1959.

(11) *Greek Fire* (1957)

(a) In *John Bull*, abridged in five weekly parts from 2 to 30 November 1957 (this WG's fifth and last *John Bull* serialisation).

(b) On *Woman's Hour* on BBC Radio 4 on weekdays from Thursday 8 to Friday 23 May 1980; abridged in twelve parts by Pat McLoughlin and read by John Bennett.

THE LITTLE WALLS

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

Here, in the luxury of Capri, lived a man who might have murdered my brother. One way or the other, I was going to get at the truth

ROME, NAPLES, CAPRI. . . . Leonie Winter was a restless woman. But I followed her trail doggedly. I had to catch up with her—because I believed she knew the truth about the way my brother Gavril had died. . .

All the evidence pointed to suicide. But to me, Philip Turner, the evidence had a phoney ring. Gavril, an archaeologist, had flown from Indonesia to deposit his finds with Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum. Two days later his body had been pulled from a canal. In his pocket there was a "goodbye!" letter from someone named Leonie.

The police had failed in their attempts to trace her. They had drawn a blank, too, in their search for Jack Buckingham, an adventurer who had flown with Gavril from Indonesia, and who had been seen with him just before he died. And so I had gone to Amsterdam to start a search on my own. With me I had taken Martin Coxon, a man who knew Buckingham well and whom I suspected had no great regard for the law himself.

We started inquiries moving, but before anything came up Coxon had to return to England. Almost immediately after he had gone I got information about the woman "Leonie": she was a Mrs. Helen Winter and she had left for Rome several days before. That was the start of a trail that led me eventually to Capri, and to the Villa Attani where she was staying.

The villa was owned by Miss Weber, a woman well known on the island for her interest in the arts. Prowling in the overgrown garden that evening, I got my first glimpse of Leonie Winter. She was very attractive.

That night, I started deciphering Gavril's shorthand notes on his expedition, hoping that they might give me some line on Buckingham's part in my brother's death, and the next day I had the luck to be able to scrape up an acquaintance with Miss Weber.

My name was Norton, I told her, and I was in Capri to do a spot of painting. It was a good line: interest flickered in her face as soon as I mentioned painting and she invited me to attend a party she was giving that evening. At last, I thought, things were moving. . . .

PART THREE

The Girl in The Mirror

At six-twenty-five I put into the Villa Attani for the second time. In the daylight you could see that a good bit of the garden was overgrown; but the house itself was well kept. There were about a dozen people in the big white living-room when I was shown in; but I noticed at once the dark man in the reefer jacket whom I had seen the night before and that he was talking to Leonie Winter as if they knew each other well.

First, I had to meet the dogs.

Miss Weber was impressed by the way Macy

As we walked up the flight of steps I asked my question. "Where is your husband now?" I said. She half turned to me: "Which one?"

and Gimbel accepted me. "Usually they're so slow to admit people to their friendship. Startlin'. Of course, it's perhaps having had one of your own. Mayflifs are such reliable watchdogs, aren't they? Macy and Gimbel would simply tear out the throat of anyone who broke into this house or this garden."

I patted Macy's muzzle confidently. "But one always feels they know just where to draw the line."

"Oh, Leonie, darling, let me introduce Philip Norton. This is Mrs. Winter. Mr. Norton is a distinguished artist staying for a few days. Brenda dogs. Macy practically fawned. And Captain Sanbergh, a very old and dear friend."

I said to Sanbergh: "But, of course, I remember seeing you this morning in a fine motor yacht at the Marina Piccola."

Sanbergh was taller than he looked, with the broad shoulders and lean hips of a younger man. He had a handsome, ruffian face, a capable look; eyes vigorous and alert but thickly lashed, the mouth rather wide and Pan-like when he smiled.

He said to Miss Weber: "You see, Charlotte, we've become notorious, I and my Sappho. Already I'm a marked man."

Miss Weber said: "It's Charles's new love-life, Mr. Norton. Quite awful. I christened her two weeks ago in Asti spumante, and I've hardly seen him since."

Sanbergh smiled. "Well, she's been waiting for me since January."

"I hope you'll let me see her sometime," I said.

His eyes travelled over my face, incuriously but expertly, summing me up. His expression wasn't particularly friendly. "But of course."

"Charles is taking some of us out tomorrow afternoon," said Miss Weber. "Let's all be massie together."

"I'd like to. If Captain Sanbergh . . ."

"But of course," said Sanbergh again.

Leonie Winter hadn't spoken through all this, and I hadn't looked at her.

I said to Sanbergh in a conversational tone: "You've been away?"

"Away?"

"You said your yacht had been waiting for you since January."

"Oh — yes. I ordered her last year. I've been out of this district for a time."

I was going to add something more, but Miss Weber was plucking at my arm. "Do you know Mr. Norton? This is the Master of Kyle. You're lookin' downcast on this lovely evening, Mr. Kyle. Isn't the Scotch right? Berto has the bottle. I'll get him to bring it over."

A bald, elderly Scotsman acknowledged me with a sour, uncommunicative face. I tried to talk to him for a minute or so and then was taken over to meet the other three who had been on the beach this morning: Jane Persinger, the American girl, Nicolo da Costa, the man with the limp, who in close-up was less young than I thought, and an American lawyer called Hamilton White, a tall, thin man getting on for fifty and reddened by the sun.

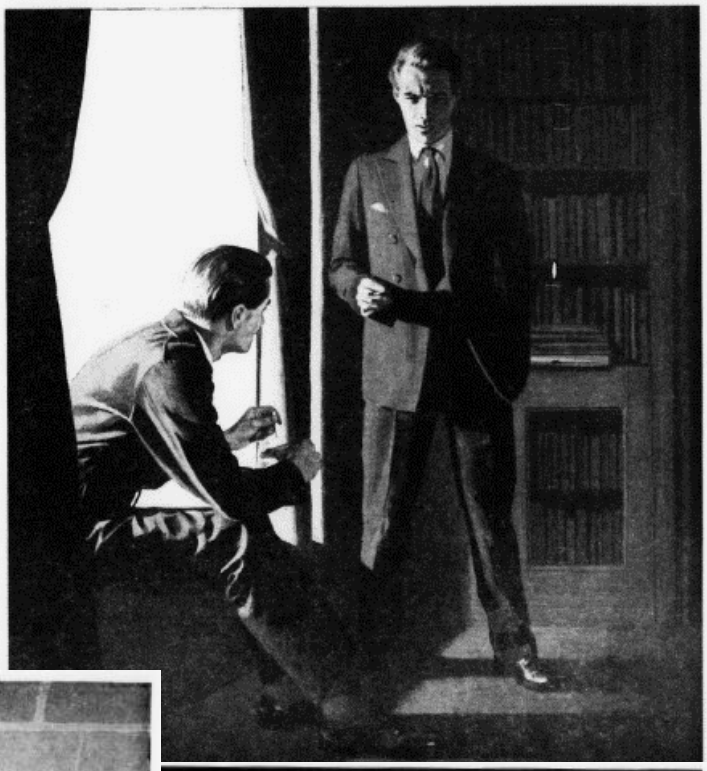
I neither looked at nor spoke to Leonie Winter throughout the party. Once I saw her looking at me through one of the Florentine mirrors and much later I watched her, reflected in a picture, talking energetically to Captain Sanbergh.

