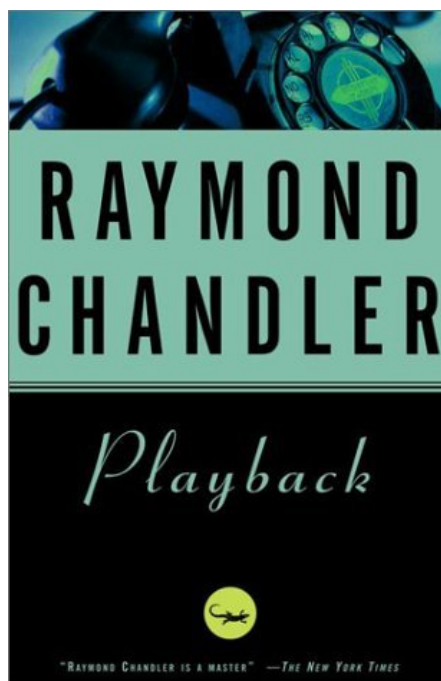




Playback

Raymond Chandler

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) ➔

Playback

Raymond Chandler

Playback Raymond Chandler

As Chandler's last novel opens, Philip Marlowe meets a well-endowed redhead as she disembarks from the Super Chief and leads him to the California coast to solve a tale of big money and, of course, murder.

"Chandler wrote like a slumming angel and invested the sun-blinded streets of Los Angeles with a romantic presence:" -- Ross Macdonald

Playback Details

Date : Published August 12th 1988 by Vintage Crime/Black Lizard (first published 1958)

ISBN : 9780394757667

Author : Raymond Chandler

Format : Paperback 176 pages

Genre : Mystery, Fiction, Crime, Noir, Detective, Thriller

 [Download Playback ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Playback ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Playback Raymond Chandler

From Reader Review Playback for online ebook

Ian "Marvin" Graye says

"A Little Quiet Fun At My Own Expense"

The waiter set a glass down on the table in front of me. It was my sixth drink in an hour. I couldn't even remember ordering it. I drank it. It seemed like the right thing to do. The waiter watched me put down the empty glass. "Another shot?" he asked. I nodded. "You'll have to pay for this one." I looked around the room in search of my benefactor. I saw her first, sitting alone at a nearby table, then I saw her legs. They didn't look like any legs I had seen before. Then they moved. She could see I was watching them. She crossed her legs, and I hoped to die, but not straight away. She reached into her handbag and withdrew a packet of cigarettes. She flipped it open and put one in her mouth. Her lips glistened the whole time. Then she fumbled around in her bag for a lighter. She returned the bag to the chair beside her, empty-handed. She looked at me. I shrugged. I had given up smoking since my last novel, only I hadn't told my author. There was much I hadn't confided in him. The time had come to make some changes in my life. I didn't move. I watched her mind working. It's not as easy as it sounds. I wasn't sure whether she was my type. "Well..." She paused. She was improvising. It wasn't something she was normally expected to do. My author usually made our decisions for us. "If you won't light my cigarette, will you at least kiss me?" I ambled over to her table and sat down. But first she had another request: "Stop looking at my legs." I did as I was told. I was hoping the effort would be rewarded. She returned her cigarette to the pack and put it back in her bag. I looked into her eyes. I could see nothing unless you want to count lust, or was that just a projection on my part? I wondered what she saw in my eyes. The same? I moved closer to her, and had another look. I clasped my hands around her face. Then I pulled her closer and kissed her. She licked her lips, inquisitively. "Christian Dior?" She asked. "Of course," I replied. Her lips embarked on the most direct path towards mine. "Kiss me harder." I did. She slipped her hand inside my blouse and squeezed my breast. Maybe I could like her after all.

