Nancy Drew, *Dragon Tattoo*: Female Detective Fiction and the Ethics of Care

Caroline Reitz

Abstract
This paper uses the feminist framework of an ethics of care to propose solutions to some of the longstanding challenges for women in hard-boiled detective fiction. It argues that Raymond Chandler, in making detective fiction about masculinity and male solidarity, prioritises gender over an abstract notion of an impartial justice. While gender solidarity provided possibilities for feminist writers, the absence of a public framework for justice often limited the solutions these detectives could provide and perpetuated an individualist ideology or traded justice for revenge. Care ethics links personal relationships and responsibilities to broader efforts at creating a more just society. The remainder of the paper tests this framework with two divergent examples of popular contemporary female detectives, Mma Ramotswe of the "No. 1 Ladies' Detective" series and Lisbeth Salander, the girl with the dragon tattoo of the Millennium trilogy.

Key words: care ethics, violence, feminism, hard-boiled.

Several years ago, I wrote an essay arguing that the hero-centred, individualist genre of detective fiction was hostile terrain for feminist interventions, joining a conversation that included critics such as Kathleen Klein, Maureen Reddy, Priscilla L. Walton and Manina Jones[1]. While such work recognised the limitations of the hard-boiled detective story, it also explored the idea that "intersectionality," accounting for "multiple grounds of identity when considering how the social world is constructed" (Crenshaw 1991: 1245), can make unsettling and potentially progressive alterations in the form[2]. Both Reddy and Klein went on to develop these ideas in subsequent

[1] Reitz 1999. See Klein 1995, Reddy 1988, Walton and Jones 1999.
[2] See Crenshaw 1991.

books, generally asserting that difference "disrupts that fiction's usual ideological position" (Reddy 2003: 54)[3]. This remains a very productive conversation in the field. Nels Pearson and Marc Singer's 2009 essay collection, *Detective Fiction in a Postcolonial and Transnational World*, posits that detective stories can be sites of exploration and not just consolidation: "The hard-boiled detective narrative is not only an example of the depth and duration of the relationship between crime fiction and racial episteme, but one of the sites where the genre challenges that episteme and its alignment with national and imperial ideology" (p. 5)[4].

As I recently tinkered with the syllabus for my "Sisters in Crime" course, I wanted to think about the intersection between feminist frustrations with the form of the detective story, with state understandings of justice and, most broadly, with a human rights framework that presumes international applicability. There has been a veritable explosion of international detective fiction in print and on screen over the past decade. Perhaps the problem was not only the individualist ideology of the genre, but a particular kind of Anglo-American individualism, the kind we associate with Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler and described by Virginia Held (2008: 52) as "the power of the libertarian myth of self-sufficiency that pervades so much Anglo-American thought". Even in multicultural explorations of detective fiction, such as Klein's and Reddy's most recent works, the emphasis is on America's multicultural society and "writers exploring distinctive American subcultures" (Klein 1999: 2). Is this a question of just changing the setting, or does global detective fiction offer a fresh perspective to the feminist frustrations with the detective genre? The insights of global feminist ethics about relational identities and an ethic of care *do* alter the capacities of the genre, I will argue, as detective work is seen not solely as settling scores but as something that can seek "the good of society, and increasingly of humanity on a global scale" and that might curb "tendencies toward aggression" and enhance "tendencies toward nurturance" (Held 2008: 49).

I will also argue that the unlikely source of this idea about detective work as care is Raymond Chandler. The first part of this

[3] See Reddy 2003 and Klein (ed.) 1999.
[4] See also Matzke and Muhleisen (eds) 2006.

essay will argue that Chandler (2008: 218), in attempting to wrest detective fiction away from "the flustered old ladies – of both sexes (or no sex)" of the Golden Age, replaces official justice with masculine solidarity as the detective's motivation. The second part of this essay posits that this belief in gender solidarity as an alternative to public, impartial notions of justice enables the rise of American female detective fiction[5]. While these representations advance an idea of gender solidarity that is empowering in the context of a patriarchal genre, they have their limitations as conceptions of both justice and feminism, particularly in a world in which it is increasingly important to recognise connections between private crime and borderless structural violence. The third part of this essay suggests that a global feminist ethics perspective invites us to think about what feminism can bring to conceptions of justice beyond a personal code of justice that is only as just as the individual actor. In conceiving of detective work as care, female detective fiction recovers a sense of tending to needs that is at the centre of care ethics. The fourth and final part of the essay looks closely at two incredibly different but equally popular female detective series of the past decade: Alexander McCall Smith's *The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency* and Stieg Larsson's *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*[6]. I argue that their global perspectives require that a feminist commitment to justice does not settle scores (or only settle scores) but creates the conditions for a broader pursuit of social justice, or at least an understanding of the individual self as inextricably linked to a social self[7]. While female detectives are only human,

[5] For an interesting discussion of the "Marlowe in drag" phenomenon in female detective fiction, see Walton and Jones (1999: 99ff).

[6] The texts I discuss in this essay are somewhat randomly chosen from a broad reading in the field of contemporary female detective fiction. Classic texts – Sherlock Holmes, Raymond Chandler, Sue Grafton – remain useful (enabling, frustrating) archetypes for an exploration of contemporary fiction. McCall Smith's *No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency* and Larsson's *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* serve my purpose here by representing extreme ends of the genre and therefore cases that both illustrate and challenge my argument about detective work as care. Other works that might have been included here are Zoe Ferraris's *Finding Nouf* and its sequel *City of Veils* set in Saudi Arabia, Diane Wei Liang's *The Eye of Jade* set in Beijing and the graphic novel *Whiteout* by Greg Rucka and Steve Lieber set in Antarctica.

[7] It should not go without noting that what I discuss here as "global" literature

they are always more than individuals. Care ethics presents a way to prevent social justice from always collapsing into personalised justice dispensed by, in Chandler's words, "the best man in his world" (Chandler 2008: 219).

1. Raymond Chandler: the mutha of feminist detective fiction

In *The Big Sleep*, Raymond Chandler's 1939 seminal detective novel, hard-boiled private eye Philip Marlowe explains why he does what he does. "I do all this for twenty-five bucks a day – and maybe just a little to protect what little pride a broken and sick old man has left in his blood" (Chandler 1992: 228). Here Marlowe gives up on any abstract notion of justice and claims as his motivation gender solidarity with his client, the "broken and sick" old General Sternwood. In replacing justice with gender, Raymond Chandler is at once the mother and the "mutha" of female detective fiction[8].

The claim that writers like Chandler aggressively masculinise the detective genre will come as no surprise to those familiar with the history of hard-boiled detective fiction. Chandler throws down the gauntlet in his fiction and his criticism and tries to take back the crime story for men. Chandler (2005: 218) states in his classic article on the genre of detective fiction, "The Simple Art of Murder," that he deliberately writes against "the flustered old ladies – of both sexes (or no sex) […] who like their murders scented with magnolia blossom." There are times when teaching his tales of psychotic sexpots or silver-wigged saviours – the kinds of women who have legs that were "arranged to [be] stared at" (Chandler 1992: 17) – that I do think of Chandler as a real "mutha". But in substituting

is either written in English or translated into English. It would be fascinating to observe differences in this form in works not in English, but this is beyond the scope of this essay – and my linguistic abilities. This question only skims the surface of an important argument about World Literature happening elsewhere. See Apter 2013 and Levine's 2014 response.

