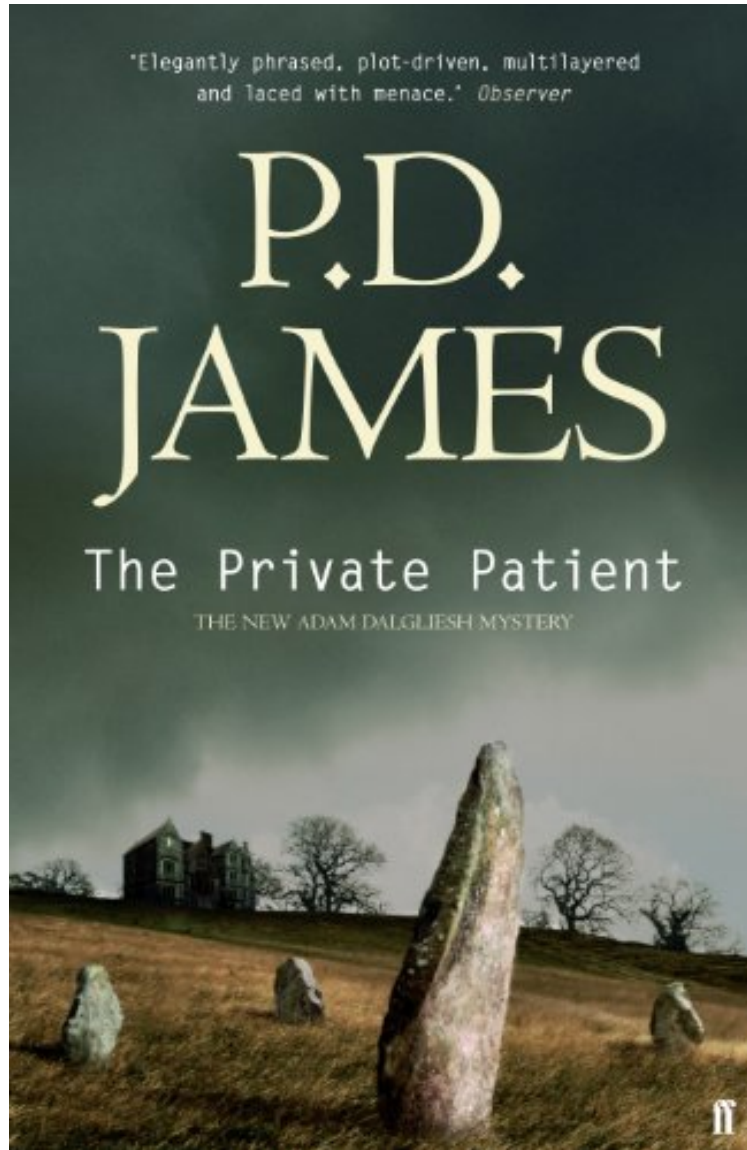


(Mobile book) The Private Patient (Inspector Adam Dalgliesh)

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Von P. D. James

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Von P. D. James : The Private Patient (Inspector Adam Dalgliesh) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Private Patient (Inspector Adam Dalgliesh):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen26 von 27 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The Consequences of Love and Its Lack in a Novel Where Crime Outpaces the InvestigationVon Donald MitchellAdam Dalgliesh fans will feel wonderfully rewarded by a deep and long look at his work in diligently investigating this case while attempting to balance his life to leave room for his love of Emma Lavenham. You'll end the book wondering

about how that balance might change in future books. These thoughts in many ways make for a better mystery than solving the murder. The Private Patient is more about love, its effects, and the harm it costs to not receive and give it . . . than about crime, detection, or justice. As with The Lighthouse, Baroness James has created deeply etched new characters while turning her on-going characters into ever-more real seeming personalities. While many novelists are only too quick to paint a victim as harmless or harmful and bump them off, Baroness James gives us a complex portrait of a woman, investigative journalist Rhoda Gradwyn, whose youth scarred both her face and her psyche. As a result, she uses her slashed face as a mask to hide behind . . . and to keep people away on her own terms. She becomes good at ferreting out the secrets of others and displaying those hidden scars for a large pay day. With the death of her abusive father and her mother's plan to remarry, Gradwyn realizes she doesn't need the scar any more and seeks one of the most expensive and highly regarded plastic surgeons, George Chandler-Powell, to repair her face. But she decides that there might be stories involved, and her meddling brings forth counter forces that lead to her death. Strangled in her patient suite, steps from the nurse's bedroom, it begins to appear that an insider is involved. But no one remembers meeting Gradwyn before. What's the motive? AD is dispatched to work on the case shortly after a call comes from number ten. Why is this case so important? The murderer wore gloves so forensic clues aren't going to solve this case. Carefully examining opportunity and motive should narrow down the list of suspects. But more events occur faster than AD can untangle the clues he uncovers. As a result, the book is more of a crime story accompanied by a police procedural where the detective trails the killer too slowly rather than a classic mystery in which the brilliant detective solves everything by pulling a rabbit out of the hat. The story is a gripping one involving lots of memorable characters, sympathetic and unsympathetic motives, and damaged personalities ill equipped to deal with human stress and conflict. To me, the best crime and mystery books are as well developed and interesting as a well-written novel . . . independent of the mystery. By that standard, this is an excellent book. I found it annoying to have the police investigation be so ineffectual. It made the book seem a bit pointless in a way. I graded the book down one star to express by disappointment in this regard. You, however, may not mind . . . in which case this will be a clear winner for you.

