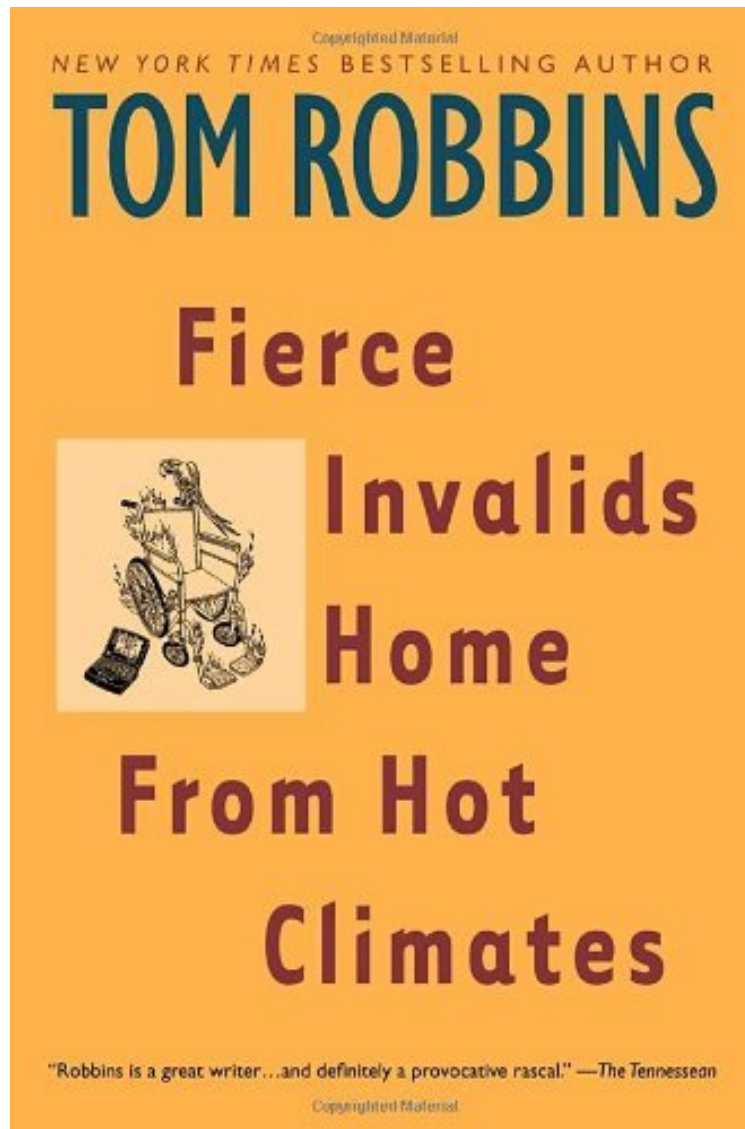


(Free pdf) Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates

Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates

Von Tom Robbins

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Von Tom Robbins : Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Relax!Von TundraBeeSome of my favourite books are by Tom Robbins: Another Roadside Attraction, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, Skinny Legs All. I was ecstatic to receive his new book. But I was not enraptured of the slow start. Slogging through the literal jungle, I found myself thinking of other, more interesting things I could be doing: root

canal, ingrown toenail surgery - but pressing onward had its rewards. The information and plodding plot lines in the first half are, I suppose, necessary to set up the thoroughly entertaining noncoincidences in the second. Robbins still has his "festive manner of speaking" but *Fierce Invalids* lacks the punchy panache of the previous publications. [Sigh] I guess we're all getting older ... The novel exudes the anti-consumerism of Jean Kilbourne's **Deadly Persuasion** with the CIA-as-monster subtext of Grisham's **The Brethren**. I found the whole Lolita complex preoccupation to be unnecessary. As always, Robbins gives us points to ponder. For instance, on the clarity of speech: "Could you pull off there?" she immediately asked, pointing ... to a gas station. "I really have to use the bathroom." "Say toilet, would you darling. I don't believe bathing is one of the services Texaco provides." "Whatever." "No, it's not unimportant. Intelligent speech is under pressure in our fair land and needs all the support it can get." Of intelligent speech, Tom Robbins remains a master.

3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Mind Expanding Von Amy Hamilton I love Tom Robbins novels - and this was no exception! I find his use of language to be so visually compelling that I find myself ravenous while reading. I do not read the Bestseller list, and I find the mainstream boring, boring, boring! Tom Robbins allows me to go to some other world, exotic location and while I am there the suggestions and ideas cause me to look into myself and evaluate my feelings about Catholicism, CIA, Drugs and meditation in the case of "Fierce...". I can relate and yet I am scandalized, demoralized, titillated and all. I think that *Jitterbug* is still my favorite, but I can't wait to see more of Switters - and judging from the end of this novel we will! So, those of you who wish to laugh and look at the world from a Robbinslike perspective ".....relax", pick your feet up and read "Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates".

