

## The Hammett Succubus

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There is a scene in *The Maltese Falcon* that Dashiell Hammett's readers have been arguing about since the most-popular-of-all American detective novels was published in 1930. The hero, Sam Spade, confronts the alluring Brigid O'Shaughnessy with his knowledge that she killed his partner. Rather than deny this, she summons up all her passionate intensity to draw a confession of love from Spade:

She took a long trembling breath. "You've been playing with me? Only pretending you cared—to trap me like this? You didn't care at all? You didn't—don't—love me?"

"I think I do," Spade said. "What of it?" The muscles holding his smile in place stood out like wales. "I'm not Thursday. I'm not Jacob. I won't play the sap for you."

The argument is over two interpretations of Spade's character. One holds that by denying love and guarding his personal integrity, Spade forfeits our sympathy; and since it appears that Spade has known the murderess' identity all along, his cool scheming makes him less human than Brigid. Hammett realized this, the argument continues, and allowed the amiable Effie Perrine to condemn Spade in his office the next day. Those opposed to this reading point out that "The muscles holding his smile in place stood out like wales" implies a tremendous personal cost to Spade. For his sense of justice to prevail over his personal appetites is only right, they say, because the detective novel is in one sense a morality play.

But it may be that a more productive reading of the scene lies in understanding the fictional function of the female types—particularly the succubus—that Hammett portrays in his work. Random reading in contemporary detective novels reveals a generic function to the type, best illustrated in *The Succubus* by Kenneth Rayner Johnson. Johnson is no amateur in selecting resonant modern fears with which to motivate his protagonist. Early in the novel he establishes the breakdown of sanity and the ensuing loss of character as the deepest fear of Troy Valens, the former monk who is his protagonist:

The one fear that worried Valens most was the ultimate possibility that it just might be himself, his own disturbed psyche, that was subconsciously creating those phantasmagoric visitations and linking them with external factors.... He might even have induced by some psychosomatic process the marks on his body in the same way the religious hysterics were said to exhibit stigmata.<sup>2</sup>

The cause of this fear is the female antagonist, the "succubus" of the title; as in other popular novels of detection, she threatens the protagonist's sense of discrete self. But the external and contemporary fears that amplify this central dread, and make it a manifest force, are those that have enriched the self-help industry of our day: fear of feminism, of sexual equality, of castration and of impotence. In fact, Valens' sexual intercourse with the succubus is characterized by her eviscerating orgasm and his sense of rape, for she "pinion[s] his arms beside his head" and assumes the superior position with "a demented gurgling."

The only surprise in Mr. Johnson's novel, and the fact that when linked with the contemporary fears helps us to understand *The Maltese Falcon*, is that the succubus cannot be killed. In part this is because her promise to reveal to the protagonist more of himself is an invaluable aid to plot. But she is also immortal because she promises, as a poet put it, "a passage through to morning" for a beleaguered male psyche. The point is that the hard-boiled novel, organized around the popular male consciousness, mixes contemporary problems and moral options with ancient female archetypes that portend both personal salvation and disintegration through love. We have to understand the traditional use of the archetype as well as its contemporary valence to appreciate how Hammett fine-tuned the type for the key scene of *The Maltese Falcon*.

Most readers of Hammett's novels are quick to note the similarities in his female characters; they have been called temptresses, Pandoras and femmes fatales. But most also concede that though these depictions are ancient, Hammett creates them with grace and deploys them with exceptional power.

The convention on which Hammett drew was the succubus, a female demon who has sex with sleeping, helpless men. With her counterpart, the incubus, she dates back to the *Zohar*, one of the apocryphal books of the Bible. According to the myth, God created Lilith for Adam before he created Eve; Lilith refused to take the subordinate position in sex, however, and was banished to the wilderness, where she mothered the race of demons, ghosts, incubae and succubae. She appeared in the Hebrew version of Isaiah (xxxiv, 14), but was mistranslated in the Latin Vulgate as "Lamia," a screech-owl.

