



Hannibal

Thomas Harris

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

Hannibal

Thomas Harris

Hannibal Thomas Harris

Horror lit's head chef Harris serves up another course in his Hannibal "The Cannibal" Lecter trilogy, and it's a pièce de résistance for those with strong stomachs. In the first book, *Red Dragon* (filmed as *Manhunter*), Hannibal diabolically helps the FBI track a fascinating serial killer. (Takes one to know one.) In *The Silence of the Lambs*, he advises fledgling FBI manhunter Clarice Starling, then makes a bloody, brilliant escape.

Years later, posing as scholarly Dr. Fell, curator of a grand family's palazzo, Hannibal lives the good life in Florence, playing lovely tunes by serial killer/composer Henry VIII and killing hardly anyone himself. Clarice is unluckier: in the novel's action-film-like opening scene, she survives an FBI shootout gone wrong, and her nemesis, Paul Krendler, makes her the fall guy. Clarice is suspended, so, unfortunately, the first cop who stumbles on Hannibal is an Italian named Pazzi, who takes after his ancestors, greedy betrayers depicted in Dante's *Inferno*.

Pazzi is on the take from a character as scary as Hannibal: Mason Verger. When Verger was a young man busted for raping children, his vast wealth saved him from jail. All he needed was psychotherapy--with Dr. Lecter. Thanks to the treatment, Verger is now on a respirator, paralyzed except for one crablike hand, watching his enormous, brutal moray eel swim figure eights and devour fish. His obsession is to feed Lecter to some other brutal pets.

What happens when the Italian cop gets alone with Hannibal? How does Clarice's reunion with Lecter go from macabre to worse? Suffice it to say that the plot is Harris's weirdest, but it still has his signature mastery of realistic detail. There are flaws: Hannibal's madness gets a motive, which is creepy but lessens his mystery. If you want an exact duplicate of *The Silence of the Lambs*'s Clarice/Hannibal duel, you'll miss what's cool about this book--that Hannibal is actually upstaged at points by other monsters. And if you think it's all unprecedentedly horrible, you're right. But note that the horrors are described with exquisite taste. Harris's secret recipe for success is restraint. --*Tim Appelo*

Hannibal Details

Date : Published June 8th 1999 by Delacorte Press

ISBN : 9780385299299

Author : Thomas Harris

Format : Hardcover 496 pages

Genre : Horror, Fiction, Thriller, Mystery, Crime

 [Download Hannibal ...pdf](#)

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

Download and Read Free Online Hannibal Thomas Harris

From Reader Review Hannibal for online ebook

Niki says

Full review will come very soon, maybe even in a few hours. I don't need to think long and hard about this one before reviewing it.

...Indeed, a few hours later, here I am reviewing this book.

First things first: I will not be putting any of the spoilers under a spoiler cut. That's because you **SHOULD** spoil yourself before reading this book, and spare yourself from reading it altogether.

(Spare yourself. **SAVE** yourself. It's too late for me, but save yourself!!)

Usually, I put the negative stuff I have to say about a book first in my review, because they're *usually* less than the positives. For this one, I'll have to write the positives first, because they're a whopping two (2). I'm talking about two scenes in particular, the eel one, and the lobotomy one. These were just the right amount of twisted, gory, and original, and they were the **ONLY** highlights for me in the entire book.

"Hannibal" is overwritten. It's 500+ pages and 80% of that is purple prose and painfully long descriptions that no one asked for: forensics, one random Italian cop's family history, Italy itself, Hannibal's shopping haul, Mason's eel, Margot and Barney's workouts, Hannibal's "memory palace".... I was **SO BORED** reading the book. Why did it have to be so long??

Apart from the above, there are a bunch of plot points that go absolutely nowhere. When Clarice goes back to the hospital, she finds a previous patient that was kind of close with Hannibal, and there's an entire scene about that; that goes nowhere. Margot and Barney become best buddies and Barney gets an erection for her once; that also goes nowhere and does nothing to further their character development. Ardelia Mapp tries to track down Clarice in the end; that is also mentioned once and never again. **WHY??** Where was the editor for this book??

I'm not even going to get into the butchered characterization of every single character. I'm not.

So I slogged through the entire book patiently, because I was determined to finish it, and what do I get for my trouble? A horrible ~**SHOCKINGLY TWISTING ENDING!!!!**~(TM) with Hannibal *brainwashing* Clarice and making her into his perfect femme fatale doll, because she obviously wasn't good enough for him before, when she was in control of herself, right??

That's especially insulting when you see that "it's not supposed to be like that!" when Thomas Harris makes sure to mention that "Hannibal didn't succeed! She resisted and always managed to surprise him!!" **WHAT?** The last time Clarice Starling is in the book is when she is shot by the second dart and loses consciousness. Period. The "Clarice" that appears from then on isn't Clarice. Clarice was sacrificed so that Harris would get a **SHOCKING**, but also romantic, **ENDING!!!** (TM)

I'd like to give a special shoutout to this part towards the end, this one:

Their relationship has a great deal to do with the penetration of Clarice Starling, which she avidly welcomes and encourages. It has much to do with the envelopment of Hannibal Lecter, far beyond the bounds of his experience. It is possible that Clarice Starling could frighten him. Sex is a splendid structure they add to every day.

Bear in mind that this is about a BRAINWASHED woman and the person who brainwashed her. But, even ignoring that (which is difficult to ignore anyway), it is the cringiest description of sex I've had to read in my entire life. This is even worse than the usual "fireworks" metaphor that many writers like to use.

