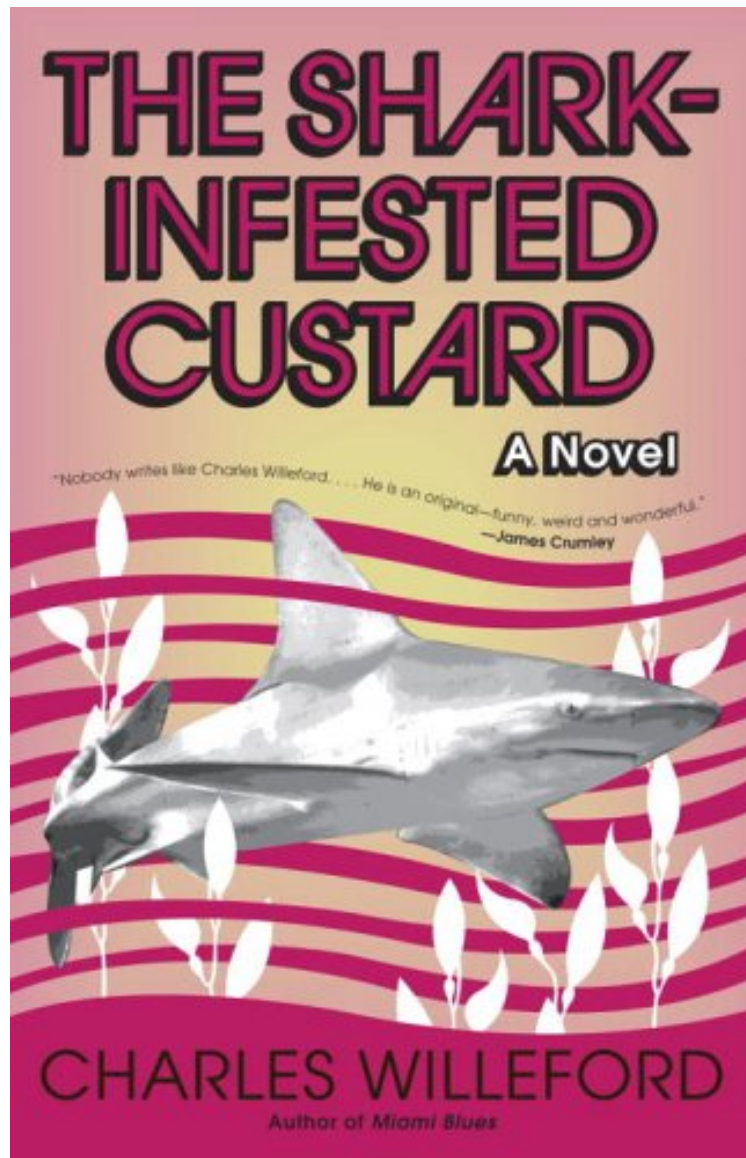


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The Shark-Infested Custard

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#794635 in Books Charles Willeford 2005-12-06 2005-12-06 Original language: English PDF # 1 7.96 x .61 x 5.201, #File Name: 1400032512272 pages The Shark Infested Custard | File size: 55.Mb

Charles Willeford : The Shark-Infested Custard before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Shark-Infested Custard:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Classic Willeford By Customer Fabulous Willeford story. Low key. Noir. Realistic but odd. Classic Willeford. 2 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Oddly-structured thriller, one of Willeford's weakest By Baron Von Cool The Shark-Infested Custard is a mediocre and oddly-structured thriller (although the middle of the book feels more like filler). I bought into the "Tarantino" hype surrounding the novel and

wished I hadn't. It was an okay read because I like the author, but I would never suggest anyone new to Charles Willeford begin here (see my list of recommended titles below). The book got off to a good start, but I didn't like how it jumped around in time, switching character POV as it went (and normally I like multiple POV books). Willeford didn't even give proper, full-length POV chapters to a couple of the characters, so I felt short-changed. Parts of it were kind of boring and I have to admit, I struggled to finish it. There were too many "who cares?" subplots that took the book off on weird tangents. The whole thing felt like a few random "slice of life" short stories the author pasted together by making the characters all know each other rather than working as a unified whole. The weird ending reminded me of a sitcom coming full circle, just in time to hit the "reset" button for next week's episode (well, almost!). Did I mention the book's stupid title that has nothing to do with anything in the story? I bought it used and it had some good parts, but was ultimately nothing special. I've read a lot of Willeford's books. He is a great author with a wonderfully likable style. Unfortunately, this is one of his weakest books, right up there with his last Hoke Moseley novel. You want good Willeford? Try reading his best: *The Woman Chaser*, *Miami Blues*, *Sideswipe: A Hoke Moseley Detective Thriller*, and *The Black Mass of Brother Springer*. 1 of 2 people found the following review helpful. *Doesn't Deliver* By Julie Griffin A story about four self-absorbed, completely unlikable guys. Lots of descriptive filler as if the writer was just working to hit his word count. It was a decent set-up, but the story never delivered on what the back cover blurb promised. I'll stick with James Ellroy when I need my noir fix.

