



THE KILLER

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S A V O Y B O O K S

SAMPLE CHAPTER—HOME USE ONLY

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CHAPTER ONE

THE MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL I EVER MET was not confined in the top Security wing of Durham Jail; he was in the Rose Hill experimental prison near Sedgfield—an open prison run along Swedish lines, where the seventy-five internees are given the minimum of supervision. He was Arthur James Lingard, serving the last years of an eight-year sentence for second-degree murder; he had accidentally killed an old man in the course of a burglary. Lingard had served three previous terms in prison, twice for breaking and entering, once for fraud. He was regarded as moderately intelligent, but temperamental, and he had been a sufferer from childhood from epileptic seizures. No one, as far as I know, suspected that he was the minicar murderer of the A26, the Leeds silk-stockings killer, and the man responsible for the Doncaster orchard murder of 1957.

Lingard placed me in the strangest dilemma of my whole career. As a prison psychiatrist, my first duty is obviously to the public and the prison authorities. As a doctor, my duty is to my patient. Moreover, I have always believed that the psychiatrist stands the greatest chance of success if he can sympathise with

his patient, enter into his world; the ideal relationship would be one of love. I soon became aware that a dangerous psychopath was being treated as more or less harmless and trustworthy. I knew it was my duty to warn the prisoner governor. I also knew that if I did so, I would betray the tenuous links of trust that had sprung up between Lingard and myself. I decided that I would take the risk; as a result, I gained a unique and terrifying insight into the mind of one of the most complex psychopaths of the twentieth century.

On June 19, 1967, I had been working at Rose Hill for only a month, and had not yet seen Arthur Lingard. When I arrived that afternoon, the governor, Mr Frank Slessor, told me that Lingard had had some sort of attack, and seemed to be in a state of intense depression. Slessor accompanied me to Lingard's room—it could hardly be called a cell—and I saw him for the first time. He was sitting in a corner of the neat, pleasant room, his fists clenched, looking as though he wanted to push himself backward through the wall. The position was foetal, with the knees drawn up to the chest. Both fists were pressed tight on his knees. He showed no sign of interest in our arrival, staring into space with a tension that was so great that I would have thought it impossible to maintain. This, the governor told me, was the second phase of the attack. It had started at eight the previous evening, when he had allowed his supper to fall into his lap. After that, he had seemed confused, uncertain where he was. I moved closer and saw that he was trembling slightly, and the look on his face was dull and fixed. He was like a miserable animal, shivering with cold.

Lingard had rather a fine face, although the inactivity of prison life had made it fat. The forehead was high and rounded; the nose beaky, almost aquiline, the chin round. The mouth was sensual and drooped weakly at the corners. The bulging eyes gave him the appearance of a startled squirrel. The hair was dark and curly. For some reason, he immediately aroused my pity.

I bent over him and snapped my fingers in front of his eyes. They remained glassy, unblinking. I pulled the skin underneath them down; they were bloodshot and swollen, as I would have expected from the intense concentration of his stare.

I said: 'Arthur. My name is Kahn, Samuel Kahn, and I'm the prison doctor. I'm here to help you. What's worrying you so much?'

It was hopeless; he might have been alone on a mountain-top.

I pinched the back of his hand, clapped my hands in front of his face. He was obviously unaware of me.

It was baffling. I asked the governor if the attack had been preceded by the scream of the epileptic, and whether he had shown signs of confusion or disorientation during the earlier part of the day. He said no. I wasn't surprised. This was less like epilepsy than catatonia. But except for the occasional epileptic attacks—four in five years—his case history was negative.

There was nothing much to do. I decided to leave him for the rest of the afternoon, and told the guard to watch him carefully, observing if he relaxed when we had gone. On the way out of the door, I noticed the photograph on the small table—a shiny brown one. I picked it up and stared at it. It was a family group, and the woman was remarkably beautiful, dressed in the pretty off-shoulder dress of the time. The husband was a tense, square-faced man with an angry, trap-like mouth. Although the resemblance was only slight, I could detect signs of Arthur Lingard there.

The girl of six or seven who was obviously the daughter was as strikingly lovely as her mother, with tiny, regular milk teeth like the young Shirley Temple, and the large, dark eyes and crinkly hair of her mother. Finally, there was Arthur, who was hardly more than a baby. He looked as expressionless as most babies, in his sailor suit, staring into the camera with mild interest. His face also resembled his mother's; chubby, earnest, not as attractive as his sister. The mother brought back a flash of memory; of a nurse I had known before I graduated, and wanted to marry. But since the governor was beside me, I did not stare as

long as I wanted to. We left the cell, and as I glanced back, Arthur Lingard still looked tense and miserable.

I spent the next three hours talking to other inmates about their problems. With the exception of a gentle manic-depressive, none of them was seriously ill; they wanted to talk about their families, about what to do when they got out of jail. They enjoyed talking with me because it flattered them to talk with a psychiatrist who had written a popular paperback about his profession, and who treated them as serious, decent human beings, not as patients. On the whole, things were working out well at Rose Hill; I liked the place and the people, and had a feeling that I was doing good work. But the Arthur Lingard problem bothered me; it looked as if things were not going to be smooth after all. At five o'clock, I went back to his room. He was in the same position.