I read that they changed the ending in the movie version, making it far less sexist than this. GEE, I WONDER WHY.

Final verdict: the entire "Hannibal" series isn't worth a damn, and "Hannibal" is by far the worst book.

Noiresque says

I have a theory about this horrible book.

Both Red Dragon and The Silence of the Lambs are formidable pieces of pop fiction. They are well-written thrillers with great descriptions and characters. They were both adapted into great movies. They made Thomas Harris a very rich man.

I think Mr. Harris made a bet, maybe with a friend or just to himself. He knew that his next novel would be snapped up for big bucks for the screen rights. He knew he would not get any control over the script. So he decided to write a book that would basically be un-filmable. It would be so preposterous, such dreck, that it would drive the screenwriters crazy. And Mr. Harris would be laughing all the way to the bank.

This theory makes it possible to think that Thomas Harris is talented. There are other theories that eliminate that possibility. Of course, the publication of Hannibal Rising kind of shot my theory all to hell.

I can't believe I was so excited about this book that I rushed out to buy it in hardcover. Ugh. I sold it to a used bookstore at the first opportunity.

Erin ? *Proud Book Hoarder* says

**Note - After my re-read on 3/24/15, have bumped from four to five stars and edited review a little. *

I read the four books in order of sequence, not publication, ending with Hannibal. I'm not sure if it was following them in order or my mood, but I was more enamored this time around. It's turned out to be my favorite in the series. I know this isn't the popular opinion, but I think Harris did a brilliant job wrapping up the series.

The plot is as diabolical as Silence of the Lambs was, this time concentrating more on Clarice and Hannibal's "relationship." Hannibal Lecter is explored a lot more through internal dialogue; I learned a lot about his thought process (disturbing as it was). I sat back in awe at his life experiences, his true motivations, and the odd little 'room in his mind.' The person inside of me interested in psychology found his detachment methods fascinating. His motivations, while not morally just, were made clearer by seeing it through his point of view. While I'd never agree with his actions, it was still better than being left in the dark. As always, I loved being in Clarice's head. She's morally righteous, determined, hard working, loyal and honest; the change she went through nearly stopped my breath.

As mentioned before with the story, I DID lose interest after the beginning to a little after the center. The

pacing was even during that time, but the material just didn't keep my eyes wandering. I'm referring to that stint in Italy, which dulled a little and I wish Harris had spent a little less time in that section.

Harris's style, particularly when focusing on Lecter and Sterling, was intense and clever. His wording was sophisticated and drama-filled, sounding disturbing when it should have been. His use of dialogue was realistic, his action scenes well sketched so that the most damage that could be done to my nerves was. His sense of irony with plot really sang through.

The ending of Hannibal is one of the most powerful I've ever read. I literally sat back and had to think for over an hour afterward...seriously. Not many books shake me up like that at the end; the last was a few years back by Sidney Sheldon. The novel wrap up was different than it's cinema relative; don't go in expecting the same thing you see on screen, because it WONT HAPPEN.

I wasn't sure what emotion was appropriate when I read the finale. Mainly I was disturbed, as well as saddened, but in a strange, strange, strange, place deep inside, I was also pleased. (!) I don't know what this says about ME, but the bottom line is Harris did his job so well with the last scenes, he almost did it a little 'too' well.

It ties into the becoming, that bizarre act of transformation focused on by Jame Gumb, made famous in the series most famous work, Silence of the Lamb. To wrap up the series on that note is genius in its circular resolution. What Clarice revealed about herself, the price she paid as she sought to stop a madman from transforming an innocent woman into his vision of himself is now transferred to the second madman, the one who helped her stop the first.

I couldn't decide whether I should give it a four or a five rating; because of the middle lagging, I was going to settle on a four, but because of the powerful influence the ending had (it's hard to impress me on THAT level), I just have to give it a five. It more than made up for its faults.

Read Hannibal and experience the trauma for yourself. This novel doesn't hesitate to psychologically assault its reader.

Ana says

[Their relationship has a great deal to do with the penetration of Clarice Starling, which she avidly welcomes and encourages. It has much to do with the envelopment of Hannibal Lecter, far beyond the bounds of his experience. It is possible that Clarice Starling could frighten him. Sex is a splendid structure they add to every day.

Hannibal Lecter and Clarice Starling. Havi

Bradley says

I knew it was really a love story because I had seen the movie first, but I didn't realize how much of a love story it would become. Sure, cat and mouse games were predominant, and they were satisfyingly concluded, but the true joy for me came with not only identifying with, but actively loving the title character. Clarice, on the other hand, has become a much more interesting character. I'm not certain how much I believe her own transformation. Sure, a person can be programmed, and I know

that in her case she had always respected the good doctor, perhaps even getting a bit obsessed; but openly throwing her lot in with him the way she does? Without drugs or more hypnotherapy? A completely willing slave? This is Clarise, after all; strong-minded, brutally honest, trailer-trash Clarise. The only conclusion I have to make is that her alteration is completely of her own choosing. And that's what makes it a love story. The question makes it delicious, of course.

Stargirl says

Oh that ending. Sublime.

Gothic horror detective chase story, blends genres with great ease, affirming Harris as a master storyteller- as if we didn't already know. Don't go in expecting another Red Dragon or Silence of the Lambs. This is a much bigger, far darker experience. It's all in the title people. Silence was the story of Clarice Starling, so there is a lot of hope and innocence to it. This one, is about the dark side of her character- and of that awful/awesome Doctor Mr Lecter himself.

