

LIBRARY JOURNAL

Ellroy, James. *Blood's a Rover*. Knopf. Sept. 2009. c.656p. ISBN 978-0-679-40393-7. \$26.95. F

The "Demon Dog of American Literature" is back, and he's barking. Yeah, Ellroy, that performance artist-cum-author, concludes his "American Underworld" trilogy (following *American Tabloid* and *The Cold Six Thousand*) with this traffic accident of a book. It's loud, explosive, and not pretty, but you can't not look. An incident involving a milk truck and a Wells Fargo armored car is the acorn from which springs this mighty, 600-plus-page oak, which offers an encyclopedic and paranoid look at the late 1960s and early 1970s. The cops are indistinguishable from their adversaries, and there are three degrees of separation between L.A.'s back alleys and the Oval Office. The scenes bounce among Los Angeles (of course), Haiti, Chicago, and DC, and a dizzying parade of real-life figures (e.g., Sonny Liston, Giancana, and a drooling J. Edgar Hoover) put in cameo appearances. **VERDICT** An amalgam of supermarket tabloids and *Hollywood Babylon*, as edited by William S. Burroughs, and telegraphed in. On the QT, and very hush, hush, this is essential for Ellroy fans. Otherwise, Ellroy will track us down and take appropriate action. [See Prepub Alert, *LJ* 5/1/09.]—Bob Lunn, formerly with Kansas City P.L., MO