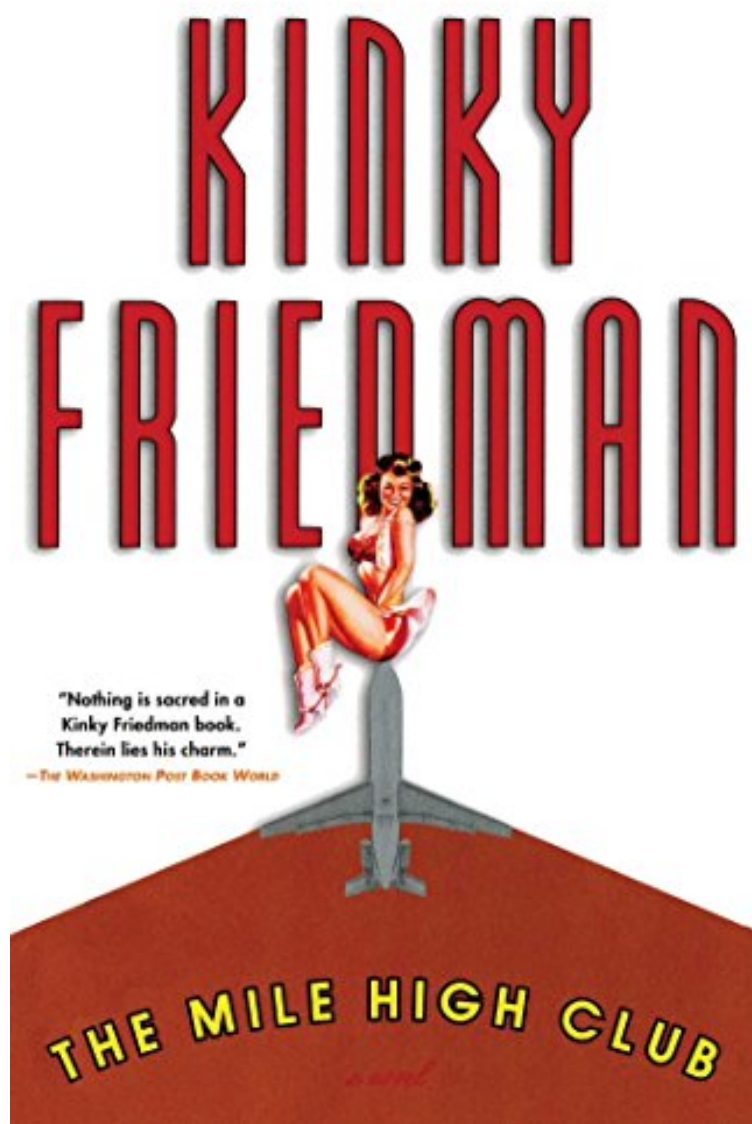


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The Mile High Club (Kinky Friedman Novels (Paperback)) (English Edition)



Par Kinky Friedman

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order to gage whether or not it would be
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Description : Description du produit It all starts with a casual flirtation, two people on a flight from Dallas to New York. She's gorgeous and mysterious; he's a private detective. When the plane lands, the detective -- our hero, Kinky -- finds he's been left holding the bag, literally. The woman, having asked the Kinkster to watch her luggage while she visits the can, has taken a powder and somehow vanished. Mystery Woman does turn up again, but not before Kinky has claimed the interest of an array of suits from the State Department, been party to a thwarted kidnap attempt by Arab terrorists, and found a dead Israeli agent parked on the toilet of his downtown Manhattan loft. Employing the able-bodied assistance of his usual sidekicks, the Village Irregulars, Kinky eventually gets to the bottom of all the comings and goings of the

many visitors to his loft, including two late-night visits by the mysterious and suddenly affectionate woman from the plane and one not-so-late-night visit by her angry brother. Raunchy, offbeat, and hilarious, *The Mile High Club*, complete with a surprise ending, is Kinky at his considerable best.