A decadent spiral into madness and obliteration. A glimpse into hell.

The quality of the writing is of the highest order, blurring the lines between popular fiction and literature.

Ingenious and over the top, a true sequel that shows no mercy.

And the ending... Sweet God. It really puts the reader in his/her place, reminding you that you have no control over the characters you read. The author is in charge and he will take you into places, dragging and screaming, that you don't want to know. Harris is James Gumb from Silence of the Lambs and this book is the pit he threw Catherine Martin into. Only she escaped . . .

Ahmad Sharabiani says

Hannibal (Hannibal Lecter #3), Thomas Harris

?????: ??????? ?????? ?? ?? ?? ??????: ????? ????? ?????? ?????? ?????: ??? ?????? ?? 2000 ??????

?????: ??????? ??????: ????? ?????? ?????: ??? ??????? ?????? ?? ?????? 1378? ?? 615 ?? ?????:

9644422333?

?????: ??????? ??????: ????? ?????? ?????: ????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? 1378? ?? 598 ?? ?????:

9649221816?

?????: ??????? ??????: ????? ?????? ?????: ??? ?????????? ?????? ?????? 1378? ?? 374 ?? ?????: ??? -

964683924? ?? ?? 1388 ? ?????: 9789646839243?

?????: ?????? ??????? ??????: ????? ?????? ?????: ??? ??????? ?????? ?????? 1389? ?? 366 ?? ?? ??

1390? ?????: 9789648957242?

?????: ??????? ??????: ????? ?????? ?????: ????? ?????? ?????? ? 1390? ?? 519 ?? ?????: 9789648957266?

????? ?????? ?? ?? ???: ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ??????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ??????. ??? ???: ??? ??

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

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

????? ?? ?? ?? ??????: ??????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ? ?????? ?? ?????? ??????. ?????? ?? ?????? ???

?????: ?????? ??????? ?? ?? ?? 2006 ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ??????? ? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????.

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

???? ???? ?? ???? . ??? ?? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?????? «???? ??? ??» ??? ????? ??????. ? . ???????

Rosie says

I was obviously relishing my next installment in the world of Clarice Starling and Dr Hannibal Lecter. The book opens explosively with dramatic happenings, despite Starling's FBI career being a slight anti-climax due to influences from former enemies. Again, I'd seen the film before I read the book and so most of the major plot occurrences I was already aware of, but there are more differences between the two Hannibal medias than in the films of Harris' previous two novels. The film had the advantage of being able to *show* us Mason Verger's appearance in all his glory, and yet - possibly in the attempt to demonize Hannibal Lecter further - didn't reveal the information from the book which showed Mason was always ugly, faceless or not. The book offers more insight into Dr Lecter's psyche as well as Clarice's, and yet neither are open pages. The reason that I decided to read this series was because the film Hannibal was tragically haunting near the end, and so it would be my luck that the end is where the two medias differ extremely. Although, it was intriguing to see the extra interactions between such complex characters, it was almost as if I was enjoying the insight of where we were at, without really knowing how we got there. Nearer the end I almost felt as though Clarice was a completely different character than what I had originally thought. Rather ironic, that the sane character is the one who confused me, whilst I could count on Dr Lecter to be mysteriously predictable, but not by any normal standards. Thomas Harris writes directly to the reader, acknowledging we are not part of the happenings and invites us to tour silently the halls of his characters' minds and abodes, yet he also writes from within such characters as they endure terrifying and confusing events. We live through the most meaningful parts of their lives and yet by the end, neither of the main characters are open books to us. I think the revelations of Dr Lecter's past experiences almost made him seem weaker to me, and that's not what I wanted from a book of his namesake. I wasn't entirely pleased at Dr Lecter's thoughts following hypothesis made by Stephen Hawking, as I'd always held the thought that despite the murders and cannibalism he was actually sane, which would be most disturbing of all, and yet these thoughts seemed to hint otherwise. As always, I am a romantic and yet I feel the film's ending was how it should have ended - for two characters such as they, only a tragic parting seemed befitting. Fantastically written, Harris mixes the vulgar and the culturally fanciful at every turn. I read the book to try and understand the characters better, and instead I think I may have confused myself further. The only constant is the two main characters, Clarice Starling and Hannibal Lecter, and the feelings, thoughts and actions which occur when their paths collide. I doubt there is anyone who wouldn't be fascinated the crackling sexual and mental tension between Starling and Lecter, as they are inevitably consumed by thoughts of each other.

I enjoyed this trilogy, through The Dragon and Buffalo Bill, through Will Graham's plight and from Clarice Starling's first encounter with Dr Hannibal Lecter through to the point of no return. Fascinating reading, and although I think Hannibal maybe wasn't the best climax to Silence of the Lambs (I agree with others about the changes in characters, and the difference in...quality, maybe?) I'm sure this will still play on my mind in years to come.

Darth J says

Movie, Y U NO B LIEK BOOK?!

The Serendipity Aegis ~ ?Misericordia? ?????? ✨*♥️ says

DD 10/01/2017 Hated it passionately. This is that rare case where books are even worse than films, if you can believe it. **I don't know whatever possessed me to flip through this series.** Thankfully, that entity (demon of boredom? cluelessness?) was swiftly exorcised by pretty average writing, plot with Boeing-sized holes (were we really supposed to believe in vanishing special agents who almost no one conveniently gives a damn about?) and nauseating character-building. So far this is a DNF. Left this unfinished and I don't think I'll ever return to it (of my own free will). Or maybe I will, let's live and see about it.

