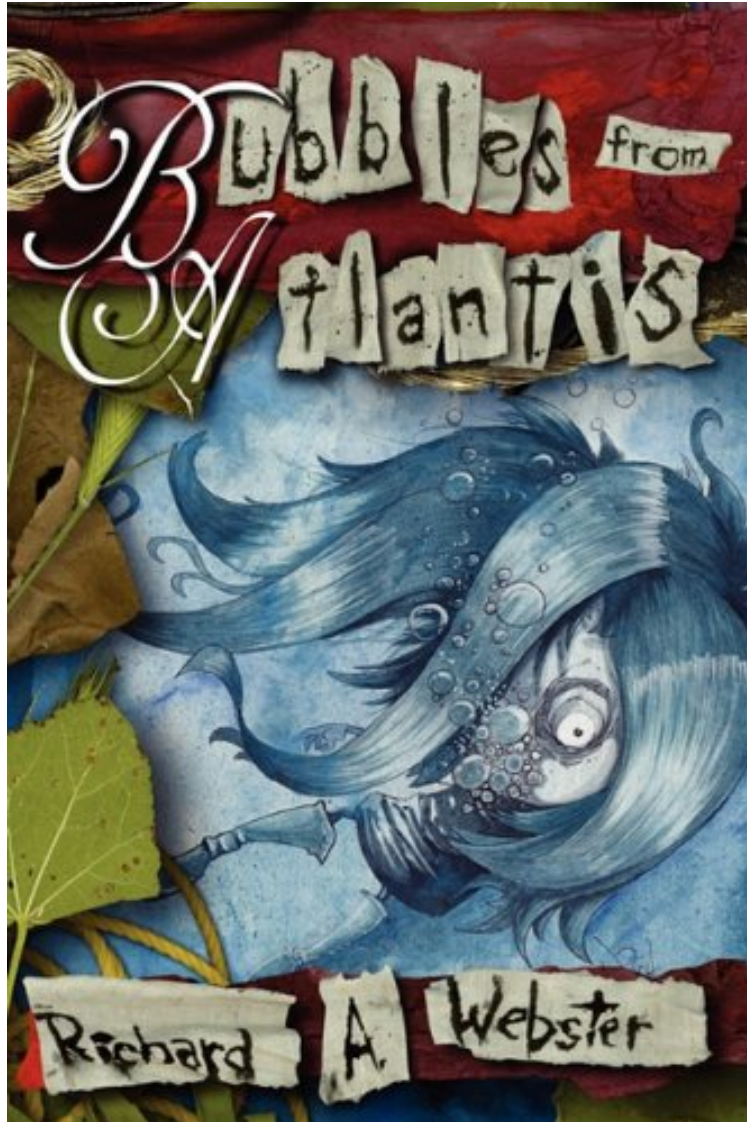


## Bubbles From Atlantis

*Richard A Webster*

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**Richard A Webster : Bubbles From Atlantis** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Bubbles From Atlantis:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Poetic and Prophetic Hyperreal Masterpiece of Gonzo Form By Michael Simborg I've been following Richard A. Webster for a long time now as a journalist and author. That said, I have watched him mature from stream of conscious and feature/journal style to the powerhouse he displays himself to be when reading "Bubbles from Atlantis". While I am not the average (like so many reviewers here) New Orleans

