



Nineteen Seventy Seven

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As the summer moves remorselessly towards the bonfires of Jubilee night, the killings accelerate and it seems as if Fraser and Whitehead are the only men who suspect or care that there may be more than one killer at large.

Nineteen Seventy Seven Details

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Susan says

Having found Nineteen Seventy Four totally gripping, I was keen to read the second in the Red Riding Quartet. Having finished it, I am somewhat at a loss of how to describe it. The second book, much like the first, is almost like a written nightmare - dark, shocking, savage, violent and vicious. The novel is narrated by two characters from the previous book - Sergeant Bob Fraser and veteran reporter Jack Whitehead.

We are back in the seventies and it is the time of the Yorkshire Ripper. Bob Fraser is assigned to the squad investigating the Ripper murders, sent to see whether an earlier murder could be tied in to the case. Clare Strachan was murdered, but a link is unearthed to the murders in 1974, causing old nightmares to return in this almost surreal rampage around the North of England. Driving through the dark landscape, mentions of the Moors Murderers make a dark story even harsher, alongside Jack's visions of murdered women in his room and Bob Fraser's obsession with a prostitute he fears being killed, but is unable to protect. Again we have police corruption, scenes of interrogations which turn into torture, fear and darkness. Having said that, I can't wait to read the next book Nineteen Eighty; they are thoroughly unpleasant and utterly compelling.

David Ärlemalm says

Det finns en missuppfattning bland mindre begåvade författare som går ut på att om du överdoserar i racism, sexism och allmänt människoförakt, och allra helst gör det i ett stream of consciousness liknande flöde blir det automatiskt hårdkokt. De har naturligtvis fel, utan empati blir det bara steril, plumpt och sövande, trots en orgie i hårda ord och kroppsdelar. David Peace är en sådan mindre begåvad författare. Han snubblar på precis samma tunna lina som remaken av snutserien Hassel. En hård yta är inte värt någonting utan ett bultande hjärta under. (Gav upp efter ca 50 sidor varför den blir utan betyg, annat än detta)

Laurence says

Volstrekt unieke misdaadroman waarin je als lezer moet vechten om niet te verdrinken in de troosteloosheid van alles en de woordenbrij die over je uitgestort wordt. Deze roman heeft overigens het hoogste f*ck-gebruik dat ik al ooit tegengekomen ben.

Alle politieagenten zijn corrupt, en in de plaats van dat er misdaden opgelost worden, komen er alleen maar misdaden bij. Hoe knap dit ook geschreven is, nooit zou ik voor mijn plezier nog een boek uit deze reeks willen lezen. En toch twijfel ik dat te doen, omdat ik zo graag érgens een antwoord op wil. Of een klein sprankeltje hoop. Man, zo ontzettend donker, dit.

Susan says

Having found Red Riding Nineteen Seventy Four (Red Riding Quartet) totally gripping, I was keen to read the second in the Red Riding Quartet. Having finished it, I am somewhat at a loss of how to describe it. The second book, much like the first, is almost like a written nightmare - dark, shocking, savage, violent and

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Michael says

I recently watched the stunning 3-part movie series "Red Riding" twice because it was so powerful and complex. I found things I had completely missed in the first viewing. It was based on David Peace's book series so I picked them up to see if there was more to be had. Sure enough, the book enhanced the movie's understanding even further.

So far I've read 1974 and 1977. 1977 is the basis for the second part of the Red Riding movie trilogy set in the north of England around the Leeds/Bradford area. It is a brutal and grisly story of perversion, brutality, and corruption among police there which suppress the truth about what is really behind a series of brutal murders of Prostitutes which attributed to the Yorkshire Ripper. Jack Whitehead a crime Reporter and Detective Bob Fraser who were minor characters in the first book, 1974 are both involved in affairs with prostitutes as well as the crime investigation. They are two tormented men who stumble unto a sadistic connection between the murders and members of the Yorkshire police.

Peace's writing is fascinatingly raw and grisly. This book (or movie)is not for the faint of heart. He paints a grim picture of life in the north of England as the plot weaves back and forth while the murders continue to mount and Whitehead and Faser come up against what is really happening.

