



Dead Street (Hard Case Crime #37)

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For 20 years, former NYPD cop Jack Stang has lived with the memory of his girlfriend's death in an attempted abduction. But what if she weren't actually dead? What if she somehow secretly survived - but lost her sight, and her memory, and everything else she had - except her enemies? Jack has a second chance to save her.

Dead Street (Hard Case Crime #37) Details

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From Reader Review Dead Street (Hard Case Crime #37) for online ebook

David says

There are so many false notes in *Dead Street* that an explication of them would be longer than the novel itself. Here is one of my favorites from early on: Our hero, ex-cop Jack Stang, has discovered that his fiancée, who supposedly died twenty years ago in an accident after being kidnapped by the mob, is actually alive. When Stang, a.k.a. "The Shooter," learns this remarkable news, he proclaims, "Somebody has got to pay for twenty lost years." Somebody has got to pay for all that lost time, Captain Stang? That's strange. Why didn't they have to pay back when you thought that all they had done was kill your fiancée?

Tilak Raj Kaushik says

Not so good, because it was not finished by Spillane. someone else finished it after his demise. few good lines, but leave you unsatisfied. Ending is poor, because the other author mostly did the last part. Spillane is a great author,his previous works vouch for it. I will never read the latest ones which were completed by someone else.

story is boring and everything is waraped up too quick. at midway you can guess the ending yourself. obvious plot twists and totally predictable story. the blind girl all of a sudden starts getting a lot of past memories after being rattled by past love. love can do wonders. it's absurd, the girl lost her memory completely but love pep talk and kisses revived it all of a sudden. I will not recommend it, avoid it if you can. while reading it seems like few parts are missing, the story keeps jumping from one point to another. it shows that lot of it was completed by the psedo author.

the moment nuclear word appear in the story, i.lost all the interest in it. the villain buy his security by providing the database of crime family to the computer firm. this plot device is completely meaningless. anyone can figure the crooked cop in the story from the very beginning.

the half dead dog finally saved the day. another stupid plot twist.

there are too many lines about stupid dog,it did this,it did that, my soul cringed everytime that stupid dog is mentioned.

finally it was not the nuke but the enriched plutonium, how the hell someone can use it to make nukes as if it's piece of cake. several countries have nuclear material, but none of them can turn it into deadly weapon even after best efforts. you also need saphosticaed missiles and planes to launch it, which makes the entire plot line even more ridiculous.

no one buys plutonium unless you can really achieve the purpose. those Arabian morons could have never done anything with it.

Emily says

After reading the postscript where the co-author who finished the book based on notes said that he wrote chapters 9 through 11, I was able to pinpoint where exactly the writing became jarring. The style changed slightly right then--and got more virulently racist and venomous.

Beyond that, as a mystery story, it felt too simple right from the beginning (I don't like it when I've solved

the clues two chapters in advance of the detective) only to get more and more ridiculous with each twist and turn. Blind amnesiac woman in a Florida retirement village for cops, fine. I've read worse. But once you add nuclear materials and evil ice cream trucks, my eyes start rolling into the back of my head.

J.J. White says

I wonder just how good a friend Collins was to Spillane. The reason I say this is because there seems to be a large plot hole in the story and it takes place in Collin's last three chapters. In the beginning of Dead Street, Jack Stang is antsy and suspicious about the veterinarian's son. Hell, he wants to shoot him. So one would expect Spillane intended to involve the veterinarian in the original kidnapping and that involvement would reveal itself in the final chapter's. I'm guessing Spillane didn't mention this to his good friend Collins or his wife Jane. But, I've been wrong, before.

Lyn says

"You think you're some kind of writer? You think you're Mickey f***** Spillane?"

When I saw Full Metal Jacket and heard that line, coupled with the Bud Lite commercials and the legend, I knew someday I would read a Mickey Spillane novel. It took me a long time but I did, and like hundreds of millions of readers before me I enjoyed it. This being his last novel, actually published posthumously and finished by a friend, it is special.

Part of the attraction of the hard boiled crime genre is that there is no pretense, no ambitious for greatness. Like it's writer (not author) a Spillane book is what you see and what you get; a simple, no frills, black and white tale with good guys, bad guys and beautiful women.

