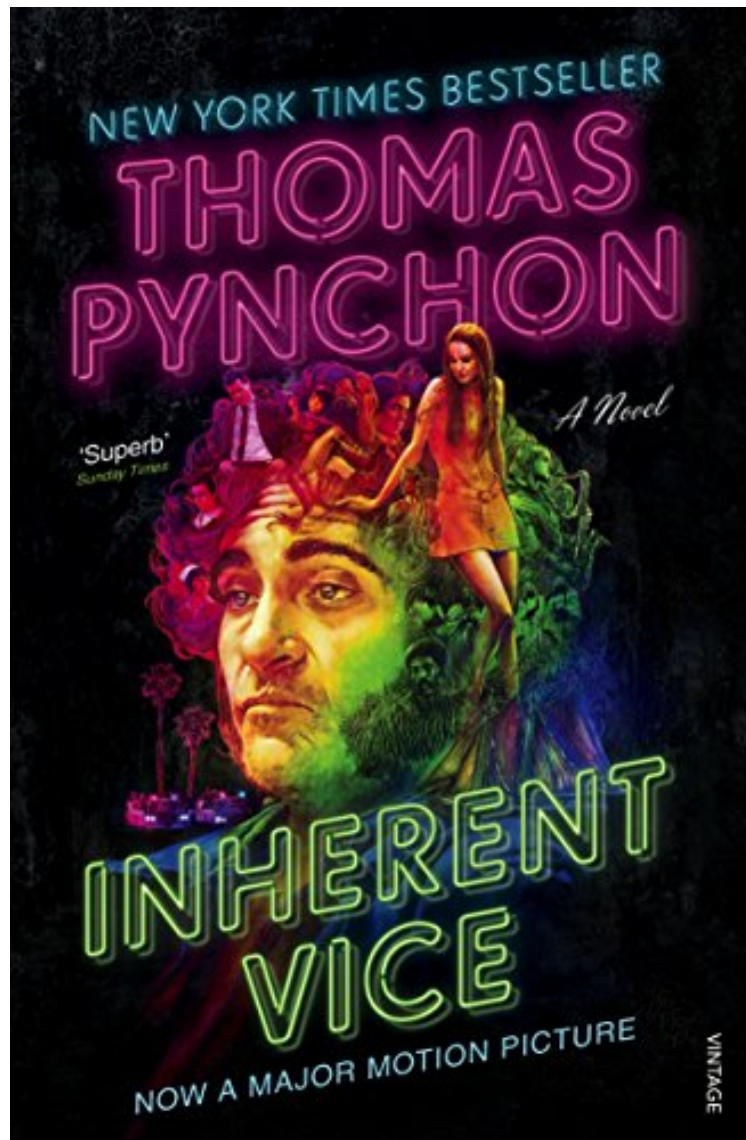


[FREE] Inherent Vice

## Inherent Vice

Von Thomas Pynchon

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**Von Thomas Pynchon : Inherent Vice** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Inherent Vice:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. "She came along the alley and up the back steps the way she always used to."Von expressThomas Pynchon makes a review nearly as bamboozling as his stories, nevertheless he is our most beloved mysterious author. However, if you weren't born in the 1960s, it can take some effort to familiarize yourself with the cultural 60s-ness in some of the cultural

