

**Chapter 1 : Black as He's Painted : Ngaio Marsh :**

*Ngaio Marsh came back strong with her 28th book, 's Black as He's Painted. The president of Ng'ombwana, a newly emerging African nation (in other words, a former colony of England, finally allowed to have its own government), is scheduled to make a state visit to England, and Special Branch is highly concerned.*

Washington Square Press, , originally published in Early Boyhood I was four years old then, and I think it must have been the next summer that I first heard the voices. It was a happy summer and nothing was afraid, because in the Moon When the Ponies Shed May word came from the Wasichus [the White Men] that there would be peace and that they would not use the road any more and that all the soldiers would go away. The soldiers did go away and their towns were torn down; and in the Moon of Falling Leaves November , they made a treaty with Red Cloud that said our country would be ours as long as grass should grow and water flow. You can see that it is not the grass and the water that have forgotten. Maybe it was not this summer when I first heard the voices, but I think it was, because I know it was before I played with bows and arrows or rode a horse, and I was out playing alone when I heard them. It was like somebody calling me, and I thought it was my mother, but there was nobody there. This happened more than once, and always made me afraid, so that I ran home. It was when I was five years old that my Grandfather made me a bow and some arrows. The grass was young and I was horseback. A thunder storm was coming from where the sun goes down, and just as I was riding into the woods along a creek, there was a kingbird sitting on a limb. This was not a dream, it happened. And I was going to shoot at the kingbird with the bow my Grandfather made, when the bird spoke and said: And then it said: A voice is calling you! I will sing it for you. The song and the drumming were like this: Behold, a sacred voice is calling you; All over the sky a sacred voice is calling. I sat there gazing at them, and they were coming from the place where the giant lives north. But when they were very close to me, they wheeled about toward where the sun goes down, and suddenly they were geese. Then they were gone, and the rain came with a big wind and a roaring. I did not tell this vision to any one. I liked to think about it, but I was afraid to tell it. The Great Vision What happened after that until the summer I was nine years old is not a story. There were winters and summers, and they were good; for the Wasichus had made their iron road along the Platte and traveled there. This had cut the bison herd in two, but those that stayed in our country with us were more than could be counted, and we wandered without trouble in our land. Now and then the voices would come back when I was out alone, like someone calling me, but what they wanted me to do I did not know. This did not happen very often, and when it did not happen, I forgot about it; for I was growing taller and was riding horses now and could shoot prairie chickens and rabbits with my bow. The boys of my people began very young to learn the ways of men, and no one taught us; we just learned by doing what we saw, and we were warriors at a time when boys now are like girls. It was the summer when I was nine years old, and our people were moving slowly towards the Rocky Mountains. We camped one evening in a valley beside a little creek just before it ran into the Greasy Grass and there was a man by the name of Man Hip who liked me and asked me to eat with him in his tepee. While I was eating, a voice came and said: So I got right up and started. Man Hip looked at me in a strange way and asked me what was wrong. I told him that my legs were hurting me. The next morning the camp moved again, and I was riding with some boys. We stopped to get a drink from a creek, and when I got off my horse, my legs crumpled under me and I could not walk. So the boys helped me up and put me on my horse; and when we camped again that evening, I was sick. The next day the camp moved on to where the different bands of our people were coming together, and I rode in a pony drag, for I was very sick. Both my legs and both my arms were swollen badly and my face was all puffed up. When we had camped again, I was lying in our tepee and my mother and father were sitting beside me. I could see out through the opening, and there two men were coming from the clouds, headfirst like arrows slanting down, and I knew they were the same that I had seen before. Each now carried a long spear, and from the points of these a jagged lightning flashed. They came clear down to the ground this time and stood a little way off and looked at me and said: Your Grandfathers are calling you! When I got up to follow, my legs did not hurt me any more and I was very light. I went outside the tepee, and yonder where the men with flaming spears were

