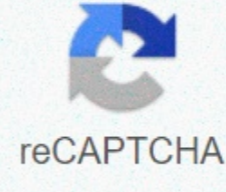




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Psycho 2 robert bloch pdf

You remember Norman Bates-shy motel manager with fatal mother fixation. Now, years after his carnage battle that horrified the world, Norman is back on the loose, breaking free from the psycho-chamber, cutting a shocking streak of blood all the way to Hollywood, where, so it happens, they make a film about Norman's life and crimes. A film that suddenly and scary becomes a lot like real life. ... genre: Horror Similar books by other authorsRevalTifen KingAmerican PsychoBret Easton EllisLegion (Exon of the Devil, Book 2) William Peter BlattySmall WorldTabitha King Used availability for Robert Bloch Psycho II © 1996-2020, Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliate Robert Bloch 1982 sequel to his 1959 masterpiece Psycho actually has nothing to do with the film Psycho 2, which was released the same year. So if you read this book, you will experience a whole new story. Remarkably longer than its predecessor, this book is not so straight forward and full of amazing twists, it is well written, despite being nowhere near as good as the first, but still worth reading. Bloch revived his classic character Norman Bates, who escapes from a psychiatric hospital and goes to Hollywood, where a film about his crimes. With his psychiatrist Adam Claiborne (a character whom the author really sympathizes with) in the chase, the death toll is soon set. With more blood and humor than the first, it's not a bad good novel at all. Bloch did an excellent job of creating images and demonstrating the pressures of psychology and life in the ward. From here, you may be interested to know that in 1990 he wrote a third book: Psycho House © 1996-2015, Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates nearly thirty years after the horrific events at the Bates Motel, some Hollywood sleazebags are preparing to produce a major movie about Norman and his mother. Norman, meanwhile, unaware of the plans west coast vultures were doing, and after spending decades locked up in a local shelter and convinced of his innocence, manages to break free and start a riot of murder and sex and possibly revenge. When it seems Norman was murdered, his therapist Adam Claiborne knows nearly thirty years after the horrific events at the Bates Motel, some Hollywood sleazebags are preparing to produce a major movie about Norman and his mother. Norman, meanwhile, unaware of the plans west coast vultures were doing, and after spending decades locked up in a local shelter and convinced of his innocence, manages to break free and start a riot of murder and sex and possibly revenge. When it seems Norman has been murdered, his therapist Adam Claiborne knows best, and heads to Hollywood himself to convince the studio not to make a film that will no doubt lure the newly deranged (and psychotically mother-less) Norman on set now known motel killings. So when I discovered that Hitchcock's cinematic masterpiece Psycho was based on a book, I soon after discovered that the original author had written not one but two sequels. After so enjoying the flea first Psycho, I was looking forward to seeing how he continued the story, especially considering that (or though) it was apparently his bitter response to Hollywood for making their OWN film sequel without consulting him or accepting his suggestions to provide a story or script. What then follows in this book, unsurprisingly, is the bitter diatribe against the film industry and the obvious scum that inhabit the seedy world behind the glamour of the silver screen. It's good, parody and satire have its place, except for a few problems: 1) This letter is bad. It is very hard to believe that the same author could have written the first (it was decades later, but still, how his skill could have degenerate so dramatically?), 2) History is cliched and banal, and 3) This makes the whole project seem extremely condescending. The sequel must exist because the story is worth continuing and has somewhere new but consistent to go. According to this version, at least (I have not seen any of the sequels to the film), it was not. The differences in quality and style from the first and second books are so different and so many things that I liked about the first completely disappeared or changed beyond recognition. I have a lot to say about it, so I'll try to keep it brief, and in bullet fashion: characters. There were too many of them, they were almost all stupid and vicious, they were inconsistent in their dialogue and one-dimensional in their motives. The