The movie Red Riding Part 2-1977, was loosely based upon the book but diverged significantly in detail, plot and characters enough along the way to make both worth reading/watching and serve to enhance one another since the story is so complex. They are both superb works of crime noir which can be enjoyed on their own or combined as I did.

Tfitoby says

Holy moly life in David Peace's Yorkshire just got a whole lot more miserable and after 1974 you might not have thought that possible. Two background characters from the previous book share first person narrative duties this time round as the real life events surrounding The Yorkshire Ripper affect the police force and journalists, complicating already complex double lives. It's a multi-faceted portrait of disintegrating minds and disintegrating society that merely touches on the wider scope of inherent police corruption and potentially a conspiracy of silence surrounding prominent men and horrible violent crimes. Once more the atmosphere is evil and loaded with vile acts, and once more Peace amazes with the slowly unravelling minds of his protagonists, the staccato phrases repeated multiple times mixing well with other passages seemingly

without punctuation as the brain gets confused or focusses in on one powerful thought. The major difference between one protagonist in 1974 and two in 1977 is very noticeable and slightly offputting at first but the deeply conflicted psyches of both men make it a rewarding experience very quickly, that neither of them are good people is just an added bonus. Onwards to 1980!

Leah says

A curious through-passage of a book, where nothing really begins and nothing really ends, but everything gets worse and darker and less comfortable, if that were possible.

Two viewpoints here, Jack Whitehead, reeling from the death of his ex-wife by a lunatic inspired by a priest and drunk on the double life he's built for himself, investigative journalist but friend of the police, man after the truth but half in their pockets; and Bob Fraser, company man, copper, boss's son-in-law, ignorant of the machinations of his colleagues and utterly caught up in the misery of marriage and sex and fatherhood, of falling in love with a prostitute, of trying to love two women and failing both.

All set against the background of the Yorkshire Ripper's busiest year, 1977. Four murders over the Jubilee summer. The mess of vice, porn, prostitution, murder, sex, and summer mingle together into a suffocating piece where both men tell stories in first person and trying to figure out which miserable bastard's head you're in spins you around until you're convinced everyone's the same, they're all unhappy, they're all turning their heads, they've all got a finger in the pie, and the convenient excuse of a mass murderer on the loose gives them all a wonderful opportunity to tie up some unpleasant loose ends.

Peace's immersive interludes at the head of each chapter, the Ripper's voice mingling with that of his victims and the official language of police reports and newspaper headlines, are difficult to read but worth the effort, long unending strings of stream-of-consciousness ramble that unsettle and disgust, yet draw you in to the world just that much deeper.

Unsettling is the word of this one, a bridge between something awful and something worse.

Johnny says

While not as stand-alone as the previous book in the series, 1974, this second book in the Red Riding Quartet moves the series forward and deepens the intrigue and corruption within the world.

Weaving real events with fictional characters is a real challenge, and Peace handles it deftly, making you question where fact and fiction blur together.

Stronger characterization, an idiosyncratic staccato writing style, and consistently entertaining humorlessness (I know that sounds like an insult, but the intensity and bleakness is so over the top that you want to wrap yourself in it) make for one of the more original writers in crime fiction today.

Michael Bohli says

David Peace - oder genauer, seine Art Thriller zu schreiben - will sich mir einfach nicht komplett erschliessen. Auch bei "1977", dem zweiten Teil seiner Red-Riding-Saga, darf man wieder in die dreckigen Kleinstädte und schmutzigen Gassen eintreten, immer auf der atemlosen Suche nach einem brutalen und gnadenlosen Mörder. Erneut leitet und leidet Polizist Fraser durch das Buch, erneut gibt es Sex, Gewalt, Dreck, vulgäre Sprache und ultrakurze Sätze zu Hauf. Und genau dieser Schreibstil ohne schnörkel und ohne lange Beschreibungen machen die grösste Faszination von Peace aus.

Aber in all dieser Hast, in all dieser Brutalität ging mir oft die Übersicht verloren. Zu viele Figuren, zu schnelle Handlungsweise und irgendwie zu wenig Substanz. "1977" ist zwar fesselnd und erschütternd, wirkt aber auch wie ein Mittelteil ohne grosse Aussage. Und ist es eigentlich ja auch, trotzdem werde ich mit die folgenden Teile bestimmt einmal zu Gemüte führen. Bis dahin allerdings auch alles aus diesem Buch wieder vergessen haben.

