



Detective Drama **GEMS...**

Mid-1940s to the Mid-1990s

Issue #6 February 2022

Exhibits from Radio and TV (sorry, no books or movies)

DD Gem #19 — "The Perfect Image" — November 7, 1969 **From THE NAME OF THE GAME (NBC-TV, 1968 to '71)**

GEMS analyzes outstanding episodes and scripts. The best way to understand them is through **scenes**, **characters** and **dialogue**. Plausibility of the events is a key requirement. Also needed are evocative exchanges by characters that sound authentic.

How does this episode start? With the voice of GENE BARRY. He was Captain Amos Burke (in *Burke's Law*) and before that the old-western lawman *Bat Masterson*.

As one of the four regulars in NAME, Barry is Glenn Howard; he leads Howard Publications. Its flagship offering is *People*, a magazine with more heft and purpose than the real-life *People* that will set sail on shallow waters a few years later.

Barry as Howard opens with the only bit of narration during this entire episode:

Any man in public life works hard to create and maintain his image. Some men protect their image at all costs. I know such a man, and now I know how much he was willing to pay. It began for me one night when I had arranged a party and fashion layout on the penthouse roof of our home office building.

From the theme music (among the best!), through the cascade of party images, as the key credits roll out methodically, those words are the only ones we hear.

Until the fourth minute. A former staffer approaches Peggy Maxwell. Maxwell is Howard's research assistant. She isn't dancing and has pulled back from the noise. The setting for this series is Los Angeles. The ex-employee is Jackie Buchanan.

Peggy is startled to see Jackie. Glenn Howard had sent her to Chicago to do a Man of the Year story on reform Mayor John Adrian "and she never came back." Suddenly she IS back in L.A. And she tells Peggy that she's in "real trouble."

Peggy takes Jackie into a conference room. She won't be the only surprise visitor from Chicago this evening. And it's an "evening" the viewer could mistake for days.



The Glenn Howard Publications empire featured CRIME magazine, edited by [ROBERT STACK](#) (1919-2003) as Bob Farrell (left). [TONY FRANCIOSA](#) (1928-2006) as "Jeff" Dillon (right) was the smug and energetic editor of PEOPLE. Peggy Maxwell ([SUSAN ST. JAMES](#)) might do research for any of these three. Of these four regulars, only she and Gene Barry star in this 1969 episode.

Detective purists who peer into "The Perfect Image" should prepare for an unusual set of absences. No one gets killed. You will not see or hear a police officer (only a jail guard). The viewer doesn't even hear a gunshot.

But that's okay. After all, THE NAME OF THE GAME wasn't a detective show. For that matter, neither was NIGHT BEAT, featuring "Randy Stone" as a wee-hours urban reporter. (A NIGHT BEAT Gem began the [February 2021 issue](#).)

Still, any of the NAME regulars, Peggy Maxwell included, can "investigate" in ways that might or might not double as crime-solving. Situations need to be broken open to facilitate responsible sensationalism by Howard Publications. And what Jackie Buchanan reports, during her quick visit, is an appropriate but painful fit...

She tells Maxwell that she had an affair with Mayor Adrian. Being that close, she came to believe he was fronting for the Mob "and did some personal research on my own." The names and dates are in a diary she wants to give Glenn Howard.

"If Mr. Howard will use it, I'll get it to him." Where is it now? Hidden "in a safe place." Buchanan fears for her own safety, because, she says, she was dumped by the Mayor on orders from his Mob backers.

Peggy Maxwell has no reason to doubt the visitor. But her boss does. He was already peeved at being taken away from the "fashion layout" models in bathing suits. Hearing Peggy's summary, he says: "A young lady scorned may say just about anything." He stresses to her that John Adrian "is as close to me as a brother."

Still, Howard has to see Buchanan. But she's no longer in that part of the complex, or anywhere else. She left a note with a cryptic message that might have been written under pressure: "Have to get back to Chicago; nothing to worry about..."

Oh no? Viewers have also seen a 30ish male operative watching Jackie Buchanan's movement from behind cracks in doors.

Howard tells Peggy to call the Airport to see if a "Jackie Buchanan" is booked on a return flight back to Chicago. If so, Peggy should instruct the company switchboard to keep calling Jackie's home phone "until I tell them to stop." It's Minute 8:30.

We'll encounter Mayor John Adrian soon enough. And Buchanan — played by JILL TOWNSEND — isn't a major figure for the bulk of this episode. Her presentation to Maxwell lacked the rawness of a "woman scorned." Also not there: The palpable trembling of someone fearful of the Mob. When a skilled actress performs less than authentically, she's actually being true to the role: Her character, at that moment, isn't *supposed* to be convincing, due to some major defect, or a flat-out lie.

This script is by ANTHONY SPINNER (1930-2020). [IMDB dot-com](#) credits him with writing 33 TV and movie scripts. As a Producer? Twelve episodes of *The Mod Squad* and a whopping 48 for [CANNON](#), along with 16 for *The Invaders* and 23 for [THE FBI](#).

"The Perfect Image" is one out of the 76 NAME episodes. The best way to process it is as a made-for-TV movie about the strains and pains of big-time political office.

In fact, this series was spawned by the 1966 film ***Fame is the Name of the Game***. That's where Susan Saint James made her screen debut; two years later — still as Peggy Maxwell — she became a regular in the series of not quite the same name.

Besides Gene Barry (1919-2009), two other veteran actors dominate "The Perfect Image" — [HAL HOLBROOK](#) as Chicago Mayor John Adrian; and [STEPHEN McNALLY](#) as former Mayor ED BROCK. With vital PR help from Glenn Howard's publication, Adrian ousted Brock; and Brock intends to turn Howard against Adrian.

A Man Howard Holds in Contempt Proposes a Collaboration

While Peggy is checking with the Airport, Glenn Howard pours himself a drink in some isolated corner. The party has either broken up or quieted way down.

His mind is replying images and sounds from a joyous election-night celebration: Confetti is showering the Mayor-to-be and his wife Lisa. And the reverie ends as Minute 10 begins. It stops due to two sets of knocks on Howard's office door.

He doesn't say "come in" or ask who's there. No need. A driver — or is it a body-

guard? — with dark glasses enters Howard's space. His boss follows. Is it 8 p.m. or 9:30 or...? Doesn't much matter. It's a delightful scene as Howard flicks the light switch and we meet the reason for this visit: ED BROCK.

He's perfectly dressed, complete with collar-pin and tie-clasp to keep the necktie in tow. Suit coat buttoned. Handkerchief flares from the pocket. Hand is outstretched.

Once Howard realizes what is happening, he keeps his distance (15 to 20 feet). The hand of the visitor isn't going to be grasped, coming or going. And their exchange is one of the rare times the suave Gene Barry slips into a purely reactive mode.

ED BROCK: Mr. Howard? [Pause] Oh don't tell me you don't remember Eddie Brock [smiling graciously].

GLENN HOWARD: [Half-muttering] I remember you, Ed.

BROCK: Oh call me "Mayor," all my friends still do!

HOWARD: I'll call ya "Ed."

BROCK: Ha, you'd think I'd WON the election.

HOWARD: You lost because the people of Chicago got fed up with your LIES.

BROCK: Ohhh, Chicago went along with those lies for 20 years, Mr. Howard. They didn't turn on me because they found out I was a liar — they knew that all the time! No, they just wanted to turn me in for a NEW act. Like the one they got with the Glenn Howard wonderboy, John Adrian.

HOWARD: [Smoldering but controlled] I didn't invent him.

BROCK: [Chuckling] Oh no? How many TIMES have I heard the touching story? How the older brother DIES saving your life in the heat of battle. You promised to take CARE of his younger brother. And so you do. Best clubs, all the connections. You even introduced him to his devoted wife, heh-heh. So finally you back him for Mayor of one of America's great cities.

Brock seats himself at one end of a long conference table. "TOUCHES the heart, doesn't it?" The Mayor's bitterness is genuine. But he's in no danger of losing control. Even the sarcasm comes across with confidence and energy.