His tension worried me. So far it was not unduly pathological, but I had had experience of this condition leading to hypertension and then to acute catatonic excitement with its threat of exhaust status and death. I decided to administer a sedative before I left. Two guards held him, but it was unnecessary. He remained perfectly still as the needle jabbed into his upper arm. After that, I told the guards they could go, and sat on the bed. I sat there, staring at the photograph, a few yards away from me on the table. Why did it fascinate me? Because it seemed to be the photograph of a happy, healthy family group. The husband must have felt a great deal of satisfaction when he looked at his softly beautiful wife, and then saw her reflection, with some subtle addition of sheer vitality, in the daughter. The small boy was leaning back on his mother's knee, his hand resting on his sister's shoulder. If asked to base a prediction on that photograph, I would have said that he would grow up happy and secure, with all the affection he needed from attentive womenfolk and the knowledge that his father was always there to protect them. What had happened to change the secure child into the trembling animal crouched in the corner? Suddenly all my scientific and human curiosity was aroused; I wanted to know.

I sent one of the guards to the governor's office for Lingard's file. It came with a note saying: 'Call in and have a drink before you go.'

The report told me little that I did not already know. Arthur Lingard's crimes had been petty: juvenile burglaries, a half-hearted attempt at fraud. The crime for which he was now serving an eight-year sentence took place in February 1963. He had broken into a remote farmhouse on the Yorkshire moors, stunned a dog that attacked him, and proceeded to slash the furniture—apparently in search of money. The farmer, a man of seventy-three, heard the noise and came down with a loaded shotgun. He managed to surprise Lingard, and made him put up his hands. While the farmer was telephoning the police, Lingard attacked him and tried to wrest the gun away. In his statement afterward, he claimed it had exploded in the struggle. The barrel was under the farmer's chin at the time, and blew away most of his face. The police were actually able to hear the struggle over the telephone, but it took them half an hour to get out to the farmhouse. The burglar had fled, leaving no clue behind; but the farmer's wife who rushed into the room after she heard the shotgun blast saw him clearly as he rushed to the door. She described him as a big man, about twenty-five, with a round face and bulging eyes. The bulging eyes were the clue. A detective remembered seeing the face of such a man in the wanted file. The farmer's wife identified Lingard as the burglar. He was picked up in Manchester the same day, having hitched a ride there in a lorry. At first he denied the crime, and persisted in his denial until his lawyer told him that the police had decided that they had enough evidence to convict him even without a guilty plea. At this, he pleaded guilty, and the charge was reduced to manslaughter. The chief controversy at the trial hinged on whether he had really snarled: 'I should have killed her too', when told that the farmer's wife had identified him. A psychiatrist at the trial had argued: 'This man is an inadequate personality; such people do not murder to steal.'

The psychiatric report that had led to Lingard's transfer from Strangeways Jail, Manchester, to Rose Hill, stated that his

behaviour had been consistently good, in the sense that he never quarrelled with other prisoners or gave trouble to prison officers. The majority of prisoners detest the guards, whom they refer to as 'screws'. Lingard was always polite to the 'screws', and had never been known to respond to provocation. The report stated: 'Emotionally inadequate and intellectually subnormal. Refuses to carry on any kind of discussion, apparently because of an inability to concentrate, and never reads.' But this, I noticed, seemed to conflict with another medical report from Strangeways that mentioned that Lingard had worked in the library for a while, and proved to be a moderately efficient librarian. No doubt there are many librarians who are mentally inadequate and never read; but it had the ring of a contradiction. There was also evidence that Lingard had begun to show signs of mental disorder in Strangeways; he had been withdrawn from library work when he had been caught smearing a book with excrement from his fingers. The title of the book was not given.

The sedative was working; he had ceased to tremble; the stare had become duller. It was half past five. I made my way to the governor's office. I accepted a whisky and ice, and we went out to the terrace that overlooks the main prison area. The heat of the afternoon was bringing a fresh breeze from the moors beyond, and many of the inmates were taking the opportunity to do a little gardening, or sit outside in the late sunlight. Rose Hill has an ideal situation, with the bare hilltop beyond it in one direction, and the river winding below past newly planted woods. The electrified fence around it is not obtrusive. The well-designed chalets and the fountain in the centre of the lawn make it look more like a holiday camp than a jail.

I was glad of the opportunity to talk. I told him I'd given the patient a sedative, and that I had no idea of what had caused the crisis.

'Could it be organic—some brain disorder connected with epilepsy?'

'I doubt it.' I described briefly two other cases of catatonia that I had encountered during medical training. In both of these, the symptoms had borne a striking resemblance to Lingard's, but in

both, there had been enough premonitory symptoms to warn us what to expect. It was the unexpectedness of Lingard's attack that puzzled me.

