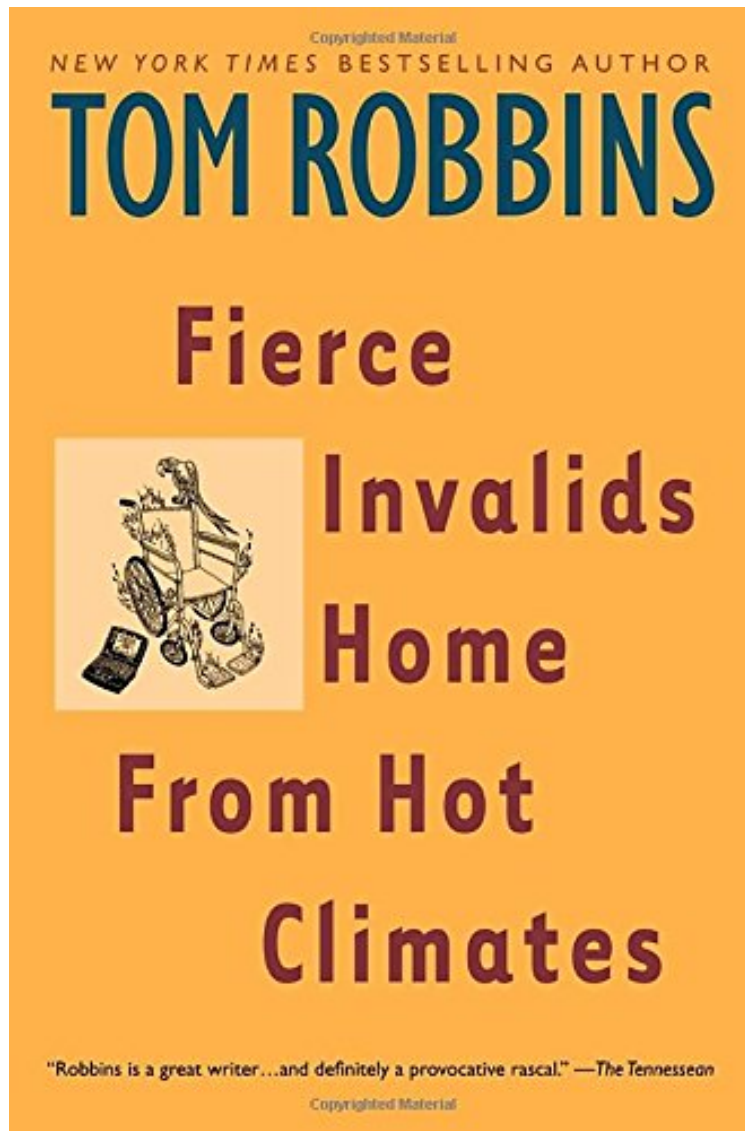


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Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates

Tom Robbins

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Tom Robbins : Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Singular metaphors, zany plots, and insightful, philosophical/spiritual musings! By Matt Jordan "Do you suppose I might lubricate my cognitive apparatus with some squeezings from your swell vineyard?' 'But you haven't eaten your breakfast. Its not yet eight o'clock in the morning.' 'The wine doesn't know that. Wine only recognizes two temporal states: fermentation time and party time'" p.275 "I

suspect there's a bid for empowerment behind it all, the power going to whoever seizes the right to coin names. In a reality made of language, the people who get to name things have psychological ownership of those things. Couples name their pets and children,...theologians name the deities that dominate our spirit--"Yahweh" changed to "Jehovah" changed to plain ol' generic "God"--kids name the latest cultural trends,...IN a way, we are like linguistic wolves, lifting our legs on patches of cultural ground to mark them with verbal urine as territory that we alone control. Or maybe not." p.231 "To what extent would a given quantity of catnip have affected quantum mechanics in Schrödinger's theoretical hatbox? and, Why was C selected to symbolize the speed of light when Z is obviously the fastest letter in the alphabet?" p.1890 of 0 people found the following review helpful. As all of the Tom Robbins work, this one ...By customerAs all of the Tom Robbins work, this one would surprise. Full of historical references well-researched facts. It's honestly hard to go back to any other writer after Robbins! If you need imagination boost - (that might be it))Work will be offensive for dogmatics, traditionalists, communists, purists, fanatics and anyone who has mental and spiritual taboos. But his masterpieces might well be the medicine against them or at least start a counter-reaction. If his works don't leaven the level of doubt about the state of things and possibilities, then I don't know what will.In spite of pronounced opinions, philosophic questioning, mixture of imagination jujitsu and facts, this work (like others) are full of hopefulness, inspiration and light-heartedness even about the heaviest of topics. It's the mixture of weirdness and spirit elevation that keeps you addicted to reading Tom Robbins.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. The most awesome and fun novel around.By Charlie T.I re-read this book after 15 years and found it much better the second time...and that's pretty amazing because it was fantastic the first time. Robbins' words are like the fun house at a carnival and close to genius even without a plot, and the plot is thought provoking, sometimes deep. His characters are unforgettable and their predicaments are astounding but somehow almost real...Much like real life, but more entertaining...

