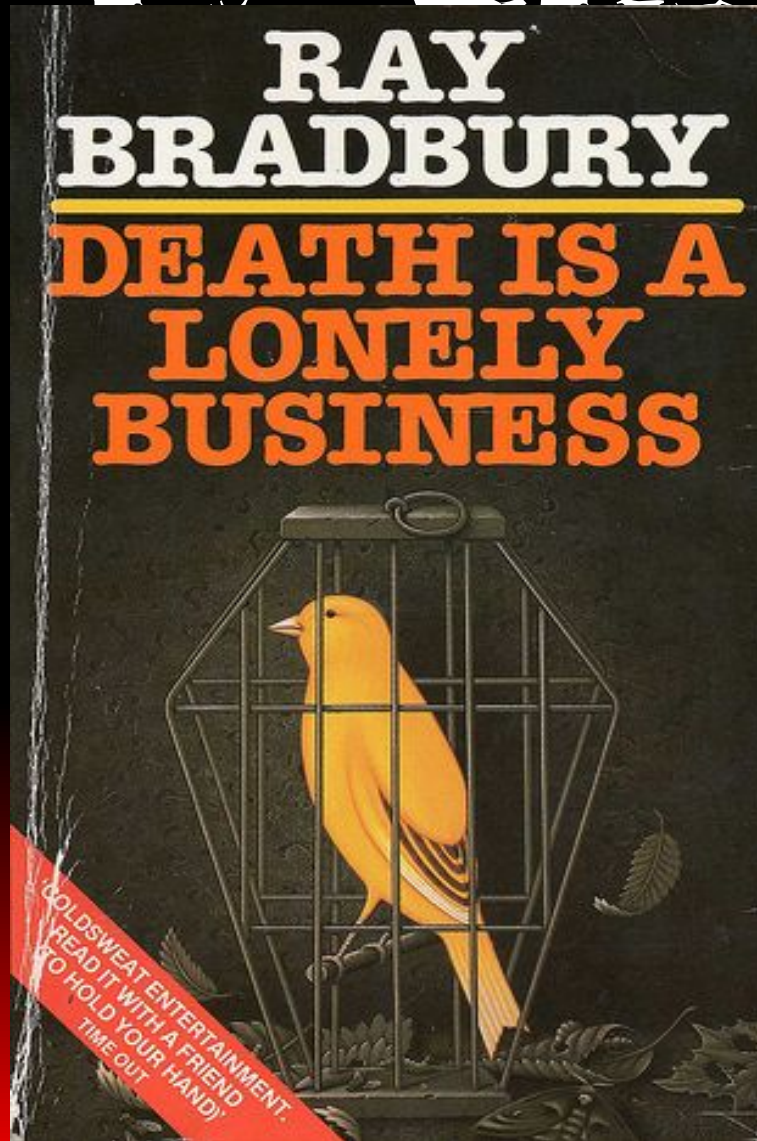
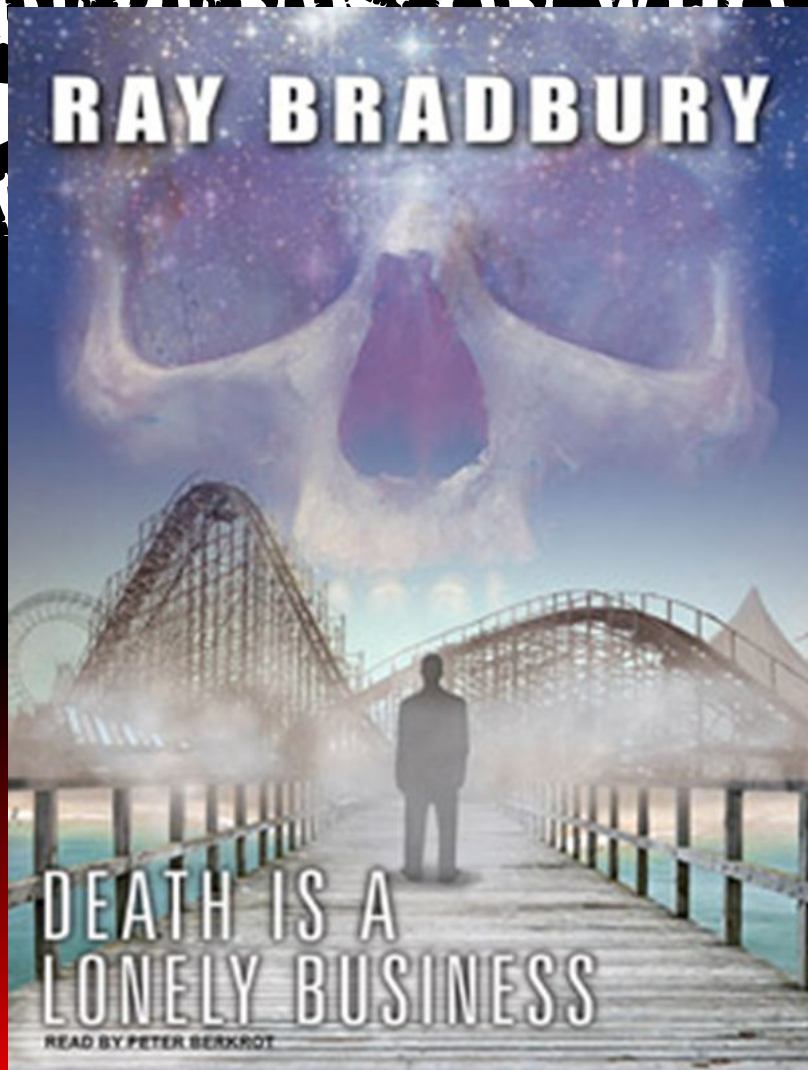