Most importantly, he knows the power of "dead air." He's sitting there quietly. Howard walks over and sits at the opposite end of the table. Either standing or seated, these guys are like two scorpions in a very big bottle. The scorpion that owns the bottle, shaped like a conference room, is expected to say...something.

All he can muster is haughty bluster: "I've always wondered what happens to an old political hack like you after the dry rot sets in." Ed Brock is casually wiping his classes with the spiffy handkerchief. He is taking his time, while taking no bait.

HOWARD: All right, you came from Chicago, what do you WANT?

BROCK: I want to NAIL John Adrian. I want to pay him back for beating me with his bunch of schoolteachers and Black ministers. I want everybody to know that this young Lancelot is nothing more than a STOOGE for the Syndicate. And I want you to publish it.

HOWARD: Where's the proof?

BROCK: I thought maybe you already had it.

HOWARD: What's that supposed to mean?

BROCK: His girl, Jackie Buchanan — she's been here.

HOWARD: Yeah, she's been here. What about her?

HOWARD: My sources report she knows all about his Syndicate connections, AND that she kept a diary. I checked her apartment. Her landlady said she was coming to L.A. I thought she JUST MIGHT come to YOU with it.

HOWARD: I'm sorry I'll have to disappoint you, Ed.

BROCK: I've been doing some digging on my own. Might be able to make a contribution here and there [his voice is now downright calm] — sort of help fit the pieces together.

HOWARD: I never got the diary. She disappeared before she could give it to me.

BROCK: Hmph. So the lady vanishes.

Both men stay seated. The driver stands erect. Brock motions him to bring a water pitcher and glass from a nearby table. Do you mind?, he asks Howard. No problem. Who cares about water? Blood's also on tap. And someone other than Howard and Peggy Maxwell must've been tasked to say goodnight to all those guests.

Some party. Some celebratory afternoon + evening event. Glenn Howard's night is in a tailspin. First, the accusation by Jackie Buchanan. Second, her disappearance. And then a man that Howard holds in contempt offers him a rancid collaboration.

Issue #5 magnified Gems from *Hill Street Blues*, *Johnny Staccato* and *87th Precinct* — <http://www.ExactingEditor.com/Detective-Gems-5.pdf>

BROCK: Was she carried out?

HOWARD: No signs of a struggle.

BROCK: Of course not. The boys don't operate like that these days. TORE her place apart in Chicago, though, looking for that book.

HOWARD: Do you think they followed her here?

BROCK: Why not? They want that book. If she doesn't give it to 'em...

The Ex-Mayor devotes nine seconds to consuming his first glass of water.

HOWARD: Where does that leave us?

BROCK: On the same team. Both after the same thing: Justice.

HOWARD: Aside from being a good FRIEND of his, I'd back John Adrian all the way. What makes you think I'd expose him even if I HAD the evidence?

BROCK: Because you have one major flaw in your character: Integrity.

HOWARD: [Rising from the table, but voice controlled] The thought occurs to me that this whole thing could be nothing but a very sophisticated frame.

BROCK: Oh? How's that?

HOWARD: The girl comes in here. Then she disappears. *Now you arrive.* VERRRY conveniently — just to reinforce her story. It all happens at a time when I'm supposed to go to Chicago to attend a CHARITY party at the home of John Adrian.

BROCK: [Confident and smiling] You could pay a visit! And nose around! You have a perfect excuse for being in town! I'd say that's a nice piece of LUCK.

HOWARD: Yeah. Too nice.

At Minute 14:51, Peggy re-enters. She is startled to find these two others in the room. "The gentlemen are leaving, Peggy." Howard has been standing for a while.

Ed Brock won't be rushed. He takes an even more leisurely drink of water; we're shown it close-up: "Hmph. Hard to swallow, isn't it, Howard? Your boy using you." This time Howard resists the bait. Close-up of him too. In standing, he signals: This meeting is over. "Be seeing you in Chicago," says Brock, making a brisk exit.

Peggy's airport contacts say Jackie Buchanan boarded a 7 p.m. flight to Chicago with a male traveler. That clinches it. Not long after this raucous top-floor party, Peggy and her boss are on a flight to Chicago to look into...exactly what?

Once they've set up shop, how are they going to obtain this Jackie Buchanan "diary" after her apartment manager tells Peggy that she paid rent in advance and left for a two-month vacation? Forget journalism; this requires (amateur) detective work.

It appears as if Glenn and Peggy are on the plane out of Los Angeles before 10 p.m. Howard was headed to Chicago soon, but not THIS soon.

Excellent Use of Relatively Long Moments of Silence

Glenn Howard arrives at the palatial home of Mayor Adrian and his wife Lisa. He interacts with Lisa like the old friends they are. After pleasantries, with all three in the same room, the tension is plain: John talking smoothly, Lisa zinging him with looks, and us watching Howard watch them.

Considering travel time to get from LA to Chicago, is it Midnight at the Mayor's house? More likely 2 a.m. Regardless of the hour, no one needed awakening.

Despite a fraying marriage, John Adrian is buoyant. He's being sounded out about taking a Cabinet position. That's hush-hush, and otherwise his thirtysomething public-relations man is at the residence drafting the new day's press releases.

The aide — Bill Danziger — is played by [CLU GULAGER](#), maybe the most indefatigable character actor (TV and film) so far cited by this publication. Lisa Adrian is played by [DIANA HYLAND](#) (1936-77). She'd been drinking for a while and looked more dazed than fatigued before leaving the two men to their whatevers.

And the careful viewer is expected to believe that ALL of what we've seen during the first 30 minutes of "The Perfect Image" takes place in just six or eight hours? Looks like the scriptwriters took liberties with "time and motion." But even a Gem doesn't get every detail right, and besides this publication is here to celebrate...

"Perfect Image" is making excellent use of relatively long silent stretches — part of what creates the movie-like feel. Standing with his back to Adrian, Howard tersely denies being tired out by the flight. He's slow to show his cards, or his face.

Mayor Adrian blurts out: "You act like you just discovered I had the Plague." Howard turns to face him. Okay, let's get down to cases: "Was Jackie Buchanan your mistress?" "None of your damn business." "It is now," Howard responds rapidly; "she came to me with a story." This throws the Mayor.

Yes, he and Jackie had an affair. "She was angry, of course, and [slight laugh] I didn't think she'd go so far as to try to sell you the story. I didn't think YOU'D be in the MARKET." That isn't the story he's in town to check out, counters Howard.

Then what IS the story? "The girl says you're fronting for the Syndicate." *That's a lie.* "She also says that she has a notebook filled with facts and figures." "She can't have, because there aren't any." They go back and forth, and then calm down.

But they don't agree on anything beyond having the Chicago police inquire as to the whereabouts of Jackie Buchanan. Lisa is upstairs; Bill Danziger is busy crunching text.

On his way out, Danziger chats with Howard: "We start with a dream, and then we go onward and upward, you know." Any particular destination? "Yeah, if he stays clean, all the way." Howard says: "You'll find that White House parties can be quite dull." Not missing a beat, Danziger says: "Not if I'm making out the guest list."

Stephen McNally's embodiment of the urban pol who never says "die" is striking. Mayor Adrian is a different kind of public figure, from a younger generation, with a photo of RFK in his office. He plays to an image, seeing himself as a crusader.

As for operatives like Bill Danziger? No matter the era or generational mix, they are found everywhere political figures rise. Sometimes they're handed the task of delaying or explaining a drop. During the smoother times, their willingness to be obsequious is exceeded by their ability to string phrases together and guide public opinion. When the media advisor or PR aide shows weakness on this string & guide side, the power figure they serve won't be placated by flattery.

Characters Who Enter During the Middle of the Episode

[JOANNA BARNES](#) is Ardith Williams — more from her on pages 9 and 10.

[CHARLES DRAKE](#) (1917-94) is Tom Laraby, her CEO boss and a man who doesn't give Glenn Howard even two minutes of his time. Could be because Howard tries bluff-bidding for his company (up to \$5 million) to see if Laraby really controls it.

And [ED ASNER](#) is Vince Leonard. In "Perfect Image" as a jailed crime boss, his bulky frame and "smiling scowl" serve him well. And one more from mid-episode...

