



Filthy Rich

Brian Azzarello , Víctor Santos (Illustrator)

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Richard "JUNK" Junkin has always lived on the edge of trouble. A former professional football star who's career was cut short by injury (and gambling problems), he now finds himself selling cars in New Jersey, dreaming of what-might-have-been and lusting after his boss's unbelievably spoiled, unbelievably sexy and unbelievably rich daughter, Victoria.

So when the boss asks him to be her personal bodyguard as she tears up the New York City club scene, he leaps at the chance. But before long Junk becomes more of a lapdog than a chaperone, doing all of Victoria's dirty work...up to, and including, murder.

This is the story of FILTHY RICH--the story of a disgraced man with a chip on his shoulder whose best years are behind him, dropped in the middle of a group of over-privileged rich girls ruthlessly competing with each other. For the love of a filthy rich girl (that he knows in his heart won't redeem him), he'll do whatever it takes because he just can't resist the hell of a ride she takes him on...in the fast lane. Without any brakes.

Filthy Rich Details

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Author : Brian Azzarello , Víctor Santos (Illustrator)

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From Reader Review Filthy Rich for online ebook

Quentin Wallace says

This one was middle of the road as far as the Vertigo Crime line went. Not the best, but also not the worst. I find Brian Azzarello's writing confusing at times, but this was one of his more straightforward stories. The art was a bit similar to Eduardo Risso, so fans of 100 Bullets would probably enjoy this one. Dark crime story with a bit of an unsatisfying ending, but the story did have some twists I didn't see coming and never got boring.

If you like the other Vertigo Crime graphic novels, you'll like this one, and if you like 100 Bullets you'll enjoy this one as well. However, if you didn't enjoy those books, this one probably won't change your mind. Good overall, just not great.

Fugo Feedback says

Me molestan las historias de género negro donde los editores, prologadores o los autores (mediante entrevistas) aseguran que se embarcaron en una saga oscura, decadente, que busca llegar a lo más bajo del alma humana. Y terminan contando una historia con gente más bien malosa, situaciones un poco fuleras. Y listo. Eso me pasó con este libro en casi toda su extensión.

Gayle Francis Moffet says

The art's questionable, at best, with an artist who's clearly in love with the black and white motif but not actually great in this story of using it effectively. Spent more time feeling dizzy than actually being able to tell who was talking.

And if I wanted to read a book where a hard-luck, nogoodnik with bad impulse control slugs a bunch of people, sleeps around on his girlfriend, and gets hoodwinked into a crazy crime scheme, I could have picked up a Mickey Spillaine book, and it'd have had better written female characters.

And if you don't know who Spillaine is, that's not a good sign.

The more I read of the Vertigo Crime series, the more I understand why it went under. For every pretty solid story, there's one like this, that rather than use the conventions of the pulps to tell a story, digs into the worst parts of the pulps (in this case, the way women were portrayed) and seems to revel in an outdated, insulting, and disgusting story.

Azzarello is better than this. I'm pissed off I gave him two hours of my time to find out as good as he is, he can mess it up bad with the wrong story.

Wayne says

Good gangster/ car dealership yarn. What do I mean by that ? Actually that simplifies it, but it is about

gangsters and hitman types that clash over a seductress whose daddy wants protection for his slutty daughter. This book is from DC/Vertigo and their new crime imprint. I actually liked this quite a bit, it is certainly for mature readers though cause it has some sex, violence and many bad words. Even the cover is suggestive. Is it hot in here ?

Christopher Ryan says

Sub-par noir with pretty weak art and unsympathetic characters. Just so you know, artists of the world, "noir" doesn't mean it has to be black and white. Rise above the cliché, ok?

Andy says

Bad, bad, bad. This book lives on the corner of Awful Boulevard and Bad Avenue. I love comics and I love noir, but this is just junk, in fact the lead character is an ex-football hero called Junk! What an omen. Static, messy artwork in the Frank Miller style with laughable dialogue. Here's a few lines of that flophouse dialogue, courtesy of Brian "Cheddah" Azzarello:

"I used to think something was enough...but then I became somebody. And let me tell you - being somebody is a full time job."

"What does my Dad do? He counts his blessings!!"

"It hurts being on this end of goodbye."

"Ever feel that life was pulling up its trousers...that it was done shitting on you?"

"My bum knee. Prayers and bubblegum are all that's holding it together!"

Cheddah, cheese, cheesy, cheesiest.

Jonathan Maas says

More semi-experimental noir from Vertigo - and another great tale

Vertigo Crime graphic novellas tend to have a high success rate - prob about 100%. They are short, they take a few risks, and then end before those risks can go the wrong way.

In *Filthy Rich*, the main character is flawed - to the point of unlikeability. He is more of an anti-hero than Richard Stark's Parker in *The Hunter*.

And with every page - he gets slightly worse.

But that is what makes Brian Azzarello's book so interesting. And just when you are sick of the main character - it's over, and then you want another tale from Vertigo.

Just great - I recommend it!

Jon(athan) Nakapalau says

Is Victoria a "poor little rich girl" or is it just an act? Bodyguard Richard "JUNK" Junkin better find out - real soon.

