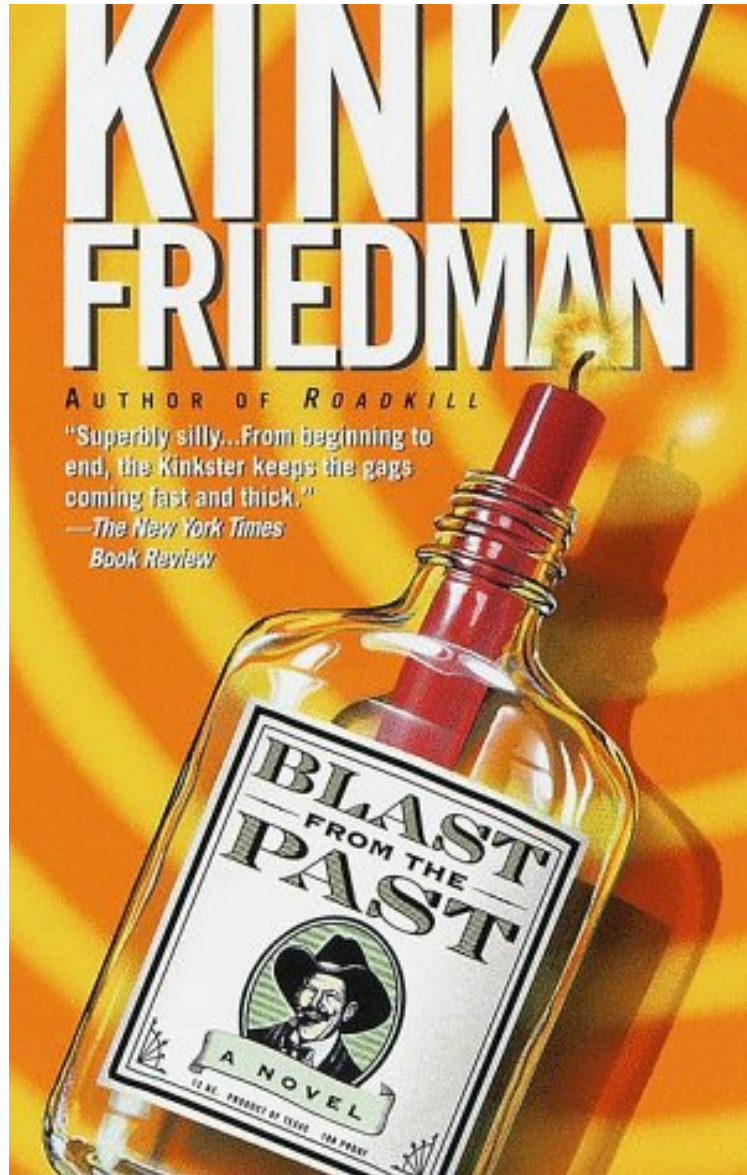


(Download free pdf) Blast from the Past (Kinky Friedman Novels)

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Kinky Friedman

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Kinky Friedman : Blast from the Past (Kinky Friedman Novels) before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Blast from the Past (Kinky Friedman Novels):

0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Haven't read it yet..By John HawksleyI haven't read it yet, but it did arrive before the expected arrival date, so it shipped with great speed and I imagine it'll be pretty good. It's a Kinkster book after all.0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Three StarsBy David Hickmanpleased2 of 2 people

found the following review helpful. Fresh gimmickry keeps the Kinky series top-notch! By William Fare I had lost some faith in Kinky Friedman's tales of the Village Irregulars and the "mysteries" that they take on. Most folks noticed that the series was starting to get long on drawl and short on substance about the time the gang was searching for Ratso's mother...however, Friedman had a flash of brilliance when he started pulling out new scenarios for his alter ego. First was Kinky going back home to Texas to fight the bad boys on the stomping grounds of his youth instead of the mean streets of New York. Then we had an entry featuring Willie Nelson as one of the main characters (Roadkill is still the best of the series, too). Now, in Blast From The Past, Kinky's back on Vandam Street...circa 1979. That's right, a blow to the head sends the Kinkster's memory banks through the years to his first amateur detective work ever. And, to make things even loonier, counter-culture hero (and real life Friedman pal from back in the day) Abbie Hoffman is the center of much of the action. For those of you who've never read a Kinky Friedman book this is not a good place to start. By this point in the series it's understood that the reader "gets" Kinky's world and the characters in it. If you're not familiar with the skidmark-covered couch over at Ratso's place or the unusual greeting that they get every time they enter Big Wong's restaurant...well, go back a few books and catch up first. Many of the recurring points of interest in the series have their origins explained in this volume as well, but you have to know what the big deal is about. The jump back in time also sends the meter of un-PC behavior skyrocketing. The Kinkster is eyebrows-deep in the 'ole Peruvian Marching Powder and has just discovered Jameson's whiskey. It's a high old time (and it opens with Kinky in bed with a strange girl). It's grand fun and proof that there's still plenty of new ground to explore in the series. Or at least plenty of off-color jokes, humorous anecdotes, sex, drugs, and a teensy bit of crime-solving. My faith in this Texas Jewboy is as strong as ever.