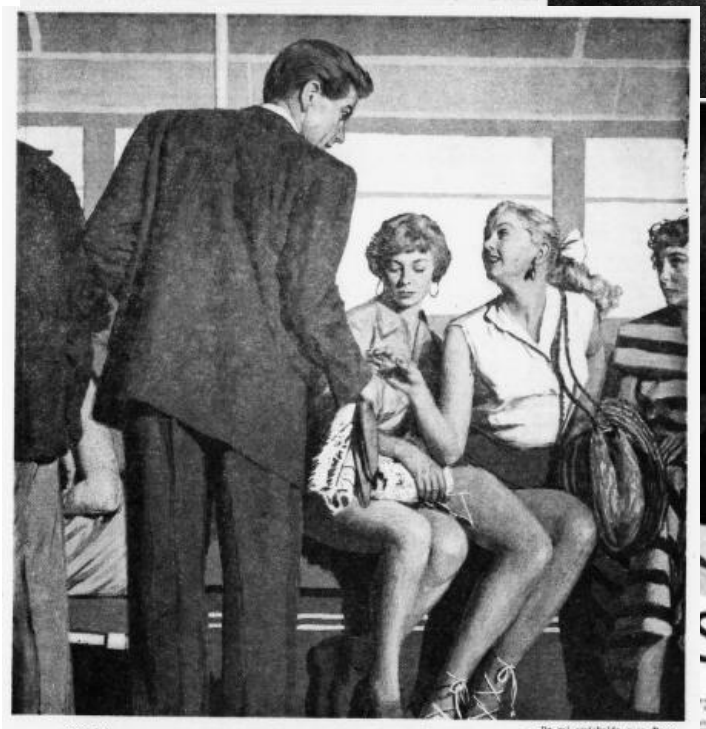
I looked at him and thought, what was the description of Buckingham? Dark, with hair greying at the ears (easily dyed), a short beard (easily shaved), medium height, brown and rather narrow eyes, strong aquiline nose.

"Admiring my picture?" Miss Weber came up behind me. "Nicolo painted that. Technical achievement, I think. Fireworks. My first husband had a passion for fireworks. In real, I mean. Used to subsidize the firms. Nicolo's

Ref 9(a), from *John Bull*, 9 April 1955

Her begynder en fremragende kriminalroman





DEN SORTE GADE

af WINSTON GRAHAM

SORTE GADE

AF WINSTON GRAHAM

Ref 9(b): excerpts from *Aftenbladet*

Aujourd'hui commence notre nouveau roman

L'homme d'Amsterdam

par Winston Graham

(«The Little Walls»)

Adapté de l'anglais par Hélène Breuleux

Le corps de Grevil Turner, l'éminent archéologue, a été retrouvé dans un canal d'Amsterdam. En dépit de l'évidence, son frère Philippe refuse de croire à son suicide. C'eût été un acte contraire au caractère et à l'éthique de Grevil. La lettre d'une femme inconnue et un journal confidentiel retrouvés parmi ses affaires ont été les seuls indices matériels recueillis par Philippe, dont les investigations ont pénétré profondément dans le secret comportement des individus et ont mis en lumière la tragédie de deux hommes, également brillants par l'intelligence, mais dont deux codes de morale divergente avaient réglé la conduite.

I

— Lorsque je reçus la dépêche m'annonçant le suicide de mon frère, je me trouvais en Californie. Je n'assistai donc ni à l'enquête, ni à l'enterrement. Deux semaines plus tard seulement, je me libérai et pris l'avion qui me ramena en Angleterre. Je me rendis tout droit à Dorking, d'où l'on m'avait envoyé la dépêche. Je trouvai la maison fermée, mais une voisine m'apprit que Grace habitait actuellement chez Arnold, mon frère, à Wolverhampton. Je m'y rendis le lendemain en auto, après une nuit passée à Londres.

Imaginant sans peine le choc subi par Grace, je décidai de voir d'abord Arnold, dont la lettre quelque peu incohérente n'était guère plus explicite que son télégramme ; et les journaux américains avaient été avares de commentaires, évitant de se compromettre dans cette affaire avant de connaître les conclusions de l'enquête officielle.

Les événements se seraient déroulés de la manière suivante : Grevil, rentrant d'Extrême-Orient, se serait arrêté quelques jours en Hollande et se serait volontairement, mais j'ignorais quels étaient ceux d'Arnold : peut-être l'ignorait-il lui-même, jusqu'à ce jour-là. Je me demandai, en l'écoutant parler de tout cela, s'il ne souffrait pas, avant tout, de la tache que laisserait ce drame.

— ...Oui, c'est une chose terrible. Il était si jeune, avec un avenir si prometteur. En dépit de quelques petits caprices dans ses dessins, tout ce qu'il avait accompli... Il est impossible d'imaginer ce qu'il a dû ressentir...

— Je n'ai lu que les journaux américains.

— Les journaux anglais n'ont laissé subsister aucun doute, tu sais, d'après ce que m'a dit la police hollandaise.

— Tu es allé là-bas ?

— Oui. Grace m'y a accompagné. Nous l'avons ramené par la voie des airs. L'enterrement a eu lieu le 9.

— Comment va Grace ?

— Elle va mieux maintenant.

— Et Peggy ?

— Elle est retournée à l'école. Nous avons vécu des heures bien douloureuses, ajouta-t-il non sans un léger ressentiment, et nous aurions eu grand besoin de ton aide. D'ailleurs, il y a encore pas mal de choses à examiner.

Il est vrai qu'étant de beaucoup le plus jeune de la famille, j'avais toujours échappé aux tristes corvées.

— Et encore beaucoup de choses à tirer au clair, dis-je en me levant.

Je ne pouvais pas rester assis pour discuter de ce malheur, comme d'une affaire quelconque.

— On ne peut, c'est évident, éluder le fait qu'un homme brillant, possé[illegible] ces gens-là, n'ex-ce pas [illegible] tendu que le commun[illegible] notre père. C'est leur [illegible]

Leur sort à tous ? [illegible] sais d'accepter. Il était [illegible] que nous l'écartions t[illegible]

— Grevil était par[illegible] poursuivit Arnold, et [illegible] pas lui qui jugeait le [illegible]

Ce disant, Arnold [illegible] dessus de son mouchoi[illegible] regard insistant qui n[illegible]

— Cependant, Ph[illegible] ments ne démentent ton jugement. La santé de Grevil a pu s'altérer. D'autre part, son assistant, à l'époque, est tombé malade et a dû s'absenter très longtemps. Nous savons à quel point il se surmenait et, en fin de compte...