Her role isn't decisive, but [IDA LUPINO](#) (1918-95) deserves a mention. A Hollywood veteran born in Great Britain, her career justifies the bright lights on Wikipedia:

[H]er best known films are *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1939) with Basil Rathbone; *They Drive by Night* (1940) with George Raft and Humphrey Bogart; *High Sierra* (1941) with Bogart; *The Sea Wolf* (1941) with Edward G. Robinson and John Garfield; *Ladies in Retirement* (1941) with Louis Hayward; *Moontide* (1942) with Jean Gabin; *The Hard Way* (1943); *Deep Valley* (1947) with [Dane Clark](#); *Road House* (1948) with Cornel Wilde and Richard

Widmark; *While the City Sleeps* (1956) with Dana Andrews and Vincent Price; and *Junior Bonner* (1972) with Steve McQueen.

Unusually for a woman in that era, she also excelled as a Director — of "more than 100 episodes of television productions in a variety of genres including westerns, supernatural tales, situation comedies, murder mysteries, and gangster stories."

Here, she's Monique Madison, former employee and (proudly) an ex-girlfriend of Glenn Howard's. She calls him "dah-ling" and seems to want to relive their fun times during the next hour or two. But he's intent on seeing what she knows about John and Lisa Adrian. Likely because of an affair with a "NICE young thing on his staff," the Mayor will divorce Lisa, Monique tells him. Is she planning to air it? "That's why I'm here," she replies, "because I think that's why YOU'RE here."

Acting as if he is still her boss, Howard says "bury it." This command, quickly downgraded to "a favor," confirms Monique's take as to why Howard came to Chicago. "No, I won't bury it — but I will hold it, Glenn." On one condition: "If there IS a divorce, I get the exclusive." Deal.

Would she consider returning to L.A. and her old job? "You were a top reporter, and you could be again." Dream on, Howard. "As a female gossip" in the Windy City on TV five nights a week, she replies, "I make 80 thou." He can't offer Monique more than \$30,000, great money for semi-serious print journalism 50 years ago.

Monique departs. The waiter arrives with breakfast for Peggy, who's still in her room making calls. Not a minute later, Ed Brock reappears. It isn't even 10 a.m.

"Good morning! [Pause] I have a little information and, now that we're partners, I'm ready to SHARE it with you. I COULD use a cup of coffee..." "Why don't you have a cup of coffee," says Howard sullenly. We've already seen that contempt and sullenness won't prevent the wily ex-Mayor from advancing his collaboration.

One more scene. After Howard is evicted from her boss's office, he asks Ardith Williams to dinner. Back to the "scorned woman" theory, it seems: Howard sensed an edge to the observations she had offered about how Tom Laraby operates.

Over dinner, she reinforces the theory by declaring that "ALL men are rats."

GLENN HOWARD: And you brought me to this place because...

ARDITH WILLIAMS: I didn't want us to be seen by the world's BIGGEST rat.

HOWARD: I wouldn't want to come between a happy couple.

WILLIAMS: The "come between" already happened. It was getting a little

crowded, anyhow. His wife, his mistress — and me.

HOWARD: There's an old saying — two's company, three's exhausting.

WILLIAMS: After all I did for him — he coulda let me down a little softer.

The focus turns to money. More tangible to Howard than political intrigue. She is HIGHLY tangible: "Anything negotiable will due," she tells him. "You get a discount with cash." He mentions a thousand. "For that price you'll get cryptic answers..."

He tries comparative marketing: "What did Tom Laraby ever give you?" Her droll reply — "A little exercise and a lot of abuse" — moves the exchange back to dollars.

WILLIAMS: So — let's see how much THIS is worth: Laraby Construction gets favored treatment and an OK from the Mayor's office.

HOWARD: I knew that walking in, Ardith...

She'd like another drink. She indicates that she knows why Laraby wouldn't sell his company for 2 1/2 times (Howard's guesstimate) what public documents say it's worth. Howard ups his offer to five thousand. Again, we're talking 1969 dollars.

WILLIAMS: He turned you down for two reasons. There's a hidden margin of profit — undeclared — [and] Laraby's only a well-paid front. The real owner is Vince Leonard.

WHAT?! When John Adrian was District Attorney, he prosecuted Leonard. "In fact it was Leonard's CONVICTION that PUT John in the Mayor's office," Howard says.

Finally, some genuine skepticism! But here's her slam-dunk: "Vince Leonard's only in jail while on Devil's Island. He runs half a dozen legitimate businesses from his cell — [and will keep doing that] as long as he has John Adrian in his pocket."

We're watching Gene Barry in his trademark role (after he left the westerns in 1960) — that of Seducer/Inducer. During this episode, finagling charm seems to be working only with females. And maybe not even there. At least he KNOWS Monique.

What would a REAL detective think? I asked myself that and considered yanking this write-up. For starters, a real detective doesn't have \$5,000 to buy information from a vengeful person he just met. The differences show up in other ways...

By intuition as opposed to method or a police handbook, Glenn Howard is maneuvering among his old friend; an alienated spouse preparing to ask him for money; a TV gossip to whom "media" means salary for scandal; and other operatives who, this far from his home base in L.A., are impossible to get a grip on.

Bewilderment even compels him to ask ED BROCK for sensitive research on John Adrian. Any port in a storm? The big-time Publisher has yet to gain control...

Still, "Perfect Image" is something of a landmark: It brings home (1) the professional tools and trials of the classic media boss; (2) the distortions and distractions that await a reformer who comes to power with lofty claims, as against (3) the residual influence of the Machine Pol who refuses to fade away.

As far back as 2014, there was Web speculation about THE NAME OF THE GAME coming out on studio-issue DVDs. No sign of those discs yet. Rather than wait, I went to a trusted supplier of unofficial classic TV and movie collections...

<https://tv-museum.myshopify.com/collections/tv-series/products/name-of-the-game1>

What does a buyer get in the mail? If it's what I got two years ago, "Pilot + 51 Eps on 13 DVDs." The count of 51 means 25 of the original episodes have not been found, or the analog videos were too ragged to digitize. Six or eight of the 51 in THIS collection DO have weak picture and/or audio. Allowing for all that, I haven't been disappointed by NAME or any of the other purchases. Two closing notes:

- By "pilot" the distributor means the film cited on page 3 — [*Fame is The Name of the Game*](#). At the time — 1966 — it was touted as "the first made-for-TV movie." No comments to offer here. I sought to approach the TV series on its own terms, rather than as a derivative.
- If you are devoted to classic crime and police TV and radio, you probably don't need NAME OF THE GAME. Not even a perfected official version. Journalism, media, notoriety, power centers, foreign venues — sure, all there. But police officers and detectives are rarely more than bit players in NAME. During "The Perfect Image," they don't appear at all.

DD Gem #20 — "The Dion Hartley Murder Case" **From BROADWAY IS MY BEAT — February 17, 1950 (CBS)**

This radio series almost failed. During its opening months — late February to the end of June '49 — the lead character was an "old shoe" who used "I" and "me" to excess. Big changes then came fairly fast. Though still set in New York City, production was moved to Hollywood and [ELLIOT LEWIS](#) became the Producer.

On July 7, 1949, "Inspector Danny Clover" began a second life. The [Old-Time Radio Researchers Group](#) calls him "a hardened [officer] who worked homicide 'from Times Square to Columbus Circle — the gaudiest, the most violent, the loneliest mile in the world'." Clover ended EVERY episode with that pained description.

Thanks to actor **LARRY THOR** (1916-76) and an amazing pair of scriptwriters, the new mix moved listeners and mollified advertisers. More on Mr. Thor next page.

Scriptwriters [DAVID FRIEDKIN](#) (1912-76) and [MORTON FINE](#) (1916-91) gave Thor language that was light on **I, me, and my**. Though making judgments constantly, many of them acidic, Inspector Clover conveyed a sense of SEEING things objectively. We get the clarity of an intense form of detachment:

Broadway, where the measured screaming of the Spectaculars echoes into the wilderness of the night, and their cadence is the beat of a metallic and mechanical heart. This is the rhythm of the life you're assigned on Broadway [and] there's NOTHING you can do about it. You challenge it with a whisper or a plea or a cry and there's no one to hear it...