This series felt a bit stupid, stilted, pretentious, even. It felt as if Lecter was made and MADE and freaking forced to look like an intellectual. And he didn't come across as one. Or maybe I'm judging intellect on a scale which includes the humanity factor, or lack thereof? Not sure about that.

I didn't like the language.

The heroes felt without depth.

Or maybe I just don't like this concept due to severely disliking the TV snippets of this that have been irritating me to no end for ages.

The cannibal idea made me queasy. I can't fathom just how this stuff managed to give rise to that fan thing, where people would go on to even watch series on this topic. It's a goddamn mystery to me. The fact that our protagonist happens to be severely intellectual changes nothing for me. It doesn't add him any charm or any je-ne-sais-quoi or whatever it was that made this stuff popularish. Personally, I don't give a damn if a cannibal killer is an illuminating person or not. And a true intellectual? Don't think he was. I'm sure such an illuminated thinker might have found some other stuff to eat besides fellow humans, if only to be left alone by the society to pursue their oh-so-deep intellectual endeavours.

The story with Clarice was, uh, nauseating. **How do you really craft a supposedly love story** (or whatever it was even supposed to look like!) **out of a story line with chemically assisted brainwashing???** That's what it truly was, things should be called their own names!!! And I don't really give a damn about Dr. Lecter's string theory equations (was that supposed to make him more likeable, him penning supposedly brilliant time physics while drugging Clarice out of her mind??). It does not make me sympathise with him, not at all.

I'm not rating it so far because it feels worthy of a 1 measly star (for the writer's effort and wasted time, nothing else). Still, all those fans, they couldn't have been totally mistaken about this series. Or could they? I'll give it some time to sit with me. Maybe I missed something totally notable and earth-shattering about it and will find it someday. ~~(Hopefully, that will not be that sad day my shrink goes to his one).~~

At this point, **it's obvious to me that it was a mistake to read this. Note to self: I need to be more scrupulous about choosing what I read.** Otherwise I'm going to be investing a lot more of my time into stuff I find distasteful!

Q:

She was in the garden of the hurricane's eye. (c)

Q:

She was awake and not awake. The bathroom was indeed comfortable and furnished with every amenity. In the following days she enjoyed long baths there, but she did not bother with her reflection in the mirror, so far was she from herself. (c)

Q:

"Mason is dead."

"Ummmm," Starling said. "Would you play for me?" (c)

Q:

Starling had no sense of time. Over the days and nights there were the conversations. She heard herself speaking for minutes on end, and she listened.

Sometimes she laughed at herself, hearing artless revelations that normally would have mortified her. The things she told Dr. Lecter were often surprising to her, sometimes distasteful to a normal sensibility, but what she said was always true. And Dr. Lecter spoke as well. In a low, even voice. He expressed interest and encouragement, but never surprise or censure. (c)

Q:

Sometimes they looked at a single bright object together to begin their talks, almost always there was but a single light source in the room. From day to day the bright object changed. (c) **Oh, yes, YES! The fact they they might have hypnotised each other, or gotten self-hypnotised together or whatever that was, is supposed to make this special, I'm sure. Kidding!**

Q:

Dr. Lecter seemed to sense their arrival at an unexplored gallery in her mind. Perhaps he heard trolls fighting on the other side of a wall. (c) **Made me think of all those insufferable 'internal goddess' references in the 50 shades. Only here we get a gardenful of trolls instead! How unusual.**

Q:

He replaced the teapot with a silver belt buckle.

"That's my daddy's," Starling said. She clapped her hands together like a child.

"Yes," Dr. Lecter said. "Clarice, would you like to talk with your father? Your father is here. Would you like to talk with him?"

"My daddy's here! Hey! All right!" (c) **Vomit-inducing. This is exactly what I say when I see people so fascinated with all the shiny badges of merit, such as Doctor, Professor, President, etc. that they would miss what is right in front of them. This is a travesty of psychology. And 'Dr. Lecter' is no doctor, he might have been one at some point (or not!) but he is not one, after indulging in all his hobbies.**

Q:

The monster settled back a micron in his chair. (c) **For once, a correct reference.**

Q:

~~Mr. Krendler is joining us for our first course.~~ (c) **Nasty! NASTY! I'm not going to give the detailed details here but they are extremely nasty. This is probably the worst thing I have ever read. Gross!**

Q:

Dr. Lecter and Clarice Starling often talk at dinner in languages other than Starling's native English. She had college French and Spanish to build on, and she has found she has a good ear. They speak Italian a lot at meal-times; she finds a curious freedom in the visual nuances of the language. (c) **Once again, a pitiful attempt at either intellectuality or closeness: 'Oh, yeah, so they speak 3 foreign languages, they found each other, the intellectual soulmates, SQUEAAL!' For one thing, I don't think a couple of people with the depicted level of issues (to put it very mildly!) would be able or even want to get really close to each other. And there are lots of true polyglots out there, who have mastered a lot more languages and don't think it anything fancy. A very lame scene.**

Q:

Their relationship has a great deal to do with the penetration of Clarice Starling, which she avidly welcomes and encourages...Sex is a splendid structure they add to every day. (c) **Uh-huh, of her own free will, of course, NOT.**

Q:

It is hard to know what Starling remembers of the old life, what she chooses to keep. The drugs that held her in the first days have had no part in their lives for a long time. Nor the long talks with a single light source in the room. (c) **So, we are informed that the gal has been weaned off the drugs but is still on hypnosis.**

Good to know kidney failure might not be her next option. Still, I'm not really sure what purpose this achieves, ethic or aesthetic. Are we supposed to conclude at this point that hypnosis brainwashing is good for one's psyche?

