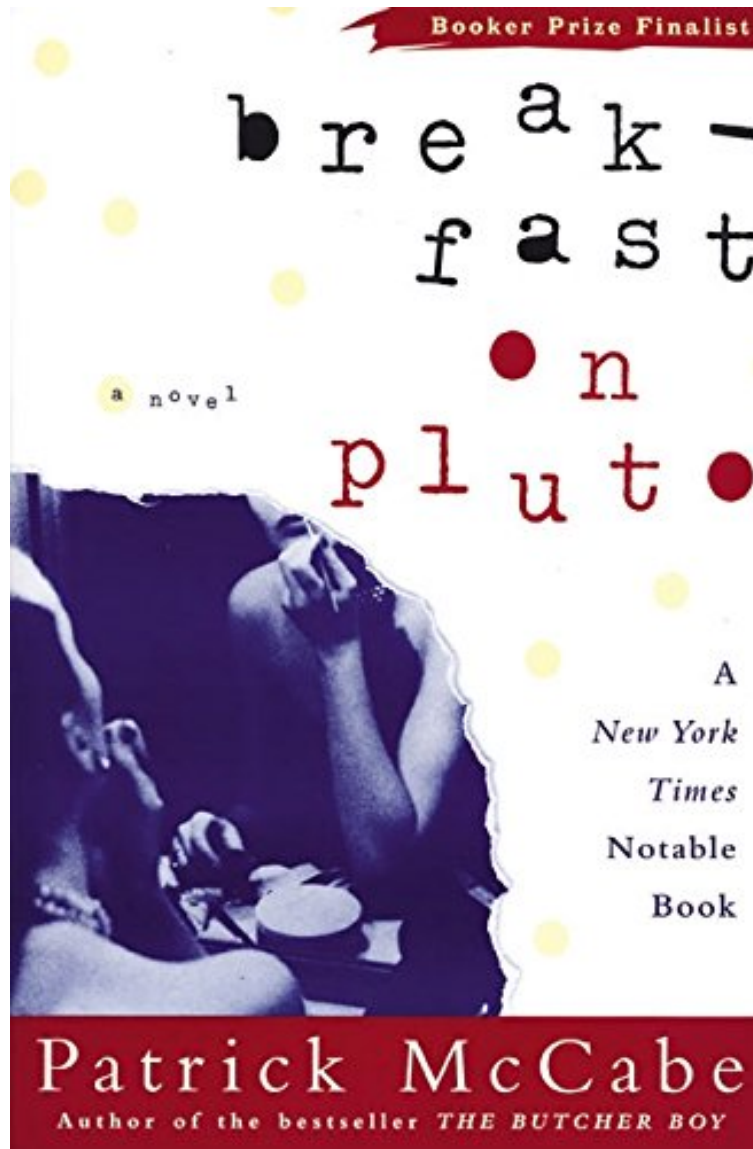


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Breakfast on Pluto: A Novel

Patrick McCabe

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#587797 in Books Patrick McCabe 1999-10-06 1999-10-06 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.00 x .50 x 5.311, .39 #File Name: 0060931582224 pages Breakfast on Pluto | File size: 47.Mb

Patrick McCabe : Breakfast on Pluto: A Novel before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Breakfast on Pluto: A Novel:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A Must Read By Ellen Always watch the movie when I can. Love Cillian Murphy, and esp Brendan Gleeson, he's the man! Loved Liam Cunningham as a biker, too. The novel is somewhat different, obviously than movie, but is wonderful. Patrick, I'll keep the film's name for him, "Kitten" is the child of an innocent temp housekeeper and a parish priest, who is abandoned to the care of the town slag, who is abusive toward

him, and when he can take no more, runs away to a life on the streets, hustling to make a living. Patrick/Kitten proves to be the kind of friend to have when your own life lands in the gutter. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

B+By Lauren Magnussen It is of utmost importance to proceed with caution whilst reading Patrick McCabe's critically lauded piece of fantastical narrative. It is not for everyone, and is most definitely not an easy read. The protagonist is unreliable at times; she blurs the lines between reality and her own internal fantasies. Most of the time, the reader isn't quite sure what is actually happening and what is in her head. The story line is halted, at times, to tell the story of a different person, a device used to convey the brutality of the IRA-heavy period. With a rocky beginning and a solid ending, the middle teeters between disastrous melancholy and hopeless romanticism and innocence. McCabe utilizes numerous motifs (space, perfume/scent) and themes (paternity, violence, music) to create a world that is similar to ours, yet is somehow a bit off-balance. Hence, the idea of Pluto. Inverted syntax abounds, particularly in areas where Pussy, the transgendered character, is least in touch with the world around her. Despite chronic confusion and various gaps in interest, McCabe creates a desperately real world, and the woman who will be forever isolated from it, be it through gender, politics, or others that attempt to isolate her from society. (Note: it helps to watch the movie first. While both can be independent of each other, the movie helps to stream line and clarify the time line of events and happenings.) 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

The island's united; the people divided By Bernard M. Patten Mad Ireland has its weather and its writers still. Among them some of the best: Joyce in novels, Yeats in poetry, and Shaw in plays. Along comes Patrick McCabe with a good challenge to the best of them and in a more modern mode. Because of the density of the writing and the many ellipses, you are better off seeing the movie first (the way I did) and then reading the book. Both movie and book are worth while independent of each other, but the both together are simply great in story, plot, character, and impact. The background of the Irish troubles helps clarify lots of Irish history and makes us want to get the foe out of Ireland as soon as possible. The troubles also help get the author out of the mid-plot sag that often afflicts modern novels. The frame in the book gives us just enough reason to suspect Pussy's insane and therefore unreliable as a narrator and that gets us thinking about what's real and what isn't. And the language approaches the redemptive quality of true art by bringing the soul of man to God. What's next for McCabe? I can't wait.