DEATH IS A



«VENICE,
CALIFORNIA, IN THE
OLD DAYS HAD MUCH
SOMEONE RECOMMEND IT
TO PEOPLE WHO
LIKED TO BE SAD. IT
HAD FOG ALMOST
EVERY NIGHT AND
ALONG THE SHORE
THE MOANING OF
THE OIL WELL
MACHINERY AND THE
SLAP OF VAPOR WATER
IN THE CANALS AND
THE HURRAH OF THE

«INSANITY IS
RELATIVE. IT
DEPENDS ON WHO



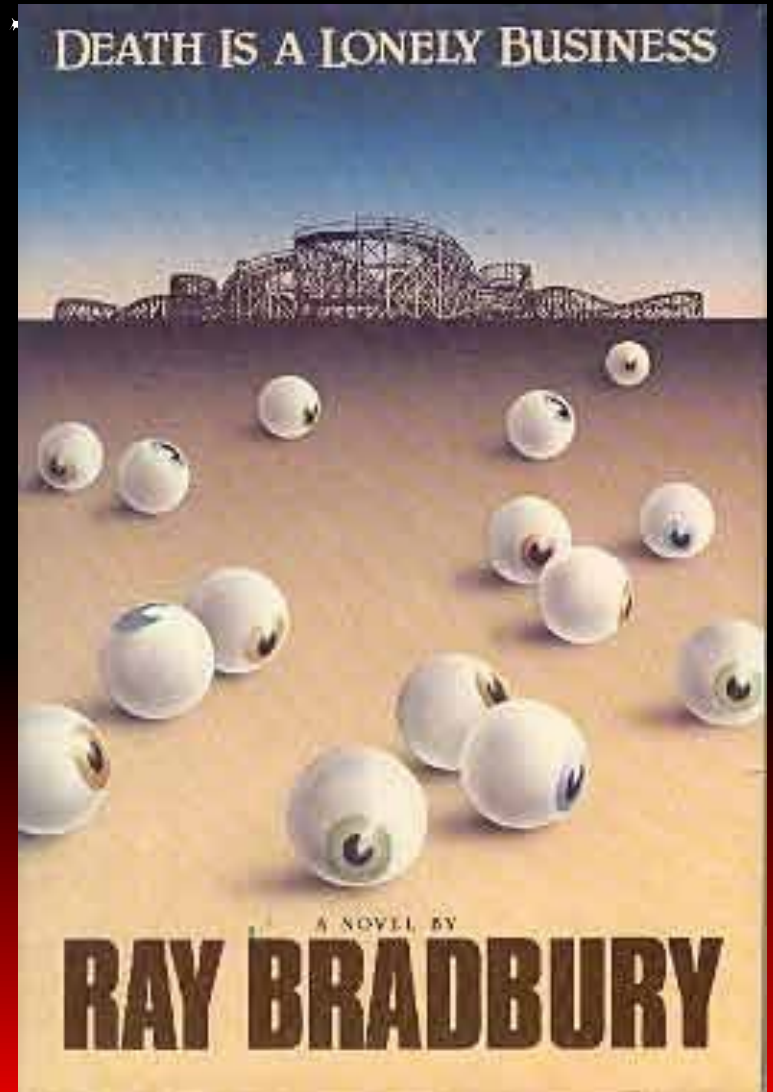
Death Is a Lonely Business is a mystery novel by Ray Bradbury published in 1985. The story, set in 1949, is about a series of murders that happen in Venice, California, then a declining seaside community in Los Angeles where Bradbury lived from 1942 to 1950. The main character and narrator (who never mentions his name) is a sensitive, modest writer, with a girlfriend studying in Mexico City. In the course of the story he meets Elmo Crumley, a detective who helps him solve the mystery behind all the semi-murders occurring among a series of eccentric characters in the forgotten town.

