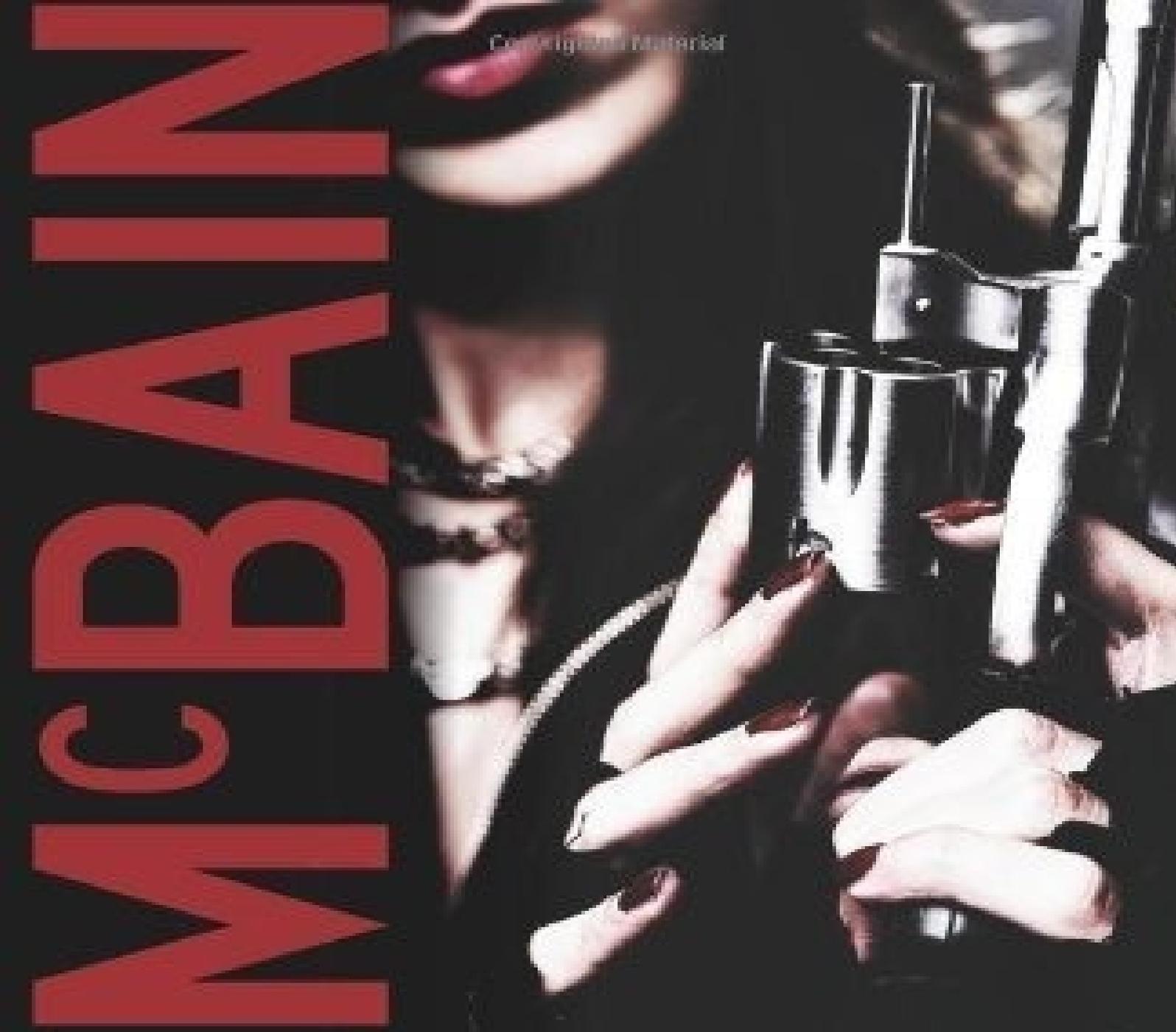


Copyrighted Material

A woman in a black dress is shown from the chest up, holding a martini glass. She is wearing a necklace and has dark hair. The background is dark and out of focus.

MCBAIN

AN 87TH PRECINCT NOVEL

ED

HEAT

Copyrighted Material

Praise for Ed McBain & the 87th Precinct

“Raw and realistic...The bad guys are very bad, and the good guys are better.”

—*Detroit Free Press*

“Ed McBain’s 87th Precinct series...simply the best police procedurals being written in the United States.”

—*Washington Post*

“The best crime writer in the business.”

—*Houston Post*

“Ed McBain is a national treasure.”

—*Mystery News*

“It’s hard to think of anyone better at what he does. In fact, it’s impossible.”

—Robert B. Park

“I never read Ed McBain without the awful thought that I still have a lot to learn. And when you think you’re catching up, he gets better.”

—Tony Hillerman

“McBain is the unquestioned king...light years ahead of anyone else in the field.”

—*San Diego Union-Tribune*

“McBain tells great stories.”

—Elmore Leonard

“Pure prose poetry...It is such writers as McBain who bring the great American urban mythology to life.”

—*The London Times*

“The McBain stamp: sharp dialogue and crisp plotting.”

—*Miami Herald*

“You’ll be engrossed by McBain’s fast, lean prose.”

—*Chicago Tribune*

“McBain redefines the American police novel...he can stop you dead in your tracks with a line of

dialogue.”

—*Cleveland Plain Deal*

“The wit, the pacing, his relish for the drama of human diversity [are] what you remember about McBain novels.”

—*Philadelphia Inquir*

“McBain is a top pro, at the top of his game.”

—*Los Angeles Daily New*

HEAT

AN 87TH PRECINCT NOVEL



~~The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.~~

Text copyright © 1981 Hui Corporation
Republished in 2011
All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

Published by Thomas & Mercer
P.O. Box 400818
Las Vegas, NV 89140

ISBN: 978-1-61218-166-0

This is for Annie and Syd Solomon

The city in these pages is imaginary.
The people, the places are all fictitious.
Only the police routine is based on established
investigatory technique.

