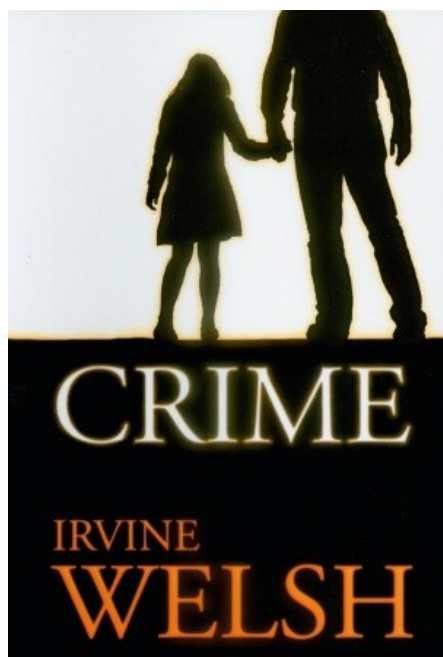




Crime

Irvine Welsh

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Crime

Irvine Welsh

Crime Irvine Welsh

Welsh's sizzling new novel, **Crime**, is a thrilling journey into the bright glamour of the Sunshine State and a seething underworld of utter darkness.

Now bereft of both youth and ambition, Detective Inspector Ray Lennox is recovering from a mental breakdown induced by occupational stress and cocaine abuse, and a particularly horrifying child sex murder case back in Edinburgh. On vacation in Florida, his fiancée Trudi is only interested in planning their forthcoming wedding, and a bitter argument sees a deranged Lennox cast adrift in strip-mall Florida. In a seedy bar, Lennox meets two women, ending up at their apartment for a coke binge, which is interrupted by two menacing strangers. After the ensuing brawl, Lennox finds himself alone with Tianna, the terrified ten-year-old daughter of one of the women, and a sheet of instructions that make him responsible for her immediate safety.

Lennox takes the girl to an exclusive marina on the Gulf coast, and quickly suspects that he has stumbled into a hornet's nest: a gang or organized paedophiles, every bit as threatening as the monster that haunted him back in Edinburgh. His priority is to protect the abused girl, but can the edgy Lennox trust his own instincts? And can he negotiate her inappropriate sexuality as well as his own mental fragility?

In **Crime**, Welsh has written a shocking and gripping story about the corruption and abuse of the human soul and the possibilities of redemption.

Crime Details

Date : Published August 5th 2008 by Jonathan Cape (first published July 3rd 2008)

ISBN : 9780224080538

Author : Irvine Welsh

Format : Paperback 344 pages

Genre : Fiction, Mystery, Crime, Thriller

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From Reader Review Crime for online ebook

Stephanie Jane (Literary Flits) says

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João Carlos says

Mark Todd (The New York Times)

A narrativa de **“Crime”** começa num voo para Miami com o detective escocês Ray Lennox a viajar com a sua namorada Trudi, em busca de uma férias retemperadoras na Flórida e a planear a festa do seu casamento. Ray Lennox é um detective em “fuga” para tentar recuperar de um colapso mental induzido pelo stress, pelo consumo de cocaína e pelo abuso do álcool, fomentado por um caso de assassinato de crianças em Edimburgo.

Mas o sofrimento de Ray é ampliado pela luminosidade e pelo calor impiedoso de Miami, subjugado pelos demónios que o atormentam, perante o insucesso no desfecho da sua anterior investigação criminal; envolve-se casualmente num incidente, que revela – novamente - uma poderosa “teia”, uma rede organizada de pedófilos, implacável e obsessiva, que o faz, igualmente, regressar à sua juventude, com recurso ao flashback, relembando acontecimentos dramáticos, que acentuam, inadvertidamente, os seus fracassos e as suas angústias.