I asked: 'Didn't Dr Massey (my predecessor) take any interest in him?' The doctor in question had moved to London, where he was now sharing a practice.

'Ah, that's possible. I've still got most of his files in the pending cabinet.' He went into his office and came out a few minutes later with a single sheet of paper. It was hand-written, which is why it had not yet been incorporated in Lingard's file. It was only a few lines long:

'Arthur James Lingard, born Barnet, North London, 1937. Orphaned in early years of war; went to live in Warrington with relatives. Placed under care of probation officer, 1951; stealing, general disobedience. Attempted sexual attack, age sixteen, followed by suicide bid. Two burglaries in following year; items included ladies' panties. Probation. 1955, six months' sentence for burglary. 1956, washing machine fraud, six months. 1959, six months for burglary. 1963, eight years for burglary and manslaughter, Knaresborough. History of epilepsy. Docile and below normal intelligence.'

Here there were three items that immediately attracted my attention. He had been orphaned at the age of five or so. That went a long way toward explaining what had happened to the secure family group. There had been an attempted sexual attack when he was sixteen, and the spoils of his burglaries included panties. There could be many reasons for taking a pair of panties; he might have taken them with other clothes, meaning to sell them, or have intended them as a present for a girl friend. (I knew of a petty thief who kept his wife for years in underwear by stealing from clotheslines.) But with the knowledge of the earlier sexual attack, the likeliest explanation seemed to be the sexual aberration called fetishism.

I asked Frank Slessor what he made of it. He produced two observations that had escaped me.

'I don't know whether you know High Barnet. I had an aunt who lived there. It's a pleasant, residential sort of district. In

1933 it would have been pretty well out in the country. If his family lived there, they were probably moderately well off—semi-detached suburban villa. On the other hand, I think of Warrington as a pretty grubby sort of place—industrial suburb of Manchester. If he moved there from Barnet, I can imagine he wasn't too happy.'

I studied the whole case file again.

'I need to know more about him. Unless I can get him to talk, it's hopeless.'

I finished my drink, and went back to Lingard's room. He had fallen asleep on the floor, and the guard had covered him over with a blanket. Even under sedation, his breathing was still tight and abnormal.

As I sat in my car, waiting for the gate to be opened, the gatekeeper came over to me.

'Mr Slessor would like a word with you, sir. He's in the admin building.'

I assumed it was some other business he had forgotten. But when I got back to his office, there was a warder sitting in a chair.

'I think I've got something for you, Sam. That mention of Knaresborough rang a bell. This is Mr Jenkins, who lives in Knaresborough.'

I shook the hand of the heavily built, middle-aged man who looked like a farmer. I asked him:

'Do you know anything about Arthur Lingard?'

'I've heard a story, sir. I can't say if there's anything in it. I used to be very friendly with the sergeant in the Knaresborough police station. When this bloke got arrested for killing old Benson, he told me he'd been a suspect in another murder case—a girl down near Stocksbridge—I can't recall her name.'

Slessor reached into his desk drawer. 'Easy enough to find out. Stocksbridge, you say . . . ?' He took out a duplicated telephone directory. 'We may as well be accurate.' He asked the prison switchboard to get him the Stocksbridge police station. A moment later he was saying: 'Could I speak to the sergeant in charge, please? Governor Slessor of Rose Hill prison.' The

conversation went on for ten minutes, while he made notes on a writing pad. When he hung up, he said to the warder: 'You were right. Lingard was a suspect.' He read from his notes: 'The girl's name was Evelyn Marquis. In February 1960, she was found near Ewden, on the Midhope Moors. Apparently she was the daughter of a man who ran a garage, and she occasionally helped out with taxi work. Late on a Friday evening she answered a telephone call to drive a man to Leeds—about twenty miles away. She picked him up at a hotel at ten thirty. At two the next morning, a passing motorist saw a burning car fifty yards from the road. The girl was found lying next to the car, with her clothes on fire. She'd been killed by a violent blow on the back of the head.'

'Was she raped?'

'Yes. The medical report established that she'd been a virgin before the attack.'

'And why was Lingard suspected?'

'The girl's father thought he was a man he'd seen hanging around the garage—he drove a television repair van. They questioned him twice but there wasn't any evidence. They must have decided he was innocent, because they later arrested a man called Evans.'

Jenkins said: 'That's something I didn't know.'

'He was never brought to trial—lack of evidence again.'

I was surprised at my own reaction to the words, 'They must have decided he was innocent'. After all, it made no real difference to me whether Lingard was guilty or innocent; he was only a case. But the possibility of his being a sex murderer might have offered me a clue to his present breakdown.

I took the governor's notes home with me; I had decided it was time to start a new file on Arthur Lingard. That evening I wrote to the psychologist who had made the report from Strangeways, asking if he could give me the title of the book that Lingard had been caught smearing with excrement.

Frank Slessor rang me before nine the next morning. 'You told me to let you know if any change occurred. He's almost back to normal this morning. He won't speak to anybody, but he's eaten his breakfast.'