Michelle says

wow, one star, huh?

i managed to get to the end without skimming too much, so the fair part of me wants to give it two, but the *only* reason i didn't throw this across the room at several different places is because i love my ipad very much. if you're not deeply interested in:

repetitive day/dream sequences

rape

hitting people upside the head with ballpein hammers

casual racism

casual brutality to women not covered under the heading of "rape"

brutal racism

stream-of-consciousness internal monologue verbal diarrhea

repetitive day/dream sequences

hitting people upside the head with "blunt object"

then i suggest you avoid this particular book, being as how there's the above in full measure, repeatedly. i'm completely ok with an author dragging my mind through the muck, as long as there's a payoff at the end...and here, there are no quiet moments of beauty, no insinuations of human kindness to leaven this bleak, bloody, intestine-draped shabby hotel room. if it was possible to bleach my brain, i'd do so, as there are a few choice scenes that i really hope won't linger in my subconscious like i think they will.

the narrative switches perspective between a police detective and a journalist each investigating the yorkshire ripper murders that took place in 1977; both the cop and the newspaperman have their own shady dealings that muddy up the situation and make the ripper murders merely a background to their own messy lives. unusually, this one was the only book of peace's 4-volume set describing these crimes to be included in 1001 Books You Must Read Before You Die, and it most definitely does not stand on its own without familiarity with the first one.

it helps to remember that the 1001 books list was compiled mostly to cover the development of the english-language novel, not necessarily the *best* books ever written. so sometimes in reading through these, you end up with some unusual or experimental writing, either the first or the best example of some literary technique. if this is the shiniest diamond of stream-of-consciousness depressingly gritty crime fiction, i'm soundly disinterested in pursuing other examples.

Benito Jr. says

Deeply unpleasant but ultimately satisfying read. I can't imagine that folks would go straight to *Nineteen Seventy-Seven* without reading *Nineteen Seventy-Four* first, so prospective readers would already be familiar with Peace prose:

The clipped, staccato rhythms.

Hypnotic in their repetition.

In their repetition.

The refusal to connect the narrative dots for the reader.

Words spat out like bullets from a machine gun etc.

Unpleasant: the torrents of profanity, the racism and misogyny, not to mention explicit violence, are relentless and punishing and not for the squeamish.

But satisfying: it's nonetheless a hell of a page-turning read. Peace packs tension in between the lines, even in the most ordinary sequences (like in the many scenes of copious drinking). The reader's patience for the damaged and obsessive protagonists is arguably tested by their tendency towards melodramatic torment -- there's an awful lot of drunken tears and suicidal self-pity, even more than characters in a James Ellroy novel -- but the book on the whole is well worth the effort. Just don't be surprised if you want to start viewing cute puppy videos on YouTube after reading the book just to shake the bleakness and grime off.

Marcia says

This is the second book in Peace's Red Riding Hood Quartet. It is just as grim and well-written as the first one. Although there are two narrators here, Jack Whitehead and Bobby Fraser, their voices are very similar (and like *Nineteen Seventy-Four*'s Eddie Dunford), that I sometimes had trouble telling them apart. That was my only real problem with Peace's writing, however, as this book only seems to improve on the gory poetry of the first. The violence, corruption, and horror is almost mind numbing, and Peace's unique stream-of-consciousness ramblings, where the comma splices come like bullets and the obscenity pools like piles of blood, contributes to a sense of unreality, despite the realistic details of the setting. It's a nightmare that you can't wake up from, because if you put the book down, you will still be thinking about it, wondering what is truth and what is a dream. A brutal, beautifully styled noir, where there are no real answers (although I'm hoping we may get some by the end of the quartet), no heroes, and no rest for the wicked (the good don't

exist). I will definitely be reading the rest of the series. It's like watching a train wreck, where you can't look away, and some perverted part of you doesn't want to.

Jenbebookish says

Yes I hated it, that's why I only gave it one star. And comparatively, because some amazing books can still only get 5 stars I'm tempted to give this book NONE. No stars! But I will give the book some credit where credit is due and the originality is by far the book's only credible aspect.