[8] Walton and Jones (1999: 96ff) discuss the significance of "reverse discourse," a strategy used by women writers to "play on that recognition" of "hard-boiled conventions and writers". While the writers I consider are responding broadly to hard-boiled detective fiction, I think there is overt signifying on Chandler's *The Big Sleep* which is why it is my particular example in this essay.

gender for justice as a motivation for the detective's work, he is also a mother, giving birth to a tradition of female detective fiction that makes gender an indistinguishable part of the examination of justice and challenges an impersonal, abstract conception of it. While sometimes female detective heroes often look a lot like, to quote Sue Grafton's Kinsey Millhone, "Marlowe in drag", their stories examine, as many political theories of justice do not, what role gender should play in a just society. Is justice universal and therefore gender-neutral or relational with the implication that specificities such as gender become not only central but possibly alternative justice systems? Golden Age detective fiction, such as works by Arthur Conan Doyle, Agatha Christie and Dorothy Sayers, is relatively gender neutral. Indeed the representations of gender are downright playful. We are told in one story, "A Scandal in Bohemia", that Sherlock Holmes might harbour feelings for Irene Adler, who "is always *the* woman" (Doyle 2009: 1), but the other stories feature an eccentric, protean bachelor, whose world is distinctly homosocial. Sayers's Lord Peter Wimsey *likes* his baths, drawn by his loyal servant Bunter, scented with magnolia blossom (actually, they are scented with verbena but I doubt Chandler would draw a distinction). Christie's sleuths are sexually indeterminate: the fastidious Hercule Poirot and Jane Marple, spinster. Such indeterminacy seems entirely appropriate for works that dramatise a primary commitment to justice. For example, while Holmes is famously *not* a Scotland Yard detective – indeed he takes umbrage at the comparison and occasionally breaks the law – readers and critics agree that the outcomes of the stories are consistent with those that would be desired by an effective justice system. Sayers's novels are increasingly interested in gender, such as *Gaudy Night* (1935), but while gender difference is extremely important to the story she wants to tell, it does not impact the operation of justice that generally asserts itself in an abstractly satisfying way in the end.

In "The Simple Art of Murder", Chandler takes on two groups: those Golden Age writers mentioned earlier whose "flustered old ladies of both sexes (or no sex)" are ruining the crime story and those critics who attack hard-boiled detective fiction by the likes of Dashiell Hammett and himself. Hammett, Chandler writes, "gave murder back to the kind of people that commit it for reasons, not

just to provide a corpse; and with the means at hand, not with hand-wrought dueling pistols, curare, and tropical fish" (2005: 217). "People" here could be gender-neutral, but quickly Chandler (p. 219) clarifies who the hero of such a story is: "the best man in his world and a good enough man for any world". Chandler goes on to say that "I do not care much about his private life" and for a brief moment we think "man" might be short for "human" – but, after saying he doesn't care about his private life, he goes on to specify certain gender-specific behaviours: "he is neither a eunuch nor a satyr; I think he might seduce a duchess and I am quite sure he would not spoil a virgin; if he is a man of honour in one thing, he is that in all things".

Chandler uses gender to make his point – about the genre and the detective figure – because gender is his point. Notions of justice don't offer much competition. In hard-boiled detective fiction, society and its institutions are almost thoroughly corrupt. It is frequently raining in Chandler's California. Cops shoot when they don't have to. Newspapers publish soothing lies that a complicit public all-too-happily accepts (Chandler 1992: 118). If you somehow miss the point that black-and-white concepts like justice are dead, you only have to look at one of the bad guys in *The Big Sleep*, Eddie Mars, who was "a gray man, all gray" (p. 68). Mars shares half of Marlowe's name and, briefly, more of Marlowe's respect than the cops. But the criminal justice system is just one feature of a corrupt landscape. Personal relationships and families are equally rotten. The novel opens with Marlowe having been summoned to the Sternwood mansion where two women in their "dangerous twenties", sisters Carmen and Vivian, are causing their father, the aging General, significant grief (p. 4).

In the first chapters, Chandler offers up two cultural myths, equally parables of justice and gender, as ways for us to grasp Marlowe's role in society. The first is the code of knights. A stained-glass panel in the hallway of the Sternwood place shows:

> a knight in dark armor rescuing a lady who was tied to a tree and didn't have any clothes on but some very long and convenient hair. The knight had pushed the vizor of his helmet back to be sociable, and he was fiddling with the knots on the ropes that tied the lady to the tree and not getting

anywhere. I stood there and thought that if I lived in the house, I would sooner or later have to climb up there and help him. (Chandler 1992: 3ff)

This passage sets up the novel's central idea: Marlowe is not a classical knight (he later writes in reference to his chess board that "this was not a game for knights") but he can do the knight's job of rescuing damsels in distress more effectively. As a dark knight serving his dying king, Marlowe visits the General in "a huge canopied bed like the one Henry the Eighth died in" (p. 209). Just as female sexuality and betrayal was seen as the downfall of King Arthur's court (and allegedly Henry the Eighth's), the Sternwood sisters' involvement in blackmail, murder, and gambling threaten the General.

The idea that female deception threatens social stability is the theme of the second cultural myth in the novel: Eve in the Garden of Eden. Chandler's Los Angeles is distinctly post-lapsarian and both the greenhouse garden in which Marlowe first meets his client and the client himself are decaying: "the light had an unreal greenish color […] the plants filled the place, a forest of them, with nasty meaty leaves." The smell of the orchids "has the rotten sweetness of a prostitute" (p. 7ff). The problem with this garden is that Eve is in charge. Marlowe is told that Vivian might be spying on them as "Her windows command the greenhouse" (p. 16). No Garden would be complete without Satan and here she is a woman, Carmen, who had "little sharp predatory teeth" and, due to the quasi-epileptic condition on which her criminality is partially blamed, she spends much of the novel hissing and slinking around, often naked. The Biblical Garden decays because Adam chooses Eve over God – Marlowe will not make the same mistake. "I was part of the nastiness now," Marlowe explains on the final page of the novel, "but the old man didn't have to be. He could lie quiet in his canopied bed" (p. 230). In addition to his growing loyalty to the General, Marlowe comes to identify with his missing son-in-law, Rusty Regan. When he finally asks Marlowe to find Regan, the General explains "I guess I'm a sentimental old goat […] I took a fancy to that boy" (p. 214). When Marlowe asks the butler "what did this fellow have that bored into him so," the butler replies "the soldier's eye […] not unlike yours" (p. 215).

