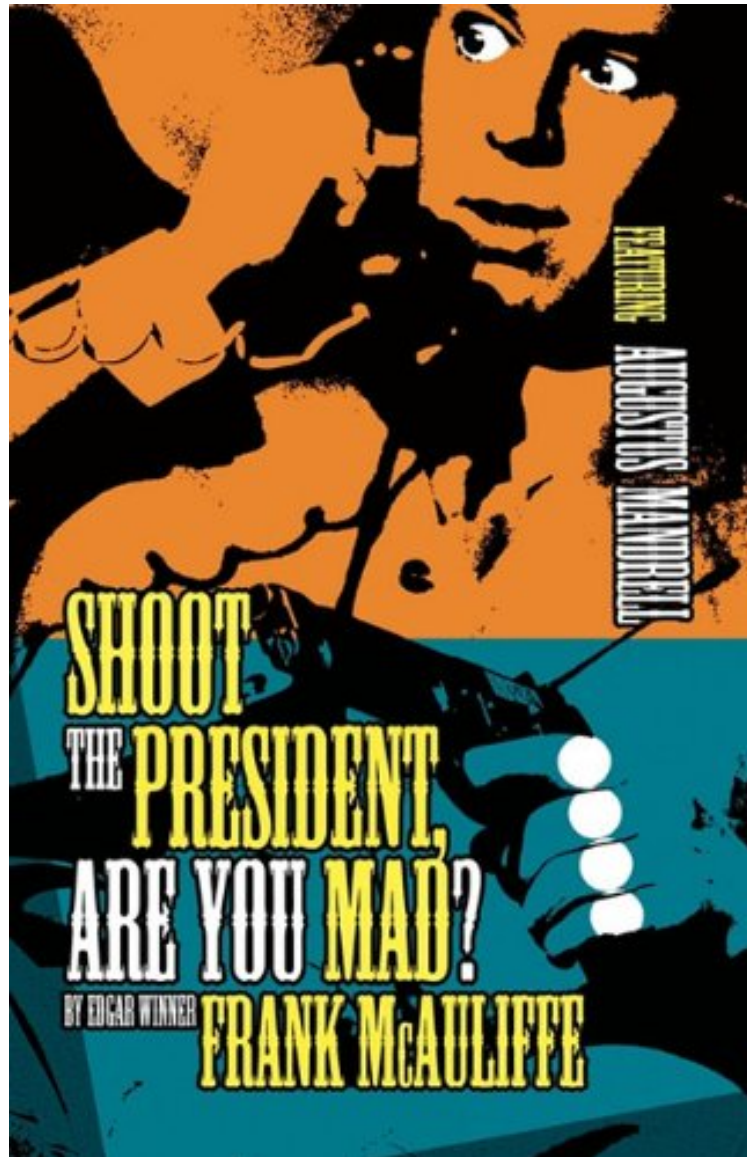


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## Shoot the President, Are You Mad?

*Frank McAuliffe*

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**Frank McAuliffe : Shoot the President, Are You Mad?** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Shoot the President, Are You Mad?:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Great final book!By KKThis is the last book in the Augustus Mandrell series by Frank McAuliffe and it does not disappoint! Augustus Mandrell is a hired assassin with an incredible sense of wit and humor. He also does very well with the ladies and is successful in his work due to some

amazing disguises. As the title suggests, this particular book is about a commission to assassinate the president - think JFK. Highly recommend reading this and all the books in the series. So well written and keeps you on your toes while making you laugh out loud!

