

*Texas by the Tail is not an exemplar of that style. This is more in the vein of The Grifters, my personal favorite. Thompson is known for his punchy, no nonsense prose and his gritty take on humanity.*

**Authenticity** All the books, movies and music discs sold in our store are authentic. We do not intentionally sell counterfeit items. If you have any concerns as to the authenticity of the item listed on this page please contact us. We will respond to your enquiries within 2 business days. This is our commitment to you as a professional and responsible business. **Shipping** We offer combined postage for additional items at no extra charge. If you buy more than one items, the total shipping cost will only be highest shipping cost among all your purchased items. To combine postage, after adding all the items in your shopping cart, please send us a message to request for combined invoice. Please do not pay before receiving the combined invoice otherwise eBay will charge multiple Shipping and Handling fees. Dispatch of items is arranged by AusReseller. Please allow 5 to 10 working days for dispatch, unless otherwise stated in the listing. However, in most cases we can dispatch the item considerably quicker. **Payment policy** Payment is expected within 3 days of the sale. We only accept payments through PayPal. PayPal accepts all major credit cards. Items can only be delivered to the address associated with your PayPal account so please double check that the delivery address is correct before completing the PayPal payment. We can provide an Australian tax invoice inclusive of GST on request. **Returns Policy** Please choose carefully as AusReseller does not accept return of goods if you change your mind or made a wrong decision. AusReseller will accept goods for return if the goods are found to be defective or of unacceptable quality. You are entitled to a replacement or refund for a major failure and compensation for any other reasonably foreseeable loss or damage. You are also entitled to have goods repaired or replaced if the goods fail to be of acceptable quality and the failure does not amount to a major failure. Please refer to the ACL official website for details. **Support** For any questions, feel free to contact us. We will answer your enquiries via eBay messages within 2 business days. Please do not send enquiries to our email address as we do not monitor the mailbox regularly. Listing powered by AusReseller.

**Chapter 2 : Texas by the Tail (Jim Thompson) » Read Online Free Book**

*Texas by the Tail* by Jim Thompson chronicles the largely comic adventures of Mitch Corley, a gambling grifter whose theatre of operation is the great state of Texas. Since the plotting is more than a little haphazard, it's useful to view *Texas by the Tail* as a series of vignettes rather than a conventional novel with a beginning, middle and end.

He views every moment in life as a step closer to a happiness and goodness that will, ultimately, be taken from you before it comes to fruition. The human condition, it seems to Thompson, is one in which we are always almost there, always getting close and some lucky few may pass the gates, but the rest of us will be chewed to bits by the great grinder. All of this probably comes back to his father who made and lost a fortune in the Thompson is a man who sees the world as a series of near misses. All of this probably comes back to his father who made and lost a fortune in the Texas oil boom, while he watched his peers get richer and more sinister. The vile thrived and the rest of us were left with the scraps from their table for which we were expected to be endlessly grateful. Not that his protagonists are moral milestones, of course. *Texas by the Tail* is perhaps his purest vision of this world. In it, we find Thompson clearly drawing the line between those that are outside the law and those that make the laws and we are never given a moment to doubt which are the most reprehensible. Rather, it is that only the most monstrous specimens of humanity have what it truly takes to amass great wealth. And, ultimately, that difference makes all the difference. Thompson chooses to explore this idea in *Texas by the Tail*, through the lens of professional gambler, Mitch Corley. Mitch is a man with a code. Sure, he plays dice for a living, but he never uses violence and only gambles with those that can afford it. The villains of the piece include: In fact, a large chunk of the problems in this book are, while directly brought on by sinister external forces, at least partially his fault. But even those are shaped by Thompson to be somehow understandable. A lie Mitch told long before the story starts is what begins the great downward spiral from which Mitch, in all his sincerity, is trying to escape. A poorly thought out plan based on greed and desperation sets another villain after him. But again, Thompson designs the story such that even the poor decision is based on desperation rather than any real sinister motive. The question, finally, that Thompson looks to answer here is whether any nominally decent man can carve out a little slice of happiness in a world owned and operated by sadistic people who have everything and want more. Mitch Corley is a typical character. Saddled with Teddy, a wife who wants lots of money to divorce him, he leaves for Texas in an attempt to win big at gambling at the expense of the rich. Thompson also has a sense of humor. His description of the presumably Oklahoma City to Memphis train: Its cars are of pre-World War I vintage. In Jim Thompson, was a master of American Noir, stories of drifters, con men, hustlers, your basic asocial types. Its cars are of pre-World War I vintage, without air conditioning or other common comforts. Its schedule is presumably the product of a comic books writer. The many and prolonged delays are variously attributed to such causes as holdups by Jesse James, impromptu hunting and fishing parties for the crew, and funerals for passengers who have advanced into and died en route of old age. He has money stashed in a variety of safe deposit boxes -- a hustler needs a substantial stake, but Red likes to live high and his stash is running low. Red wants to get hitched. Mitch approaches Frank Downing for some help. Mitch demurs when Frank suggests he simply have Teddy killed, but Frank sends his goons to rough up Teddy anyway.

