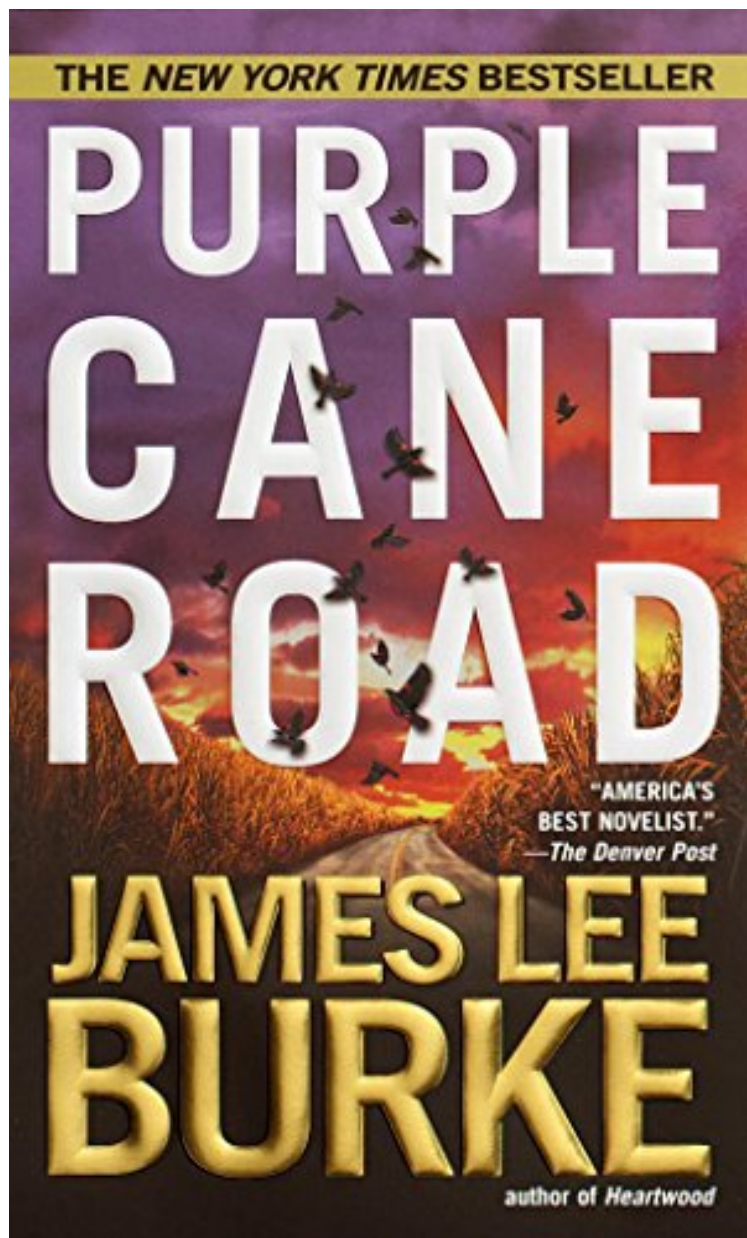


(Download free ebook) Purple Cane Road (Dave Robicheaux)

Purple Cane Road (Dave Robicheaux)

Von James Lee Burke

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Von James Lee Burke : Purple Cane Road (Dave Robicheaux) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Purple Cane Road (Dave Robicheaux):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich.

