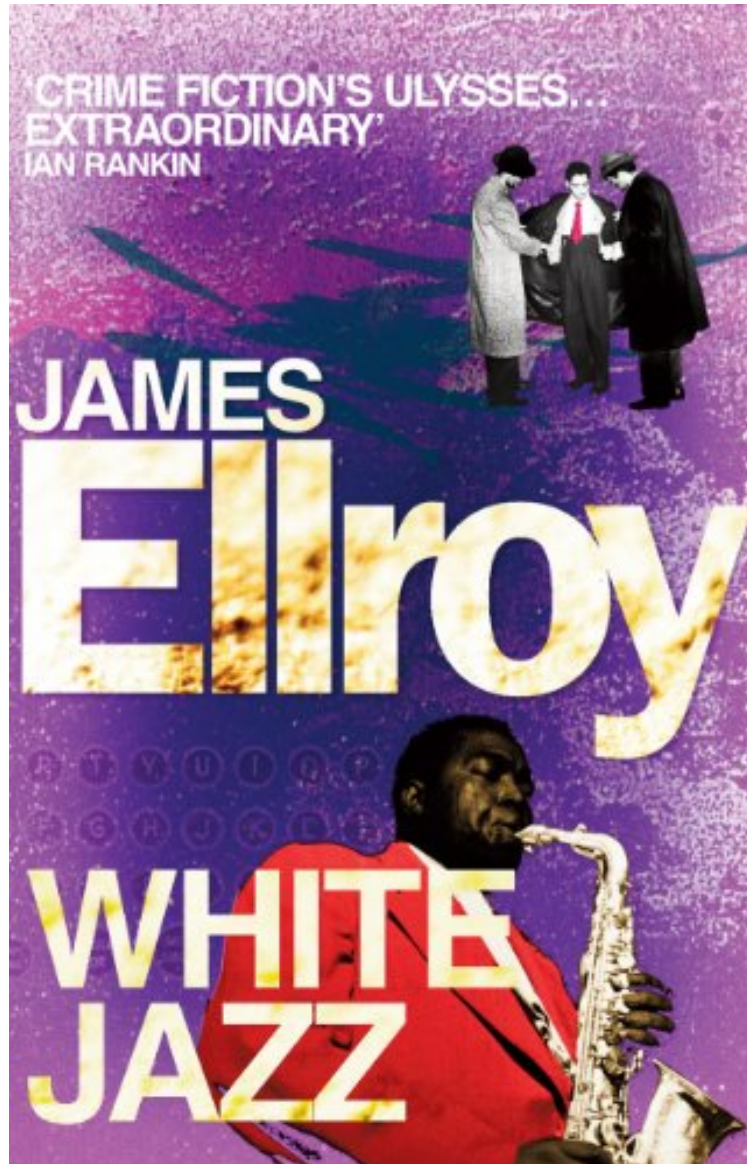


(Read free ebook) White Jazz (L.A. Quartet)

## White Jazz (L.A. Quartet)

Von James Ellroy

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**Von James Ellroy : White Jazz (L.A. Quartet)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised White Jazz (L.A. Quartet):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen5 von 5 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich.  
Prognosis: great, fine, off-kilter - odd book.Von Ein KundeWhite Jazz: novel, long, odd.James Ellroy: author. Turns out a good sentence. Knows his stuff. Tough. Uncompromising. Not afraid of risks.Style: Unusual. Off-putting. Jangled. Nervy. Hard to follow. Worth the trouble.Dudley Smith: Ellroy's signature character. Evil. Obscene. Brutal.

Good to see him again. Problems: Confusing. Often. Get. Lost. In. Stacatto. Prose. Plusses: Stream of Consciousness choice inspired. Gets in mind of Dave Klein. Doesn't judge him. Lets us into his world. Overall: Don't miss. L.A. Confidential - Big Nowhere - Black Dahlia - White Jazz. Terrific. All. 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Pulp On Speed Von Customer Dave Klein's as bad as it gets. BE's, beatings, murders, erotic fixations on siblings, even slum-lording. He's a cop. And he's the main man in James Ellroy's WHITE JAZZ, a new-fashioned pulp tale juiced on speed. Ellroy's become famous for crackerjack plots, in-your-face bad cops, political backroom boys willing to deal, and a threadbare style north of Hemingway. All these elements are present in WHITE JAZZ. It's a fast read--sort of like flying through LA at 80 miles per hour (you catch a glimpse of things sailing by, but you never see enough of any one thing to truly take it in). If anything, this is the major problem with the book: you get hyped images but you never slow down long enough to see the view (Klein himself is a bag of unpleasant characteristics, never quite jelling into a character). This is due to the slash-and-burn style Ellroy deploys here. A master of whip-sharp declarative sentences, in JAZZ Ellroy pares down past the bone into the marrow; the result is often amusingly blunt, but in spots, confusing. The fleshing out of characters is a casualty of the style; sentence fragments do not a human make. The plot, too, is a bit much. Though it's probably based on actual events, Ellroy might take heed of Tom Clancy's view of fiction vs. reality: "Fiction has to make sense." In JAZZ, every law-enforcement agency is so out of control, credibility is broken about halfway through; the best way to enjoy the second part of the book is to imagine it as a satire. This is not to say there aren't good things in it. It's never boring, and there are some memorably twisted motivations among the bruises and gore. The final chapter is stinging and almost laugh-out-loud funny. On the whole, though, it's not a work worthy of the author of AMERICAN TABLOID. 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Ellroy stripped bare Von Connor Kalista I really liked the style this novel was written in and I agree that it should not be a reader's introduction to Ellroy. His rat-a-tat-tat narrative and dialogue is at it's most efficient and elliptical. True, it is sometimes hard to follow. But never in a frustrating way. My god, I read too many reviews on this site that slight a book for being hard to follow. This is hard to follow and I'm thankful for it. It challenged me, forced me into a closer reading. If I have any criticism of the book it is that the style overwhelms some of the characters. By the end, I wanted the main character's behaviour to reflect the manic, fragmented tone of the story he is narrating... it never quite got there for me. Still, it's one of Ellroy's most engrossing books. Better than Black Dahlia, not as good as LA Confidential.