Table of Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

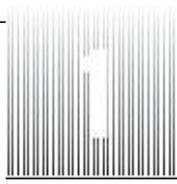
[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[ABOUT THE AUTHOR](#)



The five-year-old, unmarked sedan Steve Carella was driving to the scene was fitted with an air conditioner that had been repaired last summer and that now—when it was desperately needed—had perversely decided to malfunction. The windows front and back were open, but the air that flowed through the car was sodden and hot, the humidity in this city frequently accompanying the soaring temperature like a leaden ballet dancer lifting a fat partner. Bert Kling sat suffocating in silence beside Carella as the car moved uptown and crosstown.

The initial call had been received by Communications on High Street at 8:30 A.M., an Emergency 911 call that had been routed immediately to a dispatcher who'd radioed car Eight-Seven Frank to the scene. The responding patrolmen weren't at all surprised to find a corpse: the woman who'd called 911 had reported that she'd just come home to find her husband dead in their apartment. The dispatcher had ended his radio message with "See the lady," and the lady had indeed been waiting for the police in the lobby of the building. But they had not called back to the station house with a request for detectives until they'd entered the sixth-floor apartment and seen for themselves that there was, in fact, a body on the living-room floor.

The building was in a section of the precinct that was rather more elegant than many of the others, sitting in a semicircle of apartment houses that partially surrounded Silvermine Oval and overlooked Silvermine Park, the River Highway, and the river itself beyond. The buildings themselves had succumbed to the onslaught of the graffiti writers, a visual attack as numbing as a blackjack blow, but there were still doormen in livery here, and the security was presumably tight. A trio of radio motor patrol cars and an Emergency 911 van were all angle-parked in front of the building as Carella nosed the unmarked sedan into the curb. It was then that Kling, who had been silent all the way from the station house, said, "Steve, I think my wife is playing around with somebody."

One of the patrolmen who'd responded to the dispatcher's call was standing at the curb, waiting for the detectives. He recognized the faded maroon car as Carella cut the ignition, and then he recognized Carella and Kling as well, and moved toward the car as the doors on either side opened. Carella was staring at Kling over the roof of the car. Kling, his head ducked, began walking toward the patrolman. He had, until just recently, been the youngest man on the squad, blond and blue-eyed, with a boyish, clean-shaven face and an innocent gaze that belied his line of work. He was slightly taller than Carella, and broader in the shoulders; he was wearing a lightweight jacket, darker slacks, a white shirt, and—in keeping with the lieutenant's recent dictum—a tie. Carella, a stunned look still on his face, came around the side of the car and stepped onto the curb. He walked with the casual stride of an athlete, a man with dark hair and dark eyes peculiarly slanted downward to give his face a somewhat Oriental look. The tropical suit he'd put on at a quarter to seven that morning had already wilted; it resembled an insulted dishrag.

"Where is it?" he asked the patrolman.

"Upstairs, apartment 6B. My partner's in the hall outside. Lady's in the lobby, with the doorman there. Came home and found the spouse dead."

The lady was a tall brunette, her hair cut in the wedge an ice-skating star had made famous. She was looking fresh and cool in a cotton print dress and high-heeled pumps. Her face was narrow, almost lupine, dominated by startlingly green eyes and a wide mouth. She had been crying; her eyes still glistened with tears, and mascara was running down her cheeks. Carella hesitated before approaching her. This was the part he hated; this was the part that was always most difficult. He took a deep breath.

"I'm Detective Carella," he said, "87th Squad. I'm sorry, ma'am, but I have to ask you some questions."

"That's all right," she said. Her voice was low and throaty. She seemed numb as she blinked back the tears and nodded.

"Can you tell me your husband's name, please?"

"Jeremiah Newman."

"And your name?"

"Anne. Anne Newman."

"I understand you came home to—"

"Yes."

"When was that, Mrs. Newman?"

"Just before I called the police."

"What time was that?"

"Around eight-thirty."

"And you were coming *home*, did you say?"

"Yes."

"Do you work nights?"

"No, no. I've been away. I came here directly from the airport."

"Away where?"

"Los Angeles. I caught the Red Eye last night at ten-thirty and was supposed to get here at six-thirty this morning. But the plane was late, and we didn't land till almost seven-thirty."

"Is that when you left the airport?"

"As soon as I'd picked up my luggage, yes."

"And came immediately here?"

"Yes."

"When you went upstairs, was the door locked?"

"Yes."

"Did you touch anything in the apartment?"

"Nothing."

"Not even the telephone?"

"I called from downstairs in the lobby. I couldn't have stayed in that apartment another minute."

The apartment was a malodorous oven.

The moment the detectives opened the door, they were assailed with a blast of heat and an accompanying stench that caused them to back off at once. Covering their noses with their handkerchiefs, they moved into the apartment as though it were the lair of a foul, fire-breathing dragon, and walked directly into the living room. The dead man lay on his back on the rug, his body cavities, tissues, and blood vessels bloated with gas, the skin on his hands, face, and throat—where visible—showed in the open neck of his bathrobe—discolored a brown that was almost black. The internal gaseous pressure had protruded his lips and forced his tongue out between his lips. His eyes were bulging. His nose had bled, and the blood was now caked beneath his nostrils and on his upper lip where it had merged with a greenish fluid. He smelled of bacterial invasion and vomited stomach contents and expelled fecal matter.

“Jesus, let’s open some windows,” Kling said.

~~“Not till the techs get here.”~~

“Then how about the air conditioner?”

“The ME’ll want the temperature the way we found it.”

“So what do we do?”

“Nothing.”