going, a little cloud was coming very fast. It came and stooped and took me and turned back to where it came from, flying fast. And when I looked down I could see my mother and my father yonder, and I felt sorry to be leaving them. Then there was nothing but the air and the swiftness of the little cloud that bore me and those two men still leading up to where white clouds were piled like mountains on a wide blue plain, and in them thunder beings lived and leaped and flashed. Now suddenly there was nothing but a world of cloud, and we three were there alone in the middle of a great white plain with snowy hills and mountains staring at us; and it was very still; but there were whispers. Then the two men spoke together and they said: Their history you shall know. Then the bay horse wheeled to where the great white giant lives the north and said: Their manes were flowing like a blizzard wind and from their noses came a roaring, and all about them white geese soared and circled. Then the bay wheeled once again to look upon the place where you are always facing the south, and yonder stood twelve buckskins all abreast with horns upon their heads and manes that lived and grew like trees and grasses. And when I had seen all these, the bay horse said: These shall take you; so have courage. Now turning to the north the bay horse whinnied, and yonder all the sky roared with a mighty wind of running horses in all colors, neighing back. And when he whinnied to the east, there too the sky was filled with glowing clouds of manes and tails of horses, in all colors singing back. Then to the south he called, and it was crowded with many colored, happy horses, nickering. Then the bay horse spoke to me again and said: I looked about me once again, and suddenly the dancing horses without number changed into animals of every kind and into all the fowls that are, and these fled back to the four quarters of the world from whence the horses came, and vanished. Then as we walked, there was a heaped up cloud ahead that changed into a tepee, and a rainbow was the open door of it; and through the door I saw six old men sitting in a row. The two men with the spears now stood beside me, one on either hand, and the horses took their places in their quarters, looking inward, four by four. And the oldest of the Grandfathers spoke with a kind voice and said: So I went in and stood before the six, and they looked older than men can ever be--old like hills, like stars. The oldest spoke again: And the first was the Power of the West; the second, of the North; the third, of the East; the fourth, of the South; the fifth, of the Sky; the sixth, of the Earth. I knew this, and was afraid, until the first Grandfather spoke again: You shall see, and have from them my power; and they shall take you to the high and lonely center of the earth that you may see: Now there was a wooden cup in his hand and it was full of water and in the water was the sky. Then the second Grandfather, he of the North, arose with a herb of power in his hand, and said: He fattened and was happy and came prancing to his place again and was the first Grandfather sitting there. The second Grandfather, he of the North, spoke again: I looked about me now, and the horses in the west were thunders and the horses of the north were geese. And the second Grandfather sang two songs that were like this: They are appearing, may you behold! The thunder nation is appearing, behold! The white geese nation is appearing, behold! And now the fourth Grandfather spoke, he of the place where you are always facing the south, whence comes the power to grow. Behold, the living center of a nation I shall give you, and with it many you shall save. And then for just a little while I thought I saw beneath it in the shade the circled villages of people and every living thing with roots or legs or wings, and all were happy. The black road goes from where the thunder beings live the west to where the sun continually shines the east, a fearful road, a road of troubles and of war. In four ascents you shall walk the earth with Power. Then he rose very tall and started running toward the south, and was an elk; and as he stood among the buckskins yonder, they too were elks. Now the fifth Grandfather spoke, the oldest of them all, the Spirit of the Sky. My power you shall see! You shall go across the earth with my power. Now I knew the sixth Grandfather was about to speak, he who was the Spirit of the Earth, and I saw that he was very old, but more as men are old. His hair was long and white, his face was all in wrinkles and his eyes were deep and dim. I stared at him, for it seemed I knew him somehow; and as I stared, he slowly changed, for he was growing backwards into youth, and when he had become a boy, I knew that he was myself with all the years that would be mine at last. When he was old again, he said: Then the bay horse stopped and faced the black horses of the west, and a voice said: The bay faced the sorrels of the east, and I saw that they had morning stars upon their foreheads and they were very bright. And the voice said: Then I knew that there were riders on all the horses there behind me, and a voice said: I looked below me where the earth was silent in a sick green light, and saw the hills look up afraid and the grasses on

the hills and all the animals; and everywhere about me were the cries of frightened birds and sounds of fleeing wings. I was the chief of all the heavens riding there, and when I looked behind me, all the twelve black horses reared and plunged and thundered and their manes and tails were whirling hail and their nostrils snorted lightning.

