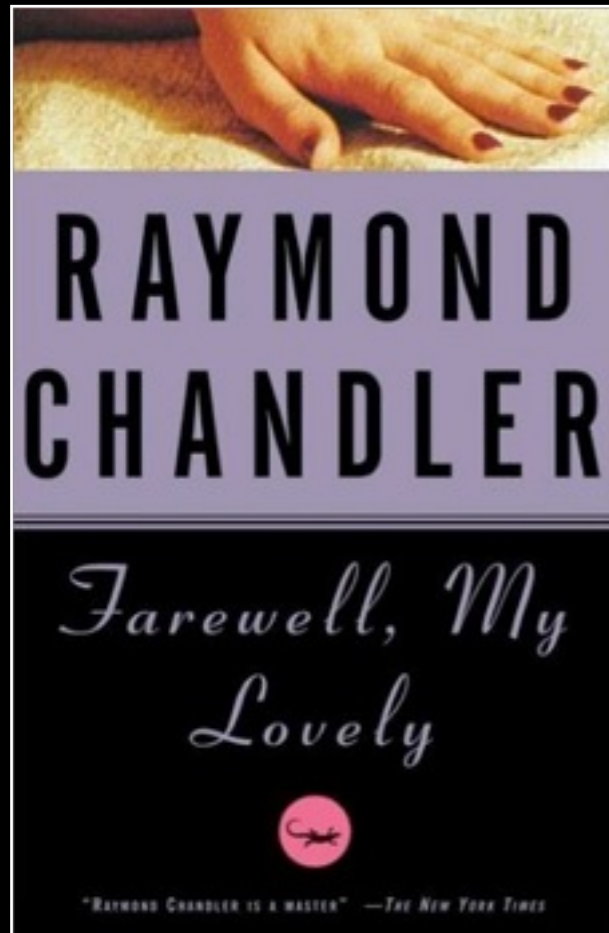


# American Best Sellers

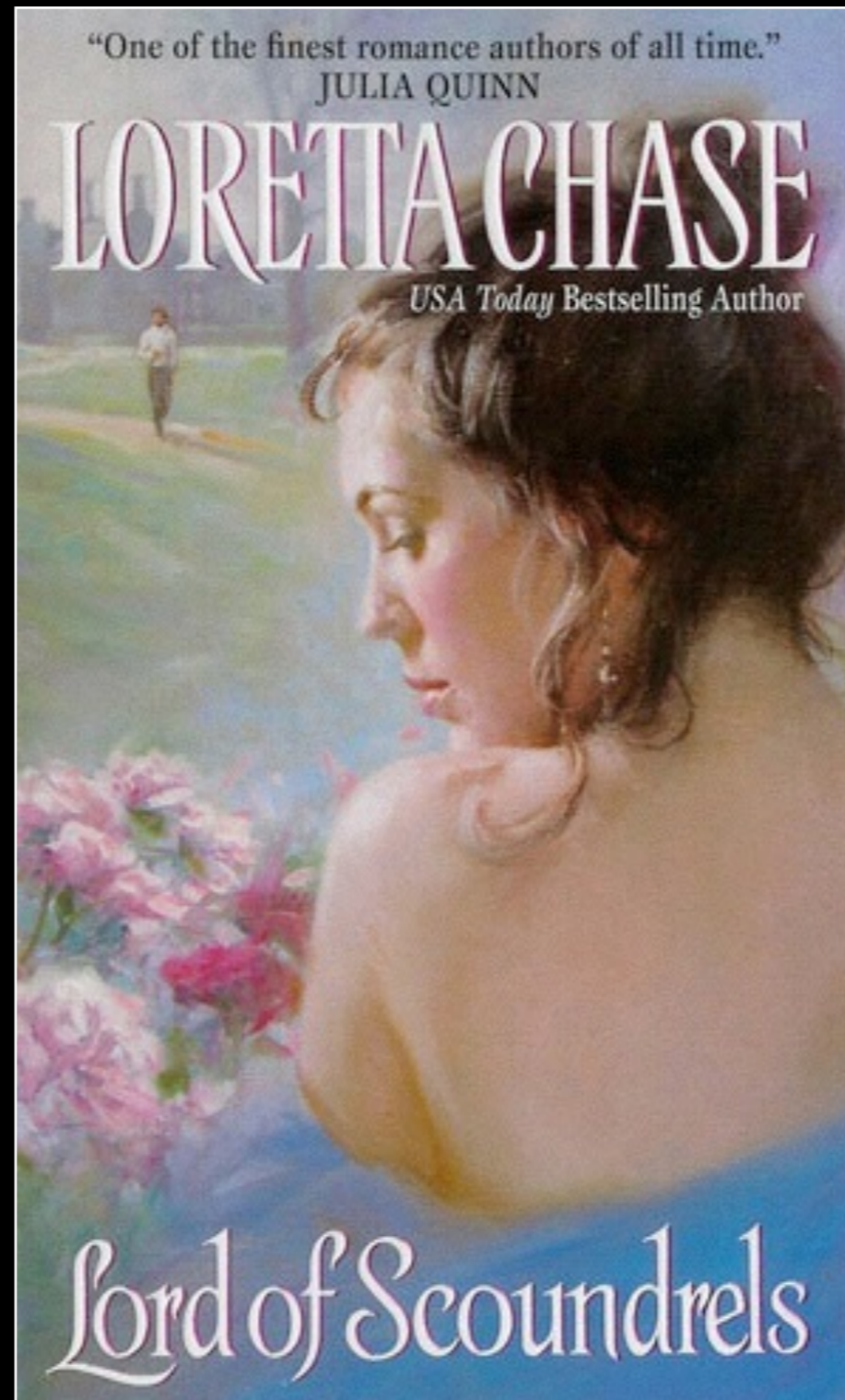
*special guest lecturer: Mollie Eisenberg*