There was, in fact, nothing they *could* do till the rest of the team arrived. It was almost a full hour before the Mobile Laboratory technicians finally dusted the apartment for latent prints, but even then Carella would not open any of the windows till the Medical Examiner got there. The assistant ME who’d been stuck in traffic on his way uptown, got there at twenty minutes past 10:00. He winced when he stepped into the apartment and then automatically checked the thermostat on the wall, and said to Carella, “If this thing’s right, the temperature in here is a hundred and two degrees.”

“Feels like a hundred and *ten*,” Carella said. “Can we turn on the air conditioner?”

“Not till I’m through,” the ME said, and knelt beside the body and went to work.

Anne Newman was waiting in the corridor outside. There were two expensive suitcases alongside the wall, apparently where she’d dropped them before unlocking the door. Her eyes were dry now, and she had wiped her face clean of the mascara stains. She still looked amazingly cool in her cotton print dress.

“If you feel up to it,” Carella said, “I’d like to ask a few more questions.”

“Yes, certainly,” she said.

“Mrs. Newman, can you tell me when you left for California?”

“On the first.”

“A week ago today?”

“Yes.”

“Just in time to miss the heat wave.”

“It was hot the morning I left.”

“What time would that have been?”

“I caught a ten o’clock plane.”

“What time did you leave the apartment here?”

“At about a quarter to nine.”

“Was your husband here when you left?”

“Yes.”

“I have to ask this, Mrs. Newman. Was he alive?”

“Yes. We had breakfast together.”

“What time would that have been?”

“At eight o’clock, I would guess.”

“Is that the last time you saw him alive?”

“When I left the apartment, yes.”

“What was he wearing?”

“I don’t remember.”

“Was it the robe he has on now?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Did you speak to him at any time after you got to California?”

“Yes, I called him last Friday, after I checked into the hotel. And I spoke to him again on Tuesday.”

“That would’ve been...”

“This past Tuesday.”

“The fifth. Three days ago.”

“Yes.”

“What’d you talk about?”

“Which time?”

“The last time you spoke.”

“I called to tell him I’d be catching a late plane out on Thursday night, and would be home the morning.”

“How did he sound?”

“Well...it was sometimes difficult to tell with Jerry.”

“What do you mean?”

“He was an alcoholic. He had his ups and downs.”

“Did he sound as if he’d been drinking when you talked?”

“He sounded depressed.”

“What time was this, Mrs. Newman? When you made the call?”

“It was after dinner, around nine California time.”

“That would have made it midnight here.”

“Yes.”

“Was he awake when you called?”

“Yes. He told me he’d been watching television.”

“How old was he, Mrs. Newman?”

“Forty-seven.”

“Can you tell me *your* age?”

“I’m thirty-six.”

“How long had you been married?”

“Fifteen years. Well, it would’ve been fifteen years in October.”

“Was this a first marriage for both of you?”

“No. Jerry was married before.”

“Would you know his first wife’s name?”

“Yes. Jessica.”

“Jessica Newman, would it be?”

“I don’t know if she’s still using her married name.”

“Would you know her maiden name?”

“Jessica Herzog.”

“Does she live here in the city?”

“I believe so.”

“Did your husband have any living relatives?”

“His mother. And a brother in San Francisco.”

“Can you tell me *their* names?”

“Susan and Jonathan.”

“Both Newman?”

“Yes.”

“Does your mother-in-law live here in the city?”

“Yes.”

“I assume you have her address.”

“Yes.”

“I’d like it before we leave, if you don’t mind.”

“Not at all.”

“Mrs. Newman, can you tell me where you were staying in Los Angeles?”

“The Beverly Wilshire.”

“Were you there on business or pleasure?”

“Business.”

“What sort of work do you do?”

“I’m an interior decorator. There was a trade show out there this week.”

“Did you call your brother-in-law while you were out there?”

“Jonathan? No. He’s in San Francisco.”

“Well, that’s relatively close to Los Angeles, isn’t it?”

“I didn’t call him.”

“When did the show start?”

“What?”

“The trade show.”

“Oh. Monday.”

“But you went out the Friday before.”

“Yes. I thought I’d relax a bit over the weekend.”

“Mrs. Newman, you told me the door was locked when you got home...”

“Yes, it was.”

“Would anyone but you or your husband have a key to the apartment?”

“No.”

“Do you have a housekeeper?”

“A cleaning woman. But she doesn’t have a key.”

“Do you know where I can reach her?”

“She’s in Georgia just now, her mother—”

“When did she leave for Georgia?”

“The middle of July. Her mother’s very sick.”

“Can you tell me her name, please?”

“Bonnie Anderson.”

“Where does she live?”

“I don’t know her address. Somewhere in Diamondback.”

“Do you know her phone number?”

“It’s in the book. Bonnie Anderson.”

“You the investigating detective?” a voice at Carella’s elbow asked.

He turned to find a pair of uniformed cops, their hands on their hips, and he knew before seeing their arm patches that they were Emergency 911 cops. There was something about this all-volunteer arm of the Police Department that telegraphed itself from miles away: a swagger, a bravado, an attitude that told all other cops they were only mere mortals.

“Carella,” he said, nodding. “The Eight-Seven.”

“I hear we got a real blob inside there,” the 911 cop said. “You want us to bring up a body bag?”

“This is the man’s wife,” Carella said.

“Nice to meet you,” the 911 cop said obliviously, and then gallantly touched the peak of his cap. “Yes or no?”

“I think we’ll need one,” Carella said, and turned away from him.

Tears were forming in Anne Newman’s eyes again.

“Where will you be staying tonight?” Carella asked gently.

“I thought with my mother-in-law. She doesn’t know about Jerry yet, I’ll have...I’ll have to call her.”

“If you’d like someone to take your bags downstairs, and hail a taxi...”