### Chapter 2 : Black as He's Painted (Audiobook) by Ngaio Marsh | [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)

*Black as He's Painted: Inspector Roderick Alleyn #28 and millions of other books are available for Amazon Kindle. Learn more Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.*

Three Grand Dames of Mystery: In a recent visit to Mozambique, the president barely escaped a shot at him, and they are afraid someone will try to kill him in England, breaking its record as an assassination-free zone. Alleyn tries to reason with the Boomer to avoid pulling any tricks like he has pulled elsewhere in sneaking off away from his security. But the Boomer has a strong belief in his own invincibility. However, he tacitly agrees not to go off on his own without protection while in London. Other guests at the reception involve Mr. Whipplestone and who is filling in as an extra server at the function. All live within a couple blocks of each other in the Capricorn neighborhood, where Mr. But what does Chubb have to do with the other members? Alleyn grabs the president and keeps him down to safety. Whipplestone and which he named Lucy Locket. The action of the murder is performed with creativity, and the solution came as a surprise to me. The characters in this book come across very uniquely. It is great fun to see Troy appear throughout, as the president commissioned her to paint his official portrait, which his country was sponsoring. But Alleyn realizes that it would be a crime against art for him to put a stop to the greatest painting she has ever made. The other characters in the book add a lot to the fun flavor of the book. The book is sometimes criticized for its depiction of the Africans as primitive. Marsh shows that such attitudes are inappropriate and ridiculous in showing such language. I love her clever portrayal of the book, with tremendous expression that makes the book all the more fun and enjoyable. Her voices for all the characters, especially the Boomer, adds to the joy of listening to this great book. I highly recommend this book to anyone and give it five stars. To purchase this book for yourself, click here on Amazon.

**Chapter 3 : The Passing Tramp: Out of Africa I : Black as He's Painted (), by Ngaio Marsh, Part 1**

*Black As He's Painted (Roderick Alleyn Series #28) by Ngaio Marsh Ng'ombwana is a (fictional) African nation to have emerged in the wake of colonialism; as it happens, its President is Inspector Alleyn's old school chum, the "Boomer."*

Wandering through the mystery genre, book by book. Sunday, April 1, Out of Africa I: The Rhodes, on whom Marsh would base the title family in *Surfeit of Lampreys*, had returned to England, where they settled for a time at a Georgian manor house in Buckinghamshire, giving Marsh a taste, much relished by her, of English country house society. Until near the end of her life the nearly indefatigable author would travel back and forth between her mother country, with which she was much enamored, and her home in New Zealand, making her last trip to England in , when she was nearly 80 years old. On a trip to England, during which Marsh wrote her detective novel *Hand in Glove*, the author stayed at a "rented house in Montpelier Walk, in Knightsbridge, her favorite part of London," notes biographer Margaret Lewis. Lodging with Marsh was one of her young actor proteges, a student at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art, a year-old fellow Christchurchian who was 43 years her junior. Though Marsh removed five years from her declared age, what she actually admitted to still made a great gap in years between the two. Knightsbridge street, I believe, where Ngaio Marsh resided in To preserve the proprieties, as she imagined them, over the eighteen months during which the pair cohabited, Marsh called him her godson and he called her "Godma," a term of endearment used by a character in a late Marsh detective novel, *Grave Mistake* The two got along smashingly, Marsh coaching her "godson" "to get rid of the last vestiges of his New England accent" a lifetime bugbear for the Anglophile Ngaio and he acting as her "squire," dining with her in the evenings and escorting her to the theater. And then there were those stay-at-home Sundays: He could have been posing for Agatha Troy: They sat on sofas eating pieces of fruitcake topped with slices of cheese, and Ngaio would become engrossed in the action, leaning forward, leaping up and occasionally shouting directions at the screen. There were centuries-old echoes that reminded her of a street scene from *Henry V*. Lucy Lockett lost her pocket Kitty Fisher found it Not a penny was there in it Only ribbon round it This modern-day feline Lucy, who had been given Marsh by her housekeeper, a member of the Cats Protection League, had a habit, familiar to her kind, of bringing in to her home captured trophies from the outside. On one occasion the object was a small wooden fish. Marsh returned to reside in the neighborhood, this time in a three-room basement flat, a decade later, when she was making another visit to England in Marsh, however, does tackle, rather boldly in the circumstances, the subject of race, in the form of an African despot--or, erm, president-for-life--who just happens once to have been a great public school pal of Chief Superintendent Roderick Alleyn, still the handsomest and downright poshest man in Scotland Yard, though he must be pushing 75 by now. Press accounts refer to him as "Handsome Super. These prejudices do not ruin the book for me, but sadly they do undermine it. There is also a fair play murder problem embedded in the story, but it is somewhat unsatisfactory, although it serves the theme of the novel, because the victim barely has any presence in, or real significance to, the story. So there is not much of an emotional investment here. Lucy Lockett may have lost her pocket, but she finds a fish. The first section of the novel is a charming love story between an elderly man, Samuel Whipplestone, lately retired from the foreign service, and a delightful stray cat named, as mentioned above, Lucy Lockett. At loose ends in retirement, Mr. Whipplestone has left his depressing flat for new lodgings in a charming house in a charming neighborhood, the Capricorns, prompting Marsh tetchily to pronounce: In London there are still, however precarious their state, many little streets of the character of the Capricorns. They are upper-middle-class streets and therefore, Mr. Whipplestone had been given to understand, despicable. This is a defensive refrain British and white Commonwealth Golden Age crime writers had played since the end of the Second World War, when the Labor party came to power and began enacting, to the ire of a great many of these writers, an ambitious agenda of government prompted economic redistribution. He and his friends guffawed themselves into the garage. We give satisfaction, sir, in all quarters, really we do. Chubb as, well, "Mr. Whipplestone who is always called "Mr. There he is, in the cast of characters: This does not seem like 70s egalitarianism to me, certainly not the 70s I knew in the US, but the fact that the Chubbs seem such throwbacks to Downton Abbey days no doubt is why Mr.