**Chapter 3 : Texas by the Tail: Jim Thompson: [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com): Libros**

*Which makes Texas Mitch's natural destination, since nowhere are rich men more inclined to stake huge sums on a roll of the dice. The only problem is that Texans are sore losers--and they have cruel and ingenious ways of getting back at anyone who cheats them.*

Preview of The Alcoholics Copyright All rights reserved. In accordance with the U. If you would like to use material from the book other than for review purposes , prior written permission must be obtained by contacting the publisher at [permissions@hbgusa.com](mailto:permissions@hbgusa.com). As the man next to him crapped out, Mitch Corley took out his wallet and peered into it deliberately through old-fashioned, steel-rimmed spectacles. He was playing the rube here in Fort Worth, the big frog from a little puddle, the small-town rich man. He wore a ranch-style hat, an ill-fitting suit, and a pongee shirt with a string tie and mannerisms to match. Glancing cautiously from his wallet to the three other men, he looked fifteen years older than his thirty-five. God knows you talk a big game! With dogged patience, the lease dealer suggested that Mitch might do well to pull out. Maybe you better go back to Pancake Junction or wherever you came from, and match pennies with the mayor. Crap or get off the hole! He again opened his wallet, glancing at his watch as he counted out another hundred. Almost eight minutes yet: He would have to stall a little. Clumsily picking up the two dice, he let one fall to the floor. That took care of a minute, in all, which left him approximately seven more to kill. Againâ€”for the third time, nowâ€”he took out his wallet. Shoot five hundred, if you want to! He rattled themâ€”or appeared to. Actually, the dice remained set: He threw them with feigned awkwardness. Came up on a six and an ace. A whole thousand dollars? Shoot or pass the dice! He came out with a six-five. He was taunted and jeered and cursed into going for the two thousand. A four-trey faced up on the blanket. As the others groaned, he reached for the money. His nervousness was not entirely feigned. Once, even with the best of surgeons, the scalpel may slip. Once the most skilled of knife-throwers may throw a little too close. Onceâ€”only onceâ€”the high-wire walker may misstep to eternity. So with the dice handler. No amount of skill or practice is completely impregnable to luck. There is no statute of limitations on the law of averages. Two minutes to go. Eight thousand dollars on the bed. Just about all they were carrying, Mitch guessed. Certainly all that it was safe to take away from a group like this. And the taking would have to look very good. No sevens or elevens this time. Nothing that a square might do legitimately. An Honest John might make seven or eight straight passes in a row, but a hustler had to play it cute. He clicked the dice. He threw them awkwardly. Then stood chagrined as the others snorted with laughter. You got a big four, Pops. Give you six to five. Joe, of course, is the lowest point on the dice. Above it are Phoebe Five a hard gal to know , Easy Six three combinations , Craps three , Eighter-Decatur three , Quinine a bitter two , Big Dick two and the fielders, Heaven-eleven and Boxcars, which have no bearing after the initial roll. The theoretical odds against five and nine are approximately three to two, as opposed to six to five for six and eight. The odds are two to one against ten and four, but any crapshooter will swear that ten is an easier point to make. Obviously, Little Four has little going for him. As if recognizing the fact, he normally stays out of sight after showing his luckless little face. A big ten four on the bottom. Then, eight and five and six. Where the hell was Red? What the hell was she waiting on? With so much riding, these guys could be hard to handle. He was getting tense, and tension was hell on control, andâ€” There it was! The muted, familiar cough, coming from just outside the door. It went unheard by the others, lost in their own noise. He picked up the dice, set them, clicked them. Nerves whispered that it was a bad throw. He watched hopelessly as the cubes spun across the blanket, seeming to spin forever and ever. An eternityâ€”a split second. They turned over twice in unison. Stopped with an imperceptible backspin. Two deuces peeked up from the blanket. Before the three men could react, there was a sudden furious banging on the door. They turned toward it automatically, and Mitch swept up the money and stuffed it into his pockets. With a curse, he strode to the door and yanked it open. Her angry gaze scorched the other two men, then settled witheringly on Mitch, who seemed to wilt beneath it. You just wait until I tell papa! Just bums like you! Now, you march right out of here! But there was a fidget of protest from the three losers. Mitch had almost all their money, and they were entitled to a chance to win it back. Red ran at the other two, hands