From the master of Miami noir comes this tale of four regular guys living in a singles apartment building who experience firsthand that there's more than one type of heat in Miami. Larry Dolman is a rather literal minded ex-cop who now works private security. Eddie Miller is an airline pilot who's studying to get his real estate license. Don Luchessi is a silver salesman who's separated from his wife but too Catholic to get a divorce. Hank Norton is a drug company rep who gets four times as many dames as any of the other guys. They are all regular guys who like to drink, play cards, meet broads, and shoot a little pool. But when a friendly bet goes horribly awry, they find themselves with two dead bodies on their hands and a homicidal husband in the wings—and acting more like hardened criminals than upstanding citizens.

From Publishers Weekly This dated and nihilistic tale from Willeford (*Miami Blues* and *Sideswipe*), who died in 1988 just as his largely underground reputation was drawing mainstream attention, leads readers into some nasty territory. The protagonists, including the narrator, are four young men of the 1970s, swingers who live in a singles-only apartment block in Miami and seem at the outset pretty harmless. Gradually, however, through bad luck, greed and even innocence, each is corrupted, stripped bare and revealed as utterly corruptible, weak, misogynist and lost. The plot begins as they bet on successfully picking up a woman; the bet leads to farce about hiding a dead body, which then necessitates another murder. One falls in love with a married woman and tangles with the man she lives with; another returns to the marriage he hates and then schemes his way out of it. As the years pass, the four move out of their original lifestyle but all retain some gruesome habits. Female readers especially may find many of these pages sad and shocking. But, especially in his early noir period, Willeford never aimed for cute; the legions of fans he snared with his later Hoke Moseley quartet of novels are in for a dark ride. Fair warning. Copyright 1993 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal Longtime writer Willeford did not gain popularity until the 1980s, when he wrote the four Hoke Moseley novels, beginning with *Miami Blues* (Bantam, 1985. reprint). Now, five years after his death, a long-forgotten work is being published. It tells the story of four young men who live in a Miami complex and become friends. One night, as a result of a bet, a 14-year-old girl who is picked up by one of the friends dies of an overdose. Her drug supplier is then killed and their bodies left in his car in a parking lot. The men must play out their roles in a friendship held together by trust and the events of that fatal night. The novel is decidedly not polished and is a trifle dated but has that distinctive prose touch and twist-of-fate ending that are Willeford's trademarks.

Recommended for general collections.- Jo Ann Vicarel, Cleveland Heights-University Heights P.L., Ohio Copyright 1993 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Kirkus s Another trip to the Willeford vaults has unearthed this mid- 1970's romp on the wild side with four Miami bachelors--whose episodic plans for routine fun keep turning into deadpan felonies, inadvertent or otherwise. The senior tenants in singles-only Dade Towers--two of them have been there over two years--are tight as friends can be; and when pharmaceutical detail man Hank Norton, responding to a bet that he can't pick up a date in two hours at a drive-in, reels in a spaced-out 13-year-old who dies moments later of a drug overdose ("The girl- -Hildy--whimpered like a puppy, coughed, choked slightly, and fell over sideways in the seat....`She's dead,' Hank said"), they naturally band together to find the supplier responsible for her death--an adventure that takes another brisk turn before it's over. Several months later, when Mr. Wright, irate husband of Hank's current heartthrob Jannaire, tells Hank he's going to kill him and demonstrates through a series of near-misses just how easy it would be, Hank decides he's got to kill Mr. Wright first. This episode ends with Hank and fellow-bachelor Larry Dolman, a can-do security man, bound for wintry Chicago, where they're eventually joined by the remaining members of the quartet: Eddie Miller, a pilot on the run from his exigent live-in Gladys Wilson, and Don Lucchesi, a silverware salesman whose plan to snatch his spoiled daughter Marie out from under his hateful wife's

nose has, well, gone awry. A birthday party for Don's first day in the brand-new identity that Larry's constructed for him provides a jazzy finale, reminding you how much ground the riffs have covered without exactly drawing them together. Even more disjointed, then, than *Sideswipe* (1987)--but Willeford fans looking for a collection of great scenes and sentences rather than a tightly wound story will find this posthumous treat irresistible. -- Copyright ©1993, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.