“Yes, I’d appreciate that, thank you,” she said.

“Just one other thing, Mrs. Newman. If we find any good latents in the apartment—”

“Latents?”

“Fingerprints, we’d want to compare them against your husband’s, and yours, and your cleaning woman’s when she gets back from Georgia. Have you ever been fingerprinted? I’m certain there’s no criminal record in your past...”

“None.”

“But have you ever held a governmental position? Or were you in the armed forces?”

“No.”

“Then I wonder if I could ask you to stop in at the station house, at your convenience, where you’ve had a chance to—”

“I don’t understand.”

“It’ll just take a few minutes, the stuff washes off with soap and water, and it’ll be a great help to us.”

“I still don’t understand.”

“I’m sorry, ma’am, but we’re required to investigate any apparent suicide exactly like a homicide.”

“Oh.”

“Yes, ma’am. Before we can close it out.”

“Oh. Well, then, certainly.”

“Thank you,” Carella said.

He asked the patrolman on duty outside the apartment to take the lady’s bags down for her, and then—as they walked together toward the elevator bank—turned to examine the lock on the front door. It was a double-cylinder deadlock, which meant that it could only be unlocked by key on either side, inside or out. Anne Newman had just told him that only she and her husband had keys to the apartment. He could see no visible jimmy marks on the outside cylinder or doorjamb. He was still studying the lock when Kling and one of the lab technicians came out of the apartment.

“Better take a look at this,” Kling said. “Found it on the bathroom floor.”

“I was just about to tag it,” the tech said. He was wearing white cotton gloves, and holding a small plastic bottle in his right hand. There was only one gelatin capsule in the bottle. He held it up so that Carella could read the label:

AMBROSE PHARMACY
Phone : EX 2-1789
3712 Jackson Circle -- Isola
No: C-11468 Dr. : James Brolin
ANNE NEWMAN 7/29
One capsule before retiring, as
needed for sleep.
SECONAL

Carella jotted down the name and telephone number of the dispensing pharmacy and beneath that the name of the doctor. He was putting his notebook back in his pocket when the ME came out of the apartment.

“You can ventilate whenever you want to,” he said.

“What’ve we got?” Carella asked.

“No visible wounds, cause of death’ll have to wait till we open him up.”

“Fucking temperature in there,” the tech said, “I wouldn’t be surprised he died of *heat stroke*.”

It was almost noon when they started back for the station house. In this city, homicides and suicides were treated in exactly the same way, and so—still lacking evidence of either—they had made their drawings of the scene, and talked to the other tenants on the sixth floor and the doorman on duty in the lobby, and had learned only that Anne Newman had indeed left for *someplace* on the first of August, and that no one had seen her husband, Jerry, for the past week or so. According to the tenants and the doorman, this wasn’t particularly unusual: Jerry Newman was a freelance commercial artist who worked out of his own apartment and who sometimes locked himself in for days when trying to meet an illustration deadline.

The car windows were open, the heat ballooned around the two men as Carella edged the vehicle through the heavy lunch-hour traffic. He glanced sidelong at Kling, who was staring straight ahead through the windshield, and then said, “Tell me.”

“I’m not sure I want to talk about it,” Kling said.

“Then why’d you bring it up?”

“‘Cause it’s been driving me crazy for the past month.”

“Let’s start from the beginning, okay?” Carella said.

The beginning, as Kling painfully and haltingly told it, had been on the Fourth of July, when he and his wife, Augusta, were invited out to Sands Spit for the weekend. Their host was one of the photographers with whom Augusta had worked many times in the past. Carella, listening, remembered the throng of photographers, agents, and professional models, like Augusta, who had been guests at their wedding almost four years ago. He preferred not to dwell too often on that day because it had culminated in the abduction of Augusta by a lunatic who’d fanatically followed her career over the years and who had made a virtual shrine of the apartment in which he’d kept her captive for three days.

“...on the beach out there in Westphalia,” Kling was saying. “Beautiful house set on the dunes with two guest rooms. We went out on the third, and there was a big party the next day, models and photographers...well, you know the crowd Gussie likes to run with. That was when I got the first inkling, at the party.”

He had never felt too terribly close to his wife’s friends and associates, Kling said; they had, in fact, had some big arguments in the past over what he called her “Tinsel Crowd.” He supposed much of his discomfort had to do with the fact that as a detective/3rd he was earning \$24,600 a year whereas his wife was earning \$100 an hour as a top fashion model; the joint IRS return they’d filed in April had listed their combined incomes as a bit more than \$100,000 for the previous year. Moreover, most of Augusta’s friends were *also* earning that kind of money, and whereas she felt no qualms about inviting eight or ten of them for dinner at any of the city’s most expensive restaurants and signing for the tab afterward (“She keeps telling me they’re business associates, it’s all deductible,” Kling said), he always felt somewhat inadequate at such feasts, something like a poor relative visiting a rich city cousin, or—worse—something like a kept man. Kling himself preferred small dinner parties at the apartment with friends of his from the police force, people like Carella and his wife, Teddy, or Cotto Hawes and any one of his dozens of girlfriends, or Artie and Connie Brown, or Meyer Meyer and his wife, Sarah, people he knew and liked, people he could feel relaxed with.

The party out there on the beach in Westphalia, some 130 miles from the city in Sagamon County, was pretty much the same as all the parties Augusta dragged him to in the city. She'd go through with a modeling job at four, five in the afternoon, and if he'd been working the Day Tour he'd be off at four and would get back to the apartment at about the same time she did, and she always have a cocktail party to go to, either at a photographer's studio or the offices of some fashion magazine, or some other model's apartment, or her agent's—always someplace to go. There were times he'd be following some cheap hood all over the city, walking the pavements flat and getting home exhausted and wanting nothing more than a bottle of beer, and the place would be full of flit photographers or gorgeous models talking about the latest spread in *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* drinking the booze Augusta paid for out of her earnings, and wanting to know all about how it felt to shoot somebody ("Have you ever actually *killed* a person, Bert?"), as if police work was the same kind of empty game modeling was. It irked him every time Augusta referred to herself as "a mannequin." It made her seem as shallow as the work she did, a hollow store-window dummy draped in the latest Parisian fashions.