## Lecture Outline (12/2)

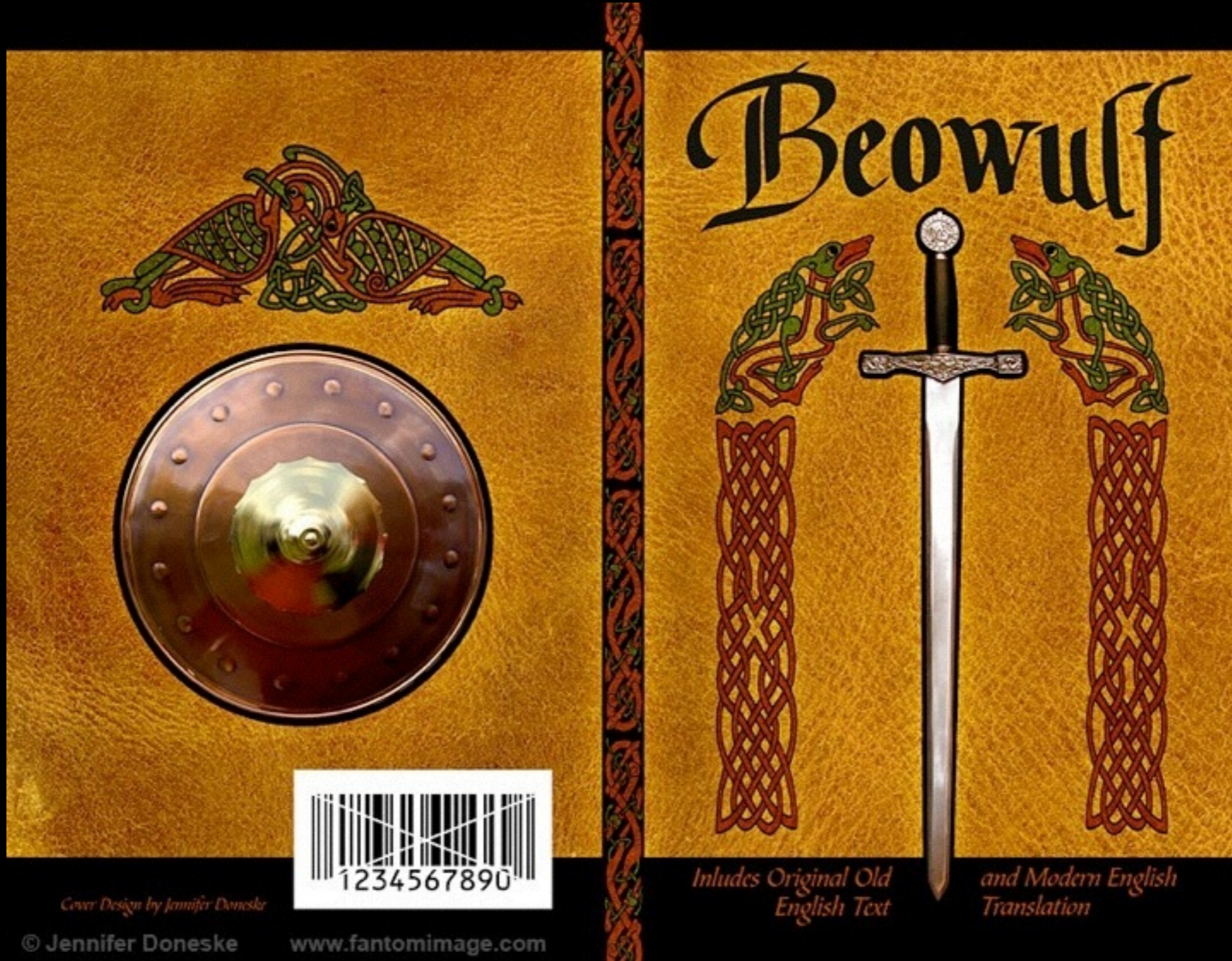
- I. The Detective Novel and the Truth
- II. Sense and (of?) Nonsense
- III. Irony and Intimacy
- IV. The Detective as a Reader