O escocês **Irvine Welsh** (n. 1958) escreve de uma forma intensa, sobre uma temática cruel – a pedofilia - os “papa-anjinhos” - num enredo realista e credível, em que as palavras e as frases representam a vida de personagens que são “empurradas” como marionetas, manipuladas por homens e mulheres, para eventos indescritíveis, verdadeiramente devastadores, sem moralidade ou condescendência, pela enormidade de actos criminosos, deploráveis e hediondos.

”A experiência já te ensinara que o único infortúnio pior do que assassinares-nos um ser amado era que este desaparecesse sem o seu destino alguma vez ser esclarecido. O tormento da incerteza, em que o coração se sobressaltava sempre que soava o telefone ou a campainha da porta e os olhos desesperados e famintos devoravam cada rosto em cada multidão. A inevitabilidade da morte da pessoa amada podia compreender-se mentalmente, mas era difícil abafar o grito da alma, bradando em desafio que ela continuava viva. Mas voltaria para casa ou teria partido para sempre? Após se passar algum tempo nesse limbo infernal, qualquer notícia, por mais dilacerante que fosse, era bem recebida por vir interromper a espera e a busca intermináveis.” (Pág. 29)

Manab says

[illegible]

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Kaita says

Alright.

2/5

Apart from the odd okay quote, which are few and far between, this book really isn't that enjoyable. And it's not because it's almost exclusively about pedophilia.

I've realized something about Irvine Welsh. He has two types of stories. He has the believable ones that are firmly rooted in a realistic world with realistic reactions and consequences. I love these stories of his. Then he has a second type, which are similar to the other category, but are a little... they swim in falsehood.

Blade Artist. Seemed like fanfiction because it was just depressingly uncharacteristic of Begbie and the situations, which aren't exactly unrealistic, are just too manufactured.

The same applies to The Bedroom Secrets Of Master Chefs, which was just... I can't even go into all the problems I have with that book.

Crime is in the category of fantastically dramatic versions of something that ends up not that believable. It also runs on and on! Oh my god, I get it! I get what image you're trying to paint! Stop using the word ubiquitous and adding flourish to something that is meh at best!

Don't get me wrong. I love some of Irvine Welsh's work. Glue is my most favourite book ever. But I'm probably not going to buy another book by the man. Blade Artist killed any drive for that and Crime... Crime was just the nail in the coffin for me.

Rest in piece another ruined series.

Crime follows Ray Lennox, who was Bruce Robertson's partner in Filth. This is technically the sequel to Filth. It's not as good as Filth. I found the characters tedious, the story bounced around a lot from one location or perspective to another, and I found myself indifferent through very nearly the entire book.

Dane Cobain says

Crime is another one of those not-so-rare Irvine Welsh books that's just an excellent read, despite his unorthodox approach to spelling, grammar and punctuation. Welsh is never exactly easy to read, but I think that here, he's at his most lucid, and the story line is easy for anyone to follow. Put simply, Detective Inspector Ray Lennox is on holiday in Florida, trying to take a rest and recuperation break from a child abuse case which threatened to derail his sanity. Unfortunately, things are never that simple in an Irvine

Welsh book, and he ends up getting himself mixed up with a bunch of paedophiles, who he quite rightly wants to bring to rights.

Irvine Welsh is considered by many to be a writer of 'drug books', but that's not necessarily true here – fair enough, drugs are mentioned, and used by several of the characters, but it's not a central part of the story line. No, that's reserved for organised crime, and paedophilia rings in particular.

Detective Inspector Lennox is probably one of my favourite Irvine Welsh protagonists, particularly after this novel, and all of the characters that he uses are well thought out and well developed. In fact, I'd say that he's at the top of his game here, and that this is a pretty good place to start if you're new to his work, or a good pick for a second book if you've read Trainspotting.

Overall, then, Crime is a cracking hybrid thriller with some typical Welsh-isms thrown in, and it's well worthy of the 9/10 that I gave it. I only didn't give it a 10/10 because there were times when I was reading it that I kind of hoped for it to hurry up, or for me to get through the pages quicker. It's also a challenging read, and it's definitely not for everyone – that said, if you do like it, you'll love it. Welsh is a bit like Marmite, for some people. But not me!