Kurzbeschreibung Best-selling crime fiction author James Ellroy returns with the fourth in his LA Quartet. Los Angeles, 1958: a city on the make. A boom town at the edge of a new era ripe for plunder. Lieutenant Dave Klein: in turn a lawyer, bagman, slum landlord, mob killer. Klein stands at the centre of a complex web of plots where violence and death will intersect. He's a slumlord, a bagman, an enforcer--a power in his own small corner of hell. Then the Feds announce a full-out investigation into local police corruption, and everything goes haywire. Klein's been hung out as bait, "a bad cop to draw the heat," and the heat's coming from all sides: from local politicians, from LAPD brass, from racketeers and drug kingpins--all of them hell-bent on keeping their own secrets hidden. For Klein, "forty-two and going on dead," it's dues time... From Publishers Weekly Blacker than noir, this latest novel from the author of L.A. Confidential and The Black Dahlia is set in 1958 and features a dirty LAPD detective with a breathtaking mastery of corruption. Dave Klein, a gangland heavy, USC law grad and police lieutenant, can thread a legal loophole as easily as he slips on brass knuckles. Assigned by the police commissioner to head an investigation into a narc squad payoff source, Klein smells a setup. To save himself, he traces a genealogy of double-dealing that includes incest, institutionalized bribery and police corruption, all going back decades. Ellroy's telegraphic style, which reduces masses of plot information to quick-study shorthand, captures the seamy stream-of-consciousness of this tainted cop and carries the reader from initial repulsion to a fascination that lingers long after the story's last notes have faded away. Ellroy adroitly transfers the manic energy of scat and bebop to this final volume of his tense, lowdown L.A. epic. Moreover, he demonstrates perfect pitch for illegalese, but the hepcat banter never obscures the complex plotting of politics and pre-Miranda rights police work, a combination that here makes most other crime novels seem naive. 40,000 first printing; BOMC alternate. Copyright 1992 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Kirkus sL.A., 1958. Corrupt Lt. Dave Klein, rapidly into a morass of bribes, fixes, and murder, hunts a thief whose crime-family victims don't want him caught and agrees to dig dirt on a Howard Hughes starlet--all while struggling to duck the fallout from his latest killing. As controversy over the proposed stadium for the Dodgers in Chavez Ravine brings city politics to a boil, Dave gets the word from mobster Mickey Cohen to help Sanderline Johnson, a half-wit croupier picked up in a raid, out his ninth-floor window before he can testify. The official verdict is flipped-out suicide, but the murder squeezes Dave between his department patron, detective chief Ed Exley; his would-be patron, Capt. Dudley Smith, deep in the Organization's pocket; double-dealing D.A. Bob Gallaudet; and Welles Noonan, a politically-minded US attorney with blood in his eye. Meanwhile, Exley puts Dave in charge of a break-in to the home of mobster J. C. Kafesjian, who wants him off the case; and Dave falls in love with Glenda Bledsoe, the starlet whose contract Hollywood mogul Hughes wants to break--and vows to protect her from the man whose money he's taking to break

her. As if all this weren't trouble enough, somebody (Exley? Gallaudet? Dud Smith?) frames Dave for a murder that's been captured on film. Finally, the mayhem is garnished with Ellroy's patented Extra Chunky prose, familiar to veterans of L.A. Confidential, etc. (sample action scene: ``Linoleum floor--maroon dots--dried blood. Chick on the bed, zipping his fly. Knucks/gun butt- -quick--I bashed his face, hacked his nuts, cracked his arms. Bone jar up my arms--Chick balled himself tight." Dave thinks like this too). Ellroy's been cooking up these overseasoned ragouts too long to change his recipe now; if you don't already know him, a page or two will convince you whether he's genius or a poseur, or both. -- Copyright 1992, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.