# Camouflage book covers for Lord of Scoundrels





# Camouflage book covers for Lord of Scoundrels



*Cover Design by Jennifer Doneske*

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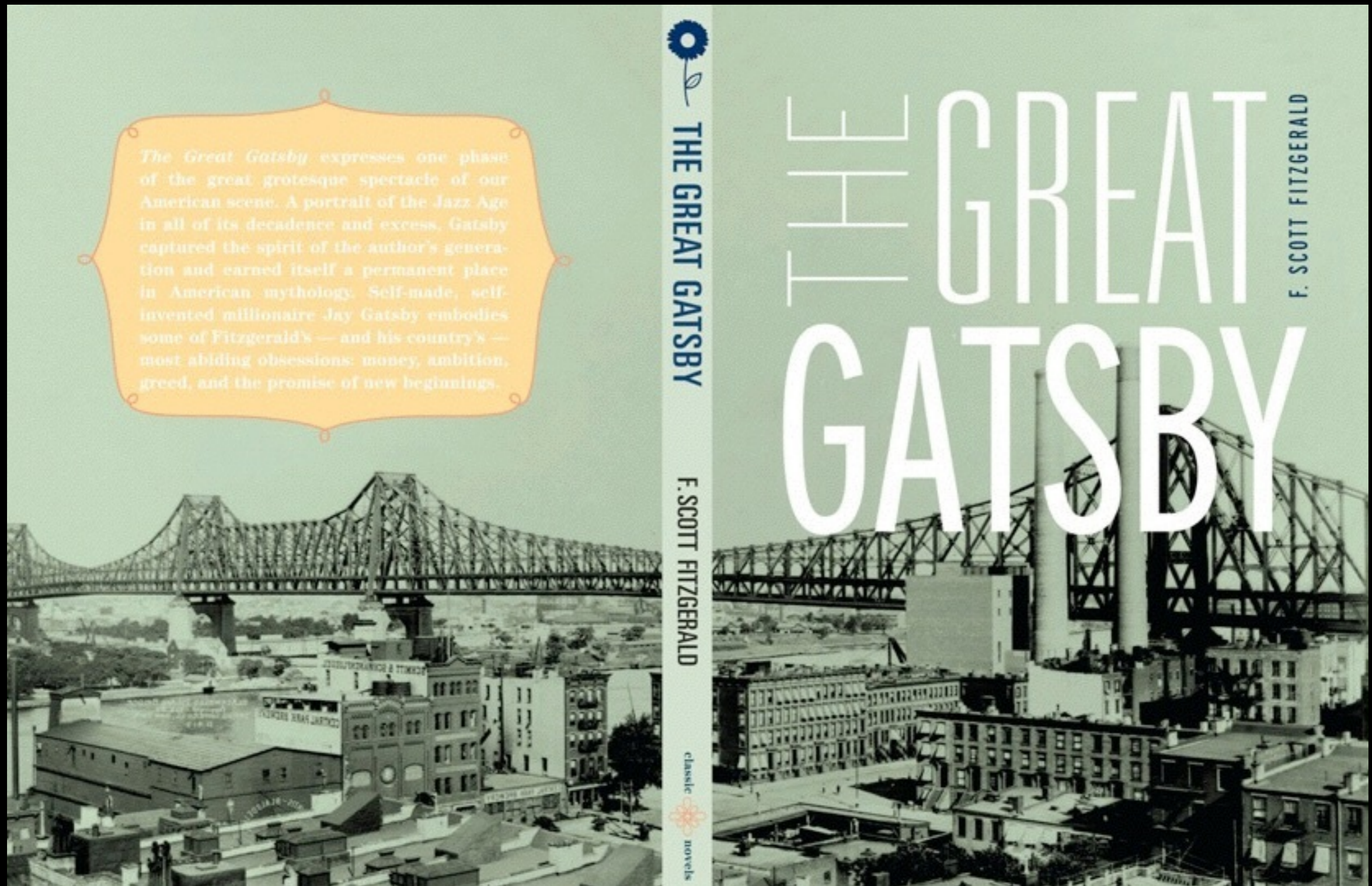
# Beowulf