James Barker says

Clearly 'Crime' was a bad choice as my first dip into Irvine Welsh's work. Characters, plot, writing style... all are poor. And he really needs to stay away from similes. His use of them was the crime that affected me the most.

JK says

This Irvine Welsh novel is just as gritty and harrowing as the rest of them. It's extremely dark, at times a lot darker than Welsh's other novels. It's also very obviously well-researched, tackling the difficult issue of child abuse.

I feel like Welsh has attempted to break a few boundaries with Crime. His novels are usually set in Scotland, particularly Edinburgh, but this time he takes us over to Miami, Florida, and unravels his story across the pond.

The characters are strikingly realistic, and Welsh shifts between narratives and tenses in such a complex way that it's extremely effective.

As is typical with Welsh, the subject matter is tough in places. I wouldn't recommend it to many people for these reasons, but for people who can handle it, it's good.

I'm a huge Irvine Welsh fan, I'll read anything he can throw at me. He's a grotesque kind of genius, and this is what is so appealing to me. However, I felt that he has done better with past novels, this one seemed almost like a shadow of Filth.

Bryan Wood says

This was the 2nd Irvine Welsh book that I had read which I thought was perfect being that it is the sudo-sequel to Irvine Welsh's Filth. I enjoyed this book but it wasn't what I was expecting. After reading Filth, I expected Crime to be, well... filthy. This book was PG-13 compared to Filth, which was shocking and somewhat disappointing due to my high expectations. But at the same time, I wasn't entirely sure how this book would compare to Filth. Reading Filth, you found out Ray Lennox (the main character in Crime) wasn't as crazy as Bruce Robertson (the main character of Filth) so I didn't think Irvine Welsh would be able to deliver the way he did with Bruce Robertson and his crazy drug filled adventures. Crime was still a good read but I'd be lying if I said my mind didn't drift off a couple times. I would still recommend this book to anyone who is an Irvine Welsh fan and you don't have to read Filth in order to follow along with Crime but there's a few things you'd catch if you did. I have only read Filth and Crime by Irvine Welsh so please do not let this review tarnish your image of him, it hasn't for me and I will still be looking into his other works.

Logan says

I'm fine with stories that hit just one note. But I think those stories should probably not go on for too long. And, for the first 125 or 150 pages or so of this 340 page book, I was engaged and involved. However, it dragged and dragged and it really never became something it hadn't already been on page one. I had kept reading, expecting there was going to be some kind of reveal/twist as to why it kept going on in the same fashion--that of disturbed cop disturbed by sex crimes against children becomes obsessed with saving kid he witnessed being abused. And that's about all there is to it.

At first, I was not jiving with other reviewer's comments about not liking this one because it felt too "claustrophobic" or "dark". I think both of those are fine qualities in a book when done well. But I think I see what they were saying. Except, it's not that the book is too dark or claustrophobic--it's that the content of the book leaves little room for the kinds of things Welsh is known for. That's energy, language, and humor. Yes, he's known for being gritty, but really, the reason he's so popular is because of the energy, language, and crackling sense of humor he manages to find in dark and desperate situations. Where could he have developed any humor or real ecstatic energy in a book of such content? I'm not certain he (or anybody) could.

As far as language goes? This one's short of his trademark phonetic Scottish and takes place in Miami. So, you know, another place where he stepped out of what has trademarked his books, in general. I, for one, was all for the idea of stepping out of bounds. I don't think he needs to write in Scottish phonetics all the time and I don't think he needs to keep his characters in Scotland and England, either. I liked the San Francisco scenes in BEDROOM SECRETS (altho, I'm not still not sure how necessary they were to that book's story). But, in this one, stepping out of bounds didn't take Welsh into new and exciting literary territory.

Anyway. So it goes. And, yeah, to me, this one was a dud. I've read practically everything else Welsh has written and either LOVED or liked it all very much, so this is definitely an aberration.

