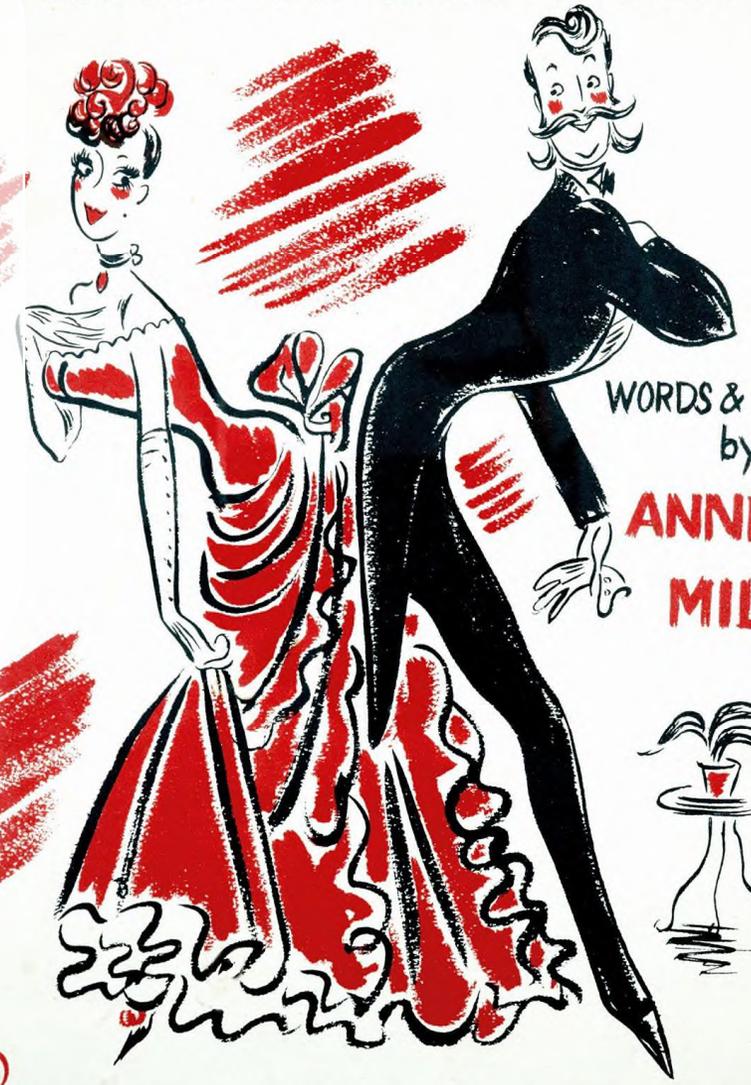


# BOOMPS-A-DAISY!

A NEW OLD-FASHIONED PARTY DANCE.



Introduced by Monsieur PIERRE and Miss Doris Lavelle

WORDS & MUSIC by ANNETTE MILLS



Lawrence Wright

FULL DESCRIPTION OF STEPS ON BACK COVER

6<sup>d.</sup>

INSTRUCTIONS FOR DANCING THE NEW OLD-FASHIONED PARTY DANCE

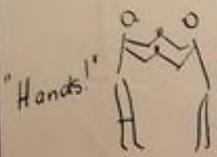
## "BOOMPS-A-DAISY"

DESCRIBED BY MONSIEUR PIERRE.

"BOOMPS-A-DAISY" IS ARRANGED IN A 16 BARS SEQUENCE AND IS DANCED AS FOLLO

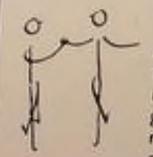
### 1st BAR

Partners stand facing each other, gentleman facing wall. On the first beat of the bar they clap each others hands (gent's right hand claps against lady's left and vice versa) as they clap they shout "HANDS!"



### 5th BAR

The gentleman steps to the left foot on the first beat of the second and third beats he steps to the right leg across his left. The gentleman, does corresponding movements, stepping to the side with right foot and swinging left leg



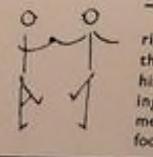
### 2nd BAR

In the same position as above, partners slap their own knees on the first beat of the bar shouting "KNEES!"



### 6th BAR

The gentleman steps to the right foot on the first beat of the second and third beats he steps to his left leg across his right. The gentleman, does corresponding movements, stepping to the side with left foot and swinging right leg



### 3rd BAR

Turning about 1/4 turn to left the gentleman 'bumps' his right hip against the lady's left hip. The lady has turned about 1/4 turn to right, as they 'bump' on the first beat of the bar they shout "BOOMPS!" and on the third beat they shout "A"



### 7th and 8th BARS

Gentleman commencing forward waltz on his own, finishing facing his partner. Lady dances 6 steps of natural waltz turn commencing forward with right foot in line of dance, finishing facing partner. At the end of the 8th bar the lady and gentleman should stand facing each other as in starting position, (beginning of 1st bar).

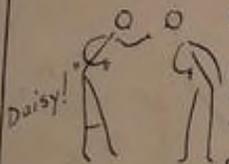


### 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th BARS

Repeat 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Bars.

### 4th BAR

Turning back to the original position, the lady and gentleman bow to each other, shouting "DAI" on the first "SY" beat and "DAISY" on the third beat of the bar.