Q:

We'll withdraw now, while they are dancing on the terrace—the wise Barney has already left town and we must follow his example. For either of them to discover us would be fatal.

We can only learn so much and live. (c) **I can't help thinking it would have been best had I continued ignoring this series.**

Erin says

Who knew The Hannibal Lecter series was a love story.

What Da Fuck did I just read?

I was hesitant to read Hannibal, various people told they hated the book and Everyone said they hated the movie and since I Loved both the book and movie versions of Red Dragon & The Silence of the Lambs...I was worried...Very worried. I waited over a month between finishing Lambs and starting Hannibal. I just kept putting it off & putting it off until I finally decided to force myself to read it for my Read-A-Thon and I started reading it Friday & finished on Sunday because despite the 544 page count Hannibal is a fast read.

Hannibal picks up 6 or 7 years after the events of Lambs, Hannibal is in Italy living his best life as a fugitive. Clarice Starling is still at the FBI but her once promising career has stalled. Hannibal's only surviving victim has put a bounty out on him and he has the money to follow through with it. We finally start to get some background on Hannibal and we are shown a bit of Hannibal's psyche. The entire book is great but the last 100 pages are bat shit crazy and I'm not sure how I feel about it. The last 3 chapters were the most unsettling in the whole book and if you've read the book you know what I'm talking about. I'm undecided on if I'll watch the movie but probably yes.

If you've started the Hannibal Lecter series I recommend reading Hannibal despite what you've heard about the movie.

2018 Popsugar Reading Challenge: A Book About A Villain or Antihero.

Around the year in 52 books: A book set in a country you'd like to visit but have never been to.

Peggy says

Okay, let me confess up front: I loved *Red Dragon* and *The Silence of the Lambs*. **Loved** them. I enjoyed the movies, too: the movie version of *Silence of the Lambs* scared the pee out of me, and even so, I didn't want it to end. So, long years later when I finally got hold of a copy of *Hannibal*, I really, really, wanted to love it, too.

But I didn't.

Well, that's not entirely true. If I pretend that this wasn't a sequel about characters I already know, then I can find some bright spots. The book has some fantastic descriptions of Italy. There are certainly some creepy scenes that gave me the shivers. I was fascinated by the concept of the memory cathedral. And I felt terribly bad for poor Clarice as her world crumbled in around her. The problem is, none of the characters seem remotely connected to the folks we met before.

Hannibal Lecter, an enigma in previous installments, now has a background. It's tragic and horrifying, but is it enough to form the Hannibal we all know? Maybe. But even if it is, do we really have to know the details of why Lecter is who he is? I'm not convinced that this information makes him a more compelling character.

Clarice Starling, whose wagon was hitched to a rising star at the end of *Silence*, is on the verge of being pushed out of the FBI. She has been overlooked again and again for promotion and is reduced to being scapegoated by talentless superiors.

Jack Crawford, a hero and mentor in the previous books, is now (for the short time he appears here) a liability.

I understand that people change, but come on. So what happened? What changed between the publication of *The Silence of the Lambs* and the publication of *Hannibal*? Well, what changed was the character of Hannibal Lecter. In both *Red Dragon* and *The Silence of the Lambs*, Hannibal was a minor (though quite compelling) character. Harris went to great pains to point out that, although clever and extremely cunning, Lecter was not omniscient. There was always an explanation as to how he knew the things he did, and Crawford was equally clever at figuring it out. Enter Jonathan Demme.

When Jonathan Demme made the movie version of *Silence*, he said that he wanted the audience to believe that Lecter was the smartest man alive. It didn't matter how he knew the things he did—he just **knew**. And to the credit of both Demme and Anthony Hopkins, it worked. The movie firmly established Lecter's genius, and in the context of the film, it was brilliant: you never have to explain how Lecter gets his information, and his outrageous escape becomes plausible. Besides, the smarter Lecter is the more the audience worries about Clarice. Hopkins' performance firmly established a picture in our minds of who Lecter was and how he worked.

Enter Thomas Harris, trying to write a sequel to a phenomenally popular book, which was also a hugely successful movie. Now everyone thought of Anthony Hopkins when they thought of Hannibal Lecter, and they believed he was the smartest psycho alive. Instead of writing about his own Hannibal, he tried to write about the Demme/Hopkins Hannibal, and that just didn't leave him anyplace to go but over the top, which is a crying shame. The book collapses under the sheer magnitude of what we are expected to accept about these characters and where they end up.

James says

The book starts off wonderfully with Harris's visualization; you can see everything you read. There are complex characters introduced and of course a wicked weave between them. He shows the master insanity of Hannibal with his elaborate set-ups for escape from not only Starling but from a vile creature named Verger who sets out to seek revenge on the good doctor. And you are eating this up the whole time, because it seems that Harris is once again quite the masterful story teller. But then you get to the last few chapters.