Ahmad Sharabiani says

Playback (Philip Marlowe, #7), Raymond Chandler

Playback is a novel by Raymond Chandler, featuring the private detective Philip Marlowe. It was first published in Britain in July 1958; the US edition followed in October that year. Chandler died the following year; Playback is his last completed novel. At the beginning of 1952 (some 18 months after the parting of Marlowe and Linda Loring in *The Long Goodbye*). Marlowe is faced with the choice of turning against his client and taking up the cause of the subject he was hired to investigate, an attractive woman on the run with whom he eventually becomes emotionally entangled. Through intermediaries, an anonymous client hires Marlowe to find Betty Mayfield, who is traveling under the name Eleanor King. Marlowe trails Mayfield to the small coastal resort town of Esmeralda, California. ...

????? ?????? ??????: ??????? ??? ?????? ??? 2008 ??????

?????: ?? ??????? ??????: ?????? ?????? ??????: ?????? ??????? ?????? ????????? 1385? ?? 220 ?? ??? ???

1386? ?????: 9789648838381? ?????: ?????????? ?????? ?? ?????????? ?????????? - ?????????? ?????? ?????? - ????? 7 - ??? 20 ?

????? ?? ??????? ?????? ??????? ??????? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????????? ????. ?????????????? ?? ?? ?????

????????????? ??? ?????????? ? ?????? ?? ? ?????????? ?????????? ??????? «????? ??????» ?????? ??????? ??? ?????????? ?? ???

????????? ?????? ?? ?? ??? ?? ?????????? ??? ??????? ?????? ?? ??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ????. ????? ?? ??????? ??????? ??????

? ?????????? ?? ?? ??? ?? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ????. ?????? ?? ?? ??? ?? ???

????? ???? ? ??? ??? ?? ??? ?????? ???? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ???????? ?????? ? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??? ?? ??????
?? ?????? ? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ... ? . ????????

William says

Sorry, full review was lost by GoodReads, again. ?

This was written in 1957, after Chandler's suicide attempt. He was in despair from the death of his wife in 1954.

In this book, Marlowe seems freer, or more mature, and the snappy dialogue with the female characters has more depth and humour.

"There was a woman. She was rich. She thought she wanted to marry me. It wouldn't have worked. I'll probably never see her again. But I remember."

"Let's go," she said quietly. "And let's leave the memory in charge. I only wish I had one worth remembering."

On the way down to the Cadillac I didn't touch her either. She drove beautifully. When a woman is a really good driver she is just about perfect.

The town from The Right Stuff?

"He's dead now—plane crash—he was a jet pilot. Happens all the time. I know a place between here and San Diego that is full of girls who were married to jet pilots when they were alive."

The Happy Bottom Riding Club was a dude ranch, restaurant, and hotel operated by aviator Pancho Barnes near Edwards Air Force Base in the Antelope Valley of California's Mojave Desert. Barnes and the club were both featured in Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, *The Right Stuff*, and the 1983 film adaptation.

Larry says

Chandler's last novel has defects in plotting, but not in writing. Philip Marlowe, the most influential of the early fictional private eyes, is hired to tail a good-looking redhead who seems to be on the lam. He isn't told much about the job by his stuffy employer, a lawyer named Clyde Umney (with a wonderful flashy secretary named Miss Vermilyea), but then Umney doesn't know much either. It soon becomes evident that the young woman is complicated and that she is being followed, and shaken down, by a another man. And the shakedown artist isn't the only follower. There's a fairly rough piece of work in the form of a private eye from Kansas City. And then there's a local big roller named Clark Brandon, who hails from somewhat murky and possibly criminal beginnings in KC.

Marlowe dutifully and skillfully follows along, though it is possible that he may be a decoy, and meant to distract the young woman from her other tails. What is it about her past that leaves her open to blackmail? Why has she ended up in Esmeralda, a smug upscale California resort town? Why did she lay Marlowe out with a whiskey bottle while he was tussling with her blackmailer? And why does she offer Marlowe a sizeable chunk of money to get rid of a body? Things set up well, and they end well enough. What's disappointing is the path from the set-up to the ending. It gets both murky and obvious at the same time.