King and knight, general and soldier, father and son. The representation of Marlowe in a range of traditional masculine roles of loyal service is over-determined in part because Chandler is looking for a personal ethical code to replace failed official systems of justice. The substitution of the personal for the political sounds, well, a little feminist. *The Big Sleep* goes against the traditional, supposedly impersonal, impartial justice system in order to endorse an explicitly masculine set of personal relationships. Deborah Rhode (1989: 308) summarises Lawrence Kohlberg's influential characterisation of justice: "moral maturity requires a subordination of relationships to rules and rules to universal principles of rights and justice"[9]. Feminist rethinking of such theories, Rhode (*ibid.*) notes, such as that of Carol Gilligan, holds that "conventional moral and legal theory had placed excessive weight on hierarchies or abstract rules and principles and had granted inadequate emphasis to responsibilities arising from concrete relationships". While feminist alternatives to such conceptions of justice will be explored more fully in part three, Marlowe's capacity as a private detective means that he is less beholden to justice and rules and more to the relationship with his client, a relationship, we have seen, which is predicated on their shared masculinity. So while Chandler's fiction and his influential theory of the detective story are sexist, his substitution of gender for an impartial idea of justice radically reorients the possibilities of justice in a manner suggestive to feminists.

2. "Settling up": the limits of gender justice

Sue Grafton's novels demonstrate slightly more faith in the justice system than Chandler's – Kinsey's California is mostly sunny after all – but it, too, contains the greyness of the hard-boiled tradition. Grafton's first novel, *A is for Alibi*, begins with a failure of the criminal justice system: Kinsey's new client is a woman wrongly convicted for killing her husband who has just been released after serving eight years in prison. In the course of her investigation, Kinsey is asked by the murdered man's first wife why the PI is opening the case again. Kinsey replies, "To see if justice was done, I guess" and the ex-wife retorts: "Justice to whom?" (Grafton 1982:

[9] See Kohlberg 1981.

47). While Kinsey sees herself in some ways as an agent of justice, it becomes an increasingly relative and relational concept. The victim was a famous and ruthless philanderer, the suspects range from wives to mistresses, daughters to female employees, and so Kinsey's investigations take her through a range of female lives. Grafton's novel seems quietly feminist with some gentle teasing: a naughty dog is named "Dashiell" and the aging father of a second murder victim, incapacitated by stroke, is named "Raymond". Kinsey's frank discussion of her own sexuality as well as her unsentimental assessment of a range of female bodies and behaviours feel both hard-boiled (she writes of one woman that her mouth was "built for unnatural acts") and feminist: "the basic characteristics of any good investigator are a plodding nature and infinite patience. Society has inadvertently been grooming women to this end for years" (p. 36ff)[10]. Kinsey's journey through these toxic relationships, including one of her own, shapes her ideas about justice. As the book nears its conclusion, she says: "Hatred, I could understand – the need for revenge, the payment of old debts. That's what the notion of 'justice' was all about anyway: settling up" (p. 274). When Gwen, the first wife, confesses to the original killing, she is unrepentant, "Killing him once just wasn't enough. I wish I could kill him again", but Kinsey is neither judgmental nor lenient. She tells Gwen "You'd better hire yourself a hot attorney, babe, because you're going to need one" (p. 268ff).

A is for Alibi shows that justice is complicated (it is surrounded by scare quotes in the passage above) and that one of the things that complicates it is gender. At the conclusion of the novel, Kinsey is trapped in a garbage can – a hideous inversion of the knight's armour – trying to hide from a man, Charlie, who is both the killer and her lover. Kinsey reacts in two different ways, the first more stereotypically female: "Was I just imagining everything? He sounded like he always did […] Maybe I was crazy. Maybe I was making a fool of myself. […]. I felt tears rising. Oh Jesus, not *now*, I thought feverishly" (p. 306ff). But then, Kinsey, subordinating her feelings about her relationship to the impersonal right to self-defence, shoots her way out. "I blew him away" are the final words

[10] For an essay that locates Grafton in the history of detective fiction, see Hevener Kaufman and McGinnis Kay 2000.

of the novel proper. Is Kinsey's killing of Charlie just since she is "settling up" for his manipulative seduction of her and for his murder of two women or is it just in a legal sense because Charlie, armed with a large butcher's knife, would surely have killed her? The final sentence of her report, "in the end all you have left is yourself", paints Kinsey not as a female revision of the hard-boiled detective, a female avenger for the forgotten women who got in a killer's way, but simply a hard-boiled detective, a figure of a putatively impartial justice that finds that she "discharge[d her] firearm 'while acting within the course and scope' of my employment" (p. 308). Notions of revenge might have enabled Kinsey to pull the trigger, but the system recognises this as consistent with her official duties.

Mary Wings's short story, "Kill the Man for Me," published in a collection of female detective stories edited by Sara Paretsky, does not offer a choice. This is a story of settling up pure and simple. It tells the story of a pre-meditated murder disguised to look as if it were a killing in self-defence. Wings's story brilliantly offers up a comparison between private justice and the public criminal justice system by having two narrators. The unnamed narrator who tells the majority of the tale is a woman who sought help from a shrink because "I had thought I was losing my mind" only to have him make a pass at her during a session (Wings 1991: 246). When she began her own detective work, she discovered that he had a past that included domestic violence (DV) and sexual assault. She sought out these former victims (ominously also unnamed and referred to as *them*) and together they forged a plan to create the conditions whereby the abuser would snap, become abusive, and, eventually, need to be killed by the narrator in precisely the same self-defence scenario sanctioned by the state in Kinsey's case (he comes at her with a knife). While there is no sympathy for the abusive shrink in the story, there is no escaping the cold calculation of the women that results in a victory lunch paid for by his life insurance policy.

The first narrator's story is challenged in some ways by the second narrator, Officer Laura Deleuse, a uniformed cop, who is reluctantly sent to the shrink's house one night on a domestic violence call. Not only does her easy, trusting relationship with her male partner, Kevin, suggest the possibility of a different kind of relationship between the sexes, but she herself is a lesbian in a cantankerous affair with a paramedic. Relationship problems are not

the sole province of heterosexuals, Wings implies. Officer Deleuse also provides a legal context for the unnamed narrator's dilemma. While Wings is careful to suggest that the laws have not traditionally favoured the victim and there are ways around them, the system is trending toward a better understanding of the rights of the DV victim: "the laws have changed in California too. Used to be they'd have to press charges […]. Still hubby would get out the same night. Now all we have to do is get her to admit that he hit her and we can cool his heels in jail" (p. 240). The story of DV victims becoming vigilantes is simultaneously sympathetic (the guy is a dangerous serial abuser and sends the narrator to the ER numerous times) and chilling (the women calculate this crime down to the exact amount of the insurance policy). The reader has a qualified faith in the system to handle such crimes through the figure of Officer Deleuse. This would then seem like a strike against the "settling up" style of justice and a vote for the criminal justice system. Until Officer Deleuse, having a make-up lunch with her paramedic girlfriend, sees the group of women at their celebration, a bit too soon after the verdict. Officer Deleuse scans the group and recognises them from the trial and puts it all together. The unnamed narrator nervously attempts to read Officer Deleuse's face when she suddenly raises her glass, joining their celebration. The claims of the official justice system dissipate in this moment of gender solidarity with the female "victims" and gender justice looks very similar to revenge.