The best way I can describe it is it seems like he took his time and thought out every little detail like it was the master term paper. But then all of a sudden he realizes he doesn't have the time needed to finish it so he rushes it and throws an ending together. It was almost like to different authors. And of the ending! And what he does with Clarice! I was put off by the whole book in a matter of a few thousand words.

***TANYA* says**

Hannibal happens to be one of my favorite fictional characters and with this book I became more enamored with him. Yes, it's twisted but me likes him a lot!!

Chris Shepherdson says

When Thomas Harris created the infamous Hannibal Lecter in Red Dragon he couldn't have known the influence that character would have on crime fiction for the next decade. By the time he came to write Hannibal, ten years after his previous book, *The Silence of The Lambs*, he must have felt some serious pressure. The fact that Hannibal is the book it is, when written under these circumstances, makes it all the more remarkable.

To call it a crime novel is doing it a grave injustice and reading it as such will also leave the reader disappointed. This book sits closer to Stoker's *Dracula* or Shelly's *Frankenstein* than the serial killer fare of Michael Connelly. Treat this book more as gothic fairytale and you won't be disappointed.

The greatest triumph of *The Silence of The Lambs* is, as iconic as the film version is, it scarcely registers as you read the book. You are taken into another world and any thought of Jodie Foster and Anthony Hopkins are gone. The same is true of *Hannibal*, and then some.

Alejandro says

He's Hannibal alright, but she's not Clarice!

This is the third novel in the "Hannibal Lecter" book series.

WILL THE REAL MAIN CHARACTER PLEASE STAND UP?

I already explained in my review of *The Silence of the Lambs* that I became fan of the story for Clarice Starling instead of Dr. Hannibal Lecter, and pondering about the "ball effective time" of Lecter in the first two books, I still believe that Thomas Harris never thought that Hannibal Lecter would become the leading character in the book series,...

...but for better or worse, after the successful film, people embraced the character of Dr. Hannibal Lecter as the main one in the saga...

...so it was logic now, that third book would be title *Hannibal*, so there wasn't any doubt now that Lecter was the protagonist of the book series and the investigators Will Graham and Clarice Starling were just unlucky pawns of Dr. Lecter' story.

It was **HIS** story.

Not Will's, not Clarice's, **HIS**.

Will Graham had left the game. But Clarice could still make a second swing...

...but Harris made the wrong call, in my humble opinion.

(NOT) UNDERSTANDING THE MONSTER

In real life, monsters (because monsters exist) don't need a reason to do what they do, and how they do it, sometimes it's explained, but sometimes they are just...

...monsters.

However, in literature, there is a need of reason, a need of order, a need to avoid senseless chaos, if the monsters have a reason of what they do, how they do it,...

...readers tend to accept the monsters.

So, while the whole backstory of Hannibal Lecter would be deeply exposed in his following novel, *Hannibal Rising*, here, you learn the real crucial piece of information about the past of Lecter which gives you the key to understand the monster...

...and while Harris seemed to develop the book's story according to that...

...at the end...

...I don't believe he understood Lecter, for not saying Starling neither.

(REALLY) KNOW YOUR CHARACTERS

FBI Special Agent Clarice Starling was the star rookie thanks to catch "Buffalo Bill" even before of her formal graduation from Quantico, but...

...that was seven years ago, and you can't survive of only past glories, and she has just did an unspeakable mistake in a field assignment...

...even Dr. Hannibal Lecter is worried about Clarice's future.

However, Dr. Lecter should be worried about himself since with a life doing so many wrong things to so many dangerous people, it was obvious that sooner or later, someone from his dark past would catch on him, looking for reckoning.

Evil faces evil...

...and Clarice's mental health is in the middle.

To be honest, two thirds of the book were quite well developed, showing many of the darkest things that human beings can do to other human beings...

...it was the final act (don't worry, I won't spoil it) that I humbly think that Thomas Harris made the wrong call, **A VERY WRONG CALL**, with the characters of Hannibal and Clarice, not understanding the real reason of why they were so obsessed with each other...

...and while you may think that only Clarice was ruined as character and that Hannibal wasn't that bad ruined, trust me, if you understand Hannibal, even him was ruined to a level...

...since even a monster can only fall to a certain degree, to avoid twisting its own code of why, what, how and to whom, do things.

Andrew Breslin says

I've been openly endorsing a lot of cannibalism lately, what with my "Eat the Rich" sign down at the ongoing occupy Philadelphia event up the street. As far as a strategy for revolutionary change and general economic improvement, I'm not sure it will work, but it couldn't possibly be any less effective than supply-side economics, and would be much more fun.

Hannibal Lecter is, arguably, literature's most beloved cannibal. I say "arguably" only because I want to start an argument so I'll have more justification for eating someone. But really, he's pretty much it, and Harris does a great job making him both terrifying and likable. You get a little bit more inside the head of the good doctor than in *Silence of the Lambs*, and who wouldn't want to be inside that head? One might be tempted to question the general mental state of an author who makes us root for a sociopathic devourer of human flesh. Not me, though, I hasten to point out, and also state for the record my absolutely disgusting personal hygiene and general lack of savoriness.

This a good thriller, and you might even pick up a few culinary tips along the way. I don't have much more to say about it so instead: some cannibal jokes:

Did you hear about the cannibal who arrived late for dinner?

He got the cold shoulder.

.....

Two cannibals are having dinner together and talking.

"You know," says the first, "I really can't stand my mother-in-law"

The second ones shrugs and says "so have the potatoes."