Even so, Marlowe is always good, cynical company, and the quality of the writing is top notch. (As an example, get this bit of dialogue:

"Someone who loved me very much had put them a bag of ice cubes on the back of my head. Somebody who loved me less had bashed in the back of my skull. It could have been the same person. People have moods. (33)"

Tfitoby says

Oh man, I've got a problem, this is the second Chandler in a row where I've been quite bored by the end.

What starts off as pure Marlowe gold in his meeting with Ms Vermilyea manages to become dull, rushed and predictable by halfway. Sure the dialogue is great but everything else somehow falls flat in the convoluted mess of a plot.

I'm so disappointed and exhausted from reading these 150 pages that I can't even fully form my thoughts in to interesting paragraphs.

Brandon says

"Wherever I went, whatever I did, this was what I would come back to. A blank wall in a meaningless room in a meaningless house."

Philip Marlowe is tasked with tailing a young, rich and beautiful woman. The catch? He has no idea why and neither does the shady lawyer who hired him.

That is about as short a summary as I've ever written, and I suppose that fits given this is the shortest of the Marlowe novels. I've heard from Chandler fans and through various reviews that although this was Chandler's swan song (he died the year following its publication), it's the most disappointing of the Marlowe books. Because of this, I'm not sure if I had lower than normal expectations going in but when it was all said and done and all the dust had settled, I was left with a feeling of satisfaction.

While the plot in Playback might be the most straightforward of all the Marlowe tales, the strength of Chandler's writing is front and center with such memorable lines as:

"Me and you could get along," Goble said indifferently, "if you had any brains."

"And if you had any manners and were six inches taller and had a different face and another name and didn't act as if you thought you could lick your weight in frog spawn."

"Guns never settle anything," I said. "They are just a fast curtain to a bad second act."

"Our eyes met across great gulfs of nothing."

?????

????? ????? ? ??????? ???? ?? ?? ??? ??????. ??? ????? ?? ????? ?? ????? ?? ????? ????????? ???? ?????? -
????????? ????? ? ??????. ????? ??????? ?? ??? - ??? ?? ??? ??????? ?? ????? ?? ?? ????? ? ????? ?? ??? ????? ??
???????? ?? ????? ??? ?? ???. ????? ?? ?? ?? ????? ????? ????? ?? ?? ? ?? ????? ?????? ??? ? ?????? ?? ?? ??
???? ?????? ?? ??? ????? ?? ????

???? ????? ?? ??? ????? ?? ?????? ??? ????? ??? ????? ?????? ?? ???

Larry Mitchell was about half an inch taller than I was but weighed about fifteen pounds less,
at a rough guess. The man wasn't born who could heave a hundred and seventy-five pound
body over that railing and far enough out to fall into the ocean

????? ????????? ????? ????

??? ????? ??? ?? ????? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ??? ?? ??? ????? ?? ?????? ????? ??? ?? 5 ????? ????? ?? ??
???. ??? ????? ????? ?? ?????? ????? ? ?? ????? ??? ?? ?? ??? ????? ? ?????? ?????
????????

?? ??? ????? ??? ??? ?? ????? ?????? ??? ?????? ?? ???????. "???" ?? ????? ? ????? ????? ??? ?? ????? ? ?????? ???
?? ?????? ????? ?????? ??? ?? ?????? ?? ???????. ?? ?????? ? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??? ?????? ???
????? ?????? - ????? ??? ?????? ?????? ??? ? ?????? ??????. ??? ??? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ??? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ??????
????? ??? ?? ??? ?????? ? ?????? ?? ????

?? ?? ??? ????? ????????? ?? ??

She had told me the truth about one thing, and about damned little else

? ????? ????????? ????? ?? ?? ?????? ??????????

????? ?? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?????

??? ????? ?????? ????? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ? ??? ??? ?? ?????? ?????? - ?? ??
????? ?? ?????? ??? ??? ??????

?? ?? ?????? ????? ??????