### 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th BARS

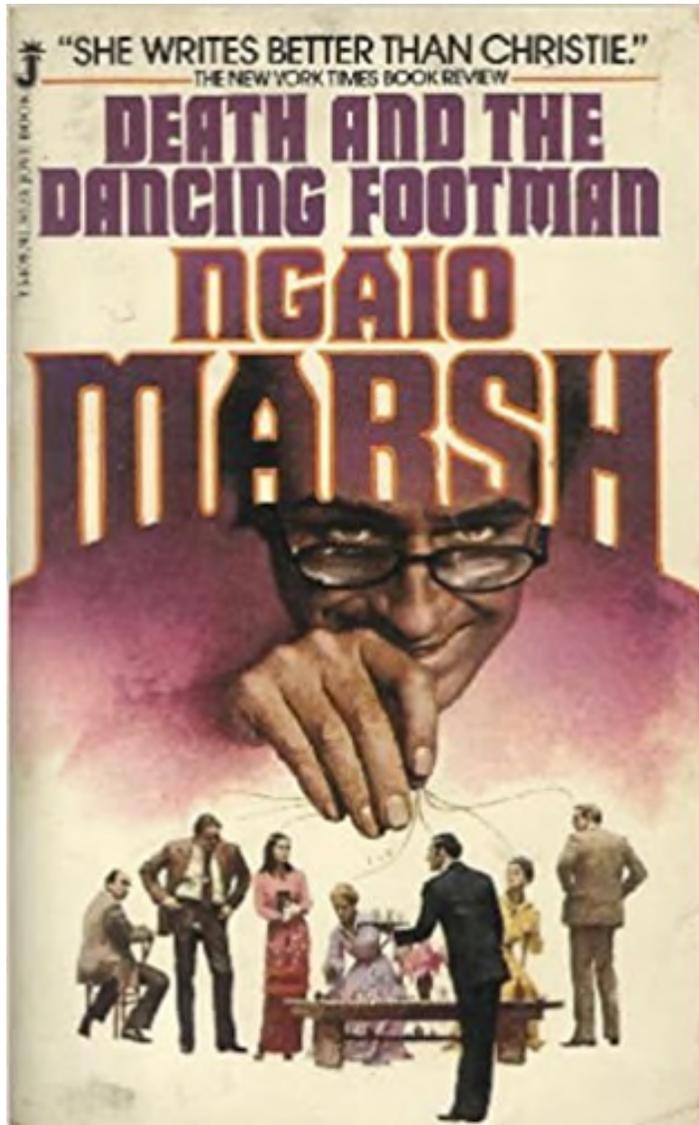
Lady and gentleman dance four bars of old-fashioned waltz natural turns.



NOTE: The gentleman should begin his old-fashioned waltz with the LEFT foot.

Hands, knees, and booms-a-daisy  
I like a bustle that bends  
Hands, knees, and booms-a-daisy  
what is a boomp between friends  
Hands, knees, Oh, don't be lazy  
let's make the party a wow  
Now then, hands, knees  
and booms-a-daisy  
turn to your partner  
and bow, bow-wow

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"Wait a bit. It came to me that human beings could, with a little judicious arrangement, be as carefully 'composed' as the figures in a picture. One had only to restrict them a little, confine them within the decent boundaries of a suitable canvas, and they would make a pattern. It seemed to me that given the limitations of an imposed stage, some of my acquaintances would at once begin to unfold an exciting drama; that, so restricted, their conversation would begin to follow as enthralling a design as that of a fugue. Of course the right—how shall I put it?—the right ingredients must be selected, and this was where I came in. I would set my palette with human colours, and the picture would paint itself. I would summon my characters to the theatre of my own house, and the drama would unfold itself."

"Pirandello," Mandrake began, "has become quite—"

"But this is *not* Pirandello," Jonathan interrupted in a great hurry. "No. In this instance we shall see not six characters in search of an author, but an author who has deliberately summoned seven characters to do his work for him."

"Then you mean to write, after all."

"Not I. I merely select. As for writing," said Jonathan, "that's where you come in. I make you a present of what I cannot but feel is a golden opportunity."



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"SENTENCE OF DEATH."  
HON. JOHN COLLIER.

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followed. At the door Mandrake turned and looked back. Nicholas was still in his chair. His hands rested on the table, he leant back and smiled at Dr. Hart who had risen and was leaning heavily forward. Mandrake was irresistibly reminded of an Edwardian problem picture. It was a subject for the Honourable John Collier. There was the array of glasses, each with its highlight and reflection, there was the gloss of mahogany, of boiled shirt-front, of brass buttons. There was

Dr. Hart's face so violently expressive of some conjectural emotion, and Nicholas', flushed, and wearing a sneer that dated perfectly with the Honourable John's period; all this unctuously lit by the candles on Jonathan's table. "The title," thought Mandrake, "would be 'The Insult.'"

Chapter 4.3

John Collier (1850–1934), "The Sentence of Death (1908)"

ii

"No one person," Jonathan was saying, "is the same individual to more than one other person. That is to say the reality of individuals is not absolute. Each individual has as many exterior realities as the number of encounters he makes."

"Ah," said Dr. Hart, "this is a pet theory of my own. The actual 'he' is known to nobody."

"Does the actual 'he' even exist?" Jonathan returned. "May it not be argued that 'he' has no intrinsic reality since different selfs arise out of a conglomeration of selfs to meet different events?"

"I don't see what you mean," said William, with his air of worried bafflement.

"Nor do I, William," said Hersey. "One knows how people will react to certain events, Jo. We say: 'Oh So-and-so is no good when it comes to such-and-such a situation!'"

"My contention is that this is exactly what we do *not* know."

"But Mr. Royal," cried Chloris, "we *do* know. We know, for instance, that some people will refuse to listen to gossip."

"We know," said Nicholas, "that one man will keep his head in a crisis where another will go jitterbug. This war—"

"Oh, don't let's talk about this war," said Chloris.

"There are some men in my company—" William began, but Jonathan raised his hand and William stopped short.

"Well, I concede," said Jonathan, "that the same 'he' may make so many appearances that we may gamble on his turning up under certain circumstances, but I contend that it is a gamble and that though under these familiar circumstances we may agree on the probability of certain reactions, we

should quarrel about theoretical behaviour under some unforeseen, hitherto unexperienced circumstances."