9 of 9 people found the following review helpful. At Long Long Long Lost, the Master Assassin is back. By Socrates17 The Commissions of Augustus Mandrell, professional killer for hire, are nearly impossible to describe to begin with, and this last (but equally brilliant) story is significantly different from the other 3 books. The books that made Mandrell a cult favorite amongst the cognoscenti: *Of All the Bloody Cheek* (avail, buy at once), *Rather a Vicious Gentleman* (avail used only), and *For Murder I Charge More* (avail used only) each consist of 4 Commissions. All 16 Commissions are meta-interlocked by repeating characters, historical events and, as has been pointed out before, are actually a 16 part novel weaving back and forth in time but centered on WW2. They are to be read in the order published and if you follow that simple rule you will be treated to a display of trans-temporal plotting excellence that I doubt has ever been equaled. Mandrell narrates in the first person and hides little from his reader who still manages to be flabbergasted when all the details come out in the end (or in another Commission, or which have been set out in a PRIOR Commission where the reader was not at that time in a position to understand their significance, leading to a resounding, deeply satisfied "AH!!!") This is the main difference with the work at hand. Ostensibly a "novel" but more like a novella-length Commission, the plot on display is much more confined. But then it is also much more detailed. For example, a set piece where Mandrell, improvising furiously in a way I've never read of him doing before, sets off sheer unmitigated chaos on the 17th floor through the penthouse of a tony Washington DC hotel in order to secure for himself a path down from the 16th as all attention is directed above, is absolutely impossible to put down. It takes your breath away. I literally had to force my eyes not to jump ahead. He is also a master of seduction, and in asides to the reader is not stinting with his advice. In the first 3 books, there are numerous instances of his expertise, here only 2 - and one of those a bit rushed. But as the action sequences acquire depth by their extended length and isolation, so does, at least the primary, seduction reveal much more of Mandrell's understanding of women. Uh Oh. I do hear from the background accusations of misogyny. I can only reply that Mandrell loves women as much as he loves money and that he comes from a different time. These changes in approach are neither better nor worse. It's still Mandrell, and the difference between the 4th book and books 1, 2, 3 bring to the fore another aspect of Frank McAuliffe's writing. McAuliffe could well be the best American born and bred writer of Sardonic British Prose I've ever encountered. From another source I mislaid: "Mandrell is the consummate British professional and he doesn't want you to forget it." Going about his murderous trade and bringing back such cherished values as craftsmanship and excellence is his pride. McAuliffe is one of the most unique stylists ever to write in any genre. The black comedy of the story is regularly juiced by Mandrell's off hand asides to himself and his reader, his skill is up there with P.G. Wodehouse (also considered by many to be the preeminent plot writer of the 20th Century.) Yet, the comedy never allows the suspense or action to flag. In *The Irish Monster Commission*, there is a pitched battle between a nearly starkers Mandrell, an opponent who is nearly equally matched in strength and skill and who has 2 fighting Chows on a chain looped through a chain on his wrist. This is pure action writing. *Of All the Bloody Cheek* is a good start, but then then leads you through the very dear process of getting the other 2 books (which The Outfit has told me they will reissue based on the success of this novel.) But as effective a way into the world of Mandrell is to buy *Shoot the President, Are You Mad?* and to buy it now.

6 of 6 people found the following review helpful. Mandrell Slays 'Em Again. By Graham Powell. This is the fourth book by Frank McAuliffe to feature debonair English assassin Augustus Mandrell, and his first novel-length adventure (the others were collections of linked novellas). In this book, set in the early 1950s, Mandrell assumes the identity of a regional director of "America's Americans", a bush-league society of radical reactionaries. In this guise he woos a lovely young opera singer with his eyes firmly on her upcoming concert at the White House, where she'll perform for the President himself. As always, a bare description of the plot doesn't do the book justice. Mandrell's narration, which he unrolls with evident relish, is absolutely hilarious. The set-piece escape from a Washington hotel, which forms the long center section of the books, keeps topping itself when you think it can't get more absurd. While Mandrell is a drug best taken in small doses, *SHOOT THE PRESIDENT, ARE YOU MAD?* is a worthy successor to the three earlier Mandrell books.

Have you ever heard of the firm of Mandrell Limited? Chances are your answer is 'no.' Do not let it disturb you. Our clientele is decidedly select and we do not advertise. Ours is a service organization. The service itself is rather difficult to describe. If you insist on one of those terse explanations, gross terminology designed for quick reading by your ever so busy executive: The firm of Mandrell Limited is in the business of insuring that selected individuals move from this life on to the next life not on a schedule arranged by Mother Nature or by mischance but rather on a schedule dictated by an "interested party." Mandrell Limited deals in excellence. The firm, in its own small way, is attempting to restore craftsmanship in a world where this honest term is known in legend only. This is the final book in the Edgar Award-winning series featuring the irrepressible Augustus Mandrell.

From Publishers Weekly. This over-the-top farce, the fourth and final book featuring assassin-for-hire Augustus Mandrell (after 1971's *For Murder I Charge More*), will likely appeal only to hardcore fans of Edgar-winner

McAuliffe (1926–1986). Written in 1975 but deemed still too sensitive 12 years after JFK's assassination, according to a daughter's afterword, this posthumous novel focuses on Mandrell's scheme to murder the U.S. president, an eccentric obsessed with the number 76. From a cliff on the Oregon shore, Mandrell tosses Clifford Waxout, "Northwest Director" of a rightwing group called America's Americans, to his death in order to assume Waxout's identity. The fake Waxout makes his way to Washington, D.C., where he ingratiates himself with Consuela DiMartino, a diva slated to give a recital at the White House. Mandrell uses pseudonyms like Ill Tidings and Arnie Heterosexual along the way to a climax that will leave befuddled readers scratching their heads. Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.