A mon tour je fixai Arnold, stupéfait.

— Mais pourquoi exclure l'accident à tout prix ? Un faux mouvement dans l'obscurité...

— Nous avons eu de grandes difficultés là-bas, malgré les interprètes. Un femme a affirmé qu'elle avait vu Grevil sauter dans le canal. Longuement interrogée, elle finit pas dire qu'il a pu trébucher, mais elle dissimulait mal le fond de sa pensée. Ensuite, il y eut cette malheureuse lettre trouvée sur lui. Cela confirma nos craintes.

— Une lettre confirmant son suicide ?

— Non. La lettre d'une femme, annonçant une rupture.

Arnold remit son mouchoir dans sa poche. Je ne sais s'il se rendait compte à quel point je demeurais incrédule.

pour la technique moderne du ski

— Je ne vois pas, mon pauvre Philippe, comment nous en pourrions nier l'évidence.

— Il était certainement heureux avec Grace. C'est du moins ce que je croyais. Qui est cette femme ? A-t-elle témoigné ?

— On n'a pas encore pu l'atteindre. La lettre était signée d'un seul prénom. Le papier à lettre provenait de l'hôtel où résidait Grevil.

Je réfléchis. Est-on plus tolérant sur son propre sens moral que sur celui des autres ? Il ne s'agissait pas ici de tolérer, mais plutôt de comprendre.

— Puisque tu es ici, je vais te conduire à la maison et tu déjeuneras avec nous. Si tu veux, prenons ta voiture. Il est presque midi, je n'ai plus guère la tête au travail après notre entretien. Tu sais que Grace est chez nous en ce moment ?

Nous avons pris place dans ma voiture.

travail, s'enquit Arnold, es-tu toujours

Ref 9(c): start of the first part and illustration from the last

Winston Graham:

Zwischen fall in Amsterdam

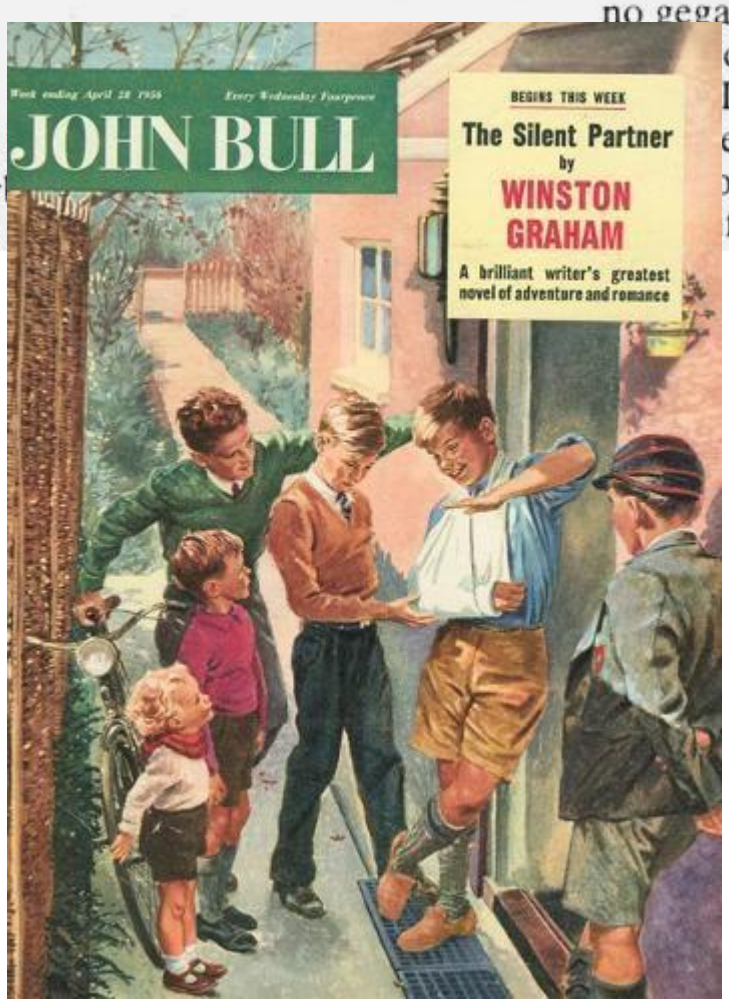
Abdrucksrecht durch Pressbooks, Frutigen, und Scherz-Verlag, Bern

«Es war zwischen ihnen
nichts vereinbart worden. Le
es mir heute abend.»
«Aber sie müssen sich doch
haben! Martin war ja gestern
zen Tag bei ihr.»
«Das lag nicht an ihr. Offen
da Cossa Coxon, wo sie sei. Er
Adresse auf einem Brief gel
Charlotte ihr nachschickte, u
sie Martin.»
Ich starrte Sanbergh verblüf
suchte mich mit dieser überra
Enthüllung abzufinden. «Ich
türlich, es bedeute, dass sie z
rückgekehrt sei. Sie *ist* zu ihm
kehrt. Warum wäre sie sonst n
no gegangen?»

33

dem, was sie zu mir sag
Dinge aus einer gewiss
etrachten.»
llte . . .?»
fblitzen in seinen Auge

«Als er
Wieder
Garten



9(d)

Ref 10(a), *John Bull*, 28 April 1956

10(b)

Der andere Mann

1

Roman von Winston Graham

Copyright bei Albert Müller-Verlag, Rüschlikon

Ref 10(c): announcement in *L'Illustré*, 10 September 1959, of serial starting the following week

Beginning a thrilling new story of high adventur

Greek Fire

by WINSTON GRAHAM

Ref 11(a), from (i) *John Bull*, 2 November and (ii) the *Sydney Morning Herald*, 31 December 1957

(12) *The Tumbled House* (1959)

In Danish daily *Aktuelt* as *Ansigtet bag Ruden* (*The Face Behind the Pane*) in weekly parts from 16 October 1960 to 22 January 1961.

I dag begynder vor nye roman —
Den er spændende -
den er moderne - den er
nådesløs i sine afsløringer
af mennesker

Af WINSTON GRAHAM
Illustreret af PREBEN ZAHLE

ANSIGTET BAG RUDEN

Part one, excerpt

(13) *Marnie* (1961)

(a) Prior to the novel's UK publication in March 1961, in three abridged and re-chaptered monthly instalments in Fleetway Publications' *Home* magazine, which presented eleven chapters in its January edition, ten in February and the remainder in March.

(b) Abridged in seven parts from 7 April to 19 May 1962 in Greek weekly *ΕΜΠΡΟΣ* under the novel's French-translation title *No Spring for Marnie*.

(c) In *Woman's Mirror* in five weekly parts from 1 to 29 February 1964.

(d) In Dutch daily *Leewarder Courant* in 120 parts from 14 September 1964 to 3 February 1965.

(e) In Icelandic daily newspaper *ÞJÓÐVILJINN* in seventy instalments (six per week) from 19 September to 9 December 1967 (though the novel was not published in Iceland).