Military Intelligence is an expression which contains an interior fallacy

? ?????? ???

????? ? ????????? ?????? ?? ??? ????????? ?? ?? ?????? ????? ?????

????? ????????? ????? ?? ????? ? ?????????? ?? ?????? ????????? ? ??????. ??? ????? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ? ????????? ?? ??
?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????????? ?????????? ?? ??? ????????????

looked a lot taller from down there. But at least I could look at her legs without interruption. I was happy about that then all the lights went out.

Evgeny says

Philip Marlowe is given a task of tailing a woman by a prominent lawyer. The job is so easy Marlowe begins to wonder who the woman is and why the tailing was necessary at all. This is the whole mystery in the book. If you do not want **huge** spoilers, do not read the book's blurb as it gives away the only mystery element present.

The only redeeming quality of the book is its length: it is the shortest novel of the series. As I mentioned before the mystery part is practically non-existent, nothing worthy of notice happened and Marlowe was too busy sleeping with different women to do any kind of investigation. I wonder what would happen to the plot if his assignment was to put a tail on an ugly guy instead of a gorgeous woman.

This is not a good end of the series and this is by far the worst Marlowe novel. It also has a typical super sweet Hollywood-type ending very uncommon for noir genre. I really need to stop here and search Google for the bitterest edible substance to get rid of the syrupy sweet taste of ending in my mouth.

This review is a copy/pater of my BookLikes one: <http://gene.booklikes.com/post/932863...>

Paul E. Morph says

Well, that's me done with the Philip Marlowe books (I don't have any interest in reading the last one that was finished by a different author) and I had a really great time reading them.

Before reading these, my ideas of hardboiled detective noir came almost entirely from film. Let's just say that now I've read the original blueprints I appreciate the genre all the more.

This book is so short compared to the previous book, The Long Goodbye, it felt more like a short story or an epilogue to the series. That's not to say it isn't any good; I enjoyed it at least as much as the other books in the series I gave four stars. Cracking good stuff!

Ed says

Hey, it's Chandler, so he gets 5 stars, even if it's probably not the best of PI Marlowe. But we get to see different shades of him. Plus the writing has the usual fire power. Interesting minor characters give voice to Chandler's world view late in his life. Sad, poignant, and accessible. Loved it. Plan to read/re-read more titles soon.

Amin says

???? ?? ?????????? ??? ????? ? ???????? ????? ?????? ???. ?????? ????? ?? ??? ????? ?? ??????? ????? ?? ????? ?? ??

??? ??????? ?? ????? ??????? ??? ?? ?? ?????? ????? ? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ???.

"I'm old, tired, and full of no coffee."

Knotty wood hooks the nail. It's gone far enough to join. Hammer the hook sideways until the head's a setting sun in the plank? Not for Marlowe. No, were going to do this right. Claw it back. Pull it out. Straighten it in a vice like it's the last nail, like it's the last bent, dried out cigarette and you're lying there in bed in the morning choking for a smoke.

Hammer a fresh hole. Do it quick, your mouth in a snarl. Make it happen, no regrets.

Marlowe knows and doesn't know women. They know what he wants. Hold on. Wait. Cut the action. It's always business before pleasure, sweetheart. Let's get the job done first. Those silk stockings reach up, two tall buildings rising to the fog. Ah, damn I'm horny.

He knows bad guys, one who would "blackmail an infant in a cradle". He knows competitive operators who glom on his work, one who was "as adhesive as a Bandaid". He has time for them if something's to be learned.

Respectful of authority and class, there's no time for power, even his payers.

"This is Clyde Umney, the lawyer. I don't seem to have had any sort of satisfactory report from you. I'm not paying you to amuse yourself."

"I have a suggestion to you, Mr. Umney. Why don't you go kiss a duck."

There are no white suits or hats, not a cape(r) in his armoire. He would rather shoulder a pistol for effect than smoke it on a two-bit loser. He talks good. He doesn't want your money if he hasn't earned it.