2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A great and horrible book (it CAN be both, right Tom?) Von Mike Stone Tom Robbins' books fall into three categories for me: I. Pure genius (incl. *Roadside*, *Cowgirls*, and *Jitterbug*) II. Respectable flights of fancy (*Skinny Legs*) III. Lukewarm efforts (*Still Life*, *Frog Pajamas*) That's not to say that all in (I) are five-star champions and all in (III) are horrible one-star waste of times. I've never come across a viable reason to give anything Tom's written less than four-stars (on the .com scale). *Fierce Invalids* is no exception. It is a third-tier Robbins book, but that makes it better than 99% of the dreck out there. It's unique (not "most unique") in the Robbins' oeuvre for one simple reason: a male protagonist. Switters is the literary equivalent of a bipolar disorder: he hates organizations, yet is a member of both the CIA and a convent; he believes in laughter as the road to Nirvana, yet he carries a Beretta with him wherever he goes; he's world-wise and pragmatic, yet spends the last two third of the story confined to a wheelchair due to a shaman's curse. This theme of binary opposition runs rampant through the book, and it gives the reader something tangible to hang on to, something Robbins usually is hesitant to do. Midway through the narrative, I realized that all that I enjoyed about the first half of the book has been destroyed, and I was wondering how Tom would pull it all together in the end (he always does). He does -- although slightly more melodramatic than usual, I was satisfied with the knots he made to tie up the loose ends. As for his most unique (couldn't help myself here, Tom) ability to wield the swords of simile and metaphor, it has never been sharper. My favourite: "Looking at it from another angle, their kiss was like a paper airplane landing on the moon." It's like haiku, that line. For the Tom-completist (of which I am a recent member), pick it up and bask in its glory, cause you may not hear a peep from the old man for another five years. For the Tom-newbie, go back to *Roadside*, and save this one for another day.

Kurzbeschreibung Switters is a contradiction for all seasons: an anarchist who works for the government; a pacifist who carries a gun; a vegetarian who sops up ham gravy; a cyberwhiz who hates computers; a man who, though obsessed with the preservation of innocence, is aching to deflower his high-school-age stepsister (only to become equally enamored of a nun ten years his senior). Yet there is nothing remotely wishy-washy about Switters. He doesn't merely pack a pistol. He is a pistol. And as we dog Switters's strangely elevated heels across four continents, in and out of love and danger, discovering in the process the true Third Secret of Fatima, we experience Tom Robbins that fearless storyteller, spiritual renegade, and verbal break dancer at the top of his game. On one level this is a fast-paced CIA adventure story with comic overtones; on another it's a serious novel of ideas that brings the Big Picture into unexpected focus; but perhaps more than anything else, *Fierce Invalids* is a sexy celebration of language and life. From the Trade Paperback edition.

de The fierce invalid in Tom Robbins's seventh novel is a philosophical, hedonistic U.S. operative very loosely inspired by a friend of the author. "Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll are enormously popular in the CIA," claims Switters. "Not with all the agents in the field, but with the good ones, the brightest and the best." Switters isn't really an invalid, but during his first mission (to set free his ornery grandma's parrot, Sailor, in the jungle), he gets zapped by a spell cast by a "misshapen shaman" of the Kandakandero tribe named End of Time. The shaman is reminiscent of Carlos Castaneda's giggly guru, but his head is pyramid-shaped. In return for a mind-bending trip into cosmic truth--"the Hallways of Always"--Switters must not let his foot touch the earth, or he'll die. Not that a little death threat can slow him down. Switters simply hops into a wheelchair and rolls off to further footloose adventures, occasionally switching to stilts. For a Robbins hero, to be just a bit high, not earthbound, facilitates enlightenment. He bops from Peru to Seattle, where he's beguiled by the Art Girls of the Pike Place Market and his 16-year-old stepsister,

and then off to Syria, where he falls in with a pack of renegade nuns bearing names like Mustang Sally and Domino Thirry. Will Switters see Domino tumble and solve the mystery of the Virgin Mary? Can the nuns convince the Pope to favor birth control--to "zonk the zygotic zillions and mitigate the multitudinous milt" and "wrest free from a woman's shoulders the boa of spermatozoa?" Can the author ever resist a shameless pun or a mutant metaphor? The tangly plot is almost beside the point. Switters is a colorful undercover agent, and a Robbins novel is really a colorful undercover essay celebrating sex and innocence, drugs and a firm wariness of anything that tries to rewire the mind, and Broadway tunes, especially "Send in the Clowns." Some readers will be intensely offended by Switters's yen for youth and idiosyncratic views on vice. But fans will feel that extremism in the pursuit of serious fun is virtue incarnate. Fierce Invalids Home from Hot Climates is classic Tom Robbins: all smiles, similes, and subversion. --Tim Appelo.co.uk

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