



Resumo de Leo Pulp: Private Investigator

His fee is \$25.00 a day plus expenses, his weapon an automatic Browning, his car an old jalopy that often won't start, his main asset a damn good knack for smelling out the mysterious intrigues of 1940s Hollywood.

Who are we talking about? Sam Spade, Philip Marlowe, or some guy among the melancholy and charismatic private investigators we learned to love in the old American "noir" movies and in the "hard boiled" novels of Dashiell Hammett and Raymoond Chandler?

Yes... and no! Leo Pulp lives in exactly the same period of time when the "tough guy" detective stories were all the rage, yet it's equally undeniable that his adventures are a distillation of pure amusement.

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