Patrolling this "loneliest mile," or back at headquarters battling funk — the fog, not the music — Danny Clover talks in ways we'd never hear from Steve McGarrett,

Frank Ballinger or Johnny Dollar. Here's a longer sample, in two parts. It's from a different Thor case, unveiling (as nearly every episode did) a killing...

The February winds spin, dance, race in the morning avenue — and Broadway lurches in their wake. Hands are frozen to early editions of newspaper. Winter lies against cheek and mouth. And search the headlines for what the winds are taking to die with them. Search memory, too, for January images sworn to remembrance: Ice on masts of freighter bound for the tropics.

The speaker is describing what HE senses, sees and feels. Yet, by deleting the I, me and my, Friedkin and Fine help Thor relay perceptions that seem impersonal...

And further back, deeper in memory, the holiday time, and the holiday women — and they dance by now in chill embrace of winter wind. And solace is the corner coffee stand, and the donut and, waiting a little way up the street, the time clock. And downtown, the new morning is emergency ward of police hospital, and the wall clock that jerks its hand into the eight o'clock time, and a man, Dr. Sinsky. "Shock. Exposure. For a whole night the girl lay in an alley..."

Thor's voice and the Friedkin-Fine language gave us a detective in control of his actions, even as he choked (but not gagged) on his feelings and sensations.

In terms of the BROADWAY series overall, Thor's colleagues are solid. The Old-Time Radio Researchers Group also provides a list. Very little info is on the Web about Calvert; Krushchen is all-capped because he's the only other regular...

The supporting cast included regulars Charles Calvert (as Sergeant Gino Tartaglia) and [JACK KRUSCHEN](#) (as Sergeant Muggavan), with episodic roles filled by...Irene Tedrow, Barney Phillips, Lamont Johnson, [Herb Ellis](#), Hy Averbach, Edgar Barrier, [Betty Lou Gerson](#), Harry Bartell, Sheldon Leonard, Martha Wentworth, Lawrence Dobkin and [Mary Jane Croft](#).

"I Shall Now Make You Want to Stop Them from Killing Me"

Now for the Dion Hartley saga. It's one of the very rare BROADWAY episodes that do NOT begin with a murder. Here's Clover on entering the man's apartment...

It was an experience! The apartment seemed to contain everything exquisite that had been fashioned or dreamed by men — all in crystal glass cases; all tagged with little gold medallions; and all ruled over by Dion Hartley.

Hartley generates acidic humor for an elite magazine called SATIRE. As a series, Broadway is fictional, but Satire would be a great name for a REAL magazine, yes?

Well, the Internet has no record of such a publication. Closest thing is *The Weekly Humorist* — NYC-based, of course — because its tagline is "THE satire magazine" (emphasis mine, not theirs). Then again, the Internet doesn't know everything.

But this fellow Hartley knows that he needs a life-defying cure for his punctilious boredom. "My possessions," he tells his visitor, "all these reveal a man...[but] only to a point. You would not know, for example, that I am abysmally WEARY of all this; that all these are only TOYS [and] I've had my FILL of them."

Danny Clover typically questions abruptly. Except for Phil Marlowe, he probably cuts more people off than any other radio "dick" (great slang there, though no longer in the dictionary...and no, that pun was not intended).

But Dion Hartley is an energy-sapper, and Danny Clover is in an odd situation. There is no crime to investigate. Just a strange man with an intense voice who *lowers* it for the harshest utterances because *raising* it would sound like enthusiasm, which might be mistaken for happiness or at least a drive to survive.

Bored with the glass-encasements, he lately plays with "human emotions," and it's "an EXQUISITE hobby, Mr. Clover: HUMANS, and their EMOTIONS."

Okay. And? "I have tuned a certain group of people up to such an emotional pitch that they have no recourse but to murder me, either individually or collectively."

"These lucky people," Clover says drolly, "who are they?" "That's for YOU to discover, Mr. Clover." The detective perks up. Finally, two dots are connectable. "I'm suddenly part of the hobby, huh Mr. Hartley?"

"EXACTLY ... YOU are now a part of it. I have made these certain people want DESPERATELY to kill me. I shall now make you want to stop them from killing me." What will Hartley be doing during this process? "Nothing. Precisely nothing."

Is the Detective interested? He says nothing but Hartley reads a no. Expected.

And so it's time for the proposal: "If I am not murdered and lying in the blood of my death at the end of this week, say, I shall pay off with \$50,000 to your favorite charity. Will you save my life, Mr. Clover?"

BLASTING ORCHESTRA. One by one, week after week, these strange and (mostly) hyper-articulate New Yorkers joust with Inspector Clover. Right after one utters something decisive, the listener gets a blast of music. Big band, usually.

Departing the Dion Hartley Realm, the ever-descriptive detective throws in a vignette that nails the ultra-jaded manipulator's nature:

His fingers reached out and lingered on my lapel long enough to capture a piece of lint; then they fell away. From him it was a gesture — a SMIRK — but it was something else. It was his way of making terror and pride a single emotion. Dion Hartley wasn't kidding.

Thor was a Communicator. His birth name, Arnleifur Lawrence Thorsteinson, and the place: Lundar, Manitoba, Canada. Here's a compact profile from 70 years ago...



BROADWAY IS MY BEAT stars Larry Thor as Detective Danny Clover on the CBS network. Larry hails from Manitoba, Canada, ended his formal education after high school. He worked as a farmer, then a rancher, then a construction worker. In 1937, he walked into a radio station, was hired to sing, play piano and write scripts. His career led him through Canada to Hollywood and the CBS studios there. Larry's married and the father of three sons, Ray, Ken, Davie.

Following radio work as a writer and announcer, and 1930s military service with the Canadian Light Infantry, Thor relocated to Timmins (it's 350 miles northwest of Ottawa) and then hit it big in Toronto, where one-third of Canadians live.

The [IMDB dot-com bio](#) says he "founded his own dramatic radio production company [and] established himself as one of the leading broadcasters of Canada. In 1946 he came to Los Angeles and joined the broadcasting staff of KFAC."

Besides five years conveying Danny Clover's logic and sensations, Thor "create[d] the classic narration for the network program SUSPENSE! During this time he also broadcast news for CBS, ABC, and Mutual networks" and branched into motion-picture roles. From 1952 to 1974, Thor had roles in 29 feature films.

But it was the VOICE that kept carrying. "He also narrated hundreds of documentary and industrial films for the Canadian National Film Board, major American studios and independent producers." Then came Academia, and MORE communicating. This part of the career trail comes from Wikipedia:

Thor began teaching in the screenwriting program at the University of California, Los Angeles, in January 1968, offering "a special course for the advanced writers." He continued to teach there, enhancing his courses with "many professional actors, producers and writers who were brought into his class as guest lecturers" until he died in 1976.

"She Wouldn't Talk to a Policeman," and So He Stops Being One

"DION HARTLEY — Broadway knew him as a brittle sophisticate who wrote brittle bits for a six-bit magazine..." So, trudge on over to that oh-so-witty magazine's offices. "They opened doors for me and supplied long cigarettes and short coffees until the editor could see me. Then, the editor could see me..."

SYBIL RAINERD: I was just wondering — that suit you're wearing. I LIKE the way it fits across your shoulders. Who's your tailor?

CLOVER: I bought it off the rack.

RAINERD: Well that's a twist I never thought of.

Rainerd has a voice like Dion Hartley's: Precise, arrogant, manipulative. The difference is she talks in a clipped way rather than drawn-out and dramatic. As a fellow editor, I could offer a few defenses for the way she keeps things moving...

RAINERD: Now tell me why we're chatting.

CLOVER: Because of Dion Hartley.

RAINERD: You're his friend, I suppose. Then we shouldn't be chatting at all. We should be SCREAMING at each other.

CLOVER: You hate him, huh?

RAINERD: How pulpy. I love him — it is EXTRAORDINARY what Dion can do to a person. Now tell me why I'm answering you.

CLOVER: I got an interest in Hartley. He's afraid he might die.