'Good. Try giving him a pencil and paper.' I knew from past experience that this method often works with patients who are still too withdrawn to want to communicate verbally.

West Hartlepool—where I had bought a house—is about an hour's drive from the prison. There was not enough work at Rose Hill to justify the full-time services of a psychiatrist, and I usually spent two or three afternoons a week there, dividing the rest of my time between the local mental hospital and my private practice. Although I was not due to return to Rose Hill until the following day, the problem of Arthur Lingard nagged me all morning, and I drove out immediately after lunch.

He glanced at me without recognition as I came into the room, and ignored me when I spoke to him. He was drawing with a red ball-point pen. Several sheets of paper lay on the floor beside the bed. I picked them up. They all seemed to be roughly the same: bulging masses like clouds or low hills reflected in water. As I stared at them, it struck me that they also resembled intestines. I held one in front of him and asked: 'What is it supposed to be?' He stopped drawing, politely, while I waited there, but remained silent. When I took the paper away, he returned to his drawing. I asked the guard: 'Who gave him a red pen?'

'He chose it himself, sir.' He pointed to a cheap pack of pens on the chest of drawers; Lingard had selected the red one from seven different colours.

I sat and watched him for ten minutes. The tension was still there and showed itself in the pressure on the pen. A lead pencil would not have lasted more than a few seconds. His face was still rigid and strained.

Lingard ignored me while I sat there, but when I stood up to go, I received a long, searching glance from the bulging eyes. I felt encouraged. This at least was some form of communication.

I looked in again before I left. He had covered another twenty or so sheets. It seemed to me that the drawing was becoming

more careful; he appeared to be deriving a sensual pleasure from the undulating movements of the lines. I sat on the bed for another ten minutes. As he was about to throw a drawing on the floor, I reached out and took it. He looked up at me, and the unblinking eyes stared into mine. They seemed expressionless, yet at the same time I felt that he was trying to beat down my stare, or even to hypnotize me. He stared for several minutes, apparently unaware of the passage of time, then returned to his drawing.

I said: 'Tell me something, Arthur. Would you like your sister Pauline to come and visit you?' He glanced up at me without interest, then went on drawing. I tried a shot in the dark. 'How about Evelyn Marquis?' Again he looked at me blankly; then his eyes suddenly flickered to a point over my shoulder, and a look of alarm crossed his face. I looked around. There was nothing there; just a blank wall. I leaned forward and asked: 'Did you know Evelyn Marquis?' As I stared into the dull eyes, it seemed to me there was a response: a look of caution and cunning. But it was gone immediately. After that, he ignored my presence completely. I left a message asking the governor to ring me if there was any further development, and drove home.

At eight thirty that evening, the guard who brought Arthur Lingard's supper found him staring fixedly at the wall opposite his bed and trembling. The guard asked what was the matter, and Lingard muttered something about someone looking at him. The guard went to the window. 'There's no one there.' 'No,' Lingard say irritably, '*there*,' pointing to the wall. 'I can't see anybody.' 'It's a mask, an electric mask.' The guard gave him his food, and reported to the governor. Slessor decided not to contact me, since Lingard was not actually violent. The next morning, Lingard was still talking about electric masks, and also drawing them. They were twisted, gargoyle-like faces.

On the following day, I stood and watched him draw them. The pen would hover over the middle of the page for a while,

then make a sudden stab, and begin to draw an eyebrow or the nose. Then the eyes or the mouth. Sometimes the pencil poised uncertainly, as if he wasn't sure where to begin; then the quick stab, and another line would appear. The odd thing was that the last part of the face to be filled in was the outline of the head. It was almost eerie, the way that this last line could change the whole character of the face, making it menacing, or lewdly suggestive, or merely sleepy.

At one point, he glanced toward the window with a look of alarm. I asked: 'Is it an electric mask?' He shook his head. 'What then?' He glanced up at me sullenly and muttered something that sounded like: 'Dog.'

When I left the room, I asked the guard if Lingard had ever mentioned dogs. 'Oh, yes, he talks about them now and then. Seems to think they're after him . . .' I knew that Lingard talked to the guards; for some reason, he was more cautious with me.

As I walked toward the administration building, a picture flashed into my mind. It was a photograph of the dead farmer that had been included in Lingard's file. His face had been obliterated by the shotgun blast. Two walls of the room were visible behind the body, and there were pictures of dogs on both walls. Could this be a clue to his psychosis—that he had repressed the image of that gruesome, faceless head, and that this was the root of the disturbance? It sounded plausible—images of masks, to cover up the sickening pulp, and guard dogs that were tracking him down to revenge the farmer's death.

It was one of those ideas that appeals by its tempting simplicity. But when I tried it on Frank Slessor, he seemed dubious. I pressed him to explain. He said finally: 'What bothers me about him is that he's more intelligent than he lets on.'

'What makes you think so?'

'I talked to the librarian about the books he's read since he's been here.' He handed me a paper from his list. I looked at it unbelievably.

'Are you sure there's not a mistake?'

'Quite sure.'

