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Atwill. A further pleasant surprise was that, while this film was a product of the conservative Production Code-dominated years, we were still permitted to hear Holmes ask Watson for the needle as his graceful curtain line!

The film's success prompted an immediate sequel, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, this time with Rathbone and Bruce getting the top billing they deserved. Although officially based—again—on the Gillette play, it bore no resemblance to it, or to the earlier Barrymore and Brook "adaptations" of the play. Again, its only similarity was in the dominance of the personal Holmes-Moriarty conflict. Holmes' romantic interest was removed too. The plot was a wild and woolly affair dealing with Moriarty's attempts to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. It's a pity that the story line was less impressive than that of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, for in all other respects it was a superior product. Alfred Werker was a much better director than Sidney Lanfield and got much more out of his material; the pace and action were much faster; the concentration on a London locale ensured the continuing use of Fox's substantial standing sets and avoided the claustrophobic artifice of moorland or other exterior sets.

And, in George Zucco, we had one of the movies' best Moriartys. Zucco's face not only had the ability to suggest intellectual superiority, but it also had the happy facility of being able to light itself up with satanic glee at his own perfidy. Obviously, his Moriarty enjoyed villainy for its own sake as well as for the rewards it brought. Moreover, being British himself and possessed of clear diction that had the same kind of built-in smugness and suavity that also characterized Rathbone's speech, he made a perfect vocal as well as physical foil for Rathbone. Although, occasionally, Zucco was to play Scotland Yard detectives himself (as in such films as *Moss Rose*), clearly, he was temperamentally much better equipped to exist on the wrong side of the law. He was to cross swords with Rathbone on other occasions: in a later Holmes adventure, and especially effectively in *International Lady*, a wartime spy thriller in which Zucco's espionage agent was defeated by Rathbone's Scotland Yard detective with a penchant for Holmesian disguises.