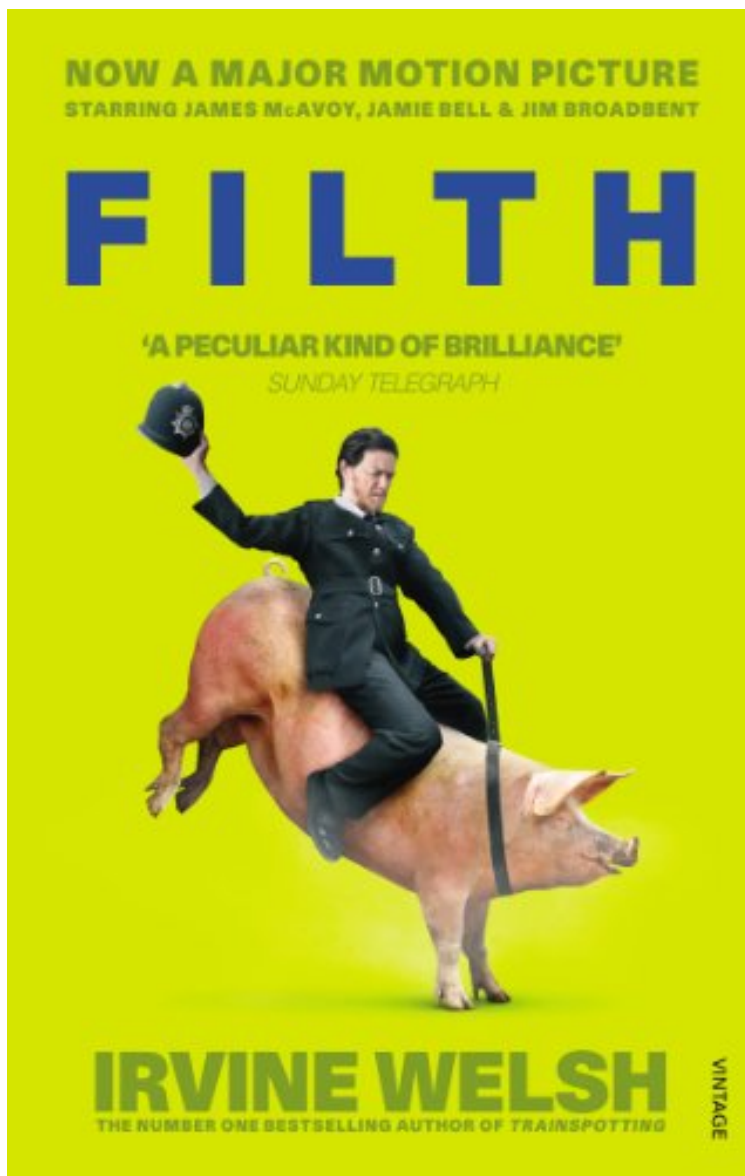


Filth

Von Irvine Welsh

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Von Irvine Welsh : Filth before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Filth:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. All good!Von Celeste MouraI got the book in time and it looked as good as I expected. I had no issues at all. =>5 von 5 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A Psychopath on The Verge of A Nervous BreakdownVon Mr.

Filth is one depraved piece of writing. Without warning or pause we are bombarded with the uncensored, delightfully preverse, bitter, vindictive and spectacularly cruel first person narration of Detective Sergeant Bruce Robertson. Through numerous and intentionally repetitive tales of sodomy, pornography, blackmail, theft, intimidation and just about every other crime there is, the reader stops, looks away from the book and towards the ceiling with a soft gasp and a little smile on his/her face. The delight the reader feels is that of a voyeur. But it doesn't last, the comedy I mean. It masks the ugliness for a while, but the direction is downhill. Welsh deceptively gives the impression that he is not in the driver's seat, that this whole book is a door opened from this pervert's mind and all you get is his bigotry. And as you enjoy this temporary abandon of moral restraint Welsh gives you a one sentence paragraph "HOW DID THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?" Weather good old honest to Satan Bruce is harrasing his best friend's wife on the phone, the same bespectacled friend he takes to Amsterdam "to go whoring for Scotland", the same friend so in need of his spectacles that Bruce is naturally delighted to crush them under his boots while the big oaf sleeps. Preversely hysterical stuff, but there is Welsh again with "HOW DID THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?". By the time Bruce is burning his boss's hardwork on a screenplay, it not very funny anymore, it is pathetic. I know this a difficult concept for some to understand, but the book's very lack of moral prespective redeems it. There is no pop psychology here. The less perceptive among its readers will laugh a little longer, but all readers will eventually realise that Bruce Robertson is digging his own grave. In my first review I made clear my dislike for the tapeworm narration. I still dislike it, it is an ingenious and original device. But it is a "Device" and goes against the stream of consciencness approach. Maybe he had to include it, just to point the way. Filth is a virtual reality experience, for a few hundred pages YOU ARE BRUCE ROBERTSON. Therefore you want him to get that promotion, to get the better of his enemies and getaway with his crimes, no matter how vicious they maybe. Everything seems different from the inside looking out. Towards the end Bruce (and inturn you the reader) gets to see himself from the outside, from his colleagues' point of view, and its a tragic sight. After its over get up, look at a mirror and ask yourself "HOW DID THAT MAKE ME FEEL?".