It was incredible. Lingard had been in Rose Hill for just

over six months. The books he had borrowed during that time included Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontent*, Ardrey's *African Genesis*, Doughty's *Arabia Desert*, Lorenz's *King Solomon's Ring*, EH Carr's *The Romantic Exiles*, a history of the Spanish civil war, and John Cowper Powys's *Owen Glendower*, as well as a number of science fiction books.

Slessor said: 'That's the man that two psychiatrists described as intellectually sub-normal.'

I said: 'There are two possible explanations. Either the psychologists didn't know what they were talking about. Or Lingard *was* subnormal at Strangeways and has improved since he's been here. That might help to explain the break-down—increased mental activity, weakening of old repressions.'

'There is, of course, one other explanation. That he meant the psychiatrists to believe he was subnormal.'

'But why should he do that?'

He shrugged.

I went down to see the prison librarian—an energetic little man who was serving the last year of a sentence for rape. He confirmed that Lingard had always made full use of his allowance of two books a week from his admission to Rose Hill until a few days before his breakdown. I asked his impression of Lingard. 'Fairly intelligent sort of bloke. Doesn't say much.' 'Did he ever talk to you about books?' 'No. The only thing he ever said was, "That's one of the best books you've got in this library".' 'Which book was that?' He went over to the shelves and handed me a bound Penguin. It was EH Carr's *The Romantic Exiles*. 'He really liked that one—had it out once or twice.' The book was subtitled: 'A portrait gallery of some nineteenth-century refugees from Tsarist oppression.' It fell open naturally at Chapter 14: 'The Affaire Netchaev: or the First Terrorist.' I looked through it. Someone had made a number of marks in pencil on the margin. On the first page, the sentence, 'In a meteoric career, which ended at the age of twenty-five, he achieved literally nothing', was marked with two exclamation marks and a question mark. Occasionally passages in other chapters were marked, but the Netchaev chapter contained more

markings than any other. I borrowed the book and took it home with me. I also took a pile of Lingard's sketches. My wife's intuition often works when my own clumsier intellect marks time.

That evening, I read most of the book. And as I read, a pattern began to emerge. When the author describes idealistic revolutionaries, the exclamation marks indicate disagreement or sarcasm. 'The kiss in human love,' says Herder, 'is a proof of the nobility of man.' There was an exclamation mark and a question mark. A small arrow pointed to the bottom of the page, where someone had sketched two dogs, one sniffing the other's rear.

The chapter on Netchaev showed evidence of careful reading—Netchaev, the most ruthless and amoral of all revolutionaries, the man who thought of revolution as a purpose in itself, and who believed that any crime is justifiable in its name. It was Netchaev who arranged the murder of one of his followers to bind together his revolutionary group. On the last page of the book was pencilled the comment: 'Mostly fools.'

I made a mental note to check on Lingard's file the next day, to see if his signature matched the handwriting. But there was no need for this. My wife was sitting opposite me looking through the drawings. She said: 'That's odd.' 'What is it?' She handed me one of the drawings. In the upper right-hand corner, Lingard had written: 'It stinks.' I compared the writing with that in the book. It was larger and more spiky; but they were the same hand.

The drawing itself, I noticed, differed in a basic respect from the earlier billowing masses. This was more angular, as spiky as the handwriting. For some reason, he wanted to escape from the soft curves, wanted something more disciplined and abstract. Instead of the masses of intestines, this pattern looked more like mountains reflected in a lake.

'Here's another.' She handed me an 'electric mask' drawing. Written across it were the words: 'God created the world, but it has been taken out of his hands.'

I was more interested in the American-sounding phrase 'It stinks.' Did he mean the drawing was so bad that he couldn't bear to look at it? Then I remembered that psychotics are often

oddly literal. Why should it stink? What stinks? The answer was obvious: Shit. I reached over and took one of the other drawings from my wife's knee. Now I had the key, it was obvious. These bulging, twisted sausages were strange-looking masses of excrement. But excrement from a healthy person is not bulgy or curved. Only the excreta of a constipated person comes out in these round-looking masses. Lingard had been drawing the shit of a constipated person—a symbol of his own inner rigidity and stagnation. And then there was a revolt. 'It stinks,' and the lines became angry and spiky. And then, almost immediately, following his revolt, came the electric masks. Perhaps they had always been there—I remembered the look of fear he had cast over my shoulder when I asked him about Evelyn Marquis. But now they were there all the time.

All this may sound arbitrary; but I was trying to make use of some of the intuitions built up over twenty-three years of practice. For some reason I myself did not understand, Lingard fascinated me. I felt like a child consumed by curiosity. I wanted to know his secret. And now I seemed to be getting indirect glimpses of some drama that was being played out inside his mind. This man was no fool. The problem of Arthur Lingard could not be summarised in terms of weakness and inadequacy. This man was beset by demons. He had tried to escape them by retreating into the world of catatonic passivity; but a part of him refused to surrender. And now he was again fighting alone in his strange private world, like a man trapped with monsters in a glass bowl. My task was to break the glass, to try and get in there and help him.