"lover" or "refugee", I have visited the city on several occasions and experienced enough of it prior to Katrina to "get" the devastation Richard speaks of first-hand. From the first page, I was engrossed in a writing style seldom seen in the history of literature. It is poetic, shows a mastery of progression and choice of key wording that socks you straight in the gullet without overly defining through overly verbose description or peripheral irrelevance. As you dig deeper into the narrative and the events that unfold, what you find is an incredibly sensitive person buried under layers of cognitive dissonance, disillusion, and grief for a city he is clearly a vital part of. Despite the despair there is a sense of passionate hope that remains, fueling a fighter the city will need in the coming years if it is to regain even a fraction of the magic so perfectly defined as current Atlantis. For anyone wishing to understand what Katrina was like, what the soul of this great city contains, and how to write about such a tragedy in ways that transcend the all-to-common spin bandwagon full of fundraisers and hope bracelets, this book is for you. If you're interested in shallow regurgitation that will fit into the slide show exposes clogging up bandwidth on the internet, look elsewhere. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. I knew Richard when... By trebor reydhe was 400 pages into another book... when Miss Ruth was here and Chicken man was still in line at the store and he was allowed in Yellow cabs... and the smile on his face when he told me he always wanted to come to New Orleans... and the smile when he told me about the guy bleeding out in Pirate's Alley, one of his first visions here and the beauty he saw in no one helping the guy... I knew Richard then and now that I have started reading "Bubbles..." I am recalled of his passionate soul and the difficulties he has in looking the other way... I was born in New Orleans and I died in New Orleans... I admire his inability to live there, yet he won't leave... New Orleans was made for Richard 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Bukowski is rolling over in his grave holding himself where his liver used to be. By Aragon Bukowski is rolling over in his grave holding himself where his liver used to be and Hunter S. is thinking, "I want what he's having." Make no mistake, "Bubbles From Atlantis" will stand the test of time as a relevant post-Katrina documentary of life in New Orleans when all the cameras rolled out of town and even Anderson Cooper stopped "Keeping `em Honest" down in the Crescent City. Richard A. Webster, an award-winning journalist and New Orleans resident for life, holds a shrewd mirror up to that sense of desperation and defiance rampant in New Orleans after "the storm." So yes, read this book if you want to know what it was really like to live in a post-apocalyptic American city. But "Bubbles" is more than just a Katrina book. It is a must-read for voyeurs and basically anyone who wants to witness an otherwise sane mind cope with day-to-day destruction and hopelessness, keeping it hinged for so long until he has no choice but to "construct a private tomb out of beer bottles and rage." Webster's alcohol-fueled dementia, indignant screams and prophetic revelations are addictive, contagious. After you read this book, you find yourself involuntarily channeling the author, and feeling like you woke up with your soggy brain swimming in a haze of warm beer, swearing you'd just made love to a cockroach... And you'll want more. I wanted more acrimonious letters to Fox news, more demented fantasies about ravaging an illustrious Realtor-turned-councilwoman. More sublime moments of clarity and hope. The voyeur in me wanted to see just how far this poor sap could slide into the heart of his darkness and come back to pop off another respectable press club-approved article for the newsstands. The word is Webster is alive and somewhat well, still posing as a straight-laced journalist by day like some bizarro Clark Kent. But we can only hope he is still using his maniacal nocturnal literary outlet to keep madness at arm's length so he can froth up another offering. Bring it on Richard A. Webster. We want more...

Bubbles from Atlantis is a violent scream for help and a firsthand account of life in New Orleans during the first year after Hurricane Katrina. It is a mixture of memoir-style hallucinations and straightforward journalism, a full-throated proclamation of survival and a funeral dirge, the bleeding soundtrack of the post-apocalyptic city. One month after the storm, the author, a local journalist, returns to New Orleans, to a militarized, childless town overrun by a rogue police force and populated by dead-eyed survivors, swarms of new-breed insects and the confused, wailing souls of the departed. It is a city tortured by a lingering evil that infects the nurseries and nursing homes alike, tormenting the drunks and saints and wannabe sinners. As time creeps forward, drawing closer to the one-year anniversary of the storm, New Orleans falls under the spell of racist elves, murder-happy babies strapped with AK-47s, and tender dreams of mass suicide. Bubbles from Atlantis chronicles the author's struggle to make sense of the tragedy swirling around him as he becomes increasingly unhinged, addicted, psychotic and, eventually, paranoid enough to construct a private tomb out of beer bottles and rage. This is the real story of what it meant to live in New Orleans after Mother Nature made love with the Devil. "I ain't saying there's no hope but hope better wear a flak jacket." "New Orleans is a bum and an angel, a devil and a wastrel, a genius, monster, moron and master. It is pearl-white mansions and crack houses in flames. It is song and dance and slashing knives and gats. Dark wisdom, enlightenment, cool-night brass bands and scorching summer crawfish boils. I caught a firefly with my mouth the other day. My name is Jack-O-Lantern and I sit on the front stoop smiling for the parentless children hopscotching on broken-glass sidewalks. I am the ruin and undying hope of the last-gasp offspring of our crumbling memories."