.....

Why don't cannibals eat comedians?

They taste funny.

.....

Cannibals capture a Frenchman, and Englishman, and a New Yorker. They tell their captives that they are going to be killed and skinned to make canoes, and their innards boiled for stew. The good news is they can choose how they die.

"Well, that's a spot of bad luck, isn't it old chap?" muses the Englishman. "well., a pistol I suppose then."

They give him a pistol. "God save the queen!" he says, and blows his brains out.

"I will take zee sword, you cannibal pig dogs!" curses the Frenchman. They hand him a sword and he shouts "Vive la France!" before plunging it into his chest.

"I'll take a fork," says the New Yorker.

So the cannibals hand him a fork, and he starts stabbing himself all over. He stabs all up and down his legs and his arms and his buttocks and his side and his abdomen and his chest. Blood is oozing out of him from a dozen new orifices, and his lungs are collapsing, but with his last dying breath he manages to raise his middle finger and sputter:

"So much for your fucking canoe!!"

.....

Thank, folks. You've been a great audience. I'll be here all week. Tip your waitress. Try the meatloaf. It's excellent. No, really, it tastes fine to me.

Sufferingbruin says

Lord, what an awful book. Awash in mediocrity from first page to last. It has mediocre characters (the same which were so captivating in "Silence of the Lambs"), mediocre dialogue, mediocre scenery, virtually no suspense (but a plethora of pointlessly putrid acts), and a meandering narrative that often lacks consistency of time and place. "Hannibal" does not induce fear or revulsion so much as groans and guffaws. But don't worry: there's a bleeding HIV-positive woman holding a baby whose last line is "let's swap fluids, bitch" before she's shot to death mid-crime. There are man eating pigs who are intended to be filmed in the act by people from the porn industry, at the behest of a sub-villain recovering from having his face chewed up by dogs. Thankfully, he gets by with having the tears of children put into his IV. No, that last sentence was not a joke. And of course, our two rivals are back.

Clarice Starling gets the worst of it in "Hannibal". She has lost all trace of vulnerability and trepidation so there's nothing to overcome. In other words, she's lost what made her human in the previous book. Here, she's wizened super-woman; so cynical, so powerful and of course, distant. We don't know why she is all of these things and Harris doesn't seem to care. There are hints of being passed over at the agency and we can guess from her dour persona that Special Agent Starling is weary of the world but these are only guesses; nothing Clarice says or does leads to inferences one way or the other because it's her turn to play second fiddle.

Harris' previous efforts, "Red Dragon" and especially "Silence of the Lambs" are both terrific. In both, Lecter plays a role (small in "Dragon" and of course, much larger in "Lambs") but supporting roles. "Red Dragon" explored profiling, a valuable but punishing trade. How much damage can happen when you take on the mind of a killer to catch the killer? Will Graham find out in a brief visit to Lecter, ostensibly to get information on another serial killer when Lecter memorably calls him out: "You came back to get the smell back, didn't you? Smell yourself." Harris went further with "Lambs", with a myriad of themes, all of them intriguing, all of them meticulously developed. Which brings us to "Hannibal" and a crucial question after a painful week of reading: What is the theme here? Lecter is the unquestioned star of the show but what does Lecter have to tell us? I'm at a loss. We know he insists on only the best material accoutrements (to borrow a

phrase from our sociopath)--the best food, the best cars and for heaven's sake, the best clothes. He travels the world, sniffing at the coarseness of his fellow citizens when he's not killing them. So Harris, in his infinite wisdom, has made Lecter a snob whose only relief from the utter pain of flying coach (oh, the humanity) is the foie de gras he sneaks on board.

It takes awhile but the two engage. By that time, the reader is either beaten into submission or baffled as to why another page is to be turned. If--and it's a big if--reading continues, there is a conclusion so laugh-out-loud ridiculous one has to wonder about Harris' true intent. The best that can be said is that he wants to wash his hands of the whole enterprise. If so, mission accomplished. There is literally nowhere left for either to go, no worlds left to conquer though the world they inhabit doesn't resemble anything like the one we are living in.

Shorter review: this is a book that makes you wish a zero star rating was possible.

Tristan says

“Did you ever think, Clarice, why the Philistines don't understand you? It's because you are the answer to Samson's riddle. You are the honey in the lion.”

Clearly, the world didn't need ('want' is another matter, of course) one more novel featuring Hannibal Lecter. At the end of *Silence of the Lambs*, the good doctor had escaped the clutches of the law, after having treated the local authorities to a grotesque display of Grand Guignol theatre by way of parting gift.

This was a more than fitting, infinitely memorable *adieu* to the cannibal, who from his first appearance in *Red Dragon* never was supposed to be a main character, let alone the protagonist. But of course Harris - for a variety of reasons, financial considerations probably being the main one - couldn't resist revisiting Lecter, and 11 years after *Silence of the Lambs*, *Hannibal* arrived, which places Lecter prominently in the foreground, now living in Florence as a museum curator under the alias of Dr. Fell.

As can be expected, the mere fact of him being no longer confined significantly diminishes the interest the character previously managed to pique. Locked up, with only his intellect and ingenuity at his disposal to manipulate whatever unfortunate soul he deems worthy, he represented a much more intriguing, insidious creature. One only has to recall that one time he managed to talk a fellow inmate into biting off and swallowing his tongue just by whispering to him at night. What those words were exactly, no one knows, and that's precisely what makes it disturbing.