Wings's story is devastatingly effective in making the reader both want to raise a glass and to worry about her own abandonment of justice in such an act. While I have been arguing that the hard-boiled detective's disillusionment with official justice and intense investment in a masculine code of ethics made gender justice, rather than an abstract notion of justice, a viable motivation for feminist detectives, it also makes that a dead end. Scores can perhaps be settled, but these individualist solutions seem either disinterested in or downright hostile to larger aims of feminism to change the world. One of the appealing aspects of hard-boiled detective fiction for those interested in analysing social structures is its "tendency […] to broaden out from individual criminal acts to implicate larger social ills" (Pearson and Singer 2009: 7). But "settling up" revels in apprehending the individual criminal, leaving larger social ills to remain at large.

3. Do detectives care?

The problem with adapting the hard-boiled detective genre for feminist purposes parallels the problem with adapting a human rights model for women's rights. Serena Parekh (2008: 143) explains that "the traditional human rights formulations are made on a normative male model and applied to women as an afterthought." One way of tackling the problem of the limitations of a human rights framework in terms of gender is the idea of an ethics of care[11]. Carol Gilligan's ground-breaking work in the 1980s provided a "different voice" from the traditional human rights formulation. Feminist philosopher Joan Tronto (2008: 182) sums up Gilligan's intervention: "1) the central concepts are responsibility and relationships rather than rights and rules; 2) the moral questions are concrete and narrative rather than formal and abstract; and 3) the moral theory is best described not as a principle, but as the 'activity of care'." Tronto notes that Gilligan's theory does not exclude "the justice perspective" associated with Kohlberg. Mary Jeanne Larrabee writes that Gilligan instead "supplement[s] it with a theory of moral concern grounded in responsiveness to others that dictates providing care, preventing harm, and maintaining relationships" (quoted in Tronto 2008: 182). Care ethics also avoid the pitfalls of cultural differences; Held (2008: 51ff) explains that care has "universal appeal, as it rests not on divisive religious traditions but on the experiences every person has had of being cared for. […] No child would survive without extensive care". By this logic, even the loner hard-boiled detective was, at some point, part of a community of caring relations – even if it is in the distant past.

Is detective work care? On some level, this is a perfect question for the detective story, which is a narrative born of the tension between harm and care, between private selves and social systems. If there were no harm, there would be no crime. If society did not care, it wouldn't support structures (the police, the court system, the Department of Justice) that try to resolve crimes. But social structures don't care about everyone/thing evenly – criminal justice is only one frequently flawed part of social justice – so there is room for supplemental work. In this act, the detective is performing care

[11] See Ruddick 1989; Noddings 1984 and Gilligan 1982.

not only for individual clients, but, arguably, for a society whose official justice system structurally prevents it from being fair to all its members in all circumstances. One might argue that in doing this work, the detective figure and the solutions he/she works out let the "system" off the hook. This is a concern in a certain vein of contemporary detective fiction, such as those stories that centre on a psychotic serial killer and imply that harm is the result of deviant individuals and not structural violence. But seen through the lens of care, a detective is both an individual agent and defined by the broader context of his/her social relations. Care ethics take into account a notion of a relational self: "the ethics of care emphasises the moral importance of our ties to our families and other groups" (Held 2008: 51). Care ethics require a solution that is larger than the individual. "Seeking the good of society," Held (2008: 49) writes, "and increasingly of humanity on a global scale, requires curbing tendencies toward aggression, enhancing tendencies toward nurturance, and accepting policies that contribute to these processes".

Such an approach might seem risky, as exploring the feminism of female detective fiction through the lens of care ethics threatens to reinscribe a kind of domestic, maternal image (or a Nancy Drew type dutiful daughter) that would work against feminist efforts in the public sphere. Additionally, seeing women *as women,* as part of a collective and not individuals, can also limit human rights in a world that defines a human as an individual. Parekh (2008: 150) argues that women's "value is supposed to arise from the fact that they are fulfilling some universal eternal role of women – as wife mother, sexual object, etc. […] when women are stripped of individual identity in this way, it is hard to recognise them as fully human". Most female detectives engage in some kind of balancing act between the often lonely demands of their job and their relations with others. A third concern with a care ethics framework is that it abandons the principle of justice in favour of other values. "Although care is often contrasted with justice", Held (2008: 52) writes, "feminist philosophers developing the ethics of care have explored how care and justice might be meshed into a satisfactory comprehensive moral theory". Indeed, what stories like "Kill the Man for Me" and, to a lesser extent, Chandler and Grafton dramatise is what kinds of justice you get when you abandon any

kind of attempt to work within a system. Care ethics help recover an idea of justice that incorporates an understanding of difference (gender, sexuality, ethnicity, religion) rather than ignores it. Looking at all sides of a situation is consistent with the feminist care ethic and with detective work: "The combination of addressing needs, paying attention to context, and continually evaluating what to do on the basis of the whole endeavor and its purpose, requires a particular kind of thought process which is different from that of technical rationality" (Tronto 2008: 191). "Care", Tronto (p. 194) explains, "is about meeting the needs of those in need". Sounds like a job for Nancy Drew.

Of course the always perfect, perky, market-friendly girl wonder is a problematic figure for feminist detectives[12]. Nancy Drew does seem limited as a representative figure when looking at the global sleuths and the dark, complex crimes the world has seen since she patrolled the streets of River Heights in her blue convertible. However, one thing she did – other than convince legions of girl readers, including three future Supreme Court Justices, that they could be interested in things other than becoming a housewife – is to show detective work as not narrowly client-driven (even when one's loyalty to a client bespeaks a broader social investment as with Marlowe and his fraternity) but rather as social care-taking. Nancy-style justice requires a wide survey and understanding of reparations to the deserving multitude. Her responsibility is not to a specific victim only, but to the community that has been done harm. This is a core part of her character from the first pages of the first book, *The Secret of the Old Clock,* when she notices a young girl get knocked off a bridge by a speeding van. Nancy immediately leaps out of her car, carries the girl into her nearby house and the rest is history. 21st-century students howl at the convenient way that both victims and perpetrators are put in Nancy's path, at the tidy solutions and the connections provided for her by her lawyer father, Carson Drew. But what I see is how her community outreach becomes both her detective work and the method for restitution. Nancy discovers the little girl's elderly aunts in desperate financial straits due to an erroneous will of a wealthy relative (a later, fairer will was believed

[12] See Mason 1975.

to have been written but has been lost – you probably just guessed the Old Clock's secret!). As Nancy goes about River Heights, she meets a whole host of folks – young adult sisters, older brothers, an older woman in need of health care – who had also hoped to benefit from the will. Not only does Nancy find the will and distribute the money to the harmed parties, but she meets their other needs as well, for example she provides nursing care for the little girl as well as the elderly woman. Beyond immediate needs, she establishes longer-lasting connections, such as facilitating singing lessons for the poor but talented sister.