*Includes Original Old  
English Text*

*and Modern English  
Translation*



# Camouflage book covers for Lord of Scoundrels





# Camouflage book covers for Lord of Scoundrels

HISTORY/COLORADO

## Discover the Arkansas Valley

### CONQUISTADORS TO THE 21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY A HISTORY OF OTERO AND CROWLEY COUNTIES, COLORADO

Most people think of Colorado as mountain country only. Those who do know something about the eastern part of the state sometimes find it flat and uninteresting. These observers clearly have missed the pleasure of seeing the slightly rolling green prairie contrasting with blue mountains in the distance. Author Frances Keck, who grew up on the plains of Colorado, has a love for this country's mingy beauty that comes through with every page. Through personal experiences, observations, and exhaustive research, this lifetime resident of the Arkansas Valley in Colorado has written a slice-of-life book that covers the past 250 years.

The story of Otero and Crowley counties begins centuries before history was written by man. From the ancient animal bones that have been found along the Arkansas River and the dinosaur tracks solidified in the bedrock of the Purgatory River to twentieth century life, this book gives a detailed account of the area including:

- Early settlements along Tropic Creek and the Arkansas, Spinks, and Purgatory Rivers
- Lifeways of the early ranchers, homesteaders, and farmers
- Archival, Topical and Santa Fe Railroad and the first towns on the Arkansas River—La Junta, Rocky Park, Mansfield and Fowler
- Missouri Pacific Railroad and the towns of Olive Springs, Crowley, Odessa and Sage City
- Women, men, and the various groups that settled in the area

This is a great book for anyone fascinated by the glamour—and hardships—of the American West!



Frances Bollacker Keck was born and raised in the Arkansas Valley. Her research on Crowley and Otero counties spans twenty years and fills three filing cabinets. In addition to helping fourteen buildings in La Junta and Las Animas be recognized by the National Historic Register and talking to dozens of residents of the area, Keck's work in the Crowley County welfare office led her into hundreds of lives and homes of area residents. She currently resides in La Junta, where she has lived in the same home for more than fifty years.

Front cover photograph by Jody Whinn  
Cover design by Gloria Brown

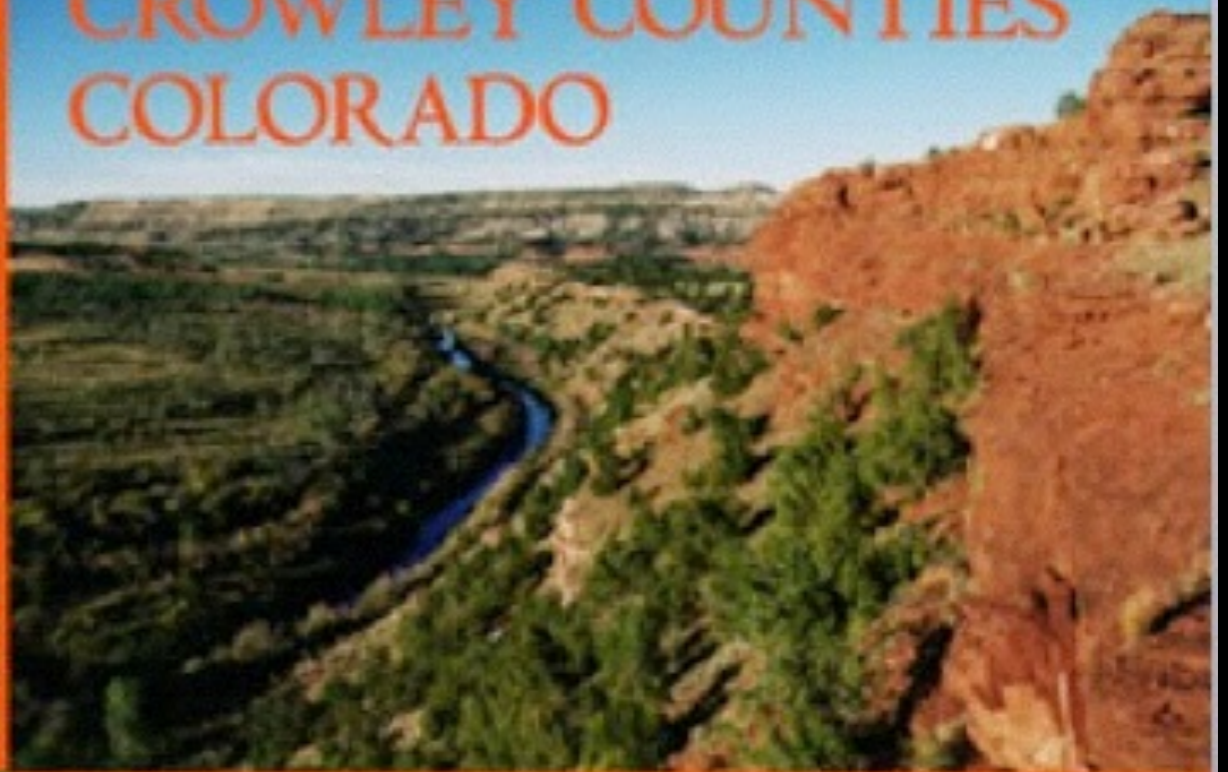
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CONQUISTADORS TO THE 21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY  
A HISTORY OF OTERO AND CROWLEY  
COUNTIES COLORADO Frances Bollacker Keck