Presentation de l'auteur
The Mile High Club is a novel of intrigue, irreverence, international terrorism, humor, suspense, and cross-dressing, in which the intrepid Kinky Friedman gets more than his leg pulled when he encounters a mysterious vamp on an airplane. It all starts with a casual flirtation, two people on a flight from Dallas to New York. She is gorgeous and mysterious; he is a private detective. When the plane lands, the detective -- our hero Kinky Friedman -- finds that he's been left holding the bag, in this case literally holding a bright pink cosmetic bag. The mysterious woman, having asked the Kinkster to watch her luggage while she visits the dumpster, has taken a powder and somehow has vanished. Confident that he'll find the mystery woman again, Kinky holds on to the bag. Sure enough she does turn up, but not before Kinky has excited the interest of an array of "suits" from the State Department, been party to a thwarted kidnap attempt by Arab terrorists, and found a dead Israeli agent parked on the toilet of his downtown Manhattan loft. Employing the able-bodied assistance of his usual sidekicks, the Village Irregulars, Kinky eventually gets to the bottom of all the comings and goings and comings of the many visitors to his loft -- including two late-night visits by the mysterious, and suddenly affectionate, woman from the plane and one not-so-late visit by her angry brother. Before it's over, the bag is gone. Despite the many comparisons made by the critics, citing his resemblance to one great writer after another, the truth is that no other writer combines intriguing mystery with bawdy one-liners quite like Kinky Friedman. Alternately raunchy, offbeat, and hilarious, *The Mile High Club*, complete with a surprise ending, is Kinky at his very considerable best.

What do you call someone who refers to any given objet as a "dingus," takes calls on a "blower," takes a "Nixon" rather than moving his bowels, and uses "ankles" as a verb? Try Kinky "Big Dick" Friedman, the fictional star of *The Mile High Club*, 1999's *Spanking Watson*, and 11 earlier amateur detective novels by the real-life musician-turned-novelist Kinky Friedman. As *The Mile High Club* opens, the Kinkster is holding forth with his gorgeous Middle Eastern seatmate, Khadija, on a flight from Dallas to New York City. As the plane begins its landing approach, Khadija rises to visit the loo, neither returning to her seat nor deplaning with the rest of the passengers. And Kinky's left holding her bag. Unable to reach her and intrigued by several callers claiming that they, in fact, had Khadija's bag, Kinky and his real private-eye friend, Rambam, (Rambam, writer Mike McGovern and the Watson-like Ratso are the series's "Village Irregulars") jimmy open the bag to find, among other things, a vibrator. "It has three gears apparently." "Does it have four-wheel drive?" "We have some slinky black lace panties, stockings, and lingerie." "Many terrorists shop at Victoria's Secret." "We have men's socks, undershirts, underwear." "Boxers or briefs?" "Extremely brief briefs. Khadija may be a little kinky. Pardon the expression." "If that's all that's in there, what's the big fuss about? That's pretty much standard contents for most carryon luggage when the final destination is the Village." "Yes, but they don't all include this," said Rambam, holding up a large plastic Baggie full of enough passports to make a customs agent put in for overtime. And so it jauntily goes until its nifty surprise ending. Here, as in earlier cases, the plot is marginal and intentionally laughable. It's the straight man, really, enabling Kinky's well-done paeans to Sherlock Holmes, Dashiell Hammett, and Raymond Chandler, his three-page dissertations on outdoor urination, ruminations on Talmudic proscriptions against indoor nail-clipping, and, most appreciably, his obvious facility and fascination with the language. --Michael Hudson

From *Publishers Weekly*
Aficionados of the Kinkster and his gang of Village Irregulars are in for another round of hilarious hijinks. On a plane from Texas to New York, the intrepid detective/humorist/musician agrees to keep an eye on the little pink suitcase of his seatmate, the exotic Khadija Kejela, when she excuses herself to go to the bathroom. She never returns. After the plane lands in New York, Kinky gets a call from Khadija about the suitcase, which he's taken with him, but she doesn't show up to claim it. Curious about the contents, Kinky and his PI pal, Rambam, force open the suitcase and find a plastic bag full of fake passports for possible Middle Eastern terrorists. Realizing that both he and Rambam may be in danger, Kinky rounds up his old friends Ratso and McGovern to help figure out what's going on. Mayhem ensues. This is guy territory, albeit Greenwich Village '60s style. When necessary, Kinky takes cover with his bottle of Jameson's, a couple of Monte Cristos (preferably No. 2), his espresso machine and his long-suffering cat, whose litter box becomes the hiding place for the passports. Sometime girlfriend Stephanie DuPont adds to the chaos. As usual, the mystery at hand counts for less than the time spent in Kinky's company. The fun is in the ba-da-boom dialogue and the throwaway references. Occasional lyrical passages amidst the raunch surprise and please.

The resolution may not convince entirely, but Friedman fans will be too busy laughing to notice. (Sept.)
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