Plot introduction

According to the biography in the book, this was Ray Bradbury's first novel since the publication of *Something Wicked This Way Comes* (not counting the young adult novel *The Halloween Tree*). It evokes both the milieu and style of other mystery writers Raymond Chandler, Dashiell Hammett, James M. Cain, and Ross Macdonald, all of whom Bradbury names in the book's dedication, and James Crumley, after whom Bradbury named his detective. Yet the main character is undoubtedly Bradbury himself, portrayed in a period of his life just before his marriage and his success with *The Martian Chronicles*.

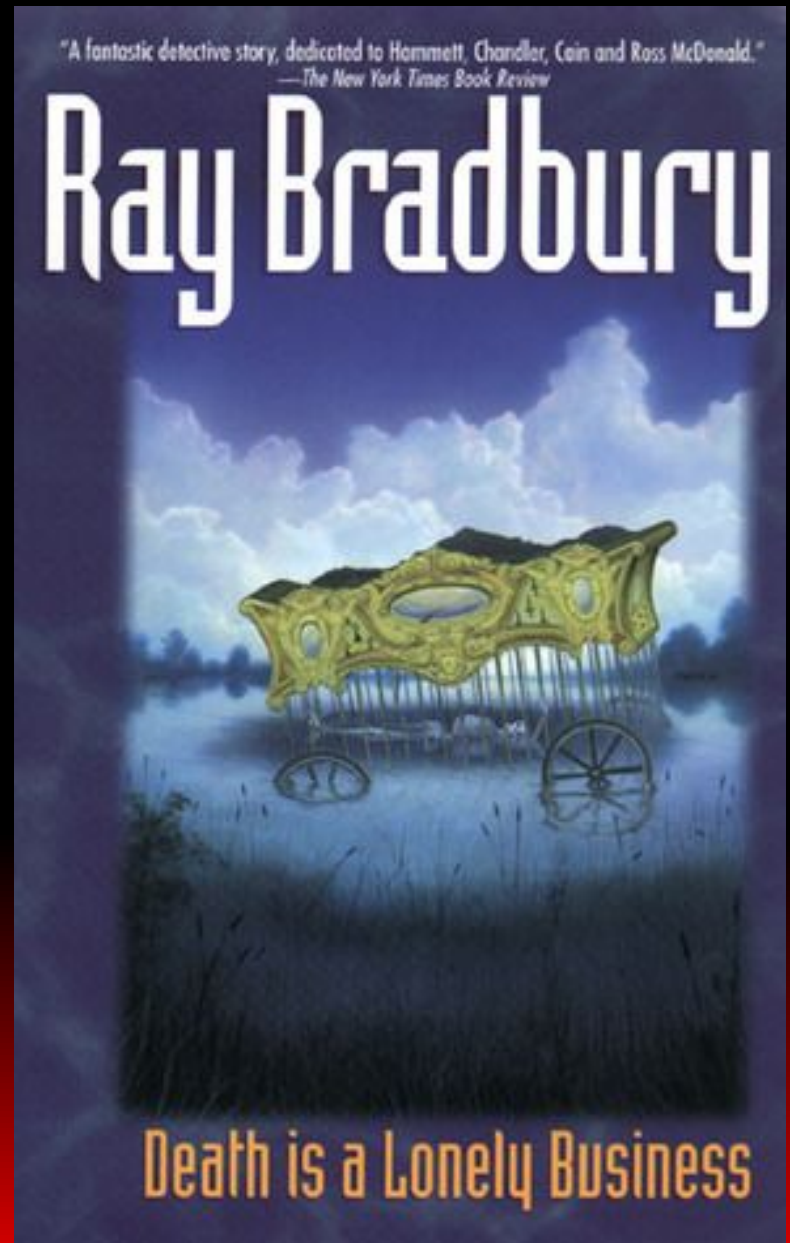
Two sequels followed: *A Graveyard for Lunatics* (1990), and *Let's All Kill Constance* (2003), advancing the writer's career to 1954 and 1960, respectively.

