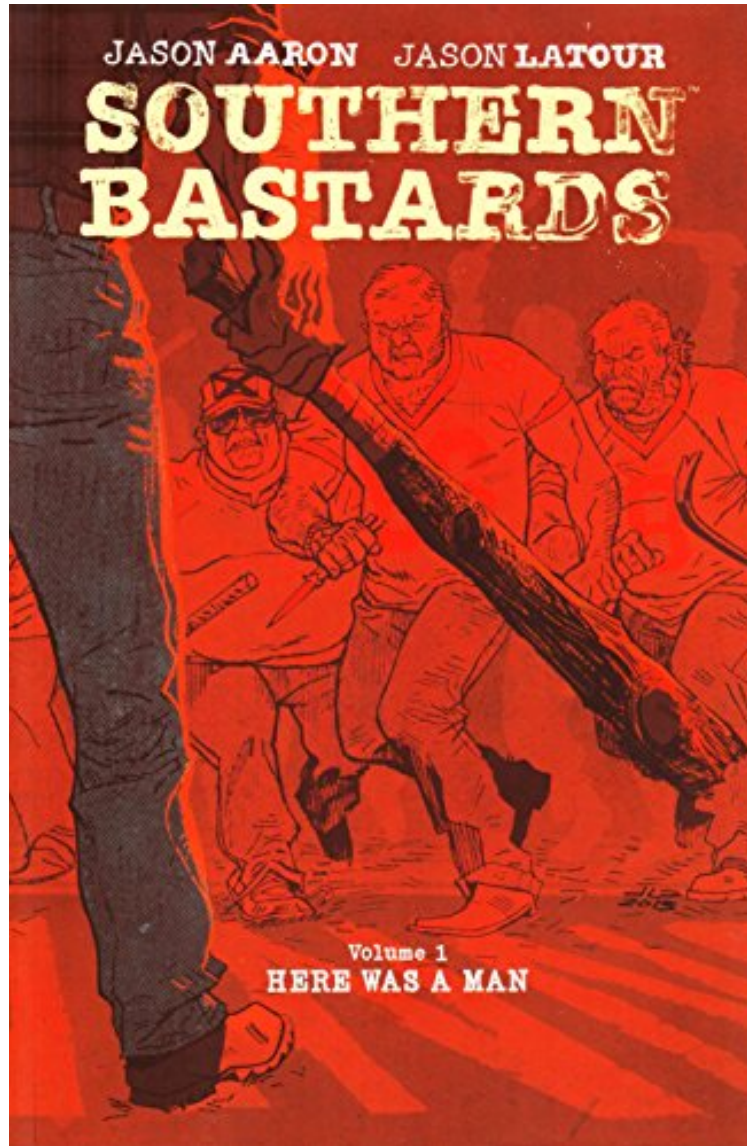


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## Southern Bastards Volume 1: Here Was a Man

Jason Aaron

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**Jason Aaron : Southern Bastards Volume 1: Here Was a Man** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Southern Bastards Volume 1: Here Was a Man:

4 of 4 people found the following review helpful. But I've read some of his Marvel work and have been pretty underwhelmed. My feeling is that his work shines ...By RafaelSouthern Bastards Vol 1 by Jason Aaron and Jason LaTour:I don't do reviews often. Something has to really compel me to sit down and take the time to express it here. And for the most part, I'm a Jason Aaron fan. Scalped was a one-of-a-kind series. But I've read some of his Marvel

work and have been pretty underwhelmed. My feeling is that his work shines when he is doing creator-owned stuff that is near-and-dear to his heart. Which is why I am excited to have picked up Southern Bastards. Here we see what Aaron does best: snappy, noire dialogue with genuine Southern dialect, and a crisp, simple plot with a few pleasant surprises. But the true superstar of Southern Bastards is Jason Latour. Comics are riddled with overdrawing cartoonists that use a million lines to capture a gesture. These artists make up the glut of comic shelves these days, particularly super-hero books. Latour is a beautiful exception. With a few meaningful lines he deftly communicates character, expression, gesture and motion. He does with one or two strokes what most super-hero cartoonists don't accomplish in an entire book. His line work is visceral, stylized and confident. And his "painting" of the work blows my mind: subtle, ragged and brutal, always married to the art and text in a seamless and unique way. Clearly, Latour is having a ball illustrating this book. His work in Southern Bastards is better than 95% of the work being done in mainstream comics, and I can't wait to see what he (and Aaron) comes up with next.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. but I just couldn't really find myself getting into it as much as I'd like. Maybe I found it hard to relate to ...

By CatherineThe story and the writing were well done, but I just couldn't really find myself getting into it as much as I'd like. Maybe I found it hard to relate to an older character, or to such a southern setting, but I can't find any fault with the story itself. The artwork was very well done.

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. You're giving them the eternal right to do the same damn thing to any one of you!

By TierraWalking Tall... Reading this felt like I was watching a movie... maybe a Tarantino. I don't feel it is overly original and, yet, the internal dialogue, artwork, and grit just caught me and I've already ordered the second and third book. Here was a man who came to town. Here was a righteous man beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. And, yes, he does strike down upon them with great vengeance and furious anger.

Earl Tubb is an angry old man with a very big stick. Eules Boss is a high school football coach with no more room in his office for trophies and no more room underneath the bleachers for burying bodies. And they're just two of the folks you'll meet in Castor County, Alabama, home of Boss BBQ, the state champion Runnin' Rebs and more bastards than you've ever seen!

What does old Earl Tubb do when he returns home to Craw County, Ala., only to find the place a veritable criminal fiefdom run by Eules Boss, the local high school football coach? Why, pick up the stick helpfully cleaved by lightning from a tree growing out of his daddy's grave and start meting out justice just like his father, the old sheriff, did. In the cleaning-up-the-dirty-old-town Southern-fried pulper, writer Aaron (Scalped) and artist Jason Latour (Django Unchained) spread around no more story than is absolutely necessary, and most of it involves people being at the wrong end of a stick, baseball bat, or even (in an early fight scene) a deep-fryer basket. Both Jasons hail from the South, as they discuss in a particularly bighearted introduction, and so likely feel unencumbered by concerns about overdosing on clichs. Thus, the high-impact pages are strewn with bruising high school football, sweet tea, barbecue, trucker caps, and snarling rednecks. The story, in which Tubb clobbers his way through throngs of underlings to get at Boss, is no more complicated than a redo of Walking Tall. But there's a thread of something deeper, bloodier, and more resonant that often transcends the usual psychotic-redneck shtick, aided in no small part by Latour's spare, elegant art. - Publishers Weekly