"For example?" asked Madame Lisse.

"Parachute invasion—" began William, but his mother said quickly: "No, William, not the war." It was the first time since dinner that Mandrake had heard her speak without being addressed.

"I agree," said Jonathan, "let us not draw our examples from the war. Let us suppose that—what shall I say—"

"That the Archangel Gabriel popped down the chimney," suggested Hersey, "and blasted his trump in your ear."

"Or that Jonathan told us," said Nicholas, "that this was a Borgia party and the champagne was lethal and we had but twelve minutes to live."

"*Not* the Barrie touch, I implore you," said Mandrake, rallying a little.

"Or," said Jonathan, peering into the shadows beyond the candle-lit table, "that my new footman, who is not present at the moment, suddenly developed homicidal mania and was possessed of a lethal weapon. Let us, at any rate, suppose ourselves shut up with some great and impending menace." He paused, and for a moment complete silence fell upon the company.

The new footman returned. He and Caper moved round the table again. "So he's keeping the champagne going," thought Mandrake, "in case the women won't have brandy or liqueurs. Caper's being very judicious. Nobody's tight unless it's William or Hart. I'm not sure of them. Everybody else is nicely thank you."

"Well," said Jonathan, "under some such disastrous circumstance, how does each of you believe I would behave? Come now, I assure you I shan't cavil at the strictest censure. Sandra, what do you think I would do?"

Mrs. Compline raised her disfigured face. "What you would do?" she repeated. "I think you would talk, Jonathan." And for the first time that evening there was a burst of spontaneous laughter. Jonathan uttered his high-pitched giggle.

"*Touché*," he said. "And you, Madame Lisse?"

"I believe that for perhaps the first time in your life you would lose your temper, Mr. Royal."

"Nick?"

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## DEATH AND THE DANCING FOOTMAN



People Searching for Peace of Mind through...

# PSYCHOANALYSIS

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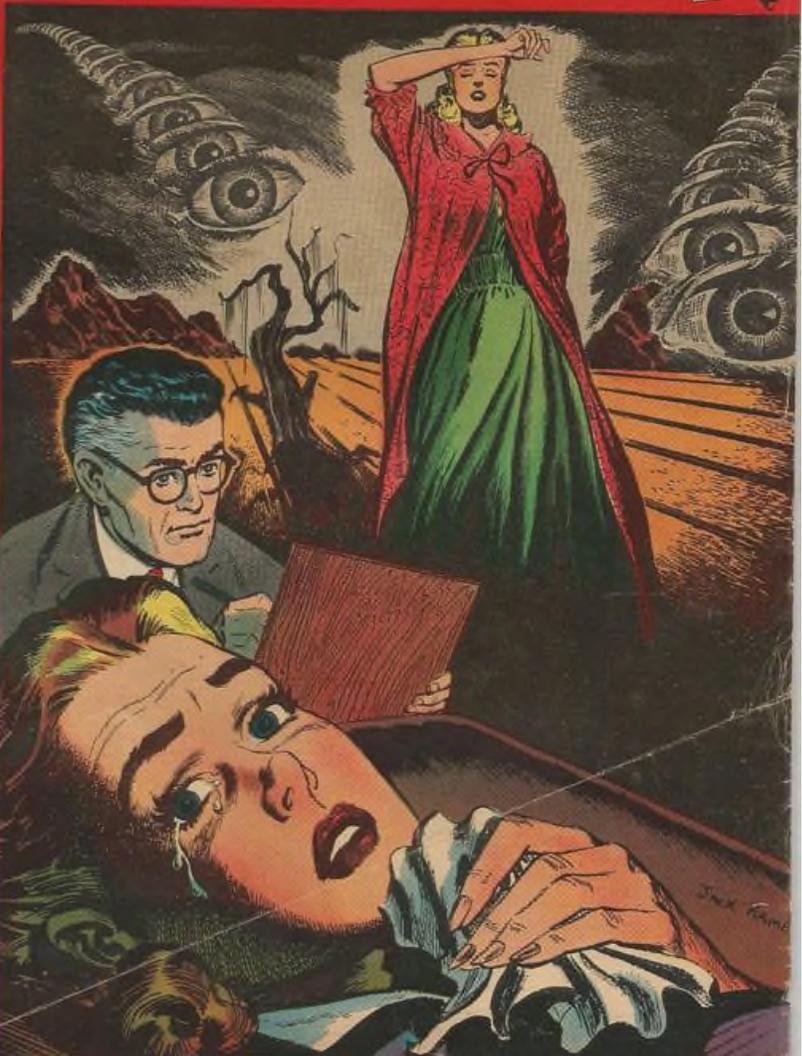
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THE  
PSYCHIATRIST

FREDDY  
CARTER

ELLEN  
LYMAN

MARK  
STONE



“[w] hat golden age crime fiction does is to question the legitimacy of psychoanalysis functioning as a cultural authority claiming to explain all crime and deviance”

(Rowland, 2000, p.97)

“At the intersection of psychological discourse and the popular literary imagination, psychologically inflected detective fiction not only conveyed a version of psychological discourse to a wider public, but profoundly reworked the foundations of the genre as the ritual unveiling of deviancy and the restoration of the rational institutions of society.”

(Walton, p.14)

Sophocles'  
**OEDIPUS  
REX**



Translation by William Butler Yeats

"You asked me the other night what sort of man I considered you to be. I didn't know then, and I'm damned if I know now."

The light flickered on Jonathan's spectacles "In a sense," he said, "you might call me an unqualified practitioner."