But what kind of a man was this, who had convinced two psychiatrists that he was mentally sub-normal and emotionally inadequate, and who actually dreams of violent revolution—who identified himself with the fanatical loner Netchaev? This was a man who thought of human beings as dogs, of human affection as two dogs sniffing one another's arses. And now something had convinced him that he was in danger from the 'dogs', and he was afraid.

It came to me, late that night, just before I fell asleep, that the killing of the farmer might well have been deliberate. He was

caught in this absurd situation by an old man in a nightshirt, who intended to hand him over to the police like a boy caught stealing apples . . . He waited his chance, then attacked. He silenced the old man as quickly and ruthlessly as he had silenced his dog, then went out into the night, ignoring the screams of the old woman who stood at the bottom of the stairs.

And if he had killed the farmer deliberately, then it was also possible that he had killed Evelyn Marquis. It dawned on me then that Arthur Lingard might be a very dangerous man.

That night, Lingard began screaming. He was convinced that something was trying to get in at him through the window. It took three guards to subdue him and get him into a straitjacket. The prison doctor gave him a knockout dose of sedative, but he was awake again a few hours later, screaming about a man with a knife. The next morning, they removed him to the remotest room in the prison, where his screams were less likely to disturb the others, and sent for me. The doctor had suggested moving him to a mental hospital. I flatly rejected the idea, pointing out that it could only do him harm to place him in an overcrowded ward with other mentally disturbed patients. I recalled a trick that had worked on a number of previous occasions with highly disturbed patients, and suggested that they offer him warm milk in a baby's feeding bottle. An amazing number of psychotics seize on this suggestion that they are babies with great relief. When I arrived at Rose Hill two hours later, I discovered it had worked. Lingard had drunk three bottles of sweetened milk, and was now lying on the floor, staring at the ceiling.

I was shocked at the way his cheeks had sunk. The face had become yellow and exhausted. On the forehead there was an enormous bruise—the guard told me he had rolled off the bed in the straitjacket. There were traces of blood on his cheek. The guard said he had been babbling about an electric man with a carving knife.

Since he now seemed calm, I untied the strings of the straitjacket.

He kept licking his lips and swallowing, and muttering things that I could not catch. I helped him to his feet and onto the bed. On the table there was a pile of drawing paper and the red pen. I placed these by the side of the bed and left him.

An hour later, I heard his screams from the other end of the prison. I hurried back to his room. He was crouching under the bed, and two guards were trying to persuade him to come out. When he saw me, he seemed to become calmer. I sat on the floor, and asked him what he was afraid of. He ignored me, then suddenly pointed at the window. 'Look! The man with the knife. What does he want?' Lingard screamed, 'You're not going to stick that up me.'

I picked up some of the pages that were lying scattered on the floor. The first one showed a hand grasping a penis, which was being cut in half by a huge, triangular-bladed knife of the type butchers sometimes use. The knife figured in a number of the other drawings. In some of them, it was cutting off the noses of the gargoyle-like masks. In one, it was driving into an eye.

Half an hour of soothing talk induced him to climb into bed again. I offered him the baby's feeding bottle, but he brushed it away impatiently. When I restored the drawing pad and the pen to his knees, he seized it and began to draw knives.

I slipped the drawing of the knife cutting the penis into my pocket. It seemed too obvious a Freudian symbol—fear of deprivation of genitals, the result of some guilty fear. But what was its relation to the drawings of excrement and electric masks? 'You're not going to stick that up me.' Who had threatened him with a knife? The question remained at the back of my mind all the time I talked to other prisoners. The outline of a solution came to me as I was crossing a sunlit lawn, and made me stop and stare at the grass. The triangular blade of the knife reminded me of the jagged points that had replaced the soft curves of excrement in his drawings. Those jagged points represented aggression, revolt against his own passivity. Suppose the knife also represented aggression—*aggression against someone else's penis*? Suppose that 'You're not going to stick that up me' referred to a penis, not a knife?

I had one more visit to make that afternoon—to Bert, a hard-faced little cockney who had been having nightmares that made him wake up screaming and sweating. Bert had responded well to ordinary suggestive treatment; the mere assurance of a doctor that everything was going to be all right was enough to start the process of improvement. He was crooked and immoral in an open, cheerful way, and I had got to like the incorrigible little rogue, while recognising that it would save the country money to have him quietly ‘put down’ like a dog that kills chickens. He was the kind of criminal the public hears little about; he was a crook as other men are plumbers or carpenters, and there was nothing mixed up or inadequate about him. When I asked him if he intended to go straight when he got out, he laughed. ‘Why should I? What’s the point of being in here if you’re going to go straight? I’m in here because I’m hoping to do the big job one of these days—something I can retire on. I’ve got a right to a bit of comfort as I get older.’ He felt it was no more anti-social to plan a robbery than to plan a coup on the stock market or the Grand National. His philosophy was based on ignorance and downright stupidity, but, such as it was, it was consistent. If his attitude had been known to the governor, it might have led to loss of parole, so I took care not to mention it.