The book's stream of consciousness narrative goes absolutely over my head. It gets in the way of the story, makes it difficult to get thru. At least for me. I was surprised, I expected more from this book. I would have been entertained by the storyline... Had the stream of consciousness not gotten in the way. It's absolutely, annoying! I wouldnt suggest this to anyone!

Becky says

Boy, this book is grim. It's crude, gory and graphic. But it's brilliant. I zipped through the whole thing in three evenings. Now, I may be a little biased, as the Ripper's stomping grounds are very much my homeland. Not that any of the locations are in anyway romantic, but familiarity always breeds interest. Peace writes a little like Irvine Welsh, bleak humour masking the insecurities of the men who form his characters. The protagonists are dual - an old school investigative reporter with ties to law enforcement, and a beat cop trying to get one step ahead of the Ripper. They're both in love with a prostitute (the Ripper's main victims) and this extra dimension pressures their every move. It's over before you know it, and it's great.

Alan says

2006 notebook: a run of disappointing books: David Peace's 1977 disappointing; Palahniuk's Diary about disappearing bathrooms a disappointment. Sophisticated Boom Boom, a growing-up-in- Eniskillen-in-the-punk-era a disappointment.

John says

This one was very weird and confusing.

Roman Clodia says

The bodies, the corpses, the alleys and the wasteland, the dirty men, the broken women.

Wow, this is stunning. Literally. It's like being bludgeoned over the head by a cascade of bloody and relentless grimness. BUT all this violence, this brutality, this hate and corruption, betrayal and greed and sometimes, yes, madness, is articulated in Peace's bold and sometimes idiosyncratic style. Surreal, filled with dreams and nightmares, voices from past and present, images which sicken and revolt, and yet get us closer to the heart of men on the verge of breakdowns than I've perhaps ever read.

The hypnotic prose, replete with repetition, with broken clauses, with stream-of-consciousness extracts, with a shocking lyricism at times is what makes this so brilliant. Anxiety is woven through the narrative and spills over into the reader. Peace is a poet of ultimate darkness. Seriously, this is a stunning piece of writing.

Mar says

Al principio es más caótico, no te sitúas y pierdes mucho de la trama.
A medida que avanzas se va aclarando más.
Me ha gustado menos que el primero y también me ha parecido más violento si cabe.
De todas maneras estos libros tienen algo que me enganchan así que iré por el siguiente

Trisha says

Worst book I have ever read in my ENTIRE life. 170 pages in I realized there were two different narrators, both speaking in first person, with no clue as to when they were changing back and forth. Every sentence was F- this, F-that, gratuitous sex, gratuitous gore, was there even a plotline?? I can't recall because it was so freaking confusing! "Stream of consciousness" my foot, there was nothing special, cutting edge, or ground breaking about this novel. It was a complete waste of my literary time and it has no business being on any must-read list. If I could give 0 stars I would. 'Nuff said.

Jessica says

I'll review the entire Red Riding Quartet, since the books really compose one large narrative.

David Peace takes us into one of the bleakest worlds I've encountered even in the most hard-boiled detective literature -- northern England from 1974-1983 (with some flashes back into an equally dismal late 60s) in which a child abductor and killer is running rampant, the Yorkshire Ripper is terrorizing the region, and the police force is hopelessly corrupt and in bed with some very bad businessmen. Squalid flats, cups of strong, cheap tea, abandoned warehouses, racist graffiti, and the encroachment of Thatcherism all add up to an atmosphere of inescapable despair. Throw in references to the Moors Murders, graphic, yet lyrical, depictions of mutilated bodies, last moments of terror, and horrific memories, and you have quite a depressing soup.

Peace effectively uses repetition in theme, action, and even wording to communicate the ways in which the lives of cops, victims, killers, perpetrators, and bystanders are inextricably linked, and how they are more alike one another than they'd like to believe. This also can get somewhat confusing, especially since Peace also plays with numerous characters with the same first names. The telling is somewhat elliptical, so even after reading the entire series, a reader may still have a more impressionistic than complete understanding of

exactly who has done what to whom. Rather than reading as a whodunit or strict procedural, *Red Riding* is more appreciated as an atmospheric telling of the tale of a corrupt society and the people it chews up and spits out.