The good guys are packing heat and the women respond to monickers like "doll" and "dame". Like a Louie L'Amour book or any of the Left Behind novels, hard boiled crime books have much in common; besides being wildly popular and with sales in the mythical hundreds of millions, they tend to have flat dialogue, one dimensional characters, and a simple but entertaining plot.

I also loved reading about Spillane and his comical feud with Ernest Hemingway and his unlikely friendship with Ayn Rand.

Greg says

This is going to be a short-ish review.

A kind of sentimental novel set in post 9/11 gentrified New York. I haven't had the best experiences with reading Mickey Spillane in the past, his writing generally doesn't do too much for me. This one was fine though, there were parts of it that were a little incredulous to me, but generally it was an ok enough book. Not one of the better Hard Case novels I've read in the past month, but there wasn't anything about it that

made it awful either.

A retired cop is drawn back in to investigating some events that should have been ancient history to him when he finds out that the love of his life is still alive and wasn't killed twenty or thirty years ago. Love conquers all in a slightly convoluted plot involving stolen nuclear material, long dead mobsters, al-Qaeda and the bulldozing of old neighborhoods on Manhattan's West-Side.

I can't think of too much to say about this one, and it's due back to the library today.

Kirk says

I've gotten hooked big time in the Hard Case Crime series and really looked forward to this one. It's good but not great---not as visceral or as immediate as *I, the Jury* or *Kiss Me Deadly*. But then again, what is? The degree to which you enjoy this one depends on the degree to which you're willing to ride back to the bygone days when villains were shot in the "melon," naked women sported an "inverted delta," and villains had names like *Douchebag McGuillicutty* (or some such variation). The popcorn is fun, but the popcorn has also been tastier---in particular in some of HCC's other entries. That said, this is a labor of love, and maybe the best compliment I can pay it is that I didn't know until weeks after reading *DEAD STREET* I returned to the afterward and learned that the book's final chapters had been completed by Max Allan Collins. It's a credit to him and HCC that they did the master such bittersweet justice.

Joe Santoro says

This one was a little weird... it felt like it should be set in the 60s, with a retired cop going back to investigate an old case from the mob. Then there was what almost felt like a side plot, but turned out to be the main story that sorta kinda involved Middle Eastern terrorists, but in such a generic way as to not really seem real.

I definitely need to read some of his older stuff, I'm sure it works a lot better, this one was certainly a page turner, it just was weird. The whole lost girlfriend is really alive thing is a bit of a standard, and it was too easy...20 years and suddenly talking to the old flame all fixes it, after years of therapy and such had no effect?

The whole 'Cops retirement home in Florida next to a gangsters retirement home' thing is really kinda silly. There were really some fun characters, though, from the main character, Stang, to the old lady that witnesses everything on the Street, to the mobster turned terrorist lackey, even the old cops, all some great characters in a fun version of New York that had this weird old time vibe that was entertaining, but felt just enough off to throw me out of the story at times.

catechism says

This is not a great book -- it's overly sentimental, reads like it was written fifty years before it actually was,

and the plot involves the mob, Saudi terrorists, crooked cops, the whole bit. Oh, and the protagonist was engaged to a woman 20 years ago, and she was killed in a heist gone wrong. But she is not dead! Instead, she is blind. And has amnesia. So my dude moves in next door and they get involved, and for totally mysterious reasons, when the woman finds out about this, she does not murder him. Instead there's a lot of swooning. So: not great! But Spillane's last, and so the sentimentality, at the very least, is excusable.

Kemper says

A completely ridiculous plot, but this book was really a curtain call for Mickey Spillane so it's best just to read it as such.

Cathy DuPont says

It's Mickey Spillane's last book and I was ready for another trip down noir street with Dead Street. Didn't happen.

Spillane died July 17, 2006, and this book which was almost completed, was published in 2007. His friend and confidant Max Allen Collins, prepared the manuscript for publication and completed the last three chapters which Spillane had outlined. I should have paid more attention to the publication facts and not anticipated that this book would be so similar in flavor to some of the earlier hard boiled noir books I've read by Spillane. However, I didn't pay attention, and was slightly disappointed because of it.