Breakfast on Pluto, Patrick McCabe's lyrical and haunting new novel, became a #1 bestseller in Ireland, stayed on the bestseller list for months, and was nominated for the Booker Prize, one of the world's most prestigious literary awards. With wonderful delicacy and subtle insight and intimation, McCabe creates Mr. Patrick "Pussy" Braden, the enduringly and endearingly hopeful hero(ine) whose gutsy survival and yearning quest for love resonate in and drive the glimmering, agonizing narrative in which the troubles are a distant and immediate echo and refrain. Twenty years ago, her ladyship escaped her hometown of Tyreelin, Ireland, fleeing her foster mother Whiskers (prodigious Guinness-guzzler, human chimney) and her mad household, to begin a new life in London. There, in blousey tops and satin miniskirts, she plies her trade, often risking life and limb amongst the flotsam and jetsam that fill the bars of Piccadilly Circus. But suave businessmen and lonely old women are not the only dangers that threaten Pussy. It is the 1970's and fear haunts the streets of London and Belfast as the critical mass of history builds up, and Pussy is inevitably drawn into a maelstrom of violence and tragedy destined to blow his fragile soul asunder. Brilliant, startling, profound and soaring, Breakfast on Pluto combines light and dark, laughter and pain, with such sensitivity, directness and restraint that the dramatic impact reverberates in our minds and hearts long after the initial impression.

.com Patrick McCabe hit pay dirt with his third novel, The Butcher Boy, which was short-listed for the 1992 Booker Prize, filmed by Neil Jordan, and acclaimed as "a masterpiece of literary ventriloquism." In his fifth, Breakfast on Pluto, also on the Booker shortlist, McCabe produces another inimitable voice to amuse and infuriate, mimicking perfectly the overwrought, near-hysterical style of a character whose emotional processes were cruelly halted somewhere around the age of 14, and whose tale requires English literature's highest concentration of exclamation marks. Patrick "Pussy" Brady is recording her memoirs for the mysterious Dr. Terence, and it's quite some story. After randy Father Bernard gets carried away with his temporary housekeeper, a dead ringer for Mitzi Gaynor, the result is Patrick Braden, abandoned on a doorstep in a Rinso box and condemned to a foster home with the alcoholic Hairy Braden. Escape comes in fantasies of Vic Damone and the occasional glitzy frock, and eventually, inevitably, the rebaptised "Pussy" heads for life as a transvestite rent boy on Piccadilly's Meat Rack. But this is not just Pussy's story; as hitherto-muffled paramilitary violence blows up in her face, Pussy falls apart, providing a vivid and unsettling final comment on the human price paid in 1970s Ireland. --Alan Stewart From Publishers Weekly McCabe is a master ventriloquist. In The Butcher Boy he projects the voice of a brash, fast-talking, murderous boy in order to tell a story of divisive tension in a small Irish town. In The Dead School the liberalization of modern Dublin came to readers in the voice of a doddering headmaster. Here, in this Booker Prize finalist, McCabe walks far out on a limb: in the voice of Patrick "Pussy" Braden, a male transvestite fathered by a priest and brought up by foster parents, he tells of life in a violent Irish border town in the early 1970s and an exiled existence in London. (Imagine Ru Paul discoursing on "the Troubles" over a top-40 soundtrack.) Of course, they are more Pussy's troubles than his countrymen's, but Pussy is

perhaps the most unabashed narrator in Irish writing since Beckett's Malone. He's nothing if not full of style: "And who was it within my darkened cellbox upon whom mine eyes did gladly fall as there I sat sky-high a-twiddle, ringed around by stars and planets?" Pussy's tale, brief but never boring, is structured as the story told to his doctor in 56 tiny chapters with theatrical asides. Stigmatized as the bastard son of the town priest whose "starched vestments... were partly responsible for his son's attraction to the airy apparel of the opposite sex," Pussy flees to England, where his transvestitism looks suspiciously like a disguise (his old IRA connections are of no help in this regard) as he moves about Picadilly Circus, picking up men, falling in love and fantasizing various bombing schemes to avenge his own sufferings and that of his down-and-out friends? Charlie, who falls prey to drink, and Irwin, killed by the IRA for informing. Comically self-absorbed, Pussy is nonetheless charming company, and McCabe manages adroitly to paint a tender portrait of lives destined to be lost to history? apolitical folk welcome neither in Catholic Ireland nor in the U.K. while the sectarian war rages on. A recently penned preface reveals the author's hope that this time is over and that a new tolerance of difference will take hold. (Dec.) FYI: The title comes from a 1969 chart-making song in the U.K. Copyright 1998 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal It's fair to say that McCabe's Irish novels can be termed tragedies; they usually center on hapless protagonists who are victims of their lifestyle, impulses, or just foolish dreams. The pedigree of his latest "hero" isn't promising either; he's Patrick "Pussy" Braden, a transvestite prostitute and bastard son of a local priest. Patrick's life and times are revealed through a diary he keeps as therapy for his psychic wounds. He struggles with his family history, loses a friend to the IRA, and falls in and out of love. As tragedies go, though, this is a light one; most of the violence is emotional rather than physical, and McCabe allows Pussy a glimmer of hope for a better life at the end. Nominated for 1998's Booker Prize and a No. 1 best seller in Ireland, this may not be the masterpiece the publisher is claiming, but McCabe (*The Butcher Boy*, LJ 5/1/93) certainly has a talent for creating memorable characters who are worth spending some time with, warts and all. For public libraries.-? Marc A. Kloszewski, Indiana Free Lib., PA Copyright 1998 Reed Business Information, Inc.