

The Detroit River looked like any big-city river with worn-out industrial works and warehouses lining the frontage, ore boats and ocean freighters passing by, a view of Windsor across the way that looked about as much fun as Moline, Illinois, except for the giant illuminated Canadian Club sign over the distillery.

But then all of a sudden--as Clement edged his gaze to the right a little--there were the massive dark-glass tubes of the Renaissance Center, five towers, the tallest one seven hundred feet high, standing like a Buck Rogers monument over downtown. From hereon, the riverfront was being purified with plain lines in clean cement, modern structures that reminded Clement a little of Kansas City or Cincinnati--everybody putting their new convention centers and sports arenas out where you could see them. They had even been building a modernistic new shopping center in Lawton just before the terrible spring twister hit, the same one that picked Clement's mom right out of the yard, running from the house to the storm cellar, and carried her off without leaving a trace). Clement would swivel his gaze then over downtown and come around north--looking at all the parking lots that were like fallow fields among stands of old 1920's office buildings and patches of new cement--past Greektown tucked in down there--he could almost smell the garlic--past the nine-story Detroit Police headquarters, big and ugly, a glimpse of the top floors of the Wayne County jail beyond the police building, and on to the slender rise of the Frank Murphy Hall of Justice where they had tried to nail Clement's ass one time and failed. Clement liked views from high places after years in the flatlands of Oklahoma and feeling the sky pressing down on him. It was the same sky when you could see it, when it wasn't thick with dampness, but it seemed a lot higher in Detroit. He would look up there and wonder if his mom was floating around somewhere in space.

Elmore Leonard<sup>1</sup>

Notes: partly Clement's voice ("tried to nail one time"); mostly a more omniscient narrator describing fairly objectively what Clement sees, and dipping once in a while into Clement's voice-vocabulary to help create character and for local color. Thus, several things being done at one time. Also, for example, laying in a little plotting--Clement mentions that they tried to nab him and failed.

Novel is called a thriller.

Place scene through eyes of a killer--place, of course, is central to this novel. Killer is with his girlfriend in a man's ritzy high floor apartment.

Plot-facts: the twister killed Clement's mom. This is minor, but is referred to a few times.

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<sup>1</sup> City Primeval: High Noon in Detroit Elmore Leonard. Avon, NY, 1980. p.41.