OTERO  
PRESS

## CONQUISTADORS TO THE 21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY

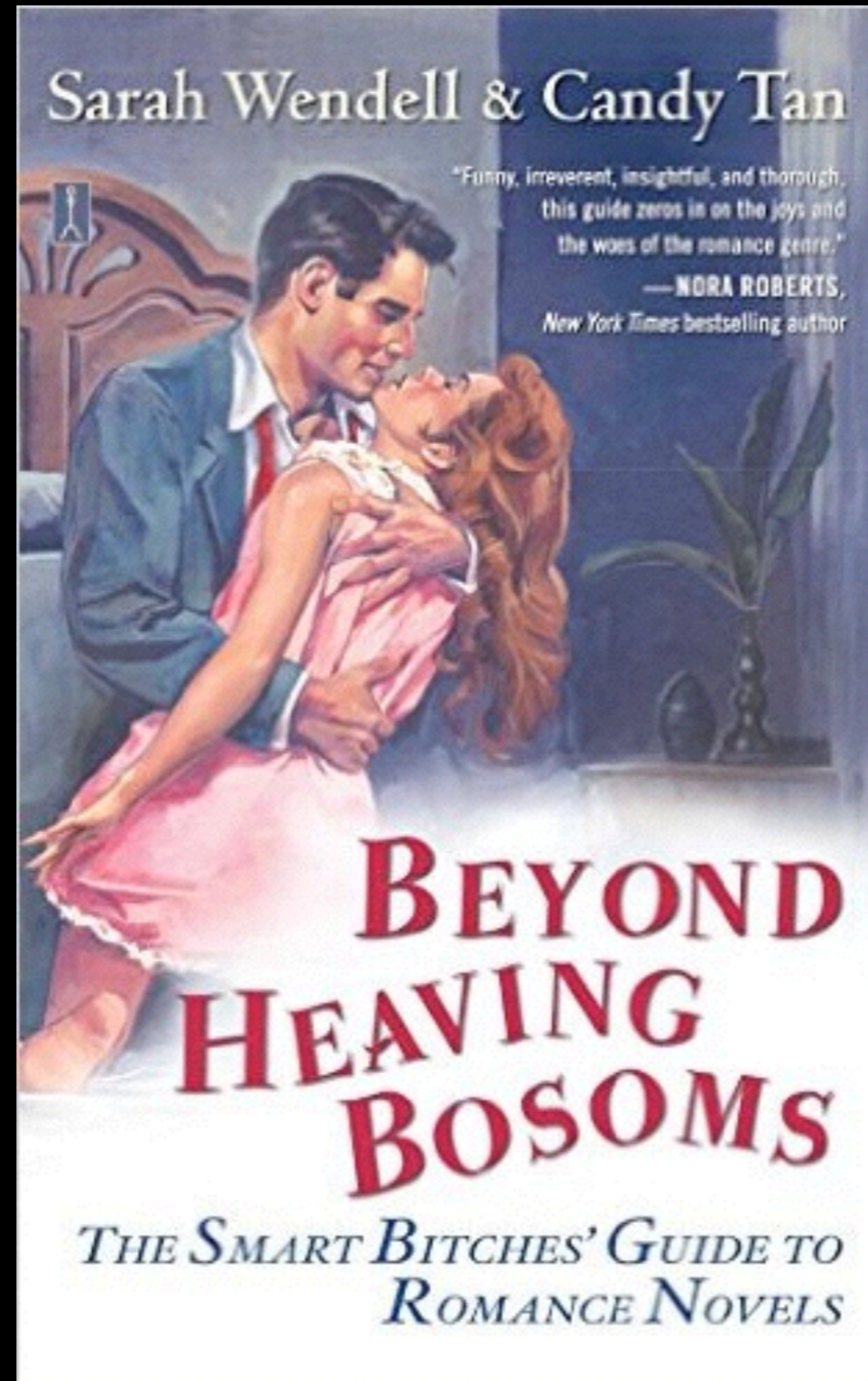
### A HISTORY OF OTERO AND CROWLEY COUNTIES COLORADO