She asks: Is her visitor a doctor? An insurance agent? A policeman "who I wouldn't talk to, or..." Right at this moment is where Clover slips into the deception — one more decisive factor here, but in no other BROADWAY episode I've heard. He misrepresents himself as a "a FRIEND of Dion's, a good friend."

It's a gross misrepresentation, and a tactical lunge — enabling the man's actual associates to talk bluntly — that Clover will soon regret. Later, in narrator mode, he'll make it plain: "Sybil Rainerd had given me the cue. She wouldn't talk to a policeman, she said. So I stopped being a policeman."

A friend and not a cop, huh? Rainerd warms up, and then boils over...

RAINERD: Welcome, Danny Clover.

CLOVER: People wanna kill him. What "people"?

RAINERD: Me. I'D want to kill him. I said I loved him. On odd days of the

week, starting with Tuesday, I hate him. You CAN follow me around and see if I kill him.

CLOVER: I could do that.

RAINERD: However, there's Camden.

CLOVER: Yes, there is — the one in New Jersey, you mean.

RAINERD: How pulpy can you get? I mean Camden DRAKE. Camden the writer. The Greenwich Village Camden. Camden Drake will KILL Dion — someday. You want to make a wager?

Another blaring if short big-band interlude. (Yes, CBS, we ARE awake.)

Clover is back on Broadway. "It made no sense. A policeman tracking down a crime that hadn't been committed — a crime wanted and willed by a man who knew its shape was his own death by murder, and who had called in a policeman to prevent it, if the policeman could. Any set-up as insane as that takes special handling..."

In a nutshell, the deception: "I became just a good friend of the good Dion Hartley, and then Dion's other friends talk to me."

Clover heads for Greenwich Village. He doesn't tell Camden Drake where the "you might kill Dion" tip came from. But Drake quickly guesses the source.

He's a writer for SATIRE. That means he reports to Sybil. He's got the same mile-high judgmental sneer that we listeners heard during Clover's prior two meetings.

When Drake picks up what appears to be a manuscript, Drake dashes over and slaps him. Rather than muscle back — in other words, rather than react like a cop, Clover says firmly: "It's not polite to slap friends — friends of Dion." Drake's manuscript is ONLY for Dion to see, comes the response.

But what if Dion is dead before he completes it, "because maybe you'll kill him before you finish it." "Is that why he sent you here. Because he thought I'd kill him..." Drake utters both of those lines with no question inflection. "Ohhh, he's so wrong. So wrong! He's got it mixed UP, that's all."

And then Camden Drake gives Danny Clover the next suspect for this murder not yet committed: "Ask HER why she wants to *kill* him..." And an address to go with the name — 1712 Gramercy Park. "Well, it's been a NICE talk, Mr. Clover," says Drake the Writer in an exasperated snarl. Promise me you'll *never come back*."

That brings us to another very rare BROADWAY IS MY BEAT interlude: Already misrepresenting himself, Clover falls hard for one of the potential killers.

"You Never Saw Such a Girl, Tartaglia"

She opens the door. "Yes, who is it?" The sonic backdrop kicks in. No blaring horns THIS time. The sounds are sedate, mystical, and quietly urgent. PERFECT audio.

BROADWAY relies heavily on the lead character also narrating, and sometimes the narration comes right in the middle of an encounter. In this case, time stands still, with the dialog not quite joined, for the awe-struck Clover...

There was something about her — something like the promise a man makes to himself in some dark part of his life. The promise had the name *Joan York*. Her dark hair clouded to her shoulders, and her eyes were *soft*. The plains of her *face*, her mouth — the promise had the name Joan York.

And she's waiting for a name. "Who is it, please?" He was referred by Camden Drake. Of course, he can enter... "Why are you staring, Mister Clover?"

He doesn't answer. She maintains a stiff cordiality. Explains that she is the Illustrator for SATIRE. "You wanted to speak with me?"

Still disoriented, he gets out the core of his spiel. No mention of being a cop; the deception will have to keep going. No one has been killed yet.

JOAN YORK: Who are you, Mr. Clover? Another of the charmed circle?
A worshipper at the Shrine of Hartley? Another of Dion's errand boys?

CLOVER: That's a way of stating it.

Note his care (this time) to avoid lying, and in any case these suspects — assuming the word "suspect" fits a *potential* killer — have never laid eyes on him. But it doesn't take any time at all for this articulator to reach a boil...

YORK: Go back to the GREAT Dion, Mr. Clover. Go back and tell him you had your fingertips on my brain, and you BEGUILED me with your CHARMS ... Tell him you did ALL that and you finally learned that I wish that Dion Hartley were DEAD...

CLOVER: Why do you hate him so much?

YORK: That's a *searching* question. I hate him because of what he does to people... I don't want Camden to disintegrate. To be a "friend" to Dion Hartley is to sow the seed of your own *destruction*. But you know that already.

CLOVER: I know. [Clover sounds as if he's drifting off...]

YORK: And you know the disenchantment that Hartley causes. Hartley sneers at the world and passes it on to all who *touch* him. That's death to a talent like Camden's.

Three crystalline exchanges in under 12 minutes, *and the episode isn't even half over*. Radio's "golden age" was no exaggeration, at least not for its most innovative crime fiction productions. Back at police headquarters...

Clover mopes at his desk. His aide and foil Sergeant Tartaglia walks in, jaunty as always. Gino Tartaglia is the only regular in this radio series with a sense of humor. Clover is often abrupt if not quite rude with the garrulous family-man Tartaglia. The latter's use of crime-novel detectives for tactical ideas exasperate him.

Being abrupt requires energy. Right now, Clover has none. He starts to explain Dion Hartley's "game," three people with a motive for killing him, and then...

CLOVER: You never saw such a girl, Tartaglia.

TARTAGLIA: Heeeeyyy — it ain't Spring yet, Danny.

A phone call from Dion Hartley interrupts them. "Your charity has lost." *What's the matter with you?* (Clover has come back to life.) "You've lost the GAME, Mr. Clover... DON'T you see? I've...been...murdered."

The band breaks through with thunderous music. The horns exhaust themselves in 19 seconds. NOW the episode can pause at the halfway point for the commercial: "Money, music, fun, and action. Whatever you want, CBS has it for you this Saturday night..." The announcer cites a program for each purpose.

Technical aside: As a back-up to scheduled network broadcasts, BROADWAY IS MY BEAT episodes were shipped to radio stations on vinyl discs. You can hear these LPs as Web uploads. The scratches and rumble confirm: Yep, this is 1950s vinyl.

And the dynamic range — i.e., the volume differences between these eerie interactions with suspects and the periodic musical blasts — takes a lot of getting used to. Few of these Web audio files have the dynamic-range REDUCTION that makes AM and FM radio broadcasts bearable. That's why hyper-articulate and acerbic yet quiet conversations intersperse with blaring orchestral adrenaline-boosters.

As for this episode's second half, I shouldn't say much. That's the rough rule for these write-ups: Shortly after mid-point, drop off drastically; don't even hint at the resolution. But we're not quite done with Clover's Hartley case. Any account of a Clover episode should make space for the irrepressible Sergeant Tartaglia...

Sob, Choke or Mourn Over the Harshness of the Lonesome Mile

Dion Hartley has reported his own death to Inspector Clover by phone. The first news reports say he was shot. "Later editions" name no suspects. Clover's case is for real now. Thanks to the man who was just killed, Clover has a better file (apart from whatever evidence the bullets offer) than the whole rest of the Police Dept.

Back at headquarters, again with Tartaglia, and again brooding...

CLOVER: I haven't done this for a long time, Tartaglia — pass myself off as something I'm not.

TARTAGLIA: Ohhh, that is the DUTY of a plain-clothes detective, Danny.

CLOVER: Yeah, but I don't like the circumstances. This one time I feel like I'm lying, by not telling people I'm an Officer. It's a feeling I don't care for...

TARTAGLIA: I don't understand, Danny. What people in particular do you feel like you're lying to?

CLOVER: To a murderess, maybe. A girl — a girl named Joan York.

TARTAGLIA: Huh?

CLOVER: Sounds funny, huh?

TARTAGLIA: Danny! You shouldn't let certain things blind you to [microscopic pause] other certain things.