10 von 11 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Beschaulich Von javelinx Die Enthüllungsjournalistin Rhoda Gradwyn ist seit ihrer Kindheit im Gesicht durch eine Narbe verunstaltet, die ihr ihr Vater in einem seiner volltrunkenen Gewaltausbrüche zugefügt hat. Obwohl sie sich an die Reaktionen ihrer Mitmenschen gewöhnt hat, beschließt sie, die Narbe operativ entfernen zu lassen. Die schwierige Aufgabe soll kein Geringerer als Dr Chandler-Powell übernehmen, einer der besten plastischen Chirurgen des Landes. Weit entfernt von London, im exklusiven Rahmen seiner Privatklinik in einem historischen alten Herrenhaus, sollen der Eingriff und die Folgen über die Bühne gehen. Gradwyn ahnt nicht, dass nicht der Eingriff sie das Leben kosten soll. . . . In ihrem aktuellen Krimi schafft P.D. James eine Atmosphäre, die geradewegs aus einem Agatha-Christie-Klassiker entnommen sein könnte: eine überschaubare Anzahl von Verdächtigen an einem abgeschlossenen Ort, der zudem über ein gediegenes Ambiente verfügt, ein Mord unter Umständen, die keine CSI-Methoden erforderlich machen; die Verdächtigen werden klassischerweise in der Bibliothek versammelt und der angereiste Kommissar löst den Mordfall mit Kpfchen und minutisen Recherchen, ohne Zuhilfenahme moderner wissenschaftlicher Methoden, ohne rasante Verfolgungsjagden oder Schugefechte. Die Szenerie ist very british, in einem historischen englischen Herrenhaus mit Bediensteten und Gärtnern, Gespenst und vom Meer heraufwaberndem Nebel. Gebe es nicht vereinzelt Hinweise auf moderne Technik mit Internet und e-Mail, könnte der Fall genauso gut in den 60er oder 70er Jahren oder noch früher spielen. Auch Adam Dalglieshs Beziehung zu seiner Verlobten Emma Lavenham bewegt sich in einem ähnlich traditionellen Rahmen: er wirbt bei ihrem Vater um ihre Hand und löst sich über seine finanziellen und privaten Verhältnisse ausfragen und, ganz der Gentleman, plant im Armstuhl zu nichten, als Emma ihn bei den Ermittlungen besuchen kommt. Da wirkt es schon fast unerhört, als ein homosexuelles Paar in ihrem Bekanntenkreis angegriffen wird und Emma ihn um die Übernahme der Ermittlungen bittet. Die traditionelle Atmosphäre setzt den Fall zwar in die Tradition des englischen Krimis und bietet viel Authentizität, allerdings nimmt dies der Geschichte auch den Schwung und löst sie wie einen Barnaby-Krimi sehr indisch und beschaulich wirken. Etwas mehr Tempo und ein aktuelleres Setting, etwas Humor und auch ein bisschen mehr Spontaneität von AD, der den Ruf des Poeten und Feingeistes unter den englischen Kommissaren innehat und der hier doch sehr zugeknüpft agiert, hätten der Geschichte gutgetan.

4 von 5 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The Consequences of Love and Its Lack in a Novel Where Crime Outpaces the Investigation Von Donald Mitchell Adam Dalgliesh fans will feel wonderfully rewarded by a deep and long look at his work in diligently investigating this case while attempting to balance his life to leave room for his love of Emma Lavenham. You'll end the book wondering about how that balance might change in future books. These thoughts in many ways make for a better mystery than solving the murder. The Private Patient is more about love, its effects, and the harm it costs to not receive and give it . . . than about crime, detection, or justice. As with The Lighthouse, Baroness James has created deeply etched new characters while turning her on-going characters into ever-more real seeming personalities. While many novelists are only too quick to paint a victim as harmless or harmful and bump them off, Baroness James gives us a complex portrait of a woman, investigative journalist Rhoda Gradwyn, whose youth scarred both her face and her psyche. As a result, she uses her slashed face as a mask to hide behind . . . and to keep people away on her own terms. She becomes good at ferreting out the secrets of others and displaying those hidden scars for a large pay day. With the