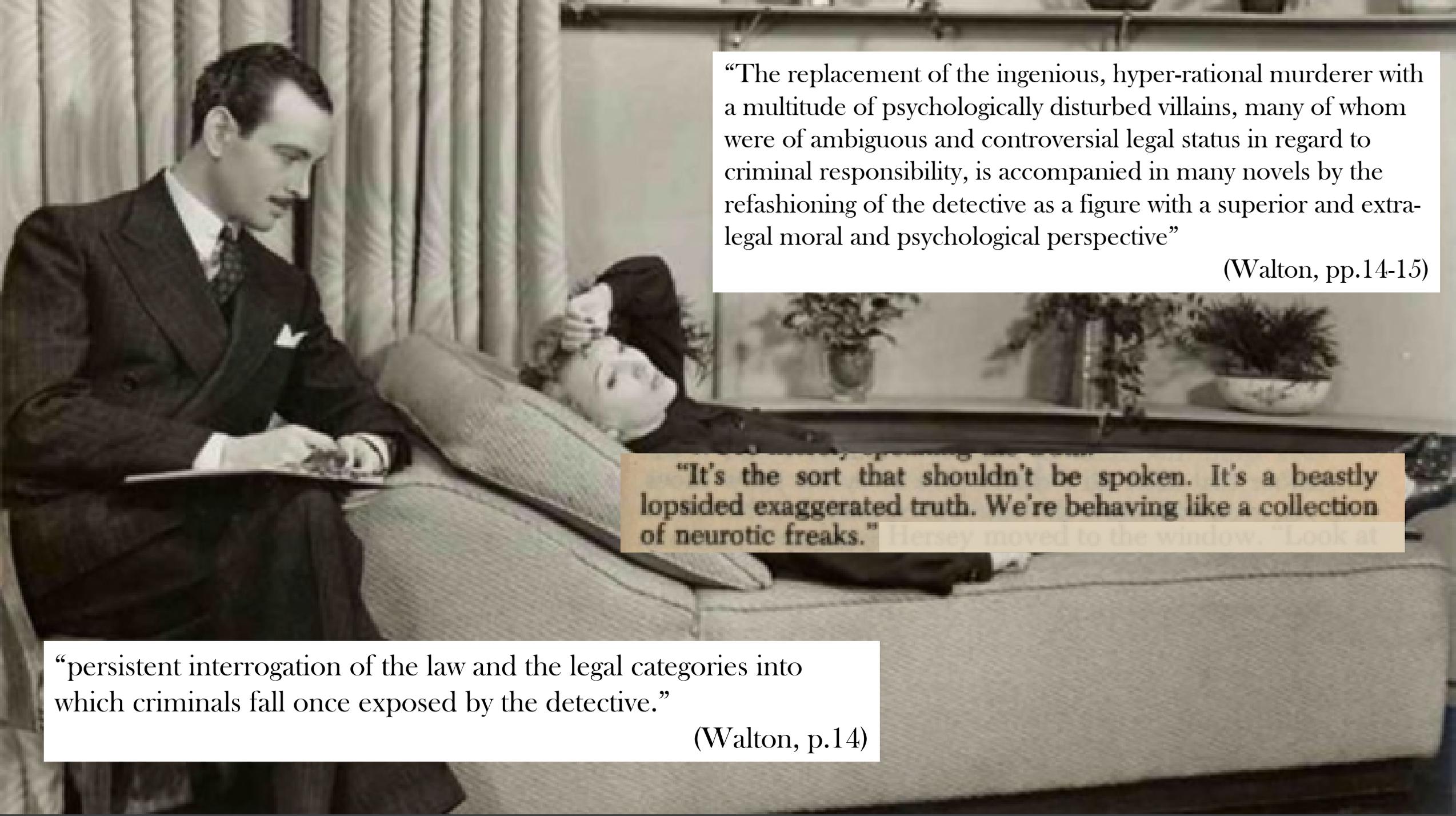
"Of what?"

"The fashionable pursuit, my dear Aubrey. Psychology."

Chapter 7.1

his presence. This was all to the good, and a firm picture of the murdered and elder Compline began to take form. With owl-like gravity, Chloris and Mandrake discussed poor William's "psychology" and decided that unconscious jealousy of Nicholas, a mother-fixation, an inferiority complex, and a particularly elaborate Oedipus complex were at the bottom of his lightest action and the sole causes of his violent outburst against Hart. "Really," said Mandrake, "it's the Ugly Duckling and Cinderella themes. Extraordinarily sound, those folk tales." "And of course the painting was simply an effort to overcome the inferiority complex—er, on the pain-pleasure principle," added Chloris uncertainly. Mandrake remarked that Mrs. Compline's strong preference for Nicholas was extremely characteristic, but of what Alleyn could not quite make out. However he did get a clear picture of two unhappy people dominated by the selfish, vain, and, according to the two experts in the front seat, excessively oversexed Nicholas. Shorn of intellectual garnishings it was still a sufficiently curious story. One phrase of Chloris' struck

Chapter 12.2



“The replacement of the ingenious, hyper-rational murderer with a multitude of psychologically disturbed villains, many of whom were of ambiguous and controversial legal status in regard to criminal responsibility, is accompanied in many novels by the refashioning of the detective as a figure with a superior and extra-legal moral and psychological perspective”