Whipplestone deems them such rare and precious treasures; and he always refers to them, rather patronizingly, as "my Chubbs" and "my poor Chubbs," when the servant couple is drawn into the murderous affair detailed in the novel. Now for a longer digression. I promise next post we will get into the heart of the novel! Whipplestone so adores his new neighborhood, where time evidently has mostly stood still, that he is truly mortified to learn that he has for neighbors a brother and sister of appearances that are quite distasteful to him. Of the brother and sister, Kenneth and Xenoclea Sanskrit, Marsh writes: No clothes, it might be argued in these permissive days, could achieve outrageousness. Whipplestone wore vast black leather hotpants, a black fringed tunic and black boots. Monstrous though these grotesqueries undoubtedly were, they were as nothing compared with the eyes and mouths of the Sankrits which were, Mr. Whipplestone now saw with something like panic, equally heavily made-up. They ought to be in Chelsea. At the blue door: Whipplestone, bless his heart, would not be in the vanguard either of fashion or transgender rights today. But the venom of the reaction is striking to me in that it is not really moral Marsh has always struck me as the least preoccupied of the Crime Queens with moral issues, but rather aesthetic. Whipplestone the author expresses her horror simply at how these people look-- culminating in the appalling, unspeakable fact that the man wears makeup! Yet had Marsh--who spent a substantial part of her life in theater, Shakespeare no less--really never before seen a man in makeup or, heaven forbid, drag? Did she find it so appalling and unspeakable then? Was the author compensating for the face that she herself was frequently described by friends and contemporaries as "mannish in appearance": Ngaio Marsh second from the upper right with members of the Rhode and Plunkett families Alleyn, who shares Mr. Height 5 foot One ring through pierced lobe. Said to be Dutch. What, no toe ring? Noted theater director reacting with disdain to strange-looking man in makeup? But, oh, does Ngaio go on, when writing about this pair, about their weight, as well as other things: Whipplestone turned quickly away, what had he seen, dangling from that unspeakable neck? He wore many rings on his dimpled fingers. His fair hair was cut in a fringe and concealed his ears The sister, vast in green, fringed satin, also wore her hair, which was purple, in a fringe and side-pieces. These in effect squared her enormous face. They moved slowly like two huge vessels, shoved from behind by tugs. There are genuinely unspeakable things in this world, like genocide and child abuse, but extreme girth, if extreme girth it even be, is not one of them. A fat effeminate gay. Not that Troy would want to paint a fat person, I assume. Troy does want to paint the African dictator, however, very much. If you can past all this classism and fat-shaming, there are good points to the novel and I will get to them, I promise, in my next post. Marsh in my view is far more sympathetic writing about racial minorities than she is the overweight, the queer and the fringed.

