

(Solve after solving 1, 2, and 3.)

4. Singing Hare Krishna

as told to Ucaaimhu

Well, singing, anyway. That's right, I'm making a full confession; it was I who kicked him. Being in the mystery field, I just couldn't stand that the great British mystery writers from Conan Doyle onwards owed such a debt to a mere American. (Can you imagine what it would be like if, say, a group of British musicians achieved worldwide fame in a genre invented in the US?) So I went up to the victim (whose name can be found in each of the grids, by the way) and I kicked him in the shins. Man, you should have seen it.

But who am I? I'm not the Walrus, if that's what you're thinking. I'm not the Eggman either (any more than they are), although I suppose that would be closer. No, to find out my name, just take the six words clued (in order) in the mendacious nonconfession below, and divide them up (again, in order) into a one-, a two-, and a three-word phrase. (Out of order, the enumerations of the words are 4, 4, 6, 6, 7, and 10.) Then apply each phrase to the name of the city in which the corresponding puzzle takes place, and I'm 3 of 2 of 1. (If you want to, feel free to write my name on the bottom line and give this paper to Ucaaimhu, as a reward for his patience in listening to all of us yammering on like this. Goo goo g'joob.)

Cold, confused PI there:

By thinking, primarily, is a mysterious document unraveled?
Nope — my namesake directed a thousand repugnant agents, ultimately, to hit Edgar around convention time quietly, with skill, and leave, intending one in a thousand to go after

Yours Truly,

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