(f) On *Book at Bedtime* on BBC Radio 4 at 23:00 on weekday evenings from Monday 18 July to Friday 5 August 1977; abridged in fifteen parts by Janet Hitchman and read by Ysanne Churchman. Producer: Jenyth Worsley.

(14) *Night Journey* (1966)

In Swedish daily *Svenska Dagbladet* as *En Man Försvinner* (*A Man Disappears*) in sixty-two parts from 9 April to 12 June 1969.

(15) *The Walking Stick* (1967)

(a) In Swiss magazine *L'Illustré* as *Qui Veut la Fin*… (*Who Wants the End*…) in thirty-one weekly parts from 18 July 1968 to 13 February 1969.

(b) On *Book at Bedtime* on BBC Radio 4 at 23:00 on weekday evenings from Monday 10 to Friday 28 January 1972; abridged in fifteen instalments by Paul Humphreys and read by Ysanne Churchman. Producer: James Gallagher.

Marnie

by Winston Graham

PART TWO

ILLUSTRATED BY MARÇAIS AND BISBY

Mark trapped me into becoming the prisoner of his love, forced me to choose between jail—and marriage. But would the price be too much for us to pay?

THE STORY SO FAR

MARGARET ELMER, young and beautiful, is a deliberate and habitual thief. For several years she has made a living by taking jobs under assumed names and, in time, disappearing with the firm's money. She spends the money on keeping her mother—an ageing woman who believes Marnie is secretary to a rich and fictitious Mr. Pemberton—and her companion, LUCY NYE. With her "earnings", Marnie also pays for long holidays at Cirencester, where she keeps her most prized possession . . . her horse Forio. After successfully taking some money from a Manchester cinema, Marnie gets a job with a firm of printers called Rutland's, posing as a widow named Mary Taylor. Two young directors, MARK RUTLAND and TERRY HOLBROOK, dislike each other—but both fall in love with her. Unable to bear the thought of getting close to anyone, of being personally involved in anyone else's life, Marnie awaits her chance to escape. It comes when the cashier is away, and Marnie is in charge of making out the pay envelopes. She fills them with blank paper, takes the money, and goes to the hotel at Cirencester where she always stays. But this time she is unlucky. Three days later, Mark traces her to Forio's stable.

MARNIE CONTINUES HER STORY

CHAPTER TWELVE

MARK took my arm. "Where are you staying?" he asked. "I'll drive you there."

We got to the car. Somehow I sat myself in the passenger's seat. He slammed the door on me, and it was like the clang of a prison cell. I thought: *It can't be happening; this man doesn't know Marnie Elmer, he only knows Mary Taylor.*

He started the engine. "Which way?"

I wet my lips and tried to speak, but there wasn't any sound. "Cirencester?" he asked. I nodded.

We drove on, saying nothing. As we got into the town, he said: "Where do you live?"

"The—Old Crown."

"Under what name?"

"Elmer."

"Is that your real name?"

I tried to say something but my tongue stuck. He said: "It'll save time if you tell me the truth. Is Elmer your real name?"

"Yes."

"Where is the money you stole?"

"Some of it is here—in Cirencester."

"The rest?"

"It's safe enough."

Ref 13(a), from *Home*, February 1961

ΕΜΠΡΟΣ

ΔΗΜ. ΟΙΚ. ΚΑΛΑΠΟΘΑΚΗΣ ΣΑΒΒΑΤΟΥ 7 ΑΠΡΙΛΙΟΥ 1962 ΠΕΡΙΟΔΟΣ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΗ — ΑΡ

Ἔτσι πρωτοεμφανίστηκε ἡ πριγκίπισσα Γκρέης στὸ Χόλλυγουντ

Οὐΐνστων Γκράχαμ

ΔΕΝ ΥΠΑΡΧΕΙ ΑΝΟΙΞΙ ΓΙΑ ΤΗΝ ΜΑΡΝΙ

Ἡ συγκλονιστικὴ ἱστορία τῆς Μάργκαρετ, ποὺ εἶναι κλέφτρα, μυθομανὴς καὶ ἐπαναστάτρια τοῦ ἔρωτα.

ΤΟΝ ΡΟΛΟ ΑΥΤΟΝ ΘΑ ΤΟΝ ΑΠΟΔΩΣΗ ΜΕ ΕΠΙΤΥΧΙΑ Η ΑΙΘΕΡΙΑ ΠΡΙΓΚΙΠΙΣΣΑ ΤΟΥ ΜΟΝΑΚΟ, ΓΚΡΑΙΗΣ ;

Θὰ γοητεύσῃ τὸ παγκόσμιο κοινὸ μὲ τὴν νέα ἐμφάνισί της;

Τὸ μεγάλο αὐτὸ ἐρώτημα βασανίζει τοὺς ἐνδιαφερομένους παράγοντας τῆς Μέκκας τοῦ κινηματογράφου ποὺ τῆς προσέφεραν ὡς ἀμοιβὴ 1.000.000 δολλάρια. Ἀλλὰ ποιὸν ρόλο θὰ ὑποδυθῇ στὴ νέα ταινία τοῦ Χίτσκοκ; Τὸ «Ἔμπρὸς» ἀρχίζει ἀπὸ σήμερα στὴν 10η σελίδα του, τὸ μυθιστόρημα τοῦ Οὐΐνστων Γκράχαμ «ΔΕΝ ΥΠΑΡΧΕΙ ΑΝΟΙΞΙΣ ΓΙΑ ΤΗΝ ΜΑΡΝΙ», ποὺ τὸν ρόλο τῆς ἡρωΐδας του, θὰ ἐνσαρκώσῃ στὴν ὀθόνη ἡ πριγκίπισσα τοῦ Μονακό.

Ref 13(b): shown here from the 7 April issue of *ΕΜΠΡΟΣ* are (right) the page one announcement of the serial and (left) Princess Grace alongside the title on its opening page.

SPECIAL WOMAN'S MIRROR SERIALISATION
OF WINSTON GRAHAM'S FAMOUS NOVEL

Illustrated by Garry Fawcett

marnie

You've never met a girl like Marnie . . . you may not even like her. But don't judge till you know the whole story . . . if you can stand the suspense

"GOOD night, miss," said the policeman as I came down the steps, and "Good night," I answered, wondering if he would sound as friendly if he'd known what was in my attaché case.

But he didn't, and I took a taxi home because this was a special day. I paid off the taxi at the end of the street and walked down to my two-roomed flat. People might think it lonely living on my own nearly all the time, but I never found it lonely. I always had plenty to think about, and anyway I'm not so good on people.

When I got in, I took off my coat and combed my hair; then I poured myself a drink as part of the celebration. While I drank, I went over a few train times and emptied a couple of small drawers. Then I took a bath, my second that day. Somehow it always helped to wash something out of your system.

Everything I put on was new. It wasn't taking care; it was the way I'd come to like it—everything has to be just as it should be.

My cast-offs were in my case, which would only just shut.