wickedly clawed. Voice rising, she threatened to scream. Mitch grabbed her in the seeming nick of time. What could you do with a crazy woman like this? He closed the door on the dazed silence behind him. He and Red went swiftly down the hall to the elevator. She had already checked them out of their rooms, of course, and a black-shirted porter stood waiting with their baggage at the side entrance of the hotel. As a cab sped them toward the railroad station, she moved close on the seat to whisper to him. It would take very little more to get her truly angry. Which would not be something to enjoy. But he was pretty burned up himself. What the hell had she been doing, anyway? Fastâ€”by almost two minutes. So the mix-up was his fault. As he had known. Probably, Mitch supposed, it was that way with any big-time frammis, even the legitimate ones. At least, most of the big-timers he knew had screwed up personal lives. If you were willing to settle for some gig like working for the park department and saving tinfoil as a hobby, you could stay loose. But on the hard-hustle, uh-uh. No matter how much you had on the ball, there was still a limit to it. In their stateroom, with the roadbed whispering swiftly beneath them, his hunger for Red suddenly became a raging thing.

**Chapter 4 : Texas by the Tail by Jim Thompson (, Paperback) | eBay**

*Texas by the Tail. To everyone he's ever played dice with, Mitch Corley seems like the luckiest guy around. But in truth, Corley's fast hands are the only gift fate's ever given him.*

Or the sharpshooter who keeps ringing up bullseyes. Between areas, there were not only differences in accent but in language itself. A pond, for example, became a tank, biscuits were bread, cookies were cakes, afternoon was evening, carry meant escort to carry a girl to a dance, dirty was nasty a nasty shirt, and meat was automatically construed to mean pork, unless qualified as red meat. There were differences in dress, too many to be noted, yet intermingling with one another in these days of rapid transportation. There were differences in outlook, from one area to another, and these positively did not intermingle. In Houston, no Negro was admitted to a white restaurant-not even if he was a foreign potentate. In Austin, there were Negroes on the faculty of the University of Texas. In one city, a minority group had absolutely no voice in municipal government. In another El Paso, for example, the minority spoke loud, clear and effectively. Possibly there is an inverse relationship between the low rating of the American male in his own home and the alarming increase in impotence, insanity, alcoholism, homosexuality, suicides, divorces, abortions, murders, censorship and educated illiterates. Still, the male is holding out rather well against the loved ones who want only to tear him apart and gobble him up. He makes his office his home, his work his pride. Undistracted, he proves his worthwhileness over and over, eventually garnering so much moral muscle that even his kiddies are impressed and refrain from cursing him in front of strangers, and his little woman gives him a little of what little women have to give without first making him confess that he is a walleyed son-of-a-bitch and that she is the nicest, sweetest, darlingest, generousest, beautifullest, unselfishest, perfectest, ad infinitum, ad nauseum something-oranother that ever dwelt south of heaven. They say that as Texas sloped to the south, the cream of its population was drained off into Houston. They say that Houston does what other cities talk about doing-and never, never talks about it. One does not flaunt his wealth here. One makes his multi-million-dollar gifts to universities and philanthropic foundations-if he has it, he is expected to-and shuns the publicity ordinarily accruing from such largesse. Houston is south, you see, and it cherishes all that is best of the south. Forth Worth is west and Dallas is east and Houston is south. On an average, there were from six to a dozen salesmen, depending on the size of the town. Headquarters was any empty storeroom which could be rented cheaply: You had only to stick your head in the door to know why it was called a boiler room. Yet they seemed to enjoy what they were doing. They were all savagely good-natured. Soft-headed types, you know: As usual, narrated with great prose and colorful characters.

**Chapter 5 : Texas by the Tail by Jim Thompson | LibraryThing**

*Texas by the Tail Jim Thompson Little, Brown and Company New York Boston London Begin Reading Table of Contents About the Author Preview of The Alcoholics.*

**Chapter 6 : Texas by the Tail (Audiobook) by Jim Thompson | www.nxgvision.com**

*Texas by the Tail () is a middling Jim Thompson novel that was the followup to two of his most acclaimed works, The Grifters () and Pop. ().*

**Chapter 7 : NEW Texas by the Tail by Jim Thompson | eBay**

*( - ) James Meyers Thompson was born in Anadarko, Oklahoma. He began writing fiction at a very young age, selling his first story to True Detective when he was only fourteen. Thompson eventually wrote twenty-nine novels, all but three of which were published as paperback originals. Thompson.*

**Chapter 8 : Texas by the Tail by Jim Thompson**

*Orphaned by a tragic accident at 16, Tommy Burwell's been scraping out a meager existence working dead-end jobs for years. When he and fellow nomad Four Trey Whitey get jobs working with dynamite, making way for a new pipeline across the deserted plains of Far West Texas, disaster ensues.*

**Chapter 9 : - Texas by the Tail by Jim Thompson**

*Playing dice in the back rooms and side streets across the state of Texas, Mitch Corley hopes to strike it rich before his girlfriend realizes they are short on cash.*