While much less saccharine, Veronica Mars, an early-21st-century television love child of Nancy Drew and Philip Marlowe, similarly sees detective work as about "responsibilities and relationships" rather than "rights and rules". Veronica is a teenage sleuth who drives a convertible and works for her dad. But the character is far more Marlowe than Nancy, evident in more than her similar name (Mars). The show is classically hard-boiled: Chandleresque narration becomes Veronica's terse, jazzy voiceovers, and the show has a frank attitude toward racial, sexual and class differences. It begins with a miscarriage of official justice. Veronica's dad, the former sheriff, has been fired after going after the wrong person in a murder case, and it is clear that the real killer is still on the loose and the new sheriff incompetent. It is also set in a deeply sleazy California, where wealth, naked ambition and class warfare shape even the adolescent social world of Veronica's high school. Despite the frequent shots of palm trees, it, too, is a rotten post-lapsarian playground and the pilot episode of the series actively signifies on paradigmatic scenes from *The Big Sleep*. The hotel Veronica stakes out for a couple of different cases is called The Camelot, its sign featuring a neon turret and the words "vacancy," suggests room for at least one more knight and recalls Marlowe's first glimpse of the Sternwood mansion. Veronica arrives at school to find a new kid, a naked African-American teenager, taped to the flagpole. She cuts through the gathered student population and cuts him down. Veronica, like Marlowe, is a dark knight, pursuing a version of justice from the outcast margins. But what is the nature of that justice? She is no longer connected to any system: she works for her dad, now a private eye; she was exiled from her high school clique, and she was denied justice by the corrupt new sheriff after

she was raped, when he told her to go see the wizard and find some courage.

But this is only one part of Veronica's story. Unlike Marlowe or Kinsey, in the end, she has more than just herself: her father and Wallace, the grateful friend whom she rescued from the flagpole. Her status as mostly dutiful daughter clearly genders her, but the show knowingly plays with gender stereotypes. Wallace tells her that "under that angry young woman shell is a slightly less angry young woman who just wants to bake me something." He then goes on to call her a marshmallow, playing on her otherwise war-like, hard-boiled name. But as the show ironises gender it also shows that concrete relationships, specifically personal relationships, are indistinguishable from justice at least for the female detective. As Veronica pursues the murder case for which her father was fired, she is both trying to redress miscarriages of official justice and bring her family back together (her mother leaves the family in the stressful wake of her father's firing). The final scene of the pilot episode shows Veronica on the veranda of the Camelot hotel and we hear her voiceover: "Okay, it's a long shot but I can't help myself. I used to think I knew what tore our family apart. Now I'm sure I don't. But I promise this: I will find out what really happened, and I will bring this family back together again. I'm sorry, is that mushy? Well, you know what they say: Veronica Mars, she's a marshmallow." On the one hand, Veronica as an agent of household justice seems like a feminist victory – we should see personal relationships as part of just society and not a stage that needs to be transcended for public justice to occur. On the other hand making the female detective's work the restoration of the happy family seems a throwback to even before Chandler's hard-boiled stories. Care ethics provide a way of seeing this work not as an alternative to public justice but as part of the work of justice. Veronica's detective work will both solve a public crime (the crime scene went viral) and bring her family back together.

While it might be hard to imagine Nancy Drew and Philip Marlowe in the same argument, it might be even harder to imagine Mma Ramotswe of the "No. 1 Ladies'" series and Lisbeth Salander, the tattooed, emotionally damaged hero of Stieg Larsson's wildly popular Millennium trilogy, together. The next section will show

where care ethics is an idea big enough to hold both the first lady detective in Botswana and Sweden's most bad-ass hacker.

4. Global female detectives

Alexander McCall Smith's best-selling "No. 1 Ladies' Detective" series (number 15 comes out this fall) has a reputation for being a cosy antidote to the "Heart of Darkness" stories that are told about Africa almost daily on the pages of current newspapers. Indeed, these easy-reading novels featuring Precious Ramotswe, "the only lady private detective in Botswana" (McCall Smith 2002: 3), are a love song both to Mma Ramotswe and to Africa. Here is how she is introduced:

> She was a good detective, and a good woman. A good woman in a good country, one might say. She loved her country, Botswana, which is a place of peace, and she loved Africa, for all its trials. I am not ashamed to be called an African patriot, said Mma Ramotswe. I love all the people whom God made, but I especially know how to love the people who live in this place. They are my people, my brothers and sisters. It is my duty to help them solve the mysteries in their lives. That is what I am called to do. (p. 4)

Mma Ramotswe calls her clients her family, but they are also fellow Batswana, Africans and all the people "whom God has made." Mma Ramotswe conceives of her detective work as concentric circles of care moving outward from her storefront in Gaborone "at the foot of Kgale Hill" (p. 3) from brothers and sisters to all of God's creation. As her friend and suitor Mr J. L. B. Matekoni puts it, she is a "fixer of lives" (p. 186). Mma Ramotswe is inspired by Miss Marple, whose detective work was similarly crafted out of a network of relationships rather than official training. When she is questioned as to her detective credentials, she replies "Women are the ones who know what's going on. […] They are the ones with eyes. Have you not heard of Agatha Christie?" (p. 61). Her straightforward, neighbourly wisdom also invites comparison with Nancy Drew[13].

[13] See my "Why do Lawyers love Nancy Drew? It's no Mystery," www.npr.org (last accessed June 9, 2009). In my "Sisters in Crime" class, students frequently comment on the parallels between Nancy Drew and the "No. 1 Ladies'" series.

However the simple language of McCall Smith's series here is misleading; the simplicity is in the style rather than substance. There is political and personal trauma woven into the story. The second chapter of *The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency* tells the story of how the agency came to be through the hard life of Mma Ramotswe's father Obed, who spent several years in the diamond mines of South Africa, ruining his health and witnessing a murder before he fled back to Botswana and his baby girl, Precious. There are references to the AIDS crisis: "a disease that is killing everybody these days" (McCall Smith 2002: 173). Like Veronica Mars and Lisbeth Salander (and a shocking number of female detective figures), Mma Ramotswe is a victim of sexual assault, suggesting that women's lives are marked by a violence that is both individual and shared. Unlike the relatively clear morality that shapes the work, however, McCall Smith further complicates the issue of sexual violence. Unlike Veronica, who was drugged before she was assaulted, Mma Ramotswe marries her abuser, bears his child (who dies after a few days) and admits to both her understanding of the situation ("he was not a good man") and her complicity, "It was like a bitter drink which bids you back" (p. 54ff). The multiple layers of trauma that give rise to and sustain the work of the agency are represented as needs that Mma Ramotswe is called to address.