"Well, what the hell," Kling said, "you make allowances, am I right? I'm a cop, she's a model, we both knew that before we got married. So, okay, you compromise. If Gussie doesn't like to come we'll send out for Chink's whenever anybody from the squad's coming over with his wife. And if I've just been in a shootout with an armed robber, the way I was two weeks ago when that guy tried to hold up the bank on Culver and Third, then I can't be expected to go to a gallery opening or a cocktail party, or a benefit, or whatever the hell, Gussie'll just have to go alone, am I right?"

Which was just the way they'd been working it for the past few months now, Augusta running out to this or that glittering little party while Kling took off his shoes, and sat wearily in front of the television set drinking beer till she got home, when generally they'd go out for a bite to eat. That was if he was working the Day Tour. If he was working the Night Watch, he'd get home bone weary at 9:30 in the morning, and *maybe*, if he was lucky, catch breakfast with her before she ran off to her first assignment. A hundred dollars an hour was not pumpkin seeds, and—as Augusta had told him time and again—in her business it was important to make hay while the sun was shining; how many *more* years of successful modeling could she count on? So off she'd run to this or that photographer's studio, rushing out of the apartment with a kerchief on her head and her shoulder bag flying, leaving Kling to put the dishes in the dishwasher before going directly to bed, where he'd sleep till six the next night and then go out to dinner with her when she got home from her usual cocktail party. After dinner, *maybe*, and nowadays less and less frequently, they'd make love before he had to leave for the station house again at 12:30 in the morning. But that was only on the two days a month he caught the Night Watch.

In fact, he'd been looking forward to going out to Sands Spit, not because he particularly cared for the photographer they'd be visiting (or *any* of Augusta's friends, for that matter) but only because he was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to collapse on a beach for two full days—his days off. Nor was he due back at work till Saturday afternoon at 1600—and that's where the trouble started. Certainly at least, that's where the *argument* started. He didn't think of it as trouble until later that night, when he got into a conversation with a twerpy little blonde model who opened his eyes for him while the photographer-host was running up and down the beach touching off the fireworks he'd bought illegally in Chinatown.

The argument was about whether or not Augusta should stay at the beach for the entire long weekend, instead of going back to the city with Kling on Saturday. They'd been married for almost four years now; she should have realized by this time that the Police Department respected holidays, and that a cop's two successive days off sometimes fell in the middle of the week. He was lucky this year, in fact, to have caught the Glorious Fourth and the day preceding it, and he felt he was

within his rights to ask his own *wife*, goddamn it, to accompany him back to the city when he left ten tomorrow morning. Augusta maintained that the Fourth of July rarely was bracketed by an entire long weekend, as it was this year, and it was senseless for her to go back to what would be essentially a ghost town when *he* had to go to work anyway. What was she supposed to do while he was out chasing crooks? Sit in the empty apartment and twiddle her thumbs? He told her she was coming *back* with him, and *that* was that. She told him she was *staying*, and that was *that*.

They barely spoke to each other all through dinner, served on their host's deck overlooking the crashing sea, and by the time the fireworks started at 9:00 P.M., Augusta had drifted over to a group of photographers with whom she'd immediately begun a spirited, and much too animated, conversation. The little blonde who sat down next to Kling while the first of the fireworks erupted was holding a martini glass in her hand, and it was evident from the first few words she spoke that she'd had at least *four* too many of them already. She was wearing very short white shorts and an orange blouse Kling had seen in *Glamour* (Augusta on the cover) the month before, slashed deep over her breasts and exposing at least one of them clear to the nipple. She said, "Hi," and then tucked her bare feet under her, her shoulder touching Kling's as she performed the delicate maneuver, and then asked him in a gin-slurred voice where he'd been all afternoon, she hadn't seen him around, and she thought surely she'd seen every good-looking man there. The fireworks kept exploding against the blackness of the sky.

The girl went on to say that she was a junior model with the Cutler Agency (the same agency that represented Augusta) and then asked whether he was a model himself, he was so good-looking, or just a mere photographer (she made photographers sound like child molesters), or did he work for one of the fashion magazines, or was he perhaps that lowest of the low, an agent? Kling told her he was a cop, and before she could ask to see his pistol (or anything else) promptly informed her that he was here with his wife. His wife, at the moment, was oohing and aaahing over a spectacular swarm of golden fish that erupted overhead and swam erratically against the sky, dripping sparks as they fell toward the ocean. The girl, who seemed no older than eighteen or nineteen, and who had the largest blue eyes Kling had ever seen in his life, set in a pixie face with a somewhat lopsided chipmunk grin, asked Kling who his wife might be, and when he pointed her out and said, "Augusta Blair," the name still used when modeling, the girl raised her eyebrows and said, "Don't shit me, man, Augusta's not married."

Well, Kling wasn't used to being told he wasn't married to Augusta, although at times he certainly felt that way. He explained, or *started* to explain, that he and Augusta had been married for years—but the girl cut him off and said, "I see her all over town," and shrugged and gulped at her martini. She was just drunk enough to have missed the fact that Kling was a cop, which breed (especially of the detective variety) are prone to ask all sorts of pertinent questions, and further too drunk to realize that she didn't necessarily have to add, "with *guys*" after she'd swallowed the gin and vermouth, two words which—when coupled with her previous statement and forgiving the brief hiatus—came out altogether as "I see her all over town with guys."