There is a long popular tradition of succubae, especially among clerics and celibates, for whom they seem to have been a favorite form of temptation. They plagued Saints Anthony and Hippolitus, according to Jerome's *Lives of the Saints*, and continued their assault through the 1100s, when St. Bernard documented the number and manner of their attacks. His records were augmented in the 1300s by those of Caesarius of Heisterbach, who standardized their features. In the latter's accounts, succubae afflict figures of moral authority, such as monks and celibates, exclusively; they appear in daylight, radiantly beautiful, rather than at night only; and the deaths they bring, formerly lingering, become immediate and personal: heart attack, hemorrhage, sudden insanity and removal by whirlwind.<sup>3</sup>

Such was the popularity of this lore that St. Augustine turned his attention to succubae in *City of God*. He thought them the "sons of God" referred to in Genesis iv, 1 ("The sons of God came unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them") and he wondered how the corporeal

and incorporeal might mate, though finally he declined to speculate. St. Thomas Aquinas, however, said they either stole corpses or composed new bodies, a belief in which he was followed by Popes Bonaventure, Benedict XIV and Innocent VIII.

In the Middle Ages succubae excited great interest, and a variant of the form began to appear in England in the Grail romances, where such heroes as Percival were tempted by beautiful women, who could be warded off only by the sign of the cross. Chaucer mentioned incubae in *The Wife of Bath's Tale* and signaled an important change in the conception of both types of demon. Demonology as a cause of man's evil had merited serious attention in Scholastic dispute, but Chaucer parodied the idea through the Wife of Bath, who explained that there were no longer elves or fairies, but instead limiters [friars]

Woimmen may go saufly up and doun  
In every bussh, or under every tree  
Ther is noon oother incubus but he...<sup>4</sup>

Chaucer pointed out that the sexual devil was natural, not supernatural, and was particularly part of the nature of those supposed to be moral and celibate. Seeing the succubus and incubus as problems of character, he aligned them with the needs of an age of fiction.

The next advance in portrayal, and the one from which Hammett departs, is that of Abraham Cowley in "The Mistress: Not Fair." When the narrator/lover of this nasty little poem about unrequited love perceives a moral blemish to his beloved, he imputes to her deceptive powers like those of succubae:

So men (they say) by Hells delusions led  
Have ta'ne a *Succubus* to their bed,  
Believe it fair, and themselves happy call  
Till the *cleft Foot* discovers all.

Besides discovering the succubus as the vehicle of a projected male conflict, Cowley invented the rationale by which the modern hero of detection justifies his revolt against the woman who loves him:

So since against my will I found Thee *foul*  
Deformed and crooked in thy Soul,  
My *Reason* strait to my *Senses* shew  
That *they* might be *mistaken* too.<sup>5</sup>

In other words, the succubus allures the hero with her sexual beauty, which hides an evil that the hero, as he draws near, can recognize only by cool reason. Emotional response must be put aside. Perceptive readers, however, recognize that the hero's inability to see the emotional content of his intimacy is really his own reflection, a personal blackness void of reason or emotion, in which he fears himself the helpless prey of random forces portending his death.

The sureness with which Hammett seized upon and deployed this rationale is due in no small part to his mother. Annie Hammett was the sole emotional support for the whole family, although trapped within the petty tyrannies of an ill husband who would not relinquish his Southern gallantry. Hammett declared often and openly that he would never treat a woman the way his father treated his mother. But the emotional coherence she afforded, he saw, engendered a self-disgust. Annie Hammett's own view of her situation reveals a kind of cold clarity that was also important to her son: if you can't hold a marriage together with love, she told neighbors, hold it together with sex. Hammett tempered this coldly manipulative use of sex, and the order it offered, with his affection for his mother, crafting in his portrayals notably subtle, convincing succubae.

Hammett discovered the succubus in "The Girl with the Silver Eyes." The Continental Op is on the trail of Jeanne Delano, who has convinced poet Burke Pangborne to defraud a relative of \$20,000. Pangborne's vulnerabilities are Hammett's: great ego-involvement in his writing, and an attraction to beautiful women. By the time an informant leads the Op to a roadhouse where Delano and Pangborne are holed up, her henchmen have executed the poet. Watching Jeanne, the Op notices "a mocking smile that bared the edges of razor-sharp little animal-teeth. And with that smile I knew her." This detail will typify most of Hammett's later succubae, and signals his discovery of the archetype. Not Pangborne's death, not the fraud, but the Op's quest to know himself through Jeanne is what counts. Can he withstand her allure? Burke is dead. Tai, a former lover, is dead. Porky Grout, the informant, dies defending her. In a huge, powerful car, the Op overtakes Jeanne and the aptly named gangster Fag Kilcourse. Fag dies. It is Jeanne and Everyman.

