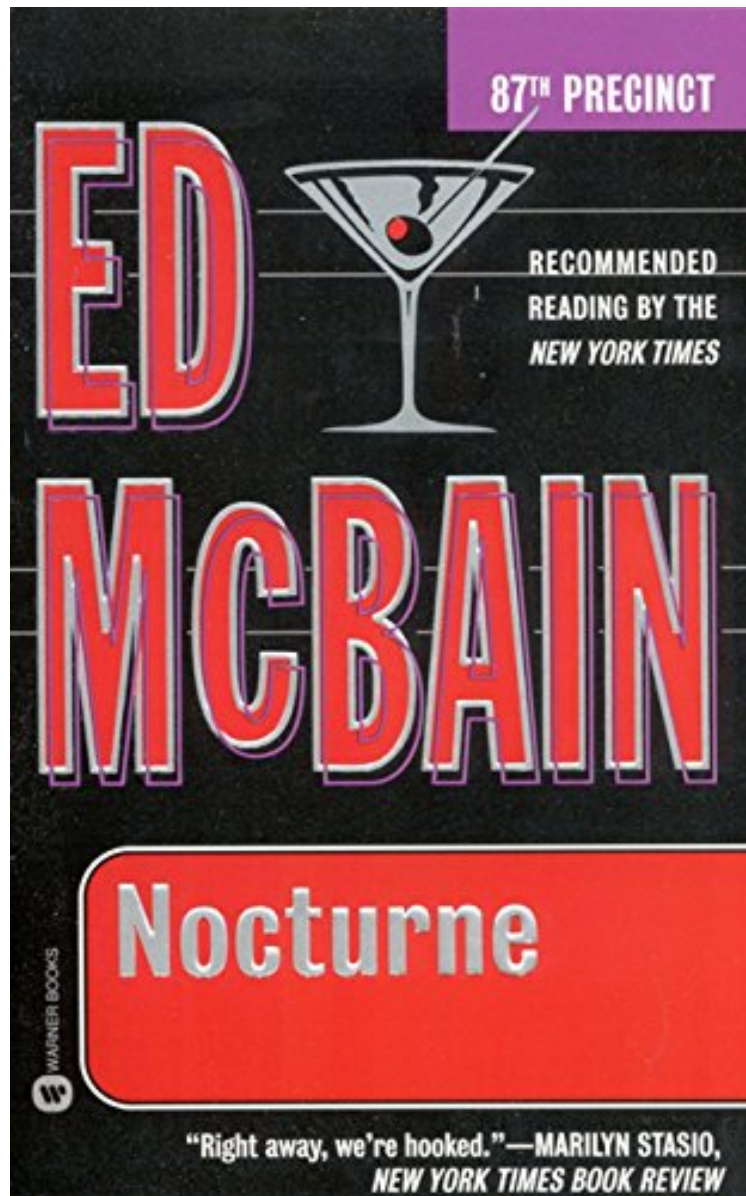


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Nocturne: A Novel of the 87th Precinct (English Edition)

Von Ed McBain

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Von Ed McBain : Nocturne: A Novel of the 87th Precinct (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Nocturne: A Novel of the 87th Precinct (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich.

Unputdownable!Von vsam1When I started reading, I found it hard to close it. This is the book that got me bitten by

the reading bug! McBain has delivered a virtual roller-coaster of thrills, twists, characters, events... the whole works. Equally commendable is the author's decision to resist the temptation to attempt to tie together all the story lines in the book, and believe me, there are a few! Because of this, the cases described are that much more credible. My only gripe is the author's inclination toward morbidity and gore in some parts of the story. But I guess that is part of life in the precinct!

!0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Romance continued or ... not? Von zimbee

Nocturne was one of the 87th Precinct novels I looked forward to most because I was hoping it will continue the stories started in Romance. I devour every Ed McBain/Evan Hunter book and I still have to find one that I did not love. Nocturne is still great, but not what I expected. Maybe that is why it left me a bit disappointed and betrayed. Nevertheless, it is another stellar addition to my library and I would not give it up for the world. Go, 87th Precinct, go!

!0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. An incredible piece of work. Von Ein Kunde

I read this a few weeks after it came out-it was my first McBain book, and it got me hooked on the rest. Carella, Hawes, Kling, Meyer, Brown, and all the rest are now favorites of mine. Ed McBain draws such vivid characterizations of very different people-cops, hookers, rich brats, pushers, and even one crazy wack-a-loon. I guarantee if you read this novel, you'll be a McBain fan for life.

Kurzbeschreibung

Just in case anybody thought the 47 earlier novels in the 87th precinct were a fluke, McBain's gone and revitalized the routine with Nocturne". -- The New York Times Book In Isola, the hours between midnight and dawn are usually a quiet time. But for 87th Precinct detectives Carella and Hawes, the murder of an old woman makes the wee hours anything but peaceful -- especially when they learn she was one of the greatest concert pianists of the century long vanished. Meanwhile 88th Precinct cop Fat Ollie Weeks has his own early morning nightmare: he's on the trail of three prep school boys and a crack dealer who spent the evening carving up a hooker.

From Booklist

Fans of McBain's 87th Precinct series will find this forty-eighth installment as taut and intricate as its predecessors. But there are also some surprises: this time around, McBain displays a rather impish sense of whimsy. Investigating the murder of a once-famous concert pianist, Detectives Carella and Hawes encounter an odd clue that puts them in mind of a certain Alfred Hitchcock movie. Those readers who know McBain's film credits will enjoy the running in-joke (no one can remember who wrote the movie); others may be confused. On the other hand, another case involves the brutal murder of a prostitute, and McBain describes her last moments in graphic sexual language that may shock some readers. The 87th Precinct novels have never been pretty, but this one is more explicit than most. As always, the appeal of the novel is in its small details, and in the way McBain constructs a mystery that is at once baffling and entirely rational. An excellent (though, in some ways, quite different) addition to the series. David Pitt

From Kirkus

sSteve Carella and Cotton Hawes have pulled the night shift, so they're on call when long-retired concert pianist Svetlana Dyalovich gets drilled twice inside her apartment door. An interrupted burglary? Then why did the burglar also shoot her cat--and how did he know that Mme. Dyalovich had just drawn her life's savings from her bank earlier that day? While the boys of the 87th precinct are puzzling over these questions--and the pianist's granddaughter, lounge singer Priscilla Stetson, is trying to track down the legacy her grandmother promised her--their neighbors over at the 88th have their own case: a horribly mutilated hooker, her slashed pimp, and a drowned crack dealer, all killed after a wild debauch by three cherubic prep-school kids. Longtime fans of this venerable series (Romance, 1995, etc.), knowing better than to assume the cases will be connected--they crisscross at several places but never exactly shake hands--will feel luxuriously at home in fictional Isola, where taxi drivers fall prey to the temptations of the flesh, voodoo priestesses stand on their civil rights, cockfighters invoke the example of the Founding Fathers, and leaving your car at a gas station to be serviced is a bigger mistake than you can imagine. McBain seems to be saving his tightest plotting these days for his Matthew Hope series. But if shaggy storytelling doesn't bother you (here the whole 87th gets upstaged by the 88th), his 47th tour of Isola is as exuberant as his best. -- Copyright 1997, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.