Kling knew, of course, that Augusta went to quite a few cocktail parties without him, and he also knew that undoubtedly she *talked* to people at those parties, and that some of those people were possibly *men*. But the blonde's words seemed to imply something more than simple cocktail chatter, and he was about to ask her what she meant, exactly, when a waiter in black trousers and a white jacket came around with a refill, apparently having divined her need from across the wide expanse of the crowded deck. The blonde deftly lifted a fresh martini glass from the tray the waiter proffered, gulped down half its contents, and then—compounding the felony—said, "*One* guy especially."

"What do you mean, exactly?" Kling managed to say this time.

"Come on, what do I mean?" the blonde said, and winked at him.

“Tell me about it,” Kling said. His heart was pounding in his chest.

“Go ask Augusta, you’re so interested in Augusta,” the blonde said.

“Are you saying she’s been seeing some guy?”

“Who *cares*? Listen, would you like to go inside with me? Don’t fireworks bore you to death? Let’s go inside and find someplace, okay?”

“No, tell me about Augusta.”

“Oh, *fuck* Augusta,” the blonde said, and untangled her legs from under her bottom and g unsteadily to her feet, and then said, “And you, *too*,” and tossed her hair and went staggering into the house through the French doors.

The last time he saw her that night, she was curled up, asleep in the master bedroom, her blouse open to the waist, both cherry-nippled breasts recklessly exposed. He was tempted to wake her and question her further about this “*one* guy especially,” but his host walked into the room at that moment and cleared his throat, and Kling had the distinct impression he was being suspected of rape or at least sexual molestation. The blonde later disappeared into the night, as suddenly as she had materialized. But before leaving the next day (Augusta stayed behind, as she had promised, or perhaps threatened) Kling asked some discreet questions and learned that her name was Monica Thorpe. On Monday morning he called the Cutler Agency, identified himself as Augusta’s husband, said they wanted to invite Monica to a small dinner party, and got her unlisted number from them. When he called her home, she said she didn’t know who he was, and didn’t remember saying anything about Augusta, who was anyway her dearest friend and one of the sweetest people on earth. She hung up before Kling could say another word. When he called back a moment later, she said, “Hey, knock it off, okay, man. I don’t know what you’re talking about,” and hung up again.

“So that’s it,” Kling said.

“That’s it, huh?” Carella said. “Are you telling me...?”

“I’m telling you what happened.”

“*Nothing* happened,” Carella said. “Except some dumb blonde got drunk and filled your head with—”

“She said she saw Augusta all over town. With *guys*, Steve. With *one* guy *especially*, Steve.”

“Uh-huh. And you believe her, huh?”

“I don’t know *what* to believe.”

“Have you talked to Augusta about it?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“What am I supposed to do? Ask her if there’s some guy she’s been seeing? Suppose she tells me there *is*? Then what? Shit, Steve...”

“If I were in a similar situation, I’d ask Teddy in a minute.”

“And what if she said it was true?”

“We’d work it out.”

“Sure.”

“We would.”

Kling was silent for several moments. His face was beaded with sweat, he appeared on the verge of tears. He took a handkerchief from his back pocket and dabbed at his forehead. He sucked in a deep breath, and said, “Steve...is it...is it still good between you and Teddy?”

“Yes.”

“I mean—”

“I know what you mean.”

“In bed, I mean.”

“Yes, in bed. And everywhere else.”

“Because...I, I don't think I'd have believed a word that blonde was saying if, if I, if I didn't already think something was wrong. Steve, we...these past few months...ever since June it must be we...you know, it used to be we couldn't keep our hands off each other, I'd come home from work she'd be all over me. But lately...” He shook his head, his voice trailed.

Carella said nothing. He stared through the windshield ahead, and then blew the horn at a pedestrian about to step off the curb against the light. Kling shook his head again. He took out his handkerchief again, and again dabbed at his brow with it.

“It's just that lately...well, for a long time now...there hasn't been anything between us. I mean not like before. Not the way it used to be, when we, when we couldn't stand being apart for a minute. Now it's...when we make love, it's just so...so cut and dried, Steve. As if she's... *tolerating* me, you know what I mean? Just doing it to, to, to get it *over* with. Aw, shit, Steve,” he said, and ducked his face into the handkerchief, both hands spread over it, and began sobbing.

“Come on,” Carella said.

“I'm sorry.”

“That's okay, come on.”

“What an asshole,” Kling said, sobbing into the handkerchief.

“You've got to talk to her about it,” Carella said.

“Yeah.” The handkerchief was still covering his face. He kept sobbing into it, his head turned away from Carella, his shoulders heaving.

“Will you do that?”

“Yeah.”

“Bert? Will you talk to her?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I will.”

“Come on now.”

“Yeah, okay,” Kling said, and sniffed, and took the handkerchief from his face, and dried his eyes, and sniffed again, and said, “Thanks,” and stared straight ahead through the windshield again.

The neighborhood had changed.

He hadn't expected it to look the same, not after twelve years, but neither had he expected so overwhelming a transformation. He got off the elevated train at Cannon Road, and then came down the steps onto Dover Plains Avenue, called simply and familiarly "the Avenue" when he was still living here. The area then had been a peaceful mix of Italians, Jews, Irish, and blacks, but as he walked up toward Marien Street, he noticed with a fleeting pang that time had passed him by, all the familiar landmarks were gone.

What had once been an Italian *latticini* was now a Puerto Rican *bodega*. What had once been a kosher butcher shop was now a billiard parlor; through the open door of the place, he could see clusters of teenage Puerto Ricans holding pool cues. The pizzeria on the corner of Yardley was now a bar and grill, and Harry's candy store—where he used to take the kids for ice-cream sundaes—was now a shoe store, a huge sign lettered *Zapatería* across the front of it, a plate-glass window replacing the open counter over which Harry used to pass his egg creams. All gone, he thought. My two youngest kids living in Chicago with Josie's mother now, and my eldest, my daughter—ah, my daughter.