CLOVER: Sure, sure. I'll wait until I'm a little older, huh?

Up to you whether to salute *BROADWAY IS MY BEAT* or be put off by it. I think the scripts turned out by Messrs. Friedman and Fine veer between clever and brilliant. And the evocative language by these two lifelong friends has never been equaled.

Now and then, *BEAT* turns on some preposterous event. But most of the guest characters are exaggerated versions of plausible individuals: "Plausible" because the setting is a slice of New York City, as impersonated by a wired Hollywood crew.

Perhaps the musical blasts ARE overdone. But they do work as a counterpoint to the suppressed, evasive, or eerie vocal encounters Clover has with most suspects.

GOOD NEWS: The audio quality of "The Dion Hartley Murder Case" is in the upper ranks of all the *Broadway Is My Beat* uploads available on the Internet.

To get to it, access the OTR menu of episodes and **scroll down to #26...**

[https://archive.org/details/OTRR_Broadway_Is_My_Beat_Singles/BIMB+50-02-17+\(022\)+The+Dion+Hartley+Murder+Case.mp3](https://archive.org/details/OTRR_Broadway_Is_My_Beat_Singles/BIMB+50-02-17+(022)+The+Dion+Hartley+Murder+Case.mp3)

That display offers lots of episodes. And, if you insist on TANGIBLE applications...

Larry Thor's articulation, Elliott Lewis's insightful management, and two master scriptwriters make BROADWAY IS MY BEAT a bracing tutorial for drama writers and performers of just about any genre. Listening to Larry Thor all these years later — he is STILL a Professor. We can learn from him, and it won't feel like "studying."

DD Gem #21 — "The Violence of Summer" — February 5, 1991 From LAW & ORDER (NBC-TV, 1990 to 2010)

Wow. Four hundred and fifty-six original episodes over a nearly 20-year run — and I never viewed a single one of those 456 until last August. As a result, this write-up might seem presumptuous to "L&O" viewers with far more exposure.

The real shortfall is different: Despite several good to great L&O episodes from Year One, the series itself cuts against this publication. Why? "Structural Mismatch."

- The design of L&O has the cops dominating the first half, and the prosecutors completing the job (or trying to do so) during the second...
- Whereas this publication spotlights the events and conversations of a detective episode's first half — and says very little about the second.

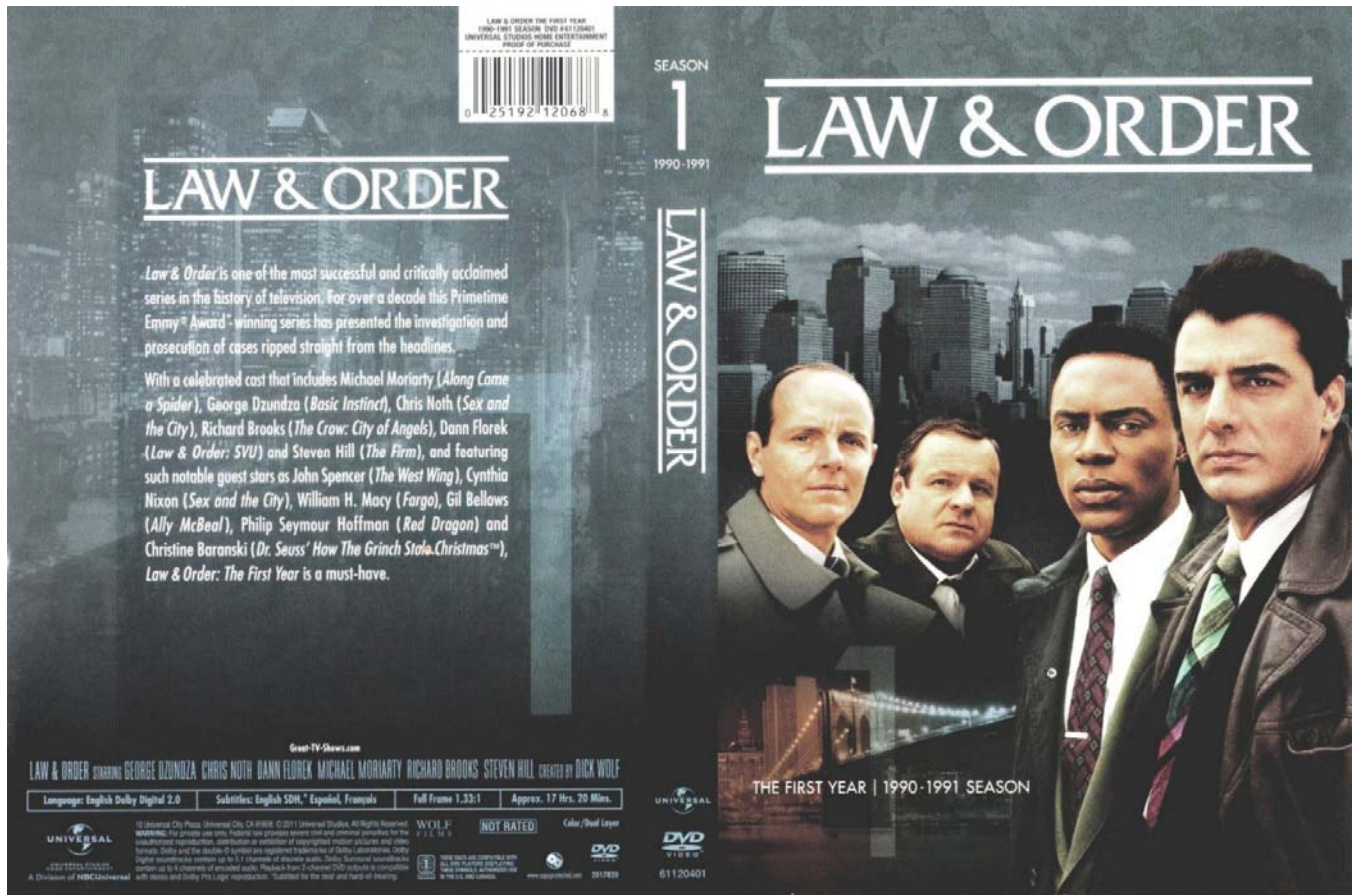
Dividing each L&O episode into halves let cops and lawyers each have their space. This publication is for neither profession. It's (mostly) for Writers and Editors. And going into detail about an *entire* Gem episode would disserve both groups.

That takes some explaining. Fans follow their own enthusiasm, but most writers and editors think sequentially and structurally. To appreciate a script in those ways means spending brain power on dialogue, cross-currents, the sources of tension, and more. Do that — with the episode's first half — and then you can "go watch" (or listen, when it's radio) ready for **surprises and resolution** from the second half.

Now here's the fortunate thing about the 2/5/1991 LAW & ORDER: The legal action takes up the FIRST half, which is a REVERSAL of the usual L&O design. This write-up, by dwelling on the first half, therefore lays out the problems a new investigation faces. Everything you'll see the detectives do after Minute 23 has a grounding.

Yet many surprises remain; and they clarify the value of what the first half set up.

Because the case against three young Caucasians has too many holes (including what they say about which of them did what), the prosecutors are going to suspend the charge without closing the case. Shortly after the start of the 23rd minute, they will have to go back to the detectives. The detectives dominate the second half. Same case, same three defendants, and then Investigation #2 ... is waiting for you.



Left to right: Michael Moriarty, George Dzundza, Richard Brooks, and Chris Noth

Order (legal), then Law (cops), then End with Order (verdict)

"The Violence of Summer" begins with the prosecutors trying to sharpen what the detectives have given them as evidence. The crime is gang rape. Ryan Cutrona, Howard Metzler, and Steven Hanauer have been charged as a trio.

Hanauer has flaring red hair and a high forehead atop an already wide face. Metzler sports the trim duds of a preppie, an illegal firearm, and a permanent smirk.

At 17, Cutrona is the youngest. The other two have fingered him as the most sex-crazed participant on an evening we viewers have seen no portion of. (Unusually, we will not encounter the victim until just before the start of the 11th minute.)