Some readers of this series wonder if what Mma Ramotswe does is detective work. Janet Malcolm, though a fan, writes that these books "aren't really mysteries at all" and suggests that they fail the litmus test of true detective work: murders (Malcolm 2005). Arguing that detective work should be seen through the lens of care ethics runs the risk of similarly dismissing these stories as "cozies", cordoning them off from the hard-boiled detective fiction that has been the site of most feminist interventions. But if Precious is not hard-boiled, she is certainly hard core: staking out a killer crocodile at night and slicing its stomach open to find the watch of a missing (digested) man; staring down a crime lord; and driving into "the dead country" (p. 223) to rescue a kidnapped child. While McCall Smith emphasises the good in Africa, it is also distinctly post-lapsarian. In one scene, she is literally in an overgrown garden, "a tangle of vegetation" that "would be paradise for snakes" (p. 211). In an earlier episode, however, we learn what this modern day Eve does when she encounters a snake twisted around the engine

of the tiny white van: "I cut it in two […] two pieces" (p. 174). Mma Ramotswe triumphs over the snake, but not all mysteries are resolved so clearly within the framework of official justice. Indeed, the police are often dismissed. Mr J. L. B. Matekoni tells her that the father of the missing boy had to write to her because "the police will be doing nothing to find out how and where it happened. Because they're scared" (p. 91). However it would be wrong to see her "detective care" as inconsistent with the aims of justice. Her outcomes illustrate feminist philosophy's hope that "care and justice might be meshed into a satisfactory comprehensive moral theory" (Held 2008: 52). Some bad guys are run out of town: Happy Bapetsi's false daddy, for instance, or the Nigerian twin "doctors" are turned over to Mma's police captain friend, Billy Pilani, a literal meshing of justice and relationships. Some bad guys are still in business; Mma Ramotswe recovers the kidnapped child but the book ends without the witchdoctor handed over to the authorities. Mma Ramotswe's first priorities are those prescribed by care ethics. Her attention is first to the harmed parties – "meeting the needs of those in need" – and she addresses this by driving the kidnapped boy not to the police but back to his village and the open arms of his father:

> Mma Ramotswe walked back towards her van. […] She was crying; for her own child, too. […] There was so much suffering in Africa that it was tempting just to shrug your shoulders and walk away. But you can't do that, she thought. You just can't. (McCall Smith 2002: 230)

McCall Smith makes the same point here that he did when introducing Mma Ramotswe: her professional ethics are defined by personal relationships (this missing boy reminds her of her own lost child) that also express public, national, even continental relationships. The suffering of these two parents, linked by her detective work, is further linked to the suffering of all Africans and provides the continual justification for her work. If Chandler ends by becoming part of the nastiness and attempting to anesthetise himself to this reality, Mma Ramotswe drives into the heart of nastiness and brings out a survivor.

I want to argue that, as different as *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* is from *The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency*, ethics of care is also a sensible framework for evaluating Larsson's treatment of gender

and justice and one that suggests its significant possibilities. *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* is less obviously shaped by care ethics. It is a gory novel and ultimately includes a psycho serial killer of the kind that tends to eclipse any kind of analysis of structural violence. But one can see from its prefatory material and its challenging first chapters that this individualizing of crime (and crime fighting) is what the novel is precisely trying to avoid. It manages to do this, though not always smoothly. Its failures are instructive, in part because Larsson is attempting to make a connection between public and private notions of justice in a genre that has understood those as separate concerns.

The first pages of this long book include a Vanger family tree as well as a map of Sweden with a smaller map of Hedeby Island where much of the action takes place. In addition to the maps and the tree, the novel begins with exhaustive coverage of the libel case brought by corrupt financier Hans-Erik Wennerström against one of the main characters, Mikael Blomkvist, a financial reporter. Blomkvist will be in jail for three months of the novel's action, a sign of the novel's agnostic attitude toward official justice: Blomkvist is right in his charges of corruption, but technically supports the court's finding and has a weirdly peaceful time in prison. Each of the novel's four parts has a statistic about violence against women, for example "forty-six per cent of the women in Sweden have been subjected to violence by a man" (Larsson 2011: 139). The novel's original Swedish title was *Men Who Hate Women*. What, the book asks, is the relationship between financial crimes, corruption, investigative journalism, government statistics, a family business and assaulted female bodies? If the answer is nothing – if psychos can be contained and the social structures temporarily indicted let go – then we are still in the nastiness of Chandler's California. An ethics of care, however, can help us see the sometimes unsatisfying conclusions as an attempt to meet the needs of those in need across private, public and even international boundaries.

If Mma Ramotswe is our African Nancy Drew, Mikael "Kalle" Blomkvist, nicknamed for the boy detective of Astrid Lindgren's stories, is our Swedish one. He is not a trained detective, but rather a journalist. Blomkvist, like his creator Stieg Larsson, is a crusading financial reporter who works to bring corruption to light. In the wake of his conviction, Blomkvist is invited to solve the mystery of

Harriet Vanger who went missing 40 years ago and is believed dead but is still deeply mourned by her uncle Henrik, the enormously wealthy head of the Vanger family. We meet Blomkvist's future partner, Lisbeth Salander, when she is hired to write a report on Blomkvist for her employer, Milton Security. Salander is a world-class hacker, someone for whom knowledge is also power, but who doesn't have to abide by the same "rules and rights" as the journalist. Larsson describes her in Sherlockian terms, "her ability to gather information was sheer magic" (p. 39). Mma Ramotswe's manifest patriotism is strikingly different from the borderless world of a first-rate hacker, and Salander is no fan of any government, let alone the Swedish government. Nevertheless, Salander's skills as a hacker (more than any sense of mission) connect her with both Holmes and Mma Ramotswe, detectives whose purview exceeds the local (Baker Street, Gaborone).

Larsson is interested in making a larger argument about violence against women; his original title and the statistics that introduce each part make that clear. However, seeing women as a category entitled to rights – in this case freedom from violence – could limit their access to rights in a system that accords rights to individuals, as feminist ethicists have argued. Parekh sees Hannah Arendt's argument about individuality and human rights as pertinent here. What "Arendt observed in the 20th century", Parekh explains, "is that when a person has lost all the particular attributes that make her recognizable to us – her individuality, citizenship, social setting, etc. – we often fail to recognise such a person as *human*" (Parekh 2008: 150). Larsson seems to be walking just this line with Salander's character. He has her belong to the category of women – solidarity with the violence they experience at the least – but also someone whose individuality makes it difficult to place strictly in any category. Larsson's physical description of her blurs lines of gender, age, and ethnic categories:

> a pale, anorexic young woman who had hair as short as a fuse […]. She was a natural redhead, but she dyed her hair raven black […]. she had […] slender bones that made her look girlish and fine-limbed with small hands, narrow wrists, and childlike breasts. She was twenty-four, but she sometimes looked fourteen. She had a wide mouth, a small nose, and high cheekbones that gave her an almost Asian look. (Larsson 2011: 41)

Her computer skills and her "astonishing lack of emotional involvement" (p. 40) suggest a kind of cyborg. She has male and female sexual partners. Larsson additionally complicates Salander's political self: she is literally a ward of the state, having been appointed a guardian after a childhood marked by violence and instability. Just as Larsson is non-committal on the justice system in Blomkvist's case, he does not have a black-and-white attitude toward Salander's guardianship, though he spends a good part of a chapter on the astonishing amount of power the state assumes over the individual in such an act (p. 245ff). Her initial guardian is a kind figure who gently circumvents the letter of the law to become a true foster figure to her, teaching her, it is implied, key aspects of how to be human (p. 179). But upon his death, her case is transferred to a sadist and we get a glimpse of why she has a dragon tattoo.