I went round the flat, inch by inch. I always reminded myself of the coat I'd left behind in Newcastle last year. That kept me on the alert.

Then I put on my coat and hat, picked up the suitcase and the attaché case and let myself out . . .

They were glad to see me at the Old Crown at Cirencester.

"Why, Miss Elmer, it's three months since you were here last, isn't it? Yes, you can have your usual room."

I always grew an inch staying at the Old Crown. The chintzy bedroom looking on the courtyard and every day out to Garrod's Farm to pick up Forio and ride for hours, stopping at some little pub for lunch and coming home in the failing light. It was life.

I didn't read the newspapers. Sometimes I thought of Crombie & Strutt in Birmingham, but in an idle sort of way as though working for them was something that had been done by another person. That always helped.

At the end of four weeks I went home for a couple of days, but said it was a flying visit and left on the Saturday. I dropped most of my personal things at the Old Crown and spent the night at Bath at the Formley, signing in as Enid Thompson. In the morning I bought a new suitcase, a new spring outfit; then I had my hair tinted.

After that, I bought a pair of plain-glass spectacles, but I didn't put them on yet. At the station that afternoon I took out of the Left Luggage Office the attaché case I'd left there nearly five weeks ago, and there was room for it in the new suitcase I'd . . . *Please turn to page 43*

Ref 13(c), from *Woman's Mirror*, 1 February 1964

(Slot)

„MARNIE"

door

Winston Graham

De deur van het huis werd geopend. Er stond een man aan de deur en achter hem stond een ander.

Terry zei: „Kijk 'ns, ik had plannen gemaakt je vanavond mee te nemen voor een ritje. Je beloofde te komen en dus vatte ik het plan op om deze mensen vanavond een bezoek te brengen — voor een borreltje. Het is ongeveer vier uur later dan wanneer alles volgens plan verlopen zou zijn, maar daar is niets aan te doen, nietwaar?"

„Waar heb je het over?"

De man kwam de trap af, gevolgd door de andere man. Er stond nu een vrouw aan de deur.

De man die het eerst beneden stond, was meneer Strutt.

Terry zei: „In bepaald opzicht spijt het me, dat ik je dit aandoe. Nu ik er voor sta vind ik het tamelijk moeilijk er mee door te gaan. Eigenlijk had ik liever gewild dat het niet om jou ging. Maar je belooft jezelf bepaalde dingen. Schulden moeten betaald worden, als je begrijpt wat ik bedoel. Maar dat betwijfel ik."

„Ik begrijp het niet."

Zelfs zijn ogen leken groen in het licht dat uit het huis kwam.

„Probeer eens na te denken. Je hoeft niet ver te zoeken. Het spijt me, maar eigenlijk krijgt Mark zijn verdiende loon, nietwaar?"

Hij praatte nog steeds, half tegen mij, half tegen zichzelf — om zijn werkelijke gedachten van zich af te houden denk ik — toen meneer Strutt de deur van de wagen open deed.

„Goedenavond, juffrouw Holland. We hadden u bijna opgegeven."

„Ik heb opgebeld," zei Terry.

„Ja, maar het is toch al tamelijk laat. Stapt u alstublieft uit, juffrouw Holland, we zouden u graag een paar vragen willen stellen. U kent onze bedrijfsleider uit Birmingham nog wel, nietwaar? Meneer George Pringle."

Als dat soort dingen gebeurt, val je niet flauw, niet als je mijn type bent. Ik kwam langzaam de wagen uit en keek voor de eerste keer sinds twee jaar in het gezicht van meneer Pringle. Plotseling voelde ik me weer terug in dat kantoor en herinnerde ik me elke vlek en elk pukkeltje in zijn gezicht.

Achter me hoorde ik de andere deur dichtslaan en ik wist dat Terry uit de wagen was gekomen. Een ogenblik nam dat al mijn gedachten in beslag; hoe ik zo idioot was geweest te denken, dat hij bereid was een vriend te zijn voor de vrouw van de man, die hij het meest ter wereld haatte. Zo dacht de ene helft van mijn hersenen en de andere helft dacht, dat het misschien toch wel beter was geweest dat ik niet zulke lage gedachten over hem had gekoesterd. Als je in deze wereld moet leven moet je de wereld kunnen zien ontdaan van het slijk.

Ze hadden me nu precies letterlijk te pakken, want ze stonden ieder aan een kant van me. Langzaam liep ik de treden op naar boven, waar mevrouw Strutt stond te wachten. Dit is nu het einde van alles, dacht ik; het ligt nu niet meer in mijn handen. Dit is het einde. Gedurende een ogenblik dacht ik nog, dat ik zou kunnen vechten; ik zou alles kunnen ontkennen. Hoe zouden ze me kunnen dwingen te bekennen wat ik niet bekennen wilde; ik zou alles kunnen opschorten tot Mark kwam. Meteen daarna wist ik echter, dat dit niet langer het antwoord was, niet als ik werkelijk van plan was te breken met de dingen zoals ze tot nu toe waren geweest.

En ik dacht — want het is waar, dat een drenkeling zijn hele leven weer beleeft in een paar seconden, en een vrouw die op het punt staat te verdrinken heeft daar dus tijd genoeg voor tussen twee treden in — en ik dacht: in ieder geval, wat er ook mag gebeuren, kan ik nog steeds wachten tot Mark komt en dan zorgt hij wel voor alles.

Maar tegen de tijd, dat ik boven aan de treden stond — en mevrouw Strutt, die verlegen keek en er uitzag alsof ze medelijden met me had, opzij was gestapt om me binnen te laten — wist ik diep in mezelf, dat het niet Mark was waar het van afhing, maar dat ik mijn lot zelf in handen had. Hij kan me alleen maar helpen mezelf te helpen, dacht ik. Als ik niet kan verdragen dat hij me aanraakt en nog steeds van hem weg wil en door wil gaan met op mezelf te leven en om de negen maanden een verzonnen wereld wil opbouwen met een andere naam en een andere persoonlijkheid en ritselende bankbiljetten, die ik stiekem in mijn tasje stop — dan kan hij me helemaal niet helpen. Hij kan me alleen helpen, als ik onder dat alles een streep zet en in plaats daarvan tenminste wil proberen van hem te houden, hem te vertrouwen en voor zijn liefde open te staan.

En de enige weg naar liefde en vertrouwen ging door deze deur, tussen vijanden door, terwijl er ieder ogenblik een brigadier van politie opgebeld kon worden.

Ik bleef even staan en keek achterom, maar niet naar een van de drie mannen. Ik keek over de tuin heen. De wind was nog steeds krachtig en een gerafelde wolk, die op een zakje voor patates frites leek, werd juist over de bomen beengejaagd. De bomen ruisten en zwaaiden heen en weer. Ze roken naar pijnbomen. De hele tuin zag er donker en vreemd uit.

Mark had gezegd: „Ik wil samen met je vechten. We zitten samen in dit bootje"; dat was iets waar ik me aan vast moest houden.