Return with us now to those carefree days of yesteryear known as the 1970s--when the Bee Gees were bigshots, all sex was safe, and smoking in public wasn't a hanging offense. In the heart of New York's Greenwich Village, Jewish cowboy Kinky Friedman is trying to survive as a country crooner at the Lone Star Cafe. And--thanks to a trigger-happy stalker--he's also just plain trying to survive. But who would want to blow away a lovable guy like the Kinkster? Are they really gunning for Kinky's houseguest, Barry Freed, a.k.a. Sixties radical Abbie Hoffman? Could there be a connection to Kinky's current girlfriend, Judy, who swears she's being followed by her old paramour, who perished in Vietnam? It's enough to drive a mild-mannered musician into the dirty business of detective work. But then, being shot at, almost blown up, and threatened with violent death will do that to a person.

.com Kinky's back, and Abbie Hoffman's got him. Or he's got Abbie. Or a mysterious man with dirty blonde hair and a faded camouflage jacket has them both in his gunsights. It's always hard to tell who the bad guys are, because the country-western singer turned author draws an almost invisible line between his real life and his fictional adventures. That, of course, is where the fun comes in. In Blast from the Past, the Kinkster serves up an appetizer for his myriad fans--a prequel to such novels as Roadkill and The Love Song of J. Edgar Hoover. The book explains how Kinky got into the detecting game and met up with the Greenwich Village irregulars who populate this popular series--Ratso, Rambam, McGovern, and the luscious Stephanie DuPont. The action takes place in the post-Watergate 1970s, when Abbie's hiding out in upstate New York, sex and drugs are de rigueur, and nobody's ever heard of political correctness. The mystery is pretty simple--you can see the ending coming long before Kinky can--but that's never been the point of these bawdy, irreverent tales. To quote Friedman himself, "Being a private dick is pretty simple. Once you run out of cocaine, crazy ideas, and self-pitying bullshit, you're eventually left with the truth." --Jane Adams From Publishers Weekly The 11th adventure from Texas-based Friedman, a former New York City musician who writes about band-player, amateur detective Kinky Friedman (Roadkill; The Love Song of Edgar J. Hoover; etc.), will delight early fans with its return to Greenwich Village and the Kinkster's sleuthing roots. In this prequel, which starts in the present, Kinky is hit on the head while walking up to the apartment of the elusive and beautiful Stephanie DuPont. Suddenly it's the late 1970s and Kinky is meeting his sidekick crew, the Village Irregulars, for the first time: Steve Rambam, Mike McGovern and Pete Myers. Larry "Ratso" Sloman (Kinky's own version of Dr. Watson) suggests that, since Kinky has a convoluted mind, he should become a detective. The detecting game begins when activist Abbie Hoffman comes in from the cold and crashes at Kinky's apartment. Abbie seems somewhat paranoid, but perhaps with reason. When the apartment gets blown up, Kinky starts down the sleuthing road, trying to deduce who might be stalking Abbie. Or is it Kinky himself that someone is after? Kinky says his old friend Abbie is "just one of the guys... who invented the sixties," but in this story Abbie is also a tragic, deluded symbol of how 1960s idealism was marginalized and ultimately ignored. This hearkening back is one of Friedman's best efforts, gathering amateur sleuthing, an eccentric cast and his trademark raunchy, irreverent over-the-top humor into an hilarious mix. Copyright 1998 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal This prequel to Roadkill explains how the Kinkster became a sleazy detective. Copyright 1998 Reed Business Information, Inc.