"She was a thing to start crazy thoughts even in the head of an unimaginative middle-aged thief-catcher," reports the Op. "She looked at me with a gaze that I couldn't fathom.... I was uncomfortable along the spine."<sup>6</sup> All manner of thrust and parry between the sexes follows. They stop along the roadside, where Jeanne attempts the Op's seduction:

If you were to take me in your arms and hold me close to the chest that I am already leaning against, and if you were to tell me that there is no jail ahead for me just now, I would be glad of course. But, though for a while you might hold me, you would be only one of the men with which I am familiar: men who love and are used and are succeeded by other men. But because you do none of these things, because you are a wooden block of a man, I find myself wanting you. Would I tell you this, little fat detective, if I were playing a game?<sup>7</sup>

The Op comes to his limit. "You're beautiful as all hell," he shouts, flinging her against the door. He remembers Porky Grout's death; only adherence to a code sets the Op above Porky. Jeanne, he recalls, said that "everyone in the world is either a fellow crook or a prospective victim."

As the Op, somewhat uncertainly, turns Jeanne in, she puts "her mouth close to my ear so that her breath was warm again on my cheek, as it had been in the car, and whispered the vilest epithet of which the English language is capable," says the Op. The story ends right there—a *tour de force* that depends on the depth and potency of the archetype for its impact.

In *Red Harvest* Hammett explored his discovery at leisure. There the first woman that this hero encounters is treated as a potential succubus. Mrs. Donald Willsson is the wife of the murder victim, a foreigner, apparently French, whose slurred speech, stony blue eyes and obvious lies set her up as suspect. But criminal suspicion is soon translated into symbolic sexual tension. "We sat in leather chairs, half facing each other, half facing a burning coal grate," notes the Op. His interest is soon doused by a sign of death—the toes of Mrs. Willsson's green shoes are soaked in blood.

Mrs. Willsson is not the succubus in this first patched-together novel—rather she becomes the foil to the succubus, the virtuous woman in contrast to whom the succubus stands out. Hammett establishes a pattern in *Red Harvest*: he introduces the Good Woman first, then the succubus, who was often preceded by her reputation. The Op is told by the police chief that she is "A soiled dove as the fellow says, a de luxe hustler, a big league gold digger." One of her ex-lovers tells him that he'll be robbed of his rational faculties:

You'll be disappointed at first. Then, without being able to say how or when it happened, you'll find you've forgotten your disappointment, and the first thing you know you'll be telling her your life's history, and all your troubles and hopes.... And then you're caught, absolutely caught.... She's money-mad all right, but somehow you don't mind it. She's so thoroughly mercenary, so frankly greedy that there's nothing disagreeable about it.<sup>8</sup>

Dinah Brand, the femme fatale, has torn seams and rent nylons—she is an effort at realism—but the Op senses an eeriness about her *deshabille*. "The room was disorderly, cluttered up. There were too many pieces of furniture in it, and none of them seemed to be in its proper place."

She had a broad-shouldered, full-breasted, round-hipped body and big muscular legs. The hand she gave me was soft, warm, strong. Her face was the face of a girl of twenty-five already showing signs of wear. Little lines crossed the corners of her big ripe mouth. Fainter lines were beginning to make nets around her thick-lashed eyes. They were large eyes, blue and a bit bloodshot.<sup>9</sup>

Dinah's depiction as a sultry, disheveled tease, a cash register with bedroom eyes, is an important "hook" in the reader and the Op. Her dress falls open too far, her legs cross indiscreetly, and her laugh "gurgles" suggestively in her throat. "I'm only a child," she lisps suggestively. But the rational Op notes signs of decay in her—faint lines, bloodshot eyes, the room—that hint of a non-sexual interest.

If the Op does not intuit the connection between the succubus and death, it is made explicit immediately after Dinah appears most arousing. The psychic energy of the narrator pushes forward into an interview with Myrtle Jennison, an aged protege of Dinah's who shows the Op that death is the end of his quest.

She could have been a girl of twenty-five or a woman of fifty-five. Her face was a bloated spotty mask. Lifeless yellow hair in two stringy braids lay on the pillow beside her....

.....

She looked at me with ugly eyes that were shaded into no particular color by the pads of flesh around them, then at the document, and finally brought a shapeless fat hand from under the covers to take it.

.....