As I was leaving Bert, I asked him, ‘Do you know anything about Arthur Lingard?’

He shrugged. ‘Not much.’

‘What do the others think of him?’

‘Quiet sort of bloke—not very bright.’

‘Would you think he *might* be cleverer than he looks—for example, that he might be some kind of a big-time crook?’ Bert guffawed. ‘Not on your life. ‘Scuse the comment, guv, but you don’t know big-time crooks. They’re not modest wallflowers. If they’re in the big time, they let the others know it.’

‘What about his sex life—do you know anything about that?’

This was, strictly speaking, an unfair question. There was a certain amount of homosexuality in the jail, as in all jails, but I had no right, as a representative of officialdom, to expect him to betray what went on. Luckily, he trusted me.

'I've never heard a thing about him. He's got no special mates.'

'How about the guards? Do you know if any of them are queer?'

'I don't want to get nobody into trouble.'

'He won't get into trouble.'

'Well, there's 'Arry Tebbut. He's as queer as a nine-bob note. Doesn't seem to be a bad sort, though.'

I winked at him. 'Thanks, Bert.'

Lingard was sitting in bed, his sketch pad on his knees. He was not drawing, but staring at the wall with narrowed eyes, and swaying back and forth with the movement I have often seen in affection-starved children. I sat down on the bed and glanced at the drawings. There were several more of knives cutting penises or testicles. Suddenly, his head jerked, and he stared at the window like a startled animal; a dribble of saliva ran down the side of his mouth.

'What is it, Arthur? Another electric mask?' Without taking his eyes off the window, he nodded imperceptibly. 'What's his name?' He shook his head violently, as if I was an irritating fly. 'Is it Harry Tebbut?' The reaction was unmistakable. It was as if I had thrown cold water over him. There was a sharp intake of breath, a convulsing of the muscles, and a terrified glance at me. I said soothingly: 'Don't worry. Harry Tebbut won't be allowed near you. He won't be allowed to stick it up you again.' This seemed to have no effect; but I went on repeating variations on it, slowly and quietly, and watched him gradually relax. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply. I wondered if he was falling asleep. Then his hand groped out and found the pen. He began to make lines on the pad on his knees. The pen moved very slowly, and its point traced the soft, bulging curves that I already knew. For the first time since I had been called to see him, I felt a surge of delight and triumph, mingled, to my own surprise, with an almost fatherly feeling of protectiveness. I got up and left the room.

I found Harry Tebbut off duty, drinking tea in the guards canteen. He was a big, good-looking man in his thirties, with powerful shoulders and a deep chest. The face was not prepossessing—bony, almost fanatical, with a hatchet-like nose. The huge, soft brown eyes were a little disconcerting in a man; they claimed one's attention. At once, I understood how Arthur Lingard would feel if he believed this man had designs on him. Anyone who has seen an old woman with some arresting sexual feature—good legs, a sensual mouth, even attractive eyes—knows the sensation; the good legs automatically draw the thoughts toward bed; the sensual mouth makes one think of kissing; but the idea of sexual intercourse with a matriarch is repellent, frightening. Harry Tebbut aroused this same mixture of attraction and revulsion—at least, in me.

I came to the point immediately.

'There's a certain amount of talk about you in the prison.'

He paled, in spite of his attempt to seem unworried.

'Oh? What about?'

'I think you know what about.' As he started to protest, I interrupted him. 'Look, it's no business of mine what you do with other consenting males. It's legal now.' He looked relieved. 'So long as you don't use your position as a guard to force yourself on prisoners.' He started to protest again. 'And I've no doubt you're too sensible to do that.' He smiled with relief.

'Then what was it you wanted to see me about?'

'I want you to tell me something truthfully. If you answer me honestly, I promise it won't have repercussions on your job. I want to know about you and Arthur Lingard.' I stood up.

'Think about it while I get myself a cup of tea.'

I came back and sat opposite him. 'Well?' Some other guards came in, so we were no longer alone. He said, 'Come on outside and I'll tell you about it.' We walked outside, toward the wire. He said: 'Look, there's something you've got to believe. I didn't try to force myself on Arthur.'

'I believe you. Tell me how you got to know him?'

'I got interested in the books in his room. He's a bright bloke, you know. At first he didn't want to talk, but after a while he opened up, and we'd have a jaw about politics and books. And . . . well . . . one day in his room, I . . . well, I sort of got the impression he was asking me to come on.'

'Had you discussed homosexuality?'

'Well, a bit. We talked about sexual perversion. I got the impression he'd . . . well, he'd had plenty of experience, put it that way.'

'So what did you do?'

He looked at me anxiously and said nervously, 'Look, I don't . . .' but my face stopped him. I wasn't playing the judge and inquisitor, but I was determined to know. I said: 'Remember I'm a doctor, and tell me all the details.'

'Well, I kissed him.' He was looking at his big, raw knuckles.