cracks of that decade because a lot of that stuff that's now thought of as "postmodern" has acquired a rather sleek and technocratic aura. Raymond Chandler wrote in his famous essay *The Simple Art of Murder*, "Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean." It was his idea to give the murder mystery a certain dignity. In a similar sense - don't talk about complexity - *Inherent Vice* brings out the plotter as its tightest. It is set in the early republican America of the 1970s when Dick Nixon is presiding the White House and Ronnie Reagan is governing the capitol in Sacramento. According to the *Business Dictionary*, the term "inherent vice" defines a "hidden defect of a good or property which of itself is the cause to its deterioration, or damage. Such characteristics make the item an unacceptable risk to a carrier or insurer. If the characteristic or defect is not visible, and if the carrier or the insurer has not been warned of it, neither of them may be liable for any claim arising solely out of the inherent vice." This sums up the novel (first published 2009) as much as anything else. What's more fitting than a location like a Californian beach? Andrew Salomon offers an old Russian saying, "If you want to hide from the authorities, stand underneath the brightest light, closest to the police station." Sticking to the Hammett and Chandler tradition, *Vice* begins with a beautiful woman knocking on the door of Doc Sportello's thinking parlor. She is Shasta, his former girlfriend. But here the traditional similarity ends. He is a short built weanling who has a serious dope habit and doesn't seem to have realized that the 1960s are over. Making the best of it, he claims, "What I lack in al-titude, I make up for in at-titude." All the way your psychedelic gum shoe. Doc seems to be as tough a customer as those traditional heroes, whatever he may be, he comes close to the late Hunter S. Thompson, whose persona as a journalist was inclined to tackle a job when he could be blitzed while doing it. *Vice* is written in a druggy but sharp prose derived from the same California-based fountainhead that gave birth to Raymond Chandler. With Doc, Pynchon has created a character with the Gonzo look on life like Thompson and the the same punch as Phillip Marlowe, and that, as readability goes, is cause for praise. Those were the days when pot smoking was rather the norm and Doc Sportello is the perfect representative. As usual, Pynchon has devised a basic and richly convoluted plot: At first, Doc is to help Shasta to protect her current lover, a real estate magnate named Mickey Wolfmann, from his wife and her present lover. Shasta (her name is another hint at typical California obsessions with metaphysics, like the underground transportation system to Atlantis), comes up with a plot to kidnap the wealthy and married real-estate developer Mickey Wolfman with whom she's having an affair. Mickey's wife and Shasta apparently want him institutionalized. Almost as soon as Doc takes the case, the developer becomes a missing person and as such he is a thread that, once pulled, unravels a complex conspiracy of murder, greed, lust, and so forth. Pynchon's celebrated fondness for goofball invention is limitless. An abridged list of a cohort of hippie-dippy characters might be enough to suggest the variety of the narrative texture: Ensenada Slim, Flaco the Bad, Dr. Buddy Tubeside, Petunia Leeway, Jason Velveeta, Sledge Poteet and Leonard Jermaine Loosemeat. The plot is probably too convoluted to be detailed in a review, and it's not immediately clear where every piece fits. Readers of *The Crying of Lot 49* and *Gravity's Rainbow* will probably nod. Amid all the conspiracies, Pynchon finds time to acknowledge the ARPAnet, the precursor of the internet established by the Department of Defense and various universities. And, inevitable in the Pynchon tradition, there's a vast and secretive organization, this time dentists, a spy outfit known as the Golden Fang. A pimp informs Doc that the Fang is in fact an Indochinese heroin cartel, vertically organized, they provide the funds, grow the poppy flowers, process and smuggle the stuff and run networks of local street dealers. Of course they take a separate percentage off of each operation. Sober people would call such a system capitalism. Pynchon also creates the ideological antithesis to the Golden Fang and comes up with the legendary lost continent of Lemuria. The name of Shasta is an early hint, because Mount Shasta, located in Northern California is considered by some to be the center of Lemuria. Among all these shenanigans, it can easily be forgotten that Shasta might be indeed a submerged culture beneath the Pacific Ocean. Whatever the location, surfers and hippies believe it to be an anarchist utopia, at least when they're on a good trip. There's no question that Pynchon is writing razor sharp beauty, there are thoughts demanding a place next to classic passages by Ken Kesey, Bob Dylan, Hunter S. Thompson, the Beat poets and others. *Inherent Vice* has a climactic moment, a cushiony denouement and ties up all the loose ends.

1 von 4 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Belanglose Langeweile Von Karli Der Begeisterung meiner Vorrezensenten kann ich mich leider überhaupt nicht anschließen. Ziemlich genau 100 Seiten fehlen mir noch bis zum Ende des Buches, aber ich bin kein bisschen neugierig, wie es weiter geht und werde sie daher wohl auch nicht mehr lesen. Vorab: Es wre sicher besser, das Buch in einem Stck zu lesen, da man sonst aufgrund der Fülle von nicht weiter wichtigen Personen, Orten und wieder Personen schnell durcheinander geraten knnte. Leider ist der Erzhlstil derart langweilig, dass ich mich von Seite zu Seite qulen musste und mich hufig dabei ertappte, wie meine Gedanken abschweiften. Und trotzdem habe ich wohl nichts verpasst, denn der Erzähler selbst driftet so oft ab, erzählt Belangloses und findet sich witzig dabei. Bleibt nur noch die Frage, wie nüchtern oder nicht er selber ist. Jedenfalls fhlt man sich als LeserIn oft genug selbst in ein "Lilaaa"-Gefhl versetzt, whrend die Worte belanglos an einem vorbeirauschen. Wem's gefllt! Zwei Sterne fr die gelegentlichen Lacher und ein oder zwei Rauschbeschreibungen, die leidlich ansant waren.

13 von 13 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. "Can you tell me, please, where is reality?" (232) Von Michael Dienstbier Das groe Mysterium der amerikanischen Literaturgeschichte hat wieder zugeschlagen. Thomas Pynchon, von dem es keine aktuellen Fotos gibt, und der in zwei Episoden der Simpsons mit einer Tte ber dem Kopf Gastauftritte hat, hat mit