Elfen Von walli Die Mutter von Dave Robicheaux verschwand schon als er noch jung war. Nun erzählt jemand, sie habe als Prostituierte einen unwürdigen Tod gefunden. Das lässt Detective Dave Robicheaux keine Ruhe und er beginnt Nachforschungen anzustellen, wie seine Mutter tatsächlich starb. Er kann nicht ahnen, dass er damit in ein Wespennest sticht. Gleichzeitig befruchtet er eine Frau, die wegen eines Mordes an einem Mann, der sie schon in ihrer Kindheit mißbraucht hat, in der Todeszelle sitzt, könne zu Unrecht verurteilt sein. Gemeinsam mit seinem Kumpel Clete Purcell macht sich Robicheaux auf die Suche nach der Wahrheit. In seinem elften Fall unternimmt Robicheaux eine Reise weit zurück in die eigene Vergangenheit. Das Verschwinden seiner Mutter hat er nie verwunden. Das ist wohl für jedes Kind unerträglich. Möglicherweise eine Mitursache für Daves Alkoholismus. Eine Krankheit, von der es keine Heilung gibt, auch wenn Robicheaux schon lange trocken ist. Bald könnte man auf die Idee kommen, Clete konsumiere seinen Anteil mit. Als dann auch noch ein psychopathischer Killer auftaucht, wird die Arbeit für die beiden geradezu gefährlich. Der Killer tritt mit Dave in Kontakt und behauptet, er wisse was mit der Mutter geschehen sei. Mit Macht wirft einen der Autor ins Geschehen. Kaum weiß man wie einem geschieht, da hat man die Geschichte um Maes Verschwinden gehört, in deren Folge einige Menschen brutal ermordet wurden. Auch erfährt man, dass die Frau im Todestrakt vielleicht einen Grund gehabt hat, einen berechtigten Groll gegen ihr Opfer zu hegen. Mit seiner direkten knarzigen Sprache versetzt einen James Lee Burke in eine Welt der Brutalität, aber auch der echten Gefühle. Knorrige Typen, gebeutelte Frauen und Menschen, die nur ihren eigenen Vorteil im Blick haben und dabei auch vor Morden nicht zurückschrecken. Von einem Buch wie diesem kann man nicht viel erzählen, man muss es lesen und auf sich wirken lassen. 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Listen To This V8 Roar! Von Eric Wilson After mild disappointment with the Billy Bob Holland series, I couldn't wait for another stretch of potholed Dave Robicheaux road. "Purple Cane Road" was the precise route to page-whipping passion and heart-wrenching honesty that I'd been hoping for. This novel races along faster than any of his previous installments. Burke uses unusually short scenes to fuel this V8 engine and, though his meandering descriptions--which I personally love--are farther and fewer between, he manages to convey deep atmosphere and mood. The story follows Robicheaux's search for his mother's killers and his mission to save an abused woman on death row from lethal injection. Characters, new and old, pace back and forth over Purple Cane Road until it's clear someone will get run over by the secrets of the past. Clete tries, as always, to plant himself in the path of the plot's moving vehicle--or maybe he's the very vehicle out of control. Robicheaux, too, veers close to the edge of disaster. With tantalizing brevity, we see his troubles with his wife and his budding teenage girl, Alafair. This is the Robicheaux I missed: though he continues to grow as a person, he's still half-sinner, half-saint. Even in the last sentences, we see him take steps away from the dark voids of his childhood toward a brighter retirement. Retirement? Nah, I doubt it. Not after a not-so-subtle hint from his superior near the story's conclusion. Burke can crank his characters' engines and send them spinning over rough and twisted plotting better than most other writers. These flawed characters are so prone to make mistakes that you come to expect them; and then, unexpectedly, they manage to rise once again above their own miry pasts and do something truly honorable. Above all, despite the line-up of evil and tainted characters, Burke's writing displays honor and courage and the yearning for justice. He refuses to protect his characters from every ill-intention, refuses to set them on moral soapboxes, yet he manages to set a compass by delineating the choices between good and evil. In this manner, his cast of colorful people stands above the regular assortment of fictional cardboard props and demands to be heard, whether through a whisper or a scream. Keep 'em coming, Burke. I'm still listening. 2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Purple Cane Road Von JEFF LEE Best Burke Yet! Beats even Dixie City Jam!. I thought Burke's newest piece is a real page turner. His Robicheaux character shows very human flaws as does his daughter Alafair. Burke's colorful depiction of Bayou life inter-twines deeply and keeps the reader spellbound. In this particular novel there are so many enemies and villains to focus on, it makes you wonder, who really did kill his mother. I can hardly wait for the next book to arrive!

Kurzbeschreibung Dave Robicheaux has spent his life confronting the age-old adage that the sins of the father pass onto the son. But what has his mother's legacy left him? Dead to him since youth, Mae Guillory has been shuttered away in the deep recesses of Dave's mind. He's lived with the fact that he would never really know what happened to the woman who left him to the devices of his whiskey-driven father. But deep down, he still feels the loss of his mother and knows the infinite series of disappointments in her life could not have come to a good end. While helping out an old friend, Dave is stunned when a pimp looks at him sideways and asks him if he is Mae Guillory's boy, the whore a bunch of cops murdered 30 years ago. The pimp goes on to insinuate that the cops who dumped her body in the bayou were on the take and continue to thrive in the New Orleans area. Dave's search for his mother's killers leads him to the darker places in his past and solving this case teaches him what it means to be his mother's son. Purple Cane Road has the dimensions of a classic--passion, murder, and nearly heartbreaking poignancy--wrapped in a wonderfully executed plot that surprises from start to finish. de Purple Cane Road is proof positive that James Lee Burke is considerably more than a dispenser of tough and atmospheric detective yarns. His central character, Dave Robicheaux, is more than just a powerful addition to a prestigious series. We are dealing here with a stylist of the first order: a

writer who has managed to seamlessly marry the hard-boiled idiom of Chandler with the atmosphere and literary elegance of William Faulkner. Robicheaux is here plunged into his most painful and personal odyssey yet. He learns that his mother, Mae, was a prostitute who ended up drowned in a mud puddle by crooked cops in the pay of the Mob. As Dave and his partner Clete Purcell investigate, they encounter State Governor Belmont Pugh, a fundamentalist preacher; the terrifying Remeta, a super-intelligent hit man, and, most significantly, Jim Gable, owner of the mansion in Purple Cane Road, who knows more about Dave's wife than Dave himself. As Robicheaux struggles through a morass of intrigue and double-dealing, he finds that coming to terms with his own troubled past becomes as important as identifying the his mother's killers. Burke's strategy is to subtly subvert the standard detective narrative, creating a seamy panoply of the darker side of American society. Alongside the customary imperatives of bloody violence and dangerous sexuality, Burke is able to address such issues as the growing chasm between black and white and the inequalities that have riven American society. He is a storyteller of prodigious ability and his use of language remains nonpareil: I returned to New Orleans and my problems with pari-mutuel windows and a dark-haired, milk-skinned wife from Martinique who went home with men from the Garden District while I was passed out in a house boat on Lake Pontchartrain, the downdraft of US Army helicopters flattening a plain of elephant grass in my dreams. --Barry Forshaw.co.uk

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