He was back here today to find his daughter.

He had last seen this neighborhood when he was twenty-seven years old. A young man. Twenty-seven. He would be forty in November, twelve years of his life blown in prison. Moira had been sixteen when they sent him away, she'd just turned eighteen this past June, he hadn't seen her in all that time. He wondered if she would recognize him. He was a tall man—they didn't *shrink* you up there in Castleview, though they did just about everything *else* to you—and still muscularly built, thanks to workouts in the prison gym, never missed a day of lifting those weights, except that time he was in solitary for a month, that was after the stabbing that cost him a sure parole and an additional two years of time.

He'd been away for twenty-to-life on a Murder One conviction, which meant he'd have been eligible for parole in ten if it hadn't been for D'Annunzio starting in about his nose, greeting him every morning with "Hey, Schnoz, how's it going?" or "How's the Schnozzola today?" Trapped up there where you can't avoid somebody who's bugging you, man keeps calling attention to the fact you got a big nose, there's only so much of that shit you can take. Grabbed a fork off the mess hall table one night after D'Annunzio made some crack about guys with big noses having tiny little cocks—which was wrong, anyway, it was supposed to be the other way around, a big nose meant a *big* cock—and went at his face with it, tore D'Annunzio's face to ribbons with the fork, would've blinded the son of a bitch if three of the pigs hadn't clubbed him to the floor. Spent a month in solitary and then heard the good news that his parole request was being denied. Later, the state added two years to the obligatory ten he had to serve. The pigs were fond of saying "If you can't do the time, don't do the crime." He had done his time—twelve long years of it—and now he was out.

And now he wanted to see his daughter again.

This was Saturday, the neighborhood seemed drowsy and peaceful in the blistering midday sun. He walked up ~~Marien to the house they used to live in, a two-family, clapboard-and-brick building~~ with a low picket fence around it. The house and the fence used to be painted white; the new owners had painted them green. There were two mailboxes side by side at the curb, one with the name JOHNSON on it, the other with the name GARCÍA. A black man was in the big front yard, hunkered over an azalea bush, pulling weeds from around it. Halloran stood staring at the house for a moment remembering, and then turned and walked back toward the Avenue again.

He had never been a drinking man, even before the trouble, and drinking was one habit you couldn't pick up in stir. But his lawyer had told him that his daughter had come back from Chicago and was living someplace in the old neighborhood, and Halloran hadn't been able to find a listing for her in the Riverhead directory, so he figured maybe the best place to start was one of the bars, asking anybody knew where Moira Halloran was living these days. Puerto Rican and black neighborhood like it was now, an Irish girl had to stand out, right? Irish girl with blonde hair and blue eyes like her mother's—Ah Jesus, Josie, I never meant to do it.

He went into the bar that used to be a pizzeria. Made good pizza back in the days before he got sent away, used to take Josie and the three kids there all the time. Used to think a lot about Josie up there at Castlevue. In bed alone at night, he thought about Josie. Even later on, when he found himself a punk who'd do whatever he was *told* to do or *else*, it was Josie he thought about during the sex act. Always Josie. Josie he thought about, Josie he imagined. Josie who he'd killed with a hatchet.

The jukebox was playing a Spanish song, whole damn world was going Hispanic, more of them up there in Castlevue than you could flush out of a field of sugarcane. The spic behind the bar was humming along with the tune, polishing a glass, tossing his head in time to the Latin rhythms. The bar was empty otherwise. Halloran took a stool near the bartender and asked him for a beer. The bartender seemed annoyed that somebody was interrupting his little spic jam session. Scowling, he put down the glass he'd been polishing, and went to draw the beer.

"Thanks," Halloran said.

"*De nada*," the bartender said.

"You live in this neighborhood?"

"Why? You police?"

Halloran thought that was very funny. He smiled and shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm not police."

"You look like police," the bartender said, and shrugged.

"My name's Jack Halloran, I'm up here looking for my daughter."

"Your daughter, huh?"

"That's right."

"Halloran, huh?" the bartender shook his head. "Nobody name Halloran come in here. You daughter, huh?"

"My daughter. Blonde girl, eighteen years old. Moira Halloran."

"I don't know nobody by that name. You want to pay for the beer, please?"

"I'm not a cop, and she's not in any trouble," Halloran said, reaching for his wallet. "I'm just trying to find her, is all."

"I don't care if she's in trouble or what she is," the bartender said. "I don't know her. That's seventy-fi' cents."

Halloran paid for the beer without touching a drop of it, and then went out onto the Avenue again. The elevated tracks overhead cast a shadow on this side of the street, and he was grateful for the respite from the sun. Otherwise, there wasn't a breeze, not a breath of fresh air in this damn suffocating heat. He went from bar to bar asking if anybody knew his daughter, Moira Halloran. He

did not hit pay dirt until the fifth bar. The bartender there, like all the *other* bartenders, was a Puerto Rican with an accent you could slice with a machete.

“Moira Halloran?” he said. “No Moira Halloran. Only Moira *Johnson*.”

“Johnson?”

“Johnson, *sí*. Tall blon’ girl, dee age you say, eighteen, nineteen, like that.”

“Johnson, huh?”

“Johnson. She’s marry to Henry Johnson, they live on Marien Stree, you know Marien?”

“I’m familiar with it, yes.”

“So tha’s where,” the bartender said.

He remembered the mailboxes in front of the old house, the names Johnson and García on them. Had his daughter come back to live again in that house? His lawyer had told him the place was up for sale, but Jesus, had his daughter and her husband bought it? Were they maybe living in the same apartment the family had lived in twelve years ago, the downstairs apartment, renting the small upstairs one to the spic Garcia, the one he’d seen weeding in the front yard, some of these spics were blacker than African niggers.