The very first scenes are in and around a courtroom. The defendants' lawyer has

put forth a "motion to sever." She'd like Cutrona to be charged independently because of "threats over the weekend." The prosecutors are skeptical, the Judge is scoffing, and Cutrona's co-defendants are seething.

Metzler and Hanauer begin interrupting. First, they mutter. Judge insists on order. Metzler: "He's lying [just] to save his own ass." Judge bangs gavel. The two pay no attention. They bait Cutrona. "Don't be stupid," they tell him. "Don't be dead."

After he starts yelling obscenities and threats, Metzler is forcibly restrained by a guard. Hanauer is echoing his confederate; both defendants have stood up.

At Minute 1:53, Metzler grabs the guard's revolver and aims it at Cutrona, who dives under a table. Screams and a wrestling match follow. We see Metzler pinned to the ground. His head is turned sideways, and his smile signals satisfaction. It's doubtful he ever never intended to fire. Overall, a riveting opener.

Sensationalism? Do anything to hook an audience during the first two minutes? (even before the theme music!). I'm here to explain, not complain...

A great radio or TV episode can contain a shocking event when the point is to set the stage, not dynamite your living room. And the fact that Metzler, pinned after his gun grab, seems to be enjoying himself — yes, it's some kind of indicator.

Some hit movies, on the other hand, make millions by overdoing special effects and gratuitous gore. In films after 1980, one bizarro scene or event every 11 1/2 minutes. But TV crime shows can't jerk viewers around. In a series, most of the regulars need to acquire and retain our confidence — a process that requires believability and consistency. Along the way, it promotes seasoning in the scripts.

THIS early L&O script certainly knows what it's doing. Metzler and the red-haired wide-face have it in for Cutrona. This two-versus-one division is basic to the story. It's also maddening to the lawyers. After the theme music, the counselor for the trio finds herself collaborating with the prosecutors...

DIANE MANSO: I can't even get [Cutrona] to sit in a damn chair much less listen to anything I have to SAY.

BEN STONE: A severance is not gonna do your client much good, if he's FACING the exact same charges.

MANSO: Ohh, for Chri [she exhales] — the kid's TERRIFIED.

STONE: I offered to LOWER the charges if he gave me pertinent information.

MANSO: Okay, so where do we stand?

STONE: I can prosecute either way — with or without him. But I'd have to guess, from what happened in court this MORNING, that's he got something of value. And I'd rather have the truth than not.

MANSO: [Firmly] Yeah.

STONE: So let's set it up. We'll take a run at him.

Benjamin Stone is the E.A. District Attorney. He, his #2 Paul Robinette, and Manso take Ryan Cutrona into an interrogation room. It looks far more appealing than the ones on crime shows 30 years earlier. There are even pictures on the wall. Or — maybe it's not an interrogation room. No guards, no metal dividers.

Even While Stressing a Word, They Interact Quietly

A video shows Howard Metzler saying that Ryan Cutrona was the most violent. "Ryan said he wanted to. We just thought we'd [pause] set him all up, and he'd back off, get scared." Hanauer's video is next. Robinette describes it as even more accusatory: Hanauer claimed that he and Metzler had to pull Cutrona off the victim. "I don't wanna see it," Cutrona says in a quiet voice; "it's just more lies."

If those video statements by his collaborators about that awful night were supposed to enrage Cutrona, they are closer to defeating him.

His own lawyer says, quietly — *everybody's* quiet here — "why don't YOU fill us in?"

CUTRONA: I can't.

ROBINETTE: Ryan, whatever you're holding BACK must be damning enough to SCARE them — they're counting on your fear to PROTECT themselves.

CUTRONA: I'll take a lie-detector test, and PROVE that I didn't do anything.

ROBINETTE: That's not enough for what your buddies are telling us...

"I'm 17," Cutrona says; "I don't have a record." Gently grabbing Cutrona's arm, Stone replies: "You'll be tried as an adult, and any jury that sees those tapes will send you up for a lot more time than your buddies will do."

Even when the adults stress this or that word, calm prevails, to the point of gentleness. And none of it works, despite the de facto support of Stone and Robinette by Cutrona's own representative, Public Defender Manso.

Afterwards, Stone tells her that "if your client intends to martyr himself with a heavier sentence, that's not my problem." Then, trying to be reassuring — more of

himself than her — he adds: "I'll go after the OTHERS as hard as I do your client."

We're up to Minute 6:18. Stone and Robinette are meeting with their boss, District Attorney Adam Schiff. Schiff is of course a power figure, but he converses more like a troubleshooter and technician. His subordinates are no doubt glad for that.

(I'd almost prefer to convey the DA's words by using his real name: [STEVEN HILL](#). But transcribing requires regularity, so I'll just stress that "Adam Schiff" is (1) a fictional character speaking from New York City, (2) it's 1991, and (3) he need not conjure up images of a certain CA Congressperson from more recent times...)

From his chief subordinates, the D.A. wants to know: What can the rape victim tell us about which of the three arrestees did what? "She's pretty much repressed the whole thing," Robinette replies, and "her recollection has been shaky at best."

This is the first time we learn anything about the victim. MEGAN GALLAGHER has the role of Monica Devries. She's a writer/journalist of some notoriety in the City.

But Stone balks at Schiff calling her a reporter. "Reporter? She does exploitive crap — all sizzle and no steak." Schiff disapproves of the bias. Stone's reply is the type of insider bluntness we rarely got from the legal dramas of the 1960s...

I'm sorry, Adam, but I have to be honest [firm exhale] — I wanna put away the scum that raped her, but: I don't have to embrace her journalism, her lifestyle or her attitudes. I don't *like* her, and I don't think the jury will like her either.

Minor fault: Though Gallagher as Devries gets a lot of camera time, there is zero mention of how or what she writes. Nothing beyond Ben Stone's acidic dismissal.

Robinette reads a document just walked in to him. Fresh lab tests say "no match on the semen sample." "On ANY of them?" Stone inquires. Right. Schiff is the first one we hear looking beyond the box: "Possibly another assailant." As the Old Hand, that's his function in these sessions: Point to the dog that's not barking.

Despite her fogginess, Robinette replies, the victim "still said it was three." And any fourth perpetrator was "never mentioned by the others." Check on her boyfriend, Schiff advises. Also: "Did she state whether there was penetration during the rape?" She has repressed that matter too, Robinette replies. But "rape-kit findings at the hospital indicate there was," he adds.

About sex with a boyfriend, previous night or that morning: "Find out." After a pause, Schiff adds: "Either way, we're hurt without a DNA match." And Devries's recollections are too jumbled and shifting to have her take the witness stand.

If You Prefer (Literally) to **Stick to the Script**, Drop this Box...

Since 2020, every issue has described the SERIES the first time one of its episodes is analyzed. Because LAW & ORDER left Network TV in 2010 — **much** later than the rest of GEMS coverage — description is not needed here. Millions already know L&O. Besides, I'll need to absorb several dozen more episodes to have a respectable grasp of it.

This publication is mostly about **The Episode**. To enhance the focus even more, links are not sprinkled throughout this write-up. The most important individuals — except for series creator Dick Wolf and already linked Steven Hill — are mentioned right here...

MICHAEL DUGGAN wrote "The Violence of Summer." Defense Attorney Diane Manso is played by RANDY DANSON. And Ben Stone is the work of [MICHAEL MORIARTY](#), whose latter-day politics are [refreshingly outside](#) the Hollywood stereotype. Straight-arrow Paul Robinette is played by [RICHARD BROOKS](#). [GEORGE DZUNDZA](#) is Sergeant Max Greevey (his wizened-cop role will disappear after this first season) and [CHRIS NOTH](#) is Greevey's #2 Mike Logan. KENNY JOHNSTON is the besieged Ryan Cutrona and, as noted on the prior page, [MEGAN GALLAGHER](#) is the resilient Monica Devries.

Just after the start of the 9th minute, Sergeant Max Greevey and Detective Mike Logan are acting like smart-asses. Robinette is not amused. Neither is he perturbed. He asks them: How was Devries' confidence during the line-up? "Not good," says Logan." Robinette then says: "There's no DNA match on the semen samples."