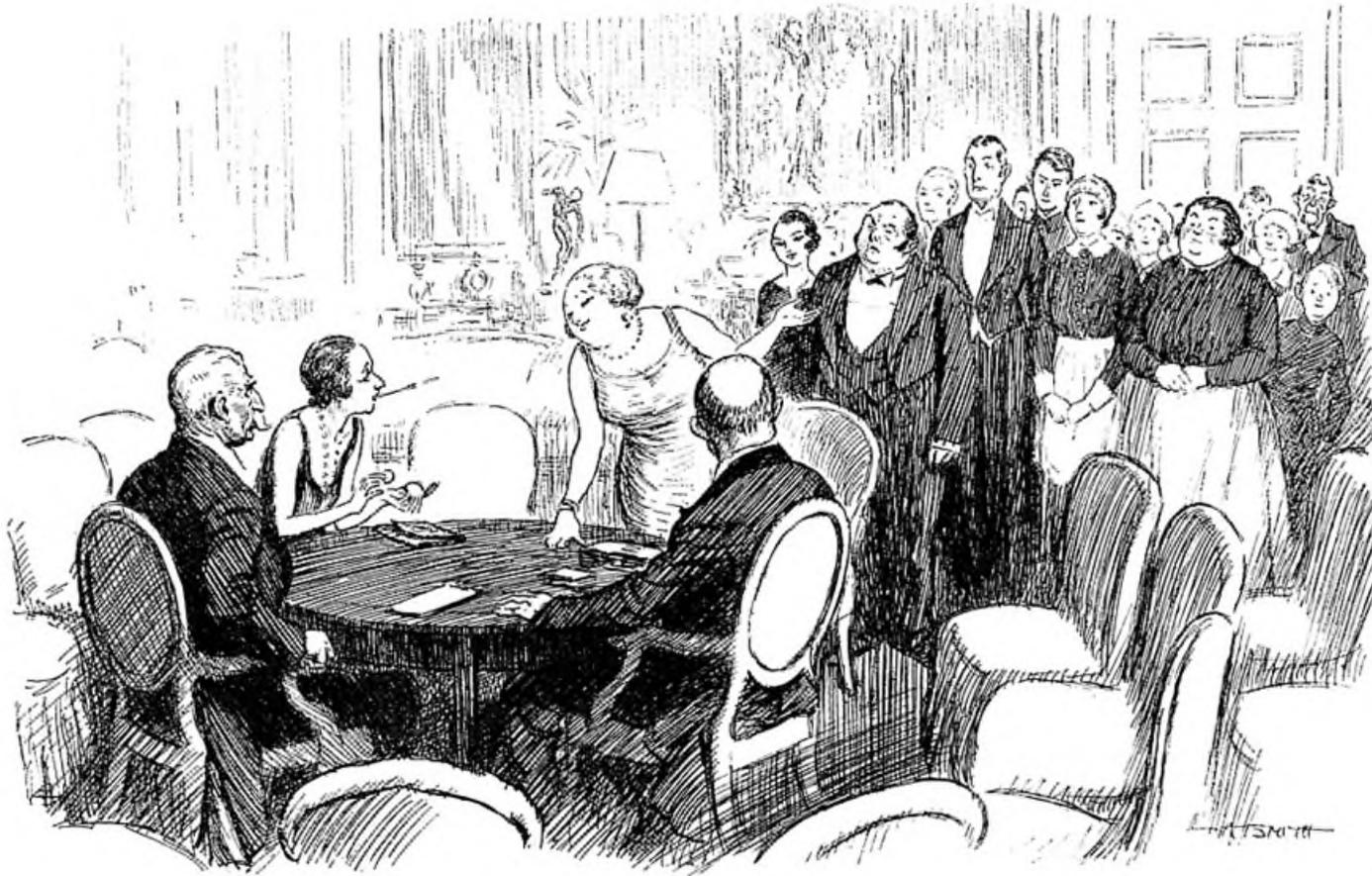
(Walton, pp.14-15)

“It’s the sort that shouldn’t be spoken. It’s a beastly lopsided exaggerated truth. We’re behaving like a collection of neurotic freaks.” Hersey moved to the window. “Look at

“persistent interrogation of the law and the legal categories into which criminals fall once exposed by the detective.”

(Walton, p.14)

# CLASS



Hostess. "INSTEAD OF OUR USUAL SERVANTS' BALL THIS YEAR I'VE INVITED THE STAFF TO COME UP HERE TO WATCH OUR BRIDGE."

“The story is also socially enclosed: lower classes, especially professional criminals, play very minor roles. The criminal comes from among the social circle of the victim, and servants are very rarely guilty – and if so will usually be in some form of social disguise. The master-villains who were so popular in the early twentieth century and who survive to the present in thrillers are not found in the clue-puzzle”

(Stephen Knight “The Golden Age” *Cambridge Companion to Crime Fiction*, 2006)

*Punch Magazine*, 1932

“There is nothing so inhuman as the mask of the good servant.”



(Christie, *The Murder at the Vicarage*)

“Dr. Hart,” Alleyn muttered after a long cogitation: “Opportunity for first attempt!” He altered the entry in Mandrake’s tables and rang the bell. It was answered by Caper, a condescension that Alleyn imagined must have been prompted by curiosity. He divided butlers into two classes, the human and the inhuman. Caper, he thought, looked human.

“You rang, sir?” said Caper.

“To send a message to Mr. Nicholas Compline. I don’t want to worry him too much, but I should like to see him if he’s free.”

“I’ll make enquiries, sir,” said Caper. Inhuman butlers, Alleyn reflected, always “ascertained.”

situation.

“I’m sure we’ll all do our duty by the master, sir,” said Caper, and if this were not a direct answer, Alleyn chose to regard it as one. He began, very delicately, to probe. He believed that the servants in a large household had a seventy-per-cent working knowledge of everything that happened on the other side of the green baize door. This uncanny awareness, he thought, was comparable to the secret communications of prisoners, and he sometimes wondered if it was engendered in the bad old days of domestic servitude. To tap this source of information is one of the arts of police investigation, and Alleyn, who did not care overmuch for the job, sighed for Inspector Fox, who had a great way with female domestics. Fox settled down comfortably and talked their own language, a difficult task and one which it was useless for Alleyn to attempt. Caper had placed him in Jonathan’s class and would distrust and despise any effort Alleyn made to get out of it. So he went warily to work, at first



PARLOR MAID.



