

All reviews I've seen of Hunt's novels comment on the writing, generally unfavorably. He seems to live vicariously in them. Aside from the self-revelation one may see in this there is what I have not seen in comments. I think these factors are more significant. They are also unintended self-revelations.

Hunt as the lover/hero is here, too. The women sprawl and spread. He even says "no" to a sure thing. But what I see is Hunt the hater. His hates are strong, unhidden and include blacks. Politics, of course. His right-extreme views intrude constantly and needlessly. They are the full range of radicright hates.

Most of all the Kennedys. I see in his Senator Vane and wife a composite of the JFK and EMK men and women.

He has Vane a Pennsylvanian (machine GOP he is young enough to have heard of a Senator Vare) and 34. Aside from the pun, I find myself wondering if this is notx reminiscent of the name of a conspiratorial character in an assassination novel I have read. (The name of a corporation, Corumsco, also sounds familiar. Maybe beginning with a "W"?)

He is a copier. His overage black entertainer is a parody of Bojangles. His flip conversation, shic to him, is the glib chatter of the flapper era. He goes in heavily for freshman cliches. I suspect that much of this is copied from what he has read and heard.

I found several Louisiana references intriguing. They were suggestive to me but pehaps should not be taken that way.

There is a considerable preoccupation with self. It is like Nixon, who is always telling himself how important he is. Hunt does that all the time, too. The interesting thing is that when he forgets this the writing is much better.

All the status symbols that mean much to him in reality much no less in his fiction. About himself in particular. He never mentions his car. It is always his Porsche. He never takes a drink. He has his Bushmills.

The viciousness of his hatred of the Kennedys took me back. I was surprised at it.

He hates Washington, the press, the commentators, Congress, street people - almost anything and anybody.

He wrote this, Diablous and The Sorcerers under the St. John name.

JL will be interested to note that among the many things and places dragged in by the heels and in no way part of the story is the George Town Club.

He appears to have written this while working for Nixon. Copyright date 1972.

There are assassination overtones. And the victim should have been killed, the way he writes it, having earned it (like in those Vietnam cables of the same era). He handles it like poetic justice. Only there is a switch.

While reading what he has to say about wircraft, whcih he could have gotten in a library if not at work, I was often reminded of Barbara Reid and New Orleans, for she was an expert on the "white" kind. Wrote a book about it. And she seems to have disappeared after the Shaw trial. But most people have never heard of the so-called "good" voodoo, etc. If he didn't get this in a library it would be more interesting.

I'll be looking for the other two St. Johns in the a.m.! Maybe Fawcett sent our local wholesaler all of them unasked. The other St. John is Where Murder Waits. All are Fawcett reprints. If its title shows no interest in devils, it again reflects violence.

This guy is sicker than I thought. Also more willing to say how great he is, from bed to brain.