“What do I care what anybody does now? I’m done. Hell with them all!” She sniggered and suddenly threw the bedclothes down to her knees, showing me a horrible swollen body in a coarse white nightgown. “How do you like me? See, I’m done.”<sup>10</sup>

Hammett developed the liaison between the succubus and death in his second novel, *The Dain Curse*, where he tied her clearly to the diabolic. Gabrielle Leggett is the inheritor of a centuries old curse that brings death to men who love her. Not one who falls in love with her lives; even the satanic Fitzstephan, who manipulates most of her life, is blown apart. She too is distinguished from a female cohort by foils. Unlike her mother and her maid, Gabrielle is socially cold. Satanic and deadly features intrude on her otherwise alluring person:

She had a pointed chin and extremely smooth, white skin, and of her features only the green-brown eyes were large: forehead, mouth and teeth were remarkably small....

.....

Her ears, I noticed when she turned, had no lobes and were queerly pointed at the top.

Gabrielle in effect belongs to a coven, which is called the Temple of the Holy Grail. Like Gabrielle, whose eyes “shift from brown to green to black without setting on any one color,” the Temple’s priestess is distinguished by her eyes:

They were the only human, real things in her face. There was warmth and there was beauty in her oval, olive-skinned face, but, except for the eyes, it was warmth and beauty that didn’t seem to have anything to do with reality. It was as if her face were not a face, but a mask that she had worn until it had almost become a face. Even her mouth, which was a mouth to talk about, looked not so much like flesh as like a too perfect imitation of flesh, softer and redder and maybe warmer than genuine flesh....<sup>11</sup>

When Gabrielle’s mother and father and two minor characters die it becomes clear to the Op that she has an attraction beyond beauty. His dogmatic insistence on rational explanation and logical motive falter before inexplicable events in her life and the apparently real ghosts in the cult’s headquarters. He is drawn by her to the heart of irrationality—to love—all the while trying to understand how her previous lovers could have been pushed off cliffs, shot and bombed. Her association with death is made

explicit when the Op discovers her in the Temple:

Gabrielle Leggett came around a corner just ahead of us. She was barefooted. Her only clothing was a yellow silk nightgown that was splashed with dark stains. In both hands, held out in front of her as she walked, she carried a large dagger, almost a sword. It was red and wet.... She walked up to me, her untroubled gaze holding my probably troubled one, and said evenly, just as if she had expected to find me there,.... "You are a detective. Take me to where they will hang me."<sup>12</sup>

Only Hammett's conception of an Everyman immortality to his character saves the Op. When a bomb explodes in his face, it mutilates Fitzstephan. When the Op goes to check on Gabrielle, he sees "the eyes of an animal gone trap crazy. Saliva glistened on her pointed chin." His attempt afterward to break the Dain curse seems doomed. When he tries, he sees her "lying in bed in the dark, whispering it to herself hour after hour, whispering it to her body when she put on her clothes, to her face reflected in mirrors, day after day." And at that point we see that it is not her face, but his own that the Op fears he sees in infinite regression.

The ending of *The Dain Curse* is sentimentalized; Hammett decided to cover up the awful emptiness confronting the Op as neatly as his hero in *Red Harvest* covered up Myrtle Jennison. Using his Godlike powers, the Op cures Gabrielle of her morphine addiction, breaking what she considers "an infallible curse, one coming from the devil or God,"<sup>13</sup> and exorcising for his own ends the devil that inhabits her as a succubus. But the tension between the hero and his fate was simply too potent to drop, and in a startlingly discordant note near the end, Hammett lets Gabrielle call the Op a "horrible monster." This is a multi-faceted bit of irony, not the least important level of which is the recognition of the hero's need for the succubus to reveal his fate to him.