### Chapter 4 : - Dead Water Black As Hes Painted Artists by Ngaio Marsh

*www.nxgvision.com price comparison for Black as Hes Painted Inspector Black as Hes Painted: Inspector Roderick Alleyn #28 (Roderick Alleyn - Black as Hes Painted: Inspector Roderick Alleyn #28 (Roderick Alleyn Mysteries) FOR SALE* € £

On the one hand it clings to features of British Golden Age detective fiction such as including a map and cast of characters. But on the other hand, Marsh, in this novel does attempt to tackle contemporary issues, specifically race relations and race crimes and her success in doing so, is also mixed. This theme is foreshadowed in the title, as the erroneous idea that black is symbolic of badness and therefore all things and people who are, are the same, is a viewpoint which some of the characters labour under. Racial prejudice and discrimination was arguably a hot topic in , the year this book was published, with anti-Apartheid actions being encouraged and enacted. However, this novel opens on a less controversial and conventional note of Mr Whipplestone, feeling bored in his new retirement, after having worked in the Foreign Office, going for walk in Capricorn, London, and encountering a cat who immediately takes a shine to him. Although interestingly a possible root word of this country, Ngombe, is actually a Bantu language spoken by people in the Democratic Republic of Congo and also seems to be related to some kind of bull fighting. On a tangent, an unexpected benefit of reading this book has been some additions to my vocabulary: At my age one prefers the uneventful life and that is what I expect to enjoy at No. He is chosen for the job as he is an old school friend of the President conveniently. All of these characters, barring Mrs Chubbs, visit Mr Sheridan, in a typical crime novel furtive manner. The cat now named Lucy Locket from earlier on in the story also makes a return and provides useful information and clues later on in the novel. The pressure is mounted as it is feared another attempt may be made to assassinate the President. But will Inspector Alleyn solve the case before death strikes again? As mentioned before race relations and race crimes are two pertinent themes in the novel. Not renowned for her tackling of social themes, I think to begin with Marsh struggles to comfortably articulate these issues, slipping into phrases and terms which, certainly today, would not be considered appropriate, especially perhaps in the tone they convey. Equally other mirroring acts include when Mrs Montfort says she knew the man who pushed her over was a black man despite there being no lights on and the man having a stocking over his head , because of the way he smelt. Inspector Alleyn replies by suggesting that black people feel the same about white people: Another concept Marsh incorporates in her depiction of race relations is the idea that it is not just white people trying to separate themselves from black people, but the reverse also occurs. This is shown through the character of the President who when Inspector Alleyn tries to talk about the assassination threat, he replies: Please, do not try to understand: Looking at this phrase I am undecided as to whether it is showing race hate groups as negative and horrible, as well as ridiculous or whether it is belittling the damage such groups can do and is too light hearted. Arguably it could be doing both simultaneously. Justice in this novel is not entirely satisfactory, with certain elements getting their just desserts, while others do not. Politics and justice in this novel, as in life, do not always mix or coincide well together. But I think she made a good attempt, for the times, even if at points her footing was not so sure. The character of the President is particularly interesting.

### Chapter 5 : Um, Why Is The Dude From Twenty One Pilots Covered In Black Goo? - MTV

*Black As He's Painted Inspector Alleyn # \$ Quantity. Add to Cart. Ng'ombwana is a (fictional) African nation that emerged in the wake of colonialism; as it.*

### Chapter 6 : Three Grand Dames of Mystery: "Black as He's Painted" by Ngaio Marsh | FangirlNation Maga

*Although I know Black As He's Painted is a Superintendent Alleyn mystery, I feel Mr. Whipplestone and the adorable recently procured addition to his household steals the show and adds charm to the mystery.*

**Chapter 7 : Black Elk's Vision**

*Black As He's Painted* by Ngaio Marsh. (Audio CD ) When the president of Ng'ombwana proposes to dispense with the usual security arrangements on an official visit to London, his old school mate, Chief Superintendent Alleyn, is called in to try to persuade him otherwise.

**Chapter 8 : BLACK AS HE'S PAINTED by Ngaio Marsh | Kirkus Reviews**

*Black As He's Painted* () (another find from my Paris trip) is an ambiguous text in several respects. On the one hand it clings to features of British Golden Age detective fiction such as including a map and cast of characters.

**Chapter 9 : Black As Hes Painted Roderick Alleyn Mysteries, Ngaio Marsh. (Audio CD )**

*Black as He's Painted* audiobook, by Ngaio Marsh When the president of Ng'ombwana proposes to dispense with the usual security arrangements on an official visit to London, his old school mate, Chief Superintendent Alleyn, is called in to try to persuade him otherwise.