satire of Hollywood archetypes was lost on me in how poorly they were written and presented, and instead they just seemed fake and lame. I was hoping they'd all just get killed one by one. As for Norman himself, maybe it's because it was written decades later, but Norman Bates I was so fascinated (including his relationship with his mother) was completely absent, and in his place we were given a cheap, B-slasher killer movie with little depth and even less interest. It's just not good. There are bad tricks (nuns, necrophilia, yes..., sexually disturbed and frustrated foreign directors, movie sets, threats through dead animals, gay strip clubs, etc.) and many of the characters are not going anywhere. Red Herring is one thing, but a totally pointless distraction just means extra pages and bad editing. The conversation felt callous and tired, not as real people say. I'm not sure if Bloch was trying to sound cool or intentionally write something that could be turned into a movie or whatever, but most of the time I was wondering why he chose words or structured sentences like did that not very well From the writer. I mean: He clambered back into the driver's seat and tugged at a small rectangular lid on the dash. He fell forward, showing the contents of the shelf behind (47). This is not the most backward and far-fetched way to describe the opening of the glove compartment?? Seriously. The elegance and suspense of the former have completely disappeared, and are instead replaced by gratuitous, grotesque sex and random, senseless violence (yes, I know it's a murder mystery, but the murders never seemed true or even a threat). I know Norman was broken, and there were some subtle hints about the depth or cause of his psychosis in the first book, but all the mysteries and intrigues have gone away cheap Gore and sex for the sake of shock value. The original story is so simple and sophisticated, much more than a swollen, pulp-fiction murder mystery, I thought we might get more of that here, but not quite. I admit that the idea had great potential, but perhaps because of the background, or attitude or purpose of the author, it was simply lost. There are some interesting conversations about psychosis and neuroses, but it all goes out the window once Claiborne reaches Hollywood and is distracted by the likes of Ian Harper, Paul Morgan, Marty Driscoll and Santo Vizzini (yes, those soft and typical big Hollywood personalities are here). The ending has a somewhat surprisingly little twist there, but then by then it was explained that it was so stupid and unconvincing and came out of nowhere. Also, I never thought what the original felt from, and it was set in the 50s. This one felt set right into the 80s, and feels maybe even earlier. I could go on, but I think I made my point. The continuation of the story of Norman Bates is a shocking insult (and from the original author!) to this great character. Having seen none of the movie sequels, I can't say how it compares as part two, but I can't imagine a second movie being much worse or more unnecessary than that. I still plan to read the third book in the trilogy, but my expectations are clearly low. This book was inferior in almost every respect to its predecessor. ... More ga naar primaire contents Klientenrecensies Toprecensies Recentste Toprecensies Er zijn 0 recensies en 0 beoordelingen van Nederland Ontdek het beste van purchase en entertainment Gratis en snelle bezorging vanjo miljoenen producten, onbeperkt streamen van exclusieve series, films en meer je onlangs bekeken items en aanbevelingen dem bones janitor Lunati Grad Horrors, Hail Thirsty Dog Messages: 14240 Likes: 6903 Robert Bloch - Psycho 2 (Corgi , 1982) Just when you thought it was safe to get back in the shower..... For the past 20 years, Norman Bates has been in a public hospital for criminal ming. With the help of his psychiatrist, it seems to have been cured of his mother's fixation, and now decides what he wants out. His opportunity arises when he is inspired by a nun. He kills her, uses her habit as a disguise - and runs away. Psycho murder is about to start again... Thanks to the tireless efforts of Steiner and Claiborne doctors, Norman Bates is stable enough to run the library unsupervised at the State Hospital for the Criminal Madness, his home for the last twenty years after this unpleasant motel business. All is well until the cantankerous sister of Kupertin and rookie sister Barbara of the Sacred Order of the Little Sisters of Mercy visit and the latter - much of her eldest and better horror - asks if she can see the star's fruit pie. Page. Barbara