De weg naar de liefde gaat door het lijden, dacht ik. Wie had dat gezegd? Betekent het iets, of was het zomaar een gezegde? Dit zal niet het moeilijkste deel worden, dacht ik, door deze deur gaan is het gemakkelijkste deel.

Ik haalde diep adem, draaide me om en ging naar binnen.

EINDE

Ref 13(d), 120th and final part

8 SÍÐA — ÞJÓÐVILJINN — Laugardagur 9. desember 1967.

WINSTON GRAHAM:

MARNIE

70

betur, Terry. Þér vitið vel, að mér hefur alltaf líkað vel við yður. Og mér þykir leitt að við skulum ekki geta verið góðir vinir, öll þrjú.

— Hafið engar áhyggjur af því.

sitjið fastar í gildrunni, skal ég segja yður.

Allt í einu varð rauða augað stærra og stærra og kom alveg upp að hliðinni á bílnum mín megin og horfði inn með kvik-

inu. — Jæja Eftir andarta saman. Mig t vegna, en Ma inni skilið, Hann hélt áf við mig og el an sig. Hann bægja frá hu svo opnaði he ina.

— Gott k land. Við vor vonina.

— Ég var sagði Terry.

— Já — e lega orðið býs ið svo vel að Holland. Okk leggja fyrir y ingar. Þér r stjóranum frá George Pring

Ref 13(e), from *ÞJÓÐVILJINN*, 9 December 1967

Ref 14, from 23 April 1969 – see 7(c) above

qui veut la fin...

Roman de Winston Graham

Traduit par Maurice-Bernard Endrèbe
Illustration de Campbell

①

Ref 15(a): first and last part title-pages

qui veut la fin...

Roman de Winston Graham

Traduit par Maurice-Bernard Endrèbe
Illustration de Campbell
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Résumé des chapitres précédents : *Deborah Dainton, fille de médecin, à Londres, handicapée par une claudication, a fait la connaissance d'un peintre de peu de talent, Leigh Hartley, qui fait partie d'une bande de redoutables cambrioleurs dirigés par Jack Foil. Elle exerce le métier de vendeuse chez les antiquaires Whittington. Grâce aux renseignements qu'elle fournit à Leigh, les bandits attaquent Whittington et s'emparent d'un important butin. Dès lors, Deborah a des doutes quant à la sincérité de l'amour de Leigh et elle s'en explique avec lui.*

㉛

Je m'apprêtais à descendre, quand il dit vivement :

— Attends, je vais t'aider.

pel, mais aucun son n'en sortit. Elle tourna alors à gauche, dans Piccadilly, passant devant d'autres vitrines,

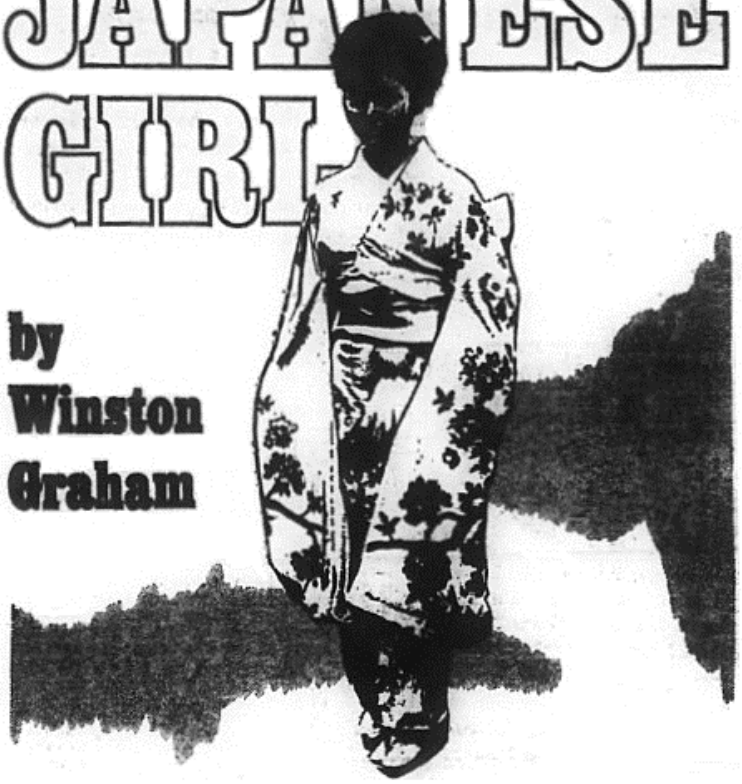
petits morceaux et jette-les dans une bouche d'égout. Attends encore au moins un jour, le temps de réfléchir... Mais n'est-ce pas la première impulsion qui est la bonne ? La réflexion n'est-elle pas l'ennemie de toute décision ? Une dégénérescence de l'esprit et de la volonté, qui vous fait tomber dans un état de paralysie mentale pire que la poliomyélite ?

Etablir un bilan. Au débit, l'honnêteté... Est-ce que ça se sent, ça se goûte comme l'amour ? Mais l'amour

La police étant partie, tout était redevenu à peu près normal ce matin-là chez Whittington. Les salles d'exposition étaient fermées au public, mais tout le personnel se trouvait là. Par la porte de Bruton Lane, des hommes en salopette livraient une grande armoire victorienne. Lundi, il y aurait une vente de pièces et de médailles, qui avaient été exposées la veille et parmi lesquelles se trouvaient une Victoria Cross.

L'inventaire des porcelaines Stock-

THE JAPANESE GIRL



by Winston Graham

THIS WEEK'S SKETCH BOOK

EDITED BY ANDREW EWART

emptying. She had a lot of parcels and getting out she dropped one and I picked it up for her and she thanked me. Then I followed her down the platform and out into the street.

It was a windy day, with a lot of April cloud scudding across the sky. I'd not been to Brighton since I was a kid, so I had to ask my way, and presently I found myself queueing for a bus about three people behind her.

She was a small girl, and quite slight but not thin, and her hair was black, but not that dead blackness; in fact, when the wind lifted it, it seemed to shine and glisten as if it might have been wet.

You couldn't call her good-looking but just something about her appealed to me and made me feel queer. Usually those days I'd no time to bother looking around. But it just happened with this girl just then.

GETTING into the bus she dropped the same parcel, so I trod on the toe of the fat man in front

for Melton Street, and would he tell me when we got there. Then she said: "Oh, I'm getting out there. I'll tell you."

All I could think to say was "Thank you," and I sweated and took off my glasses to polish them and put them back, and the bus jolted along and we sat in silence.

Then it was time to get off and this did give me a chance. I said: "Perhaps you'd let me—as I've . . ." and took up the parcel I'd picked up twice already, and she smiled and let me.

Off the bus I said: "I'm a stranger to Brighton, but if we're going the same way, [illegible] and s[illegible] same [illegible] the se[illegible]

We [illegible] sunlig[illegible] betwe[illegible] and s[illegible]

It [illegible] walki[illegible]

"I[illegible]

"Y[illegible] of co[illegible]

"I live in London," I said. "I work in the City. I'm just here for the after-

mother and father were both Japanese."