Frances Bollacker Keck



# Next week's secondary reading



Next week's special film screening

**LOVE BETWEEN THE COVERS** *at*  
THE PRINCETON PUBLIC LIBRARY

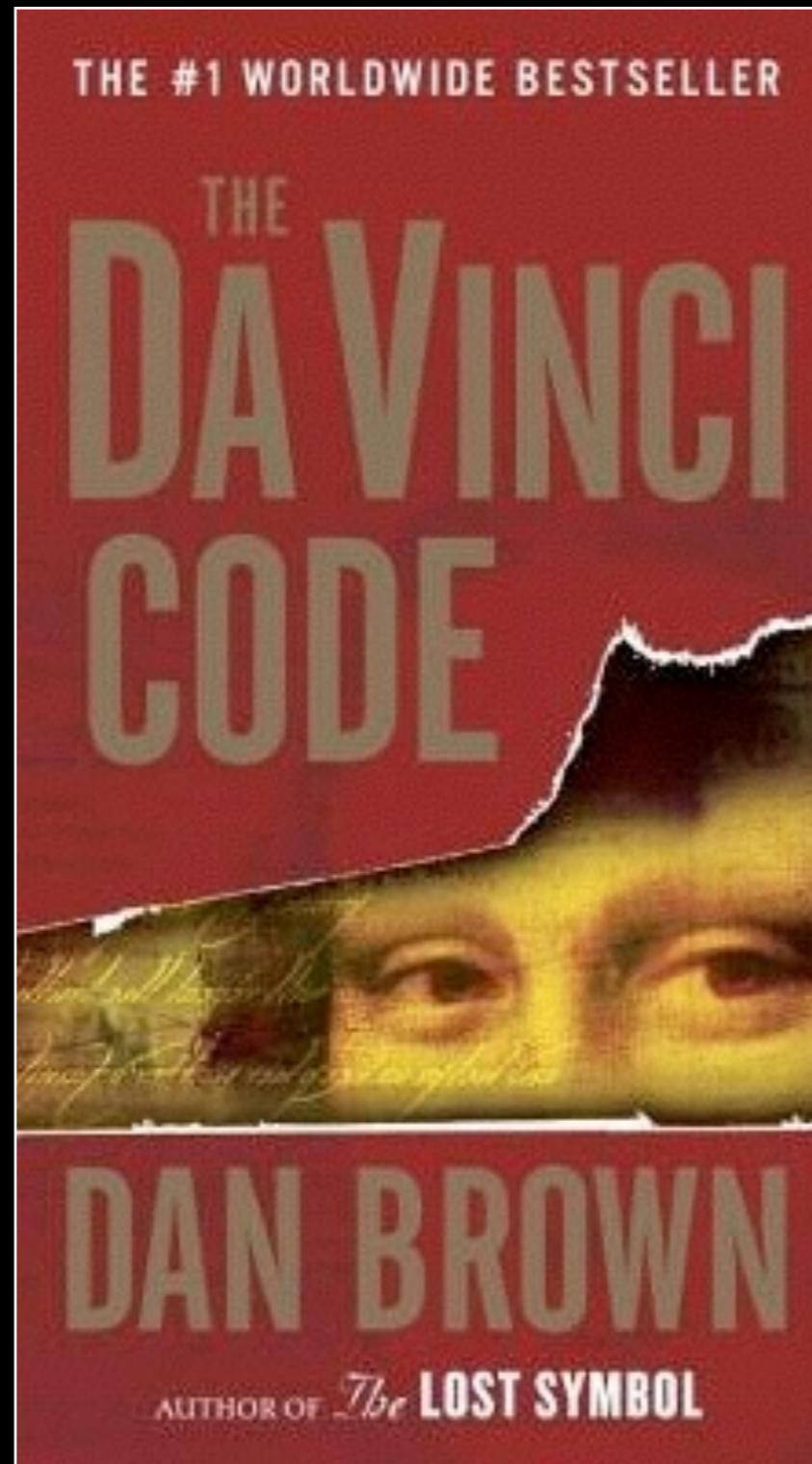
*Join us for a  
special screening  
of this brand new documentary!*



**THURSDAY  
DECEMBER 10th  
6:30PM**

includes talkback with director Laurie Kahn '78!