Switters is a contradiction for all seasons: an anarchist who works for the government; a pacifist who carries a gun; a vegetarian who sops up ham gravy; a cyberwhiz who hates computers; a man who, though obsessed with the preservation of innocence, is aching to deflower his high-school-age stepsister (only to become equally enamored of a nun ten years his senior). Yet there is nothing remotely wishy-washy about Switters. He doesn't merely pack a pistol. He is a pistol. And as we dog Switters's strangely elevated heels across four continents, in and out of love and danger, discovering in the process the "true" Third Secret of Fatima, we experience Tom Robbins—that fearless storyteller, spiritual renegade, and verbal break dancer—at the top of his game. On one level this is a fast-paced CIA adventure story with comic overtones; on another it's a serious novel of ideas that brings the Big Picture into unexpected focus; but perhaps more than anything else, *Fierce Invalids* is a sexy celebration of language and life.

.com The fierce invalid in Tom Robbins's seventh novel is a philosophical, hedonistic U.S. operative very loosely inspired by a friend of the author. "Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll are enormously popular in the CIA," claims Switters. "Not with all the agents in the field, but with the good ones, the brightest and the best." Switters isn't really an invalid, but during his first mission (to set free his ornery grandma's parrot, Sailor, in the jungle), he gets zapped by a spell cast by a "misshapen shaman" of the Kandakandero tribe named End of Time. The shaman is reminiscent of Carlos Castaneda's giggly guru, but his head is pyramid-shaped. In return for a mind-bending trip into cosmic truth--"the Hallways of Always"--Switters must not let his foot touch the earth, or he'll die. Not that a little death threat can slow him down. Switters simply hops into a wheelchair and rolls off to further footloose adventures, occasionally switching to stilts. For a Robbins hero, to be just a bit high, not earthbound, facilitates enlightenment. He bops from Peru to Seattle, where he's beguiled by the Art Girls of the Pike Place Market and his 16-year-old stepsister, and then off to Syria, where he falls in with a pack of renegade nuns bearing names like Mustang Sally and Domino Thirry. Will Switters see Domino tumble and solve the mystery of the Virgin Mary? Can the nuns convince the Pope to favor birth control--to "zonk the zygotic zillions and mitigate the multitudinous milt" and "wrest free from a woman's shoulders the boa of spermatozoa?" Can the author ever resist a shameless pun or a mutant metaphor? The tangly plot is almost beside the point. Switters is a colorful undercover agent, and a Robbins novel is really a colorful undercover essay celebrating sex and innocence, drugs and a firm wariness of anything that tries to rewire the mind, and Broadway tunes, especially "Send in the Clowns." Some readers will be intensely offended by Switters's yen for youth and idiosyncratic views on vice. But fans will feel that extremism in the pursuit of serious fun is virtue incarnate. *Fierce Invalids Home from Hot Climates* is classic Tom Robbins: all smiles, similes, and subversion. --Tim AppeloFrom Publishers WeeklyFans of Robbins (*Jitterbug Perfume*; *Still Life with Woodpecker*) will be delighted to find that his first book in almost six years contains many of the elements they have come to expect from this imaginative author. Sex, sedition and similes abound in a tale of loves both indictable and divine. Unlike Robbins's previous work, however, the novel's story line, though typically eclectic, feels contrived. Switters, the protagonist, is an errand boy for the CIA, a secret lover of Broadway show tunes and a pedophile. On assignment in Peru (he has been ordered to verify the philosophical commitment of a new CIA recruit), Switters encounters a Kandakandero medicine man who gives him mind-altering drugs and wisdom, but in exchange inflicts a curse: if Switters's feet ever touch the ground, he will

be struck dead instantly. So Switters spends the rest of the novel in a wheelchair, although this in no way slows him down. He returns to Seattle, chases after his 16-year-old stepsister and numerous art students, then embarks on a mission to Syria to sell gas masks to Kurds; there, he beds a nun who even so remains a virgin. In true Robbins style, the writing throughout is lush and sexy, containing a great deal of witty social and political commentary. But this time around, his story fails to catch hold until too far into the text. And although Robbins's signature prose is in effect here--he mentions, for example, "a pink wink of panty"--he leaves too many loose ends dangling. Agent, Phoebe Larmore. (May) Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal A witch doctor with a pyramid-shaped head, an aged parrot whose only words are "People of zee wurl, relax," and an isolated band of nuns that possesses the last remaining copy of the Virgin of Fatima's mysterious third prophecy all figure into Robbins's latest seriocomic foray. Wheelchair-bound Switters, the "fierce invalid" of the title, is a wisecracking CIA operative and James Joyce aficionado. While in South America meeting a new recruit, he journeys to the , where a witchdoctor places a bizarre curse on him: he will die immediately if his feet ever touch the ground. Switters takes on a mission to the Middle East for a renegade ex-agent. Sidetracked in the Syrian Desert, he forms an unlikely alliance with the nuns as they battle the Vatican for ownership of the prophecy. Best-selling author Robbins (Even Cowgirls Get the Blues) balances the comic and the cosmic much as a juggler might balance a kitchen chair on a spoon. Highly recommended.-DLawrence Rungren, Merrimack Valley Lib. Consortium, Andover, MA Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.