Fel P says

Para los modos habituales del autor sorprenden la sutileza e inteligencia con que se aproxima a la pedofilia y construye la trama del libro. Muy recomendado.

Demetrelli says

So this was a change from the type of books I normally read and I can't say I regret it. Initially I thought it'd be the typical cop-goes-on-holidays-and-stumbles-onto-horrible-crime and I might say I was rather disappointed since the main character, Ray Lenox, seemed follow the tormented lonely cop stereotype. As the story evolves though, it really delves into the deeper darker corners of the human (adult and childrens' alike) psyche, showing you surprising -and perhaps for some readers disturbing- truths. For me it's a book about sexuality, the many ways it can be perverted as a combined result of instincts and culture, the ways it can define you, shape your childhood and ways you can face and come to terms with it. It really made me think on how we view and shape children as sexual beings.

The writing has a nice steady pace, including relevant flashbacks from Ray's past life events and also occasional changes in pov where they are exactly needed.

Paul says

I just could not get into this book. It started off with all of the standards of an Irvine Welsh book, but it got, boring. Not something I expected from the author. The subject matter was also a little too disturbing. Heald way through I just decided to skip through the rest of the book. Definitely not one of his better books. At least not for me.

Jim says

Truly dreadful! If you're expecting the brilliance of *Trainspotting*, forget it. It was more like a really bad parody of Ian Rankin.

DI Ray Lennox from Edinburgh goes on holiday to Miami with his fiancée Trudi. Lennox is emotionally shredded by his failure to save a young girl from a paedophile and, like most of Welsh's characters, Lennox is on the booze and drugs. Lennox fights with Trudi, who is intent on marriage. Eventually he gets involved with a young girl being menaced by paedophiles and has to negotiate through dangers both physical and emotional.

I've long felt that Welsh hasn't written a really good book since *Filth*, and this book seemed to confirm that. Reading this, I wondered whether Welsh can write a character who's compelling, nuanced *and* sober. The character of Trudi would argue no; she is a stereotype of a weak, clinging woman, a cliché really.

This book is long on clichés and short on suspense. (I figured out the "big secret" of Lennox's past about fifty pages before Welsh revealed it.) The rest of it - the pre-fab phoniness of modern America, the corruption of the police, the detective with the inner demons - it all felt like it had been done before (and better).

I took this on vacation and was stuck with it until I could get to a bookstore. I kept hoping it would get better, but it didn't. I found myself thinking evil thoughts about Irving Welsh, wondering how many better books were displaced on bookshop shelves by this dreck.

Jaslo says

What a disappointment.
Seriously, I am upset.

It's not just the American setting...and the cynical, cruel, unfriendly gaze on American culture (which I could understand.) It's a claustrophobia in the story-- that makes me itch to escape and throw away the book. I felt like the writer wasn't having fun and I certainly wasn't. I LOVE Irvine but this was not pleasant. It felt systematic, unfeeling and WEIRD.

His craft was in jumbles and tumbles. He switches point of view without cause- confusing me. He doesn't write a believable ten year old girl and oh nonononono I'm sad that I am criticising him. I must stop. I love you Irvine but go back to Edinburgh and junkies. Leave the paedos for...uh, who writes about paedos?

Stephan van der Linde says

Ray Lennox, a character in one of my favourite novels 'Filth' is starring in Crime. Lennox is a cop, and is heading off to Miami to prepare his wedding.

Tired with his nagging-too posh girl, cold turkey from the booze, Ray is already bored in the plane.

Ray on antidepressiva, is soon starting to arguing with his to-be wife. He visits a friend to get some distraction. This friend asks him to visit a friend of his.

But here starts the trouble. "That friend" is an addict-prostitute with a 10 year old daughter, who is a target of a network of pedophiles.

After a brutal attack to capture this girl, Ray can barely protect her, and runs off to hide.