Oddly, Harris in a rare moment of authorial commentary, almost inadvertently intimates this fact in *Hannibal*:

“Dr. Lecter stood at a distance from her, very still, as he had stood in his cell when she first saw him. We are accustomed to seeing him unfettered now. It is not shocking to see him in open space with another mortal creature.”

Not shocking, you say? Thank you for proving my point for me, Mr. Harris.

My previous "issue" with *Red Dragon* and *Silence of the Lambs* consisted of there being not much new material in those books, since they both had been rather literally adapted (in the case of *Red Dragon*, twice) with few deviations. The problem rested with me, not with the books themselves.

With *Hannibal* though, you get quite a different animal, which initially delighted me. There is a substantial subplot involving Mason's peculiar sister, Hannibal's traumatic memory of the tragic fate of his sister Mischa plays a considerable role, and Ardelia Mapp and Jack Crawford (both excised from the film) have been carried over from *Silence of the Lambs*, which make for wonderful additions to the plot, even though my reservations about a freely operating Lecter were still very much present. Yet, for being an otherwise accomplished, even highly enjoyable thriller, *Hannibal* unfortunately ends with a callous betrayal.

Not of the kind perpetrated by one fictional character to another mind you, but by the author to his audience. As endings go, it surely must go down in history as one of the most ill-advised and ignominious. Normally I am a passionate advocate for the idea of the creator's absolute sovereignty, who is under no obligation whatsoever to accommodate his audience. Yet here both Harris' lack of judgment and the unwillingness (cowardice?) of his editor to stand firm and demand the ending to be replaced simply must be deplored.

A mere 20 pages. That's all it took for Harris to destroy the essence of Clarice Starling, one of the best loved female characters in all of fiction, only in order to ham-fistedly drive home the theme of mutual attraction between her and Lecter. Granted, this dynamic between the two was always there, lurking beneath the surface, but the impossibility of it ever materializing was exactly what made it interesting. Yet *Hannibal* ends as a twisted love story, fully consummated, which Harris apparently feels the need to make explicit in detail:

"Their relationship has a great deal to do with the penetration of Clarice Starling, which she avidly welcomes and encourages."

Yes, it actually says that. It's not so much the exploration of Starling as a sexual being that is irksome here (previously, she was almost solely focussed on her career, with not much thought given to romantic interactions with men) but how she is just undergoing the process, as if she has no agency. This is a radical departure from the individual established in *Silence of the Lambs* who, even in her inexperience as a rookie, very much had a mind of her own. That one line is absolutely devastating to this character.

Starling was intrigued by Lecter to be sure, but she wasn't as foolish as to think some healthy relationship could ever be maintained with him, an amoral cannibal. I didn't buy it, even if she was initially under the influence of drugs and hypnosis. It's clear in later passages she isn't anymore under that influence, but actually chooses this life, with all her mental faculties intact. It totally goes against all we had come to learn about her. Above all else, Starling is strong-willed, highly intelligent, determined and has a rock-solid moral compass.

It's incredible that Harris didn't realize those were the exact qualities that made her so popular in the first place. Ultimately, she just ends up as Lecter's plaything, a puppet of his own creation. It really makes one wonder what went on in the author's head at the time. Was he under time restraint, his deadline fast approaching? I'd really love to know the answer to that one.

Hannibal is far from being a bad book, and I suggest you do read it, but go in with expectations tempered. With the ending being what it is, I can't possibly give it more than two stars. Just goes to show that even if

the first 500 or so pages were good and some passages even quite excellent, the whole enterprise can be ruined by the subsequent twenty.

It's one of the most delicious of ironies that Thomas Harris - the creator of a famous fictional cannibal - would end up cannibalizing his own work.

Rade says

"is it as good as *Red Dragon* and *The Silence of the Lambs*? No...this one is better." - Stephen King

Oh put a cork in it, King. I love you but you are not being truthful at all. This book was IMO a giant turd of words. Feel free to disagree.

For one, Lecter needs to remain a secondary character, the kind that will offer advice and feed on personal information of the people interviewing him. In this book he is featured a lot more than in other books. He is free but at the same time he is hunted and he knows exactly who is hunting him. How? No idea. If you say he got enemies, it can be said just about anyone who he saw in his office or otherwise is his enemy. He does not necessarily help people. He points them in a right direction but does not explicitly say what they should do. Most time he enjoys torturing people in any way he wants. He is like a worm burrowing in you, always itching yet you can't scratch it.

Two, Mason. A bit of a different character (in his appearance, at least) but his plan with pigs did not interest me one bit. His Roid Rage sister also creeped me out. The whole Italian hunt was rather tedious, going on forever.

Three, the length of this book. Clocking over 500 pages, it felt sort of mundane. If I don't care about one character story line which was 1/3 of the book, it is hard for me to love the entire book. It dragged on and I think there was bunch of things that could have eliminated altogether. At least 10 out of the 103 chapters.

And four, Starling. Once again she is found in a situation where she acted instinctively, got the job done, and got suspended because it is against regulations or some shit. She is like one of those rogue cop characters from 80s action movies where she plays by her rules and even if she ends up saving lives, her actions are frowned upon because it seems the end NEVER justifies the means. I am still lacking words to understand her actions in the end. I did like the whole eel part though.

Do me a favor and just skip this one. Not even close to the first two books and don't listen to King. He can suck it.
