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From *Noir*

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FROM *NOIR*

The blonde took her teeth out of my hand and spat my own blood at me. In isolation, an almost incomprehensible sentence, courtesy of Chandler, but a story in itself. And what about the eerie grace of *The woman stood up noiselessly behind him and drifted back, inch by inch, into the dark back corner of the room*. Not perfect, almost if not certainly ruined by the repetition of *back*, but in life I have often witnessed such imperceptible edging, sometimes by women, often by men. Guilt is no different retreated from than withstood. That's a Philip Larkin line in its bones. He was just a surname away from Marlowe, and would probably have been quite good at this game: nondescript, unmarried, few friends, his hand quick to the gun-drawer at the suggestion that routines he had spent a lifetime perfecting were about to be disrupted by a livid husband, or a beautifully enraged widow.