Larsson has *The Big Sleep* in the rear view mirror (Blomkvist is frequently reading Anglo-American detective fiction and his "controversial book about financial journalism" is titled *The Knights Templar: A Cautionary Tale for Financial Reporters*). As discussed earlier, the opening of Chandler's novel sets out a tired traditional scene of heroism, the knight helping the damsel in distress. Another part of the mythic knight's job is to fight dragons. If Chandler argues that detective work is not a game for knights, it might be for dragons. Like a dragon, if left alone Salander wouldn't harm anyone, "she minded her own business and did not interfere with what anyone around her did" (p. 250). If disturbed, however, she breathes fire, kicking a man in the head who groped her in a train station (p. 174ff). This dynamic is played out to the extreme in a defining scene in the book. She is forced by her new guardian to give him oral sex to get access to her own bank account, and then brutally raped when she visits him at his apartment to get another check. After the first assault, however, Salander, an employee of Milton Security, comes armed with a videotape and records the hideous torture. Salander does not go to the authorities with this tape. Larsson points out that, as a ward, she is not "an ordinary citizen" and she is "not like any normal person"; to her, "the police were a hostile force who over the years had put her under arrest or humiliated her" (p. 245ff). Like Kinsey at the end of *A is for Alibi*, Salander shoots her way out of the garbage can, subjecting Bjurman to rape, torture and a two-hour homemade tattoo on his abdomen that reads "I AM A

SADISTIC PIG, A PERVERT, AND A RAPIST" (p. 288). Larsson (p. 250) explains Salander's personal justice system: "she always got revenge."

If the novel ended here, Salander would embody the kind of individualised justice that is indistinguishable from revenge and does nothing to link such violence to the state or involve social structures in a process of reparation. She would be at the same dead-end that Anglo-American feminist hard-boiled figures have found themselves for years: justice as settling up. The novel, however, doesn't end here. What follows Salander's experiment with sadism is instructive for the genre of detective fiction (even as it still leaves unanswered questions). For a start, it takes Salander, a consummate loner who "had no network or support group or political contacts of any kind" (p. 259) and changes that up by giving her a partner in Blomkvist. Blomkvist is a feminist, almost to the point of caricature: he is a gentle lover of women of all ages who never makes the first move but never says no, and has equally fulfilling, long-standing intellectual relationships with his sexual partners. Salander almost immediately takes a liking to him, jealously noticed by her boss, who had spent years winning her trust and now "Blomkvist had known her for five minutes and she was practically giggling with him" (p. 367). Blomkvist, as an investigative reporter, is also someone who believes in making private individuals accountable in public space. This is the point of the tiresome Wennerström story and also part of what is compelling to Blomkvist about solving the Harriet Vanger mystery. In giving Salander Blomkvist (or vice versa), Larsson provides a framework for understanding the responsibilities of care and gives the girl with the dragon tattoo an alternative to revenge.

This is still not Salander's instinct. As they solve the Harriet mystery and turn their attention to Wennerström problem, Salander says to Blomkvist, we "just finished up a case in which men with fucked-up sexuality played a prominent role. If I had to decide, men like that would be exterminated, every last one of them." Blomkvist says, "Well, at least you don't compromise" and Salander responds, "But at least you're not like them" (p. 553). In making an exception for Blomkvist, Salander also keeps open the notion that what they are involved in is not a single crime with a single solution, that you can't, as one of her t-shirts reads, "kill them

all and let God sort them out". The mysteries that this partnership resolves involves Nazis, Swedish complicity with fascism, multinational capitalism, religious extremism, as well as rape, murder and torture over generations. Larsson links these crimes through "men with fucked-up sexuality" as even Wennerström is found, through Salander's research, to have forced a young woman to have an abortion. The Vanger family is at once a set of personal relationships, a microcosm of 20th century Swedish history and a business, and so Martin's "unspeakable life […] has brought an enormous crisis for the company to a head" (p. 555). In working with Blomkvist, Larsson also allows Salander access to an ethics of care, demonstrated when she tends to the wounded Blomkvist's immediate needs in the torture chamber – a split-second decision that allows Martin, the killer, to escape.

As the novel ends, there are multiple solutions. Salander's motorcycle chase of the fleeing Martin Vanger results in his fiery death. Harriet Vanger is found and returns, but Henrik persuades Blomkvist not to make this public, not only for Harriet, who would be re-victimised but for the "thousands of employees in the company" (p. 558) who would lose work should the Vanger business collapse. Larsson wants to make the argument that long-ago crimes – the rape of a girl, Nazism – have implications in the present day. This is unsatisfying on some level. The reader shares Blomkvist's feeling that Martin should be held publicly accountable for the murder of the women: "*somebody* has to say *something* about the women who died in Martin's basement […]. Who is going to speak up on their behalf?" (p. 559). One feels the pull of individualist ethics in wanting him publicly assigned guilt. There is a whiff of Chandlerian complicity with the nastiness in this cover-up. Salander, however, counters by saying that publishing all the details, now that Martin was dead, would be like raping Harriet all over again "in print" (p. 560). In connecting the crimes against Harriet's personal body with the public body of the newspaper, Salander is struggling to bridge two contrasting impulses toward justice. She also does this when she seeks compensation for individual victims' families but requires that the Vanger Corporation "donate 2 million kronor annually and in perpetuity to the National Organization for Women's Crisis Centres and Girls' Crisis Centres in Sweden" (p. 560). In this, Salander demonstrates the "central values of care ethics", which, as

Held (2008: 53) writes, can "inform our response to the enormous global problem of violence against women, reminding us that an adequate response must include not only punishing offenders, but also caring for victims and, especially, promoting the kind of care and education of children that will reduce such violence in the future". Henrik tells Blomkvist that "you had to choose between your role as a journalist and your role as a human being" (p. 639), between his social and private selves. But a care ethics framework – rather than individualist detective work – offers other choices. Care ethics ask us to see justice neither as an impartial, rational thing nor something meted out by the "best man in his world" but as a continual negotiation between private lives and social structures in specific cultural contexts (Gaborone, Sweden) and across time.

Much is made of the fact that Salander returns, unwillingly, to her loner status at the end of the novel. Having finally learned to care (more importantly, to recognise that she can care), she brings Blomkvist a thoughtful gift and spies him with his long-time lover Erika Berger. She dumps the gift in the trash and appears to be one more female crime fighter whose story ends in a garbage can. For Salander, however, the significant moment comes earlier, when she realises that Blomkvist will need her help to nail Wennerström: "It was Blomkvist's problem, not hers. Or was it?". Here Salander realises that human relationships require responsibility and not just rules (in her case, rules are always subverted). Her place of employment is not called *Milton* security for nothing. Sweden is also a paradise lost, with generations of state and private crimes intertwined and overgrown by lies. Mma Ramotswe cuts the snake in two, trying to keep Botswana a "good country". Paradise seems unrealistic for Salander, someone who experienced "all the Evil", (Larsson 2011: XX). However Salander's new understanding of how relationships shape justice keep her from being left with only herself.

