



Lucid Intervals

Stuart Woods

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It seems like just another quiet night at Elaine's. Stone Barrington and his former cop partner, Dino, are enjoying some pasta when in walks former client-and all around sad sack-Herbie Fisher...with a briefcase containing \$14 million in cash.

Herbie claims to have won the money on a lucky lotto ticket, but he also says he needs a lawyer-and after a single gunshot breaks the window above his head and send diners scrambling, Stone and Dino suspect Herbie might need a bodyguard and a private investigator, too.

Lucid Intervals Details

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From Reader Review Lucid Intervals for online ebook

Pierre Tassé says

I have read a lot of his books so far (Barrington series) -this one has got to be the worst of the lot. It only received one star because of what I consider a not terrible "short story" (conclusion-wrap up) near the end of the book. By that I mean that there was meaning and substance to the words and story as a whole...the 95% of the rest of the book is "fluff"Do you need to read anything before this book...not really.

Mary Lou says

The Stone Barrington books are like potato chips--terrible for you, you can't eat just one, and very salty.

Once again, Stone gets into trouble as he tries to figure a way out of trouble for a client. Dino Bacchetti is back as Stone's sidekick. The fabulous British secret agent, Felicity, makes another appearance here. The mysterious Dolce is lurking in the background, always a danger. (How she is organized enough to get three other ladies dressed just like her to take off for three other distant cities on the same day she flees to Italy, requires a significant suspension of disbelief.)

In the amazing world of Stone Barrington, a million-dollar fee is too good for his secretary and gal Friday, Joan, to pass up. (Stone attempted to turn down the assignment from the ne-er-do-well village idiot, Herbie, one evening, but Herbie dropped off the retainer-in cash!- the next day and Joan deposited it.) The loan of a new acquaintance's jet is a perk that Stone can't resist. And the women, well, they just make themselves into a nuisance. Stone can hardly keep track of who's staying in the guest room at the lovely Turtle Bay house.

Some of the questions don't get answered, at least not that I found (what was the source of the mysterious counterfeit fifty?). But Woods has been doing this too long to mind a few loose ends.

Stone drinks like a fish, has a constant parade of sex partners, and eats an awful lot of red meat, yet his youthful good looks never fade. He has few troubles that an hour's nap and a good steak at Elaine's can't fix.

The book is a good, quick, mindless read when you need some red-blooded diversion.

Sadie says

I'll be the first to admit that the recent Stone Barrington novels have fallen short of the earlier work of their author...but darn if this one doesn't miss the mark almost entirely.

Stone is himself: He eats a lot of expensive food, drinks a lot of expensive liquor, gets harped on by his secretary about his expensive habits, flies an expensive plane, yada yada yada ad nauseum. The women get younger/more brazen/more powerful even as Stone gets older and less interesting, and yet nobody ever turns him down.

All that is well and good (as nobody is reading this series expecting a mental challenge), but might Mr.

Woods someday even *attempt* to fill in the gigantic holes in his plots? Just off the top of my head I'd like to know why two dossiers had the same photo on them, why they were ruined but the one produced by Hackett was not, why Hackett was so elusive about whether or not he was Whitestone, why he would have set up the fake grave if he didn't know that Mike was Whitestone, and who killed him and why? Ugh. Way too many questions left unanswered amidst pages and pages (and pages) of unnecessary aviation information.

Mary Ann says

I thought this was the worst book ever. I considered not giving any stars. I think Mr. Woods needs to get back to telling a good story and quit fantazing about a sex life!!

Pure drivell!!

I'm usually considerate of an author's work, but this just struck me as "what was his editor thinking?"

Gail says

Too many loose ends and discrepancies in Wood's books lately. Getting tired of Stone's one-night stand relationships and how much they wear him out. Also, his willingness to tell women he hardly knows all kinds of classified information is getting old -- of course, he does swear them all to secrecy so I guess it's ok.

O'Dell Isaac says

I picked up *Lucid Intervals*, Stuart Woods' eighteenth entry in the Stone Barrington series, because I remembered enjoying the Barrington books, years ago.

I also enjoyed cotton candy, once upon a time, but I no longer do.

The analogy, in my opinion, is apt: the Stone Barrington novels are the cotton candy of the private-eye genre. They are attractive to the eye and appear to be more substantial than they actually are. Colorful, sweet, sticky, and ultimately not very good for you.

As is the case with most of the Barrington novels, *Lucid Intervals* is not overly burdened with a twisted plot. This one involves a couple of characters from prior novels: Felicity Devonshire, the beautiful British intelligence agent with whom Stone has shared prior cases (and, occasionally, a bed); and Herbie Fisher, Barrington's bad-luck charm. Felicity wants to hire Stone to flush out a rogue intelligence operative. Herbie has won millions of dollars in the lottery and is convinced someone wants to kill him. He also wants to marry a prostitute, and wants to hire Stone to make sure the rest of his life goes smoothly.

I won't go as far as to say this is a bad book. It's not. Stuart Woods is a skilled writer, able to keep even the weakest of plots rolling along. But I get the feeling that Woods is writing the same book, over and over. So I won't be reading any more of the Barrington novels, and I cannot, in good conscience, recommend the series to any of my fellow lovers of detective fiction.

Steve says

March 2017 Turns out, this has become one of my favorite Stuart Woods stories. I just upped the stars to FIVE.

5-13-2015 as a book.... still amazes me as to the liquor consumption and the nightly dinners in restaurants. I liked seeing that I read this 5 years ago on a plane from Moline Ill.