Jonathan Briggs says

Rich Junkin had the promise of a stellar career in pro football ahead of him when a knee injury squelched those dreams and landed "Junk" on a New Jersey car lot, selling Caddies and diddling buyers' wives on his lunch break. Being "somewhat of a sports star," Junk helps business, but he's a lousy salesman, so his boss gives him a new job: babysitter. Junk is ordered to keep the boss's wildchild daughter out of the newspaper gossip columns.

Through night after night and party after party among New York's high society, Junk keeps his eye on Vicki until it's caught by actress Sally Petri and goes a-wandering. And so does Vicki. When Junk realizes he's lost his charge, he goes looking for Vicki and interrupts a private bout of reefer madness and attempted rape. Junk retaliates against Vicki's attacker, "and when he stopped breathing, I started to again." And now there's a murder to cover up. And maybe a couple more to be committed.

Perhaps it's overly familiar, but there's nothing really wrong with "Filthy Rich" as a story. It's a throwback to seminal back-pocket tough guy reads such as "The Hot Spot." I have many a stack of vintage Gold Medal paperbacks at home, and although the sex and language have become more explicit, "Filthy Rich" could slip comfortably in with those hardboiled titles of the '50s. Brian Azzarello has been staking out his territory in noir and crime fiction for years, and by now, he sees perfectly in the shadows and rarely misses a step. But Azzarello has been abetted in past projects by stellar art from Eduardo Risso, Lee Bermejo and Richard Corben. "Filthy Rich" artist Victor Santos is not ready to take a seat alongside those talents.

DC's Vertigo imprint has been going out of its way to commission substandard art (R.M. Guera and Jock over at "Scalped" being much appreciated exceptions), as if ugliness in some way equates to hipster, underground cred. Santos imitates -- badly -- the chiaroscuro of Frank Miller's "Sin City" and the retro character designs of Darwyn Cooke. His guys n' dolls have squat little monkey bodies with swollen balloon heads. His art is bad enough to distract and detract from Azzarello's otherwise fine story. There's a panel on Page 14 in which a character appears to have four hands. I've stared at it and stared at it and stared at it, but damned if I can figure out where those hands are coming from or to whom they're attached. And for someone who apparently loves drawing hands so much, Santos doesn't seem to have studied them much in real-life. These are some of the strangest, most warped appendages I've ever seen.

Lee Bermejo did nice work on the cover of "Filthy Rich." It's a shame he didn't do the interiors as well. With skillful art and a few more story touch-ups, Azzarello might have had another winner -- maybe even a minor crime classic -- to go on his shelf. Instead, a decent script was terminally sabotaged by eyesore visuals. It's hard to read when you keep wincing.

Sam says

I'm not sure there was anything I actually liked about this book, the characters were really stereotypical and flat and there was chauvinism throughout as the women seemed to be there solely to satisfy whatever needs the men had. The story itself wasn't too bad but for me it was let down by the characters. The graphics are good though.

Bruce Dixon says

I enjoyed it. The art was a little wonky, but the writing did what it set out to do.

Williwaw says

This is a solid "crime noir" comic book: high-quality black & white art and a fast-moving story full of sex, violence, and double-crosses. It was a quick read and just what I was looking for today.

Perhaps not a wise investment, but I had store credit at the local used bookshop and spent it all yesterday. And then some!

3.5 stars, except GR won't allow such gradations.

Erik says

While his 100-issue piece de resistance 100 Bullets may have ended a bit too anticlimactically for me, Azzarello's latest crime noir offering – one of the first in the new Vertigo Crime line – is a tightly woven mini-masterpiece. It starts off simply enough, as it incorporates many of the standards of the genre: the tired protagonist who has been long down-on-his-luck, the femme fatale (many of them, actually), and the proverbial “in the wrong place at the wrong time” routine that makes this genre so wonderfully gritty.

Richard Junkin – who goes by either “Rich” or “Junk” (a clever sophomoric play on words) – is a former college and flash-in-the-pan pro football starter who, after a serious injury, has been permanently sidelined into a crappy job as a car salesman. But when he comes to the harsh realization that even his car-selling days are numbered, Rich's boss assigns him to watch over his (the boss's) estranged daughter, who lives a dubious life on the NYC nightlife fringe amidst the johns, hookers, drug users, and the various losers who cling to them. In not time, Junk's pathetic life spirals down the rabbit hole, as he becomes embroiled in shenanigans beyond his control. And the only way out is through stooping to the lowest common demoninator.

If Filthy Rich is any indication, Azzarello is -- thankfully for us graphic novel crime noir enthusiasts -- still in his prime.

Chris says

I was really looking forward to seeing what Azzarello would do with another story--after having read his JOKER and quite enjoying it. Plus, I like this whole "pulp/crime" venue that Vertigo has set up, since I tend to like these stories quite a bit.

That being said, this one was nothing short of a disappointment. There were interesting elements and the start of some fun twists on the old tropes, but I didn't feel like it came together in the end.

Add that to the artwork--which just really wasn't for me, as it looked like an unsuccessful attempt at Frank Miller's style--and the book became one that was only readable. There are some interesting elements, and there are even the few good-looking panels here and there, but ultimately, it seemed as if neither the writer or artist were working at the tops of their games.

Garrett says

Azzarello writes another decent crime story