Like Gabrielle, the succubus of *The Maltese Falcon* is pointed out by an exotic name. Brigid O'Shaughnessy is Hammett's clearest, most conscious use of the type. Her disquieting elements have been formalized, so she needs be neither ill-attired nor pointy-eared. She also uses the names Wonderly and LeBlanc—Hammett's indications that she is a distilled type—and she looks like a fashion model:

She was tall and pliantly slender, without angularity anywhere. Her body was erect and high-breasted, her legs long, her hands and feet narrow. She wore two shades of blue that had been selected because of her eyes. The hair curling from under her blue hat was darkly red, her full lips more brightly red. White teeth glistened in the crescent her timid smile made.<sup>14</sup>

Within seven pages Brigid calls Miles Archer, a professional whose "wolfish grin" shows "the edges of teeth far back in his jaw" up a dark alley to his death. Hammett titles the following chapter "Three Women," alluding to the fates, and making clear for the first time the end to which the succubus beckons. In this chapter, Spade's female possibilities are divided three ways. Lanky, sunburned Effie Perrine is the girl-next-door and the ideal nuclear family wife; possession of the falcon comes into her competent hands, because Spade trusts no one besides his "office wife"; but Effie has

no noumenal knowledge—her woman's intuition, on which Spade relies, deceives both of them about Brigid. She remains unconnected to that realm which can explain his fate to the Op. The second woman is Iva Archer, widow of Spade's partner. Though clearly associated with death, her impact is to lessen it, to reduce death, as she reduces love, to a kind of adultery. All she offers Spade is a world in which tawdriness infects even the last important thing. Iva's passionate embrace of Spade, placed as near the beginning as Brigid's is near the end, is a foretaste of Spade's reaction. "Iva came quickly to him, raising her sad face for his kiss. Her arms were around him before his held her. When they had kissed he made a little movement as if to release her, but she pressed her face to his chest and began sobbing."<sup>15</sup> Both Effie and Iva foil the more alluring and promising Brigid, who offers Spade a glimpse inside himself.

All critics who have wrestled with *The Maltese Falcon* agree that Spade knows Brigid murdered Archer from the time his body is discovered; this makes Spade the "deceiver" as Robert Edenbaum says. But to infer that Spade is only a questor in a morality drama is to ignore the complications that put the love relationship in higher relief than the nearly-forgotten question of who killed Miles Archer. In the calm central space of the novel Spade has told Brigid the story of Flitcraft, the central lesson necessary to understand him. He conceives of the recounting as a warning, for he concludes, " 'You don't have to trust me, anyhow, as long as you can persuade me to trust you.' She studied his face. Her nostrils quivered." Two chapters later she seduces Spade by offering a similar confidence. "I am a liar," she warns, "I have always been a liar."<sup>16</sup> The heightened love motif resulting from their liaison is the third element that converges in the crucial scene. Their night together is followed by the scene in which Spade forces a surprised Brigid to strip in his kitchen. She has been forewarned about Spade's character, but she stays because, like Dinah Brand, she is hypnotized by treasure. Spade keeps close to Brigid, even when she gives him false leads and deliberately loses him, because he cannot believe that he will be as naive as Archer when Brigid reveals her ultimate allure to him, and indeed he is not. The reader has been prepared by Spade's reaction to Iva's embrace, and should realize that Brigid is deceived about the efficacy of her "seduction" when she needs to take advantage of it in the final scene:

She twisted her wrists out of Spade's fingers and put her hands up around the back of his neck, pulling his head down until his mouth but touched hers. Her body was flat against his from knees to chest. He put his arms around her, holding her tight to him.<sup>17</sup>

In this embrace Brigid asks him the question: "don't you love me?"

After Spade's muscles stand out "like wales," he goes on to enumerate the reasons why he must turn her in. It becomes clear that surrender to emotion means surrender of self-conception, and ultimately death. "I won't because all of me wants to—wants to say to hell with the consequences and do it—and because—God damn you—you counted on that with me the same as you counted on that with the others."<sup>18</sup>

To succumb is to be mortal, to see one's individuality mocked by the



engulfing pattern of one's inferiors. But to suppress the almost chemical certainties of lust is to free oneself from commonness and obtain a measure of immortality. The consummation of lust would bring a shattering confrontation with Spade's own inner emptiness and isolation—as in Cowley, “reason” informs the hero that his intimacy is his death.

The possibility that it may not be is the predicament that confronts Ned Beaumont, the hero of Hammett's novel *The Glass Key*. Unlike the Op, Beaumont has no code, but he has vision, good luck and an instinct for survival. The male-female tensions in the novel explore the possibility of a genuine relationship between Beaumont and Janet Henry, one of Hammett's few realistic female creations. As such it stands aside from the succubus theme, but Hammett couldn't resist a final, almost allegoric encounter. When Beaumont is engaged in his most furious round of detection—a quest for self-identity—he encounters the succubus in an episode that makes her archetypal import clear.