'And then?' He went on with a rush, 'Then we played with one another, and got on the bed. Then we both came.'

'He came?' I was interested in this point.

'Oh, yes, he came all right. Like a bomb.'

'What happened then?'

'Nothing . . . on that occasion.'

'But there were others?'

'One other. The next day. I went back and we did it again.'

'But this time you went further?'

He had decided to be open about it. 'I got the feeling he wanted to. So I asked him to bend over the bed. I knew from the way he did it that this wasn't the first time.'

'There was no question of him wanting to bugger you?'

'No.'

'What happened when it was over?'

'He said: "Go away and let me alone now." I said "How about tomorrow?" and he said, "No, never again." So I left it at that.'

'You say you got the impression it had happened before. Was he physically easy to enter?'

'Well . . . er . . . no.'

'And how did you manage it?'

He put his hand into his overall pocket, and drew out a small tin of Vaseline. I said: 'All right, thank you, Tebbut,' and went back into the canteen to have my tea. He did not follow me.

I kept my promise to him and said nothing to the governor. There would have been no point. I believed Tebbut when he said Lingard had consented. Tebbut was, of course, a guard; if he had been a fellow prisoner, I believe that Arthur Lingard's reaction would have been positive rejection. But guard or not, there was nothing to prevent him rejecting Tebbut. It was a nasty episode. Lingard made a habit of keeping himself to himself. Then he made the mistake of allowing himself one friendship. It turned promptly into a betrayal, with the indignity of being sodomised over a bed.

(I was relieved when, two months later, Tebbut was caught behind a local cinema, engaged in sex play with a twelve-years-old boy. The governor took action, and Tebbut left for parts unknown.)



I walked back slowly to Lingard's room. This certainly looked like the clue to his breakdown—or at least, one of them. The psychotic is in a perpetual state of fear: he swims in fear like a fish in water. The fear tinges everything he sees or thinks about. Every shadow on the wall can produce that sinking of the stomach, and the psychiatrist is as much an object of fear as anything else. The problem is how to break into his enclosed world, to reverse this negative flow in at least one particular. I now had the means to enter Lingard's inner world. And now I was possessed by an excited desire to use my key. And because Arthur Lingard was *my* patient, and I had discovered the key, I felt a protective warmth toward him. It made no difference that he might be a deliberate and calculating killer. That was merely another aspect of his sickness.

I sat on the end of his bed and watched his hand trace out a knife blade. When I spoke to him, he ignored me. He drew the glans of a penis. I pointed at it, 'Whose penis is this?' He

ignored me. 'It's Harry Tebbut's cock, isn't it? You want to cut off Harry Tebbut's cock?' The line he was drawing wavered; then he dropped the pen. A film of sweat suddenly appeared on his grey skin. 'Nobody minds if you cut off Harry Tebbut's cock. He deserves it, doesn't he? He makes you do things you don't want to do?' His head leaned back against the pillow, the eyes closed. He looked sick and old. My whisper made me feel like the devil tempting some mediaeval ascetic. 'Go on, cut it off. Don't be afraid.' Suddenly, his face turned sharply aside, and he vomited onto the drawings on the bedside chair. It smelled foul and sour; I felt sick too; but it was no point for squeamishness. I watched the convulsing of his shoulders, watched for five minutes or more until he leaned back, vomit running down his chin. 'That's better. You're getting him out of your system now.' I felt that a part of him was still resisting me; but he was weakening. I talked on softly. Every time I mentioned Tebbut's name, there was a reaction. His fist clenched. 'Go on, take the knife in your hand. That's right. Grip it. Hold it tight.' I saw his other hand close, and interpreted the movement. 'That's right. Cut it. Don't be afraid.' His left hand—the hand with the knife—wavered. I said sharply, 'Go on. *Now.*' The movement that followed was so savage that it startled me. His hand rose violently, the sweating face expressed loathing. With all his force, the hand crashed down, striking his knee violently. For a hallucinatory moment, it seemed that he was actually holding a knife in one hand and a severed penis in the other. I said, 'There. You've done it.' His face convulsed with released tension, and the sweat ran down it. He looked like an exhausted runner after a race. I went on talking, slowly, drowsily. 'There, it's gone now. You can throw it away . . .' I was not assuming that his single act of violence had somehow released all his hatred of Tebbut. Why should it? He had been expressing the hatred ever since he began making the drawings of knives. What mattered was that he had let me into his fantasy, allowed me into his private world. One of two things could happen. I might become a part of some other hate fantasy, or he might accept me as someone who wished him well, as a force of benevolence. As soon as that happened, the battle was half won. The negative circuit

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was broken. I talked on for over half an hour, praying that no one would interrupt us. I watched his face relax slowly. He was becoming drowsy. After a while he began to mutter. I caught the words, 'Yes, he's a swine, a filthy swine.' They were said sleepily, without hatred, and I felt a flash of triumph. The glass bubble was broken. For the moment, he was back in the world of people.



When I left him, half an hour later, he was sleeping peacefully. After the stench of vomit, I was glad of the scent of flowers.