death of her abusive father and her mother's plan to remarry, Gradwyn realizes she doesn't need the scar any more and seeks one of the most expensive and highly regarded plastic surgeons, George Chandler-Powell, to repair her face. But she decides that there might be stories involved, and her meddling brings forth counter forces that lead to her death. Strangled in her patient suite, steps from the nurse's bedroom, it begins to appear that an insider is involved. But no one remembers meeting Gradwyn before. What's the motive? AD is dispatched to work on the case shortly after a call comes from number ten. Why is this case so important? The murderer wore gloves so forensic clues aren't going to solve this case. Carefully examining opportunity and motive should narrow down the list of suspects. But more events occur faster than AD can untangle the clues he uncovers. As a result, the book is more of a crime story accompanied by a police procedural where the detective trails the killer too slowly rather than a classic mystery in which the brilliant detective solves everything by pulling a rabbit out of the hat. The story is a gripping one involving lots of memorable characters, sympathetic and unsympathetic motives, and damaged personalities ill equipped to deal with human stress and conflict. To me, the best crime and mystery books are as well developed and interesting as a well-written novel . . . independent of the mystery. By that standard, this is an excellent book. I found it annoying to have the police investigation be so ineffectual. It made the book seem a bit pointless in a way. I graded the book down one star to express my disappointment in this regard. You, however, may not mind . . . in which case this will be a clear winner for you.

Kurzbeschreibung When the notorious investigative journalist Rhoda Gradwyn booked into Mr Chandler-Powell's private clinic in Dorset for the removal of a disfiguring and long-standing facial scar, she had every prospect of a successful operation by a distinguished surgeon, a week's peaceful convalescence in one of Dorset's most beautiful manor houses and the beginning of a new life. She was never to leave Cheverell Manor alive. Adam Dalgliesh and his team are called in to investigate the murder, and later a second death, which are to raise even more complicated problems than the question of innocence or guilt. A chilling and atmospheric work of detective fiction, *The Private Patient* is the fourteenth novel to feature the inspector protagonist Adam Dalgliesh, from the award-winning author of *Children of Men*, *Death Comes to Pemberley* and *The Murder Room*. .de Given the astonishing length of the writing career of PD James (her first novel was published in 1962), it is perhaps not surprising that her work often consciously refers back to an earlier era of British crime writing -- but it's none-the worse for that. In fact, James' clever and affectionate reinventions of the devices and conventions of that era afford a particular pleasure -- as is the case with her latest, *The Private Patient*. Uncompromising investigative journalist Rhoda Gradwyn has booked herself into the Chandler Powell private clinic in Dorset. She has decided to remove a disfiguring facial scar, and is looking forward to what she hopes will be a new life after the surgery. But Rhoda will not leave the clinical alive she is killed. After her murder, Commander Adam Dalgliesh is summoned to investigate. As he begins to examine suspects, scene and motives, a second death occurs, and Dalgliesh finds himself faced with one of the most complex and challenging mysteries of his career. In many ways, *The Private Patient* has the structure of a novel from the golden age of crime fiction, and James is well aware of the very best writing from that era (including Cyril Hare, who James succeeded as premier crime writer for her publisher, Faber). Needless to say, she freights in a very modern level of psychological investigation, more penetrating than that of her great predecessors. If the novel seems less initially engaging than other recent work by the author, there is perhaps a subtle agenda here: James is avoiding the more obvious reader-grabbing tactics to present a low-key investigation of character than she has chosen to deal with in recent books. If a little more patience is required than usual, the result of this understated approach pays dividends. And admirers of James (and her doughty detective Dalgliesh) will be prepared to be flexible for the pleasures of the cogently handled narrative here. -- Barry Forshaw.co.uk Given the astonishing length of the writing career of PD James (her first novel was published in 1962), it is perhaps not surprising that her work often consciously refers back to an earlier era of British crime writing -- but it's none-the worse for that. In fact, James' clever and affectionate reinventions of the devices and conventions of that era afford a particular pleasure -- as is the case with her latest, *The Private Patient*. Uncompromising investigative journalist Rhoda Gradwyn has booked herself into the Chandler Powell private clinic in Dorset. She has decided to remove a disfiguring facial scar, and is looking forward to what she hopes will be a new life after the surgery. But Rhoda will not leave the clinical alive she is killed. After her murder, Commander Adam Dalgliesh is summoned to investigate. As he begins to examine suspects, scene and motives, a second death occurs, and Dalgliesh finds himself faced with one of the most complex and challenging mysteries of his career. In many ways, *The Private Patient* has the structure of a novel from the golden age of crime fiction, and James is well aware of the very best writing from that era (including Cyril Hare, who James succeeded as premier crime writer for her publisher, Faber). Needless to say, she freights in a very modern level of psychological investigation, more penetrating than that of her great predecessors. If the novel seems less initially engaging than other recent work by the author, there is perhaps a subtle agenda here: James is avoiding the more obvious reader-grabbing tactics to present a low-key investigation of character than she has chosen to deal with in recent books. If a little more patience is required than

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