1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Filth represents a step-back for its author. Von Ein Kunde With "Filth," Irvine Welsh fails to build on the promise that he showed with his last release, "Ecstasy." While that collection of novellas was not a great hit with the rave crowd that had propelled him to literary success with "Trainspotting" and "The Acid House," it demonstrated his evolution into a more conventional, yet adept, storyteller. "Filth" is Welsh's first novel since his terrific "Marabou Stork Nightmares" and at over three hundred pages it is a significant effort. Yet the depiction of its policeman protagonist and his spiral into utter depravity and despair is marred by an unconvincing portrayal of the ins and out of Bruce Robertson's occupation. Even more unfortunate is the level of hate that radiates from the character, and Welsh's manner, which forces the reader to experience every moment of this man's life and hideous personality, serves, through its insistence on his primacy and point-of-view, only to glorify Robertson's existence in an unsettling way. It is a struggle to read many parts of this book, and with only a half-hearted attempt at the very end to provide a moral foil for Robertson's actions (in the form of the narrative of a tapeworm in his own body), we cannot hope to escape from the foulness. "Filth" is unfunny and unfriendly. It is not the compelling realist novel that we expected from Welsh, but is nastiness purely for its own sake. Jason R.

Kurzbeschreibung Suitable only for persons of strong constitution. Contains: Drug use Perversion Murder Corruption Sexism Racism Law Enforcement And a tapeworm. deTalk about truth in advertising!

Irvine Welsh's novel about an evil Edinburgh cop is filthy enough to please the most crud-craving fans of his blockbuster debut, Trainspotting. Like Trainspotting, Filth matches its nastiness with a maniacal, deeply peeved sense of humor. Though one does feel the need to escape this train wreck of a narrative from time to time for a shower and some chamomile tea, just as often Welsh provokes a belly laugh with an extraordinarily perverse and cruelly funny set piece. Nicely violent turns of phrase litter the ghastly landscape of his tale. Our hero, Detective Sergeant Bruce Robertson, is a cross between Harvey Keitel in Bad Lieutenant and John Belushi in Animal House. His task is to nab a killer who has brained the son of the Ghanaian ambassador, but bigoted Bruce is more urgently concerned with coercing sex from teenage Ecstasy dealers, planning vice tours of Amsterdam, and mulling over his lurid love life. He's also got a tapeworm, whose monologue is printed right down the middle of many pages. Here's one of this unusually articulate parasite's realizations: "My problem is that I seem to have quite a simple biological structure with no mechanism for the transference of all my grand and noble thoughts into fine deeds." Welsh's real strength is comic tough talk and inventive slang. The murder mystery helps organize his tendency to sprawl, but the engine of his art is wry, harsh dialogue. At one point, his books hogged the entire top half of Scotland's Top Ten Bestsellers list--and half the buyers of Trainspotting had never bought a book before. The reason is not that Welsh is the best novelist who ever got short-listed for the Booker Prize. It is that he is that rarest of phenomena, an original voice. --Tim Appelo

Pressestimmen "Welsh firing on all cylinders... The best thing he has done since Trainspotting" (Sunday Times) "It is surely a remarkable cultural moment when a reviewer is offered cash in a bar for an advance copy of a literary novel... Filth is a masterpiece... squarely in the classic line of classic scottish writing" (Independent) "Things are

going well for Detective Sergeant Bruce Robertson. Promotion is in the offing, he's got all the booze and drugs he needs, and his various plots aimed at friends and colleagues seem to be working out. Robertson, compulsive and repulsive by turns, has only two problems. One is a case of racially-motivated murder on his patch. The other is that there's a nasty tapeworm in his gut and it seems intent on having its say... A brutally sustained achievement" (Evening Standard)"We're used to tough cops with non-PC attitudes, but Welsh trumps the lot with his evil-scheming, ball-scratching, foul-mouthed hero-with-haemorrhoids... Welsh's jet-black comedy at once entertains and appals... Gloriously grotesque" (Esquire)"A snarling epic of a book...ugly, devastatingly funny, unremittingly nasty and pulls no punches... Don't dare miss it" (Scotsman)