Halloran paid for the beer and walked out. It was hotter in the street now, and suddenly he was sweating. Now that he was closer to finding her, now that it was proving easier than he’d ever *dreamed* it could be, he found himself sweating, and a little short of breath, his heart pounding in his chest as he made the familiar turn onto Marien, and walked past half a dozen little Puerto Rican girls skipping rope, and then stopped in front of the clapboard-and-brick house he’d once lived in with Josie and the kids before he’d had to kill her, the *same* house—his, daughter Moira was living here in the same house he’d shared with Josie for seven years. The black African spic, García, was still out front weeding.

“Hey!” Halloran called.

The man looked up.

“You speak English?” Halloran asked.

“You talking to me?” the man said. He looked to be in his early twenties, a thin guy wearing a tank-top undershirt and cutoff blue jeans. He was holding a claw-shaped gardening tool in his right hand.

“Yes, I’m talking to you,” Halloran said. “I’m looking for Moira Johnson, do you know her?”

“I know her,” the man said. “What do you want with her?”

“She’s my daughter,” Halloran said.

“Well, well,” the man said.

“What’s *that* mean, ‘Well, well’?”

“They decided to let you out, huh?”

“Who the hell are *you*?” Halloran asked.

“Henry Johnson,” the man said. “Moira’s husband. Why don’t you get lost? Moira don’t want nothin’ to do with you, man.”

“Look, punk,” Halloran said, and opened the gate in the picket fence, and hesitated when he saw Johnson’s hand tighten on the claw tool.

Locked up in prison, you learned to sense when it was wise to shout a man down, and when it was best to leave him alone. You saw it in the eyes. D’Annunzio should’ve seen it in *his* eyes the night he started in about a big nose, he should’ve seen Halloran’s eyes narrowing and should’ve known right then that his face was going to be hamburger. There was something in this nigger’s eyes now (Moira married to a *nigger*, his daughter married to a *nigger*!) that told Halloran he could be dangerous. He hesitated just inside the gate, and then tried a tentative smile, and then said, “I’ve come a long way to see her, son.”

“Don’t give me no ‘son’ bullshit,” Johnson said. “I’m no more your son than she’s your daughter anymore.”

“I’d like to see her,” Halloran said quietly.

“She ain’t home. Take off, before I call the cops.”

“She’s my daughter, and I want to see her,” Halloran said in a steady monotone. “I want to see what my daughter looks like now that she’s grown up, I’m not leaving here till I see her, I’ve waited twelve *years* to see her, and I’m *going* to see her, have you *got* that, I’m going to *see* her, son.”

There must have been in his eyes the same look D’Annunzio should have seen there an instant before the fork plunged into his face, the same look Halloran thought he’d detected in young Johnson’s eyes just a few minutes ago. He saw the grip on the gardening tool loosen, saw Johnson taking his measure, a veteran street fighter the way all the niggers up at Castlevue were, a badass who could recognize trouble when it was coming down the pike, and who wanted no part of it when the man’s eyes were signaling mayhem.

“She *still* ain’t home,” Johnson said, but all the bluster had gone out of his voice.

“When *will* she be home?” Halloran asked.

“She’s out marketing,” Johnson said.

“That doesn’t answer my question.”

“What is it, Hank?” a woman’s voice behind him said.

He turned.

She was standing just outside the picket fence, a tall slender blonde wearing sandals, white slacks, and a tomato-red tube top, clutching a brown paper bag in each arm, holding them close to her breasts. Even from this distance, he could see the startlingly blue eyes, and for a moment he thought he was looking at Josie, thought he was looking at his dead wife, and told himself that this beautiful woman was his daughter, his—

“Moira?” he said.

She must have recognized him, she remembered him, Jesus, she *remembered* him! She kept staring at him over the low picket fence, and then she said, “What do you want here?”

“I came to see you.”

“Okay, you’ve seen me.”

“Moira—”

“Hank, tell him to get out of here.”

“Moira, I just want to say hello, that’s all.”

“Then say it. And leave.”

“I never did anything to you,” he said plaintively, and spread his arms wide in supplication, the fingers on both hands widespread.

“You didn’t, huh? You killed my *mother*, you son of a bitch! Get out of here!” she said screaming now. “Get *out* of here, leave me alone, get out, get *out*!”

He looked at her a moment longer, and then lowered his arms and walked silently through the open gate, and past her where she stood shaking with rage on the sidewalk. Their eyes met for only an instant before he turned away from the hatred in them and began walking swiftly toward the Avenue.

At a little past three that Saturday afternoon, Kling called the Medical Examiner’s Office to ask what was delaying the autopsy report. The man he spoke to was the one who’d been at the scene the morning before. His name was Joshua Wright, and the first thing he said was, “Hot enough for you?”

Kling grimaced, moved a pad into place, and prepared to write. At his desk near the filing

sample content of Heat (87th Precinct)

- [Hitler's Ethic: The Nazi Pursuit of Evolutionary Progress online](#)
- [download *The Charismatic Principle in Social Life*](#)
- [Isle of Woman \(Geodyssey, Book 1\) pdf, azw \(kindle\), epub, doc, mobi](#)
- [read Environmental Protection, Security and Armed Conflict: A Sustainable Development Perspective pdf](#)

- <http://honareavalmusic.com/?books/Derai--Dumarest-of-Terra--Book-2-.pdf>
- <http://nautickim.es/books/Cloud-Computing-Best-Practices-for-Managing-and-Measuring-Processes-for-On-Demand-Computing--Applications-and-Dat>
- <http://www.shreesaiexport.com/library/Hijo-de-hombre.pdf>
- <http://reseauplatoparis.com/library/Dear-Scott--Dearest-Zelda--The-Love-Letters-of-F--Scott-and-Zelda-Fitzgerald.pdf>