«HIS SMILE COULD OPEN



**"NEVER LOOK BACK.
EYES CAN KILL. IF YOU
LOOK AT SOMEONE,
AND HE SEES THAT
YOU WANT TO BE
KILLED, HE WILL
FOLLOW YOU!"**

It is in this place, filled with loneliness, so scared of dying. It is in this place, as if created for the perfect scene detective novel and a murder occurs. That feeling is the book. Detective Bradbury - it's not a detective in the traditional sense, it is something more emotional, more human. It seems that the novel was written, not in order to lead us to the killer, but for that we have like Venice and the mood of the protagonist - a writer (apparently, the prototype of which was the author himself).

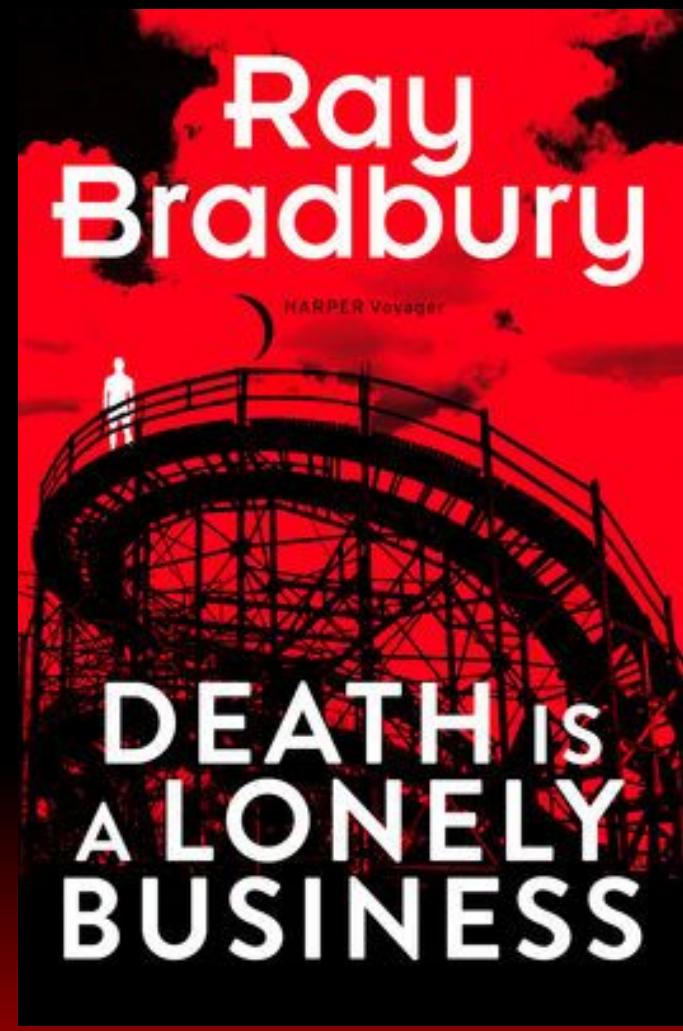


«DO NOT MIST IT BEATS ON MY DOOR, LEAVING BRUISES ON HER?»