LADY'S MAID.



WAITRESS.

asked him peevishly what he wondered, sent Mandrake off to find the maid who had looked after Mrs. Compline. She proved to be a Dorset girl, born and bred on the Highfold estate, a chatterbox, very trim and bright and full of the liveliest curiosity about the clothes and complexions of the ladies in Jonathan's party. She was anxious to become a ladies' maid, and Mrs. Pouting had been training her. This was the first time she had maided any visitors to Highfold. She burst into a descriptive rapture over the wardrobes of Madame Lisse and Miss Wynne. It was with difficulty that Alleyn hauled her attention round to the less exciting garments of Mrs. Compline. The interview took place in the passage and Alleyn held the tweed hat behind his back while the little maid chattered away about the wet coat.

"Mrs. Compline hadn't worn that coat before, sir. She arrived in a Burberry like you see at the shooting parties, and when they took a walk on the first evening she wore it again, sir. It was yesterday morning she took out the tweed. When

"Well, sir, I'm afraid we *did* look out of the window because we knew about the bet. But you can't see the pond from that window on account of the shrubs. Only the terrace. We saw the poor lady cross the terrace. It was snowing very hard. She seemed to stare down towards the pond, sir, for a little while and then she looked round and—and Elsie and I began to make the bed. It wasn't above two minutes before she was back, as white as a sheet and trembling. I offered to take away her wet coat and hat, but she said, 'No, no, leave

"Now, Jo, none of that nonsense. Sandra confides in her maid, and she tells me the maid is bosom friends with your Mr. Pouting. You've listened to servants' gossip, Jo. You've heard that Sandra thought this Hart man might be the Dr. Hartz who made that appalling mess of her face."

Chapter 16.2

Chapter 3.5

Strange in his ways. But Mr. Nicholas was the same to everybody, always open-handed and pleasant. He was very well liked in the district. Alleyn led him back to Madame Lisse and soon discovered that Mrs. Pouting and Caper believed she was out to catch Nicholas. That, in Caper's opinion, was the beginning of the trouble.

"If I may speak frankly, sir, we'd heard a good deal about it before Mrs. Lisse came. There was a lot of talk."

"What did it all add up to?"

"Why, sir, that the lady was taken up with this Dr. Hart until she saw something a good deal better come along. Mrs. Pouting says—"

"Look here," said Alleyn, "suppose you ask Mrs. Pouting to come in for a moment."

Mrs. Pouting was fetched and proved to be a large capable lady with a good deal of jaw and not very much lip. With her entrance it became clear that the servants had determined that Madame Lisse and Dr. Hart, between them, were responsible for the whole tragedy. Alleyn recognized very characteristic forms on loyalty, prejudice and obstinacy. Jonathan and his intimate friends were not to be blown upon, they had been deceived and victimized by the foreigners. The remotest suggestion of Jonathan's complicity was enough to set Mrs. Pouting off. She was very grand. Her manner as well as her skirts seemed to rustle, but Alleyn saw that she was big with a theory and meant to be delivered of it.

"Things have been going on," said Mrs. Pouting, "which, if Mr. Royal had heard of them, would have stopped certain persons from remaining at Highfold. Under this very roof, they've been going on."

"What sort of things?"

"I cannot bring myself . . ." Mrs. Pouting began, but Alleyn interrupted her. Would it not be better, he suggested, for her to tell him what she knew, here in private, than to have it dragged out piecemeal at an inquest? He would not use information that was irrelevant. Mrs. Pouting then said that there had been in-goings and out-comings from "Mrs. Lisse's" room. The house-maids had made discoveries. Dr. Hart had been overheard accusing her of all sorts of things.

"What sorts of things?" Alleyn repeated, patiently.

"She's a bad woman, sir. We've heard no good of her. She's treated her ladyship disgracefully over her shop. She made

trouble between Mr. Nicholas and his young lady. She's out for money, sir, and she doesn't care how she gets it. I've my own ideas about what's at the bottom of it all."

"You'd better tell me what these ideas are, Mrs. Pouting."

Caper made an uncomfortable noise in his throat. Mrs. Pouting glanced at him and said: "Mr. Caper doesn't altogether agree with me, I believe. Mr. Caper is inclined to blame *him* more than *her*, whereas I'm quite positive it's *her* more than *him*."

"What is?"

"If I may interrupt, sir," said Caper, "I think it would be best for us to say outright what's in our minds, sir."

"So do I," said Alleyn heartily.

"Thank you, sir. Yesterday evening after the accident with the brass figure, Dr. Hart came downstairs and sat in the small green room, the one that opens into the smoking-room, sir. It happened that Mrs. Pouting had gone into the smoking-room to see if everything was to rights there, the flower vases full of water and the fire made up and so on. The communicating door was not quite closed and—"

"I hope it will be clearly understood," Mrs. Pouting struck in, "that I had *not* realized anybody was in the 'boudoir.' I was examining the radio for dust—the maids are *not* as thorough as I could wish—when quite suddenly, a few inches away as it seemed, I heard Dr. Hart's voice. He said: 'Let them say what they like, they can prove nothing.' And Mrs. Lisse's voice said: 'Are you sure?' I was very awkwardly placed," continued Mrs. Pouting genteelly. "I scarcely knew what to do. They had evidently come close to the door. If I made my presence known they would think, perhaps, that I had heard more and—well, really, it was very difficult. While I hesitated, they began to speak again, but more quietly. I heard Mrs. Lisse say: 'In that event I shall know what to do.' He said: 'Would you have the courage?' and she said: 'Where much is at stake, I would dare much.' And then," said Mrs. Pouting, no longer able to conceal her relish for dramatic values, "then, sir, he said almost admiringly, sir: '*You devil, I believe you would.*' And she said: 'It's not "*I would*," Francis, it's "*I will*.'" Then they moved away from the door and I went out. But I repeat now what I said shortly afterwards to Mr. Caper: she sounded murderous."