Feb 2014 book on tape. I forgot I read it until I saw my notes from 2010.

funny the twists and turns of the herbie fisher character. He's just starting to become a mensch in this story.

August 2010 Stone and Dino, are enjoying some pasta when in walks former client and all around sad sack Herbie Fisher...with a briefcase containing \$14 million in cash. enjoyable. great on plane home from moline.

William Brown says

I've read and generally loved all the previous Stone Barrington books by Stuart Woods, but this one is mis-titled. It should be Occasionally Lucid Intervals. They are always leisurely reads, but as I read this one, I kept asking myself "There's got to be a plot in here somewhere." Between the dinners at Elaine's, learning how to fly a jet, the obligatory sex scenes (even these are very half-hearted and lacking in any detail) and all-too-familiar. warmed-over, visits by Dolce and Herbie, I was really beginning to wonder. In the end, this one is a pale copy of its predecessors and smacks of a publisher's deadline and writer's block. Usually a writer will bounce back from a klunker like this with a good one, so my advice is wait for the next one.

Derk says

Another routine book by Woods. The plot doesn't hold together, the characters are superficial, and the reading is quick. I don't know why I keep reading him. My memory is that his earlier books were better, so maybe I keep reading him by habit.

Randy says

Stone has two people from the past pop back into his life. Felicity Devonshire, British, high in their government, and Herbie Fisher, goofball who Stone had once got out of a murder charge.

Felicity wants to hire him to find a British subject that had dropped out of sight twelve years before and Herbie wants to hire him to find someone trying to kill him.

Felicity offers him a good salary and Herbie offers up a better one. He'd won the lottery and his girl friend had a big purse with two million in cash in it. Stone gets a million for his services.

Several plot twists on both cases, a lot of sex, a serviceable story.

Woods is still one of my guilty pleasures, but he may be wearing a bit thin. This is the third Stone Barrington novel in a row that begins with the same two words: Elaine's, late. Elaine's is his favorite restaurant hangout, but come on.

Dugger says

This is the last stone Barrington novel. Getting annoyed with his plots. Same thing in the last three books.

Jay Connor says

Thank you, Delta. You gave me enough time this past Friday afternoon and evening waiting in ATL or on the tarmac for my canceled-re-booked-weather-delayed flight to read this latest addition to the Stuart Woods oeuvre. You also gave me enough time to play several games of free cell and boggle on my iphone, but that just sounds like sour grapes.

Using "oeuvre" to refer to a Stone Barrington novel is as presumptuous as Stone's continuing to order a Knob Creek instead of whiskey at Elaine's. But hey, its fun; I'm reading and lightening hasn't struck the plane. I guess that sums up my loyalty to Woods (this is the 40th book of his I own!) ... "it could be worse." But after, the appropriate titled Lucid Intervals, perhaps I should demand something more than my own momentum as the reason to pick up the next installment from Stuart Woods.

Nah!

Janice Reisman says

Stuart Woods has gone steadily downhill. Every recent book has the same formula - meeting Dina at Elaine's every nite, and the rich unattached woman looking for a fling, and he is there to accommodate them. If you've read one, you have read them all. I was very disappointed with this book.

Min says

This book reminded me why I'm destashing all of my Stuart Woods books. His plots are find to read, but I swear he's in a constant race with himself to see how fast he can get a sex scene in a book (page 11 in this book - and it was two of them, which should ALSO tell you how not-so-great his sex scenes are).

Since the characters aren't actually ever comparing the size of their penises, they instead engage in similar contests by way of piloting airplanes. "I fly XYZ airplane." "Oh really? Well I fly ABC jet. REAL men fly jets. If you worked for my firm, you'd be able to fly JETS, you know." Basically since the author has much knowledge of flying, all of his characters are pilots (or soon take flying lessons) and what would be a fast-paced novel gets weighted down by three-pages scenes of detailed pre-flight checklists and preparing to take off.

However, when that isn't happening, our intrepid protagonist Stone Barrington, J.D., has been hired to track down a guy who disappeared a few years ago. Said Bad Guy may or may not have been seen in New York (where Stone resides) two weeks ago. The catch is that the guy used to work for British intelligence and has the knowledge and used to have access to fun toys to make himself untraceable and virtually unfindable. Stone uses his considerable resources and connections to try to track the Bad Guy so he can save Great Britain. Apparently, if the Bad Guy is actually still alive and releases some sensitive information, the free world as we know it will cease to exist. Now, why an attorney is chosen for this task, God only knows. But there you have it.

In the meantime, Stone's crazy ex-wife (responsible for the bullet wound in his knee - and, personally, after reading about him for 20-something books, I'm not sure that I blame her. Seriously, WHY I am still reading these???) is out of the prison or the loony bin (okay, I admit, I wasn't reading this book all that carefully) and is stalking him again.

I'm not sure what else was going on in this book. Really, the most memorable (and not in a good way) things were two of the sex scenes. One in which the author actually said they took a nap after 30 minutes of "inventive lovemaking." Really? You can't DESCRIBE the sex??? The other was when he said the woman "climbed him like a tree." Cause that's what I'VE always dreamed of doing. /sarcasm

Skip says

Stone Barrington #18. One of the better ones recently. Herbie Fisher wins the lottery and retains Stone with a large retainer, helping Stone to pay mounting bills -- of course, Herbie manages to get into massive trouble. Meanwhile, in the main story line, Dame Felicity Devonshire (head of MI6) hires Stone to help her find a supposedly rogue agent, but together they manage to uncover the real rogues and their agenda.