Through violence, corrupt cops, new contacts, Ray keeps on the run and develops a friendship with the girl.

Every now and then Ray stops by a internet-café, for visiting the Hibernian-fansite to discharge torrents and cursing to a Heart Of Midlothian fan in a disagreement. :D

Andy Mcgrath says

Fairly predictable plot but very well told. Some good minor unexpected deviations in the plot and Welsh's style make it a worth while yarn.

Prakriti says

I was going through a breakup (which I had initiated) when I picked this book up. There was a lot of guilt

inside me, a lot of anger at the girl, a continuous feeling of nausea, and an inability to understand why am I feeling like this.

Welsh's protagonist, Detective Inspector Ray Lennox showcases this extreme claustrophobia in a crazed stream of consciousness narrative. Sometimes like Marv (from Sin City). It does take some getting used to, but while I was reading it (I savored it for well over a month), Ray Lennox was my best friend.

It affected me a hell of a lot. I loved the book without question. But I was run over with weird rushes of blood to the head while reading this. I haven't read any other book of Welsh, (Edit: Subsequently, I have read quite a few) so I am not sure if this is what the author wants to do.

I'm not sure if I would recommend this book to anyone else though. It affected me. I sincerely do not know if it would affect you the same way. (Edit 3 years later: Heartily recommended)

I wrote some passages off the book while reading it, (these were at the very beginning, reproducing a few below)

(They are sitting in an airplane)

She nudges him, then sulks – You do still fancy me, Ray? And she does that thing with her breasts again. –Course ah do. Lennox feels a constricting of the muscles around his chest and throat. His windpipe has become a straw. He is trapped; hemmed in beside the window, far too small to offer escape into the oblivion of the sky. He looks at his crippled, bandaged right hand, a bag of broken knuckles, phalanxes, and metacarpals. How many more would go, how long would it take for both fists to be pulped trying to punch a hole through this plane?

(Waking up next to her)

It's mid afternoon when they wake up. They're both ravenous. Lennox feels like his brain is expanding and contracting in his skull, fraying its outer edges against rough, unyielding bone.

They get ready to head outside, into the heat. Trudi wears a short, white pleated skirt. Her legs are long and brown. A pink vesty top. Her arms also tan, her hair tied back. Shades. Outside, his arm goes to her waist as they walk in silence. It's the first time she's worn that skirt without him getting an erection. Unforeseen fear grips him again.

(The thought, why is she doing that thing?)

The problem in acquiescing to the idea that he's depressed, or even it's more benign bedfellow, 'under stress', is that it intrinsically means the ceding of his moral assurances. The potential existed for every comment he made to be viewed as a symptom of the disease. And he senses that Trudi's management of his supposed condition is about control (hers) and disenfranchisement (his). Her logic is that his thoughts will take him back to the trauma of his work, therefore all independent deliberation by him is inherently bad. She will replace this with her projects, with nice things to think about, like the wedding, the new place to live, the furniture, the future children, the next house, that limiting narrative unto death that so terrifies him.

Wrote up a post, *sort of*, on the blog as well.

The Demise of a Relationship in Irvine Welsh's Crime

David says

Irvine Welsh, known best for his druggy humour, scatological bent and the gruff Scots vernacular of his characters, plays it amazingly straight and close to the vest here. So close and earnest, in fact, that you can hardly believe you're reading Welsh.

Divested of his gnarled brogue and cleaving to genre boilerplate, however, Welsh can also be stultifyingly bland.

Police officer Ray Lennox (a character who makes an appearance in earlier novel *Filth*) is on mental health leave in Miami with his fiancée, Trudy. Ray is a tattered bundle of police procedural clichés: a booze- and drug- scarred police officer haunted by his last case, the particularly cold-blooded sexual murder of a young girl.

His gym-toned fiancée is a vain officer's wife unable to see him for the psychological ash heap he is, perfunctorily scanning a copy of *Perfect Bride* magazine and planning their wedding while silently resenting Lennox for his womanizing past.