"Was there a good light on the stairs?"

"Enough to see him, sir."

"You couldn't have mistaken somebody else for Dr. Hart?"

"No sir, not a chance, if you'll excuse me. I saw him quite distinct, sir, walking up with his hands behind his back. He turned the corner and I noticed his face looking sort of—well it's difficult to describe."

"Try," said Alleyn.

"Well, sir, as if he was very worried. Well, kind of frantic, sir. Haunted almost," added Thomas with an air of surprising himself. "I noticed it particular, sir, because it was just the same as he looked when he was walking in the garden yesterday morning."

Alleyn's cup was half-way to his lips. He set it down carefully.

"Did you see Dr. Hart in the garden yesterday morning? Whereabouts?"

"Behind that bathing-shed—I mean that pavilion, sir. We'd heard about the bet Mr. William Compline had on with his brother, sir, and I'm afraid I just nipped out to see the fun, sir. One of the maids kind of kidded me on, if you'll excuse the expression, sir."

"I'll excuse it," said Alleyn. "Go on, Thomas. Tell me exactly what you did see."

Chapter 14.1

Chapter 14.2

“A novel approach to mid-century crime fiction allows us to interpret the genre as a lieu de mémoire of the English middle-class, rather than as simply the source of pure enjoyment. Classical crime fiction was one of those discursive sites where the reinvention and relocation of the English middle class was taking place after the Great War. Both the trauma of the Great War and the weakening and later the loss of the Empire forced the English to reinterpret their own identity. Members of the middleclass chose what and what not to remember. The creation of an allegorical England from pieces of their recollections led to a memory crisis and sometimes to pathological forms of nostalgia.”

“Borrowing the features of everyday routine and the home allows for the supposition that classical crime fiction, despite the rigid form, is able to incorporate elements of the novel of manners and the domestic novel, bringing back the atmosphere of the Victorian period when ‘real’ Englishness was defined primarily in terms of manners and class structure, which strongly prevailed even after WWII.”

(Renáta Zsámba, 2014)



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(Renáta Zsámba, 2014)

"My dear fellow, I'm telling you. Listen. A month ago I decided to make this experiment. I decided to invite seven suitably chosen characters for a winter week-end here at Highfold, and I spent a perfectly delightful morning compiling the list. My characters must, I decided, be as far as possible antagonistic to each other."

"Oh God!"

"Not antagonistic each one to the other seven, but there must at least be some sort of emotional or intellectual tension running like a connecting thread between them. Now, a very little thought showed me that I had not far to seek. Here, in my own corner of Dorset, here in the village and county undercurrents, still running high in spite of the war, I found my seven characters. And since I must have an audience, and an intelligent audience, I invited an eighth guest—yourself."

Mandrake thought that if anybody tried to bury any hatchets in the Compline armoury it would not be William. He decided that William was neither as vague nor as amiable as he seemed. Conversation went along briskly under Jonathan's leadership with Mandrake himself as an able second, but it had a sort of substratum that was faintly antagonistic. When, inevitably, it turned to the war, William, with deceptive simplicity, related a story about an incident on patrol when a private soldier uttered some comic blasphemy on the subject of cushy jobs on the home front. Mrs. Compline immediately told Jonathan how few hours of sleep Nicholas managed to get and how hard he was worked. Nicholas himself spoke of pulling strings in order to get a transfer to active service. He had, he said, seen an important personage. "Unfortunately, though, I struck a bad moment. The gentleman was very liverish. I understand," said Nicholas with one of his bright stares at Chloris, "that he has been crossed in love."

resents. When war came, she moved heaven and earth to find a safe job for Nicholas and took it in her stride when William's regiment went to the front. Nick has got some departmental job in Great Chipping. Looks very smart in uniform, and his duties seem to take him up to London pretty often. William, at the moment, as I have told you, is spending his leave with his Mama. The brothers haven't met for some time."



experience.

He followed her into the smoking-room and tuned in the wireless to the war news which, in those now almost forgotten days, largely consisted of a series of French assurances that there was nothing to report. Chloris and Mandrake listened for a little while and then he switched off the radio, leant forward, and kissed her.

"Lighting-up time?"

"Five o'clock, sir. It's a dark afternoon."

"Ah," said Jonathan suddenly rubbing his hands together, "that's the stuff to give the troops."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"That's the stuff to give the troops, Caper. An expression borrowed from a former cataclysm. I did not intend you to take it literally. It's the stuff to give my particular little troop. You may draw the curtains."

Caper adjusted Jonathan's patent **black-out** screens and drew the curtains. Jonathan stretched out a hand and switched on a table lamp at his elbow. Fire and lamplight

flight. Though the room was perfectly silent, this swift enlargement of oncoming snowflakes beyond the windows suggested to Mandrake a vast nocturnal whispering. He suddenly remembered the **black-out** and closed the window.

When they had gone, Mandrake said to Chloris: "For God's sake, let's go next door and listen to the news. After this party, the war will come as a mild and pleasurable change."





"Why should I not speak in German? I am a naturalized Austrian. Everybody knows that I am a naturalized Austrian and that I detest and abhor the Nazi regime with which we—we British—are in conflict."

"Nevertheless, the language is unpopular."