Logan, brash and sometimes callow during this opening year of L&O, is indignant. "Oh come on, that's CRAP; they bragged about it all over the neighborhood [and we] got their confession on TAPE." The older and wiser Greevey adds: "Conflicting." "So there's no match," Logan persists — "that doesn't mean she wasn't raped."

What is Robinette going to do? "Hope she slept with someone before the attack." He says this without a smile and without a grimace. Assistant D.A. Robinette is one of those rare crime-series stars who is all business, no jitters, and almost no humor.

Still, he comes across as earnest rather than stiff. Robinette is every bit as even-tempered and unemotional as Mike Logan is reactive and volatile. And Logan will be the last one of the first-season regulars to see why this case against Monica Devries's three attackers requires going back to the drawing board.

As for the Media? This episode contains references to a real City paper: *The New York Post*, founded in (believe it or not) 1792. But the disastrous headline comes from "The New York Ledger," a print publication created just for this episode...

"Raped Reporter There for Drug Buy?"

"They know she's got a record," Stone tells Robinette. The bust took place five years ago, he counters, and it's no news to them. Back and forth they go on this latest depth charge. Not that the arrest is in the files, but that someone leaked it.

At Minute 9:56, we finally meet Monica Devries. Wearing an oversized sweater, she is hosting the lawyers in a nice apartment. She talks tougher than she looks.

"One drug arrest, five years ago, is like another lifetime. But now because it's on page SIX, I can be RAPED without PENALTY," she declares with firm sarcasm. "Jurors are not COMPUTERS," Stone explains; "these things do have an IMPACT on them." And why was she in that neighborhood? Working on a story, she counters.

"Unfortunately," says Stone, "we can no longer prosecute without you on the stand," and his change of view is "thanks to your friends in the press." A giveaway characterization — "investigative reporter for local TV" — is typical of the coverage. "Everything but my NAME," she notes; "how polite of them."

It gets worse: Devries is shocked that the DNA test did not implicate any of the three defendants. Not missing a beat, Robinette inquires: Does she have a boyfriend? More recoil from Devries. "Defense will probably ask for a blood sample," he notes. *"What, from every guy they think I might've had sex with?"*

"Monica," says Stone, reverting to his calming mode, "I don't wanna diminish the rape," Stone says, "but you're a reporter [so] try processing the facts." If the media ends up reporting that she won't appear in court, he tells her, or if Stone's group prosecutes with an incomplete case and her assailants walk, "you're sending a very dangerous message to the women of this city..." We don't hear her say she will testify, but the next few scenes indicate she agrees to.

Back at the office, Stone asks Robinette to get more "background" on Devries. Start with whatever newspaper is pushing this psychodrama the hardest.

What Stone especially wants to know: Is she STILL using drugs. It's a question even he didn't have the heart to ask in her apartment. "If she is, I'd like to know before the rest of the world does." A fiftysomething reporter later tells Robinette: "If you listen to what the hallway rumors are? THAT's what she was down there for."

A lot to absorb in just under 14 minutes?? It didn't feel that way, thanks to something I heard executive producer [DICK WOLF](#) say in one of the DVD extras...

This series cut out car rides, scenes of a regular walking while his voice narrates, and other low-key "movement" footage that most crime shows use to moderate

scene transition. Instead, LAW & ORDER uses a white-text-on-black flash card — for five or six seconds — to tell us date and place of the next scene.

That tactic actually allows the various conversations to feel LESS rushed, because they have space for pauses, looks, sighs, twitches, pinpoint paralysis, and the like.

Most cop shows don't delve into the legal process. Courtroom proceedings are never more than a sideshow, if we see them at all. During this and certain other LAW & ORDER episodes, though, District Attorney Schiff has Stone and Robinette thinking like detectives. With so many presumed realities falling apart, they've ended up taking apart a case on the way to either making it or forsaking it.

"It Was For the STORY — "to Check on Availability"

Stone, Devries, and Robinette: Minute 15 commences with the second of their three meetings during this episode's first half. The purpose is role-playing.

Stone turns relentless. She still says THREE assailants. But she first told police "as many as FIVE." And she has sounded firm on various specifics: The warmth of the evening, the stoop they forced her under, pleading for mercy... In that case, how can she be fuzzy about the NUMBER of assailants?

"That's NOT the same thing," she protests. She does have a point, and her doctor will educate Robinette about it soon enough. But rehearsing a cross-examination isn't supposed to be scholarly.

With Devries on the defensive about details, Stone tells Devries, the other side will ask her to submit to a drug test. What they'll be signaling to the jurors: Maybe it's something else — a disorienting factor beyond the post-attack trauma seen at the hospital — that has caused the Devries's story to be a mix of clarity and fog.

When "drug test" comes up, Stone says he'll object. "I'd argue Relevance; the defense would state that you were there to buy drugs — or already under the influence of them." All right, Devries says, let's keep going with this war game...

What will Stone's next rejoinder be? "I don't know," he replies softly. "Why don't you tell me?" Right here is Paul Robinette's moment — again, his timing is solid when it comes to calmly dropping the type of hint that leaves a big dent in the floor. "Word has it that your habit isn't as old as you'd like to think."

She denies being high — *that night*. The choice of words is a halfway house. Thus begins the episode's most drawn-out sequence: 23 seconds, broken only by one wispy note of encouragement by Stone. The pause ends at Minute 15:48.

Sounding as bland as if offering her a glass of water: "Were you there to buy drugs?" The anger of Devries doesn't come anywhere near to a shout: "I was RAPED. What the hell DIFFERENCE does it make why I was down there?"

"You are not on trial," Stone says. But this is why it matters: "I cannot prosecute effectively if I have to worry what's around every corner." A few more seconds of silence. Then comes — and it's jarring — the FIRST use of background music.

"I asked them if they had any coke for sale," Devries says. "Them," says Robinette — "the boys who raped you." "It was for the STORY," she says, in an even voice — "to check on availability." The music is sorrowful; it does not last long. And it fits the close of an exchange that, more than any other, shows the bottom falling out.

Back to headquarters: How might Stone and Robinette make her shaky memory less of a liability? Stone speculates that the jury might buy that "her request for coke was research." Robinette gets Stone to admit that he himself does NOT believe it. "But I don't have any choice. It's her memory I'm concerned about now."

What else? By absorbing media about her own case, Devries could be allowing hearsay and leaks to fill gaps she has so far repressed. Her doctor tells Robinette: "She KNEW what had happened to her, but only because she'd been told." In the aftermath of such an assault, the mind will "fill in the areas of information around the assault, but it won't go all the way back into the pain."

Before "The Violence of Summer" has completed its 20th minute, Stone will tell her that the charges have to be dismissed and then refiled. "If we go into trial now, we lose" and after such a loss "we cannot go after them again, ever."

Once again, Monica Devries is bitterly let down. She protests in a way that seems to be part of the processing. All along, it's easy to forget that, although Stone and Robinette are her legal allies, strictly speaking, they are not HER lawyers.

"Case Number 9357 is dismissed. Defendants are free to go." Gavel is banged.

At Minute 22:10, Ben Stone tells Max Greevey and Mike Logan: "I'd just like to get this case back up and running as quickly as POSSIBLE..." Logan is still Logan: "We GAVE ya enough to prosecute; we're not the ones who blew this thing."

Forget blame. "We're thin," concedes Robinette. "It's obvious they're holding something BACK," he says of the three defendants. "And if we weren't confident that you could PROVIDE that something for us," Stone adds, "we would've taken our shots with the jury. And, as for suggestions, I DON'T have any ideas."

Everybody favors Amazon for scope and speed. I despise the company for its economic imperialism and religious book-banning. But, for those who buy classic detective video "by the episode," here's the [1990-91 LAW & ORDER menu...](#)

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Last link, moving us away from the commercial and back to research...

The IMDB site is turning supporting episode links into the equivalent of photo albums. [Click here to see the cast](#) (and bios) behind "The Violence of Summer."

Okay, that's it — Issue Six is now "in the can." Anything else? Just this: You can forward or otherwise distribute this pdf file in what manner you choose. ***Detective Drama Gems*** is a no-charge quarterly publication. When you quote from it, please mention editor/curator Frank Gregorsky or the name of the publication.

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