

About the only wrong note in this long-lost noir gem is the title: "Black Wings Has My Angel" is arch and pretentious and calls attention to itself. Call it "Black Wings" and ignore that very minor cavil when you dive into this bleak masterpiece. The backstory is the usual thing: unheralded author with a string of novels, one undisputed great work and a whole lot of bitterness. Elliott Chaze was almost rediscovered in his lifetime when writer Barry Gifford was determined to republish "Black Wings" but corporate machinations prevented it before Chaze died. For many years, it was only available in France because the French know their noir. Now New York Review Books has added it to their distinguished line and it proves to be every bit as good as you could hope. Tim Sunblade is out of prison and ready to pull off the apparently mythical "one, last, foolproof heist." Other than hiding an armored car inside a specially built trailer, there doesn't seem to be anything particularly clever about the robbery he has planned. But most robberies just need nerve and the willingness to kill anyone in your way to work, at least for a while. Still, Tim does need a driver and he finds a doozy in Virginia,...