When the solution comes, he's got time for you, baby.

"You're a dirty, low-down detective. Kiss me."

Mark says

Good grief. What a difference 18 months or so makes. I read **The Big Sleep** and i enjoyed it up to a point but found it a souffle overly egged on the 'witty and offbeat images' ingredient but this one, **Playback**, I absolutely loved. There is still the wit, the clever descriptions, the tension and mystery but it simply flowed for me more and perhaps i found Marlowe more attractive as a character. He seemed more human and if Chandler sometime strayed into dangerous territory in the prose stakes he inserted his tongue so firmly in his cheek that no-one, not even I, could miss the fun he was having at his own expense.

Then she leaned back and gave me the look. 'I've got friends who could cut you down so small you'd need a step-ladder to put your shoes on.'

'Somebody did a lot of hard work on that one,'I said. 'But hard work's no substitute for talent.'

The story is a contorted and confused one. Marlowe is given a job by an arrogant lawyer to follow a woman but he is not told why or for how long. His tailing of her involves his getting caught up in all sorts of shady and dislikeable characters. A corpse reported which then disappears, a suicide which remains unexplained, a woman who seems to change colours and manner with the wind and assorted larger than life hiss boo villains or incompetents make up a quick and enticing story.

We see Marlowe encountering respect from unexpected quarters, advice and assistance from the habitually overlooked and we see him showing sympathy and a tenderness which is also unexpected.

'Yeah' he sighed. 'You work twenty hours a day to buy a home together and by the time you have, fifteen other guys have been smooching your girl.'

'Not this one,' I said. 'She's just teasing you. She glows everytime she looks at you.'

I went out and left them smiling at each other.

That little excerpt summed up why I preferred this book to the previous one. In **The Big Sleep** I encountered a brash heavy, a slick talking cynic,; in this one I met a man who I actually genuinely found I was rooting for.

I wolfed it down. I loved every page and the poignancy of the last chapter is really surprising. Hard-bitten private detective or not, in the last few chapters of the book Chandler lets us see this man's soul and his yearning. It is believable, he is decent and by the end I found myself punching the air in delight.

Just to show the change; here is the other review.

<http://www.goodreads.com/review/show/...>

With thanks to Steve who finally gave me the perfect idiot guide as to how to do this simple action !!

kohey says

I guess my second or third reading.

What makes Raymond Chandler so special for me is that nothing really happens,so I'm more deeply into narrative and characters,feel enchanted and read it again.

This is a story of a certain mysterious woman and Marlowe with memorable wisecrack and a few

corpses. Just a simple story.

James Schubring says

There is no reason to review a Raymond Chandler novel. It's clear what you'll get before you open the cover: the lying dame, the P.I. slogging through lies, a few fights, a few dead men, perhaps a car chase.

What is always wonderful and always surprising about a Chandler novel is the particular care taken with aspects of the language:

"The next hour was three hours long." I've lived that hour before.

"A cheap sneaky job for people I didn't like." Such a clever way to describe the work of a P.I. (Such an accurate way to describe many of the jobs I've had over the years.)

"Guns never settle anything," I said. "They are just a fast curtain to a bad second act." A comment perhaps on a lot of mystery writing, the way the plots are strung together?

"What a lot of different girls you are." Soft and vulnerable, tough and aggressive. What a lot of people each one of us can be.

"Common sense always speaks too late." A book like this couldn't exist without late-arriving common sense.

"If you had any brains."

"And if you had any manners and were six inches taller and had a different face and another name ad didn't act as if you thought you could lick your weight in frog spawn."

Chandler excels in the putdown.

An old man in a hotel lobby: "I shall go on being useless and inquisitive."

"A man who lives on women always blackmails them." Oops, I gave some of the plot away.

"Talking gives me an opportunity to study people without seeming altogether rude." Another gem from the old man in the hotel.