# TBD Book at Labyrinth





**topics for paper #2 coming soon**

DIY option available again  
(requires advance approval)

# *Farewell, My Lovely*

I. The Detective Novel and the Truth

II. Sense and (of?) Nonsense

III. Irony and Intimacy

IV. The Detective as a Reader



# I. The Detective Novel and the Truth

“All right,” she said. “I suppose you’re *always right*. I suppose you’re *that kind of person*.” (72)



“For the detective story is not only a purely intellectual mode of knowing events, it is also a puzzle in which the faculties of analysis and reason are to be exercised...”

Jameson

# II. Sense and (of?) Nonsense

1. pretty normal
2. something extra
3. what do these even mean?
  - A. figurative language
  - B. causality



# pretty normal

- “At the top of this, faintly lighted, lonely as a lighthouse, stood an eyrie, an eagle’s nest, an angular building of stucco and glass brick...” (146)
- “He had a heart as big as one of Mae West’s hips.” (168)
- “She shut the door in between as carefully as if it was made of short pie crust.” (204)
- “It wobbled a little as it crawled, like an old woman carrying too many parcels.” (211)
- “He had small, hungry, heavy-lidded eyes, as restless as fleas.” (220)
- “‘And what happened then?’ he inquired, polite as a bouncer at the Stork Club.” (222)

# Mae West

(“too much of a good thing  
is wonderful”)



# pretty normal

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- “‘And what happened then?’ he inquired, polite as a bouncer at the Stork Club.” (222)



# something extra

- “I felt as cold as [Finnegan](#)’s feet, the day they buried him.” (135)
- “...an emerald in a silver setting that may have been real but somehow managed to look as phony as a dime store [slave](#) bracelet.” (147)
- “Then he sat like a stone lion [outside the Public Library](#).” (152)
- “He came back softly, holding his pork pie under his arm, debonair as a French count [in a college play](#).” (205)
- “...the Chief said, cunning, [like Richelieu behind the arras](#).” (226)
- “Distantly music throbbed like the [phony](#) bass of a cheap radio.” (259)

# what do these even mean?

- “A white look smeared the woman’s face.” (34)
- “It was a nice room, if you didn’t get rough.” (49)
- “My voice sounded like somebody tearing slats off a chicken coop.” (68)
- “...one of those looks which are supposed to make your spine feel like a run in a stocking.” (106)
- “That let me see lisle socks and English brogues that looked as if they had been pickled in port wine. “ (220)
- “...sang Stairway to the Stars in a voice with half the steps missing.” (242)





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# counterintuitive causes

- “It wasn’t any of my business. So I pushed them open and looked in.” (5)
- “This was the time to leave, to go far away. So I pushed the door open and stepped quietly in.” (176)
- “My left foot felt fine. It didn’t have an ache in it. So I had to kick the corner of the bed with it.” (191)

## II. Irony and Intimacy



# irony

*/ˈɪrənē/*

1. The expression of one's meaning by using language that normally signifies the opposite, typically for humorous or emphatic effect.
2. A state of affairs or an event that seems deliberately contrary to what one expects and is often amusing as a result.
3. A literary technique, originally used in Greek tragedy, by which the full significance of a character's words or actions are clear to the audience or reader although unknown to the character.

*Oxford Dictionaries*

“I’m scared, I said suddenly. “I’m scared stiff.”

Red throttled down the boat and let it slide up and down the swell as though the water moved underneath and the boat stayed in the same place. He turned his face and stared at me.

“I’m afraid of death and despair,” I said. “Of dark water and drowned men’s faces and skulls with empty eyesockets. I’m afraid of dying, of being nothing, of not finding a man named Brunette.”

He chuckled. “You had me going for a minute. You sure give yourself a pep talk.” (251)

“He had something on you?”

“Should I tell you?”

“It probably wouldn’t be wise.”

She laughed. “I will, anyhow. I got a little tight at his house once and passed out. I seldom do. He took some photos of me—with my clothes up to my neck.”

“The dirty dog,” I said. “Have you got any of them handy?”

She slapped my wrist. She said, softly:

“What’s your name?”

“Phil. What’s yours?”

“Helen. Kiss me.” (134-5)

“I didn’t say anything to you about a jade necklace.”

“No, but Lieutenant Randall did.”

“Somebody ought to sew buttons on his face.”

“He knew my father. I promised not to tell.”

“You’re telling me.”

“You knew already, silly.”