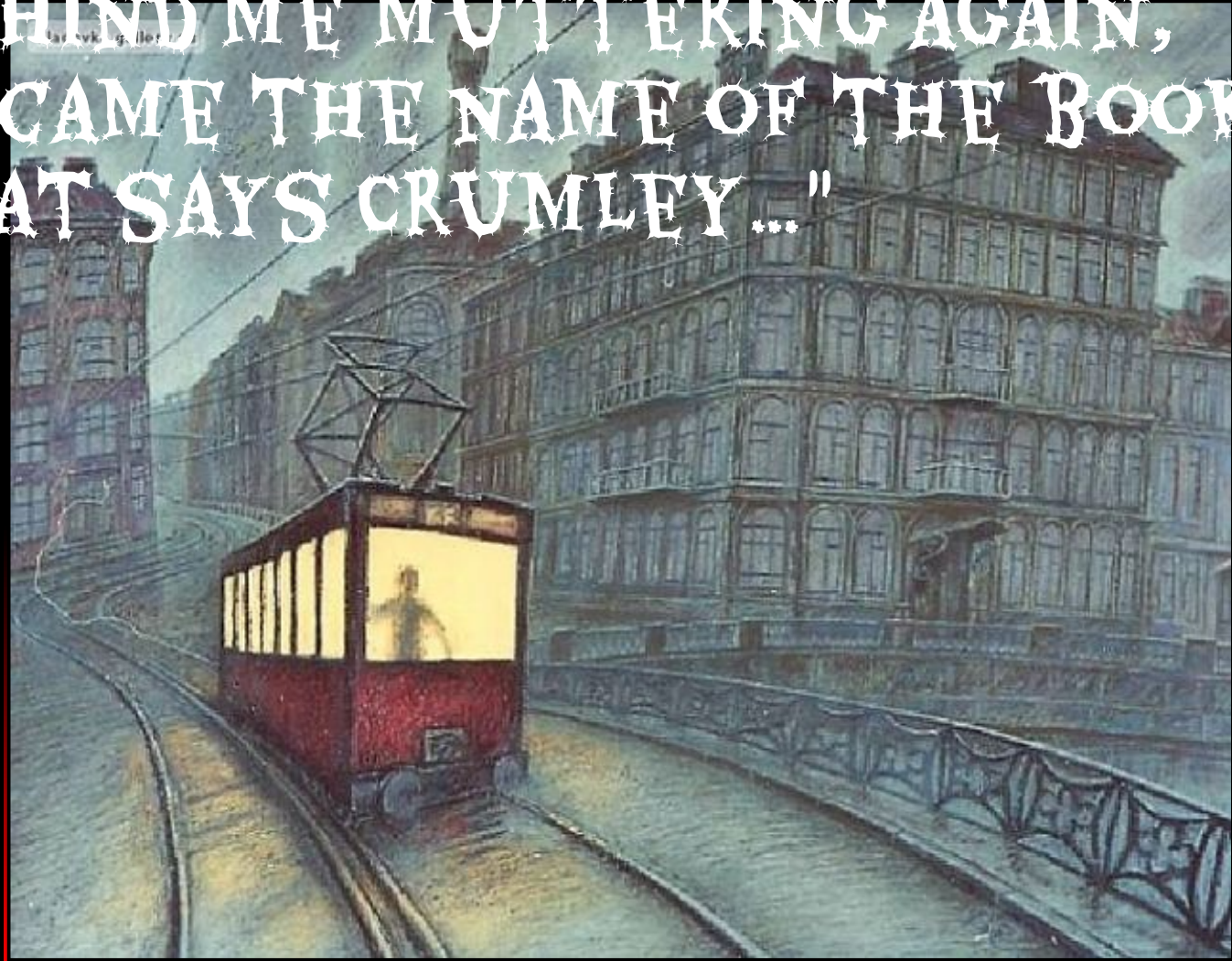
Sad characters wander through the pages of the novel
they feel so sad, lonely and unhappy:

- * The old man found in the cell.
- * Lady with canaries.
- * Escaped hairdresser Cal.
- * Formten with mild craziness in his eyes.
- * Hopwood with the body and face of Apollo dictator
- * Fatty Fanny, a lover of classical music
- * Blind Negro Henry, who does not like to be touched
- * Recluse actress Constance Rettig.
- * Pietro, and feeds a collecting all living creatures in the area.
- * Homeless Jimmy, who drowned in the bathtub.
- * Sam - Mexican napivshiysya three sheets.
- * Crumley stupid detective and clever writer.

Murderer, of course, find, but still there is a feeling that is not the main thing. The main thing is that the characters find themselves.



“... AND IF HEARD SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE A LARGE GRATED RED TRAM, TURNING TO RAIN, AND AS THE VOICE BEHIND ME MUTTERING AGAIN, BECAME THE NAME OF THE BOOK THAT SAYS CRUMLEY...”