"You mean that I am not afraid," said Dr. Hart, who was again stooping over his patient. "You are right, Lady Hersey, I am an Austrian refugee and a Jew, who has become a naturalized Briton. I have developed what I believe you would call a good nose for justice. Austrian justice, Nazi justice, and English justice. I have learned when to be terrified and when not to be terrified. I am a kind of thermometer for terror. At this moment I am quite normal. I do not believe I shall be found guilty of a murder I did not commit."

interview here, if you please.

And, while the light from a rain-blurred window imperceptibly thickened and grew cold upon the face of Dr. Hart's patient, he answered Alleyn's questions. Alleyn had had official dealings with aliens for many years. Since the onset of Nazidom he had learned to recognize a common and tragic characteristic in many of them, and that was a deep-seated terror of plainclothes police officers. Dr. Hart's attitude surprised him very much. As he carried forward his questions he found that in the face of what appeared to be an extremely nasty position, Hart showed little nervousness. He answered

"Not so pretty," Alleyn muttered. And then: "I've never asked for your views on this **war**, Foxkin."

Fox stared at him. "On the *war*? Well, no sir, you haven't. My view is that it hasn't started."

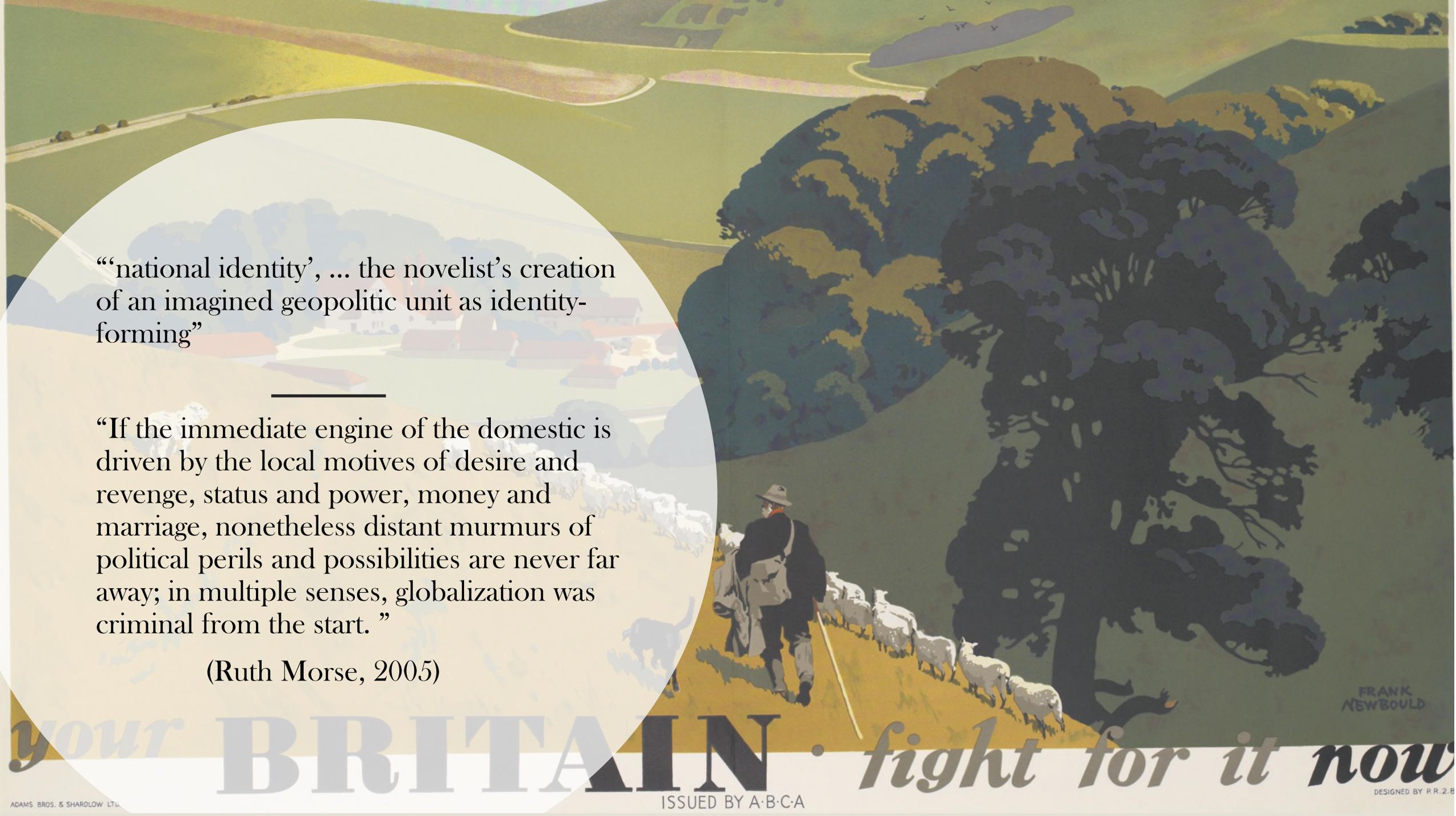
"And mine. I believe that in a year's time we shall look back on these frozen weeks as on a strangely unreal period. Does it seem odd to you, Fox, that we should be here, so solemnly tracking down one squalid little murderer, so laboriously using our methods to peer into two deaths, while over our heads are stretched legions of guns? It's as if we stood on the edge of a cracking landslide, swatting flies."

"It's our job."

"And will continue to be so. But to hang someone—now! My God, Fox, it's almost funny."

Chapter 16.5





“national identity’, ... the novelist’s creation of an imagined geopolitic unit as identity-forming”

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“If the immediate engine of the domestic is driven by the local motives of desire and revenge, status and power, money and marriage, nonetheless distant murmurs of political perils and possibilities are never far away; in multiple senses, globalization was criminal from the start.”

(Ruth Morse, 2005)

*your* **BRITAIN** · *fight for it now*

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