explains to Dr. Claiborne that before she became a nun, she took a psychology course, and he is so impressed that he agrees with this request. When she tries to convince Norman how much they have in common, a storm breaks out. Page. Barbara, as it turns out, is afraid of thunder. How ridiculous! Thunder can't hurt you. Norman Bates, on the other hand. ... Sister Coopertin is furious. Not only did this one jumped up to a young dogooder upstaged her in front of Dr. Claiborne, it seems as if she was about to drive back to the convent without her. Wait for me! When she runs to the van, soaking up in the process, she consoles herself that all this will happen in her report to the mother-chief. But p. Barbara looks a little different all of a sudden. And why is she brandishing tire iron? After beating Str. Cupertino and shagging her corpse, Norman realizes that changing clothes and a box of matches are appropriate for his escape. As luck would have it, there's a lone hitman on the road holding a piece of raw cardboard with Farevale scrawled across it. Fairvale? That's where Sam and Laila Loomis lived at the time of his arrest! How he would get even with them for what they did! Didn't they realize he wasn't a murderer, just really bad? He picks up the hitcher, Beau, an annoying failed Hells Angel (without a bike), who constantly tells himself to play cool and go with the flow and has designs on bashing courtesy of a nun and stealing her wheels. To be honest, we can't wait for Norman to disconnect from him. Back at the state hospital, Barbara's body was found when her van caught fire. She was strangled with clear beads. Norman was burned beyond recognition, although they are believed to belong to Norma and Stry Cupertino. Dr. Claiborne doubts that he feels guilty for the whole episode and won't believe norman is dead until the autopsy report confirms it. Besides, it might just be a coincidence, but Sam Loomis and his sister were died last night by an opportunistic robber who hasn't yet been apprehended. Dr. Steiner advises him that he has been overworked and Use some vacation. When he catches a headline in a local newspaper - a Hollywood producer is planning a film about the Bates case - he knows exactly where he will spend his vacation..... To be continued Dem Bones janitor Lunati Grad Horrors, Hail Thirsty Dog Messages: 14,240 likes: 6903 As soon as we arrive in Hollywood, things take a turn for the Night Ripper as Bloch moves into familiar slick psychopathic territory. He's as much at home exploring Tinseltown's rotting underbelly as he is the force of feeding us a diet of red herring and no wonder that seemingly everything associated with Bates's film - tentatively titled Crazy Lady - teeters on the edge of an ultra-violent flash. Take, for example: Ian Harper: An aspiring asterisk and a man who takes it worse when it looks, due to recent events, Coronet Pictures can cancel the film. Above her dead body! Don't they understand: she's Mary Crane! Santo Vizzini: a pervy producer whose resume includes an Italian tobacco job. A freak of slavery SLM, which bears a striking resemblance to Norman Bates, his constant pill-popping pushes his way across the line. Roy Ames: An impeccably polite but disappointed screenwriter. Prone to wild mood swings. Paul Morgan: Presenter. Big hit with teenyboppers before this year in rehab fighting his binge addiction. His last chance to slide out of the dump. Likes to get right into character. Norman Bates, his constant pill-popping pushes his way across the line. Marty Driscoll: He won't tell anyone what's going on. It's a strange bunch! Good work by Dr. Claiborne overlooking the project as a technical consultant otherwise none of us can feel safe.... Next: Psycho House..... Sean Guest Good work Dr. Claiborne overlooking the project as a technical advisor otherwise none of us can feel safe Yes, it's nice to know that there is one undeniably sane character among all those other potential lunatics. Arf.Haven hasn't read this one for years, but remember it's good, but not cool. By the way, I just picked up a copy of The Ripper's Night, and Camera Horrors (which one courtesy of Franklin Marsh). A flea! dem bones janitor Lunati Grad Horrors, Hail Thirsty Dog Messages: 14240 likes: 6903 I realized that it's time to lump all the strands of RB together, if only for convenience sake, so here you go, Flea-head! Hope you enjoy a lymph controversial (like the big or shit?) Night Ripper, Sean. Avoid our thread about the same as the plague until you read it because it is dead in depth! Depth!

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