Beaumont is unmasking a newspaper publisher as a flunky of the mob, when his disgusted wife, punningly called Eloise, rejects him and makes a pass at Beaumont. Hammett places his hero and temptress, as he did in *Red Harvest*, before a glowing hearth, only with her husband watching from the stairs:

Eloise Mathews slid her hand up the back of his neck, running her fingers through his hair, digging her nails into his scalp. Her eyes were not now altogether closed. They were laughing dark slits. “Life's like that,” she said in a small bitter mocking voice, leaning back on the bench, drawing him from her, drawing his mouth to hers.

.....

They were in that position when they heard the shot.<sup>19</sup>

The death is Mathews', but the pattern and its meaning are the hero's. He runs out of the house, ostensibly for help, but actually on an allegoric journey to hell. It is raining, and he runs through stinging brush, within minutes becoming lost in a swamp. He hears “a high-pitched sharp whistle” first behind him, then on his right, then on the left. Three times he falls down. In pitch blackness he mires himself in clay. Then, hopelessly lost, he sees “the vague outline of a house... a tall gate... The dog,—a shapeless monster in the night—hurled itself at the other side of the gate and barked frantically.”<sup>20</sup> The only one able to call off this Cerberus is a “red-faced barrel-bodied man” who, as Hammett realizes the necessity of aborting this allegorical voyage, becomes Beaumont's improbable savior. But when Beaumont returns to the scene of the seduction-suicide, an afterworld ethereality prevails: he “giggled idiotically and tried to put his arms around [Eloise].”<sup>21</sup>

In this final treatment of the archetype, Hammett casts his hero in a speechless, frozen state: “You can't do anything,” says the red-man. When the succubus strikes the hero, “the red-faced man tried to catch him, but could not.”<sup>22</sup> If the devil, whom Beaumont has summoned to his side, has no effect on the power of the succubus, the invocation of more heavenly forces

is out of the question. Hammett's solution is to leave Beaumont and Janet Henry facing an open door of dubious import at the novel's end.

The ultimate horror that the succubus embodies clearly changes with the prevailing malaise of the age. To be meaningful her threat of death-through-sexuality must have a current equivalent, a clear representation of death-in-life. Hammett's triumph in *The Maltese Falcon* is the way in which he uses these valences to lift the archetype above its usual depictions. He develops the psychological import at its core on a basis of a coherent and credible intimacy. Spade's decision stuns readers because it suddenly reclaims the powers that belong to the archetypal, and because Spade himself is able to transcend the fears that usually limit the hero's reaction.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup>Dashiell Hammett, *The Maltese Falcon* (New York: Knopf, 1930), p. 181.

<sup>2</sup>Kenneth Rayner Johnson, *The Succubus* (New York: Dell, 1979), p. 132.

<sup>3</sup>Among the numerous sources for this material, I have found most useful H.C. Lea, *Materials toward a History of Witchcraft* (Philadelphia: U. of Penn. Press, 1939); H.R. Hays, *The Dangerous Sex* (New York: Putnam's, 1964); Julian Franklyn, *A Dictionary of the Occult* (New York: Causeway, 1973); and R.H. Robbins, *Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology* (New York: Crown, 1959).

<sup>4</sup>Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales* (New York: Henry Holt, 1928), p. 299.

<sup>5</sup>Abraham Cowley, *The Poems of Abraham Cowley* (Cambridge: Cambridge U. Press, 1905), p. 75.

<sup>6</sup>Dashiell Hammett, *The Continental Op* (New York: Random House, 1974), p. 167.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 175.

<sup>8</sup>Dashiell Hammett, *Red Harvest* (New York: Random House, 1972). The citations are from pp. 4, 21, 25 respectively.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 30. <sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 86.

<sup>11</sup>Dashiell Hammett, *The Dain Curse* (New York: Dell, 1968). The citations are from pp. 13, 14, 25 and 39-40 respectively.

<sup>12</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 75. <sup>13</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 148, 151, respectively.

<sup>14</sup>Hammett, *Falcon*, pp. 1-2.

<sup>15</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 19. <sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 54, 74.

<sup>17</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 179-80. <sup>18</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 184.

<sup>19</sup>Dashiell Hammett, *The Glass Key* (New York: Random House, 1972), p. 127.

<sup>20</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 131. <sup>21</sup>*Ibid.*, 133. <sup>22</sup>*Ibid.*