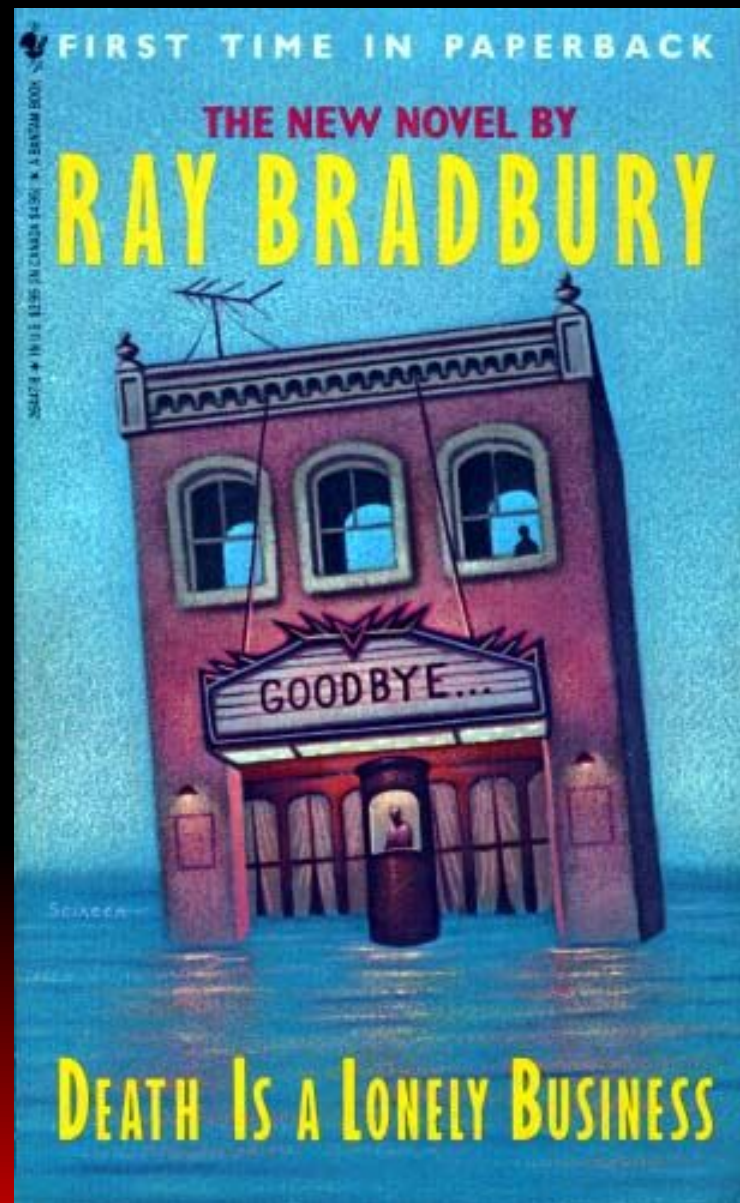
"Time works well only in one direction -
back to the past."

Bradbury offers an amazing recipe to cope with loneliness, effective even at the chronic stage. Where loneliness - this is not the yoke and shackles, first of all, an opportunity to realize their dreams, desires, and do something for a long time and wanted to put off, to do what had not dared.

«- EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE TWO OR
THREE CLASSES - WITHOUT HESITATION
I REPLIED. - ONE CASE OF AS LITTLE AS
ONE LIFE. I'D LIKE A DOZEN LIVES AND A
DOZEN WORKS.

- BEATS RIGHT ON TARGET! THE
PHYSICIAN SHOULD DIG DITCHES. DIGGER
ON DUTY ONCE A WEEK IN
KINDERGARTEN. PHILOSOPHERS TWICE

«FEAR OF DEATH IS AKIN
TO FEAR OF LONELINESS
- BEFORE THE FACE OF
DEATH EVERY SINGLE,
YOU CAN NOT DIE IN THE
COMPANY, NO HELP, NO
ONE CLOSES THE DOOR
OF GAIN UP THE DIVIDES OF
THE EYES BY SIMPLE - IT'S
TOWARDS OTHER BANGING
DOORS SLAMMING OR
COUGH RESOUNDED ON A
DARK STREET.
YOU LOOK OUT THE
WINDOW, AND THE STREET
WAS EMPTY. WHOEVER
COUGHED, HAD
DISAPPEARED.



«It was raining hard now as the big red trolley bucketed across a midnight stretch of meadow-grass and the rain banged the windows, drenching away the sight of open fields. We sailed through Culver City without seeing the film studio and ran on, the great car heaving, the floorboard whining underfoot, the empty seats creaking, the train whistle screaming.

And a blast of terrible air from behind me as the unseen man cried, “Death!”

The train whistle cut across his voice so he had to start over.

“Death”

Another whistle.

“Death,” said the voice behind me, “is a lonely business”.»