Her hand suddenly flew up as if it was going to fly to her mouth, but it only rose halfway and then fell back slowly and her eyes widened. It was a good act, but *I knew something else about her* that spoiled it.

“You *did* know, didn’t you?” (92)



She stood up and pushed her chin at me.  
“You’ll go to bed now and right here. I have a spare bedroom and you can turn right in and—”

“Promise to lock your door?”

She flushed and bit her lip. “Sometimes I think you’re a world-beater,” she said, “and sometimes I think you’re the worst heel I ever met.” (189)

“She hung up, leaving me with the curious feeling of having talked to somebody that didn’t exist.” (271)

# IV. The Detective as a Reader

1. Metatext
2. Reference
3. A final allusion

“For the detective story is not only a purely intellectual mode of knowing events, it is also a puzzle in which the faculties of analysis and reason are to be exercised...”

Jameson



“You’re not going to turn out to be **one of those** drunken detectives, are you?” she asked anxiously.

“Why not? **They always solve their cases** and they never even sweat. **Get on with the story.**” (93)

“You really think that?”

She stared at me. I finished my glass and got my weak look on my face again. She ignored it.

“Of course I think it,” she said. “And so do you.”

“I think it’s a little more complicated than that.”

Her smile was cozy and acid at the same time. “I beg your pardon. *I forgot for the moment you were a detective.* It *would* have to be complicated, wouldn’t it? I suppose there’s a sort of indecency about a simple case.” (186)

“He pushed his empty cup at me and I refilled it. His eyes were going over my face line by line, corpuscle by corpuscle, like [Sherlock Holmes](#) with his magnifying glass or [Thorndyke](#) with his pocket lens.” (196)

“And suddenly the butler fainted,” I said.  
“Only it wasn’t the butler who did the murder.  
He just fainted to be cute.”

I inhaled some of my drink. “It’s not that kind  
of story,” I said. “It’s not lithe and clever. It’s just  
dark and full of blood.” (284)

# Red

“I looked at him again. He had the eyes you never see, that you only read about. Violet eyes. Almost purple. Eyes like a girl, a lovely girl. His skin was soft as silk. Lightly reddened, but it would never tan. It was too delicate. He was bigger than Hemingway and younger, by many years. He was not as big as Moose Malloy, but he looked very fast on his feet. His hair was that shade of red that glints with gold. But except for the eyes he had a plain farmer face, with no stagy kind of handsomeness.” (246-7)



# Anne Riordan

- “‘My God,’ she wailed. ‘You look like Hamlet’s father!’” (184)
- “‘You ought to have given a dinner party,’ Anne Riordan said looking at me across her tan figured rug. ‘Gleaming silver and crystal, bright crisp linen [...] and you at the head of the long table telling all about it, little by little, with your charming light smile and a phony English accent like Philo Vance.’” (283-4)

“Listen, Hemingway, don’t repeat everything I say,” I said.

[...]

“I can’t think of any reason why he should call me Hemingway,” the big one said. “My name ain’t Hemingway.”

[...]

The big man leaned down from his hips and bent his knees a little and breathed in my face.

“What for did you call me Hemingway, pally?”

“There are ladies present.”

[...]

“He’s doing that again,” the big man said sadly. “Calling me Hemingway on account of there are ladies present. Would you think that would be some kind of dirty crack [in his book?](#)” (160-1)

“The big man said: “Now that we are all between pals and no ladies present we really don’t give so much time to why you went back up there, but this Hemingway stuff is what really has me down.”

“A gag,” I said. “An old, old gag.”

“Who is this Hemingway person at all?”

“A guy that keeps saying the same thing over and over until you begin to believe it must be good.”

“That must take a hell of a long time,” the big man said. “For a private dick you certainly have a wandering kind of mind.” (164)

“But me no butts. I’ll make a sop of you. I’ll drown you in a butt of Malmsey wine. I wish I had a butt of Malmsey wine myself to drown in. Shakespeare. He knew his liquor too.” (181)

# a final allusion

“I’m not saying she was a saint or even a halfway nice girl. Not ever. She wouldn’t kill herself until she was cornered. But what she did and the way she did it, kept her from coming back here for trial. Think that over. And who would that trial hurt most? Who would be least able to bear it? And win, lose or draw, who would pay the biggest price for the show? An old man who had loved not wisely, but too well.”

Randall said sharply: “That’s just sentimental.”

“Sure. It sounded like that when I said it. Probably all a mistake anyway. So long.” (292)



## OTHELLO

Soft you, a word or two before you go.

I have done the state some service, and they know't.

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate

Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely, but too well.