The plotline is about retired NYPD cop Jack Stang. He's told that the love of his life, Bettie, is alive, is blind and has no memory of the night she was abducted 20 years ago. The whys of the abduction and Stang's move to Florida where she lives is a part of the story. Scenes shift from Florida to NYC and from the present to 20 years back when Bettie and Stang were living together and engaged. At the time, Stang was a detective and Bettie a computer expert (and virus specialist) who worked for a computer storage company. Computers, of course, were in the early stages of being in every office and household.

Yes, I do think it would be considered 'hard-boiled' but references to 9/11, computers, and oil rich Middle Eastern nations, just threw me off a bit. Now I'm used to a 1950's and '60's setting in Spillane's books. It was disconcerting and I had a difficult time getting past it from the first mention of 9/11 and terrorism.

Still love Spillane's phrasing such as "Patience is something that cops learn. The initial eagerness of putting on a uniform is like training a puppy. All bounce and yips with lots of circles to run in." I find Spillane's writing so much fun to read and after reading sentences such as that I found I really missed his writing. Plotline, three stars, writing four stars and it's a Spillane, so four stars it is.

The cover of the book, so '50's, was a bonus. It's so 'pulp fiction' looking thanks to artist Arthur Suydam. Was happy to carry it with me and showing it off when waiting in offices. Imagined people thinking, 'look at her reading that trashy novel.' Spillane would have said with pride, "no, it's a book written by a writer, ma'am."

With that said, I'll take Mickey Spillane's writing over so many, many of today's bestselling "authors."

Dave says

Dead Street is a 2007 novel published by Hard Case Crime. After Mickey Spillane died, his pal Max Allan Collins was tasked with completing Spillane's unfinished manuscripts. In the afterword, Collins explains that Spillane wrote the first eight of eleven chapters and left extensive notes for the final chapters.

It is not a Mike Hammer novel. Jack Stang is a retired police captain who sees his old street dying. Twenty years ago, his fiancé was abducted and killed and he never remarried. Turns out she's still alive, has no memory of anything before the accident, but is all of a sudden in need of Stang's protection.

Although there are a few far fetched coincidences in this book, it is one helluva good book and I started and finished it in the same evening. Stang moves into a retirement community in Florida with all the other retired cops, but soon finds himself running back and forth to the old neighborhood to solve the twenty year old mystery before someone else puts the pieces together and he loses Bettie all over again. A good story that captures the reader from page one.

Dan Schwent says

Retired NYPD cop Jack Stang finds out his lost love, presumed dead 20 years or more, is still alive, blind, and has amnesia. But what does she have to do with stolen nuclear material?

Well, I have mixed feelings on this one. I wanted to love it, since this was Mickey Spillane's swan song and because of his status as one of the founding fathers of the genre. But I didn't. The plot seemed like something out of the seventies or eighties and I found the whole Bettie angle implausible.

That's not to say I didn't like it. I liked the way Spillane wrote Stang, even if it did seem dated. Also, are all the Spillane stories this gore-strewn? Holy crap! I sure didn't expect head explosions.

While this wasn't my favorite Hard Case, it wasn't a waste of time either. It was worth plunking down my money to see one of the legends in action one last time.

Rob says

This book was an okay addition to the Hard Case Crime series. I think my appreciation is a bit higher knowing that this was one of the last Mickey Spillane books. However, I didn't feel that the theme of hidden nuclear material was a good fit for this genre. Plus, some of the plot elements throughout the story were just a little bit too convenient and therefore, didn't leave much in the way of any twists or reveals to enhance the

entertainment of the book.

AndrewP says

This was the last novel that Spillane completed before his death in 2006. It was prepared for publishing by Max Allen Collins and first hit the shelves in 2007.

All the hallmarks of a good Spillane novel are here. A tough retired cop, a beautiful doll and a full cast of bad guys. It's interesting to note how his bad guys changed over the years to somewhat reflect the era he was writing in. In his early works they were straight mob guys, closely followed by red commies in the McCarthy years and concluded with Middle Eastern terrorists, post 9/11, at the end of his career.

I've always been a fan and this one contains quite a lot of the old Spillane style so I'm giving it 4 stars.