"How can such a hard man be so gentle?" "If I wasn't hard, I wouldn't be alive. If I couldn't be gentle, I wouldn't deserve to be alive." The tender moment when Marlowe saws more than he thinks.

Okay, that's just a few of the treasures in this short novel. Pick it and see what you can find that appeals to you. It's worth the time.

Zack S. says

'Playback', Chandler's final completed novel and the follow-up to 'The Long Goodbye', is a novel that has

managed to haunt me since I read it three years ago. The prose throttles me with its speed and economy, and in this novel, more than any of Chandler's others, I feel Marlowe's humanity.

Marlowe is tired, and his sense of reality is breaking down. An example: he beds Miss Vermilyea, his client's secretary, then leaves her house wondering if anything happened. He calls after her down the hallway she just walked down and gets no response. He looks back at her house as he gets into a cab and it's completely dark. Vermilyea is never seen again - never mentioned again - even when Marlowe visits her employer's office.

It's like the long years of dealing with shadowy figures cloaked by shadowy organizations has finally taken its toll; he's spent his life chasing after phantoms, and with nothing to grasp onto he's finally ready to quit. 'The Long Goodbye' was his breaking point, and Marlowe, now shattered, is failing to mend himself. He's lost his oldest colleague, his best friend and the love of his life; he is truly alone, and it shows.

I think most of the backlash to this novel centers around its general apathy towards hardboiled conventions. There are few mean streets for Marlowe to walk down, no femme fatales for him to resist; there's remarkably little corruption in Esmeralda, and Marlowe ends up almost being a footnote for his total contribution to the mystery's resolution.

But I don't think that's necessarily a fault of the novel. This is coming off of 'Long Goodbye', which is entirely literary fiction for its first 100 pages or so; Chandler was always reaching for more than rote recital of themes and patterns. He was projecting, perhaps, when he wrote this:

"There are no 'classics' of crime and detection. Not one. Within its frame of reference, which is the only way it should be judged, a classic is a piece of writing which exhausts the possibilities of its form and can never be surpassed. No story or novel of mystery has done that yet. Few have come close. Which is one of the principal reasons why otherwise reasonable people continue to assault the citadel."

'Playback' is not a classic, it is an attempt to give Marlowe the "quality of redemption" that Chandler talked about in the same essay. At the end of a long life of pain, Marlowe needed something to rest on, even if it was the delusion that Linda Loring had come back to him (was it a coincidence that, right at his quietest, emptiest despair, Loring gives him a call?). Chandler was giving Marlowe a final, emotional, humane resolution. If but for that reason alone, 'Playback' is for me a great novel.

Zohre Alavi says

[illegible]

Anthony Vacca says

Clocking in at a malnourished 166 pages (that's two hundred pages less than the prosperously gutted masterpiece, *The Long Goodbye*) *Playback* is anything but the last, great Marlowe novel, and neither is it really a worthy swan song. But a Marlowe novel is a Marlowe novel is a Marlowe novel. This last time around, Marlowe gets railroaded into a job tailing a knockout redhead, which quickly turns into a muddled

mystery involving blackmail, murder, gangsters, and a crappy tourist-trap town. Marlowe is his usual (though somewhat more distant than usual) self: he makes some great observations, sizes up scumbags in record time, does an awkward, self-loathing job at flirting, and beats the shit out of a guy with a tire iron. And yet while reading this book I couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness despite how slight this outing felt because this was it for me. The last Marlowe novel.

So what's next? I am going to give this night my best Marlowe impression. I'm going to start the evening off slow with some steady drinking until restlessness gets the better of me. Then I'm going to get in my car and wander the streets of my city, smoking more cigarettes than I should. Eventually I'll see some bar that looks as good as any other bar, which is good enough for me. I'll grab myself a stool in some shadowed corner and order that first drink, and then the next. If you see me there, hell, I'll buy you a drink. We all need friends sometimes, even if it's only for one night and the cost of a few drinks. We can't be greedy in this life.