It is a long strange trip from Chandler and Nancy Drew to Kinsey Millhone, Veronica Mars and Officer Deleuse to Mma Ramotswe and Lisbeth Salander. If the detective genre is resistant to change, it is not for a lack of trying. Chandler wanted to bring a realistic sense of "the nastiness" to crime fiction that had become, in his word, too "fragrant". Hard-boiled detective fiction might accurately and usefully show abstract notions of justice to be flawed, but in locating solutions within an individual detective,

whose work isolates him/her from a community, alternative visions of justice are limited and it is all too easy to see them devolve into revenge. While seeing detective work as care risks reinscribing domestic ideology that feminist writers have been working hard to shake, it is an acceptable risk. The ethic of care takes into account "global and political issues as well as the personal relations that can most clearly exemplify care" (Held 2008: 51). The intersections between Anglo-American hard-boiled ideology and global female detective fiction offer a chance to see crime as both individual and structural, and crime-fighting as something that requires both private and public solutions.

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank the editors of this volume, Simona Bertacco and Nicoletta Vallorani, for inviting me to contribute this essay – and for their patience when it was finished later than promised. It is dedicated to two people: to Abby Stein, whose many years of friendship and team-teaching taught me profound lessons about the relationship between feminism, care, and social justice; and to Michael Slevin, a stranger, who during a trying time returned a lost book to me, giving me hope that the universe, even when it seems most cruel, cares.

References

Apter, Emily, 2013, *Against World Literature: On the Politics of Untranslatability*, Verso, New York.

Chandler, Raymond, 2008, "The Simple Art of Murder", in D. Mansfield-Kelly and L. A. Marchino, *The Longman Anthology of Detective Fiction*, Pearson Longman, New York, pp. 208-19.

Chandler, Raymond, 1992, *The Big Sleep*, Vintage Crime/Random House, New York.

Crenshaw, Kimberle, 1991, "Mapping the Margins: Intersectionality, Identity Politics, and Violence against Women of Color," *Stanford Law Review* 43 (6), pp. 1241-99.

Doyle, Arthur Conan, 2009, "A Scandal in Bohemia", in S. E. Johnson (ed.), *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, Dover, Mineola (NY), pp. 1-20.

Gilligan, Carol, 1982, *In a Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Development*, Harvard U.P., Cambridge (MA).

GRAFTON, SUE, 1982, *A is for Alibi*, St. Martin's Griffin, New York.
HELD, VIRGINIA, 2008, "Gender Identity and the Ethics of Care in Globalized Society," in R. Whisnant and P. DesAutels (eds), *Global Feminist Ethics*, Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, New York, pp. 43-57.
HEVENER KAUFMAN, NATALIE and MCGINNIS KAY, CAROLINE, 2000, "Grafton's Place in the Development of the Detective Novel", in *'G' is for Grafton*, Henry Holt, New York.
KEENE, CAROLYN, 2002, *The Secret of the Old Clock*, Grosset & Dunlap, New York.
KLEIN, KATHLEEN, 1995, *The Woman Detective: Gender and Genre*, Illinois U.P., Urbana (IL).
KLEIN, KATHLEEN (ed.), 1999, *Diversity and Detective Fiction*, Bowling Green State University Popular Press, Bowling Green (OH).
KOHLBERG, LAWRENCE, 1981, *The Philosophy of Moral Development: Moral Stages and the Ideology of Justice*, Harper & Row, San Francisco.
LARSSON, STIEG, 2011, *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*, Vintage Crime/ Random House, New York.
LEVINE, CAROLINE, 2014, "For World Literature", www.publicbooks.org.
MALCOLM, JANET, 2005, "In the Company of Cheerful Ladies: The Weaker Sex," www.nytimes.com, last accessed April 24, 2014.
MANSFIELD-KELLY, DEANE and MARCHINO, LOIS A., 2005, *The Longman Anthology of Detective Fiction*, Pearson Longman, New York.
MASON, BOBBY ANN, 1975, *The Girl Sleuth: A Feminist Guide*, The Feminist Press, Brooklyn (NY).
MATZKE, CHRISTINE and MÜHLEISEN, SUSANNE (eds), 2006, *Post colonial Post mortems: Crime fiction from Transcultural Perspective*, Rodopi, Amsterdam-New York.
MCCALL SMITH, ALEXANDER, 2002, *The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency*, Anchor Books, New York.
NODDINGS, NEL, 1984, *Caring: A Feminine Approach to Ethics and Moral Education*, California U. P., Berkeley.
PAREKH, SERENA, 2008, "When Being Human Isn't Enough: Reflections on Women's Human Rights", in R. Whismant and P. DesAutels (eds), *Global Feminist Ethics*, Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, New York, pp. 139-54.
PEARSON, NELS and SINGER, MARK (eds), 2009, *Detective Fiction in a Postcolonial and Transnational World*, Ashgate, Farnham, Surrey & Burlington.
REDDY, MAUREEN T., 1988, *Sisters in Crime: Feminism and the Crime Novel*, Continuum, New York.
REDDY, MAUREEN T., 2003. *Traces, Codes, and Clues: Reading Race in Crime Fiction*, Rutgers U. P., New Brunswick (NJ).

REITZ, CAROLINE, 1999, "Do We Need Another Hero?", in A. Johnson Gosselin (ed.) *Multicultural Detective Fiction: Murder from the "Other" Side*, Garland Publishing, New York, pp. 213-34.

RHODE, DEBORAH, 1989, *Justice and Gender: Sex Discrimination and the Law*, Harvard U. P., Cambridge (MA).

RUDDICK, SARA, 1989, *Maternal Thinking: Toward a Politics of Peace*, Beacon, Boston.

TRONTO, JOAN C., 2008, "Is Peacekeeping Care Work? A Feminist Reflection on 'The Responsibility to Protect'", in R. Whisnant and P. DesAutels (eds), *Global Feminist Ethics*, Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, New York, pp. 179-200.

WALTON, PRISCILLA L. and JONES, MANINA, 1999, *Detective Agency: Women Rewriting the Hard-Boiled Tradition*, California U. P., Berkeley (CA).

WHISNANT, REBECCA and DESAUTELS, PEGGY (eds), 2008, *Global Feminist Ethics*, Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, New York.

WINGS, MARY, 1991, "Kill the Man for Me", in S. Paretsky, *A Woman's Eye*, Delacorte, New York, pp. 235-49.

Films

Veronica Mars, Dir. Rob Thomas, Performers: Kristen Bell, Percy Daggs III, Jason Dohring, Enrico Colantoni, Warner Bros, 2004.