"Oh," I said. "I see. I couldn't think. That book, you see. You were reading it from back to front. And up and down."

She laughed. A little tinkling laugh. "I have never been to Japan, but that was the first language I ever spoke."

We had come to a stop. Just a bit of conversation, but it was the most important thing that had happened to me in a very long time.

"That's your way," she said. "To the end of the street where the traffic lights are, and Melton-street is next on your left."

"I'm in no hurry," I said. "Can I carry this parcel home for you?"

"This is where I live."

"Oh, well . . ." I hung on to the parcel and then had to give it up. "Do you often go to London?"

"No. It is my half day. I go to visit my brother about once a month, that's all."

"Well, I expect I may be visiting Mr. Armitage again. Next week or the week after. I'll look out for you on the train — see if I can carry another parcel."

She laughed again and we separated. I watched her go up the steps to her house. I waited and saw her let herself in. She didn't turn round. I went on to call on Mr. Armitage.

WHEN I got home to Islington, Hettie was looking fagged out. She nearly always did now.

It's a funny thing. It's funny how fate treats you. As a young chap I was as fond of girls as the average fellow, but I never was a Don Juan, either in

[illegible]hted
[illegible]mar-
[illegible]dis-
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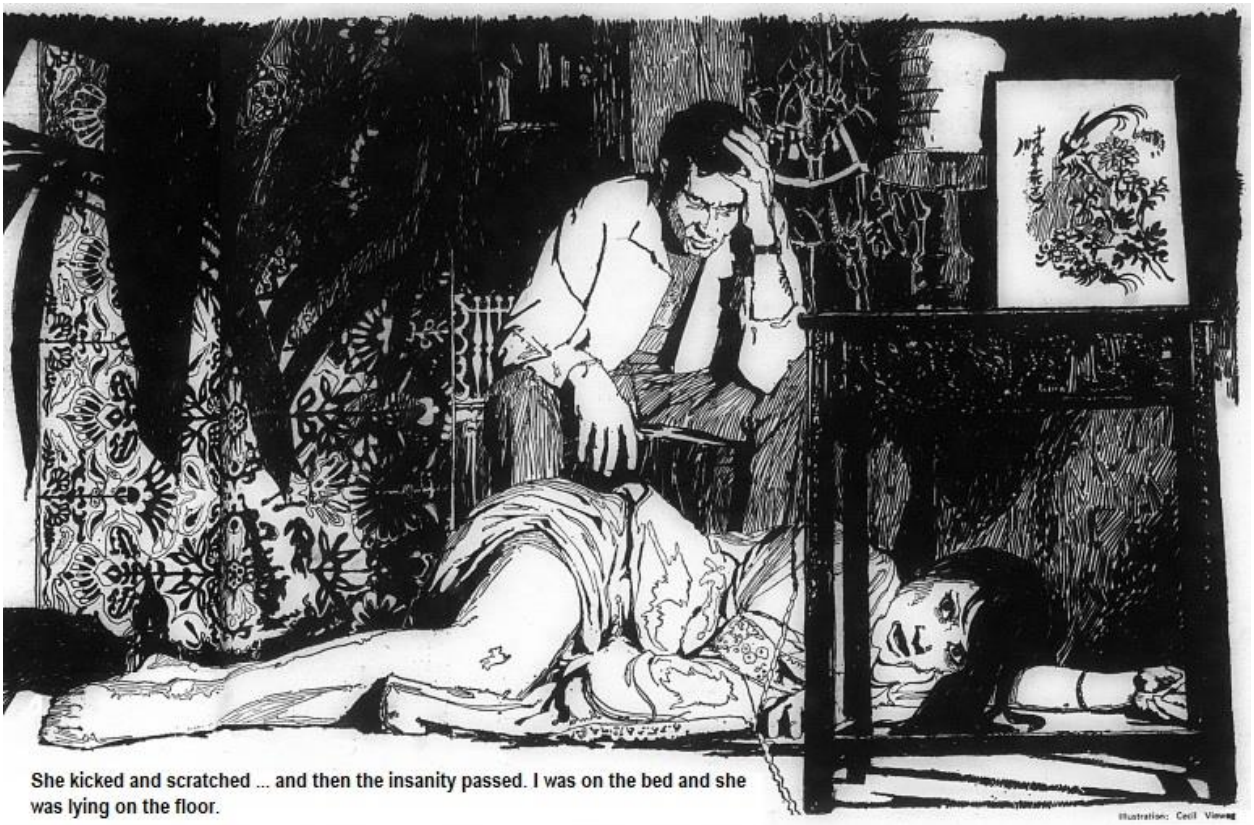
[illegible]one:
[illegible]skin.
[illegible]nd I
[illegible] she

[illegible]were
[illegible]g up

house, making love in an inexpert fashion; me in quite a good job that didn't then look as dead-end as it was going

This page and next: **(16) THE JAPANESE GIRL**, in two slightly abridged parts, in the *Daily Sketch* of 28 and 29 October 1969

She was utterly different from Hettie ... so welcoming. I felt I was discovering a woman for the first time.



She kicked and scratched ... and then the insanity passed. I was on the bed and she was lying on the floor.

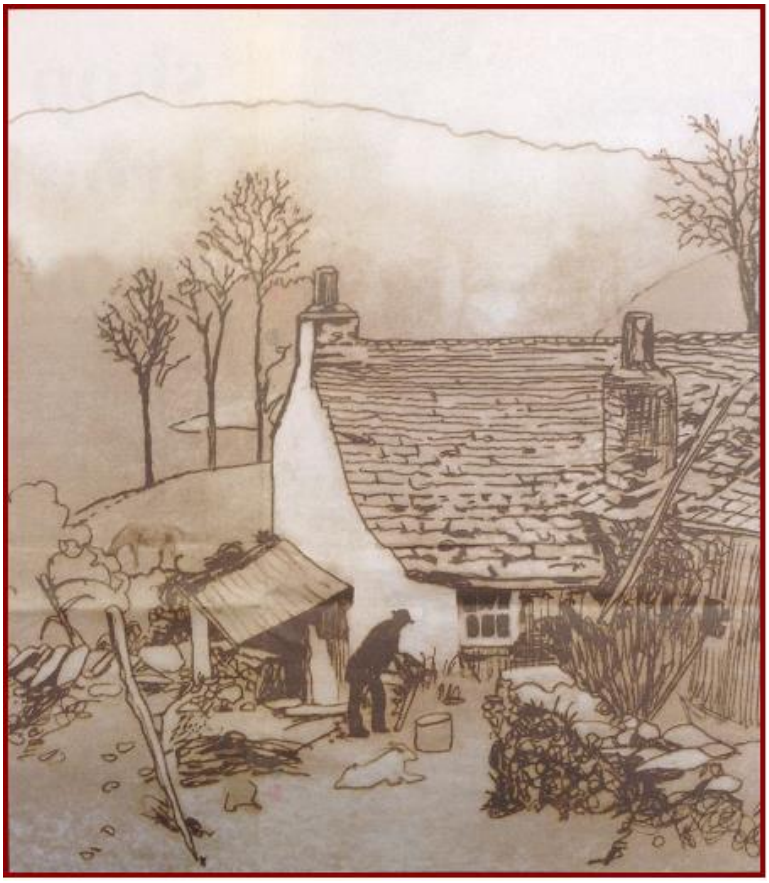
(17) *Woman in the Mirror* (1975)