The tension of their unspoken resentments leads Lennox to storm off on a bender, where he runs into two cocaine-huffing Miami women and follows them home.

Readers persistent to this point are finally rewarded with some genuine momentum when Lennox gets embroiled in a new nightmare. The 10-year-old daughter of one of the women has been the victim of a vicious pedophile who's also a Miami cop.

Haunted by flashbacks from his last case and enraged by his wounded sense of policeman's honour, Lennox attempts to drive the girl to safety across the state – Welsh's best writing centres on the relationship between the two as they drive – and on the way discovers a vile child abuse ring.

Welsh does a decent job of building a compelling and predictable tale of lost innocence, evil and redemption. The adrenaline pumps in places, and you'll want to read to the bitter end. For inventive crime drama set in Florida, however, Elmore Leonard wins hands down.

Ian Mapp says

Does Welsh ever disappoint. I think the worst reviews I saw for him were for *Filth* (which I loved) and this is a follow on of sorts with Ray Lennox given a much bigger role in this, which is an attempt at genre fiction.

The thing that stands this book above other UK crime novels (and I include Rankin, Robinson, Harvey, James and Booth in this list) is the excellent characterisation.

Lennox is a man barely hanging it together. Unlike other leading crime fighters - the effects of dealing with a horrific case such as child sex murder - brings the man to his knees... and Lennox breaks down in a completely believable way - with one remark in a pub from a stranger bringing him down.

He is advised to take leave - and heads to Florida with his fiance to plan their wedding. This allows for a bit of Welsh's gallows humour to come to the fore as the strain plays on their relationship and he runs out of anti depressants and goes for self medication by going out on a drink and drugs bender.

One problem I have with lots of (crime) fiction is coincidences and this suffers the same. His night out bender results in him coming into contact with Paedophile ring and he meets, and takes custody of Trianna - an abused child who is at the home of a couple of girls he meets in a bar who invite him home.

He has to protect her from the paedos, one of whom is a cop, and deliver to a safe house (or boat) looked after by chet.

True to his cocaine come down, paranoia follows his every turn and he thinks the world is out to get them.

Welsh uses a variety of style brilliantly. Everything is slowly revealed.... the case that sent him over the edge through the use of the first person.... Lennox's history and back story - both in terms of some abuse he suffered and his relationship with his family - is truthfully and brilliantly revealed.

All of this could be a bit heavy if it wasn't for the humour and characterisation that Welsh uses.

With the exception of the major coincidence, which is discussed in the acknowledgements - this book has a real ring of truth about it - and a leading character who you can empathise with.

One of the best Crime books I have read.

Muthulakshmi says

I can't write an honest review for this book without mentioning that this is by far the most disturbing work of literature I've ever read. Seriously, I read Guts by Palahniuk and didn't give a fuck.

Lolita explores pedophilia through the eyes of a man impossibly in love with a young girl. It talks volumes about love and how it can render you helpless to a point of self-destruction. But Crime is different. Crime is the one part of human nature that we all refuse to talk about. The part that is buried deep within layers of civility, manners, morality and such imposed upon us by the society. When you strip it all away, we are what we truly are - apex predators who understand our own power and will wield it ruthlessly, if necessary. That is why we inflict mindless cruelty towards others - simply because it is fucking possible.

Crime follows fallen from grace cop Ray Lennox as he tries to escape his demons in Scotland through a Florida vacation with his fiancée Trudi. He sees redemption in the form of a 12 year old abuse victim, Tianna and does everything under his power to make things right.

The characters are solid and three-dimensional, their goodness and flaws very convincing. The writing is beautiful, narrative is gripping. Every minute of spare time I got, I'd reach for the book. That good.

The transformation of Ray Lennox seems a little far-fetched. Tianna also finds temporary sanctuary at a random nice couple's house, which is b.s - Child Services, procedures, hello? But I am going to let these things pass.

Because any book that etches itself in my head to this extent deserves a few passes.