"Inherent Vice" seinen erst siebten Roman in mehr als 40 Jahren vorgelegt. Und Fans und Kritiker zeigten sich berrascht. Wohingegen Pynchons geniale Meisterwerke Gravity's Rainbow und Against the Day eigene Welten erschaffen und den Leser vor groe Herausforderungen gestellt haben, kommt "Inherent Vice" augenscheinlich recht konventionell daher und lsst sich fr Pynchon-Verhltnisse leicht lesen. Doch Pynchon wre nicht Pynchon, wenn er lediglich auf solch einer oberflchlichen Ebene agieren wrde. Auch sein neuer Roman stellt die Leser, die sich nicht von der ersten Ebene einlullen lassen, vor groe Herausforderungen und dekonstruiert eine ganze Epoche amerikanischer Geschichte. Los Angeles, Kalifornien, Ende der sechziger Jahre. Der permanent bekiffte Privatdetektiv Doc Sportello erhlt Besuch von seiner Ex-Freundin. Sie bittet Doc, ihren derzeitigen Liebhaber, den millionenschweren Immobilienhai Mickey Wolfman, wiederzufinden, da er spurlos verschwunden ist. Bereits wenig spter wird Doc bei seinen Nachforschungen niedergeschlagen und wacht neben einer Leiche sowie der ermittelnden Polizei von LA auf. Der Polizist "Bigfoot" Bjornson rckt Doc seit diesem Zeitpunkt nicht mehr von der Pelle. Im weiteren Verlauf der Handlung bekommt es Doc mit einer manigfaltigen Flut von Charakteren zu tun, von sexsichtigen Mnern und Frauen, Auftragskillern, mysterisen Zahnrzten bis hin zu auseinandergerissenen Familien mitsamt ihren tragischen Biografien. "Inherent Vice" ist viel mehr als eine Detektivgeschichte. Bei dieser Reise durch das drogenschwungerte Amerika der Hippiejahre entlarvt der Roman viele liebgewonnenen Mythen dieses Zeitalters, die mit love and peace wenig zu tun haben. Und genau hier bekommen wir es wieder mit den fr Pynchon so typischen Themen und Motiven zu tun: Menschen verschwinden pltzlich aus einer Welt, die sie nicht mehr zu erfassen in der Lage sind. Nahezu alle Charaktere sind paranoid und leben ein Leben im stndigen Verfolgungswahn: "I have lost reality. Can you tell me, please, where is reality?" (232) fragen sich die Personen der Handlung. Am Ende haftet dem Hippiezeitalter nichts Mythisch-magisches mehr an. Es ist nicht mehr als ein weiterer Abschnitt in der Geschichte der Menschheit, in der jedes einzelne Individuum versucht, einen Sinn in das von vornherein Sinnlose zu konstruieren. Fazit: Ein untypischer Pynchon, der Fans aber keineswegs enttuscht und sich gleichzeitig auch fr Einsteiger eignet. Hinter der zugnglichen Oberflche wirft Pynchon einen Blick auf die Versuche des Menschen, sich und ihrer Existenz einen wie auch immer gearteten Sinn zu verleihen.

Kurzbeschreibung Read the cult classic behind the major new film starring Joaquin Phoenix, Reese Witherspoon and Josh Brolin. Part noir, part psychedelic romp, all Thomas Pynchon - private eye Doc Sportello comes, occasionally, out of a marijuana haze to watch the end of an era as free love slips away and paranoia creeps in with the L.A. fog. It's been awhile since Doc Sportello has seen his ex-girlfriend. Suddenly out of nowhere she shows up with a story about a plot to kidnap a billionaire land developer whom she just happens to be in love with. Easy for her to say. It's the tail end of the psychedelic sixties in L.A., and Doc knows that 'love' is another of those words going around at the moment, like 'trip' or 'groovy', except that this one usually leads to trouble. Despite which he soon finds himself drawn into a bizarre tangle of motives and passions whose cast of characters includes surfers, hustlers, dopers and rockers, a murderous loan shark, a tenor sax player working undercover, an ex-con with a swastika tattoo and a fondness for Ethel Merman, and a mysterious entity known as the Golden Fang, which may only be a tax dodge set up by some dentists. In this lively yarn, Thomas Pynchon, working in an unaccustomed genre, provides a classic illustration of the principle that if you can remember the sixties, you weren't there...or...if you were there, then you...or, wait, is it... Pressestimmen "Hilarious and thought-provoking" (London of Books) "Brilliant and brain boggling by turns" (Daily Mail) "Inherent Vice works brilliantly as both a neon-lit noir and as a psychedelic lament to the Sixties" (Sunday Telegraph) "The greatest, wildest author of his generation" (Guardian) "The intellectual game-play is characteristically dazzling...colourful and pleasurable" (Financial Times) "You don't have to have been there; if you're willing, he'll take you there" (Michael Carlson Spectator) "The pioneering work in a genre you'd have to call psychedelic Noir ...Who writes sentences as beautiful as Pynchon?" (Sam Leith Daily Mail) "Pynchon leaves the rest of the American literary establishment at the starting gate...the range over which he moves is extraordinary, not simply in terms of ideas explored but also in the range of emotions he takes you through" (Time Out) "The most important and mysterious writer of his generation" (Time) Werbetext Read the cult classic behind the major film starring Joaquin Phoenix, Josh Brolin and Reese Witherspoon, directed by Paul Thomas Anderson (There Will Be Blood and Boogie Nights)