On BBC Radio 4's *Story Time* at 16:35 each weekday from Monday 6 to Friday 17 October 1975; abridged by Evangeline Banks in ten parts entitled (1) Arrival at Morb House, (2) Sense of Fear, (3) Reflections from the Past, (4) Night Encounter, (5) A Face in the Mirror, (6) Portrait of Marion, (7) Divided Loyalties, (8) Not known, (9) Funeral Pyre, (10) The Horrible Truth and read by Simon Lack. Producer: David Spenser.

(18) *The Miller's Dance* (1982)

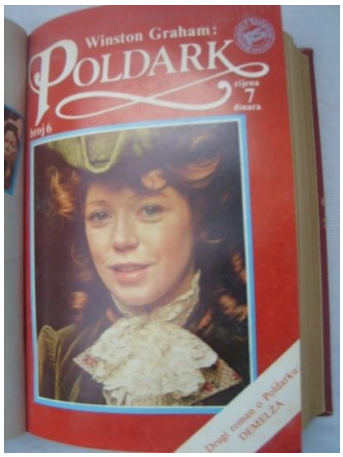
On BBC Radio 4 in ten fourteen-minute parts each weekday at 1204 and 2245 from Monday 17 to Friday 28 August 2020. Read by Richard Goulding; abridged by Jill Waters and Isobel Creed; produced by Jill Waters.

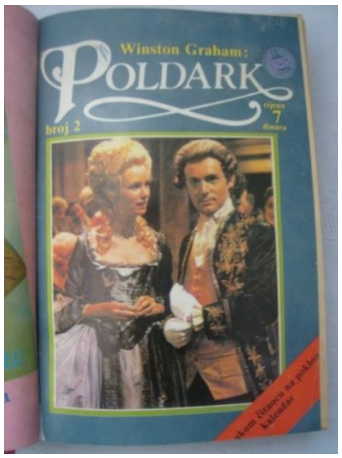
(19) *The Horse Dealer* (2002)



This otherwise unpublished Jud Paynter story appeared in three parts in the *Western Morning News* on 23 April, 30 April and 7 May 2002 to help promote *Bella Poldark*. The illustration is by Bodmin Moor artist David Willet.

(20) A 1978, sixteen-part *Poldark* serialisation, precise content unknown





This smart Croatian product from Hrvatski, 1978 comprises sixteen serially sold 48-page booklets (768 pages in all), collected into a presentation binder. Published as a BBC *Poldark* tie-in, the set may cover the first four novels, as did the sixteen episodes of Series One, or I-VII, as did S1+2 combined.

* * * * *

So, what remains to be found? Though it is impossible to know and hard even to guess, if WG is to be believed, at least one more home-grown example exists. Writing about serialised books in the Spring 1958 edition of *The Author*, he stated that seven of his books had been serialised in the United Kingdom before publication. As of that date, six – *Without Motive*, *Night Without Stars*, *Fortune is a Woman*, *The Little Walls*, *The Sleeping Partner* and *Greek Fire* – are listed here (although *Without Motive* was *not* "before publication"). The seventh might conceivably be *The Dangerous Pawn, Take My Life* or *Cordelia*, but, if so, *when* and *where*?

Then consider this blurb on the back of a 1948 WL reprint of *The Merciless Ladies*:

> *Winston Graham finished his first novel when he was twenty-three and has since published fourteen more, which have been extensively translated into French, German, Italian, Danish, Dutch, Swedish and Portuguese. Although he began as a writer of crime stories, the tenor of his work has slowly changed, and while the eerie touch is never far away, his later books show him as a novelist full-grown. Two of his stories (THE MERCILESS LADIES being one) are about to be filmed, and his first film, TAKE MY LIFE, written in collaboration with Valerie Taylor the well-known actress, has just been released and will shortly be published in novel form by Ward Lock.*

The Forgotten Story was published in French by Begh in 1946 and other novels were serialised in newspapers in Sweden (1937), Luxembourg (in German; 1946), The Netherlands (1946/7) and Denmark (1947), as noted on page two above – but Italian and Portuguese translations pre-1948? More than likely – but, again, *what*, *when* and *where*?

* * * * *

Addenda

Right: a French serialisation of T*ake My Life*, source unknown

UN PASSIONNANT ET MYSTERIEUX ROMAN D'AMOUR DE WINSTON GRAHAM

PRENEZ MA VIE

CHAPITRE PREMIER

ENVIRON un an après la fin de la guerre, une troupe d'opéra italienne se rendit à Londres.

Elle y donna, pendant toute une saison, les œuvres bien connues de Rossini, Verdi, Puccini et Leoncavallo, dans le plus joli théâtre de toute l'Angleterre.

Cette troupe se différenciait de celles qui l'avaient précé-

Après les hostilités, elle était rentrée en Angleterre ; mais n'y trouvant guère de débouchés, elle était passée en France, puis était revenue en Italie. Les directeurs de l'Opéra San Giovanni, de Rome, n'avaient pas tardé à lui offrir un contrat. Ils s'émerveillaient que cette fille blonde et nordique eût, non seulement étudié le chant dans leur pays, mais y eût acquis ce que possédaient seuls les Latins nés sous le soleil brillant et pour qui la musique était innée.

Philippa semblait même posséder certaines qualités absentes

Below: Swiss daily *Bieler Tagblatt* serialised *Marnie* in fifty-five parts from 5 March to 11 May 1964 and *The Sleeping Partner* (as *The Silent Partner*) in forty-two parts from 30 June to 17 August 1966

1

Roman von

WINSTON GRAHAM

MARNIE

Copyright by Scherz-Verlag, Bern und Mohrbooks, Zürich

«Gute Nacht, Miss» sagte der Polizist, als ich die Treppe herunterkam, und «Gute Nacht» gab ich zur Antwort. Dabei war ich neugierig, ob er ebenso freundlich gegrüsst hätte, wenn er gewusst hätte, was in dieser Diplomatentasche war.

ROMAN VON WINSTON GRAHAM

Stille

Abdrucksrecht ITG-Press - Muttenz

Teilhaber

1

Am Abend jenes Tages, an dem Lynn von mir wegging, kam ich ziemlich spät nach Hause; doch da es Juli war, herrschte noch keine Dunkelheit. Als ich zum Haus hinauffuhr, fiel mir ein, dass ich bisher noch keine Zeit gefunden hatte, all das zu tun,