

Introduction to Crime Fiction

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Office hours: Wednesdays, 12–1 p.m. or by appointment

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review

- ▶ Chandler's formation
 - ▶ *Black Mask* is his textbook
 - ▶ "American" as a foreign language
 - ▶ aiming high
- ▶ bodies: the dead ones
 - ▶ not for clues (mostly)
 - ▶ coldness and nonchalance
- ▶ bodies: women's
 - ▶ the male gaze and violence
 - ▶ if not sex, then what?

whodunit (redux)

- ▶ Try to make a table of bodies and murderers.

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victim	killer
Arthur Geiger	Owen Taylor
Joe Brody	Carol Lundgren
Harry Jones	Lash Canino
Lash Canino	Philip Marlowe
Rusty Regan	Carmen Sternwood
Guy Sternwood	Death, eventually
Owen Taylor	...?????????

motive (redux)

- ▶ Why does Marlowe go looking for Regan?

motive (redux)

- ▶ Why does Marlowe go looking for Regan?

That left me. I had concealed a murder and suppressed evidence for twenty-four hours, but I was still at large and had a five-hundred-dollar check coming. The smart thing for me to do was to take another drink and forget the whole mess.

That being the obviously smart thing to do, I called Eddie Mars and told him I was coming down to Las Olindas that evening to talk to him. That was how smart I was. (chap. 20)

“The first time we met I told you I was a detective. Get it through your lovely head. I work at it, lady, I don’t play at it.” (chap. 23)

“I’m a very smart guy. I haven’t a feeling or a scruple in the world. All I have the itch for is money. I am so money greedy that for twenty-five bucks a day and expenses, mostly gasoline and whiskey, I do my thinking myself, what there is of it.” (chap. 31)

He pushed a shiny print across the desk and I looked at an Irish face that was more sad than merry and more reserved than brash. Not the face of a tough guy and not the face of a man who could be pushed around by anybody. (chap. 20)

“Well, you foold him, Harry,” I said out loud, in a voice that sounded queer to me. “You liked to him and you drank your cyanide like a little gentleman. You died like a poisoned rat, Harry, but you’re no rat to me.” (chap. 26)

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